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FINDERS KEEPERS

At That I Stopped the Car and Said in a Withering Manner: "Of Course! I am Doing This for Exercise. When I Want to be Really Stirred Up I Ride With All Four Tires Flat"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JUNE 18, 1919.

I HAVE to-day found my beloved diary and have been reading again of those terrable days when my Native Land was in great danger. How strange to recall, in these "pipeing times of peace," as the poet so aptly remarks, that but a mere span ago, as time is measured in history, we were in the midst of the horrors of war and were buying corn meal et cetera whenever we bought white flour, and thinking of keeping chickens to feed it to. Also salad or desert but never both, and my father learning to drive the car because of unwillingness to thus use the man power of the country and also of the income tax.

I am now older and more mature, being aged by the privations of that terrable period, and also by the events recorded in my diary. No longer am I "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." I feel old and oftimes sad, though also happy, because of certain matters being straightened out. At times I look ahead and reflect that before long I shall be a matron and mostly dancing with my husband, and calling up the tradespeople in the morning to order necessary viands, though never hungry just after breakfast and the thought of food not exciting. As my favorite poem, Lucile, with which I have spent so many plaintive hours in earlier days, observes:

Man may live without——
Man may live without books,
But civalized man cannot live without cooks.

Looking ahead I realize that the serious days of marriage are not far from me and that indeed ere long I may become a parent. I hope so indeed, and yesterday while being fitted for my trouseau observed to the young lady that I would have six—three boys and three girls.

But my mother said sharply: "Barbara! Have you no reserves?"

"I believe in being truthful, mother," I said in an agreeable tone. "I no longer believe, as in early years, that I was found in a hollow tree while you and my father ——"

"I don't like that drapery," she said very fast.

She then took a pin from the young lady and ran it into me. But from acident, not design. My mother is one who believes in pretending, such as being nice to people she detests and so on, and that being a parent does not happen until it does; but she is not cruel. She then ordered the bridesmaids' dresses to be brought in and said they were not to be sophistacated, as too much sophistacation was the vice of the age.

After that we departed to purchase gold vanity cases for my eight bridesmaids, sending the bill to my father.

It was while explaining to him yesterday evening that one gives one's bridesmaids gifts at such times that my father said, in a grave voice: "It would be well, I think, Bab, to look forward to such expenses as I am now undergoing, before sending in a requisition for such a familey as you have in mind."

"Providence will provide, father," I said.

"You honor me," he replied.

He then glanced at me and said in a confadential tone, my mother being at that time in the hall: "What about things, Bab? Everything cleared up? Able to look any young man in the face?"

"Father," I said in a tense whisper, "I care for none of the other sex but you and Carter Brooks. All the others were but incidents. I merely wished to send them to war's alarms as happy as possable."

Father reflected while lighting a cigar.

"It's only this," he said. "Men are queer, especially husbands. Very, very queer. And it's rather likely, the President to the contrary, that we may have more wars. I merely want to suggest that the next time your sense of duty begins to work in wartime you roll bandages instead of trying to send the entire Army away happy."

Sitting here and contemplating the pages of my diary, I am moved to the very depths of my being. Some day they will be history, as having been written during a terrable period. They are inscribed with blood, even if aparently only ink. For I am patriotic to the very core, and suffered during my Country's extremity so as to lose six pounds.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
That (who?) never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my Native Land"?

Such sentiments always bring to my eyes tears of national feeling and Americanization.

I had not realised how much the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, according to the well-known song, meant to me until Carter Brooks went to a training camp. While not exactly betrothed, as my familey persisted in regarding me as a mere child simply because my sister Leila was not yet married, my parents said that when Carter came back, if of the same mind and if the profundity of my own feelings persisted, I was to be allowed to become engaged. But in the meantime all letters

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to be only friendly and if recieved at breakfast to be read aloud.

Ye gods! The sacred fires of love thus passed round with the kidneys or ham and eggs, but usually the latter, while William the butler listened!

"After Leila and Doctor Connor are married," mother said, "we will consider the matter of an announcement. Personally I don't beleive for a moment that you know your own mind. Really," she said to my father, "the unaform may be going to save the country, but it is going to ruin our social standards. The child is not even out yet!"

She then commenced to discuss Leila's trouseau, until at last, goaded to desparation by the mention of chiffon petticoats and camisoles in various dainty shades, while I still wore plain white ones with my name on them in indelible ink as required as school, I retired to my chamber and there wept bitterly. I did not go down to dinner, and at eight o'clock Doctor Connor knocked at my door and got out of one pocket a small pasteboard box with ice cream in it, and out of another six lady fingers.

"I trust to your honor, Bab," he said, "but I couldn' see you die of love with food all over the place. What is it now?"

So I told him, and he said it was a rotten deal and he would get sis out of the way as soon as possable.

He then leaned against the doorway and said: "There's a sort of devine shamelessness about you, Barbara. It—it touches me profoundly. Suppose you tell Carter to send a letter to me now and then? Brother-in-laws are pretty much a totle loss, but now and then they come in handy."

So I did so, and Carter wrote me several passionate epistles, which Doctor Connor would slide to me under the dining table. I would then retire to my chamber and read, afterwards placing them under the seat of my old doll perambulater in the closet, of which more anon.

In one of them he asked when he could get me a ring, as he would not feel sure of me until what he knew I would term the symbol was on my hand. I at once went to mother, who was having the vibrater used on her scalp while trying to remember all of father's familey for wedding invitations and who was married to who and whether dead or not.

"Certainly you will not have a ring, Barbara!" she said coldly. "You are not even a debutante yet. For heaven's sake call up your father and ask him who his second couzin, Annie Boardman, married the third time."

"Mother!" I said distractedly. "Don't you realize that I ——"

"Your Aunt Sara will be sure to come," mother said, in a reflective manner. "I have concealed her like a crime for many years, but there are no decent reserves at a wedding."

I was deeply hurt, and retired to my chamber, where I gave way to profound greif. Hannah found me there later, and at once brought me some of the candy that Doctor Connorhad brought sis the night before.

"If it's the underwear, Miss Bab," she said, "just you stop crying and the minute this wedding is over I will embroider you some myself. I've got a lovely pattern and I'll crochet some lace."

"Underwear!" I said bitterly. "Hannah, were you ever engaged?"

"I thank my lucky stars and all the saints, no!"

"Then you do not know what it is to have sentences meant for your own ears only, read aloud before a butler," I observed. "And not having a ring, or anything in the newspapers."

"I wouldn't put it in the papers anyhow, Miss Bab," Hannah then said. "He may get that good-looking face of his spoiled over there and then where would you be?"

"True love regards the soul, not the face, Hannah," I retorted.

"Probably," said Hannah in a cynicle manner. "But a face helps. And too legs also. And arms. And war is war."

Jane Raleigh then came in impetuously and flung her arms round me, having been away for some weeks at house parties for the school set and not feeling her country's situation as I did. For Jane, alas, "war is only toil and trouble, honour but an empty bubble!"

I got Hannah out and Jane then came and stood looking into my eyes as though to read my very heart.

"Darling!" she said in a tence voice. "Is it true?"

"Is what true?" I asked.

"That you are engaged?"

"Yes and no, Jane," I said sadly, yet with I fear some bitterness. "As to my heart, yes. As to a ring and an announcement, no."

"The familey again?" demanded Jane.

"The familey!" I said, and sank onto my couch.

"What a tradgedy!" Jane cried. "Not even a ring! And I saw one just now that was perfect. You poor dear!" She then powdered her noze and continued: "Where is he now?"

"In the service of his country, Jane."

"At a camp?"

"Practicing to be an officer," I said.

"How awful!" she observed. "Did you ever know such a sickning time? There's not a man anywhere. I've been dancing with mere infants in their first long trousers all summer, and their idea of sitting in a hammick with you is to spill you out."

"Jane," I said brokenly, "I may never see him again. He is no longer mine, but the Nation's. They will probably make him a general or something soon. And then—sometimes I feel I cannot bear it, Jane. Never again shall I smile at an *affaire de couer*."

"Do you really love him so?" she inquired, looking at me wistfully.

"I would die for him, Jane!"

"You are simply magnificent," Jane said. "If only I could love like that! Sometimes I think I am absolutely cold, Bab. I like them well enough until they want to hold hands or something, and then I hate them. I lothe myself for it, to, because just now we should be doing all we can to make them happy."

We then talked for a while, and we both felt that it was the duty of everyone to make as many soldiers as possable happy, either by falling in love, as I had done, or by small kindnesses.

"I don't want to fall in love," Jane said, "as I value my peace to much. But short of that, anything. I am making boxes of fudge for several now, though our cook is a poor prune with no patriotism whatever, and she makes me wash the kettles. But I consider it absalutely my duty."

I then rose and said: "Jane, you are perfectly right, and I have been a selfish pig. From now on I shall think of others than myself. And if you find me greiving all you have to say is M. T. H., and I shall understand. Make Them Happy."

We shook hands and Jane prepared to go, putting some of my best perfume behind her ears as usual and on her handkerchief.

"Of course," she said, "you must start with Carter Brooks. M. T. H., you know."

"But how?" I asked in a distracted tone. "I can't even see him."

"Why not?" she demanded. "Remember, M. T. H.! Have you no courage? Do you suppose if I loved a man to the death that I wouldn't follow him to the ends of the earth? Where is your lip stick? And I'm going to take a handkerchief, if you don't mind."

Hannah always says that if ever Jane meets with an accident they will telephone mother, as most of what she would have on would be marked with my name.

Well, I got my lip stick from under the perambulater seat, and she saw the letters there and said:

"Secrecy! Always secrecy! How they force you to the clandestine and *sub rosa!* I wouldn't stand it, Bab. I'd run off and visit his camp. Everybody does. And they have gorgeous times! Betty Anderson went and she said it was nothing to have five men take her to the movies."

"I can't, Jane."

She was by that time putting on my new vail, as she had forgotten one, but she turned and gave me a searching glance, saying: "Darling, you simply must! You are as pallid and wan as a lily. I posatively will not stand by and see you eating your heart out. Oh, Bab, he's the handsomest thing! And when I imagine him in a unaform ——"

"He looks like a god, Jane."

She stood for some moments reflecting and then said: "Have you any money?"

"Do I ever have any money?" I asked bitterly.

"I could lend you five dollars. And Hannah always has some, hasn't she? Bab, you must go! When I see you there, so white and heartbroken, I could shreik. You are simply fading away."

It is strange, but on hearing Jane's loving words I felt very weak and as though I had anemia. I lay back on my pillows and closed my eyes and Jane fanned me.

"How cruel they are!" she exclaimed. "Have they never loved and lost? He may never come back, Bab."

I felt terrably weak and sad then and shed a few tears.

"I could get ten dollars from Hannah probably," I said. "And I might sell my pink hat to the cook. She ought to give me three dollars. It cost twenty."

Jane got up and observed: "I shall walk round and think it over, maybe while having a wave. I think clearly at such times. But I am absolutely determined that you shall see him, and that soon. We must meet desparation with desparation. Here is the five dollars. You'd better write it down or you'll be sure to forget it."

She then powdered her noze and departed, "leaving the world to darkness and to me." (Gray's Elogy.)

That night while we were at dinner she telephoned. And my father, who loathed war bread and was in a bad humor about it, observed: "Hang it all, Bab, can't we have one meal in peace?"

"I need not go, father," I said in a resigned tone.

"Oh, go and get it over," he remarked. "We've had a few weeks' quiet while she was away, but if her familey can stand her all the time I guess we can once in a while."

So I went to the telephone, and Jane said in a low voice: "Are you watched?"

"Probably," I replied.

"How Cruel They are!" Jane Exclaimed. "Have They Never Loved and Lost?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Don't betray yourself, darling. I've thought of a way. Why can't you go in your runabout? You wouldn't need a railroad ticket then. Can't you do that?"

My heart leaped in ecstasy, but I remained calm.

"Yes," I said.

"Would you like to have me along as a chaperone? Just say yes or no."

"No," I said.

"Oh, very well," she said coldly. "But I do think, Barbara Archibald, that if you are going to start off by being jealous of me ——"

However, here my father called to me and I was obliged to hang up the reciever. I returned to the *salle a manger*, and mother said: "It is certainly suspicious, Barbara, when your conversation with that girl is limited to yes and no."

"The Bible says, 'let your conversation be yea, yea and nay, nay,'" I observed cheerfully. I was indeed feeling very friendly to everyone, because I had decided at once to do as Jane suggested.

"Barbara," said mother in a terrable voice, "you are too old to be impertanent."

"I wish you wouldn't mix me up so, mother," I said. "I'm too old to be impertanent, but not old enough to be engaged or to come out or to visit my future husband at his scene of duty. I must be at the age for something."

I observed this in a wistful manner, because my familey does not understand me and never did. I am easily led, but not driven, and the iron had entered my soul and made me feel hopeless and alone. But mother only sighed and said it was a salad night, and for father to be careful of comments, as William made the salads and they tasted like furnature polish.

That night when Hannah came in to lay out my *robe de nuit* I asked her to lend me ten dollars.

"What for, Miss Bab?" she asked. "Have you brushed your teeth and said your prayers?"

"Ye gods!" I muttered in despair. "One would think I was eight, Hannah!" I then added, seeing her set her jaw, "Hannah, dear, I need it like everything."

"What for?"

"If I tell you I'll lie, Hannah," I said gently, but very firmly. "You would not want to force me to do that, would you?"

"Well, hark to that!" said Hannah, tucking in the bedclothes as though I were but a mere child. "Now see here, Miss Bab, you are up to something and I know it. There's a look about you that's to good."

"Only ten dollars," I repeated coaxingly.

She then sighed and said that she had her insurance money laid away and I could have it, provided I returned it by the twenty-fifth, when due. Which I promised, and as soon as she had brought it, I pretended to fall into "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

At three A. M. I rose from my couch and dressed and went through the sad procedure of burning my love letters. I watched with eagerness to see which word remained to be the final prey of the ardent flames and it was "ring." It was an omen! But alas, I knew it not!

I then dressed and carried my bag downstairs and to the garage, of which the key is kept in a pantry drawer along with beer openers, corkscrews et cetera. Owing to no chauffer, the rest was not hard to one of my temperment, which is fearless but cautious, and ere long I was in the streets of my native city, lying as calm as a corpse, but to waken again in the morning "like Lazarus emerging from the tomb." (Bible.)

I was by that time somewhat nervous, as if I bursted a tire I had but one spare—and that patched. Also because of not knowing the way to Carter's camp, except that it was too hundred miles away in a westerly direction. I therefore took the main road west and went very fast, desiring to get as far as possible before having to purchase more gasoline.

Of that trip, until the last fifty miles, I shall say little or nothing. I got breakfast at a farmhouse of bacon, two eggs and milk, for which repast they charged me nothing, when they learned that I was on my way to see my *fiancée*. But for luncheon, being ravenous, I went to a hotel in a town and there ate a large amount, including steak, potatoes, asparigus and so on, ending with ice cream. This repast amounted to two dollars, and with gasoline four dollars and twelve cents, I had remaining for hotel at camp et cetera but ten dollars and 88 cents.

"I am All Right," I Whispered Feebly. "Joy Does Not Kill"

When I had gone one hundred and twenty miles I met with a sad misfortune, for a front tire blew out, owing to heat probably, and I had but little faith in my spare. Alas, my fears were but to true! With but fifty miles to go, the spare exploded with a loud noise, which went through my very heart. Had I been of the sort that sheds tears easily I would have expressed my despair in weeping, for I considered it possible that my father would follow me in the large car and be very unpleasant, owing to the temperature being 96° and missing a day from business. I therefore decided to go on the rim, but bumped dreadfully and got a headache.

It was while thus proceding, with jaw set and somewhat irritible, that a car came up beside me and a young officer driving it observed: "You're sailing rather a heavy sea, aren't you?"

I then looked at him and he was smiling, which did not agree with my present mood, so I replied: "I like it. It is a sort of change."

"Haven't you got another tire?"

At that I stopped the car and said in a withering manner: "Of course! I am doing this for exercise. When I want to be really stirred up I put some nails in the road and ride with all four tires flat."

"Strange!" he said, as though reflecting. "And she has a sweet face to!" He then looked at me and said: "If you are doing it for your liver I'll say you need it. I'll look into the situation a bit if you're sure you don't snap."

I am glad to say that at that moment I remembered M. T. H., and I swiftly recovered my poise. I became gentle and friendly at once and watched him pleasantly while he emerged from his car and kicked my tire and observed: "It was cruel of you to bring it out at all. It should have been left to roam about the old pasture and die in peace. You've sure killed it."

"If you are only going to critisize ——"

"And stand a critic, hated and caressed," he said. "That's Byron. But I hope you don't read Byron."

I percieved then that he was a person of education and relaxed my frigidity somewhat, relating him the circumstances, though not saying to whom I was fleeing or why, and my fear that my father in a green car was pursuing me.

He whistled at that and said: "Speed is my middle name. How about putting the little bus in the shade somewhere so the flies won't bother it and letting me take you on to this friend you are going to visit at the camp? I'm practising to be an officer also."

My tortured soul grew calm. While not as handsome as a god, he was yet very good looking and had the stamp of college about him. Possibly Yale.

I agreed graciously, and in a short time we were on our merry way, he observing: "If father catches us he will have to be going some."

The fifty miles passed with the rapidity of a dream and in a short time we were in the town near the camp. His name was Kenley Stratton, but he said most people called him Ken. He also said that he had never been in love, and felt now that he would not try to make a girl care for him, as he was going to war and nobody could tell what might happen.

"Besides," he observed, "I have never yet seen a girl I could really fall for. That is ——" He then sighed and asked me to have a cooling drink of soda before going to the hotel.

I would have refused, my every thought being with Carter Brooks, but I remembered once more my motto, Make Them Happy, and I agreed. My conscience is absolutely clear. I had no thought of flirting with Mr. Stratton. I am not one to count scalps. With me, to love once is to love always. Besides, I was thrilled with the town, which was simply packed with unaforms, while army cars dashed gaily by, and moving-picture theaters, soft-drink stands and curbstones were crowded with the defenders of the nation, and ever and anon a procession of them went by, carrying shovels, picks et cetera.

From this martial scene I turned away reluctantly and entered the drug store, there to encounter the first "rift in the lute" of my happiness. For I had only ordered a peach sunshine with powdered nuts and marshmallow cream and a dash of maple sirup on it when I felt a touch on my arm—and it was Carter Brooks!

"Bab," he said in a hoarse tone. "Why, what are you doing here?"

He looked perfectly wonderful but very stern, and when I introduced Mr. Stratton he nodded without shaking hands and demanded: "Where is your mother?"

"I have run away, Carter," I said in a trembling voice. "I am alone; or rather Mr. Stratton is with me."

He then turned and looked at Mr. Stratton from his head down to his feet, and said: "I see. Well, I'll not intrude."

But Mr. Stratton said he had to go and report somewhere and went away, forgeting to pay for the peach sunshine and for a milk shake he had had, and I was left alone to face the eternal triangle.

(Continued on Page 54)

DOINGS IN DRYLAND

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"No Sir-ee! Nothing of the Kind. You'll Find That They Won't Cut Off the Good Old Booze in New York"

THE way to go into a thing is to go into it, whether that thing is an ocean or an article. There is no particular sense in standing on the shore and trailing a tentative toe in the cold water.

Jump in and get it over with. Likewise in an article such as this is planned to be there is no virtue in beginning mildly and working up to what is in mind. Have at it at the start. Consequently I shall begin these few field notes on the workings of prohibition—so far as it has worked—with a report of my conversation with a barber in Los Angeles, because the barber fairly well expressed in local terms what will sooner or later be proved in national terms and has been proved in state terms in a good many states; and I string along with the barber in the matter, knowing what he says to be the fact.

However, that will not prevent my mail from being all cluttered up with letters from the numerous citizens who have had their personal liberty so frightfully abraded by prohibition, who will call me everything from a Puritan kill-joy to a prohibitionist fanatic, both of which I am neither, as the Berks County orator said, so herewith the barber:

He is a barber who works in a first-class shop in Los Angeles, who lives in a bungalow in a good section of the city and who makes excellent barber money. Also he was talking after Los Angeles had been dry for fifteen months, not for a few days, as the portions of the country that came under the law on July first had been. He had a basis, not an assumption.

House Paint vs. Nose Paint

"I USED to spend from three to five dollars a week for drinks," he said, "when the saloons were open here. Sometimes, if I got on a sort of Saturday night bat, it was more than that, but it averaged about four dollars of my wages every week. I live in a neighborhood where a lot of men of my class live. Most of them spent as much as I did for drinks and a good many of them spent more, running up to half their wages each week in some cases.

"When prohibition came here and they shut the saloons none of us in that neighborhood had any reserve stock of booze on hand. We are all working men, and with the saloons open hadn't laid much money by, though most of us are paying for our homes. So that left me with from three to five dollars a week on hand that I didn't have on hand when the drinks were going. Well, as I didn't spend that money on drinks I spent it on the family and on myself and on the house. I repainted the house and papered a couple of rooms and bought a piano for the girls. Also I paid up some bills at the shoe store and at the butcher's that had been running quite a time.

"Now that is exactly what has happened all through my neighborhood. There is hardly a man out where I live who hasn't repainted his house or bought some new furniture or got a phonograph or a piano or put in a lot of flowers or is paying on an automobile since Los Angeles went dry. I don't know anything about other sections of the city, but I do know that most of the men who work in this shop have had the same experience and I do know for a certainty that that is what happened out where I live."

That's what the barber said. An hour later I talked with the manager of one of the biggest hotels in Los Angeles, a former center of conviviality.

"Without going into receipts," he said, "the income of the hotel was worked gradually back to what it was, and we haven't raised prices much either. The thing that hits me about prohibition, as a man running a big business enterprise of this public sort, is first the better discipline among my employees—and I have a large number of them—and second the better behavior of my guests.

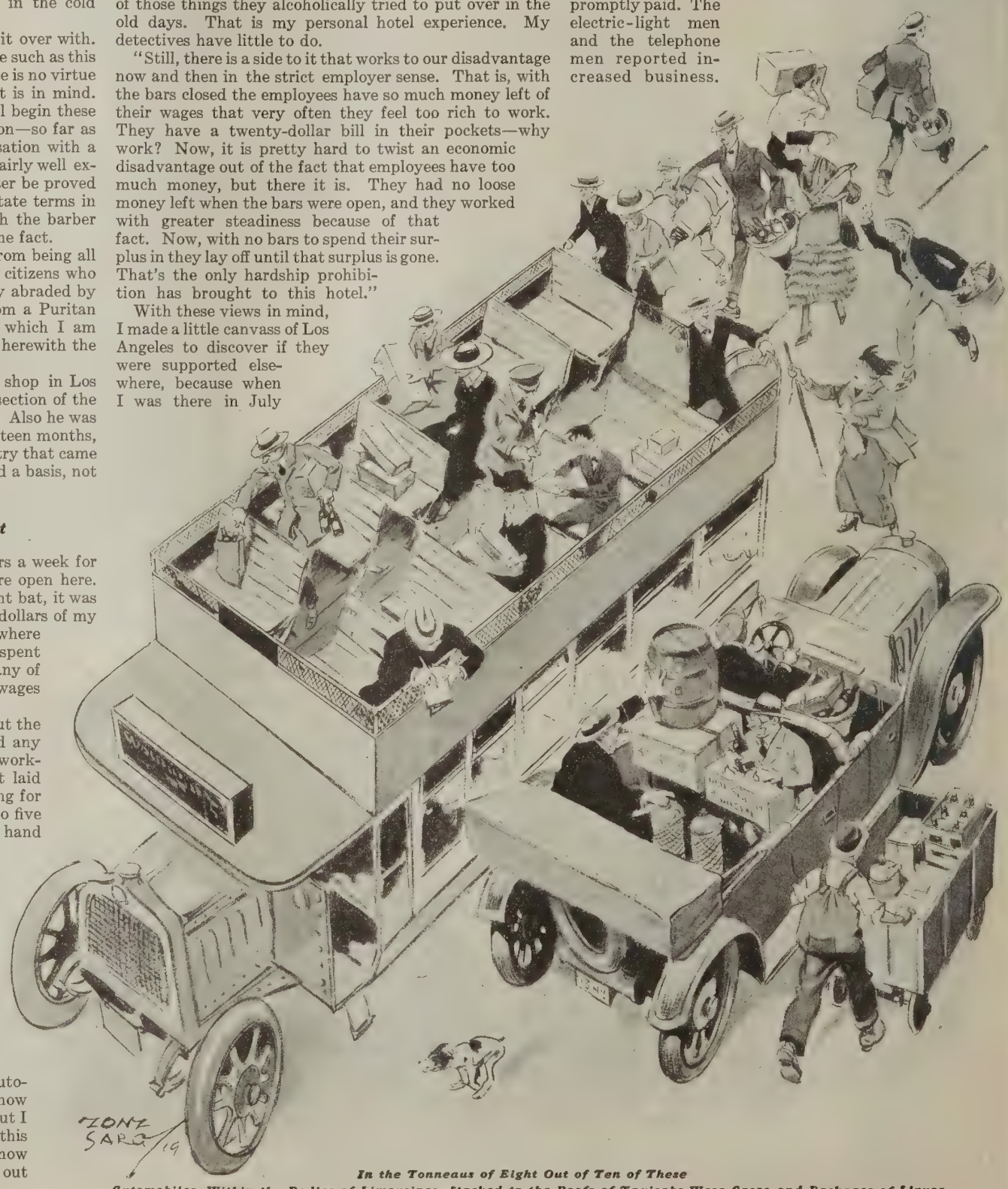
"I have found during the fifteen months we have been dry that my employees in every department work better, give better service and are in all ways more dependable than they were when the bars were open. On the other hand, I am about to discharge one of my hotel detectives. We always have had two, but now there isn't enough work for two and hardly enough work for one. With the bar closed we find we have none of those disturbances we used to have now and then; that young men do not get tipsy and become troublesome, or pass bad checks and do many of those things they alcoholically tried to put over in the old days. That is my personal hotel experience. My detectives have little to do.

"Still, there is a side to it that works to our disadvantage now and then in the strict employer sense. That is, with the bars closed the employees have so much money left of their wages that very often they feel too rich to work. They have a twenty-dollar bill in their pockets—why work? Now, it is pretty hard to twist an economic disadvantage out of the fact that employees have too much money, but there it is. They had no loose money left when the bars were open, and they worked with greater steadiness because of that fact. Now, with no bars to spend their surplus in they lay off until that surplus is gone. That's the only hardship prohibition has brought to this hotel."

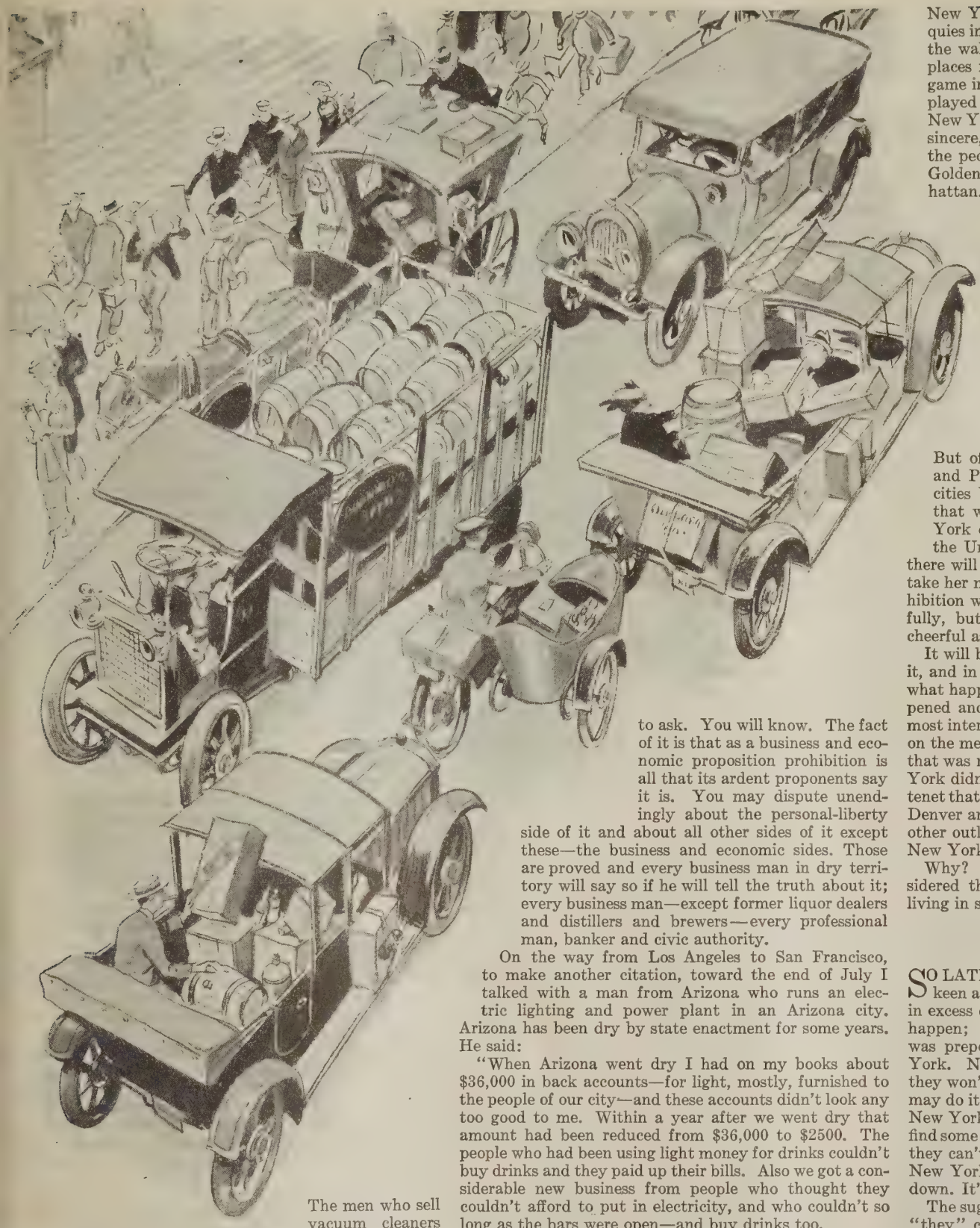
With these views in mind, I made a little canvass of Los Angeles to discover if they were supported elsewhere, because when I was there in July Los Angeles was well settled in the prohibition groove. Until July first there had been adjacent spots that were wet, but the city itself had been dry for more than a year. I have been in Los Angeles many times in the past twenty years and know many people there. It is quite true that the majority of the men I know are of the class who are likely to—and do—protest violently against the infringement on their right to take a drink or let it alone that prohibition entails. I didn't bother with these, for I know all their arguments by heart, having heard them in all parts of the country for the past ten years.

Where the Booze Money Goes

INSTEAD, I talked with business men, retailers, wholesalers, with professional men, with men who run the public utilities, with the police and with the amusement men. The testimony of all these men was identical. The business men said that more money is being spent in the stores, that bills are paid more promptly, that a better class of goods is being bought by the wage earners, that the trade in clothing and shoes for children is largely increased, for example. The professional men said that their books were being cleaned of old accounts, that their fees were more promptly paid. The electric-light men and the telephone men reported increased business.



In the Tonneaus of Eight Out of Ten of These Automobiles, Within the Bodies of Limousines, Stacked to the Roofs of Taxicabs Were Cases and Packages of Liquor



The men who sell vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines and electric toasters and waffle makers and so on said they were doing more than ever before. The automobile men can't get enough low and medium priced cars. The police say there is a marked decrease in arrests for the usual lawbreakings incited by liquor, and so on. An interesting phase of it was what the laundrymen said. Three months after prohibition came in the laundrymen found themselves swamped with work. It increased tremendously. The reason for it: Women who when their husbands were buying drinks were compelled to do their own washing found themselves with enough money on hand to have their washing done for them. Those are some of the things that happened in Los Angeles.

Wet England vs. Dry United States

THERE are numerous other large cities in this country which were dry for greater or less periods of time before July first—Seattle, for example, and Portland, Oregon, and Salt Lake City and Denver and Spokane and Detroit and most of the large southern cities except New Orleans. I have talked to business and professional men in most of these cities after they became dry, but I shall not go to the pains of setting down here what they said. Ask for yourselves if you happen to be in one of these places where prohibition has been in force for a period of time longer than July first. If you happen to live in one of these cities or in any dry town in the previously dry states you won't have to ask. You will know. The fact of it is that as a business and economic proposition prohibition is all that its ardent proponents say it is. You may dispute unendingly about the personal-liberty side of it and about all other sides of it except these—the business and economic sides. Those are proved and every business man in dry territory will say so if he will tell the truth about it; every business man—except former liquor dealers and distillers and brewers—every professional man, banker and civic authority.

On the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, to make another citation, toward the end of July I talked with a man from Arizona who runs an electric lighting and power plant in an Arizona city. Arizona has been dry by state enactment for some years. He said:

"When Arizona went dry I had on my books about $36,000 in back accounts—for light, mostly, furnished to the people of our city—and these accounts didn't look any too good to me. Within a year after we went dry that amount had been reduced from $36,000 to $2500. The people who had been using light money for drinks couldn't buy drinks and they paid up their bills. Also we got a considerable new business from people who thought they couldn't afford to put in electricity, and who couldn't so long as the bars were open—and buy drinks too.

"There is one phase of it, however, that bothers us. We find that there is less disposition among the men to work full time now than there was in the old days. That is, they have no place to spend their wages on Saturday nights and they wake up on Monday mornings with money in their pockets instead of broke. So, they argue, there's no use working so long as there is cash on hand, and they don't work as regularly as they used to. Apparently to get their full service it is up to us to provide some means for spending this extra money or the condition will continue. They argue on Monday mornings: 'Why should I go to work to-day? I have money in the kick. To hell with work until that money is gone!' That situation is getting serious."

This condition may be general in dry communities. I do not know. I never heard it discussed before and I leave the intricacies of it for the wranglers. I do recall, however, the statement of Sir George Paish, one of England's leading economists, that a wet England cannot compete industrially, notwithstanding differences in costs and in labor in favor of England, with a dry United States; as likewise I recall numerous British opinions that this country fell over the edge of the cliff when it went dry; which opinion—it may be remarked—is quite prevalent in this country also in certain sections. All that may go as it lays. This article is neither an argument for or against prohibition. It is a record of certain things that have happened and other things that have been said.

The two most interesting wet points in the country when the universal drought came on July first were New York and San Francisco. I observed the obsequies in New York and arrived in San Francisco before the wake was over. The difference between the two places in the pre-July days was that drinking was a game in San Francisco and a job in New York. They played at it in San Francisco and they worked at it in New York. Not that there were not numerous earnest, sincere, laborious drinkers in San Francisco, but that the people largely drank as an obbligato to life at the Golden Gate and considerably as a motif in Manhattan. Moreover, the San Franciscans took the advent of prohibition as an incident to be considered in its philosophical bearings and circumvented as casually as it was accepted, while the New Yorkers held the whole matter to be an outrage, to be protested, fought and frustrated by main strength.

My observations in New York extended only over a period of three days from July first—and these were largely retroactive. The story of how New York staggers along under the burden of prohibition will not be ripe for a year, because New York in the early stages was sullen and ugly and even vicious in its protest and in its determination not to submit. But of course New York will submit, just as Seattle and Portland and Denver and Detroit and all other cities before July first submitted and just as all cities that were wet on June thirtieth will submit. New York does not think it, but New York is in and of the United States, not superior thereto, and though there will be vast subterfuge and evasion New York will take her medicine. San Francisco, for example, met prohibition with a laugh and is getting along under it gracefully, but New York met it with scowls and isn't so cheerful as might be.

It will be a year or so before New York settles down to it, and in the meantime the interesting phase of it is not what happened after prohibition came, because what happened and is happening now isn't the eventuality. The most interesting feature of the perpetration of this outrage on the metropolis of the country is the state of local mind that was noticeable before the law went into effect. New York didn't believe it. New York held stubbornly to the tenet that while it was all very well to make Detroit dry, and Denver and Salt Lake City and Seattle and Portland and other outlying settlements, they couldn't do this thing to New York.

Why? Because New York is New York. They considered themselves some sort of a nonamenable people living in some sort of extra-legal abiding place.

But the Impossible Happened

SO LATE as June twenty-ninth I had people—ordinarily keen and sagacious people—offer to bet me sums largely in excess of what either of us ever saw that it never would happen; that it couldn't happen; that the whole thing was preposterous, absurd—not to be put over on New York. No sir-ee! Nothing of the kind. You'll find that they won't cut off the good old booze in New York. They may do it elsewhere, but not in New York. Never! Why, New York won't stand for it! At the last minute they'll find some way out of it. The flat fact of it is that they can't do a thing like that to New York. New York won't take such an outrage lying down. It's against all reason! They can't do it!

The suggestion that the devastating "they" could do it—had done it, in fact—and that the first of July would see New York legally, if not actually, dry was received with hoots of derision. New York simply wouldn't believe it, because New Yorkers consider themselves the premium Americans, in a class by themselves; not because they are but because—living in New York—they derive that conception of their importance from their environment. People from the outlying districts, coming to New York, are likely to dub New Yorkers as provincial. The reason for that, of course, is that

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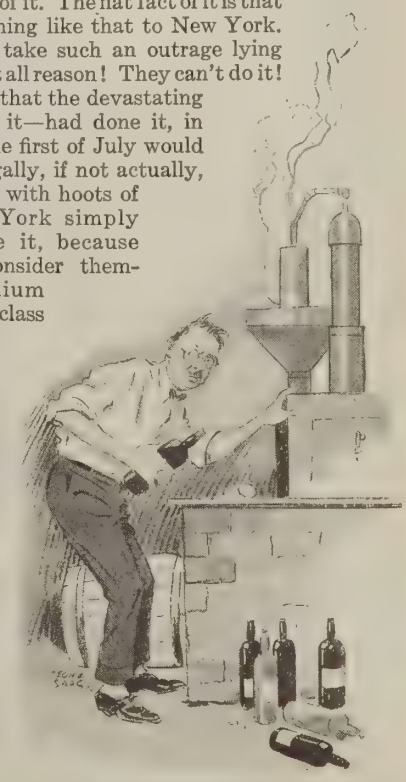


He Rigs Up a Still and Goes at it One Way or Another

OLD GENERAL JAZZ

By George Kibbe Turner

A LITTLE more jazz there!" said Tommy Foley, coming into the front room, where they all sat listening. He was a lively one—full of comical up-to-date sayings; he went to every vaudeville, you might say, that came to town—especially since he was back in civvies.

Bill Mixer, whose girl he was going to marry, sat there in his shirt sleeves, the way those old-time Johnny Bull Englishmen do round the house—sweating and pumping out music from the mechanical piano, making hard work of it, for it was brand new; they'd just got it that week before Easter.

"Some music box, pop, huh?" said Tommy, when Bill got through the jazz tune he was playing. "Here—try one of mine!"

He smoked cigarettes himself outside, but he always brought up a couple of cigars Sunday to smoke with Bill. Fifteen cents apiece anyway. He was a good spender—especially since he'd come back from across.

"It ought to be good," said Bill Mixer, speaking of his piano. "It cost me good and proper. But the old woman 'ere 'ad to 'ave it," he said, winking so hard you could hear it almost.

"That ain't true, Bill," said Mrs. Mixer. "You know it."

She was a little thin woman with bony hands, who wore her hair parted down the middle, very smooth, like the photographs of Queen Victoria, and sat back generally and let Bill do the talking.

"It must have been grandma," said Tommy Foley, having his joke. That was Bill's mother; a strong hearty old woman, chunky like Bill, always with one of those little lace napkins the old Englishwomen wear on their hair; but so deaf she couldn't hear herself think.

"Anyway," said Bill, speaking of his piano again, "she's a good one. I picked her out myself. Look at the grain on her. That outside case—what! Make no mistake: I know wood when I see it!"

"It certainly must have set you back some, pop," said Tommy. He was always calling him "pop" now.

"What of it?" said Bill, hitting his pocket. "It's right there. And it's mine to spend—or to keep, just as I want to. I tell you what I think, Tommy; and you mark my words! We're hentering into a new hera. We are going to see things different from now on. We're going to divide a little more, and not let these capitalists and profiteers get it all. We can afford to live like human beings."

"It will be all right, I suppose," said Mrs. Mixer, and gave a little sigh, which kind of contradicted what she said.

"It is all right—if I say so!" said Bill, looking at her. Like all those old-time Englishmen he wouldn't let anybody tell him what he was going to do round his own house. "And the girl wanted it, didn't she? And you like it well enough yourself, now it's come."

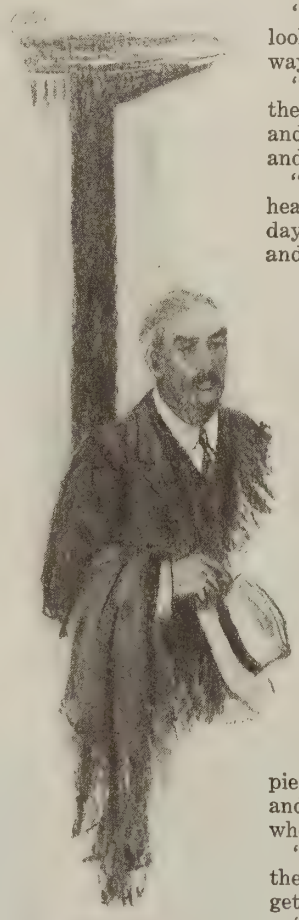
"I do like it; yes, Bill. It's beautiful. I said so—if we can only afford it," she told him.

"I come pretty near knowing what I can hafford, and what I can't," said Bill Mixer, still glaring at her.

"Since you got your new scale of wages, huh?" said Tommy, jumping in and taking his attention and holding him off with her. "In The Painters and Decorators?"

"Eighty cents an hour; and a dollar and twenty cents for overtime," said Bill, puffing on his cigar. "They had to come to it."

"They did, huh?" said Tommy, looking at him as if he thought he was all right.



Bill Was Feeling Mean and Down in the Mouth When He Got Home

"Did they?" said Bill Mixer, looking off with a grin. "They did. And right away too—starting the first of May. Make no mistake. The capitalists have been getting it all up to date; but now we are going to have some of it. From now we are hentering ——"

"Hello!" said Tommy, jumping up, not listening to him. "Here she comes now."

For Violet, Bill Mixer's girl he was going to marry, was coming out through the back room, where she had been getting dressed for church, with her new spring clothes on. A good lively-looking girl—with big blue eyes and a fine complexion. Bill Mixer had named her after the duchess that had her estates in the county in England where he came from. She was quite a dresser too; not that old stiff English style, but regular up-to-date American. Where her mother wore her hair parted down the middle, and had since she was fourteen, she had on those new puffs down by the ears—changing three or four times a year. All the latest as it came along!

"A new hera," Bill Mixer was going on telling them. "We are going to come in from now on and get some of our deserts."

But Tommy Foley had stopped listening now for good. "Turn round and let's look at you," he said. "Some doll, huh?" he said to her father. "The women will turn round to see that coming down the aisle."

He was quite a dresser himself—and some dancer. Everybody said they were the best pair on the floor at the Jolly Six Dances.

"She looks all proper to me," said Bill, stopping and looking her over, smiling. He thought quite a lot of her in a way. "They're all right," he said, "if you can hafford them. They're like these white hinteriors we get in these new colonial houses nowadays; they look good, but you got to be painting and decorating them all the time. Always something new!"

"Is that so!" said Vi. "Well, if you want to know it, hardly anything I've got on is new."

"What about those shoes?" said her mother. You could see they had been talking about them.

"I've got to have something new to wear, haven't I," said Vi, "on Easter Day?"

"When I was a girl we didn't pay any ten ——" her mother started saying.

"That will be enough of that," said Vi, breaking in on her.

"They come 'igh. 'Igh and 'andsome," said Bill Mixer, looking at her. You could see he spoiled her, just by the way he looked.

"That will do—for you too!" she said. "I pay for these, remember. You don't," she said; and came over and kissed him on his bald spot. She was bright and sharp and all that, but she was pretty good to the old man.

"Come on," she said. "Change the subject. I haven't heard anything else but the cost of shoes for the last few days—and I'm fed up. Let's have a change," she said; and went over and sat down at the new piano.

"When it comes to expensive ideas and paying out the coin," she said, "what do you think of this? He got it for me—didn't you?" she asked him; and she smiled over her shoulder at her father and he grinned back at her.

"You're only young just once," he said.

And then she sat down and began playing it herself. She could work it better than Bill; she had it down fine—you could see that watching her sitting there running off one of those dozen rolls that came with the instrument.

"A little more jazz there—this time—eh, wot?" said Tommy Foley, looking over at the old man, grinning. That was a favorite expression of his last spring; he was getting it off all the time.

And then she played some more of the rolls—all lively stuff, jazz music mostly, they had picked out to amuse themselves with.

"Some box!" said Tom to Bill.

"See that grain on her side there?" said Bill, taking his cigar out. "See how it lies. There's a good piece of veneer!" And after that Tommy got up a minute and stood beside Vi, and his eye fell down on her new shoes where she was pumping on the piano.

"I can see now why she got them," he said. "She got them to work the new piano with—so all the boys would get a look at them!"

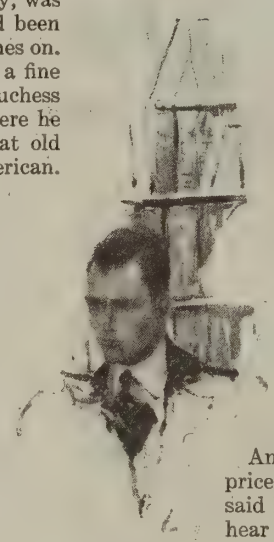
"They come 'igh," said Bill Mixer, saying things over two or three times, the way those Englishmen do. "'Igh and 'andsome. But we must have them."

"How high do they come anyhow, Vi?" said Tommy Foley, leaning over and looking down—getting fresh.

"That will do for that," said Vi. "Ring off on that stuff."

"They're 'igh enough, you will find, when you have to pay for them," said Bill Mixer, having his joke again.

"That's all right," said Vi, getting up and getting red a little. "You don't have to pay for them, do you? Nor you," she said to Tommy—"not yet!"



"It Certainly Must Have Set You Back Some, Pop," Said Tommy

"Not yet," said Tommy, seeing he had her going, "but soon." And then he stepped over to where Grandma Mixer sat, stiffer than a lamp-post in a London fog—with that old lace napkin and lavender ribbon on her head. He was a comical fellow; he was ringing in the old woman on everything to hear what she would say. It was funny too. She couldn't understand one quarter of what you said to her. She got it wrong all the time.

"What do you think, grandma?" he said, yelling. "Are they too high?"

"'Ow's that?" said the old woman, leaning over. "What's that he says?"

"Shoes!" he hollered, pointing. "Too high!"

"'Igh?" she said, leaning back again. "It is all 'igh. Everything. I never seen provisions so 'igh since I started housekeeping."

And then they all laughed. "She's got prices on the brain since they went up so," said Mrs. Mixer, explaining it. "She can't hear anything you say to her, and she can't read much. So she gets ideas in her head and she just sits here mulling and mulling them over in her head. And every now and again she'll burst out saying something about prices now. She gets so mad over it I'm afraid sometime something may happen inside her. Yet it's comical to hear her too."

"Times have changed since her day," said Bill. "She used to have to squeeze every penny she got. She ain't gone onto the new schedule yet."

"Come on, you," said Vi to Tommy Foley, "if we are going to get to church in time."

And they went out together—a fine-looking young couple—leaving Bill getting up to have another tune at the new piano. He liked to fool with it, naturally, after what he had just put out on it. And the music sounded good—that kind of jazz stuff, so lively and up-and-coming.

They had the young people—that particular bunch that Tommy Foley and Bill's daughter Vi were in with—round nights after that quite a bit, playing over those twelve records, having a high old time with themselves. And they all thought it was great. Bill liked to sit in the back room in his shirt sleeves and listen to them.

"That's right," he said to them when they came out to see him. "Go it while you're young!"

But then after a month or so it kind of died away, and after that they didn't play the new piano much of any.

Bill Mixer did not take that very kindly—especially when Vi dropped it herself. "I should think she might value it a little bit 'igher," he said to his wife. "More than likely it is the last thing I'll have for her in her own 'ome."

"You know why she don't play it, as well as I do," said Mrs. Mixer.

"Why not?" he asked her.

"How can she—since she got that job nights down at the Parisian—in addition to what she is doing days?"

"Folderol and peacocks!" said Bill, who never wanted her to go there anyhow. "It'll cost her more than she gets out of it; she'll get more expensive notions there than wages—you mark my words. But it won't kill her—only two nights a week," said Bill Mixer, "in a millinery shop!"

"And all Saturday afternoons—on top of what she has to do in the mill!"

"That gives her four nights and Sundays, so far as I can see," said Bill Mixer, "to play me a tune or two."

"She's all tired out—that's why," said Mrs. Mixer, "when she gets home."

"All for just buying new duds for herself, eh?" said Mixer back. "That's good sense!"

"No—paying for old ones—mostly," his wife answered him. "She never got paid up yet on that fur coat last winter."

"To say nothing of ten-dollar shoes!" said Bill.

"What's ten dollars for shoes nowadays?" said Mrs. Mixer, turning right round from what she said when she was talking to Vi herself. "There's more of them paying twelve or sixteen dollars. A girl's got to have something, hasn't she—especially the year she is getting married?"

"That's the way," said Bill Mixer. "You women all talk together when it comes to spending money."

"Spending money! What's that to you? You ain't spending it on her, are you?" she answered him, getting touchy and excited, the way she always seemed to be now when he talked to her about expenses—just the opposite of how quiet she generally was. "Lucky for you you've

got a daughter that's got spirit enough in her to go out and earn her own board and clothes."

"'Ave it your own way," said Bill Mixer, not wanting to start an argument.

"And what's more," she told him, "now we are talking about it, I've got to have more money myself—from now on."

"More money!" said Bill Mixer, roaring almost. "What next? Didn't I give you all I had pretty near on Saturday?"

"I can't help that; the boys have both got to have shoes—and some clothes, too, before long."

"What do you do—work on them nights with a file," Bill asked her, "so as to wear them out quicker?"

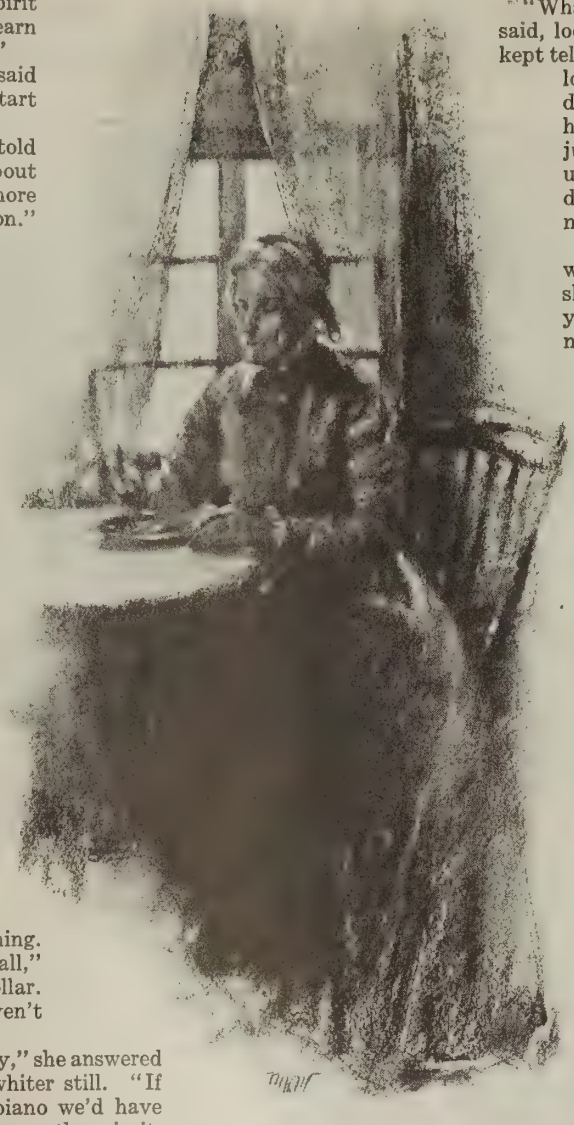
"And food too!" she said, her face getting red round the cheek bones and white everywhere else. "I have got to have more for the table. And when it comes to that, I haven't had a dress for a year and over."

"When 'ave I had a suit of clothes?" Bill asked her.

And she didn't say anything.

"You can't 'ave it, that's all," said Bill. "Not another dollar. Because why? Because I 'aven't got it."

"It's your doings, anyway," she answered back, getting redder and whiter still. "If you hadn't bought that piano we'd have been all right. What sense was there in it, I'd like to know?" she said, talking faster and faster. "You might have known more!"



"I Never Seen Provisions So 'Igh Since I Started Housekeeping."

"Known!" said Bill Mixer, getting his back up. "How would I know when I just got a twenty-five per cent raise in my wages, that all 'ands were going to turn in and ruin me—including my own wife and family? How could I know that?"

"I don't care," said his wife. "I won't have you blaming everything on me all the time." And she burst out crying.

She was like that lately; sore and touchy—whenever you spoke to her about expenses. He could hardly make her out.

"There, there, old woman," said Bill Mixer, patting her on the shoulder a bit. "I apologize. It ain't your fault or mine, altogether. They're all round—these profiteers and capitalists. They're robbing us right and left. There should be a law against it."

But she just sat there crying her apron full, and when she would not stop Bill got up himself, feeling mean and low in his mind, and went in the front room and began looking over the new piano again. He hadn't been in to see it himself for several days.

"Look here," he said, coming out, roaring again. "What's happened in there? Who done it?"

"Done what!" said Mrs. Mixer, stopping crying, scared.

"Who tore that great gouge all down the side of her?"

"It wasn't so much," his wife answered, wiping her eyes.

"On the best side! The very best piece of wood in it. It's took not less than a hundred dollars off her anyhow. Who done it?"

"One of the boys," she told him finally, "I believe."

"Which one?" Bill Mixer said, seeing right off that she knew.

"Raymond, I suppose it was."

"I'll snatch his 'ide off him," said Bill Mixer, "when I get him!"

And his wife started up crying agin.

"What's the matter with you now?" he said. "For the last few months there has been no living with you."

Just the same it did not seem right to him to have that new piano standing there, never used, after all he had put out on it—less than four months after he had got it into the house. He didn't take it very kindly.

"'Ow is it," he asked Violet, "you don't seem to care no more for your piano your old dad got you?" he asked her. "Don't you like it any more?"

"Sure, I like it, pa," she told him. "Only I'm too tired for anything much when I get home."

"What are you doing, my girl?" he said, looking at her quick—for his wife kept telling him all the time how bad she looked. "Killing yourself just to dress up a bit? Don't you do it," he said, joking her. "'E'll like you just as well as you are. What's the use of killing yourself for a few duds when you are going to get married anyhow?"

"I can't go round like a washwoman, can I?" she said, talking sharp, the way she always did when you talked to her about her clothes now. "It costs money to dress!"

"'Ow is it on the old bill?" he asked her. "The one you 'ad last winter? 'Aven't you got all the hinstallments paid on that yet?"

"Pretty near paid for," she told him. "Not all, though."

"Why ain't you?" he said, surprised. "Nine months ago—the clothes must be worn out by this time."

"I can't go round all summer, can I, with a fur coat on?" she said, talking sharp again. She had had bad luck with that fur coat; it never was satisfactory. And it made her speak up when you mentioned it. "Have some sense," she said to him. "I have got to have some new things, haven't I?"

"I didn't say no," said Bill.

"Especially now I am working in the Parisian evenings—you have to have some little things, haven't you, in a job like that?"

"Why do you?" Bill asked her.

"Oh, have some sense, pa," she told him. "If you are selling styles you have got to show some style yourself, haven't you?" she asked him. "You can't go round with a shawl and wrapper on like a washwoman, can you?"

"What's the use then?" said Bill. "If you 'ave to pay out more than you get in, and kill yourself in the bargain. You 'ad better quit—by far."

"What's the use of anything?" she answered back in that sharp voice again as if she was thinking of crying.

"There, there," Bill Mixer told her. "Cheer up, my girl. You ain't going to sacrifice everything for style—your 'ealth and looks and all? Quit it—that's all. Quit it!"

"Quit it?" she said. "How can I quit it? But it makes me mad sometimes, just the same."

"What does?"

"Everything—the way it costs. It's just round and round, it seems like," she said. "The more you earn the more you have to spend; and the more you spend the more you have to work again! You don't get anywhere. You never get caught up with your bills."

"It's these profiteers," said Bill shaking his head; "that's what it is. And these capitalists. If they 'ad them in Hengland they'd soon show them! They'd have a law in double-quick time that would take the 'ide off 'em before they got started."

"If they had had one they'd have had government tanneries over there supplying all the shoes for all the soldiers all through the war," said Violet, who always got up and talked like that when Bill got to comparing the United States with the way things were in the old country.

"Well, anyhow," said Bill, changing the subject, and going back again, "I should think when you are tired it might be some good to play your piano—it might cheer you up a bit."

"Well, it might ——"

"What is it?" asked Bill, noticing she stopped a bit. "Is there any other reason?"

"Well, yes," she told him. "I suppose there is, maybe."

"What?"

"It needs tuning quite some," she told him. "We used it so much at first."

"Why didn't you say so?" he asked her.

"I was going to have it done myself," she said, "just as soon as I got the money together to, but I never seem to have it yet."

"Don't you never do that again!" said Bill Mixer. "Understand?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. Why not?"

"I guess you have troubles of your own," she said. "I never saw it till lately, pa, what you were up against. Ain't it rotten? I never felt that way till just lately. Round and round—you never seem to get anywhere! I'm kind of tired, I suppose. It's this hot weather, I guess, lately."

"Chirk up, my girl," he told her. "I'll have her tuned up now in double-quick order. And you can enjoy yourself and please your old man, too, playing to him. Don't bother your pretty little 'ead about that. I'll have her tuned up for you, and I'll get you some more lively records—to kind of cheer you up. You can pick them out yourself—some of this here jazz you are always talking about."

"Next time," said Violet, speaking up, "I'm going to get something different for a change. You can't have jazz all the time. I'm getting kind of sick of it."

"You're tired to-night, that's all," said Bill. "You go to bed early and rest up a bit, and you will feel different."

"She ain't looking well," he told his wife at bedtime. "I don't like it. I'm going to have her piano tuned up for her and get her a few more records for the music machine. We got those others pretty well worn out listening to them."

"Where you going to get the money from?" asked Mrs. Mixer, talking sharp again.

"Oh, I'll get it all right," he told her. "Don't you fret!"

"You haven't paid your regular bills yet," she told him, "without getting fancy records for that thing."

"Never you mind," he said, getting his dander up again at the way she always spoke up, disputing him in everything now. "I'll have it."

"How?"

"We're going to have some more wages after September first," he told her; "if you want to know. We are going to have another raise. They're raising everything all round; the whole country is full of these profiteers; and if that's the game we will have some of it, too, for ourselves, while it's going.

"It's These Profiteers. If They 'Ad Them in Hengland They'd Soon Show Them!"

"This is new times—a new hera. The workingman has got something to say now. And you mark my words," said Bill. "Make no mistake, if they don't give us this raise we will see they do! We'll strike. But you keep that under your hat for now. For we ain't giving it out yet."

But it was not more than a day or two after that when his boss came over and started talking with him about it. He was a young fellow who had only been in business for himself a short time—trying it out to see how it would go.

"What about this thing they claim Council Six is going to pull on us for September first?" said the boss.

"What are you speaking about?" Bill answered, playing innocent and looking puzzled.

"A dollar an hour, and a dollar and a half overtime! And a five-day week."

"'Ow would I know?" Bill told him, the union not being ready to give it out until they took a vote of the membership whether they would go out on strike if they had to. "But I'll say this—it's coming to us by rights."

"Not from me; you can count on that now," said the

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NEW FEET UNDER THE TABLE

Too Much of This ——

By Forrest Crissey

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE thirstiest man in America, searching the dryest spot of all Uncle Sam's arid domain for a shot of drinking liquor with a real kick in it, is a model of indifference and insincerity alongside the large employer of labor in his hunt for the basis of an abiding understanding with his men that will hold them to their jobs, insure production and give his company a fair chance to make a modest return on its investment.

All over America the large employer is working overtime on this job—and he is getting the best counsel that he knows how to procure to help him in the task. He knows that the slogan of industrial salvation to-day is production. This is the cry from every corner of the earth—and the megaphones of demand are all aimed at the Statue of Liberty. The factories and mills of America are the focal center of a world-wide pressure for production never known or felt by the industry of any nation before. It must be met. America is in the habit of meeting her obligations, economic or otherwise. She isn't going to back water or welsh on her job. Rising to great emergencies is in her blood. She has grown strong and great doing just that sort of thing.

Any man who is breathing the mental atmosphere of a decade ago is sure to receive a sharp jolt if he comes in contact with the real leaders of industry to-day. Even the professional man who flatters himself that he is in fairly intimate touch with business affairs is likely to get a decided shock if he happens to listen in on a discussion between the live ones who are grappling with this problem of finding a footing on which employer and employee can do real teamwork. And if he pursues the inquiry out into the plants where a wholehearted and determined effort to work out this problem is being prosecuted he will probably ask: "Can this be the same old world in which foremen hired and fired at will and superintendents told complaining workers to go to hell?"

For one thing, such an investigator would find a heap of new feet under the council table at which the working policies of the companies are decided, and most of them shod with heavy brogans of the shop type.

Education for Employers

LATELY I have accumulated quite a sheaf of surprises of this character myself. In the lounge of the Cleveland Athletic Club—which seems to be largely inhabited by live ones—I joined a group the other evening comprising the presidents of two manufacturing concerns, two employees, and the president of the Cleveland Industrial Association. Not being asleep they were discussing the question of how to establish a better working understanding with their men. The member of the group whom I would have picked as being not only the most conservative member of the little party but also a shrewd, rather cautious and decidedly hard-headed executive quietly remarked:

"Of course, we're discussing the Browning plan and all the other plans of workers' representation on the basis of what they may accomplish in educating the men in the responsibilities, difficulties and problems of the management. But I guess it's no secret that the average management stands in still greater need of being educated in the problems of the workers. I'm getting some of it every day and the more I get the better I understand my need of it. The fact is that we're right now called upon to settle the scores for the sins of our industrial fathers, who held the viewpoint that labor was an inert commodity, a machine to be bought at the lowest price possible, pushed as hard as it would stand to be pushed and then disposed of to the best advantage obtainable. Some of the employers in this class went the limit, while others seasoned their treatment of labor with considerable personal kindness and some lofty paternalism. But they didn't recognize that their employees had any real claim on them beyond the lowest wage at which their labor could be bought.

"That viewpoint seems rather odd and antiquated to some of us now, but the fact remains that there are yet thousands of employers who are in dire need of that education which comes from putting their feet under a table along with those of the workers from their shops."

"Are you strong enough in your belief," I asked, "to allow yourself to be quoted as to what you have just said?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Charles F. Lang, president of the Lakewood Engineering Company. "I'll take the responsibility for that statement and I'll add that it will surprise me if any progressive employer in this country resents it. The war has crowded all employers a lot closer to their men, made us realize that production is a coöperative process and that in the past we were inclined to underappreciate labor's part in the teamwork of capital, management and labor. I'll confess that that contact had a mighty humanizing effect on me, and I think most progressive employers will admit the same reaction. I've always had what you might call the man-to-man feeling for the worker, but it was certainly accentuated by the experiences of high-pressure war production. Steps to get into intimate touch with workers and to open the doors so that they may learn at first hand what the management is thinking and doing, that would have seemed radical before the war, are tame, conservative and relatively commonplace to-day."

Ideal Profit-Sharing

"LIKE most employers who realize that the world has turned over and that labor has come into a new position, I'm only groping for the basis of a sound fair working understanding with my men, one that will give them a degree of contentment that will make them slow to quit jobs and that will inspire them with an interest in the business that will keep production up to the point where it should be. The only way to inspire such an interest is to give them a fair share of the profits on their production. No other substitute will be accepted. The day when conversation could be put into a workman's envelope in place of wages is past. That water went over the dam a long time ago and we might as well understand it clearly.

"Personally I'm of the opinion that the ideal form of employee participation in profits is that of actual shareholding. Anyhow, that is the line along which I'm trying to feel my way. Put it this way: I'd rather the men on our pay roll would work with me than for me. I'll take my chances as to tenure of position and size of salary with them any time opportunity offers. That's my feeling toward the men. There are only two shareholders in our company now who are not employees or directors. But I'd like to see virtually every employee a shareholder—every one who has been tried out as a faithful and loyal worker.

"From a profit-sharing experience during the war I've come to the conclusion that our men feel that we're making every effort to be fair with them; that we want to give them their right share of the returns and also are trying to give them right working conditions and good, square, human consideration in every way. On the other hand, I've learned to have a heap of faith in their responsiveness to any square, open-faced, businesslike appeal. This furnishes the right basis on which to build a permanent plan of coöperation that will stand the strain. Of only one feature of that plan am I certain: It will be something that the workers have just as much a hand in making as they do in turning out the product that we sell. It's going to be their plan—not mine. Our force—about a thousand men—is not so large that the men can't do a big part of shaping the plan by which they will be represented in both the

profits and the points of company policy in which they are directly concerned. I'm not much of a believer in ready-to-wear industrial-relations plans. They seldom fit, I'm afraid. Again, I think that the best plan of workingmen's participation will be found to be a growth, and rather a slow growth too. If I believed to-day that I had the best industrial-relations plan in the world for our outfit all figured out I wouldn't spring it on our workers. I'd try to feed the principles of it to them slowly so that they would virtually think the plan out themselves and feel their way step by step to the finished thing. Then we'd have something that would probably work, because they would understand it and feel that they had contributed to it."

A manufacturer in the Middle West recently illustrated this point of expecting workmen to get a complete grasp of a plan and put it into immediate operation by relating this experience:

His superintendent, foreman and the boss of a certain gang worked out a premium plan for its members, who were eager for its benefits. After it had been in force for only a few days the superintendent discovered that this gang was fairly boiling. It had more troubles than an automobile in its final stage of decline. And they made so much noise that the operating head of the company heard the disturbance and called for an explanation.

"That gang," resentfully explained the superintendent, "wanted a chance to make better pay and so we doped out a premium plan that would give the men twenty to thirty per cent above their wages. Now they're fighting among themselves about it and are so sore that they want to throw it overboard, go back to the old wage and forget it. Some understand it one way and some another and ——"

"How long were you and the foreman and the gang boss studying on the plan before you put it up to the men?" asked the operating vice president.

"Oh, about three weeks," was the answer. "We put in several days of solid time on the thing, and ——"

"Yes," interrupted the vice president, "and you expected the men to grasp it in a day or perhaps an hour. You are supposed to be more capable, more accustomed to planning and thinking than the workers under you, but this experience isn't very reassuring on that score."

There isn't any nourishment for the worker in any plan that he can't digest, and acute indigestion is always painful. A whole lot of disturbance in the stomach of labor comes from the fact that employers are trying to feed complicated premium, bonus and coöperative plans to their workers—stuff that is indigestible to them. But this consideration offers no reason for withholding effort in the right direction, because scores of simple and understandable plans are now in operation and giving stimulating and satisfactory results.

The Movement Gaining Momentum

ON THIS score Montague Ferry, formerly with the Industrial Relations Department of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and now with the Armstrong Bureau of Related Industries, declares:

"To many employers the labor problem is more complex and more hopeless than ever before, but those who study it and have the feel of it know this is not the case. Ten years ago coöperation between the employer and the workers in his plant was practically unheard of except in very small plants where almost daily personal contact was possible.

"To-day coöperation is getting to be common, and while mistakes are made and setbacks suffered there is not the slightest doubt that the movement is gaining momentum and producing splendid results.

"Alert manufacturers and constructive labor leaders are learning that the interests of employer and worker are actually mutual; they are learning to sit down together and discuss the problems confronting them without prejudice or bitterness; they are tasting the satisfaction of real coöperation toward a common end.

"The slogan of the successful ones is this: 'What can we do to make this plant useful to the nation, to those who buy its product and a credit to the community? What can we do to make this institution a good place to work in, a productive unit in the country's commerce and a profitable venture for all of us?'

"When men tackle constructive things they have little time left for selfishness and bickering. Sincerely undertaken by both employers and workers and carefully guided through the earlier stages such a movement is to my mind virtually a sure cure for industrial unrest in any plant."

Mr. Ferry speaks from intimate and responsible contact with scores of large plants employing many thousands of workers toiling under intense pressure for high production.

In attempting any plan to procure better teamwork with his employees the shrewd employer will first attempt to get a close firing line on the latter-day attitude of labor. He can't get far without that.

The wage code of the great mass of workers to-day may be roughly sketched in about these terms:

We will get nothing that we haven't earned.

We want ours in the pay envelope pronto—not in prize packages in Christmas stockings, not in end-of-the-year-perhaps bonuses, not in long-distance conversation, not in clubhouses or welfare schemes.

Also we want some say as to the kind of place in which we work and the treatment we get.

This is about the point at which the worker starts. He is open to slight modifications of his creed provided he is convinced that his employer is in earnest and on the square in his efforts to come to a working understanding along these lines. For example, if he gets a share in the company's profits whenever the stockholders get theirs he is inclined to feel that this is real profit sharing, that it is worth while. The dividend or bonus that is deferred to the end of the year has not much pulling power with the average worker. If it comes quarterly, monthly, or gets into his regular wage envelope he responds to it in increased production, in stimulated loyalty and in constructive coöperation. This appears to be the common observation of employers who have made a consistent effort to get on a basis of better understanding with their workers.

Two Types of Effort

IN THE main this effort divides itself into two types: The loosely knit plan that depends upon mutual education and mutual confidence for its force and the more elaborate and highly organized plan that delegates certain definite authority and responsibility to representatives of the workers and guarantees them specific rights and privileges. The first form of plan is generally for the organization of small or medium size; the second is suited to companies employing several thousand men.

There is an example of informal coöperation between employees and management that has been in force in the Browning Company of Cleveland, Ohio, for about two years. The main output of this plant is locomotive cranes. At present there are five hundred men on the Browning pay roll; at the peak of war production the employees numbered about seven hundred. The Browning plan is about as simple as a one-piece bathing suit. Mr. Sheldon Cary, president of the Browning Company and originator of this plan, makes this concession:

"When I realized that the time had come to get on a closer basis of understanding and coöperation with my employees I collected the literature of all the employee-representation plans that I could scrape together and then I took hold of the job of digesting them. Honest, it was a heart-breaking task. It was an adventure in unlimited language.

"Some of the stuff was so involved that it needed a mighty clear-headed lawyer to interpret it so that an employer of years of experience could understand it. It made me grin to think what a group of average shop workers would say if that mess of language was put up to them. They would just naturally say that the management had hired a mighty clever lawyer to put things over on them and camouflage traps with a lot of plausible language.

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Leads to This

DRIFTWOOD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

He Followed Them With His Eyes Until They Faded Into the Haze That Lay in the Bend of the Stream Below

BELOW St. Louis at evening in the difficult six-foot water that swung from the Sullivan light to Pelican Bar the wheel of the Gilmore steadied under the gentle hands of Captain Jack.

"Wind ripples—those that lay ahead," he said to the cub beside him, from whom he had taken the wheel. "That break at the bar is a drifting snag, soggy and old by the way she jumps. Enter it on the report, for she'll hang up the bar. We will take the crossing under a slow bell until we hit the five-foot water. Ring for a leadsman, starboard and port."

The jingle tinkled up from the engine room and the panting engines silenced to half-ahead.

"I'll stake my head against a Swede iron staybolt," a cylinder whispered through the steam line to the boilers for'd, "that our young Jackie Morgan is at the pilot wheel. Gad, it's good to rest for a minute!"

The battery of boilers hissed in derision.

"One of these sure-thing bets, Cylinder. You can feel the kid-glove touch of his hands clear to here."

Up aloft the hog chains quit their sullen grunting.

"There's a man that knows!"

And there in truth in the pilot house of the finest boat of the government fleet on the Mississippi was a gentleman who knew the crazy river from St. Louis to the Gulf better than a man knows the contours of his own face—a lightnin' pilot if any ever deserved the name.

When the great towboat and her brood of pile drivers and quarterboats and barges were clear of the downstream limit of the bar Captain Jack signaled for full steam ahead. He spoke to the young man beside him:

"Go below and ask the captain to come up for a minute—and have a waiter bring us some coffee."

Presently the captain of the boat entered the pilot house.

"We will tie up about midnight a little above Driftwood Bend," the pilot said. "There are some bad snags reported in the Sunflower crossing and it's risky to run it to-night."

And a little above Driftwood Bend headlines and breastlines were run ashore, for the word of the pilot was law.

At Driftwood Bend in a day of indecision the Mississippi had made an irresolute ten-mile swing from its southern objective before it regained its course. In the broad included acres lay the water-logged scraps of the cargoes which the flood had carried from the river's empire to the north. Quiet water now where once had been a sullen eddy of sinister brown currents, and in this quiet water a dead history of endless yesterdays.

Here were acres of floating things—trees and shattered houses, fence rails and logs, boats and fragments of the greater structures with which man had tempted the rush of the rising waters that flowed from the melting snows.

Here, too, deep beneath the floating mass of cottonwood and walnut, were the bones of drowned animals and the corpses of dead men.

The great field of drift was dotted with little areas of open water wherein the languid cottonmouth pursued at times the agile and nutritious frog. At evening waterfowl played within these spaces and on the margin of these little pools bushes grew from wind-blown seeds, green against the gray of the drift. The margin of the field which lay against the stream was forever fringed with ambitious willows whose lives persisted until some passing storm might destroy the intimacy which existed between their temporary roots and the transient supporting soil whose mass was founded on some shattered tree.

Great gales might rock this wide expanse until its fabric groaned, until its laced logs shrieked with the stress of contact; driving rains might darken the dead field, the lightning might ignite some little temporary beacon fires; but Driftwood Bend endured through the march of the years.

Clear of Pelican Bar, Captain Jack drank his three cups of coffee with the master of the boat in the pilot house of the Gilmore. As the night progressed the steward was summoned from time to time, and by the time the boat tied up Captain Jack was drinking his tenth cup of the evening.

In his stateroom he made ready for bed. He fumbled for an instant with the diamond pin in his tie and then he noticed suddenly that his hands were trembling. He held his right hand out before him the better to remark the irregular pulse of the tremors which actuated it.

"Tobacco!" he said.

He lay down and tried to sleep. At three o'clock he got up and opened the outboard door of his stateroom. From a cabinet in the wall he removed a box of cigars. From the boat's rail to the shadows which lay black beneath the willow on the bank in the darkness of the night was a distance of forty feet. Captain Jack essayed a preliminary swing to assure himself of clearance for the throw and then the box of cigars winged its flight away from his hand.

"I'm done!" he said aloud. "When a man eats so many cigars that he can't sleep it's time he quit."

He walked through his stateroom and entered the cabin of the boat. A watchman sat reading under a green-shaded light.

"Bring in some coffee," Captain Jack said, "and we'll have a drink."

The watchman presently returned from the galley. Captain Jack drank two cups of the steaming black fluid and went to bed for the second time that night. After an hour of wakefulness he got up and dressed. He sought the watchman, who was on the lower deck.

"Let me have a lantern," he said. "I'm going ashore for a few minutes."

The watchman retrieved a lantern from the locker in one of the pile drivers which lay alongside the Gilmore. He handed it to Captain Jack after it was lighted and burning properly.

"I got her f'm th' pile driver or I'd been here sooner, Cap'n," he apologized.

Captain Jack walked to the bow of the boat where a stage plank led from deck to the shore. The lighted lantern traced a trail to a point on shore opposite Captain Jack's stateroom door. There for a space of ten minutes it hesitated, wavering in widening circles until finally it winged a sudden arc toward the black water which flowed beside the hull of the Gilmore.

It flared brilliantly for an instant as it struck the water and hissed a protest at its sudden destruction.

Captain Jack made his way to the stage plank in the dark. Once during the difficult journey he paused long enough to explore the upper pockets of his vest.

"Damn those cigars!" he said. On board the Gilmore he sought the watchman. "The lantern is overboard. Give me your pipe and all the tobacco you've got. You haven't a cigar, have you?"

The watchman had no cigars. Captain Jack did the best he could with the watchman's aged satisfying pipe. At dawn he slept.

Bridge steel is tough and ductile and men who build bridges gradually accomplish in their own characters that of the metal of their trade. Hard work is a matter of course with them, punctuated through the day with little periods of idleness and moments of great stress.

Six-part falls of seven-eighths, six-nineteen plow steel, swinging from the booms of a creeper on the top chord of the great cantilever truss that laced in the sky above the Mississip' inched a diagonal member to its place in the fabric of the bridge.

Waiting on a swaying plank swung from the top chord with old sisal lines that had been bought for pure Manila, Jimmy Rivet and his partner stood ready to connect the member with a six-inch pin as soon as the son-of-a-gun showed daylight forty ways through the pin plates.

Upstream a thousand feet and coming strong, the Gilmore and her tow chopped the placid surface of the river into a million little cross currents. Jimmy watched the black plume from her funnels obscure the serpentine white water that danced in miniature from her wheel.

"That squirrel wants to keep clear of us or some day he'll have a lump of steel clean through his boilers. About time f'r somethin' to happen—four days now an' nobody killed."

His partner looked at him from the other end of the staging. "Shut up—talkin' that way brings 'em!"

From the pilot house of the Gilmore Captain Jack looked up to where the river arm of the bridge swung over the channel.

"Might be something drop," he thought. "I'll stand out in the clear." He gave the wheel a half turn. "Never passed here yet but something dropped."

The eye bar showed clear in the pin plates. Jimmy Rivet surged at the connection with a great frenzy of effort—and something dropped.

His partner clutched at the bight of the sling as the plank fell away from under his feet. By the time he stretched out in safety upon the wide cover plate of the top chord the circles in the water two hundred feet below

him were fading about the common center where Jimmy Rivet had disappeared.

From the pilot house of the Gilmore, Captain Jack saw the sprawling form of the man hit the water.

"Another one!" he said. "Take the wheel—and back her when you get below us. Order out a boat, I'm after him!"

Between the pilot house and the little bulkhead aft that caught the spray of the wheel Captain Jack got rid of his clothes.

He remembered that he must leap far out to clear the draft of the wheel. He realized that he was very tired—that he was not a good swimmer—that nerve can take the place of skill and strength.

A hundred feet before him the form of the man who had fallen came to the surface. Then ever so slowly it sank.

"The chop of the pier currents lasts for a thousand feet," thought Captain Jack. "A thousand—feet. You'll come up—again. Damn you! I'll walk the bottom—if I have to—but I'll get you!"

Seventy seconds later the boat crew hauled Captain Jack into the stern of a skiff which had raced toward him, and close in the embrace of Captain Jack's left arm was the limp form of Jimmy Rivet. From the deck of the Gilmore the captain hailed the bridge crew through a megaphone.

"We'll take care of your man—he's alive. See you on the upstream trip."

Captain Jack dressed and returned to the pilot house.

"I'll take her now," he said. "That's bad water a mile ahead. Ask them to send us some coffee."

The man brought the coffee.

"I seen you do th' Brodie, Cap'n Jack. Gee, that was purty work! He says he's all right now—says he feels a million. He wants to come up to—to thank you f'r savin' his life."

Captain Jack smiled.

"Let him come up if he wants to. How is it they make this coffee so weak lately?"

Presently Jimmy Rivet came up the stairs and into the pilot house. He looked at Captain Jack.

"Was it you?"

The pilot smiled and nodded his head.

Jimmy Rivet looked long at the man who had saved his life. Finally he spoke.

"I'm done high climbin'," he said. "From now on, wherever you go I'll drag along—until I pay you back."

That night his name went upon the Gilmore's pay roll as oiler.

The Gilmore stopped at Fortune Island long enough to deliver a quarterboat and three pile drivers to the project then under way at that point. Half a dozen clerks checked the property lists when the transfers were made.

"Everything clear," one of them reported to the master of the Gilmore. "Except there's a lantern short on Driver 144."

"Ask the watchman what he knows about it and then write a report of the shortage to the St. Louis office," the captain directed. "Inclose an affidavit if you can."

The red tape began to wind round the lantern which just then was submerged in the muddy currents upstream near the point where Captain Jack's cigars lay scattered under the willows on the bank.

A lantern wrapped with red is a danger signal, but this was one that Captain Jack overlooked.

At his club in St. Louis Colonel McDonald, the engineer officer in charge of the river improvements, graciously permitted his waiter to bring in to his table enough dinner for two engineer officers. The colonel attacked his gratifying rations with an unusual enthusiasm. Back of his appetite was thirty-six holes of golf with a little overtime played at the nineteenth to the melody of tinkling cubes of ice entirely surrounded with something now somewhat difficult to obtain.

By the time the colonel had sogged down in his favorite chair in the lounging room he was making plans for the improvement of himself, the Mississippi River and all way points.

"Fifty pile drivers with seventy-foot leads," he thought. "Ten or twenty new quarterboats, at least four new dredges with thirty-inch suctions—maybe thirty-six inch—four new towboats."

He drank a liqueur which had been served with his coffee in the lounging room.

"Gad, yes! With all the forests gone in the North and floods and refugees and rescue trips every season now we'll make that ten towboats. This river's got to amount to something. First thing to-morrow I'll make recommendations for plant enough to work her over from here to the Gulf. I'll make a river out of her what is a river!"

The old Mississip' in some way heard of the colonel's plans. That night at the height of her paroxysm of laughter she quit being a river at various spots between St. Louis and the Gulf and became here and there a sand bar.

With fifteen or twenty packets tied up or aground her mood changed.

"Snow!" she said to her northern dominion. "I want a few million acres of you to melt all in a bunch." She looked over the spring line of cloud-bursts. "You may send me a half dozen choice cloud-bursts every week from now till I tell you to stop—and none of those skinny little imported things either. I want the soggy old domestic Middle West cloud-burst."

Being a cranky old lady, she got what she ordered.

Being a cranky old gentleman, all Colonel McDonald got out of his broad planning was authority from the War Department to let the contract for the construction of the one stern-wheel towboat.

And to this boat, as a fond blind father might lavish his time and fortune on an only daughter, the colonel gave all the pep he had that wasn't needed for golf.

"She'll be queen of the river," he boasted. "The biggest and finest thing that floats from here to New Orleans. Queen of the river—we'll call her the King, by gad! Good name that!"

Snow crystals in the North forgot their geometry, wilted under the industrious sun and mingled with their neighbors. Individuality gone, they began a long journey in the disguise of plain water.

Throughout the central empire drifting clouds encountered the quick cold airs of evening, and the rains descended.

Saturation was accomplished in a week so completely that the corn crop took a fifteen per cent jump; boys had to wipe off their feet good an' come in the back door under penalty of getting a good lickin'; titles to umbrellas were easily forgotten by otherwise perfect brethren, and the creeks rose until the mudcats swam into the attic where the muskrats stored their babies.

In the St. Louis office several keen engineers plotted gauge heights on logarithmic paper, seasoned the pink sheets with a sprinkle of integral calculus and convinced themselves that the Mississip' would reach flood stage before pay day. The weather bureau observed the official goose bone and checked the engineers' figures exactly. Down on the levee old Uncle Tip, who swept out the Lee Line wharfboat now and then, listened to the shootin' pains in his left and only leg and 'lowed he'd see the rampagenest flood whatever was, within the coming two weeks.

Washington digested the dope and wired some orders to various points along the river.

"Expect extreme flood stage Friday," Colonel McDonald wired. "Suspend operations and secure all floating plant."

This telegram was delivered to all projects downstream from St. Louis.

On Friday the old river lived up to all scientific expectations. And while the engineers were congratulating themselves on the accuracy of their figures, telegrams and mail reports from the upper river began to drift in.

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From the Top of a Farmhouse, Which Had Lifted From its Foundations and Drifted Until it Encountered Some Bending Oaks, the Crew of the Gilmore Rescued a Farmer's Family

Shall We Hand Back Our New Industries to Germany?

By Edward G. Lowry

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY, of Michigan, is talking. He is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Hear him:

"I know a chemist in my state who told me that he was making a certain article. I do not remember what it was, bromine or something from bromine. If I now remember it the price in this country was thirty-seven and a half cents a pound. He found there was a good market in Germany for his product and he sent men over there to work up the trade. He was almost unable to supply the demand at forty-two cents in Germany.

"One day an old German came to his office and said that he represented the chemical industry in Germany. 'You are selling your material in Germany. We want you to get out.'

"My friend said, 'I am going to stay.'

"'Well,' said the old German, 'we believe that we own this market.'

"My Michigan friend said, 'I am not going to get out until I get ready.' He was a scrapper.

"The German got angry. 'We have in Germany a yellow-dog fund. The manufacturers put up half the money, and the government the other half. We will use that against you. We will put you out of business if you do not get out of Germany.'

"My friend did not get out. In about thirty days the price of his article went down to twenty-two cents in this country. My friend had to get out of Germany—and up went the price to thirty-seven and a half cents. That illustrates the competition that our manufacturers had to contend with in Germany, and they will have the same conditions again unless we provide some law to prevent it."

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of the Chemical Foundation, capped this story with another: "As soon as an industry in which the Germans were interested and which trespassed upon their export-selling plans began to show its head in this country they went at it tooth and nail. They began to sell not only below what it cost in this country but below the cost of production in their own country, and in some instances—I think, in many—there was no limit to which they were not willing to cut prices in order to get business. I will tell you of one instance out of hundreds which have come to my personal knowledge."

Germany's Commercial Barbed Wire

"UNTIL about 1910 there was no production of aniline oil in this country. In that year the Benzol Products Company was organized to make aniline oil on a large scale. At that time the price of aniline oil was about eleven and a half cents. The Benzol Products Company could do the work and make money at that figure. They had not got fairly started when the Germans began cutting the price. The cutting continued until the German price reached six cents. One large customer was approached by the American producers with an offer of aniline oil for eight and a half cents, an unheard-of price up to that time. The answer was, 'I won't take your product at eight and a half cents or any other price, because whatever price you name I have the assurance that the German producers will undersell you.' The Alien Property Custodian's report gives a dozen other instances which show the absolute ruthlessness of the German producers." The German big-business machine was a part of the German war machine. The Hun conducted business in foreign countries as an invader—ruthlessly and without any thought of fair play. We used to thank our lucky stars that the German horde could not land on our shores. But his business machine had found a lodgment here, and it was as destructive and as difficult to overcome by our business men as was his war machine by the soldiers in France. Thousands of business men who never saw the war know the essential Hun characteristics almost as well as the men who fought on the Somme and the Meuse.

When the war began American business was unprotected against German methods. We were dependent on the Germans for essential commodities, and until the war was actually upon us the American interests did not fully realize their helplessness and their weakness, and what it meant to be in the power of a German. Now they know, and they are resolved to make here at home all the things which before August, 1914, we had to have from the Germans or go without; some of the things we cannot do without. This is a brief account of the effort of American producers and the progress they have made.

When the war got under way and importations were stopped we found ourselves dependent on foreign sources, chiefly German, for supplies of chemicals, dyestuffs, drugs, optical glass, knitting needles, chemical porcelain, alloy steels, potash, surgical implements, scientific instruments and war minerals of several sorts. Secretary Redfield has been one among many to voice the awakening sense of the business men here at home to the need which the war has enforced upon our thoughts of a larger outlook, a more distant vision than has been the case in our commercial life.

As the Secretary of Commerce puts it: "Too much in buying and selling, in shipping, we have concerned ourselves with the immediate transaction in hand. We have thought of the cheapness of the particular purchase and have lost sight of what was really economical. In this way we have played into the hands of merciless competitors, have built them up at our expense, and fallen into deep danger because of our short vision in permitting vital necessary industries to grow up in the hands of foreign competitors while we remain entirely dependent upon them.

"We now know it was not safe to go without a dyestuff industry or the manufacture of optical glass or of essential chemicals; yet before the war forced upon us a larger vision which makes us see this clearly it is more than doubtful whether a cooperative dyestuff industry akin in its character to the Chemical Foundation could have been created among the users of these materials. At once ourselves the largest producers of the raw materials from which dyestuffs were made and the largest consumers of the finished goods, we confused cheapness with economy, and suffered for the false assumption.

"We should never again find ourselves in the position that developed in the early part of the war, where, needing certain linen, we made none; needing potash, we produced little if any; needing chrome and manganese, we had to send abroad for both; needing optical glass, we made almost none; needing dyestuffs and explosives, we produced far too little."

The making of dyestuffs and chemicals is an essential industry both in peace and in war. Makers of dyestuffs can turn to the making of explosives and poison gases virtually without a change in their organization or processes. Their manufacturing processes run hand in hand. Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, one of the chief, and certainly the most dangerous and effective, German spies in this country, boasted: "In no other field has German efficiency proved its superiority as in that of chemistry. It is no exaggeration to state that the German chemist has contributed to the success of the campaign as much as, if not more than, the strategist, the army and navy, and that therefore the present holocaust may be justly called the chemists' war."

Chemical Industry's Ramifications

EIGHTY per cent of her explosives and all her poison gases were manufactured by Germany's dye factories.

The making of dyestuffs is therefore doubly a key industry. A key industry may be of minor importance in itself, but it is one that vitally affects the welfare and permanency of other industries which may be vast in extent and if hurt would threaten a national disaster. Without dyestuffs the whole vast business included in the manufacture and preparation of textiles, leather, paper, inks, lithographic art and paints would fall into a precarious condition. This has been vividly brought home to the American interests concerned by the threatened dyestuff famine caused by the outbreak of war.

In England, France and Japan government subsidies have been granted the dyestuff makers, and in addition the license system of imports has been adopted. What the American Government will do for the industry has not been decided. When the emergency rose while the war was on, the domestic dyestuff makers went straight ahead and spent great sums under the most inefficient and expensive conditions in the erection of factories. By their courage they gave the very critical first aid to many important industries and kept them going.

Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, has a bill pending in Congress to give relief to the industry producing dyes and allied chemicals without which it is obvious that dyemaking cannot survive when international competition is restored. Since the war began probably more than $300,000,000 has been invested in this industry, which is now competent to supply nearly all the needs of the American market. Upon the conclusion of peace, however, enormous quantities

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

RODIN'S statue of The Thinker shows a burly young man seated on a bowlder, a stump or some other blunt object. His mouth is pressed firmly against his knuckles and he is indulging in ground-and-lofty thinking of the most virulent sort. He appears to be surrounded by a rich dark-blue haze of gloom; and his absorption in his thoughts is so evident that any imaginative person cannot see the statue without thinking that he hears the wheels revolving in The Thinker's head with a low, penetrating, buzzing sound.

Nobody can be quite sure what The Thinker is thinking about. I used to think that he was thinking about love. He had that dazed, hopeless, helpless sort of look that goes with that sort of thinking. I wasn't at all sure about it; but that was what I thought. Recently, however, a great light has burst on me and I am almost positive that I know what is in The Thinker's mind. I think that The Thinker is thinking about buying himself some clothes and shoes and shirts and things. That, I think, is why The Thinker looks so numb and dejected and depressed and presents the appearance of having lost not only his best friend but also all his near-and-dear ones, as well as his dog and his pocketbook and his clothes and all the rest of his real and personal property.

Prices in the Dear Dead Past

IT SEEMS only yesterday that the papers were printing advertisements explaining that a complete outfit of male attire, including a classy derby hat, a refined bow tie, a neat but not gaudy suit of blue serge, a pair of sturdy but attractive shoes, and all the undertrappings which go to make the completely dressed man, or gent, could be purchased for $10.85. I was always suspicious of that $10.85 outfit; and something told me that if the neat but not gaudy suit of blue serge were to be exposed to a light thundershower it would give evidence of cowardice by blenching to a sickly green shade and running violently. None the less, there was a time when a suit of clothes and all the fixings could be purchased for $10.85. That is an undeniable fact.

It is a far cry, however, from the price of clothes in those rare old days to the price of clothes to-day—a very far cry. It is one of the farest cries that was ever cried, crewed or crowed. In fact I think it is more than a cry. It verges on the supercry and has become an ear-piercing shriek and a hair-raising bellow. The same thing, I may add, applies to the price of everything else except yeast cakes and two-cent postage stamps, which were selling at two cents when this article was written but which may have risen fifty per cent by the time it is published. It is indeed a far screech from the prices of old to the prices of to-day.

If The Thinker is as destitute of everything as he is of clothes and is thinking logically he is not only thinking with considerable loathing about buying himself raiment, but he is also thinking of purchasing a square meal and some toilet articles and maybe of renting an apartment for the winter and possibly of negotiating for the services of a person who used to be known as a cook but who now prefers to be graced with the title of house manager. From these thoughts it would be very easy for The Thinker to progress to agonizing speculations as to where he is to get the money to pay for all this and gradually to work up to such harrowing thoughts as to whether it wouldn't be better to save his money and stay naked and either freeze to death or be arrested for indecent exposure. The entire subject is one to make anyone press his hand to his fevered brow and break out in a heavy perspiration.

There is a convention which holds that men should not weep; but none the less I venture to state that there are many men who after reading the recent announcement that the best grades of ready-made suits would retail next spring at one hundred dollars a suit had to struggle with themselves not to yield to the impulse to go off into a corner and have a good cry. There was a time not so very long ago when men most foully insulted the shoe dealer who had the unmitigated gall to charge five dollars for the best pair of shoes in his establishment. On first hearing the price they would be stricken speechless. At length they would recover enough strength to move their fingers and roll their eyes weakly; and shortly after that by straining every muscle they would manage to rid themselves of language which characterized the shoe dealer as a thief, a cutpurse, a thug, a harpy, a dacoit and a footpad of the lowest and most loathsome sort. Then they would pay for the shoes and take them home and spend the next few months telling everyone of the extortionate price they had been forced to pay.

According to the reports which have recently been circulated, however, the price of a good pair of shoes is about to strike twenty-five dollars with a loud resonant crash in the immediate future. It makes one wonder how any shoe dealer could ever have demeaned himself by accepting such a beggarly sum as five dollars for a pair of shoes; while the very thought that a price of five dollars caused wailings and gnashings of teeth is enough to make one start from his slumbers and tremble with shame at his erstwhile miserliness.

There was a time in the dear dead past when I was addicted to the myths and legends of the long ago. I loved to read tales starting "Once upon a time" and telling how the old witch, after studying for thirty-seven years in the College of Witchcraft and Sorcery, was outwitted by the handsome prince in the purple tights who didn't know a magic wand from a magic lantern. I fairly devoured the piquant narratives of the period when a blacksmith shop was a necessary adjunct of every fashionable tailoring establishment on account of the chilled steel vests and trousers which were affected by society leaders. I loved Gluta von Linsensuppe and the strong and fearless Counts of Limburger and the deep bass notes of the old Rhenish bungstarters and the humpbacked Rhinestone castles. I loved the Table Round and the whistle of the trusty falchion and the keen-edged meat ax as Sir Martingale the Red and Sir Batter du Bellicose brasted each other in the midriff for the favor of the beautiful Lady Melisande of Marrowfat. I ate that stuff alive, as the saying goes.

Facts That Have Become Fairy Tales

TO-DAY, though, I can't get a quiver out of it. I need stronger meat. When I want to get the old thrill that used to go with the fairy tales I pass over the stories of Rapunzel and Snow-White and Sinbad and Cedric von Stussberg and Wm. Tell and Agatha von Addlepate and all the others, and get down an old, tattered, leather-covered volume which bears the fascinating title, "Day Book, 1824."

This book was the property of one of my forbears, who late in the 1700's and early in the 1800's ran a flourishing

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SYMBOLS

By HENRY PAYSON DOWST

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"Mine Was to be a Symbol—of Achievement, of Success, of Character. Yours Was a Material Thing of Show and Indulgence. Don't You See the Difference?"

WHEN J. Lancaster Bell left the state penitentiary it was the most natural thing in the world for him to seek his wife. He was a personable-looking man, thirty-four years old, thick-meated, something under six feet tall, and dark. A few weeks of freedom would restore the natural ruddiness to his cheeks. His eyes were brown, not very large, rather deep set. One hears that men with eyes like that are inclined to shrewdness. It is equally true that they frequently possess a disarming directness of gaze with a glint of good nature.

Bell owned a firm jaw and a mouth not ungenerously modeled. His hair, dark and of fine texture, had thinned noticeably from brow to crown and was beginning to show scattering touches of gray. For some time the prison authorities had not required him to have his head shaved and his hair was now scraggly, not really long, but in need of trimming.

J Lancaster would never have impressed you as a criminal type. He might have been a book agent or a country school-teacher. Yet he was a criminal, guilty of numerous predatory acts whose legal consequences he had escaped, and he had once been convicted and sentenced as a swindler.

His asset was an undeniable likableness, his liability an overweening desire for the things that money buys. Money he had not regarded as very difficult to get, for the simple reason that he declined to be hedged about by the normal obstacles which so often separate an honest man from his desires. He believed the average conventionally minded citizen, observing the legal restraints of commercial traffic, to be dull of ambition and slow of wit.

And he was convinced that many crookeder men than he had prospered richly and with impunity. Sure, they had!

They'd done lots of things J. Lancaster would never stoop to, such as robbing widows and orphans and the frugal but ignorant proletariat. He was kindly, generous, soft-hearted to the point of fatuousness. He'd never harmed a fly.

It was just the blamed tedium of following the straight and narrow path. He was intolerant of the necessities of integrity, impatient of its ponderous delays. The time to enjoy a thing was when the desire was hot within him. He wanted what he wanted when he wanted it. Too much anticipation took all the jazz out of realization.

The average man tells the truth by impulse. It requires effort to be dishonest. Only under stress of circumstances does the normal man lie or steal. Truth is obviously the easiest way.

Not so with the minority whose thought habits run counter-clockwise. They have left-handed brains and can be honest only through effort. They are an extreme between whom and the wholly virtuous there are, praise be, many gradations.

Having thus niftily elucidated a bit of psychology that has given the criminologists no end of trouble, let us observe in J. Lancaster Bell what happens to a man who has to try in order to be honest.

He had been released, by reason of good behavior, some weeks before the stated limits of a sentence imposed because he had been unable to curb his love of the beautiful. He had wanted a diamond, a big one. His hands were smooth and shapely, his nails round and strong, with neat white edges. J. Lancaster was proud of his hands and believed himself qualified in an unusual degree to enhance the beauty of a diamond by wearing it. So eventuated the affair of the Fullerton jewels.

Fullerton possessed many diamonds, together with other worldly endowments obtained through inheritance, but, lacking wits, was no fit custodian of these things. To take advantage of Fullerton's mental ineptitude seemed to J. Lancaster Bell a logical short cut diamondward.

And so, through a not too subtle though quite ingenious process of chicanery, composed mainly of inside information concerning certain stocks, Bell possessed himself shortly of the coveted property, along with a sizable section of Fullerton's bank roll. It was the easiest thing in the world.

But Fullerton raised an unsportsmanlike howl of agony and ran weeping to the police as a child seeks its mother. A confederate of J. Lancaster ignored the time-worn, not to say threadbare, tradition of honor among thieves and snitched for the salvation of his own hide. Through the undoubted collusion of a prejudiced district attorney and an untemperamental judge J. Lancaster lost diamonds, bank roll and liberty all in one swell f—fell swoop.

He could not overcome a resentful feeling toward Fullerton. Thus he reasoned:

"Poor boob! He ought to've been trimmed. Wasn't he trying to beat someone else? Wasn't he looking for a sure thing? Sure! Birds like him make me sick. S'pose he'd got what he went after? Wouldn't it have been at the expense of a lot of unlucky suckers? Wasn't he figuring on an unfair advantage? He thought he was. He's no better than I am. If he'd got away with the gravy he was counting on would he have raised any complaint about a crooked game? He was willing to be a crook, all right, if it paid. Guys like him deserve to lose. They haven't got any brains."

Perhaps this virtuous consciousness sustained J. Lancaster Bell through the tedium of nearly four years in prison; or it may very well have been his high hopes of a future in which he intended to make no more such blunders.

In any case the released man was far from despondent as he boarded a train, to be carried with satisfying swiftness from the vicinity of that hateful residence.

II

IN GRAY'S MILLS dwelt Mrs. Cynthia Lampton, ostensible widow, and mother of five-year-old Thomas Lampton. Also, and vastly to the convenience of the ladies of the village, she did business there.

"Seems as if," said Mrs. Page, wife of William O. Page, superintendent of the mills, "Mrs. Lampton always has just what you happen to want."

This was the general opinion. Yet Mrs. Lampton's store held but a limited stock of merchandise of the sort commonly classified as "smallwares and notions." There was something fortuitous in the way you could drop in almost any time and find just the number spool cotton the larger stores happened to be out of.

Of course the Lampton emporium was so small and unpretentious you didn't expect much and therefore marveled at what you could get. And then the proprietress was so obliging. If she didn't have what you wanted she could always send for it.

There was a story about Sam Gleason, prosperous farmer, and crabbed old John Gore, who sold hay, feed, coal, ice and, on the side, a line of agricultural implements. Gleason came into town in a hurry one day to get some parts for his mowing machine. Gore, as usual, was unable to supply them and didn't know how long it would take to get 'em, what with shippin' conditions bein' so bad and all.

"But my work is held up, John. Can't you wire for 'em? I'm losin' money every minute that machine's out of commission."

Gore fussed and puttered among some dusty catalogues.

"Pity you wouldn't carry a decent line of farm machinery and parts," grumbled his customer.

"What? Tie up a lot o' money in stock? The' ain't enough demand."

"You'd have demand if folks knowed they could get what they wanted from ye. Can't you telegraph an order and get me a whole new machine, instead of bothering with repairs? This fair weather won't last forever."

"Don't know how soon ye'd get it. Who's goin' to pay for the telegram?"

"Oh, hell!" boiled Sam. "You're a grand business man, I don't think! Bet ye Cynthy Lampton'd sell me a mowin' machine before you could make up your mind to dip your pen in the ink bottle."

"Mis' Lampton? You're crazy!"

"Ain't neither. She's the smartest storekeeper here. Womenfolks say they can get anything from her. Durn if I don't think she'd do as well by the men."

"Rot! What's she know 'bout mowin' machines?"

"Bet ye a two-dollar box of five-cent cigars she'll have me a machine here in two days."

"Make that a dollar box and I'll go ye!"

Gleason stumped off huffily. In five minutes he pushed open the door of Cynthia's little shop.

"Mis' Lampton, my wife tells me you're the most accommodatin' merchant on Main Street. You don't happen to have a vertical-lift mowin' machine with a six-foot cutter bar, do ye?"

Mrs. Lampton, startled, looked up at the big farmer. She was a smallish woman, blue-eyed and fresh, radiating a capable and alert energy. Men seldom came into her shop, except salesmen to sell goods or citizens to do small pin-and-needle errands for their wives.

"Goodness, Mr. Gleason! Are you in a hurry?"

She caught the twinkle in his eye, sensed a good-natured challenge. Something was afoot.

"Want it immediate. Old one's disabled, and John Gore's out of parts, as you'd know he would be. I cal'late it'd likely be more ee-conomical to buy a new one, instead o' monkeyin' and fiddlin' with that old rattletrap. She's forever layin' down on me when I need her worst."

"Yes, I should think it would be better. Excuse me a minute."

Gleason waited, half amused, half anxious. After all, a man hadn't ought to be a fool jest to be smart and show old Gore a thing or two. Cynthia reappeared, pad, pencil and catalogue in hand.

"Seventy-nine dollars and sixty-five cents, free on board car at South Fork. Shipping weight seven hundred and sixty-four pounds. I'll find out from the freight agent how much it will cost to get it here. Then to save time, if you say so, I'll telegraph—no, I'll telephone the factory and arrange about the shipping. You'll want it to come by fast freight. It mustn't be sent in a way car. I'll get all the particulars over at the station. Will you be back here in half an hour or go to see the agent with me right now?"

"Gosh!" cried the farmer. "You do work fast. The womenfolks was right about you. Go ahead and see what you can do and let me know. I'll be here. I'll pay whatever expense you're put to. Want any money on account?"

"Your credit is good with me, Mr. Gleason. Now if you'll excuse me——"

That afternoon, however, Mrs. Lampton hunted up Mr. Braley, president of the local bank, and borrowed seventy-five dollars on a thirty-day note. This happened Monday. Late Wednesday Sam Gleason loaded a bright red-and-yellow mower on his automobile trailer from the freight-house platform. Ostentatiously he stopped on his way home and shouted to old John Gore to come out and pay up his bet.

Gore paid it, grumbling that he guessed the cigars cost Gleason a pesky sight more'n they did him. Well, Gleason was rich enough to indulge a whim like that, even if telephone and transportation charges amounted to twenty times the value of the cigars. He thought the outcome goshdinged well worth the money.

As it happened something far more tangible than the satisfaction of winning from old Gore fully justified the expense, for the new mower enabled Gleason to beat by some hours the first of a succession of heavy storms that would have caused hundreds of dollars' damage to standing grain. And Cynthia found her little shop the best advertised in the county.

The Lampton store was a small remodeled dwelling house sitting close to the sidewalk and parallel with it. The entire ground floor of the main house was given over to the business. At the back a one-story lean-to provided space for a combined kitchen and sitting room. The house was of the story-and-a-half type, the streetward slope of its roof broken by a pair of small dormer windows, one for each of the two chambers on the second floor.

Flanking the street door were sizable windows for the display of goods, but the exhibits therein were scarcely impressive. Cynthia had never mastered the art of window trimming, and her stock in trade seemed hardly to lend itself to such a purpose. She had all she could do to run the store, keep house and bring up young Tommy.

Within a year she had found it necessary to employ help, and Molly Peterson was clerking in a sort of intermittent fashion. Molly had had a couple of years behind the counter in a large store in Medford, the county seat, but her father having died she had come home to be with her mother. She was glad to help Cynthia a few hours each week at much less than regular wages.

Casually you would have thought Cynthia's situation rather comfortable. Several male neighbors thought so too. Any one of these would have cheerfully assumed a share of Mrs. Lampton's responsibilities and helped her with the heavier work under an arrangement duly sanctioned by church and state. A pretty wife with an established paying business holds out many advantages, even in a little mill town where the prospects of future growth are not unlimited. Cynthia had her own ideas about such a partnership and offered no encouragement.

"Smart, independent and spunky," was the Gray's Mills characterization of Mrs. Lampton.

On an afternoon in October, warned by the thickening shadows, Cynthia called from the door of her small kitchen: "Tommy! Tom-mee!"

"Yethum," replied Tommy, from what appeared to be a sandbox at the back of the yard. "I do' wanna come in."

"It's suppertime, honey. Come along. Mind mother."

Tommy explained that he wath buildin' a railroad with carth and a thtathion—an operation which ought not to be halted by trivial considerations like supper and bed. But his mother was firm, and the youngster, a trifle resentful, permitted himself to be seated, napkined, and served with a large bowl of milk and cereal.

"I do' wanna eat thupper," he informed her. "I wanna bunny rabbit an' a windin'-up auterbeeler. When ith Chrithmuth?"

Molly Peterson spoke from the doorway leading into the store:

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Lampton, I'll run along now. Mother's had one of her headaches to-day."

"All right. I hope she'll be feeling better to-morrow."

Cynthia busied herself with simple preparations for her own supper, while her son enlightened her concerning his future:

"When I grow up I'm gonna have a thtore and keep nothin' to thell but auterbeelerth and lem'nade."

Over the doorway into the store hung a small bell on an easily vibrated spring. From this spring a fine wire ran through a hole in the wall and along the ceiling to a pivoted dog, or trigger, actuated by the opening and closing of the street door. This bell now gave tongue to the news of Molly Peterson's departure. Cynthia and Tommy were cozily alone in the warm kitchen, and the woman set a frying pan on the stove, laying upon the swiftly heating surface a slice of ham—pink, and laced delicately with a network of white fat. This sizzled and gave off a smoky, titillant odor.

"Can I have thome ham?" demanded Tommy.

"A tiny taste, perhaps. Eat your cereal like a good boy. Mother has to light the lamps in the store. She'll come right back."

Cynthia stepped through the connecting doorway and walked along behind the counter, which extended parallel with the rear wall of the shop. A man stood examining the titles of a row of reprint fiction on a shelf. His back was toward Cynthia and in the diminishing light he appeared to be rather bulky but in no way extraordinary. On the floor at his feet rested a small traveling bag. Probably he had something to sell. Cynthia believed he had entered the store as Molly left, for the bell had sounded but once.

In this occurrence there was nothing unusual, yet Cynthia felt a distinct shock and the odd twinge that surprise may cause at the base of the throat. Standing there, match box in hand, she gathered her forces courageously:

"Was there anything——"

The man turned quickly and confronted her.

"Lank! Lank! When—where—how——"

"Hello, Cynth'."

He covered the short intervening distance, laid his hands

That Night He Walked the Floor Again. It Was the Coffee, He Said. He'd Been a Darn Fool to Drink That Second Cup

on Cynthia's shoulders and kissed her perfunctorily on a passive cheek.

"How are you, Cynth'? And how's the kid?"

"I'm all right. We're all right. We've—got along."

"Were you going to light up? Here, give us your matches."

He took the box, and successively touched the wicks of each of the three large hanging lamps. There was a kind of deftness, an instinctive know-how, in his movements. Having lighted up he went and sat on a stool in front of the counter.

"You look nice, Cynth'. You look fine. Where's the young one?"

"Having his supper in the kitchen."

"H'm. How're you going to explain me?"

"I—don't know. It depends—on you, I guess."

"I suppose so. You seem comfortable here. I'd be sorry to do anything to upset your apple cart. I don't want ——"

"Mercy!" cried Cynthia. "The ham!"

She hurried away. In the kitchen the ham was on the verge of scorching. Tommy had devised a new system of commercial milkways on the white oilcloth that covered the table and was directing a maritime traffic of crumbs.

"Can I have thome ham?"

"Mother'll be right back."

Cynthia's mind was a chaos. She had foreseen this moment and thought herself prepared; but the event was premature by at least six weeks and had happened in a way utterly different from her picture of it.

Back in the store she asked: "How about your supper, Lank?"

"Your ham smells good; but I'm not hungry. Had my dinner at the Junction about two-thirty, so I don't want any supper now. Tell you: I'll go over to the hotel and leave my bag, and come back after you've put the kid to bed. Then we'll talk things over. Don't you worry, Cynth'. You looked scared to death when you first saw me. No need of that. But I did want to have a look at you and Tommy. Maybe you can think up some way to explain me."

"Mother, I want thome ham!"

Tommy appeared suddenly, saw J. Lancaster Bell, paused and surveyed him critically. Then he marched straight up to him and demanded his name.

"Wouldn't that bump you! So this is him. Well, my name is Riddlety Friddles and I'm hunting for woozle-pigs. Are you a woozle-pig?"

Tommy shook his head. "I'm a boy."

"All right, young feller." The visitor picked Tommy up and set him on a wide knee.

"What'th a woothle-pig?"

To Cynthia, J. Lancaster said over Tommy's head: "Go eat your supper. I'll wait and entertain Tommy. He sort of takes to me, doesn't he?"

Cynthia had to admit that her son did take to J. Lancaster. This should not have surprised her, for she herself had taken to him years ago. She now remembered that in the old days every child he knew looked upon him as a kind of whiskerless Santa Claus.

In the kitchen she rattled the dishes to make J. Lancaster think she was eating. But she was too agitated for food. The sight of little Tommy on the man's knee roused a flock of might-have-beens to tease her. Some tears dripped down over her softly rounded chin and made little dark spots on the otherwise spotless texture of her shirt waist. She tidied the kitchen and returned to J. Lancaster Bell.

"Come, Tommy, it's bedtime. Tell Mr.—Friddles good night."

Tommy rehearsed the formula usual on such occasions.

"Oh, yes, you do want to go to bed," said Mr. Friddles. "If you don't I can't ever take you to see the muffin bird or the polly-wumpus."

"Aw right," consented Tommy. Then, uninvited, he threw his plump arms round the neck of Riddlety Friddles and kissed him violently.

"I like you, Riddlety Friddleth," observed the child. "An' I'm a goo' boy too. I know howta mind my mother."

When Cynthia had gone to tuck her son away Bell leaned his chin thoughtfully on the heel of his hand. Sitting there with his toes curled round the two front legs of his stool he looked like a big wistful boy.

"Hell!" he grumbled. "What is it about kids that always gets to me so hard?"

III

"TROUBLE with me," explained J. Lancaster a little later, sitting at ease in Mrs. Lampton's kitchen, "is always having to pike. You can't help piking unless you have a bank roll."

"Do you call it piking to be honest and work hard for your money?"

"Oh, it is as a rule, I should say. That is, the hardest workers don't make the most money. If they do they make it for someone else; or if they make it for themselves the slick chaps get it away from 'em."

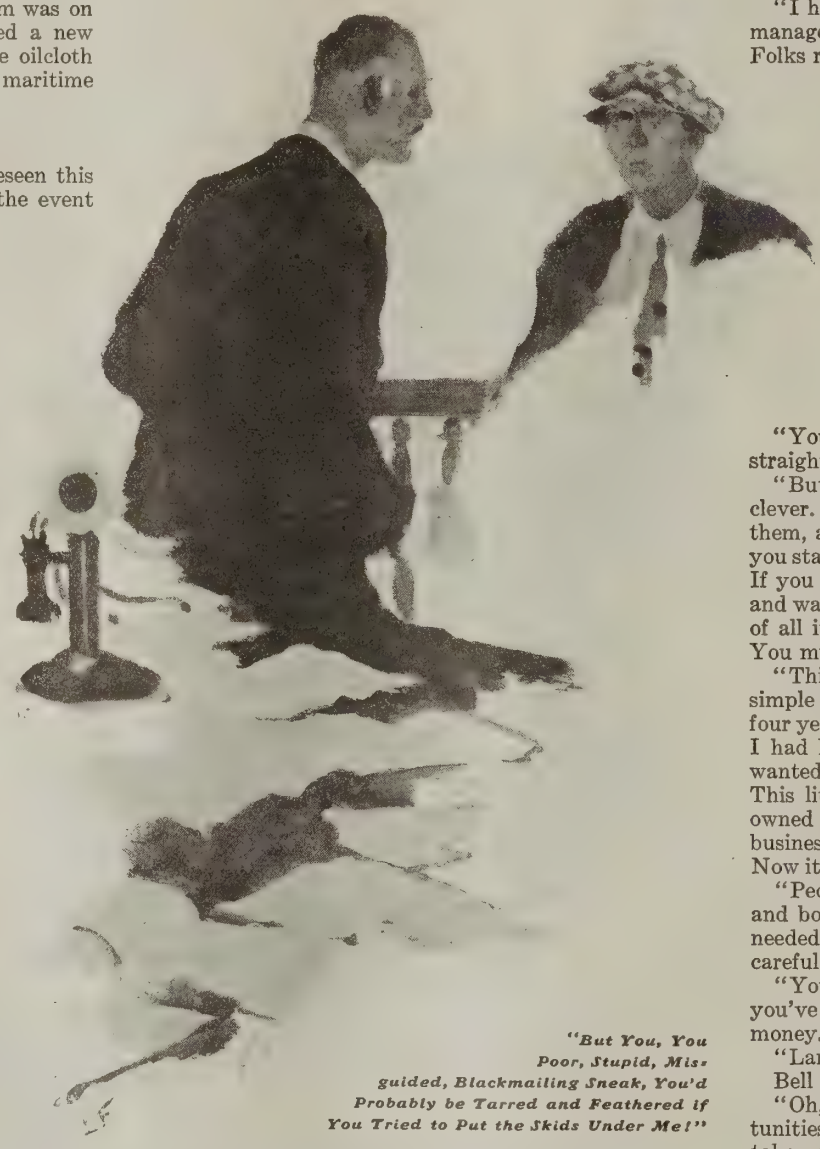
"That is the belief that has got you into trouble."

"Well, who was it I was trying to make money for, I'd like to know? Who wanted a limousine and two hired girls and a house in a swell suburb? You can't say I was altogether selfish, can you, Cynth'?"

Cynthia winced. Lank was unjust. Yet in the dim recesses of consciousness stirred a feeble spark of self-accusation. Promptly, however, she came to her own defense:

"Lank, don't be childish. You always criticized a poor sport. Do you think you're sportsmanlike?"

"Well, listen, didn't I ——"



"But You, You Poor, Stupid, Misguided, Blackmailing Sneak, You'd Probably be Tarred and Feathered if You Tried to Put the Skids Under Me!"

"Lank! Please! The limousine I wanted was a twenty-five hundred dollar one, in five years—something to live and work for. I believed you clever and capable enough to get it—I still think so. It wasn't my idea of a limousine that got you in trouble, but your own, the ten-thousand-dollar one you wanted as soon as you thought of it. Mine was to be a symbol—of achievement, of success, of character. Yours was a material thing of show and indulgence. Don't you see the difference?"

"No, I don't know's I do—that is, not exactly. I get your notion in a hazy kind of way. Strikes me as far-fetched, sort of round Robin Hood's barn. I always figured on the very thing I was after, not some dizzy ideal. Of course, though, it's all in how your mind's geared. Amounts to the same thing in the end, regardless of what name you call it. I'd as lief have a good eight-cylinder symbol as a Sazerac or a Jacquard, so it ran smooth."

Cynthia sighed. She was standing at a cloth-covered board resting on two chair backs, ironing some white things. The warmth of the kitchen and her exertion, as well as the excitement of the moment, had deepened the color in her cheeks, and her eyes were bright, though the slight lift of her brow betrayed an anxious perplexity.

Bell watched her with an appreciative eye. She was the prettiest woman in the world, and the best. That odd idealism expressed the finer side of her, the side he had never been quite able to comprehend.

"Anyhow, Cynth', you don't have to worry about me. I've learned my lesson. They don't catch me pulling another bone like that. I'm sure going to try to be honest."

Cynthia set down her iron.

"That's just it," she said. "You have to try to be honest. You must stop and think when you tell the truth."

"Don't everyone?" inquired Lank innocently. "I mean, some of the time?"

Cynthia laughed a resigned half hopeless little chuckle.

"Most people have to make special effort if they want to be crooked."

Bell pondered this remark for some moments.

"I guess I'm a bad lot," he announced.

"Oh, Lank, don't say that! I'm sorry I spoke. I haven't any right to judge. Please don't let what I said discourage you."

"Go on, Cynth'; bawl me out. I need it. I guess I don't blame you, considering what you thought I was when you married me, and what I've turned out to be."

J. Lancaster displayed all the earmarks of deep contrition. He was almost convincing. Cynthia regretted the shadowy doubt lingering below the surface of her thought.

"I have to hand it to you, Cynth', for the way you've managed. You're smart, there's no two ways about it. Folks round here suspect who your husband is?"

Mrs. Lampton shook her head.

"That's good. Don't think I'll stay long in Gray's Mills. I'd better leave before I get you in bad. People in a little country town are apt to be awful bigoted."

Swift misgivings took hold upon the imagination of Cynthia. But her fears were not for herself.

"What will you do, Lank?"

"I'll get along all right. I'm no one's fool, you know."

"But you're so handicapped. It's going to be hard for you to—to —— You'll be lonely and they—some of the ones you used to know, who were with you when ——"

"You mean the gang? Not much. I tell you I'm going straight. I don't want anything to do with them."

"But they won't let you alone. You are ingenious and clever. They'll think of a hundred ways you can help them, and before you know it —— Oh, Lank, why can't you stay here, with me? I—I used to help you, sometimes. If you had been a little more patient, contented to work and wait, by this time we'd have been well off. And think of all it would have saved you from, and me—all of us. You mustn't go back to the old crowd.

"This is a little dull town. The people are country folks, simple and kindly. They've been good to me. I came here four years ago an utter stranger, with just the little money I had left after I sold our things and paid the bills. I wanted to hide if I could, and still give Tommy a chance. This little store was for sale, because the old man who owned it was sick. I paid him what I could, took over the business and before he died I managed to settle the balance. Now it gives Tommy and me quite a nice living.

"People like me and trust me. I could go to the bank and borrow four or five hundred dollars on my note if I needed it. It has all come in less than four years. I've been careful and honest ——"

"You said it!" cried Bell. "That's the answer. When you've got a reputation people trust you and lend you money. You get a chance at the big pickings."

"Lank!"

Bell checked himself so suddenly he skidded.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You can grab your opportunities. If you have a good thing people will hop to it, take your tip, back you up. I mean you gotta make good before they'll—er—take any stock in you, see?"

"Of course. That's why I don't want you to go away. It seems as if my standing here ought to help you. People would give you a fair chance for my sake."

"Don't fool yourself. Why, do you know what would happen to your reputation if they got wise to me? How much could you borrow at the bank if the directors knew your husband had done time? Folks wouldn't buy a package of pins from you, and all the old ladies that think so much of you now would go Phariseeing past on the other side getting a lame neck trying not to see your name over the door.

"Whose are all the doughnuts and cakes in that case? Truck that women have left here for you to sell. Suppose they knew about me? Would one of 'em trust you with a dozen cookies? Not on your life! She'd have a picture of me lifting the twenty-four cents and then chasing the little boy that bought 'em.

"I tell you you can't afford to have me within a thousand miles of you. Not that I don't want to stay. When they let me out I made a bee line for this town. I thought you needed me and I'd get a job and bring home the envelope. Now I see I'd only hurt you.

"But oh, Cynth'! That Tommy's a peach of a kid all right!"

J. Lancaster rose, fished in his pocket for a cigar and looked round for his hat.

"Lank," said Cynthia, "don't. I'll take the chance. Maybe all you say is true, but I can't let you go. Stay in

(Continued on Page 104)

A TALE THAT IS TOLD

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY J. P. TILLAC

OURS is the cynical profession. We reporters always come to scoff—and if we do remain to pray our prayers rarely get into our work. And when seventy-five of us—American reporters representing every kindred and tribe of newspaper expression—gathered together in Paris last winter and spring to watch the peace show, the seats of the scorners were full.

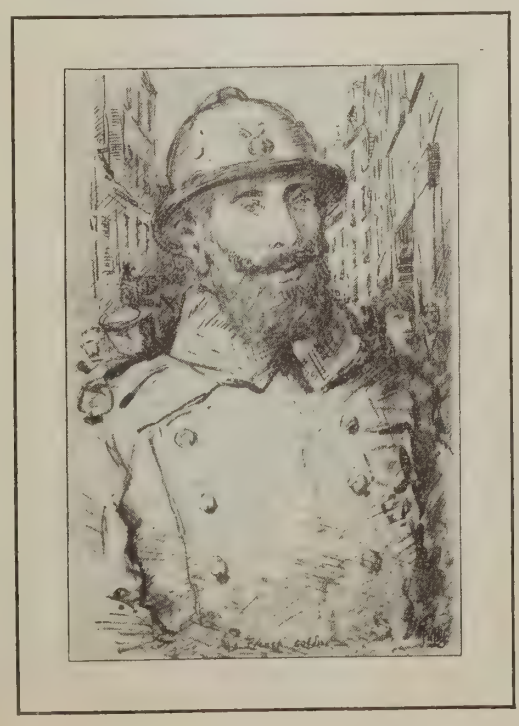
We American reporters were divided roughly into three sections: The reporters for the great dailies in the larger American cities, who used the cable free and daily—and most of these men came from the Atlantic seaboard, though interior cities like Detroit and Chicago and Kansas City were represented. Second, there were the representatives of newspapers who wrote weekly letters and used the cable once a week. They distributed their letters through newspaper syndicates. Frank Simonds was the dean of that group. And third were the magazine men, who wrote once or twice a month and rarely used the cable. The correspondents of newspapers which had kept representatives in Europe during the war were given the first rights to the American wireless service, and each newspaper got two hundred words of wireless a day, which the correspondents supplemented by a cable story.

The cables were generally two or three days late and sometimes a week behind with their messages. A syndicate man with a weekly cable letter had to file it Wednesday for Sunday's paper, and even then it often was delayed. The three press associations—the Associated Press, the International News Service, and the United Press—were treated upon terms of exact equality. And so far as that goes no American newspaper man ever felt that he did not receive fair treatment. Except in one instance no cable was intercepted or censored, and that censoring was done technically under the rules, and no one's expression was in the least controlled or interfered with. The socialist papers had exactly the same privileges that the New York dailies had, and we reporters felt that the Powers were playing a square game with us.

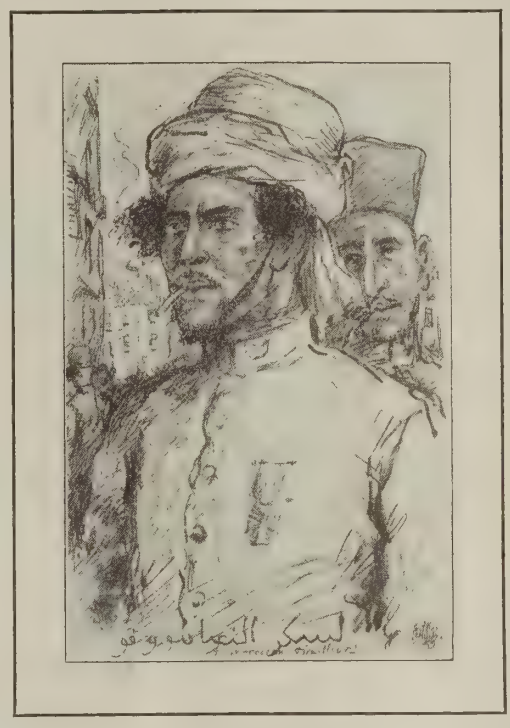
For a month before the Peace Conference opened we trailed across Europe, a more or less gaseous and flamboyant tail to the presidential comet. We stood in the presence of kings and princes; we gorged ourselves at banquets; we swilled the flat beer of England, the *vin ordinaire* of France and the sweet champagne of Italy until we were weak and weary, sick and sore. Then came a time when we were cooped up in Paris, waiting for the big show to open.

Salad and Chicken in Plymouth Hall

TO WHILE away the tedium and to keep us out of mischief, first the French showed us the Hall of the Clocks, where the Peace Conference was to assemble. It was a rococo atrocity covered with gold-leaf wreaths and fruits, and putty-colored Cupids and nymphs caught on their way to the bathroom Saturday night. By way of irony we called it Plymouth Hall. And a San Francisco reporter, noting the green foliage of a fern under a particularly festive putty-colored nymph wandering round the wall looking for the soap or the nail brush or the shower, insisted on calling the greens and the pretty lady *salade et poulette*, which was considered a good joke at the time. But it was a dull time.



There the American delegation—minus the President, who was always in his holy of holies—decided to put on some charades for us. Accordingly every morning at eleven the members of the delegation lined up in Secretary Lansing's room at the Crillon Hotel and invited the reporters in to ask questions. Always it was a solemn occasion. There they stood—grand, gloomy and peculiar: Secretary Lansing with befitting iron-gray hair and mustache, decent gray trousers, two-buttoned cutaway, bound with aggravating proper black braid and his features to match in aggravating diplomatic composure. Back of him ranged General Bliss in regalia, Commissioner White, immaculately respectable in conventional black, and Colonel House, generally sitting on the head of a lounge or the arm of a fat chair—the only one in the group not prim, proper and prismatical. And in a wide crescent, ranging clear across the room we stood—seventy-five American reporters whose expense accounts were chugging away while we waited day by day for news.



We must have seemed like a hungry mob to those elegant leisurely gentlemen whom we attacked every morning. We barked questions. Secretary Lansing, as spokesman, tossed us the stale dog biscuit of noncommittal answers. Sometimes Colonel House threw us a little raw meat of news. Or General Bliss would venture to give us the milk of the word. But generally it was an empty rite. And day by day we went through the rite, waiting for the Peace Conference to open.

One day a godless reporter from Chicago named Evans—which he probably pronounced Ivvins—catches me by the arm as we started in to the morning obsequies and says he, "Come on, old dear! So long as the tent isn't up for the main show there is no moral obloquy in going into the side show to see the ossified men."

And yet we were innocent enough. The European spectacle of the masses thronging about President Wilson, his high-keyed idealism, which fell upon them like manna, the note of fraternity he was striking in all his speeches and the avidity with which the common people of Europe heard his message, did not at first strike us as curious. We did not see how aghast the ruling classes of Europe were at our President's ingenuous discourse on international moralities. It meant nothing to us, this high talk of a better world. We had just come from a country exalted by a lofty dream of democracy; so exalted indeed that men were denying themselves bread, were going without butter, were turning in the names of their neighbors and friends who violated the food regulations; so exalted that they were going in debt to their ears to buy Liberty Bonds and giving their incomes to the Red Cross; so exalted that they really believed that the war was a high emprise in the short hike to the millennium. We had come from out of 100,000,000 people with a fixed idea that this was a holy war. And when our President spoke our language we failed to realize with what ribald jeers the ruling classes in Europe were receiving his message, while the hearts of their subjects flamed in high hopes. Yet even while this big news escaped us we thought we were good reporters. But gradually as the conference opened we saw the truth. We realized—and with the realization even the cynicism of a cynical profession was strained—that we Americans live in another world than Europe—that we reason with different minds and that they think we are mad.

The realization of our American isolation came when President Wilson formally abandoned Point One of his Fourteen Points—"open covenants openly arrived at." We assumed that the Peace Conference would be an open conference. We thought it would be like a great congress, the parliament of the world. And we presumed that all other reporters would take the same attitude—even if statesmen weakened.

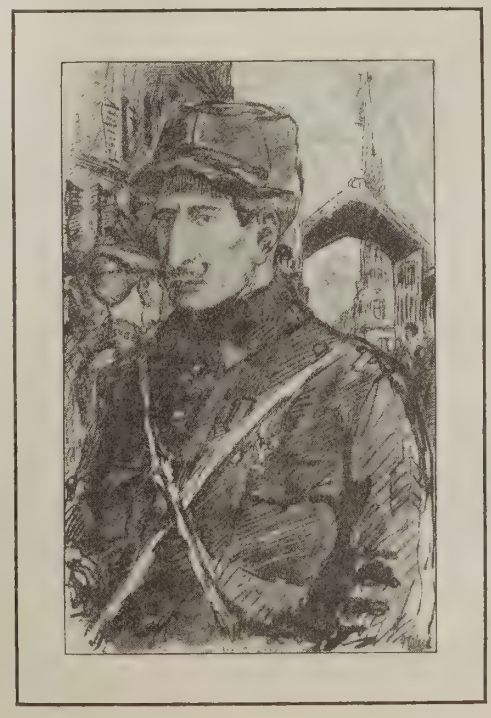
The Truth About Europe

WHAT was our surprise when we called a meeting of the reporters of the Allied press to find the French frozen solidly against an open session, the Italians standing with the French, and only the British open to argument. It took from seven in the evening until four in the morning for the American press committee to convince the British press committee that it was wise to demand publicity and an open session of the Peace Conference. The French never were convinced and the Italians came only halfway. It was in that mêlée for open sessions that a ribald reporter from the Detroit News put this cabalistic legend on the bulletin board in our American press room:

"Open covenants openly arrived at—A. W. O. L."—absent without leave.

And alas, after that our American illusions also were absent without leave! We realized that the exaltation of the war was gone from Europe—for a time at least, and from the Paris conference with some permanency. Whatever idealism was left in Europe was an aspiration of the common people and not a guiding star of the ruling classes in charge of the actual governments of Europe. So they closed the conference to us and mockingly left us the skeleton of publicity in a sham open session. We had four or five of these open sessions at which only what was agreed upon was done, and that with perfunctory boredom. And we were bored and they were bored and our readers were bored, and so gradually America learned the truth about Europe after the war.

And the truth about Europe, so far as it affected the Peace Conference, was that England was disturbed over her colonies, with native unrest in the whole Mohammedan world, in Egypt and in India and with a rapidly spreading propaganda of Mohammedanism running through the blacks in certain portions of Africa. A curious thing about those blacks—they were taught to use machine guns against the German colonies, and now the Mohammedans are teaching them that the road to heaven is through death for the faith. The combination of knowledge makes an ugly menace for Britain in Africa.



And Great Britain at the peace table was colony-conscious, colony-worried; for the conflicting interests of British colonies in Australia

(Continued on Page 158)

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"She's Not in the Least in Love With Him. She Likes the Warm Nest She Has Fallen Into. And She'll Spoil His Future"

WITH the Merryman girls economy was a fine art. Money was spent by them to preserve the family traditions. Nothing else counted. Everything was sacrificed to the gods of yesterday.

Little Anne Merryman had shivered all her short life in the bleakness of this domestic ideal.

"Why can't I have butter on my bread?" she had demanded in her long-legged schoolgirl days, when she had worn her fair hair in a fat braid down her back.

The answers had never been satisfying. Well-bred people might, Amy indicated, go without butter. Their income was not elastic, and there were things more important.

"What things? Amy, I'm so hungry I could eat a house."

It was these expressions of Anne's about food which shocked Amy and Ethel.

"I'd sell my soul for a slice of roast beef."

"Anne!"

"Well, I would!"

"I—I don't see how you can be so ordinary, Anne."

"Ordinary" in the lexicon of Amy and Ethel meant "plebeian." No one in the Merryman family had ever been so ordinary as Anne. Hitherto the Merrymans had been content to warm themselves by the fires of their own complacency, to feed themselves on past splendors; for the Merrymans were as old as Norman rule in England. They had come to America with grants from the king, they had family portraits and family silver and family diamonds, and now in this generation of orphaned girls, two of them at least were fighting the last battles of family pride. The fortunes of the Merrymans had declined, and Amy and Ethel, with their backs, as it were, to the wall, were making a final stand.

"We must have evening clothes, we must entertain our friends, we must pay for the family pew"; this was their nervous litany. The Merrymans had always dressed and entertained and worshiped properly; hence it was for lace or tulle or velvet, as the case might be, that their money went. It went, too, for the very elegant and exclusive little dinners to which, on rare occasions, their friends were bidden; and it went for the high place in the synagogue from which they prayed their pharisaical prayers.

"We thank thee, Lord, that we are not as others," prayed Amy and Ethel fervently.

But Anne prayed no such prayers. She wanted to be like other people. She wanted to eat and drink with the multitude, she wanted a warm, warm hearth, a groaning board. She wanted snugness and coziness and comfort. And she grew up loving these things, and hating the pale walls of their old house in Georgetown, the family portraits, the made-over dinner gowns that her sisters wore, her own made-over party frocks.

"Can't I have a new one, Amy?"

"It's Ethel's turn."

So it was when Anne went to a certain diplomatic reception in a made-over satin slip, hidden by a cloud of snowy tulle, that Murray Flint first waked to the fact of her loveliness.

He had waked ten years earlier to the loveliness of Amy, and five years later to the beauty of Ethel.

And now here was Anne!

"She's different though," he told old Molly Winchell; "more spiritual than the others."

It was Anne's thinness which deceived him. It was an attractive thinness. She was pale, with red lips, and the fat fair braids had given way to a shining knot. She wore the family pearls, and the effect was, as Murray had said, spiritual. Anne had the look, indeed, of one who sees heavenly visions.

Amy had never had that look. She was dark and vivid. If at thirty the vividness was emphasized by artificial means the fault lay in Amy's sacrifice to her social ideals. She needed the butter which she denied herself. She needed cream and eggs, and her doctor had told her so. And Amy had kept the knowledge to herself.

Ethel, eating as little as Amy—or even less—had escaped, miraculously, attenuation. At twenty she had been a plump little beauty. She was still plump. Her neck in her low-cut gown was lovely. Her figure was not fashionable, and she lacked Amy's look of race.

"They are all charming," Molly Winchell said. "Why don't you marry one of them, Murray?"

"Marriage," said Murray, "would spoil it."

"Spoil what?"

Murray turned on her his fine dark eyes. "They are such darlings—the three of them."

"You Turk!" Molly surveyed him over the top of her sapphire feather fan. "So that's it, is it? You want them all."

Murray thought vaguely it was something like that. For ten years he had had Amy and Ethel—Amy at twenty, fire and flame, Ethel at fifteen, with bronze locks and lovely color. In those years Anne had promised little in the way of beauty or charm. She had read voraciously, curled up in chairs or on rugs, and had waked now and then to his presence and a hot argument.

"Why don't you like Dickens, Murray?"

"Oh, his people, Anne—clowns."

"They're not!"

"Boors; beggars." He made a gesture of distaste.

"They're darlings—Mark Tapley and Ruth Pinch. Murray, if I had a beefsteak I'd make a beefsteak pie."

There was more of pathos in this than Murray imagined. There had been no beef on the Merryman table for many moons.

"Murray, did you ever eat tripe?"

"My dear child ——"

"It sounds dee-licious when Toby Veck has it on a cold morning. And there's the cricket on the hearth and the teakettle singing. I'd love to hear a kettle sing like that, Murray; wouldn't you?"

But Murray wouldn't. He had the same kind of mind as Amy and Ethel. He did not like robust and hearty things or robust and hearty people. He wore a corset to keep his hips small, and stood up at teas and receptions with an almost military carriage. Of course he had to sit down at dinners, but he sat very straight. He, too, had family portraits and family silver, and he lived scrupulously up to them. His fortunes, unlike the Merrymans', had not declined. He had money enough and to spare. He could have made Amy or Ethel very comfortable if he had married either of them. But he had not wanted to marry. There had been a time when he had liked to think of Amy as presiding over his table. She would have fitted in perfectly with the old portraits and old silver and the family diamonds. Then Ethel had come along. She had not fitted in with the diamonds and portraits and silver, but she had stirred his pulses.

"Anywhere else but in Georgetown," old Molly Winchell was saying, "those girls would have been snapped up long ago. It's a poor matrimonial market."

Murray was complacently aware that he was geographically the only eligible man on the Merryman horizon. Unless Amy and Ethel could marry with distinction they would not marry at all. It was not lack of attraction which kept them single, but lack of suitors in their own set.

And now here was Anne, with Ethel's loveliness and Amy's look of race. There was also that look of angelic detachment from the things of earth.

So Murray's eyes rested on Anne with great content as she came and sat beside Molly Winchell.

Other eyes rested on her—Amy's with quick jealousy. "So now it's Anne," she said to herself as she perceived Murray's preoccupation. Five years ago she had said, "Now it's Ethel," as she had seen him turn to the fresher beauty. Before that she had dreamed of herself as loving and beloved. It had been hard to shut her eyes to that vision.

Yet—better Anne than an outsider. Amy had a fierce sense of proprietorship in Murray. If she gave him to Ethel, to Anne, he would be still in a sense hers. With Anne or Ethel she would share his future, partake of his present.

A third pair of eyes surveyed Anne with interest as she sat by Molly.

"Corking kid," said the owner of the eyes to himself.

His name was Maxwell Sears. He was not in the least like Murray Flint. He was from the Middle West, he was red-blooded, and he cared nothing for the past. He held it as a rather negligible honor that he had a Declaration-signing ancestor. The important things to Maxwell were that he was representing his district in Congress; that he was still young enough to carry his college ideals into politics, and that he had just invested a small portion of the fortune which his father had left him in a model stock farm in Illinois.

For the rest, he was big, broad-shouldered, clean-minded. Now and then he looked up at the stars, and what he saw there swayed him level with the men about him. Because of the stars he called no man a fool, except such as deemed himself wiser than the rest. Because he believed in the people they believed in him. It was that which had elected him. It was that which would elect him again.

"Corking kid," said Maxwell Sears, with his smiling eyes on Anne.

II

IN THE course of the evening Maxwell managed an introduction. He found Anne quaint and charming. That she was reading Dickens amused him. He had thought that no one read Dickens in these days. How did it happen?

She said that she had discovered him for herself—many years ago.

How many years?

Well, to be explicit, ten. She had been eleven when she had found a new world in the fat little books. They had a lot of old books. She loved them all. But Dickens more than any. Didn't he?

He did. "His heart beat with the heart of the common people. It was that which made him great."

"Murray hates him."

"Who is Murray?"

Anne pondered. "Well, he's a family friend. We girls were brought up on him."

"Brought up on him?"

"Yes. Anything Murray likes we are expected to like. If he doesn't like things we don't."

"Oh."

"He's over there by Mrs. Winchell."

Maxwell looked and knew the type. "But you don't agree about Dickens?"

"No. And Amy says that Murray's wiser than I. But I'm not sure. Amy thinks that all men are wiser than women."

Maxwell chuckled. Anne was refreshing. She was far from modern in her modes of thought. She was—he hunted for the word and found it—mid-Victorian in her attitude of mind.

He wondered what Winifred Reed would think of her. Winifred lived in Chicago. She was athletic and intellectual. She wrote tabloid dramas, drove her own car, dressed smartly, and took a great interest in Maxwell's career. She wrote to him once a week, and he always answered her letters. Now and then she failed to write, and he missed her letters and told her so. It was altogether a pleasant friendship.

She hated the idea of Maxwell's farm. She thought it a backward step. "Are you going to spend the precious years ahead of you in the company of cows?"

"There'll be pigs too, Winifred; and chickens. And, of course, my horses."

"You belong in a world of men. It's the secret of your success that men like you."

"My cows like me—and there's great comfort after the stress of a stormy session in the reposefulness of a pig."

"I wish you'd be serious."

"I am serious. Perhaps it's a throwback, Winifred. There is farmer blood in my veins."

It was something deeper than that. It was his virile joy in fundamentals. He loved his golden-eared Guernseys and his black Berkshires and his White Wyandottes—not because of their choiceness but because they were cows and pigs and chickens; and he kept a pair of pussy cats, half a dozen dogs, and as many horses, because man primitively had made friends of the dumb brutes upon whom the ease and safety of his life depended.

There was, rather strangely, something about Anne which fitted in with this atavistic idea. She was, more than Winifred, a hearthstone woman. A man might carry her over his threshold and find her when he came home o' nights. It was hard to visualize Winifred as waiting or watching or welcoming. She was always going somewhere with an air of having important things to do, and coming back with an air of having done them. Maxwell felt that these important things were not connected in any way with domestic matters. One did not, indeed, expect domesticity of Winifred.

Thus Anne, drawing upon him by mysterious forces, drew him also by her beauty and a certain wistfulness in her eyes. He had once had a dog, Amber Witch, whose eyes had held always a wistful question. He had tried to answer it. She had grown old on his hearth, yet always to the end her eyes had asked. He hoped now that in some celestial hunting ground she had found an answer to that subtle need.

He told Anne about Amber Witch. "I have one of her puppies on my farm."

She was much interested. "I've never had a dog; or a cat."

He had, he said, a big pair of tabbies who slept in the hay and came up to the dairy when the milk was strained. There were two blue porcelain dishes for their sacred use. There was, he said, milk and to spare. He grew eloquent as he told of the number of quarts daily. He bragged of his butter. His cheeses had won prizes at county fairs. As for chickens—they had fresh eggs and broilers without end. He had his own hives, too, white-clover honey. And his housekeeper made hot biscuit. In a month or two there'd be asparagus and strawberries. Say! Yes, he was eloquent.

Anne was hungry. There had been a meager dinner that evening. The other girls had not seemed to care. But Anne had cared.

"I'm starved," she had said as she had surveyed the table. "Let's pawn the spoons and have one square meal."

"Anne!"

"Oh, we're beggars on horseback"—bitterly—"and I hate it."

It was her moment of rebellion against the tyranny of tradition. Amy had had such a moment years ago when her mother had taken her away from school. Amy had a brilliant mind, and she had loved study, but her mother had brought her to see that there was no money for college. "You'd better have a year or two in society, Amy. And this craze for higher education is rather middle-class."

Ethel's rebellion had come when she had wanted to marry a round-faced chap who lived across the street. They had played together from childhood. His people were pleasant folks but lacked social background. So Ethel's romance had been nipped in the bud. The round-faced chap had married another girl. And now Amy at thirty and Ethel at twenty-five were crystallizing into something rather hard and brilliant, as Anne would perhaps crystallize if something didn't happen.

The something which happened was Maxwell Sears. Anne listened to the things he said about his farm and felt that they couldn't be true.

"It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It isn't. And it's all tremendously interesting."

He looked very much alive as he said it, and Anne felt the thrill of his energy and enthusiasm. Murray was never enthusiastic; neither were Amy and Ethel. They were all indeed a bit petrified.

Before he left her Maxwell asked Anne if he could call. He came promptly two nights later and brought with him a bunch of violets and a box of chocolates. Anne pinned the violets in the front of the gray frock that gave her the look of a cloistered nun, and ate up the chocolates.

Amy was shocked. "Anne, you positively gobbled ——"

"I didn't."

"Well, you ate a pound at least."

Anne protested. Maxwell had eaten a lot, and Ethel and Amy had eaten a few, and Murray had come in.

"You remember, Amy, Murray came in."

"He didn't touch one, Anne. He never eats chocolates."

"He's afraid of getting fat."

"Anne!"

"He is. When he takes me out to lunch he thinks of himself, not of me. The last time we had grapefruit and broiled mushrooms and lettuce; and I wanted chops."

Maxwell had been glad to see Anne eat the chocolates. She had seemed as happy as a child, and he had

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"I've Got to Get Away. I'm Not Going to Marry Maxwell, Amy"

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

The Road to To-Morrow

By Emerson Hough

SOME twenty years ago there came to me an acquaintance with a problem which combined business and social phases. He had a bad debt out in Durango, Colorado, and was of a mind to travel thither for the purpose of collecting the same. What he desired to determine was whether he would be obliged to surrender his religious convictions and so leave his silk hat behind, or whether he might risk wearing it in Durango. He had heard that in the West the local inhabitants made a practice of shooting at the feet or the hats of all unknown persons. My friend was a conscientious objector. Also he was a great admirer of the pages of Alfred Henry Lewis and others.

I told my anxious inquirer that so far as my own knowledge of the Wild West was concerned, he might travel almost anywhere in safety, though in my belief he ought to be shot in Chicago, not so much for wearing a silk hat as for wearing it with a sack coat. I cited to him history, showing the remark of a certain hotel keeper in old Santa Fé who once was asked whether it was held obligatory to wear a coat at his dining table. The said hotel keeper was stated to have remarked that so far as anyone cared, any guest at that hotel might go into the dining room in his shirt tail—as his vulgar speech had it—and none be the worse or the wiser, it being his belief that all present were living in a free country. Whereupon my friend went into Durango with his silk hat and returned unchanged in any essential regard.

"I never was shot at once," said he with pride. "Of course there is a great deal in carrying yourself firmly."

No doubt in the drunken vagaries of some old-time frontier settlement men may have insisted upon strangers drinking or dancing, whether or not they liked.

But that these chance practices, magnified and played up, remained in the memory of an intelligent man as permanent habits of the Western society is all the proof needed that an age had swept by and that my friend had not known it. Such ignorance is explicable. Once we spoke one language. Now we speak fifty.

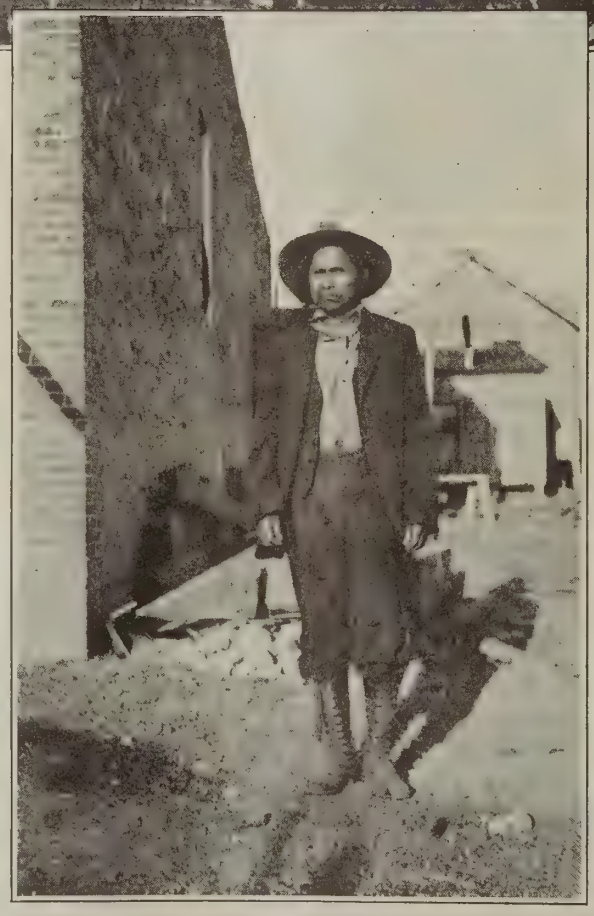
The Immortality of Jesse James

MY OWN haymow days, I hope, were as studious as those of the next youth and left deeper imprint on my life than those I spent in college. Who remembers differential calculus or spherical trigonometry after thirty years or so?

But who forgets in all his life Wild Bill and Jesse James and the Dalton boys? We may be ignorant as to Valley Forge, but you and I could locate Deadwood and Dodge with the best of historians. Indeed, such was my own love of research in these matters that early in my post-collegiate life, fully equipped with differential calculus and spherical trigonometry and little else, I wandered out into what then remained of the Wild West just for to see and to admire, being of the general belief that hearsay is altogether a disappointing thing.

That was a land then fairly to be called America. I would such a country existed anywhere in the world to-day. Beyond the edge of things a man might raise a thirst or go in to dinner as he liked. He might even have worn a silk hat and a sack coat; whereas to-day he may not legally eat meat oftener than twice a month or kiss his wife of a Sunday, though he may blow up his neighbor's house and his ox and his ass and his manservant. Sometimes I wonder if one of the most interesting of all the trails of America is not one which began out yonder in the old West—which crosses To-day's and runs on out into the To-morrow of America.

We need not waste tears over the fact that George Murrell of Marked Tree, Arkansas, is almost as well known as George Washington; that Black Bart is to-day a more vivid figure than is Martin Van Buren or Millard Fillmore or Andrew Johnson; that Wild Bill will be remembered mayhap when William H. Taft shall have become a time-softened figure; that Jesse James will be embalmed in the amber of popular regard long after Grover Cleveland shall have been forgotten; that the Dalton boys are as safe for future reverence as, say, any member of the last Congress.



An Oklahoma Creek
Above—"Pad" Peppin, Old-Time Sheriff, New Mexico

These things are as they are. We are concerned only to find the substratum of our highway in the future. The day of the bad man was the day of the individual. It could not last. Swift changes in transportation changed the country in which the bad man grew. Transportation is the only thing that really can alter any natural environment. If we cared to mourn over the past we might call it deplorable that the element of speeding American transportation came at a time when America was so young and splendid.

Now we live in an age of masses, of combinations, alliances, societies, amalgamations, unions, organizations, leagues. That all came out of transportation, which stretched and narrowed all the horizons of the world. So that, if we can learn our past and its problems by studying our old trails, then also the great problems of our future are those rising out of transportation.

The putting down of illustrious names upon a great piece of historical parchment is a splendid thing. It shows the hope and faith of the human heart in better times for the human race. But after all, in the morning after every great war we have done much the same thing. Perhaps it is not the League of Nations so much as the development in dirigibles that now will affect the future of America. We worshiped Hawker for a day—until he began to talk. But even had Hawker succeeded where presently better men did he would have been not so much a great individual as a great index—the finger showing an age tendency. It was not the act of an individual to cross the Atlantic by air or to cross the plains by rail. Those things had to be and they were. Groups, combinations, masses—and the problems that go with those things—became inevitable when all the world went fluid by reason of epochal changes in transportation.

There lies our road into To-morrow—the road of problems. It runs between the day of the individual and the day of masses, and no man lives who much can alter its course. Along that road toil masses of human beings. They have leaders. Who are those leaders and whither do they lead?

The Downhill Trail

WE NEED not lack objective figures by way of illustration. On my desk lies a daily newspaper showing six compelling portraits all in a row. They are the men who composed the government of the Hungarian Bolshevist Republic. By their several names they are Bela Kun—or Kuhn or Cohen, as his name variously is given—Commissioner in Chief of Foreign Affairs; also Zolstan Ronay, Tibor Szamuelly, Vilmos Bohm, Alexander Barbai and Peter Agostan. Comparisons are odious, yet to my critical mind these distinguished representatives of the soviet big idea in government would disgrace any self-respecting rogues' gallery. Had these gentlemen, all and several, whether or not arrayed in silk hats and sack coats, appeared in company at the village of White Oaks, New Mexico, where once I dwelt in my own callow youth, we should in all likelihood fervently have run them out of town on their looks. Should you get together portraits of six of the worst desperadoes the West ever knew they would be men of better features and of higher type than these representatives of the last great idea in government. On the matter of personal form, offsetting one six against the other six, the bad men of the old West would have all the best of it. And one thing you could note—each of them was a straight American and wore a straight American name. There never was a foreign bad man in all the lurid story of our Wild West. Some may have started in to be bad, but they seem not to have lasted long enough to build for themselves any permanent fame.

Somewhere between these two rows of portraits there runs a long trail. It runs downhill. The pace upon it has been rapid, will be more rapid. Perhaps for this present time it may please us better to run that trail backward for a space.

It was a curious and interesting time—that individual Yesterday in America when we rapidly were finishing all our old trails and getting ready for to-day and to-morrow. The men of the West were at first wild—yes, why not? Surely you need not scratch very deep under the skin of the average man to find a savage, even to-day. Lawyers, judges, even ministers of the gospel sometimes, on the frontier cast off the ways of civilization and reverted. They had left the age of property and of law behind them and gone on out into a young place in the world where the law had not yet risen. Now, no man loves the law, even though he respect the law. None of us loves restraint. But all of us know we need it.

The law went West in our earlier days just as the bee went West, just as weeds went West—because the time had come for that. It was all a question of property and of transportation. The man who goes West by rail to-day with two carloads of household goods to settle on a piece of land improved by the Government and backed by the Government is an entirely different figure from that man who went West on horseback and carried all his gear upon

the back of one pack animal alongside. The latter man was independent by reason of his poverty. He was a savage by reason of the restrictions of his transportation. His living he could get easily and surely and cheaply. Not all of his life was devoted to the struggle of just making a living. He worked more spasmodically than we do to-day. He had no fear that some other man would come and plant a bomb under the corner of his log cabin or burn up his little field or mutilate his livestock merely because he had put corn in his own crib and the bomber had not. State socialism was a thing which could not have been dreamed forty years ago any more than Bolshevism could have been dreamed ten years ago. Three things brought them to us—transportation unregulated, avarice unregulated, cowardice unregulated.

Before the Law Went West

AS THE old trails changed and transportation became better the population of the early West thickened rapidly. It moved westward not in any one continuous wave, but in a series of short waves, as part of a flock of feeding pigeons would rise and pass on ahead of the others where the pickings were better. Thus it went on—more and more trails, swifter and swifter traffic—until the entire wave turned back upon itself and found little left to pick.

No man ever can arrive upon any real understanding of the Western character, which is to say the American character, if he lack acquaintance with the manner in which the West was settled. Loosely and vaguely we think of the American people as moving West in a solid wall, but as a matter of fact they did nothing of the sort. Many parts of the old West received populations from three or four different directions, sometimes from as many directions at almost the same time. Take the rich placer fields of Alder Gulch and Virginia City in Montana at about the time of the Civil War. By that time the gold mines of California were pretty much forsaken. Big stampedes had gone on north into the Fraser and the Columbia River country above our northern boundary. Recoiling, the stampedes had worked back into the northwestern part of this country and were simply waiting for news of the next gold strike anywhere in all the mountains—indeed anywhere in all the world. These men, very many of them individuals who had lived without any law whatever for ten, fifteen or twenty years, crowded east into Idaho and Montana, following back in part the old Oregon Trail, which long before then had taken out into that country an entirely different sort of population.

At that time, too, the settlement of Salt Lake was old. A great many men pushed up north to the new Idaho and Montana fields from that focus of the Western settlement. Near them from the East came yet other bands of adventurers, by this time ready to leave the fields of Denver—the Cherry Creek diggings as they then were known. Lastly there came into that same district a strong element from the head of steamboat transportation on the Missouri River—men who went West thence with bull outfits. Most of the law-and-order men of the vigilante days in Alder Gulch were of this latter party; naturally, because these were the most freshly arrived from the regions of law and order and property and society. Still savage under the skin, these later men had not yet had time to revert as had the wilder adventurers from the Farther West. So we see one region settled from the Northwest, the South, the East and the Northeast, all pretty much at the same time.

Lincoln, New Mexico. "The Bloodiest Street in America"

A Very Rare Picture of Old Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Long Since Wiped Out

In the same way the short-grass country east of the Rockies—which is the very land we are most accustomed to regard as the Western frontier because we have heard more about that than any other part of the West—was not one of the first but one of the last regions of the Far West to be settled; and it was not settled directly from the East but from the East and the South with a slight sprinkling of population from the territories beyond the Rockies. In the population of this, our last frontier, there were elements from New England, the Middle States, the states along the Missouri; also from Texas and the dry Southwest. Indeed, we might almost look upon the last Western frontier as lying somewhere out yonder in a sort of bowl or basin; and we might picture flowing into this, through many nicks in the rim round almost the entire circumference, these many different streams of the new population—eager, restless, independent, individual. It would go without saying that as these many streams met and swirled about in the bowl there would be confusion before there would be mingling and blending and absorption.

But it is not to be supposed that there was confusion of tongues in that mixed assemblage. All spoke one tongue—and, thank God, it was American! While some of these men—many of them—were rude and illiterate, they never were rude and illiterate in the same sense that the massed immigration from Europe has been rude and illiterate.

Pat Garrett (Standing) and the Author, Going Into Camp on the Range

Americans All

THEY were distinctly of a higher type. They had come out of the American environment, most of them with a heredity of several generations. They had had time to take on type. We know so little of our first two centuries that we forget that Americans long were growing then—the Americans who made these trails into the last of our new lands. If there ever was such a thing as the American, that was his day, that was his origin and that was his country.

These men went out on their own individual initiative, because they were individuals. No one herded them or could have herded them. Their people movement was not caused by any government or any transportation system. They were not starved; they had not been conquered. They went because they wanted to go; because they coveted adventure and the hazard of new fortunes; because they were restless of restraint of any sort. Practically every man of them felt able to take care of himself and if he had not felt so he would have stayed back home. He was a selected man and he never was one of a mass. No man drove him and no man led him. There never was a less blended or a more discordant population in the world, so far as its units were concerned. Yet every one of them was American. It takes no acute intellect either to discover or to remember that out of that sort of a melting pot—the only one we ever had worth while—there would come a strong, dominant, self-reliant type, restless under restraint, disposed to rule and disposed to fight.

It is not to be supposed that a sheriff went along with every band of roving prospectors stampeding for the last gold field or the trail outfit driving cattle to the last terminus of the road of cows. The dance hall antedated the courthouse by many moons or years. Stripped of the veneer of civilization, long or recently alien to the restraints of the law, these men practically were high-class, clean-typed white savages, beginning a civilization at bottom. They carried with them no machinery of the law. But they did carry with them, in some wonderful and undying fashion and even through all their lawlessness, that one

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THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

VIII

THE Metcalf dance proved actually to be anything but the informal affair announced, being, rather, one of those fairyland functions only possible in midsummer or a tropic clime, partly indoors, partly out, untainted by vitiated air and with the changeful effects of brilliantly lighted salons, a terrace hung with colored lampions, and beyond their zone the soft midsummer starlight.

There was a small but carefully selected orchestra, and its music filtered out upon the terrace in attenuated strains, to mingle at its farther end with the purling of the waves on the beach below and to dissolve in the soft high breeze as it murmured through the tree tops.

At such a dance the spirits are higher, less hectic, the women more beautiful, complexions less flushed and congested. Its gayety is more sweet and sane because it is more healthful. Diana Kirkland did not care much for winter dances in town because deprived of her habitual need of unlimited fresh air. But she liked to dance, and her spirits this night would have been buoyant except for this one thing which persistently oppressed them—the disagreeable recollection of the peddler spying on William and the Marquise d'Irancy.

"Very Well," Said She, "Then I Shall Count on You to Get Me the Cord. Don't Tell Léontine"

But was he actually spying on them both or on the Marquise d'Irancy alone? Turning the incident in her mind, Diana doubted that when he stopped his truck and slipped into the woods he could have seen William at all. She remembered that while standing beside the big van that part of the woods between the road and the spot in the lane where William had been was heavy with undergrowth. She herself had not been able to see William from beside the van, nor did she think the peddler could have done so even from his seat, as a growth of young conifers must have screened him. On the other hand, one could scarcely have failed to see the marquise in her bright gown, though at such a distance anyone unfamiliar with her wardrobe could scarcely have identified her.

But even supposing that the peddler had happened to see her in that same gown on a previous visit, what possible interest could this distinguished French lady have had for him? What could his motive have been? Why stop his truck and slip into the woods to spy upon her?

Turning the matter deliberately in her mind, another idea suggested itself to Diana: Could it have been that the peddler had mistaken the marquise for herself returning from luncheon at the Metcalfs' to Kirkland Manor and possibly have wanted to speak with her for some reason? And if so, what could that reason have been? She knew he would never have taken any such action without a very definite purpose, and her vain speculation as to such distracted her mind and interfered with her pleasure in the dance.

As the evening wore on she found herself growing more and more distrait and most unpleasantly oppressed by a sense of impending ill, a vague presentiment that something ugly was soon about to happen. And presently it did.

For all at once when the gayety was at its height a shadow seemed to fall, the joyous revelry to be quenched in some subtle and mysterious way. Nobody appeared to know precisely what had happened beyond the fact that it concerned the Marquise d'Irancy, who had been taken suddenly ill while on the terrace and was seen by some few being led away in what appeared to be a semifainting condition by Gwendolyn and her younger sister. There were two physicians among the guests, yet the services of neither had been requested.

Questions remained unanswered. Gwendolyn did not reappear. No announcement was made. Miss Melton also had disappeared. She had been very much in evidence throughout the evening and it was now whispered that she was with Madame d'Irancy. None of the guests ventured any opinion or asked any questions of Mr. Metcalf, who appeared to be making a rather nervous effort at jollity, and though the music continued in full swing and the dancing went on, it was fitful, the gayety perfunctory and lacking in its spontaneity.

As Gwendolyn's oldest and most intimate friend, Diana felt that she had the right to make some inquiry, yet refrained from doing so. Then presently Gerald Metcalf appeared, his handsome face wearing a strained expression which he tried vainly to conceal and, drawing Diana away, whispered to her to pass through the rear of the house and go to the Temple d'Amour in the sunken garden, where Gwen was waiting to speak to her.

Diana, very much upset, followed his directions, and as she crossed the little bridge she saw a white figure huddled on the stone bench inside.

"Gwen, dear!" she gasped. "What dreadful thing has happened?"

Gwendolyn checked her dry sobs.

"Oh! Di, dear ——"

Diana's heart seemed to freeze.

"Is she—is she—is she ——"

She stopped, realizing her unspoken question to be a foolish one, as, if anything really serious had happened to the marquise, the festivities would of course have been stopped immediately and the guests dispersed.

"What is it, Gwen?" she asked desperately.

"The Sultana!" gasped Gwen. "That great blue diamond of hers. It has disappeared—been stolen."

"When?" asked Diana, for the moment infinitely relieved.

"She does not know. Some time since luncheon She discovered it only a few moments ago on the terrace."

"But was she wearing it?" Diana demanded.

"Yes. You know we were speaking this afternoon about her odd jewelry—her big wrist watch and anklet and that belt which Gerry said would make a good collar for a mastiff? Well, she had those things specially designed to carry the Sultana. Since she got it back it had never left her person day or night. Sometimes she carried it in the locket on the chain, and sometimes in the wrist watch or anklet or belt. She did not believe that anybody knew of its being on her person."

"Did one of the lockets come open?" Diana asked.

"No—that's the amazing part of it; the lid has a stiff spring and latch, and clicks shut of itself. She put the Sultana in the belt this morning when she dressed for tennis, and when she changed for luncheon she took it out and put it in the locket on the chain which she wore this afternoon and evening."

"It's her own silly fault," said Diana hotly. "No woman has any right to lug a great gem like that round with her, especially when visiting. It's not fair to one's host."

"Oh! I know it. She says so herself. She's perfectly lovely about it, but naturally sick from the loss. She doesn't accuse anybody, though you can see when you examine the locket that it couldn't possibly have come open. She says that the diamond fascinates her, and though she scarcely ever wears it openly she takes it out a good many times a day when alone and looks at it. That's how she discovered that it was gone. She was playing with the locket and noticed all at once that it was curiously light."

"So she opened it?"

"Yes. When she saw that it was empty she nearly fainted."

"But how could anybody have got it without her knowing it, even supposing that anybody knew where it was?"

"We can't imagine. She says that it was never out of her sight when dressing. But it's gone, and it has been stolen here on our place. What in the world shall we do?"

"There's nothing that you can do." Diana's voice was almost angry. "As I understand it, that diamond is one of the most valuable in the world on account of its unusual color and purity. You can't very well present her with the whole of your estate and make over your income to her. Oh, how can a woman be such a selfish fool?"

"I'm sure she's holding something back," said Gwen. "She asked to be left alone. She says she wants to think. We're all nearly crazy, Di. We don't know what to say or do. We can't very well order a search of our guests, and, besides, the marquise made us promise not to tell anybody but you."

She shot Diana a curious sidelong glance which was intercepted—and suddenly it seemed to the girl as though her heart had stopped. Up to this moment she had not thought of William in connection with the ugly affair. But now as she caught Gwen's look so fraught with meaning it was as though a series of moving pictures had flashed on a screen before her eyes. She seemed to see the meeting in the lane, the two sitting alone there in the woods on a stone or fallen log—and William's strained nervous face as he joined them on the terrace and asked for a strong drink.

With a tremendous effort she kept her self-control.

"I see what you mean, Gwen. William was alone with her in the woods this afternoon. But why should she possibly suspect William—unless she showed him the diamond. Did she?"

"I don't know, Di," Gwen answered miserably. "She did not tell me anything. Of course she would never have dared make any insinuation about William to me, as she knows that we are the next thing to engaged and that the only thing that stands between us is William's habits. I made rather a confidante of her one day. But that Melton girl was alone with her, too, and she is clever enough to have guessed that the marquise might have been carrying the Sultana in one of those big clumsy lockets we have all remarked on."

"Where is she now—the Melton girl?"

"She was with the marquise, but came down with me. I asked her to go on dancing. The marquise did not tell her that she had lost the Sultana. She thought or pretended to think that she was taken ill. What none of us can understand is how anybody could possibly have opened the locket while the marquise was wearing it. I must go back now. We are all in a most dreadful state. We don't know what we ought to do."

"I don't think that there is anything to do at this moment," said Diana slowly. "One thing is certain though."

"What?"

"That Melton girl has stolen the diamond."

"But, Di, how could she? I tried to open the locket myself and couldn't manage it, the catch is so stiff. The marquise says that she has to press it against something hard while she tugs at the lid. It was made that way expressly. I must go back."

"Very well," said Diana. "I'll come in a few moments. And Gwen—I think I'd better go home. William ought to know about this immediately."

Gwen nodded and hurried off. For several moments Diana sat deep in thought. Her clear head showed her immediately that so far as William was concerned the *clou* of the wretched business depended on what had passed between the marquise and him. Diana could form no estimate of the French woman's actual character, but she knew that of her brother, and she did not believe that even had opportunity offered he would have availed himself of it to take any personal liberty with another woman, no matter how attractive, when practically engaged to Gwen.

Of course no suspicion of his having stolen the diamond even so much as entered his sister's mind. But the point was this: if he had embraced the marquise, taken her in his arms, touched her in fact beyond merely shaking hands as might have been expected, there would be cause for doubt in the woman's brain. And then so fearful a thought occurred to Diana as to make her for the moment almost frenzied with apprehension.

What if the marquise had been seized by a sudden faintness while they were alone together in the woods? Actually lost consciousness, if only for a few seconds? In such a case how could she possibly help suspecting William of the theft? Even a passing faintness which might have required the support of his arm about her would be incriminating, especially if afterward when alone with the Melton girl there had been no close contact, no need of assistance.

For the marquise really knew but little about William and that little not strongly in his favor. He had the reputation of being a hard liver, daring, reckless, self-willed and extravagant. And to make matters worse, Diana herself had advertised the fact that he was at that moment hard pushed for money. The Melton girl had heard it, and if guilty of the theft herself would certainly not have lost the opportunity to mention the fact to the marquise.

Diana felt that she could scarcely wait to get home and ask William the one all-important question: When alone with the marquise in the woods, was she in full possession of her faculties the entire time? She hurried back to the house, to find that the guests were beginning to leave, which on the whole was natural enough, as it was past midnight. She was about to telephone for her car when a neighbor who lived some distance beyond the Kirklands' happened to catch sight of her and offered to set her down on the way.

IX

ARRIVING at Kirkland Manor the first sounds to greet Diana's ears on opening the door were disputing voices uplifted in the customary wrangle, and she entered the smoking room to find her father and four brothers squabbling over the utterly inconsequential motor trouble with the hydroplane. If the situation had been less serious Diana could have laughed. They looked up in surprise at seeing her.

"Hello, Di!" said Donald. "Thought you were going to stop the night with Gwen."

Diana scarcely heard him. Standing in the doorway she stared at William, scarcely able to speak. The girl was a striking and very lovely figure in her shimmering evening gown, her face like Parian marble, big violet eyes, black from the intensity of her emotions.

"William," she cried, "for goodness sake, tell me, did the Marquise d'Irancy faint away this afternoon when you were with her in the lane?"

The strident voices were instantly hushed. Father and brothers stared at Diana in astonishment, but William leaned forward in his chair, the high color fading from his face.

"What?" he demanded. "Why the dickens do you ask me that?"

"Because," cried Diana, "if she lost consciousness, even for a second, or if for any other reason you put your arm round her you have got yourself in the most horrible mess."

The squire bounded from his chair as though she had flicked him across the face with a riding whip.

"What's this? What's this?"

"Be still, dad. William, for the love of heaven, tell me quick! Did she faint?"

"Why, yes!" said William coolly. "Since you insist upon my telling you, she did."

Diana seemed about to strangle.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "that great diamond of hers, the Sultana, was in the locket of that horrid chain she wore, and it has been stolen. She discovered that it was gone only about an hour ago."

In the absolute hush that followed the only sounds were the ticking of the great clock and the deep breathing of the five astounded men. Diana stood wringing her hands and staring through blurred eyes at William. He reached forward slowly, took a cigarette from the smoking table, lighted it with deliberation, then asked in his customary voice: "Well, and has the charming marquise accused me of swiping her big blue rock?"

"She has not accused anybody, so far. She has not even told that she fainted. Oh, William! Let me know precisely what happened."

Father and brothers turned their heads like owls and stared at the second son, their faces pasty with that unlovely tint which a sudden violent emotion paints on those of men who have been smoking and drinking to excess. That of William had quickly regained its former complexion and his expression was cool and hard and recklessly indifferent. He looked round at the others with his cynical smile. "Perhaps you all think that I lifted it ——"

"Don't be an ass!" snapped James. "Bark it out. What actually happened?"

William tilted back his head, inhaled deeply of his cigarette and blew a column of smoke at the ceiling.

"Let me see. To reconstruct the crime—I was walking through the lane to the Metcalfs' when I met the marquise a few hundred yards from their house. She was carrying her color box and looked all in. We exchanged a polite *bonjour*, and when she had asked after each and every member of the family and I had given you all a clean bill of health I remarked that she was very pale and asked her if she found our equatorial American summer heat oppressive.

"She answered that she had been unwisely playing tennis in the sun that morning and, being unaccustomed to the climate, feared she had suffered a slight stroke of solar rays. On that account she had not felt quite up to the bounding wit and scintillating repartee of the terrace lizards, and so had come into the woods where it was still and cool to make a sketch. She said that painting rested her when so occupied alone, and as she politely emphasized the 'alone' I wished her *au revoir* and was about to shift along when a big garter snake wriggled across the path almost over her dainty toes. She gave a sort of gasp and keeled over. I caught her as she fell and laid her down, but she looked so ghastly that I was scared and bolted down to the spring, which as you know is about one hundred yards below the lane ——"

"Oh, William!" cried Diana. "You went down to the spring?"

She checked herself suddenly. Prominent among this girl's rich fund of faculties was that of visualization. She thought of most situations as *tableaux vivants*,

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As She Crossed the Little Bridge She Saw a White Figure Huddled on the Stone Bench Inside

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

DURING the week before election there occurred an incident concerning itself with Hetty Morfee, Mrs. Chase's newly acquired handmaiden. Hetty was a girl Wint's own age. She had been born in Hardiston, had lived in Hardiston all her life. She and Wint had gone to school together; they had played together; they had been friends all their lives.

Such things happen in a small town. Wint was the son of Hardiston's big man; Hetty was the daughter of a man whom nobody remembered. He had come to town, married Hetty's mother, and gone away. Thereafter, Hetty had been born.

Hetty's mother was the fifth daughter of a coal miner. She was an honest woman, a woman of sense and sensibility; and Hetty received from her a worthy heritage. But most of Hetty was not mother but father; and all Hardiston knew about Hetty's father was that he had come and had gone. It was assumed, fairly enough, that he had a roving, rascally and irresponsible disposition. Hetty, it was predicted, would not turn out well.

This prediction had not been wholly justified. Hetty, in the first place, was unnaturally acute of mind. In school she had mastered the lessons given her with careless ease. The effect was to give her an unwholesome amount of leisure. She occupied this leisure in inciting to riot the hardier spirits in the school—among their number Wint.

"Wint," She Said, So Softly He Could Scarce Hear Her Words, "Wint—I'm Sorry. But—I Can't Go On. I Can't—Trust You"

She was in those days a wiry little thing, as hard as nails, as active as a boy and fully as daring. She had whipped one or two boys in fair stand-up fight, for Hetty had a temper that went with her hair. Her hair, as has been said, was a pleasant and interesting red.

As a child she had been freckled. When she approached womanhood these freckles disappeared and left her with a skin creamy and delicious. Her eyes were large and warm and merry. They were probably brown; it was hard to be sure. All in all, she was—give her a chance—a beauty.

Some men of science assert that all healthy children start life with an equal heritage. They attribute to environment the developing differences between men and between women. Hetty might have served them as an illuminating example. In school she had mastered her lessons quickly, had led her classes as of right; while her schoolmates—including Wint, who was not good at books—lagged woefully behind.

This ascendency persisted through the first half dozen years of schooling; and then it began gradually to disappear. In high school it was not so marked; and at graduation she and Wint were fairly on a par.

Then Wint went to college and Hetty went to work. She worked first in a store and lost that place for swearing at her employer. Then she took up housework, and so gravitated to the Chase household. There Wint encountered her; and within a day or so he discovered that the years since high school had borne him far ahead of Hetty. She now was beginning to recede; her wave had reached its height and was subsiding. He still bore on.

These things may be observed more intimately in a small town; for there social differences do not so strictly herd the sheep apart from the goats. Thus, though Hetty was his mother's handmaid, neither Wint nor anyone else outspokenly considered her his inferior. She called him Wint, he called her Hetty, and his mother likewise.

Wint found her presence vaguely disturbing. That first night at supper she had winked at him behind his father's back. The wink somewhat chilled him. It savored of hardness. And there were other incidents. Wint perceived that Hetty was no longer a schoolgirl; she was, vaguely, sophisticated. Her old recklessness and daring remained; but they were inspired now not by ebullient spirits but by indifference, by bravado.

He remembered ugly rumors.

Wint and Hetty had been, to some extent, comrades in their school days. Once or twice he had defended her against aggression; once he had fought a boy who had told tales on her to the teacher. Hetty had never thanked him; she had even scolded and abused him for this knight-errantry, declaring her ability to take care of herself. Nevertheless, there was gratitude in her. She brought him apples, hiding them secretly in his desk.

On the Friday evening before election, as has been said, Wint and Jack Routt played pool together at the hotel. Afterward in spite of Routt's protests they went together to the stairway in the alley; and when eventually Wint reached home he was unsteady on his feet.

His father and mother were abed. The door was never locked, so that he entered the hall without difficulty; but the only light was an electric bulb in the rear of the hall, near the kitchen door, and when he went back to extinguish this he tripped over a rug and barely saved a fall.

While he was still tottering the kitchen door opened and Hetty looked out at him. She had on her hat, so that he saw she, too, had just come in. He smiled at her amiably, holding on to the wall for support; and she laughed softly and came and caught his arm.

"Oh you Wint!" she chided.

He tried to be dignified. "Wha's the matter?" he asked. "I'm all right."

She winked. "But if father could only see you now!"

He became amiable again. "Tha's all right," he declared, "I'm going to bed. He's sleeping the sleep of the just. Tha's dad. Sleep of the just!"

"Sure," she agreed. "But you know what he'd do to you——"

A door opened in the hall above. A step sounded. Hetty, quick as light, led Wint under the stair, where he was invisible from above, and signed to him to be quiet.

The elder Chase called down the stairs, "Who's that?"

"Me, Mr. Chase," said Hetty. "I tripped. I'm sorry if I woke you up."

She heard Chase say something under his breath; but when he answered his tone was affable. "All right. Time you were abed, Hetty."

"Yes! I went to see my mother."

"That's all right. Good night!"

"Good night!"

They heard him go back to his room, heard the door close behind him. Hetty crossed to Wint. She was trembling a little, and she spoke very gently. "Come up the back stairs, Wint. He won't hear you. I'll help you."

Wint took her arm. "You're a good girl, Hetty," he told her.

"You come along."

They went through the kitchen to the back stairs, and up, Hetty steadying him and encouraging him in a whisper. Wint's room was at the back of the house, on the second floor; his father's at the front. Hetty's was on the third floor. She helped him to the door of his room, and in, and turned on the light. He sat down and grinned amiably at her. She started to go, hesitated, came back and knelt before him. While he watched, not fully understanding, she loosened his shoes.

Then she rose.

"Now you go to bed, Wint—and be quiet," she warned him in a whisper. "Good night!"

He waved his hand. "Tha's all right now. G'night!"

She closed the door behind her and went swiftly along the hall to the stair that led upward to her room. But there, with her foot on the lower step, her hand on the rail, she paused.

She paused, and looked back at Wint's door and pressed one hand against her mouth, thinking. And slowly her eyes misted with a wistful light.

Then, eyes still misty, she went up the stairs to her own room; and in her own room, with no one to see, Hetty lay down on her face on the bed and cried.

X

THE people of Hardiston are early risers, and their hours of labor are long and strenuous. The coal miners—what few still find tasks to do in the ravaged hills—are up and about before day in the fall and winter months; the furnace workmen change shifts at unearthly hours; and the glass factory and the pipe works both begin their day when most folks are still abed.

To accommodate these early risers the polls at Hardiston open at six. They stay open until four or five or six in the afternoon. The hour is left somewhat to the discretion of the election officials. If a heavy vote is cast early, so that an extra hour would mean only half a dozen votes added to the totals, they close the polls and begin their counting in time to get home to supper, but if there is prospect of a close contest the polls remain open till the last voter has been given his opportunity.

On this election day the polls opened at six; and the election officials, particularly those representing the supporters of the elder Chase, went about their duties with a careless confidence. In the second precinct the polling place was an unoccupied store on the second floor of a two-story building at the corner of Pearl Street and Broadway. The lower floor of this building was occupied by a dealer in monuments; and throughout the day the chink and tap of his chisel and maul never ceased their song. These sounds came up in a muffled fashion through the floor of the room where the votes were being cast.

The early voting here was light. Jim Thomas and Ed Howe were the principal election officers; and they sat with their chairs tilted back and their feet on the railing round a red-hot little iron stove while the trickle of voters came and went. Jim Thomas chewed tobacco, and Ed smoked. He smoked a pipe; and he whittled his tobacco from a black plug, thus identifying himself with the Caretall faction. Aside from the stove and their two chairs the room contained only the voting paraphernalia—three booths against the wall, with cloth curtains to divide them; two flat tables, each containing a list of the registered voters; and the ballot box itself, on the floor near the door, where each voter deposited his ballot as he departed.

At seven o'clock—the little stove by this time had raised the temperature of the room to a stifling mark—Jim Thomas spat in a box of sawdust and grinned at Ed Howe. "Slow, Ed," he said.

Ed puffed hard. He had a weakness of one eye, a weakness that allowed the lid to droop so that he seemed to be perpetually winking. He turned this winking eye to Jim. "Yeah," he said.

"I guess Caretall is due to get his."

"You reckon?" Ed inquired listlessly.

"I reckon."

Ed grunted, and smoked harder than ever.

At half past seven the elder Chase himself dropped in. "Good morning, boys," he called from the door. "Splendid day, now, isn't it?"

"Fine," said Jim Thomas.

Chase produced cigars; he dispensed them graciously. Only Ed Howe refused the proffered smoke.

"Oh, come, Ed," Chase insisted. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings."

"Never smoke 'em," said Ed shortly.

"Want to vote once or twice?" Jim Thomas asked, grinning.

Chase chuckled. "I've cast my vote. Second ballot in my precinct, Jim."

"Better chuck in a few more," Jim advised. "Hollow's running strong." He said this seriously, but everyone knew it was a joke.

Even Ed Howe grinned.

Chase presently departed, still amiable and gracious. His visit had stimulated the imagination of Jim Thomas; and after a little while he rose and took his hat and went to a group of men in the street outside. Ed looked after him curiously. He saw Jim go among the group, hat in hand, obviously taking up a collection. The men seemed to take the matter as a joke. But Jim was grave. He came in presently, hat in hand, and approached Ed. "Give up, Ed," he invited. "A penny, a nickel, any little thing."

Ed looked in the hat. He saw a button, a burnt match, a pebble and a slice of tobacco. He grunted and puffed at his pipe.

"Set down, Jim," he invited. "Heat's touched your head."

Jim explained in a hurt tone: "No, Ed, not a bit. Only—some of the boys thought we'd take up a collection and send downstairs for a tombstone for Hollow."

Ed swung his head slowly and looked at Jim; and a slow grin broke across his countenance. "I declare," he commented, "you're a real joker, Jim." Then he laughed a cackling laugh, wagged his head, and fell into silence again.

The second precinct was the most important in Hardiston. Its voters numbered half as many again as its next rival, and so the opposed candidates gave it more than its share of attention that day. Chase came early and often. Each time he disseminated cigars and amiability. This was his day of glory; and he ate it with a relish, visibly smacking his lips.

Caretall and Gergue came together about eight o'clock in the morning. Amos had very little to say. He glanced at the voting lists, nodded to Ed Howe, called a greeting to Jim Thomas and departed. Peter Gergue remained for a time, scratching the back of his head and talking with those who came to vote.

Amos came back at noon, and as it happened he met V. R. Kite at the voting place. Kite voted in this precinct, and he had just deposited his ballot when Amos arrived. The two men greeted each other amiably.

Amos said: "Morning, Mr. Kite."

"Good morning, congressman."

"Just voting?"

"Yes. Overslept."

Amos winked. "I trust you voted right, V. R."

Kite nodded briskly. "Right as rain, congressman. You too?"

"Sure."

Jim Thomas listened with frank interest. Now he found an opening for his joke. "You'd better drop in a few votes here, congressman. Chase is running strong."

Amos looked at him with interest. "You don't say, Jim?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well—how do you know, Jim?"

Thomas became faintly confused. "Oh, I can tell."

"You ain't been looking at the ballots, have you, Jim?"

Jim blustered. "Lookahere—who you accusing?"

"You ain't? Then you must be one of these mediums that can read a folded paper."

"Oh, sugar! You go ——"

Amos grinned. "Matter of fact, Jim, I wish I knowed you was right. I'm frank to say, Jim, that I got a bet on a horse named Chase to win." Jim gasped, and Amos nodded soberly. "Yes, sir, Jim. You just hear me."

Jim took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and tore at it with his teeth and stuffed it away again. The operation restored his composure. "Well, congressman, you'd ought not to bet—and you a lawmaker."

"It ain't rightly a bet, Jim," said Amos. "It's a sure thing." He turned toward the door. Aft'noon, Jim."

The voting, beginning slow, had picked up during the noon hour. A steady stream of men came in throughout that period, and when this stream subsided four-fifths of the registered voters had cast their ballots.

Ed Howe suggested: "Might as well close up shop at four, hadn't we, Jim?"

"Sure," said Jim. "They ain't no real contest to-day anyway."

"I reckon that's right," Ed agreed.

This was a quarter before two o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock Caretall and Chase came face to face at the door of the voting room. They came in arm and arm; and Chase asked graciously: "Well, boys, how are things going?"

Jim Thomas reported briskly: "Fine, Mr. Chase. Most of the votes in. Ed and me's figuring to close at four."

Chase nodded. "I guess that's safe. Don't you think so, Amos?"

"Whatever you say, Chase," Amos agreed. "Looks to me like the fight's all over."

It was observed at that time, however, that Congressman Caretall was strangely buoyant for a beaten man.

Chase and Caretall separated at the door, and Jim Thomas called to Ed Howe: "I'm going uptown and get me some dinner. I ain't ate, yet."

"Go along," Ed agreed.

Jim went along, overtaking the elder Chase, and they walked together along Pearl Street and up Main to the restaurant. Chase was quietly contented and exceedingly courteous and gracious to those whom they encountered; and for the first half of the journey Jim basked in the great man's smile.

It was at the corner of Main Street that the first fly dropped into Jim's ointment. As they turned the corner they encountered three men. One was V. R. Kite; another was old Thompson, crippled with rheumatism but fat with wealth, a lifelong enemy of Chase; and the third was Thompson's son, the shoe man.

Chase said, "Good afternoon, gentlemen," to these men.

Kite responded, "Afternoon!" Old Thompson grunted; and young Thompson said, "How do you do, Mr. Chase," with entirely too much sweet deference in his tones. They passed the group, but when they had gone twenty yards something prompted Jim Thomas to look round, and he detected the elder Thompson in the act of smiting his knee in a paroxysm of silent and malignant mirth.

Right then Jim Thomas smelled a rat. He looked up at Chase, but Chase was blind and deaf. Jim started to speak, then thought better of it; and at the next corner he left his chieftain and turned aside to the restaurant.

It seemed to him that Sam O'Brien, the fat proprietor of the place, grinned at him when he entered. He ordered a veal sandwich, and when it was ready for him he doused it with mustard and ate it with sips of cold water between each mouthful. It was delicious, but his stomach was uneasy under it.

Sam was frankly grinning at him; and so Jim asked at length in some desperation: "What's the joke, Sam?"

Sam shook his head. "How's the election going, Jim?"

"All Chase."

Sam threw back his head. He was a fat man, and the mirth billowed out of him. He rocked, he slapped his knee. "All Chase!" he gasped. "All Chase! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jimmy man! All Chase!" He wiped tears from his eyes. "Jim, you'll kill me!"

Jim snorted. He was thoroughly disturbed. Sam was a man whose finger touched the public pulse. Obviously he knew something. Jim leaned across the counter.

"What's the joke, Sam? Come on—let me laugh too."

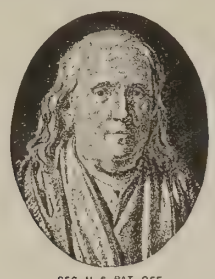
Sam waved his fat hands at his customer: "You go away, Jim. You go 'way. You'll kill me."

His chortles pursued Jim to the street. There

(Continued on Page 45)

The Woman Crossed and Shook Him by the Shoulder. She Screamed at Him: "Wake Up, Deary! Here's Gentlemen to See You!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 186 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

For President

MANY men are already being mentioned for President of the United States. Mostly they are favorite sons, well-known names, warranted to fit any issue, like the paper on the wall. National politics is being staged as it was played in 1916, 1912 and back in the oilcloth-cape, kerosene-torch era, when the longest line told who was the better man and the brightest flambeaux best clarified the issues.

In those prehistoric times the politicians first put up a man who had caught the popular fancy, started him off with a catch phrase and then built a platform under him. This was at best a flimsy structure, its weakness concealed in a red-white-and-blue bunting of all-promising words. Personalities took precedence over ideas. Elections were largely sporting events, in which the best men usually won—and the country was in luck that so many good men did win. But the old methods are out of order, out of date. The present candidacies are premature. This year the country must first nominate a few well-known ideas for the presidency and then set about the business of finding the right man to carry them into office and effect. Problems first, clearly stated; promises next, unequivocally given; then the man. That would seem to be about the proper procedure for all the parties this year.

There is nothing particularly new about the problems. They are world-old and they are disagreeable, but until recently they have not been too insistent. It has been easier to put them off with promises than to meet them with performance. They will no longer be put off. Some of them have been turned over to collectors who are none too scrupulous themselves in their methods. Then, too, even patient waiters are getting a little impatient to know when Congress proposes to redeem its budget-system promises and some other platform debts.

Fundamentally simple as our problems are, any kind of President cannot meet them. Only one particular kind of man will do. The same simple, common-sense rules that guide us in hiring a man for any job must be used in picking someone for the big job. A manager for a steel company is not chosen because he comes from Indiana and is popular with the boys out there; or because he is a shrewd lawyer and makes a good speech, before or after dinner; or because he has promised all his friends that if they will push him for the place he will give them fine situations with good salaries in the company; but because he knows steel and steel workers.

Three years ago, without full knowledge of what was ahead of us, we elected a professor President for the second time. An able man, sincerely anxious to work for the good of humanity, he made an admirable literary and educational record as President. But it happens that the problems that were presented to him during his second term were neither literary nor educational. His fine idealism ran up against brutal facts. In meeting them he made mistakes, because his training had not fitted him to understand the kind of action and the type of men that the situation called for. Not until events forced him did he call on men of affairs and practical understanding; and not until then did we begin to succeed in our undertaking. And these men were never his real confidants and advisers.

Presidents often get to a point where they cannot quite realize that government is of the people, and people never quite realize government as of themselves. To them it has always been a thing apart, a higher power, a machine that shapes them rather than one that they shape. They have bowed their heads to taxation and have looked on unconcernedly while the money was wasted. There is a popular delusion that taxes come out of Scotty's Death Valley mine; that you can take more out of a business than you put into it; that you can blow in a nation's surplus and still have it; that you can get—and keep—high wages, cheap food and short hours by passing a few laws.

Government can do much by seeing that the rules of the game are fair, but it cannot change the game itself or the players. Over and above every Congress-made law there is a natural law that inexorably nullifies any statute that does not conform to it.

Old Mother Nature drew the one and only constitution that cannot be amended.

Every penny wasted by incompetent national government, every dollar grafted by dishonest state and city government must be raised by taxation, and in the end it inevitably passes on to the consumer and is added to his rent, his food, his clothes and his amusements. National, state and city governments that are wasteful are first in the long line of profiteers. The buck in the game of politics is always passed along to the people.

The man who thinks that laws can make food plentiful, work light and hours short might begin by asking why Europe, with eight or ten million fewer mouths to feed than it had four years ago, is hungry? Why Russia, having decreed all those things that the red radicals say will bring us peace and plenty, is starving? Then let him go on from there.

The problems that confront us are first of all home, not foreign. It will help us little to put the world in apple-pie order if the rough-house is to continue in our family circle. Nor can we hope to solve Europe's problems without the coöperation of Europeans. Whenever one gets in a white heat of sacrifice a cursory glance at the foreign press rather sends one's sympathies back home. That America should lose much of her wartime popularity was to be expected and is to be borne with equanimity. There is such a thing as too much popularity; and gratitude is sometimes more tiresome than ingratitude. Also, it is more expensive.

Too many men are still under arms in Europe; too many self-determining countries are showing a determination to raise disproportionately large standing armies; too many workers are still engaged in the manufacture of war material; too many show a disinclination to go back to work. But unless more of them go into the fields and the factories America will be shipping food and materials abroad to enable Europe to maintain her standing armies—a ridiculous anticlimax to a war that was waged to end militarism.

The past year has necessarily been a series of anticlimaxes, because the fourth year of the war was the great climax and what comes now is a dull and drab but very necessary fifth act. In it we must untangle the plot, dispose of the villain and set ourselves resolutely to the business of living happy ever after. We are running round in circles now, and the next President must be a man who can break out of them and blaze the road to peace and prosperity. Congress no doubt, between its stretches of piffle and gabble, is doing its best to relieve the present situation. But that best is not good enough. The measures being taken are temporary and superficial. Congressional ears incline toward the loudest noise. The distress of the eight-hour, dollar-an-hour city workman is being partially relieved at the expense of the twelve-hour, thirty-cents-an-hour farmer.

But it is a topsy-turvy world and a hard one for the most willing President and Congress to help. The ideals for which men died have apparently gone stale and sour, for the governments that professed them are grabbing at shadows of empire. Half the world has been sulking and slacking, and the other half has been slacking and jazzing. Labor has been on a new joy-strike every morning. The railroad brotherhoods have been raising their wages and incidentally the carpenters' and bricklayers' costs of living. The carpenters and bricklayers have been boosting their own pay and incidentally the brotherhoods' rent. Capital has been tacking the new costs on to prices, and sometimes a trifle more for luck. Bootblacks are making more than clerks, waiters more than professors, and cooks more than teachers. Everyone has been letting down a little, wasting a little and saving mighty little. With the crowd accepting any new theory of society that disregards the hard facts of life, this is no year for rah! rah! politics and bush-league messiahs.

Also this is an off year for military candidates. Granting their worst fears, duty calls them, but to the Front. In their chosen work they can command respect and admiration. In politics they become its he-dolls, used to draw a crowd, but posed by the director behind the camera. Besides, the biggest generals of the war were not generals at all, but tired business men. The army red tape made them tired.

Emphatically this is an off year for professors. For some time we shall be concerned with making a living rather than with theories about life.

Lawyers, too, are out of season. This time we must go through, not round. Two and three-quarters per cent statesmanship may be either too much or too little. We do not know and apparently the courts do not know; but it is out of the running.

A politician of any kind, breed or business is *persona non grata*. The reasons are given in Daniel v, 26, 27.

Of course Colonel House is barred by the no-third-term tradition.

We need a business man for President.

Our problems are first and last economic—that is, straight business problems—concerned with production and distribution—greater production, better distribution. Only a broad-gauged, sympathetic, common-sense, close-to-the-ground man, understanding farming and its problems, manufacturing and its problems, selling and its problems, will fit the issues. He must be a man who will play no capitalistic favorites for the sake of friendship, and no labor favorites for the sake of votes. He must be a man who will give short shrift to anyone who plays it heads-I-win, tails-you-lose. He must believe in profit sharing and loss sharing too. He must not be afraid to go after anyone who tries to assume power without responsibility or accountability; who breaks his word or his contracts, individual or collective. Such a man's creed would be: A fair chance for all classes, and no looting of any one class for the benefit of any other. He would be an American of the Americans and concerned about what kind of men become Americans. He would give more attention to the quality of immigration than to its volume, and he would start a little involuntary emigration.

Even at the cost of slower development and expansion it might pay us to go more slowly on immigration. Size is not sin, but there are times and conditions when it is not

good sense. Of those breathless ones who would rush expansion, rush development, cut down the forests, crowd the land, herd millions in factories, it might be asked, "What's the hurry?" Much of our crowding immigration and quick development has resulted only in half-paid, half-fed herds of sullen, bewildered aliens living in filthy tenements; in discouraged clerks living in frayed respectability; in discontented farmers who find the hours from sunup to sundown too short in which to grow a living. And to what end? Are libraries and memorials and art galleries gained at that cost worth while? Is it important that men have private palaces, or women semi-royal luxury and an imitation aristocracy in which to parade themselves? Shall we let this shoddy minority play into the hands of the Bolsheviki and rush the right-living, real-American majority along with them into Trotzkyized chaos? The biggest ever is not necessarily the best ever. Let us decide what we are pushing for before we push ahead too far and too fast.

Our candidate must be one who will put duty above a second term. The right man can do more for his country's welfare in the next four years than an average President in three average terms. He must be the kind of man that as an employee gave a full day's work and was not afraid to heap up the measure; and as an employer was something more than a set of side whiskers, an impersonal Jehovah in a white waistcoat to his men. He could even have a single-track mind if the goods moved over it.

The platform of our candidate, reduced to its simplest terms, should read something like this:

Work or starve.

Save or want.

Play together or you'll play hell.

Be a good American or get out.

This is a short platform, but a large order. It can be filled. After we have found and nominated our man the curious can ask him what his politics is. It will not make any difference whether he is a Republican or a Democrat. It has not made any real difference for a long time. There are no party issues—only American issues.

Charles E. Van Loan—His Books

VAN LOAN first lived, then wrote his stories. His heroes were his friends—the best ever; his villains were his enemies—the worst. They were never hearsay heroes or villains. He had met them all in the flesh, and it was not until he knew them like a book that he put them in one.

Van wrote of baseball as a lifelong fan; of golf with the sincerity of one who never allowed unfinished business to interfere with the unfinished game; of prize fighting only after following the champ through long weeks of training and thence into the arena; of horse racing as a keen observer of the sport from the stable to the betting ring; and of the pictures from personal knowledge of their every phase, including the lawsuit that almost every author has had with some producer.

If a man is in any sense the sum total of his heredity the ancestors of many writers must have led singularly dull lives. Van's forebears, on the contrary, were an unusually busy lot—prominent cavemen, from whom the prehistoric Bolsheviki instinctively shied away; well-known Aryan chiefs, who threw the spear with uncanny precision; hardy vikings, blue-eyed and red-headed, who were always ready in their simple tenth-century way for a fight or a frolic; leading crusaders, who were continually on the jump for a dragon to slay or a lady to rescue; and restless, dauntless pioneers, always pushing westward until they came up against the Pacific. First and last, Van's ancestors must have met everyone and have done everything worth while, from the days when they were happy, innocent troglodytes, on up. Van himself used all their experiences and emotions in his stories—their loves, their hates, their generosities, their meannesses, their fights, their strugglings up, but most of all their splendid cleanness.

Before Van wrote his moving-picture stories he had for months been on the lot and had been admitted to full fellowship with everyone on it, from the extra men to the directors. In fact, he was all over the lot, appraising the values of custard-pie drama for fiction; probing the holiest emotions and the make-up of the he-dolls; lazying round and swapping stories with the extra men, giving his long wolf howl in the mob scenes, and looming vaguely through the smoke while the Battle of Gettysburg raged round him and the director, or while heroic firemen carried beautiful, helpless ladies out of burning buildings. Day after day, week after week, he lived the pictures until he knew them and the picture people. Then he wrote his book.

For the last six months of his life Van was one of our associates in editorial work. Out of his own knowledge, experience and understanding—for no one better knew the theory of short-story writing—he gave freely to every young writer who needed a hand-up. But though that association was a pleasant one we like best to remember him as an outdoor man. He needed a mountain, a horizon-meeting desert or a cañon to set him off and give him room to play. At the Grand Cañon one can walk a few hundred yards in any direction from the hotel and find himself in a great pine forest or a pathless desert or the solitudes of the cañon itself. That was where he was at his best.

There is something very positive about the desert country. One likes it or dislikes it; but no one is ever indifferent to it. Van loved it; and it was his oft-expressed hope that the further development of the cañon would never fall into the hands of anyone who did not love it too—that it would always be safeguarded from those who would jazz it and exploit it and Coney-Islandize any corner of it in the name of improvement. That would be like slapping God on the wrist.

Van is gone but we can still meet him in his stories. His publisher and friend, George H. Doran, is bringing out a five-volume memorial edition in which his best work is gathered. One of these volumes contains his best moving-picture stories; another deals with golf; a third with racing; a fourth with prize fighting; and the last with baseball. These books are being made without profit to the publisher, all the proceeds above actual cost going to Van's family. There are only two thousand sets in the edition, and Van had two million friends. If you are interested in having Van Loan's stories in permanent form write to the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not at Home

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

TALLEYRAND was so impressed by the world-compelling character of the memoirs he had prepared for posterity that he fixed an interdict of more than fifty years upon the date of their publication, and when at last the bulky tomes made their appearance they excited no especial interest—certainly created no sensation—and lie dusty upon the shelves of the libraries that contain them. For a different reason Henry Ward Beecher put a time limit upon the volume, or volumes, which will tell us, among other things, all about one of the greatest scandals of modern times; and yet how few people now recall it or care anything about the *dramatis personæ* and the actual facts! Metternich, next after Napoleon and Talleyrand, was an important figure in a stirring epoch. He, too, indited an autobiography, neglected among the books that are sometimes quoted and extolled but rarely read. Rousseau, the half insane, and Barras, the wholly vicious, have twenty readers where Talleyrand and Metternich have one.

From this point of view the writing of memoirs, excepting those of the trivial French School or gossiping letters and diaries of the Pepys-Walpole variety, would seem an unprofitable task for a great man's undertaking. Boswell certainly did for Johnson what the thunderous old doctor could not have done for himself. Nevertheless, from the days of Cæsar to the days of Sherman and Lee, the captains of military and senatorial and literary industry have regaled themselves, if they have not edified the public, by the relation of their own stories, and, I dare say, to the end of time, interest in oneself, and the mortal desire to linger yet a little longer on the scene—now and again, as in the case of General Grant, the assurance of honorable remuneration making needful provision for others—will move those who have cut some figure in the world to follow the wandering Celt in the wistful hope—

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.

Something like this occurs to me upon a reperusal of the unfinished memoirs of my old and dear friend, Carl Schurz. Assuredly few men had better warrant for writing about themselves or a livelier tale to tell than the famous German-American, who died leaving that tale uncompleted. No man in life was more misunderstood and maligned. There was nothing either erratic or conceited about Schurz, nor was he more pragmatic than is common to the possessor of positive opinions and the power to make their expression effectual.

The actual facts of his public life do not anywhere show that his politics shifted with his own interests. On the contrary, he was singularly regardless of his interests where his convictions interposed. Though an alien, and always an alien, he possessed none of the shifty traits of the soldier of fortune. Never in his career did he crook the pregnant hinges of the knee before any worldly throne of grace or flatter any mob that place might follow fawning. His great talents had only to lend themselves to party uses to get their full requital. He refused them equally to Grant in the White House and the multitude in Missouri, going his own gait, which could be called erratic only by the conventional, to whom regularity is everything and individuality nothing.

Schurz was first of all and above all an orator. His achievements on the platform and in the Senate were undeniable. He was unsurpassed in debate. He had no need to exploit himself. The single chapter in his life on which light was desirable was the military episode. The cruel and false saying, "I fight mit Sigel und runs mit Schurz," obviously the offspring of malignity, did mislead many people, reënforced by the knowledge that Schurz was not an educated soldier. How thoroughly he disposes of this calumny his memoirs attest. Fuller, more convincing vindication could not be asked of any man; albeit by those familiar with the man himself it could not be doubted that he had aptitude for military employment and plenty of courage.

II

A PHILOSOPHER and an artist, he was drawn by circumstance into the vortex of affairs. Except for the stirring events of 1848 he might have lived and died a professor at Bonn or Heidelberg. If he had pursued his musical studies at Leipsic he might have become a master of the piano keyboard. As it was, he played Schumann and Chopin creditably. The rescue of Kinkel, the flight from the fatherland, the mild Bohemianizing in Paris and London awakened within him the spirit of action rather than of adventure.

There was nothing of the Dalgetty about him; too reflective and too accomplished. His early marriage attests a domestic trend, from which he never departed; though an idealist in his public aspirations and aims he was a sentimentalist in his home life and affections. Genial in temperament and disposition, his personal habit was moderation itself.

He was a German. Never did a man live so long in a foreign country and take on so few of its thoughts and ways. He threw himself into the anti-slavery movement upon the crest of the wave; the flowing sea carried him quickly from one distinction to another; the ebb tide, which found him in the Senate of the United States, revealed to his startled senses the creeping, crawling things beneath the surface; partyism rampant, tyrannous and corrupt; a self-willed soldier in the White House; a Blaine, a Butler and a Garfield leading the Representatives, a Cameron and a Conkling leading the Senate; single-minded disinterestedness, pure unadulterated conviction nowhere.

Jobs and jobbing flourished on every side. An impossible scheme of reconstruction was trailing its slow, putrescent length along. The revenue service was thick with thieves, the committees of Congress were packed with mercenaries. Money-making in high places had become the order of the day. Was it for this that oceans of patriotism, of treasure and of blood had been poured out? Was it for this that he had fought with tongue and pen and sword?

There was Sumner—the great Sumner—who had quarreled with Grant and Fish, to keep him company and urge him on. There was the Tribune, the puissant Tribune—two of them, one in New York and the other in Chicago—to give him countenance. There was need of liberalizing

(Concluded on Page 141)

To Schurz Southerners Were Always the Red-Faced, Swash-Buckling Slave-Drivers He Had Fancied Them in the Days of His Abolition Oratory

For the Children's Sake

Now is their strenuous season. They must grapple with new tasks, with harder problems. They have fresh worlds to conquer. And they are growing, too.

Your problem is to fortify these active young minds and bodies; to build them up with simple inviting nourishment every day.

They cannot fail to benefit in every way by the regular use of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its high nutritive value, its strengthening effect on digestion, its captivating flavor, all give added zest to the entire meal and make other food also yield increased nutriment and energy.

Order this tempting soup by the dozen or the case. Let it do its full share in building up your boys and girls.

21 kinds

"*Campbell's* for me? Well, I'll say so!
That's the splendiferous fare.
That's why I study and play so,
With pep and ambition to spare."

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

The Jockey Who Rode the Horse on Which This Lady Had Bet a Fortune Climbed Into the Judges' Stand and Claimed a Foul

V

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

GRASSHOPPER went out to exercise one morning and came back limping. He had sprung what is called a quarter crack, which, perhaps I should explain for the benefit of those who do not know, is a crack in the hoof usually extending perpendicularly from the shoe and taking an upward course toward the coronet. It can be cured, of course, but it needs rest until the hoof is grown out. It is usual to pare the sides of the crack down in a V shape and it is well to keep the hoof soft all the time, so as to hasten growth and thereby close the fissure.

Of course this was rather a sad blow to the hopes of my master, who had the Grasshopper just on edge for one of the five-eighths dashes that were then so popular. He had figured on winning a good deal of money. Now, however, all his plans had been undermined.

But Barney as usual saved the situation to some extent, because he came over at noon singing a new song. My master was evidently not familiar with the tune, so he asked Barney for information on that point. Barney said it was Rule Britannia. My master told him it did not sound a bit like it, but that if he felt like warbling the British anthem in that key and style it was all right with him.

"But, Barney," said my master, "why should it be necessary for you to sing Rule Britannia? What's the idea anyway?"

"It's milk," replied that worthy, tilting his dilapidated hat over one eye as he always did when he was prepared to launch forth into argument or explanation.

"Milk?" queried my master incredulously.

"That's what I said, boss," replied Barney. "If I don't learn to sing Rule Britannia before night I'll be shy on milk for my coffee. As it is, I didn't have none this morning."

When pressed further, Barney explained that he was boarding with an old Englishwoman who gave meals to many of the boys who worked on the race track. She was a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher and always sang Rule Britannia when milking her cow. According to the lady, that animal had got so used to hearing Britannia's boast that she ruled the salt-sea waves that she would absolutely refuse to give milk if she did not hear this stirring strain. The cow's name was Victoria.

The day before Barney's landlady had got sick and taken to her bed. All the boarders had taken a whack at endeavoring to milk the cow. So far their efforts had been without success, a fact that pleased the old lady mightily, because it was in direct confirmation of her argument that Victoria would not give milk unless assured that Britons never, never, never would be slaves. So, propped up in the pillows that morning, she had endeavored to teach Barney to sing Rule Britannia. His idea was that even if he couldn't sing it with all the musical flourishes that were coming to it, he might make a stab at it anyway to camouflage the old cow and save the situation. My master had a good deal of fun over this and it seemed to help him to forget the accident that had happened at such an inopportune time to Grasshopper.

Unlike a good many young fellows surrounded by such associations as he was, my master never contracted the gambling fever. I don't think he ever had any desire to bet unless it was on one of his own horses, and then simply as a matter of business. In this respect Barney and he were exactly opposites in character and temperament.

But now since the accident to the Grasshopper he commenced going over to the betting ring every day, because, as he argued, with Grassy out of commission and as I was not old enough to go to the races yet, he figured that he would simply eat up the money he had on hand and that it would be only a question of time before he would be broke anyway; so he tried to increase his bank roll by betting.

He was one of the best judges of horses and form that I ever knew, but still when he went outside his own stable and bet the odds were against him. Such being the case, it is in order that I should say something about betting on the races from the standpoint of one who ought to know the game.

You can put it down as an incontrovertible fact that no man or woman can beat the races if they stick long enough.

This is a rule almost absolute and hardly admits of an argument. But so long as horses are raced and betting is permitted folks will still believe that there is some system, or that by peculiar superiority of judgment they can balance the betting ledger on the right side. Well, they can't.

If you take the history of all the turf plungers we have had in this country, commencing with Walton and ending with those who operate on the race tracks to-day, you could count on the fingers of one hand the men who played the races from the outside and got away with anything.

When I use the term "played the races from the outside" I am distinguishing between the man who makes book, or lays odds, and the man who bets with him. The bookmaker is on what is called the inside and is the layer of the odds. In the parlance of the turf, the man who bets with him operates from the ground, or on the outside.

A good many fortunes have been made on the turf by those who took the bookmaking end of it. It is a recognized fact in all games of chance, or where any betting proposition comes up, that the man who does the guessing has a percentage the worst of it. It is hard to explain why this should be so, but that it is a fact cannot be denied by anyone who has had practical experience.

I don't mean to say that the bookmaker does not frequently go broke himself, because sometimes the public will pick a long string of winners and unless the operator of the book has resources sufficient to tide him over the rough going he will have to cease operations, but if he can last long enough he will win, and if the outsider keeps guessing long enough he will eventually lose.

The natural laws of chance alone, without anything else, would beat the better. There is an average of seven or eight horses in every race. You bet on one and he is running for you, but the man you bet with has the six or seven others running for him. And though you may be successful for a while and have a wonderful run of luck, in that the horses of your choice will not meet with any accident or otherwise become the victims of any unusual happening, still in the long run the ordinary chances of racing—even provided you are betting on the best horses—will beat you.

The American turf has had many notable plungers. The first who achieved distinction was Plunger Walton, as he was called, who went over to England and surprised the Britishers by the size of his bets and the uniform success attendant for a time upon his efforts. But Walton lasted only a comparatively short time. His phenomenal run of luck forsook him and his name is forgotten except among those more intimately acquainted with the history of the American turf.

The mantle of Walton fell upon the shoulders of many aspirants for the honor of being considered the great American plunger. We had Riley Grannan and Davy Johnson and Chris Smith and George F. Smith, who was known as Pittsburgh Phil. Of all these, Pittsburgh Phil was the only one who died leaving a fortune behind him. Of course we had Bet-a-Million Gates, but he was a rich man,

(Continued on Page 34)

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His reputation for consistent character is always guarded jealously!

His fine Havana leaf is mellowed with exacting care. The delicately neutral Sumatra wrapper leaf brings ROBT. BURNS' mild Havana to a still more agreeable mellowness.

According to experienced cigar-dealers, men accustomed to ROBT. BURNS' mild, yet zestful Havana are usually offered substitutes in vain.

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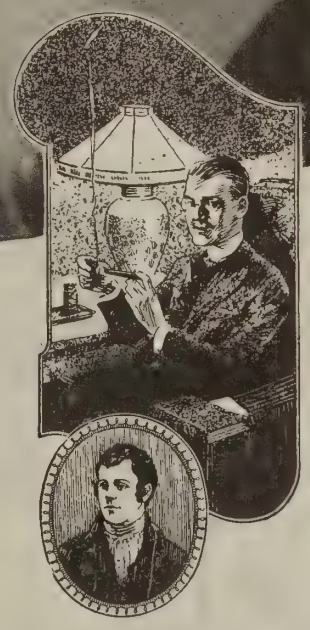

Remember
LITTLE BOBBIE, a small cigar but very high in quality —
7c

PATIENCE

In spite of our best efforts we cannot at present supply quite enough Robt. Burns Cigars to meet demands. As rapidly as possible this condition will be remedied.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

Robt. Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 32)

and his lack of success on the turf made even him a canny better toward the last.

Of all the plungers Riley Grannan was the most spectacular. But the public heard mostly about his tremendous wins, and never about his losses until he was flat broke. He died out in Nevada a few years ago in a mining camp; died as he had lived—gambling to the last.

Grannan was spectacular, more perhaps owing to the fact that money had no actual value in his eyes than to anything else. His bets were limited only by the amount of his bank roll or credit. He would just as soon have wagered a hundred thousand dollars on the outcome of a race, were such a thing possible, as he would have bet fifty cents. Added to all this, Grannan had nerve; or perhaps I should say he didn't have any nerves.

When Tod Sloan was riding in England and Grannan was in his best form in this country, he made a pilgrimage to the other side. For a few months he astounded the Britishers by his daring manner of operating. He won large amounts and the English bookies handed him his winnings with a smile. They had all seen his kind before. They knew he would come back to them as many another had done.

But when Grannan returned to this country he had lost his old knack of beating them. He couldn't make his bets stand up any more, so eventually, with credit and health broken, he went out to a mining camp in Nevada in the hope of rejuvenating himself. Had he lived he might have done so, but the chances were all against him.

As a good judge of horses and a consistent student of form Little Chris Smith, as he was called, was possibly at the head of the class of the old-time race-track plungers. What his system was no one ever knew. He commenced playing horses in the pool rooms of Detroit and other cities. He was then a quiet and unobtrusive fellow, polite to everybody but at the same time able to keep his own counsel. In those days the proprietors of the pool rooms would take what is called big money. That is to say, they would accept almost any kind of bet. Chris Smith beat them so hard that he was barred in Detroit, St. Louis and other places. They wouldn't take his bets any more. I suppose they were afraid he was in possession of some special information that permitted him to win so many of his big wagers. Such, however, was not the case. He was simply a tremendously good judge of form, and the horses he bet on were lucky in their races.

Chris Smith purchased a wonderful stable of race horses with his winnings, among which might be mentioned Yo Tambien, the famous mare, Van Buren, Maid Marian and others. They were all great race horses. And be it said to his credit, that no matter how much money Chris bet on the track or whether he gambled or did not gamble on his own horses, no one ever accused him of having his horses pulled or questioned the running of his stable. That, too, was at a time when hardly a day passed that some writer in the public press did not go after the conduct of the race tracks with a shotgun loaded up with rusty nails and broken glass.

Pittsburgh Phil, whose real name, as has been said, was George F. Smith, began life as a cork cutter, working for about twelve dollars a week. One day a friend gave him a tip on a long shot. He played it in the pool rooms and won something like fifty dollars. That started him and from that day Pittsburgh Phil was a success.

It is claimed by old-timers that he was the most unemotional man they had ever seen on the race tracks. You could not tell by studying his face whether he had won or lost. No one could even guess how much money he had down on the outcome of any contest. He was medium-sized, slender and almost delicate of physique. Students of psychology have said that this continuous repression of feeling eventually wore him out.

Most men will stay to lose where they won't stay to win. Every gambler will tell you that. But Phil was different, because whenever he ran into a sequence of losing days he was wise enough not to press his ill luck. On occasions of this kind he usually pulled up stakes, went away to some resort and did not come back to the races for a week or so. When he returned, however, the fur flew in the betting ring and many a bookmaker contributed toward the expenses of Pittsburgh Phil's holiday.

Phil conducted his racing operations as a merchant would conduct a business. He bought a stable of horses and made his first notable killing with a racer named King Cadmus, who won a race at odds of thirty to one. It is said that Phil pulled down upward of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on this race.

His brother trained for him and another relative was his chief betting commissioner. In that respect he was a good deal like others who knew the value of keeping business secrets in the family. He retained at a big fee one of the most astute riders of his day. That boy was as silent and taciturn as an Indian. He was the kind of rider that could get off a horse after a race and tell his employer all about him.

Men who have raced horses never underestimate the value of having an intelligent jockey such as this boy was. The majority of riders know and care very little about their mount and if they do not win a race they will tell the owner or trainer nine times out of ten that the horse is no account. Pittsburgh Phil's rider was not of this stripe at all. He knew when a horse needed another race to key him up, and he also could tell when his mount had had a race too many. Moreover, he could make a pretty good guess if a horse had been asked to go out of his distance, which being interpreted means to race a greater distance than he was capable of.

In other words, this boy rode with his head as well as with his heels, and the information he was in a position to give the man who retained him must have been invaluable. Many followers of the turf will tell you that this rider was responsible in a great measure for the plunger's latter-day successes, but that is only an expression of opinion, because whether he was or whether he was not will always be a matter of conjecture.

If Pittsburgh Phil ever received special information from owners or trainers of big stables outside his own no one ever knew it. Such intelligence must always be paid for in real money on the race track, and if Phil had bet on first-hand information he could easily have distributed several fortunes during his turf career. It is not likely that he did so. He was not the kind of man to buy opinions or capitalize guesses. The general summing up seems to be that he played a system entirely his own and never sought assistance or took counsel from the outside.

Those who knew the plunger best assert that he could see more of what happened to the various horses in a race than any man who ever stepped on the quarter stretch. He had a retentive memory and like as not he kept all this information and the results of his observations filed away in the back of his head until the time came to use them.

But be all that as it may, Pittsburgh Phil died worth something like a million. His wealth was divided among

(Continued on Page 182)

Then Ensued One of Those Hair-Raising, Heart-Disease, Sudden-Death Finishes, With Both Horses and Riders Straining Every Nerve to Gain an Advantage of a Few Inches

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IN the selection of paper for letterheads and forms, as in everything else, big business is a shrewd buyer. It can afford to experiment till it finds exactly the best "buy". Then, following the principles that have made big business successful, it standardizes on this final choice.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Molecules and Other Things

ONLY a little while ago the press of the nation printed stories about the wonderful advances recently made in the transmission and reproduction of sound waves. One scientist drove a nail in a tree, connected his apparatus with it and was able to hear messages originating at distant points. A radio authority was quoted as saying that we should soon be calling city numbers in London from the telephone on our desk. All of this appears wonderful and the public is pleased and satisfied. But back of this amazing progress in telephony are the careful, studious, persistent scientists, working away day and night in the great research laboratories that dot our country.

We should not talk to London or Honolulu if our investigators had not patiently devoted years to the development of the marvelous vacuum valve. Edison discovered that currents could be carried across a vacuum. Doctor Fleming, of London, concluded that the phenomenon was due to the emission of negatively charged atoms from the filament. Sir Joseph Thomson found that the atom was not the smallest particle existing, but that there were components of matter, which were called electrons, that were two thousand times smaller than the atom, and these were the particles being emitted. Next Doctor Fleming discovered that the vacuum valve, even in its crude state of development, could be utilized as a rectifier of incoming oscillations in radiotelegraphic circuits. Following this, Doctor De Forest, of New York, evolved the idea of producing a vacuum valve with a third electrode, and this invention practically did away with mechanical repeaters and made it possible to telephone from New York to San Francisco. But these De Forest valves were low-power devices, so something had to be done to correct this condition, and Doctor Langmuir took an active lead in perfecting valves that may be operated with any voltage desired.

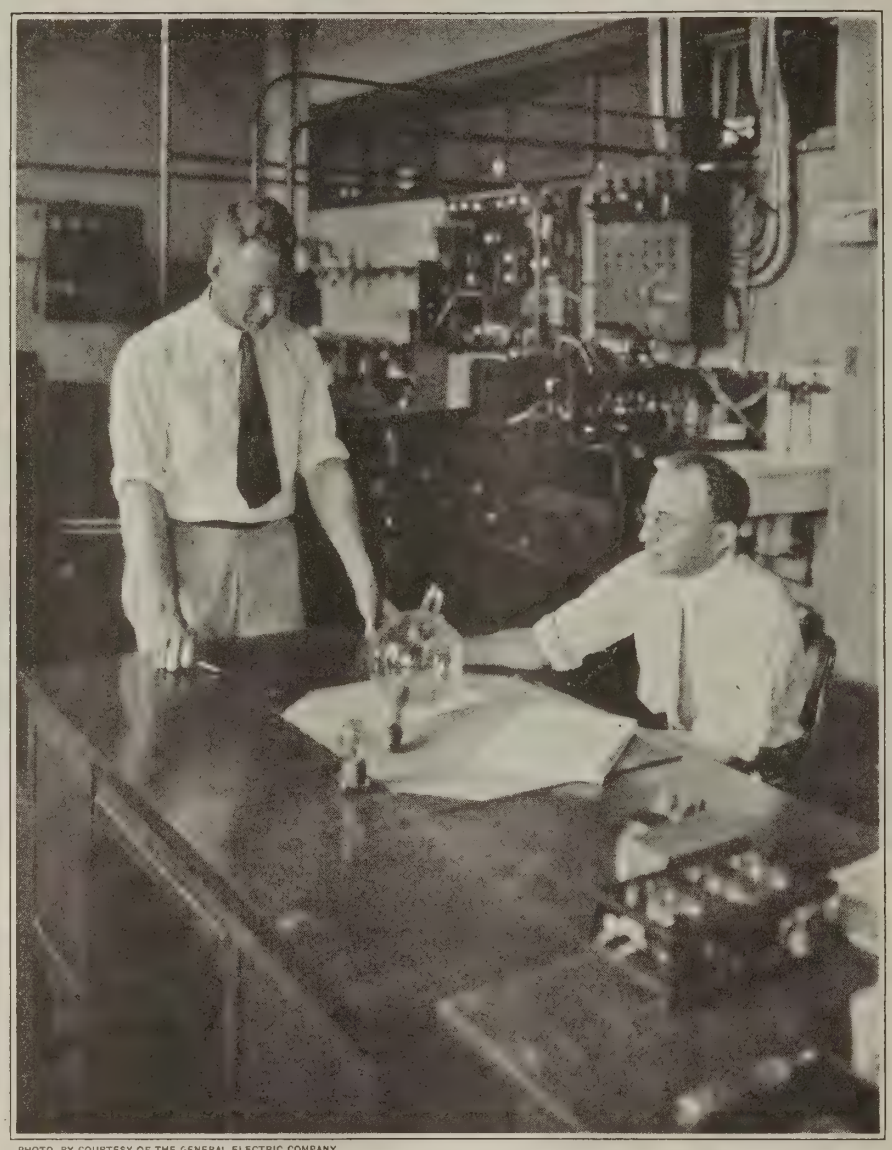

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Dr. A. W. Hull (Standing) and Dr. S. Dushman Have Added Materially to the Present-Day Development of the Marvelous Vacuum Valve

Over in Norway an engineer, by the name of Petersen, has perfected apparatus for the production of electrical current for radiotelegraphy. The electricity is received by an accumulator, which releases it at certain intervals. The system is sparkless and the sounds are clearer than in the older inventions. The clearness of sound depends upon the regularity of the current, and with this system the current is released with mathematical precision. Further advantages of the device are its greater simplicity, longer durability and lower cost. Here again is a step forward and the man in the laboratory is responsible for the advance.

Most everyone knows that mosquitoes are dangerous. In some places people have drained the ponds and in other localities they have sprayed kerosene over all the stagnant pools. But a scientist out in Oregon picked up the idea that the newt, or water dog, might prove to be the long-desired Nemesis of the insect pest. Right here it may be well to explain that the newt is a member of the salamander family and grows to be six or eight inches long. Several of these lizardlike amphibians were brought to the investigator's laboratory and experiments were begun. The result of the examination showed that the newts would each devour as many as two hundred mosquito larvæ in twenty-four hours. Wherever they were placed the mosquitoes disappeared rapidly. Here was a case where the research laboratory was put to an uncommon use.

Hundreds of cases might be cited where scientific methods have been devised to effect certain rapid changes in many materials that could not be brought about in less than a period of years if the process was left to the slow action of Nature. Just for example, it has been found possible to prepare the cheaper woods, such as birch, ash and elm, by a patented chemical process that makes them more durable and that effects certain changes within twenty-four hours which normally take place only after many years of drying. Thereafter, when the moisture that may still be left has evaporated, the wood becomes harder and more durable than it does through the aging process. Soft woods of small value, if treated in the manner described, become suitable for manufacture into high-class office fittings, furniture and for veneering.

Though the price of radium is $120,000 a gram, and a gram is less than one-five-hundredths part of a pound, most of us find it possible to own radium-dabbed watches and clocks and use house numbers that are luminous at night. These conveniences are the result of wonderful discoveries in our chemical laboratories, where experiments showed that the luminosity of radium is so great that but three-millionths of a gram of the substance mixed with zinc sulphide crystals is sufficient to paint a set of house numbers and keep them luminous for years. Further investigations showed that if a larger quantity of radium is used the period of luminosity is shortened.

Random instances of this kind might be mentioned without number, for it is a fact that most of our modern comforts and practically all of our so-called luxuries are the outgrowth of laboratory investigations. The whole question of the relation of research to industry is assuming a new importance. Business men are looking to the laboratory more and more for light on the problems of manufacture. If we need more of a product of the soil than seems to be available we do not now assume that the only solution is an added acreage. The scientist is called upon to show how more of the product can be produced an acre. So it is in the factory. We no longer figure that a larger output entails more men but rather that the solution involves an increased output per individual.

The leaders of industry in America have noted the wonders accomplished by research in the war. They are now attempting to apply the same practice to the development of our various industries on a peace basis. Scientific investigations come under two heads: First, there is the so-called pure research, which is devoted to the discovery of hitherto unknown truths. Newton, who discovered the law of gravity, and Faraday, with his electrical discoveries, were investigators of this class. Then we have what is called applied research, which deals with the application of known laws to overcoming specific problems. A machine that is now doing two things is developed to do two other things and a material made for one purpose is adapted to a second use.

Commercial men generally have heretofore fought shy of the first type of research. The results were too intangible and the possibilities too indefinite. A change has come about, however, and the units of various trades are now combining for the purpose of establishing associations to promote not only applied but pure research. This exhibit of imagination augurs well for American business. It indicates that we are no longer demanding an immediate return for each dollar we spend. It shows we are becoming sufficiently farsighted to give our scientists freedom of action, which is so essential to the broad success of their work. If but one great discovery is made every decade in each of our big industries the results would repay a hundred times over the expense and effort.

If anyone doubts the immense value of research work let him ponder over the fact that the invention of the tungsten filament lamp, a true product of industrial investigation carried on by large private corporations, has saved the people of the United States the yearly sum of $1,195,200,000 which otherwise would have been expended to produce the same amount of light from the old carbon filament lamps. Though we have become accustomed to big figures that run into the billions, it is likely that many of my readers will hesitate to accept the foregoing statement relative to the saving effected. Therefore let us examine the matter in detail. In 1918 the number of electric lamps manufactured in this country amounted to 166,000,000. Allowing a 40-watt rating for each lamp and an average life of one thousand hours, this number of lamps would consume 6,640,000 k. w. h.—kilowatt hours. The tungsten lamp is three times as efficient as the carbon lamp, which represents a saving of 13,280,000,000 k. w. h. over the carbon lamp. Now, figuring the cost to the consumer of one k. w. h. of service at nine cents, we get a money saving to the nation of $1,195,200,000 each year. It would likewise be easy to show how other billions have been saved by many inventions just as simple in Nature.

The history of research has indicated the same human frailties since the beginning of time. It has always been the same story of skepticism and doubt. Ever and always there has been the similar conclusion that no further advances in a particular field are possible. Ever and always this has been disproved, though in the majority of cases the greatest skeptics have been the very people situated to know most about the matter in hand. The memoirs of one great scientist tell how he was afraid to include his most valuable discovery in his graduation thesis for fear he would lose his doctor's degree. Leading scientists of the day were the chief opponents of his new theory. Perhaps this will always be the way with new ideas. Apparently we never seem to learn that the unknown is absolutely infinite.

The development of aviation was retarded by the arguments of the great geologist, Le Conte, who contended that no mechanical device could be created to fly if it exceeded in weight and breadth the maximum size of the largest fossil birds. Coming down to the present day, it is possible to pick out a dozen or more highly trained thinkers who pointed out the impossibility of flying long distances through the air. One of the most noted scientists of the present time suggested in all seriousness that we might fly if by chance we could discover some way of reversing the law of gravitation so that an airplane might be repelled by the earth instead of attracted. All of which makes it easy to believe the story that the first steam-propelled ship to cross the Atlantic Ocean brought to our shores the earliest copies of a book in which was explained the impossibility of transoceanic steam propulsion.

The subject of scientific investigation is exhaustless. It is extremely interesting and vitally important in a national

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The Comfort Car

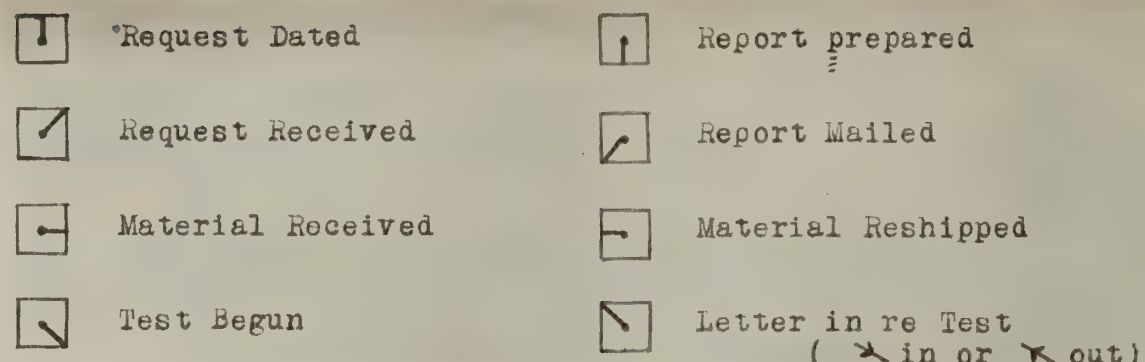
A MAN who buys the Hupmobile on the strength of what he has heard of it, is naturally led to expect a great deal from his car.

And haven't you always heard owners of *The Comfort Car* express unusual satisfaction with the way it lives up to its high character!

The reason the Hupmobile has this splendid endorsement is that buyers actually do find it exceeds their expectations in power and performance, economy, and appetite for hard work.

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 36)



sense. I want to take opportunity from time to time to describe the marvelous accomplishments of the various research organizations that are now active in this country. In this first reference to the subject let me discuss briefly the work of the famous coterie of scientific men who are engaged in this line of activity at one of the largest and perhaps the pioneer plant of its kind in the United States.

This scientific plant is under the direction of Dr. W. R. Whitney, formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The chief assistants to Doctor Whitney are Doctors Langmuir, Coolidge, Hull and Dushman. The laboratory represents an investment of three-quarters of a million dollars. Approximately $1,300,000 was expended on research in 1918. Two hundred and thirty-five persons are employed. During the last year 32,000 tons of tungstic was consumed in research work; 20,000 pounds of pure tungsten went into the making of vacuum tubes for X-ray, wireless, and so on. The amount of hydrogen produced and used was 4,000,000 cubic feet, while the liquid air produced and utilized to further the knowledge of the laboratory was 8180 pounds, or the equivalent of 3,000,000 cubic feet. Glass for tubes, bulbs, and so on, cost $22,000, while the pure platinum used cost $22,600.

Among the war inventions developed in whole or in part in this laboratory were the submarine detector, a device for locating submarines while submerged; X-ray tubes and portable outfits for field hospitals; radiotelephone tubes and sets for aircraft; electrodes for new high-power searchlights; spark-plug cement and detonators for submarine mines, all of which devices were actively used in the course of the war. The cessation of hostilities slowed down or entirely halted research in the production of nitrate, incendiary bombs, smoke screens, tungsten bullets, armor plate and dope for airplane wings.

Doctor Whitney revealed that perhaps most of our useful discoveries have come as surprises rather than as a result of well-laid plans. The Austrian inventor, Welsbach, said that pure osmium was the one body known to science which at high temperatures would emit the greatest amount of light. However, it was later found that tungsten was better for the purpose than osmium, and being a common material was as close at hand and as easy to test. Welsbach simply overlooked it.

Then let us take for instance the work of Doctor Coolidge in making brittle tungsten ductile. While these experiments were going on the world's greatest chemists were consulted, and they pronounced the unanimous opinion that tungsten was forever a brittle element. Nothwithstanding this expert belief in its nonductility, tungsten was eventually made ductile—much to the surprise of our German competitors in the race. It has already been pointed out what an immense saving has resulted from the application of tungsten to the filament lamp.

Perhaps one of the most interesting series of experiments carried on in a laboratory were the investigations that led to the completion of Doctor Langmuir's condensation pump for rendering a very high degree of vacuum for incandescent lamp bulbs. Even the layman will be interested in some of the remarkable facts brought out by this research. The pump can easily obtain pressures as low as one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere. Such pressures can be measured, but it has gone to pressures even lower than can be measured. Probably at least ten times as low as this figure.

One-ten-billionth of an atmosphere is the pressure approximately three hundred miles above the earth's surface. Low as this pressure seems, there are still about forty billion molecules to the cubic inch, so that the average distance between molecules is approximately one-four-thousandth of an inch. At room temperature the velocity of the molecules — if air—is about one thousand feet a second. It would therefore seem that the frequency of collision between molecules must be very high. As a matter of fact, however, each molecule collides with another on an average of about once in three seconds. If therefore the exhausted lamp bulb is three inches in diameter each molecule will collide with the walls about twelve thousand times before it hits another molecule.

The reason for this is that though the average distance between molecules is so small, being only one-four-thousandth of an inch, this distance is so great compared with the diameter of the molecule that if the molecules were represented by billiard balls the average distance between them at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere would be one mile. The reader can plainly see therefore that with billiard balls scattered over a plane, with an average of only one to the square mile, the velocity at which the balls would have to move at random so that each ball would collide with another on an average of once in three seconds would be enormous. Actually, with the molecules only one-four-thousandth of an inch apart, each molecule has to move on an average of three thousand feet before it strikes another molecule.

At atmospheric pressure the distance a molecule moves before striking another is so much smaller that if this distance were represented by one inch then the distance traveled between collisions at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere would be represented by 150,000 miles, or six times the circumference of the earth. At atmospheric pressure the rate of collision is so much greater than at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere, that it is difficult to express the comparison in figures that can be grasped. At one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere each molecule collides on an average of once in three seconds. At atmospheric pressure each molecule collides with another on an average of approximately 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 times per second. We might state the thing this way: If the rate of collision of molecules were slowed down so that at atmospheric pressure each molecule collided only one million times during a second, then at one-ten-billionth of an atmosphere a molecule would have had less than one chance in one thousand for a collision from the time of the Crucifixion to the present day. In other words, each molecule would collide about once in two million years.

All of which figures will be very helpful to any layman bent on an adventure into the science of creating or dealing with a high degree of vacuum. Seriously speaking, however, it is just such facts as these, though in less popular form, that constitute the daily food for the minds of that fraternity of busy men engaged in scientific research. The future of civilization and especially the speed of progress of the world depend in very large degree on the rapidity with which we uncover hitherto unknown facts.

A large corporation, of course, can better afford to carry on research than a small one, but every company of a commercial or industrial nature can become part of an association created for the purposes of research in particular lines. There are also the agencies created by the Government, such as the United States Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines and other departmental organizations that are not used by our people to anything like the extent justified. As in all else of a national character research flourishes best when there is the greatest degree of coöperation. The investigations which showed the value of typhus vaccination would have been useless had not the army doctors in the recent war actually used the preventive treatment on our millions of soldiers. As a result the deaths from typhus in 1917 were at a rate that was only one-four-hundredth as large as was the rate during the Civil War.

Doctor Whitney says that our great American engineering problem to-day is not how shall we make use of our trained investigators, but how may we produce annually active young students of matter at a greater rate and of higher quality than any other country.

"We must think in terms of thousands a year of the type of trained men represented, say, by the doctor's degree or by two or more years of individual experimental work."

Not least among the hopeful signs of the times is the fact that the American Federation of Labor at its recent convention passed a resolution which stated that "a broad program of scientific and technical research is of major importance to the national welfare and should be fostered in every way by the Federal Government."

All in favor, say Aye.

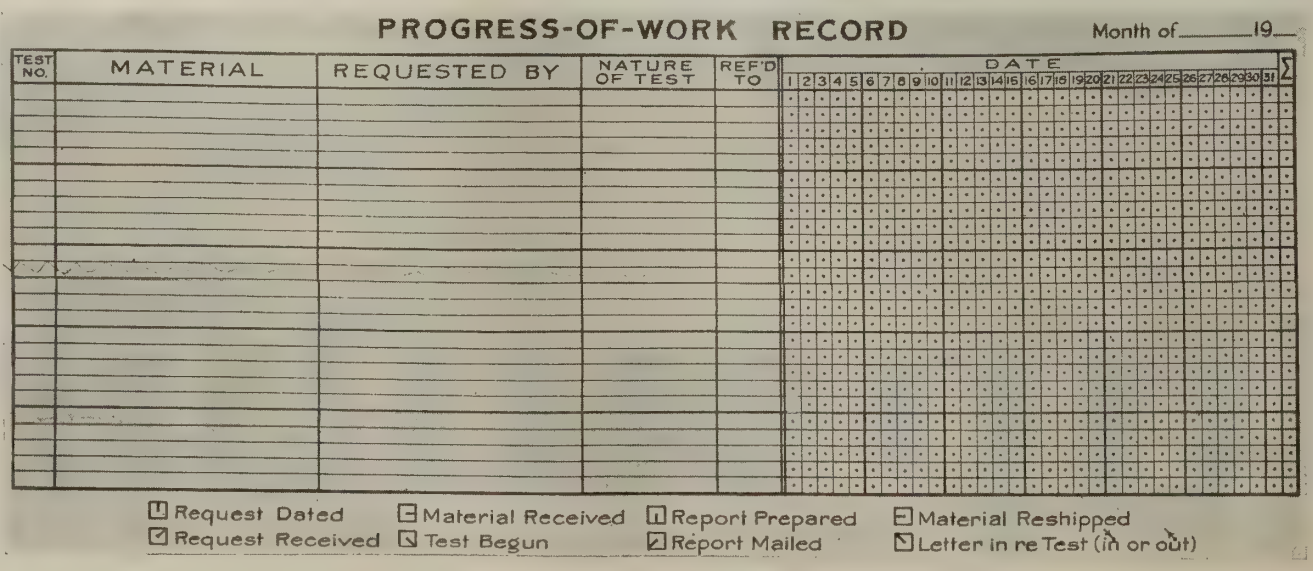
A Record of Progress

IN OUR factories, laboratories, business houses, publishing plants and even in our homes nearly all of us have occasion to preserve the history of certain accomplishments. In order to register for future reference the daily progress of transactions that occur with frequency considerable labor is entailed unless some abbreviated method for recording the development of the affair is adopted.

The United States Bureau of Standards, for instance, is in daily receipt of materials and devices that are submitted to this Federal organization by individuals and corporations for examination and report. The bureau found it quite a task to keep a complete and handy memorandum of each separate matter, and this difficulty caused Dr. F. J. Schlink to develop a progress chart that is a marvel of simplicity and that seems to lack nothing in its completeness.

One of the chief advantages of this form of record is the ease with which it can be adapted to almost any line of work where the individual transactions cover a number of days in their advance to completion. The scheme is based on the idea of using lines drawn from the center to the corners and sides of a square, as symbols to designate the various phases of any job that is undertaken.

In the case of the Bureau of Standards the chart they use is printed on strong flexible paper. The vertical measurement is 10½ inches and the horizontal width is 14 inches. A legend is printed at the bottom of each chart, shown at the bottom of the page, and indicates eight stages of progress.



An examination of the chart—which in part is here shown—indicates that it is actually three-dimensional in effect. The vertical columns give the name and nature of the material and the number of the job, as well as the name of the individual or company for whom the work is being done. The horizontal coordinate, represented by the squares, defines the date. The clockwise

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BWANA POOR

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

We Ran Into a Bit of Scrub-Lined Beach, Where Several Dhows Were Brought Alongside, Into Which Two Companies of Black Troops Tumbled

BWANA POOR stalked into the grass-thatched banda, removed his sticky topee, mopped his mottled brow with a bedraggled handkerchief and glared at us over his great arched nose with an air of wholly unnecessary defiance. This because I was a stranger, and he wished to smother in my audacious soul any latent assumption that he courted my acquaintance.

"Sit down!" said the feverish skipper truculently. "And don't stand there looking so dashed silly!"

Bwana Poor sat down abruptly and dared me with a haughty glance to find anything unusual or amusing in this familiar style of reception. But I only said with weary hospitality:

"We got some fresh madahfu this morning and the skipper lifted a bottle of gin from the A. P. M. down in Lindi. Will you have a drink?"

Bwana Poor would; and thenceforth we were friends.

The black, half-naked Kavirondo warrior orderly of the skipper's, squatting in a dark corner by a precious pile of green coconuts, neatly chipped off the tops. A dash of gin, and the fresh cool milk made a drink for famished souls!

The heat rolled down on us in thickening layers. Cicadas whirred desultorily in the thorn bush. In the sagging thatch overhead we could hear the dry rustle of centipedes and other hidden comrades of the venal African underworld. Down the long winding road, dazzling under the white vertical sun, dribbled a sweating line of black-and-khaki askaris, porters, women, children and prisoners. The muffled sounds of dusty shuffling, weary grunts, a wild burst of song and the clicking of accouterments came to our ears with a maddening suggestion of necessary but uncomfortable action.

All at once Bwana Poor cocked his head like an eager bird, with a bright look in his pale-blue eyes that was triumphant and defiant, and announced that he had at last received orders for home.

"Home!" growled the skipper scornfully, reaching for a fresh madahfu. "You won't know your way round when you get there. You don't know the difference between the Spotted Dog and the Leicester Lounge right now. You'll be shootin' the stone lions in Trafalgar Square and imaginin' the fountain's a baobab tree."

"What's your county?" I interposed tactfully.

"I'm from Devon," said Bwana Poor with a quick nervous look from the darkness of the banda out across the thorn-tangled slope stretching down to the sea. The blue waters seemed to spread above the fringe of beach palms, rising like a spotless curtain to hide a vista of distant lands and cherished spots that continued to exist only in our embellished memories.

"I've always heard," I said encouragingly, "that palms grow all year round at Torquay. Devon must be wonderful."

"Oh, ra-ather! Devon's the finest county in England."

Looking at me with gloomy eyes, the skipper said:

"Have you ever been in Sussex—along the downs in autumn when the beeches by the Arun are turning color and the heather ——"

"In Devon," said Bwana Poor eagerly, "you get clotted cream, you know. That's good! I haven't tasted any cream for eight years. Instead of churning it, you know, the girls whip it with their fingers in small wooden bowls. If you want to taste something nice, Yank, you ought to taste that cream whipped up with apple sauce."

"Devonshire cider's good," admitted the skipper.

"Everything from Devon's good," declared Bwana Poor.

"What the devil do you know about it, anyway? You haven't seen the blinkin' place for seventeen years!"

Bwana Poor passed an embarrassed hand across his forehead and stole a glance at me.

"Well," he said with a flash of defiance, "I'll see it again before you, anyway!"

"I expect you will," grunted the skipper, and rolling restlessly in his cot he turned his face to the white hot wall of his tent.

Just then a bugle blew. So I said "*Kwa heri,*" to Bwana Poor, cast a hopeless glance at the skipper, and pulling the topee well over my eyes went out into the blazing light, the sun striking like hot rough cloth across my eyeballs.

Several weeks later I found myself leaning over the shoreward rail of a listing, limping, warworn trooper, one of a heterogeneous mob of madmen who maintained their composure under a mask of cynical amusement. Homeward bound! The sick, the inefficient, the ambitious—broken, battered, burned, with bare legs and muchly patched khaki. Some were destined to continue the exhausting fight in the bush southward in Portuguese East Africa, some were on their way to fight in France and happy at the change, some hoped to recuperate in South Africa and a few were bound for England on leave!

All these things I knew, for the job of adjutant had been wished upon me. While I was busy chevying a suitable sergeant major to share the burden of my woes, all Africa was dumped upon the decks and in the holds—all Africa and its household furniture. Yelling, singing, cursing, with bugles blowing, winches roaring and whistles piping shrilly, laughing, grunting, a torrent of black and white and yellow came over the sides and spread about the ship.

At midnight we clanked out of harbor.

The exhausted mob simmered into silence. Order settled over the ship; and the sentries took their posts with their habitual expressions of stoical indifference and internal bitterness. My work done, I crept apologetically on deck and hid myself in a dark corner from which I could see the shore fading with the waning moon. Here calmness came over me and I thought with a tinge of melancholy of the friends I had left to stew and simmer over the thankless and appalling job of clearing German East Africa and keeping it clear. Regrets formed in my heart, memories crowded about me, faces appeared in the darkness.

Suddenly a voice, querulously insistent, arrested my attention; and looking aside I easily made out the dim but unmistakable figure of Bwana Poor leaning against the rail in company with an officer of an overseas regiment.

"I'm through," said Bwana Poor. "I've given almost four years' service—and it was field work too—and I'm pretty well crocked. A lot of blinkin' good it's done me! This is my first leave—and I've had everything from bullets to dysentery. The only rest I've had has been in hospital—and that's no sort of leave. Do you think so?"

"Well," said a soft, guileless voice, "that depends. You may at least see a white girl—a nurse or a little V. A. D. perhaps, eh?"

"What's that got to do with it? I think it's sickenin' the way these new pups run after the nurses. Now, I never saw a white woman for about eight months after we left Kahe until I came down to the coast; and I didn't know what to talk about when I met them. I felt like a silly fool."

"But surely," protested the softer voice, "you anticipate meeting women when you reach home?"

"Oh, ra-ather! But that's jolly different. I can get along with girls at home. I understand them."

"Quite! Have you been away long?"

"Seventeen years."

There was something in Bwana Poor's tone, a note of pain, as though that period had embraced many an unrealized aspiration, many an unsatisfied longing, many an unfulfilled dream, that urged me to step forward and relieve his embarrassment by claiming friendship.

I was pretty busy on that trip down the coast; but nevertheless I made opportunities to see more of Bwana Poor and his friend, Motley, until the acquaintance ripened with reminiscence into genuine and appreciative friendship. There was no necessity to curb our tongues or imaginations, since the three of us together had pretty nearly covered the globe and knew that it held enough of interest without diluting facts with words.

Motley was an extraordinary man, a François Villon type, with the more objectionable characteristics of that gentleman eliminated and a rare but hidden delicacy substituted in their stead. Motley was bland, quiet, reserved, unobtrusive—until the time suited him, when a thousand demons possessed him. He respected intelligence and chivalry, but nothing else. He was a true soldier of fortune and a brave gentleman, equally at home among the canebrakes of Sumatra or as the host at a quiet little luncheon at the Berkeley. Above all he had an overwhelming sense of humor, well veiled behind an assumed scornful truculence.

Bwana Poor had none of Motley's subtlety, though he liked to believe himself wise and sly. With a soul as chivalrous as Don Quixote's, whom he resembled in aspect, he trusted in the nobility of man—and was gullible as a pike. He suffered disillusionment with astonishment but never with dismay. Nothing superficial annoyed him long; only things of elemental significance stirred him deeply. He had a very special knowledge of Africa, which set him up as one worthy of particular attention. And Motley drew delightedly on his store, taunting him with bitter sarcasm, while he prattled away with the naïve boastfulness of an open nature.

In a dark shelter on the lee deck from which we could look out upon the haze that hung over Africa we located ourselves each night, packing our pipes with Boer tobacco and enjoying endless wrangles. We bartered tales and discussed everything from the merfolk of the Red Sea to the sea serpent of Saigon and the giant lizard of Borneo, larger than a rhino and stronger than an elephant—to judge by its spoor. And these tales were all substantially true.

As the intimacy grew, little elements were disclosed that astonished me. Bwana Poor's accounts of Rhodesia and the coast were interesting enough; and so were Motley's, of many distant places; but I learned with greater surprise and a more genuine thrill of interest that Motley was on his way to New Brunswick with the intention of being married.

His marriage had already been twice postponed: once when he lost his small fortune and set out for Borneo to make another; and a second time on the declaration of war, when he considered it unfair to his bride to hold her to an uncertain future until the show was over, thinking then that it would be no more than six months. She still waited for him; and Motley, though he had combed the world, had kept his hope centered in her alone.

This sketchy tale stirred Bwana Poor profoundly, though he had no romance to confess. The sappy years of his life he had burned away in far places, doing the work of a pioneer, extending the boundaries of an empire he loved with an exile's devotion. Yet it was plain to me that he had never ceased to crave the love of a woman, or to aspire to that pinnacle of a wanderer's hopes—a home.

"Oh, Gawd!" the skipper had once grunted when Bwana Poor had betrayed this weakness with a sentimental smirk. "Who'd have you?"

And Bwana Poor, racking his memory, could think of no one!

We left the bottle-necked and bloody Port-of-Peace over our stern; we raised and passed the scarred slopes of Lindi, twinkling prettily above its opalescent waters, like

a courtesan, covering with a smirk its venal nature; we came to Mozambique, gleaming like a crusted gem upon the blue waters; and we ran into a bit of scrub-lined beach called Lombo, where several dhows were brought alongside, into which two companies of black troops, with their boyish white officers, tumbled. It was their object to cut across the Germanees' supposed line of communications.

The blacks poured over the side, grinning and chanting, while the open dhows took them to the thin line of beach, whence they plunged straight into the jungle and disappeared. Before they cleared ship, however, Bwana Poor, keenly attentive over the move, noticed that though the water bottles had been filled, the canvas chaguls were empty.

He flew off the handle at once and paced rapidly about, his brow steaming, his pale-blue eyes flashing protest and indignation, inquiring why the water sacks had not been filled.

"Rot!" said someone scornfully. "The I. D. reports plenty of water along the beach."

"The I. D. be blowed!" exclaimed Bwana Poor indignantly. "A blinkin' bat could see there's no water there. There's not even a baobab tree! Nothing indicates water! Why don't the silly fools know what they're doin' before they take fightin' men into the bush?"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" muttered Motley delightedly, whereupon the incensed Bwana Poor, sufficiently encouraged, made such an uproar that the chaguls were eventually filled. And we learned later that the Intelligence Department corrected its reports.

This incident threw Bwana Poor into a state of brooding gloom. He had followed the campaign from the first day of operations—starving, famishing, fighting—on horse and on foot, as a scout and in the line. He knew the German colony almost as well as any white man alive and it struck him as almost a personal affront that anyone should be permitted to enter the bush without a proper knowledge of the bush. It suddenly occurred to him that his presence was still of value and the war not yet finished. The thought of brave officers but bad bushmen in command of minor operations filled him with a sense of frightened exasperation. He felt a sort of individual responsibility and began to look back with uneasy doubt.

One day he said, with an affected air of nonchalance: "You know, I'm not so sure I want to go home!"

"Of course not," said Motley banteringly, not realizing what was passing in Bwana Poor's thoughts. "You're not doing your country any good by going home. You'll never be happy without a lot of monkeys shying coconuts at your head, or a rhino chivying you through the elephant grass. Look here, Bwana, do you seriously suppose you're going to have a good time in England after seventeen years' absence? You're a relic, you know. Home isn't what it used to be."

"It's home, though," said Bwana Poor morosely.

We went ashore at Durban, the open door of civilization, early in the morning.

This tremendous transition from a raw and savage country into the portal of civilization upset us completely. The last impression of land, of the African coast—Lombo, with the black troops clambering down our rusty sides, leaping into the mild surf of a tropic shore, disappearing into the bush to fight, and the white boys in command turning at the last moment to wave farewell, torn between the dignity of their command and the uncertainty of the inscrutable future, calling faintly to us: "*Kwa heri*, you lucky beggars! *Kwa heri!*"—this last impression was still vivid in our minds when suddenly we found the ship leaning against a noisome quay traversed by great cranes. Locomotives panted in the dockyards. Double-decked tramcars clanged near by. We could see a great harbor full of shipping and a beautiful modern city that stretched above it. But nowhere were there any signs of war.

We poured ashore like schoolboys and in a few minutes were lost in the broad expanse of busy thoroughfares and boulevards with long lines of touring cars drawn up in taxi service and flower venders banking their colorful wares along the curbs.

It's hard to understand the almost sickening joy of the home-coming, without experiencing it; and this was home to some of us and at least a foretaste to all. It was a white city too; everyone seemed white and the women beautiful and gracious.

We had not anticipated so marked a transition; and our garments were still of the bush. Stained and fragmentary khaki, bare sun-toughened knees, warped topees pushed back on our heads, great hobnailed safari boots surmounted by frayed blue putties, wrapped nevertheless with the supreme neatness of long practice—these characterized our uniforms and made us unconsciously objects of attention. I noticed in my companions, too, a certain bold expansiveness, a merry abandon, a glad expectancy that had in it a certain pathos, as indicating the dragging tension that privation and hardship had drawn about them during three years of cheerless warfare. They had gone forth without drums; they returned without acclaim. But in their simple happiness at being back they forgot that a meed of appreciation was due them. The thought of thanks never entered their heads. They were simply glad to return in their skins.

We scattered. Some returned to their homes; some went into camp; some waited under orders for a transport to England. We were among these last. Motley and I had letters to present, and Bwana Poor wandered off with new acquaintances; but we met at mess, where we exchanged experiences and stirred up new animosities.

Everyone of course fell in love except Bwana Poor and Motley, the former through diffidence and the latter because a new and interesting passion had been roused in him.

The first thing that had struck Motley upon our arrival in port had been the great number of able-bodied men in civilian dress. At the time he thought the circumstance was unusual; but the more he observed, the more he inquired, the more rapidly there grew in him the conviction that an inexcusable proportion of them were plain slackers. He thought of the friends he had left buried in the bush, the comrades whose bones were being mumbled by hyenas, others being dragged down by fever and pestilential diseases, and he became incoherent with passion. Usually, however, his thoughts found too ready utterance.

In the theater, on the boardwalk, in the shops, among crowds upon the street he expressed himself with a viciousness and finality that would certainly have led to trouble had he not been obviously a two-fisted man accustomed to fighting—with death the portion, often enough, for the loser.

As the transport continued to delay its departure, Motley's enraged protests became more personal. There is no doubt he found a certain wild joy in baiting slackers; but he had the faculty of singling out individuals who were worthy of scorn and certainly deserved nothing from the commonwealth that protected them.

"Go easy! Go easy!" cautioned Bwana Poor one day. "You'll be getting yourself in trouble."

"Trouble? What? They haven't got the souls of lice! I'm ashamed of you! I'd rip their bellies out and feed them to barracuda! And, by God, there's one fellow I'm going to get!"

"You'll get nothing but trouble," persisted Bwana Poor stiltedly. "They'll cancel your leave, you know. Then what about your marriage?"

"To hell with leave! She wouldn't marry me if she thought me less than a man."

"Oh, don't be silly! If you're goin' to risk everything for that kind of a slacker ——"

"But he's such a swine, Bwana Poor! Do you know him? He rides about in a big red roadster. His father sent him out from England to avoid the draft; and now he drifts round here sneering at soldiers and deceivin' women! Some day I'll catch him!"

Bwana Poor grunted disparagingly.

"Don't grunt at me!" said Motley ferociously. "If you had any stomach you'd be after him too."

Bwana Poor's face instantly became long and sharp. The ends of his mustache quivered, his eyebrows went up almost to his thin scalp and his eyeballs popped.

"If you t-talk like th-th-that to me," he stammered, "I'll p-p-poke you in the nose!"

(Continued on Page 166)

Bwana Poor Proceeded to Beat Him Up So Badly That He Had Been Obliged to Take Himself Off to a Hospital to Have His Face Rearranged

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

Thomas paused, irresolute. What was he going to do? Warn Chase? Warn Chase's cohorts? Warn them about what? He remembered suddenly that his place was beside the ballot box, and he turned and fairly ran down the street to the voting rooms. And it seemed to him that as he sped mirth pursued him.

But he found everything as he had left it. Ed Howe still sat by the stove, still smoked. He looked up as Jim entered, and shifted his pipe in his mouth.

"Why, Jim," he exclaimed in pretended dismay. "You're all het up! You're all of a stew! Jim, have you gone and seen a ghost?"

Jim Thomas glared at him. He had gone away from this place confident and calm; he returned in a turmoil of fear; and the worst of this fear was that he did not know what it was he feared. He glared at Howe.

"What you been up to whilst I was gone, Ed Howe?" he demanded.

Ed looked at him in surprise. "We-ell—I've smoked two pipes ——"

Jim strode to the ballot box, shook it, stared into its slot as though to read its secret.

Ned Bentley came in. He wished to cast his vote and proceeded to do so. As he was about to go he paused for a moment on the threshold.

"Has anybody here seen Wint?" he asked.

It was the stressing of his words that startled Jim. This stress, the emphasis on the verb, suggested that they had been discussing Wint or that Wint must be in all their thoughts. And Jim had not thought of Wint Chase for days.

"Why should we have seen Wint?" he demanded, and looked at Ed Howe. Ed was grinning.

Of a sudden, light burst on Jim Thomas. It was not all the truth that he guessed. But it was enough of it to make his head swim. Without a word he leaped for the street and ran across to the hotel—where there was a telephone.

Ed Howe watched him go—and grinned. "I declare—Jim acts right crazy," he drawled.

Jim came back presently, a grim set about his jaw. He had no word for any of them. But he went to the voting list and copied the names of those citizens who had not yet voted, and went to the telephone again. When he returned this time it was five minutes of four o'clock.

Ed lounged up from his chair. "Well—we 'greed to close the polls now. Go to counting." He started for the door as though to bolt it.

Jim Thomas sprang in front of him. Jim was mad. "Git back there, Ed Howe!"

Ed looked puzzled. "Why—what ——"

"Yo're tricky; but you ain't won yet. Set down. Legal hour for closing is six. We'll have some law here."

"But we 'greed on four."

"Hesh up!"

Ed lounged back in his chair. "Well, in that case I got time for another smoke." He filled his pipe and began it.

There followed a hectic two hours. Hardiston had never seen anything like it, anything even approaching it.

Every automobile that could be mustered by the Chase forces was mustered. Every livery stable in town hitched up its most ramshackle team. Even the funeral hacks were pressed into service. Fenney's motor truck brought two loads of men from the glass factory. Even Bob Dyer's old tandem bicycle came into use.

And when the elder Chase met Congressman Caretall in front of the post office at half past five, he refused to speak to him.

It was open war, with no quarter asked or given. The joke was out, and the congressman's men were enjoying it in anticipation. They exulted openly; they gathered at the polling places to watch the voters whom the Chase workers dragged thither. They cheered these workers on, praised them, encouraged them, made bets on their success.

It was a hectic two hours, and it lived long in Hardiston annals. But it had to end.

When the town clock struck six the polls closed. And at every precinct in town the strain relaxed and took forthwith the form of hunger. Unanimously the election officials sat down with the unopened ballot boxes on a table, in plain view of the world, and sent out for supper.

Round the ballot boxes they ate their sandwiches. Jim Thomas ate in grim silence, iron-jawed and moody. Ed Howe had recovered his spirits. He was urbane, gracious. He even gave a fair imitation of the manner of the elder Chase, at which all but Jim Thomas managed to smile.

In the morning Jim had been jubilant and Ed had been moody and still; but now the rôles were reversed. It was remarked afterward that no one had guessed Ed Howe had it in him; and his imitation of the elder Chase distributing cigars was destined to make him famous.

But this had to end too. There came a time when the ballot boxes had to be opened. The tally sheets were prepared, pencils were sharpened, the boxes were unlocked; and at a quarter past eight o'clock Jim Thomas lifted the first ballot from the box and unfolded it.

He looked at it; a red flood poured over his face, and his jaw stiffened. But it was his duty to call the vote, and he called it: "For mayor—Chase!"

He was still staring at the ballot, and it did not need Ed Howe's mild question to confirm his guess at Congressman Caretall's coup.

What Ed asked was simply: "Which Chase, Jim?"

XI

WHERE was Wint? Others besides Bentley were asking that question as the afternoon of election wore along. Where was Wint?

No one had seen him. Everyone was asking the question. No one was answering. But the inquirers, casting back and forth along the trail, at length hit upon one fact: Wint, for a week past, had been consistently in the company of Jack Routt.

Where, then, was Routt?

On the morning after Amos Caretall's announcement at the Rink that he would vote for a Chase for mayor, Jack Routt had gone to the congressman with questions on his lips. He had come away with instructions—instructions to keep much in Wint's company and keep the young man out of harm's way till election day.

He had done this zealously. Until Monday evening he and Wint were almost constantly together. That evening Wint went to Joan's house, and bluntly rebuffed Jack's offer to accompany him. But when Wint came out—and he came out in a sulky and defiant manner—Jack was waiting for him at the gate.

Jack did not appear to be waiting. He seemed to be merely passing on his way uptown; and Wint hailed him.

"Hello—you!"

"Hello, Wint! Just going home?"

"Home? It's early yet. Going uptown?"

"Yes." Routt hesitated, as though confused. "I—we—I'm going up to get a prescription filled."

Wint laughed. "For snake bite?"

"Oh, no. A real prescription."

"You don't say!"

Jack protested. "Sure. So—good night."

Wint thrust his arm through the other's. "What do you want to get rid of me for? I'll walk up with you."

Jack balked. "Oh, now, Wint—you—your father will be down on you. You ought to cut it out, Wint. There's nothing in it for you. You never know when to stop!"

Wint stiffened sulkily, but his voice was gentle. "That's tough! Too bad about me! And it's a shame what dad will do to me, now, isn't it?" He took a step forward. "Coming, Jack?"

So they departed together.

At daylight the elder Chase, rising early to go to the polls, met Routt. Jack was homeward bound; and he was a weary young man. Wint was not with him. They exchanged greetings, but no more.

Routt did not again appear in public until some time after noon, election day. When he went uptown then he was as spruce as ever, his eyes clear and his cheeks pink with health. He showed no signs of the fatigue that the elder Chase had remarked in him.

Forthwith men began to ask him: "Where is Wint?"

The first man that put the question was Peter Gergue. This was a big day for Peter. He had been busy, whispering and advising and suggesting and laughing a little behind the back of the elder Chase. He had been too busy getting out the votes and directing the voters to think much about Wint until Jack appeared; but the sight of Jack reminded him of Wint; and so he asked: "Where is Wint, anyway?"

Jack looked to right and left. "I don't know," he said.

Gergue drawled: "It's your job to know."

"I know it is; but he got away from me."

"Got away from you?"

"Yes. Last night. I couldn't stop him."

Gergue ran his fingers through his back hair. "It was your job to stop him."

Jack threw out his hands. "You never saw him when he's going good."

Peter nodded and spat. "No," he said slowly. "No—that's right. Where d'you say you left him?"

Routt shook his head. "I wish I knew. He dodged me."

Gergue shook his head. "Go along. Don't let 'em see you talking—too much."

As the afternoon passed, and especially after that final two hours of scurry and effort began, the inquiries for Wint increased in volume. But at six o'clock Wint was still listed as missing, and he was still missing at eight, and he was still missing when the count of the ballots was completed.

But fifteen minutes later Skinny Marsh, a man without visible means of support, met V. R. Kite on the street and drew him into the dark mouth of an alleyway.

"Kite," he said huskily, "I got something to tell you."

"What is it?" V. R. asked crisply.

"You know where Wint is?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

Kite was interested enough now. "Where?"

Marsh told him; and ten seconds later Kite was walking briskly up the street, gathering his clans.

In the valley of the northeast side of Hardiston there is a network of railway tracks, the freight and coal yards of the D. T. & I. Acres of ground are covered with slack, deposited through many years, and sprinkled over with the cinders from a thousand puffing engines.

This is low land. At one spot a stagnant pool forms every year and furnishes some ragged skating for the children of the locality. The ice factory is on a hill above this pool. At the other end of the yards there is a gaunt and ruined brick structure that was once a nail mill; and this mill gives its name to the section.

Across the tracks there are half a dozen streets, lined for the most part with well-kept little cottages of workingmen. But in one street there is a larger structure that was once a hotel.

This hotel is called the Weaver House. It fronts on the street, is flanked on one side by a railway track, and is backed by the creek, whose muddy waters lap its sills at flood time. This was in its days of glory a railroad hotel, catering to the train crews in the days before the roads frowned on drink among the men. When the road threatened to discharge any man seen in the place its business languished. But prohibition brought the Weaver House a measure of prosperity. There was strategic merit in its situation. A rear room overhung the creek; and a section of the floor of this room was so arranged that when a bolt was pulled the floor would swing downward and drop whatever it bore into the concealing waters. This was a simple and effective way of destroying evidence; and the owner of the place made good use of it.

The office of this hostelry was a square room, at one corner in front. At eleven o'clock on the night of election day there were five creatures in this room. Four were human; one was a dog.

The office was lighted by a single oil lamp. The chimney of this lamp had once been badly smoked, and subsequently cleaned by a masculine hand. It was, to put it gently, dingy. Also, its wick needed trimming. As a result of these defects, the light it gave was not blinding. This lamp stood on a square table in one corner of the room. A wall bench ran along two sides of the table. At the corner a checkerboard was set on the table, and over this board two old men leaned. They were engrossed in their game. Both were gray, both were unclean and ragged. Both were bearded, and the beards of both were stained below the mouth with tobacco. Nevertheless, they played keenly and at the conclusion of each game broke into bitter cackling arguments. These arguments lasted only so long as it took them to rearrange the men, when the one whose turn it was made the first move, and silence instantly descended on them again. These gusts of debate that broke from the old men now and then were the only sounds in the room.

Beside one of the men and leaning forward over the table in a strained and awkward position was the boy. He may have been fourteen years old. But it was strange and pitiful to see in his face, in his eyes, an air of age and grim experience almost equaling that of his two old companions. This boy was dressed in clothes too small for him, so that his wrists stuck out from his sleeves, his neck reared itself bare and gaunt above his coat collar, and his bare ankles and shins were exposed above the shoes he wore.

This boy was reading. He was reading a copy of the bulletin of the Ohio Brewers' Association. He was spelling it out word by word with the closest attention. When the old men burst into argument the boy shook his head a little as though annoyed by their outcries. But for the rest he read steadily, passing his fingers along the lines as he read.

The dog slept on the floor at his feet. The dog was just a dog.

The other person in the room was the manager of the Weaver House. The manager was a woman. The manager was also the owner. She sat in a chair beside what had been the bar, at one side of the room. Her hands were folded in her lap, her head lolled on one shoulder, her mouth was open and she was asleep.

This woman was a virago. In the old days she once hit a brakeman with a rubber bung starter and he died. She was acquitted because the brakeman was drunk and she pleaded self-defense. She was feared and respected by the men among whom she lived. In Paris, in '93, she would have been a commanding figure. In the Nail Mill Addition of Hardiston she was a plague. But as she sat here now, asleep, her old hands folded in her lap, she invited not fear or disgust but just compassion. She was merely a tired old woman, asleep.

She was still asleep when the street door opened and four men came in. The floor of the office was a foot below the level of the street. The first of the four men tripped and stumbled over this descent; and this slight sound woke the woman. She got to her feet with scrambling quickness, and from behind the breastwork of the dusty bar surveyed her visitors. Her eyes were failing, and she thrust her head forward and twisted it on one side that she might see the better.

When she saw who the leader of the four men was she straightened up with relief and said, her voice openly contemptuous: "Oh, it's you, Kite?"

It was; V. R. Kite, Jack Routt and two of Kite's satellites. Kite glanced at the men over the checkerboard and at the boy. The old men at their entrance had looked up in fretful hostility, surrendered to the inevitable and returned to their game. The boy continued to read.

"Hello, Mrs. Moody!" said Kite to the woman; and he stepped toward her and lowered his voice. "Is there a man—Wint Chase—staying here?"

Mrs. Moody grinned. The grin revealed a startlingly perfect set of false teeth, as beautiful as those of a girl of twenty. Their very beauty made them hideous in Mrs. Moody's mouth. She nodded.

"I want to see him."

"He's upstairs. I'll show you."

She turned round and took a lamp from a shelf behind her and lighted it. Then, with this in her right hand and her petticoats gathered up in her left, she emerged from behind the bar and led the way to the stairs. The four men followed in silence. Kite led, and Routt was on his heels.

The stairs were uncertain, but they made the ascent without disaster. Mrs. Moody led the way along a narrow hall to an open door, and stood aside here so that the others might enter. She was enjoying herself.

The four men went into the dark room, and the woman followed and set the lamp on the mantel. This lamp illumined the place. The room contained a bed, a chair and a wardrobe. On the chair were set two shoes. On the floor lay a hat and a coat and one sock. In the bed sprawling on his back upon the dirty coverlet was Wint.

The woman crossed and shook him by the shoulder. She screamed at him: "Wake up, deary! Here's gentlemen to see you!"

Routt crossed quickly to her side, his face working. "Here. Let me!"

She pushed him scornfully. "And don't I know the ways of a drunk, at my age? Get back with you! It's me that has a right to bring him out of it."

She shook Wint again; and this time he came slowly back to consciousness. He gasped, flung out his arms, stirred. His mouth twisted as though at a bad taste on his tongue. They waited for his eyes to open, but after a moment he settled back into sleep again.

The woman looked up over her shoulder. "He's had a full dose. Since noon he's been so." She shook Wint again, yelled into his ear, cuffed him.

Thus, presently he woke.

His eyes opened, though he still lay on his back. His eyes opened, and they wandered idly about the room, fixing a dull gaze now on this face and now on that. Wint was usually amiable when he was drunk, and so when he discovered Routt he grinned and tried to sit up.

"Good ol' Jack," he said thickly. "Tried be a guardian t' me. I fooled 'm. No hard feelin's, Jack. Shake, o' man."

He leaned on one elbow and thrust out an unsteady hand. V. R. Kite grinned wickedly, and Routt stepped forward and sat down on the bed and put his arms about Wint's shoulders.

"Wint," he begged. "Stiffen up! We've got to get you out of here."

Wint shook his head. "I'm comf'ble here. My hostess ——" He waved a hand toward Mrs. Moody. "She's a lady. I'll stay right here. I'm always go'n' stay here, Jack."

Routt shook him gently, cuffed his cheeks smartly. "Wint! Wint! Come out of it! Come on. Let's go to my house. Let's go home."

Wint recognized the others. "H'lo, V. R.," he said amiably. "V. R., why this sudd'n s'lic'tude?"

V. R. Kite was not a bashful man. He was enjoying himself. "I came to take you home—take you to some respectable house," he declared. "This is no place for you."

Mrs. Moody broke into objurgations. But one of Kite's companions deftly hustled her into the hall and silenced her there.

Wint persisted: "Why don' this place suit me all right? I wanna know, V. R."

Routt looked at Kite, and Kite said oracularly: "Because, my friend, the voters of Hardiston have elected you their next mayor."

Wint was swaying a little in Routt's arms; and for a time his face remained blank. Then it assumed a puzzled look.

In the end he asked, his voice less unsteady: "What's—that?"

"You're elected mayor, Wint," Routt told him. "Brace up."

Wint sat up slowly, pushing Routt's arms aside. "You mean—my father, don't you?"

Routt shook his head; and Kite said pompously: "No, not your father. Yourself. The voters wrote in your name on the ballots."

They saw a slow sweep of red flood Wint's face; and for an instant his eyes closed as though he were fainting. The flush passed and left him pale. He got up, stood erect, unsteady, then firm. He shed drunkenness as though it were a cloak, throwing it off with a backward movement of his shoulders.

They watched him, waiting; and V. R. Kite suddenly moved a little toward the door, half afraid.

Then Wint burst out on them. He waved his hands furiously.

"Routt!" he shouted. "This is a poor joke. It's a damn poor joke. You, Kite, you old whited sepulcher, get out of here! Jack—I counted you my friend. You're all dogs, cowards, rascals! Get out! If I choose to lie drunk in this shack—I'll lie here. None of you shall stop me. It's not your affair. It's mine. Mine! Get out! The last one of you! Get out!"

He was so furious that they obeyed him. Routt tried to protest, but Wint gripped him by the shoulders and whirled him and thrust him toward the door.

They tumbled over each other into the hall. Even V. R. Kite lost his dignity. Wint pursued them, cursing them. He drove them to the stairs, down, stood above them with brandished fists. And when they had gone he still stood there for a space, trembling and alone.

Then he turned and went haltingly back into the room. He was no longer drunk. He was quite sober. He went into the room, stood at the door, frozen, ghastly white.

The lamp still stood on the mantel, and he crossed to it without knowing what he did. He stood before it. There was a cracked mirror behind the lamp, above the mantel. Wint saw himself in it. He looked into his own eyes for a long instant; and then his face twitched into a terrible, shamed, disgusted grimace. He lifted the lamp in both hands and sent it crashing into the grate in the fireplace. It splintered and shivered into fragments.

The flame of the wick still burned, however, and the oil that had spilled caught fire, so that for a time the hearth and the grate were wreathed in blue flame. Then the oil burned itself out. The room was left in darkness.

Wint went slowly across to the miserable bed and sat down on it. He gripped his head in his hands. After a little he lay down on his back on the bed. Presently his misery and shame became so poignant that tears filled his eyes and welled over and flowed down his cheeks to the pillow. He ignored them. Eventually the silence in the room was torn by a single racking sob.

XII

THE sun awoke Wint in the morning; and the wakening was cruel. Level white-hot rays burned through his eyelids as though they would char to cinders his aching eyes. He threw his arm fretfully across his face to keep off the glare and lay quietly on the shabby bed, groping back into the night and into the hours of the preceding day in a terrible effort to remember.

There was no more drunkenness in him. The shock of what Jack Routt had told him had banished that. He was sober—too sober, in all conscience, for any peace of mind. It was his loneliness that was most torturing. If there had been someone near, someone else in the room, for whose benefit it was necessary to play a part, Wint would have stiffened his resolution and laughed at the situation. But he could not play a part that would deceive himself. Alone in the dingy bedroom in that disreputable place he burned with shame and tortured pride.

He began to fit together the pieces of the puzzle. He never doubted that it was true the voters had elected him. There had been truth in Jack Routt's eyes the night before, truth and a sort of triumph. Routt was a good fellow and a true friend; and he rejoiced, no doubt, that Wint had been so honored. Wint, thinking this, grimaced. He knew without explanations that his election was a joke; a colossal joke in the first place upon his father, and a grim jest at his own expense. He could imagine the cackling mirth of those who had engineered the thing; and this laughter that he seemed to hear lashed his ears.

He flung himself over on his face and buried his head in his arms and tried to think. He was full of rebellion. He would go away, leave this place, never return.

After a time he lifted his head and moved his body and sat up on the bed, his feet on the floor. He sat up and looked about him and shuddered in a sick way.

The light of day made this room more hideous than it had been by lamplight. The shattered lamp lay in the grate, and there was a charred place on the floor near the hearth, where the oil had burned itself out when Wint threw down the lamp the night before. Above the mantel hung the cracked mirror. In it from where he sat Wint could see a distorted vision of the ceiling of the room and an angle of the wall. There had once been paper on this wall, but it had been cracked by the shrinking of the plaster, and picked away by casual fingers, and here and there it hung in short ragged strips. The bare floor was unclean; the chair near the bed where Wint's two shoes now reposed was decrepit and lacked paint. One door of the big wardrobe hung awkwardly from weakened hinges. It was a little ajar, and Wint could see a disorder of rubbish inside. On the floor near the chair lay his hat and coat and one sock, where he had dropped them when he had come here and stumbled drunkenly to bed.

He held his head in his hands, and his fingers clenched in his crisp hair.

For some time his senses had been catching hints of life in the building below him. The smell of burning grease had come up the stairs from the kitchen; and the grumble of voices now and then upraised in protest or abuse had reached his ears. Once he heard, from a distance and muffled by intervening doors and walls, the clamor of quarreling dogs. But these things did not penetrate his consciousness until a new and louder disturbance broke out below.

A dog barked, snarling and angry; another yelped. The two joined their voices in an angry tumult of sound. Then a woman's voice, the voice of Mrs. Moody, shouted abuse, and a door opened and cries and barks and snarls redoubled.

Wint lifted his head in sudden recognition. He heard the thud of some missile that had missed its mark and clattered against the floor; and then he heard the scramble of hard-toed feet racing up the stairs, and the snuffing of eager nostrils.

His eyes lighted softly and he called: "Muldoon!"

There was a yelp of delight and a new scuffle of feet, and Muldoon plunged in through the open door and was all over Wint in a delirious joy at this reunion. The dog leaped up on Wint's knees; it tried to climb on his shoulders; its tongue sought to caress his cheeks; it nipped his hands lovingly; and all the time it whined a low whine of happiness. Wint, cuffing the hard and eager head, smiled in spite of himself at the dog's caresses; he smiled and caught Muldoon by the ears and held him away and shook him affectionately.

"You, dog!" he scolded. "How did you come here? Eh, you?"

Muldoon wriggled in a desperate effort to explain; and then he stiffened in Wint's arms and turned toward the door with hackles rising. Wint looked that way and saw Mrs. Moody, panting with the zeal of her pursuit. The virago came in; she bore a stick of firewood in one harsh hand; she made for Muldoon, and her old lips dripped blistering abuse.

Wint drew Muldoon close in his arms and held up a protesting hand. "Wait a minute, wait a minute!" he warned her. "What's the matter?"

She smiled mirthlessly, brandishing her billet and reaching for Muldoon's scruff. "I'm a-going to whale that pup, deary," she told Wint. "He's been round here all morning."

Wint hugged Muldoon closer. "Of course," he said. "He knew I was here."

She looked puzzled. "He ain't your'n, is he?"

"Sure," Wint told her. "He's some dog too."

The woman's anger vanished. "Well, say now, if I'd 'a' knowed that ——" She laughed, her desolately beautiful false teeth glistening between her wrinkled lips. "He's drove my dog crazy. He come round here before day, and Jim heard him and tried to git out. Woke me up. I drove this one away; but he came back. Jim got out once, and they had it till I broke 'em up. And then a minute ago Jim got out again, and when I went after 'em with this stove wood, that 'n of your'n slipped by me and in and up the stairs."

Wint rubbed Muldoon's head proudly. "He must have tracked me, found me out somehow," he explained. "I left him locked up. Hope he didn't hurt your ——"

"Oh, Jim c'n take care of hisself. If he can't he'll have t' look out." She looked round the room curiously. "You had callers last night. D'ye remember?"

Wint nodded, bending over the dog. "Yes—I remember."

The woman studied him. "Thought mebbe you was too far gone to know anythin'." She waited for Wint to speak; but Wint volunteered nothing, so she remarked: "I see the lamp got broke."

"I'll pay for it," Wint told her.

She nodded. "That's all right. All in the bill. You must 've been tickled to hear about bein' elected."

Wint said nothing. The woman laughed cacklingly. "Never had a mayor of Hardiston in my hotel before. Had some sheriffs, and a marshal now 'nd then. But no mayor!" She shook with mirth at the thought. "I d'clare, I'll have t' raise my rates."

Wint looked at her steadily, with expressionless eyes. He was fighting to hide the humiliation that was stinging him; and he succeeded. His silence at last frightened the woman; she backed toward the door, babbling broken sentences. Only when she was in the hall, with an avenue of flight open to her, did she recover herself.

"But I s'pose you'll forgit old friends, now that you're mayor, deary," she told him.

Wint smiled bleakly. "Don't count on it," he said.

She seemed uncertain whether to take this as threat or reassurance. "I was always a good friend to you," she reminded him.

He nodded. "Yes—you've been consistent at least."

She wagged her old head, comforted and grinning. "I guess you won't forgit," she told herself. And after a moment: "Will you be wanting some breakfast?"

Wint stroked the ears of Muldoon. "No," he said. "No." And he added thoughtfully: "Thank you very much."

"That's all right, deary," she assured him, and so turned at last and went haltingly down the stairs.

When the woman was gone Wint sat very still for a space, staring at the empty doorway, thinking. Muldoon was on his lap, and Wint forgot the dog, though his hand still played automatically with Muldoon's ears. The dog was for a time content with this, moving its head now and then under Wint's hand to get full value from his caresses; but by and by it became conscious of his abstraction, and looked up into his face and wriggled, and at last muzzled a cold nose under his chin and nudged upward against Wint's jaw until Wint emerged from his absorption and laughed and caught Muldoon's head in his hands and shook it.

"There, boy," he whispered. "D' you think I'd forgotten you? No fear, Muldoon."

Having roused his master Muldoon in his turn decided to feign abstraction. He lay down ostentatiously across Wint's knees, and he pillowed his muzzle on his forepaws and lay there with eyes rolling up in spite of himself to watch Wint's face. Wint cupped the dog's lower jaw in his right hand and shook it gently.

"What are they saying about me, uptown, Muldoon?" he asked.

The dog moved its head, then fell into a motionless pose again. Wint bent over it, whispering, half to Muldoon and half to himself.

"Laughing, of course," he said softly. "Laughing! The joke of years!" He smiled grimly. "Tough on dad. He'd set his heart on this mayor business."

He looked across to the window, and his eyes hardened. "They meant it as a joke on me as much as on father," he reminded himself, and his eyes burned.

He wondered how the plan had been carried through. Caretall and Gergue must have had their hand in it; they may have united with V. R. Kite. It would be reasonably easy, he knew. His father had had no real popularity. Winthrop Chase, Senior, was not a likable man. He was not a vote getter. There was a self-conscious condescension about his good fellowship.

Wint had never paid any great attention to local politics. He wondered idly what a mayor had to do. He tried to remember some of the things mayors had done in the past; and he found his only knowledge of the subject had to do with a Halloween prank as a result of which he and two others had been haled before the mayor's court and badly frightened.

"He must do something besides that," he assured himself. "But, Lord—I couldn't even do that!"

What was he to do? That was the thing he had to decide, and he must decide at once. What could he do? Was there any way by which he could nullify the election? Resign? Abdicate? Get himself impeached? He thought of these projects wistfully. They took no concrete form in his thoughts. He knew nothing of the machinery of local government, knew nothing of the avenues of escape that might be open to him.

He only knew that he would not be made thus the butt of the town's mirth. His face flushed at the thought; and he got up abruptly and walked to the window, Muldoon pacing at his side and looking up wistfully at his master. He would not do it. They should have their trouble for their pains. They were fools. Impudent fools.

One thing he could do; one thing at least. He could go away—hide. If he were not here they could not force him to serve. So much was sure. He would go away.

This decision, Wint told himself, had cleared the air. He tried to believe that it solved all his perplexities; and he bent over Muldoon and cuffed the dog and romped with it across the room, to Muldoon's delirious delight. Then he began to whistle to himself, and so looked about and sat

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down on the bed and drew on the sock which still lay on the floor. He had difficulty in fastening the sock supporter about his leg. The leg of the trousers obstructed him. He fussed over the thing until he was fuming again, and his face flushed with stooping. But at last the trick was done, and he took his shoes from the chair and put them on. He found that one of the laces was broken, no doubt by his drunken fingers when he had unlaced the shoes before removing them. This discovery whetted his resentment and disgust. He knotted the lace and hid the knot under an eyelet of the shoe, where it pressed on his instep and irked him. He kicked the shoe on the floor until it gave him some measure of comfort.

His hat and coat were on the floor. He put them on, brushing the dust from his coat with his hands, and afterward with a flick of his handkerchief. Then he crossed reluctantly to the speckled mirror and looked into it.

He saw that his face was dirty, and his collar soiled and crushed. He took it off, turned it inside out and replaced it, and it gave him some faint satisfaction to see the improvement thus effected in his appearance. But he was still ghastly. There was no water in the room; and he knew that the bathroom at the end of this upper hall was not made for cleanliness, so he wet his handkerchief with his tongue and scrubbed his face clean with that. The result had a forced and unnatural look, but he was constrained to be content.

He started slowly for the door but his feet lagged. It was hard for him to make up his mind to face the world again. He thought uneasily of remaining here through the day and catching a night freight out of town; and he turned irresolutely back toward the bed; but Muldoon, at his knee, barked softly in remonstrance.

Wint bent and patted the dog's head and said softly: "Right you are, pup. We're not afraid of them. But heaven help the man that laughs, Muldoon!"

The dog wagged its whole body and barked again as though in approval; and Wint smiled faintly and went again toward the door. He looked down and saw that his trousers were wrinkled, and he smoothed and tugged at them in an effort to give them some appearance of respectability. When he had done his best for them he went toward the door again, and this time he did not stop. He went out into the hall, and to the stair head, and so down into the office of the hotel.

Like the bedroom the office of the Weaver House suffered by daylight. Even the dingy and unwashed window panes could not keep out the pitiless sun; and the room's ugliness was exposed in hideous nakedness.

The room, save for the fact that the sun instead of a lamp lighted it, was as it had been the night before. The smoky lamp, still standing on the table, gave forth a smell of dirty oil, which filled the place and fought with the reek of bad tobacco and the pungent smell of alcohol. Doors and windows were tight shut. At their corner of the table above their checkerboards still leaned the two old men. It was as though they had not stirred the long night through.

As Wint came down the stairs a game ended, and their cackling voices broke into the familiar argument while their stained old fingers swiftly rearranged the pieces for a new beginning. Then one moved a piece, and both fell silent.

Mrs. Moody sat at her place behind what had been the bar. The only change in the room since the night before was that instead of the reading boy a man sat by the table. This man was unshaven, trembling, shrunken within his rumpled and baggy garments. His eyes were open, and his head wagged from side to side as he sat, and his lips moved in an interminable mumbling argument with someone invisible.

Jim, the dog that was just a dog, was not to be seen.

Wint, with Muldoon at his heels, came down the stairs and stopped in front of the bar and nodded to Mrs. Moody. He reached into his pocket, and the old woman got up briskly and grinned at him, the enamel of her teeth a blinding white flash in her wrinkled old face. Her eyes puckered when she grinned; and she laid her hands, palms down, upon the bar.

"Going away, deary?" she asked.

Wint nodded. "What do I owe you?"

"Sorry I ain't got a bite to offer ye," she apologized. Then with a sly glance at the men across the room: "Less'n you wanted to come out by the kitchen in back. A little drop ——"

Wint shook his head. "Not to-day. How much?"

She told him, and he selected a bill and gave it to her. She took it and tucked up her apron and delved into the pocket of her loose skirt and produced a dirty cloth bag. This bag was tied with a string at the top. She untied the string, rummaged inside, found his change and gave it to him. He took it from her; and as he did so he turned at a shuffling step and saw the drunken man at his elbow.

This man peered at him; and Wint moved a little away from him. The man followed a lurching step, and grinned placatingly and mumbled: "Wint Chase, ain't it?"

Wint nodded. "Yes." He tried to pass the man and get to the door; but the man thrust out a shaking hand.

"Shake!" he invited thickly. "Wanta shake hands with new mayor. Voted fer you; voted fer you three times."

Mrs. Moody was leaning across the bar and watching and grinning. Wint hesitated, and then he took the man's hand and shook it, and tried to release it; but the man clung to it, and lunged closer, and put his other hand on Wint's shoulder. His weight fell against Wint's chest.

"New mayor," he repeated uncertainly. "Good, nice new mayor."

He cackled softly and wiped his wet mouth with the back of his hand and gripped Wint's shoulder again, and regarded Wint seriously, studying him. "Good little man," he applauded. "Make dam' good mayor fer this little town."

He rocked on his feet, and Wint tried to put the man away without offending him, but the man staggered and clasped his arms round Wint's neck and giggled weakly on Wint's breast. "This'll be a nice wet li'l town now, eh, boy!" he exulted. "Eh, boy? Nice, wet li'l town."

Wint with a sudden revulsion that sickened him and stiffened his angry pride thrust the man away and stepped quickly out into the street. He felt Muldoon brush against his legs, and he looked down at the dog and set his jaw.

"You, dog," he whispered. "They've tried one joke too many. Eh, pup? We'll stay and turn the joke on them, Muldoon. What say?"

Muldoon whined approvingly, fidgeting on eager feet; and Wint bent and clapped him on the soulder.

"Come on, you," he said softly. "Come on. Let's go home."

XIII

WINT left the Weaver House at a little before noon, Muldoon trotting sedately at his heels. The street outside the hotel was empty; and Wint was glad of this. He followed it to the railroad tracks, intending to cross the yards and take a back street toward his home. But at the end of the street he encountered Peter Gergue.

Gergue saw him coming, and stopped and fumbled in the tangle of hair at the back of his head until Wint came near.

Wint would have avoided him but there was no way to do this, so he said coldly: "Good morning, Pete."

Gergue grinned slowly. "Why—right fair," he agreed. "Yes'r, it's a right fair morning—if you look at it that way."

Wint nodded. He would have passed by, but Gergue stopped him. "I was coming down after you," he said.

"Why?" Wint asked.

"Oh—I thought you might want company. Heard you was here!"

"Want anything special?"

"We-ell—I did think of congratulating you."

Wint smiled coldly. "Thanks. That all?"

Gergue rummaged through his hair. "Thought you might have questions to inquire about."

Wint started to say "No" to this, then changed his mind and looked at Peter steadily.

"You—you mix in politics, don't you, Pete!"

Gergue looked startled. "Why—some," he admitted. "Why, yes, I might say—some."

"Friend of Congressman Caretall's, aren't you?"

Gergue spat and nodded slowly. "I like to help him out—when I c'n manage," he agreed.

Wint smiled again. "Then you know how this thing happened?"

"Some," said Peter.

"Explain it to me," Wint invited. "How was it worked? And—why?"

Gergue grinned slyly. Then he laughed, a shrill burst of merriment of a sort unusual in this man. When this mirth passed he touched Wint's lapel. "Cleanest piece of work I ever see," he declared.

"How was it done?"

"Word o' mouth! Word o' mouth! Cong'essman knew folks was expecting something f'om him. He kept 'em expecting. Told everybody he was going to vote for a man named Chase. Got 'em worked up, sittin' on needles and pins and cockleburs to know where the trick come in. Everybuddy knowed they was some trick. Then—last minute—he passed the word to V. R. Kite, and him and Kite passed the word round. Everybuddy figured it would be a joke on your paw. Whole town took it laughing, and went and done what cong'essman told 'em t' do. Writ in your name ——"

Wint smiled frostily. "Great joke, wasn't it?"

Gergue chuckled. "Fine! Take V. R. Kite. Tickled him half t' death. Like t' killed Kite."

"Caretall and my father are against each other, of course?"

"Sure. Your paw comes to the cong'essman, high and mighty, offering him this 'nd that. That wan't no way to go at the cong'essman. Amos ain't used to it."

Wint nodded. "But why me?" he asked. "Why pick on me?"

Gergue waved his hand. "That made it more like a joke on your paw. Everybuddy knowed what you paw thinks of you. Figured it'd pupplex him. It did too, Wint. It certainly did pupplex your paw."

"It would," Wint agreed. "But—I should think Caretall would as soon see my father elected as me."

"Yo'r paw had too much wind in his sails. Needed a little coolin' off. Amos gave it to him."

"But how about Kite?" Wint asked. "Why was he so ready to fall in with it?"

Gergue looked at Wint sidewise. "Why, he don't like yo'r paw so very much," he explained with an appearance of frankness; "and besides that, Kite's wet, and your paw's dry. That stands t' reason."

"He figured I would be wet, of course?"

Gergue nodded emphatically. "Natural," he said. "Natural, he figured that way."

"Did Caretall have that idea too?"

Gergue wagged his head. "We-ell, now," he parried, "Amos don't lay so much on that end of it. He's a wet man, in politics; but he don't touch it hisself. I guess he just wanted t'give you a leg up—see what you'd do. Amos keeps his eye on the young fellows, that way."

They had crossed the tracks while they were talking, and they met two men now. Wint knew these men casually; they knew him. They were workmen; and they saw Wint and Gergue together, and grinned, and one of them called: "Morning, Mister Mayor."

Wint smiled at them amiably. "Good morning."

"Congratulations!"

"Thanks."

Wint's cheeks were burning. The men passed by, and he and Gergue started up the hill by a back street that led toward his home. Neither of them spoke. Presently they began to meet other men. One or two of these men scowled at Gergue, stared angrily at Wint; but for the most part they smiled covertly and voiced congratulations. Their words seemed to Wint to mask gibes.

After a time the two came to a cross street that led toward town; and here Gergue halted and looked at Wint curiously. "Was there anything else?" he asked.

Wint shook his head.

"You wasn't thinking, maybe, of walking uptown?"

"Not now."

"Going on home, I guess."

"Yes."

Gergue nodded. "All right. When you come uptown you might stop in and see me."

"I'll see," Wint told him.

"Amos aims to do right by you," said Gergue.

"Much obliged."

"You don't want to hold this against him."

Wint smiled slowly. "Good-by," he said.

Gergue nodded. "By-by," he responded. "I'll see you again."

He turned toward town, and Wint watched him for a moment, and then went on toward his home. Muldoon trotted sedately before him, ranging now and then across the street or into a yard to investigate some affair of his own. Wint walked swiftly, for he had an uneasy feeling of nakedness in the light of open day, as though everyone he encountered must see the shame that was torturing him.

He came to his home through a short cut that brought him by way of an alley to the kitchen door; and when he opened the door and stepped into the kitchen he saw Hetty Morfee there. Hetty was rolling biscuits on a board, her sleeves rolled to the elbows on her creamy arms; and she turned at the sound of his entrance and stood with the rolling pin in one hand, brushing back the hair from her eyes with the other and laughing at him softly.

"Oh, you Wint!" she said.

Wint closed the kitchen door behind him and faced the girl. "Is mother here?" he asked.

"She's in next door." She nodded her head reproachfully. "You certainly have started something, Wint."

"Where's father?"

"Uptown. He telephoned just now to know if you had come home. He ain't coming home for dinner."

Wint dropped his eyes for a moment, then lifted his head. "All right," he said. "I—I suppose he's mad as a hatter."

Hetty chuckled softly. "Mad as two of 'em," she declared. "You certainly have started something this time, Wint."

He looked toward the biscuit board. "Are those for lunch?"

"Yes."

"How soon will they be ready?"

"Half an hour. You hungry?" She studied him, solicitude lurking in her eyes.

"Yes. I didn't have any breakfast."

The girl moved toward him with the quick instinct of woman. "You poor kid! I'll get you something now."

He lifted his hand impatiently. "Never mind. Or—just a glass of milk."

She laughed, crossing the room toward the pantry. "You just sit down and see."

While he still stood irresolutely in the middle of the floor she was back with bread and butter and a glass of jelly and a bowl of milk. She spread these things upon the table, cut bread for him and made him sit down and eat while she hovered over him, her eyes never leaving the brown head as he bent above his plate. Now and then she laughed softly, and more than once she repeated: "You surely have started something this time."

He ate ravenously. He had not realized his own hunger. But after the second slice she stopped him.

"Now that's enough," she declared. "You'll spoil your dinner."

He laughed, the first time he had laughed that day. "I guess not," he declared. "I could eat a house."

She smiled, carrying the viands back to their places. "Where was you last night?" she asked curiously.

He looked up at her, half resentful, half glad of her friendship and understanding. "Weaver House," he said.

She made a little grimace. "Golly! You must've been pie-eyed for fair."

He flushed, but he nodded. "Yes."

"And look what they done to you. It don't pay, does it, Wint?"

He laughed. "I suppose not."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Your paw's awful mad."

He got up stiffly. "I suppose so. Well—he's been mad before."

"And your maw's upset."

"I'll be up in my room," he said. "Call me when dinner's ready."

She was back at her biscuits, laying them delicately in the pan. "Sure. Go ahead."

The door closed behind him. When she heard the click of a latch the girl stopped her work for an instant, and looked over her shoulder at the closed door. She remained thus for a space, then brushed her arm across her forehead as though a lock of hair distressed her, and went on with her task.

Wint went to his room and threw aside his soiled garments and bathed and was half dressed when Hetty called up the stairs that dinner was ready. He came down into the hall as his mother entered the front door. When she saw him she lifted her hands and ran at him and poured out upon him a torrent of querulous complaint.

"Wint, where have you been all this time? Your father is so mad. He's terrible mad at you. I never saw your father so worked up, Wint. I don't see what you had to go and do a thing like that for anyhow, Wint. I told Mrs. Hullis this morning I just couldn't see how you could do it. Your father was so set on getting elected, and everything; and he'd made so many plans, and when he came home last night I said to him ——"

Hetty called from the dining-room door: "Dinner's ready, ma'am."

"All right, Hetty, I'm a-coming," Mrs. Chase assured her. "Wint, you come along. I want to talk to you. I don't see what you're going to do about it. I don't see—I said to your father last night that I just couldn't see how you could ——"

Wint broke in: "Mother—please! It wasn't my doing. I had nothing to do with it."

"I said to your father last night, when he came home," she insisted—"he came home so mad, and everything. He was in a terrible state, Wint. He ramped and tore round here like he was a crazy man; and I said to him that I didn't see how a son could do a thing like that to him. He was tramping up and down, and he kept talking about you, and I said to him that I ——"

"I tell you I had nothing to do with it, mother."

"I think Congressman Caretall ought to have something better to do than to come home here and stir up a son against his father. I told your father so; and I said——"

"He didn't stir me up against father, mother. It was a trick, a political game. I didn't know anything about it till they told me I'd been elected."

"I said to him that I just couldn't believe it. And he said if it wasn't true why weren't you here at home where you belonged. He said you were probably down at Caretall's, laughing at your father. And I said I just couldn't see how a son could do a thing like that to a father like him. Because your father has been good to you, Wint. He's been mighty good to you; and he's stood a lot. I said to him that he'd stood a lot, and he said you were probably off drinking again somewhere, and that you'd ——"

Hetty came in from the kitchen with the plate of biscuits, set them before Mrs. Chase, and looked at Wint and laughed and pressed her hands to her ears and grimaced at Mrs. Chase's unconscious head.

Wint protested: "Mother, I ——"

Mrs. Chase broke in: "Hetty, those biscuits are just fine. I declare, your things always seem to come out better than mine. I wish I could do it that way. I wish your father was at home, Wint. He likes hot biscuits so. But goodness knows, he wouldn't have any appetite to eat anything to-day. Hetty told me when she called me to come home that he'd telephoned he wasn't coming. She told me you had come, and I came right over to tell you that I just didn't see how you could ——"

Wint was glad at last to finish and escape. He went up to his room, his mother's words pursuing him. The reaction had set in; and he was terribly tired and sick and full of sleep. He flung himself on his face on the bed, and he tossed there for a space, thinking miserably, and so at last he fell asleep.

He was wakened by a thrumming knock on his door, and sat up and called huskily: "Who's that?"

The door opened and his father came in. His father came in, and he shut the door behind him. Outside Wint saw his mother. She was saying something; and the closing door cut off her words. His father ignored her; he shut the door and faced Wint.

It was late afternoon, almost dusk. Shadows had begun to fill the room. Wint saw that his father's face was black; and he got up from the bed and stood there for a moment, and he saw that his father was trembling. He took a step forward.

"Father," he said unsteadily, "I want to tell you I had nothing to do with this. I'm sorry. And I'll do whatever you say to make things right."

The restraint which the elder Chase had imposed upon himself fled before the wind of passion. He lifted his clenched hands as though he would bring them down upon Wint's head.

"You! You!" he cried. "You're my son—and you join with drunkards and vagabonds and thieves to make a laughing-stock of me."

Wint protested. "I did not! I knew nothing."

"Don't lie to me, Wint!" his father cried.

The elder man's anger was terrible. It swept away the poise with which he faced the world, it left him nothing but his wrongs; and these wrongs and his own rage somehow transfigured and ennobled him.

In spite of himself, Wint had never respected and loved his father so much as then. He cried again, almost pleadingly: "Dad ——"

"Be quiet!" his father cried. "Don't speak. It is my time to speak. I have kept silent too long. You have disgraced me with your drunkenness; and now you make a joke of me before the world. You ——"

"I tell you I knew nothing of this till it was done."

"You lie! You lie, Wint! And even if it were true you have made it possible by—by your debaucheries. You have given them the chance—you have made me the laughingstock ——" He flung his arms wide. "Why, even the Cincinnati papers have the story, Wint. They—the whole damned country knows."

His voice broke suddenly; his hands dropped to his sides.

Resentment fought with affection in Wint; and pride stiffened his voice as he said again: "I told you I'd do anything, dad."

"Anything? What good will that do? You and Caretall—laughing at me! I won't stand it! I'll break Caretall if it kills me. Caretall is a scoundrel, a crook. He's debauched the town."

He stopped suddenly; he became cold and still.

"Come down to supper, Wint," he said shortly. "After that you can get out. I've warned you enough—the last time. I'm through."

Wint stiffened. "Dad ——" he said softly.

His father made a fierce gesture. "Be quiet! I tell you I am through." He whirled to the door and opened it, and was gone before Wint could speak again. But while Wint still stood quiet he returned and called: "I know where you were last night. That was enough. That alone. I'm through. Through!"

This time he did not return. Wint waited for a space, and then mechanically and automatically he picked up his hat, put it on and went down the stairs. His mother and father were in the dining room. He heard his mother's voice. But he did not go in.

He went to the door and out, and down the walk to the street. As he reached the pavement the door opened behind him, and he looked back and saw his father standing there. For a moment the two looked at each other; then the elder man turned his head and went back into the house and closed the door.

Wint walked steadily down the street. He did not know where he was to go; he did not think of this. And so it was without his own volition that he came to Joan's home, and saw the girl sitting in a chair upon the veranda, a book in her lap.

Her eyes met his. Her eyes were very serious and sad; but Wint turned in and went to the steps and stood there before her. She smiled a little wistfully; and he said under his breath: "Joan."

She made no move to answer him.

He said again: "Joan." And then: "Joan ——"

She bent her head a little, but her eyes held his.

"Wint," she said, so softly he could scarce hear her words, "Wint—I'm sorry. But—I can't go on. I can't—trust you, Wint. This is good-by."

He felt himself shrink a little at the word; and he stood still for a moment till his senses steadied. Then he lifted his head a little.

"I don't blame you," he told her.

She said again: "Good-by!"

And he nodded and echoed quietly: "Good-by, Joan."

For another moment their eyes held each other. Then his dropped and he turned and went down to the street again.

Half an hour later Mrs. Moody was lighting the smoky lamp in the office of the Weaver House when Wint came in. She saw him and grinned, and her teeth reflected the lamp's light like pearls.

"Why, hello, deary! Back again?" she called.

He nodded. "The same room, please," he told her.

She bustled across to the stairs, and paused there and looked at him wisely.

"A little drop first, in the kitchen?" she invited.

He shook his head. "No—nothing."

And so presently he found himself in the place where he had slept that sodden sleep the night before.

XIV

WINT had returned to the Weaver House in a numb revulsion of feeling. He was hurt and angry at the whole world; and he was wholly at sea as to what he should do. His instinct was to fight, to fight the thing out, to fight his father and to prove to Joan that she was mistaken in her condemnation. It was this instinct, with an unspoken thought that he would face the thing honestly, that sent him back to the hovel where he had spent the night before. That was where he belonged, he told himself. It was to such places that his father and Joan had consigned him. So be it. He found a grim sort of satisfaction in flaunting the stigma of his shame.

The greatest single force in Wint's life had always been his resentment of dictation. A devil of contrariness possessed him: a devil of false pride that made him go counter to all warnings for the sheer joy of opposition. Thus his best friends became his enemies; for their good advice and counsel thrust him into evil paths; and by the same token those who thought themselves his enemies were as often as not his best and truest friends. There was a stubborn streak in Wint that ruled him; it was rare that the gentler side of him had the ascendancy. One of those rare moments had come when he faced his father on this day. He had been humble, shamed, regretful, ready to make any amends. But the elder Chase, writhing under the ridicule to which the day had subjected him, had been in no mood for gentleness; and the result of the interview of father and son had been a parting which left them both sore and resentful.

The first faint anger in Wint's heart grew swiftly. When he had seen Joan and she had sent him away he coupled her with his father in his thoughts. They were both against him; both thought him nothing better than a drunkard; both thought him a treacherous and ribald fool. And the consciousness of this lifted his head in anger and stiffened his heart, so that he swore he would fight out the battle and prove to them they were wrong, and then throw his newly won victory in their faces. They thought him a drunken sot; very well, he would fight the fight on that basis. They thought the Weaver House was the place where he belonged; very well, he would fight his fight from that brothel. And it was in such fashion as this, wearing his own disgrace like a plume, that he returned to Mrs. Moody's disreputable hostelry.

When he was alone in his room he sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. He rested his elbows on his knees, the cigarette dangling from his clasped fingers, and considered. And as he thought his face hardened, hardened with the effort to control his own pity for himself. He was immensely sorry for his own plight, immensely resentful of the misunderstandings of which he was a victim. And he was terribly lonely. He missed companionship. Jack Routt. Gergue. Even Muldoon. Muldoon would have been the most welcome of them all, but he had left Muldoon at home. He regretted this; and his regret at last became so keen that he could not bear it. With a sudden resolution he tossed the half-burned cigarette into the grate, and went down the stairs and crossed the railroad and bent his steps toward home.

Muldoon at least would not condemn him. Muldoon was a faithful sort; a good pup.

He took alleyways and unfrequented streets, and avoided chance encounters. Thus he came near his home without meeting anyone, and went in through the alley and halted under a cherry tree that shaded Muldoon's kennel, beside the coal house, and whistled softly. The dog might be in his kennel; he might be in the house; he might be roaming abroad in search of his master.

He whistled three times but got no response. Muldoon was somewhere beyond hearing. He might be in the house; and if he was and heard Wint's whistle Wint knew he would bark a demand that he be allowed to come out.

So Wint whistled more shrilly; a long, familiar call.

For a time he got no answer to this. He tried again, and this time he heard the faint sound of a muffled bark from inside the house. This bark came nearer, became clamorous, located itself at the kitchen door, where Wint could hear Muldoon's claws rattling on the panels.

He started toward the kitchen, then halted. For the windows were lighted; and at one of them Hetty Morfee appeared. She was wiping dishes, and when she came to the window she held a plate, gripped in a dishcloth, in her left hand, and shaded her eyes with her right as she tried to peer out into the night.

Muldoon's close-cropped head appeared beside her at the window for an instant, and he barked again. Wint shrank back into the shadow. He did not wish to be discovered and he was unwilling to risk encountering his father or his mother by going to the house. He shrank back into the darkness; but he whistled again, and this time Hetty left the window and opened the door, and Muldoon came out like a projectile and found Wint under the cherry tree and slavered over him.

Wint was so absorbed in the dog that he did not see, until too late, that Hetty had followed Muldoon. She came on him under the tree, laughing softly.

"It's you, is it?" she called.

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"I came for Muldoon. He's mine."

She chuckled lightly. "You're the original Mister Trouble, Wint. Your paw says he never wants to see you again, and your maw's gone over to tell the neighbors all about it."

"Where's father?"

"He stomped off uptown after supper."

Wint fumbled with the dog's head. "Thanks for letting Muldoon out," he said.

"That's all right. Don't you want some supper? Come on in."

"No."

"Where are you going to spend the night?"

"The Weaver House."

She gave an exclamation of disgust. "That dirty joint!"

"They say that's where I belong. I can stand it if they can."

"Oh, don't be a nut!"

He turned away, into the alley, Muldoon at his heels.

She called after him: "What's your hurry?"

"Good night."

"Your paw'll come round."

Wint said nothing. He was moving away. She ran after him and caught his arm.

"Wint! Don't be a nut! Come on back. He'll come round."

He released his arm and shook his head. "That's up to him," he said. "I've eaten dirt—all I intend to."

She lifted her shoulders, laughed. "Oh—all right. If there's anything you want from here let me know and I'll get it for you."

"Thanks. And—good night!"

"Good night," she said.

She moved back into the shadow of the coal shed and watched him disappear. Leaning there, one hand fumbling at her throat, she was a wistful and unhappy figure. But when Wint was gone she laughed harshly and turned back to her work in the kitchen.

If Hetty had wished to confirm Wint in his resolution to go his stubborn way she could have taken no better means than to repeat her warning: "Don't be a nut!" He took a certain delight in being thus unreasonable. What he did was his own affair; it concerned no one else. And he returned to the Weaver House in a surprisingly peaceful frame of mind, climbed to his room, went to bed, with Muldoon curled on the floor beside him, and slept soundly and healthfully.

He woke in the morning, to find Muldoon sitting by the bed, watching him and waiting for him to stir. When he opened his eyes Muldoon wriggled and yawned and licked his hand, and Wint chuckled and got up briskly and dressed himself and went downstairs. The office was empty when he came down, for the hour was early; and he went out without seeing anyone, and followed the railroad tracks to the station.

There was a lunch cart near the station; and he crowded in among the toil-grimed crew of the night freight and ate a Hamburg-steak sandwich garnished with a biting slice of onion, and drank a great mug of steaming coffee. Some of the men recognized him, and they talked to him with an unwilling respect in their manner. He liked this. They did not seem to be laughing at him, though they professed interest in the manner of his election, and asked him how

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he had worked it and what he was going to do now. He told them, honestly enough, that he had known nothing about it beforehand; and he told them, with equal honesty, that he was asleep in the Weaver House when the word was brought to him. They seemed surprised that he should state these things without disguise or palliation; and they seemed to approve of him for doing so. Their attitude gave him renewed confidence, so that he went up toward town with his head high, ready to look men in the eye.

He began to meet people at once. They were for the most part men going to their work; and some of them eyed him angrily, and some seemed inclined to laugh at him; but most of them, like the railroad men, gave evidence of a certain new respect. They hailed him with effusive cordiality as "Mister Mayor" but they seemed a little afraid of the sound of their own words, a little afraid of what his attitude might be.

Wint had made his plans. He must get some clothes from his home, must cut himself off completely from his father. To this end he sought Jack Routt. Routt, like everyone in town, went to the post office each morning for his mail; and Wint found him there.

Routt shook his hand heartily. "Wint, congratulations!" he said under his breath. "This'll be a great thing for you. It will steady you, Wint."

Wint shook his head, some of the sullen anger of the night before returning. He had no wish to be steadied, and he said so.

"I can take care of myself," he told Routt.

Jack nodded. "Sure you can. But you need something to hold you down. And this'll do it." He nudged Wint in the ribs, smiling slyly. "Y'know, you've been hitting it too strong lately. You don't know when to stop, Wint. This will put the brakes on. Make you 'tend to business."

Wint brushed his hand across Routt's face abruptly. "Cut it!" he said. "Say, Jack, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything in the world."

"My father is sore. He thinks I was in on this. So he kicked me out last night."

"Kicked you out?" Routt was startled and indignant. "Why, say, that's —— Where did you go? Why didn't you come over to my place?"

Wint said consciously: "No—I went to the Weaver House. They know me there."

Routt looked quickly round to see if anyone had heard. "Sh-h-h!" he warned. "Say, that was a fool thing to do. Don't let anyone find it out. You want to walk straight now ——"

Wint cut in: "I want you to go out home and get my steamer trunk and pack it with some things. There's a blue suit in my closet. And shirts, and so on. Get my overcoat too. Mother will show you—or Hetty."

Routt looked at him quickly. "Hetty who?"

"Hetty Morfee."

Routt looked at Wint and laughed softly. "Oh—she's working for you?"

"Yes."

"Nice kid, isn't she?"

"Yes. And—as I said—she'll help you if mother won't."

Routt nodded. "All right," he agreed. "I'll go out this morning. Where'll I send the trunk? Weaver House?"

"I'll send for it. You just pack it."

Routt touched Wint's arm. "I'll do it," he said again. "But, Wint—for the love of Mike, don't make a fool of yourself! Thing for you to do is to take hold, run the town right, make a name for yourself. It's a great chance, Wint. Make everybody see what you've got in you. And it'll be the making of you, Wint."

The distribution of the morning's mail to the boxes was ended just then, and the windows opened. Routt broke off and went to get his mail; and Wint, still resentful at Routt's insistence on the moral advantage of his situation, went to the window. Dave Howells, one of the postal clerks, was there; and before Wint could speak he had offered his congratulations. These continual good wishes were beginning to irk Wint. He nodded impatiently.

"Dave," he said, "I want you to hold my mail hereafter. Don't send it to the house."

"Oh, we always put it in your father's box," Howells told him.

"Well, don't do that. Hold it. I'll call for it."

The clerk wanted to ask questions, but decided not to do so. He took out a card and wrote something on it. "I think there's a letter for you in the box now," he said. "I'll give it to you."

Wint nodded; and a moment later the man handed him an envelope, and Wint turned away from the window. He met his father face to face at the door of the post office. Neither of them spoke.

Wint had dropped the letter into his pocket without looking at it. When he reached the hotel on the corner he turned in and sat down in one of the deep leather chairs in the lobby and drew out the envelope. The address, he saw, was typewritten. The letter had been mailed in town. The envelope was plain; and when he opened it he saw that the paper it contained bore no distinguishing mark.

The letter, like the address, was typewritten, and Wint read it once, and then read it again with slowly kindling resentment. It read:

"*Dear Wint:* You have made ducks and drakes of your life. And you have made yourself the butt of the town's jokes. And you have made those who loved you the objects of derision.

"But your election as mayor gives you the finest chance a man ever had to retrieve those old mistakes, to make a man of yourself, and to make a fine town of Hardiston.

"Take hold. Work hard. Live straight. And be sure that there are some true friends who will watch you lovingly and sympathetically, and hope and pray for your success."

This letter was unsigned. Wint read it a second time, and then with tense stiff fingers he tore it into little bits and dropped these bits into a wide brass cuspidor beside his chair. As the scraps of paper fluttered from his hand he clenched his fists; and he looked about to see if anyone had been watching.

He hated this preaching, this morality, this harping on the hope of his redemption. He was all right; no harm in him. But they would not leave him alone. They nagged at him; nagged. He hated it.

He wondered, as an undercurrent to this rage, who had written the letter. It might have been his father or his mother or Routt. Routt was a sanctimonious ass about some things. Or it might have been —— He thought it was probably the minister of his father's church; and he grinned with dry relish at the thought. The old man must have been sadly shocked at Wint more than once; and this letter sounded just like him.

"Blithering, self-righteous ——"

He lunged up from his chair, boiling furiously. All his determination to stick it out was gone. He would not do it, would not go on and make a righteous spectacle of himself for the edification of these old women! He went out and turned up the street past the court house, walking blindly, storming inwardly. He would get out of town, shake the dust of the place off his feet. Let them find a new mayor.

He was still fuming thus when, in front of the court house, he met Peter Gergue. Peter rummaged through his back hair and grinned at Wint.

"Saw you coming," he explained. "Thought as how you might be looking f'r me. So I came down."

"I'm not looking for you," said Wint.

Gergue nodded. "All right," he assented. "Mind if I walk along with you? Going on this way?"

Wint halted in his tracks. "What's up?" he asked sharply. "What do you want?"

"Me?" Peter ejaculated. "Why—me? I don't want nothing."

"What are you so anxious to keep an eye on me for, then? I don't want you."

Gergue hesitated, and he looked across the street toward his office; and at last he leaned toward Wint and said slyly: "Tell you the truth, it ain't me. Amos is over at my place. He see you coming, and he was worried f'r fear you'd come up and find him there. He knows you're mad at him. Don't want to see you. Don't want to listen to you. Knows you got a fair kick, and he don't like to listen to kicks."

Wint looked across the way, and then at Peter; and then without a word he started across the street. Peter went hurriedly after him.

"Say," he begged, "you ain't going ——"

"I'm going to tell that old scamp what I think of him."

Peter pleaded. "Oh, now, Wint—he'll be mad at me." He laid a restraining hand on Wint's arm. Wint shook it off.

"What do I care what he thinks of you?" he demanded. "Let go!"

"You don't want t'see him, Wint."

Wint went stubbornly ahead. He turned into the stairs that led up to Peter's office; and Gergue sighed.

"Glory! Well—all right then. I'll trail along," he said; and then he smiled at Wint's ascending back with amiable satisfaction and followed Wint up the stairs.

Wint had never been in Peter's office before. He halted in the doorway, struck by the slack disorder of the place. There were spider webs in every corner; there was dust everywhere. The soft floor had been worn by many feet till every knot stood up like a rounded knob, and every nail upreared a shining head. The door of the wardrobe hung open, revealing some battered books inside. The old oilcloth-covered table at the window was littered with papers and rusty pens, and sagged weakly under the weight of the letter press and seal. At this table, when Wint went in, sat Congressman Amos Caretall. The congressman saw Wint and got up hurriedly, eyes squinting, head on one side. He looked distinctly apologetic; and when he saw Peter behind Wint he eyed his satellite reproachfully.

Wint stormed across the room to face the congressman; but even while he approached the older man some of his anger died in him. Amos was so frankly unhappy, he was so apologetic, the tilt of his head was so plaintive.

Nevertheless Wint cried: "What right had you to use my name this way, congressman?"

Caretall shook his head humbly. "Not a right in the world, Wint."

"It was a dirty trick. Underhand."

The congressman nodded. "I know it, Wint," he assented. "I c'n see that now. All the trouble it's made and everything. If I'd knowed—but, you see, a man gets to playing the game, and he don't stop to think like he oughter."

"You hadn't any right to do it," Wint insisted; but he was weakening. Nothing is so disarming as acquiescence; and when a man condemns himself it is human nature to wish to defend him.

"I know it," Amos repeated. "I ain't got a word to say, Wint. Except that I'll help to straighten things out so you won't have to serve."

Wint looked puzzled for a moment. "I—what's that?"

"I say, I'll help you fix things so you won't have to take it."

"What makes you think I don't want to take it?"

Amos spread out his hands like a man who has nothing to conceal. "Why, that's common sense. I'd ought to have knowed. It's a hard job.

"Prob'ly you couldn't swing it. Anyway, it means work, and stickin' to the grindstone; and you're a young fellow. You like your good times. You wouldn't want to be tied down to anything this way."

Wint laughed derisively. "You think you know a lot about me, don't you?"

Amos smiled. "Well, Wint," he returned, "I've seen some of life. I know a lively young fellow like you don't want to take on a job that means work. And you're right, o' course. It ain't the job f'r you. You ain't fitted for it. You couldn't manage it. You're right, I hadn't ought to have got you into this. But I'll help get you out. That's the least I can do."

Wint looked at the congressman with level eyes for a moment; and then he turned and looked out of the window, saying nothing. Amos caught Peter Gergue's eyes, and Peter winked at him.

Amos said humbly: "I sure am sorry about this, Wint. It's made it hard for you. You can't stay here now. You might go over to Washington, Wint. I c'd get you somethin' easy there."

Wint turned back to him abruptly; and there was a catch in his voice. "Congressman," he said, half laughing, "you owe me something."

Caretall nodded. "That's right, Wint. 'Nd I'm ready to pay."

"All right. Here's what I want you to do." He hesitated, extended his hand. "I know I'm not fit for this job, sir," he said reluctantly, "but—if you'll give me a hand and help along—I'd like to tackle it."

Amos looked doubtful. "Now, Wint—don't you get wrong notions. No sense your sticking in this mess. I'll get you out all right, without any ——"

Wint interrupted angrily: "You can't get me out! Nor anyone else! I'm in and I'll stay in. But—I'd like to have your advice and help when I need it."

The congressman yielded. He took Wint's hand. "All right," he agreed. "I'll back you. I don't know as you're right, and I don't know as you're wrong. If you can get away with it——"

"I intend to."

Amos nodded. "Sure, you intend to. But can you? Well—we've got to see." He hesitated, seemed to be thinking. "I hear your father and you've broke," he said.

"Yes."

"That's too bad. Where are you living?"

"The Weaver House," said Wint defiantly. But his defiance was misplaced. Congressman Caretall nodded approvingly.

"That's fine," he said. "Old Mother Moody sets a right good table when she's a mind to. I wish I c'd live down there myself. It's a good plan." He looked at Wint and winked slyly. "Always a good plan to play to the workingman," he explained. "Good idea of yours, Wint, living down there. Get the workingman and the railroad men and all to sympathizing with you. They'll play you for a martyr, and back you strong. You'll make a good politician, Wint. I c'n see that."

Wint shook his head. "It's not politics," he said. "I—don't intend to stay there. Just till I get settled uptown—somewhere."

Amos studied him. "Sho, now, that's too bad. It'd been a good play, Wint."

Wint laughed. "I'll play the game some other way."

The congressman nodded. He remained silent for a moment, then said thoughtfully: "I was thinking—you and me has got to do a lot of talking. I wish you could come and stay with me till your paw comes round."

Wint shook his head. "Thanks," he said, smiling. "That's good of you. But——"

He hesitated; for through the window he had seen, across the street, Jack Routt and Joan together. They were talking briskly; and Joan was laughing at something Routt had said. Wint stared at them with slowly burning eyes.

Before he could continue Gergue nudged him in the side and told the congressman smiling, "That 'uz a bad break, Amos. He can't come live with you."

Wint looked at him. "Why not?" he asked.

Amos said to Gergue, "That's right, Peter. I'd forgot."

"Why not?" Wint repeated impatiently. He glanced again toward the two across the street.

"Why, he means Miss Joan wouldn't like it," the congressman explained.

"Why wouldn't she?"

Gergue pointed across the street.

"She'd soon teach you manners," he chuckled. "The congressman here's got a nice-looking daughter of his own, you know."

Wint's hand clenched at his side. "You're all wrong there," he said curtly; and then, to Amos: "I think I'll accept your invitation after all," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FINDERS KEEPERS

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"Now then," Carter Brooks said furiously, "who is that fellow?"

I then tried to tell him, but he was to angry to listen and kept asking where I'd met him and if Hannah was with me, or mother or anybody, and when I said no he took my arm and observed: "Let's get out of this place, because I'm probably going to raise a disturbence and we'd better be alone."

"You can be entirely alone so far as I am concerned," I observed. And with a breaking heart I turned away, feeling that all was ended, and I left without funds for a new tire or even a railroad ticket.

Ah, jealousy, jealousy! That most frequently experienced emotion of the other sex, which so often leaves its victims "like Patience on a Monument, smiling at Greif!"

We did not become friendly again until in the lady's parlor at the hotel and the door closed. Beyond that closed door let us not peer, except the part which refers to my familey.

For after certain loving passages and while still thrilled to think of being engaged to one who looked so tall and mature and every inch a soldier, he observed: "You are a peculiar mixture of the diabolical and the sublime, Bab, for I'm crazy about having you here. But I have a strong impression also that you ought to be spanked for coming."

Ye gods!

"I can go home again," I said coldly.

"Why not bring your mother here?"

I was very antagonistic to the idea, for though allowing sis to go alone with her *fiancée* anywhere, she insists on remaining with me under every and all circumstances and generally knits while doing so, as if reading she could not listen to everything said.

"But, you darling baby," said Carter Brooks, "don't you see that if I let you visit me here alone they'll never let me marry you?"

"We'll be alone together when we're married, won't we? Though I doubt it," I added in a bitter tone. "They'll probably hang round as usual, and I'm perfectly certain mother would go along on the nuptial journey."

He then laughed and said that if I spoke in such a way he would have to put cotton in his ears or he would never go back to camp. But that he would telephone my family anyhow, because he did not want to be accused of abduction and thus perhaps not get a commission.

Also he said he would have to get me a room, for there was a clean spot on my face for every time he had kissed me and I'd better wash before looking in the glass.

I now come to a very strange part of my narative. For my familey did not come and indeed seemed to have cast me off utterly. I was divided between ecstasy and misery for some days, but later on heard from Hannah as follows:

My familey having learned of my departure from Hannah while seated at the breakfast table, my mother then said in a furious manner: "She has run off to that wreched Brooks boy. Telegraph to the police in the towns she is going through and describe the car. Then have them arest her. She is a wild and headstrong girl, and I sometimes wonder if indeed she is my own child."

But my father, Hannah said, remained still and thoughtful and at last he said: "She has courage, anyhow."

He then said to Hannah: "Did you give her any money?"

"No, sir," said Hannah. She meant she had loaned it, so it was not a lie and she did not have to tell about it at confession.

"I'm inclined to think," said my father then, "that the best thing is to let her see it through. She won't always have us to help her out of scrapes, and it may be a lesson."

"You would leave that child in an army camp with forty thousand strange men?" asked my mother in a terrable tone.

"I wouldn't worry," he then said. "She will be all right, because since her birth a sort of special Providence has saved her from herself. And it will be good training for the Army. Of course a certain percentage will suffer, but a large part of it will escape."

"I do not like your levity," said mother.

And she then retired to her boudoir and had the vibrater used on the back of her neck for thirty minutes.

I, however, knew nothing of these circumstances and considered myself as "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." (Pope.) I was utterly happy but for one thing. I discovered almost immediately that I was to be second in the thoughts of my *fiancée*.

I did not repine over this, being one who realizes that my country must come first and that the movies in the evening or a short walk or drive while planning was all I could expect. And though anxious to talk about my trouseau et cetera, except for those loving phrases, which I shall not put down, I was obliged to feed my hungry heart on drill formations and rotten food and the best way to kill a German with a bayonet. How true it is that:

Man's love is of his life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Most of the day while Carter was practicing I sat in my chamber and knitted, pondering on the way my familey had cast me off, and recalling the loving words of the evening before. But I was not always lonely, as Mr. Stratton would stop at my hotel quite frequently and we would then walk round and converse. Remembering M. T. H., I felt it my duty to make him as happy as possable, and therefore I did not mention my engagement, feeling that to do so would make him more lonely and sad than ever. As he seemed to think it queer that I was alone I felt obliged to say that Hannah had been sent on, but was reposing in her chamber with the rhumatism, which she is subject to.

"Thank heaven for rhumatism!" he then said, and the next time he came he brought her some flowers. I felt very gilty and queer then, but nothing at all to later on.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to decieve!

It was on my fourth day there and I was feeling very lonely, owing to Carter having had lectures the night before and having had to spend a whole evening manacuring my nails, that Mr. Stratton and I began to speak of love.

He then said: "At first I thought you were engaged to that chap in the drug store. He nearly bit me that day. But you don't wear any ring."

"My familey considers me too young to be engaged," I observed.

"Does—does the familey know about Hannah's affliction?"

"No," I said after hesitating, for I do not like to fib. But that was not a fib, for how could they know about her rhumatism when she did not have it?

He then said: "I am awfully lonely. You don't know how I look forward to these hours with you. I've never really cared about girls until now."

He said this in such a tradgic manner that I was very sorry for him, and said: "I want to make you happy, if possible. I am to young to do much war work, but if by taking these walks et cetera, it lightens the burdens of war, I am being useful.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't dare to tell you all I think," he said, and caught my hand.

I allowed him to hold it for a breif period, as he might never return from the war or with a leg off or some other crippled condition. It was a mistake, as I now know, for such things, having once been commenced, cannot be lightly left off. I think it is silly to let a man hold one's hand one day and to be angry and insulted if he does it again the next day.

Love goes forward, not back.

We had by that time wandered into the halcyon fields near the camp, and to my surprise there was Carter superintending a football game! This made me angry, as I had supposed him to be drilling, et cetera. I stood for some time gazing at him with angry eyes, but as one of the soldiers just then got a rib broken, or cracked at least, he did not look in my direction.

I felt absolutely heartbroken, and I then determined that if he could play, while leaving me forlorn in a hotel, I would play also. I therefore allowed Mr. Stratton to draw me to a grassy bank and there to hold my hand again.

"Such a little hand," he observed in a loving manner. "I wish it were mine."

"It would be to small to be useful," I replied.

"I mean mine in a different way. I certainly have fallen for you, child. If I could go away to war thinking that you would think of me now and then, I'd die happy."

I felt terrably sad at this, especialy as I now felt utterly alone and with no one else who realy cared.

"As one of my country's defenders, I shall never forget you," I said.

"Oh piffle!" he then said, and pushed my hand away. "I don't want that, and you know it. I'm as lonely as a lost dog. Nobody cares a hoop whether I come back or not. Unless you do."

"I do; awfully!" I replied, feeling that he needed comforting, and feeling also I could turn him over to Jane later on. He was exactly Jane's style, having blue eyes

The Stranger Then Sat Down on a Sea Lion, and Said: "Well, I'm Not in Any Hurry. I'm Willing to Stay Here All Night"

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.nd long lashes and hair that curled, though ıe hated it.

"Bab!" he said, in a tence tone.

And then he kissed me.

My conscience is clear about that, be-ause when a young man realy knows how .o kiss he does not ask a girl or indeed give ıer any warning.

But I was stupified when he said: "That ettles it. I'm not going to get killed over here. I feel imortal. And I'm coming ack to you, little girl."

Ye gods! What was I to do?

"I'm coming back and marry you," he said in a virile tone. "Fate cannot harm ne. I have kissed to-day. I'm—I'm completely mad about you. I was from the minute I saw you on the road, with your dear little noze all smudged with grease."

And then he kissed my noze.

I have since discussed this matter with Jane Raleigh, and Jane says she does not see what else I could have done. We had both agreed to send as many soldiers away happy as possible, and though Jane did not become engaged, as she gives an impression of being cold though not actually so, she kissed eleven men good-by, six being in the Navy, and would have kissed too more but for their ship going sooner than expected.

"You poor darling!" she said, when I told her. "No wonder you look so wan! Was he honestly handsome?"

"Stunning, Jane," I observed sadly.

"Well, I don't see what else you could have done," she said in a reflective manner. "You could not break his heart, dearest."

"Jane," I said in a low tone, "what is the fatle attraction about me? I am not beautiful, and my disposition is changable, being good sometimes but getting angry very quickly, yet here I am, embroiled in a number of love affairs, and thinking sometimes that I would be better if dead."

"It is your kind heart, Bab," said Jane truthfully. "You cannot bear to see others suffer. Do you never think of yourself?"

I now return to the mossy bank. Mr. Stratton's face wore such a happy expression that I could not bring myself to tell him that my heart was another's, but while he was relating to me that he had never been in love before, though once or twice thinking himself so, I was reflecting that I had not yet said the fatle "Yes," though he seemed to consider everything settled, and that as he was a brave person and had said over and over that he meant to kill as many Germans as possible, he might not come back.

I therefore comforted myself with the sage reflection: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and allowed him to consider me as won.

I have now come to the matter of engagement rings, which sis has made such a fuss about, but partly because of her having only one.

I am not one to swallow a straw and strain at a camel, and therefore on the way back to my hotel when Mr. Stratton drew me into a jewelry shop I was nothing loathe, though expecting only a pin with a service star on it or some similar trifle.

But he said to me in a loving tone, while the jeweler was selling a frame for a soldier to put his picture in: "You're such an elusive little fairy that I'm going to cinch this thing here and now."

He then asked to see solitaire diamond rings! Ye gods! how I repented of my folly! But the jeweler was by that time picking out the largest solitaires, and I felt that I was trapped. As one in a dream I selected a fine stone of 1¾ carets, and in a sad manner allowed Mr. Stratton to place it on my reluctent finger. I then retired to my hotel chamber and wept bitterly, because I felt that though only doing my national duty, to often the path of duty leads only to the grave. Besides, I was now betrothed to too men, and do the best I could I knew that the life of one of them, if both survived, must be blighted.

As I could only wear the ring in the solitude of my boudoir, I then took the ribbon from one of my *robes de nuit* and hung the ring round my neck.

I have since reflected that the unthinking may consider that my love for Carter Brooks was but a light thing and free as air. Alas, no. Even with Mr. Stratton's ring on my finger I loved but one only, and that with my whole heart. He was to me as a god, being amiable, good-natured and handsome. Therefore it was with a bursting heart that I went down to meet him by the cigar stand in the hotel that memorable evening.

"Sweetheart!" he said in thrilling tones. "A whole day without seeing my little girl. I've been working like a dog."

"So I percieved," I remarked; "especially when playing football this afternoon."

"Great Scott!" he then said. "If you think referreeing a lot of roughnecks and teaching them the game, which is a part of my job, is any picnic —— Now see here, Bab, who took you out that direction anyhow? If it was that stuffed shirt, Stratton, I ——"

He then led me away from the cigar stand, because the girl was listening, and said: "You're a horrible little flirt, Bab Archibald. And the only thing I know to do is to mark you 'sold.' And I'm going to do it this minute, familey or no familey. Because if I don't somebody will wrap you up and take you home. About a dozen fellows are following me round, hoping to meet you."

"I don't know what the other sex sees in me, Carter," I said wistfully.

"I know what they are going to see on you," he retorted.

We were then outside the jeweler's again, and he took my arm and led me in. I must say the jeweler looked queer when he saw me getting another engagement ring, and while Carter was bending over the tray of precious emblems he winked at me. But I was very grave and dignified, and finally selected one of two carets and blue-white, which was very expensive, but which Carter liked, because he said he wanted it to show a block away and keep off the crowd.

When leaving the jeweler presented me with a small box.

"Just a tiny gift, miss," he said. "A small token of my regard. If you need anything more we have a full line and lower prices than New York."

When I got out into the street I opened the box, and it was a service pin with too stars.

"Too!" said Carter Brooks. "He must think I'm twins."

We then arranged that as my family did not approve of engagement rings for one whom they still considered to be a mere child, I was not to show the ring to them on my return.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said, after cogitating for some time. "I don't like to think of it as stuck away somewhere. I want to know that you'v got it about you—er—incognito, as you would probably say, and why can't you wear it on a ribbon round your neck?"

I then looked at him, but his face had no suspicious look about it.

"And you're not to worry about me when I'm—when I'm gone," he said in a brave voice. "Because I'll come back all right. I'll come back, if only to see that nobody else gets you."

I then went to my room and stood for some time looking at my engagement rings and pondering. Because I now felt that through no fault of mine I was betrothed at one and the same time to too men, both of whom loved me to the death. I then retired to my couch, and went to sleep after hours of melancholy, only waking once or twice when my rings on the ribbon got under my back.

I was wakened at an early hour next morning by a beloved and familiar voice, i.e., my father, who had arrived at five A. M. to take me home, on account of Leila's *fiancee* having been ordered to France and the wedding hurried up and to take place in four days.

He came in and stood looking down at me with a peculiar expression and then said: "Can it be that this angel child before me, looking as innocent as a new-laid egg, can be my runaway daughter?"

"It is, father," I observed faintly.

"Bab, you bundle of originle sin!" he cried, and sat down on my bed and embraced me.

It was fortunate that my engagement rings were down my back at the moment and I had time, while he telephoned for breakfast for too sent up, to conceal them beneath my pillow. He then scolded me severely, observing that the whole house was filled with dressmakers and pins so thick that it wasn't safe to step out of the bathtub without slippers, and that I had added to his misery by following my heart.

"Only I am glad you did not follow your noze," he added, "as that would have led you to heaven. By the way, you haven't been married since I saw you, have you?"

"Father!" I cried. "How could I do so without your consent?"

"My consent indeed!" he said in a jibeing manner. "Since when have you taken to asking my consent? I only asked, because if I have to lose too daughters I might as well have both operations at once, like adenoids and tonsels. Besides, the more I see of Leila's preparations, the more I wish she had eloped."

Breakfast then came, and he ate a great deal, including buckwheat cakes.

I watched him and reflected to myself: "After marriage how can love persist, when one must sit opposite one's husband and when not hungry oneself watch him eating fruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes and perhaps two cups of coffee? Is not this the reason that love so seldom persists after a few months of married life?"

I felt very sad at this thought, and my father suddenly said: "Now that you have seen Carter Brooks at first hand, so to speak, is he still leading the field? Or in this town full of handsome soldiers have you anexed somebody else?"

I turned pallid at this, but he was eating his fourth cake and did not percieve my distress.

He took me home that day, leaving the runabout for Carter Brooks to bring when having a furlow for the wedding, and soon I was again in my familiar chamber. But now, alas, my girlish gayety was gone. My heart no longer sang. For I had seen Mr. Stratton for a moment before leaving, and he had said that he would come to my native town before departing for the war, and would then see my father.

I pass but lightly over the days which followed, as they were filled with both pain and pleasure. The pain was in seeing Leila's presents, which contained many articles I had long desired, and the pleasure was in my bridesmaid's gown, which was cut very low in front, and made me look mature and fully twenty. Also my hat, which was large and drooping, and cost forty-eight dollars.

I still feel that had Carter Brooks come to sis' wedding the tradgedy would not have eventuated. But at the last moment he took chicken pox, and a friend of Doctor Connor's had to take his place. He was a very handsome man named Captain Van Buren and he looked like an actor but was really a doctor also.

Jane Raleigh went to see the church rehearsle, and coming out she caught my arm and said: "I am perfectly mad about him, Bab! He has the most tradgic eyes I ever saw. But I suppose you are going to be a pig and grab him."

"Jane," I said in a troubled voice, "I must tell you something. Not here. And as for Captain Van Buren, all I ask is that you take him and keep him if possible. I am in no mood for further *affaire-de-couers*."

It will be seen from this that I was perfectly fair with her and that it was not my fault that things turned out as they did. I certainly tried to do my best by her but she is one who will turn on her best friend and rend her when a member of the Other Sex is in question.

The house was a horrable mess all that day with everyone running round doing things for sis and sheets tacked all over the third floor where we were to dress and somebody yelling upstairs every minute, "Here are some more silver candelsticks, making twelve sets now"; or "Here's the twenty-fifth sandwich plate"; or "Good heavens, Leila, more plates!" Sis sat in the cook's room writing notes of thanks, and every now and then weeping, as Doctor Connor was going abroad, and besides she thought her vail was not becoming.

So Jane and I retired to Hannah's room, and there I said: "Jane, do you still think it one's duty to make our soldiers happy before going to war?"

"I certainly do!" said Jane in a feirce manner. "I have kissed about sixteen, and if I write all the letters I've promised I won't have time for anything else."

I then sighed, and she exclaimed: "Darling what is it? You are in some sort of trouble."

I made no reply, but drew my two rings from down my neck and held them out.

"Bab!" she said. "Two of them! And perfectly enormous!"

"Three and three-quarter carets together," I said sadly. "Jane, I cannot marry them both." I told her about Mr. Stratton, and she listened with a tence look.

"You could not break his heart," she said at last. "As to the ring, if he does not come back from the war it would be stunning set round with small stones for a dinner ring." She then sat back on Hannah's bed and observed: "I can't help thinking about the sadness in Captain Van Buren's face. He looks as though he would be a passionate lover, Bab. A proposal from him would be a hectic performance."

It is not my intention to blame Jane Raleigh for Captain Van Buren, but I felt a thrill pass through me at the thought of the sadness gone from his eyes and love taking its place. To be curious is to be femanine, and I believe that had Jane not uttered the aforementioned remark I should have been more distrait while in his company. For I am really as true as steel, and at no time did my affections really waver from the object of them, i. e. Carter Brooks. As for flirting with him, I did not do so, though letting him talk a great deal about himself. Which may be flirting, but I do not consider it so.

The fatle moment now drew near when I was to lose my sister in the toils of matrimony. Hannah dressed me, and helped with the bridesmaids, as sis is not keen about Hannah, saying she does hair like making bread. My father pretended to be calm, but he mixed a cocktail before starting, and mother found him in the drawing-room practicing walking to the wedding march while whistling it.

"I only hope the organist doesn't dose off between notes," he said in a nervous way. "This thing of standing on one leg until it is time to put the other down makes me feel like a chicken going through a puddle."

Mother then took his straw hat away from him and sent for his top hat, and said: "If you keep on acting frightened you will do something awful."

"Frightened!" he said in an angry tone "I should think I am frightened. I've a darned good notion to quit right here. Anyhow, I don't want to give her away. She's fifty per cent of my children. Not," he added in a gloomy manner, staring at the florist, "that it's realy giving her away anyhow; it's cost about ten thousand up to now, and if this heat continues we'll use a million dollars' worth of champane."

We then went to the church, and Doctor Connor kissed all the bridesmaids in the parish house, and when the signal came that all was ready he shook hands with his best man, and their hands were so clammy they stuck together. I then arranged sis' train and prepared to walk alone into the holy edafice, as I was maid of honor. It was while thus proceeding that I looked at the altar, and Captain Van Buren was there with Doctor Connor, backed with tropicle foliage and white flowers, and his eyes were fixed on me with a peculiar look. He was indeed a wonderful picture in his unaform with belt et cetera, and the haunting look of melancholy which went to one's very soul.

I recall little of the ceremony, being occupied with the thought of losing my beloved sister, and also of taking her flowers at the right juncture. But at last the momentous words were said and sis was no longer free and independant but belonged to another. Her dream of love was o'er.

It was while moving hastily down the aisle, to the roaring strains of joy which customarily follow a wedding, that Captain Van Buren bent toward me and observed in a warm voice: "You are the most wonderful thing I have ever seen."

"I fear it is my clothes," I replied.

"It is you!" he said thrillingly. "You! Almost you restore my faith in your sex."

I felt glad to do this, as to many men lose faith in women and girls because of some sad story and do not recover it, or at least until to late, when they have become bachelors and prefer slippers et cetera to going out to a festivaty. I, however, resolved to be his friend only, as I simply could not bear the thought of any more lovers. But alas, how oft the plans of mice and men go wrong, and without fault on either side.

We then returned to the house, which looked strange with most of the furnature gone and relatives everywhere, while flowers and other symbols of gayety lighted the scene, and stood in a row to recieve our guests.

While thus standing and shreiking over the music Jane Raleigh came up to me and said: "Don't you ever have enough?"

"Enough what?"

"Enough lovers," she said in a low but angry tone. "You know I am wild about him. And you have done nothing but make eyes at him since you entered the church. I think you ought to be ashamed."

"I don't even know where he is, Jane," I retorted, feeling very angry.

"Then I'll tell you," she said. "He is over in that corner behind the palms, looking a hole in you. When I think that at this moment your *financee*, or one of them, is ill in an army camp, I feel absolutely discouraged about you."

She then went away, leaving me to be kissed by various relatives I detest and who all said: "So this is little Bab! Dear me, how you have grown."

At last the greetings were over, and the wedding guests were jammed into the dining room, as though they had never seen food before, and my Aunt Sara was complaining because of beginning by accident with ice cream and ending with bouilon. It was at that time that seeking a refuge to sit down in, as my slippers hurt I retired to the corner behind the palms, imagining that he had gone.

But no, he was still there, and he said: "Do you know why you came here?"

"Because my feet hurt," I said.

"Not at all. Because while all that crowd of unutterable bores was gushing over you I was calling you mentally with all my might."

"Really!" I said in a stupafied tone.

"I want to talk to you," he then said: "because my time is short, and in a few days I may be gone, never to return."

I felt very sorry for that, and he bent forward and took one of my hands.

"I'm a direct person," he said; "and anyhow I think this war leads to all sorts of short cuts, don't you? Because we may have to crowd all of life there is into a breif time."

I was by that time on the verge of tears, and he then said: "Bab! Little Bab!" and kissed both my hands. "A little while ago," he pursued, "I told you that almost you restored my faith in your unfaithful sex. But I am glad to say that it has all come back. All. I wonder if I dare ——"

I then felt that he was growing to hectic, as I had known him but a short time, and I said: "We'd better get some supper before that greedy lot eats it all!"

"Food!" he exclaimed, "Nay! Wine, rather. But before you go just say you don't hate me. You don't, do you?"

"No," I said. For he looked simply wonderful, and glowing with the divine afflatus. "No, I don't, of course. But I simply will not be engaged again."

"Again?" he observed hastily. "Ah, then you to have been through —— Bab, once I thought I loved, but now I know that I never did. I love you. I love you!"

But my Aunt Sara came into the corner then, and finding me there said she had seen a waiter drinking champane in the pantry, and to run and tell mother at once or nobody would get any food, though they weren't getting much anyhow and the service was a scandle.

We were then summoned to the bride's table, which was in the library and had a fountain in the center. And I had one or to sips of wine but not much, as I believe no nice girl drinks champane until after marriage and then only moderately. But Captain Van Buren sat beside me, and made passionate love to me all the time, so that I did not really know what I was eating.

And at last he said: "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I'll probably be round, if that is what you mean."

"That's what I mean. Round. Always round. I want to come back to you. Bab, for heaven's sake give me something to come back to. Otherwise, I'll not care, and they'll get me sure. Do you want me to come back?"

Well, I certainly couldn't say I didn't, so I said yes in a low tone, not thinking it serious. But—ye gods!

He then said: "Put your hand under the table." I did this, because of not wanting to spoil the festive spirits of anyone at my own sister's wedding. But when I drew my hand away there was a ring on the engagement finger—a diamond solitaire, and perfectly magnificent.

"That settles it," he said in a masterful manner. "Now you are mine, and gods and men, nor Huns either, can separate us. My darling!"

I felt very queer then, and cold in my back, and I said: "Oh, no!" in a terrafied manner.

"Oh, yes!" he declared in a ringing voice. "And for to cents I'd get up and shout it to the world."

However, it was now time for sis to put on her traveling clothes, consisting of a blue suit embroidered in black, and a black hat with Paradise on it. So amid laughter and aplause she retired to the staircase to throw her boquet, the one catching it to be married next. Though not wishing to receive it, as I had by that time a horror of love et cetera, it fell directly in my hands. I suppose, with three engagement rings about me, it could not have done otherwise, but I was about distracted by that time and burst into tears. All the familey thought my grief quite touching, not realizing the awful truth.

I considered during the evening that followed that my headache was due to the terrable situation I now found myself in, owing solely to having decided to send the Army away as happy as possible. But the next morning I felt very queer, and on rising to hide my fatle engagement rings as usual, placing them under the seat of an old doll carriage which still remains in my closet for sentamental reasons, I was dizzy, and one minute hot and the next cold. I then knew that I was sick, and hoped that I might die as the easiest way out of my troubles. I decided to be dressed, if I passed away, in my bridesmaid's dress, as it only needed pressing, and I feel very sorry for my familey, which would realise then that had it allowed me to be properly engaged, and announced in the papers, I might still have been with them.

Hannah then came in and said: "Well, this house looks like a saloon on the Fourth of July. And if I ever get all the confetti out of your mother's hair ——" She then looked at me and exclaimed: "For goodness' sake, Miss Bab, what's wrong with your face?"

"Nothing more than usual," I said in a cold manner. I then looked at my breakfast tray and said: "Take it away! Take it away!"

She removed it and thinking to distract my mind began to discourse on other matters, such as more gifts still arriving, mostly silver candlesticks, and a waiter being discovered under the billiard table at seven A.M. by the cook in a shameful state of inebriation. (The waiter, not the cook, though Aunt Sara says the latter was not entirely herself, and was observed weeping over sis' departure with a champane glass in her hand. Though hating sis usually because of being what she called "bossy.")

I felt very sick, and at last Hannah said it might be pimples but might be something else, and she got mother in. My mother at once said, "Chicken pox or measels; and I hope it will be a lesson to you, Bab, as to running away as you did. For when I think that you probably had it yesterday, and the number of people who think it necessary to kiss at a wedding, though never at any other time, I simply wonder how many you've infected."

I then said, in a weak but hopeful manner: "Then I cannot see anyone for a long time, can I?"

"Certainly not," said mother, "but why in the world that should please you I don't know. You are the queerest child I ever saw."

Child! And three engagement rings concealed at that moment in my chamber! Alas, I was no longer a child, but fully mature and suffering from my own folly, for I am the sort that cares for but one of the other sex at a time, and that deeply. I consider marriage as a final thing, and do not approve of devorce unless simply forced to it by incombatibility or nonsupport. There are conjugal rights on both sides always.

But a terrable thing occurred at that time, for our familey physician was out of town, and Doctor Connor had gone on his nuptial journey, and so mother asked Captain Van Buren, who dropped in that morning, to come up and see me. Ye gods! And I broken out all over, and also hoping never to see him again! And also Carter Brooks' picture on my desk, with a loveing inscription on it!

He at once told mother to leave the room, as whatever it was it was catching, and he then sent Hannah for a glass of water and observed: "You poor little darling! And all its pretty face covered with spots, and still as lovely as ever! I've never had the d——d thing, but I am going to kiss you anyhow."

"I must tell you something," I said desparately. "You must not kiss me or make love to me. I do not deserve your affection—I ——"

"Deserve it!" he said. "Of course you don't! Nobody deserves to be loved as I love you. I'm plum crazy about you, child, and that's no joke. I'm going to talk to your father to-day."

I then sat bolt upright in bed, forgeting my *robe de nuit*, and cried in a hoarse tone: "Oh, no, you must not! I cannot marry you."

But he then put a thermometer in my mouth, and this rendered me powerless.

"Look here," he said tencely, "that fool maid will be back with the water soon. I only want to say one thing: I am not a man to give up what I want easily. And I want you. Soon I shall be going away and I may never come back. Aren't you going to send me away happy?"

Happy! Had I not ruined my life trying to send them all away happy?

As Hannah then returned I lay back, still engaged to him and unable to do anything.

I shall pass breifly over the next few days, as I was very miserable and did not care how many I was engaged to. He came every day and often twice, but was only able to convey his passion in loving looks, et cetera, as I had told Hannah never to leave the chamber. But we had a hectic scene one day, with Hannah right there, because of boxes of flowers from my other *fiancees*. I realized then that he had a very jealous temperament, and that I could never risk my marital happiness with him even if free.

For he said: "Let me see those cards, Hannah." He took them and read them, and both of them said "Devotedly."

He then tore them both up in a slow manner and dropped them on the floor and said in a cold tone: "This has got to stop, here and now."

Hannah looked very surprized, but he continued: "I am not jealous, but I shall write to those young asses to-day, stating things as they are, and suggesting that they save their money. As for these things ——"

He then walked to the window and threw the boxes of flowers out, striking William the butler on the head, as Hannah ascertained later.

I was very angry, and would have returned his ring at once, but it was under the seat of my doll's perambulater and I could not.

He then turned to me and said: "I am going now. If I stay I might let my feelings get the better of me."

He then stocked out, and Hannah said: "I dare say when his feelings really get the better of him he committs a murder or too to calm them down. As for you, Miss Bab, you've been up to some sort of mischeif and don't deny it. If you didn't have the chicken pox I'd give you a piece of my mind."

My father had been away on business, but he came home that day, and at once ascended to my chamber and pushing aside the sheet wet with disinfectant in the doorway, observed: "Well, how is the volcano? Still erupting?"

I then said no, and asked for a small piece of steak and some lobster salad, of which I am very fond.

But he merely looked at me in a kindly way and said: "That's up to the doctor. And speaking of —— Is there anything I can do about anything, Bab? I don't mean food."

"No," I said in a low voice.

"Not feeling low about anything, are you? You look as though you had something on your chest besides spots."

"Father," I said, "do you not consider it a duty to send the soldiers away as cheerful and happy as possible?"

"Well, there are limits, of course," he replied. "I beleive in giving them food and sweaters, and so on, but when it comes to giving my familey I'm inclined to be stingy. Why?"

"I merely wondered," I said.

He got up and went to the door, saying: "Well, hurry up and get round again. I'll have to run off and earn money for another trouseau, I suppose." He then looked at me in a peculiar manner and said: "Just remember, Bab, that if you need my—er—advice, et cetera, as you would say, I'm still doing business at the old stand. There's no tax on advice yet, either, though I'll bet the President would like it just now."

I now come to the tradgic part of my narrative, "*Facilis descensus Avernus*"; which means that the descent into h—l is easy. For on the following day, being now recovered but not yet allowed to see the neighbors' children, and so on, I was permitted to put on my negligee, which had been sis'—as is the way with many of my garments, as she took away only her trouseau—and to go downstairs. They then fumigated my chamber and housecleaned it, and I read the newspaper. I there happened on an article which told how a young man had given a girl a diamond ring and was now suing her for it as she had committed breach of promise. I felt very worried when I read this, and on going back upstairs at once went to the closet to get my engagement rings, to return the superfluity.

What was my horror to find them gone, along with the perambulater.

Like one maddened I flew to my mother's boudoir, and there exclaimed passionately: "Where is my doll carriage?"

"Good heavens!" said my mother. "For a girl of your age you certainly —— I had it thrown out of course. You are too old to have such things about."

"Mother!" I cried in an agony.

But she said she would listen to no silly heroics, and went on checking up the house bills, observing that when she looked at them she did not wonder that the new cook had gained ten pounds.

Like a broken and wounded thing I crept down the stairs, but happy that at least she had not lifted the seat and found the rings. I made up my mind then and there to return all but Carter's ring, even if it resulted in tradgedy, because after all I owed my own soul something, and my present polygamous course was destroying me, body and mind.

I found William in the pantry, and there asked him to get it from the barrel in the garage where we throw the flotsam and jetsam of the house.

But he said: "I'm sorry, miss, but Mary Ann is out to-day, and she took it along for her neices' children."

Ye gods!

"William!" I cried distractedly. "Then you'll have to put on your hat and go after her and get it. William, I must have it!"

"Your mother's expecting some ladies to tea at five," he said. "I can't do it, Miss Bab."

"Was she pushing it or carrying it?" I demanded. Because if pushing it very probably nothing would fall out, but if carrying it all was lost.

"Carrying, I think, miss," he said. "I wouldn't take on so. If you'll go into the library I'll bring in some fresh cakes cook has just made, with nuts in."

That was always the way in my familey, and will be so probably when I am forty and feeble. I am always one to be humored but never reasoned with. I refused the cakes with a gesture of negation, and went to my room to face the situation.

Breifly it was as follows: The rings were gone, and as I was not permitted to leave the house I could not follow Mary Ann, and anyhow I knew her well enough to know that a girl who could lose a vacuum cleaner as big as a sewing machine and only find it in the trunk room after four days could lose three engagement rings she didn't know she had.

In my distrait condition I could only think of Jane, though she had been so nasty about Captain Van Buren. So I telephoned for her and she came, though forbidden as she had never had the chicken pox. I told her my situation, amid tears and lamentations, but at first she remained cold and unmoved.

"So you landed him to," she said. "Well, he was like a ripe apple ready to fall. And of course if one stands underneath with one's mouth open —— Well, that's three rings. Are there any more?"

"I shall not tell you the rest, Jane," I said in a fridgid manner. "Was it or was it not you who suggested making as many soldiers happy as possible?"

"I certainly did not suggest turning yourself into a walking jewelry store," she retorted.

But she repented after some nut cakes and tea, and got Mary Ann's neice's address from Hannah, and started, promising to look on the pavements in case they had fallen out and been overlooked.

But alas, in a short time she returned and said there were no rings under the seat, and they looked like honest people who wouldn't lie. She had also said that they were hers and I was keeping them for her, and she had promised Mary Ann my musterd-colored sweater not to say anything about it.

"Why the musterd-colored one," I asked, "when you know I hate that green one?"

But she said Mary Ann had held out for the musterd, and after all what was a sweater compared to my agony of mind?

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We sat for some time in pensive silence, while "a green and yellow melancholy ate ke a canker worm at my damask cheek."

Then Jane said: "You'll simply have to dvertize and offer a reward. You can give number instead of your name."

"I can give a number easier than I can reward," I said brokenly. "I am absoutely insolvent."

We then discussed ways and means, and t first Jane was for selling my runabout nd pretending it had been stolen, but I would not do this on account of the menlacity necessary.

"Oh, very well," she responded crisply. But if you think a lie is any worse than what you've done—well, we simply don't gree, that's all." She got a piece of paper nd a pencil, and observed: "You'll have o offer a reward. We'd better make a list f your valuables and thus find out where ve stand. This is now a business matter nd we'd better be systematic about it."

"You don't need that paper," I said adly. "I have but my pearl bowknot and turqoise ring which has turned green rom washing my hands."

"All right," she said in a cheerful tone, or she had lost nothing and besides had never seen Captain Van Buren when ngry. "It ought to be like this: 'Lost, hree diamond engagement rings on blue ibbon. Owner will give one pearl bowknot pin as reward. Address B-19.'"

"It is to cold, Jane," I said. "I think we ought to apeal to the finder's heart and not his head."

We then considered and added: "These symbols were given the owner by soldiers about to risk their lives in their country's service, and if found by any patriotic person will be punctually returned."

I then borrowed three dollars from Hannah and Jane started on her way, leaving me alone, and a prey to wild greif and waiting. Also to hoping that the familey would not miss my pearl pin after I had given it as a reward.

It was that evening that my father carried up some rice pudding after dinner, though mother says such actions spoil the servants, and observed: "I had a visit from Captain Van Buren to-day, Bab."

I could not speak, but sat on the side of my bed with anguished questioning in my eyes.

"I suppose you don't happen to have found him more attractive than Carter Brooks, by any chance," he said, "because I felt it my duty to discourage him. He's—well, he's rather a violent type. He seemed to think you'd encouraged him."

"When I love once I love forever, father," I said firmly, but with, alas, a quivering soul. For if refused by my familey he would want his ring back, and alas, where it was I wot not. "I never want to see Captain Van Buren again."

"Well, he's been called away for a few days anyhow," said father, "and as I've lost one daughter I am going to keep these unaforms away from here from now on. Even Tommy Gray next door is hanging round in a navel outfit, hoping to get in here and catch the chicken pox or something."

I slept but little that night, as my *affaires-de-couer* were reaching a crisis, and I now realised that Mr. Stratton might also go to my father and would probably mention having given me a ring.

The advertisement was in the paper next morning, and under the excuse of taking a strole to recover my strength I went with Jane to the newspaper office that afternoon and asked if there was any mail for B-19. There was a letter and I tore it open with shakeing hands. Alas, it was not from one who had found my jewels. It said:

"*Dear B-19:* I didn't find the rings, but I'd like to find you. Any girl who can get three solitaires from departing soldiers is worth meeting. Suppose you wear the bowknot pin and meet me at the corner of State and Main this evening at eight P. M."

There was also a card from a jewelry shop saying they sold diamonds on credit, but that was all.

I got very white and Jane relented and caught me, saying: "Courage, darling!"

Just then a strange young man stepped up to me and said: "I beg your pardon, but did you advertize in the morning papers for three engagement rings?"

Jane said later that she pinched me, but I did not feel it and said: "Oh, did you find them?"

"No, I'm sorry to say. But my attention was caught by the ad, and I thought if I could help in any way I'd be glad to. You see, one engagement ring is often lost but—er—not three. That is, by the same person. And then, the offer of a—of another piece of jewelry is unusual to. I suppose you were just walking round and they dropped off."

"Something like that," I said, not feeling like telling the whole story to a stranger.

"About what size were the diamonds?" he asked, getting a peice of paper. "If I am to help find them I ought to know."

I then told him the sizes, and he said he felt awfully sorry and he had an idea he could be helpful, but he'd have to have my address.

But Jane spoke up and said: "B-19 will reach her any time."

We then bowed politely but coldly, as we had not been introduced and Jane felt he was probably a detective. She said this as we went out, and when we saw he was following us but far behind, we were sure, and I was afraid he would follow to my home and perhaps talk to my father. So we went to the hairdresser's and after having a manacure and a wave we looked out and saw him waiting and went out a back door, thus losing him.

The next morning, which was Sunday, seated at our table and addressing ourselves to the various viands my father said suddenly: "Hello! Here's a girl has lost three diamond engagement rings! Some 'symbols' as Bab would say. It's a full page."

"Don't be vulger," said mother. "And don't read it aloud. Barbara is here."

"Three!" said my father. "On a blue ribbon. And all of them given her by departing soldiers."

"Absolutely imoral!" said mother. "The way some girls have taken advantage of this crisis to rob and despoil our men makes me posatively ill."

"Funny thing," observed father. "This ad gets better as it goes on. She offers a pearl bowknot pin as a reward."

Mother had got some grape-fruit juice in her eye and therefore said nothing, but got up and ran to the pantry to bathe it in cold water, while I merely said: "A great many girls have pearl bowknots," as I feared he might suspect me.

I then pretended to have finished and left the room. How terrable were my feelings! And more so when I read the article, by which I learned that the young man had been a reporter who had seen my advertizement and in his own words, "ran it down." There was also a drawing of Jane Raleigh and me but not recognisable, and he called the article The Mysterious Fiancee.

For three days there was silence. I recieved no letters at the newspaper office, and became sunk in the depths of despair. I did not care so much about the other to rings, but I was simply heartbroken over the loss of Carter Brooks' token of love and marriage. To love a person with all one's soul and mind, and then to lose a two-caret diamond given one by that person is simply sickning. And Mary Ann would not take the green sweater but insisted on the musterd, and mother saw her in it and absolutely raved.

I by that time was very pallid, and my collar bones began to show in my neck as when a mere child. I wept at night into the silence of my pillow, and even contemplated death by my own hand, so that all concerned would at least remember me kindly. I also put away Carter's picture, as the eyes seemed to follow me about the room, reproaching me for having played fast and loose with the deepest emotions of mankind.

Jane came every day, and we sat for hours talking things over. I one day mentioned thinking of taking gas as the best thing I could do, and she leaped to her feet and made a dramatic gesture.

"Darling!" she cried, "How desparate you must be! But how can you do it? The whole house has electricity, hasn't it?"

I was obliged to assent. She then said that if I did so we would go together, as she had for a long time cared for one who should be nameless, but was already married though she felt not happy. But the thought of Jane lying ridgid and dead made me decide not to do it, but to be brave and face things out to the end.

We then discussed it all over again, and Jane observed: "After all, it may not be hopeless. For it isn't likely that they will all three come back from the war, and if they do some of them may have ceased to care. Men are naturally fickel."

But I did not agree with her, as Carter Brooks is not fickel, and my father is as steadfast as a rock, even when beaten by the tides of emotion which always ensue when there are three of the femanine sex in one house.

During this dreadful epoch my father came to my room one evening to say good night, and he stood me off and looked at me with a criticle glance, saying: "I don't like to see my only remaining daughter looking like a picked chicken. You aren't worrying about anything by any chance, I suppose?"

"No, father," I said in a brave manner.

"No debts or—er—anything of that kind?"

I again said no, but was obliged to shed a few tears and he then took me on his knee and observed: "A father is a good bit like a bed, you know. About the last thing you think of, but coming in mighty handy after you've tried everything else all day. How about a little money?"

"How much money?" I inquired, thinking he meant a paltry sum.

But he said: "Say a hundred dollars. And say nothing more."

By which he meant not telling mother, who beleives one should live on one's allowance and even buy Liberty Bonds, et cetera. "I could use it, father," I said.

He then carried me over and put me into my bed, and got out his wallet and gave me one hundred dollars, saying: "You used to be fifty per cent of my daughters, but you are about twenty-five per cent now, and getting as bony as a shad. A daughter these days is a pretty big investment and I hate to see her below par and paying no dividends."

I now felt somewhat more cheerful, as I had one hundred dollars, and could perhaps give that as a reward instead of my bowknot pin, to which I am deeply attached, as commemorating my sixteenth birthday and being made captain of the basket-ball team at school. But with me life is never placid but consists of one emotion after another. I could have endured Jane catching the chicken pox from me and the way her mother raved about it, and even a silence from Carter Brooks, for now that Doctor Connor was gone on his nuptial journey there was no way to send me affectionate epistles.

But on Thursday I received a strange visitor. This was none other than the newspaper reporter, and I only recieved him because of being curled up pensively in a window seat when he was shown in.

He did not see me, and walked straight to a photograph of me and stood staring at it, so that he jumped when I said in a bitter tone: "Why don't you take it along, so that the next time I am in distress and you want to be funny about it you can use it."

He grew very red and said at once: "You can't lothe me half as much as I lothe myself."

"I could give you a handicap and still beat you at hating," I observed angrily. "Hell hath no anger like a woman scorned."

"True," he said sadly. "Terrably true. And to think that I should have brought you this misery! I who ——" He paused there, and a sort of cold chill went down my spine. But he did not propose to me.

He merely sighed and said: "I go into unaform next week. To-day I am finishing off, and it occurred to me to go round and see if there was anything for B-19. There was. Here it is."

He then passed a missive to me, and while I read it he went and stood before my photograph, sighing in a loud manner. As I have lost the letter I only repeat it from memory, but it was to the effect that the writer had found three engagement rings on a blue ribbon and had seen the advertizement for several days, but had hesatated because of a concience.

"I am not femanine, being of the male sex," it said, "but I have felt that no young lady who really loved would alow herself to become engaged to three men at one and the same time, especially as all were soldiers. Such a one is a vampire and nothing else. However, I reason it out like this: There is probably one ring which you prefer over and above the others, and to secure which you will make any sacrifice. That ring you may select from the three, if you will follow directions given below, and will pay in exchange the pearl pin plus one hundred dollars cash to recompence me for my trouble, et cetera." It was signed "Finders Keepers."

I then collapsed into a chair, and the reporter bent over me and said: "You poor little thing! Don't take it so hard. If I'd known you were going to look like that I wouldn't have brought the d——d thing."

"I am all right," I whispered feebly. "Joy does not kill."

"Joy!"

"I must tell you," I said, still in a wistful manner, "that of all those rings but one meant anything to me; and now I am to get that one back."

"I see," he said reflectively, "so there is one you really love. Well, I guess I can be a sport. I just had a notion that maybe you'd gone into the pacifier business—sort of letting our soldiers cut their wisdom teeth on rings. But if there's a real afair, well —— How are you to get back the one you want?"

But I couldn't tell him that as the letter had commanded secrecy and I could only rise and sweep back my hair with a careworn gesture at the same time saying: "I have had a bitter experience and I now feel old and sophistacated. But the worst is over though how I am to explain to the other too about their rings I do not know."

I then gave him the signal to depart by holding out my hand in a farewell gesture, and he shook it very hard and said: "You look as though you haven't slept for a week."

"Nor have I" I responded sadly. "And yet the writer of that letter terms me a vampire."

"Oh surely not!" he said in a horrafied manner. "Why, there is all the difference in the world. A vampire takes, while giving nothing, but you give yourself. You do it over and over. You are a victim, not a vampire." He then eyed me carefully and said: "You are the Elsie Ferguson type."

I have sometimes thought this myself, about the E. F. type. I have a way of arching my eyebrows when astonished that is like her, and sometimes the same sort of dramatic walk, as though expecting to find love or some kindred emotion round the next corner.

When he had departed I went to my chamber and locking the door paced the floor with my hands held to my throbbing brow. For though greatly releived to get the ring back there remained the other too. Too lost rings, too broken lives. For how much misery was I to be responsable?

Feeling lonely and broken-hearted, and being now no longer quarantined I wandered out into the city streets, so lonely now that every available man had fled to the flag, and in sheer ennui dropped into a moving-picture theater, taking Hannah with me, as I am not allowed out at night alone. I grow cold with indignation as I record this, because if old enough to be sought in wedlock by several men of mature age surely I was not an infant in arms, as they all seemed to think.

However, I there saw a girl no older than I, and with the same eyes, though a larger noze, and she recovered six bags of gold dust from a mine by pretending to let the highwayman make love to her, and then slipping some handcuffs on him unawares.

I determined then and there to recover not one ring but all three. I became greatly agitated at the thought, but on looking at Hannah perceived her to be sound asleep and not noticing. How releived I then felt, as it was one thing to break an engagement and not return the ring, and very different to return the ring and have everything cleared up.

But I realized even then that I should need a paramour, as I could not possibly do it all myself.

On returning to my residence I repaired to my father's den, to see if the handcuffs used in capturing the German spy who pretended to be a chauffeur were still on the wall. They were, but my father was there, and reading a letter, which he put away on my aproach. I have since reflected that he appeared to be troubled, but I did not consider it then, being concerned with my plans to free myself from "the bonds of guilty love."

After a breif conversation I said: "Father, if you were going to recieve bad news would you rather have it by letter or face to face?"

He pondered for a time. "It's like this," he said. "If there's anything to be done about it I'd like to have a chance to talk it over. But if it's final, if the beans are really spilled, by all means a letter, and let me get over it by myself."

Feeling that my dear father understood the human nature of the Other Sex much

better than I did or ever could I then left him and wrote too letters, one to Captain Van Buren and one to Mr. Stratton. They were the same, except for the names, and in a lofty tone, being kind yet firm. I first broke the engagement, as a mistake on their part as to my feelings, and due only to my desire to send all our soldiers away happy, and then said that I hoped to return their rings ere long, probably by insured parcels post.

How I slept that night, freed from my burdens and dreaming of being married to Carter Brooks, instead of, as once before, waking in a cold perspiration because of seeing all three waiting at the alter!

With daylight, however, came the necessity for an acomplice, and also the fact that for me at least the motto M. T. H. had become but empty words.

However, I was cheered by learning that mother had gone to the country house to see that it was properly closed, and would stay overnight and that my father would not be home for dinner. At last I was free! Free!

During the morning I asked William if he had a revolver, but he seemed uneasy and replied no, except an amonia pistol because of a dog belonging to the milkman which had once nipped the calf of his leg.

"Do you mind lending it to me?" I asked, because I had seen it and it looked like a real one, which I considered was all that was necessary, as I did not intend to do more than show that I was armed.

"If you'll promise not to be reckless with it, Miss Bab," he said; "because it's something horrible if you get it in the eyes."

He then brought it to the library and I was toying with it and reflecting on the next step in my desparate enterprize when Tommy Gray came in.

He was in navel costume, and looked even younger than usual but very nice. He did not sit down, but walked about and at last stood before me and spoke in a very deep voice but not much breath behind it: "Well, Bab, I'm off at last. Or I will be in a few months."

"Well, I hope you'll get lots of action," I replied.

"Oh, you do!" he said in a bitter manner. "Well, I'm likely to. But if I do come back I'd like to have something to come back to."

"You've got your whole familey and more couzins than any other human being in the world."

"Couzins!" he repeated. "Bab, I am going away, perhaps never to return, and I think you ought to give me something to come back for."

I saw then, but to late, for he caught my left hand in an impassioned manner and kissed it, and when he let go there was his frat ring on my engagement finger.

I posatively tore it off and held it out to him: "No!" I cried in despair. "Not again! Not again!"

"Again!" he said. "What do you mean—again?"

I then told him the entire story, and he was terrably low in his mind at first, percieving that there was no hope for him.

But in the end he brightened up and said: "Let me in on it, won't you? You can't handle old Finders Keepers yourself anyhow. You walk right up to him and begin negotiations, and while he's got his eyes on you and can't get them off, which mostly happens to you, I'll engage him from the rear."

"You won't kill him?" I inquired, feeling anxious because of his warriorlike voice and manner.

"Well, not if you insist. But I'll fix it so he doesn't function much for a few days. That's all."

In the excitement of helping me to recover my engagement rings he became quite cheerful, and he put his fraternity ring back on his finger as if he had not just offered it to me.

"What time to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nine o'clock, in the park by the fountain."

"All right," he then said. "I'm not given to boasting, but by ten o'clock you'll have all your rings back again. And you'd better throw them all into the discard and draw a fresh hand. Mine, for instance."

I then gave him the amonia pistol and the handcuffs, and he looked at them so savagly that my blood turned cold.

"While you are talking to him," he said, with his teeth clenched, "I shall cover him from the rear."

"A lot of good an amonia pistol is from the rear," I observed.

"Stand up," he then said, and went behind me and caught both my arms as in a vice, saying: "You are my prisoner. Do what you can, you cannot move. It is a trick I learned from our new Jap butler, and he d——d near broke my shoulder. I shall try it on old F. K., and there's where the handcuffs come in. You can then go through his pockets and get your rings. Also anything else you take a fancy to, for a fellow like that deserves no consideration whatever."

The evening came at last, "dropped like a feather from plumage of night," and found me grave, but calm on the surface. My father and I ate our evening repast together, in pregnant silence, with William coming and going out of the dark by the pantry door like a figure of mystery, and ever and anon urging me to eat the viands which I felt would choke me. For I was playing my last card. My whole Fate rested on the approaching events of the night. If I failed—ye gods! Better death.

My father also was very quiet and looked somewhat worried. It was not a salad night, but on the contrary a desert of rice, but he pushed it away, saying: "I am so full of various grains now that if buried I would sprout." He then looked at me and said: "Any particular plans for to-night? Because Charlie Chaplin is at the movies, and as your mother is away we might have a real low-brow evening."

But I declined, saying I meant to retire early, and he gave me a strange look that cut me to the heart, but said nothing more, and at eight o'clock I heard him go out, to my great releif.

The time had now come, or nearly so, and I waited in our vestabule for Tommy's signal, which was to be too long and one short whistle, as he was not to go with me, but to follow behind in case of being watched by my nefarious enemy. All went well and at 8.45 P. M. I left my residence feeling like one whom a pirate is forcing to walk the plank, and carrying my pearl bowknot and the one hundred dollars, as he might ask to see them before entering on negotiations.

It was still to early, and for some time I dallied along, looking keenly behind me now and again, but seeing only Tommy Gray, who was escaping suspicion by pretending to be intoxicated. I did not approve of this, as putting a stigma on the unaform, but was unable to tell him so.

It was as yet not dark, and at that time I had a terrable shock, for on standing in a melancholy position by the fountain I thought for a moment that I saw Carter Brooks looking at me from near the bear-pit. Ye gods, how I trembled! Had an observer even doubted the nature of my devotion to Carter Brooks, on percieving how my knees vibrated he would have indeed beleived.

Darkness fell at last, and I stood there alone, with the one hundred dollars reward in my hand, waiting. At exactly the hour, by a clock on a near-by sacred edafice, I was suddenly aware of a silent but masculine figure standing near me and gazing at me with the expression of a sphnix. It was not disguised, but wore a coat collar turned up and a soft hat. Also it was not very tall, though seeming so, owing to my being nervous. And it had a small mustache.

"Good evening," said a male voice. "I see you are punctual."

I then steadied myself by holding to the railing round the fountain and said: "Are you Finders Keepers?"

"Righto," he said; "right the first time. But I'm not a burglar, so you needn't be so scared. I'm really a kind-hearted person. I wouldn't be here if I weren't."

"Have you got them?"

"All three of them," he said in a cheerful manner. "Now that I've seen you, though to dark to see well, I don't wonder ——" He then stopped and began again in a severe tone: "Has it occurred to you that it is imoral and wrong to be engaged to three men at the same time?"

"Not more imoral than keeping what doesn't belong to one," I said coldly, for I was by that time mistress of myself again.

"There's a nice question there," he said. "A very nice question of ethics. I'd like to argue it with you sometime. But now —— You haven't notafied the police, have you?"

How suddenly savage was his tone!

"No," I said in a faint voice, because of realizing the iron hand in the velvet glove.

"Very well. Then to business." He reached in his pocket and brought out a box. "The three rings are here. According to our agreement—for by your presence here you have tacitly agreed to my conditions—you may now select the one you wish to recover, giving in exchange one pearl brooch as advertised, and one hundred dollars."

I was by that time very nervous again, as I am sensative to the tones of peoples' voices, and his was cold and relentless.

"But ——" I began in a shaking voice.

"The pin!" he said peevishly. "No fooling now! Have it ready. How do I know you aren't going to spring a trap on me? And the kale. The kale!"

"Kale?" I inquired tremblingly, because I feared I had forgotten something.

"The money!" he said. "Money is kale. Kale is money. If I had a trifle more of it I'd like you for my honey. My word, you've got me running to poetry!"

He then held out the three rings on the piece of ribbon, saying: "Quick, choose! Because if you keep on looking like that I'm going to take off my own ring and string it on that imoral strip of blue ribbon and simply lose my identity and become Number Four on your list. Choose, girl, and quickly!"

So I chose Carter's ring, and he took it off the ribbon and said: "You are sure that's the right one, are you? Because when I depart hence I depart, and no inching. I shall fade into the night and become only a memory. But I've got something on these blue-ribboners of yours. You'll forget them. But you'll never forget me."

"I certainly shall," I said, feeling calmer now that my precious ring was once more mine. "I shall forget you as one forgets a pain."

He then put the other emblems back in his pocket, along with my pearl bowknot and one hundred dollars, and at that moment Tommy Gray rose from where he had crawled on his hands and knees behind him and by the aforementioned trick caught both his arms and held them, in spite of terrific struggles.

He then said: "Quick, Bab, snap the handcuffs on and we'll show him that finders is keepers, all right!"

We had merely expected to handcuff him and then tie him to a tree or a bench while making our escape with the rings, which was not stealing, as they were certainly mine. But on the mere word "handcuffs" he made a desparate struggle, and in the end they both fell into the fountain, and Tommy was yelling for me to go in and handcuff the prisoner.

At last, driven to desparation, I flung myself into the fountain, which was almost to my waist in depth, and handcuffed the desperado's too wrists, only to discern, when to late, that I had fastened one of Tommy Gray's and we had forgotten to bring the key!

When they discovered it they quit fighting at once, and the stranger said in a furious manner: "You fool! You don't mean to say you haven't got the key?"

"How did I know I'd need the key?" said Tommy in a sulky tone.

The stranger then sat down on a sea lion, which had water running out of its mouth, and said: "Well, I'm not in any hurry. I'm willing to stay here all night. And when the newspapers get it, as they will, you've nothing on me. Remember that."

"Tommy!" I said in an agony. "The police will find us, and people are not allowed in the fountain."

"I hope they do come," said the stranger, as though through his teeth. "I could have you jailed for this. Here I come to restore some lost jewelry and get a reward, and I'm subjected to assault and battery, not to mention possible drowning, and I'm hooked up into the bargain to a young fool in a navel unaform, though this fountain is all the water he's ever likely to see."

The situation was gastly, especialy as on Tommy suggesting that we get out of the fountain and think of something, the stranger refused in a nasty way, saying we'd put him in there and now he rather liked it. It was cool anyhow. But in the end after I had pleaded with him for some time, he said he would go to the street I live on, walking with Tommy as though merely confidential and not fastened together, and that I should then go into my house and get the key and come out to the lamp-post and unlock them.

I, however, now realized that, like the girl in the movie, the villian was in my hands, and I said: "Very well, I will do so. But not until all three rings as well as my pin and money are again in my hands."

"Leaving me with nothing," said the stranger bitterly, "but a probable case of pnumonia! Very well. What else can be expected of a young woman who plays with the emotions of men by the wholesale?"

He then produced the rings, et cetera, with his free hand, and stood up off the sea lion, saying: "All right, let's go. But don't you sick that butler of yours on me. I've still got one hand and the way I feel, killing would be a mere bagatelle."

So we started, but alas, how anxious I felt as I thus led this melancholy procession through the streets of my native city, with water making a faint gurgling sound in my shoes as I progressed! Not even the three rings, now again intrenched against my heart, made me feel other than guilty.

"If the one man you love in all the world, Carter Brooks, could see you now," I remarked to my cringing self, "would he find you a fitting mate? Would he not rather turn aside from you coldly?"

This was because I was wet all over, including my hair and best sweater, and everything stuck to me as though with paste. And it seemed to me then that I was one who was always in trouble and always would be, bringing misery on all I loved. I was reminded of the words of the great poet (Hood, 1835–1874), whose works I had studied at school:

Alas, I have walked through life,
To heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trampel my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod.

William let me in, while the others waited across the street. He seemed very startled and exclaimed: "Good heavens, Miss Bab! If you'll stand still right there I'll get the pantry rug for you to drip on."

But I waved him aside, and oozed, as one may say, back to the den. As it was by that time late and all was still, I considered it empty, but as I reached the doorway, to my horror my father was there with a watch open in his hand and an anxious look on his face, and a figure in unaform was pacing the floor and saying: "I'll go after her if you say so. But nothing can possibly happen."

"You don't know her," said my father in an angry voice. "She is sensative. And if you could have seen her the last few days ——" He then got up and said: "I'm going to the park myself. What I should have done was to take hold myself a week ago. If you call it being in love to ——"

"Love!" said Carter Brooks with a dreadfull laugh. "Look at me! I haven't slept a wink since I saw that advertizement. Three rings!"

"I tell you," said my father, "that I —— Listen! It's raining, and she's out in it."

"It is not raining, father," I said in a weak tone. "I fell into the fountain."

They both stood still and stared at me and my father cried: "Bab! You poor little drowned kitten!"

But Carter said nothing, and stood as though he did not care whether I was drowned or not. My heart was broken, but I had to have the key to the handcuffs whether despised by them both or not. So I asked for it, and father said in a dazed way: "Key! What for? If you mean the handcuffs that were here, I never had the key to them."

But at that moment Carter Brooks took a step toward me and said: "Which ring did you claim?"

"I have them all, Carter," I said tremblingly.

He then muttered something and my father said: "You see, you have exposed her to all this, and where are you? You may call it teaching her a lesson but I call it d——n foolishness. Now, Barbara, what about these handcuffs?"

But there was no need to explain, as footsteps that sounded squashy were coming along the hall, and it was Tommy and F. K. They were still fastened together, but I did not notice this at the time, as my eyes were on F. K.'s face. He was none other than the newspaper reporter, the reason I had not recognized him being a mustache drawn on his lip with burned cork and now running down his face.

There was a policeman behind them, and he said to my father: "These young gentlemen seem to think you can explain their being handcuffed together, Mr. Archibald."

My father looked at them both as though Tommy Gray were a complete stranger, and said frigidly: "I know nothing about either of them, officer. If you feel like locking them up, do so."

The officer then looked at me and said "Look's like somebody has been getting

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g with a garden hose! All right. I'll e them along. Now, gentlemen!"

But the reporter glared at Carter Brooks d said: "Better speak up, Brooks. Be- se if you don't, I will."

"I didn't tell you to put on that mustache d play the fool generally!" said Carter. 'll I told you to do was to offer her all ee rings and see which one she took. If u chose to play the highwayman and hold a defenceless girl ——"

But the reporter threw up his free hand d laughed in a bitter manner.

"Hold up a defenceless girl!" he cried. hat's good! That's funny! Who held who, I'd like to know? Look at me! you think I went into that fountain for oke? Or that I'm fastened to this—this ung desperado because I like it? I'm the tim, all right. She's got all three rings, d her pin and money to boot, and the ly reason she hasn't got my watch is ause it fell out into the fountain and is ll there."

I regret to say that at this point my her said: "Bab, run up and take a hot th and get into bed. I'll settle this mat- , and I'll settle it right."

I was thus driven away from the scene of ttle, and in a short time was in bed, with nnah hovering over me like a ministering gel.

At eleven P. M. she brought me a glass of t milk, and said: "Your father has got the tools from the garage and the cook's at saw and it sounds like a blacksmith's op downstairs. Whatever have you been to this time?"

"Hannah," I said sadly, "I have been ring to make several people happy, but I r I have not succeeded."

"Not if you tried to drown them," she served disagreeably. "I only hope I get ur shoes out of the oven before the cook ts down in the morning. The next time," e added, "that you feel like making mebody happy you let me know and I'll out some old clothes."

I lay there in anguish of soul for a long ne, listening to the fatle sounds from be- w, which showed that they were still rking at the handcuffs. And as I lay ere I remembered the angry and jealous ok on Carter Brooks' face, and I realized at I was but a pawn in his eyes, to be oved round as he desired.

"If this is love," I muttered, "give me libacy. This whole thing has been a plot, d I will not stand it!"

It was at that moment that the terrable uth burst on me, that though many had emed to love me but one really did, and at was my father. At this thought I felt at my heart would break, and I at once ent to the hole in the baseboard behind y bed where when young I had been wont keep face powder and so on, not being rmitted to use it, and got out my rings.

Hannah's eyes nearly came out, and she id: "The saints preserve us! What's ose?"

But I could not reply, being afraid of reiking with agony, as I selected Carter ooks' emblem from the others and held out to her.

"Take it downstairs, Hannah, and to e den," I said when able to enunciate. They will understand."

As soon as she was gone I abandoned yself to greif, and also to listening if there as any excitement below. There was ne, but the hammering stopped, and I ard the familiar footsteps of my male rent on the stairs. He knocked at my or and then tried to enter, but I had cked it.

So he said: "Bab!"

"Yes, father," I replied brokenly.

"Let me in. I want to talk to you."

I then said I could not, and please to go vay and let me suffer alone.

But he said: "D——nation! Now see re, Bab. I want to explain some things."

He then asked me again to open the door, cetera, but though not sulky by nature I mply felt that there are some things that nnot be explained, and I became silent d morose, while he talked through the or, growing somewhat peevish at no ply.

"Very well," he said at last; "only it is t Carter's fault entirely. We all thought u needed a lesson."

A lesson! Ye gods!

"If you want the exact truth," he said, I picked those rings up in the hall the day u lost them. And I gave you every nance to explain, but you wouldn't. When you recover your power of speech Carter and I will be waiting downstairs. Because if you are engaged to three men something will have to be done about it, but I'm darned if I know what."

He went away with a firm step, leaving me crushed to earth. For I had at least beleived in my father, and now he to had turned against me.

But I would not go downstairs, as I simply could not explain, and in a half hour I heard my father coming up again, and he said: "Bab, Carter has to take the last train. How long are you going to keep this up?"

I then tried to reply, but was afraid of weeping, so he went away again, and there was a dreadful silence, as though Carter and my father were sitting up with a corpse, I being the corpse. Thus the hours crept on until it was one o'clock, and at last I heard the windows being closed and locked below and father came upstairs and went into his room and closed the door.

After a while he came out again and said: "I surrender, Bab. Fathers are pretty much a totle loss when it comes to girls, I guess. But you'd better say good night to me or I'll be found to-morrow morning floating in that fountain of yours."

"Good night, father," I said in a broken voice.

"Ah!" said my father in a more cheerful manner.

"She starts, she moves. She seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.

Open the door, you little bunch of original sin! I want to forgive each other."

I put on a kimono and did so, and soon I was in my father's arms and feeling that when I had him I needed no other. But he said that I must not be unjust to Carter Brooks, because he was only jealous, and most men would be if finding too others engaged to their *fiancée*. So I told him about M. T. H. and he understood, which is one thing my father mostly does.

"You just forget the other too," he said. "I'll handle them. That is one way where fathers shine. Give me those rings again. I feel sort of lost without them anyhow."

He then said that the reporter was a second cousin of Carter Brooks and knew me from the start, and that he—my father—had felt sure I cared only for Carter though it looked queer and polygamus. So the reporter had thought of a way to find out and clear everything up.

"And I hope," said my father, "that he spends the night fishing in that fountain for his watch. I don't suppose you're going to change your mind about Carter?" he then asked.

"I could never trust him again," I said.

"It's queer," said my father, "but you do get me all mixed up. Because we started in to-night with an idea that you needed to explain and—er—apologise, and I'm blessed if you haven't got Carter and me on our knees instead. I'm darned glad I'm your father and not going to marry you."

But I said in a firm manner that I would now never marry, but would when old enough enter a hospital and become a trained nurse, as I had no use for men whatever.

We then parted for the night, my father observing that he would go down to the pantry and make a roast-beef sandwich, as emotion had worn him out, and offering me one also. But I refused.

He then went away, but in a short time called up from the foot of the stairs: "I have found some choclate cake. How about it?"

"No, father," I replied. "Food would choke me."

"Well," he said, "come down and sit by me, anyhow. Because I have located a Bermuda onion and I am weeping my eyes out. I need company."

How can one resist such an appeal? I for one could not, and again putting on my kimono and slippers I descended, guided by the odor of onions. But at the door of the den I paused, and my heart leaped with emotion. For there, tall and virile in his unaform, but pallid with excitement, was Carter Brooks!

"Another trap!" I said as coldly as is possible when one loves as I did.

"Certainly it is a trap," he said. "It took an hour and a half and a Bermuda onion to get you to. But you're here and I'm here and what the h—l do we care? Bab, you blessed darling! And to think that the whole A. E. F. has been hanging engagement rings on you."

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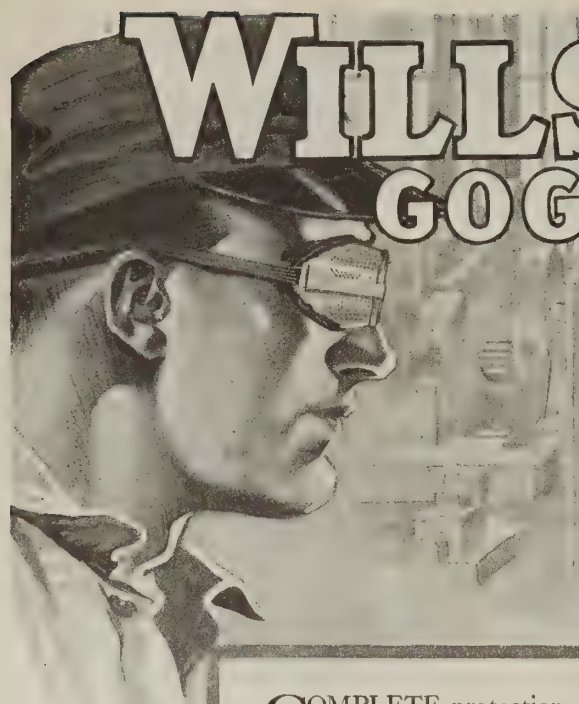

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"The Ones That Last a Lifetime"

"I couldn't help it, Carter," I said, against his unaform. Because I had decided on seeing him not to go to a hospital after all.

"So your father explained."

He then kissed me and said:

"As soon as that ass of a couzin of mine fishes his watch out of the fountain he is going to write something for the newspapers that will keep these other ring hounds off for keeps. Because you are only going to make one soldier happy. But if you make him any happier than he is he will have to carry lead waits in his pockets, or he will fly up and hit the cieling. Now let's go back and celebrate with roast beef and onions. You'll have to eat onions, because I intend to kiss you between each bite."

How queer is the difference between the sexes! Because when one of the femanine gender is in love and happy the very thought of food chokes her, while if male they immediately wish for something to eat.

We then repaired to the pantry, and on the following day when mother returned she had too surprises. One was the a nouncement in the papers, which she cou not understand, as she had not sent it i And the other was that the roast bee which had been meant for croquets, was e tirely gone. The cook's meat saw was al broken and mother asked my father if h had repaired the car with it, but he sai "No."

Thus the incident ended, except tha Tommy Gray took a bad cold and had buy a new unaform.

But only too days ago the jeweler's b came and mother said to father: "I s you've been buying a new watch. Wh was the matter with the old one?"

"A new watch?" said my father. haven't bought a new watch. It's all I c do to pay my income tax and support m familey these days."

"How queer!" said mother. "Listen this: 'To engraving watch, "Finders Kee ers," one dollar and a half.'"

"Give me that bill and I'll stop in a see the jeweler," said my father in an inn cent manner. But as she was not looking winked at me.

DRIFTWOOD

(Continued from Page 13)

"Looks very bad," Colonel McDonald said. "Plot these up and see where she's going to."

The data clicked through the calculating machines, slide rules revealed the dismal dope, a new flood crest laid its length upon the pink paper—and everybody forgot about pay day.

"This is a bad one—worst I ever saw," the colonel said. "Get the flood warnings out to all river towns by wire at once." He called for one of his older assistants. "Plot a contour of the flooded area in northern Mississippi and Arkansas for a forty-foot stage at St. Louis."

Presently the map was laid on his desk.

"That puts the three railroads out of business—a bad one. Eight towns under water—and all the farm land from the river to the bluffs."

He wrote another batch of telegrams.

"Benton County will be flooded by Tuesday night," he wired to the master of the Gilmore. "Cruise inland after flood victims until further orders."

The master of the Gilmore handed the telegram to Captain Jack. The pilot read it.

"That means we start now! They'll be roostin' in the trees along Sunflower Bayou this time to-morrow."

At a normal stage the river was a mile wide at the head of Dog Island. On this day the island was submerged and the yellow currents boiled above a terrain thirty miles wide where Sunflower Bayou meandered its way between the river and the bluffs.

Benton County, except for the inland ridges, was a large body of water entirely surrounded by a flood.

From the top of a farmhouse, which had lifted from its foundations and drifted until it encountered some bending oaks, the crew of the Gilmore rescued a farmer and his family. When the man became rational he began to talk.

"At Struthers' place they's a lot of folks f'm up th' Bayou—mebbe fifty. They 'lowed it war safe—bein' on high groun', but this here water'll ketch 'em sure."

The Gilmore headed for Struthers' place. At twilight over the wide waters Captain Jack heard a faint voice through the tree tops.

There had been fifty people on the roofs of the farm buildings at Struthers' place, but one of these buildings had collapsed and now a dozen drowned bodies hung in the cypress branches that swayed in the currents downstream.

At dawn Captain Jack had driven the Gilmore twenty miles inland.

At evening of the second day the boat tied up to some tree tops while various crews of volunteers voyaged forth in skiffs. Presently these crews returned, towing behind them heavy limbs of trees. The coal bunkers on the boat were empty.

"I can't give ye a full head wid wood," a fireman called to the engineer. "Tell Cap'n Jack to work her under a slow bell or less—wood won't make steam fast enough."

The engineer transmitted this message through the tube to the pilot house.

"You've got to make steam," Captain Jack answered back. "We're going out before these people starve."

The Gilmore drove for the city which l across the flood a hundred miles dow stream. There for three hours while t coal bunkers were being filled and provisio loaded aboard Captain Jack slept heavi for the first time in four days.

"Wake me up when we start," he ordere but they let him sleep until the bo started inland again into the Sunflow Bayou country where many victims of t flood remained.

At noon the crest of the flood passed t area which had been Dog Island. M stains began to appear on the tree trun above the surface of the water. And th with the Gilmore thirty miles inland t French Grant levee broke and a great v ume of the flood swung to the newer chan against the bluffs to the east.

Captain Jack saw the mud stains on t trees. He turned to the master of the bo who was with him in the pilot house.

"She's turned—she's fallen a foot."

"Let's get out of here before we caught," the captain directed.

Captain Jack looked at him.

"We'll get out after we clean up t people below here. There's a dozen famil adrift somewhere within ten miles of us."

The dozen families were the price of t Gilmore.

Before the Gilmore started out for t open river the drag of the new chan formed by the breaking of the French Gra levee drained the Sunflower Bayou terra

With the waters receding about him Ca tain Jack felt the hull of his boat tou bottom as he was picking up the last of t refugees.

He sought a channel through the tr toward the bayou. On the second night t great boat cradled gently in the soft mu while the normal flow of Sunflower Bay detoured round the rudders and follow along the hull which had dammed its ancie course.

Twenty miles inland Captain Jack ra his last signal to the engine room. Then reported to the master of the Gilmore.

"I was at the wheel," he said. "I was charge when she—when she was lost. I responsible."

His voice was suddenly that of an old ma

"But to balance it you saved a hundr lives," the captain replied. He tried comfort the pilot.

"I lost my boat! I lost my boat—tha enough!"

Captain Jack went to his stateroom a for three days he spoke no word to any ma

On the third day the Gilmore's capt knocked at the door of the pilot's stateroo

"It's dry enough to walk on now. Y and me and the crew had better report the St. Louis office. Whenever you're rea we'll go inland to the railroad and catch train north."

"I'm ready any time, captain," the pi called out.

Except for one watchman, the crew l the boat. Through a long vista of cypr and willows Captain Jack looked long up the Gilmore.

"Good-by, old-timer," he said finally.

Jimmy Rivet beside him reached Captain Jack's suitcase.

(Continued on Page 68)

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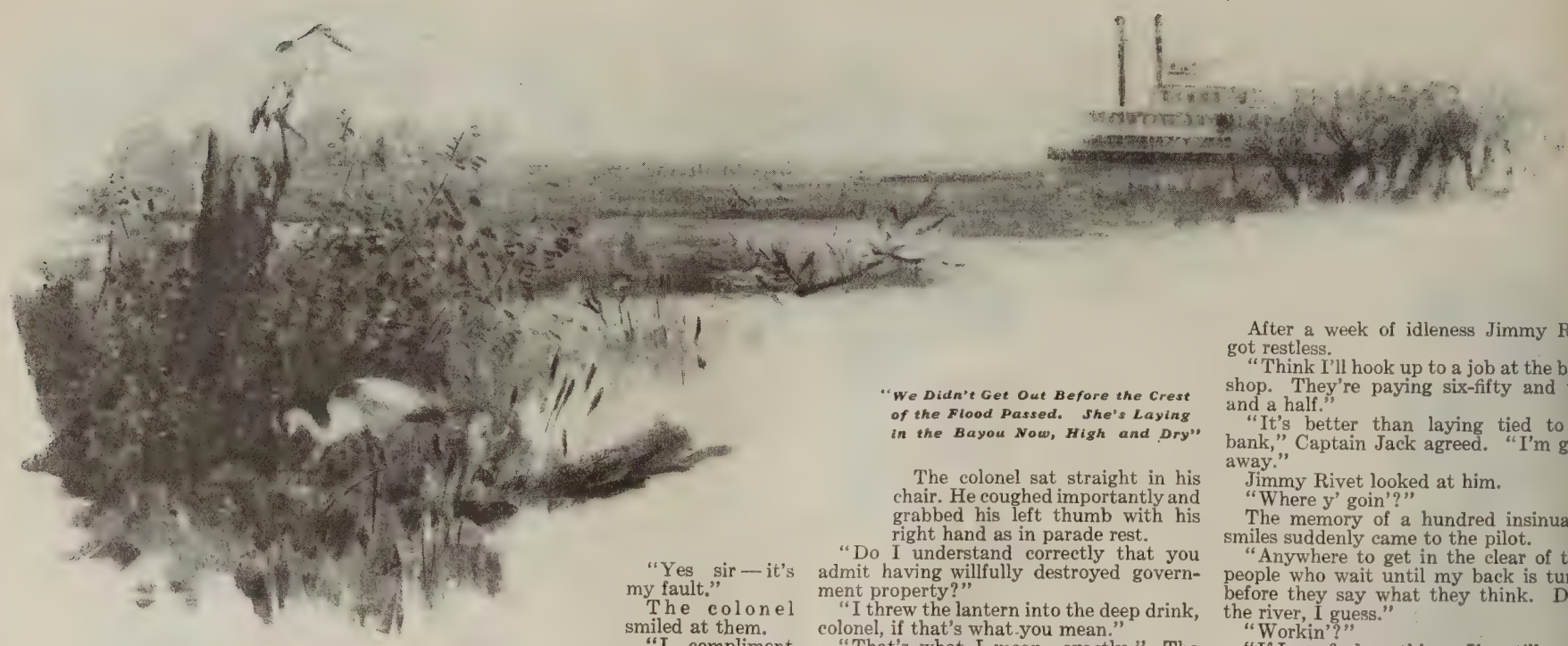


"We Didn't Get Out Before the Crest of the Flood Passed. She's Laying in the Bayou Now, High and Dry"

(Continued from Page 66)

"I'll carry this kiester—I ain't got nuthin' of me own."

The party caught the train at Kenwood Springs. They arrived at St. Louis the next day. Over and over Captain Jack voiced the thought in his mind:

"I'm done—I lost my boat! I'm finished. She's lost!"

"Look at what you done—look at them people you got! D'ye think f'r a second anybody but you could 'a' got them last three gangs of farmers? What t' hell is a boat or two to th' Guv'ment?"

Jimmy Rivet sought some means of breaking the dark mood which had claimed his Captain Jack.

At eleven o'clock Colonel McDonald's soft-footed chief clerk appeared at the door of the colonel's office. He beckoned to Captain Jack and the master of the Gilmore.

"The Colonel will see you now," he whispered.

Following the chief clerk, the two entered unto the presence. Colonel McDonald pursued the text of a work on crime written by one Nick Carter until he encountered a gratifying murder. He closed the magazine and looked up at the two men who stood before his wide desk.

"Tell me about the loss of the Gilmore," he said to the master of the boat.

"Nothing much to it, sir," that officer began. "We steamed inland on the flood water after the people in the Sunflower-Bayou country and we didn't get out before the crest of the flood passed. She's laying in the bayou now, high and dry except for a trickle of water 'longside of her from the slough."

"Can she be salvaged?"

"She's in there twenty miles from water—and there'll never be another flood like this one. I won't say never—but this is the highest water that ever hit that neck of the woods. All the marks and records show it went ten feet higher than it ever did before. Chances are ——"

"A million to one against it," the colonel interrupted. "Very serious business indeed—reports and investigations and a lot of property surveys. Why didn't you get out when you saw that the water was falling?"

"Colonel, we were just figgerin' on getting out—but it caught us."

"We didn't get out," Captain Jack broke in, "because we hadn't finished our work in there. There were some families adrift below us and we went after them. The fact that the Gilmore is stranded in Sunflower Bayou is my fault, colonel, and if there's any blame coming for the loss of her it's coming to me." Captain Jack looked square at the man seated before him. "I'm to blame."

The colonel looked away and out of a window where the drifting black smoke of a pork-packing plant hung heavy over a children's playground.

"That's all," he finally said. "I'm to blame you then, Captain Jack?"

"Yes sir — it's my fault."

The colonel smiled at them.

"I compliment both of you on a very excellent piece of work." He stood up and held out his hand. "A very excellent piece of work," he repeated. "I am proud of both of you and all the rest of the Gilmore's crew and I will write the chief of engineers to that effect. There'll be a new boat launched two months from now, the King her name is—finest boat on the river—draws six feet light, a palace on a steel hull."

The colonel lost the thread of the conversation in his contemplation of what a whizz-bang the King would be.

The chief clerk opened the office door and took charge of Captain Jack and his companion.

"Let me have your signature on a property list before you go," the clerk said.

Captain Jack accompanied him to the big desk. From one of the battery of pigeonholes the clerk drew a sheaf of folded documents. He removed the band from about them and shuffled the deck. He dealt a sinister-looking two-spot of a document to the pilot.

"Not a property list either—Form 61. Affidavit, I see. Memory isn't what she used to be."

"Affidavit for what?" Captain Jack asked.

The chief clerk opened the document and glanced at it.

"Lemme see. Oh, yes—a lantern! You lost a lantern from Driver 144 when she was transferred to the Fortune Island job. Hold up your right hand. You swear that the property in question was lost by you without fault or carelessness on your part, so help you God?"

Captain Jack frowned for a moment and lowered his hand.

"I do not. I can't swear that—it wasn't that way. I heaved her over the high side when ——"

"You what?"

"I slung her to hell into the river."

"You mean—willfully?"

The chief clerk's normal countenance lightened to wide-eyed amazement at the pilot's incredible admission.

"Nobody made me do it."

A little smile hung in the corners of Captain Jack's mouth.

The pair were silent for thirty seconds while the chief clerk rifled the coffers of his mental treasury.

"No third way. Either the lantern was lost through no fault or carelessness of yours, or else it was willful destruction of government property."

"Let her ride at that," Captain Jack said. "I'm satisfied—only a forty-cent lantern anyway. I'm hungry. See you ——"

"Hold on! Hold on! You don't seem to understand how serious this is. Wait a minute! I've got to put this up to Colonel McDonald."

Captain Jack and his shore appetite fidgeted round for five minutes. The chief clerk came out of the colonel's office.

"Colonel McDonald wants to see you," he announced to the pilot.

Captain Jack walked into the colonel's office for the second time that morning. The chief clerk followed softly behind him.

The colonel sat straight in his chair. He coughed importantly and grabbed his left thumb with his right hand as in parade rest.

"Do I understand correctly that you admit having willfully destroyed government property?"

"I threw the lantern into the deep drink, colonel, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean—exactly." The colonel's voice thinned into a rising note. "Do you know that it's a penitentiary offense—that you're liable for anything up to a ten-year sentence?"

Captain Jack looked straight at him.

"No sir, I do not."

"Well, you are! A fine damned parade!" The colonel's taxed arteries stressed to a deep mauve. "You're finished, sir! You're done!" The colonel's voice was suddenly rich with rage. He turned to his chief clerk. "Effective to-day, this man is discharged. Enter it on his civil-service record. That's all! That's all!"

The chief clerk left the colonel's office, followed by Captain Jack.

"I'm sorry," the clerk began.

Captain Jack smiled slowly.

"Never can tell what you'll hit in smooth water," he said. "I'm sorry too—sorry for any side-wheeler that draws too much water to make the riffles."

Presently a treasury check was brought to the chief clerk's desk. He handed it to Captain Jack.

"To date," he said. He held out his hand to the pilot. "Good luck."

"I've had lots of it lately."

Captain Jack smiled and walked out of the office.

Below on the stone steps of the great building Jimmy Rivet was waiting for Captain Jack.

"Think I was never going to show up?" the pilot asked. "Hungry? Let's get something to eat."

During the course of their lunch Captain Jack recounted the interview to his companion.

"Th' dirty brass-collared groundhog! An' could I get one swing at that chief clerk with a pinch bar ——" Jimmy Rivet grew more enthusiastic as he ate his food. "At one o'clock I calls and drags down me time an' maybe pastes him an' his damn colonel—th' pair of 'em, damn 'em!"

"Ring a slow bell on this battle business," Captain Jack advised. "Play your cards as they drop. Everything averages up, sonny, if you wait long enough."

Captain Jack met two of his professional associates in the bar of the Planters Hotel.

"Have a drink," one of them said. "How's the old plow pilot? Doing anything for yourself since you beached the Gilmore?"

They had a drink.

"Jack, I hear that Kerrigan is taking out the new Lee Line boat next month. Chances are he'll be needing a pardner. They'll be running three shifts on her."

"I'm not looking for a job with that outfit. Thanks for the tip just the same."

In the rooms of the Pilots' Association the story was current for a month: "Jack lost his boat and the colonel fired him." Invariably there resulted counter arguments in Captain Jack's favor and invariably the discussion wound up with the same finish.

"He lost his boat just the same. He got fired for it. Wasn't a square deal—but what can you do with these engineer officers? Old Jack is the loser."

After a week of idleness Jimmy Rivet got restless.

"Think I'll hook up to a job at the boiler shop. They're paying six-fifty and time and a half."

"It's better than laying tied to the bank," Captain Jack agreed. "I'm going away."

Jimmy Rivet looked at him.

"Where y' goin'?"

The memory of a hundred insinuating smiles suddenly came to the pilot.

"Anywhere to get in the clear of these people who wait until my back is turned before they say what they think. Down the river, I guess."

"Workin'?"

"If I can find anything. I've still got my papers, but that doesn't mean that anybody will give me another boat. No, I think I'll drift down the river and hang up on a towhead somewhere and stay outdoors where I won't see anyone for a while."

Jimmy Rivet got up from his chair.

"When do we start?"

Captain Jack was silent for five minutes.

"Suppose we hit out for Driftwood Bend for a little holiday. Would you like to camp out for a month or two?" he finally proposed. "Then maybe we'll get a little scow and put a deck house on her and drift it to New Orleans. How'd you like that?"

"Huntin' an' fishin'—there's nothin' I'd like better in the world. How soon can we start? I got thirty dollars left—we won't need much groceries."

Captain Jack smiled slowly.

"You have thirty dollars, have you? Well, I've got that much myself—if the bank isn't busted. Let's go downtown and get an outfit."

At the Fourth National Bank Captain Jack wrote a check and gave it to the paying teller.

"In hundreds," the pilot requested.

An unbroken package of greenbacks slid from under the brass grille. Captain Jack broke the paper ribbon which bound them and dealt ten of the notes from the top of the stack. He handed them to Jimmy Rivet.

"Put these with your thirty dollars and let's get an outfit."

The boy's eyes widened.

"Holy catfish!" he exclaimed. "Ten heavy frog-skin centuries! A thousan' iron ones! An' you lookin' f'r a job pilotin' a measly steamboat!"

"I'm looking for an outfit to last us a while on Driftwood Bend," Captain Jack corrected. "Let's get it."

Presently in the Pilots' Association Captain Jack's absence began to be remarked. "Haven't seen him for a long time. Visiting his people probably, down in Kentucky."

"Didn't know he had any people."

"He's got a father down there."

"His father died more than ten years ago."

Three hundred feet from the river's margin, locked fast in the débris of Driftwood Bend, there lay a house whose twisted fabric had substantially withstood the stresses of its downstream journey. In the attic of this house, that being all of the structure above water, Captain Jack and Jimmy Rivet established their camp.

The attic floor was broken and old, but planks retrieved from the abundant surrounding supply presently covered the holes in the floor.

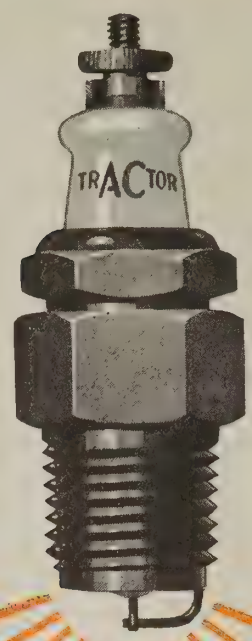
"So that if you walk in your sleep," Jimmy Rivet said, "you won't have to swim back to bed."

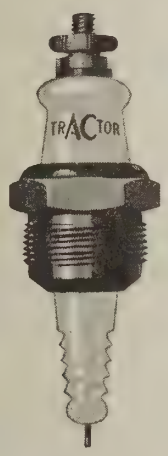
From a ledge of shale a mile upstream the pair brought great flat slabs of stone and pretty soon a cooking fire burned on an outdoor hearth.

(Continued on Page 70)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Tractor Type





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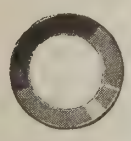
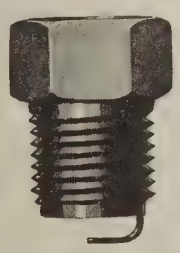
The porcelain is welded right in the bushing, insuring a gas-tight union at all times. Note the sharp edges of the porcelain. These knife edges attain great heat which burns off carbon as fast as it forms. This is the famous AC Carbon Proof construction.



A copper-asbestos gasket, which is seated in the shell at the base of the bushing, is an added precaution against gas leakage.



"AC Tractor" Shell.

This shell and the porcelain are ground concentric. Therefore the middle electrode always comes directly in the center when the plug is assembled. The porcelain-bushing assembly is screwed into this shell. No matter how tightly the fit is made, the strain always comes on the metal, never on the porcelain.

It Solves the Three Big Tractor Problems

The new, two-piece AC Tractor Plug is ready. It incorporates two exclusive AC features which recommend it for general tractor use and particularly for engines that burn kerosene.

First of all, the "AC Tractor" has the famous AC Carbon Proof Porcelain. Secondly, it incorporates our new two-piece construction in which the porcelain is welded in the bushing, always insuring a gas-tight joint no matter how often the plug is taken apart and reassembled. This construction places all strain on metal parts instead of on the porcelain.

Tractor users everywhere will appreciate the advantages of these features which overcome the three common disadvantages:

1—Because tractors are frequently left exposed to the weather or because kerosene is used in the engines, spark plugs tend to foul quickly.

The AC Tractor Plug will not foul readily because it has the famous AC Carbon Proof Porcelain with the knife edges that attain terrific heat which burns off carbon as it is formed.

2—After the average plug is taken apart for cleaning, there is danger lest a gas-tight joint may not be secured in reassembling. A leaky joint means a quickly ruined porcelain.

The AC Tractor Plug with its welded porcelain-bushing assembly is always gas-tight. Furthermore the bushing is ground concentric with the lower shell so that the middle electrode always comes exactly in the center of the shell.

3—In the two-piece type of tractor plug where tightening strain is directed to the porcelain itself, cracking or breakage may result.

The "AC Tractor" design puts all tightening stress on metal parts where it belongs. No strain whatever is transmitted to the porcelain.

This AC Tractor Plug is no experiment. It has been thoroughly tested and proved in every type of gasoline and kerosene burning engine.

Your dealer can supply you with these plugs now. Equip your tractor with them and see how they put an end to your spark plug troubles.

Champion Ignition Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

When the Beggar Held Trumps!

HE was a millionaire—powerful—aloof—used to the best that life could give—yet he was lonely and worried. He had a wife abroad—wild rumors there were about her—

This beggar who sat opposite to him now—who ten minutes before begged a meal—why did he sit gazing—stupefied—transformed—what did he see—what did he know—what connection had he with that beautiful picture overhead—that painting of the millionaire's wife?

O. HENRY

With swift, sure strokes he drives his story home. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to a climax so unexpected that it draws you up sharply.

He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—on the street corner. He laughs when he preaches and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before. Join the 232,000 who have made him their own!

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(Continued from Page 68)

"If we had a real stove we could cook inside," Jimmy Rivet observed upon a day when the weather was all rain.

The black pool into which the attic stairs led from the floor on which they lived exercised a constant fascination for the boy.

"Wonder what's downstairs?"

"If we had a diving suit we might find out," Captain Jack answered.

"I'm going to try it without any."

The boy stripped and spent an hour exploring the submarine ground floor of his home.

"They's something there," he announced. "An' something floatin' against the attic floor."

Captain Jack smiled.

"Look out you don't get lost!"

Next day Jimmy searched round the drift field until he found a timber through which there were half a dozen long spikes. He chopped these out and hammered a bend into them. Then with wire he bound four of them together in the form of a grappling hook.

"I'll get a pole," Captain Jack said, "and shove her way over under the water to the corner of the room and you haul in whatever she picks up."

The grappling hook was carefully extended on the end of a limber willow until it encountered the wall of the submerged room. Captain Jack jerked the willow away quickly and the hook settled to the floor of the room.

When the slack was out of the line Jimmy Rivet's face changed.

"I've got something!" he exclaimed.

He hauled in his line until it became vertical with the suspended load. Carefully he drew his catch clear of the stairway below water.

"Whatever she is, she weighs soggy for her size," the boy said.

The prize came to the surface. With its wire guards locked in the grappling hook, its unbroken globe half filled with sand, the catch was hauled above water.

It was a lantern!

"Not bad for the first time," the boy said. "I'll snag a stove this time. Git the pole and shove her 'way over in the corner."

But Captain Jack had turned away. He walked out upon the broad field of driftwood.

"You'll catch a steamboat if you keep on," he said. "I'm going for a walk. Might be a boat pass—or something."

Until night fell Captain Jack lay on a great log near the water edge of the field of drift. Three steamboats passed him during the course of the day. He followed them with his eyes until they faded into the haze that lay in the bend of the stream below.

At evening Jimmy called him to supper.

"I got us a couple of quail and some frog legs and a rabbit and a chunky little catfish. Hungry?"

Captain Jack wasn't very hungry.

"I cleaned that lantern up I caught. She's as good as new. That's her that's hangin' by the door."

"Better shield her on the channel side," Captain Jack said. "Some mud clerk will be writing her in the log for a new range light if we don't."

"Never thought of that," the boy said. "We don't want no boats plowin' through the house. I'll fix it after supper."

A pilot on a Lee Line packet headed downstream saw the gleam of the lantern.

"A light ten feet above water surface near the channel edge of Driftwood Bend," he said to his cub. "Enter it on the log."

Colonel McDonald sent one of his assistant engineers to the stranded Gilmore.

"Make a report on her position with a view to salvaging the engines and boilers," he directed.

The engineer fought tangled underbrush and man-eating mosquitoes for two weeks and returned with the essential data. He wrote his report and delivered it to the colonel.

"If the railroad will build three miles of branch line we could build a corduroy road to where the boat lays. The cost of the railroad would be about a hundred thousand dollars. Clearing and grading a wagon road through the swamp," he said, "and surfacing it with poles so it would carry loaded wagons would cost about fifty thousand. The total salvage value of everything which could be removed from the boat is less than thirty thousand dollars, so if we go ahead with this deal it means a net loss of half the cost of a new boat. I recommend that we abandon her."

The colonel acted on this recommendation.

"Send a messenger down there to bring the watchman back," he directed, "and let her go to the devil. The new boat will be launched in a few weeks. She'll do ten times as much work as the Gilmore did."

And thus the Gilmore was abandoned in the solitude of Sunflower Bayou.

With the passage of the long days Captain Jack came to spend much of his time along the channel margin of Driftwood Bend. To Jimmy Rivet it seemed as if his captain's mood changed daily. There came a time when the sound of the whistle of a distant steamboat meant that in Captain Jack's eyes would come a heavy melancholy.

"Mopin' about losin' his boat," thought the boy. "Best thing we can do is to get out of here where he won't hear these steamboats."

"Wonder how it would be campin' in the woods?" he said to Captain Jack. "Way in where we won't be woke up all the time with these steamboat whistles. Couldn't be any lonelier than this, no matter how far in we was."

Captain Jack studied for a minute before he decided.

"Maybe that would be a good scheme," he finally said. "Sling the things together and we'll head into the jungle."

"Why not drift over to Sunflower Bayou where we left the boat and see what she looks like?" Jimmy suggested.

The pilot's eyes brightened.

"That's the best plan of all. We could camp on her. Be a pretty handy place to live, now that the rainy season has commenced. There's deer in there and lots of fish in the bayou. I guess we wouldn't starve to death."

"How do we go—overland or head downstream in the skiff?"

"I don't want anything to do with the river," Captain Jack replied. "We'll head overland."

On the following morning the pair started their journey to the Gilmore. Traveling slowly, they accomplished the trip in four days. Together they marched over the intervening miles and together they came upon the deserted boat, stranded in the mud of Sunflower Bayou.

"Hasn't changed a bit!" Captain Jack observed. They climbed aboard over the guards and walked aft to the engine room. "Seems like a haunted house, some way," the pilot remarked to his companion. "I'm sure glad you're here, Jimmy."

The pair mounted the stairs into the main cabin.

"I'll take my old quarters," Captain Jack said, "and you rig yourself up over there in the chief engineer's stateroom. Handy thing she settled on an even keel."

He looked at the clock on the cabin wall.

"Start that clock when you get a chance, so she won't rust her bearings."

In an hour they were settled in their new quarters. They discovered that the contents of the storeroom adjoining the galley were undisturbed.

"Provisions enough here," remarked Jimmy Rivet, "to last us a year."

"We'll touch none of it," Captain Jack replied. "It's government stuff."

"Where'll we cook?" the boy asked.

"It's all right to use the range in the galley, but so far as the supplies go we'll leave 'em as we find 'em."

On the long table in the cabin, scattered as they had been left the day the crew deserted the Gilmore, lay a pack of cards. With these, while Jimmy Rivet was foraging in the woods or fishing in the bayou, Captain Jack played endless games of solitaire.

There came a day when the great cabin of the boat was cold.

"This place will freeze us to death if we don't heat it up," Captain Jack remarked. "Might be a good plan to carry a little steam in the nigger boiler below."

The pair went to the main deck and in a little while an auxiliary boiler was carrying a low head of steam. Immediately the character of the boat seemed to undergo a change which both of her passengers remarked.

"If we only had water under her the two of us could fire up her main boilers and cruise round."

"She's had her last cruise," Captain Jack replied. "We can clear her wheel though and give her steam enough to turn her engines over."

This they did after working strenuously for a week to get the great paddle wheel clear of the mud which had settled round it. One morning with the steam gauge showing eighty pounds Jimmy Rivet whirled the wheel of the throttle valve and ever so slowly the paddle wheel revolved.

At evening Captain Jack lighted the lantern which Jimmy had fished from the water inside the submerged house in Driftwood Bend. He made the lantern fast to a line which ran through the sheave at the top of the jackstaff.

"When you carry steam you have to show a light for'd," he said half seriously. "Regulations—we don't want to break any rules."

A wizard on a slow green, Colonel McDonald welcomed the rainy season for its good effect on his golf score. Uncle Tip, down on the levee, laid awake nights and cursed Nature in all her humidity.

"I'll git me a job in a land where there ain't no rain," he threatened on the thirty-fourth consecutive rainy day.

In his office the colonel read an invitation from the builders of the new steamboat in which they requested his presence at the launching. He decided to accept the invitation.

"Tell these people I'll be there," he said to his chief clerk, who had answered his summons. He had important visions of a beautiful girl hammering the new boat on the nose with a bottle of sparkling cider.

"I christen thee King. Slide, damn you! Slide!"

And maybe a banquet afterward with speeches by leading inmates of the city.

"Mister Chairman, ladees an' gentlem'n ——"

One of the colonel's assistant engineers stood before the desk.

"Colonel, I want to call your attention to these gauge readings and this rainfall run-off curve."

The engineer laid a sheaf of papers on the colonel's desk. The colonel studied the rainfall curve for a moment. Suddenly he got to his feet.

"Great gad! Are you sure your figures are right! Ask Williams to come in! Get one of those stenographers!"

The chief clerk came in.

"Flood water again!" the colonel announced. "The Missouri over her banks this time to make it worse. Get the wires out to the lower country—everything has gone to hell up above!"

He nodded at the stenographer.

"Wire the Ohio River stations to send us hourly readings and wire the builders to launch the King without waiting for the paint on her to dry. A damned repeater—or worse!"

And a dismal desperate repeater the flood proved to be.

Jimmy Rivet baited a small hook with a sliver of rabbit meat. He wedged the cork to the line three feet from the hook and made his cast into the muddy water of Sunflower Bayou.

"I'll let her drift down against that cypress snag where the bullheads feed and f'r dinner we'll have rabbit and fried catfish."

But she didn't drift down worth a cent.

The boy watched the cork languidly for a minute and then he made another cast.

"Ain't no current at all to-day," he observed.

Presently the cork floated upstream from the outstretched pole. The boy remarked this for a little while and suddenly the significance of the phenomenon translated to a meaning which instantly roused him.

"She's flood water! The river's backin' into th' bayou again!"

He raced through the tangle of vines along the margin of the bayou until he came upon the Gilmore.

"Whooee-e-e!" he called. "Cap'n Jack! Oh, Cap'n Jack!"

The pilot appeared on the boiler deck of the Gilmore.

"Backwater!" the panting boy called. "She's floodin' again! She's runnin' upstream half a mile down f'm here!"

Even at that moment the languid currents that grazed the Gilmore's hull had been lost in the opposing flow from the flooded areas below.

Instant action and a desperate coolness marked the pilot's course.

"Get a fire under the nigger boiler and get that boiler feed pump working," he directed. "This boat's hull is stuck fast in

(Concluded on Page 73)

(Concluded from Page 70)

he mud and she'll never float if we can't wash her clear with the wheel."

He ran forward to the main boilers. An nch of water showed in the gauge glasses.

"Enough," he said.

"On a mass of shattered boxes in the ire box of the starboard battery he threw bucket of coal oil and a moment later a reat flame was roaring through the flues. He covered the fire lightly with a sprinkle of coal. Then with an ax he split the dry pine walls of an empty coal bunker into manageable sticks of firewood.

He called back to Jimmy Rivet.

"Come for'd and help me break out this suction hose."

Together they uncoiled a fifty-foot length of suction hose. One end they connected to the feed pump, the other with its brass strainer was dropped into the muddy waters of the bayou.

"When you get forty pounds on the gauge give me half a boiler full—and not more. We'll need steam here mighty quick. We can't turn the engines over with less than fifty pounds in the main line."

The Gilmore's deck was awash with the flood waters before the vacuum of her viscid cradle was destroyed by the backwash of the paddle wheel. The great buoyant fabric of her hull lifted clear finally and floated once more in its appropriate element.

"Shut her off! Stop her!" Captain Jack yelled. "She'll climb the bank in a second."

On the bank of Sunflower Bayou appeared a negro farmer and his family.

"Cap'n, I never seed a handier steamboat in all my days," he called. "Kinn us all come 'boa'd?"

"You and that biggest boy come for'd here," Captain Jack ordered after the first of the refugees were aboard. "You open that iron door whenever that fire inside shows any black spots and hit 'em with a shovelful of coal. See the hand on that clock?" Captain Jack pointed to the steam gauge. "You keep that hand pointing straight up or I'll skin you with that shovel!"

"Cap'n, yaas suh! Ol' steamboat sho' needs steam, else how come kin it run?"

In the Gilmore's pilot house Captain Jack stepped on the whistle lever. The great roaring signal carried far across the flooding country.

When the water went over the banks of Sunflower Bayou there were a hundred fugitives on board the boat. From these Captain Jack named his assistants. Jimmy Rivet in the engine room was presently aided by half a dozen oilers.

"You stick at that throttle," Captain Jack ordered.

"So long as you're at the wheel," the boy answered.

In the boiler room three shifts of firemen and coal passers kept the live steam leaping to the engines.

And with this makeshift crew the Gilmore once again picked up all the inhabitants of the Sunflower-Bayou country. On the second night she steamed through the flood for the open river.

"Stick to it, pardner!" Captain Jack called through the tube to his engineer. "Very tired?"

"I ain't tired an' I ain't hungry n'r sleepy," the boy called back. "But I aim to be—after we land this mob. Where we at now?" he asked.

"Another five miles and we're in the open river—near Dog Island," the pilot answered.

Racing upstream toward the Sunflower Bayou with Colonel McDonald in personal command, the King, newly launched, voyaged out on her first rescue trip. There had been no formal launching, no subsequent banquet, no speech making. Nothing but a tense effort to beat Death in his race on the flood crest.

At midnight a skiff putting out from shore delivered a handful of telegrams to Colonel McDonald. He read them in the dimness of the pilot house of the King.

"Inland from Dog Island. I'm afraid the Sunflower Bayou people are gone. Hardly a chance."

"No chance at all, colonel, unless they load up in skiffs—and none of those inland farmers have skiffs. No chance at all—water's been twenty feet deep over that land for three days."

A red light showed faintly in the darkness across the flood two miles upstream.

"Here comes somebody!" the pilot said. He reached for his glasses. "Can't make him—one of the Lee Line probably."

Then from the boat upstream there came two faint blasts of her whistle—her passing signal. The pilot at the wheel of the King stood transfixed for an instant.

"I'm a liar or crazy, colonel. But that's the whistle of—of the Gilmore! Maybe she's ——"

"Answer him! Whistle him down! Stop him!" The colonel abandoned his official reserve. He jumped for the searchlight switch and in an instant a great white flare leaped through the night. It flooded fair on the pilot house of the boat upstream and swept the length of her decks.

In the one flash the colonel read her name as his pilot had recognized her from her lines.

"The Gilmore!"

"And solid with people!"

"Make fast 'longside!" the colonel called through a megaphone.

"Who are you?" Captain Jack called back.

"Steamer King—Colonel McDonald!"

"Stand by to take a line!" Captain Jack ordered. "Hello, colonel!"

On the black waters the boats edged slowly together. At the instant of their contact Colonel McDonald jumped aboard the Gilmore.

The mate of the King called to his pilot, "All fast, sir!"

Captain Jack rang three bells to the engine room of the Gilmore.

"You're off watch, Jimmy, pardner!" he called through the tube. "Come up here! We're done!"

Colonel McDonald entered the pilot house of the Gilmore. He put his arm about Captain Jack's shoulders.

"Magnificent!" he said. "I have—I have needed you, Captain Jack."

The pilot saw the lantern lowering from the jackstaff of the Gilmore.

"It's been very—lonesome, colonel—away from the river and all of the—the old gang."

Jimmy Rivet, carrying the lantern he had fished from the house at Driftwood, entered the pilot house. He saw the two figures.

"Here's our lantern, Captain Jack," the boy said. "I'll put it with your stuff in your stateroom."

"My chief engineer, Jimmy Rivet, colonel," Captain Jack said. "If he needs sleep as much as I do ——"

"Come on board the King—both of you—officially," the colonel directed.

"Officially? You—do you mean I'm a pilot again?" Captain Jack's voice lowered in its earnestness.

"There's six pilots on her now," the colonel said, "and as long as you've got a chief engineer you'd better keep him. Come aboard as master of the boat—we can date your papers to-day—sort of a souvenir."

Carrying the lantern of Driftwood Bend, Jimmy Rivet, chief engineer, followed the colonel and the new master of the King.

"After you, sir," the colonel said to Captain Jack at the for'd stairway of the King. "She's your boat."

The old Mississip' sensed a new turn of affairs.

"Colonel's showing a little sense after all," she mused. "I'll have to cut out this flood business and quit worrying the old golferino."

NEW FEET UNDER THE TABLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Anyhow that was my reaction and I determined to express what I was driving at in about three sentences that any workman able to read English could get if he gave the little creed the once-over. It was one of the stiffest jobs I ever attempted, but finally I boiled my convictions down into these terms:

"That labor bought at less than the current wage is an expensive purchase, because it means lack of enthusiasm on the worker's part. That a man or woman works best who has a financial interest above wages in the success of the business. That teamwork wins in baseball, battles and business.

"Then the next problem was how to give these convictions the real kick in practical results. I have always had the notion that every worker, no matter in how humble a position, has the ability to think if it can only be roused and developed. The purpose of the coöperative plan that I was trying to formulate was to draw out that latent thinking ability on the part of every employee of the company and to demonstrate in a practical and substantial way that it pays the worker to think for his employer. This purpose led as straight as the crow flies to the main pillars of our plan: A fair share in the profits by the employees and an established and open means of communication and contact between the employees and the management that would inspire confidence and coöperation, stimulate constructive thinking and educate the employees into an understanding that the management was putting all the cards on the table face up and holding nothing out on them."

The conviction was strong with Mr. Cary that the first step was to get freely chosen representatives of the workers to put their feet under the table along with his own and those of the superintendent and then to get these men to understand that the job before the conference was to work out a plan that would give them and those they represented an actual say in the operation of the business so far as everything affecting labor was concerned and an actual and substantial participation in the profits of the company.

Any plan worked out through this informal contact was to be their plan more than his; they were to be educated into the understanding that the responsibility for any formal machinery in the way of a fixed plan was up to them. The machinery of conference and coöperation at the Browning plant is just as simple to-day as it was when the first meeting was held almost two years ago. In fact it is as informal as the barn dance—and much less strenuous. It is called the men's meeting and is held twice a month in the president's office.

Two secretly elected representatives from each department of the plant are present. No foremen allowed!

When they sit down at the big table a box of cigars is passed round and business begins. Mr. Cary confesses that at the start the men were a little shy and disinclined to talk.

"But," admits Mr. Cary, "most of the men have learned how to open up their mufflers so that we can hear them making the grade on high. They have learned how to stand on their feet and tell the meeting all about the things that are on their chests. I consider this in itself something of an achievement."

There is a general understanding that the men's meeting is for the purpose of considering constructive suggestions, but that term is given a broad interpretation so far as the scope of the discussion is concerned. In the single page of the shop booklet known as The Browning Platform occurs this sentence: "No suggestion is ever discarded until it has been definitely proved impractical—the good suggestions go into use promptly."

Diligent inquiry throughout the plant and talks with the workers go to prove that this statement holds good a hundred per cent.

The only formality in connection with any of these men's meetings is the taking of careful notes and the subsequent posting of a full copy of the minutes of the meeting on every bulletin board throughout the plant. This is done so that every employee may know precisely what has transpired at the men's meetings and may discuss with their representatives the disposal of any suggestions offered through them. These bulletins are carefully scrutinized and employee representatives are often called upon to do considerable explaining.

No matter how informal may be the structure of the men's meeting and the employee representation which it stands for, there is nothing loose-jointed or indefinite about the profit-share plan, which is the real ginger of the coöperative effort. The clutch was thrown into this plan on June 18, 1918.

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Here is the document in which it was defined to the force of workers:

"For purposes of figuring your share in the profits the year is divided into quarters, starting with July. There will be set aside from the net profits, exclusive of war tax, each quarter 1¾% of the invested capital; then 10% of the remaining profits will be distributed as a cash profit share among the employees pro rata over the total amount of pay roll for that quarter.

"This cash profit sharing will be based upon an annually increasing percentage of actual salary or wages earned during continuous service—to wit: An employee of one year's standing or less but more than three months receives a profit share on an amount equal to his or her salary plus 10%. Each year's continuous service adds 10% to the wages earned up to and including the fifth year. After five years' continuous service the profit share is based upon the amount of wages earned plus 50%. All employees who have been on the pay roll since January 1, 1914, continuously will be considered in the five-year class."

Practical Examples

"Cash payment by separate check will be made on the first pay day in each November, February, May and August. Only those on the pay roll at date of payment and who have been in our service the entire quarter will be entitled to cash profit share.

"Employees voluntarily leaving the company or discharged will forfeit all right to share in any profits.

"Death of an employee shall not be a cause of forfeiture, and the pro rata share of the deceased employee's profit share will be paid to the family or dependents.

"The directors reserve the right to change this plan any time they may consider advisable for the best interest of the organization.

"Under this plan every man, woman and boy on the Browning team profits from the good work—mental or muscular—of every fellow worker and official."

As examples of how this works out in actual practice here are two dividend slips which tell the story in concrete terms:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 5, 1919.
TO WILLIAM ECK, laborer, No. 421

Inclosed please find check in payment of your proportion of the profit share.

THIS AMOUNT IS ARRIVED AT AS FOLLOWS:

Total wages paid you in April, May and June	$290.37
Your class under profit-sharing plan 100% .	290.37
Amount of your profit share at 14.5% . . .	42.10

Please deposit your check promptly.
Profit share No. 5. THE BROWNING COMPANY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 5, 1919.
TO STANISLAUS JAHN, machinist, No. 403

Inclosed please find check in payment of your proportion of the profit share.

THIS AMOUNT IS ARRIVED AT AS FOLLOWS:

Total wages paid you in April, May and June	$578.58
Your class under profit-sharing plan 150% .	867.87
Amount of your profit share at 14.5% . . .	125.84

Please deposit your check promptly.
Profit share No. 5. THE BROWNING COMPANY.

"I wanted," said President Cary, "to offer our employees a specific and tangible share in all the profits that they helped to create. I was determined that the men should know that they were not working under a stimulus that was subject to my personal stomach conditions at the time when the dividend happened to be figured and that every man on the pay roll would know that if by taking thought he was able to save anything in the way of materials, supplies or time he was saving for himself as well as for the company and that his per cent was a sure thing.

"I have made the offer in open men's meetings to open up the books of the company to the employees' representatives, but this offer was declined as unnecessary. Also I have invited the employees to name a committee of five competent representatives to examine and report upon the statements of certified accountants regularly employed to make an analysis of our books and business condition. This suggestion has not been accepted, but I am inclined to urge it to the point of insistence as a matter of educating the men in the responsibilities, difficulties and details of management. They believe that we are telling them the truth about our profits, but I want them to know the facts from the records.

"There are a few points about the evolution of our plans and the results that it has given that I should like to make plain. At the outset I confess that I was a little discouraged because the men didn't open up on the important things but seemed inclined to talk about hooks on which to hang their hats and other trifles of that sort. They appeared to be not only embarrassed but bored. Then I woke up to the fact that I had to sell them the idea that the customer was the big boss over us all and that the time had also come to sell the directors the idea that it was up to us to make a split with the employees as to our common-stock dividends. Both of these things were done. The results were immediate. In six months the plant showed a 32½ per cent increase in pounds of product shipped and only a 5 per cent increase in the man hours required to produce it."

The Spirit of Thrift

"Our experience convinces me that any scheme of employees' representation is of no account without a plan that gives the workers a definite and substantial share of the profits. Certainly it took the profit-sharing plan to put real pep into coöperation in this plant. I have already indicated that our plan of employee representation is an evolution. For example, at first the white-collar contingent—the members of the office force—had no representation in the men's meetings. They came in after the profit-sharing plan was adopted. In the first meeting at which the billing department had a representative he declared:

"'We've been careless in not turning off lights and fans when they were not needed. I can see that that sort of thing eats into our profits and I'll give my word that there is going to be a stop put to it in our department.'

"There you have it—our profits! At the first session that he attended this man instantly caught the idea that the profits of the company were a jack pot in which every employee had his ante, so to speak. The profit-pot idea is what puts the punch into coöperation all along the line. Our whole force of employees seem to be saturated with the idea that it is up to them to keep up the condition of the plant, to save materials, supplies and papers and

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ROTHSCHILD

Star Hats Longley Hats

The identification mark of good hats . . . finely-made . . . manly in fashion . . . Nowhere will you find more quality, better style. At your hatter's see the many new styles and colors of Rothschild Star and Longley Hats; all first quality. You can't but like them.

For over a half century worn by discriminating gentlemen. They're most desirable to buy—and wear.

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
"All the new ones all the time"
St. Louis Chicago

I earn the money for all my extras

and many of my necessities. Without previous experience I found the open door to a bigger income.
Says a World's Star Representative.

You can do the same

You may need more money for actual necessities—to meet the higher rents or the payments on your home, for clothes, or to educate your children.

You can, if you will, increase your income to meet your actual needs and to provide the extras, too.

Do as 17,800 Other Women Have Already Done, Sell

World's Star Hosiery and *Klean-Knit* Underwear

to your friends and neighbors. It is easy to do. The first sale almost invariably means additional orders and you soon build a permanent, profitable business.

No Previous Experience Needed

Many of our best representatives started without any previous experience. They found selling easy and profitable.

Write Today for Illustrated Catalog
and complete information. Devote all or part of your time to selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear. It means financial independence for you.

Write Us Today

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT 328. BAY CITY MICH.
Over 24 Years in Business

(Continued from Page 74)

improve processes and products wherever they can.

"If any man runs his record for errors above the normal and thereby spoils materials or tools his associates are not slow to tell him that this sort of thing cuts into their profits as well as those of the company. The employee representative from that department immediately begins to take an interest in him—and a mighty kindly one too. If possible the reason for the error is located. Sometimes a worker's efficiency is chopped to pieces by trouble at home or by financial worries. In cases of this kind word is promptly carried to the head office and an effort is made to remove the cause of the trouble. If the errors come from a lack of proper instruction in the work that the man is doing this is remedied. If in spite of all the help that can be given the man's score of errors continues to be abnormally high he is shifted to another job in which he has less chance to do damage and pull down the profits.

"In a shop operating under the old practice of unmodified foreman dictation a worker of this kind would be promptly fired. But under the Browning plan a man must do something more than make a few mistakes in order to win a discharge. Firing is coming to be something of a lost art in this concern."

Clean-Up Week

Let me give an example of the interest that the men take in keeping up the condition of the plant: Not long ago on their own initiative the men instituted what they called Clean-up Week. In that week all the men make a job of cleaning up about their machines, the yards and places of work generally. This not only makes the whole plant look better, but it also brings to light a lot of things of a very useful sort that would not otherwise be discovered. Not a few economies, improvements and timely repairs are due to this practice.

"About the first question that any employer of labor asks me in connection with our plan is: 'Has it stabilized your labor?' My answer is that since it has been in operation we have never had a wage demand from our men and that the percentage of our labor turnover has been immensely reduced."

The nearest approach to a wage demand in the Browning plant since the first men's meeting was held was a mild intimation on the part of one of the employees' representatives from an important department that the men wished him to raise the question in the meeting of shorter hours and an advance in pay. All the other workers at the council table admitted that these matters had been generally discussed throughout the shops and that there seemed to be a definite understanding as to what the men would like to have done. It was agreed that the workers felt that they were entitled to an increase of about 20 per cent in pay and that they would like to have the working day reduced from nine hours to eight. Then the president of the Company said substantially this:

"Let's talk about hours first. We are now in after-the-war conditions and up against the real thing so far as the pressure of competition is concerned. It is necessary not only to keep production up to the point where it is now, but to prevent handicapping it with any greater cost than it is now carrying. Any failure to hew to this line is going to cut into our profits—yours as well as those of the shareholders. Now if any way can be found by which an hour can be lopped off from the working day without diminishing the volume or increasing the cost of production I'll be just as much pleased as any man in the shops."

Instantly one of the employee representatives responded that the men had thought of this and had talked it all over and reached the conclusion that they wanted to undertake to prove that they could do as much work in an eight-hour day as in one of nine hours.

"All right," answered President Cary. "I like the spirit of that proposal, but there are some things that you may not have taken into consideration. For example, you all know that there are a lot of machines in various departments that are now going at their maximum and cannot be speeded up. This means that some other department must take up that slack in addition to doing their own share of absorbing the loss of the hour in the day's production. If you want to go ahead after a careful consideration of this point then I am for it and the eight-hour day will be enforced."

The men in those departments that would have to carry a double burden of increased production agreed to the plan and it was promptly put into operation. There was no drop in production whatever. The most striking difference was in the quickness of the pick-up after the whistle blew. Almost instantly after this signal the power plant was carrying its full load, which showed that every machine in the works had been put in readiness to start before the blowing of the whistle. Previously the full load would not have been on for fifteen to thirty minutes.

But to return to the meeting at which the workers had suggested a shorter day and increase in wage. President Cary met the problem of a suggested increase just as frankly and squarely as he had met that of a shorter day. He explained in detail to the men the specific conditions of competition immediately before them and also revealed the necessity for rather extensive investment in new machinery calculated to speed up production and reduce its cost. He made his explanation very specific and supported his statements with documentary proofs.

No Time for a Raise

While the employee representatives were undeniably disappointed at not being able to report a raise of pay to their shop associates, they were entirely agreed that it was the wrong time at which to ask for an advance. So they went back to their fellows and explained: "We can't afford to crowd for this raise just now. It would not be fair to the company. We want dividends not only now but right along in the future, and to get them the plant and the equipment must be kept up in good shape. We all know that during the war a lot of the machines had been run ragged and these must be replaced. The new machines will mean larger production and larger pay for the men that run them. Then, too, Mr. Cary has agreed to make individual wage advances where they are the most needed and deserved. This will take care of those that feel the strongest pressure for an advance."

The reaction from this incident must have increased Mr. Cary's faith in his plan and the principle of employee coöperatic mightily, for the men accepted his explan tion at face value and without protest an stuck to their jobs as diligently as ever.

Another occurrence in the Brownir plant has afforded much consolation to th management. As no foremen take part i men's meetings—the president of the con pany and the superintendent of the worl being the only management representative present—a meeting of foremen is held for nightly. On one of these occasions im mediately following the signing of th armistice it was decided that the night forc must be laid off. When Mr. Cary suggeste that the men who were to be let out shoul be given two weeks' notice of such actio the foremen protested vigorously that suc a step was unheard of and contrary to a established precedents in well-regulate industrial families. It simply wasn't don The men wouldn't be any good from th moment they received their notices unt they drew their last pay.

Mr. Cary responded that he didn't car about precedents, that it was the squar thing to do to give the men a fortnight' notice that the company couldn't kee them and that he didn't believe that th knowledge that they were to go would pu the production of these men below norma to any serious extent. Therefore he wa fully determined to give the notice and se what the consequences would be. Of cours this matter was also discussed at the men' meetings and fully explained to the em ployee representatives.

Some Net Results

They were asked to tell the men of th night force that the management woul make every effort to find good jobs else where for those who could not be fitted int the day force. The net of Mr. Cary's nove experiment in giving advance notice to me who were to be let out instead of followin the time-honored practice of handing them the red slip at the last minute was as follows

The men held their production up t normal; the increase in absenteeism amon them was insignificant; they did not offe a word of protest or complaint. Position in other plants were found for twenty-nine of these men and all of them left with th utmost good feeling and with the knowledge that their profit-share dividends woul follow them.

To-day nearly all of these men are back in the Browning plant again.

The spirit of Americanism seems t thrive like a burdock under the Browning plan. Cleveland's justly famous socialis parade brought out convincing proof o this. The next morning Superintendent Thomas of the Browning Company noticed a group of workers with fire in their eyes waiting just inside the main gate. When he asked why they didn't go on to their work he received substantially this answer:

"We are just a reception committee fo the five Bolshevik guys that marched in that parade yesterday. And it is going t be some little reception too! This is an American plant clear to the backbone and we are not going to have them disgrace the Browning force like that without hearing from us."

At the suggestion of the superintendent, however, they went to their work with the understanding that the matter of discipline for these offenders should be left entirely in

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hands of the men of the plant. The t was that they were all fired. Two of were later able to convince the jury their Americanism was really sound ne core and they were reinstated, but ne basis of new men. This involved a re punishment in a sacrifice of their entage in the profit shares.

hat do the workers in this plant think e plan? I talked freely with many of . One remarked: "Did you see what ast dividend was? I guess that's an- enough. I'll say that the woman in amily is the one who checks up on the lend check. Every quarter she's right n her toes watching for it."

nother offered this comment: "The 's meetings give us an idea of what is ening in the company. The manage- t gives us the facts. I can't see that hing is held out on us. We get a square and a good place to work in and that's want. All the men, so far as I can , like the plan and the treatment they nder it. If anything isn't right they the means of telling the head of the pany all about it—and no come-back er. It's fixed and fixed right and every gets his share in what he saves or adds he profits in any way. That makes gs interesting—too interesting to leave. men here stick."

ndoubtedly the industrial-council plan h has been in force in nineteen of the rnational Harvester Company's plants e March 12, this year, gives the em- ees as strong a hand in actual man- nent as they have in any concern in erica.

ere is an attempt on a huge scale to get feet under the council table and put a kick into every one of them. What the ks council says in the Harvester or- zation goes and goes strong too. Take tractor works in Chicago as an example. works council at this plant has lately n writing industrial history in large ers. This plant is close to the McCor- k works, the only plant in the Harvester nization which voted not to adopt the ustrial-council plan when the big ballot taken last March.

The Center of Interest

t nine o'clock the morning of Tuesday, fifteenth, without apparent reason and out any demands by the men or the nagement a relatively small number of loyees scattered throughout the force he McCormick plant threw down their s and put a strong pressure of influence heir associates to strike. An immediate tdown of this plant was the result.

nstantly the works councils of the other vester plants in that district convened vhat proved to be almost a continuous ion. The management representatives ed the temporary closing of the plants matter of protection to the workers in v of the fact that there had been con- rable slugging and violence in the earlier rs of the strike. The employees' repre- tatives rather reluctantly accepted the gestion of a shutdown as a protective sure. They had no grievance and they inctly resented being forced from work a small-minority element that had gone without naming a grievance.

nterest focused upon the tractor plant ause of its nearness to the McCormick ks. The works council at the tractor nt suddenly found itself in actual charge he situation. As one employee repre- tative put it: "The works council seems be about the whole works in this up." On its shoulders rested the respon- lity of protecting the plant, the em- yees and the future of the works-council n. The question of when the tractor ks should be reopened was strictly up he council. There was not the slightest nptom on the part of any of its employee resentatives to side-step or dodge this any other responsibility. Here was the d test of their industrial-council plan—d they hopped to it to a man!

Before raising the curtain on the third of this dramatic tryout it should be plained that under the plan in force in teen of the International Harvester mpany's American plants the works ncil consists of several members ap- nted by the management and an equal mber of employee representatives freely cted by employees who are below the de of assistant foreman and who have authority in the matter of hiring or ng men. Before it can be enforced any decision of the council must have the support of the majority of the members representing the employees.

This provision was made for the purpose of preventing management domination of the council by means of one or two votes from the side of the employees' representatives. When this plan of representation was formulated it was determined to guarantee real employees' representation and to make it impossible for a minority of those elected to represent the men to throw a decision in favor of the management in order to curry favor or for any other ulterior reason. In the opinion of the officials of the Harvester Company it was useless to try an industrial-representation plan which did not insure real representation of the workers and guard and encourage it at every point.

The works council at the tractor plant was about the busiest little tea party in Chicago from July fifteenth to August fifth. In the phrase of one of the shop representatives: "The great peace council over in France hasn't much on us when it comes to keeping at the job." He was right too.

Though the duly appointed management representatives zealously attended all sessions of the council, the heavy end of the work rested on the shoulders of the employee representatives for the reason that one of their big tasks was to keep in intimate touch with the whole body of shop workers.

The Understudies

Each employee representative has a lieutenant who sits in his place in the council when he is unable to attend. These lieutenants formed the liaison system which kept in close contact with the big force of workers eagerly waiting to go back on their jobs. The lieutenants took the temperature of the men from day to day and reported it to be steadily rising. Soon there came a time when with one voice they declared:

"The men here in the tractor works are not going to let a few wild guys over in the McCormick works keep them out of their places much longer. They ask us to pass the word up to the council that the intimidation business has gone far enough and if the decision as to when the plant will start up again is in the hands of the works council, then they serve notice that the motion to start the wheels has been carried." The employees' representatives had decided on a date for starting up the tractor works when along came the Chicago street-car strike and compelled a postponement. The longer the opening was deferred the more eager and determined were the men that a small group of unfair radicals should no longer keep them in idleness. Technically the situation was in the hands of the works council, but actually it was controlled by the employee representatives, as the management representatives took the position: "Boys, this seems to be your party; it is your safety that is concerned. When you say the word the works will open. You're boss and we are going to do what you tell us to do."

This responsibility was cheerfully accepted by the employee representatives, who immediately sent for Captain Hogan, the head of the Eighteenth Precinct police. When he came into the council room and found himself facing a little group of workmen from out in the shops his eyes popped with astonishment. Then Jack Doyle, chairman of employee representatives in the works council, said substantially this:

"Captain, there's a new deal on here. The management has left it to us to say when the plant shall open up. Now what we want to know is, are you going to give us all the protection we need and give it to us in the way that we want it?"

"You bet we are!" responded the captain. "And say, boys, let me tell you a secret. I never dreamed that I'd see the day when the Harvester Company would turn one of its plants over to its shopmen at a time when more than ten thousand workers were out and everybody stepping high, wide and handsome for fear of exploding the dynamite. This surely is some change!"

About a block and a half from the gates of the tractor works in the direction from which the main current of employees approached the plant the chairman of the works council stationed himself and met each member of the dinner bucket brigade with a word of cheer and assurance. Incidentally he had a pair of keen and alert eyes peeled for the first symptom of trouble that might show up in the offing, for trouble always starts at the fringe instead of the center of a crowd in a situation of this sort.

A representative of the management, who happened to be scouting through the district in his car, caught a glimpse of this man who was speaking to nearly all workmen who passed him and instantly decided that here was a strikers' picket trying to start something. On nearer approach, however, this man from the general office made the comforting discovery that his busy picket was Jack Doyle, chairman of the employee representatives of the tractor works council. Other employee representatives and their lieutenants were scattered along the main avenues of approach to the gates into which the stream of workers was flowing quietly.

When I asked permission of the general management of the Harvester Company to talk with the workmen I received the unhesitating answer: "Certainly! Talk with any of them you choose and do so without having any company representative present."

In this way I met John Doyle, explained that I had come to learn something about the practical workings of the industrial representation's plans and then plumped at him the question: "How do you like it as far as you've got?"

"It works," was the answer, "and it works right. Take it from me, it's the best ever. I'll say that it has made good hands down already, and we have only just begun to get the hang of it. Any worker will understand that it takes time for a man to get the hang of a new machine. You have to feel your way in this sort of thing, but let me tell you that we are all for it hard. And why? Because the management is playing it square according to square rules."

A Change of Heart

"I don't mind admitting that at the outset I was a little leery about this scheme, probably because it was put up to the workers by the management. You know working the workers and farming the farmers are old games. Naturally workers have become a little suspicious of prize packages offered them from the management's side of the counter. Of course I'm speaking of the attitude of the average worker anywhere. When the men voted to adopt the industrial-council plan I don't think that many of them had enough faith in the way it would work out to have given them any great jolt if it had fallen down altogether. I guess any of us could have stood the shock if we had found that it was just another dose of soothing sirup, a nicely staged little play to take our minds off troublesome matters and give us a little entertainment as we went along.

"Of course there were some who expected more from it than others and were more stirred up about it at the start. You know how it is—you can't get a bunch of workmen together without finding at least one who is thinking about a better understanding between employers and employees and who has a notion that something better is bound to be worked out along that line. That was the way it was with us when we came to vote on the adoption of the industrial-council plan. It was just a chance to try out something that seemed on the surface to be leading in the right direction. So far as that goes I have a suspicion that perhaps the management looked at it as an experiment. Workingmen rather generally feel that they have had the worst of it handed to them for a good many years. This idea is industriously cultivated by the professional agitators and the result is a suspicion that can't be overcome by a theory, no matter how plausible and handsome it may look. It takes personal experience with facts at first hand to uproot that kind of suspicion.

"To-day the attitude of the men is turned squarely round. Where there were only a few at the start who had any real faith in it there are now only a few who haven't a whole lot of solid confidence in it. Where at the time of its adoption scarcely a man among the workers was at all het up with expectations, there is now a big crowd of us that firmly believe it is going to do large things for the workers of the whole country and that it is the only way in sight that offers any real hope of leading both capital and labor to where they can pull together peaceably and do the square thing by each other and keep production up to the pace

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VITALIC
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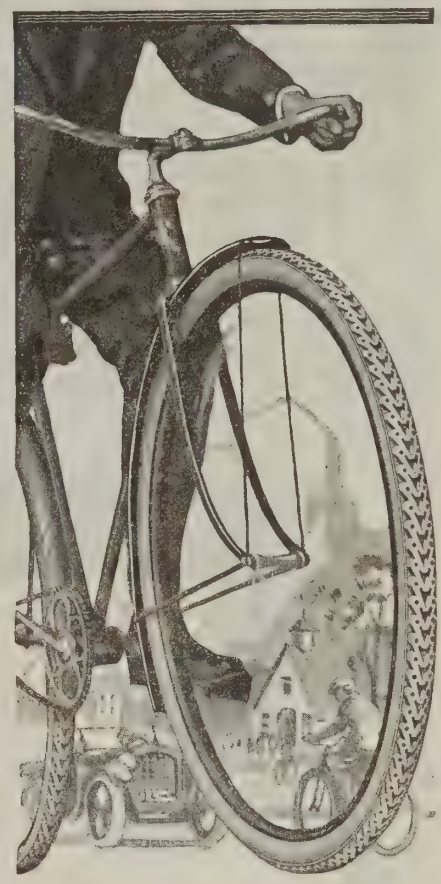

Last Longer
Look Better

The miles they give, not the price you pay, is the test of Vitalic worth. The price is only a little higher, but the miles are many more.

Big mileage and puncture-free peace of mind are better than false economy at the start. When you're riding on Vitalic Tires you know you'll get where you want to go—and back.

You'll be proud to ride on these handsome tires with their distinctive V-shaped non-skid tread. And glad to own tires that make riding a care-free pleasure instead of a puncture-fearing worry. Vitalic Tires always give you the most miles at the lowest cost, with the least trouble on the road.

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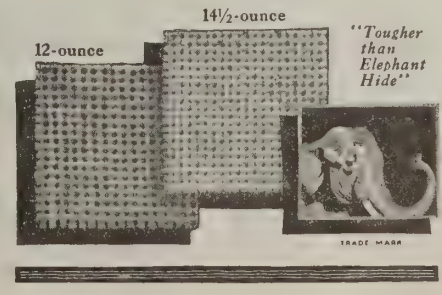
Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.



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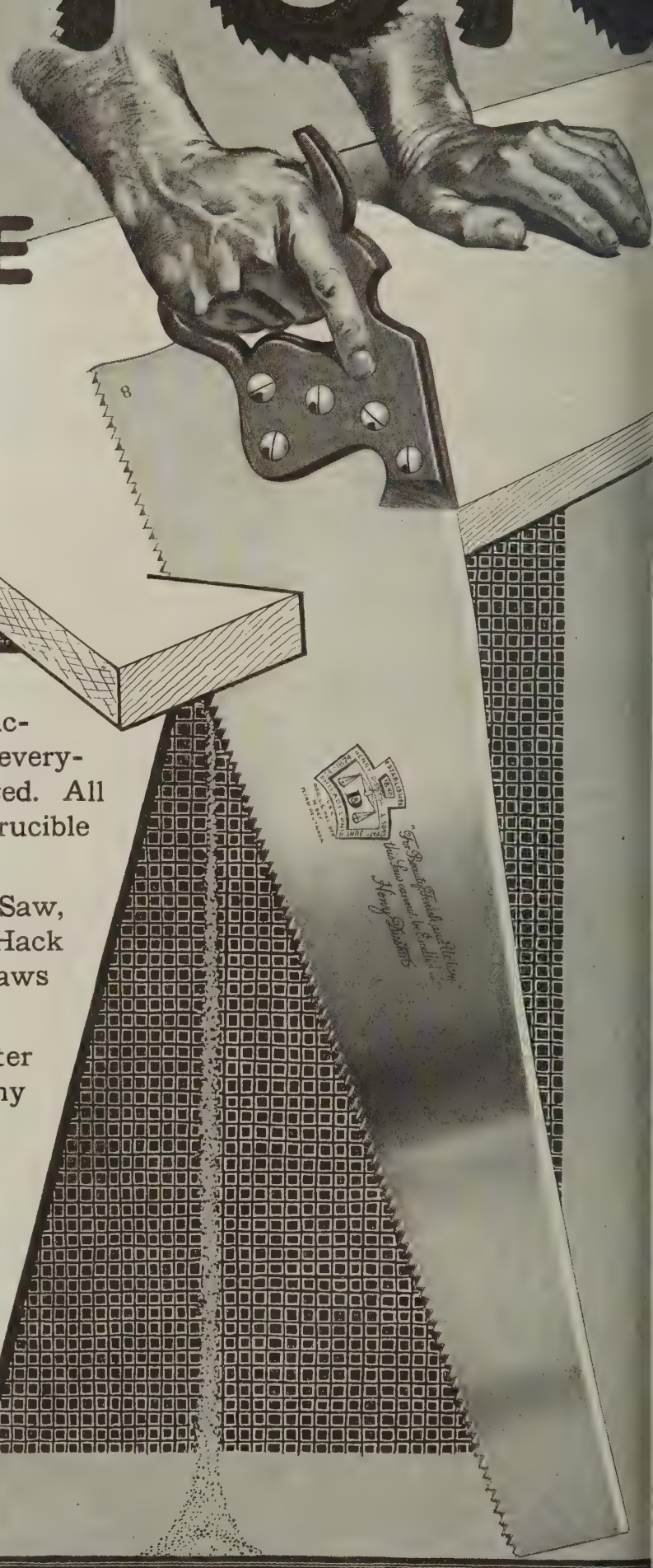

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DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS Standard for Nearly Eighty Years—and Growing Faster Every Year

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t means good pay every week in the r. Of course there are some men in the nt who still hang on to their suspicions, I ppose, but they are not the ones who ve ever put anything up to an employee resentative that they wanted to have ed or adjusted.

"The surest way to convince any man t he can get a square deal under this n of representation is for him to call the ention of a works-council representative something that ought to be done to make rking conditions better or to some bum ce rate that should be fixed. When he s that he puts the skids under his sus-ions, for he finds out that he will get ion at the drop of the hat—and justice . Every employee representative in the rks understands that his first job is to be t as useful as he can in that capacity and it his time goes right on when he is ending to any matter that comes up to n as a representative of the workers in e council.

"I drop my work a dozen times a day to en to the complaints of workmen, and en if necessary go to the foreman or perintendent and talk the thing out with n. If he can't see his way clear to fix the tter to the satisfaction of the man who s brought it up, he says: 'I'll pass. ke it up to the council.' And up to the uncil it goes.

"The foreman has no feeling because the tter is carried over his head and decided the council. In this connection, the big ing to remember is the fact that the emen are mighty careful under this plan decide matters on their merits and not play favorites, show partiality or at-mpt to be arbitrary in order to show eir power or to repress complaints be-use they imagine that such a course ght be pleasing to the management. ey know that the merits of the whole tter are bound to come out in the wash the council and they might much better ve a fair-and-square decision themselves the spot than have the thing threshed t in the council and a reverse decision ndered. No foreman enjoys having com-aints and adjustments carried over his ad into the works council—particularly they are decided there for the workman."

Instant Relief

"Of course many things that a foreman esn't like to take the responsibility of eciding are passed on up to the council. hen, too, there are plenty of matters rought to the attention of an employees' presentative that a foreman is not really lled upon to decide. They naturally be-ng to the works council. But the nut of e whole thing is that if any worker has ything on his chest he knows that he can t instant relief by going to the employees' presentative from his department; that e is talking to a fellow worker and that the foreman doesn't give him satisfac-on his contention will be decided by a ry of his fellow workers below the grade assistant foreman, sitting with an equal mber of men picked by the management. he records of this works council go to ow that when a man gets a majority of e employee representatives for his prop-sition he almost invariably wins out.

"It would take hard scratching to stir up y American in this plant—whether na-ve or naturalized—who isn't for the coun-l plan and who hasn't a whole lot of faith it too. And there are also a whole lot of ose who are not yet citizens who feel the me way about it. Among those who are ot Americans the thing works out in about is way: Here is a Pole, for instance, who running a certain machine. He is the ellwether and the natural spokesman for a roup of Poles on the same kind of work ho can't speak English. These Poles talk over and come to the conclusion that the ate set on their work isn't quite fair com-ared with the rate which some other roup of workmen is getting.

"The spokesman talks with the em-loyees' representative of his department nd they go together to the foreman. fter a little discussion the foreman de-ides not to change the rate. This passes he matter up to the superintendent or the orks council. One of them decides in favor f the men, and gives them a better rate.

"After such an experience do you sup-ose that it would be easy to shake those Poles loose from their representative? They re for him and for the council plan. And he more of the good straight American dope his men get in the Americanization classes that the council runs the stronger they are for this plan, because they understand it better.

"I can tell you," remarked Doyle, "just how I feel about the Harvester industrial-relations plan by saying that if every man in the plant could serve as an employee representative the works would not have an employee against the plan or suspicious of it."

Edward A. Stinson, another employee representative in the tractor-works council, brought out an interesting and significant angle of the situation in this statement:

"The average individual outside of a large plant has no appreciation of the embarrassment that a new worker feels in a place of employment that is entirely strange to him. He hesitates about asking questions of anybody—and especially of a foreman. As a result he often makes mistakes and subjects himself to criticism. Again he will put up with a whole lot of what he feels to be injustice before he will venture to make any complaint to a foreman. I know all about this, because I have worked in many different plants in various parts of the country. Not once have I entered a new place of employment that I did not feel this embarrassment and draw into my shell until I had become well acquainted."

Converted to the Plan

"Had there been an employee representative in any shop that I went into I know that I should have felt free to ask him questions about my work, about the customs of the shop, the conditions of labor in which every workman is interested, and about the attitude of the management and particularly of the foreman. I know this because there isn't a day in which I am not asked these questions myself by workers who want to talk with some other worker who is known to be the proper one to talk to. This provides a safety valve that is mighty valuable both for the workers and the management. Under this plan the newest man on the job can get as quick and satisfactory an adjustment of any problem that comes up to him as can the oldest employee in the shop, and he can get just as fair an adjustment too. Of course the natural result of this fact, when he proves it by personal experience, is to make him wish to remain where he can get the benefit of that kind of a deal instead of moving on to some other place.

"I couldn't tell you all the good that I expect this plan to work out for employees. I am nearing middle age and have worked all my life since I was a kid. In the course of those years of employment I have put in a good deal of time studying labor and economic problems. When this plan was proposed I was certainly not wild about it. Possibly it conflicted with some of my pet theories. Anyhow, I didn't regard it as a world saver and a universal panacea for the troubles of employers and employees. But like most of the others I was willing to see the thing tried out.

"It has performed far beyond my expectations. For one thing, it has convinced me that the plan itself is built on lines calculated to insure the employee a square deal. Next, it has brought me the conviction that the management is just as anxious to have it work out justice to the employee in each individual case as that employee is to get justice. Naturally the next step from this conviction is to the belief that employers generally are more sincere in their wish to find a footing on which they and their men can work in harmony and each get his fair share of the results than they are commonly believed to be. I have not yet found a single instance in all the grist that has been ground in the works council that has suggested on either side of the table the slightest inclination to put over anything that was not square or that was not fair play.

"Of course this kind of coöperation between capital and labor, management and employees, cannot really come into its own until it is in more common operation. In other words, the more universal it becomes the fewer will be the difficulties with which it will have to contend. On the other hand, those companies that are doing the pioneering, the experimental work along this line, are doing a distinct service to American industry as a whole. Though this plan had its inception in England, it seems to me that it is peculiarly fitted to American conditions and the American temperament. Having punched cows on the Western

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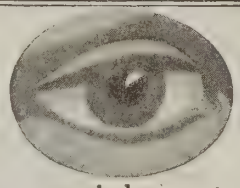

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plains for several years, I am rather partial to having the American brand on everything that I do or consume. My experience as a member of the tractor-works council convinces me that this plan of employee representation is decidedly favorable to the development of the American spirit.

"About the keenest enjoyment that I have is in helping along the Americanization work that is being done among the employees of this company. I'm pushing for it strong and so are all the members of the council. I guess we all feel that a good part of the job of being a first-class council member is to encourage and help alien employees to become genuine Americans. This is the best country on earth—the fairest for the worker and the one that offers him the biggest opportunities. With no end of natural wealth in the form of raw materials of almost every kind and with an increasing tendency on the part of employers to do the square thing and give the workers a direct hand in the affairs of operation that directly concern them in the way of wages and working conditions, America should mean good will to the workers and big production for all."

About sixty per cent of all employees of the Harvester Company are foreign-born. Of the one hundred and forty-eight employee representatives first elected to sit in the works councils of the various plants one hundred and six were native Americans and forty-two naturalized. In this connection it should be explained that only Americans are eligible to election as members of a works council. The average age of the representatives in these first works councils was thirty-eight years ten months. One hundred and twenty-seven of them were married and twenty-one single.

Free Schooling

The vigorous Americanization work among the employees of the Harvester Company is all in the hands of the industrial councils of that organization. When this work was started it was found that many plans along this educational line were being followed by the large employers of labor in Chicago. Realizing the immense importance of a vigorous and constructive Americanization drive, the Chicago Association of Commerce stepped in and applied its energies to the centralization and standardization of this effort. It divided the work roughly into two lines: Classes in English and classes in civics and good government. Also it made provisions for immediate demands or more specialized instruction of the employees along lines definitely calculated to aid them in their work. The chief achievement of the Association of Commerce in this connection was to make arrangements with the Chicago Board of Education to furnish capable instructors from the regular teaching force to go to plants and conduct classes for the benefit of foreign-born workers. This instruction is furnished free and it is of the highest order too.

At any time when the Chicago plants of the Harvester Company are operating at normal fully fifteen hundred foreign-born pupils may be found studying English or civics under competent instruction. These classes are attended on the students' time. Any session of the works council that does not find a considerable part of its time occupied with the problems of the Americanization of employees is an exception. For example, at the meeting of the tractor-works council on July third a lengthy discussion of the work of the Americanization school took place, and after a report of the satisfactory progress of a certain class in civics was read an employee representative suggested that if any of the class should quit they should not be reëmployed until they had taken out their naturalization papers. This made a hit with the whole committee and was unanimously accepted.

Another indication of the strength of the American spirit as expressed in the effort to develop alien employees into good stanch American citizens is found in the fact that at this same meeting provisions were made to have the chief naturalization examiner present naturalization papers to graduates of classes in good government at the graduating reception.

These occasions are real functions. They are handled entirely by the works councils and are big events in the social life of the participants. Everything possible is done to make the graduates of these classes feel that it is a big and a splendid thing to be received into citizenship in the United States. Some of the talks made by these graduates have a real thrill in them.

Recently one of these new citizens spoke with an earnestness and logic that compelled admiration. He appealed to his fellows from across the water who had not yet become American citizens in substantially these terms: "To be a good American citizen you do not have to sacrifice your love for the land of your birth. Instead it is up to you to win the respect for the race to which you belong, the people from which you have sprung. The way in which you can compel the greatest respect, the highest regard for the country and the blood of your ancestors is to become an intelligent, loyal and progressive American citizen."

That's the kind of stuff that these classes in American citizenship and good government develop. And, remember, all this work is done directly under the works councils at the various Harvester plants.

At the Wisconsin Steel Works, the Harvester plant at South Chicago, the employees decided to give a banquet to the graduating class of the American school, to all those who had attended twenty classes in good government and to the returned soldiers who had previously been employed in the plant. It was strictly an American-citizenship affair—and a big one too. It involved a banquet at $1.50 a plate. As there were to be about eighty guests of honor it seemed as if the expense would be rather burdensome to the employees who were behind the affair. Therefore it was intimated to the employees' representatives of the works council at that plant that the company would be glad to help out financially. The answer to this intimation was: "Much obliged, but nothing doing! This is our little American party and we are going to pay the score."

In this connection it ought to be said that the records of the Wisconsin Steel Works show that the percentage of American employees in naval and military service was 22.1, while the Polish contingent showed up with 27.9 per cent.

Americanization work among the foreign-born employees is one of the biggest problems before American industry to-day. It is a job that must be done vigorously and at once and the best part of it is that it can be done successfully and with rich results. From close observation I am convinced that the Harvester Company is rarely fortunate in having this work in the hands of its employee representatives. They can handle that job better than anybody else; of that I am certain.

Little Excuse for Failure

Harvester management makes no denial of the force of the common conviction among large employers that any plan of employee representation put up to the workers as a finished product must start under a severe handicap as compared with a plan built from the ground up by the employees and the management working together, or the plan that is a natural and gradual evolution of friendly and informal contact between employees and management.

And right here is a good place in which to drive home the point that those companies which are what might be called medium-sized—employing, say, five hundred or a thousand men—have less excuse for a failure to work out an effective means of coöperation with their employees than have the huge companies whose employees number many thousands and whose plants are widely scattered. The very small and the very large employers have the harder problems to overcome in this line of constructive effort. A company of medium size can evolve its plan of industrial representation and do so in such intimate coöperation with its workers as to give them the feeling that it is their plan instead of the management's. Every one of us is more interested in his own child than in that of another.

Undoubtedly one of the big results that the crucial test of this company's plan of industrial representation has yielded in the recent weeks of its acid test is the demonstration that a huge company employing many thousands of hands and with works widely scattered over the American continent can obtain the acceptance of an employee-representation plan capable of standing up under great stress within a few months after its adoption. This is by no means the only large company in this country, and if it has been able to help others of its class by finding a way out of certain employment difficulties it has certainly done something to relieve the stress under which American industry is now struggling in its efforts to meet an unprecedented world demand for greater production.

Just to indicate the interest that the workers took in the possibilities of this Harvester plan when it was put up to them, let me say that ninety-seven per cent of the employees voted for or against its adoption. That this interest has not diminished since the plan became operative is shown by the fact that ninety-eight per cent of all the employees voted on nominations for members of the works council and ninety-nine per cent voted on their election. The men are right up on their toes at every election and it is generally considered a great honor to be elected to the works council.

Mention of certain of the high spots of the Harvester's plan is essential to an understanding of its scope and of the degree and character of self-determination that it places in the hands of the employees. The basis of representation is generally about one employee representative for two hundred employees. No person having the power of employment or discharge can sit as an employee representative in any council. Only employees who are citizens of the United States, twenty-one years old or more, and who have been continuously in the works' service for one year immediately prior to nomination, are eligible for nomination. Nomination and election of employee representatives must be by secret ballot. Any employee representative unsatisfactory to his constituency may be recalled.

The Authority of the Council

The vital and interesting question of the actual authority of the council is covered by the provision that the works council shall be concerned solely with shaping the policies of the company relating to working conditions, protection of health, safety, wages, hours of labor, recreation, education and other similar matters of mutual interest to employees and the management. Execution of these policies remains with the management, but the manner of that execution may at any time be subject to the consideration of the works council.

Employees are guaranteed the right to appear before the council in support of any case or question which they have put up to it. When the works council reaches an agreement on any matter its recommendation is referred to the superintendent for execution. If he considers it of such importance as to require the attention of the general officers he immediately refers it to the president of the company, who is obligated to dispose of it within ten days either by proposing a settlement or calling a general council made up of employee representatives and selected from the works councils of the various plants interested in the problem under discussion—no plant involved to have less than two representatives in the general council.

The management has the same number of appointees in the general council as the employees have representatives. If the general council is unable to agree on the disposition of any matter the next step is arbitration, but this must be by mutual agreement of a majority of both the employee representatives and the management representatives.

Since the adoption of the Harvester plan only one question has been referred to the president and that was decided by him within three days in conference with the works council from which the appeal came. So far a general council has never been called. The term of office for employee representatives in works councils is one year, and women serve as well as men.

There may be better plans for getting good teamwork between management and employees in operation in other large companies in America, but certainly the Harvester plan has shown highly satisfactory results under the present handicaps and severe stress.

I find a freer expression of enthusiasm for the plan on the part of the employees than I have been able to get from the officials of the company—and this is to be taken as a good sign. The management says: "We're satisfied." The workers declare: "It's going to do great things for us. It's better than we ever dared to hope and its practical workings are supplanting suspicion with confidence."

DOINGS IN DRYLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

the visitors seek to justify their own provincialism, to excuse it and to defend it by attributing more of their own hickness to New Yorkers than they admit for themselves. It is merely an alibi.

The fact of it is that New Yorkers as a whole are the most intensely urban people we know about, saving—it may be—the Parisians. More urban than the Londoners except the cockneys-born. They live, breathe, eat and sleep New York. They used to drink it too—but there's less of that now. That explains their attitude toward prohibition. They couldn't realize it, because they did not look at it or consider it as Americans, but did look at it and consider it as New Yorkers—the superior and unashamenable dwellers in the superior city of the nation. They did not want it. They protested against it. Therefore it couldn't happen. It was an almost universal state of mind. And it interested outsiders like myself vastly.

For days there had been placards in the windows of the liquor dealers, the big purveying houses, that the time was almost up for the laying in of supplies—begging, pleading with New Yorkers to come in and get what they needed while the getting continued good and legal. The New Yorkers in large measure scoffed at these signs in their sophistication as mere devices to promote trade. Why should they lay in liquor prior to July first when there would be plenty of liquor for sale after that date? They were New Yorkers, wise birds, and they knew a thing or two. Prohibition would never happen to New York—never!

But along about eleven o'clock of the morning of June thirtieth it began to dawn on New Yorkers in the mass that there was something in this after all. It was certain that it wouldn't last long, would be revoked before many days, but for the moment it really looked as if the bars might close down on the morrow and the liquor stores shut. It was incredible, but it began to look portentous. By noon the certainty that "they" couldn't do this to New York was largely dissipated by the fear that in some incomprehensible manner "they" might do it. At one o'clock there was a general awakening to the verity of it—and at two o'clock there was a panic.

We onlookers had anticipated a wet ceremony over the demise of John Barleycorn in New York, the home and favorite dwelling place of this bibulous worthy. We expected to see all sorts of Bacchic revels in the cafés and the bars. Did we see them? We did not! The reason was that New Yorkers instead of buying drinks retail wetly to mourn the demise of John Barleycorn were stacking themselves in frenzied mobs into the liquor stores to buy wholesale materials for the alleviation of the drought in the dry days forthcoming, the fact having just dawned on them that a law is a law and applies to New York when it is a Federal law in exactly the same measure it applies to Red Bluff, California, or Middlebury, Vermont, and every place between.

The Panic of June Thirtieth

At eleven o'clock on the night of June thirtieth last, for example, there were not a dozen persons in the popular Waldorf bar, but at that same hour the mob that was clamoring to get into a liquor store near Forty-second Street and Broadway, where bottled goods might be obtained, needed the police reserves to keep it from breaking in through the windows. It was the same in all other parts of the city. There were some ceremonies in the lobster palaces, in the cabaret concerns, in the cafés and in the bars, but the principal ceremonies were in the stores where whisky and gin and other hard stuff in bottles could be procured until midnight. I rode down Fifth Avenue on the top of a bus from Fifty-ninth Street to Thirty-fourth on the afternoon of June thirtieth about six o'clock. The great northward trek of automobiles was at its point of utmost congestion, as is usual on every afternoon, but with a difference. In the tonneaus of eight out of ten of these automobiles, within the bodies of the limousines, stacked to the roofs of the taxicabs, were cases and packages of bottles of liquor. The New Yorkers had capitulated. "They" could do it to them. But New York's assumption of inviolability cost New Yorkers a pretty penny, because if they had not been so superior they would have bought their stores of liquor anywhere from three to ten dollars a bottle cheaper before the rush of realization came. Of course there were certain forehanded New Yorkers who laid theirs in early, but the ordinary New Yorker didn't. He wouldn't believe it. At that, there probably is enough liquor stored in and about the metropolis to fill the Hudson River from West Point to the Battery.

Next day, July first, a bar I know about that ordinarily took in from eight hundred dollars to a thousand dollars a day for drinks took in forty-eight dollars. Another bar with an average daily business of from a thousand to thirteen hundred dollars took in a hundred and one dollars. Others did about the same. In Chicago on July fifth they told me that the biggest taking in any of the downtown bars in that city from July first on was one hundred and ten dollars. I hear that cabarets have been curtailed or dispensed with and other economies enforced to make up for the revenues lost by the abolition of liquor selling. As I have said, the real story of New York under prohibition will not be ripe for a year. By that time the metropolis will be settled in the groove. New Yorkers are still grumbling, still subterfuging, still fooling themselves, still thinking that it can't be done—to some degree; still hoping against hope, still figuring on a respite for a few months after the Army is demobilized—which may or may not happen. They are dying hard.

Prohibition in San Francisco

Out in San Francisco they took it with a laugh. If the Government wanted to do this thing to them, all right. They would see what they could do to the Government in return. They forehandedly stocked up as far as funds would permit. Nobody in San Francisco had delusions about what would happen on the first of July, simply because San Francisco always has had her liquor and because in its more convivial and lightsome aspects drinking had been such a part of San Francisco life. They didn't say it couldn't be done, but realized it could be and probably would be. So they prepared for it sagaciously and sufficiently, philosophically and plentifully.

They put on a sort of an informal carnival on the night of June thirtieth, gave John Barleycorn a rousing good-by and a wet one, and next day the man who needed a drink and couldn't get one in San Francisco had no friends or any forethought. The bars closed down. The saloons shut their doors mostly, but there was aplenty to drink and is yet. San Francisco will not be dry for a long time to come. One saloon keeper on Market Street, determining to stay open on a soft-drink basis, put out a sign: "The patronage of ladies invited. Every accommodation furnished." And he began serving nut sundaes and ice-cream sodas and birch beer and what not in the way of permitted beverages.

The hotel story is interesting. One of the largest hotels in San Francisco during a certain number of days in July, 1918, sold drinks to the amount of $22,000, and in the same number of days in July, 1919, took in $2700 for such beverages as it retailed. That is about the percentage in the other large places. The hotel managers discovered two things: The first was that the receipts for dancing did not decrease but rather increased, and the second was that the receipts for food increased. A curious instance was noted by one of the great daily newspapers. Ordinarily a slump in circulation comes in the summer. In the case of this newspaper its sales increased five thousand copies a day in July, this year, over July, 1918. Of course as San Francisco had been dry only three weeks when I was there the effect on business was not yet noted in a general enough manner to demonstrate anything. However, it is probable that what will happen in San Francisco is what has happened in other cities that were dry before July first.

There has been a great deal of talk in this country about light wines in connection with prohibition and the necessity of permitting the people to have them. The truth of it is, of course, that Americans are not a wine-drinking people. People habitually took claret and other table wines with their meals in California because wines are made in California, but as a class only an infinitesimal proportion of Americans ever drank any table wines at home or elsewhere. The rich Easterner copied the European custom, but in the vast majority of the real American homes not a drop of wine was served from one year's end to the other. So far as table purposes went, wine did not exist for the bulk of the American people, nor was it used as a beverage.

There were, of course, in every city—and notably in New York—restaurants of a foreign savor where wines went with the meals—*vin compris*, as the French say—and were consumed, not because of their desirability or delectability to Americans or because Americans were accustomed to them, but because they were included in the price and were the custom of the places where the food was partaken. It was different in San Francisco and elsewhere in California. Those people were habituated to wine. Nearly every diner-out in restaurants in San Francisco, for example, a city where there are many excellent restaurants and where dining out is a custom, was accustomed to a wine with the meal. Now they go without or they bring their own wines. You see people coming into Tait's, Jack's, Frank's, the Poodle Dog, the hotel restaurants to some extent and into dozens of the other restaurants with their wine bottles in their hands—wine brought from home. Diners in clubs furnish their own wines. They were prepared, you see.

This is in the early days of prohibition. The result will be eventually that the people will not take the trouble to bring their own wines to the restaurants and will either dine without wine or dine at home. The early days of prohibition in any community bring about a number of practices similar to this that die out as the period of drought grows longer. We Americans are an adaptable race, and though many will not admit it as yet we'll get used to prohibition just as we have got used to many other reforms—not like it, it may be, but accept it and adapt ourselves to it.

There are two phases of post-prohibition drinking that invariably occur in any community or territory in the early days of the legal drought. Both are psychological largely and both may be distinctively American, though I observed similar demonstrations in Russia in 1915, six or eight months after the Czar put that country on a dry basis by discontinuing the sale and manufacture of vodka and other liquors. At any rate, when an American community or territory has gone dry hitherto, and since July first, when everything went dry, Americans who drink have done and do the same two things—Americans who have access to liquor or have liquor of their own. They drink more than they ordinarily did in wet days and they devote a considerable ingenuity and attention to evading or—if need be—breaking the law.

The Philosophy of Drinking

The fetish of the benefits, delights, desirabilities and necessities of drinking to a drinking man increases in power as the ease for obtaining drink diminishes or the effort is made to restrict drinking. Now, most of the alleged benefits, delights and so on of drinking are mental anyhow. A spree is far more pleasant in anticipation than it is in realization, and getting drunk with most men entails physical and mental reflexes that are not to be classed as pleasurable. However, the human mind—undeniably the human American mind and probably the universal human mind—has attached certain delights to drinking or certain ills to it, each as the individual mind happens to consider the practice. Hence the clamor against prohibition among one portion of Americans, and hence also the prohibitionists.

The real philosophy of drinking is, of course, that it is an individual proposition for each person to consider in his own terms and for each community to stop or allow through the medium of local option. But that isn't the prohibitionist view, and the prohibitionists are at the present in place and power to enforce their reform view as opposed to the philosophical one. Therefore they have enforced it, and that fact reacts acutely on the mind and mental processes of the drinking American in a manner neither novel nor remarkable. We have been taught to consider ourselves a free people, and freedom has been translated by

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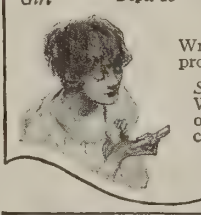

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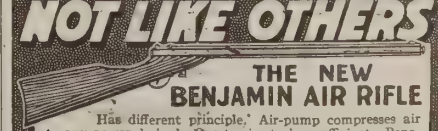

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us into terms of the widest individualism. That, of course, is the theory of democracy, but not the practice of it, as our rather disconcerting series of sumptuary laws and regulations and reforms proves. The enactment of a law of this sort proves that the proponents of the law had the power to procure its enactment. It doesn't settle anything in the mental attitude of those affected adversely by it, and it does generally form a mental tendency among those it affects adversely to protest and resist it—to beat it, in other words.

Beating prohibition isn't very difficult to do if one has money. There are many ways in which the you-shall-not of the prohibitionists can be whipped round the stump. The point is that the individual drinking man takes the easiest way to do his beating of prohibition, makes his individual protest not by opposing the law and trying to repeal it but by showing his independence of it and his contempt for it by drinking more liquor than he ordinarily did drink before the law went into effect. Since July first a dozen men in different parts of the country have said to me: "I'm afraid prohibition will make a drunkard out of me." For example, I have in mind one man who didn't take a drink a month before July first, but he wanted that drink a month when he wanted it. So he rushed away before July first and laid in a stock of liquor, though he never had a bottle of whisky in his house before in his life. Now, instead of taking one drink a month he takes two or three a day—showing his independence, making this his protest against the law, proving that he can beat it and that no set of fanatics can impose such regulations on him and get away with it.

Moreover, as drinks cannot be obtained in public places they must be obtained in private places. I speak now of the Americans who had money enough to lay in some liquor before the law came in or have friends who made collections. The universal tendency of drinking in private places is to drink more than ordinarily would be drunk in public places. Any person who has any knowledge of the practice will admit that. For instance, John Smith has a bottle of bourbon, say, or Scotch, and he invites Bill Jones and Tom Johnson, old friends of his, up to his room or house or office to have a drink. John Smith opens his bottle—and what happens? They drink it all—kill the bottle. If John Smith had taken his two friends to a bar there might have been only one drink and—unless a night of it was to be made—not more than three at the outside. But in the room, with the bottle there, they go to it and drink it all. It doesn't fail one time out of fifty.

Thirst Plus Propinquity

Likewise, when someone in a dry territory manages to get some liquor the same thing happens in a larger way. This is especially true in territory that has been dry for a long time, not in places that have only recently come under the law, where stocks are not yet depleted. I have often observed it in the old days in the Indian Territory, where it always was difficult to get liquor in, and since then in places where the law had been in effect for two or three years. The word goes out that Jim Brown has some liquor. Immediately all of Jim Brown's friends and as many as can horn in on the pretense of friendship gather at Jim's place of concealment and they do not go away until the liquor is all consumed. There seems to be a fear in these cases that if they do not drink it as soon as they can some other and less worthy persons may get a snort of it. Also, they have that deep inward satisfaction of beating the law, of showing their independence, of putting one over on the prohibitionists—a very human and understandable attitude.

It works out in the same way in the clubs—that is, in the clubs where the authorities permit the locker system on the theory that a man's club bears the same relation to the man as his home does, and that it is allowable for him to have his own liquor in his own home. When liquor was sold in the usual club in the usual way the procedure was to ring a bell or otherwise summon a waiter, give an order and take the drink that resulted therefrom. There have been occasions in clubs, it is probable, where even under this system many drinks have been taken by members in rapid succession. Such cases have been known, but at that there was the summoning of the waiter, the repetition of the order, the bringing of the drinks in the ceremony each time. Even if a waiter brought six different bottles of six different brands of liquor to six men sitting at a table none of those six men ever thought of taking more than one drink of his ordered brand without summoning the waiter, repeating his order and getting clean glasses. That wasn't done by any decent man in any decent club.

If the members were standing before the club bar the bottle came up on the bar, was used and then taken back by the bartender. And it was the same at public bars. Now what happens? Under the theory of the law liquor cannot be served by waiters in a club. Consequently the man who owns the bottle serves himself. He gets his bottle and it sits before him. It isn't taken away after each drink to be returned frequently or infrequently. It is right there all the time. And the result is that the man having the facilities at hand takes several drinks, when under the old system he might take but one. Propinquity is a tremendous foe to prohibition and the results the prohibitionists hope to attain in these cases. To be sure, the theory of prohibition is to destroy that propinquity, and in the long run it will succeed in a measure; but in places where the law is newly in effect prohibition in the manner set forth increases rather than diminishes drinking.

Juice of the Forbidden Fruit

The attribute of mind that brings this about is inherent. If somebody had forbidden the original cave man to kill deer he would have spent all his time killing deer. The proverb about forbidden fruit being sweetest has been trite since the days of Eve and the apple. That is the primary postulate concerning the human mental processes and impulses. That any law or any set of laws will eradicate it or even diminish it is absurd to think. Wherefore always while there is a prohibition law there will be evasions and breakings of that law, not so much because of the desire for drink as because of the desire to protest against the law. If prohibition shall remain in force in this country for a generation it is probably true that the ensuing generation will not be concerned about drink as this generation is—or a large section of it. There were many young Kansans—to illustrate—who never saw a saloon or a bar or a place where liquor was displayed for sale until they went away to the war. I read several letters to Kansas home papers from Kansas boys who had reached St. Louis or Boston on their way to their military duties, and they all commented on the strange and remarkable spectacles of open saloons and places where liquor was sold. That these boys were far better off in every way than boys familiar with saloons and bars is beyond question. Whether they remained so is another question about which I have no information. Probably many of them did.

The conviction that alcohol in its various potable forms adds to personal enjoyment is as strongly fixed in the human mind—in the Caucasian human mind at least—as any other. Thus the protest against the abolition of it takes not only the immediate forms that I have described but continues its manifestations in the unceasing search for substitute and for supply. If a man is determined to drink he will drink something. There isn't a newspaper these days that does not tell of what happened when some workingmen drank wood alcohol, or of a hair tonic or bay rum or Jamaica ginger or patent-medicine jag that some unfortunate with more appetite than judgment went on. Indeed, the source of supply is inexhaustible, because anything that will ferment will make liquor of sorts. There are innumerable prescriptions for making booze. I might write down forty perfectly good ways whereby a liquor that will make a paralyzed man climb a tree can be produced at slight expense and in any kitchen. There are hundreds more. Why, even the Bureau of Chemistry of the well-known Department of Agriculture of the equally well-known United States of America furnished a nifty little bunch of recipes for the making of liquor at home, which was put into the Congressional Record by Representative Kahn of California and made a public document thereby; recipes for hardening cider, for putting a kick into blackberry wine and cordial, for adding the punch to cherry bounce and the pep to peach bounce, together with some general remarks about how to do it and a list of eleven books wherein fuller details might be obtained. Every dry locality has its favorite manners

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of preparing illicit drinks. All races except those whose religions proscribe liquor are potentially distillers.

"I was once at a copper mine a considerable distance in the interior of Russia. An American engineer in charge of the mine pointed out to me a certain berry that grows plentifully in those parts. He said that the natives make a potent liquor out of that berry. I picked a berry or two from a bush and discovered that they emit a nauseating odor, vile in the extreme.

"Does the liquor they make out of these berries smell like the berries themselves?" I asked. "Or does it taste like it smells?"

"Worse," said the engineer.

"Then how do they drink it?"

"Why," he said, "they put kerosene in it to flavor it."

Anybody who can get a few inexpensive materials can make liquor. Friends in various parts of the country have boasted to me of their success in making home-brewed beer. It is good beer with a heavy percentage of alcohol in it, but the trouble with it is that when the brew is on the stove in the kitchen all the neighbors for four blocks round can smell it—and the revenue men also. I know a man who makes himself a cask of an amber-colored liquor every so often so potent that three drinks of it would set a cigar-store Indian to doing a jazz dance. It is no trick at all to make booze. A man with only the rudimentary knowledge of distillation can rig up a private still if he feels the need of one.

Right here is where you get another angle at the psychology of the situation. The drinking man, deprived of his easy sources of supply, says: "All right. I'll make my own liquor. I'll show them they can't deprive me of it." And he forthwith buys a book of recipes, or gets a formula somewhere, or thinks out one of his own, or rigs up a still, or goes at it one way or another. He makes some. Now all properly made home brews, distillations and so on are potable and have heavy kicks, but not one in a hundred of them is palatable. They do not taste like the old stuff. Wherefore, the usual course is after a few trials to quit home manufacture, which is a lot of trouble and which produces stuff that has a miserable taste and a nasty comeback, and let prohibition take its course.

A Wheeze From Detroit

Then, too, there is recourse to stocks held by illicit dealers, the supplies of bootleggers. Until July first, of course, it was easy to know where the bootleggers and other illicit dealers got their supplies. Until Ohio went dry the Michigan people who wanted liquor were supplied from Ohio. Until California went dry Oregon and Washington people were supplied from California. Most of the liquor that got into Oklahoma came in from Missouri, and thus in other states. It was against the law in most instances to bring the liquor in, but the great profit in the sale of it, once the liquor was in, developed plenty of men to take the risks. A vaudeville jest current before July first was: "There are so many bootleggers in Detroit that they have to wear badges to keep from trying to sell booze to one another."

It is probable that for a long time there will be liquor surreptitiously offered for sale all over the United States, but two things will operate against the general consumption of such liquor, as two things invariably have operated in hitherto dry territory. The first is the vile quality of the liquor and the high price of it, and the second is the conditions under which it usually must be obtained. Before July first, for example, a bottle of very inferior whisky, bought from a bootlegger or other illicit dealer in dry territory, cost from ten to fifteen dollars a bottle, and a bottle of fairly good whisky cost at least twenty dollars. With the entire country dry and no contiguous wet territory for dry territory to draw upon for supplies, those prices are likely to go up and the quality of the liquor to deteriorate, as it must mostly be moonshine or homemade; and moonshine whisky, notwithstanding all the flub written about it, is generally about as palatable as gasoline and has as much danger concealed within it. Homemade liquor is worse.

Furthermore, it is a hardened drinker who would in the old days in dry territory go to the trouble and endure the loss of self-respect generally entailed in the getting of a drink. No decent man wants to go up an alley to deal with a ruffian who has liquor for sale, or sneak into an out-of-the-way and generally disreputable place for a drink unless he must have it, and usually the "must" diminishes when the conditions that surround its gratification are discovered. Most people will get along without the drink.

That in all probability is about the way national prohibition will work out. It will prevent a great deal of drinking, but it will not stop drinking entirely. There will be stocks of liquor in various places in this country for many years to come, held by prudent and restrained drinkers. Many of the stocks so hurriedly gathered before July first are rapidly being depleted. Some of them are gone already for the reasons I have set forth—the increased drinking that comes immediately after prohibition. Then with the supply largely depleted and none to be had to replenish, the drinkers will face these alternatives: They must become home or private distillers, deal with bootleggers, or decide the thirst isn't worth the trouble and quit. The bulk of them sooner or later will quit.

What a Wet Congress Could Do

It is a general and correct opinion that saloons and public bars are forever eliminated from the life of America, and there are few people who think that the sale of hard liquor ever will be permitted—whisky, gin, brandy and other potent spirits. The elimination of the saloon meets with general approval, even from the bulk of the people who patronized the saloon. Also it is the general and correct opinion that the saloon evil was largely responsible for the spread of prohibition and its final national enforcement. There is, however, a wide general opinion that ultimately the manufacture and sale of beer and wines will be permitted, of malt and vinous potables of low alcoholic content for use as beverages and not as mediums for drunkenness.

There isn't much hope that this will be or can be brought about very soon, should it seem desirable—which it may not—to the majority of the people. There may be a short wet period after the Army is demobilized, but it can last only until January 16, 1920, for on that date national prohibition by constitutional amendment will go into stern effect. It took more than sixty years of unremitting work to procure the adoption of the constitutional amendment and the only way it can be abrogated is by the exact procedure that procured its adoption—by procuring a majority of two-thirds in the United States Senate and House of Representatives for a resolution denouncing the prohibition amendment and by the further adoption of that resolution by three-fourths of the legislatures of the states.

Conceivably there may arise a sentiment in the United States that would make an abrogation of this amendment possible, but the chances are against it.

What is within the bounds of probability is this: It may be the case that owing to agitation, political expediency and public demand a Congress shall be elected that will have a majority in favor of a remission of the law to the extent of permitting beer and wines. Then provided there is an amenable President in the White House at the time, that wet Congress could rewrite the prohibition-enforcement laws in such items as relate to the legal definition of what an intoxicating liquor is and allow beverages of high enough alcoholic content to be made and sold under that new definition of what constitutes an intoxicating liquor to give the drinking of them some zest. That is a faint hope for the drinkers, but it is about the only one there is or will be for a long time to come.

The probabilities are that the American people are in for a protracted dry spell and may as well make the best of it and turn their attention to other things. Still, prohibition as finally achieved was the result of political as well as moral agitation, and what was done by politics can be undone by politics also. No person cognizant with the fact will contend that the big prohibition votes in the present and past Congresses were due to moral conviction on the part of a great number of the favoring statesmen. Politics was the cause, but it took sixty years to get politics where it became that determining cause, and if it takes that long to get politics to become the undetermining cause most of the people who are now shouting about the infringement on their personal liberties will be beyond caring what happens.

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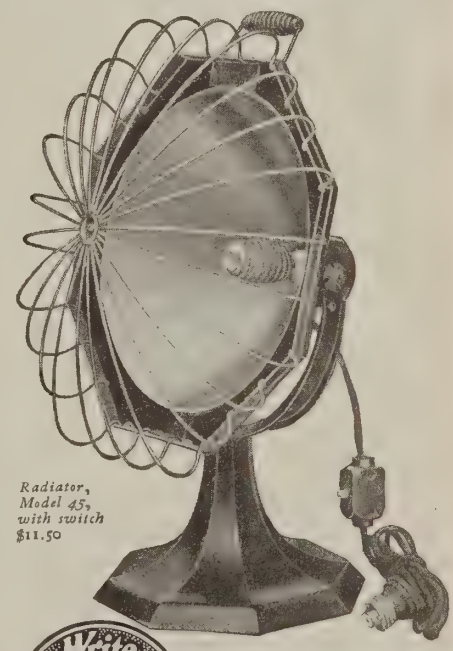

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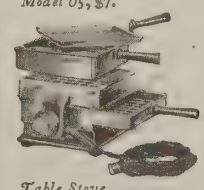

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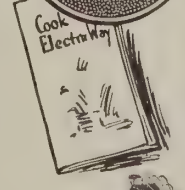

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OLD GENERAL JAZZ

(Continued from Page 9)

boss; and Bill looked at him. You could see he was sore.

"Why not?" Bill asked him.

"Because I ain't got it to pay, for one thing."

"If you don't you will see a strike," said Bill, warning him. "I'll tell you that confidential."

"Not against me," said the other man. "I'll tell you that too."

"Why not, won't we?"

"I've told you one reason already. I can't pay for it."

Bill Mixer had to smile, hearing him. "That's what they all say," he told him.

"Who?"

"They're all alike," he said, laughing at him. "Just as soon as they get in the capitalist clarse."

"Capitalist clarse, my eyes!" said the boss. "What have I got out of it the last three years? With all my expenses out—and materials rising? Union wages? Not by any means."

"You make me laugh," said Bill, "listening to you."

"I can prove it to you," said the boss, getting excited. "And I will too—in a damned good practical way. You won't make any mistake about it."

Bill looked at him. He talked as if he believed it.

"Prove it! How can you?" he asked him.

"I'll prove it, all right. And so you won't doubt it if this thing you are talking about in the union comes off," he answered. "I'm actually losing money to-day, as it is."

"Losing money?" said Bill, starting arguing him out of it. "You ain't losing money!"

"All right," said the boss, getting hot. "I'm a liar!"

"Or if you have been losing," said Bill, keeping on arguing, "you won't from now on. They are going to start up now good and plenty. There's a hera of good times coming after this war."

"Somebody else will have my share of it then," said the boss in an ugly tone, "if this new thing of yours comes off."

Bill Mixer watched him. He didn't like his tone of voice.

"Well," he said, talking up a bit himself, "I warned you anyhow. Make no mistake. If there ain't a raise there'll be a strike, that's all."

"Not against me!"

"Not against you!" said Bill, for his saying it over again and the tone of his voice kind of troubled him a little. "How do you make that out?"

"You'll see," the other fellow answered. "And I'm telling you the truth."

"The trouble with you is you are back in the back hages," said Bill. "You don't seem to know we've got into a new hera now, where labor has got some rights."

And the other fellow didn't say anything.

"They've got to come to it," said Bill—"these capitalists and these profiteers. Look what labor's doing to them now in the railroads—all those capitalists and profiteers there."

"Profiteers!" said the boss, laughing a kind of sore laugh. "That's a good one!"

"What do you mean to hintimate by that?" said Bill.

"Profiteers," he said, and laughed that kind of a bitter, prejudiced laugh again. "Listen, have you ever heard of a profiteer yet that expected to take the whole thing—all it is worth—the whole value of it?"

"I don't know as I have," said Bill. "What of it?"

"That's what this railroad bunch is after. Nothing less will do them. And if they don't get it they'll set the whole nation frying in hell. That's their orders from now on!"

"That's what you claim," said Bill.

"That's what I know!" said the boss.

"What do you claim they are asking for?" Bill asked him, curious.

"Nothing much," said the other man. "They're modest. All they ask us to do is to buy the railroads and hand them to them."

"You're wrong there," said Bill. "You're prejudiced."

"If that ain't it," said the fellow, "what do they ask for?"

"You're prejudiced, that's all. You don't understand it," said Bill. "You want to keep open-minded these days. You're prejudiced."

"They ain't, are they?" said the boss, getting funny. "They're too meek—that's their trouble. They don't ask enough."

"You don't see things the way they are to-day," said Bill, starting to show him. But the other fellow wouldn't let him.

"They start off refusing to go to work," he said, "unless they want to. They won't show up mornings half the time, and when they do we can't get a half a day's work out of them. You double the pay and you get a half day's work out of them. You double the pay and get half the work. And now it's the five-day week. That's your new era you're talking about," he told him.

"But that wasn't enough. Now we've got a new one—starting with the railroads. You aren't going to tell them when they will work. They will tell themselves. They'll take a referendum every morning whether they'll work or go to the ball game."

"You're crazy," said Bill. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

"And now," said the boss, going on and getting madder and madder, "they are asking you to give them your business outright. And it ain't the railroads only; it's the same all over," he said, "since this war—with them all. But it don't make much difference anyhow, now," he said, talking bitterer and bitterer; "they've ruined it anyhow."

"You're back in the middle hages," said Bill, "that's what ails you. You hain't got the new hidea."

And he started showing him again and they got jawing over it—both of them getting hotter all the time.

"The new hidea is plain enough," said Bill, explaining; "we've been run long enough by you capitalists. Now we're going to have something to say about our own job."

"Not with my job!" said the boss. "Not any further than you have now."

"It's my job, just as much as it's yours!" Bill told him.

"Maybe it is, but it won't be anybody's—after September first."

Bill looked at him. It sounded to him like threatening, and that made him mad.

"Then we'll strike, that's all," said Bill. "You mark my words; I warn you we'll strike September first."

"No, you won't strike neither," said the boss, for a third time. "Not for this job."

And Bill looked at him, trying to make out what he was at anyhow.

"Why not?" he asked him.

"Because there won't be any job, that's why."

And Bill started laughing at him. "What will you do?" he said.

"I'll quit, that's all," said the boss, "myself—if you want to know. I'll give up this and come back into the union where the money is. I kept my union card for just such a purpose."

And Bill laughed at him—but he did not let down.

"That's just exactly what I'll do," he said. "I'm going out and get what work I can as a union man September first—if this thing comes off. The big fellows with more money can keep along, probably, after this. But I can't. I'm through and I am damned glad of it."

"I bet you will be when you see what it means!" said Bill, starting to tell him how little you get out of it when you are in the union.

They were working together on a job; they jawed about it all day; and the more they jawed the stubborner he got; and at the end Bill Mixer was about convinced. It looked to him as if the man meant what he was saying. If they went on strike September first he would just quit.

"Don't you believe me?" he said to Bill at quitting time. "You watch me, that's all. Actions speak louder than words."

So Bill started along home. Here was a new one. How was he going to strike if there was nothing to strike against?

"There'll be plenty of others if he does quit!" said Bill to himself. "He can't scare me."

But just the same he was feeling mean and down in the mouth when he got home. He sat there after supper, kind of ugly and nervous-like, and he thought probably that having some lively music on that piano might cheer him up.

"Go in and play me one of them rolls," he said to his girl Violet.

"Oh, I can't," she told him. "I'm too tired."

"Go on," he said, feeling good and sore after his day, "when I tell you to."

"I don't feel like it, pa, to-night, honestly. You'll have to excuse me," she answered him back.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, I won't," she said louder. She was just as independent as he was when it came to that, and a good bit quicker.

"You won't, eh?" he said, getting up the way he did when she was younger. "Why won't you?"

"I don't want to, for one thing," she told him. "And for another I'm tired of hearing that old jazz stuff over and over again. It's lost its pull with me after my millionth time," she said; and got up and left the room.

"There's gratitude for you," said Mixer to his wife—sitting there thinking how much he'd put out on that instrument to please her. And his wife did not answer anything.

"What is the matter with her now? Anything new?" he asked her.

"She is all tired out," she said, speaking finally. "I should think you could see."

"I can see she looks like the devil," said Bill Mixer, "if you mean that!"

"She's got enough to make her," said his wife. "Like the rest of us these days!"

"You women," said Bill, "you make me laugh. You're a sensible lot. Like this case here! She goes off earning more duds and feathers to put on her back—and makes herself sick and loses her looks doing it!"

"I don't see anything so much about that," said Mrs. Mixer, "to laugh about—for a girl who's hoping to be married!"

"What's up now?" said Bill, looking at her.

"Nothing, as I know," said his wife—the way the women talk when they have got something they don't mean to tell you. And then she changed the subject and chased it out of his mind.

"The man was round to-day," she said, "about something to do with the rent."

"What's he want?" Mixer asked her right off.

"I don't know," she told him; "I was out. And grandma was here alone. He couldn't make her hear."

"What did he say?" Bill asked the old woman, roaring. "The man for the rent?"

"Spent!" said the old woman. "All of it, every penny."

"She thinks you are asking her about her interest from her railroad bond," said Mrs. Mixer. "That's what's worrying her now—the way she spent it. You can't get anything out of her anyhow on the other thing. She didn't hear him."

So he gave up trying with her.

"You don't suppose he might be here raising our rent?" his wife asked him.

"Let him," said Bill Mixer. He wasn't in any frame of mind that night for any nonsense. "Let him try it once on me! I'll show them what's what. The damn profiteers!"

"What'll you do?" his wife said.

"I'll get out first," said Bill.

And he went into the front room and banged out one or two tunes on his piano.

That next night the agent was round again, and Bill was right there waiting for him and took him into the front room.

"I'm sorry, Bill," he said. He was a big, fat, good-natured man, named Eddie Green. "But it had to come at last."

"What?" asked Bill, looking straight at him.

"We've got to raise you ten dollars the first of the month on the rent."

"You say so!" said Bill, keeping his eye on him.

"Yep," said the agent, not getting what he meant by that. "But you're in luck at that. Most of them are on their second or third raise. You came last, I guess, probably because you were such an old tenant."

That kind of talk did not have any effect on Bill Mixer.

"So you're going to raise me?" he said, taking his pipe out and blowing out the smoke slowly and looking him over.

"Yep."

"Well, you ain't," said Bill. "That's flat."

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"Because I won't stand for it, that's why!" said Bill. "I'll get out first."

"I wouldn't advise you to do that, Bill," said the other man. "As a friend."

"Listen," said Bill, laying down the law, starting to reason it out: "'Ow is it they come along now and raise my rent? What's the justice? Tell me that?"

"Why wouldn't they?" said the agent.

"It's the same house, ain't it, I've been in for the last fifteen years?"

"It sure is," said the other man.

"And it was all paid for by its owner when I took it. Am I right?"

"I guess so; yes," said the agent.

"And the same man still owns it?"

"Yes."

"Well?" said Bill.

"Well?" said the other man.

"Profiteering—I call it!" said Bill.

And the other fellow had nothing to say; just sat there looking at him.

"And another thing," said Bill, going on; "look at it another way. I've been here now fifteen years, 'aven't I?"

And the other man just nodded, looking at him.

"And during that time I paid out to them one and a half times anyway—and probably twice as much as the house ever cost them altogether. Enough to have bought it, when he did, twice over."

"What about his interest," said the agent, "on his money?"

"Hinterest be damned," said Bill Mixer. "He had my money, didn't he? And that's been drawing hinterest too for fifteen years, some of it."

And the agent sat there looking at him when he got through, kind of wondering, the way those big fat men do sometimes.

"Listen, Bill," he said. "Do you mean that or are you kidding me?"

"I mean it," said Bill. "Why shouldn't I?" For he had sat there all the night before and gone all over it in his mind—all the figures.

"This ain't old times. You can't come round and fool us any more. We are onto a few of those old tricks of these capitalists and profiteers. This is a new hera; we ain't back in the middle hages no more."

The agent tried to talk to him about interest and taxes, but he shut him up.

"I've heard all that stuff before," said Bill. "You can talk and be damned, and raise and be damned—I won't pay it. I'll get out first!"

"Where'll you go?"

"I don't know that. But I'll go just the same."

"I guess I wouldn't do that, Bill," said the agent. "Not till you find what you can do. I'll tell you now there ain't any tenements to be had anywhere."

"I'll go just the same," said Bill Mixer. When he got his back up he didn't take it down right off for anybody. "I've been here fifteen years now, paying regular. I've paid enough to buy it twice over, and I won't pay out all I've got to no profiteering landlord. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Listen, Bill," said the agent, straightening himself up in his vest, the way those fat easy-going men do when they sit up; "let me ask you something. You don't think they get all this rent for themselves—not with taxes and expenses, and repairs going up the way they are now? You don't think that? And you in the decorator's trade!"

"Who is getting it then? I ain't," said Bill.

"Listen," said the agent. "Ain't your union scale up fifty per cent now from what it was a few years ago?"

"Forty-five," Bill told him, "if you want to be exact and accurate."

"And what's this I heard about another raise the first of next month?"

"They ain't voted that yet," Bill told him.

"But they will, won't they?"

"I don't know as they will," said Bill. "They might. And they probably will," he went on, standing up for his rights. "And 'igh time too!"

"And then you kick," he said, "about your rent going up."

"I do. Yes. Hin the circumstances. After paying him what I've paid him for fifteen years."

And the man started on a new line of argument, seeing he could not budge him there; thinking to make him laugh.

"They're all the same, ain't they, Bill?" he asked, grinning.

"The same what?"

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JORDAN

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JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

JORDAN

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"Everybody," he told him. "I go round everywhere in this business and see everybody, all kinds. But I never yet saw this man you're all looking for."

"What man?" said Bill.

"The fellow that started this thing up. The fellow that raised the cost of living first," he said, grinning.

Bill Mixer could see what he was after. He was trying to get him laughing and good-humored and jolly him out of it. He just sat and looked at him.

"I go round everywhere, collecting," the agent went along again. "But I never yet found anybody who had anything to do with starting it."

"It's the profiteers," said Bill, shaking his head. "The capitalists. There ain't any use talking about that. That's proved. Like this rent here. There's a hexample—right before your face and eyes."

"What about the union?" said the other fellow, watching him.

"They had to do it. They had to do it—to live!"

And the fat agent just laughed. "Oh, come off, Bill," he said. "Don't pull any of that labor-leader sob stuff on me. You know and I know what's going on."

"What is?" Bill asked, getting ready to call him down.

"Nothing new at all," said the fat agent. "Good old human nature, that's all—the same since the world began, in the union or out. We all know it, if we didn't think we could cover it up with sob stuff and special arguments. We're all the same, ain't we—you and me and everybody else on one point? When you see a dollar rolling your way, you put your hands over it, don't you? Sometimes you might even start rolling one in your direction if you knew how. Would you or wouldn't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said Bill.

"Only this," he answered him: "I am only showing you that nobody ever started this thing if you let them tell it themselves—either capital or labor."

And he went on telling about how they both had their hands out—and everybody else who could, all the time.

"What I'm kicking about myself," he said to Bill, "like most people in my fix—on a salary—is because I ain't either a capitalist or a farmer or a union man. I am just in between them all, getting squashed. So naturally I'm sore."

"You're unfriendly, that's what you are," said Bill, "to organized labor. That's one sure thing—the way you're knocking it."

"I ain't knocking it—or anything else," said the agent, defending himself right off. "You are the fellows that are doing the knocking; I ain't. I guess I haven't got strength enough left—like the rest of the crowd in between. I ain't kicking," he said, "only for one thing—and I have got a right to do that."

"What's that?" said Bill, looking at him, waiting.

"That's only because I can see now they are going to have my life—one way or the other. If they don't starve me to death they'll murder me another way."

"Murder you?" said Bill. "'Ow?"

"Laughing myself to death," he said. "Honest, Bill," he said, appealing to him, trying to make him good-natured again, "you would yourself if you were out where I am, looking at both sides. You don't realize, Bill, what you are missing, not being outside in the audience. The biggest free entertainment in the world, ever since they pulled off this war. All the same; nobody to blame for grabbing off anything for themselves. Nothing like that. No. Only all hands standing up hollering the Star Spangled Banner with their hat in their left hand and their right hand in their next neighbor's pocket—a kind of an endless-chain effect, and all wondering where the money goes and who's raising prices!"

"We didn't start it. I tell you that!" said Bill, getting a little tired of hearing that kind of stuff.

"No, that's what they all say. Both sides—capitalists and labor too. And now the farmers have got their press agents out denying it. What any of them add on themselves don't count anything on raising prices any further. We all know that. In the building trades especially. Take a look at it, Bill—the thing we know best—what we are talking about now. Right here in the building trades. Why are rents higher? Because there ain't any tenements. Why ain't there any tenements? Because they can't afford to build them, isn't it? Why not? Ain't it wages—at least half—yes, and two-thirds, starting way back in the brickyard? Your own wages going up fifty and seventy-five per cent. And yet you sit here and holler, sadder than a hound dog with the stomach ache, when we go up twenty per cent on your rent."

"That's right," said Bill, getting madder and madder. "Go on, knock us! We'll know where our friends are when this thing is over. That's one thing!" he said.

"I ain't knocking you, Bill," said the agent, getting funny again. "I'm handing it to you. Can't you see that? I'm just admiring you a little. Honest to God, Bill, how do you do it—how do you get away with it time after time without cracking a smile? I want to know, Bill, because if I did I'd have a new thousand-dollar piano in my parlor the way you have," he said, and whacked him on the shoulder.

But if he thought alluding to that was going to help work Bill he had another guess. The way they all came back to that one thing was making him sorer and sorer. But this Green fellow didn't see it. He went right on.

"There's another thing that's funny about it," he said, not noticing how the expression on Bill's face was set firmer than ever. "It's a scream—the way they all kid themselves—after they get a new rake-off—that they are going to get away with it, without anybody else seeing it, and keep it all for themselves. They all believe that for about two months or so before the others rush in and grab it away from them. And about that time they're all blowing themselves. Then the rest close in and grab it all away again; and they start hollering profiteer, with a lot of stuff on hand they don't need and haven't half paid for perhaps, and that doesn't show anything for their money, like this thing you've got here—this piano. I bet you I've seen a million of them round the places I collect in—bought about the height of the high wages, when everybody had just come into their fortune and was running wild and free, spending their money as if they had the Bank of England by the tail, swinging it round their head."

He made the mistake of his life there—if he thought he was going to make Bill Mixer good-natured, talking about that piano. He'd heard about enough talk on that thing; nobody could start talking, as far as he could see, but they had to haul that in.

"You're funny," said Bill, cutting him off. "I know that. But you can't talk me out of it. I know what I'm doing. You raise and I go."

"Don't be crazy, Bill," said the other man. "Go! Where'll you go to?"

"That's all right," said Bill, giving him his final word. "Which is it? Do I go or do I not?"

"You go, I guess, Bill," said the agent; "if you say so. I've got four families I know who'd jump at the chance to get this rent to-morrow."

"Let them have it," said Bill. "I'm through."

When he got his back up it didn't go down right off again. And besides, he could see, if he was going to be out of work if that strike came off it would be an advantage to get a lower rent somewhere anyway.

"You needn't come round again on my account," said Bill, closing the door after him when he tried to tell him what he'd do.

"What did you say to him?" asked Mrs. Mixer, who had been listening outside the door.

"I told him he could take the house," Bill answered her. "And burn it, for all of me!"

"What!" said his wife. "You'll let him turn us out of our home—after fifteen years here?"

"After a hundred and fifteen, for all of me," said Bill, lighting his pipe up again—to show her how determined he was.

"Where'll we go?"

"I saw a card in the window just yesterday," he told her—"down near where we're working now—down on Freemont Street; a good-looking tenement too—and five dollars cheaper than this is now."

"What! Down there!" said Mrs. Mixer. And then she started crying, leaning over on that plush thing Violet had bought to put over the piano, and she was always so particular about his spotting.

Bill took a look at her and his piano and went out back on the back stoop and started smoking. He didn't want to look at the thing. It had been a disappointment to him from the first. He couldn't turn round but somebody knocked him about it. And then it got on his nerves listening to her too.

"I hope you're satisfied," said Mrs. Mixer when Bill Mixer came home that next night.

"Satisfied?" said Bill, looking at her. She looked like a wild woman.

"You and your piano and your strikes and your new heras and your driving us out of our home!"

"What are you talking about?" said Bill, looking at her and wondering what next.

"Violet. She came home to-night and she fainted dead away. She's in there now in a fever."

"Is she so terrible sick?" said Bill. The way she said it gave him a start.

"You're lucky if you haven't killed her," she told him. "And now you go over across the street and telephone again for the doctor. I couldn't get him."

You would hardly know her. Her face was white and her eyes were red, and her mouth puckered in no bigger than a buttonhole. Bill didn't move for a bit, he was that startled.

"Go!" she said. "Don't stop to argue. You take your hat and go. The least you can do is to get the doctor—after what you've done already." And she gave Bill Mixer his hat and sent him flying.

This was a new one, her bossing him round like that in his own house. It took him off his feet. But he went and telephoned, and they said the doctor would be over just as soon as he came in. And then he went back and told his wife.

"Come out here. Keep still," she said when he started to talk. "I've got her into a drowse." And she took him out into the kitchen.

"What's all this about?" said Bill, making up his mind he'd know. "What is the matter with her?"

"You!" his wife said, looking wilder than ever.

"Me!" said Bill Mixer, scarce believing his senses, thinking the woman had gone crazy.

She looked like a wild woman, with her face red and white and her hair—always down smooth and even like Queen Victoria's—all tumbled over the central parting.

"Yes, you," she said.

"How do you make that out?" said Bill. "Are you off your head? What's going on here anyhow?"

"Driving her out of her home—down to live on a Dago street!"

"There's only one or two Dago families on that street," said Bill, keeping her up to the facts.

"One or two's enough."

"And besides," said Bill, looking at her, thinking how much she'd changed from what she used to be, "what's that got to do with her being sick?"

"Everything," she said. "You'd know it—if you ever stopped to think on anything at all! A girl as proud as she is, moving down there in that dirty section."

"If that's all that ails her," said Bill Mixer, relieved, "I'll go and call the doctor not to come. She ain't so delicate as all that. She won't pine away for no such cause as that."

"Won't she?" said his wife, coming after him like a fury. "That shows how much you know about it. Or anything that goes on under your nose and eyes. You know what you done to her, don't you? No? You've ruined her chance of getting married finally. Or she thinks you did, anyhow—and I guess she's right—by this last foolishness of yours."

"Ruined her chance to get married?" said Bill with his mouth open. "What are you talking about now?"

"Do you think for a minute a fellow like Tommy Foley—always so particular about the girls he's going with and what they're like—is going to keep going with a girl down on that street?"

"You're foolish in your head," said Bill Mixer. "What difference ——"

"Have you any sense?" his wife came back at him. "Don't you ever see anything going on right under your nose? Ain't you ever noticed how little he's coming here nights now compared to what he used to?"

"What's this?" said Bill.

"And all the time talking to her about how expensive it's going to be to be married."

"You mean to say ——" Bill started.

"I mean to say she's got the idea lately he's cutting her out. She wouldn't say anything about it; she's not that kind. But now you've made this last move she's come out with it all. She says if we move down there on that street—as we've got to now—that's the finish. That's the last. He never will come down there. And he never will marry her."

"You mean to say," said Bill, starting roaring now—till she stopped him—"that little whippersnapper is quitting her?"

"That's what she thinks anyhow," she said, after making him keep his voice down.

"Now I'll tell you," said Bill, mad clear through. "You mark my words—and you make no mistake about it—if that's true anyways—if he makes that excuse—if he's playing fast and loose with my girl, there'll be one less ——"

"Yes, you'll do something new. You'll mess it up some way," said his wife, "as you do usually."

"Me!" said Bill. You could have knocked him over with a feather. He felt as if the end of the world had come. "Me!"

But then she didn't say any more. She burst out crying and kept on till the doctor came and she went to the front door wiping her eyes. And Bill Mixer went and sat out of the way in the front room while they went into his girl's room.

"How is she, doctor?" Bill asked him when he came out.

"She's a pretty sick girl," he said. "But we'll pull her through, I guess. I hope so."

"What is it?" Bill asked him.

"A kind of a nervous collapse, as far as I can see—from what her mother says. She's just worried herself sick for some reason. But don't get too anxious. We'll pull her out, I hope."

Bill Mixer sat there alone after he had left, in that front room thinking things over. "'Ere's a nice kettle of fish," he said to himself. A strike coming on if they voted it on that strike vote, as they likely would. A strike, and no money laid by to speak of—not enough to pay their bills that were out; and now the girl coming down sick, more bills for doctor and medicine. And probably, by this time, the house rented over their heads. And not satisfied with this they were trying to blame it all on him.

"You never can tell what ideas a woman will get in her head, that's one sure thing," said Bill Mixer to himself. And he sat there feeling low-spirited and sad, looking across the room at that piano he'd bought trying to be good to the girl six months before. The thing had been a disappointment to him from the first; all he wished now was that he had the money back he'd put into it in the first place. Five hundred and fifty dollars, all paid in—and you probably couldn't get half that for it to-day. Things certainly couldn't look much blacker.

Bill Mixer got up and looked it over a minute where they'd jammed it in front, and that long gouge that Raymond had made on the side—all the way down across that A1 veneer. He examined it, and ran his finger down the place, and went back and sat down—and thought about his girl again, lying there sick, and how her mother was trying to blame him for it all. And naturally then he got thinking about where the trouble really lay—about that young whippersnapper who was responsible for what had happened to his girl—as anybody could see if what his wife was telling him was true. And he got up and walked about the room.

"When I see him, mark you," he said out loud, "if she's got this right—I'll learn him a lesson!"

And he had no more than sat down again than the front doorbell rang and he got up, and there stood the fellow he was thinking about—all dressed up as usual.

"Come in," said Bill. He was ready for him. "Come in," said Bill, standing over him in his shirt sleeves. And he took him into the front room where they'd be away from the women.

"How are you to-night, pop?" he said, coming in and sitting down with him in the front room. "All right?" His voice sounded kind of queer to Bill—kind of hoarse.

"All right," said Bill Mixer, sitting stiff, waiting—especially after he called him "pop" again. "I'll 'pop' him," he said to himself, "before this evening's much older—if he thinks he can come round here playing fast and loose with my girl!"

So he sat there waiting for him, looking. He seemed different somehow—not so sure of himself; kind of nervous.

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"I'm sorry, but I haven't got a cigar to offer you to-night, pop," he said, feeling round in his pocket as he always did. His voice certainly sounded queer—kind of strained.

"Never mind the cigar!" said Bill Mixer, sitting there still and big in his shirt sleeves, waiting. And he could see himself then that the young fellow was acting strange, as if he had something on his mind.

"When I was coming up to-night," he said, after waiting a minute watching Bill, and he cleared his throat, "I heard something in your line. Maybe you know it. I met Jim McMahon, the president of the decorators down here, and he told me there'll be no strike after all."

"No strike?"

"The vote went against it. I got it straight from him himself—down by the Palace Lunch Cart."

"Well, he ought to know," said Bill. He could see he was just telling him all this to make talk, before he tackled what was on his mind. But that was interesting news, at that. That might clear up matters some!

"I thought you'd be glad to know," said Tommy Foley.

"I am," said Bill, and sat still again—and the boy with him.

"Is Vi where I can see her?" said Tommy Foley, speaking finally.

"No, she ain't," said Bill. "Not now."

And the young fellow looked up and looked down again. "I'm glad of that," he said—his voice sounding queerer and queerer all the time to Bill Mixer. Bill looked at him, studying him; and then he saw he was clearing his throat and looking round. "There ain't anybody here but us?" he said.

"No," said Bill, waiting—growing more and more suspicious now, naturally. He couldn't imagine what he was after.

"Because," said the young fellow, wetting his lips, "you see I had something I wanted to talk to you personally. I wanted to tackle you about—but I didn't dare to!"

"Aye," said Bill. "About what?"

"I've got something to say to you," young Foley went on. "I've got a kind of a confession to make."

And Bill Mixer started to stiffen up.

"About your daughter and me!" said the boy after a minute. The way that Bill Mixer sat there watching him didn't encourage him much, probably. "So I thought I'd come in to you yourself and talk to you man-fashion."

Bill Mixer didn't answer him. He couldn't have spoken then anyhow, so he just sat there waiting.

"You may have noticed," the young fellow went along, "I haven't been up here to the house so much lately. The reason is I've got wise to myself!"

"What's this?" said Bill to himself. "He wouldn't come up here and flout me to my face," and he sat still waiting.

"I got wise," said young Foley, looking at Bill, and then stumbling on again, "I saw I couldn't get married to Vi. It was out of the question."

"'Old on," said Bill to himself, keeping himself back. "'Ear him out. Don't do anything you'll be sorry for afterwards."

"And so," he said—and stopped, looking at Bill Mixer's face.

"So what?" said Bill, holding him up to it.

"So—so I went," he answered, kind of stammering now—"I went and got an extra job working nights."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Bill, roaring.

"With what?" said Tommy Foley, sitting in his chair.

"With marrying my girl?"

"I had to do it, didn't I?" said Tommy Foley. "I had to have more money than I was getting, to be married on—to get ready anyhow."

And Bill sat still again, looking, studying and working his mind.

"But even at that—we can't—we can't."

"Can't what?" Bill came out loud again when he stopped.

"Can't get married on what I am getting yet."

"So that's it!" said Bill, getting red-hot on the top of his head—thinking of his poor girl lying sick there in her room, and him sitting here in the front room making excuses just as Bill's wife said he would. "So that's it!" he said, getting ready now.

"That's it," said the boy, getting it out after some trouble, "unless ——"

"Unless what?" said Bill, after waiting all he intended to.

"I kind of hate to tell it to you," said the young fellow. "I don't suppose you'll stand for it."

"Unless what?" said Bill, roaring. "Unless what? 'Ave it out!"

"Unless you might be willing to say you'd take us and board us for the present."

And Bill lay back when he said it. It was so different from anything he'd expected. Like waking up and getting away finally from a bad dream you've been trying to get loose from all night.

"We'd pay good board," Tommy Foley went on, talking fast now he was started. "We could afford to do that. But we can't afford to rent and furnish a flat for ourselves—not these times!"

And Bill Mixer not saying anything yet the young fellow went on urging him, arguing with him to do it. "I didn't suppose," he said, kind of melancholy, "that you'd favor it. I didn't suppose it would do much good. But I didn't know but what we'd pay might come in handy when you came to pay rent. Especially now they've raised it on you."

"Raised it on me!" said Bill—remembering that rent business with a kind of a jump. "How'd you know that?"

"I heard it," said Tommy Foley after a little hesitation, "from Ed Green, the agent, yesterday."

"What'd he say?" Bill asked him.

"He said he'd had to raise your rent and you were kicking about it."

"What else did he say?"

"That's all. He just said you were kicking, like the rest of them; and threatening to get out. But he knew different—when the next rent day came you'd come round and pay all right. He was saving it for you—like he always did, for his old tenants—one month anyhow. To give you a chance to get used to the idea. For they all come to it finally!"

"They do, do they?" said Bill Mixer in a gruff voice. Then after a while he spoke up, for the whole thing came to him like a flash. He saw now what he could do; how he could work it. "So you want to get married to my girl this fall?" he asked him.

"Do I?" said young Tommy Foley, brightening up when he heard Bill's voice change. "Ask me!"

"Well," said Bill, speaking finally, after thinking it all out, "I can fix it for you. Leave it to me!" And he got up and went to the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tommy, getting up too.

"You leave it to me," said Bill Mixer, looking at him. "I'll handle this!"

"But I—I haven't spoken about it yet to Vi, about anything—not even my job nights. I was going to surprise her!"

"That's all right," said Bill; "we'll surprise her now." And he opened the door into the back room and crooked his finger for his wife to come.

"'Ow'd you like to stay right here and keep the 'ouse?" he said to her, kind of slow—and the boy standing there not knowing what was going on.

"S-s-stay?" said Mrs. Mixer, almost crying. "How can we now?"

"Well, I'll fix it for you," he told her, and he went on to show her how.

"'Ow'd you like to get your daughter married off," asked Bill, giving her a meaning look, "this fall?"

And when she didn't say anything, just stood and looked, half crying, he told her about it, and how much board Tommy Foley was willing to pay; and sent her in to see the girl.

"What's the matter?" asked young Tommy Foley. "Where is Vi anyhow?"

"She's sick," said Bill. "Didn't I tell you?"

"No," said the young fellow, his voice rising. "How sick? What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Bill, smiling to himself, "but what'll be all right now!"

And right after that the doctor came, looking in for the second time.

"What is the matter with her anyhow?" Tommy Foley wanted to know again.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bill, "some sort of nervous fit. You can't tell about a woman. You can live with them for years and never get onto what ails them." And then they sat there talking, waiting for the doctor to come out.

"You can't satisfy them, that's all," said Bill Mixer, alluding to the women—looking down at the carpet and sighing when he said it. "I've about given up—especially lately, since these war prices came along. You take my wife; she used to be a good, right-acting woman as you ever fastened eyes on. You ought to hear her now. You ought to hear her go on, blaming me for everything that happens. You'd think to hear her I was murdering the whole family."

"That's bad, pop," said Tommy Foley, sympathizing with him, "when they get to feeling that way!"

"Bad! You'd think it was bad," said Bill, taking out his pipe and sighing again. "I ain't complaining," he said, "but you take this thing—this piano—I bought to give all 'ands some hamusement. You'd think to hear her talk I'd robbed the church treasury and was spending it all on a hactress. 'It costs something, yes!' I says to her. 'But it's worth something too. You want to be reasonable,' I says, 'when it comes to things like that.'"

And he went on and told him all about how she objected to that piano he'd bought them, and after a while Tommy Foley looked up and started sympathizing with him again.

"That ain't right, pop," he said, looking at him. "They ought not to blame that thing on you."

"I don't think they 'ad, myself," said Bill, "if it comes to that."

"No," said Tommy Foley. "You didn't buy that piano, I can see that."

And when he said that, Bill looked over at him kind of sharp. He'd changed a bit the last few minutes since they'd settled up things. He was more like himself, and he didn't know but he was started fooling again.

"You didn't buy that thing yourself—that's a cinch," he said. "Any more than I did all those rainbow clothes I had on last spring."

"Oh, I bought it all right!" said Bill, looking at him to get his drift. "I'll hadmit that."

"No, you didn't, pop," he said. "Nothing like that. You ain't responsible for this."

"I tell you I did," said Bill, talking louder, getting a little hot on the top of his head. "Certainly I bought it. If I didn't, who did then?"

"It was old General Jazz," said Tommy Foley, looking at him. "That's a cinch."

"Old who?" said Bill, glaring at him.

"Old General Jazz, the new military hero."

And Bill Mixer shut up. He saw he was back fooling again.

"You know the guy that Eddie Green, the agent, was telling you about, they were all looking for now?" asked Tommy Foley.

"Who's that?" said Bill Mixer, watching him close.

"The one that started up this high-cost-of-living idea first."

"Yeh."

"That's the boy who's responsible," said Tommy Foley, looking serious. "Old General Jazz—the hero of the revolution."

He never cracked a smile; but Bill Mixer was onto his game now. "The 'ero," he said, "of the revolution? Which revolution?" he asked him, coming back at him.

"The revolution we're on to-day. The one you read about in the newspapers."

"Go on. Shoot," said Bill. "Let's 'ave it."

"It's a secret," he said, going on. "I ain't giving it out to everybody, the results of my investigations. But I'll let you in on it, pop, now you're going to be a member of my family."

And Bill Mixer sat grinning, thinking how changed he was from a few minutes ago, when he didn't know whether he could get married or not. He was feeling good now; you could see that. He was one of the kind that the better they feel the more they get fooling—the sadder they look.

"There's been a war, pop," he said. "You might have heard of it. And it's made them all act funny. You'd be surprised too. You'd think offhand it would sober them off everywhere, especially when they were fighting themselves. But after about a month in the trenches, picking trench rats out of your army clothes and seeing the head of the man next to you carried six miles to the rear on board a German shell, you'd be surprised to see what an appetite you get for some *petits divertissements* as we French say. You wouldn't believe how gay you feel when they transfer you to Paree—for a week's maneuvers under good old General Jazz."

Bill Mixer sat watching him, saying nothing, getting his drift.

"You know who he is by this time, I guess, pop," said Tommy Foley. "He was the governor general in charge at Paris all through the war. You might have heard of him. Some military leader too, believe me! He's the guy that puts the morale into your soldiers when they get to Paris—starting them marching up and down forced night marches all over the town, bringing up home at six A. M. all fresh as paint—all hollering and singing, walking on your feet worn down to your ankle bones."

"I get the hidea," said Bill, grinning when he stopped.

"It wasn't so different," said Tommy, going on, "last spring, after we started watching the Rhine ourselves a while, and hurled his Royal Spiked Mustaches back on Where-Am-I-Now-Again! You might have thought they mustered us all out, but what they did was—they transferred us all over into old General Jazz's command, the great Grand Army of the Revolution."

"What revolution's this you're talking about now?" Bill Mixer asked. But he was going on.

"You'll hear them talking," he said, "all over about the boys coming home—all aching to get to work at the old job. Maybe so. But that ain't my experience. I may be wrong, but I've got an idea we did quite some job over there, to tell you the truth. That might entitle us to a little vacation, but anyhow it hit the best of them; there ain't anybody I know but would just as soon take a day or two off and turn on a little of the jazz, and try and get some of the jumps out of their system—and some of the things they've seen and heard over there out of their eyes and ears."

"You're right there," said Bill.

"But when we got home here we were surprised ourselves, believe me! Here was old General Jazz, the hero of the revolution, in charge again over here, stronger than he ever was in Paris—with the whole population marching up and down behind him, yelling and blowing themselves; the war millionaires filling the hotels in New York and Atlantic City and other night health resorts; and the rest of the population blowing their war wages for automobiles and fur coats and jazz machines like this here of yours, pop," said Tommy Foley, pointing at Bill Mixer's piano.

"What's all this got to do with the 'igh cost of living?" said Bill Mixer, stiffening up when he came back to that again, like all the rest of them. "Say we did spend a dollar or two at first. That ain't all the 'igh cost of living now—by no means."

"That's where the revolution comes in, pop," said Tommy Foley. And he stopped and looked at him, sadder and sadder.

"What revolution?" Bill Mixer asked louder. "What are you talking about?"

"The one I was just telling about—that they're pulling off now everywhere under old General Jazz."

"Go on," said Bill. "'Ave your joke, and 'ave it over with. What are you after now?"

"I tell you how it is, pop," he said to Bill then; "you'll hear a lot of them talking about this revolution all over. But you pay attention to me, because I've got the only real original dope on it to-day. I'll show it all to you."

"Go on, then," said Bill; "show me."

"I'll show you—right, pop," he told him, looking at him solemner and solemner. "I won't deceive you, like some of these guys will. I'll prove it all to you as I go along. Now listen: When you get out on an old-fashioned evening and get a little overheated, what's the first thing that happens to you—always—without fail?"

"I don't know," Bill answered him. "What is?"

"You get to seeing double, don't you?"

"What of it?" said Bill.

"That's the basis of our revolution," he answered him. "The very foundation."

"Look here," said Bill Mixer. "What do you mean? What's this revolution you keep hollering about?"

"I'm glad you asked that question, pop," said Tommy Foley, more and more polite, "because it shows you're following my argument closely. And it gives me a chance to show you step by step. And it's the revolution you see revolving around you all the time. And it's caused, as I was telling you, mostly—like some others you might know about—because we started out seeing double."

"Seeing double!" said Bill after him. "Seeing what?"

"What we are looking at principally now," he said; and went on and told him. "Your wad, your staff of life—your pay envelope. That's what you're watching,

(Continued on Page 101)

Un-retouched photograph of dual Goodyear Solid Tires belonging to a set of six which have run from sand and gravel pits and over much unfinished, crushed rock road since March 17, 1916—for Wells Transfer Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 97)

ain't you, ever since these war wages got going?"

"'Ow?" said Bill. "Hexplain yourself."

"Sure," said Tommy Foley; "only you know it now already. You start off Saturday night with that big wad in your hand—like you never saw before—a millionaire! And you end up Friday night breaking into the poorhouse, don't you?"

"You got that right," said Bill.

"Sure I have. You see it now, pop, how it is. Just as soon as I explain it to you—about that money business. You thought you had it right there in your hand. But the fact was it never was there—only half of it. You just imagined it was. That's the real scientific explanation of it. You were just under the influence of old General Jazz. And the first grocery you stepped into they proved it to you. And then," he said, fixing his eye right on Bill Mixer, "when you came out of there, what did you do—according to the real scientific explanation?"

"How would I know?" said Bill. "You'd cuss and swear at the grocer, no doubt, for the prices he was soaking you."

"Yes. And then you hike right off and ask for more pay, don't you?"

"You do," said Bill, "if you can."

"And then they give it to you?"

"Sometimes," said Bill.

"And then they raise all the prices on you. And then you ask for more pay—and they raise you once more! You get me? You see? They're off!" he said, talking loud all of a sudden—waving his arms over his head like a man at a horse race. "They're off!" he said. "Round and round. Like the four poor farmers in the four-leafed hotel entrance. And that's what we call in scientific circles," he said, stopping, "a revolution!"

"Now look here," said Bill, starting up again. But Tommy Foley went along.

"You see how simple it is, pop, when I explain it to you," he said.

"What?" said Bill, talking up louder.

"This revolutionary movement we're in to-day under old General Jazz. Round and round—all hands hollering at the man ahead to get out of the way."

"I see they're doing us," said Bill Mixer. "That's what I see. All these profiteers and capitalists. I see that."

"Sure," said Tommy. "They're getting all they can get their hands on, as usual. And then we're boosting wages. And then they're soaking us again. All hands round and round yelling. That's it. You've got it now. The new revolutionary movement, with good old General Jazz leading."

"Don't you believe it!" said Bill Mixer. "That ain't all!"

"Sure, it ain't all," said Tommy Foley. "Not now, pop. No. It's just as you started saying, pop," he told him; "old General Jazz ain't leading alone now any more. He was; but he ain't."

"Who is, then?" asked Bill, watching him close.

"He's got his general staff with him now, that he's been collecting all the time lately. Every now and then he takes on a new aide-de-camp."

"A what?" said Bill.

"You'll see it—you'll read about another one every night now in all the evening newspapers. Every new turn in the revolution now, there's some strange boy with a long black mane comes out of the bushes by the side of the road waving the big new idea over his head. There's seven hundred thousand of them now leading us in the general staff. And lately quite a lot of lady leaders. You might have read about them—these lady statisticians, we call them."

"Call them what you want to," said Bill Mixer. "What are they?"

"I'll show you that too, pop," he said. "It's like this: You may be going round and round on your revolution," he explained to him, "all peaceful for the minute, and all of a sudden you see one of these young lady leaders in a short skirt and a short mane springing up by the roadside, shouting: 'Hold! Wait! This can't go on! Don't you know what the least possible yearly cost of rearing a laboring man's family is? Well, I'll tell you. It's twenty-seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents. Either thirty-three or thirty-four cents. Some authorities make it thirty-four but I know myself it's thirty-three. I worked it all out. I've been in dozens of workingmen's homes.'"

"It ain't so far out, at that, to-day," said Bill Mixer.

"Sure, it's all right. So we stop all hands and listen to her and she smiles and says: 'Come. I'll lead you!' and she goes on ahead and joins the general staff; and the band plays again, and we all vote to have our pay raised once more or go on a strike right away if we don't get it."

"There has been a plenty of that lately," said Bill. "Too much!"

"Sure. It's a sad day when there ain't ten big strikes in the morning's papers," said Tommy Foley. "And now, pop, I'm going to give you some secrets. This is inside stuff: Old General Jazz and his staff are getting us all lined up to-day for the finish. We're all on the last lap of the revolution. We are stopping work now—getting ready for it, so we'll do it right. We're moving now into the new state. We're stepping right out into the future."

"What's this next step?" said Bill, humoring him, "haccording to your hinformation?"

"On to Washington!" said Tommy, shooting up his arm.

"So that's it," said Bill after him. "On to Washington, eh?"

"Yep. That's the next. You might remember, pop, back twenty years ago, way back in the dark ages, about this General Coxey who marched on to Washington? I read about it in the paper the other day."

"I recollect hearing something about it at the time," said Bill Mixer.

"That's the thing now," he told him. "On to Washington! With old General Jazz and the general staff with the bright eyes and long black manes in the lead—hollering and explaining it to you as you go. They've got it all mapped out what they're going to do next."

"What are they?" Bill asked, sitting back and listening to his nonsense.

"The day before Labor Day comes on Sunday, this year, pop," said Tommy Foley, "don't it?"

"Yes. And every other year," said Bill.

"Well, all right then," he said to him. "The schedule we leaders have in mind is this: At eight o'clock sharp we march in mass down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, and spear the President."

"Spear him?" said Bill Mixer, looking at him over his pipe.

"Sure. What do we want of a President or a Congress? That's old stuff—out of date long ago. That's Sunday," he said. "And then on Monday at eight o'clock we'll all march out again, and take over all the factories from these gezinks that own them now—and form the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth. There won't be any violence. We'll give out our bonds for it. And that'll be all for Monday. After that we'll all celebrate and go to bed."

"I see," said Bill Mixer.

"And then on Tuesday the Workers' Commonwealth will organize and call the last general strike—all hands out!"

"The last one?"

"Stop working—for good and all. That'll be Tuesday, the second of September, at ten o'clock, you understand? The day our grandchildren will all celebrate."

"Stop work—for good?" said Bill, getting a bit tired of this fooling. "What are you getting after now?"

"Sure," Tommy Foley told him. "I'm giving it to you right. That's where we're all moving now, ain't it? That's been the line of march laid out under General Jazz right along—through the five-hour day and the four-hour day, and the regular monthly strike, and then right on to freedom. We've been on our way now some time. Only now we've decided we'll have a coup d'état, as we French say."

"A what?" said Bill.

"Sure. We'll end it now, and end it right. We'll form the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth and stop this work idea all at once on September second. That'll be the last. You're back of the times, pop. They can prove it to you—any one of these experts with the black manes."

"They ain't any of us trying to do that," said Bill, seeing now he was joshing him and his union probably. "That's laying it on too thick."

"You're wrong, pop," said Tommy; "you're getting old. You're back in the past. That's the next thing, and I can prove it to you. It's what's got to come. It's all been proved to me a thousand times. I know it by heart now."

"Go on, prove it," said Bill Mixer.

"Sure," he said. "I'll show you just how they do. Here comes one of them up to you, and he says: 'Ain't this the age of machinery to-day? Ain't everything done by machine now?'

"'Sure,' you'll say.

"'All right then,' he says—this fellow with the mane. 'All right. Take shoes then—for example. Ain't there machinery enough in the world right now to make eighteen pairs of shoes a year for every man, woman and child on the face of the globe—if it's only divided up right? Answer me that!'

"'I dunno, myself,' you tell him, 'whether there is or not.'

"'If I can prove it to you,' he says, 'ain't that the solution of the whole thing? Ain't it?' he says, shaking his mane.

"'I dunno. You say so. Maybe,' you tell him.

"And then he proves it to you right out of a book he is carrying in his left hand. 'It's all perfectly simple,' he keeps on telling you. 'A new day is dawning. We workers have got intelligence now. They can't fool us any longer. We know what it is. It's machinery—and that's all it is that does the work. That's known now everywhere. So what'll we do next, according to all scientific writers on the subject?'

"'What?' you say, looking at him.

"'We'll do this,' he says, putting his hand on you, all stained and twisted out of shape from holding cigarettes in front of him. 'Me and you and the rest of the workers will take the machinery away from them, and it won't be stealing because they took it away from us in the first place. And we may give our bonds back for it—if we decide to. But that's a detail. And then what'll we do?'

"'What?' you ask him, sidling off a bit.

"'We workers will take it and we'll set it up in our own factories and we'll come in at nine o'clock in the morning and set our machinery going; and the worker will go off for a joy ride in his limousine—which is just another machine, you know—for the day. And he'll come back at four-thirty in the afternoon and turn off his machinery again. And we'll have the machinery fixed all right,' he says, talking a little faster all the time, 'so it will do that by that time—with the boost the new plan will give to the workers' inventive genius. What's machinery for anyhow?' says the man with the long black mane, looking through you, and talking faster and faster all the time, 'unless it's to do your work for you?'

"'And then at the end of the year what'll you have?' he says. 'Just take the shoe industry as a whole as an example.'

"'What will you?' you say, backing up a little from that eye.

"'That's simple,' he says. 'Just mere arithmetic. You have eighteen pairs of shoes apiece for every man, woman and child in the world—that's what you'll have—all on an equal footing. So we'll call it the Workers' Coöperative Commonwealth, and we'll all quit work together.'

"That's the big new idea, pop, of this new revolution, as near as I can get it. Nobody's going to have to work any more. And if you don't believe it all you've got to do is to watch the boys—these leaders with the long manes that are bringing it out. They're good, pop; you've got to hand that to them. They practice what they preach—you've got to say that. They demonstrate all their lives how a man can get along without working."

"Ah, shut your nonsense!" said Bill Mixer, grinning a bit in spite of the foolishness of it.

"No, that's right, pop. Honest," said Tommy Foley. "That's what we call the new gospel of the workers nowadays: Quit work, now! The less you do the better. Let machinery do it; or somebody else. And when it comes to saving, it's the same idea—that'll all be done by machinery too."

"Saving!" said Bill. "By machinery!"

"Sure. Ain't they worked it all out in Russia now—so everybody has his own money? What did they do there? They do this—you know it: Every voter has got his own printing press there now and prints his own money for the day every morning before he goes out in the street."

"You can't do things like that they're doing over there," said Bill Mixer, breaking in. "Not with money. I know that. I'm Henglish, and Hengland's got the best money system in the world to-day. You can't do that. You can't tamper with your money."

"Oh, go on, pop," said Tommy Foley. "You're fooling. If you can't print your own money what are you? A slave!"

"'Ave your joke if you will," Bill told him. "A slave to the capitalists—the money power, the way you are now."

"That's all right," said Bill Mixer, stopping him. "But let me ask you something right there: What about them—what about these capitalists and profiteers—what are they doing right now? Tell me that."

"I don't know," said Tommy Foley. "But I got an idea from the Sunday supplements. They're all down on Wall Street hollering from ten till three; and on weekends they're all down at Atlantic City somewheres filling their favorite actress' canary bird's cage with diamonds, from what I read in the papers. They're all marching circles—back of old General Jazz like the rest of us as far as I can see. We're all gone bughouse together. That's all I was going to say in the first place. We're all of us just now in a state of rapid revolution."

And Bill looked at him while he stopped.

"What are we going to do about it?" Bill asked him. "What do you propose then?"

"I dunno," he said, talking a little bit absent-minded. "Let her revolve till she stops, probably."

"When'll that be, according to your claim?"

"I was talking with an old guy," said Tommy Foley, not answering him directly, "that was in the Civil War, and he claims it was just the same that time. He says it's just that way always after every war. They get the same idea—these same revolving theories—and start the same old thing again."

"What?" Bill asked him finally.

"All hands quit work, and start hollering at each other, and march round and round, after their old revolutionary leader—old General Jazz—all hollering and marching circles. It's just human nature, he says, after a war. He claims if you got a good look at the earth now from this here Mars you see about in the papers, it would look like an ant hill that somebody just poked a long stick into—all swarming, running loose. They did just the same after the Civil War, so he said."

"When did they stop then?" Bill asked him.

"In 1873, I think he said it was. They all stopped work at once, together, with a bump. Shut down tight, and all hands spent the next two years looking around for a job."

"Well?" said Bill.

"Well."

"What's the answer?" Bill asked him. "What's to prevent that 'appening now, in your hidea?"

"I don't know any answer up to date—that's worth talking about, compared to these new ideas that are floating round. Nothing but some old discarded stuff from the dark ages," he said.

"Well, what's that?" said Bill Mixer, looking at him.

"It don't sound like much after all, being free men and printing your own money for yourself," said Tommy Foley.

"What is it?" said Bill, keeping him up to it.

"You might try all hands stopping hollering at one another, and expecting something else or somebody else to do your work for you; and turn in and do your own work for a change yourself. But that don't sound like much, after what we've been used to lately."

"There might be something there to think about," said Bill Mixer.

"We might save a dollar, some of us, even," said Tommy Foley. "You can never tell till you try."

"I'd like to see you," said Bill Mixer, "with these prices now."

"Well, I had to do it myself, if I was ever going to get married," said Tommy Foley; "so I did finally.

"I'm fixed a little different from the rest. You've got to excuse me. I've got together a little bit in the bank now—just a little. Don't tell anybody about it, though; it might get me in bad."

"You're a comical duck," said Bill Mixer, "ain't you? Always getting up some wild idea."

And just then the doctor came out into the hall from his second visit to Violet, and they both went out and got hold of him.

"'Ow is she now?" Bill Mixer asked him. And the old doctor stopped and looked at him over his glasses.

"In all my practice," he said to him, "I never saw a quicker recovery. I thought I had the right specific but I never had such rapid results. You would almost think a miracle had happened since the last time I was here. I didn't tell you then how serious I thought she was."

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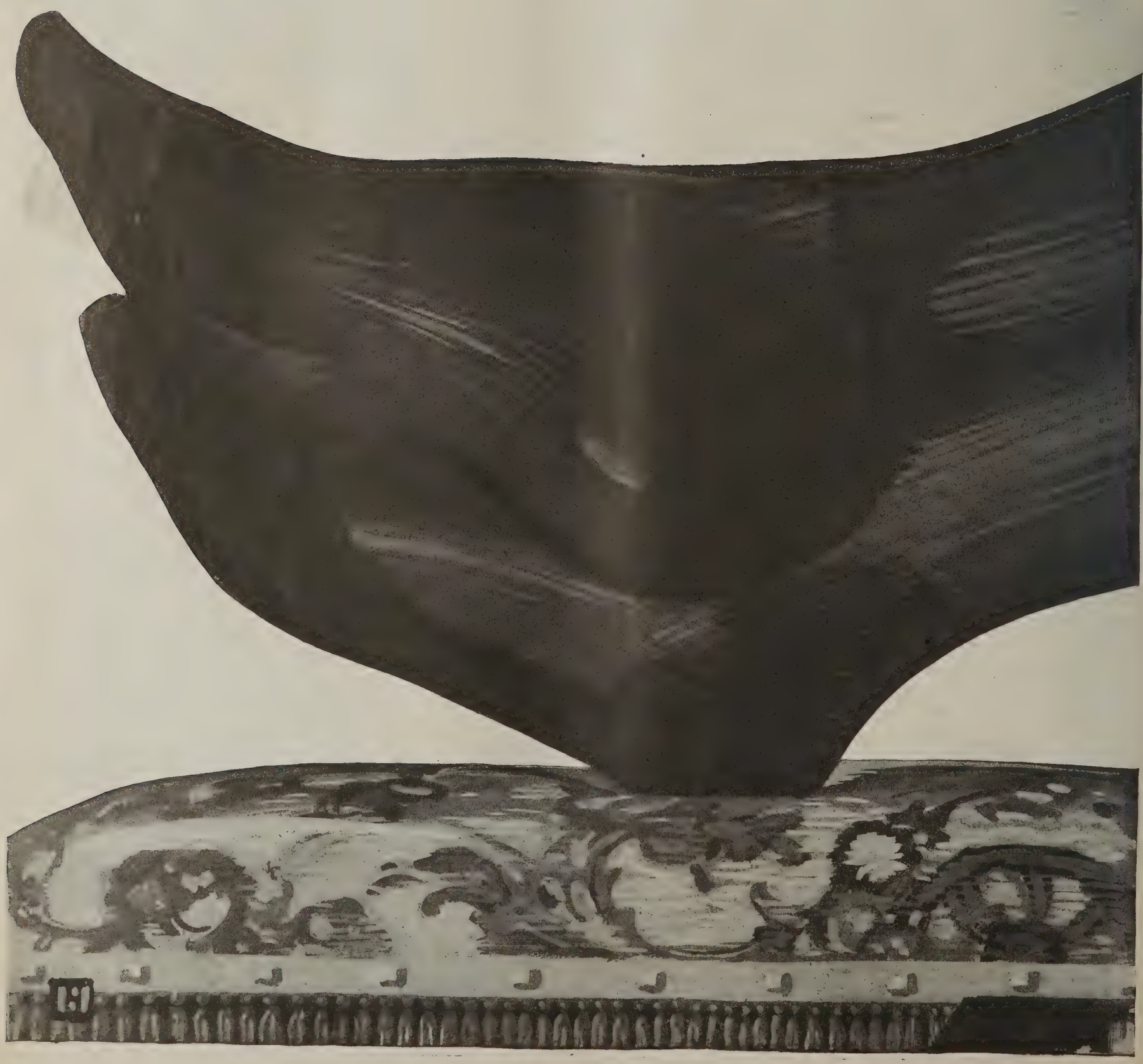
Monito SOCKS



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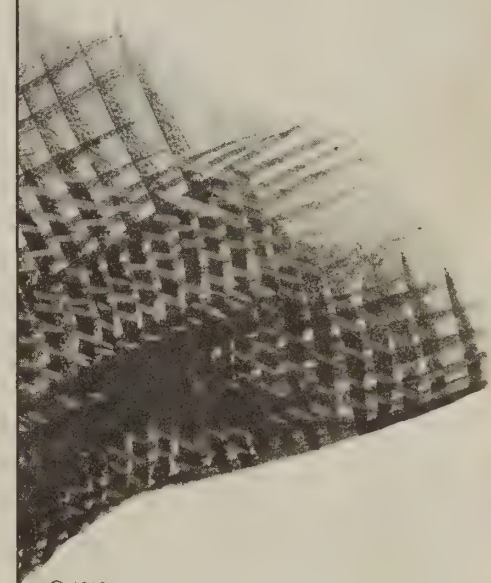

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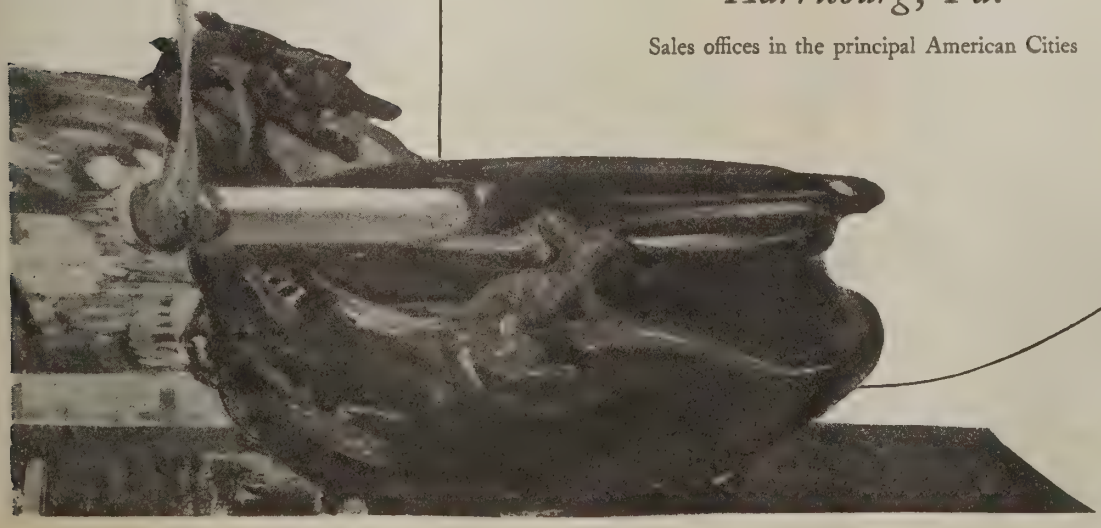

(Concluded from Page 101)

And then he went out—Tommy Foley following him with his eyes and then looking back kind of questioning like at Bill Mixer.

"What'd I tell you?" said Bill. "You can't tell anything about these women. First they're dying, at death's doors, as she was. And then in half an hour there's nothing the matter with them. In my opinion," said Bill Mixer, "and you mark my words, she wasn't more'n ——"

But Tommy Foley wasn't listening to him any more.

"Dying!" he said, staring. "At death's door!" And he shot out into the back room without waiting for him to finish up his sentence, to see Bill's wife and left Bill standing there still talking.

Bill stood for a minute staring straight ahead with his mouth open and his eyes on that piano, that instrument he had bought to amuse his girl with, and to make lively music round the house when his working day was over.

"He might be right," he said to himself, "if he is a card!" And he shook his head thinking.

And just then Grandma Mixer came in, looking round to see where he was.

"He's probably right—more than 'alf," he said to himself.

"'Ow's that?" she said, seeing his lips moving.

"There might be a new hera," he said to himself, "and all that, but somebody's got to get down to work sometime just the same—first off anyhow. There's an old hera, no doubt, to look to, just as well as a new hera."

"'Ear you?" said Grandma Mixer, getting just that one thing. "I don't 'ear a thing you say."

"I was saying this," said Bill, hollering at her, humoring her. "We've got to get to work. It's time we did something ourselves and not 'oller at one another all the time. We've got to get to work like the old days—or we'll all bust together. We've got to cut out this jazz, and dancing round in circles, and get down to work!"

"Pork!" said Grandma Mixer, with her mind always running on that one subject of her food. "I never seen it dearer in my life."

"I said work!" said Bill, getting mad and hollering louder still, for you could never make him believe she couldn't hear if she wanted to. "Work! You mark my words! Make no mistake! We've got to get down to work like old times—the way you trained me.

"Put away something every week if you can—and work—hard."

"Oh, work!" said Grandma Mixer, getting it finally, part of it. "You think you'd work—if you had to work nowadays the way me and your father did!"

SYMBOLS

(Continued from Page 18)

Gray's Mills. You don't have to let on you're my husband. You'll be near Tommy, and there'll be ways I can help you, I'm sure."

"But, Cynth', the authorities knew I was coming here. They know you're my wife. The bulls make it their business to keep track of ex-cons. They'll never trouble you if I'm not round, but they may take a notion to blow on me any moment."

"But they wouldn't do anything to hurt you if you went straight."

"They might. Then again, how do you know I'm sure to go straight? You said yourself honest people don't have to try; but I'll have to try like the devil."

"You're more likely to succeed with me near by, Lank. You know that."

"Here's another thing: Someone cracks the post office or holds up a souse on his way home from the lodge. Wouldn't they suspect me first? Sure! Cynth', old scout, it simply can't be done. You don't know when you're well off."

It was now after nine. The visitor located his hat, which Cynthia had hung on a hook behind the door. She surveyed him with a large compassion. In spite of his sound build, knowing eyes and well turned jaw he seemed somehow futile and helpless. His clothes did not fit properly, his shoes were cheap and rusty. His hair, scraggly about the ears and neck, gave him a neglected and forlorn aspect.

"Have you any money?" she asked, quite certain that he must be the next thing to destitute.

"Sure, lots of it," he replied speciously.

"I don't believe you. You ought to get some decent clothes and have yourself fixed up. You mustn't start out looking shabby; that's a handicap. I'll let you have a little money. But, oh, Lank, you do need me to boss you a little."

"I guess that's the truth; but I got to make the most of it. It can't be helped."

"Hush!" Cynthia held up a warning hand. "It's Tommy."

From above came a wailing cry.

"Bad dream," said Cynthia. "He has them sometimes."

She took the hand lamp and went upstairs, followed by her husband. Tommy was sitting up in his crib, howling lustily. His mother bent over and patted the small shoulders.

"Here's mother, dear. Don't cry. And here's Mr. Riddlety Friddles too. It's all right."

"I—I—I had a tur'ble dream," sobbed the child. "Big bear chathed me."

J. Lancaster picked up his son and sat down in an inadequate rocking-chair.

"There, there, old man," he soothed. "Nothing's going to hurt you."

The man's tone was gentle as Cynthia's own. Tommy stopped crying and surveyed the newcomer out of tear-filled eyes. Then tipping his head upon J. Lancaster's chest he murmured brokenly: "Riddlety Friddleth, you won't let big bear bite Tommy, will you?"

Cynthia went downstairs again, carrying the lamp. Shortly, Riddlety Friddles came down at a ponderous tiptoe.

"Sound asleep," he announced pridefully.

Somehow Cynthia found it impossible to say anything. She sat at the kitchen table, examining her hands with great intentness.

"I was just wondering," ventured J. Lancaster, "if I could get some kind of job in this town. I might grow me a mustache and some spectacles. You'd s'pose the dicks would lay off me as long as I behaved myself. Honest, Cynth', would you take a chance?"

IV

NEITHER large nor elaborate was the Gray's Mills House, Jason Guilder, Proprietor, Entertainment for Man and Beast. If crowded to capacity it might hold thirty-five guests. It never was crowded. Still, it was a fairly good country hotel. Mrs. Jason Guilder did the cooking, and take it from the salesmen and others who made Gray's Mills, she was considerable cook. Many a man planned his route so as to spend a night there and eat her hot biscuit for supper and waffles for breakfast. The cotton mills, which gave the town its name, brought a good many visitors. Motorists had learned the attraction of Martha Guilder's cooking. So the little hotel had a fair patronage the year round.

To the Gray's Mills House came a man who registered as John L. Bell, just after the passage of the upstate train. His arrival occasioned no comment; he was assigned a room and went upstairs. The bed was far softer than any he had been accustomed to in the past four years, though many a guest had grumbled at the lumpiness of the mattress and the vocal insistence of the spring. These objections did not keep its occupant awake until nearly morning, but his thoughts did.

Half a dozen times he was on the point of passing up a situation which every argument told him was hopeless. The facts were exactly as he had stated them to his wife. That he could succeed in keeping his record a secret from the townspeople looked quite beyond the range of possibility.

Yet he had promised to stay. He knew the burden of risk to be Cynthia's, and that it was she who would suffer most if the reckoning came. He had yielded through weakness, that was all.

Cynthia had also spoken the truth when she had warned him against his old associates. In their company he was quite certain to go wrong. He banked heavily upon his wife's influence to keep him right. This influence had in the past counted for very little. Having gone through hell, however, the lesson had sunk home. He reviewed the crowning asininity of his career, his adventure with the Fullerton diamonds. He had been a bigger fool than he had thought Fullerton.

It seemed to Bell that his mistake had been in the choice of methods, or, as an artist would say, of media. You can't make a dry-point etching with a piece of charcoal. Everyone knows stock-market tips and pool rooms and cards are crooked, yet he had deliberately picked those faulty implements to build a fortune. It was like starting for Europe in a rowboat, a leaky one at that.

These and the thousand and one other thoughts that robbed J. Lancaster of a good night's rest sprang from no seed sown in the soil of conscience. A limousine was still a limousine. That symbol idea of Cynthia's made him a trifle tired. Nevertheless, it had been impressed upon J. Lancaster that a limousine belonging to someone else could not be appropriated at will, without permission of the owner.

There was much merit apparently in that theory of Cynthia's touching the value of reputation. Here she was, a mere woman—though a smart one, to be sure—owning a business and able to borrow money from the bank. She had done it all in four years, building up other people's confidence to the point where they felt safe to trust her with their property or money. It was remarkable. If a woman could do it surely a man with J. Lancaster's shrewdness and ability ought to be able to do far more in an equal length of time.

Well, that was the secret of great successes. Bankers, heads of huge corporations, captains of industry—had done the same thing; and when they had gained the confidence of people with money they had got away with murder. There was the old born-in-a-log-cabin gag. If a man were known to have owned more than one pair of pants up to the age of twenty-one he never could become a millionaire. You had to start at the bottom, penniless, friendless, but fired with a great ambition. The dope books all said as much. Poor but honest—that was the stuff. Get 'em believing in you.

Take the guys in Wall Street. How about all that watered stock? The wise birds trafficked in it, the suckers bought it. Let 'a poor misguided fish without money or reputation try the same game! Zowie! He got his, right away.

Lack of patience had been his trouble. Cynth' said so. He hadn't been content to build reputation through the years until his standing entitled him to cut in on the big doings and grab his share. He'd hopped in without knowing how to swim.

All right. J. Lancaster would now change his system. He would begin at the bottom. He had brains. Let 'em give him a chance and he'd show an exhibition of plain and fancy honesty that would make old Diogenes drop his lantern and come a-runnin'.

And having demonstrated the perfection of honesty he'd give a correct imitation of a model citizen making honesty profitable. Right now he had seven or eight good schemes for capitalizing such honesty, almost without investing a cent, except for some good-looking office furniture and thick red carpets. Cynthia should have her limousine, the best that could be bought, and if she wanted to call it a symbol she could go as far as she liked.

As for little Tom, he should have advantages. Tom needn't start at the bottom. He wouldn't have to scheme and worry and take chances like his poor old hard-working dad.

Along toward morning with a sense of virtuous decision Bell fell asleep.

Early in the new day he appeared in the hotel office and inquired concerning breakfast. The elderly Jason Guilder behind the desk replied promptly: "Breakfast? 'Tain't but six o'clock. You didn't say you wanted an early breakfast when you went to bed. Have to ketch the mornin' train?"

Bell shook his head.

"Then you can wait till seven-thirty."

"All right. I don't mind. Sort of sharp this morning."

"Sharp? Me or the weather? Guess it's me. Didn't mean to speak cross, but land o' Goshen! Runnin' a hotel without enough help would sour the temper of a saint; and I ain't no saint."

"Short handed?"

"Yes, and footed, too. Porter left last week and can't get another to save me. Be'n movin' trunks till my back's most broke. Tried two or three farm boys, but they haven't no gumption. They don't appreciate a good job."

"How much money?"

"Twenty-five a month and found. Man ought to save somethin'. None of 'em does, though."

Bell pondered this information a minute.

"See here, Mr. Guilder," he said. "Wonder if I could help you for a few days. I'm strong, and I've got gumption."

"Out of a job?"

"Am just at present. Haven't much money either. Been laid up for a bit, but I'm feeling all right now. Maybe this would suit me better than the mill."

"References?"

"Not with me. I could give you the names of people to write to; or you could ask Mrs. Lampton, down the street."

The countenance of the hotel man depicted immense relief.

"Anybody that can refer to Mis' Lampton's all right with me. She's a nice woman. When would you want to commence?"

"Right after breakfast."

"Then I'll see't you git your breakfast mighty soon, young man. Got a jumper? No? Well, I'll see if I can find ye one."

So began the rehabilitation of J. Lancaster Bell. The job he had selected as his first stepping-stone was no sinecure. It meant long hours, much handling of heavy luggage, a thousand and one odd jobs. But

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for the time he was content. It wasn't so hard to be honest, after all, he thought.

His room was in a remote part of the house in an unfinished attic. But it was a million times better than his cell at the penitentiary. Mrs. Guilder took a real shine to him. Bell saw to that. He got plenty to eat. He immediately regained his natural ruddy color and his muscles hardened steadily through battling with trunk and sample case.

The hotel's daily quota was anywhere from six to a dozen guests, and Bell's tips averaged round a dollar a day. He spent next to nothing. At the end of his first month he gave Cynthia fifty dollars.

"You'll have to hand it to me, Cynth'! That's the most lily-white flock of kale I ever held in my fingers."

He had seen very little of his wife. He must be absolutely sure that no one detected any but the most casual acquaintanceship. Of course the porter at the hotel was socially several rungs below the storekeeper.

Nevertheless, when he could get away Bell called on Cynthia, via the side door, and sat in the kitchen. Such visits must necessarily be under cover of evening.

"Gee, Cynth', this is a scream! I remind myself of the horny-handed ton of soil calling on his best girl of a Saturday night; or a cop leaving his beat for a cup of tea with some friendly cook."

Meanwhile he was wearing window-glass spectacles and a thick dark mustache. This was as far as he thought he'd better go to conceal his identity. He had debated concerning the name he would sign that first night on the hotel register. He decided that if the authorities were watching him it would only hurt him to use an alias.

As a porter he was the pink of efficiency. The Guilders had no chance to criticize his work. And they found him scrupulously honest. He was obliged to enter the guests' rooms to deposit and remove luggage, but managed as often as possible to do this in the presence of the occupants. He was constantly fearful lest someone miss valuables and go to the desk for redress. He couldn't afford to have suspicion point at him.

With this in mind he approached the desk one day.

"Hello, John," said his employer. "What's on your mind?"

"Two dollars. Found it under a chair in the office."

"Well, why didn't ye keep it? Belongs to ye, if no one hollers for it. You can't go round wet-nursin' every durn fool that sets in them chairs."

"Aw, what you talkin' about?" returned John. "Of course it ain't mine."

He walked away jauntily, leaving the two dollars, which had come out of his own pocket.

Within a week, however, he picked up a diamond scarfpin in a corridor. The anxious owner inquired at the desk for it and Guilder passed it over, whereupon the guest demanded who had found it.

"Porter turned it in."

"Lemme see the porter."

Guilder rang his bell, and up popped John.

"Say, porter," shouted the guest, "are you the feller that found my pin? You're a pretty square bird, I'll say. Here, accept this with my regards. That pin's worth five hundred dollars."

"This" was a twenty-dollar bill.

"If I lugged out your trunk, Mr. Stern," said the porter, "I'd accept a tip and thank you. It would be coming to me. This is different. You don't owe me anything for giving you back what's your own. A good cigar'll about even things up between you and me, sir."

This was said good-humoredly and without impertinence. Not less than a dozen persons were in the office at the time, and twelve tongues can talk a lot.

"If a gink would always use his bean," thought Bell, "he'd be better off."

That afternoon Mrs. Martin Pinder dropped into Cynthia Lampton's for a card of elastic tape and a quarter hour of gossip.

"Such a funny thing happened at the Gray's Mills House to-day. You know they've a new porter."

"Yes?" Cynthia's manner was carefully balanced between eagerness and indifference. But her heart skipped a beat.

"Mr. Pinder was there at the time. A drummer named Stern had lost a valuable scarfpin, worth several hundred dollars."

Cynthia felt the color leaving her face.

"Did—did he find it?"

"Well, I was coming to that. It was so strange. Mr. Guilder gave him the pin, and rang for the porter. Mr. Stern pulled out a large roll of bills and offered the porter twenty dollars, because it seems he had found it; and the porter refused."

"Really?" Cynthia could once more feel the firm floor under foot.

"Really. Now wasn't that odd, for a person in his position?"

"Rather decent, I should say."

"Of course. But a common hotel porter! You'd scarcely expect it. Servants are so set up these days. Oh, I almost forgot. Have you any mother-of-pearl buttons like this?"

To one person J. Lancaster Bell's presence in Gray's Mills was an unalloyed delight. That was Tommy. Sometimes when Molly Peterson went home to dinner she would take Tommy up the street and leave him at the hotel for an hour.

"Riddlety Friddleth! Oh, Riddlety Friddleth!" the youngster would shout at the top of his lungs. "Come out and thee Tommy, Riddlety Friddleth."

And Riddlety Friddles would come out. Duty permitting he would spend the entire hour with the child. Sometimes he would take him back to see Mrs. Guilder, who adored him and fed him large numbers of fresh doughnuts. Or old Jason would have the youngster dine with him, whereupon Mrs. Guilder would hastily make a bowl of batter and send Master Tommy home in blissful discomfort due to too many griddle cakes with maple sirup.

When Riddlety Friddles had an afternoon off he spent it with Tommy. He took him on long trolley rides. Once he convoyed him to Medford in search of the polly-wumpus and the muffin bird. He was no less bitterly disappointed than Tommy when not a single polly-wumpus could be found in Medford; and the muffin birds had all gone south. The pair salved their chagrin in the most palatial ice-cream parlor in the world, waited upon by a lady almost as beautiful as mother, which was by way of speaking in superlatives.

What all this might lead to still remained upon the lap of the gods. If Bell had plans for the future he did not discuss them with Cynthia. She did not know what to think. Of course matters couldn't go on like this forever. And they couldn't be hurried. Cynthia seemed to have no voice in the solution of her own problems.

V

"IF YOU please," said one of the guests at the hotel, "I'll check out. You can have the porter go up for my bags."

"All right, Mr. Gurney. Your bill's three dollars."

Gurney, a smallish man with a keen and suspicious eye, paid from a sizable roll, offering Guilder a five. Meanwhile the latter had rung for John, who, with his customary promptness, appeared like Aladdin's genie.

"Yes, sir."

"Get Mr. Gurney's bags out of Room Fourteen."

Guilder fumbled in a cigar box where he kept loose bills and change, producing two ones, which he gave Gurney. Gurney replaced his money in his pocket, but something fluttered to the floor. Unnoticing he turned toward the cigar lighter.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the porter at his elbow. "This yours?"

Gurney turned on his heel and confronted John, who held out a five-dollar bill.

"Did I drop that?"

"You certainly did."

"H'm. Much obliged."

"Welcome."

John departed to secure Gurney's luggage, but not before the visitor had scrutinized his face. To Guilder Gurney observed casually: "Seems to be honest, that porter. Who is he?"

"Who, John? He's the honestest man I ever knew, and that's a fact."

"You sure? How long have you had him?"

"Don't just recollect; two — three months, I guess."

"Where's he from? Know anything about him?"

"Don't rightly know. Oh, he's all wool, John is. Come to me very well recommended. I was mighty glad to get a feller like him. Pulled me out of a bad mess."

"What's his last name?"

"Why—er—Bell. John Bell. I'd about forgot he had a last name."

"H'm. You're lucky, if he's as reliable as you think him. You need that kind round, judging by the careless way you keep your cash."

Gurney glanced at Guilder's cigar box.

"You bet," returned the hotel keeper slyly. "Judgin' by the keerless way some of the guests handles theirn."

Gurney smiled grimly and waited. Presently the porter appeared with a big kit bag and a smaller satchel.

"Going to ride to the depot?" he asked. "Flivver's going right over."

"How much time have I?"

"Oh, plenty. Twenty minutes, strong, even if she's on time."

"I'll have a word with you, Bell. Step out here on the porch."

It was after mid-December and the weather was sharp. The small porch was as private as any place Gurney could have chosen.

"Well," said John, "what's the large idea?"

His jaw was set and his tone defiant.

"Know who I am?" asked Gurney.

"I can guess."

"You seem to have 'em kidded to death here."

"I'm not trying to kid anyone. I do my work and mind my own business. I wish to God other people would do the same."

"And give you plenty of time to rib up a job on the innocent villagers?"

"You folks had better wait until I do pull something. I'm square with this state, all right."

"We intend to see that you stay square. Understand?"

"Don't worry. I'm running straight."

"So far. One thing we'd like to know, though. Why didn't you go and live with your wife?"

"And run the risk of queering her with everyone? I don't trust you guys."

"Meaning ——"

"That if I went to live with my wife and kid you folks are as likely as not to spill the beans; and then she'd be done for keeps so far as this town is concerned. She's all right now. Supposed to be a widow. Everyone has a good word for her. How would it look if she had a husband bob up who turned out to be an ex-con.?"

"That's very considerate of you. What's the use of your staying in Gray's Mills at all, then?"

"I've got to be somewhere, haven't I? Might as well be where I can see my family and slip 'em whatever I can earn."

"Sooner or later, though, you'll kick over the traces. People ought to be put on their guard against your kind. You're sailing under false colors."

"Am I lugging an alias?"

"No; you probably didn't dare. How do I know you won't frisk old Guilder's cigar box or crack his safe? We ought to protect him. If he knew your record he could fire you or keep you as he pleased. At least he'd be doing it with his eyes open. Now he's in the dark and, God save the mark, he thinks you're honest."

"He has damn good reason to think so. I've had plenty of chances to clean up since I came here, if I was that kind; and he knows it. Listen, Gurney. I'm here to be near my family. I'm doing all right. If you blow on me there's nothing left for me to do but duck. Or, if it will keep you from blowing, I'll beat it. Anything to protect my wife and kid."

"Were you expecting to go to live with them?"

"I was waiting to see what you bulls would do. Give me a fair show and in time I can fix it to have a home of my own and my family with me. Chase me out and the Lord only knows what'll become of me. I'd no sooner get started somewhere else than you'd come along and give me the raus again."

Standing there in the cold Bell began to shiver a little. He had lost his air of defiance. He looked shrunken, old, hopeless. Gurney surveyed him with a grin of tolerance.

"All right, J. Lancaster. As long as you behave we'll lay off. It's a risk I ought not to take. Let me tell you if you try anything funny we'll be on your neck like a thousand of brick. And that isn't all. The minute your foot slips it's going to be made known who you are, what your record has been, and what your relations are with Mrs. Lampton. If you've gone back to her in the meanwhile, so much the worse. Your solicitude for your family sounds genuine; but if it's a stall God help you and your family too. Get me?"

He turned and walked toward the waiting flivver, Bell on his heels with the luggage.

"G'-by," Gurney said, relighting his cigar. The flivver started, and John answering nothing reëntered the house.

"Know that feller?" queried Jason. "Mighty curious. Asked a sight of questions about ye."

Bell was beset to learn what the questions had been, but held his peace.

"You had quite a talk with him," insisted Jason.

"He was only asking if we had some good fishing round here. May bring a party in the spring."

That night the porter lay awake until dawn. There were moments when he could have wrung Gurney's neck; but he finally decided to regard him in the light of a benefactor.

"Anyhow, if his word is good they'll let me alone for a while. That gives me a chance. Some day I'll have things fixed so I needn't worry about those flatfeet."

The humor of a passing thought caused him to smile in the dark.

"Now I wonder about that theory of Cynth's. S'pose she means if you have a plain limousine you're liable to have trouble with the bulls; but if it's a symbol—why, they can't touch you."

VI

"THIRTY-TWO years I've run this house," scolded Jason Guilder, "and I never give up yit. I ain't a-goin' to give up now."

"But, Jase, if you don't give up for a little while the doctor says you'll have to for good."

"Doctors don't know nothin'."

He was lying flat in bed and his wife was doing her unsuccessful best to make him see reason. He thought he had a touch of indigestion.

"A slight shock," the doctor had told Mrs. Guilder. "Nothing to occasion immediate alarm, but you know, Martha, Jason's no longer young. He may live for years or this may be the forerunner of the end. One thing is certain—he must slow up. Make him take it easy the rest of his life."

"Make a canary stop hoppin'!" said Martha scornfully. But she did her best.

"John," she said, "I guess you'll have to leave off your jumper part of the time and do some clerkin'. Kinda doubles up your work, but I don't see any way out of it. You can have another ten dollars a month till Jason's better."

Here was a step up in the world, though Bell realized that a clerk gets no tips. It thrilled him to spin the register round and extend the pen, ready filled, to the hand of the wayfarer.

"Well, well, Mr. Miller, glad to see you. Thought it was about time for you to drop in. Great little day, eh? Business picking up? 'S nice. Mr. Ginsberg was here Thursday. Inquired about you. You know he has a new line—knit underwear. Doing fine with it. Regular room, Mr. Miller; nineteen hundred and forty-seven. Take the elevator, please. Front!"

And Miller or Ganz or Tewksbury would grin and shake hands and tell John he made a damfine clerk. John would dash round the end of the counter to rustle the hand luggage up the one or two flights, as the case might be, explaining volubly how difficult it was to get competent bell hops, and what time did Mr. Miller want Pierre, the valet, to have his bawth ready in the morning.

Afterward he would get into his jumper and see about the trunks and maybe help Mr. Miller open them in the sample room and arrange the tables to suit him. Then back to the desk to greet more arrivals, fix up the books, check bills, take care of the day's correspondence and attend to sixty-five or seventy other odd jobs, more or less.

Under Jason's desk Bell found the typewriter upon which Moses very likely wrote the first draft of How to Be Good, in Ten Easy Lessons. He went over it with an old toothbrush, a rag and some oil and placed it in a conspicuous position where it would help form a background of efficiency and up-to-dateness. Thereafter all hotel correspondence was typed, and bore in the lower left-hand corner the dictation mark, JLB-WBH, meaning Written By Himself.

J. Lancaster Bell, dreamer of limousines, now rose at four to sweep and tidy, and rested not until the last train had gone through town at ten-sixteen. At that late hour, likely as not, he would discover that some newly arrived guest hadn't dined.

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CASH or

When the Cash Crosses the Counter

Whether a store does cash business, credit, or both, it cannot afford to take part of its *profits* to pay for *losses* due to errors in figuring.

When E. W. Elliot, proprietor of the Economy Grocery, Palatka, Fla., bought his store three years ago he took that principle as one of the cornerstones of his business.

Here is what he says:

"One of the first things I did after I closed the deal was to buy a Burroughs Adding Machine. I knew from past experience that it was going to save me money; but for all that I was surprised when I checked back and found how many nickels and dimes had been getting away from the former owners through the little loopholes that are bound to be present when the old partners, ink, pen and pencil, do the figuring.

"Take the simple job of adding items on cash sales slips. A few errors may take dollars from your profit and you can't expect customers to tell you about *undercharges*.

"That's why we abandoned sales slips in our cash business. We simply accumulate the items on the wrapping counter, list them on the adding machine, total them, hand the customer the adding machine slip and ring up the sale.

"We know, too, exactly how much each clerk sells every day, and the friendly rivalry stimulates everybody to sell more.

"And that's only one of the many ways the Burroughs saves money for us. We use it every day for making bank deposit slips, proving invoices, and doing other necessary figure tasks.

"So much for the cash end of my business—the Burroughs is of even greater importance to the more complex figure work of my credit business.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

CREDIT

"Of course I don't give the Burroughs all the honor, but it deserves a good share for the way this business has shot forward.

"Three years ago the sales were about $10,000 per year—now they average almost that much per month.

"Our charge-sales-slip totals are minus those little mistakes—those little nickel-and-dime errors that add up to such an amazing total in the course of a month. Our saving there, more than covered the cost of the Burroughs machine the first year.

"And what the machine saves in time, not only at the counter, but back in the office when I run over my cash and charge sales of the day before, check up my invoices and do the other figure work that keeps me ahead of my business instead of a week or two behind, is incalculable."

When the Charge Goes on the Statement

Put It to the Test

"That sounds O.K.," says the average merchant, "but I don't make such errors in *my* store."

Are you sure? Put it to the test and see.

A Burroughs representative can show you the easy way to test the accuracy of your present methods and *prove* to yourself whether you are getting all the profit you're entitled to.

The A B C of Business

Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating—the A B C of business—are served by three great groups of Burroughs Machines, in which there are many different models, (priced as low as $125). The name Burroughs stands for the original invention of the adding machine, for its adaptation to every accounting need, and for the utmost in mechanical superiority, durability, economy and service.

Consult your telephone book, or ask your banker for the address of the nearest of the 213 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

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He could always find something and set it forth appetizingly in the dining room, and without disturbing Martha Guilder. Most of her time was now spent taking care of the hapless Jason.

"I declare, Jason, we'll have to let John hire someone to help him. That poor boy's worked most to death. Business is real good. We've had more'n usual for the fishin' this year, and more motor trade than I ever see. And what do you think? The other night that Mr. Judkins who's be'n here so many years says to me: 'Mis' Guilder, your biscuits gets better every time I come here.'

"Well, I didn't know what to say, because I hadn't made any that night on account of you havin' one of your spells. That John had sneaked out in the kitchen and mixed up a mess of biscuit himself, and Susie the waitress baked 'em. Goodness knows how he did it. He's awful smart, but he's only got one pair o' hands."

Meanwhile the clerk, bell hop, porter, pastry cook and so forth was telling Cynthia he was having a dickens of a good time.

"Hard work agrees with me. Do I look peaked and run down? Having the time of my life. Doc says poor old Jason can't last much longer. I'm sorry. He and Martha have been pretty decent to me. But you bet they've got value received.

"Every afternoon I go upstairs and sit by his bed a few minutes and tell him how the business is going—well, I tell him all he's strong enough to hear. I didn't tell him about the fishing leaflets I had Fuller print, or the new letterheads, or the extra money I spent for postage. Neither did Martha. But we've had more than thirty people here on account of the leaflet and the old fliv's earned over three times the money it ever did before, lugging parties to the lake."

Cynthia saw in her husband the rebirth of something she had once admired, then learned to fear. It was that fatal cleverness which enabled him to think fast and do everything with a sort of prestidigitator's facility. She couldn't make it seem real, even while she appreciated the wonder of it.

Going through the office of the hotel to look at a salesman's line in the sample room back of the office she heard her husband greet a new arrival. He had the professional manner, the easy persiflage. Sure, Mr. Dorflinger's room was ready. They'd been expecting him since yesterday. Yes, the dining room was closed, but that would be all right. Some sandwiches and a glass of milk, perhaps? Front! Take Mr. Dorflinger's bags up to eleven-forty-seven. Mr. Dorflinger grinned and said something about the same old John. The humor in that stentorian call for "front" in a hotel that had never known a bell hop tickled him down to the ground.

To Cynthia it seemed patter, just patter. It was the spiel of the ballyhoo. It was the line of diverting talk that conceals the subterfuges of the magician. On a street corner, selling the old reliable combination package, J. Lancaster would have stood the crowd on its head and shaken its pockets empty.

Yet in spite of herself she loved him for his talents. He was so engaging. He had sold himself to little Tommy with a bonus of smiles, ice-cream cones and fairy tales, and that youth believed Riddlety Friddleth a greater man than any hero in fiction or history, from George Washington to Sindbad the Sailor.

Bell was a supersalesman, a whirlwind. He felt good these days. His eyes were bright with good-natured shrewdness. He saw everything, attended to everything. He wore the best clothes of any man in Gray's Mills. His energy was like the oil in the widow's cruse, inexhaustible. There was always enough left for one more job before bedtime.

His lightning changes of costume were as good as anything in vaudeville. One moment the suave, well-dressed and genial host behind the desk, the next a husky figure in overalls wrestling with two-hundred-pound trunks and leaden telescopes with Herculean ease.

"Cynth'," he would say, "if I don't watch out they'll have me in the movies, chasin' Douglas Bareshanks up a Sierra. Looks like I was becomin' the original Jack-of-all-trades, from buildin' coconut layer cake to movin' safes."

With her husband in this mood Cynthia could afford to offer herself some timorous congratulations. Things were all right so far. Thank heaven, he hadn't gone back to the old gang. Every day she lived was one day further away from an agonizing past, and one day nearer the eventualities of an inscrutable future.

VII

AS MARTHA GUILDER said, you couldn't keep a man like John Bell lugging trunks forever, and as for being able to afford both a clerk and a porter, the Gray's Mills House had never in its history been making so much money. With Jason's grudging consent J. Lancaster laid aside for good the livery of that more menial employment and stuck to the glories of a modest Solomon, mainly selected for him by Cynthia. Needless to say, these personal adornments included no diamonds.

He now quite openly sought the society of the pretty storekeeper. Why not? No social gulf separates the manager of a successful hotel from the proprietress of a growing business in smallwares and notions. Bell was in complete charge at the Gray's Mills House, Martha Guilder having removed the failing Jason to the country, where he would not be irritated by noisy activities in which he could have no part.

"That old couple trust me all right," said John.

He and Cynthia were walking in the rural outskirts of the town on a Sunday afternoon, talking of this and that, while J. Lancaster alternately encouraged and curbed the operations of the inquisitive Tommy.

"Here, you Tom, go see what's in that hole. Might be a woodchuck; or maybe a bear. Look out. Better take a stick."

"How is Jason?"

"Poorly, but still nosey. He wants all the particulars. I go out to see him with the dope, and he asks more questions than a cat has hairs. Then he calls Martha and she comes and listens and blinks. Strings of figures don't mean anything in her young life, unless they refer to how many spoonfuls of butter you put in a batch of pie-crust. Finally she says, 'Johnny boy's awful good to us, ain't he, Jase?' And old Jase wags his bean and says gosh darn it, why didn't I happen along ten years ago and we'd had Potter Palmer and Fred Harvey an' the Ricker boys lashed to a stump. We'd have been millionaires, and don't Martha think she better give John a little nip o' that old Jamaica? Martha winks at me and fetches out a big plate of new doughnuts. The thing that beats her time is how I keep the guests from starving without her to cook for 'em. You remember how decent she was about teaching a lot of her tricks to that big harp I got to run the kitchen?"

J. Lancaster cut a branch from a young willow and dexterously fashioned a whistle for Tommy.

"Think of the chance I've had," he said, "to trim those folks!"

"Lank! Please don't!"

The man laughed.

"Aren't you the funny girl? Seems as if you're the only person in town that hasn't absolute faith in John Bell."

"I'm the only one in town who ——"

She stopped. He finished for her.

"Really knows the kind of bird I am. Is that it? Well, you ought to have a heap of confidence, seeing how I've overcome my degenerate tendencies and mounted the ladder of success upon the stepping-stones of my dead self."

Cynthia hated to have him treat thus lightly things that were poignantly serious to her. It was his nature; but she failed to get the humor of these reminders.

"We've got to build an addition on the old shack sooner or later, Cynth'. I'm at my wit's end to know what to do with the business we're getting. I've raised prices until I'm ashamed to look some of the regulars in the face. A dollar bill is an utter stranger in our cash box. And say, my old 'front' gag's no good any more. We've got two real bell hops. Some class to us!"

"How about expense?"

"More expense means better service, better service means higher prices. I'm making a bigger percentage of profit than Jason ever dreamed of. Cynth', how can we figure to add twenty-five or thirty good rooms? Think it could be financed?"

"Better talk to Mr. Braley, at the bank."

"And have him pry into the moldy recesses of my past? I don't dare, Cynth'."

Cynthia took a few moments to consider.

"In another six months or a year you might chance it. I think you'd better wait. You know what impatience does to people."

J. Lancaster abruptly switched the conversation.

"Do you know, Cynth', I think you could do a lot with the store that you aren't doing now?"

"I know it. What had you in mind, Lank?"

"We're getting a good many more visitors in spring and summer. Since I've been advertising the hotel a lot of people have started taking boarders. Our overflow is quite an item. Then there's the motor trade. We served sixty-eight two-dollar dinners yesterday, and I honestly ought to be back at the house this minute. Sunday's a bad day for me to be away, only—a couple of hours with you sort of puts the old pep into me."

Speeches like that made life worth while for Cynthia. She gave the big hand a squeeze.

"You ought to feel the effects of all this new trade, Cynth'."

"I do. It requires a different class of goods, though. I've doubled my business in veils."

"For the Janes in the automobiles?"

"And embroidery silks."

"I get you. Town's getting full o' piazza tabbies. How about souvenirs? There's lots of profit in that truck."

"It has to be specially made up for this locality."

"I know. Sections of apple-tree bough with photograph of Lovers' Lane out beyond Hennessy's brickyard; aluminum cigar trays with town hall or picture of the old Simpson House, where Washington slept. Believe me, Cynth', if that boy slept in all the places they say he did he must have been bitten by a tsetse fly."

"Lank! How can you!"

"Well, why not put in a line of souvenirs?"

"Takes capital."

"There's the bank. You told me long ago they'd just swing wide the vault doors when they saw you comin' and tell you to use a sugar scoop."

"Tom-mee!" shrilled Cynthia. "Don't get over that fence. Can't you see the cow?"

"Here's another thing," persisted J. Lancaster. "You're not using your windows."

"I know. I don't find time. Besides, I'm not a window trimmer."

"Ha! Chance for me. At last; something I can trim and still stay honest. Give me the goods and I'll fix up your windows. You ought to have a nice set of awnings to dress up the front of the shop and keep the sun from fading things."

"That's all very nice, Lanky dear, but when will you find time to dress windows?"

"Don't worry. Didn't Shakspere or Ralph Waldo Whittier say if you want something done get a busy bird to do it? That's me. I'm the busiest little bird in Gray's Mills; making the early worms very, very cautious about going out alone. Say, Cynth', why don't you start a tea room?"

"Mercy, Lank, one thing at a time ——"

"No, indeed. One thing at a time is for single-trackers. I've only got the old suggestion mill turning over slow. Wait'll I get the cylinders warmed up. I can think of a scheme a minute. Don't let's have this thing too one-sided. You've proved what the refining influence of the celebrated gentler sex will do for a rough but energetic baggage smasher. Now let me help you with your business. That's only fair. What are you thinking about for the future? Do you want to go on running a notion store or would you prefer to show Gray's Mills what a lady Marshall Field can do?"

"Lank, I've never had a thought beyond providing Tommy and myself with a living, and seeing that he had an education, until you came and did so well. Lately I've begun to wake up. Life looks different, nowadays."

"Fine. You and I can be rich some day. You have judgment, your feet are on the ground. I'm more of a speculator. I think in big figures; too big, I guess. You have standing in the community, and you can cash in on it. For me, that will come only with years. So I'm going to stick to the hotel business. But don't get an idea that's my limit, Cynth'. I've got visions of what can be done commercially. You'll see. Meanwhile, let me help you with suggestions and advice, and you'll make a barrel of money."

"But, Lank, I don't want a barrel of money. I only want ——"

"I know—symbols. You needn't call it money. You can take a bundle of thousand-dollar bills and stick a label on it: 'Symbol of Exemplary Character of Cynthia Bell.' Then, later, I'll take my little bundle and mark it, not 'Symbol of Sterling Integrity of J. Lancaster Bell,' but 'Two Hundred Thousand Iron Men, once the property of Henry J. Gotrox, Esquire, Banker and Capitalist, who was just as honest as the present owner, but not so smart. *In hoc signo* bacon.'"

"Lank, aren't you terrible!"

The man's perversity never failed to shock Cynthia, as he meant it to do. He chuckled.

"Don't mind the poor fellow. He's quite harmless. We let him go wherever he wants to, about the grounds. Even the children are allowed to —— Hi there, Tommy! Come away from that hornets' nest!"

"It'th latht year'th," insisted the boy.

"How do you know? You better not try to prove it. Come away. Say, Cynth', how can I help you bring up that kid when he doesn't even respect me as a father?"

"You might come back to me now."

"Great Scott, Cynth'! Do you mean that?"

"Yes. Why not? Are you still afraid?"

"Why—er—no, I'm not—exactly afraid."

"You don't think the authorities will ever make you any more trouble, do you?"

"I hardly believe they're interested in me."

"Then is it yourself you're afraid of, Lank? Aren't you sure?"

J. Lancaster Bell looked at his wife, and his gaze sustained hers without faltering. He couldn't afford to falter. She had put it over cold, and it was distinctly up to him.

"All right, Cynth'," he said. "I don't suppose a new marriage is really necessary. We can send out an announcement that we are married, without specifying exact dates. In spite of my well-known honesty I'll certainly aid and abet you in pulling off that little deception, and it won't jolt my conscience a bit. But gee! It would have been kinda fun to have a real swell wedding, with champagne and everything, and the happy couple driving up to the church in a lim—I mean a symbol. That'd have been great!"

Riddlety Friddles went to live with Cynthia and Tommy, and everyone in town, with the exception of the small company of Cynthia's unsuccessful male admirers, approved heartily of the union of "the well-known and highly esteemed proprietress of Mrs. C. B. Lampton's smallwares and notions emporium and Mr. J. L. Bell, the popular and genial manager of Gray's Mills' leading hostelry, the announcement of which came as a complete surprise to their many friends and acquaintances."—Gray's Mills Ledger.

To Cynthia the event marked the first successful stage of Lank's journey along the road to complete rehabilitation. Loyalty was a part of her code, and she would have acknowledged Bell as her husband as soon as he had turned up in Gray's Mills had he wished it. But now, to be able to accept him before the townspeople with pride—surely this had been worth waiting for.

For J. Lancaster Bell it had also been worth waiting for. Aside from sentimental considerations it was an economic advance. True, he was considered a man of ability. His trustworthiness in handling the affairs of the Guilders had given him standing, and this was enhanced by the success of the hotel under his direction.

Still, he was a newcomer in the town. People didn't, after all, know much about him. Here to-day, he might be gone to-morrow. He was a worth-while citizen in the degree that he was a permanent one who would keep on as he had started, working for the best interests of the community. But when he linked his destinies with those of Mrs. Lampton his stock took a jump. It was proof of sound judgment. It showed him undertaking the anchoring responsibilities of a family. He was married and settled down; a fixture. And when by choosing Bell for a husband Mrs. Lampton set the seal of her approval on him she helped him accomplish a short cut across two or three tedious years of upbuilding effort.

John L. Bell was all right in Gray's Mills, you could bet your boots on that!

Now, rapidly, new ideas developed for the benefit of both store and hotel. Cynthia took on broader lines of goods, induced her landlord to enlarge her quarters, and added on one side a big platform of plank, shaded with striped awnings. Here tea was served

(Continued on Page 114)

KING'S

PATENTED PROCESS
DEHYDRATED Fruits *and* Vegetables

—the choicest from Oregon's Orchards and Gardens

A BOLD STATEMENT

Supported by every package that bears the King's trade-mark

King's Dehydrated fruits and vegetables from the wondrous valleys of Oregon are not rivaled by the finest offerings of the fresh markets.

Tree-ripened fruits and crisp, newly gathered vegetables are selected when they have reached the fullness of rich maturity—ripe and luscious. No green, under-ripe or flavor-stunted stock is used. Nature's intended flavor is at its best. The food values of the different elements are fully developed.

Sorted by hand, all unworthy stock is discarded. Washing and sterilizing methods remove every foreign substance. Dehydration is then accomplished by removing the water from the myriads of cell structures. The fruit or vegetable becomes a dry concentrate of Mother Earth's best gift.

No chemical or artificial matter has been used. Nothing has been added—nothing but water taken away. In size, it has been reduced many times. But when refreshed it resumes approximately its normal weight.

DEHYDRATION (dē-hī-drā'shọn) The removal of water as an element in the composition of a substance.—*Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia.*

KING'S DEHYDRATION (Patented Process) The removal of water *only* from fully matured fruits and vegetables which have been carefully selected and thoroughly washed and sterilized—a scientific and exclusive process that gradually removes the moisture without disturbing any other of nature's own elements. All the original flavor, color and inherent characteristics are retained.

You put back the water we take out

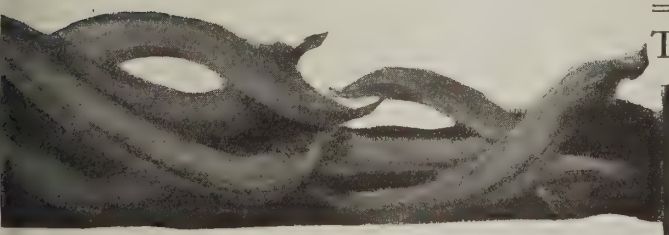
Refreshed by soaking for a few hours in clear, cold water, the cells of King's Dehydrated fruit or vegetables will absorb the original amount of moisture (or water) and become the counterpart of the same product freshly prepared.

King's products are more delicious because they bring you the natural flavor and zest that delights the palate. They are more economical because about eighty per cent of the weight has been removed. You pay no shipping and handling costs on water. Cared for according to instructions on package, they can be kept for years and refreshed at will.

Fruits and vegetables need no longer be "out of season." Simply buy a carton of King's from your grocer; refresh it according to the simple directions and Oregon's delicious fruits and vegetables are ready to cook.

You are invited to send the coupon for full-size, trial packages of any of King's Dehydrated vegetables or fruits. With them will be sent "The Story of King's Dehydration" and a new recipe book that will be of great help each day. Please mention your grocer's name when sending for the trial packages and booklets.

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY
45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon
Eastern Sales Office:
First National Bank Building, Chicago
Dehydration Plants at:
Salem and The Dalles, Oregon



Dealers: Write Chicago or Portland office for full information about our sales plan.

TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon.

Please send me full-size, trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated, "The Story of King's Dehydration" and the New King's recipe book. I enclose——cents.

——Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce).
——Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough for 5 people. Splendid for pies).
——Peaches—35c per carton (From seven to ten dishes).
——Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).
——Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup).
——Spinach—25c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).
——Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or 4 pies).
——String Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve).

Name_____

Street_____City and State_____

Grocer's Name_____His Address_____

(Continued from Page 110)

on summer afternoons. The souvenir counter did a big business. Molly Peterson worked full time and had three assistants. In Gray's Mills it was very much the thing to drop into Cynthia's. The old sign over the door grew tarnished and dingy, and the name Lampton was only a reminder of former days. It did not even stick to the youngster, who was presently known to everyone as Tommy Bell.

In front of the store hung a sign, bell-shaped. J. Lancaster made it and painted it. It read: "CYNTHIA'S TEA ROOME & GIFFTE SHOPPE". He admired it extravagantly.

"Lank," said his wife, "you're some speller. You don't care how much strain you put on the alphabet, do you? Where do you get that g-i-f-f-t-e? I just love it."

"Thought you would. It isn't a word; it's a symbol, kid."

It was Cynthia who suggested changing the name of the hotel to Gray's Inn. It was she who directed the renovation of parlors, chambers and dining room. It was she who got rid of the musty old carpets, faded hangings and plush furniture. After that there were clean gray walls and ceilings, gray-painted floors and old-fashioned-looking rugs and runners woven from the discarded carpets and draperies.

When you stepped into the office you found yourself in a pleasant room of simple lines and restful tones. There were no scarred chairs of golden oak and tufted upholstery that reeked of tobacco and the dust of generations. In their places stood deep wicker structures with removable cushions covered with hardy denim that could be frequently washed. On a wide table were magazines, actually of current dates.

The piazzas were wider and supported chairs in greater number than in the past. To the visitor, in fact, Gray's Inn suggested hospitality and comfort as soon as he caught his first glimpse of it on his way from the station. It had in common with the old hotel only its location and a general similarity of outline. No such similarity existed between present-day prices and those of Jason Guilder's day. This merely went to show that if you give people what they really want they don't object to paying for it.

In vain you looked for the framed lithograph of the Mammothonia, World's Largest Passenger Ship—vintage of 1888. You missed its companion piece, the Empire State Flyer making a mile a minute. The portal of the dining room was not ornamented by a stained oak grille work of turned spindles impaling wooden balls arranged in nifty patterns. There was not a yard of chenille in the whole house. Therefore it is easy to understand why the guests did not object to the stiffer prices.

Every tradition of country hotel keeping had been laid on a flatiron and cracked with the hammer of common sense, revealing only a shriveled worthless kernel of outgrown custom. "Away with such husks!" said Cynthia. "Go as far as you like," said J. Lancaster.

The Bells now owned Gray's Inn. Old Jason had passed to his reward and Martha had come back to the hotel as housekeeper. Of course there was a big mortgage, but Martha was content with three thousand in cash and a job for life with residence. In the past few years she and Jason had realized a handsome profit from the property under J. Lancaster's management, so the old lady was too sensible to think she could take hold herself and do as well with it.

"And, oh, Cynth', isn't she the grandest scenery! Think of our steady customers wandering in and finding the same plump, white-haired, kindly Martha they've always known! She doesn't think she'll do much cooking, but you just try to keep her out of that kitchen! No chance. She'll give the old fry pan many a flutter, believe me. And as a steward she's immense. I never quite got her knack of wrangling with the old robbers from the farms, but she's agreed to dicker with 'em for the nice juicy broilers and new-laid potatoes. She talks their language; knew most of 'em when they were boys.

"And say, Cynth', how about that addition? I'm getting a lame wrist turning away business from folks I never heard of, to say nothing of our regular trade. I've just got to take care of the boys who've been coming here for years. The motor business is a problem too. We must have more room."

"I've been thinking of a plan," said his wife. "Suppose we built an addition four stories high, with three nice stores on the ground floor, business offices on the second, and on the third and fourth, rooms? If the business grew we could turn the offices into rooms too. The rentals would help make the investment safe and take care of part of our carrying charges."

"H'm. Not bad."

"And Lank!"

"Well?"

"Couldn't we move the Lampton business into one of the stores? It would catch a lot more of the hotel trade, and I'd like to expand the stock. You can plan to absorb the tea-room business as part of the hotel."

So they talked it over, and the upshot was a syndicate formed among the business people of the town to finance the new addition. The mill owners took a block of the shares, the bank helped place the mortgage. It also advanced to Lank and Cynthia considerable sums in cash on short-time notes as needed, to enable them to take care of preliminary expenses and plan for the furnishings of the new quarters.

In time the building was complete, a substantial affair of brick and sandstone. Every office and store had been let in advance. Cynthia formed a little stock company—capital, ten thousand—and split the stock with her husband. J. Lancaster organized an operating company to run the hotel with twenty-five thousand in stock and gave a third to Cynthia. Another third he kept, and the rest he placed where it would do the most good—in payment of bills for equipment, for cash, and one block of five thousand in exchange for an equivalent amount of building-syndicate stock. This last he divided with his wife.

"Pretty fair," said J. Lancaster. "Pretty fair. Our stock interests amount to nearly thirty-two thousand, and if that pays us only six per cent it's good for eighteen hundred a year. Then my salary of twenty-five hundred from the inn and yours of twelve-fifty from the store bring our joint income up to five thousand or better."

They were sitting in their snug apartment in the addition. In his own small room slept Tommy Bell. Cynthia looked about her and decided that she was happy. If there was anything she needed she could not at the moment think what it was. Perhaps she ought to have been disturbed by the lack of something to worry about.

"Want an automobile?" suddenly asked her husband.

"Why, do you think we need one? There's the hotel jitney."

"No class to that. Besides, you wouldn't call it a symbol, would you?"

"I might. It all depends. It might indicate that we were thrifty and self-denying."

J. Lancaster said nothing; but he fetched up a very deep sigh.

"Why, Lank, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm restless. Things are moving too smooth. Good Lord, Cynth'! You don't suppose running a dinky hotel's the top of my ambition, do you? We're solid now. We're pretty well sold to this community. I wonder what I can do to get some real coin."

She looked up quickly. Lank was standing by the window, gazing down into the street, frowning slightly. With a husband like that a woman didn't need to worry for fear she wouldn't always have enough trouble to keep her mind from going stale.

The Bells did not buy an automobile that season. Both were busy with the numerous problems presented by changed business conditions. The store and the inn continued to make money; so much in fact that Cynthia began to talk of buying the lease from the tenant of the store adjoining hers, and J. Lancaster fretted because the addition hadn't been planned on a larger scale.

"Only thing we can do is boost the prices a little and make more out of the business we can do as it is. If the guests can stand it I can. But, oh boy, that time I got Fullerton's diamonds I never dreamed of the possibilities of the hotel business."

Cynthia winced. She knew Lank made remarks like that to tease her. She knew the prices at Gray's Inn were not exorbitant as compared with those charged at other houses where the food and accommodations were not so good.

What was the ethical flaw in the make-up of her husband that distorted his sense of humor and permitted him to make light of subjects she preferred never to have mentioned? It made her wonder what was going on inside his head.

He was a little grayer now, but his face was fresh, ruddy and youthful. His eyes had that same brown shrewd twinkle. Sometimes when you talked with him you weren't sure he wasn't laughing at you. He was continually doing something with his hands, like palming a coin and playing little tricks with a pencil. He was amazingly skillful in such small matters.

The man had lost nothing of the suavity, the urbane geniality of manner that fascinated people. He was the inn's best advertisement. If the food had been only half as palatable and the beds far less comfortable, he would still have done a good business on his personality.

Walking along Main Street he was greeted familiarly by everyone. He was a person of consequence, respected, a success. These people trusted him for goods, asked his advice, gladly lent him money. Why, he was vice president of the board of trade and a director in the fair-grounds association.

Cynthia was proud of her husband and of his achievements. People remarked as much. They said, "She's crazy about him. She thinks he put up the moon."

But they didn't know, after all, why she was proud of him. They didn't know what the man had been bucking against during these years of learning to go straight, when impulse was quite at variance with decision. They didn't know she was proud of him in the sense that an architect is proud of a building or an artist of a painting. The hotel was Lank's achievement; but Lank was Cynthia's.

And yet she wasn't sure. Why couldn't he be contented? Why did he have that far-away, haunted look of an adventurer who wants to be in some uncomfortable place like a desert or a shipwreck or a Latin-American country in the throes of a revolution?

She would watch him in conversation with his acquaintances of the village—with Mr. Braley of the bank, who wanted to arrange for a banquet of the bowling club; with Sam Gleason, the rich farmer from Silver Brook way; with Mr. Pinder, who was trying to sell him some life insurance. And always she had the feeling that he was holding something back, that he was laughing up his sleeve. He was a man who felt a certain superiority to other people, a certain contempt that was not apparent to anyone but her. She wondered if it was her imagination. Was he thinking: "I've got you folks fooled; I can do what I want with you?"

Sometimes he would get up in the night and walk about, walk about. She would ask him what the matter was, and he would always tell her good-naturedly to go to sleep and not to worry; he was all right. He just couldn't sleep, that was all. He ought not to drink coffee for supper. Yes, that was it, the coffee.

Cynthia had never heard of the episode of Gurney's visit that first winter. Naturally, then, she did not know of a second visit of the same man.

J. Lancaster was behind the desk when Gurney appeared and asked for a room.

"I guess we can take care of you," said Bell.

Gurney looked about him.

"Nice place, J. Lancaster. You've done well."

"I've worked hard. I told you I'd go straight, didn't I? I told you."

"No one's any gladder than I am. You've sure done well. I kept my promise. You've no complaint so far as we are concerned."

Bell surveyed the sharp features of the plain-clothes man. His hands twitched to throttle him. One would think Gurney had had something to do with his success, coming there and patronizingly telling him how well he'd done. The shrimp! Even now he knew he was at the mercy of this law dog. It made him boil.

"It's a nice day, Mr. Gurney," he observed mildly. "Going to be with us a day or two?"

"Only until to-morrow afternoon."

Lank wondered if Gurney was in town to get a line on him. Probably not. Still, he hated him. He would be glad when he left. He might take a notion to drop something. Lank didn't trust him.

That night he walked the floor again. It was the coffee, he said. He'd been a darn fool to drink that second cup. Cynth' could go to sleep; she needn't worry. Tommy heard the voices of his parents and demanded a drink of water and Lank turned on the faucet in the bathroom to let it run good and cool. He sat down by the bed and talked with the child, but Tommy was too sleepy to join in any extended conversation.

Afterward, walking up and down, up and down, J. Lancaster came to a decision. He was getting along toward forty. It was about time he did something, something big. He felt he was in a position to put it over, with everyone believing in him. He was a leading citizen; he had influence; people would follow him. Why not cash in?

Damn that Gurney! He hoped he'd leave town before he let anything slip.

VIII

"CYNTH'," said J. Lancaster, "I'm going to do something."

"Do something?"

"Yep. It's time. You heard me say long ago that when I got solid I was going after some real coin. I agreed with you that the bird who had people's confidence was in a position to grab Old Lady Opportunity the minute she knocked, without giving her a chance to do a Halloween and beat it. She's snooping round now, and I'm getting ready to jump."

Cynthia chose to conceal her misgivings beneath the casual cloak of a mild raillery.

"Well," she said, "now that you've got the introduction off your chest what's the subject matter?"

"Here's the idea: The people who own the mills are letting the property go to seed. They're not progressive, and that's a bad thing for the community. The goods they make—shirtings and that sort of thing—are wonderful. They wear like iron. Furthermore, there's a peculiar quality in the water in an artesian well on the property that is especially adapted to dyes. These dyes can't be duplicated in this country. That's a wonderful combination—quality in both fabric and dye. But their patterns are fierce."

"I know. Some of the other mills make lots prettier goods."

"Exactly. Lots prettier is right. People will buy that lots prettier stuff, even when they know it isn't so good. Now these owners can't understand that a business has to keep its muscles hard, same as an athlete. They see their sales falling off gradually, but that doesn't jar 'em. They're rich, and the income from the mills is still very large. They are so busy being aristocratic and spending money they've forgotten how to make it. A live man could take those mills and make things hum. In three or four years, if I owned 'em, I'd show my competitors the dust in large blinding clouds. Quality goods, efficiency in manufacturing and an up-to-date selling plan—say, the possibilities are infinite! Makes the hotel business look like a peanut stand."

"Were you thinking of buying the mills and putting them on a paying basis?"

There was just a trace of sarcasm in Cynthia's tone, but behind it lay a very poignant interest. Lank leaned toward her, his powerful jaw thrust forward.

"Yes, I am. I'm not only thinking of it. I'm going to do it."

"What are you going to use for money?"

"That's the point. Everybody's."

"Ours?"

Lank laughed.

"Good financiers don't use their own money. That's the secret of big business."

"Oh, I see." Cynthia said this in the tone of one who had not at first understood, but to whom now everything was quite clear. But that calm assurance concerning the use of everybody's money—except his own—startled her.

"Ever heard of Moon Brand shirts?"

"Not lately."

"Well, they're still made. They used to be good sellers. Trouble is, the concern's too small. They buy goods from hand to mouth, so they don't get favorable prices. They use out-of-date methods. They don't know how to sell. Aside from that they're all right. Remember Sunrise waists?"

"Surely. We sell a few in the store."

"Another good brand gone to seed; and for the same reasons."

"I know. The waists are all right, but we have to pay more than we can get the same thing for from other people."

"Both made over in Medford. Then there's half a dozen or more other concerns scattered round within fifty miles of here. I'm figuring to bring 'em all together. I'm

(Continued on Page 116)

Preserved Power of Endurance Provides Economy

Gillette Chilled Rubber Process

Perishable merchandise—fruits, meats, vegetables—is stored away in cold storage warehouses for the purpose of preservation.

For the same purpose, for the same reason—*preservation*—Gillette Tires and Tubes are produced with Gillette Chilled Rubber Process. It toughens rubber as iron is toughened by conversion into steel. It acts as a preservative against the inclemencies of the weather—heat, cold and dampness. It stores up a surplus of endurance that is not accessible to the debilitating effects of the elements—strength that is converted into mileage—and mileage only.

Equip one wheel of your car with a Gillette—the other three with any other make you choose—the mileage result will demonstrate Gillette economy.

General Sales Office: 1834 Broadway, N. Y.

Gillette Rubber Co.

Factory: Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Gillette TIRES AND TUBES

(Continued from Page 114)

particularly interested in Moon Brand and Sunrise on account of the trade-marks, and because not so many years ago both were wonderful sellers."

"But, honey, how can you hope to take a lot of gone-to-seed concerns and a run-down cotton mill and build them up at once? You've only one pair of hands and one brain."

"Yes; but it isn't a single-track brain, as I've told you before. I'm going to co-ordinate those enterprises and make 'em dovetail. Then I'm going to organize a system of distribution of the manufactured product that will take care of the whole output at a minimum of selling expense. That's what I've been planning all those nights I was walking the floor."

"And you said it was coffee!"

"It was. That's why I drank it—to keep me awake so I could think. Now listen: First, we have the mill, making the finest cotton goods in the world. Then we make those goods up into garments, buying our fabrics at mill prices. We locate our garment factory right alongside the mill, thus lopping off cost of transportation. That's an item.

"We can therefore sell a superior product cheaper than our competitors can sell an inferior one; for we are saving the mill practically a hundred per cent of its selling costs by taking its entire output, so our garment department can buy its goods that much cheaper. In other words, the retailer buys garments at one profit on top of actual cost."

"I was wondering about that. What about the retailer?"

"Go on; ask questions. Then I'll tell you some more."

"Well, you have two old brands of garments that are more or less in disfavor with the trade. You can't sell enough to clean up the output of a whole mill!"

Cynthia made this statement with a bitten-off finality that appeared to defeat the whole plan at one blow. Lank laughed.

"That's all right too; but I haven't told you the important thing—and that's the plan of coöperative-dealer buying."

"Oh!"

"Take your own case, for instance. You buy your merchandise independently of all other stores dealing in the same class of goods, in dozen or gross lots—small quantities. You pay small-quantity prices. Suppose you could buy at the same prices as the merchant who takes a half million or a million dollars' worth of stuff, a whole factory or mill output, in fact."

"I wish I could."

"You can, under this plan. We simply form a coöperative association of dealers whose combined requirements will take care of the entire output of our factories. They pool their purchases, don't you see, and share the benefit. They get a low price because they save the factory a pretty big percentage of its entire selling expense. Then in this case they get the additional benefit of the savings in production costs I've been telling you of, and they obtain merchandise of the very highest qualities. So you see the advantage they'll have over competition. I tell you, it's the modern idea. It's a modification of the chain-store plan, which is one of the greatest successes known to merchandising. In fact, it will enable individual dealers to compete with chain stores. See?"

"But you've got to line up your dealers—hundreds, thousands of them."

"I know it. That's part of my job. But I've already mapped out the campaign, and I could start to-morrow if ——"

"Yes," repeated Cynthia, "if—you had the capital to swing it."

"That's where my well-known sterling integrity and rigid probity come in. I've got to raise between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars to start."

"Where? The bank wouldn't ——"

"No, it's going to come from public-spirited citizens right in this vicinity. That's why I've been working my head off for the last three or four years. And believe me, Cynth', if I'm not mistaken I've got 'em eating out of my hand."

J. Lancaster's vehemence startled his wife. In cold type it looks like bombast; but Cynthia was meeting her husband's gaze fairly. His face was alight with a fire of enthusiasm. She almost doubted if he realized just how far his imagination was carrying him. And then that little old persistent doubt.

He had done wonders, she admitted. Still, they had been small wonders. Now he was talking in millions. There flashed across her mind one after another the half jesting remarks, the light almost callous attitude of the man, his banteringly expressed opinions that seemed to betray some fundamental lack of an ethical consciousness—and yet he had gone straight. He had been scrupulous to a penny in every dealing. Why should she entertain the slightest misgivings? She sought refuge in further questioning:

"Isn't it what is called a promotion?"

"Yes; but first I have to have organization money. I must open offices and hire a bunch of help—bookkeepers and stenos and clerks. There'll be legal fees to pay; oodles of 'em. I'll have to have a car, and run round the country for weeks, sewing up options on the various concerns. Then a big flock of salesmen must be sent out to line up retailers, and that costs money. In the end the retailers will pay, because they'll be benefited."

"How are they going to pay?"

"By taking shares in a coöperative association organized for the purpose of putting this plan across. They'll be sold shares, and part of the proceeds of this sale will be used to reimburse the local boys who advance the money for preliminary expenses. Later, the coöperative shares will be accepted in exchange for stock in the manufacturing company, so the coöperating dealers will get a cut of the profits of the business.

"It'll be an incentive to them to sell all the goods they can, so as to swell their dividends. It ties up their interest."

"What's going to induce the local people to put up the preliminary funds, Lank?"

"Me—I; and a slice of the profits. Every contributor will get his money back with interest and a nice bonus of stock in the company."

"Where's your profit coming from?"

"The laborer's worthy of his hire; the higher the better. This is going to be a clean-up for the Bell family. The Bells will ring out to the wild sky, and it'll be some tune!"

"How much of a tune, honey?"

"Well, I was thinking half a million would start us chiming."

"Lank, you can't mean that! You're delirious. It's imposs——"

"Listen, Cynth'. It can be done. Consolidations like this aren't unusual, and the capitalization always runs 'way up into the millions. My compensation for my idea and for planning and executing the campaign should be ten or even fifteen per cent. That's moderate, for I shall have to take care of all the expenses of organization. I've figured, however, that when I get through I'll have left something like five hundred thousand in stock."

"In stock? How about money?"

"I can sell my stock all right if the plan is sound; and I'm darn sure it is. Or I can hold it and take my dividends."

Cynthia said nothing for some moments. Finally, and with a distinct effort, she asked: "Lank, are you sure—absolutely sure—the scheme is—legitimate?"

"Legitimate? Of course it's legitimate! Great Scott, you don't think I'd tackle anything that wasn't, do you?"

"Not—not unless your enthusiasm got the better of your—judgment."

"Or my deep-seated love of truth and honesty," bantered Lank. "Don't you worry. I've got a rep. I'm not going to throw it away for any piking half million!"

There it was again, that disturbing lightness of touch, the twinkle in Lank's brown eyes that seemed to say: "I'm laughing at you; but you don't know why. I'm too deep for you."

Cynthia didn't know. Certainly the scheme was ingenious, plausible. Was it too plausible? Was Lank banking overmuch on that wonderful facility of his—the hail-fellow persuasiveness of the street-corner merchant, the patter of the stage magician? She tried to arrange in some orderly fashion the features of the plan as Lank had outlined it. Her head swam. Heavens, what a fabric! She had dealt too long in needles and pins and little boys' side garters to think in millions. She gave it up and went off to bed, where she lay awake miserably.

IX

BELL plunged madly into the work of his big enterprise. He was busy day and night. Cynthia had never seen him thus. He did not lose his good nature. That was proof against any stress. But he certainly did fall off in weight. He was serious, distrait, concentrated. Cynthia found the entire responsibility for both inn and store resting on her shoulders.

In a day or two J. Lancaster had a car.

"Call it a symbol," he said. "Call it the symbol of the success of the big plan. She's a dandy. I got her for half price; only been run a couple of thousand miles. Say, if the old scheme works as smooth as the symbol I've got that half million as good as deposited in the bank already."

Three or four days later he announced his success in raising the local fifty thousand.

"It wasn't so hard," he said. "First man that came across was old Sam Gleason. He wanted to know if you were interested, and I said he could bet his last year's hat you were. He said by gravy, he was in for ten thousand if that was the case."

"But, Lank, I'm not ——"

"Oh, yes, you are; because I've got to put up a bond for all we're worth, and all we're worth's the stock in the hotel and store and building syndicate; and that's got to go up in trust at the bank to secure my bond."

"That isn't fifty thousand."

"Oh, no. They didn't require all that. Just wanted to know how much you and I—mark the 'you'—were willing to risk, so I told 'em everything we had. It's just as an earnest of good faith—you know, a symbol. That's a good one, eh?"

Lank seemed always in a hurry now. He talked in bunches. He clipped every sentence to its lowest terms. Always when he left her Cynthia felt breathless for an hour afterward.

It seemed that Lank hardly slept at all. Often in the night he would be up, prancing and pacing and marching up and down, up and down. Then he would go in and sit by little Tommy. If the child woke, Lank would pick him up and hold him in his lap, telling him queer jumbled-up fairy stories in which he seemed to ramble on without rime or reason. When Tommy fell asleep Lank put him back in his little bed and returned to his own chamber. At such times he seemed oddly calm.

"Things are all right," he would say. "All right. We're coming on fine."

After that he would drop off quite easily for a few hours' sleep, from which he would waken refreshed and invigorated.

But there were nights when he did not sleep a wink, either because he couldn't or because it was necessary to sit working at his desk for hours on end.

Once Lank asked Cynthia to take a trip of a week to New York, Chicago and other large cities to collect information and samples showing the style tendencies in pattern. Tommy was left in care of Martha Guilder, and Lank agreed to keep an eye on both store and inn until his wife's return.

"I'll soon be ready to send the boys out to line up the dealers," he said. "The first thing they'll want to know will be if we can give them better patterns than those the mill has been running for the past few years. And say, by the time you get back I hope I'll have the mill crowd in a frame of mind to do business. It isn't easy, for they want a lot of cash as well as a big stock interest. People like that have a funny attitude. They won't get out of their own tracks, but if they suspect anyone else of making money they get nosey right away. Furthermore, in spite of the falling off in their business they seem to think they know more about running a cotton mill than old Cotton Mather himself."

When Cynthia came back she showed Bell that her trip had been well considered. She had instinctively sought out the exact sources of the information she needed. She had even obtained swatches of goods made by competing houses. Her data on the style situation were accurate and satisfying.

"Cynth', you're a wiz," said Bell. "I'm sure I couldn't have done so well. That's great. And say, I've closed with the mill folks. They wriggled and squirmed and dickered, but I got what I was after. Everyone in town tried to help. It's a wonder how these people will stand behind a fellow they believe in; and they sure do believe in me. They believe in the plan too. Now I'm up against the toughest job of all—to raise money to take up the options, especially the one on the mill. Braley over at the bank is doing all he can for me, but we've got to have some outside banking, a lot of it. I'd rather have private capital than banking money, any day. The banks want both ends and the middle."

Week after week J. Lancaster tore about the country in the symbol. These local excursions he alternated with trips to the city, where he spent long hours in consult tion with the corporation attorneys wh were helping form his companies, ar among the men of finance whose suppo he must have.

"Let me tell you, Cynth', a banker is cold proposition. A burglar-proof safe pie compared to a board of directors. Ar I've met some big men with money of the own to invest. Of course they want a f slice of the proceeds, though I don't su pose you can blame 'em.

"One man I lined up for two hundr thousand is Rufus Judd. Remember Ruf Judd, who has been here for the fishing t last two years, and raved about Martha old-fashioned apple dowdy? I guess t apple dowdy did it—and a letter or tw from some of my admiring fellow citize here in town. He's a fine specimen of hard-boiled egg."

J. Lancaster paused, and a shadc crossed his face.

"Cynth'," he said, "this thing is—is—heap bigger than I ever thought it wou be. I'm not so sure that—that it isn't t big. Do you suppose I'm nothing but small-town hick after all? And here's a other thing: I'm—I'm driven all the tir for fear something will break about my pa and ditch the whole scheme. Of course was a pretty obscure bird. I never made ripple. People have to have awful goc memories to go back four or five years ar find a cheap swindler in a haystac But ——"

He paced the floor, up and down, up ar down. The man's nerves were ragged.

"If someone—someone like Gurn should spill. Lord, what a smash, wh I've got things so well started."

"Who's Gurney?"

"Oh, I never told you."

Lank's recital of the two Gurney episod did not make Cynthia any more comfo able, though she did her best to reassu her husband. In her disturbed soul s wondered why Lank hadn't been conte with his success. What was wealth to this turmoil, this agonizing? There in t little town, with the hotel and the sto they were comfortable and safe. W struggle for millions or the fractions millions?

Cynthia did not allow her husband perceive this feeling on her part. She we courageously about her double duties superintendence, ably abetted by Mart in the inn and Molly Peterson in the sto Business was good too. Cynthia was tired at night that she marveled h Lank, whose nervous tension was infinite greater, stood what he was undergoing.

It was the excitement of the chase. Lancaster had persuaded himself that only salvation lay in working fast. He h bitten off more than he could reasonably expected to chew. After all, doing busine on a reputation only four years old was pretty precarious venture when one co sidered what lay behind those four yea

One by one, however, working dogged day and night, he buttoned up his optio perfected his corporation plans, haggl and traded with the providers of capit Behind him, in a solidly loyal body, sto about twenty-five of the county's substa tial citizens. They knew what the succe of his enterprise meant to the town and vicinity. Theirs was the true booster spir and the hotel man played alternately up their commercial instincts and their lo pride.

With the options secured and a large pa of the purchase money raised to take the up when they matured Lank let loose up the mercantile world his swarm of train salesmen. These were men who had be coming to the hotel for years, salesmen w knew the markets and the game of sellir Working with or through them Lank so had representatives in all the princi cities and many smaller ones. He had pr pared ample supplies of printed matter a each salesman was well equipped with da

J. Lancaster himself made one wid flung trip and called upon nearly two hu dred of the best prospects.

"Not so worse," he reported. "Not worse. Over fifty per cent landed for t association, and close to forty thousa dollars' worth of subscriptions to coöper tive shares. And I've learned more abo the shirt business and the waist busine and pretty nearly every other mercant business than I ever expected to know my life."

By this time the salesmen too had beg to send in their subscriptions. The enti

(Concluded on Page 120)

THE correct lubrication of aircraft is naturally a matter of great importance. Guesswork and theorizing characterized the early lubrication of aircraft—just as they characterized the early lubrication of automobiles.

The Vacuum Oil Company has placed aircraft lubrication on the same scientific basis that characterizes its lubricating recommendations for all types of machinery. The Aircraft Lubrication Chart specifies the correct oil for the leading types of aircraft engines. Write us for information about the correct lubrication of any aircraft engine.

The further development of air travel will continue.

The work must go on.

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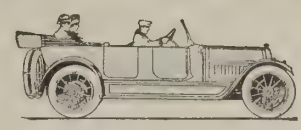
A grade for each type of service



Correct
AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for *all* cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (6-35)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
"(6-39B) (Teetor-11)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Buick	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Cadillac (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	A	A	....	....	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-40)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	....	....
" (6-30)	A	A	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (F. A.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	....	....	....	....	....	....
Cole	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. S-X)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Federal (special)	....	....	Arc.	Arc	....	....	....	....	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" " (Model 12)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Hudson	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
King	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" Commercial	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Model 48)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl.)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Lippard Stewart	....	....	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	....
" " (Mod. MW)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Madison	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (22-70)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc	E	E	A	Arc.
" (Mod. M4)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. S)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Moon	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 671)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Quad)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc	....	....	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-36)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (6-38-39)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	....	....	....	....
" (6-40)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	....	....	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (¾ ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc	....	....	....	....
Simplex Crane	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Westcott	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Sixteen Valve)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
White (3 ton)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	....	....	....	....
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 116)

campaign was to be cleaned up as soon as possible. Lank hoped that the coöperative subscriptions would yield a gross of about a million, out of which the salesmen's commissions had to be taken care of.

A terrific volume of orders for goods accompanied the share subscriptions. These constituted J. Lancaster's principal ammunition in dealing with hesitant capitalists and bankers.

"Why, at this rate the entire output of the factory will be cleaned up before a wheel is turned," he explained.

But they grilled him about his scheme of management, they pried pitilessly into every detail of his financial plan, they picked flaws and raised objections and hemmed and hawed and blew their noses. He stood up and gave them as good as they sent, calling to his aid every trick of salesmanship that experience had taught or instinct prompted. Sometimes he quit these sessions sick at heart at the rigor of the bargains he was forced to make.

Not one dollar could he raise outside his home county that was not absolutely secured by legal assignment of his options and everything they stood for; and not one dollar could he raise unless he would agree to allot bonuses of stock of the manufacturing corporation at an appalling rate. Still he battled on, and made progress. It was a heartbreaking adventure.

Then, lean and hardened by the fight, he went boldly among the brokerage houses to make arrangements for the marketing of the securities. Here he managed to exact fairly good terms. He had too much backing to be ignored. Yet in those weeks he learned what trickery meant. Among the moneyed men he had found stubborn coldness, inertia, hardness and lack of sympathy. Here he was met with polish, urbanity, the appearance of a great and welcoming good will.

"I know that kind," he said to Cynthia. "Fact is, there's almost something in common between those birds and me. They're smooth workers. But oh, boy, they pack a knife in each boot and a blackjack up each sleeve."

"But aren't there any honest ones?"

"Sure. That's what I was looking for. They're hard to find because they all look alike. The crooked ones are dolled up with protective coloring so you can't nail 'em. Talk about doing business with other people's money! They wouldn't advance a nickel to the Subtreasury."

"Did you make your arrangement for marketing the stock?"

"Yes, ma'am! I did. I had to let 'em plan to put it on the curb."

"The curb?"

"The curb. A group of brokers agree to offer the stock to their clients just as soon as I say the word. Then they promise the people who buy it from them that they will make a market for it. That means it will be actively traded in on the curb—that's the outdoor exchange where they deal in stuff that's not big enough or important enough to go on the big board—meaning the regular stock exchange. I can't go into the details. It makes my head swim to think of 'em. All I know is, I got some good advice, finally found the right people, made the best bargain I could and beat it. I didn't dare to stick round any longer for fear I'd begin to miss things, like the fillings in my teeth. I might even have lost my head; you know old ivory's considered very valuable."

So Lank rambled on, inconsequently, Cynthia thought. Well, he was a wreck, there wasn't any doubt about that. He said as soon as the job was done he was going up to the lake and stay a solid month in a camp and refuse to see a soul.

The local twenty-odd contributors to Lank's original promotion fund learned that the hotel man had some important announcements to make to them and to any other of the townspeople who might be interested. The twenty-odd thereupon pulled off a banquet, with J. Lancaster Bell as the guest of honor. They told him what a great man he was and J. Lancaster admitted it, giving them quite a number of reasons they had failed to mention. Yet they went home firmly convinced that he was as modest as he was great.

Lank distributed checks to the twenty-odd, returning to each his contribution to the fund, with interest at six per cent. He announced that he had received from the coöperative association of retailers ample moneys to take care of all preliminary expenses.

He also informed them that out of this preliminary fund it would be possible to provide for the beginnings of the new factory, which was to occupy ground close to the mills; and, most important of all, he made public the news that he had raised the money to take up all the options on the concerns which were to be component parts of the consolidated manufacturing corporation.

It was a great little meeting, and J. Lancaster went home that night with the worst headache he had ever had in his life.

"It's over," he told Cynthia. "I've put it over. All that has to be done now is formality. The money will be paid and the stock issued and the bonuses distributed. The coöperative dealers will get their shares of manufacturing-company stock, and inside of another month there will be enough cash from the sale of shares through brokers to complete the new plant. In fact, we don't have to wait for that. I've got it financed already."

"Why, honey," said Cynthia, "I should think you'd be delighted. You look as if you'd failed, instead of succeeded."

"Oh, do I? That's funny. I'm going down to the office a few minutes. I've some things to—to—er—think over."

So the man descended to the second-floor corridor of the addition, where he had been occupying offices ever since the start of the promotion plan. Cynthia noted with a little heartache how tired his shoulders looked, how he scuffed slightly as he walked, like a man who feels the weight of years.

"Poor Lank," she thought.

After a while she glanced at the clock, and observed that he had been gone nearly two hours. It was about time he came back; and if he were not too utterly done up she hoped he would tell her a little more about the company.

Suddenly, from Tommy's room came a gasping sound. Terrified, she hastened to the little boy's bedside. There she found him sitting up and struggling pitifully for breath, at the same time giving forth a hollow barking cough.

Cynthia turned and fled into the hall, intent upon finding Lank. There she ran plump into Martha Guilder.

"Oh, Martha! It's Tommy, it's Tommy!" she cried.

"What's Tommy? Why, Cynthy—let's have a look."

Martha lumbered briskly into the Bell apartment.

"Croup," she said. "Got any ipecac? If you haven't, get some kerosene; and the's no danger if you make haste."

Cynthia tore down the stairs toward Lank's office. The drug store would be closed, as it was now eleven o'clock; but Lank would know how to rouse the proprietor, who lived over the store.

x

J. LANCASTER BELL sat a long time with his feet on his desk, contemplating a spot on the ceiling which spun slowly in an ever-widening circle. He was as thoroughly exhausted as a man could be and still retain the power to breathe. His head ached wretchedly. Reaction was setting in, and he felt it was going to strike hard.

"What the devil has it all been about, anyhow?" he muttered.

The door at the head of the stairs leading down to the street opened and a stranger walked in. Bell contemplated him without the slightest interest.

"Hello, J. Lank," said the visitor.

Bell took a second look.

"Sleepy Walker," he recognized. "What you doing here, Sleepy?"

"Oh, just dropped in. How's things?"

"Rotten."

"Not according to what I heard, they're not. What's this big cotton-mill deal you've been putting across?"

"All over, Sleepy."

"You cleaned up?"

"Cleaned up the deal, if that's what you mean."

"I mean, cleaned up personally."

Bell shook his head.

"Now, J. Lancaster, don't try to stall. You've made a killing."

"Well, what's that to you?"

The visitor, a slim, rather dapper young man, flipped back a lapel and displayed the badge of a post-office inspector.

"The Government's after you, Bell. Sent me up here to look into things and use my own discretion."

"How the devil did you ever get an inspector's job?"

"Easy. Been working for Uncle Sam over two years. I guess I know enough about crooks to be some help, eh?"

"If first-hand information is of any value you're surely there, Sleepy."

"That's why they picked me out to come up and—er—interest myself in your case, J. Lank. Nice offices you have here."

"They'll be closed to-morrow."

"Fast work. I thought you'd be another month finishing this job. Wonder the bulls have let you alone so long."

"Isn't it, though? Well, I guess I've beat 'em to it."

Walker grinned.

"Not much. My orders are to bring you back to headquarters. Say, how's the wiff and kid? I hear you've been living with 'em for some time."

"Sleepy, you're barking up the wrong tree. You better fade before you make some bonehead play."

Sleepy grinned again.

"It would be pretty fierce for you to be run in and have to give up all that good dough, after you've made a thorough job of it. I'd almost hate to see you lose out, Lanky. But of course duty's duty."

"You mean a pinch?"

"Absolutely. I was wondering, though. If I went back and reported there wasn't enough evidence to pinch you, and I thought they'd better wait a few days, it would give you a chance, wouldn't it?"

"It would be very obliging, Sleepy."

"I understand you've made four or five hundred thousand, J. Lank. That's a lot of money. Got it handy?"

"Every dollar I've made is in that safe."

"Huh! Planning your get-away, were you? Well, for the sake of old times and the old gang, I'm going to be easy with you. Split that stuff fifty-fifty, and I'll see that you have time enough to make a South American boat. That's fair enough."

"Yes, I suppose it seems fair. However, I guess I won't do business with you."

"Your wife'll feel nice to-morrow, with you locked up and your name known to everyone in town as that of an ex-con who did time not so long ago for the Fullerton swindle."

Lank Bell forgot his fatigue. He was out of his chair and stood threateningly over Walker.

"Give me that badge!" he said. "You're no more a post-office inspector than I am. Come, rip it off, quick! If you don't I'll have to help you."

Sleepy Walker suddenly found it advisable to comply.

"Now," went on Bell, "I'm going to tell you something, before I bounce you down the stairs or turn you over to the bulls—I haven't decided which. You know a man who impersonates an inspector wouldn't have much of a show.

"Young fellow, you couldn't hurt me in this town. You tell the folks I've done time and they'll either call you a damn liar or laugh and say they don't care. I'm ace high here, see? Why? Because I'm on the level. They know it. They know I've had chances to sink the hooks into 'em for any amount from two bits up to half a million; and they know I'm the guy that's putting this town on the map.

"Why am I putting it on the map? Because I like it. I like the people. They've stood by me and trusted me; and by God I've stood by them. I've worked like a dog on this mill scheme, and so help me, I've not only not made a penny, I've actually lost more than fifteen thousand bucks of my own money. I can account for every cent in cash or stock that's passed through my hands, and my record is as clean as a smelt. Anyone that has the right can give me the once-over and I'll come clean on any questions he wants to ask. The United States Government is just as welcome as the flowers in May to comb my hair, and I'll stand still and let 'em do it.

"But you, you poor, stupid, misguided, blackmailing sneak, you'd probably be tarred and feathered if you tried to put the skids under me! It would be the unhealthiest day of your life, young man. Try it, go on and try it! I don't know that I'd ask any better revenge than what the angry populace would do to you. I've a good mind to call a public meeting and a band and introduce you myself so you'd have a good show. How would you like that, Sleepy? 'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present Mr. Sleepy Walker, alias the South Brooklyn Flea, the well-known leather worker and dip, who has a few words to say on a subject very near to our hearts.' Wouldn't it be a scream?"

But the smile of irony was suddenly wiped off J. Lancaster Bell's face when the door from the corridor burst open and Cynthia came running in. Terror was in her wide eyes.

"Why, Cynth', what's ——"

"It's Tommy—croup—and he's choking. There's no ipecac and ——"

"Sleepy," cried J. Lancaster, spinning toward his visitor, "come here."

He led Walker, blinking, to the window.

"See that drug store? That's old man Kip's, lives over the store, but he's deafer than a haddock. You couldn't wake him in two hours. You beat it across, pick the lock and steal the ipecac bottle; and jump to it. My kid's choking!"

Half an hour later Bell said good-by to the man who had come to prey and stopped a cough.

"Sleepy, you wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance. When a bird like me can make an Alias Jimmie Valentine of you and get away with it you can see how I stand. This story will be in the evening paper—all about how well-known metropolitan yegg, while paying social call on prominent local hotel man and capitalist, gives demonstration of his skill as a burglar and steals old man Kip's ipecac bottle in fifty-six seconds flat. I guess that will make some sensation, eh?"

"Good-by, Lank," said Sleepy fervently. "Glad to have been of service. Pretty decent of you not to blow on me. I guess I'll be running along. Lank, you're a smooth one; I'll say you are. Good-by, Mrs. Bell, and I hope the boy's all right in the morning."

"Good-by, Sleepy. You've just time to catch the midnight. Much obliged for the ipecac." The sound of Bell's laugh pursued the hastily retreating shoulders of the South Brooklyn Flea.

"Oh, Lank, what made you tell him that whopper about an evening paper when we only have the poor old weekly Record? You scared him almost to death."

"Oh, I dunno," said Lank. He was sitting in a rocker, holding young Tommy in his arms. The child was breathing quite easily. "I dunno what I'm saying half the time. My brain feels like a plate of mush."

"Poor Lank!"

"Poor is right, honey. I'm wiped out. I was trying to make up my mind to break the news to you when that worm drifted in. Lucky he did too."

"Lucky! I should say so. I don't care for anything else, just so I have you and Tommy. Who was the man, anyhow?"

"Tell you some time. Don't feel much like talking now; but I will say this: I'm going to stick to the hotel business. Those bankers didn't leave me a shoe string. They were too smart for me. The consolidation is complete, the coöperative-store scheme is O. K. In a few weeks now the mill begins turning out the new patterns and the factory begins making and shipping shirts. I've done the work and they've got control, with all my personal stock in the bargain. I let 'em have it rather than delay the game or block the wheels of progress. I couldn't disappoint the people round here who believed in me. A guy has to be loyal to his town; ain't that so?

"I had to hock my store and hotel and building-syndicate stock at the last to clean up the pay roll and rent and some small loans I had out. It'll take me a couple of years, I expect, to get it back. But, oh boy, you wait till old Rufus Judd and his bunch of highbinders come up here for the fishing next spring! They may know all about finance, but if they leave this hotel with their shirts they'll be one lucky crowd. And the funny part of it is I'll make 'em like it!"

"Better put Tommy back in his bed," said Cynthia, "and then try to get some sleep yourself."

She bent over and carefully unclasped the youngster's hand from a shiny object—the post-office inspector's badge Lank had made Sleepy Walker give up.

"How funny!" she said.

"Yes," said Lank, "it's one of the most humorous things I ever saw. Cynth', it's a symbol."

"What of, Lank?"

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It cost me nearly sixteen thousand dollars. Say, Cynth'"—very drowsily.

"Yes, honey?"

"Lots of those bankers'll be coming here to look after their interests in the new company. What d'you say if we boost the price of waffles and maple sirup to a dollar a throw, eh?"

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 21)

liked that. There was nothing childish about Winifred. She had been always grown-up and competent and helpful. He felt that he owed Winifred a great deal. They were not engaged, but he rather hoped that some day they might marry. Of course that would depend upon Winifred. She would probably make him give up the farm and he would hate that. But a man might give up a farm for a woman like Winifred and still have more than he deserved.

It will be seen that Maxwell was modest, especially where women were concerned. The complacency of Murray Flint, weighing Amy against Ethel and Ethel against Amy and Anne against both, would have seemed infamous to Maxwell. He felt that it was only by the grace of God that any woman gave herself to any man. He had a sense of honor which was founded on decency rather than on convention. He had also a sense of high romance which belonged more fittingly to the fifteenth than to the twentieth century. He was not, however, aware of it. He looked upon himself as a plain and practical chap who had a few things to work out politically before he settled down to the serious business of farming. Of course if he married Winifred he wouldn't settle down to the farm, but he would settle down to something.

In the meantime here was Anne, reading Dickens, eating chocolates, and leaning over the rail of the House Gallery to listen to his speeches.

It was rather wonderful to have her there. She wore a gray cape with a chinchilla collar made out of Amy's old muff. A straight sailor hat of rough straw came well down over her forehead and showed fluffs of shining hair at the sides. Her little gray-gloved hands clasped the violets he had given her. Above the violets her eyes were a deeper blue.

She came always alone. "Amy doesn't know," she had told him frankly; "she wouldn't let me come if she did."

"Why not?"

"I am supposed to be chaperoned."

"My dear child, I told you to bring either or both of your sisters."

"I don't want them. They would spoil it."

"How?"

She tried to explain. He and she could see things in the old Capitol that Amy and Ethel couldn't.

He laughed, but knew it true. Anne's imagination met his in a rather remarkable fashion. When they walked through Statuary Hall they saw not Fulton and Père Marquette and Carroll of Carrollton; they saw, rather, a thousand ships issuing forth on the steam of a teakettle; they saw civilization following a black-frocked prophet; they saw aristocracy raising its voice in the interest of democracy.

As for the mysterious whispering echo, they repudiated all talk of acoustics. It was for them an eerie thing, like the laughter of elves or the shriek of a banshee.

"Don't say everyday things to me," Anne had instructed Maxwell when he had first placed her behind a mottled marble pillar before leaving for the spot where he could speak to her by this unique wireless.

There came to her, therefore, a part of a famous speech; the murmured words flung back by that strange sounding board rang like a bell:

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

She emerged from her corner, starry-eyed. "It was as if I heard him say it."

"Perhaps it was he, and I was only a mouthpiece."

"I should think they'd like to come back. Will you come?"

He laughed. "Who knows? I'll come if you are here."

To have brought a third into these adventures would have robbed them of charm. Knowing this he argued that the child was safe with him. Why worry?

They always lunched together before he took her up to the Members' Gallery, and went himself to the floor of the House. He let her order what she pleased and liked the definite way in which she did it. They had, usually, chops and peas, or steak, and ice cream at the end.

III

THEN suddenly things stopped. The reason that they stopped was Murray. He saw Anne one day in the House Gallery and asked Amy about it.

"How did she happen to be up there alone?"

Amy asked Anne. Anne told the truth.

"I've had lunch three times with Mr. Sears, and I've listened to his speeches. It's something about the League of Nations. He believes in it, but thinks we've got to be careful about tying ourselves up."

Amy did not care in the least what Maxwell Sears believed. The thing that worried her was Murray. She wanted him to approve of Anne. If Amy had thought in a less limited circle she might have worked the thing out that if Maxwell married Anne it would narrow Murray's choice down to herself and Ethel. But there was always that vague fear of some outside siren who would capture Murray. If he had Anne, he would then be safely in the family.

She realized, in the days following the revelation of the clandestine meetings with Maxwell, that Murray was depending upon her to see that Anne's affections did not stray into forbidden paths. He said as much one afternoon when he found Amy alone in an atmosphere of old portraits, old books, old bronzes. She sat in a Jacobean chair and poured tea for him. The massive lines of the chair made her proportions seem wraithlike. Her white face with its fixed spots of red was a high light among the shadows.

"Where's Anne?"

"She and Ethel have gone to the matinée with Molly Winchell."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Molly never takes but two of us and, of course, this is Anne's first winter out. I have to step back—and let her have her chance."

He chose to be gallant. "You are always lovely, Amy."

His compliment fell cold. Amy felt old and tired. She had a pain in her side. It had been getting very bad of late, and she coughed at night. She had been to her doctor, and again he had emphasized the need of a change of climate and of nourishing food. Amy had come away unconvinced.

She would have a chance in July when she and her sisters would go to the Eastern Shore for their annual visit to their Aunt Elizabeth. As for different food, she ate enough — all the doctors in the world couldn't make her spend any more money on the table.

Murray stood up very straight by the mantelpiece, under the portrait of one of the Merryman great-grandfathers in a bag wig, and talked of Anne:

"I believe I am falling in love with her, Amy."

Amy's heart said, "It has come at last." Her brain said, "He has discovered it because of Maxwell Sears." Her lips said, "I don't wonder. She's a dear child, Murray."

"She's beautiful."

Murray swayed up a little on his toes. It made him seem thinner and taller. He could see himself reflected in the long mirror on the opposite wall. He liked the reflection of the thin tall man.

"She's beautiful, Amy. I am going to ask her to marry me. I can't have some other fellow running off with her. She belongs to Georgetown."

He seemed to think that settled it. The pain in Amy's side was sharper. She felt that she couldn't quite stand seeing Murray happy with Anne. "She's—she's such a child." Her voice shook.

"Well," said Murray, glancing at the tall thin man in the mirror, "of course she is young. But Maxwell Sears is coming here a lot. Is he in love with her?"

"I'm not sure. She amuses him. She isn't in love with him or with anybody."

"Not even with me?" Murray laughed a little. "But we can remedy that, can't we, Amy? But you might hint at what I'm expecting of her. I don't want to startle her." He came and sat down beside her. "You are always a great dear about doing things for me."

The pain stabbed her like a knife. "I'll do my best."

She had a nervous feeling that she must keep Murray from talking to her like that. She rang for hot water, and their one maid, Charlotte, brought it in a Sheffield jug. Then Ethel and Anne and Molly Winchell arrived, and once more Murray stood up, tall and self-conscious as he stole side glances at himself in the mirror.

Maxwell Sears had brought the three women home. He had a fashion of following up Anne's engagements and putting his car at her disposal. When Amy had vetoed any more adventures at the Capitol he had conceded good-naturedly that she was right. After that he had always included Amy or Ethel in his invitations.

She Was Always Going Somewhere With an Air of Having Important Things to Do, and Coming Back With an Air of Having Done Them

"They are very pretty dragons," he had written to Winifred, "and little Anne is like a princess shut in a tower."

Winifred reading the letter had brooded upon it. "He's falling in love. A child like that—she'll spoil his future."

Congress was having night sessions. "If I could only have you up there," Maxwell had said to Anne as he had driven her home from the matinée, with old Molly and Ethel on the back seat. "I should steal you if I dared."

"Please dare."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. To-night. Ethel and Amy are going to a Colonial Dames meeting with Molly Winchell. I never go. I hate ancestors."

"I shouldn't let you do it," he hesitated, "but ghosts walk after dark in the Capitol corridors."

"I know," she nodded. "Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln."

"Yes. Then you'll come?"

"Of course."

It was the thought of her rendezvous with him that lighted her eyes when she talked to Murray. But Murray did not know. So he swayed up on his toes and glanced in the glass and was glad of his thinness and tallness.

Maxwell came for Anne promptly. "You must get me back by ten," she told him. "I have a key, and Charlotte's out."

It was a night of nights, never to be forgotten. Maxwell did not take Anne into the Gallery. He had not brought her there to hear speeches or to be conspicuous in the glare of lights. He led her through shadowy corridors—up wide dim stairways.

At one turn he touched her arm. "Look!" he whispered.

"What?"

"Lafayette passed us—on the stairs."

It was a great game! On the east front Columbus spoke to them of ships that sailed toward the sunset; in the Rotunda they kept a tryst with William Penn; from the west-front portico they saw a city beautiful—the streets under the moon were rivers of light—the great monument reached like the soul of Washington toward the stars!

Out there in the moonlight Maxwell spoke of another great soul, gone of late to join a glorious company.

"It was he who taught me that life is an adventure."

"Greatheart?"

"Yes."

"You loved him too?"

"Yes."

Anne caught her breath. "To think of him dead—to think of them all—dead."

Maxwell looked down at her. "They live somewhere. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment; then he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder. "I feel to-night as if they pressed close."

Oh, it was a rare game to meet great souls in odd corners! They could scarcely tear themselves away. But he got her home before her sisters arrived, and Anne went to bed soberly, and lay long awake, thinking it out. She had never before had such a playmate. In all these years she had starved for other things than food.

IV

IN DUE time Congress adjourned, but Maxwell did not go home. He continued to see Anne. Amy was at last driven to her duty by Murray. She could not forbid Maxwell the house. There was nothing to do but talk to Anne.

Having made up her mind she sought Anne's room at once. Anne, in a cheap cotton kimono, was braiding her hair for the night. The sleeves of the kimono were short and showed her thin white arms. Amy had on a blanket wrapper. Her hair was in metal curlers. She looked old and tired, and now and then she coughed.

Anne got into bed and drew the covers up to her chin. "I'm so cold, I believe there are icicles on my eyebrows. Amy, my idea of heaven is a place where it is as hot as—Hades."

"I don't see where you get such ideas. Ethel and I don't talk that way. We don't even think that way, Anne."

"Maybe when I am as old as you ——" Anne began, and was startled at the look on Amy's face.

"I'm not old!" Amy said passionately. "Anne, I haven't lived at all, and I'm only thirty."

Anne stared at her. "Oh, my darling, I didn't mean ——"

"Of course you didn't. And it was silly of me to say such a thing. Anne, I'm cold. I'm going to sit on the foot of your bed and wrap up while I talk to you."

Anne's bed had four pineapple posts and a pink canopy. The governor of a state had slept in that bed for years. He was one of

(Continued on Page 127)

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You get a lot more tire, which means much more mileage. The cross section is wider, the air capacity is greater, there is much more material—rubber and cord. And none of these extras appear in the price. See why below.

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BECAUSE—Firestone is building more mileage per dollar into tires. And that is because Firestone has done big, practical things in organizing man power and capital. The 16,000 Firestone workers are putting more into their work because they are getting more out of it—the things that make for happiness and efficiency.

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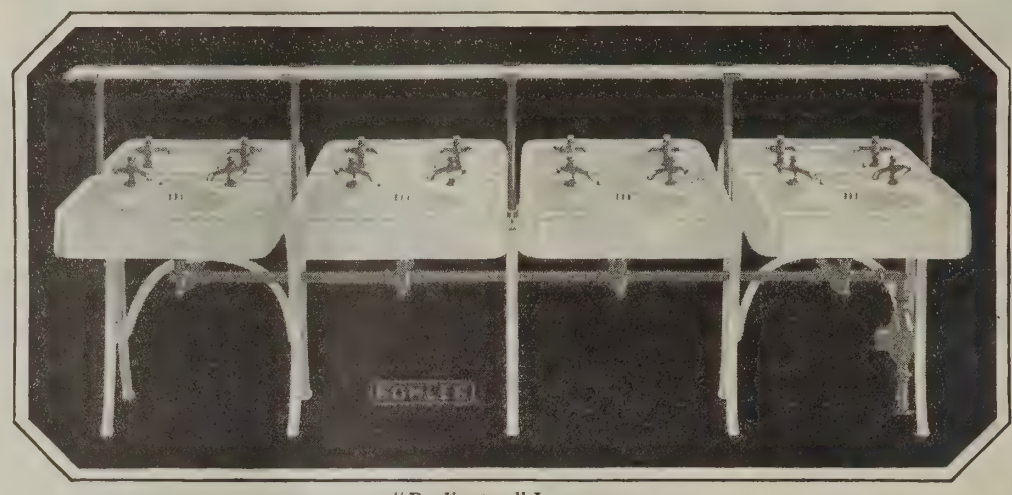

"Burlington" Lavatory

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MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

(Continued from Page 123)

he Merryman grandfathers. Amy could ıave bought mountains of food for the ›rice of that bed. But she would have ;tarved rather than sell it.

Anne under the pink canopy was like a ·ose—a white rose with a faint flush. The ·olor in Amy's cheeks was fixed and hard. Yet even with her oldness and tiredness ınd metal curlers she had the look of race vhich attracted Murray.

"Anne," she said, "Murray and I had a ong talk about you the other day."

"Murray always talks—long." Anne vas yawning.

"Please be serious, Anne. He wants to narry you."

"Marry me!" incredulously. "I thought t was you; or Ethel."

"Well, it isn't," wearily. "And it's a ;reat opportunity—for you, Anne."

"Opportunity for what?"

Amy had a sense of the futility of trying ;o explain.

"There aren't many men like him."

"Fortunately."

"Anne, how can you? He's really paying ;ou a great compliment."

"Why didn't he ask me himself?"

"He didn't want to startle you. You're ;o young. Murray has extreme fineness of ·eeling."

Anne tilted her chin. "I don't see what he finds in me."

"You're young"—with a tinge of bit·erness—"and he says you are beautiful."

Anne threw off the covers and set her ›are feet on the floor. "Beautiful!" she ;coffed, but went to the mirror. "I'm thin," she meditated, "but I've got nice hair."

"We all have nice hair," said Amy; "but you've got Ethel's complexion and my figure."

"I don't think I want to be loved for my ·omplexion." Anne turned suddenly and faced her sister. "Or my figure. I'd rather be loved for my mind."

"Men don't love women for their minds," said Amy wearily. "You'll learn that when you have lived as long as I have. Get back into bed, Anne. You'll freeze."

But Anne, shivering in the cotton kimono, argued the question hotly: "I should think Murray would want to marry someone with congenial tastes. He hates everything that I like."

"He'll make an excellent husband. You ought to be happy to know that he—·ares."

She began to cough—a racking cough that left her exhausted.

Anne, bending over her, said, "Why, Amy, are you sick?"

"I'm—I'm rather wretched, Anne."

"Are you taking anything for your ·ough?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have a doctor."

"I have had one."

"What did he say?"

Amy put her off. "I'll feel better in the morning, Anne. Don't worry." Again the ·ough tore her. Anne flew to Ethel.

"See what you can do for her. There is blood on her handkerchief! I am going to ·all a doctor."

The doctor, arriving, checked the cough. Later he told Anne that Amy must have a ·hange and strengthening food.

"At once. She's in a very serious state. I've told her, but she won't listen."

In the days that followed Anne arraigned herself hotly. "I've been a selfish pig—·ating up everything—and Amy needed it."

In this state of mind she fasted—and was famished.

Maxwell, noting her paleness, demanded, "What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

She wanted to cry out, "I'm hungry." But she, too, had her pride.

"Amy's ill."

He got it out of her finally. "The doctor is much worried about her. He says she needs a change."

"You need it too."

She needed food, but she couldn't tell him that. The state of their exchequer was alarming. It had been revealed to her since Amy's illness that there was really nothing coming in until the next quarter.

"Why didn't you let Charlotte go, Ethel?"

"We've always had a maid. What would people think?"

"And because of what people think, Amy is to starve?"

"Anne, how can you?"

"Well, it comes to that. She needs things; and we don't need Charlotte."

But when they spoke to Amy of sending Charlotte away she was feverishly excited. "There's nobody to do the work."

"I can do it," said Anne.

"We Merrymans have never worked," Amy began to cry. "I'd rather die," she said, "than have people think we are—poor."

V

MAXWELL was a man of action. When he saw Anne pale he sought a remedy. "Look here, why can't you and your sisters come out to my farm?"

Anne, remembering certain things—broilers and fresh eggs—was thrilled by the invitation. "I'd love it! But Amy won't accept."

"Why not?"

"She's terribly stiff."

He laughed. "Perhaps I can talk her over."

Amy, lying on her couch, very weary, facing a shadowy future, felt his magnetism as he talked to her. It was as if life spoke through his lips. Murray had sat there beside her only an hour before. He had brought her roses but he had brought no hope.

Fear had for weeks kept Amy company. Through her nights and days it had stalked, a pale specter. And now Maxwell was saying: "You'll be well in a month. Of course you'll come! There's room for half a dozen. You three won't half fill the house."

It was decided, however, that Ethel must stay in town. Amy had a nervous feeling that with the house closed Murray might slip away from them.

Old Molly Winchell, summing up the situation, said to Murray: "Of course Anne will marry Maxwell Sears. There's nothing like propinquity."

Murray, startled, admitted the danger. "It would be an awful thing for Anne."

"Why?"

"He's rather a bounder."

Old Molly Winchell hit him on the arm with her fan. Her eyes twinkled maliciously. "He's nothing of the sort, and you know it. You're jealous, Murray."

Murray's jealousy was, quite uniquely, not founded on any great depth of love for Anne. His appropriation of the three sisters had been a pretty and pleasant pastime. When he had finally decided upon Anne as the pivotal center of his universe he had contemplated a future in which the other sisters also figured—especially Amy. He had, indeed, not thought of a world without Amy.

Her illness had troubled him, but not greatly. Things had always come to him as he had wanted them, and he was quite sure that if Anne was to be the flame to light his future Providence would permit Amy to be, as it were, the keeper of the light.

He felt it necessary to warn Anne: "Don't fall in love with Sears."

"Don't be silly, Murray."

"Is it silly to say that I love you, Anne?"

They were alone in the old library, with its books and bronzes and bag-wigged ancestors. And Murray sat down beside Anne and took her hand in his and said, "I love you, Anne."

It was a proposal which was not to be treated lightly. In spite of herself Anne was flattered. Murray had always loomed on her horizon as something of a bore but none the less a person of importance.

She caught her breath quickly. "Please, Murray"—her blushes were bewitching—"I'm too young to think about such things. And I'm not in love with anybody."

Murray raised her hand to his lips. "Keep yourself for me, little Anne." He rose and stood looking down at her. "You're a very charming child," he said. "Do you know it?"

Anne gazing at herself in the glass later wondered if it were true. It was nice of Murray to say it. But she was not in the least in love with Murray. He was too old. And Maxwell was too old. Anne's dreams of romance had to do with glorified youth. She wanted a young Romeo shouting his passion to the stars!

She packed her bag, however, in high anticipation. Maxwell was a splendid playmate, and she thought of his farm as flowing with milk and honey!

Maxwell wrote to Winifred that he was coming home and bringing guests.

"Run down and meet them. Anne's a corking kid."

Winifred knew what had happened. Some girl had got hold of Maxwell. It was always the way with men like that—big men; they were credulous creatures where women were concerned, and it would make such a difference to Maxwell's future if he married the wrong woman.

She decided to go down as soon as she could. She felt that she ought to hurry, but there were things that held her. And so it happened that before she reached the farm Maxwell had asked Anne to marry him. There had been a cool evening when the scent of lilacs had washed in great waves through the open windows. Amy had gone to bed and he and Anne had dined alone with the flare of candles between them, and the rest of the room in pleasant shadow. And then their coffee had been served, and Aunt Mittie, his housekeeper, had asked if there was anything else, and had withdrawn, and he had risen and had walked round to Anne's place and had laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Little Anne," he had said, "I should like to see you here always."

"Here?"

"As my wife."

"Oh!"

She had had a rapturous week at the farm. She had never known anything like it. Aunt Elizabeth, of the Eastern Shore, lived in a sleepy town, and Anne's other brief vacations had been spent in more or less fashionable resorts. But here was a paradise of plenty; the big wide house, the spreading barns, the opulent garden, the rolling fields, the enchanting creatures who were sheltered by the barns and fed by the fields, and who in return gave payment of yellow cream and warm white eggs, and who lowed at night and cackled in the morning, and whose days were measured by the rising and the setting of the sun.

She loved it all—the purring pussies, the companionable pups, the steady, faithful older dogs, the lambs in the pasture, the good things to eat.

She was glowing with gratitude, and Maxwell was asking insistently, "Won't you, Anne?"

She had never been so happy, and he was the source of her happiness. Against this background of vivid life the thought of Murray was a pale memory.

So her wistful eyes met Maxwell's. "It would be lovely—to live here—always."

Later, when she had started upstairs with her candle, he had kissed her, leaning over the rail to watch her as she went up, and Anne had gone to sleep tremulous with the thought that her future would lie here in this great house with this fine and kindly man.

Winifred, coming down at last, found that she had come too late. Maxwell told her as they motored up from the station.

"Wish me happiness, Win. I am going to marry little Anne."

It did not enter his head for a moment that the woman by his side loved him. He had thought that if she ever married him it would be a sort of concession on her part, a sacrifice to her interest in his future. He had a feeling that she would be glad if such a sacrifice were not demanded.

But Winifred was not glad. "You are sure you are making no mistake, Max?"

"Wait till you see her."

Winifred waited and saw. "She's not in the least in love with him. She likes the warm nest she has fallen into. And she'll spoil his future. He'll settle down here, and he belongs to the world."

He belonged at least to his constituency.

"I've got to make a speech," he told the three women one morning, "in a town twenty miles away. If you girls would like the ride you can motor over with me. You needn't listen to my speech if you don't want to."

Amy and Winifred said that of course they wanted to listen. Anne smiled happily and said nothing. She was, of course, glad to go, but Maxwell's speeches were to her the abstract things of life; the concrete things at this moment were the delicious dinner which was before her and the fact that in the barn, curled up in the hay, was a new family of kittens—little tabbies like their adoring mother.

"Isn't it a lovely world?" she had said to her lover as she had sat in the loft with the cuddly cats in her lap.

"Yes."

He knew that it was not all lovely, that somewhere there were lean and hungry kittens and lean and hungry folks—but why remind her at such a moment?

VI

ON THE way over Anne sat with Winifred. She had insisted that Amy should have the front seat with Max. Amy was much better. Life had begun to flow into her veins like wine. She had written to Murray: "It is as if a miracle had happened."

Winifred on the back seat talked to Anne. She had a great deal to say about Maxwell's future. "I am sorry he bought the farm."

"Oh, not really." Anne's attention strayed. She had one of the puppies in her lap. He kept peeping out from between the folds of her cape with his bright eyes. "Isn't he a darling, Winifred?"

"He ought to sell it." Winifred liked dogs, but at this moment she wanted Anne's attention. "He ought to sell the farm. He has a great future before him. Everybody says it. He simply must not settle down."

"Oh, well, he won't," said Anne easily.

"He will if you let him."

"If I let him?"

"If he thinks you like it."

There was a deep flush on Winifred's cheeks. She was really a very handsome girl, with bright brown hair and brown eyes. She wore a small brown hat and a sable collar. The collar was open and showed her strong white throat.

"If he thinks you like it," she repeated, "he will stay; and he belongs to the world; nobody must hold him back. He's the biggest man in his party to-day. There is no limit to his powers."

Anne stared at her. "Of course there isn't." She wondered why Winifred seemed so terribly in earnest about it. She pulled the puppy's ears. "But I should hate to have him sell the farm."

Winifred settled back with a sharp sigh and gazed at the long gray road ahead of her. She gazed indeed into a rather blank future. Her talents would be, she felt, to some extent wasted. If Max rose to greater heights of fame it would be because of his own unaided efforts. This child would be no help to him.

The speech Max made to his constituents was not cool and clear-cut like the speeches which Anne had heard him make to his colleagues in the House. He spoke now with warmth and persuasiveness. Anne sitting in the big car on the edge of the crowd found herself listening intently. She was aware, as he went on, of a new Max. The mass of men who had gathered were largely foreigners who knew little of the real meanings of democracy. Max was telling them what it meant to be a good American. He told it simply, but he was in dead earnest. Anne felt that this earnestness was the secret of his power. He wanted men to be good Americans, he wanted them to know the privileges they might enjoy in a free country, and he was telling them how to keep it free—not by violence and mob rule but by remembering their obligations as citizens. He told them that they must be always on the side of law and order, that they must fight injustice not with the bomb and the red flag but with their votes.

"Vote for the man you trust, and not for the man who inflames your passions. Your vote is a sacred thing; when you sell it you dishonor yourself. Respect yourself, and you'll respect the country that has made a man of you."

The response was immediate, the applause tumultuous. After his speech they crowded about him. They knew him for their friend. But they knew him for more than that. He asked nothing of their manhood but the best. He preached honesty and practiced it.

Yet as he climbed into the car Anne had little to say to him. Winifred leaning forward was emphatic in her praise:

"You have no right to bury yourself, Max."

"My dear girl, I'm not dead yet." He was a bit impatient. He had hoped for a word from Anne. But she sat silent, pulling the puppy's ears.

"He's asleep," she said finally as she caught the inquiry in her lover's eyes. "He's tired out, poor darling."

She seemed indifferent, but she was not. She had been much stirred. She had a strange feeling that something had happened to her while she had listened to Maxwell's speech. Some string had broken and her romance was out of tune.

She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking it over. She grew hot with the thought of the limitations of her previous conception of her lover. She had considered him a sort of background for the pleasant things he could do for her. She had fitted him to the measure of the boxes

(Concluded on Page 130)

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(Concluded from Page 127)

of candy that he had brought her, the luncheons in the House restaurant, the bountiful hospitality of the farm. How lightly she had looked down on him as he had stood below her on the stairs with her candle in his hand. How casually she had accepted his kiss. She had a sudden feeling that she must not let him kiss her again!

Early in the morning she went into Amy's room. "Amy," she said, "how soon do you think we can go to Aunt Elizabeth's?"

"Aunt Elizabeth's? Why, Anne?"

"I want to leave here."

"To leave here?" Amy sat up. Even in the bright light of the morning her face looked young. Good food and fresh air had done much for her. It had been quite heavenly, too, to let care slip away, to have no thought of what she should eat or what she should drink or what she should wear. "To leave here? I thought you loved it, Anne."

"I've got to get away. I'm not going to marry Maxwell, Amy."

"Anne! What made you change your mind?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me. But I wish you would write to Aunt Elizabeth."

"I had a letter from her yesterday. She says we can come at any time. But—have you told Max?"

"Not yet."

"Has he done anything?"

"No. It's just—that I can't marry him. Don't ask me, Amy." She broke down in a storm of tears.

Amy, soothing her, wondered if after all Anne cared for Murray Flint. It was, she felt, the only solution possible. Surely a girl would not throw away a chance to marry a man like Maxwell Sears for nothing.

For Amy had learned in the days that she had spent at the farm that Maxwell Sears was a man to reckon with. She was very grateful for what he had done for her, and she had been glad of Anne's engagement. Murray would perhaps be disappointed, but there would still be herself and Ethel.

It was not easy to explain things to Maxwell.

"Why are you going now?" he demanded, and was impatient when they told him that Aunt Elizabeth expected them. "I don't understand it at all. It upsets all of my plans for you, Anne."

That night when he brought Anne's candle she was not on the stairs. Winifred and Amy had gone up.

"Anne! Anne!" he called softly.

She came to the top rail and leaned over. "I'm going to bed in the dark. There's a wonderful moon."

"Come down—for a minute."

"No."

"Then I'll come up," masterfully.

He mounted the stairs two at a time; but when he reached the landing the door was shut!

In the morning he asked her about it. "Why, dearest?"

"Max dear, I can't marry you."

"Nonsense!" His voice was sharp. He laid his hands heavily on her shoulders. "Why not? Look at me, Anne. Why not?"

"I'm not going to marry—anybody."

That was all he could get out of her. He pleaded, raged, and grew at last white and still with anger. "You might at least tell me your reasons."

She said that she would write. Perhaps she could say it better on paper. And she was very, very sorry, but she couldn't.

Winifred knew that something was up, but made no comment. Amy carrying out their program of departure had a sense of regret.

After all, it had been a lovely life, and there were worse things than being a sister to Maxwell Sears. Her voice broke a little as she tried to thank him on their last morning.

He wrung her hand. "Say a good word for me with Anne. I don't know what's the matter with her."

Neither did Amy. And if she was Maxwell's advocate how could she be Murray's? She flushed a little.

"Anne's such a child."

He remembered how he had called her a corking kid. She was more than that to him now. She stood in the doorway in her gray sailor hat and gray cape.

"Anne," he said, "you must have a last bunch of pansies from the garden. Come out and help me pick them."

In the garden he asked, "Are you going to kiss me good-by?"

"No, Max. Please ——"

"Then it's 'God bless you, dearest.'"

He forgot the pansies and they went back to where the car waited.

VII

ANNE'S letter, written from the Eastern Shore, was a long and childish screed. "We have always been beggars on horseback," she said. "Of course you couldn't know that, Max. We have gone without bread so that we could be grand and elegant. We have gone without fire so that we could buy our satin gowns for fashionable functions. We went without butter for a year so that Amy could entertain the Strangeways, whom she had met years ago in Europe. I wouldn't dare tell you what that dinner cost us, but we had a cabinet member or two, and the British Ambassador.

"You wondered why I liked Dickens. Well, I read him so that I could get a good meal by proxy. I used to gloat over the feasts at Wardle's, and Mr. Stiggins' hot toast. And when I met you you gave me—everything. Murray Flint thinks that because I am thin and pale I am all spirit, and I'm afraid you have the same idea. You didn't dream, did you, that I was pale because I hadn't had enough to eat? And when you told me that you wanted me to be your wife I looked ahead and saw the good food and the roaring fires, and I didn't think of anything else. I honestly didn't think of you for a moment, Max.

"There were days, though, when you meant more to me than just that. When we played at the Capitol—that night when we met Lafayette on the stairs! Nobody had ever played with me. But after we went to the farm I was smothered in ease. And I loved it. And I didn't love you. You were just—the man who gave me things. Do you see what I mean? And when you kissed me on the stairs it was as if I were being kissed by a nice old Santa Claus.

"Everybody saw it but you. I am sure Amy knew—and Winifred Reed. You—you ought to marry Winifred, Max. Perhaps you will. You won't want me after you read this letter. And Winifred is splendid.

"It was your speech to the men that waked me. I saw how big you were, and I just—shriveled up.

"And you mustn't worry about me. I am not hungry any more. I feel as if I should never want anything to eat. Perhaps it is because I am older and haven't a growing appetite. And I am not any of the things you thought me. And of course you would be disappointed, and it wouldn't be fair."

Having posted this Anne had other things to do. She wrote mysterious letters, and finally came into a room where her sisters and Aunt Elizabeth were sewing, with an important-looking paper in her hand.

"I am going to work, Amy."

"To work!"

"Yes."

Amy and Ethel and Aunt Elizabeth wore white frocks, and looked very cool and feminine and high-bred. Aunt Elizabeth had a nose like Amy's and the same look of race.

It was Aunt Elizabeth who said in her commanding voice: "What are you talking about, Anne?"

"I am going to work in the War Risk Bureau, Aunt Elizabeth. I wrote to two senators, and they helped me."

No woman of the Merryman family had ever worked in an office.

Anne faced a storm of disapproval, but she stood there slim and defiant, and stated her reasons.

"We need money. I don't see how we can get through a winter like the last. I can't keep my self-respect if we go on living as we did last winter."

"Haven't you any pride, Anne?"

"I have self-respect."

She left the room a conqueror. After she had gone the three women talked about her. They did not say it openly, but they felt that there was really an ordinary streak in Anne. Otherwise she would not have wanted to work in an office.

There was, however, nothing to be done. Anne was twenty-one. She was to get a hundred dollars a month. In spite of herself Amy felt a throb of the heart as she thought of what that hundred dollars would mean to them.

Murray Flint was much perturbed when he heard of Anne's decision. He wrote to her that of course she knew that there was no reason why she should go into an office—his home and hearthstone were hers. She wrote back that she should never marry! After that, Murray felt, with Amy and Ethel and Aunt Elizabeth, that there was an ordinary streak in Anne!

When he arrived in August at Aunt Elizabeth's he was astonished at the change in Amy. She looked really very young as she came to meet him, and Aunt Elizabeth's house was a perfect setting for her charms. Murray was very fond of Aunt Elizabeth's house. It was an ancient, stately edifice, and within there were the gold-framed portraits of men and women with noses like Amy's and Aunt Elizabeth's.

Murray had missed Amy very much and he told her so.

"It was a point of honor for me to ask Anne again. But when I thought I was going to lose you I learned that my life would be empty without you."

He really believed what he was telling her. If Amy did not believe it she made no sign. She was getting much more than she expected, and she accepted him graciously and elegantly, as became a daughter of th Merrymans.

It was when he told Anne of his engage ment to Amy that Murray again offere her a home. "There will always be a plac for Amy's sisters, Anne."

"You are very good, Murray—but can't."

She had said the same thing to Maxwel who had come hot-footed to tell her tha her letter had made no difference in hi feeling for her.

"How could you think it, Anne? M darling, you are making a mountain of molehill!"

She had been tremulous but firm. "I'v got to have my—self-respect, Max."

Because he understood men he unde stood her. And when he had left her he ha said to himself with long-drawn breat "She's a corking kid."

And this time there had been no laughte in his eyes.

All that winter Anne worked, a litt striving creature, with her head held high Maxwell was in town, for Congress ha convened. But he had not come to see he Now and then when there was a nigh session she went up to the House and sa far back in the Gallery, where, unpe ceived, she could listen to her lover's voic Then she would steal away, a little ghos down the shadowy stairway; but ther were no games now with Lafayette!

Amy and Murray were to be marrie in June. They had enjoyed a dignifie and leisurely engagement, and Amy ha bloomed in the sunshine of Murray's ap probation. Anne's salary had helped great deal in getting the trousseau togethe Most of the salary, indeed, had been spen for that. The table was, as usual, meage but Anne had not seemed to care.

She was therefore rather white and thi when, on the day that Congress adjourne Maxwell came out to Georgetown to se her. It had been a long session, and it wa spring.

There were white lilacs in a great blu jar in the Merryman library, and throug the long window a glimpse of a thin litt moon in a faint green sky.

As he looked at Anne, Maxwell felt lump in his throat. She had given him h hand and had smiled at him. "How are th kittens?" she had asked in an effort to b gay.

He did not answer her question. H went, rather, directly to the point. "Ann why wouldn't you kiss me on that la night?"

She flushed to the roots of her hai "It—it was because I loved you, Max."

"I thought so. But you had to prove to yourself?"

"Yes."

"Anne, that's why I've let you alone a winter—so that you might prove it. But- I can't go on. It has been an awful wint for me, Anne."

It had been an awful winter for he But she had come out of it knowing he self. And even when at last his arms we about her and he was telling her that h would never let her go, she had a plea t make:

"Don't let me live too softly, Max. Li isn't a feather bed —— You belong to th world. I must go with you toward the bi things. But now and then we'll run bac to the farm."

"What do I care where we run, so th we run—together!"

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

(Continued from Page 23)

trait which always has distinguished what we call the Anglo-Saxon civilization—that is to say, the innate though slumbering love of law, the love of right and the love of fair play. Those three things made about all the capital that civilization could claim in the times of the early trails. They were enough. And what we ought to remember is that those germs existed in the souls not of a few but of practically all, including even many of the worst desperadoes of the West. I presume that herein lies much of the glamour of those early days. Across the lapse of time the sporting souls of those men speak to our sporting souls to-day. Their grimness speaks to ours. Their love of a square deal speaks to our love of a square deal.

The personal turbulence of this early population is easy to understand. Some of the wild focuses of settlement in those days were established at about the time of the Civil War. The sectional fight was bitter even on the far frontier, even where war news might come almost a year late. There was quite a strong cleavage in Alder Gulch in the '60's between the Southern element, which largely came in from the West, and the Northern element, more recently arrived from the States via the Missouri River. This sectional feeling was frequently the source of bitter feud and many killings.

Another strange phase of that age made additional complications where one restless white savage rubbed shoulders with another as anxious as himself for riches out of raw resources; as anxious as himself for such rude joys as were obtainable—these early days followed soon after the invention of the American six-shooter. All men went armed and many of them became efficient in the use of their weapons. As soon as a man knows that he is master in firearms a strange feeling of personal independence comes to him. He loses all personal fear as to any other man. He feels that he is the equal of any man. If we speak of democracies let us not forget the principles underlying the vast democracy of the six-shooter. It had as much to do with the American character as the cheap motor car has had, though in a far better way. It helped manners and morals. The six-shooter came into a strange country. It established democracy and socialism in a land where every man was a sovereign and a king, because this feeling of personal self-confidence never stopped at the place where you thought you were the equal of your neighbor. You had the feeling inside of you that, did it come to a show-down, you not only were the equal but the master of the other man. You could beat him to it by a hair—and that was all that was needful.

Bad Men Plus Bad Whisky

Another complicating cause in that land and time of perfect personal freedom was the inflaming influence of whisky, and for the most part poor whisky. In general these men lived an outdoor life and took much exercise. They were in high condition. A little additional fillip to the high horse power of their splendid blood circulation and still more of the physical savage in them came to the surface. Whisky was at the immediate basis of most of the Western killings. A man might be morose and sullen for a long time, might intend for a long time to kill a certain other man—and the same might be true as to that other man himself—but until one or both of them had that little plus touch of frenzy which liquor gives the actual deed of physical violence would not break.

Some of the worst bad men never drank at all. Most of them did. Most of the minor killings, done by men who never acquired a very long series of notches on their coup sticks, were done under the immediately inflaming effect of strong drink. The pleasant modern phrase of two and three-quarters per cent was unknown in that country. Light wines and beer had not arrived. Men drank their liquor straight—and it was bad liquor, so they killed one another. And, since often life for them long since had been discovered to be little more than a mockery after all, or more or less a jest after all, or more or less a great and splendid game after all—they were just as well off. They are no more dead than we shall be when we die with our boots off, even though we be pillowed soft in silk.

As to the immediately cogent reasons for what we call crimes of violence, they might come under the two general groups of those having to do with property infringement, or infringement on personal rights, privileges or desires. Political differences, or even less causes, might breed trouble. Of course hunger was unknown as a cause of violence. No man wanted food or shelter. As to the sex cause, that was quite otherwise—it always is a constant and an irreducible.

Most of the affrays in the early mining camps and in the railway cow towns of the range occurred in and round saloons and dance halls. There were few women, but such as there were made abundant trouble in their own brief and hectic day. These white savages, strong men, of tremendous physical vitality, had long since given up the idea of home; but they had never given up the idea of woman, nor could they do so.

So, figuring whisky and women together, calling into remembrance the great leveling agency of the six-shooter and bearing in mind always the individual—the tremendously individual—character of the men who came out into that wild country, it is not so much wonder that there were desperate personal difficulties as that there were not more of them.

Order Without Law

Life in a land of that description was, however, not in the least a turbulent affair. The man who kept away from the saloons was safe as long as he minded his own business and did not step on the toes of anyone else. Existence in one of the settlements of the frontiers was far more peaceful and calm than it is in any one of the great cities of America to-day. There was no noise, no confusion, no tumult. No one tied a bomb on your front porch at night to blow you up. There was not a lock on any door in town. Petty theft was unknown, even though the law also was unknown. The man who stole cows or horses was killed and that was all there was about it. But even the bank burglar was a very late development in Western lawlessness. No country on earth ever had a higher standard of personal honor. A man's word was his word and he never sought to evade a bargain, good or bad. There was a very high reverence for good womanhood in that strange land where good womanhood was never seen—or but rarely.

It was a very polite and even-spoken country. You never heard epithets applied by one man to another. You never heard of a fist fight or of any sort of personal brawl except one sort. The appeal to arms was a matter of course and it was final. After every killing the court of the community sat silently, even before there was any machinery of the law. If it was done fair the killer went free. If it was straight murder he went free for the first few times. Then they hanged him. There never has been at any stage of American development a better country or a better system of government than that which existed yonder in the old days before the law.

Now when you come to assemble all these truths it will be apparent that somewhere out at the end of our old trails there lay a strong, strange and tremendous population. You could not wipe out that population. It was too strong for that. Do you suppose its blood is dead to-day? Do you suppose that those early Western men, many of them men of family and education, fail now or ever will fail to make themselves felt in their descendants in any of our combats, whether they be of war, of industry or of reconstruction?

Too long we have been underestimating and forgetting and setting aside as of small value one particular sort of man whom we did not import but whom we reared on our own soil—to wit: The American. Kotowing to the foreign vote and weakly allowing ourselves to be bound by the silken cords of a luxury which rests on abundant cheap labor, we have been forgetting that quiet figure whose story was written far back on the hidden and unturned page of our hurrying American life. Do you suppose that your American is extinct, though he is seen no more and heard no more? Do you suppose that he is negligible to-day? If so you are a poor American—as well as a poor guesser. And there, perhaps, you may have

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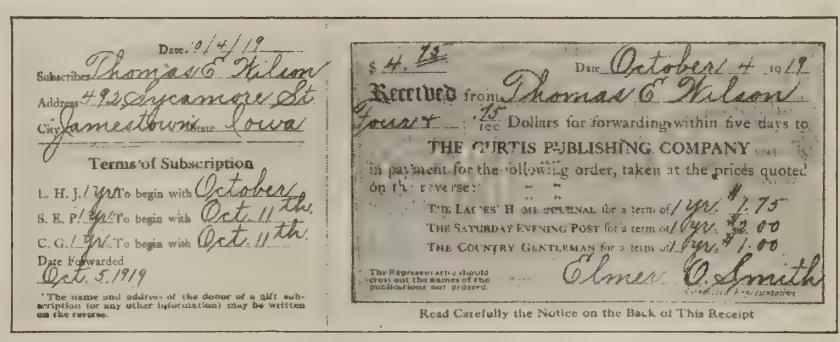

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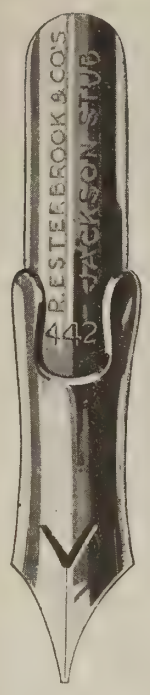

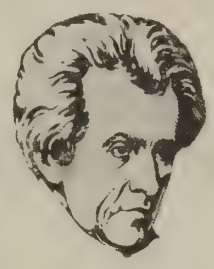

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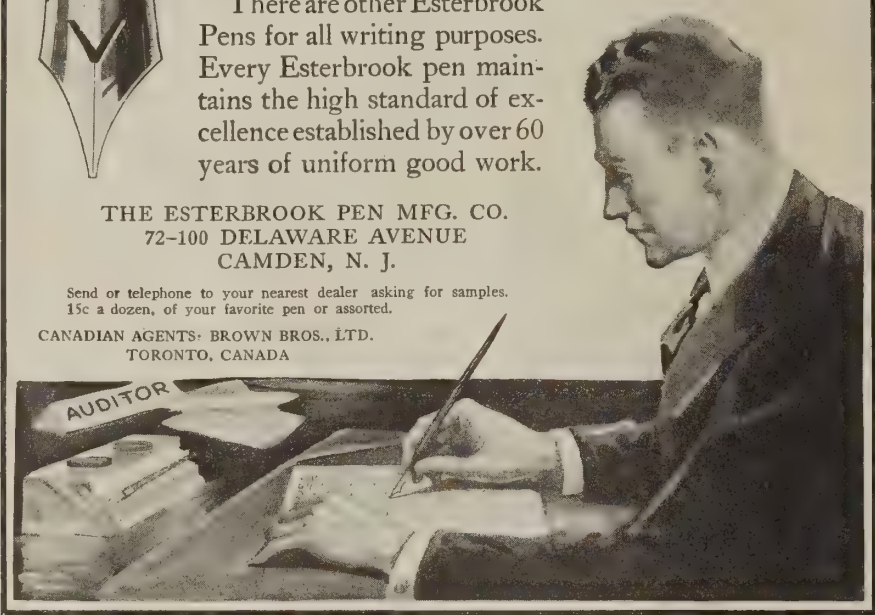

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something of a lesson as to which way the road into America to-morrow is going to run. There may be masses on it, traveling the way of Fate. But there will be leaders on it also, and those leaders will not be imported from Europe. The next great step in American life is not going to concern itself so much with reconstruction and industrial efficiency as with efficient leadership. And your leader is only one sort of man. You cannot make him by writing resolutions. You cannot make him by passing laws. You cannot create him by the miracle of any political platform. You cannot raise him by any set of efficiency rules. He is born. He comes out of two things—good heredity and good environment. He is born.

Certain distinctions in phrasing are unknown in the law, though accepted in practice. In the Southern States to-day if your negro cook takes home in her basket at night a favorite breastpin as well as a couple of heads of cabbage, a whole cake and a piece of side meat you do not call that stealing. The correct phrase is "taking things." In the West in the old times you never heard the term homicide or murder. Your weekly paper, for which you paid a quarter, spoke of a killing as it happened here or there.

There were two kinds of killings—as has above been indicated. A man who had gone bad might come to be known as a killer, but attached to him there would be an entirely different popular attitude from that given to the man who was a highway robber and who killed in the pursuit of that trade. For this reason even such distinguished bandit gentlemen as the James gang or the Dalton gang or the Henry Plummer gang or the Murrell gang, all of historical note each in their day, never quite got up the pedestal of respect or awe—nay, call it admiration—which attached to the lone-hand desperado, such as Wild Bill Hickock or any one of many western town marshals. That latter sort of a killer was a peculiar type that does not really exist to-day. He is extinct. We cannot rear him any more. The psychology of his origin and development is rather curious and possibly interesting.

In Six-Shooter Days

Suppose you were a mountain boy yourself or a boy of the remote canebrakes or bottom lands, whether in Kentucky, Indiana, Arkansas or elsewhere. Suppose the schools were far away. Suppose that your grandpap and your pap had told you that you must never allow a man to tell you you lied and must never allow a man to take away from you what you knew was yours. Suppose that in a country where the use of firearms was common and was once deemed necessary, where skill with weapons was in some part the natural measure of a man, you began to practice with the rifle and especially with the six-shooter. Suppose your skill advanced until there began to grow up in you that superman who felt no fear of anyone, because he knew himself to be a master of weapons himself.

All the time this part of your education was based on one contingency—that of one day being called into personal man-to-man combat. You had no one to depend on but yourself. No one would help you. You did not sight an aim with your six-shooter and practice on the range at a bull's-eye as policemen do—few of whom can shoot at all. You never had heard of a target gallery in your life. But ammunition was scarce and dear. You dug the bullets of your rifle out of the stump to mold them over again. When you were fourteen your father gave you six bullets and you were not to bring in less than four squirrels. After you were sixteen he gave you six bullets and you were not to bring in less than six squirrels, each shot through the head. And when you practiced with the six-shooter, the old cap-and-ball weapon of the Civil War, you did not mark out a round black spot on pap's barn, but roughly indicated the upper part of the body of a man. That was your enemy whom you never had met but might sometime meet.

Twenty paces away, more or less, your six-shooter in its scabbard—usually on the right hip, perhaps in your personal case on the left side as army officers carry the weapon—you walked away muttering to yourself, your teeth set, your eyes grim, the muscles along your jawbone bulging, your whole being coming down to one swift, fiery focus—because, yonder on pap's barn was your enemy! You learned to draw as pap told you—in a flash—swinging to the shot, aiming with your wrist. If you landed inside those lines on pap's barn you knew you had knocked down your man. You might vary an inch or two, even more; but you must never get outside of that line—indeed, must stay on the central third of that rude figure on the barn. So you grew up, educating yourself, guided and affected by the traditions which had come down to you out of a certain sort of past—the best past your ancestors had been able to give you.

You became eighteen years of age—and twenty. You went to a dance and saw another young man dancing with the girl upon whom you had already set your own young eye. He saw you also and laughed as he came by on the crowded little floor. Not a muscle on your face moved. Your eyes became just a little narrower. Quietly you went out to where the tin cup was and poured yourself a little drink of liquor. Quietly the other man did the same after a while. You danced with the girl the next time, and passing by him, strong in the confidence that you were as good as any other man in all the world, you did not care how close you passed. At length he spoke, and he put out an elbow purposely—and that was the act, the blow, the insult. And you killed him.

The Girl Back Home

Now in accordance with the etiquette you hid out in the woods for a time—stepped back in the brush, as the phrase was. It quieted down. After a time one of the young man's family killed your father. Then, of course, it was feud and any killing was fair on both sides. You killed two of them. Then after a time, since they outnumbered you and since the sheriff began to hunt for you too regularly, you left the country and started West on one of the old trails.

You took with you in your heart the picture of a woman. Nearly every one of the morose bachelors of the mines and cow camps had come there because of a woman. Perhaps he had married her, perhaps he had not. Alone and thinking of the woman he grew more and more morose and reticent—as you did now. You told nothing of your past. No one asked you of it—it would have been impolite to do so. You now were in a community of your peers. They let you alone. They were incurious in regard to you. Your attitude toward them was precisely the same. At night the picture of that girl rose before you. Something gnawed at you—you did not know what. Really it was your spirit of fair play and justice and right all the time. That—and the girl.

You slept in your own blankets and cooked your own meals. At night, there being no other place to go, you went to the saloon. You played cards sometimes. Not as yet being quarrelsome, if you suspected the game was not altogether square you simply left it. You were not yet eager to start something, as the phrase went.

One day in the saloon you met a stranger at the bar. He had come in from one of the other camps and was drinking more than was good for him. Whisky had loosened his tongue and he had begun to boast. He asked everybody in the saloon if they knew who he was. Bibulous and friendly or garrulous and truculent, he had drunk for an hour or so before you came in. Now he wanted you to drink with him and you agreed pleasantly enough, for that was the custom. He thought you drank because he had commanded you. Being drunk, he began to leer and to boast and to size you up and to search out your eyes.

Then with a certain sadness in your heart you knew that the duel was on, though you had never met that man before. Your education had been pretty much the same as his. Your reasons for being there had been pretty much the same. Your standards as to a man's honor were pretty much the same. You were rather a new man in your camp and you knew that the time of your proving was now at hand. In the silence in the saloon said that.

The stranger bought more liquor and it was passed along the bar. If you juggled yours it was no more than what you knew you did not need just then. You knew that he was drinking to nerve himself. He became more and more abusive, though you had not yet spoken a decisive insult. You knew now that he was something of a professional killer. You had never clearly heard of him, but you knew his history.

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now. Sullen, morose, melancholy, mad through the agony of his own conscience, he was trying to induce you to make your break, trusting in his own ability to beat you to it. He was what you were not yet yourself—a rogue driven out of the covenant, a professional killer who sometimes would kill simply to show his own dominance. The instinct to survive and to command and to prevail was in his crude, ignorant heart, exaggerated by his unnatural life of solitude, inflamed by the whisky he had been drinking. The picture of some girl gnawed him at night—and also his innate love of the law. You were not yet so far along, but you knew that the duel was there and that it had to be fought to a finish and that death only was to be the finish.

Now there began to flame in your own heart something sullen, something like a hot coal. This man was insulting you and he was violating all your own family traditions. The muscles along your jawbones began to stand out. You never had very large eyes, anyhow, and they began to narrow now just as his had. Through these slits of the veiled eyes you two stood as though the one was seeking out the soul of the other for no good reason in the world.

It had now come to the time when neither dared take his eyes from the eyes of the other man. It was silent in the saloon. One or two weak-minded men had slipped out the door. You watched your man and saw something in his face—no one could describe that—which made you know he now was about up to the climax. You felt no fear of him at all. You hardly saw him at all, though he was no more than six feet from you. You saw a rude outline on your pap's barn. You knew that you would hit him low down in the abdomen, because then he would drop when hit. If you shot him high up he would die, but he might die shooting—and not slowly, harmlessly.

You saw now an affected carelessness come into the conduct of the other man. He had stretched back his shoulders, yawning, until the tail of his coat was back of the handle of his gun. Quietly your own right hand, leaning against the edge of the bar, had moved your own coat back into a similar position, possibly without his knowledge. He began to make circles and to move his whisky glass up and down the wet board of the bar—you saw his hand coming carelessly closer to the edge. Then you saw him tighten. He began: "You ——"

A Killer at Last

It was just before this moment that carelessly you had raised your own empty left hand, not to the back of your neck, but to the front of your forehead, as though to rub your finger there. Now, so quickly that no one could have sworn that it was done, your left hand swept your hat off your head and dashed it into his eyes, and precisely at that moment, as you swung your body sidewise, you turned up—horizontal—the six-shooter on your right hip and fired through the bottom of its scabbard. Long ago you had cut out the top of the scabbard so that your trigger finger would go in easily.

And so they brought it in self-defense, and the weekly paper told how a certain visitor had been killed in the Lone Star Saloon, the reporter giving the number of coup notches accredited to the said stranger.

You went back to your own cabin after a grave glance round at the men in the saloon. No one ever troubled you. The other man was buried quietly and no one ever knew who he really was or whence he came or why he had gone bad. You yourself had not yet gone bad. You were taken into the quiet respect of the quiet community. You had done it fair. On the street it was said you had to kill him. You had not flickered. You could stay.

That was only one of the phenomena of that time and place. You went on some years in your community, living quietly and offending no man. The law came. They elected you deputy sheriff and then sheriff. You had to kill two horse thieves. It now was known that you were a dependable shot. Since you never boasted and since your eyes were narrow they let you alone.

But at night something gnawed. Less frequently but quite as vividly there came up the picture of the girl back home in the States—long, long ago. You never forgot her. Something else gnawed also. It was your Anglo-Saxon soul with its old love of law, its old respect for the rights of others. You were by no means a happy man. You drank a little more now. You became a trifle morose. You did not boast or become boisterous in your cups, but you were silent. The general feeling grew that it was well enough to let you alone. You might go bad.

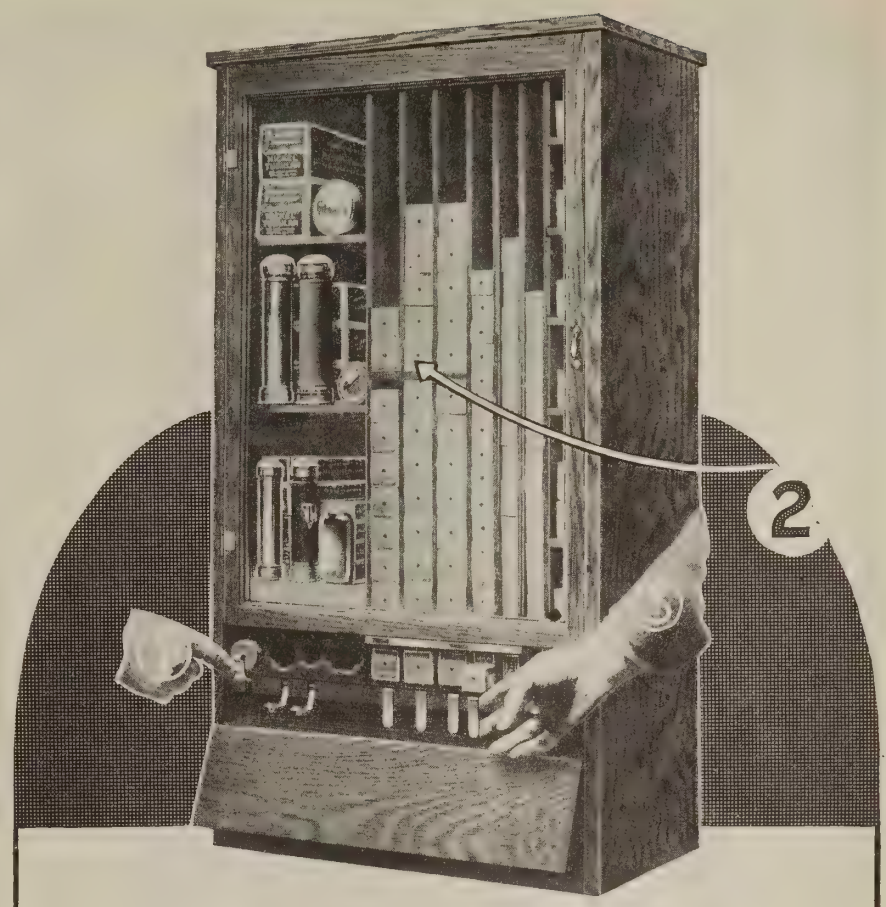
You played cards more and more now, as there was little else to do when the political campaign was not on. You knew that the game at the Lone Star was not always on the square. You had lost but a few dollars, but there rankled in your heart the teachings of your pap not to let a man take away from you what you knew was your own. And hence one evening, not giving him any too much of a show, you executed rather than killed—murdered was the right way to put it this time—the dealer in the game. You gave yourself up for this, since now the courts had come, and you had your trial; and before the jury you "come clear." But the inexorable judgment of the community, always right, remembered that you had been a little too quick this time. Neither law nor sentiment longer was with you really. At night your heart was gnawed more and more. You did not talk very much with anyone. You lived alone, rode alone—sullen, taciturn, a trifle more grim and brusque. You knew men were afraid of you. You were having your little day as superman—yes, you were a killer now.

The Plummer Gang

Most of us have been born and reared in communities where the law long has been established and where life and property have been taken under protection by the courts. To have been at one time savage and to have lived in a land before the coming of the law has not fallen within the experience of very many men to-day, for our frontier is more and more a thing of the past. Yet such an experience was curious and interesting enough. It would be easy out of first-hand or second-hand information to set down many a tale of blood which belonged to those days, and indeed such tales should in proper place be set down accurately and permanently, so that the real history of our country may be known. It is not the purpose herein to describe violent scenes so much as to inquire what lay under these phenomena of violence. What was it that lay deep in the hearts of the men of the old frontier? They were our first army of occupation, taking over the richest lands of our country. Were they good men or bad men? Were they lawless or did they have a real love of the law? Are we to-day lawless or do we still believe in law and order? And what is law?

It is difficult to-day to understand the conditions under which such men lived and without just premises you cannot draw just conclusions. Sometimes we have deified the bad man, and sometimes we have deplored the violence of good men who put bad men away permanently. The really interesting thing is that in the hearts of practically all of these men of the American border who lived before the law, whether they stood for law and order or for license and unrestraint, there still remained, acknowledged or grudgingly acknowledged or unacknowledged, some rude reverence for what was right and fair. Under their wild deeds there survived or was born again spontaneously the feeling that the law was right and that the law in time would come. This is a thing difficult to make clear to any man who has not lived in the rude conditions of such a country. We have nothing with which to compare it.

Quite often at the show-down a very hardened sinner would confess the wrong of his life. When the vigilantes in Montana hanged some twenty of the old Henry Plummer gang, who had made life and property uncertain on all the mountain trails, most of the trapped men showed change of heart in the last scene. Not many of them died desperado. Some broke down and wept, begged. A few died game, as hard as they had lived; many died game who admitted that they long had lived against their own convictions and expressed regret for the wrongs they had done. That is to say, these men, in common with those who hanged them without any process of law—for the law had not yet come—had a submerged sense of right and justice all the time. Most of them, indeed, had been men of great intelligence, many of far more than usual individual ability, a few of education and once of gentle surroundings. They were not like the sodden



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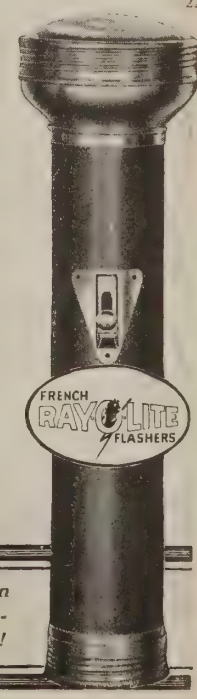

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COATS

and brutal masses of Bolshevik Europe, killing with no more understanding and no more conscience than animals killing. They were a different and a higher type of humanity, and we ought to admit and remember that in any estimate of the original American character, for the man who made our frontier must be called the old and original American. One of these might take as his father confessor the man who tied the knot that ended him, or even the man who fired the shot that ended him. In the last few broken minutes of life such a man quite often condemned himself in his own heart and by his own tongue. He was not a pervert, but a revert—and there lies a world between the two. Was that why these men took off their boots before they died? Did they by that act acknowledge the God of their fathers?

The seed of the law was on the frontier all the time. Bad men and good men took it West with them. They knew—all sorts of them, all of them—that one day the law would come. They all knew that in America no man may take from us that which we know is our own. No man shall do that to-day. There is no socialism of any sort that long is going to do that—not in this country.

The law no more came all at once into the frontier regions of the West than had the population come there all at once. The law was like a candle flame, flickering first, perhaps extinguished and relighted; wavering and gaining and growing slowly until at last it caught the oxygen which gave it life. We have a notion now that the law has always been a constant, an undying and changeless thing. It is nothing of the sort. The law is the seed of the tree of right, and it is no more. Blackstone traces it back to God; says there are divine principles of right. At least somewhere every frontiersman who had left home to go out into our raw, new empire knew that somewhere there was an ark of the covenant.

Backslidden churchman or conscientious atheist or agnostic, each of these men who had gone West to live down his own melancholy or his own disappointment—as many did go—knew that somewhere in the world there was an ark of the covenant. The hand of each of these at one time had rested, or sought some time to rest—if but lightly—upon the horn of that ark of the covenant. Sometimes that feeling took the form of a quiet, personal religious belief in a land where there were no more churches than there were schools and courthouses. One of the most religious and most bloody portions of America was in the Cumberland regions of the Appalachians. Surely the idea of the old Mosaic law was the basic law of the old frontier: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. The complications of property laws were slower to arrive, but the Mosaic law was always there.

The Old Southern Flavor

The masses, the society, the proletariat—these terms were unknown and undreamed on the frontier. Combat was an individual thing; not the largest mass to win, but the best man to win. Collective bargaining was a thing undreamed. It was eye to eye, weapon to weapon. Personal bravery, individual bravery, not the false courage of masses, made the test of a man's fitness to remain in that country. The distinction between men—the difference between aristocrat and common man—existed even in that system of actual democracy. In such a country you could see the entire world being born. You could see society advancing from the very embryo.

Skill with firearms would not alone make a man respected, nor did the fact that a man had killed many other men make him the more beloved or the more safe. Those who had lived by the sword for the most part perished by the sword. At first the law was singularly lenient in regard to homicides and the earlier courts hanged but few men. The flavor of the frontier always was rather Southern than Northern, and even now you may hear a saying in the South that it does not bring a dead man back to life if you hang the man who killed him. The frontier might give a man another chance; another, and yet another. A man might, in the earlier days, have been known as a killer to the extent of a dozen notches on his coup stick before he was executed, whether by the courts or by his fellow men. There is much talk against lynch law. On the frontier, as I saw it in almost its last days forty years ago, I never knew of a lynching which was wrong. A good lynch law well enforced is far better to live under than a good court law which is not enforced. They both go down to the same bed-rock stratum. They both grow out of the same seed which was carried West by our first army of occupation.

Odd instances might rise in a country where the law was not yet grown into a very steady flame. I recall one sunshining and peaceful day in a little Southwestern town when the air seemed especially clear and sweet and free. As I walked up the straggling street that day I heard a great shouting and the sound of wheels. There came into sight a wagon drawn by a team of staggering horses. In the wagon box there stood a bearded man, clad in an old blue army overcoat. He steadied himself at the back of the seat with one hand, waving his hat with the other, shouting all the time hysterically. It may have been that he was drunk. He had a certain right to be. He was celebrating. He welcomed the town and asked it to welcome him. It was Bladder Allen coming back from the county seat. He had just "come clear" on a charge of murder. In the evidence it appeared that a broken knife blade was found in the spine of the victim, and my recollection is that the verdict was that the man had died of natural causes. The state attempted to prove that the piece of knife blade fitted the broken blade of Bladder Allen's knife. It was of no consequence. At least he had "come clear." At first we had quite a number of trials for murder in that country, but not so very many convictions. It was plain that Bladder Allen was much pleased with himself.

The Murder of Jack Cale

But a man might kill only about so many then, law or no law, he was executed. If he had had good qualities of other sorts the popular sentence might be commuted to banishment. I knew of one or two cases where a man was sent into exile in this way. Usually they went to Arizona. Usually they came from Texas. They were products of the trails. None of them ever came back to the towns which had told them to leave.

There was a man in our Southwestern country who for a long time had been under watch of the unorganized sentiment of the community—that unassembled court which then made the real law. His name was Joel Fowler, and he lived the strange life which then was accepted without question in all that country, moving as he liked and subsisting as he pleased. There never was any such thing as industrial unrest in that country. There were no combinations or societies or organizations—labor unions would have had a swell chance there. Steady and regular labor on the part of any man was infrequent. Somewhere out on the range Joel Fowler was supposed to have a ranch. No one knew where he came from. He was accredited with eleven men killed. Usually the number of a man's killings was exaggerated, but it was sure that Joel Fowler was a killer.

Fowler, like many others, was a whisky drinker. Alcohol affects different men in different ways. It made a fiend, a devil out of Joel Fowler, and he got drunk every time he came to the settlements.

At that time the value of range and water front was beginning to increase in New Mexico. The great cow trail had gone north and the territorial ranges were beginning to be sought after. Fowler had some range, or rather some water front—obtained no one knew how—and some cattle also obtained no one knew how. Some Northern people came in there and bought him out—it was said that they paid him eighty thousand dollars. Fowler declared that he was going to leave the country, and the country was glad to hear it. But first he must get drunk.

He went into Socorro on the railroad for that purpose. I have told this unhappy story before now.

There had been one man—Fowler's ranch foreman, Jack Cale—who always had stuck to his brand according to the gospel of the range. There never was a more faithful employee or more loyal friend. Cale knew Fowler's habits and went into Socorro with him simply to take care of him. He made him comply with the law just then beginning to be enforced, which required a man to lay aside his weapon on entering a settlement—a thing which mighty few of us did. Fowler gave up his

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gun to Cale and said he would behave, because now he was rich and he was going back home to turn over a new page.

But first he must treat everybody in town. They went into saloon after saloon, Cale following his employer like a dog. Fowler was friendly at first—genial, liberal. There were plenty of men there he would not care to run against deliberately, but the news went round that he had cleaned up eighty thousand dollars and was standing treat, so they thought everything was all right. But everything was not all right.

With the cunning and the guilty conscience of the man who never knew when he might meet an enemy in the form of some relative or friend of one of his earlier victims, Fowler had hid a knife when he disarmed. He wore it at the back of his neck, bowie fashion, and no one knew he had it. Toward nine or ten o'clock in the evening the wild streak caught Joel at last. He became abusive. Cale argued with him quietly and soberly, but Joel would have none of it and would not leave town as Cale pleadingly again and again asked him to do. It never was said that Cale laid even a finger on Joel or that he crossed him in any way—he was only trying to get him to go home. But Joel Fowler now was no longer Texanchman, no longer friend—he was killer. Suddenly he reached across his shoulder, drew the hidden knife and stabbed in the breast the best friend he ever had in the world. Cale turned away quietly, walked quietly to the door and out to the street and said quietly that Joel had stabbed him. Then quietly he lay down and died.

They took Joel to jail. The law now had come and New Mexico was just endeavoring to be law-abiding and to make a good front before the world. The community knew that Joel Fowler was going to be hanged this time, for he had gone too far; but it was agreed that he must be tried before he was hanged.

Fowler, having means, was able to get a lawyer. He retained W. R. Thornton of Santa Fé, about the best trial lawyer we had in that part of the country—he used to come down to our county and clean up some of us lightweight representatives of the law. Even with Thornton to back him Joel could not come clear this time. He was sentenced to hang. But his lawyer got a stay of the sentence, which under the system of jurisprudence then existing in the territory would have deferred the execution of Joel for a full year before the matter could be finally settled in the courts.

The End of Joel Fowler

"So that is the law!" said the practical citizens of that country. That was a fine sort of law! Here was a man who could not be hanged for a year, who ought to have been hanged long before then. He was in the Socorro jail, but the Socorro jail was a frail, adobe structure out of which a strong man could kick his way. It was necessary to employ a guard to see that he did not escape—and the citizens never intended that Joel should escape. But a half dozen men at five dollars a day would cost considerable money in the course of a year; and the citizens all knew that Joel already had made plenty of trouble and expense as matters then stood.

The unorganized sentiment of the community—that first faint flickering of the lamp of the law—now quietly got body as it did in San Francisco; as it did in Alder Gulch and many another Western mining camp and cow camp.

Certain men went to the jail with a rope and motioned the guards aside. They took Joel out, took him down the railway track a little space and hanged him to a telegraph pole—hanged him like the dog he was, because Joel proved yellow. He was a killer, but he was not a brave man, not a high type of man. He did not die game. Like Henry Plummer, leader of the gang cleaned up by the vigilantes of Alder Gulch twenty years before that time, like some of the men executed by the San Francisco vigilantes thirty years before, Joel Fowler begged for life on any terms. Henry Plummer asked to be stripped naked and turned loose with his tongue cut out—asked life on any terms; knelt and prayed for life. But at the end he pulled together and died somewhat like a man. Joel died in a hysteria of fright, a yellow coward, cursing and crying until the noose stopped him. The men who did the work felt sorry for him—he was such a rotten coward when he saw that no man can outrun the law.

It was practically never that anyone—certainly any outsider—could get a man who actually had taken part in any such scene as this to admit that he ever had anything to do with vigilante work. I don't know that they ever took any oath about it, but it was the quiet understanding that men ought not to talk about such things, and as a matter of fact real men never did talk about them.

With the Joel Fowler justice party there was one man, a negro, who had nothing to do with the hanging. The men took him along to make a box and bury Joel and he did that. More than twenty years afterward I met this negro on his little place in New Mexico, and he, knowing that I dated back to the old times myself, talked with me rather freely. Since I myself was not of the party I violate no act of confidence in telling the tale of Joel Fowler, killer and coward.

Trails That are Gone

In that same wild region between the Rio Grande and the Pecos, at about the time the Texas trail cattle were going north on the long drive, we had a young bandit named Billy the Kid, whose reputation was about as lurid and as lasting as that of any desperado of all the frontier. Billy had all the native instincts of a killer, glossed over as his acts sometimes have been. He got started and he had to keep it up. He was credited with twenty-one men, one for each year of his life—he died at twenty-one. Pat Garrett, who killed Billy, told me that the latter had killed only nine men in all. Fleeing from the law or from the unorganized law, Billy took to the open of the cow range and got about him a little band of other killers. They had to steal enough cattle to keep alive and they took horses when they needed them and they killed men when they needed to do that. They held out for a long time, moving here and there, and made very little attempt to hide, for they had many friends as well as a few enemies. The law was very loose. The public conscience was very lax. The earlier killings of the Kid now were matters of the past. So long as he did not steal one's own cows or horses it seemed wiser to let the Kid alone.

The closing scenes of the life of this bandit and his fellows followed along with the Lincoln County war, that much-discussed and much-garbled feud dating back to 1880 and thereabouts, whose embers perhaps are not even yet all extinguished. I do not care to go into the details of the bloody career of the Kid herein, and in retelling these am concerned rather with the study of the coming of the law; concerned, that is to say, with the origin of our road into To-morrow, which began in the day before the law and in the day of the individual; a trail which runs on out into our To-morrow of masses and organizations and combinations and associations and declarations and strikes and unions and leagues and problems and doubts and dreads. Rough and desperate as was life in the border days of America, I do not know of one man living to-day, who ever knew the old life, who would not rather go back to that old day than to face the new day that surely is coming; and any such man would say that without the least affectation or insincerity. There must, then, have been some strange, strong quality about it after all—that land where began the last trail of America.

We may run our last trail backward but little farther, only enough to see it begin to deepen as it heads out from the old days into the new. Soon the railroads netted the Western lands and the old trails were gone forever. One by one, therefore, the old strongholds of the individual passed. As once the vast, unsettled lands of Texas had sheltered an unknown number of men living beyond the law, the advancing cow trails began to open up New Mexico, Arizona, Old Mexico. Long since California had become sober and civilized, and the wild camps of Montana had become country towns. Schools and courthouses now existed in all the late terminals of the cow range. The law unmistakably was beginning to come.

The first step above the unorganized sentiment of justice took the form of the town marshal of the border town, who quite often was a tough and a criminal himself, but possessed of bravery and skill with weapons. A cut above the old town marshal was the Western sheriff. He also was a man ready enough to kill; but he—more even than the juries and the courts—for a time best represented the good sense of the

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law-and-order element of the late border community.

By this time the idea of home was beginning to come into the homeless borderlands. That brought into play an entirely new set of standards. For instance, in the town where I once lived in the Southwest forty years ago, local sentiment never was very much crystallized against Billy the Kid and his gang of bandits until one night when they rode into town and—only by accident—shot at the windows of a house where there happened to be living a family just arrived from Kansas which included two or three womenfolks. The sentiment of the community was that it was not right to shoot out the windows of a house where women lived. Soon after that the county organized more closely its loose machinery of the law. A sheriff was elected to kill Billy the Kid and to break up his gang. Home had come. The law had come.

Sheriffs were elected and courts established all over the old range. Oklahoma was one of the last of the homes of the bad man of the West. That region definitely had been set apart as the country of the Five Civilized Tribes and made sacred against aggression of the uncivilized tribes of whites. Its wide and unknown regions, where transportation was slow and difficult and where the population was very secretive, for a long time left it immune against what we may call the higher civilization of land boomers and oil speculators.

The Negro-Creek Type

A number of desperadoes of pronounced type settled among the Five Tribes, drifting in from other parts of the border; and the Five Tribes themselves, as well the blanket tribes who occupied the country west of them, proved by no means backward in rearing bad men of their own. One of the worst types of the desperadoes of the entire West might have been called of the Negro-Creek type, though the Choctaws and the Seminoles were not so slow in such matters. The Negro-Creek was a strange product, not really native to the West, but an evolution of the South and West combined.

When the Creeks lived in Eastern Alabama nearly a century ago they were numerous enough to give the whites some uneasiness. It was their practice to welcome runaway negro slaves and in this way there came among them another blood. The negroes were more intelligent than the Indians, had had closer touch with white people, and many of them were about as brave as the Indians. A very considerable amalgamation of the red and black bloods—with the result of a type savage enough—had taken place by 1832, at which time the Creeks were removed to the Indian Nations west of the Mississippi. They took their slaves with them, but some went with them who were not slaves but masters—their early political leaders largely were of blood mixed black and red. Their bad men, too, were very largely of this type—part negro and part Indian. They had a childlike disregard of human suffering and a savage disregard of property rights. They would kill on the slightest provocation and with the least of compunction, and they never knew remorse for their crimes. As the railroad began to cross that last wild land plenty of mixed-blood bandits were on hand to help loot the banks and the stores and steal the livestock of white squatters and to make trouble in general.

As against these and others came now the town marshal and the sheriff, the courts, the railroads, severalty of the land titles—and the last great wave of white population in search of raw resources, coming out in masses on the new, swift transportation. And then all the old trails were blotted out.

By this time we have advanced a clean stage or so along our new trail. Suppose in order to use first-hand and not hearsay testimony we review once more that portion of the Southwest earlier mentioned, where Billy the Kid and his fellow Bolshevists just west of the Pecos River had gone on a strike for shorter hours and more pay. For the purpose of ending that sort of thing a sheriff had been elected—Pat Garrett, who had come into New Mexico, via Texas, from Louisiana—an Alabama man by birth he was. Garrett had been a skin hunter on the plains at one time. He killed his first man there in saving his own life. He rarely spoke of this event—indeed never mentioned it to me until some twenty years after I first knew him. He was known to be a good shot and to be personally brav He practically accepted office with the u derstanding that he was to kill the Kid the Kid was to kill him.

It is not necessary or possible in availab space to tell the wild story of the band hunts in that country. The tight-mouth gentry of the range told few tales and the did not always coincide. For instanc some justified Billy the Kid in killing Mo ton and Baker after they had been take prisoners and disarmed in the old feu called the Lincoln County war. Othe said that the Kid shot down Baker whi he was on his knees and that he killed bo men absolutely in cold blood. That he a his men all were thieves and killers w well known.

Garrett had contempt for them and a ways spoke of them as dirty little murde ers. In brief he did kill the Kid and Charl Bowdre and Tom Foliard and ran Bil Wilson out of the country and broke up t old gang. Other men here and there kill yet others of these outlaws. The detectiv of the new cattle associations, now crow ing out on the range from the long trail Texas, picked up yet others of them he and there.

The six-shooter, the rifle, the rope a the jail now began to line out the new tr of the law. There stretched before the v sion of the border men a new Staked Pla and across it ran a new road—the road To-morrow.

As a type Pat Garrett represented t good killer of the west. He was a bett man with a gun than any of the local de peradoes and he was braver. He nev drank in excess and he never boasted. N man ever had a higher sense of person honor in or out of office. I presume n many better examples of the good Weste sheriff might have been found in all t West.

I used to watch Garrett, not only as friend but as a type. He was a study in t anatomy of melancholy. He was a ve quiet man, and though he had a sense humor I do not believe he was ever a ve happy man. At times, in camp togethe when he did not know he was observed, h face would settle into lines of unspeakab sadness. He had a very striking person resemblance to Abraham Lincoln, not on in figure but in features. At times on h face there came precisely the same mela choly there was on that of Lincoln.

Camping With Pat Garrett

John Bunyan said when he saw a drun ard pass: "But for God's grace, there g John Bunyan." Sometimes as I talk with Pat Garrett and we two were alone camp together and as he put before me simple candor the whole story of his life could not help saying to myself: "But f that killing in self-defense on the Tex plains, there goes a leader and a good man

But Pat had to make a living in the ne West. He passed from office to office a reached the collectorship of the port at Paso, which he administered in absolu honesty. His finances began to fail. think he saw the old trails fading and t new trail opening up now—the trail in other days and ways. Always sad, he b gan to be morose. He got in debt and troubled him as much as it did his cre tors. Men who knew him began to say th Pat might go bad—not meaning that would go dishonest, but that he would dangerous.

One night when Garrett and I we starting out on a long trip across the c scenes we both had known twenty yea earlier we slept in the dooryard of a ranc man known as Wayne Brazell, near t White Sands, west of Tularosa. We thr down our tarpaulins on the ground with twenty feet of where Wayne Brazell a two or three other ranch occupants we sleeping also. I can recall now, though I d not understand it then, that in the mor ing Brazell looked at me rather curiously it was an intent sort of look. His face w framed in the window of his house at th time, and I recall now very distinctly t odd and unfriendly expression. At t time it seemed to me only that he was trifle brusque, not quite hospitable. I call also that that night Garrett asked for my six-shooter—he had none wi him—and put it into his hand bag at t head of his bed. There was never anythi said either by Garrett or by Brazell to in cate any personal feeling. I don't kn that there was any. A couple of yea

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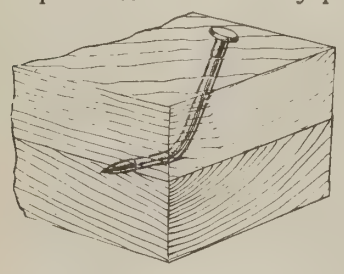

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after that I read the news that Wayne Brazell had killed Pat Garrett.

This killing took place on the road between Garrett's ranch house and Las Cruces, on the railway west of there. It was at a point near the Organ Mountains, on the trail which Garrett and I had ridden together on our last trip. The past of that country holds its own counsel as to many things. It would do no good to tell old rumors or to fan old fires.

It was known that Garrett had an opportunity to sell his ranch and that he and Brazell had had trouble over a goat lease, Garrett claiming that Brazell was running more goats on his range than he had a right to do under the lease. It was said that this goat lease held up the consummation of the ranch sale. Before this time Garrett had lost his place as collector of the port at El Paso. At any rate, whatever the motive and whatever the details as to the last scenes, Brazell came into Las Cruces with a man named Adamson, who was a witness of the shooting, and said that he had killed Pat Garrett.

When the coroner went out along the sandy trail into that desert region his party found Pat Garrett lying dead. He had been shot through the back of the head, the bullet coming out just above the left eye; and a second shot was in the chest, ranging backward and upward to the shoulder. Brazell and Adamson swore that Garrett got out of the vehicle with his repeating shotgun in his hands and made a threat that he would put Brazell off the range. The gun was found loaded with number eight shot. I knew this gun myself very well—it was an old affair called a Burgess, a repeating gun of obsolete type. Pat and I would sometimes lug it round to shoot quail along the road.

American Frontiersmen

Brazell was set free. The newspapers called it acquitted—they no longer said came clear. A new day had risen. I mention these things at such length merely to show at first-hand how different was that day. The courts had advanced somewhat since the time the citizens hanged Joel Fowler at Socorro just above on the railway.

The new trail now was lengthening and deepening—the old trails practically were gone. That was less than twenty years ago. One of the gravestones along it—one of a great many here and there—was that of a killer who killed in the name of the law and a man who never broke his word even to an outlaw.

How many men were killed in the century or two of our frontier life in America—that is to say, of those who were killed in personal combat or executed under some form of the law for the crime of homicide? I presume far more than all who were killed in our army in the late war, perhaps twice or thrice as many. The vast number of these events never got into record at all—the process of news gleaning on the border even forty years ago was very inexact. There were scores and hundreds of killings in the southwestern country that never got on the wire at all, never got into history at all. All that faint, vague record has been swept into the oblivion of the past.

Advancing on our new trail, we come back into the country once crossed only by the low-headed trail herds passing north. We are crossing the dead trails of the Arkansas and the Platte and the Missouri, and on every hand there are schools and courthouses, and tree claims are bringing the forests to the short-grass plains, and a new population has come. A new theory of news gathering has developed—and we begin to assemble facts. Successors to the old tenants of this country, we find the Golden Eagle Clothing Store and the phony cow-puncher with the Wild-West costume; we come also in due time to the Wild West of the movies, showing to the excited gaze of an America which now speaks fifty languages the modern idea of what America was when we spoke one language.

The men of the West were by no means demigods. They were American frontiersmen and they went to the frontier because they had to or because they wanted to. They were no better and no worse than the transportation of the day that bore them. They were as good as the old trails; no better. But surely if we go back along any of these trails we find those men.

Did they lie down and die out yonder? Did their blood die with them? When the frontier was wiped out was it really gone? Was there never born at any time in this country an American type? Was there never evolved out of all our strange and stirring events the actual spirit, the actual genius of an American? If we said No to such a question as that we should be admitting the failure of this republic, vaunted so loftily as the maker and the savior of mankind.

There is much to be said in favor of the life in the earlier days of America—very much indeed, though this is not the place to say it. It is more manful of us all to take to-day as we find it and to do what we can toward making to-morrow a better place to live in than to-day. But who is going to do that? Where are we to find the man of deeds? And only a man of deeds will serve. Is he to come from Europe, one of these swarming masses who have brought all these problems to us on the wings of our morning? Is he born now on the Danube or the Dnieper or the Elbe? Or was he born—will he have been born—out of the blood spilled along the Missouri and the Platte and the Arkansas and the Red? Was there no genius of America which grew in that far, sweet land? Was there no imperishable leader born there to marshal us in the weary march on our new, long, hard trail, the trail into the problems of to-morrow?

It is a most curious thing, a study of this evolution of the law, this evolution of what we call civilization. What is the law and what is order? What is the government of a country? What is civilization? At one time a couple of months or so ago they had three governments in Winnipeg—in Canada, whose boast it was that she promptly took the measure of the American bad man in the Yukon days; of the new and phony bad man it might better have been said. In Winnipeg they had the attempted reign of allied labor in a general strike, and they had the attempted continuance of the old forms of civic government, and lastly they had the still more efficient services of the Committee of One Thousand, which, I think, practically was a reincarnation of the old vigilante spirit of the frontier.

The problems of Winnipeg may presently be the problems of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Seattle. What is that relative thing called the law? What is that relative thing called civilization? Have we come so far on our new trail after all, and is the spirit of the old trail buried after all? For my own self, I cannot believe that the old love of fair play and right and justice, which I myself have seen spontaneously grow and advance on short-grass soil, is an influence ever meant to die on this continent. We had Bolshevism then—yes, the Bolshevist individual, not the Bolshevist mass. We accounted for him then and we can account for him now, the best and the worst that is in us working lawfully or even lawlessly in accord with principles which date back to the first and original American ark of the covenant.

Speed the Day!

Our new trail now, they say, heads back to Europe—we are losing a certain part of the raw population which brought us our new problems. Perhaps it will run next into Russia; after that into South America; after that into Africa. All along it will rise strange new customs, strange new edifices which we cannot visualize to-day—a civilization which we cannot as yet understand. But perhaps one day we shall understand that at one time in our history—to wit, to-day—we were deluded in the greatest delusion of all times—the transient belief that the mass ever can finally dictate to the individual.

Is it the size of a population which makes that population happy? Is civilization always civilized? Is culture a question of numbers and of the extent of property holdings? Is the genius of an age and a race found in a study of its bank balances and its trade totals and its individual tax lists? Some time when men are working out those problems anew they will call this the age of the Great Delusion; and then they will be running back our trail, as we do those running back into our own earlier days.

For me, as for all those whose term of life was such as was showed them at first-hand some of the great inventions, some of the great phenomena of the past fifty years or more, our last trail begins somewhere out under the blue sky of the short-grass country. There is a little church there, a small structure built of adobe, and in its tiny belfry there is a tiny bell—I myself, with you, have heard it when the purple velvet mantle of the twilight was beginning to fa on the mountainside. A dusty, unpave road ran by the side of that little church You and I have been following that road a it deepened and broadened. And see now This road of civilization and progress ha brought us to another church—the ruine Cathedral of Rheims.

You think there are no savages in thes days? You are wrong. You think there i no trouble ahead in America? You ar wrong. But because there now is peac round the little adobe church on the borde we are entitled to believe that there will b peace in Rheims as well. It is the innat and imperishable good in men which alon can establish such a feeling—the good i them and the bravery in them and the in sistence on the doctrine of the old America ark of the covenant.

Our pap taught us how to take care o ourselves. Our pap told us we should neve take the lie from anybody, never accept a insult. Our pap told us to take and to hol and to keep what we knew to be our own Now all the bloody incidents of the frontie are but the proving out of a truth, which i that we remembered then and remembe now the doctrine pap taught us when w spoke one language. The frontier was not melting pot—it was an alembic.

So, as I at least fancy, the dominant lan guage in this country after all is the Amer ican language and the dominant man i this country after all is going to be th American man. Turbulent? Yes, whe the time comes, and dangerous. Yes. Lool at Winnipeg and her vigilantes—we taugh her that. Resolute? Yes—crowd the Amer ican too far and see whether or not he is Had it been possible to kill out heredity and environment, both of these had by thi time been killed by gluttons and cowards But heredity and environment are difficul to kill and slow to die. We American have both. The Bolshevists have neither

The Bolshevists of to-morrow will n more impede the progress of humanity an the advance of fair play and justice tha they did along those other trails with whic we now are one. The acerb road ahead i long and dusty no doubt and many wil hunger and thirst along it—no doubt o that. Graves will arise along it, no doubt But always in some way the weary multi tudes will crowd outward and onward because it is their fate, the human fate And always, as it seems to me at least, wh even as yourself saw America when it had language of its own and a meaning of it own and a genius of its own and an identity of its own—here and there there will b leaders along that trail who will speak tha same language and represent that sam identity—who in short will be American.

Speed the day when we may have mor Americans! Speed the day when Americ will cease to be a place and become a coun try! Speed the day when we shall agai have but one flag and one language—an no more! If our trail into to-morrow doe not lead us to those things, then all our old bold trails were futile and alike our pas and our future are wasted and foregone.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 30)

and loosening things in Missouri, for which he sat in the Senate—they could not go on forever with half the best elements in the State disfranchised.

Thus the Liberal Movement of 1872.

Schurz went to Cincinnati elate with hope. He was an idealist—not quite yet a philosopher. He had his friends about him. Sam Bowles—the first newspaper politician of his day, with none of the handicaps carried by Raymond and Forney—a man keen of insight and foresight, fertile of resources, and not afraid—stood foremost among them. Next came Horace White, Doric in his simplicity like a marble shaft, and to the outer eye as cold as marble, but below a man of feelings, conviction and tenacity, a working journalist and a doughty doctrinaire. A little group of such men formed itself about Schurz—then only forty-three years old—to what end? Why, Greeley, Horace Greeley, the bellwether of abolitionism, the king bee of protectionism, the man of fads and the old white hat.

To some of us it was laughable. To Schurz it was tragical. A bridge had to be constructed for him to pass—for retrace his steps he could not—and, partly blindfolded, he had to be backed upon this like a mule aboard a train of cars. I sometimes wonder what might have happened if Schurz had then and there resigned his seat in the Senate, got his brood together and returned to Germany. I dare say he would have been welcomed by Bismarck.

Certainly there was no lodgment for him thenceforward in American politics. The exigencies of 1876–77 made him a provisional place in the Hayes Administration; but, precisely as the Democrats of Missouri could put such a man to no use, the Republicans at large could find no use for him. He seemed a bull in a china shop to the political organization he honored with a preference wholly intellectual, and having no stomach for either extreme, he became a Mugwump.

III

HE WAS a German. He was an artist. By nature a doctrinaire, he had become a philosopher. He could never wholly adjust himself to his environment. He lectured Lincoln, and Lincoln, perceiving his earnest truthfulness and genuine qualities, forgave him his impertinence, nor ceased to regard him with the enduring affection one might have for an ardent, aspiring and lovable boy. He was repellent to Grant, who could not and perhaps did not desire to understand him. To him the Southerners were always the red-faced, swashbuckling slave-drivers he had fancied and pictured them in the days of his abolition oratory. More and more he lived in a rut of his own fancies, wise in books and counsels, hearty in his relations with the few who enjoyed his confidence; to the last a most captivating personality.

Though fastidious Schurz was not intolerant. Yet he was hard to convince—tenacious of his opinions—courteous though insistent in debate. He was a German; a German Herr Doctor of Music, of Letters and of Common Law. During an intimacy of more than thirty years we scarcely ever agreed about any public matter; differing about even the civil service and the tariff. But I admired him hugely and loved him heartily.

I had once a most amusing encounter with him. There was a dinner at Delmonico's, from whose program of postprandial oratory I had purposely caused my own name to be omitted. Indeed, I had laid a wager I very much wished to win that I would not speak. General Grant and I went in together, and during the repast he said that the only five human beings in the world whom he detested were actually here at table.

Of course, Schurz was one of these. He was the last on the list of speakers and curiously enough—the occasion being the development of the South—and many leading Southerners present—he composed his speech out of an editorial tour de force he was running in the Evening Post on The Homicidal Side of Southern Life. Before he had proceeded half through General Grant, who knew of my wager, said, "You'll lose your bet." When he finished, the call on me was spontaneous and universal. "Now give it to him good," said General Grant.

And I did; I declared—the reporters being long since gone—that there had not been a man killed amiss in Kentucky since the war; that where one had been killed two should have been, and, amid roars of laughter which gave me time to frame some fresh absurdity, I delivered a prose pæan to murder. Nobody seemed more pleased than Schurz himself, and as we came away—General Grant having disappeared—he put his arm about me like a schoolboy and said: "Well, well, I had no idea you were so bloody-minded."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 25)

and now at William's statement that he had left the marquise lying unconscious in the lane and gone to the spring, which was some distance down the slope, Diana seemed to see the picture of the peddler standing behind the big chestnut, one hand on the trunk, peering furtively at the marquise as she came tripping down the lane.

Then, as though at a photoplay, there flashed a widely different scene: Mr. Parker bustling up the steps of the terrace, bursting with news of the Stackpole robbery and the chaff directed at William, who had been in the house when it was supposed to have occurred. Still another mental photograph on the optic thalami, the film screen of the brain, and this one far different again, like the foreglimpses of a three-ply drama. This was of the peddler with a locksmith's ring of dummy keys fitting one with swift skill to James' kit bag when one day he had occasion to go to Chicago and could not find his pocket key ring.

These pictures flitted through the girl's head about as rapidly as they would actually have been shown upon the screen, and as she stood with a rapt face inwardly contemplating them the men stared at her expectantly, not venturing to interrupt because they saw she was deeply plunged in thought. They had not a great while to wait.

"You went to the spring," Diana repeated softly.

William looked at her sharply.

"I did. What's that got to do with it?"

"A great deal. Go on. You went to the spring. What then?"

"I went on the run, let me tell you. She looked as if she were dying or already dead. The beastly spring was full of leaves and muck and I had to scrape them away before I could fill the gourd with muddy water. But muddy water was better than none, I thought, so I filled it and toddled back at my best clip. She was just beginning to show signs of life, so I wet my hanky and flicked her face a little, when she came round all of a hop and opened her beautiful eyes and smiled, apparently none the worse for her nap. I tried to get her to go back to the house, but she refused, so I bided with her until I saw she was quite herself again. Then, as it was plain enough she wanted me to clear out, I cleared. She asked me not to say anything about her having fainted, so I did that too. It was all that beastly snake giving her a jolt when she was feeling rickety. It gave me one, too, for the same reason."

James, who had rather a forensic mind, knit his heavy eyebrows and looked thoughtfully at Diana.

"I think I see your point, Di," said he. "While William was at the spring somebody else might have passed by the marquise. Have you reason to think that anybody did?"

"That's no good," said William. "I may have been out of sight of her for three minutes, not more, and there could not have been anybody nearer than the road, about an eighth of a mile away. There'd have been no time, and, besides, why should anyone have suspected that she was toting a record diamond round with her in that locket? The only sign of life besides ourselves was Clamp, who was thundering over the road but pulled up somewhere, probably to sell some wayfarer a walking stick or parasol. No, you'll have to get me a better alibi than that."

Diana sank into a chair, rested her elbow on the arm, dropped her chin on her cupped hand and did some intensive thinking. William, of course, knew nothing about the peddler, who as the marquise passed had been more than halfway the distance from the road to the lane. He must have seen her coming from afar, stopped his truck and flitted swiftly from tree to tree. Diana knew the peddler to be a person of unusual acumen, a craftsman of extraordinary skill and a tradesman having the entrée to all the surrounding estates. Might he not have picked up this story of the Sultana, seen the marquise in that same *framboise* gown, recognized her coming down the lane and seized the opportunity with his characteristic quick-wittedness? And might not he also have burgled the Stackpoles' safe?

James' incisive voice interrupted her train of thought.

"Pretty serious business," said he.

"Serious, the devil!" snorted Mr. Kirkland. "That is, so far as William is concerned. He did precisely what any gentleman would do under such circumstances. As if anybody would dare so much as hint that a Kirkland could be capable of stealing a diamond from an unconscious woman, and his country's guest at that! Rubbish!"

"Don't bank on any such feudal loyalty in this section, dad," said William. "There are plenty of swine who would like nothing better than to stick it on me—and throw in the Stackpole robbery just to help the thing along. So that was why the pretty lady was always hung with gewgaws like a Christmas tree."

"Yes!" cried Diana passionately. "That was why she wore the wrist thing and the anklet and her dog-collar belt. The watches were dummies—just the faces. They were lockets with springs like a jaw trap and latches that you had to press against something hard to open."

"Where did you get all this, Di?" asked Donald.

"From Gwen. Nobody else knows, so far."

William raised his black eyebrows.

"The Marquise Was So Interested in Watching Clamp Lift That Engine Out and Win His Bet That I Had Every Possible Advantage"

"I suppose Gwen wanted to give me the chance to give back the diamond," said he, "and that when I fail to come across the marquise will set in motion the clumsy machinery of the law."

"Don't be silly," said Diana in a sharp voice. "Your haughty disdain does not impress us one bit. Now tell me something more. Do you know whether or not the Stackpoles have had any work done in or about the house recently? Artisans I mean—plumbers or carpenters, or the like?"

"Not to my knowledge," said William. "Clamp was pottering about doing something to the hot-water pipes when I stopped there early in the week—Tuesday it was—to take Steve Stackpole into town, but our worthy peddler is, of course, beyond suspicion."

A short silence fell. James had sunk back in his chair, staring fixedly ahead of him. The squire, breathing deeply and with a slight wheeze, leaned forward and served himself to a little Scotch. He also had recovered his composure. For all their dissipation the Kirkland men were strong virile types—the hard fibrous sort, black-haired, granite-eyed, lean and muscular, with high features which were rather grim even in their moments of relaxation. Yet they were visionary too. No doubt there was a dash of Pict blood in their ancient ancestry, for even to-day they retained a certain wildness of look and character, that of the savage rather than the profligate, and they were possessed of a clannishness that could not be ruptured by any family quarrel. They were of the kind occasionally encountered in which disputes seem to promote the desire for physical propinquity rather than separation.

But when it came to a family menace they possessed the cohesion of a bowlder, and this trait was generally recognized. In the present case there was no question of William's possible guilt. They merely rallied, back to back, to repel a possible attack upon the family honor.

James, the most analytic mind, was the first to break the short silence.

"When did this fool of a marquise first miss her accursed diamond?" he asked.

"A little before midnight," said Diana. "She was standing at the end of the terrace toying with the locket when she noticed that it felt curiously light. So she slipped inside and opened it and found that the diamond was gone. That knocked her out, of course. Everybody thought that she had been taken ill again, but there was a feeling of mystery about the business and it broke up the party. Gwen sent for me to meet her in the Temple d'Amour, and told me all she knew. She thought that William ought to know."

"Did she suspect William herself?" asked James.

"Of course not! She loves William dearly."

"Was anybody else alone with the marquise?"

"The Melton girl went over in the woods to join her and they came back together a little later. But it is not probable that the marquise fainted again, and Gwen says that the latch of the locket was so stiff that one could not open it in one's fingers. She tried herself. In that case it would have been practically impossible to have managed it while the marquise was wearing it."

"Who is this girl, anyhow?" said James. "And what do you actually know about the De Vallignacs?"

"They are all right," said William. "Nothing phony about them. When I was over there one day the count showed me a lot of their papers. She is Russian and he's from the Midi. She did a lot of Russian relief work and after the smash-up in her own country served in France. The beautiful Patricia appears to have been a sort of propagandist."

"Were there any strangers at the dance?"

"No," answered Diana. "Just our set here and some of their usual guests. The marquise danced only three or four times and spent most of the evening sitting on the terrace."

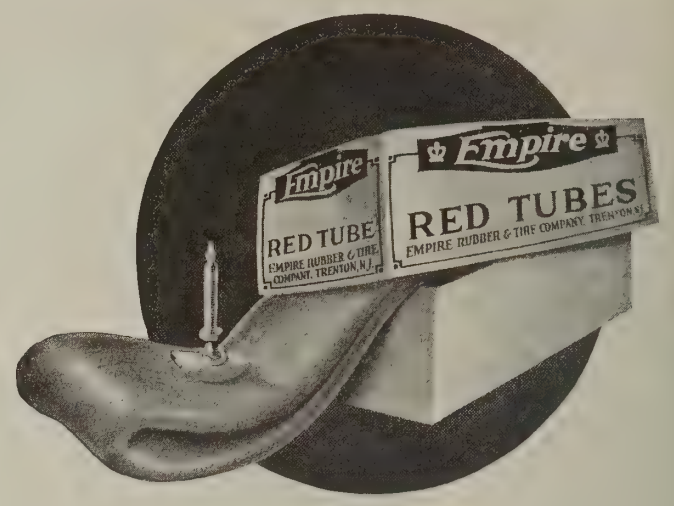
"Blacker and blacker," said William.

"Rot!" growled his father.

Another silence fell. Diana's mind was working rapidly. So far as William was concerned, the knowledge that he had gone to the spring brought her infinite relief, yet filled her with an overwhelming despair; for she didn't see now who other than the

(Continued on Page 149)

Empire Red Tubes
last as long as the average car itself



"the proof of the pudding"

One of the lessons a business firm has to learn is to judge its success not by the compliments it gets, but by the complaints it gets. But when the compliments come all the time, with a complaint only once in a dog's age, you rather feel like telling the world about it. That is the excuse for printing below a few of the letters received at the factory of the Empire Rubber and Tire Company, at Trenton, N. J., which go to prove the truth of the oft-repeated statement "Empire Red Tubes last as long as the average car itself."

"Just a word on your Red Tubes. I have used nothing but Empires for the past four years. At present I have two Empire Red Tubes that have gone over 45,000 miles; one of them has twenty-five patches on it, but is still on the job, well earning its name 'wear longest.'"

C. E. RETEAU, Newark, N. J.

"In September, 1913, I put an Empire Red Tube in a 35 x 4 casing. The tube has been used daily since that date, carrying at all times from 60 to 75 pounds of air under a car weighing 2840 pounds unloaded. It has run in all kinds of weather for almost 5½ years, and today it is on the right front wheel, with 70 pounds of air pressure in it. It is some tube."

J. F. PARDUE, Alvarado, Texas

"If you have a salesman in this territory, will you have him call on us the first time he is in this vicinity. Occasionally we run across an Empire Red Tube to be vulcanized, and we always find that they will stand more curing and vulcanizing in one place, without injury to the tube, than any tube we have ever run across."

McKINLEY & FAIRCHILD, Auburn, N. Y.

"Mr. E. L. Forslund, who has charge of the Prest-O-Lite Service Station, for the Madrid Auto Company, made a rubber apron to use in his battery work from a 34 x 4 Empire Red Tube. The mark A. E. is on the apron, and shows the tube was made in October, 1912. The rubber is still in perfect condition and does not show any 'checking.' Mr. Forslund says Empire Red Tubes wear almost forever."

M. O. COOLEY

"For a number of years, when changing regular Ford wheels over to Baker Demountable Wheels and Rims, we have also changed the tires and tubes. About a year ago we began using Empire Tubes exclusively. So far we have used over 4,000 of them, and the way they have stood up is simply remarkable."

O. J. IPSEN, 250 West 54th St., New York, N. Y.

"We have sold Empire Red Tubes for five (5) years, and in all that time have sent in only two for adjustment. They are the best we have ever sold. Many Empire Red Tubes we sold five years ago are still in service."

IVER IVERSON, Jewell, Iowa

"I have two Empire Red Tubes that have been in service over a period of five years and are still in good condition."

A. D. THOMAS, Detroit, Mich.

"Since I have undertaken to push your line, would say that I have sold several thousand Empire Red Tubes with not a single complaint."

RUDOLPH HENSCHEL, 1675 Broadway, New York

"We have sold Empire Tubes for the past five years, and know from experience that they certainly do 'last as long as the average car itself.' Quite a few Empire Red Tubes that we sold five years ago are still in use, although the cars that they originally supported have been junked."

C. H. JOHNSTON, Oskaloosa, Iowa

"William Anderson recently purchased an Empire Red Tube which he used in a new 30 x 3½ tire on his Ford. This casing rolled off the rim twice, releasing the tube with about fifty-five pounds air pressure in it. The tube enlarged to the size of a man's body, not in one spot, but evenly all around. It did not blow out and is still in service as good as new."

R. T. SIMPSON, Litchfield, Mich.

"I have in my possession a 32 x 3½ Empire Red Tube that I used for about six years. The tube was finally disposed of as equipment on a car sold second hand. After the present owner had let it hang in his barn about a year, he brought it in to see if it was any good. I find the stock is just exactly as good as when I purchased the tube."

C. C. WOODMANSEE, Marshalltown, Iowa

"How about that Empire shoe and tube? I expected to mount it on the 'southeast wheel' tonight. My reason for selecting an Empire was based upon the wonderful service I am getting from an Empire Red Tube. This tube has been in almost constant use for over four years. It has had two large blowouts vulcanized and a number of small punctures patched. I had occasion to repair it a few days ago, and the rubber was apparently as full of life as any new tube I have ever seen."

CHAS. M. SWART, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 147)

peddler could possibly be guilty of the theft. The peddler must have had ample time to slip over to where the marquise lay unconscious and steal the jewel. She knew nothing of his antecedents. Perhaps he was a skilled cracksman and his peculiar commerce merely a blind for more sinister operations. He had free run of the countryside and its rich houses, in most of which at various times he had done some work of repair.

Diana had read in fiction of this type of criminal individuals possessed of courage and charm, and even an oblique sense of chivalry, who were nevertheless obsessed with the insistent idea of theft. She now felt it her imperative duty to tell what she had seen, and yet for some reason she withheld this knowledge. The man had saved her life and that of James. His forceful personality had invaded her sympathies, awakened something in her which had been dormant until his advent. The depth of her obligation to him made her feel that even if he were the thief she owed it to him to hold her tongue for the moment and not denounce him until he had been given opportunity to make restitution. It was probable, she thought, that on learning what she knew he might do this and then discontinue his operations in that vicinity.

And as these thoughts were whirling in her brain they heard through the profound silence which had fallen the staccato exhaust of a motorcycle rapidly approaching. It stopped outside the gate, sputtered a little, grew louder, appeared to be coming up the drive. The heads of the men rose like those of wild animals at sound of the hunter. William laughed.

"On with the dance," said he. "Here comes the bull."

The noise stopped abruptly. Then to their intense astonishment there came from without the lilt of a little song, a familiar little song which unconsciously they had come to associate with help in time of need.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

x

"UPON my word," said James, "the god from the machine."

"That confounded peddler," snorted Mr. Kirkland. "Now what in blazes does he want?"

The front door was open and they heard a sharp rap.

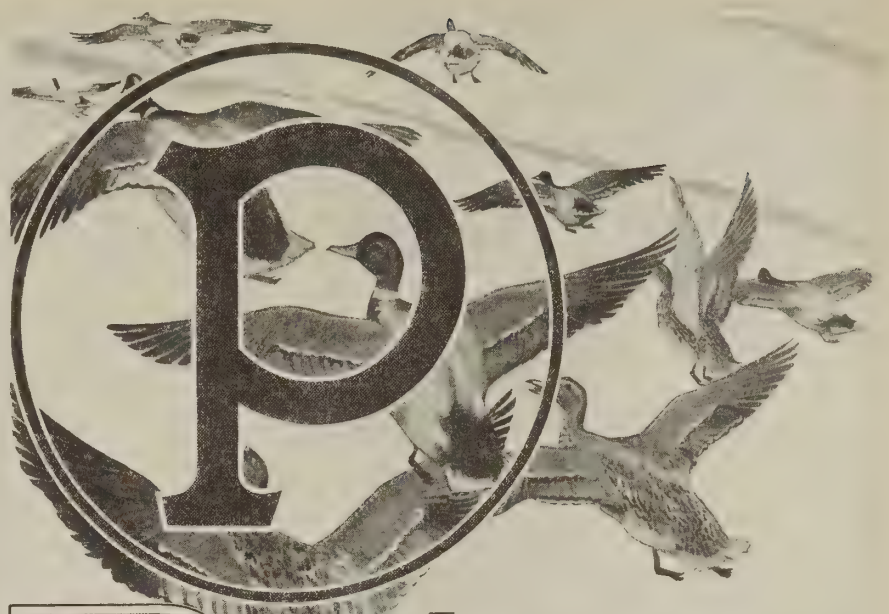
"Come in, Clamp!" called James.

The peddler entered. As usual he was in his blue denim, which seemed always fresh and spotless no matter how grimy the task on which he happened to be engaged. But this time it was supplemented by a pair of short black-leather gaiters such as French postmen and messengers are wont to wear.

He stood for a moment looking at them with a smile, his twinkling gray eyes passing from face to face. As they rested on Diana, who had turned very white, they seemed to flash a question, then to soften, and at some quality in their gray depths or perhaps due to a wireless projected directly from his mental centers to hers, all suspicion of his guilt was dissipated, leaving her strangely confused and bewildered.

Mr. Kirkland twisted about in his chair and glared at the peddler ferociously. But as his look met the smiling, steady gaze its hostility disintegrated, the angry purple of his face slowly faded, leaving it merely that of a much perplexed old gentleman.

Standing in the Doorway Diana Stared at William, Scarcely Able to Speak



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CINCINNATI, OHIO

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SEMI-SMOKELESS powder can be obtained only in Peters Shells and Cartridges. The Referee has the velocity of smokeless loads, the low breach pressure of black powder—a much-to-be-desired combination—yet it costs no more than ordinary black powder shells. It is clean, uniform, powerful, and the ideal load for those desiring comparatively inexpensive ammunition for field shooting.

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"Bigger than Weather"

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Cut on fashionable lines. Built for serviceability. Comfortably warm because of the splendid Patrick Cloth.

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PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
No. 2 Avenue A Duluth, Minnesota

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

"Well, Clamp," he demanded, "what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"My professional calling, sir," replied the peddler, "which is to fill the need of the needy."

James gave a short laugh.

"Then you've come to the right place," said he. "Look here, Clamp, not long ago you hauled two members of this family out of a mighty bad fix by means of a rope and a stump puller. If you've got any kind of newfangled device to pry us out of the hole we're in at this moment, now's your chance to strike a good bargain."

"Sir," said the peddler, "in the argot of the country, you have said it. I have in mind the words of the ancient Polish folk-song:

"Oh, that I had the wings of a wild goose!
I would fly to Silesia,
I would sit on a fence in Silesia ——"

"What devilish gibberish is that?" demanded the squire.

"I was referring in metaphor to the hydroplane, which in a few minutes' work I can make ready to take the air."

"And what in thunder has the hydroplane got to do with it?"

"Pause to reflect, sir. If the hydroplane could fly—and I can guarantee the hydroplane to fly—then Mr. William, a late U. S. Army aviator, might fly, if not to Silesia perhaps to Bermuda or some part of the coast which is remote."

"So you've heard about the rape of the Sultana," said William, "and have apparently come with the idea of assisting me to beat it while the beating's good."

"Far be it from me to give advice, sir. All I have to offer is opportunity."

Diana felt the blood surging into her head. In that moment she was quite capable of slaying this cunning trickster as he stood. The ruse seemed plain to her. The peddler had evidently come to urge that William avail himself of the hydroplane as a means of escape, thus exposing him to the full fire of suspicion which otherwise might possibly be directed against himself. And while the law was searching William, possibly lost in mid-ocean through the mechanical guile of the skilled mechanic, the peddler would have ample time to disappear.

"You slippery faker!" cried Diana, so furiously that the men bounded up in their chairs. "So that's your game, is it? James—William—grab that crook! He's the wretch that stole the Sultana and looted the Stackpoles' safe, and now he's trying to make William the goat."

But her brothers were too astonished to obey, while as for the peddler he turned his head and looked at the raging beauty with an expression so penetrating and yet withal of such singular sweetness that in spite of her conviction of his guilt and cunning Diana was suddenly abashed. She sank back in the big armchair and covered her face with her hands.

"Patience, Miss Kirkland," said the peddler, "is a virtue actually possessed by none, and desired by very few. But Epictetus maintains that that which we do not desire we already possess. Therefore I pray you now make an attempt to exercise it for at least a few brief minutes."

Diana's eyes flamed at him, but she did not answer. William laughed, while Mr. Kirkland passed his hand across his face and stared at the peddler with a dazed expression. For there was this quality about the latter, as those coming in contact with him had already learned, that his neophilosophic preambles possessed invariably some astute reason, and that having got his system rid of them something of value would be forthcoming.

So they held their peace and the peddler, fixing them in turn with his hypnotic gaze, said in his habitually cheerful voice: "A celebrated British jurist has proved to the satisfaction of his fellow countrymen that circumstantial evidence is the only actual evidence that exists. For instance, ten men may swear that they saw a rabbit run across the snow-covered lawn, while one small child might assert that it was not a rabbit but a cat. If, then, on inspection the tracks are shown to be unmistakably those of a cat, the fact becomes incontestable that it was a cat and not a rabbit.

"Again, ten men may swear that they saw the accused shoot from his window at a neighbor likewise visible in his own window, while said accused maintains that what he shot at was not his neighbor but a screech owl upon a limb, the neighbor being hidden from his view by intervening foliage, an apparently slim pretext. But if on investigation they find a newly killed screech owl under the tree, then the proof is incontrovertible that he did actually shoot at the screech owl."

"For heaven's sake," growled James, "get down to brass tacks!"

"Quite so, sir. In the case of the Stackpole burglary three men—the butler, the valet and the chauffeur—are willing to swear that Mr. William was alone in the smoking room, where the safe is impaneled, for at least an hour, while waiting for Mr. Stackpole ——"

Four chairs creaked and groaned as four strong bodies lunged suddenly forward. William alone did not stir.

"The plot thickens," said he lightly; "go on."

"Also," continued the peddler, "three persons, one of them a maid, are ready to take oath that Mr. William, while stopping the night at Mr. White's, left his bedroom at about two o'clock and slipped quietly downstairs, when on returning he mistook his bedroom for one adjacent, which was occupied by a lady guest."

This time the four chairs did not creak, but that of William did.

"Help!" he gasped. "Has there been a burglary there too?"

"There has, sir; that of the safe. Those acquainted with Mr. William's habits can understand that he went down in search of alcoholic refreshment and had no designs on the safe or Miss Melton."

"What was the Melton girl doing there?" growled James.

William sighed.

"She had been dining there and when it came time to leave we got that rip-snorting thunderstorm. The soft and tender lady has a constitutional dread of thunderstorms so they bedded her down for the night. Where and when did you get all this stuff, Clamp?"

"Well, sir, we peddlers in our errant *métier* become possessed of many of the intimate affairs of the community, like the seamstress who sews out, or the butcher boy, the barber, the expressman; especially where we combine the trade of tinker with our other calling. We learn to distinguish the sheep from the goats, and in this particular instance, where the evidence is direct rather than circumstantial, you will pardon my presumption in stating that Mr. William is the potential goat."

"Goat!" said William. "Well, rather! What with the loot of the Sultana coming on top of this yegg stuff and my advertising a financial embarrassment which led to my selling the booze, backed by a statement that I contemplated quitting the country, I'm the regular original shaggy Rocky Mountain billy. Got a stump puller in your kit that will drag me out of this friend peddler? 'Cause if you have I'll take a leaf out of Brother James' book. Booze got James chasing squirrels in the tree top, and booze got me into this purée, and if you can dig up something in your wagon to snake me out of it, so help me, James, I'll follow your example!"

"Can do!" said the peddler cheerfully. "That, then, shall be considered your side of the bet. For my part, if I fail I agree to assume the full responsibility for this and the other crime, of which as yet I assume you to be in ignorance, and which is likewise one probably to be charged to Mr. William's account."

A succession of blows may have one of two effects: either gradually to deaden and render plastic or to break their objective asunder.

In this case the immediate effect was the former. The Kirklands, father, sons and daughter, sat in a sort of paralysis, staring dazedly at the peddler, who regarded each in turn, eyes twinkling, lips parted in a dazzling smile.

"Are you aware, Miss Kirkland, and you, gentlemen, that your own antiquated and inefficient safe is at this moment empty as the saloon bars will be to-morrow?"—he glanced at the clock—"or, to be up to date to-day."

The walls of the big room were heavy, else they might have been drawn inward by the suction of five lusty pairs of lungs. Then James leaped up and rushed to the ancient safe. The peddler raised a warning hand.

"Easy does it, sir," said he. "Remember the cunning little whorls and tourbillions of finger prints."

Mr. Kirkland sat up very stiff and straight.

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"James," said he—and there was a certain dignity in the old man's voice—"open that safe!"

James twirled the combination and swung open the door. Papers and silver plate were apparently undisturbed.

"Key, dad," said he quietly.

Mr. Kirkland slipped the ring from his chain and tossed it to him. James unlocked the inner compartment. Money and the splendid family jewels were gone.

"Empty as interplanetary space," said William.

In the astonished silence all eyes turned to the peddler, and it seemed to Diana that his tanned face held a peculiar glow and that there was a strange light in his clear gray eyes. William rose to his feet.

"Well, family," said he, "what do you think of me now? Pretty straight case of a black sheep, *n'est-ce-pas?* And I can tell you something more. You knew that I was hard up, but you didn't know that in the last few months I've frittered away the bulk of my inheritance. That's why I sold the booze. Now you've heard what Clamp has said, and you've already learned that Clamp knows what he's talking about, for all his hot air. The Stackpole house, the Whites, the Sultana, and now our own till. For all you know there may be other jobs so far unreported. I've been living pretty well all over the community in the last fortnight. What's the verdict?"

There was a growl such as might come from a bear pit at feeding time.

"Don't be an idiot, my boy!" snapped the squire.

"You're hysterical, William," from James.

"Are you trying to make us cry, brother dear," asked Donald mockingly.

"Never mind the inheritance, William," said David. "I guess we can manage to patch you up between us."

Diana sprang to her feet, threw her arms round William's neck and kissed his lean cheek, then turned and stared at the peddler defiantly. But it was not an aggressive defiance; in fact, her intention of the moment was to make an imperative demand that he drop all circumlocution and extricate William immediately from the tangle in which he had got so curiously involved. Her mind was hopelessly confused at being jerked abruptly from one conclusion to another, and it seemed now probable to her that the actual thief might as yet be wholly unsuspected. She knew that William was not such, no longer believed the peddler guilty, and doubted that Patricia could have managed the robbery, even if the girl was actually a criminal, which seemed most improbable.

But at something which now shone from the face of the peddler she checked the hot peremptory words that had risen to her lips. As his thoughtful eyes took estimate of this stormy family, of which the unabating domestic discord was the joke of the community, they seemed to soften, to glisten, while their expression grew infinitely kind. He stood squarely on his feet, his heavy arms hanging with that angle of the elbow which tells of tonic muscular contraction, while his great breadth of shoulder gave him the appearance of some friendly troll or genie. Their eyes met and Diana felt as though a searchlight, a radiograph had flashed its signal into hers. Then he spoke, and his voice vibrated through the room like the low opening chords of an organ.

"So much for the direct evidence," said he. "Remains the circumstantial. That is in my own possession. We peddlers go up and down, here and there, back and forth, to and from. We see and hear and think about our friends and clients, and often even feel for them in their distress. We have known each other for but little space of actual time, but during this epoch it has been my privilege to render you an important service, and yours to renew a great deal of my lost faith in the trueness and loyalty of human nature.

"Direct or circumstantial, there is no evidence, no accusation which can break through the rampart of such fidelity as is here. Nothing could make you possibly lose your faith in the son and brother caught apparently in the toils. But because it might bring you worry and unhappiness I shall tell you this: He stands in no danger of arrest or indictment. Evil influences of which you know nothing are working in this community, and when the time comes they shall be curtailed. For the present you must take my word for this. Do not worry, do not vex yourselves. The real evidence, which is the circumstantial, is not yet in. All in good time. So carry on as usual and do not fret. Sleep in peace. Bear in mind that I have never failed my word. And so, good night."

He seemed to drift out of their range of vision, his wide bulk to dissolve in the murk behind him. Perhaps some vibrant resonance of the deep voice or a sudden relief in the tension of their taut nerves may have blurred their sight. Whatever the cause, when they looked more intently he was gone.

But as they sat there, thrilled, bewildered, almost awed, the night breeze wafted in the lilt of his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

XI

LÉONTINE threw back her head and blew a thin column of smoke into the still night air. Stephan drummed softly on the railing with his pointed finger tips, and looked out across the dark water in the general direction of the continent of Europe, where at that moment he most fervently wished himself. His cigar glowed and faded in pulsating beats, as though some luminous part of his organism.

Patricia, among the cushions of the hammock bench, sat with one leg under her and the tip of a pink slipper slightly swaying the suspended couch. She was trying to see Léontine's face through the velvet darkness and listening as might a daughter to reminiscences edged with the counsel of wide experience as they flowed smoothly from the older woman's lips.

"Ivan always maintained," said Léontine, "that the success of a criminal organization depended greatly on its principals assuming that the conduct of its affairs was entirely justified if illegal."

"Like many a promoting concern," said Stephan.

"Precisely. He would never let any of us admit the loss of *amour propre* merely because we happened to be thieves, nor to think of ourselves as belonging to a degraded criminal class. He insisted that we live and act precisely as though still belonging to the *haut monde*."

Stephan nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "Nothing made Ivan so angry as to have any of his principals forget their manners."

"Rather more than that," said Léontine. "He even justified his own transactions by acts of sincere benevolence. He supported a little private home for tubercular children at Berck. He was well-born, a scholar, a man of heart, and a master thief. And though he never actually shrank from that last word he claimed that the predatory instinct was a predominant one in the majority of mankind, restrained in most cases through fear of the law and lack of finesse. He held that anybody who would try to get something for nothing or even more for a thing than it was worth must be not only a thief at heart but a hypocrite into the bargain."

"That was not Maître Chu-Chu's point of view," murmured Stephan.

"By no means. Chu-Chu never advanced any. Having neither conscience nor scruple he did not bother to justify himself. Besides, he was bloodthirsty. He liked to kill. He was a big-game hunter, and one of his favorite sports was to take part in a Masai lion hunt, where the beast is encircled by men armed only with assagai, who close in upon it, the one at whom the lion springs receiving it upon his spear. He liked also to stalk and make his kill by stealth."

Léontine inhaled her cigarette deeply and appeared to reflect.

"Ivan detested the vulgar idea of a band of robbers where a spirit of socialism obtained and denied that being associated in crime broke down social barriers. From his worst Apache even to Chu-Chu himself, nobody could approach him informally, and woe to the person who attempted familiarity on the ground of common outlawry. His organization was like that of some very rich, powerful, dishonest financier, in whose office everybody knows him to be a bandit but accords him absolute respect. He was invariably formal, even with me, and never came to my little house in Ranelagh without first sending to ask permission. Our lives were precisely those of people in high society. His chauffeur was one of his expert cracksmen and served him precisely as Prince Orloff was served

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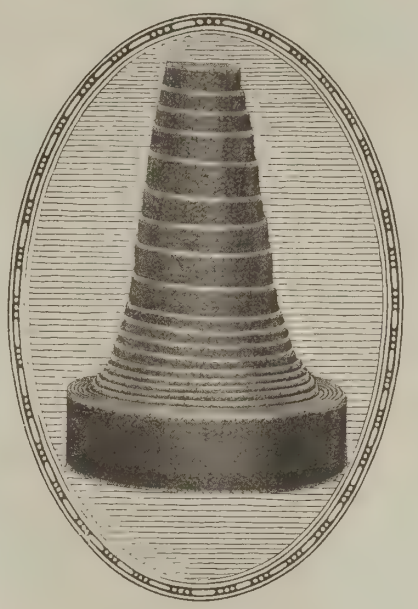

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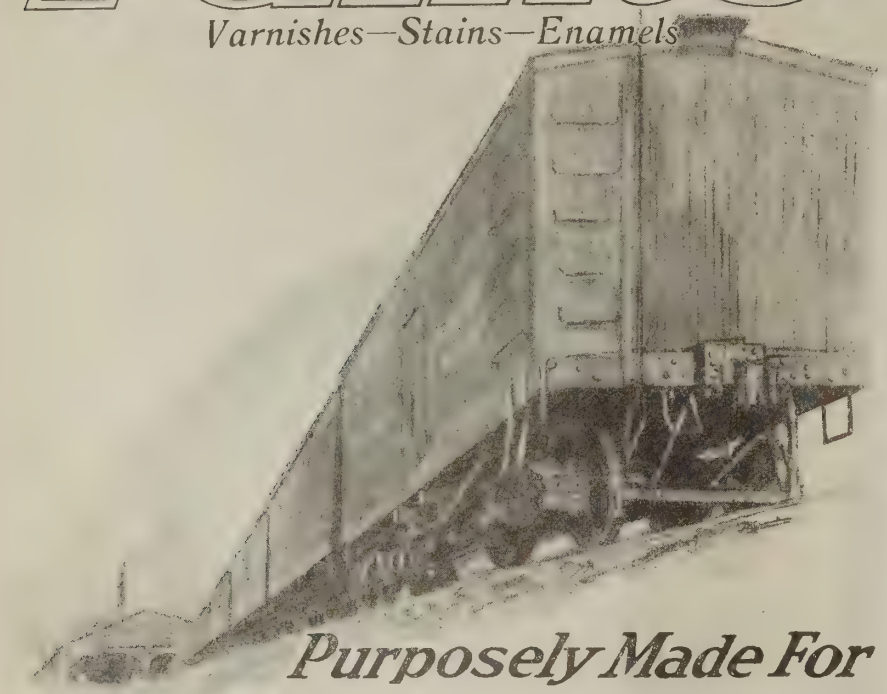

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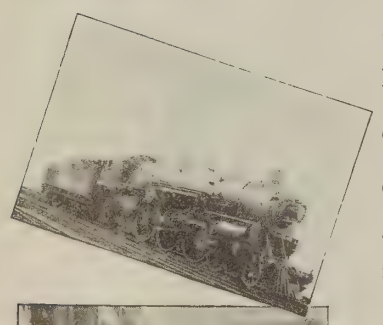

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by his. Our parties were always gay, of course, but there was never anything vulgar, and any of the band who forgot himself was not invited again."

"Precisely as we have it here," said Patricia. "Jean would never think of taking liberties, though he cracked the Whites' safe; nor Demitri nor Marie nor Francisco, who have also done their bits."

"Ivan was right," said Léontine. "Our servants are expert thieves, but they are also servants. They know perfectly well that the slightest lack of respect would cost them their highly paid places, and that they would never get very far without our direction."

"It's the only method," said Stephan, "because in that way we run no danger of being seized *in flagrante delicto*. They would not dare play us false even if caught, because they know that for one thing the fund would not protect them to its utmost legally, and that for another they would not live long afterward. In the old days several of our men who were nabbed and whom in spite of our fund we were unable to protect took their sentences without a murmur. One of them was Gentleman Joe, an American who afterward came to Paris, married Dominica Meduna and retired from criminal life. Even Chu-Chu would not have harmed him, though he hated renegades worse than he did the police."

"Chu-Chu usually left a dead man behind him when he did a job," said Léontine.

"Don't you think," asked Patricia in her limpid voice, "that there may be times when that is almost unavoidable for the safety of the crowd?"

"Are you thinking of young Kirkland?" Léontine asked.

"Yes. So far we have managed wonderfully. In any country but America he would have been indicted long ago; especially in France, where the accused has to prove his innocence. I counted on the marquise swearing out a warrant for him after what I told her, but for some reason the silly little fool does not seem to want to do so."

"Do you think she can possibly suspect you, Patricia?"

"No. You've seen me bend a five-franc piece in my fingers, Léontine, but I can tell you that it took every grain of my strength to open that locket, and my thumb is very painful yet. Then she was so interested, as they all were, in watching Clamp lift that engine out and win his bet with Gerald Metcalf that I had every possible advantage."

"You took an awful chance," said Stephan.

"Well, it was worth it. Still, I never would have done so if she hadn't told me about having fainted in the woods. Then I knew that I should have to act quickly, so I did not let her out of my sight until we went down to the boathouse. You see, I knew that she had not opened the locket and discovered her loss and must surely lay it to William. Then the conditions were perfect, because I was standing behind her on a beam with my arm over her shoulder to steady myself, and if she had discovered what I was up to I could have seemed to lose my balance and grab instinctively at the chain. Their chaffing of William helped, and my leading the conversation back to it in her presence."

"It is evident," said Stephan, "that Patricia is a true artist. She will go far."

"I wish I were going far immediately," Patricia answered. "I don't believe that she will tell Baron Rosenthal, because she will be ashamed to let him know that she has lost the Sultana so soon after it was restored to her. But even if she should there is nothing he can do. He may suspect me, but he has no proof that I drugged the Karakoff girl or that we knew where the Sultana was. When they found that I had really sent back the smuggled loot there was nothing more to say. The embassy had to vouch for me, and so did the Sûreté."

"You are a very clever little girl," said Stephan. "Not one worker in a thousand would have done that."

"Zut! What did it amount to? A lot of rubbish for which we could not have got twenty thousand; to say nothing of the risk. Do you think I was going to take a chance on spoiling everything when I knew that Léontine and you were coming and bringing with you some of your old crowd? It has worked out better than I had hoped, thanks to that fool, William Kirkland, and his gadding about. All we've had to do has been to follow him and arrange to pull off the job in the house where he happened to be."

"If only the marquise would prefer a charge against him our position would be invulnerable," said Léontine. "I can't understand why she does not. She scarcely knows the man. I suppose, though, it's the code of the old French nobility. She is the Metcalfs' guest, and she knows that Gwendolyn is in love with William Kirkland."

"Yes," said Patricia; "and the worst of it is her lips will remain sealed. The best thing we can do now is to get out of the country with what we've got."

"Patience, my dear," said Léontine. "To leave in a hurry might be fatal. What worries me is the *butin* over there in the water. It is safe enough, I suppose, but sometimes I think that hidden treasure has some peculiar magnetic quality."

"A telepathic current from the mind of the hider to that of the seeker," Stephan suggested. "You make me nervous, but I don't see how anyone could possibly find it. Jean put it down at low tide in half a meter of water."

"Léontine is getting soft as the result of her war work," said Patricia. "She was always something of a sentimentalist, whereas I am a ——"

"Fairy," said Stephan lightly. "Soulless but mortal ——"

The next moment he gave a gasp of pain, for the girl reached out one long and beautifully rounded arm, her hand closed across the back of his, and it seemed to him as though a jaw trap had snapped shut upon it. He could feel the bones grinding together, thought they would be crushed. Then the grip was released, and even in the dark he saw the glow of Patricia's tawny eyes and the malicious upward curve of one side of her wide mouth.

"That will do from you, Stephan," said she. "You know perfectly well that I dislike any reference to my peculiar ancestry."

"Sapristi!" growled Stephan. "But you have broken my hand. Where do you get such diabolic strength?"

"Perhaps from the source you refer to. Well, about young Kirkland. You must acknowledge, Léontine, that he would be of inestimable value to us, dead—by his own hand."

There was a moment's silence. Léontine's great eyes burned at Patricia through the murk as though she were trying to fathom how much of bravado and how much of real intention lay behind the limpid voice. They were sitting under the awning rigged out over the roof of the boathouse, which had been furnished with rugs and wicker chairs and hammock bench as a kiosk for tea and after-dinner coffee.

"You see," said Patricia, "we have it managed so that everybody looks at him askance, and he knows it and no longer goes about at all, while pride keeps him from leaving the place—or possibly the fear of arrest. Now if he were to shoot himself or hang himself or poison or drown or otherwise kill himself it would be taken as direct evidence of his guilt and that he felt the net drawing in round him."

"It would not be easy to manage," said Stephan. "I doubt if any of our people would be willing to tackle it."

"Of course not!" said Patricia. "Nor have we any right to ask them to. '*Chacun a son métier*'—and theirs is not assassination. They are experts in their line, which is skilled housebreaking and safe opening, and would be sure to bungle the attempt."

"I hope you don't want me to do it," growled Stephan.

Patricia's low, mocking laugh was anything but flattering to a student and disciple of Chu-Chu le Tondeur.

"No fear, Stephan."

"Then whom?" Léontine asked sharply. "I must admit I'm not at all in favor of the idea."

"You don't forbid it?" Patricia asked.

"Yes; on the whole I do. Easing rich people of their surplus wealth is one thing, and killing quite another. Ivan and I always hated Chu-Chu's way of working, and my ideas have grown even more averse to it. Besides, it is unnecessary. Put it out of your mind, my dear. Well, it is late and I'm going to bed." She rose. "Good night."

She went down the steps and entered the house. Patricia turned to Stephan.

"Léontine's qualms will be her ruin some day, just as Ivan's were his," said she. "Don't you see, Stephan, how very much it would be to our advantage if

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lliam Kirkland were thought to have nmitted suicide—how absolutely secure would make our position? I had hoped at he might leave, but it is evident that has no such intention. These Kirklands e proud, stubborn fools. But if he were ought to have killed himself, that would even better. One would argue that he ist have felt himself lost."

"Sapristi! I believe you—but I do not e it."

"Why not? Surely you haven't any of ontine's scruples?"

"Of course not! But the risk is too great. should appear to have hanged himself. A tol shot would bring people to the place d cause immediate inquiry, which might fatal to us; and if he were to be knocked the head and thrown into the water the topsy would show that he had not owned."

Patricia nodded.

"It must be done at night and on the emises," said she. "A tap on the head ich should leave no mark, then string n up from a low bough which he might ve reached to attach the cord by standg on a box or something."

"That, also, is no good," said Stephan. side from the risk of the attempt, an pert autopsy would show that the act s not suicide. I know something about h things. There would be an extravasan of blood in the brain, and an examinan of the lungs and heart would show it he had not died of asphyxiation. ere would be something to indicate that vas not suicide but murder. I doubt that could kill him in any way at all and l modern science into pronouncing it cide. It would then become obvious at the motive of the crime had been, and r position would be really precarious, ich at this moment it is not."

Patricia did not immediately answer. e swung herself gently to and fro. There s a late moon, and its light, striking up m the platinum sheen of the water, entuated the elfishness of her face and inhuman malice. Hardened as Stephan s, it seemed to him incredible that this ng and sylphlike creature could be ssessed of so cool and ruthless and dialic a mind. From her physical appearce, elusive smile and purling voice one ght have thought her a mischievous oolgirl planning some prank on her inuctress. To and fro she swung, the toe her slipper weaving little cabalistic signs ile her fantastic brain took up and reted plans of subtle murder, a good deal might the schoolgirl plot the classic actical joke of putting ferric chloride in water pitcher and tannic-acid powder the towel, to combine and precipitate ink on the face of the prospective victim. en suddenly she clapped her palms softly gether with a little cry of satisfaction:

"I've got it!"

"What, then?"

"I shall not tell you. I'm afraid you might try to discourage me. It is a perfect plan and one to which none of your objections can apply. But to carry it out I must know something of his habits. That swaggering sister of his scarcely speaks to anybody now. Listen, Stephan—you will have to help me. You are on good terms with the Kirklands. I want you to drop in there to-morrow and if you can manage it to get me one of the thick silk cords that loop back those ugly old-fashioned portières in the drawing-room."

Stephan raised his black eyebrows.

"That gives your plan away," said he. "*La garrotte!*" He shook his head. "The man is powerful."

"Zut! Once passing the cord, a slip of a girl could strangle a stevedore; and I am no weakling, as perhaps you may admit."

"To my sorrow."

"But I must know something of his habits."

Stephan shrugged.

"That is not easy under the circumstances, and being such people as they are it is not probable that they would discuss them with anybody, especially a recent acquaintance."

Patricia continued swinging to and fro, and it seemed to Stephan, watching the pale oval of her face, that some unholy light glowed from the dark grottoes of her eyes. Disciple of Chu-Chu's as he was, a shudder rippled through him, but then he had never known Chu-Chu to take any such pains in the plotting of a murder. In fact, this arch criminal rarely plotted one at all. He made his kill as occasion offered.

So Stephan watched this silky spider as she wove her web, wishing but not quite daring to veto the attempt. For though possessed of his share of criminal courage he had rather the heart of an Apache than the bloodthirstiness of his late master. And as he watched, the rhythmic swaying ceased and Patricia leaned forward.

"I've got it!" said she. "I'll pump the peddler."

"The peddler?"

"Yes—Clamp. He should be passing here in a day or two. We'll make a job for him and while he's working I'll engage him in conversation. He goes to the Kirklands' frequently. I think the girl has a penchant for him and the man is clever enough to work it to his advantage. You know when we passed the other day we saw her hiding behind his van."

"A good idea!" said Stephan. "That idiot would rather talk than make a sale."

Patricia rose, raised her bare arms above her head and stretched her lithe body in a curiously feral way. "Very well," said she, "then I shall count on you to get me the cord. Don't tell Léontine. She will be glad enough when the job is done and we can go aboard the yacht and get off for South America."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Standard High Powered Cutting Pliers

Bernard Pliers hang on like a bull-dog and cut like a flash. The simple, patented principle of compound leverage puts everlasting grip into them. They'll *never* let go until *you* do.

And for cutters—you just can't beat them. They bite through the heaviest wire when ordinary pliers won't make a nick. And this isn't a mere *claim* but a fact.

You won't use half the strength in your hand with Bernard Pliers. Grip the smallest nut with them. The *parallel jaws* hold. Cut a heavy wire with them. It's like cutting string with tailor's shears.

There aren't any other pliers like Bernard Pliers. They're standard in all industrial countries and have been for years. Their workmanship is beautiful—and they are nickelled to keep out rust. For a *sure* grip and a sure cut the answer is, always,

BERNARD PLIERS

Sold by first-class hardware dealers and tool houses

Sizes 4½", 5", 5½", 6", 6½", 7" and 8"

WM. SCHOLLHORN CO. SPECIALISTS IN PLIERS NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TALE THAT IS TOLD

(Continued from Page 19)

and British colonies in Africa and British colonies in America, with the Asiatic Mohammedan policy of England, made necessary by British colonies in Asia and Africa, forced Great Britain to be most particular. Yet as a matter of fact, Great Britain came nearer than any other country to understanding America's aspiration for the League of Nations. France wanted protection from Germany; France wanted a superstate, a superarmy of a million men, and a supergeneral staff. And she wanted a neutral zone—a neutral country along the Rhine; and she wanted the Saar Valley outright and all sorts of material guaranties that the League of Nations would furnish her. Italy wanted the old Roman Empire, which first of all included the Dalmatian coast. And Japan wanted China—and China wanted to be let alone. Belgium wanted money from Germany—lots of money; and so did France for that matter, and neither could have it immediately, for Germany didn't have it—and Germany will not have it for years. And before March at the conference table everyone knew that France and Belgium were unhappy.

Now, with France and Belgium unhappy and England uneasy and Italy and Japan pushy and shovy, it was no place for a preacher's son. And there sat Woodrow Wilson, an unhappy little man with a noble idea stirring in his bosom—all dressed up and no place to go. He had great power. He had stirred the common people of Europe as no one has stirred them since Peter the Hermit. Yet the rulers of the actual governments of Europe held him in low esteem, and the American reporters were clamoring at him for the draft of the League of Nations—and he didn't have any draft.

Lord Cecil's Announcement

In 1916 the English elder statesmen, Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Parmoor and Lord Reading, had taken up the matter of a League of Nations with Colonel House, who took it up with President Wilson. A British draft was sent to the United States. It was read by Colonel House and by the President, each of whom sat down and knocked out an American expression of a League of Nations. Each put it in his desk among his private papers and then each forgot it when America got into the war.

And in Paris, though the newspaper correspondents were invited to read and discuss the French draft of the League of Nations and twice were invited to discuss the British draft of the League of Nations prepared by Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, we never could get hold of the American draft. At the conference in Secretary Lansing's room every morning, regularly—like an order of the day—we asked and kept asking for the American draft. No commissioner had seen it; no one knew whether there was such a draft. Mr. Lansing at one time ventured to suggest that there might possibly be a draft later on, but the American draft never appeared. Neither did the President ever appear to the newspaper men except once. Then he talked very amiably about nothing in particular—and took the ship for home. That was in February. The preliminary form of the covenant had been adopted. We did not know what part of it was his, but we were given to understand that much of the language of the various sections—and particularly Article Ten—was of his drafting.

We had a curious impression of the President as being a lonely man. No one knew much about him, least of all his commissioners—excepting Colonel House at times. Often in our conference with the commissioners we would ask for the most obvious information—news from their own committees—and they couldn't supply it. It was a one-man commission.

"Ask the President," Mr. Lansing would always respond when we talked about the American covenant, about the American disposition, about the American feeling concerning any point supposed to be under consideration in the growth of the league covenant.

Yet each of the commissioners had his job to do and his particular interest in the business of the day. General Bliss was more interested in progressive disarmament than in anything else. Commissioner White was vastly occupied in the diplomatic phases of the situation. When the French protested that Germany was sending men of lower rank to receive the terms of the Peace Conference, Commissioner White was exceedingly perturbed, for he knew that when the French carried the point and insulted the Germans by making them send men of higher rank, men of higher rank might not be put aside without discussion and that a debate would follow the high-and-mighty attitude of the French. And Commissioner White was right—the debate did follow.

If the French had allowed Germany to send messenger boys instead of worrying at the insult of messenger boys, peace might have come a month earlier. Secretary Lansing seemed almost as solitary as the President, for he evidently didn't have the President's confidence very much and was unsure about his goings and his comings.

In fact, no one in the commission was sure of anything. While the President was absent in America the whole American commission agreed with the other peace commissioners that there should be two documents—a treaty and a league covenant. The American commissioners sent Colonel House down to Brest to notify the President what they had done. The matter was signed, sealed and delivered. It took the President three minutes on Friday at Brest to annul the whole agreement between his commissioners and the Peace Conference and to declare that there would be one document and only one.

Saturday morning the French, feeling that they could win the President over, announced that there would be two documents.

Saturday night Colonel House told us that there would be one document.

Sunday morning the French again insisted that there would be two—and then a funny thing happened.

Tuesday we American newspaper men were all summoned to meet Lord Robert Cecil and discuss his later draft of the League of Nations. We went up to the Hotel Astoria, the British headquarters, where we found Lord Robert—a tall, Lincoln-faced, raw-boned, highly cultivated, rather sophisticated person—who innocently discussed the various phases of the league without telling us why he called us.

Then some inquisitive reporter said: "What about separating the covenant and the treaty?"

Without batting an eye or moving a muscle of his fine sensitive face Lord Robert Cecil said: "I am authorized to say on behalf of the British delegation that there will be but one document."

Loyal Colonel House

Then we knew the purpose of the meeting. In some horse trade or other back of the scenes in the secret place of the most high the President had made some sort of a dicker with the British to desert the French in the matter of the two documents, and the announcement was made in that way. After that the French never squeaked again about the separation of the league and the treaty. Probably Colonel House put the deal through.

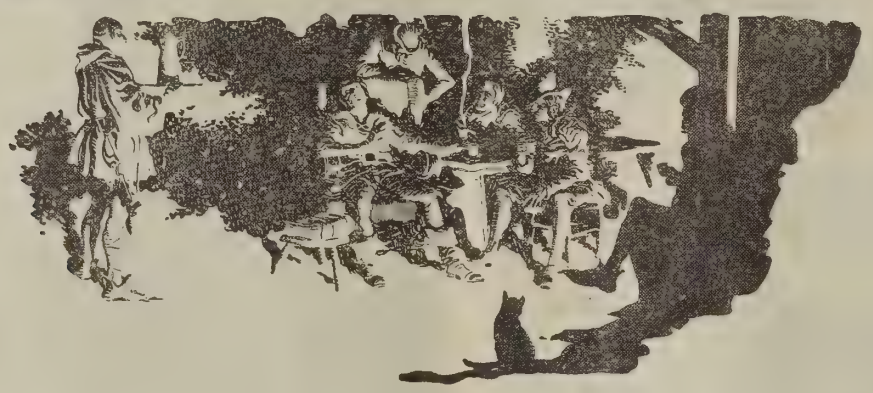
Colonel House has one strong quality which ties him to the President with ribs of steel. Colonel House is loyal. The President requires loyalty. He can get along without friendship and he can get along without talent—he can get along without many qualities of heart and mind in his associates, but he demands loyalty, and Colonel House always will be loyal. He is the world's best compromiser. "Give us this day our daily compromise" is his morning prayer. At one time he compromised the Fiume thing with the Italians and the President kicked it over, issued his famous letter, and for a few weeks Colonel House was in outer darkness. The light of the Face was turned from him. But it returned and in due course—always to find the loyal heart of Colonel House busy in the President's behalf.

Colonel House, by the way, always was candid, truthful and well-informed in his relations with the newspaper men. Every evening at six o'clock he gathered ten or a dozen about him and told them the truth about the day's work—the exact truth, the

(Continued on Page 161)

"The drink of intellectuals"

COFFEE



About the middle of the 17th century coffee was introduced into England, and almost immediately—"Coffee houses became news-centers, where the intelligent men of the times gathered to learn of happenings, literary and political, and to discuss public affairs. Here daily gathered the wits, poets, essayists, statesmen, and philosophers."

TODAY, wherever there are good homes and good housewives,—there is *coffee*. It provides a cheerful "Good morning" to millions of Americans. It may properly be called the "universal drink."

Who among us can find words fittingly to portray the extreme *goodness* of coffee,—its fragrance, its aroma,—its appealingly piquant and appetizing flavor? Nothing in the world is like it!

It is the only flavor that is pleasing to *everybody*. It has won the heart of a big nation,—it has become a part of the daily life of millions of devotees. Truly—a grand good gift of Nature!

And now, coffee is destined to play a still greater part in our national life. No other beverage has the wonderful aroma, the smacking goodness, the charm and the appeal that coffee has.

It is the festive drink, the cheerful drink, the friendly drink, the family drink—the healthful drink.

Coffee—*the universal drink*

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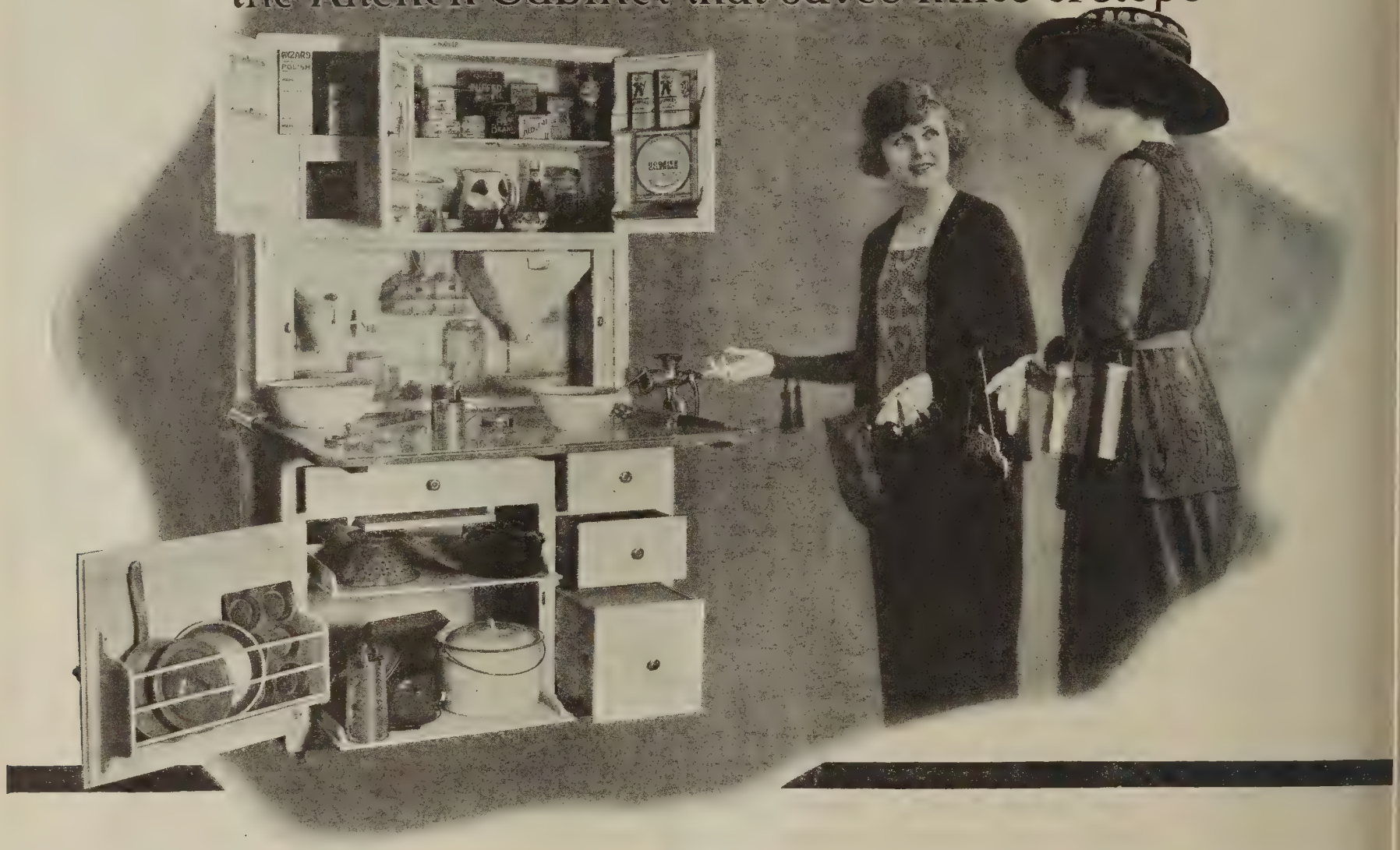
HOOSIER

— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps



"I've discovered how to save work"

EVERY Hoosier feature is a scientifically designed labor-saver—a means of reducing time and work in the kitchen. If they were less efficient, a million and a half women would not now be using them in their kitchens each day.

"Saves miles of steps," is no mere phrase. For the Hoosier combines inventions and conveniences that save work, and brings all utensils and supplies within arm's reach. Thus the Hoosier housewife sits comfortably at her work. Whole meals can be prepared without leaving the cabinet.

Your health and your happiness demand that you reduce kitchen work to a minimum. The best way to accomplish this much desired result is to follow the example of this host of housewives and bring a Hoosier into your home.

Ask the Hoosier merchant in your town for a demonstration. If you are not sure as to the right store, write us direct. But don't delay this important step another week.

Act now.

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Send for "New Kitchen Short Cuts" —a valuable book containing practical time and labor saving ideas.

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(559) THE HOOSIER STORE, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada

(Continued from Page 158)

whole truth and nothing but the truth, indicating what might wisely be printed, and no one ever betrayed his confidence. He was not always in agreement with the President, but he always was able to explain and defend the President. And he was always running presidential errands and doing them well.

After loyalty, competence is Colonel House's second virtue. It is easy to understand how he holds favor with Woodrow Wilson. There is not the friendship between the men that there was between Hanna and McKinley. One doesn't feel the friendly relation. When McKinley died Hanna was deeply moved—he wept. It is hardly probable that any tears would ever be shed or any emotional rise would be perceptible as a result of the relations between Wilson and House. Yet, probably House has more influence with Wilson than Hanna had with McKinley, even though House is not so strong a man as Hanna was.

The newspaper men, however, did not get their best impressions of the President from Colonel House, but from Ray Stannard Baker, who had charge of publicity for the American Peace Commission. There can be no doubt that Mr. Baker was closer to the President than any other man in the Peace Conference. He was with him every day and clearly had his confidence, and we reporters had access to Baker every hour of the working day. And we felt that Baker was upon better terms with the President than any other man in Paris. He came more nearly being intimate, if such a phrase may ever be used about as remote a man as Woodrow Wilson. And it is to the President's everlasting credit that the intimacy, or such a substitute for intimacy as could exist between the President and the chief of publicity, left Mr. Baker unshaken in his faith in Woodrow Wilson, the man.

Baker is no courtier. He owed the President nothing, he asked the President nothing—and served him well. He was with him daily—sometimes many times daily—during the whole ordeal in Europe, and kept faith in Wilson, the man. During the days when the President was fighting a lone fight—and there were many of those days after he returned to Paris from America in March—Baker gave us the impression that the President was a rather sad, disillusioned but determined man. And for days before the Shantung thing took place some of us who knew Baker well could not help but feel that the President was in his Gethsemane. He had allowed himself to be outplayed and euchred into a place where he had to do what he thought was a wise thing, even though it was a wrong thing. And his perturbation was reflected in Baker's face.

"The Moving Finger Having Writ"

We newspaper men felt that behind the everlasting screen which hid the great drama from us a tragedy was passing, and it was none the less poignant for us because we could not see the actors or hear their words.

Yet the President, who was naturally our source of biggest news, was most human, for all his vagueness and remoteness. He made most human mistakes and he added to the gayety of the cynical group of the American newspaper correspondents one day by taking his pen in hand and writing the following exquisitely characteristic letter to Frank Simonds:

"My dear Mr. Simonds: I must not allow the rush of these days to prevent my turning aside at least for a moment to express my very deep appreciation of the fine support you are giving to the things that are worth while in this great settlement we are trying to effect. Your approval and support are of the greatest service and I do not want to wait any longer to let you know that I am sincerely grateful."

Now if there was one man in our group who took a fiendish delight in knocking the President, that man was Frank Simonds. He didn't agree with anything the President was doing or trying to do. He didn't believe in the League of Nations, he didn't believe in a conciliatory peace. He didn't believe in the President's absent-minded way of "thinking without words" on international matters. Simonds is a Yankee materialist. And whatever persuaded the President to write the letter that he did was beyond the imagination of the boys in the press room.

Simonds was writing for a hundred American newspapers through a syndicate. And a few days after he had the letter from the President, comes this cable from his syndicate:

"Canadian papers angry at your attacks on Lloyd George, Democratic papers denouncing your abuse of Wilson."

The cable indicated that the Republican papers also were angry about something—I forget what.

Simonds showed the cable to his fellow workers and with it showed the President's letter; and there was a sound of revelry by night. Simonds promptly cabled back the President's indorsement and it in turn was telegraphed back to the Democratic papers, which were told that if Simonds' attitude satisfied the President it ought to satisfy Southern Democrats. And then cables began dropping into the President's office asking him why in the name of all the gods at once he had written the Simonds letter. And he didn't know why, so he tried to get it back. But "the moving finger having writ," he was unable to recall it.

The truth is that we reporters had our class consciousness. When our masters wrote or cabled their unhappiness at our policy we sought the companionship of our kind, displayed the cables and damned the owners and after having clanked our chains we merrily went on as before. We were absolutely independent. We organized as American newspaper men and twice threatened—by all the polite implications known to the craft—to strike and send no news if the Peace Conference ignored our demands, and each time we carried our point; once when we demanded open sessions and got the letter but not the spirit, and again in April, when we asked that the press be admitted to the room where the Germans received the peace treaty. And we made our demands not as requests, but as formal demands after the conference had resolved on another policy and openly announced it. But after our demands the conference reversed itself.

The Lucky Five

And in these matters the American reporters took the lead and sometimes went quite alone—to the consternation and horror of the European press. When we won the European press jeered at the conference. But we won, because that group of seventy-five American reporters more or less were free men, representing an essentially free press—probably the freest press in the world.

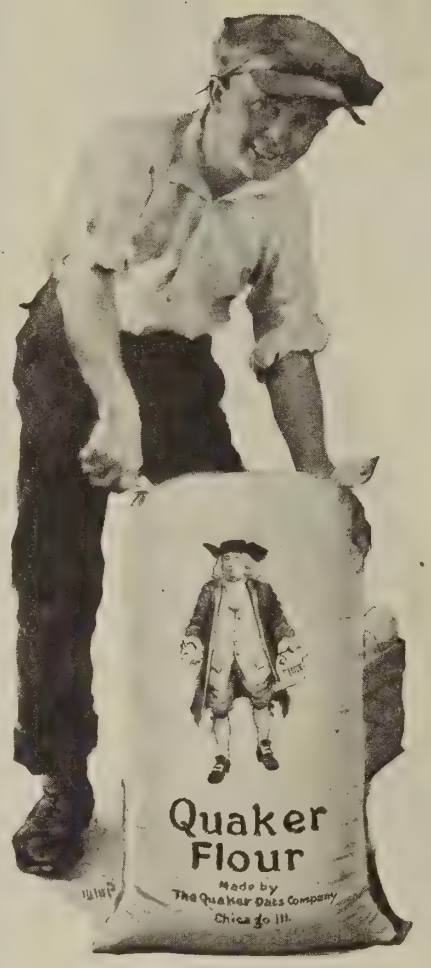
When we were admitted to the room where the Germans heard their fate five reporters from each nationality were chosen. We picked two of our five men by lot and assigned the remaining three allotted to us to the three press associations. The two men were Richard Oulahan of the New York Times and Hayden of the Detroit News. They were in honor bound not to cable their own newspapers that they were in the room and were required to come to the meeting of the other American reporters and tell their story before writing the account of the reception of the treaty for their own newspapers. The two reporters faithfully performed their obligations and gave us such a detailed account of what happened in the room where the Germans received the treaty that no one in America knew at the time that but five men from the American press were allowed in the room. Probably the Detroit News and the New York Times have been too honorable to brag about it. Our newspapers have rather few rules of ethics, but what they have are well kept.

The thing that held us together chiefly probably was a good camaraderie. Every day we rounded up in a press room, where Ray Stannard Baker presided. In this room we found all the official communications from the conference and from various branches of the conference. Here were the typed copies of speeches or orders, of all sorts of aspirations of all sorts of groups and cliques and cabals, dumped upon the press of the world—the largest chunk of "as follows" stuff that ever was assembled. Daily in this room we met and exchanged views—for the most part, there was not enough difference in our views for any great exchange. There was a gorgeous unanimity about our commission from America. We all realized that it was top-heavy.

Other nations had sent their best—three and four and five of them. England's

Quaker Flour

A Million Now Enjoy It



Yes, We Make Flour

The Quaker Oats Company is making a Flour. It's a super-grade Flour, as you'll expect—made for the millions who love Quaker quality.

This is the Story

We have for decades made superlative cereal foods. The lovers of good things the world over enjoy them.

We felt that these folks would also like a premier grade of Flour. So we built a model mill, and told our experts to create the finest Flour that science could produce.

Then They Did This:

They fixed a standard by which they use only one-half of the wheat kernel.

They installed a laboratory and a bakery in the mill, to watch the Flour constantly by analyses and tests.

In the course of time they thus attained an extraordinary Flour.

Women Welcomed It

Never before has a flour, we think, received such royal welcome.

As soon as grocers stocked it housewives by the thousands bought it. And they learned how flours can differ.

Users told others, and now a million folks enjoy it. Four great mills make it, and their daily capacity is 10,000 barrels.

Ask your grocer for a sack. Have him get it if he lacks it. Quaker Flour is the sort of flour you want.

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills at Akron, Ohio; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use more than one-half of the wheat kernel

3237

Quaker Biscuit Flour

A special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is self-raising. The sealed round packages with tops keep it ever-fresh.

Use Quaker Biscuit Flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc. In such foods it excels bread flour.

Quaker Farina

A fancy Farina without a fancy price. It is inner wheat—the choicest 50 per cent—in granulated form. A finer grade is impossible. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations add enticements to such foods.

It works for you but feeds itself—

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New Parker Patent Clip Held in Place Like a Washer 25c

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delegation was splendidly balanced. No one man ever spoke for them. Italy had three big men, and France also had a fine delegation. Our delegation was eleven thousand strong—two figures and three ciphers.

But we reporters also knew why it was that our delegation was weak. It was weak because of the strength of the President. He is big as an individual, but not large as a teamworker. He could not have functioned with Taft, Root and Roosevelt—and the British delegation was manned by such a British group.

President Wilson cannot endure personal criticism or strong personal opposition. He likes intellectual men and feminine women—never masculine men and brainy women. You must approach him on tiptoe and with courtesy. The man who walks into the presidential presence on his heels with a protruding jaw has a scant welcome at the White House—and the President could not stomach him in France. We knew this, talked of it at our newspaper headquarters, and nevertheless all of us were for the President. He inspired our respect, even if he did not give us his confidence.

For no one could see the President at the Peace Conference without being impressed first of all by his sincerity; second by his fundamental wisdom—wisdom deeper than common shrewdness, more profound even than the practical thing called sagacity; and third even his enemies had to admit that he was courageous. But it was a public kind of courage.

We used to have an Emporia statesman who would agree to anything in conference up in Room 473 of the hotel just before the convention met and we thought we had him. But the old rooster would get into the convention and exhibit a degree of moral rectitude and moral courage that was surprising. We used to call him Old Fly-the-Coop.

Well, Wilson was like that. He was of no first importance in conference. As a member of the Committee of Five or of the Council of Ten he was no stronger than the others. But with the people, in his public utterances, he was splendid. And he had curious ebbs and flows of popularity. In December he was at high tide. He could have overturned every government in Europe by waving his hand. This is no figure of speech. It is literally true, and apparently some of the ruling samurai thought he was going to do it.

Almost Teddiferous

Clémenceau sneered at Wilson in public and snapped at him in private. The British High Command in politics had to acquire a taste for him and it puckered their mouths a bit. But they did acquire it. In Italy they put it up on him. Much of the ovation President Wilson got in Italy was staged. The socialists were sincere. But take them from the mobs that greeted him and the rest was claque—claque intended to wheedle him out of certain Fiume ideas which the fine Italian hand had felt upon his person as they were kissing him at the station.

And the President was fooled by it. He almost forgot himself and had a good time. He was as natural and happy in Italy as he is at a theater in Washington. He stood up in his box one Sunday evening—and he a Presbyterian, but we do certainly go the gaits when we get away from the old home town—well, he stood up in his box one Sunday evening at Milan and led the orchestra at the opera. More than that, he threw kisses—Mrs. Wilson was there so it was all right except for that Sunday part—threw kisses at the crowd. He was all but Teddiferous in his conduct. For the tide of glory was washing in and it gave him thrills as it lapped the back of his neck and set him teetering. But it went out with a swish—this tide of glory—and when he went home in February the European press handed him his hat with rather too much enthusiasm. There was an apocryphal story in press headquarters that the Old Man—curiously we called him the Old Man, though some of us were not so much younger—had served notice on the French that if they did not quit snapping at him through their press he would take his conference to London. Probably it was not true—this story of the turning worm—but the fact that the story carried the words "his conference" is the significant thing about it. Everyone recognized that it was, after all, an American show. For we were Scotty from the Mohave Desert in Europe, scattering our money about, riding into cafés on horseback, lighting our cigars with hundred-dollar bills and inviting Europe to come up and have one on us. So it really was the President's conference. Every European nation was borrowing from us, and your Uncle Sam was a bully boy with a glass eye over there, even when the French press—which is a government-subsidized press—was jeering openly at the President and his lofty dreams.

In passing, it must be said that our European experience was the old, old experience of a man who had five dollars and a good friend and when he lent the five dollars to his good friend both were gone! America is the world's hated creditor now, and we can hear all the mean things of ourselves that our souls need by listening round the corners in Europe.

But to return to the President: When he came back to Europe in March only the plug-hat crowd met him at the station—the pallbearers as it were. And he had the distinguished humiliation of hearing the French press patronize him. It was awful! He knew it! And he knew that the American newspaper men knew it. The situation was slimy with embarrassment. So he sat down at the conference table again, rather wearily, certainly disillusioned, and yet not much wiser than he was a few weeks before, for the game had been set up against him.

A Sad Business

All the dirty work that had been held in abeyance during the first two months of the conference—more or less out of politeness—was done while the President was in America; and the players sat waiting for his return. He was no match for the crowd he faced at that table. He was not thinking in their terms. He did not understand them; they had no time to bother with him. It was as if a man sat down at a card-table with players he scarcely knew, with cards he could not comprehend, playing a game whose rules were beyond him and who was playing for different stakes from the others. Then came the message sending for the George Washington, and so low was the Wilson stock that the British carelessly—or deliberately—let the message repose two days in London in transmission, so that when it was announced in Paris it was denied in Washington for the very good reason that it had not arrived in Washington. After that the Fiume gesture was made by the Italians and the Japanese forced Shantung upon the President. It was sad business!

But the newspaper men were anything but sad; the French saw to it that the American newspaper men had something to think of besides their wrongs. All up and down the battlefields they took us in special trains, in big comfortable motor cars and stuffed us with rich food the while. There were banquets and luncheons and breakfasts of ceremony. One night Frank Simonds had to stand up and make a speech to a French governor of Lorraine—or possibly Alsace—at that time of night and stage of the water one never can be sure which—and Simonds used his purest Bostonese three-X special Down East lingo, scintillating like a vinegar cruet in a country hotel. And up gets the governor and hops at Mr. Simonds in purest Alsace. And as the French applauded Simonds we applauded the Frenchman, while the blue Alsatian Mountains sang together for joy!

It is only fair to say that the next day down in Colmar I stood up and made a speech at a luncheon to General Gouraud which he did not understand, and he made a speech at me which I did not understand, so we shook hands warmly and smiled as intelligently as if both of us did not know we were a brace of lying hypocrites for pretending to comprehend one another. I know I said that the Germans seemed to have won the war, and told a story about a Kansas politician which was funny enough in Kansas but which must have been weird in Lorraine. But each of us had his crowd with him, and the general might even have attacked the sacred Bull Moose platform in his speech to me, or questioned the divinity of the inspiration of prohibition for all I knew, and for all I could have done about it.

The Italians took a trainload of American newspaper men down to the Dalmatian coast and filled them up with sweet champagne, so that they came home vowing awful oaths to wrest Dalmatia from the tyrant's hand—all but Lawrence Abbott,

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(Concluded from Page 162)

who did not drink, and therefore took the Italian end of it and was as cross as a bear for weeks after with the boys in the press room. Walter Weyl—also a virtuous soul—reacted similarly.

Italy some day will wake up to the evils of drink!

But of course we all have our idiosyncrasies. The French must have regarded us American newspaper men as queer fish. We did not respond reasonably to any sort of treatment, good or bad—though they rarely tried bad treatment on us. They garroted us with kindness; gave us concerts—good concerts, as, for instance, Mozart Quartet, evenings with French folk song, banquets with exquisite chamber music afterward which presumed highly upon our musical taste and otherwise insidiously flattered us. Moreover they housed us at a gilded palace built by a French Rufus Wallingford who had a seven-devil lust for nude women, so he had them carved in storied urn and animated bust all over the house, in statues and bas-reliefs and gargoyles. And so animated and universal were those aforesaid busts that the impious American reporters called the place of our official entertainment The House of a Thousand Mammals, only they did not use the word mammals; instead they chose what the Colonel would call the short and ugly word!

And if we had our idiosyncrasies and the French and Italians had theirs, so had the English theirs. The world does not know—but it may just as well be printed here for the first time—that the reason why the Council of Ten was cut down to The Five was that Lloyd George talked too much when there were ten about. Ten did not mean just ten. Ten men, ten plenipotentiaries and from two to four heralds, outriders, stenos and retainers, so that when the Ten sat during January and February there was an audience of forty or more, and that was too much for a man of an oratorical temperament. Lloyd George could not "take it or let it alone." He took it, and hours were spent listening to him scrunch his heel on the neck of tyrants. And the French had to say something, and so did the Italians—so time got cheap and the audience had to be barred.

No Chatterbox

Whatever our other faults—and, of course, they were many and obvious—it could not be said that we talked too much in the conference. Our President is anything but a chatterbox, and we had no man on the delegation much more loquacious than an Indian—and here is another idiosyncrasy that escaped the cable. The President had a curious penchant or feeling or hunch or craving or what you will in favor of the number Thirteen. He had it always for his motor-car tag in some combination and he liked to conjure with the calendar to make things come out on the thirteenth—that may have caused the others some irritation, but he did not talk them stiff.

He really did not talk enough in the conference probably; or at least we reporters felt that he was not talking sufficiently in the indicative and imperative moods. He was forever snooping about in the subjunctive, depleting the force and emphasis of his remarks, with "mays" and "mights" and "possiblys" and "perhapses." The reporters believed that the situation required large jagged red damns, but he did not give a damn—at least he seemed never to in public, and so no mellow traditions cluster about our President; such, for instance, as cling about the memory of Foch, who broke out one day in the Council of Five with a barrage of French profanity and declared they could not make him a letter box. They wanted him to go to Poland and tell the Polish generals how to fight the Bolsheviks or some neighboring cattle who were horning down the boundaries made and established by the conference.

Lloyd George had his moments of emotion. Once he told M. Clémenceau in the presence of Klotz, the French Minister of Finance, that the financial history of France was as dark a chapter in the history of the war as the deeds of Lenine and Trotzky, alluding, of course, to the French refusal to clap an income and inheritance tax on their rich and their war profiteers to pay the expenses of the war. At another time Premier Hughes of Australia, who dearly desired the German colonies in the Pacific, stalked majestically out of the conference, with attendants and the secretaries streaming after him wringing their hands, because he had to forgo his wish.

The Center of Interest

Hughes, by the way, is a fine old colonial piece—solid mahogany—deaf as a post, smart as a Yankee horse trader and much more than nine-tenths honest. He and Lord Northcliffe hatched up a great scheme for a preferential tariff for Great Britain and her colonies. Their idea was to put a high tariff wall round England with holes for her colonies. It was a fine talking point for the colonies, but British labor, which has rather a low opinion of the British colonies, regarding them as soft snaps for second sons, would have none of the preferential imperial tariff; so it fell by the wayside.

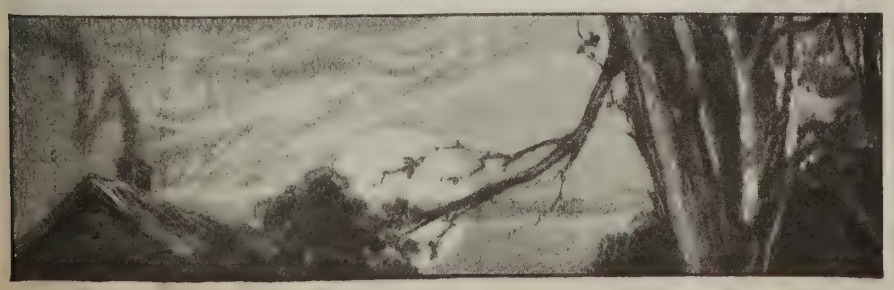
Now all these things were gossip—not news—and we could not burden the cables with them. Perhaps they are not worth telling even now, as fond recollection recalls them to view. But history may need a bit here or a bit there to piece out the puzzle of the conference. It is indeed a tale that is told—this conference story—and yet even though but a tale which we little understood who told it, still it was the story of the greatest event in history for two thousand years.

No battle upon this planet ever was so important as that queer, wild, often stupid, generally meaningless succession of events which led up to the formation of the League of Nations.

This particular league may fail—probably will fail—but it is the real beginning of an understanding which shall unite the world in peace. Yet it was not well staged. It was as sordid as a state political convention and miserably like one—this great Peace Conference. The real interest was not on the floor of the convention, but in Room 305 of the Crillon—Colonel House's room. He might well have been the railroad attorney bossing the nomination and vetoing the highbrow stuff in the platform. The delegates were forever whispering about—nothing important, but just using stage whispers to talk about the weather.

We reporters were forever putting two and two together to make six, squeezing significance out of the fact that Bonar Law and Wilson conferred or that House and Lloyd George met after dinner or that the Rhenish-Republic idea was traded off for the French-Anglo-American treaty.

Yet out of the whole swapping compromising deal in chips and whetstones, in geography and boundaries and trade circles, the purpose of humanity did rise, did find an expression—not clear, not very wise or brave, but definite and sure enough to be unmistakably there—the purpose deep in the human heart to abolish sooner or later and then forever the vast organized business of human butchery and lust called war. That even we of the cynical profession saw and respected and tried feebly to interpret. And now that it is a part of history, now that it is a tale that is told—this Peace Conference—possibly we who tried to tell it may find that our unrelated scraps, our hodge-podge of gossip and misinformation, may furnish the jewels from which the basic of history shall be pictured by some artist in another day.



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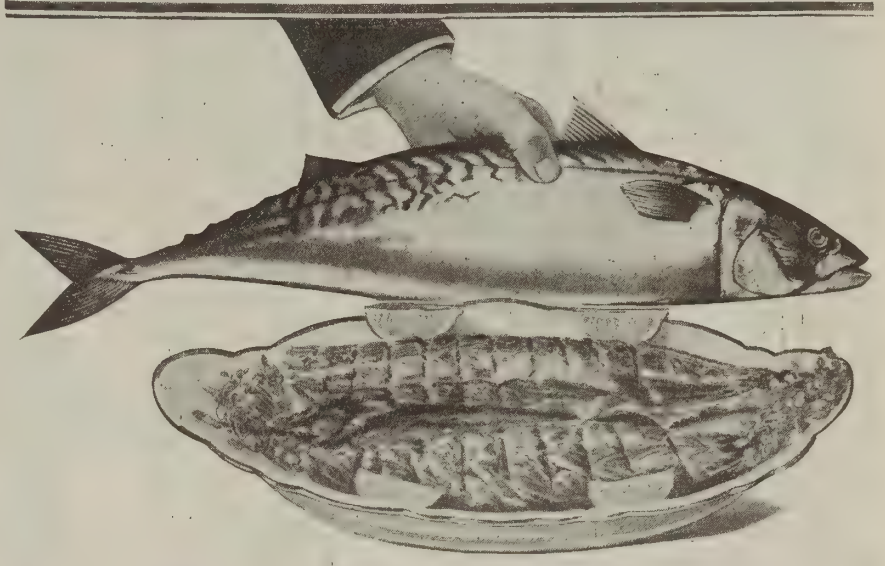

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President

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For generations back my people were fish-folks—the early settlers of Gloucester. I used to go to sea in my father's vessel after the mackerel. Little did I think then that what I learned about fish was ever going to be of real value to my friends or to me in a business way. If I hadn't learned what I did at sea the "Davis Folks" all over America would not write me as they do today: "Mr. Davis, we cannot get mackerel anywhere like yours." I've built up business with 100,000 homes. It's a joy to do business with home folks and to hold their confidence and good-will.

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In those fishing days, father naturally picked out the best mackerel to take home for winter. We picked out the plump ones. I came to know them at a glance. The meat when broiled is very tender and juicy. I sent friends some of my fish. And what they said about them made me realize how hard it is for people away from the seashore to get the *right kind* of fish. The secret is picking 'em out. The kind of mackerel father taught me to select for our winter's supply are the kind I will send to you. We clean and trim them of heads and tails and send full net weight of clear fish.

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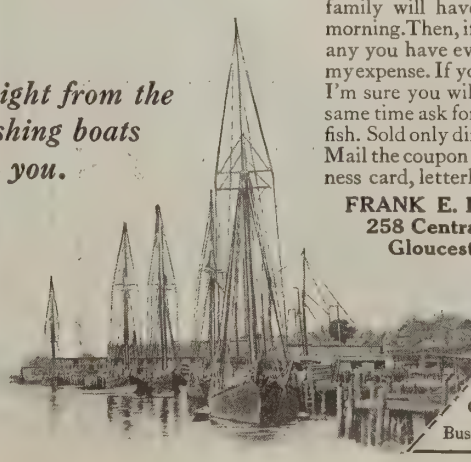
Right from the fishing boats to you.



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BWANA POOR

(Continued from Page 42)

This threat was greeted with a sustained roar of laughter along the table, through which Bwana Poor reiterated with increasing uncertainty: "I will! I will! In half a mo' I will!" Until at last he, too, to save his dignity, joined the majority. Afterward he strode off with Motley to the beach, arguing bitterly.

In the season the great gathering place at Durban is along the beach.

Magnificent hotels occupy the terraces behind it. A beach drive skirts it. There are tea houses, bathing pavilions, thousands of canopied chairs, band stands, little shops characteristic of watering places, and a promenade. Along this trail I camped with many friends.

I gorged myself with delicious cakes, white rolls and sweet drinks on sale in the tea places; and my eyes were never tired watching the spectacle of fair women, pink-and-white of complexion, with sparkling eyes and dressed with the cool bright freshness of American girls. More fascinating even than these for a while were the plump roly-poly little children—scampering about, tumbling in the sands, shrieking in the waves, their little pink bodies all smiles and dimples. Not having seen such marvels for a matter of years, they appeared as awe-inspiring revelations, filling us with a mingled sensation of gentleness and devotion. A happy young mother and child seemed to us the perfection of God's grace, and settled completely and forever any doubt we may have had as to a man's sacrifice in time of war.

The light in Bwana Poor's eyes as he watched the procession was like a beacon, blazing with joy and inspiration as it fell upon the mothers and their children. He took to himself in imagination some reflection of the happiness that seemed to be theirs. As for Motley, he regarded this side of the show as a matter of course; but the humor in him turned caustic and his eyes at times smoldered dangerously.

One day as we lolled in chairs by the beach drive I happened indifferently to mention the name of a young English officer whom we both had known. I wanted to know what had become of him.

"Oh, he's done for!" said Motley.

"Killed?"

"No."

"He didn't get into trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no! He went out clean enough."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, they say he has leprosy. They sent him off to the island, anyway. There's glory and honor and a brave man's end for you!"

As he pronounced these words Motley's expression underwent a remarkable change. Then he leaped from his chair and proceeded to walk with calm and affected deliberation across the drive directly in the path of a magnificent red roadster that came bowling rapidly and smoothly toward us. It was impossible for the driver to swerve aside; he was obliged to bring his machine to an abrupt halt, while Motley, hardly a foot from the fender, continued to stroll nonchalantly on his way, apparently utterly indifferent to the presence of the car, though we knew well enough that his ears were keen for the slightest expression of invective from the driver and his whole soul ready on the instant to resent it.

I was exasperated, because any accident to Motley under the circumstances was bound to precipitate an unpleasant situation involving us all; and then I noticed on the other side of the road Bwana Poor, half raised from his chair, his sun-bleached eyes fixed on the driver with terrible intensity, his body rigid, poised ready to spring.

The moment passed. The car resumed its way, the driver staring straight ahead, very pale but with a sneering smile and an expression of supreme contempt on his countenance. It was my first chance to observe him.

To judge by report, however, Motley's opinion of him was substantially correct. My own emotion, with the picture fresh in mind of a comrade living-dead with leprosy as his sacrifice for his country, was one of utter repugnance. Lolling back, in a soft linen suit, his neatly cropped head bared to the sun, he presented a picture of one of those good-looking youths whose superficial attractiveness has been enhanced by a piquant suggestion of dissipation. Normally, women were interested in him, but under the circumstances men in khaki loathed him. Under the protection of their arms he lived in peace with plenty at his disposal and preyed upon their precious ones left to the loyal protection of those few whom necessity or duty obliged to remain at home. He was notorious in the city and a fixture on the promenade.

That night at mess the subject—strangely enough—was not mentioned, because the volatile Motley, struck by a new and stirring topic, had already almost forgotten the incident. More significant and entertaining to him was the fact that he had discovered Bwana Poor on the promenade chatting amiably, radiant of face and oblivious of all the world, with a charming and interested young mother, while on his lank knee he dandled her grimy and grinning offspring, a sardonic youth of four.

Bwana Poor stammered his indignation, but he could not deny the charge, and there was something in his countenance indicating that the mild impeachment did not wholly displease him.

Thenceforth he frankly devoted himself to the mother and her family; and in the process he underwent a marvelous change. He became actually smart in his appearance; he walked with a spring and his manner was confident and blithe. Someone overheard a stranger inquire: "Who is the swanky officer?" And the retelling of the remark called forth all Motley's rhetorical riches. Bwana Poor tried his best to appear solemnly indignant; but as a matter of fact his countenance beamed.

Playing the rôle of paterfamilias became him wonderfully.

He disported his lank figure in the waves, holding the howling youth by one hand, while he explained to the giggling mother the nature of small boys. He fed the boy bloated cream cakes and other gooey messes and led him about with sticky things in his pocket. If the boy wanted to ride the donkeys he rode; if the mother expressed a preference for a touring car she had the satisfaction of knowing that she, too, would ride, so long as Bwana Poor's rupees could be converted.

He took her to dinner, and bought choice seats for her at the theater, all the time treating her with a tender and gallant courtesy and suffering with exquisite happiness the extremely personal and brutal attentions of her offspring.

Answering a quip of Motley's one night, Bwana Poor looked at him with a whimsical expression and said:

"What are you talkin' about? It won't be long before you're leading one of your own."

"Please God!" said Motley lightly. "And there's still hope for you too, Bwana."

Bwana Poor flushed slowly and looked exceedingly self-conscious.

"Well, I'm not so sure," he said doubtfully. "But it must be rather fine to have a family of your own, eh?"

Several nights later I met Bwana Poor near one of the band stands, with his sardonic protégé bawling aloud for entertainment while my friend looked about with the distraught and harried air of a loving and abused parent. Not fancying the sardonic one, I edged away with a casual greeting.

"Have you seen the lady?" asked Bwana Poor hopefully. "I must have missed her. We were to meet here, you see; and the kid and I have been waiting for an hour and a half. Dashed silly, I call it!"

I hadn't seen her; but I promised to look.

Later I ran into Motley and I repeated the question. The storm signals promptly flew, and he answered with a query:

"Have you seen Bwana Poor?"

"I have! He's got the kid and he's patiently waiting for the mother—feeling like a grandmother and acting like an ass."

Motley looked at me a trifle too steadily.

"The mother's out riding," he said, "in the red roadster."

"Well?"

Motley was pale with rage. He stammered in his efforts to explain his feelings.

"Have you heard," I interrupted cynically, "that the transport is expected to leave in a day or two and we may go aboard to-morrow?"

He looked at me with intense disgust.

"Yank," he said, "you disappoint me. You're a machine. You may be a soldier,

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(Concluded from Page 166)

but there's something lacking. I can't leave this town, knowing that swine can do as he pleases here and no one with guts to stop it!"

"The war's not over," I reminded him. "They may want you in France. Fellows like that don't count, anyway."

"But someone's got to smash the swine," he insisted.

"Bwana Poor was right," I said. "If you get mixed up with him you'll be held over. That means you'll never get home! I tell you he's not worth it. Leave him to some local chap; someone will take care of him in time."

"But he's got Bwana Poor's girl!" shouted Motley. "Damn it all, Yank, can't you see it's the first bit of genuine domestic happiness that's come into that man's life for seventeen years? He's as guileless and happy as a pup. And this—this ——"

"What about me?" said Bwana Poor harshly from out the darkness.

We were silent for a moment, surprised, trying to assume an air of unconcern. But it was plain that Bwana Poor had heard and understood. With affected sarcasm Motley quickly exclaimed:

"You dashed suspicious beggar! You're always poking that long nose of yours into places where it doesn't belong."

"Never mind my nose!"

"Well, don't get it into trouble! Where's the brat? Have you thrown it overboard where it belongs? Of all the unprepossessing young devils! No wonder you like monkeys—if that's the gauge by which you judge youth and innocence."

"What were you saying about me?" persisted Bwana Poor, striding forward, his tall figure stiff with attention.

"Nothing to flatter you, you blinkin' ostrich," said Motley. "Run along and buy some sweets for the baby."

"Look here!" said Bwana Poor savagely. "If you make any trouble with that silly slacker I'll poke you in the nose—I will!"

"Never mind my nose! Get back to the family!"

"The family's riding. I heard you the first time," said Bwana Poor with an assumed air of indifference. "And it's none of your damned business!"

With similar recriminations we then parted, Motley ferociously determined to find the slacker and massacre him. He felt that it was his last chance. It was plain that the determination had become an obsession—that nothing could satisfy him until he had gripped the slacker in his hands. No lure I held out could lead him toward camp. I determined, therefore, to stick to him to keep him out of trouble—if possible. But I had no luck; he slipped me in a dark crowd and I could not locate him again.

After searching vainly for several hours, therefore, there seemed nothing for me to do but return to camp, get my belongings together and prepare for embarkation in the morning. It was long past midnight when Motley came in, dark and furious. He had not been able to find the slacker and his disappointment was genuine. This disappointment became a profanely expressed anxiety when he found that Bwana Poor had not returned to his quarters.

We did not see Bwana Poor again in fact until morning, when an orderly came looking for him with a note from the adjutant, asking his presence in the orderly room.

I only caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he stalked by, lank, defiant and with an air of triumph about him that was rendered somewhat dubious by the fact of a dim, streaming eye and a raw patch on his nose.

I was too late to get first-hand information; but in a few minutes the news got about that Bwana Poor had intercepted the slacker in his red car; had awkwardly but promptly found cause for a quarrel and proceeded to beat him up so badly that he had been obliged to take himself off to a hospital to have his face rearranged.

The general attitude of the camp toward Bwana Poor was one of surprise, pride, admiration and commiseration. His act, unfortunately for him, had been ill-timed. The order was out for embarkation and the adjutant had been compelled reluctantly, at the request of the civil officials, to withdraw Bwana Poor's authorization until an inquiry had been held over the assault.

Acquittal was certain; but it was also certain to us that before another transport called Bwana Poor would be recalled to duty on the coast. His vision of home would not now be realized. After his seventeen-year absence he faced the prospect of returning to the wilds again, his hopes unrealized, his aspirations unfulfilled, his dreams—still dreams!

In the hurry and confusion of departure I had only a moment in which to see him. It was too late to abuse him and useless to condole. Therefore I congratulated him, but I asked for an explanation.

"Yank," he said diffidently, avoiding my eyes and wiping his dim and streaming orb, "you don't know men as well as I. If Motley had laid his hands on that slacker last night he would have killed him. When he lets go of himself he loses all control. I couldn't kill him, because I'm not so strong. Besides, if Motley had got into trouble what would have happened about his marriage? He probably would have been sent up the coast again, anyway, and never have the chance again to go home to his girl."

"And you?" I interrupted.

"Well, you know, it doesn't matter much with me, Yank. I feel like a mongrel puppy dog in these civilized cities. I don't understand their codes or conventions, I'm afraid. I want to please people; I want to be friendly; I want to be domestic; but I'm dashed if I know how!"

As the transport swung away from the quay, the cargo of khaki, convinced that at last we were bound for Europe, broke forth in shouts, whistles and hoarse words of parting. A siren roared farewell, bugles blew; and we knew that we were off, destined once more, if we missed the menace of the sea, to gaze upon the white cliffs of Dover, the rolling downs of Sussex and—if the spirit led us—to visit again the green orchard-clad hills of glorious Devon!

Among the few sentries, officials and privileged visitors on the bare quay, standing silent and apart, was Bwana Poor.

Motley, standing gloomily by my side, directed my attention to him. Slim, rigid, unyielding, his long, guileless countenance turned up to us, the wind ruffling the wisp of hair on his forehead, his topee held aloft to wave us farewell, he seemed to me suddenly to become clothed in a glamour of romance and chivalry.

"Talk about our great statesmen and viceroys and our ancient laws!" said Motley bitterly. "But there is the kind of man who builds our blinkin' empire!"

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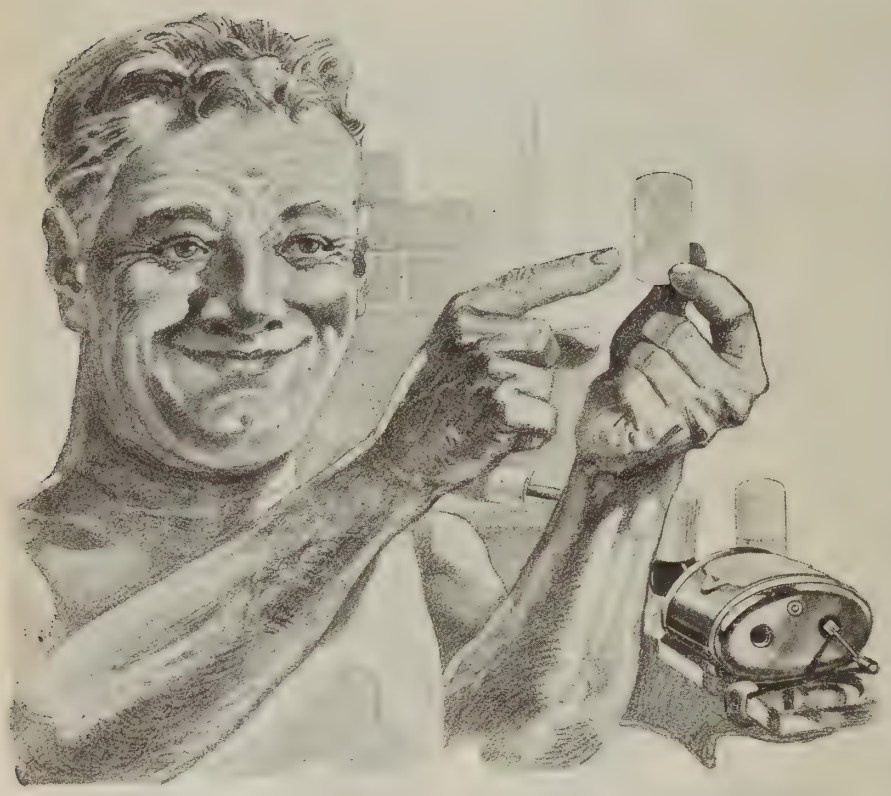

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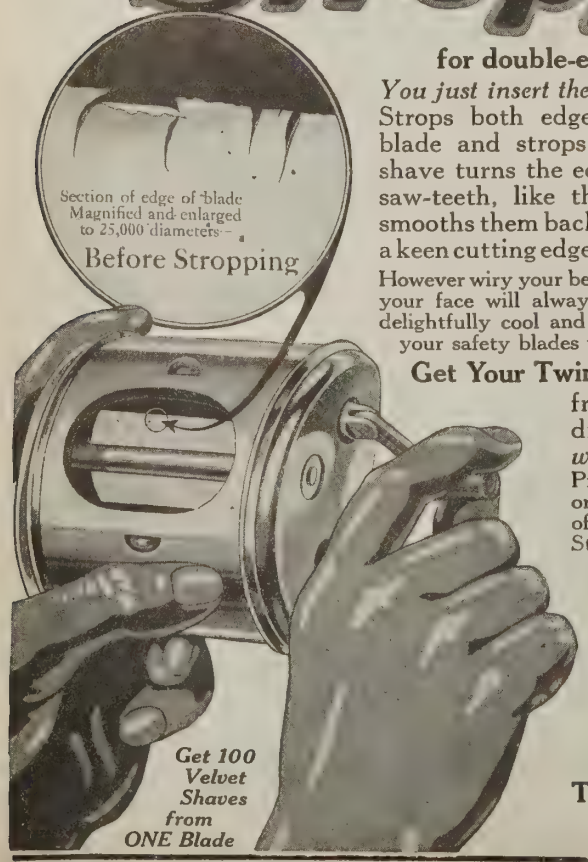

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 15)

store in the town of Kennebunk, Maine, when he wasn't running the British and the Indians round the rugged Maine scenery. It has the fairy stories whipped to a light froth. Right at the top of the very first page appears the absorbing statement: "Eliab Stevens, Dr. To 1 pr. Morocco shoes, 84 cents." And right under it is the thrilling bit: "Capt. Elisha Chadbourn, Dr. To 6 doz. Eggs, 75 cts." And piling sensation on sensation, the third paragraph reads: "Noah Shackford, Dr. To ½ pt. N. E. Rum, 7 cts. Drank in store."

Morocco shoes eighty-four cents! Be still, my fluttering heart, be still! And one half pint of fragrant old New England rum, straight from the heart of Medford, Massachusetts, for seven cents! I swoon! Who cares where it was drank, so long as the dranker got it for seven cents? Seven cents for half a pint of New England rum! Twenty-eight cents for a quart! And eighty-four cents for a pair of shoes or three quarts of rum! To say nothing of six dozen eggs, freshly abstracted from under startled Maine hens, for the staggering sum of seventy-five cents, or twelve and one-half cents the dozen! Who cares to listen to such trite and commonplace twaddle as the fairy godmother's adventures in getting a coach and four out of a pumpkin, and some rats, when one can read real red-blooded stuff about Eliab Stevens getting a pair of Morocco shoes out of eighty-four cents? My little leather-covered daybook may be a trifle shorter on love interest than Cinderella or Beauty and the Beast, but it possesses infinitely more excitement and much more of the surprise element. Oh, much!

Goose at Four Cents a Pound

The book has an insidious attraction for me. When I receive dispatches from New York stating that a half portion of chicken salad is bringing a dollar and eighty-five cents in an unpretentious hostelry, or that one-hundred-dollar apartments are now renting for four hundred dollars, or that a stylish dressmaker is gouging one hundred and forty dollars out of her clients for a sheek little street dress made out of potato sacking, or that the price of babies' rattles is up three hundred per cent, I reach for my daybook for 1824 and lose myself in its yellowed pages.

It was late in October, 1824, that Mr. Jacob Littlefield, Dr., came into my forbear's Kennebunk emporium. He was feeling generous that day, the crops having been safely garnered, so he cut loose and blew himself to five and one-half yards of factory sheeting, a gill of rum—which he sopped up then and there—half a pound of Souchong tea, a pound of coffee, two pounds of sugar, a pair of firedogs, a five-and-one-half-pound chicken, three gallons of New England rum, a gallon of molasses, twelve and a half pounds of flour, eleven and three-quarter pounds of lamb, thirteen cents' worth of unnamed sundries and a final snort of rum at four cents to give him strength to carry away his purchases—and the grand total for the entire debauch of buying came to six dollars and four cents. I haven't figured up what the same supplies would come to to-day, but it's almost a foregone conclusion that one would have to plaster a mortgage on the old homestead if he wanted to pay for them all at one time.

And on the last Saturday in October, 1824, the Widow Nason, Dr., stopped in and got a twelve-and-three-quarter-pound goose for Sunday dinner. It set her back fifty-one cents. There, I maintain, is an incident which casts the average flight of fancy into dense shade—not to say outer darkness. We who have to disgorge more than sixty cents for five pounds of dog biscuit are in an excellent position to understand how absorbed one can become in reading of the purchase of an obese goose for the half of a dollar plus one cent. Absorbing? It's more than that. It is overpowering and even soul-subduing.

The book is like a drug which numbs one's brain and lulls one into hazy dreams in which golden visions come and go. Witness the following: On November 1, 1824, the bracing cold of early autumn had evidently set in, for Mr. Daniel Shackley, Dr., wandered in and accumulated in rapid succession a glass of brandy at four cents, another glass of brandy at four cents, a gill of New England rum at four cents and two gills of New England rum at eight cents; so that for a total expenditure of twenty cents Mr. Daniel Shackley, Dr., was able to go home in a rosy glow, stepping high and probably hoping that an Indian would jump out at him so that he could lay him low with one fell punch on the nose. I tear myself from that book with the utmost difficulty, and my mind constantly reverts to those generous shots of rum at four cents the shot. Hi ho!

While I am one who always rises to his feet and whistles shrilly and stamps wildly on the floor and shouts "Yes! Yes!" when a beautiful actress advances to the footlights and says in a lovely tremulous voice: "Do you believe in fairies?" Oh, say that you believe in fairies!"—while in the abstract I believe in them, I realize to the full that the most delightful features of the fairy tales are gone from us never to return. None of us will ever see the Slave of the Lamp, or eighty-four-cent shoes, or the dark-blue jinni in turban and short pants who could be summoned by a brief round of applause, or goose at four cents a pound, or the witch who rode on an eight-cylinder broomstick and put a curse on the child when she failed to receive an engraved invitation to the christening, or fresh eggs at twelve cents a dozen, or the enchanted princess who couldn't wake up until the handsome prince administered a soul kiss. I do not look for a fairy godmother to pop up through the floor and provide me with a ravishing stenographer when I am in despair because of a broken typewriter.

None the less I do look for a return to the prices which existed in our fair nation before William Hohenzollern of Amerongen became obsessed with the grotesque notion that he could knock the rest of the world flat on its back and kick it boorishly in the face. It is true that some of our leading thinkers and political economists issue oppressive melancholy statements which cast a ghastly dark-green haze over the outlook. None the less I refuse to despair.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale has recently stated despondently that the present generation will probably see little reduction in prices because of the inflation of gold and silver.

J. Ogden Armour on the other hand blames everything on the permanently increased cost of labor, and high taxation.

Everybody Hueing and Crying

John Hays Hammond says morosely that it is all due to the retardation of business, which is being retarded because we are hoping for or fearing lower prices, but that whatever happens we can return neither to prewar conditions nor to prewar prices.

The attorney-general says hopefully that the packers are the fiends in human shape who are responsible for all our agonies, and he is preparing to let the packers have it right where Mrs. Van Astor wears her pearls.

The railroad brotherhoods figure that everything will be all right if they can get more money out of the Government and let the Government get it by increasing the debts of the taxpayers.

Congress has accused the President of being to blame because he went off to Europe with Colonel House and left this country twiddling its thumbs.

The President says that Congress did it all because it spent its time emitting large and windy gusts of talk but failed to take any measures that would help matters.

John J. Glump, the well-known taxpayer and private citizen, says frankly that if the butcher and the grocer would be satisfied with a reasonable profit instead of soaking him three cents more every time they are soaked one cent more the murky atmosphere would rapidly unmurk.

Among the other causes to which the high cost of everything is ascribed are the improper ratio of money to commodities, Postmaster-General Burleson, the hoarding of foodstuffs, the scarcity of fertilizer, increased freight charges, the Democratic Party, the greedy farmer, the stoppage of immigration, overindulgence in automobiles and movies, the Army, the Navy, the lack of sufficient industries, the creation of new industries, the urgent demand for building and construction of every sort and the scarcity of fish off the Atlantic Coast.

So far nobody has mentioned the seventeen-year locusts, the cucumber blight, the

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influenza, the presence of white corpuscles in the blood, the fondness of womenfolk for going without underskirts, the large number of stray cats, the squash-borer, or the increase in the number of good roads as being at the bottom of the high cost of living; but everybody is becoming so fretful and scattering his accusations so loosely that it is only a question of time before most—if not all—of them will be obliged to shoulder the blame temporarily.

But for me there is a great deal of hope in the deafening hue and cry that is being raised over the high cost of living and in the apparent inability of anyone to press his finger firmly and accurately on the reason for it. I have inclined my ear carefully to the hue and cry, first concentrating on the hue and then concentrating on the cry, and I have read with great care all the wordy explanations that have been made as to why everything costs from three to ten times as much as it ought. All that I have got out of either the hues, the cries or the explanations is a headache and a fixed belief that few of the huers and criers know what they are talking about.

The time that I have spent in contemplating the hues and what not might have been spent to better advantage in laboring industriously so that the high cost of everything would have appeared a trifle less high to me by reason of my increased earnings. And in that there coyly lurks a thought for those who spend all their spare moments in thinking about striking or in talking about striking or in getting ready to strike or in actually indulging in that popular pastime. I touch only lightly on this subject because I do not care to get myself mixed up in any labor disputes and stop a brick by getting the side of my head against it as it hurtles through the air. But the thought is there, and if any strikers—prospective or otherwise—care to avail themselves of it they may do so; and it won't be necessary for them to mention my name or to give me any credit. They needn't consider me at all. The world is too full of bricks for me to claim any consideration in such a matter.

The Lobster-Lurer's Scheme

The fact remains, however, that if people are unable to agree on the exact reason for excessive living costs there will some day arise a prophet who will discover it. And since everyone is advancing a solution for our troubles one is justified in thinking that the discovery will occur soon. What boots it that all the offered solutions are such as to make a horse burst into raucous and ribald laughter? What boots it, I repeat? It doesn't boot anything. Not a boot, nor yet the half of a boot, nor even the least portion of a boot—such as a boot lace. Everyone is trying and if enough people try sufficiently hard and for a sufficient length of time at anything the bystanders are bound to witness some interesting and exciting action.

I have stopped reading the solutions which are advanced by legislators and other persons who are expected to do the correct thing. In a crisis the day is usually saved by someone who was never heard of except by his immediate family and the people to whom he owed money. When prominent politicians make the welkin ring with statements that there wouldn't be any high prices in this country if it weren't for the foul, grasping, greedy packers, and I then turn over to page four of my newspaper and read that the price on silk stockings that used to sell for one dollar in 1916 will hereafter be three dollars and fifty cents and that the fetching undershirt or underdrawers which fetched twenty-five cents three years ago will henceforth fetch seventy-five cents, I realize that the welkin is being rung in vain. What have the packers to do with silk stockings—except to wear them? And can the packers affect the price of knit underwear? Echo, I do not hesitate to say, answers "Knit!"

When I wish to be cheered up I wander over to our local post office just before the ten-seventeen mail comes in and incline my ear to the ingenious remedies for oppressive living costs which are tossed off by the most advanced thinkers of the neighborhood. They spend their days luring the wily lobster from the vasty deep or coaxing the succulent potato from the darkest recesses of the old ten-acre lot, so they have plenty of time to meditate on men and things. Their remedies cheer me, not because they are any more valuable than those proposed by the professional thinkers in Washington but because they show that everybody with a brain in his head, or even a remnant of a brain, is mulling over the same problem.

For the space of two days the post office was in a turmoil of excitement over a remedy evolved by one of our most prominent lobster-lurers. It had the advantage of being simple but elegant. All it required was that the Government should pass laws fixing the price of everything at the spot where it stands to-day and then decree that every one-dollar bill should be exchanged for a two-dollar bill at the nearest bank. Wages by law would be exactly doubled. Everyone, as I say, was all excited over this proposition, and there was even a movement on foot to take up a collection so that the father of the great plan could be sent to Washington to lay his scheme before the President and Congress.

But eventually someone made the horrible discovery that a one-dollar bill, manipulated with any degree of skill, could easily be made the sole support of an entire family, for if it were changed at the bank for a two-dollar bill and then changed outside for two ones and the two ones were changed at the bank for two twos and the two twos were changed outside for four ones —— But I need not continue. Nobody bothered to hunt for further flaws in the scheme. That one flaw was a great plenty.

Local Lights That are Put Out

Then another of our local lights, who has the reputation of being not quite right in his head, held the center of interest for another day or two with an even simpler remedy. His scheme was to have the nation divided into two great classes—producers and nonproducers. On a given date all the nonproducers were to be given a powerful sleeping potion which would put them to sleep for two months. While they were asleep all the producers were to go on producing, with the result that the country would be plentifully supplied with a full stock of everything and prices would consequently drop back where they belonged. For a time it was thought that the originator of this scheme had been severely maligned by being considered not quite right in his head, and that he was really a genius; and much conversation was had anent the close relationship between the peculiarities of insanity and the peculiarities of genius. Then there was an awakening, for the people who were most enthusiastic over the scheme suddenly discovered that they were the ones who would have to lap up the sleeping potion and pass into a silence for two months. The scheme died a quick and violent death, marked by strong convulsions, and its author, instead of being viewed as not quite right in his head, was looked on as being a menace to the community.

On another occasion the postmaster, while browsing through his favorite hammock literature—the encyclopedia—ran across an account of the old sumptuary laws which limited or regulated the private expenditures of the citizens of a community. He was greatly intrigued by reading how the Lacedæmonians were obliged to keep down expenses by not being allowed to own a house or furniture which had been built with more elaborate implements than an ax, a saw and a jackknife; and how during the Tokugawa period in Japan every detail of a man's life was regulated down to the least particular—from the length of his mustache down to the cost of his wife's face powder or the price of his child's teething ring. He was on the verge of coming out strong for sumptuary laws until his wife reminded him caustically of the deafening roar which he had emitted when the National Prohibition Law was passed, and stated emphatically that she didn't propose to have anyone tell her how much she was to pay for her face powder, her side combs or anything else. Thus the sumptuary-law movement was severely nipped—not to say chewed—in the bud.

This country is full of people who possess great inventiveness and striking originality of thought. When the country is in danger or when large rewards are offered they can be depended on to produce inventions which will counteract any little thing like a submarine menace, poison gas, the lack of dyes or German secret agents. The high cost of living is only one of many problems which have disturbed this nation. I am inclined to think that if the Government should make a sporting or patriotic problem out of it results would materialize with

Why suffer from callouses on the soles of your feet?

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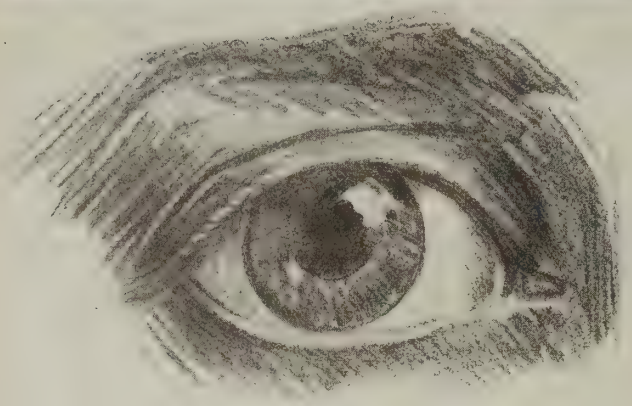
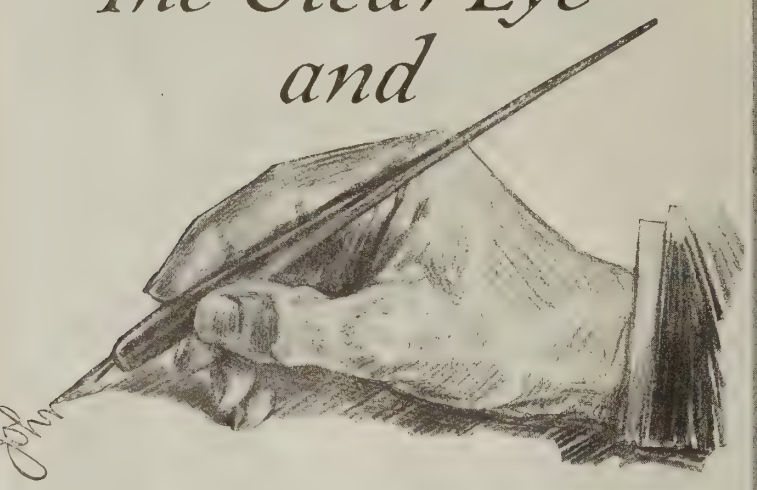


The Clear Eye and the Steady Hand



Everywhere in the world the man with the clear eye, the steady hand and the ready and responsive brain gets the most out of life. Everywhere in America these men are finding in the Girard a cigar that brings them all the pleasure of fine tobacco with no disturbing reaction on nerves or digestion.

All the oily gums that sometimes leave an "after-effect" from tobacco are removed in making the Girard—and at the same time it is a full flavored soul-satisfying Havana smoke that is just overflowing with enjoyment right down to the last long puff.

Doctors recommend it and smoke it too. Ask for Girards at the next cigar counter. It is sold in every State in the Union.

Established 48 years Antonio Roig & Langsdorf Philadelphia

America's Most Famous Cigar

13c.
2 for 25c
Other sizes 10c up

GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

such velocity that the Government's head would swim—allowing of course that the present Government has any sort of head at all.

There is always a solution for every problem—with the possible exception of the whys and wherefores which lead a chicken to cross the road. There was the celebrated problem of flying, over which numerous hardy spirits mulled for centuries while pessimistic souls stood afar off slapping their thighs and roaring with laughter at the piquant antics of the silly parties who actually believed that a man could contrive a machine which would fly in any direction other than straight down like a stone.

There was the baffling problem which confronted Archimedes. You probably recall it. King Hiero of Syracuse one day purchased a solid gold crown, nicely carved and blocked according to the *dernier cri* in crowns. After he had got it home and posed in front of the mirror a few times the horrible thought crept over him that the crown dealer might have charged him for a solid gold crown and handed him one which was partly brass. So greatly did this suspicion disturb him that he called in his friend Archimedes, who had achieved a wide reputation as a lightning calculator and a snappy inventor, and instructed him to find out whether the crown was solid gold without denting it, bending it, scraping it, cutting any pieces out of it or otherwise damaging it so that its value would be impaired.

This problem was considered by all hands to be one that would give Archimedes something to think about for some time to come, and large numbers of his friends lay awake nights wondering whether he would escape from his dilemma by blowing out the gas or by taking a header into the harbor. Individuals of great judgment and perspicacity went so far as to predict that even if Archimedes lived to grow a twenty-foot beard he would still be about seven thousand miles from the solution of the problem.

Archimedes fretted and stewed over the problem until his tongue was furry and his brain felt like a hot mince pie and he had to go downtown for a Turkish bath to tone up his system. He was crawling into the bathtub when his busy brain took note of the manner in which the water rose as he lowered himself.

Instantly the solution of the problem burst on him with a dizzying impact. All that he needed to do was to weigh the crown, get a piece of gold weighing exactly as much and put each of them into a bowl filled with water. If the crown was gold they would both displace the same amount of water. But if the crown had alloy in it it would displace less water than the piece of gold.

I would dearly love to recount for the sake of pessimistic individuals who think that the high-cost-of-living problem cannot be solved a few of the staggering problems which have confronted humanity. It will be remembered that some of the master intellects of Spain were utterly baffled by the problem of how to make an egg stand on end until Columbus gently crushed one end of the egg against the table and left it standing proudly on the crushed spot. And there were the intriguing and apparently unsolvable problems of how to discover gunpowder and the North Pole and steam engines and sleeping cars and sewing machines and permanent waves and—— But the hour is late and my time is limited—applause and glad cries.

All problems, I repeat, can be solved, and though such renowned students and experts as Theodore Vail, Otto Kahn, General Goethals and others declare firmly and resonantly that nothing can be done during the next ten years to solve this particularly oppressive and wearisome problem of living costs, I venture to cast aspersions on their declaration. What are a few aspersions to me? Nothing whatever, and I reck not where I cast them. Not a reck!

If everybody in these United States makes up his mind that the problem must be solved immediately, if not sooner, then out of the wilds of far New Jersey or from a humble Riverside Drive apartment or from the Kansas whisker belt or the California cafeteria zone will come an unknown party—some simple and unpretentious yokel—with the solution unostentatiously tucked away in the northeast pocket of his vest. The magnates who said it couldn't be done will grow red in the face with laughter at the ignorant impudence of the conceited fellow, and the legislators who have investigated in vain will whoop so merrily that their legislative string ties will loosen up and fall away from their collars. But the problem will be solved.

High prices may be due to the creation of new industries, to profiteering, to Bolshevism, to an overaccumulation of ozone in the ether, to an overaccumulation of deadwood in the Administration, to daylight saving, to Prohibition, to a distortion of the tontine principle, to trade-unionism, to the preponderance of atmosphere over the hemisphere, to a lack of credit coöperation and to any or all of the other things on which deep thinkers with high glossy foreheads blame the high prices. I don't know and I don't care. I only know that prices are some seven miles too high and that it won't be long before someone discovers the real reason for it and produces a business-like and effective remedy. When that delightful day arrives the cause of high prices, be it profiteers or trade-unionism or what not, will do well to hunt its hole and pull the hole in after it, for the world is going to be a very unhealthy place for it to live in.

I wish that Rodin were still alive. It would be gratifying to have him sculp a statue of The Thinker, roused from his brown study, feverishly pounding the cause for the high cost of living over the head with an expression of ferocity and a large nubbin-studded club, and then to have the statue placed prominently in every grocery store, Grange, pacifist's home, butcher shop, clothing emporium and civic center as a warning to all interested parties that it must never happen again.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

rotation of the record mark in the date squares notes the status of the work and makes it easy to follow or look up each event in the progress of the work.

Let us now assume that we want to adapt the chart to the needs of a manufacturing concern. All that is necessary is to alter the meaning of each of the eight different positions of the record mark. In doing this we might arrange the legend as follows: 1. Order dated. 2. Order received. 3. Drawings begun. 4. Drawings to shop. 5. Shopwork finished. 6. Material delivered to shipping room. 7. Material shipped. 8. Correspondence in regard to matter.

If a publisher or editor desired to apply this chart to his work a simple legend might be arranged along these lines: 1. Manuscript received. 2. Manuscript to editor. 3. Corrected copy to compositor. 4. Galleys received. 5. Article made up. 6. Proof pages received. 7. Final pages approved. 8. Article published.

In some cases the editor might find it advisable to record more than eight stages of progress, and this can be done by adding additional phases through simply marking along the halves of the vertical and horizontal sides of the square. Or if he desires to include the date of payment for the contribution he might originate a new symbol by drawing a small circle about the central dot.

In case work is carried over from one month to the next it is not necessary to start a new data sheet. The entry may be made in the usual way in a date square by simply adding an abbreviation of the name of the new month. If the one using the chart has agreed to make delivery on a definite day this fact may be indicated by a dotted line in the square corresponding to the promised date.

When the promise is fulfilled the dotted line is drawn in solid; if the agreement is not carried out the chart will evidence the error in estimate.

When this method of recording the progress of a matter of business is employed the record is compact, permanent, definite and complete. The progress-of-work board with its many pegs and blocks can be discarded. Instant and reliable answers can be given to any inquiry. The total time consumed by the operatives in finishing any job is shown by a glance at the sheet, and the efficiencies of various employees or departments can be quickly compared.

SHALL WE HAND BACK OUR NEW INDUSTRIES TO GERMANY?

(Continued from Page 14)

of dyestuffs now made up and waiting in Germany and other countries will be at once dumped on the American market if bars are not put up against it. If the dumping is allowed probably ninety per cent of the war-born industries will die. Mr. Longworth's proposal would change the present law in two respects: It a little more than doubles existing duties, and strikes out the provision that the duties shall be reduced yearly by twenty per cent for five years. Congress is being urged to go beyond this and lay a total prohibition upon imports except under license.

Before the war Germany dominated the world market in dyestuffs. Every country was dependent upon her. The few American factories were little more than assembling plants, as they were almost entirely dependent on so-called "intermediates" imported from Germany. The artificial dyes brought into the United States annually were valued at between nine and ten million dollars. Even after the war began and until March, 1915, the United States received nearly its normal supply of dyes under an arrangement that permitted cotton to go into Germany in exchange.

Women may remember how at about that time there came a great change in the designs of all printed cloths, especially in calico and gingham. By printing a small design on a white background the looms could be kept busy and the public supplied the normal quantities of calico with a relatively small consumption of dye. Gingham mills reduced the proportion of colored yarns used and light shades became common.

There was an acute shortage of dyestuffs in the middle of 1916 and the closing down of many textile mills was only narrowly averted. The immediate problem was to secure a large output as soon as possible to save the textile industry from disaster. Cost of production and even quality were minor considerations. Money was spent freely. Soon there came a steady improvement in the quality, uniformity and variety of the dyes being made in the United States, and an increase in quantity. The needs of the woolen mills were met better than the needs of the cotton mills. The development of cotton dyes did not progress satisfactorily. Indigo, the most important cotton dye, was being made at the rate of only a small percentage of the normal consumption. Whole groups of dyes of the highest quality, and the fast vat dyes—derived from anthracene and carbazol—were not being produced at all.

Making Headway

When we entered the war it brought about another upset in the industry. The army demanded an unending supply of khaki dyes for uniforms, shirts, tents and putties. There was a corresponding decrease in the colors ordinarily used for civilian purposes. The close connection between explosives and dyes was brought home to the domestic industry. Toluol, acetic acid, wood alcohol, chlorine, caustic soda and ammonia were commandeered by the military authorities. Toluol is the essential raw material for scores of dyes, and unfortunately for the dyeing industry the supply was inadequate even for military requirements.

The draft made it difficult to secure and retain enough men. The success of the industry when foreign competition must be met again will depend in large degree on the number of trained and experienced men available. The competitive strength of this new industry in the coming year or two will also be dependent on writing off the abnormal construction costs due to the war, the cost of experiments and the inevitable mistakes that have been made.

The period since the armistice has been one of readjustment and preparation for the period of competition that is to follow. Efforts are being made to cut costs of production and to improve the quality and variety of products. We cannot yet make all of the dyes that the Germans made. Some of the dyes that we do make are not so good as those we obtained from them before the war. The research staffs of the new industries working with the chemists in American universities have a cloud of problems before them in the development of new types of dyes to replace dyes now in use. Not until the success of the American industry is at least equal to the current success of our chief foreign rivals can it be regarded as safely established. Much work is to be done yet along these lines.

One tremendously helpful thing has been done: All the German dye and chemical patents and trade-marks in this country were seized by the Government. They have been transferred in a block to a company organized for the purpose and known as the Chemical Foundation. This new corporation will grant licenses under its patents to all responsible American applicants on the same terms. Thus foreign-owned patents will no longer hinder the development of American industry. These patents will be utilized to prevent or control the importation of products they cover. The significance of this action to the domestic dye and synthetic drug industries cannot be overestimated. Important dyes not yet being made in the United States are controlled by these patents. The most dangerous weakness of the American industry has been buttressed. Dye and drug manufacturers here in the United States can now go ahead amply protected against destructive competition from foreign rivals whose long experience and powerful organization gave them a great advantage.

Optical Glass

Except as regards dyestuffs the conditions in the American chemical industry are not bad. The manufacture of acids and heavy chemicals is well established on a profitable basis and was so even before the war. But in medicinals very little real American manufacture existed. Most of the coal-tar derivatives came from Germany.

The making of chemicals is, however, not an experimental industry, but it has developed unevenly and not enough attention has been given to make it occupy its proper relative position. The manufacture of finished products has been in great measure left in foreign hands. We normally imported about fifty-five hundred natural and manufactured articles in the chemical trade, most of which could be produced in the United States.

The making of optical glass is another essential industry that the German was allowed entirely to absorb. When England went to war she found that she did not have nearly enough field glasses for her officers. Battalions going to the Front would put want ads in the newspapers asking for the loan or gift of glasses. The daughter of Field Marshal Lord Roberts effected a little organization that pleaded all over Great Britain for the loan of glasses. Everybody who was at the Front in the early days, and even up to the very end, will remember how eagerly German prisoners and old enemy positions were searched for field glasses. The Germans had plenty of glasses, and good ones too.

The Germans developed twenty-eight new kinds of optical glass, and one of them we now use entirely for range finders and for gun sights in our navy. To-day American optical-glass makers are making instruments for the army that will photograph the flight of a cannon ball. Early in the war the shutting out of German imports and the necessities of the Allied governments exhausted the supply of optical glass in the United States. In 1917 scientists of the Carnegie Institution and the United States Bureau of Standards coöperated with four American manufacturers and succeeded in producing optical glass which met the requirements of the army and navy. These manufacturers have built factories for the production of the glass required for domestic consumption, but the industry is not yet able to supply all the grades and kinds of glass for which there is a demand.

The new industry in the United States has the materials, the scientific knowledge, the equipment and the capacity to compete with some of the best products of the foreign manufacturer. Germany has been shut out of our market. It was not until

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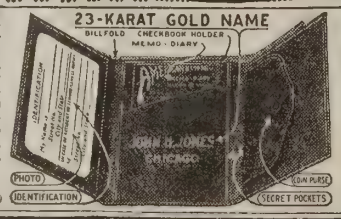

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after five years of research and experiment that the Jena works of Germany developed twenty-eight new kinds of optical glass. This firm had the advantage of twenty-five years' experience and in its own field was practically without a competitor. It is not reasonable to expect that American manufacturers and scientists could, in less than three years, do more than they have done to attain the required standards of knowledge and efficiency to meet the demands of domestic consumption and the attack of expert foreign competition.

Chemical-glass utensils are essential for the chemical control of a number of industries. The chemical departments of universities and other educational institutions use large quantities of this ware in their courses of instruction. Prior to 1915 practically all chemical glassware was imported, mainly from Germany and Austria. Since that time it has been established as a new industry in the United States. What is known as factory-blown ware, such as flasks, beakers, tubing and blanks, is now being made in seven old-established glass factories. Other sorts of chemical-glass apparatus are being made in upward of ten shops.

Scientific tests made by the Bureau of Standards in 1918 established that the flasks and beakers made in the principal American factories equaled in all cases and surpassed in some the best qualities of imported ware. Not only are our American factories now fully supplying the domestic demand but last year they exported chemical glassware valued at $180,000 to more than seventeen foreign countries. Canada, Cuba, Mexico and China were the destinations of more than half of the total exports. Before the war we imported nearly $200,000,000 of this chemical glassware every year.

The vice president of a glass factory at Rochester, Pennsylvania, told the Tariff Commission recently: "The German manufacturers had the materials, they had the skilled labor, and they had the jump on us in producing this ware. We are getting the jump on them now because they are eliminated entirely. It remains to be seen what the effect of the war will be from the labor standpoint and as to whether or not they will overtake us in manufacturing after the war. Of course we do not know. The reason they had the advantage then was that the American factories could not compete. We have now proved that we can make a high-quality laboratory ware at reasonable prices.

"To a certain extent there was a special prestige for German chemical ware in this country which had to be overcome. Many of the chemists were German. This ware did not all come from Germany; some of it came from Austria. I know of only one factory in the United States that made any headway prior to the war, and it made only a few articles, chiefly used by the drug trade. I imagine we spent $10,000 before we were able to produce any glass."

Increasing Glass Exports

Generally speaking in nearly all classes and grades of glassware the finer qualities have hitherto been manufactured in Europe and the cruder kinds in the United States. An investigation made in 1916 by a governmental agency in 245 glass factories manufacturing ten different classes of ware and including all glass products revealed that only a few of the largest companies had employed a chemist, that the application of chemical principles had been neglected, and that the most important detail of successful manufacturing—a scientific knowledge of the glass itself—was lacking. Since the outbreak of the war in Europe there have come into existence in the United States twelve separate branches of the glass industry for the manufacture of the following articles hitherto not made commercially in this country: Optical glass, laboratory glass, glass-gauge tubing, watch crystals, glazing glass, oven glass, glass brick, siphon bottles, photographic glass, first-quality picture glass and glass for spectacles.

Exports have increased almost incredibly. The increase of 1917 over 1914 of window and plate glass, bottles, cut glass, table ware and lighting ware was 263 per cent. This was brought about by the destructive effect of the war upon the glass industries of Belgium and France. Whether our domestic glass makers can hold this trade after the war will depend upon how cheaply they can sell their product. Before the war the foreign makers could deliver nearly every sort of commonly used glass article in this country, and pay the duty, cheaper than our manufacturers could produce it.

As interesting a thing as has happened in this country since the war began has been the revolutionary change in the making of surgical instruments. The industry, or more precisely the craft—for it is almost a profession—has had novel and curious things done to it. The twin gods of American manufacturers are standardization and quantity production. Both of these have been imposed upon the makers of surgical instruments.

Before the war the industry was run in this country on old-fashioned lines. The makers were in close personal touch with their clientele. The manufacturer often sold his own product at retail. The typical shop employed from twenty-five to fifty workmen. It takes from two to five years to make a good surgical-instrument maker. An infinite variety of types of instruments is made. The number seems limited only by the inventive ingenuity of the surgeons.

Surgical Instruments

A good surgeon has somewhat the temperament of an artist. He has to do extremely delicate and difficult work; in most cases he develops an individual technic; he therefore insists upon having tools that exactly suit his fancy. The makers and retailers of instruments were always eager and willing to cater to the surgeon's wishes. One of the large importing houses claimed to be prepared to supply any one of ten thousand different kinds of surgical instruments. Retail dealers carry in stock from six thousand to seventy-five hundred different types. Most of these were invented by American surgeons but were imported from Germany prior to the war. Indeed the superiority of American designs was so evident that their use had become common in foreign countries as well as in the United States. American surgeons have shown the same invention and originality for which American machinists and tool designers have long been famous. Thus the trade was in the curious position of being supplied for the most part with German tools largely of American design. The number of American surgeons who got their training in Germany helped to give the German instrument makers their international repute. German instruments had a prestige that counted for much. The German workman was skilled and worked for extremely low wages.

That was the situation in 1914 when war began. One of the first things the Germans did was to lay an embargo on the exportation of surgical instruments. Her army needed all that could be made at home. Germany had also supplied England and France, so that as soon as the German supply stopped the American makers found themselves facing not only the home demand but frantic inquiries from the Allied governments. How quickly they responded is indicated by the increase in their labor force from 958 workmen in 1914 to 2128 in 1918 and the expansion of their annual output of less than $1,400,000 in 1914 to more than $5,000,000 last year.

The first thing they did was to obtain a standard list of instruments for use in the army and navy. The object was to eliminate superfluous types of instruments and to reduce the number of designs and patterns. The list as finally prepared contained less than 800 items as compared with the 7000 designs and patterns of surgical instruments in continuous demand by civilian practitioners. The great and increasing demand for thousands of each item on this list warranted the introduction of quantity-production methods. The first step was a systematic mobilization of manufacturing resources. All the firms pooled their resources. They divided contracts, each firm selecting from the standard list certain items which it was best equipped to produce. Numbers of small shops came into existence. Cutlery makers and jewelry makers found they could make surgical instruments. Men who knew how to make fine tools were given intensive training and taught how to make surgeons' tools. Machine methods were devised and introduced.

As a result many complex and delicate instruments are now being made in the United States by automatic machinery, tended by partly skilled labor, some of which were not made here at all before the war and others only in small quantities by expensive hand processes.

(Concluded on Page 181)

(Concluded from Page 178)

Specific instances are found in the Gigli saw, the ophthalmoscope, the adenotome, and the Kollmann dilator. The Gigli saw is a band of twisted steel used for skull operations. Before the war it was imported from Germany, where it was manufactured by skilled hand labor. Ophthalmoscopes at the beginning of the war were imported at a cost of $25 each; now, by the use of quantity methods, they are being turned out in this country at $5 each. The adenotome was produced in this country before the war by skilled workmen who could make about one dozen instruments a week. Now by the aid of machinery two partly skilled workmen are making five dozen a week.

The Kollmann dilator is one of the complex and delicately constructed instruments used by surgeons. It is composed of about one hundred parts, some of them almost microscopic in size. They are being made by a machine. Instead of the old method of hand production, in which each instrument had an individual character, they are now all exactly alike.

No doubt is expressed that American firms will be in a better condition to meet foreign competition when Germany seeks to resume her export business than they were in 1914. The various economies of large-scale production have been secured. More than double the number of skilled workmen are available. The standardized list of instruments will no longer suffice, but thousands of surgeons will have become accustomed to these standardized tools in army hospitals. Nevertheless the instrument makers expect a strong reaction toward diversification of types and patterns. If it becomes too strong some of the quantity production methods will have to be abandoned. It is an opinion generally held by the trade that German competition for a number of years will be weak. It is known that a lack of skilled workers has been severely felt by German manufacturers. The men who are left will not work so cheaply as they did before the war. The American manufacturers seem to feel that they will hold what they have got.

In prewar times practically all knitting-machine needles were made in Germany and the United States, but the American manufacturers did not begin even to supply the domestic demand. All the countries where knit goods are made had to buy their needles in Germany. The United States bought more than any of the others. The Germans sold their needles in this country at from eight to eleven dollars a thousand. They sold the same needle at home to their own knit-goods people for from four to five dollars a thousand. They were rapidly strangling the American needle makers.

One of the domestic manufacturers says: "We seldom got an interview where the German needle was established. We have increased our production threefold since the German imports were cut off. The only year we have made money has been since the war. The competition with Germany before the war virtually left the American factories without any resources and ready to stop business in the autumn of 1914. We have been able to recover considerably during the last two or three years. If the war had not come the German factories could have produced needles at such a price that we would have nailed the doors upon every factory in the United States."

Japan's Advantage

The strength of foreign competition seems to have depended upon the low labor costs in Germany. Domestic manufacturers say that if German needles were better than American it was because the finishing processes here at home had to be slighted to meet German costs.

The price of knitting needles has advanced from fifty to one hundred per cent during the war period, and the domestic factory owners say that unless they get a strong tariff the Germans will take the business away from them again. It is believed here that the German industry will recuperate rapidly. It is thought the German Government probably made some provision for the continuous manufacture of needles because of the importance of the German knit-goods industry. Needle makers could be easily trained to take the places of those lost in the war. Many of the processes easily can be carried through by women. Neither the American nor the English needle makers have been able during the war to supply demands from South American and Asiatic markets formerly exploited by Germany. The Germans will have a strong incentive to recover these markets.

Japan probably reaped more advantage than any other country from the embarrassment of German manufacturers. An outstanding fact in the present situation is that Japan has established a needle business in the United States that may give domestic manufacturers more concern than the old German competition. It is not unlikely that imports in the future will come from the Orient and not from Germany. The Japanese have peculiar advantages in labor costs, lower even than in Germany, and the native deftness of the women, who are admirably suited to such work. The extremely high prices the Japanese have been able to demand for their product during the war period have made it possible for them to establish business on a firm basis. One Japanese plant three years after it had been established claimed an output of six million needles annually.

The importance of the knitting-needle industry does not depend upon the size of the industry but upon its relation to the making of knit goods. The knit-goods mills must be assured of an adequate supply of well-made needles. The industry is too important to be left dependent upon foreign needle makers, with the possibility that any war disturbance will cut off the supply. The cost of needles is but a small factor in their business. Both here and in England strong measures of governmental protection to promote the making of needles is being urged.

Germany's Stuffed Clubs

Individually and as a people the Germans were implicit believers in threatening. They had no liking for mutual accommodations and arrangements. They liked to walk heavily and brandish a spiked club. In politics and diplomacy every discussion was attended by the German Army. The shining German sword was rattled on the slightest provocation. In business they had two clubs which for a time they used with great effect: The world used to be told regularly that it would crumble and decay if deprived of German dyes and German potash. The war has proved that both these clubs were stuffed.

Germany held a complete monopoly in potash salts. The German potash syndicate, closely allied with the German Government, was active in stimulating the sale of potash throughout the world by means of advertisements, demonstration farms and exhibits. It was highly successful. The industry is controlled in Germany by a syndicate in which the Prussian Government is a partner. All German mines were compelled to join the syndicate. The price of potash was artificially maintained at a level high enough to yield an abnormal profit, but low enough to kill all competition.

Since German imports were cut off by the war the American industry has at least demonstrated that a German threat to withhold supplies need have no terrors.

Imports of potash into the United States the year the war began had been the greatest on record, a total of 1,085,000 tons valued at $16,350,000. At this time there was no potash industry in the United States. The Germans laid an embargo on further exports in 1915. The urgent need for potash for fertilizer, munitions, matches and various chemical purposes caused a rise in price to about ten times normal. The demand and the high prices obtainable resulted in the creation of the new American industry. Seventy-eight firms were engaged in the production of potash compounds in the United States during 1918. They produced 52,135 short tons of actual potash.

Is this new industry to be permanent? That is the present question facing Congress and the producers. The problem is complicated by the circumstance that the American supplies come from many sources and by different processes. In some cases the potash is a by-product of other industries; in others it is the primary product. It seems taken for granted that a part of the German war indemnity must be accepted in potash salts, even if the indemnity is nominally payable in gold. The potash producers are now in Washington attempting to make some arrangement with Congress that will enable them to carry on.

The conclusion seems to be that if it is made worth while we can always find the fuel to keep the home fires burning.

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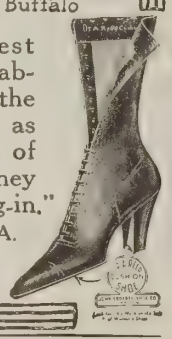

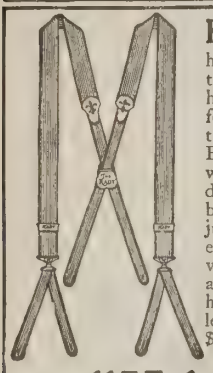

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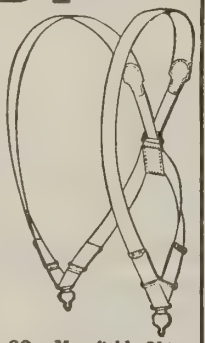

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5A MOTOR ROBES

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 34)

his relatives who had helped him to acquire it. He was the one plunger who always played them from the ground and got away with it. Like as not the main secret of his success or the why of his uncanny knowledge concerning race horses and race-track activities, or his vision, or luck, or whatever you want to call it, died with him, because those who were most closely associated with the Pittsburgh plunger during his lifetime have not been conspicuous on the track since his demise.

In appearance George Smith looked more like a divinity student than anything else. His apparel was always severely plain. He was directly at variance with the popular conception of a roistering race-track plunger. In manner he was gentle, almost diffident, polite and courteous to all, still not the kind of man from whom one would expect an exchange of confidences. It is reasonable to predict that had he followed any other calling and branched out in the business world he would have been a success from a monetary standpoint, because Pittsburgh Phil was system personified. He had all the boys who tell you about efficiency and method and the saving of excess energy lashed to the mast. He came on the turf without any particular flourish of trumpets. He departed as quietly as he came and he hung up a record that will stand for many a day.

The funny part of it was that the bookmakers always reached eagerly for Pittsburgh Phil's bets, notwithstanding the fact that he was so successful. The reason for this was that they argued that some day he would slip a cog and slide down the toboggan like the rest of the big betters who had made so many advents and exits. But he fooled them. He had not come back like the common or garden variety. He just kept on going and died a winner—died with the reputation of being perhaps the only big operator the American turf ever produced who met all comers in the betting ring, played the horses from the outside and took the long end of it for his.

On the distaff side of the house there have been few big betters, because the average woman wants to bet a little and bet it often. At the same time, when the female of the species gets the race-track fever it is pretty hard to wean her away from it. In the early days and in localities where racing was conducted almost continuously the fact that so many women became regular attendants at the races and gambled off every cent they could get their hands on had more perhaps to do with the adverse legislation against race tracks than anything else.

There were very few men—even those who gained their livelihood by working in or about the tracks—who were not outspoken against this evil, and in that one respect at least the "Wousers" who were behind the crusade against racing did creditable work.

The most daring female race-track plunger of the old days lived in Chicago. Her husband owned one of the largest racing stables in the West; in fact, at one time in the caliber of the horses and from a numerical standpoint it was one of the largest stables in the world.

Strange to say, this man never bet on his horses himself but was content with whatever they won in the way of stakes or purses. The lady, however, did gambling enough for a whole flock of families.

One day out at Washington Park this woman bet sixty thousand dollars on a horse belonging to her husband. He was second choice in the betting and ran head and head with the favorite all the way round the track and right down to the draw gate. Then ensued one of those hair-raising, heart-disease, sudden-death finishes, with both horses and riders straining every nerve to gain an advantage of a few inches.

Standing to win a hundred and twenty thousand dollars or to lose sixty thousand, the lady sat and watched the contest without batting an eye. The horses crossed the finishing line so close together that an ordinary blanket would have covered them both. No one but the judges could tell which had won. There was a slight delay before the numbers were hoisted, and when they were, that of the favorite went up first on the indication board.

"Tough luck," sympathized a friend who occupied a seat in the female plunger's box. "But what's the matter? You don't appear to mind it any more than if you had lost five dollars."

"Why should I?" replied the other coolly and without displaying the slightest emotion. "It's not tough on me. The joke is on the bookmakers, because I'll never bet another cent on the races as long as I live."

And then the wonderful thing happened, because as if to demonstrate the glorious uncertainties of the turf, the jockey who rode the horse on which this lady had bet a fortune climbed into the judges' stand and claimed a foul. Would you believe it? The judges allowed the claim and she won her money after all. But if any lady ever got a sensation on the race track that woman surely did, though from her words or manner no one could have sensed that it made the slightest difference to her one way or the other.

There have been other women who bet big money, of course, but none of them had the nerve of the lady from Chicago. She began where they left off.

John W. Gates stands alone in the history of the American turf as the colossal plunger; but, of course, he cannot be classed with the men who made their money betting on races and lost it through the same channel. Everyone knows that Gates made his money in business. He was a tremendously wealthy man and the actual loss or gain of money meant little to him. They used to call him Bet-a-Million Gates and it is said by those who know that frequently in the good old days when one would find sixty-odd bookmakers doing business in the ring, his bets for the day would often total round the million mark.

Gates would simply walk up to a bookmaker and inquire how much money he would take on a certain horse. Then he would bet whatever amount the bookmaker designated. In one of his pilgrimages round the ring it was not unusual for him to bet a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one race.

Like many others who loved to gamble on the horses, Gates was interested in a racing stable. At the outset the racers carrying his colors were wonderfully successful, but after a while they commenced to lose. Gates loved to gamble to the last. Toward the close of his life, however, he was not nearly so enthusiastic a supporter of the turf. They could not break him or even make a dent in his armor, because he had too much money. But they beat him so often that they made him respect the high card; and it is safe to figure that his racing experiences and his battles with the bookies put him many millions on the wrong side of the ledger.

When Bet-a-Million Gates first made his appearance on the turf the touts used to say that any stable boy could get the Chicago plunger to put a bet down for them. But toward the last the agile-minded gentry numbered Gates among the wary birds, and as one turf adviser expressed it: "Gates was educated until nobody could tell him nothin' about nothin'."

In this connection he ran to the form of all those who had preceded him and of the army which are following along every day. They all get educated if they stay long enough on the turf—wised up until they don't believe that cherries ripen or that trees have leaves or that rain falls perpendicularly.

Of course I have not mentioned many of the other notable plungers who from time to time lent color to the betting ring. Nearly every season saw a new one, but with few exceptions their histories were all the same—they came, made a splurge for a few minutes and passed on.

Turning to the other side of the betting ring and taking the bookmakers' end, this branch of endeavor has produced many unique characters. There was old man Al Burton, for instance.

Burton was a tall gangling Tennesseean, who when in the humor would take any kind of a bet. He was reputed to own most of the stock in the street-railway system of one of the largest cities in the South.

Burton's shibboleth was that the public couldn't pick them, and when he thought a horse did not have a chance to win he

(Continued on Page 185)

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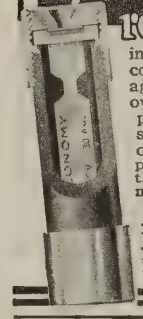

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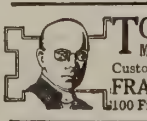

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(Continued from Page 182)

would always lay several points more against him than any other bookmaker in the ring. He had several pet maxims and was quite a philosopher in his way. When he wanted to give counsel of special weight, he always commenced by saying, "Don't bet on anything that can talk." His favorite beverage was champagne and plenty of it—in fact he rarely ever drank anything else. Then he would mount his block in the betting ring and yell like a Comanche Indian: "Come on if you want to back 'em."

When Burton felt like that you could bet him a king's ransom without making him turn a hair.

Sometimes, of course, he got out of line and the sharpshooters stung him good and plenty. But in the main his theory stood up. The public couldn't pick them—not as a regular thing—and as Burton had lots of money behind him, he was always able to come back to the old stand the next day. He knew better than anyone else that they couldn't continuously do the guessing and win his money.

After a particularly bad day like as not Burton would parade round the corridors of his hotel in the middle of the night. Guests who were still awake could hear him knocking his head against the walls and taking himself to task.

"Yo damned ole fool, Burton!" he would exclaim. "Yo infernal ole idiot! Who told yo, Burton, that yo could make book? And won't yo please tell me, Burton, how come yo got it in yo fool head that yo knew anything about race hosses? Mules for yo, Burton! That's what I said—mules! When yo die, Burton, if yo ever come back to this country, like folks say folks do, yo is goin' to be a gray street-car mule. That's what's goin' to happen to yo, yo miserable old fool, Al Burton."

Burton was a character, but whenever he thought he was right and that you were wrong, oh, boy! You could bet him till the cows came home. When he died he left a very large fortune. But Burton never gambled on the outside. He had only one system. He let the public do the choosing and he got their money.

Then there was "Virginia" Carroll, an impressive-looking and well-educated Southerner who took the booking end of it for his. Carroll was the quickest thinker the race track ever harbored; moreover, a master of invective and repartee.

Once on a wet day when a crowd was swarming round Carroll's book and as he was taking the money as fast as he could, a seedy individual approached and pointing with his umbrella expressed his desire to bet on a horse that was quoted at a hundred to one on Carroll's slate.

It was too small a bet for the high-rolling bookmaker to bother with—and besides he was busy. So he kept pushing the umbrella to one side. But this did not faze the bedraggled patron, who persisted in pointing at the horse of his choice.

Finally Carroll in desperation grabbed the rain protector and threw it into the booth behind him.

"One hundred umbrellas to one umbrella!" he shouted to his sheet writer—and so the bet was recorded.

There is an old race-track expression called "betting on the finger." It is a term which—being interpreted—means betting on credit. On another occasion a man whose reputation was not eighteen carat in the way of settling his bets or making good his losses approached Carroll's stand.

"I'll bet you a hundred on the top one!" he exclaimed, pointing with his finger at the bookmaker's slate.

Carroll pushed the man's hand aside.

"Take it some place else," he enjoined. "I have a barrelful of pickled fingers at home now."

Another pioneer bookmaker, named Joe Gleason, made a fortune by laying odds that the public could not pick them to run first, second or third.

He was the originator of what is popularly known as the one-two-three book, and it goes to show more than anything else perhaps what Gleason thought the real percentage was against the man who has to do the picking.

Some people say that there is more money bet on the races to-day than there ever was. This may be so, but I doubt it, when one considers the big betters of bygone days.

They used to tell a story of the times when Isaac Murphy, the famous colored rider, went to ride for Lucky Baldwin of California. His first mount was on an untried two-year-old and as he had worked the colt Baldwin came to the jockey seeking advice.

"Is he worth a small bet, Isaac?" queried the master of Santa Anita.

"What do you call a small bet, Mr. Baldwin?" asked the rider.

"Oh, twenty or twenty-five thousand!" replied the California horseman carelessly.

Another anecdote is told about Gates. He was traveling in the South and a coterie of gentlemen belonging to a famous club knew that Gates loved to play poker. They also were aware of the fact that small stakes would not interest him. So they clubbed together and got a bank roll of forty thousand dollars. Then they invited Gates to sit in.

The Chicago plunger pulled out his watch.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed heartily. "I'm mighty sorry I can't accept your hospitality this evening, but I have to catch a train."

"That's too bad, Mr. Gates," explained one of the prospective hosts. "That's very disappointing to us. Why, do you know, we have clubbed in together and have forty thousand dollars among us that you can shoot at? Doesn't that interest you?"

"Forty thousand?" laughed Gates. "Sure it does! I can't stay and play poker with you, but I've lots of time to flip a copper for it before I catch my train. That'll only take a minute."

Even the Chinaman has succumbed to the lure of the race track and "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" you have got to hand it to Little Pete, a Chinaman who flourished some eighteen or twenty years ago on the Pacific Coast.

When Pete undertook to beat the races he went right after the cube root of things. Race horses had to have riders and Pete sensed that if he could form a coalition with jockeys he could sew up racing. The wonderful part of it all was that this slant-eyed celestial did succeed in forming the strongest

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combination to beat the races that the game has ever known. He actually formed a combination with four or five prominent jockeys.

They used to forgather in Pete's little hop joint every night and pick the winners for the next day. It is said that this combination hardly ever made a mistake. Their betting operations were conducted discreetly because they never bet too much. They won steadily nevertheless.

It took the race-track authorities many months of hard and expensive work to run down the Little Pete gang and by the time they did so the Chinaman who originated this system had acquired a comfortable fortune. Then his luck changed. He met a violent death at the hands of a Chinese gunman who evidently would not stand for Little Pete's monkey tricks.

There was the colored brother, too, because every game known in the world of sport—as is demonstrated by Mr. Cohen and other writers of negro stories—has its colored plunger.

The colored disciples of the game were in their glory along in the early nineties. They were headed by a negro boy from Nashville named Charlie Jordan. And they made their presence felt at a time when the large betting rings were as full of bookmakers as they would hold.

Jordan and his crowd pulled off one of the best things ever successfully engineered, with a chestnut horse named Frontenac, at the first meeting at Morris Park. The colored confederacy were reputed to have taken the better part of a hundred thousand dollars out of the ring on this race and for a while they won just oodles of money.

Simultaneously, however, there arose a protest against the negro invasion. It was publicly charged in the press of the day that a colored riders' trust was in existence and the sleuths of the race track were put on the trail. It is very questionable whether they ever discovered anything of moment, because very little was given to the public, but somehow or another and dating from that time the colored riders became fewer in number as each season came round. To-day there are only one or two of consequence left.

It is hard to tell whether or not the fall of the black boys can be traced to the earlier turf activities of their brethren. But the fact remains that negro jockeys are no longer at a premium and that white boys have the call to-day.

The colored plunger disappeared as did his numerous white contemporaries. There are no more Charlie Jordans to keep the bookmakers awake at night. They all went broke.

The history of the turf is replete with hard-luck stories—as it naturally would be. A particularly tough one is recalled of a printer who worked on a New York paper. He bought a ticket on the great horse Hanover in the future books. It was months before the race would be run and this printer, having great faith in the famous racer, scraped together every dollar he could and bet on his choice at odds of fifty to one.

Hanover continued to do well in his training right up to a few days before the race. The printer used to go out to the track early every morning and watch him work. Everybody said he would win. I think the race was the Suburban.

Many men who knew that the sporting type sticker held a ticket calling for a long price against Hanover were eager to get it at a discount. He was offered five thousand dollars for it but refused because it called for ten if the horse won. Nothing but an accident could prevent that, but on the morning of the race the Dwyer brothers, who owned Hanover, scratched him. He did not start.

Of course this was a sad blow to the poor printer, but—metaphorically speaking—he girded up his loins and prepared to tempt fortune again. He bought a ticket in the Louisiana lottery. Three days before the drawing he found himself flat broke. He was out of a job and hungry. So he sold the ticket for five dollars—which was half its face value—to a bartender on the Bowery.

That ticket won the capital prize of fifteen thousand dollars and when the printer heard of it he went over to a cheap lodging house, hired a hall bedroom and blew the top of his head off.

As I said before, my master used to go over to the betting ring every day. He did not say much about his losses, but from a word I heard dropped here and there I knew that he was losing steadily. One evening he came back to the stable after the races were over and carelessly tossed a silver dollar over to Barney.

"What's this for, boss?" inquired the latter as he caught the coin deftly.

"Better hang on to it, Barney," enjoined my master. "Take good care of it, because it's the last of the family plate."

My master's finish in the betting ring was no different from the experiences of others, and so we found ourselves in the fall of the year with the races at St. Louis about to close and a long journey between us and New Orleans, which was our objective point. Barney took my master's split-second stop watch and pawned it for a hundred dollars to meet present necessities, but that did not give us enough money to set out for the Crescent City. I must needs leave the story of how we eventually got there for the next installment of this narrative.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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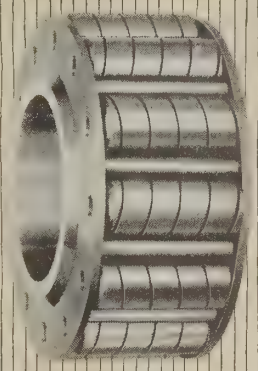

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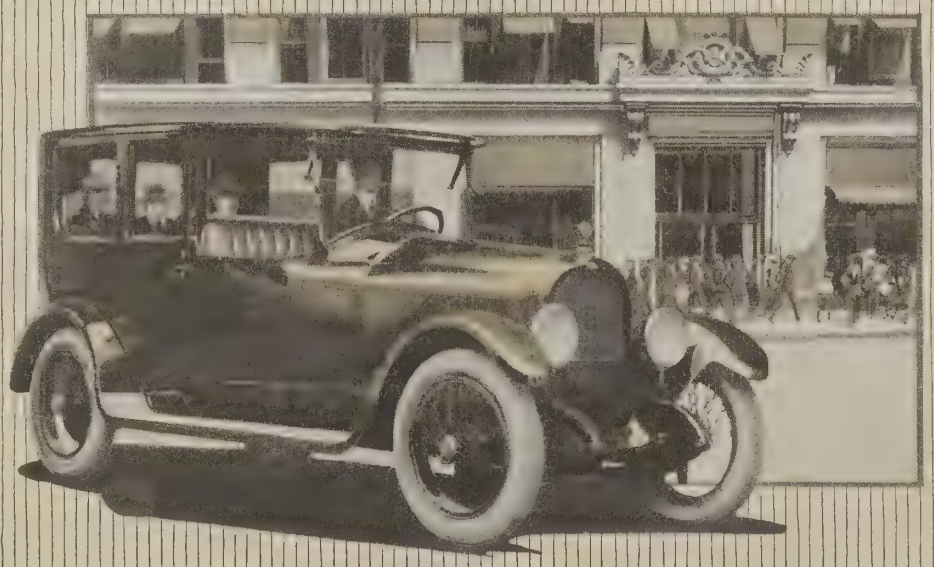

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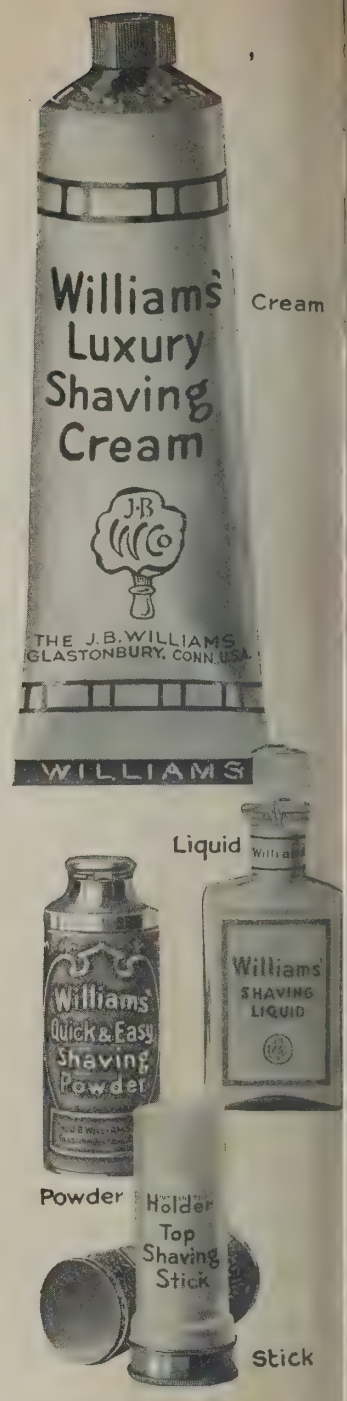

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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And Sold To—Irvin S. Cobb

"Twenty Dollars!" Pipes a Voice. He Clasps His Hand to His Brow. This is Too Much; it is Much Too Much

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN the new house was up as far as the second floor and the first mortgage, talk rose touching on the furnishings. To me it seemed there would be ample time a decade or so thence to in thinking of the furnishings. So far as I could tell re was no hurry and probably there never would be any ry. For the job had reached that stage so dismally iliar to anyone who ever started a house with intent to in it when completed, if ever. I refer to the stage when a large variegated assortment of hired help are ostensibly busy upon the mises and yet everything seems practically to be at a standstill. m the standpoint of a mere bystander whose only function is to the bills, it seems that the workmen are only coming to the job of a rning because they hate the idea of hanging round their own homes all with nothing to do.

So it was with us. Sawing and hammering and steam fitting and mbing and stone-lying and brick-lying were presumed to be going on; orers were wielding the languid pick; a roof layer was defying the laws of gravitation our ridgepole; at stated intervals there were great gobs of payments on account of or that to be met and still and yet and notwithstanding, to the lay eye the progress eared infinitesimal. For the first time I could understand why Pharaoh or Rameses whoever it was that built the Pyramids displayed peevishness toward the Children Israel. Indeed I developed a cordial sympathy for him. He had my best wishes. ey were four or five thousand years late, but even so he had 'em and welcome.

Accordingly when the matter of investing in furnishings was broached I stoutly murred. As I recall, I spoke substantially as follows:

"Why all this mad haste? Rome wasn't built in a day, as I have often heard, and view of my own recent experiences I am ready to make affidavit to the fact. I'll go ther than that. I'll bet any sum within reason, up to a million dollars, that the anest smokehouse in Rome was not built in a day. No Roman smokehouse—Ionic, ric, Corinthian or Old Line Etruscan—is barred. Unless workingmen have changed whole lot since those times, it was not possible to begin to start to commence to get dy to go ahead to proceed to advance with that smokehouse or any other smokehouse a day. And after they did get started they dallied along and dallied along and killed e until process curing came into fashion among the best families of Ancient Rome l smokehouses lost their vogue altogether. Let us not be too impetuous about the ail of furnishings. I have a feeling—a feeling based on my own observations over der at the site of our own little undertaking—that when that house is really done only furnishings we'll require will be a couple of wheel chairs and something to rm up spoon victuals in.

"Anyhow, what's wrong with the furnishings we already have in storage? Judging the present rate of non-progress—of static advancement, if I may use such a ase—long before we have a place to set them up in our furnishings will be so entirely of style that they'll be back in style all over again, if you get me. These things ve in cycles, you know. One generation buys furniture and uses it. The next eration finding it hopelessly old-fashioned and out of date burns it up or casts it away or gives it away or stores it in the attic—anything to get rid of it. The third generation spends vast sums of money trying to restore it or the likes of it, for by that time the stuff which was despised and discarded is in strong demand and fetching fancy prices.

"The only mistake is to belong to the middle generation, which curiously enough is always the present one. We crave what our grandparents owned but our parents did not. Our grandchildren will crave what we had but our own children won't. They'll junk it. To-day's monstrosity is day-after-tomorrow's art treasure just as to-day's museum piece is day-before-yesterday's monstrosity. Therefore, I repeat, let us remain calm. I figure that when we actually get into that house our grandchildren will be of a proper age to appreciate the belongings now appertaining to us, and all will be well."

Thus in substance I spoke. The counter argument offered was that—conceding what I said to be true—the fact remained and was not to be gainsaid that we did not have anywhere near enough of furnishings to equip the house we hoped at some distant date to occupy.

"You must remember," I was told, "that for the six or eight years before we decided to move out here to the country we lived in a flat."

"What of it?" I retorted instantly. "What of it?" I repeated, for when in the heat of controversy I think up an apt bit of repartee like that I am apt to utter it a second time for the sake of emphasis. Pausing only to see if my stroke of instantaneous retort had struck in, I continued:

"That last flat we had swallowed up furniture as a rat hole swallows sand. First and last we must have poured enough stuff into that flat to furnish the state of Rhode Island. And what about the monthly statements we are getting now from the storage warehouse signed by the president of the company, old man Pl. Remit? Doesn't the size of them prove that in the furniture-owning line at least we are to be regarded as persons of considerable consequence?"

"Don't be absurd," I was admonished. "Just compare the size of the largest bedroom in that last flat we had in One Hundred and Tenth Street with the size of the smallest

"Exactly!" He Said. "That is Precisely What Makes Them So Desirable. You Can't Counterfeit Such Age as These Things Show, My Boy"

bedroom we expect to have in the new place. Why, you could put the biggest bedroom we had there into the smallest bedroom we are going to have here and lose it! And then think of the halls we must furnish and the living room and the breakfast porch and everything. Did we have a breakfast porch in the flat? We did not! Did we have a living room forty feet one way and twenty-eight the other? We did not! Did we have a dining room in that flat that was big enough to swing a cat in?"

"We didn't have any cat."

"All the same, we ——"

"I doubt whether any of the neighbors would have loaned us a cat just for that purpose." I felt I had the upper hand and I meant to keep it. "Besides, you know I don't like cats. What is the use of importing foreign matters such as cats—and purely problematical cats at that—into a discussion about something else? What relation does a cat bear to furniture, I ask you? Still, speaking of cats, I'm reminded ——"

"Never mind trying to be funny. And never mind trying to steer the conversation off the right tack either. Please pay attention to what I am saying—let's see, where was I? Oh, yes: Did we have a hall in that flat worthy to be dignified by the name of a hall? We did not! We had a passageway—that's what it was—a passageway. Now there is a difference between furnishing a mere passageway and a regular hall, as you are about to discover before you are many months older."

Period Furniture at a Glance

ON SECOND thought I had to concede there was something in what had just been said. One could not have swung one's cat in our dining room in the flat with any expectation of doing the cat any real good. And the hallway we had in our flat was like nearly all halls in New York flats. It was comfortably filled when you hung a water-color picture up on its wall and uncomfortably crowded if you put a clarionet in the corner. It would have been bad luck to open an umbrella anywhere in our flat—bad luck for the umbrella if for nothing else. Despite its enormous capacity for inhaling furniture it had been, when you came right down to cases, a form-fitting flat. So mentally confessing myself worsted at this angle of the controversy, I fell back on my original argument that certainly it would be years and years and it might be forever before we possibly could expect—at the current rate of speed of the building operations, or speaking exactly, at the current rate of the lack of speed—to move in.

"But the architect has promised us on his solemn word of honor ——"

"Don't tell me what the architect has promised!" I said bitterly. "Next to waiters, architects are the most optimistic creatures on earth. A waiter is always morally certain that twenty minutes is the extreme limit of time that will be required to cook anything. You think that you would like, say, to have a fish that is not listed on the bill of fare under the subheading 'Ready Dishes'—it may be a whale or it may be a minnow: that detail makes no difference to him—and you ask the waiter how about it, and he is absolutely certain that it will be possible to borrow a fishing pole somewhere and dig bait and send out and catch that fish and bring it back in and clean it and take the scales and the fins off and garnish it with sprigs of parsley and potatoes and lemon and make some drawn butter sauce to pour over it and bring it to you in twenty minutes. If he didn't think so he would not be a waiter. An architect is exactly like a waiter, except that he thinks in terms of days instead of terms of minutes. Don't tell me about architects! I only wish I were as sure of heaven as the average architect is regarding that which no mortal possibly can be sure of, labor conditions being what chronically they are."

But conceding that the reader is but a humble husbandman—meaning by that a man who is married—he doubtless has already figured out the result of this debate. Himself, he knows how such debates usually do terminate. In the end I surrendered, and the final upshot was that we set about the task of furnishing the rooms that were to be. From that hour dated the beginning of my wider and fuller education into the system commonly in vogue these times in or near the larger cities along our Atlantic seaboard for the furnishing of homes. I have learned though. It has cost me a good deal of time and some money and my nervous system is not what it was, having suffered a series of abrupt shocks, but I have learned. I know something now—not much, but a little—about period furniture.

A period, as you may recall, is equal to a full stop; in fact a period is a full stop. This is a rule in punctuation which applies in other departments of life, as I have discovered. Go in extensively for the period stuff in your interior equipments and presently you will be coming to a full stop in your funds on hand. The thing works out the same way every time. I care not how voluminously large and plethoric your cash balance may be, period furniture carried to an excess will convert it into a recent site and then the bank will be sending you one of those little printed notices politely intimating that "your account appears overdrawn." And any time a banker goes so far as to hint that your account appears overdrawn you may bet the last cent you haven't left that he is correct. He knows darned good and well it is overdrawn and this merely is his kindly way of softening the blow to you.

I have a theory that when checks begin to roll in from the clearing house made out to this or that dealer in period furniture the paying teller hastens to the adjusting department to see how your deposits seem to be bearing up under the strain. It is as though he heard you were buying oil stocks or playing the races out of your savings and he might as well begin figuring now about how long approximately it will be before your account will become absolutely vacant in appearance.

As I was remarking, I know a trifle about period furniture. Offhand now, I can distinguish a piece which dates back to Battle Abbey from something which goes back no further than Battle Creek. Before I could not do this. I was forever getting stuff of the time of the Grand Monarch confused with something right fresh out of Grand Rapids. Generally speaking, all antiques—whether handed down from antiquity or made on the premises—looked alike to me. But in the light of my painfully acquired knowledge I now can see the difference almost at a glance. Sometimes I may waver a trifle. I look at a piece of furniture which purports to be an authentic antique. It is decrepit and creaky and infirm; the upholstering is frayed and faded and stained; the legs are splayed and tottery; the seams gape and there are cracks in the paneling. If it is a chair, no plump person in his or her right mind would dare sit down in it. If it is a bedstead, any sizable adult undertaking to sleep in it would do so at his peril. So, outwardly and visibly it seems to bear the stamp of authenticity. Yet still I doubt. It may be a craftily devised counterfeit. It may be something of comparatively recent manufacture which has undergone careless handling. In such a case I seek for the wormholes—if any—the same as any other seasoned collector would.

Up until comparatively recently wormholes, considered as such, had no great lure to me. If I thought of them at all I thought of them as a topic which was rather lacking in interest to begin with and one easily exhausted. If you had asked me about wormholes I—speaking offhand—probably would say that this was a matter which naturally might appeal to a worm but would probably hold forth no great attraction for a human being, unless he happened to be thinking of going fishing. But this was in my more ignorant, cruder days, before I took a beginner's easy course in the general science of wormholes. I am proud of my progress, but I would not go so far just yet as to say that I am a professional. Still I am out of the amateur class. I suppose you might call me a semi-pro, able under ordinary circumstances to do any given wormhole in par.

Chats With a Wormhole Specialist

FOR example, at present I have an average of three correct guesses out of five chances—which is a very high average for one who but a little while ago was the veriest novice at distinguishing between ancient wormholes, as made by a worm, and modern wormholing done by piecework. I cannot explain to you just how I do this—it is a thing which after a while just seems to come to you. But of course you must have a natural gift for it to start with—an inherent affinity for wormholes, as it were.

However, I will say that I did not thoroughly master the cardinal principles of this art until after I had studied under one of the leading wormhole experts in this country—a man who has devoted years of his life just to wormholes. True, like most great specialists he is a person of one idea. Get him off of wormholes and the conversation is apt to drag, but discussing his own topic he can go on for hours and hours. I really believe he gets more pleasure out of one first-class, sixteenth-century wormhole than the original worm did. And as Kipling would say: I learned about wormholes from him.

At the outset I must confess I rather leaned toward a nice, neat, up-to-date wormhole as produced amid sanitary surroundings in an inspected factory out in Michigan, where no scab wormholes would be tolerated, rather than toward one which had been done by an unorganized worm two or three hundred years ago, when there was no such thing as a closed shop and no protection

(Continued on Page 155)

In Such a Case I Seek for the Wormholes—if Any—the Same as Any Other Seasoned Collector Would

THE BOSTWICK BUDGET

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THIS is the story of the unfortunate Mr. Bostwick, who owed four thousand, four hundred and sixteen dollars sixty-nine cents, and tells how John W. es, attorney at consented to ix to his name symbol Dr. to a friend be rid as a suffix. s appended to Bostwick's e it looked like

r. Samuel T. twick, Dr. to s Brown & Co. t. 1 Acct. as per rendered..... .....$121.84.

nd Mr. Silas own "would much appre- e an immediate lement, failing ceive which we ll feel obliged take necessary s for collec- , and beg to re- n ——"

Well," said Sam elessly, "they remain and go g! Blamed if I help it!"

But, Sam, dear, ought to send m something. uldn't we let n have fifty dol- ?"

Now, Lucy, can I? We've ply got to pay club this week, ause if we don't l be posted.

n how would you feel? Couldn't go near the club- se, and all your friends talking. It would be fierce."

How much do we owe the club?"

Forty-four-twenty. That leaves us fifteen dollars and ty cents to get through the week with, and I've got ave a new commutation. That'll take seven-ninety, half. Thank goodness our ghost walks every week in- d of once a fortnight."

I don't see how we're going to manage, Sammy. The e's absolutely got to have some rompers and another of play shoes. You've no idea how that child goes ough his things."

Now, Lucy, I wish you could get along for one week hout buying something for that kid. If you would only t until ——"

W-e-ell. But he looks like a ragamuffin, poor lamb. so ashamed—and you know the Randalls may drop lmost any day."

The Randalls were Lucy's bête noire.

They were prone to roll up in a luxurious car at the st inopportune times—for instance, when Lucy had t washed her hair. Marcia Randall would soothe her tess' embarrassment with:

'Why, my dear! You mustn't mind me! Aren't you fectly wonderful to be able to shampoo it yourself? rcy! Celeste has such a time with mine. She's threat- d to leave me again and again, it's so difficult. But you w how it is with servants who have been with one for rs. I'm sure I should be devastated without Celeste."

After an hour of that brand of conversation Lucy would her guests a sugary good-by and then seek the back t of her small suburban home, mad enough to bite sec- ns out of the woodwork. At dinner, served by a ponder- Finn with a finesse acquired apparently somewhere th of the Arctic Circle, Lucy would retail the story to husband.

'And I tried to serve tea. Fanna gave us confectioner's ar and wore a pink wrapper with bedroom slippers. rcia Randall said—now, Sam, just listen—she said:

"'Oh, Lucy, what do you think? I'm going to lose ah, my waitress. I'm heartbroken. She's simply per- t, you know, and I've had her over three years. She's marry the Vanderbergs' butler.'"

"Can't You See, Silly? I'm Playing Tennis for the Championship of the Sahara Desert. Go Away! Go Back to Bed! You Need Your Sleep"

"How you must have felt for her, Luce! I bet you burst into tears."

"I could have choked her."

"Why didn't you let her have Fanna? That would have been revenge enough."

"Oh, I know Fanna isn't perfect, but she's lovely to the duke and he adores her."

"Glad she's got something to commend her besides weight and appetite. I suppose she's better than no maid at all."

"My, yes, only I wish you could see how our milk and cream disappear. And meat? You and I scarcely made an impression on the roast last night, but there wasn't enough to slice up for luncheon to-day."

Following his discussion of the imperative club bill Sam sat down and made a lot of figures, growing bluer and bluer as the evening advanced.

"Luce," he said, "this is the worst hole we've ever been in. We owe $4374.19."

"Oh, Sam, you must be mistaken!"

"Well, then, you take these bills and statements and add 'em up yourself."

"Isn't it dreadful? Makes me wish we were more like the Bakers—they're so thrifty."

"Tightwads! They make me tired. Besides, they can scrimp because their social demands aren't like ours. Baker's father was a truck driver or something. Their standards are different."

"Their standards seem to include a car."

"Yes, if you call a Gimme a car. Then, too, Baker's a handy bird. He likes to putter round the house. He's always making things and he's mechanical. He can do his own tinkering and hold his upkeep down."

"He made a beautiful gocart for their baby. Mrs. Baker was awfully proud."

"Don't blame her. I'd be proud if I could do the same, but that isn't my bent. Heard Baker up at five this morning cutting his lawn. Confounded nuisance, waking the neighbors. And it would kill me to pile out that early."

"Probably do you good—especially if you went to bed in some sort of season. By the way, it doesn't look as if we could pay Fanna anything this week. We'll be five weeks behind this coming Saturday."

"Lord! Forty-two and a half I hadn't thought of. Makes the grand total forty-four-sixteen-sixty-nine. Luce, it's terrible!"

"Terrible," agreed Lucy. "And no new rompers for the duke. Next week you'll simply have to pay Fanna or she'll leave; and the next week it'll be something else."

"Oh, go to Parker & Parker's. Have the stuff charged. We don't owe them much."

"Their prices are frightful."

"Well, what are you going to do? You said yourself the poor child looked like a ragamuffin."

"It seems such a shame to pay more just because we haven't ready money. I could shop so economically with even a little cash—say forty or fifty dollars. Last week it was Calder, the tailor."

"But he'd have sued me. As it is, he's ready to make me another suit, though I still owe him sixty-some dollars."

"And the coal the week before. Sam, what made you give Blackman fifty dollars on account? The coal was in!"

"Yes, but Blackman would have had it out again if it took dynamite. You don't know that robber. And I'm paying a dollar a ton more than it would have cost last April. Gee! Don't you get it in the neck when you're poor?"

"That makes me think," said Lucy. "Angelo was here this afternoon to ask when you intend to pay him for the furnace and ashes last winter and the lawn this summer. He's only had ten dollars in six months."

The unlucky Mr. Bostwick buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Gee!" he repeated. It was all he could think of.

II

JOHN W. JAMES was a very competent lawyer who had acquired a great deal of money through conscientious application to his practice, and a barrel or two more through a sagacious choice of parents. Small and alert, he was a man noted for his energy, the size of his fees and certain original habits of thought which led some of his acquaintances to call him eccentric.

About forty, a bachelor and rich, he had lately awakened to the realization that many things are more amusing than making money, especially money one does not need. He was of moderate—not to say frugal—habits, belonged to but one club and had never met a chorus girl. He had no clear ideas on the subject of entertainment seeking, so naturally he looked for mental stimulation along the borders of his accustomed paths. By avoiding the routine type of cases he began to escape the tedium of legal procedure, the pompous technicalities of his profession, the meticulous splitting of hairs. The affairs of his established clientèle he turned over to a corps of assistants over whom he exercised a sufficiently critical supervision; kept away from the courts; played golf; took his ease; and accepted the occasional case which presented points of interest calling for the functioning of his imaginative faculties—the bizarre, the dramatic or the poignant.

He had in truth come to the place where the law for its own sake bored him insufferably, wherefore he turned down far more business than he accepted.

"A client's like a book," he explained. "He's either interesting or stupid—usually the latter. He's always being

cheated or afraid someone is going to cheat him. I refuse to let 'em weary me with their troubles at any price."

"Well, John," queried a club mate, "what's your idea of a good time? Why don't you go shooting fee-rocious tigers or exploring lost rivers?"

"You don't understand. I'm not going to give up practicing law. I'm only hoping to find adventure in my own profession—heart throbs, human interest."

"Or romance?"

"Blaa!" remarked John, and walked away.

As proof of the inconsistencies of men and lawyers, consider now the case of Samuel T. Bostwick, near-bankrupt, whose woes could—one would suppose—hardly be more sordid or uninteresting.

If John W. James was looking for heart throbs and drama the Bostwick catalogue of hard luck promised only the dullest of reading. And yet ——

"Hello, Sam!" said the lawyer when young Bostwick dropped in one noon. Sam had to do his personal errands during his lunch hour.

"Hello, John! I called for only a minute. It's about that hundred. I was planning to square it up this month, but things have sort of—er—broken badly; that is, I've been in rather hard luck. Oh, I know explanations don't pay interest; you ought to have your money."

"That's all right, Sam—any time at all. How are Lucy and the infant?"

"They're bully, thank you. I'm awfully sorry about the money."

"Don't let it worry you, Sam."

"But it does worry me—almost to death. It isn't merely that I can't pay you now, but I'm in serious trouble and I was wondering if I could impose on you for a little—say a couple of hundred more just for a few weeks until some things I'm expecting to come to a head are a little further along."

Sam blurted forth this pathetic and excited plea in a manner calculated to touch a heart of stone. The attorney's eyebrows were slightly raised in surprise. He gazed thoughtfully at the young man for some seconds before he spoke.

He saw a good-looking chap, obviously well bred, in the neighborhood of thirty, whose clothes fitted him most acceptably. Sam's hat tilted at just the subtly correct angle so difficult of imitation by those not to the manner born. The nice balance of tone between his tie and the fabric of his coat, the recurrent note of color in his silk shirt, the smart crispness of the handkerchief peeping over the brink of his breast pocket—each of these details contributed its essential fraction to the perfect ensemble.

"Sam," finally remarked the attorney, "how long do you intend to keep on being an ass?"

Sam winced, endeavored to meet James' direct gray gaze, lighted a sheepish cigarette with an attempt at bravado, wriggled and made answer:

"Why do you call me an ass, John? God knows, I try hard! I have the darnedest luck."

The lawyer smiled.

"Yes," he said, "you have had some of the darnedest good luck of any boy I know. That's why I called you an ass. What time do they close the office where you work?"

"Five."

"Then I wish you'd come back here at that time. I may as well say, Sam, I'm willing to help you."

Sam jumped up and stretched out a large and grateful hand.

"By George, John, that's white of you! I don't know how to thank ——"

"No, Sam, I don't think you do. And I said willing—not will. There's to be a string attached to any assistance you get from me. So don't get all het up, because you may not like my conditions."

"Don't worry; I'm not fool enough to decline any reasonable conditions."

"Mine aren't reasonable; they're most extraordinarily unreasonable. One of them is that you become a man instead of a spoiled brat. Now go back to work and don't be too optimistic. You may not like the medicine I'm going to make you swallow."

Sam marched officeward with the sprightly step of a colored man in the wake of a military band. Good old John! Of course he wouldn't feel the loan any more than so much chicken feed. He was simply rolling in money, that bird. As for the warning about the unpleasant medicine, that was just old John's way, bless his heart! Stiff lecture about extravagance and running bills. Let him rave. It was superfluous anyhow, because Sam and Lucy had already made up their minds to turn over a new leaf. And John James' check would help them surmount the immediate crisis. Things would be easier after this, with a strictly pay-as-you-go policy in force from now on.

Sam could not have told you how many times such resolutions had been made. But this was different—oh, yes! John's two hundred—and why not make it five while the getting was good?—John's five hundred dollars could be spread out thin among a lot of creditors. It would keep them quiet for a long time.

The hopeful Sam even called Lucy on the telephone to inform her in a guarded way that their troubles were over for the present. Wasn't it great of John? Old John was a brick! They'd have to invite him out to the house right away. And didn't she think she'd like to come in town and have dinner and see a show just to celebrate?

Lucy said it was one of Fanna's nights out and she had to stay home with the duke. Besides, she didn't have anything fit to wear. They'd talk it over when Sam got home—after he'd seen James again.

They did. They talked it over until three o'clock in the morning. But the "it" which formed the subject of their discussion was not the one thousand dollars which Sam had decided to borrow from John W. James that night when the office closed. Well, not within the visual scope of the unassisted optic.

III

"I SUPPOSE you've come here prepared to name the amount I'm to write you a check for," said James that afternoon before Sam had had time to get comfortably seated and light a cigarette.

There was something so coldly businesslike in the attorney's gray eye that Bostwick hastily revised his figures downward and murmured waveringly that five hundred dollars would be about right. He had never realized before what a hard, uncompromising face John W. James had. He could have gone on at short notice to play the part of the rich money lender about to foreclose the mortgage. He wouldn't even need a make-up. In imagination Sam heard the hisses of the gallery gods:

"Stand back, John James! Your deed is a forgery! The watermark proves that at the time you claim my father signed this deed the paper was not even made. John James, you are foiled!"

"How much do you owe?" the mortgagee—I should say, the attorney—demanded abruptly; as if it was any of his business.

"Oh," replied Sam speciously and with a studied shrug which asked what difference a few dollars made one way or the other, "I guess it must be about—er—well, not over—er—don't believe I know to a penny. Few hundred dollars I suppose, more or less."

"First condition of helping you, Sam, is that you tell me the absolute truth. No dodging. How much?"

Sam fished in a pocket and lugged out a notebook, which he leafed through until he found a loose slip. This he eyed with ostentatious surprise as if he hadn't really expected to find it.

He sparred for time.

"Lemme see. Lemme have a pencil. Thanks."

He ran the point up and down a column of figures.

"What I should have," he began, "to settle some things that must be paid right away ——"

"You're not answering my question. How much do you owe?"

"Current and overdue bills—close to two thousand dollars."

"Close over, I guess—not under. What else besides bills? Any notes?"

Sam's jaw dropped.

"Er—you see, a couple of years ago my Uncle Marcus Freedom let me have some money. I finally gave him a note for two thousand dollars covering several loans."

"Ever paid your uncle any interest?"

"Oh, not yet! You see, Uncle Marcus wouldn't be hard on me."

"Why don't you ask him for five hundred then? He's a very wealthy man, and your own kin."

"Why, John, I wouldn't think of asking him for more after all he's done for me!"

Sam looked reproachfully virtuous.

Rudely the lawyer brought him back to earth.

"You know well enough he wouldn't let you have another cent. He's through with you—probably thinks you've bunked him—and I guess you have. You've bunked a lot of people and you go merrily along as usual."

"That's not fair, John."

"You've spent your money without counting the future for a moment. You've had a sublime confidence that the ravens or some other miraculous agency would pull you out of your fix. But if they were slow in calling round your Uncle Marcus and your friends and a lot of trusting merchants could stand the gaff. In other words, you danced, they pay the piper. Now, how much do you owe—all told?"

"Four thousand, four hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-nine cents," blurted Sam.

"Hell!" said John James. "You are in a bad hole."

Hereupon he delivered himself of opinions touching intimately the life and habits of the genus damphoolensis. John's vocabulary was varied and flexible, but he drew upon its reserves until it creaked under the strain. Sam began to wonder how soon the varnish would begin to curl up and peel off the furniture. He shriveled.

It dawned upon him that the reason he had to sit there and submit to this abuse was that he was in debt to James. He couldn't open his mouth to say a word. He had roped and hog-tied himself helplessly. All he could do was to wait the exhaustion of James' breath and vocabulary, which were just now giving a magnificent exhibition of teamwork. Sam was bitten by the earnest wish to beat the head off the attorney, but prudence restrained him. There might be at least a nickel lining to the cloud—black as it was—so he sat tight. The bombardment finally ceased and John W. James walked to the window, to stand gazing moodily into the street.

"Your father did me a great favor once," he said. "That's the only reason why I give a hoot about helping you. I want to keep you from making the mistakes that he made. He spoiled you, Sam, by being too easy-going. He was lax with you and you formed extravagant habits. He was too soft-hearted to make a first-rate business man, spent all his money on his family and died poor.

"Your extravagant habits, Sam, are like an ailment that can be relieved only by drastic treatment. Pity they were allowed to develop; but the heroic way is the only way to get rid of them."

Sam sighed. When would John ever run down? Of course what he said was true, but ——

"How much pay do you get, Sam?"

"Sixty a week."

"And can't live on it? That's absurd!"

"I didn't say we couldn't live on it if we really had it but the confounded bills come and eat it up before I can get it home."

"You bring me your pay envelope this week, Sam—unopened."

"But, John, I've got to pay ——"

"Never mind that! Bring it to me! Also bring your wife here at the same time. If you will do as I tell you I'll show you how to pull yourself out of the hole you're in. It's going to hurt you like the devil, but that's your own fault. Any money in your pocket?"

Sam produced $3.47.

"That'll do you until Friday—pay day. Better get along on half. Give the other half to Lucy. I dare say she has to use forceps to get a dollar away from you. Now go home and I'll think your case over. You're engaging a high-priced lawyer, young man, so you'd better take my advice. Quickest way would be bankruptcy, but that's

"That Bird Didn't Get His Money by Saving It," Grumbled Sam. "He Made it Faster Than He Could Spend It"

ey. Besides, it leaves behind a moral responsibility
ih the courts can't cancel. And it wouldn't do you any
r anent good, because it's too easy."
"But, John, I thought you were going to let me have
n ——"
"Money? I know you did. Absolutely nothing doing!
already given you a hundred dollars' worth of valua-
ime. Now you go home. Get a little cash book and
e an account of every cent you spend, and when you
k of buying something ask yourself whether you'd
me to see it. That'll make you choose between keep-
our money and making a false entry. I still believe
e too much of a man to monkey with the books.
come to me Fri-
after five and bring
—and the pay
lope."
m flared up.
Now, look here,
! I don't have to
this from you. I
t ask you to take
ge of my affairs—
y a long shot!"
Very well, Sam. Do
as you please. I
you this afternoon
nedicine would be
r. But if I'm to
ur doctor and cure
f debt you've got
ake what I pre-
ie. There won't be
chocolate coat-
ither. If you don't
the treatment you
your option of
ing the disease."
he little lawyer rose
stood behind his
desk. Samuel T.
wick squirmed and
ed toward the door.
with a hand on the
he hesitated,
ed and said:
ll right, Doctor
es, I'll take your
I haven't an idea
t they've got in
but they can't
than kill me. And
ose Lucy's got to
'em too."
mes nodded.
Now if you're a bet-
port than you are
icier you'll win. That is, you'll win if you're game.
u're yellow I want to know it. Personally I believe
u; otherwise I wouldn't be bothered. Give my love
ucy."
Sure," said Sam, taking the lawyer's outstretched hand.
do that little thing, though I don't know how she'll
it when she finds out what's going on."

IV

WAS a very resentful Lucy who accompanied her
sband on Friday after closing time to the office of
W. James, attorney, for though she was far from
in her mind what the doctor would prescribe she felt
it would be something disagreeable. Sam had his
et unviolated pay envelope in his pocket, and Lucy
ned to it. True, she had not been on intimate terms
its predecessors, but it now appeared that she wasn't
ave even a bowing acquaintance with this one.
or several long contentious hours she had stubbornly
sed to subscribe to her husband's plan to permit the
er to dictate his financial affairs.
How could you be so weak?" she demanded. "Haven't
any backbone? Is he a hypnotist? Why, he's a per-
y terrible man!"
nd Sam, who was not very well sold on the proposition
self, made a rather wabbly advocate. All he could urge
efense of his surrender was the reputed sagacity of
W. James. He certainly could not deny that he was
lly and a tyrant.
He may be a wonderful lawyer," bewailed Lucy, "but
as no right to mix in our affairs and you had no business
ng him."
It's time someone took a hand," said Sam lugubriously.
e can't be any worse off, and John says his treatment
s—if the patient follows directions."
Bother directions! I'm not going near him!"
ut finally she did. Her acquiescence was protesting
ungracious—but it served.
s suggested by his mentor, Sam had divided his $3.47
Lucy. This he accomplished by giving her $1.73 and
ching her for the odd penny—which he lost.

"I don't see how you're going to get along until Friday," Lucy had objected. "Please take a dollar of mine, honey. Well, I hope you don't starve."

Sam did not starve. He spent a dollar for lunch the first day, and thirty-five cents the second. His evening papers cost four cents and cigarettes twenty-five. These he husbanded carefully, smoking less than a third his usual number. The fact that the ghost circulated on Friday did not help, owing to his having promised James to deliver the envelope unopened, so out of his remaining nine cents he purchased a five-cent cake of chocolate and called it a lunch. At closing time he joined his wife at the entrance of the building.

"What's the state of the bank roll?" he asked.

"Sixteen cents."

"With my four we have twenty. Let's take the bus." Lucy gripped his arm spasmodically.

Marcia Randall Would Soothe Her Hostess' Embarrassment With:
"Why, My Dear! You Mustn't Mind Me! Aren't You Perfectly Wonderful to be Able to Shampoo it Yourself?"

"No! No!" she said in a scared voice. "We'll walk. How do we know what that ogre intends to do? We might be absolutely penniless."

Arrived at the office of John W. James, Lucy at least was cordially received.

"Lucy!" he cried, seizing both her hands. "What a little peach you are! I haven't seen you for a long time. This is a great pleasure."

"It—it must be," replied Mrs. Bostwick. "I wish I—we—felt the same way about it."

This did not sound so severe as she had meant that it should. She seemed—in spite of her predetermined intention to crush the tyrant with a look—to be treating the situation in a manner good-humoredly ironic. She had not intended to be good-humored. She caught herself smiling pleasantly at James and felt hypocritical and fatuous.

"Same old Lucy," chuckled James. "Snappy as ever; eh, Sam? If you had Lucy's pep you'd amount to something."

He laid a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Double deuce!" thought Sam resentfully.

"Now," went on the attorney, "if Sam and I can be excused for a few minutes I'll see Lucy afterward. You don't mind, do you, Lucy?"

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Bostwick, endeavoring to stiffen. She was small and of an engaging plumpness and possessed of brown eyes and a dimple. Her attempt to stiffen was not much of a success, but resulted in a grimace which James mistook for a pout. This he thought immensely becoming.

"Thanks," he said, and closed the door of his private office. His client set his teeth and awaited the opening gun.

"Got your envelope?"

Sam passed it over.

"Cash account?"

The victim produced a small book and surrendered it glumly. James added up the entries rapidly.

"Got four cents?"

Sam extended his hand, palm upward, exhibiting four pennies.

"Books balance. Petty cash O. K."

The little man briskly clipped an end from Sam's envelope and counted the contents.

"Sixty. Now, Sam, if that money didn't belong to your creditors it would look pretty fine, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, boy! But now it looks like stage money."

"Exactly. As for its doing you any good, I suppose it seems hopeless. Now, if only ten dollars of it belonged to your creditors the remaining fifty would be well worth while, eh?"

"Don't kid me, John!"

"I'm not kidding you. We'll just set aside ten dollars and call the fifty yours—well, theoretically anyhow. Fifty dollars a week is twenty-six hundred a year. What would you do with it?"

"Live on it of course."

"But you haven't lived on sixty, Sam."

"On account of the confounded bills."

"Nonsense! It's on account of your idiotic improvidence. You say now you can live on fifty a week. What would you do with the money?"

"Why, buy food and clothes and milk and ice—well, what under the twinkling stars do you think I'd do with it? Get a steam yacht?"

"Something equally foolish, I've no doubt. How much of it would you save?"

"Aw, John, don't talk like a piece of cheese! We couldn't save anything on fifty a week; but just as soon as I get another raise I intend to save ten per cent of my salary regularly.

"I believe in saving—when a chap can afford it of course."

"Oh, you really do? That's encouraging, because you're going to start saving right now. Here!"

James counted out fifteen dollars.

"What's that for?" queried Sam.

"Savings-bank account. Start it to-morrow morning. Hereafter you add fifteen dollars each week. Great Scott! Believe in saving? You bet your sweet life you believe in saving—if you know what's good for you!"

Sam eyed the fifteen dollars, then looked up with a puzzled frown.

"I don't get you. Ten dollars goes to pay bills and fifteen into the bank. What the dickens do you think Lucy and I and the kid are going to live on? Faith? You're crazy!"

"Lucy and the kid and you are going to live on thirty-five dollars a week until further notice."

"But, John, have a little sense! How can I save fifteen a week and make any headway paying my debts? Lord knows ten dollars a week isn't a drop in the bucket! Why, that would take over four hundred weeks—more than eight years."

"Quite so! Nevertheless it's the only way. The fifteen a week in the bank is what I call a desperate necessity. You haven't any money—neither has Lucy. Suppose you were to be taken sick to-night—perhaps die? What would become of your family?"

Sam groaned that he'd be darned if he knew.

"Of course you haven't any insurance."

"I had, but it lapsed. Anyhow, I'm healthy."

"And cocksure. You're the sort of chap who gets it in the neck when he's least expecting it. You take out two thousand dollars of insurance right off."

"Say, John, you were going to help me get out of debt, and now you tell me to do things that cripple me worse than ever."

"My dear, foolish, thick-headed fellow, haven't you brains enough to see that you've absolutely got to provide first for your family? You're to keep on saving the fifteen a week until you have several hundred dollars set aside. Do it in Lucy's name too. That's a sacred duty—creditors or no creditors."

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Where Do We Go From Hoboken?

By HERBERT QUICK

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New York Welcoming Home Her Own "27th"

OF COURSE you haven't forgotten it—that pithiest, if that somewhat profane slogan, in an army which seemed to have a genius for slogans. It should not pass into the limbo of things forgotten, if for no other than historical reasons. As the shores of America dropped back into the things to the west'ard—for though you were from Sauk Rapids or Joplin you had already attained a seagoing phrase or two—as everything you had ever known disappeared behind the waves—went west, in fact—you said or heard said as you fixed your eyes on that eastern horizon beyond which you might help to win the greatest battle of all history or you might be driven into the sea after defeat: "Well, it's hell, heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!"

And you, peaceful but nevertheless useful citizen, just think of the eternal and everlasting Americanism in that phrase: "Hell, heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!" No boasting in it. No flub-dub of chasing the Germans breathless. No pose. Just invincible determination to do the fearful thing, and do it quick. No victory-or-death pledges, with sword drawn and pointing skyward, eyes turned upward, and hand thrust into bosom—nothing in it but a quiet expression, an odd, quizzical assumption of victory. Yes, there was in it a hint of death, too, an even-handed, broad-minded clause giving even the devil his due in case he had anything coming to him, a little outcropping of hope that it would be heaven, in a universe in which devotion to country and humanity might be expected to count for something; but back of it all the feeling that really it would be Hoboken after all. No poet, no orator, no master of style ever coined so splendid an expression; for in it was the soul of a nation, a nation the most sentimental in the world, but one which hates sentimentalism as the devil hates holy water.

After Khaki, What?

NOT much more than half of you crossed the water, but all of you had that expression, and the magnificent spirit back of it in your hearts; and all of you—all who came back—had a Hoboken of wharves and docks or a Hoboken of the spirit from which to make that fresh start which always exists for each of us at every finish. Each of you has gone through his Hoboken and closed the episode of the service. You are all passing through the period of readjustment. To all of you the question has presented itself in one form or another: "Where do we go from Hoboken?" After khaki, what? Standing on the wharf, actual or spiritual, filled with memories which you cannot even begin to express to anyone—to say nothing of those who do not already know—conscious that you have something within you which nobody can ever understand or even imagine, you look back across the billows to those peoples you have fought for, and forward to those who sent you, and think: "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

Back, of course; that's where you go. Back to the soap works, the foundry, the warehouse, the rags and old iron business, the cracker factory, the drug store, the street-cleaning gang, the roundhouse, the meat wagon, the sample cases, the typewriter, the ledger, the school, the pulpit, the stage, the trombone, the anvil, the steam hammer, the cattle ranch, the orchard, the plow—the job, in short; or the hunt for the job. Back, some of you, to a world in which you don't care much whether you do anything or not; to a sort of good-for-nothing consciousness, which makes you reluctant to face the music of life, even after having faced death in a thousand forms. All of us have felt a touch of it, after a vacation or a fit of sickness or anything which breaks us up. We have hated to put our noses back against the grindstone; and some of us can understand how—after a year or two of having everything planned for you, everything laid upon you as commands, all your food provided, all your amusements looked after and all your movements ordered—it is a little unhandy for you to begin to think and do for yourselves. Some of you are going to be pretty worthless for a while, but you'll get over that, and you'll find that, like a spring which has been unbent for a while, you'll have more kick in you than ever—that is, most of you will. It all depends on what you were before you went.

Many of you returned from your spiritual or material Hoboken with hazy expectations which haven't been realized. A little balloon of hope blew up after you got home. One of you was on the car with me coming into his home town, and I was sorry for that boy. Allow me to tell you about it, for it illustrates this point of what the sentimental novelists call disillusionment on getting home. This boy had never been much good before he went to the war, so far as his neighbors could see. He didn't get along well with his father, and half the time the farm went to weeds because they couldn't agree. But he had gone in at Château-Thierry, and on through with the Château-Thierry crowd. He had seen everything twice, so far as war is concerned. He couldn't tell about it, for it was all unrelated in his mind, and how could an ignorant boy be expected to have anything to add to the failures in description with which the great tellers have struggled. "It was hell!" was what he said, and that's as near to success as anyone has attained.

But I could see that he was coming home in a sort of exaltation of spirit. He was a better boy that minute than he had ever been in his life. He said that they might say all they pleased about France and them other foreign countries, but they weren't so much after all. He hadn't seen anything he'd trade his neighborhood for, and he had traveled some, believe him—and as for the people, well they might be all right but they weren't like folks. He didn't want to say anything about the French, and they certainly oughtn't to be run over by the Germans; but what the Huns wanted France so darned bad for he couldn't see. Nice folks maybe, but funny. As for him, he was going right back to the farm and buckle to. The old man was getting older, and needed help and he was going to get it from now on. The folks didn't know he was coming. He'd fixed up a surprise for 'em apurpose. He was in a glow of exaltation—coming back from the wars, the oldest and most wonderful experience of man since our ancestors threaded their way into camp through the forest and sang war songs so we wouldn't waylay them as they came, mistaking them for our enemies. Ancient and wonderful exaltation, coming back from the wars! You felt it returning from your own Hoboken; and you can sympathize with him, as did I, whose service consisted in three years of fierce trench warfare in the bloody Battle of Washington.

"I go part of the way to your farm," said I. "Won't you ride with me?"

"No, thank you, sir," said he—the "sir" being a military addition to his manners—"I've got too much plunder. I'll just tell the fellows at Smith's or Peterson's garage that I want to go out and they'll take me. Won't charge me a cent, either. I'll just tell 'em I want to go."

I looked at his plunder—the scalps he was bringing back from the wars. German helmets, his roll—all the load under which a man must labor if he brings all he is allowed. He wanted to have them where he could tell their story to his father and mother, and perhaps he thought of their place in the house after he should be old—like the sword of Bunker Hill, and the old Queen's arm that Gran'ther Young fetched hum from Concord, busted, and the old Belgian musket, with wood running clean out to the muzzle and a ramrod like the rod to the hind-end gate to a wagon that his own grandpa carried through the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley.

Gratitude Without Words

I HOPED that the fellows at Smith's or Peterson's garage would take him out, for oughtn't a hero of Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne have the right to be carried home with his scalps when he got back? But I knew that before he went away he wouldn't have been trusted with the cheapest flivver for an hour—he'd have been required to pay in advance—and I had my doubts.

I wasn't much surprised, therefore, when in an hour or so I saw him plodding along the road on foot, without his plunder, in the rain. I think this a tragedy. But didn't you experience something of the sort? Even when the grand celebration was going on, didn't you feel that after all there wasn't much to it? When you are older you will realize that human power couldn't have devised any system that would greatly break the shock that was sure to meet you on your return from whatever Hoboken you landed at, whether it was in New Jersey or the home railroad station. We can't tell you how we feel about you. It is impossible. We can't kiss you on both cheeks; and you'd slap our chaps if we tried it. We can't weep; and you'd think us silly and soft if we did. We can't give all of you jobs at once. We can only shake your hand and tell you we're glad you're back and let disillusionment take its course; but let me tell you, my boy, no people were ever prouder of any soldier than we are of you. We think you the finest soldier that ever trod shoe leather or the faces of a foe; but how in the name of heaven are we to tell you?

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DEMNITION BOWWOWS

Their Tracks in Rumania

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

HE first thing the average American realizes when he comes in contact with certain peoples of Europe is that filth not offend them. And this is a thought ise upon and ponder. We are supposed slightly touched in the intelligence on ubject of cleanliness, but I write the objectionable "filth" in this connection not mean mere bathlessness ative distaste for personally sing processes; I mean filth. m thinking of people who if ever knew anything about ceties of life, if they ever en- modern comforts and con- nces, have surrendered their to such blessings with a leteness and unconcern that incredible and appalling, accepting as a seeming mat- f course conditions that in nited States we now would nce unanimously as shame- d intolerable. I am think- f people who are serenely erent to every rule of sanita- that was ever thought out ut into practical operation; ople who are on terms of and easy familiarity with reature which we in whole- though mirthful disgust nicknamed "the cootie"; ople who harbor year in and out on terms of equality ind of bedfellow whose ugly name is not pronounced in e society; of people whose s of life are such, in short, contact with them is actu- angerous.

ving with such people and ing from them all there is how about deprivation, dirt, se, disorder and all-round disagreeableness, the Amer- stops to think and begins to wonder. He finds he can long as the world round him gets along, and a question tably presents itself to him as to just how substantial wn veneer of civilization may be. He sees that it is not a long way after all from ordered and orderly exist- to the everlasting demnition bowwows; he knows in his own country things are not as they used to be; nows that the American proletariat dog is seeing the ing of its day; he knows, too, that it is not an Amer- thoroughbred but a European mongrel, and in the of what he is permitted to observe in Europe he s shudderingly to examine the possibilities. He real- that material deterioration and hideous retrogression ational standards are the inevitable results of social ganization and the outlook from his standpoint s to worry him.

Her Majesty as a Nurse in an Evacuation Hospital

I myself have lived through hours of cold chills just by looking into the years and wondering if my people could ever become as other peoples are. And I think perhaps they can if they fail to check the crumblings of the castles they have built.

Don't Forget Your Insect Powder

THAT in my mind I have pictured our downfall chiefly in such visible and loathsome manifestations as unsanitary surroundings and unnamable insects is due to my observation that these things are inseparable from a disordered state of community existence and to the fact that I myself have endured them with a certain degree of unconcern and significant composure. We can come to anything, and that you may believe. Because we are what we are—sons and daughters of a land magnificently equipped and heretofore scrupulously upkept—it tortures us to think that a day might come when the stranger in our midst would have to provide himself with a box of insect powder as a necessary part of his traveling equipment; insect powder and a little bellows with which to blow it into creases, cracks, chinks, crevices and all manner of interstices in our hotel beds, in the berths of our sleeping cars, in the seats of our ordinary railway coaches, in the upholstery of our taxicabs, in the chairs of our theaters, and even in the pews of our churches! Can you imagine such a state of affairs? It is not too utterly unthinkable. Other peoples have come to it. We have many of their representatives with us. And what with Plumb plans, foreign domination of labor and industry, unchecked socialistic agitation and a leadership which leads steadily away from purely American conceptions, we may be on our way.

All of which is mere introductory and side-line rumination as I think of a people not so much influenced in its personal habits by surrender to radical teachings as by natural inclination.

The Rumanians are a great people. They say they have waited a thousand years to do what they are doing now, and now they are doing it. They are a great people. But I don't mind telling you that their Teutonically trained and conscientiously clean antagonists dread less their powder and shells than unavoidable personal relationship with them. I shall never forget the first lot of Rumanian soldiers I ever saw. They were standing on the platform of the railway station at Brasov, in Transylvania, and I think perhaps it would have been unsafe to touch one of them without rubber gloves. Their rifles and knapsacks were strapped to their backs and even these were not clean; their uniforms were nothing but dirt-incrusted rags; their feet were wrapped in frayed and muddy burlap or were incased in heelless, shapeless and unsightly felt boots; and they were principally engaged, while they slouched rather than stood at ease, in hitching their trousers at the waistline and picking nervously at the unkempt hair behind their ears.

I have seen men under arms in nearly every country on earth, including interior China in famine times and islands of the Pacific inhabited by savages, and I can think of none that could be compared with these Rumanians to anything

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The King of Rumania Decorating Soldiers

WASTE MOTIONS

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Here is a List," He Declared, Flourishing the Manuscript, "of All the Young People in Lewisburg Who Ought to Get Married. Lots of 'em in This Audience at This Very Minute"

EFFICIENCY being his diversion as well as his religion Lemuel E. Prigley wasted no time in sentimentalizing after his daughter Mathilde had announced her engagement to Mr. Alsop Alexis Towers. He enjoyed the triumphant thrill which had often come to him at the consummation of a handsome business stroke, and his mind relished her every word, delivered in that fashionable drawl she had acquired expensively at a New York boarding school. He merely kissed her on a spot over her eyebrow where he would do the least harm to her complexion. He was a little weed of a man and she was a tall flower of a girl, so the parental blessing took him to his tiptoes.

"Honey, that's mighty fine," he told her, smacking thin whimsical lips under a mustache so long and bristling as quite to outbalance his comical little face with its enthusiastic gray eyes and funny pointed nose.

"We're going to be awfully happy and Alsop ——"

"Of course," cut in old Lemuel, employing his briskest manner. "Take happiness for granted. Love. All that sort of thing." He dashed the phrases from side to side as one winnowing chaff to find good grain. "This Alsop Alexis Towers—not much good for rough work. Nice piece of bric-à-brac. The British Government's going to make him a duke or something—right?"

"The Towerses are an old American family," she told him, reciting a lesson she knew by heart, "but it turns out that Alsop is second cousin to the Earl of Collingvyne, who's the last of the English branch, and when the earl dies ——"

"Sickly lot!" Lemuel raced impatiently on. "That's understood. Not much work in the boy. All right. Fix that all right. Now when's the wedding?"

"It's getting toward the end of May," she demurred, holding him with eyes that were like his, but more beautiful and a little colder.

"Fine!" He clicked a key chain in his pocket, the sound suggesting the efficient unlocking of all problems. "Then we'll make it the fifteenth of June."

"Father!" She threw her arms round his scrawny neck—a caress which, though pleasant to the sense, reminded him of wasted motion. He wriggled away.

"Do you want—Alsop to come and talk to you?" she asked, nervousness unsteadying her costly voice.

"Lord, no! Why should he be wasting my time?"

But when she had turned to go with what he could not help feeling was a gesture of relief he called her back with the query, "How about Harry Wiggin?"

"How about him?"

Her complexion, which was of the pink that goes with auburn hair, pinked deeper at the repetition of his question. "Can't keep one and marry the other. Bad business. Can't be done."

"I had no intention," she declared, heightening with her recovered dignity. "He knows—he doesn't come any more."

"Oh, well, that's different!" he announced, beaming pridefully. "Secret of success, Tilly—simplify. No loose ends. No false motions. All right, darling. Kiss me. All settled for the fifteenth of June."

That was all. Mathilde Prigley moved away, a satisfactory spare figure, smartly dressed for the afternoon. Old Lemuel's first thought was, "Thank the Lord that's over!" just as he gave thanks when some particularly delicate negotiation connected with Prigley's Pineapple Polish had been completed to his own satisfaction. He had an instinctive animal affection for his daughter, but his intellect convinced him of her shortcomings. Lemuel considered Harry Wiggin to be the ablest young man he had—the best hustler and the best organizer. But Harry had no family, no background. Mathilde had had acuteness to see that. As a matter of fact, Lemuel sometimes thought that Mathilde had too much acuteness along certain lines and not enough along others. She was a trifle papery for a man like Harry, who was nothing if not human.

Quite without wasting steps Prigley went out on the veranda of his big house and looked over as many of his fifty acres as his eye could compass. Lemuel, who had always counted imagination to be forty-nine per cent of his idol, Efficiency, indulged a rich moment in fancying a long line of Lewisburg's sleekest vehicles rolling grandly to his door or parking under the oaks down the drive. The Prigley-Towers wedding! Aside from their noble pretensions, the Towerses were undoubtedly of the best people in the state. Jessica Stanchfield had informed him of that long since; how would he have gotten along without old Jessie, whose worldly guidance had brought him this triumph of efficiency? And now the Prigley blood would mingle with that of royalty. Or was it royalty? A title was a title, wasn't it? Matty's first-born should be named Prigley Towers—Sir Prigley Towers, possibly. Lemuel would have to ask Jessie about that.

He pressed the first button he came to in the hall. The promptness with which old Moab's black grin appeared was indeed a tribute to Lemuel's powers of organizing everything with which he came in contact.

"Car," he said, knowing that the monosyllable would serve as an order for his hat and stick and for an obese blue limousine shortly to snort its way under the porte-cochère.

During that pause which must occur even in the operation of the best oiled machinery, Lemuel stood at the foot of the broad staircase and hearkened to little intermittent, not unpleasant whirring sounds which came from the regions above. Tick, tr-tr-tr-tr, tick, tr-tr-tr-tr! Locustlike it rattled—or like a distant battle of fairy machine guns. Lemuel smiled, then almost slyly he tiptoed up to the second landing, where he paused at an open doorway and fed his eyes upon the pretty sight within.

Becomingly framed by the white-enameled molding of a sunlit window a lovely young creature sat typing letters. Over the chattering keys her fingers flew like dancing fairies. Sunlight caught the smooth-brushed gold of her hair, and when she looked up, startled by Lemuel's discreet clearing of the throat, her eyes were blue as little lakes.

The slave of efficiency was enthralled at the upward glance; he remembered the popular engraving of St. Cecilia playing the organ and looking at the angels.

"Miss Ireen! Miss Ireen!" he began with a sort of fond sternness as with one hand he brought out a fat jeweled watch and with the other held up a warning finger. "Five-two, Miss Ireen. You know the rules."

"Just one line more, Mr. Prigley," she coaxed and pouted seductively.

She brought down her slim young arms and rested them on the table; the color of her flesh showed through the transparent sleeves like rosy dawn through a mountain mist. The rose warmth seemed to glow in his own heart, mounted to his brain and gave him a pleasantly giddy sensation ere he managed again to pitch his voice to its best efficiency key:

"Don't drive a good horse to death. Bad business. Long hours are idle hours. Don't whip a willing ——"

But his misquotation was interrupted by an impertinence never before encountered in his broad experience as an employer. Miss Ireen McKane went right on typing—typing in his face, as it were! Prestissimo! The fairy dance of her fingers had now capered into an elfin clog. Then abruptly the music stopped while Miss McKane unrolled paper from cylinder, glanced professionally over the text, then laid the letter carefully aside ere returning the smile of the great man who now stood over her, looking as tall as Nature would permit.

"I can't accept any work done without my orders after closing time," he told her as sternly as he knew how.

"I wasn't doing this for you, Mr. Prigley," she informed him, bathing him in her angelic gaze. "It was a letter of my own."

"Do you mean to say you've been using my time on your personal correspondence?"

Every efficient atom was horrified. And yet he felt with a pang of conscience that he had hurt this pretty creature, for her pale virginal face flushed slightly and she lowered her eyes, showing two romantic rows of golden lashes. Surely, thought Mr. Prigley, he had not come there to be cruel.

"I didn't start this until five o'clock," he heard her explaining in her gentle voice.

"Mean to say you've done a letter in two minutes?" he exclaimed, glad that his tone had changed to one of kindness.

"It was a short letter," she explained. "Just a line. '*Dear Sir:* Please find rent inclosed. Yours truly.'"

Mr. Prigley sat down. He had no right to sit down, because his car was waiting outside and he had timed himself for a serious interview in town. However, he

d himself into an attitude of unnatural idleness as
regarding the charming little virtuoso at the key-

ou have a great deal of ability, Miss Ireen," he said.
, thank you, Mr. Prigley!" She sat weaving her
together and her look was of embarrassed pleasure.
bility." He had now cramped himself back into his
teristic word-saving method. "But no place in
ss for attractive young ladies. Understand? Beauty
at in its place—fine thing to put on the label. But
homely article must be inside the can. For results
e cross-eyed girls with crooked teeth. No non-
'

m sorry," said the lovely Ireen, every dimple, every
curve expressive of what she was sorry for.
right," he agreed dryly. "Ever think of getting
d, Miss Ireen?"
didn't blush this time, but gave him an almost
ile stare as she said:
course, Mr. Prigley! Every girl's thinking of that,
ose."
ought so," agreed Mr. Prigley, as though he were
another note for his book on motion saving.
in he glanced at his watch, and what he saw there
t him punctiliously to his feet. The whole con-
ion had given him a feeling of guilty joy, because
lde, whose will had already bound his with bands
l, disapproved of his talking with Miss McKane.
r's waiting," he explained. "Going downtown.
se I drop you."
ank you, Mr. Prigley!" She looked adorably sorry.
e was a young man coming to get me. He ought
here by now."
see. I see."
Prigley counted his steps to the door. There were
hirteen of them. He made no computation of the
as he went down; he knew the figures by heart.
anservant stood at the door with his silver-headed
g stick and gray-felt hat. The obese blue limousine
precisely in place, a chauffeur holding the door, and
wner was about to step in when his attention was
ed by a frivolous intrusion. A racy little motor car
sshopper green came whirling toward him round the
driveway. A chuckle-faced young man in a leghorn
d a pin-checked suit jauntily plied the wheel and
ht his fender dangerously near the tail light of the
y Juggernaut.

Prigley gazed again. It was Harry Wiggin!
re was a moment of embarrassment for Mathilde's
father. His temperamental and daring Middle
rn manager hadn't been to call on Mathilde for
ime. It was a tricky turn of fate that he should have
this of all afternoons to renew his devotions.
y liked Harry Wiggin and hated to consider his
aching laceration.

now Harry had come smilingly up the steps and was
g out a chamois-gloved hand. Harry was, as Mr. Prigley thought, dressy. He approved, just as he approved of æsthetic designs on can labels; but the expectant smile on Harry's rugged, rather beefy face had only the effect of wringing Mr. Prigley's paternal heart. Should he break the news that was not his to break?

"Why, Harry!" he began cordially. "Glad to see you up this way!"

He paused because, if it was his Middle Western manager's intent to consult him on business, then the next move was plainly Harry Wiggin's.

"Just got my new car out of the garage," said Harry evasively. "Carburetor adjustment. I thought, as long as I was coming this way ——"

"Oh, yes."

Mr. Prigley stood regarding the racer with a rather fishy eye. Decisive blows being important in his life strategy, he struck at once:

"Afraid you're late, Harry."

"Late?"

"Tilly left fifteen minutes ago."

"I see."

Though he saw there was no sign of grief on the solid, healthy face. Instead Mr. Wiggin seemed inclined to linger. Mr. Prigley hoped he would go and stop wasting his time.

"I was calling for Miss McKane," explained Harry at last.

"Miss who?" The efficiency expert wasted a long breath.

"Miss Ireen McKane," said Harry Wiggin quite distinctly. "I understood she was doing some work here and I've called to take her home."

"Yes; yes." The staccato popped nervously.

An instant later he had pressed a button and brought his manservant to the door.

"Moab, tell Miss McKane that Mr. Wiggin is waiting for her."

Mr. Prigley got into his car and heard the door closed gently upon him. He was confused. So this was the way of the wind!

Mr. Prigley had given his orders, which the chauffeur understood almost before they were given. To Miss Stanchfield's. That capable, distinguished, fashionable old maid had stood at Lemuel's shoulder these five years, cunning pilot that she was, ably steering him away from the shoals of solecism into the deep calm bays of social approbation. It was natural, then, that Jessie Stanchfield should be the first to be told of Mathilde's engagement. To tell Jessie first would be the efficient thing to do.

That monument of worldly success, the big brick-and-marble French Renaissance house on the hill, with its rose garden, pergolas, keeper's lodge, gardener's cottage and colony of garages, was but an outward manifestation of what inwardly Miss Jessie Stanchfield, and much money, had done for Lemuel E. Prigley.

Prigley's Pineapple Polish had been, up to his removal to Lewisburg, Lemuel Prigley's life and character. It was nearly twenty-odd years ago, shortly after his daughter's birth, that Lemuel, then a small hardware dealer in Harnessville, bought out his partner, and with the transaction became proprietor of a certain mud-colored salve which claimed honest merit as a destroyer of rust. It was called Rustine, a forbidding name, which made few friends and showed dismally on fly-specked window cards of funereal appearance and limited circulation.

Lemuel looked over Rustine, as he had looked over every item in his stock, with a view to fortune. It was a homely, unpretentious mixture with a disagreeable habit of doing just what it promised to do. One day a retail bicycle dealer of the town came and ordered four cans with the remark, "It smells like hell, but it sure does knock the spots off."

Lemuel considered this remark. Surely Rustine needed a new name, a new dress, a sweeter, more engaging personality. At last he chose for his emblem of success the pineapple. The polish should be labeled with something everybody understood, desired, commended.

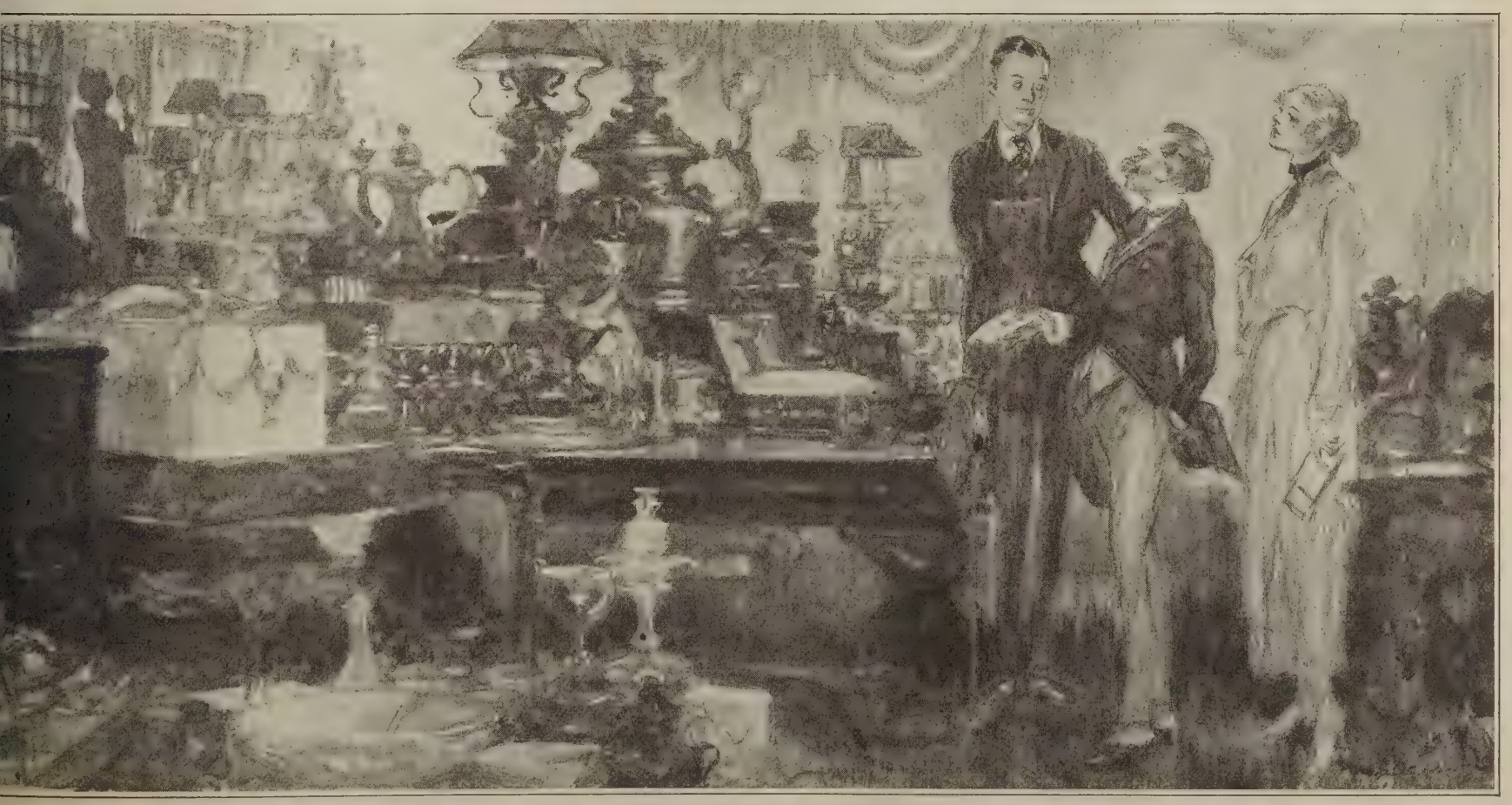
One hot afternoon he had taken his problem to a corner drug store and dipped remotely into a tall beaker of that combined starch, frost, cream, perfume and carbonated water which follows the American flag under the name of ice-cream soda. The aromatic flavor mounted pleasantly to his nose. Lemuel made a census of flavors. There were fourteen customers at the curved marble counter. One lemon, three oranges, four raspberries, one alleged stimulating brown drink and five crushed pineapples. Pineapple, then, had it; not by a majority, but by an appreciable plurality. Prigley's Pineapple Polish! The entire proprietary title came to him at once, pleasing by its alliteration. True, the muddy salve incased in dreary tin had nothing in the world to do with pineapples, but the suggestion was poetic, luscious, redolent of the tropics.

The artisan who compounded Rustine wasted a great deal of the compound on his apron, hair and workbench; he made a hundred and ten false motions a minute.

Lemuel Prigley changed all this. He borrowed money, employed a force, invented a can with a patent screw lid, introduced a synthetic perfume into the mixture which gave the tin, when opened, an overpowering smell of pineapples. For the sum of twenty dollars a young reporter on the Harnessville Post made a literary discovery, a magic scouring acid in the heart of the pineapple; an acid which rendered kitchen labor aromatic, polished, scoured and brightened without that risk of destruction encountered in dangerous mineral compounds. The young reporter's article went broadcast through the medium of boiler plate. Advertising did something, efficiency did more.

Prigley's Pineapple Polish was sold wherever there were pie tins, pianos, pokers or pipe organs to brighten. Every doorknob in America began to testify to the virtues of prepared pineapple juice as a polisher. The world, in short, became Prigley's pineapple to open and enjoy at his leisure.

(Continued on Page 139)



Several Tables, Joined Together Into an Extemporized Counter, Stood Burdened With All the Wealth of Ormus and of Ind

Germany's New Bid for World Trade

By Robert Crozier Long

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WITH all the old industry and zeal, and with a desperate doggedness compensating for some lost self-confidence, republican Germany has started to do what imperial Germany failed in—to beat the inferior rest of the world. World power or destruction—the grim alternative of Bernhardi—is as actual as it ever was; with the difference that the first word is to-day modestly qualified to domination of the commercial world.

Of Germany's struggles with humanity in every domain of civilization—and of barbarism—the struggle in financial organizing power, technical industrial dexterity and commercial pushfulness remains undecided; and here Germany, though weakened, is unbeaten still. She has behind her all the material, intellectual and moral—or immoral—forces that make for victory: The old personal industry and inherited skill of labor, the high educational level, the advanced technic of production and the judicious unsqueamishness as to means employed whenever the dropping of "unreasonable" scruples brings nearer a satisfactory end.

And Germany has on her side a further advantage which fully compensates for her loss of maritime power. That is her privileged geographical position in the Eastern Hemisphere, in the mathematical center of the world's greatest aggregation of civilized men; next door to England, France and Italy; to the potentially wealthy lands of Austria and the Balkans, to the Scandinavian north, and to immeasurable Russia, which almost seems to have been created to supply to Germany everything that Germany wants, and to take off Germany's productive hands everything of which Germany needs to be rid.

The Persistence of the Conquered

AND above all Germany has the special advantage that her fighting days are over. That is the real meaning of the gibe which one hears in the streets of Berlin that though the Allies won the war Germany won the peace. The Peace Conference, it follows, may have done the non-German political world a service when it drew Germany's political teeth, killed her high diplomacy and broke her sword. But thereby it rendered the non-German commercial world no thoughtful service. It is easier to fight with one weapon than with two; and Germany to-day—rid of the cost of an army and a navy, with the brain power which she formerly wasted on planning raids through Belgium concentrated on the arts of peace—is more formidable by far than in the vanished fighting era of her history. The ingenious Professor Nicolai, Wilhelm II's heart doctor, who first startled Europe by flying from Prussia in an aëroplane, put that fact convincingly when in support of his doctrine that the battle is not always to the strong he quoted the reply of the wise old Li Hung Chang to the merely violent conqueror Waldersee:

"How is it," asked Waldersee when the Boxer struggle was over—"how is it that you can look on so coldly while your lands are being conquered and ravaged?"

"Oh, we are always being conquered!" answered Li with a weary smile. "The Tartars also conquered us. But look round you for a moment, and then please answer my question: Where are the Tartars now?"

In Germany and in the adjacent countries which are the present chief theaters of German commercial activity this eternal paradox—the dwindling of the lion and the wolf, and the unceasing increase and multiplying of the laborious ant—is brought to notice every day. In Germany one sees it in unexampled preparations to produce and export, to cut prices, to regain markets, to win new ones; and in the small neutral countries one sees it in panic preparations to resist the inevitable flood of impossibly cheap German wares. Most of all one sees it in soviet Russia, where the German engineer and German trader flourish in a milieu of hardship from which the toughest Ally citizens long ago fled. In all these countries acute economical observers realize that the supposed crushing of German commerce is a myth. They remember that Germany after the Thirty Years' War was far worse off than to-day; and that after the Seven Years' War the Prussia of Frederick the Great was a byword for poverty, mean living and anticommercial bureaucratism. So that neither in Germany itself nor in the neighboring neutral countries does one find a single intelligent observer who does not foresee a time, which historically considered is not very remote, when republican Germany will be the greatest seller in Europe, and not impossibly the greatest seller in the world.

Enterprising German business men with whom I talked in the first weeks after the revolution all laid stress upon this dominant aspect of Germany's commercial renascence—on the fact that only as a great seller, as a great exporter, can Germany again get on her legs. And for that she must make every conceivable sacrifice.

"We have nothing to export; but we shall export our own blood" are the words that were used to me three months ago by the agent of a German firm who arrived in Stockholm to get orders for a class of metal articles of which every German household was at that time in dire need. And at the present time in the city of Copenhagen Germans are offering unlimited quantities of glass, though at home there is a complete glass famine due to the fact that the Saxon, Bavarian and Silesian glassworks no longer get the Bohemian soft coal upon which they depend, while nearly all of the other most important glassworks are on occupied ground.

But the doctrine that Germany will sell abroad what she cannot afford to buy at home is well understood. A frantic export trade is necessary because only in that way can the shrunken exchange of the *Reichsmark* be restored; because only in that way can the foreign indebtedness, swollen to enormous dimensions by the treaty of peace, be met; and finally because, however unpleasant it may be for the home consumer, it is indispensable to cast goods upon foreign markets while these are in a state of flux, and before rival sellers have consolidated their position. So—as indeed the new German Prime Minister Bauer told the National Assembly at Weimar—indispensable foods, indispensable clothes and indispensable raw materials are all that Germany will consume for at least a generation to come; and her surplus of productive energy will be concentrated on a profitable and redeeming export trade.

The German whom I have referred to not only stated this; he added that Germany's exports must be of a particular kind. They must be quality goods—*Qualitätserzeugnisse*—goods the production of which will absorb the greatest possible amount of labor and the smallest possible amount of raw material. That is involved by the vast prices that foreign raw material will in future cost Germany. Whereas his own corporation, said this agent, paid for copper before the war 1200 marks per metrical ton, to-day, as a result of the threefold depreciated mark exchange, it must pay for copper, which in the world market has less than doubled in price, at least 6000 marks a ton. Such an extra burden could be borne only if the corporation turned out high-priced goods in which the cost of raw material was a relatively small item.

Germany Shamming

THAT accounts for the visitor's first observation in neutral countries: That offers of German mass goods have markedly fallen off, whereas all the big cities teem with German agents who have fine and costly products to sell. The dumping of German goods of which one hears so much is indeed a fact; but this does not mean the production of goods of cheap class; it means that the production of naturally expensive goods and their export at prices below those of neutral and enemy rivals are the main means by which Germany hopes to recover her position in foreign trade.

Visitors to Germany and to the neutral countries where German trade emissaries abound are surprised to find overweening confidence as to the future side by side with exaggerated depression. Part of the depression is false—its source is Germany's wish to paint her condition worse than it is, that being useful in combating the economic provisions of the peace treaty. But in fact Germany has troubles that are real enough; and it is only when one weighs also her advantages that one realizes how fundamentally strong her position is. All German industrial troubles converge in one direction—toward the raising of production costs. That is the practical result of the exaggerated wages and inflated living cost of which Germans complain. By this price rise beyond doubt Germany's selling power abroad is reduced. But against the drawback is the overwhelming advantage of the sunken mark exchange. And this sunken exchange is the lever for selling which Germany is to-day wielding with success in every country within her reach.

h main facts of Germany's price level and of the nsation of the fallen mark exchange need to be made r. Germany is short of coal and iron. In the first five ts of 1919 coal output in the Ruhr district fell to 60% mal. In 1918 pig-iron production totaled only 000 tons, against 18,935,000 tons in 1913. The 000 tons of pig iron which is all that Germany ed in the first quarter of 1919 is less than the 000 tons produced in 1913 in the one month of April The prices now being charged for coal and iron to ishing manufacturers are unprecedented, and this is cause the insufficient output has freed producers competition but because of a permanent rise in tion cost. A few weeks back I was shown the wage f seven metallurgical works in western Germany, registered a nominal wages increase of 400% over rates. Owing to fallen individual efficiency the real ncrease is even greater. On the Ruhr since 1914 the roduction per man per shift has fallen from .95 tons tons. The outlay in wages per ton rose enor-y—from 5.68 marks to 22.21 marks; and the net tion cost per ton rose from 9.38 marks to 41.40 l. Since the armistice coal prices to consumers have t breakneck pace. Whereas between the outbreak of d January 1, 1919, coal prices were raised six times ounts totaling 11.80 marks, in the first six months year they were raised by an additional 44.50 marks. y coal at the pit's mouth costs 73.85 marks a ton; undry coke, which has undergone an even greater sts 104 marks.

The Theories of Marx Overthrown

TURALLY industry is hampered. From a recent fficial statement that every additional 14 marks a ton the coal price costs industry 2,500,900,000 marks, it s that since 1914 the coal price raises alone have im- an additional burden of 10,000,000,000 marks. This, g other things, has meant that German hematite iron, on July 1, 1914, cost 79.50 marks a ton, now fetches marks. And these prices do not mean profiteering. are fixed by the producers—with the Socialist govern- s consent—because no other way can be found to ends meet. Coal production, which before the war d the German masters a profit of 1.68 marks a ton, th after the revolution yielded only .83 marks; and months later it yielded no profit at all.

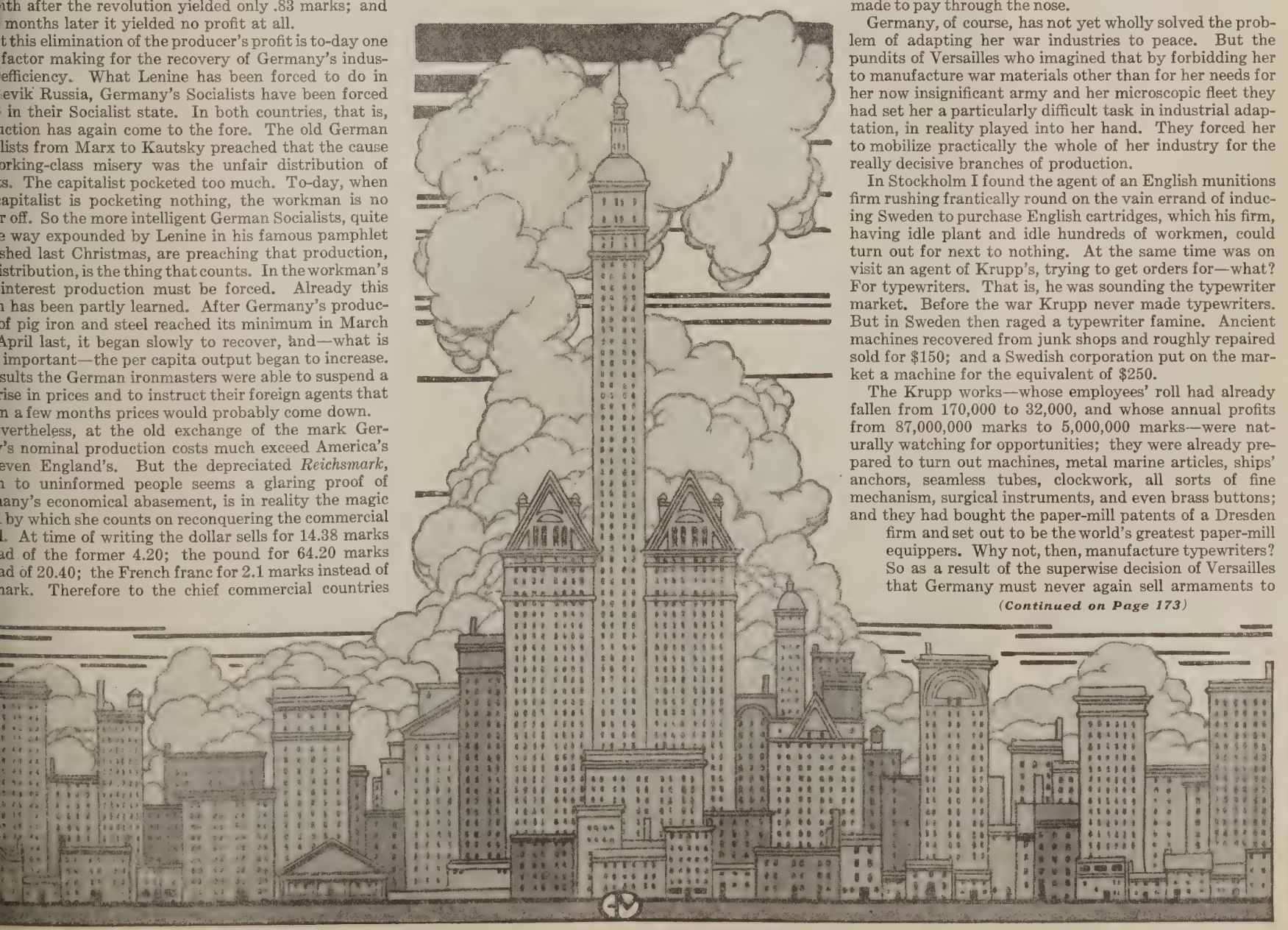
t this elimination of the producer's profit is to-day one factor making for the recovery of Germany's indus- efficiency. What Lenine has been forced to do in evik Russia, Germany's Socialists have been forced in their Socialist state. In both countries, that is, uction has again come to the fore. The old German lists from Marx to Kautsky preached that the cause orking-class misery was the unfair distribution of s. The capitalist pocketed too much. To-day, when apitalist is pocketing nothing, the workman is no r off. So the more intelligent German Socialists, quite e way expounded by Lenine in his famous pamphlet shed last Christmas, are preaching that production, istribution, is the thing that counts. In the workman's interest production must be forced. Already this has been partly learned. After Germany's produc- of pig iron and steel reached its minimum in March April last, it began slowly to recover, and—what is important—the per capita output began to increase. sults the German ironmasters were able to suspend a rise in prices and to instruct their foreign agents that n a few months prices would probably come down.

vertheless, at the old exchange of the mark Ger- 's nominal production costs much exceed America's even England's. But the depreciated *Reichsmark*, to uninformed people seems a glaring proof of many's economical abasement, is in reality the magic by which she counts on reconquering the commercial l. At time of writing the dollar sells for 14.38 marks ad of the former 4.20; the pound for 64.20 marks ad of 20.40; the French franc for 2.1 marks instead of mark. Therefore to the chief commercial countries Germany must pay three times what she would pay at normal exchange. Yet just for this reason one hears German commercial men boasting that their coming mass export will force its way into all markets and establish their international commerce in as impregnable a position as it held on the eve of the war.

A member of the Swedish Board whom I found in a great panic on the score of this coming German invasion drew up for me a typical scheme of the present exchange advantage of German exporters when taken in connection with basic German and foreign production costs. The ratio stated of German prewar production cost to Swedish represents a fairly correct average:

Prewar price of a unit of manufactured goods in Germany 100 marks.	Probable prewar price of the same unit in Sweden . . . 110 crowns.
Ratio of prewar German price to prewar Swedish at gold parity of mark (1 mark = .89 crown)	100 to 123.
Probable price of same unit in Germany to-day . . . . 550 m.	Probable price of same unit in Sweden to-day . . . . . .330 c.
Ratio of present German price to Swedish at present exchange (1 mark = .25 crown)	100 to 240

It follows that though the cost of production has risen more rapidly in Germany than in a typical neutral country the fall in the exchange of the mark which took place when most neutral countries were maintaining or even bettering their exchanges, has much more than compensated. Measured in international currency, therefore, Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world. The complaints made over high prices by Germans—paid as they are in their devaluated mark—should not blind foreigners to this. The Scandinavian reader of German newspapers sees pages full of advertisements of *Sommerkleider* and *Seidenjacken* and *Blusen* at prices which in marks hardly exceed the Scandinavian price in crowns, and which in international exchange are not more than half the Scandinavian price; and neutral visitors to the supposed clothless Germany are even begged by their female relatives to bring back with them some of the marvelously cheap German goods. It is the same in other trades. The Solingen manufacturers, who formerly sent to America 70% of their export, declare in their last report that at present exchange rates they can certainly regain the South American market, and that "as long as the mark is depreciated we can easily compete with the products of England, Sweden or any other country of Europe."



The other factor upon which Germany relies for the regaining of markets is dumping—*Schleuderpreise*. In fact dumping and the fallen exchange work splendidly together. During the war German dumping to neutral countries was made impossible by the export-license law. This law enacted that licenses to export be granted only on condition that the foreign buyer was charged the full home price, which should be calculated in foreign currency at the peace exchange of the mark. Theoretically this law is still in force. But after the armistice Germany started to encourage dumping by a new ingenious system called exchange rebates. These rebates mean that to counterbalance the fall in the *Reichsmark* exchange the exporter is allowed to abate his price, though he must still calculate the mark's exchange at prewar rates. At first the rebate allowed was 12½%; then 25%, and now 50%. The rebate enables Germans to export at prices very much below those charged to the home consumer, and yet to make healthy profits—a puzzle which is explicable only by the fact that fundamentally Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world.

Playing Into Germany's Hand

HOW this new system works to Germany's advantage may be seen from a concrete case. A certain unit of goods produced in Germany sells at home for 10,000 marks. The law declares that a similar unit of goods must not be sold abroad for less—that is, in the case of Switzerland, for 12,500 francs, which is the peace-exchange equivalent of the home price. But since the armistice the exporter has been allowed to abate 50% of this price. He sells therefore to the Swiss customer for 6250 francs. As 100 francs are to-day worth on exchange about 250 marks, he receives for his francs no less than 15,625 marks. And if on the 10,000 marks charged to the home consumer he made a profit of 20%, or 2000 marks, his profit on the sale to Switzerland is 7625 marks, or nearly 100%. These figures describe an actual deal discussed in the German press. This "dumping without suffering the dumper's loss," as Germans boast, is being practiced in nearly all branches on a very large scale. Only in the aniline trade did Germany, which here has a monopoly, charge neutrals higher prices than she charged at home. But it is of the essence of dumping that where a monopoly exists the foreigner like the native is made to pay through the nose.

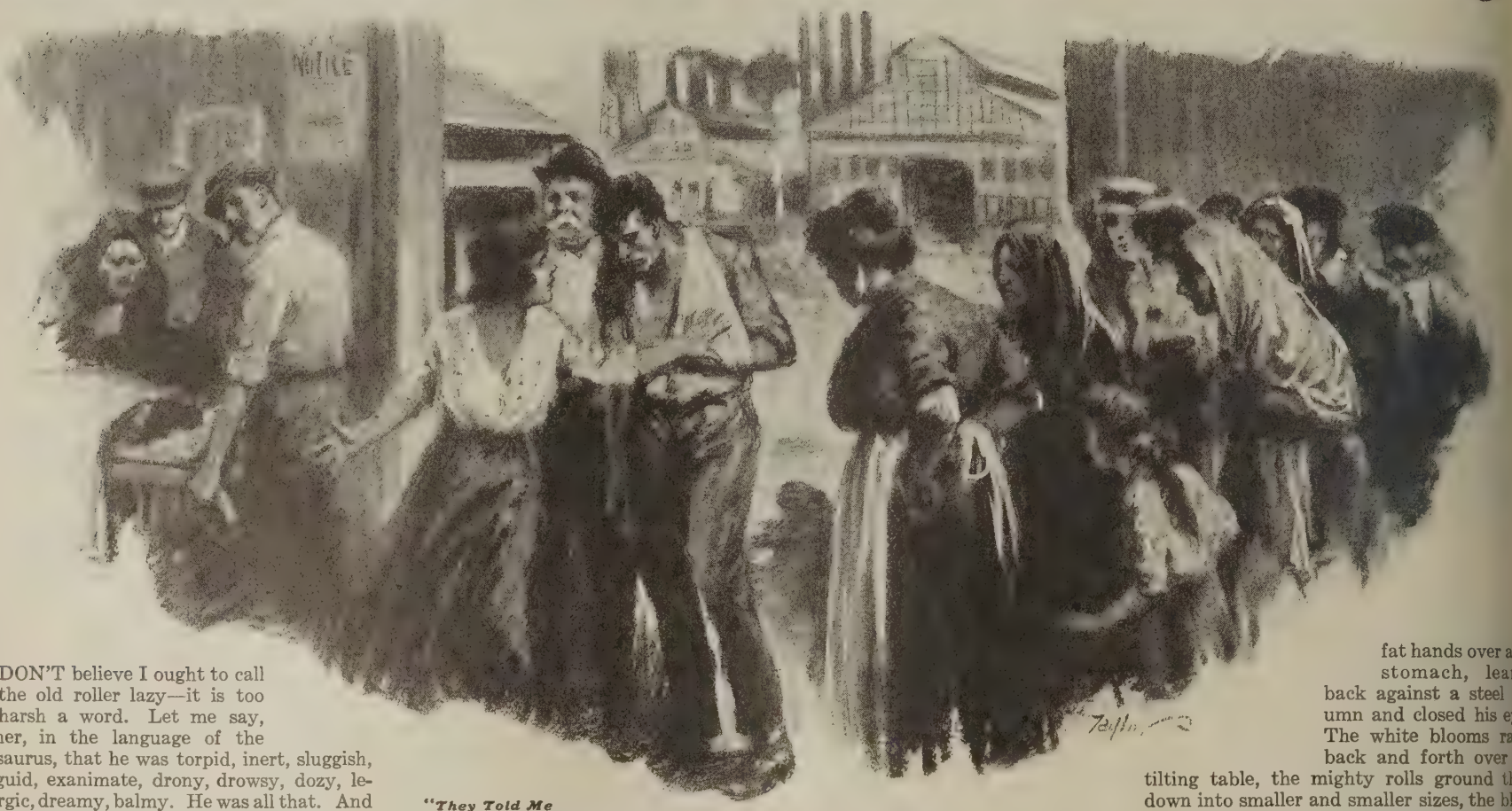
Germany, of course, has not yet wholly solved the problem of adapting her war industries to peace. But the pundits of Versailles who imagined that by forbidding her to manufacture war materials other than for her needs for her now insignificant army and her microscopic fleet they had set her a particularly difficult task in industrial adaptation, in reality played into her hand. They forced her to mobilize practically the whole of her industry for the really decisive branches of production.

In Stockholm I found the agent of an English munitions firm rushing frantically round on the vain errand of inducing Sweden to purchase English cartridges, which his firm, having idle plant and idle hundreds of workmen, could turn out for next to nothing. At the same time was on visit an agent of Krupp's, trying to get orders for—what? For typewriters. That is, he was sounding the typewriter market. Before the war Krupp never made typewriters. But in Sweden then raged a typewriter famine. Ancient machines recovered from junk shops and roughly repaired sold for $150; and a Swedish corporation put on the market a machine for the equivalent of $250.

The Krupp works—whose employees' roll had already fallen from 170,000 to 32,000, and whose annual profits from 87,000,000 marks to 5,000,000 marks—were naturally watching for opportunities; they were already prepared to turn out machines, metal marine articles, ships' anchors, seamless tubes, clockwork, all sorts of fine mechanism, surgical instruments, and even brass buttons; and they had bought the paper-mill patents of a Dresden firm and set out to be the world's greatest paper-mill equippers. Why not, then, manufacture typewriters? So as a result of the superwise decision of Versailles that Germany must never again sell armaments to

(Continued on Page 173)

Stum Puckett, Cinder Monkey



"They Told Me You Had Gone Down! I Thought You Had Gone to Save Him! And You Left Him There to Die, While You Save That Manicured Cootie! That Mud Pie!"

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I DON'T believe I ought to call the old roller lazy—it is too harsh a word. Let me say, rather, in the language of the thesaurus, that he was torpid, inert, sluggish, languid, exanimate, drony, drowsy, dozy, lethargic, dreamy, balmy. He was all that. And why shouldn't he be? He weighed three hundred and twenty pounds by the car scales, he was sixty-four years old, and for forty-six of those sixty-four years he had worked in iron and steel, when the metal was hot, when it was red-hot, when it was white-hot.

"When you've been broiled, baked, fried and stewed before the red bars as long as I've been, and when you've got to be as obose as I am, you'll find that lolling in the arms of Morphew comes as natural as breath," he remarked to me one day as I sat by his side watching the dripping ingots of steel lumbering in from the soaking pits to the rumbling rolls, that were squeezing and pressing and hammering them into blooms and bars and slabs and billets.

I knew he would take no offense if I suggested "obese" and "Morpheus" as substitutes for his "obose" and "Morphew."

"I'll bet you're right, at that," he said good-humoredly. "I can tell by looking at it whether a rolled bar is a sixty-fourth of an inch under or over gauge, and one glance informs me whether the rolls need one tissue-paper liner or two, to true 'em up, but I'm not so cute when it comes to words—not near. I see one thing when I read it and I say another thing when I say it. Words have always been a kind of stumbling block, a bugbear, you might say, with me. They are, as the Frenchman says, my beet-no-ear."

"Which, dad?" asked a greasy and grimy and much-perspiring young man who had left his work trying to sledge a chisel through the slag floor of the mill near by, and had dropped down upon the bench beside us.

"Beet-no-ear, Froggy, but don't let our conversation interrupt you in your duties. You get that hole dug and that post set, so I can have my new davenport put up, and you keep your eye on the mill, too. I saw the iron man wabble just now."

"Lay down and take a nap any time you feel like it, dad—Stick and me'll keep the old mill pluggin' along, don't you worry. This here, now, beet-no-ear, dad—it's new to me. Is it something you're afraid of?"

"Not exactly afraid of, Froggy, not exactly. It's more like something you have a dread of. No—hardly that either. Oh, it's something that drives you rum-dum like. That's my idea of the meaning of the phase, though my friend here may say I'm wrong, as he has at diverse times before."

"Then you'd say that Stum Puckett's beet-no-ear was hee-cups, hey, dad?"

"Why, yes, I reckon you would. Look at that iron man, Froggy! Isn't it wabbling?"

"Naw, that there iron man is O. K. Bill Temple looked at it this mornin' and took up the slack. Don't you do no frettin', dad—me and Stick'll keep our eyes peeled."

For some time I had been watching the iron man. Before us on a long tilting table among a mass of whirring feed rolls, lay a great steel bloom, white-hot and glistening. The old roller had told me it weighed six thousand pounds. I shrank back and shielded my face from the waves of nipping heat it threw out, though the old man and Froggy appeared to bask in its warmth, with their shirts unbuttoned, their chests exposed, and their arms bare to the shoulder. Suddenly the bloom leaped forward and raced along the feed-roll train with the speed of a running man, came to the huge finishing rolls, and was seized and drawn through by the irresistible pull of some concealed engine whose mighty labor caused the earth beneath us to tremble.

We watched its curling lengths disappearing in the maws of the mill until it was completely swallowed up. A second or two it was gone from our sight, then back upon the tilting table it poured, a solid stream of white metal going red, and again it lay before us, now half its first thickness and twice its former length. Then from out some cavity hidden beneath the tilting table we saw a black steel hand come reaching up—huge, Cyclopean, powerful—that took the three-ton bar in its grasp, raised it up, turned it over and dropped it. The heavy glowing bloom fell upon the table with a thunderous crash, and instantly raced forward toward the rolls. The big black hand dropped back and out of sight. It was the iron man, the master invention of the old roller.

"That's all right about you and Stick keeping your eyes peeled," grumbled the old man, "but I want that post set, too. I'm not any too comfortable on this board, I want you to know—'tisn't wide enough. Where's Stick?"

"Went after a drink of water, and I can't do nothin' alone till he comes back, can I? Stum Puckett sure had the hee-cups that there time, hey, dad?"

"Never you mind about calling back to memory the eccentrickities of Stum Puckett. You just rehash your recollection by remembering the last time the iron man laid down and wouldn't work, and don't forget how you and Stick and two or three bohunks had to mule them blooms over by hand. You'd better go below right now and take a turn on them tension bolts. I tell you I saw it wabble, Froggy."

"Stum was a bird, Stum was," mused Froggy, paying no heed to the suggestion of his boss. "By golly-Ned, I never laughed so much in my borned day as I did that time he had the hee-cups. It was funny, all right, all right; wasn't it, dad?"

The old roller sighed resignedly and took a chew of tobacco from a poke the size of a haversack. He locked two fat hands over a fat stomach, leaned back against a steel column and closed his eyes. The white blooms raced back and forth over the tilting table, the mighty rolls ground them down into smaller and smaller sizes, the black hand came reaching up, tossing them about as a child's hand might throw a willow wand this way and that.

"You see, Stum was a feller if he seen anything in a paper he took it serious," went on Froggy. "So when he read about a man down at Ashland who was hee-cuppin' hisself to death Stum kept tab on details like a ball fan does on ball games. He got all worked up, and when the feller died, after hee-cuppin' sixty-nine days, Stum didn't talk of nothin' else but hee-cups. And then, by golly-Ned, if he didn't get 'em hisself!

"While this here, now, hee-cupper was pullin' his stunt Stum had been collectin' all the hee-cup cures he could find, and puttin' 'em down in a book; and all us mill men was tellin' him cures we'd heared of, and hadn't heared of, like takin' nine drops of garlic oil every hour, on the thirteenth minute of the hour; and like standin' on your head and lettin' somebody batter your feet with a board; and like droppin' a nice hot marble down your neck, and so forth, you know, so that when the attack attackted him Stum was well heeled for cures.

"Well, he goes to work with his receipts, us all helpin' him carry 'em out, thinkin' it a joke and lots of fun, which it was till we seen that Stum was in a bad way. By golly-Ned, he couldn't stop! In nine or ten days he had dropped from a hunderd and ninety pounds to a hunderd and thirty or forty. Oh, he was bad off. One day I met him comin' out of Richard's undertakin' rooms.

"'Well, Froggy-hic,' he hee-cupped at me, 'I guess-hic I'm a goner-hic. I've been gettin' prices-hic on a coffin-hic.'

"'Nothin' like that, Stum. Nothin' a-tall like that!' I said, as cheerful as I could. But I was worried a lot. So I went down in the Polish settlement along Fleet Street, you know, and hunted up hee-cup cures from old Polish women. I got two dozen or more different cures; and, say, they was fierce! The cures us mill men had doped out for him was tame as cabbage worms compared with them old ladies' cures. But Stum tried out every one of 'em, no matter how fierce it was. But none of 'em didn't do him no good.

"By that time Stum was gettin' his name up. The Press sent a man out and wrote up a piece about him and his hee-cups, and printed his pitcher in the paper. A professor from Case College come out and examined him. Doc Ansbee, the company doctor, sent for him to come over to the hospital, so he could look him over. He laughed at Stum and told Stum he was a rummy, and that there wasn't nothin' the matter with him. But Doc Ansbee was that way about everybody—he didn't like to take people's money. One time Joe Ivory sprained his ankle on the tiltin' table and had to go on crutches. He went to Doc's to get some liniment. Doc kicked his crutches out from under him and told him he was possumin'. Joe fell down and broke his leg in two spots, and when Doc was settin' it

oe heared him tell the nurse it was the purtiest round fraction he'd had in a long time. That was Ansbee.

ut he was dead wrong about Stum, just the same as is dead wrong about Joe Ivory. Stum was serious After he'd used up all the old Polish ladies' cures he ull in.

'Well, Froggy-hic,' he said to me after he'd tried the roscription and it'd failed, 'I'll soon be a stiff-hic.'

'Nix on that crape stuff, Stum,' I said. 'We'll find the -up cure that'll cure you or die!'

nd the very next day he met Mary Raskowitzsky—ner for the first time. Mary was takin' her old father's r to him in a tin pail, down the railroad track, to stick rough a hole in the mill-yard fence to him. Poky owitzsky was chief of the scale-hole gang. Mary ed into Stum on her way with the dinner pail.

'Iary Raskowitzsky was some little bloomin' bokay of them days, I'm here to chatter the news. She was ker—a double A, believe me! Poky was a member of rst Polish expeditionary force that landed in America, hat was a good while back. Mary was born here and ght up here and got all her trainin' here. She was all rican with Polish trimmin's. Talk? Say, Mary was with the reparty talk, same as she was with the looks.

'Vell, Stum was hickety-hickin' along the track, on his to call me out to the fence to say a last good-by, when ssed Mary. Mary was ed when she heared hee-cuppin' down the . Three steps, then—!' Three more steps, —'Hic!' Three more , then—'Hic!'

Who is that hick?' she d Skinny Briggs, a foreman.

That? Why, that's n Puckett,' said Skinny.

What? Is that Stum ett, the celebrated hee-er, that had his pitcher e Press?' she said.

That's him,' said ny.

She watched Stum for inute, then she run him. 'Mister! Mis-she yelled.

Stum turned round and ed for her to come up.

Say, mister, I know a cure for your hee-cups,' said.

Huh-hic?' said Stum.

Yes, sir; I've got a cure. Will you try it?'

Yes, miss-hic,' said n.

You get a doodlebug,' said, half chokin' from bein' able to laugh—get a doodlebug, and take that there doodle- and wrap it up in a e of dough, and just as see the moon comin' you swaller it. But ve got to see the moon in' up over a grave-l. It'll sure cure your cups. You try it.'

'I will, miss-hic,' said n. 'Thanks, miss-hic.'

Mary walked on, tickled eath; and Stum too.

Right away he come told me about it. oggy-hic,' he said, 've got-hic to get me a dle-hic-bug. It may -hic me.'

'A doodlebug!' I said. ere ain't no such bug, n. Mary Raskowitzsky joshin' you.'

'Sure, Froggy-hic, re's doodle-hic-bugs,' said, and he told me all ut them.

He said I'd have to go to the woods and find re some old stump or had rotted away plumb ust, and the dust'd have e fine and dry. In the I'd see some little holes ed somethin' like little funnels. I'd have to get down on my knees before one of them holes and shove my face close down to it and say, 'Doodle, doodle, doodle!' just like that, over and over again and over. After a bit the doodlebug would start to stir round in the dust in the bottom of the hole, and right then I was to grab him.

"'Stum,' I said, 'there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for you in your trouble, but this doodlebug stunt kind of fusses me. Why don't you go out and catch this here, now, doodlebug yourself? You're onto his tricks."

"'I couldn't call-hic him up-hic,' he said. 'I'd say, "Doodle-hic, doodle-hic," and he wouldn't come. You've got to say, "Doodle-hic, doodle-hic"—oh, hell-hic!'

"Well, I felt sorry for him, so I took a day off and went down along the canal, lookin' for a doodlebug, but nary a bug could I scare up. I asked a farmer and he said it was too wet out that way—the stumps and logs didn't rot right, and that I'd have to go to a drier country. So I come back to town and took a suburban out to Chardonville.

"No better luck there. I beat the woods north, south, east and west for half a day, but no signs of doodlebugs. I asked a man hoein' beans in a field, and he said there hadn't been no doodlebugs in Geauga County since 1893, the year of the Columbus Exhibition at Chicago. I thought he was stringin' me, but I couldn't do nothin' else but come back and report to Stum.

"He was wild. 'Froggy-hic, I'm a goner-hic!'

"'Tell me what to do and I'll do it,' I said.

"So he told me to go down to Medina County and see his uncle, who he'd lived with and worked for once, and ask him to save his nephew's life by findin' a doodlebug. Stum would have gone with me, but he was that weak he couldn't. I took another day off and beat it down to Medina, and walked out in the country from the town to Stum's uncle's farm.

"'If it wasn't he's my dead sister's own child I'd see him and his doodlebug damned!' the old boy roared after I'd told him who I was and what I wanted. 'You know what he done last spring? He quit me just at the start of spring work because I wouldn't hire another hand to help me and him put in a hunderd acres of corn, dang him! But come on—he's La Verne's boy! Let's get a doodlebug, blast him!'

"We went out to his woods and it wasn't any time a-tall till he'd spotted a doodlebug's liar. Down he flops on his knees and begins to chirrup, 'Doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle!' just like that. Well, sir, he had a bald head and a scraggly red beard, and he was fat as sin, and when I seen that old bird down on his knees talkin' like that I got so tickled up that I bust right out laughin'.

"'What you laughin' at?' he snapped, lookin' up from his work.

"'I'm laughin' at a song I heared a dame sing at the Star Theater two or three weeks ago,' I said.

"He went at it again, and purty soon I seen him make a sashay with his hand and grab up a handful of dusty dirt.

"'Here's your doodlebug,' he said. 'Where's your bottle?'

"I got out the bottle I'd brought along with me, and we got the bug in.

"'Kind of looks like a kind of spider to me,' I said.

"'If it wasn't Harley's my dead sister's child I'd wish it was a spider, a poison spider, and that it'd poison him when he swallers it, dern him!'

"Well, I hulled back to Steelburg, and that night Stum took the doodlebug out along Bedford Road, where there's a graveyard, and put it down as per directions. And, sir, I'm a sucker if his hee-cups didn't stop that night! But I've always said, and so's dad here said, that it wasn't the doodlebug that put the kibosh on Stum's hee-cups so much as it was Mary Raskowitzsky herself ——"

"Hey, there! Look at that! Get your bars! Get your bars!"

It was the old roller shouting. He struggled up from his recumbent position, swung his fat feet to the ground, and dropped his fat hands to the bench on which he sat. But he did not rise to his feet.

My eyes had been fixed on the black hand while Froggy had talked. I had seen it come reaching up from below the table but a half minute before; I saw it try to seize the great white bloom; saw it waver and miss its mark, and then I watched it sink slowly back out of sight, moving unsteadily as it went, as though flirting derisive fingers at us.

The bloom lay on the table, unturned.

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you?" yelled the old roller. "And instead of taking a look at it, as I told you to do, you sit here gabbing about hee-cups and doodlebugs! Now you can get up there and rawhide that ingot over!"

Again the Men Began to Heave and Tug and Grunt Over the Candent Bloom. Three Times They Tried, and Three Times They Failed to Move It

(Continued on Page 127)

THE HIGHER THE FEWER

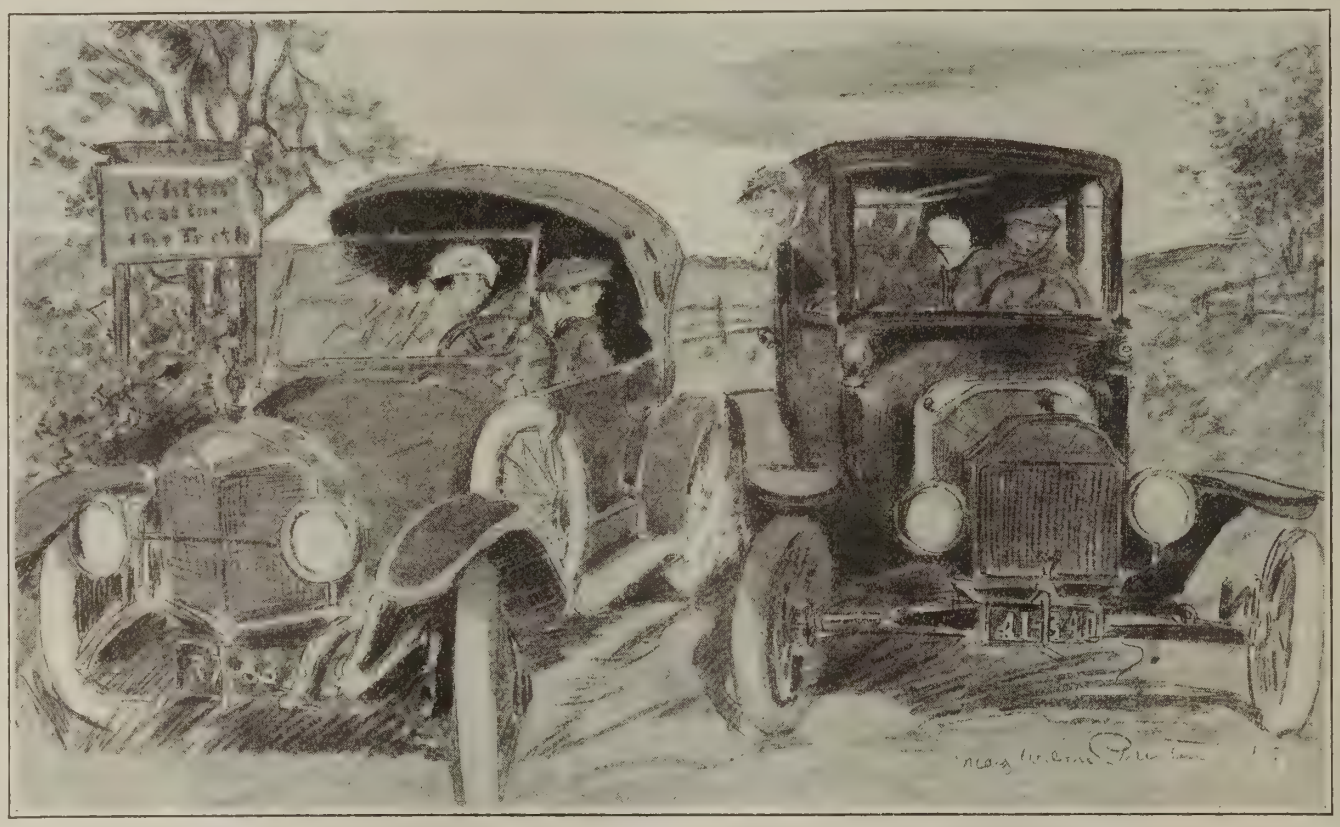
By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I'LL tell the world it's an even break between marriage contracts and motion-picture dittos. Oft in the last year I have had cause to worry over the one and then over the other, and which of the two is the most promising, the most exciting and the most disappointing is a burning question with me yet.

While Jim was in khaki and Europe I come to the conclusion picture contracts was the worse; but after him arriving home to occupy our flat and most of my time, spare or otherwise, in place of Germany, somehow I commenced to realize that picture magnates are not alone the only ones willing to take advantage of a woman, once they have her all signed up.

Not but that Jim is perfectly stunning and a good scout and all that, and if he was to of been married to some other one doubtless I would for twenty-four hours a day think he was a perfect husband and I know full well that all the fans, especially the female ladies, choke with envy at our joint pictures. Which, of course, the reason we but seldom make them is not that we are ruthlessly torn apart and forced by the nature of our art to work separate, but that two fillums pay better than one, as the saying is, and I referred principally to stills in the Motion Picture Gazette. But to get back to the plot.



So We Stopped and Along Come the Well-Known Sedan, and Maison Sticks the Roses Out of the Window and Says, "Are You in Trouble, Dearie?"

Take now motion-picture contracts. A manager calls up or wires for you and you go to see him. Yes, of course you do. You may stall him about being busy, but you go. No use in stalling your own self, because no picture actress, from Sarah Bernhardt or Mary Garden or even I, Marie La Tour, myself down, but will break any date on the calendar in order to drop in a careful ten minutes late when one of them kings of the art world gives the high sign. Well, anyways, you get there ten minutes late, but he can pull that stuff, too, and so he keeps you waiting another ten, not outside with the would-be extras and near-scenario writers, but in the inside office just outside of his office, where only a few stenographers, with everything about them like Mary Pickford except the talent, are working typewriters and gum with that industry which is so typical of our vital American womanhood.

Well, anyways, he keeps you there and all of a sudden, after you have given up all hope and are least expecting it, the office girl—it's never a boy any more—the office girl with hair like Mary's, anyhow, darts leisurely out and says Mr. Goldringer will see you now, and in you go to a neat little office no bigger than the Palatial Hotel lobby and listen to promises in which Los Angeles is made to put it all over the Garden of Eden. And then you get also promised every condition you want and the chance to play round at catching the superbutterflies of California during twenty-three-hour rests, the remaining hour to be taken up by the director and camera man.

Also, you get handed a lot of hot stuff about the great artist and wonderful woman you are and what a swell personality you've got and how the studio is going to put you over bigger than ever. And then the salary question looms large, but even that is someways made to look like a watermelon—twice as juicy as it is. And you come away from the church, I mean to say private office, feeling you own the world and then some. After which you stick round waiting for all them happy dreams to come true. And it is generally some wait, and many a fight is pulled between you and them before you settle down to merely the usual calm run of daily disputes at the studio.

And it was much the same with me and Jim. Before we tied up we was full of optimism about how good our particular show was bound to go over; and it done so pretty good at that for nearly eighteen months, what with Jim going to France almost—as you might say—from the altar steps, and it's a fact we stayed very much in love on paper during the whole of that time. Not that we have fell out of it either exactly since his return, and it's a cinch I wouldn't give him up nor him me, but there had ought to be a audience passed preventing married couples from getting too well acquainted with each other. Ain't it the truth, that's what breaks so many of them up? Just plain knowing each other too well. Because, believe you—that is, I mean to say I'll tell the world, the good things in each other is easily dismissed from the mind; and then with the same old landscape to look at across the table d'hôte or across the untidied bureau, what can you do except commence picking on it if conversation is to be kept up?

It ain't the big troubles breaks up couples—generally those are what brings them closer together. It's the little things, like why didn't you shave before dinner and who is supposed to send off this laundry, which ruins happy homes, and one of the best little ways to cramp domestic bliss is to overindulge in it. When you get sick of sitting looking at the furniture and your dovey-dovey, stir round a bit and see the difference it will make. It was this modern, intelligent angle on our mutual life caused I and Jim to take that motor trip over Labor Day. And did we need it? We did! Even our language had got on our nerves. Jim bawling me out for being behind the calendar with my speech.

We was sitting cozily on either side of the phonograph, nicely cooled by the west wind from the electric fan after a refreshing plunge into the briny bathtub, and awaiting our contract from Goldringer, drawn according to specifications as see above, but not yet materialized.

"This is comfortable but boring," I says, breaking the domesticated silence. "Believe you me, no summer resort has got anything on us for comfort, believe you me."

"For heaven's sake give that stuff the raspberry!" exclaims Jim. "Preserve it, but don't open the can! Why can't you talk snappy and up-to-date, Mary Gilligan? If you was to dress six months ago your stock would drop by the minute!"

"What'll I say then?" I demanded with all the wifely courtesy at my command. "What do you suggest, you poor fish?"

"You needn't take your peevishness at Goldringer out on me, little bright eyes," says Jim, pulling his neck up out of his collar in that way which was slowly driving me wild. "Your talk has no jazz to it. That believe-you-me stuff was last noticed in the Undertakers Gazette. Bury it!"

"You're right, Jim," I says earnestly. "I won't use it again, believe you me!"

Well, of course, that satisfied him and he said no more; but the next morning, having securely locked myself into the bathroom in order to get the chance to cold cream my face without him pulling that old he-man stuff about liking me better as Gawd made me, though it's a fact he never knows with any certainty have I any make-up on or not—well, anyways, I got thinking why wouldn't we be clever actors to change the scenery if we was to go on speaking to each other and so I put it up to him while he was cleaning his teeth.

"What would you say to a little motor trip over Labor Day?" I says, bright and original. "Goldringer may not come across for a couple of weeks yet, and we'll have our finger nails all bit off waiting round home."

"Ug-gush!" says Jim, foaming at the mouth. "But," he goes on, removing the impediment in his speech—"but suppose the damn contract comes with one of them twenty-four-hour notices?" he says. "And we don't get back for three days? You know them birds. After we been waiting six weeks for their minds to be made up, all of a sudden it seems the camera man is champing on his bit and work begins to-morrow."

"Well, this first piece is only to go up in the C14 before she makes her transatlantic flight," I reminded him. "And you know airships. They never start when scheduled, and this one isn't even booked yet. I'll say we go."

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

"All right!" I says, a gleam of enthusiasm struggling through my matrimonial darkness. "I'll tell you what: You get one of these here automobile dictionaries and we'll dope out a tower to-night."

"We don't need to spell automobile—we only need to run it," says Jim.

"That's not the kind I meant," I says. "I mean one of them helpful little books which tells you where you are and keeps you from getting lost."

"You said it!" says Jim. "I'll snare one this very afternoon."

And then ma called us to breakfast, which it's a fact that was a additional reason why I wanted we should go away because the eats we were getting were something fierce—what there was of them. And I'll say there should of been a pair of opera glasses served with every portion, and not for souvenirs but to see was anything on the plate before commencing to attack it.

Of course it is undoubtedly a true fact that we had kidded ma quite some on account of her size and it's Gawd's truth she's never bought anything smaller than a snappy stout since she retired on my salary and devoted her attention to personal interior decoration—and she is and always was some cook. But anyways, not I and Jim alone was responsible. But the manager of the circus she used to be with offering her the job of fat lady seemed to of sort of brought her to a realization of the fact she was putting on weight far more than our remarks did. And ain't it the truth a fat person is always the last one to admit it to theirselves? Why, I have personally myself seen ma lace in her corset till her moral courage could bear no more and then seriously claim she had lost two inches round the

s and never noticed that it of course bulged out were.

t, anyways, when a heavy person's delusions and self- g can go no further the reform they spring is a real ne one, and now ma had decided she would get thin if d us all. And as per usual her good resolution was ed on vanity. Seeing that both me and Jim was in es, she had decided that Mrs. Castle had nothing on d she would show us and her. And vanity having ot the best of gluttony, she had taken to hanging the studios instead of the kitchen stove, except to t the cooks as they come and went from giving us ing fattening. And it's a true fact that combined d to date lost nearly twenty pounds, me and Jim off nine apiece and she two, though in family dis- ns she always pooled the loss as if it was joint income. o it will be explained why that breakfast which I referred to broke the camel's back if not the edge of petite, it consisting of orange juice, bran muffins and without cream or sugar or butter, ma claiming that uldn't endure to have these things on the table t taking them and we ought to help her achieve her c ambitions to express herself in the pictures.

l, Jim give a look at the place where the eats might n and concluded he could express himself in hot bis- and fried ham if urged, which she took personally, to it touching a sensitive point with her. And take in all the atmosphere was growing altogether too lly homelike, and so I again sprung it about the trip. e got a bright idea, ma," I says, "of going away over Day in the car."

here to?" she says. "Why? Ain't you well off here? re's a breeze we get it, you got your own bathtub and wn bed and your comfort."

n, I got nothing against hotel life, especially if Amer- lan," I says dreamily. "And anyways a holiday is uch like three Sundays in a row minus two Sunday s. So our minds is made up."

hat about the Goldringer contract?" says ma. "You he likes quick action."

it comes you can wire for us," I says.

o what garage?" says ma very sarcastic.

o none!" I says. "Not with that new car of Jim's!"

Which was a challenge to fight, as the poet says, and the brag cometh before the show-down and all that. Because why is it a car can hear you tell of its greatness, even though the garage is a mile away, and at once commences to plan to do you dirt? The nature of the beast is certainly that way, and is it coincidence? It is not! I got a pretty strong hunch that cars is more alive lots of times than the ones that drive them, and anyone which has skidded—in, say, sand—will be forced to admit they got a will of their own the same as this here inventor Frankenstein, whose magneto killed him or something of its own accord.

Well, anyways, a bragged-about car always goes blooey just as sure as a tooth stops aching when it sees the dentist's sign. And as for temperament, I'll tell the world no picture or other class of star has got anything on a high-strung, well-bred automobile, and it's their class makes them get that way the same as with we artists, and makes them different from the bourgeois flivver that's all work and no style. And our Cobra Six sports model, which is sports the same way a satin sports suit is, was such a car.

Well, anyways, it was a 1920 model and the most up-to-date thing we could find and had ought to come under the head of professional expenditures, if not of overhead, which it can't very well on account of being a open car, but a bus like that is to motion-picture artists what a change of underwear is to the proletariat—something everybody would know to their detriment if they was without it. In other words, it is practically a necessity. And so while in private life we would of really preferred a ordinary regular car, we had to content ourselves with a mere 140-inch wheel-base affair, whose parts were a translation from all foreign languages including the Scandinavian, and consequently too cultured for the average so-called skilled mechanic.

The looks of this bus was a great comfort to us, which was a good thing, considering how much time we put in standing and looking at it. It was one of these inbred affairs with short legs and chest close to the ground and a awful lot of length for the two little seats without nothing to them but cushions and backs, and when you was in them your knees was higher than any lady would allow under other conditions. It had four wheels like a child's wagon, ones on the bottom which it stood on and two extras strapped on behind in case we ever got to going that way. The hood looked like one of the Green Mountains with the Statue of Liberty on the radiator cap, and it carried a lot of little knickknacks on the running board, such as batteries, tool chests and a fireless cooker, or at least I think it was. It had a trick wind shield and a search-light like a battleship and a horn that played jazz by electricity. As for the dash I'll say the bird which furnished it put no restraint upon his imagination and spared us no expense. Just by looking at it, after spending a mere half hour locating the right indicator, you could see with a glance and a instruction book that you had no gas or oil or batteries or something, when without this swell switch-board you would of been to all of two minutes' trouble getting out and looking direct. But the nickel finish on them was certainly an eyeful. The whole of the bus was emerald green with a blue-and-violet trim threaded with yellow, and it certainly was snappy. What is more, once in a while it would go.

And when it did we felt so darn chesty over it that we always forgot its sins of transmission. And did it do us proud when it felt that way? I'll say so! We'd fly up a hill on high with the spark hardly retarded, where other poor birds was struggling into low and wishing they was home and the party was to hell—do you know the feeling? You do! Also, it was the quietest engine ever I heard and in traffic—oh, boy! Excepting when it died on us entirely. And its doing so at intervals had built a considerable annex onto Jim's vocabulary. But going so good when it went at all, it sort of kept our faith, and never a garage bill but we thought it was the last one. And the last one was just in. Jim had me out to a suburban jazzerie where they served ginger ale and everything—with the accent quietly on the everything—well, anyways, he had me there in Wilful Winnie, as he called the bus, and she had behaved like a wife round the first of the month—you couldn't pick on her for a thing except the bills. So, of course, that was a added reason why we should work her while we could.

That night Jim brought home a innocent-looking book which it's the truth they camouflage it with soft covers like a Bible and no one would suspect what lies within—not

(Continued on Page 66)

I Could See the Pity Oozing From Maison, Inc., as They Looked at Our Poverty, But it Was Like Water Off a Rolling Stone So Far as I Was Concerned

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

XV

IF I REMEMBER rightly it was about the middle of January, 1897, that I presented my letters of recall to the King of Serbia, who expressed in most gracious and cordial terms his regret at my departure, and sent me the same evening, when I was preparing to take the night train for Vienna, a last farewell message through his secretary, Mr. Militchevitch, who had orders to see me off at the station.

Mr. Militchevitch found me at my hotel engaged in packing up a number of books which had accumulated during my sojourn at Belgrad, among which were some volumes of the correspondence of the Empress Catharine the Great. I had accidentally dropped on the floor one of these volumes, and when I picked it up I noticed that it had opened on a page containing a letter addressed by the empress to the King of Denmark. Listening to what Mr. Militchevitch was telling me about the king's intention to change again his ministry for a new one, and the grave concern with which he looked upon His Majesty's fickleness of character and lack of firm purpose, I was unconsciously letting my eyes follow the lines of the empress' letter on the open page of the book I held in my hand, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a passage in the letter where she lectures her correspondent on the disadvantages and even dangers of frequent changes in the personnel of the government—the empress evidently having had some reason for being dissatisfied with a ministerial appointment the King of Denmark had recently made.

I read the passage to Militchevitch, and he was much struck by the wisdom of the advice in statecraft which the empress had tendered to her fellow sovereign, and by its applicability to actual conditions in Serbia.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said I; "I'll immediately copy this whole passage of the letter, sign it with my name as the faithful copyist, and you will present it to the king as a parting gift from a sincere friend and posthumous representative of one of the greatest sovereigns Russia has ever had."

I verily believe we two could not have rendered the young sovereign a better service, provided he had been willing to take to heart Catharine the Great's sage advice.

Three days later I was in St. Petersburg, and after a brief interview with the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mouravieff, whom I found very courteous and apparently well disposed toward me, I set to work with the purpose of making a thorough study not only of the diplomatic correspondence in regard to our relations with Japan but of the whole field of our Far Eastern policy, so as to be fully prepared to take up my new duties at a post where I instinctively felt I should have to face the probability of coming serious complications.

My instinctive premonitions had not deceived me, as I found out almost as soon as I had begun my work. In looking over the correspondence exchanged with the War Department I discovered traces of a far-reaching plan, evidently having originated in the department, the following up of which would have landed us, as I was firmly convinced, in a situation of the gravest danger. Having made this discovery I lost no time in reporting to the minister the fact and my conclusions in regard to the necessity of preventing, if still possible, any decisive steps being taken which might irrevocably involve us in the most serious difficulties inseparable from the pursuit of the War Department's plans.

Count Mouravieff, though quite unacquainted with Far Eastern affairs, but gifted with a good deal of sound common sense and quickness of perception, at once saw the point and assented to my proposal to prepare an exhaustive memorandum on the state of affairs in the Far East to be submitted to the emperor in the hope of causing His Majesty to withhold his approval from any steps tending to the realization of the plans contemplated by the War Department. The preparation of such a memorandum requiring necessarily considerable time, the minister undertook to see to it that the whole matter be kept in suspense until he should be prepared to submit to the emperor his well-grounded objections.

The original of this rather voluminous memorandum was deposited in the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which, if not destroyed by the Bolsheviks, must be at present in their possession. The only copy of it that I had made out for my own use I had lent two years ago to the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch, well known as an author and promoter of historical research, with whom I had been for years in intimate friendly relations and who was so cruelly murdered by the band of savage bandits for the time being exercising tyrannical power in our unfortunate country. This copy has probably shared the fate of the grand duke's library and other contents of his beautiful palace at Petrograd. I am therefore not in a position to give here from memory more than a succinct account of the main features of this memorandum. Before doing so, however, I must revert to the time when Prince Lobanoff was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs and found himself confronted with the necessity of dealing with the situation created by the result of the war between China and Japan.

I have had occasion in a preceding chapter to mention incidentally that the defunct minister, when he took possession of his post, was quite ignorant of Far Eastern affairs, which was, after all, quite natural seeing that he belonged to a generation whose ideas of China and Japan were mostly connected with pictures of pig-tailed mandarins on boxes of tea, or red lacquer cups and saucers brought home by bold circumnavigators of what in those days used to be considered a most imposing globe, now reduced to the pygmy proportions of a tiny planetoid easily to be encircled in a few days by some flying ace or even any enterprising common aviator.

Prince Lobanoff was a man of great decision and firmness of will, which qualities had indeed earned him general respect and confidence, but he also had a great deal of intellectual pride, which made him reluctant to seek counsel and advice from his intellectual equals in matters of which he was more or less ignorant. Thus it came about that he would not avail himself, as a source of authoritative information, of the wide experience and profound knowledge of Far Eastern affairs of Mr. Zinovieff, then our Minister to Sweden, who had been for ten years the head of the Asiatic Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who happened to be on leave at St. Petersburg and who postponed from week to week his return to Stockholm in the expectation of being consulted by the new minister on matters in which his expert knowledge could not be surpassed. Prince Lobanoff preferred instead to have himself informed on the state of affairs in regard to our relations with Japan by a mere underling, the chief of the Japanese bureau, a very respectable, painstaking and efficient official but with the narrow outlook of a departmental clerk, and unable to enlighten his chief on matters lying beyond the scope of the diplomatic correspondence he had been handling for years.

The situation with which Prince Lobanoff found himself compelled to deal as soon as he had entered upon his duties as Minister of Foreign Affairs was a very perplexing one indeed. The Japanese Government before deciding upon opening hostilities against China had naturally been greatly concerned with the elucidation of the views and intentions of the Russian Government, and had evidently been prepared to conform to any wishes of ours the compliance with which would have assured them of our neutrality and would have guaranteed them against the

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PHOTO. BY KODAK PICTORIAL SERVICE

In Korea

Above—The Former Kaiser's Most Important Fort in Tsingtau, on the High Hill in the Background

bility of some threatening movement from our part on
necessarily very much exposed flank in the event of
ary operations on the continent. Their minister at
etersburg had strained every nerve in vain endeavors
certain our views on the situation and our wishes,
liance with which on the part of Japan would have
unavoidable and would certainly have been gladly
iesced in. Our position therefore was a very advan-
us one, somewhat similar to that in which Austria-
gary found herself when we were preparing for the war
Turkey in 1877.

would have enabled us to secure the realization of
well considered and clearly defined political aim we
t have intended to pursue.

fortunately the development of events which cul-
ted ultimately in the war between China and Japan
een taking place during the last year of Mr. De Giers'
when he was already, through illness, incapacitated
aking an active part in the direction of our foreign
y, and there was no one with sufficient authority to
his place. Besides, there was a total absence of any
halfway clear conception of what the aims of our Far
rn policy should be. In this respect our government
s were just as much in the dark as was our so-called
lic opinion" as represented by the press. The im-
ng armed conflict between our two most important
bors in Asia was instinctively felt as an untoward
; but neither any attempts at preventing its out-
nor any plans for taking advantage of our flanking
ion which was giving us the whip hand over the bel-
nts seem to have been even contemplated, considera-
such as would, as a matter of course, have guided the
y of real statesmanship, as, for example, the British,
r similar circumstances.

e Japanese Government, realizing the hopelessness of
endeavors to reach an agreement with us, decided at
o take the grave risk of engaging in military opera-
against China on the continent without having
ded for the security of their flank by a friendly under-
ing with Russia. Subsequent
s thoroughly belied the confident
tations very generally entertained
uropean diplomacy that the war,
was held to be a foolhardy en-
ise on the part of Japanese am-
is militarism, would end in disaster
e reckless aggressor. The treaty
ace concluded in April, 1895, at
onoseki, sealed the complete de-
f China, and gave to Japan, be-
a war indemnity of 30,000,000
part of Southern Manchuria with
tronghold of Port Arthur; that is
y, a permanent foothold on the
nent of Asia and the likelihood
prospective absorption of Korea,
h in the treaty the complete in-
dence of Korea and the integrity
r territory were solemnly recog-
by both parties.

ch was the situation created by
utcome of the armed conflict be-
our two Asiatic neighbors at the
ent when Prince Lobanoff took
ssion of his post as Minister of
gn Affairs. Matters had been al-
l to drift without any definite policy having been decided upon or even seriously considered. Such a seemingly disinterested attitude, however, could not continue to be observed indefinitely, and the time had come for our government to take a decided stand one way or the other.

It would not come amiss to mention here an outside perturbing element that had developed during the hostilities between the belligerents, an element that usually makes itself felt in Far Eastern no less than in Near Eastern affairs—the perennial rivalry between the Great Powers of Europe.

In the beginning of the war Japanese public opinion, it appears, had been more or less under the impression that, in the country's contest with China, Russia would be inclined to side with Japan, an impression that seemed to prevail likewise in our maritime province.

This expectation, which at the time had appeared to be widely prevalent in Japan, had seemingly not failed to influence in a measure the attitude toward the belligerents, if not of the British Government, at least of its representatives, diplomatic as well as naval, in the Far East.

At any rate, the story had been going the rounds in Japan and been generally credited that the admiral in command of the British squadron in Far Eastern waters had demonstratively shown his preference for the Chinese, and he was even suspected of having on some occasion endeavored to warn by signal the Chinese admiral of the approach of the Japanese fleet. Later on the admiral's attitude was said to have undergone a radical change, brought on partly because the brilliant Japanese victories had shown that Japan was decidedly the stronger of the two belligerents, partly by the growing certitude that Russia would remain neutral with perhaps a leaning in favor not of Japan but of China. Whether true or not, the wide currency given to these stories was symptomatic of the probability that whichever side we might ultimately decide to favor, Great Britain would be found to have taken up her stand by the other. This, therefore, was a contingency, howsoever remote, which would have to be taken into the most serious consideration when circumstances would compel us to take a decided stand one way or the other.

From what I have tried to explain above it will be seen that the task awaiting the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, the task of deciding the course the ship of state was to steer, was by no means an easy one and not to be taken up light-heartedly. Prince Lobanoff was well aware of the momentous character of the decision which had to be taken and which would engage our policy for years to come in a direction the ultimate outcome of which could not be foreseen with any degree of certainty. He naturally felt disinclined to shoulder alone the responsibility for such a decision, and he secured the emperor's consent to submit the whole question to the decision of a special commission under the presidency of the Grand Duke Alexis—who was then still the head of the navy—and composed, as far as I can remember, of all the ministers of state.

The proceedings of this commission were naturally secret, but I was given, of course, the possibility of acquainting myself with the contents of the protocols of its sittings. The perusal of these protocols gave me the impression that none of the members of the commission had been able to shed any new and really serious light on the question at issue, which after all was not to be wondered at, considering that the knowledge they possessed of the condition of things in the Far East was of the vaguest and most limited nature.

Their deliberations were mostly confined to an exchange of views based on this or that member's personal preferences either for Japan or for China.

The final conclusions were formulated by Prince Lobanoff upon the simple ground that the Japanese could not be allowed to gain a foothold on the continent, because they would unavoidably have a tendency to spread like "a drop of oil on a sheet of blotting paper," as he expressed it. It was therefore decided to side with China and to take the necessary steps to insist on the withdrawal of Japan from Southern Manchuria and Port Arthur; in other words, on the abandonment by the Japanese of the fruits of their victory. This decision was confirmed by the emperor.

Being anxious to gain as complete an insight as possible into the origin of the serious complications I felt sure we should have to face in the near future, and knowing from casual conversation with the Grand Duke Alexis, who in former years had spent some months in Japan, that his views could hardly have been in harmony with those of the members of the commission over which he had presided, I made up my mind to interview him personally on the subject of the decision, the far-reaching consequences of which he had been in a much better position to foresee than the other members.

From the very first words he spoke to me I realized how deeply he was concerned as grand admiral and head of the navy, and impressed with the serious character of the situation which in the end had resulted from the decision then reached, to which he personally had been very much opposed. When I

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"The Bund," Port Arthur

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Above—An Outpost at Tsingtau

A Street in New Town, Port Arthur

THE LAIR

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SKAG was away seven days in all and he made no report of the thing he had done to his department. He came back with a deeper quiet in his eyes and told no one but Carlin what the days had shown him. Skag never was at his best in trying to make words work. He was slow to explain. He had been hurt two or three times in earlier days, trying to tell something of peculiar interest to his work and finding incredulity and uncertain comment afterward. This made the animal trainer more wary than ever about talk.

But Carlin required few words. Carlin always understood. She didn't praise or fall into excesses of admiration, but she understood, and the older one gets the dearer that becomes. Carlin didn't advise with Skag whether she should speak of the matter. She merely decided that her old friend, Hand-of-a-God, which was the native's name for Malcom M'Cord, deserved to be told. The silent Scot knew much about animals and this was an affair that would stand high in his collection of musings and memories. M'Cord observed, in a Scotch that had suffered no thinning in thirty years of India, that if he hadn't known Hantee Sahib he would be forced to pass by Carlin's report as an invention, though a fertile one. It was M'Cord who decided that government should get at least a private account of the affair.

A remarkable tiger pair had operated for several years in the broken cliff country stretching away toward the valley of the Nerbudda beyond the open jungle round Hurda. As mates they had pulled together so efficiently that the natives had started the interminable process of making a tradition concerning them. These were superb young individuals and not man-eaters, for which reason Hand-of-a-God had not been called out to deliver the natives; also on this account Skag had been interested from the beginning.

Their lair had never been found, but they had been seen together and singly over a ranging ground that covered seventy miles and contained several dejected villages. Once, hard pressed for game, the male tiger had entered a village grazing ground and made a quick kill—on the run—of one of the little sacred cows—a tan heifer much loved by the people. The point of comment was that the tiger had spared the boy; in fact, the young herder had been unable to run so rapidly as his little drove, which was lost in a dust cloud ahead of him. The tiger had actually passed him by, entered the drove, knocked the heifer down and stood over it as the boy circled past.

There were no firearms in the village, so that the natives did not venture close in the falling darkness. It was evident next day, however, that the tiger had not fed on the spot of the kill. It was supposed that the female had come to help him carry away the game.

Also, this was the same tiger pair that had leaped an eight-foot wall surrounding another village, made their choice of a sizable bullock in a herd of ordinary cattle, and actually helped each other drag the carcass over the wall and away—a daylight raid, this, witnessed from the shadows of several village huts.

So the stories went, but nothing monotonous about them. Often for months at a time no villager would sight the tiger mates. It was positively stated that there were no other mature tigers within the vicinity; that is, within the seventy-mile range. The pair had been known to bring up at least three litters; but the young had been driven at the approach of maturity to outlying hunting grounds, as had been all the weaker tigers of the vicinity.

Now the report came into Hurda that an English hunter had wounded the big female. Another report followed that the Englishman had killed the male and wounded the female. The hunter himself did not appear in Hurda; nor was a trophy hide recorded anywhere. Skag heard the two stories. Carlin had just been called to Poona, a summons from Roderic Deal, her eldest brother. Skag, thinking about the affair, called Nels for a stroll in the open jungle toward the Monkey Glen.

To the American there was a pang about the hunter's story. He was altogether unsentimental, but wild animals had to do with his reason for being, and there was his fixed partiality for tigers. The uncertainty about the story troubled him. This was the time of year for kittens and it was seldom far from his mind that these parents were not man-eaters. The stories of the hunter were indefinite. The thing worked upon Skag as he walked. The thought of finding the motherless lair and bringing in a hamper of starving young occurred to him as a sane performance, but not one to speak about. The fact that Carlin was away had its important part. Skag was desolately free to follow the growing incentive; also his servant, Bhanah, reported Nels superbly fit for travel and adventure.

The Boss of the District—the Great Male Himself—Stood Stock-Still in the Center of the River Bed

The animal trainer rode the elephant, Nut Kut, into one of the villages in the tiger-ranging grounds and left him in charge of the mahout, saying that he might be gone two or three days and that he was out for a ramble among the waste places of the valley. Skag took merely a haversack, a canteen, light blanket and a hunting belt, carrying a knife and a six-shooter, but no rifle. Nels actually lost his dignity in enthusiasm for the excursion, and they were miles away from a village and hours deep in an apparently leisurely journey before he subsided into that observant calm which was his notable characteristic.

Skag's work of late had taken him much afield, but it had been with native assistants and more or less impedimenta for jungle observation. This light traveling, with none other than the great hunting dog, brought him back a keen zest of appreciation and memories of early days among the circus animals, and his first adventures in India with Cadman. Moreover, there was a mystery that had to do with Carlin after that first supper fire afield. Skag had always resented the fact that it was straight out-and-out pain for him to be away from the place she had made in Hurda. Suffering of any kind to Skag was a sign of weakness. He had dwelt long on the subject.

The mystery of that first night out had to do with the fact that Carlin seemed to be near. At least there wasn't the pain about separation he had known before. It was as if the miracle he had longed for had come—some awakening of life within himself that was quick to her presence even at a distance and cognizant that absence was illusion. Carlin's uncle, the mystic of the Vindhyas, had told him that there were mysteries of romance that had to do with separation as well as with together, and that real mates learn this mystery through the years. To-night Skag found to his wonder that the mystic had spoken the truth.

He cooked the supper joyously and shared it with Nels, talking to him often and answering himself for the Dane. The camp was in the open and the night was presently lustrous with stars. There was a sense of well-being, together with his fresh delight in the unfolding secret of Carlin's nearness, that made him enjoy staying awake. Nels was wakeful also—as if these moments were altogether too keen with life to waste in sleep.

"It's just a ramble, old man. We'll be about it early," Skag said toward the last. "We may find what we're after and we may not. In any case we'll live on the way."

That was Skag's old picture of the Now; making the most of the ever-moving point named the Present.

"And I'm expecting great things from you, my son—an altogether new brand of self-control—if we find what we're out after. I don't mind telling you that it's Tiger, Nels—tiger babies possibly—little orphans just grown enough to be demons and just knowing enough not to behave."

Nels woofed.

"Half-grown tiger cubs are apt to be a whole lot meaner than their parents," Skag went on. "Wild—that's the word. They haven't sense enough to be careful or mind enough to be appealed to. I think that's something of what I mean to say."

Skag was taking more pains to explain than he would to a man. Nels didn't get it—didn't even make a pretense. He knew what tiger meant, but so far as he was concerned that subject had been dropped some moments since. He had listened intently to the point in which tiger ceased to be the topic—sitting on his haunches. Then he dropped to his front elbows, and as Skag's voice trailed away he rolled quietly to his side, keeping himself courteously awake.

There was silence. Skag's eyes were far off among the blazing Indian stars.

"We'll manage 'em together," he added sleepily.

The next day they wandered—rough, desolate country in burning sunlight. It gave the impression that the whole surface crust of earth had been burned to a white heat ages ago. Low hills with clifflike faces; shallow nullahs used only a month or two a year to carry the monsoon deluges to the Nerbudda; the stones of the river bottoms bone-white—everywhere sparse and scrubby foliage with dust-covered leaves. There was no turf in this stony world except the sand of the hollows and the wind eddied most of these spaces like water, quickly covering all tracks. It was toward the end of the afternoon that Nels first intimated a scent.

Tiger of course—that was Nels' orders—but it wasn't fresh. Skag gave the Dane word to do the best he could and followed leisurely. The big fellow worked with painful care for more than an hour before he became sure of himself; then his speed quickened, following a dry nullah at last for several miles. The dark was creeping in before they came to a deep fissure among the rocks where the empty waterway sank into a pool which was not yet dry. Skag and the Dane drank deep; then the man filled his canteen, with the remark:

"We'll camp a little back, not to obstruct the water hole. All trails end here. To-morrow morning we'll get fresh tiger scent if we're in luck. But I wonder what we're trailing?"

It was a fact of long establishment among the villages that only the one mated pair worked this section of the country. According to one of the stories of the English hunter, the male tiger had been killed and the female wounded—in which case what was this? Certainly there was nothing to indicate that the scent was left by a wounded tiger. Others might have doubted Nels' discrimination, but Skag scouted that in his own mind.

)ane knew Tiger. It was as distinct and individual to rom the other big cats as the voices of friends one nanother.

N.s was said to have met Tiger in battle before he came Sag, but it was no purpose of his present master to eim a chance now. It was established that several of reat Indian hunting dogs had survived such meetings. om M'Cord declared that a veteran in the cheetah would show himself master in any ordinary tiger . M'Cord also said that a dog that could break the lof a cheetah would have himself in hand with any of it family, except possibly a full-grown jaguar, which rt-bodied by nature but built for exceptional crush- ower. Jaguars are rarely known to carry the fight to and are without the malignant propensities of the ah whose long body, which makes for incredible ness of attack, also affords the weakness Nels had worked upon in a single afternoon back of Poona.

ey were tired and sun-drained. Skag laid down his ets in the early dusk and there were hours of sleep e he was awakened by the different activities at the hole. Nels apparently had been awake for some studying the separate noises in a moveless calm. touched his chest affectionately. A panther or some er cat had just made a kill among the rocks above the yet Nels' hackles had not lifted in answer to the bawl e stricken beast.

otted deer possibly," Skag muttered. Then he added e Dane:

ou're an all-right chap to camp with, son. You'd sit alone until they brought the fracas to our doorstep r than disturb a friend's sleep. That's what I call a white man."

ig always thought of Cadman as the unparalleled ade for field work. In fact, he had learned many of the niceties of the open from the much-traveled Amer- writer—finished performances of comradeship, a d for the unwritten things, reverence for those rights n never could be brought to the point of words, but n give delicacy and delectation to the hours together en men. Skag never ceased to delight in the silence elf-control of the Dane. The dog rippled and thrilled all the fundamental elements of friendship and fidel- ut his big body seemed able to contain them with a dignity that endeared him to the one who understood. Bhanah's work in the training of this fellow was nothing short of consummate art.

Breakfasting together, Skag refreshed Nels' mind with the work of the day—that it meant Tiger, that all lesser affairs might come and go. The big fellow was up and eager to be off, before Skag finished strapping his blanket roll. There was rather a memorable moment of sentiency just there. Skag was on one knee as he glanced into Nels' face. His own powers were highly awake that minute, so that he actually sensed what was in the dog's mind—that they must go down to the pool for a look before moving on. The thing was verified a moment later when Nels led the way down into the dim ravine to the margin of the water.

Tiger tracks—full four feet on the soft black margin of the pool—a huge beast, unmarked by any toe scar or eccentricity. Long body, heavy, a perfect thing of its kind. It was as if the tiger had stood some moments listening. Yet the natives declared that only the mated pair operated in this range and the hunter was said to have killed the male. If these were the tigress' tracks she certainly was not badly hurt. There wasn't the overpressure of a single pad to indicate her favoring a muscle anywhere. And this couldn't have been the track of anything but a mature beast—the finished print of a perfect specimen.

"That hunter didn't tell it all, Nels, or else he didn't do it all," Skag remarked. "We started out to find a sick tigress and a hamper of neglected babies. I'm not saying we won't find that much. The thing is, we may find more."

Nels was already five yards away across the pebbly hollow, waiting for Skag to follow along the ravine. Not a sign of a track that human eye could detect after that—straight, dry, stony nullah bed, deeply shadowed from the narrow walls and stretching ahead apparently for miles. At least it was cool work; the sun would not touch the floor of the fissure for hours yet. Nels never faltered. His pace gradually quickened until Skag softly called. The Dane would remember for fifteen or twenty minutes, when Skag again finding that he had to step uncomfortably fast to keep up, would laughingly call a check. The man was watching the walls and the coverts of broken rock, and Nels' speed, if left alone, occupied his outer faculties.

It was eleven in the forenoon and Skag reckoned they must be close to the Nerbudda when Nels halted—even bristled a bit, his broad black muzzle quivering and held aloft. Skag came up softly and stood close. He touched his finger to his tongue and drew a moist line under his nostrils, trying to get the message that Nels was working with so obviously. Presently an almost noiseless chuckle came from the man, and he touched Nels' shoulder as if to say that he had it too. The thing had come unexpectedly—the faintest possible taint of a lair.

They would have passed it a hundred times if it had not been for the scent. The silence was absolute and the walls of the fissure apparently as unbroken as usual. No human eyes would have noted the wear of pads upon the stones and one had to pass and look back to see the cleft in the walls of the ravine, far above the high-water mark which formed the door of significant meaning for the man. Nels' hadn't seen this much, but couldn't miss now. He nosed the pebbles again and made an abrupt turn to the right. They climbed to the rocks near the entrance. The taint was unmistakable now—past doubt a bone pile of some kind in there—and Nels had followed Tiger to the door.

Skag sat down upon a stone a little below and mopped his forehead, with a smile at the Dane. For ten minutes he sat there. He thought of the first time he had ever entered a tiger cage as a mere boy, way back in the Middle West of the States, traveling with the circus. A bored show tiger in that cage, and he had blinked unconcernedly at the boy. Years of circus life had atrophied his organs of resentment. Miles and miles of the public stream had passed his cage with awe, speculating upon the great cat's ferocity. Skag had merely to learn after that the trick of it all—that one's perfect self-control not only soothes but disarms most normal beasts. Skag had cultivated such self-control in recent years to a degree that made him the astonishment of many Hindu minds. India had shown him that the attainment of this sort of poise is a stage of the same mastery that the mystics are out after—to gain complete command of the menagerie in one's own insides. Hundreds of times after that, night and day, in storm, in sultry weather, Skag had entered the cages of all kinds of animals in all their moods.

His first adventure in India came back, when with his friend Cadman he had fallen into the pit trap and the grand young male tiger had tumbled after them. Skag had prevailed upon the nervy Cadman to sit tight and not to

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The Kittens Were Too Young to Organize Attack—the Tigress Was Too Maimed for Resistance, Even Though at Bay in Lair With Her Kittens to Defend

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

THE weeks between election and his inauguration Wint Chase spent as guest at Amos Caretall's home. At which the townsfolk put their tongues in their cheeks and smiled behind the back of the elder Chase. This open alliance between Wint and the congressman was taken as confession that Wint's election had been planned between them; and after a day or two Wint perceived the hopelessness of denial; and perceived, too, that those who believed him concerned in the trick respected him the more for it. Therefore Wint ceased to deny; and it was one of Amos Caretall's rules never to discuss a thing accomplished.

Between Amos and the young man a strong friendship began to develop in those weeks. Congressman Caretall was a good politician, largely through the advice and counsel of Peter Gergue; but he was also a man of level head and good common sense, and he found beneath Wint's pride and stubbornness a surprising store of good qualities. A week after Wint went to live at his house he said as much to Gergue.

"He's a fine boy, Peter," he declared. "Looks to me like a colt that hadn't been gentled right."

Gergue nodded slowly and scratched the back of his head, tilting his hat forward with his knuckles. "He has his points," he agreed. "But—he ain't set in the traces yet, cong'ssman."

Amos looked at the man. "What's wrong?"

"Nothin'," said Peter. "Nothin'. But—there will be."

Jack Routt brought Wint's trunk to the Caretall home, and before he left that day he took occasion to drop a word of warning in Wint's ear.

"Look out for Agnes," was his warning. "She's the darnedest little flirt you ever saw."

Wint lifted his head angrily. "Cut it out, Jack!"

Routt laughed. "I'm only giving you some good advice," he insisted. "You know—a certain young lady will not be pleased if you pay Agnes too much attention. And Agnes loves to make trouble."

Wint repeated, "Shut up! Drop it!" And Routt lifted his shoulders and obeyed.

Two or three days after the election Wint remembered that he was supposed to be working in his father's office at the furnace. With an unadmitted twist of conscience he went down to the office, half hoping to see his father and find some common ground for a reconciliation. But the elder Chase was not there, and the office manager greeted Wint coldly and told him that his place had been filled. Wint had ten days' salary due him, and the manager paid it punctiliously. Wint took the money without thinking, thrust it into his pocket and went back uptown.

While he was in college he had been on an allowance; since then his father had paid him a salary out of proportion to his deserts. This was one of the vanities of the elder Chase. His own youth had been hard and straitened; and he took a keen delight in lavishing upon Wint the money he himself had lacked. He did this not to please Wint but to please himself; and whenever Wint crossed him he was accustomed to bring up the matter, to remind Wint of his good fortune as though it were a reproach.

"Be sure I never had money to spend when I was your age," he was fond of saying. "And you roll in it. You ought to be ashamed, Wint. You ought to be ashamed."

Then he would give Wint twenty dollars and tell him to mend his ways; and afterward he would complain to Mrs. Chase of Wint's ingratitude.

When He Finished She Laid Her Hand Lightly on His Arm. "It's a Shame, Wint," She Said

Wint had always taken this money without scruple. Whenever inner doubts perplexed him he would say: "He's got more than he can use. I might as well have it as anyone else."

In all honesty he knew the falsity of such an argument but he used it successfully to stifle the reproaches of his own heart.

A day or two after his visit to the office, however, Amos Caretall asked him: "Wint, you need any money?"

Wint shook his head.

"Didn't know but you might," Amos insisted. "Carry you over till your salary starts."

"I've got enough," Wint said. "Dad was always pretty liberal. Gave me more than I could spend."

Amos did not seem surprised at this. He nodded his head. "That's good," he agreed. "If anyone had told me I wouldn't have believed it. Wouldn't have believed Senior had so much sense. Keeps you in his debt, like, don't he? Keeps you d'pendent on him?"

Wint had never thought of it in that way, and he did not like the thought. He looked uneasy. Amos went on, puffing at his old black pipe: "Guess he figures to get it all back some way. 'F he sh'd come and ask you for something after you're in, you'd naturally have to give it to him. Yes, Senior's a smart man."

They were sitting in front of the coal fire i Amos' sitting room; and for a time after th neither of them spoke. Wint was thinkir hard, and in the end he asked quickly: "Kno any way I can earn a living till I' inaugurated?"

Amos swung his head roun tilting it on one side, and squin ing thoughtfully at Wint; ar presently he smiled approvingl "Guess you might," he sai "Might do some o' my letter wri ing. You'd learn things th way. I never had no secretar I'm allowed one. You c'n ha the job, long's I'm here."

Next morning Wint mailed money order to his father, witho explanation; and thereafter h drew a salary from Amos until h salary as mayor began.

From his work for Amos, Wi learned many things. He got f the first time an insight into t scope of the congressman's wor into the extent of his interes and influence. One of the thin he learned was a sincere respe for Caretall's ability, and he al came to admire the shrewdness Gergue.

Living as he did, as one of Car tall's family he was thrown co stantly with Agnes; and the g put herself out to please him. S and old Maria Hale worked t gether in this. The girl discover Wint's favorite dishes, and Mar produced them and brought the to a perfection that Wint ha never known. It was Agnes' tas to take care of the dusting an housework; and she began after time to put an occasional clust of flowers from the greenhous next door in his room. When the talked together she deferred t him with a pretty fashion of til ing her head and widening h serious eyes, that he found exceed ingly attractive. It stimulated h self-respect; and at the same tim it gave him a new respect for he Since she so obviously approve of him there must be more to h than he supposed. She was, h decided, a person of judgmen He had always thought her giddy little thing with a bris gay tongue and laughing eyes. H found in her an unexpected capa ity for silence and for attentio She encouraged him to talk abou himself, about his plans; she sym pathized with him and occasio ally advised him. They becam surprisingly good friends.

She suggested one evening that they telephone Jac Routt to bring Joan for a game of cards. Wint shook h head; and the girl, without asking questions, made h curiosity so obvious that Wint told her that Joan had ca him off. He leaned forward, elbows on knees and finge intertwined, staring idly into the fire while he told he and the girl leaned back in her chair and listened an studied him, and when he finished she laid her hand light on his arm. "It's a shame, Wint," she said.

Wint shook his head. "Oh—she was right!"

"She wasn't right! She ought to have stuck by you an helped you fight it out."

Wint thought so, too, and his respect for Agnes ros But he said insistently, "No; she was right."

Agnes patted his arm, and then leaned back in her cha again. "It's fine of you to think so," she said.

One night Wint asked her to go uptown with him, to th moving-picture theater. She was delighted, and she wa gay as a cricket on the way. At the entrance of the theat they came face to face with Jack Routt and Joan. Wi felt his cheeks burn. Agnes greeted the other two with burst of rapid chatter that covered the awkward momen Routt studied Wint, and Joan nodded to him witho speaking. Then Routt and Joan went inside, and Wi and Agnes sat three rows behind them.

While the picture was flashing on the screen Wint
thed the heads of the two. He could not help it. And
he the heads, silhouetted against the light, leaned to-
r one another for a whispered word he felt something
il within him. His reaction was to bend more attentively
w'd Agnes; and the gay little girl beside him responded
t.s new mood, so that when the film was done and they
ecout she and Wint were the most obviously happy
ug couple in the house. They had ice cream together at
e akery next door, and walked home in comfortable
radeship, the girl's hand on his arm.
Tat night Wint's sleep was disturbed and wretched;
dhext day when he met Routt at the post office he
ffled with resentment. But Routt caught his arm and
e him to one side. "See here, Wint," he said. "Joan
kne you and she have quarreled."
Vnt nodded.
"ou ought to go to her and make it up, Wint. I don't
o what it's about, but you ought to make it up with
r.
"ve nothing to make up."
"he's a dandy girl."
"ve nothing against her."
"t makes her sore to have you chase round with
rs."
"here's no reason why it should," Wint said stiffly.
l has no hold on me."
Futt hesitated. "Well, Wint," he said uneasily, "if
as so, you've no claim on her."
"f course not."
"hen you don't mind my—showing her some atten-
n I don't want anything to come between us, Wint."
Vnt laughed. "Go as far as you like, Jack," he said
efully. "You can't hurt my feelings."
Futt gripped his hand. "That's great, Wint." He
ld about them and then added slowly, "I think she
me, Wint. I'm—in to win."

"Go as far as you like," Wint repeated. "Now ——"

They separated, and Wint went back to the house and remained in his room half the morning. He was tormented by angry pride and irresolution; he could not decide what to do. A recklessness took possession of him; he repented of his determination to stick and fight out this fight to the end. He sought for some way out.

Muldoon had become a part of the Caretall household with Wint; and he looked out of the window now and saw the dog starting toward town at Agnes' heels. He made a move to whistle Muldoon back, then thought better of it. Joan might see Muldoon with Agnes; he hoped she would, hoped it would make her miserable.

As the time for his inauguration as mayor approached Wint became more and more uneasy. He felt as though he were about to submit to bonds that would pin him fast; he felt as though he were on the steps of a prison. A fierce revolt began to brood in him and grow and boil.

He broke out once, in a talk with Caretall. He would throw the whole thing over, leave town, go away, never to return.

Amos agreed with this project perfectly. He agreed that Wint was not the man for the job, that it would mean hard work, and difficulties; he thought Wint was wise not to attempt it. He offered to straighten out any tangle and free Wint from the obligations of the office; and he offered to lend Wint money in order that Wint might make a start elsewhere.

His great complaisance angered Wint; and Wint stubbornly declared that he would stick if every man in town urged him to go.

On the morning of the day before he was to take office he met Jack Routt uptown; and Jack took his arm. They walked together toward Jack's office and went in and sat down.

It was evident that Routt had something on his mind. He talked of the weather, of Agnes, of Joan; and Wint, watching him, saw that Routt was holding something back and at last asked impatiently: "Jack, what's on your mind?"

Routt looked surprised. "Why—nothing."

"Yes, there is." Wint laughed at him. "What's the matter? Open up."

Routt hesitated; but at last he said frankly: "Well, Wint, I was wondering."

"About what?"

"Have you been hitting the booze lately?" Routt asked.

Wint shook his head; his eyes hardened a little.

Routt seemed pleased. He thrust out his hand. "I'm darned glad, Wint," he said. "Congratulations! You ought to leave it alone. You're right."

Wint flushed angrily. "I haven't sworn off," he said shortly. "It—just happens ——" He stared at Routt. "You didn't bring me up here to ask that?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why?"

Routt shifted in his chair and lighted a cigarette. "Never mind," he said. "Forget it, Wint."

Wint laughed unpleasantly. "Come on! I'm a grown man. What's eating you?"

Routt lifted his shoulders. "Well—fact is, some of the boys wanted to get up a little supper to-night at the lodge rooms in honor of your—inaugural. I told them nothing doing. Said you were off the stuff. They didn't believe it; and I promised to ask you."

Wint looked at him angrily. "You're not my wet nurse, Jack. That supper idea tickles me. It's on."

Routt protested. "No, Wint. I won't stand for it. You've stayed off the stuff this long; and it's the best thing for you. You can't stop when you once start. So—leave it alone."

Wint got up hotly. "Go to the devil!" he snapped. "Don't be an old woman. Who's running the thing?"

(Continued on Page 89)

He Had Never Liked Kite; the Man Was Like a Foul Bird—a Buzzard

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

We are All Workingmen—the Banker, the Minister, the Lawyer, the Doctor—No Less Than the Farmer, Rising With the Lark to Drive the Team Afield

THERE are tricks in every trade. The tariff being the paramount issue of the day, I received a tempting money offer from Philadelphia to present my side of the question, but when the time fixed was about to arrive I found myself billed for a debate with no less an adversary than William McKinley, protectionist leader in the Lower House of Congress. We were the best of friends and I much objected to a joint meeting. The parties, however, would take no denial, and it was arranged that we should be given alternate dates. Then it appeared that the designated thesis read: "Which political party offers for the workingman the best solution of the tariff problem?"

Here was a poser. It required special preparation, for which I had not the leisure. I wanted the stipend, but was not willing—scarcely able—to pay so much for it. I was about to throw the engagement over when a lucky thought struck me. I had an old lecture entitled Money and Morals. It had been rather popular. Why might I not put a head and tail to this—a foreword and a few words in conclusion—and make it meet the purpose and serve the occasion?

When the evening arrived there was a great audience. Half of the people had come to applaud, the other half to antagonize. I was received, however, with what seemed a united acclaim. When the cheering had ceased, with the blandest air I began:

"In that chapter of the history of Ireland which was reserved for the consideration of snakes, the historian, true to the solecism as well as to the brevity of Irish wit, informs us that 'there are no snakes in Ireland.'

"I am afraid that on the present occasion I shall have to emulate this flight of the Celtic imagination. I find myself billed to speak from a Democratic standpoint as to which party offers the best practical political means for the benefit of the workingmen of the country. If I am to discharge with fidelity the duty thus assigned me, I must begin by repudiating the text in toto, because the Democratic Party recognizes no political agency for one class which is not equally accessible to all classes. The bulwark and belltower of its faith, the source and resource of its strength are laid in the declaration 'Freedom for all, special privileges to none,' which applied to practical affairs would deny to self-styled workingmen, organized into a coöperative society, any political means not enjoyed by every other organized coöperative society, and by each and every citizen, individually, to himself and his heirs and assigns, forever.

"But in a country like ours, what right has any body of men to get together and, labeling themselves workingmen, to talk about political means and practical ends exclusive to themselves? Who among us has the single right to claim for himself, and the likes of him, the divine title of a workingman? We are all workingmen, the earnest plodding scholar in his library, surrounded by the luxuries and comfort which his learning and his labor have earned for him, no less than the poor collier in the mine, with darkness and squalor closing him round about, and want maybe staring him in the face, yet—if he be a true man—with a little bird singing ever in his heart the song of hope and cheer which cradled the genius of Stephenson and Arkwright and the long procession of inventors, lowly born, to whom the world owes the glorious achievements of this, the greatest of the centuries. We are all workingmen—the banker, the minister, the lawyer, the doctor—toiling from day to day, and it may be we are well paid for our toil, to represent and to minister to the wants of the time no less than the farmer and the farmer's boy, rising with the lark to drive the team afield, and to dally with land so rich it needs to be but tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest.

"Having somewhat of an audacious fancy, I have sometimes in moments of exuberance ventured upon the conceit that our Jupiter Tonans, the American editor, seated upon his three-legged throne and enveloped by the majesty and the mystery of his pretentious 'we,' is a workingman no less than the poor reporter, who year in and year out braves the perils of the midnight rounds through the slums of the city, yea, in the more perilous temptations of the town, yet carries with him into the darkest dens the love of work, the hope of reward and the fear only of dishonor.

"Why, the poor officeseeker at Washington begging a bit of that pie, which, having got his own slice, a cruel, hard-hearted President would eliminate from the bill of fare, he likewise is a workingman, and I can tell you a very hard-working man with a tough job of work, and [illegible] better breaking rock upon a turnpike in Dixie or split [illegible] rails on a quarter section out in the wild and woolly W[illegible]

"It is true that, as stated on the program, I a[illegible] Democrat—as Artemus Ward once said of the horse [illegible] his panorama, I can conceal it no longer—at least I [illegible] as good a Democrat as they have nowadays. But fir[illegible] all, I am an American, and in America every man wh[illegible] not a policeman or a dude is a workingman. So [illegible] your leave, my friends, instead of sticking very cl[illegible] to the text, and treating it from a purely party poi[illegible] view, I propose to take a ramble through the highways [illegible] byways of life and thought in our beloved country a[illegible] cast a balance, if I can, from an American point of [illegible]

"I want to say in the beginning that no party can [illegible] any man or any set of men from the daily toil by whic[illegible] of us live and move and have our being."

Then I worked in my old lecture.

It went like hot cakes. When next I met Wil[illegible] McKinley he said jocosely: "You are a mean man, H[illegible] Watterson!"

"How so?" I asked.

"I accepted the invitation to answer you becau[illegible] wanted and needed the money. Of course I had no tir[illegible] prepare a special address. My idea was to make my f[illegible] ripping you up the back. But when I read the verb[illegible] report which had been prepared for me there was [illegible] word with which I could take issue, and that compl[illegible] threw me out."

Then I told him how it had happened and we had a h[illegible] laugh. He was the most lovable of men. That such a [illegible] should have fallen a victim to the blow of an ass[illegible] defies explanation, as did the murders of Lincoln and [illegible] field, like McKinley, amiable, kindly men giving [illegible] cause of personal offense. The murderer is past findin[illegible] In one way and another I fancy that I am well acqua[illegible] with the assassins of history. Of those who slew C[illegible] I learned in my schooldays, and between Ravaillac, [illegible] did the business for Henry of Navarre, and Booth [illegible] Guiteau, my familiar knowledge seems almost at [illegible] hand. One night at Chamberlin's, in Washington, G[illegible]

(Concluded on Page 153)

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

VI

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

IG red-faced man came round to the stable early his morning and tacked a piece of paper on the loor of each stall. Then he searched round in his until he found a couple of padlocks and locked us I was my first experience of being in jail and I did ow until Grassy told me that the fat person was a ale and that he was acting as agent for the feed man. ut one mounted guard over us and looked as he no elt—very important.

see, in those good old days, as they were called, the an who supplied feed and provender for the horses arious race tracks was quite a somebody. In many es he was either in partnership with the powers purchased the privilege to supply the race-horse with what they needed in the way of hay or oats or table equipment. Among the poorer owners the an had always to be reckoned with, particularly e thought you did not have much of a chance to win and especially when a long meeting commenced e to a close. It was then that the man who sup- e provender waxed insistent. Many of them had inal Shylock backed off the boards. They charged ore prices—and then some—for anything they had Whenever a poor owner became delinquent the n with the padlocks hove in sight, tacked his little on the door and sent the occupants of the stalls nce vile.

told you in the last chapter of this story, my mas- gone broke betting on the races, and the seizure of ses was the finale to a long run of bad luck.

sy said, however, that it would be all right. He did ow how we were going to get out, but he said it was the game and that every sure-enough race horse en taken for a feed bill at one time or another. He at among themselves they called it being elected club.

ey came round and did some swearing at the fat ut as Grassy truly remarked, conversation would e a padlock off a stable door. I might mention, r, that a few weeks afterward Barney met this same an at New Orleans, where he had come to visit the nd they do say he beat him up some, because—he —our people would not have tried to cheat anybody th feed man could well have waited.

My master came down to the stable after breakfast. He appeared to be very much discouraged and was talking about telegraphing to our friend, the doctor back in Missouri, when a gentleman named Red Groget put in an appearance.

Groget was a tout and race-track hanger-on. He was not what you could call a race-track hustler, and perhaps I should distinguish for you the difference between the tout and the hustler. In the Antipodes they call the tout a guesser, because he simply picks out some horse to win a race and then digs up some foolish person to bet on his judgment. The tout does not believe in working. On the other hand, the hustler is usually up at daylight, timing the horses in their morning gallops and gathering what information he can about the movements of the stables. In the old days they usually worked for some bookmaker or sold what information they could get legitimately to regular betters or to owners. As a class they were active, energetic and intelligent. In other walks of life they possibly would have made a success. In contradistinction to this, the tout was simply a parasite.

Red Groget called Barney off and had a long talk with him. Then Barney went over with him to another stable. When Barney returned he showed my master two hundred dollars that Groget had given him and told him that the latter had a horse he wanted Barney to take out in the country that night and make away with. This horse was now a three-year-old. His name was Alec Canley. He had been a very good colt in his two-year-old form, but had been a great failure as a three-year-old. He was a bay with black points, not having a speck of white on him.

Barney told my master that Red had said that the horse was affected with glanders, which, as everybody knows, is an incurable and transmittible disease; in fact, the most dangerous of all with which horses are afflicted. He said that Red had told him that the owners of Alec Canley were afraid that if the authorities found out that they had glanders in the stable the state veterinary surgeon would destroy all their horses, as they were empowered to do so under the statute made to cover such cases. That was the reason that he wanted Barney to take the colt out into the country and destroy him. Red had been commissioned to do this job himself by the owners of the stable, but he said he had to go to Memphis that night and did not have time, so he had told them that Barney was perfectly reliable.

He explained that two hundred dollars was a good deal of money to pay for getting the horse out of the way, but that they paid this rather than take the slightest chance of having all their horses destroyed, and as they had eight in their stable fit to go the races anywhere this at first sight seemed a plausible argument.

Barney said he had looked the horse over and that he did not believe that he had glanders at all. He thought it would be better to bring him over in the evening and have my master look at him. When he did so the latter immediately arrived at the same conclusion as Barney. He expressed the opinion that the horse was as sound as the day he was foaled and that there was something fishy in the whole transaction.

Barney and he talked over the situation for quite a while. The colt was very thin, which may have accounted for the bad form he had shown in his recent races, and Barney thought that he might come back to his two-year-old form if he was given a chance. He said he knew an old farmer ten miles out in the country where there was good pasture and that he would take the colt there and turn him out. He could tell these people that he had destroyed him—according to the original program.

Barney's creed was always to keep the faith with everybody, but in the present instance both he and my master felt that they were being used to pull someone's chestnuts out of the fire; so they agreed to experiment a little and see if they could not outwit Mr. Red Groget and his friends.

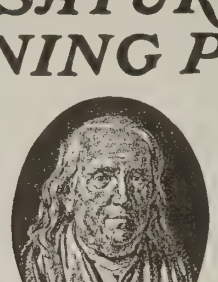
The two hundred helped us out wonderfully, however, and on the following morning bright and early the feed man was paid off and we were aboard a freight car bound for New Orleans.

Barney had left the horse Red had given him with his friend the farmer, who had promised to take good care of him in his absence, so we all set out in happy mood because we were going to a new town, and I know my master was

(Continued on Page 84)

Then Before the Very Eyes of the Sucker They Would Fix Up the Winner for the Next Day

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 11, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 190 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

Selling Scenery

SELLING scenery is a dangerous business. To popularize our national parks without destroying the very thing that we are trying to save, to sell them to the public without claptrap commercialism is a job that calls for unusual qualities. The present head of the national parks is a man who has those qualities, but to make them fully effective in the service of the public he must have the coöperation of the whole public.

Unfortunately there are a good many people who want more than their share of outdoors, who demand a second helping of the fish or the game, even if their neighbor must go without. Many men who are house-broken are not wilderness-broken; many who are perfectly law-abiding on Main Street are lawless in the woods; many leave their morals at home when they go to New York and their manners behind them when they go to the mountains. Some people are good citizens only so long as the cop is on the corner.

This year's trek into the national parks was the greatest in the history of the country. Some cynics hinted darkly that it was due to the universal unrest, and others declared that the people were selling their Liberty Bonds and blowing themselves. But whatever the reason, it was on the whole a well-behaved, good-hearted crowd, out to love Nature, and loving her down to the last picture postal in the hotels. It fell easily into three divisions: The first of these was composed of people who had gone to the wrong place. There are certain curious Americans who want a change in order to meet the same people and to do the same things that they do at home. To them a national park without a New York hotel and all that goes with it is unthinkable. They demand a Dame Nature with a permanent wave and the new figure; they insist that she shall dress for dinner and know only the best people. Their idea of wild life in the Rockies is a set of tennis or eighteen holes of golf. With them in spirit, though not of them, is a larger number of the same cut, for whom the wind in the pines must be supplemented by a jazz band and for whom vaudeville under the stars is the last word in communing with Nature. They want to climb mountains, but on funicular railways, and to swing across dizzy cañons snugly seated in cars that hang from shoot-the-chute cables. It is puzzling to know just why these people take long journeys when everything that they really like is within thirty minutes of city hall. Yet they were much in evidence out West during the summer, Cooking it if they were poor and super-Cooking it if they were rich.

Then there was another class, really out for something different and sometimes for something worse than their daily home routine—for the cop was not on the corner. They went adventuring in automobiles and wagons, equipped to camp out, most of them orderly and well-behaved, good fellows and friendly on the road, respecting the rights of others and the decencies of outdoor life. But among them on the journey across the country were those others who were away from the cops for a while, always pushing on ahead to find some unspoiled wilderness that they could spoil. They did not intend to go over that road again, and they cared nothing for those who came after. Their greeting and farewell was a trail of trash and swill. Never camping twice in the same place, they never had to camp on their own garbage heap. They searched indefatigably for the spot in the countryside where stream and trees and flowers were most enticing—and fouled it, hacked it, trampled it, burned it, destroyed it utterly, leaving behind their greasy papers, their empty cans and miscellaneous filth. Then, Nature lovers that they were, they pushed on to find fresh beauty.

This is another form of that national and international unrest of which we read on every page of our papers. It was not unknown to our fathers, but they had longer and uglier words for it. They called it laziness and cussedness.

There was also that third and largest class, who go into the wilderness because they have a real love of the outdoors, and try to leave the trail behind them as beautiful and unspoiled as they found it. In the end they shall inherit the kingdom of earth and defend it against the unthinking and unworthy. The men, and the ladies, too, God bless them!—though you could not tell they were ladies at a distance, because they wore khaki pants—were the pick of America, that great silent majority who are not figuring much in the papers right now, but who are finally public opinion. And in spite of the noise of the reds and the clamor of the pinks, that great mass of silence is sturdily red-white-and-blue.

The development of the national parks opens up questions about which there may well be honest differences of opinion, but there can be none on the fundamental proposition that they must be kept as nearly as possible what they were when God finished them and turned them over to us. If we must jazz them up with dance halls, picture shows, funiculars, cables and all the rest of it in order to sell them to the people, why have national parks at all? Coney Island, the White City, Venice and the country club will better answer the purpose for the ain't-Nature-grand crowd. We have set aside these parks to preserve unspoiled some part of the wilderness as a place where Americans can see America as it was and live a little of the outdoor life that once was American. If we turn them into Central Parks with Atlantic City improvements we destroy the real reason for their being.

Of course there should be fine roads into and through the parks, but not too many of these, even. They should be trunk roads planned not only to make the parks accessible but also to give those who are unable to do it right a chance to glimpse their glories from a motor. There is nothing finer in the world than the ride out from Yosemite over Tioga Pass, with Mono Lake flanked by gaunt desert ranges lying at the foot of the blue Sierras. But once in the parks, those who would know them intimately should be encouraged to go at it man-fashion, on foot or on horseback, living a simple, clean, close-to-the-ground life, and leaving undone those things that have been their routine pleasures at home. Those who have the parks in charge must resolutely set their face against any improvement or any scheme to attract people that savors of the cheap and the sophisticated. Luckily there is as yet little of this sort of thing to be undone, but there is an occasional off against good taste and right development. In the M posa redwoods, if anywhere in America, God is in holy temple. But those trees, the most stately, the inspiring and, perhaps, the oldest living things on e have been named after various Presidents and states, duly set forth on signs of tin and wood that are ta to their ages-old trunks. It is a piece of puerilit cheapness that ruins the most impressive spot in Sierras. Any President who was big enough to hav name affixed to one of those trees would be too b permit the sign if his wishes were consulted. It is tying a tin can to the tail of a lion.

While we are selling beauty that we already ow should be vigorously pushing the campaigns that are way to buy more national beauty. Perhaps the important of these is the one now being conducted to a part of the redwood forests of California from lumberman. These forests have been likened to t replaceable temples and cathedrals of the Old W Rather should the temples be compared to them, f man-made edifice in history approaches them in s beauty. Temples of glory may be built again and but these majestic redwoods once down are gone fo They can never be reforested.

The Huns turned temples into stables, built huts cathedrals. We are turning the redwoods into stakes, ties and fence posts. Stables, huts, grape s ties and fence posts are all necessary, but the m may be too costly.

The splendid highway that the state of Californi through the redwoods so that tourists could see t already being used to haul out logs. Day by day th are going into grape stakes. Instead of winding th magnificent forests the road will soon run through a lation of death that cannot be buried.

This is a national matter, as much so as if Indepe Hall or the Capitol at Washington needed savin destruction. "I knew him when," is an oft-re phrase among us, but we rarely recognize his impo "when." We are strong on fine funerals for our n losses, but weak on preventive medicine. We have of waking up at ten o'clock when the trouble is a instead of at six when it begins.

It is natural and human that the men who pu money into these trees should want to coin the grape stakes or into whatever else the local market But there should be a big national market for standi woods. A little of that unrest we keep hearing ab not hurt if we are restless about the right things. the redwoods is one of those things.

Selling beauty is a dangerous business. But beauty and keeping it unspoiled to enjoy and pa that is a different matter. Why not endow a f a mountain or a cañon for the people, as well as a

The Wildcat's Kittens

NATURE study in the high Sierras is an ab pastime, but home Nature study is a scarc fascinating pursuit. Right now a splendid aid t be found in the advertising pages of many newspa in some of the illustrated booklets that are being m selected lists of Nature lovers, and especially to th are interested in the life and habits of the wildcat.

From a careful study of this literature it appe the wildcat is the most versatile of our Americar In fecundity it outguinea-pigs the Belgian hare source of profit it is the long-sought back-yard b It has been cruelly maligned by those who cla they have been clawed and bitten by it. Our na portray the wildcat in these booklets as of a be and affectionate disposition, asking only a chanc rich small investors by increasing and multiplying interests.

In these traits it is twin sister to many if not mo oil, mining and other philanthropic promotions being advertised so lavishly. Never was there when so many noble and unselfish men were se share their sure things with the public.

ction has recently been called to the fact that there been a really new amusement idea in a generation, old ones have been spoiled in an effort to force Even in striving to be naughtier we have missed ne bare-legged chorus is more moral than the Black What was once a vague suspicion has become a y. The chorus has housemaid's knee. Every- s been jazzed up, but the more jazz the less real un. Only a race of prematurely aged young folks ngenuously youthful old folks, such as the past ten is been developing, would accord our high-speed ents anything more than a bored yawn.

ame thing is true of this promotion literature. dity is equaled only by the credulity of the simple- o open their mouths and shut their eyes as they . And it never makes them wise. The best sucker the old sucker lists. Anyone who was caught by a d of mechanical frog would command profound But the promoter simply spits on his old bait it go at that.

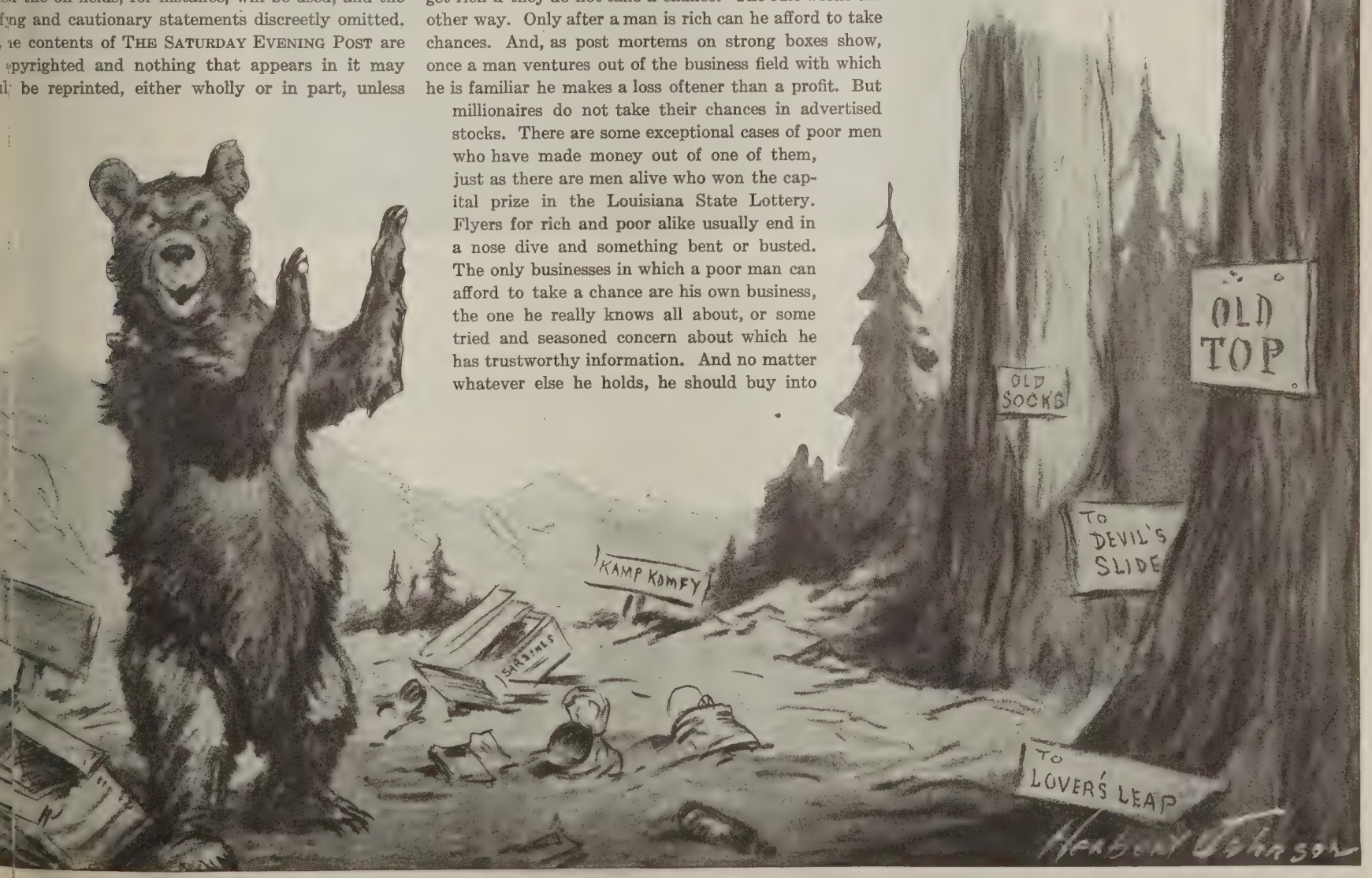
icture of a paying field or property that is "near" advertised is a favorite lure. The promoter seems an almost sentimental, old-homestead attachment e pictures. Other people's Golcondas and gushers, l and Bell Companies, any business that has come humble beginnings are his favorite flies, the brown hackles for his sucker stream. The prospect ow a dollar invested during the early days of these ses has guinea-pigged it, and is left to infer that a like pleasant future of profit for his dollar in the at is "near" the paying oil fields. The gusher , the Ford and Bell instances may of course be atimes by promoters who believe in their properties se intentions are honest, but their appearance in rtisement should make the prospect investigate at care before he invests. It is a hard world, and promoter is inclined to selfishness when he has ng that he believes to be as good as Bell Telephone. nes we even find judicious quotations from THE AY EVENING POST in stock-selling advertisements. "judicious" because the high spots in a descriptive of the oil fields, for instance, will be used, and the ng and cautionary statements discreetly omitted.

e contents of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are pyrighted and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, unless special permission has been given by the editors. That permission is never granted to those who want to use our name or our articles in literature or advertisements promoting oil, mining or other stock-selling schemes. The investing public should clearly understand that any such use of our name and articles is wholly unauthorized. It should immediately put them on their guard against the stock-selling concern in whose advertisement quotations from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST appear. There is no doubt an occasional case where an honest promoter quotes from our articles innocently, so one purpose of these remarks is educational. In many of the cases that come under our notice the intent to mislead is apparent. It is our intention whenever possible to punish them for it, but a good many of these promoters are as slippery as the commodity that is so plentiful in their prospectuses and so scarce in their performances. It is hard to catch a greased pig. It is even harder to catch the ghost of a greased pig. *Caveat emptor;* also the stock-selling advertiser.

The very fact that stock in a hazardous enterprise is advertised should beget extreme caution. Occasionally, and usually accidentally, one of these advertised oil stocks proves up, but much more often they prove worthless. If you will pursue your home Nature studies faithfully you will find that, all appearances to the contrary, big animals breed slowly and grow slowly, and that the sure money is finally made in pedigreed, gilt-edge stock. These get-rich-quick, Belgian-hare, guinea-pig schemes are pretty on paper, but the hares usually get the pip or whatever it is that gets hares, and the guinea pigs the hog cholera.

Investors are continually reminded that they will never get rich if they do not take a chance. The rule works the other way. Only after a man is rich can he afford to take chances. And, as post mortems on strong boxes show, once a man ventures out of the business field with which he is familiar he makes a loss oftener than a profit. But millionaires do not take their chances in advertised stocks. There are some exceptional cases of poor men who have made money out of one of them, just as there are men alive who won the capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery. Flyers for rich and poor alike usually end in a nose dive and something bent or busted. The only businesses in which a poor man can afford to take a chance are his own business, the one he really knows all about, or some tried and seasoned concern about which he has trustworthy information. And no matter whatever else he holds, he should buy into that great public business in which he has a directing vote—the United States Government. Liberty Bonds are to-day on a sound investment basis. Shrewd investors of large means are buying big blocks of them. It is axiomatic that the smaller a man's savings, the smaller the chance he can afford to take with them.

The kittens of a wildcat are wildcats—not sables. They claw and bite, as those who have mixed it up with them have found out to their sorrow.



BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWO

"OH, LET him go to the devil!" said Alfred Dinsmore one afternoon in a moment of exasperation, adding ungraciously, "Meddlesome blockhead!"

He said it at a meeting of the directors of the Dinsmore Company, of which he was president and chief stockholder; and from that trivial ebullition of ill temper unfolded a series of events which affected his life more profoundly than any calculated decision ever had.

North of the river in Chicago stand two immense structures of dun pressed brick, each covering a large irregular city block. They are of about the same size and exactly alike in architecture. A street separates them, but inclosed passageways, running above the street at the several stories, connect them like the ligaments of the Siamese twins.

Their uniform dun bulk, rising from a clutter of small, dingy buildings, gives the impression of a great medieval castle dominating a cluttered, ragged city. The roof of each building supports an enormous electrical sign, Dinsmore Company, whose glow reaches many miles out into the lake at night.

The environment is mean—mostly shabby brick buildings on ill-paved, ill-cleaned, belittered streets; but a shabby environment is no disadvantage to the Dinsmore Company. Its business is transacted by mail—what is known as a mail-order house, selling merchandise of all sorts to patrons over the country by post. And ground is comparatively cheap up there; hence the selection of that dingy site.

The twin dun bulks with their several stories contain acres of floor space—but not enough acres. The growing business demands more room. Alfred Dinsmore had foreseen that. For a year the company, acting through various agencies, had been quietly picking up parcels of realty in the smaller city block to the east, looking to the time when the gigantic twins should become triplets. The company bought virtually the whole block, covered with shabby buildings that would be razed to give place to a new structure of pressed brick matching the two older ones.

"Well, Old John Told 'em the Story About Firing Tom Wilson and They Listened and the Lady Hung Pretty Tight to the Gentleman's Arm"

One of these shabby buildings—narrow and four stories high—was used as a hotel, whose grimy face would have dismayed wayfarers with nice taste. But wayfarers in that particular region were not much afflicted with nice tastes. The name of the establishment was the Sheba Hotel, presumably referring to the celebrated queen of that title. There was a row and shooting and scandal in the Sheba Hotel, whereupon it transpired that the police gave the concern an ill reputation.

Six months or so before this row and scandal J. Wesley Tully acquired possession of the Daily Leader, at the top of whose editorial page his name appeared in thick black letters as editor and owner. He affected a sensational style of journalism. One morning the Leader appeared with a news article and an editorial the burden of which was that the Sheba Hotel was a disreputable resort and that the rich respectable Dinsmore Company owned it. Mr. Tully wanted to know in large double-leaded type whether the Dinsmore Company was going to stand forth in the eyes of the community as owner of a disorderly house.

So far as the directors of the Dinsmore Company were concerned, Mr, Tully achieved his intention to produce a sensation. Probably the Sheba Hotel was a disreputable establishment. The Dinsmore Company did own it. Five eminently respectable business men—heads of five eminently respectable families—had to look that disquieting fact in the face as they sat round the directors' table. Four of them were decidedly aghast, with a feeling that they had mysteriously been caught in a dive, with white aprons on, serving drinks.

Of course Tully's attack was really unfair. The directors were hardly aware that such an institution as the Sheba Hotel existed. They were holding the property in its present state only temporarily until the old buildings should be torn down. The hotel had a valid lease on the premises it occupied, with nearly a year to run. They were not responsible for the lease, which had been made long before their purchase. Until the lease expired the hotel could not be dispossessed except by payment of a heavy bonus or litigation. Imputing moral responsibility to them was very unfair—a cheap trick of yellow journalism to make a sensation and impugn some rich men.

The fifth member of the board was not aghast, but exasperated. That member was Alfred Dinsmore. He was then fifty-two years old, with a strong, compact, square-shouldered figure. His thick iron-gray hair, though it was properly combed and parted, did not lie smoothly down on his head, but bristled up wavily as though each hair were charged with an energy that prevented a recumbent position. His thick short beard—iron gray also—showed a tendency to curl. Women often remarked that he was a handsome man. His manner was usually cool, poised, decisive; his blue eyes had grayish steely glints. The impression he commonly gave was that of self-mastery—a man well in hand; and this may have made his face commonly rather immobile and masklike, but very often subdued humor was peeking out through the composed air.

Years back—before he se down in this more solid and servative mail-order enterpr he had figured conspicuous speculation on the Board of T and in reminiscences of that paratively youthful phase career his nerve was spoke with admiration and respect. often remarked that he had a hot temper. Perhaps a lif struggle with that had given the composed, somewhat mas air.

Unfair as J. Wesley Tully' putations were, the Dins Company was in a disagre situation. As owner of the l was receiving rent from smudgy Sheba Hotel. At a any other time Alfred Din would probably have take conservative businesslike and said, "Buy the fellow's at any reasonable figure, sh his hotel and get this mess hands." But he was deepl turbed just then; he had a q with life on his hands. His was excellent. His wealth computed by informed gos twelve or fifteen million d His business was in the most ishing state. He was happy firm affection of a charmin He had a son who was a creditable and most likable. son was as happily married father could wish. Alfred more seemed a man on who tune had showered all her

But he had one other poss the dearest of all, bound rour every string of his heart—a ter. And he and his daught not good friends any more made the whole draft bitter

There was that deep distu in Alfred Dinsmore's mind. slight contributory caus weather was rotten. This w cember—the week before t days—and so dark that in the broad windows in the di room electrics were burning side it looked like a kind of night, and a drizzle of co mixed with big-flaked sogg was beating down the mea streets, driven by a wind churned lake. For three da unstable Chicago weather had been doing about and just before Christmas—which of itself was en exasperate a sensitive man.

Dinsmore was hot at Tully's cheap, unfair tri resented being bulldozed. He resented Tully's triu chuckle at having forced the hand of the Dinsmor pany. He was much irritated, so he said impatien

"Oh, let him go to the devil! Meddlesome block

When at meetings of the directors of the D Company the president spoke with that decisiven matter was settled. So this matter was then sett dropped. Only Tilford, the vice president, on cautious responsibility, notified the real-estate a notify the landlord of the Sheba Hotel that if his es ment gave any further ground for scandal the D Company would take steps to throw him out.

The landlord was duly impressed and did m ways for the time being, and so the whole affair over with. Yet, unknown to any mortal, a train h fired that was presently to produce a grand explo

J. Wesley Tully's editorial vanity was wounded more's indifference to his attack, which implied Leader's opinions and utterances were of no conse His personal vanity had been deeply wounded s months before—on the day when his ownership Leader was announced to the public. He often an extreme and conspicuous style of dress. On t he appeared at the Boulevard Club in a new suit of iar light shade of brown, with shoes, hat, shirt and cravat of the same color. As newly announced ow

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Splendid body builders!

Campbell's Pork and Beans are bone and muscle builders—real food for children and grown-ups—and yet so meltingly tender in the mouth, so firm to the eye, so delicious in flavor and so satisfying to the appetite that the whole family will like them. Choice, selected beans, slow-cooked to thorough digestibility. Tomato sauce that is a real delight. Have them for dinner today!

One size 15c a Can One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

editor of the Leader, he was in a state of intensely gratified consciousness of himself. He circulated about the club so that everybody could see him—and congratulate him.

Dinsmore, according to his custom, was lunching at the club. Four other men of eminence in the city's practical affairs sat at the same table with him. Certainly Tully would not overlook that important company. He sailed up to their table, showing his long teeth in a self-conscious smile, ready to be duly congratulated on the great news of the day—his acquisition of the Leader. Dinsmore had never cared much for J. Wesley Tully—with an able man's mild contempt for a bungler and a solid man's instinctive aversion to a frothy one. This open fluttering of self-satisfaction mildly annoyed him—and he was not very diplomatic. So as the new star of journalism came up to the table he forestalled his discreeter companions by saying:

"Why, Tully, if you only had an undercrust and were a little better baked, what a lovely pumpkin pie you'd make!"

The clothes were of just that hue, and in the explosion of laughter that followed, whatever congratulatory intentions the four others might have formed naturally evaporated. J. Wesley Tully joined in the laugh—but hated Alfred Dinsmore from that moment.

So after this incident of the Sheba Hotel Mr. Tully bided his time and kept watch. As editor of the Leader he had considerable influence with the Police Department, and under his secret prompting the police kept watch also. The reformation of the Sheba Hotel did not last long. It interfered too seriously with the landlord's profits. One Saturday night in February the police raided the hotel as a disorderly resort, arresting various inmates. The long fuse was burning.

On the Monday afternoon following this raid, Jimmy Lane, reporter on the Leader, slipped into the office of Charles Purcell, managing editor, with his freckled face expanded in a grin.

"You know the police pulled that Sheba Hotel on the North Side Saturday night," he said.

The managing editor nodded.

Jimmy's grin broadened.

"They found Tim Bromley there. He said his name was George W. Simpson and he lived in Peoria. Of course Cap Hanford knew him well enough, but he wanted to string him along, so he asked him what his address in Peoria was. Tim said it was 1313 Distillery Boulevard."

Jimmy ended with a cackle. Purcell smiled also; but the smile fled and he asked, "Hanford tell you that?"

Jimmy replied, "Yeh." And having unburdened his mind of the joke, proceeded to talk about the rumors of a shake-up of the Police Department.

Purcell discussed that subject with him soberly for a few minutes and gave him some instructions. But the joke stuck in his mind like a bur. Tim Bromley was a picturesque plunger on the Board of Trade, considerably in the public eye ever since his spectacular operations in oats the fall before.

The joke persisted in Purcell's thoughts. The following afternoon he went up to the Chicago Avenue police station and called on his old friend Captain Hanford, who had been the friend of a dozen brief generations of cub reporters. For ten minutes the managing editor and the veteran policeman confidentially discussed current rumors affecting the Police Department. Then Purcell smiled and made an incidental remark—to wit: "I hear you found Tim Bromley in that Sheba Hotel Saturday night."

Captain Hanford laughed and repeated the details. There was a little further incidental talk and Purcell took his leave, the bur stinging and burning in his mind. All the remainder of that day and until he retired far past midnight his thoughts were running upon it. At two o'clock the next afternoon he called up Bromley's office. A feminine voice answered.

"This is Mr. Purcell, managing editor of the Leader," said Purcell. "I want to speak to Mr. Bromley."

A managing editor is a person of consequence and the young woman gave him the connection at once.

"Mr. Bromley?" Purcell asked suavely. "This is Mr. Purcell, managing editor of the Leader. I want to send a man down there to get your views at length on this proposed rule about puts and calls. Could you see a man any time this afternoon, if I sent one down?"

Purcell was aware that the directors of the Board of Trade were talking about a new rule affecting the trade in puts and calls; that the proposed rule was very obnoxious to Mr. Bromley and some other speculators who—under his leadership—were trying to defeat it. All that had been discussed in the newspapers for a week, but in small type over on those back pages to which Board of Trade affairs were commonly relegated. He judged that Mr. Bromley would be rather eager to get his views on a front page. In fact, the speculator answered promptly that he would see a man from the Leader any time the next hour.

"I'll send him down at once," said Purcell. "He'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Barely fifteen minutes later a young woman opened the door of Mr. Bromley's private office and reported, "Man here from the Leader to see you." And Mr. Bromley nodded, signifying that the man might come in.

The man who entered was an inch more than six feet tall and very bony. The colorless skin of his face seemed drawn too tight over the osseous frame beneath. His hands and feet looked large, even for his height; he appeared to need another fifty pounds of flesh. In his right hand he carried a heavy walking stick with the bark on it, and his hat. He looked older with his hat off than with it on, for the front handbreadth of his head was almost bald. When he had closed the door behind him his dark, cavernous eyes turned to the stocky, coatless man at the desk, who by a nod invited him to be seated.

From his vest pocket the caller took a crumpled piece of paper which he straightened out and laid before Mr. Bromley, saying, "That's the only card I have with me."

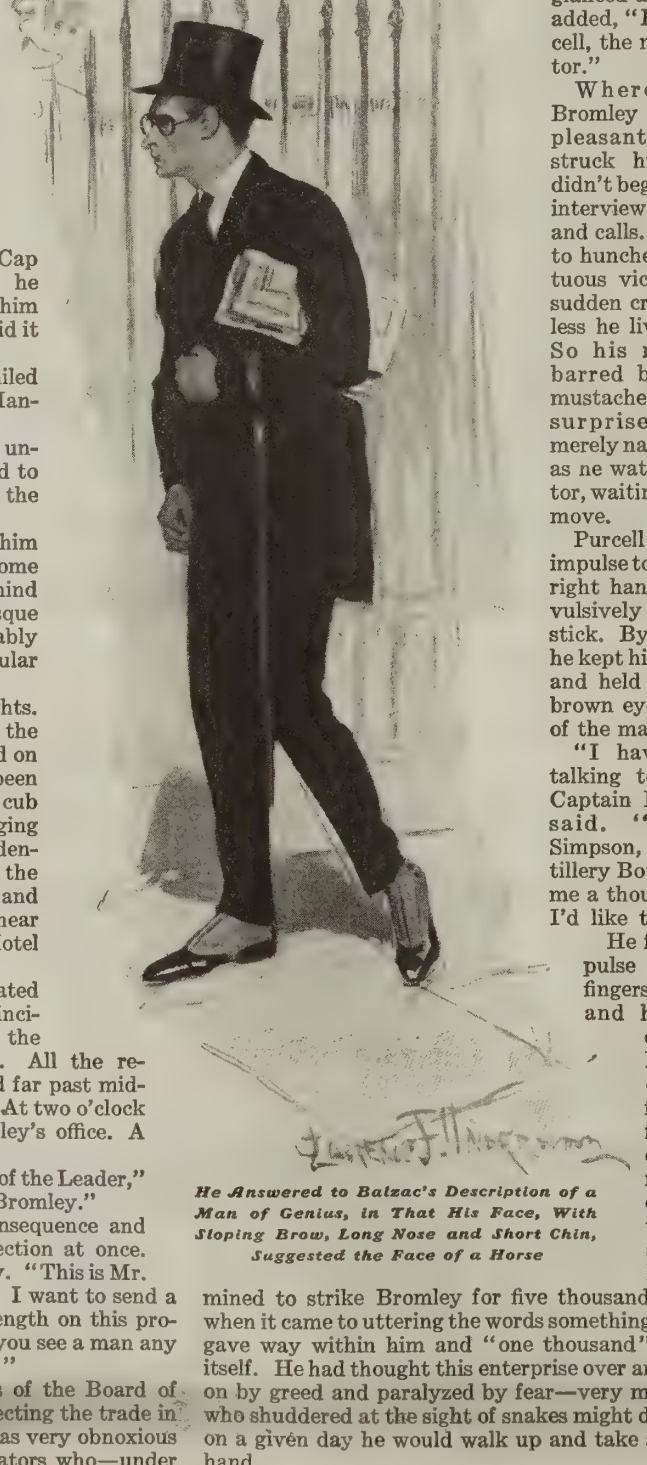
The bit of paper had been torn irregularly from the upper left-hand corner of the editorial page of the Leader. It contained the usual legend regarding the place of publication and the terms of subscription and this further information for the public: "J. Wesley Tully, owner and editor; Charles Purcell, managing editor." When Bromley had glanced at it the caller added, "I am Mr. Purcell, the managing editor."

Whereupon Mr. Bromley got an unpleasant hunch. It struck him that this didn't begin right for an interview about puts and calls. He was used to hunches and tumultuous vicissitudes and sudden crises; more or less he lived on them. So his round face, barred by a reddish mustache, expressed no surprise. His eyes merely narrowed a little as he watched the visitor, waiting for the next move.

Purcell resisted an impulse to swallow. His right hand closed convulsively on the heavy stick. By a great effort he kept his voice steady and held his luminous brown eyes to the face of the man at the desk.

"I have just been talking to my friend Captain Hanford," he said. "George W. Simpson, of 1313 Distillery Boulevard, owes me a thousand dollars. I'd like to collect it."

He fought an impulse to pass his fingers over his lips and held himself quite steady, his eyes on the other man's face. But, in fact, that required a tremendous effort, for inwardly he was all aquake. He had determined to strike Bromley for five thousand dollars; but when it came to uttering the words something mysteriously gave way within him and "one thousand" came out of itself. He had thought this enterprise over and over, egged on by greed and paralyzed by fear—very much as a man who shuddered at the sight of snakes might determine that on a given day he would walk up and take a snake in his hand.



He Answered to Balzac's Description of a Man of Genius, in That His Face, With Sloping Brow, Long Nose and Short Chin, Suggested the Face of a Horse

Mr. Bromley's mind was used to worki Success in his line depended upon sizing up taking a decision and acting upon it. He me tion in like manner. On the one hand there much unpleasantness; on the other hand t thousand dollars. He cared less for the thou than for the risk. He supposed Captain Hanf plicated in the enterprise; perhaps even J. W But that was rather immaterial. He opened his desk, took out a personal check book, rapid blank and signed it; then spoke as follows in rather like a growl:

"There it is! Take it and get out!"

Copying Mr. Bromley's method, Purcell t check, glanced at it, thrust it in his pocke walked out silently, clutching his stick. And things automatically, for his will was paraly interview had lasted two minutes longer, if E resisted, questioned him, defied him, his voice begun to shake; he would have had to swallo tumult would have shown in his actions. office door he mechanically wiped his brow ar cally got himself back to the newspaper offi shut himself in his room, took the check fron and contemplated it.

He was thirty-three years old and had n possessed as much as a thousand dollars. as managing editor of the Leader was a h fifty dollars a week; but he had enjoyed that four months—since J. Wesley Tully elevated position. Before that seventy-five dollars a w most he had earned. He was unmarried and spects a model young man—rarely taking a smoking, not addicted to cards or extravaga or living. Yet his money was always slipp partly in little unsuccessful speculations in b and twenty dollars here and fifty there on a some sporting event. The tailor he patronized beyond his means; his lodging cost twenty-fi month too much. Because he practiced no dissipation or extravagance, he had the reputa a prudent chap, presumably with a good man salted down. More prodigal acquaintances about it and the baselessness of their assumpt galled him. He wasn't really dissipated or re gant, yet as to cash in hand it came to the sa their dissipation and extravagance. And he old—thirty-three. Seedy old Ben Smith, assi exchange desk at twenty-five dollars a wee sixty-one, yet long dead and buried so far as beating the game went. Purcell didn't prop to that if he could help it. He looked upon t editorship as his great opportunity, but that ous enough. He hungered for money, yet was He had made up his mind to blackmail Bro wasn't much to be proud of in the way he h out; he had got only a thousand dollars. tasted blood and he resolved that there sho opportunities.

Resolving, it seemed, wouldn't bring t months went by and all they yielded to Purce and his one hundred and fifty dollars a week, ing of his own heart. Then the trivial matte election and the folly of J. Wesley Tully—wi hatred of Dinsmore—brought a grand prize i

At the death of Stanley, its founder, the I became involved in long, ruinous litigation un steadily declined. It was J. Wesley Tully- two years old—who finally got the fighting h spairing creditors together and procured poss journalistic derelict.

The new owner had no experience in journa unbounded confidence in himself which th quainted with him shared to only a limited had inherited a modest fortune and an hon and received a liberal education. Harvard U one of the badges with which he decorated hi a somewhat aimless period he had embarke estate line and by audacity and luck carrie series of operations in downtown leaseholds popularly supposed to have netted him a usual, the popular supposition—industriousl by J. Wesley himself—rested upon a more mo tion of fact.

He looked taller than he was because of slimness, and he answered to Balzac's descript of genius, in that his face, with sloping bro and short chin, suggested the face of a horse. straw-colored hair longer and more abundan mon among business men. His pale-blue eye sighted, requiring glasses of high magnifying thick lenses. One day he might be seen walkig from the Boulevard Club wearing patent-leath spats, a frock coat and a very shiny silk ha gold-headed ebony cane. A figure so attire seen on a Chicago business street and natura attention. As the editor, his head bent somew

(Continued on Page 34)

REPUBLIC GRANDE CORD TIRES

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

and peering ahead through his thick glasses, hastened by like a man on the most urgent business, somebody was sure to ask who that was—or many somebodies—and probably somebody else would reply that it was J. Wesley Tully, editor of the Leader. In fact Mr. Tully's chief business at the moment was simply to have that question asked and so answered. After he had walked up Michigan Boulevard he would probably go across town and walk down La Salle Street, stopping in at a couple of banks.

Another day he would appear in a broad-brimmed hat, a green suit, a red vest and a pink shirt. On intervening days he dressed like a sensible man, for he had a sort of genius at producing effects and knew the value of contrast. At the theater he invariably occupied a lower box and had a boy from the office fetch him a sheaf of proofs which he solemnly scanned in the face of the audience; and he had a proper dramatic sense for the moment when by rising and hurrying from the box he could get the audience's undivided attention.

In politics he was an ardent reformer and tremendous democrat. What the reform happened to be about was comparatively unimportant. If the Tribune or Herald or News omitted notice of Mrs. Tully's tea from its society column, the uncompromising democrat would send over the next notice himself, with a personal message to the editor asking that it be printed. Ownership of a daily newspaper was precious to him as water to the parched.

He lived at Elsmoor, on the North Shore, where he had built himself a house as unusual as his purple vests. Farther north was the suburban village of Highlands, which was several chops higher than Elsmoor in the social scale. Theoretically anyone who lived in Highlands was socially distinguished. Yet actually a good many people lived in Highlands who could not claim that advantage—being grocers, butchers, delivery men, servants and the like.

The Highlands village board comprised five persons and was said to be the most opulent municipal government in America. Alfred Dinsmore was president of it. But time came when the advancing waves of democracy ran even as high as that. An opposition ticket, consisting principally of truck gardeners who had settled within the western confines of the municipality, was put in the field. It offered J. Wesley Tully an opportunity to be intensely democratic, to make a sensation in which he would be the chief figure and to ease a secret sore at Dinsmore. So the Leader had something to say for the plain democratic truck gardeners and against the plutocrats.

That was a mere journalistic aside, for the great city twenty miles farther south cared little more for the politics of Highlands than for that of China. But the leader of the Highlands opposition was an ardent soul himself, imbued with the revolutionary and class-conscious ideas of socialism. He presently came to Mr. Tully with some statements about the plutocratic government of Highlands—its lavish expenditures for fine automobile roads over in the eastern section and its callous indifference to some poor roads over in the western section, and so on—urging Mr. Tully to publish them in the Leader.

Tully was busy at the moment and finally told the man to write a letter to the editor of the Leader, setting forth those plutocratic facts and signing it "Democrat" or "Tax Payer" or in some such way. That letter, he said, he would have published on the editorial page. Unluckily the letter, comprising six closely written sheets, was brought to him just as he was about to leave the office for a banquet where he was to sit at the speakers' table. He glanced over it hurriedly, wrote "Must. J. W. T." at the top of the first sheet, gave directions that it be printed on the editorial page and departed for the banquet.

That was the last he thought about the letter until he read it the next morning in the columns of the Leader, and by the time he finished reading it his heart had missed several beats. In fact, his hasty examination of the letter the evening before had stopped at the bottom of the fourth sheet. That far it was a political document aimed at the alleged shortcomings of the plutocratic government of Highlands. But in the fifth and sixth sheets of the letter Mr. Tully's zealous correspondent had turned his attention to Mr. Dinsmore in a very personal and grossly libelous manner. He said that Dinsmore's famous mail-order house poisoned people wholesale by selling them decayed canned goods, systematically swindled them in all other lines of merchandise and frequently just kept their money, alleging that it had shipped them articles they ordered when, in fact, it had done no such thing. By the time the editor came to the signature—"A Plain Citizen"—his pale eyes looked as startled as though he had seen a ghost, there was a gone feeling at the pit of the stomach and his leaden heart rested against the soles of his shoes.

Not many hours afterward he learned that Mr. Dinsmore had instructed the eminent law firm of Melford, Farson & Winthrop to bring suit against the Leader for

"Took a Pretty Good Man to Manage it Slick Enough So the Crowd Wouldn't Catch On. Elt Grew Could Do it Slick Enough"

libel, claiming damages in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Next day the suit was duly instituted. The editor consulted his own lawyer, who advised him to arrange a compromise with Dinsmore if possible, because legally speaking he hadn't a leg to stand on.

It was a calamitous situation for J. Wesley Tully. He had acquired the Leader by the use of a limited amount of cash and unlimited audacity. The paper had been losing money ever since he bought it. His financial affairs were in a very involved, precarious condition. A judgment for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would floor him. Of course that judgment was a good way in the future, for the trial of the case could easily be postponed many months, but the fact of the suit was a body blow to his credit when that credit was already in a groggy condition. It looked like a smash-up—unless by profuse apologies, private and public, and ample retraction he could persuade Dinsmore to drop the suit.

J. Wesley Tully hated that like death. Naturally, his restless egotism rebelled at the abject rôle which it implied—especially before Alfred Dinsmore whom he profoundly disliked. But in a matter of life or death one must swallow one's pride. He returned to the newspaper o from his lawyer's in a very dejected state and wi bewildered feeling of having been struck by lightning of a clear sky. He wanted to get Purcell's advice a how Dinsmore could be best approached with a ple mercy. Largely because Purcell was adroit enoug flatter him acceptably, he had formed a towering opi of the managing editor's ability.

Purcell had already lied to him about the fatal le He had said that when he saw the owner's "Must" a top of the first sheet—which by newspaper t was an imperative command that it be print he had paid no further attention to it. In however, he had read the letter in proof, r nized its excessively dangerous character considered whether he should send a proof to the banquet with a note asking Tully to it again. But for reasons of his own he hel hand.

"Why, if I were you, Mr. Tully, I wouldn in any hurry about going to Dinsmore," he in a cheerful tone. "I have seen too many paper libel suits to be much afraid of one. I dozen years that I've been in the news business here there have probably been fifty suits started. Not one of them has ever co anything, far's I know. A man gets sore and a libel suit, you know; but give him a few m to think it over in cold blood and he's not so about it. He knows the newspaper will be there on the job long after the libel suit is It may get plenty of chances to tie the sco

"They all talk big about newspapers, h their hearts they're afraid of 'em. A man owns the daily Leader needn't be in a hu apologize to anybody. If this suit should come to trial—which I think is mighty unlik no ordinary jury is going to shed any tear the hurt feelings of a man worth twelve or million dollars. You can bring in that High stuff—handful of plutocrats running the to suit themselves and leaving the poor farmers to wallow in the mud. Any or jury will eat that up. But the suit will come to trial, Mr. Tully. I don't know about Dinsmore, except that he's got a of money; but most men with ban money will bear watching. If I were y just let Dinsmore think it over a while meantime keep a little eye on him.

"Suppose we find out something this mail-order business of his. enough there's as much truth as in that letter. Anyway, we can fi And we can find out something Dinsmore personally. It won't harm to keep a little eye on hi spell. I'll take charge of it, if yo Apologizing is poor business for a paper, Mr. Tully—sets a bad pre Just as a newspaper man, I'd rath have Alfred Dinsmore going round h and the banks bragging that he ma Leader get down on its knees to him. ably that would get other people to th of demanding apologies. I'd rathe stand that the Leader can say what it about Alfred Dinsmore, even if it's w that the only way to get a retraction the Leader is to come round and as politely like a gentleman and not try the editor by bringing a libel suit. T won't come to trial for a year anyw were you, I'd just let Dinsmore think a while—and keep an eye on him. be a mighty sight more anxious to the suit than you are to have it dismissed before of three months."

In that strain Purcell talked to his employer, sponded like a rubber balloon when a boy blows in it was a hint which secretly rather shocked him—the setting spies on Dinsmore. But the remainder of th was so palatable that he chose to ignore that.

"Well, all right," he said finally with a firm air. just let him think it over a while."

Purcell, knowing his chief, had merely throw hint of espionage upon Dinsmore and had not e Tully to sanction it expressly. For J. Wesley Tull regarding himself as a tremendous democrat with of his brain, also regarded himself a tremendous ge with the other side—and the gentleman could not e condescend to set spies on Alfred Dinsmore.

Purcell understood that—but knew well enough vouchers for the spies' hire would be paid by the without question. For his own purposes he wanted volved as deeply as possible; and the idea of spying more was attractive to him. It might turn up so

(Continued on Page 36)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

They help you to beat H.C.L.!

High prices are pinching hard these days.

Some men are paying extravagant prices for their ɔthes. Others stick to their old prices and don't ɡt the right quality.

Styleplus get men out of both difficulties.

They are *good* clothes. And the prices are medium.

You can wear Styleplus confident that you have ıt lowered your clothing standards.

For Styleplus you pay enough, but not too much, ɔ secure correct style and dependable service.

All-wool fabrics. Careful tailoring. Guaranteed aisfaction. Known prices. The sleeve ticket, tached by us, tells the price.

Conditions will force prices higher next season.

Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

America's known-priced clothes

$35 - $40 - $45

a limited assortment at $25

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Copyright 1919 Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 34)

that he could use personally. He had an old friend—Lawrence McMurtry by name—who was engaged in the practice of law. There were many lawyers—Melford, Farson & Winthrop, for example—who winced and even swore under their breath when McMurtry's activities were referred to as practicing law, for McMurtry's real occupation consisted in fishing in muddy waters—and the waters were always muddier after he cast in his line. His practice of law, as Purcell knew, involved a pretty constant employment of private detectives. The Morden Detective Agency was a sort of adjunct to his office. To McMurtry therefore Purcell went. When the situation was laid before him the lawyer promptly advised that some servant—or servants—in Dinsmore's household be bribed. He had found that expedient very useful in a number of divorce cases, and he promised goodnaturedly to take the matter up for his valued young friend, the managing editor. And Purcell mentioned some gossip—imparted to him by his society editor—about Dinsmore's daughter and Mr. Edward Proctor. The lawyer thought it would be well to cast a line in that direction also.

So the powder train burned. Dinsmore's libel suit against the Leader was filed early in May—about three weeks after the village election in Highlands. McMurtry started his underground machinery in operation directly afterward. A servant was bribed and an amateur spy was set on young Edward Proctor. But a fortnight passed before anything momentous happened. Then a most unexpected factor developed.

II

NEWSPAPERS made a courteous practice of ignoring libel suits against any one of them. It was held that to publish the fact of such a suit might give other people the bad idea of suing for libel and that a citizen so ill-advised as to resort to the courts—instead of relying upon the magnanimity and fairness of the newspaper to make a suitable retraction if it were in the wrong—should get no encouragement by having his action communicated to the public.

But a libel suit by a citizen of Alfred Dinsmore's wealth and standing was far out of the ordinary; and J. Wesley Tully, wholly inexperienced in journalism, had many times shown an annoying inclination to disregard the little amenities and unwritten rules of the craft. So every other newspaper in the city treated Dinsmore's suit against the Leader as a matter of rather important news, and an evening journal—to whom Tully was especially obnoxious—gave it a front-page spread with photographs and a cheerful prophecy that it would be the means of driving a silly adventurer out of the journalistic field. Two weeks later the same journal again referred conspicuously to the libel suit. That was on a Wednesday afternoon.

The following day about midnight Purcell went over to Vogel's restaurant, according to habit, for a bite and a cup of coffee. Whatever failings he had, lack of industry was not one of them, and usually he stayed at the office until two-thirty o'clock or so in the morning. When he came out on the sidewalk he found that a light rain was falling. The restaurant was a block and a half away, but rather than return for an umbrella he turned up his coat collar and ran for it. The theater crowds had gone home and the streets in that locality were mostly empty. Half an hour later, refreshed by warm food and coffee, he ran back.

To reach his den it was necessary to cross the dingy, belittered local room where the city editor and his staff worked. Crossing this room, he noticed an old negro, rain-spattered hat on knee, sitting on a bench against the wall beside the two messenger boys who were on duty there and talking benevolently to the youngsters. From his yellow sombrero hat and general appearance, Purcell recognized him as a man he had passed on the street when he ran to the restaurant.

The night city editor followed him into his room, looking rather puzzled.

"An old coon out there wants to see the editor," he said. "He won't talk to me—says he's got to see the editor himself. But he asked me if this wasn't the paper that Alfred Dinsmore had sued for libel. He says he's got something to tell the editor about that. He doesn't look crazy."

Newspaper offices are magnets for cranks and usually adopt effectual measures of self-protection. But the night city editor was uncertain whether this visitor belonged in the category of mere annoyances or was worth listening to. His mention of Dinsmore's libel suit raised a like doubt in Purcell's mind and he promptly gave himself the benefit of it, saying, "Show him in."

Under the strong light above the managing editor's desk the caller appeared even older than the first glance had suggested. He was evidently mulatto or quadroon—not full-blooded black. His beardless face was deeply lined and the kinky hair at either side of his head—bald on top—was snow white. He was powerfully built, with broad shoulders and long limbs, but spare now and the folds of flesh on his chops showed that he had once been heavier. He came in, hat in hand, with a slight smile and a polite air and turned to shut the door behind him, saying, "Excuse me." Seated at the end of the desk he studied Purcell's face a moment, still with his slight smile and polite air. He spoke in a drawl but with no trace of negro or Southern accent.

"You're the editor of the Leader?"

"Yes," said Purcell.

"I saw in the Telegram that Alfred Dinsmore had sued you for two hundred fifty thousand dollars. I could tell you something that would shut his mouth."

"What is it?" Purcell asked brusquely.

The negro smiled at the young man's impetuosity and continued in his slow unemphasized way of speaking: "I could prove it too. You don't have to take my word for it. You can look it all up yourself and see it's so."

Purcell replied less curtly, even invitingly, "Well, I'm ready to listen." He perceived that the caller was by no means lacking in intelligence.

"I reckon," said the caller with deliberation, "Alfred Dinsmore'd give about all the money he's got to keep anybody from knowing what I can tell you. I reckon he'd think a million dollars dirt cheap."

Purcell passed a crooked forefinger over his lips and considered. They were alone. Anything that this old negro might say afterward could be easily and plausibly denied. He noticed that the man was decently dressed; but there was little likelihood of his being a person whose unsupported statement would carry much weight.

"You want something," he said, as though he considered that want quite natural.

The caller deliberated a moment, peering hard into the managing editor's face, and replied more slowly than usual, "Yes, sir; I want a hundred thousand dollars and your oath that you won't ever tell anybody that I told you."

Purcell smiled and replied, "That's quite a lot of money."

"Not for Alfred Dinsmore," the caller shrewdly retorted.

"If it's worth it I'll give you a hundred thousand," Purcell offered.

"No, sir," the negro replied with polite determination, "I got to have it down in black and white. You don't have to take my word for it. You can prove it yourself."

"But even if I proved it, it might not be worth a hundred thousand dollars," the managing editor suggested.

"It's worth a million," said the caller positively. He deliberated a moment and added, in his slow, unemphasized speech, "Alfred Dinsmore's robbed and he's killed."

Purcell stared at him. His conjecture had been that this was some discharged house servant with—possibly—an old domestic scandal to reveal. His face went a bit whiter and there seemed to be a wavering light deep in his luminous eyes.

They fenced for a few moments while Purcell's wits worked. He could aver, if it became necessary, that he merely led the man along in order to hear what he had to say, and thereby pose as an honorable citizen whose only object was to unmask a rogue. So after they had fenced a few moments he took a sheet of note paper with the Leader's letterhead on it and wrote:

"Sixty days after date I promise to pay William Pomeroy one hundred thousand dollars, provided William Pomeroy fulfills the promise he has just made me. And I solemnly swear that I will not tell anyone that William Pomeroy told me anything about Alfred Dinsmore.

"J. Wesley Tully."

He handed that to the caller and waited to see whether his intelligence and education were sufficient to recognize its complete worthlessness as a legally binding instrument. The negro, having carefully read it and carefully folded it, put it in his vest pocket, apparently quite satisfied; and Purcell innerly smiled, feeling that he had the measure of the man with whom he was dealing. The negro considered a moment and began with deliberation:

"Well, sir, I'll go back to the start and tell it all to you just like it happened. There was a man named John Colby. He worked the county fairs. There was a wheel of fortune that he run himself. Then he had a soap game and a phony-jewelry game. And he had one of these here ring-throwing games. There'd be a booth, you know, fixed up fancy inside and out, and a great lot of knives and revolvers stuck up in there. Then he had some hard rubber rings. You'd pay a quarter for six rings and then you'd throw the rings at the knives and revolvers and if you rung one of 'em it was yours. Of course he had the most expensive ones fixed so's you couldn't hardly ring one of 'em if you threw a hundred years, but there was some cheaper knives down in front that somebody'd get every now and then.

"Old John, he owned the whole thing and hired the other fellehs. He'd fix it up with the authorities so's to get the concession for the wheel of fortune and so on. He had to pay 'em a license fee for it. Sometimes he had to slip the police or the deputy sheriff something to keep 'em good-natured. When there wasn't any fair Old John would strike a town where they was holding court or something else to draw a crowd and he'd set up his games round on the street corners. This was thirty years ago and better that I'm talking about, you understand—from Dakota down into Texas. They didn't mind games of chance out there in those days; poker room in about every town and faro if the town was big enough. There wasn't hardly ever any trouble.

"I took care of the horses. We had a big wagon and three good horses and drove all over that country, never bothering the railroad. I took care of the horses and was kind of body servant to Old John. He used to drink a good deal. He was a bad man when he'd been drinking. Sometimes he got in trouble away from the shows. He used to play poker or faro after we was all done spieling for the day. Sometimes there'd be a row. He always took me along."

The narrator smiled, disclosing a few discolored teeth.

"I could twist a horseshoe in two with my hands in those days."

Noting the breadth and squareness of the caller's fleshless shoulders, Purcell didn't doubt it.

"Old John was some man, too," the negro drawled on. "He was really about as old as me, but they called him Old John. He was shorter and fatter than me and wore a red beard trimmed kind of round." The negro paused to chuckle gutturally. "He had a voice like a mule. He'd keep yelling, 'Try your luck, gentlemen! Try your luck!' And you could hear him clear across the fair grounds. He was sure quarrelsome when he felt like it. There was Elt Grew. He run the soap game and the phony jewelry. I'll explain that to you. You see, there'd be a stand about five feet high, or maybe a little higher, with red-white-and-blue cloth round it. The crowd would be in front and Elt would stand up in a little pen behind the stand. He'd be standing on a box a couple of feet high so he'd be taller than the crowd.

"He'd begin his spiel about the soap—some stuff he learned out of a little book Old John had—and get a crowd in front of him. Then he'd open a suitcase and take out about a hundred and fifty little pasteboard boxes about two inches and a half long covered with blue paper with some little gilt stars on it. He'd stack the boxes all up in a square pile, all the time going on with his spiel about the soap. He'd get a boy out of the crowd and make lather and give the boy a shampoo. Soap would cure dandruff and keep your hair from coming out, he'd say, and make hair grow on a bald head. Then he'd put a bundle of five-dollar bills down on the stand and roll his sleeves up higher and hold a box so the crowd could see and put a five-dollar bill in it and he'd go ahead that way until he'd put about thirty five-dollar bills in boxes. Then he'd shuffle the boxes all up on the stand, mix 'em round, and then he'd pick up a box and say, 'Who'll give me a dollar for it?' Sometimes a man in the crowd would give a dollar. But if nobody did, after a minute or two Elt 'd make a sign with his hand a stool pigeon would come up and gi dollar. That first box would have a dollar bill in it. The next box wouldn't h anything in it, and Elt would say, 'T again for fifty cents,' and that time the be a five-dollar bill in the box.

"Of course he didn't do it just the s way every time, for after the first there'd be somebody who'd seen him before, so he'd vary it. But pretty he'd have the crowd coming, buying b right and left. You see, the boxes all lo just alike to an outsider, but every that he'd put a five-dollar bill in h little star exactly on the corner. Al while he was spieling he'd keep shufflin boxes round kind of absent-minded he'd be pushing those with money in off into the suitcase so by the time crowd began buying lively there'd be two three boxes left with any money in It was easy enough. Anybody could to do it with a little practice.

"The phony jewelry was about the s He'd have sheets of brown paper that roll up into a cornucopia. He'd put a dollar bill in a brass ring that cost m five cents and he'd drop that into the nucopia so all the crowd could see it Then he'd put in a breastpin and a chain and some other stuff like that sell it for two dollars. When he want he'd hold the cornucopia with the litt open so the ring with the five-dollar bil would fall through into his hand. Tha harder than the soap game. To pretty good man to manage it slick e so the crowd wouldn't catch on. Elt could do it slick enough.

"That summer—I'm talking now the summer of 1881—we had a named Ben Lukens, sort of a chuckl that run the ring-throwing game. child could do that. Old John wo running the wheel of fortune and I'd of circulate round and tell him ho other games was going. Sometimes I the wheel a little spell and he'd take round, himself. He was always fi that the other fellehs might be holdi something on him.

"Well, we was out in Kansas that mer and we got kind of off our track at Buffalo Center, where we hadn' been before. Railroad had just gone t there. I reckon they'd made the tow week or two; shingles hadn't turne yet and some of the houses wasn't p I don't suppose it had more'n ten or hundred inhabitants. It was the seat and there was a county fair a John thought he'd try it. We wasn' much business. There was a dry store on the corner and a poker roo the dry-goods store. Old John four out first thing. So we was up the evening after the fair shut up. The six or seven men playing, Old John 'em, and maybe a dozen or more on. I was setting on a box against t One of the players was winning quit He was sort of a stout young felleh coat and vest off and his shirt open neck and a plaid cap pulled down forehead. He'd got a terrible wallop chin some day. Looked like a mu kicked him. Must have broke his c it hadn't been put together right- fit, you understand; and a big knotty white welt across where it h broke."

The narrator drew a finger dia over his own chin to indicate the sc

"This young felleh was winning bit and not saying anything to any just set hunched down in his chair wood. Pretty soon Old John says 'You're the luckiest man in seven and scratched his head. His h always all mussed up anyhow. Tha signal to me, you know. Plenty card sharps always drifting roun poker rooms in those days and Old J wise. So I just slid round the roor I could watch the young felleh clos a while I slid back again and then at my hands and says to a felleh 'My hands itch.' You see, I'd s young felleh palming cards.

"Well, I expected Old John wou something. He was sure a quarrelso when he felt like it; but he just playing and didn't make me no m only I noticed he laid off the your with the busted chin. Then by an drew out of the game and another m his place. Old John put on his coat like he was going to leave, but he

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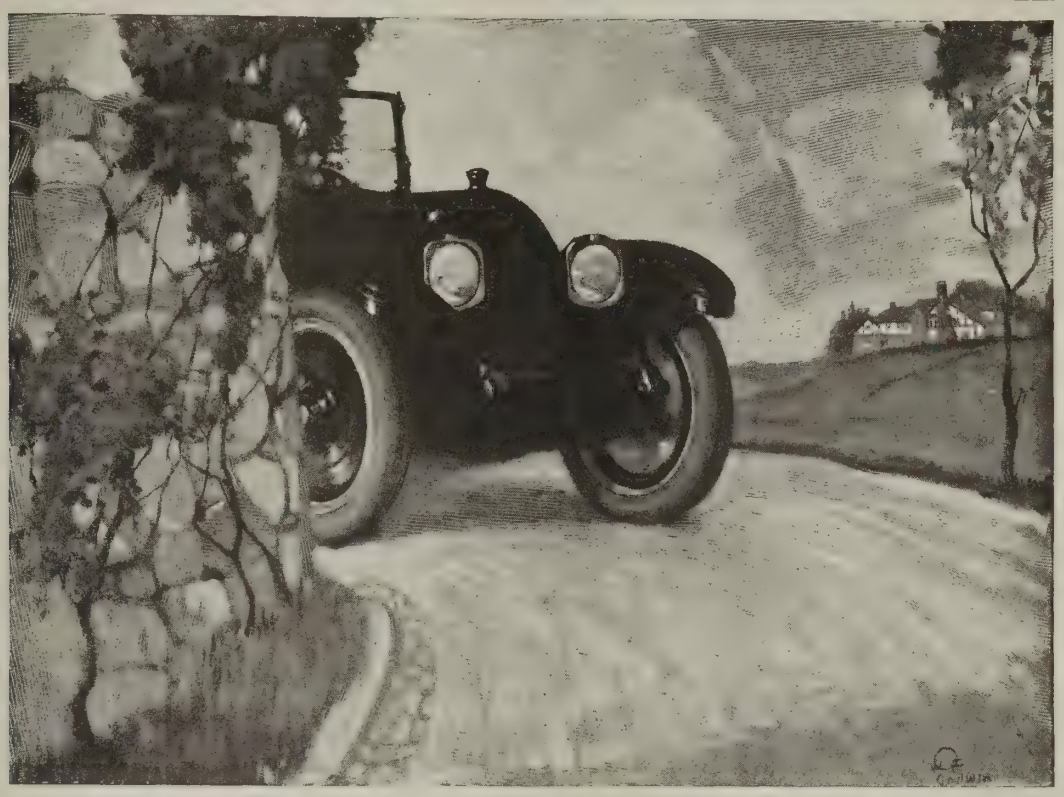
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



ENTHUSIASM over the Cadillac frequently takes an interesting and impressive turn.

Very often, we encounter an owner, who feels sure there can never be another Cadillac, quite like the Cadillac he owns.

He is so overjoyed with the constancy, the sameness, the regularity, of its operation, that it doesn't seem possible that the same degree of perfection will be found in another Cadillac.

Such superlative smoothness and soundness, such unbelievable freedom from overhauling and repair, are not apt, he fears, to happen a second time.

Owners who have driven three, four, six and as many as twelve Cadillac cars, can undeceive him.

They can tell him that the Cadillac only changes in that it comes closer and closer to one thousand per cent perfection.

If there is any one Cadillac characteristic which outshines all others, it is the evenness, the uniformity, the identical sameness of Cadillac production.

Precision, accuracy, close measurement, standardization—all of the practices that make for refinement of the highest degree—had their American birth in the Cadillac.

No works, in the world, are so rigidly ruled, as these works are ruled, by the laws that compel the application of the highest known standards, even to the most trifling details of Cadillac construction.

The Cadillac makes its own standards, and lives up to them with rigid and unyielding fidelity.

Be sure, therefore, that a new Cadillac will give you even greater and deeper satisfaction than the older Cadillac which has served you so nobly and well.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT. MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY WILMER S. RICHTER

Economy in the Orient

THE gospel of conservation has traveled to far-off Malay Peninsula, where the sharp eye of science has discovered a value that promises to do a little revolutionizing in the rubber business. Experiments show that a good grade of oil can be extracted from the Para rubber seed, and experts declare this oil can be used successfully in the manufacture of paints, varnishes, linoleums, soft soap, rubber substitutes, and so on. Furthermore, it has been determined that the residue from the rubber seed after the oil has been extracted can be converted into a feeding cake for cattle and other stock. This will permit the development of a profitable by-product industry to supplement the business of oil extraction.

It is estimated by Consul General Gunsaulus at Singapore that in the British Malay possessions alone rubber estates own two million acres of land. Of this area more than one million acres are planted in Para trees and upward of seven hundred thousand acres are producing rubber.

Just what this means is best understood when it is known that the quantity of seeds thrown off each year by the rubber trees averages about three hundred pounds to the acre. These seeds have always been permitted to fall to the ground and rot, and the owners have been suffering the loss of what is now known to be a valuable product. Thanks to the chemist the world may be further enriched by the practice of his worthy art.

Another Thought on Gold

THE United States stands in the unique position of possessing more gold than any one nation ever held before. However, the opinion of certain bankers appears to be that we must further increase our holdings of gold, and that to this end we must make every effort to increase the production of the precious metal.

It is common knowledge that with a fixed value for the yellow metal the rapidly increasing cost of material, labor and transportation has placed the gold industry in a less favorable position. The mining people maintain that some form of government relief must be advanced or many of the producing mines will be compelled to discontinue operations. For this reason any idea that holds forth hope of a practical solution of the problem is worth thinking about.

One man who has given much time and thought to the gold question is John Clausen, vice president of the Chemical Bank in New York City. He entertains no fear that Europe will repudiate part of her war debts, for the reason that finance has become an international rather than a national question; the monetary history of each country is tending to become more and more merged in the monetary history of the whole civilized world. Mr. Clausen doubts that the present production of gold is keeping pace with the world's enormous expansion of credit. He is opposed to tampering with the standard of international payment, and suggests that it would be more effective to withdraw gold from circulation, and instead hold the yellow metal as a national reserve to support the credit structure of nations.

Under such a plan all gold mines would come under a definite form of government supervision to insure the delivery of an appreciable portion of their output—the percentum to be gauged periodically on a sliding index scale—and paid for at the standard price of $20.67 for the fine ounce.

But here is the high spot in Mr. Clausen's scheme: He says that the world's consumption of gold in manufactures and in the arts is already large and is rapidly increasing. It is his belief that this trade—based upon a commercial value in keeping with the open market demand—could well bear a tax over and above the standard price of gold, and would absorb the remaining output from the mines as an offset to the higher cost of mine labor and materials.

As an illustration of how this plan would work he cites the following example:

The X Mine produces 100,000 fine ounces. The Government would exact 60,000 ounces at $20.67 an ounce, for which it would pay $1,240,200. This would leave for manufactures and arts 40,000 ounces, for which they would pay, say, $45 an ounce, or $1,800,000. A net sale of output at an average price of $30.40 per fine ounce would result.

This plan has the virtue of originality and is based on a principle that would appear to be workable if some method could be devised to prevent jewelers and others from using gold coin in the arts.

The Prey of Charlatans

MOST everyone knows of something that is especially good for just what ails you. If you have a cold or a headache it is an even bet that the first ten people you talk to will prescribe at least five different remedies. In this connection it is difficult to determine whether the significant thought in the matter is the evidence indicating a multitude of patented cures or the fact that nothing is so free as advice.

The ease with which most people are suaded to swallow unknown compounds in an e to provide self-treatment is a serious matter. mother of a large family of small children afflicted with frequent headac A friend of this woman also suffered from headaches and found relief in using some tab She suggested to the mother some of this medicine might re her and the sick lady tried t with fatal results. The heada of the unfortunate victim had caused by an organic heart dis and the medicine, a powerful pressant, was a drug opposi effect to what should have prescribed. Five children wer motherless, and a careless fr through ignorance, was guilt something bordering on m slaughter.

Not long ago the maker widely advertised tonic, becau more exacting laws, reduced amount of alcohol in his re from twenty-eight to seventee cent, which latter is equal t amount of spirit in sherry and tain other wines.

It was this remedy that wa sponsible for the downfall of a gious teacher who was an a advocate of the enactment of ous prohibition laws. The pe actions of this upright gentl roused suspicion, and when vi entered his study, bent on a of inspection, they found alternately chasing flies and aging a menagerie of fiery-mo reptiles.

The good man had del tremens, and the empty b bearing the label of a popular removed all doubt as to the s of his alcoholic supply.

Though recent legislation to prevent the printing an of labels and circulars tha claim to ridiculous curative ers for many fake medicine makers of such nostrums co to thrive in their dealings v profitable clientele. One tigator who examined a n of patented drugs found that contained wood alcohol, a co cause of blindness; aceta lead, an inducer of paralysi trate of silver, a producer incurable disease argyria, in the skin of the victim turns and bichloride of mercury, a deadly poison. W doubt we are making progress in the right dir but it is common knowledge that our present laws a evasion-proof.

A couple of metropolitan newspapers and a pro journal once attacked this evil, but a new crop o fakers are again busy with their harmful concoction public mind should not be allowed to lapse into a s dangerous indifference in reference to this menace public health.

Some of the tricks being played on the public by cine quacks are so ingenious it is little wonder peo for these deceits. One scheme often practiced is t prescription. An advertisement is sometimes prep which questions are asked.

The answers advise the use of certain treatments prescription is given. One of the ingredients of t scription is always a patent medicine; the other ingr are officinal products. The bottle of patent medici in making up the prescription will generally cost t chaser about fifty cents, while the real cost to th ufacturer of the ingredients used in producing on of this same medicine will frequently amount to n than one or two cents.

Another method is in the form of an advertiseme offers a physician's advice on any question of healt photograph of a serious-looking gentleman, suppose the famous adviser, appears at the head of the new

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Pathé Sapphire Ball

If you could see the Pathé Sapphire Ball—

(which takes the place of needles in contact with the record on a phonograph and makes it possible to guarantee Pathé records to play one thousand times)

—magnified two hundred diameters—

—you would see a true-rounded, polished, blue, translucent gem that would dwarf the fame of that "mountain of light", the Koh-i-noor diamond.

But what this lovely jewel *does*, musically, tiny as it is, is a far greater marvel than its magnified appeal to the eye could be:— Fitting, filling and gliding along the groove of the record, faithfully tracing all those microscopic undulations which are the exact graven likeness of musical tones, it releases again all the beauty of the voice that sang or the instrument that played.

THE Pathé REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
10-52 Grand Avenue E. A. Widmann, *President* Brooklyn, New York

ATHÉ FRÈRES
onograph Co. of
nada, Ltd., Toronto

AND LONDON, ENGLAND

Six typical examples of Pathé Records—Records that every phonograph owner should have in his library

Pagliacci I *(Leoncavallo)* "Vesti la giubba" . . Sung in Italian . . Lucien Muratore, Tenor — **54012**
Size 12—Price $1.50

Madama Butterfly *(Puccini)* "Un bel di vedremo" Sung in Italian . . Claudia Muzio, Soprano — **54016**
Size 12—Price $1.50

Pagliacci I *(Leoncavallo)* "Serenata" Sung in Italian . . . . . **Tosca La** *(Puccini)* "O dolci mani" Sung in Italian . . . . Tito Schipa, Tenor — **59009**
Size 12—Price $1.50

Serenade *(Schubert)* Piano Acc. . . . . **Thais** *(Massenet)* "Meditation" Piano Acc. Jacques Thibaud — **60071**
Size 12—Price $2.00

Liebestraum *(Liszt)* Piano Solo . . . . . **I Love Thee** *(Grieg)* Piano Solo Rudolph Ganz — **59064**
Size 12—Price $1.50

Rigoletto *(Verdi)* "Caro Nome" Sung in French . . . . . **Herodiade** *(Massenet)* "Il est doux, il est bon" Sung in French . . . Yvonne Gall, Soprano — **60077**
Size 12—Price $2.00

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advertisement. In every one of the "answers to correspondents" a nostrum is recommended which can be obtained only from the doctor's employers.

The game of the medical mail-order quacks is interesting if not honorable. Many of these fakers have advertised under the name of a woman, and in all cases the paid announcement has invited the reader to write Mrs. Blank in all confidence. As a result thousands of women have followed this suggestion and have disclosed matters of the most private character. These confidential letters have soon fallen into the hands of letter brokers, who have offered them for sale or rent to others in need of a sucker list. One company dealing in original communications of this kind recently offered for rent 143,000 confidential letters written in answer to such a series of advertisements. The letters were packed 500 to a bundle and rented for $2.50 per unit lot. If the reader ever wrote a personal letter to a patent-medicine concern of this kind, the same is possibly for sale to the first comer who wants a list to work upon.

In the old days of the traveling quack, who threw away handfuls of pennies to the children at the street corner, told funny stories and, to make it more interesting, performed a few feats in legerdemain, there were a number of tricks that fooled the public in easy fashion.

Some of the discoveries made recently by official investigators with reference to various widely advertised cures are worth noting. It was found that an ear device was nothing more intricate than a bit of oiled silk stretched over a small circular band. Two hundred equally effective devices could be constructed from a few cents' worth of oiled silk and a spool of thread. Four different devices advertised to cure various diseases were nothing but nickelplated gas pipes filled with sand or charcoal and having flexible cords attached. Several obesity cures were pure swindles. Of three obesity cures two retailed at a dollar apiece. The cost of the materials in one was ten cents, and in the other seven cents. The third cure consisted of washing soda.

A number of consumption cures were discovered to be absolutely worthless, and in many cases the names attached to the testimonials were from people who had later died. Several well-known headache cures were examined and found to contain, as chief ingredients, various coal tar products, which drugs depress the heart, injure the blood and may produce a habit. The United States Department of Agriculture in its Bulletin Number 126 states that the habit formed by taking headache cures containing these drugs "ranks as an evil with the opium habit."

In the face of such truths it is interesting to examine our present Federal Food and Drugs Act. It applies only to products that are made in one state and sold in another. It prohibits misleading statements on the trade package only, and does not forbid false statements in advertisements or window displays. It requires manufacturers to declare on the label the presence and amount of alcohol, morphine, opium, cocaine, heroin, chloroform and several other habit-forming drugs, but does not require any declaration concerning the presence of such deadly poisons as prussic acid, carbolic acid, arsenic, strychnine and a hundred other dangerous drugs.

It is only human nature for people who are ill to try to cure themselves, thereby saving the doctor's fee. Since it is impossible to prevent this dangerous pastime of self-medication the only way to eliminate the resultant dangers is to make it practically impossible to sell fraudulent medicines. A little education along the right lines might also be helpful. Headaches result from dozens of causes. A cure is no good unless it is aimed at the real seat of the trouble. Such remedies as contain the coal-tar drugs, so commonly used, often give relief only through their knock-out action, similar to what a prize fighter might bring about by administering a blow on the head or the solar plexus. They dull the sensations of the individual but reduce the pain for only a short while.

Certain kinds of advertising have been carried on for years with such success that the average citizen has come to believe that a pain in the back is an evidence of kidney trouble. However, the truth is that more than ninety per cent of the people who have kidney disease never have such a pain. Many other ideas with no greater foundation of truth have been cultivated by designing manufacturers of worthless nostrums.

A real awakening of the public mind coupled with more effective legislation is necessary to the correction of the drug evil. It is estimated that twenty-five per cent of the cases coming into the Court of Special Sessions of New York County involving moral turpitude were individuals given to drug addiction in one form or another. Who can say how many of these poor unfortunates were started on their road to ruin by the use of drugs contained in many medicines that are still sold to an unsuspecting public?

Going Down

NO OTHER situation in respect to raw materials is so serious to the United States as our present position in the matter of oil. So far as this country is concerned, the whole complexion of the petroleum industry has changed during the last two years. We are now said to be consuming more crude oil than we are producing, and as a result we are obliged to depend upon imports to make up the deficit. The United States Geological Survey asserts that forty per cent of our national petroleum reserves has been depleted, while less than two per cent of our coal is gone.

One reason why the outlook is so unfavorable for America is our failure to take a greater interest in the development of oil fields in other parts of the world. We have rested easily in a state of smug self-sufficiency, while other peoples have pushed ahead in their efforts to safeguard their petroleum future. American oil concerns can be found only in Mexico, South America and Rumania. We have no interests in Africa, the Near East or the Far East, and though we now hold the premier position in the world's oil trade, producing nearly seventy per cent of the world's total output, our future is far from assured.

During 1918 the increase in our consumption of oil as compared with 1911 amounted to 190,000,000 barrels, or 87.5 per cent of the total 1911 production. The deficit between our consumption and our domestic production last year was more than the total oil output of 1899. This enlarged consumption of oil is due to the development of many new uses for the liquid. The Nation has greatly increased the number of internal-combustion motors; our Navy and merchant marine use more and more oil; and there has been an immense multiplication of machines requiring lubrication. It appears certain therefore that oil consumption in the United States will continue to increase in coming years.

The output of marketable crude oil in the United States last year totaled 345,896,000 barrels. Our imports, chiefly from Mexico, amounted to 37,736,000 barrels. We drew 23,284,000 barrels from our accumulated stores, making the total 1918 consumption 406,916,000 barrels of oil. It is evident therefore that we used up 61,020,000 more barrels than we produced. Included in the above total were our exports, which went abroad mostly as illuminating oils, but these total exports were less than one-fifth of what we consumed in this country.

Being the largest consumer of oil in the world, we are surely entitled to participate on an equal footing with Great Britain, Holland and France in the development of petroleum deposits in less advanced countries. It is already plain that producing corporations, not refining and marketing organizations, are going to be the key to national independence in the future. Many big petroleum areas throughout the world are already closed to this country. Most of these districts are held by British and French concerns.

The British Government is now seeking oil in England, Scotland, Persia and Australia. The Royal Dutch-Shell, which is understood to be forty per cent British, is exploring for petroleum in the Dutch East Indies, Southern Russia, Rumania, Venezuela, Trinidad, Curaçao, Egypt, Canada, the United States, Mexico and the British West Indies.

Already this British-Dutch company is producing more than five million tons of oil annually. Japan is getting a strong foothold in Formosa, China and the Island of Sakhalin. France is meeting with success in Morocco, Algeria, Rumania, Greece and Galicia. Of all the great nations, this country appears to be the one laggard in the world-wide search for petroleum.

Practically all important foreign governments have taken a hand in the matter and are endeavoring to control the situation. Great Britain, for instance, has created a permanent governmental petroleum department. This bureau will act as adviser to the kingdom's nationals, will grant concessions and assist in procuring concessions. Further, British rulings debar foreigners from owning and operating oil wells and forbid outsiders direct participation in the ownership of all oil developments located on British soil.

No British national can even sell oil shares to a citizen of any other country. France and the Netherlands have created similar restrictions, while Japan has withdrawn her oil fields from private ownership. Mexico is attempting to create a state monopoly of oil production and distribution. Her decrees in 1918 apparently constituted the first step in a plan to nationalize oil.

The United States certainly cannot afford to stand while all other nations are engaged in a serious effor insure themselves an unlimited supply of Nature's r valuable resource. In the days to come we shall find the countries controlling oil will dominate commerce. Great Britain, where the problem appears to be recei the most intelligent thought, the public is demandi national petroleum bank patterned somewhat after Deutsche Bank in Germany. This bank would speci in British petroleum securities and in every possible would lend aid to the oil industry of the nation.

In many parts of the world American oil companie wholly excluded from doing business at all. In most c countries our people are discriminated against. He the United States all foreigners are permitted to do ness on equal terms with Americans. We are practi the only country where citizens and foreigners compe an equal footing. When France, Italy and other coun nationalize the purchase of petroleum products, Amer owned plants in those countries will seriously depreci value, or—even worse—they may lose all value e their worth as scrap. While the great oil corporatio other nations are purchasing competing companies American concerns are forbidden to do such a thin our anti-trust laws.

Every American should view this oil problem as his personal business. We shall all have occasion for reg we fail to urge the United States Government to ad continuous, earnest and effective policy of protectin rights of our citizens. When our Government sho fixed intent to do this, our nationals will be encourag go abroad and participate wherever we can in oil dev ments. It seems only fair, as an additional precau that the acquisition, ownership and operation o producing companies should be placed upon some ba international reciprocity. Representations should be to governments that now discriminate against us. O concerns should not be allowed to pass to foreign co American tank steamers should be rendered able to pete on equal terms with foreign-owned tankers. Ame corporations competing with foreign companies shou permitted to pool their interests under governm supervision. We might also profit by legislation that make possible the formation of a world-wide oil ex tion company financed with American capital and g by American brains. Let none of us underestimat important part that oil is to play in the world's indu life in the days that are ahead. If we begin this ne in mistake we will end in ignominy.

America's Population

AT NINE o'clock every weekday morning outside tain consular offices in New York City are long l men, and sometimes women, laughing, joking, hap boys out of school. Ask one of them what all the ment is about, and if he can talk English, which he ably cannot, he will answer that he is going back back to Poland, Serbia, Rumania or any one of a other countries that appear to be starting on a new with changed conditions brought about by the worl

Standing in line at a bank the other day I found behind a foreigner whose appearance plainly indicate his occupation was not far removed from that of a-la I could not help hearing the conversation that took between this man and the clerk at the cashier's wi The man had better than four thousand dollars on c and was talking about the adjustment of his interes to his departure for the old country.

Few people realize the full extent of the damage d the whole world by the influenza epidemic of last In some of the countries where civilization is less adv the mortality was frightful. In India, for instance, t ease caused a havoc to which the Black Death of 1 alone affords a parallel. In all of India it is estimate no less than six million persons perished, the vast m within the space of two months. Similar conditio vailed practically all over the world, and as a conse the nations of the earth need every available man t tablish business on a normal footing.

All this means that the United States must look to a natural growth of its population. Our industr economic plans must be founded on a normal growt within. We must look to our birth rate for relief, and thought must be given to the conservation of life matters of paramount importance are motherhood a welfare of the newborn.

We should all know that more mothers die in chi in the United States than in any other important co that the mortality rate for infants under one year averages 93.8 per 1000 of living births; that the figures show our birth rate is declining; that if no tion were to take place to or from this country a present rates for births and deaths persist, the incr our population would be at the rate of 10 per c decade, as compared with a rate of 21 per cent of i between 1900 and 1910. We must realize as never that the mother is the real hope of the nation.

THE most casual inquiry will satisfy you that Liberty owners are just as enthusiastic over the infrequency of repair and adjustment as they are over Liberty appearance, and the beautiful way it rides and drives.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

THE INTERPRETER'S WIFE

"Your Head Aches," He Said Solicitously. "You Work Too Hard Over Those Little Paintings"

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN Mr. Harry Fairfield, that romantic soul, went up into the Amphitrite's chart room to wind the chronometer he found the mate already there, lolling over his log book. "This French wine is mild in taste, but it has a kick, mister," he said warningly.

Mr. Fairfield answered nothing. After a hard day of teasing locomotives out of the forward hatch he had had a little sauterne already; and now thought fondly of its fine straw color and of the stinging flush concentrated in that tall pale bottle with the fiery impulse at its heart. He meant to go ashore and share another bottle with that pretty restorer of miniatures whom he had got acquainted with at the museum of Monsieur D'Astignac, that far-famed sailor.

There was a woman for you! He had met her later at the Restaurant Centrale and talked with her in her native French. He had known from the beginning that his own ancestors were French. Perhaps some great fortune might be waiting for him here. Had not madame on that first occasion of their meeting given him a look brimful of astonishment, as if she knew the mystery about him at a glance? But then she had lowered her eyes and gone on retouching the miniatures of Monsieur D'Astignac; and Mr. Fairfield had been too bashful to push his plain advantage.

The first meeting at the Centrale had been silent too. He could only glare at the fat French soldier opposite, who kept throwing up plates and catching them on the back of his hand. A democratic place, surely. He had gone there once after that, knowing the lady's place by that little linen case embroidered with violets and containing her napkin and headache powders; and then they had had that shy little conversation together which had kept him thinking ever since.

She was married; so much he knew; and by putting two and two together he had found that she was married to that dandified, waxed, insolent interpreter with whom he had already played a few games of chess at the Café de la Paix. The fellow had the genius of Morphy for that ancient game. Try as he might, Mr. Fairfield could not win.

And yet, when he knew by his process of intuition that the interpreter and madame were in truth one flesh, he cultivated the fellow all the more assiduously; allowed himself to be beaten many times at chess; and ended in a half-drunken, too-confiding moment by giving him a glimpse of that clever listening device of his, which he always carried in his pocket.

This little instrument, which could seek out the tick of infernal machines in a trice, a French colonel had left with him by mistake in a railway coach after fully explaining its use. Mr. Fairfield seemed to see that stern soldier before him now, patting the little instrument with its shining tentacles and saying: "Ah, you have ears, my little bird! You will tell us where these contrivances of the devil are located. You will hear the heart itself tick, if there is treason in it."

The interpreter had turned the device over in his hand indifferently, adjusted it to his ears, listened and then sat back and twisted up the points of his mustache. So maddeningly complacent was he that Mr. Fairfield was half inclined to lend himself to some sort of intrigue with the fellow's wife. She was not happy; so much he had seen. As indeed how should she be? He had a feeling of indignant sympathy for a young and beautiful woman whom that self-centered brute left to her lonely meals night after night; and next a rush of romantic ardor through his veins. So much was comprised in that magnificent woman! Worlds beyond worlds in those blue eyes, those seeking finger tips. How skillfully she used the brush in touching up those tiny portraits! The sallow cheeks of beaux dead a hundred years glowed again at her conjuring.

Mr. Fairfield had hung over her breathless, to think that his own time for action was so tragically short. When he went away he was in that inconsolable mood of a young man who sees a beautiful woman vanish in a throng forever.

Mr. Fairfield's case, though desperate, was not so bad as that. He knew where madame dined. Standing in the middle of the chart room he looked stealthily at the mate with an irritated thought that the man was getting drunk and that he might have to stay on board ship himself. Steam was ordered for four o'clock in the morning, and to-night was therefore his last chance.

Mr. Fairfield made up his mind to slip away before the mate should rivet him there with some maddening request or other. The door to the chart room was open. He took a cautious step and found himself outside as gently as if a gust of wind had floated him there. A soft wind, in fact, blew upon him; already that deadly weariness of mind and body was alleviated; and he made at top speed for the Restaurant Centrale.

When he got there the iron curtain in front of the place was not yet rolled up. Impatient, he strolled on down the Street of the Good Women un came to an open bakery window, he could usually find that black- black-haired widow squirting lad gers into black molds out of a canvas bellows. Sh there to-night. In melancholy vein he reached in his box of cigarettes. She dropped her bellows and drew a cigarette from the box, leaned forward and fire from the point of his own lighted one.

"What a fine companionable spirit these Frenchw exhibit," he thought. But before to-night he ha dared to be so sociable even with this lowly product race. The pale gold spirit in that bottle of sauterne, before supper, spoke imperatively to his bashful spi

"Why are you so sad?" she cried, wreathing he black head in rings of smoke. "You are so big and m money, is it not?"

"If I was as big as all outdoors I would be sad, Harry Fairfield, launching himself boldly on that t at once foreign and strangely familiar. "I am in lov a woman."

At this frankness such an imp looked out of thos that he fled the window; and fearful of being late an ing his seat beside the violets preëmpted he ha toward the restaurant again. The iron curtain w rising. He could see the old woman whisking the the *potage* and the boarders filing past her to their tomed places. For this boarding place followed an lent tradition of having the kitchen on the street a eating place at the rear.

Almost at once madame came, hung up her little hat and sat down beside him with one darting look. she seen him in some other life? Surely, the look timid recognition.

He poured her wine, but the words with which companied the act were lost in the uproar of th family party where everybody was everybody's b A great black loaf with conical ends was coming them. Each boarder hugged it to his heart in turn ing it and letting the knife sink into it at the same t

"Let me amputate for you," said Harry Fairfield Madame nodded, smiled faintly, dropped a headach der into her *potage* and picked it up with her spoon.

Taking the loaf from the fat plate juggler, he c generous slices and passed it on.

"Your head aches," he said solicitously. "You w hard over those little paintings."

"But they are so beautiful," she pleaded.

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What eyes!" thought Harry Fairfield. If they were a rifle close in the head, that was only to accentuate irensity of that patrician soul. He marked the wist- e of the lips, the touching little corrugation of flesh ven the shoulder blades. A perfect skin, gifted with ansparent tint, rose on ivory, which the miniaturist ein his treatment of nude parts.

Tey are like the past come alive again," she breathed, secret glance at him.

Erything is laid on a hair trigger in this country," t the seaman expansively. And what a wine this dux was, to be sure, when slightly warmed to bring it true velvet. The individuals at that whiskery table fled from view; and it appeared to him that he and he were sitting in a cabinet hung all round with red curtains which nothing but the pale ghost of the ne could penetrate.

Ju dream of the past, then?" he whispered. Ma- fingers, which seemed to have tiny brains in the tips ir, toyed with the stem of her wine glass.

Ys," she said presently, "but it is because I live with st. I see all those tarnished suits of armor and I of the living hearts that once beat inside them. They shollow now. But perhaps men were hollow-hearted well."

Idame glanced at the pendant on her breast with a id sweep of her dark lashes. The diamond, stirred sigh, flashed fire and a point of violet light lingered girdle. But not the diamond alone was stirred.

Vy are you so sad?" cried Mr. Fairfield.

I t I am not sad," said madame, and this time she did Ir eyes for a fraction of a second; and they were r ith the sparkling clearness of stars before a storm.

D you think you can deceive me?" he cried in a inate undertone. "No, no, madame! Your heart ery. Look! We shall prove it."

(whipped out of his pocket that listening device, c he had already indiscreetly shown the interpreter, ut it whimsically to his ears.

A, it is not so leaden after all!"

Cnis surprise it seemed to him that he could actually ne flutter of that heart. Perhaps the inventor of this ic had builded better than he knew.

"Monsieur is jesting!" cried the lady, stirred in her turn. Her lips had parted and her breath came quick and hard.

Mr. Fairfield, seeing the arrested look of the fat plate juggler, slipped the little instrument back into his pocket.

Madame's lips just framed the words: "We must be careful what we say here."

The seaman's immediate impression was that they were watched. Perhaps the interpreter had come to fetch his wife. He might even now be lurking at his back. The situation called for haste.

"Listen!" he said rapidly. "I go in the morning. Steam is ordered for four o'clock. Ah, madame, do you dream only of the past?"

"Go at once!" Madame replied softly. "Go—to the Café de la Paix. I will send for you there within the hour."

Deliriously happy, Harry Fairfield rose from the table, called for his bill, paid and departed. The interpreter was nowhere to be seen.

She was to send for him within the hour! There was a ringing in his ears, his temples throbbed. He knew now what it was to be transported by a woman and he felt as if he had drifted out of his detested bashful skin forever. Come what might, he would know how to conduct himself.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he stopped at the window of a little jewelry shop at the corner of the Street of the Four Winds. A little demoiselle was withdrawing cases of diamonds one by one from the glass shelves; and with each withdrawing she lifted her eyes and dropped them. Her cheeks glowed pink as coral; a wayward flame reared itself there; but the eyes were solemn as a baby's. He was tempted to get out his instrument again. Where had he seen her before? Ah, he remembered! In the great cathedral, dabbling her fingers in the big shell-shaped basin at the door containing holy water. Surely those rich chimes were still beating on his ear, a measured stroke, a tumbling melody. Or was it still the flighty beating of madame's heart?

He sauntered on and turned into the Café de la Paix, a smoky golden grotto, all full of blue glints and flashing pyramids of glassware. It was lined with red-plush divans and in front of these stood slopped tables, and on the marble tops of these, blue siphon bottles. Horizon blue and khaki intermingled in brotherly profusion.

And there, but to one side and with a glass of his sticky Malaga before him, sat the interpreter. Those narrow, polished, ratlike eyes fastened on him at once and he had an uncomfortable sense that it was, in fact, the interpreter who had been watching him after all, though he seemed to have been sitting here for hours with one of the great Paris weeklies in his hand.

As usual he suggested chess; and Fairfield, having an hour to pass before his meeting with the fellow's wife, sat down with him at one of the little iron-legged tables.

"It is a great game," said the interpreter, setting up his men, "because it is like life itself. When I am beaten at it, I feel like a whipped cur, as if the other fellow were intellectually my superior."

"I am not such a devotee," retorted Fairfield. "It is partly a matter of practice, I suppose."

"Yes, certainly that; or plotting—plotting and disposing your forces."

"You are equal to that," thought Fairfield.

"If, for example," continued the interpreter, "you see a pawn likely to raise the devil in the next six or seven moves, the best thing to do with that pawn is to remove it from the board. Do you not agree?"

"I could hardly do otherwise," said Fairfield. To himself he thought: "I shall be stuck in the ribs yet. The fellow suspects something; that is sure."

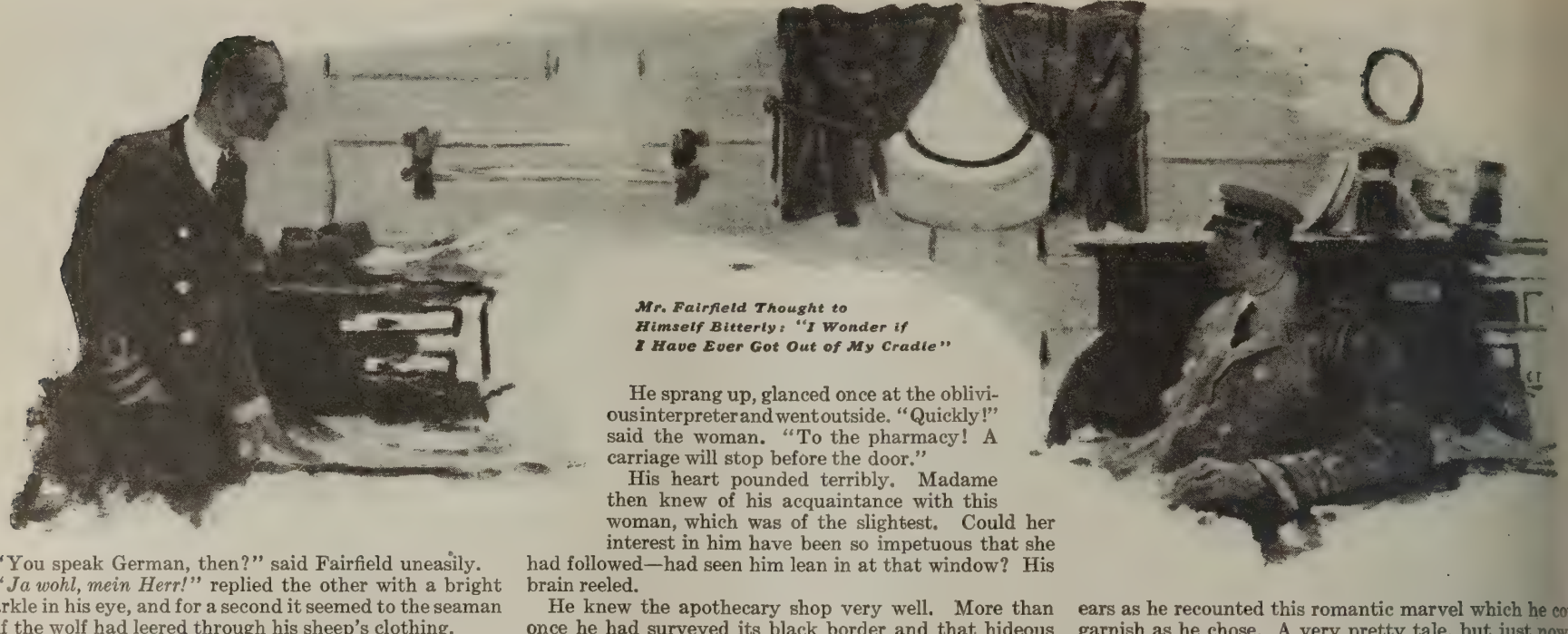
After a clever move or two, made by shoving the piece onto another square with the stem of his tiny little pipe, his highly polished nails glinting in the light that streamed out of the stove front, the interpreter said: "By the way, what have you heard lately with that little listening device of yours? It is too clever, that."

"Too clever for the boche," returned Fairfield shortly. "But I have heard nothing."

To himself he said: "If he knew what I have just heard he might shed that supercilious smile."

"Still there must be all sorts of deviltry abroad here," pursued the interpreter. "You ought to have something which could hear the beat of a traitorous heart, in my opinion. I was interpreting to-day between a French military court and a German spy. The developments were highly interesting. Do you know, for example, that there is now enough high explosive got together under the sheds at Number Ten to shake this town down about our ears?"

"You Shall See, Monsieur." She Drew Aside the Drapery Whose Red Fringe She Had Held Twisted in Her Fingers



Mr. Fairfield Thought to Himself Bitterly: "I Wonder if I Have Ever Got Out of My Cradle"

"You speak German, then?" said Fairfield uneasily.

"*Ja wohl, mein Herr!*" replied the other with a bright sparkle in his eye, and for a second it seemed to the seaman as if the wolf had leered through his sheep's clothing.

They played and pondered silently for several moves; but the interpreter could not long be silent.

"If I understand you rightly, these infernal machines are regulated to go off within a month or two; as soon as the wire which holds the mechanism at a stretch is eaten in two by the drop of acid on it—drop by drop."

"Exactly," grumbled Fairfield, but he began to think he had better leave this sort of questioner with all speed. What a devil's playground this Europe was, to be sure; an affair of masks, masked words, masked hearts. Who was this man to whom he had partly revealed a secret? When a former prime minister was in the dock for treason, what trust could be put in the interpreter for a military court?

"The drop of this acid," continued madame's inquisitive husband with maddening persistence, "is regulated, is it not, by a clock mechanism, such that the drop falls on the wire at regular intervals?"

He tapped regularly and fatefully with his nails.

"I believe that is the idea," replied Fairfield sulkily.

"And as soon as the wire is eaten off, the spring which it holds out snaps back, a steel head enters some kind of fulminating capsule and the bomb explodes—say a month or two after it is laid?"

"You seem to know more about it than I do myself," said Harry Fairfield with a defiant glare. "I am not so sure that your knowledge is not a trifle too practical."

"I am a very practical man, that is true," said the interpreter, showing his teeth. "Yes, you will always find me that. I am interested in details. Checkmate! Your game grows worse instead of better. You should have moved the queen's bishop."

Furiously angry, Fairfield rose.

"That will do for now," he said. The interpreter bowed and picked up again his discarded weekly and called for another glass of Malaga.

"This man is the devil," thought Fairfield.

He was haunted by a notion that he had some duty or other to perform, but what it was he could not recall; nor yet what made the extreme urgency of it.

"I must be getting a little drunk," he reflected, and ordered a bottle of Medoc to sober up on. It came up in a cobwebbed bottle with a fine smell of must about it and an old handwritten label on it no longer decipherable. But the fine dry taste of it could not banish from his mind the more sumptuous straw color of the pale sauterne—that Lady Rowena among wines to look at it, and yet with such a capacity for lingering deviltry too.

He had got as far away from the interpreter as he could; and the fellow, with his well-designed red cap slanted forward over his brows, appeared to have forgotten him and to have become reabsorbed in his *feuilleton*. Why was it that each line of that slim body was so detestable to him? And what was this something that he ought to do; a something that pressed against the back wall of his mind with all but force enough to burst it in? Hopeless; he could not remember.

The Medoc had sobered him; he was sure of that. Things now appeared in a clearer and more contained light. He distinguished anew the soldiers from the siphons; it was plain that the siphons were a darker blue; and fizzed with a slightly different accent. But still that rain of chimes persisted in his ear. He cursed himself. He had been on the brink of getting drunk, and the hour of his appointment all but at hand.

Indeed, was it not actually at hand? He had just seen staring in upon him that strongly made widow who had accepted his cigarette a little earlier in the evening. Finding that she had his eye, she drew down the lid of her own.

He sprang up, glanced once at the oblivious interpreter and went outside. "Quickly!" said the woman. "To the pharmacy! A carriage will stop before the door."

His heart pounded terribly. Madame then knew of his acquaintance with this woman, which was of the slightest. Could her interest in him have been so impetuous that she had followed—had seen him lean in at that window? His brain reeled.

He knew the apothecary shop very well. More than once he had surveyed its black border and that hideous gargoyle, or shop symbol, fixed over the door—a sort of Egyptian mummy with cracked lip and cavernous stare, holding a mortar and pestle. And now, when he came to it, he went in without hesitation.

The walls of the shop were adorned with black pilasters painted in delicate gilt stripes. The gilt letters on the somber bottles blazed like stars. A clerk was patiently tapping something in the bottom of a mortar with a tiny pestle and a girl sat knitting in the cashier's pulpit. Her hair burned blue-black against a perfect cheek; her eyes, fixed on him for the tiniest fraction of a second, were full of various expression.

"Good Lord, what women!" he reflected. He breathed deep. The air of the shop was penetrated by an inveterate must intermingling with the faintest and rarest of perfumes, suggesting at once the twin traditions of age and elegance on which this country plumes itself.

"Monsieur desires?" said the girl calmly, without looking up again. No clash of soda-fountain cymbals here. The sale of drugs was taken at its right valuation as a serious profession. "Monsieur desires?"

Ah, what did he desire? Something surely. But whether something to be purchased or if so whether to be purchased in this shop was what he could not for his life determine. Perplexed, he tilted up his head. And there above the bottles he saw leering down upon him a row of dusty heads carved out of mahogany or teak. Perhaps these heads, like the head of that Arabian physician which the Caliph had severed from the body, might still have a power of counsel.

"Socrates, what would you take if you were me?" he inquired huskily.

But just then the roll of wheels was heard outside the shop. Mr. Fairfield turned and inspected this conveyance. It was a *voiture* of a sort with which his rambles about town had long familiarized him—a hack, in short, with gross muddy wheels, a fat underbody and closed doors. The panels of these doors were quite solid save for small fleurs-de-lis which had been punched through them, one on either side.

"It must be as black as a hat in there," he reflected. The hack was drawn by a played-out white nag with yawning haunches and driven by a bushy fellow with his tongue in his cheek.

"Can it be that this is madame's carriage?" he asked himself. In his bashfulness he shrank from opening the door. If it was the wrong lady he might get himself into an infernal mess. For the matter of that, if it was the right lady he might find himself in an equally tight place. To what extent was the interpreter to be informed of the night's doings, for example; and next, how would he interpret them? And what was to guarantee Mr. Fairfield that the fellow was not as clever with swords or pistols as he was with chessmen? For, now that the seaman came to think of it, the interpreter had a nasty look of reserve accomplishments about him.

The unclouded light of reason had often before now forced his romantic impulses to take cover; and he might have stood there a long while on one foot between the devil and the deep sea; or to be more precise, between madame and the Amphitrite, had not the difficulty solved itself by the door's swinging open of itself.

"If monsieur will condescend?"

Ah, so it was madame! In a twinkling he had seated himself by her side. The driver clapped the door to and at once without orders put his horse in motion.

"This is fine business," thought the second mate of the Amphitrite. He pictured his comrades on shipboard all ears as he recounted this romantic marvel which he coul garnish as he chose. A very pretty tale, but just now was at a total loss for words. His nostrils were again fille with that agreeable mingling of must and perfume, th time accompanied by a fairly strong infusion of horse. was as dark here to the full as he had anticipated. reached out a hand to assure himself that madame w actually beside him. By accident he touched one of tho deft white fingers.

"Where are you taking me?" he murmured.

"Ah, you would give the world to know, monsieur?"

"Yes, the world and all."

"But you forget. Have you not your little instrume for spying out what is in the heart?"

"To be sure!"

He drew it playfully from his pocket and held it again her under cover of that enchanted darkness. Was t sound that he heard more than the pounding of blo in his own ears? Steam was already making on t Amphitrite; and he must be getting the after lines off t bollards before dawn. The siege must be broken off f ever. Well, but is it not the siege itself that enthralls, a not capitulation? For then how often the conqueror s amidst the smoking ruins wondering if it will be worth while to rebuild.

He listened. Ah, if he could only listen there forev sinking as through a dream of forgetfulness into the forg fulness of death itself!

But suddenly he was disturbed by the sound of som thing beating regularly and sharply. Certainly this w not the action of the human heart! There was a h metallic ring in it. No doubt the horse overreaching a bringing his irons smartly up against his hind hoofs.

"What do you hear, monsieur? You are very attenti to be sure."

"The trump of doom," whispered Mr. Fairfield, thi ing privately that he was doing very well to-night. carried out of himself was he that he failed to notice t their *voiture* was at a stand.

"Quickly!" cried madame, opening the door.

They were at the gates of the museum of Monsi D'Astignac, where he had first glimpsed madame am her tiny paintings. On either hand rows of tall, p narrow-shouldered houses adorned with zinc window led and mosaics of water lilies and the like; and spiri touches of blue on the iron balconies. Not a week ago had seen these balconies thronged with dark, wild, wis faces turned seaward down the little street where a gr file of soldiers was marching past. Now iron curtains w drawn over the windows at the street level. Perfora iron sheets were fitted to the cellar windows. Fortres all, as if the inhabitants thought that medieval times mi come again over that Europe whose very name of Er given her by ancient Arabians, was darkness. The p losophy of such inhabitants must embrace all possibilit Had not the people of this very city been besieged starved out by a benevolent cardinal not so many c turies ago?

The misery of a whole people is not forgotten i moment. Mistrust was then the essence of the situati mistrust was still so.

"Monsieur is following?" uttered madame over shoulder. In her black hat with the stone-green ribl wreathed about it she was surely the most charming be in the world. Monsieur was following.

The side door to the museum was set deep in its wa As is usual with such doors, it had no knob; only a keyh and an ornamental brass bar in the middle of the d Madame produced a key and they stole into the muse together.

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(Continued from Page 46)

he odor of must was stronger here than
v. The collection was very old and the
rcles exhibited were of every kind. Mon-
ier D'Astignac had been certainly a man
f osmopolitan tastes. He had had a weak-
ne for tapestries, and rugs in which the
e dyes were conspicuous; but he had
en equally successful in his search for
ocelains and ivories. In one room were
naered together specimens of ancient
r or. Coins were displayed in cases
gnst a velvet ground. And in still larger
as were ranged his miniatures, those
eis of long-buried beauties glowing
h e with touches of finest art. It was
e ited the second finest collection of min-
ires in Europe. Here could be seen at a
lace how the art had had its beginning
n the illumination of ancient manu-
cpts; then had detached itself and ap-
ed on slips of vellum; next in opaque
ors on copper in the Dutch style, and
rlly on ivory and in the delicate trans-
ent coloring which marks the modern
lse of the art.

Madame switched on a light.

D'Astignac was a great traveler," was
f Fairfield's comment, "if he brought
ne all this junk."

Yes, these are the things he found in his
rels," sighed madame. "All these curi-
u pretty things. *Très joli*, is it not?"

he transfixed the young man with a
rning glance and whispered passion-
ty: "But he did not find peace."

He could not? He was tormented by
ne regret?" stammered Mr. Fairfield,
o could not but feel the force of this
lace.

Yes," said madame faintly.

Ir. Fairfield wondered by what lucky
hnce he had floated into this delectable
rliament. After a wait of a quarter of a
etury too, during which time nothing of
ce had taken place. He felt now that
einy was only a glorious scroll being un-
oed before him by an unseen hand. No,
unseen; by these very firm white fin-
s which he had seen so cunningly at
vk here in their workshop.

What was his regret?"

He had the heart of a woman for a
ncy," said madame. For the first time
e eye met his and did not turn away.
Parician though she was, he could have
rn that the same imp looked out there
ht he had seen in the eye of that strong-
alted widow.

Lead me away from the wild women,"
vispered the humorist resident in his mar-
o, that canny inner man.

Of a woman?" uttered Fairfield, the
uantic, drawing closer. "Yes, I had
erd something of that. He deserted her, I
eeve."

He chose the sea for his mistress," said
nlame sadly, "though he swore to her
ht it was for one voyage only. One little
vage, monsieur. Look! Here is the
amer with which he struck the first blow
the keel of his new ship."

He built her himself?" queried Fair-
id, his eye glistening. "You can't wonder
f e wanted to try her out."

One does not trifle so with women's
rts," returned madame. "That proud
v nan would not wait."

She married someone else?" said Harry
Fairfield in a voice of awe.

Oui, monsieur. Ah, those proud souls,
vat were they trifling with? Monsieur
Dstignac married also. That first love
lil many years before him. It was her
v, that her body be burned to ashes and
lown to the four winds, but that her
art be pressed into a little box that mon-
ir had sent her; a little curio; yes, the
art still warm to be taken from the body
al crushed there within that little casket
f ivory and sent here to monsieur again."

Say, I fall for this stuff hard!" cried
Fairfield, forgetting his French in the rap-
te of the moment. Recovering, he said
rre bashfully:

Monsieur D'Astignac knew, of course,
wat was inside?"

How could such a heart be silent? It
spke to him, yes, monsieur. That weary
art could never rest."

Fairfield moved uneasily. Could he not
hr this heart beating even now? He lifted
hi eyes. Madame's bright ones were shin-
r as if hot tears were in them.

You shall see, monsieur."

She drew aside the drapery whose red
inge she had held twisted in her fingers.
Here in an alcove behind slender bars and
p a crimson cushion lay in truth a yel-
lo ed ivory box, a little sarcophagus, the
lid upheld by the most delicate of pot-bellied little Cupids.

Mr. Fairfield stared with all his eyes.

"A heart? A woman's heart is there?"

"A heart of love—taken warm from the body, monsieur."

"What a woman!" muttered Fairfield. "They would eat this up in the States."

Madame drew breath sharply.

"You do not ask to see her picture," she said faintly.

"Of course," he cried, "there must be a miniature of her!"

Madame uncurled her fingers and in the palm of her hand lay the miniature. The tiny painting, done on an oval of ivory, looked as fresh as if painted yesterday. Fairfield bent toward it.

"It is you—your very self!" he gasped.

"It was painted a hundred years ago."

"Then she is your own ancestor at least. How could you be anything but beautiful? But let us see this strange fellow, the founder of the museum. There must be some sort of painting of him here."

"If monsieur will lift his head ——"

Mr. Fairfield, with a curious premonition, followed the direction of her glance. His jaw dropped. His eye was single and so he felt that his body must be full of light. For his own face looked out of that canvas.

"Jiminy frost cakes!" he whispered. "Well, I always knew it."

"Can it be true," cried madame, "that passion never dies? Do you think the love in that withered heart may not be living, struggling still?"

"Ah, poor ghost!" said the seaman.

"Oh, not a ghost; but warm, but living!" breathed madame. She drooped toward him. Mr. Fairfield crushed her to him with a heavy beating of the heart.

"What a sell this is for the interpreter!" spoke the unimpassioned humorist in his ear.

Mr. Fairfield murmured to madame: "Then it was for this you brought me here?"

"But you were going in the morning," whispered madame, letting her head fall back on her shoulders. "You will not desert me for a ship a second time, beloved?"

"Never!" asseverated the romantic. A splendid vision of love in a château was present to him.

"The Amphitrite will have steam up by four o'clock," ventured the resident humorist.

A harsh laugh from the shadows of the outer hall cut short the train of his reflection.

Madame sprang out of his arms with a great gasp and shrank back against the wall. The interpreter came forward, smirking.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "My respects, madame. I observe that the American is, in fact, trying his device for listening at the door of human hearts as I suggested to him. Do you hear it tick so fast there, monsieur? Does it not beat there like a little silver hammer in that breast?"

And in fact was not something of that nature beating in his ear?

Mr. Fairfield braced himself for action.

"Monsieur the interpreter," he said sternly, "you have seen what you have seen. Will you suggest weapons?"

He looked about him for weapons; but nothing there seemed quite suited to their needs. Two ancient cannon, like scaly lizards, lay under the coin case; a single rusted sword hung against a tapestry; and two old bell-mouthed blunderbusses lay in a dueling case of mothy silk.

"There are a couple of arbalests in the other room," said the interpreter cheerfully. "Are you in practice? But since one of us must be got out of the way, what do you say to settling the business with a game of chess? Here is a phial of a vehement poison. We will set it here. There is our board, there are our men. The loser shall drink the poison."

In fact the table from which he had just lifted Monsieur D'Astignac's sledge was a chessboard laid out in exquisite squares of ebony and ivory with a margin of Chinese mandarins. The chessmen were lying tumbled about on the window ledge, as if swept there recently.

"Of chess?" repeated Mr. Fairfield.

"The door is open behind you," whispered the humorist in his ear. "What do you say to beating it at once?"

In fact the suggestion of the interpreter was devilish unfair, considering the ease with which the fellow had beaten him consistently in what few games they had played out at the Café de la Paix. He looked darkly at the little bottle of poison. Still it must be confessed that it was the other man's wife who was in question, and so the other man should logically have the choice of weapons. The interpreter was already setting up his men composedly. Mr. Fairfield followed suit.

"The king's gambit," said the interpreter, moving out a pawn.

Harry Fairfield moved in turn, but with a sinking of the stomach. What had he done in the hot flush of the romantic moment? There was something absurd in such a termination to a tense affair. How could he ponder, chin in hand, when the question was of life or death?

"This is a contemptible trick," whispered the humorist. "Do you think he will drink the poison himself if he loses?"

Mr. Fairfield dared not look at madame, though he felt that she was close. Was their love to be defeated after all, after flaming for a hundred years, through all these generations? Her head was not a foot from his own. What desperate luck for both of them! His mind refused to fix itself upon the game. Within ten moves the strength of his opponent's play had sufficiently developed so that the end could be predicted. With a rising horror he saw that he could not prevail.

"You were a fool to sit down here at all," observed the humorist.

He could almost hear—indeed, could he not actually hear the ticking of these fateful moments past his ear? Or was it the heart of madame, who—as his situation grew more perilous—sank lower and lower toward the board, her face, as he fancied, full of fearful interest? But still he dared not look.

Life had never seemed so distinct; nor had he ever before viewed so cleverly all round its ironic alternatives. He felt that there was a heavy meaning in that defeated heart still so eloquent in its casket.

"You had better let history repeat itself and beat it for the ship," insisted the humorist. "You are in wrong here."

Mr. Fairfield glanced up and saw close at hand the leering face of the interpreter. The very foundation of that face was treachery. Was it to be thought that he would drink the poison himself if he lost?

The interpreter made an unexpected move and called: "Checkmate!" in a voice of steel.

Fairfield sprang up in a rage without waiting to verify the move. A double meaning had sounded in those words. Some demon of mistrust leered over the threshold of his brain and sent an uncanny shiver down his spine.

"I invite your attention to the hemlock," said the interpreter, smiling sarcastically.

Fairfield felt his clutch slip on this desperate affair.

"He shall never accuse me of cowardice," he thought, and reached for the poison. Madame dashed the bottle out of his hand impetuously.

"Go!" she cried. "Go at once, monsieur!"

"Ah," said the interpreter calmly, "so he has caught your fancy after all! You were bound to be burnt if you played long enough with fire."

Madame's face was deadly pale. Fairfield drew a staggering breath.

"Oh, yes," continued the interpreter, closing his eyes. "She can sing a sweet song of love, can she not? I know it well. With that little silver hammer in her breast beating, beating on a man's brain like a bell."

Fairfield heard it plainly.

"And what a clever thing she is," the interpreter went on jealously. "Would anyone else have thought of using art for the purposes of intrigue? But you see what love is. She has painted out the face of Monsieur D'Astignac and put yours in its place to give color to that romantic tale of hers.

"Yes, she went back a hundred years to make certain of you, my friend."

Fairfield looked at the picture again and it seemed to him that there were in fact fresh gleams on it. He reached up and drew his fingers across the canvas and stared at his finger ends. They were smeared with pigment, for the high lights had been knifed on. The picture had been painted within two days.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"Now what would you suppose?" said the interpreter. His face seemed more deadly than ever, his thin lips more brilliantly incarnadined, his nails more sparkling, his teeth more milky white.

"Did you think you were such a devil with them?" he called aloud in his thin voice. "Do you usually find women so compliant? Bah! You were blind. You were the one man who might have saved the day for them, and you let yourself be shorn of your strength by that Delilah."

"Madame, madame, say it is not true!" cried Fairfield in trembling tones.

But madame, pale as a phantom, said nothing.

"Fool that you are!" lisped the interpreter. "Since she will not tell you, I will. The train is laid to the explosive at Number Ten. It will detonate sometime tonight. And you, with your accursed little device, might have listened and might have detected the mechanism before the acid had eaten away the wire. And so it was necessary to employ your mind. Before midnight there will be not so much as a shred of a ship left in the basin."

"Do you say it is too late?" Fairfield whispered hoarsely. "What if it were got at and destroyed now? It is timed to the instant, is it not?"

"Ah, you are thinking the little device may help you still," said the interpreter. "Well, let us see if madame is as clever with her fingers as her tongue."

Fairfield thrust his hand into his pocket. The device was gone.

"Filched!" he cried in a horror-stricken voice. He looked at madame, but her face was turned away from him.

"Yes, filched," said the interpreter.

Fairfield stood struck to stone, sweat rolling down his spine. Men who are not made for folly pay dear for it. He was to pay for his infatuation with the lives of all his comrades on the Amphitrite. Involuntarily he glanced at the ivory casket again. Was it, then, nothing more than a clever stage property? In his bitterness he could have laughed aloud; but now that something that he had taken for the beating of madame's excited heart smote on his ear more loudly. A rhythmic utterance, and coming—unless his ears deceived him—from that box of ivory on its crimson cushion. Could it be—could that cleverly constructed tale have been told of *the very object in which the infernal machine had been concealed?*

He had no sooner put himself the question than he was certain of the answer.

"Ah!" he whispered. "You are so clever, are you? But let me tell you that I hear without the aid of any device. It is there—there!"

He approached the little casket like an ape, his knees bent, his arms swinging, his mouth wide open. The interpreter, his eyes full of ghastliest fear, attended him; but it was madame alone who barred his way, crying in a swooning voice: "No! No!" He seized her round arms in an invincible grip, only to hear her cry: "Monsieur! Monsieur," so piteously that he stared; and, staring, found that he was in darkness; in all but utter darkness, shaken this way and that, and assailed—could he believe his senses—by a distinct and soul-gratifying odor of horse.

He had never got out of the hack!

The hideous drama in which he had played so awful a part had been a dream; and he was holding in his arms the frightened person of madame, who cried soothingly: "Monsieur, you are hurting me. Are you awake?"

"Awake?" cried Fairfield. "If you knew what I have dreamt! It is a fact, I must have fallen asleep. I have been working hard all day. Forgive me."

For one horrifying instant he had thought that she herself had been only a dream figure; for in the darkness of the cab he could not too easily make out her figure lying back on the gray cushions. And so, vividly conscious as he was of the rare perfume of her presence, of the rich low music of her voice, he was first of all grateful—profoundly grateful—for the mere fact of her.

It was one thing if he might treasure this night's work as an experience, and a horse of another color if he had been forced to tell it as a dream.

He hugged himself to see that, where a moment ago he had been on the point of losing her altogether, he now had still these facts to build on: That he held the living woman in his arms, that she submitted, that she had not betrayed him after all and that the interpreter was not at hand. (Concluded on Page 177)

MATTERS OF OPINION

The Case of the Trolleys

WITHIN twenty-five years or so adventuring private capital put four or five billion dollars into more than a thousand companies that built and operated nearly fifty thousand miles of track, with power houses and equipment, thereby furnishing a new, swift, cheap, clean mode of transportation to a considerable part of the population of the country. A rather small number of security jugglers made great profits out of the development. The big body of investors got five to eight per cent.

Several years ago automobiles and good public highways set up a very formidable competition to the trolleys in various parts of the country. That competition on the whole has pretty steadily increased with the improvement of the gasoline motor and of the highways. Four years ago rising costs of operation, due to higher wages and higher prices, began making havoc in trolley finances; and that has continued with steadily increasing intensity to this day.

A great many miles of trolley track, East, West and in between, for which investors paid good money, have been abandoned. The motorist in Massachusetts or California reads the familiar road direction, "Turn left and follow trolley," where there is no longer any trolley to follow or the remains of one can be found only by looking under the grass and dust. In many places fares have been raised. Straight ten cents is now the rule in Massachusetts, for example, but generally the first effect of a sharp increase in fare is to reduce travel; and with recent wage increases there are companies that not even a ten-cent fare will save. On the other hand, there are companies so situated and so managed that they have been able to keep going very well on the old five-cent fare—by making less frequent stops and using various other devices. Meanwhile many companies, with heavy investment, have gone into bankruptcy, and many more are headed in that direction.

As the case stands many hundreds of millions have been written off the trolley investment, many hundreds of millions more are in a dubious state, and the whole trolley situation is very much up in the air. How much to increase fares, whether to charge for transfers, whether the zone-fare system should be generally adopted, skip-stops, what to do about the growing motor competition, how to get a stable relationship with labor—are among the questions that trolley experts are debating in seeking a sound basis for the much disturbed industry.

For one thing, no doubt there was overbuilding. Many trolley lines were built that could not justify themselves, especially in the face of motor competition that developed later.

One thing is clear, however—private enterprise and adventuring private capital built an enormous system of cheap, swift transportation whose great value as a national asset is beyond question, and as the case stands there has been a very heavy loss of capital. A lot of people in politics and journalism treat the element of risk in capitalistic enterprise very lightly and make no allowance for it. In fact, it is full of risk, as the present state of the world, otherwise than with respect to trolleys, illustrates.

The Distributing End

SOME time ago the Tariff Commission made an investigation of the price of cloth in the United States. It found that in typical cases the price of the cloth increased about ninety-eight per cent from the time it left the manufacturer's hands until it reached the consumer's hands; in other words, the consumer paid about double the price received by the manufacturer or producer. More recently the Federal Trade Commission found that the price of shoes increased about eighty per cent from the time they left the manufacturer's hands until they reached the consumer's hands. Other investigations as to other staple articles—milk and various food products, for example—have shown much the same situation, the consumer paying seventy-five to a hundred per cent more than the producer received.

Only a part of this spread is chargeable to the cost of transportation, and in haphazard discussion most of it is charged up to the profits of middlemen—jobbers and retailers. But, in fact, a great part of it is chargeable to the costs of an ill-organized, haphazard distributive system. It is noteworthy that numberless attempts have been made in the United States to reduce this excessive price spread between producer and consumer by coöperative merchandising enterprises, but most of them have failed because finally the coöperative concern could not compete with the noncoöperative. The failure, as a rule, of coöperative enterprises in this field shows that the price spread between producer and consumer is not due simply to profiteering or gouging on the part of middlemen. If it were due simply to that any concern that eschewed gouging could easily and steadily undersell its noncoöperative competitors. It is due in fact to causes much deeper seated.

Usually all our price discussions and high-cost-of-living agitations turn against big business and seek a remedy by attacking an oil trust, a beef trust, a steel trust, and so on. But big business operates mainly in the producing end, as manufacturer; and it is in the less organized, less coördinated distributing end that a great part of the total price burden actually rises. For one thing, certainly, we do not want less organization and less coördination than we now have. We want more; but politics still inclines to lean pretty heavily on its old remedy of repressing organization. Its chief economic implement is just the policeman's club. There might have been a government agency devoted only to constructive criticism of business. Intelligent constructive analysis of the distributing end of business with a view to better organization and avoiding wastes would be one of the most useful attacks on high cost of living.

What is Needed

IT WOULD help tremendously just now if everybody with a general theory on any subject would retire to the back of the hall, sit down and keep still. The business of this present meeting is not to discuss theories. Half the town has been swept by fire and the other half is in considerable confusion. What the meeting needs is definite, concrete, practical ideas as to how various definite, concrete things are to be done.

If anybody knows where there are a dozen camping tents for the houseless or exactly what machinery is necessary to start up the gas plant and where it is to be found, let him stand up and speak. If he wants to discuss the general subject of indoor versus outdoor sleeping or whether the rebuilt gas plant should follow the classic or the colonial style of architecture, let him wait for a more propitious moment.

Theory always has the illimitable reaches of space to roam round in. It mainly belongs there, where it gets in nobody's way and where no collision with ponderable objects can damage either the theory or the object.

Trying to Hegelize a boiler factory is bad for both Hegel and the boilers. The world has been stuffed to the neck with theories, which is partly what ails it. The immediate doing of practical, concrete things—homely things like finding a bolt that will fit the broken reaper and patching the rat-eaten bushel measure—is all it has time or patience or need to hear about now. Men who know something about that and can do something about it move up in front.

The Cost of a Strike

THE country could finally beat a railroad strike. The railroads are in the hands of the Government under an Administration that has given indubitable proof of its desire to be not only very fair but very liberal to labor. A railroad strike would be a strike against the Government and in the minds of millions of plain men would raise a plain issue of who was running the country.

A railroad strike could be beaten as decisively as Germany was beaten. But the world will be counting the cost of beating Germany for many years. The cost of beating a general railroad strike would be terrific. The material cost would fall on every business and every household in the land. The spiritual cost in anger and bitterness would long outlast the material costs. The nation earnestly wants peace, not war. Only Prussian folly can force war upon it.

Labor leaders, if they have the interests of their followers at heart, should be the first to urge a system of fair, binding mediation so as to remove the threat of war as far as possible. The present situation, like the international situation in Europe before 1914, constantly points to war. They ought to know that if war does finally come it will be the aggressors who will finally lose.

The Harness

SHIPBUILDING has long been a leading British industry, in which Great Britain easily led the world. Due in part to rising costs, coal shortage and interruptions to production over there we are now in the lead. Lloyd George told the House of Commons the other day that "In America wages are higher than here, hours of labor no longer, and the labor cost in proportion to the articles produced is less."

About the same time a leading figure in the British shipping field was giving his stockholders a rather dark view of the situation and adding: "If trade and commerce had been released from control at the beginning of the year we should no doubt have had some serious difficulties for a time, but I believe that by this date we should alread have got over the worst."

Shortly before the beginning of the year, as it happene President Wilson told Congress: "The moment we kne the armistice was signed we took the harness off. . . . is surprising how fast the process of return to a peace foo ing has moved. . . . Our people do not wait to be coache and led. . . . Any leading strings we might seek to p on them would speedily become hopelessly tangled."

Congress is just now busy arranging to put the gover ment harness back on. The House of Representatives, panicky response to cost-of-living agitation, proposes elaborate system of government control. That means, practical effect, putting a more or less arbitrary power interference into the hands of a swarm of subordinate go ernment employees—honest and well-meaning men almo without exception, but having not much knowledge of t particular business that they are made a guardian of. means injecting a bureaucratic element in business.

Business men object to it, just as anybody would obje to doing business with a policeman sitting on the corner his desk who could hold up any particular transaction un it was explained to him and he was convinced that it w proper. British business men are pretty nearly unanimo in the opinion that keeping the harness on means mere staving off the real solution of the problem, which mea while tends to grow worse rather than better.

Unsettling

THERE is little coal in Italy, but cables mention an or of gambling in Rome. Necessaries of life are painfu scarce in Germany; a large part of the population undernourished; but correspondents say the celebrat night life of Berlin is flourishing more vigorously th before the war, with prodigal spending in all the highe price places of nocturnal resort, and the baccarat cl crowded.

That is, of course, a natural result of insecurity; and milder forms, corresponding to a milder degree of in curity, it is found over the United States. Tell a hund men convincingly that they are going to lose their mon and one of them—of an excessively conservative turn mind—may begin hunting round for a place in the cel to bury it, in the faint hope that it will not be unearth but the ninety-nine others will begin blowing it in.

A long list of what were hitherto considered sound inv ment issues, especially in the railroad and public-uti lines, shows a heavy depreciation, though there is a liv demand for more speculative issues. Uncertainty, security, unsettlement of established values—natur breed speculation. Reckless expenditure and bacca are logical products of an unsettled, hazardous st Restless and reckless labor makes restless and reck capital. The agitation and industrial disturbance in United States undoubtedly have their adverse react upon saving and prudent investing. If it were can far all the war gains in the way of thrift would undoubte be lost. Instead of twenty million bond buyers we sho have twenty million gamblers in fly-by-night oil stock mere spenders. This country is less unsettled than other, but unsettled enough.

Red Cross Needs

THERE is no demobilization in sight for the Ameri Red Cross. Americans are fairly familiar in out with its war record. Every American ought to be pr of it. Money alone, no matter in what prodigal quant could not have produced the war services of the Red Cr Money alone was the smaller factor. A great quantit individual human intelligence and enthusiasm was ne sary. The armistice put no period to some of the w which the world had come to expect from this concern for which it was the best available agency. It had organization and experience to do many things that needed doing and that nobody else could do so well.

Of course there will always be an American Red Cr Its morale ought always to be a wartime morale. Who is looking for a moral equivalent for war—that is, fo opportunity for unselfish, whole-hearted devotion t high cause—need not be discouraged because the slaug is over with. He can enlist in the Red Cross' blood fight to alleviate human suffering. There may be a siderable number of demobilized and unsettled young who are more or less definitely looking for an opportu which the Red Cross can now offer them, for the organ tion's chief need just now is men.

As one of its national officers puts it: "The pr difficulty which we face is the one which the country the world faces: It is to find men of the right experi and character to do the work."

DEMNITION BOWWOWS

(Continued from Page 9)

outheir own advantage. And I have seen enough of British and American armies in action to know that men can put up a olden front if they are so inclined, even though a cootie army has invaded them.

uring the great typhus epidemic in ia it was my privilege, as a member of hunit under the direction of Dr. Richard . trong, of Harvard University, to help isect the Serbian Army and population, n I thought then that in the matter of a and wretchedness and apparent indifrence to dirt and disease the Serbs were in hiselves the utmost horrible example. it I have to remember now a certain stalwat strength about them and an upright-e and dignity even in the midst of their eghtedness which as an unmistakable xression of their basic character made it re difficult for one to estimate justly their cial worth. I suffered vast contrasts of rtion on their account. One day after ring up to my eyes in their unspeakable o litions of life I wanted to rid the earth f hem as a menace and encumbrance; the e; day having looked upon a few proudly pfted though doubtless lousy heads and nessing a few wholly un-self-conscious n unquestionably involuntary heroisms ould enthrone them in my imagination seing among the best human material h humanity has to base its hopes upon.

wrote something about how difficult it to get at the truth with regard to them n recommended a philanthropic program f ontinuing and constructive assistance nhe part of the much-appealed-to Amerc people which should have for its object hr eventual uplift on a solid foundation f stablished and indestructible instituids. But my effort got me very much disld by the Serbian relief organizations, and h nearly took my head off for crossfiring hr line of attack. What they wanted was ney, and they avoided anything in the aire of a critical analysis of the situaic as they would have avoided the disease hch at that time was decimating the Serian population. So much for the Serbs. l so much also for a perhaps inexcusable ression.

Some Bulgarians Bathe

he Bulgarians are orderly, and before h war they were beginning to be thought fs the most progressive people in the kans. They have escaped the reputaic common to Balkan peoples of being eaders of insect-borne disease, and the st notable institution in their fine modr city of Sofia is the great public bathing sblishment which, when I was in Sofia in 5, was patronized to capacity every day. nd since I am making comparisons I ht say that the Greek seems to base his nands with regard to his environment on ellent instincts. His cities and towns are l built, are equipped with admirable dern utilities and are well kept. But his sonal habits leave considerable to be di. A Greek crowd—on a ship's deck, us say, or in any public place—can cret more litter and confusion in a given ie than any kind of crowd I ever encoun-ed. But they clean up after themselves ntually; they have some regard for lmliness in their sanitary arrangements, l the neatness of their small as well as ge communities is a strange contradicin of the things we know about them.

n Italian emigration officer whose busis before the war was to bring Greeks and lians to the United States told me at ens in 1915 that he was there to deliver ultimatum to the Greek Government. he Greek Government would not undere to guarantee the physical condition of temigrants when it gave them permission cleave the country the Italian Governnt would have to refuse to permit them ravel on Italian ships along with Italian sants whose reputation for bodily cleanss their government was anxious to preve. I do not know what became of this imatum, but later I crossed the Atlantic a Greek ship which had made just one nd trip since it slipped off the ways at ll, and, new as the vessel was, even in first-class cabin I found my box of wder and my little bellows the most uset articles in my possession. As for the ions below—the No Admittance signs at gangways seemed to me to be quite necessary—at least so far as I was conned. From my standpoint it was like putting a No Admittance sign on a snake cage at the zoo.

After which consider the Turk. Unlike the Greek he is rather Mohammedanly scrupulous in his personal habits, but seems to be unmindful with regard to his surroundings. The Germans cleaned Constantinople up until it was a glittering, gleaming, dustless and odorless joy, but the Germans left perforce; and by degrees—with the whole world interfering and with nobody exercising direct authority—it has gone back to its ancient state of unsightliness and odoriferous chaos.

All of which is to prove that in writing about the Rumanians I wish to be just to them. They are no worse, perhaps, than their Balkan brethren, but certainly they are no better. And it is not to be disputed that they make less effort to combat objectionable conditions than any other people in Europe. In Transylvania—which is a part of the tremendous territory now known in Bukharest as New Rumania—there are a great many Rumanian villages. There are also a great many Saxon and Magyar villages, to say nothing of a few old settlements of other nationalities.

Unvarnished Truths

As a member of a party of investigators I motored over a large part of Transylvania a short time ago and the thing which made the most distinct impression on me was that we began at once to identify Rumanian settlements by the condition they were in. There was no mistaking them. We did not have to observe the architecture or the native costumes or the character of the churches or anything of that kind; all we had to do was to look at the gutters and the door yards, avoid running over pigs, chickens and children and lift our noses to the smells. The only ill-kept villages in Transylvania are Rumanian. The Rumanians would acknowledge this because the assertion is so easy to substantiate, but they would invite the interested inquirer to regard it as another evidence of Magyar suppression and tyranny. It would be the most convincing evidence observable, too, except for the embarrassing circumstance that the villages of old Rumania are in even worse condition.

When I saw the dreadful soldiers at Brasov I was on my way into Rumania for the first time. I knew my Balkans fairly well, having been in and out now and again, but I had always been in and out through Greece or Serbia, and Rumania had never before been in the path that I was traveling. It was therefore perhaps that I had idealized the Rumanians. I thought they must be the best people in the Balkans.

And then I arrived in Bukharest! I had sent a telegram, of course, and there were an automobile and some friendly Americans to meet me, but my telegram—sent three days before from Budapest—had been delivered only about an hour before I arrived, so I was in hard luck.

Parenthetically let me say that our so-called lines of communication are and always have been tied up in double bowknots, and if someone would really get down to business and try to figure out the actual whys and wherefores of all the delays in the settlement of Europe's affairs he surely would report this fact as an important contributing cause. Many a telegram from Southeastern Europe to Paris which might have served to save or at least to clarify a situation was never delivered at all, and if a message from Paris to Bukharest or Constantinople got through under a week it was regarded as extraordinary. It was not possible even for Bukharest and Constantinople to communicate with each other by wire with less than two or three days' delay. And all the time our war areas in France were cluttered up with expensive wireless outfits with which we might have established for ourselves throughout our zones of economic and peace mission operations a perfect system. If time is money our representatives in Central and South Europe spent enough in cursing luck and other such agencies and in waiting for instructions to have paid for belting the world with wireless.

The object of my telegram to Bukharest was to ask friends there to reserve shelter for me. I knew from experience how necessary it would be to do this. What with milling populations, army officers coming and going, refugees by the thousands—the Russian ones nearly all rich!—agents of various kinds, political and military missions and what not, every city in Europe is crowded to capacity, and to get a room in a hotel requires not only forethought and advance notice but considerable influence as well. You must pull wires unless you are willing to get the worst of it.

The reserving in Bukharest was being done by the police department and no hotel could admit a guest who did not bring with him an order from the police calling for certain definitely specified accommodation. In other words the police department was the room clerk.

My telegram was delivered at the American legation at ten o'clock at night—having been three days on the way—and I was to arrive in the deep dark of one hour later. A messenger was sent to a police station at once to get for me the necessary paper, but was told that there was not a vacant room in the city. He demanded that one be vacated and backed his demand with a formal request from the American Minister. You might regard that as rather a lofty way of doing things, but it was not; not at all; it was the system; it was merely by way of calling the bluff of the police officials and inducing them to give up temporarily one of many reservations they were known to have made. They had the traveling public on one end of a string and the hotel keepers on the other, and they were playing both ends—no, not against the middle; they themselves were the middle, and they were not playing against the middle.

What I finally got was a room in a small hotel. I have nothing to say about the hotel except that I was grateful for the shelter of its roof. A combination of garlic odors, creeping things, unsightly discolorations, curtainless windows, heaps of odious refuse in corners, and sanitary arrangements that one would not dare to approach without a gas mask and a hose, made me rather ill. But being ill that way is not much of a calamity if you are philosophic about it. It cleans out the system. Disagreeable for the moment perhaps, but on the whole quite beneficial.

I am not trying deliberately to be disgusting. I am trying deliberately to tell such unvarnished truth as may convey an idea of common, ordinary and serenely accepted conditions. My little bellows performed its important duty and a majority of the humble little brothers, being thus abundantly provided for, subsided. But what is one bug's opiate seems to be another bug's stimulant, and a few of them became intoxicated rather than benumbed and made a glorious night of it cavorting round like a pony chorus under the influence of a good jazz band. My next-door neighbors, being the kind of persons no doubt who consort with such creatures on friendly terms, slept soundly enough at any rate not to be disturbed by the noises they themselves were making.

The Best Not Good Enough

The next morning I emphatically demanded a room and bath in the best hotel in town.

"A room and what!" said they.

"Bath!" said I.

"Forget it!" said they. "There's no such thing in Bukharest!"

During the course of the day they induced the police to give up one of their so-called reservations in the best hotel, and I rejoiced exceedingly because the room had fresh linen, an encouraging-looking mattress, curtained windows and a clean though uncarpeted floor. I had hoped to find that it was near one of the bathrooms, but found myself being raucously laughed at by the initiated. Bathrooms? What did I mean, bathrooms? Really I was not the kind of person to be thrust out into the world alone. There was only one bathroom. Only one bathroom in the best hotel in town? Yes, one bathroom! There it was, out there on the balcony, and the *femme de chambre* would fix it for me if I wanted her to, by pouring into it a fluid of sorts out of little tin pitchers. The tub was tin, too, and it had time-honored streaks round it such as are made by greasy waters in a subsiding flood.

And then I was told that I must not under any circumstances ride in a public vehicle. I must not get into a street car; I must not call a carriage or taxicab from a public stand; I must not even travel on a train if I could help it. If it happened to be necessary for me to get anywhere beyond walking distance I must appeal to some friend for the use of his automobile or secure—with a lapse of time, of course, and considerable difficulty—a specially disinfected conveyance. And we almost never said disinfected. The process was called disinsecting process, and it was a grand joke. Neither must I enter a church, said they, nor a theater nor any other place where the public was wont to congregate. In answering my inquiries as to why, they avoided the use of nouns that are the names of things and eased their minds by referring merely to typhus. There was a good deal of smallpox, too, to say nothing of hideous skin infections. The only safe thing to do was to climb a pole like Saint—who was it did that? So many of the saints seem to me to have deserved incarceration rather than canonization.

Anyhow I could not climb a pole. I had to circulate. I circulated and I did pick up some creatures. I did, as a matter of fact. I don't know where or when, but I think it was in church at the Easter festival.

The ceremonies of the Greek-Oriental Church, you know, make the ceremonies of the other European churches look pale and anæmic. When you have an opportunity to witness one of them you cannot afford to miss it; at least I could not. It was midnight's wondrous hour! The world and its wife—not to mention its infants and its grandparents, its soldiers and its sailors, its priests and its teachers, its nuns and its monks, its courtiers and its commoners—had forgathered in the great plaza which fronts the Byzantinely ornate cathedral. And the king was there wearing all his ribbons and stars, and with the crown prince close at his reverently and solemnly uplifted and down-put heels, the two of them leading a magnificent procession which dwindled down from heavily bearded and glitteringly robed high church dignitaries to long thin lines of tiny lace-draped children chanting hymns.

Coal Oil the Popular Perfume

All round the plaza the soldiers stood in triple lines, their rifles strapped to their shoulders and their bared bayonets gleaming up into the sweetly spring-green branches of the overhanging trees. Rumania was still at war—or again at war—and the prayers were for the victory of her arms. Each soldier—his head bared and his helmet hanging from his belt—carried a lighted candle and with their strongly Oriental profiles in perfect alignment against the deep black of the dead of night they reminded one of a frieze of ancient Egypt.

Each individual, from the peasant infant in his gaudily headdressed mother's arms to the gorgeously bedecked king himself, carried a lighted candle; and through the wide-open cathedral doors toward which the procession moved poured a volume of sonorous music—the roll of a great organ bearing up and sustaining in vast monotones the voices of many men.

I too carried a lighted candle, and with soft and smiling apologies I edged my way through the lines of troops and into the crowd that was surging toward the cathedral doors with a hope of seeing the king at his humble devotions before the magnificent altar. But if it had been twenty-four hours later I should not have been doing any edging in such a throng as that. The lighted candles would have frightened me away. Twenty-four hours later I was soaked from head to feet in kerosene and every time a cigarette-smoking friend lighted a match in my immediate vicinity I expected to go up like Elijah in a chariot of fire. The kerosene treatment was fairly heroic, but there was a good deal of typhus, it was a serious menace, and however serenely the population might scratch itself in the face of such danger I felt that I must not permit my little typhus-bearing insects to have everything their own way.

That I smelled like a Texas gusher on a sultry summer's day was a mere detail. Nobody seemed to mind. They were used to it. And those who in a social sense were inclined to be juxtapositious though apprehensive liked it better anyhow than lily of the valley or rose of Sharon or any of those things. There was always an almost asphyxiating amount of perfume—and especially after the French began to bring in their

expensive relief cargoes—but by the truthful the ill-smelling truth was preferred to fragrant deception. So I was not ostracized or anything like that. And besides, most persons sooner or later had a similar experience. It was under such circumstances that I wondered what might some day maybe happen to the stranger in my own land.

I wanted to go down to Constantza. Oh, I did, did I? Yes, I did, please, if it was not impossible. But it was impossible! At least it was an awful thing to want to do. However, if I just had to do it I would be permitted to; only I must wait for the next courier and go with him. Wait for the next courier. Everybody was always waiting for the next courier as though the next courier were the only person who knew how to get anywhere. And he was as a rule. At the American legation they told me I must wait for the next courier, while at the American Relief Administration offices and at Red Cross headquarters I was strongly advised not to start on such a journey without an escort.

Journey, nothing! It was about one hundred and forty miles; a journey—if they wished to call it that—between the capital of the country and its principal port! Nevertheless, I would find it very unpleasant, said they, and it would be much better to wait for the courier. Oh, very well. The only thing was that I thought our courier boys had enough to do without being asked to take care of me.

Our courier service, incidentally, was most extraordinary. Shortly after the armistice went into effect a number of young American officers—carefully selected—were detached from other duty and were sent forth one by one to open mail routes to practically every point in the world with which the American Government might wish to communicate. There was a courier service during the war, of course, across the Atlantic and in and out of all the Allied countries; but the routes of war couriers, though dangerous and devious at times, were laid out for them, whereas the routes of the armistice couriers—routes leading into the enemy countries and to the far-away places—had to be nosed out, so to speak, by themselves. The whole world beyond the one-time Western Front was in utter confusion, but by degrees and by the exercise of native wit and personal initiative they managed to open the ways and to establish for themselves an almost exact routine.

The Order of the Greyhound

Until came a time when on nearly any train—freight, passenger or mixed, usually mixed—one or more of them was to be encountered with sacks of precious mail, more often than not loaded with international diplomatic dynamite or heavy with huge bundles of real legal tender. They demanded respect for their uniform and their important duty in such a manner that everything and everybody gave way before them more or less as traffic gives way before an ambulance or the fire department, and they were so much swifter and surer than the telegraphic service that they usually brought in confirmations of telegrams before the telegrams themselves arrived. Their record is goodness knows how many thousands of important packages and how many millions of pieces of mail and never a single loss.

There are a good many of these boys back in the United States now, wearing on their uniforms, at the top of the left sleeve, a little greyhound embroidered on a blue medallion. They are of the Order of the Greyhound and they intend to form a club and get together once in a while to reminisce over a bottle of grape juice. They are the kind of boys who might be trusted on occasion with a bottle of beer or even with a little distilled sunshine, but on the whole they are not the kind of boys who dreaded to come home because there were no such joys to be enjoyed in their own country. They toted guns, guarded sleeplessly for comfortless days on end the kind of treasures that are sealed in brown canvas and leather-bound bags stamped U. S. Mail, and they lived mostly on canned corned beef, army biscuits and lukewarm bottled water. This I know because I traveled with them all over Europe. Waiting for the next courier was not much of a hardship for me. I only hoped he would be one of my several friends. In most cases I was the only American woman they had seen in months and they even allowed me to enter their gun-guarded compartments and sit on their mail sacks. And we talked. And they were such clean-cut wide-eyed American lads—so very young for the most part—that I came to regard them with special admiration and affection.

I must wait to go to Constantza until the next Constantinople courier came along. The Rumanians and Hungarians were battling up along the Tisza River, the Hungarians had gone down into their carefully stirred up but by that time out of hand maelstrom of Bolshevism and the direct route through Budapest was cut off. So the route of the Constantinople courier was from Paris to Venice, to Triest, to Agram, to Belgrad, down the Danube River to Turnu Severin, to Bukharest, to Constantza, and to his destination by whatever thing afloat he might be able to get to take him down the Black Sea coast and through the Bosporus. And he usually made it in about five days! I think really that I would have started to the moon or Mars with one of these boys with a certainty that we would be able to put Edgar Allan Poe in a class with Jules Verne; go all his wild imaginings about ten better in actual accomplishment.

The Courier From California

The couriers always had a compartment reserved on the one and only sleeper from Bukharest to Constantza, and it was theirs whether they were there to use it or not. That was a part of their system. A compartment had been reserved for me, and along about ten o'clock one evening we went merrily down to the railway station accompanied by some friends with whom we had dined. The courier was a square-jawed boy from California, who had a wife and baby, two wound stripes, a face like a cherub, a Croix de Guerre and a record up to date for more mileage than any other man in the service. He had arrived at the ripe age of twenty-three. His side partner, who was not going on with him to Constantinople, had stowed his duffel in his compartment—leaving him no place to sleep except on top of it—and was guarding it while he read a book with the aid of a small pocket torch. There were no lights in the train, but the pale station lights shone in at the windows. There never were any lights in any train. This one was the daily so-called express from—as I have said—the capital of the country to its principal port, but it was made up of some freight cars, some wooden third-class carriages and the wagon lit, which had no lighting arrangements, no linen, no carpets, no curtains and no water; nothing but some loathsomely dirty mattresses and a few old red blankets.

When we got into the car I made my way to the door of my compartment—a compartment for the sole use of which I had paid more than the whole car was worth. The door was locked. I called the attendant and asked him to open it.

"One moment, if you please, madame," said he.

"But open it," said I. "My baggage is coming in at the window and I want to arrange it."

"*Attendez, s'il vous plait,*" he replied, and turned away.

One of my friends, an American army officer, came up behind me at the moment and said: "Here, conductor, open this door!"

"Just a moment," said the conductor.

"No, not just a moment!" replied the American. "You open it now or I'll break it open." He had been in Rumania a long time and had lost some of his natural gentleness of character through having his suspicions too often confirmed. He was suspicious. And the conductor was frightened. Anybody could see that. We had arrived on the scene sooner than he had expected us. But with the bristling colonel staring at him and ready to resort to violence he could do nothing but obey. He took his key out of his hip pocket, turned it in the lock and threw open the door. We all had electric torches, and we turned them into the darkness and focused them on a man who was just in the act of pulling his shirt off over his head in a great hurry. If our pocket lamps had been guns and we had pulled the triggers the man would have died with his hands up.

For my part I leaned up against the wall and laughed until it hurt. The man was the most perfect picture of consternation and thwarted intent that could possibly be imagined. But the colonel was angry. Blankety-blank-blank! He didn't actually swear, but he made very sweary gestures and uttered profane sounds while he chucked the intruder with his open hand bag and all his belongings out into the corridor and down to the farther end of it. Then he came back to the conductor. He told him it was going to cost him his job. The conductor began to apologize and to beg. He acknowledged that he had sold my upper berth for twice its value and had pocketed the money, but he said it was a usual thing to do and that he never would have done it if he had known the compartment belonged to an American lady. The colonel was handicapped because he had to speak French and French is not rugged enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon mind under such circumstances. But he probably sounded rough enough to the discomfited attendant. He called him some unpleasant names of sorts and told him that even if he had known the owner was a lady the lady could have expected no better protection from him; that he was exactly like all the other railway employees in Rumania and that he had proved conclusively that American men were justified in not permitting American women to travel alone in his country.

Then he turned on me and told me I ought not to laugh. But I was observing the poor ejected and dejected citizen, who with his shirt hanging out and his suspenders dangling was gathering up in the half light of the corridor his scattered belongings.

"But what did he expect?" I asked. "Did he think he would be allowed to stay in my upper berth once he got into it?"

"Certainly. Who would put him out? You may be perfectly sure the conductor wouldn't! He knew the whole compartment was reserved, but he was gambling on being able to make the owner believe that the authorities had made the mistake and that he could do nothing about it. It is a regular system. They do it all the time."

Government Ownership

It was only about one hundred and forty miles, but I may as well say at once that it took us thirty hours; otherwise I might drag my story out to a thirty-hour limit and yield to a temptation to describe such things as one is not permitted to describe for the simple reason that polite minds would resent the description.

It was my business to see to the food. I said I would see to the food, and I did. Experience had already taught me that the person who started on a railway journey anywhere in Central or South Europe with an idea that he would be able to get food along the way was due to learn something that he should have known before. The whole world was on rations expressed in terms of grams per day and it was seldom possible to buy at a railway station even so much as a slice of bread. The railway restaurants had all gone out of business as a matter of fact, and the people who formerly ran them with such cheerful briskness and efficiency had not enough ambition left to keep bright their cold but still magnificent coffee urns. There was no coffee, so why bother? Even the once busily buzzing swarms of flies had gone elsewhere.

The foregoing is a reference to stations where stations still exist. Those on the line between Bukharest and Constantza were nearly all destroyed during the war. They are nothing now but gaunt shells, very much shrapnel-snicked for the most part; windowless, roofless and wholly denuded. Each tells its terrible tale of a struggle for the possession of the railroad. But leaning against the wrecks there are new huts built of rough timbers and oiled paper, out of which the wires run to the telegraph poles and in which the station masters in their long brass-buttoned coats and tall shiny caps still perform their duties along with the operators and the baggagemen.

The duties of the station master are to ring a cowbell and blow a little tin whistle when everything is set and it is possible for a train to move on its weary way; the duties of a telegraph operator are to look resigned and prove the unreasonableness of expecting a telegram to get from one point to another in less time than it would take the sender to carry it on foot; the principal duty of the baggage-master is to shove passengers along the platform to their comfortless wooden coaches in case they happen to be moving too slowly under their heavy loads of unsightly bundled luggage. All this from my own observation. Oh, I assure you government ownership and consequent proletariat control—with the proletariat very much impressed with itself these days—are not blessings to be devoutly prayed for.

Our courier lads, being heavily lade always with very important burdens, di not encumber themselves with much in th way of merely personal baggage; in fac most of them carried nothing but a tin canvas knapsack—trusting to luck for bed ding—and into this, along with a tooth brush, a piece of soap, a towel and a suit o clean underwear, they usually chucked couple of tins of corned beef and a box o army biscuits. Their commanding officer insisted on their carrying bottled water i order to reduce in some degree the risk they were constantly taking.

But those of us who were likely to so journ in one spot for any length of tim made ample provision for ourselves. Every body who left Paris for the southeast o extended service took along some kind o contraption for cooking purposes with case of bully beef, corned-beef hash, potte meats, milk, assorted fruits and jams biscuits, and enough butter, cocoa, coffe sugar, matches, smokes, soap and solidifie alcohol to banish anxiety and to make cer tain a perhaps long and surely otherwis uncertain future.

And I must not forget to mention candles Everybody carried candles because th world was in darkness; there were almos no lighting facilities anywhere, and eve the main streets of the most modern citie were lighted but dimly if at all. And be cause the long-neglected streets were so dar and so dirty and so full of ruts and holes because trains had a habit of arriving a their destination somewhere in the middl of the night when searching for shelter o foot became a necessity—the person wh possessed a folding lantern was looked upo as having a special variety of intelligenc and foresight. A nice big lantern with thre sides made of glass throws a general kind o light and is a much better thing to hike b than a little pocket lamp.

I carried a fairly complete and admirabl hamper, and in order to do so without look ing like the personified export and impor trade of a nation I usually cached all m other luggage, except my disinsected bed ding and my dressing bag, in some spot t which I hoped to return. I hoped to return The trouble was that once you reached destination you heaved a sigh of relief an made up your mind to settle down on th spot for the rest of your life. The spot wa never very inviting, but anything was bette than retracing your steps.

The Major Begins to Purr

In the morning I made coffee for mysel and the courier while the other passenger made things unpleasant for the conductor He had just one little tin jug with which t supply the crowd with water; the station where he could get water were hours apart and everybody, for some strange reason seemed to want to wash his face. I had folding canvas pail and washbasin in m outfit and the conductor had attended t my needs at the dawn of day. He was ver humble and attentive as a matter of fact and did everything he could to propitiat me with an idea undoubtedly that I woul induce the severe colonel to drop the littl matter of the upper berth.

The odor of my coffee began to permeat the car and one by one the unkempt pas sengers made occasion to walk past th door of my compartment and peer hungril in. Then along came a British major Where did he drop from? I wondered. H must have got aboard before we did o sometime afterward. His uniform was th usual smart thing in London tailoring an he was shrugging himself along in a kind o disgusted way, saying: "Ugh!" and "Woof woof!" and things like that.

"Good morning," said I.

"Why, good morning," said he. "Ugh Woof-woof! Rotten, I call it! Rotten No water! Nothing! And I've been eate alive! Were you eaten alive?"

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"Will I have a cup of coffee! Oh, I say Will I have a cup of coffee! By Jove! Ugh Woof-woof! Will I have a ——"

He had a cup of coffee; likewise som bread and butter and jam; and pretty soo he stopped saying ugh and woof-woof an began to purr. The young Californian wit the mail sacks in the next compartment ha been purring for some time, and I noticed that both he and the Englishman had man aged somehow to shave. They had the onl clean chins in the crowd.

We arrived at Feteschi along about nin o'clock in the morning—not more than tw

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ourate. We had traveled about one hun-
red miles in ten hours and thought we
ere oing very well indeed. Feteschi is
e station at the west end of the long
ridge across the Danube and if we could
ave one on as we ought to have done we
ou have been in Constantza sometime
e the afternoon. But something had
ppned. I had no idea what it was, but
atever it was it was the last thing that
ppned that morning. We stood right
e we stopped. By degrees the pas-
gers all left the sleeping car. I don't
now where they went, but I was grateful
oth to have them go. They were messy
d oisy. Maybe we should have gone
ut in the sleeping car we at least had
ple to sit, while outside, so far as we
ul see, there were only a few lines of
la dated freight cars, a platform and a
ird station. Why the foreigners should
ve been the only ones to avail themselves
tl only visible comfort—such as it was—
ar unable to say, but it was not long be-
re here was nobody left but the major,
e oy and me. I tried to read but found
dficult to keep my hand off my watch,
nd the morning dragged slowly away.

Blame the Magyars

We knew, to be sure, that the bridge was
stroyed and that we had to transfer to
nother train, go down over the hill to the
ver bank about three miles away, cross
a boat and pick up another train on
e other side. But why weren't we doing
? Why all the delay?
We learned then that the trouble was
h the engine. They had but one engine
hich had suddenly buckled up somewhere
s works and gone out of business. They
re tinkering with it, but not very op-
mistically. They needed something in
e way of a new part, but though Feteschi
s for the time being a terminal station
e was nothing in the place to work with.
With regard to their extraordinary short-
ge of railroad equipment the Rumanians
e not really to blame, except that it was
ng time since the Germans had left and
could not fail to think that in six months
y might have made some improvement.
d the Germans certainly were not re-
nsible for the execrable condition of such
ing stock as was in commission. The
mans were not responsible for unswept
rs, uncleaned lavatories, unwashed win-
ws, untouchable mattresses and uphol-
ry and all that sort of thing in ordinary
senger cars, for instance. But you may
sure that everything was laid at their
r; or rather at the door of the Magyars.
t the moment the Rumanians were
ting the Magyars, so it was the Magyars
o had done everything that never should
e been done in Rumania. But the truth
hat Rumania was occupied by a German
y under German command; the Mag-
s had very little to do with it; and even
Transylvanians—Saxons and Hungar-
s as well as Rumanians—complain that
r country was looted by this army as it
sed back and forth, as though they had
n enemies instead of allies. But one
om heard a Rumanian in Rumania
ming the Germans. It was always the
gyars. And curiously enough—one can-
think why the Germans were so care-
!—a large part of Rumanian rolling
k did land in Hungary. I passed miles
t on the railroad between Vienna and
dapest and on other lines to the north
east. Indeed it seemed to me that
ngary's sidetracks were blocked with it.
ck-clack! Clack-clack! You know what
like to pass a long stationary freight
n. Well, I had hours on end of it; it
on my nerves; and I observed an oc-
onal temporary track laid out round the
d of a creek or hill slope on which there
e literally thousands of freight cars, oil
ks, passenger coaches and every kind of
g on wheels.
There were not so many engines, how-
r. The Rumanians had only a few more
n a thousand to begin with, and after
rything had happened and the Germans
done their worst they still had about
hundred. The trouble was that not
ny of these were in serviceable condition;
I assure you that in Rumanian the
ase "serviceable condition" is not equiv-
nt in any degree to the same phrase in
nsylvania Railroad or New York Cen-
or Chicago and Alton or Union Pacific
guage.
Could you name all the railroads in the
ited States if you started out to? We
have more than two hundred and sixty thousand miles of trackage of one kind and another. More than ten times round the earth at the equator! And our engines—I wonder how many thousands upon thousands of them—are shiny and sleek and proud-looking; our commonest day coaches are clean and comfortable; we have no classes really; we are first-class all the way through, top class, almost unimprovable class; our sleepers are magnificent; our dining cars are miraculous; even we are surprised that they are so fine and that on them we are so wonderfully served; our roadbeds are the finest on earth; our bridges and great aqueducts are dreams of superengineers come true. Oh, we don't half realize what is ours to maintain in order that we may continue to be the most pampered and the most prosperous people on the face of the earth!

Excuse me! I just had to drop into such exclamation. And the average good citizen would similarly exclaim if he could see what I have seen. The more an American sees of furrin parts the more he wants to keep on being the hitherto kind of an American.

The Rumanians were talking all the time about making the Magyars disgorge stolen property and saying that if the Peace Conference would arrange at once to have their railway equipment returned to them they would be able to do thus and so: Hold off the Bolsheviki in Bessarabia, bluff the Bulgars on the borders of the Dobrudja and impose on Hungary any peace plan that might be devised. But handicapped as they were they were already overrunning Hungary in defiance of the Allied terms of armistice, so it was hardly to be expected that the Magyars would assist them by complying with their demand for the return of railway equipment. The Magyars had it right enough. They or the Germans or the two of them together had run it out of Rumania at a time when they were able to do so. But according to Magyar conceptions Rumania bargained herself into the war, and this they will never forgive. Anything the Rumanians ever get out of Hungary they will have to take by force and they will have to keep on fighting for it.

What a hopeless mess! And is there any hope that for years to come it will be anything but hopeless? What a pity that man was not created in one image instead of in unnumbered warring varieties!

It was along about half past twelve when I heard the major exclaim:

"*Mais, ma petite! ma petite! bonjour! Comment allez-vous!*"

He had found a friend. And I was glad he had, too, because getting along with a situation sometimes resolves itself into what a midwestern American friend of mine describes as "heavy liftin'."

Washing Petite's Patty-Paws

She was a little Rumanian widow whose husband was killed in the war and whose mourning was very becoming. The little white bits at the wrists and neck and across the placid brow left something to be desired in the way of pristine purity, but if you will try to look like that under such circumstances you simply must take the consequences. She was traveling with her *beau-frère*—the brother of her dead husband—and was on her way to a country place near Constantza, where she proposed to support some kind of existence until the world had got over its madness and had decided to settle down into a normal routine. This I learned afterward, and I learned also that she had been unable to secure a berth on the one and only sleeper and had been compelled to sit up all night on a wooden bench in a third-class carriage. She was very tired and disgusted.

The major invited her and her *beau-frère* to come into our, by that time, private car—and then there were five of us. The *beau-frère* was a rather handsome captain in a combination Rumanian-British-French uniform; he wore a monocle—which is a most unusual thing for a Rumanian to do—and had some interesting war stories to tell, which he told in French that had to be translated into different French by Petite and turned by degrees and much discussion into something we all could understand. With three men to pose for, Petite forgot her fatigue, curled herself up in a corner of my compartment and began to do the kitten-in-out-of-the-rain act with powder and rouge and shamelessly frank pencils. And the men loved it! They et it up!

I prepared a luncheon of hot corned-beef hash, hard-boiled eggs and cold chicken that I had brought along from the hotel at Bukharest; coffee, a highly prized Camembert cheese and biscuits. And so the day wore on. I rather thought that *beau-frère* was preparing to take the place of his brother who was killed in the war, and when I saw him take a bottle of my mineral water after luncheon to wash Petite's patty-paws I was sure of it. I certainly am glad I haven't patty-paws; I have hands. But is it not extraordinary the way men succumb to the patty-paw fascination? Of course I know as well as you do that I should say: Ain't it the limit the way they fall for it? But I am constantly being reminded that I must try to combat my curious and inexplicable taste for that particular variety of expression.

You will see at once that I was annoyed. I was. So was the boy. He crawled off and went to sleep on his mail bags, and after I got through washing the dishes and repacking the hamper I went out and walked up and down the platform.

It was along about three o'clock in the afternoon when the conductor came along and said the train was ready. Whereupon we transferred across three or four tracks to a car I shall not attempt to describe. Maybe I have been emphasizing dirt too strongly anyhow. But you cannot imagine what it was like. I am not exaggerating. I wish I could convey even a suggestion of the actual fact. The car was upholstered in red velvet and had white knitted tidies pinned up along the areas where passengers rest their heads.

From the two compartments that we occupied we threw the cushions out onto the tracks and commanded the attendants to beat them clean. But it was no use. They slammed them up against the side of the car and a cloud of dust floated away in the breeze. But the more they beat them the dustier they got. They had not been touched in years. Besides, the condition of the woodwork under them was such that the only thing left for us to do was to stand up. We stood up out in the corridor.

A Tribute to the French Navy

But never mind. The world outside was very interesting and one could at least hang out of an open window and gaze at it. Where the people came from who crowded the train was more than I could figure out. They seemed to have risen up out of the ground. But there they were; the usual evidence of a milling population. In addition to bags and boxes and baskets they all had large bundles done up in bed ticking or squares of bright-colored calico. And they all looked tired; so tired; so weary; so haggard and drawn and worried. The women limped for the most part, and the men dragged their feet. The children were nearly all the sturdy little sort that trudge along tearlessly and without a whimper, carrying the littlest bundles and being bravely helpful; the kind of kids we like to have come over here if they come young enough. But I always felt sorry for the children, and for their elders, too, because they were so benighted and one could not know what to do to settle them down into orderly and industrious and happy existence. They filled the cars—freight and passenger—climbed on the roofs, clung to the trucks; everywhere that a human being could fasten himself either in the guise of a human being or a barnacle, there they were. And the train moved off.

When we came up over the slight rise from Feteschi station and started down the long grade to the river's edge I thought what an easy thing it would have been for us to have done without an engine altogether. Just a heave-ho!—and with a command of the brakes we could have done it without a bit of trouble.

And what a panorama spread itself out before us! I had by that time become so used to Rumania's level monotony that I had ceased to think of scenic grandeurs. But here the Danube, flanked by low hills that roll off in great uneven waves to far horizons, is cut into three distinct channels by broad islands—flat as water-lily leaves, and as green—that lie away-'way down in an unbelievable cup of spectacular magnificence. And thrown across the whole scene is a railway bridge, perfect in graceful line, snow white, starting from massive masonry in the hills we skirt and being lost to view in a wooded bend of the river miles and miles away.

I told *beau-frère* it was the longest bridge in the world. I humbly apologize to the really longest, wherever it may be, but *beau-frère* believed me and was tremendously impressed. He thought it was wonderful that poor little Rumania should have the longest bridge in the world. The Germans built it; the Rumanians destroyed it on their retreat; and now they say it is to be rebuilt by American engineers backed by American capital. And that may be all right unless they expect us to do it on a more or less philanthropic basis. They do of course. We are the world's willing little workers and band of hope. In any kind of financial or economic puzzle picture anywhere you do not have to look very hard to find the American these days. He is put in whether he wants to be or not. Greatest puzzle picture: Find a way out.

The bridge is destroyed only on the near side; two splendid spans blown out; the giant buttresses standing gaunt and denuded; the bent and twisted steel girders buried in the river's bed and thrusting long rusted lengths above the water's level to cut the swift current into frothing ripples.

The crowd crushed itself across a wide temporary wooden gangway onto flat barges that seemed to me to be resting on a mud bank. There were powerful tugs to pull them off and across the river. The boy disappeared with a couple of men carrying his precious packages, but in about ten minutes he sent word back that we were to get aboard a French torpedo boat that he apparently had commandeered.

What he did probably was to heave up alongside and say: "Here, you, this is U. S. mail! Take it aboard, will you? And say, I gotta few friends back here. Can they come along?"

And the Frenchman probably said in his own way, which may not be exactly our way but is just as good a way: "Sure! Bring them along!" And that was how we got across the Danube.

Whereupon I must put in a little word about the French Navy. We are hearing a good deal nowadays about how our once glorified and beloved Allies are not treating us with so much courtesy and consideration as we think we have a right to expect from them. But so far as my own observation goes the men of the French Navy should be excepted in our minds in any resentment we may happen to feel. Out in the waters of the East, at any rate, they were to be relied upon on all occasions to work in the pleasantest imaginable harmony with Americans and to do everything in their power for anyone who came along and needed assistance. They were cheerful, generous, courteous and companionable. Twice I had to make a trip in the Black Sea on a French destroyer, and as a consequence of my experience I hold French naval officers in the highest esteem. They may not have the same naval traditions that make the American and British navies such marvels of nautical pride, but as gentlemen they stack up with our men; and if that simple statement is not a eulogy one was never written.

One More River to Cross

There was a train waiting on the great flat island across the river, and arriving in advance of the crowd we were able to secure two compartments in a battered old coach. They had been upholstered once upon a time, but the upholstery had been ripped out and bits of hair stuffing clung to the rough boards of the seats. The windows were nearly all broken and some of them had strips of board nailed across them on the outside. We could not put our luggage into the compartments until we had cleaned them out; it was simply unthinkable; so we found a train attendant and borrowed a broom from him. He had a broom right enough, but one could not believe that he ever used it. He also gave us some cotton waste with which to do some dusting, and the boy and I waded in with an intention of removing at least the top layer of filth. Petite and *beau-frère* went for a walk up to the end of the broken bridge, where there was a pile driver at work. The major had some necessary business to attend to with regard to his own big baggage.

But by and by we got settled down, and the train, with a mass of unkempt and bundle-laden humanity swarming all over it—the roofs of the cars as crowded as their interiors—was pulled up a long grade to the main track of the island section of the amazing bridge, and we were off. Well, then, we should be in Constantza in a couple of hours at most.

I prepared dinner and once more cleaned things up. We were moving while I did this,

and the train walloping over the ill-kept roadbed was so unsteady that I had to hold the stewpan and coffee pot over the blaze of my Tommy cooker and perform other delicate and finger-burning feats. Then we stopped away out in the middle of nowhere and stood still for two solid hours. More engine trouble!

We started; we stopped; the night wore on; came midnight; we talked politics; we told stories; we sang songs—and among them Keep the Home Fires Burning and Just Break the News to Mother with words improvised to fit our situation and express our feelings.

Petite took possession of one of the long seats, spread out her steamer rug and went to sleep; *beau-frère* tucked her in with my rug; the rest of us then had to crowd in and sit up because the boy's bulky and necessary duffel took up the better part of one of the compartments. The hair stuffing wriggled its way through one's clothes and scratched. Talk about comfortable traveling! What do you know about that!

It was five o'clock in the morning when we finally did arrive at Constantza. And in all my life I have never seen such a weary-looking crowd as rolled out of and off that train. There were no vehicles of any kind. We had telegraphed to the American Red Cross and Food Administration representatives, but they had given the train up and left us to our fate. Some sleepy porters had routed themselves out when the train came in, and with half a dozen of them to carry our luggage we started to walk in the cold dense dark to the hotel more than a mile away. I had a folding lantern with a big thick candle in it, and the major and I led the way with the porters who had the food hamper. The boy got all the men he needed to carry his bags and disregarding his own urgent need for rest herded them together and with his trusty gun handy to his hand started off alone with them in the direction of the high mast lights that were gleaming along the docks. He expected to go aboard a French destroyer and be on his way with as little delay as possible.

At the hotel—the best in town—they put me in a room which was both carpetless and curtainless, and the only water for washing-up purposes was in a quart beer bottle standing in a tin basin on the floor. There was a perfectly good stationary washstand with metal faucets and everything. But there was no water. And they explained to me that the Hungarians had destroyed the waterworks and stolen everything, including the window blinds and the mirrors.

At the moment, however, I was interested in nothing but the bed. I examined the bed. One always examines one in a country like Rumania and one always has one's worst fears confirmed bed had sheets on it that had been sl by at least seventeen different varie humanity and it was smelly beyon power to describe.

I demanded fresh linen. They h fresh linen. The Hungarians had sto the linen. And besides, there was n no soap, no water. How could they pected to have fresh linen? The poor maidservant and the disheveled and slippered room clerk looked harasse beaten.

I didn't know what to think. I said all right. I stripped the bed packed my own bedding and arrange suit myself; puffed a little ring of powder round a sufficient spot and l down to sleep.

THE POETS' CORNER

A Song of the Ad Men

I RARELY read the written line
For which the writer folk are paid.
My thoughts to other things incline.
I rarely read the written line,
Unless some little gem of mine
Be unobtrusively displayed.
I rarely read the written line
For which the writer folk are paid.

Of course I scan the magazines,
Though I'm a busy fellow, quite.
I guess at what an author means.
Of course I scan the magazines.
And thus my sprinting spirit gleans
A fund of sayings wise and bright.
Of course I scan the magazines,
Though I'm a busy fellow, quite.

Most fiction is, I take it, poor.
But, gosh, they carry bully ads!
I dodge the modern litratoor.
Most fiction is, I take it, poor.
Perhaps I show myself a boor
To twit the literary fads.
Most fiction is, I take it, poor,
But, gosh, they carry bully ads!

I read the advertising page
And so I get my money's worth.
I am acquainted with the age.
I read the advertising page.
I know when things become the rage
In all the ends of all the earth—
I read the advertising page,
And so I get my money's worth.

Rich triumphs of alluring art!
They stir my vivid lips to song.
With illustration brightly smart—
Rich triumphs of alluring art—
And pictures, they entice my heart
And lead my wild desires along.
Rich triumphs of alluring art!
They stir my vivid lips to song.

I sing the advertising men.
They write the stuff that people read.
I clear my lyric throat and then
I sing the advertising men.
More power to the plural pen
That succors every human need!
I sing the advertising men.
They write the stuff that people read!

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

High Noon

THE white road shimmers to the sky,
The locust shrills from yonder tree;
The ditches crack, the troughs are dry,
The shrunken buckets fall awry,
And languor dulls the bee.

The wayside blossoms droop with heat;
The dusty weeds are limp and gray;
The runnels move with lagging feet,
Or lurk where grasses cross and meet,
Or hide themselves away.

The fire is in the cobble wall—
Its crystals stab the eyes with light;
The creepers draw aloof, and all
The little things that hop or crawl
Have scuttled out of sight.

The cattle seek the shaded brook,
And plash along its muddy edge;
The reaper lays aside his hook,
And sets his back against a stook,
To drowse beneath the hedge.

The horses stamp; the gadfly stings
Or buzzes on the cobwebbed pane;
The hot loft hums with insect wings,
The mud wasp to the rafter clings,
Below the idle vane.

The ridge boards curl, the shingles split;
The mosses flame, the nailheads wink;
The zigzag darning needles flit,
The maggots stir the compost pit,
And all the kennels stink.

The hogs are frying in their lard;
The chickens fidget in the dust;
The house dog drags across the yard,
And leaves the road without a guard,
Retiring in disgust.

The woodbin smells of oak and fir;
The summer kitchen, new-baked bread.
The lazy cat declines to stir;
Till weaning kittens pester her
And drive her to the shed.

The nettled wife is sore beset;
The reeking dinner fills the place;
The smitten farmer mops the sweat
That runs in many a rivulet
Adown his purple face.

The children whine, the baby squalls;
The flies have found the honey pot.
The sun glare from the milk pans falls
In flashes on the kitchen walls,
And—everything is hot!

—W. H. Ostrander.

I Shall Return

I SHALL return—not as old loves return,
With pallid lips and piteous tear-dimmed eyes
And hair whereon Time's threaded silver lies,
And cheeks whose roses long have ceased to burn.

DRAWN BY MARGARET C. HOOPES

No! I shall leap to you across the spa
Airy, impalpable as some moonbeam,
While you sit musing in the firelight's g
Or in far lands in crowded alien places.

My face you shall envision, rapt as wh
We stood that day of sunny April weath
Pledging our love beneath the trees toget
What eons you and I have lived since the

Young—ever young, with springtime's
and dew
You shall behold me. Though there
vene
Infinity our yearning flesh between,
I shall return again in dreams to you!

—Blanche Goodm

The Skinner

STUCK in a hole in the portage road
With a wheel bogged out of sight,
A greenhorn skinner with a six-horse
Watched the dusk merge into night.
He was far from camp; he was out of
He had yelled till his lungs were sore,
Not a horse in the six-up would tighten
They had hauled till they'd haul no m

Then round the bend by the big pine stu
Came a string team a-swingin' along
And the man on the load filled the woods
passed
With a rollicking log-camp song.
"Hello there, kid, you're sure some stu
And he swung from the load to the gr
"Let me take a pull at that deadhead bu
Then he took a mooch around—

A-liftin' a collar to straighten a pad,
A-bucklin' a hame strap tight.
Then he climbed to the seat with a lilt o
lips
And a tilt to his old clay pipe.
An armful of ribbons he pulled off the
And straightened one by one.
Then he spoke to a leader, "Tread up or
line,
You bat-eyed son of a gun.

"What's that wheeler's name? Come
there, Pete!"
And he dropped the shag with a bang.
"Stand away from the pole there, you
horned cow,
Or I'll skin you alive. Whoa! hang
Up the line on that pointer's hame!
Now get out of the road there! Gee!
Gee off, you leaders! Get in on the poi
Now steady, you've shook her free.

"Is she clear there? No? Well, we'll hi
again!
Now whoa till we clear that swing.
Then we'll take her away with a bone i
teeth
Or we'll make the riggin' sing!
Now steady," he said. "Tighten up
boys!
Take care now, lads! Get away!"
He bent them haw as he dropped the bud
On a big cold-shouldered bay.

The wheelers dropped till their bellies drag
One slipped but came up again.
The pointers hung like a pup to a root
Till the leaders took the strain.
Then a jerk, a lurch and a "Steady, lad
You've rolled her high and dry!
You could haul the pole from the hubs o'
If you'd only get down and try."

—Harry W. Laugh

"I Wouldn't Have One Without It"

"MY electric iron and toaster are the latest model, like these—they have this same little switch attached to the cord. So I never have to fuss with the connector plug.★

"You see, you just press the white button for 'on' and the black one for 'off . It's such a convenience".

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

is now fitted by many manufacturers to their latest appliances.

It is more than a convenience, too—it saves current, adds to the life of a toaster or iron, prevents socket and plug troubles. A glance tells whether the current is on or off.

How It Saves Electricity

On an iron, it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of leaving it on by mistake and scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

On a toaster, it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved, too.

How It Prevents Burn-Outs

Most sockets now in use were designed primarily for lamp bulbs, which require but little current. Electrical appliances need ten times as much. The C-H Switch protects sockets against this ten-fold strain—by doing the on-and-off work itself. Saves cords, too—they usually give way at the plug, you know.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a ***C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch*** on it for 75 cents. Use it a while and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch equipped.

When you buy a new appliance, ***look for the C-H Switch.***

If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

On An Iron

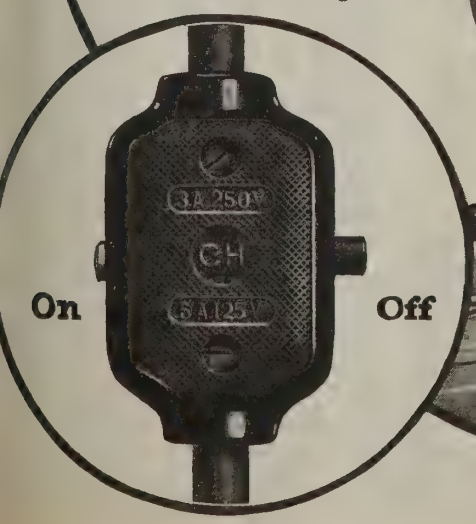
Saves electricity. Tells at a glance whether current is on or off. No danger of scorching clothes.

On a Toaster

Turn current off between slices—without jerking plug out and spilling toast. No burnt fingers.

★What is a Connector Plug?

The attachment on the cord which is pushed into the appliance is called the Connector Plug.



Made in Canada by Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HOBOKEN?

(Continued from Page 8)

It isn't the public welcome only that I mean; it's things generally, and especially at home and among the fellows. That boy plodding onward through the rain went to a home where every heart welcomed him, and not a tongue was equipped to make him feel it. The old man had talked of him to the neighbors, especially that time when he was reported wounded—it was a little gas out of a sudden artillery attack along the line of the Meuse—and asked everybody he thought wiser than himself what was meant by "degree undetermined"—and as he speared for information his voice quivered and the dust made his eyes water. He was a pathetic, tearful old man then, with a heart full of love for his boy; but that boy found him about the same as before the war, except that his rheumatiz was worse, and his temper maybe a little shorter after the first few days.

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

What to him are the spirtle of fire out of the concealed machine-gun nest, when the horses haven't been curried and the stables dunged out before breakfast? What the long reaches of the German Big Berthas, the rift of a boy's heart by that little girl across the water, the reddening of the horizon with fires kindled by the foe on their retreat—when the back fields were full of cockleburs that needed pulling and the fence rows hadn't been mowed out since 1916? Why, it was just the same as before—only he was no longer a boy. He was a man, and had done the bloodiest and most glorious work a man had ever done—and to have to be told to wipe his feet before coming in in that complaining way mother had! Disillusion again! It has happened to most of you.

You see, you have to be reborn into the old society. There is a disadvantage in being reborn. I don't know whether Wordsworth was right in his fancy about us when we come first into the world or not. He says that heaven lies about us in our infancy, but it's mostly the neighbors that do that after we grow up; but in this rebirth into society after the war you do come, "not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory." A person with that sort of trail is uneasy. People either do not notice it or they step on it or they don't know what to say about it, and it catches in every door you go through in the business or social world. You'll say I am emphasizing this too strongly, but I suspect that most of you will feel with old Ulysses:

Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

You've had a date with death, and you've come back to life. You've remarried the humdrum. The honeymoon will be brief, and the reaction will be a little trying. You may have a little tiff with the trite and tedious, but after a while you will settle back into the enjoyment of the best things after all, the common enjoyments and the common struggles and triumphs of this existence of ours.

And then will it be as if there had never been a Hoboken in your young life? No; for after a time the things through which you have passed will begin to take on the hues of history. You will find that there are four millions of men who have served in this war, among whom there are ties binding them together into a great brotherhood, a brotherhood that will take the shape of an organization. Some attempts at such an organization have already been made, but no one can tell whether the real thing has been ushered into life. But as there was a Grand Army of the Republic for the soldiers of the North and the United Confederate Veterans for those of the South, out of this war will come a great fraternity of some sort, which will know no North, no South, no East, no West, which will be futile or harmful or a blessing to the world, just according to the ideals which are kept in view by it. Probably that organization will control this nation for a half century, and controlling this nation it will control the world. Into the control of the world during the most critical period of its history—that is where you go from Hoboken. That is the cloud of glory—or ignominy—which the historian will see that boy trailing after him in his new birth as he plods up the muddy road after the fellows at the garages had indicated that they were too busy to take him out and that gas is mighty high now.

Your brotherhood will have no such history as those of the Confederate and the Union veterans had. You will have your general organization, your state and your local bodies, and you will have your meetings, your feasts, your jollifications and all that; but you cannot even pretend to yourself that you have any such mission as that which the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans supposed themselves to be intrusted with. Each of them believed itself to be commissioned to keep its particular sort of patriotism alive. They lived on the memories of the war. In the South the veterans stood as a unit, almost, against Northern domination, for the Southern idea as to the settlement of the race question, against the carpetbaggers, and for the control by each state of its own affairs. There was need of such services and the South could never have been rebuilt without them, but your new grand army will have no work of this sort to do.

The Northern veterans controlled Congress and most of the state governments. They feared a new triumph of the rebels in Washington, and when Tilden was counted out in his contest with Hayes the Grand Army breathed a long sigh of relief, for they already heard the rebel yell resounding in anticipation on Pennsylvania Avenue and on Capitol Hill; while the veterans of the South saw their fondest hope blasted, and settled down to the despairing feeling that the North would never allow the South to take office, even though office were fairly won. In other words, the soldiers in one camp believed that the war had resulted in the establishment of an oligarchy of power, like that of Mexico, and that they were politically enslaved.

When Cleveland was elected, the first presidential candidate for whom the states of the South had cast their votes, there was rejoicing in the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans and sorrow in the G. A. R. They still hated and distrusted each other, these two organizations of great American soldiers, and they fought each other in the affairs of the nation for much more than a quarter of a century after every real cause of enmity had passed away. In these two organizations the two greatest moral forces of the nation mutually killed each other's efforts so far as they could for half a lifetime. It was inevitable, but it was tragic.

Your great brotherhood will have no division along such lines. Whatever you want you can get. Your power will be unlimited. What are you going to do with it? You may as well begin thinking about that, for with power goes responsibility. Someone has said that power whenever and wherever it is possessed is abused, but the power of the four million veterans of the world war ought not to be abused. I wonder if it will be.

I do not remember that either the G. A. R. or the United Confederate Veterans as an organization ever stood for anything good in government, except those temporary things which they thought good in the reconstruction period. I may be wrong about this, but I do not think that either organization ever had a thought for better taxation, better financiering, better practices in government, better things for the people. Each patriotically but shortsightedly thought that it was doing the best it could do if it cherished the memories of the war and got in power if out, or stayed in power if in. The old antagonisms were the political issues of the period. A man who joined the Copperheads if he had formerly been with the Yankees or went over to the Yankees if he had been with the Copperheads was quite likely to be ostracized. Many a German sympathizing with his fatherland went through this last war in the United States without suffering anything like the condemnation that such a m... Gen. James B. Weaver, a fine Union... dier, was obliged to endure becaus... broke politically with his comrades, ... obloquy which some prominent Confe... ates had cast upon them for parallel rea... These forces fought against each oth... bitterly that they could not fight for ... thing constructive. I am not criti... them; they were the best the country ... but the country was doing nothing in ... ernment to splice and cement the n... together again.

"We saved this country, and it's o... said one prominent Northerner when ... plaints began to rise as to the corrupti... the government in those post-bellum ...

All the great reformers of the p... before the war—Whittier, Lowell, a... Concord group, all such people everywh... excepting, so far as I remember, We... Phillips—settled down to a contempl... of the glory of the Lord when peace ... and slavery was abolished and seem... believe that there was nothing more t... The soldier organizations became cou... weights against each other, and, like ... tenders in a tug of war, they did noth... else—nothing but hold office. They ... about all the offices t... United States for t... five years.

You can do the ... thing; probably yo... do the same thing. ... become a tradition ... parties that old solds... it won't be long l... you will be old solds... must be nominated ... the good offices ... appointed to all the o... places. If you des... make office your ... nation when you s... from Hoboken youn... do it with perfect ... dence of success.

In a county conve... in Iowa sometime ... middle eighties, ... quarter of a century ... the Civil War brok... after the ticket ... been practically ma... a delegate rose and ... "Mister Chairman, ... to call the attenti... the convention to th... that not a single ol... dier has been nomi... on this ticket!"

There was a hush ... horror, as if someone ... been accused of layi... hand on the Ark ... Covenant. Had thi... ful thing been ac... done? It was a ... if so; then a be... farmer on one of the ... seats rose and dr... out: "Mister Chai... and gentlemen of t... convention, the del... is mistaken. Wi... Peterson, our nominee for sheriff, is a ... soldier, and a brave one!"

Everyone breathed easier. The dast d... deed of making up a ticket without a ... soldier on it had not been done; and ... when the thing could go so far, whe... old soldier could be nominated wi... having his soldiership heralded befo... men in his canvass and the nomin... speech, the glory was beginning to d... from Israel. This after twenty-five ... You see how long you are to have th... on the offices. It is a good long time i... can be satisfied with the thing. But i... sail from Hoboken for officeholding I ... think you will be satisfied in your hur... after your hair is gray.

In the first place, count up all the o... and the places and divide four millio... the number. You will see that there ar... offices and places enough to make it v... while, as a selfish consideration, for ... than a few of you, and all the nutri... you personally will be likely to get ... office is the opportunity of electing ... other soldier to a place which on the v... won't do him much good and may do ... harm. Running for office and officeho... is a much worse habit than drinking whi...

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The Transport Leviathan Steaming Up the North River Laden With the Boys of New York's 27th Division

(Continued from Page 60)

ir it doesn't seem to the victim at the ne that he is ruining himself, while the ink habit always holds up signals of arning. There was once a Kansas man ho had seen active political life, who wrote poem on politics, in which he likened it a sea of vitriol, which ate up the hull of e ship sailing on it. One would hate to e your organization set sail from Hoboken this vitriol sea, which eats and eats at e vessel itself and finally sinks it, a rroded wreck.

Just sit down here by me and let me tell ou about it, even at the expense on my rt of what some may think a violation of ste. This present writer has had some portunity to see politics—as a young an and farther along in life. He has run r county office in the old days and been eaten; he has run for city office and been eaten at the primaries; he has run for fice and been beaten at the polls; he has in and been elected; he has run for re-ection and been beaten; he has run for ne office and been elected to another, hich seemed to be a higher one but which e did not desire; he has helped finance ne campaigns of others; he has conducted counts in election contests; he has acted s checker in levee wards when his friends olishly supposed that his life was in dan-er from the plug-uglies, who were actually eating him like a man and a brother, after he fight was over; he has seen offices ought and sold, but could not prove it; he as acted as public prosecutor against oodlers, and thrown them out of office; e has devoted a year or two of his life to n effort to send some of them to the enitentiary, and failed—and lived to be lad he failed; he has acted in the inner ircle of a state in the hands of the reform-rs; he has seen many a fine and noble hing done in politics, and many a base and ordid; he has seen great things for the eople done through politics; he has been ppointed to a most honorable and re-ponsible office in the general government, eld it for three years out of the eight of is term—so you see this is not the wail of lisappointment—and resigned it to go ack to his private work—and he has never een a mere office seeker do any good to his ountry or himself.

On the Vitriol Sea

On the other hand, though he has seen ome substantial private fortunes built up rom the gettings of office he has never seen the owner of such a fortune enjoying such a reputation among his fellows as he thinks ought to satisfy a boy like yourself; and he has seen many, many men lose office, and—if they lost it soon enough—go disgustedly into business, cursing the ingratitude of republics, and then make good and thank their stars for defeat.

"You have taken from me the best man I ever had in my warehouse," said a business man to me just after I had appointed John Swanson to a place on the police force. "I'm sorry I supported you for mayor!"

"Well," said I, "the man whose place he took wants a job; why don't you hire him?"

"Probably spoiled for honest work," said he, "but send him along."

I sent him along, and in five years the man who went on the force was still a policeman, getting a small salary and wondering how long he could hang on, and frightened at every change in the administration, doing nothing permanent for himself, while the man who lost office and went to the warehouse had been promoted to a foremanship, and wouldn't have touched an office with a ten-foot pole. The one was on the firm ground of business while the other had launched his little boat—and most of you boys will necessarily have boats that will draw very little water—on the vitriol sea, which was eating up the craft and beginning to attack the man himself. Running for office and holding office for the sake of the profit is a thing for boobs and grafters, and in either case it is sailing the vitriol sea. That sea lies west of your Hoboken and is bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the south by the Gulf and Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. It is known otherwise as American politics; sail it if you think best, but remember that you and your great and patriotic brotherhood have been warned that it isn't water, but vitriol.

I don't see much for your organization to do, save to have regular and occasional meetings, except to run the country. And after all can you run the country and not hold office? Why, of course you'll have to hold office. Then will it not be necessary to embark on the vitriol sea? In a way, yes, but not after the fashion depicted by our Kansas friend, Ironquill, he of the vitriol-sea poem. There is such a thing as seeking office for some reason other than a livelihood and personal profit. Such office seeking is often detrimental to one's career, though there will be many among you who can make the sacrifice—some because of the experience gained, some because of financial ability to stand the expense, some because of a desire to do things in public life the gratification of which will repay them for almost any disarrangement of their private affairs, some because they have such a temperament that they are better fitted for public employment than any other. But all this is subsidiary to the job of running the country. If you run the country for the selfish purposes of a few of you the less you think about it the better, but if you take over the work for the benefit of the country and the world you had better begin to study immediately for your stupendous job, as an organization. As long as your power lasts you will be obliged to study; you will have to organize for study; you may not see the necessity of this, but what else is there for you to do? You have only two courses between which to choose: You may run the country in the old, wasteful, slipshod, inefficient way or you may study the needs of the country, awaken to its dangers, and give us the greatest era of progress any nation ever was blessed withal.

Reasons for Confidence

I have confidence enough in you to believe that you will choose greatly and nobly—and sensibly and decently. Why shouldn't I have this confidence in you? I have seen you leap to the defense of your country and the world like a blade from its scabbard; I have seen you leave your tasks to others and put on soldiership as a garment; I have been struck by the wonder of your giving up the independence of the citizen and submerging yourself in the mass of your comrades like a molecule of steel in the forging of a great gun; I have seen you turned from a blithe boy to a grim engine for the destruction of the foe as Spartacus was changed from a shepherd boy to the king of the gladiators; I have seen you winning the admiration of the world for your cheerfulness in danger, dirt, disease, weariness and wounds; I have seen you showing the veterans of four years of war new devices allied to new courage; I have seen you mastering new trades and occupations—gunnery, aviation, submarining, transportation, warehousing, lumbering, putting time, space, depth and the mysteries of Nature under your feet; I have seen you carrying on the greatest business in the world, and doing it with success. All for what? For patriotism. Because you loved the country and the flag. Because there was in you something not yourself which made you throw yourself as a burnt offering on the altar of your country. And shall it be said of you, the whole four millions of you, that when you were forced by the logic of the situation to take over the control of the Government, as you will in a few years, you, who studied every intricacy of modern war and did in a year what was supposed to be the work of a lifetime, refused to master this new work, and went on as went the men who sailed into power on the vitriol sea of selfishness?

Like the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans, your organization will love to cherish the memories of the war. These memories will range from the humorous to the tragic; from the odd and revolting to the sublime; but after all the memories of what you did for the world and for the nation, the immense tasks and the wonderful masteries, ought to give tone to the cult that you will build up. You will never be able to say that you extirpated any national disease like slavery and the right of secession or that you rebuilt the shattered structures of a section prostrated under the war, as your ancestors so truly said; but you may say that you saved the nation from impending ruin. For I tell you that this nation faces ruin unless things are changed in our Government.

Both branches of our national Government are composed mainly of little men with little minds—sailors on the vitriol sea of little partisan politics—already a little vitriol-eaten where the seas have come aboard—busied with little schemes for getting reëlected or, at best, bewildered by the failure to understand the war, the age or the problems of the nation. They get to the Senate or the House by first getting themselves elected to some little office locally—perhaps getting some important monetary interest back of them—going from one office to another, none of them with duties or problems fitting the man for a place where he can control national affairs, and then some fine autumn day the nation hears without much interest that some man from the outskirts of nowhere or from the Eighth Ward of somewhere has been sent to the House or the Senate.

Nobody has paid any attention to his fitness for national employment. You should do that in the future. Nobody has seen that the platform on which he ran was anything more than a platform to get in on, rather than one to stand on. You should look out for that in the future. Nobody has tried to discover what he understands by the platform or whether he understands it at all. You and your great organization should see to that in the future. You should make it impossible for the common or garden-seed congressman ever to get to Washington. For the garden-seed congressman will ruin this nation if someone doesn't eliminate him.

It is hard to ruin the United States. If it had been easy it would have been done long ago; not by graft, but by plain bone-headedness and inefficiency and stolid idiocy. We were too rich to be ruined. We were the Coal Oil Johnny of the nations, getting rich so fast that we couldn't waste riches at such a rate as to make us poor. But that time is over. This war leaves us with a national Government on which is laid a larger and larger mass of the governmental work of the people. Everybody asks the general Government to do everything almost, and it costs more and more all the time.

And then our great war debt! When we emerged from the Civil War we owed something under $3,000,000,000. Now we owe so many billions that I am afraid to say what the debt is for fear of missing the mark by four or five times what we owed in 1865. The factor of possible error in statement is more than all our debt amounted to then. The states, the cities, the counties, the school districts, the drainage districts, the park districts—all these have piled up debts until the mass is incomprehensible. This in addition to the national debt—and all incurred by government, all to be handled by government, all to be added to or paid off by government.

The Burden of Debt

These debts have never bothered you much in the past, but they are going to make you hustle in the future. What you eat and wear, the house over your head, the profits of your business will all be affected year by year by these debts, and your chances of success in life will be diminished. Your struggle for existence will be harder. And when you do score a little success the Government will take a part of your income to pay this debt, the interest on it, and the additions to it which are accumulating every day, and the interest on them.

If prices go down so that the cry can be raised, as it was in my boyhood, that the bondholders who bought bonds for forty-cent dollars are getting interest on hundred-cent dollars, and being paid the principal at the rate of a hundred for forty, it may bring to this country agitations and troubles of which we can now form no notion. That national debt will have to be taken care of and the country financed during your voting lifetime, and whether or not it shall be added to depends on you—for, remember, you are going to run this nation.

Now such Congresses as we have now, and have had ever since I can remember, have not the trained men, the brains or the moral character to do this. Such Congresses will ruin the nation.

Let me give you some idea of the mess our national Government is in. Suppose the country to be a great department store—the United States Department Store. It is under the control of a board of directors, which is Congress. This board of directors consists of one from every city block in town—members of Congress—and two from each ward—senators. There are some five hundred of these directors running the department store, but they do not sit in one body but in two, and no orders given for the conduct of the business can have any authority until both these bodies agree. Each body—the block men and the ward men—is divided on party lines, and they are fighting each other mostly about fake issues, lime-lighting and grand-standing, instead of dividing the business of the country up among them and understanding it and contending as business men on business matters. You wouldn't expect a department store to do very well under such auspices, would you? Anyhow, it wouldn't—and neither does a nation.

But this isn't the worst of it. There is a President of this United States Department Store, whose duty it is to see that the orders of the board of directors and the regulations of the articles of incorporation—which is the Constitution—are carried out. He has under him a dozen or so department heads, called a cabinet. One has charge of the moneys—but also of the health organization and the lighting system—classy organization, that! One has charge of the special policemen and one of the boats for delivering goods along the river—Army and Navy. These are all tremendous departments, some of them employing many thousands of men. These departments spend the money appropriated by the board of directors—your income and mine, young fellows.

As Bad as This

This board of directors of the United States Department Store never knows how much money it has at the end of the fiscal year available to spend during the next year; never makes up any budget for the next year's work. It never tries to find out. It won't let anyone in the departments make up such a budget. It doesn't want to know. If the head of the dress-goods department thinks he would like to have a bigger appropriation next year he lobbies with some obscure committee on the board of directors, and gets it. The gents'-furnishings-goods bureau chief goes after all he can get before another committee. There is a general snooping round with committees by every department in the store. There is no general committee. Every bureau tries to make his bureau bigger—and with the money of the store. They find often, after the chaos has been enacted, that the woodenware section has gone in and bought a full stock of furniture, because it is made of wood, while the graniteware section has laid in a supply of tombstones. The talking-machine section has put in parrots, and extended the parrots' cracker department to a full line of groceries. Meantime groceries, furniture and tombstones have gone on swelling on their own hook. So it is all over the place. I have not overstated it.

The United States Goverment is as bad as that—and your income and your chance to succeed in life will be affected by these things. If Congress were composed of men—I know they talk well and look all right individually—but if they were men fit and fitted for such employment they would have a central organization at work on the budget all the time, and know last year's business, and plan for next year's business just as is done at Marshall Field's or Wanamaker's. And they would have had it years ago.

But this isn't the worst, either. These senators and garden-seed congressman making up the board of directors never give to any department or head of a bureau or division in the store a free hand to operate it on business principles. Any private business gives general instructions and tells the man in charge to go ahead and succeed and make periodical reports so he can be checked up. But the board of directors of the United States Department Store—five hundred of them—keep their hands on every bundle wrapper, every deliveryman, every salesman in the store. Each member tries to get people from his particular block or ward hired to work in the store. They make a fuss if one of their henchmen or henchwomen is discharged. They won't establish any system by which the halt, lame and blind can be retired, and so, in order that they may not starve, these derelicts are kept on the pay roll until some of them have to be brought to their posts of mornings in wheeled chairs.

And each man of them wants the store to spend money in the district from which he is elected. If the grocery department will just promise to establish a branch—say, a post-office building—in a certain block he

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(Concluded from Page 63)

arget the votes of the member for that
lo:, and all his friends' votes, especially
f I will let it be understood that he will
utsome of the member's friends on the
ay'oll. Not only will he get his vote, but
e ill get all his friends' votes, and all the
ots he can trade for, for other local bene-
fits. So the grocery department can then
etan appropriation for a full stock of
ant medicines, subsequently to run into
whole drug store, though the drug branch
ors that already.

overnment is always a local issue to the
enseeder. He seldom even tries to see
hation as a whole; if he did he would
or a single term endure the conditions.
would rise in his place every day and
t "Give us business methods!" just
hat old Roman senator, whenever he
e, on the most commonplace Roman
ect, ended by saying: "And also, Car-
he must be destroyed!" Our Carthage
overnmental stupidity, inefficiency and
headedness—and the man who notes
increased and increasing national debt
see Hannibal coming over the Alps.

A Blessing in Disguise

in any private business the head of
department went to the man over him
said "Boss, Jim Smith is quitting us,
I don't believe we need anyone to take
place. Let me pay Jones and Robinson
tle extra to do his work and we'll save
ut fifty dollars a month. And the work
be done just as well," the manager
ld eagerly welcome the proposal. It
ld amount to a promotion for Jones and
binson and would save money for the
iness. Jones and Robinson would be
en courage and pep, and the word
ld go through the business that effi-
ncy pays. Do you think that Congress
ld allow any such thing in the govern-
nt service? Not at all. Years ago a civil
ineer, a friend of mine, was building a
-dock. The specifications called for a
tain sort of stone and cement and that
neral class of work. A stone was inspected
ee or four times before it was built into
dock, and then a new inspector would
haps come along and condemn the stone
have it taken out. At last my friend
tested; the thing was so childish.
A government engineer said to him:
What salary are you getting?"
On being told he replied: "Well, the
ghest-paid man in the government em-
y checking you up gets about half that
ch. After you are done with this job
u'll hunt another, but the government
n is on for life. All he has to do is not
make mistakes. He can run this expense
on you until the cows come home by
structive safety-first moves, and it will
ver take his job away from him. Govern-
nt service pays no reward for construc-
e excellence, and so long as we can play
e we'll naturally do it. You took all that
o account when you bid on the job any-
w."
So it is all along the line. Exceptional
ility in government service gets no ex-
tional reward as it does in private em-
yment. Congress gives to no bureau or
vice the power to pay the right man in
e right place for the excellence or original-
of his work. It allows no employing
icer an opportunity to reward good serv-
by more pay. The United States De-
rtment Store, with its double board of
rectors—one lower house with a member
m every block, and two from every ward
an upper house—runs things on the most
pensive plan possible, and refuses its de-
rtment heads any power to improve
ings.
It makes it impossible for any bureau or
vice to gain anything by economy or
iciency. The other day a scientist sent to
senator an account of a new poison he
d perfected for the cotton boll weevil.
e could see from the letter he sent in that
was reluctant to say that his work was
ne, and when it came before the Senate
e could see the reason why.
"I hope," said a senator who for some
ason has gained a reputation for ability,
hat the agricultural appropriation will
much smaller next year on account of
e finishing of this work." He should have
d: "Fine business! Now set this ento-
logist after some other bug!"
As a matter of fact, there was no incentive
the bug hunter to finish the work at all,
far as Congress is concerned. Congress
pects every job to go on forever, and if
y department in any of its branches fails in any year to spend all the money appropriated to it that department suffers in its next year's appropriation. I mean by this that the man carrying on any particular work gains nothing by economy. There is no one to give him credit for economical and efficient work. All he saves goes back into the treasury, and the saving does not benefit his work at all. In fact it harms him, for instead of having more money next year by reason of his economy this year he will be given less. He cannot transfer money from one branch of his work to another. He must use it up for exactly the purpose for which it was appropriated or it goes back into the treasury, and he gets less next year on account of his economy this year. Nobody in the business of the Government is given much opportunity to exercise business judgment as to the way money is spent or to pay better for better services or to benefit next year by economies or efficiencies practiced this year. Economy—this I state from experience—is a distinct detriment to any service or bureau. The only way to succeed is for each of the various heads to get as large an appropriation as possible, and then spend every dollar of it. And, remember, Congress never knows how much money it spent last year, never knows how much it is going to spend next year, never makes up a budget in which future expenditures and future revenues are balanced, and never tries to do so. It will tax you and the next generations to ruin and poverty unless it reforms its methods.

Congress with its five hundred men in two houses split by lines of party is just as inefficient as such a body would be in running a department store. If Congress wasn't so hungry for jobs with which to influence votes, jobs for contractors and jobs for people, it would give the heads of departments and bureaus and services and commissions the same authority over salaries and ways and means that any good business gives to its department heads. It would have its appropriations made according to a budget, and not as at present. The budget would be made up by one agency instead of by nine committees, as appropriations are now handled. It would quit messing into the work of the departments and would approve or condemn and punish them, on the basis of full reports, as is done in other great concerns, instead of perpetrating the dreary bluff of anticipating and regulating everything beforehand. It would attend to its legislating and allow the administrating to be done by the administrators. It acts as absurdly as would the directors of a railway if they gave the section men laws telling them how to drive spikes or tamp under the ties.

Why We Don't Go Broke

Our Government, if Congress would attend to its proper business of legislation and let administration alone, could eliminate a quarter of the useless work now done, do what would be left and do it better, with a third less force than is now engaged upon it, and for a third less money. I am making that statement positively, because I believe it is under rather than over the mark; but if it be false, bless you, I can laugh at congressmen, senators, bureau heads and members of the cabinet, for not one of them has anything more than a hazy opinion on the subject. Congress makes a point of not knowing its business and of not making any laws through the operation of which anyone else can know. After three years of bureau running my opinion is as good as anyone's, and I have stated what I believe to be the truth. A department store run in the way I have stated would bust in six months, and the only reason why the United States hasn't busted every year since before you were born is because Congress can go out and levy taxes on you to pay for the results of its incompetency. But how much longer can we stand it?

What I have said about our Congress, both branches of it, may seem severe; but it is not half severe enough. There are plenty of men in both branches who know that what I say is true, and some have made certain gestures toward some changes for the better, but they are only gestures so far—pure Delsarte. Nobody feels the hot indignation, nobody possesses the grim determination to change things, nobody tries to build up a group, nobody really tries or has ever tried, though they all know who have made any study of government—perhaps fifty out of the five hundred—that our Government is worse than that of any really civilized nation in its legislative and administrative methods. Oh, if we could have as good a government in this respect as Porto Rico! Both parties are false to their platforms. Probably your state government, your city government and your county government are just as bad. Fellows, these things ought not so to be. Soldiers, there's bigger game to be hunted here than in the Argonne, and game just as deadly to our welfare.

What else is there for your new organization to do? Officeholding and job holding will never satisfy you, if for no other reason than that there aren't jobs enough for four million men, and most of them are a liability instead of an asset. You will never be satisfied just with meetings and the fighting over of your battles or the carrying out of a mere ritual, no matter how impressive. You will have to do something or you will turn out to be the biggest dud ever fired from the artillery of history. Of course you will desire to do something for each other, and for yourselves, but you can do most by doing something for everyone. And let me tell you, there is more fun in stalking corruption and sniping incompetency than in getting on the pay roll to-day and beginning to pay to be kept on to-morrow; I've had experience, and I believe I know. I am not advising you to enter upon a dread apostolate of suffering in yon drear political Gethsemane; by no means. I am telling you how so to organize as to have more fun out of politics the rest of your lives than any crowd of men ever had since Adam named the animals.

How John Milton Put It

It is a part of the war in which you enlisted. My view of what the verdict of history will be is that you will be given the credit of having saved the world. Not alone, for it would have been lost time after time had it not been for the dreadful sacrifices of our Allies, but the red ruin would have prevailed over them if you had not gone in. You did not go in for any narrow or selfish reason; not for glory, not for the thrill of it, not because you wanted a fight, not because our country was directly threatened, but because it looked as if this would be a bad and disgusting and degenerating world in which to live and bring up families if Germany won. But Germany has won in a way, for she has cast on us such burdens that we cannot carry them unless we adopt better methods of government. She has poisoned our blood, and we shall sicken and die unless we throw that poison off; and you are to run the Government—remember that. Don't you see that you can't evade the issue? You must study government, local, state and national—not every one of you, of course, but you must organize so that it will be done—and in doing so you will only be finishing what you began when you went into the fight with Germany. You will be helping to get the German poison out of our blood. That's where you will just naturally be obliged to go from Hoboken; the stars in their courses must fight against Sisera.

We as a nation are standing on the world. We have the credits, the resources, the wealth, the power—and if you do not fail us we have the men. I wish we could rise to the greatness of the vision of what we may do for ourselves, for the world. The ancient mantle of the headship of the Englishry of the world hovers over our shoulders, if we are worthy to put it on and wear it, and what that mantle covers is not capable of adequate statement, but can only be limned by the steel stylus of destiny on the scroll of the centuries. Milton saw it, centuries ago, and his words still ring out as a battle call to the peoples of English speech:

"Lords and Commons of England; consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also which love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

The Pipe of Peace

The following incident was related some months ago in the New York *Tribune:*

The battle in the Argonne Forest made optimists out of soldiers, who the world knows would rather kick than eat, according to an Ensign on a returning transport.

"Just as our boat arrived in port," said this Ensign, "one soldier at the rail said to another who had gone through the inferno of the Argonne:

"'And just think; we are going back to a place where we aren't going to be able to get a drink soon.'

"'I'd have given my life insurance for a drink of water in the Argonne,' said the other quietly.

"'But I hear they are going to stop tobacco, too,' said the other.

"'Well, I smoked shoe-laces in the Argonne,' returned the other, 'and they tasted pretty good.'"

There is small chance that either our lawmakers or our grateful American people, now that peace has been won, will tell the men who won it that they can smoke shoe-laces again.

Our fighting men have earned the right to smoke the Pipe of Peace. And so have the millions of older men in civilian life who worked and bought Liberty Bonds, denying themselves comforts.

Men have various ways of taking comfort from life. Some take it from earning and saving money. Some take comfort by thinking themselves better than other men. Some enjoy nothing so much as shaking things up and changing conditions, and some like to meet conditions as they are and make the most of them in a human, companionable way. Some men take comfort in eating. Some in smoking.

Probably more men get comfort out of eating and smoking than out of all other habits put together. A smoke after a good meal—what in the whole world compares with that?

You settle into an easy position. You light a match. Puff!—puff!—puff! As you blow out those ribbons of fragrant smoke, you drop worries, you begin to see that things are nearer as they should be than you imagined; you come nearer being the happy, companionable, helpful human being you were put here to be.

That is the way many men take comfort from life and hence meet their fellows in a free, open-hearted, open-handed way as a result. All that is required is a match and a pipeful of the right tobacco.

Just the right tobacco is frequently found only after a long hunt. Have you come upon the kind that exactly suits you yet? If not, we should be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth may or may not be just your kind. But it has proved to be just the right kind for so many smokers that we will make it very easy for you to pass judgment upon it.

Simply a post-card containing your address, also that of the dealer to whom you turn for supplies, will cause us to send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

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To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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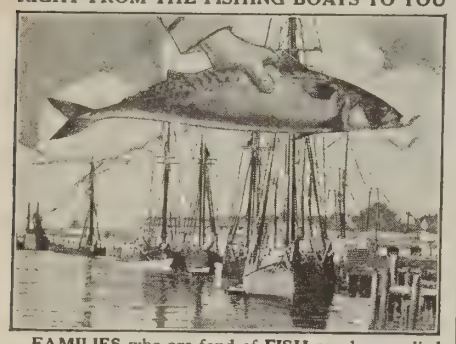

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THE HIGHER THE FEWER

(Continued from Page 17)

intending any humor, but do you get me? I'll say so! Well, anyways, he bought it and after our hearty dinner of grapefruit salad, pickles and lemon ice, which ma eat with her eagle eye on us to see was we going to kick, which of course we therefore didn't, we got together and opened up the great New American Good Book—the automobilist hymnal—and commenced to read about ideal towers and everything.

Well, at first it seemed that the bird which had writ this book—and I'll tell the world it must of give him writer's cramp, it's so long—well, anyways, it seems this literary bird had such a big heart in him that he was tore every whichways by Penn., New Hampshire, Northern N. Y., and other points, and had such a love for them all that he couldn't just say which he liked best. So he had them labeled by numbers. Ideal towers No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, through the whole entire alphabet of numbers. You'd commence reading about, say, No. 3, and get all emotional over Rhode Island, only to turn to No. 5 and the realization that Kentucky was the only state in the Union worth seeing. Take it by and large, that author was a real, genuine, all-round American without a single hyphen in his make-up except after the route numbers. He had got us all settled on Niagara Falls, when I happened to turn to Plymouth, and after I read how that was the place the Pilgrim Fathers discovered America and how the rock was there yet and all, and how the population was two thousand, which seemed awful old and quaint, I decided we'd go to Plymouth. Jim had already decided on Baltimore, because his mother had a cousin there and he had never been to Washington. But in the end we compromised on Plymouth, because I had a idea the rock might some day make a good location for a picture. And just as I had made up Jim's mind about the trip the doorbell rung and who would it be but Maison Rosabelle and her husband, the one which had been a traveling man but had gone to France as soon as the war commenced and was just now back, he having been over there eighteen months in active service selling playing cards, and so forth, for the novelty firm which had sent him. And him and they had quarreled and parted one day over commissions on poker chips and so now he was home taking one of them well-earned rests so gladly granted to all veterans, and judging by the prices I pay Maison Rosabelle for my simple and refined little dresses I guess she can afford to indulge in a wifely husband, and it's the truth she's that sort of a woman and though thin by intention is almost twice his size and enjoys complaining about him to his face.

Well, anyway, they was more than welcome, arriving as they did just in time to leave Jim decided on Massachusetts and furthermore bringing a quart of ice cream and a sponge cake of their own accord, as it was a hot night and the growler was no more—or at least too weak to struggle for. Well, anyways, they brought not alone food but life and enthusiasm to us, all but ma, who left the room overcome by emotion when we commenced a frenzy of eating. And when, as the poet says, the last scrap was gone and Jim had got out and passed our new gold-tipped cigarettes, which we have made to order with both our names on them at fifty cents a hundred extra, we told Maison Rosabelle and Rollo Healy—that's her husband—about our coming motor trip.

"Why, dearie, how odd!" says Maison, which it's the truth she speaks very refined. "How odd! We were planning the very same trip, because of course the establishment—English for store—will be closed ovah the holiday."

"Driving up?" I says.

"Yes—in the sedan," says she. "Leave us go together!"

"We got our new Cobra," I says. "But we could go in ours and you in yours."

"And change off company now and then," added Maison, eying Jim coyly.

"Why, yes!" he says enthusiastically.

Well, I wasn't ditto exactly, though I and Maison have been for years the best of friends, when able to cramp the other's style—do you get me? If female, you do! Because ain't it the truth a lady always loves her side-kick better when she is at a disadvantage? And here was Maison with not alone a sedan but about to take my husband in it, leaving me her cold half portion, which no one had ever yet attempted to wrest away from her, there being positively nothing in doing so; and in a way that's not a bad sort of husband to have because you are at least sure of what there is of him. And I commenced wishing why hadn't we bought a sedan, as undoubtedly they was up-to-date and a person's hair wouldn't get

(Continued on Page 69)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1919.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF — POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Touraine Apartments, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1919.
(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires April 1, 1923.)

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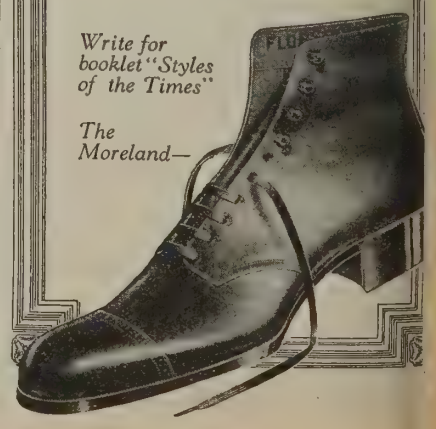


(Continued from Page 66)

bwn about or anything, and in a way Maison had put one over on me for once ctside of the items on her bill.

Well, anyways, I cooed of course it would lovely and then Maison moved over onto e sofa and her and Jim got their heads ose together over the road map and as ere was but one it left nothing for me to to get even except play to Rollo, which lone it with him leaning his elbow on the usic rack and admiring my rings while my et was busy with Kiss Me Again To-ght, Dear, but failing to cast any gloom on them Indian-trail hunters in the next om. I could hear their voices chanting, No, see? It's route 134 reversed. That's Narragansett, see, at 7:10." And in the ry same tone he had used to me but an our earlier—only more so!

Well, of course, far be it from me to be e least bit jealous, as my art comes first nyways and no mere man can compare to , let alone the fact that it never goes back n me no matter what my director may ometimes say. But nevertheless just the ame, I could not but let Maison know just here she got off, and o I give Rollo's hand squeeze when we re-uctantly says good ight, and Rollo was o astonished he says 'Ouch" before he hought, but uckily no one took any notice, and then we says good-by till Friday nine A. M. sharp at the Palatial and we'll get a early start. Such a swell idea, dearie, and good night! Good night! "Nice woman, Maison," says Jim, when they had gone and we was in as much privacy as we ever give each other. "Very intelligent too."

"Yes, I notice she's a good listener," I says. But that was too subtle to register, and Jim merely says "uh-huh" and pulled up the covers over his ears.

Well, anyways, this day was Wednesday and the following A.M. I and Musette put in packing my and Jim's bags; and carrying only two suitcases each and a hat box, it did not take long. I deciding to get on with a satin sports suit, two bright sweaters, a bathing suit for Narragansett and one for Plymouth, a couple of evening dresses, a white suit and a organdie or so, calculating two to one on what Maison would take, because she being a professional every costume should be an ad and she would undoubtedly make it so outside of the establishment, which of course it's natural she would want a relief from the severe black satin of business clothes.

And so her being along about doubled my carrying capacity, while I personally myself deliberately planned to wear tweeds in the car which are correct, and if going through Newport and so on where refined people live I had no intention of carrying the dust of the motion-picture lot on my clothing, which natural refinement has made me what I am to-day, with only society leads, and I'll tell the world but very few can screen as convincingly in a drawing-room set.

Well, anyways, I watched Musette pack and then, exhausted, I and Jim, which he had put in a heavy day at the Friars swapping reminiscences of the wet epoch with other desperate sarsaparilla hounds—well, I and he took a spin in the Cobra up Fifth Avenue and the Drive to get a lungful of nice fresh gasoline and exchange familiar greetings with the cops, which it's a fact we know nearly all of them, between arrests for blocking the traffic and hold-ups to buy field-day tickets for the benefit of overfed members of the force or something.

Well, anyways, at about five o'clock Jim come round with the snorting Cobra straining at the emergency and I was waiting on the front steps, because by getting a early start we could call it tea but make it dinner at some road house up the line and never wound ma's feelings at table later. And we crawled up the Drive like a professional snail, picking up on high from five miles in the traffic in the angel-from-heaven way that bus of ours has when it wants to.

"Some bus!" says Jim.

"I'll say so!" I says. And on we rode with hearts and gear on high, as the poet says, and had a meal of food at The Doodle Bug Inn and started for home and mother with an appetite which could just about struggle with the denatured dinner we knew would await us. And still the Cobra purred on like a big cat concentrating on its own affairs.

"Some bus!" says Jim, who is nothing if not to the point.

"I'll say so!" I answered. And just then the Cobra overheard us and give a gulp.

"Oh, Didn't You Change?" Says Maison.
"So Sorry I Didn't Know You Wouldn't, Dearie. We Always Dress Wherever We Are!"

At first we pretended not to of heard it, because I'll say one thing for that car, it always gives warning and warning was something we was not anxious to hear, what with a nine A. M. start ahead of us next morning.

But just to make sure, it give another gargle not two blocks farther on.

"Jim!" I says with my heart getting sort of cold. "Did you hear him?"

"Yes, I heard her," he says grimly. And it's the case we always name that car's sex on each other when we want to fix the blame. "Yes, I heard her, but it don't mean anything, I don't believe."

Which is his common and ever futile prayer to heaven on these occasions.

"Well, with contracts, dieting and cars there's no use shirking the facts if you want to get results," I says. "And he always acts like that when he's going to cuddle down in the garage for a week or two," I says.

"Well, I'll just speak to di Pagelli about her when I put her up," says Jim, which it is certainly remarkable the grand-opera names these dagos have, and of course we kept our car—it being a foreign one—in a garage where they spoke its language. Well, anyways, Jim left me at our door and took the bus round to learn the worst, and I went up to argue ma into having a decent lunch put up for us to take along next day so we could make good time and yet take nourishment as well. Ma had something on her mind besides her transformation and boudoir cap. I could see that at once.

"Mary Gilligan, I've about decided to take a trip myself," she says. "Loop-the-Loop Lola phoned while you was out and they have a cottage down to Long Beach," she says, "and asked would I come down to-morrow and stay until Monday," she says. "And seeing she is getting thin, too, on account of her new bicycle act, I said I would."

"But, ma, suppose the contract from Goldringer comes, who will wire us?" I says.

"Alfalfa will," says ma. "I have explained it to her and she understands it good."

Alfalfa was our domestic staff just then and hovered over the kitchen like a dark cloud, partially from natural coloration and partially on account of our menus. Musette I did not count, as she had my permit to cease from being personal maid to me for three days and be personal maid in gray satin and blue ribbons for five minutes twice a day in a vaudeville sketch which her sister was going to have a try-out in at Troy, N. Y., over the holiday.

Well, anyways, I did not have quite the faith in Alfalfa's memory as ma for the sake of her own convenience had, and so I called her from watching the tomatoes cool, which she was busily doing, and said could she read, and she could not. So then, nothing daunted, I got out one of Goldringer's big envelopes and tore off the mark in the corner—a gold ring with a camera rampant in the middle of it and the magic words "Goldringer Motion Picture Productions, Inc." beneath it. And then I wrote a telegram to myself addressed to the Plymouth House, saying contract arrived, come at once, and told her that the minute a envelope with that on it come she was to send this. And then feeling like a kindergarten teacher after a hard day, I turned to face the troubled countenance of my husband.

"It's the feed from the vacuum," he says at once, "but Caruso says he'll have it done by ten o'clock to-night sure."

"Another overtime alibi," I says. "Last time it made the same swan song and he claimed it was the ignition. I believe that dago sits up nights teaching Willful Winnie to sing at two dollars an hour!"

And so, as will be seen by any intelligent public, all was set for a typical pleasure trip.

Well, anyways, we phoned at ten and it wasn't ready; then at ten-thirty and at eleven and eleven-thirty with the same results, until finally Jim says: "Well, no use waiting up any longer. I guess it won't happen before morning. Wake me up if it's a boy." And I, feeling about the same way, finally at last got to sleep, not caring if we took a trip or stayed where we had our own tub and bed and got the breeze—you know. But garage men only do such things to help along the excitement and when we woke up at eight-thirty next morning there was Willful Winnie parked at the curb and not even of course locked, and this instead of making Jim grateful he took it as a opportunity to show off some of the language he had learned abroad and I'll tell the world it didn't need no interpreter to understand it.

About nine I started to phone Maison we'd be a little late when she beat me to it and we rearranged to meet at ten and not stop for lunch. And then Jim and the bell

A Lighting Plant That Gives *Steady* Light

A Universal electric lighting plant gives steady, dependable light because it is operated by the *trouble-proof*, standardized

Universal

4-Cylinder Motor

Extra large bearings, patented governor and a simple, reliable lubricating system make the Universal vibrationless, quiet and sweet-running. It economically burns either gasoline, kerosene or gas.

Universal Stationary and Portable Lighting Plants are ideal for chautauquas, carnivals, motion picture houses, country homes and estates. Universal Motors for Motor Boats and for operating farm machinery, pump outfits, concrete mixers, hand cars, etc., give an unfailing power that assures maximum efficiency.

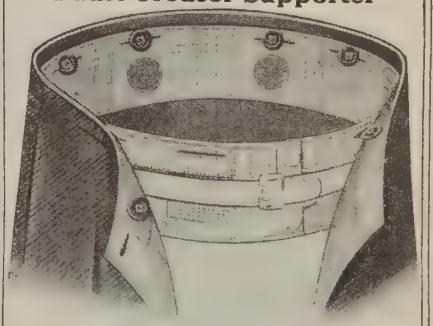
Write for Bulletin No. 30 on Lighting Plants and Bulletin No. 29 on Marine Motors.

Universal Motor Company
Sta. 40, Oshkosh, Wis.
The U. S. Army and Navy used over 1500 Universal Motors.

Keeps Trousers Up—Shirt Down

FEW figures will support trousers without that constant "hitching-up" process. You can prevent your shirt bulging out—keep your trousers up—smooth and trim—and without a cramping leather belt or suspenders.

Faust Trouser Supporter



Remains buttoned inside trousers. Instantly adjusted by tightening or loosening the belt.

See the rubber shirt retainers. Act like a hundred little fingers—grasping your shirt and holding it down smoothly—without binding or discomfort.

Ventilated—made of a light open mesh cloth. Cannot be seen even with the coat off.

Gives the Body Correct Support

Allows nature to readjust and strengthen overtaxed muscles. Worn by well dressed men who value *health* and *comfort*.

Send $3.00 With Waist Measure snug over undergarments and we will mail you our Improved Trouser Supporter.

Faust Mfg. Company
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DEALERS: All direct orders turned over to you when you stock the **Faust Trouser Supporter.** Write for full information.

girl started stowing away our stuff, which took only a half hour or so, because they didn't take it all off and rearrange it more than three times, and then at last Jim got it to suit him which was exactly the way I had told him in the first place. But I ignored the fact, as I had no intention to start anything so soon. So we told ma good-by and she us, and give Alfalfa her orders all over again, so as to be as sure as a coon generally is, and started for the Palatial, there to sustain the first shock of battle. And did we get it? I'll say so! We got it when we met up with Rosabelle, Inc.

The inc. part—in other words, her little Rollo—was disguised as a garden pest with a yellow duster that smothered his clothes entirely, a cap to match and a pair of goggles which destroyed what little human element there had been about him. He looked like a cross between a aviator and a doodle bug, and no professional motorist could ever hope to compete. Maison herself run him a close second, being appareled—the word is hers—appareled for motoring, old deah, in a sea green silk and rubber three-tier cape and a tiny jocky cap made of rosebuds swathed by a pale-pink veil not more than five yards long. You expected the leading juvenile to rush right up, chuck her under the chin and exclaim—in song—"So this is Mars!" Well, we says "Hello," and they said it, and we come down the steps and then we was introduced to the bus which these two speed devils was arrayed to travel in—the sedan to which they had so casually referred. It was a sedan all right, all right!

It was a flivver!

Well, I hope after my small-time, circus and other humble proletariat beginnings I am not a snob, no matter to what golden height of success I have risen as the Motion-Picture Gazette says of me—no, I am no snob, but somehow the thought of that flivver trailing us, not alone up the Avenue but through the country at large and stopping at the best hotels give me awful indigestion in my enthusiasm. Not but that I realize what cheap cars has done for the farmers of America, but when it comes to the chicken coop the Broadway ones don't use them. Besides which, though every flivver owner boasts of his bus, he does so with the same tone of voice in which he would defend a serviceable but not two stylish family—do you get me? I'll say so!

But we had made that date and what was a person to do? Start as soon as possible and get used to the agony!

So Rollo hopped in front of his sedan, cranked it without stepping on his duster more than twice. It roared its message loud and clear. In he jumped and in jumped Maison beside him on the other front seat. I and Jim stepped into the Cobra and headed the procession up Broadway through the traffic.

"I suppose we will leave them on the open road," says Jim, breaking the uncomfortable silence and the traffic laws by darting behind the back of a cop which was selling another bird a ticket by compulsion. "Or else hold back our speed and ruin the trip," he says.

"It's ruined right now," I says. "And how they can have a car like that on her income is a crime," I says. "Why don't she ride one of her own sewing machines and be done with it? Gawd knows she has money enough to buy something decent!"

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

Well, anyways, our day was soured, and the first place we had to show restraint was on Greenwich Hill, which it's a fact it's probably one of the worst in Connecticut and the world. Rollo had someways got ahead of us, owing to the Portchester traffic, and he was also for the same reason ahead of us on this hill, and as, of course, he could barely crawl up it at all, we, who could as a rule make it on high, had to restrain ourselves to keep from climbing right up his back by going into second, having lost our run. Jim said something under his breath and at the top we passed them and they looked out and grinned at us just as if they had put one over. But on the stretch we showed them our tail and by Stamford we had them panting well to the rear.

"It's a shame to mortify them, but how can I help it?" says Jim with ill-concealed pleasure.

"Mortify them!" I says. "You mean them mortify us! I wouldn't be seen dead in one of them perambulators!"

"No more would I!" says Jim.

Just then Winnie give a gulp and we dropped all conversation until sure she wasn't going to have a attack, but she didn't and we kept on going right through Bridgeport, and leave me tell you it's a pathetic sight to go through these manufacturing towns nowadays and see the streets crowded by the poor workingmen's automobiles and lined with their model houses and it makes you wonder how can they possibly be expected to face the upkeep on only fifteen or twenty dollars a day.

Well, anyways, we carried our bleeding hearts full of pity through this city of workers and come through a couple more towns and the Cobra give another snort, and not that there was anything wrong with her but sometimes if you leave her cool off she comes to like a mad male, or as Jim says, like any other female, so there being a nice shady spot we thought we'd stop and let the sedan catch up.

So we did that, and out of it come Maison, fresh as if it had been a beauty parlor, and Rollo after her, unbuttoning the duster to display what I guess was a auto suit out of a theater program.

"In trouble, dearie?" asks Maison. "Anything wrong?"

"Only the time," I says. "It's one o'clock and this looked like a good place to eat."

"You said it!" says Maison. "It's real cute under these pines! Rollo, bring out the dining room, sweetums!"

And did sweetums bring it? He did! He brought a storage warehouseful, two folding chairs that looked strong if not comfortable, a folding table that worked and a hamper that had everything in it but the kitchen stove—everything for two. Well, I and Jim being mere amateurs, we didn't have any such outfit as that; and it's the truth Alfalfa had considered herself lucky to find a shoe box big enough, and the step of the Cobra had to do for seats. I could see the pity oozing from Maison, Inc., as they looked at our poverty, but it was like water off a rolling stone so far as I was concerned, because of course I realized that they needed something to make up for the so-called car they had.

"I see you've run your—er—sedan nearly a thousand miles," says Jim.

"Yes, without changing a tire," says Maison. Rollo didn't say a word. That's one good thing about him. Nothing noisy about him except his suits, and it's lucky he had them that way or a person would forget he was there. But he had one talent. He always produced a drink wherever he was and this time he done it from a vacuum bottle the like of which I would not of believed possible outside of a ad. And it didn't have grape juice in it, either. Take it by and large, they had some equipment, them two. And we was actually glad to get back into the Cobra, because that was one thing we certainly had on them and they knew it, and, of course, a person always likes to have a little something on even the best of friends.

But after lunch, spinning along in Winnie, which she was now going like a streak of greased lightning, the world commenced to look not so bad. The country certainly was pretty. All full of trees and grass and everything and even the advertising signs was more interesting than down round home on account of they being occasionally about some local stuff you never heard of before. The sun was out, the roads was good and it wasn't a bit lonesome, because every last owner of anything from a demountable bathtub cycle to a motor truck had decided that their own bed and tub and breeze was all right but this was a holiday. And I'll tell the world the way a lot of them road hogs acted, enjoying theirselves at fifteen miles a hour with everybody in the car from grandma down to the baby and wouldn't turn out on a bet, was enough to sour a person on democracy. And the crowd of them that was out! Really it needed a traffic cop.

Well, anyways, after we had passed a lot more trees and barns and other rural sets and locations we come to a place where three roads come together and it was an even break which one to take, because the only sign said White-O-Best for the Teeth, and we knew that before. So Jim says it must be the left and I says the right was more like a main road and a fellow passed in a delivery wagon and we yelled, "Newport?" And he yelled, "Asquashamm" or something and went along so quick that maybe it was a insult. So we stopped and along come the well-known sedan, and Maison sticks the roses out of the window and says, "Are you in trouble, dearie?"

"No!" shouted Jim. "Which way here?"

"Left!" says Rollo. "That is, maybe."

"The right looks more like a main road!" says Jim—the original creature.

"I think it's the center," says Maison.

"Better look it up," says I. "Here you are—Route 127."

"What was that last town we passed?" says Jim.

"Squedunk," says Rollo.

"No, Westerly," says Maison.

"It was not!" says Jim. "It was Easterbrook—see here: Pass large tree on left, bear right by factory to R. R. bridge 27.6¼, bear right with trolley into Saunderstown. That's it—there's the tree."

"But where's the factory?" I says.

"That's so!" says Jim. "Where is it?"

"You're looking at the wrong route," says Maison, who had got out her book too—and it had a special binding on it. "You're looking at the wrong one—it's 129. See here:

"Leave Westerly at center, large church on left, passing cemetery. No, that's not it either."

"That's the reverse route," says Jim.

"Look on the map!" I says.

And they did, but couldn't tell which town had been the last, because of not noticing at the time. And then after they had done some figuring, which would of made a income-tax return look like the two-times table, I suddenly seen a sign on top of the tooth-paste poster and it said "To the Cape," and we knew that was the general direction we was headed for, so we started that way.

The car was still going good and I commenced to feel all enthusiastic again.

"I am just crazy to see that Plymouth Rock," I says, "where Columbus landed, though how he ever did it is a mystery."

"Jumped, I suppose," says Jim.

"Some jump!" I says. "I think he must of landed at the foot of it and climbed up afterward. Too bad they've painted that insurance ad on it, though—you seen the stills of it?"

"I'll say so!" said Jim.

"I just love to see these impressive freaks of Nature," I says. "Niagara Falls and Atlantic City and the Grand Cañon and so on. They named a brand of chicken for this Plymouth Rock, didn't they?"

"They, who?" says Jim.

"Oh, the ones that names things," I says. "If Columbus had named it he would of called it after his own self."

"I'll say so!" says Jim.

Well, about this time the road commenced to get a sort of amateur look to it, but we kept ahead with that motorists' optimism—that steady refusal to believe the worst, which the old hand gets the habit of feeling. All signs had now vanished and there didn't seem anything to do except turn round and there was no place to do that, so we kept going. It was after six o'clock when Rollo commenced tooting behind. We stopped and after a minute up he comes, the specially bound guide book in his specially gloved hand.

"How about hotels?" he says. "There are two good ones at Plymouth, but apparently we ain't headed that way."

"Where are we then?" says Jim.

"See this map?" says Rollo. "We are way down on the Cape, we are, and likely to stay all night—or at least long enough to eat, because we are at least seventy miles out of our way. Unless you want to drive all night."

"I don't want to drive all night on a empty stomach and bad roads," I says. "Leave us go to the nearest good hotel."

So they says yes and we started for a place called Stanmore and they followed while we held in the Cobra so they could be sure and follow us, because a storm had started to come up and it was getting darker. After we had gone through a lot more of what would of been scenery, if visible, Roll commenced honking again.

"Here we are!" he says when we ha stopped.

And a good thing he called our attentio to it, because otherwise we never would o noticed it was a town. I have done som trouping in my day, but any place w stopped there was at least a railroad statio and a Commercial House and what pre tended to be a theater. But whoever starte this berg had got fed up on it and gon home before modern improvements wa thought of. Well, we asked for the hotel an the other building was it and we parked th cars in a place where someone had pre viously parked two cows and went in an Maison asks for a room and bawth and go the room. I and Jim made no such socia error, because we have not been on the small time for years like we was in the old days for nothing, so we took the other room without either bawth or comment, and sus tained by the sure knowledge of steame clams and broiled chicken for dinner, give ourselves a lick and a promise from th single pitcher and basin in our double roo and come downstairs in our same clothes there to read a thrilling account of th shooting of Pres. McKinley in the most current number of any magazine present, but still borne up by what we could smell from the kitchen.

Well, after a while the bird which run this place come out and said supper was ready—and I'll say we was too. But not so Maison and Rollo. So we says we will wait, and wait was right, because that was what we did, and when they come down a child could have seen why and I'll tell the world everybody in that hotel got an eyeful—yes, all three of them, including the postmaster from across the street, for Maison had slipped into a black-jet evening affair which it's a good thing nothing slipped afterward, because Gawd knows there wasn't much to hold it, and I had a terrible nervous moment when she sneezed coming across the lobby. And also Rollo had a informal little open-faced suit that made him look like the only waiter in the place.

"Oh, didn't you change?" says Maison. "So sorry I didn't know you wouldn't, dearie. We always dress wherever we are!"

Well, I expect maybe the hotel man and the postmaster believed it and I knew that was all she cared about, so I tried to look mortified, but I knew well that no real genuine swell would do it and that we was the more correct, and anyways a heavenly dinner was waiting, made up out of such food as only a small place like that can nowadays give you, on account they are so far from Broadway they have not yet got onto what the public will stand for and so they still give you real eats.

All through it Maison kept talking about "this odd little place—quite too dreadful" and how she was used to the Ritz and everything. And I ignored that, but when after dinner she managed to get Jim first out onto the porch and then for a walk, because it didn't storm after all, I commenced to wish that I had put on that green and gold I had in my bag, because while my tweeds was good form, men are such awful poor fishes where a woman is dressed up and they certainly took quite a walk for a strange town, while I and Rollo sat on the porch under the smoky lamp and he picked his teeth.

When Maison and Jim finally come back they was friendly and laughing and she was registering just that look of innocence which is most likely to get any lady's goat. Also she gushed over me a lot too much as we says good night.

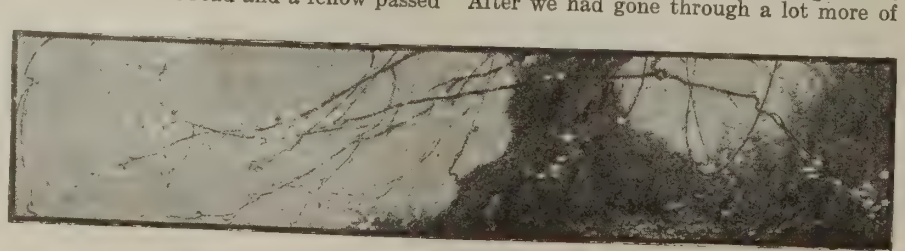
"I and Rollo have fixed it up for tomorrow," I says, giving him a glance which dared him to say this was the first he knew of it. "We got it all arranged that we are to start out in the fliv—sedan!" I says.

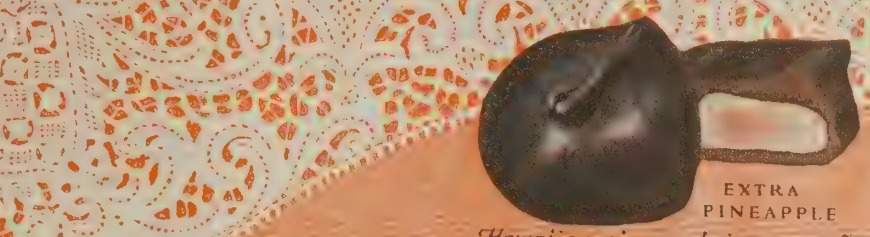
"Why, that's lovely!" says Maison, looking not at me but at Jim. And you ought to of seen Jim smile back at her—and him claiming to despise a painted woman!

Well, when we got to our room I fully expected Jim to say what did I want to ride with that little shrimp for, but nothing stirring. He merely says why the hell don't they have hot water, and spent fifteen minutes choosing the collar and tie he was going to wear in the morning, and of course that decided me to show him where he got off.

Not that I am the least bit jealous, but I have often noticed the way wives which have been married a year or two generally commence to sort of lose the keenest realization of what a treasure they have got, and Maison plainly was not doing the right

(Concluded on Page 72)





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(Concluded from Page 70)

thing by Rollo, and I thought maybe if I noticed him a little it might bring her to her senses, as of course if somebody made up to him his stock would go up at once. If I could only make her again love the dear little fellow the way she ought I would perhaps of saved their life from ruin.

And it was with only this intention that I took especial trouble with my get-up in the morning, donning a gray satin sports coat and a Georgette sports skirt and only a yellow veil over my well-known raven hair. But I had nothing on Maison, which she was all dolled up in blue organdie, but I knew what a hour in the open bus would do to it and let her go at that, while I leaned down and took Rollo's arm and tripped laughingly to the sedan, while Maison flirted into the Cobra and Jim tucked her in and fixed my pillow for her in a way that had slipped his memory where I was concerned for quite some time. Then they dashed onward toward Plymouth and as the hood was up all I could see was the back of their heads, which it was a remarkable thing how often I could see both of them through that little window in the middle. Meanwhile I and Rollo was having a desperate time of it. All he thought of was the guide book and I read him the whole entire story of from Stanmore to Buzzard's Bay and every post, tree and schoolhouse on the left the whole of the way to Plymouth, which it's a fact the only thing I know to this day about the scenery we was passing was what I read in that book!

Was that trip a lemon? I'll say so! At lunch, which we stopped for at a funny little hotel, we had again clams and chicken, and by some miracle Maison managed to change her dress, this time to violet tricolette, and put one over on me.

"We are going to run behind you this afternoon, dearie," says Maison, "so's Jim here can teach me to drive."

Well, I thought good night Cobra but what could a lady say, and so I watched them get in and I got in the sedan and off we started, this time in the lead. The last we saw of Jim and Maison he was holding her hands onto the wheel and they was apparently headed for a little white schoolhouse, with Maison shrieking her fool head off.

It was a awful swampy road we was on—or would of been, only at this time of the year it was sand and dust, and it wound in and out of the little amateur pine trees like the cow which originated it had eat too many cider apples. And so soon we lost sight and sound of them entirely and I commenced to get desperate, because Rollo just set there chewing gum and paying no more attention to me than a telegraph pole. So I see if anything was to be started for Maison's sake it was up to me and so I says:

"What is your favorite flower, Rollo?" I says.

"Tripe!" says Rollo without turning his head.

Well, that was pretty poor, but I tried again.

"Fond of the ocean?" I says as soon as I recovered.

"Nope," he says. "Upsets my stomach."

Well, I let that cool before I had another go.

"How fast can this bus go?" I says. I had him then, though he didn't waste any words on me. He just threw her wide open and off we jumped lickety-split from bump to bump with a noise like a dog's tail with tin cans tied to it. I hit the ceiling first go and never stayed in contact with the seat for the next fifteen miles. Talking was quite unnecessary, because nobody could of heard it if I had, and pretty soon we come to a few houses and then more and closer and I got quite excited because of realizing we was coming into Plymouth and I was going to see the rock and gaze up at it and be impressed with how Columbus done it and figure out a swell scenario with a location there at the real genuine bone-fido Plymouth Rock with a scene in it where I would leap from the top of it into the raging ocean below, only, of course, they would throw a dummy, it being probably too high for even a double to be willing. And I thought what a cute costume I would have for it, something historical but snappy, with a court train and maybe a Indian headdress, or maybe I would even take the part of a Indian which would give me a chance to do a war dance or something. But I didn't try to confide these poetic dreams of a artist's soul to Maison's better half, or third, for he was no more, but kept them locked in my perfect thirty-six while straining forward eagerly to behold my ideal location. And then, after passing a few funny looking little houses and stores, which they were all jumbled together, we took a sudden turn at the bottom of a hill and Rollo stopped short.

"There you are!" he says, killing the engine.

"Where am I?" I says.

"At the rock," says Rollo, still chewing.

"Where is it?" I says, looking all round but seeing nothing only what looked like a little drinking fountain with a railing round it.

"Why, there, of course!" says Rollo, pointing at the fountain. "Wouldn't think Lafayette, or whoever the bird was, could of landed on that little pebble, would you?"

Well, you certainly wouldn't, because he didn't, and how the ones that built the fence round it could tell it from any other pebble on the beach is more than I can say, being a truthful woman, not a historian. And I'll tell the world nobody would need a dummy to throw off it in a leap to death, because if I could of sat on it it would of vanished. And here I had come all the way from N. Y. C., N. Y., and lost my time and my husband's love just to see a bum piece of rock like that. And get this right! I decided right then and there never to see Niagara Falls or the Hope Diamond, because a person has to keep a few illusions in this vale of hokum!

Well, anyways, I wouldn't let that misfit husband of Maison's see I was disappointed, and besides I am myself personally too good a American to admit that it wasn't all that it was cracked up to be and that I had all this time been thinking of Gibraltar, which is foreign. So I took a good look, and after we both got all the eyeful we could stand, and the Cobra not yet in sight, I says leave us go to the hotel, wherever it was, and they would surely find us there. And so we went and the clerk come across with a telegram. I at once opened it and it says: "Contract arrived, come at once. Alfalfa."

Well, I'll tell the world that news was welcome, coming as it done between me and a permanent separation. But after we had hung round that hotel porch and environments for more than a hour, and still Jim and Maison failed to heave—or is it hove?—into sight, I commenced to think maybe it was a permanent separation after all. And when a further half hour wait had been pulled on us and we had by then learned everything about that town from the three kinds of ice-cream flavors they had to all current styles in picture post cards, and as most of them was of that poor miserable little rock which wouldn't make a death-leap location for a trained flea, we was a trifle bored and wondered out loud what had become of our husband and wife. After one more half hour we was bored—nervous, and one more half hour yet and I saw visions of a mutilated Jim lying by the roadside and then again it changed to a divorce court and Maison had class to her in that lavender tricolette, and as I before remarked, men is such awful boobs and ever misled by female clothing.

"Anything gone wrong with your car, d'yer think?" says Rollo, breaking in upon this pleasant day dream of mine.

"Wrong with the Cobra?" I says. "What a idea! Of course not!"

"Well, I think we'd better go back and take a look—see?" says Rollo. And he dove into the bottom of the sedan and there was that vacuum bottle of cocktails, which Gawd knows how he done it, but he had it filled again, and after he had put it back the both of us had more courage to face the grim future and got in and started back the way we had come.

I'll tell the world that was a terrible ride to me, because I knew Maison and had seen her operate before and Gawd knew anybody with their senses would of been glad to of traded that table d'hôte portion of a husband of hers for a regular one, and a raving beauty like Jim, which he's a real he-man, though a picture actor and as the poet says, "Sometimes a man's a man for all that."

Well, anyways, at about seven-ten, reverse route, I had decided that if it would make them happier I would not stand in their way, and I had my art and a new contract and would accept it, no matter what the salary, and go to distant California and divorce him on smoking before breakfast or some such Los Angelean crime, and leave him find out about that dyed hair of hers his own self. Then at twelve-five I had myself living in a cottage by the sea with a dog and a cat and a bird and maybe a tame little jitney, in my old age at forty-two or so when I could no longer stand the close-ups, while Jim and Maison was in happy marriage raising a large family of Pekinese pups or something, and then at fifteen-seventy-eight we come in sight of them.

Hardly had I caught sight of Maison than I realized something terrible had happened to her. And at the same moment my eye fell on the side pocket of the sedan and I realized in a flash what ailed her. We had her vanity case. We had had it all the time! Ah! if only I had realized this in the first place, what a world of worrying it would of saved me, because Gawd knows no woman need fear a rival with a shiny nose! And she was furthermore in a awful state of mind, which was far from becoming, and her and Jim was both seated by the roadside, too plainly not speaking, while the Cobra had entirely disappeared.

Well, I'll tell the world it certainly was a strange situation, and as I and Rollo got out we exchanged a expressive glance.

"Well!" I says, blowing up very jaunty. "Well, what have you done with the bus—give it to somebody for a souvenir?"

"I wish I had before I ever commenced this joy ride!" says Jim. "There she lies!"

And he pointed down the little hill on which they was sitting to the river and there was Willful Winnie apparently taking a good drink out of it, for its nose was well under water, though the hind wheels was on dry—or comparatively so—land.

"For the love of Mike!" says Rollo.

"Your poor fish, what was you doing to let that bus cross a meadow and try to commit suicide by drowning?" I snapped.

"I was sitting right here looking at her," says Jim sorrowfully.

"Yes, so he was, the simp!" says Maison, her temper starchy enough if her dress wasn't. "The idiot just sat there until she started, and then though we run after it the grade was too steep."

"The brakes didn't hold," says Jim. "First we got stuck in the sand there and after I had used about six gallons getting her out onto the grass on account of twenty angry cars being stalled behind us she died on me, and I got out to look and Maison she got out to look at me looking, and the brakes slipped and the grade is steep and we been sitting here, I guess, since breakfast. You ain't got any food about you, have you?" he added, but without hope.

Well, of course we hadn't, but Rollo called to Maison to get the vacuum bottle; but she wouldn't because she was getting her vanity case, so Rollo got it and Jim come to life.

"Have you tried to back her out?" says Rollo, eying the Cobra calculatingly.

"Back her out, my eye!" says Jim. "Why, she's half under water!"

"Have you tried?" says Rollo again.

"Hell, no! What's the use?" says Jim. "The carburator must be floating! Take a look—get an eyeful!"

"I will!" says Rollo, suddenly throwing away his cigar and trotting down the bank like a funny little pup. He didn't try to touch the hood but merely jumped in as if he was going for a ride. And I'll tell the world that's just exactly what he did. He jumped in, sat down, stepped on the starter. There was at once a roar like a lion and in another desperate minute Willful Winnie had backed out of the river, been twirled skillfully round, climbed the meadow and was safe and snorting on the road again! I wisht you could of seen Jim's face. But it had nothing on Maison's. She was—to put it gently—a royal purple touched off with crimson.

"Do you mean to tell me all Jim needed to do was back out?" she yells. "And I sitting here like a fool while that—that actress goes all over Plymouth Rock alone with my husband?" she says. "Why, you poor, weak-minded jellyfish!" she says. "How dare you keep a lady ——"

"See here, Maison Ryan!" I says. "How about women that deliberately sets out to worm their way into other person's homes?" I says. "Which I never done and can prove it!"

"Must of sucked up some juice lying that way!" shouts Rollo over the noise of us and the engine of the Cobra. "You'll be all right now, old scout!"

"Part them women!" yells Jim, taking his place in our bus. But nobody needed to part me, for I got right in myself without so much as any further remark, though Gawd knows I could of said a few. Them terrible dressmaking people got into their sedan and went off ahead of us, Maison still expressing herself, though our engine made too much noise for us to hear real plain, but I got "low-life actors" all right, all right, and just for that I decided on the spot that the Rosabelle, Inc. would not make the costumes for my new six fillums that I would make under this Goldringer contract, which I now showed the telegram of to Jim. He nodded, went into low and started, went into second all fine, slipped into high and shot ahead for all of twenty feet. Then Winnie give a sigh and quietly went to sleep, regardless of possible inconveniences to the rest of the world!

"There she goes again, damn her!" shouted Jim.

"He certainly can act bad!" I says faintly. "What's wrong now?"

"Not a drop of gas!" says Jim. "Hey! Blow that horn and stop the flivver! Hurry!"

"What? Call them cheap skates back?" I says reluctant.

"You got to!" yelled Jim. "We are miles from any garage—don't be a nut! Call 'em quick!"

Well, with the telegram and all I see the sense in what he says, so I blew and blew good and quick, for they were pretty near out of sight. And after the third or thirtieth blow they hesitated, slowed and commenced backing after we had yelled and waved at them a few times. When they got close enough Jim began apologizing.

"We are out of gas!" he says. "And I suppose we can't stay here all night!"

"Why, we'll tow you to some place!" says Rollo. And out he hopped and got a rope and a hook and Gawd knows what not—as efficient as a German sparrow. And while I and Maison did not speak, the two boys got the cars hitched.

"I'll just take her as far as that farmhouse at the turn," says Rollo. "And then you two can ride back with us in the sedan and send a garage man for her. I know that after that telegram you are anxious to get home, and besides them sustaining rods is pretty loose from the strain and it wouldn't hardly be safe to drive, even if you got the gas!"

Well, to get the agony over, I may say that's what we done. We left the Cobra in the shed with the other cows and rode home in ignominy and the back of the flivver sedan which took us there without once acting up all the way.

Nothing important happened aside from the kiss and fresh make-up that I and Maison had, and late that night we seen the lights of Broadway once more—and did they look good to us? I'll say so! No more pleasure trips for me when I can have my own tub and bed and a breeze if there is one!

After Maison and Rollo had told us good-by, we hesitated in the lobby before going up.

"I'm awful hungry!" I admitted. "But since we long-distance telephoned ma I think we'd better stand for what she's got ready for us!"

"All set!" says Jim resignedly and up we went.

"Come in! Come in, children!" says ma, which she was all dolled up with a big white apron on her and a smile like a full moon. "Come in and set down to table. You poor lambs, I'll bet you're starved!"

Well, we did because we was, and I'll tell the world it was some supper she had waiting. Lobster Newberg and French frieds and hot buttered rolls and spaghetti à la dago and cake with two fingers of chocolate icing on it! And what was more, she ate as much as she gave us! We exchanged a look on this, but no comment for fear of breaking the charm. But when the last scrap had been taken care of the explanation come.

"Well, ma, old scout!" says Jim. "Now leave us have a look at that contract."

"Certainly, I would be glad of your advice on it, son-in-law," says ma.

"What?" says us both together.

"No contract has come for you, children," says ma. "But Mr. Goldringer sent me one. I'm to star in a series of one reelers entitled Mother Marshmallow, and by contract must not allow my weight to get under 250 pounds during endurance of same!"

There was a expressive silence for all of a moment which was at length broke by Jim, like the perfect gentleman he was and is.

"Well, I congratulate you, Ma Gilligan!" he says. "Some opening, believe you me!"

And I let it pass. Why not? You can't stay married if you pick on everything!

THE BOSTWICK BUDGET

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, of course that sounds all right and is all right too. But when you tell me I'm pay more than forty-four hundred dollars the rate of ten a week I have to laugh—I would if I didn't feel so much like irsting into tears."

"But in a year you'll have paid five hun-ed and twenty dollars. That's something, n't it? I noticed you thought it was quite neat sum when you asked me for it the her night. And let me tell you, if I'd let ou have it you would have owed just as uch a year from now as you owe to-day, us what you borrowed from me. You on't admit it, but deep in your heart you ow it. So even if you only catch up five ndred dollars this year you'll be actually ie thousand dollars better off than you ould have been if I'd let you go your own inine way."

"You're a wonderful figurer, Doctor ames. As a financier you'd make a nifty ess player—one move every four weeks. Ieanwhile, what are my starving creditors oing to do—to me?"

"Nothing. That's where my assistance ounts. You and Lucy will disburse the ten week in the way you see fit, spreading it ut as thin as possible. If any of the said arving creditors set up a roar refer 'em o me—that's all. And you live on thirty-ve a week."

"Gosh! It can't be done."

"We'll see. That's up to Lucy. She gets ie thirty-five anyhow. You get whatever he chooses to allow you."

"What? Don't I have the handling of ıy own money?"

"You do not! As a handler of money you re at present a hopeless failure. Anyone ho would trust you with a ten-dollar bill ught to be imprisoned for cruelty to cur-ency.

"Sam, let's be serious a moment. Why idn't you go to war?"

Bostwick winced and flushed.

"I had a wife and boy dependent on me, lidn't I?"

"Didn't you want to go?"

"Didn't I though!"

"Lucy beg you not to?"

"No, by George! She'd have been proud o have me go. She'd have made any sacri-ice."

"So if you'd had a few thousand dollars aid by you could have gone; and when our boy got old enough to ask you what ou did to help smash the Hun you wouldn't ave needed to evade and excuse."

"Oh, John, for God's sake, don't!"

Sam turned an agonized face toward his ormenter, but the latter went ruthlessly on:

"You'd have made a good soldier, a good officer. Your country needed you. Yet be-ause you had crippled yourself with debts nd improvidence you weren't able to an-wer 'Here!' when the call came. Buy any onds?"

"Yes, I did—a few; but I had to sell 'em nd get back the payments I'd made to—o pay pressing bills."

"You're a hot citizen of these United States, Sam. Yet the tough part of it is that ou wanted to be a good American. Your mpulses were all right. Lord, what a lesson it ought to be to you! But we won't say ny more about that. You're going to make a new start."

"If I only could! But on thirty-five dollars a week—it's impossible!"

"Sam, you don't talk sense. Do you know how many families there are in this country whose income is less than two thou-sand a year each from all sources?"

"How should I know that?"

"One of the big banks had the figures compiled. Of course they're only approxi-mate, but they will serve. Twenty-one million families—ninety-one per cent of the population of the United States—manage to scrape along on an average in-come of less than two thousand dollars. Now thirty-five a week is eighteen hundred and twenty a year. Do you mean to tell me you can't do so well as the vast majority of the ninety-one per cent? That's nearly the entire population. Is this a nation of paupers?"

Sam shook his head, overwhelmed by sheer weight of evidence.

"There are lots of men employed where you are who work for that amount or less. Are they poverty-stricken?"

"They're not all festooned with prosper-ity medals."

"No? Well, a big proportion of them keep out of debt and save money—you can gamble on that. Savings banks are sup-ported by wage earners. If they had to de-pend for deposits on five-thousand-dollar men they'd fare slim."

Sam expressed a dubious intention of sitting down with Lucy and seeing what could be done.

"One thing you must do at once," said John W. "Fix up matters with your Uncle Marcus Freedom."

"How?"

"Figure out how much interest you are in arrears on your two-thousand-dollar note. Make a new note and add the accrued inter-est to the face and pay your uncle regular interest on the new note at, say, five per cent a year, payable quarterly. That will call for about two dollars a week, leaving you eight dollars of the ten allotted for your old bills. However, it relieves the total amount of your indebtedness of about two thousand dollars, so that your eight dollars will take care of the balance in less than six years. Doubtless if you keep the interest paid up your uncle will be lenient with you about the principal, which you can take care of when you have satisfied those of your creditors who won't be so complacent."

"Do you think he'd stand for it?"

"You write him a letter and explain your situation. I'll drop him a line too. I know Marcus pretty well, and if he hadn't been a good scout he'd never have been so decent as he has been. He's entitled to a return on his money."

"That will help some," said Sam with dubious cheerfulness from which he immedi-ately lapsed into a depression deeper than ever. "How are we going to live on thirty-five a week?"

"Go on out and send Lucy in to see me," replied John W. James.

Forty minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Bost-wick were walking soberly to the station and their suburban train. They were both very solemn and for a time quite without words. Cars that would have whisked them on their way—for a nickel each—jangled past, but neither suggested riding.

"Lord, Luce, wasn't it awful?" finally bewailed Sam. "Isn't he a terror?"

Lucy didn't answer immediately. Then to Sam's utter horror she said: "He's a per-fect dear!"

"What's that?"

"He's splendid! Of course it seems dreadful—what he said to us and what we're obliged to do. I don't see yet how it's pos-sible; but it must be. I think Mr. James is—is—an angel."

"Awful hard-boiled angel!"

"But, Sam, we can do what he says. We can! We can! Please, Sammy boy, say we can."

"All right. I'll say we can—if that helps you any; but of course we can't."

"Yes, we can, Sam. I know it. Come on, the train leaves in five minutes; we'll have to run."

V

JOHN W. JAMES had given Lucy forty-five dollars of Sam's pay, which included the ten to be used in paying old bills. Sam had the fifteen intended for the savings bank.

"Here, honey," he said, "you take it and open your own account."

"All right," answered Lucy briskly. "You get a dollar every morning and you're to bring me home whatever you have left each day. And I've put you up some sand-wiches and an apple so you won't have to buy any lunch. I've often heard you say your lunches made you sleepy in the after-noon, but I guess this won't."

Sam submitted to these rulings with as good grace as he could muster.

"Who's the lucky creditor that draws eight dollars this week?" he asked. "Let's split it eight ways and shake numbers in a hat to see which of the mob get a dollar apiece."

"We'll see to-night what we'd better do. To-morrow will be Sunday, so we'll have some time to make up our budget."

"I just can't wait," jeered Sam, and ran for his train.

Lucy began to sing. She had in her pos-session fifty-nine dollars and sixteen cents—a fabulous sum. And of this thirty-four dollars was to be administered according to her best judgment for the upkeep of the Bostwick family. It was characteristic of

(Continued on Page 77)

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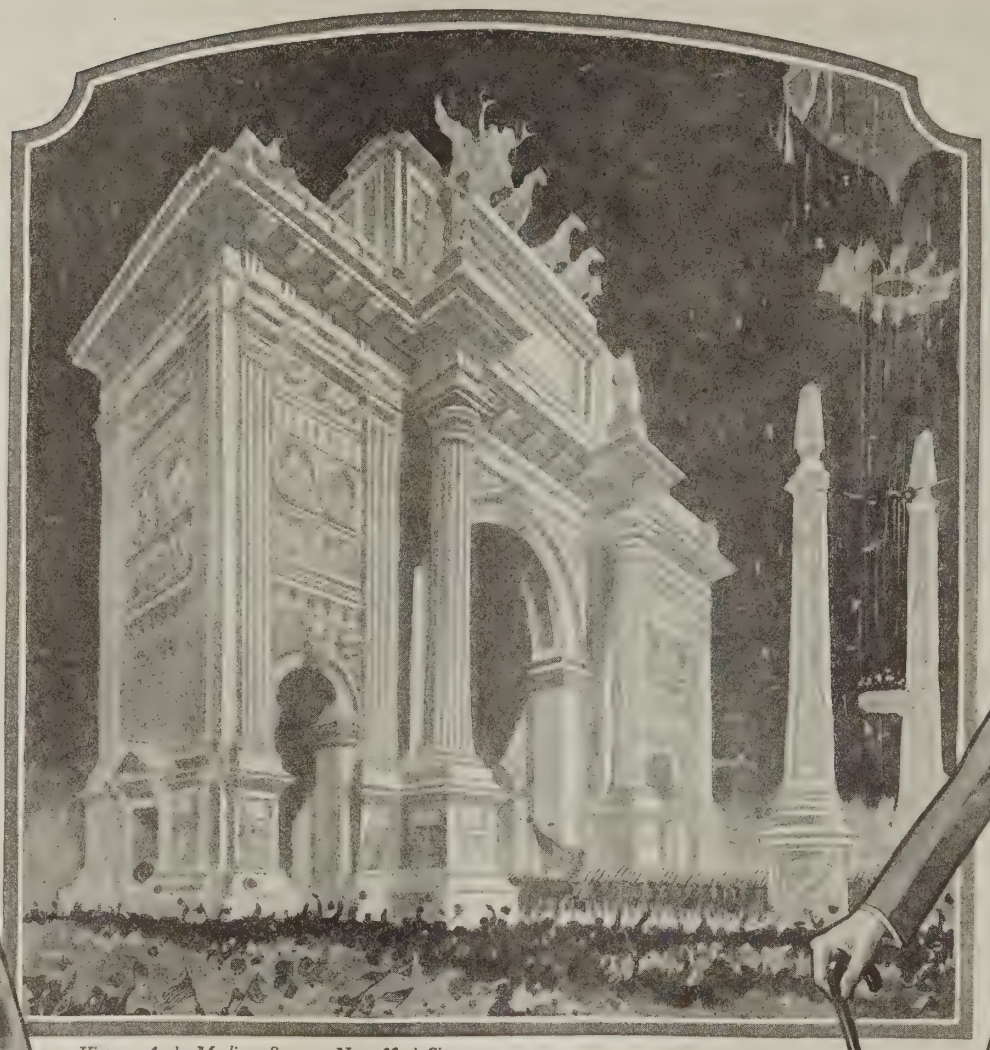

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(Continued from Page 75)

ucy that she immediately made up her ind to do it for thirty-three. The currency oked mighty good as she sat at the little esk in her room planning what she would o with it.

Suddenly she stopped singing and her eart sank, for she remembered a duty which ust be performed. It related to Fanna he Finn, who had to be dismissed—and anna hadn't had a cent for five weeks.

Now she heard the substantial tread of anna on the stairs. Somewhere in a book ucy had read that the Finns were a belli- ose people. What was it they were called— arlocks? Lucy did not know what a war- ock looked like—unless Fanna happened o be one. She decided it would be just as ell not to fire Fanna until after the beds ad been made.

But Fanna had something on her mind, or she marched straight up to Lucy and tood at attention.

"Well, Fanna?" queried Lucy kindly but irmly—exteriorly speaking.

The Finnish woman made a series of ounds that resembled a Bolshevik mass neeting.

"Oh!" said Lucy coldly. "Do you think hat's a nice way to treat me after all Mr. Bostwick and I have done for you?"

Fanna opened the chute and let slide an- ther burst of Finnish eloquence.

"Well, I certainly think you should have given me at least a week's notice. I'm very much disappointed in you, Fanna. It seems hardly honorable. I'm not sure it's legal. Certainly you are not entitled to an extra week's pay. You have five weeks due you now, but you'll have to see Mr. James about that. He's our lawyer and handles all such matters."

"Forty-two dollar feefty cent," said Fanna.

"You'll have to see Mr. James at this address," returned Lucy, handing Fanna a penciled slip.

Fanna looked puzzled, not a little awed. She wasn't at all clear and it took Lucy fully an hour to make even a tiny ray of daylight penetrate the Finn's comprehension. At last, however, Lucy saw her stump off down the walk, toting a huge extension valise of alien parentage.

Mrs. Bostwick called Mr. James on the telephone and explained that in sending Fanna to him she had done exactly as he had directed in the matter of handling creditors. Mr. James acknowledged that she had.

But when he hung up the receiver he remarked: "Good Lord! How the devil can I explain to a wild-eyed Finn the advantage of waiting six years for her money over forcing the debtor into immediate bankruptcy? Looks to me as if I were stung."

He counted out forty-two dollars and a half and gave it to a clerk.

"If a lady representative of the soviet government comes in here with blood in her eye," he directed, "give her this and get a receipt. I'm going to catch my train for the golf club."

On his way to the Grand Central he chuckled.

"She's a snappy one. Darned if she didn't put it across that time."

In the meanwhile Lucy resumed her singing. She had saved the cost of giving the Finn a week's notice. She moved about the house cheerfully, making little exclamations that expressed varying sorts of emotion. An observer would have decided that on the whole she was pretty contented.

This being Saturday the office closed at noon. Sam stayed at his desk long enough to bolt his sandwiches. There was no train until one forty-five, which was too late to get him home for luncheon.

Darn it, eating à la wop-in-the-subway wasn't going to be any fun! He liked to go with the bunch to some good restaurant. A chap was entitled to a decent lunch. He wondered what the fellows would think. Sam was fated soon to learn that wondering what people would think caused a good deal of silly extravagance.

When he dropped off the train at Rosefields he marched stiffly up the slope from the station, ignoring the club. It had been his habit to stop in at the club on Saturday afternoons, sometimes to play tennis, sometimes to remain indoors and shoot a few games of Kelly. Sam was not an accomplished pool player, but he could sign checks with consummate skill. His house charges were thirty-five or forty dollars a month.

"We have to have some relaxation," he explained. "We don't keep a motor, which would cost us twice as much."

This was Sam's idea of saving money. If he saved thirty dollars in this way he ought to have belonged to ten clubs and saved three hundred—as John James took occasion to point out during a subsequent discussion of the Bostwick family finances.

On this particular Saturday Sam found his wife swathed in an apron and with a cloth bound round her hair. She was equipped with the implements of house cleaning and had a large spot of smut on the side of her nose.

"What in the world?" demanded Sam. "Fanna out?"

"Gone!"

"Really? Say, Luce, you don't mean to say you discharged her!"

"No, I was going to, but she resigned on the ground that she wouldn't work in a house where she got no pay and the head of the family took his lunch to work in his pocket."

"But how about her back wages?"

"I followed directions and sent her to John James."

"Let him worry!" said Sam. "But, honey, you'll have to get another maid right away. You can't keep house without one, and take care of the duke and everything."

"Is that so? There are twenty-one million of us. I'm as smart as most of the twenty million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ——"

"But your health—you'll break down. You're not strong enough."

"You'll see! And goodness gracious, this is the dirtiest house! Every maid we've had has been worse than the others, and I must confess I've let things go terribly. Now I'm going to have a regular orgy of cleaning."

Sam looked doubtful; loafed about half an hour trying to read a magazine; obviously felt more and more dissatisfied with himself. At length he disappeared upstairs, but returned after a few minutes in his oldest clothes and sheepishly offered Lucy his assistance. In less than five minutes he was cleaning rugs in the back yard. He hoped Bill Morrison wouldn't see him.

Morrison lived next door. He had recently bought a new car costing eighteen hundred dollars. The Morrisons kept a girl and belonged to the club. Of course Bill got ten thousand a year, but he didn't know that Sam was only a sixty-dollar-a-week man, and Sam had no intention that he should.

Nevertheless Sam had by this time realized much of the truth of John James' arguments. That twenty-one million families made an impression on him. Why, as James had said, comparatively few in his own place of employment got more than thirty-five a week and of course a great many drew much less. Yet the office had registered one hundred per cent on three out of five of the big loans.

If they could do it he and Lucy could do it. Lucy was so dog-gone cheerful too, rattling about and singing little snatches of song, stopping every few minutes to jolly along the duke, who played contentedly in his baby yard in the living room.

"Aw, Luce, whatta you want to be so jovial for?" asked Sam. "I guess you don't realize we've got to grub like this for the next ten years."

"Fiddlesticks! Mr. James says ——"

She checked herself in midspeech.

"Go on, go on! What did that nut say?"

"Nothing. At least nothing I can repeat. He's a wonderful man."

"Wonderful grandmother! He must have talked to you a whole lot different from the way he threw the prong into me."

Presently Sam shook his grouch, peeled the potatoes for dinner, made his particular kind of salad dressing and played with the duke. When dinner was ready his appetite was quite as good as if he had exercised with a racket instead of a carpet beater.

"You look terrible sweet," he told his wife. Her cheeks were flushed, her brown eyes shining.

"I think it's fun—just like camping out. Now we can have some privacy—without a girl constantly at our elbows. And when there's something you especially like you don't have to divide it with the maid."

"Guess I've been dividing about everything with her. There ought to be a big difference in our provision bills."

"A girl like Fanna costs a family about a thousand dollars a year, counting wages, food, breakage and—worst of all—wastage. They waste food, coal, gas, electricity and everything else. They destroy dishes and smash furniture, wear out the rugs, lose

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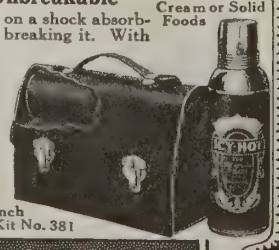

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small things like napkins, handkerchiefs and towels and dump the silverware into the garbage can."

"Some indictment, honey! It's a wonder this house has any roof."

"I'm not going to deal with old Silas Brown any more than I can help," announced Lucy. "His prices are outrageous and we've been letting him rob us right and left just because we could run a bill with him."

"Kind of tough on old Si—to use him as long as he gave us credit and shake him when we begin paying cash."

"Why, Sam Bostwick, how silly! We've paid that old cheat hundreds and hundreds of dollars. Now I'm going over to the markets myself and see what I get before I buy it. No more telephone orders for me. And thank goodness a little money on hand makes me free of Si Brown's clutches at last!"

"What'll you do with the duke when you go shopping?"

"Take him with me in his gocart and bring back my packages that way."

"Fine! I can see the duke's little old bean sticking out of a pile of green corn and breakfast food and legs of mutton and things. Hey, duke, mother's going to keep a pig and a goat in the back yard and save milk bills!"

Sam wasn't so jovial late that night after trying to budget the family expenses on the new basis. They cut and pruned, but the budget simply wouldn't budge below twenty-seven hundred.

"Good Lord! We've got to keep up a semblance of decency. We can't go round looking like scarecrows. Folks won't respect us if we act as if we were down and out."

"They respect us still less when we owe everyone. Besides, Mr. James says anyone who can't live inside a small income won't do any better with a larger one."

"What's he talking about? Couldn't we live well and save money if I was getting a hundred a week? We could—and keep a car too."

"Don't you think I'd better get his advice about the budget?"

"Yes, if he thinks he knows so much about what it costs to live let him point out how we can do any better. He makes me think of an old maid telling a married neighbor how to bring up her kids."

Sunday morning Sam put on his old clothes again and cleaned the cellar.

"There's three dollars Angelo won't get," he exulted. He was as proud as he was dirty.

"Aren't you tired?" asked his wife solicitously. "Never mind, he's going upstairs and take a nice bath and get all slicked up and Lucy'll have something he likes for lunch."

"Bill Morrison invited me to play golf to-day," grieved Sam, hungry for sympathy. "I think I deserve something good to eat. I'm considerable martyr—if anyone should ask you."

He trudged off upstairs to bathe and dress. Standing in front of his mirror he suddenly frowned and muttered: "What the ——"

From the Sunday paper Lucy had cut the following succinct expression of a great man's opinion:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or a failure in life you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out! You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.

"JAMES J. HILL."

This sentiment, printed in ornamental type, was flanked by a picture of the rugged old railroad man, and Lucy had pasted it firmly on the glass, where Sam was bound to see it every time he brushed his hair or adjusted his tie.

"That bird didn't get his money by saving it," grumbled Sam. "He made it faster than he could spend it."

Nevertheless it wasn't more than a day or two before Sam knew the words by heart and their almost brutal directness made a deeper dent in his consciousness than he cared to confess.

Now he pawed in his drawer for a tie. He needed some new ones—by the looks. He'd seen some beauties in a Fifth Avenue window the day before marked two-seventy-five each—rather reasonable for Disbrow & Disbrow. He'd drop in and ——

No, he owed Disbrow & Disbrow thirty-two dollars, now long overdue. Besides, he'd stopped buying on credit. He had a steel engraving of Lucy letting him have eight and a quarter for three ties.

A distinct feeling of resentment possessed him, as if she had already refused.

"All right, old girl," he murmured. "Just for that you can dry-clean and press these old ones."

Nevertheless he went downstairs in a good humor.

"I guess I made all of six dollars this morning," he chortled, "counting what I don't have to pay the guinea and about three dollars' worth of junk I piled one side for the rags-and-bot' man."

"Fine, honey!"

"I saw some awfully good-looking ties at Disbrow & Disbrow's marked to two-seventy-five."

"But there's a sale of men's furnishings at Steess Brothers; you can get very nice ties for sixty-nine cents."

Just as he had thought. By George, for the first time since his marriage Lucy held the family purse strings! It was annoying not to buy what he wanted when it was his money—only, darn it, why not be a sport and give the girl a show? She couldn't muddle things any worse than he had done.

But the idea of going to Steess' department store for ties was odious. None of his intimates would think of such a thing.

So he said: "I guess maybe I don't really need any. I ought to get along with what I've got."

"Poor old Sammy boy! Did he work offle hard and did his mean old scrungey wife treat him like a stepchild? Well, never mind! Lucy'll fix up his ties and bimeby he'll be so rich he can have all he wants—grea' big hundred-dollar ones 'n' ever'fing."

"Chump!" remarked Sam, but he grinned.

VI

THE things John James did to the Bostwick budget made Sam and Lucy squirm—especially Sam. Somehow, now that the die was cast, Lucy seemed the more philosophic.

"But, John," protested Sam, "we can't possibly get along without a telephone. You might as well ask us to do without a chimney."

"Even chimneys are not absolutely essential to life. However, I won't ask you to dispense with yours. As for a telephone, in an emergency there's the drug store."

"But, John, what will our friends think?"

"That you don't feel you can afford a telephone. Let 'em think so. Sam, can't I beat it into that impervious dome that you're up against it? Your situation is critical. Your whole future depends upon the way you handle yourself now. You're more than thirty, therefore not young any more. You may think you are, but your habits are formed—crystallized.

"Unless you realize that, there is no hope for you, and when you do realize it my work will be two-thirds done. You must get out of debt by your own efforts and Lucy's and become a man in the process. There is no possible sacrifice too great, and it seems to me—when I consider what is at stake—your pride ought to count for very little."

The abandonment of a telephone was only one example of the lawyer's radical revision of the Bostwick budget. Two-thirds of the family clothing allowance went by the board.

"Buy cheaper things and take care of them," said the lawyer. "Shop carefully and select for utility rather than style. Never mind if you don't look quite so prosperous. I've heard a good deal of bunk about the advantage of stacking up like a million dollars; but remember, people don't expect so much of you when your clothes are merely respectable rather than smart. I know it'll hurt, but you won't suffer a fraction compared to the agony of ultimate failure and abject poverty."

Afterward when Sam and Lucy took the frail ghost of what now seemed to have been a luxurious and opulent budget back to Rosefields Mr. Bostwick stated that he was blamed if he would stand it. But Mrs. Bostwick bore up quite well and attempted a feeble joke or two—which failed utterly to amuse Sam.

"You're too all-fired chipper for a pauper," he grumbled.

Lucy's cheerfulness was nevertheless easily explained. Carrying the financial responsibility for the family suited her to a T. She was naturally capable and managing. Her husband had heretofore expected

(Continued on Page 81)

(Continued from Page 78)

he to depend upon him, accept his judgmit and not worry about a few bills. He sal everyone owed bills—more or less. A merchant would tell you the richer p ple were the longer they took to settle thir accounts. The only way to keep out oflebt is to make more money than you nid.

By the time Lucy had awakened to the schistry of Sam's reasoning her hands were fe ered by obligations. The lower-priced st es dealt only for cash. Lucy knew she p d a big premium for her credit, yet she n er had money enough on hand to gain th advantage of cash purchases.

n the matter of groceries, for example, tlre were many kinds of canned foods, b tled goods, soaps and other supplies that s could buy by the dozen or case at a dic nt. Instead she was obliged to buy a c of peas, a package of washing powder a a time. She was always reminded of the c woman who stated the unalterable law economics: "Them as has, gits."

Sam's slipshod improvidence was bound t taint his wife's reactions. She loved him a approved of him. He was like a telesope through which she viewed life—but vh her eye applied to the wrong end. The cy of reckoning always looked three or fir times as far off as it really was. To her lsband the simplest solution of the probln of debt was to borrow enough from one surce to pay everyone else and then let the lun run until he should strike his gait as an rner, when, of course, he would pay it. 'he time of this delectable settlement was sualized but hazily in his dreams as a thing nich the future was holding gratuitously store for him. Lucy willy-nilly had come accept these views, discredited though ey were by sensible people and long since st out from the curriculum of the school experience.

Now all this was changed, first through ie lucidity of John James' explanation of few fundamental economic principles and cond by Lucy's control of the exchequer. Lucy owned a substantial equity in the ostwick home, which she and Sam had ought with the proceeds of Lucy's legacy om her mother—about six thousand dolrs. The interest on the mortgage and the ixes amounted to considerably less than would have cost them to rent an equally esirable dwelling. This, James told them, as lucky, though if they'd had sense they ould have put the house into a building nd loan association and started to pay off ne encumbrance as soon as they bought ne property. Lucy now cherished an amition to adopt some such plan.

The handling of that thirty-five dollars week was tremendously stimulating, and ne became rigidly systematic. Every Monday she knew to within a dollar or two ust what she was going to do with her noney all that week. Frequently she conulted the debt doctor, whose advice she egarded in the light of permission. First naking up her mind what she ought to do, ne submitted her procedure for his decion. When he vindicated her judgment he was jubilant, when he disapproved she as satisfied with his reasons. And her onstant inspiration was found in progress nade.

Sam sulked a good deal for some time, ut he was sport enough to stand the gaff. Ie paid his tailor five dollars on account nd went round the corner to a clothing hop, where he bought a ready-made suit or about a third the price of the tailorade. Sam imagined he looked like a hick n it, though it really fitted very well. There as a certain satisfaction in its being paid or, and Sam hung up the coat and waistoat scrupulously each night and pressed he trousers himself. He told Lucy he ouldn't afford to let the blooming thing se what little shape it did have.

The Bostwicks now rose half an hour arlier and prepared breakfast together. ucy found she burned less than half the mount of gas each month that Fanna and Bridget and Mina had used. The couple onspired still further to cut down costs. 'hey studied tables of food values and aplied the knowledge in daily practice. This xperimentation they found rather good un, as Sam was willing to admit, but all he features of their economic system were ot so pleasant.

Imagine his feelings when having awakned one morning to a sense of aloneness he lipped on gown and slippers and after a rief search discovered his spouse bent over steaming tub, her face pink, her plump houlders moving briskly up and down as she maltreated one of his nightshirts against the corrugated surface of a washboard.

Horror-stricken, Sam stood and stared.

"Lucy!" he cried. "Are you plumb noodly? Has poverty driven you out of your mind? What are you doing?"

"Can't you see, silly? I'm playing tennis for the championship of the Sahara Desert. Go away! Go back to bed! You need your sleep."

"Gimme that thing!" demanded Sam, indicating the sudsy nightshirt.

"I won't!"

Sam took forcible possession of the garment and began rubbing it on the board.

"Say, Luce, that's not half bad. My waistband's been getting sort of tight lately. Wouldn't wonder if this would keep me from developing a bay window."

"One thing's sure," rejoined Lucy. "I'm all through paying Mrs. O'Brien two dollars and a half every week for doing our washing and ironing."

"But, honey, that's absurd. You've got to draw the line somewhere. It really isn't done, you know."

"It's going to be done in the Bostwick family. I'm strong and well."

Sam sighed.

"All right," he said. "I'll get up and help you."

Together they completed the washing, rinsed and blued it, and Sam turned the wringer. Lucy refused to permit Sam to help her hang it on the line in the back yard.

"You carry the basket out for me and I'll have 'em up in a jiffy—and it's not six o'clock yet. None of the neighbors are about. But if anyone happened to see Mr. Samuel T. Bostwick hanging out the family washing we'd be ruined."

Sam allowed himself to be thus persuaded without much difficulty. He got a good start for the office, accomplished a big day's work and came home to help Lucy with the ironing—a thing he did rather awkwardly. By eleven o'clock it was finished and the triumphant economists were so tired they could scarcely get upstairs. Next morning Sam groaned from lameness.

"Oh, why didn't we drift along comfortably and owe people? I don't see the advantage of getting out of debt into a wheel chair or a home for aged couples. I'm too valuable a man to offer up on the altar of Mammon at my age. Say, a race that could produce as many laundrymen as the Chinese must be pretty hardy. If they ever get going let the white man beware. Yellow peril is right."

Deep inside he was proud of his spunk. It wasn't a thing to brag about of course—but by golly! It took sand to pile out of bed at four o'clock every Monday morning, especially when the days were short and the dawns cheerlessly cold. Sam and Lucy continued the practice for a long time, though it was the first thing they discontinued when—but that is another story.

Lucy, distributing each week among their creditors the appropriation set aside for the purpose, watched the sum total of their indebtedness dwindle slowly, slowly—but systematically. In fifteen weeks she gained one hundred and sixty-five dollars, having managed to cut the family budget another three dollars. Uncle Marcus Freedom had had his first quarter's interest too. Sam Bostwick had taken out a two-thousand-dollar straight life policy.

By John James' advice Lucy took care of the smaller bills first.

"If a man sues you for ten dollars," he said, "he can make you as much trouble as someone to whom you owe three hundred. Clean up the little ones and refer the big ones to me."

But the thing that brought the Bostwicks the greatest encouragement was the constant accumulation in the savings bank, now more than two hundred dollars, and growing.

Often after a hard day Lucy would get her bank book and add up the neat entries just for the fun of the thing. It was always fifteen dollars more each week. Money, real money—and theirs! It had never happened before in that family.

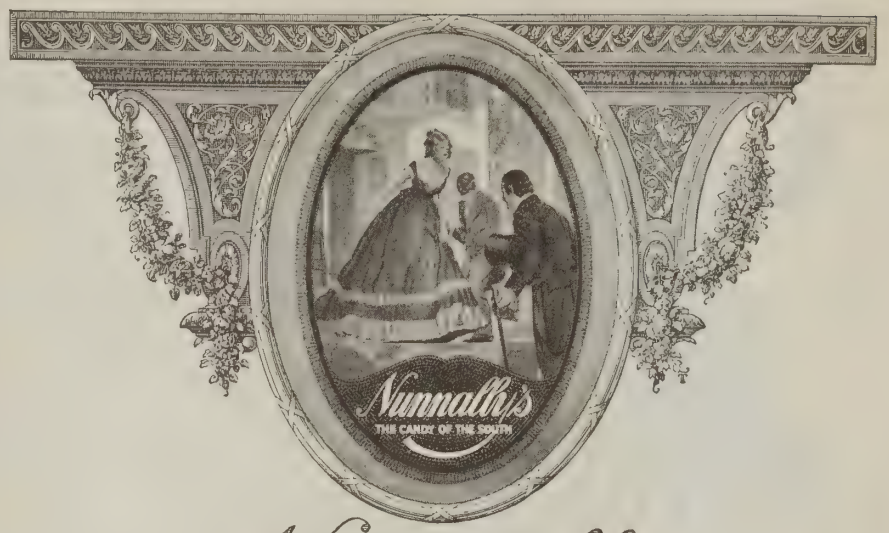
"Sammy," said Lucy, "do you realize that at the end of the year the interest on our first six months' savings will amount to half a week's payment to the bank?"

"By George, that's so!"

"And the second year's interest on the first year's savings amounts to more than two weekly payments?"

"You don't say!"

There were so many enticing ways to visualize the accruement of interest. They



Nunnally's

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

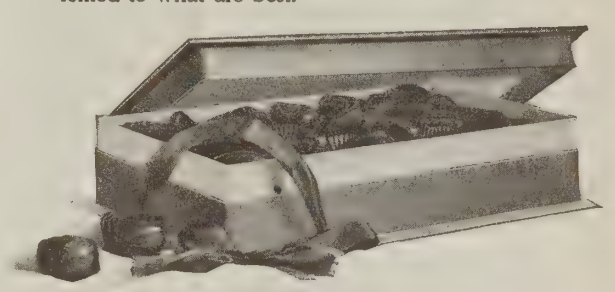
Nunnally's are the sort of candies your friends prefer—even those who are accustomed to what are best.

Dipped Brazil
A rich, meaty Brazil nut jacketed in smoothest chocolate.

Caramel Cream Walnut
A velvety chocolate coat; a delicious filling of caramel cream; tempting little islands of walnut—*but two of the delights of the "Box Bountiful."*

NUNNALLY'S may be bought at the better drug and candy stores everywhere. To lovers of fine candies, however, who have not yet had the fortune of making the acquaintance of NUNNALLY'S a 2-lb. "Box Bountiful" (as illustrated here) will be mailed, postpaid, on receipt of $2.50.

The Nunnally Company, Atlanta, Ga.



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The reason why people drink 1,000,000 cups of G. Washington's Coffee every day, is because

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is the highest grade of pure coffee. It is *not* a substitute. It is absolutely pure. That is the explanation of its delicate aroma. Makes delicious iced coffee.

Ready when you pour on the water —hot or cold.

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Let 'er Rain!

It looks like another storm! But what's it matter, when a man's a *man*, and his Coat's a Pelter? He knows his coat looks right to start with, and he knows it's built to stay so.

"Gabardine and Leather—There's a side for any weather"—and both sides are all that they should be in well-tailored set and swing. That's why Pelters are appropriate for every wear every where. And it's why the type of man whose taste you can depend on, wears them in town and country, for business and pleasure.

Your enjoyment of the Winter is measured by the way you dress for it. Pelters are simply the ideal Winter overcoat.

Pelters are made as well as leather coats can be made—carefully tailored out of finest, softest, most durable leather, to fit well, look well and wear well.

For men, women and children, $30.00 up.
Look for the name on every "Pelter."

Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

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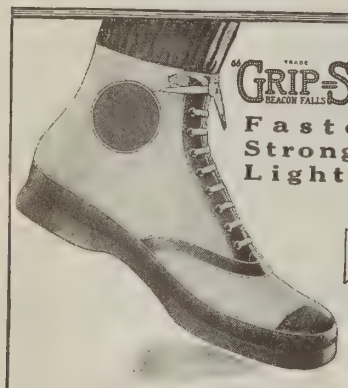

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BEACON FALLS TOP NOTCH

Fastest Strongest Lightest

THE "Grip-Sure" is a very durable, good-looking canvas shoe. Its patented suction-cupped sole makes the wearer sure-footed and is full of life, spring and speed.
The "Grip-Sure" laces snugly, giving great support to the ankle muscles. Has black leather trimmings and ankle patch. Made in two styles—regular and athletic—the latter lacing to the toe-cap. Write for name of the "Grip-Sure" dealer in your city.

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Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen-volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them—NOW.

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BOHN
Refrigerators
Conserve food perfectly
ST. PAUL, MINN.

would sit with pencil and paper and figure out what would happen under varying conditions in five, seven, ten years. They would calculate to a penny how much they would have when the duke was old enough for college.

Sam learned with a gasp of surprise that in ten years the fifteen dollars a week would amount to between nine and ten thousand dollars, compounding the interest at the low rate of four per cent.

"So," supplemented Lucy, "if we can live within any fixed weekly amount we choose to name we can always control our relation of savings to expense. That's the thing that will enable us to get the full advantage of your next raise in salary."

"If I ever get one."

"The best part of it," went on Lucy, "is in doing it together."

This remark revealed unmistakably that Lucy—the practical—was not the less feminine and sentimental withal. She was looking well; not quite so plump as formerly perhaps, but very fit.

Sam, eating his frugal lunch of sandwiches day after day, ceased to worry about the tightness of his waistband. He was no longer the office Beau Brummell. Of course he was in a measure ashamed, and more or less avoided the bunch. They were always matching quarters or pulling off impromptu poker games. Sam was a rotten poker player, but in the past that had not prevented his sitting in for an occasional evening. Now he ducked all games of chance.

"Old Sam's gone and sewed fishhooks in his pockets," was the comment. "'S matter, Sam? Gettin' ready for a hard winter?"

But the bunch were not the only ones who noticed the change in Bostwick. The chief of his division, in discussing with one of the higher-ups the various men in the organization who could be relied upon, said:

"There's Bostwick. He's sobered down a lot in the last few months—doesn't try to pull so much of that Fifth Avenue stuff. Thrifty bird too. Brings his lunch to the office instead of loafing an hour or so round a pool table. That boy's feet are on the ground. His work interests him more than it does most of the bunch."

This was true for two reasons. First, Sam had come to realize what more pay would mean; and second, he wasn't worried to death about debts, so he could keep his mind on his work. From sifting ashes and doing odd jobs round the house, cleaning the walks and scrubbing the family linen he got a considerable amount of exercise. This he supplemented with daily sessions with a pair of light dumb-bells.

Consequently his brain functioned better and faster. He now discovered new fascinations in his business and two or three nights a week took home reports or technical books to study. He wanted that raise. Formerly he had felt it to be his inherent right, not because he was worth so much more to the company but just in the nature of things. Seniority was enough, he had believed.

Now he knew it wasn't enough. More than a year had passed since his last raise. Had he been lying down on the job? Looking back, he felt that he had approached his work each day listlessly—as if it were a burden. It dawned on him that he had been lucky not to be dismissed.

He was sure he was worth more than sixty a week now. No doubt he'd get it in time—if not in his present position, somewhere else. By George, how he did need more money! He wanted to see that fund in the bank swell faster; and more than that, he wanted to please Lucy.

VII

THE Bostwicks had no very clear idea of what John James was doing to keep troublesome creditors pacified. The lawyer insisted on an accounting every week, and got it. He looked with approval on Sam's ready-made suit. He also approved unreservedly of Lucy, whom he regarded as the brains of the firm. This indorsement he expressed in a letter to Sam's Uncle Marcus Freedom, in which he expounded at some length his views of the system of retail credits by which it was possible for unthinking young persons to lay the firm foundations of disgrace and failure.

"It isn't altogether the fault of a boy brought up like Sam. I'm applying heroic treatment and he's really showing a lot of sand. But so long as retailers will trust almost anyone for anything, from a package of pins to an automobile, people like Sam and their wives are going to be ruined; and where Sam has been lucky enough to have someone take hold and yank him neck and heels out of the mud thousands are allowed to go merrily to the devil who might with a little judicious handling become successful citizens. But, of course, every boy hasn't the good fortune to pick a wife like Lucy."

Such of the Bostwicks' creditors as were disposed to make trouble found themselves up against rather a clever worker when they tackled John James. Old Silas Brown, the Rosefields grocer, called personally as soon as Lucy notified him that he'd better see Mr. James.

"I don't intend to stand no nonsense from Bostwick," he threatened. "Hirin' a slick lawyer to help him dodge his just debts won't benefit him in a court of law."

"You're mistaken, Mr. Brown. Bostwick isn't trying to dodge, and I'm working quite as much in the interests of his creditors as of my client. He's already made you some small payments and these will go on. No reasonable judge is going to help you force into bankruptcy a young man who shows the disposition to pay up."

"We'll see! Where'd he get money to hire a high-priced attorney?"

"That's none of your affair. He came to me penniless, and I give you my word if he has to go through bankruptcy his assets won't yield a mill on the dollar. You'd better be patient and let him take his time—in which case you'll probably be paid ultimately in full. That is his intention."

"It's an outrage!" fumed the grocer. "Why, I've trusted that feller ever since he moved to Rosefields!"

"Quite so. The minute you saw his furniture going in you sent your order man to his door. You didn't ask for references or make terms. You let his wife have whatever she wanted without question. Many times when she telephoned an order you supplied the most expensive brands you carried. Your clerk called up every morning and urged her to buy. You allowed the account to grow without checking it at a point where they could easily pay it.

"As a result you have furnished the Bostwicks with practically everything in the grocery line for four years. You sold them hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of goods, and they've paid you all but a hundred dollars or so. If you never got another penny of this debt their trade would still show you a good profit."

"Now they're payin' cash, Mis' Bostwick don't come to my store. Do you call that right?"

"Certainly, because you overcharge. I know what you're going to say. You have so many bad bills you have to mark up your prices to break even. The customers who pay support the dead beats.

"You happen to have a monopoly in the neighborhood, and that's another reason why you profiteer. And you get sore when prudent housewives turn their backs on you and hop a trolley or walk to some neighborhood where they find cash stores and markets doing business on a competitive basis.

"However, your methods are not n affair. But if you sue Bostwick I shall u such machinery as the law provides to c fend him. I'm rather an old bird at tl game, and allow me to say that though t law is kind to creditors it also suppli the debtor his remedy. Those who show t intent to deal fairly with their creditc will be treated squarely in the courts. N what do you propose to do?"

Brown guessed there wasn't anythi much he could do, but he hoped Mr. Jam would see that Bostwick paid up as fast possible, and departed unhappily.

Two or three creditors were even mo disagreeable than Brown, but James w too good a lawyer for them to risk defea One by one they all subsided into a sta of watchful waiting. Week by week Lu reported payments made, small but stead and she was always optimistically cheerfu

At length reward came to the doctor debtors in the shape of good news, bor by Mrs. Bostwick. She had left the du in the care of a neighbor's daughter.

"Oh, Mr. James, I'm so excited!" cri Lucy.

"It's very becoming," said the attorne

"It's wonderful! Please don't make fu of me. This is an important moment. Sa has been raised to eighty-five dollars a we and been given charge of a department."

"H'm! That's very nice. Now I suppo he'll want my guardianship vacated, a buy a house on Fifth Avenue. Doubtle he has engaged a valet already."

"Mr. James, aren't you horrid! Sa and I want to know how we're to allot t extra money."

"Increase your budget five dollars week, I should say; save another ten a set aside ten more for your old bills."

"That's about what we thought, only weren't going to increase the budget. W had about decided to set aside fifteen f the old bills and ten for the bank, maki it fifty-fifty—twenty-five a week each. W get along very nicely on thirty-five."

"And work yourselves—or at least you to death. I don't approve of it. You oug to have a maid."

"Nonsense, Mr. James! Some day pe haps I'll have a houseful. Sam's going be a millionaire, you know."

"I have no doubt of it. Any man wh couldn't get to be a millionaire with a wi like you would be an idiot. By the wa if I show you something very confidenti will you promise not to tell that thick skulled husband of yours?"

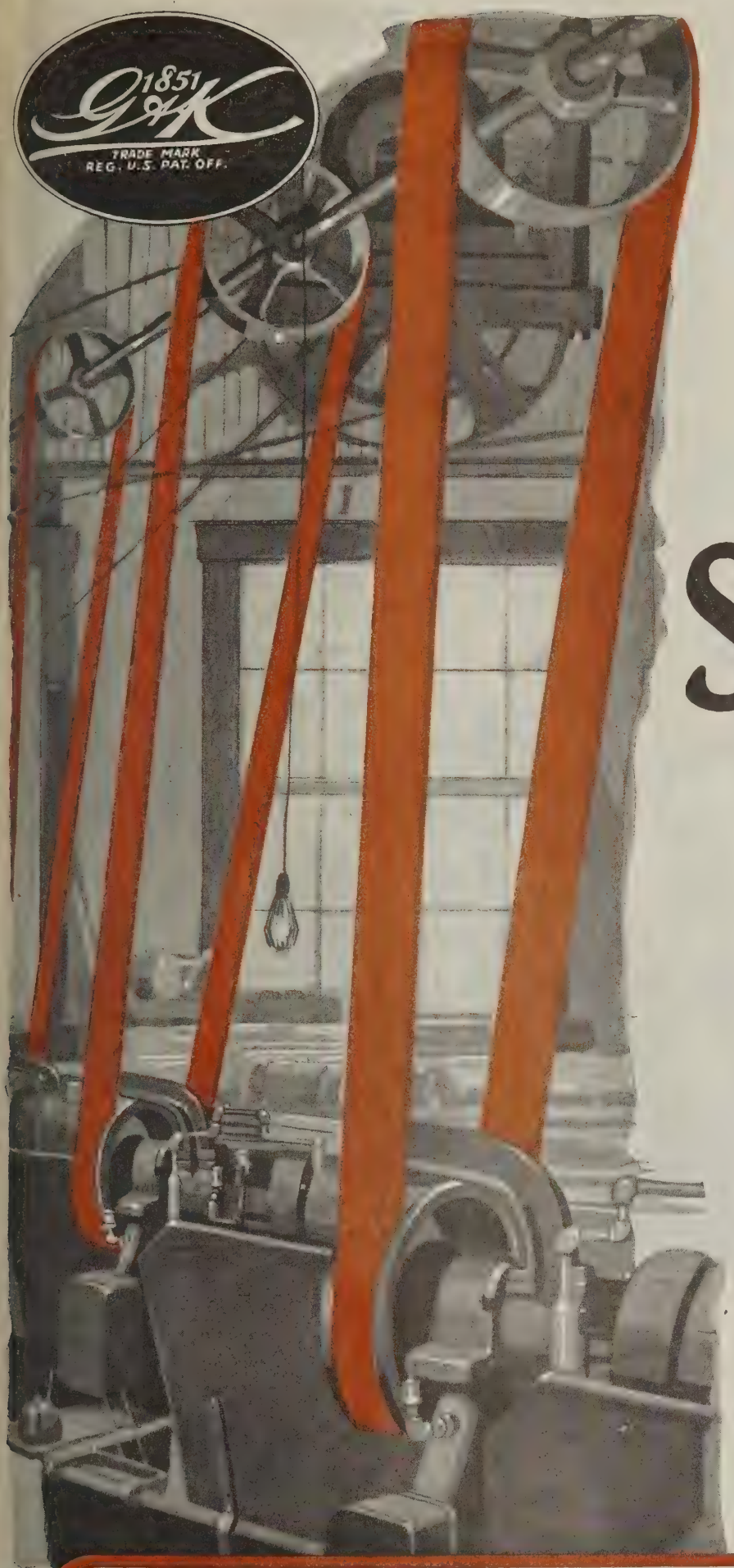
"No!" said Lucy. "But you'd bett show it to me anyhow."

"It's from your uncle-in-law, Mr. Ma cus Freedom. Listen:

"'*Dear John:* Your report of my nephew progress is quite encouraging. He ought t make a successful man, though I was be ginning to think he would never amount t anything. I'd like to do something for hin but I don't want to hamper you or und the good work already done. Let him hav his period of discipline according to you best judgment. But at the end of tw years from now, if he keeps up his pay ments to his creditors at not less than th present rate I will not only settle the unpai balance but cancel his note to me. I trus you will understand that in making thi offer I am expressing no meager appreci tion of the young man's efforts to regai his self-respect and rehabilitate his cha acter.'"

"Oh, Mr. James, how splendid of Uncl Marcus! But bless his heart, there won' be any unpaid balance two years from now and we'll have enough in the savings ban to take up his note, and leave us a thousan dollars clear."

"Great Scott!" cried the attorney. " believe you're right."



"The Pullin'est Belt"

The men in a certain munitions shop were on piecework.

There always was a "howl" when a new belt was put on. They claimed no new belt would pull like an old one.

As an experiment SparOak Belting was installed. Immediately the "howl" ceased and, because production increased, of course, the operators received more pay.

Today there is never a complaint from these men when a new belt is installed, providing it is one of the "pullin'" kind, as they call SparOak. In fact, they will have no other. They state that SparOak is "the most pullin'est belt" they ever saw.

SparOak Belting

SparOak Belts grip from the start. A two-ply belt, the pulley side is G & K Spartan, a leather with the greatest pulley-gripping power ever attained in a belting material; the outer side is the finest quality G & K oak-tanned stock.

The oak-tanned outer ply gives rugged endurance to withstand the severest service conditions, such as belts encounter on shifting drives, step cones, flange pulleys, and the like. The Spartan leather next the pulley insures a firm grip even with high speeds, fluctuating loads, and small pulleys.

If you have a drive that is troubling you, write us about it. Let us advise you what belt to use. Many a bothersome belt problem has been settled by SparOak, and in any event the Graton & Knight Standardized Series includes belts for every kind of drive. Our booklet on Standardization in Belting describes all of them. It is sent free on request.

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SPAROAK

Graton & Knight
Standardized Series
Leather Belting
Tanned by us for belting use

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 27)

hoping that the ill luck that had pursued us at St. Louis would not continue.

Now in the early part of this narrative I said something about the touts who infested the race tracks of the old days, and as they were versatile gentry in the pursuit of their somewhat precarious calling and without whom a story of the turf as it was would be dull and colorless, I will try to tell you about them and their activities.

In the early nineties and along up until the time that drastic legislation was taken against racing it might not be drawing the long bow to assert that sometimes five per cent of the regular attendants at the tracks were touts.

Racing was continuous in those days. When the big Eastern tracks closed in the fall of the year the winter tracks opened. Right in the vicinity of New York City two or three were usually in operation. There was the Gloucester track outside of Philadelphia, running practically all the year round; two tracks racing at San Francisco; one at Los Angeles and the regular winter meeting at New Orleans—with an outlaw track operating part of the time. Then outside Washington a winter track was in full bloom and at one time even it had opposition. Chicago had Garfield Park and Hawthorne and St. Louis had its West Side and electric-light tracks.

Added to all this nearly every city in the Union was dotted with pool rooms. The tout did not even have to attend the race tracks, because every pool room had an army of clients the majority of whom had never seen the inside of a race track in their lives. It was a golden age of gambling—too good or too bad, whichever way you like to put it, to last. Is it any wonder that racing received a terrible setback or that those in authority were finally forced to act, because the salvation of racing will always depend upon its being conducted within bounds?

As Everybody Knows, it is Much Easier to Pick a Horse to Lose Than One That Will Win

But don't think for a moment that you can ever put an end to gambling. It doesn't matter whether it is on horse races or prize fights or baseball or fly loo. My master says he never could see the difference between betting on the speed of a horse and on the trend of the spareribs market, except that one is filed away in the pigeonhole called business and the other is stuck under the heading of sport. No matter how the Wousers fix it, red-blooded men and women will always back their opinion about something or somebody. So the only thing you can do is so to regulate it that it does not become a national disease and that the temptation to gamble is not right before the public on every street corner.

But I was speaking about the tout himself, and many a good story is told concerning his ups and downs.

Some of them had the most elaborate schemes for rounding up gullible persons. One of them used to specialize on jumping races. When he got a good-looking prospect in tow he would invite him to his house. This tout claimed to control all the steeplechase jockeys and he would introduce the come-on person to four or five boys whom he had schooled to impersonate the real riders. Then before the very eyes of the sucker they would fix up the winner for the next day. Of course if they happened to pick the right one, why the boob naturally thought he had met the real jockey and that the race had been actually fixed up. If some other horse won than the one expected they would tell him that a mistake had been made or that they had been double-crossed by one of the riders—that is, of course, if they thought they could get him to bet more money at some future time. If they didn't they simply laughed at him. He couldn't say anything, because he had been one of the parties to a steal himself.

The professional tout discovered very early in the game that it would not do simply to tell a man that he believed a certain horse would win. He was a psychologist in a way and sensed the weakness of human nature. Nine times out of ten the tout who went after a big-money better told him that a race was going to be fixed up and it is a matter of record that many men who could not have been separated from their coin with a crowbar have fallen for the tout's story of how he was in the confidence of two or three of the leading jockeys and how easy it was to get a sure thing on the races. Men have been betting on what they thought were sure things since racing was racing, because a certain percentage of our beloved citizens always want a shade the best of it. The race track and its surroundings formed a facile vehicle for the activities of the tout.

But it remained for an old colored man, who had been round the track longer than the memory of most folks ran, to get the original sure-thing dope on the horse races.

Before he went to the track each day he used to arm himself with eight or nine pieces of different colored chalks. These were the only tools he worked with.

If there were eight horses in a race he would pick out some man and beg him to bet on the first one listed on the program. He would tell him how he had seen this horse work and what a sure winner he was bound to be. To another man he would give the second horse, telling him the same story, and so on down to the end of the program. After he had hooked a victim and seen him bet his money he used to mark his coat with one of the pieces of chalk he carried in his pocket and so he kept track of the horses he had told each man to bet on. Then when the race was over and it was won—let us say, by Number Two on the program—he looked round for the customer with the blue chalk on his coat, helped him to cash his bet and divided the winnings. It was a unique scheme. And whenever the old colored brother really did a hard day's work he collected on every race.

Another tout was a big impressive-looking man, looking very much like the owner of one of the big racing stables, who was a Pittsburgh millionaire. This tout had a negro confederate who played the part of an old stable hand and who would approach any stranger who looked like money and was consequently and more than likely anxious to acquire a little information. The negro used to tell such that he was attached to the big man's stable. He would say something like this:

"Now, boss, Ise only a poor colored man, but dis yeah filly we're startin' to-day is de bes' we got in de barn. I rubs her. Ob course I doan know whether de captain will want her to win her fust out. If I thought you wanted to bet on her real bad I'd take a chance an' ask him. Dar he is now—up in de gran' stan'."

Like as not the affluent stranger who had come to spend an afternoon at the races would be more than anxious to put down a good bet on a tip so direct from a famous owner, and he would immediately declare his intention of doing so if the negro could get the desired information.

They would climb up into the grand stand and, hat in hand, the old negro would approach the bogus captain.

"Captain," he would say, "dis white gentleman here is one ob my home folks. I jest met him an' he would like to bet on de filly to-day if you thought she was just ready and you was a-goin' to send her out fur de money. I wouldn't ask yo, captain, but he's one ob my home folks."

It would then be the captain's cue to storm a little at the impertinence of the negro stable hand. How dare a negro to ask about the running of the stable? But finally he would cool down and somewhat reluctantly give the information. He would tell them that the filly was the best he ever had in his life, but cautioned them not to bet too much on her, because he intended putting down a swell bet himself and did not want the price spoiled.

That was enough. Avarice did the rest. The confiding stranger in his eagerness to get aboard such a good thing usually bet his bank roll, and as the real captain had a first-class stable and was in winning form at that particular time, many a stranger who visited the race track for a day's outing cashed a good-sized bet and divided his winnings with his negro guide and counselor, going back home fully satisfied that he had received direct information.

Then there was the tout who did most of his work with bogus, or phony, tickets.

Previous to the legal elimination of bookmaking the pencilers, as they were called, used to give their customers pasteboard tickets on which were recorded the amount bet, the odds laid and the horse's name on which the bet was made. This naturally gave the old-time tout a grand opening and an easy vehicle, because most of them carried a pocketful of blank tickets, which were easy enough to procure, because uncashed tickets could be gathered by the bushel on the quarter stretch of any race track at the close of the day's proceedings. After that it was easy enough to erase the original pencil marks and put the tickets to other uses.

This brand of tout invariably handled whatever amount he had persuaded his client to bet. His system was to pick some horse which did not have a possible chance to win. Then he would take the money and tell his man to wait somewhere in the grand stand until he came back from the betting ring. He always argued that he could get a better price from some bookmaker he claimed as a friend of his and so allayed the stranger's fears.

As a matter of fact, he simply put the money in his pocket and came back in a few moments handing his customer a bogus ticket on which meantime he had inscribed the name of the horse he had chosen and the legitimate price the bookmakers were laying in the ring.

It is to the credit of these enterprising gentry and a tribute to their superior acumen that they hardly ever made a mistake. As everybody knows, and in the natural course of events, it is much easier to pick a horse to lose than one that will win, but occasionally even these canny gentlemen slipped a cog.

They used to tell the story of a tout called Endless Motion Mickey, so named from the manner and celerity in which he moved from place to place, who operated in the days when Rome was young.

Mickey took the phony-ticket route for his, but one day down at the race track he met an affluent Cuban from Havana who had a yen on to bet them high and hard. Mickey, who was somewhat of a hypnotist and could deal out language as easy as a ton of coal falls into the cellar, persuaded the Cuban plunger to let him take a thousand dollars to bet on a forty-to-one shot.

It is needless to say that Mickey never bet the money at all but simply pretended to go down to the betting ring and came back in a little while and handed the Cuban sport a bunch of bogus tickets that

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oked like a miniature pinochle deck. If e horse won they called for something er forty thousand dollars.

It was a stake race with a lot of good orses carded to start and Mickey in his nocence had rated the horse he was supposed to bet on as a cheap selling-plater. nfortunately, however, the horse belonged the Texas delegation. He had been under cover in all his previous starts and when ie flag fell he made every post a winning ost and won all by his lonely, as they say, eating the rest of the field in the comonest kind of a gallop.

As the horses neared the finishing line nd it was quite evident that this nag would in unless he broke a leg, the Cuban plunder climbed on a chair and yelled himself oarse. He thought he was winning a forune. It was the event of a lifetime and in is imagination he heard them playing onquering Hero.

But not so Endless Motion Mickey. It as too much even for a rhinoceros hide nd a stout heart like his. Mickey had een through many an adventure by flood nd field, but someone had told him that hese Cubans were natural-born killers and henever they thought they had the worst f it they went after their enemy with a utcher knife in one hand and a meat ax n the other. So Mickey did the graceful hing. He fainted dead away and subsequently was carried out and taken to the ospital.

Some people say that he never recovered, ut others allege that in one of our best-atronized asylums one may meet a nervous little man who insists on handing each isitor an old race-track program and whispers mysteriously that he has a sure hing in the next race which will be quoted n the betting at least as good as forty to ne.

That's what the knowing ones say. But e that as it may, the race track never saw ide or hair of Endless Motion Mickey again.

There was another tout who always claimed to own a big racing stable. His dope was to take his clients over and show them the horses, at the same time airing himself as the real owner.

He was enabled to do this because he had fixed it up with the colored stable boy who was usually left in charge of the stable while the rest of the folks connected with it went over to the races. So this tout would bring the victim over and show him the horses. Needless to say, it made quite an impression and the gullible one took the elastic off his bank roll much more readily when he thought he was doing business direct with the owner of several good-looking race horses.

But the guesser was handed a solar plexus one day when he took a new subscriber over to show him his horses. As they came in under the shed he noticed that all the stall doors were closed and the negro he did business with was nowhere in sight; but, of course, that did not faze him, because he halted in front of one of the stall doors and, as he unhooked it, said:

"Now, here's the good old mare herself. She has won me many a stake race and I'm gettin' her ready for a killin' here. When we start you an' me will cut seventeen kinds of a watermelon."

Then having duly staged the climax, he threw open the door with a flourish. Imagine his consternation when an old gray mule, used to harrow the track, stuck his head out of the door. The good stable had moved out during the night and headed south. The tout hadn't been round for a couple of days and so had lost track of the man who had always kept him posted on their movements.

Another tout was so successful that he went into the race-horse business on his own account. He purchased a few cheap selling-platers and used them more as tools to work with than anything else. He discovered among other things that a little money could be made by sticking a cheap horse in one of the selling races and then claiming some other good horse in the race for his entered price plus the first money of the purse, as was then allowed by the rules of racing.

He found this quite a lucrative business for a while, because he often procured a good horse cheap and original owners were only too glad to get them back at a profit. The horse he used to run in these races was called Lake Friday. He got to be quite a joke after a while, because he always was in with a bunch that could beat him easily and the bookmakers used to lay all kinds of prices against his chances.

One day this tout started to get even with a client who, he thought, had not given him enough money after a lucky win. So he told him to bet on Lake Friday—related a long story about how he had made him a race-track joke on purpose and that he had been pulling him all the time. This was going to be the day. This tout could handle language and he convinced the man he intended to victimize that they would break up racing with the amount of money they would win. He chuckled to himself when the client agreed to bet two hundred dollars, which, as he was a man of moderate means, was a big bet for him to make. But the tout didn't care; he wanted to sting him if he could.

And then the race came off and the wonderful thing happened, because it was old Lake Friday's day out and he stepped to town faster than a frog going to a frolic. He had them all hollering for help at the head of the stretch. He just happened to do what any race horse is liable to do in his career. He had one good run in him and this was the day he gave a manifestation. The Turf Guide shows that he won easily by ten lengths and that he was quoted in the betting ring at odds of three hundred to one. The result of this race carries with it the story of the finish of one of the wisest gentlemen who ever borrowed a pencil or, as they said in the vernacular, "laid a lobster."

In the early days many of the touts traveled with a badge horse. The latter was usually some animal who couldn't win—as they say—a fixed race, but his owner carried him from track to track, because when he applied for stabling he was entitled to an owner's badge and when he hung this on his buttonhole it was a declaration to all the world that he belonged and was directly interested in the ownership of horses.

A tout who owned one of these old broken-down horses once wanted to raise some money and dug up a little tailor for whom he had won a few small bets. The knight of shears was a little skeptical and refused to loan any money on the horse until he saw him work. So the tout took him down to the race track early in the morning, put a little colored boy he found round one of the stables aboard the nag and instructed him to start about fifty yards beyond the half-mile pole and work to the stand.

He figured that with a fifty-yard advantage and the tailor at an angle where he could not tell whether the boy broke from the pole or not the horse would be bound to show a fast half mile.

The little tailor had borrowed a stop watch. They weren't going to give him the worst of it—if he knew it. The horse broke away as per instructions and showed some speed to the head of the stretch. Then he commenced to die the death of a dog and the tout knew that unless something happened or he got a fresh lease of speed life there would be nothing doing in the way of a loan. So he commenced to wave his handkerchief frantically and yell at the top of his voice. In stentorian tones he importuned the little negro to "come on with that horse," punctuating his remarks in swift asides for the benefit of the tailor to the effect that the little black imp was pulling him.

By the time the unfortunate nag got to the grand stand he had almost slowed down to a walk. He hadn't been out of the stable for weeks and the first quarter stood him on his head and made him want to call for refreshments. It was up to the tout to forge an alibi.

"You infernal little scoundrel!" he stormed as the boy rode his trembling mount back. "You blithering piece of stove polish! Why didn't you come on as I told you to? Why didn't you come on faster? Tell me that!"

The little negro rider looked down at the belligerent one.

"Boss," he drawled quietly, "did yo' want me to get off an' walk?"

As a general rule few people in any line of life could think faster or act quicker than the dyed-in-the-wool tout. The exigencies of his profession all tended to sharpen his wits. On one occasion a tout named Happy Casey borrowed five dollars from a good-natured bookmaker, promising to pay it back on Friday.

Several Fridays came and went, but the money was not returned. One day the lender met the borrower.

"Casey," said the former, "didn't I loan you five dollars a couple of weeks ago?"

"That's what you did," confirmed Casey.

"And you promised to pay me back Friday, now didn't you?"

"Right you are!" responded the debtor affably. "No mistake about that. 'Twas Friday all right. But I meant Good Friday."

Another gentleman borrowed fifty dollars from a horse owner. The latter had a keen sense of humor and as he passed over the money he said:

"Now, Bill, you're always looking for a good thing to bet on and I'll give it to you. You say you'll pay back this money Tuesday. Am I right?"

"Sure, I'll pay you back Tuesday!" replied the other.

"Well, that being the case," responded the owner, "I'll lay you five to one that you don't return this money Tuesday."

"Piker!" retorted the tout scornfully. "You've just got to be a common ordinary piker. Why, any bookmaker in the ring will lay fifty to one that I won't pay you back at all."

Then, of course, we must not forget the original get-rich-quick scheme. Thousands of gullible people fell for this. It was a company ostensibly formed for the ownership of horses and betting on them. Deftly worded prospectuses were scattered broadcast through the country and the first subscribers to the syndicate received checks calling for enormous profits on their original investments. The self-advertising, which is the best form of publicity, did the rest. The head offices of the current organization were fairly swamped with money. They did a land-office business running into the millions until Uncle Sam woke up and seized several wagonloads of mail; and it was afterward said that nine out of every ten letters opened by the authorities contained money.

Some of these men fled the country, others stuck it out and have been credited ever since as having acquired a comfortable competence.

But getting back to my story, we arrived at New Orleans without a mishap or accident of any kind and settled down there to wait for the opening of the winter meeting, which was a few weeks distant. Grassy's foot was getting all right and my master expected to race him the first week if we found a favorable spot. I was beginning to round into shape myself.

We were very comfortable in our new quarters, because my master had a great friend who lived near New Orleans and whom we will call the major. This gentleman loaned him money enough to tide him over until the meeting started. As I understood it, he was not a man of very considerable means but was a very lovable character and deeply versed in the pedigree of race horses and other branches of high-class sport. Added to this he was a man of wide knowledge on various matters and highly educated. He was of the kind who did not care much about appearance or display. He just wanted a few friends—the kind he could hold to. He always said that no man should lay up more money in this world than would pay his living expenses, purchase a toddy or two and keep him in hunting dogs. After that, he argued, there would be no one to reckon with but the undertaker—and that gentleman could look out for himself.

My master and he used to talk a great deal concerning the philosophy of life. I think they agreed on most phases of it, because both were what you might call realists. They saw things as they actually were without any of the gilding or make-believe or hypocrisy, which after all only tend to make people dissatisfied and uncharitable.

Grassy won his first race at New Orleans. It was the inaugural dash—five-eighths of a mile. My, but he did look pretty going to the post! And all the ladies in the grand stand applauded him. He won very easily. The major had scraped together some money and the odds were twelve to one, so he and my master had a few thousand dollars to divide after the race was over. This put an end to our financial troubles for the time being. I congratulated Grassy on his success, but as usual he took it just as a matter of course. He had the same old answer that it was his job and that it was a mighty poor horse or man for that matter who could not earn his keep and a little more besides.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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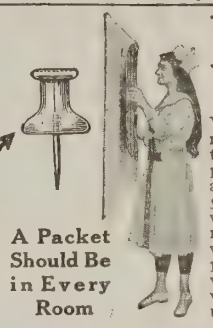

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 23)

'Dick Hoover. But you leave it alone."

'Rats! Tell Dick I'll be there. Or I'll t. him myself."

Routt lifted his hands in surrender. "h—I'll tell him," he agreed. "But y're a darned fool, Wint."

'Rats!" Wint grinned. He was unac-ntably elated, as though he had shaken c restraining bonds. "Rats!" And he nt out to the street with his head high. Routt picked up the telephone and called Hoover. He was smiling.

XVI

WINTHROP CHASE, SENIOR, was thrown, by his son's election to the ice he had counted as his own, into a ssion where rage and humiliation were ually commingled.

He was a man fed fat with vanity. He ok himself very seriously. He lived a cent and respectable life in the eyes of all en, and he felt himself justly entitled to e respect of all men. He had before this en the smiles of those few who dared ock him; but he had believed them a nall minority. When three-quarters of e town united in the jest at his expense he as outraged inexpressibly. And when the ty papers took up the story and for a me the whole state tittered over it Chase embled and shuddered with his own gony.

His first reaction had been anger at his n; and when he heard how Wint had een found, sodden and stupid, in that om at the Weaver House he cast the boy t of his life, hiding his own honest grief nd sorrow under a mantle of resentment nd accusation. For he loved Wint and ad wished to be proud of him.

In the beginning his chief resentment ntered on Wint, and he had toward Amos aretall only that anger which one feels ward a treacherously victorious opponent. ut about the time Wint sent him that noney order and stood on his own feet efore the world Chase's heart softened in pite of himself. He sought to make ex-uses for his son, and in this effort he found aretall a convenient scapegoat. By de-rees he convinced himself that Caretall ad led Wint astray, playing on the boy's anity and pride; and after that came the alf conviction that when Wint denied all nowledge of the coup the boy had told the ruth. Then all Chase's anger centered on Amos; and as the first sting of his disgrace assed by he began to look about him and eek to rebuild the shattered structure of is plans.

He had encountered Amos more than nce upon the street since the election; but neither had carried greetings further than a nod or word. But there came a day when Chase met the congressman face to face in the post office at a moment when there were no others there; and when Chase nodded Caretall stopped and tilted his head on one side and squinted in a friendly way at Chase.

"No hard feelings, is there, Senior?" he asked.

Chase looked at him, started to speak, flushed, checked himself; and at last said huskily: "Congressman, I want to talk with you."

Caretall nodded. "That's fair."

"Where can we talk?"

Amos scratched his head. "Tell you," he suggested. "I'll go along up to Pete Gergue's office. You go down t'your place 'nd then come in the back way. Guess we don't want it known we're gettin' t'gether."

"Very well," Chase said stiffly. "I'll be there in half an hour."

When he climbed the stairs Amos had sent Gergue away and was sitting at the oilcloth-covered table slowly whittling a charge for his pipe. He got up bulkily at Chase's entrance, and motioned the other man to a chair across the table from his own.

Chase sat down and Amos, lighting his pipe between his sentences, said slowly: "Chase"—a scratch of the match—"you don't want to hold this against me." A succession of deep puffs. "It's politics. All in the game." A puff. "You was getting too strong for me. I had t'lick you." Puff, puff, puff!

Chase struck his fist with quiet vehemence on the table: "It was a dirty trick, Amos."

Amos shook his head, vastly pained. "Now, Senior," he protested, "don't go to talking that way. 'Twas all in the game. All in the game."

"It was a dirty trick," Chase insisted. "You played on my good feelings; you pretended to agree to an alliance with me; you got me off my guard ——"

Amos held up a heavy hand. "Wait a minute," he protested. "Wait a minute, Senior. Let me get this here straight. You come to me with a prop'sition. Wanted to get together. Said you had me licked. I told you if you was elected mayor we'd hitch up. Ain't that right now, Senior?"

Chase moved angrily. "Strictly true," he confessed. "Strictly true. That's why I call it tricky. You came to my own meeting and said you were going to vote for me ——"

"Guess I said I was going t'vote for a Chase, didn't I? Guess I did. And that's the way I voted."

"The town thought you meant me."

"Not long, they didn't. Word went round what I meant, all in good time."

Chase got to his feet, his head back, his face flushed. He leaned down to face Amos and he slapped his right fist into his left palm. "I tell you it was a trick!" he insisted. "You know it. It was unworthy. And I give you due warning, Caretall—I'm out for your scalp now. I propose to get it. Take your measures accordingly."

Amos puffed hard at his pipe. He too rose, tilted his head thoughtfully on one side and squinted at Chase. "I don't like t'hear you talk that way, Senior," he said slowly. "You come to me and talked to me till you rightly showed me we ought to get together. I'm ready—even if you did get ——"

Chase flung up his hand. "Stop!" he cried. The self-control he had imposed upon himself was gone. "Stop! Man, man! D'you think I'm one to lick the hand that stabs me? You lie to me, trick me, make a fool of me and a joke of me before the state; and to cap it all you steal my own son out of my house!"

"Heard you was the one to throw him out," Amos interjected.

But Chase went hotly on: "You steal my own son, take him into your own home, turn him against me, persuade him to help destroy me." His voice broke with his own rage and grief. "I tell you, Amos," he said again, leaning steadily forward, "I'm going to get you. Fair warning. Take your measures accordingly."

Amos looked out of the window; he puffed at his pipe; and at last he faced the other man again and smiled.

"Well, Senior," he said slowly, "if the land lies so—thanks for the word. As for them measures—I'll take them like you say."

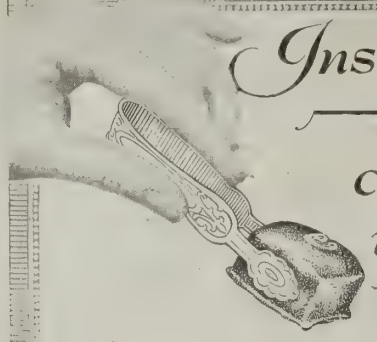
For a moment longer the eyes of the two men held each other. Then Chase turned stiffly on his heel and stalked to the door and went out.

As he disappeared Amos called "G'd day!" But Chase made no answer; and Amos, left alone, grinned slowly to himself and shook his head.

After that interview with Amos, Chase began to emerge from the turmoil of anger and shame in which he had been fighting since the election. His head cleared and his brain cooled, and he began to plan, with a certain newly acquired shrewdness, his next steps against Caretall. In many matters heretofore the elder Chase had been as simple as a boy. Now he was becoming crafty. In the past he had honestly believed that the life of self-conscious rectitude that he had led was of a sort to inspire respect and affection. Now he knew that he was wrong, knew that he must always have been disliked or despised by half the town. He had always been benignly courteous; and this courtesy, which was more than half condescension, had made more enemies than friends. He had played a straightforward game—and he had lost.

Like other men before him, in the determination to change his tactics he went too far. He threw himself into the fight to injure Caretall with an utter disregard for the conventions he had once observed; he sought allies where he might find them; and for the first time in his life he tried to put himself in another man's place and guess what the other man would do.

The man into whose place he sought to put himself was Amos Caretall; and the result of his considerations of Amos' possible future plans threw Chase into the



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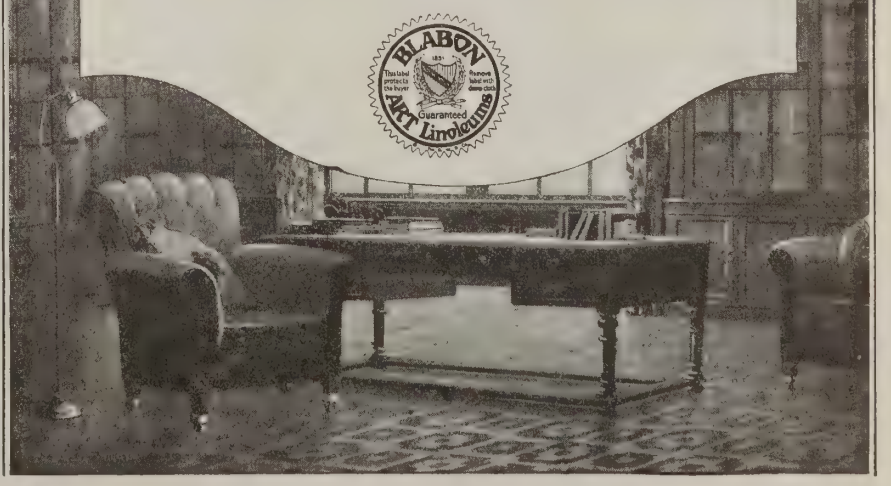

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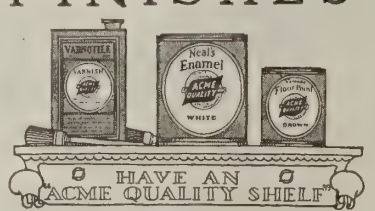

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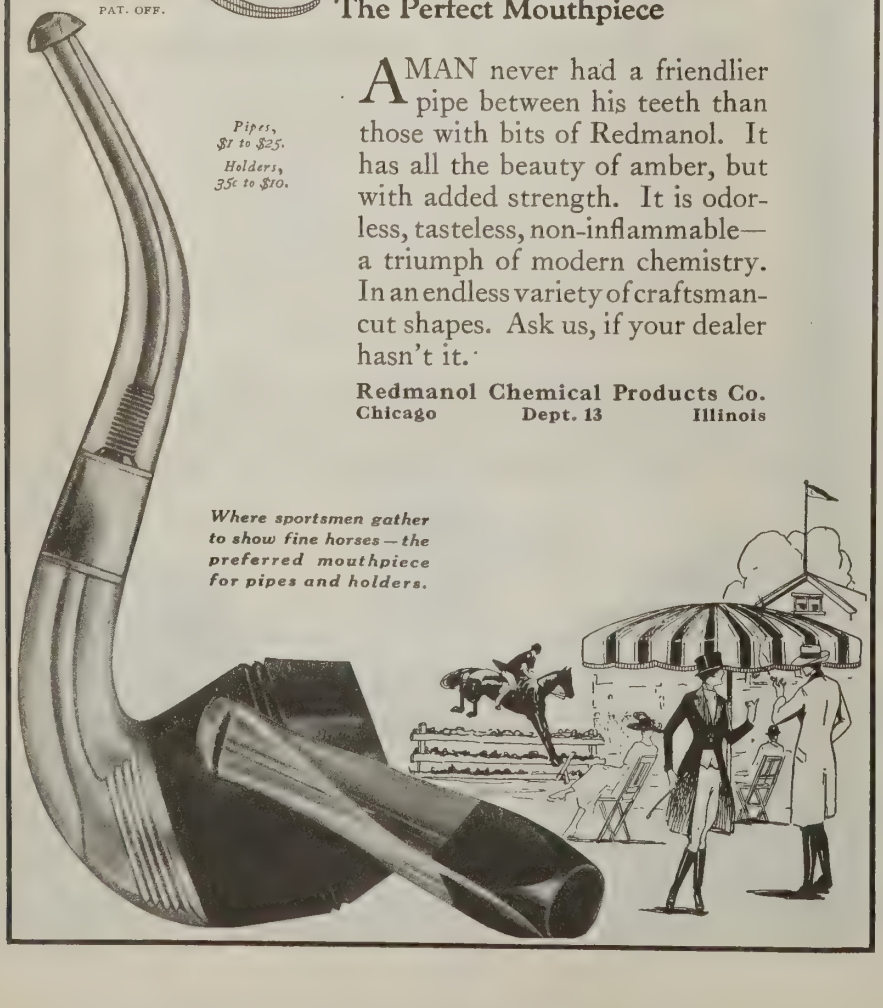

Where sportsmen gather to show fine horses—the preferred mouthpiece for pipes and holders.

arms of his ancient enemy, into the shrunken arms of V. R. Kite.

The feud between Kite and Chase had never been a concrete thing. It was based upon a thousand minor incidents, none of them important in itself.

Kite, as the leader of the wet forces in the town, and as the proprietor of half the liquor-peddling establishments, was a man very quick to resent dry activities. Chase had always been actively dry. And Kite, curiously enough for one of his vocation, was a very thin-skinned man. He found offenses in words that were meant for kindness; he found a sneer in an honest smile.

It was a part of the manner of the elder Chase to smile and nod benevolently upon those whom he encountered. This was automatic with him; and he smiled at Kite with the rest. Kite, a man of fierce and violent temperament, knew that Chase had no kindly feeling toward him; and so he saw in those smiles only sneers. He had complained to Amos Caretall: "He's always grinning at me," when Amos asked why he hated Chase; and this was an old grievance with the liquor man.

Kite had been one of those who rejoiced most highly in Chase's humiliation; and for a week or two after the election he went out of his way to meet Chase upon the street. On such occasions he paid back with interest those grins he had resented; he spoke to Chase with exaggerated courtesy and extreme solicitude. He inquired after the other's health and spirits; he sympathized with Chase in his defeat.

These sports palled upon him only when he perceived the growing change in Chase. For Wint's father was in many ways, at this time, like a child that has been punished for a fault it does not understand. The elder Chase was groping for friendliness; he sought it wherever it could be found; and he took some of Kite's satiric inquiries in good faith and responded to them with such honest confidence that Kite was touched and faintly uneasy.

A few days after Chase's talk with Amos he sought out Kite in the little bazaar which the latter conducted. It was an institution like a five-and-ten-cent store, and did a flourishing business. Next door to it was a restaurant, also owned by Kite, reached by a communicating passage. In a room behind this restaurant knowing ones might be served with anything in reason. But Kite went there only for his meals, and most of the hours of business found him at his desk in the rear of the bazaar.

Chase frankly sought him there. He drew a chair up to face the wrinkled little man. Kite was surprised, and cocked his head on his thin neck and tugged at his drooping side whiskers until he looked more like a doubtful turkey than ever.

"How-do, Chase," he said.

Chase nodded. "Kite," he began frankly, "I want to talk to you."

Kite tried to grin derisively; he tried to reawaken the old enmity in his breast. But there was something appealing about Chase, and so he said nothing—only waited.

"Kite," said Chase, "Amos Caretall played a good trick on me."

Kite looked startled; then he grinned. "Yes, Chase, he did that," he said.

"You helped him."

Kite frankly admitted it.

"You helped him," said Chase, "because you thought with Wint in as mayor the town would stay as wet as you want it."

Kite hesitated, then he nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes, that's so, Chase. What about it?"

Chase leaned back. "Amos made a fool of you," he said. "He's going to turn this town dry with the man you helped elect."

Kite flushed; he leaned toward Chase with narrowed eyes peering out from an ambush of wrinkles; and then suddenly he threw back his head with his long turkey neck rising raw and red from his collar, and he laughed cacklingly, so that customers in the front of the store looked that way to share the joke. Chase frowned angrily. "Well," he snapped, "what's funny about that?"

Kite dropped a dry old hand on Chase's arm. "Oh, Chase!" he choked through his mirth. "The notion of Wint making this town dry!"

Chase flushed. He started to speak. Kite interrupted. "Now don't get mad. Course he's your son, but he does like his drop now and then, Chase."

"I tell you Amos is planning to do it."

There was something so deadly sure in Chase's tone that Kite sobered and looked toward him. "Say, what makes you s that?" he demanded. "How do you know

"Amos has sense. He sees this questi is the big one in this state. He's out Congress again. He's not going to have thrown at him that his man let this to soak itself illegally."

For the first time Kite began to lo worried. "Amos wouldn't do that. told me ——"

"Told you? He told me many thi too. But none of them were true."

Kite suddenly burst into flames like oily rag. He threw up a clenched fi "Chase, he don't dare try it!"

"Dare? He'll dare anything."

Kite stammered with the heat of his o anger. "He don't dare!" he insisted. "Wh Chase—if he tries that—I'll—I'll —" With no sense that his words had been s before he exclaimed: "I won't live in t town, Chase. I'll get out! I'll shoot hi Or myself!"

Chase leaned forward. "I tell you h aiming to do it," he said steadily. "So down."

Kite gripped his arm. "Chase, you to drill some sense into that son of you You got to tell him ——"

"He's not my son now; he's Amo Living with Amos, doing what Amos sa Don't forget that."

There was a bitterness in Chase's vo that silenced Kite for a moment. Then t little man touched Chase on the arm.

"See here," he said softly. "You do like Amos any better'n I do."

Chase smiled mirthlessly. "I'm out his hide," he declared.

Kite nodded, chuckling grimly. "thinks he's a big man," he said. "He thi he can run over us, play with us, use us a then give us the brad. But I tell you ri now, Chase"—he lifted his open hand one who takes an oath—"I tell you ri now, Chase, if he tries that little trick—y and me'll get together, and we'll hang old hide in the sun to dry."

"He'll try it," said Chase steadily.

Kite stuck out his hand. "Then wl skin him."

"That's a bargain," Chase declared, gripped the other's dry and skinny fing

It was in this fashion that these two e mies joined hands against the common f

XVII

THE festivities in Wint's honor on night before his inaugural were a gr success from every point of view.

There was nothing formal about th They occurred in an upper room in one the newer business blocks on Main Str Only half a dozen young fellows atten them; but these were all chosen spirits, congenial.

At half past nine they were all pleasar illuminated by their libations and the g eral good cheer of the occasion. At ele two of them were asleep quite peacefull each other's arms upon a couch at one of the room. These two snored as t slept. The others were playing cards, the refreshments that had been provi were in easy reach. Wint and Jack Ro were among those playing cards. Ro never passed a certain stage of intoxicati no matter how much he drank. He reac this stage with the first swallow.

With Wint it was otherwise. In s matters he progressed steadily towar dismal end. As eleven o'clock struck he just passed the quarrelsome stage and beginning to pity himself. He opene hand with three queens, but when Ro raised his bet Wint threw down his ca and put his head on his arms and wept cause he could not win. Then he took other drink.

After a little he cried himself to sleep.

Toward one o'clock Routt and Hoo took Wint home to Amos Caretall's. streets at that hour of the night were utte deserted. There was a moon, and the st lamps were unlighted as an econom consequence of this heavenly illuminati Wint was between Routt and Hoover. times he took a sodden step or two; at ot times he dragged to his knees upon ground, wagging his head from side to si and singing huskily.

Hoover was almost as badly off as W and now and then he joined in this so Jack Routt was cold sober, and col exultant. His eyes shone in the moonlig and he handled Wint with rough tene ness.

When they were about a block from Caretall home Wint became very sick;

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Hoover sat down in the middle of the side-walk and giggled at him, while Routt, leaning against a tree above the sprawling body of his friend, waited until the paroxysms were past and then caught Wint's shoulders again and dragged him to his feet.

Wint had thrown off some of the poison; he was able now to help himself a little more than before; and they got him to their destination. There Routt propped him against a tree before the house and spoke him and tried to impress upon him the necessity of silence.

"Dont you sing now, Wint!" he warned. "Brace up. Have some sense. Keep quiet."

Wint pettishly protested that he liked to sing, and that he was a good singer; and he said he would prove it on the spot, but Routt dragged him with the flat of his hand until Wint surrendered.

"Cut it out, Wint!" he insisted. "You've got to be quiet while we get you to bed."

Then Routt felt a hand on his shoulder, and someone drawled: "You've done your share, Routt. Go along. I'll tuck him in."

He turned and saw Amos Caretall. Amos was in a bathrobe of rough toweling over his nightshirt, and his feet were in carpet slippers. Routt was tongue-tied for a moment; then he found his voice.

"I'm mighty sorry about this, sir," he said. "I tried to keep him from drinking too much. But you can't stop him, he's such a darned fool."

Amos grinned at him in a way that somehow frightened Routt.

"He sure is the darndest fool I ever see," he agreed. "But don't you mind, Jack. Boys will be boys. You and—who is it? Oh—Hoover. You and Hoover run along home. I'll 'tend to him."

"Don't you want me to help get him in the house?"

"I'll get him in. I've handled 'em before."

Routt hesitated; but there was nothing to do but obey, and he obeyed. Congressman Amos Caretall, in carpet slippers, nightshirt and faded bathrobe, watched them go; and then he turned to where Wint had slouched down against the tree and said kindly:

"Well, Wint—come on in."

Wint wagged his head and began to sing. The congressman bent over him and slapped him expertly upon the cheeks with his open hands, one hand and then the other. The sting and smart of the blows seemed to dispel some of the clouds that fuddled Wint, and he grinned sheepishly and got to his feet. Amos put his arm round him.

"Come on, Wint," he said again.

They went thus slowly up the walk and into the house. Amos shut the front door behind them and led Wint to the stairs and up them. In the upper hall one electric bulb was burning; and as they came into its light Agnes came out of her room. Her soft fair hair was down her back; her eyes were dewy with sleep; and a flaming silken garment was drawn close about her.

"What is it, dad?" she asked; and then saw Wint lurching along on her father's arm with nodding head and dull and drunken eyes, and she laughed softly and stepped toward him and shook her finger in his face. "Oh, you Wint! Naughty boy!" she chided.

Her father said sharply: "Get into your room, Agnes!"

The girl looked at him, and at the anger in his eyes she turned a little pale and slipped silently away.

Amos took Wint to his room, where Wint fell helplessly across his bed and began instantly to snore. The congressman looked down at him for an instant with a grim sort of pity mingled with the anger in his eyes. Then he bent and loosened Wint's shoes and drew them off; and afterward he took off the boy's collar and unbuttoned his garments at the throat, and unbuckled his belt so that his sodden body should nowhere be constricted.

"I guess that'll do, Wint," he said slowly then. "You're too heavy for me to handle. Besides, Wint—you ain't right clean."

He stood for a moment longer, then turned toward the door. At the door he looked back once, snapped out the light, and so was gone.

Wint's snores were unbroken.

XVIII

THE Caretall home stood in that end of town where the largest of the furnaces is located. A railroad siding passes this furnace, and a switching engine is busy here twenty-four hours of the day. The engine occasionally finds occasion to whistle; and the furnace itself has a whistle of enormous proportions—a siren whose blast carries for miles across the hills. This siren blows at every change of shift, it blows at casting time, and it blows at the whim of the engineer, who may wish to startle some casual visitor or friend.

Persons who have lived long in this part of Hardiston grow accustomed to this great whistle. They sleep undisturbed when it rouses the night echoes; and they talk undisturbed when it shatters the peace of the day. It is even told of some of them that when the furnace went out of blast and its whistle was stilled they used to be wakened in the middle of the night by the failure of the siren to sound at the accustomed time.

Wint's own home was in the other end of town. He had not lived long enough near the furnace to accustom himself to its noises; and they disturbed him. They penetrated his stupefied sleep on the night of this debauch. The steady roar of the great fires, which could be heard three or four miles on a still night, played on his worn nerves and tortured them; the sharp toots of the switching engine made him jump and quiver in his sleep like a dreaming child; and when he awoke in the morning, to find Amos shaking him by the shoulder, he was miserable and sick and his head throbbed with the beat of a thousand drums, and seemed like to split with agony. He wished weakly that it would split and be done.

When he opened his bloodshot eyes Amos laughed and jerked him upright and shook some of the slumber out of him.

"Come, Wint," he commanded heartily. "I've got a cold tub all ready. Jump in it. Got to get in shape, y' know. Inaugurated t'-day."

Wint groaned and held his head in both hands. "Hell with it!" he scowled. "Inaugural. Whole damn business. I'm not goin' do it. Goin' sleep."

He tried to drop back on the bed, but Amos laughed and caught him and dragged him to his feet. "Come out of it," he enjoined. "You'll be all right."

Wint shook his head stubbornly; then cried out with pain at the shaking. The fumes of the liquor were gone out of him; he was only dreadfully sleepy and dreadfully sick. He felt as though he were pulled and tortured by pricking wires that tore his flesh, and his eyelids were as heavy as lead and as hot as coals upon his bloodshot eyes.

But he opened them and said heavily: "No, Congressman Caretall. It's off. I won't do it. I'm through."

It was as Amos groped for a next word that the siren began to blow. This was the signal for the morning's casting. The engineer must have been in good spirits that morning, for he gave more than full measure on the blast. The whistle shrieked and roared till the very windows rattled and shivered in their places; and Wint at the first sound whipped up his hands to shield his agonized ears, and dropped on the bed and held his head and groaned until his groan became almost a shriek with the pain.

Then, when the siren died into silence, he got dully to his feet and glared at Amos and said huskily: "I'd like t' kill man that did that. Like to dynamite that whistle. Anything—make it keep quiet."

Amos suddenly smiled; then he chuckled. "Well, Wint," he said quickly, "there's ways to make it keep quiet."

Wint looked at him with torpid interest. "I'll bite," he said. "Tell me one."

Amos waved his hands: "Why, f'r instance, the mayor has power to force the abatement of a nuisance. Make them shut off that whistle, if it's a nuisance. Anything like that."

Wint swayed on his feet, and steadied himself with a hand on the foot of the bed.

"Can the mayor do a thing like that—on the square?"

"Why, sure!" said Amos.

Wint grinned—a cracked and painful grin, but mirthful too; and he took a step forward. "Then, say," he exclaimed. "Then, say! There's something in this mayor job, after all."

"Sure there is!"

Wint gripped Amos' arm. "Lead me to that cold, cold tub," he enjoined.

XIX

THE inauguration of a small-town mayor is no great matter for excitement. But Hardiston was interested in

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Wint and wanted to have a look at him, so everybody came to see him step into his new responsibilities.

The Hardiston council chamber was on the second floor of the fire house. This was a three-story building of red brick, and a place of awe and wonder for the small boys of the town. The fire engine and the hose cart were kept on the ground floor in front. Behind them were the stalls for the four sleek horses; behind the stalls, again, a number of iron-barred stalls for human beings. Here were housed the minor criminals arrested by Marshal Jim Radabaugh for petty peculations or disorders, and waiting for their hearings before the mayor. These little cells were not designed to house prisoners for any length of time, and for the most part they were furnished simply with heaps of straw pilfered from the supply that was kept for the fire horses.

The town drunkard, when the marshal got him, was treated as well as the fire horses; and this is more than may be said in larger towns than Hardiston.

At the left-hand side of the building there was an entrance hall, through which one passed to reach the stairs that led up to the council chamber. In the middle of this square hallway hung a rope, with a knot on the end. This rope disappeared through a hole in the ceiling. If you pulled it in the proper fashion the bell in the steeple began a chattering staccato beat like the clanging of a gong. This was the fire bell; and when it rang the fire chief came from his feed store across the street, and the firemen came from the bakery and the hardware store and the blacksmith shop where they worked; and the fat fire horses—they doubled in the street-cleaning department—came on the gallop from their abandoned wagons in the streets. Then everybody got into harness of one kind or another and went to the fire.

Every boy in town wanted to ring that fire bell. Anyone who discovered a fire and reached the fire house with the news was privileged to do it. There was a tradition that a boy once tried to ring the bell and was jerked clear off the floor by the rebound after his first tug at the rope. This added to the wonder and the mystery of it. The boys used to hang round the doorway watching this rope, and occasionally fingering it in a gingerly way, and wishing a fire would start somewhere so that they might see the bell rung.

It was through this hall where the rope hung that the people of Hardiston crowded to see Wint inaugurated. They went up the worn wooden stairs into the council chamber, and they packed themselves in on the benches in the rear of the room. This was not only the council chamber; it was the seat of the mayor's court. There was an inclosure, surrounded by a railing. When some of the bigger or perhaps it was only the braver men of the town came in they sat inside this railing, tilting their chairs back against it, with a spittoon drawn within easy range.

The crowd came early; and they talked in cheerfully loud tones while they waited. One by one the aldermen drifted in, the new ones and the old. And Marshal Jim Radabaugh was there; and the clerk and the other officials arrived and took their places within the inclosure. They were carelessly matter-of-fact, as though the inauguration of a new mayor were an everyday matter. The boys perched on the window sills whistled and giggled, and then subsided into frightened silence to watch with staring eyes.

Amos Caretall had let Wint sleep as late as possible this morning. Wint needed the sleep, and Congressman Caretall made it his business to study the needs of his fellow men. His congressional creed, which he summarized upon occasion, was as simple as that. "If a bill's aimed to make you folks at home here more comfo'table I'm for it," he would say. "If it ain't I'm against it; and that's all the way of it with me." So he let Wint sleep this morning until the last minute, then shook him into wakefulness.

Even then Wint might have thrown the whole thing over but for that whistle. He was sick and sore, his head hurt, and his eyes could not bear even the dim light of his bedroom. He had told Amos he would not go through with it, that he would not be inaugurated. Then the whistle had blown, and when Amos said it would be a part of his powers as mayor to stop that plagued whistle if he wanted to the idea struck Wint's sense of humor. He had grinned, and decided there was something in being mayor after all.

After the tub of cold water which Amos had waiting for him he felt better. After old Maria Hale's breakfast—fried eggs and country-cured ham, and three cups of strong coffee—he felt better still. But he was not yet himself. Physically he was acutely comfortable, blissfully comfortable. His legs and his arms felt warm; they tingled. His head did not hurt; it was merely numb. It was true that his tongue was furry and thick, so that he had to talk very carefully when he talked at all; but save for this precision of speech there was no mark on him of the night before. He was young enough to recover quickly, his cheeks were red, his eyes were lazily clear.

But it was not to be denied that his head was numb. He was in something like a daze when he went out with Amos and started toward the fire-engine house. The day was bright, and warm for the season, and the sun was cheerful. Wint enjoyed the walk. But he had to keep his eyes shut much of the time. The light hurt them. When he heard Amos speak to someone they passed he also spoke. When Amos talked to him he answered. But his answers were idle and unconsidered; he was too comfortable to think.

They went up some stairs after a while and Wint understood that they had arrived. He heard people talking, all together, and then one at a time. Men said things, and Amos nudged him, and he made replies. He could not hear what others said to him. They mumbled hurriedly, as though over some too-familiar formula. There was nothing particularly impressive or dignified in the proceedings. The light from the windows at the back of the room hurt Wint's eyes, so he still kept them half shut. The people before him were merely black shadows, silhouetted against this glare. He could not see who any of them were.

After a time someone—it sounded like a small boy—yelled "Speech!" Others took up the cry, and Amos nudged Wint. So Wint stood up again and said with that careful precision which the condition of his tongue demanded: "I've nothing to say. I'll let what I do do the talking for me."

That seemed to be satisfactory. Everyone cheered, so that the noise hurt his ears. Then he sat down. A moment later everyone got up, and he got up, and they all began to crowd round him, and to crowd toward the door. Somebody came up and shook hands with Wint, and he recognized the voice of V. R. Kite. He had never liked Kite; the man was like a foul bird—a buzzard. The idea pleased Wint.

He said cheerfully: "To hell with you, you old buzzard."

He heard Amos chuckle somewhere near him. Everyone else stood very still. Wint strode past Kite to the stairs, and Amos followed him, and Peter Gergue followed Amos. They went back home, to Amos' house.

Once, on the way, Wint asked: "That all there is to it?"

Amos said: "Land, no! That's just the beginning."

Wint chuckled. He was beginning to enjoy himself. But he was very sleepy. When they got home he went to bed and slept till dinner was ready, and he slept all the afternoon, and he went to bed for the night as soon as supper was done.

Amos had been thinking he ought to get back to Washington. He was glad Wint went off to bed, because there were two or three matters he wanted to attend to. One of these matters had to do with Jack Routt. Amos was not sure of his ground in that direction, but he had his suspicions. He sent for Peter Gergue after supper, and Gergue came quickly at the summons. They sat down before the coal fire and Peter filled his pipe in careful imitation of Amos and the two men smoked together in silence for a space while Amos considered what to say.

Peter was one of those unfortunate men who do not like silences. This put him at a disadvantage before Amos, who could be silent indefinitely. It was Amos' chief superiority over Peter, and it gave the congressman his mastery over the man. This night, as always, it was Peter who spoke first.

He puffed at his pipe and he said: "Well, Amos, you'll be gittin' back t' Washin'ton."

Amos turned his head, tilted it on one side and squinted at Peter. "I guess so," he agreed.

"Thought you'd be going," said Peter. "Wint'll miss you."

"Do you think he'll know he misses me?" Amos asked.

"If he did," said Peter, "he wouldn't admit it."

The congressman nodded. "Wint's a cur'ous cuss, Peter."

"Yeah."

"He's a nice boy—give him a chance."

"We-ell, he's got his chance."

"What's he going to do with it, Peter?"

Gergue rummaged through his back hair thoughtfully. "Guess that depends on what he's let do with it. Somebody come along and tell him he ought to make a good mayor, and he'll make a bad one—just to show he can't be bossed."

"That's right," Amos agreed. He considered, grinned to himself. "You know, Pete, if we could get Kite to sign on as Wint's guide, philosopher and friend Wint'd do all right."

Gergue considered, and he chuckled. "Sure! If he went contrary to what Kite said. And he would. Wint's always on the contrary-minded side of a thing."

"Now why is that?" Caretall asked.

"That's because he's who he is, I sh'd say."

Amos puffed deep at his black pipe. "Trouble is," he commented, "Kite wouldn't take the job. Not after what Wint handed him to-day. You heard that?"

Gergue grinned widely. "Yeah. The old buzzard. Say, that surely does hit Kite. The way he holds his head. I'd always thought of a turkey, but I guess a buzzard does it too. Like he was always looking over a wall."

"What I'd like to see," said Amos, "is someone that would guarantee to give Wint bad advice."

"We-ell," Peter told him, "I can do some of that."

(Continued on Page 99)

(Continued from Page 94)

"Trouble is, there's others will tell him to do the right thing."

"You talk like James T. Hollow," said Gergue. "Always trying to do what's right."

"I wonder," said Amos casually, whether them that tell him to keep straight figure he'll do what they say."

Peter understood that there was something back of the question; he studied Amos' impassive face. Then he thought for a minute, and nodded his head.

"You mean Jack Routt," he said.

"Yes," the congressman agreed.

Peter considered. "I don't quite know about Jack," he said. "He lets on to be Wint's friend. But he don't help Wint any. Jack's got a way of telling Wint to do a thing that works—the opposite—every darned time."

"I've a notion," said Caretall, "that if Routt was to tell Wint to take care of his health, say, Wint'd go shoot himself, just to do different."

"That's right," Gergue agreed; and the two men sat for a time without speaking, their pipes bubbling, the smoke drifting upward lazily.

"Question is," said Caretall at last, 'what are we going to do about it?" Gergue made no comment, and Amos asked: "What do you think, Peter?"

"I don't see through Routt," said Gergue. "I don't see what he's got on his mind."

"Looks to me that he's plain ornery," Amos suggested.

"I guess that's right."

"But that don't get us anywhere. I'd like to have him let Wint alone."

"He'd ought to."

"How can we make him let Wint alone?"

Peter considered that, fingers rummaging about the back of his head. "Routt's looking for something," he said. "Maybe he wants to be prosecuting attorney or something. I don't know."

"He never will be," said Amos.

"I guess that's right."

"Not as long as I can swing any votes here."

"Question is," said Peter, "whether he knows you feel that way?"

"No," Amos told him. "He don't know."

Peter looked sidewise at Amos. "He might be bought," he suggested. "Or he might be scared. I don't know. He may be yellow. If he is you could scare him."

Amos' pipe went out, and he rapped it into his palm and treasured the charred crumbs to prime his next smoke.

"Peter," he said thoughtfully, "I'd like to see Jack—to-night."

Gergue was a good servant. He got up at once. "All right, Amos," he said.

Caretall went with him to the door.

"I'm taking the noon train, to-morrow," he told Gergue.

"I'll be there," said Peter.

Amos shut the door behind him and went back to the fire. He sat there for a while, considering. Then he went out into the hall and called Agnes. She was in her room; and she came running down, very gay and pretty in a blue-flowered kimono, her hair down her back in a golden braid. Amos looked at her thoughtfully. There was always a wistful question in his eyes when he looked at Agnes.

He met her at the foot of the stairs, and he asked: "Agnes, how'd you like to go to Washington?"

Now the girl had gone to Washington one winter with Amos. And she had not liked it. Amos was just a small-town congressman, one of hundreds. And his daughter was just a pretty girl, and nothing more. Amos was a small toad in that big puddle; Agnes had found herself not even a tadpole. And—that did not please Agnes. Here in Hardiston she was the daughter of the biggest man in town; and she was the prettiest girl in town, some said. At least they told her so—Jack Routt, and some of the other boys.

"I wouldn't like it at all, dad," she told Amos laughingly. "Washington is a dead old place beside Hardiston."

"I'm thinking of taking you," Amos said, watching her with something like sorrow in his eyes.

"I haven't any clothes," she protested. "I'd rather not go, dad."

"I'd rather you would," he repeated gently.

She pouted. "Why? You're always away. I'd never see you. I'd have nothing to do at all. I ——"

"I'd rather not leave you and Wint alone here. Wouldn't be just the thing," her father insisted gently.

She laughed. "You funny old daddy. We'd have Maria for chaperon."

"Wouldn't be just the thing," Amos said again.

"I'm not going to eat Wint," she protested, half angry. "We get along beautifully."

"Guess you'd better go along with me," Amos told her.

She stamped her foot. "Dad, I don't want to."

Amos jerked a forefinger up the stairs, head on one side, eyes steady. "Run along and pack, Agnes," he said. "Won't be much time in the morning."

Agnes began to cry. Amos watched her for a moment, watched her bowed head, and a load seemed to settle on the man's big shoulders. He turned back to the sitting room without a word. After a while he heard her run up the stairs, every pound of her little feet scolding him, as a bird scolds. Amos filled his pipe and began to smoke again.

Jack Routt came late. While he waited Amos had smoked two pipes to the last bubble. When Jack knocked he got up lumberingly and went to the door and let the young man in.

"Come in," he said curtly. "Hang up your things."

He went back and sat down before the fire, and Jack Routt joined him there. Amos looked up at him sidewise.

"Sit down, Routt," he said. "Take a chair. Any chair."

Routt sat down. "Gergue said you wanted to see me," he reminded Amos.

"Yes," Amos agreed. "I told him to tell you."

"Came as soon as I could," said Routt.

"That's all right," said Amos. "I wasn't in a hurry. I'm hardly ever in any hurry. Things come, give them time." The colloquialisms had fallen from his speech. Amos talked as well as anyone when he chose; when he was with Hardiston folks he talked as they talked. Routt was a college man.

Routt fidgeted in his chair. He had always been somewhat afraid of Amos. He wondered what the congressman wanted now, but Amos did not tell him. He just sat staring at the fire, smoking. Like Gergue, Routt was driven to break the silence.

"What did you want with me, Amos?" he asked.

Amos spat into the fire. "Wanted to talk things over, Jack," he said. "I'm going to Washington to-morrow."

"I've been expecting you'd go back."

"Well, I'm going."

Another silence, while Routt moved uneasily. At last he said: "You put Wint over, all right."

"Yes," Amos agreed. "I put him over." He looked at Routt then, with eyes unexpectedly keen. "Think he'll make a good mayor, do you?"

"Well," said Routt slowly, "he'll be all right if he lets the booze alone."

Amos caught Routt's eyes and held them commandingly. "Jack," he said, "I want you to let Wint alone."

Routt asked angrily: "Me? What do you mean?"

"I don't want you giving him any advice and I don't want you getting him drunk. I want you to let him alone. Is that clear?"

Routt protested: "I'm the best friend Wint's got."

"You're the worst enemy he's got," said Amos. "And you know it."

"You can't say that," Routt pleaded.

Amos did not let go the other man's eyes. "You got Wint drunk day before election," he said. "You got him drunk last night. Routt, don't you do that again."

"I got him drunk? Good Lord, congressman, Wint's a grown man! I'm not his keeper."

"I made you his keeper, before election," said Amos. "I told you to keep him straight. You didn't do it. You got him drunk. Now I tell you, let him alone!"

"I tried to keep him from drinking," Routt urged.

"You said to him: 'Don't you drink, Wint. It ain't good for you. You can't stand it.' So he drank, to show you he could stand it. Just as you knew he would." Amos got up with a swiftness surprising in that slow-moving man. He said harshly: "Routt, get your hat and get out! And mind what I say: You let Wint alone!"

Some men would have sworn at Amos, some would have defied him. Routt was the sort to promise anything.

He said with an assumption of straightforward frankness: "Why, of course. If you say so I'll keep away from him."

"See that you do," said Amos. "Now—good night."

When the door closed behind Routt Amos stood for a minute in the hall, thinking.

"Now I wonder," he asked himself. "Will he do it? Was he scared enough to keep his hands off? I wonder, now."

Routt, half a block away, was grinning without mirth. "Damn him!" he said to himself. "Him and Wint too. I'll ——"

He wondered just what he had best do; and before he reached home he had decided to go and see V. R. Kite.

Congressman Caretall and Agnes took the noon train next day. Wint went with them to the station, and Amos had a last word for him.

"Don't you get the idea I've left you on your own, Wint," he said. "You'll need help. Things'll come up. When they do don't you try to stand on your own feet. Just write me—or telegraph. And I'll come or tell you what to do. You'll run into trouble. Don't you try to fight it alone. Just you call on me."

Then the train pulled out. Wint watched it go; and when it rounded the curve and disappeared beyond the electric-light plant he grinned.

"Run to you when I need help, will I, Amos?" he asked good-naturedly, under his breath. "I guess not! You've left me alone. And I'm going to stand on my own hind legs."

He turned and went swiftly back uptown.

"You Can't Smash Amos," Said Routt. "But You Can Hurt Him"

XX

THE months of that winter passed quietly in Hardiston. The excitement of the election was forgotten; the drama of Wint's choice as mayor became one of the stories to be told about the stoves on cold days. But Wint himself was no longer an object of curious interest; he was just the mayor—an inconsiderable figure in the town. There had been mayors in the past, and there would be again; never amounted to much, one way or another. Hardiston went along just the same—the winters were just as cold, the summers just as hot, the rains just as wet, the sun just as warm.

Hardiston is infamous for its winters and for its summers. In the spring or in

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

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the fall there is no lovelier spot. In the spring apple blossoms clothe the hills; in the fall the woods are great splashes of flame against the dull green of the fields. But in winter the mercury drops far below zero and climbs forty degrees in half a day. The snow comes tempestuously—eight, ten, twelve inches of it; and it melts as quickly as it comes. The roads turn into mud at the first snow; they remain mud till the increasing heat of the northing sun bakes them to dust. On Monday every water pipe in town freezes tight; on Tuesday violets bloom in sheltered corners about the houses. On a cold morning adventurous boys skate on the film of ice that forms on streams and ponds; but by noon the ice is unsafe and someone has broken through, and by mid-afternoon it is freezing hard again.

This winter in Hardiston was like all others. The new mayor stuck strictly to business. Jack Routt let him alone. When boys were arrested for misdemeanors or children of a larger growth for more pretentious wrongs they were brought before Wint; and he passed sentence upon them, marveling that he, Wint Chase, should be passing judgment on his fellow men. At first this feature of his work shamed him; later it awed him and made him look into his own heart and ask whether he was fit for such a rôle. He tried to make himself fit.

To act as judge of the mayor's court and to preside at the council meetings comprised the bulk of Wint's official duties. They took only a fraction of his time. When the electric-light plant went out of commission with a broken cylinder head Wint had to do the explaining; when a sewer became stopped up he had to see that it was opened; when the old project for a sewage-disposal plant came up on its annual burst of life he had to consider it. When Ned Howell filed his regular yearly suit for damages done to his pasture by overflow from the sewage-filled creek Wint had to attend court and testify. But—there was time on his hands and to spare. He did not know what to do with himself.

He did not undertake any crusades. A certain diffidence in these first months restrained him. He was not sure of his ground; he was not sure of himself. V. R. Kite's underlings continued to peddle their wares; the mayor's court had to deal now and then with one of Kite's bibulous customers. Wint dealt with them, but he did not dig for the root of the evil, to tear it out. Matters in Hardiston went on much as they had in the past. Men rose, did their day's work, ate, and went to bed again. Women likewise. The annual Chautauqua lecture course began and was finished; number-four theatrical companies came to town with Broadway attractions, played one-night stands, and departed as they had come. The moving-picture houses had new films every day, and the same audiences day after day. The dramatic teacher in the high school organized a pageant, and it was presented to the eyes of admiring parents in the Rink. The high school played basket ball, the women played bridge, the men played poker of a night. Now and then the Masons or the Knights of Pythias gave a dance. The preachers preached sermons in which they tried to prove there was nothing the matter with the churches. The schools developed their annual scandal over the discharge of a school-teacher. There were the regular rumors of a new factory that was to come to town; and the rumors fell through in the regular way. Now and then a baby was born, now and then there was a wedding, now and then there was a funeral.

Wint stuck to his guns, and the world rolled majestically and interminably on.

When Wint took hold of his job he wondered what there was for him to do. Dick Hoover told him. Dick was a lawyer, in with his father, who had the biggest practice in town. He showed Wint where to look in the statute books for the duties of a mayor. Wint was surprised to discover that laws were simple everyday things having to do with life as it was lived. One day when he went to Dick's office to look up a statute the book he sought was in use. To kill time he took down a volume of Blackstone and peered into it curiously. He discovered that Blackstone said water was a "movable, wandering thing," and the description fascinated him. He read on.

The more law he read the more interested he became. In January he asked Dick Hoover if it was possible to study law in leisure hours. Hoover told him it was not only possible, it was easy. The end of January saw Wint putting in his spare time on calfskin-bound volumes of which each page was one-third reading matter and two-thirds footnotes. The first day he picked up a book of cases was marked with a red letter on his mental calendar. He found these cases as interesting as fiction.

He began to read law systematically. Dick Hoover's father was interested, helped him.

The elder Hoover said to Wint's father one day:

"Chase, your boy is going to make a lawyer one of these days."

The senior Chase looked at Hoover, half minded to resent the fact that his son had been mentioned in his presence. But—the old wound was healing. Men no longer took occasion to remind him of last fall's election with a jeer in their eyes. His conditional alliance with Kite had languished, because Wint had made no move to make the town dry. Chase hated Amos Caretall as ardently as ever; but he could not hate his son. That is not the way of fathers. He loved Wint; he had been, for some time, secretly proud of him.

He said to Hoover: "He's smart enough—if he sticks to it."

"He's sticking," Hoover told Wint's father.

Winthrop Chase, Senior, nodded indifferently, hiding the light in his eyes. "He never stuck to anything before," he said, and turned away.

He thought of telling Wint's mother that night, but did not do so. When he spoke of Wint to her it precipitated one of her endless remarks. They wearied him. But he had to tell someone, so he told Hetty Morfee when he went to the kitchen for a drink of water.

Hetty was washing dishes at the time, and she stopped with a plate in one hand and a dish rag in the other, and listened and said with a cheerful wistfulness in her voice: "Wint's smart, sir. You'll be proud of him."

Chase was proud of him, but he would not admit it to himself, much less to Hetty.

"He's smart enough," he told her. "But he's—he's ——"

He turned abruptly and went out of the kitchen without saying what Wint was, and Hetty looked after him with understanding in her smile. Then her face became still and somber again. There was growing in Hetty's eyes a certain unhappy light—a desperate fashion of unhappiness, which no one was sufficiently interested in to notice. She was not so cheerful as she used to be. And there was a helplessness about her.

Word of Wint's new industry spread slowly through Hardiston. It was Dick Hoover himself who told Joan of it. Dick was a Mason, and he took Joan to a Masonic dance one night. She spoke of Wint.

"I have heard that he is studying law," she said. "Is it true?"

So Dick told her. "True as gospel," he said. "And he's darned quick to pick it up too. The principles. Of course it will take time. But I'd just as soon have him try a case for me now as some of these ——"

He went on enthusiastically. Hoover was always enthusiastic about things. He was an extremist. His friends were the finest chaps in the world, his enemies were the least of created things. But he had few enemies. People liked him, and he liked people. Joan liked him; liked him particularly this evening because he talked to her of Wint.

Joan Arnold was, in a way of speaking, a girl to tie to. There was a peculiar steadfastness in her. She was a little taller than Wint, and she was habitually grave and quiet, especially when she was with him. In his presence she had always been faintly abashed and reticent, as a girl is apt to be in the presence of a man she cares for. Joan had always cared for Wint. In spite of the fact that she was a year or two his junior they had played together as children; and they had grown up together. When they were little children they fought as only good friends can fight. When they were a little older Wint scorned her because she was a girl. A year or so later she scorned Wint because she was at the age when girls resolve to have a career and never marry at all. But in their late teens they were devoted to each other, so that the mothers of the town smiled when they passed by, and nodded to each other and whispered, with the delight women take in such matters, that they were a nice-looking couple together. Wint's short sturdy strength matched well the girl's slightly larger stature and her quiet poise.

The first passages of affection between them had come when she was eighteen, when he went away to college. Before that they had been much together, but none save the most casual words had passed between them.

The night before Wint went away he went to see her. He was feeling adventurous and heroic and important, as a boy does feel when he leaves home for the first time. He talked vastly, of big things he meant to do, of his dreams. She thrilled to his dreams with the half of her that was still child; she smiled at his enthusiasm with the half that was already woman. They were sitting on the porch of her home. There were locust trees about the veranda. They sat in a two-seated swing, facing each other, Wint leaning toward her earnestly.

He became melancholy, and she comforted him softly. He did not want to go away, he said. She told him he would be happy. The movement of the swing made him lean toward her. There was a moon and the September evening was warm, and the very air seemed trembling in a rhythm that beat upon them both.

When he got up to go she got up at the same time, and the swing lurched and threw them together. Ineptly he kissed her, fumblingly, on the cheek. She did not move, she trembled where she stood. He took her awkwardly in his arms, as though afraid she would break, and kissed her cheek again. He rubbed his cheek against hers. She looked at him with wide eyes, lips a little parted, and he kissed her lips. They were cool, unused to kisses.

The months thereafter, till Wint was expelled from college, passed smoothly with them. Too smoothly, too placidly. They wrote short broken letters; they saw each other when Wint came home. They thought they were very happy; yet each was conscious of a lack in their happiness. There was no fire in it, none of the exquisite anguish of love. They missed this, without knowing what they missed. All went too well with them.

Joan wept on her pillow when he was expelled, but she did not let him see her weep. She reassured him. There was an unsuspected strength in her. Women are full of these surprises. There are indescribably dainty creatures, habitually clad in fabrics like gossamer, seeming light as air and fit to vanish at a breath, who reveal—in a bathing suit, for instance—a surprising physical solidity. It was so, spiritually, with Joan. She was so quiet and so still that Wint if he had thought at all would have supposed she was a simple girl and nothing more; but in the revelation of his disaster she showed a poise and a power which heartened him immensely and made him a little afraid of her. She was a tower of strength for him to lean upon, a miracle of understanding and of sympathy.

He had expected her to be shocked and revolted at the shame of his expulsion; she was simply sorry for him, and loved him none the less. Wint knew then how much he loved her. There is nothing that so inspires love in a man as to find himself beloved. This is the conceit of the creature!

Joan had told Wint she was done with him when the story of his drunken sleep in the Weaver House went abroad through Hardiston. But—she had done it for his sake. She thought there was good in him. How could she love him else? She thought it might come out if he had to fight; she thought his very stubbornness might save him. Joan had no illusions about Wint. She knew he was prideful and stubborn. But—she loved him, and so had told him she would have no more of him—with a reservation in her heart.

Thus what Dick Hoover told her made Joan happy; happier than Hoover could possibly guess. Another girl would have cried herself to sleep with happiness that night, but Joan was not given to tears. She lay awake for a long time, thinking.

Three or four days later she met Wint on the street. They had met thus, often, for Hardiston is a small place. But heretofore they had passed with a word, unsmiling. This time Wint would have passed her in that fashion; but Joan stopped and spoke to him.

"Wint," she said.

He had been sick with hunger for a word from her for weeks. He stopped as though she had struck him, and his cheeks burned red as fire. He could not have spoken, for his life. He stood, hat in hand, face crimson, staring at her.

Joan knew what she wished to say. "I want you to know that I am proud of you, Wint," she said.

His impulse was to laugh, to reject her friendliness. The old Wint, stiff with pride, would have done this. But the old Wint was gone; or at least he was going.

This Wint who stood before Joan tried to find something to say, but all he found to say to her was "Oh!"

Joan smiled at him. "There was a time when I wouldn't have dared say this, Wint," she said. "But I do dare now. Stick to the fight, Wint. That is what I want to say."

He said, sullen in his embarrassment, "I'm going to."

"There was a time when you would have said you were not going to—just because I—your friends—told you to stick."

Wint looked away from her. "Well, that's all right," he told her uncomfortably.

"There's never any harm in having friends, Wint, and taking their advice," she said.

The old impatience burst out for a moment. "Don't preach!" he said rather harshly.

"I'm not going to preach." She was afraid she had spoiled it all. But he reassured her, hot with shame at his own indecency.

"It's all right, Joan," he said. "I know you mean to help. I'll try."

"Do try," she echoed softly.

He nodded, and she watched him and at last added: "I'd like to have you come to see me sometime."

He hesitated, then he said swiftly: "All right. Sometime. Good-by!"

He jerked his head in farewell and hurried away as though he were afraid of her. Joan watched him go, and she pressed her hand to her lips as though to still them.

XXI

WHEN Wint left Joan after their encounter on the street he was walking in a daze. He stumbled, his head was down, his eyes were blank. He was stunned and humbled; and after he had left her he began to feel defiant. He thought of words with which he could have crushed her and silenced her. Presuming to forgive him, to praise him! What right had she to do that anyway? He ought to have laughed at her.

Not that Wint did not love Joan. He did; but he was still, at this time, a boy and nothing more. And he had rather more than a boy's usual measure of stubborn contrariness in him. When his father and his mother and Joan and everyone else he cared for had bade him mend his ways he had refused to mend them, and the thing had been a scandal on every tongue in Hardiston. When, in like fashion, father and mother and Joan bade him go to the dogs, whither he seemed surely bound, he had braced himself, fought a good fight, begun to make good. Now Joan was telling him he had made good, that he was all right. He had a reckless desire to go to the devil forthwith, to prove her wrong.

He had met Joan at the corner by the Star Company's furniture store, an institution that was always holding fire sales and closing-out sales without either fires before or actual closings after. Their talk there together had not gone unremarked. Everyone in town would know of it within the day. When they separated Joan went away from town, toward her home, and Wint went up Broadway toward the court house. Not that he knew where he was going. But he had to go somewhere.

There were only one or two places in Hardiston to go to when you did not know where to go. You might go to the Smoke House and shake dice for a cigar or drop a nickel in the slot machine and see how your luck was running. Or you might drop in at the post office in the idle hope that a special train had come along with a letter for you since the last regular mail was sorted into the boxes. Or you might

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"They're here again!"

NEW SEASON Skookum apples are now at your store—the Pacific Northwest's grandest offering to the home-life of America. Indeed Skookum apples are so good they naturally suggest that every family should have them in the home, every day, *all winter long*. *Good* apples are very important in family life—so truly wholesome for young and old alike.

Dealers! Early Skookum varieties are now shipping. Do not disappoint your customers. Order now.

Skookum

America's Supreme Apples

-M-LEONE-
BRACKER
-1919-
Skookum
Apples!"
FRESH FROM the mountain plateaus of Nature's Chosen Orchard Land! Exquisite flavor, *dependable* quality, juices rich in health minerals. Although 704 apple varieties are grown, only twelve select varieties, of highest "content value," are *permitted* under the Skookum label. They are a healthful, robust, truly economical food. (Send 4c. stamps for Deluxe Recipe book.)
NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE, SEATTLE, U. S. A.
World's Largest Distributors of Boxed Apples
TRADEMARK
k u m
from the Pacific Northwest

BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire

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stop at one of the newspaper offices. The editors were always willing to talk, and there were usually two or three others there before you.

Wint headed somewhat aimlessly for the post office. But when he passed down Main Street B. B. Beecham, editor of the Journal, called Wint in to look at proofs of some city printing. Wint always got on well with B. B. The editor never preached, he never seemed to have any particular interest in the wrongdoings of other people, he attended to his own business and let you attend to yours. A square-built man, with a big barrel of a chest and stocky shoulders, and a strong amiable countenance. Wint went in at his hail; and B. B. got the proofs for him and Wint began to look them over.

B.B. chunked up the fire in the little round iron stove that had seen so many years of service that it was disintegrating. It was bound with wire to hold it together; and there were holes in the front of it through which the fire could be seen. The stovepipe went up at an angle like that of the leaning tower at Pisa, then made a back-handed elbow turn and ran in a hammock of wire braces to disappear into the wall. B. B. thrust a bit of wood in through the door down into the fire, and twisted it upward, breaking up the clotted coals and ashes. Then he put on more coal and shut the door, and the fire roared up the chimney. Wint was going over the proofs, figure by figure. They had to do with bids on a sewer contract. B. B. sat down at his desk with his back to Wint and busied himself.

B. B.'s desk was a roll top, its pigeonholes frazzly with letters and papers jammed into them to the bursting point. The desk itself was littered with newspapers and notes and notebooks and scratch pads made out of old order blanks. There was an old iron inkwell, a tin box full of pins, a pencil or two. In a little hexagonal glass bottle at one side a newly hatched humming bird that had fallen from the nest and been killed was preserved in alcohol. Not so large as a bumble bee, and not nearly so impressive. For paperweight B. B. used a witch ball, taken from the stomach of a steer that Ned Howell had butchered. A round, smooth, yellowish thing, with a hole picked in it to show the hair inside. It was as big as a small orange and looked not unlike one, save that the yellow was dull and muddy. On top of the desk were books, a big hornet's nest, an ear of corn. There was a squash curiously marked by the vines, on the open iron safe in the corner; and in the rear of the office a stand-up desk and a smaller one at which a person might sit were littered with the miscellany of B. B.'s business.

While Wint was looking over the proofs an old darky came in from the street—a ragged old man. Wint knew him. He lived down the creek in a log cabin, and caught catfish, and farmed a plot of ground. His hat was battered, his coat was too big for him, his trousers slumped about his slumping shoes. His name was John Marshum. He took off his hat and looked round the ceiling of the office uneasily, as though he expected it to fall.

Wint and B. B. said hello to him, and he said: "Howdy."

B. B. asked: "Is there something I can do for you?"

The old negro gulped and said: "I'd like to borry a paper and a pencil, ef you please."

B. B. gave him what he asked for, and the old man sat down at the desk in the back of the room, and bit his tongue and gnawed the pencil and began to write with infinite pains, slowly, the sweat bursting out of him with the effort. Wint and B. B. went on with their affairs.

After a while the old fellow got up and crossed to B. B. and held out the product of his effort. "Heah's a paper for you, suh," he said.

When B. B. took it the old man hurried awkwardly out of the door and disappeared.

B. B. read the paper and chuckled, and Wint asked: "What is it?" The editor handed it to him and he read the scrawl aloud:

"'John Marshum was a very plesint vister at this office Thursdy.'"

Wint laughed good-naturedly. "The poor old clown. Wants his name in the paper. You ought to put it in, just to make him feel good."

"I'm going to," said B. B. "Old John's one of my best friends in the county. He's been a subscriber twelve years and always paid up. You'd be surprised to know how many don't pay up. And you'd be surprised how many people come in, just as he did, to get their names in the paper. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

Wint passed the corrected proofs over to B. B. "One or two mistakes," he said, and the editor sent the proofs up for correction. "What do you do with the darned fools?" Wint asked. "Tell them advertising space costs money?"

B. B. looked surprised. "No; I print their names. That's what the paper's for—to print people's names. It makes them feel proud of themselves, and that's good for them. It's one way of helping them along, doing them good."

Wint grinned. "Never did me any particular good to see my name in print," he said. "Usually made me mad."

"It wasn't the fact that they printed your name that made you mad. It was what they printed about you."

"Maybe so," Wint admitted. "I didn't see that it was any of their business."

"That's the way the city dailies are run," B. B. agreed. "But a country weekly is a different proposition. I never print anything that will make anyone mad. Not if I can help it. Not even a joke. A joke on a man's no good unless he can appreciate it himself."

Wint eyed B. B. and remarked thoughtfully: "I remember, when they stuck me in as mayor, you didn't print the fact that my father was a candidate."

"No," B. B. agreed.

"I supposed that was because you and my father are—allies in politics and such things."

"No," said B. B. "I try not to print things that will hurt people. Mr. Chase felt badly about that."

"I don't blame him," said Wint slowly. "You know I had nothing to do with it." He never talked so freely to anyone as he was accustomed to talk to B. B. There was some strain in the editor that invited confidences. He knew as many secrets as a doctor.

"Yes, I know," he said.

"You know," Wint went on abruptly, "people are funny, B. B."

"Yes."

"I'm funny, myself."

B. B. laughed in a friendly way. "Like the old Quaker who said to his wife: 'All the world is a little queer save thee and me, my dear; and even thee are at times a little queer.'"

"No," said Wint, smiling. "I include myself. I'm queer."

B. B. said nothing. Wint started to go on, but the words were not in him. He had a curious, sudden impulse to ask B. B. about his father; this impulse was like homesickness. But he fought it back. His jaw set stubbornly. His father had thrown him out. That was enough; he didn't ask to be kicked twice.

When B. B. saw that Wint was not going on he spoke of something else. Then Ed Howe, one of Caretall's men, dropped in and cut a slice from a plug and filled his pipe in the Caretall fashion; and Wint listened to Ed and B. B. talk for a while before he got up and took himself away. He had found some measure of reassurance in his talk with B. B., not because of anything that had been said but simply because B. B. was a reassuring man. A strong man, and a wise man, with open eyes. And an optimist. Not all men who seem to see clearly are optimists.

In front of the post office Wint ran into Jack Routt. Routt had been out of town for a month or so on a business trip, and Wint had seen little of him since Amos went away. He was glad to see Jack, and said so. They shook hands, and Wint bought Routt a cigar. Routt studied Wint curiously. He wondered if it was true that Wint was keeping straight and doing well.

And to find out he asked laughingly: "Been over to see Mrs. Moody lately?"

Mrs. Moody was that virago who managed the Weaver House, that woman of the hideously beautiful false teeth. Wint flushed uncomfortably at mention of her.

"No-o," he said hesitantly.

"That's the boy!" said Routt. "You keep away from her. You let the stuff alone. You can't monkey with it, the way some fellows can, old man."

And he watched Wint. There had been a time when this word would have acted as a challenge, when Wint would have snapped at the bait.

But—Wint hesitated, he considered, he shook himself a little and said quietly: "I guess you're right, Jack."

"You bet I'm right!" said Routt.

Wint nodded. "Yes," he agreed.

When they separated Routt went to his office and sat down with his feet on his desk to consider. And—he scowled. Matters were not going well with him. It did not suit him for Wint to keep straight. It did not suit him to lie supine under Amos Caretall's injunction to let Wint alone. The congressman's command had irked him more than once, and more than once he had thought of V. R. Kite in that connection, and thought of going to Kite. He had a fairly definite idea that Amos would never help him along politically; and Kite might be able to. And—he remembered the word Wint had fastened on Kite on the day of his inauguration. He had called Kite a buzzard, and others had taken it up. The name seemed to fit; it tickled the sense of humor of Hardiston folks. But it did not tickle V. R. Kite. Kite ought to be ready to take means to crush Wint. And—that would please Routt. He had held off thus long in the belief that Wint would be his own ruin. He began to doubt this now. It might be necessary to do something.

Routt was of mean stuff, small and tawdry. He had been what Hardiston called a mean boy—a trouble maker. He had an infinite capacity for hate, a curious shrewdness that enabled him to fasten on another's weakest point. As boys he and Wint had fought, once. They fought over Joan, because Routt teased her till she cried. Wint had whipped him, though Routt was the taller and the heavier of the two. Routt had never forgotten that; but Wint forgot it as soon as the incident was over. Wint forgot, and Routt remembered; a fact that characterizes each of them. Circumstance threw them much together; they grew up as friends; Routt behaved himself; people decided that he had outgrown his meanness. Wint liked him, did not distrust him, accepted him for what he seemed—a friend.

But Jack Routt was nobody's friend. Sometimes when he was alone you might have seen this in his face. It was so now as he thought of Wint; his countenance was twisted and distorted and malignant. In later years it was to bear the marks of these secret and rancorous moments for any eye to see, indelible and unmistakable. But just now Routt knew how to smile, how to be a good fellow.

He brought his feet down from the desk with a bang. He got up and reached for his hat. He had made up his mind; he would go and see Kite.

Kite was in town. Routt knew he would find the man in the bazaar, the town's five-and-ten-cent store. He went that way, but as he reached the place Peter Gergue came along the street, and Routt went past without entering. Just as well Gergue should not know that he was seeing Kite. Gergue would tell Amos. When Gergue had disappeared Routt went back and turned into the bazaar. Kite's desk was in the back of the store, but Kite was not in sight. The little man might be hidden behind the desk. One of the girls who clerked in the store—her name was Mary Dale, and she was a pretty, simple little thing—asked Routt what he wanted, and he stopped to talk to her for a moment. Routt liked pretty girls. He asked her if Kite was in, and she said he was at his desk; so Routt went back that way. He drew up a chair to face the little man, and Kite cocked his head on his thin neck and tugged at his side whiskers.

"How-do, Routt," he said.

"Morning," Routt rejoined. "How's tricks, Kite?"

"All right." Kite looked suspicious. Routt offered him a cigar, which Kite declined.

Jack lighted it himself, then said idly: "Well, I just got back."

"Been away?"

"Yes. Columbus."

"Oh."

"I see Wint hasn't closed down on you yet," Routt drawled.

Kite flushed angrily. "Of course not! Why should he? He's no fool."

"I said he hadn't shut down on you—yet," Routt repeated; and he emphasized the last word.

"He likes his drop now and then, same as another man."

"Hasn't been taking many drops lately, has he?"

"I'm not his guardian. How do I know? Long as he lets me alone."

Routt grinned. "I heard he didn't let you alone, day he was inaugurated. Called you a buzzard, didn't he?"

"The man was drunk."

"Name's kind of stuck, though. A darned rotten thing like that will stick."

Kite was trying to keep calm, but he was an irascible little man. He snapped at Routt: "What do I care for names! They break no bones."

"Well, that's so," Routt agreed good-naturedly.

"Long as he lets me alone I'm satisfied," Kite said again.

Routt nodded. "How long do you figure he'll let you alone?" he asked.

Kite's temper got away from him. "He'd better let me alone!" He banged a clenched fist on the table.

Routt drawled: "Don't get excited."

"I'm n-not excited," Kite stammered. "But he'll let me alone. He don't dare bother me. Why, Routt, if he tries anything, I'll—I'll get out of town. I won't live in the place. I'll take my money out of the dirty little hole."

"We-ell," said Routt, "you could do that, of course. That would suit him. He'd get his own way then. You could get out. Or you might fight him."

"Fight him?" Kite snapped. "I'll fight him to the last dollar!" He controlled himself with an effort. "But he's not going to start anything. I know him. He's inoffensive. A boy."

"Amos Caretall is no boy," Routt reminded him. "And Amos is backing him."

Kite remembered that Winthrop Chase, Senior, had told him this same thing; had warned him that Amos meant to use Wint to clean up the town. He and Chase had made an alliance on that basis. If Wint tried a crusade they would go after Amos together and hang his hide on the fence. They had sworn that together. Now Routt was saying the same thing. He had been feeling fairly secure; he and Chase had made no move. Chase had wanted him to start a back fire against Amos but Kite had been ready to let well enough alone. Now Routt. Routt was one of Caretall's men. He would be likely to know what the congressman planned.

Kite demanded angrily: "What makes you think Amos is planning anything? He and I understand each other."

Routt laughed. "Amos would double-cross his best friend and call it a joke," he said amiably. "You know that. Didn't he double-cross Chase?"

"Sure! I helped him," said Kite defiantly.

"Next thing," Routt told him, "he'll double-cross you."

Kite leaned across and gripped Routt by the arm. "What makes you say that? You and Amos are together."

"We were," said Routt. "But I told him a few things he didn't like. I'm no particular friend of Amos."

Kite said: "I'm not either. But long as he plays fair with me I'll play fair with him."

"What if he doesn't?"

"I'll smash him."

"You can't smash Amos," said Routt. "But you can hurt him."

"How?"

"Smash young Wint."

Kite snorted. "Pshaw! Wint's a boy."

"He's growing up. One of these days he's going to send for Jim Radabaugh and tell him to clean up the town."

"If he does," Kite declared, "I'll tear him all to pieces!"

Routt got up. "When you start in to do that," he said, "send for me. I might be able to help."

"I won't need any help to rip Wint Chase wide open."

"You send for me," said Routt insistently.

"All right. I'll send for you."

"I'll be here," Routt promised.

When he went out through the store he stopped and told Mary Dale she was the prettiest girl in town. Mary was pleased. She knew he didn't mean it; she was simple enough, if you like; but she knew there were probably other girls just as pretty as she was. Nevertheless she was glad Jack had told her she was pretty. She thought it meant he was pleased with her.

As a matter of fact it only meant that he was pleased with himself. But that was a thing Mary Dale could not be expected to understand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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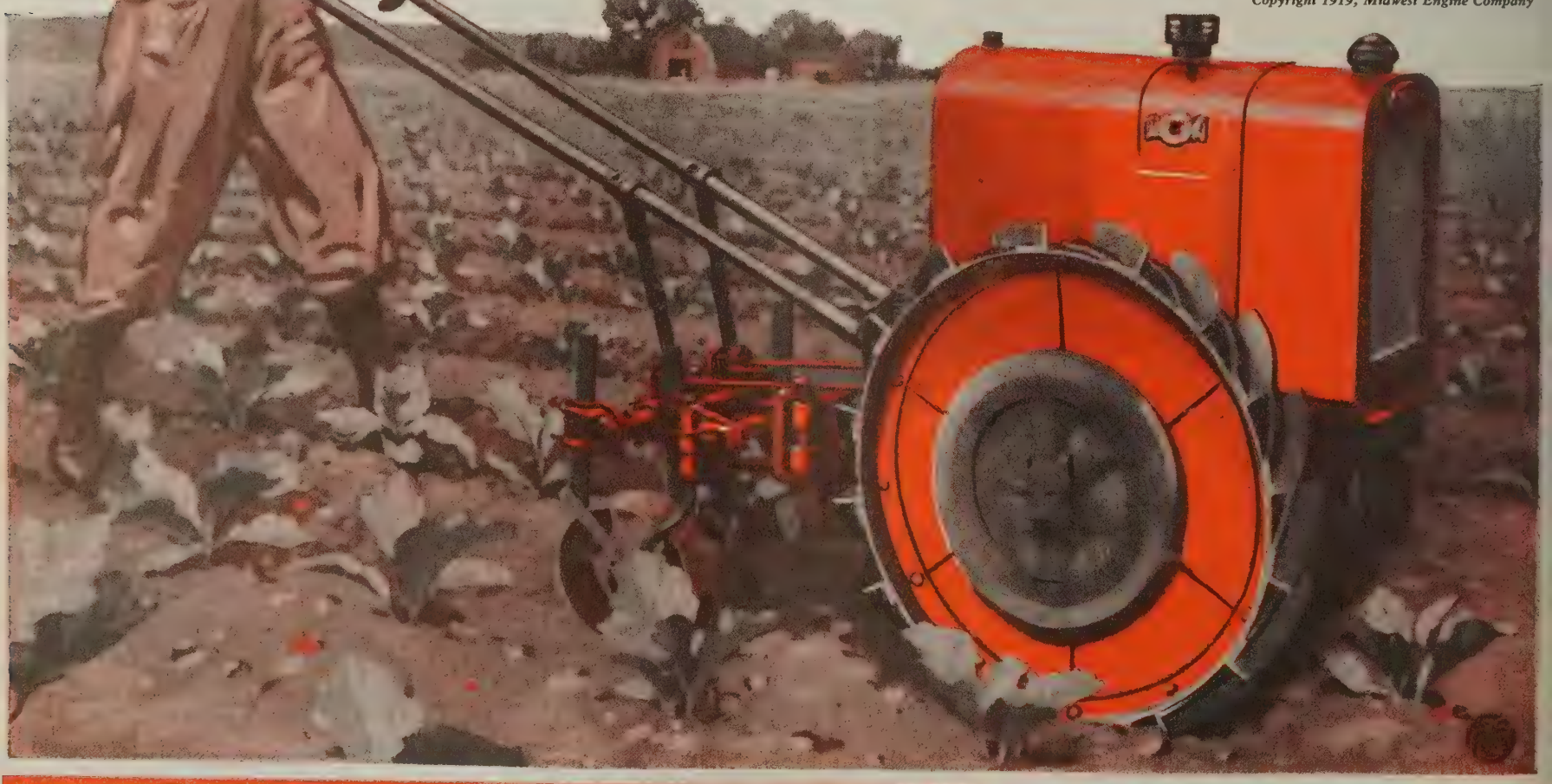

Dependable Power

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

MY DEAR AUNT: I am riteing to you quite offen now on account of not being abul to do enny choars or play gaims witch the dockter said to be careful of for quite a wile after the stittches came out and thare is no knead of takeing enny chances dont you think so?

Henry told sevrel of the boys about how careful you have to be for a quite long time after your appendicks comes out and they all came over to our house the Satterday after I came hoam from the hosspittle and sawed and splitt wood for me in the backyard betwene half past one and fore oclock witch made quite a large pile that cuvvered one whole side of the woodshedd when it was all piled up.

Henry let me sit on a log near the woodpile and watch them and I shode them the scaur in the woodshed afterwurds witch was a grate supprize and mutch longer than they exspeckted.

I gess you and Uncle William mite remember the scaur on Henrys stummick ware the boys rolled him on the ranebarrel the time he was nearly drounded according to Page 80 of the Boy Rangers Manuel, but it was nothing alongside of mine Henry said. Henry told the boys if a scaur like that should brake open doing choars or ennything it would be a shame on every boy in our naberhood and so all of the boys said ennytime my muther kneaded enny choars Henry could let them know and I would never knead to wurrey any and my muther could have a pile of wood reddy for the kitchen stove as high as our house enny time she wanted to with complymunts of all the boys witch would be a grate cumfurt to her Henry said and probily let me live to a good old aige by not haveing to wurk too soon.

Henry would have done all my choars for me that Satterday but so menny boys wanted to do sumthing he could not get a chanst exsept to sit on the log with me and give them the ideya of it and it would be done quicker than jack robbison. Some things like cleening out the stabul and weading the garden and wottering the bury bushes and washing off the back poarch were not exackly nessary Henry said but mite as well be done as long as we had plenty of boys and I otto have enugh wood splitt by the time I would be purfeckly well to last me all winter witch would be very pleasunt to look forword to if I mite have a relapps Henry said.

Henry and me wanted to rite and thank you and Uncle William for the screw apart fish poal witch was a grate supprize to Henry and said he never desurved sutch a fine present and could not immagine how you and Uncle William came to think of it becaws it was the verry thing he wanted and he never told ennyone but me. Did you know thare was fore fishlines and a duzzen difrunt size fishhooks with it and all Henry and me had to get was the wurms witch made it verry easey to go fishing and we broght hoam ate fish the furst day we went after the stittches came out.

It would be a verry handey thing to bring down if we should happen to come and mite catch enugh fish for fore or five peopul every few days and help to pay our bored and you and Uncle William would not think of it that way but Henry and me would and mite feal like staying a littul longer if we did dont you think so? Probily Uncle William would know of a good place to get wurms and Henry and me would do the rest and a hot day would not scare us.

Henry wundered about Tige if we should happen to come down and wether we otto bring him along witch we would be willing to leave to you and Uncle William and if you think we otto leave Tige hoam it would be all rite with us. Henry is onley afrade he would be loansum and houl a good deel witch mite have a bad effeck on his muthers hart witch is still quite week and a dog houling would be quite a strane dont you think so? Tige never houls when Henry is with him and would probily be verry peaceful if he came along with Henry and if thare was enny question about Tige Henry would be purfeckly willing to slepe in the barn with him on a cupple old blankets and some hay. You and Uncle William would be verry fond of Tige after you knew him and Henry would be glad to fead Tige out of his share of meels witch is always plennty for him and Tige too. Tige is part Irish Tearyer and part hunting dog with probily a littul bludhound from the way he houls when he is loansum. Henry would like to do sumthing for Tige becaws he was sutch a cumfurt to Henry wile I was in the hosspittle and thare is not mutch you can do for a dog exsept fead him Henry said and it is luckey for a dog he does not get dissapointed about going ennywares becaws he does not know if he is going or not till you start witch is probily a good thing dont you think so?

One reason Henry is ankshus to know about Tige is becaws of still chaseing poletry witch is hard to brake him of and Henry said he was probily not to blame becaws of being part hunting dog and part Irish Tearyer witch is a grate pair for chaseing poletry. Tige broght hoam another dedd nabers chicken Friday witch was the best rooster they had and cost six dollers Henry hurd afterwurds wile the nabers boys were looking for it but it was down at the bottom of the old well with the turkeys. A grate deel of dedd nabers poletry is down the old well and Henry said if ennybody would look strate down wile the sun was strate over it it would be bad for him and Tige but he would not go back on Tige if the old well was half full of dedd nabers poletry witch is the kind of a boy Henry is but he is verry sorrey for the poletry. If Uncle William knows of enny way to brake a dog of chaseing nabers poletry Henry would be verry glad if he would let him know and Henry would try it. Henry hurd sumwares a dedd chicken hung around his neck for a cupple days will brake them of it but Henry would not want to hang a dedd nabers chicken around his neck on account of being quite susspishus agenst Tige dont you think so? Thare is a cure for flees in the Boy Rangers Manuel but none for chaseing poletry witch was probily left out by mistake. It would be a grate releef to Henry if he could brake Tige of it and he hates to go by the old well becaws it makes him feal gilty but he wants to save Tige till he gets over chaseing them.

Friday was a quite bizzey day for Henry and me and started by Tige bringing hoam the six dollers dedd nabers rooster witch seamed to be a bad sine Henry said. After Henry tide Tige up sose he would not be susspishus in case the nabers boys should come around Henry put the dedd nabers rooster under his cote and dropt it down the old well. It was a fine rooster Henry said with long spurrs and a big come and Henry offen hurd him croweing about fore oclock in the morning verry happey but he never would again. Henry was sure Tige never intended to hurt him but onley playful but a rooster seams to be quite dellicut for a dog like Tige Henry said and a few hard shakes will be the end of him.

Henry went back to the barn ware Tige was tide up verry slow and thoghtful and took along a switch to wipp Tige sose he would never forget it but when he saw Tige and how mornfle he lookt and thoght of how Tige was sutch a cumfurt to him when I was in the hosspittle Henry put the switch down and said he would give him anuther chanst but the neckst time Tige better look out.

Henrys muther had fish for dinner that day and Henry got a quite long boan in his throte witch came so soon after the dedd nabers rooster it was a quite sevear shock to Henry and did not go down till after fore or five slices of bredd and sevrel glasses of wotter. Henry tride to kepe it from his muther becaws he knew a fish boan in his throte mite be bad for her hart witch is still quite week but after he ett the forth slice of bredd and cofft up part of the crust she susspeckted the fish boan in his throte witch finelly went down just when she was going to send for the dockter. Henrys muther said she would never have fish again Friday or not becaws thare are too menny boans for six or seven childern and all libul to get boans in thare throte and vejtubul supe would be safer on account of no boans in it but a littul noyesier to eat but she would not mind that but her hart was too weke for fish boans every Friday. Henry said when the fish boan was the wurst he was glad he did not wipp Tige becaws he would hate to have that on his mind the last thing. Henry said the fish boan in his throte was the clostest cawl he had since he went down the thurd time in the crick and the boys rolled him on the ranebarrel but for a fish boan you hit them betwene the sholders or make them eat dry bredd till it is cofft up or swallode.

After dinner Henry let Tige loose and Henry and me went down town and Henry was still quite sollum from the narro escape on account of the fish boan. Henry told me how Tige started it with the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and that and the fish boan made him quite supersusspishus about Friday and he was afrade it was going to be an unluckey day for him and if ennything happend I was to have Tige and always be kind to him witch was his last wish and you and Uncle William would have his best regords and all be verry happey and not care about him.

Henry and me had to have a hare cut that afternoon on account of being too old to cut it with a bole enny more and both of our hare was not cut for a cupple munths and made it quite long and curley. I got in the chare furst becaws Henry said him and Tige would wate for thares and I told the barber to cut mine quite short on account of the hot wether and he put hare clipers on it and it was all off before you could say jack robbison rite tite to my scalp witch was very wite and all the scaurs and bumps shode quite plane and both ears stuck out quite far and did not look like the same boy when it was all clippt off.

Henry could hardley bleave it was me when I got out of the chare and did not mean to have his cut so short when he furst came in but he said to cut his just the same as mine witch is the kind of a boy Henry is and mite make it easeyer for me if both of us were clippt the same way. Henry and me both lookt quite strange when our hare was clippt so short and both of our hats quite loose with all the hare off and we chased them sevrel times that afternoon but our head was mutch cooler.

(*Concluded on Page 113*)

MO

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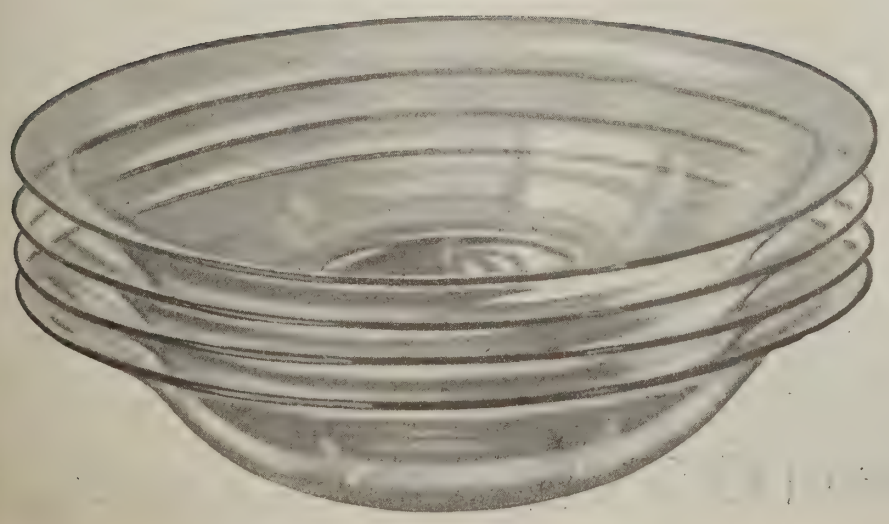

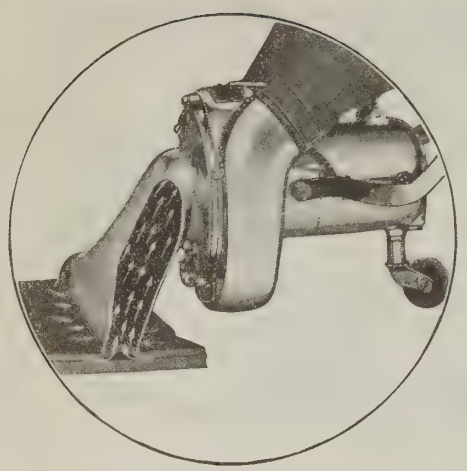

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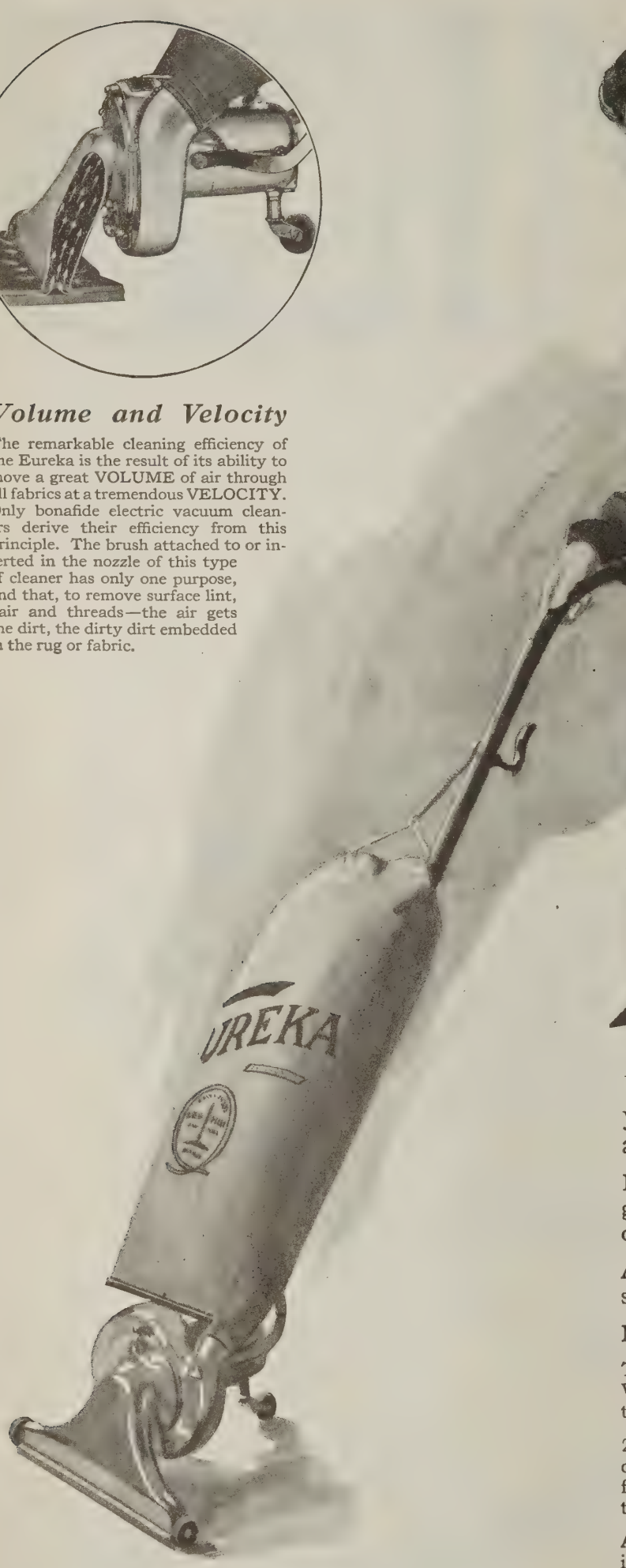

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GETS THE DIRT—NOT THE CARPET

(Concluded from Page 109)

Henry had to take hoam a pound of butter that afternoon and I had to take a kwort of iskream for cumpany to super and so Henry and me got it and sevrel peopul lafft quite hard when Henry and me and Tige went in the stoar and askt for the iskream and butter with hare clippt off and hats quite loose and hardley staying on wile walking. It was a quite hot day about fore o'clock and Henry and me and Tige started hoam through the park ware we could take our hatt off and let it be cool and shadey on our head and thare was Lilly Purl going hoam through the park with a bewtiful new hatt on quite large of straw and pink bows and dayseys on it and lookt verry fare and swete. Henry and me put our hatt back on when we saw her becaws it would be quite a supprize to her with our hare clippt off so tite and Henry and me both wisht we had a littul moar hare but it was too late.

Henry and me both took off our hatt to her when we met her and we could see our hare was quite a supprize but she said Hello verry swete and polight and made Henry and me forget our hare witch is the kind of a gurl Lilly Purl is and no wunder Henry and me are fond of her dont you think so? By this time the wind came up quite strong and hevvy and Lilly Purls hat was blone off and went in the park lake ware the swonns are and about twenty feat from the shoar before it lit and went floating out toworeds the middul of the lake so quick you hardley knew what happened. The lake was too depe for wadeing and every minnet Lilly Purls hat was floating out toworeds the middul with the bewtiful pink bows and dayseys on it and mite soon be lost for good.

Some swonns were swimming around it by this time kind of cureyus what it was and Lilly Purl did not speke but had a big teer on her cheak and verry sad and swete. Henry and me were neerly dessperit by this time and lade down the butter and iskream on the grass and lookt for a long poal or sumthing but we could not find one. All of a sudden Henry and me hurd a grate splash and thare was Tige in the wotter and swimming out to Lilly Purls hatt witch was sloly sinking and would probily soon be out of site but Tige grabd it just as it was going down for the thurd time and started back to the shoar with it and Henry and me wated for him becaws the hatt mite be dride out and not be spoilt after all but when Tige got there he went betwene Henrys legs hat and all and started hoam with Lilly Purls hatt in his mouth and Henry and me after him and the butter and iskream and Lilly Purl left behind becaws we wanted to catch Tige.

Tige was a quite fast runner and no wunder a dedd nabers chicken had no chanst with him Henry said. After he went about a cupple hunderd yards Tige went under a babey buggey witch was being weeled through the park and uppsett it on the grass witch was a dubble babey buggey with twins in it and half of them rolled out on the grass but was not hurt from being so soft but Tige kept on going strate for hoam. Henry and me stopt and helpt to pick up the twins witch cride quite loud but not enny dammidge done to them exsept shakeing up. It was the minnisters twins and Henry and me would have to face him in Sunday school Sunday and Henry said it was a pretty bad Friday for us and the dedd nabers rooster and the fish boan in his throte and the two clippt hare cuts and Lilly Purls hatt and Tige and the uppsett minnisters twins was about enugh for one day and no wunder he was supersusspishus about Friday.

It was no use to chase Tige enny more becaws he got sutch a good start of us wile we were helping to put the uppsett minnisters twins back in the dubble buggey and trying to stop the gurl from hollering that was weeling them when Tige went under and uppsett them. She was crosside gurl with a hairlipp and quite hard for Henry and me to cumfurt her and when she was talking to me she was looking at Henry and neather of me or Henry could make out what she told us on account of the hairlipp and just then Henry happend to think about the forchune teller at the county fare that told him to bewair of a crosside gurl with a hairlipp for twenty five cents witch had gone out of his mind but it all came back to him now. The forchune teller said Friday would be Henrys unluckey day and to ware a graveyard rabits foot for a charm agenst evil spearuts and Henry said no evil spearuts could scare him but it all came out the way she said crosside gurl and hairlipp and everything and he would never make fun of a forchune teller again and what she told him would be cheep for twenty five cents if he had onley knone it and mite have saved a grate deel of trubble if he had boght the graveyard rabits foot for fifteen cents witch she offered him at onley half price and he would not becaws he was not supersusspishus enugh but he would be the neckst time Henry said.

By the time we got back to Lilly Purl she was quite peeceful and not so mutch decomposed. It was after five oclock by this time and the butter and iskream was still laying on the grass in the hot sun and both of them quite soft. Most of the iskream was mellted and running out of the box on the grass and the butter was quite runny and greesy on the rapping paper and both would knead a grate deel of exsplaning when we got hoam. Neather one of them was probily wurth carreying hoam although a littul of the butter mite be saved for frying but the iskream was hoapless and so Henry and me lickt the inside of the box and started hoam to make a cleen brest of both of them.

The new trubble of the butter and the iskream was probily a good thing for takeing our mind off of Lilly Purls hatt witch we finelly gave up for good on account of Tige running cleen hoam with it but Lilly Purl was offle sorrey for the butter and the iskream witch was all her fault she said for letting her hat be blone off and she would go hoam with us and help to exsplane it witch is the kind of a gurl Lilly Purl is and desurves a grate deel of creddit dont you think so?

By the time we got to Henrys house thare was Tige by the woodpile with his both frunt pause holding the last of Lilly Purls hatt betwene them and when he saw Henry he gave a cupple of quite loud barks and broght the hatt to him witch by this time did not look like the same hatt that was blone in the lake. Most of the dayseys were gone and the pink bows pulled out strate and verry rinkuld and dirty and a good deel of the straw quite badly choode ware Tige plade with it. Henry had a big switch and would have wippt Tige sose he would never forget it but Lilly Purl begged Henry not to becaws he was onley a dog and probily did the best he could and Henry said he would not wipp him this time but the neckst time Tige better look out. Lilly Purl said the hatt would probily be no more good exsept for the pink bows witch she took off and the hatt was throne in the old well with the turkeys and the six dollers dedd nabers rooster witch was the last of it.

Lilly Purl exsplaned to Henrys muther about the hatt blone off in the lake and Tige coming hoam with it and Henry and me chaseing Tige witch mellted the butter on the grass in the hot sun and Henry shode his muther the butter witch could not be hellpt his muther said. Henry told Lilly Purl about his muthers week hart so she did not say anything about the uppsett minnisters twins witch mite be too mutch for her Henry said.

Henry forgot all about his hare from so menny uther things to think about and by this time he took off his hatt and his muther saw his head with all the hare clippt off tite and she gave quite a shreek and neerly dropt the masht potatoes for super. Henrys muther was always verry proud of his curley hare but it was all over now and could not be exsplaned as easey as the butter. It was a turrible shock to her to see Henrys head all clippt off down to the scalp and her hart was offle week for sevrel days Henry said and if she got hold of that barber she would scalp him Henry said witch is pretty luckey for him her hart is weke and she does not go down town mutch.

Lilly Purl had to go hoam to super by this time and stop at our house and explane about the iskream and we said goodbye to Henry who was a grate deel wurried by this time and not sure about how his hare would come out and we could see he was verry supersusspishus about Friday witch was about the wurst day both of us ever had espeshully Henry becaws he had the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and the fish boan in his throte witch did not happen to me but uther things about the same for both of us.

Lilly Purl exsplaned to my muther about the iskream witch was a grate hellp to me and the cumpany would have to eat corn storch pudding my muther said becaws of no time to send for more iskream. My muther did not notice my head clippt off clost to my scalp till I came in the parler before super witch was a grate supprize to everybody with all the bumps on my head showing quite plane and my ears sticking out a grate deel on both sides. I was glad when super was over and I could put my hatt on and go outside becaws it was not a parler harecut but more outdores.

Henry told me afterwurds he was not out of trubble yet when his muther almost dropt the masht potatoes over his clippt hare. When he went to milk thare cow after super the flize botherd a good deel and she finelly kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk witch hurt him quite bad. While he was holding the place she swiched her tale in Henrys eye makeing a quite sevear pane and wile he was holding the two places with both hands she put her foot in the full pale of milk and uppset it on the hay witch was the last straw for Henry becaws the milk would be spoilt for his littul bruthers and sisters on account of the cows foot in it and Henry said for a cow to go through the trubble of giving a pale of milk and then put her foot in it is about as much sense as a cow has got ennyway.

Henry said being so wite was a grate mistake for milk on account of everything showing so plane and a dark brown culler would be better for a cow to step in and mite be wurth saveing but wite is no use afterwurds. After the cow kickt Henry betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and swicht her tale in his eye and put her foot in the full pale of milk Henry was so mad he kickt her but he would never have kickt her if she had not kickt him furst Henry said afterwurds and he forgot about haveing onley bare feet when he kickt her and did not seam to hurt the cow at all becaws she never took her head out of the brann pale but Henrys big toe was bent cleen back and almost broak from the cows hard stummick and thare was Henry kickt betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and his eye all red and wottery ware the cows tale swicht him and the cows foot in the milk pale and his big toe almost broak and Henry said he gesst that would be enugh Friday for him and no wunder he was supersusspishus about it.

About this time Tige came in from smelling the worm milk and thare was Tige and the cow witch was the beginning and the end of all his trubbles that day and so Henry tide Tige up for all nite and went to bed before sumthing else mite happen.

Henrys toe was still quite soar the neckst day and his eye quite redd from the cows tale in it and a big broose ware the cow kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk but Friday was over and Henry was pretty glad of that. Henry said when it furst happend about the cow he made up his mind if he ever grew up and was a butcher he would send for that cow the furst thing but he is all over it now. Henry said not haveing the graveyard rabits foot for fifteen cents was a grate loss to him witch would have saved the six dollers dedd nabers rooster and Lilly Purls hatt witch must have cost at leest fore dollers more and a pound of butter fifty cents and a kwort of iskream sixty cents witch would be $11.10 altogether besides the fish boan in his throte and the black and bloo place ware the cow kickt him betwene the manger and ware he sitts down to milk and the cows tale in his eye and his soar toe witch was too paneful to be figgered in munney but wurth saveing.

Our two harecuts are coming out quite slow but a good thing about a clippt harecut is nobody can tell if you have been in swimming by fealing your hare witch is a grate advantidge Henry said witch is the kind of a boy Henry is always looking on the brite side of everything dont you think so? Comeing our hare is quite easey now.

Henry also had a fine letter from Lilly Purl about Tige and her hatt blone off witch was a grate cumfurt to both of us and Henry said it would be all rite to let you see it and onley shode how swete and sensibul she is and we are sending it and thank you again for the screw apart fish poal witch will be the last for the present:

Dear Henry: I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know I am all rite and not to wurrey about my hatt blone in the lake witch Tige ran hoam with becaws my muther said you and William (Green) did the best enny two boys could and the butter and the iskream was enugh trubble without putting the hatt on top of them and she washt and prest the pink ribbun and made a new hatt witch is just as good and we all otto be glad the upsett minnisters twins did not get hurt and not wurrey about a hatt choode up by a dog but if it was the minnisters twins it would be quite searyus.

My muther said you must not be mad at Tige on our account becaws you are verry fond of him and she would not want anything of ours to come betwene you and him becaws no gurls hatt would be wurth it and she would not want mine to come betwene a boy and his dog and probily never be the same again. So I thoght I would send you a few lines of how my muther feals about it after we talkt it over and my muther said you and William (Green) would both have a big peace of gelly cake if you were hear rite now and so you will know how she feals about it and Tige too so it would be all rite for you and William (Green) and Tige to come over enny time if you want to and the hatt would never be menshuned to enny of you but would be forgot with the pound of butter and the iskream witch mellted an ran out.

And I am riteing you these few lines becaws it was Tige that did it and we want you to know thare is no bad fealing agenst Tige in case you mite want to come over and bring Tige along if you and William (Green) mite come. My muther ushully bakes gelly cake on Tuesday witch would be fresh then and hopeing you and William (Green) are the same I remane

Yours verry respectively

LILLY PURL.

P. S.—If William (Green) should ask about me you mite let him read this letter witch I have no objeckshuns to and give him my best regords and I would rite him onley on Tige's account witch is your dog and you otto know it for Tige's sake and hopeing I will be quite plane I remane as before.

L. P.

It was a grate releef to both of us and Tige would be if he knew it. Henry sends love and says to ask Uncle William if he was ever supersusspishus about Friday.

Your loving nephew

WILLIAM GREEN

P. S.—I bet Uncle William would like a clippt hare cut down in the country in the hot wether and would lagh to see us now but it will all be grone out in a few weaks. Ware my appendicks came out is still quite plane but fadeing a littul. W. G.

What is happening here?

THIS truck is heavily loaded going up a steep incline. The thrust of the worm against the bearing is tremendous.

One wheel has slipped off the incline, bringing an enormous side strain on the axle.

Your truck encounters similar conditions every day to a greater or less degree.

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing of the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

CONSTRUCTED ON THE

Sheldon AXLE FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

The conditions of unusual strain brought out in this illustration show the practical reasons for Sheldon Ball Thrust Bearings and the Sheldon Principle of Locomotive Axle Construction.

Thrust Bearings

The pressure of the worm against the bearing is the thrust load. In a Sheldon Worm Gear Axle this thrust is taken by a ball bearing because this is the type of bearing that reduces friction to an absolute minimum.

Ball bearings take tremendous pressure without wedging or tightening. All the strain passes through the center of each ball. Any bearing that has a wedging action becomes tighter as the load increases.

Ball bearings are used also to avoid the necessity of adjustment. Sheldon worm bearings are self-adjusting to expansion and wear. The bearing at the front of the worm is free to move backward or forward.

Thus the possibility of improper adjustment and consequent damage is avoided.

Locomotive Axle Principle

Railroads in every part of the world have adopted the principle of the revolving axle and fixed wheels, commonly known as a semi-floating axle, to give them the advantage of wide spread of bearings and long leverage against side shocks.

This is the Sheldon Principle, which is employed in transporting the Freight Tonnage of the World.

The wheels are fixed to the driving axle—one bearing is at the wheel end of the axle shaft and the other at the differential end, holding shaft and wheel steady against side strains.

In the selection of your truck, study the axle—the most expensive and important unit.

Write for booklet clearly describing Sheldon points of superiority

Sheldon Axle and Spring Co. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks

LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING *HAS* STYLE, BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" *IS* STYLE!

A boy inclined to a wrong posture usually falls short in his lessons. Teachers say so, and they know. An erect, masterful carriage implants in the growing boy a habit of Manly Bearing that he'll never grow away from—"just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined".

Right-Posture
Boys' Clothes

coax your boy to stand up straight, to put his shoulders back, to put his chest out, thereby tending to cultivate pride, poise, character, confidence. Long-lasting fabrics and stitched-to-stay needlework—latest style with greatest sturdiness.

Every "Right-Posture" *Suit* has the "Right-Posture" *Label* sewn under the collar.
There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

TAILORED BY THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 25)

walked a little distance from the road and came to a wind-felled chestnut, where she seated herself upon the trunk, the peddler remaining on his feet in front of her.

"Well," she asked, "have you any news?"

"Yes," he answered.

None of his regular clients who might have happened within earshot could have recognized the peddler from his voice and manner of speaking. For, from this moment on, both were so strikingly distinct and apart from the blithe and cheerful utterance and fantastic and philosophic rallies with which he entertained his customers that one would have bet one's last dime that here spoke a different individual. The voice itself, heretofore a high barytone, became a resonant bass, the phrases were curt and comprehensive, with no verbal waste product in their making. But most striking of all was a certain crisp authoritative note, as of one accustomed to command. This was not arrogant or aggressive or precisely military in its cadence, but suggested rather a person who unconsciously commands and never thinks to encounter any possible lack of prompt obedience.

"What is it?" Diana asked.

"All in good time. How are you getting on?"

"Very badly," said Diana. "This thing has thrown a black cloud over our place, and of course the boys are drinking harder than ever. It was bad enough before. I'm nearly distracted. Unless something happens pretty soon we are going to fly to pieces."

"Something is going to happen very soon. How has your brother William been behaving?"

"Like a caged wolf. He no longer leaves the place, and I am glad of it, for he is in such a rabid state that the least thing might precipitate a tragedy—a sidelong look or a snicker or a bad joke."

"I think that we shall soon correct that," said the peddler.

He glanced up at the heavy, turgid sky. "Probably to-night unless it rains; which it will not if I have any virtue as a weather prophet. It looks as though it was going to be a perfectly good night for a murder, and I am under the conviction that one is to be attempted."

Diana's face whitened. She leaned forward and looked up at him with burning eyes.

"Must you keep me in such horrible suspense? Can't you tell me who they are, what they are, who you are?"

"Yes. The time has come to lay my cards upon the table. I shall need your coöperation. 'They' are a gang of the most expert and experienced and dangerous thieves in the whole civilized world. Before the war they operated principally in Europe—in England and on the Continent—and they have very recently transferred their activities to this country and region. The gang was broken up two years before the war, and its principal heads were killed, but a pair of subordinate ones have managed to gather up some of the remnants and started in to work again."

"And who are you?" Diana asked.

"My name is John Henry Dorsey, and I am at this moment an acting inspector of the secret police, with all due authority. That is not my profession, but merely to execute a special commission for which I have been deputized."

Diana's violet eyes opened very wide. She stared at him a good deal as Aladdin might have stared at the genii which appeared on his rubbing the lamp.

"Thank goodness!" she gasped. "Then you're not a peddler at all. I might have guessed. I've been a fool."

He smiled.

"In thinking that I stole the Sultana and committed those other robberies? Scarcely that, Miss Kirkland. After having seen me watching the marquise that day and knowing my mechanical skill and that I had the entrée everywhere throughout the countryside and was beloved of all the dogs, you could scarcely think otherwise."

"Then you knew that I saw you!" Diana cried.

"I should have had to be a very poor policeman not to see you back by the bus. I was very glad to know that you were there and saw me."

"Why?"

"Because I reasoned that it would relieve your mind to feel that you had something which might be brought forward for your brother's defense in case of his arrest. Of course I had not the slightest intention of letting him be arrested."

Diana drew a deep breath of relief.

"I think I can guess who 'they' are."

"Ah, but I gave you a tip about the Melton girl."

"Then it is these French people?"

"They are not French. The so-called De Vallignacs are members of the old gang I mentioned. The girl Patricia is a sort of criminal phenomenon of cunning and strength and beauty whom we have yet to catalogue. She is the one who will probably turn the trick to-night as the result of some information which I framed up for her this morning. Really, Miss Kirkland, she is not at all an ordinary mortal. I doubt that she is quite human. This had been told me, but I did not believe it until to-day. It is true. She belongs, I actually believe, to some sort of intermediary world—the elfin, wicked-fairy, evil-sprite, vampire world, which sensible people deny the existence of and intellectual folks are not quite sure about."

A little shudder rippled through Diana.

"Then I must be an 'intellectual,' because she made me feel that way from the moment of my meeting her. I had come to that very same conclusion when you warned me about her. Yet other people don't seem to feel it. Most of the men are crazy about her. Even James, who is rather a misogynist, was beginning to sit up and take notice."

"If she inspired everybody as she does us she would not be very dangerous," said the peddler. He raised his hand warningly. "Listen."

Just after passing the Kirkland gates the road took a bend so that the peddler's van could not be seen from the entrance to the estate. There came now through the breathless sultry air the hum of a smoothly running motor car which slowed, horned and could then be heard entering the grounds. It reached the door apparently, then came to a stop.

"Speaking of the devil," said the peddler—"there is our dear friend Stephan now. He has dropped in for a little chat. Where are all your people?"

"Father has gone to town and the boys are probably swimming, as the tide is right and it's so beastly close."

"Then," said the peddler, "Stephan's little job will be easy. I don't know precisely what it is, but by a simple process of deduction I should say that it had to do with the business of to-night. Patricia has probably sent him in an effort to get one of your pistols or rifles or something to indicate that his death is due to suicide."

Diana stared at him, unable to believe that his words were to be taken seriously.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Melton girl really intends to make an attempt on William's life?"

"She does, unless I am very much mistaken. So far as any scruple is concerned, I am sure that she would cheerfully asphyxiate you all in your beds if she felt it would make her own position any more secure. You see, Miss Kirkland, they had counted on the Marquise d'Irancy's accusing William, and she has done nothing of the sort; nor have any of the other victims of these people's clever burglaries brought any charge against William at all. These thieves intended that William should be the scapegoat, and, having learned of his social habit of visiting variously and about his irregular way of living, they cunningly managed so that every house plundered was one where William happened to be stopping at the time."

Diana nodded.

"But the theft of the Sultana? That must have been pure accident."

"It was an accident that the marquise fainted when alone with William, but it was one by which Patricia was quick to profit as soon as she learned what had occurred. It warranted her taking the chance to get the jewel before the marquise had discovered her loss. Just how she managed it I don't know, but as she is a creature of uncanny physical strength the chances are that while walking back to the house with the marquise, possibly with her arm about her shoulders, she merely took the locket in her hand and opened it."

"How do you know that the locket was so hard to open?" Diana asked.

The peddler laughed.

"I knew about the lockets before ever I saw the marquise," said he. "Miss Melton probably did not. She guessed their use. The intuition of such folks as she is incredible, and unless the character is fundamentally good it is most apt to lead its possessor into crime, because he or she finds it so easy to outwit ordinary people. It is almost as though one had the gift of invisibility or actual clairvoyance."

"And yet you have fooled her," said Diana.

"I think so. That was my sole object in becoming a peddler. To deceive such hyperacute intelligences one must first be able almost to deceive oneself in regard to his assumed personality. I had to make myself believe that I was Clamp, the laughing, singing, philosophic peddler and tinker and jack-of-all-trades. I had to practice this intense auto-delusion in order that she should get nothing from me by repercussion."

"You certainly put it over," said Diana fervently.

"I hope so. For the ordinary criminal mind or that of the average political intrigante an ordinary peddler rôle would have served the purpose, but for these werewolves it needed something daring; a self-advertisement so *outré* as to bar the door of their brains from suspicion, for in such cases conviction is not necessary. The first whiff of suspicion and the game is up. But scarcely any head, however criminally astute, could contain at the same time the ideas of sleuth and of a roaring, snorting, coughing, clanging motor truck, hung with oilstoves and dishpans, plow and anchor chains, that could be heard approaching three miles away."

Diana laughed. Such was the sense of security inspired by the personality of the peddler that she felt as though all her troubles were over, that the black pall was already lifted from her house.

"One hears of wonderful camouflage," she began, but the peddler raised his hand protestingly.

"My dear Miss Kirkland," said he, "it was anything but that. Camouflage is the mimicry of Nature, and my uproarious old bus is unlike anything in heaven or earth. That is the beauty of it—the distracting feature of it."

"And so were you," said Diana.

"The joke of it is," said the peddler, "that as a purely commercial proposition it has been a tremendous success."

"I think," said Diana, "that the same would be true of anything you undertook."

He didn't seem to hear—appeared to be listening—and at that moment they heard Stephan's car passing out of the Kirkland place. It struck the highway and hummed off like a homing bee.

Then as its vibration ceased they looked at each other, and as their eyes met there occurred one of those repercussions just mentioned by the peddler. Perhaps the nervous tension of the moment had made them hypersensitive, for if eyes are the windows of the soul, then these two pair were in that second like wide-open French ones which swing outward as doors, permitting an intimate view of whatever is within. It is probable that each saw the other's treasure house and perhaps some beautiful and startled inmate not yet ready for presentation. At any rate it must have been a rather bewildering dénouement, and one for which each felt the present crisis to be premature, for Diana drew the curtains of her long lashes, her face a crimson glow, while the peddler turned his face, through which a swarthy flush was burning its way, and stared down a vista of the trees at the tarnished aluminum waters of the bay.

"You must understand, Miss Kirkland," said he in an even voice, "that it would be of incalculable value to these bandits if William should be found to have committed suicide. Knowing his nature such an act would be taken as a clear admission of guilt, for the sake of avoiding further disgrace."

"Of course," said Diana; "but I do not see how they could possibly hope to manage it." She straightened up suddenly and looked at the peddler with violet eyes which had suddenly grown black. This threat on her brother's life, instead of frightening the girl, roused in full volume the Kirkland fighting spirit never far below the surface. "If they think that all they've got to do is to walk up and knock William on the head as if he were a silly sheep let them go ahead and try it. I suppose that they might ambush him from behind a tree, but if they did that they'd never get away with it. Some of us would hear the shot and take their trail with the dogs."

"They have probably considered all that," said the peddler. "It is not their object merely to assassinate William. That would do them more harm than good. Unless they can see their way to manage the job so cleverly that the coroner will be obliged to bring a verdict of suicide they will not tackle it at all. But I'm very much convinced that my frame will fit their little picture very nicely."

"Your frame?"

"Yes. The bogus information I furnished Patricia early this afternoon while doing a little job in the house. It did not take the mind of a Machiavelli to see what she was hungry for, and I fed it to her in good measure. She thinks also that she will have to act quickly, as I remarked that you were planning to take William to a sanitarium within the next day or two. And"— he glanced at the sky—"she could not possibly have a better night for her little spree. It will be black and sultry and undoubtedly followed by rain to-morrow morning early. There is an easterly storm brewing. Yes, Miss Kirkland, I feel almost as sure that the attempt will be made to-night as I do that it will clear things up for all of us. But I shall need your assistance."

He appeared to reflect for a moment while Diana watched him, scarcely breathing. She had the curious sense of being with a stranger, a man whom she had never previously met but of whom she had caught a glimpse in passing. Or it was rather as though he were the twin brother of some man whom she had known.

He glanced at her with a nod.

"This is what I want you to do. Lock up all the dogs before it gets dark and just after nightfall bring down to the hydroplane hangar one of your brother William's white-flannel suits, a sweater or football jersey, and the white-felt hat he usually wears. Leave these things in the seat of the machine and then go back to the house and stay there."

"Is that all?" cried Diana. "Can't I stay and watch?"

"No. I want you to stand guard over your menfolks to make certain that nobody leaves the house."

"But do you think I can ever keep the men bottled up like that?"

"You must!" said the peddler firmly. "Any snooping round might be absolutely fatal to my plan. We have to do with an inhuman sensory apparatus. This Patricia girl is anomalous—*sui generis*. I doubt if one could find anything just like her in any of the annals of crime. Besides her *flair*, as the French would call it, she is a phenomenon of physical strength. She could take prizes as a strong woman in a circus. She is a past mistress of jiujitsu, swims like an otter, and could win a Marathon race. Not long ago she came within one grab of putting it all over a powerful college athlete named Plunkett who tried to get some smuggled loot away from her."

Diana's blue eyes opened very wide, then she nodded.

"I knew that she was a splendid athlete. I took her on for tennis one day and she put it all over me, and I've collared a few cups myself. She seemed to get across the court in one bound, and without exerting herself in the least—as if she had willed herself there. She had us all beaten in the water too. As Gerry Metcalf said, she reminded him of an otter, because she scarcely left a ripple—as if she were full of joints."

"It seems a pity," said the peddler, "that such a woman should be destined to spend the next twenty years of her life in the penitentiary—but then, perhaps she's not. We haven't got her yet. We haven't got any of them yet. The French police had a lot of crimes charged up to the Countess de Vallignac, which is not her name. She was known as Léontine and worked under the direction of a Pole named Ivan, who was chief of a swell mob which had Europe terrorized for a number of years. But they could never put her under arrest."

"Why not?"

(Continued on Page 120)

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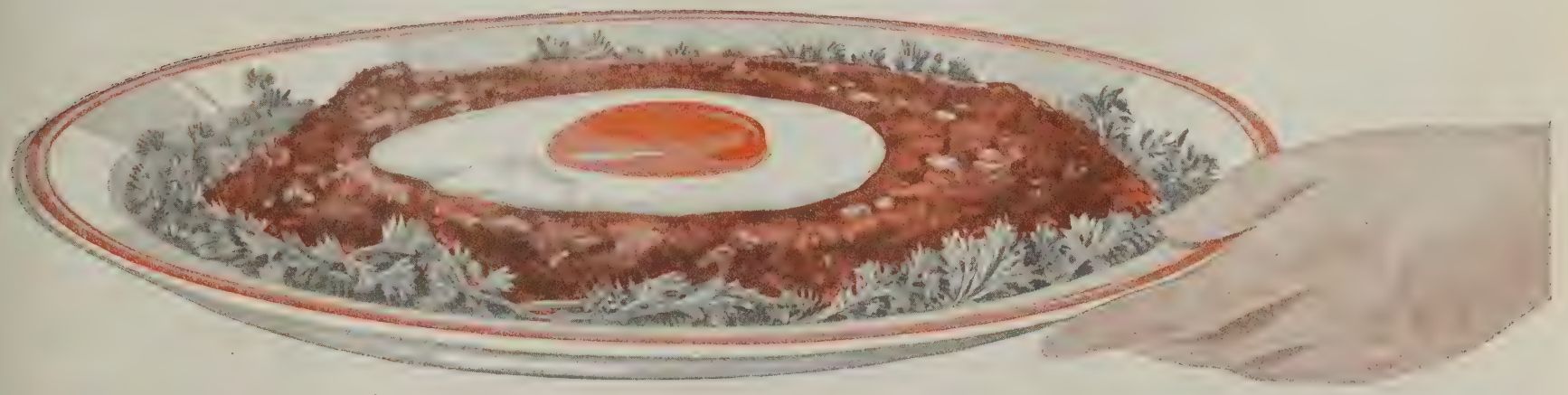

Corned Beef Hash, browned, with dropped egg
—A Council Delicacy

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MEATS

(Continued from Page 117)

"For the same reason that it is often impossible to arrest a big promoter or financier of whose crooked methods there is not the slightest doubt. Criminals of this class merely plan and direct. The work itself is done by expert subordinates who have the nerve and skill but would run a big risk of being killed or captured unless assisted by these principals who clear the way and cover their tracks. I could have nabbed the thieves with the goods in any of these robberies, that of your own safe included."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I would not have been able to prove anything on the principals themselves. When one is waiting to bag an elk or a boar one doesn't shoot at a weasel. When the De Vallignacs called at your house after leaving Patricia at the Metcalfs', your brothers were down at the hangar working at the hydroplane. Your Chinese butler, Chang, took Léontine and Stephan down there, and while he was gone the chauffeur, Gustave, slipped in and opened the safe with about as much difficulty as I might open a child's penny bank. Of course I guessed what they were up to, but it was no part of my plan to catch a mere cracksman. I have not been roaring round the country these last weeks selling things and mending things and cramming my head with maxims and epigrams for that. The French police warned us that there was no good in nailing any of these underlings. They have never been known to peach."

"But don't you run a great risk of losing everything by waiting?"

The peddler smiled.

"The risk is not precisely mine," said he, "and I have been willing to take a chance on the property of the rest of you to protect society against a very great danger. It's going to be a hard job. These birds are terribly wary. They are not like the criminals we have had to deal with over here. In America we think of a cracksman and burglar as a low-browed brute with a pistol and a jimmy, cunning as a prowler and with high-grade manual dexterity but low-grade actual intelligence. That is because in this country a thief intelligent enough to defy the law does not crack safes. He goes in for high finance or politics or something that offers a wider scope for his talents. The plundering of mere loot on an elaborate scale is an archaic institution which belongs to Europe or the Orient. In the present case a focus of this European infection has been planted over here. I have no great fear of being able to recover what has been lost through its ravages, but whether or not I can isolate the microbe is quite a different matter."

"I wish that I could really help," said Diana.

"You can—by doing what I ask. Don't tell your family any more than is absolutely necessary to keep them in bounds. The mere opening of a door might upset my plans—a flood of light or sudden loud voices. On the other hand, don't darken the house or do anything out of the customary. You may tell William if you like that his innocence is perfectly well known to the authorities, and that his name will soon be cleared of all suspicion. Now I must go."

Diana reached out both hands and looked at him with brimming eyes. It was the first time since her rescue that she had offered the peddler her hand, and now she tendered both, and if the truth were known a good deal more besides. But the peddler merely caught them for an instant, gave them a slight reassuring squeeze, let them fall, tugged at his béret, turned on his heel and strode off toward his van.

Diana watched him disappear behind the wall, then flung herself at full length on the aromatic pine needles, buried her face in her crossed arms and gave herself passively to the rush of a new and wonderful emotion.

XIV

AN HOUR before dark the peddler parked at his favorite spot in the Metcalf meadow, to which he felt almost a squatter's sovereignty. For the sake of appearances he rigged his tent, then snatched a bite to eat and got to work.

His first act was to overhaul his motor cycle and make sure that it was tuned up to racing trim. Next he plunged into his store, secured an armful of oakum, and with a ball of fishline compressed it into a sphere the size and shape of a man's head, winding it like the inside of a baseball.

The weather conditions pleased him infinitely, being such as at that season usually precede a southeasterly storm. It was evident that the night would be very dark, very still, and that the wind and rain would probably hold off at least until daybreak or the turn of the tide, which should begin to flow a little after midnight.

His final act of preparation for the nocturnal stalk ahead was to put on a pair of canvas sneakers and thrust into the side pockets of his blue-denim blouse a pair of handcuffs, a small automatic pistol and a pocket torch. Then wheeling his tandem motor cycle out into the road, he mounted it and proceeded rapidly to the spot where he had halted his truck to enter the woods and watch the Marquise d'Irancy.

Here he left the machine in a clump of laurel and, making his way to the lane, passed rapidly down it to the rear of the Kirkland grounds, where he struck the path to the hangar, a large low building with a flat tin roof. The door was padlocked, but he knew where the key was hidden. Entering he groped his way to the hydroplane, on the seat of which he found the white-flannel costume, jersey and hat left by Diana. He had previously located a heap of worn-out boat cushions stuffed with kapok, and one of these he dragged outside, where though it was already dark there still lingered sufficient light upon the still water to enable him to carry on his task.

Ripping open the cushion he proceeded to stuff the football jersey with kapok until it had assumed the approximate dimensions of its owner, after which he slipped the flannel coat over it. When the trousers were similarly distended he carried the component parts of his manikin to a rustic bench under a pine tree at the top of the bank, and here he assembled them, securing the oakum head by means of a few sticks worked into it and the torso beneath. No great manipulation was required to give the dummy the perfect simulacrum of a dozing or merely dejected form such as that of William might be expected to portray. Even in the heavy murk the white flannels and soft white hat were easily distinguished from a considerable distance.

Having thus rigged out his decoy the peddler found a blind already provided in a thick clump of laurel directly behind the bench. He had taken the precaution of blackening his face, and now crouched in dark foliage it is doubtful if even the eye of an Indian would have discovered him had the night been a bright instead of a murky one.

And here he waited with that patience which is the birthright of the born hunter—of savage beasts or savage men. An hour passed. The silence was so intense that it seemed to have a ponderosity augmented by the oppressive atmosphere. Not a breath of air stirred, nor was there so much as the splash of a wavelet on the beach. From far in the distance came such sounds as are to be heard at night in any populous community—the rumble of a train, whistle of a boat or a locomotive, whir of a motor, and the like. But these seemed only to accentuate the breathless stillness of immediate surroundings, where all that reached the hypersensitive ears of the peddler were the hissings in the rockweed as the tide fell, and the sudden scurry of some little woodsy creature going about its furtive affairs.

Then a great barred owl from the depths of the park boomed out to frighten the sleeping birds.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo-o-o-oo!"—a cry terminating in the peculiar squawk and snapping of the beak. The peddler feared it might disturb the dogs, but apparently they were accustomed to it, and Diana had fed them their fill to promote the sleep of repletion.

The peddler lay upon his side, every sense alert, and it did not seem to him that he had been there very long when he knew that his vigil was destined to be rewarded. Up from the still water came the faint thrill of a rapidly revolving motor, of which his trained ear was quick to recognize the beat. Perhaps his eyes were of the night quality or possibly the heavy sky had actually thinned a little, for it seemed to him that his horizon had receded, and presently he picked up the long dark body of the motor boat tearing through the still water at a distance of about four hundred yards, its phosphorescent bow wave giving it distinct location.

It passed without stopping and with no apparent alteration in its speed, and this circumstance gave the peddler its peculiar information, for he was now sure that he had to deal with the most sinister and stealthy of the band—that strange inhuman creature who had impressed him as belonging to some other dimension of matter than his own, to the 'tween world, that realm denied by most, admitted by some, and in which the peddler was beginning to believe. It was the were-woman, Patricia, and she had slipped off the launch at speed and was swimming in. Of this the peddler was assured, for no towing boat, however light, could have been cast off from the stern without the beat of the motor indicating the relief from even so slight a strain. Ordinary ears might not have detected this, but those of the peddler were trained to the sound of machinery.

His first consciousness of another living presence near was after the swell from the launch had splashed upon the beach and the water resumed its stagnant calm. Then he caught the sheen of a slight disturbance, a second swell scarcely perceptible and not made by the motor boat. A moment later from a distance of perhaps fifty yards, possibly more, in that telephonic atmosphere, he heard the click of a pebble against another. Followed the faintest rustle of leaves, and laying his ear to the ground it seemed to him that he could distinguish the soft padding of a tread light as that of a stalking leopardess.

Then silence, and the big barred owl boomed again.

Suddenly a dark shape was silhouetted against the lighter opacity of sky. The peddler saw it pause, then stoop as if to listen or peer beneath the low branches of the firs. It withdrew from his arc of vision. A dry twig snapped behind him; not loudly, but with the dull creak of rotten wood. Silence again—utter and absolute. He did not dare to risk a backward glance. He knew that he had to deal with senses as keenly alert as those of a feral beast; or, more than that, an evil sprite.

Though his hearing seemed keyed to the delicacy of a microphone it told him nothing, but he seemed to feel the stealthy approach from the rear, to be subconsciously aware of its circling the clump of laurel in which he was ambushed. Then, proving this to be a fact, the pine carpet gave out the faintest whispering and a dark body loomed so close that he could have reached out his hand and touched a nether limb. It stopped, stood for an instant as if waiting for a summons.

In this period of pause the peddler heard the distant whir of the motor boat apparently returning. It reached a point directly opposite, not far offshore, though it seemed to him more distant than in passing, and at this moment the figure moved swiftly forward with a step so gliding and silent that it seemed to drift. As the dull sheen of the water became its background the peddler could distinguish the flowing feminine curves, which seemed clothed from head to foot in a *maillot* of some dark material. He saw also the cord which dangled from one half-raised hand, and immediately he understood the murderous stratagem.

For this was one historic classic in the annals of French crime, and known to have been successfully practiced by women of no great strength on powerful men victims. It was such as gave a fatal supremacy to the assassin once the turn was made. Such is *la garrotte*, the strangler's trick, and its operation is to get behind the victim, pass the cord about the neck and with a twist of the hand tighten to the point of suffocation, then hold fast. It has been accomplished with a silk handkerchief or stocking or a woman's long glove. It is swift and sure, stifling outcry, leaving no mark; and the position of the aggressor, directly back of the victim, lends to security.

It had not been difficult for Stephan, left for a few moments alone while Chang went to the rear of the house to summon the Kirklands. He had slipped the silken cord which held back the portière and jammed a bight of the portière itself in a manner to secure it in place. It was with this cord that Patricia now purposed to garrote her scapegoat and afterward to suspend his lifeless body from a low bough. Everything seemed in her favor—the rustic bench and the character of the tree above it. William found, thus hanging, the bench capsized as though kicked over, must needs present every aspect of a suicide, while the autopsy showing asphyxiation could leave no room for doubt.

Something akin to admiration flashed through the mind of the peddler as it leaped to an appreciation of its subtlety. It was worthy of the girl Patricia. And then like a flash came the dénouement, to turn grim tragedy into screaming farce.

He saw Patricia swing forward, deftly pass the cord, then give a twist of her hand as she set violently backward. But instead of encountering the expected tug and strain against which she had braced herself, the dummy head flew off, whereupon Patricia her backward tension meeting with no resistance whatever, lost her balance and came down fairly atop of the peddler, from whom the weight of her solid body knocked a stupendous grunt.

The next instant he had gripped her catch-as-catch-can, and for a moment it was as though two wild animals of the jungle were lashing furiously about, the one striving to hold, the other to escape. And escape she did, though leaving a good part of her *maillot* in the peddler's clutching fingers. She sprang to her feet, but the peddler grabbed one ankle, tripped and seized her again, and for the next few seconds it seemed to him that he was grappling with some automaton of animate flesh operated by an underlying mechanism of steel springs and wires. He was gouged and buffeted about the head, scratched and bitten as though wrestling with a tigress or female ape, received an ugly but knockout blow on the angle of the jaw, constantly compelled to shift his slipping grasp of her for a fresh and better hold. He felt her teeth fasten in his forearm, tried to get her by the throat, missed his clutch and made one for an elbow with the other hand, this time succeeding, but only to feel it twist clear and brought back violently against his chin.

It staggered him a little, and before he could clip her again she was clear of his arms, writhing through and under them out of his reach. As he scrambled up and made a dive at her knees, football fashion, determined now to throw and stun her, she whisked over the bank and landed on the shingle ten feet below with a scattering of stones. Though he came crashing down beside her in time to fling an arm about her waist she had wrenched clear before he could lock it with the other and, leaping down the beach, the black water took her flashing body.

The peddler plunged after her, squattering in, waist deep, then flung himself head long to swim. The tide was within half an hour of the ebb, the water for some little distance not more than three feet deep, too shallow to swim, too deep to wade, and the peddler made the mistake of trying to combine both methods of locomotion, which does not lend itself to speed. Patricia dived, shot along the bottom like a frog for fifty feet and broke the surface well ahead of him just as he was getting into his stroke. The peddler had always felt himself to be more active, relatively, in the water than on the land, had grown up alongshore, was a height-and-depth diver and swimming racer of much local repute down Bay Ridge way where aquatics are the principal summer sport. So now with no doubt of his ability to overhaul her he rolled on his side, made of himself a partial submarine and with the claw stroke, at which he was adept, proceeded to cut down the ten-yard lead gained by Patricia while he was floundering in the shallow water.

For the first fifty yards he gained, cut down the distance between them to less than half, expected any moment to see his quarry collapse under the terrific strain of such a breathless sprint, and drift into his arms an easy prey. He crept up a little closer, felt the pulse of water driven back by her powerful strokes, and as he shot ahead felt sure that he must find her ankle within his grasp.

But nothing of the sort occurred, and glancing back at the shore it flashed suddenly across the peddler's mind that he was getting dangerously far away from it. What was to prevent the launchman from starting his motor, dashing in and riddling him with bullets? To be sure, he had his own automatic and the chances were that being immersed would not destroy its efficacy; nevertheless the odds would be in favor of the person or persons in the launch. And all at once he doubted that he could catch Patricia in any case. Failing to do so in the first fifty-yard sprint he was bound to admit defeat, for heavy muscles overtaxed invariably tire quicker than lithe ones, because of the greater amount of contractile tissue to accumulate waste products. The peddler knew that he was tiring, could not hold the pace, in a word had lost the match from start to finish and might as well acknowledge it. This girl had broken each of his holds, maltreated him at a dozen bleeding points, squirmed out of his arms, beaten him to the water, then in it.

(Continued on Page 123)

(Continued from Page 120)

nd now like the siren which she was, he object was to lure him farther out, wh a call to the launch would bring it up for is destruction. The peddler was philo-ic, not profane, but as he realized all hi some classic invective not to be found in Aristotle, Epictetus or Plato gurgled fr his submerged lips and eddied off in a spume.

e fetched up short, spun about and tted for the shore with a long but restful nal swimming stroke.

e had proceeded twenty yards perhaps wn, happening to glance back, he re-ed a shock. For here came Patricia af r him, and she was coming fast, as co d be seen from her phosphorescent bow w e, like that of the launch. She, too, was employing the overhand stroke, and the peddler caught the flash of her gleaming ar as it rose in perfect rhythm.

or a moment he could not u erstand, failed utterly to read he purpose. And then as he con-ti ued to watch her and saw that sh was rapidly lessening his lead th suddenly dawned upon his st tled consciousness.

The hunt had suddenly reversed itself. It was he who was now the q rry and she the huntress. Hav-ir outwrestled and outswum him, sh was now in pursuit with the a iable object of outlasting him b eath the surface—in a word, to drown him. She could not have recognized him for the man of massive physique which she must have known the peddler to be. No doubt she thought him some clever sleuth who had picked up a accurate clew to the success-fu criminal efforts of the com-nity, traced them to their s rce, and by a process of simple r soning surmised that an effort ght be made to make William the forever-silent scapegoat.

Thus having discovered that she was more than a match for ts dangerous pursuer, both in the ter and out, it had suggested ielf to Patricia's vivid brain tat this man must not escape, tat possibly he had kept his i ormation to himself, and that ven permanently to the sea a ry present peril might be re-oved. So here she came hand er hand to remove him, to offer m a sacrifice to Neptune, who peared to have given her the edom of his domain.

The quality of fear had never espassed in the peddler's heart, cept perhaps in dreams, but as turned and watched Patricia's nfident approach a shiver that as not caused by the chill waters the bay struck through him. his was less physical than of mething eerie in the situation. e felt as though about to en-ge in a life-and-death struggle ith a mermaid or siren or nixie some such malicious denizen the deep to whom the brine as a native medium and one ssessed of the cold-blooded, re-ntless, slippery strength of eels d fishes and mollusks, and the ke. So even while common sense ld him that he had absolutely othing to fear, with his great rength and deep lung capacity, at it was ridiculous, pusillani-ous for a man of his breadth and rawn to dread drowning at the hands of is elfin girl, yet it was with a foreboding lmost superstitious that he turned and, reading water, waited her attack.

This came stealthily, as might have been xpected. Within ten feet of him she dived, s dives an otter or a shark, slipping under ith no disturbance, and a second later e felt himself gripped about the legs and rawn under. He was ready for this—de-ired it, in fact—his reason telling him that e would certainly be able to outlast her, s, aside from amphibious folks like native earl divers, he had yet to find his match n underwater time tests.

So filling his lungs he let himself sink, nd there, a fathom or two deep, the real truggle began. It seemed to the peddler hat he had to do with several swimmers, orelei s, or Rhine maidens, smooth-skinned quatic creatures in their natural element. le clutched her by her bare shoulders and tried to drag her still deeper down, counting on the exhaustion of the pressure, but the long arms writhed up under his and about his neck like the tentacles of an octopus. Then as if by mutual consent they both rose for a gasping breath or two, clinched and sank, the peddler renewing his tactics of forcing her to the lower depths. But this plan, sound in theory—for with all her strength her lighter feminine structure could not have withstood the pressure like his massive masculine frame—was impossible of practice, because to gain depth with the lungs inflated it is necessary to swim down, and her clinging, encircling limbs made this impossible, so that their struggles were confined to the higher level, just under the surface and upon it, catching a lungful of air as opportunity offered.

The outcome was of course inevitable, for no girl, however strong and active and good a swimmer, could cope long with a man of the peddler's might and aquatic abilities. Realizing this and the ridiculous amount of time it was taking to subdue Patricia, a sudden gust of anger possessed him. Several times of course he could have quickly finished the bizarre struggle by a heavy blow, but his manhood forbade. He was determined to take her unhurt, and presently whirling her about he gripped her wrist in one hand, and with the other drew the handcuffs from the pocket of his blouse. She shot downward like a squid, but he sank after her, snapped on one of the manacles and squeezed it tight; then a fathom deep and directly behind her he caught her free hand, hauled it back and upward and attached the other wristlet of steel. Then her struggles ceased and a stroke or two brought them to the surface.

"I've got you now, you witch!" gurgled the peddler.

She did not answer. The lithe, half-naked body went suddenly limp like that of a drowned person. He thought she had lost consciousness, and taking her under the arm he turned her on her back and started to tow her slowly ashore, finding it necessary to support her head above the surface. For about a hundred yards they proceeded in this way, the peddler blowing like a grampus to recover his wind, Patricia supine, inert, trailing after him like a band of algæ.

Within fifty yards of the shore the arm supporting her grew cramped, and he released his hold for an instant to stretch it. There was a sudden swirl in the water, the violent thrust of a foot against his thigh, and he whirled about, to see her in full flight foaming seaward, hand over hand, free, unhampered, reanimated, fresh apparently as ever after her brief period of relaxation.

He Proceeded to Examine Through His Glasses a Vessel Lying at Anchor Opposite the De Vallignacs' House

The peddler stared after her in stupefaction. Too late he realized that she had baffled him again, played possum while she slipped her manacles, resting and waiting for her opportunity.

And as he watched her streaking out with a trail of phosphorescence in her wake he heard a mocking laugh, and a clear voice cry "*A moi, Jean!*"

The thrum of the motor answered her. The peddler turned and swam slowly for the shore.

XV

OF ALL the virtues the most difficult perhaps is that of obedience to recognized authority. Diana had intended to obey implicitly the peddler's instructions. At least she told herself she had, but there may have been perhaps a subconscious reservation.

Raising herself at length from the bosom of Mother Earth, to whom she had been confiding silently a most momentous secret, she returned to the house, where she found her father and brothers assembled in the library moodily discussing the peddler's presence somewhere in the immediate vicinity and speculating on what it might portend. For there was this about the peddler's movements: on a still day such as this everybody within a radius of a mile knew when he was in motion, when he stopped, and when he started again.

So when Diana entered they looked up at her with a sort of aggressive expectancy. The suspense of the last fortnight had weighed heavily upon this brood of ungovernables. They had taken the peddler's word for what they judged to be its worth, which was considerable. There was that about him which impressed even such recalcitrant natures as theirs and, following his directions, they had tried to lead their customary lives, though with indifferent success.

Naturally they had discussed and disputed over the true identity of the peddler and his part in the bewildering coil until there was nothing more to say, no theory to advance which had not been fought over to a finish. Yet none had hit upon the true solution, because there seemed no point of departure from which a precise landfall could be made. As the peddler had told Diana, the mind could not compass the idea of a secret policeman going about his covert affairs in a roaring, ramping motor bus, which aside from its own racket made its proprietor the most conspicuous and widely advertised individual in the region. A year of such publicity and Clamp might have run successfully for Congress.

It had finally simmered down to an agreement—which occurred only when there was nothing left to argue about—that the peddler was a quaint and curious eccentric of mingled sense and nonsense, who in his intercourse throughout the community had stubbed his toe upon something to convince him that an organized gang of thieves had been at work and it was possible that he had furnished the police with certain data to prevent the arrest of William on suspicion. He might also have caused the marquise to be advised to remain silent pending official investigation.

Nevertheless, the suspense was wearing out their nerves, normally of high tension. They could not help but feel the misgivings of their friends and neighbors and their patience was rapidly becoming exhausted. Any sort of climax or dénouement seemed preferable to this watchless waiting; wherefore at sight of Diana's flushed cheeks and burning eyes they had some difficulty in restraining what they felt to be an unmanly eagerness for news.

The squire was the first to speak.

"Well, daughter," he growled, "has that confounded peddler anything to report?"

Diana had a short, sharp struggle to obey instructions.

"Nothing positive," she answered, "but there's something in the wind. He wants you all to stay in the house after dark to-night and he told me to see that the dogs were shut up in the kennels."

"He be hanged!" growled William. "I'm getting fed up on all this mysteriousness."

"If you don't do as he says you may spoil everything."

"But why should everything happen here on our place?" demanded James. "They've cleaned out the safe. What the deuce more do they want?"

"Unless you promise me not to leave the house after dark I shall not tell you," said Diana. "And if you won't promise and do leave it after dark you may ruin the chance of catching the real thieves."

But with infuriating obstinacy the brothers refused absolutely to promise. It was a tradition in the family that a promise made must for good or ill be blindly kept, and for this reason they made it a point

(Continued on Page 127)

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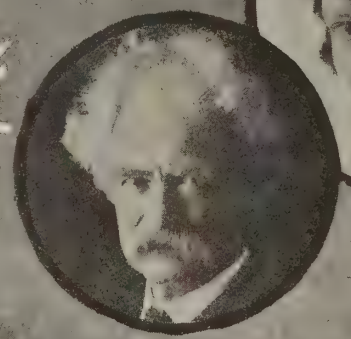
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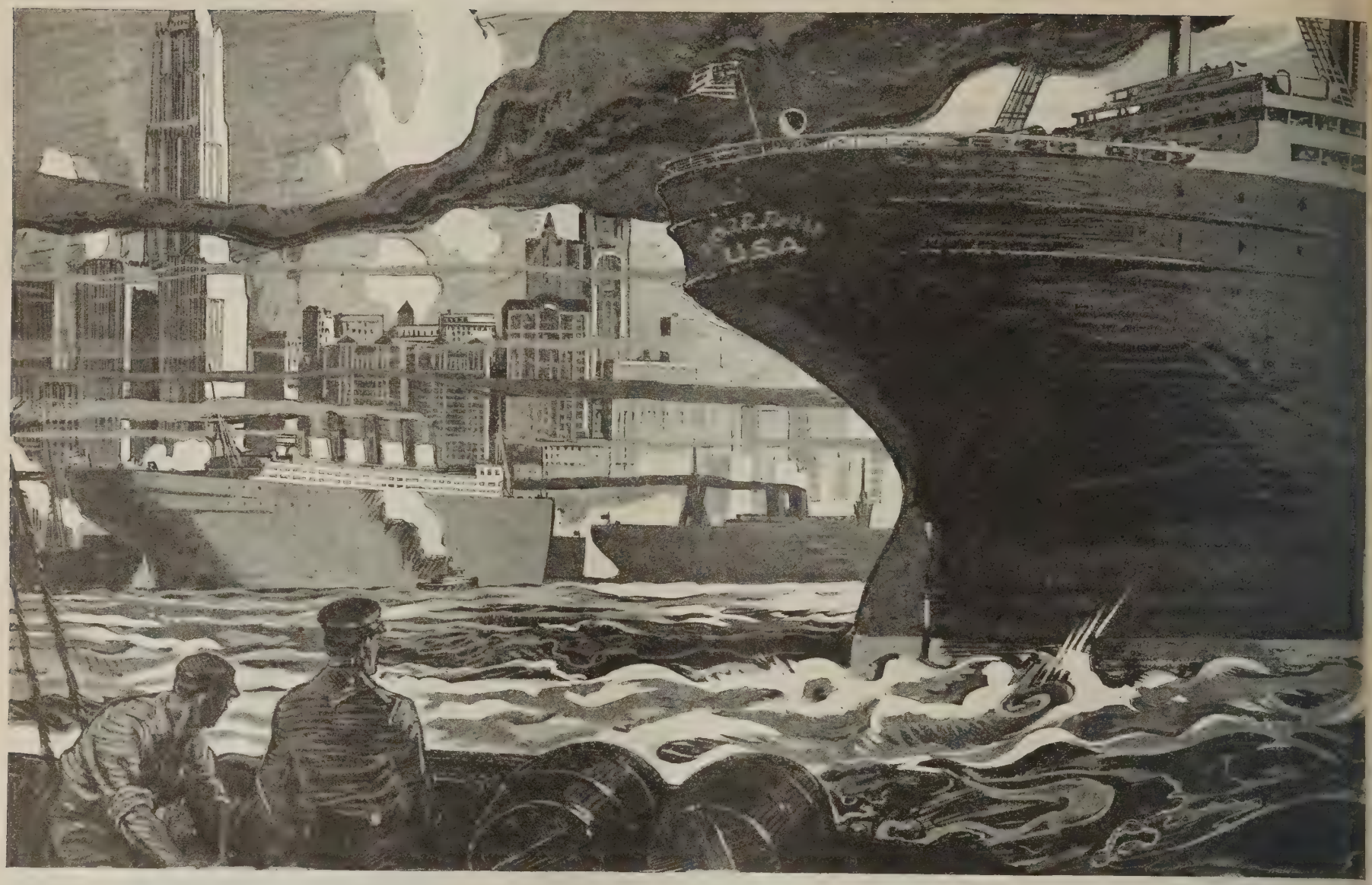

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Omaha, Neb.
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Mason City, Iowa
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LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT

(Continued from Page 123)

ever at any time to promise anybody anything. They may be said to have pledged themselves never to make a pledge. This was, if the truth were known, that had prevented Gwendolyn Metcalf from engaging herself to marry William, because he could not promise to correct his habits. Similarly it had on two occasions interfered with certain matrimonial ambitions on the part of James, for which he was subsequently very glad. But his promise to his sister he felt to be quite warranted as a sort of votive covenant for her sake, not his own, while William's had been made similarly, for the sake of the family honor.

Knowing the temperament of her brothers and that if she were to tell them that the peddler expected an attempt to be made on William's life that night and—as Diana thought—purposed to impersonate him for the sake of catching the potential assassin in the act, no power under heaven could keep her brothers from ambushing themselves to see the sport, Diana was in a quandary, for to tell them nothing would be to risk their doing a little stalking of their own, which would be even worse. William had struck a sympathetic note in growling at the peddler's officiousness, and the twins were quick to take it up.

"If there's anything going to be pulled off here to-night," said Donald, "I want to be in on it."

"Me too," said David.

"I don't see how it could do any harm to post a few efficient sentries," snapped James. "We're all soldiers and sailors here."

Donald fired a shot in the dark.

"Do they want to try to make a getaway in the flying-boat now that they've seen us in the air?"

Diana's quick wit seized avidly on this suggestion.

"Sh!" she whispered. "You've said it, Don. They've pumped the peddler about it, not knowing that he was on; and he's told them that he'd got it tuned up at last and that it was good for five hundred miles if properly handled. One of them is an ex-army aviator. Clamp will have his trap well set. All the help he needs from you is that you stay right here in this room."

"Nix on that!" said Donald.

"Then it's all off," said Diana angrily. "Don't you see, silly, that they will have somebody looking in a side window to keep tabs on you; to see that you are all present and accounted for? If one of you is absent they might be afraid to tackle it."

Mr. Kirkland nodded.

"That's reasonable," said he. "You'll have to leave it to the peddler, boys."

"You see, my dears," said Diana, closely following up the advantage thus gained, "Clamp got next to this thing in his gossiping round, and has wised up the police. They've got a cordon round this pair of crooks by land and water, and the hydroplane looks to them like the fire escape to a top-story worker. It's their last chance to beat it. But even at that, Clamp says they wouldn't take the chance of running into any of this crazy bunch, so you've all got to sit here until relieved."

There seeming to be no reasonable cause for refusal the brothers grumblingly agreed, infinitely relieved to know that at last some action might be expected. Diana, overjoyed at the use to which she had turned Donald's surmise, proceeded to carry out the first part of the peddler's instructions. Collecting the dogs and shutting them up in the kennels, she silenced their protests with a heavy supper. Then slipping up to William's room she made a bundle of the clothes, wondering what the peddler wanted of the jersey on so hot a night.

But even while so doing it was in the back of her brain that she herself was entitled to a certain concession. Having coerced her menfolk, she no longer had the slightest intention of missing the show herself. Wherefore this disobedient maiden added to her duplicity by telling the family that she had been invited to dine and spend the night at the Metcalfs', and departed while it was still light, saying that she would walk over through the lane.

Out of sight of the premises she doubled on her tracks, made her way to the hangar, where she left her bundle, and then with no great difficulty for so active a girl swarmed up on the flat tin roof and, spreading out a golf cape, stretched herself upon it and waited patiently for whatever might befall. She reasoned most femininely, with the logic of the peddler's favorite philosopher, that if none of the actors in the prospective drama knew of her presence there, then so far as they were concerned she was not there at all.

Thus it was that throughout the peddler's cunning preparations of his decoy two bright big eyes were watching him from the flat tin roof of the hangar. These same bright eyes saw what he was unable to perceive immediately after the passage of the launch, and this was a luminous streak such as might have been left by the passage of a torpedo, for on such a dark and heavy night and after a spell of uncommonly hot weather the phosphorescence becomes most brilliant. Diana prone on the roof could hear the tin creaking and buckling under her bosom, from either the drumming of her heart or her involuntary quickened breathing. In that tense silence she was afraid it would be heard, that the roof, acting as a sounding board, a drumhead in fact, her excitement might make a racket to scare away the game, and she wondered what in such case the peddler would do and say to her.

Her fears for his safety had immediately vanished on discovering that his plan was to use William's clothes for a decoy instead of putting them on and offering himself as such. Diana did not believe that there was a man living whom the peddler need fear in a hand-to-hand scrimmage, especially when the advantage of surprise was all with him. But if Patricia should indeed prove to be the aggressor it seemed to Diana that the stratagem would be purely farcical, as the idea of a young girl, no matter how phenomenal her strength, hoping to overcome or escape the peddler once within his grasp was ridiculous.

Diana did not see Patricia at all until she appeared moving stealthily up to the bench, when the dark figure stood out for an instant against the sheen of water in a slight indentation of the shore beyond. The bench was just the other side of the path from the hangar and Diana could have touched the marauder with the end of a long bamboo fishing pole. She had therefore no difficulty in recognizing the rounded contour of a woman's figure, and missed no detail in the technic of the murderous attempt, which left her undecided whether to shriek with horror or with laughter.

When the dummy head flew off and Patricia lurched backward on top of the peddler Diana's impulse was to spring down and assist at the capture. She was prevented from doing so by the realization of her disobedience and fear of what the peddler might say to her, and so remained a silent listener if not spectator of the furious little struggle which immediately followed. Then to her amazement and dismay she caught the white flash of the upper part of Patricia's body as she leaped over the edge of the bank and dashed down the pebbly beach into the water.

The burning phosphorescence showed Diana to some extent what immediately followed, but it was not until she heard the clear cry "*A moi, Jean,*" and saw the pale blaze about the peddler, that she was able to appreciate his failure and that Patricia had actually escaped.

It was incredible, outrageous. She had been twice within his grasp—here on the shore and once again out there in the water, to judge by the commotion, and yet she had escaped and was skimming away in the speed launch. It seemed to Diana as though some natural law like gravitation or steam pressure or cohesion or tidal movement had been upset. Her confidence in the peddler, his strength and resource and sureness of achieving what he undertook had become blind and unreasoning, like that of a very little boy in the prowess of his father and the absolute security to be found within his arms. Diana was so bewildered at the knowledge that Patricia had escaped him that she forgot all about her disobedience, slid over the edge of the roof and dropped to the ground, so that as the peddler hurried pantingly up the stone steps from the beach he saw a dark figure standing on the path.

"She got away?" Diana cried incredulously.

"She did, confound her!" He stood for a moment breathing heavily. "You disobeyed me, Diana."

Diana's heart rocketed off at this free use of her name with no formal prefix.

"What happened?" she interrupted, eagerly.

She hoped he might think she had just that moment come down or possibly in the heavy stillness have heard the sounds of the struggle from afar, the rear gate of the grounds, and guessing the encounter to be over slipped down to learn the result.

And apparently this was what the peddler did think, for he answered bitterly: "What happened? She put it all over me. She made a monkey of me. She went through me like lemon juice through a squeezer.

"I had hold of her three times, the last in the water, where she first outpaced me and then had the nerve to swim back and try to drown me. I got the bracelets on her, hands ironed behind her back, and was towing her in, and by jiminy, she slipped them and beat it! Look at my face. She bit and carved her autograph on me and cleared."

"Oh," cried Diana, "if I had only known!"

"If I'd only known what I was up against I'd have brought a torpedo net. Well, there's not a second to lose."

He drew his torch from his pocket, tried it, found it in working order and, turning on his heel, started on a run for the lane.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

STUM PUCKETT, CINDER MONKEY

(Continued from Page 15)

He reached up and jerked a rope that caused a shrill whistle to blow. Two stalwart foreign workmen came running in; Froggy and another greasy and grimy young man, in whom I recognized Stick, joined them, and the four climbed upon the tilting table.

They carried heavy iron bars with wrench-like sockets on the ends, which they fitted over the sizzling piece of steel. They began to heave and lift. The manipulator of the tilting table dropped the table to catch the bloom when it should start to turn, and so help carry it over. The clothes of the four men began to smoke; their faces were contorted in horrible grimaces as the blistering heat struck them full; they threw their bodies as far away from the hot steel as they could, thereby losing a portion of their lifting power. The bloom did not move.

They dropped their bars and ran to the farther side of the table, pulling the cloth of their trousers free from their legs, plucking their shirt sleeves away from the skin of their arms, kicking their feet against the iron floor, throwing their heads about to shake off the streams of perspiration that trickled down their faces.

The old roller swung his fat feet and shook with laughter. "Hot, is it?" he yelled. "Turn it over, dog-gone you! I go and work up a dinkus to save you Indians from being broiled alive and you let it get out of kilter, while you loaf round and chat! Turn it over, turn it over, boys! Don't be all day about it! Here comes another bar! Get a hump on you!"

Again the four men began to heave and tug and grunt over the candent bloom. Three times they tried, and three times they failed to move it. Then by the proper manipulation of the tilting table just at the right moment it went over with a mighty crash, and raced away to the rolls. The men threw down their bars, hurling them from them as though they wished to break them, and came rushing down the iron steps. The two foreigners hurried to a tap of running water and began gulping it down in great drafts and throwing it over their faces and arms. Froggy and Stick stumbled over to the bench and sat down, gasping for breath, streaming with perspiration, trembling from their efforts.

The old roller looked at them and chuckled. "Any more bug tales to tell, Froggy?" he asked.

Froggy made no reply.

"Tell us how Stum Puckett courted Mary Raskowitzsky, Froggy. Come on, Froggy, there's lots of time now. The iron man's at work again—Temple just gave me the high ball that it's all right. How about it, Froggy, eh?"

The young man turned his back to us, while he mopped his face with his cap.

The old roller chuckled again. "Don't forget that I want that post set to-day, so I can have my new davenport put up."

Froggy rose and walked off toward the water tap. "Dern your davenport!" he snarled over his shoulder.

The old man batted a fat eye at me. "Got his nankin," he laughed. "Oh, it's tough work up there, awful tough," he went on. "I know because I muled up there myself for ten years, helping turn them blooms by hand. I said then, many a time, that if I ever got the chance I'd work out some kind of a jigger and install it there that would do away with all that muling and broiling. When I got to be roller I set my head to work on the contraption. It took time, but finally I devolved the iron man, as the boys christianed it, and got it to going. The iron man does the work all right, but it needs attention, the same as a man of clay needs attention—a little oil now and then, a new spring or a few bolts tightened up. I knew a while ago that it was going to miss pretty soon, and I tried to give Froggy a chance, but you heard him. Good lesson for him. For Stick too. They ought to watch things.

"Well, my invention saved so much in labor and made so much in increased production that the company fixed it pretty soft for me. Too soft; altogether too soft. It demortalized my physic. Fifteen years ago I had as fine a physic as John L. Sullivan ever had. Look at me now—a mushy wreck. Lolling round here, telling others what to do, and drawing down my hundred and seventy-five a week—that's what caused me to determinate. I'm having Froggy and Stick put me up a new bench—wider than this one—and I'm going to bring out some old automobile cushions and fix it up right. That's what they're digging that hole for. One post will be there, this column will be the other end, and the bench will run this way, see? Them two lads are my helpers. Good boys, both of 'em. They don't have much to do when the iron man's working, except look after me. Ho-ho-hum! Guess I'll take a nap. I've felt kind of dozy all day." He pulled his great bulk up and stretched out along the bench, his shoulders resting against the steel column.

"That story Froggy was telling about Stum Puckett wasn't bad," I remarked.

"Stum was quite a character. Mighty nice young man, too."

"Is he working now?"

"Oh, no. Stum went back to his uncle's farm in Medina County. Stum was a born farmer anyway. But he'd made good here if he'd stayed."

"Perhaps you could tell me something about him, and his courting the girl—what was her name?"

"Mary Raskowitzsky? Why, yes, I could. Maybe better than anyone else, too, for I was always pretty close to Stum while he was in our busy midst."

He took another chew of tobacco from his haversack.

"Men were scarce the summer Stum joined our forces. I kept a man at the gate all the time, grabbing anybody that came that way looking for work. Sometimes I'd go down myself and snoop round, hoping to scare up an idler or two. One day at the south entrance I found a strong-looking, hefty young fellow, but awful paunchy. I supposed that he was a mill man, and of course, as most mill workers are, a lover of the lager, and that his extra girth was due to an overinsistence therein.

"'Want a job?' I asked him.

"'I wouldn't mind,' he replied.

"'Ever do any rolling?'

"'Sure; and harrowing too,' he said.

"'Oh, you're a farmer, eh?'

"'I was until yesterday.'

"'You've been running on pretty good pasture, haven't you?' I asked, sizing up his torko.

"'Uncle Yancy Klunk always sets a good table,' he said.

"'Yancy Klunk! Nice nifty name!' I said. 'What might your name be?'

"'Harley Puckett.'

"'Harley, you're hired. Come on in.'

"I brought him down to the bloomer and put him to work cleaning out the roll scale from under the rolls. Rotten job for a new

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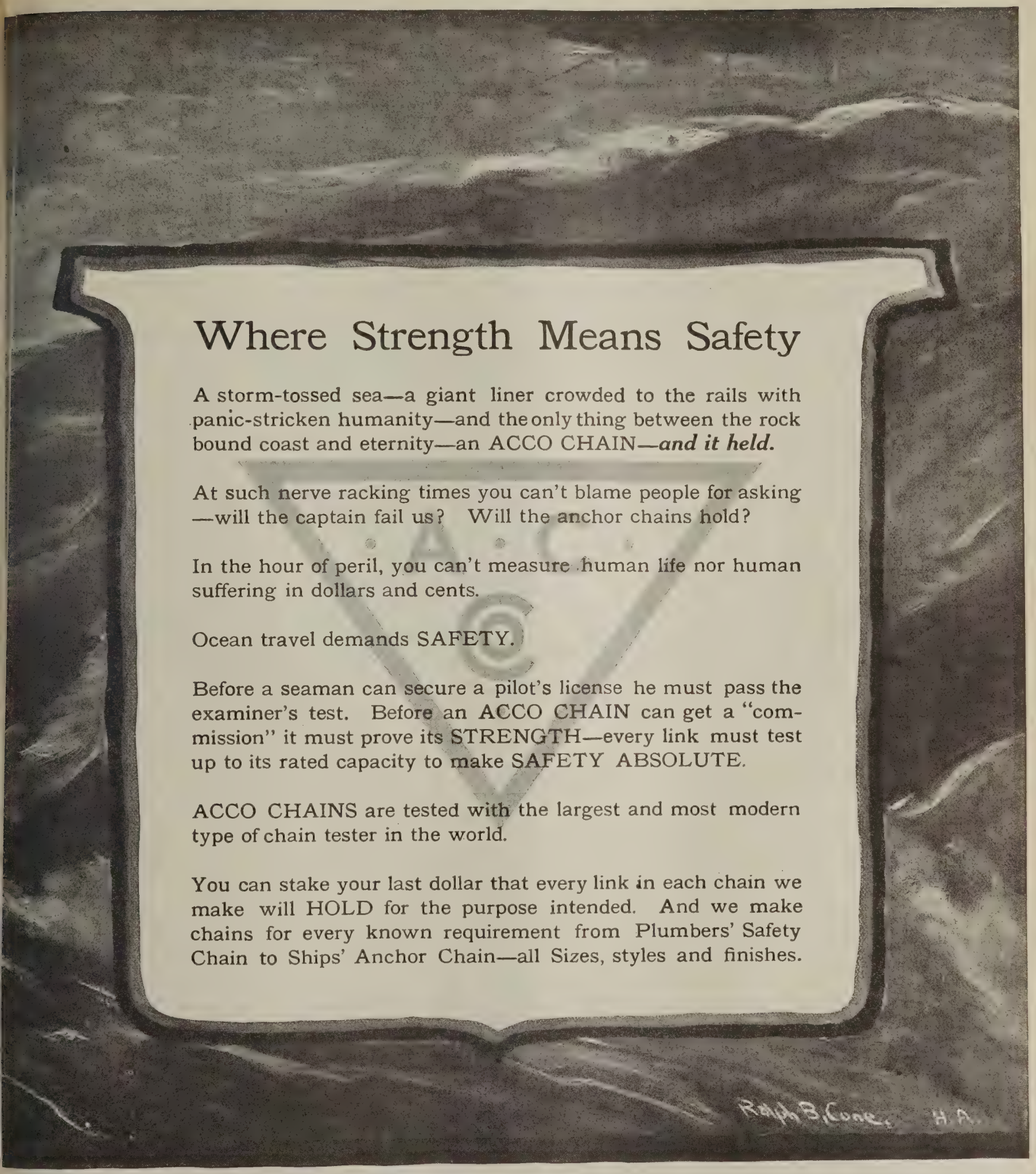

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(Continued from Page 127)

hand. Most of 'em quit in fifteen minutes. But he lammed right in, and he had the bohunks cussing him out before night because he was doing so much more than they were accustomed to doing.

"'You'll be wearing bells round these diggings if that's your constitutional clip,' I said to myself as I watched him work. It made me feel weary and lethal to look at him.

"But I forgot. As I brought him down through the yard I saw many a grin directed at him. For the lad was superficial in stomickal diameter, no two ways about that. We hadn't more than stepped into the mill when a pitcover boy yelled out, 'Ah, there, Stummick!'

"'Is he saying that at me?' asked my new hand, in a belljiggerent tone of voice.

"'I rather think he is, but don't you let your angry passions rise,' I said.

"'They can't call me that here, even if I am fat,' he said, savage as anything.

"But they did—everybody did. And I thought it a very proportionate name. Before the week was out they had aggrievated it to Stum, and Stum it stayed. No man with a name like Puckett should have a name like Harley—think? Parents ought to consider such incongrosities. Harley Puckett sounds as incongerous to me as Coon La Farge would.

"Stum was a rich find. He was a dinghummer of a toiler, and he was a mighty good fellow. He got to be popular here in no time, and he never showed any aversion toward anybody for calling him Stum. He learned to taper off on his work pretty quick, too, and quit trying to hog it all, so that even the bohunks came to like him. I don't mean that he shirked—Stum always did a fair day's work, and that's all I ask of any man.

"He was green as June plums when he landed with us, actually relodent, as the old song says, of new-mowed hay. The boys had a bunch of fun out of him. He took it all in good humor and laughed with the rest, until Sam Davis hurt him. Then he sloughed off his greenness, like a snake does his skin, and ripened suddenly.

"Sam was one of my straw bosses, a disagreeable kind of fellow in many ways. He was a practical joker. Damn all practical jokers, say I! Practical joking and brains never mixed—think? Sam was as cocksure, too, about everything he undertook to do or to explain as a German general going into Belgium. He was a squash.

"One day Sam laid an iron bar on a soaking pit cover and let it get good and hot. Then he pulled it to one side with a hook, and sent Stum to get it. Stum picked it up and dropped it quicker—he got one of those little skin burns that makes a man swearing mad.

"He glanced round and saw Sam Davis looking at him. If Sam had kept a straight face Stum wouldn't have suspected that he was responsive for the hot bar, but Sam had to laugh. He had to laugh to enjoy the joke, you know.

"Stum walked over to him. 'Did you know that bar was hot?' he asked.

"Sam stuck out his progthanious jaw. 'Suppose I did! What then?' he said.

"'Then you did know it was hot?'

"'I'm not saying I did and I'm not saying I didn't.'

"'All right,' said Stum; and he went to work on Sam.

"The outcome of the mix was a surprise to all of us, for we thought Sam was quite handy with his dukes. While we were wrapping him up in court-plaster in my little office yonder, and waiting for Cackling, the accident clerk, to come and make out his six-page accident report I asked Sam, 'What are you going to do about it, Sam?'

"'Do?' yelled Sam. 'Why, I'm going to establish one of the warmest little friendships with Stum Puckett that ever you heard of! The friendship of Damon and Jonathan won't be in it with ours!'

"And he did. Stum couldn't cough after that but Sam would jump and look round to see if there wasn't something he could do for his friend. It was touching.

"I kept Stum working on the roll scale for a month, then gave him a try-out at oiling, but he didn't take to that kindly, so I shifted him over to the pits, to help old Steve Jamblowsky, the cinder monkey, take out cinder from below the pits. No two or three ways about it, mister, tapping cinder from the soaking pits is the toughest job on the dump. If I was to tell you how hot it is down there below the pits you'd call me an extorter of the truth. Maybe you don't know that the men who work there have to wear overcoats and woolen caps to keep cool. Well, they do.

"I didn't expect Stum to stick, but he did, and he made friends with old Steve, too, who was a sour, bitter crab of the first water. He was getting along fine with his work and with the old grouch when the hee-cup attack that Froggy has told you about knocked him out. It laid him up quite a while, and he was a different-looking Stum when he finally came back. If he'd been as thin when he first came to the mill as he was after he'd had the hee-cups he would probably have been nicked Slim instead of Stum. I let him roustabout the mill for a couple of weeks, till he could remunerate his strength a little, but he never regained his former ponderosity. Losing that extra flesh, though, certainly improved his appearance—he was now a fine-looking specimen of the homo what-d'ye-call-it.

"He had been pretty well shaken by his glimpse of Mary Raskowitzsky. His brief chat with her, and her hee-cup cure, which had, as he believed, saved his life, had stirred him to the depths. I had noticed him drifting out to the fence near the railroad track every day about noon, and I wasn't a bit unwise to his motives either. I took a saunter out that way myself one day, and came up behind him when he had his head stuck through a hole in the fence, looking up and down the tracks.

"'Taking a breath of fresh air, Stum?' I asked casualty.

"'Why—yes. It's pretty hot in the mill to-day.'

"'It's been pretty hot in there about this time of day every day since you got back, hasn't it, Stum?' I asked.

"He grew red in the face and said nothing.

"'You won't see her here, Stum,' I said.

"'See who?' he demanded.

"'It's a fair question. Mary Raskowitzsky, queen of the rosebush garden of girls.'

"'Who's she?'

"'Another fair question. The young lady who joshed you into swallowing a doodle-bug,' I replied, giving him a knowing grin.

"'It cured me,' he muttered.

"'Yes it did! Mary Raskowitzsky's black eyes, her red lips and her blooming cheeks was what cured you, Stum. Up to the minute you saw them twin orbits of hers looking at you you were willing to die; and you would have died; but after you had seen your physiology deflected in them you wouldn't have died for a million dollars, eh, Stum?'

"'She was a fine-looking girl, dad.'

"'You said it. But you won't see her here any more. Stum—she's taken a job in a department store, so Poky told me this morning.'

"'Pshaw! I wanted to thank her.'

"'Oh, send your thanks by Poky. Or you might say it with flowers, Stum, as the florists' association puts it.'

"He went back into the mill, and I said to myself, 'Better for you, my laddybuck, if you never see her again. I'm going to make a cinder monkey out of you some of these days, but Mary Raskowitzsky will make a sure-enough monkey out of you if she ever falls foul of you.' You see, Mary had been bringing Poky's dinner to him for five or six years, and I knew her.

"She didn't stay long at the store. She had a stinger in her tongue that was always getting her in trouble, and she hadn't been there a month before she razzle-dazzled a floorwalker and got discharged. Then she began carrying Poky's dinner again.

"Mary thought a lot of her old father, and she was mighty good to him, while Poky fairly worshiped her. The old fellow had had a houseful of children, but they had grown up and left him, all except Mary. His wife had died years before. Mary was his housekeeper and his shining star.

"'Ah-h-h, my girl, she fine 'Merican girl!' he had said to me a hundred times. 'Not like ol'-country girl, my girl. Some day she get fine 'Merican man with lots of mooney. You bet.'

"Stum had gone back to work at the pits before she began coming with Poky's dinner again, and it was several days before he learned she was at the dinner-pail hole every day. Then I noticed him hanging about the fence at the noon hour.

"Now if there is one man in the mill I never say a word to about his work it is the cinder man. They're hard to get and they're hard to hold. I'll put a dozen men on that job before I find one that will stick. So long as they keep the cinder tapped and out of the way they may do as they wish—they can loaf one hour or five hours, and I say nothing. If they want to bring out a volume of Tennyson's rimes and read it under the bough it's nothing in my young life, if the cinder's tapped.

"So when I saw Stum loafing round a dinner-bucket hole in the yard fence each day about the hour the wives, daughters and sweethearts of our alien-enemy employees were due to arrive with chow I had nothing to say to him against the little habit he had fallen into. I knew his work was up, else crabby old Steve Jamblowsky would be on top of me, raising a ruckus and demanding a new helper. It was merely coexistent that I happened to be standing on the off side of a box car that had been left on a switch close to the fence, when Mary came with her father's pail of lunch one day. Pretty warm in the mill that day, and I had stepped out for an exhalation or two of unconjaminated ozone.

"They seemed to be pretty well acquainted, Stum and Mary, and after Poky had gone with his pail, converse hurried right along, though Mary furnished six-fifths of the gab. Stum stood stock-still and stared at her like a war prisoner in Germany looking at a chunk of chocolate. In two minutes she was rubbing his fur the wrong way with both hands, and he was purring like a tiger with a killed kid under its paws. It made me convalescent to listen to her.

"Well, it wasn't long after that before I began to see Stum standing on Steelburg's streets in the evenings, all dressed up in the latest tonsorial styles, and then one evening I saw him escorting Miss Mary into the Broadway movie house, where I had gone to see a historical film—Pocahontas and Aaron Burr, I think it was. I'm fond of historical stuff, but I didn't see much of that film—I was too busy chaperolling Stum and Mary with my eyes.

"I wasn't a bit happy over the lad's exit into society. Mary Raskowitzsky was all right, you know, but she was too, too speedy for Stum Puckett, I knew that. She would wrap him about her little finger in no time and wear him as a signal ring, I knew that. She would have him up by the pedal extensions shaking every dime out of his pockets, every ounce of gray matter out of his cranius cavity, I knew that. And besides worrying over Stum's own welfare simply because I liked him, I was afraid he might jack his job. You can't tap cinder all day in an atmosphere so hot you have to wear overcoats and felt boots to keep cool, and then skylark half the night, and do good cinder tapping.

"And skylarking was what Stum was doing—oh, my, yes! I went out to Luna Park one night to take a country cousin to see the sights, and I saw Stum and Mary there. I went out to Euclid Beach the next night to take my nephew for a little jolt of pleasure, and I saw Stum and Mary there. The next night I went down to the Public Square, to buy me a collar button, I think it was, and I saw them there. And wherever I saw them Stum was buying—buying brickbracks and knickknacks, popcorn, chewing gum, candy, soft drinks, tomfoolery of all sorts. Mary had both jaws full, both hands full, and a poke full of summer junk he'd purchased for her. And Froggy, who went out more than I did, told me they were on the run every evening.

"I went to old Steve Jamblowsky. 'How is Stum working these days?' I asked him.

"'Stum? Fine, boss! Fine boy, dot Stum! So good a worker as dot Stum I never before have saw. You bet!'

"'You've got no kick to make on him, then, Steve?'

"'Kick? Me kick on Stum? Never! Say, boss, I guess I quit nex' week.'

"'What's that?'

"'Yes. I go to ol' country now. Maybe I no come back—I don't know.'

"The old fellow left, and I made Stum a cinder monkey. If old Steve didn't find any fault in him, with all his skylarking, I was pretty sure he'd handle the job to everybody's satisfaction.

"At once came Mike Strzelecki and jumped me because I hadn't given the job to him, claiming it was his by right. And I suppose it was, in a way, as he had been here quite a spell, but I didn't care for Mike Strzelecki; I wouldn't have made him a cinder monkey if he had been with us a thousand years. He was no good in a hundred evil ways—booze booster, fighter, trouble maker, kicker, slacker. I should have fired him long before, but he was helping Durk Dublin tap cinder, and Du was fond of him, and, as I've said, cinc men were hard to find. Mike had whis under his belt and fire in his eyes when came to interview me.

"'You make dot Stum feller cinder mo key, who been here one leetle time, a me—I been here four, five, six year a you no make me more mooney job. I w know why!'

"'Sure, Mike, you'll know why, for I going to tell you. I wouldn't trust you tap my office spittoon, let alone one of the soaking pits with a thousand dollars' wor of steel in it! You're a snake's egg, Mik and far from being strictly fresh. You' a boozer, you're a loafer, you're a chron bellyacher, you're a lay-downer, you're boneheaded Bolsheviking! Get back work in nine seconds and stay there—go get your time! Go! Vanish from m vision!'

"'I bust dot Stum—you watch!'

"'Yea, Mike, you'll bust Stum like Sa Davis busted him! Better ask Sam how is done.'

"I told Stum. 'Keep an eye or two o that Indian, Stum,' I said.

"He grinned. 'How do you think I' better land on him, dad—soft, mediun hard?"

"'Make it hard, Stum; extra hard.'

"The next day I saw four men toting litter through the mill building towarc the emergency hospital. I hailed them.

"'What's the news?' I asked.

"'Mike Strzelecki,' one of the me answered.

"'What happened to Mike?'

"'Stum Puckett handed him two c three looloos,' chuckled the man.

"Mike certainly looked non compo mentis. I went to Stum.

"'You got in your extra-hard work, see,' I remarked offhandlike.

"'Why, no, dad; I used medium. Mik was pretty well tanked, and I thought i wouldn't be quite fair to him to come th extra hard on him.'

"'Judging from Mike's appearance yo did well in employing medium. You' be on your way to the station to plea guilty to the charge of humancide if you' tried extra hard. Better keep all the eye you have on that savage hereafter.'

"'Leave it to me, dad—I'll see him com ing.' And Stum smiled his winksom smile.

"Without exception Stum made th most deficient cinder monkey we ever had The heaters on his turn went crazy ove him. They had never known what clear pits were before he took the job. To show their appreciation they brought out cigars to him, but Stum didn't smoke; they tried to buy him drinks, but Stum didn't drink they offered to take him out to the shows but Stum was dated up for every show in town, and all that were coming. He was taking Mary Raskowitzsky out six nights a week when he was working days, and six afternoons a week when he was working nights. On Sunday he was an all-day sucker. How he could work as steady and as hard as he did and go gambolding and merry-making as steady and hard as he did was an enigma to me. But keep it up he did, right through the summer, and all that while he was fresh as a cowcumber plucked at dewy morn.

"It was in early fall that the cohorses of Uncle Sam marched in upon us and went into camp for a few weeks. It seems that Congress had appropriated a few hundred thousand dollars for an investigation of the heat conditions under which men worked in steel mills, and a company of government experts was sent to Steelburg. Temperature was the main objective of their campaign. They wanted to find out just how hot it was wherever a man had to work. They brought with them thermometers and barometers and heat gauges and test tubes and scales and perimeters ——"

"Could it have been pyrometers?" I interrupted to ask.

"That sounds like it, too," chuckled the old roller. "Oh, words, words, words, as Othello, the Moor of Denmark—wasn't it?—remarked; how they trip me up! Yes, they had a carload of scientific parafamilias. Jordan was the chief, and a fine, likable fellow he was too. He sent me a copy of the book they got out—printed at Washington, you know. I've got it over there in my office now—use it for shaving papers. Considering what it must have cost the Government you might say it is a valuable document. It is full of facts,

(Continued on Page 134)

Kellogg's

Toasted Corn Flakes

sold only in flavor-holding "waxtite" packages
"won its favor through its flavor"

The waxtite wrapper guarantees to you that you get the fresh, fine flavor and quality of Kellogg's as though you filled your dish right at our ovens.

W. K. Kellogg

❖ ❖ ❖

Hot from our great ovens, before their delicate, tempting flavor can begin to lessen, Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are quickly placed in our "waxtite" package.

Sealed against moisture and all outside influences, they reach you with their oven-fresh aroma and full, rich quality.

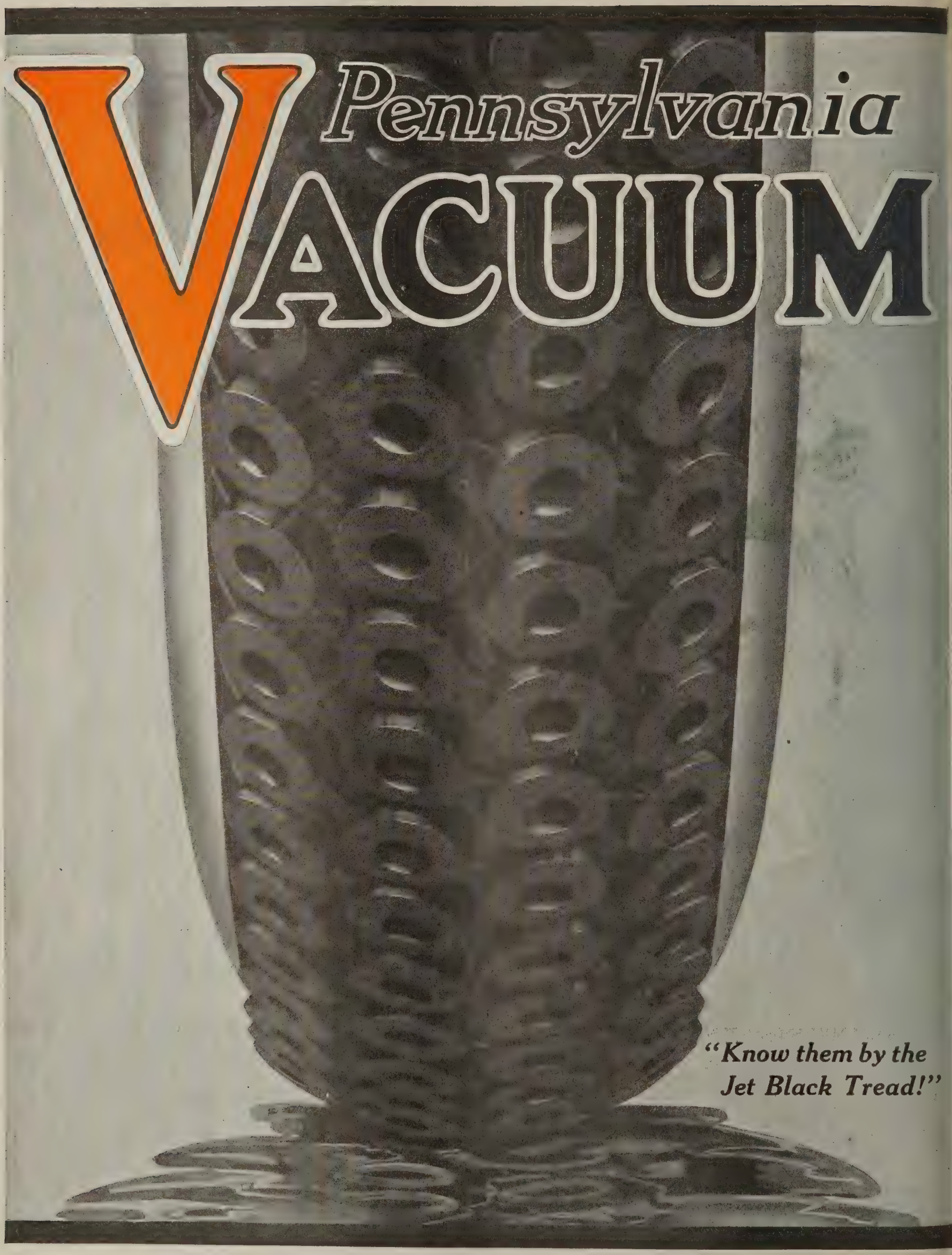
Because we take such pains, millions of people know Kellogg's *quality* and insist upon getting their favorite corn flakes.

Every grocer everywhere sells Kellogg's.

❖ ❖ ❖

Kellogg's in Canada is packed in "waxtite" packages *only*. All others are imitations.

Copyright, 1919, by Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.


Pennsylvania
VACUUM
"Know them by the
Jet Black Tread!"

CUP CORD TIRES

HOW can Pennsylvania Tires, in view of their sustained highest quality, be sold at the conservative *standardized* net prices now uniform throughout the United States?

Because — first — the Pennsylvania Rubber Company has been built out of its own earnings. Its annual volume of business represents several times the total amount of its capital stock issue. Therefore, even a very modest return on the total sales provides more than ample funds for dividends.

Because — second — the zone selling system so successfully employed for the last three years has enabled us to market a constantly and generously increasing volume of business without proportionate increase in selling expense.

Because — third — our policy of territorial protection for the trade insures maximum efficiency and effort at minimum selling outlay.

Because — fourth — there are no better cared for rubber workers in the world than those employed in the Company's thoroughly modern plant. The greatest efficiency has been attained through the closest co-operation in every branch of the industry.

These are concrete reasons why you can dismiss any idea you may have that Pennsylvania Tires are high priced.

While *standardized* prices to users and the trade will always be maintained on the most reasonable basis, the Company pledges itself to change neither quality nor manufacturing methods unless practical betterments become possible.

Adjustment basis—as per tag attached to each casing:
Vacuum Cup Fabric Tires—6,000 miles
Vacuum Cup and Channel Tread Cord Tires—9,000 miles.

Dealers— The Pennsylvania Rubber Company's new contract season became effective on October 1.
We shall continue our policy of giving Pennsylvania users every possible price advantage consistent with the high level of quality we insist upon maintaining.
Our zone selling system provides desirable trade with an extremely liberal sales franchise.
We shall be glad to furnish, on application, full particulars covering the Pennsylvania Selling Plan.

Makers of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

Export Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City, New York

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

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chock-full of facts. They were thorough, mighty thorough. They'd run across a couple of men with chisel and sledge dressing up a slivery billet hot from the rolls. They'd set up their perimeters and take the temperature of the contingent atmosphere. Then they'd put thermometers under the men's tongues and take their personal temperatures. Then Jordan would call a conference and they'd discuss the findings. They discarded nothing.

"See that old codger sitting up yonder, back of the shears, on a nail keg? He's whittling out wooden plugs for the sweat valves of the shears engine. Well, if you'll look in this book I'm speaking of—Page 909, I think it is—you'll find there just what is the temperature of the circumferential atmosphere surrounding old Wink—that's Wink Kelly, you know.

"I got pretty well acquainted with them all, for they had plenty of time to consume socially, and I found them a nice lot of ambitious young men—all except Fraser. Fraser was a prune. His job didn't amount to one, two, three, but he disported himself as though he was something more important than Jordan himself. He was a local product; his father was a politician, strong with coin and pull, and he had wished the youth on Jordan, who made him roustabout for his crew. He hadn't been out of Case College very long and he was still regarding the world as his own personal clam. He used to ride out to the mills in a high-powered fancy car, all dolled up in raiment de lux. He was one of that kind who, when they move among their fellow men, would like to have courtiers running ahead of them with peacock-feather fly brushes, shouting, 'Gangway! Gangway! Here comes something worth while!'

"Stum and Fraser had a run-in about something the first week our guests were with us.

"'Now, don't do anything brash, Stum,' I warned.

"'I may have to jab him before they're away from here. Yes, I'm sure I'll have to jab him,' said Stum.

"'Don't unless you have to; and if you do, use the soft pedal, Stum.'

"I told Jordan that bad blood was brewing between Fraser and my young man.

"'I'd be delighted if your man should castigate him,' said Jordan. 'That squirt makes me inquisitively weary.'

"Jordan always used good language—think?

"The next day I saw Fraser looking through a crack in the fence at Mary Raskowitzsky while Stum talked to her. And the next day I saw Fraser talking to her while Stum looked through a crack. And the next day I saw a purple contussion on Fraser's physiology, and I learned that Stum had done the decorating.

"Jordan was, as he said he'd be, delighted. He sought out Stum and offered him a dip in his bag of lemon drops.

"I didn't see Fraser at the fence any more, but one evening not long after I was standing on a street corner downtown, when Stum came sauntering by and stopped. We hadn't finished the weather when round the corner boomed a big yellow car, crowding the curb so close that we had to step back to keep from being scraped. And who was in the car but Fraser and Mary Raskowitzsky! She saw us and she gave us the Sarah Bernhardi spraddle-finger salute, and a dazzling smile, and yelled out, 'Hello, dad! Hello, Stum!' She looked as attractive to me as a million dollars in gold would look. How much more to Stum—who could say?

"'What did you say was the name of your uncle in Medina County, Stum?' I asked.

"'Yancy Klunk.'

"'Well off?'

"'Three hundred acres and a tubful of bonds.'

"'Many children?'

"'Bachelor.'

"'Nieces and nephews?'

"'Just me.'

"'Stum, why don't you tie up to Yancy Klunk?'

"He looked down Broadway in the direction taken by Fraser's car, and he either sighed or swore, I couldn't detect which it was. 'He's too blasted stingy, dad, for me,' he said. 'He's so tight he screaks when he steps. Well, I guess I'll be moseying along.'

"I didn't want to lose a good hand like Stum, but I had come to like the lad, and I knew there wasn't anything but great big trouble ahead of him if he stayed on in Steelburg.

"As a cinder monkey he wasn't a howling success in the days that followed that first auto ride Mary had with Fraser. The heaters came to me, asking if old Steve wasn't coming back, and hoping to heaven he would. The lad quit going out to the fence, and he got to be as grouchy as anything. And more than once I saw young Fraser shooting his big car down Broadway, with Mary Raskowitzsky by his side.

"'If it was that she'd handed him the tansy tart for keeps,' I said to myself, 'it would be all right—he'd soon get over it. But she hasn't—she isn't through with him. This Fraser youth will be surefitted with her before the crickets shiver and the birds fly south, and he'll let her out at the next street. Then she'll throw out her grappling hooks again for Stum, the poor squash. I believe I'll write to Yancy Klunk and ask him to salvage this sucker.'

"Thus I commuted with myself.

"'Keeping your eye on Strzelecki?' I asked Stum one morning.

"'Yes!' he answered, sour as vinegar.

"'Don't snap my bean off. How's he doing?'

"'Saying nothing, but giving me nasty looks. If I land on him again he'll sleep late.'

"'All right, son,' I said; 'you're twenty-one. And say, Stum, if you don't guard yourself you'll be a crabbier crab than old Steve.' He walked away.

"Stum was doing a lot of thinking them days. I did some myself. And even old Poky Raskowitzsky must have been indulging in some mental calisnastics, for he came over and sat down on a box beside me one afternoon and started to chat.

"'Ah-h-h-h! I got fine girl, fine 'Merican girl! You bet!'

"'Sure, Poky!'

"'Not like ol'-country girl—just like 'Merican girl. Smart. I guess mebbe she have plenty mooney some day. You bet!'

"'Is she thinking of getting married, Poky?'

"'Mebbe so, mebbe so.'

"'Poky, how would you like for Mary to marry Stum?'

"'Stum? Poosh! Bah! Fat head! Farmer! Muzhik! No goot, dot Stum!'

"I had never before heard Poky say anything but good of Stum. He had always seemed to like the lad.

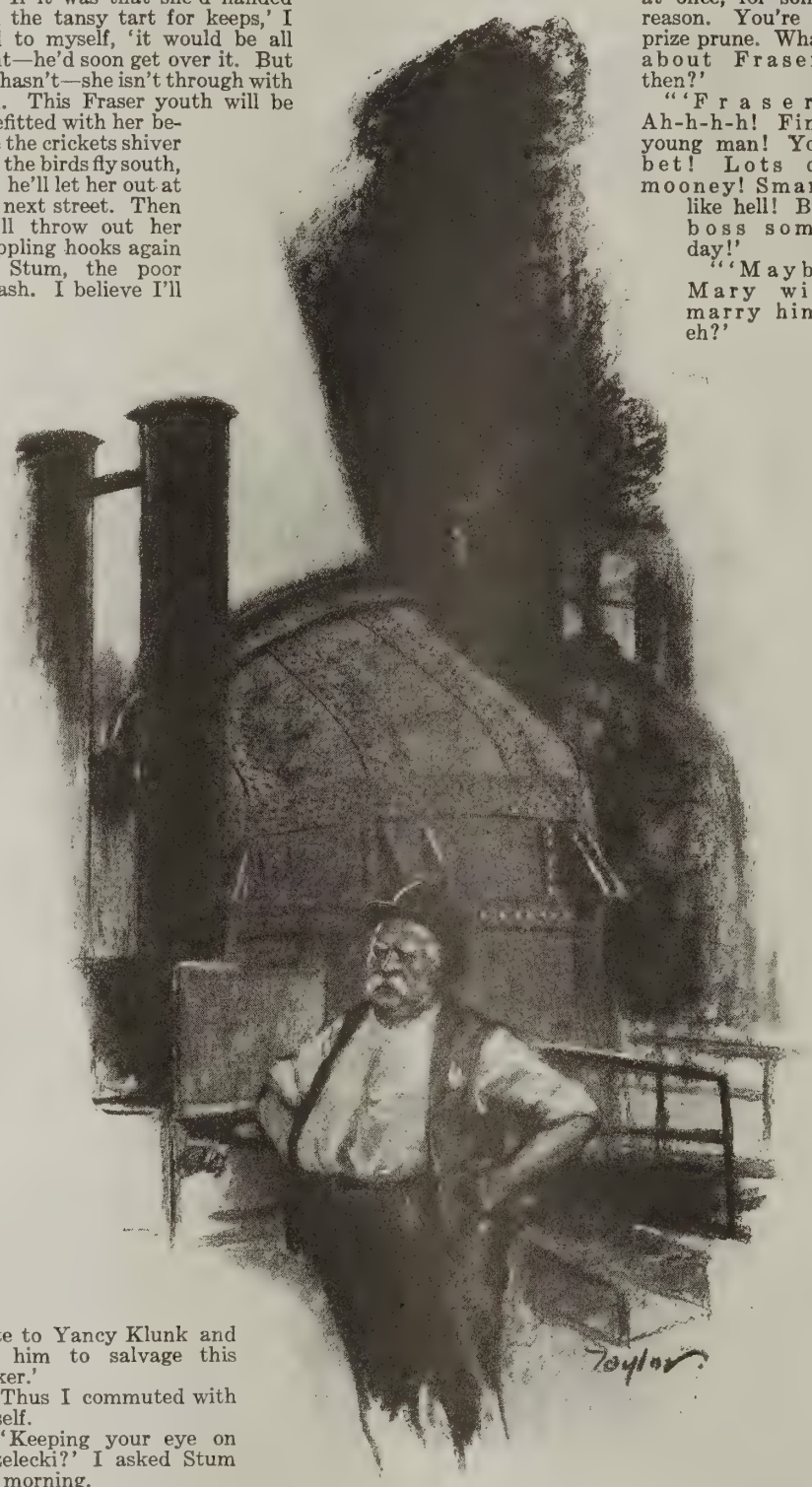
"'Poky, you're prevalent,' I said."

"Meaning prejudiced, perhaps?" I suggested.

"My bull, sir—I stand corrected. 'Poky,' I said, 'you're prejudiced against Stum all at once, for some reason. You're a prize prune. What about Fraser, then?'

"'Fraser? Ah-h-h-h! Fine young man! You bet! Lots of mooney! Smart like hell! Big boss some day!'

"'Maybe Mary will marry him, eh?'



He Was Sixty-four Years Old, and for Forty-six of Those Years He Had Worked in Iron and Steel, When the Metal Was Hot, When it Was Red-Hot, When it Was White-Hot

"The old fellow stuck his thumbs under his arms, crossed one knee over the other, leaned back and smiled a walrusy smile. 'Mebbe so, mebbe so; I don't know,' he chuckled. 'Smart girl, my girl is.'

"'Poky, you've got a head on you like a barrel. A cockroach owns more brains than you do.'

"'Mebbe so, mebbe so; I don't know. My girl got fine head—lots of brains. You bet!'

"He had started to walk away when I happened to think I wanted to switch him in his work for a day.

"I called him back. 'Poky, I want you to work on the cinder to-morrow. Joe Nitt is taking a day off.'

"'All right, boss. Who I work with—Stum?'

"'Yes, you'll work with Stum.'

"'To-morrow morning, eh? All right, I go.'

"Fraser came along and sat down beside me as Poky was crossing the mill. 'Who is that old pirate?' he asked, looking after the old man and laughing. 'Isn't he a water lily?'

"Poky was certainly a disalluring specimen—covered with dirt and grease and roll drippings, his overall suit torn and ragged, his hands dangling from his short sleeves like two big red hams, a battered postage-stamp cap on his sweaty bald head, a scraggly walrus mustache that but partially concealed the yellow snags in his cavernious mouth, his feet two formless hunks of meat in cowhide bags, pouchy eyes, jackass ears, no neck. I ached to say, 'Man, that's your prospective father-in-law!' But I eased the ache, and instead I said, 'That? Why, that's Mary Raskowitzsky's papa.'

"He laughed again, long and loud. You might say he laughed boisteriously. 'But isn't she some little princess?' he yipped, slapping me on the back.

"'When are you fellows going to finish here?' I countered, ignoring his remark.

"'Maybe to-morrow. Jordan said this morning he thought we could get through to-morrow. So that's Mary's old man, eh? Wow!'

"I got up and left him.

"Next morning Stum hunted me up and told me Mike Strzelecki was drunker than usual.

"'Maybe I'd better send him home,' I said.

"'We're short-handed. Joe Nitt is off to-day, and Frank Skoreepa didn't come out. Poky Raskowitzsky came over to help me, but we are still short.'

"'Then we'll have to let Mike stay on, for I'm short here in the mill too. You watch him, Stum—he hasn't forgotten you beat him up.'

"'All right, dad. Say, how much longer is this bunch of scientific sports going to be bothering us over there in that tunnel? I'm getting sick of them.'

"'I think they intend to finish up to-day.'

"'Good! I hope they do.'

"About nine o'clock I saw Jordan and his gang come in, and in a little while they were setting up their regalia at the north end of the soaking pits, getting ready for another hard day's work. Soon after I noticed Poky Raskowitzsky, muffled up like an arctic explorer, going down the steps into the tunnel that ran beneath the line of soaking pits.

"The tunnel had two openings—one at the east end of the line of pits, the other at the west end. But a charging crane had dropped an ingot squarely into the east opening the night before, caving in the arches and blocking it completely. Years before there had been an entrance about midway the line of pits, through an old abandoned gas flue; but this opening had been walled up. To my knowledge there had never been an accident in the tunnel; in fact, there was little danger of an accident occurring there, but when I saw old Poky going down that morning I wished that east entrance was clear.

"I was turning to go into my office, to look over some mill orders, when I saw another muffled figure going down the steps.

"'There goes Stum,' I said to myself. 'I suppose he is going to make a tap.' I went on in and sat down at my desk.

"I might have been sitting there three or four minutes when the sound of a sharp explosion came to my ears. I supposed it was a gas valve popping, and paid no attention to it. Then I heard men shouting, the kind of shouting that meant trouble. I ran out, and I saw a crowd of workmen milling about the west entrance to the tunnel. I hurried across the building and joined them. The first man I met was Stum.

"'What's happened?' I asked.

"'Explosion below—gas, I guess. This end of the tunnel is caved in and blocked!'

"'But didn't you go down with Poky, just a few minutes after he did?'

"'No.'

"'Who was it, then? Somebody went down after he did.'

"'I don't know—I never saw anyone.'

"Jordan came running up to me, white-faced and trembling.

"'Fraser—Fraser is down there!' he gasped.

"'And so is Poky Raskowitzsky; and both of them are dead men!' I said. 'The

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"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten"

A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

* * *

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

"I wish I had acted earlier"

"MY experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not: these are "the years that the locust hath eaten."

"If I had read your Course before getting mixed up in my mining proposition, it would have kept me out of trouble," another writes.

He might have read it before; the opportunity was offered to him time after time, in advertisements such as this, but he did not act. And Fate exacted payment for those wasted opportunities, "the years that the locust hath eaten."

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle the problems put up to me every day," another says.

In a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—*"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten."*

He is making progress now, rapid progress. But the progress might just as well have started two years earlier.

The punishment of wasted years

THIS happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 95,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of "the years that the locust hath eaten."

Today you may start forward with 95,000 others

YOU can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is *the* American institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for higher executive tasks.

He knows that 95,000 men, in every state and city of this country, are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Advisory Council

THIS Advisory Council consists of Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this and, knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling: "years that the locust hath eaten."

Take the first step by sending for "Forging Ahead in Business"

TO such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years, the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest obligation.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
182 Astor Place **New York City**

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

Name_____
Print here

Business Address_____

Business Position_____

(Concluded from Page 134)

east end is blocked! The gas will decimate them two before we can clear an opening!'

"I ordered all the gas shut off and had the pit covers pulled and the ingots drawn. Then we got two lines of hose to work with water from the hydraulic pumps, but it was a self-incident fact that we'd never be able to break in in time to save the trapped men.

"Stum came up and drew me to one side. 'That old gas flue, dad—if I could get in there I could break down the wall, couldn't I, and go into the tunnel that way?'

"'You're crazy!' I yelled at him. 'That gas flue hasn't been entered for years! It's foul with dead gases and choked with flue dust! You wouldn't last a brief instance in there!'

"'It's worth trying, isn't it?' he demanded.

"'Leave it alone! Leave it alone! I'm going to have two dead men on my hands pretty quick, and I don't want another, and you'll be the third if you try to go down there!' He turned and walked away.

"Just then I saw Strzelecki. He was standing near the wrecked entrance. He was looking at Stum, and his eyes, drunk-red, glared his hatred.

"'Where did you come from so darned quick, my laddybuck?' I yelled at him. The sight of the fellow made me mad. It riled me to see a drunk man hanging round at such a crisis as that. He raised his shoulders up to his ears in true Slovackish style, and said nothing.

"Jordan touched me on the arm. 'Somebody came up out of that tunnel just before the explosion occurred, and I'm pretty sure that's the fellow there. I couldn't swear to it, though, as I was paying no particular attention, but I'm certain that's the man. Maybe he knows something about it.'

"'Oh, he's just a drunk skunk of a bohunk of mine,' I replied. 'It was a gas blow-out.'

"The steam rising from the flood of water we were pouring into the wrecked pits and the tunnel's mouth completely covered everything—we could see nothing. We could hear men shouting to each other through the white fog, and now and then a man would come rushing through the blistering stuff, his hands and arms over his face. I groaned as I thought how little we were accomplishing, but there was nothing else we could do—we must cool that tunnel that men might work there. Four of the pits had been broken in and molten cinder had poured out, and white-hot bricks had fallen in from the pits' walls and arches, and an ingot ready to roll had broken through. So I held the hose streams there, whispering over and over to myself, 'Two men trapped in a hell hole of heat! Get 'em out! Get 'em out!'

"Suddenly Froggy came running up. 'Hey, dad!' he yelled. 'Stum's prizing off the cover off of the manhole to the old gas flue, and says he's going down!'

"I toddled over to the north end of the mill as fast as my lower extremities would toddle me. A half dozen men stood about the manhole, peering into the opening, and shouting, 'Come back here! Come on back up!' I dropped to my knees and looked in. Twelve or fifteen feet below me I saw Stum. He carried a sledge, and on a rope or wire about his neck was my personal high-powered electric torch, which he must have purloyed from my desk in my office. By its light I saw he was hip deep in the soot-like flue dust that half filled the tunnel, and already he was foul with the slimy drippings from the flue walls.

"'Here you!' I yelled. 'You come up out of there! I demand you to come up!'

"'Go to hell!' he yelled back, and was gone from my sight.

"'Three at one clip!' I groaned. 'Three! It's a black eye for me and for this mill, this day's work is! One, two, three!' For I was as certain as I am certain I am a hopeless, mushy wreck that Fraser and old Poky would be sic semper tyrannis when we reached them, and I was just as certain that Stum would be axphysicated.

"Rumor of the accident had flown about the yard and men came running from every department in the plant, eager to see, eager to learn the details, eager to help. The news had gone beyond the mill yard, into the foreign settlements, where so many of the mill workers lived, and men and women were crowding about the entrances. We could see them across the yard, gathering at the gates, and the watchmen herding them back.

"So we waited, and sweat, and paced up and down, and clenched our fists, and cursed, and prayed, and swallowed our hearts, that kept floating up into our throats and choking us. And now I was saying to myself, 'Three men trapped in a hell hole of death! Get 'em out! Get 'em out!'

"Someone yelled, 'He's bustin' in the wall!. I hear him!'

"We ran to the north side of the soaking pits, in line with the old flue and over the spot where it should connect with the pit tunnel. We dropped upon our knees on the slaggy ground and listened. Thud! Thud! Thud! We heard it down below us. Thud! Thud! Thud! We whooped, we yelled, we called each other wicked names, we beat each other with our fists. Thud! Thud! Thud!—down in the earth below us. We howled, we laughed, we bobbed our heads at each other, glistening eye looking into glistening eye. Thud! Thud! Thud!—down in the ground beneath us. Stum was breaking in the wall!

"'He'll be overwhelked by the rush of hot gas from the pit tunnel when the wall goes in!' I groaned aloud. 'He will! He will!'

"'Latch your trap, you fat pallbearer!' somebody snarled at me. And I did.

"The sound of blows down in the earth below us ceased. We waited on our knees, listening, but hearing nothing, staring at nothing, saying nothing. We got up and walked back to the manhole and stood there, peering into its black depths, talking in low tones, shivering, sweating, wondering, filled with dread, choked with fear.

"Then a yell, a forty-lung-power yell went up, for below us in the darkness our eyes caught a glimmer of light, and it moved, and it grew brighter and brighter. In a bound Froggy had seized the rope we had tied to a column and dropped into the hole, and was sliding down it so fast that he smoked.

"'What's the word, Froggy?' I called down. 'Say something, say something quick!'

"'Stum's got Poky! Get ready to pull him up!'

"Just then by the light of the torch I saw Stum come from beneath an arch, lean against the wall of the flue and rest his head on his arm.

"'Come up, Stum!' I shouted. 'Come up! You can't go in there again! Reep says he will go! Come up!'

"'Come on, Stum!' cried Reep. 'I'm coming down!'

"'Hoist away, up there! Slow, now! Go easy, boys!' Froggy had tied the rope about the old man's body. We hauled away, hand over hand, crowding for a place at the rope, treading on each other's toes, each trying to outdo the other, every man trying to laugh the lump out of his throat. Following on the iron ladder that was fastened to the side of the manhole came Froggy, steadying the inertful body and keeping it swinging clear. So we pulled the old boy out and carried him away. I looked down into the hole. Stum was gone.

"The emergency men from the hospital were there with their ozone motors, and at once they set to work to regurgitate poor old Poky. But something went wrong with their machines, and they rushed him to an ambulance and hurried away with him. I heard a doctor tell the driver to go out the west gate—to avoid the crowd of women, I supposed.

"Froggy and Reep had dropped down into the hole as soon as Poky's body had reached the top, and gone into the tunnel to help Stum. They met him coming with Fraser, half carrying, half dragging the unconscious man.

"Stum was a sorry-looking sight. Covered and dripping with slime and the ooze of red flue dust, his hair and eyebrows burned away by the gas flames, half naked, his clothing little more than a mass of strings of streaming filth, he looked more monster than man.

"The doctors looked the two over, found Fraser alive and Stum in bad shape, and ordered the litters brought up. 'Hustle 'em out to the ambulances at the gates,' he said. 'And be quick! We must get them to Saint Alexis!'

"Fraser was placed on a litter and carried away. They brought a litter for Stum. 'Walking's good yet,' he said, grinning, and he started off, holding to my arm.

"The women and children and the loafers at the gate came crowding about us, and a long wail went up from a hundred mouths. Mary Raskowitzsky was in the front, wild-eyed and white-faced. She rushed up to the litter.

"'Who is it? Who is it?' she cried. Then she saw, and she started back. 'Fraser? Him?'

"She leaped before Stum and me and seized us each by an arm. 'My father! Where's my father?' she screamed. 'Wasn't he down there?'

"'Yes, Mary, I ——' began Stum, but she did not wait.

"'They told me you had gone down! I thought you had gone to save him! And you left him there to die, while you save that manicured cootie! That mud pie! That pink-haired mutt! You left the old man there to die! You cur! You muzhik! You fish face! I hate your heart, your soul! I ——'

"She said a lot more, but I can't recall it half, not half. I know she talked bad to Stum. I felt the lad trembling.

"'But, Mary, I did ——' he began, and then keeled over.

"'For shame, ye little whiffet of whey!' screamed Hannah O'Toole, the efficient spouse of Pat O'Toole, my choicest gas poker. She came striding up to us, red-haired, red-faced, red-eyed. 'The lad did save yer old father, and they took him outen t'other gate! Take thot, ye snip of a glass di'mond!'

"Her big coarse hand shot out, palm flat, and struck Mary's face a rousing smack that sent the girl staggering.

"It was a tight squeeze for the three, but they all pulled through. From the hospital Fraser went to Pittsburgh and joined Jordan, who had moved his regiment down there to take temperatures. Don't believe I've ever seen Fraser since—I hope not. Old Poky was back to work in a month or so; Stum in two weeks, if I remember rightly. I put the boy to sweeping up the mill after the regular sweepers had done their chore, and I told him he might dust off my desk now and then if he found time, but he wasn't to overexert himself. Funny thing, too—Steve Jamblowsky came back the day after the accident, so I wasn't short a cinder monkey. Steve didn't find the old country what it used to be. 'Ol' country not no goot no more,' he told me. 'I stay there one moonth, 'Snuff for me!' And he took a pinch out of his horn box and offered it to me. I don't like the stuff, do you?

"I think it was the day Poky came back to work—yes, it must have been that day—I called Stum over to where I was sitting and told him I wished to hold a bit of serious converse with him. He told me to shoot when I was ready.

"'I've been thinking, Stum,' I began, 'that I ought to break in a new roller for this mill. I'm not so young as I was when I wasn't so old, and nobody knows when my ancient aunt in Mobile is going to die, and I'll have to go there to settle up her estate. I've had a hunch for some weeks now that you'd make a fairish roller in time. What say?'

"'I like your chatter,' said Stum.

"'Of course it takes time to devolve a roller from nothing to something. You'd have to do quite a bit of proliximary work, you understand. Troy wasn't built in a day. And your income tax for a year or two wouldn't be great. Now I'm dragging down a hundred and seventy-five bucks a week here. Fifty dingers of that wad, Stum, is milk—it is a kind of bonus, you know, handed me by the company for inventing the iron man. Fifty from one-seventy-five leaves one-twenty-five. I was roller ten years before I was gathering one hundred and twenty-five berries weekly. But times are better now or, as the economizers say, the dollar is cheaper. I believe I could manage it to get you started off at forty a week. Think you could live on forty a week?'

"'I've lived on some less.'

"'Yes; but for two?'

"'What do you mean—two?'

"'I cogitated you'd be binding yourself in in the bonds of wedlock soon,' I said, grinning a wise grin.

"Stum studied his nails.

"'Seen her since that day?'

"'No.'

"'Then you think you could make it go on forty, eh? Two, you know?'

"'You make me tired, 'dad.'

"'Then you can start in on your new job to-morrow morning.'

"Two hours later I was leaning up behind a box car near the dinner-pail hole in the fence, gazing at the scenery over towards the Union Rolling Mill, the Consolidated Frog Works and the can factory, and taking a breath of fresh air—such as we have near our great American industries. I was there for no other purpose than physical refreshment. I heard voices. I looked. Mary Raskowitzsky stood outside the fence; Stum had his head poked through a hole in the same, looking at her. And she was worth looking at.

"'I wouldn't marry a monkey,' Mary said with a coskittish glance.

"'But I'm not going to be a cinder monkey any longer. Dad's going to make a roller out of me,' returned Stum.

"'Yes, he is!'

"'Ask him! Forty a week to start on! You know what he gets? One hundred and seventy-five a week!'

"'When would you get a car?'

"'Right away.'

"'I wouldn't marry a man that has hee-cups like you had them. They're worse than fits.'

"'You cured me of the hee-cups, Mary. I'll never have them again, so long as you're round and I can see you.'

"'Stum's a fierce name.'

"'Tisn't my name—Harley's my name.'

"'Puckett is fiercer.'

"'It's a good old Virginia name, all right. One of my great-grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary War. He was a captain, too—under General Kosciuszko.'

"'Yes, he was! Honest, Stum?'

"'Honest.'

"'General Kosciuszko was a great general, greater than General Washington if the people knew it.'

"'So say I.'

"'What church do you belong to?'

"'Cumberland Presbyterian, I guess. I was raised in that anyway.'

"'Cumberland Presbyterian? That can't be a church—must be some lodge. Well, I wouldn't marry a man who didn't belong to my church.'

"'I'll join your church.'

"'Yes, you will!'

"'I will that.'

"'Honest?'

"'Yes, I mean it, Mary.'

"'And go to church and—everything?'

"'You bet I will!'

"'Hold up your right hand and promise.'

"'I promise. There!'

"'If I could come up there I'd let you kiss me.'

"'If I could get over this twelve-foot fence I'd come down there and kiss you whether you'd let me or not. Throw me one.'

"'Here. Throw it back.'

"At this point in the tragedy I folded my arms like an Arabian and silently faded away, paralyzed with repugilance. Yet I had known all along that the finish would be exactly this and no other."

"Hey, dad, we got 'er up! Looky! That all right?"

It was Froggy. He had come back and worked at setting up the post for the new bench. The old roller swung his fat feet over the side of the bench on which he had been reclining, and sat up.

"Looks pretty good, Froggy. Looks pretty good, dog-gone if it doesn't!"

"Hey, dad! I got a duck-down pillow at home. Want I should fetch it out for the new davenport?"

"Fetch it along, Froggy." The old man grinned, yawned again, long and luxuriously and rubbed two fat eyes with two fat fingers. "Well, as I was saying, they were married. What time is it getting to be?"

"And I suppose lived happily together ever after?" I wheezed.

"Why, no. Stum sued for divorce before they'd been married two months. Mary didn't offer to fight the suit. As soon as the court granted the degree Stum headed for Medina County. Yancy Klunk died the next week after Stum got there, leaving the lad everything he had, and it was a bunch. Mary married Mike Strzelecki a little while after. I tried to send Mike to the pen for blowing up that tunnel, but we couldn't prove the thing on him. He did it, no doubt about that—did it with a can of black powder. Thought Fraser was Stum, you know. Of course he knew old Poky was down there too. That didn't make any difference with him. Mike hasn't worked a day since his wedding day. Poky is still on the job. See that old slop, yonder by the water box? That's Poky. Tough-looking case, eh? Well, Mary to-day is a harder-looking case than he is. Ya-a-a-ah-hum-ho! By George, I feel nappish!"

"What did you say were Stum's grounds for divorce?"

"Incominability of temper, I think it was. Ho-hum-ho! By jolly!"

WASTE MOTIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

lrs. Prigley, a gawky straw-colored woman of no importance, paled and died during an early period of Prigley's rise in Harnessville. The screaming self-willed child left on his hands had been named Matilda for her mother; after her first semester at Miss Auber's School for Young Ladies she came back calling herself Mathile, and it was about this period in his life that Lemuel decided that his fortune had outgrown the limits of Harnessville. Himself, he would have been perfectly satisfied with Harnessville and a pretty second wife, picked from the local beauties, but the precocious Mathilde had already grown rather exacting and amorous.

Moreover, it was unfitting that a capitalist of the first magnitude should remain in a town where the newspapers still referred to him as Pineapple Prigley.

Lemuel settled on Lewisburg, having selected that city by the process of elimination so successful in his commercial history. New York, Chicago and Boston were too large; others insufficiently distinguished. But Lewisburg, then less than a quarter of a million in size, cherished at her core a southern aristocracy as proud as any that flourished in the Old Dominion. More important still, Lewisburg had opened her heart to modern enterprise and Yankee money. It was to Lewisburg, then, that he came, leased for himself a solid brick mansion on Bolingbroke Square and dwelt with his daughter in complete isolation. He bought a factory site in the suburbs and built a minor plant which paid for itself and got his name in the newspaper, discreetly removed from the society page. Charitable enterprises passed to that his way and gave him credit in a long thin column of nonentity. Otherwise his existence was unrecorded.

When Mathilde had passed her eighteenth year and come back from Miss Dick's Finishing School in New York a brilliant stroke of Prigley efficiency saved the day in time for Mathilde's coming-out party. Seats were on sale for a charity ball, and the morning Advocate-Chronicle had an announcement to the effect that tickets could be had of Miss Mirable Becket, omnipotent society reporter for that journal. Wherefore Mr. Prigley put on his hat and called on Miss Becket.

"Gimme ten," was the laconic order from the proprietor of Pineapple Polish.

Miss Becket was only too willing to oblige, but when sufficient tickets to admit ten had been doled out the vulgarian, after shuffling them in his knotty, nervous little hands, gave them all back with the snapping explanation: "Don't want seats. Want boxes."

"Ten boxes?" gasped Miss Becket.

"How much altogether?" He had produced a check book from his neat little coat.

"Two hundred dollars apiece, Mr. Prigley. But you're really too generous," said the tactful person. "The committee have made it a rule not to sell more than one box to any individual. Of course if you're planning so large a party ——"

"I'm not planning any party," barked Lemuel. "Who the devil do I know in this town that would come to my box? Rules are rules. Good thing. Here, put me down for one box."

He scribbled off a check, and when she took it she was surprised at the amount, which was two thousand dollars.

"I shall be delighted to make a feature of this if you will let me," she said. "If we could only mention some of your guests——"

"Look here." Lemuel E. Prigley scratched his frowsy curly head. "Look here, Miss Reporter. You know everybody. Everybody that counts, I mean. There must be some of the big bugs in this town hard up. Somebody on the inside, but not going round buying boxes. Understand?"

Now Miss Becket, who was herself a lady of a proud old family, thought somewhat sadly of several ladies of proud old families who, had they not been cursed with that hereditary pride, would be only too glad to occupy a box in the grand tier as in the days of ancient splendor. The direct methods of this peculiar Nabob from Nowhere invited candor apparently, for Miss Becket asked after a while:

"Do you know Miss Jessica Stanchfield?"

"Don't know anybody," barked Lemuel. "But just hand her over this box, will you? My compliments."

Thus began Lemuel Prigley's acquaintance with Jessie Stanchfield. It proved a

She Took Him by the Lapels of His Coat and Smiling Whimsically Whispered Again, "Now are You Going to Mind What I Say?"

mutually profitable relation, in which Miss Stanchfield opened the doors and Lemuel paid the bills.

The very day after the ticket episode Miss Becket called up Mr. Prigley, and acting as intermediary invited Mr. Prigley and Miss Prigley to tea at Miss Stanchfield's apartment that afternoon. They went, did father and daughter, to a tiny box of a drawing-room on one of the moss-grown little streets which still cling to the aristocratic quarter. Miss Stanchfield, who had once led Lewisburg a pace, showed traces of early beauty through obscuring pads of fat. She remained, however, a great lady, and she carried off the affair of the box as only a great lady can. She didn't mention it until they were taking their leave.

"You'll go to the charity ball, I suppose?" asked Miss Stanchfield, graciously giving her hand.

"Haven't decided," replied the rough product of Pineapple Polish.

"Oh, I hope you do!" Then, as though it were merely a happy afterthought: "I haven't made up my party. Won't you and your daughter sit in my box? How very nice!"

So that was arranged. Lemuel Prigley went home considering diplomacy; indeed, he was a diplomat in spite of his uncouth devices and barking delivery of speech. He had broken into society by a side door, he felt—an elegant, proud, distinguished side door, but still not the main entrance. And it was well. His instinct for efficiency told him that nothing would have come of a frontal attack. So he and Mattie would make their first public appearance sitting in the best box alongside the best families.

Now what was the system to be played with Miss Jessica Stanchfield? Quite obviously the lady who was the daughter of General Stanchfield and the sister of Ambassador Stanchfield lacked money and loved glitter. The way she had accepted his box by putting him in her social debt furnished a key to everything.

During the five years which followed that triumphant appearance at the charity ball the improvement in Miss Jessie's worldly condition was in direct ratio to the Prigleys' ascension in Lewisburg society. Her dearest enemy could never have said that Jessie accepted money for what she did in behalf of the opulent strangers. But favors seemed to come to her by an insidious process of infiltration. A mink coat which Mathilde could not endure on herself looked stunning on Miss Jessie; stunninger still an illimitable wardrobe of fluffy things for spring, summer and indoor wear. Mathilde's little pet sedan was always waiting in front of Miss Jessie's door, sometimes with Mathilde in it, sometimes not. When father was too busy to frivol then Mathilde, carrying a check book, was beholden to the kindness of Miss Jessie, who would chaperon her to New York or Chicago during the opera season. Thus Mathilde became an accomplished young woman of the world and Miss Jessie Stanchfield's maiden heart began to warm again with the suspicion that Mathilde's world was not such a bad one after all.

This balmy afternoon, rolling smoothly along toward that smart quarter of the town where Miss Jessie Stanchfield now had an apartment, Lemuel Prigley had a hearty feeling that it would be only right to give Jessie the first news of Mathilde's engagement. It had been personally conducted, Stanchfield-arranged from first to last. During these years of social upbuilding Lemuel had never given a party, ordered a wardrobe, bet on a horse without first consulting Jessie. And of course there was a difficult wedding to be arranged.

As he announced himself at the switchboard downstairs and took a lift to the third floor of Lewisburg's only luxurious apartment house he enjoyed a secret satisfaction at the thought that he had got Jessie so nicely located. He wondered if she knew he was eighteen hundred a year out of pocket for this marvelous bargain in real estate which he had so innocently shown her. It made no difference. Twenty years ago Jessie would have made a fine wife for some ambitious man. The thought rather scared him. He had his own ideas about marriage. As soon as the tyrannical, snobbish Mathilde was out of the way Lemuel would look out for himself. None of your cold-blooded alliances with old women. The new Mrs. Prigley would be young, beautiful, a blonde preferably, with golden silk in her eyelashes.

He found Miss Jessie surrounded by the Stanchfield furniture in a drawing-room sufficiently elegant to set off the patrician beauties of the Stanchfield collection. Her plump face was as pink as a baby's as she came forward somewhat unwieldily and gave him her hand. What a pity she had let herself get fat, thought Lemuel, and had a vision of beauty, not entirely vanished perhaps, but lurking somewhere behind an adipose screen.

"Heard the news?" he barked, closely following his formula for conversational efficiency.

"News? I hope it's good news. Lemuel, you're all excited. You don't look a day over twelve."

"Matty's engaged."

"No!" Her plump shapely hands came together and her clear, prominent eyes brightened. "Not to Allie Towers?"

"Exactly. Announced it herself. Four fifty-seven this afternoon."

"Lemuel, you sweet old thing!"

And Miss Jessie Stanchfield did an unprecedented thing. She came over to where he was sitting and leaning impulsively kissed him in the center of the little pink island which the years had cast up amidst his foamy locks. It gave him a pleasure which he at once resented. After all, he was not the bride, to be the target of congratulatory osculation. It had been quite a lifetime since any woman other than his daughter had kissed him.

"I was never so surprised in all my life," she informed him, resuming her chair.

"No, indeed." He had no intention of making the remark seem dry.

"They'll be perfectly blissful," she went smoothly on in her pretty voice. "What a lucky child Allie is! And Mathilde will make a wonderful man out of him. The Towerses have ability, great ability. Then his mother's side—she's a Prentiss, you know."

That seemed to settle something, but Lemuel's mind was far away.

"Think they'll make a duke out of him?"

"How outrageous you are, Lemuel!" She gave him her charmingly affectionate smile. "He'll be nothing but an earl, even if you succeed in murdering Lord Collingvyne."

Lemuel wanted to ask about the hypothetical child, Sir Prigley Towers, but the moment seemed inauspicious.

"Came to talk about the wedding," he barked. "Want everything right. Best there is. Nothing shoddy—understand?"

"And you want my help?" she asked in the tone she sometimes used to imply that his methods might be improved.

"That was the idea."

"Has Mathilde set the day?"

"I set it. June fifteenth."

"That was simple, wasn't it?" smiled the worldly Miss Stanchfield. "It gives rather a short time, but it can be arranged. There must be a luncheon early this week so that you can announce it properly. Mathilde and I can arrange that."

"Don't care what I spend. Want results," he persisted as she sat a while in thought.

"An outdoor wedding can be made very lovely," she said, "with your beautiful grounds and house. We can have the rose garden as a background for the altar. That splendid row of hydrangeas will mark the aisle. Of course it will be High Church with a vested choir from Saint Cuthbert's. A stringed quartet for the supper music. Then the guests ——"

"Look here!" broke in Lemuel, who had been following his own train of thought. "What's the matter with doubling up on the performance?"

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Stanchfield; and it was evident that she wished the matter clarified.

"I mean this: Double orchestra, double choir, extra set of preachers, everything in proportion."

"Is Mathilde going to be so hard to marry as all that?" Perhaps the question was a little wistful.

"Pshaw! You don't get me. What's a wedding for? Make the world know you're married. No halfway stuff for me. I want this to be the biggest wedding ever pulled off in Lewisburg."

"And the vulgarest," Miss Stanchfield might have replied. Instead she smiled her tactful smile and swept with a sort of plump grace toward her desk, which held a record of all the desirable names in the state.

II

LATE on the afternoon of June fourteenth that commercial prodigy, Harry Wiggin, came riding up the hill in the mood of a distracted lover. So turbulent his mood that he forgot the conventional relation between gas and spark, wherefore he was brought back to sordid mechanical facts by the stalling of his engine; but no sooner had he plied the self-starter and resumed the grade amateurishly on second than he continued to reflect upon the stern code of the cave gentleman.

Assuming that the girl, as a species, has no mind of its own, then obviously it is the duty of man, as an institution, to blow the breath of reason into that lovely echoing void which lies between the penciled eyebrows and the first fine tress of gold. Or, to harden the liquid abstract into the enduring concrete, the time had come when it was up to Harry Wiggin to bespeak Miss Ireen McKane bluntly in the name of true love.

With that thought Mr. Wiggin's expression became misleading. By the set of his jaw you would have said that young Harry had come to murder instead of to woo. He brought his grasshopper-green car so spitefully round the curve as all but to destroy

(Continued on Page 142)

LINCOLN

Lincoln Motors Are Fitted to the Machine When it is Built

Right at the factory where machinery is manufactured Lincoln Engineers begin their task of fitting a Lincoln Motor to the machine it is to drive.

There they can work with the man who designed the machine. They can determine with him the speed, the kind of power, the amount of power, that will give the intended results. They can make engineering tests—not on one machine—but on many—and thus finally settle on the motor which will best suit that equipment under all conditions of operation.

The machinery manufacturer will find Lincoln service a distinct aid both in selling his product and in insuring its satisfactory operation.

The Lincoln Electric Co. **Cleveland, Ohio**

"Link Up With Lincoln"

This Lincoln Motor operated under water over 3 years without damage to windings.

Lincoln Branch Offices and Engineering Service will be found in the following cities:

New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Baltimore
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis
Toronto, Canada
Montreal, Canada

The following are a few of many classes of machinery which have been "fitted" with Lincoln Motors:

Baker's Machinery
Brick and Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers and Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators and Hoists
Fans and Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps and Compressors
Punches and Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

MOTORS

They Give the User the Full Advantage of Electric Motor Drive

The only way to get the full advantage of electric motor drive is to have an electric motor that exactly fits each job or each machine.

That is the reason for the Lincoln plan of selling the motor direct to the machinery maker. Because of this plan, you can always depend on a machine which comes to you equipped with a Lincoln Motor. It will have power—enough power—and the right kind of power to give you the maximum output with minimum power cost.

Specify your equipment "complete with Lincoln Motor"—it will insure you the full advantages of motor drive, as pictured below.

The Lincoln Electric Co. Cleveland, Ohio

Ceilings Clean and Free

The wiring in a neat conduit carries power to any point in the room, keeping ceilings free from fixtures which obstruct light and collect dirt.

Idle Machines Take No Power

When the machine is not in use its power is shut off. One man or several can work overtime, using power only for machines actually operating.

Reduced Risks for Shop and Men

There is no sparking or danger of fire from Lincoln Motors and no moving or whirling parts need be exposed to endanger workmen.

Machines Can Be Located Anywhere

The machine with motor on it can be located anywhere to suit production layout without planning for countershafts, etc.

Economical, Reliable Power

Electric power can be transmitted from central station with no loss from friction or slippage and with every assurance against shut down.

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several of Mr. Prigley's expensive jardinières; and the Cossack skill with which he came to a stand between a florist's wagon and a caterer's car brought a grunt of alarmed admiration out of old Moab, the colored butler, who stood on the veranda patronizing several inferiors of his own race as they filed past under burdens of folding chairs.

Harry Wiggin did some lightning calculating. Never since that embarrassing encounter in late May had he been so bold as to come courting Ireen McKane in the Prigley house. She did a greater part of her work in the downtown offices, where he saw her frequently, unobserved of him whom the office called Old Pineapple behind his back. But to-day affairs had come to a crisis and he must see her even at the risk of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

He had just opened his mouth to ask if Miss McKane was to be seen when Miss Mathilde Prigley, all in lawny pink, and every yard a bride elect, came bouncing out and looked him straight in the face. Now Harry Wiggin had no reason for liking Mathilde Prigley, and Mathilde understood why, perhaps better than he did.

"How do you do, Mr. Wiggin."

"How do you do, Miss Prigley. Looks a little like rain, doesn't it?"

Pleasant remark on the weather in view of to-morrow's open-air wedding!

"Doesn't it!" She showed too many faultless teeth—Harry had once admired her smile. "You'll find daddy outside."

"I hope he's not busy," he temporized, lacking courage to mention Miss McKane.

"Not too busy to see you, Mr. Wiggin. You've come on business, haven't you?"

This last remark was intended to cut, but it saved Harry from telling the truth, which, after all, would have got him no farther than the spot upon which he stood at that moment.

"Thank you," said Harry Wiggin and strolled casually toward the pergola.

We have all seen the comedy millionaire and the dainty soubrette seated together under white trellises and pink-paper roses in the second act of almost any musical production. Harry Wiggin seemed to see them once more as he came up the pretty brick walk toward the pergola. It was as though the orchestra would give the cue at any moment, whereupon Mr. Prigley would say in the piercing tone of stage confidence, "That reminds me of a little song," and the dance would culminate in one of those theatrical love affairs where the lover and his loved one prove what they say by kicking over each other's heads.

Harry didn't like it that Ireen and Old Pineapple should be sitting so close together. That Pineapple was reading out of one notebook and Ireen writing into another did not soften the situation for poor Harry. Once he thought he saw Lemuel raise his nervous eyes and peep slyly at Ireen's golden hair. This made Harry furious. What was that hair to Prigley? It wasn't his. Neither was it Harry's for that matter, but he intended that it should be.

Harry Wiggin sneezed. Lemuel jumped rather guiltily, according to the appraisal of the interloper.

"Well, well, Harry!" said his employer, kindly enough.

"Bamburg's in town," said Harry, using an important piece of news to save the situation. "I thought I'd see you personally and not risk the phone."

"Good. What's he got?"

"The Buffalo option."

"Figures?"

"One fifty. Shall I tell him it's off?"

"Tell him nothing. Great hucks!"—Lemuel's pet oath—"Why do people bother me on my ——"

Harry was sure he was going to say "wedding eve," but old Pineapple turned again to his notebook.

"Sit down, Harry," he said impatiently. "Got these gol-hucked wedding presents to go over. Nearly through."

His crooked little forefinger went searching for the place. Ireen's angelic face had blanked to a secretarial look, soft clouds had gathered over the pure lakes that were her eyes.

"Hundred and ten!" barked Lemuel. Ireen scribbled shorthand. "Judge and Mrs. Hambry Lews, sort of Florentine cuspidor—maybe it's for flowers—valuation ninety dollars. Hundred 'n' 'leven—Mr. and Mrs. Claypoole Hyse—electric soap dish ——"

"Wasn't it an electric chafing dish, Mr. Prigley?" suggested the thrush note of Ireen.

"Have it your way!" he barked. "Electric chafing dish—valuation forty-five. That's all. Put it on the adding machine and bring me the total."

Ireen was gone without a glance for the man who was dying of love of her, and Prigley's next remark was shockingly disagreeable.

"When I get married again no presents—understand? No presents."

"They are a bother," agreed Harry for agreement's sake.

"Bother? All blighting foolishness. This wedding business is the height of inefficiency.

"Understand? Waste motion, waste money, waste time. Come over to the house, Harry, and let me show you."

The successful underling, who could not say nay, followed Lemuel Prigley's mincing steps across the lawn and into the library of the big house, where several tables, joined together into an extemporized counter, stood burdened with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. It was as though every tool in the hardware trade had been silvered, etched, furnished with ebony or ivory handle, embossed, laden with bottles, urns or vases of crystal, lined with gold or tortured into fanciful shape. Whole surgical kits of hideous instruments engraved with the bride's monogram; oil paintings, water colors, statuary; somebody had added a hideous purple bedquilt to the mountainous display of loot which Mr. Prigley stood inspecting, his little bushy head, looking more than ever like that of a watchful Angora cat, cocked to one side.

"Wicked sham!" he blustered. "What's the idea of marriage? Make two people happy, succeed, replenish the earth. This accomplish anything? People think they pay their way by sending presents. Bosh!"

As if to substantiate his statement Miss Ireen McKane, never looking at Harry, came in with a slip of paper fresh from the adding machine.

"Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars," read Mr. Prigley. "Less than I thought."

He turned and barked at Harry.

"Bad business, these weddings. Rotten business. Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars! D'you know what it cost me? Estimation. Refreshments, champagne, flowers. Decided to bring two orchestras from New York. Hired Madame Dracula of Metropolitan Opera House to sing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden. Matty demands the best. Can't blame her. But d'you know the figures?"

"I should think it might come pretty high," ventured Harry, in his mind agreeing with Lemuel that weddings were weddings.

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars. That's allowing transportation for Madame Dracula and two orchestras, two quarts of wine for every guest and three ministers—bishop, dean and curate. Then there's that solid wall of orchids behind the altar ——"

"What the deuce do you need orchids for?" asked Harry bluntly. "They'll hide the rose garden."

"Whose wedding is this?" barked Lemuel, whereupon Harry was stilled.

"Damnedest piece of inefficiency there is!" went on the bride's father. "Eleven thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars in presents; and thirty-eight thousand dollars to stage the show. Profits eaten up by overhead charges. How much am I out, Miss Ireen?"

DRAWN BY JAMES M. PRESTON

After Her First Semester at Miss Auber's School for Young Ladies
She Came Back Calling Herself Mathilde

"Twenty-six thousand, five hundred thirty-four," read she, the dull figures making her voice less sweet.

"It's as crazy as Petrograd! Yes, All to marry two more or less comm place individuals. Why, for that amo of money, rightly applied, I could pair half the engaged couples in Lewisburg. J as happy. By hucks!"

A brilliant enchanted light, a creat light seemed to flare up somewhere beh the bright gray eyes of the man who thou of Prigley's Pineapple Polish. Efficien vulgarity, philanthropy sang together his soul until the fluffy gray hair and b tling mustache seeemed to stand on under the stimulus of some benign elect force.

"Wouldn't it?" he taxed his hearer most savagely. He never told anybody h nearly he and Jessie had come to the pa ing of the ways apropos of Madame D cula and the extra orchestra. Poor sim Jessie had thought that the choir and local string quartet were quite enough.

"That's a lot of money," agreed Har "and it would probably pay for a lot weddings."

"Lot of 'em? Hundreds! Why not stan ardize marriages? Foolish? No! Th standardize funerals, restaurants, mat nity hospitals, college education. Gre saving. Vast saving! Make people a less happy? Say not!"

Doubtless Mr. Prigley would have h his standardized marriage system perfect from ribbons to ritual had not old Mo appeared like a shadow out of the gloom announce "Doctor Bascomb and de brid grooms, sah." Whereupon Lemuel we popping out of the room like a progressi string of firecrackers. Doctor Bascomb w dean of St. Cuthbert's and Harry gather that "de bridegrooms" were none oth than the groomsmen come for a fin rehearsal of to-morrow's complicate performance.

Ireen McKane stood irresolute by t door, the notebook shaking in her foo ishly small hands.

The skies had cleared above those tw pools of purity and they were lookin liquid and blue, at the man they ha enchanted.

"Harry," she began, after a spyin look into the hall, "why are you ma at me?"

"What's behind all this business? he asked her roughly, coming over t her corner.

"What business?"

"I haven't got time to split hairs Pineapple will be back in a minute. Tel me why he's been locking you into thi Bluebeard's castle for the last week sending you home in his car all seale up as if he was afraid you'd fly away Why haven't you let me see you a your house?"

"My mother isn't well," she told him looking white and interesting as she said it.

"Is there anything about me that would make your mother worse?" he asked, quite unsympathetic.

"Harry! How can you ——"

"It does sound pretty rough," he agreed, "but the last time I called she was out in front mowing the lawn. She was well enough to snub me out of the yard."

"She has attacks." Ireen stuck to her point.

"I see. And I bring them on. Look here, Ireen, isn't it true that your mother's determined to have you marry old Pineapple?"

"You shouldn't talk that way about my mother," she told him haughtily.

"Well, it's all over the office that Pineapple's in love with you and that you're going to marry him."

"And you believe all that?"

She stood braced against the corner of the door now, facing him like a dove at bay.

"I don't know what to think," he growled.

"Do you think I'd consider Mr. Prigley?" she faltered.

"It isn't what you consider. Pineapple has a way of arranging things to suit himself. It'll break my heart, Irene, but I'm going to ask you for the last time. If I leave you alone I know how it'll come out; and I've been ordered to Cuba."

"When do you go?" she asked in what he thought an unsuitably hard tone.

(Continued on Page 146)

McGRAW

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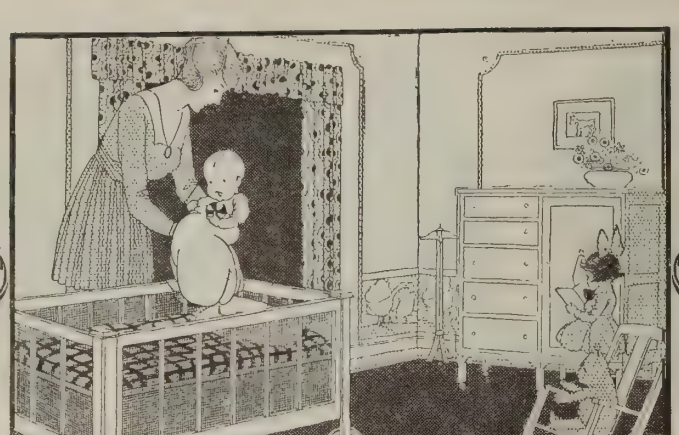

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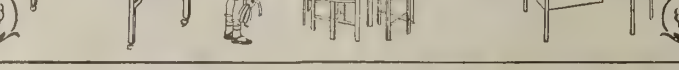

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(Continued from Page 142)

"I leave for New York day after tomorrow."

Her look remained indifferent until her chin began to quiver; then her whole face seemed to give up trying, for her mouth came down at the corners and the blue lakes which were her eyes overflowed. Quite disregardful of danger Harry took her very comfortably in his arms and permitted her to cry it out on his collar.

"I don't want you to go!" she kept saying, and when he had assured her of a few dozen things calculated to cure her troubled little heart he stood aside, peered cautiously out of the door and said: "Time's short. They'll be in here any minute. I'll go to the marriage-license bureau the first thing to-morrow morning and come right here for you."

"What are you going to do?"

"Run away with you."

Mr. Prigley was heard barking at the dean of St. Cuthbert's somewhere outside in the hall.

"Will you?" Harry repeated breathlessly, gripping her wrist.

"Please, please!" murmured Ireen, looking as stupid and as lovely as a Florentine polychrome.

He kissed her fluttering lips, then hurried out into the hall to be introduced to the gentleman who on the morrow was to settle Mathilde Prigley's fate. Harry hastily departed with the idea of settling his own.

III

THE battle is the test of the field marshal. By that stern rule Lemuel Prigley looked like a failure on the morning of the fifteenth, for there was a serious breakdown in the supply train leading up to the French Renaissance house on the hill where the dread engines of social warfare were being mobilized for the brilliant combat to take place at six o'clock. A florist's wagon, groaning under several thousands of dollars' worth of orchids, got itself stalled at a bad turn of the road just below the hill, and a caterer's car coming up the grade was unable to show the deference peculiar to caterer's cars, for its fenders came crashing against the florist's rear wheels with the result that surrounding Nature was strewn with orchids at five dollars a spray.

When Field Marshal Prigley came down in person to see what it was all about he found a quarter of a mile of commercial vehicles waiting along the road while a corps of busy chauffeurs picked orchids out of trees or off fences where they seemed to flourish with a luxuriance unusual in temperate zones. Lemuel's efficiency theories were as nought; therefore he got down on his knees and joined the others in the poetical occupation of garnering cut flowers from the greasy macadam road.

However, his presence had an accelerating effect, and by the time the munitions train was again moving toward headquarters his own car, containing the generous bulk of Miss Jessica Stanchfield, came rolling into view. Standing watchful at the gate, Lemuel could have cried out his gratitude for the timely succor. As he took the seat beside her and held her hand longer than was customary in their experience together he had the wistful thought: "What a pity she isn't a shade thinner and a minute younger! And I wonder if she'll approve and be as useful when she knows what I'm going to do?"

But Miss Jessica Stanchfield was dimpled, merry, helpful, soothing as usual that morning. Just what Efficiency should be—results without friction or apparent effort. She was no sooner in the house than she had assembled the upper-class servants and using the affectionately masterful tone which only a Southerner knows how to use toward the domestic African, she related their duties for this day of days. For the first time in his successful career Lemuel stood humbled before a superior executive genius. She led him from room to room, indicating every spot where the actors concerned in the drama should assemble, arrange their costumes, deck themselves with suitable boutonnières. Alsop Alexis Towers, doubtless suffering from the effects of a bachelor dinner, had sent his mulatto valet with handbags containing an appropriate traveling costume. It was Miss Jessica who settled upon the place where these bags were to be unpacked and it was Miss Jessica who supervised the laying out of the clothes, even to an extra collar button.

Miss Jessica, you might think, was too busy to bother with her own ideas. Possibly. But when she heard the intermittent purring of a typewriter in the white-finis d little office adjacent to the upstairs libr y, that impulse of uncommon sense which e call intuition prompted her to look in d say good morning to Miss McKane. e poor thing looked rather pale, thought Mss Jessica, and her lovely eyes were rimm d with red. How beautiful she was! Mss Jessica's heart stopped.

"Don't you stop even for wedding" asked the spinster in her caressing tone

"No, Miss Stanchfield," replied Ir n, making a brave attempt to smile. Ther s if upon an impulse to confidence, "Thi s something for the wedding that Mr. Pri y wants done in a hurry."

For the wedding! What eccentric wi n now? Surely this was a late date for w ding lists! Keenly Miss Jessica glan d over the young woman's shoulder and cau t several names, coupled together down a l g column.

"Charley Waide and Hildegarde Corn
"Algernon Prince and Beatrice Robe
"Hector Stewart and Irma DeLong."

And so on down the line. There was no person on the list over thirty-one, and as e unofficial social registrar of Lewisburg Mss Jessica Stanchfield recognized the nam s paired off as those of young people more r less associated together in the public mi

"What in the world now?" she marvel

"I don't know, Miss Stanchfield," repl Ireen flutteringly as one who has said much of office secrets. "He only asked to copy them down."

"I see."

Miss Stanchfield smiled as she turned go. "What a heavenly child!" she said herself, scarcely knowing whether she w referring to Ireen or to Lemuel.

She found the bride elect in one of l difficult moods. Her veil, which had be shipped with her trousseau from a fash shop in New York, was all wrong, a Mathilde, like a red-haired Fury in a bat blue peignoir, looked almost beautiful in l rage. Life to her was a great desolation a included an unsuitable bandeau of pea which Twillaway had sent her halfw across the continent by special messeng Miss Jessica was a soothing poultice Mathilde's sore vanity, and as soon plump skillful fingers had reassembled a redraped the veil to new lines of lovelin and had arranged the pearls at a becomi angle over the reddish hair Mathilde melt into tears and declared that she would lost entirely without Miss Jessie.

"Never fear, honey," said the sup spinster with an affectionate pat. "You c always find me. I'm perpetual, you know

"You've b-been a sort of m-mother me!" sobbed the willful child. "And n d-daddy's going to make a fool of hims over that g-girl."

"What girl?" The tone was sweet a smooth and the soft body never flinche

"That—that horrid stenographer. know him. If he gets his mind set on an thing ——"

"It takes two to make a marriage," sa Miss Jessica, as though she had a right judge of such things. "What does the ste ographer say to all this?"

"Can't you see her making eyes at hi Do you think she'd pass up a chance li that?"

Miss Jessica supposed not; and scarce an hour of that turbulent day had pass ere she received the first verification Mathilde's hot words.

She had found Prigley on the rear v anda, his usually sharp eyes somewh dreamy as he gazed over a colony of tab above which able engineers were stretchi striped canvas as a precaution against su den showers. It was on the matter of sho ers that she had come to speak to him. it looked rainy at half past five, she su gested, altar and decorations could be mov to the ballroom and the ceremony perform indoors. Lemuel, it seemed, had thoug of just that thing and had already drill his troops for such an emergency. But tone seemed far away, and her curiosity w roused to the point of an impertinent que tion when the telephone just inside the op window rang sharply. A moment later yellow maid appeared:

"Mrs. McKane on the phone, Mis Prigley."

Now Mr. Prigley's business was none Jessica Stanchfield's, yet it was no fault hers that early middle age had not dimm her hearing or that Mr. Prigley's ba seemed to take her into his confidence.

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"es, Mrs. McKane. . . . Prigley. . . . elid? . . . He did? . . . I see. . . . o she's here. . . . Haven't seen him n last night. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . I'll fix that. . . . Many thanks." There was the click of a receiver restored i hook, a pause, and then Lemuel Prig- y arked into the telephone a number h Jessica Stanchfield knew very well. e oon had his office on the wire. 'his Mr. Prigley. Want Wiggin." ain a pause. Miss Jessie liked Harry Vigin and she felt that Lemuel's manner diot portend the young man's pleasure. 'Harry? . . . Mr. Prigley. . . . portant man here. . . . Mexican ned De Luna. . . . Yes, D-e L-u-n-a, e una. . . . Right. . . . Wants e horses. . . . Promised to show r my stock farm. . . . He's at the ewick Club. Take your car and get r right away. . . . Sorry I can't go self. . . . Allen will have lunch for o at Weathervane. Take your time and w him everything; if you play it right ue may be something big for us. . . . t's that? . . . No, no one else will do; re the only man I could trust with . . . Orders, Harry. 'By."

emuel did not come back to his place on veranda. Who was De Luna? Why t he see horses on Mathilde's wedding a? What did Mrs. McKane have to do i De Luna? Or did she? What connec- had her apparently warning message i nice Harry Wiggin?

lternately convincing herself that these gs were none of her business and that were very much her business Jessica tchfield plunged manfully into the day's k. There were times, she realized with rt of humorous satisfaction, when Lem- was as helpless as a child.

bout one o'clock she had occasion to rn to the little office on the second floor, r hearing no purring from the erstwhile y typewriter she was amazed and some- t embarrassed to find its operator lean- on the table, her bright head buried in arms.

t the rustle of skirts Ireen jumped vously to attention, but it was too late onceal the little rivers that had welled n those blue lakes and were reddening naturally fine complexion.

trangest of all wedding days! Jessica nchfield had come to help and in the acity of family friend she was going n room to room, offering consolation as might do before a funeral. However, kind heart melted at the sight of the vildered, stricken little face, and big with maternal instinct she came over and k the crying child in her arms.

'Tell me," she whispered.

'I can't do it!" Ireen said. "I can't!" r face was buried in the big soft arms, l it seemed easier to talk that way.

'Can't what, dear?"

'Marry Mr. Prigley."

'There's no law to make you, dear," ss Stanchfield wisely pointed out. "Who nts you to?"

'My mother does and—and Mr. Prigley es."

There was something of a pause during ich both women, each in her own way, covered from the shock. Finally Jessica eased her clasp and Ireen sat back, her rs dried.

"Harry came here last night," she said pidly, pathetically eager to enlist this w friendship, "and I sort of told him I'd arry him."

"Harry who?"

"Harry Wiggin. I couldn't quite promise m—but we're awfully in love. And he d he'd get the license this morning and me round for me. Last night I told other what Harry had decided and she nt wild."

"Does your mother want you to marry r. Prigley?" asked Jessica.

Ireen nodded an affirmative and looked ward the window. Finally she burst out: Mother doesn't care about Harry. She inks he's common."

"She's doesn't think Mr. Prigley is—un- mmon—does she?"

"I don't know. But she's proud as Punch. e've always been so frightfully poor and— miliated. Mother's Chief Justice Fallon's anddaughter, you know."

"I didn't," declared Miss Stanchfield, ving heard something calculated to im- ess parochial aristocracy.

"And she's always had that idea—to get e a place in the world. I can't bear to rt her. She's so sick and I love her so."

Ireen began to cry again, but she made a brave show at drying her eyes preparatory to another attack on the keys.

"Tell me." Jessica cleared her throat. "Did Mr. Prigley propose again to-day?"

"Yes."

"And did you accept him?"

"No—sort of—I don't know what I said. I can't refuse him, I'm afraid. I tried to put him off. What in the world shall I do?"

She gazed wide-eyed at the typewritten sheet as though looking there for counsel.

"What shall I do?" she repeated softly.

"See here, my child," said Jessica Stanchfield, coming over and putting an arm across Ireen's slender shoulder. "In this world somebody's got to be hurt. It isn't going to be you if I can help it. You're under my wing now, do you understand?"

She gazed down, envious of the pure fine hair, simply parted like the gilt tresses on some sweet Italian saint. She thought in a flash of her own twenties, wasted and sterile because of a misplaced family pride.

The unequaled Prigley-Towers wedding, now historic in Lewisburg, was all but over when Harry Wiggin and the quite unnecessary Mr. De Luna came whiffling up the drive. Harry was in a towering rage at De Luna and himself and at Mr. Prigley in particular. Why in the world, except for spite, had his cranky little employer chosen Harry's elopement day to send Harry far out into the country to show blooded horses to a racing Mexican whose English was mostly limited to sporting oaths? Harry had gone to the City Hall and got his marriage license early in the morning, then he had done himself proud in the way of nuptial jewelry; but some ill wind had blown him back to his office just in time to receive Lemuel's strange message that he, Harry Wiggin, should become an unpaid and unthanked guide to the Weathervane Stock Farms.

He had hoped to have the wretched business over in two hours, but Mr. De Luna was of the Latin breed that goes mad at the sight of thoroughbred racing stock. He maundered and jabbered and insisted upon staying to lunch; he got himself lost in the afternoon, and it was past five when the distracted lover, still without his charge, received a telephone message from a peremptory, unidentified lady, who announced that he must be at Mathilde Prigley's wedding. Harry, with much assistance, found the little man drinking buttermilk in the dairy, and restraining the temptation to murder, lifted Mr. De Luna, almost by force, back into the green runabout, which started recklessly, sans explanation, back to Lewisburg.

Harry had but a faint indignant idea of his intentions as, somewhat after the hour of six, he whizzed up the drive and into sight of the magnificent event to which, as a matter of cold fact, he had not been invited. He only had a crazy notion that Ireen would be there and that regardless of the other and more spectacular bride he would be able to snatch her away and fly to the most convenient Gretna Green.

As he crossed the lawn, followed by the thoroughly puzzled Mexican millionaire, he was aware of a crucial moment in the ceremony. A great throng, standing together like clusters of flowers under the dappled shade on either side of the ribbon-marked aisle leading up to the altar, maintained a listening silence. Under the pinkish glow of orchids the deep purple garments of choir boys showed, a dramatic mass of color. Harry edged into the crowd and was vaguely aware of two kneeling figures, one black clad and slim, the other bent under a Niagara of lace. But the lover's hot eyes were not there for the enjoyment of other people's happiness.

His gaze went roving, roving until, with a stopping of the heart, he thought he saw her standing somewhat apart from the guests, loitering beside a flowering shrub. He changed his position to make sure. It was Ireen; but that ribbon-marked aisle separated him from her as effectively as though it had been the Atlantic Ocean. If only she would look at him! How still her face was, how tragically wide-eyed she was staring at the spot where the surpliced minister was pronouncing the ecclesiastical blessing.

Someone touched him on the sleeve, and turning he saw a rather stout, pink-faced lady clad in the same tint as the expensive flowers behind the altar. Harry was too rattled for the moment to recognize the well-known features of Miss Jessica Stanchfield.

She beckoned him aside and whispered quite pleasantly.

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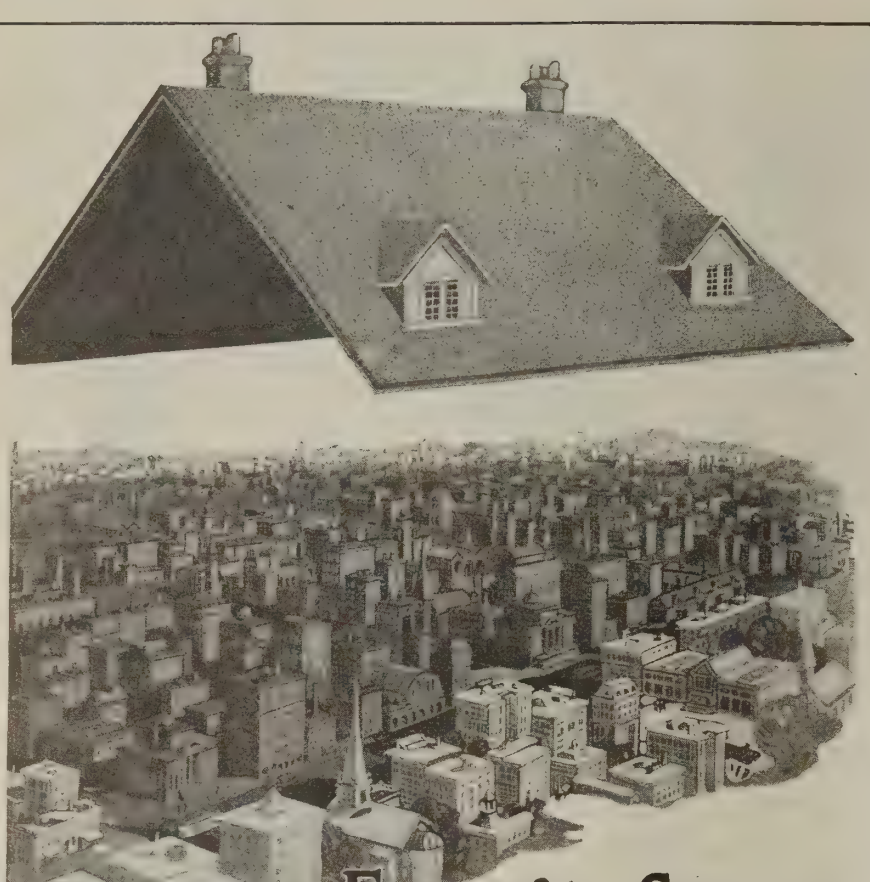

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		A. H. White Rfg. Co.	New Orleans, La.

"Come this way, won't you?" And after he had followed her a few astonished steps, "You'll have to go through the rose garden to get round."

They stood just a minute hidden on the rather unbecoming reverse side of the orchid screen, and so near to the altar that they could hear every booming syllable of the minister's voice.

Harry's unexpected guide took him by the lapels of his coat and smiling whimsically whispered again, "Now are you going to mind what I say?"

"Every word," he responded, perfectly puzzled, but somehow overcome with gratitude.

"Then stand right there." She indicated a spot at the very edge of the orchid screen. "And don't you move till I tell you to."

He obeyed like a soldier, and when she had vanished—with remarkable grace for a lady of her bulk—he could peep round and see the very bush beside which Ireen stood. He could even catch a glimpse of her adorable little walking skirt, and his every atom clamored to disobey orders.

It was over. The bride had no sooner submitted to the first kiss of her husband and the recessional started down the aisle than Lemuel Prigley leaped briskly to a folding chair, clapped his nervous hands and proceeded to spring the sensation of the day.

"Stay where you are!"

The audience, which had already begun to surge toward the ribbon ropes, became suddenly still at the sound of this unexpected barking command. Lewisburg, now well used to Lemuel's eccentricities, should have been surprised at nothing, however little they were prepared for what was to come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Lemuel's penetrating bark went over their heads, "efficiency is the keynote of success. Waste not, want not. Great idea. Saving won the war. Now in my opinion nothing is so wasteful as a modern wedding. This has been the grandest wedding ever pulled off in Lewisburg, even if I do say it myself, and it is my own daughter gets the benefit. I don't regret a cent of it. Glad of it. But the whole thing's inefficient."

Somebody giggled, but Lemuel went right on:

"Now I want to make you all a proposition. Here's my idea. No use in young people starting out in life spending ten years' wages on flowers and fixings. Save it for a nest egg. I've gone into this matter."

He turned impatiently to Ireen, who came forward with a typewritten sheet.

"Here is a list," he declared, flourishing the paper, "of all the young people in Lewisburg who ought to get married. Lots of 'em in this audience at this very minute. Now we've got here this afternoon the best plant in America for turning out the finished article. There's cut flowers, three preachers, two choirs, a double orchestra and an opera singer, just going to waste. None of 'em's tired. Just worked ten minutes. Now that they're here and not het up yet there's no reason why they shouldn't perform all the ceremonies that come along. Won't cost a cent. Just say the word and we tie the knot. Now who'll be first to step up?"

A sound that was half a sigh, half a giggle, ran through the audience. Several young men, standing close to suitable young ladies, shuffled uneasily. An ill-bred humorist was heard to say, "Now's your time, Tony." Several elderly ladies of the conservative party might have been heard to declare that this was too much ere they moved disgustedly away. There fell a dreadful aching silence during which Pineapple Prigley turned round and round, one finger lifted in the gesture of an auctioneer counting his fatal three.

"What's matter?" he barked. "Give you society folks a chance to save money, be sensible, observe teamwork—and you all act scared. Why, I'll venture to say there's twenty young couples in this audience who could avail themselves of this opportunity and save something for a nest egg. Who, now?"

Only a nervous shuffling of the feet.

"You needn't hesitate on account of the marriage license," barked Lemuel in louder and louder tones. "There's a marriag license clerk over at that table"—pointed, and sure enough, a squint-ey clerk could be seen grinning behind an op book—"and there's no use making the c chestra wait till it gets stiff."

The irresolute ones were now beginning look a trifle silly.

"Very well," declared Lemuel, snappi his little jaw under his huge mustache as carefully folded his list of eligibles a thrust it into his pocket. "If nobody war my offer I'm going to say a word for m self."

He cast a swift glance down towa Ireen McKane, who stood as if petrifie

"Here is a dear little girl," he resume laying a fatherly hand on her bright hea "who hasn't wasted and frivoled time a money. She's had to work for a living, a when she spends a cent she knows where goes. Maybe you don't know her now, b you'll be proud of her acquainance pret soon. Her name's Ireen. Miss Ireen M Kane. Step a little closer, Miss Ireen, a let 'em see you. And she's to be the fir efficiency bride."

There was a certain rushing moveme in the crowd behind Lemuel Prigley, wh was too deep in his entrancing announc ment to be disturbed.

"So much for the bride. And as for th groom, he is perhaps a little better know to you. A man of affairs who came to you stranger and was royally welcomed. Pe haps you are not unacquainted with th name of ——"

"Henry S. Wiggin!"

It came shrill and penetrating like th shriek of a whistle. Lemuel, his mou open under its bush, turned nervously t behold Miss Jessica Stanchfield, her han raised like the support of an arch, elevatin the joined fingers of Harry Wiggin an Ireen McKane.

"What the devil's this?" barked Lemu in as nearly a whisper as he could con mand.

"The first couple," declared Jessi quite distinctly. "Now don't keep th orchestra waiting till it gets stiff. Tha wouldn't be efficient, you know."

Lemuel stepped down from his chair an gave away the bride. The wedding was n so elaborate, perhaps, as its designer migh have wished. The surpliced choir ha retired upstairs to change its clothes, bu the orchestra discoursed Lohengrin an Madame Dracula repeated The Voice Tha Breathed O'er Eden.

In a daze the old man who had ente tained so false an idea of renewing his yout listened to the responses, efficiently ste ping forward at the precise moment to giv the bride away.

For the first time in his life he was hum bled in the face of failure. The lovely crea ture he had visioned as ruler of his hom consoler of his age, knelt before him, clas ing the hand of the man she so obvious wanted. He could not see her angelic litt face, but he felt sure that her eyes wer filled with happy tears.

He kissed her immediately after th bridegroom had rendered homage, then h stood moodily aside.

A plump comfortable arm was thrus through his and he found himself grinnin into the dimpled countenance of Jessi Stanchfield.

"By hucks!" swore Lemuel. "That wa the first big deal that ever blew up right i my face. Everybody fell down on me. An then the last minute ——"

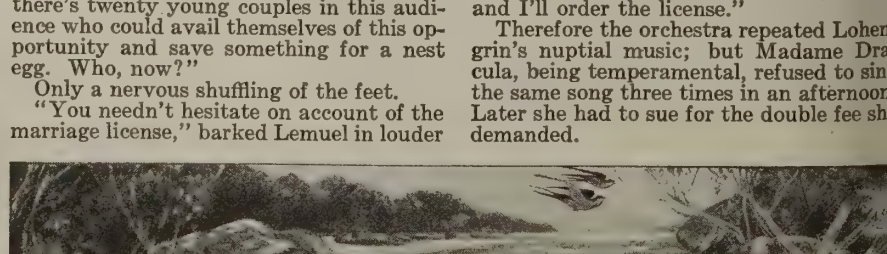
"That was one of the prettiest wedding I ever saw," declared Jessica smoothly.

"Was it? Why, girl, I planned thi whole show so that I could get marrie myself."

"The orchestra's still here," she sug gested ever so sweetly, "and the greates preacher in the state is less than three fee away from you."

"Huh!" said Lemuel. Then, the kee generic light again flashing behind his gra eyes: "Say, Jessie, you grab the preache and I'll order the license."

Therefore the orchestra repeated Lohen grin's nuptial music; but Madame Dra cula, being temperamental, refused to sin the same song three times in an afternoon Later she had to sue for the double fee sh demanded.



LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 26)

Corkhill, the district attorney who was prosecuting the murderer of Garfield, said to me: "You will never fully understand this case until you have sat by me through one day's proceedings in court." Next day I did this.

Never have I passed five hours in a theater so filled with thrills. I occupied a seat betwixt Corkhill and Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law and voluntary attorney. I say "voluntary" because from the first Guiteau rejected him and vilely abused him, vociferously insisting upon being his own lawyer.

From the moment Guiteau entered the trial room it was a theatrical extravaganza. He was in irons, sandwiched between two deputy sheriffs, came in shouting like a madman, and began at once railing at the judge, the jury and the audience. A very necessary rule had been established that when he interposed whatever was being said or done automatically stopped. Then, when he ceased, the case went on again as if nothing had happened.

Only Scoville intervened between me and Guiteau and I had an excellent opportunity to see, hear and size him up. In visage and voice he was the meanest creature I have, either in life or in dreams, encountered. He had the face and intonations of a demon. Everything about him was loathsome. I cannot doubt that his criminal colleagues of history were of the same description.

Charlotte Corday was surely a lunatic. Wilkes Booth I knew. He was drunk, had been drunk all that winter, completely muddled and perverted by brandy, the inheritant of mad blood. Czolgosz, the slayer of McKinley, and the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth were clearly insane.

II

McKINLEY and Protectionism, Cleveland, Carlisle and Free Trade—how far away they seem!

With the passing of the old issues that divided parties new issues have come upon the scene. The alignment of the future will turn upon these. But, underlying all issues of all time are fundamental ideas which live forever and aye, and may not be forgotten or ignored.

It used to be claimed by the followers of Jefferson that Democracy was a fixed quantity, rising out of the bedrock of the Constitution, while Federalism, Whiggism and Republicanism were but the chimeras of some prevailing fancy, drawing their sustenance rather from temporizing expediency and current sentiment than from basic principles and profound conviction. To make haste slowly, to look before leaping, to take counsel of experience—were Democratic axioms. Thus the fathers of Democracy, while fully conceiving the imperfections of government and meeting as events required the need alike of movement and reform, put the visionary and experimental behind them to aim at things visible, attainable, tangible, the written Constitution the one safe precedent, the morning star and the evening star of their faith and hope.

What havoc the parties and the politicians have made of all these lofty pretenses! Where must an old-line Democrat go to find himself?

Two issues, however, have come upon the scene which for the time being are paramount and which seem organic. They are set for the determination of the twentieth century: The sex question and the drink question.

I wonder if it be possible to consider them in a catholic spirit from a philosophic standpoint. I can truly say that the enactment of prohibition laws, state or national, is personally nothing to me. I long ago reached an age when the convivialism of life ceased to cut any figure in the equation of my desires and habits. It is the never-failing recourse of the intolerant, however, to ascribe an individual, and, of course, an unworthy, motive to contrariwise opinions, and I have not escaped that kind of criticism.

The challenge underlying prohibition is twofold: Does prohibition prohibit, and, if it does, may it not generate evils peculiarly its own?

The question hinges on what are called "sumptuary laws"; that is, statutes regulating the food and drink, the habits and apparel of the individual citizen. This in turn harks back to the issue of paternal government. That, once admitted and established, becomes in time all-embracing.

Bigotry is a disease. The bigot pursuing his narrow round is like the bedridden possessed by his disordered fancy. It sees nothing but itself, which it mistakes for wisdom and virtue. But it also begets hypocrisy. When this spreads over a sufficient area and counts a voting majority it sends its agents abroad, and thus we acquire canting apostles and legislators at once corrupt and despotic.

They are now largely in evidence in the national capital and in the various state capitals, where the poor-dog, professional politicians most do congregate and disport themselves.

The worst of it is that there seems nowhere any popular realization—scarcely any popular outcry. Do we grow degenerate? Are we willfully dense? "In a nation of blind men," we are told, "the one-eyed man is king." In a nation of undiscriminating voters the voice of the agitator is apt to drown the voice of the statesman. Teaching everybody to read, nobody to think—the rule of numbers the law of the land, partyism and populism in the saddle—legislation, state and Federal, becomes largely a matter of riding to hounds and horns.

III

I KNOW full well how philosophy, seeking to teach by example, is whistled down the wind of popular indifference and incredulity. But I also know that the "peepul," so limpid on the tongue of the politician, is measurably and collectively—not to put too fine a point upon it—a variable quantity.

It seems of the very nature of the human species to meddle and muddle. On every hand we see the organization of societies for making men and women over again according to certain fantastic formulas existing in the minds of the promoters. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the visiting Frenchman, "fifty religions and only one soup!" Since then both the soups and the religions have multiplied until there is scarce a culinary or moral conception which has not some sect to represent it. The Uplift, a disease, is the keynote to these.

Society and partyism are jointly and equally at fault. Under the pretense of liberalizing the Government its organic character is being sacrificed to whimsical experimentation; its checks and balances, wisely designed to promote and protect liberty, are being loosened by schemes of reform more or less visionary; while nowhere do we find intelligence, enlightened by experience and conviction, supported by self-control, interposing to save the representative system of the Constitution from the onward march of the proletariat and the self-elect.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 36)

a little while and sidled round the table. I thought sure he was going to start something then. But he just stood there a little while. Then he stepped up to the young felleh and laid a hand on his shoulder and says, 'Taxes is due. The collector is waiting for you below.' The young felleh twisted his head to look up at Old John and Old John looked down at him. This sort of surprised everybody, coming right in the middle of a hand; and Old John says to the crowd, 'I'm a soothsayer from Sayre, Ohio,' and went out. He was always saying queer things like that, so probably the crowd forgot it all in half a minute.

"He went down the back stairs, me following. There was a wooden sidewalk run along the side of the building and it was about two feet higher than the ground and Old John says to me, 'We'll pitch our tents in Israel right here a spell,' and he set down on the sidewalk and I set down beside him.

"Probably it was two three o'clock in the morning then; a warm night and lots of moonlight. We waited there maybe half an hour. Then the young felleh with the busted chin come out of the back door and saw Old John and me setting there and kind of hesitated. 'Come hither,' says Old John to him. The young felleh stepped across to us and Old John didn't get up or nothing. He just set there on the sidewalk and says to the young felleh, 'I don't care what you do to them lunks upstairs, but you can't palm forty-six dollars out of me. Produce!'

"The young felleh looked mighty sullen, but I reckon Old John and me didn't look very good to him. Probably I was kind of grinning and John's hat was stuck on the back of his head. He wasn't a man that anybody would want to trifle with. So the young felleh stuck his hand in his pants pocket and pulled out a fist full of money and started to count out forty-six dollars and Old John just grabbed the money out of his hand and says, 'Never mind the change,' and sat there looking up at him. The young felleh looked like fight for a minute and squared his jaw. And I slipped my hand in my coat pocket. I always carried a blackjack handy in those days. Then the young felleh just pulled his cap down over his forehead again and walked off, looking plumb discouraged, and John and me walked back to the fairground and slept in the wagon.

"Next day this young felleh comes out to the fairground and sees Old John at the wheel of fortune. He stands round watching him a while, and Old John kind of watching out of the tail of his eye, wondering what he'd got on his mind. Pretty soon everybody goes off to watch the horse races. They didn't have any trotting horses, but they had running races with broncos. Then the young felleh comes up to John and strikes him for a job. They had a long spiel about it together and finally John offers him a job.

"You see, Old John had been getting terrible sore on Elt Grew because Elt had been boozing too much. The rule was, 'No booze in working hours,' but Elt had been getting himself pickled every afternoon and by time his evening spiel come along he was too much saturated. John had been cussin' him out about it, but he and Elt had been together a good while and it wasn't so easy to get hold of a man who could do the phony-jewelry game. John told the young felleh to stand round and watch Elt that evening and next day and practice up on the part. And when we left Buffalo Center—fair only lasted three days—Old John fired Elt Grew and put this young felleh on in his place. The young felleh said his name was Tom Wilson—and he's the man you call Alfred Dinsmore."

Purcell stared at that and passed a bent forefinger over his lips.

"Don't have to take my word for it; you can prove it all yourself," the negro drawled. "He was with us three four weeks and Old John took a shine to him. By and by we went over the line into Nebraska—to Billingtown, where we'd been three four times before. Pretty good business there. This was a town of about twenty-five hundred—pretty good country round. The fair lasted all week. Tom Wilson was spieling in Elt Grew's place.

"Well, nothing much happened till Tuesday. But I saw Old John wasn't feeling right. I reckon probably he'd got kind of low-spirited on account of parting with Elt Grew, for they'd been together a long time. They'd been at Billingtown together two three times—which kind of brought it up fresh in his mind. You see, except on Saturdays, we usually didn't open up on the fairgrounds until afternoon, only Ben Lukens, who was kind of a lunkhead anyway, would have his ring game going. Tuesday, John and I goes up town, for he has some business. Comes half past ten, he goes into a saloon and takes a drink. He was feeling sort of lonesome, I reckon. I knew that was a bad sign—drinking in the morning. He takes a good many drinks that forenoon and about one o'clock he goes over to the bank. I don't know just what it was for, but he was going to buy a draft to send East. The amount was a hundred and sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents. He goes up to the counter with a bundle of money in his hand and asks the cashier for a draft on New York for that much.

"This cashier's name was Latham. He was a big fine-looking man with a brown mustache. Well, this cashier writes out the draft and takes John's money and counts it and hands back the change and says very quiet and polite, 'Thirty-five cents exchange for the draft.' Seems John had bought a draft like that somewhere a while before and they'd only charged him fifteen cents for it. Of course it didn't really amount to anything anyhow. But the booze had got its hooks in Old John by that time and he was spoiling for a row. So he begins to roar over the thirty-five cents. The cashier speaks very quiet and polite, but tells him thirty-five cents is the charge. I could see that cashier was having a bad effect on Old John anyway. He was a handsome man, you know, and shaved smooth and the ends of his mustache twisted neat. His collar was very shiny and his clothes like he stepped out of a bandbox and he spoke in such a smooth, polite kind of way. Knowing Old John well as I did, I could see he was kind of aching to muss that man up.

"He sure did act outrageous, calling that cashier the worst kind of names and yelling, 'Robbers! Hold up! Police!' till you could have heard him in the next county—and keeping it right up too. The front door was open and people come running from all round. I knew there was sure to be trouble and had my hand on my blackjack. I could see that cashier turning pale, but he tried to keep cool and tell the people that run in that it was just a drunken man. But Old John kept it right up, calling the worst kind of names. In a couple of minutes a kind of slim wiry man with a bushy beard and a slouch hat come running in. The cashier says to him, 'All right, Fred,' quietlike, and walked round in front of the counter. I saw he had his hand in his pocket. It looked pretty bad when the cashier came walking toward us and I got ready.

"But it surely happened too quick for me. That wiry man with the beard jumped just like a cat and hit Old John a terrible wallop over the head with the butt of a gun and same time the cashier stuck a gun against my stomach. You know how it is with a crowd. They kind of stand round with their mouths open until somebody shows 'em how. So in a second three or four men grabbed me. This man with the beard was the deputy sheriff. He and the cashier beat Old John up some; then the deputy took him off to jail. Naturally, I didn't have much to say and they let me go. About five o'clock that afternoon they took John out of jail before a justice, who fined him twenty-five dollars and costs for disorderly conduct. He had three lumps on his head where he'd been hit.

"That was a lesson to Old John. He'd been in plenty rows before that, but he'd never really been come up with before. Where he made his mistake that time was starting rough-house in a bank. But I noticed always after that he wasn't so ready to start a row. It was certainly a lesson to him. But he took it mighty hard—Old John did. Seemed to kind of grind him through and through. He was terrible sullen and bitter. Of course everybody knew about it. The crowd round the wheel of fortune next day was bigger than ever. Even the women and children was coming up all the time. Of course they didn't come up to play the wheel, but just to look at Old John. There was a cut and big bruises on his cheek. The men in the crowd kept grinning when they looked at it. Old John glared back at 'em, but he stuck right to the job, spieling for his wheel of fortune. He was proud, you know. All that staring and grinning at him ground him right through and through.

"Still there wouldn't anything have ever come of it if it hadn't been for Pete Sykes. We knew Pete Sykes from the first time we ever showed in Billingtown. Since then he and John had got kind of confidential. Pete Sykes called himself a plasterer and paper hanger, but he didn't work at it very steady only when he was stony broke. There was quite a smart little gambling house in Billingtown and Pete Sykes hung out there a good deal—lookout at the faro table and so on. But there wasn't trade enough to keep the little gambling house going all the time, so sometimes Pete had to work at plastering. We'd always had him for a stool pigeon at the soap game. He was ready for any little job of that kind that came along.

"I reckon Pete Sykes sympathized with John over what had happened to him. Anyway, I know it was Pete Sykes that told him about the bank. This bank, you see, was in a brick building—mighty nifty, with white-stone trimming and tile floor and shiny counter inside. Pete Sykes had done the plastering and he knew the other men that worked on it—bricklayers and carpenters. This was the first brick building ever put up in Billingtown. They had to ship in the brick and the bricklayers too. It made a big show, you see; but it was kind of a phony building. When you went in there was a great big vault door with shiny bolts. Looked like you couldn't break it with dynamite. But Pete Sykes knew the walls of the vault was just two layers of common brick. A good man with a crowbar could break in from the outside in twenty minutes easy enough.

"Pete Sykes had kind of kept that in his mind. He was a nervy man. I reckon if he'd known anybody to tie up with that he could trust he'd have took a crack at that bank before. He knew Old John had plenty nerve for anything, and John was sure mighty sore at that cashier. There was a safe inside the vault—where the money was—but Old John knew something about that too. He'd knocked all round the country and mixed up with all sorts of people, so he knew just how they did it. They took some nitroglycerin stuff and mixed it up somehow—'soup,' they called it—and they put that round the door of a safe and touched it off with a fuse and blew the door off. Maybe Old John hadn't ever done it himself, but he'd talked with 'em and knew just how they did it. He was a man that was always picking up information.

"Well, Old John and Pete Sykes talked it over. They was ready enough. One trouble was, this cashier lived up over the bank. It was a two-story building and the cashier lived upstairs. But they reckoned that when they blew the safe it wouldn't take 'em more'n a couple of minutes to grab what money there was and beat it. If anybody should show up they reckoned they could stand him off for a minute or two. But probably nobody would show up before they got away.

"They raised a good deal of wheat round there and wheat was coming to market lively. The bank had to keep money on hand to pay for the wheat. About every day a big bundle of currency would come in by express from Omaha. The train got in a little after five o'clock. Old John told me to hang round the railroad station one afternoon. Just after train time this handsome cashier comes in with a little brown hand bag. He signs the book and the station agent gives him a bundle, big as that, with sealing wax all over on it. The cashier puts that in his bag and goes back to the bank—maybe twenty thousand dollars.

"Of course Old John was too foxy to start anything right then, after him having that trouble with the cashier. We just finished up that week at the fair and then moved on to Bleeker, where we showed next week. From there we're going to Standing Rock. That's a fifty-mile drive. In Bleeker John goes round complaining that two of his horses ain't well; he's afraid they've got distemper. He tells me to do the same. We closed up in Bleeker Friday morning, only leaving Ben Lukens and the ring game, for he's a lunkhead anyway, and drove to a little place called Inland and camped on the bank of a creek that hadn't hardly any water in it—a couple of miles out of town. John tells me to take one of the horses and

(Continued on Page 157)

(Continued from Page 154)

ride into town and get some condition powders. All this stuff about the horses being sick was to make an alibi, you see. This town is twenty-three miles from Billingtown. Half past nine Old John and me and the felleh we call Tom Wilson got on the horses and rode to Billingtown. By that time Old John has taken a shine to this felleh we called Wilson. We don't urge the horses any—saving 'em up for the ride back, so it's pretty near one o'clock when we get in.

"Just to the west edge of Billingtown there's what they call a draw out in that country—ravine, I reckon you call it here—long deep gully, you know. There was some scrub trees growing in it. We tied our horses to the trees and right there Pete Sykes bobbed up. He's been waiting for us. He lived in a little house without any paint on it not more'n ten rods the other side of the draw. Old John is carrying a grip with his stuff in it. Lord knows where he got the stuff—tools and the 'soup' and so on. But he'd got it all right. Pete Sykes pulls a crowbar and a cold chisel and a wooden mallet out from among the trees. Then John lines me and Tom Wilson up and gives us our instructions over again. There's a two-story frame building on one side of this bank, you see, and a one-story frame building on the other side; then comes an alley. And there's outside stairs on the back of the bank building that go up to the second story where the cashier lives. John has picked a night when there ain't any moon, but it's some lighter than we'd like. Tom Wilson is to stand out back of the bank by the stairs that come down and keep watch, and I'm to stand by the corner of this one-story frame building where I can keep watch of the alley. We're to give a whistle if anybody comes.

"Well, we started over town about two o'clock, each one going alone, and we met back of the bank. Tom Wilson and I took our places and Pete Sykes and Old John went to work at the wall. Every now and then I can hear 'em plain as day—chink, chink against the brick like they'd wake up the whole town. Seemed like it takes 'em all night, too—a terrible long while; I'm looking for sunup. Then Pete Sykes touched my arm and whispered to me, 'Ready now,' and I know they're ready to touch it off. He'd been to Tom Wilson too. I reckon Tom Wilson was all wound up just like I was—so tight I'm ready to bust. Then there's the awfulest noise you ever heard—like a whole navy blowing up, it seems to me—only it's kind of dull and muffled. Probably I ought to have stayed at the alley, but I knew they're about ready for the get-away, so I just naturally drifted toward the bank.

"Tom Wilson, by the foot of the stairs, must have been excitedlike, too, and looking round toward the bank. I seen a white figure come running down the back stairs. It was this cashier in his night shirt. Tom Wilson was sort of in the shadow of the stairs and I guess the cashier didn't see him. Anyway, Tom Wilson sees this figure when it's almost right on him. That was the account he give of it afterward. He sees the figure when it's almost right on him and he never says a word—just naturally blazes away. And the cashier sort of toppled over and caught at the wooden railing of the stairs and blazed at Tom and then fell down.

"Old John come crawling out of the hole in the wall and run out with a gun in his hand, looking round. I saw him quite plain—hat on the back of his head and looking mighty wild and bad. Pete Sykes was crawling out of the hole too. Then John yells a cuss at him and runs back and drives him in and crawls in himself. Lord knows how long they're gone, but when they come out they'd got the money and we all beat it for the draw without thinking to divide ourselves like we did when we come, but running in the dusty road where we don't make any noise.

"When we're pretty near there Tom Wilson sort of wobbled a minute and fell over. John come back and looked at him and says, 'He's hit.' Then he and Pete Sykes talk mighty fast. Pete says, 'Take him to my house; I'll see to it.' They talk a second and Pete and I picked Tom Wilson up, head and feet, and carried him to the back door of Pete Sykes' shack. The door's unlocked and we carried him in and laid him on the floor and Pete says to me, 'Beat it!' I certainly was agreeable to that. Old John was some ahead of me. When I got to the draw he had the horses untied and we lit out, me leading the horse Tom Wilson had rode. We rode all the horses would go for half an hour, but didn't make hardly any noise in the dusty road, and then we took it easier; but kept pushing right along and when we got back to camp we couldn't see that anybody'd been round there. We rubbed the horses down and Old John went off a ways and buried the money for that night. Then we turned in.

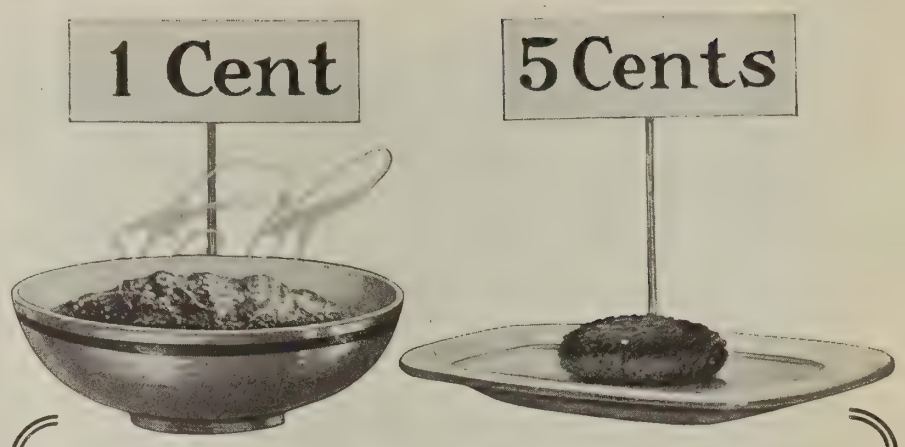
"Nobody come near us all next forenoon. If anybody did come round I was to say Tom Wilson and Old John had a row Friday afternoon and Old John fired him and he left us about three miles this side of a place called Kedron that we'd drove through and that's the last I saw of him. I had a regular story to tell about it. Old John and me had went over it carefully. But nobody come near. So about three o'clock that afternoon we hitched up and drove on to Standing Rock, where we got in eight o'clock that night. We sat round the wagon that evening and nobody said a word to us. Next morning we met up with Ben Lukens and John told him about firing Tom Wilson, and afterwards I told it to him. And we went on with our business, only we couldn't open up with the soap game and the phony jewelry, for we didn't have anybody to spiel. But somehow John got track of Elt Grew and telegraphed him, and Tuesday afternoon Elt showed up. John told him about firing Tom Wilson and they shook hands and Elt went back to spieling and so we was all shipshape again.

"I don't know what Old John was hearing from Billingtown then, or whether he was hearing anything, but he kept warning me to be mighty careful what I said, because likely there'd be detectives nosing round trying to get something on us. Of course there was a lot in the newspapers about the robbery of the bank at Billingtown and killing the cashier. The cashier was unconscious when they found him and never said a word before he passed out. There was a good deal of excitement about that. John says, 'You know what it means for us,' and put his hands round his neck. You can believe I was careful to say nothing to nobody and always watching out for anybody nosing round.

"It come along Thursday or Friday, I don't remember which. The crowd had gone over to the horse races and Old John and me was at the wheel-of-fortune booth when up come a gentleman and lady. They looked like folks that amounted to something. The man was sort of stout and had a beard cut down to a point with maybe three four gray hairs in it—good clothes and carrying a cane. He looked like somebody. The lady was a nice-looking lady, too, and walked with her hand on his arm like she was nervous. They come right up to the booth and the man talked right out to Old John. He said, 'You had a young man in your company at Bleeker—engaged in selling soap, I believe. We want to find that young man. This lady is his mother.'

"Well, Old John told 'em the story about firing Tom Wilson and they listened and the lady hung pretty tight to the gentleman's arm and her lips trembled so she put her fingers up to 'em now and then. The man talked right out like it was straight goods and asked John questions about Tom Wilson—how long he'd known him and where he met him and so on, and John told 'em—except he didn't say he met Tom Wilson in a poker room palming cards. He just said Tom Wilson come up to him and asked for a job. The man talked mighty nice and like he was on the level. By and by he said the young man they was talking about was a reckless kind of young man and he'd disappeared from home, and his family was very anxious about him, and so on. He said a friend who was acquainted with the young man had seen him on the fairground at Bleeker and soon's this friend got back to St. Joseph, Missouri, where the young man's home was, he'd told this here gentleman about it, for the gentleman was his uncle. So he had found out where Old John had went to from Bleeker and he and the young man's mother had come to find him. He talked very nice about it, and the lady was mighty nervous.

"Old John said he might likely come across that young man again and if he did he'd let him know. And the uncle gave Old John his card. His name was Elliott and he was a lawyer in St. Joe, Missouri, the card had his address on it. And Old John said he'd sure drop him a line if he ever come across that young man again. Old John was foxy, you know. He saw these people amounted to something; probably they had money and a pull, so that might be



One Costs You

Five Times the Other

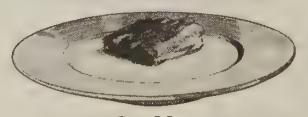
Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

A cake of Hamburger Steak costs five times that. So does a small serving of any meat or fish.

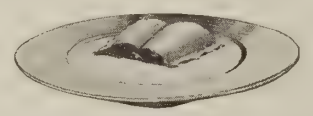
In Quaker Oats you get the finest grade of the greatest food that grows. It is noted as a vim-producer and a food for growth.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. A food which every modern mother wants her child to get.

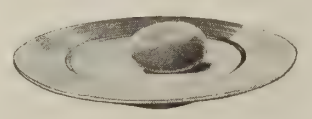
35 Cents Buys 6221 Calories



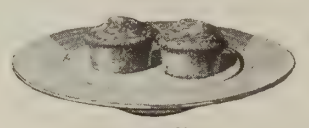
4 Oz. Meat
will cost 8 cents, or 8 times the dish of oats.



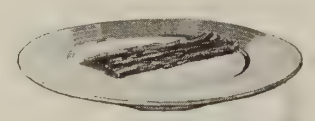
White Fish
or mackerel costs some 8 cents per serving—8 times the dish of oats.



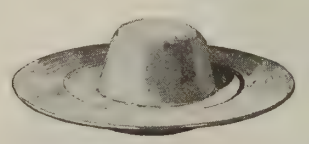
One Egg
costs 4 cents, or 4 times the Quaker Oats.



Two Muffins
cost 2 cents, or 2 times the oat dish.



Bacon
costs about a cent a slice—same as a dish of Quaker Oats.



Custard
costs 4 cents per serving, or 4 times the Quaker Oats.

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6221 calories. That's the energy unit used to measure food values.

Compare that cost with other necessary foods. These are the figures at this writing:

Cost of 6221 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	35c
In Average Meats	$2.89
In Average Fish	3.12
In Hen's Eggs	3.75
In Vegetables	68c to 4.70

Meats, eggs, fish and fowl, on this basis, cost nine times Quaker Oats for the same calory value.

Each large package served in place of meat saves about $2.80.

Save that in your breakfasts. Everybody should eat oats once daily. Then the saving will help pay for costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

With That Extra Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make the dish doubly inviting.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. All the little grains are discarded, so we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such oats cost no extra price it is due to yourself that you get them.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3211

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WHETHER you make a car—or buy it—keep a car—or sell it, there is added value in a Neverleek top. Neverleek is a rich material of guaranteed weatherproof quality, that adds to the smartness and beauty of any car.

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AMERICAN	DANIELS	HUPMOBILE	MOON	SAXON
BELL	DORIS	JORDAN	MOORE	SCRIPPS-BOOTH
BIDDLE	ELGIN	KING	NATIONAL	(Model G)
BOUR-DAVIS	ELCAR	KLINE	OWEN-MAGNETIC	STANDARD
CHANDLER	FRANKLIN	LEXINGTON	PAIGE	STEARNS-KNIGHT
CLEVELAND	GLIDE	LIBERTY	PAN-AMERICAN	STEPHENS
CLYDE	GRANT	MARMON	PEERLESS	STUTZ
COMET	HATFIELD	McFARLAN	PIEDMONT	TEMPLAR
CRAWFORD	HAYNES	MAIBOHM	ROAMER	VELIE
CUNNINGHAM	HOLMES	MITCHELL		WESTCOTT

a good thing in case of trouble coming up over what had happened. He talked fine and benevolent to 'em about the young man and young men generally. He says, 'Colts will be colts till they're broke.' And he calls the lady 'Mrs. Elliot' once or twice on purpose and she corrects him and says, 'Mrs. Dinsmore; Mr. Elliot is my brother.' And Old John gives the young man quite a fine character, and when they're gone he writes down 'Dinsmore' on the back of the lawyer's card so he won't forget it.

"Him and me talks it over after they'd gone and he wondered whether they was on the level, but I believed they was from the way the gentleman talked and the lady trembled and how her eyes looked. So that's how we knew Tom Wilson's right name was Dinsmore. Still nobody was troubling us about what had happened at Billingtown; and next week we went on to Blue Creek. There wasn't any fair there, but it was court week and we were going to stay two three days. Second day, up comes Pete Sykes and Tom Wilson with his arm in a sling. They walked right up to the wheel of fortune like they was thinking of buying some paddles. You paid a quarter, you know, for a wooden paddle with a number on it and if the wheel stopped at that number you won.

"Once in his life Old John was sure jarred. He pretty near stopped spieling and glared at 'em. This Sykes was a reckless sort of man when he got started. Seems in that fast talking they did when they found Tom Wilson was shot Old John had told Pete Sykes to come to Blue Creek, but he didn't expect him to walk right up to the booth in broad daylight with Tom Wilson along, his arm in a sling. But Sykes argued that was just as good a way to do it as any other. He said everybody was all off the trail about the Billingtown business anyway.

"Sykes told what had happened. Seems after we got Tom Wilson into his house he'd got him into a bedroom, they having two bedrooms. His wife was living with him in the house, but I reckon he wasn't a very pleasant man to live with. From the way he talked, she'd never open her head about it because she didn't dare. He'd looked Tom Wilson over himself and by and by his fever had come up and Sykes had gone out and got a doctor he knew. This doctor's name was Dill. That came out because Sykes said he'd give the doctor two thousand dollars to keep his mouth shut, and that was all the money he'd got out of the bank except about three hundred dollars. Old John had got the rest of it. Old John said two thousand was too much and he said Sykes mustn't try any holding-out games on him. And then Sykes gave the doctor's name. It was Dill, but I don't remember the initials now. Pete Sykes said Old John could go and ask him if he wanted to.

"You see, Old John was kind of sore and suspicious and Pete Sykes didn't intend to be done, either, and they had quite an argument about it; but sure they couldn't afford to quarrel and both of them knew that. This Doctor Dill must have been a skate. He played poker and drank and Pete Sykes knew him from the ground up. Pete Sykes said he had something on him—a woman he'd operated on against the law and she'd died—so Dill was bound to keep his mouth shut.

"Well, they'd kept Tom Wilson hid there and this Doctor Dill had looked after him; and so there they was in Blue Creek waiting for the divvy.

"Old John pitched into Tom Wilson; said he was an idiot to shoot when he could have held up the cashier. Tom Wilson was sullen and mighty nervous. He wanted to get some money and light out. They got to feeling sore at each other. Old John was riled anyway, because he thought the shooting was all foolishness and it put his neck in a noose, and because Tom Wilson had come down there with his arm in a sling.

"Pete Sykes said he promised Doctor Dill two thousand dollars more and Old John says Doctor Dill can go to hell. Old John's got twenty thousand dollars and some change. He divides it in four pieces and Pete Sykes says, 'You going to give the coon a full share?' meaning me. Old John says, 'Sure he gets a full share.' So they divide up the money and Pete Sykes and Tom Wilson go away and afterward Old John give me a thousand dollars. That's thirty-one years ago, and from that day to this nobody ain't ever said a word about the Billingtown business to anybody that had a hand in it."

The negro paused there for a moment, while Purcell shaved his lips with a bent forefinger.

"I've never took it to myself," the caller added with an aged smile, "because if Tom Wilson hadn't got rattled there wouldn't have been any shooting. That was just an accident."

Purcell, however, was not much interested in that delicate point in casuistry.

"How do you know Tom Wilson is Alfred Dinsmore?" he demanded.

"I'm coming to that," the negro replied with the implication of a polite rebuke. "You see, Old John was terrible sore about that shooting business. He thought it was all foolishness on Tom Wilson's part, and it put his neck in a halter. He thought it brought him bad luck. He used to call Tom Wilson the worst kind of names about it. Seemed like just after that they begun shutting down on him. Seemed like people begun to get down on gambling generally. He had all kinds of trouble getting permission to spiel at the county fairs and on the streets where he ain't never had any trouble at all before. They said the gambling games and the soap and phony jewelry wouldn't do any more. The country was getting more settled up all the time; more Eastern people coming in. They begun to get tony ideas. Gambling houses shut up all over; no more wheels of fortune.

"That made it pretty hard for Old John. He'd been working that country that way eight or ten years then and he'd got sort of settled in the habit. He tried giving prizes at the wheel of fortune instead of paying money—winner'd get a little alarm clock or a gilt vase. But that didn't catch on like the old game did; made it pretty hard for Old John. He'd done right well with his games generally speaking; but if he had good business one week, probably he'd lose all the money playing poker or faro middle of the next week. It was always sort of hand to mouth, as the saying is. So when they begun to shut down on him that way he was up against it—and mighty sore.

"We struggled along about five years, but they was always sort of whittling us down finer. The big wagon and one of the horses went and we drove round in a two-seated buggy. By and by the last horse and the buckboard goes. Old John and me is traveling on trains. We felt humiliated.

"Well, sir, it's five years and we was cleaned out. Old John had always kept that lawyer's card, from St. Joe, and the way he's got it in his mind Tom Wilson is responsible for all our troubles. Old John was worse tempered 'n a she bear then, so we scraped the bottom of the bin and went to St. Joe. Old John didn't tell me a word about it then. He just told me to lay low and keep my mouth shut and keep out of all trouble or he'd cut my heart out. You see, Old John was peculiar that way. Lots of times he'd never say a word to me. Then by and by when he'd had a few drinks and was feeling good he'd tell me all about it.

"Certainly I had my own idea what we was doing at St. Joe, because I knew that was where Tom Wilson lived, and plenty times Old John had let words slip when he was cussing Tom Wilson out for the bad luck. I had my own idea, but I never said a word—just lay low like he told me. We was there six days and then Old John come in with a bank roll that would choke a horse and we lit out for San Antonio. Afterward he told me about it, like he usually did. He'd went to spying out the land and finding out about these Dinsmores. He found where they lived—in a good house on a good street. Then he hung out at a livery stable up that way and got 'em to talking. Everybody knew about the family—Dinsmore and Elliot. They were swells, you know, so everybody knew about 'em. Her husband was dead and had left her some money. He'd been in the grain business. There was two boys, brothers; but both of 'em had gone away from home a good while ago and one of 'em was dead. Other was up in Chicago. That's all the folks Old John talked with could tell about the sons.

"Of course that was sort of discouraging for Old John. He didn't know how to get the address of the son in Chicago and he wasn't sure whether that was Tom Wilson or Tom Wilson was the one that had died. It would be just his luck to have Tom Wilson the dead one. Looked like he was up against it. You see, that made him sorer than ever. He was a terrible desperate kind of man when he was sore.

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

He hung round and kept watch of the Dinsmore house. The way he figured it, that house owed him a lot of money and was trying to do him out of it. One day he's walking down toward the house, up against a stone wall and terrible sore, and he sees this Mrs. Dinsmore come out of the yard and start up the street, and Old John walks right on until he meets her, him standing in the middle of the sidewalk, his hat on the back of his head. And he says, 'Excuse me, ma'am. Maybe you don't remember me, but I'm the county-fair man your son worked for in Bleeker, Nebraska. I'd like to have a little conversation with you.'

"Guess there wasn't any danger of anybody ever forgetting Old John, with his round red beard and hat on the back of his head. This Mrs. Dinsmore goes white as a sheet and pretty near falls over and says, 'Come into the house,' like a woman all up in the air. So Old John goes back to the house with her and she takes him in a room and shuts the door. She's so scared she can hardly stand up; pretty near faints away, Old John tells me; and she promised to come across with ten thousand dollars almost before he could get round to ask for it. She's scared stiff, you see. She tells him to come back there at eight o'clock that evening.

"Well, sir, she has come across so easy that Old John is sort of suspicious. He goes away and thinks it over—thinks maybe she's setting a trap for him. But you couldn't bluff Old John very easy—especially not when he's desperate like he was then, and the woman did surely act like she was scared stiff. So eight o'clock up he marches to the front door and she lets him in, and sure enough she's got ten thousand dollars there. She makes him swear on the Bible that if she gives him the money he'll go straight away and never say a word to anybody. Old John swears it with a face as straight as a deacon's and puts the money in his pocket and goes away.

"He can't figure it out exactly; but one thing he's dead sure of—she knows her son shot that cashier Latham at Billingtown and the son's alive or else she'd never have come across that way and been scared so stiff. How she found it out John don't know. Maybe he confessed it. But John is dead sure she knows it or she'd never have come across that way. He remarks to me, 'So we've got a little anchor to the windward, William.' It does seem like that changed our luck too. We went down to San Antonio and all round that Southwest country."

The negro broke off, deliberated a moment and observed gravely, "Probably, no need my telling you all about that, because it don't have any bearing on the main story. Old John and me got along first rate for five six years. I forget exactly how long it was. Then we got in bad again. There was right serious trouble in a place down there and we beat it. We didn't have much money left either. So we goes back to St. Joe, and the Dinsmore house has been sold and she's moved up to Chicago, where her son is. Naturally, we moved up to Chicago too. We was better off that time in one way. First time we didn't have anything but the name Dinsmore and the name of the lawyer, Elliot, that was her brother. We had to trace her down from that. But that first time in St. Joe Old John got her full name, so we had that to go on in Chicago, even if we didn't have any address. We went to Chicago and Old John put up at a hotel he knew about. He looked in the city directory and the telephone book and found some Dinsmores, but not the right name. He asked the hotel clerk how a man would go at it to find an address that wasn't in the directory or the telephone book, and when he told the clerk it was prominent people the clerk showed him a blue book that had the names and addresses of the prominent people in it. That way Old John found her address. It was down on the South Side, which was the swell part of town then. Old John spotted the house and hung round till he caught her on the street again and she come across with another ten.

"He struck her for twenty-five and she was scared stiff and swore she'd have to sell some jewelry to get ten right away. Old John proposed to go right after the son for the twenty-five; but she was scared stiff and talked so wild about calling the police or a lawyer that he thought she might get hysterical and start something, so he decided to take ten then and her promise to give him ten more a month from then. They fixed it up that he was to telephone her and she was to tell him when to come to the house to get the money.

"Old John was kind of dissatisfied and thought she was stringing him some and he ought to go after the son himself. But he concluded ten wasn't so bad after all. We took a trip to New York, which proved pretty expensive, for John had poor luck. End of the month we come back and got another ten and went to Montana and that country. There was talk about Alaska then, and by and by we went up there. Long and short of it is, it was near ten years before we got back to Chicago. John got fifteen then and about five years later we come back. That was near four years ago. We been on the pay roll ever since.

"You see, that last time—near four years ago—John was going to make a hog killing. The Dinsmores had moved then. They was living in that big, swell house up in Highlands, and everybody said Alfred Dinsmore had barrels and barrels of money. That mail-order business was bringing it in by the bale. Naturally, that made John ambitious and he struck for a hundred thousand dollars. That's one thing he ain't never told me much about. I know he met the son that time—Alfred Dinsmore. I reckon they sort of went to the mat. This son ain't the kind of man you can bluff very much. I reckon him and Old John went to the mat. Old John come away sort of sore and grouchy and dissatisfied and talked some about starting something; but of course he wasn't really in very good shape to start anything.

"Long and short of it is, the son agreed to pay him six hundred every month. It's the fifteenth of every month, unless that comes on Saturday or Sunday, then it's on Friday. I go up there to the big house and get it myself, eight o'clock every evening. I'm carrying a little grip, you know, like I might be bringing some papers or something. I go round to the side door. The butler always lets me in there and goes to another room with me—fine room with books all round the walls. There's Alfred Dinsmore himself. I say, 'Good evening,' and he nods back and I open my grip and take the money. Then I say 'Thank you, sir,' and make a little bow and he nods. The butler's there in the hall and takes me back to the side door and lets me out. You come up to the gate with me next fifteenth of the month and I'll show you my empty grip when I go in and the money in it when I come out. I recognized this Alfred Dinsmore for Tom Wilson first time I set eyes on him. Of course he wears a beard now to cover up his busted chin with the scar on it, but anybody that had a good look at him back there in Billingtown would recognize him now."

The negro seemed to have finished.

"And you take the money to Old John?" Purcell asked.

The negro did not answer for a moment, but rubbed a bony hand over the bald ridge of his head. Then he said very gravely:

"No, sir. Old John Colby passed out more'n a year ago. Alfred Dinsmore killed him. I'm sure of it. Old John wasn't never really satisfied with that arrangement about six hundred dollars a month. He went to see Dinsmore about it one evening. And that night he died—very sudden. I'm sure he was poisoned up there. This here Alfred Dinsmore is a bad man to go against. He's got the worst kind of knife you ever saw—buckhorn handle so long, and when you touch a spring in it out pops a blade big enough to cut your throat twice over. He showed it to me one evening when I was up there. He's a bad man to go against. I know he killed old John Colby."

The caller said it deliberately in a subdued voice and Purcell thought there was fear in his eyes.

"That's why you're never to tell anybody I told you this," he continued. "If Dinsmore knew I told you he'd cut my throat sure as sunup—no matter what happened to him for it. That's the kind of man he is. I wouldn't ever face him down myself, for I'd be dead before morning if I did. But I'll tell you something. There's a colored man here used to live in Billingtown, Nebraska. We got to talking one time two three years ago and he told me he used to live there and then I said I worked in a barber shop there once for two weeks, and I got to asking him about some people I remembered. He said Pete Sykes was living there yet and Doctor Dill had went away from there only a few years before and last he knew he was living in Bent Bow. You could get hold of one or the

This apron, fastened to the top bows with "Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners, has four pockets in which the middle and rear side curtains are stored. A single pull releases one side of the apron, and the curtains, also fitted with "Lift-the-Dot", can be put in place "in a jiffy."

LIFT *the* DOT TRADE MARK *Fasteners*

have proved a find to body engineers and top-makers. In the new-model cars they contribute many conveniences in addition to their use on curtains and tops. Another innovation is a cover, made of top material, which protects the folding seats in the tonneau when not in use. It is held flat and secure with "Lift-the-Dot" Fasteners.

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The "Lift-the-Dot" is but one of a complete line of fasteners known as

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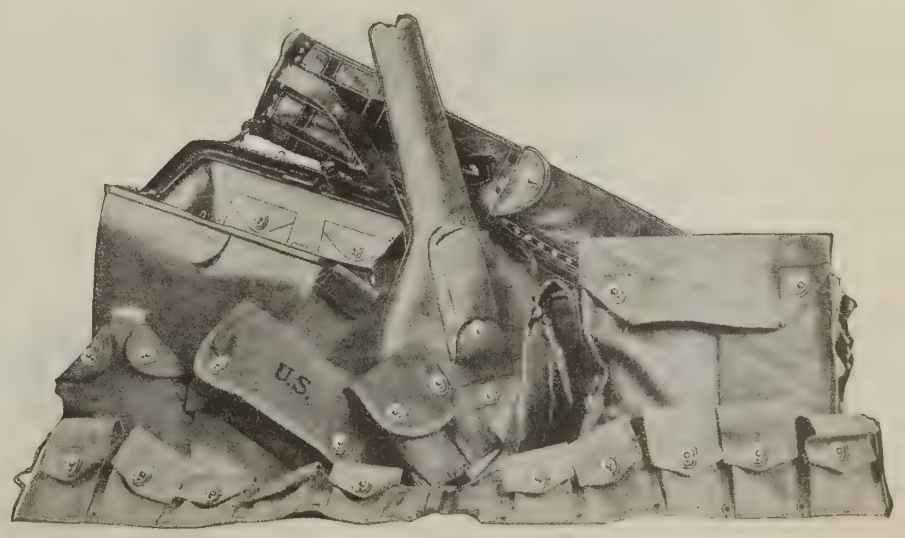


Like They Serve Down Town

WHY not serve Baked Beans at home as good as they serve down town? Countless restaurants buy Van Camp's, because they please the men. Try this plan once and watch the man's delight.

Beans are cheaper than meat, more nutritious than meat. It will pay you to make them inviting — pay you to serve Van Camp's.

Not Woman's Fault

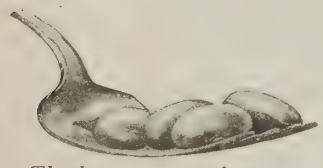
The trouble with home-baked beans is not the woman's fault. She lacks the facilities.

Here we have a laboratory, college-trained cooks, able chefs and modern steam ovens.

Each lot of beans is analyzed before we start to cook. The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The beans are baked in steam ovens without contact with the steam. Thus they are baked for hours at high heat—baked so they easily digest. They are also baked after sealing, so we save the flavor which otherwise escapes.

In home ovens beans become crisped or mushy before they are even half-baked. Van Camp's Beans come mealy and whole from the oven.



The beans are mealy, nut-like, whole, and easy to digest.

A Premier Sauce

Then there never was a sauce like the sauce we bake with Van Camp's. Our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes to attain this zest and flavor.

It is baked with the beans, so this sauce gives tang to every granule.

Van Camp's are served quickly, hot or cold. They always taste freshly-baked.

With a dozen cans, a dozen hearty meals are ready at your call.

You owe to yourself a knowledge of this dish.

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Based on famous French recipes, but each perfected by comparing countless blends.

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The best Italian recipe perfected by our scientific cooks. The supreme spaghetti.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of nuts so blended that the butter has exquisite flavor.

other of them if they knew there was money enough in it. They'd identify this Alfred Dinsmore in a minute. You could show this Alfred Dinsmore that you could hang it onto him if he didn't come across and the man that identified him could turn state's evidence and save his own neck."

The negro paused again and laid his hand on the corner of Purcell's desk.

"But me, you understand," he said earnestly, "I'd never face this Alfred Dinsmore with it myself, because he'd sure kill me if I did. You got to leave me out of it. Maybe I wouldn't have come to you at all, only I'm afraid this man is going to poison me or have my throat cut some day so's to be rid of me. You're going to stick to that bargain, Mister Editor?"

"Oh, certainly! You may depend upon that," Purcell answered readily. And after a long moment he ejaculated, "Well!" For he was still in the grip of a mighty astonishment.

"I guess you got it all down there," said the negro in his drawling speech. "Pete Sykes in Billingtown and Doctor Dill in Bent Row—last I knew about 'em. I guess you got it all down."

He was referring to the pad of memorandum paper on which, since the story got well under way, Purcell had been scribbling the names and dates—with the methodical habit of a trained reporter.

"I think so," said Purcell, looking at his scribbled notes. "But where can I reach you?"

"I've give you my name—William Pomeroy," the caller replied gravely, and added with an aged grin, "I ain't changed it since the old days—except once for a spell after that trouble down in Arizona. I'm living at Elbridge's Hotel. That's on South State Street."

He passed his bony old hand over the shiny ridge of his head and urged with a note of anxiety, "You better not be coming round there. I'm afraid of this Dinsmore. I want to lay low. You better not be coming round there. I'll come here. If you want to see me you just telephone to Elbridge's Hotel and leave a message—say Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy. I'll get it and understand. Just say Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy." He nodded toward the memorandum pad and seemed better satisfied when Purcell wrote down: "Mr. Johnson—Elbridge's Hotel—William Pomeroy."

"That's it," said the negro; "telephone Elbridge's Hotel that Mr. Johnson wants to see William Pomeroy." His dark old eyes rested anxiously on the managing editor's face for a moment. "You see, I'm taking a big risk. My skin wouldn't be worth two cents if Alfred Dinsmore knew what I was doing. He's a bad man. If he'd ever showed you that knife of his. But I ain't satisfied the way things is. I don't feel safe. I want to get out of here. I want to go back to San Antonio—somewhere where it's warm. I pretty near passed out last winter. I ain't satisfied. I want to get out. You'll make a million dollars out of it. You get me a hundred thousand and I'm satisfied."

Purcell saw that the caller's story was told and wanted now to get rid of him.

"You'll hear from me just as soon as I look this up a bit," he said assuringly. "I'll let you know how it's going. Of course it will take some time. If it comes through you'll get your money."

"Well, that's what I want—the money," said the negro; "and no telling anybody that I told you," he added earnestly.

"Certainly not," said Purcell. "You'll hear from me. I've got to look after the newspaper now."

He stood up, feeling that the caller would linger indefinitely unless he received the strongest hint to go.

The negro took the hint, rising, hat in hand.

"I'll expect to hear from you," he said.

"You'll hear from me," Purcell assured him again. "Good night."

With a return to his first civility the negro replied, "Good night, sir," and went out, hat in hand, crossing the local room toward the hall and the elevator—his figure somewhat stooped with age and shrunken from its former stalwart proportions.

Purcell then shut the door and returned to his desk—possessed by amazement. A moment after he had seated himself there was a flash in which he felt like one waking from a dream, and he glanced incredulously at the vacant chair as though doubting that it had really held a dusky occupant two minutes before. Then abruptly the whole story seemed absurd—the mere maundering of a crack-brained old man, who very likely was a discharged servant or yardman of Dinsmore's.

But his methodical habits helped him. Long ago he had learned shorthand as a help to the journalistic career which he proposed for himself. He had never been very expert at it and of late years had used it only for making notes for his personal use. He took some sheets of blank paper now and noted down a summary of Pomeroy's recital while it was fresh in his mind—copying names of towns and persons from the pad.

As he did that the grip of the story came back. He thought of Alfred Dinsmore—many times a millionaire; the big house up at Highlands; the family's social position. Presently he touched a button on his desk and when an office boy appeared at the door, said, "Bring me last Sunday's Tribune."

When the bulky edition was laid on his desk he turned the pages rapidly until he found what he wanted and upon that his eyes rested a long moment. It was a half-length portrait of a young woman that took up two-thirds of the page. Only a notable young woman could claim that much valuable Sunday-edition space. From the printed page she looked up at him with serene, composed assurance. The portrait might have been labeled "Beauty and Pride." But, in fact, the legend at the side read, "Miss Louise Dinsmore."

He recalled the gossip which his society editor had imparted to him—namely, that Miss Dinsmore was said to be engaged to Lowell Winthrop and formal announcement of it might be expected soon; also that sometime before this she was supposed to have been particularly interested in Mr. Edward Procter. As the society editor reckoned values, being engaged to Lowell Winthrop was much the same as being engaged to the crown prince, and as Purcell looked down at the portrait Dinsmore's position in the local world bulked large in his mind.

What a mark to aim at!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AND SOLD TO—IRVIN S. COBB

(Continued from Page 4)

gainst germs. Whenever possible I believe
i patronizing the products of union labor.
ut the expert speedily set me right on
iis point. He made me see that in fur-
ishings and decorations nothing modern
an possibly compare with something which
; crumbly and tottery with the accumu-
ited weight of the hoary years.

He taught me about patina too. Patina
; a most fascinating subject, once you get
horoughly into it. Everybody who goes
i for period furniture must get into it
ooner or later, and the sooner the better,
ecause if you are not able to recognize
atina at a glance you are as good as lost
hen you undertake to appraise antique
urniture. When a connoisseur lays hold
pon a piece of furniture alleged to have
ightful claims to antiquity the first thing
e does is to run his hand along the exposed
urfaces to ascertain by the practiced touch
f his fingers whether the patina is on the
evel or was applied by a crafty counter-
eiter. After that he upends it to look for
he wormholes. If both are orthodox he
ives it his validation as the genuine article.
f they are not he brands the article a
purious imitation and rejects it with ill-
oncealed scorn. There are other tests, but
hese two are the surest ones.

Patina and Where to Find It

For the benefit of those who may not have had my advantages as recently and expensively enjoyed I will state that patina is the gloss or film which certain sorts of metal and certain sorts of polished woods acquire through age, long usage and wear. With the passage of time fabrics also may acquire it. You may have noticed it in connection with a pair of black diagonal trousers that had seen long and severe wear or on the elbows of summer-before-last's blue serge coat. However, patina in pants or on the braided seams of a presiding elder's Sunday suit is not so highly valued as when it occurs in relation to a Jacobean church pew or a William-and-Mary whatnot.

When I look back on my untutored state before we began to patronize the antique shops and the auction shops I am ashamed—honestly I am. The only excuse I can offer is based on the grounds of my earlier training. Like so many of my fellow countrymen, born and reared as I was in the crude raw atmosphere of interior America—anyhow, almost any wealthy New Yorker will tell you it is a crude raw atmosphere and not in any way to be compared with the refined atmosphere which is about the only thing you can get for nothing in Europe—as I say, brought up as I was amid such raw surroundings and from the cradle made the unconscious victim of this environment, I had an idea that when a person craved furniture he went for it to a regular furniture store having ice boxes and porch hammocks and unparalleled bargains in golden oak dining-room sets in the show windows, and there he made his selection and gave his order and paid a deposit down and the people at the shop sent it up to his house in a truck with historic scenes such as Washington Crossing the Delaware and Daniel in the Lions' Den painted on the sides of the truck, and after that he had nothing to worry about in connection with the transaction except the monthly installments.

You see, I date back to the Rutherford B. Hayes period of American architecture and applied designing—a period which had a solid background of mid-Victorian influence with a trace of Philadelphia Centennial running through it, being bounded at the farther end by such sterling examples of parlor statuary as the popular pieces respectively entitled, "Welcoming the New Minister," "Bringing Home the Bride," and "Baby's First Bath," and bounded at the nearer end by burnt-wood plaques and frames for family portraits with plush insets and hand-painted flowers on the moldings. By the conceptions of those primitive times nothing so set off the likeness of a departed great-aunt as a few red-plush insets.

Some of my most cherished boyhood memories centered about bird's-eye-maple bedroom sets and parlor furniture of heavy black walnut trimmed in a manner which subsequently came to be popular among undertakers for the adornment of the casket when they had orders to spare no expense for a really fashionable or—as the saying went then—a tony funeral. Tony subsequently became nobby and nobby is now swagger, but though the idioms change with the years the meaning remains the same. When the parlor was opened for a formal occasion—it remained closed while the ordinary life of the household went on—its interior gave off a rich deep turpentiny smell like a paint-and-varnish store on a hot day. And the bird's-eye maple, as I recall, had a high slick finish which, however, did not dim the staring, unwinking effect of the round knots which so plentifully dappled its graining. Lying on the bed and contemplating the footboard gave one the feeling that countless eyes were looking at one, which in those days was regarded as highly desirable.

I remember all our best people favored bird's-eye maple for the company room. They clung to it too. East Aurora had a hard struggle before it made any noticeable impress upon the decorative tendencies of West Kentucky, for we were a conservative breed and slow to take up the mission styles featuring armchairs weighing a couple of hundred pounds apiece and art-craft designs in hammered metals and semitanned leathers. Moreover, a secondhand shop in our town was not an antique shop; it was what its name implied—a secondhand shop. You didn't go there to buy things you wanted, but to sell things you did not want.

So in view of these youthful influences it should be patent to all that, having other things to think of—such, for example, as making a living—I did not realize that in New York at least those wishful of following the modes did not go to a good live shop making a specialty of easy payments when they had a house-furnishing proposition on their hands. That might be all very well for the pedestrian classes and for those living in the remote districts who kept a mail-order catalogue on the center table and wrote on from time to time with the money order enclosed.

The Lure of the As-Is Shops

I soon was made to understand that the really correct thing was first of all to call in a professional decorator, if one could afford it. A professional decorator is a person of either sex who can think up more ways and quicker ways of spending other people's money than the director of a shipping board can. But whether you retained the services of a regular decorator or elected to struggle along on your own, you went for your purchases to specialty shops or to antique shops, or—best of all—to the smart auction shops on or hard by Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue.

In this stage of my artistic development I was told, not once but repeatedly, that it was at the auction rooms that one picked up desirable things for a song—this being the exact phrase that frequently was used. The sort of song was never specified, but in view of my own experiences during the months which followed I am inclined now to think it was a song by Mr. E. Caruso, at private recital rates, that was meant.

Than the auction rooms in the Fifth Avenue district I know of no places better adapted for studying patina, wormholing and human nature in a variety of interesting phases. To such an establishment, on the days when a sale is announced—which means two or three times a week for a good part of the year—repair wealthy patrons, patrons who were wealthy before the mania for bidding in things came upon them, as it does come upon so many, and patrons who are trying to look as though they were wealthy. The third group are in the majority.

Amateur collectors come, on the lookout for lace fans or Japanese bronzes or Chinese ceramics or furniture or pictures or hangings or rugs or tapestries, or whatever it is that constitutes their favorite hobby. There are sure to be prominent actor folk and author folk in this category. Dealers are on hand, each as wise looking as a barnful of hoot-owls and talking the jargon of the craft.

Agents from rival auction houses are sometimes seen, ready, should the opportunity present itself, to snap up a bargain with intent to reauction it at their own houses at a profit. With the resident proprietor one of this gentry is about as popular as a bat in a boarding school, but since there is no law to bar him out and since it

How to Soften Your Beard

Yet Avoid Slow, Harsh Ways

The Facts About Shavaid

To men who find shaving exasperating, we offer here a new freedom. A better, quicker, simpler way which, once tried, you will never abandon. And we back our statements with a Free Trial Tube, so that you may be completely convinced. The coupon brings it.

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Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Saves Time and Trouble

Merely apply a thin coat of cooling Shavaid to the dry face. Then the lather which needs no rubbing in. Then shave with real comfort.

No need to copy the barber's preparations. He uses hot water, hot towels. He rubs the lather in. Yet, when he is through, there is irritation. So he applies lotions.

Harsh, harmful ways of treating the face should be avoided. They age the skin. Wrinkles come too early. The skin becomes leathery.

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More Than a Time Saver

Shavaid, of course, appeals chiefly because it saves time. But it does more than that—it saves the skin. While softening the beard instantly, it also forms a protecting layer over the cuticle. The skin remains firm and smooth.

The razor glides over without pulling, without scraping the skin. Abrasions are not so frequent.

The closest shave causes no discomfort.

When you use Shavaid, you can discard the after-lotions, for the sources of mistreatment are gone.

Try This Luxury Shaving Method

The coupon below brings you a Free Trial Tube. Send for it now. Then see if you want to adopt Shavaid.

We are sure it will delight you, amaze you, and that you will never shave again without it.

And you will tell your friends of this better way.

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(1102)

Out for Business—whatever the weather

Salesmen! You fellows on the city trade—and lots of you who cover wider territory—*think* what the Ford car has *meant to you*. It has cut distances to nothing—trebled, and more, your day's results! And, brothers! *Some* of you are getting still an *extra jump* on lots of the others. *You* ride under

The Koupet Top

TRADE MARK

You salesmen who ride in the Ford with Koupet Top—rainy days never slow you up. You pack a fat order book at the end of the day—shine or *rain*, or slippery sleety snow, or biting cold. And you go about your job in comfort—*in all kinds of weather—and you keep your health.*

Your Koupet Top is even *more* than all that to you. You're just a little *proud*, when you glide up to your customer's door in your smart topped machine, aren't you? A little wholesome pride in yourself helps *land* the orders. *You know!*

Then the downright comfort of a car that is *closed* against bad weather—but so delightfully open, with its easy perfect ventilation, when the weather's good. That's where your wife, and youngsters, too, come in. The spin in the evening—get back late—and shut out the chill draughts. Caught in the rain? No matter.

This business insurance, this pleasure protection, for your Ford has cost you only around a week's commissions. Worth it? *You'll* say so. Paid for itself over and over again.

And now, if *you* haven't that Koupet Top—*get* it. Go see it—at the Koupet Top dealer in your town.

Salesmen! Look at these Points:

1. **Double-ventilating windshield.**
2. **Sliding glass in door panels.**
3. **Convenient for signaling.**
4. **Substantially built—all *quality* material—screwed and hinged together.**
5. **Rides quietly.**
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10. **Roof bow-supported, covered with best grade water-proof rubberized fabric.**
11. **Metal drip troughs, keep glass panels clear in rain.**
12. **Highly japanned metal back—a practical, durable, comfortable, convenient top for your Ford.**

Full and Perfect Ventilation

For Ford Roadster $55
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With plain chart diagram for assembling and mounting Koupet Top on your Ford.

Ask the Koupet Top Dealer in Your Town for prices delivered and installed.

Write us for Illustrated Free Booklet describing all the splendid features and advantages—in construction, convenience and usefulness—of the Koupet Top. It ***Tops Them All.*** Find out. Write us today. Mention your dealer's name.

Koupet Auto Top Co., Dept. 23, Belleville, Ill.

is in the line of business for him to be present, why present he generally is.

Rich women drive up in their town cars and shabby purveyors of antique wares from little clutter-hole shops on cross streets at the fringe of the East Side shamble in on their flat arches. Then too there are the habitués of the auction room habit; women mostly, but some men too, unfortunate creatures who have fallen victim to an incurable vice and to whom the announcement in the papers of an unusual sale is lure sufficient to draw them hither whether or not they hope to buy anything; and finally there are representatives of a common class in any big city—individuals who go wherever free entertainment is provided and especially to spots where they are likely to see assembled notables of the stage or society or of high financial circles.

Ben Bolt's Lady Friend

The auctioneer almost invariably is of a compounded and composite type that might be described as part matinée idol, part professional revivalist, part floor walker, part court jester and part jury pleader, with just a trace of a suggestion of the official manner of the well-to-do undertaker stirred into the mixture. By sight at least he knows all of his regular customers and is inclined with a special touch of respectful affection toward such of them as prefer on these occasions to be known by an initial rather than by name.

"And sold to Mr. B.," he says with a gracious smile. Or—"Now then, Mrs. H., doesn't this bea-u-tiful va'se mean anything to you?" he inquires deferentially when the bidding lags. "Did I hear you offer seven hundred and fifty, Colonel J.?" he asks in a tone of deep solicitude.

By long acquaintance with his regular clientèle, or perhaps by a sort of intuition which is not the least of his gifts, he is able to interpret into sums of currency a nod, a wink, a raised finger, a shrug or the lift of an eyebrow, at a distance of anywhere from ten to sixty feet.

In the face of disappointments manifolded a thousand times a month this man now remains an unfailing optimist. Watching him in action one gets the impression that he reads none but glad books, goes to none save glad plays and when the weather is inclement shares the viewpoint of that sweet singer of the Sunny South who wrote to the effect that it is not raining rain to-day, it's raining daffodils and then two lines farther along corrects his botany to state that having been convinced of his error of a moment before he now wishes to take advantage of this opportunity to inform the public that it is not raining rain to-day, but on the contrary is raining roses down, or metrical words to that general tenor. He was a good poet, as poets go, but not the sort of person you would care to loan your best umbrella to.

In another noticeable regard our auctioneer friend betrays somewhat the same abrupt shiftings of temperamental manifestations that are reputed to have been shown by Ben Bolt's lady friend. I am speaking of the late lamented Sweet Alice, who—as will be recalled—would weep with delight when you gave her a smile, but trembled with fear at your frown. Apparently Alice couldn't help behaving in this curious way—one gathers that she must have been the village idiot, harmless enough but undoubtedly an annoying sort of person to have hanging round, weeping copiously whenever anybody else was cheerful, and perhaps immediately afterward trembling in a disconcerting sort of way. She must have spoiled many a pleasant party in her day, so probably it was just as well that the community saw fit to file her away in the old churchyard in the obscure corner mentioned more or less rhythmically in the disclosures recorded as having been made to Mr. Bolt upon the occasion of his return to his native shire after what presumably had been a considerable absence.

The poet chronicler, Mr. English, is a trifle vague on this point, but considering everything it is but fair to infer that Alice's funeral was practically by acclamation. Beyond question it must have been a relief to all concerned, including the family of deceased, to feel that a person so grievously afflicted mentally was at last permanently planted under a certain slab of stone rather loosely described in the conversation above referred to as granite so gray. One wishes Mr. English had been a trifle more exact in furnishing the particular details of this sad case. Still, I suppose it is hard for a poet to be technical and poetical at the same time. And though he fail to go into particulars I am quite sure that when asked if he didn't remember Alice, Mr. Bolt answered in the decided affirmative. It is a cinch he couldn't have forgotten her, the official half-wit and lightning-change artist of the county.

But whereas this unfortunate young woman's conduct may only be accounted for on the grounds of a total irresponsibility, there is method behind the same sharply contrasted shift of mood as displayed by the chief salesman of the auction room. He is thrilled—visibly and physically thrilled—at each rapidly recurring opportunity of presenting an article for disposal to the highest bidder; hardly can he control his emotions of joy at the prospect of offering this particular object to an audience of discriminating tastes and balanced judgment. But mark the change: How instantly, how completely does a devastating and poignant distress overcome him when his hearers perversely decline to enter into spirited competition for a thing so priceless! A sob rises in his throat, choking his utterance to a degree where it becomes impossible for him to speak more than three or four hundred words per minute; grief dims his eye; regret—not on his own account but for others—droops his shoulders. When it comes to showing distress he makes that poor feeble-minded Alice girl look like a piker. Yet repeated shocks of this character fail to daunt the sunniness of his true nature. The harder his spirits are dashed down to earth the greater the resiliency and the buoyancy with which they bounce up again. The man has a soul of new rubber!

Let us draw near and scrutinize the scene that unfolds itself at each presentation: The attendants fetch out an offering described in the printed catalogue, let us say, as Number 77 A: Oriental Lamp with Silk Shade. Reverently they place it upon a velvet-covered stand in a space at the back end of the salesroom, where a platform is inclosed in draperies with lights so disposed overhead and in the wings as to shed a soft radiance upon the inclosed area. The helpers fade out of the picture respectfully. A tiny pause ensues; this stage wait has been skillfully timed; a suitable atmosphere subtly has been created. Oh, believe me, in New York we do these things with a proper regard for the dramatic values—culture governs all!

The Patter of the Auctioneer

The withdrawal of the attendants is the cue for our sunny friend, perched up as he is behind his little pulpit with his little gavel in his hand, to fall gracefully into a posture bespeaking in every curve of it a worshipful, almost an idolatrous admiration.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen"—hear him say it—"I have the pleasure and the privilege of submitting for your approval one of the absolute gems of this splendid collection. A magnificent example of the Ming period—mind you, a genuine Ming. I am confidentially informed by the executors of the estate of the late Mr. Gezinks, the former owner of these wonderful belongings, that it was the prize piece of his entire collection. Look at the color—just look at the shape! Worth a thousand dollars if it is worth a cent. Try to buy it in one of the antique shops round the corner for that—just try, that's all I ask you to do. Now then"—this with a cheery, inviting, confident smile—"now then, what am I offered? Who'll start it off at five hundred?"

There is no answer. A look of surprise not unmixed with chagrin crosses his mobile countenance. From his play of expression you feel that what he feels, underlying his other feelings, is a sympathy for people so blinded to their own good luck as not to leap headlong and en masse at this unparalleled chance.

"Tut tut!" he exclaims and again, "tut tut! Very well then"—his tone is resigned—"do I hear four hundred and seventy-five—four hundred and fifty? Who'll start it at four twenty-five?"

His gaze sweeps the faces of the assemblage. It is a compelling gaze, indeed you might say mesmeristic. There is a touch of pathos in it, though, an unuttered appeal to the gathering to consider its own several interests.

"Do I hear four hundred?" He speaks of four hundred as an ostrich might speak of a tomtit's egg—as something comparatively insignificant and puny.

"Twenty dollars!" pipes a voice.

He clasps his hand to his brow. This is too much; it is much too much. But

(Continued on Page 169)

(Continued from Page 166)

Business is business. He rallies; he smiles bitterly, wanly. His soul within him is crushed and bruised, but he rallies. Rallying is one of the best things he does and one of the most frequent. The bidding livens, quickens, lags, then finally ceases. With a gesture betokening utter despair, with lineaments bathed in the very waters of woe, he heartbrokenly knocks the vase down to somebody for $38.50.

But by the time the hired men have fetched forth Lot 78 he miraculously has recovered his former confidence and for the forty-oddth time since two o'clock—it is now nearly three forty-five—is his old cheerful beaming self. Thirty seconds later his heart has been broken in a fresh place; yet we may be sure that to-morrow morning when he rises he will be whistling a merry roundelay, his faith in the innate goodness of human nature all made new and fully restored to him. He would make a perfectly bully selection if you were sending a messenger to a home to break to an unsuspecting household some such tragic tidings, say, as that the head of the family, while rounding a turn on high, had skidded and was now being removed from the front elevation of an adjacent brick wall with a putty knife. If example counted for anything at all, he would have the mourners all cheered up again and the females among them discussing the most becoming modes in black crêpe in less than no time at all.

My, my, but how my sense of understanding did broaden under the influence of the auction sales we attended last spring and on into the summer. When the morning paper came, before either of us even looked to see whether Senator Lodge was going to be for or against the League of Nations that day, we would turn to the advertising section and look for auction announcements. If there was to be one, and generally there was—one or more—we cancelled all other plans and attended. Going to auctions became our regular employment, our pastime, our entertainment. It became our obsession. It almost became our joint calling in life. To our besetting mania we sacrificed all else.

I remember there was one afternoon when John McCormack was billed to sing. I am very fond of hearing John McCormack. For one thing, he generally sings in a language which I can understand, and for another, I like his way of singing. He sings very much as I would sing if I had decided to take up singing for a living instead of writing. This is only one of the sacrifices I have made for the sake of English literature.

Poor old McCormack that day had to struggle through without me! Because there was a sale of Italian antiques billed for three P. M., and we were going to have an Italian hall and an Italian living room in the new house, and we felt it to be our bounden duty to attend.

Remarks on the Fitness of Things

It took some time and considerable work on the part of those fitted to guide me in the matter of decorations before I fell entirely into the idea of an Italian room, this possibly being due to the fact that I was born so far away from Italy and passed through childhood with so few Italian influences coming into my life. Even now I balk at the idea of hanging any faded red-silk stoles or copes, or whatever those ecclesiastical garments are, on my walls. I reserve the right to admire such a vestment when it is worn by the officiating cleric at church, but for the life of me and despite all that has repeatedly been said to me on the subject I fail to see where it belongs in a simple household as a part of the scheme of ornamentation.

I do not think it proper to display a strange clergyman's cast-off costume in my little home any more than I would expect the canon of a cathedral to let me hang up one of my old suits in his cathedral. Nor—if I must confess it—have I felt myself greatly drawn to the suggestion that we should have a lot of tall hand-painted candles sitting or standing round in odd spots. I mean those candlesticks which are painted in faded colors, with touches of dull gilt here and there on them and which are called after a lady named Polly Crome—their original inventor, I suppose she was, though her name does sound more as if Arnold Bennett had written her than as if she were a native Italian. I imagine she thought up this idea of a hand-painted candlestick nine feet tall and eighteen inches through at the base, and then in her honor the design was called after her, which in my humble opinion was compounding one mistake on top of another.

Likewise I fear that I shall never become entirely reconciled to these old-model Italian chairs. My notion of a chair is something on which a body can sit for as long as half an hour without anæsthetics. In most other details concerning antique furniture they have made a true believer out of me, but as regards chairs I am still some distance from being thoroughly converted. In chairs I favor a chair that is willing to meet you halfway, as it were, in an effort to be mutually comfortable. The other kind—the kind with a hard flat wooden seat and short legs and a stiff high back, a chair which looks as though originally it had been designed to be used by a clown dog in a trained animal act—may be artistic and beautiful in the chasteness of its lines and all this and that; but as for me, I say give me the kind of chair that has fewer admirers and more friends in the fireside circle. I take it that the early Italians were not a sedentary race. They could not have figured on staying long in one place.

I suppose the trouble with me is that I was born and brought up on the American plan and have never entirely got over it. In fact I was told as much, though not perhaps in exactly those words, when antiques first became a vital issue in our domestic life. In no uncertain terms I was informed that everybody who is anybody goes in for the Italian these times. I believe the only conspicuous exceptions to the rule are the Italians who have emigrated to these shores. They, it would appear, are amply satisfied with American fixtures and fittings. I have a suspicion that possibly some of them in coming hither may have been actuated by a desire to get as far away as possible from those mediæval effects in plumbing which seem to be inseparable from Old World architecture.

A Post-Graduate Course in Mirrors

My education progressed another step forward on the occasion of my first visit to an auction room where presumably desirable pieces of Italian workmanship were displayed as a preliminary to their being disposed of by public outcry. I was accompanied by a friend—the wormholeist already mentioned—and when he lapsed into rhapsodies over a pair of gilt mirrors, or rather mirrors which once upon a time, say about the time of the Fall of the Roman Empire, had been gilded, I was astonished.

"Surely," I said, "nobody would want those things. See where the glass is flawed—the quicksilver must be pretty nearly all gone from the backs of them. And the molding is falling off in chunks and what molding is left is so dingy and stained that it doesn't look like anything at all. If you're asking me, I'd call those mirrors a couple of total losses."

"Exactly!" he said. "That is precisely what makes them so desirable. You can't counterfeit such age as these things show, my boy."

"I shouldn't care to try," I said. "Where I came from, when a mirror got in such shape that you couldn't see yourself in it it was just the same to us as a chorus girl that had both legs cut off in a railroad accident—it was regarded as having lost most of its practical use in life. Still, it is not for me, a raw green novice, a subnovice as you might say, to set myself up against an expert like you. Anyhow, as the fellow said, live and learn. Let us move along to the next display of moldy remains."

We did so. We came to a refectory table. Ordinarily a refectory table mainly differs in outline from the ordinary dining table by being constructed on the model of a dachshund. But this table, I should guess offhand, had seen about four centuries of good hard steady refecting at the hands of succeeding generations of careless but earnest feeders. Its top was chipped and marred by a million scars, more or less. Its legs were scored and worn down. Its seams gaped. From sheer weakness it canted far down to one side. The pressure of a hand upon it set the poor, slanted, crippled wreck to shaking as though along with all its other infirmities it had a touch of buck ague.

"What about this incurable invalid?" I asked. "Unless the fellow who buys it sends it up in a padded ambulance it'll be hard to get it home all in one piece. I suppose that makes it all the more valuable, eh?"

All lead oxide used in building Dreadnaught Plates is made by Gould. The above illustration shows the first step in oxide making at the Gould Plant.

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Gould STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE TRADE MARK Dreadnaught PLATES

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A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced below by greatly enlarged photomicrographs, not retouched. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II, which shows Gould-Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

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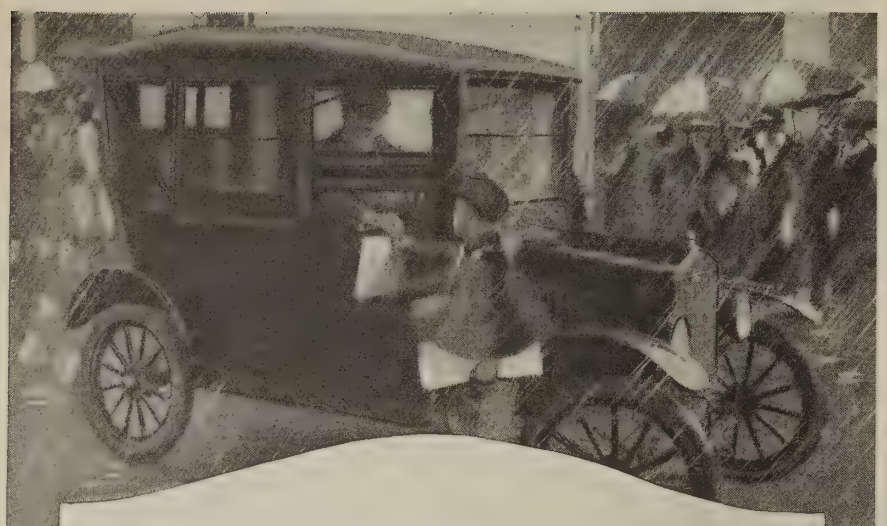

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At the first drop of rain you can easily and instantly convert your open car into a waterproof limousine. The

USTUS Limousette FOR FORDS

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is noted for its convenience.

Just a light touch operates the roller windows—even a child can close the car tight against the storms.

A remarkable feature of this practical utility is the fact that it requires absolutely no alterations to be made in the body or top of your Ford.

The USTUS Limousette weighs only 40 pounds. It provides clear vision—front and sides—is free from rattles and vibrations and will last as long as your car.

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"Absolutely!" he said. "It's a perfectly marvelous thing! I figure it should bring at least six hundred dollars."

"And cheap enough," I said. "Why, it must have at least six hundred dollars' worth of things the matter with it. A good cabinetmaker could put in a nice busy month just patching ——"

"You don't understand," he said. "You surely wouldn't touch it?"

"I shouldn't dare to," I said. "I was speaking of a regular cabinetmaker. No green hand should touch it—he'd have it all in chunks in no time."

"But the main value of it lies in leaving it in its present shape," he told me. "Don't you realize that this is a condition which could never be duplicated by a workman?"

"Well, I've seen some house wreckers in my time who could produce a pretty fair imitation," I retorted playfully. I continued in a musing vein, for the sight of that hopelessly damaged wreck all worn down and dented in and slivered off had sent my mind backward to a memory of early childhood. I said:

"I can see now how my parents made a mistake in stopping me from doing something I tackled when I was not more than six years old. I was an antiquer, but I didn't know it and they didn't know it. They thought that I was damaging the furniture, when as a matter of fact in my happy innocent, childish way I was adding touches to it which would have been worth considerable money by now."

Early Contact With Poison Gas

What I was thinking of was this: On my sixth birthday, I think it was, an uncle of mine for whom I was named gave me a toy tool chest containing a complete outfit of tools. There was a miniature hammer and a plane and a set of wooden vises and a gimlet and the rest of the things which belong in a carpenter's kit, but the prize of the entire collection to my way of thinking was a crosscut saw measuring about eight inches from tip to tip.

Armed with this saw, I went round sawing things, or rather trying to. I could not exactly saw with it, but I could haggle the edges and corners of wood, producing a gnawed, frazzled effect. My quest for stuff suitable to exercise my handicraft on led me into the spare, or company room, where I found material to my liking. I was raking away at the legs of a rosewood center table—had one leg pretty well damaged to my liking and was preparing to start on another—when some officious grown person happened in on me and stopped me with violent words. If I had but been left undisturbed for half an hour or so I doubtless would have achieved a result which now after a lapse of thirty-odd years would have thrilled a lover of antiques to the core of his being. But this was not to be.

My present recollection of the incident is that I was chided in a painful physical way. The latter-day system of inculcating lessons in the mind of the child according to a printed form chart of soothing words was not known in our community at that time. The old-fashioned method of using the back of a hairbrush and imparting the lesson at the other end of the child from where the mind is and letting it travel all the way through him was employed. I was then ordered to go outdoors where there would be fewer opportunities for engaging in what adults mistakenly called mischief.

Regretting that the nurse that morning had seen fit to encase me in snug-fitting linen breeches instead of woolen ones, I wandered about carrying my saw in one hand and with the other hand from time to time rubbing a certain well-defined area of my small person to allay the afterglow. In the barnyard I came upon an egg lying on the edge of a mud puddle under the protecting lee of the chicken-yard fence. I can shut my eyes and see that egg right now. It was rather an abandoned-looking egg, stained and blotched with brownish-yellow spots. It had the look about it of an egg with a past—a fallen egg, as you might say.

Some impulse moved me to squat down and draw the toothed blade of my saw thwartwise across the bulge of that egg. For the first time in my little life I was about to have dealings with a genuine antique, but naturally at my age and with my limited experience I did not realize that. Probably I was actuated only by a desire to find out whether I could saw right through the shell of an egg amidships. That phase of the proceedings is somewhat blurred in my mind, though the dénouement remains a vivid memory spot to this very day.

I imparted a brisk raking movement to the saw. It is my distinct recollection that a fairly loud explosion immediately occurred. I was greatly shocked. One too young to know aught of the chemical effect of the reactions following the admission of fresh air to gaseous matter, which has been forming to the fulminating point within a tightly sealed casing, would naturally be shocked to have an egg go off suddenly in that violent manner. Modern military science, I suppose, would classify it as having been a contact egg.

Not only was I badly shocked, but also I had a juvenile conviction that in some way I had been taken advantage of—that my confidence had in some strange fashion been betrayed. I left my saw where I had dropped it. At the moment I felt that never again would I care to have anything to do with a tool so dangerous. I also left the immediate vicinity of where the accident had occurred and for some minutes wandered about in rather a distracted fashion. There did not seem to be any place in particular for me to go, and yet I could not bear to stay wherever I was. I wished, as it were, to get entirely away from myself—a morbid fancy perhaps for a mere six-year-old to be having, and yet, I think, a natural one under the circumstances.

I had a conviction that I would not be welcomed indoors and at the same time realized that even out in the great open where I could get air—and air was what I especially craved—I was likely to be shunned by such persons as I might accidentally encounter. Indeed I rather shunned myself, if you get what I mean. I was filled with a general shunning sensation. I felt mortified too. And this emotion, I found a few minutes later, was shared by the black cook, who, issuing from the kitchen door, happened upon me in the act of endeavoring to freshen up myself somewhat from a barrel of rain water which stood under the eaves. She evidently decided offhand that not only had mortification set in but that it had reached an advanced stage. Her language so indicated.

The Patina Kid From Paducah

And now, after more than three and a half decades, here on Fifth Avenue more than a thousand miles remote from those infantile scenes, I was gleaning another memorable lesson about antiques. I was learning that junk ceases to be junk if only it costs enough money, and thereafter becomes treasure.

Having had this great principal fact firmly implanted in my consciousness, I shortly thereafter embarked in congenial company upon the auction-room life upon which already I have touched. We went to sales when we had anything to buy and when we had nothing to buy—somehow we did not seem to be able to stay away. The joy of bidding a thing up and maybe of having it knocked down to us undermined our pooled will power; it weakened our joint resistance. "And sold to ——" became our slogan, our shibboleth and our most familiar sentence. By day we heard it, by night it dinned in our ears as we slept.

But taking everything into consideration, I must say the game was worth the candle. By degrees we acquired the furnishings for our two Italian rooms and our other rooms—which, thank heaven, are not Italian but what you might call fancy-mixed! And by degrees likewise I perfected my artistic education. Of course we made mistakes in selection, as who does not? We have a few auction-room skeletons tucked away in our closet, or to speak more exactly, in the attic of the new house. But in the main we are satisfied with what we have done and no doubt will continue to be until Italian-style furniture goes out and Aztec Indian or Peruvian Inca or Thibetan Grand Llama or some other style comes in.

And when our friends drop in for an evening we talk decorations and furnishings—it is a subject which never wears out. Mostly the women callers favor discussions of tapestries and brocades with intervals spent in fits of mutual wonder over the terrible taste shown by some other woman—not present—in buying the stuff for her house; and the men are likely to be interested in carvings or paintings; but my strong suit is wormholing in all its branches—that and patina. I am very strong on the latter subject also. In fact among friends I am now getting to be known as the Patina Kid.

GERMANY'S NEW BID FOR WORLD TRADE

(Continued from Page 13)

foreigners American typewriter makers are illy for the first time to meet a really efficient competition, from the largest armament works in the world.

A similar transformation is taking place in the chemical industry. Six prominent German chemical firms, which have an aggregate capital of 340,000,000 marks, all long ago embarked on peace adaptation; and a month ago three big explosives firms of Hamburg and Cologne altered their charters of incorporation so as to enable them to practice general manufacturing. Germany's nitrate producers boast that they can beat the world. Before the war the home production was only 100,000 tons, as against 1,000,000 tons imported; to-day the home-production capacity is 500,000 tons. Not only in Scandinavia but also in Poland and in the western districts of Russia a big German aniline works has its agents at work. Agriculture in these countries is at its last gasp for want of nitrates, and Germany calculates that she alone can help and reap the benefit.

The Leipsic expert, Doctor Halden, declares that the readaptation of Germany's factories and workshops will cost $1,500,000,000. But Germany's exclusion from colonial and overseas enterprises, he adds, makes the provision of this capital easy. With reason Bank Director Helfferich, formerly German Finance Minister, declares that "From standpoint of financing export the loss of Germany's overseas possessions will do less harm than is expected." The peace terms have compelled Germany's banks to seek new spheres for their capitalizing activities. All of them showed increased profits for the financial year 1918, and all except two of them cut down their dividends. The new sphere of activity is in the capitalizing of plant adaptation and export; and already the Deutsche, the Dresdner and other prominent banks are deep in such deals.

Backed in this way with plentiful money German exporters are already making a show in neutral countries beside which the mild displays of American and English export firms attract no notice at all. Every week the leading Scandinavian newspapers publish whole pages of German advertisements, always correctly worded in the neutral's own language, accompanied by booming editorial comments, and by artistic symbolical pictures which extol tacitly Germany's incomparable skill. And the supposedly anti-German newspapers—such as the Copenhagen Berlingske Tidende, and the Dagens Nyheter, of Stockholm—lead first of all in this well-planned campaign to prepare the European world for the great German boom.

Fifty-Fifty Middlemen

Germany is exploiting with equal skill one other old advantage, an advantage not sufficiently understood in America. This is that her language and her commercial customs and terminology have an unshakable grip on all Europe east of the French Vosges. All of the former components of Austria—anti-German though most of them were—the Balkan States and Scandinavia are entirely within the German-language sphere. Anti-German Poland and Russia have no trade language but German, which was first enforced and then maintained by millions of hyphenated citizens—German Baits, German industrial leaders in the former Russian Poland, Yiddish-speaking Jews; and Letts, Ests and Lithuanians nurtured on Germanic Kultur. The educated half-German classes in these nations always monopolize commerce all the way from the Warthe to the Neva; and indeed much farther. In Siberian Ekaterinburg in April, 1917, when Russia and Germany were still professedly at war, I found the German commercial language and German trade standards being publicly taught by a municipal lecturer in the City Hall.

On this foundation has risen that specific European commercial type, the semi-German agent and middleman, often non-German by race and anti-German in politics, but always German in all that concerns his pocket. On these half Germans even American sellers come to depend. Through Stockholm on their way to Finland lately passed two such American business men, neither of whom was the least German in sentiment—on the contrary they naïvely proclaimed to all the world that they had come to Europe to cut out the Hun. But when these pioneers of unhyphenated American trade proceeded eastward one was in tow of a German-Danish interpreter, the other of a German-Polish Jew, both men from the very class of international agents who were formerly the mainstays of Germany's position in the East-European commercial world.

Only Germans are trying to organize the trade of the less accessible parts of Europe. On my writing table lies a German book entitled Guide to Commerce—in German, *Wirtschaftsführer;* in Russian, *Torgovi Putevoditel*—which when opened reveals the languages of Poland, Bohemia, Serbia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Finland. It is the work of a retired German of Lodz; and it brims over with facts that would be useful to anyone, but in particular with facts aimed at inducing buyers to turn to Germany. Such publications are turned out in masses. At the height of Germany's military prosperity in Poland the big Leipsic publishing firms, also the Berlin Tageblatt and the other Prussian newspapers which then opened offices at Warsaw, published Polish, Bulgarian and Turkish trade guides, technical dictionaries and buyers' handbooks. Later in admirably written pamphlets the Ukrainians under Skoropadsky and the Great-Russians under Lenine were taught by Germans how to till their land and how to buy German implements. And when Russia's own printing industry fell to pieces Germany produced Russian books of all kinds; first Russian Bibles and prayer books, and later Russian fiction, poetry and science. And all this was done with such an unerring eye to the coming main chance that before I left Russia the joke was passing round that the Bibles dumped from Leipsic began with the Genesis of German mercantile domination in Russia and proceeded to chronicle the Exodus of all of Germany's competitors.

German Designs on Russia

The German campaign for the commercial conquest of Russia is now under full way. On this vital question, which has evoked many conflicting statements in Ally countries, the German Government and the German-Russian Economical Association of Berlin lately told the literal truth when they declared that "It is not yet practicable to resume commercial relations with Russia." It is not practicable to resume relations only because relations were never broken off. Just as in 1915 Germany notwithstanding a nominal state of fierce enmity was selling drugs to Russia via Swedish Haparanda, so to-day despite a formal cessation of diplomatic relations, very effective Russo-German commercial intercourse exists. In Russia Germany has agents everywhere; she has the tradition of old associations and mutual indispensability; she has societies for studying Russia, such as the Institute of Russian Research attached to Berlin University; and special banks for Russia, such as the German Eastern Trade and Industry Bank. Finally she has settled on her soil 150,000 Russians of educated class, mostly refugees, whose sole hope of permanently earning a living lies in their collaboration with Germans for Russo-German trade.

And soviet Russia's only able organizers come from that very class of hyphenated Germans or hyphenated Russians who have always run Russia's trade. Lenine, who began his political career in a sealed German railroad car, is one; the German-named Bronstein who calls himself Trotzky and the German-named Apfelbaum who calls himself Zinovieff are others; and the latest and greatest of all the soviets' industrial geniuses, the Commissary of Railroads Leonid Krasin, a man of real talents, who in America would be a Carnegie, is German-trained, German-thinking and German by the fact that he long served the big Siemens Schuckert firm. So if the soviet government, as far as it has any active trade policy at all, is to-day moving in Germany's direction that is no passing accident but a very prescient design.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

Within the past few months soviet Russia has given repeated proofs of solidarity with republican Germany. When in Moscow in May a special council was convoked to decide Russia's attitude toward the peace terms handed to Von Rantzau, Lenine openly declared for "military and commercial collaboration with Germany, bourgeois as she is." Trotzky agreed, but objected that Germany must take the first step. Thanks to the Germanophile vigor of the indefatigable Krasin, the first commercial steps had already been taken. When Krasin was temporarily diverted from the Commissariat of Communications to the even more important Munitions Bureau he advised the soviet government to intrust the Nationalized Chemicals Industry to German hands. Two Germans in Moscow are to-day candidates for presidency of the Chemicals Central. Krasin next declared that the estimated 600,000,000 rubles' expenditure necessary for putting telegraphs and telephones in order should be organized by a German named Stahl.

The next grandiose scheme which Germans should organize was also electrical. The soaring Bolsheviks, who shrink from no enterprise, who have even planned to divert the great river Oxus into the Caspian Sea, submitted to a special commission the question whether agriculture could not be electrified. Russia has few domestic animals left; and electricity would be the new plow horse. That Russia would turn to Germany in such a matter was predetermined; for before the war she bought from Germany 85% of her dynamos, 80% of her transformers, 97½% of her electric cables and 98% of her electro-motor cars. Before the special commission dispersed, 22,000,000 rubles had been voted for preliminary inquiries; and the nine-tenths-German Krasin had forced through a vote that "the representatives of the German electrical industry be invited to help."

A month later Bolshevik newspapers reported a plan for electrification of the Donetz coal mines, whereby the annual output of 40,000,000 tons would be increased to 240,000,000 tons; and whereby Russia's fuel problem, now seriously aggravated by the loss of the Dombrovski mines in Poland, would be satisfactorily solved. And again the soviet newspapers talked of German help.

War Material Salvaged

What the Germans in Russia, who far outnumber even the Russians in Germany, are doing for German commercial-conquest plans I take from the report of M. Anatole Ruchloff, formerly of the Russian Bank for Foreign Trade. The 7000 Germans in the Red Army, says Ruchloff, are supplemented by 50,000 civilians, mostly ex-war prisoners who prefer the adventures and prospects of Russian life to stagnation at home. These Germans engage in capitalistic trade; and the anticapitalistic soviets, which want commodities at all costs, favor them. The Germans formerly settled in Russian Poland are filtering through to soviet Russia and starting businesses. The new German-Russian Trade Association at Moscow has 1700 German members. By buying up junk iron and derelict war material and turning it into useful goods Germans have appeased the iron hunger of whole provinces; and in Yaroslaff province Germans so successfully organized the distribution of merchandise that the peasants have resumed selling food to the soviets. Naturally the grateful soviets protect also the former German estate managers who are now on capitalistic lines tilling land expropriated from the nobles.

And "in the monasteries where the monks in hope of gaining a living have turned farmers, one usually," concludes Ruchloff, "finds a German in charge." Nothing, that means, is too small or too big for the Germans in Russia; it is Germans who teach monks how to plant cabbages; and it is Germans who are invoked to electrify areas of country very much bigger than Germany was at her best.

German commercial prospects in the former Baltic Provinces, now the republics of Livonia, Esthonia and Lithuania, are quite as bright. During her military occupation here Germany ran commerce for all it was worth. Still in circulation to-day, and a powerful lever for future German trade, are the "East-Marks" and "East-Rubles" which she enforced as currency. In seven Livonian and Esthonian towns she established well-equipped chambers of commerce; at Dorpat she opened a technical school for 500 pupils; and by rough but thorough enough measures she forced—naturally in her own interests only—agriculture and industry back into life. But Germany has her fastest grip in the fact that the local German nobles and burghers far exceed the Letts and Ests in education and productive skill. In Finland when the Allies' victory forced from office the pro-German Svinhufvud Government, Germany seemed to lose her trade chance. But at the height of the catastrophe the Essen Krupps formed a Finnish company with a dummy Finn Professor Ramsay on top, to exploit Finland's minerals. Finland badly wants goods of all kinds—how badly is shown by the fact that in the first five months of 1919 she had only 69,000,000 marks of exports to set against 631,600,000 marks of imports. Germany is going to supply these goods. In Finland's smallest towns one meets her agents spying out the land commercially, searching for developable water power, examining free-harbor plans so that she may open new offices; yes, even running on the eastern frontier of Finland an active smuggling trade with Russia which is locally regarded—probably with good reason—as the forerunner of very much bigger things to come.

Denmark Overrun

Germany in Scandinavia is relatively inert. She can afford to wait and watch, because that is a market which she never lost. With Sweden her commercial fate is cemented by her dependence upon the iron ore of Norrland, and the compulsion to pay Sweden in finished goods. Last winter Germany sent agents with offers to buy up for ten years ahead the whole output of the Kiruna mines. When the high price of metal in Sweden led to a great increase of prospecting and to the registration of many claims—in the last year more than 1000—Germany's representatives were on the spot with offers similar to that successfully made in Finland.

Here, too, Germany has the advantage of dealing with countries that are very short of goods. Sweden imported in the last four months goods worth 407,000,000 crowns against exports of 240,000,000 crowns; and Denmark in the last five months imported goods for 734,000,000 crowns, against exports of 204,000,000 crowns. Scandinavia's own extraordinarily high production costs are a pledge that these imports will continue. In Sweden and Denmark the German, though mostly only on the watch, is everywhere. When I asked the Danish merchant who first called my attention to this why, if it were so, one heard nothing of these Germans, though the newspapers printed every day the arrivals of American business men, he answered: "There are so many German agents in Copenhagen that no editor in his senses would think it worth while to report fresh arrivals."

Republican Germany, I am convinced, is far from being in the desperate plight which some Americans imagine, which some Germans, for obvious, well-considered reasons, pretend. Of the universal despair and immediate state and private bankruptcy which were to follow the peace signature there is no sign. On the contrary Delenda Germania is already on the highroad to Germania Regenerata.

The stock exchange, which in all countries faithfully foreshadows coming industrial and commercial conditions, is instructive. Immediately after peace was certain German state securities rose with a jump. In sharp contrast with English loan stock the German 5% War Loan rose nine points in nineteen days. And with it up went sharply Germany's chief bank, transport and industrial stocks—the stocks of the Deutsche Bank, of the Hamburg-American and Norddeutscher Lloyd, of Siemens and Halske, of the Baden Aniline Works, even of the German Armaments Corporation. And of course at the same time up went the stocks and shares of the big metallurgical and mining corporations of the West German *Grossindustrie*.

This event is a final striking proof of the doctrine that though the German peril in the military domain may be exorcised forever the peril in industrial domains—if one can rightly speak of an industrial peril—is potentially as great to-day as it was when Germany was Europe's greatest steel and iron producer, when Germany's general overseas trade was exceeded by that of only one country in the world.

THE INTERPRETER'S WIFE

(Concluded from Page 49)

bove all things he was glad to think th? that museum had vanished into thin ai!with its treasonable relics and its mur-n's of conspiracy.

Where are we going, then?" he mur-n'ed in her ear.

To the museum of Monsieur D'Astig-ns," answered madame in faint tones.

Ir. Fairfield's heart first stopped beat-in and then hit his fifth rib a hammer st:ke. Must all roads lead to that ac-cused museum? He sat up suddenly, stick by the fact that he was holding in hi hands some hard object. It was the li:ening device. His grip tightened on it. A ickening sense of insecurity ran through hi very marrow. He seemed to see that st:n French soldier sitting opposite him ag:in in the railway coach, stroking his ir:ention with war-wasted hands and m:rmuring: "You have ears, my little bl. You will hear the heart itself tick, if there is treason in it."

Was it possible? A ghastly whisper per-sted in his ear, saying that this infernal ting had discovered to him the very w:rkings, the secret meditations of that fl:ttering heart. A phrase of the interpre-t's echoed in his brain.

'Do you usually find women so com-p:ant?"

Alas, no! And again, no! In one stag-ging breath he reviewed the fatal ease w:h which he had slipped into this em-b:ace, which he would now give up the w:rld itself sooner than be without. What p:rt had he in that, save to follow on? Ad she was taking him to the museum o Monsieur D'Astignac. What more n:tural, assuming her guilt, than that she should enact beforehand in her own heart that awful scene, even to the discovery o:her own shameful complicity in it? For th brain schemes, but the heart fears its o:n undoing.

"Poor boy!" whispered madame, strok-ing his hand. "He is so sleepy."

A ray of light fell through the crevice o the door and illuminated those talented fingers.

"Do you do more than thumb-nail p:intings?" he asked abruptly, harshly. For example, have you ever tried your h:nd at a portrait?"

As he spoke he seemed to see looming o the dark that painting of his own fea-t:res and the track of his fingers smeared across them.

"A — a portrait?" faltered madame with a quick intake of her breath. "But with my little brushes—how should I?"

"How should you?" whispered the sailor tensely. "How should I know? But we might ask the heart inside the casket."

With these words he could not but mark a vague and menacing rhythm which grew louder steadily, despite all his struggles to shut it out. He had at first thought it the click of the horse overreaching himself again and striking his irons together; but something in the deadly regularity of the sound now forbade that explanation. Sweat broke out on his brow; that mourn-ful doubt of his position assailed him anew.

"Madame," he cried, "what is this I hear? I insist upon knowing at once. I cannot help thinking ——"

His fingers had closed spasmodically about the stem of the listening device. Words died on his lips and he adjusted the thing to his ear. At once the sound that had seemed to haunt him since time began beat on his eardrums like the strokes of a maul. They seemed to prelude some mighty upheaval; and now he was tor-mented more keenly than before by that dreadful sense of dereliction. What was it that he had not done?

A thing was staring at him from the shadows; he was going mad, perhaps. A monstrous round eye burned more clearly through the floor of the *voiture*, like the sun burning through a fog. It was like a brilliant burnished dial simmering there—a clock. Was it—could it be the clock regu-lating the drop of acid from the acid pan of the infernal machine? The clock by which the very sands of time ran out? The clock which split the world in twain?

He seized it fairly in his two hands and he saw that what he had there was the ship's chronometer.

He had never left the chart room of the Amphitrite.

With his hands deep down in the chro-nometer cupboard and his cheek ground into a fold of musty canvas there, he had slept. He roused himself and glared about him. The mate was there, still affecting to be writing up his log, still with that foolish, that detestable sag to his shoul-ders. And suddenly the mate turned flat about, twisted up the points of his mus-tache and repeated severely, having let just time enough elapse to let his point sink in: "Yes, mild in taste, but it has a kick, mister."

Mr Fairfield, winding the chronometer—for here was his dereliction—thought to himself bitterly: "I wonder if I have ever got out of my cradle."

THE LAIR

(Continued from Page 21)

hoot, against all that the writer man knew; lso he had appeared to prevail upon the iger to keep his side of the pit until they vere rescued. And now Skag recalled the ig tiger that had lain on the river margin ear the Monkey Glen while he had told Carlin that he had never really known what a woman was like before. The presence of the big sleepy cat down among the wet oliage had nerved him and called out all his strength for the romantic crisis.

He thought of the moment under the poised head of the great serpent in the place of fear in the grass jungle; and of the coming of Nut Kut, the incomparable black elephant, whom he had forced to listen in spite of the red hell in the untamable eyes. Always between and in and round, his thoughts were of Carlin—her voice, her presence, the curious art of her ministration and the utterly wise lure of her heart. Even now he couldn't quite be calm under the whip of memory of the afternoon of the co-bra fight, nor afterward when the jungle sickness carried her close to the gate and her dry lips had begged night and day for him please to "stop those fever birds!" The whole panorama might have been named Carlin so far as Skag was concerned.

He didn't think of his own danger now. It wasn't that he ignored it; rather that he had entered upon a new dimension of his power. He had no thought of failure. No thought came to him that Carlin would have prevented his entering had she been near. This was different from anything he had ever been called to do, but his power was different. The thing that engaged his mind was utterly clear from every angle. He couldn't have missed the novelty from the unusual stress of Nels' manner. The big Dane was actually burning with excite-ment. His eyes were filled with firelight and back of the smoky burning was a dumb appeal turned to his chief. Hyenas alone had been able to break Nels' nerve for him-self, but he was frightened now for the man. The big bony jowl was steadily pressed like a knuckled hand against Skag's knee, the body only half lifted from the dry stones and cramped with tension.

Skag's eyes were turned up toward the mouth of the lair and his left hand fell to the Dane's head. The beast actually shook because his eyes were covered a second.

"Of course you're to stay outside, Nels," he said softly as he rose.

The dog lowered his breast to the stones. It was like a blow to him—the one thing he had feared most.

"Don't, Nels!" the man muttered. "You're to stand at the mouth of the lair and watch there. I need you there—out-side, of course."

The dog followed him heavily up the slope past the high-water mark. Skag turned with a cheering whisper, shielding his eyes from the light for a moment before peering in. There was a sound like blown paper across a marble floor and then an-other sound—low, soft, prolonged, like the hiss of escaping steam.

Skag shoved himself into the narrow, rocky aperture. He could see nothing for the moment. The taint was oppressive at the first breath of the still air. There were kittens—no doubt of that. He heard their scurrying; he felt their eyes and the sort of

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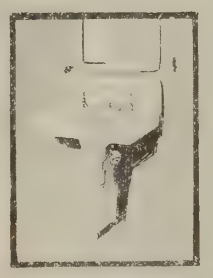

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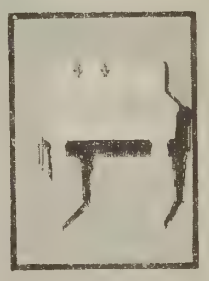

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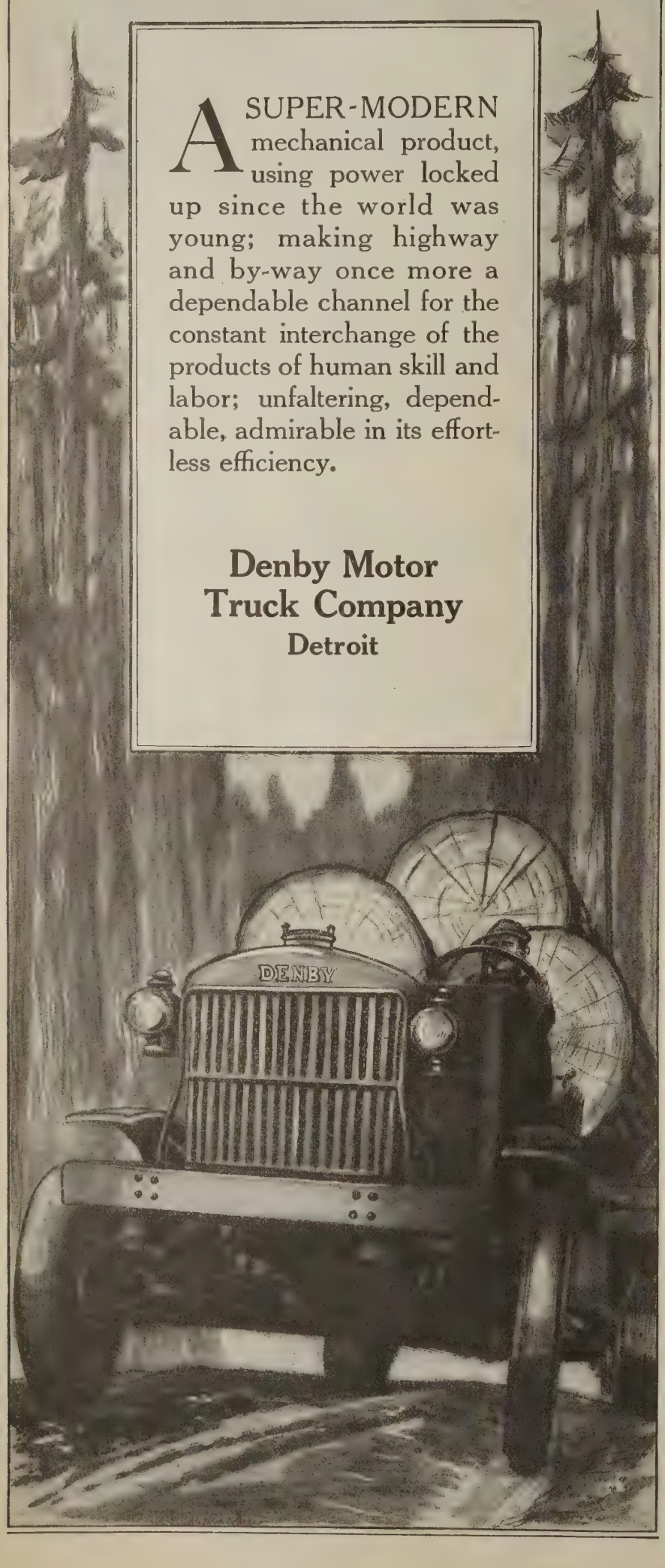

melting panic in the place that would have utterly unstrung any but a perfectly keyed set of nerves.

It was a cave, the mouth higher than the floor. The way down was jagged and precipitous. Skag, advancing softly, had to feel for each step and yet give no distracting attention to keep his footing, for the full energy of his faculties was directed ahead.

The sound of blown paper was from the kittens—that was clear enough. Yet the hissing continued and this was the mystery of it all—that there appeared to be no movement besides. If this sound came from the tigress, at least she had not stirred to meet him.

The hiss sunk to a low guttural grating. No cub had a cavernous profundity of sound such as that. Still there was not the stir of a muscle, so far as his senses had detected.

Skag was puzzled. Big game before him, possibly nerved to spring, and yet the tensity was not like that. The man stood still, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the darkness—waiting for the mystery to clear. Then to the right, like a little constellation suddenly pricking through the twilight, Skag saw a cluster of young stars. His heart warmed—kittens hunched there in a bundle and watching him. Their pricked ears presently shadowed somewhat from the blacker background; then he saw the little party suddenly swept and overturned, as if a long thin arm had brushed them back out of reach of the intruder.

Now his eyes turned slightly to the left and began to get the rest—the great leveled creature upon the darkened floor. Skag kept his imagination down until his optic nerves actually brought him the picture. The long thin sweep was the mother's tail, yet she was not crouched. Skag saw her sprawled paws extended toward him. She lay upon her side.

Thus it was that he was rounded back to the original proposition. He had found the lair of the wounded tigress and her young. For fully two minutes Skag stood quiet before her, working softly—her hiss changing at slow intervals to the cavernous growl. The kittens were too young to organize attack—the tigress was too maimed for resistance, even though at bay in lair with her kittens to defend.

Now the man saw the gleam of her eyes. She had followed his movements and was holding him now, but half vacantly. The pity of it all touched him; the rest of the story cleared. Her tongue was like a blown bag, the blackness of it apparent even in the dark. She was dying of thirst, the bullet wound in the shoulder turned up to him. The little ones were still active, for the tigress had fed them until her whole body was drained. He saw how her breasts had been torn by the thirsty little ones—the open sores against the soft gray of her nether parts.

Skag backed out. Nels pressed him—half lifted his great body in silent welcome.

"Oh, yes," Skag was saying, "we got the call, all right, my son. Four little duds in there eating their mother alive, and she full of fever from a wound—no water for days. I'm just after the canteen, Nels."

Skag entered again. His movements were deliberate, but not stealthy. He spoke softly to the creature on the floor—his voice lower than the usual pitch, yet sinking often deeper still. The words were mere nothings, but they carried the man's purpose of kindness—carried it steadily, tirelessly. The great beast tried to rise as he stepped closer. Skag waited, still talking. He had uncorked the canteen and held it forward—his idea being not only that she would smell the water but become accustomed to the thing in his hand. Each time he pressed a bit nearer she struggled to rise toward him—Skag standing just out of reach, working with his mind and voice.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before he bent close, without starting a convulsion of fear and revolt in the huge fevered body upon the rocky floor. Skag poured a gurgle of water upon the swollen tongue, watching the single baleful tortured eye that held his face. The water was not wasted, though not drunk, for it washed away some of the poison formed of the fever and the thirst. Skag poured again, and for a second the great holding eye was lost to him and the tongue moved.

Thus he worked, permitting her fear and rage to rouse no answer in kind from himself; talking to her softly, luring her out of the fury into the enveloping madness of her own great need.

He waited a moment and her tongu stretched thickly to draw to itself th water on the rock; then he turned towar the cubs. They scurried back deeper int the cave. He poured a gill or two of wate into a hollow of the rock and returned t the mother. Presently as he moistened he tongue again one of the little ones crep forward and began to lap the puddle o the rock.

Skag smiled in the gloom. The othe were presently beside the baby leader. A few moments later Skag interrupted hi ministrations to the mother to fill the ho low for the kittens again. All this with les than three pints of water—the work of full half hour as he found when he emerge to Nels and the light.

"It's only a beginning, old man. We'v got to get more water. It's five hours march back to the pool where we camped I'm gambling that we're a lot nearer tha that to the Nerbudda."

Nels' jubilation was stayed by the un foldment of fresh plans that were not slo to dawn upon his eager mind. They has tened along the river bed, continuing in th direction they had come. Skag was in queer elation, dropping a sentence fro time to time. Suddenly he halted. It ha occurred to him to recall something hi mind had merely noted during the work i the cave. There was fresh meat there. H had not looked close, but at least tw partly devoured carcasses had lain in th shadows.

"They were mighty thirsty, Nels," h muttered. "The mother dying of thirst but the little ones were only sultry com pared. Yes, they're old enough to tear a fresh meat. They weren't so bad off an there was plenty of meat there. Onl thirsty," he added thoughtfully.

It was clear to his mind that the tigres had been helpless at least three days, possi bly four. She could not have brought th game. There was one conclusive reason— that the meat was in an altogether to fresh condition to have been brought b the mother before she gave up. Ska walked rapidly. They did not reach th Nerbudda, but sighted a village back fro the river bed after nearly two hours' walk

They refilled the canteen and procure two water skins besides; also a broad dee gourd which Skag carried empty. Th man's difficulty was to escape withou assistance. A white man in his position wa not supposed to carry goatskin water bag over his shoulders. The boys of the villag followed him after the elders had given up and Skag halted at last to explain that thi was an affair that would interest them very much—when a teller came back to tell th story; but that this was the doing part o the story and must be carried to its conclu sion alone.

A little later in the nullah bed he fastene the canteen and the gourd to Nels' collar but continued to pack the two skins him self—a rather arduous journey in full In dian daylight with between forty and fift pounds of water on his shoulders. It wa four in the afternoon when they neared th mouth of the lair and Nels was droopin again. "Buck up, old man!" Skag said "I'll go in for a while with the thirsty ones Then we'll make a camp and have som supper together."

Skag heard the hiss again as he entere the darkness, and the kittens were not s still as before. Only a trifle less leisurely h approached the mother. He knew that an strength that had come would only feed he hostility so far; that a man was not to wi the confidence of a great mammal thin like this in a day. His first impulse was t silence the kittens with a gourd of water but he could not bear to make the mothe wait.

She raised her head against him as be fore, but the smell of the water caught an altered her fury more swiftly this time Skag saw the glare go out from the grea eye as the tortured mouth was cooled; an now the hope grew within him that th tigress might actually be saved. He talke softly to her as he poured drop by dro upon her tongue from the side—the littl ones pressing closer and closer. Even in th convulsive trembling that shook her bod from time to time there was an inflowin rather than an ebb of strength.

Presently he left her long enough partl to fill the big gourd for the babies. He ha scarcely drawn back before the first was a the edge. Lapping was not enough for thi infant. He wanted to cover himself; ap parently to overturn the dish upon himself

(Concluded on Page 181)

(Concluded from Page 178)

The others helped to balance the gourd for a moment or two, but the massed effort became too furious and over it went among them. Skag laughed. Only a portion was wasted, for the kittens followed the little creams on the rock, tonguing them as they moved and filled. He tried them again, only covering the bottom of the gourd, but it was as swiftly overturned. Still the young had drunk enough presently, and went to tearing at the meat in the deeper shadows.

Skag went back to the mother, still using the canteen for her. Alternately now he dropped the water upon the wound in her shoulder. There were hours of work here to soften the fever crust and establish drainage. Some time afterward this work was stopped abruptly by the warning of Nels at the door. Skag stood his canteen against a rock and hurried forth. Nels stood at the mouth of the lair, his head turned up the river bed. His eyes did not alter from their look of fixity as the man emerged. The shoulder nearest Skag merely twitched a trifle, the left paw lifting to the toes. Skag followed the Dane's eyes. The boss of the district—the great male himself—stood stock-still in the center of the river bed, the carcass of a lamb having dropped from his mouth. So strange, so vast and still, the picture, that it seemed dreamlike; the great, round, sunny eyes unwinking—serious rather than savage—a dark-banded thing of gold in the ruddy gold of late afternoon.

Skag was silent, the magic of the moment flowing into him. Nels had not moved.

Skag had been forced to walk round him to find room to stand. They faced the big Bengali together for an instant, the man's hand dropping softly to the dog's shoulder.

"The king himself, son," Skag whispered raptly. "He's the loveliest thing in stripes. We'll have to look out for this fellow, Nels. There's no fear in him. We're on his premises and the missus is sick and needs quiet. He's apt to charge, and I can see his point of view. We'll back down, son, and not obstruct the gentleman's door."

They couldn't have been three seconds clambering down the rocks to the nullah bed, yet the male tiger was twenty feet nearer when they looked up. Moreover, he had brought the lamb with him, and this time he kept it in his mouth as he watched.

"We mustn't let him see our dark side again, Nels," Skag muttered. "See if we can't stare as straight as he does. What a picture! Yet I'm rather glad he's got that lamb. He must have brought it far. Carrying out her orders doubtless. Only a great male would do that. Oh, it's not that he cares for the babies, Nels. It's to please her that he does it! And she's down and done, but running the lair!"

So Skag talked, hardly knowing what he said, keeping in touch with Nels with his hand and holding the eyes of the royal beast that seemed to be made of patience and poise and gilded beauty. Skag didn't step back, but presently to the side, away from the mouth of the lair. The tiger's countermovement was not to lessen the distance between them this time, but to drop to his haunches, still holding his game. He rocked a little on his hind feet, that ominous undulation which portends the charge. Not more than ten seconds passed and no outward change was apparent, yet there was a relief of tension in Skag's voice:

"It's the little lamb that saved us that time, Nels. I think we've passed it—passed the crisis, my boy. We'll just stand by now and measure patience with him."

It was two minutes before Skag ventured a further movement to the right. The tiger made absolutely no counter this time. Skag now spoke to Nels:

"You're doing beautifully, son."

The dog had stood by like part of himself. The droop and the quiver that he had known twice that day when the man disappeared into the lair had given way in the real test to unbreakable nerve and defiant heart. Yet it was less the courage than his absolute obedience that entered the man with a charge of feeling that instant. A minute later Skag took another ten steps to the right.

In the deeper shadows, less than an hour afterward, he struck a match to the little supper fire a hundred yards up the slope from the mouth of the lair. Skag then loosened his hunting belt, dropping the weight from him to the blanket with a sigh of content. The hardware had chafed him all day and had been really forgotten only in the stresses of action.

"I didn't pack that gun for tiger," he said softly. "Why, I would as soon have shot our good Arab, Kala Khan, or put a bullet between Nut Kut's eyes, as to stop that big fellow's bringing young mutton home—to please her! Won't Carlin love to hear that! Oh, yes, it's been a day, son, one more day! I've loved it minute by minute, and you've been—well, I can't think in words, when it comes to that."

The big fellow drowsed in the firelight, his four paws stretched evenly toward the man.

In the morning and afternoon of the next two days Skag brought water to the tigress and bathed her shoulder long. On the third day he could not be sure that the male had left the lair until late afternoon, and when he finally ventured to the mouth and his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness within he saw that the tigress was watching him from the deeper shadows—not prone but on three feet. He filled the gourd and weighted it with stones; then backed out.

"We're starting for Hurda to-night, son," he said to Nels. "I've left her a drink or two, and by the time she needs more she'll be able to get to the river herself."

Carlin must have caught the reality of that moment of crisis from Skag's telling—the moment when the male tiger might have charged but didn't, because she succeeded in making Malcom M'Cord see it too.

"And you say there was no sign from the tiger, but that Hantee Sahib knew when the instant was past?" the famous marksman repeated curiously.

Carlin nodded.

"But how did he know?"

"Ask him," she said.

"Huh," he muttered. "I might as well inquire of the Dane beastie."

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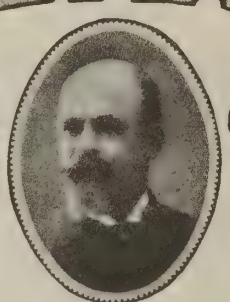

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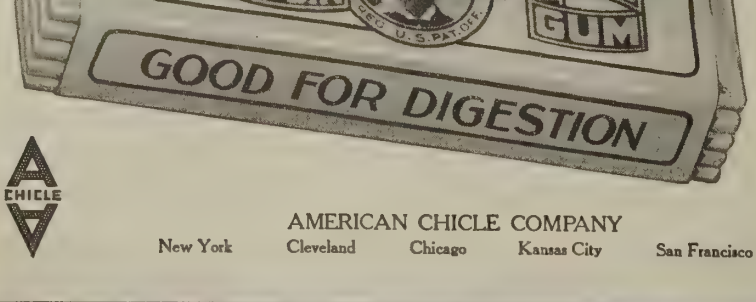

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AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

told him that I had carefully read the protocols of the sittings of his commission and had been surprised to find that he had not taken any active part in the discussion and had refrained from giving utterance to the views I felt sure he entertained himself, the grand duke said that he regretted it greatly now, but that at the time he had felt a delicacy, as a member of the reigning dynasty, about expressing a divergent opinion which might have been interpreted as an attempt at unduly influencing the decisions of responsible ministers on the strength of his personal position and the prestige of his rank.

Prince Lobanoff, having undertaken to carry out the decision reached by the commission and approved by the emperor, applied to this task all his ingenuity, his diplomatic experience, his great personal prestige and his firm will. He naturally realized that it would be impossible for Russia alone to approach victorious Japan with a demand that could not but deeply wound the susceptibility of a proud and combative nation. It was therefore manifestly necessary to seek to associate with Russia at least two other Powers in the attempt to oust the Japanese from the continent of Asia. Great Britain being out of the question, Austria-Hungary being useless, there remained only two Powers that could be of assistance in exercising the required pressure on the Japanese—France and Germany—whose joint coöperation it was evidently no easy task to secure. It did not, however, prove beyond Prince Lobanoff's diplomatic skill.

Playing partly on the jealousy of the French Government and partly on the eagerness of the Emperor William to seize any occasion which might through even a temporary rapprochement with both Russia and France promise to bring him nearer the realization of his pet dream—a Franco-Russo-German alliance—Prince Lobanoff succeeded in inducing both these Powers to join Russia in recommending to the Japanese Government the retrocession to China of the territory ceded to Japan by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, on the plea that Japan's tenure of the littoral of Manchuria would menace the security of the Chinese capital, would render the independence of Korea illusory and would be an element endangering the peace of the Far East.

That these two Powers should have been induced to take part in a diplomatic campaign by which they could not possibly expect to gain anything and by which they were certain to incur the displeasure—perhaps the lasting displeasure—of a Power with whom they had every reason to cultivate the most friendly relations must be set down as a signal triumph of Prince Lobanoff's diplomacy.

As to the point of view from which the Japanese regarded this intervention of the three Great Powers I may cite the opinion expressed to me five years later, after we had taken possession ourselves of Port Arthur, by one of my Japanese friends:

"We can understand why you should have insisted on our evacuation of the Manchurian littoral; we also understand why the French, being your allies, should have lent you their support. We fail, however, to understand what caused the action of Germany in a matter which was no concern of hers—but we shall remember!"

And they did. It appears besides, as I was told, that in pressing upon the Japanese Government compliance with the demands of the three Powers, the German Minister at Tokio had adopted a tone of particular aggressiveness, contrasting with the studiedly moderate and courteous attitude of his French and Russian colleagues, and that in this respect he had been merely obeying very stringent instructions he had received from the emperor himself, supposed to have been desirous of accentuating his particular zeal in the common cause.

Though the recommendation of the coalition was presented in the most courteous terms it was plain that the three Powers were prepared to compel acquiescence by a resort to force. Exhausted by the great effort of the campaign on the continent, her financial resources as well as her supply of war material more or less drained, her fleet after having been eight months constantly at sea unable to cope with the superior naval forces of the coalition, and her army on the continent exposed to the risk of being cut off—Japan found herself compelled to comply.

With their usual clear-sighted and realistic appreciation of existing conditions the Japanese Government promptly and unreservedly bowed to the inevitable. An imperial decree was published in which the emperor was made to say that being unalterably devoted to the cause of peace and recognizing that the counsel of the three European Powers was prompted by the same sentiment he accepted their advice. In due time, without any unnecessary delay, Manchuria was evacuated and all Japanese troops were withdrawn from the continent, with the exception of a detachment left to occupy Wei-hai-wei until the final payment of the war indemnity. Thereupon Japan quietly proceeded to prepare plans for doubling her army and trebling her naval forces.

These warlike preparations, the meaning of which could hardly be misunderstood by even a superficial observer, were facilitated financially by the payment of an additional 100,000,000 dollars imposed upon China by the coalition as a compensation for the retrocession by Japan of the ceded territories in Southern Manchuria. In order to provide the necessary funds for this payment supplementary to the war indemnity stipulated in the Shimonoseki Treaty the Russian Government undertook to place on the Paris market a Chinese Government loan with a Russian guaranty of four per cent interest.

This financial combination could naturally not have been conceived without the participation of Mr. Witte, who was then Minister of Finance, and who was most loyally and with his wonted energy supporting Prince Lobanoff's policy. It proved, however, the entering wedge which led us into further politico-financial combinations in connection with Manchuria in regard to which in the end I found myself in disagreement with the great statesman who had been fathering and promoting them. But this is a subject to which I shall have to revert later on.

Our successful intervention, which resulted in the restitution of the integrity of China, according to current international ethics, seemed to give us a legitimate claim to an adequate compensation, and it was found in the grant by China of the right of way through Northern Manchuria to our Trans-Siberian railroad, whose line by this means instead of following the great bend of the River Amur could be shortened by several hundred miles. The negotiations on this subject were carried on at Moscow during the coronation festivities in May, 1896, between Prince Lobanoff and Witte on one side, and Li Hung Chang on the other. They resulted in the grant of a railroad concession to the recently founded Russo-Chinese Bank, a hybrid semipolitical financial institution, the capital of which was furnished partly by the Russian treasury and partly by French financiers, and in which a limited share was alloted to the Chinese Government. With the railroad concession went also the grant of a wide strip of land on both sides of the railroad, which was to be exempt from Chinese jurisdiction and in which Russian settlements gradually grew up, one of them, at Harbin, attaining the proportions of quite a moderate-sized town.

Another concession obtained by way of compensation for our intervention was the permission to use, in case of an emergency, the port of Kiao-chau as a naval base for our fleet in Far Eastern waters. This seemingly aimless arrangement was probably meant to satisfy the claims to consideration of our naval general staff, possibly occupied with the elaboration of some vague strategical plans and combinations; it turned out, however, as will be seen in the sequel, to have contributed in an indirect way to the conception and realization of another plan of real and far-reaching importance.

Whether our War Department had likewise then and there, unknown perhaps to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, conceived some plan of action in another direction I do not know. It is not impossible that such

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may have been the case and that the discovery of the existence of such a plan may have been one of the causes of the coolness which had marked the relations between the emperor and his minister as a consequence of the inconsiderate promise His Majesty had given or was supposed to have given the Korean Ambassador, as related in a preceding chapter of these reminiscences. All I know is that in the summer of the autumn of the year of the coronation, which was also the year of the death of Prince Lobanoff, the War Department had dispatched to Korea a certain colonel of the general staff whose name I do not now remember, with the result that he had brought back an elaborate plan for the organization of a Korean army of 250,000 men, capable of being expanded to double its size. This organization was to be effected by a special military mission composed of officers of all arms of the Russian Army; among whom, by the way, was to go out to Korea the son of Mr. Shishkine, who had been acting Minister of Foreign Affairs after Prince Lobanoff's death until the appointment of Count Mouravieff.

Furthermore, I found out that our Naval Department was on the lookout for an ice-free port, open all the year round, somewhere in Korea, and was entertaining some vague plans of a future acquisition of one of them, preferably the port of Masan-pho on the southern extremity of the Korean peninsula, as a permanent naval station for our fleet in Far Eastern waters; Vladivostok not being considered quite satisfactory on the ground that the port is usually closed by ice for some time every winter. Whether such plans had been inspired by the knowledge that some kind of protectorate had been promised to the King of Korea through his ambassador during the Moscow festivities I am unable either to affirm or to deny. All I can say is that the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Avtoff, who was a particular friend of mine, whom I had known intimately when twenty years before he had been in command of one of our vessels on the Japan station, never mentioned to me anything of the kind, though he knew that I was engaged on a very important investigation of the political situation in the Far East, which he himself regarded with considerable misgiving. But then he may have been under a special injunction of secrecy in regard to the matter, which on account of its extremely delicate nature required to be handled with the greatest circumspection.

XVI

HAVING made the various discoveries I mentioned in the preceding chapter and having been enabled to acquaint myself with the detailed information in the possession of our Naval Department in regard to the Japanese program of naval armaments, which was to be completed in 1904, I set to work on my memorandum in the firm conviction that we were already out too deeply engaged in a line of policy that could only land us in the end in an armed conflict with Japan, an eventuality that every consideration of prudence and regard for the true interests of Russia commanded us to avoid by every means compatible with our country's honor and dignity.

In this conviction I was not in the least shaken by the optimistic reports of our chargé d'affaires at Tokio, who, as soon as I should arrive there to relieve him, was to take up his duties as diplomatic agent in Korea, to which post he had just been appointed. He was one of those young diplomatic hopefuls who are always ready to recommend to their government forward policies in the hope of thereby acquiring great credit for activity and patriotism. This particular young gentleman, probably desiring to prepare the field for his coming activity in Korea, kept assuring the Foreign Department in his reports—which, by the way, were much relished in high places—that it was perfectly safe to go ahead with any plans we might wish to put through in Korea, quite regardless of Japanese feelings and objections, and that the utmost manifestation of Japan's displeasure would probably take the form of the dismissal of a ministry which should have failed to arrest our progress.

I have already explained the reason why it is impossible for me to give here more than a very succinct account of the essential points touched upon in my memorandum, the preparation of which occupied all my time during three or four weeks, as every word of it had to be carefully weighed.

The first point I brought out was that in the Far East we had to face a situation essentially different from the conditions we had been accustomed to deal with and had dealt with on the whole successfully in Central Asia. There we found ourselves face to face with a distinctly lower grade of civilization, with populations living either in a state approximating anarchy or under tyrannical and oppressive misrule, to whom our advent brought law and order and security of life and property, and therefore could be, and generally was, hailed by them as a positive benefit, our bureaucratic régime even, with all its serious defects and shortcomings, being immeasurably superior to the state of things they had been suffering from under their native rulers. Therefore it was to some extent excusable that our military authorities in Central Asia were allowed or rather suffered to assume some latitude in dealing with neighboring semibarbarous states and in encroaching ever more and more on their territories, thereby compelling the central government to sanction in the end such annexations in spite of its desire to avoid them.

In the Far East, on the contrary, we had to deal with two great states, one immense in size of territory and population, the other not large in size but unapproachable as an island empire, with a compact population full of ardent and aggressive patriotism and combative military spirit, both with a highly developed social fabric and refined culture antedating even the beginnings of civilization in Europe. It was evident that in this part of the world it was impossible to let our policy be determined, not by a well-considered, carefully weighed plan decided upon by the central authority, but by the would-be patriotic inspiration and forward tendencies of some local agent or by the special views and requirements of this or that individual branch of the government.

Moreover, before a plan of action could be determined upon it would be imperatively necessary to establish first of all the precise and concrete aim our policy should pursue. In this respect we should begin by eliminating entirely from the field of our policies—and not only in the Far East—all such vague aims as hegemony, predominant influence or similar imponderabilia of more than doubtful value, the pursuit of which could only excite rivalry, suspicion and general hostility and might at any moment embroil us in most dangerous complications, which it was Russia's prime interest to avoid.

Next, having determined the aim our policy would have to pursue, it would be necessary to examine most carefully the question whether the aim determined upon corresponded to any real need of the state and the nation, whether it was practically attainable, whether its pursuit would expose us to the danger of an armed conflict with a powerful neighboring state, whether in the event of such an armed conflict arising we should be prepared to support our policy with all the power and resources of the empire; and lastly, whether the results obtained in case of victory would justify the sacrifices in blood and treasure by which such results would have been secured.

In proceeding to examine these points in the above order, we must, to begin with, ask ourselves a question which is one of fundamental importance: Could territorial expansion in the Far East—or for the matter of that anywhere—be considered a legitimate aim of our policy, and could its achievement in any way, barring the vainglorious satisfaction of success, benefit the state and promote the welfare of the people?

In the case of an immense and already rather overgrown empire, one part of which, in Europe, is still underpopulated, and the other and far greater part, in Asia, can hardly be said to be populated at all in proportion to its colossal extent—this question, it would seem, could only be answered most categorically in the negative. Moreover, the acquisition of any new territory in the Far East at such an enormous distance from the center of the empire could only contribute an additional weakening element to a position already precarious enough and maintained much less by actual power than by prestige, which elementary caution forbade to jeopardize by exposing it to the test of an armed conflict with a powerful neighbor.

Turning next to the question whether territorial expansion in the direction of Korea—the only question I had to deal

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with, everything concerning Manchuria belonging to the province of my colleague at Peking—was practically attainable without running the risk of an armed conflict with Japan, I had not only to negative it most emphatically but to point out on the strength of detailed information on the state of Japanese armaments that the Japanese Government, manifestly suspicious of our intentions, were already actively preparing for the coming conflict, the outbreak of which would in all probability coincide with the completion of their program of naval armaments scheduled for the beginning of the year 1904.

Of the firm determination of the Japanese Government to defend what they considered to be their legitimate, historically grounded interests in Korea—to defend them against all comers by force of arms and at all hazards—I was absolutely convinced from what I knew of the Japanese character, of the state of popular feeling in Japan and of the policies of her government.

In my eyes, therefore, the whole question reduced itself to a very simple proposition: Are we or are we not prepared to support our aggressive policy in the Far East at any cost, and with all the power and resources of the state? If not, the continuation of such a policy would be equivalent to courting disaster in the form either of military defeat or of the loss of the main support of our position, our prestige, through a reversal of our policy under compulsion. If, however, we were prepared to stake our all on the result of a campaign in the Far East the questions would present themselves as to what could be the result of a victorious campaign, and how far such result would justify the sacrifices in blood and treasure by which it had been achieved.

Granted the possibility of a conquest of Korea after the annihilation or expulsion from the continent of the Japanese forces, which in any case we would have had to fight in Korea, the annexation of a kingdom nearly as large as Italy could hardly have entered into our plans, for the reasons mentioned above. It must be supposed therefore that we should have had to limit ourselves to the acquisition of some ice-free port—let us say, Mosan-pho—which could hardly be claimed to be an adequate justification for a sanguinary war. Besides, the possession of such an exposed point not within reach of our land forces would be valueless in time of war, as such a point would easily become the prey of a more powerful maritime Power.

From this point, as far as I can now remember, I branched off to a discussion of the subject of sea power. My thesis, based on the importance of the respective naval forces of different nations actually present in those days in Far Eastern waters, was the following: Of the three countries—Russia, England and Japan—having considerable naval forces stationed in those waters England naturally was potentially immeasurably the strongest, but having widespread interests to guard all over the globe it was not convenient for her to detail to the Far East more of her fighting units than were necessary to maintain a fair show—inferior to the Japanese fleet, but equal or perhaps slightly superior to ours.

No one of these three Powers could lay claim to the absolute command of the China-Japan sea with their forces actually on the spot; but any two of them in concert could claim and realize such command in this way: Russia and Japan united could do so, of course, only as long as England did not choose to increase her forces sufficiently to outnumber them; which, however, would inconvenience her considerably by necessitating the withdrawal of some of her naval resources from other parts of the world where they might be sorely needed. On the other hand, England and Japan united, with their forces actually present, could checkmate the Russian fleet completely without having to increase the English squadron. It was therefore plainly to the interest of England to seek an alliance with Japan, just as much as it was to our interest to forestall such an eventuality by a friendly understanding with Japan.

Of course a third combination of forces would have been quite possible and desirable in the interests of the solidarity of European Powers, which had been for years considered, and even more or less practiced, as the best policy in regard to Japan. But at that time anti-Russian feeling in England was just as strong as anti-English feeling was in Russia, and such a combination was not to be thought of; or as my old friend and colleague, Mr. De Staal, then our Ambassador in London, wrote to me: "Anyone who would have proposed it would have been considered a madman in England as well as in Russia."

Next I undertook to suggest that the port of Vladivostok though closed by ice for some time every winter could be rendered accessible even then by means of powerful ice breakers and could be made in every other respect entirely sufficient as a base for our necessarily limited naval forces in the Pacific, provided we concentrated our efforts on the completion of its defenses, on the construction of sorely needed docks and everything else that goes to the making of a first-class commercial port and naval station as well, instead of neglecting the splendid opportunities open to us in our own undisputed possessions for a wild-goose chase after the acquisition of a port however admirably situated, as Mosan-pho for example, on foreign territory, which could be achieved only as a result of a victorious armed contest with Japan. Besides, we were not a seafaring nation, all our interests as an enormous continental Power were continental interests, and we could never expect to become a leading naval Power in the Pacific. Therefore, all our feeble and sporadic efforts in the pursuit of such a chimera were foredoomed to failure, and could at best serve only to irritate needlessly our powerful neighbor by furnishing him with ample food for the suspicions he entertained in regard to our supposed aggressive intentions.

Moreover, whatever might be our ultimate intentions in regard to Korea they could never be realized by such means as the constant loitering of our naval vessels in Japanese ports, the purchase of large tracts of land at Mosan-pho under the transparent pretext of its being needed for the construction of a naval hospital, the appointment of an agent of our Ministry of Finance as financial adviser to the Korean Government, the opening of a branch of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and similar measures apt to confirm the suspicions entertained in Japan as to our secret designs aiming at the establishment of a Russian protectorate over Korea.

Finally—this being the immediate object I had in view in preparing this memorandum—I directed a broadside of the heaviest and most unanswerable arguments against the War Department's plan of the organization of a Korean army by a body of 120 Russian officers as instructors, insisting in plain and precise terms upon the urgent necessity of totally abandoning this plan if we desired to avoid an armed conflict with Japan.

In conclusion, starting from the point of view that Russia's paramount interest in the Far East, entirely overshadowing all others, consisted in the fullest and uninterrupted development of the inexhaustible natural resources of her immense Siberian Empire, the encouragement of immigration from the interior of the country, the fostering of trade and industry, all of which demanded as a prerequisite condition the maintenance of peace—I advocated a friendly understanding with Japan as well as with China, which would be the best guaranty of a solid and lasting peace.

By way of a little digression from the course of my narrative I might mention in connection with the preparation of this memorandum an incident that for a moment interrupted my work. One afternoon while I was busy writing I received the quite unexpected visit of M. Motono, who was then Chargé d'Affaires of Japan; the same M. Motono who later as Baron Motono became Minister and then Ambassador at St. Petersburg and ended his life as occupant of the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan. I had never before met this young, distinguished and very able Japanese diplomat, who was destined to play subsequently such an important part in the development of the relations between our two countries. He had graduated from the Law School of the University of Paris, and addressed me in the purest French, apologizing for his intrusion and explaining that only the gravest of reasons could have caused him to invade my privacy. He was under orders from his government to try by all means accessible to him to ascertain under what approximate conditions Russia could be found willing to come to a definite friendly understanding with Japan in regard to Korea. He had been knocking at all the doors he could think of, but he

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ha not been able to elicit from anyone in au ority anything but the vaguest assurances of good will, and now in despair he ha come to me as the newly appointed Minister to Japan, who had the reputation of eing friendly disposed toward his country in the hope that I might be able and wing to lend him some aid in his endeavors to bring about such an understanding to which his government attached the gr test importance, and to which he personally was but too happy to devote his n t earnest efforts. He spoke with great warmth and apparent feeling, the sincerity of which I had no reason to doubt, fro what I had heard of his personal disposition. Under the circumstances then existing I was, however, unable to give him more than the same vague assurances he ha received elsewhere and which had appeared to him so little convincing.

Nineteen years later, in the third year of the war, when he was Ambassador to Russia I had occasion, after an informal dinner at the Japanese embassy, in a friendly chat over coffee and cigars, to remind him of our first meeting in my room at the Hotel de France at St. Petersburg in the spring of 1907, and of our conversation on that occasion in regard to the desirability of the conclusion of a friendly understanding between Russia and Japan.

I said that now I could tell him what I was not in a position to do then—that on that occasion he had been preaching to a man who needed no persuasion in order to be converted to his views, which indeed were his own as well, and which he was at that very moment engaged in pressing on his government in a memorandum drawn up to that effect.

"Well," said Baron Motono, "if we had succeeded then in our efforts we certainly should have prevented the outbreak of the war between our two countries; but after all it is perhaps better that the war was fought out—we have learned to know each other!"

This was a reflection the double meaning of which could be interpreted in a far from flattering sense.

The first result of my memorandum, the contents of which, though considered strictly secret, had necessarily leaked out in the narrow circle of the lower personnel of the Foreign Department, had been that I was dubbed a "pro-Japanese"—the term "pacifist" not having yet come into use as a term of opprobrium—not to be trusted with the carrying high the flag of my country, and so on.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs himself took, however, a different view of my modest efforts in the cause of peace. Count Mouravieff, with all his superficial levity, possessed shrewdness enough to realize that it would not be to his interest to run the risk of exposing the country to the danger of serious complications in the very beginning of his career as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he also had sufficient virile decision to act upon his once-formed conviction resolutely and without delay.

As soon as he had acquainted himself with the contents of my memorandum he sent for me and told me frankly that though he had long ago felt instinctively that in our proceedings in Korea we were treading on very dangerous ground he had not hitherto had at his command the weighty arguments needed to combat the War Department's plans; that he had made up his mind to try his best to defeat these plans, of the dangerous character of which he had now been entirely convinced, and that he intended to submit my memorandum to the emperor, but could do so only if I consented to his doing it, because, as he said: "You must know that most of the arguments that you use run decidedly counter to the favorite conceptions of the emperor, and, what is perhaps even more important, to those of the all-powerful Minister of Finance, Witte." The latter assertion I had no means of verifying, not having had at the time the honor of being personally acquainted with that great statesman.

The very next day Count Mouravieff had his audience with the emperor at Tsarskoe Selo, and on his return sent for me and told me with visible satisfaction that he had carried the day triumphantly, that the War Department's plan of the organization of a Korean army had been definitely abandoned, but that the struggle had been long and hard, and that perhaps the most effective argument that he had used had been the following:

He had said that being quite new to that part of the business of the Foreign Department dealing with the affairs of the Far East he could not pretend himself to any thorough knowledge of these affairs, and therefore considered it his bounden duty to listen to the opinions of those who were entitled to speak of Far Eastern affairs with the authority of long experience acquired on the spot, and that the opinions expressed in the memorandum submitted for the emperor's consideration were those of a man whose sincerity could not be questioned, since he had been warned that most of his opinions were opposed to his sovereign's views, and he had unhesitatingly consented to his memorandum's being submitted to His Majesty at the risk of incurring the imperial displeasure.

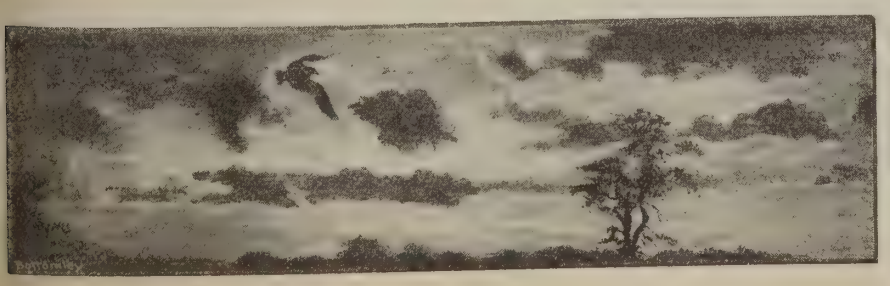
Some days later I had the honor of a farewell audience with the emperor preparatory to my departure for my new destination. His Majesty received me most graciously and engaged me in a conversation on a variety of subjects, but never said a word about my memorandum—which had been returned to the Foreign Department with the imperial annotation, "Excellently written"—and in fact never even mentioned the name of the country to which he had accredited me as his representative.

In the meantime the newly accredited Japanese Minister had arrived, and it so happened that he had been given his solemn audience for the presentation of his letters of credence on the day of my departure from St. Petersburg. I was just about to enter my compartment in the sleeping car when the Japanese Minister, in full-dress uniform, appeared on the platform and told me he was glad to have had just time enough on his return from his audience at Tsarskoe Selo to catch me at the station, because he wanted to tell me before I left how gratified he was with the cordiality of the reception His Majesty had been graciously pleased to extend to him, and with the assurance he had been given that I had been instructed to enter into negotiations at Tokio in order to reach a friendly understanding in regard to Korean affairs.

I found my wife and daughter in Paris, where we spent some weeks busying ourselves with the necessary preparations for a prolonged sojourn in Japan. It was summertime, and we naturally decided to go by way of America instead of taking the southern route by the Indian Ocean. Besides purely climatic considerations, we were mainly influenced in taking this decision by my decided preference for the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—the former being my special favorite—and by the attractive chance that presented itself to pay the United States a new visit, albeit but a flying one.

Arrived in New York I made up my mind to try this time a new transcontinental route, instead of resorting again to the old reliable U. P. and C. P., which—I take the liberty of explaining this for English readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who may not be familiar with American railroad terminology—means Union Pacific and Central Pacific, and engaged passage for our party over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver, and thence in the same company's steamer Empress of India to Yokohama.

Some one of my friends, whose name I cannot recall, had given me when I met



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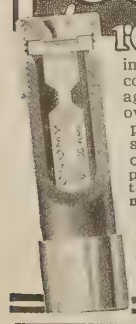

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him in Paris a card with his name "to introduce Baron So-and-So," addressed to Sir William Van Horne, who was then president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. I had put it away in my traveling bag with some notes, receipted bills and odds and ends that one is apt to pick up at the last moment when packing one's things for a long journey, and had quite forgotten all about it.

When at Montreal, where we intended to spend a couple of days, I quite accidentally, in looking over my things, came across that card, and it occurred to me to look up in the Montreal directory the residence of Sir William Van Horne and to call on him, hoping to find him at home, as it was Sunday. In this, however, I was disappointed.

But later in the day, on our return from a sight-seeing walk in the town, I found at our hotel Sir William Van Horne's card, on which he had written that he had come to tell me that he would place at my disposal a private car for the journey to Vancouver, and asked me to let him know when I intended to start.

Of course I at once returned to his house to thank him for his quite overwhelming kindness and courtesy, and to say that all my arrangements for the journey had already been settled in New York. This time I found him at home and had a long and most interesting talk with him on the question of the land grants in connection with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, a question I was greatly interested in, as our government was then building the Trans-Siberian Railway, and conditions in Canada and Siberia being in many respects similar, I had intended to avail myself of my passage through the Dominion in order to collect some detailed information on the way this land question had been dealt with by the Canadian Government as well as by the railroad company. Sir William himself was a most interesting personality, one of those men who do things, men of great intelligence, untiring energy and unerring business acumen, to whom such unlimited opportunities are open on this happy not yet overcrowded continent.

The summary information he had succinctly imparted to me in our interview he later on completed by sending to Tokio some pamphlets and documents containing the fullest possible data in regard to all the points that interested me in connection with the land question. Unfortunately all this most valuable material was not available for application to Siberian conditions as our government was dealing with the land question on principles which were, one might say, almost the direct opposite to those which had guided the Dominion Government in its successful land and railroad policy.

In spite of all my protestations Sir William Van Horne insisted on my acceptance of his offer of a private car, and, moreover, insisted on my not postponing our departure when I had learned from him that the Japanese Imperial Prince, Arisugawa, was to travel on the same train in another private car, which naturally would increase the weight of the train to some extent and quite unprofitably to the company. Sir William laughingly said that express trains on his railroad would never balk at hitching on a couple of extra private cars, least of all when it was a question of extending the courtesies of the road to illustrious and distinguished guests the company wished to honor.

He told me, furthermore, that we were quite welcome to take off our car at any point at which we wished to stop over, and to have it hitched on again to any train we chose, a facility we were very glad to avail ourselves of in order to admire the surpassingly grand and beautiful mountain scenery at Banff, where we stopped over for twenty-four hours. Our car was in charge of a butler and an excellent cook, and lavishly stocked with provisions of every possible kind and a liberal supply of—I should perhaps blush to confess it—refreshments of liquid description. In short, we traveled in truly regal state and indulged for a short week—alas, much too short—the sweet illusion of belonging to the happy class of railroad presidents.

Our traveling companion in the next car, Prince Arisugawa, I had had the honor of knowing in Japan years before, when His Imperial Highness was quite a young naval officer just promoted from cadetship and was representing my country as Charge d'Affaires. The prince had been on a visit to the British court, where he had attended the festivities in connection with the Queen's Jubilee as representative of the Emperor of Japan.

Having spent a few days at Vancouver we embarked on the Canadian Pacific Company's steamer Empress of India for Yokohama, where we arrived after a very pleasant passage of barely twelve days, a vast improvement on my previous crossings of the Pacific between Japan and San Francisco which had taken from twenty-two to as many as twenty-eight days.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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DANGER—RUN SLOW

New Adventures in Free Air

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WITH darkness, as cañons below the track and overhanging bowlders and candid sky turned all into a mystery of black that seized a little to menace the climbing train, the passengers in the club car on the Seattle flyer began to stir in their seats and turn toward one another. The Cascades had stirred their travel-drugged interest, but now, with the Pacific and journey's end only a few hours away, they stirred nervously.

Yet the pleasantest-looking person on the car, the slim quick girl in the sports suit that hinted of recent rain and grease, sat low and still in her chair, rubbed her wrist-buckles, and glanced at the passengers as though she were devoting to each of them a thoughtful and individual hatred.

She was violently engaged in falling out of love.

Her name was Claire Boltwood, of the Boltwoods of Brooklyn Heights. With her father she had just motored from Minneapolis over two thousand miles of prairie and mountain to a valley of the Cascades. There, weary of expanding the endless roads, they had left the car, to finish by train their journey to Seattle.

It had been motoring of the kind which the Sunday-afternoon driver dreams about—morning after fresh morning going on, each hilltop revealing a new world. Yet for Claire it had not been motoring at all, but an adventure in living, a time of high enchantment, when the cooking proprieties had been torn away, and she had been permitted to taste fresh air—and dust. She, who had been reared to maids and chauffeurs, had learned to do things for herself; to get the car down swooping mountain roads when the brakes were slack; to change a casing at night, in the long gloom of a national-forest trail; to face hobos and surly innkeepers. And she, who had always known pretty boys with white flannels and racquets and families, had for playmate found a garageman.

He was a young garageman, with gay eyes and a fine forehead. His name was Milt Daggett, and he was the genuine American, for whom no limits were set save his own weaknesses or blindness. She had met him on the road, at a village called Schoenstrom, in Minnesota, where he repaired cars and wondered about the great world. One talk with her had abruptly determined him to go to Seattle and study engineering at the university. To help her in need he had kept his nimble, absurd Teal bug close to her big Gomez-Dep all the way. They had shared the thrills and tediousness of the trail till, when they had parted, this same evening, she had decided that she was in love with him, and had let him guess her half-hysteric fondness.

His own car had been wrecked, and he was to drive hers on to Seattle. They planned that there—oh, they should see all the wonderful things which a city girl can show to an eager lad from the backwoods. She was to teach him the ways of forks and operas and gossip. At the station she had hotly waved good-by. Then quite suddenly she had seen him not as a vigorous young god, gloriously close to earth, but as a garageman in an inferior sweater; and in a panic she had wondered if he wasn't a fool.

This interesting and absorbing speculation remained with her. It is an invaluable way to kill time on trains, but is otherwise not recommended.

She remembered the man whom, vaguely, she had always expected to be bullied into marrying—Mr. Geoffrey Saxton, of Brooklyn, otherwise Jeff; tall, dry, capable, humorlessly humorous, twenty years older; a man so used to saying No to his subordinates in the great copper-mining corporation that he could not hear her frequent quavering Noes.

"I Know What You Mean. I Like You for Being So Understanding. But—I Do Like You. Let's Have a Walk, and Try to Laugh Again"

It chanced that Jeff Saxton had joined the Boltwoods—Claire and her father, the good Henry B.—for an hour or two on the way. He had seen Milt Daggett then, and Claire had uncomfortably realized that to Saxton, the man of affairs, the boy was merely a crude workman. Jeff would merely have laughed in his dismayingly kindly way if she had told him that in Milt she found rousing companionship, all the wonder of youth pilgrimaging with youth.

Now, approaching Seattle and her cousins, the Gilsons, Claire felt weakly the impossibility of explaining Milt to the people of her own world and Jeff Saxton's. She had been unfortunate enough to encounter on the train two people whom she had known back home in Brooklyn, and had found herself unable even to mention Milt. What, then, could she do when the boy innocently came on to Seattle, and expected to meet her cousins?

She saw no way out—except cruelty.

And so her story, which had seemed ended, was begun.

The end of every comedy is the commencement of a tragedy. When the wedding bells have sounded their pink gayety and the author with considerable weariness and an interested thought of royalties leaves the happy couple surrounded by kisses and presents, and indicates that this is The End—then it is time for another author to creep in and reveal the actual story, with the tragedies of dull evenings and social slights and sickness and the loss of bachelor friends, with the drama of enduring loyalty and of pride in children that is so much more alive than courtship's tepid experiments, with the abrupt disaster or the glorious endurance of the effort, and all the deep sweet humanness of the trudging years.

So now, when Claire Boltwood and Milt Daggett believed that their real story was the motor flight in which they had found the easy and romantic companionship of outdoors, this typical prelude of an unengaged young man meeting a disengaged young woman was over, and their real struggle with life was beginning.

II

CLAIRE could only mutter in growing panic: "I'm crazy. Insane! Pledging myself to this boy before I know how he will turn out. Will he learn anything at the university besides engineering? I know it—I do want to stroke his cheek and—his kiss frightened me, but —— Shall I hate him when I see him with nice people? Can I introduce him to the Gilsons? Oh, I was mad; so sure I was a romantic heroine and—and I'm simply an indecisive girl in a realistic muddle!"

Threatened by darkness and the sinister evening chill of the mountains, with the train no longer cheerfully climbing the rocky ridge but rumbling and snorting in the defiles, and startling her with agitating forward leaps as though the brakes had let go, she could not endure the bleak observation platform, and even less could she endure sitting in the chair car, eyed by the smug tourists—people as empty of her romance as they were incapable of her sharp tragedy. She balanced forward to the vestibule. She tried to look out into the fleeing darkness; she tried to imagine that the train was carrying her away from the pursuing enemy—from her own weak self.

Her father, her companion on the drive, came puffing and lip-pursing and jolly, to take her to dinner. Mr. Boltwood had no tearing meditations; he had a healthy

interest in soup. But he glanced at her, across the bright, sleek dining table; he seemed to study her; and suddenly Claire saw that he was a very wise man. His look hinted, "You're worried, my dear," but his voice ventured nothing beyond comfortable drawling stories to which she had only, from the depth of her gloomy brooding, to nod mechanically.

She got a great deal of satisfaction and horror out of watching two traveling men after dinner. Milt had praised the race, and one of the two traveling men—a slender, clear-faced youngster—was rather like Milt, despite plastered hair, a watch chain slung diagonally across his waistcoat, maroon silk socks, and shoes of pearl buttons, gray tops and patent-leather bottoms. The other man was a butter ball.

Both of them had harshly pompous voices—the proudly unlettered voices of the smoking compartment.

The slender man was roaring: "Yes, sir, he's got a great proposition there—believe me, he's got a great proposition—he's got one great little factory there, take it from me. He can turn out toothpicks to compete with Michigan. He's simply piling up the shekels—why, say, he's got a house with eighteen rooms—every room done different."

Claire wondered whether Milt, when the sting and faith of romance were blunted, would engage in great propositions, and fight for the recognition of his—toothpicks. Would his creations be favorites in the best lunch rooms? Would he pile up shekels?

Then her fretting was lost in the excitement of approaching Seattle and their host—Claire's cousin, Eugene Gilson, an outrageously prosperous owner of shingle mills. He came from an old Brooklyn Heights family. He had married Eva Gontz, of Englewood. He liked music and he wrote joky little letters. He was of her own people, and she was near now to the security of his friendship, the long journey done.

Lights thicker and thicker, a factory illuminated by arc lamps, the baggage, the porter, the eager trail of people in the aisle, climbing down to the platform, red caps, passing the puffing engine which had brought them in, the procession to the gate, faces behind a grill, Eugene Gilson and Eva waving, kisses, cries of "How was the trip?" and "Oh, had a wonderful drive!" The huge station, and curious waiting passengers, Jap coolies in a gang, lumbermen in corks—the Gilsons' quiet car, and baggage stowed away by the chauffeur instead of by their own tired hands, streets strangely silent after the tumult of the train—Seattle and the sunset coast at last attained.

Claire had forgotten how many charming, most desirable things there were in the world. The Gilsons drove up Queen Anne Hill to a bay-fronting house on a breezy knob—a Georgian house of holly hedge, French windows, a terrace that suggested tea, and a great hall of mahogany and white enamel with the hint of roses somewhere, and a fire kindled in the paneled drawing-room to be seen beyond the hall. Warmth and softness and the Gilsons' confident affection wrapped her round; and in contented weariness she mounted to a bedroom of Bakst sketches and a four-poster and a bedside table with a black-and-orange electric lamp and a collection of Arthur Symons' essays.

She sank by the bed, pitifully rubbed her cheek against the silk comforter that was primly awaiting her commands at the foot of the bed, and cried: "Oh, four-posters are necessary! I can't give them up! I won't! They—no one has a right to ask me." She mentally stamped her foot. "I simply won't live in a shack and take in washing. It isn't worth it."

A bath, faintly scented, in a built-in tub in her own marble bathroom. A preposterously and delightfully enormous Turkish towel. One of Eva Gilson's foamy negligées. Slow, exquisite dressing—not the scratchy hopping over ingrown dirt, among ingrown smells, of a filthy small-hotel bedroom, but luxurious wandering over rugs velvety to her bare feet. A languid inspection of the frivolous colors and curves in the drawings on the wall. A glance at the richness of the toilet table, at the velvet curtains that shut out the common world.

Expanding to the comfort as an orchid to cloying tropic airs, she drew on her sheerest chemise, her most frivolous silk stockings. In a dreaming enervated joy she saw how smooth were her arms and legs; she sleepily resented the redness of her wrists and the calluses of the texture of corduroy that scored her palms.

Yes, she was glad that she had made the experiment—but gladder that she was safely in from the long dust-whitened way, back in her own world of beauty; and she couldn't imagine ever trying it again. To think of clumping out into that world of deliberate and brawling crudeness.

Yes, She Was Glad That She Had Made the Experiment—But Gladder That She Was Safely In From the Long Dust-Whitened Way, Back in Her Own World of Beauty; and She Couldn't Imagine Ever Trying it Again

Of one Milt Daggett she didn't think at all.

Gorgeously sleepy—and gorgeously certain that by and by she would go, not to a stingy hotel bed with hound-dog ribs to cut into her tired back, but to a feathery softness of slumber—she wavered down to the drawing-room and on the davenport by the fire, with chocolates by her elbow and pillows behind her shoulders, she gossiped of her adventure, and asked for news of friends and kin back East.

Eugene and Eva Gilson asked with pyrotechnic merriness about the funny people she must have met along the road. With a subdued hidden unhappiness Claire found that she could not mention Milt—that she was afraid her father would mention Milt—to these people who took it for granted that all persons who did not live in large houses and play good games of bridge were either queer or common; who believed that their West was desir[e]
proportion as it became like the East; and that [the]
though Westerners, were as superior to workmen wit[h]
hands as was Brooklyn Heights itself.

Claire tried to wriggle out from under the thou[ght]
Milt while, with the Gilsons as the perfect audien[ce]
improvised on the theme of wandering. With [the]
unintended exaggerations and certain not quite ac[cu]
groupings of events she described the farmers an[d]
punchers, the incredible hotels and garages. Indee[d]
had become incredible to her own self. Obvious [to]
silken girl couldn't possibly take seriously a young g[al]
man who said "ain't."

Eva Gilson had been in Brooklyn within the mont[h]
in a passion of remembrance of home Claire cried: "
tell me about everybody!"

Fire-enamored and gliding into a perfumed h[a]
exquisite drowsiness Claire saw even the flightiest
boys she had known at home as heroic and wise. B
firelight got into her eyes, and her lids wouldn't stay
and in her ears was a soft humming as of a million be[es]
distant meadow golden-spangled—and Ger[tie]
helping her upstairs; sleepiness submerge[d]
like bathing in sweet waters; she fumbled a[t]
tons and hooks and stays, let things lie wher[e]
fell—and of all that luxury nothing was
pleasant than the knowledge that she did not
to take precautions against the rats, mice,
roaches, and all their obscene little br[ats]
which—on some far-off fantastic voyaging
she had been young and foolish—she seem[ed]
remember having found in her own room.
she was sinking into a bed like a tide of rai[n]
colored foam, sinking deep, deep, deep.

And it was morning, and she perceived th[at]
purpose of morning light was to pick out su[n]
of mahogany and orange velvet and glass
that only an idiot would ever leave this plac[e]
go about begging dirty garagemen to fill he[r]
with stinking gasoline and oil.

The children were at breakfast—children s[o]
not of the same species as the smeary-ch[ee]
brats she had seen tumbling by roadsides
the way—sturdy Mason, with his cap of curls
Virginia, with bobbed ash-blond hair prim a[s]
her delicate face. They curtsied, and in v[oi]
that actually had intonations they besought
"Oh, Cousin Claire, would you plee-ease te[ll]
about the drive to the Coast?"

After breakfast she went out on the terra[ce]
the view.

The view is to Seattle what the car service
auditorium, the flivver factory or the price of
is to other cities. All real-estate deeds inclu[de]
patent on the view. At parties in Seattle you
cuss the question of whether the view of
Union or the view of the Olympics is the be[st]
and polite office managers say to their steno
phers as they enter, "How's your view this m[or]
ing?"

Mrs. Gilson informed Claire that they ha[d]
finest view in Seattle. Below Claire was the
bor, with docks thrust far out in the water,
steamers puffing at anchor. Mrs. Gilson said
were Blue Funnel Liners, loading for Vladivo[s]
and Japan. The names, just the names, shot
Claire's heart a wistful, unexpressed desire
was somehow vaguely connected with a
Daggett who, back in the Middle Western
and rain, had longed for purple mountains
cherry blossoms and the sea. But she cast out the w[ish]
and lifted her eyes to mountains across the sound—
purple mountains but sheer silver streaked with black,
frozen surf on a desolate northern shore—the Olym[pics]
two score miles away.

Up there one could camp, with a boy in a deterior[ating]
sweater singing as he watched the coffee.

Hastily she looked to the left, across the city, with
bright new skyscrapers, its shining cornices and masse[s]
ranked windows, and the exclamation point of the ta[ll]
building outside of New York. Beyond the city was a
cloud, but as she stared far up in the cloud someth[ing]
crept out of the vapor and hung there like a dull full m[oon]
aloof, majestic, overwhelming, and she realized that
was beholding the peak of Mount Rainier, with the cit[y]
its foot like white quartz pebbles at the base of a towe[r]

A landing stage for angels, she reflected. It did s[eem]
larger than dressing tables and velvet hangings and scen[ic]
baths.

But she dragged herself from the enticing path of
thought, and sighed wretchedly: "Oh, yes, he w[ould]
appreciate Rainier, but how—how would he manag[e]
grapefruit? I mustn't be a fool! I mustn't!"

She saw that Mrs. Gilson was peeping at her, and
made herself say adequate things about the view before
fled inside—fled from her sputtering, inquiring self.

In the afternoon they drove to Capitol Hill; t[hey]
dropped in at various pretty houses and met the sor[t]

eop! Claire knew back home. Between people they had iews and the sensible Miss Boltwood making a philo- phi discovery announced to herself: "After all, I've en ist as much from this limousine as I would from a one reaking Teal bug. Silly to make yourself miserable o se things. Oh, yes, I will go wandering some more; ut rt like a hobo. But—what can I say to him? Good eavis, he may be here any time now, with our car! Oh, hy-why—why was I insane on that station platform?"

III

NQUALMIE PASS lies among mountains prickly wh rocks and burned stumps, but the road is velvet ith road saucer curves; and to Milt Daggett it was a lea from all the drudgery of life to soar up the coaxing cli s and slip down the easy grades in the Boltwoods' owiful Gomez-Dep. "No more Teals for me," he cried, th ecstasy of handling an engine that slowed to a de- ur whisper, then at a touch of the accelerator floated p ta rise, effortless, joyous, humming the booming song th joy in speed. He suddenly hated the bucking tedi- srss of the Teal. The Gomez-Dep symbolized his own w fe.

H was to see Claire Boltwood in the perfection of her al fe, of beautiful houses and clever people; she was to ak the way easy for him, and happy.

She came to Lake Washington, and just across it was e ty of his long dreams, the city of the Pacific—and of la. There was no ferry in sight, and he rounded the ke struck a brick pavement, rolled through rough woods, ng suburban villas and petty business streets, to a gh of factories and mills, with the funnels of ships yond.

Ad every minute he drove more slowly and became o uneasy.

Te pavement—the miles of it; the ruthless lumber il, with their thousands of workmen quite like him- lf the agitation of realizing that every three minutes he a passing a settlement larger than his barren native ille of Schoenstrom; the strangeness of ships and all the ral ways of the sea—the whole scene depressed him as e erceived how little of the world he knew, and how big n contemptuous of Milt Daggetts that world must be.

'Iuh!" he growled. "Quite some folks living here. Dc't suppose they spend such a whale of a lot of time iking about Milt Daggett and Bill McGolwey and ressor Jones and the rest of the Schoenstrom folks. ess most of these people wouldn't think Heinie askukle's store was so ot-awful big. I wasn't ad of Minneapolis— nh; but there they didn't r in mountains and an n on you. And I didn't a to go up on the hill d meet folks like Claire's tions, and figure out ther you shake hands ah-as-catch-can or Co- hian. Look at that saw- chimney—isn't it nice m to put the fly screen r it so the flies won't get m into the flames. No, y haven't got much re than a million feet of ber in that one pile. l here's a bum little fur- re store—it wouldn't t more'n about ten times I've got to buy one of se morris chairs. Oh, h, won't these houses r stop? Say, that must a jitney. The driver ckered at me. Will the ole town be onto me? lt, you're a kind young low, and you know at's the matter with inie's differential, but ey don't need you here. ite a few folks to carry the business. Gosh, look that building ahead— ne stories!"

He had planned to stop a hotel, to wash up and gallop to Claire. But—ell—wouldn't it maybe be tter to leave the car at a blic garage, so the Bolt- oods could get it when ey wanted to? He'd bet- r look round before he ckled the watch-dog.

It was the public garage hich finally crushed him. It was a garage of enameled brick and colored tiles, with a plate-glass-inclosed office in which worked young men clad as the angels. One of them wore a carnation, Milt noted.

"Huh! I'll write back to my own garage and tell Ben, the foreman, that hereafter he's to wear his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and a milkweed blossom when he comes down to work!"

Milt drove up the brick incline into a room thousands of miles long, with millions of new and recently polished cars standing in lines as straight as a running board. He begged of a high-nosed colored functionary—not in khaki overalls but in maroon livery—"Where'll I put this boat?"

The Abyssinian prince gave him a check, and in a tone of extreme lack of personal interest snapped: "Take it down the aisle to the elevator."

Milt had followed the natural lines of traffic into the city; he had spoken to no one; the prince's snort was his welcome to Seattle.

Meekly he drove past the cars so ebon and silvery, so smug and strong that they would have regarded a Teal bug as an insult. Another attendant waved him into the elevator, and Milt tried not to look surprised when the car started, not forward but upward, as though it had turned into an aëroplane.

When these adventures were over, when he had had a shave and a shine, and washed his hands, and looked into a department-store window that contained ten billion yards of silk draped against polished satinwood, when he had felt unhappy over a movie theater large enough to contain ten times the population of Schoenstrom, and been cursed by a policeman for jaywalking, and had passed a hotel entirely full of diplomats and marble and caviar—then he could no longer put off telephoning to Claire; and humbly, in a booth meant for an umbrella stand, he got the Eugene Gilson house, and to a female who said "Yes?" in a tone which made it mean "No!" he ventured: "May I speak to Miss Boltwood?"

Miss Boltwood, it seemed, was out.

He was not sorry. He was relieved. He ducked out of the telephone booth with a sensation of escape.

Milt was in love with Claire; she was to him the purpose of life; he thought of her deeply and tenderly and longingly. All the way into Seattle he had brooded about her, remembered her every word and gesture, recalled the curve of her chin and the fresh feeling of her hands. But Claire had suddenly become too big. In her were all these stores, these office buildings for clever lawyers and surgeons, these contemptuous trolley cars, these careless people in beautiful clothes. They were too much for him. Desperately he was pushing them back—back—fighting for breath. And she belonged with them.

He mailed the check for the stored car to her, with a note—written standing before a hacked wall desk in a branch post office—which said only: "Here's check for the boat. Did not know whether you would have room for it at house. Tried to get you on phone. Phone again just as soon as rent room, etc. Hope having happy time. M. D."

He went out to the university. On the trolley he relaxed. But he did not exultantly feel that he had won to the Pacific; he could not regard Seattle now as a magic city, the Bagdad of modern caravans, with Alaska and the Orient on one hand, the forests to the north, and westward the spacious inland empire of the wheat. He saw it as a place where you had to work hard just to live; where busy policemen despised you because you didn't know which trolley to take; where it was incredibly hard to remember even the names of the unceasing streets; where the conductors said "Step lively!" and there was no room to whistle, no time to swap stories with a Bill McGolwey at a Schoenstrom lunch counter.

He found the university; he talked with the authorities about entering the engineering school; the Y. M. C. A. gave him a list of rooms; and because it was cheap he chose a cubby-hole in a flat over a candy store—a low room, which would probably keep out the rain, but had no other virtues. It had one bed, one table, one dissipated bureau, two straight bare chairs, and one venerable lithograph depicting a girl with ringlets shaking her irritating forefinger at a high-church kitten.

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"You Were Speaking of the Dudenants, Weren't You, Mrs. Corey? I Do Remember Them Now. Poor Don Dudenant; Isn't it a Pity He's Such a Fool?"

Why Competing Railroads?

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

IN A PRECEDING article we interwove fact and fancy and sought to create sixteen or seventeen competitive national railroads. This policy temporarily at least is in high favor with those who are giving the largest amount of thought to this grave national problem. But when we arrived at the New England States our competitive structure came a cropper. It was neither logical nor practical to divide the closely knit New Haven property. Yet without such a process of division it would be quite impossible to give competition to such highly important industrial communities as Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford and Providence. And surely any one of these cities is as fairly entitled to the benefits of transportation competition—if transportation competition really does bring benefits—as Cleveland, Rochester, Youngstown and Peoria, to choose at random four other industrial centers that certainly would have plenty of railroad competition in the event of the adoption of the competitive plan. Are not the four New England cities as fairly entitled to competition as the others that are bound to receive it?

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Plowing Through the Snow

And as a further matter of entire justice, what about the smaller communities all over the face of the land, which in the past have been worrying along with a single railroad? If competition is a good thing, are they to be denied it merely because of their size? Is a national policy to be shaped for the big and the strong, and against the small and the weak? And so tend to make the big still bigger and the small still smaller? The weak still weaker? Is this sound American policy? Or wise?

The little communities can answer this question for themselves—rather bitterly, I fancy. Here, for instance, is Xerxes. Xerxes, as its classic name would indicate, is a Central New York community. It is in its way a brisk manufacturing town, with a variety of output. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago it enjoyed railroad competition. The branch lines of two separate local railroads crossed in the heart of the town and in the days of unregulated rates and traffic practices Xerxes really had a modicum of service—both freight and passenger. Then, in the inevitable processes of consolidation that came to pass before the Sherman Act became fact and bugaboo, the two lines became one. The separate and rival passenger stations and freight houses were consolidated, and Xerxes became a one-railroad town and began to suffer the torments of competition.

Necessities Give Way to Luxuries

LET me explain just what I mean by this phrase: The big consolidated railroad system that condescended to accept the money of Xerxes—and a goodly quantity of it each twelvemonth—received other money, which came nowhere near so easily. The big road was in the great competitive fight for traffic for New York and Chicago, which meant that the money it won in that traffic was hard won indeed, and at a considerable cost. And sometimes this cost ran close to the borderlands of downright extravagance. Take the passenger service—the most conspicuous example of its waste. The larger roads running between New York and Chicago formerly had a gentlemen's agreement between themselves—the rigors of their competition did not forbid gentlemen's agreements—by which when one of them decided to put on a new train between the two big cities the others were notified a certain definite number of hours in advance.

So stood the agreement seven or eight years ago when the big Transylvania system decided, almost overnight, to place a new de-luxe limited out of the heart of Manhattan into that of the loop district. It came hard, but in strict accordance with the terms of the gentlemen's agreement, the Great Midland—as we shall choose to call the road that served Xerxes—was notified of the decision. The Great Midland did not hesitate. The Transylvania forever was the large fly in its ointment—its chief competitor, if you please. It mattered not that the road did not need another limited train to Chicago—another passenger train of any sort whatsoever there; it mattered equally not that an all-Pullman train running 969 miles daily at an average rate of 40 miles an hour costs like original sin to operate. The thing that mattered in the Great Midland's head offices was that the other fellow was going to have one more afternoon train to Chicago on its time cards than the Great Midland possessed. So it, too, decided quickly.

The new Great Midland train—let us call it the Michigan Avenue Special—was placed in service on the same day and the same hour as the Transylvania's new flyer. It made the daily trip to Chicago at exactly the same rate of speed, even to the exact number of minutes—its extra fifty miles of main line being compensated for by far easier grades and less curvature. Its equipment was precisely the same as that of its competitor—the same standard sleepers, the same baggage-buffet cars, the same barber shop, bath-room, observation cars at the rear—all as same as the machinery of the Pullman Company could turn them out, differing only in their outer colorings. The rates of fare on the two trains were the same; so were the costs for chicken soup, and a shave and a shampoo by the barber. Blessed be competition!

Blessed be competition!

That was the headline that the Memphis Evening Thought used when it described the coming of the Michigan Avenue Special. Memphis could see the new train—it had that advantage over Xerxes, which, you will remember, was not on the main line at all, but up at the crossing of the branches. It could see the train coming and going—a whirl of dust in the middle of the night. It did not stop, it did not even hesitate at the small and humble brick depot which stood by the side of the main-line tracks as they curved through Memphis. For as far as that small city was concerned it might just as well have been put upon the main line of the Canadian Pacific, many, many miles to the north, as upon the main line of the Great Midland. Whenever Memphis had asked the Great Midland folks for a new station to the well-worn structure th served it sin days of the Ci or for a vi to remove the ous grade cros the heart of th it had been met faces and by s of the head. road would rea to accommod tle Memphis, couldn't possibl It couldn't af You see, with sessment board ing its taxes a state commissio ing down o rates ——

Memphis had all that argume fore. It could recited the fo quite as easily road's attorneys there was the Mi Avenue Special, travagantly un sary train, whi running all the only one-third t quarter filled. rankled and r hard.

How about all this while?

Xerxes, too heard of the new When first he l of it, the young tary of its enterprising chamber of commerce walked to the office of the mayor in the new city hall and it over with him. They had been begging the G. nearly two years past to give Xerxes a sleeping its own in and out of New York. They had bee that such a service was quite impossible even t the prosperous town stood ready to guarantee th of at least one-half the berths each month. It s that there was a shortage of sleeping cars—at leas was the way the railroad people put it; though they a little vague as to the reasons for and the probable tion of the shortage. Yet here was the new specia and six sleeping cars a night, which meant at least t or twenty-four cars set out for the total service. It did not even fill the lowers, while Xerxes went down junction half the time berthless and counted itself luc get a chance at a spare upper.

How Competition Costs Friendships

IT MATTERS not that the Michigan Avenue Specia not long-lived. It came off inside of six months. The that really mattered, it seems to me, was that befor train was withdrawn Great Midland lost many friend that it very much needed. Competition had shown its in one of its truest, if in one of its least agreeable, light

These facts are set down here without rancor and out feeling. If there is any feeling it is one of sympath the operating folk of Great Midland. No one saw clearly than they saw the folly of such competition, f one knew more clearly than they knew the real needs o noncompetitive points upon the system. And it was who saw, and who saw all too clearly, not only the was service upon the competitive lines, to the virtual st tion of it upon the noncompetitive—a condition preva in every corner of the country and apparently fundam and inherent to the competitive idea of railroading—bu huge outgo in the solicitation of traffic. There it was the money flowed easily. The Northern Division migh only be asking for, but almost as a safety necessity stan vitally in need of, new bridge work, and be unable to ob it, in face of an apparent policy of economy, yet ——

Yet I have known of a man up in a big city in Wes New York who decided to take five members of his fa with him out to Seattle, where he was resettling his b ness. Through their ingenious investigating bur the passenger-traffic solicitation departments of the

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A Short Way With Profiteers

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

DECORATIONS BY WILMER S. RICHTER

ERE is no symptom of the eco-omic disturbance left by the war hich is more uniform in its char-and more widely distributed in its ice than the wrath of the masses hanity at what they allege to be human rapacity of those who con-e supply of essential commodities. ering and the profiteer, and their ilent terms in other languages, are sions of bitter hatred to be found ly in the daily press of the entire r. Everywhere the consumer, as is unsparing in his denunciation of cked producer and distributor. And s not confine himself to those hard which, however weightily they may pon a guilty conscience, proverbi-reak no bones. Everywhere in the that was, until 1914, civilized, the sed consumer proceeds en masse to ice.

Italy the shops are looted until the ling tradesman is glad to sell what ins to him at half the marked prices. rance the same mob violence is of day occurrence. In England—for ple, in Liverpool during the police e—an erstwhile law-abiding popu-n loots blocks of stores at the first rtunity, and it is noticeable that the modities looted are not so much lux-or the valuable metals as articles ntly required and highly priced, such ots and shoes.

Economic Suicide

HOME unrest caused by the advance in all prices engages the attention ongress. In Holland the difficulties ving have for months past threatened volution in sympathy with the Ger-. Spartacists, the Bolshevist destruc-of a scheme of society which has ome insupportable for the majority of members of that society.

he governments of all states—all the civilized govern-nts of the world—are much alarmed at the economic ssure upon their citizens. They see clearly that this omic pressure produces that blind, destructive reaction ch its preachers and opponents alike to-day term Bol-vism—and they know that Bolshevism is the suicide modern civiliza-n. Nothing in-lmes the pinched sses more than to told that they are loited by the heart-capitalist. They ieve it. Does a dol-purchase what it in 1914? It does . And they proceed destroy accumu-ed stores of com-dities under the rsuasion that ereby they are retal-ing upon the tem-rary owners. In int of fact, obvi-sly, they are mak-g matters worse for emselves. It is im-inable that the clear-ghted among the eachers of Bolshev-m deliberately in-te the sheeplike asses to this destruc-on with the set pur-ose of making matters orse. They aim at e collapse of society, d accept starvation r thousands as the eneral accepts casu-ties, the regrettable t unavoidable price victory for the prin-ples he champions.

But were it not the fact it would be unimaginable that the orthodox governments fan this resentment of one arbitrary and fanciful division of their populations against another. Yet so it is. The Italian and the French Governments do not venture to protect their pillaged tradesmen. On the contrary, they issue vindictive decrees against profiteers. The British Government appoints commissions to inquire into profiteering and thereby tacitly admits the fact.

The reason is, of course, that every government, however autocratic—and autocracy is not a distinguishing feature of the world's polity to-day—merely reflects the attitude of the majority of its citizens. Governments do not lead, they follow. They carry out the desires of those who appoint them and can remove them—the people who pay the taxes which are their income.

Unwitting Propagandists

NOW the vast majority all over the world of those people who pay taxes, direct and indirect, and who delegate authority to governments of their choice have no interests to benefit by Bolshevism. Bolshevism is chaos, starvation—village communities fighting with isolated townships for the possession of the all-necessary grain. The most effective war cry of the Bolshevist anxious to spread disorder is "Down with the profiteers!" And in echoing this cry, without due inquiry into its effect, the masses who desire to earn their living by honest labor and to enjoy it in peace and freedom, and the governments who represent the sane, plain citizens, are playing the game of the enemies of society.

Amid this chorus of denunciation of criminals, whose existence on the large scale suggested may prove to be imaginary, hardly a voice is raised to plead for a dispassionate examination of the phenomena which confront us. The money price of all commodities has indeed risen in the most startling fashion; and alike those whose money price for their labor has failed to rise in proportion and those who receiving higher payment fail to find themselves in the more luxurious circumstances which they conceived they had a right to expect, are filled with a sense of bitter grievance. But if we are to retain any control over our human destinies in mass—and politics is nothing more than a certain measure of such control, a measure painfully arrived at through long centuries of struggle since the days of the thieving, hyperexcitable, solitary-living anthropoid ape—if we who make governments are to retain governments that are in any sense better than gangs of brigands led by madmen, then we must calmly investigate the causes of our present difficulties, and upon such investigation base our necessary measures of readjustment. Some readjustment is plainly necessary. The mob vociferation of a shibboleth which is, under analysis, meaningless to our common sense is not a prelude to readjustment—it is the prelude to a riot.

Of the existence of profiteering in the abstract, and in definite concrete instances, there is not and never has been any doubt. Combinations of producers or distributors of essential articles have been, are and always will be, formed with the object of forcing the consumer

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Concerning Cautious Clyde

"Yes, Sir," Says Bobby. "Like Thunder I Will! Come Out From Behind Them Brindle Whiskers and Show Signs of Life, You Deleterious Old Gorilla"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THEY were watching the stock tender of the Box Elder stage station as he nervously put the finishing touches to the midday meal—Jay Slyfield, the Hermosilla storekeeper, and Lon Selby, the lately elected young district attorney. These two had arrived in a buckboard an hour or two before with a sizable bag of sage hens, which they had slaughtered, not wantonly, but under the impression that they were prairie chickens. The old bullwhacker was present, almost as a matter of course, and almost equally of course "shooting off his fool mouth," as the stock tender expressed it.

Disregarding this rudeness the old bullwhacker continued to remark admiringly upon the stock tender's deft culinary motions. "It's a real pleasure to look at him," he murmured. "His arms ain't what you might call dimpled and his apron might be cleaner and his ankles trimmer, and I ain't excusing or palliating what he said when he took a-holt of that hot skillet handle, which wasn't ladylike; but all the same you can see that he's working; and industriousness and perspiration in others is beautiful to behold. And I've seen women that was worse cooks than Hank is when he's spreading himself for honored guests."

"But I don't see no pie," observed Slyfield in a stage undertone. "He must be sort of weak and futile on pie or he'd have made a stagger at it. That's where a woman puts it all over these leathery old sour-doughs. If anything would make me marry it would be pie. Lemon-cream pie, custard pie, ros'b'ry pie, mince—light, flaky brown crusts and juicy innards! Ah-h-h-h!" Jay smacked his lips loudly.

"If anything would make you marry it would be finding a woman crazy enough to take you," the stock tender rejoined as he flopped the potatoes into a bowl. "But there ain't none such," he added, scraping out the flour gravy. "I ain't got no exalted opinion of the female mind, but it don't get that unhinged. Grub pile!"

For fifteen or twenty busy minutes there was no table talk beyond necessary requests, but at the prune stage of the repast, discussion of woman, marriage and cookery was resumed. Slyfield maintained that though bachelor existence had its inconveniences, connubial bliss was obviously a paradoxical phrase. In support of this contention he related several instances, modern and ancient, and appealed to the stock tender, who opined that marriage—carried to excess, at least—was to be classed among the bad habits. Witness their mutual friend, Lee McArthur, who had just been sent up by Judge Moody for his eighth indulgence, on complaint of his second and fifth.

Selby argued that this testimony was incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant, proving only criminal carelessness on the part of Mr. McArthur, and tending rather to support the theory of connubial bliss but for the divine discontent indicated by the same flitting from flower to flower, which made the first hypothesis absurd, illogical and improper; *exitus acta probat.*

"In other words," said Selby, "Mac was a hopeful cuss, who played against a long run of bad luck. Me, I'd marry in a holy minute if I could meet up with the right kind of a lady; but I'm a particular man and I'd hate to be everlastingly chopping and changing from one wife to another. I'd want to make dead sure."

Upon this the old bullwhacker was seized with a convulsion that started at his diaphragm and worked upward in a series of seismic waves to his shoulders and found vent in a disappointingly brief chuckle or two, as a prelude to the following narrative:

You remind me of Clyde Britten. Clyde wanted to make dead sure. Clyde had ideas on the subject of marriage and he'd got his notion of what a girl would have to be to make him perfectly happy and contented like he had a right to expect to be. If there was anything Clyde prided himself on it was good hard horse sense and looking before he leaped. He'd stand on the brink of a chassum for days and weeks at a time, and longer if necessary, with his hand shading his straining eyes and his knees ready bent until the pale mists sort of cleared off and let him see the other side. Then maybe he'd leap, and maybe he wouldn't, but if he did he'd most always land with both feet. He'd landed general manager, head clerk and chief roustabout of the Blueblanket express office thataway, and looking ahead he couldn't see no obstructions but a few years' time to a good paying job in the Deadwood branch. He was only twenty-five years old then, and he could afford a little time. Yes, that was him. Same identical boy. Used to be at Blueblanket.

The only trouble with him then was that waiting all by himself he got kind of lonesome. What he needed was a congenial companion to take an undivided half interest in his welfare and the condition of his socks. This thing of bedding down on a cot in the office and boarding round places that wasn't no better than the last place got kind of old to Clyde. I gathered that from what he told me and from his actions. I reckon most boys get thataway if they ain't too busy helling round. The ticking of the little old tin clock ain't no good substitute for the music of a loved voice, and talking to yourself gets monotonous anyway. Even having a-plenty of reading matter round the shack don't help much, and the first thing you know you're planning out a program of this here connubial bliss.

It sure looks like a dead open-and-shut proposition as well as a real pious idea; blissful, all right, and at the same time a heap practical. About all there is lacking is a girl to fit into the scheme, and that part of it is easy as falling off a log. You can find a girl anywhere—some sort of a girl—and that's the kind you get. She ain't cross-eyed, nor pigeon-toed, nor hump-backed, nor o thirty at the outside, and gosh! how she l you! It's sure touching the way she looks up to and admires you after she's quit deviling and down to cases. If you find later on that there's s little things about her that you don't exactly appr of—it ain't likely; but supposing there was—she'd sure be glad to change to suit you. Sure!

Now Clyde wasn't that foolish. He hadn't not read the papers but he'd run acrost one or two c himself where young men had leaped into preach back parlors and justices' offices like these here bou ing gazelles you hear about, and, years after, owned up that if they'd looked ahead a little ropes couldn't have drug them, as long as there something for them to grab and hang onto. T didn't make no bones of saying that they had been disappointed in the ladies that they thought they chosen. There was points of difference between w they figured them ladies was and what they tur out to be, and every dad-blamed point was sharp barbed and poisoned with gall and bitterness. And because they had took everything for granted in a that would have covered them with hot shame if it been a horse that they had acquired similarly heedl But Clyde knew better.

"Me, I'd marry in a holy minute if I could meet up w the right kind of a lady," says Clyde to me one time wh he'd got a confidential streak on him. "But I'm sort particular," he says, "and I'd take at least a day or two beforehand to investigate into the lady's accompli ments and disposition, and then I'd keep her under obs vation for a spell. If she come up to specifications every respect it wouldn't take me long to decide whet I wanted her or not, and once I decide I sure make lurid levin bolt hump to keep up with me in the mat of action."

"Son," says I, "you are wise beyond your years. If young men was like you this here divorce evil would for want of nourishment. I reckon the marriage c would be some debilitated, too, specially if all the you women was to get equally cagy. But, be that as it may may not or couldn't possibly, I'd like to know what th specifications of yours is. I travel quite a heap betwe this and Sidney, and I might find you something like it the way. What kind of a young lady would you wa son?"

He studied a while before he spoke, looking right p found for an apple-cheeked young slim-jim with a smear brown mustache. "Well, Mr. Stegg," he says final "I'd want, the first thing, a girl with a cheerful and an able nature. I don't mean right on the everlasting gig and grin, but sweet and serene, so to speak."

"I'm glad to hear you talk thataway, Clyde," says "The most of you young bucks want her to be a dai looker the first thing and the last thing, forgetting th beauty's charms decay, as the fellow says, and golden ha turns gray—if it's let to—while a sunshiny sperrit is crown of rubies that never dieth and moths can't bre in and rust. You've got a level head, boy. It's the peach that makes all the trouble in this world."

"I don't say that having the general aspects of a mu fence would be any recommendation," says Clyde. "I want her to be good looking too. I reckon I couldn't perfectly happy with a girl that wasn't restful to the ey after a long all-day strain on waybills and tariff sheet Beauty ain't no drawback if it goes with sense and inte ligence, and Mrs. Clyde Britten would be sensible an intelligent. Not so much so that she'd be setting up h judgment against mine and starting arguments, but n empty-headed and foolish, like some I could name. I want her to be an educated and refined lady that cou

ove the best circles in Deadwood and do me credit and ve omestic tastes and know how to make a good loaf of eadand put up preserves and all such and keep down pens. If she had a little money of her own it wouldn't rt thing, if it didn't make her too blame independent. e uld fix it so that the children could get it if she nte to. I wouldn't stick out for that though. A man 't et everything. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect n I ain't unreasonable, I hope."

Considering what the girl would get, I think you're e an reasonable," I told him. "Here you are, hand- e nd high-sperrited and well-conducted and brainy lite and popular. You're drawing down sixty a it as regular as clockwork and you've got the ambi- d business ability to bring it up to seventy-five or a d d. I never seen you when your finger nails wasn't r you're a good dancer and an elegant performer on itar. I ain't saying this to flatter you; I'm just ik facts, and you can't deny 'em."

', I don't know as I can," says Clyde. "Putting ull false modesty and such. I reckon that ain't no re han the truth. I don't go round blowing about it, is so."

it was so. He wouldn't have said it himself, but he evit and wasn't ashamed of it. Excepting here and era crank or two, all Blueblanket liked Clyde. He had me and a pleasant word for everybody, even if he was a leshort of change, and you could go into the express e and ask him all the fool questions you'd a mind to d e'd answer them as cheerful and accommodating as ne wned the business himself and was trying to make it a inst stiff competition.

"t the poor girl died quite a few years ago, Clyde," a .

"hat girl?" says he. "What are you talking about?"

I idn't tell him, thinking he might figure it out for n lf. I allowed at that time that he had an elegant ne of finding what he wanted still living, but it was st ne chance in a million or two against it. That's where ns ed my guess.

I eckon it was clost onto a year after that conversation a I come into Blueblanket again with some freight. s happened thataway. As soon as I'd got my bulls rilled and fed I went to Henry Frush's to feed myself, d here was Clyde, fresh and apple-cheeked as ever, or o so, in a new-laundered seersucker coat and a baby- n necktie. Myra Frush was serving him just as I come -ropping things round him, sort of, in a way that r ised me. I took notice that he got an extry small- e piece of steak cut from near the horns, burned in the cle and pink round the edges, and that his tomatoes 't much more than the dab of a teaspoon in the dish, o is baked potato had bad skin trouble. I also noticed e he didn't seem to mind it and was in good sperrits. a gave me a glad smile of welcome, which I sure jeciated, she being considerable of a girl, with the est pair of black eyes you ever seen, and teeth as white as her eyes was black, and plump as a little pattridge. Her and me was old friends too.

"Hungry, Mr. Stegg?" she asks, when our greetings was over.

"Kind of finicky, my dear," I says, with an eye on Clyde's plate. "Poorly! Poorly! I feel like my appetite needed temptation to overcome. If you was to set down and let me feast my eyes on you it might do me more good than mere vittles."

She tossed her pretty head. "Oh, there's girls that's a heap more worth looking at than what I am, round here," she says. "I might take away what little appetite you've got if you gave me more'n a glance. You'd better eat first and then go call on 'em." Saying which, she turns away and kicks into the kitchen.

"What's biting Myra?" I asks Clyde. "Seems like I've hurt her feelings some way."

"She takes streaks," says Clyde. "She's a right lovely girl and she can cook when she wants to, but somehow I've found her sort of notional. One day she's as pleasant as a basket of chips and the next time you see her she ain't like the same person at all." He sighed. "Too bad!" he says, "because otherwise I—yes, it's too bad she's like that. I reckon that the man she gets would have to watch out for danger signals a good part of the time and govern himself according, if he wanted to lead a peaceful life right along."

"I've known husbands here and there that deemed it advisable to do that with their wives," I says. "You'll find such once in a while. But if there's any girl in Blueblanket that's better worth looking at than little Myra I'd like to see her."

Clyde smiled at his steak. "Well, your eyesight don't seem to be failing yet," he says. "If you was to stay round Blueblanket a spell I don't know but you might have that pleasure. The city ain't got so populous but what it's possible."

"Yes?" says I.

"Yes," says he, and turned the smile in my direction.

"O-ho!" says I.

"I won't say you are wrong," says he, widening it. Then, looking serious and lowering his voice, he says: "I know that you wouldn't repeat nothing, Mr. Stegg, and I ain't telling it round; but I remember we was talking on the subject the last time you was here. Well, sir, I won't say I'm quite sure, but I think—I think I've found the right kind of a young lady."

"With all the specifications?" I asked him.

"I think so, Mr. Stegg," he says. "I've been calling quite regular for the best part of a year now, and I needn't say that I've kept my eyes open, and I'm just about sure that I wouldn't make no mistake in asking her to be mine. I've compared her with every young lady that I ever knew and if I ain't deceived, which wouldn't be very easy done, I couldn't reasonably ask for more desirable qualities than what that young lady has got."

"You say she's good looking?" I says.

"It wouldn't be putting it too strong to say that she's a poet's dream of beautiful young maidenhood," says he, "though a blonde."

"And a good cook?"

"Particular gifted that way. Far out of the common."

"Intelligent? But she must be that. Is she good-tempered?"

"Unless I'm mistaken she's got the disposition of an angel of light," Clyde says. "And her mother told me only the other day that she makes her own dresses and trims her own hats. It just come up in the course of conversation; and the old lady owned up that Margarita was a better hand at buying than what she was—meat and groceries and such. She's got a certificate to teach eighth-grade school—not the old lady; Margarita—and you ought to see some of the things she's painted, hanging up in the setting room!

"She plays the organ at the Baptist Church, and the attendance has gone up sixty-five per cent since she begun, the Reverend Gillick tells me."

"At first blush she would seem to be worthy of you, Clyde," I says. "But don't you get too reckless and carried away by your enthusiasm and emotions, son," I told him. "Remember you ain't known her but a year and you might have overlooked some serious drawback. She might just regard you as a brother or a very dear friend, for instance," I says.

"I ain't afraid of that," he says, resuming his smile and giving a twist to one end of his mustache. "I might say—I wouldn't wish for it to go no further, and I know ——"

Just then the kitchen door flew open before Myra's fairy foot and she come in with my supper. There was a full-grown man's-size steak, smoking hot and browned to a turn, with a lump of butter on it melting and running down to mingle with the red juice; the tomatoes was more than liberal and inviting, and an Irish dermatology specialist couldn't have found nothing wrong with the potatoes I got. Besides that there was biscuit right out of a fresh pan in the oven, and a big wedge of layer cake and a dish of elegant prunes.

"If you can't eat this layout I'll bring you a bowl of sage tea and heat up some bricks to put to your feet," says Myra. "Catchup? Don't touch that bottle; it ain't fresh. I'll open a new one. You tell me if the coffee ain't the way you like it. How would you like some eggs? It wouldn't take more than a minute to fry up a few for you. I'd clean forgot you was fond of eggs. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Well, tell me anything that you would like, Mr. Stegg, and I'll be tickled to death to get it for you. Ma's fixing up her hair to come in to see you."

Clyde got up and handed her his meal ticket to punch, which she done in the same careless, chilly, high-toned way that she'd dealt his grub. Clyde looked at the ticket when she'd give it back, and seen that she'd punched the previous hole twice, which he mentioned. "I don't want to take advantage of you and get a supper free," he says, smiling at her.

"Well, Right There I Decided; and When I Decide it Don't Take Long to Act. I Believe She Knew I Was a-Going To"

Myra's black eyes snapped simultaneous with the second punch, and her red cheeks got redder. "I hope you enjoyed your supper, Mr. Britten," she says, sort of disdainful.

"I'm truthful, as well as honest, Miss Frush," says Clyde. "I didn't enjoy my supper. Being you mentioned it I ain't enjoyed a meal here for a month or two, excepting when your ma or Hilda has served it to me. Not that I mind. I just happened to think of it when you spoke."

"Maybe if you prospected round town, sort of, and tried 'em all out again you might find a place to eat that would suit you in all respects," says Myra.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't," says Clyde, as good-natured as you please. "It's like Mr. Stegg says: Looking at you does a man more good than mere vittles."

"I'll thank you not to talk to me thataway," she says, and flounces off into the kitchen again.

Clyde grinned at me and then shook his head. "Streaky!" he says. "She never minded me talking to her thataway before. Well, I'd like to stop and gas with you a while but I'm due elsewhere. I reckon you'll be pulling out bright and early in the morning, so I won't be apt to see you again for a while; but when you hit Blueblanket again you're likely to find that I've decided in that matter we was speaking about, and acted according."

I told him that probably I wouldn't be back again for a year or two, and maybe by that time the matter we was speaking of would be settled one way or another, like he presumed it would be. I wouldn't have bet heavy on it just then, but the next morning I found that old Buck, my nigh wheeler, had busted the last bow I'd got and I had to wait until Albien opened up his store to get me a new set, and whilst I was in there Old Man Fletcher happened in and allowed that he needed a couple of yoke of well-broke good-pulling critters to rip up an eighty of tough sod, and I figured that I might spare him what he wanted from my outfit and pick up some likely three-year-olds to fill the gap; and while we was talking about it, kind of casual, here comes a flood of golden sunshine and a flock of nightingales into the store and takes my attention plumb off what I was a-saying to Old Man Fletcher and what Old Man Fletcher was a-saying to me.

"Who was that?" I asked Henry Albien when she'd got her pound of butter and gone out, a-leaving us in sudden gloom.

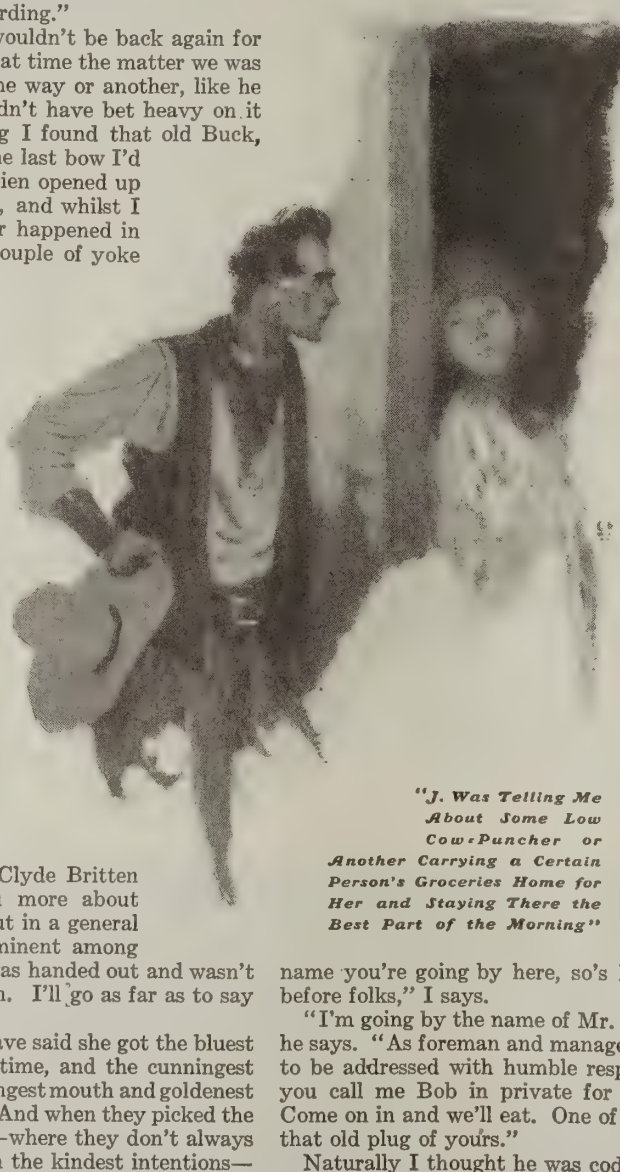
"Margarita Biglow," says Henry. "Her folks come here from out near Sundance about a year ago and the old man bought out Mackay's harness store. A right nice family. Clyde Britten ought to be able to tell you more about Margarita than anyone else, but in a general way I'd say that she was prominent among them present when good looks was handed out and wasn't slighted none in the distribution. I'll go as far as to say that," he says.

I'd have went that far. I'd have said she got the bluest eyes there was in stock at the time, and the cunningest little nose and the sweetest, smilingest mouth and goldenest hair and the gracefulest curves. And when they picked the voice to go with them features—where they don't always show the best judgment or even the kindest intentions—they sure gave that girl a voice worth listening to. And there wasn't not a flicker of an eyelash nor the swing of a skirt to show that she had any idea that she was anyways favored by Nature. That was what I liked about her.

"If you ain't interested and don't want to talk trade, just say so, and I won't waste no more time," says Old Man Fletcher, breaking in on my musings and waking me up. So I took him over to the corral to see the two yoke I had in mind to part with if compelled to, and before the morning was over I'd sold them to him. Then not to lose no time I got me a horse from the livery and rode out to the Z Bell ranch to look over a bunch of steers I'd heard of. On the way I done a considerable speculating about Cautious Clyde, and a considerabler about Margarita. Seemed like almost from the first Clyde had had the inside track with her. He'd got all them advantages that I've mentioned, which the other boys round town hadn't got, and while there had been some competition at first Margarita didn't encourage none of it. Seemed like she'd made up her mind what she wanted and was willing to wait till she got it. I figured that she must be tolerable sure of getting it in the long run, and could afford to wait. I'm great on figuring out things, me.

Well, as I was a-saying, I got to the Z Bell, and I was shacking up to the ranch house when a shock-headed, sawed-off, brown-faced, wide-mouthed, barrel-chested, bow-legged young son-of-a-gun come skittering up behind me and letting out a yelp, swatted me between the shoulder blades with a hand that seemed mostly extry solid and heavy bone. I swung round with purposes and intents to paste him prompt and plenty, but he ducked under my arm and spurred ahead, taking me with him and leaving my horse behind. I accompanied him a couple of rods in his rush, and then he pulled up short and dropped me easy on my feet, letting out another whoop.

I reckon I'd have had that boy's blood on my soul in something less than ten seconds but for two or three reasons. One was that I hadn't got no gun nor no breath, and the next was that he had slipped out of his saddle and was shaking me by the shoulders like I was a sieve of sand; the third reason was I'd got a quick look at him before he grabbed me for the second time and I reco'nized him: Bob Nivens, from up in the Powder River, the toughest and worst little imp of Satan for a right well-meaning boy that ever risked his neck and reputation, free, glad and willing, whenever and wherever there wasn't no occasion for it in the world. And this here manhandling wasn't nothing but a mark of his esteem and affection.



"J. Was Telling Me About Some Low Cow-Puncher or Another Carrying a Certain Person's Groceries Home for Her and Staying There the Best Part of the Morning"

"You—bleary—old—blister!" says he. "You—salivated—old—sagebrush—salamander—you!—Dog-gone—my——"

I got my knee well home in the pit of his stomach and broke his hold; but he come at me again, his mouth stretched in a five-inch grin full of white teeth.

"Dog-gone my wild heart! I'm tickled to see you!" he says. "I knowed you by the lop of your ears a mile away back.

"Who chased you thisaway, anyway? How——"

"Keep away from me or I'll do you a mischief," I says. "I ain't swallowed no fishbone, nor I ain't going to be treated like a tough steak. You may shake me by the hand if you want to, but if you ain't gentle about it I'll show you what real rough acting is. And now you might as well tell me what name you're going by here, so's I won't embarrass you before folks," I says.

"I'm going by the name of Mr. Nivens, now and here," he says. "As foreman and manager of this here outfit I'm to be addressed with humble respectfulness; but I'll let you call me Bob in private for the sake of old times. Come on in and we'll eat. One of the boys will look after that old plug of yours."

Naturally I thought he was codding, but it didn't take no more than the way he talked to the cook to give me a suspicion that he might be telling the truth, and when the said cook brought the grub strictly according to directions and waited on us himself I didn't need no more evidence. Of course nobody but one of the boys—a kid—called him Mr. Nivens, but Bobby was boss, all right.

I don't know nothing in this here world that's harder for a man to believe than that some young snipe that he's known and maybe spanked years ago has rose in them few years to pomp and power. It don't seem reasonable; nor yet right. Shucks! It couldn't be! I wasn't denying to myself that in them old days, when he wasn't up to some deviltry, Bobby was hustling like the devil. He didn't dilly-dally about nothing, and them bowlegs of his—which they was uncommonly bowed—covered a heap of ground from daylight to dark, even when they wasn't wrapped round a horse. And I wouldn't say that he wasn't smart or that he lacked good judgment, outside of being fond of foolishness—but that he was filling Jim Hopkinson's job, and him not much more than half as old as Jim, was plumb ridiculous. Seemed like he was, though. Sobered down and learned some sense of course—just like I had done myself, come to think of it.

And then I remembered that it hadn't been more than an hour or two before that he'd yanked me out of the saddle and generally conducted himself in a plumb, p terous, undignified manner, and I concluded it must been plain bull-headed luck, which would term a mighty sudden, especially if the president of the con or one of the directors happened along unexpecte incognomen and heard him laugh or sing Little B Yarn or something. He was a great singer, Bobby and that night he warbled some of the simple lays range so's you could have heard him, down wind, f six miles. No, he couldn't last.

Then, next morning, he took me out to see them s and the way he conducted the negotiations mad change my mind again. I can most generally pic choice so's the person selling ain't aware of it and sort of sorry for me; but not so with Bobby. I got I wanted, but somehow—I ain't clear how it come—w studied over it I seen that the Z Bell hadn't got no worst of the deal by no means; and by the time I back to Blueblanket I had to struggle to keep from b ing over the incident. However, I'd got what I wa and reflecting on how I'd come out with Old Man Fle I hadn't done so bad on the whole.

"Where's Clyde to-night?" I asked Myra, not s no signs of him as I was finishing my supper.

"I reckon he's took my hint and found himself an place to eat," she says. "I reckon he's mad at me. that I care. He can get mad or get glad for all of n won't lose no sleep if he is mad, and you can tell him so if you like. Not that he'd care. I'm glad I told what I did, come to that."

"I don't never take water on my prunes, Myra dear," I says.

"Oh, excuse me!" she says. "I thought it wa cream. I mean I thought your prunes was your c I mean—I—I guess I'm about crazy. With a toothac

"Wisdom tooth, I s'pose," I says. "They're right ful to cut; but you'll feel a heap better when it's thr and it won't seem so bad when you look back on it."

I sa'ntered out and walked down the street to th press office. The door was shut but it opened when I it, and Clyde got up out of his chair where he'd a-setting with his head in his hands. I noticed tha hair was all rumpled and untidy and his face didn't as if he'd shaved it a few minutes ago, like it usually He didn't smile either.

"What's the matter, son?" I asked him. "Toothac

"Toothache hell!" says Clyde, and you might pushed me over by pointing a finger at me.

"Tut, tut!" I says. "Tut, tut, tut! Oh, nau naughty Clyde."

"I lost my temper," says he. "You'll have to ex me, Mr. Stegg. But the sight of you right now—w might as well out with it," he says. "Sit down. Mr. S my hopes has been dashed in the bud. I've done los trust in womanhood and human nature and appeara and every dad-blamed thing. You can't tell me that v ain't black when you get right down clost and look careful. No, sir-ree! The acid in my disposition this ment is such that you show me a eighteen-carat warra gold ring and I'll turn it green by breathing on it. thing I'm thankful for is that I had sense enough to out before it was too everlasting late! When I thin what might have happened in about another minu reelize that there is a Guiding Hand."

"Clyde," says I, "this suspense is killing of me."

"It was like this," he says. "I got to thinking of you said the other night and I got an idea that you tho I was maybe putting off longer than was necessary a come mighty nigh committing myself then, but I re something must have whispered to me to wait. Any I did wait until I went up to the house last night; an most the first thing she told me that the old folks and little brother Jimmy had gone to the stereopticon at Presbyterian Church. Somehow, when she said that that the time had come—maybe. She certainly looked a poet's dream of fair young maidenhood. It come t as she was a-setting on the sofa that that was what was—a poet's dream of fair young maidenhood."

"Sure!" I says. "You told me she was, I remember

He sighed.

"Well, right there I decided; and when I decide it d take long to act. I believe she knew I was a-going t allowed she was a considerable nervous and embarra and at the same time she didn't hate the idea of i don't know whether you know what I mean?"

I told him that I'd got a sort of an inkling.

"Well, I didn't want to be too brash about it, so I of led up to the subject by mentioning Henry Voss, was going up to Rochford to get married to Susa Smithson, who was down here visiting last fall. Marga was real interested and allowed that she'd like to be at wedding. She thought weddings was lovely. I says, but they don't always turn out well.'

"'Not all of them of course,' she says; 'but don't think most of them do? I know in our own family my sister has been married three years and she told me didn't know what real happiness was before she mar Clarence.'

(Continued on Page 170)

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Bill Harmon

U.ING the winter days, when there isn't much to), a favorite gathering place for the men is Bill armon's harness shop. It was Bill's habit to make ock of harness in advance for the spring trade; so, g busy in winter, he was able to talk while he worked eyed the idlers who made his shop a meeting place. Bill was a good talker and had ideas. He had been sing for years the questions of the day, and picking t here and another there had accumulated a fund mation that was really unusual. Of all the talkers gbered at his shop not one was so good as Bill and quit when he began; a rare tribute, for men usually rpt to express their own ideas.

Wh the bond election came on Cap. Stabler went ly to Bill and suggested that he deliver a public ec against the bonds. The railroad had imported a paid orators, and they were having an influence. p. abler and Bill and most of the regulars at the har- op were opposed to the bonds; and Cap. Stabler ec hat Bill make a speech.

"I've heard you talk for years," Cap. said to him, nd I know you can sway the people. None of these d relings of the railroad can equal you."

ill said he couldn't talk in public; that he had t of it, and cold chills ran all over him.

I n't expect it of me, Cap.," Bill said; "I'd like to ka speech and have an influence in the community; ot deny I've often thought of it, but you'll have to u me. If I should attempt to stand before an audience uld die of fright."

Bt Cap. Stabler kept at Bill, and one day he promised. Cp. got out bills announcing a citizens' meeting at y Hall, when the important issues of the day would be cused by able speakers.

Ne Sommers, who played solo alto in the band, was ed to the bonds, too, and one of the regulars at l' shop; and being let into the secret said he believed uld get the band boys to turn out for nothing.

Th night for the speaking came on, and a tremendous w was present; Nate Sommers had coaxed the band y:o turn out for nothing, and they played four of the favorites outside the hall and two more inside.

C). Stabler and Bill went in early, and Bill sat down in ont row, while Cap. took a seat on the platform; he ht a good deal of his own ability as a talker, so he e made himself chairman of a meeting without any ti on the part of those present.

Aer there had been a round or two of stamping and ring, indicating that the people were impatient to a the able speakers promised, Cap. Stabler stepped to e ont of the platform and said a crisis in the town's as had arisen, that certain corrupt influences were ing themselves and that an able speaker was present rn the people.

"refer, fellow citizens," Cap. concluded, "to a citizen all know and respect; a gentleman of intelligence cibility to express his thoughts; a man whose words espected by those who know him. I take pleasure in ducing Colonel William Peyton Harmon."

The people all knew Bill Harmon, but they did not w Colonel William Peyton Harmon; so they cheered applauded and were anxious ear the new man; they had ago become tired of the regu- rown orators and wanted to arguments they had never d before.

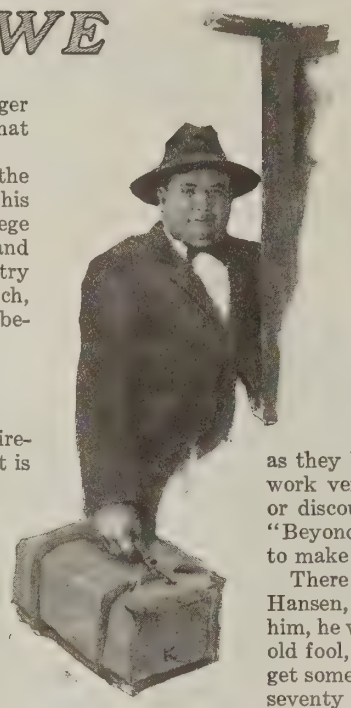
Cap. Stabler noticed that Bill sitting on the front with his head bowed on breast, but that he made move to take the platform. Cap. went down and spoke im; touched him.

e was dead; scared to h.

Doc Robinson

HAVE noticed that the eople take as much de- t in praising a worthless as they take in abusing espectable one. People Doc Robinson, the town drunkard, once a noted surgeon in London; t he was engaged to a beautiful ng lady of New York, but gave her up ause his parents objected, and thus t to the dogs; that he has the best cation of any man in town; that he is a man of fine intellect; that he is a younger son of a titled family in England, and that when his brother dies he will become duke.

I looked Doc up and discovered that the only notable thing that ever happened in his life was that he attended a veterinary college in Canada, where he was born on a farm and where he lived until he came to this country to make horse liniment, the basis of which, alcohol, he sweetened and drank, and thus became a drunkard.



Cleve Went to the City to Accept a Job

Jim Shields

DOC SHIELDS attended the recent Fireman's Ball without his wife; and, what is more, his wife was at home sick; so sick, indeed, that the neighbor women were compelled to go in and sit with her while her husband was dancing. The women at the ball knew Mrs. Shields had been very poorly for several months and did not welcome Doc; but Maria Dunlap, who is old and plain, accepted an invitation to dance with him.

While they were engaged in a waltz Maria thought it only polite to inquire about Mrs. Shields, so she asked: "Mr. Shields, how is your wife?"

Doc is not a real doctor; they call him that because he once bought a drug store, and failed; and as he whirled in the dance Doc replied to Maria's question about the condition of his wife: "She is a very sick woman. I don't believe she'll live till morning."

Ben Thompson

WHEN Ben Thompson married Alice Hurley he was forty-one years old, and Alice twenty-nine. The disparity in their ages caused people to make a complete investigation, and those were the official figures: 41 and 29. But within a year people began exaggerating Ben's age upward, and Alice's downward, and this they have kept up until I heard this week that Ben was sixty when he married, and Alice nineteen.

Jerry Shackelford

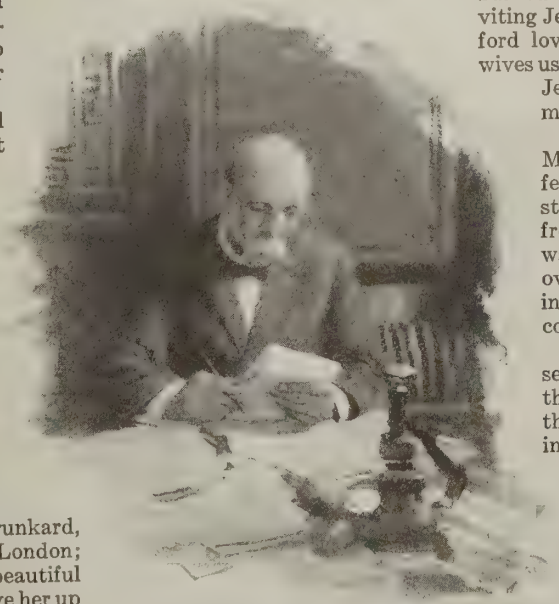
MANY years ago a man named Jerry Shackelford lived in a lonely house in the woods south of town. His wife asked him one afternoon to get an armful of oven wood; she was baking and wanted wood to heat the oven of the cookstove to the best advantage. But he delayed going, and his wife finally spoke to him sharply, as her bread was ready to bake. Jerry was very sensitive, and the reproof made him so mad that he went out of the house, and for fifteen years nothing was heard of him.

His wife continued living in the old house, and the neighbors told the story of the runaway in whispers. They noted that through every night a light burned in the window, as though inviting Jerry to return. Mrs. Shackelford loved her husband as much as wives usually do; the trouble was that Jerry was more sensitive than most husbands.

One cold blustery night as Mrs. Shackelford sat with her feet in the oven of the cookstove, to keep them warm, the front door opened and Jerry walked in carrying an armful of oven wood, which he deposited in the wood box behind the cookstove.

Mrs. Shackelford was glad to see her husband and welcomed the chance to make up, but she thought she should in some way indicate that his long absence had been unusual and improper, so she said: "Well, I will say you have been a long time about it!"

That made Jerry mad again, he was so sensitive; so he went out of the house again and has never been heard of since.



People Finally Began Laughing at Him, He Worked So Hard

Cap. Hansen

WHEN the rebellion broke out Cap. Hansen promptly enlisted and came back a captain.

Cap. Hansen was such a hard worker that he had no time to acquire an education, so about all he knew of the classics was the saying, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," though after the war he was occasionally heard to say, "All quiet along the Potomac," and probably knew in a general way from hearing it talked about so much that Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous.

Cap. Hansen somehow found time to marry and had a large family of children, all of whom he sent to college as they became old enough, but continued to work very hard himself. When he felt tired or discouraged he quoted his favorite saying, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," and that seemed to make him feel better.

There never was a better man than Cap. Hansen, but people finally began laughing at him, he worked so hard. They said he was an old fool, and criticized him because he did not get something out of his money. After passing seventy he began to get out of shape; his hands were crooked from toil and there was a stoop in his shoulders. It was pitiful to see him hurrying about, feeble and old.

Cap. Hansen finally crossed the Alps and reached Italy and the age of seventy-nine. There was a contest over his will, in which one faction in the family contended that he had been crazy twelve years; the fact also came out that he had worked so hard to make money that he had neglected what he had, and there wasn't a great deal to quarrel over.

Henry Wulfburger

WHAT citizen of this town is most highly spoken of? Henry Wulfburger, the iceman, who is so polite and capable that no one can get his customers away from him. He isn't very good looking and not a fastidious dresser; but he delivers ice promptly and puts things back in the refrigerator as he found them.

Henry Wulfburger owns one of the best homes in town, and they say he receives a salary so large that nothing is said about it before the other employees of the ice plant. Who do you suppose will be manager of the ice plant and the big iceman of the town in a few years? Everybody knows it will be Henry Wulfburger.

Henry manages to do some good as he goes along. Nate Salsbury is his assistant on the ice wagon. Nate comes of very shiftless native stock, but Henry Wulfburger is making a man of him. If the people will keep out of it Nate will be saved; there is some grumbling because Nate gets only six dollars a week and works long hours; but the young man is learning more than the ice business. He is learning industry, politeness, honesty and efficiency from the example of Henry Wulfburger. Nate will get more wages in plenty of time; the other iceman will attend to that in case his present employer neglects it.

George Pendleton

GEORGE PENDLETON came to town twelve years ago and opened a grocery store. He has always been a selfish man, and the other storekeepers at first laughed at him; but he turned out to be capable and they soon began abusing him. He was a tremendous worker, and instead of joining the local trust and making just a living he went after business and made money. Many of the storekeepers were becoming careless. George Pendleton caused them to straighten up. There was a gentlemen's agreement among the merchants, and their prices were too high. George Pendleton reduced prices and brought trade to town from a larger area. We had stores about which people grumbled; now we point to them with pride.

All this good was accomplished by a selfish man who had no other ambition than to make money. He gave liberally to every worthy object—really as an advertisement for his business and to make friends; I have heard him grumble at some of the hold-ups—but his main object was to make money. He built a business house, and a good one; his rivals followed his lead. He built a residence; his rivals followed him again. He felt the need of better facilities for doing business, and got them,

(Concluded on Page 181)

Cinders of the Cinderella Famil

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

NO WIND blew, but in the night he could feel the wind of motion pressing against him while he sped along the top of a freight train energetically chased by an unobliging brakeman. As he smirched through the darkness, a bulky figure leaning forward, one arm waving, the other pressing his blanket roll to keep it from jouncing off his shoulder, there was something in the language of his pursuer that made him feel unpopular. He heard himself called a hobo, also a blanket stiff—and even a damned dirty blanket stiff.

Once he humorously jeered, shouting back over his shoulder, while the yellow bobbing light of a lantern kept gaining upon him:

"Don't get so disrespectful! Cinders, if you please. Call me Cinders—Mister Cinders."

Ahead of him the tumbling billows of smoke and steam flushed warmly with spurts of brilliancy from the engine's fire box. Cautious in leaping gaps lest he fall down between cars and so be ground to pieces by heavy wheels briskly growling, he raced along with the shambling gawkiness of a lad much overgrown. If only the train would slacken its speed at some bridge or crossing then he might have a chance to end his journey without any bruising lunge and consequent hurts of a grievous character!

In an effort to hide he began to scurry down the ladder at a car end, and there watched the jerky saffron fleck luminously advancing until it developed into a lantern of regulation size.

Gripping an iron rung, he looked down appraisingly. What if he were to go lower and chance swinging himself to earth? He shuddered. One does so hate to smash any arms or legs or to get his back broken—or his neck! The rim of the graveled roadbed seemed to come streaming along under him at sizzling speed.

In another way too this was not a happy place. A hot grit of cinders stung his face; they burned under his collar, down his back; and fumes of locomotive smoke, acrid and sulphurous, made him cough.

With neck upon a strain, he kept glancing upward in watchful apprehension. And all at once the stars that had seemed to gambol and strangely swim in the sky were cut off by a blotching shadow. Next a lantern's glow came swinging brightly within a few feet of his head. A raucous voice stridently informed him that if he did not care to get kissed on the coconut with this lump of coal maybe he had better drop off his perch.

Distressing situation! Below him a dim and dizzy blur; above him a black craggy weight poised with menacing insecurity! If that skull-crushing weight were to fall, what then? Would he be able to dodge the thing?

All at once he began to urge conservation. The audacity of youth! He was imploring the brakeman not to waste coal.

"It's bad—extravagant," he avowed. "Nobody ought to waste good fuel."

Had he whimpered and cravenly begged the promised ten-pound kiss would very likely have shattered itself upon him. As it was, the trainman chuckled. He chuckled, but he also cursed, then trod upon the fingers gripping the iron bar of the ladder.

So the "blanket stiff" came to earth with a catapulting heave, with somersaulting rolls, with many grunts and much extemporaneous eloquence. He had scratched gravel, as the saying goes, at a place scented strongly with the penetrating and bitter smell of sunweeds freshly cut down. But finding a grassy level a few rods distant from the railway track, the ground was made to serve him as a bed and the sky as a roof for the remainder of the night.

His knuckles and knees were bruised; cinders and pebbles had been rasped into his palms, and his whole body ached, not merely from the violent jolt of being hurled into the ditch but from a severe knocking about recently experienced as a hint for him to move on.

They were persons of his own station in life who had given him this hint. While he had money; while he contributed his share of provisions or tobacco or cash to the camp fund of the hand-out, as such a rendezvous is termed, his comrades put up with him despite his overwhelming appetite and greediness. Such a fellow, however, quickly outlasts his welcome. That he was big and looked stout, even formidable, had not helped him to live upon the bounty of his fellows. No "jungle buzzard" was wanted. Cinders had been told so. They said he never seemed able to get enough, but they would try to accommodate him. He replied—during their fisticuff and kicking accommodations—that he thought they were overdoing it.

Now in addition to his more recent hurts the pain in his swollen eye kept him unpleasantly wakeful. He heard the crowing of cocks near and far, spreading by degrees from farm to farm through all the prairie spaciousness, and not until they had concluded their midnight vocalization did he finally go to sleep.

At dawn when he heard them again it seemed to him that all night long they had never left off their clear, prolonged and chanting calls. From the lumpy coat in which his shoes were wrapped for a pillow he raised his head, and while he lay propped up by his elbows with a blanket over him he was like a gray cocoon bending upward at one end.

The cocoon listened to early morning sounds—the pattery stir of cottonwood leaves in the little grove beyond the farmhouse on the other side of the railway; the listless clink and clank of a windmill pumping water; the brisk tappings in the barn when a currycomb was knocked against a stall post.

All at once rhythmic jettings began to pulse with a rapid zim-zim at the bottom of a tin pail in the cow corral. Milking time! He could hear it. He could almost smell the good smell of warm milk frothing. And oh, for a drink of that good warm milk! The thought of it was nearly as tantalizing as the savory fragrance of breakfast coffee delectably emanating from the kitchen of the farmhouse.

To betake himself thither and ask for a job—that was the thing to do. Yes, if there were no dogs about. But they always do have dogs, these devilish farmers!

He stretched himself, yawned cavernously, gr out an "Oh, hum! Oh, good Lord!" And once m took a long survey of the harvest fields—the im fields spreading wide like a tawny ocean clear to th lilac rim of the faintly engirdling horizon.

Reaching back from the railroad, the expanses of s were like enormous rugs with a nap of some bright stuff and with a margin of black velvet along the ri way. This black border was a fire guard plowed to the cut and sheafbound grain against any burnin might get started from sparks scattered by locomoti

As for the fields not yet disturbed by the slas clatter of the binder, the wheat stood waist deep warmly rich, drowsing in heavy-headed opulence. A glory lay everywhere, and languishing with the birt the land now seemed to brood and dream wanly w fresh color in it save for the cottonwood groves.

These, the windbreaks planted by settlers to p each farmhouse from bleak winter winds and storms, spotted the yellow ocean with forested isle far leafy clusters, delicately tufting the remoter zone small bouquets of greenery. Those farthest removed but phantom flecks of dainty color, blue with the h distance, dreamfully dim and cool and mystical.

By virtue of the verdant notes of contrast the wea the far-reaching fields seemed all the more prodigal.

Cinders was like this harvest. Rich saps had deve him, maturity had claimed him and to him had com languor and enervation which follow the quickeni vital forces. He was seventeen. Broad of chest, si tall, muscled like an ox, it was his misfortune to be reg as a man while he was still but a lad.

Loafers, tramps, the ranks of casual labor are g multiplied by youngsters such as he. For in the per rapid growth they do not get on well at school; too m expected of them at home; nobody understands laziness; they are so discouraged by censure and cont and nagging that they finally run off.

There could be no more striking example of the trick Nature plays on boys than this great hulking men. Cinders could never get enough to eat. H hungry all the while—immensely, raveningly, outrage hungry. The chronic weariness of him, the fatiguin penditure of sap to build so much brawn, the loathi toil, the glutton's eagerness for food, the sloth's cravi sleep—all these were but the necessities of his being.

This morning as he lay sniffing warm breakfast lusciously wafted from the country kitchen the gri ache within him steadily increased; he could have with the pain of being so empty. But the dread of bitten by the farmer's dogs and the cowardice of a b body shrinking from further hurt now caused his s head to fall back upon its lumpy pillow. He shove felt hat over his face to keep out the sun and once went soundly to sleep.

It was a rigorous prodding in the side that roused him. A pitchfork handle, so polished with rubbing palms that it gleamed like glass, had pried and poked him into wakefulness.

"E what's up?" the drowsy fellow asked.

"We're short of help. Want a job? To-day we start thrashin' over here on the Nordstrom place."

Clad in brown denim, a suit of overalls in one piece with the waist half open down the front, the farmer leaned upon the fork handle as upon a staff, his broad chest and his muscle-swollen arms, with sleeves rolled up, very red and sunburnt.

"A job? Well, maybe. And do I eat first?"

Not much inclined to bestir himself, the questioner put out his finger tips to his bruised and purplish eye to feel whether the swelling had gone down, while the employer observed rather suspiciously: "Some shiner you've got!"

"I-I know it."

Further discussion of this topic was not encouraged. Cinders got to his feet, shook out his blanket, folded it and rolled it up. He was scrutinized meanwhile from under the ragged rim of a straw hat whose edge had frayed to sawtoothed raggedness. The squinted blue eyes with hay-colored lashes kept winking in saturnine moodiness. It could easily be surmised that the man was not very favorably impressed by the appearance of this new recruit, or with the truth to tell there were certain members of his crew who happily wearing facial decorations similar to this, and a vague misgiving had come to him that the stranger might have been in the same conflict—as an enemy leagued with a rival threshing outfit.

"Who did you work for last?"

The question was brusquely put as the two set out along the dusty road; and the answer—beginning with a chuckle—was the bland assertion:

"It was for a man who neglected his chance to pay me off. Just wait! I'll tell you about him. He used to have to take care of his motorcycle for him—clean it, oil it, adjust bearings, put in a new spark plug, and the like. Fussy with tools himself, if it comes to tinkering with traction engine or a thresher, but ignorant as a Chinaman about his popgun goer."

"Who is he?"

"I'm telling you. One day not long ago he made a trip down with his speed-stinker and something he drank didn't seem to agree with its constitution. It got to going crazed and skidding on him and acting dizzy. Finally it shied into a ditch and skated up the bank and hung itself on a barbed-wire fence in a way that gave him feel noticeable."

The ominous silence of the listener was very disconcerting; but like the psychologist of the variety stage dealing with an unresponsive audience the babbler went on determinedly, striving to provoke a smile or a laugh.

"If," he added, "if there is a thing as that happens to a man who's got a right to look to the machine to swear some and kick it about; but to kick it don't seem a suitable revenge. I'd never ever do that. Wouldn't advise it. Now if you are all cramped up and the skin ripped off your knee and your toes commencing out, then you're sure is no happiness in battering them against the steel framework of a motorcycle. Mile after mile my boss would trundling his crippled joker along the road. He hobbled as best he came and sometimes he sat down to massage his foot and talk to himself and take a gloomy view of life."

The talker grew encouraged. All this merely chatter had not lifted in the least the suspicious dolefulness from the red face, heavily Teutonic.

"Did he get hurt?" the farmer asked, and Cinders decided not to tell the rest of the story. Only subsequent proceedings impressed him as being so unusual and interesting that he could not stop talking, if only for his own satisfaction.

"Hurt? Well, a little maybe—here and there. And didn't look neat. Sorta smeared up and wanting first aid. Not much of a trick, though, to get him patched up; but the motorcycle nurse said it would take time to cure that patient. Yes, plenty of time. Nurse thought he hadn't better make a rush job of it. If he could fuss in the shade of the cook shack with a lot of bolts and springs and ratchet wheels it would be more restful, he thought, than to work in the field, pitching grain bundles all day long in the sweltering sun."

He chuckled, but the farmer was silent. They went on together, the gabbler still talking.

"Now if you take all the valves and levers and springs out of a motor cycle one great trouble is that they refuse to go back where they belong. I never saw anything so stubborn. Lord love you, such a mess! Parts looked like a peck o' scrap iron, neither pretty nor useful. Not a bit useful, but oh, so numerous! Every day for a week the repair expert kept promising that to-morrow he would sure have the machine all fixed up and running again as good as new. Finally the owner raked together the whole jumble and took it off to the garage man in town. Cost a hundred dollars to get the stuff sorted out and reassembled and adjusted. When the boss got back to camp he did not seem pleased or grateful. The way he talked to me was almost insulting. I meant to quit and I would have quit, but it was just dinner time and I was all washed up and first to reach the cook shack. That's a specialty of mine—being first at the cook shack. It's a gift."

The farmer dryly commented: "I'll say one thing for you, young fellow—you're pretty gabby."

Heedless of the rebuke, the newcomer assumed a hurt look and an aggrieved tone of voice as he added: "Would you believe it? I didn't get a cent for all my services as a mechanician. No, sir, not a cent! Shag Miller refused to pay me. Wouldn't give me a cent. Not a copper red cent!"

The farmer stopped short. Down came the polished handle from his shoulder, the end striking the ground with a force that made the tines ring like a tuning fork.

"Who did you say? Miller? Shag Miller?"

"That's just who! Know him?"

Gusts of guttural German and splutters and a clenched fist seemed to indicate that Shag Miller was known. The rush of blood to the farmer's face turned the sunburn purple; and then the outburst having subsided, that massive fellow grew ominously quiet, sullenly taciturn.

Southward along the dusty road in the early morning the two had been walking at a brisk pace in the direction of black smoke heavily lifting and smirching the blue sky—the fumes from a traction engine now generating steam for the day's threshing. The lusty stride of the robust farmer, the truculent slant of the fork handle across his shoulder and above all the grim silence of him gave token of a sinister antipathy against the threshing contractor named Shag Miller.

After a long interval and many glances furtively precocious Cinders hazarded the assertion: "Must be that you boss the Nordstrom outfit. You will be Max—Max—I forget what. Max Kruger or Krieger—something like that."

"Krieger—yes, that's it."

"Can't be! No, you can't be Max—for by now there's nothing left of him but a grease spot. Shag Miller did that. I mean, he promised—and it must be so, because Shag is so honest."

The young fellow should have known better than to continue pleasantries of this sort; but after shifting his crumpled coat to his left shoulder he went on in the same strain:

"Sour grapes—that's what ails Shag Miller. You've cut him out of some business, clubbing together and buying threshing machinery—you and Nordstrom and the rest of the Swedes and Danes living round here. And what is it Shag calls your mob? Hyphenated Huns—that's the moniker he's got for you. Last Saturday he was to start something if your fellers came to town to the firemen's picnic. Said you wouldn't have the guts to come. Hoped you would, though. Had his huskies all primed for it. Juiced up the whole gang with redeye booze that was bootlegged to him from K. C. Nuff fight and fury in it to win the war all over again. Wanted me along to aid in his liberty drive, as he called it. But I couldn't see where I'd lost any hyphenated Huns."

All at once Krieger said: "Look here, my friend! I told you I'd give you work and I will. But you better understand right now that it's no showy recommendation for you that you hail from Shag Miller's outfit. You may be all right. I'll risk finding out. But before you start to work I might as well be plain-spoken about one or two little happenings. When we first started up we had an engineer that wired the safety valve shut and crowded on a full gauge of steam while we were at dinner. Maybe the engineer was hired to do that—hired by Miller. I don't know. Another time a few days ago someone slipped a railroad spike into a bundle of wheat. Know what that did? It ripped hell out of the cylinder teeth of the thresher. And was Mr. Miller behind that? Don't know. Can't say. And I can't tell—yet—whether you are another skunk that he wants to unload on us."

Cinders grinned, then impudently observed: "This ain't no Sunday school. Better cut out the moralizing."

But he was uncomfortable. He began to cast longing glances to the east and to the north, where in the remote distance, miles and miles across the yellow land, other traction engines had begun to send up their dark wraiths of smoke. He wished

"There, How's That? Wow! When You Do Land You Sure Do Land! Another One Like That and I Won't Love You Any More"

himself there—at either of those places. For here, if anything went wrong, if a suspicious accident were to happen, if some piece of malicious sabotage should occur he foresaw that he—no matter now innocent—might be the victim of a brutal punishment.

He decided promptly that he had brought his appetite to a poor place. But this decision was nothing to stop his hunger. He was resolved not to clear out; not yet—not until after he had breakfasted.

In the Nordstrom kitchen after Krieger had talked with the farm women Cinders was grudgingly received, for by this time breakfast was all out of the way and the dishes washed and hustling activities started in the preparation of a big dinner for the threshers. All was fluster and hurry—bread to be baked, pies to be made, chickens to be dressed and cut up for the pot, the table in the dining room to be extended with boards.

But coffee was warmed up for him; he was also served with remnants of breakfast, such as cold bacon and cold fried potatoes. He ate fast and long, gorging himself; and when he had finished he produced from a coat pocket a tin can with a wire twisted about it for a handle. He said he believed in conservation and that if the coffee was to be thrown out anyhow he might as well take some along with him. It was such good coffee!

During his meal Mrs. Nordstrom and her sister-in-law remained together in the kitchen. Obviously the farm wife did not want to be left alone with the great burly fellow. When he went off, not in the direction of the field and the threshing machine but slinkingly round the house with the watch dog growling at his heels, the two women stole to the windows to observe his furtive departure. They hoped he would get clean away. A good riddance!

Krieger on the contrary did not like this behavior. The fellow had eaten. He should also work. Cinders was challenged from afar, commanded to halt and about face. But he kept on down the lane in the direction of the road, walking deliberately in the fear that if he started to run the white fangs of the snarling dog would surely be snapped into his flesh.

So having been overtaken and asked what was the idea in going off like this, he dolefully replied that he was afraid he would have to give up trying to work. He felt dizzy. The cramps had caught him. He was subject to cramps. Awfully sorry to disappoint. The women had noticed that he wasn't feeling well. They had given him this coffee. They thought it might help to settle his stomach.

"Maybe this will help," said Krieger, and the fellow jumped, spilling all his coffee and dropping the can. Steel points of a pitchfork had jabbed him in the thigh.

"Don't!" he cried out, whining with pain. "Don't do that! It tickles!"

"Does, eh? But it's good for the cramps," Krieger observed. "You feel better, don't you? Feel maybe that you can put in a good day's work. Do you, or not?"

"Now that you mention it," Cinders conceded as he felt of his thigh where reddish stains began to appear, slowly blotting through the soiled blue cloth, "I do believe that my stomach feels some settled. I'll work."

II

LIKE a prisoner of war he was marched back through the farmyard, across a fenced inclosure northward and so into the crisp stubble where engine fumes lifted and where the threshing machine stood gaudily new, all inflamed by early sunbeams. During this its first season in the harvest fields of farmers who had bought it for communal operation the angry red of its glistening paint shrilly typified the hot passion which had been kindled by the acquisition of this equipment.

Naturally Shag Miller, who formerly had done the threshing for this entire district, would not be pleased to have competition. For was it not to be expected that after these men should finish their own work they would be likely to enlarge the scope of their activity, thus cutting him off not merely from their business but also from the business of some of the big wheat growers? He bitterly complained that the foreign-born element, though they had closed with him to do their threshing this year as in other years, had suddenly dropped him.

Commercial animosity had been further aggravated by wartime prejudices, as in the case of young Nordstrom. Immediately after he had been exempted from the draft his father's bank in Spring Junction had been nocturnally bedaubed all over the front with yellow paint to stigmatize the son as a slacker and a coward. This unpleasantness, which was supposed to have been in retaliation for the financial encouragement which the senior Nordstrom had extended to farmers in the purchase of their threshing equipment, gave some cause to believe that the patriotism of Shag Miller had taken a course so malicious that there would be no trick too mean, too rowdyish or even too incendiary for him to perpetrate in reprisal for the collapse of his monopoly as a thresher.

So as Krieger brought in his captive suspicious attention was instantly focused upon the unhappy Cinders. The robust hilarity and laughing frolic of the men about the traction engine and threshing machine had instantly stopped short. Two who had been wrestling and tumbling about upon the ground suddenly got to their feet.

The one known as Stub Watson questioned ironically: "What you got there? One of Shag's engine sparks?"

Laughter jeeringly resounded from lusty throats, for this sarcasm referred to a fire that had swept wide through a field, destroying many shocks of grain. A minion of the opposition was supposed to have started the blaze, even though Shag Miller had stoutly maintained that it must have been sparks from a locomotive that started "all hell a-poppin."

"No," Krieger replied, "this rooster is one that's plumb crazy to work. Only he ain't feeling right chipper. Got stomach trouble. Won't do to give him any hard job. Something right easy is what he needs. Guess we'll have to try him out as a spike pitcher."

Here followed another loud guffaw, for of all toil in threshing operations none is more rigorous or fatiguing than the continual forking of grain sheaves into the machine. The crew gathered about Cinders, eying him curiously and grinning crookedly, with quids of tobacco raising lumps in their bronzed cheeks.

Now as the first load from the field drew up beside the machine, the rack piled high with grain bundles, the observant Cinders took note that the bandaged right arm of the driver was carried in a sling.

"Too bad," a joker commented, "that the new hand wants to exercise himself. Looking so pale too—and thin and wasted away."

"Don't mention it," the burly youth answered as he rolled up his sleeves, stripping bare his brown powerful arms. "I seem to be stuck on the job. Very sudden I got stuck."

Turning his back upon Krieger, he faced the others, flung down his hat beside the coat and blanket he had dropped and then took a desperate chance in bluffing.

"I," he blurted out—and wondering how fast he would have to run—"I can lick anyone in this outfit that wasn't whelped under a sheep shed."

"We're glad to hear," Krieger commented, "what a good man you are. So just you crawl right up there on that load and show us. We want to see how good you are. Yes," he added, "and it had better be good."

In such a crew as this, where the labor is less specialized than in large outfits such as Miller's, it is common for the driver of a wagon to empty his loa the feed chute of the machine. But the man up t Lars Nordstrom himself—was incapacitated. Ano the gang, the one tending the separator, wore a gr bon of adhesive plaster across a nut-brown cheek.

Noting these details, Cinders clambered to the top load and as he swung nimbly upward at the rear rack he told himself: "They did have a run-in afte the two outfits. Sure did! Yes, in town at the fire picnic last Saturday."

In Spring Junction, where he had gone with his associates, those swaggering threshers full of bad v and the lust to batter heads, he had made discreti kind of valor that had sent him sneaking away railway water tank, there to catch a freight tra scenes and prospects more pacific. But now once ag found himself cast back into the hopper of hostilitie

Suddenly the seven-o'clock whistle let out a prol double screech; the team jumped nervously; a plumage of vapor drifted forward, mingling with the and velvety smoke. The wide power belt conn engine and machine and crossed in the middle slid smoothly over the wheels, and as a lever was appli cylinder of the thresher began to snarl with a thun clamor.

"All ready!" Krieger yelled, throwing up a hand signal. "Let her go!"

Carefully pitched grain bundles began to fall an blower to churr in a deep-toned roar. Steel teeth sna at the grain, crushing the straw with growling fer while evenly and persistently in a steady strean tossed sheaves went whisking downward into the insa gullet of the machine.

Soon the flow of grain, all threshed and winn commenced to splash into an empty wagon in great s ings like sleet against the side of a house, for having separated from straw and chaff, automatically we and dumped, the wheat kept spouting into the co ance—a fountain of cereal wealth, golden brown.

The feeder worked diligently, the sun glinting upo polished handle of his pitchfork and the tines bri aflash after each sheaf was sent speeding upon its For a time Cinders enjoyed the rippled play of pow muscles. The cadenced swing of tossing the grain spring of the fork handle yielding a little with a bend each time it swung a tousled burden into plac the expertness of effort deftly spent gave him a dece assurance, while still in the freshness of his strength, he could keep this up all day long. He rejoiced i skill; he even forgot that this was enforced labor.

For young fellows of his sort do not make much hardships and brutalities of life. Theirs is the hum point of view. Cultivating comedy as an essential absorber, they can laugh at almost anything—if only have a full stomach to help them do it.

That Cinders had been bullied and hurt; that wound in his thigh still bled a little and smarted ter from the sweat running down into the two holes prick the flesh seemed nothing special to bother about. worked on, exulting in his strength, and wished tha girl in the house—Nordstrom's sister—might "ta slant" at this performance. Sometimes he gazed to the kitchen, where the chimney was smoking. He tho of her, with yellow hair coiled on her head in a thick b as "not a bad looker."

Now what if he, a hobo recently kicked off a fr train, should stick here and work and win confidence marry the banker's daughter? That's how it goes in magazine stories. Humble clerk gets his emplo daughter and is taken into the business as a partner o millionaire father. Reflecting on how such stories hap end, he saw himself married to that "not bad looker" papa-in-law presenting him a farm or two for a wedding

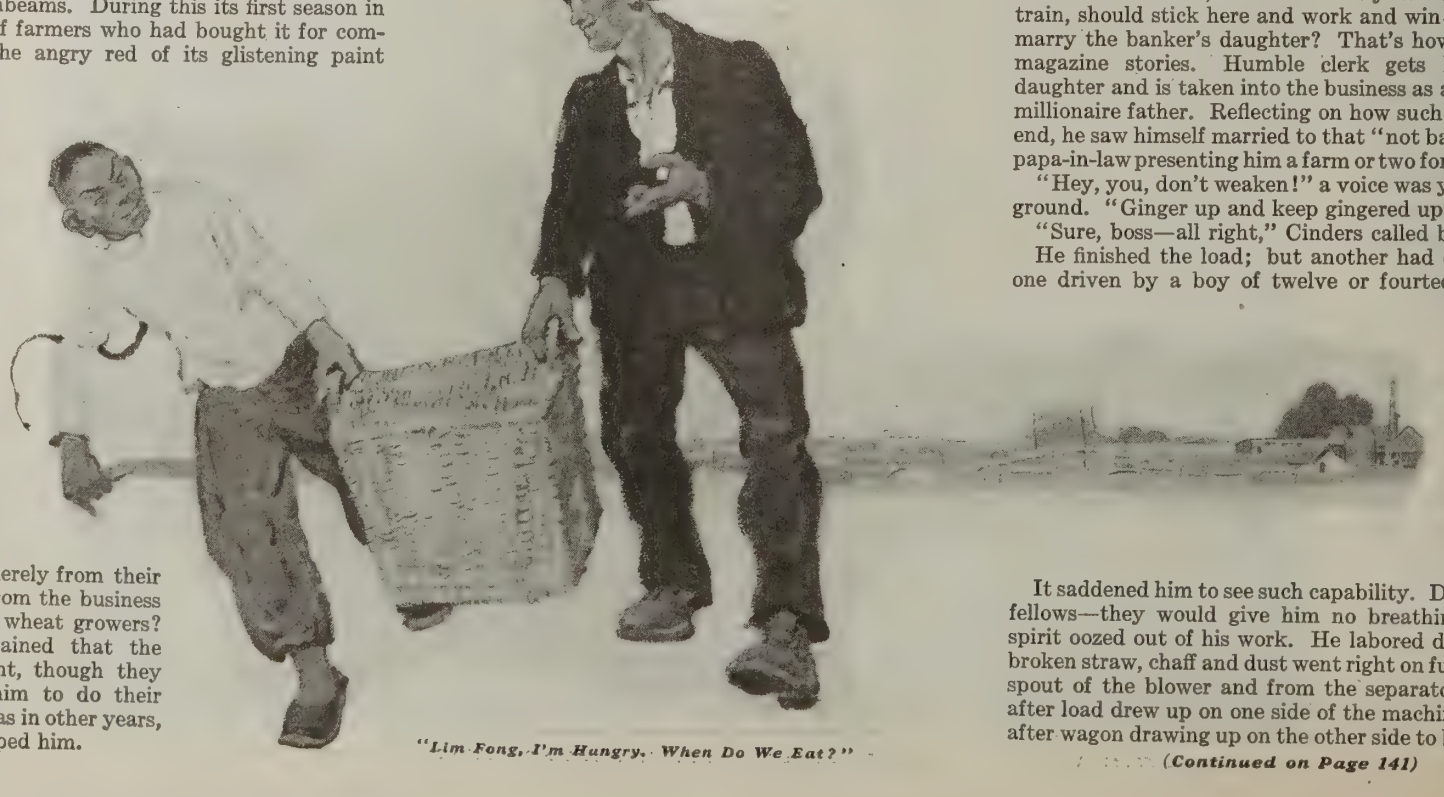
"Hey, you, don't weaken!" a voice was yelling from ground. "Ginger up and keep gingered up!"

"Sure, boss—all right," Cinders called back.

He finished the load; but another had drawn up, one driven by a boy of twelve or fourteen. Still wagons, fa in the were be corpule swollen. P ers raised shocked g tossing up or three dles wit single lift the fork.

It saddened him to see such capability. Devil take t fellows—they would give him no breathing spell! spirit oozed out of his work. He labored doggedly, w broken straw, chaff and dust went right on fuming from spout of the blower and from the separator; while after load drew up on one side of the machine with wa after wagon drawing up on the other side to be filled by

(Continued on Page 141)

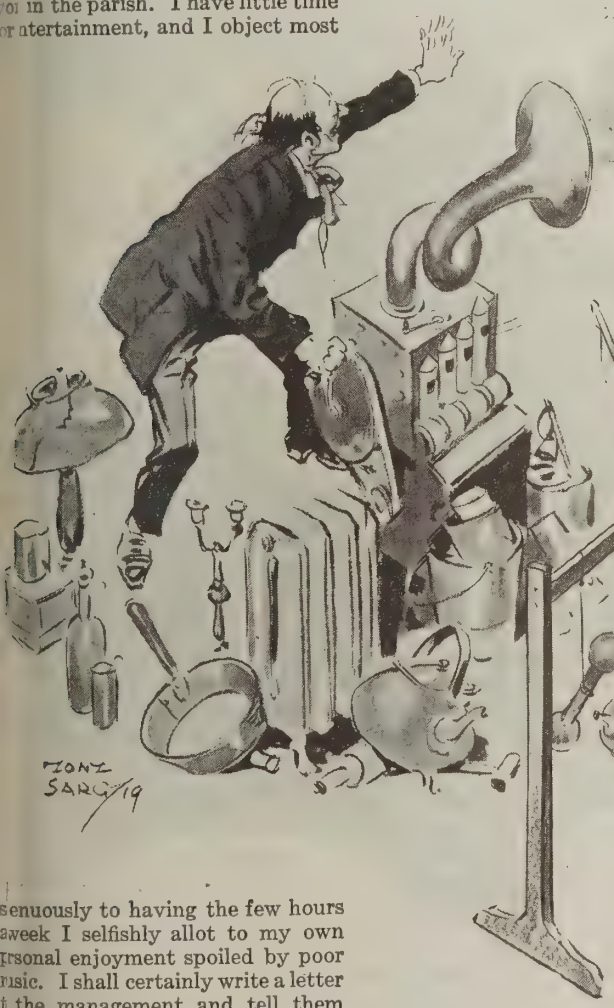


"Lim Fong, I'm Hungry. When Do We Eat?"

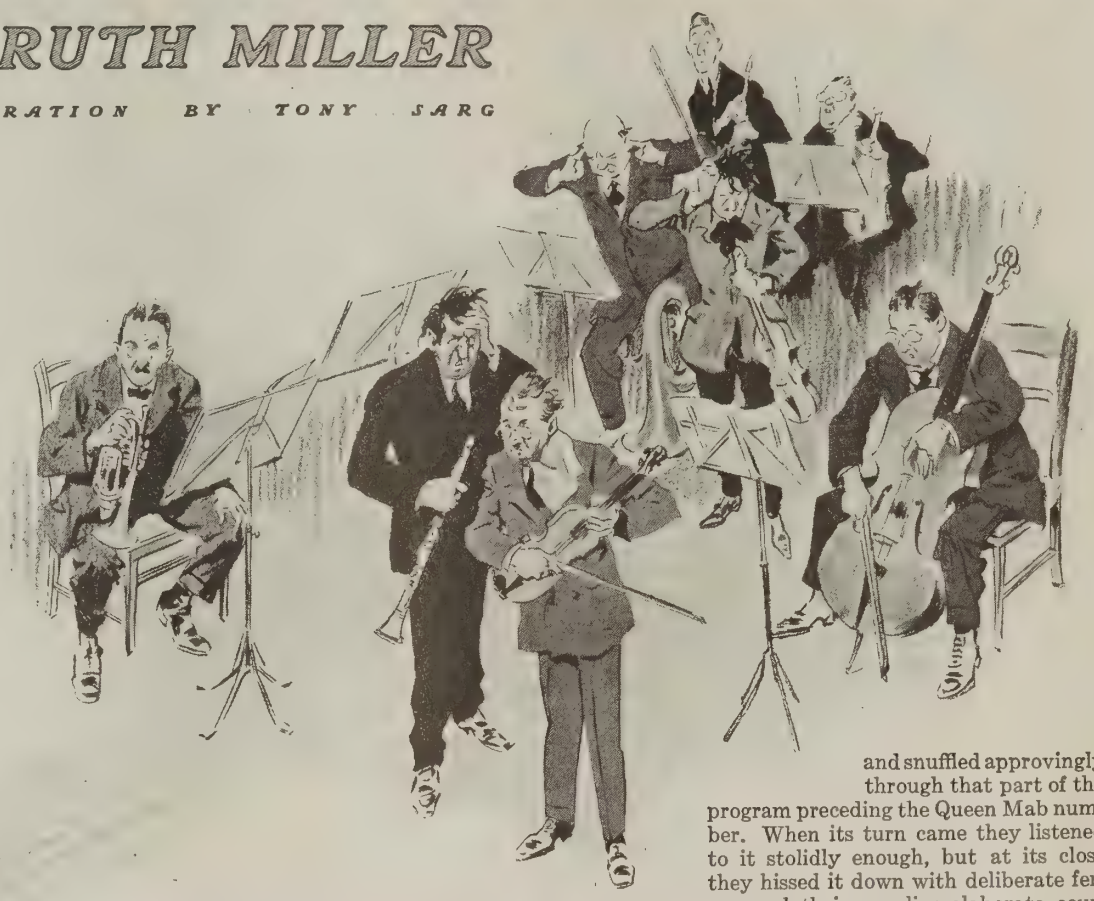
Our American Music Makers

By RUTH MILLER

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY SARG



He Returns With a Wind Machine That is Guaranteed to Imitate Everything From a Kansas Cyclone to a Cuddlesome Summer Zephyr



r FIL to see why," said Doctor Hodges resentfuy, "when I go to one of the weekly concerts g en by our symphony orchestra I should be alled to sit for forty minutes listening to a comition that is so ineffably stupid that it doesn't en o me the good turn of putting me to sleep. Why," d nanded with such violence that his friend jumped ilt—"why should I have to listen to a lot of senseless ms put together by someone I never heard of before d, onsidering the torture he has just put me through ith his infernal music, I certainly never want to hear of ai' Now take that Suite Tragique that was played st eek—fat little chap wrote it; has something to do ith me of the universities; forgotten his name ——"

"it," his friend ventured to protest, "that was a orly piece of musical writing."

"holarly! What's that got to do with music?"

Pained Protests of Thousands

UT, Doctor Hodges, you know that new music must have its hearing. Our American composers ——"

"on't try to tell me that that outrageous stuff I lis- to last week was American music. I know better. e wasn't a thing American about it. As for its being -it was nothing but a hodgepodge of all the music has been written since Adam. I insist that it is an su to the patrons of music to have to listen to such tu I look forward every week to that symphony concert s means of relaxation after my oi in the parish. I have little time r ntertainment, and I object most senuously to having the few hours a week I selfishly allot to my own rsonal enjoyment spoiled by poor usic. I shall certainly write a letter t the management and tell them at I think of that Suite Tragique. What a name!"

And doubtless he did write a letter to the long-suffering anagement of that particular orchestra. He probably ixed most eloquent about the scurvy trick they had ayed him in enticing him to that concert and then mak- g him listen to the nice efforts of a perfectly worthy ntleman to put a fence of limited imagination and smug usical sophistries round an art that in its higher forms is ly endurable when taken glowing from the fiery furnace inspiration and tempered with great originality. There little reason to believe that he did not write such a tter. For some are born to letter writing, some acquire and some have it thrust upon them, but Doctor Hodges eliberately hunted it out.

No doubt his attitude was narrow. But after all he was ly voicing a little differently the pained protests that housands have made before him against perpetrating dull, gly and senseless atrocities in the name of art. The verage man, that indispensable character of fiction, particularly if he be American, wants his music with a tune and a swing to it, something to tickle his ear. And he likes the old things best. He flees from innovations as from a pestilence.

But progress inexorably demands experiments, and so in spite of his fervent and disgusted protests our typical American citizen has had to submit to listening to new music. However, until recently he consented to listen to it only when it bore a foreign label. Laboring under the modest delusion that he was commercial and commonplace, an æsthetic dud in fact, he clung to the conviction that predigested artistic opinions were the only sort for him. And of these his favorite, the most trusted, wore that treacherous brand "Made in Germany." For nowhere had German propaganda been more effective than in American musical life. Her artists were German trained, her teachers adopted the ponderous methods of the Fatherland, the few of her composers who were permitted a hearing were steeped in the Teutonic idea and her critics and writers eulogized the art of Wagner and Strauss.

In 1912 Berlin was the acknowledged music center of the world, and in that year there were seventeen hundred-odd concerts given within the environs of that self-complacent city to prove it. It is a matter of record that there are few violets among the Berliners, and in that year if one were inadvertently trapped by one of them he could do nothing but listen to him expound at great length and with much unctuous detail concerning this vast artistic superiority of theirs.

It was in the fall of that year that an English composition called Queen Mab was given its initial Berlin performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch. As was always the case with the orchestra concerts, Philharmonic Hall was jammed. The sleek audience came early, peered their way to their seats—there were no ushers in the concert halls of Berlin—and once there they had settled themselves, inspected their neighbors and then sniffled and snuffled approvingly through that part of the program preceding the Queen Mab number. When its turn came they listened to it stolidly enough, but at its close they hissed it down with deliberate fervor and their peculiar elaborate courtesy. An American man who was present turned to his hostess, a placid *Grafin*, and asked for an explanation of the hostile demonstration, saying that he had heard that same audience applaud music a great deal worse.

"But can't you see?" she answered him patiently. "It is so stupid for the English and Americans to think that they can do music. Don't they understand that we have it all? All the great composers were Germans. There is Beethoven, Mozart ——"

When that American repeats that story to-day he says that she mentioned every living or dead composer of any note or any nativity with the sole exception of Tschaikovsky, and he presumed that the sibilant final syllable of his explosive cognomen was all that saved him.

The Under Dog on Top

AMERICAN music was the starveling stepchild, the Cinderella of the arts, and if anyone inadvertently gave her a word of commendation her German stepsisters went into shrieks of derisive laughter and indulged in many ill-natured sneers at the mere idea of her having artistic pretensions.

But that was before that momentous August in 1914. Since then our composers have been coming decidedly into their own. It has become distinctly the thing to praise the art that is indigenous to our soil. After years of sneaking pitifully round the corners with a kicked-dog air, forever dodging the blows of artistic condemnation, our composers have blossomed out and flourish like ragweed. Concert artists have eliminated the Teutonic from their programs, and search in the highways and byways for American compositions. There are programs devoted to American songs, and our orchestras ostentatiously emphasize on their programs the numbers by American composers. Supersensitive souls have even got up on their hind legs and yipped about whether or no long-dead composers, Beethoven and Brahms, should be eliminated from their musical diet. Thus American music, having for so long snatched eagerly and thankfully at the few crumbs of public favor, painfully grateful when an artist used her smaller literature as anonymous encores and overcome when some philanthropically inclined musician gave it printed credence on his program, at last found her fairy godmother in the late war.

Men and women who had pleaded vainly before for the cause of American music, finally vindicated in their sponsorship, began to strut and incidentally black the eye of all the European music they could lay their hands on. Theirs was the inevitable retaliation of the under dog when he gets on top, and for a while the fate of many splendid works by men many years gone to their eternal rest hung sadly in the balance.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE BUSHER PULLS A MAY

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

N. Y., July 29.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal here we are on the gay white way but they don't nobody on this ball club feel gay and no wonder. In the 1st. place to look at our club you would think we had just came back from the Marne as Gandil was left home in a hospital with appendix and Felsch is so lame that he can't cover no more ground then where his dogs is parked and Cracker Schalk has to be wheeled up to the plate and back you might say and to cap off the climax I got stomach trouble from something I eat or something and wile I don't pitch with my stomach a man can't do themself justice when the old feed bag acts up.

To make it worse Detroit has got a hold of a couple pitchers that can do something besides make 9 men on the field and Jennings club is comeing like a house on fire and all and all it looks like we was a bad bet and will be mighty lucky to get back off of this trip in 1st. place. For inst. Cicotte pitched a nice game today and lose it because they was a couple fly balls hit to center field that Felsch only had to take 3 or 4 steps to get under them but his sick dog layed down on him and wouldn't buge and zowey they went for 3 base hits. So as I say they can call this the gay white way but they can't hardily call us the gay White Sox eh Al.

Well I suppose you seen in the paper what Carl Mays the Boston pitcher pulled off and you will half to hand it to him. He walked out on the Boston club wile they was playing us out in Chi and said he wouldn't pitch no more baseball for them and of course they was out of the race for the pennant though when the season opened up and they had all their men back from the service we all of us thought they would be the club we would half to beat as they had 2 stars for every position you might say and they could stick 1 club in the field 1 day and a whole different club the next day and 1 of them as good is the other but any way they blowed up like Willard and it got so as they felt cocky when they only lose 1 game per day so Mays said he was through and instead of the club suspending him why they pretty near kissed him you might say and all the other clubs in the league begun biding for him.

Well we would of had him only I guess the Boston club insisted on Gleason giveing them Cocky Collins or Schalk or myself or somebody so of course Gleason give them the razz and finely Huggins got him for the N. Y. club for 4 or 5 ball players and the liberty loan and now Mr. Mays is with a club that has got a chance to get in the world serious and it shows what a sucker a ball player is to stick with a club where you can't get nothing only the worst of it.

Well Al I guess if I was to have a run in now with Gleason or something I will know what to do as the minute he looks X eyed at me I will Mays him and I guess they wouldn't some clubs jump at the chance to get a hold of me and specially Detroit as Jennings is makeing a great fight for the old rag without hardily any pitching at all you might say and what would he do with a man like I on the club to go in there every 3d. day and take my own turn besides helping the other birds out when they begin to weaken.

Well old N. Y. is some dry town since the 1 of July and the only way a man can get a drink here is go in a saloon and the only differents between old times is what they soak you for it now which is plenty but when a man has got to have it he has got to have like today after the game for inst. my old stomach was freting pretty bad and I got myself 6 high balls on the way back from the pk. and it set me back $2.40 but as I say what is $2.40 compared to a man's health.

Your pal,
JACK.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we are haveing a fine trip and the way we been going you would think we must of clumb in to 1st. place some night after dark but we won't be there long if Gleason don't wake up and use his pitchers right. He acts like Cicotte and Williams was Adam and Eve and they wasn't nobody else in the world and he keeps yelping about what tough shape he is in on acct. of not only haveing 2 pitchers and as far is the rest of us is conserned we might as well be takeing tickets.

Well a man can't hardily blame him for going slow with birds like Kerr and Faber and Lowdermilk that when they do throw a ball somewheres close to the plate somebody's bat gets in the way but just because I lose them games to the St. Louis and N. Y. clubs in Chi with my stomach why that isn't no reason I should spend August with my feet on the water cooler and as I said to Gleason today he might as well of left me home and he says yes and the rest of the club to.

Well you don't see Jennings trying to cop the old rag with 2 pitchers but he works his staff in turn like a mgr. should and some A. M. we will wake up and find ourself a few laps behind Detroit instead of leading them and all because Jennings gives his pitchers a chance but instead of Gleason giveing me a chance he sets around and mones about what tough shape we are in and if he could only get a hold of some pitcher like Page with the Phila. club but it looks to me like if Page was so dam good the Athaletics would get rid of him. We have all ready signed up Pat Ragan that every club in the National League tried him and I don't know what and the he—ll they can expect him to do here where a man has got to have something besides acquaintences in all the big citys and it looks to me like Gleason has went plain cuckoo and it wouldn't surprise me to see him bark like a dog.

Well I suppose you seen where Ban Johnson stepped in and suspend it Mays after it come out that the N. Y. club had boughten him and I don't see what Ban has got to say about it now and I suppose we will be reading pretty soon where he has plastered a $5.00 fine on Hap Felsch for limping.

Ban said a few yrs. ago that Ty Cobb wouldn't never play another game in this league but the last time we played the Detroit club they had somebody in center field that looked a whole lot like Cobb and Jennings and the rest of the boys called him Ty.

Well this old burg isn't running as wide open as N. Y. and if a man wants a little refreshmunts they have got to go out and hunt for it like tonight I and 1 of the boys thought we better lay in a qt. to last over the sabath and 1 of the boys on the Boston club told us where to go get it so we got a qt. of it and it cost $7.00 and that means $7.00 a drink as they couldn't nobody in the world take more then 1 swallow and I wouldn't be surprised if that is what ails the Boston club. They are poisoned. Well the qt. all but 2 drinks is standing on my burro and that is where it is going to spend the sabath and when we leave here I will give it to the chamber horse for a tip and tell her what it cost and she will know she died a high price death. In the old days when we was here on a Sunday they closed up the bars but you could walk in the hotel cafe and order up a drink as long is you ordered sandwichs with it and if they knowed you they would bring you the same sandwichs every trip.

Well 1 more game here Monday and then we go to Philly and maybe we will win 1 there as we have got 4 to play and if Mack ever win 4 in a row he would put on a auction sale.

Your pal,
JACK.

So I Said "Well I am Not Going to Pitch That Way or No Other Way for You No More But I am Going to Pitch for a Mgr. That Don't Ask a Man to Work When He is Only 2 Laps This Side of a Corps"

PHILA., Aug. 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al just a line to let you know I am here in Philly and the club still up in Boston yet and don't get here till tomorrow. Well that means that I am going to take my regular turn from now on and will start against this club either tomorrow or the next day and Gleason sent me on ahead to rest up along with Cicotte. You see in the old days the ball clubs use to get a party rate on the R. R. and it saved them money to all travel together from town to town but now everybody has got to pay full fare so if a wants to send a couple of his star pitchers a day or 2 a to the next town to rest them up why it don't cost ing so that is how it come that I and Cicotte is he Phila.

I didn't have no idear I was comeing on ahead till terday A. M. when I run in to Gleason in the hotel din rm. up in Boston and he motioned me to come an down with him. Well he said how is your heart so I a him what did he mean. "Well" he says "in them l games you pitched vs. St. Louis and N. Y. out in C looked to me like you was missing." So I said I gues heart was O. K. but my stomach had been freting m acct. of something I eat. I said "I would of made th clubs look like a bum only a man can't work when stomach aint right." "No" he says "and your ston won't never get right on that liquid diet." So I asked what he meant and he says you know what I mean a should think you would get wise to yourself. So I sa guest I was wise enough so he says "Well if your wise will cut out the rough stuff and get to work." So I a him how could I get to work when he wouldn't give m chance and he said "I will tell you what I will do with Cicotte is going over to Phila. tonight to rest up and can go along with him and rest up includeing your ston and if you aint in shape to pitch when I call on you it w be nobody's fault only your own. And remember won't be nobody over there watching you and you ca have yourself or not just as you feel like but when there I will know if you been behaveing."

So he had Joe O'Neill buy me a ticket and birth a and Cicotte got here this A. M. and have the whole da ourself and maybe we will go out this P. M. and see game as the St. Louis club is playing here and beside will have a chance to study Mack's batters. They some study Al but maybe we can set where we can w foxy Connie waggle his score card and maybe get his though it looks to me like he would do a whole lot be if he give up his score card long enough to have a few ball players names printed on it.

Well 1 of the waiters here in the hotel tells man can get all they want to drink here in P if they go at it right but nothing doing Al as I going to be in shape to give Gleason the best I though 3 or 4 wouldn't hurt me and what Glea don't know won't hurt him. Your pal,
JAC

PHILA., Aug.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess they's no us a man trying to go along with a mgr. that went cuckoo and if it wasn't for the rest of the on the club I would pull a Mays and walk out on club and go to some club where a man can g square deal but if I done that it might maybe this club the pennant and it wouldn't be the r thing towards the rest of the boys.

Well I guess I told you that I and Cicotte sent on here ahead of the rest of the club to rest

After Supper We Turned o the Jazz and Triped the Life Fantastic

we would be in good ae for the serious here and e ayed around the hotel er all Monday A. M. and t lunch Eddie said he was going to the ball pk. and did I want o along. Well I said I guest sn enough of baseball without spending a P. M. look- gt a couple clubs like Burke and Mack has got a hold f ad the more a man seen of Mack's club why the lest he d know about how to pitch to them and besides the e thing for me would be to get my mind off of base- a So Eddie went out to the game and pretty soon I got i. of lonesome so I called up a friend of mine that is ue a fan and we found a place where you can still get ad we histed a few and then he said how about running on to Atlantic City.

Well Al we went down there and seen the sights and took p and my friend says he wondered why all the queens v giveing us the double O as they didn't never pay no e ion to him when he was alone so I just laughed and i n't say nothing and didn't even look X eyed at 1 of hn as I leave the flirting game to birds that hasn't no v or no respect for the ones they have got so we got a li to dig us up a qt. and we was comeing back here at P. M. but they must of been sleeping powders or some- hg in that stuff we got and any way we layed down on beach to rest for a few minutes after supper and the h of us overslept ourselfs and missed the train. Well Al finely got back here at 9 o'clock yesterday A. M. and the lo was all ready here and Gleason was setting in the cby when I come in. Well he said where have you been. I told him I had been out for a walk and he didn't say hing so I come up to my rm. and layed down.

Well when we got out to the ball pk. he had both Cicotte li I take our turn in batting practice and when it come he to warm up he said it would be me. Well I didn't feel y to good but I warmed up pretty good and finely the ne started and I hadn't pitched for pretty near 2 wks. d no wonder I couldn't start right out as good as ever t instead of giveing me a chance to get started he halls out of there after I walked the 1st. 2 men. Well Cicotte nt in and I come in to the bench and Gleason begin rave and I said how can a man pitch when you don't en leave him get started. "Well" he says "you was out 1 walk this morning and you was out for 2 walks this afternoon and I thought 3 walks a day would be enough for you." "Where was you last night?" he says and I told him nowheres. So he said "Yes you was. You was out for a board walk down to Atlantic City and I have got a notion to board walk you 1 in the jaw."

Well Al I don't know how he could of knew where I had been but I am not the kind that trys to lie out of something so I says yes I went down to Atlantic City and took a dip. So he says you mean you took a dipper. Well they's no use argueing with a crazy man Al so all as I could do was walk away from him before my temper got the best of me so I went in the club house and dressed and went up in the stand and watched the rest of the game. Well they didn't score off of Cicotte and we got 1 run in the 11th. off of Page and beat them 1 to 0 but I might of shut them out just the way Cicotte done if he had of left me in there but he has went cuckoo Al and to show you how bad he is he has signed up Mayer that has been in the National League 20 or 30 yrs. and the next thing you know he will be sending for Geo. Van Haltren or somebody. Well I only wished I was off this club and I would walk out on them in a minute only for the rest of the boys that has got their heart set on winning.

Your pal, JACK.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal don't be surprised if you pick up a paper some A. M. and see where I have walked out on this bunch of cuckoos and pulled a Mays on them only it won't be no 2 or 3 wks. before I land somewheres else as they's a certain club in this league that would give their eye to get a hold of me as it would mean the pennant. Don't think I am bosting Al as I am just giveing you the facts and when I tell you what come off yesterday you will know who I refer. Even if the deal don't come off I can give Gleason a good scare and maybe come to some kind of a understanding with him.

Well yesterday was our last day in Philly and the Detroit club had finished up their serious in Washington the day before and their whole bunch was over in Philly yesterday and out to see our game. Well afterwards we seen the whole bunch of them and Jennings kind of smiled at me like he wanted to see me alone so I give him the chance and he says what was on my mind. So I seen he was trying to give me a opening so I said I was tired of pitching for Gleason. So he says "Well I been watching the box scores where you pitched lately and it didn't look to me like you was pitching for Gleason." He is a great kidder Al but that is just his way.

Well he humed and haud and finely he says they was no use him talking to me as Gleason wouldn't trade no pitcher to a club that was fighting him for the pennant. So I said maybe he wouldn't trade me but suppose I walked out on him like Mays done on Boston why then maybe he would give me to the club that made the best offer.

So Jennings said "Yes but we tried to get Mays but all as we could offer for him was jack and we couldn't offer nothing else for you and when a club offers money to Comiskey why it is like takeing coal to a castle."

So I said "Well it looks to me like it would be to your int. to offer something besides jack as Gleason could use a couple of your ball players." Yes said Jennings but when you begin talking trade to Gleason he can't only talk in words of 1 sylable Cobb and Bush. Well I said if I make up my mind to walk out on him Cleveland or N. Y. will get me either 1 and you know what that means. So he says "I guess you won't go to neither 1 of them clubs." That is what he said Al and they's only 1 way to take it but at that it wasn't so much what he said as how he looked when he said it. He kind of half smiled and give me a kind of a wink and walked away from me and besides he was scared to make it to strong as a mgr. of a club is not supposed to temper with a player on another club. But last night just before we left for here I seen Bush of the Detroit club and I told him what had came off and he says why didn't I go ahead and pull a Mays and see what happened. He says "We are going to win the pennant any way so you better take a chance of getting on a live 1."

Well old pal I am not going to do nothing I will be sorry for and if our club wakes up and begins to show something I won't leave them in the lerch but Gleason better get help to himself or he will wake up some A. M. and I won't be around for him to snarl at me.

Well comeing over on the train I set with 1 of the reporters that travels with the club and he told me that Gleason had been trying to get this here Page that pitched the 11 inning game vs. Cicotte and Gleason wanted to pay cash for him but Mack must of been unconsious or something and any way he turned it down so it looks like Gleason would half to struggle along without Mr. Page and I guess we will get along just as good without him as from what I seen of him you could write up the game on his fast ball wile its comeing up there but maybe he would bring us luck as a bird that can make us go 11 innings for 1 run must have god with him.

Well I asked this reporter if Gleason had said anything about me lately and he said nothing that could be printed so I said well maybe I will have a story for you 1 of these mornings so he asked me what I meant and I said well if Gleason didn't give me a square deal I would maybe pull a Mays on him and go to some club where I can get fair treatmunt. "Well" he says "if I was you I would cut out that line of talk as it may get back to Gleason and he will beat you to it." Well Al I should worry if it gets back to Gleason or not as it might give him a scare but I don't want him to know nothing about it yet a wile till I see how things comes along so I haven't told nobody about my plans only a couple of the boys on the club that knows enough to keep their mouth shut and in the mean wile mum

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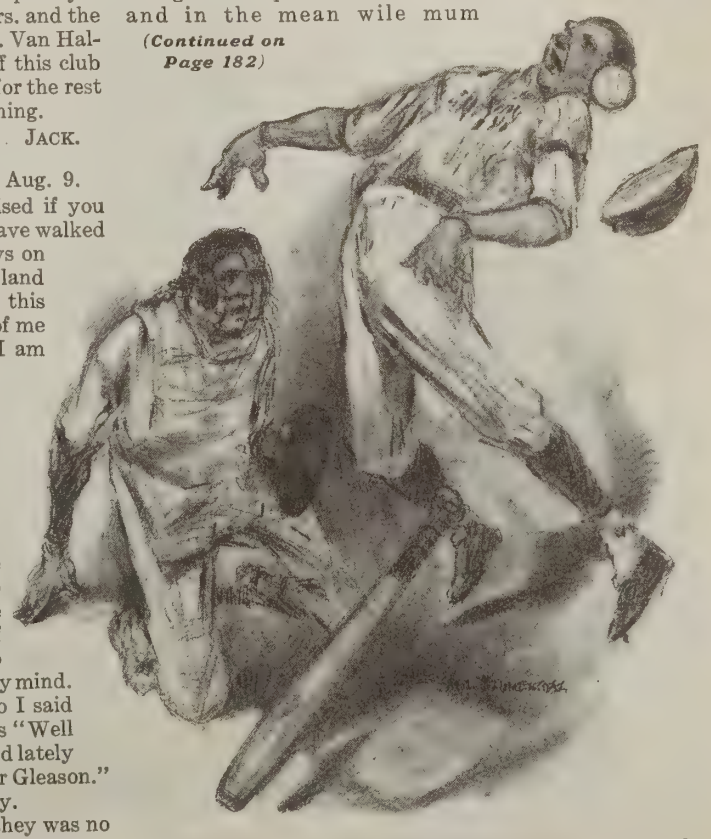

Well I Seen Him Fall Over But He Couldn't Get Out of the Way as I Catched Him Right Over the Ear

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I HAVE had a liberal education in party convocations, state and national. In those of 1860 I served as an all-round newspaper reporter. A member of each National Democratic Convention from 1876 to 1892, presiding over the first, and in those of 1880 and 1888 chosen chairman of the Resolutions Committee, I wrote many of the platforms and had a decisive voice in all of them.

In 1880 I had stood for the renomination of the old ticket—that is, Tilden and Hendricks—making the eight-to-seven action of the Electoral Commission of 1877 in favor of Hayes and Wheeler the paramount issue. It seems strange now that anyone should have contested this. Yet it was stoutly contested. Mr. Tilden settled all dispute by sending a letter to the convention declining to be a candidate. In answer to this I prepared a resolution of regret to be incorporated in the platform. It raised stubborn opposition. David A. Wells and Joseph Pulitzer, who were fellow members of the committee, were with me in my contention, but the objection to making it a part of the platform grew so pronounced that they thought I had best not insist upon it.

The day wore on and the latent opposition seemed to increase. I had been named chairman of the committee and had at a single sitting that morning written a completed platform. Each plank of this was severally and critically scrutinized.

It was well into the afternoon before we reached the plank I chiefly cared about. When I read this the storm broke. Half the committee rose against it.

At the close, with more heat than was either courteous or tactful, I said: "Gentlemen, I wish to do no more than bid farewell to a leader who four years ago took the Democratic Party at its lowest fortunes and made it a power again. He is well on his way to the grave. I would place a wreath of flowers upon his tomb. I ask only this of you. Refuse me, and I will go to that mob yonder and, dead or alive, nominate him, and you will be powerless to prevent!"

Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, a suave gentleman who had led the dissenters, said, "We do not refuse you. But you say that we 'regret' Mr. Tilden's withdrawal. Now I do not regret it, nor do those who agree with me. Could you not substitute some other expression?"

"I don't stand on words," I answered. "What would you suggest?"

Mr. Barksdale said: "Would not the words 'We have received with the deepest sensibility Mr. Tilden's letter of withdrawal,' answer your purpose?"

"Certainly," said I, and the plank in the platform, as it was amended, was adopted.

Mr. Tilden did not die. He outlived all his immediate rivals. Four years later, in 1884, his party stood ready again to put him at its head. In nominating Mr. Cleveland it thought it was accepting his dictation reënforced by the enormous majority—nearly 200,000—by which Mr. Cleveland, as candidate for governor, had carried New York in the preceding state election. Yet, when the votes in the presidential election came to be counted he carried it, if indeed he carried it at all, by less than 1100 majority, the result hanging in the balance for nearly a week.

II

IN THE convention of 1884, which met at Chicago, we had a veritable monkey-and-parrot time. It was next after the schism in Congress between the Democratic factions led respectively by Carlisle and Randall, Carlisle having been chosen Speaker of the House over Randall.

Converse, of Ohio, appeared in the Platform Committee representing Randall; and Morrison, of Illinois, and myself, representing Carlisle. I was bent upon making Morrison chairman of the committee. But it was agreed that the chairmanship should be held in abeyance until the platform had been formulated and adopted. The subcommittee to whom the task was delegated sat fifty-one hours without a break before its work was completed.

Then Morrison a named chairma was arranged ti after between verse, Morrison and me that when the agreed report made Converse and I should have each what time h quired to say what was desired in explanation, I to the debate and move the previous question.

At this point General Butler sidled up. "Where come in?" he asked.

"You don't get in at all, you blasted old sinner," Morrison.

"I have scriptural warrant," General Butler "'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out corn.'"

"All right, old man," said Morrison, good-humore "take all the time you want."

In his speech before the convention General Butler not at his happiest, and in closing he gave me a particul good opening. "If you adopt this platform of my fr Watterson," he said, "God may help you but I can't

I was standing by his side, and it being my turn made way for me, and I said: "During the last few and nights of agreeable though rather irksome intercou I have learned to love General Butler, but I must dec that in an option between him and the Almighty I h a prejudice in favor of God."

In his personal intercourse General Butler was the n genial of men. The subcommittee in charge of the prep tion of a platform held its meetings in the drawing-r of his hotel apartment, and he had constituted himself host as well as our colleague. I had not previously met h It was not long after we came together before he bega call me by my Christian name. At one stage of the ceedings when by substituting one word for anothe looked as though we might reach an agreement he to me: "Henry, what is the difference between 'ex sively for public purposes' and 'a tariff for reve only'?"

"I know none," I answered.

(Continued on Page 65)

Coming to Great Wealth With the Discoveries of Columbus and the Conquests of Pizarro and Cortés, the Latin of the Sixteenth Century Proceeded to Enjoy its Fruits According to His Fancy and the Fashion of the Times

Taking the Water Out of the Cost of Living—By Herbert Quick

I BELIEVE that in [illegible] not far distant [illegible]ture there will [illegible]e about a great [illegible]olution in the mat[illegible]of keeping, selling and storing [illegible]egetables and fruits. I be[illegible]e that this will profoundly [illegible]ll city dwellers, the farmer, [illegible]er and fruit grower. And I [illegible]nvinced that new processes [illegible]ydration that are coming [illegible] make it much more profit[illegible]le to preserve many meats by [illegible]king the water out of them than [illegible]y salting, smoking and using [illegible]old orage. I am convinced that [illegible] immense industry will be es[illegible]lished in the dehydration of [illegible]sh and shellfish, and that dehy[illegible]ted oysters, clams, shrimps [illegible]d many other fish will be sold, [illegible]ithall the manifold vegetable [illegible]nd fruit products, in light car[illegible]ons weighing a fraction of what [illegible]ey weigh now, instead of in [illegible]ons and refrigerator cars; that [illegible]uckmeats as caribou and rein[illegible]eer will come to us as good as [illegible]the killed; that vegetables, [illegible]sh, fish and meats will be con[illegible]erted from perishable to imper[illegible]shable commodities, so that the [illegible]rplus of a good year may be [illegible]ried over to lean years without [illegible]ss carried on warehouse re[illegible]ipts as wheat and cotton are [illegible]ovcarried.

I believe that by dehydration a [illegible]ry part of the more than 50% [illegible]of fruits and vegetables which [illegible]do spoil will be saved, that we [illegible]ns be able to ship such things [illegible]as sweet potatoes and potatoes, [illegible]ornstance, to foreign countries [illegible]vithout danger from freezing or [illegible]otting, and that these products [illegible]will be so reduced in bulk and [illegible]weight that one railway car or [illegible]onship will carry as much food [illegible]as men can carry now, that it will [illegible]ves good in quality as the foods [illegible]we obtain by our present meth[illegible]od and much of it better; and [illegible]that by this development of sav[illegible]ing food by taking out the water [illegible]that the world will be able to [illegible]support its present population in [illegible]greater comfort, and to care for [illegible]immensely greater population [illegible]erase of the seemingly inevitable [illegible]increase as it takes place.

I believe that the time is com[illegible]ing, and coming soon, when by [illegible]the use of processes that have [illegible]now been perfected the city flat [illegible]dweller will be able to keep for [illegible]any length of time all the vegeta[illegible]bles and meats needed to furnish [illegible]with any ordinary meal in cartons in a cupboard, with[illegible]out ice, and that in such a flat from these cartons will be [illegible]seen the things from which to prepare a soup of either [illegible]oats or vegetables, an oyster or clam stew, shrimps, a [illegible]teak, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, French-fried, German[illegible]fried, lyonnaise or mashed potatoes, any cooked vegetable [illegible]such as beets, carrots or string beans for the salad, any [illegible]kind of hot or cold fruit dessert except the ones served raw. [illegible]Dehydrated milk may be served, as now.

Get Busy

Some Far-Reaching Possibilities

THIS is a broad confession of faith, and I shall now tell [illegible]the basis of it. It affects almost every industry in the [illegible]country. Especially does it affect the producer of foods [illegible]everywhere. It affects the shipping business, since the [illegible]change predicted will make it possible to send abroad ten [illegible]times as much food in a ship as now. It affects banking by [illegible]offering a new class of credits. It affects the railway busi[illegible]ness since it causes an equal shrinkage in its tonnage. It [illegible]affects the great business of canning and preserving foods [illegible]of all kinds. It affects those producers who profit by their [illegible]nearness to market and its advantages in shipping fresh products. It affects the localities remote from market since it decreases the disadvantages from which they suffer. It affects the enormous industry of slaughtering and packing meats. It affects everybody who produces, handles, sells, buys, cooks or eats food. This takes in everybody.

We get this new knowledge as a by-product of the war, and it seems possible that it alone is enough eventually to repay to the world the huge material losses of the war. The most nearly perfected methods of dehydration are as much superior to the old ways of drying as the modern cold-storage warehouse is better than the ancient mode of keeping things fresh by hanging them down the well. So far as is known the improvements have been made in America, though before the war other countries were far ahead of us in this old-new industry. For instance, Germany went through the war on dehydrated potatoes. Petrograd was fed for a long time—and may be yet, for aught I know—on dehydrated potatoes shipped in gunny sacks.

The magnitude of the industry in Germany is astounding. In 1914 there were 488 potato-drying plants in operation there. In 1917, under the stress of war, this number of plants had been increased to about 1900, and some 2000 breweries were utilizing a part of their plants for drying potatoes. In 1917 Germany dehydrated more than three times as many potatoes as were produced in the whole of the United States! Says Major Prescott, detailed from the Bureau of Chemistry for dehydration work: "The German product is not so good as the best American product of to-day, and we have little reason to doubt, therefore, that if insistence is laid upon the high quality of the raw material and the use only of the best methods, the dehydrated-vegetable industry in the United States will develop at a rapid rate and become a powerful factor in the conservation movement and the stabilization of agricultural crops."

The Division of Dehydration was a war activity. It was a part of the Department of Agriculture, but worked intimately with the Food Administration and the War and Navy Departments. Through its work some 500,000,000 pounds of raw foods were dehydrated, reduced to 50,000,000 pounds by the process, and shipped abroad. This amounts to 25,000 tons, or, say, five shiploads, which, in its raw state, would have taken 50 ships, and much of it could not have been shipped without great spoilage.

Egyptian Fruits

AND always remember that the new dehydrated foods are not the old dried foods. They retain all the food value of fresh vegetables, and all their flavor. Many tests, ample tests, show this; as an instance of this, soup mixtures of dehydrated vegetables were served at both the hospital mess and the officers' mess of the Walter Reed Hospital and at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe for a week or ten days without the knowledge of the consumers, and the only remarks made with reference to it only called attention to its superiority over the soups served theretofore. This much to show that in improving our conservation system for foods and increasing our supply we shall not suffer in the quality of our food, the thing to which the American pays most attention. We shall gain.

I suppose that the greatest improvement in the food supply of the ancient nations came with the development of dehydration. Hay is merely dehydrated grass, and is still the basis of the livestock industry. In the sunny regions of Asia Minor and the valley of the Lower Nile dehydration began thousands of years ago in the drying of grapes for currants and the preservation of dates and figs. Herodotus, the father of history, tells us of the Nasamonians, who went up into the high country every summer to gather dates, and we may be sure they dried them, for they also caught locusts and dried them in the sun, "after which," says Herodotus, "they grind them to powder, and sprinkling them upon their milk so drink it." We need not be disgusted at this, for certain locusts make excellent food, good enough, when dehydrated, for a John the Baptist, who mixed his with wild honey. We could scarcely have gotten along without dried foods before the introduction of canning, about a hundred years ago. Dried corn, dried codfish, dried apples and peaches, dried plums and cherries—these were the things that carried us through the winter. And our pioneers dried over the fire their strips of venison or elk meat, while farther west, in the desert air, before the coming in of the blowfly, large pieces of the meat of either domestic animals, antelope, bear, deer

(Continued on Page 165)

AUTO-INTOXICATION

"If'n You Ever Comes Within a Hund'ed Miles of Me Ag'in, Mistuh Shooks," Said She, "You is Gwine to be Ain't. G'-by!"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MR. ANOPHELES RICKETTS was peeved, exceedingly peeved. He untangled his excessive legs and elevated himself from the easy-chair before the fireplace. Then he frowned with dark dank disapproval upon his bride of three months.

"I 'clare to goodness gracious, Clarissy," he remarked irritably, "automobiles is the on'y things you don't talk 'bout nothin' else but."

Clarissy pouted. "We is got money enough to buy us a car, honey. Lots of folks which ain't got as much as what we is got is got automobiles."

"Yeh—reckon they is. An' lots of folks is got bills which ain't paid, but we ain't. You jes' quit talkin' with yo' mouth bouten automobiles. 'Tain't gwine git you nowheres, an' ——"

"I could of had a automobile," flared Clarissy suddenly. "I sho' could of had a ninety-hawss-power Conley-Detroit if'n I had of chose."

The eyes of the toweringly skinny Anopheles narrowed. "Sometimes," he snapped, "I a'mos' wisht you had of went an' ma'ied that wuthless Adam Shooks."

"You ain't the on'y one!"

"The on'y one which?"

"The on'y one which wishes I had of ma'ied Adam. When I think of how I could of drove all roun' in his big car ——"

"You is got my premission, Missis Clarissy Ricketts, to do all the ridin' with Adam Shooks you wishes. The mo' you is with him the better I likes it, causen what that cullud man ain't got is no brains, an' soon's you git so you ain't thinkin' bouten his car all the time, you is gwine fin' that out."

"You ain't r'illy mean that?"

"Which?"

"Bouten I c'n go ridin' with Adam if'n he asts me?"

"Sho' nuff I means it. You c'n do anythin' you pleases previdin' you quits pesterin' me bouten we ain't got no automobile. Automobiles is like colds, Clarissy; they is easy to git an' hahd to git rid of. An' all along I is promised you that some day I was gwine buy you one—a reg'lar fine car. But right now I cain't affohd it, an' ——"

"You is got mo' money than Adam Shooks."

"Yeh! But I ain't in the taxicab business, an' he is. If'n he was to lose his car he'd have less money than what he is got now, an' I done heard he ain't got nothin'. Tha's what kin' of a man you is bein' sorry you ain't gone an' ma'ied. How much good you reckon joyrides would be doin' you if'n you ain't had no clothes to wear an' no food to eat? How much you reckon, huh?"

"I ain't so sho' that he ain't got money. With that big——"

"Haw!" snorted Anopheles. "It wa'n't on'y yestiddy he was tryin' to borry th'ee hund'ed dollars offen me to make the las' paymint on that ve'y same big car which he is got. Tha's what kin' of a man he is. Seems like a feller would have mo' se'f-respec' than to try an' borry money offen the man which ma'ied the gal he was engage' to."

Clarissy sighed resignedly. "We ain't on'y been ma'ied th'ee months," said she, "an' a'ready you is beginnin' to unlove me."

"'Tain't no such of a thing," he denied stoutly. "It's on'y that I loves you too much to go broke buyin' a automobile. Automobiles ain't nothin' on'y li'bilities, an' them is things I ain't pretickeler good frien's with these heah days."

"Jes' the same," she said, "if'n you loved me a heap I reckon you could git you one."

Anopheles stared hard at her. That sentence rankled. When he eased his gangling fleshless frame out of the front door a few minutes later it was still rankling.

Anopheles loved his wife; he loved her more than any other man had ever loved any other wife, and there was nothing that he would not do for her—nothing within reason, that is shoved his felt hat f back on an egg-shaped and passed a talonlike across a worried brow.

"The feller what said that all things to them which loves," he soliloquized, must of lived befo' automobiles was inven

Clarissy's passion for a car of her very worried him. He was a man of parts in l town, and the lack of a car was the only his ointment of domestic bliss. And he d see how he could buy a car without tyin a sum of money that was certain to cr his flourishing little tailoring business. made his way mournfully to the Greater Garage and bowed a lethargic howdy t portly white man who greeted him. As for gentleman, he bustled forward smilingly.

"You're the very man I wanted to Anopheles," he greeted. "I've kept my open and I've got the very car you want

"Yeh," came the dolorous answer, "you is got s ve'y cars which I want, but I ain't got the money w buys 'em."

The garage magnate rubbed moist palms together tuously. "This is different. I am about to put my h on a real bargain. It's a secondhand car, but I hav spected it carefully and it is better than the day it r out of the shop."

"Name' which?"

"A Rollins touring car. Only run three thousand m Don't need ten dollars' repair work. Five nonskid tire in perfect shape, electric starting and lighting, selec gear shift—three speeds forward and reverse, gen leather top and upholstery, demountable rims, s light ——"

"Heah! Hol' on there, Cap'n Kenney. You is got the idee in yo' haid that I is a millionaire."

"Haven't any such idea at all, Anopheles. I can this car for you as she stands for six hundred dollars."

"Six hund'ed ——" Anopheles perked up. "Term

The white man shook his head in slow n tion.

"No-o, the owner demands spot cash. the car is worth a thousand dollars, and —

"It could be w ten thousan' fo the good that me," gloom Anopheles. " been savin' ev'y try penny I c git a-holt of fo' pas' two mo 'thout tellin' wife I is doin' sa an' I is on'y got one hund'

"You might row ——"

"You knows as me, Cap'n K ney, what the po says 'bout d borrow no mo an' lend the sa amount. Beside secon'han' auto bile ain't no g as s'curity."

Captain Kenney was an ast white man and he knew his ored brethren. More, he k the outward symptoms of au mobile itch and he saw them tensified in Anopheles Ricke He stepped into the driver's s of his private car and motio Anopheles to a place beside h

"Huh!" He Said. "That Ain't Near as Hahd as the Tailorin' Business!"

The nky colored man glanced at him apprehensively.
"Wh you is gwine to?"
"In going to show you that Rollins car. It's the greatst bargain of the age. You've simply got to buy it!"
Te minutes later they parked before the Harden Gage. Captain Kenney led the elongated Anopheles bewee two lines of cars and came to a prideful stop before e Dllins.
Anopheles' eyes popped. His fingers twitched enviwas he took in the glories of the secondhand car scinar with a new coat of paint.
"Six hund'ed dollars," he muttered softly. "My Gawd! St Agnes—it's that cheap!"
Captain Kenney argued. He pleaded and cajoled. But opheles was nothing if not canny. He simply did not hav the money and there was an end to it. But he had qured an overwhelming love for the Rollins touring nd the last sentence of the garage man before they ortl remained graven in his mind:
"ll see that they hold the car a week, Anopheles. It's wderful bargain and I'd like to see you benefit by it."
Wat a car!
Anopheles trembled with delight as he envisioned himelf it the wheel of the Rollins; at the wheel of his new wonderful car, driving it up to the house as a rise for his delectable young wife.
Anopheles knew something about automobiles. He had wn almost every make of car at one time or another. Course he was not overly familiar with an automobile's nds, but he did know how to handle the wheel and gear shift. And he knew now—knew definitely and ositively, once and for all—that he wanted that Rollins ive-passenger, wanted it with a desire that was almost gizing. And he was grimly determined to stop at ting short of bankruptcy to get it.
It meant more to him than the mere satisfying of a ify whim. There was always Adam Shooks to be conded. Mr. Shooks was considerable man as men go; although he was inclined to embonpoint Anopheles was Adonis. There was just as much to him physically as he was to Adam, but the linear dimensions of Anopheles were astounding. If only he could raise an additional five hundred dollars.
With head bent forward on a pitifully inadequate neck he turned the corner of Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue. There was a collision and a grunt as the two men separated—one long and narrow, the other short and thick. The latter said.
"I'm dawg'd if'n that 'Nopheles Ricketts."
Anopheles grunted. "Howdo, Adam."
Mr. Shooks grinned amiably. "You is the very man I was lookin' to see."
"You wasn't lookin' for me, else you woul'n't a bumped into me just now."
Mr. Shooks gave his lengthy friend a playful nudge. "G'wan! 'Nopheles, you always was the humorestes' feller."
Anopheles eyed the fat one suspiciously.
Excessive friendliness on the part of Adam was a positive sign of financial difficulties in which Mr. Ricketts was not interested.
"What you want, Mistuh Shooks?"
"Want how?"
"You said you was lookin' fo' me."
"Ain't it the truth?"
"Fo' which?"
"We-e-ll"—Adam fidgeted in momentary embarrassment—"it's jes' a li'l matter of feenancial trouble."
"Huh! Seems like you an' money trouble is twins."
"Anyways, we knows each other when we passes."
"An' I ain't 'specially intrusted,"
"Yes you is. Ten puh cent intrus'."
"Ten puh cent don' git me nothin' if'n the principal that I lends don' never git returned back to me."
"Yeh, but this money will be."
"How much?"
"Two hund'ed dollars. I ast you fo' th'ee hund'ed the other day, but sence then I went an' won a hund'ed on the Blood Gig in Cap'n Jackson Ramsay's Pool an' Ginuine lott'ry, an' I on'y needs two hund'ed mo'. An' you knows well as me, 'Nopheles, that two hund'ed dollars ain't no money a-tall, countin' a man is got a heap of money like what you is got."
"Yeh—an' I di'n't git it by lendin' it out at ten puh cent intrus' 'thout no s'curity to no-'count cullud folks liken to what you is."
"Who says I ain't got no s'curity?"
"Who says you is?"
"I does."
"What 'tis?"
"My Conley-Detroit car. I owes th'ee hundred dollars on it, an' w'en tha's paid the car is all mine. I kin give you a mo'gage on it."
"Heap of good a mo'gage is gwine do me if'n the car gits bust' up."
"Tha's a swell car," pleaded Adam desperately. "Ninety-hawss power, in puffec' condition, an' guaranteed to make ninety miles a hour. They ain't a car in this heah State of Alabama which c'n come within twenty miles of that car's dust if'n I don' want."

Anopheles' Eyes Popped. His Fingers Twitched Enviously as He Took in the Glories of the Secondhand Car Scintillant With a New Coat of Paint

"An' they ain't a man c'n come within twenty miles of c'lectin' two hund'ed dollars from you if'n you ain't got it."
"But I will have it, previdin' I c'n make my las' payment on the automobile. It's them payments which has been holdin' me back from makin' a heap of money."
Anopheles looked at him sharply. "How long you wants this two hund'ed dollars fo'?"
"Six months."
"Ten puh cent intrus'?"
"You said it."
"An' if'n it ain't paid I c'n take yo' car?"
"You is tootin' now."
Anopheles placed hands in trousers pockets and teetered alarmingly as he gave himself over to a brief siege of intensive thought. "Hm!" he remarked at length. "A-ah hm!"
"You is gwine do it?"
Lack of due consideration was not one of Mr. Ricketts' besetting sins. He turned away—positively.
"See me down to my sto' at fo' 'clock this afternoon," he invited. "I'll give you an answer then."
"But, 'Nopheles ——"
"Fo' 'clock!" snapped Anopheles. "I done said it."
He reached his shop and inspected progress on a suit which his tailor had under construction. Well satisfied he made his way toward the door, seated himself in a chair, lighted a cigarette and picked up a copy of The Weekly Epoch.
Outside, Eighteenth Street—the Broadway of Birmingham's Darktown—seethed with traffic. Street cars jangled noisily by the door, an orchestrion blared its siren song into the air, newsboys shrilled their wares, an ebony mendicant strummed on a guitar and chanted the ancient and honorable lay of the jay bird that perched nudely on a hickory limb.
Anopheles Ricketts perused first the church news, then the lodge news, the social columns and finally the advertisements. And suddenly the forelegs of his chair banged to the ground and he stared at an advertisement that had been running in The Weekly Epoch through the last several issues; an advertisement suddenly pregnant with personal interest.
It told in large smeary type of a wonderful automobile race which was to be run of negroes, by negroes and for negroes at the State Fair Grounds at Fairview the following Saturday afternoon. Entries were invited. Admission, one dollar.
There were to be several minor dashes, but the grand event of the afternoon was a twenty-five-mile race round the one-mile dirt track, in which four noted negro professional drivers had entered. The prize was five hundred dollars. No entrance fee.
Anopheles Ricketts stared raptly into space, jaw slightly unhung, immense feet flat upon the floor, long fingers gripping knees of amazing skinniness. An idea had hit him and hit him hard. He didn't have to dovetail it; it was a scheme utterly flawless. But there was one thing that needed verification, and he rose suddenly, angled through the door and strode down the street with enormous space-eating strides.
He sought Florian Slappey and found him lounging before the Frolic Theater, the left lapel of his coat decorated with an enormous celluloid button bearing the inscription: Magic City Automobile Fast Racing Association—Chairman—Official.
Florian looked up without especial interest as Anopheles luffed into the wind and lost headway before him. Anopheles' eyes were popped open with excitement and his fingers were closing and opening nervously.
"Brother Slappey?"
The Beau Brummelish young negro looked up languidly from under a floppy Panama hat. He casually flipped a bit of dust from a flowered waistcoat, tenderly touched a purple necktie, inhaled a satisfying puff of Turkish blend and made answer: "Tha's the name I goes by."
"You is cheerman of this heah automobile races which is to be ran to the fair grounds Saddy afternoon?"
"I is."
"Does you know sumthin' bouten these heah fo' professional drivers which has a'ready entered?"
"I does."
"H-h-how fas' does their cars go?"
Florian gazed up in frank surprise. "How fas' does they go?"
"Tha's what I requested to know."
Mr. Slappey reached into an inner pocket of his pearl-gray suit and produced a batch of clippings. He glanced over several of them in an intently studious fashion. "The fastes' which any of 'em is ever made on a one-mile di't track, liken to the one at the fair grounds, is fifty-eight miles a hour fo' twen'y-five miles."
"Fifty-eight miles a hour? Is you shuah?"
"I is ontirely positive."
"Wiggilin' gol'fish! Why, that ain't no speed a-tall. If'n their cars cain't make no mo'n that, why —— Does you take any mo' entries fo' that twen'y-five-mile race?"
"We is always receptive to new cars up to Friday."
"How much entrance fee?"
"Fifty dollars deposit with the entry so's to insuah that the car will staht. Soon's it stahts the fifty stan's

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THE SELLING OF MR. BEEGIN

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MR. JOHN J. BEEGIN had attained an eminent position in business, in finance, in trust and corporation circles—by whatever means he had attained that position. There is no need to go into details. Mr. Beegin was eminent as aforesaid and necessarily—not to say consequently—he was rich—had millions. Of course he wasn't so rich as common and newspaper report made him. No millionaire is so much of a millionaire as he is said to be, because after a man gets a certain amount of money everything concerning his fortune is comparative, anyhow, and it is just as easy to say he is worth forty millions—and looks better in print—as it is to say he is worth but six, which is generally nearer the fact but not so newsy.

Mr. Beegin got his reputation as a Crœsus in the good old golden days before there were any of these harassing income, excess-profit, corporation and other disconcerting taxes that put such crimps in the bank rolls of the wealthy. He felt quite chesty and important every time he saw his name in print as a multimillionaire instead of a plain millionaire and would have been pleased to confer a good cigar on the reporter who made him such if there had been opportunity, which there wasn't because the reporters who put him down as "multi" did it not caring a hoot about Mr. Beegin but having an eye to the news value of their stories. The importance and news value of a man in this country come considerably from the amount of money he has. It is much easier for a Rockefeller to make the first page than for a Robinson, not because the Rockefeller deserves the front page so much mayhap as Robinson, but because Rockefeller has the added news interest of his millions. And so in his degree with every other rich man. We think a heap of money in this country. It is our patent of elevation. Our leading families are founded upon it. Our upper classes are sustained by it. It is our hall-mark of distinction and position—with the bulk of us, that is.

All There is to John J. Beegin is That He Has Been Skillfully Sold to the American People by a Most Astute and Intelligent Expert in That Line

Now, in these tax-haunted days there isn't so much nourishment in the public repute of being a millionaire as there used to be. No millionaire tries to be—publicly and in places where the internal-revenue sleuths can find it out—more of a millionaire than he is, and in fact endeavors to be less. We see no more of the press-agented pieces in the papers telling how Peter R. McGuffin has an income of so many tons of dollars a year, which is so much a day and so much an hour and so much a second, and if changed into quarters would reach to the moon and back six times and have enough left over for a luncheon check at a New York hotel. Peter R. McGuffin is not boasting of that now. He is, instead, having his shoes half-soled and is buying his shirts at a department store, and every time his press agent bursts into print it is to celebrate some such fact about Peter or to tell how the recent slump in the market practically made a pauper of him.

The Livest Problem of All

MR. BEEGIN would not confer a good cigar on the reporter now for referring to him as a multimillionaire, but would send round a box for a designation of him as a man of moderate wealth who has recently met with heavy reverses, thus making it easier for such tax dodging as Mr. Beegin may have in mind.

I once read a most interesting book entitled The Problems of the Very Rich. It was written in 1910 and made no reference to the greatest problem of them all, not then discernible perhaps but pressing and importunate now, which is to beat the Federal tax collector. If you desire to do a great and outstanding favor for one of your millionaire friends do not go about celebrating his wealth, but rather move from place to place mourning his poverty.

Excellent methods are known for decreasing inheritance taxes, as the scanning of the appraisal of the taxable estate of almost any defunct millionaire will show, but this helps the harried millionaire very little unless he can chuckle about it "across the river." What he needs is a method for tax beating that will give him surcease while he is up and about to enjoy it, for the greatest joy a millionaire has is to hang to his dollars—except those he distributes about for personal advertisement; and the second greatest joy is to grab the dollars of someone else—nickels and other small change neither despised nor overlooked.

Mr. Beegin was rich, even when measured by prewar and pretax standards and computations. He had done all the conventional rich things. When his money began coming in in chunks instead of dribbles he bought himself a private yacht, which is the initial demonstration of wealth in this country—the first thing a new millionaire does. He abandoned the yacht after a year or two because he couldn't get anyone to go cruising on it with him except his servants and his employees. He built himself a palace up the Hudson—maybe it was over on Long Island—and spent a good deal of his time putting out traps, nets, birdlime and snares for guests to go to it for week-ends and use the twenty-two bathrooms the newspaper articles made such a furor about.

He went in for art, becoming "a well-known collecter and connoisseur" as soon as he had sufficient credit at the banks to compete with other similar and equally well-known connoisseurs, and laid in many pictures and other objects of art, such as tapestries and specimen furniture and high-priced rugs and so on. He was entirely complacent in the usual millionaire attitude toward the arts, which is that the possession of money in sufficient quantities to buy over other bidders in the galleries automatically makes of the money possessor not only a critic of art but an authority upon it.

The way of the millionaire in this country is a broad way that has been trodden by many affluent feet and is plainly marked by signposts: "Here Buy Pictures," "Here Collect Porcelains," "Here Build an Ornate Town House," "Here Begin to Import Your Automobiles," and so on. Mr. Beegin was entirely conventional. He spent his money as the signposts dictated. He did all the usual millionaire things. He gathered his meed of publicity and induced additional publicity in these matters when he was running shy in the public prints. He was a millionaire after the approved and usual pattern. After a time all this palled.

There was but momentary satisfaction in kno that his agent had outbid the agent of Pete McGuffin for the purchase of an El Greco, par larly when Mr. Beegin wasn't quite sure in his own whether El Greco was an artist or the name of a so cheese.

He recalled the good joke on William Q. Bolus- joke that made all the millionaires laugh publicly made them all thankful privately for the providence had protected them from making that identical dis which Mr. Beegin confessed to himself he might have in similar circumstances; confessed to himself but n any other—and was loud in his jeers over William Q. B assumption of artistic knowledge and his humiliating of it when things came to a show-down. It seems that Bolus was one of a flock of millionaire guests at the h of a millionaire who was—as they all were—"a well-kn collector and connoisseur," and had his house full of various collections. As the millionaires came out f dinner William Q. Bolus, commenting in a most crit manner on the various exhibits on the walls and flo stopped at a doorway and took a quick and critical gla about a room where the choicest products of the own check book were on orgulous exhibition.

Mr. Bolus and His Bad Break

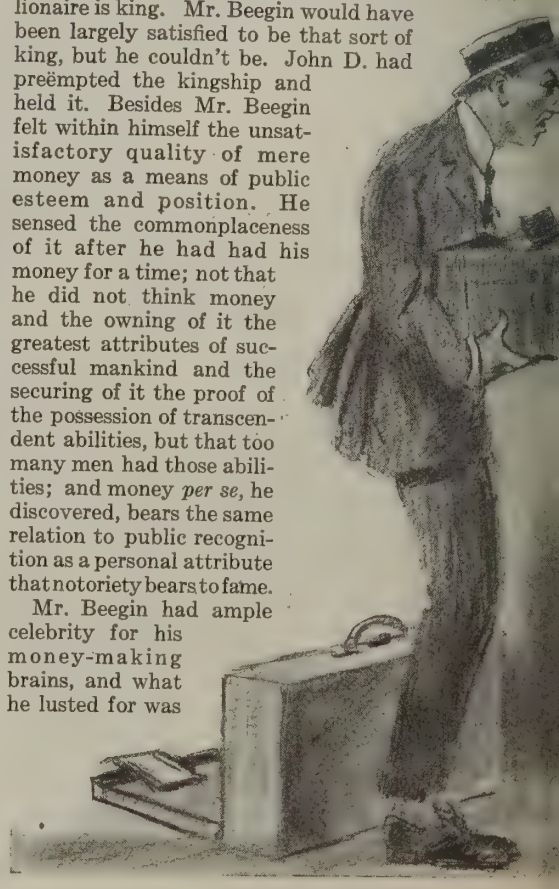
"SOME very fair things here," said Mr. Bolus, cor scendingly. "Some very fair things." He pointed table that stood across the room from him, twenty-fiv thirty feet away. "Now, there's that table, for exam I can see that's a good little thing. Why, with going nearer to it than this, or making a closer amination, I would give twenty-five thousand lars for that."

"You can have it," said the host. "I paid twe hundred for it last week."

It would have girded Mr. Beegin frightfully have made a break like that, and he watched artistic step constantly, but art was done to dea Every millionaire had his Old Masters on exhibiti There was nothing left in the garnering of a Re brandt or a Vandyke or a Gainsborough or any the rest of them. They all had them, or w passed for them, and so too with similar other stuff got a man nothing but casual inclusion in the he

What Mr. Beegin pined for, longed for, yearn for was distinction. He wanted recognition. A body could be rich and almost everybody was. about the age of fifty he had reached that state life which comes to practically every rich man—practically every very rich man at least. He want aspired to and longed for public recognition as son thing else than a rich man—and something more.

In the country of millionaires the billionaire is king. Mr. Beegin would have been largely satisfied to be that sort of king, but he couldn't be. John D. had preëmpted the kingship and held it. Besides Mr. Beegin felt within himself the unsatisfactory quality of mere money as a means of public esteem and position. He sensed the commonplaceness of it after he had had his money for a time; not that he did not think money and the owning of it the greatest attributes of successful mankind and the securing of it the proof of the possession of transcendent abilities, but that too many men had those abilities; and money *per se*, he discovered, bears the same relation to public recognition as a personal attribute that notoriety bears to fame.



Mr. Beegin had ample celebrity for his money-making brains, and what he lusted for was

proc—by public acceptance and consideration—of his possession of other sorts of brains also. The fact is that Mr. Beegin didn't have any other sort of brains, but he did not know or would not admit that, and he determined to become a prominent citizen in other than the money sens—to take part in public affairs, to procure a standing in his community and in the country as a thinker on pertinent and public topics, to gain thereby additional and pleasant mention in the press, to pose as a solver of pressing problems, to appear as a voice to be heeded in momentous affairs; in fine, to get into the limelight as a publicist and thereby get publicity, recognition, applause, consideration.

The great passion behind all this of course was Mr. Beegin's desire for intellectual respectability, for the applause esteem of his fellow men and probably for their repressed admiration and for the unexpressed but cultivated admiration of the people as a whole because of his establishment as a public man. He was tired of getting on the first pages of the newspapers merely because he was one of the most successful stock waterers in the country or because his son—son of John J. Beegin, the millionaire—had arrested for breaking traffic laws or ran away with a chorus girl or because of the acquisition of a carload lot of pearls or a tapestry out of Windsor Castle or in some other way based exclusively on his millionairishness. He was keen on publicity, but he wanted another sort now. He wanted to be a leader of thought as well as a leader of Wall Street. He wanted to say things that the people would heed. He wanted to be a force. He wanted to be interviewed by the reporters when a pressing public topic was under consideration. Likely as not back of it too was the idea that he might in some way gain distinction by obtaining dignified office—round out his career that way.

The Vanity That Money Brings

JOHN J. BEEGIN differed in this in no way from a great many of the men of his type. The accumulation of much money breeds in many men a vanity that urges them to pose as having other sorts of brains than money brains, not because they have any particular admiration for any other sorts of brains than money brains but because they desire after a time that additional publicity is to be gained only by the exhibition of other sorts of brains than money brains. The status of being a millionaire in this country still has and does still exalt the news value of millionaires and is nevertheless an ordinary status because often all there is to making money is to think of nothing but money—money-making—and it will come.

Of course this does not mean that any person—any child—can do it, but given a fair endowment of business brains, not the tremendous heritage of a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt or a Frick—a reasonable supply of money talent and any person thus supplied can make money in quantities, provided—and this is the important part of the prescription—he will devote himself to money-making and to nothing else—nothing. His labor at the task must be constant, unremitting, unchanging, perpetual. When held to the exclusion of every other interest money-making in these premises becomes a simple process. Most men who seek to make money as an incident in life rather than as the sole object of life fail to accumulate it in large amounts. Any person who starts on the line indicated here and not behind it can make money—who will think of nothing but money-making.

However, the status of being a millionaire brings publicity, and the desire for publicity feeds on the obtaining of it; that is, publicity of the sort that usually in this country goes with money, not of course the obverse side of it—the playing up of incidental scandals and so on in the press. A millionaire, seeing himself an object of note in the papers because he is rich, soon begins to think himself an object of note notwithstanding his richness. He isn't usually, but he thinks he is, and to emphasize that and prove it he often endeavors to show his hitherto concealed abilities in other directions. Naturally and logically his endeavors take the trend of public service, of the discussion of public questions, of participation in public affairs, of pronouncements on state, national and international topics. He has already done all that is necessary in the way of private service. He has his. Wherefore it is but natural that he should seek to advise the people, not only how to get theirs but how to minister theirs, how to conduct their affairs, how to run the country. He has been successful in running a trust or a bank or a corporation or in some other branch of expert and plenteous money getting. The fact that running a government in a country where the party system of politics obtains is somewhat different from running a corporation does not appeal to him.

And the thing that does appeal to him is the added publicity, the increased recognition he may get by breaking into public affairs.

John J. Beegin had thought of this considerably. His mind and manner of being were not different from the minds and manners of being of various other successful men who had bloomed forth as national voices of one sort or another and were getting much publicity therefrom. He, like most of the rest of them, was through with money-making—had enough. Therefore, having enough for himself it was time for him to march forward to the support of the country—or to its direction, which amounts to the same thing and procures pleasant mention in the public prints. He had been in the game too long not to know his advantage as a millionaire with the newspapers and the public educated by the newspapers in the way of having a foundation, a potential value over the man who merely has something to say and is unsupported by a bank account and a corporation or banking record.

It is quite true that Mr. Beegin had nothing in particular to say to the people, nor was he likely to have anything particular to say. His own mental processes considered, he had no message or any excuse for one save the huge desire to deliver one and get himself mentioned as so doing. He would have been vastly interesting if he had made public exposition of just how he made his money, but there was personal danger and not personal acclaim in that. Nor had he any particular manner of expression that would entitle him to a hearing. Mr. Beegin's experience and practice in English composition largely comprised the writing of short snappy letters beginning: "Yours received and contents noted. In reply would say ——" As a public speaker he had made a few stammering appearances, but to all impressive ends was inarticulate. He was concise, emphatic, informed on his own business in his board rooms, but he never had spoken more than a few minutes at a time in his life nor said more to an interviewing reporter than: "I have nothing to say." This was the truth usually, for concerning most of the things about which the inquiring reporters tried to interview him the less said the better.

He had the usual miscellaneous and distorted information about public affairs that many men of his sort have, gained mostly from headlines in conservative papers. He deprecated what his associates deprecated and upheld what they upheld. He had no idea as to government except that he thought Congress was always giving business the worst of it, nor any of statecraft.

Of the Great Number of Eminent Americans Who Hastened to Washington to Help Win the War a Very Considerable Proportion Apparently Were Obsessed of the Idea That the Way to Win the War Was to Talk Without End, With Action Incidental

Full of Platitudes

HE THOUGHT the Government that was in—either national, state or local—was rotten, but had never bestirred himself to do anything about it but complain. He was full of platitudes, full of his own sort of profitable political economy, constantly repeating things he had heard other men say. He had no originality of thought or expression. But also he was Millionaire Beegin instead of plain Mr. Beegin, and his vanity was great and his desire to gratify that vanity greater.

The ruling passions among certain millionaires, next to acquisitiveness, are envy and jealousy. They stick together in a business way, but they are sore perturbed when a fellow millionaire puts over a deal they have no share in, builds a bigger

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Peter R. McGuffin is Now Having His Shoes Half-Soled and Every Time His Press Agent Bursts Into Print it is to Celebrate Some Such Fact About Peter

THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTO

XVI

THE powerful torch flashing on trees and underbrush made swift progress possible. Striking the lane, Diana at his heels, the peddler broke into a run. Diana was not sure whether or not he was conscious of her following him, for she might have been Torp for all the notice he took of her. She knew that he must be furious at his humiliating failure, while her own disobedience of his strict injunction to remain in the house must have added to his anger.

Halfway down the lane he struck across the open woods, Diana still following, though she could not have told just why. She had thrown her pride overboard, as the captain of a ship caught aback might jettison a deckload in a squall. She wanted to know what was going to happen next, but even more she wanted a kind word, or to say one. They reached the edge of the road and the torch flashed on the tandem motorcycle.

The peddler jerked it upright and started to wheel it out onto the highway.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I want to go with you. I can ride that thing. Please! You might want to send a message."

"All right. Hop on! Perhaps you're right. I'm not so infallible as I thought."

Diana mounted. The road was level here, and running the machine for a few yards the peddler started the motor, leaped into his seat, and a moment later they were tearing along faster than Diana had ever gone over the road before. The broad back of the peddler made her a windshield, and thus, close to the ground and unable to see ahead with the pitchy darkness rendering objects on either side a mere blur as they whizzed past, Diana felt as though she were sitting astride a twelve-inch shell in full flight.

Evidently there was desperate need of haste. Diana rightly guessed that the peddler was racing against the speed launch back to the De Vallignacs'. Doubtless he felt that with Patricia knowing their operations to be discovered the criminal band might take its flight.

The distance by water, which is to say in a straight line, was about eight miles, but over the road it was easily fourteen, and there were some dangerous points where it would be necessary to slow down. Diana knew the De Vallignacs' launch to be very swift and it seemed to her that their chances of beating it were rather poor. Apparently the peddler thought so too, judging from the pace he struck. The first short spurt of two miles carried them to the crest of Oak Hill, and here he was obliged to slow down or follow James' example and land the motorcycle in the tree tops.

They got safely to the bottom and hit the steep rise opposite at a speed that made Diana feel as though she had exchanged the twelve-inch shell for a mortar bomb of high trajectory, and as they scurried across the plateau all coherent thought was swept away in the rush of air. She could only cling and pray that the hammering machine would hold together, and the peddler manage to keep it on the road. They tore through the town, where a couple of policemen shouted something peremptory and impolite, and of which the final clause could not catch up with them. The railroad crossing was open and the motorcycle hit the first rail and jumped the rest. Their passage of the road beyond reminded Diana of a motion picture worked at full speed, and she wondered dumbly what kept the fabric under her from flying apart and how many hundred yards away and in how many different pieces they might pick her up if it should.

Nevertheless, she was not actually afraid. There is an exhilaration about high speed which seems to deaden the centers of apprehension. Also, despite his recent failure, she had infinite faith in the squarely framed figure against which she crouched. She was actually beginning to enjoy the wild ride when she discovered that they had struck the broad avenue on which was the De Vallignac house. The peddler cut off the motor and let the machine run silently past it, then braked in front of the place adjoining. He got down and assisted Diana to alight.

"Wait here!" said he, and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Diana wheeled the motorcycle to a tree, against which she leaned it, also herself, for her head was whirling. Two or three people passed and gave her a curious stare as she turned her back to them.

Then a policeman crossed the road and came briskly up to where she stood.

"You're under arrest," said he gruffly.

"For what?" Diana asked.

"For not stopping when hailed at Fairs Crossing. Breaking the speed limit by about ninety miles an hour. Say, you must have been coming some. Where's the other fellow?"

"He'll be back in a minute," said Diana.

"What is this anyhow—an elopement?" asked the c stable.

"Not exactly."

"Been cracking another safe?"

"Try again," said Diana.

The policeman flashed his light in her face, stared fo moment and gave a little whistle. Diana guessed he recognized her as the sister of the man under suspicion the burglaries. She laughed.

"I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

"Mebbe, and mebbe not. Your brother with you, M Kirkland?" He raised his whistle to his lips.

"Don't do that!" said Diana sharply, for she felt t a police whistle at that moment might work damage to peddler's plans, and feeling that this should be preven at all costs, she added: "Wait until the chief comes bac

"What chief?" he asked, the whistle still against his li

"Clamp, the peddler."

He stared at her for a moment, then let fall his arm.

"Oh—so it's him! Say, what's up, Miss Kirkland?"

"Ask the peddler," said Diana, and as she spoke a d figure pushed through the lilac bushes and came across path. The policeman straightened up and saluted. Cla returned the salute mechanically.

"Willis," said he, "slip down to the De Vallign boathouse and see that nobody leaves the place by wat Don't let yourself be seen if you can help, and don't int fere with anybody who may land. You're armed of course

"Yes, sir."

"Stay there until I send somebody to relieve you. they try to get away in their car, let them go. The ro are watched. Mind your step now, and don't do anythi foolish. Just see that nobody gets off in a boat."

"Very good, sir."

The peddler took the motorcycle from the tree a turned to Diana. "We've got a little farther to go, M Kirkland," said and helped her mount.

A moment la they were speedi swiftly down t broad avenue.

"Is everything right?" Dia asked.

"It is and it isn't he answered ov his shoulder, a with this ambiguo reply gave his u divided attention running the m chine.

They passe through the tow then turned off on road which led dow to the end of t cape. Here the pe dler gave the mot cycle its spee again. Trees a fences smeared pas and presently Dia saw the glint of t water across t moorland at h right, with the twi kling riding ligh of boats at anch and the distant fla of a lighthouse.

When almost the end of the poi the peddler stopp and they both g down. The peddl offered her his han

"This way," sa he. "Look out y don't get a fa This place is full rocks and holes."

They starte across a sort moor. The groun was very rough, b the peddler did n avail himself of h

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"You're Under Arrest for Breaking the Speed Limit by About Ninety Miles an Hour. What is This Anyhow—an Elopement?"

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

VII

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

I MADE my real entry in the racing world at New Orleans. I can assure you that this day of days was one full of excitement and interest for me. I was entered in a five-eighth dash for all ages. It was what is called a condition so framed all the contests will have nearly an equal race as possible and based on previous performances and I was asked to carry one hundred and five pounds. My master wanted to ride me himself, and as he ordinarily weighed a hundred and ten pounds he had to get on the road and do some reducing. Added to this he did not eat anything but bread and toast for a couple of days previous to the event.

In this connection I might say that the life of a rider who commences to put on weight and is desirous of keeping on to the scale where he can accept the ordinary run of mounts that are offered him is not by any means a bed of roses. To begin with, a growing boy is nearly always hungry, and very few of the riders have attained their full growth. As a usual thing they outgrow their usefulness as jockeys long before they reach their majority.

Some of the very best riders we ever had on the American turf, and for that matter some of the best on the other side of the water, came to an untimely end because they persisted in reducing until they undermined their natural strength and constitution. The famous English jockey, Fred Archer, and Fitzpatrick and many others in this country who could be mentioned were notable examples.

I have heard my master say that the last year James McLaughlin rode he tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds in the wintertime and rode as low as one hundred and fifteen the following summer. But it was punishment of the worst kind and he had sense enough to give it up before he experienced permanent ill effects.

I guess my master had a pretty tough time getting off that extra five pounds. He used to bundle up in four suits of woolen underclothing, over which he would draw his ordinary clothes and over his coat would then pull a thick sweater. After that he would hit the road and jog five or six miles before he came back to the stable again. Barney begged him not to do so, as he was not of exceptionally rugged physique, but he said he was going to ride me my first day or know the reason why. As it was, I carried a pound overweight because my master could not possibly get rid of the extra avoirdupois.

If I do say so myself, I looked mighty fine going over to the saddling paddock. Ribbons of the racing colors were plaited in my mane and Barney had polished my coat until it looked like bronze copper. Whenever the sun hit it, it went to purples and pink with a dash of gold. Grassy went over to the paddock with me, because they thought I would get feel nervous if he came along. And this is a mighty good idea with colts starting for the first time, because if they have some of their own folks with them they don't pay much attention to the strange surroundings or the noise of the crowd or band playing and all the unusual scenes and excitement surrounding the race track.

Grassy kept on giving me advice and telling me not to be nervous. He said when I was at the post it would be a good idea to look out for the other horses' heels and to do one of two things—either to keep so far away that the horse next me could not possibly kick me, or to get so close to him that he could not hurt me if he did.

For an Instant I Did Not See How I Could Possibly Stand This Strain, But the Feeling of Panic Passed Away as it Came and I Buckled Down to My Work Again

I reminded Grassy that I was pretty handy with my heels myself and that if they started anything with me they would have to finish it, but he said that that would be all right, only I was going out there to win races, not to fight. Grassy explained that it was always better to do the thing you started out to do, without figuring on doing something else. He said that lots of folks never got anywhere because they were always figuring on the side issues and not on the main thing. Grassy's philosophy was that there was very little in the old saying about looking out for the pennies and the pounds would take care of themselves. He said it was best to look out for the pounds and if you get enough of them you won't have to count your pennies.

I walked round the paddock for ten or fifteen minutes with a light sheet thrown over me. I had already been saddled. The other horses who were to race with me were kept walking round too. Some of the stable boys who knew Barney appeared to take quite an interest in my début and I think a few of them bet on me. I knew my master and the major also had bets down and the price was a long one, as it was my first start and nobody knew anything about what I could do.

After a while a man came along and blew a bugle and another big red-faced man came round and yelled to the jockeys to mount. My master came into the stall about that time and Barney gave him a leg up on me. He had a new racing jacket on and looked what Grassy called pretty nifty for a rider. Then Barney took me by the chin strap and led me as far as the gate which opened onto the track. We all paraded in single file up past the grand stand and then turned round and cantered to the post. My master kept talking to me all the time, just as he used to do when we were out galloping. I was not a bit nervous and felt that I could run as fast as anybody's horse that day. Then we went over to the post where we were all lined up back of the webbing which formed the barrier, and the starter was calling to our riders to line us up and to come toward him walking.

Some of the horses did not do this, but cavorted and turned and twisted until we all got into a terrible tangle. One of them reared and pitched and finally threw his rider. He did not hurt him, however, but we all had to wait until one of the girths was fixed, which caused considerable delay. I did not like this, as the tension was beginning to tell on me. I had remembered all my master taught me and had stood perfectly still, facing the barrier, until we were all called on to move up by the starter. Finally the boy on the fractious horse was mounted again and the starter's assistants commenced trying to line us up.

I guess they must have been a pretty bad bunch, because it seemed that they would never get them all headed the same way at the same time. Then the boys who were helping the starter seemed to lose their tempers. They both had long-lashed whips and one of them struck me across the hind leg when I was standing perfectly still. My master yelled to him not to hit me, as I was acting all right, but the roughneck down on the track swore back at him and said he would show him.

Barney had come over to the post and was standing inside the fence. He was belligerent as usual, and yelled to the starter's assistant that he would settle with him for hitting me. This appeared to make that individual more angry then ever, because just as the horses got straightened out and the barrier lifted he drew back his whip and struck me along the flank as hard as he could.

It was a cruel and uncalled-for blow. I had never been hit like that in my life before and did not know just what to make of it. So, acting on the impulse of the moment, I backed up as quickly as I could toward where this brute was standing and tried to reach him with my heels. I almost succeeded in doing so too.

Of course by this time the rest of the field had raced away and I was too far behind to catch them, so my master just cantered me round to the grand stand. He did not seem to blame me for what I had done, and for that matter Grassy did not either, except that he voiced the opinion that it might have been better to attend to the business on hand and to wait for some future time for a settlement with the assistant starter. I guess he was right, but under the circumstances I did not feel that I was much to blame.

When the starter got back to the judges' stand he told my master that he had put me on the schooling list, which is the racing term used when that official is of the opinion that a horse needs further education at the barrier before he is allowed to start in other races.

My master told him that I was well schooled, but he replied by saying that his assistant had said that I had given him more trouble than any horse in the bunch and had refused to break when the barrier lifted. There was enough truth in this, of course, to color it, which was about all one could say for it. And I still bore a big welt along my side where I had been struck with the heavy-lashed whip.

In those days—and I believe it is so still—it was entirely at the discretion of the official starter to keep a horse as

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XXII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WINT CHASE had lived very comfortably that winter in Amos Caretall's home, with old Maria Hale to take care of him. In the beginning, when Amos went away, he had protested at this arrangement. He told Amos he would go to a hotel, to a boarding house, hire a room somewhere. He said he would not impose on Amos by living on his bounty.

Amos laughed at him and said Wint would not be living on anyone's bounty. "I aim to charge you board and keep," he said. "And that's velvet for me because I'd keep the house going anyway. Got to, to keep old Maria. If I ever let go of her somebody'd grab her in a minute."

Wint knew it was Amos' habit to keep the house open and Maria in it, even when he and Agnes were both away; so he accepted the proposition. The board which Amos required him to pay was nominal; and Wint wanted to pay more. Amos shook his head.

"First thing you want to learn, Wint, is never to pay a man more than he asks, for anything. He'll think you're a blamed fool."

So Wint had been comfortable. Maria knew how to cook, she kept the house neat, she picked up after Wint's disorderliness, and she mothered Wint as her kind know how to do.

He was comfortable but he was lonely — desperately lonely. Wint was a convivial young man. He liked to be with people. He had never been much in his own exclusive company. Someone said that it is not good for man to be alone; but it is equally true that it is not good for a man never to be alone. Solitude is good for the soul. It gives an opportunity for a certain amount of thought, for taking stock of oneself. If everyone could be persuaded to an hour's solitary self-consideration each day the world would be bettered thereby. It is hard to deceive yourself. Wint found out the truth of this in his solitary evenings that winter. He found himself forced to face facts and face them squarely; he found himself forced to recognize his own mistakes.

Thus his loneliness did no harm; but it did make him uncomfortable. The fact that he was much alone resulted from two or three circumstances and causes. His father had cast him out; so he saw his father and mother not at all. And he had been accustomed to see them every day, nearly all his life. It is true there had usually been little pleasure for him in these encounters. His father's harshness, his mother's garrulous tongue—had irked and angered him. They had worked at cross purposes, as families are apt to do. There had been little obvious sympathy and understanding between them. Nevertheless, Wint found that he missed them; that he missed his father's overbearing accusations and his mother's interminable talk. Once or twice when he met her on the street he stopped to talk with her; and he took a certain comfort from the flow of breathless reproaches that poured out upon him at these times. Mrs. Chase was as unhappy that winter as a mother must be when her son is set apart from her; but she was loyal to her husband and reproached Wint for his disloyalty.

Chase Touched Her Shoulder, Awkwardly Comforting Her. "It's All Right, Mother," He Said. "He's Coming Home"

Wint missed Joan too. He missed her enormously. There was never any doubt that Joan was half the world to him. He had longed for her desperately at times; he had wanted to go and abase himself before her. But he would not; he was strong enough to keep to his own path. And Joan kept to hers.

The fact that Wint and Joan were thus at odds made Wint an awkward figure in any group of young people, because Joan was almost sure to be there. He knew this as well as anyone. So when Dick Hoover asked him to go to the dances he refused because Joan would be there; and when Elsie Jenkins asked him to a card party he refused again, for the same reason. But he did not tell Dick and Elsie what this reason was. As a consequence people quit asking him to the festivities of Hardiston, and Wint was left solitary.

Solitary, and lonely. He was so lonely, that night of Elsie's party, that he walked past her house for the sheer hungry joy of looking in through her windows at the throng inside. He often walked about the town in the evenings, thus. Sometimes it was to pass Joan's home. And he did a deal of thinking and of wondering; and he made a resolution or two.

When Joan spoke to him, asked him to come to see her, Wint experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. He was unhappy, and he told himself he would ne[ver] go; and he went uptown and dropped in [on] B. B. Beecham and had that innocuous [and] idle talk with the editor, which never touc[hes] on his troubles at [all]. Nevertheless, W[int] emerged from [the] Journal office in[to] more cheerful fra[me] of mind. People w[ho] apt to be more che[er]ful and more o[p]mistic and m[ore] resolved after talk[ing] with B. B. This [is] one of his virtues.

Wint decided af[ter] leaving B. B. that [he] would go and [see] Joan—sometime. [He] decided he would [not] be in any hurry ab[out] it. Next month, p[er]haps; or next we[ek] or in a day or two.

As might have be[en] expected, the end [of] it was that he w[ent] to see her that nig[ht]. For Wint was s[till] half boy, with a bo[y's] impatience; and [he] had been lonely [for] Joan for so lo[ng]. After supper, wi[th] the long evening [be]fore him and nothi[ng] to do, he thought [of] going to Joan. [He] swore he would[n't] go; but he want[ed] to, so badly. W[hy] shouldn't he? S[he] had asked him. [He] wouldn't, and [he] would, and [he] wouldn't, and [he] would.

In the end he [de]cided to walk out [to] her home and see [if] he could see h[er] through the windo[w]. There was snow [on] the ground; it w[as] fairly cold. He bu[n]dled up in overc[oat] and cap and filled [his] pipe and lighted [it] and set out. [He] would just walk pa[st] the house, come ba[ck] another way, go [to] bed.

But even while he tried to tell himself this was what [he] meant to do he knew that he would not come back witho[ut] seeing Joan, if the thing were possible. And when he g[ot] to the house he saw that it was possible. The shades we[re] up at the sitting-room window; he could see her readi[ng] before the fire. She was alone.

So Wint went reluctantly up the walk from the stre[et] and he hesitated at the steps, and then he went up t[he] steps, stamping, and knocked at the door. He heard Jo[an] stirring inside. Then the door opened and Joan was th[ere] before him. The light behind her shone through her ha[ir] her eyes were dark and steady.

The light fell on his face and she said quietly: "Hel[lo] Wint. I'm—glad you came."

Wint took off his cap and held it in his hand. S[he] thought he looked very like a boy. He said nothing; a[nd] Joan moved a little to one side and bade him come in. [He] went in like a man walking in his sleep, and she shut t[he] door behind him. Wint stood in the hall as though he c[ould] not know what to do. He wanted to run; but the do[or] was shut.

She said: "Take off your coat." So he did, and laid [it] on a chair in the hall and put his cap on top of it.

Joan told him to come into the sitting room; and he sa[id] huskily: "All right."

So they went in and sat down together before the fi[re]. And Wint wished he had not come. He crossed his le[gs] one way, then he crossed them the other. He folded [his]

rmshe folded his hands in his lap, he cleared his throat, he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. He did not look at Joan; but Joan watched him, and by and by she smiled a little, and her smile seemed like a caress upon his bent head.

Wint said abruptly: "Your people all right?"

"Yes," Joan told him.

He muttered angrily that that was good; and silence fell upon them again. He twisted in this silence, like a caterpillar on a pin. He was immensely relieved when she spoke at last.

"What shall we talk about, Wint?" she asked steadily. "Do you want to talk about your—fight? What you are in?"

"No," he said dourly, staring at the fire.

Joan watched him, not resenting his sullenness, because she had understanding. After a little she said gently: "I saw our mother the other day."

Wint shot a quick glance at her. He could not help it. "Is it so?" he asked.

Joan nodded, and she smiled a little wistfully. "Yes. She misses you. She and your father."

"They haven't told me so," said Wint morosely.

"Have you talked with them?" she asked.

"No. My father ——" For the life of him he could not stifle the choke in his voice. "No, I haven't, " he said.

"You couldn't of course," she agreed. And she looked at him sidewise. "Of course if you went to them your father would think you were trying to make up. You couldn't do that." There was an anxiety in her eyes; the anxiety of the experimenter. Wint went by contraries. Joan knew quite clearly what she wanted; she wanted him to go to his father. Was this the way to lead him to make the first move?

She was frightened at what she had done when he looked at her angrily. "See here," he said. "Do you want me to go to him? Do you think I ought to?"

She was so frightened that she could not speak; but she nodded. Wint barked at her: "Then why don't you say so? I'm sick of having people make me do things by telling me not to."

"I wasn't trying to—make you do it, Wint," she said; and she was almost pleading.

"You were; and you know it," he told her flatly. "Weren't you, now? Secretly trying to make me?"

Joan could not lie to him. "Y-yes," she said.

"Then come out with it," Wint demanded; and he got up and stamped about the room, and words burst from him. "Joan," he exclaimed, "I've been a fool, and I know it. Am one still, I suppose. Hate to be preached to and told what I must do, and mustn't. You know that. Result is, I'm always in trouble. Jack Routt, best friend I've got, does me more harm than my worst enemy—just trying to keep me straight. I've always known it, in a way. Knew I was a fool. But I've been just contrary enough to refuse to be preached to. That's the way I'm made. Only, for God's sake, don't you start trying to manage me." He hesitated, groping for words, and his voice was suddenly weary and lonely as he said: "You ought to be able to talk straight, to me, Joan."

She did not answer for a moment; then she said simply: "I'm sorry, Wint. I was wrong."

That took the wind out of him. He had hoped she would argue with him. He wanted an argument, wanted a hot combat of words; he was full of things that he wanted to say—to show her, justify himself to her. But you can't argue with a person who agrees with you. He sat down as abruptly as he had risen and stared again at the fire.

Joan asked after a time: "Are you sure Jack Routt is really your friend, Wint?"

"Of course," he said, looking at her. "Why not? What do you mean?"

"I don't like him."

He laughed. "A girl never does like a man's friends. Jack's all right. He's a prince."

"Is he?"

"Sure he is."

Joan said no more about Routt. She spoke of other things, trivial things; and for an hour she and Wint managed to talk easily enough without touching on forbidden ground. It was not till he got up to go that they spoke seriously again. She had helped him on with his coat.

At the door he faced her; and he asked: "Joan, d'you really think I ought to—patch things up at home?"

She answered him straightforwardly: "Yes, Wint."

He looked past her, eyes thoughtful; and at last he held out his hand.

"Well, good night," he said. "Maybe I will."

They shook hands, and he went out and tramped swiftly back to Amos' house. There was a bounding elation in him; his head was in the stars.

XXIII

WINT had thought of going to his father before he talked with Joan. He had tried advances now and then. Once he met the elder Chase on the street and stopped to talk with him, but his father passed by with a curt word of greeting. Another time he saw Chase in the Journal office and went in. Chase and B. B. Beecham were talking together; but when Wint went in his father got up and departed. Wint had said: "Don't let me drive you away. I just happened in."

But the senior Chase said: "I was going anyway," and he went.

These incidents had roused the old resentment in Wint, but they had hurt him more than they had angered him. And the hurt persisted, though the resentment died. He found excuses for his father. He blamed himself; and he thought of ways of approaching the older man with some hope of success, and discarded them one by one.

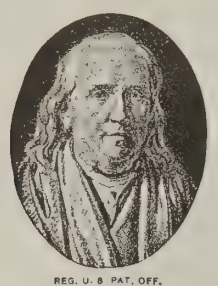
Seeing Joan gave him new confidence in himself. She had let him come to see her; his father could do no less. Wint had no illusions as to Joan. He understood that she wanted to help him, wanted to be proud of him; but he understood also that he was on probation. He had not proved himself in her eyes. That must come with time. They had talked frankly enough together; but—they had merely shaken hands at parting. That was all; that was all he had any right to expect. He could wait—and work—for the rest.

It was much that she had asked him to come to her. It meant that he was no longer outcast in her eyes; and the

(Continued on Page 125)

"You Haven't Got a Dime to Give a Man, Have You, Mayor, Your Honor? Just a Dime, Your Honor"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1919

Striking Thirteen

LABOR has been striking twelve. But as this is written there is an ominous whirring of wheels and shifting of balances in its organization. Will it keep right on and strike thirteen or continue the round of orderly progress? Thirteen would be one strike too many.

No man is so powerful that he can use power immoderately. In the exaltation of success emperors, capitalists and workingmen alike are liable to delusions of grandeur. But behind and before success is failure. It took the Hohenzollerns less than fifty years to go from Versailles as conquerors to Versailles as conquered. More power, more money, more rights, demanded at the expense of their neighbors and at the point of a gun, changed earned success into inevitable failure. The whole German disaster was due to a colossal case of swelled head.

The wise woodsman blazes a trail back to safety as he advances. When he finds himself in a box cañon he retraces his steps. Only the superman tries to go on—and so proves that there are no supermen.

During the past five years the reasonable and sometimes the unreasonable demands of organized labor have been granted almost uniformly. Employers have met men in a new and friendlier spirit. A majority of them have been sincerely anxious to do the fair thing, and they have been trying to educate the boneheaded minority. Granted that capital still has a long way to go, it has at least been moving in the right direction. It is prepared to move even farther when it can see the road ahead clear and straight. Granted, too, that in many instances organized labor has accelerated the pace of capital, the progressive employer and the thinking employee have been steadily getting together of their own accord. The millennium is not here, but higher wages, better living and working conditions are.

Capital and labor would get together much faster if so many people did not find profit and position in keeping them apart. Capital has been too mercenary, but labor has had too many mercenaries. On occasion both have used their power without that restraint and sense of duty that alone justify the exercise of power; also, without that sense of prudence that should guide one who lacks a sense of justice. Whoever would use a club should remember that his adversary, too, will inevitably arm himself with a club, and that it may prove the stouter weapon.

Capital, like the Kaiser, has only itself to blame for many of its ills. In the race to expand industries and increase dividends it has been willing to admit almost any kind of alien. He might have as little brain as a gorilla, if he had the muscle of one. This mess of ignorance has in turn been capitalized by the Russo-German reds and is declaring an unwelcome extra dividend—Bolshevism.

Friends of labor hope that it will keep what it has justly won, but even more that it will keep its head. Capital has had its day of arrogance and indifference to the rights of others. It is learning that it has been traveling a blind trail that ends in a quicksand. Germany went forth to garner for itself all the sunshine, and ended in outer darkness. If labor becomes careless of the justice of its demands and indifferent to the rights of others, if it strikes thirteen, it will find that it has struck once too often. After thirteen one goes back to zero and a painful period of reconstruction.

Since the world began the public has been damned time after time, but it will not stay damned. In the end it has always "got" the damners, be they Hebrew, Roman or Russian, emperor, capitalist or workingman. There is nothing new about this politely phrased "world unrest." It was all tried out by the Old Testament Israelites. They, too, had their demigods and demagogues, their foolish Kaiser Bills and their Plumb-foolish bills.

For its own selfish good labor should not try to unionize men who cannot under any circumstances be unionized with propriety, unless our Government ceases to be democratic and American and becomes autocratic and Russian. In a republic that is based on law and order many things cannot be tolerated that may be perfectly proper in a country that is ruled by a lawless mob. One of these things is the domination of the police by any power outside the duly elected and legally constituted authorities. This is a clear-cut issue that there is no blinking; so fundamental that no compromise on it is possible. If the police are answerable to any power outside the duly elected authorities, then that power can at its pleasure turn over our cities to thugs, thieves and murderers, unless—and there is always that unless for alien lawlessness to face—the blood of old America still runs in the veins of Americans.

If it can be said of any human affair that there is nothing to arbitrate it can be said of a policemen's strike. Organized labor is either for organized government or it is for anarchy. It is either American or Russian. There are many questions about our policemen to be settled—questions of graft, politics, wages and hours—but the sanctity of their oath is not one of them. If on mature reflection organized labor is behind policemen who betray their trust it has struck thirteen and gone on the loose.

If labor with its votes and its influence will concern itself with the election of honest city officials and the elimination of wasteful and grafting methods it can directly benefit every citizen, instead of those small and selfish minorities for whom it so often exercises its power to the detriment of the majority. Incidentally there will be more money in city treasuries for living salaries.

Finally, organized labor must be asked what obligations it recognizes to the unorganized public. That question is ever more insistently coming up in the minds of that great majority who share the costs without sharing the profits of all these strikes, sympathetic and unsympathetic. Heretofore the answer has been: Become class conscious, organize and "take yours." The trouble with this program is that the more people become class conscious the harder it is to "take yours," because the others want to keep "theirs" and take some of yours. In every man there is a dual class consciousness, one grabbing for more, the other intensely resentful because the other fellow by reason of his own grabbing is making worthless what you get in the scramble.

In the end too much unionization becomes as ineffective as too little. It tends to nullify itself. Though the strike was always a stupid weapon, so long as it was confined to the business in which the grievance existed and inflicted only trivial and incidental damage on a few innocent bystanders it could be defended. But with the advent of the joy strike, the sympathetic strike and the general strike, prostrating whole industries and communities because some workmen are unreasonable or some employers boneheaded, a substitute for it must be found. Carry the matter to its logical conclusion, to its *reductio ad absurdum*, for we are rapidly approaching it: The actors are organized and affiliated with the A. F. L., the repor are organizing, and so on right down the line. The is then no good reason why the doctors should not organiz fact, there is every reason why they should, for the ma ity of them work longer hours for less pay than the ave member of the railroad brotherhoods. The same thir true of trained nurses. Then there are the embalmers the undertakers' assistants, under present conditions ject to call at any hour of the day or night, and gro overworked in time of epidemic. These few are instar because their business is concerned with life and de Even the most sovietty of soviet governments would h to recognize them as necessary workers. But there numbers of others outside the capitalist and worl classes, if there are any such clear-cut divisions of soci who are entitled to go along with them. School-teach for instance, who have grievances quite outside the ques of their pay. Beside that of the carpenter or bricklayer school-teacher's salary is too trivial to be called a grieva.

There is no class of the community that as a class d not feel itself overworked and underpaid, many v much greater reason than the average mechanic. Let th all become class conscious, organize and affiliate.

The doctors, being duly inoculated with class consci ness and class antagonism, will continue to work with n union nurses, consulting with nonunion specialists permitting nonunion embalmers to handle their mistal while they wait for their opportunity to take fortune the throat. Perhaps that opportunity will be influer perhaps infantile paralysis. When the epidemic is at height they will throw down their knives and their m cines and demand a closed hospital. Denied, they will out the nurses, the undertakers and the apothecaries. S no result, and they will tie up the railroads, the trolleys the lighting plants—then shut the schools, the theat the waterworks and send the policemen home.

Absurd, yes; because doctors and nurses are alre class conscious—conscious that their duty to the wh public takes precedence over their selfish interests. iquitous, yes; but no more iniquitous than a strike policemen backed up by a threat of sympathetic strikes firemen and others whose first duty is also to the pub Impossible, no; with this progressive organization of country into selfish classes working solely for their self interests and willing to disorganize a whole community get what they want. Nor would this direct action doctors cost more in suffering and death than some of strikes that have been threatened, though the final res might be less apparent on the surface.

Already the class consciousness of men as consumers beginning to quarrel with their class consciousness as p ducers. As city labor puts up the price of farm labor a machinery on the one hand and demands cheaper food the other, the farmer is developing a little class consci ness of his own. Nor is he particularly keen over any n scheme of government that carries the Russian threat, ev though it may be temporarily concealed, to confiscate farm. He knows that there is no magic cornucopia fr which unlimited goods and unlimited wages can be shak out. For he is both capitalist and laborer. He knows b ends, and both are hard for him. Other men begin wh he leaves off, and he sees clearly that they are beginni too late and leaving off too early if he is to get cheap goo from them in return for the relatively cheap food that is furnishing to them by working long hours.

In the end capital must concede to labor; labor m concede to capital; both must concede to the publ There must be agreement on a substitute for the strike th will render impartial and substantial justice to all thr Perhaps a league of mutual concession, good feeling a peace at home will grow out of the Washington conferen Until such a league is formulated and formed the League Nations is of secondary importance.

Home-saving must take precedence over world-savi mandates for aliens in America over mandates for ali in Armenia; national over international peace. We wa both, and those who will fight hard enough and long enou for what they want can get it—even peace.

Signs here and there show that the old American spi is unchanged. Boston has just had another tea party.

MATTERS OF OPINION

Whoa!

THE British Government shied off from nationalization, or government ownership, of coal mines because the balance of trade is still running against the country at an enormous rate; because a pound sterling is worth but little more than four dollars in New York; because England must buy the greater part of her food and raw materials abroad and unless the trade balance is corrected she will presently run out of means of paying for them; because nationalized railroads are letting the treasury in for a big deficit; because, as Lloyd George recently said, the nation is spending more and producing less, and that is the road to ruin; because the country was in no condition to embark on an exceedingly dubious experiment that would probably lessen the production and increase the cost of the basic coal industry; because the government after looking over the balance sheet sat up and uttered an alarmed "Whoa!"

At Their Graves

ON THE first of October the State Department lifted the long-standing ban on passports to France, Belgium and Italy. In anticipation of this new freedom of the seas tourist companies glowed forth in advertisements bespeaking the thrills of battlefield sight-seeing. The thought arises that it will be most regrettable if professional rubbernecks are permitted to gormandize on subnormal transportation facilities to the exclusion of the sorrowing kin of our boys who lie in alien soil.

There are about 75,000 American graves in France, largely concentrated into four great cemeteries. It was a splendid work—this unacclaimed task of gathering together the scattered bodies of the fallen, with only two out of tens of thousands unaccounted for. It will enable bereaved relatives to make their pilgrimages of loving tribute with a minimum of confusion, misdirection and expense. Only a minority of such kinsfolk may find their purses equal to the pressure of foreign travel these days; but all others whose homes have been dimmed by the brave effulgence of a golden service star will feel keenly the circumstances that keep them from the journey. With an eagerness as disconcerting sometimes as it has been invariably pitiful the relatives of the dead have begged for every last crumb of information from khaki message bringers of last moments. How intense, then, is their desire to walk the selfsame hallowed ground whereon their dearest gave to the ultimate of giving.

And how repulsive, by similar token, to the man who has seen his comrades go down in sacrifice to an ideal is the tawdry picture of beputtied, lorgnetted, diary-toting tourists milling like aimless busybody waterbugs in the quieting eddy of rusted wire and weather-crumbled funkholes, inarticulately disdainful of invaders whose war-nurtured opulence permits them to crowd out rightful visitors.

There is a remedy. The relatives of the dead, their number strictly so limited, might band together, engage a patriotic experienced tours manager to guide them, and appeal to the Government for such concessions as would reserve for them, through official coöperation with the French authorities, certain accommodations in communities adjacent to the cemeteries, before the certified sentimentalists have gobbled up all living essentials in the shattered villages of the Front area. It is conceivable that some nonsoulless steamship corporation might volunteer to tender such pilgrims profitless rates, as a gracious and grateful gesture of acknowledgment in the presence of the forebears of genuine Americanism. Through some such organization those whose modest means otherwise might exclude them would benefit individually as part of a powerful whole.

Yet there need be no flavor of the philanthropic about the plan. These are people who go to another Calvary. The way should be made straight for them—free from the crookedness of profiteers.

Shipping

THE tables in the new edition of Lloyd's Register show that in June, 1914, the United States had two tons of ocean-going merchant marine to England's nineteen, but in June, 1919, the United States had ten tons to England's sixteen—using only the nearest round numbers and omitting all but the first figures. England lost two and a half million tons in the period; we gained more than seven and a half million tons. Also, in 1914 our sea shipping was to Germany's as two to five, and in 1919 it was to Germany's as ten to three.

The Register has another table showing approximately how the world's merchant fleet would have stood in June, 1919, if there had been no war and shipbuilding—with incidental peacetime losses—had proceeded at the same rate in the various countries as before 1914. According to this table the British fleet is smaller by more than five million tons than it would have been if no war had occurred, the German fleet is smaller by three and a half millions tons, and the American fleet is larger by more than seven million tons.

The figures graphically illustrate our enormous relative advance in the shipping field, and ships can now be built in this country cheaper than in England—perhaps cheaper than in Germany.

But neither England nor Germany is overmuch discouraged by that condition. Both of them admit that we have taken a colossal stride in incredibly short time, and that at the moment they are handicapped. They say also that of old they beat us hollow at shipbuilding and ship operating, and they cherish a notion that under normal conditions they can finally beat us again. They say that building ships in short order under government fiat is one thing, while operating those ships year in and year out against the competition of the shrewdest, most experienced shipping men and nations of the world is another thing. They rather expect us to make enough mistakes to put the game back into their hands again. They are not without good grounds for their expectation. A full half century of mistaken and ill-considered national policy in respect of American shipping brought it to the pass in which the European war found it in 1914. A new and comprehensive code of shipping laws, buttressed by a sound and far-seeing policy in maritime matters, is the only thing which can prevent our competitors' wishes from coming true.

They Won't be Happy Till They Get It

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

WHATEVER faults Charles Purcell had, lack of industry was not one of them. He diligently discharged his duties as managing editor of the Leader, never quitting the newspaper office before half past two in the morning.

But this night—the night when the old negro, William Pomeroy, told him that amazing story about the early life of Alfred Dinsmore—he could not work. The tempest in his brain forbade it. He turned the paper over to the night editor and shut himself in his narrow office.

For one thing, he resorted to the graveyard—possibly so called because it contains material from which an obituary notice of any prominent citizen can be quickly constructed. The office boy brought him a large, strong Manila envelope at the top of which was written in a bold hand "Dinsmore, Alfred." It contained such printed mention of Mr. Dinsmore as the keeper of the graveyard had judged might be useful. Purcell emptied the clippings on his desk and one among them especially arrested his attention.

It comprised some three columns of newspaper print and had a comparatively aged look, the paper slightly yellowed and the ink a bit faded. The date, in fact—1892—showed that it was twenty years old and there was a rather dauby two-column cut of Dinsmore in it. Purcell at once noted—with satisfaction—that Dinsmore had worn a beard even twenty years before. The top headline said "The New Corn King," and the subhead ran "Alfred Dinsmore, the nervy young trader from St. Joe, Missouri, whose Napoleonic operations in corn ended with an Austerlitz last week."

The text told of Dinsmore's speculations in corn during the past year in a style half humor and half melodramatic flamboyance. His nerve was what the writer constantly admired—and the cool million which the operations were said to have produced. Purcell knew well enough that gossip always magnified the profits, and the cool million might be discounted fifty per cent. But what particularly interested him was the biographical details.

"I Suppose There is Nothing Scandalous in a Young Woman's Lunching in a Tea Room With a Young Man Who's an Old Friend. I Think it's Detestable the Way Everybody Has Dropped Him"

First, Dinsmore came from St. Joseph, Missouri—had been born there. Second, he was thirty-two years old in 1892; so he would have been twenty-one when the cashier of the First National Bank of Billingtown, Nebraska, was shot—if Pomeroy's story was true as to that. Third, his father had been engaged in the grain trade at St. Joseph. Those points tallied with Pomeroy's narrative. There was a sense in which this reckless speculation in corn tallied, for Pomeroy had said the young man was a gambler.

No other clipping was particularly helpful, though several mentioned that Dinsmore came from St. Joseph, Missouri—from an old and distinguished family there, some of them said; but Purcell was aware that most families are old and distinguished when a member of them makes a great deal of money. The clippings shed no light on Dinsmore's transition from nervy speculator in corn to chief owner of the Dinsmore Company, but that was immaterial. Later ones mentioned his wife and daughter, his gift of two hundred thousand to the maternity hospital, a hundred thousand to the boys' outdoor school and like matters—glimpses of a rich, most respectable, liberal-minded leading citizen with a socially distinguished wife and daughter.

Millions! There was no doubt about that. Millions! If Pomeroy's story was true, what a fish had been hooked! That was what burned in the managing editor's hungry mind, making routine work impossible.

But the size of the fish daunted him. With all his hunger for money, the idea of attacking Alfred Dinsmore single-handed appalled him. Besides, there was the matter of verifying the story, which he could not very well do alone. As the affair took shape in his mind he saw that he must have help. That was the way it stood in his tumultuous thoughts as he finally went home at four o'clock in the morning. Naturally, he slept ill and at half past nine the next morning telephoned his old friend, Lawrence McMurtry, attorney at law.

McMurtry's offices were on Washington Street—the usual quarters of a fairly busy and prosperous practitioner—and a little after ten Purcell was seated at the table in the center of the private office, opposite the lawyer.

The lawyer was a stocky, deep-chested, square-shouldered person. His chin and jaw were overdeveloped—a size or so too large for the upper part of his face, though that upper part was by no mean meager—and they were darl blue from the dense roots of smoothly shaved beard. H wore his thick, wavy hair in way to remind one of hair restorer advertisements brushed up on both sides o his head as though the objec were to display as much hai as possible. His clothes wer well made and well fitting an that morning he was wearin a bright-plaid four-in-hand ti and turn-down collar. Hi eyes were small, shifty an twinkling and he seemed usu ally just at the beginning of smile in which there was littl humor. He looked a tight sleek, prowling sort of anima that had just visited a barbe shop and a haberdashery. His devious law practice, eagerly pursued, had brought him much dispraise, but not much fortune. Like an over-zealous hunter, he frightened off more quarry than he bagged.

Eagerly, yet with care, referring to his shorthand notes, Purcell retold the negro's story—and all the time his cavernous eyes, glowing out of a bony and colorless face, were fixed upon the lawyer with a kind of hungry questioning. Sometimes he wetted his lips with his tongue and sometimes shaved them with a crooked forefinger. McMurtry listened intently, his eyes twinkling, the beginning of a smile fixing itself on his swarthy face. When Purcell finished he gave his professional judgment promptly:

"It sounds promising." Then with a quick challenge, "You haven't told Tully?"

"Not a word," Purcell replied. "Of course if it's true it's too good to tell him."

"Sure!" McMurtry answered with an approving nod. "If there's anything in it it's worth a million."

His attitude was entirely unemotional—strictly professional.

"Of course," Purcell remarked with a little failing of the nerves, "the story may be all a pipe dream—or maybe it happened and he's mistaken in the man."

"Well, let's go over it now," McMurtry replied professionally. "Dinsmore did live in St. Joe and at that time he'd have been about twenty-one. Plenty of respectable citizens were sowing wild oats at twenty-one—and a lot later than that. He might have got into trouble at home and wandered out there in Kansas and been playing poker over a dry-goods store. Nothing improbable about that. Unless a man's a crook he don't palm cards at twenty-one, but there are crooks and crooks—some of 'em bank directors and deacons in the church. Nothing to balk at in that. Going in for the bank robbery, too—that might happen under the circumstances. Then the shooting—a young chucklehead all keyed up and on edge; he sees a figure in white at his elbow and blazes away in a panic. That might happen."

"The old coon's story certainly sounded straight," said Purcell, gathering confidence from his friend's summary.

"As to whether a bank cashier was killed out there in Nebraska under about those circumstances in—when was it—1881?—I can find out in half an hour," the lawyer continued. "I haven't any doubt that's so. The negro would have been plumb nutty to tell you the story if that part wasn't so. I'm banking on that's being so. Easy enough to find out, too, whether anybody's been convicted

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Slow-cooked; tender; digestible

Campbell's Beans are cooked slowly, cooked for a long time, and cooked thoroughly. This renders them as wholesome to the digestion as they are delightful to the taste. By our cooking, the rich nutritive value of the selected beans is fully developed. So Campbell's Beans are both palatable and highly beneficial. The tempting tomato sauce stimulates digestion and adds to the healthfulness of this appetizing dish—good for the whole family, from the youngsters up!

One size **15c a Can** One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

for it. If that part of it's so, then we come down to one thing." His face hardened and he looked intently at Purcell as though they had come to a crucial point.

"If Dinsmore is regularly paying this man blackmail, as the man says, then the man's got something on him. If Dinsmore's paying him blackmail, two to one the negro's story is true. Men don't pay blackmail for fun."

"There's only one doubtful thing, as I see it," said Purcell, shaving his lips with a bent finger. "It might be that this coon is a discharged servant who's got something else on Dinsmore that Dinsmore's paying him blackmail for."

"Well, it might be," McMurtry admitted after considering. "It might be; but it don't look very reasonable. If the story wasn't true, why would the man have come to you? He'd know he couldn't get anything out of it unless the story was true." He considered again and repeated with a tight little nod, "It looks sort of promising to me."

Purcell swallowed.

"It's true," the lawyer reflected aloud after a moment, "that Alfred Dinsmore is a big man—a lot of money, a lot of influence and all that. We've got to be sure of our ground and handle it carefully. But it looks promising to me." And he added with his unhumorous beginning of a smile, "Good enough that I'm willing to spend some time and money on it."

"There are those two witnesses out in Nebraska—Sykes and Doctor Dill," Purcell suggested.

"Of course," said McMurtry. "They've got to be looked up. It's all got to be looked up. We must be sure of our ground." He considered further and a slight frown formed on his swarthy face. He gave the result of his consideration with some reluctance:

"We've got to take Jake Morden into it. We'll need him. Of course," he added, "Jake's in it already in a way. He's got a servant bribed up there and somebody or other watching young Proctor."

As Purcell knew, Jacob Morden, proprietor of Morden's Detective Agency, had already been engaged in that matter of setting spies on Alfred Dinsmore and the Dinsmore household. By methods of his own—the details of which Purcell had not cared to inquire into—he had got one of the servants in his pay. And he was having a watch kept on Mr. Edward Proctor, with special reference to that young man's relations with Miss Louise Dinsmore, who was said to be engaged to Lowell Winthrop. It was as dirty a business as business could well be—particularly as regards Miss Louise Dinsmore and Mr. Edward Proctor. But since the object had been to get something on Dinsmore that would cause him to drop the libel suit, Lawyer McMurtry and Detective Morden had gone about it in a quite impersonal professional manner.

"Jake Morden owes a good deal to me," the lawyer ruminated aloud. "I saved his bacon for him once."

Purcell supposed he referred to the episode or string of episodes which had resulted in Jacob Morden's dismissal from the city police force, when there had been talk of prosecuting him on several criminal charges. The gossip in newspaper offices had been that his bacon stood in great need of saving at that particular time.

"Jake's a good man, too," the lawyer ruminated on, frowning; "a first-class detective. There are two troubles with him: He's an awful hog. If he comes into this he'll want a full share. And he's a reckless, headstrong devil. You've got to hold him in all the time. If he starts after a man his idea is just to run up and hit him on the head first thing. You've got to hold him in. But we'll need him," he concluded. Then he grinned broadly and uttered a thought which had been comfortingly in the managing editor's mind when he decided to go to his friend McMurtry—namely: "If this story's true there'll be plenty to divide. We needn't grudge Jake a share. We'll just charge it up to Dinsmore."

Purcell had thought the same thing about McMurtry's share.

"There'll be plenty to divide," he repeated. But his timorous phase asserted itself and he observed: "Of course that happened a long time ago—over thirty years. An error of youth, you know—atoned for by thirty years of honorable living and all that. The story might be true, and yet Dinsmore might face it out rather than come across." But McMurtry shook his head decisively.

"No, sir! Never! There's no statute of limitations in a case of murder. He might—possibly—get by if it was nothing but robbing a bank, though robbing a bank is raw enough. That alone would put a fearful dent in Alfred Dinsmore, Esquire, even if it did happen thirty years ago. It would put a fearful dent in the Dinsmore family too. It's a very vulgar crime. This bank cashier no doubt was a good, respected citizen—probably married, with some young children. He was murdered on his own premises, shot down like a dog. No, sir! Forty Alfred Dinsmores couldn't get by with that. His millions and his swell house and all that would make it all the worse. Here he is all these years rolling in luxury with that crime on his hands. I'd give a bond to get any average jury to send him up for twenty years. They'd feel it was Providence overtaking the guilty at last. And public opinion would send him up for life. You can't scrub that sort of a blot off the 'scutcheon. His family might as well emigrate."

Purcell recalled the portrait he had looked at the night before. How she had held up her head! With what calm assurance she had looked out of the newspaper page at him!

"I told you about the rumor that his daughter's engagement to Lowell Winthrop is going to be announced soon with a flourish of trumpets."

The lawyer recalled it with his twinkling little smile. Winthrop was a mighty name among society editors.

"Nice wedding present for 'em," he observed, and laughed. Immediately he became serious and added: "If this story's true Dinsmore will come across by wholesale. He's got to."

They enjoyed in silence a moment of golden contemplation. Then McMurtry spoke good-naturedly:

"Well, it's a good thing we've already got a start. The servant that Jake has attached to his pay roll up there is reporting right along and he's got somebody or other keeping tab on young Proctor." He smiled, adding: "We might get something on the young lady herself, you know. You can't ever have too many strings to play on. It's a good thing we've got a start." Then he frowned a bit, rubbed his overdeveloped chin and concluded, "I might as well get Jake at work on this bigger end of it right away."

"When shall we have a talk with him?" Purcell asked with an innocent air. But the question wasn't as innocent as he looked. McMurtry had said "I might as well." And Purcell had said "When shall we?" There was a great difference between the singular and the plural pronouns.

There was one thing that Purcell with his suspicious disposition feared almost as much as he feared Alfred Dinsmore—namely, that his masterful friend here would take the affair into his own hands so that finally the managing editor would have to rely wholly on his good faith for a fair division of the spoils. In his heart Purcell had no great trust in his friend's good faith. Next to being afraid that he would be caught, he was afraid that he would be cheated out of his share of the booty. He proposed to keep in the closest possible touch with developments.

McMurtry instantly understood the significance of the plural pronoun and he said good-naturedly: "We may as well talk it over this evening. I'll telephone Jake and then let you know."

There was then on Quincy Street an establishment known as the Four Aces Café. The first story was occupied by a long bar at one side and a grill with many small tables on a floor sprinkled with sawdust. The large electrical sign over the main entrance was in the similitude of four aces of the different suits held in a hand. And there was a side entrance that gave on to a flight of narrow stairs carpeted in violent red. Upstairs there was a series of private dining rooms. In one of those rooms Purcell, McMurtry and Jacob Morden dined that evening.

The detective seemed to be made mostly out of hardwood knots. In contrast to carefully tailored, elaborately barbered McMurtry, he dressed in slovenly fashion and his coarse dark-reddish hair thrust out unkemptly above his square forehead. He had a nubbin nose, a wide mouth and a deep cleft in his chin, which needed shaving. Habitually there was something morose and truculent in his expression, like a savage dog that is ready to bite on the least provocation. The meal being ended, Purcell took out his notes and repeated the story in every detail.

Morden listened to it with his habitual glower. He asked some questions and there was some discussion among the three. The detective's jaw squared belligerently.

"All right," he said, "I'll start for Nebraska myself day after to-morrow." He then grinned with an ominous satisfaction, lifted his cup and said, "Here's luck!"

There was no liquor on the table. The toast was drunk in coffee.

"I Was First-Rate at Football and Tennis and Swimming and Getting Into a Scrape. Otherwise I Was No Good at All. I Was a Bitter Pill for My Father"

IV

DINSMORE'S big stone house stood near the steep bank of the lake shore—white and opulent, inviting sunshine. On the lake side there was a breadth of velvet

(Continued on Page 34)

Maine and Arizona trade talk and talk trade

SAID Maine to Arizona while both puffed contentedly away at mellow Owl Cigars, "I came to marvel at your Grand Canyon but stay to wonder at your opportunity. Irrigation, I see, is making your deserts bloom. And your copper mines are making a whole manufacturing world turn to you."

Robust Arizona smiled and said:—

"Thank you for the compliment, Atlantic friend, and let me give you one or two. My people say that Maine produces many of the finest canned foods. And my citizens who travel tell me that the beauty of Maine is unlike that of any other state."

* * *

IT'S A LONG TRAIL from Maine to Arizona but you'll find Owl and White Owl Cigars all along the way. Why are these two fragrant cigars such national favorites? Because of their real *dependability* of mellow taste. And how is this dependability guaranteed? By the nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve constantly maintained by the General Cigar Co., Inc.

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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

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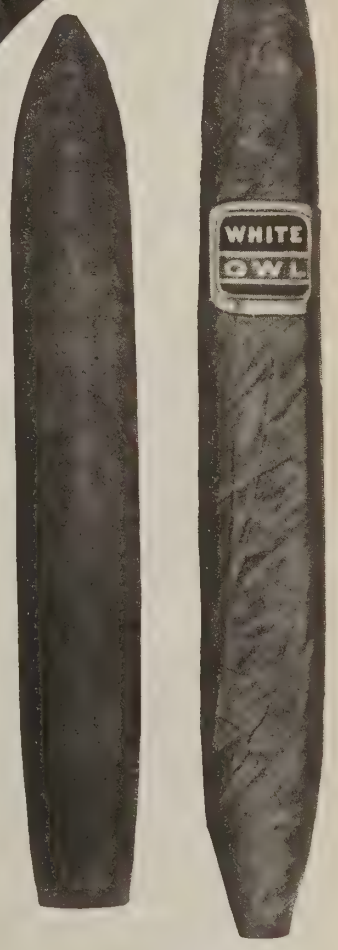

OWL 7c
3 for 20c
$3.15 for a box of 50

white OWL
8c straight
Fifty in a box
Cost $3.75

(Continued from Page 32)

lawn and elaborate stonework with broad curving stairs leading down to the narrow beach. On the other side there was a formal sunken garden with a roadway between it and the house, then a carefully cultivated wood, while a thicket of shrubbery screened the premises from Sheridan Road. The grounds comprised a dozen acres, with the mark of lavish expenditure everywhere.

A big touring car, shining in every detail, rolled smoothly up to the main door. A blond and curly chauffeur, trig as the machine itself, sprang out, opened the tonneau door and gathered up a rich fur robe which he folded on his arm and then stood erect like a soldier at attention, looking toward the house with pleasurable expectancy. A manservant within opened the door and held it so, his face also wearing a look of pleasant expectation.

A tall young woman, passing outward through the door, smiled at him—a smile somewhat vague, yet apparently meeting his expectations, for he looked happy. The young woman was wearing a close-fitting out-of-doors spring costume, grayish in tone, and a small, snug hat on which a bit of crimson relieved the gray tone—jewel-like. Her attention was on the button of a glove as she crossed the red tiles to the roadway, moving lithely. The chauffeur's expectancy heightened as she approached; he held his shoulders even more squarely and began to smile.

The button being arranged, the young woman raised her blue eyes. Immediately a little summer lightning darted in them; a small vertical line furrowed her smooth brow and the color heightened a bit in her cheeks. She addressed the chauffeur, her low voice sharpened:

"But I said the small electric!"

So caught in anticlimax, the unfortunate chauffeur stammered: "The maid said the car. I thought—she must have misunderstood. I'll get it in a minute."

"Please," said Miss Dinsmore—not with forgiveness, but with dignity.

The chauffeur tumbled the costly fur robe back into the car, sprang in himself and, as though the shiny machine were at fault, whisked it swiftly out of majesty's offended sight.

The heightened color remained in Miss Dinsmore's cheeks and the little line in her forehead; she gently bit a corner of her nether lip. Fairly within the promised minute a small electric, also shiny at every point, came swiftly along the road and stopped before her. The guilty chauffeur sprang out of it with an embroidered woolen robe upon his arm. Miss Dinsmore climbed in and suffered him to arrange the robe round her. When he finished and drew back, cap in hand, she murmured "Thank you" without looking at him. Having a touring car brought up when one wished an electric could not be forgiven in a minute.

The chauffeur closed the door and Miss Dinsmore drove away alone.

If she had looked back very attentively she might have noticed that the filmy curtains at the fourth window from the south end of the house in the second story were slightly apart. That was one of the windows in her sitting room, and her maid on her knees at the parted curtains was watching her departure.

The maid, Jenny Dupee, was slight and dark, with lusterless black hair. Her long thin face with a receding chin seemed some way to belong under a high powdered coiffure or above a broad starched ruff. The little veins at her temples suggested neuralgia. She was thirty-five years old and except that careful art concealed them some gray threads would have appeared in her dark hair. She was always watching anxiously for the appearance of more gray threads. The crow's-feet at the corners of her almond-shaped eyes made her heart sink and she always wore a high-necked bodice to hide the scrawniness of her throat. No fading beauty observed the encroaching signs of age with more anxious jealousy. But Jenny was actuated by no romantic motive. She knew well enough that employers preferred young, fresh-looking, vigorous maids. Gray hairs and crow's-feet meant smaller wages, less chance of getting a good job. Upon entering the Dinsmore household three years before she had given her age as twenty-five.

A fortnight before this day the most startling experience of Jenny's life had happened. A little before that a strange woman had formed her acquaintance—a coarse, persuasive, masterful woman who gave her name as Martha Woods. In Jenny's slim, nervous hands this woman had placed seven ten-dollar bills—the first week's wage, honorably paid in advance. Thereafter seventy dollars was to be paid each week by postal money order. And this seventy dollars a week—the coarse masterful woman said—was merely earnest money. If the mysterious affair upon which she was embarked turned out satisfactorily, Jenny should receive much more—a thousand dollars at least. Meanwhile, Jenny ran not the least risk.

Like the managing editor of the Leader, Jenny Dupee mightily wanted the money—and was afraid. Doubtless time had been when she looked to matrimony, but for the last two or three years life had become for her mostly just a heart-breaking race between her tortoise-footed savings-bank account and the gray hairs and wrinkles. The savings account grew with painful slowness; the gray hairs and wrinkles seemed winged in comparison. With a great fluttering of the heart and pulses Jenny had accepted Martha Woods' seven ten-dollar bills, and at the end of the week the postal money order duly arrived. So the savings account had taken on new life.

It looked easy and rather safe. All she had to do was watch with all her might, write down what she saw and heard, slip the writing into an envelope, address that to Mrs. Martha Woods, Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street, Chicago, and drop it into a mail box.

She Addressed the Chauffeur, Her Low Voice Sharpened: "But I Said the Small Electric!"

On her knees at the window Jenny watched the small electric wind through the grounds and disappear behind the screen of shrubbery along the Sheridan Road front. A moment later she caught a glimpse of it going south. She looked at the gilt clock on the mantel and made a mental note for her report: "At half past twelve drove away alone in the small electric, going south in Sheridan Road."

She then crossed the room, glanced into the hall and carefully closed that door again. The morning mail had brought her mistress half a dozen letters, which now lay open on the carved-ebony writing table. Jenny read them standing, so she could turn away quickly if a hand were laid on the door knob. They gave her no particular satisfaction beyond some intimate personal gossip—but she had derived that satisfaction from her mistress' mail long before anybody paid her for it.

In fact, she was insatiably curious—a spy by nature. When she finished the letters it was almost one o'clock, and an experience that excited all her curious instincts, as the smell of cheese excites a mouse, lay before her. Going into the broad hall which divided that second story lengthwise she moved down it with nervous, noiseless steps until she came to a door on the right-hand side. A swift glance before and behind showed that she had the hall to herself, so she applied her ear to the crack in the door. No sound saluted it. Her hand closed firmly on the knob; it turned without noise, the door swung inward an inch and gave her peering eye a view of half the room.

Like all the rooms in that house, it was spacious a handsomely furnished. Two generous windows overlool the lake. A small table stood by one of them and at table, sidewise to her view, sat a fat old man with a brig colored silk fez on his bald head. His full beard was sn white and neatly trimmed. He was wearing an embro ered and quilted dressing gown. Some playing cards lay neat rows on the table in front of him. From the deck the left he took a card and, after scanning the rows, pla it. To anyone acquainted with games at cards it v obvious that he was playing a well-known kind of solita that is often used for gambling purposes. At the top of desk lay a little stack of five-dollar bills. A similar thinner stack lay at the right-hand end.

The fat old man took another card from the deck, c templated it, carefully scanned his rows, stroked his wh beard a moment with the free hand and placed the ca Then he counted the cards in the top row and transferr a number of bills from one pile to the other and gave little sigh. His round face, overladen with flesh, wor rueful expression. Evidently luck was going against h that day. As he gathered up the cards to shuffle the afresh Jenny silently pulled the door shut, then knock loudly upon it and waited a minute.

"Come in," a throaty voice called after a moment's i terval. When she stepped briskly in, the cards were neat stacked on a corner of the table, but the money had d appeared and the old gentleman looked at her somewh like an urchin who has been at the forbidden jam pot a is trying to look innocent while painfully aware of t stained hands behind his back.

"Good morning, Cousin Elliot," said Jenny cheerfull "This is a pleasant day."

The man looked out of the window and replied "Wh yes, so it is," as though he had just noticed it.

"Nearly time for luncheon, you know," she remind him, smiling.

He gravely drew a fine watch from his vest pocket, co sulted it and replied, "You're right, so it is," and heav himself up out of the cushioned chair. When he stood u one saw that he enjoyed the services of an excellent tailo His paunch that might have sagged baglike was expert trussed up in a rotund shapeliness. But he was fat a over; his red chops overflowed his collar; his white han were puffy.

When he took off his embroidered dressing gown h shirt sleeves appeared of the finest linen and fresh fro the laundry.

"Shall I get your coat for you?" Jenny asked cheerfully

"If you please," he replied gravely.

She went to a big closet hung full of clothing, took dow the coat and vest matching his trousers and held them f him. He put them on carefully, buttoned the vest, settle the coat into shape and stepped in front of a tall mirro wherein he critically surveyed his reflection, noting tha the crease in his trousers fell just right and no wrinkle a peared in the coat. While he surveyed himself with satis faction Jenny visited the closet again and came back wit a brown skullcap, that being the color of his clothes. H gravely took off the bright-colored fez, put the brown head piece in its place and observed the effect in the mirro Meanwhile Jenny was hanging up his dressing gow With a final look at himself in the mirror and a glanc round the room to see that all was in order, he walke soberly to the door and went downstairs to join the famil at luncheon. When he had gone Jenny slipped over t the small table at which he had been sitting and gentl tried the upper right-hand drawer. It was locked a usual. She knew he kept his gambling money in that and two big diamond rings which he sometimes put o and admired when he was alone.

Not that she entertained predatory intentions towar the money and the diamonds. She just wanted to look a them again as ponderable items in the mystery.

When she entered the Dinsmore household three year before, this fat, bald, snow-bearded man was a member o it—and naturally as exciting to her curious instincts as th smell of game to a hunting puppy. The inquiries which sh pursued with discreet diligence among servants of longe tenure disclosed that he had been there many years—a far back as the knowledge of any of those whom Jenn sounded reached. The other servants had come to accep him as one of the facts of the household—like the furniture

"A relative of my grandmother's," her young mistres had said once in reply to a rather pointed observation o Jenny's part. The young mistress said it with indulgen indifference, as though she, too, simply accepted him a one of the facts of the household. He was called Cousi Elliot by other members of the household or Mr. Elliot b the servants. Jenny had never heard any other name applied to him.

Of course all the servants were aware that Cousin Elliot was sadly afflicted in his mind.

"A fine old nut," was the cook's judgment on him—fo Cousin Elliot was quite popular below stairs, giving n trouble and often furtively slipping out pieces of silver an dollar bills for any special service.

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The P. A. lends a hand

"BUT how about the cost?" said the G. M. to the P. A. after everyone had expressed approval of the new forms and letterheads. "This paper looks pretty expensive—and you know everyone has to lend his right hand this year to keeping expenses down!"

"Well," smiled the P. A. "I consider I *am* lending a hand by recommending Systems Bond. As you say, it *looks* expensive—but actually the cost is less than the average of the various papers we've tried out this year. It's the happy medium—that's the secret. It costs but little more than the cheap ragless papers, and a lot less than the other rag-content papers we've experimented with. The quality, as your remark shows, speaks for itself."

Systems Bond is a quality paper that sells at a business man's price. You can depend on its uniformity, for Systems is made by an organization that performs every step in the manufacture, from log cutting and rag selection to the final drying.

Ask your printer to use Systems for your next order of letterheads. He can also obtain for you our book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 34)

Partly because of that amiable habit of his—but even more because of her insatiable curiosity—Jenny had adroitly insinuated herself upon Cousin Elliot. Formerly a manservant had called him to luncheon; but for a year now Jenny had quietly usurped that duty and attended to him in such other ways as she could. Cousin Elliot plainly liked her and about once a fortnight slipped two dollar bills slyly into her thin hand. The bills were convenient, but it was really for the satisfaction of her restless imagination that Jenny waited upon him. That waiting upon him became a tacit sort of custom, no one objecting.

Cousin Elliot's affliction was of the most harmless kind. Habitually he sat all morning long playing solitaire and betting with himself—as Jenny discovered. Usually he submitted docilely to the restrictions which Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, put upon his diet and dutifully took the prescribed exercise, which consisted of walking about the grounds for half an hour twice a day. The automobile rides which were prescribed for him he appeared to enjoy.

Aside from playing cards, his chief interest lay in his personal appearance. Spying Jenny had often seen him sit many minutes at a time moving his fingers and observing the sparkle of his fine rings. For many minutes he would stand before the big mirror surveying himself, touching up his tie, settling his coat. All this he did with the grave, innocent satisfaction of a little girl over a trinket or a new frock. His mind seemed just to have gone back to the age of four—but carrying with it certain interests such as cards and dress which he had acquired in maturity. And he never wore his glittering rings downstairs—his simple mind evidently retaining the fact that they were not proper form for a gentleman. He was indulged in every harmless way. His wardrobe was much more extensive than that of the master of the house. His diamonds cost some thousands of dollars. He was always supplied with money. There was something odd about the money, however. Before Jenny entered the room he always hid that which he used in his queer gambling, like a boy hiding his contraband pipe. She surmised that gambling was nominally forbidden; in his afflicted mind the idea of an inhibition seemed to attach to it.

In such ways as that Cousin Elliot displayed considerable mental competence. One might have talked with him for several minutes on a simple topic and not suspected that his mind was afflicted. He would pass the time of day, make observations about the weather, the shrubbery or the flowers with grave coherence. His seemed not so much a disordered mind as one undeveloped—the mind of four years old. There appeared to be no particular restraint upon his movements. In fact, he seemed to have no particular inclination to move. He was made or induced to take some needful mild exercise, and from the servants who were familiar with the dining room Jenny learned that an inclination to overeat was mildly restrained.

It was Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, mother of the master of the house who—as presumably the nearest in blood—seemed to be his special guardian; but Jenny perceived that Cousin Elliot stood in considerable awe of the master of the house.

She was continually wondering about him—even now when she had the more absorbing wonder whether she was going to get that thousand dollars at least which Martha Woods had spoken of. But as to what this spying on her mistress meant, she didn't wonder much, because she thought she knew. Her conviction was that Mr. Lowell Winthrop inspired it mainly for the purpose of finding out what was going on between her mistress and Mr. Edward Proctor. Martha Woods hadn't said so, but that was Jenny's conviction, for she knew all the gossip that circulated below stairs. The small electric had turned south in Sheridan Road. Elsmoor and Mr. Edward Proctor lay in that direction.

Leaving Jenny's field of vision, the electric held to that southward course. Its driver's forehead was still slightly wrinkled and there was a play of summer lightning in the depths of her blue eyes.

She was, in fact, agitated, uncertain, profoundly dissatisfied with herself and her situation and all bursting with an aimless rebellion at everything in general. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been angry with the poor chauffeur for bringing the wrong vehicle to the door.

Spring, usually late in that region, had come on fast, though there was still a keen edge to the air. Buds and blooms, the blue above, the twinkling lake over to the east and the air itself proclaimed that. But there was none of spring's bland geniality in Louise Dinsmore's disturbed mind.

Driving south in Sheridan Road, she passed through two suburbs and presently crossed the boundary of Elsmoor. The residences along the drive were not quite so costly as one went south, and less spaciously set. She soon turned west toward the shops and offices where the business of Elsmoor was conducted. They were mainly on one smart street with fine asphalt pavement, neat stone gutters and ornamental lamp-posts. The smartest building on the street—of buff pressed brick and green tile, two stories high and occupying a corner—bore the sign, "Bank of Elsmoor," on brass tablets, at each side of the front door.

Louise drove round to the side of this building and wheeled up to the curb. The little clock on the dash showed ten minutes to one. She was early and might have waited outside there in her car. But she chose not to—scorning the idea of concealment which that might have suggested. She alighted therefore and entered the side door of the bank—the line of perplexity smoothed out of her forehead and altogether once more the young lady of the portrait, holding her lithe body erect, her chin up, her blue eyes looking serenely forth.

Into whatever commercial establishment she had stepped thereabouts somebody would have been pretty sure to recognize her and hasten to meet her wants—less from snobbishness than on the sound commercial idea that the Dinsmores had a great many wants and ready cash to satisfy them with. The stout and bald cashier of the bank, engaged with a customer at his desk behind the mahogany railing at the rear of the banking room, saw her as she stepped in and met her eye as she calmly surveyed the establishment. Whereupon he paused in his occupation with the customer and looked at her inquiringly, as though he would have come out from behind the railing if she signified a wish to speak with him. But her glance moved composedly beyond him, and she seated herself on the mahogany bench near the wall.

She was quite sure the cashier recognized her, and was glad of it. She perversely hoped he would keep watch of what she did. There was nothing clandestine about it; she was doing it openly in the light of day—almost, figuratively speaking, with a brass band. Others observed her sitting there with a little emotional stir which was by way of tribute to her beauty and style, or to her name, too, if they happened to know who she was. And this observation pleased her rebellious mood.

Being Saturday and a half holiday, the smart little suburban bank was busy at that hour. Several depositors stood in line at the wicket of the receiving teller and there was a longer queue at the paying teller's wicket, which was nearly opposite where she sat. Behind that wicket a dark-haired athletic young man in his shirt sleeves stood at bat, so to speak. A check was slipped through the wicket. He glanced at it, glanced up at the person who presented it and swiftly counted out the amount. He had been doing that since nine o'clock. A procession of faces framed themselves one by one in the brass-barred square in front of him—popping into focus there, tarrying a moment while he counted out the money and disappearing to give place to the next. For the last hour he'd had little time to look beyond the wicket. But the hour of closing was at hand; the queue was shortening. He did glance beyond the wicket and saw Louise sitting on the bench watching him. A rather startled look appeared on his face and he glanced quickly at the big clock on the wall over the cashier's desk, as though with a panicky notion that he had been keeping her waiting. The clock showed only three minutes to one, however, and he looked back at her, radiating a smile. She smiled also and he went on with his work.

A little after one he hurried out from behind the counter with his coat on, hat in hand, radiant. She rose and gave him her hand. They went out of the side door and got into her car.

"Busy to-day?" she asked as she drove away.

"Oh, yes; Saturday is always busy," he replied.

"And how are you—really?"

"Never better," he replied cheerfully.

"It doesn't confine you too much? You keep fit?" She looked him over as she asked it.

"I walk back and forth—a mile each way—and manage to get some tennis. I'm fit as a fiddle. Waiting for the swimming now, you know."

He affirmed it cheerfully, smiling, and his appearance bore it out. He was barely two inches taller than herself, but stoutly built and muscular. Long before this banking experience he had distinguished himself at football.

"And they're really nice people—in the bank?" she asked.

"Salt of the earth," he replied promptly.

"I know old Mr. Gregory is," she said.

"He's a prince," the young man affirmed.

They talked on in this way, all on the surface, anything to fill in the time—making empty conversation. The electric meanwhile had returned to Sheridan Road and was wheeling smoothly south. Almost immediately after it entered that thoroughfare Louise experienced a moment of remorse and embarrassment, because they were rolling past a spacious, half-timbered, English-looking house that stood empty and eyeless with boarded up windows on an unfinished belittered lawn—which was further disfigured by a "sign" that read:

"This fine residence for sale at a bargain. Inquire of Traders' Trust Company, Receiver."

Her impatience was with herself. Blockhead that she was, she had meant to turn into the road farther south so as to avoid passing that eyeless mansion! For Thomas Proctor, father of the young man at her side, had built that residence and was just getting it finished when stark ruin overtook him. She had meant not to drive by it, and the forgotten—blockhead that she was! She kept up th empty talk more industriously than ever.

Somewhat farther south the houses became still small and closer together with a prudent saving of valuabl ground; and presently the car crossed a modest stree Three blocks up that street—to the west and so fairl outside the pale for the society editors—stood a story-and-a-half frame cottage with a lawn just big enough to sup port two stunted oaks. There Edwin Proctor and hi mother now lived on his wage as paying teller in the Ban of Elsmoor. One could hardly map out a very cheerfu excursion for him in this region.

Still farther south she turned off the drive toward th lake and drew up before a sad battlemented woode house, which some misguided citizen had built for a resi dence long before. Now a post at the curb carried a swing ing wooden sign which announced—in the old Englis script which is usually affected for that purpose—that th premises were The Rosemary Tea Room. The first tim she had taken him away from the bank in this manne they had gone to this tea room for luncheon—for no reaso except that she happened to remember the place at th moment.

This was the fourth time and they still went to the sam tea room, which was as good as any other place.

Luncheon was served them by a young woman in whit cap and apron at a little table at the end of the glass inclosed and steam-heated veranda on the side over looking the lake. The usual tubbed evergreens hal screened their table. It was snug there; and by degree the conversation subtly took on the warmth and color o their flesh and blood. Nothing was said that would hav meant much if coldly reproduced in print; but presentl they were really talking to each other and not just makin conversation.

Proctor lit a cigarette, leaned back, brushed a blun strong hand over his thick hair, looked off at the twinklin blue lake—for it was spring outside—then looked ove at her, and said simply:

"Awfully good of you, Lou."

By insensible degrees they had got round to that inti mate footing.

He had a short upper lip and when he smiled that wa he looked quite boyish.

"It's been rough on you, Ned," she replied instantly "and horribly unjust." She seemed to struggle with tha idea a moment and flung out helplessly, "What can any one do?"

"Not a thing in the world," he answered at once with perfect candor. "Not a thing in the world. It's done, you see. There's no undoing it." He passed his hand over hi hair again and looked away. "It's been hard on mother She feels it—being dropped and cut and all that. Of course some pups went out of their way to do it. They wanted credit for heaving the first stone. That makes me sore still But—well, I've simply got over being sore as a genera thing. What's the use? It's done and that's the end of it If a fellow on the team breaks his leg, why, he's out of the game and that's all there is to it. We broke our leg."

He made some slight nervous stirrings in his chair after which he looked round at her and simply opened hi heart.

"I wasn't any good, Lou, except at things I could d with my arms and legs. I was first-rate at football and tennis and swimming and getting into a scrape. Otherwis I was no good at all. I was a bitter pill for my father That's one thing I've got to think about now. I know disappointed him—getting thrown out of college and al the rest of it. As I look back at it now, there wasn't any thing so desperately wrong—just a fool colt kicking a hol in the fence because his legs were full of kick and he didn' know any better. It wasn't that I ever did anything very wrong, but I certainly didn't do anything very good. O course my father was ambitious for me. The wrong wa the trouble I made him. I disappointed him."

The man who thus surveyed his youthful indiscretion as though from a remote distance and with the soberly judicial eye of age was, in fact, twenty-six.

"I wasn't any good and I suppose it didn't look a though I ever would be."

He had turned his eyes to the lake again and com pressed his lips.

"Then something happened to me. I got ambitiou myself. I proposed to settle down and try to be grown up So I went into the bank."

His auditor's heart throbbed up in her throat. She won dered if she knew what it was that had happened to hin and made him ambitious—and she rather thought she did

"I went into the bank," he repeated, "and then father' trouble came along. You see, because I hadn't been an good—because I'd been a bitter pill to him—that influ enced the way I thought about it when the trouble cam along. It made me feel as though I had a lot to make up t him that I never could make up—the way things stood."

She would have liked much to say something, but all sh could find was a murmured, foolish, "It's been awfull rough."

(Continued on Page 38)

FROM every section, we hear that people are now calling *The Comfort Car* the best we have ever built.

In this sense, the reports we are continually receiving are really remarkable.

We have not been conscious of an especial effort to make this Hupmobile, in specific detail, better than the others.

The improvements we make from time to time are simply in pursuit of our policy always to build a product worthy, in every way, of the confidence we invite our buyers to place in it.

(Continued from Page 36)

He contemplated the half-smoked cigarette a moment, stirred again in his chair and suppressed a sigh.

"He told me all about it, Lou—finally—from start to finish. You see, my grandfather started making threshing machines out there at Turner Junction when that was away outside of Chicago. He made quite a business of it. Seems kind of strange that grandfather died only a few years ago. I remember him as well as I remember anybody; yet he seems to belong to another age.

"Well, father took hold. Of course conditions were changing all the time. Pretty soon the little threshing-machine plant wasn't doing very well. There was too much competition. Then—probably you've heard—father combined those three concerns. Well, that was a success; it made a lot of money. Not a lot of money the way they count it in Wall Street, but a lot more than grandfather had ever thought of. But conditions were changing all the time. The people that had gone into the combination with father were anxious to branch out and make more money. Of course he was anxious enough too. These tractor patents came along. He thought there was a great future for tractors. The model machines worked well. He went into it on a big scale. Father was always a very sanguine, pushing kind of man. But with tractors he went into something, you see, that he didn't really understand. He had to rely on other people for the mechanics of the thing. It took a good deal more money than he had counted on—getting in the new machinery, building the new plant, launching it all. Then Tomlins died and that threw it practically all on father's shoulders. They were turning out the tractors and selling them and getting pretty good reports from them.

"Everybody was going in for making tractors by that time—two or three concerns especially that were much bigger than father's, with much more capital, and so on. He believed his machine was the best and he didn't want these other people to capture the market ahead of him. So he doubled his manufacturing capacity. The company already owed too much money, for it had taken a lot more than he counted on to get the tractors started. Doubling the plant of course gave it that much bigger load to carry. Then there was a lot of material to buy and so on. The company had very good credit. Banks almost anywhere would buy its paper.

"There came a time in that season's manufacturing campaign when the credit wouldn't stretch any further. Some big banks were beginning to kick over its condition. You see, making and selling a farm tractor is a long process. From the time you begin laying in the raw steel until your tractor is sold and paid for is at least a year, and longer if they're sold on time. If his credit cracked he'd be caught halfway over with a lot of stuff in process of manufacture that would be no good until it was finished and marketed. He thought he must find some way of carrying it through until the machines were finished and sold. Then he'd be able to pay everything off. If Tomlins had lived he would have had somebody to turn to. But, as he looked at it, there was nobody.

"Of course he was too self-confident, too sanguine—reckless no doubt. Except for Tomlins he'd carried it alone. I guess father was inclined to carry it alone. Probably he hadn't asked for advice or paid much attention to advice when it was offered. A confident, sanguine man is apt to be that way, especially if he's already made a good success, and father had been very successful up till then. Maybe his pride wouldn't let him acknowledge what deep water he was in. At any rate he began to put out company notes, selling them to country banks through commercial-paper brokers without letting the notes show on the company's books. The balance sheet that the company showed to the banks wasn't true, you see. Father looked at it as a stop-gap—just something to get by to the end of the season with.

"Well, they'd made a change in the machines. The experts that he relied on advised it. The model worked fine. But, in fact, it was a great mistake. When that year's machines got out into the fields and at work under actual farm conditions they began to go wrong. Complaints came from all over. Dealers were canceling orders—sending machines back. Of course that was a frightful facer. It meant that those machines would have to be mostly made over. You see, that put it all off another year. The company had to be carried through that much longer with a heavier load or fail. But father couldn't let it fail. His balance sheet wasn't true. These notes that he had concealed were outstanding. A failure would disclose them. It meant disgrace for him, maybe prosecution.

"He'd had so little doubt about it that he had gone ahead with the new house at Elsmoor. Of course mother was greatly pleased with the house. Father didn't propose to hand a lemon to his family—failure, disgrace, maybe prosecution. I believed him when he told me it was as much for his family as for himself that he fought. I believe that now. He set his teeth and proposed to carry the thing through another year. Then if the machines were right he could swing clear. Of course it was a desperate chance; but he was a desperate man.

"I suppose when a man is in that position his judgment isn't very good any more. He is in a fearful hole, you see—desperate—just plunges ahead, grabbing at everything that offers. The worse he got in, the more desperate he was. He said to me that he'd been a great criminal—stuck at nothing. He also said he would have swung it through if it hadn't been for that automobile accident. I don't know whether he's right about that or not. Very likely he's wrong and it would have gone to smash anyway. But he thinks he would have swung it through if it hadn't been for the accident.

"Probably you remember, his car skidded and collided with a street car as he was coming downtown. I heard of it at the bank and rushed up to the hospital. He didn't realize then how badly he was hurt. He thought he'd be downtown the next day or even that afternoon. Of course I wasn't thinking of anything but his injuries. He gave me a memorandum out of his pocket—something he had meant to attend to himself as soon as he got downtown. He told me to go back to the bank and make out those three drafts and get 'em in the mail as soon as I could. He'd had me made an assistant cashier, you know, to jolly me along. Well, I wasn't thinking of anything in the world but just doing what he told me. That was what I was indicted for, you know. Probably I could be sent up for it; but under the same circumstances and not knowing any more about it than I knew then I'd do the same thing over again a thousand times—just do what he told me. Of course he didn't get out of the hospital that day or for two weeks and by that time it had all gone to smash.

"I know my father went fearfully wrong, Lou. He did rotten things—especially the Industrial Bank. That was his great regret. Grandfather was one of the founders of it, you know. Father inherited an interest in it. Being a sanguine, pushing kind of man, he'd come to be the chief factor in it. Old Tupham is a nice old chap, but he didn't count for much. Father outweighed the others. It was a fearful wrong—a great crime—all those poor savings depositors losing their money. I don't for a minute try to excuse it. But as he told it all to me I could understand it—a man cornered and desperate, you see, grabbing at anything to get out and all the time getting in deeper. It was a fearful wrong; but there's no helping it just now. It's been done and can't be undone now. All I can see just now is my father—down there in that stone hole.

"My father was awfully good to me. Certainly he was awfully fond of me. And I'm awfully fond of him, Lou. All I can think of just now is him—down there in prison. All I want now is to get him out. You can understand it—down under a ton of brick, you know, that's crushing the life out of him. All you can think of is how to get him out. I think if it was your father, whatever he'd done, you'd feel the same way."

"Yes, Ned," she said in a tone such as she had never used to him before—the tone a woman uses when she stoops to caress.

He felt the tone, but kept his eyes doggedly to the twinkling lake and went on:

"Of course it's no use now. The public is too bitter against him. But in a year or two—after this feeling has died down—I hope to do something. That's what I want most in the world now, Lou—I want to get my father out. And then I want to pay back the last penny to those savings depositors. There are debts I don't care two straws about—to people who'll never miss the money. But if I live I'm going to pay those savings-bank debts if it takes me a lifetime. They got something out of the sound assets of the bank. There's just a little more than seven hundred thousand dollars owing to them. I'm going to pay it if I live.

"That's what I'm caring about now. The rest of it—disgrace, the newspaper abuse and being dropped and cut and all that—why, I've just got over thinking about. As to being dropped and cut, while I hate it for mother's sake, it's all over and done with. We've broken a leg and we're just out of the game and that's all there is to it. We aren't eligible any more; we'd simply be an incumbrance. Of course we haven't a nickel, you know. The creditors took everything but our clothes—and welcome, so far's I'm concerned. I haven't any time or money to play the club game, even if I were eligible.

"And then there have been those that have stuck, Lou. I've got good friends yet. There's bully lovely old Gregory, for example. He's a regular man, Lou. He was one of those that got me off, you know—got the state's attorney not to prosecute me under that indictment. I suppose they might have sent me over—the feeling against father being what it was. The indictment is still standing over me, but I've no doubt it will be quashed by and by, for all I did was just that day when father was hurt—issuing the drafts as he told me to. And, you know, it took some nerve—the feeling being what it was—for Gregory to put me into the bank up there at Elsmoor.

"A couple of the newspapers made a nasty little fling about it. But old George Smith Gregory, with his blessed old hook nose and rusty little bow tie, said he'd give me a fair show and he has. I've got some good friends, Lou, that stuck like burs."

He brought his eyes round to her face then and smile "And you're one of them. You've been a brick, old gi It's mighty fine of you."

His face was not perfectly clear before her eyes—t image blurred a trifle; and she said in humble cand "No, I haven't. I've been rotten to you. I've been rott to everybody."

He smiled at her boylike and answered, "This isr rotten."

It was her turn to look off at the lake then and sl knew she was saying a reckless thing, but her mo pushed her on to say it just the same—not to him, b to the landscape:

"I wonder if it's all worth while—the place in the fro row that we chorus girls set so much store by and getti our pictures in the Sunday newspapers! It's true, ours front row for life—with the whole show, from manag down to sceneshifter, always anxious to please. It's a go deal when it's for life—you always served first and t others squabbling for what's left after you're throug I'm proud as a peacock, Ned, and selfish as a wolf."

He forced a smile and replied: "No, it's yours by divi right. You belong in the front row. I wouldn't see yo anywhere else."

She thought there was something self-conscious in th way he deposited his cigarette stub in the saucer with h eyes carefully on the table. So she said:

"Perhaps you've heard that I'm to marry Lowe Winthrop."

He looked up at her squarely, openly, and replied wit perfect steadiness: "Yes, I'd heard it. He's a fine, ab man. I wish you all the happiness in the world."

And that brought them to a stone wall.

"Certainly I'm hoping to be happy," she said, th speech sounding silly to her ears. "I'm awfully glad to se you getting on at the bank. You've been a perfect brick Ned. I'm terribly proud of you."

That sounded even sillier. She picked up her gloves.

"A couple more weeks of this and swimming will begin, he observed, looking at the lake as he rose with her an recovered his hat. "I'm born again when I can get int the water."

And as they got into the car they fell back into thei made conversation.

"Shall I take you home?" she asked as they neared th modest street at the southern edge of Elsmoor.

"Just drop me here at our street," he replied. "They'r fixing the pavement up by the house. You might not b able to get through."

She thought he was lying about the pavement. But tha was nothing to the lie she was acting—for if she drove u to his house, what about his mother? She knew, as he ha said, that his mother took her punishment hard, and th Dinsmore family had been among those for whom th Proctor family had ceased to exist socially. If she drov Ned up to the house she might step out to say "Hov d' do" to his mother in her most cheerful and graciou manner—which would be a ghastly sort of performance Or she could drop Ned in front of the house and drive awa without saying "How d' do" to his mother, which woul be awkward too. She knew Ned had divined that dilemm and lied about the pavement to get her out of it.

Not that there had ever been any intimacy or more tha the most incidental sort of contact between the tw families. The intimacy had all been between herself an Ned. She had known all along that her father and mothe did not approve of the Proctors; and especially did no approve of the son who had managed to acquire the repu tation of a scapegrace. They viewed their daughter' friendship for him with a chilly dissatisfaction.

Then came the ruin and exposure of Thomas Proctor— an astounding maze of deceits, juggled balance sheets an spurious paper as the receivers and the press unraveled it Above all, it involved the wreck of the Industrial Ban with grievous loss to its savings depositors. Press an public turned thumbs down to Thomas Proctor; he wa the arch-swindler. The son himself was indicted and wa technically guilty, though he had only obeyed his fathe under specially exigent circumstances and without know ing his father's situation.

That brought matters to a crisis. To nobody probabl was the kind of crime that Thomas Proctor had com mitted more detestable than to Alfred Dinsmore. Th lying balance sheets, bogus paper, wrecked bank, con noted a kind of malefaction that he abhorred. He ha never liked Thomas Proctor, anyway, sensing something unsound in him. The son's scapegrace reputation was n recommendation to the father of a marriageable daughter Alfred Dinsmore laid down the law that his door was no open to Edward Proctor.

Father and daughter were too much alike—high-spirited quick-tempered, proud. They had a bitter quarrel. I their alikeness both of them struck too hard. Becaus they loved each other very much, the blows hurt all th worse. Dinsmore's law stood; his door was not open t young Proctor. But it spoiled his life; he and his daughte were not good friends any more.

(Continued on Page 157)

"What's the Best Show in Town?"

"Right there across the street." "What is it?"
"Don't know: haven't seen it yet. But they're showing Paramount Artcraft Pictures there and that says it all. I'll tell the world that."

BUT he doesn't have to tell the world: the world already knows. Not only in the palatial theatres of the big cities, but in the leading theatres of several thousand cities and towns in every state in the Union, Paramount Artcraft Pictures are regarded as the "best show in town."

Thus Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has brought to the people the wholesome entertainment and joyous fun they crave and need, in deeper and richer and greater measure than anything else possibly could—love, romance, adventure, excitement, mystery, mirth—all the things that make life sparkle.

Some theatre near you is showing a *Paramount Artcraft* Picture tonight.

Go by that name and you'll go right!

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

The New Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released in September and October. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Billie Burke *in*
"The Misleading Widow"
"Sadie Love"

Marguerite Clark *in*
"Widow By Proxy"

Elsie Ferguson *in*
"The Witness for the Defense"

Houdini *in* "The Grim Game"

Vivian Martin *in* "The Third Kiss"
"His Official Fiancée"

Wallace Reid *in*
"The Valley of the Giants"
"The Lottery Man"

"The Teeth of the Tiger" With Star Cast

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Life Line"

George Loane Tucker's Production
"The Miracle Man"

Robert Warwick *in*
"Told in the Hills"
"In Mizzoura"

Bryant Washburn *in*
"Why Smith Left Home"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "Stepping Out"

Dorothy Dalton *in*
"The Market of Souls"

Charles Ray *in*
"The Egg Crate Wallop"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy *one each month*

Paramount-Briggs Comedy *one each week*

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies *two each month*

Paramount Magazine *issued weekly*

Paramount-Post Nature Pictures *issued every other week*

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

A Human Laboratory

IF YOU employed 21,000 people, how would you treat them? Would you say: "I'll pay good wages and take it for granted that my employees can look out for themselves"? Or would you assume a certain guardianship over all your people and shoulder the responsibility for their general health and welfare? Hundreds of corporations to-day are confronted by such questions, and many employers are answering the problem in a hundred different ways.

Everyone knows that high wages alone are not a panacea for labor ills. Recent events in certain of our most progressive industries are making people wonder if high wages, safe and healthy working and living conditions, and a voice in the management of the business even constitute the desired answer.

But no matter what we believe, our duty is plain, and every person in authority must keep on trying. Not all employers can afford to undertake costly experiments in humanics, but everyone can profit by the researches and results of others. A few of our larger corporations have purchased all the stock of shareholders and are now mutual companies, conducted very much as national institutions would be.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been conducting a human laboratory, using its 21,000 employees as the material for its experiments. All the knowledge it has gained as a great employer is free to any who desire it.

The main purposes of the Metropolitan's efforts have been, first, to strengthen the human relations between the company and its employees; second, to increase the permanency of the working force in order to secure loyalty and interest on the part of employees. The company's first operating principle is that welfare or betterment work must be an addition to wages and not a substitute for them. A second thought is that no efforts to assist the individual worker must interfere with the right of the employee to live his or her life without undue interference.

Primary among the company's plans to better the working conditions of its office force are the efforts to improve the ventilation and sanitation of the various workrooms. Gradually the size of these has been increased. Partitions have been removed. Practically all rooms now have natural light from two sides, and the rule is to eliminate as far as possible all need for artificial illumination. Semidirect lighting has been installed in nearly all sections.

The five-minute rest periods, in the morning at eleven o'clock and in the afternoon at three, first undertaken as an experiment, have been extended generally. During this time windows are thrown wide open and the clerks are encouraged to engage in active exercise. The company believes that this has removed the strain of the last hours of work in the morning and afternoon periods.

The entrance examination for employment in the company includes a psychological test as well as a medical test. The former measures the mental ability of the applicant and was prepared by Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University. This examination is based on the psychology of association, reaction, time, and so on. The investigation to show how this test has improved standards is not yet completed, but it is significant that notwithstanding the strain of unusual war conditions, the withdrawal of men for military service, and the general labor unrest last year the company had a waiting list of applicants practically all the time.

The Gymnasium for Employees

At the present moment the Metropolitan is coöperating with the Bureau of Salesmanship Research of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in order to arrive at a series of tests that will secure a high grade of employee for the corporation's field force, thereby affording a reduction in the labor turnover in this important department. It is anticipated that the sought-for tests will eliminate all applicants who are unqualified for the business at hand.

The medical examination is a thorough one. It includes a report on family and personal history, an investigation of heart, lungs, sight, hearing and teeth. The object has been to secure men and women who are physically fit. As a result of this examination last year 88.5% of those examined were accepted. Of these, 73.1% were employed with no waiver, 11.5% with a temporary waiver, and 3.9% with a permanent waiver.

Some time ago the company abolished the common plan of making deductions for tardiness. As a result there was a slight increase last year in the number of clerks who were late, but this was due mainly to the difficulties of transportation in and round New York City. The offer of a bonus of a week's salary to employees who have made exceptional records in attendance during the year was continued. These bonuses in 1918 amounted to $28,602.96.

All employees are subjected to an annual medical examination. Those in the big home office are gone over by a special group of examiners, while the men in the field are looked after by the company's regular medical force. Though the examination given to workers is as thorough as that given to applicants for life insurance or to applicants for employment, the motive is wholly different. The purpose back of the employees' examinations is fourfold: First, there is the desire to detect disease in its incipient stage; second, the correction of ascertained minor defects; third, encouragement of treatment; fourth, the prevention of disease. Workers who handle food are examined more often than the others, the aim being to eliminate the dangers of transmission of diseases through food that is served in the company's restaurant.

In order to loc after the physic welfare of its peop the company estal lished a rest roon or what might b more properl called an office di pensary, an optic clinic, a denta clinic and a tube culosis sanatorium Last year the offic dispensary receive 29,828 visits. Th daily average i about 110. In ad dition to renderin emergency medica care to 110 em ployees each da the rest room car ries on many helpfu activities.

The optical clini is held regularl each afternoon, whe refraction tests ar made and dispen sary work done. A optician is presen three days eac week to fit and ad just glasses. Durin 1918 the clinic mad 974 eye tests an furnished nev glasses to employee at wholesale rates The optician re ceived 2419 visit and glasses wer loaned in 293 cases Repairs and new glasses were mad in 3468 cases.

The dental clini made an equally good showing. The original offer to employees stated that the company would examine and cleanse teeth semiannually, free of charge. Last year 3808 such examinations and cleansings were made. Also in 1918 the clinic treated 8162 emergency cases and took 3871 X-ray pictures. An analysis of the company's records compared with the dental clinic's reports showed a marked relationship between attendance and efficiency on one hand and tooth infection on the other. Doctor Frankel, vice president of the Metropolitan, says that many serious ailments have been cleared up by treatment of the teeth.

"Only last week," said Doctor Frankel, "we had the case of a young woman clerk who appeared to be in danger of losing her eyesight, and on examination was found to be suffering from infected teeth. Curing the teeth brought her eyes back to normal."

It is also a fact that the dental clinic being right on the spot saves days of time for the company. Assuming that on an average each case treated would have lost one-quarter of a day if the individual had been obliged to go to an outside dentist, the actual saving to the company is 204 days each year.

Certainly not least among the efforts of the company is the tuberculosis sanatorium, located up in the mountains of New York State, which was opened in 1913. It cost more than a million dollars and the company has sent more than a thousand of its employees there already. Many are back at their work, cured. In fact, up to the beginning of this year the sanatorium had discharged 780 tuberculosis patients. Of the consumptive patients that were sent to the sanatorium last year 53% were in the incipient stage, 42% were moderately advanced, and 5% were far advanced. More than three-quarters of the patients were between the ages of 20 and 40, which indicates how necessary it is to recognize tuberculosis while there is yet time to restore full working efficiency. The present capacity of the sanatorium is 325. Patients with other diseases than tuberculosis are also treated there. When the sick worker is sent to the sanatorium his pay goes on.

On returning from the sanatorium each employee reports biweekly to be weighed, and bimonthly for a careful medical examination. Workers who are anemic or in a pre tuberculous condition report to the rest room twice daily

(Continued on Page 42)

REPUBLIC
Yellow Chassis
TRUCKS

THERE is no getting around the facts about Republic Trucks: Republic sales growth has no parallel. Republic Trucks stand better, with more American business men, than any other. They are rendering heroic service to a greater number of businesses than any other. These simple facts have made the Republic Company, in six years, the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 40)

for milk. The daily average of such cases reporting last year was 112. This preventive work is undoubtedly helping to reduce the number of cases of consumption.

Employees who have been absent on account of illness are required to report to the company's doctors before they are permitted to resume their work. This protects convalescents who desire to get back on the job before they are really able, and at the same time protects other employees from the possibility of infection. During illness a nurse visits the home of the employee and assists in every way possible.

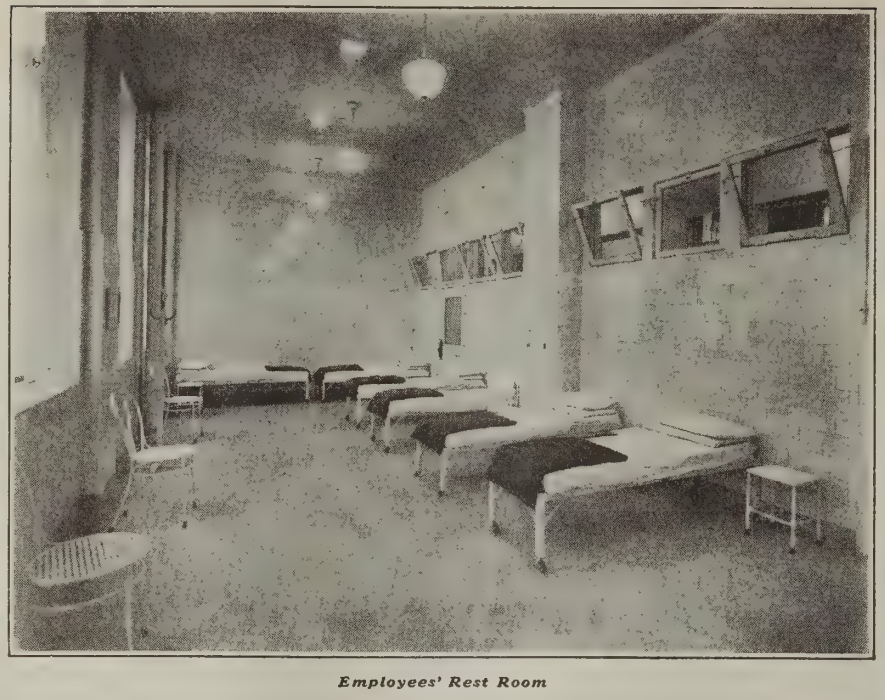
More than ten years ago the Metropolitan began to serve a complete noonday luncheon to all employees in the home office. This was not done with the sole idea of benefiting the worker, but rather for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the individual. It was found that many clerks who had need for strict economy effected considerable of their savings by cutting down on their luncheon expenditures. The plan now followed eliminates this danger. The midday meal given by the company is not a gratuity, but is considered wholly a supplement to the wages received. An average meal is about as follows:

Vegetable Soup
Roast Leg of Lamb
Mashed Potatoes Peas or Beans
Chocolate Cake or Ice Cream
Bread and Butter
Tea Coffee Milk

For any who are off a meat diet the service includes crackers and milk or rice and milk. The cost of the meal to the company, not including any charge for rent, is approximately 29 cents each day per person. In 1918 the luncheons cost the corporation $360,000. The daily service takes care of about 5600 people. The worker gets back to his desk again in 35 minutes.

Each employee has his own individual steel locker, where he can keep his comb, brush and individual drinking glass—furnished by the company—as well as the towel he gets biweekly. Often a pleasant morning has turned into a rainy afternoon and the working day ends in the midst of a storm. Here we see the fine point to which the Metropolitan has carried its betterment work, for in such an event the company furnishes each employee with an umbrella, which, before quitting time, is placed at his desk. The corporation figures that the umbrella didn't cost much, and believes the investment is made up a hundredfold by the protection thus furnished to workers. A few people absent with bad colds that might have been prevented will cost more than the interest on a very large investment in umbrellas. It might be added that the company safeguards its umbrella supply by charging ten cents a day if the umbrella is not promptly returned.

The Metropolitan found out that the men and women who were not saving money were the ones most likely to be dissatisfied, and the concern deliberately set about making its people save. A plan was adopted whereby a staff savings fund was created. The company deposits to the benefit of each employee an amount equal to one-half the deposits made by the employee during the current year. The company's deposits may be drawn out in case of the depositor's death or permanent incapacity or by vote of the trustees in the event of honorable retirement following 20 years' continuous service. The employee's deposit may be withdrawn at any time, but in such case the company's contributions stand to the credit of the remaining depositors. At the end of last year the staff savings fund had 7901 depositors with credits to their accounts totaling $4,122,367, of which the company's subscriptions with interest amounted to $1,729,729. The average rate of interest earned on the total deposits according to the latest record is 5.16%.



Employees' Rest Room

Another interesting feature is the coöperative store. This establishment is maintained and managed by the employees, and was designed to increase each worker's purchasing capacity to a maximum. It is really an attempt to offset the increasing cost of living, and is so far heralded as a real success. Last year the business of the store amounted to $92,000, and showed an increase in sales of 10% over 1917. Goods of the highest quality are sold at as near cost price as possible. The company contributes the rent. There is practically no salary expense as the officers of the coöperative association assist in the conduct of the store.

Other things worth noting are the scheme for disability insurance, the plan for retirement of aged and disabled employees and the wide provisions for recreation and education. The company pays one-half of the premiums for disability insurance. More than 14,000 employees have availed themselves of the offer. The company has also insured the lives of all its workers und the group-insurance plan. At the age 65 an employee may be retired at on third salary. This is one of the mo liberal disability plans ever adopted any company.

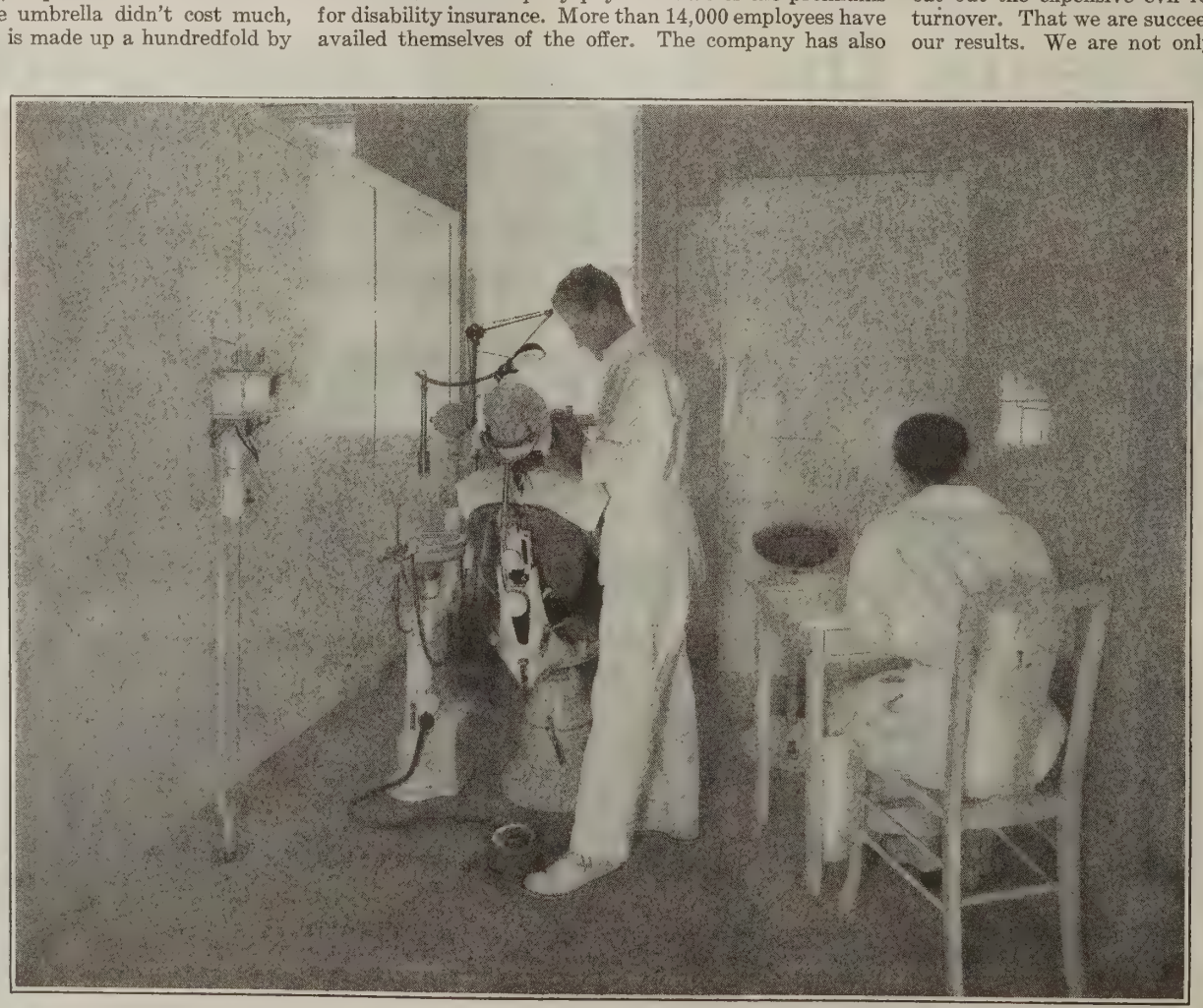
The office hours are from 9 A. M. 4:30 P. M. with a one-o'clock closing Saturday. This permits the company workers to avoid the afternoon rush-ho crowds, and also gives them time to a tend to any urgent personal affairs. Em ployees get two weeks' vacation with fu pay. This is increased by length of ser ice. The gymnasium, which is ful equipped with athletic apparatus, show baths and lockers, is reserved for the u of male employees on four days and f women on two days. Competent in structors are in attendance. The athlet association also supervises social activ ties. In the winter months dancing permitted in the assembly room durin the luncheon period. On two days the week music is provided. There also a company band, a string orchestr and a glee club.

The Metropolitan devotes much a tention to training and educating it employees. There is a correspondenc course on the principles of life insurance, with an averag enrollment of about 5000. So far the cost per graduate ha been $5.81. There are two stenographic classes, eac meeting once a week. The graduates become eligible fo the stenographic force of the home office. The librar contains more than 20,000 books, and the circulation las year was 46,895. In order that the women might increas their knowledge of sewing and millinery the compan organized a sewing room with six power machines an placed a trained dressmaker in charge. Trained teacher also conduct the millinery classes and instruct the wome in the art of making and trimming their own hats.

The average reader familiar with betterment work i our industrial life will probably conclude that the Metro politan Life has about gone the limit in the matter of givin attention to the general welfare of its employees. How ever, the officers of the company appear to feel that they have gone only part way in their study of humanics and are laying plans to continue their work into new fields.

Said one of the vice presidents: "We discovered years ago that increasing people's pay will not keep them with you. They must get more from you than is furnished in the pay envelope. Our work is a deliberate attempt to cut out the expensive evil represented by a large labor turnover. That we are succeeding in our aim is shown by our results. We are not only getting the right kind of people in our employ but they are staying with us, and what is more they are mostly satisfied. Half of the employees of our big home office have been with us for a period of five years or more. We know that the amount expended in our service work for employees is justified. Our records prove it brings large results in increased efficiency and in the permanency and loyalty of our working force."

There you have it. Here is at least a partial solution of the momentous problem—labor unrest.



The Dental Clinic

What the Doctor Said

"PERHAPS in the final count it may be proved that Nature is all-efficient. A lot of folks say that she wastes nothing. Time is her slave and a thousand years are to her as but a day. However, if we examine the history of things from the viewpoint of a mere human we cannot help but

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Thomas Beer
An Autobiography

FEW of my friends, ...on discovering that I ...d sold a story to The ...entury, gathered about ... and urged that I find ...mething graceful as a ...n name. I recollect "Colin Cameron," and "George Baldwin" as ...nong the substitutes ...fered. They bade me ...nsider the sorrows of ...liver Onions. I did not ...el that the tribulations ... an English novelist had ...y bearing on my case, ...t I have since thought ...mething less unkindly ... the advice. My late ...andfather and a living ...ousin, both Thomas ...eer, have had to take ...lame for me, and I have

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John Peter Toohey (and Son)
An Autobiography

MAYBE the gentle reader doesn't know ..., but quite the most difficult part of story-writing—to ...e, at any rate—is getting the opening paragraph just ...ight. That has been my experience ever since the happy ...ays when I started on a writing career as an extremely callow cub reporter on the Scranton Tribune. The idea is to intrigue the attention at the outset.

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Elaine Sterne
An Autobiography

I THINK I love best of all little houses, with fireplaces and breakfast rooms and sleeping porches. And next to that I love steep trails and swift-flowing rivers with leaping salmon and a roan horse that can travel miles without tiring and a shaggy brown sheep dog that bounds ahead barking. Then I love crisp winter nights in the city with a flurry of snow blurring the lights of Broadway. And I love the theatery smell of a theater and the twanging of an orchestra tuning up and the hurrying to read a program before the curtain rises. And afterward the noisy restaurants and dancing. Oh, how I do love that!

And I like narrow, ill-paved streets and queer basement shops and old bookstores and little parks full of babies who will not keep off the grass. And then friends. I love a quiet dinner in a little tea room in the square with Fannie Hurst, when I can listen to her tell me the plot of a new story—which means that the fish and salad and chicken go untasted and waitresses hover in vain, for when Fannie, with her rare gift of dramatizing emotion, becomes the character she is describing you find yourself living it with her, and time and place and people are forgotten.

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

PHOTO. BY GEISLER & ANDREWS, NEW YORK CITY

Or I like an evening in Rita Weiman's black-and-gold room with Rita curled up on the couch, graceful and indolent, as she analyzes the points, both good and bad, of some current play. I like to watch her face, so full of lights and shades as she talks, and to see her eyes kindle and take sudden fire as her subject interests her and she hurls herself into it. And I love to lunch at the Claridge with Margaret Mayo and see the theatrical world of New York stop at her table and gather her to its heart, to hear her quick response to each and every one and her never-failing tender interest in all that concerns them.

And about myself—I like to write of course, only I dread beginning a story. I put off the actual start by all sorts of transparent subterfuges. I find pencils to be sharpened, letters to be written and music to be played—all of breathless urgency. And at last, when I can offer myself not another excuse, I approach the typewriter with dragging steps, seat myself, sigh deeply, and plunge in head first.

After that I never want to stop!

Floyd W. Parsons *(At His Desk)*
An Autobiography

I DON'T see how it is possible for me to sketch out a little story about myself without telling how grandpa put it over on the Yanks. You see it was this way: He lived down on the south branch of the Potomac River some

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Thomas Beer

(Concluded from Page 45)

been accused of borrowing my own name from a novel about Devonshire which I haven't read. And it is a dreadful thing to be a living pun! Mr. Onions, in his rather conspicuous position, may suffer a thousand times more keenly, but his vegetable namesake has not been prohibited by an act of Parliament.

It is very hard to imagine what facts in a very tame life are likely to interest the reader. My first memory of any sort is the passage of a section of the Blackfoot tribe through the streets of Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1892, when I was three years old. Relatives tell me that I have no license to remember it at all. But I do remember the snowdrifts and northern lights in St. Paul the next year and an amazing rainstorm which halted trains in the Grand Central yards in 1894.

Also I read Flaubert's Salâmmbo in 1896 while my father was guiding a carful of decrepit Civil War heroes about the Middle West on behalf of Mr. McKinley, and hearing them make the same speeches at every station. I was not spanked for reading Salâmmbo, which was an omission, and I was subsequently paid fifty cents a quatrain for memorizing Omar, to the horror of some of my Presbyterian kin.

An uncle in Bucyrus, Ohio, kindly lent me Gil Blas and Short Sixes during the summer of the Spanish War, and I suppose this settled me into the rut which ends in authorship. My grandfather and father were lawyers and I was educated with some such view, but nothing could make me shine in the law. I took to writing fiction at the Mackenzie School, continued at Yale, battled with the law a while, then sank cheerfully back to fiction again in the winter of 1916–17.

In August, 1917, a tale of mine in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST showed me how maniacal a pursuit writing seems to the average man. I was a clerk in the supply company of the 21st Field Artillery at the moment, and people came to peer at me cautiously over the supply sergeant's shoulder; then, seeing that I was harmless, asked if I made the pictures too.

Last year, in Pons, while my division was nestling there a dear old thing who ran the best local hotel asked me what I did in *la civile*. I told her I wrote.

"Curious," she said to her husband; "he seems no different from other lieutenants. Quite respectable, even."

"Ah, but," said her husband, "there have been persons who wrote and were most respectable. It is only the fine writers who are queer to look at."

John Peter Toohey

(Concluded from Page 45)

That, I believe, is the phrase used in all the textbooks on short-story writing which I have never read. At any rate, a friend of mine who has read them all told me it was the other day.

I wonder if I've hurdled that obstacle successfully. I hope I have, because when I deliberately sat down at my typewriter to tell the story of my life I found that I just couldn't evolve any kind of an opening paragraph at all. I felt so goldarned self-conscious that I couldn't begin. The ordinary process is to begin about nineteen times in nineteen different ways and then get off with a rush on the twentieth attempt. This time, however, I couldn't even get off for the first trial. Then the bright idea occurred to me of starting out by telling of my difficulties along this line, and here I am about two hundred words into the body of the narrative and everything running smoothly. If the reader gets this far he sure must be intrigued, so the hardest part of the task is over.

I first broke into print when a birth notice appeared in the Binghamton, New York, papers announcing my arrival in this vale of tears. The earliest literary endeavor that I remember was an attempt, at about the age of eight, to dramatize a novel. I vaguely recall that it was a blood-thirsty romance having to do with the Medici family and that Florence was its locale. I think that my first act was all of a hundred words long so it is hardly necessary to state that the play never reached the production stage. A couple of years later I was caught in the grip of a great urge. I decided to become a poet. My mother wrote very excellent verse for her own amusement and I suppose I caught the infection from her. I remember devoting the best part of one Sunday to the composition of what I believed would be a deathless lyric entitled The Sea. I came across it the other day while on a visit to my mother's home. I found myself thrilled at the majestic sweep of the thing. List to this sonorous stanza:

The sea, the sea, the restless sea,
Thou art the emblem of eternity.
Thou shalt sail on for years to come
Until thy silent course is done.

The great urge seemed to find its ultimate satisfaction in the fashioning of this single poem and my literary efforts were entirely limited to school compositions for a great many years after that. The only one of these I remember was a flavory piece depicting life as I conceived it to have been ordered in Merrie England in the Middle Ages. Up from the depths of the unconscious there comes back to me this savory line: "What ho, varlet, bring me a goodly flagon of russet ale or, by Saint Andrew, I'll have at thee!" I remember my teacher thought that line was full of character and read it aloud to the class. For the rest of that day I felt myself destined to be a great historical novelist, but somehow the feeling sort of deserted me after I'd had a good night's sleep.

My first essays at fiction appeared in the decidedly chaste columns of the now non-existent Scranton Tribune, to which publication I attached myself as a reporter at an early and a very green age. Of course the public didn't know they were fiction. On the surface they were supposed to be absolute fact. You see it was this way: News used to be terribly scarce some nights and the city editor, a gentleman gifted with a sporting instinct and a fine sense of fun, would say to me on such occasions: "Take a walk round the block and see if you can't dope out a good yarn. We haven't got a story that's worth two sticks."

So I'd saunter round the central part of the town and let my imagination soar, and come back and do a column and a half of stuff that wouldn't have even a kernel of truth in it. I'd have real names in it of course—friends of mine who'd stand for it just for a lark—and the thing would have all the earmarks of a thoroughly veracious narrative. Maybe it would deal with the strange adventures of a fictitious visitor to the city. I'd invent a name for him and then I'd solemnly register him at the principal hotel while the night clerk conveniently turned his head. This was because the rival morning paper got to questioning our sensational exclusive stories and started investigations of some of them.

I used to cover the drama in those days, too, and I had high moralistic notions about purifying the stage. I pontificated with colossal effrontery on the works of Pinero and Shaw and pointed out to a defenseless public the serious shortcomings of these distinguished playwrights and condemned them for their choice of subjects with all the crusading ardor of a Puritan elder. This naturally led me into the line of endeavor in which I at present find myself—the theatrical business.

For a number of years I journeyed back and forth across the American continent and as far south as the City of Mexico in advance of an infinite variety of theatrical and musical celebrities, assailing the newspapers in every city of importance with stories in which a maximum of fact was mingled with a modicum of fiction, and attending to business details in connection with the enterprises I represented. After I had touched foot on the soil of every state in the Union and of every province in Canada and had become as familiar with Market Street in San Francisco as with Commonwealth Avenue in Boston the novelty sort of wore off and the grind of travel became a tiresome bore and a permanent menace to my peace of mind.

Whereupon I settled myself in New York four years ago in the office of George C. Tyler, and there I have remained ever since, attending to the general advertising of the stars and plays under his direction and limiting my assaults on the press almost entirely to the metropolitan journals and the magazines. The theatrical celebrities whom I have assisted in exploiting have included Madame Emma Calvé, Laurette Taylor, John Drew, George Arliss, Lew Fields, Mrs. Fiske, Nora Bayes, William Faversham, the late John Mason, DeWolf Hopper, William Collier and Patricia Collinge. I was also at the New York Hippodrome for a time. My most thoroughly satisfying achievement in this field was the general direction of the publicity campaign for the amazingly successful all-star production of J. Hartley Manners' Out There, given for the benefit of the American Red Cross a year ago last May, a tour which netted $700,000 for this greatest of charities and which was the greatest enterprise of its kind ever organized. All the details passed through our office.

During the years I devoted to the road I made occasional returns to the newspaper field. For several summers I labored in Washington and one summer I decided to forsake the theater forever and joined the staff of the New York Evening World. Here I participated in the daily afternoon pitch game with a group which included Irvin S. Cobb and Barton W. Currie, now the editor of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Cobb and I left the paper at about the same time—he to become a SATURDAY EVENING POST star and I to return to the field of theatrical endeavor. The theater, you see, is like luxury—it gets into the blood.

For years I had an ambition to write short stories, but it was only that and nothing more. Some inhibition prevented me from developing the ideas that occasionally came to me. Two years ago I started a story and wrote about a thousand words. I didn't think much of it and stuck it away in the corner of my desk. Last fall I began to see a great deal of an old friend, the gentleman who writes those epics of the race track and the circus in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the pseudonym of L. B. Yates. One day when he was calling on me in my office I reached into the drawer and pulled out the start of that first story. I told him the idea and let him read the six typewritten pages. To my surprise he said he liked it very much and urged me to finish it. I wrote six more pages, and in the meantime he left town. I didn't have the nerve to try it on anyone else and so I tucked it away again in my desk drawer.

Mr. Yates—that isn't a bit like his real name—drifted back to the city early in March and wanted to know about that story. I told him I'd finish it some day, and then I outlined an idea for another one that was simmering in my mind.

"I'll write it some day," I said carelessly.

"Write either one of 'em now, dog-gone you!" he remarked. "Go to it and stick at it."

And so, under his stimulating influence, I finished the second story. I owe him more than I can ever tell for his encouragement and advice. He'd drop in every day to inquire how I was getting on, and if I hadn't written anything the night before he'd profess to be greatly annoyed and would make insulting remarks and get all worked up. He drilled me into finishing that story and into completing the first one. Then he tucked them under his arm, dropped down to Philadelphia and personally conducted them into the office of the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I had quite a shock three days afterward when one of them was accepted. It has been comparatively easy sailing since. The ideas have come more quickly, the inhibitions have vanished, and I wouldn't be human if I didn't confess that every time a new story is accepted I am just as pleased as my wife is, and that's saying a great deal! Even John, Jr., ætat. three years, has become mightily interested in my new career and inquires every night when I get home from the office—yes, I'm still sticking there—if I'm going to "write some more stories on the tripewriter."

I have been fortunate in the literary acquaintances I made in my newspaper and theatrical activities. They have been most unselfishly helpful in giving me aid and advice. I have told of Mr. Yates, who literally fought me into accomplishment. I should like to speak, too, of my friend Booth Tarkington, who went over one of my first manuscripts with meticulous care, making several valuable suggestions and heartening me with a wonderful letter of encouragement. Irvin Cobb, too, placed himself at my disposal should I need assistance in crossing a stile here or there, and Major Rupert Hughes was equally willing to be of any help possible. In the best sense of the word they're a fine body of men.

Floyd W. Parsons

(Continued from Page 45)

little distance north of Winchester, Virginia. Grandpa was a rebel serving with Stonewall Jackson's brigade. The Northern Armies had extended their lines until they included his farm, and the old gentleman couldn't ge home any more to see grandma. But on night he got leave and slipped through th Yankee lines and reached the house. Th next day the enemy got wind of the fac that grandpa was home, and started search. But the old fellow fooled them The house had two sections and the onl way you could get from one section of th house to the other side was to go throug a secret trapdoor up in the attic or go roun on the outside.

The soldiers weren't sure about ther being a trapdoor, or at least they couldn' find it, so, of course, they couldn't fin grandpa, for when they were on one side h was on the other. But while up in the atti on several of these occasions waiting for th danger to pass, he occupied himself with study of a funny-looking porcelain hea and bust that portrayed the exact locatio of all the mental faculties possessed b each human individual. Grandpa hereto fore had pooh-poohed his wife's pet hobby which was phrenology, and she got vexe and stowed her phrenological bust up there in the garret. The result was that grandpa became converted, and right there he and grandma decided that their first grandson should base his future life on the results o an early phrenological test.

It is quite evident, therefore, that back in the days of the Civil War the future life o yours truly was largely planned by his forbears. Mother grew up a convert to phrenology and when my fifteenth birthday came along they handed me a railroad ticket from Grafton, West Virginia, to New York City, told the conductor not to let me off the train, and thus started me on the way for my phreno. exam. When I got home several days later mother read the lengthy report and said I was to become a mining engineer. Father, as usual, voted the same ticket, and there you are.

The only question was in reference to the kind of mines I was going to manage. Father said I would never do in gold mines unless they closed up all the shops in the neighborhood—none of the metal would ever get into the bank. Mother replied that she had heard of how there were lots of girls in the big cities who were gold diggers, and she didn't approve of the stories told about them. Such company would never do. At last my complexion won. Mother said coal dust wouldn't show on my dark skin; father replied that a little more gas wouldn't hurt me; so I went to Lehigh University, where I played so hard at baseball and football for four years that the authorities finally declared I was qualified to be a coal-mining engineer and gave me my diploma.

Two jobs were offered me. One paid sixty dollars a month, and the other a hundred dollars. In the first I was to be a backsight, which job you can't find in the dictionary, but it means just what you think it does. The other position was that of chief engineer. My folks said to start at the bottom, and as the sixty-dollar job sounded like it was pretty near the bottom I took it. After a few days I learned that the duties of a backsight were to carry all the paraphernalia of the engineering corps you worked on. While you were resting you crawled round and painted numbers of survey stations on the roof of the mine chambers and entries. As predicted, the job was near the bottom; in fact, it was so far below the bottom you had to look up to see it.

However, everything went well; none of my pals got killed; I soon got accustomed to the night shift, and after a while they made me a district engineer. Then I became a division engineer, and a little later chief engineer of a dozen mines in southern West Virginia. One night, as I stood in my little office with the president of the company poring over maps and trying to devise a way to get round a fault one of the mines had run into, the mountains shook, there was the dull roar of a mine explosion and the heavens were lighted by the spitting, flaming mouth of the drift mine on the mountain just above us.

No one spoke; each one knew what to do. The fan had stopped and several of us got it started. Crews of men were called. The dark night buzzed with action. The women in the houses below huddled together for the comfort that association brings in time of danger. Here and there one could hear the low sob of a woman whose husband had been working on the night shift. Was he dead or was he pinned back there in the mountain waiting for help? *(Concluded on Page 169)*

GOLFERS THREE

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"A Two-Year-Old Boy Yet," Observed Mr. Gomberg to the Ground, "Could Play That With a Mashie"

LOOKING back it seems so easy to have averted the great disasters of story. The glories of ancient Rome might have been preserved to posterity by the Hoboken Fire Department. Asbestos hay would have saved Mother O'Leary's cow and decreased fire-insurance premiums. Five efficient Southwestern Georgia lynching festivals would have prevented the well-known war. A pass to Babe Ruth might have saved the Cleveland Indians a stinging ninth-inning defeat on Friday the eighteenth. But there is a case more in point. A little flat stone lying out in the ditch which forms the hazard before the eighteenth hole of the Berrywood Country Club ——

Mr. Harold Gomberg was to the cloak-and-suit industry what daylight is to a lusty-lunged rooster. He held a junior partnership in the house of Miller, Fries, Nixon & Co. He came to the house with a record for pep and ginger and the amateur record for the Maplewood Golf Club of East Orange, New Jersey. The former he admitted with easy grace, the latter he held in reserve through the winter months following his arrival. In answer to direct inquiries he admitted that he played the game—some. He went into no details. Let them find out he was a crack for themselves—and at their own cost. Besides, the modesty of his reticence would do him credit. What was the sense of blowing? Suppose he couldn't get onto the tricks of the Berrywood course at the beginning. You couldn't always tell. How would it make him look?

He knew the garment industry from seam to cash slip and often he mused over the blockheaded foolishness that characterized the biggest men of the industry. For instance, there was Mr. Hyman Miller, head of his own house, forever puttering about, his fleshy finger first in one department, then in another. And his ideas concerning selling!

And then there was the head of the rival house of Florsheimer, Hammer & Fox. An old fool, Florsheimer, spending his mornings reading inconsequential mail and his afternoons in a futile effort to play par golf. They said he wasn't half bad for an old man, but Mr. Gomberg smiled to himself. Good! Wait until Berrywood saw somebody that was really good; somebody whose pitch shots dropped dead beside the flag with almost unfailing accuracy. How they would suck in their breath and gasp, those boys who rolled them up!

In the spring, while the early birds were still playing on the temporary greens, he went out to Berrywood. It was a cool day, but sunny, and the wind blew sharply from the west.

He swung off the first tee with a straight, low drive of two hundred and seventy-five yards.

Mr. Gomberg smiled complacently and trudged forward. Standing beside the ball, the caddy was holding a mid-iron toward him.

Mr. Gomberg shook his head contemptuously.

"Mashie," he snapped.

The boy looked down where the little red direction flag fluttered in the distance.

"It's a hundred an' seventy-five," he pronounced.

Mr. Gomberg nodded.

"So," he observed, "they don't play hundred-and-seventy-five-yard mashie shots at this club, eh?"

He clipped the grass with a practice swing of easy grace. Then stepping slightly forward he swung slowly back, poised a moment, and the gleaming head suddenly traveled downward with gathering speed. A bit of sod leaped forward and fell. A white spot rose and rose. Together they watched the flight of the speck. It began to descend. As they watched it touched the fairway between the sand traps, bounded once and then rolled slowly across the green toward the flag.

"A birdie!" breathed the boy.

"Only fair," deprecated Mr. Gomberg. "It should be a good foot nearer the hole." But his eyes shone.

And they went forward.

On the seventh hole Mr. Gomberg played a long slice about a clump of apple trees, which the boy approved. On the twelfth hole he pitched his ball from behind a jagged clump of rocks to the left of the fairway straight to the pin. He patted the boy on the back.

Just before reaching the eighteenth green he hesitated to watch a fat party driving off from number ten. The fat party fiddled and faced his club, wagging it back and forth like a fly-distressed tail. In an instant Mr. Gomberg knew him. It was Florsheimer. He was dressed in knickerbockers, the green woolen stockings covering the lower part of the limbs looking for all the world like inverted mildewed hams. Finally he swung. With good-natured contempt Mr. Gomberg watched the sphere travel high up into the air and then dump itself to the earth a bare hundred and fifty yards ahead.

"The poor old hairpin!" he laughed. "If he is a golf player I am a solo singer."

Below him a ditch skirted the edge of the green. In its center, surrounded by small stones and grass, seared by heat, a little flat stone stared up at golfer and caddy.

If Mr. Gomberg had only known!

II

MR. GOMBERG walked into the office of the head of the house with the assured step of one who is going to ask some mighty embarrassing questions.

"Good morning," he greeted, and then rushed forward. "Why haven't we ever done any business with Kleinman?"

The head of the house surveyed his sales manager in silence.

"The only reason I can think of," he said finally, with the twisted smile which Mr. Gomberg disliked so intensely, "is because he never has bought anything of us."

"But besides Florsheimer we are the only house with the capacity to turn out his line at the prices he pays."

"That's right."

"Ain't we ever gone after it?"

Mr. Hyman Miller smiled—that same twisted, objectionable smile.

"For the last ten years maybe," he began, "every new sales manager that has come here has gone out to get Kleinman. An' there have been a lot of them," he added with a leer that Mr. Gomberg did not care for—especially. "An' they all have come back licked."

It was Mr. Gomberg's turn to smile—with just a touch of superiority.

"Maybe," he suggested modestly, "they haven't been really sales managers."

"We don't judge our sales force by Kleinman," said the head of the house shortly. "There is plenty of coats an' suits sold other places than his stores, ain't it?"

This Mr. Gomberg acknowledged.

"But just the same," he argued, "it would be pretty nice if we could get it, wouldn't it?"

"Sure!"

"Why—why haven't the others succeeded? Is Florsheimer's stuff any better, or is he a price cutthroat, or what?"

"He ain't any of those."

"Well, why? Is Florsheimer a lodge brother or something that puts us out in the cold?"

Mr. Miller reached into the depths of his lower desk drawer and produced one long cigar. He lighted it carefully.

"It ain't a lodge," he explained slowly. "It's worse than that."

"What is it then?"

Mr. Miller leaned across the desk.

"They're both golf bugs," he proclaimed slowly. "An' believe me, from the way it looks, Harold, a tender young child is nothing by it. Honest, from the way I hear it, a golf bug would strangle a customer yet who kept him after three o'clock in the afternoon."

A strange light danced in Mr. Gomberg's eyes. He tipped his chair back and gazed at the ceiling.

"A golfer!" he whispered. "I wonder ——"

And during the spring weeks that followed Mr. Gomberg continued to wonder. A nebulous, drifting idea floated just beyond the reach of his sharp, quick-acting brain. On several occasions he went out to the Berrywood Country Club and noted with infinite pride that Berrywood presented no more difficulties regarding par golf than did the Maplewood club. But he was careful to play alone. The nebulous thought had taken enough shape for that. Twice he saw Florsheimer waddling along in the wake of a dumpy drive or some approach shot that depended solely on luck. For a week he pondered over the proposition that two and two make four—to wit: Where two golf nuts get together there are strong possibilities for an astute sales manager.

And then the atmosphere clarified. It was an early spring morning in late spring. He hurriedly presented himself at the office of the head of the firm.

"Tell me whether I am right or wrong," he challenged without further preamble. "Ain't it because they are close rivals an' Kleinman always just manages to nose out Florsheimer on the eighteenth hole or so that Florsheimer gets the business?"

Mr. Miller nodded.

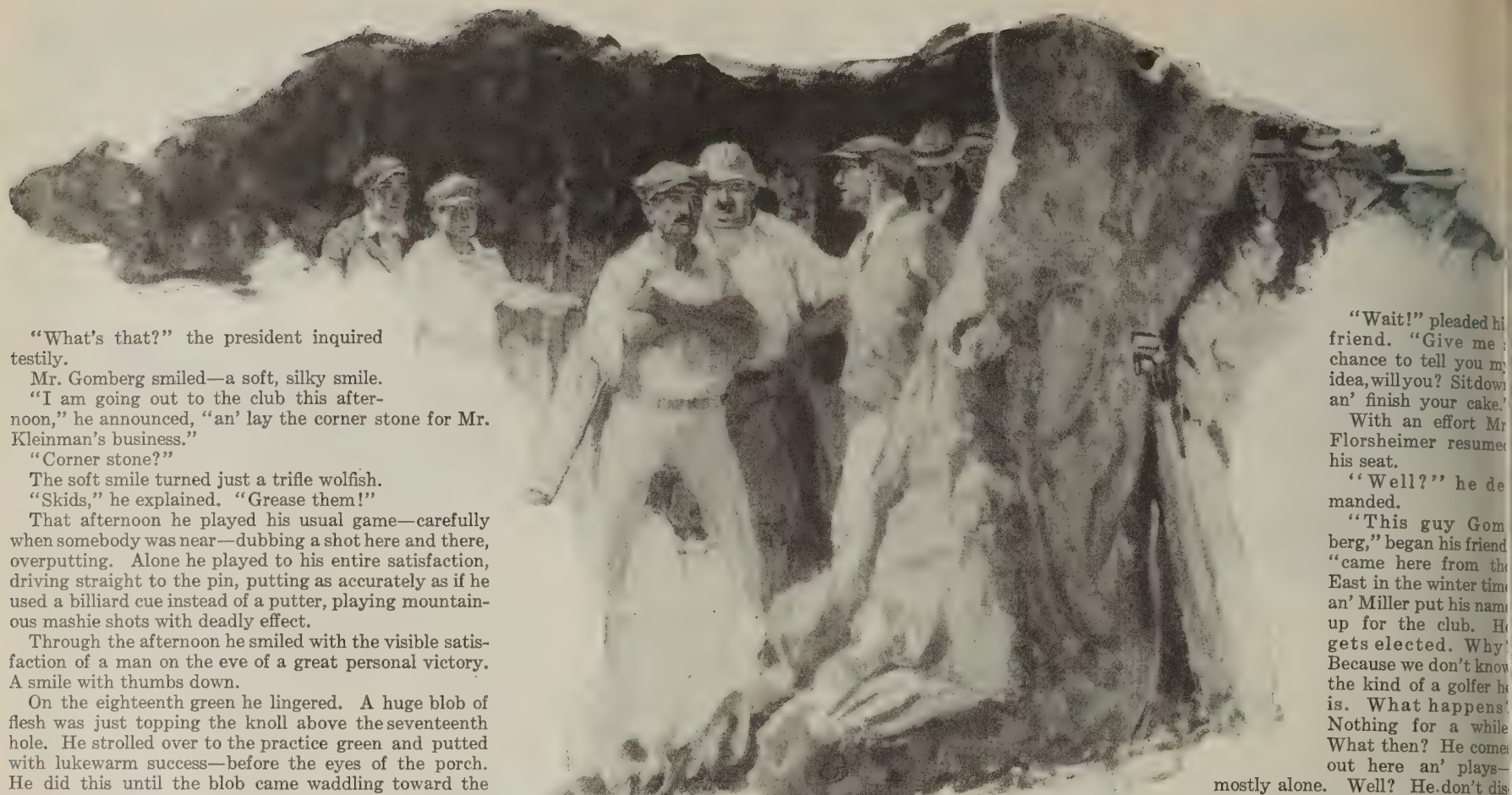
"You are right," he pronounced. "But why come in an' talk about it? For what good will it come? Why go round bothering about business we can't get an' maybe lose business we got already."

"But maybe we can get it."

"That's what the others thought."

But Mr. Gomberg did not consider the thrust. His eyes were bright and he rubbed his chin reflectively.

"A golfer," he whispered softly, "is a golfer first an' a cloak-an'-suit manufacturer afterward."



"Just to Make it Interesting," He Smiled, "I'll Bet You a Hundred I Win"

"What's that?" the president inquired testily.

Mr. Gomberg smiled—a soft, silky smile.

"I am going out to the club this afternoon," he announced, "an' lay the corner stone for Mr. Kleinman's business."

"Corner stone?"

The soft smile turned just a trifle wolfish.

"Skids," he explained. "Grease them!"

That afternoon he played his usual game—carefully when somebody was near—dubbing a shot here and there, overputting. Alone he played to his entire satisfaction, driving straight to the pin, putting as accurately as if he used a billiard cue instead of a putter, playing mountainous mashie shots with deadly effect.

Through the afternoon he smiled with the visible satisfaction of a man on the eve of a great personal victory. A smile with thumbs down.

On the eighteenth green he lingered. A huge blob of flesh was just topping the knoll above the seventeenth hole. He strolled over to the practice green and putted with lukewarm success—before the eyes of the porch. He did this until the blob came waddling toward the eighteenth hole. Then he loitered slowly toward the locker room.

He opened his locker slowly, fumbling with the key. It was late afternoon and the room was deserted except for the locker boy, busy shining shoes. When the door on the other side of the locker room slammed and the rumble of a large body was indicated along the back row of lockers Mr. Gomberg strolled along the aisle to the spot where the boy was shining the shoes.

"Homer," he inquired in a very loud tone, "who is that great big chunk of blubber that plays roun' here every afternoon?"

The boy started to grin and then apparently decided not to.

"You—you—Mistah Florsheimah—de greens committee—he ——"

"Florsheimer, eh?" shouted Mr. Gomberg. "So that's the name of the big false alarm, huh?"

From over the lockers came an angry crash of golf clubs and a snort of rage.

The boy waved a shining cloth in frantic warning. Mr. Gomberg, however, merely continued to smile.

"I am just a new member round here, Homer," he said unnecessarily. "Tell me, what kind of a golf player do they think he is round here?"

In reply to this the dusky Homer saw an opportunity to placate the gathering storm over the way. He waxed enthusiastic.

"Mistah Flosheimah," he announced loudly, "is one of the best golfers of the club. Yes, sah! Wins lots of the tournoquets right regular. Fine man, Mistah Flosheimah! Yes, sah! Turns in eighty regular four times a week."

Mr. Gomberg laughed loudly in a tone that was patently meant to be amusedly contemptuous.

"Ha, ha!" he chortled. "Ain't that a scream though! Imagine calling an eighty a good score! Why, out at Maplewood, in New Jersey, where I used to play, even the seven-year-old caddies turned in seventy-six. Eighty! Can you beat it?" Mr. Gomberg appeared to reflect. "But then," he said after a minute, "what can you expect from a big ham that plays a mashie as if it was a straw broom?"

With a blithe whistle Mr. Gomberg moved to the showers just as a huge white bulk appeared at the head of the aisle.

This was the beginning. The following afternoon he noticed several of the members with whom he was unacquainted eying him curiously. As he drove off he noticed that a more general interest was evinced in his game. His drive sliced to the right and landed just at the edge of the rough one hundred and fifty yards down the course. From the veranda he appeared to grow very angry.

"So," remarked Mr. Herman Finkle from the depths of a wicker rocker, "that is the player from the club where even the caddies play anyway bogey, huh?"

Mr. Finkle was a close friend of Mr. Florsheimer's.

"Maybe," someone else suggested, "he means eighty for nine holes."

But down the course Mr. Gomberg was smiling softly as he played a perfect approach shot to the pin.

Later in the afternoon, instead of going straight to the showers as was his custom, he lingered on the porch.

"How did it go?" somebody asked.

Mr. Gomberg shook his head sadly.

"Rotten!" he said. "Never did I play in such fierce luck, believe me! Every shot perfect, but taking a bad hop at the last minute."

The other nodded.

"What was the score?"

Mr. Gomberg shook his head in mock sorrow.

"Don't ask me!" he pleaded. "Honest, it was fierce! Eighty, it took me."

The little group—of which the questioner was one—exchanged glances. One—it was Mr. Florsheimer's friend Finkle—whispered something behind his hand.

"Eighty ain't considered a bad score at all for this links."

"Ain't bad? Believe me, you never played at Maplewood, my old club in New Jersey, if you say that! An eighty there would be made by nobody but some fat old fool like ——"

"Like who?" Mr. Finkle interjected.

"Nobody."

But the poison had touched Mr. Finkle.

"Maybe," he suggested with a wink to the others, "you think that your drive off number one was a perfect shot, huh?"

Mr. Gomberg never batted an eye. With utmost nonchalance he lighted a cigarette and inhaled slowly.

"Sure it was perfect!" he lied. "It just took a bad hop, that's all."

"Yeh?"

"Certainly! It was bad luck like that I had all the way round."

Mr. Finkle rose hastily and walked into the clubhouse. At a round table in the dining room he found the heavy Mr. Florsheimer indulging in a plum tart and near beer. Mr. Finkle sat down at the opposite side of the table.

"Lissen!" he commanded. "This guy Gomberg is outside boasting what a lot of rotten golfers this club is—an'—an' ——"

"An' what?" Mr. Florsheimer held a cross-section of plum tart in mid-air as he awaited the answer.

"He said some about a fat old fool."

Mr. Florsheimer dropped the fork and its load with an angry clatter. He started to rise.

"Where is he?" he spluttered. "What the ——"

"Wait a minute! Lissen! As a club member you can't go out there an' start a fist fight without any evidence—he didn't mention your name."

"But in the locker room ——"

"Sure he did! But you ain't supposed to have heard that, are you? He wasn't talking to you, was he?"

"But ——"

"Wait!" pleaded hi friend. "Give me chance to tell you m idea, will you? Sitdow an' finish your cake."

With an effort Mr Florsheimer resume his seat.

"Well?" he de manded.

"This guy Gom berg," began his friend "came here from th East in the winter tim an' Miller put his nam up for the club. H gets elected. Why Because we don't know the kind of a golfer h is. What happens Nothing for a while What then? He come out here an' plays— mostly alone. Well? He don't disturb anyone until just the other day just when the season was opening up nice. But all of a sudden he starts in—an' we got t stop him."

"Well?"

"He is one of those golfers that play the game with their mouth an' charge all their rotten shots off to luck. Get me? He sliced into the rough on the first hole to-day in front of the entire porch an' had the gall to come round afterward an' say the ball took a bad bound. Get me?"

"Well?"

"Now you're the man to shut him up—an' shut him up for good. Why? Because for some reason or other you are the one he has picked out to laugh at. You can beat him. Why? Because you play a good steady game—an' you don't use your mouth. Here's the idea: We'll go out on the porch now an' challenge this cocky young smart Aleck to a match. Get me? An' we'll tip the whole gang off to be there. See?"

"But maybe after all he beats me. How about that?"

"Beat you!" Mr. Finkle pounded the table vigorously. "Haven't I been telling you it can't be done? Lots of the gang have seen him time an' again an' all the time they watched him he was dubbing along. I tell you he plays the game with his mouth."

"All right," agreed Mr. Florsheimer. "Let's go!"

Out on the veranda Mr. Gomberg was still discoursing lightly. Apparently he did not notice the huge form that waddled in the wake of Mr. Finkle.

"A good golf player," he was saying, "plays the game the way it should be played. For instance," he smiled with plain superiority, "a good player don't roll a ball up to the green—he pitches it up."

"A good golf player plays the game with clubs—not with his mouth." It was the deep, angry rumble of Mr. Florsheimer, who chronically rolled 'em up.

"Oh!" Mr. Gomberg registered surprise.

"Mr. Gomberg, I guess you haven't met Mr. Florsheimer." Mr. Finkle grinned maliciously.

Mr. Gomberg smiled.

"I—have seen Mr. Florsheimer before," he said meaningly.

"Yeh?"

"Out on the greensward," teased Mr. Florsheimer.

Mr. Finkle interrupted the angry roar of his friend with a wildly waving hand.

"Just a minute here!" he protested. "Mr. Gomberg here, who is a new member, has been saying things which—or maybe not, depending—may be true. Us boys roun' here think that eighty for us is a fine score an' Mr. Gomberg says that it is not. Am I right? All right! What then?" Mr. Finkle looked round the group, which had closed in about the two. "Mr. Florsheimer here feels that by reason of his seniority in the club an' his admitted ability that he should be let to defend the club in a match game with Mr. Gomberg. Am I right or am I wrong, Mr. Florsheimer, huh?"

A grunt of assent.

(Continued on Page 53)

(Continued from Page 50)

How about you, Mr. Gomberg?"

Mr. Gomberg was all smiles.

It suits me down to the ground," he declared. "It will be a real pleasure for me to demonstrate that rolling them up is no ——"

When will it be?" Mr. Finkle hurriedly interrupted.

Any time!" snapped Mr. Florsheimer. "It will be a pleasure for me to show certain people that golf is played with clubs and that insults ——"

Gentlemen! Let this be settled without bringin' in the house committee in a body. Mr. Gomberg, when will it be your pleasure?"

Mr. Gomberg consulted a little black engagement book.

I am going out of town," he said, "for about ten days—say about next Friday afternoon."

Mr. Florsheimer twisted his huge form awkwardly and his face flushed.

It—it—on Friday I have an important engagement. A man from out of town—I ——"

Mr. Gomberg laughed outright. Mr. Finkle flushed and glared at his friend. The group stared curiously at the muttering hulk.

Of course, if Mr. Florsheimer is afraid at ——"

Someone tittered.

Mr. Florsheimer stiffened and his eye turned to steel.

A business friend," he muttered, "who always play golf with when he comes to town—but if Mr.—er—Gomberg doesn't object to being a third party ——"

Mr. Gomberg's eyes gleamed.

Not me!" he declared.

Mr. Florsheimer nodded grimly.

Settled!" he said.

III

IT IS a long but not entirely unreasonable skip from the Old Testament to Chicago, Illinois. To Mr. Gomberg the passage was quite unknown, but one interpretation of it at least was the basic thought behind a hurried trip which that astute young sales manager made to the office of Mr. Henry Kleinman in his office on State Street.

In the morning sow thy seed ——"

Mr. Gomberg had a half-hour wait in the anteroom of the great man, but he did it with a pleasant smile. It was a hot morning of early summer, but Mr. Gomberg's neat pin checks and smile defied the heat. He whistled blithely from a song which concerned itself with "Let me be your little honee bee. Buzz round, buzz round." He remarked jovially to the attendant before the door entering the private office that never, never in his life had he seen such a classy-cut piece of serge as was her dress.

The girl smiled.

Mr. Gomberg smiled.

A moment later Mr. Gomberg was ushered into the august presence. The august presence was obviously busy—obviously too busy.

"Good morning, Mr. Kleinman."

"G'morning."

"I am Mr. Gomberg of Miller, Fries, Nixon & Co. You—I guess you know our Mr. Miller?"

Mr. Kleinman nodded noncommittally.

"Fine day."

"Yeh."

"I was just making a short trip about the Great Lakes territory and I thought I would drop in an' see how you were fixed for fall. Of course I know you haven't made a buying trip yet."

"I ain't interested."

"But ——"

"Very busy! G'day!"

But Mr. Gomberg was smiling easily. No trace of disappointment was visible. Given his dismissal he looked like a man still master of the situation.

"A gooseneck is not in it with a straight face."

"What's that?"

The first touch of interest was registered in the prospect's face.

"You can't get the right kind of a swing with a gooseneck."

Mr. Gomberg rose and walked to a bag of golf clubs in the far corner. He removed a putter. With expert fingers he swung it over an imaginary ball.

"See?" he pointed out. "You don't get that swinging-pendulum effect like you do with a straight-faced putter."

The prospect was on his feet, face alight.

"Yeh," he said. "Is that so? How do you mean?"

"Like this—see?"

"Yeh, but ——"

For twenty minutes Mr. Gomberg went into his theory concerning putters. He then carried the conversation along to mashies and the theory of the pitch. Mr. Kleinman slapped him vigorously upon the checkered back.

"Eggzactly!" he shouted. "That's just my idea too! Come down like you was cutting the ball in two, but don't keep the right knee bent. Ain't I right?"

Mr. Kleinman was. Mr. Gomberg said it convincingly, flavored with adjectives. Mr. Gomberg dropped a portion of his seed.

"There's a fella at my club," he said, "who don't believe in that idea at all. Says that only old fools an' dubs play a cut. He says a sweeping stroke from behind ——"

"A fool!" said Mr. Kleinman angrily. "But then what can you expect of some people, huh? But I know a lot of players at Berrywood. Who said anything like that? The saphead!"

"The chairman of our greens committee," said Mr. Gomberg innocently, "Mr. Florsheimer."

The prospect stared suspiciously, but saw no guile in the frank brown eyes of Mr. Gomberg.

"So!" he said.

Mr. Gomberg laughed loudly.

"A funny thing!" he exclaimed. "A great joker is Mr. Florsheimer, even if my ideas an' his differ about how the game should be played. Let me tell you a great little joke he has got cooked up for next Friday."

"For next Friday?" Mr. Kleinman's eyes were beetling and an angry flush dyed his face.

Totally unconscious, Mr. Gomberg continued.

"He's got a game on with somebody from out of town," he confided, "an' from the way he talks it is going to be a scream. He has sort of challenged me to go along an' tipped the whole crowd to go along an' see the fun. He says the old hick is some comedy as a player.

"But that ain't the best part of the joke. It seems like he always left the old duffer win just to keep him in good humor—an' because he was a guest or something. Ain't it a scream?"

"A scream! Why ——" Mr. Kleinman pounded the desk in his rage. "A scream that ——"

"Don't misunderstand me!" Mr. Gomberg interrupted hastily. "Don't think that I have anything to do with it! Believe me, before I would see any man made a fool of I would go a hundred miles to tell him! Believe me, Mr. Kleinman, I am sorry I don't know his name!"

The other sat staring straight ahead, cold murder in his eye.

"I am sorry I can't show you the line, Mr. Kleinman, but I got to be going now. I am really sorry, because some of the numbers we got this year are the best values you ever saw. Maybe"—innocently—"if where you buy, if you are disappointed you will remember me."

"I'll take a look at your line now," Mr. Kleinman said suddenly.

"Sure thing! In the first sample room I have them all laid out."

They walked down to the row of sample rooms in silence—a silence filled with self-satisfaction on the part of Mr. Gomberg, who saw the sun of brilliant success shining just beyond a certain eighteenth hole.

Mr. Kleinman went over the line in silence. The merchandise was right and Mr. Gomberg knew it. It had been priced for this special occasion.

"Well?" he inquired softly as the other finished his inspection.

"Nice-looking stuff," the other admitted, "but I ain't ready to do anything—yet. After—perhaps after I find out certain things ——"

"Any time," beamed Mr. Gomberg.

The other stared in silence for several minutes.

"Do me a favor?"

Of course Mr. Gomberg would, absolutely, positively.

"The next time you meet me, please act as if we never met before."

Inwardly chuckling, Mr. Gomberg nodded—frankly puzzled.

"Ain't it funny?" he told himself on his way down to his hotel. "Two big, smart, shrewd, clever business men—an' they become like a coupla' big boobs over a little white ball."

Mr. Gomberg arrived home on the Thursday morning preceding his match with Mr. Florsheimer. He went straight to the office of Mr. Miller.

"Well," he crowed, "I put over the impossible."

"The what?"

"The impossible," Mr. Gomberg explained. "Kleinman."

But Mr. Hyman Miller had been brought up in a hard school.

"Let me see the signed order," he asked.

This of course was impossible. In extenuation Mr. Gomberg explained rapidly:

"Here's the idea: Florsheimer is a golf bug first an' a cloak-an'-suit manufacturer after. His pride has been stung, d' you get me? When he an' Kleinman and me start out to-morrow afternoon he don't want to win from Kleinman, but he does want to win from me—he is goin' to if he can—with the gang round. They think I can't play golf. But, believe me, Mr. Miller, with one hand it would be easy! I am goin' to get Florsheimer so sore that he will forget Kleinman is even there. An' then bear in mind what I was just sayin' to Kleinman. He will beat Kleinman, of course, because I am goin' to play just even with him. Get me? Kleinman an' me lose—see? I lose but I win—see? A golf bug whose pride has been hurt before a lot of people wouldn't buy a suit from the man that did it—if even he paid twenty per cent more somewhere else."

Mr. Miller said nothing.

"Let them laugh at me for a day or two! What is the difference? In a week I can show them that I know more about the game than they ever dreamed about—an' besides I will have Kleinman, because, Mr. Miller, a golf bug never forgives another golf bug, y'understand?"

Mr. Miller inclined his head.

"Ain't it air-tight?"

The head of the house sat in silence for a moment.

"It looks that way," he admitted, "only ——"

"Only what?" demanded Mr. Gomberg.

"Didn't you ever hear that old proverb about the best-laid plans of mice an' men?"

"Not me!" said Mr. Gomberg. "What is it?"

With a grim smile born of long lean years, Mr. Miller told him:

"Between the cup an' the lip there is many a banana peel."

IV

"IN THE morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." If Mr. Gomberg had known of the words he would have chuckled at their aptitude as he followed the bulky figure of Mr. Florsheimer out toward the first tee. Ahead the straight figure of Mr. Kleinman stalked; behind Mr. Finkle and the gang whispered and followed.

It was a clear day and perfectly calm. Mr. Gomberg clipped a clover with a perfect swing of his driver and laughed in sheer joy.

"A perfect day for my kind of game," he shouted to the group behind.

"Why?"

"If it was windy I might have to play the kid's game an' roll them up."

An angry roar rose in the throat of the bulk ahead and was stifled.

Mr. Gomberg grinned.

At the tee Mr. Kleinman accepted the honor and dropped a short ball straight down the course. Mr. Florsheimer placed his ball with care and his huge chin twitched with determination. With a mighty swish of wind he swung. The ball soared high in the air and landed down the course.

"Up in Mabel's room," laughed Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Gomberg's drive was straight down the course, low and easily two hundred yards. They moved away in silence. Mr. Kleinman's second shot was high and wide. The gang was standing politely quiet in deference to the guest.

"Don't mind them laughing behind you," Mr. Gomberg whispered. "They couldn't do any better."

Mr. Kleinman did not look round, but—face dyed red—he stalked on.

Mr. Florsheimer played a long brassy to the green—and Mr. Finkle laughed outright and the gang applauded.

Smiling softly Mr. Gomberg calculated the distance to the green and the sand trap beyond. He swung.

"Over the green!" whispered Mr. Finkle jubilantly.

Mr. Kleinman placed his third on the green and took two putts. Mr. Gomberg pitched out from the sand trap and did the same. Mr. Florsheimer took a four and the hole. Another cheer from the gang, led by Mr. Finkle.

The dull red played upon Mr. Kleinman's face as he teed his ball for the second hole. Mr. Florsheimer had sliced into the short rough. Mr. Gomberg placed his fingers and took his stance for a long pull to the opposite side of the course. His ball hit a hard spot of clay devoid of grass and bounded into the grass. Feigning anger he threw his club after the ball and strode away.

"The swelling," crowed Mr. Finkle to his associates, "is beginning to come down a little bit."

Mr. Gomberg reached the green in three. Mr. Florsheimer and his best customer each took five. With great care Mr. Gomberg measured the distance and examined the ground before the hole. But his ball was short a good ten inches of the hole. He cursed loudly.

Mr. Florsheimer smiled for the first time.

"You ain't going so good, Harry."

Behind Mr. Kleinman someone tittered. It was Mr. Gomberg standing near the group.

"Is that so?" that gentleman inquired bitterly. "Well, what's the difference if your friends have some fun—yes?"

"But, Harry, they are only laughing at ——"

"Sure they are only laughing!"

"Not at you, Harry. They ——"

"Enough!"

Mr. Kleinman stalked ahead with the determined chin of a man who is going to show them.

The third hole was won by Mr. Kleinman. It was this hole on which Mr. Gomberg drove his first ball out of bounds. But the thing could not be too palpable. Mr. Gomberg won the fourth and fifth, placing him in the fore by one hole, with Mr. Kleinman and Florsheimer tied. The next, the sixth, went to Mr. Kleinman, and the eighth to Florsheimer. Mr. Kleinman was playing with the grim set jaws of do or die.

Mr. Gomberg, sucking a cigarette as he waited to drive, decided to win the next. He did, playing a birdie—a difficult four.

For the first time during the afternoon Mr. Kleinman did not answer a remark made by Mr. Gomberg in pleasant tones.

He grunted as Mr. Gomberg holed out.

Two more holes were halved as they started on the inside and last nine of the eighteen holes.

On the twelfth hole Mr. Kleinman ran a long approach shot to within a foot of the pin and took the hole. They tied another and then Mr. Florsheimer brought down the plaudits of the gallery by running in a long putt on the punch bowl, number fourteen.

Playing with the easy confidence of a man who knows he has the situation easily in hand Mr. Gomberg again elected to win a hole. All three contestants reached the green in three. Mr. Kleinman missed his putt—in silence. Mr. Florsheimer followed suit. Squinting along his gleaming putter Mr. Gomberg measured his distance and played. The ball rolled straight toward the pin, appeared to be slowing up too fast, continued to move, reached the edge of the cup, hesitated—and dropped in.

"You see, Mr. Kleinman, what I was telling you about the straight-faced putter. It ——"

"Luck!" sneered the other. "Once in a thousand!"

But Mr. Gomberg was not disturbed. Did he not hold the open sesame? Kleinman might be sore for a moment. But when he won out on the very last green before a gallery he believed to be against him, would he remember past soreness? Mr. Gomberg knew he wouldn't. But he would remember the man who beat him. Florsheimer would be through. Mr. Gomberg would be just beginning.

They were playing silently now and the gallery had quieted down, sensing the grimness of the three. But with Mr. Gomberg it was camouflage.

At the eighteenth hole they were all equal and Mr. Kleinman was regarding each with the cold eye of a man with whom all friendship is held in abeyance.

"Nice game," smiled Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Florsheimer said nothing.

Mr. Kleinman merely stared.

"Two to one on Florsheimer!" It was the whisper of Mr. Finkle in the rear.

Mr. Kleinman turned.

"Take twenty of that!" he snapped.

In vain Mr. Florsheimer, scenting possible disaster, pleaded that no bets be made. In vain he shook his head at Mr. Finkle and the gang. Mr. Kleinman was insistent.

Indeed things were falling into Mr. Gomberg's lap. It was a notorious fact that no one in the cloak-and-suit world clung to a dollar with greater avidity than the big customer. Mr. Gomberg was possessed of a brilliant idea. Why not cinch the thing by letting Mr. Kleinman win some money from him? Surely—if expense money was ever well spent ——

"Just to make it interesting," he smiled, "I'll bet you a hundred I win."

"Taken!" snapped Kleinman.

The air was tense as Mr. Gomberg drove off, following Kleinman, who was high and to the left. Mr. Gomberg swung with careless ease and his ball sailed straight down the course. But he was undisturbed, for he knew that when the hole had been played he would have won the real game.

Mr. Florsheimer stepped up and looked toward the waving direction flag. Business caution told him plainly that this hole must be lost, but grouped about the tee behind him were his friends, banking on him to still a braggart tongue—but then again maybe ——

With deep cunning Mr. Gomberg discovered the mental teetering of his competitor and guessed at its origin.

"Get your broom out," he laughed, "an' roll it down the course."

With sudden decision Mr. Florsheimer gripped his driver and swung. Down the course the ball sped, nearly the equal of Mr. Gomberg's.

"Some people are born lucky," observed Mr. Gomberg.

Mr. Kleinman said nothing.

Down below the crest of the hill some hundred and fifty yards lay the green, and before it a narrow winding ditch. Destiny was lurking in that ditch, but Mr. Gomberg knew it not.

Kleinman played first and dropped his ball over the ditch to the left of the green.

Florsheimer took a hitch in his huge girth and called for his mid-iron.

"A two-year-old boy yet," observed Mr. Gomberg to the ground, "could play that with a mashie."

But Mr. Florsheimer merely bit his lip and raised his club. When the dust and sod had descended there was the ball lying on the green but two feet from the flag.

Mr. Gomberg could have whooped with joy. It had worked out like a problem in mathematics.

Florsheimer had a sure three and a short-lived victory.

Already the crowd were whooping and slapping each other on the back. Kleinman's face was a full-fledged thunderstorm and the look he cast upon the hulk made Mr. Gomberg almost sick with joy. Not only had Kleinman lost, as he, Gomberg, had predicted, but he had also lost twenty dollars. And twenty dollars to Kleinman —— And the crowd crowing and joshing the losers already ——

Mr. Gomberg stepped up to his ball and called for a mashie. With more than ordinary care he scanned the ground before the green and the dry ditch winding through. The ground presented no possibilities of the kind that Mr. Gomberg sought, but the ditch ——

Cleverly feigning despair he took a pr liminary swing. Every eye was upon hi For an ordinary golfer it would have beer desperate chance—the chance of missing little five-foot ditch—but Mr. Gombe was no ordinary golfer. With all the co fidence in the world he swung.

Up, up the ball went and all eyes followe its arch. Even Mr. Gomberg watched with narrowed eyes. Had he played it wee mite too strong? Would it go over i stead of ——

And then he smiled—inwardly. Dippir swiftly the little white speck began to d scend rapidly.

"It's over!" shouted a caddy.

"It ain't!" shouted Mr. Finkle.

But Mr. Gomberg knew. Straight descended to the white, twisting snake ditch—straight down into the center. Wit a sigh of joy he found it hard to conceal M Gomberg rubbed a moist hand over moist brow.

But the Hoboken Fire Department cam nineteen hundred years too late. Mothe O'Leary's cow might have —— And ther was the little flat stone of destiny—th banana peel of Mr. Miller.

"An' would you believe me," said Mr Finkle in speaking about it for years after ward, "that ball hit a flat stone and bounded out onto the green—an'—an straight into the hole! Can you beat it fo some people's luck?"

HOME LOVING AS A BEAVER

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE beavers in the old Moraine Colony faced a transportation problem. They needed to harvest at least three hundred aspens for the coming winter's food supply. Previous harvests and a recent blight had taken every near-by aspen. The aspen grove most likely to be harvested was a quarter of a mile upstream. Under ordinary conditions the transportation of a harvest a quarter of a mile by water would be almost a picnic for beavers.

But a drought of weeks had reduced the stream to a shallow brook and the water was so low that a number of obstructions blocked the channel. To change this into a deep beaver waterway would be a work of magnitude, and at one place would tax the skill of even our first engineers.

Among the obstructions were three dams of a ruined beaver colony which remained across the stream just below the aspen grove. A log jam, a large sand bar, several willow clumps and a number of minor accumulations of débris obstructed or blockaded the channel at other points. But the greatest obstacle to transportation was a narrow bowldery stretch about thirty feet long. Here the stream was almost lost among the bowlders. So long as low water continued the bowlders offered an effective blockade to navigation—to the floating of beaver-cut trees. I could see no way for the beavers to get harvested aspen logs over or through the rocky obstruction.

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Grinnell Glacier, Glacier National Park

There was another aspen grove about fifteen hundred feet from the main pond of the colony, but there were two moraine ridges between it and the pond. Either the time element or the danger element would deter a beaver from attempting to drag aspen logs this distance, though he is skillful at such work and does not hesitate to work hard.

So these beavers must either bring in their harvest by water transportation or move to a new home.

I watched with interest to see what would be done. Their intense love of home encourages beavers to overcome serious obstacles and often calls for more work and harder work than to move and establish a new home. Home love may have originated the trait as well as the expression "working like a beaver." But "as home loving as a beaver" would be a more correct and worthy comment, and a tribute of honor applied to either beavers or human beings.

Beavers have a permanent home. The Moraine Colony, which these beavers inhabited and loved, was generations old. There must have been many traditions, revered associations and close ties to hold them year after year. Their rude house of mud and sticks—strangely like the huts of many primitive people in appearance—was kept clean and in repair. Now and then it was enlarged, and when necessary the dam raised or lengthened. A beaver colony, like a village built by people, sees numerous additions and improvements, but rarely is it abandoned. The Moraine Colony for years had a numerous population. One autumn more than seven hundred aspens were cut, floated into the pond and stored for winter food.

There was a cluster of seven ponds in the colony, reached by one of Nature's avenues—the winding stream and open channel which Roaring Fork maintained through the dark pine forest. In the central pond stood an old beaver house about thirty feet in diameter. It was so completely overgrown with willows that it was practically a little wooded island. The waters round reflected the dark forests and the snowy crags of Long's Peak, while the shores in summer were colored with the red wood lilies and the fringed blue gentians.

With September more than half gone the colonists had made no winter preparations; but home love still held them. Perhaps they were waiting for the drought to end. A full stream would eliminate most obstructions in the channel of Roaring Fork and make transportation comparatively simple.

Beavers are water animals, but they can travel on land, and sometimes drag their trees short distances, even up steep ridge

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slices. In emergencies they will drag material more than one hundred feet. But this is slow dangerous work. They avoid going far from the water, for wolves, lions and wildcats prowl about their colonies during harvest watching for a chance to see one at work or to pick up one that may have been injured in tree felling.

Finally, a month after the other colonies of the neighborhood began harvest gathering and autumn repairs, these beavers made a start and leisurely raised the height of the dam about four inches. Then they covered the house with a few inches of mud dredged from the bottom of the pond. But there were still no signs of harvest gathering.

Late in September I discovered that work of harvesting the aspen grove upstream and preparations to move the harvest by water had just begun, with all hands, teeth and tails busy. Judging from the showing made, a dozen or more beavers must have been working. They had felled a number of trees from five to eight inches in diameter and from fifteen to twenty feet high. As long-distance transportation would be necessary these aspens were cut into sections from four to seven feet long, and the few limbs gnawed off.

The drought had continued and the beavers were at work transforming the stream into a deep waterway. One of the willow clumps that almost filled the stream channel was gnawed down and thrown back on the bank. They then cut a hole about fifteen inches in diameter through the four-foot log jam. The sand-bar obstruction was easily opened by a channel several inches deep from end to end, which the current kept free of sediment and full of water. A two-foot passageway was made in one of the old beaver dams. Here a few years before a lively beaver colony had been. But a trapper with steel traps and dynamite had been there, and the coats of its inhabitants now are doubtless worn by other folks.

Trouble

The harvesting proceeded under difficulties. Through all the autumn cutting the Moraine beaver colonists had trouble with the falling aspens lodging against large bowlders or becoming entangled in the limbs of the standing dead spruces. Two or three of these aspens were brought down by cutting a foot or two off the base. But a spruce was finally felled to clear things up.

The work of these colonists illustrated the manner in which the beavers master difficulties through mutual aid. Mutual aid, skill and close application to work, when there is work to be done, give beavers much leisure. They work less than one-half the time. But they have built up monumental works—made topographic changes along streams that will endure for centuries.

Before any of their winter supplies were moved the beavers cleared away all dead logs and fallen limbs that lay between the aspen grove and the water, a distance of a few yards. Then they rolled and dragged a number of the short green tree sections into the stream and started them floating down toward their pond. Two or three beavers worked along the stream, like rivermen driving logs, to keep the aspen sections moving. But against one willow clump in the channel these little logs jammed badly. I do not know who gave the orders but no more logs were started downstream until this obstruction was removed and the jam broken. These and other operations which I have seen take place in beaver colonies lead me to believe that the work in each colony is under the direction of a leader, but I have not yet been able to verify this sufficiently to give it as a fact.

After sixteen nights of work the channel was completely cleared down to the bowlder obstruction. The stream below the barrier of bowlders was narrow and deep and all the way to the house would float larger logs than any the beavers could get into it. So if the bowlder obstacle could be overcome there would be good water transportation all the way for their now waiting harvest.

Several days in succession I walked to the pond from my cabin before the first aspen was stored for winter. Then in passing the pond one day I saw three golden leaves fluttering on a twig projecting from the water. By some means a log had been taken past the bowldery obstruction; how, I hastened up Roaring Fork to see. Two aspen logs were jammed between the bowlders and others lay stranded on the rocks. A pile of little logs lay in the water just above. I returned the following day and found that the beavers had got a number of these logs past the bowlders. Plainly they had had hard work. The logs had been lifted out of the water, pushed and dragged along the bank round the bowlders, and then rolled back into the stream. But one log that remained on the bank was stained with blood, and there was a tuft of brown fur on the grass near by. A lion had slipped up on the busy workers while tugging at their logs and seized one, so the tracks showed.

This depredation or the difficulties of transportation or both caused further channel improvements. Tree cutting and log floating temporarily ceased. All beavers went to work to make the stream navigable. To accomplish this they built a canal round the bowldery stretch. But there was preliminary work of even more magnitude than that which the digging of the canal required. This was the building of a dam across the channel a few feet upstream from the bowlders.

Fortunately there was abundance of material at hand for the building of this dam. The deeper part of the channel was rolled full of cobble stones from the stream bed just above. The remainder of the dam was made of stones, sticks, willows cut on the spot, and earth and sod dug near by. The entire dam was completed in five nights. It was eighteen feet long and about two feet high except in the center, where it filled the deeper part of the channel and was about five feet high.

Framework

The north end of the dam was built against a high bank. After the water had filled the reservoir made by the dam it escaped through the spillway at the south end of the dam. Beginning at this spillway the beavers dug a crescent-shaped canal about sixty feet long, which joined the old stream channel a few feet below the bowldery place. This canal, about eighteen inches wide and twelve feet deep, formed a deep waterway to avoid the rocky unnavigable stretch in the stream. The entire work—dam and canal—took less than eight nights. No work was done during the daytime. At one place where the canal crossed a depression the beavers banked up the sides with earthy sods so that it ran brimful of water all the way.

Twenty-three little logs were run through the canal the eighth night the new waterway was in use. I found one large log wedged in it, but this was removed the following night. In the new pond made by the eighteen-foot dam above the canal more than fifty little logs were floating about waiting their turn to be conducted through the canal. In the harvest grove upstream were several dozen cut tree sections and a number of felled aspens in process of being gnawed into logs. After a few more nights of logging the beavers had their harvest home near the big old island house. Food for four months or longer lay piled on the bottom of the pond.

These beavers had worked as only home-loving beavers will, used all their ingenuity to overcome serious obstacles, and endured dangers—all for the sake of remaining in the old home. Through a common interest and purpose and mutual aid they had triumphed, and in the Moraine Colony this united band of beavers had another jolly winter.

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Gunsight Peak, Glacier National Park

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THE SELLING OF MR. BEEGIN

(Continued from Page 23)

house than theirs, has a larger flock of automobiles, gets public recognition, or in any way elevates himself or is elevated above the herd. A good many of them are the greatest gossips in the world and keen about getting grinds upon one another. They retail tittle-tattle about their fellows at their luncheon clubs, in their board rooms and their clubs. Many of them will run about like children peddling a bit of scandal about a brother plutocrat, and they never miss a chance to derogate one of the flock, provided that one is not present and there are the slightest grounds for it. If there are no grounds usually they can provide some.

They watch one another constantly, have scouts out in all directions to give them reports on the plans and projects of their colleagues in millionairedom, and the greatest joy that can come to one of them is to take money away from others of them, no matter how—just take it away. There isn't one of them who isn't an expert in the doublecross and many of them practice the fancy triple variety. They are often as cold as wedges in money matters and the chief concern of their lives is interest. All their actions, deals, maneuverings and plans have back of them the desire for interest—money earned by money. Interest is the creed, ritual and articles of belief of the millionaire.

Mr. Beegin did not differ from the others. He had the same envies, jealousies, practices and beliefs. Until he was fifty or thereabouts his business life had been too active and too strenuous to allow him to take more than incidental concern in the public doings of his colleagues, but when he had extracted about all there was in business for him and began to have the longings for recognition as described here he took stock of some of them and tried to find out how they did it. He felt himself as good as any other and he wanted some of the acclaim they were getting as publicists and public men.

There was Galumphus, for instance, who was constantly in the newspapers with interviews and weighty statements about weighty topics, who made public addresses that were reported in the papers and who frequently went to Washington to set forth his views. Mr. Beegin knew Galumphus, a vain, heavy man who was a good deal of a bore. Beegin had been on boards with him for twenty years and never had heard him say anything or seen him do anything that entitled him to the public standing he had. But Galumphus apparently was in demand, for he was constantly going about the country to address meetings of one sort or another, wrote clearly on current topics for the higher-class newspapers and reviews and had a way of communicating his opinions to the papers by means of interview, statement or letter to the editors that kept him constantly in print and gave him a high standing.

The Rise of Thwackhammer

He knew Thwackhammer also, who had been a sketchy sort of a banker, but who had—as Mr. Beegin had observed—forced himself into the opinion of the newspapers and the people as a great authority on finance and who was constantly quoted on financial and economic subjects and made speeches about these topics that were reported by the Associated Press. Winterbottom was an old partner of his—a big, burly, silent man who so lacked the facility for continued expression that he always brought his confidential secretary to meetings with him and had the secretary sit beside him to put the Winterbottom ideas into connected English. On highly important occasions Winterbottom used to bring two mouthpieces. It was within a week that Mr. Beegin had read in the papers that Winterbottom was mentioned as a candidate for governor of the state and it was said that he might be sent to the Senate. Beegin knew that Winterbottom—like Galumphus and Thwackhammer—had in some manner contrived to get a public recognition of himself as a thinker and an outstanding authority on various public matters, and he had heard Winterbottom read a long and able paper at a conference of financial powers and government officials that was given two columns next morning in all the papers. He knew Winterbottom hadn't written that paper. He couldn't.

Then there was Tittleberry. Mr. Beegin didn't finish his breakfast the morning he read in the paper that there was talk of Tittleberry as a possible nominee for President, based on a series of speeches that Tittleberry had made in various parts of the country calling attention to reforms needed to make the financial and political conditions of the country what those conditions should be. Mr. Beegin had known Tittleberry intimately for thirty years. He knew how his mind worked, and how sterile it was except in his own particular business, which was the organization and flotation of trusts and the cashing in on the same. Beegin wondered how it was that Tittleberry, who in all his years of close association with him rarely read a book—to say nothing of writing one—became the author of several weighty tomes on important topics that were gravely reviewed by the press, and how he became fluent enough to talk unendingly on such topics as he discussed in his books. Beegin wondered also who it was who mentioned Tittleberry for President. It didn't occur to him then, though it became certain later, that Tittleberry had mentioned himself.

Mr. Beegin Learns the Truth

Also there was Dusenheimer, whose chief activity for two decades had been as the manager of pools wherein Mr. Beegin and his fellows had pooled certain stocks until Dusenheimer could make a market for them and unload them on the public. He knew Dusenheimer was smart, because Dusenheimer usually unloaded his own stocks first and got the top prices, but it gave Mr. Beegin pause to find Dusenheimer principal speaker at a Madison Square mass meeting and to read a series of articles by him—excellently written and widely published—on the sure way to combat the socialistic tendencies of the times. When he knew Dusenheimer it was certain that Dusenheimer couldn't have told the difference between Karl Marx and Mark Twain—and here was Dusenheimer getting into print on socialism in both an informative and a logical manner.

Mr. Beegin observed similar activities on the part of other millionaires, corporation presidents, high financiers and captains of industry. He knew all these men and knew that while they were big business men they were not orators, writers or thinkers except along the lines of their own activities. However, here they were, getting into print, held in high respect by the news editors and the editorial writers and quoted liberally and approvingly in the various reviews of the times. They spoke importantly at important meetings. They were recognized publicists, accepted by the people as such.

Wherefore, Mr. Beegin made some investigations. He knew about press agents and publicity men, for he had employed them to help along some of his schemes, and his idea was that they were used for promoting things to sell, such as stocks and bonds, or smoothing away difficulties in the way of selling. He had not considered these expert persons as purveyors of personal advertising. He found that tucked away on the third floor of the building where Galumphus had his offices was a highly paid, quiet, astute man who had been a newspaper man and a good one, who was on the personal pay roll of Galumphus and who wrote the speeches and articles of Galumphus for him. He discovered that Thwackhammer had such a man, that Winterbottom had two and that the others also had similar quiet, astute, well-informed writers on their staffs and used them continuously.

He inquired into the business and found that it is a regular business known in trade parlance as ghosting and that there are a number of men in New York and elsewhere who will contract to sell a man like Mr. Beegin to the people as a publicist, as a thinker or reformer along any given line, get him interviewed, keep him in the papers as a prominent citizen and even get political mention and standing for him. This made a certainty of what he suspected—that not three out of ten of the men of this class so frequently before the public and in the papers have the background, information or ability to write these speeches, statements, interviews and articles, but that they hire better-informed and skillful writers to prepare them for them and to get them

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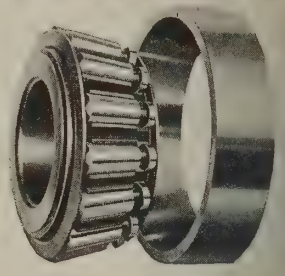
TIMKEN



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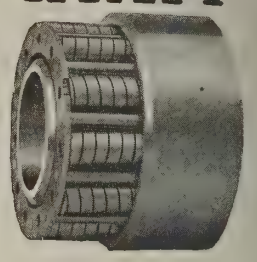
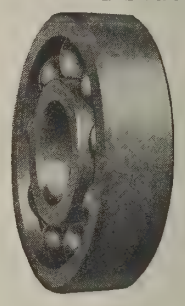


NEW DEPARTURE



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Jim Henry's Column

IS amazing what little things ight change the whole course f human experience. For in-tan e:—If every man who reads The Saturday Evening Post were ac-ua y to believe the straight, open-nd shut evidence below, think what oud happen. The entire visible sup-ly f Mennen Shaving Cream would is pear from druggists' shelves in ess than twenty minutes, and the uran race would be freed for all im from shaving discomfort.

Of ourse it won't happen. Probably ot more than 100,000 men will be-ev and benefit from the following:

EA JIM:—

While I have enjoyed your messages to the ublic, it has seemed to me that there was one ise note—a false enthusiasm on your part over hat "half inch" of Mennen Shaving Cream ich you insistently claimed was sufficient.

Did I try to make it do the job? Not I. knew too much. Hadn't I used Mennen eam ever since it came on the market? idn't I always used an inch and a half? You 't I had.

But the other day, I read your message in ich you say, "He was making a paste, not a her." So this morning when about to wield e "badger" I determined to show you up exactly following your false advice.

I did. I used *exactly* a half inch of Mennen aving Cream. I used plenty of water. I shed around for *exactly* three minutes by y Big Ben, and—I had as satisfactory a shave any man ever enjoyed.

I am a friend of MENNEN'S

Name on request.

E JIM:—

For years I have been trying to shave myself thout hurting my face. I tried a half a dozen zors and as many kinds of shaving cream but e result was always the same—a smarty, itated face and a feeling of dissatisfaction. had begun to believe that there was no such ing as a smooth, easy shave. And then I tried ur cream. At the first stroke of the blade I came a firm believer in progress. If science s done no more than to contribute through emistry such cream as yours, it has done fficient to justify itself in the eyes of all men ho shave.

For the sake of the thousands who find shav-g painful, here's wishing you the greatest ccess possible.

Very truly yours,

Name on request.

Send 12 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 58)

into the newspapers—to sell these plutocrats with a hankering for publicity to the public, in other words—to put them over as authorities, thinkers, talkers whose words are important and to be heeded.

He found that three or four men stood out in this personal-promotion business as more skillful, more resourceful, better informed and of higher class than the others who were used in this manner and he sent for one of these. He came, a man of forty-five, well dressed, suave, quick of action, incisive of speech and intelligently conversant with all the topics of the day.

"What is it you have in mind?" he asked Mr. Beegin.

"Why," Beegin replied, "I hardly know myself. The fact is I have been thinking a good deal lately on several things that are going badly in our Government and it seems to me that I should say something publicly about what my conclusions are."

"For example?"

"Well, take this League of Nations. Now in my opinion it is—er—that is to say—it seems to me——"

"Perhaps you haven't clarified your ideas on the subject as yet," the visitor suggested smoothly.

"That's it," assented Mr. Beegin eagerly. "I haven't clarified my ideas—just had them, you know. What I wondered was if a man like you couldn't take those ideas and fix 'em up—whip 'em into shape, you understand."

"I understand," said the visitor, and he proceeded to outline to Mr. Beegin just what could be done. He showed him how through a whipping-into-shape process and for a certain honorarium Mr. Beegin's ideas could be made of public importance without doubt; and if perchance Mr. Beegin was too busy to have ideas—or didn't have any—ideas might be supplied for him and expert training given as to how those ideas might be promulgated—set before the public, in other words.

Beegin's Career in Expert Hands

The upshot of it was that Mr. Beegin came to terms with his visitor, and at that moment the public career of John J. Beegin began. There were several conferences at which the suave expert inquired into Mr. Beegin's fundamentals along lines of national and international matters, found out where Mr. Beegin was grounded and what he liked and what he didn't like—assayed Mr. Beegin and took liberal samples of the raw materials—which were very raw.

A few days later Mr. Beegin was surprised and delighted to find himself quoted in the morning papers in company with Thwackhammer, Winterbottom and Tittleberry on the most recent proposition for the return of the railroads by the Government to their private owners. He read the interview several times. It was a clear, forceful, concise statement of what Mr. Beegin discovered he believed when he found he had said it in an interview, but what had been hazy and unformed in his mind before that moment. It was a good interview. That morning as he went into a board meeting he was told by two of his colleagues that they had seen his interview and were impressed by the clear-headedness of it, and that afternoon a marked copy of an afternoon paper was sent to him wherein the dominant thought in his interview had been made the basis for approving editorial comment.

Mr. Beegin was considerably elated over this, and kept copies of the papers on his desk to be referred to when visitors came in. Also he learned the interview word for word and brought conversations round so he could recite it from time to time. After the second day he considered it as his own production. A week from the following Sunday Mr. Beegin appeared in a symposium of "Leaders of Thought" that a Sunday newspaper featured. His name was signed to a five-hundred-word article on the necessity of the resumption of production if the world is to be stabilized. He read the article six times. It was an excellent, measured, temperate, intelligent presentation of an obvious fact. Mr. Beegin endorsed every word of it and told his friends on Monday that it was a little thing he had dashed off at the request of the editor, who wanted the best thought on the proposition. His friends said it was good.

In the following fortnight Mr. Beegin had a letter to the editor on the editorial page of the leading newspaper discussing the fall in foreign exchange and what it means in terms of the financial situation of the United States, and an interview on the proposed nationalization of mines by Great Britain. He also received a letter from a conservative weekly asking for an article setting forth his views on the proposed budget system as applied to Congressional appropriations. He sent the letter over to the office of his view-giver, and later found that John J. Beegin, "the eminent financier," had clearly expressed, conservative and interesting opinions on the budget question, which were well displayed in the conservative weekly. The leading quotation weekly reprinted some of this and commented on it.

These preliminaries were followed by an article in a magazine on the inflation of the currency, a discussion of the bonded indebtedness of foreign countries in a financial supplement, a long and most scholarly comparison of the fiscal policies of Great Britain and the United States in another weekly and by various interviews on current topics, especially those having a financial trend.

After-Dinner Oratory

"You see," said the author of Mr. Beegin's various outgivings on these various subjects, "as you are a financier we've got to break ground with stuff that comes naturally in line with your experience. As soon as we get you established that way we can cut loose on any topic you desire."

"Shall I make any speeches?" Mr. Beegin asked.

"All you like," was the reply. "I'll arrange one presently if you wish."

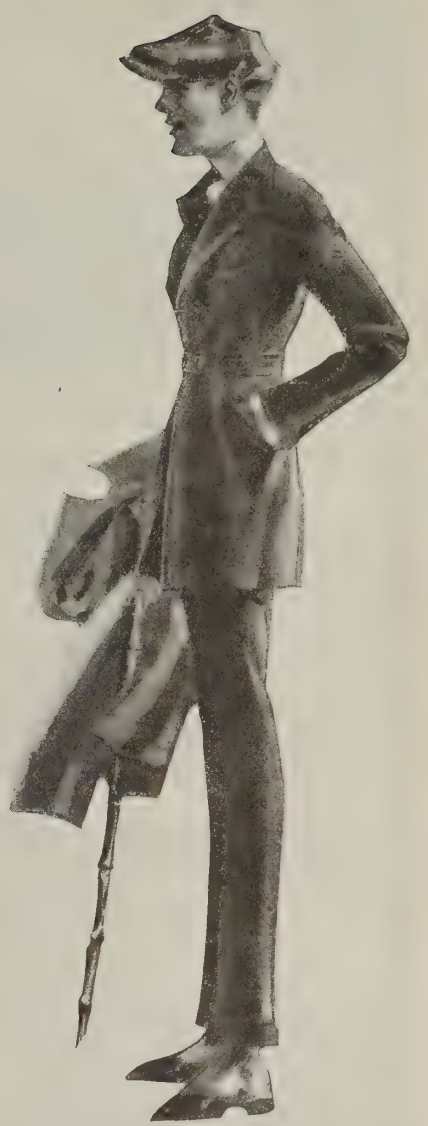
Mr. Beegin thought that would be fine, though he had many tremors over his ability to talk on his feet. He confided some of these fears to his mentor.

"You won't have to talk," he was told. "When the topic is important all these great men read their speeches. I'll fix one up for you and you can practice reading it until you have it down pat. After that there's nothing to it."

The opportunity came when there was a dinner in New York of a large collection of financiers from all parts of the country. Mr. Beegin, in view of his rather constant appearance in print, was invited to make an address to these financiers. He made one. It was half an hour in length and was a well-considered discussion of a phase of international banking relations. Mr. Beegin was handed the copy of his address four days before the date of delivery, and—schooled by his mentor—read and reread it until he could give it the proper declamatory effect and was thoroughly familiar with what he was saying in it. He made a good appearance on the night of the dinner, read his address acceptably, was decorously applauded and found a skillful half-column condensation of it in the papers next morning. Some of it went out on the wire, he was told.

After that Mr. Beegin began to receive invitations to make addresses before gatherings of various sorts. He referred these to his mentor, who selected three and declined the others. On each of these occasions Mr. Beegin acquitted himself creditably, had a well-considered paper and was most conventional in his ideas, thereby procuring applause from the best people.

The development of Mr. Beegin after he had reached this point of progress was a mere matter of manipulation. He was invited to make addresses in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and once made a trip to San Francisco to speak to an important gathering of Western men. His mentor chose carefully for him, rejecting invitations from lesser bodies and accepting those consonant with the dignity and position of Mr. Beegin. The mentor aligned Mr. Beegin on one side or the other of every current matter that was of sufficient note to receive extensive newspaper discussion. He put Mr. Beegin discreetly into politics and made him champion many popular reforms, but never arrayed him against his own class and always held him like a rock for the vested interests. Mr. Beegin's collection of newspaper cuttings containing references to his public utterances and the reports of the utterances became extensive. He was chary with his interviews, giving none save by appointment and preparing what he had to say in advance—that is, having what he had to say prepared for him. He picked and chose now among the periodicals that sought articles from his pen, and had been quoted several times in Congressional debates. The crowning point of his career



Young Men's Clothes

Just a little extra "kick"—

snap, pep, or whatever *you* call the optimism and red-blooded vim of youth—distinguish these new clothes — make them *different.*

"Born and bred" in New York, they fairly hum with the ***"Dress-up"*** air of the world's fashion centre.

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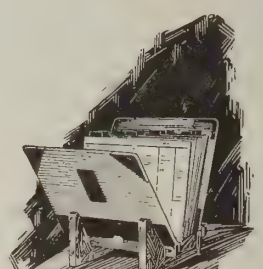

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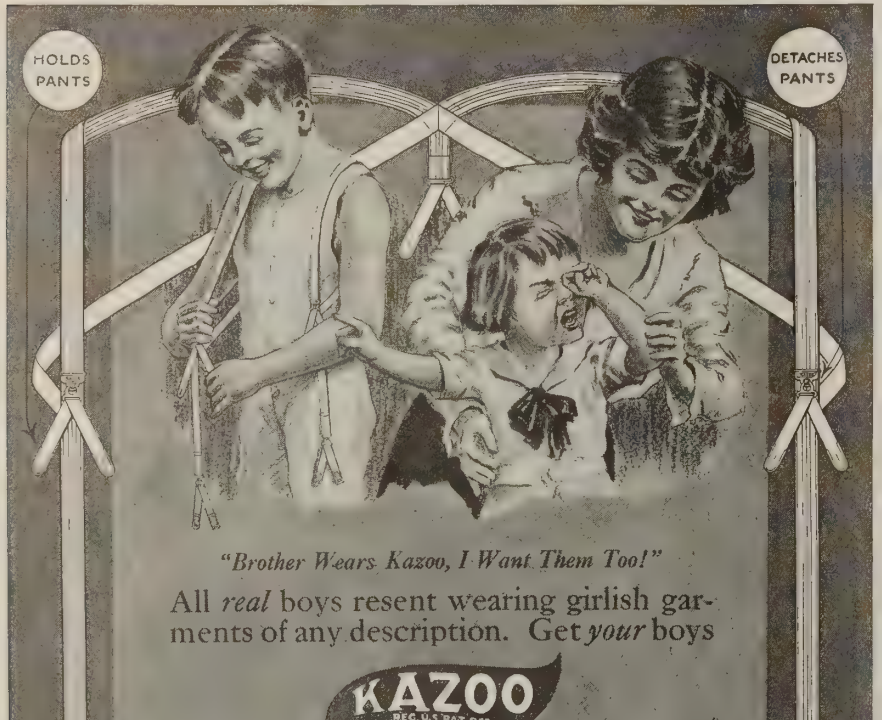

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came when by virtue of an address of his on the housing problem he was invited—with Thwackhammer, Winterbottom, Tittleberry and Dusenheimer—to a conference at the White House, where he read a paper on "Some Aspects of the Housing Problem With Reference to the Labor Situation." Then both Mr. Beegin and Mr. Beegin's mentor felt that he had arrived.

At the present time John J. Beegin is a most important personage. He gives vent to weighty solutions of weighty problems at frequent intervals, all of which solutions are prepared for him under contract. He appears on programs of conferences, congresses, conventions and deliberations. Once or twice he has felt the urge to prepare addresses himself, but discovered that what he wrote down was mere parroting of what had formerly been written for him. On a hideous occasion a reporter caught him on a train away from the source of supply and he talked to the reporter and was quoted verbatim. It took his paid mentor two weeks to straighten out the mess John J. Beegin got himself into on that occasion and involved a flat denial by Mr. Beegin that he had said to the reporter what Beegin knew in his heart he had said. Mr. Beegin grew as a publicist and as a prominent citizen, as a man of moment in the nation, as a voice of conservative progress, as a contributor to the best thought of the day—grew in celebrity and importance. He became one of those exalted personages whose views are always sought, and already was one of those assiduous personages whose views are always given whether they are sought or not—nothing important got by without an illumination by Mr. Beegin, at first contributed and, as he grew, solicited.

John J. Beegin is a real person, but Beegin isn't his real name. If I were to mention that it would be recognized instantly by newspaper and magazine readers, by conference and congress and convention attenders as that of one of our leading thinkers along economic, financial, sociological and high political lines, who is widely versed both in national and international affairs and who speaks on them with no uncertain sound. Personally he is the same John J. Beegin he was when he had nothing but money to recommend him, and mentally he is the same John J. Beegin also. All there is to John J. Beegin is that he has been skillfully sold to the American people by a most astute and intelligent expert in that line.

Ghosted Into Prominence

That is all there is to a considerable number of other John J. Beegins. Thwackhammer and Galumphus and Winterbottom and Tittleberry and Dusenheimer and many more are real persons who have been exploited into unreal personages—ghosted into prominence and position by men working behind them and for them, preparing their public utterances, thinking for them and getting them the publicity they feed on and live for—for a price. They gratify their vanity at the expense of the public, who—not knowing any better—take what they say as their own and hold them in esteem thereby.

Any man who knows what is going on in New York, in Boston, in Washington, in Chicago and elsewhere can call the roll of these humbugs, and so can any man who knows the inside of publicity in London and Paris. The success they attain as voices to be heeded is in no way due to their own mentalities, but to their money and to the skillful manipulation of the men behind them, the ghosters who supply the brains they lack and procure them the publicity they crave. They even have books written for them and put those books out as of their authorship. They collect their addresses and bind them for the benefit of posterity—addresses written for them at so much a yard.

The reason they flourish is twofold. The first side of it is the name fetish that prevails so largely in editorial minds, a curious sort of a publishing snobbery that thinks that the publication is helped if it includes a contribution from a "name." The great popularity of the signed statement in certain newspapers is due to this species of snobbery. It had its inception, not because the persons who gave the signed statements had statements to make of any particular importance but because the men who foisted this bogus feature of journalism on the public thought they as publishers and editors were helped when persons with "names" used their publications as mediums for their communications. T too if a man or a woman has attaine predominating success in any line the the seems to be that that success makes t person competent to discuss any topic wh soever, whether related to his or her ticular line of activity or thought or and in the same way if a man gets to a position he is tapped for opinion on assumption that the fact he is in the p tion gives him mental concept of problems of the day. That of cours merely the position talking—and not man.

For example, there is a man in this co try who has great acclaim as a thin along certain helpful lines—helpful to masses, you know, and particularly hel to the men who are trying to run Government. He travels about mak ponderous comment on ponderous mat and getting publicity therefor, said p derous comment being written for him the last syllable by a competent perso a back room. This man holds a big posit and doubtless knows his business ther but that fact does not entitle him to atte to advise and instruct the Ameri people on all topics related to their finan political, economic and moral conditi and salvations. However, he gets a with it because he holds the job he d and he is put into print on that basis bogus a Messiah as we have ever kno albeit the man who writes the stuff for is a clever citizen, a former newspaper m who has a good mind and a skillful per

The Richer the Wiser?

The other side of the reason for it the prevalence of it is that curious ph of the human mind that makes a succes man think because he is successful at thing he must necessarily be a success at things and worthy of heed. It has been ferred to in this article as noticeable in millionaire tribe. Its first developmen in the matter of art. Seven out of ev ten very rich men set themselves up as thorities in art as soon as they h money to buy any of it, and starting th they assume that the garnering of th money has given them insight into all ot phases of human endeavor and knowlec A man worth twenty millions is twice wise in his own conceit as a man wo ten, and so on up. If you happen to kn a multimillionaire, talk with him on subject and you will learn that he assur himself an authority on all subjects entitled to set forth opinions thereupo because he is worth a lot of money. He these men, hiring other men who have skill and the information to make th coherently articulate, proceed to beco our leaders of thought, our advisers national and international affairs.

It often is the same in politics, thou the politician usually has the power to press himself by himself. However, actual supplying of candidates with their platform utterances, communicati to the public, statements on issues, int views and ideas is not so uncommon as be unique—and that goes from Presid down to candidates of a far lesser deg There was a notable instance in an portant city in this country not so l ago. The boss of one of the parties selec as his candidate for mayor a little-kno man who had only a limited public exp ence. The brightest and best publicity pert on the staff of that boss was sent ove assay the candidate for public-appeara purposes. He came back and report "Boss, if you let that man say ten word his own construction we are gone. He m not say a word that is not supplied to hi not a word! I tried to talk to him ab the issues of this campaign and ab politics and city government in general he doesn't know as much about such thi as you know about the king of Khorasa which is nothing. I'll write every word will say, or we are beaten."

Whereupon that boss sent word to t candidate that all his utterances during campaign would be provided and that if said anything on any topic of his own spiration he would surely be beaten; whereupon that publicity man and assistants wrote every speech, every int view, every comment, every letter t candidate put forth during that campai Oftentimes when the pressure was gr the candidate would be held in his au mobile until the messenger with the ty

(Concluded on Page 65)

(Concluded from Page 62)

che: for him could reach him. He
ed rders, was called a man with a
coreption of the city's needs and was
ed. His utterances since he became
or ow that the publicity man was
ai he sold that candidate to the
io–ıot the boss but the publicity man.
rnever was—couldn't be—a greater
dication of this selling men to the
ian during the war. Washington
neadquarters for it, though there
ne.y of it elsewhere. The judicious
thought that that was one of the
devastating effects of the war so far
ifture of this country is concerned,
sonce a man gets this public appear-
ar public-voice inoculation he never
ver and many a decent, respectable,
truthed citizen was changed into a
bu haranguer by the publicity proc-
the war, never again to rest con-
whout rising to make his remarks
ny opic at any time. They never re-
ice they get a taste of it.

Observed of the great number of
ner Americans who hastened to Wash-
on help win the war a very consider-
oportion who apparently were
ss. by the idea that the way to win
w was to talk without end, with
on ıcidental. These men rose on every
asi and emitted many well-chosen re-
ks not forgetting to point out their
tmendous helpfulness therein, which
e refully and skillfully prepared for
m the writing boys in the rear rooms;
tte scores and scores of articles on the
du of affairs signed by themselves as
ho and all supplied by the press de-
trats; deluged and drowned the coun-
irwords and opinion and claim and
st had a wild oratorical and auctorial
nirl; spent hundreds of thousands of
lar foisting these self-seekers on the
nt. They called it all propaganda.

Some of it was, for the men who were doing the presswork knew their business in that way, but most of it wasn't written with any other end in view than the glorification of the limelighters; most of it was not what the pressmen deemed best but what the men who hired it demanded—the selling of themselves to the people as great war geniuses, great business geniuses, great constructive and organizing and executive geniuses. The idea was that public service is for public mention, and he counted himself as serving his country best who got his name in the newspapers oftenest.

The press-cutting bureaus either moved to Washington or established branches there in order to be near their greatest number of customers. There were more press agents, publicity experts and propagandists gathered together in Washington during the war than ever were assembled before in any one place whatsoever; handy boys who exploited their chiefs and thus bred a tremendous addition to the Beegins with whom this country evermore will be afflicted.

What all this cost the people in money has not yet been computed and probably never will be; and what it will cost them in being bored, deafened, harangued and harassed by these publicity-made, publicity-fevered publicity addicts is incalculable.

The list of pompous, heavy-minded, serious-visaged uninformed persons who have been sold to the people as worthy of heed in matters of national or international concern would contain a good many names that are popularly deemed consequential—consequential when considered in the light of the poses, pronouncements and advertising of the owners of those names. So skillfully has this been done that not many but the handy boys in the back rooms writing the speeches and articles and statements and interviews know how inconsequential those names really are.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 18)

'D you think that the committee have
nyou out?"
'N, I scarcely think so."
'Jen I will see that they do." And he
oeded in his peculiarly subtle way to
dall that we had done, prolonging the
sin twenty-four hours.

He was an able man and a lovable man.
e dissing ingredient was sincere convic-
n. Just after the nomination of the
ecenridge and Lane presidential ticket
180 I heard him make an ultra-Southern
ee1 from Mr. Breckenridge's doorway.
"hat do you think of that?" I asked
idew Johnson, who stood by me.

Al Johnson answered sharply, with an
th "I never like a man to be for me
orthan I am for myself."

I have been told that even at home
eral Butler could never acquire the
ibc confidence.

He was charitable, generous and amiable.
neamous New Orleans order which had
ae him odious to the women of the
ou he had issued to warn bad women
idprotect good women. Assuredly he did
ot foresee the interpretation that would
e it upon it. He was personally popular
Congress. When he came to Washington
e ispensed a lavish hospitality. Such
ical Democrats as Beck and Knott did
otdisdain his company, became indeed
ismiliars. Yet, curious to relate, a Ken-
ucy Congressman of the period lost his
ea because it was charged and proved
ns he had ridden in a carriage to the White
ouse with the Yankee Boanerges on a
ublic occasion.

III

WERE party issues never counted seri-
ously with me, I have read too much
n seen too much. At my present time of
f they count not at all. I used to think
h there was a principle involved between
h dogmas of Free Trade and Protection
s hey were preached by their respective
torneys. Yet what was involved except
h ancient, everlasting scheme.

The good old rule . . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power.
And they should keep who can.

How little wisdom one man may get
rm another man's counsels, one nation
ry get from another nation's history, can
partly computed when we reflect how
en our personal experience has failed in
rning admonition.

Temperament and circumstance do indeed cut a prodigious figure in life. Traversing the older countries, especially Spain, the most illustrative, the wayfarer is met at all points by what seems not merely the logic of events but the common law of the inevitable. The Latin of the sixteenth century was a recrudescence of the Roman of the first. He had not, like the Mongolian, lived long enough to become a stoic. He was mainly a cynic and an adventurer. Thence he flowered into a sybarite. Coming to great wealth with the discoveries of Columbus and the conquests of Pizarro and Cortes he proceeded to enjoy its fruits according to his fancy and the fashion of the times.

He erected massive shrines to his deities. He reared noble palaces. He built about his cathedrals and his castles what were then thought to be great cities, walled and fortified. He was, for all his self-sufficiency and pride, short-sighted; and yet, until they arrived, how could he foresee the developments of artillery? They were as hidden from him as three centuries later the wonders of electricity were hidden from us.

IV

I WAS never a Free Trader. I stood for a tariff for revenue as the least oppressive and safest support of Government. The protective system in the United States, responsible for our unequal distribution of wealth, took at least its name from Spain, and the Robber Barons, as I used to call the Protectionists of Pennsylvania, were not of immediate German origin.

Truth to say, both on land and water Spain has made a deal of history, and the front betwixt Gibraltar and San Fernando—Tangier on one side of the strait and Tarifa on the other—Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson fought the famous battle, midway between them—has had its share.

Tarifa! What memories it invokes! In the olden and golden days of primitive man, before corporation lawyers had learned how to frame pillaging statutes, and rascally politicians to bamboozle confiding constituencies—thus I used to put it—the gentle pirates of Tarifa laid broad and deep the foundations for the Protective System in the United States.

It was a fruitful as well as a congenial theme, and I rang all the changes on it. To take by law from one man what is his and give it to another man who has not earned

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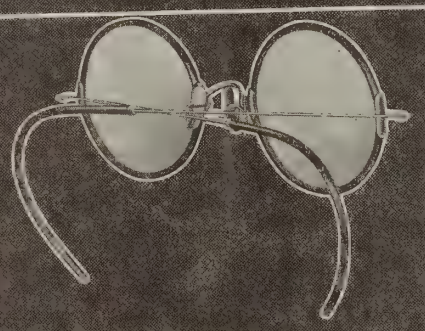

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H

it and has no right to it, I showed to be an invention of the Moors, copied by the Spaniards and elevated thence into political economy by the Americans.

Tarifa took its name from Tarif-Ben-Malik, the most enterprising Robber Baron of his day, and thus the Lords of Tarifa were the progenitors of the Robber Barons of the Black Forest, New England and Pittsburgh. Tribute was the name the Moors gave their robbery, which was open and aboveboard.

The coal kings, the steel kings and the oil kings of the modern world have contrived to hide the process; but in Spain the palaces of their forefathers rise in lonely and solemn grandeur just as a thousand years hence the palaces upon the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park and along Riverside Drive, not to mention those of the Schuylkill and the Delaware, may become but roosts for bats and owls, and the chronicler of the anthropophagi, "whose heads do reach the skies," may tell how the voters of the great republic were bought and sold with their own money, until "Heaven released the legions north of the North Pole, and they swooped down and crushed the pulpy mass beneath their avenging snowshoes."

The gold that was gathered by the Spaniards and fought over so valiantly is scattered to the four ends of the earth. It may be as potent to-day as then; but it does not seem nearly so heroic. A good deal of it has found its way to London, which a short century and a half ago "had not," according to Adam Smith, "sufficient wealth to compete with Cadiz." We have acquired our full share without fighting for it.

Thus all things come to him who contrives and waits.

Meanwhile, there are groups and rings. And likewise leaders and bosses. What do they know or care about the origins of wealth; about Venice; about Cadiz; about what is said of Wall Street? The Spanish Main was long ago stripped of its pillage. The buccaneers took themselves off to keep company with the vikings. Yet, away down in those money chests, once filled with what were pieces of eight and ducats and doubloons, who shall say that spirits may not lurk and ghosts walk, one old freebooter whispering to another o fr booter: "They order these things et in the States!"

V

I HAVE enjoyed hugely my seve journs in Spain. The Spaniard is u any other European. He may no you love him, you are bound to him.

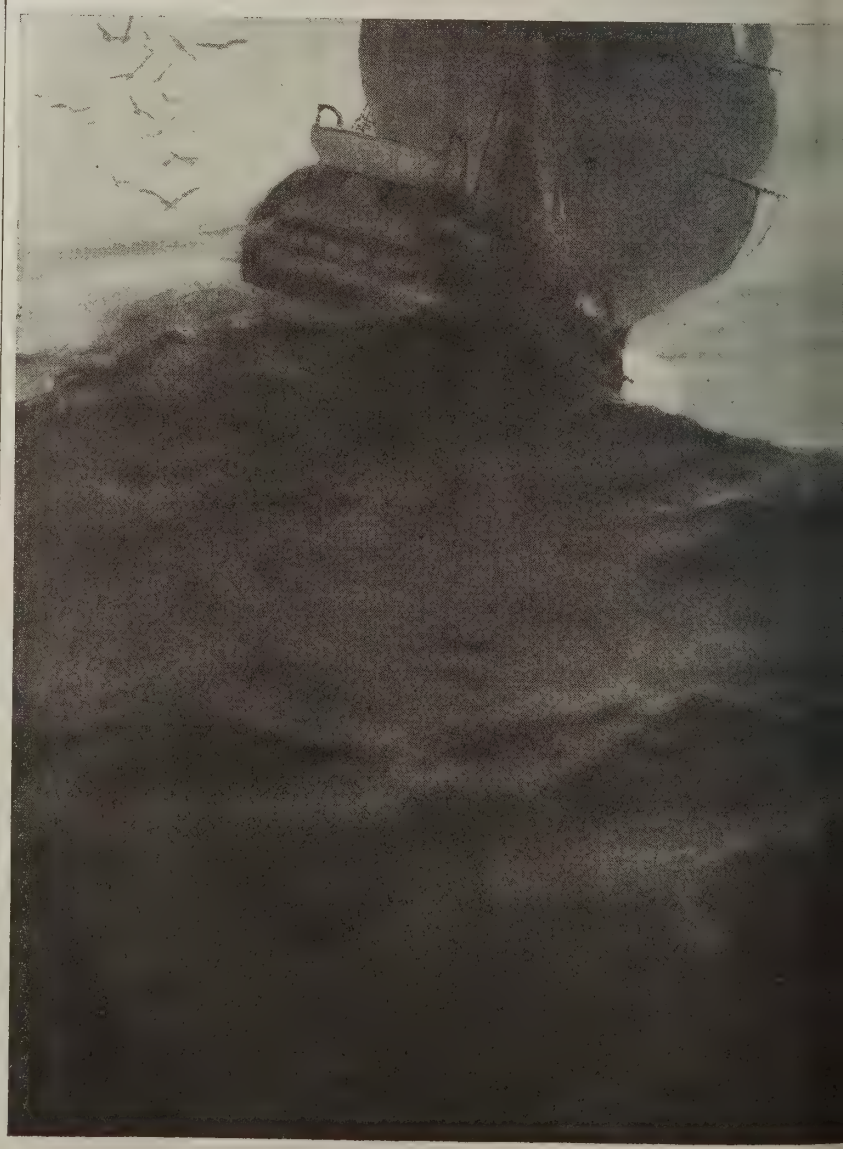
There is a mansion in Seville kn The House of Pontius Pilate becau of the remains of the abode of the governor was brought from Jerusale used in a building suited to the digni Spanish grandee who was also a L Tarifa. The Duke of Medina C present owner, is a lineal scion of t piratical crew. It is filled with the fr many a foray. There is plunder from N where one ancestor was viceroy; are treasures from the temples of the and the Incas, where two other an ruled.

Its owner is poor. A caretaker it for a peseta a head. To such ba may we come at last. Yet Seville in the sun and smiles on the flashing of the Guadalquivir, and Cadiz sits upon the green hillsides of San Seb just as if nothing had ever happe neither the Barber and Carmen nor N and Byron; the past but a phantom present the prosiest of prose poems.

There are canny Spaniards even as are canny Scots, who grow rich and pr but there is never a Spaniard who do regard the political fabric and the la fair game, the rule being always take the hindmost," community terest nowhere. "The good old vi Spain"—that is, the robbing of the rogue by the greater in regulated g tions, all the way from the king t beggar—are as prevalent as ever.

Curiously enough, a tiny stream o braic blood and Moorish blood still tr through the Spanish coast towns. It be traced through the nomenclature, of its Castilian prefigurations and a dixes. This would account in some so the enterprise and activity that show t selves, albeit only by fits and starts.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-seventh series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The nex appear in an early issue.



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OUR AMERICAN MUSIC MAKERS

(Continued from Page 15)

The result of this sudden turning of the white eager light of publicity on American music, the works of living American composers, was the unavoidable revealing, among a mass of astonishing items, of two sharply defined facts. The first and most vitally significant was that after a century or more of unlimited deference to European thought and artistic prejudice we have at last dared to find a musical expression that is typically native; that at length we have a small but lusty band of music writers, who believing in their country and inspired by their inbred love for her have had the courage to put into their music some of the optimistic vitality, the dominating forceful character of her people.

The other item is not so cheerful, for it deals with the undeniable fact that the majority of our composers, even those who occupy the high places in our musical life, are giving us in the name of a genuine American article typically Teutonic music rehashed—a circumstance that is after all only the direct result of our years of bowing down before the god of German music. When Europe said we had no music, no art, we hastened to assure her that we were painfully aware of the deplorable deficiency. In a way we resembled the vulgar housewife who greets her guests with a thousand excuses for her imaginary shortcomings as a housekeeper. And our guests, not quite sure of their own ability, having indulged at home in hot arguments and brawls about the proper way of doing things, were delighted to unite in deriding the efforts of someone who so openly invited their contempt.

Naturally this earnest band of composers, among whose number was that excellent gentleman who so roused our clergyman friend with his Suite Tragique, would deny the vile accusation of plagiarism vehemently if confronted with it. They would wax hotly indignant and dwell with great detail on the many things they had done for the cause of American music.

German-American Music

They have implicit faith that their own music is the direct result of heaven-born inspiration and only certain habits of dignity keep them from flying at one with a wild scream and scratching one's eyes out for the blasphemy that their art is nothing but an imitation given in a rather stiff declamatory style of the music of various living or dead Europeans. They tearfully reject the atrocious idea that their years of German apprenticeship have molded the stodgy forms of their art. But as they disturb the adjacent atmosphere with their earnest refutations one wonders if they have ever really listened to their own music. When they hear one of their symphonies—our composers seem to run to the more pretentious musical forms—played by one of the orchestras do these self-styled American composers hear any plain-spoken blunt Americanism there? Any of that outrageously audacious humor of ours that dares to laugh at the world and all it contains—including ourselves? Any of that impetuous eagerness, that impulsive little rush with which every American goes after life? Any of the delicious characteristic impudence—any of the bigness of our people? Does he hear one note of that? He does not! He hears instead the braggadocio, the mawkishness, the innate sensuality masking under blatant sentimentality—that characterize German music.

It is not all his fault. The American composer has been trained so long to lick the boots of European art that for the most part his incorrigible plagiarism is unconscious.

Before the war brought about its unpopularity their thorough assimilation of the Old-World school was the boast of American musicians. They even advertised their deflection to the European ideals in art. They did not say that they had studied and traveled abroad that their artistic outlook might be broader, that in learning the art of different countries and peoples they might return to their own better equipped to build a new art which would hold, caught in imperishable music, something of the vitality and rich inspiration of America. They made no statement even remotely resembling anything like that. Instead they dwelt lovingly on the fact that their European study enabled them to give such a perfect imitation of the foreign product that no one could distinguish it from the original. It was in this laudable patriotic strain that they advertised until the war changed their policy. Since then they have made a complete about-face. They are exponents of nothing but the pure American article now.

But however we may rail at the want of inspiration or originality of these blind followers of the European label, we must admit that they have done much for our art by transplanting to these shores the routine of musical writing, the knowledge of the technic of musical composition that has been dug out painfully bit by bit by our diligent friends across the water. Because of this acquired sagacity our musicians are not so prone to make themselves ridiculous as they once were by expounding learnedly about things concerning which they have not the slightest technical understanding.

Unfingered Phrases

We have always been more or less inclined to grab our artistic knowledge on the run—a phrase here, a term there, or a bit of distorted theory—from the days of our New England forefathers, when adventurous composers talked and wrote at great length concerning that type of musical composition known as the fugue when they would not have recognized one if they had suddenly met it in the middle of the street, down to the present day when they rant about the so-called modern musical idiom.

That there are unexpected pitfalls in such a haphazard sort of knowledge goes without saying. There was the trying experience of two certain violinists who were fairly well known locally and who depended more on their wit and an inborn facility to carry them through their music than any real erudition. One day, desiring to make a vast impression on a rather exclusive coterie of friends, they started a grotesque and violent argument concerning the method employed by a certain artist to produce a dazzling effect in one passage of a stunt piece in violin literature. Started in a spirit of braggadocio, it developed—as arguments have a foolish fashion of doing—into a point of honor with each of them to prove that he was in the right. So when that artist played in their particular town the two were among the most conspicuous of his audience, determined to settle this burning question now and forever. At the end of his program the artist played the much-discussed number in his usual brilliant fashion, and as the two friends left the hall the one said to the other complacently:

"You see, he did just what I told you he did. That fingering ——"

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted the other indignantly. "I noticed particularly that he used my fingering."

"Well, I'll tell you how we'll settle this once and for all. We'll go back and ask him what fingering he used."

So they hurried back stage to catch the artist before he went to his hotel. They found him just leaving, and the first of the pair put the seething question.

"We've been having an argument, my friend and I, about the fingering you used in that polonaise you played this afternoon. I say you do it one way and he says you do it another. So to settle it we came to you. Now, will you tell us what fingering you did use in this part?" He hummed a snatch.

The artist looked at him blankly a moment.

"You mean that ugly bit of variation that comes just before the end? I'm sorry I cannot tell you much about that. You see I never play it. I never have."

The credit for the rapidly diminishing number of the above refreshing type of musician, who is confirmed in his own mind of his ability to hear the grass grow, is due to these earnest gentlemen, unconscious plagiarists, perhaps lacking in brilliance and initiative, who have brought us the Old-World routine, its highly developed technic of musical writing.

Concerning that inane fallacy that art is universal and knows no nationality—that it or its creator cannot be influenced by his country or environment—it needs only to be said that unprejudiced scrutiny of the works of famous composers will put that piffling conceit where it belongs with other frivolous fairy tales. Perhaps through the earlier compositions of a noted music maker will run the tawdry thread of the worship of foreign gods, but the masterpieces that made his greatness will mirror perfectly the period and country in which he lived. The composers themselves have always been the first to acknowledge and take great pride in this influence.

It was Beethoven who said that the Magic Flute was Mozart's greatest work because in it he became at last the true German composer.

But nationalism is not the prerogative of music alone, for go deeply into any literature and you will find that it reflects the politics, the religion, the morals, not of the world but of the tiny scrap of acreage in which its author had his being.

A few American composers—those whom European music did not hypnotize—have at last discovered the truth that the greatest musicians have been the most zealous patriots, and no longer hurry abroad to bring back a poor imitation of Continental ideas in music. Realizing that no matter how scholarly and carefully polished an imitation is it is never anything but a weak-kneed excuse, the farsighted American music maker has begun to give us—perhaps not so much in the larger forms, he has hardly had time for that, as in his songs and smaller orchestral numbers—a distinct, splendid, new music whose inspiration could only be drawn from the vital complex life of America.

With Tom-Tom and War Whoop

It has been the favorite indoor pastime of musicians during former years, when this national musical idiom existed only in theory, to prophesy what the chief characteristics of this new school would be. Would it be interwoven with the dull insistent rhythm of the Indian's music or would it be only an elaboration of the plaintive brooding melodies of our Ethiopian friends?

With the firm belief that one or the other would finally be accepted as representative American music many musicians have spent a vast amount of time in rehashing Indian and negro themes. In attempting to create a national expression in music they apparently forgot that anything p taining so closely to the inner, the spirit life of a country cannot be made.

Their most strenuous efforts to foist idiom of the aborigines and the black r onto the public as American music ha been met with vast indifference on the p of that enlightened gentry. To the aver man the Indian has become more or les highly colored legend. And so far as th melodies, their songs, are concerned would not recognize them as Indian unl they were labeled or at least accompan by the stereotyped war whoop and rhythmic tom-tom. The plain unvarnish tunes of the red man are dependent entir on drama of some sort to make th impressive.

The most successful composers who ha used Indian themes have not been succe ful because of any striking beauty of th material but because they have given those endless, characterless tunes an i nite richness of dramatic background t brought them out in vigorous silhouet Aside from the melodic sterility of Indian, if one will only look at the hum gulf between the typical American and Indian he will readily understand why a thing so remote from our national life never be representative of our music anything else.

Our Unhallowed Jazz

Most people admit—with the exc tion of those with whom Indian music hobby—that it has had and will have lit influence on our real national music. about that of the negro they are not sure. In contrast to the Indian, ne music has very strong poignant melodi Also no one would ever fail to recogn their origin. Essentially simple and pri tive music, it appeals to the senses. It that catch in it, that sweeping drama flavor that grips the imagination and cli to the memory. It is as distinct and in vidual as any other folk music—Suwa River is as vital to us as the Scotch An Laurie—and it is music that is undoubte the direct result of American environm on the African, for if left in his native la the negro would never have develop music of such power and pathos even h he lingered there a thousand years.

Negro music has been a rich source inspiration to many composers, and od enough most of them have been of fore birth.

In fact practically the first composer w brought darky tunes into popularity too number of their old melodies and para them about in a highly pretentious work dressed up and scandalously disguised Bohemian clothes.

Undoubtedly the negro will always ha his place in our musical life because of richness of his idiom, but it will be a pl peculiarly his own. His music will alwa be accepted and delighted in, but with exception perhaps of a hint of the we accenting and a little peculiar plaintive fa ion he has of slurring his notes together which are in reality the distinguish features of any primitive music and do belong exclusively to that of the Ethiopian we shall find in our real national music more influence of the negro than of the man.

Having eliminated the Indian and negro from our national music to the sat faction of ourselves and the indignation their champions, we must hasten to of something in their stead. If one finds definite fragment, a distinct reminiscen of any supposedly typical music in this freshing new art of ours it is a spicy tang dizzy left-over from our base and unhallow jazz. According to the degrees of our lusion or the depths of our hypocrisy, shall be outraged, insulted or merely amus by such a suggestion.

But after having gone through the m tions of incredulity, amazement, chagrin amusement most of us will admit inevitableness of such a thing. Music, are told, must give expression to life, to exhilaration of love and laughter or bitter pain of hate and death. Therefo is it particularly remarkable that a lit of the essence of that intoxicating musi vulgarity that has held all of us in giddier moments in its reckless spell shou creep into our higher forms of art? N

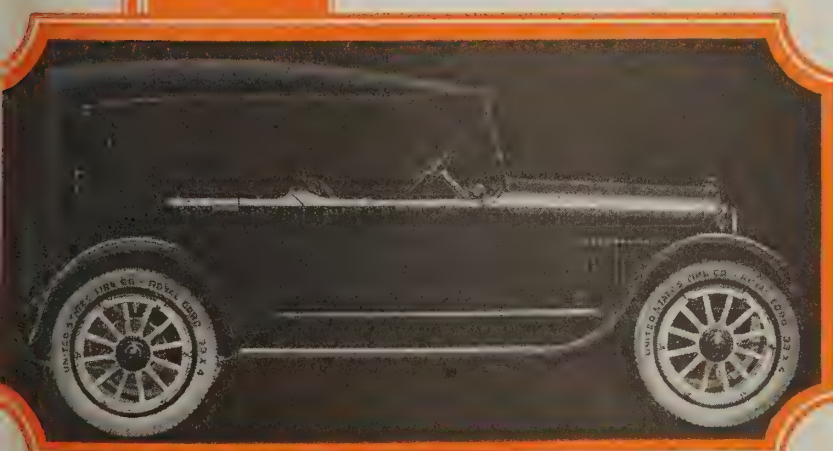
(Concluded on Page 70)

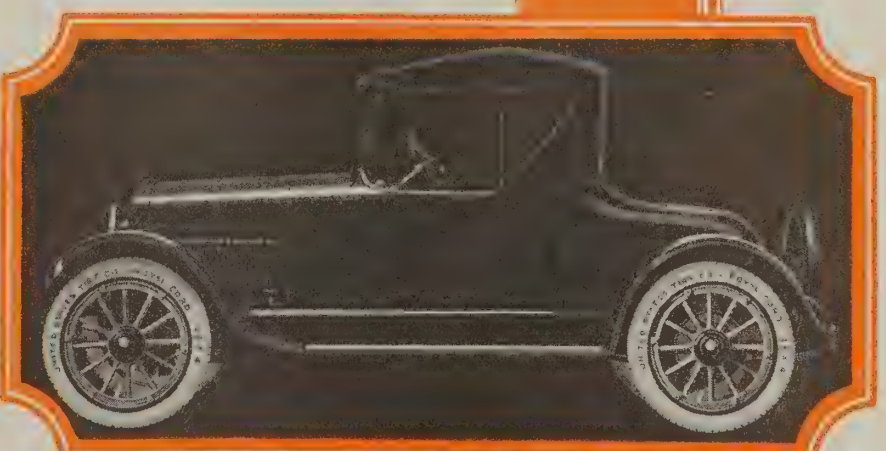
REO

Unanimous Approval—on Sight

¶ Tremendous enthusiasm greets this new Reo Six wherever seen. ¶ Nothing that has ever come out of the Reo shops has met with such unanimous acclaim. ¶ That this new Six would achieve great popularity as its performance became known through use was to be expected—for it is a Reo with all the word implies of stability, dependability and low upkeep. ¶ So we were confident it would win for itself that enviable position so long enjoyed by its illustrious predecessor. ¶ But we ourselves, have been just a little surprised at the way in which this Reo has made friends on sight. ¶ Dealers and buyers—and still more significant, old Reo owners—voice unqualified approval. ¶ All pronounce it to be the most attractive model that has ever been turned out by the Reo designers—and approve unreservedly the mechanical features. ¶ One and all they say that the one outstanding feature is—that Oiling System. ¶ Space forbids even a brief description here. ¶ Suffice it to say that, by this system every moving part—even spring joints—may be quickly, easily and certainly lubricated—and without soiling your hands or clothes. ¶ We firmly believe this is the greatest single improvement made in motor cars in a decade. ¶ We predict it will be widely copied, as have been so many other Reo developments. ¶ Ask your Reo dealer to show you this simple but wonderfully certain lubricating system. Then—place your order at once and secure an early delivery date. ¶ For it is certain there will not be enough of these new Sixes to go 'round.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan





Note: U. S. Royal Cord Tires are Standard Equipment on All Wheels

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

(Concluded from Page 68)

being sectional, as is the music of the negro or alien, as is that of the Indian, it has flourished as boldly in the North as in the South and lures alike the New Yorker and the Californian.

Having been told by our betters that jazz simply is not done musically, we are a little ashamed of its hold on us, and certain it is that its origin is far from savory. Coming more or less straight from those exciting heathen who infest sundry remote islands about which the films have done so much to enlighten us, it could hardly fit into the musical ideal of an æsthete. Everyone knows of those charming fuzzy-haired gentry who gather together when the mood strikes them and indulge in wild dances to the thumping of the heathen drum and the whanging away on the clangorous cymbal. And when they get worked up to a suitable point of fervor each bursts into ecstatic song with a cheerful disregard of his neighbors' efforts, every little private solo blending together in an impressive whole of syncopated rhythms and weird harmonies.

Certain enterprising musicians have attended these tribal dances when the opportunity offered and for their own amusement have taken down the whole performance, note for note, much as the court stenographer takes down the testimony. They tell us that our American jazz with its insane twists of rhythm and melody is but a survival of these barbaric ecstasies.

From these genial savages the jazz filtered through to America, paused a moment in the vivid establishments of the old Barbary Coast district, and then oozed its way along until it was the merry companion and bosom friend of our best people. And now we find it has become a regular highbrow, its idiom penetrating the highest forms of music. But it has been the habit of dance music since historic times to wield a most powerful influence on the musical development of its country, and now if we find this audacious shimmy music of ours polluting our highest art forms we should blame ourselves for taking to that sort of dance tunes instead of something reserved and dignified on the order of the stately minuet.

The Junk-Shop Orchestra

Our musical pacifists, particularly those with the Teutonic background, are greatly peeved about this new music of ours. When they occasionally hear some of it they go off and sulk and mutter to themselves. They say it is faulty in form, that its composers have no balance, that the idiom they employ is insane, that it lacks dignity and upsets all standards, and gives in return only an impossible combination of musical ideas. They weep over the good old sentimental twiddle-twaddle of the Happy Hours and Buzzing Bumble Bees type of composition that lies slaughtered in the wake of these insurrectionists. They will tell one that this new type of composer uses music only to express a misguided sense of humor; that like the small bad boy he takes the sublime art and stands it on its head for his amusement.

The meek and humble lowbrow who indites these lines makes no attempt to give a stereotyped résumé of the American composers and their catalogued works; whether they are exponents of the national article or the European imitation; if they are conservatives or moderns or merely addicted to the new freak music. It would be an impossible task, even if he had the moral courage, for nearly everyone nowadays is experiencing the urge to burst into song. Otherwise perfectly sane individuals, who think they can write undying music, are becoming as plentiful as that gallant band who indulge in the aphorism: "I always felt that I could be a writer if I just put my mind to it."

In the course of my prying into the holy of holies of American composition I came across that strange hybrid, the ultra-modern, or freak composer. The things that creature can do to a simple tune! I'm for progress myself and the maligned modern musical idiom has always been a thing of joy to me, but I avoid freak modern music as I do hash—and for the same reasons. One is helpless before it and can only echo the scatterbrain who on hearing its creator paw through one of these feverish compositions for piano and orchestra demanded feebly in the vulgar expressive idiom of the day: "M' Gawd! Who let him out?"

Your rabid modernist takes a simple God-fearing orchestra and lines it up and gives it the once-over. It fills his exotic soul with disgust at its commonplaceness. It has only the usual wood wind, brass and percussion string instruments, or in other words, only the usual number of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, drums and other instruments of percussion; violins, violas, cellos and double basses. Its very decorousness fills him with nausea, and with a wild back fling of his nice, long, greasy hair he hies himself to a junk shop to remedy this grievous fault.

He returns with a wind machine that is guaranteed to imitate everything from a Kansas cyclone to a cuddlesome summer zephyr. He displays with pride a weird collection of instruments, some resembling your trusty radiator, but displaying new and fancy coils, others made of pendulous strips of metal hung on frames and warranted to give you anything from the yelp of a Comanche, the howl of a coyote, to the bucolic cowbell and the whir of the useful lawn mower. As he arranges his haul on the orchestra platform a beatific expression replaces the bitter scowl on his face. Its own mother would not recognize it, but the freak composer views this orchestra of his handiwork with nothing but the deepest joy. The puny modernist who set the musical world agape last year with his reckless innovations never in his wildest moments hoped for anything like this.

Noise Without Thought

Having arranged his orchestra he tosses back his locks lightly once more, and with a few well-chosen remarks on modern impressionism and atmosphere gives one last tender look at this product of his fermenting brain and goes forth and buys a new bottle of ink, extra large and extra violet. With it he immediately ruins some perfectly good notepaper, and when the massacre is complete he calls his masterpiece The Love of Three Lemons or The Gum Chewers' Fire Drill. It should be stated right here that if any of his fellow lowbrows consider that the poor worm responsible for these lines is trying to exercise a misguided sense of humor in order to strangle this slander at birth he is referred to any program given by any one of the symphony orchestras in the larger cities during the past few years. When this revised orchestra tackles one of these hectic masterpieces the result resembles nothing so much as the movie orchestra of prehistoric times that attempted faithfully to supply every missing sound or noise for the shadow drama with the sole exception of the human voice, mooing with every cow, tolling with every church bell or registering every comedian's fall. Only perhaps this new orchestra is worse because there is more of it.

At the first public rehearsal of one of these compositions the dignified, cold and professionally intellectual audience listens to the outburst with manifest uneasiness. They wonder if they are being made the victims of some uncouth hoax. The critics look furtively at each other, each waiting for someone else to express the profanity they all feel. But they are all conservatives and cowards. They remember that genius often has not been recognized at first—take Beethoven and Wagner—and perhaps this is genius. So they scowl importantly and say that while the performance is quite a departure from the established order of things, a little startling on first hearing, a distinct innovation in fact, yet they feel on due deliberation that there is something—something in it. Not that they can name it offhand, but they are sure that this gifted young man had a purpose. And right here they should be told that this gifted young man did have a purpose. And that purpose consisted in getting himself before the public in the most spectacular way possible.

They could test his genius that they are so fearful of neglecting by taking away his cowbells and his wind machines and giving him a plain piece of paper, telling him to write in the flame of inspiration vital music that would give expression to some glorious idea, writing it in all the richness of the modern musical idiom if he will, use every new and splendid chord that brings to music what new words bring to language, ask him to give them one clean page of music with a great thought behind it that will live long after his puny life is fable, and in nine cases out of ten he will give them a schoolboy's exercise.

If he could give us one idea, one inspired thought in his music no one would care how many cowbells he used. Every composer has a right to use its pastoral tinkle-tinkle if he considers it indispensable in expressing his musical idea. But this business of using his art as a mere adjunct to its senseless iteration should be eliminated. He should remember that the unsophisticated public considers its pleasant jingle to be the distinctly individual trade-mark, the exclusive property of cows and not musicians, and as such should be regarded with all due respect and reverence.

Many of these freak composers are irresponsible charlatans. The first of their breed was said to be a man who having failed at legitimate music making lighted on the trick of stunt composing. He made a fortune out of it.

After the antics—sometimes amusing, often exasperating—of the futurist composer we come with a feeling of relief to that exponent of the modern music who has dared to turn away from the accepted inanity, the pretty-pretty in music, has left behind the sickening sensuality and the boisterous bragging that are the basis of the music of Wagner and his adherents, and has made his music the eloquent expression of ordinary human beings, of their dreams, ideals, their eager timid hopes and ambitions. He has discovered that without resorting necessarily to the vacuous, inevitable "programme" music can burlesque, be cynical, can capture the soul of humor as well as portray the buzzing of bees or the gusty amorousness of some disreputable old rake of a drunken god. He proves that music can have strength and character as well as be a perfumed sop to the senses.

In this bit of reporting on American music there has been frequent mention of the modern idiom in musical writing. An explanation of the technic of this idiom with its augmented triads, its whole tone scale, its abrupt modulations, its employment of the diatonic scale with the chromatic-chord change has no place here. It is only necessary to say that anyone can recognize modern music by what he will call its discords.

Who cares anyway about the stupid process that builds note by note and phrase by phrase the faultless beauty of an exquisite song? Who wants to be shown in all their trite detail the prosaic tools that make such a miracle possible?

Composers in Real Life

Besides, who would have the courage even at the instigation of the morbidly curious to tear aside the glamorous veil of romance with which the rite of music writing has always been shrouded? Who would destroy that popular picture of the master seated at the piano, gazing into distance with dreamy half-closed eyes, surrounded by some dozen-odd congenial souls, improvising immortal music or dashing off complete some exquisite sonata of the Moonlight or some other popular garden variety?

The most determined realist would hesitate before tampering with that idealistic bit and substituting in its stead the dull portrait of a tired disgusted man in his shirt sleeves or a moth-eaten smoking jacket and antiquated pants, half concealed in clouds of vilest tobacco smoke, seated before a battered piano, struggling with a vague half-formed idea that persistently eludes, crashing into a dozen themes that are false, only to try again amid half-strangled mutterings and much profanity. If any congenial souls would try to intrude on this unromantic worker he would most probably meet the announcement of their advent by his long-suffering wife—if he were married—with a desperate "What the hell? What'd you let 'em in for? Can't see 'em. Tell 'em to go to thunder! Tell 'em anything! Tell 'em I'm dead!"

When American composers through a world upheaval were brought out of their obscurity by a suddenly conscience-stricken public and their music was received with respectful attention and sincere appreciation they felt that at last after all the weary years they had the musical world by the tail with a downhill pull. That is, they thought that until certain treacherous obstacles bobbed up to break the easy smoothness of their descent.

One of the first they bumped over was what might as well be designated as fraudulent advertising as anything else. Near-musicians, who before American music came into public favor did not know the first inversion of the dominant from any one of the fourteen points, began writing execrable music and foisting it on the public with the plea that it be accepted because it was an American product. All manner of musicians brought the loud pedal down a bang on the American-music-for-the-s of-patriotism motif. And in this vast glomeration of music that masked u the American label and clamored for mittance to public favor was so much was indescribably bad, ugly and po written that its American audience list to it at first hopefully, then puzzled finally heartily ashamed. The final da ing of this music came when people b making excuses for it as parents do fo impossible child. And your real Amer music maker knows that he faces the credit that such cheap exploitation of triotism will inevitably bring on his music, the real American music, in minds of the most keen and critical a ence in the world.

Perhaps the second stumbling block thrust itself in his way was as old as th of music itself—and that was the sad bitter fact that all music lies at the m of the artist who is interpreting it. was a sour old truth when it rasped Cho nerves even while it appealed to his s of ridicule, when he had to listen to p young ladies pound out his dreamy turnes. Beethoven had his troubles the orchestras which played his sympho and when a friend mentioned to McDo that the first time he had heard the fa To a Wild Rose it was played by a h school girl, McDowell showed that its terness had touched him when he answ sharply: "And I suppose she pulled i by the roots."

Musicians Digging In

And of all music it is the new music is ever at the greatest disadvantage. audience never heard it before; there i traditional interpretation, no previous formance to which the present one ca compared. Its fate lies in the hands o artist. And the artist can take music w may have great beauty and worth an mangle and distort it that its mosaic eff which should blend together so exquisi into a perfect whole, disintegrate and the sensitive ear with a harshness that the teeth on edge. The suffering audi that listens to the crime promptly bla its torture on the music and not the ar and the composer has no come-back least not until he has been dead so long he has probably grown indifferent.

But to return to American music in eral. On the whole your American poser is decidedly pleased with him He remembers that at the time of the War there was such a dearth among own music makers that we had to go ab for the simple tune for Maryland, My M land. He recalls painfully our domina by German music during the latter pa the nineteenth century and the begin of the twentieth—even up to 1914. knows that since her freedom from tyranny of European musical ideas Am has been making musical history as as ishing and significant in its way as has her military history. Looking abroa sees that even before the war cast h such disfavor Germany had reached the of her artistic growth; that France, w subtle music oddly enough only tou fleetingly the American art, is rapidly ing herself out, and though England, during the sixteenth century held first p in music as a country, after a long peri inactivity is bestirring herself most e getically just now, the American comp realizes that it is only logical that the of his own country mark the next g epoch in music. Wise in his day and gen tion, he knows that after the fervor of triotism wears thin that just now is ma his audience accept anything in the n of American music, his country is goin demand great music of her compo Practical musician that he is, he fore that after the turmoil, the unrest of reconstruction period is past, which at p ent has such a strangle hold on the a the world, America is going to expect to write great symphonies and opera well as the beautiful songs and sm orchestral numbers in which he has alr proved himself such an adept. It is ag the day of that demand, that expectat that, ignoring the interfering friends o old Teutonic régime, the scoffers and doubting, the impostors, the plagiarists the freaks, your real American music m is energetically digging himself in.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articl Miss Miller. The second will appear in an issue.

AUTO-INTOXICATION

(Continued from Page 21)

efnded, which makes it no fee a-tall. Not a nickel. It on'y guarantees that they ri be a race."

An' these heah racin' niggers ain't ver made s'much as a mile a minnit?"

Nope. Why you is askin' all this foolhent? Does you know any cullud man enabouts which is anxious an' desireous onter an' git in?"

Does I?" Anopheles' long lean face s split by a broad grin. "I reckon yes oes. You is gwine heah from me by ight. S'long!"

nopheles swung on his heel, walked tly to Twentieth Street, turned south, sed the L. & N. railroad tracks and ae eventually to the Conley-Detroit ncy in the heart of Automobile Row. cornered one of the salesmen.

Lis'en heah, white folks. I asks you a stion an' I wants a hones'-t'-Gawd swer. How fas' will a Conley-Detroit erin' car run?"

he salesman smiled good-naturedly. inety miles an hour; guaranteed."

I ain't worryin' bouten that guarantee iness, cunnel. What I wants to know: l it run ninety miles?"

It'll do a hundred."

You ain't talkin' fumadiddles with ?"

That's the positive truth. See here." he salesman produced many-colored rature to prove his statement. When opheles left the establishment he wore a ad grin.

'Huh!" he told himself, "things is shuah nin' 'Nopheles' way this time."

He dropped by his home and surprised Clrissy with his infectious good humor. till wantin' a automobile, honey?" he ed.

'Heap of good wantin' is gwine do me." He chuckled inwardly; outwardly he peared lugubrious.

'It's sho' a shame, hon, that you di'n't ma'y Adam Shooks an' his ninety-wss-power Conley-Detroit. Reckon you 't love yo' husban' causen he's a piker, ?"

'O-o-oh! 'Nopheles!" Clarissy hurled contrite little body into his arms and ubly protested her undying affection.

Anopheles was exceedingly pleased with nself. He had long known that he was astute business man, but this was the t time he had ever applauded himself the rôle of schemer of schemes. And s one was a wonder.

"They ain't no git-away," he told himf. "It's as sho' as cullud chillun."

At four o'clock on the minute Mr. Adam ooks appeared at Mr. Anopheles Rickts' tailoring shop. He pressed upon Mr. icketts a ten-cent cigar. He quivered th nervous expectancy on the very edge his chair and tried to read the face of his ng and lanky vis-à-vis.

And finally he put the question direct: 's you gwine loaned me that money, opheles, or ain't you is?"

Anopheles appeared to ponder seriously. se consid'rin' it, Brother Shooks. Ordry it woul'n't 'peal to me but considin' we is soht of related, countin' I a'ied the gal which you was engage' to, s willin' to take the matter under devisent."

Adam threw his arms wide in a helpless peless gesture. "Under devisement n't gittin' me no cash money," he wailed. An' that same is what I needs. If'n I n' raise it them folks what I done bought e car offen is gwine take it away from e."

"You ain't say so?"

"Yeh, I does say so, an' I says it posive an' tho'ough."

Anopheles hesitated. This was his first nt that a failure to come to the financial d of Mr. Adam Shooks would result in the ss of that gentleman's car. The temptaon to sit back and see the fat little man ripped of his single claim to distinction as almost too great to be resisted.

But the hesitation was only momentary, ough in its brief existence Adam Shooks ed a thousand horrible deaths.

"How bouten it, 'Nopheles? Is it a go ain't it?"

"We-e-ell, soht of."

"Soht of? What that kin' of talky-talk ean?"

"They's conditions."

"I grants 'em."

"You ain't heard 'em yet."

"I is gwine grant 'em, no matter what they is, previdin' I gits the money."

"It's this: Jes' gittin' a chattel mo'gage on yo' car ain't 'nough s'curity fo' a sedate an' instablished business man like what I is. I cain't ride in no chattel mo'gage ——"

"But neither you don' haf to buy no gasoline for it."

"Buyin' gasoline ain't nothin' 'tall to a man in my presition. Wha's twen'y-six an' a half cents to me a gallon?" He snapped bony fingers contemptuously. "Nothin'. Not nary nothin' single thing a-tall. Tha's what."

"But—but you was reemahkin' ——"

"—— that mo'gages cain't be rode in, an' automobiles can, an' I was prospectin' ——"

"—— to hol' my car fo' yo'se'f ontil I is paid yo' money?" Adam leaped furiously to his feet. "Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', cullud man: When you says that you on'y goes to prove that you is foolish as you look. Howyou reckon I c'n wuk countin' I ain't got no automobile? Is you fo'got that I is in the taxi business an' tha's my taxi? Is you? Why, 'Nopheles, I is plumb s'prised at the brains which you ain't got. 'Thout my car I woul'n't have no mo' chance of makin' a livin' than what you would have if'n men stopped wearin' pants."

Anopheles put out a gently restraining hand. "Cumtrol yo'se'f, Brother Shooks; cumtrol yo'se'f. You is got too much voice fo' the size of yo' brain. When you opens yo' mouth nothin' comes out on'y foolishment. Brains—you nachelly ain't got. I ain't aimin' to take yo' car." He hesitated. "That is, on'y one day."

"One day? Tha's diff'ent."

"You see, it's thisaway, Brother Shooks: Ever sence Clarissy decided to ma'y a wuth-while man an' tu'ned you down in favor of me she is been onhappy causen you is got a car an' I ain't. That jes' shows you what a car c'n do. Think of her thinkin' she could of been happy with a wuthless, no-'count man liken to you! Think of it! Ain't it silly?"

Adam was pathetically anxious to be agreeable. "Ain't it, now, Brother Ricketts? Ain't it jes'?"

"An' I was thinkin' an' cogitatin' mos' long an' voluptuously that if'n I was to loaned you this heah two hund'ed dollars I woul'd't hol' you up fo' no ten puh cent intrus' but on'y eight puh cent, but I is to borry that car from you from noon ontil eight o'clock one afternoon, an' drive it my own se'f, an' ——"

"But lis'en, Brother Ricketts; I is plumb opposed to lettin' other folks run my car."

"An' you lis'en at me, also, Brother Shooks: I is plumb again' lendin' my money to niggers which ain't wuth as much as nothin'. You knows yo' own se'f that when I does business with you I is takin' a bigger chance than what you is takin' in lendin' me yo' car fo' one measly afternoon. Ain't it so now?"

One afternoon. Adam knew that Anopheles was a good driver as drivers go, and the chances were all against anything happening to the car. And he needed that two hundred dollars; only Adam knew how he needed it, and only Adam realized that the husband of his ex-fiancée was his last chance.

"Which afternoon you want it?"

"Oh!" answered Anopheles with disarming nonchalance, "Saddy afternoon, I reckon."

"Tha' 's my bes' business day," demurred Adam testily.

"You is doin' mighty fine business when you borries two hund'ed dollars on the s'curity which you offers. Now look heah at this." Anopheles probed into an inside pocket and produced a brown-backed formal document. "This heah is a contrac' duly drawed up an' created by Lawyer Evans Chew. He's the bes' cullud lawyer in Bummin'ham an' drawin' contrac's is the fondes' thing he's of. This heah contrac' says that I loands you two hund'ed dollars fo' six months at eight puh cent intrus', gits a mo'gage on yo' car as s'curity an' fo' fu'ther valu'ble cumsideration that there car is mine under a leasthol' between noon Saddy an' eight 'clock that night. Jes' as much mine as 'tis yo's now. An' I is givin' you prezac'ly ten minutes, Brother Shooks, to sign it or tear it up!"

Adam read the verbose document carefully. Then he glanced at the twenty new ten-dollar bills that Anopheles shoved tantalizingly under his nose. And—Adam signed!

Anopheles streaked down Eighteenth Street again in search of Florian Slappey. Within ten minutes he was found, and five minutes later Anopheles had signed an entry blank for the twenty-five-mile automobile race and deposited fifty dollars with Florian to guarantee his appearance.

"An' I is makin' you this one an' on'y request, Brother Slappey, namely an' as follows: That you don' spill no wo'ds to anybody bouten me bein' in the race. I is got pretickeler reasons why I wishes to keep it a secret ontil I rides onto the track with my racin' car. Does you promise?"

Florian promised. He was so dazed that he would have promised anything once. Anopheles Ricketts racing against four professional drivers! The idea was preposterous. Yet there was the signed entrance blank and the fifty dollars deposited as an appearance guaranty. There was no flying in the face of such evidence as that, and the dandified Florian gazed with new respect upon his tall brown friend.

"I wishes you luck, 'Nopheles; I sho'ly does wish you luck. As brother members of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, I hopes you wins the race an' the five hund'ed dollars."

"Yo' hopes is well placed an' founded, Brother Slappey. Winnin' that race ain't gwine be nothin' on'y a little passin' away the time fo' me. But I pleads earnest with you, Brother Slappey, that you should remain it a secret."

Anopheles had accomplished much for one day; much, but not enough. Not quite enough. Anopheles was in an accomplishing mood and felt that he could not rest until every last detail was attended to. Thereupon he again sought Cap'n Kenney and the Rollins touring car. He handed to the white man one hundred dollars in cash. "Tha's to bin' the bargain which says I is gwine buy that Rollins towerin' car fo' six hund'ed dollars."

"I'm mighty glad, Anopheles. It's a good buy; car's in perfect condition. When will you' have the other five hundred?"

"Saddy evenin' at six o'clock."

"Saturday evening?"

"Tha's it. I wan's you to drive that car out to the fair groun's, where they is gwine be a cullud automobile race. Ise gwine look you up there, an' I'll have five hund'ed mo' dollars in my han' to swap with you fo' that Rollins."

"Where are you going to get the other five hundred?"

"Don' you go worryin' yo' haid, Cap'n Kenney, bouten that other five hund'ed. Gittin' that money is the on'y thing which ain't worryin' me none a-tall."

Anopheles left the garage with a receipt in his pocket, a smile on his long face and supreme happiness in his heart. He envisioned himself driving regally up to the gate of the neat little cottage occupied by himself and Clarissy, the Rollins glittering in the sunlight; driving up and presenting the car to Clarissy. There and then, he knew, Mr. Adam Shooks would fade into pale and gloomy insignificance for all his ninety-horse-power Conley-Detroit. Even Clarissy would agree that such a car as the Rollins was enough automobile for any sane mortal.

Anopheles was very much tickled with himself. There wasn't a detail overlooked, not a flaw in his scheme.

At noon Saturday he intended going to Adam and claiming the Conley-Detroit. For an hour he would drive it by way of familiarizing himself with the way it handled, and for an hour after that he and Cass Driggers would shoot heavy oil into the big bearings and choke the grease cups. Then a trip to a filling station for a tankful of gasoline, a dose of oil in the crank case, an inspection of tire inflation—and the fair grounds.

The race itself held no worries at all for the amateur driver. He knew that the best of the four professionals entered had never bettered sixty miles an hour over the twenty-five-mile route, and he knew that his car would do ninety. It was as plain as the four-three on a pair of loaded dice. When they had traveled nineteen miles he'd be across the finish line. It never occurred to him that any special skill was required in the handling of a racing automobile. He merely looked on the race as a question of

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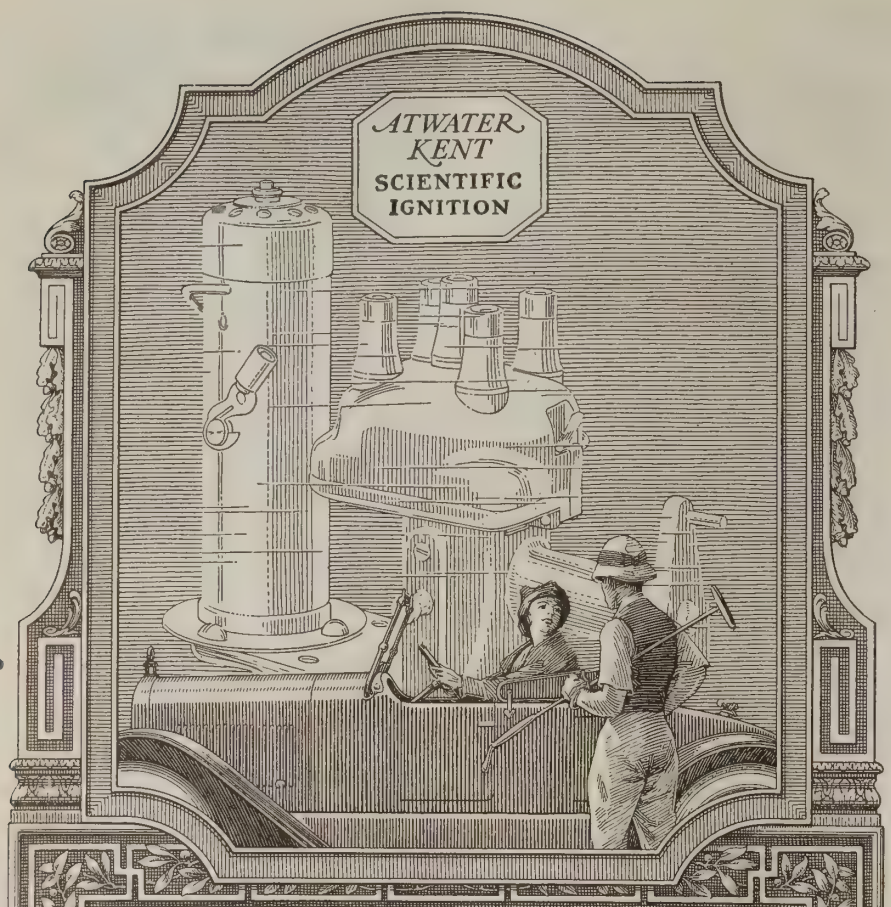

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relative speed and took it for granted that the reason the professionals had never done more than sixty miles was because their cars didn't have that much speed in their make-ups.

And so it narrowed down to a matter of simple arithmetic: Ninety miles was thirty miles faster than sixty. That made the race mere child's play. He couldn't help grinning to himself as he bethought him of the chagrin of the professional drivers; of the wildly applauding crowd in the grand stand; of the adulation that would be his; of the judge's flowery speech to the winner and the handing over of the five hundred dollars prize money—and then his possession of the coveted Rollins touring car.

He would be a hero, an automobile owner, a much happier husband and a man of distinct accomplishment—surely no mean attainment.

His demeanor at home was a triumph in histrionic art. He openly envied Adam Shooks and mourned the fact that he didn't know when—or if—he could afford an automobile. He fanned the flame of his wife's automotive desire into a white heat. Not once did he hint of the colossal deal afoot, not a single word did he drop to apprise her of the social glories in store. The Rollins was to be a stupendous surprise. Meanwhile, he allowed her to plumb the nethermost depths of misery and thwarted desire before raising her to the pinnacle of delight with his gift.

She hinted that Mr. Shooks would take her to ride when she so desired it, and her husband did not negative the idea. That rather piqued her vanity; she would have preferred that he had railed against it. Then she could have quarreled satisfactorily and thus had an excuse for doing it. It wasn't that she didn't love Anopheles passionately; but she did want an automobile so very, very much.

On Friday morning something occurred which caused Anopheles Ricketts considerable perturbation. It was in the form of a letter from a newly formed lodge in Calera; a letter which invited Anopheles to attend the meeting of the lodge that night and measure the thirty members of the drill team for uniforms. The account totaled nearly nine hundred dollars, five hundred of which was to be spot cash in advance; the balance payable upon delivery of the uniforms.

Anopheles reflected. He could get down on the train that afternoon, attend the meeting at night, take the measurements of his victims, spend the night in Calera and return on the train due in Birmingham at eleven-fifty A. M. He knew that the train was seldom late; it was a fast train northbound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and only a half day out of New Orleans. True, Anopheles hated to take the risk, but on the other hand he was too keen a business man to pass up such an opportunity. There was a full four hundred dollars profit to him in the deal.

He went. He bade his bride a long and lingering farewell, and gave her to understand that he would not return until the Saturday-night train—which allowed a late noonday arrival in Birmingham and an immediate trip to the racetrack without going home to greet Clarissy.

He sought Adam Shooks and impressed upon that mortgaged gentleman the necessity of having his car parked before the Penny Prudential Bank Building at noon.

"Causen betwix that time an' eight o'clock it's mine, Adam."

"If'n you ain't gwine be heah ——"

"I is. An' if'n I ain't that don't concern you none. The car's mine fo' them eight hours, an' I'll thank you to act according."

At four o'clock that afternoon Anopheles boarded the Montgomery train for Calera. At five o'clock Mr. Adam Shooks happened to drift into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and was inveigled into a game of eight-ball with Mr. Florian Slappey—two bits a game.

Florian won four consecutive games and Florian found himself in an exceedingly good humor. More: It was a fault of Florian's that when in a good humor he had to talk, and automobiles was a perfectly natural subject when in the company of the taxicabbing Adam Shooks. So Florian gave voice to something that had been puzzling him considerably of late.

Said he: "What soht of a automobile driver is Brother 'Nopheles Ricketts?"

"What you means—driver?"

"Automobile driver."

Adam Shooks shrugged. "He'd better by a dawg-gawn sight be a good driver. He's done gawn an' got pressession of my car f'um noon ontil eight o'clock t'-morry night."

"Yo' car?"

"Yeah!"

"Not that big ninety-hawss-power Conley-Detroit?"

"Not is wrong. Is is right."

Florian tapped the table rail lightly with the tip of his cue. "Some men is jes' nachelly bawn unlucky."

Mr. Shooks was aware that the remark of Mr. Slappey had a distinctly personal flavor. "Which men you reemahks about, Mistuh Slappey?"

"I ain't mentionin' no names a-tall," reneged Florian. "N'r neither I ain't vi'latin' no confidence bouten that race out to the fair grounds t'-morry which they is a five hund'ed dollars prize fo'."

The game ceased. It ceased suddenly and completely. Putting two and two together was one of the best things that Adam Shooks did.

"Gosh a'mighty livin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "Does you mean to stan' yonder an' tell me that 'Nopheles is figgerin' on drivin' my car in that they sweepstakes race?"

"I ain't tellin' you nothin', an' fu'thermo' I ain't gwine tell you nothin'. I done promise' 'Nopheles I woul'n't."

Adam's cue clattered miserably to the floor. Cold beads of perspiration stood out upon the cigar-hued brow of Mr. Shooks.

"I might of knowed it," he wailed. "I sho' would of knowed it if'n I had of had mo' sense'n a crippled fiddler crab. 'Nopheles enterin' my car in that race 'gainst them prefessional drivers. Time he runs it twicet 'roun' that co'se they ain't gwine be nothin' lef' of it on'y the smell from the gas tank." Mr. Shooks' anger was mounting. His voice crescendoed to a shrill furious wail. "He ain't gwine do it, Brother Slappey! He jes' nachelly ain't! Tha's all what I is tellin' you. He ain't gwine git my car!" He grabbed his hat and clapped it on his head. "G'-by, Mistuh Slappey. Heah is where action begins to happen."

"Where you is gwine?" called Florian after the fleeing figure.

Adam answered from the door without turning his head. "Ise headed fo' Lawyer Evans Chew. He done drawed that contrac', an' if'n a lawyer cain't break a contrac' he drawed his own se'f, then he's a bum lawyer."

But Lawyer Chew couldn't. He listened patiently to Mr. Shooks' epic denunciation of Mr. Ricketts. Then he shook his head with sad and final solemnity.

"I is exceeding' an' pow'ful sorry, Mistuh Shooks; an' if'n I had of knowed that you would be so inclined as to bust this heah contrac' I could have drawed it bustable. But I wa'n't fo'wa'ned, an' hence wa'n't fo'armed. That car which is you'n b'longs to Brother Ricketts from noon ontil eight o'clock t'-morry night. He can do with it as he wishes, as made an' previded in said contrac' an' indenture duly drafted by an' betwix pahties of fust an' secon' paht, fo' mutual an' vallible cumsideration, an' witnessed in proper form. An' they ain't no testimony 'lowed, 'cordin' to the rules of evidence an' the stachutes of this noble an' sove'eign State of Alabama, to be intraduced to modify or amend or otherwise change the terms of a written document, an' again an' to continue ——"

"I gathers," interrupted Mr. Shooks slowly, "that what you is tryin' to tell me is that I is in the soup. That it?"

"To descind to the ve'nacular—you have said it."

Mr. Shooks rose. He was in no mood to be tactful. "Yeh, an' I is about to said one mo' thing—namely an' as follows: You is one hell of a rotten lawyer!"

The beatitude of Mr. Adam Shooks had suddenly gone flooey. The smile left his usually cheerful face, a sag had come to his shoulders. He felt himself alone and deserted in a cold and cruel world.

He made his way down the street and came at length to his car, parked head in to the curb. For perhaps five minutes he stood regarding the faithful vehicle which had for more than a year kept good clothes upon his back and given directorial dimensions to his mezzanine landing.

His attitude was that of a husband called in to say a final farewell to a departing wife. To-morrow night his beloved Conley-Detroit would be prey to the junkman, leaving as heritage only a basis for action at law against Anopheles Ricketts. Mr. Shooks climbed sorrowfully into the

(Continued on Page 76)

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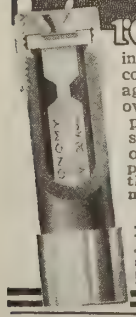

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(Continued from Page 74)

driver's seat, pressed the starter button, let in his gears, backed carefully away from the curb and headed southward toward the crest of Red Mountain.

The sun blazed brilliantly overhead, birds chirped merrily in the trees, the motor purred gently; everywhere there was optimistic life and blatant bliss. But not for Adam Shooks. A great clammy gob of gloom had descended upon him.

Mr. Shooks was up against it—hard. The agonies of the world had allied and declared war upon him. And there was nothing he could do to avert the disaster. Nothing. Not a single thing. He clenched his fist and slammed it against the wheel.

"They ain't never been nothin' in the world yet," he sizzled in self-encouragement, "which ain't got sumthin' to keep it from bein' as bad as what it seems like it is. They ain't ——"

He ceased soliloquizing. He remained ceased. His lips pressed together in a straight brown line. Mr. Shooks was having an idea!

It wasn't much of an idea at first, but as he drove over Red Mountain and dropped through Rosedale, only to travel a few miles farther and mount the acclivity which marks Shades Mountain, the details of a good scheme took shape from a dull gray background and became shot through with golden hues.

One hour later Mr. Shooks depressed both pedals, slipped his gears into neutral, clamped on the emergency brake, lay back in his seat and smiled.

"It's a long chance," he muttered. "But it sho'ly ought to wuk so's Mistuh 'Nopheles Ricketts won't bother me no mo'."

And that evening Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts had a caller. She came to the gate to meet the smiling and overdressed Adam Shooks, who posed regally at the wheel of a freshly polished Conley-Detroit. Mr. Shooks was at his social best.

"Evenin', Missis Ricketts."

"Same to you, Mistuh Shooks. Is you aimin' to come in fo' a minute?"

"Now that you mentions it, Missis Ricketts, I don' hahdly think I was. What I wants to ast you is: Where is Mistuh Ricketts at?"

"He's down to Calera. Why?"

Adam chk'd with well-simulated disappointment. "Ain't that too bad, now? Ain't it, jes'?"

"How come that too-bad business?"

"'Tis thisaway, Missis Ricketts: T'-morry mawnin' was a soht of an extry day with me an' I was figgerin' on comin' roun' heah in the mawnin' with Lithia Blevins an' takin' you an' Mistuh Ricketts fo' a nice long ride down the Mon'gom'ry highway. An' then, Missis Ricketts, when I got you out there where they wa'n't no traffic I was gwine let you take the wheel while I taught you how to drive—seein' as you is always said as you wanted ——"

"You—you was gwine teach me to drive t'-morry mawnin'?"

"Suttinly."

"An' Lithia Blevins is gwine be with us fo' chaperon?"

"Tha's where you spoke a armful."

Clarissy Ricketts hesitated—and was lost. Better women than Clarissy have succumbed to a lesser lure. And Clarissy vindicated the proposed indiscretion in advance by recalling the words of her husband: "You c'n go ridin' with Adam Shooks whenever you wishes." Clarissy wished.

And the appointment was made for the following morning at ten o'clock.

That night Clarissy was atremble with anticipation. She was to get her first driving lesson, and Adam had promised to return her home safely by noon, the earliest possible hour at which Anopheles could return from Calera. It was to mark an epoch in the life of Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts, and if she entertained any doubts as to the propriety of joyriding with a former and rather recent fiancé the doubts were stilled in the surge of desire.

As for Adam Shooks, he was enjoying hugely the contemplation of the morrow. The reaction from the misery of a few hours ago was most pleasing. And Adam was more than a little proud of the scheme he had evolved—right out of his own head. Easy, just like that.

In the first place he had no intention whatever of taking Lithia Blevins. He would call for Clarissy, explain that Lithia was indisposed, and take a chance on Clarissy's passion for automobiles proving stronger than her sense of discretion.

Then he would speed out of Birmingham and head southward in the general direction of Montgomery, where the roads were in fairly good condition and the scenery beautiful. For fifteen or twenty miles he would drive serenely; then something was scheduled to go wrong with the car. And then something else. Mrs. Clarissy Ricketts would be treated to imaginary mishap after imaginary mishap. Noon would come and go. He knew just where they would be when the hunger pangs began to come: A little roadhouse for colored folks—the odor of fried chicken and rice with cow-peas, the whole to be topped off by red, cold, juicy watermelon. And then he would repair his car by four or five o'clock and return to Birmingham.

Anopheles Ricketts would be awaiting him. Anopheles would be furious and filled with threats of legal action against Adam. But the big race would have been run without the presence of the Conley-Detroit, and Anopheles' hands would be tied through fear of the scandal that would inevitably attach to the fair name of his beloved bride should the affair be bruited about.

So Adam schemed; and so, for a time at any rate, the scheme worked. True, Clarissy demurred even more than Adam had anticipated over an unchaperoned joy-ride, but she gave in when he promised faithfully to return her by eleven-thirty—or sooner, if she so requested. And fourteen miles outside of Birmingham Adam surreptitiously snapped off the ignition switch. The car gasped, quivered and stopped.

"Huh!" grunted Adam. "Sumthin' mus' be wrong."

Clarissy was undisturbed. She watched him alight, raise the hood, gaze earnestly at the motor and shake his head.

"Nothin' impawtant, is it?" she asked from the depths of her motor ignorance.

"Dunno," he answered sententiously. "I ain't hahdly know. Seems like they is sumthin' wrong with the accelerator."

An accelerator more or less was nothing in Clarissy's young life and she waited patiently while Adam went through the motions of repairing something. She entertained not even a hint of suspicion that Adam was tricking her, not even when he at length climbed back in the car, flipped the ignition contact, pressed the starter button and shot ahead.

Four miles farther on the performance was repeated. Adam leaped to the ground in feigned anger and gave vent to an impressive motorist's oath.

"I'm dawg'd if'n 'tain't that rotten ol' accelerator again. I swanny!"

This time Clarissy took an interest in the affair. "Is the accelerator sumthin' impawtant, Mistuh Shooks?"

He gazed frowningly upon her. "'Pawtant? 'Pawtant, you asts me? Well, I sh'd say it wa'n't no mo' impawtant than what a weddin' ring is to a ma'ied couple."

"C'n you fix it?"

He stepped back from the car, hands on hips, and surveyed the motor intently.

"I dunno. Accelerators is pow'ful contrary things. I is knowed balky accelerators which has wrecked cars an' killed all the folks which was ridin' in 'em. Accelerators is sumthin' which has to be treated gentle an' knowin'. Ise afraid we is in fo' a bad time, Missis Ricketts."

"You—you don' mean we is gwine be delayed out heah in the woods?"

"How I sh'd know that? I ain't inside that accelerator, is I?"

Clarissy grew nervous. She grew very nervous; so nervous that she alighted and paced the ground while he pretended to fix something. And Adam was acting his rôle well. He had raised the seat and strewn fearful-looking tools all over the roadside. And every once in a while as he caught a glimpse of Clarissy's worried face he had to bend his head to conceal the smile which persisted in breaking forth.

At twenty-five minutes before noon Adam started his motor purring. He shoved his tools under the front seat, bundled Clarissy into the car, headed back toward Birmingham and fed the gas in large and juicy quantities. A half mile rolled under their wheels; three-quarters; a mile. A roadhouse appeared on the right; Adam's left hand crept out toward the ignition switch, snapped it off and withdrew, unnoticed. The car quivered and halted as Adam applied the brakes—profanely.

A pained and hopeless wail issued from between Clarissy's lips: "O-o-o-oh! Ise bettin' it's that horrid ol' accelerator again!"

Adam gloomily made it unanimous "Accelerator is right, Missis Ricketts; an this time she's busted sho' nuff."

He stepped to the ground, raised th hood and affected grief as he inspected th perfect motor. It was too good to be true Marooned in the woods with Anopheles wife, and that gentleman waiting in Bir mingham for the car that wasn't going t be there.

Clarissy was not enjoying herself. Sh was learning rapidly that cars have mor to them than riding qualities. And she wa particularly bitter against accelerators She hadn't the least idea what they were but she knew that she wished this particu lar car had been constructed without one

And as Adam pretended to work he gav her a lesson on the temperamental qualities of accelerators. By the time he finished she was almost in tears.

More, she was hungry—very, horribly hungry. Which was why she made so little objection when he discovered that th house across the road was a roadhouse and insisted that she eat a bit of lunch with him.

"Bein' out with a busted accelerator is bad enough," he argued, "but an empty stummick ain't gwine he'p it none."

And so she joined him. They entered the dining room of the roadhouse at twenty minutes after twelve—she, worried, gloomy, despondent; he, sad without and exultant within.

Meanwhile things of moment had been happening in Calera and along the main line of the L. & N. railroad. Even Anopheles Ricketts was finding himself not without trouble.

He had risen shortly after eight o'clock and breakfasted heartily in view of the day of triumph now at hand. He checked off on his time-table the scheduled arrival hour of the northbound L. & N., dropped in for a chat with a couple of the lodge members whose physical dimensions were down in his order book, and finally, a full half hour before train time, made his way to the depot. He addressed the station agent:

"How that nawthboun' L 'n' N runnin', cap'n?"

The railroad man smiled. "Three hours late already; and getting one minute later every sixty seconds."

"Uh!" Anopheles felt his long legs quivering. "Huh? What that you reemahks, cap'n?"

"Wreck on the main line—freight derailed. There's no tellin' when she'll come through."

"Livin' lizards! What I is gwine do? 'Nopheles Ricketts: You is astin' yo'se'f what you is gwine do!"

Apparently there was no answer. The main line of the railroad was blocked by a nasty freight wreck, Anopheles Ricketts was thirty-some miles from Birmingham and the race was scheduled to be run that afternoon. And all that Anopheles had to do to lose his fifty dollars deposit was to fail to put in appearance at starting time.

The solution of the problem was as expensive as it was simple. Twenty minutes after the news of the wreck had staggered the lean and hungry-looking tailor from Birmingham he was seated beside the owner of a flivver and they were burning up the road in a northerly direction.

It was good training for the nerves of the would-be Barney Oldfield. The little car shook, rattled and rolled; it careened wildly and slithered from one side of the road to the other. Anopheles sat impatiently, hunched forward in the front seat, eyes focused straight to the front as though to bring Birmingham nearer.

The car slewed suddenly and missed a deep gully by a hair. It shot by a Montgomery-bound truck—shaving the mammoth vehicle so closely that the driver thereof howled profanity after them. It dropped down a precipitous hill at lightning speed and narrowly avoided a freight train at the bottom. But still Anopheles was not satisfied.

He turned a fixed set face to the driver, and made a single acid remark: "My gosh golly, man! You does drive slow!"

The wheels were humming over the gravel road, the radiator was steaming, the floor became hot to the touch, even through shoes. Anopheles critically inspected the gas arc.

"Lis'en heah, cullud man: Ain't it noways possible fo' you to make a li'l speed?"

The driver was game. He shoved his gas ahead and the car trembled from hood

(Continued on Page 79)

(Continued from Page 76)

ential. It rose on its hind legs and d. It ate up the miles with speed ntemplated in the factory of its ty And then ——

ll, f there hadn't been a storm the bore it never would have occurred, se he storm had blown down a tele- ple which occupied more than half a And the first thing either Anoph- r he driver knew of it came when on of the flivver shot skyward, the e jolted nastily and flirted into the a there lay peacefully on its side. rtor gave a single consumptive icked despairingly and expired, t the last.

peles lifted himself from a dis- itting posture in the cotton field. a casual inspection and found that retty much all present. Then he sentfully at his driver.

ne knowed sumthin' was gwine r' he remarked testily.

se and dusted his trousers. Then nl a mile post and read its figures: n to B'ham." He waved a casual e to the driver of the ex-car and doofing it for the Alabama metrop-

rou anonymous," he called cheerily. g a 'gagement to the Bummin'ham un's at th'ee-thutty sha'p."

peles was constructed along walking d he now proceeded to excel Na- itentions. His long legs spanned un- le spaces of road; narrow skinny nt into the wind, head jerking with p in much the manner of a walking He mounted a long hill, passed crest and descended at top speed. nce in a while he glanced over his , hoping against hope that some ham-bound automobile would come d sell him a ride to his destination. nly he paused. His eyes focused ain object. They remained focused Anopheles. The object of his gaze g red Conley-Detroit car parked by of the road opposite a neat little ; which Anopheles knew as a road-

di'n't know better," mused Anoph- 'd swear that was Adam Shooks'

sity drew him closer. His eyes wider. He saw a familiar dent in rear fender. He seemed to recog- right front tire. He proceeded to the car.

! Looks like Adam's car. Same s Adam's car. Same color as Adam's me bent fender like what Adam's t." He raised the hood tentatively. number as Adam's car." He back and passed a bewildered hand is forehead. "Jumpin' jiminy! It n's car!"

ok Anopheles Ricketts just three s to comprehend fully this provi- stroke of luck. And then realiza- the fact that Adam Shooks had put something across on him struck He saw the whole thing plainly Somehow Adam had learned that eles intended to race with the big -Detroit and had played safe by g the car from the city so that it not be used in the race, and after — Well, Adam Shooks was noto- for having few worries about the

pheles glared belligerently at the use. He impulsively started to- it, intending to have it out with then and there; to confront the ith his perfidy and —— Then an- idea came to the lanky one and he back. Which is why he missed seeing bending over a snowy table explain- rnestly to an exceedingly worried Anopheles Ricketts that accelera- ere extremely contrary things, but e would be sure to fix his up and her to Birmingham in plenty of o save her social face.

side Anopheles worked fast and defi- His watch showed a trifle past one . The Conley-Detroit was unlocked. eles climbed in, snapped on the , made sure that the cutout was not, d the starter button and smiled re- vely as the rhythmic thrum of the was wafted to his ears. He slid the in gently and the car rolled away, rating prettily as it mounted the acclivity beyond the roadhouse. situation tickled the risibilities of Anopheles Ricketts. He laughed to lf at the mental picture of Adam Shooks when Adam found himself carless. Mr. Shooks was about to get his just deserts. He had attempted to double-cross Anopheles, and had been hoist by the petard of his own scheming. Anopheles was bulwarked behind his ironclad contract—the contract which leased the car to him between noon and eight o'clock of this day. The fact that he had found the car on the road made no neverminds; it was his and he had it.

He lolled back in his seat and gave himself over to the intense enjoyment of the moment. Once safely out of earshot of the exclusive colored roadhouse he cut out the muffler and grinned happily as the motor roared evenly on all cylinders. He depressed the accelerator as he swung into an even straight stretch of road and watched the speedometer indicator climb to sixty, hang there, then go up two miles. The speed rather took his breath away and he slowed down.

"But anyways," he gasped, "they ain't no doubt that she'll do it."

And just as Anopheles stopped his Conley-Detroit at the Five Points filling station in Birmingham and replenished his stock of oil and gas Mr. Adam Shooks and Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts sauntered from the roadhouse eighteen miles away. Adam was talking.

"I is been studyin' bouten that they accelerator, Missis Ricketts, an' I is came to the c'nclusion that I knows jes' what is the matter an' how it c'n be fixed. Of co'se accelerators is plumb bad things to git out of o'der on a car."

"Yeh," she retorted bitterly. "B'lieve me, I knows it!"

"But when a man is a swell mechanic liken to what I is ——"

Adam raised his eyes to the car. Then he blinked. The car wasn't. Adam's jaw sagged. Clarissy took in the situation at a glance and let forth a wild wail.

"Oh, Lawsy!" she howled. "Befo' lunch I knowed ev'ythin' in the wo'ld had went wrong. Now I knows what was befo' ain't nothin' to what is now."

Adam was stunned. For the first time he was helpless, supine. Clarissy swung on him and proceeded to express the opinion of his personality which had been crystallizing for the past two hours. Her language was pointed and picturesque. Adam withered before the verbal storm. He shook like a bowl of jelly, lips parted, arms hanging helplessly at his side.

And finally Clarissy set her teeth and started up the road. "C'mon, Adam."

"Where you is gwine, Missis Ricketts?"

"Home."

"How?"

"Walk!"

"It's eighteen miles."

"I is gwine walk it, Mistuh Shooks, an' you is gwine walk with me. An' if'n you don' sumbody is gwine fin' a cullud co'pse on this heah road t'-morry mawnin' an' it's gwine answer to the name of Adam Shooks!"

Adam walked!

The enormous grand stand at the state fair grounds was jammed with a crush of humanity, chocolate in hue. The place was a riot of vivid color and seethed with excitement. Already the minor races had been run and the virus was in the blood of the spectators. They were thirsting for long-distance excitement and on their toes for the commencement of the twenty-five-mile race.

Out on the infield there was considerable excitement.

Officials were summoned hurriedly and the four professional drivers addressed themselves voluminously to Florian Slappey, chairman of the Magic City Automobile Fast Racing Association.

"We ain't no fools," howled one individual, "to go git out there on that dirt track with a feller which ain't never even drove a race befo'."

Florian's official lips curled in a sneer.

"I ain't worryin' my haid bouten what you is gwine do an' what you ain't gwine do. Come time fo' the race to staht an' you ain't on the line you loses each the fifty dollars entrince fee an' don' git you no espense money."

One of them—a tall, broad-shouldered negro—clutched Florian by the arm.

"But you don' on'erstan', Mistuh Slappey. That long lean feller with the Conley-Detroit, he don' know nothin' 'bout race drivin'. He's gwine swing wide on one tu'n, an' sho't on another, an' fust thing you know they is gwine be one gran' bust-up."

"You is all signed releases, quittin' us of responsibility if'n anybody gits kilt," retorted Florian practically; "an' the crowd loves a smash-up. Huh! Fo' professionals skeered of a amachure."

"Tha's it prezac'ly. If'n the man knowed anythin' 'bout drivin' in a race it woul'n't make no diff'ence. But we ain't gwine be able to do nothin' with him on the turns. He ain't gwine know when he's beat, an' they's shuah to be a accident."

"You is jes' on'y wo'ied that he's gwine beat you-all. Tha's all what is the matter with you. All I is got to say, I hopes he wins the prize, an' the fust man which fouls him gits kicked offen the track. Tha's all, gen'lemun. You c'n use yo' own judgment."

He turned toward the Conley-Detroit. Anopheles had just filled and tightened his last grease cup and stood back proudly surveying the car which was to drive him to victory and ownership of the coveted Rollins touring car. He had long since spotted the automobile dealer at one end of the field, waiting true to his promise, with the car which Anopheles was to pay for immediately the prize money was handed over.

Anopheles' confidence was sublime. It multiplied when Florian told him chucklingly of the conference with the four professional drivers.

"They is jes' on'y skeered that you is gwine beat 'em, 'Nopheles; an' I hopes you does."

"They ain't no doubt of it," came the bland answer. "They ain't never drove no faster'n sixty miles an' this heah car is guaranteed to do ninety."

News of Anopheles' entry swept through the stands. Excitement increased a hundredfold. Anopheles became a hero. Men who knew something of the game shook their heads; they had an idea of what Anopheles' ignorance had put him up against.

As for the quartet of professional drivers, they were petrified with fear. Excellent men though they were, they knew enough to know when danger was real, and they had no mind to run a real race against a scatter-brained amateur. They had no fear that Anopheles would win, but they were afraid that he would cause two or three nasty accidents. And they had no desire for casualties.

"Trouble with a ignorant nigger like him," vouchsafed one, "is that if'n one of us takes a turn safe an' wide, he's jes' as li'ble as not to bust in betwix' us an' the fence, an' then they's gwine be a heap of automobile gwine to the other wo'ld."

The five drivers were called together by Florian. It was agreed that the racers were to start ten seconds apart, and the drivers rolled high dice for the honor. Anopheles rolled last. Three dice, and he had a fifteen to beat. His long bony fingers wrapped round the ivories, clicked them fondly and spun them on to the ground. Three symmetrical sixes stared up at them. Anopheles laughed aloud.

"Eighteen! I stahts fust. Reckon this is sho' nuff my lucky day!"

The cars lined up, Anopheles and his red Conley-Detroit at the rail. He carried no mechanician, and his sole equipment consisted of a pair of ten-cent goggles some kind friend had loaned. He started his motor and hunched down in his seat, gears in low, ears alert for the starter's gun, which was to sign the flagman to drop his signal. At Anopheles' right were the four professionals in their wicked-looking racers, motors roaring.

The stands were in a furore. Only Anopheles, of the thousands, was calm and unruffled. He was already envisioning his triumph: The chagrin of the professional drivers, the joy of his wife when he should drive home with his new secondhand Rollins touring car.

The pop of a revolver sounded above the engine din. The assistant starter flipped his flag. The stands howled. Instinctively Anopheles clamped down on his accelerator and let the clutch pedal back with a jerk. The car quivered and leaped ahead. Anopheles slipped from low into high. He was at the first turn before he knew it, and shot wildly round, just grazing the outside fence. The second starter, just under roaring way, cursed as he saw and understood Anopheles' clumsiness.

The Conley-Detroit straightened out on the back stretch, and Anopheles fed her the juice. She seemed to leap from under him. He was at the turn; his foot came off the accelerator. the car turned on two wheels, veered wildly, righted itself, kicked up a horrible cloud of dust, shot straight for the inner fence, jerked away and was in the home stretch. As it shot by the grand stand the long driver heard a wild yell of acclaim, but this time he slowed down at the curve on the lower end and took it more discreetly. He was beginning to get his bearings and to understand that there was considerably more to driving a high-powered car on a one-mile dirt track than he had fancied.

In his ears was a sinister roaring and he became vaguely conscious that it was from a motor other than his. He glanced at his speedometer; he knew that he was making at least seventy-five miles an hour. The speedometer registered forty-six.

"Dawg-gawn it!" muttered Anopheles. "It's done gawn an' got out of order!"

The roar of the pursuing motor came closer and closer. Anopheles couldn't understand it. His car was a good ten miles faster than that of any other car on the track and he had the lead. It was a simple matter of mathematics with him. That lead could and should be held.

The driver of the second car was crowding close, intending to cut in between Anopheles and the fence when the former swung wide on the turn, and then to shoot into a safe lead on the stretch.

His plan worked—partly. Anopheles took his turn wide; so wide that the fence loomed up straight ahead of him. It looked like a brick wall. Anopheles gave a wild yell and slung his steering wheel over. The big car quivered, heaved, bucked, doubled, and sped straight as a bullet for the inner fence.

The driver of the second car had just put on speed to get by. He heard a shriek from his mechanician and saw Anopheles' roaring machine shooting across his track. Terror gripped at his heart. He clamped on the brakes, slewed violently to the right, missing the rear of the Conley-Detroit by a fraction of an inch, and was rewarded with a loud and stinging plop!

At the same instant the third car, which had been hanging close on the heels of the second, attempted to cut across on the far side. The unexpected maneuver of the second car threw a wrench into the driver's intentions and he cracked to the left. Two of his tires refused the strain and followed the despairing course of the one on the second car.

Meanwhile Anopheles reached the inner fence, muscled down on his steering wheel once more and by another miracle found himself headed straight down the stretch. He hunched over his wheel like a great buzzard and sirened triumphantly by the grand stand at a forty-two-mile gait, a half lap leader over the two other cars.

For three more laps Anopheles held a safe lead. The second car donned a new tire and started out again. The drivers of the two cars still seriously in the running held grimly to the flanks of the Conley-Detroit, chafing at the slow pace, but having learned a lesson from the near-smashups of the others. Their idea was to wait until the pace grew hopelessly slow, then, when they had Anopheles taking his turns on the fence, to shoot wide at a fifty-mile gait and pass him.

The end of the tenth mile found the relative positions unchanged. The car with the two gone tires had withdrawn ungracefully. Anopheles was bubbling with confidence. The pace had degenerated to forty miles. Anopheles' wild driving had broken up the surface of the track and it was a solid cloud of dust. The spectators were in a frenzy.

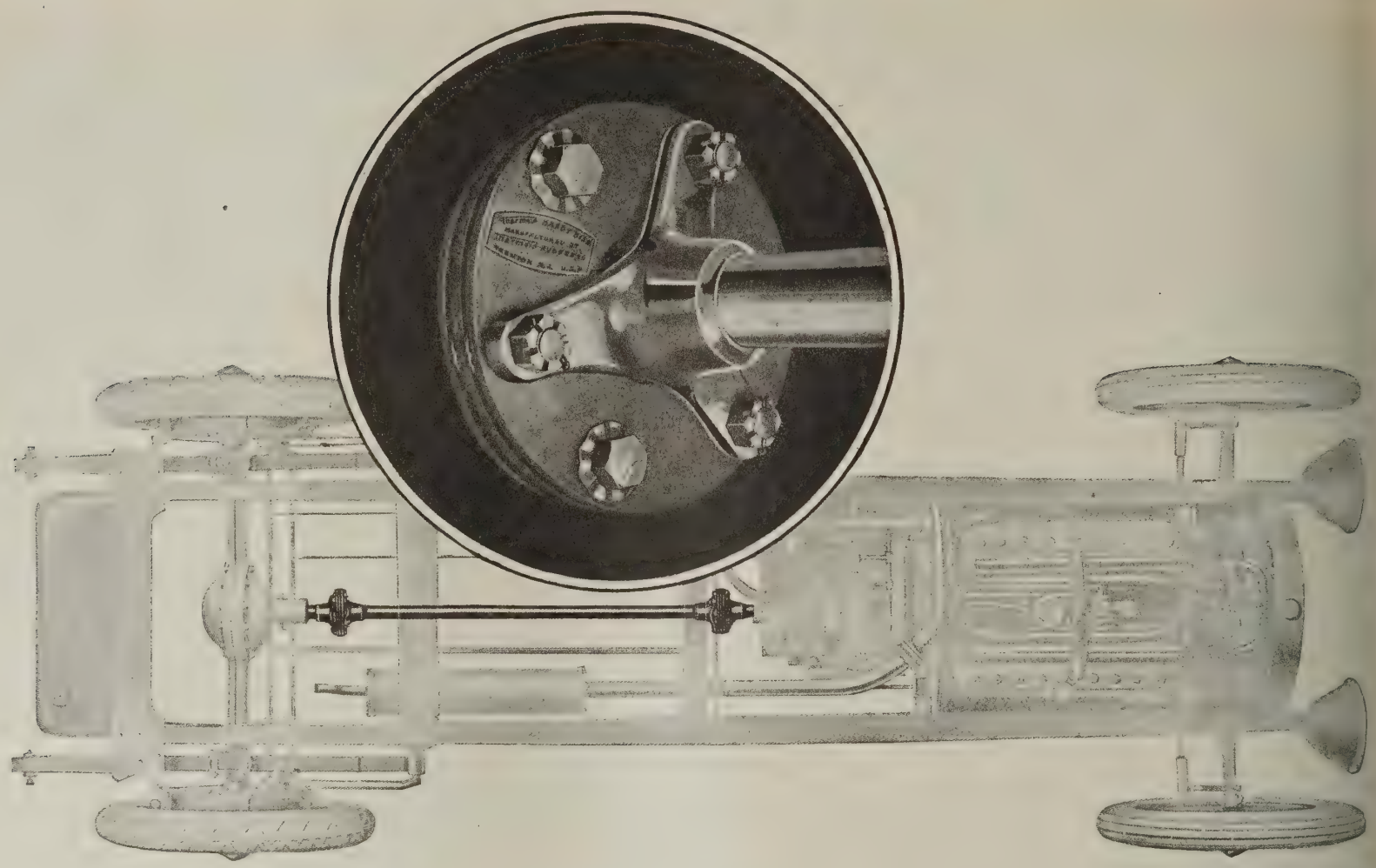
On the eleventh lap the driver of the car immediately behind Anopheles saw his chance. The Conley-Detroit negotiated the turn close and carefully. And suddenly Anopheles heard a screaming horn, a wildly roaring motor.

His right foot went down. So did the accelerator. The Conley-Detroit jumped forward like a crazy thing, zigzagging across the bows of the other car.

The professional driver saw his danger. Anopheles saw it but didn't recognize. All he knew was that he held the lead and must continue to hold it. So he didn't see the professional bang his rear wheel against the fence and pile his car up by the side of the track. Anopheles merely heard a crash, and when he came round again saw the wrecked car with the driver and mechanician sitting gloomily and unhurt beside it. Anopheles' lips curled into a sneer.

"Prefessional—huh? Them fellers ain't no drivers a-tall!"

(Concluded on Page 81)



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EVERY time a car is started the entire rear axle is subjected to the equivalent of a one-ton blow. The power from the engine is hurled through the driving shaft against the rear axle. As it forces the ton or more dead weight of the car into motion, the impact from the engine acts as a hammer on the rear axle and all parts of the driving shaft.

The ordinary type of metal universal joint transmits these shocks and jolts *directly*—without the slightest cushioning—and the result is a racking of the chassis.

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To meet these conditions the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has been developed. It is constructed of flexible fabric discs which act as a cushion. It absorbs the jolts and jars of sudden starting by transmitting the impact from the motor in a smooth, even flow of power to the rear wheels.

No lubrication needed

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Ask to see the universal joint on the next car you buy

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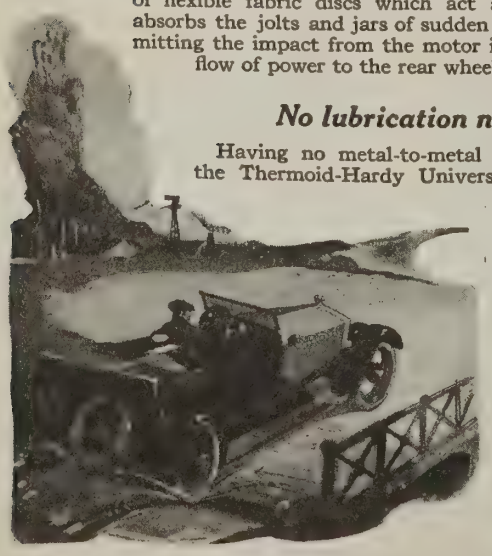

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(Concluded from Page 79)

Aopheles was as calm as a spring oyster. fe ccelerated gently to forty-seven, and elcher there. Two cars were out of the acealtogether; the other two had taken o lart the lesson he had taught. Neither rivr had any intention whatever of ttapting to pass the lanky amateur. 'hr were content to hang on, hoping ga:st hope that something would happen o he Conley-Detroit, that something old break; a tire blow out.

Twenty-one miles; twenty-two; twenty-r. On the twenty-fourth lap the second a made a last desperate attempt to pass nopheles on the stretch. The roar of his o r was the signal for Anopheles. He oahead and took the turn on two wheels. h professional gave it up as a hopeless b

The last lap started with the professional o and the maniacal crowd on its feet, elig deliriously. Anopheles bent for-a and fed the gas. The speedometer irbed to fifty-three—fifty-four. The ch car held close, praying for a last-inte accident.

l failed to come. Anopheles shot across heine an easy winner!

Jit he didn't know that he had won. Tc until he had circled the track thrice ic did he realize that the other cars had u and the race was at an end. He halted is:ar and dismounted. Hundreds gath-e about him, shouting congratulations. nopheles smiled in superior fashion.

"Huh!" he said. "That ain't near as a! as the tailorin' business!"

.ad then the cash prize of five hundred ours was handed to the victor amid nultuous applause. Finally Anopheles ce away. He headed across the field ard Captain Kenney and the waiting cins touring car. And he passed the u:tet of professional drivers. They vered at him menacingly.

nopheles paused. He placed hands on ny hips.

"Cullud men," he remarked genially, nat you knows bouten automobiles—it!"

hen he passed on, five hundred dollars and in addition to his returned fifty ars entrance fee. The fifty he pocketed r the five hundred he handed to Captain Kney. That gentleman looked wonder-y upon his colored friend.

"Anopheles," he advised sagely, "I ld suggest that you insure this car nediately; very immediately!"

t half past five o'clock a weary and foot-e couple dragged leaden feet down entieth Street, turned into Avenue F l paused.

Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts was all in. She s a little more than all in. Every muscle ier body ached. She turned pained eyes on Mr Adam Shooks.

"If'n you ever comes within a hund'ed miles of me ag'in, Mistuh Shooks," said she, "you is gwine to be ain't. G'-by!"

Adam had long since lost strength for a retort. He dragged heavy feet behind him and stumbled down the street toward his own home.

"Eighteen miles," he groaned. "Oh, lawsy! Eighteen miles with a talkin' woman!"

Clarissy reached the veranda and collapsed into a wicker chair. Her head sank back and her eyes closed in an excess of agony.

She didn't even bother to investigate as to whether Anopheles had returned. She was suffering too much to care one way or the other.

Suddenly from up the street there came to her ears the triumphant honking of an automobile horn. It was steady and insistent, almost hypnotic. She raised heavy, tired eyes and gazed.

The glittering, newly painted car rolled proudly down the street—a fine Rollins touring car. She finally sensed that the man at the wheel was her husband. She groaned and turned over in her chair. Her eyes closed again.

He was out of the car and beside her in the twinkling of an eye, too full of news about his gift to give heed to her bedraggled condition.

"Honey!"

"Yeh?"

"Look what I is bought fo' you."

"What?"

"A fine new secon'han' Rollins towerin' car!"

"O-o-oh!"

It was not the sort of ejaculation he had anticipated. He bent tenderly above her chair. "I reckon Adam Shooks won't never ——"

Her hands clenched. "Don' you never mention that man's name again roun' where I is at!"

He paused. Then: "C'mon out an' take a ride, Clarissy. I'll show you the swellest car a man ever got fo' the fines' li'l wife which is."

She made a game effort to rise, but the racking pains which shot through every fiber of her body forced her down again.

"I—I reckons not now, 'Nopheles."

"You ain't much happy, hon. Is you so', countin' I got a secon'han' car."

Mention of automobiles made Clarissy ill. This seemed like a way out.

"Yeh—I reckon tha's it, 'Nopheles."

"Huh!" he retorted with some heat. "I reckon you don' know nothin' 'bout automobiles. This heah car is as good as new. They ain't a single thing wrong with it. That is, not hahdly nothin'—jes' one li'l thing."

"One thing?" she queried languidly.

"Yeh; 'tain't nothin' impawtant. It's jes' that the accelerator is busted."

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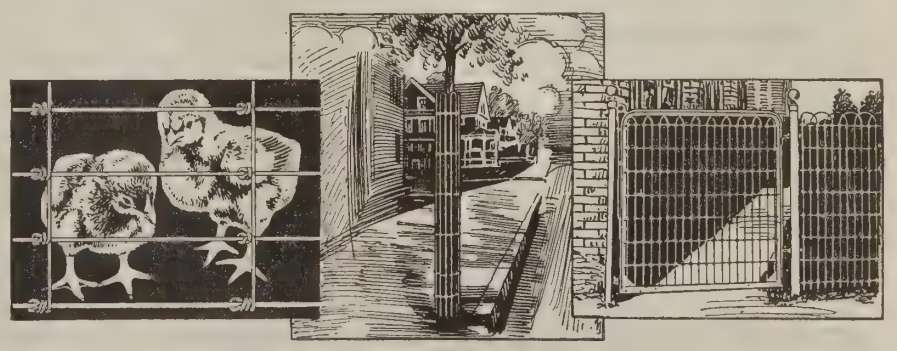

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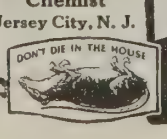
No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice", sent free to you.

E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.



ROUGH ON RATS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 25)

long as he saw fit on the schooling list, and had a lengthy sentence been inflicted upon me it would simply have meant that I could not start again until the ban was lifted. So my master had to go to a great deal of trouble and bespeak the good offices of some influential people who happened to be friends of the major's. Finally I was restored to favor, though the fact that Barney and the assistant starter had an altercation which ended in a free-for-all fight that night did not help any at first. But subsequently it did have a good effect, because the assistant starters were cautioned against the too liberal use of their whips.

Three days afterward I was carded to start again, the conditions of the race and the distance being practically the same as formerly. I made up my mind that no matter what happened this time I would keep my mind on the running of the race. We went over to the post as before and fortunately got away at the second attempt. I had drawn the extreme outside position, meaning that at the post I was placed nearest to the outside rail, which of course gave me one disadvantage, were I to retain that position until I reached the turn.

The moment the barrier lifted and we were in motion, however, my master rushed me diagonally across the track toward the inside rail. Before we had gone fifty yards I was in the lead and lying almost so close to it that he might have brushed it with his racing boot had he extended his foot a couple of inches. But in that short burst I had demonstrated that I had more speed than anything in the bunch.

I could hear their hoofs pattering after me and the wind was roaring in my ear just like you hear it if you hold a big seashell so close that in fancy you can hear the rumble of the waves. But I did not see any of my competitors until we had swung round the upper turn and got straightened for home. Then a big black horse ranged alongside. I had not been racing my best up to this time, but now my master clucked to me to go on. The black horse's head was at my throat latch and he certainly could run some. So I pinned back my ears and started the first big fight of the many I was afterward to engage in.

At first I thought that perhaps I could shake him off easily, but such was not to be the case. He kept racing alongside of me and never showed the slightest weakness. He did not seem to get his head past my throatlatch, but he stayed there, and just as I began to be afraid that he would be a tougher customer than I had anticipated he dropped back to where his forehead band was on a level with my saddle skirts.

But we were not taking any chances. I just kept going as hard as I could. At the drawgate another horse came out of the bunch behind and challenged me. In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled up even with the black horse and inch by inch crept past him. First thing I knew he was running head and head with me.

For an instant I did not see how I could possibly stand this strain, but the feeling of panic passed away as it came and I buckled down to my work again. We had reached the farthest end of the grand stand now, which was one seething, yelling mass of excited human beings. It appeared afterward that this horse was the favorite in the race and a great deal of public money had been bet on him. Very few people outside of a few stable boys, who did not have much to bet, and my master and his friend, the major, had put a dollar on me.

So down we came, racing through pandemonium. It did not seem as if I could ever get away from that horse, and there were only a few yards more to go. I knew I had done all I knew how. But just within striking distance of the wire he appeared to falter in a way that was scarcely noticeable, but still it caused him to shorten his stride and in that brief space I had got a neck the better of it and flashed by the judges a winner by three or four feet.

As you can imagine, this was a great triumph for me, because I had beaten a horse that was pretty well thought of, added to which I had gone to the post a despised outsider, as it is called in racing parlance. My master and the major did not bet any large amount on my chances, because, of course, no one can tell how a colt will act the first time he races in company, but they did bet enough to win several thousand dollars, which as I was a long price did not necessitate the investment of very much money.

With the race the Grasshopper had won and mine, my folks were now pretty well on Easy Street and it was decided not to race me again until the summer meetings up the line.

When I speak of up the line I refer to the old-time circuit by which the horsemen traveled. At the close of the winter racing in New Orleans they would move to Little Rock and Hot Springs; then to Memphis, where they always had a very excellent meeting; from Memphis to Nashville; and at the close of the Nashville meeting most of the horses went to Lexington or Louisville and after that to Latonia. When the Latonia meeting was over some of them went to St. Louis, but many of the more important stables went East and either raced on the tracks adjacent to New York or shipped direct to Saratoga and rested up there for the big meeting in August.

In those days the latter track was the grand meeting place for the horsemen of the North and South, besides which many Westerners and Canadians shipped their horses there to join issue with their brethren.

I believe at that time the Saratoga track was dominated by a man named Spencer, who also ran the clubhouse. It was here that the highest-rolling gentlemen who loved to gamble—North, South, East or West—gathered to buck the tiger, as the old game of faro was called. Roulette was also popular, and it is needless to remark that poker games with the limit taken off grew behind every stump, as they say.

At that time Saratoga was a wide-open town. No obstacle was placed in the way of the visitor who wanted either to gamble with his money or get rid of it. And a notable fact was that, judged by the standards of to-day, the prices for accommodations even at the best hotels were more than reasonable. I think this was due a good deal to the fact that the men who controlled the big hotels were mostly Americans. We had not up to that time felt the foreign invasion of hotel men whose only object was and is to key the public purse up to the limit.

In the clubhouse, of course, all the games were big ones, and any evening one could see some of the most prominent men in American politics, commerce, art, literature or anything you could mention, seated at the tables endeavoring to take a fall out of the goddess of chance.

Local gossip might be said to have been divided into two sections—one devoted to recounting the list of those who won or lost big wagers at the race track in the morning, and the other to those who did or did not write checks after the close of the games at night, though for that matter most of the indoor entertainment round town was along the continuous-variety order. Many an old-time sport wags his head when you mention the Saratoga of the early nineties.

"Ah!" he will sigh, "them were the days—them sure were the days!"

One of the big figures round Saratoga those days was Charles Reed. I believe was a partner of Spencer, but he was l like one who made the greater part of income out of gambling than any man the world. Reed was a large man of E lish descent. He was an omnivorous rea and was well posted on almost any subj one wanted to broach. He was absolut on the square. He maintained among ot things a great stable of race horses. loved the sport and owned many good or but I think the money-making end of rac never appealed to him very much. He lo the excitement and the sport for spo sake just as much as any prince of the bl ever did.

Mr. Reed's stable was always turned in a manner that would have delighted critically disposed. Everything he had p taining to his horses was of the best. deed I think he was one of the pione among American owners in the matter beautifying the surroundings of the bui ings that housed his favorites.

As philosophers, few men were Ree equal. He always claimed to be a fata and accepted without cavil any verd that Dame Fortune handed out. He sub quently purchased a large breeding farm Tennessee and placed the famous Engl Derby winner, St. Blaise, at the head of stud. As a breeder, however, he did meet with very marked success.

The purchase of St. Blaise was one of spectacular occurrences in Reed's care After the death of August Belmont elder, and in order to settle up his esta the horses of the famous Nursery St owned by him were brought to New Y City and put up at public auction. Amo them was St. Blaise, for whom Mr. Belm had given something like fifty thousa dollars in England—a big price in th days—and whose record not only on English turf but as a sire of speed was the best.

So it naturally followed that Mr. Lo lard, J. B. Haggin, of California, a several others of the rich men who w engaged in breeding race horses were v anxious to procure St. Blaise. And wh the famous winner of the English Der was led into the ring that night, looki like the emperor that he was, it is safe say that representatives of every big tu man in the country were present. Amon them was Charles Reed.

Mr. Easton, the auctioneer, did waste much time in preliminaries. stated in a very simple way that th present all knew the horse, his record a his performances, emphasizing the f that they needed no eulogy from him.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "what d hear for the mighty St. Blaise?"

The Englishman's sharp staccato ch lenge died away. Men who had come to b St. Blaise regarded each other nervous but no one opened his mouth. They w all waiting for someone to start the b rolling. It was a long pause.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Easton aga "Well, gentlemen, what do I hear for Blaise? What do I hear?"

And then to the amazement of all th present a big man rose halfway out of chair. It was Charles Reed.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" boomed, and sat down again.

Even Easton, as polished and cool auctioneer as ever mounted the rostru was momentarily taken aback. All ey were focused on the big man who had ma this colossal bid, but he was apparent oblivious of his surroundings and continu to peruse an evening paper which he he in his hand. Easton finally found his voi

(Continued on Page 85)

Gruen Guild Watchmaking

What it is and how it has given to America fine pocket timepieces

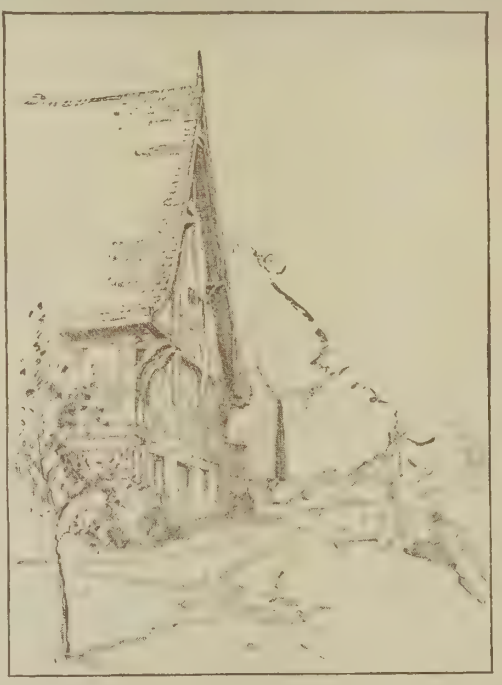
BACK in the Middle Ages there flourished, for every important trade, numerous companies of craftsmen known as "guilds." One of the most famous of these guilds, the "Company of Watchmakers," became most firmly established in Switzerland.

Old manuscripts show that in certain parts of this picturesque country, fine watchmaking was practiced almost as a religion. The spirit of the guild was handed down from father to son through many generations, each generation seeking to produce a more perfect watch.

* * *

Today, as in the fourteenth century, the finest watch craftsmen in the world are the Swiss. America, however, with her genius for invention and her knack for standardization, produces the finest watchmaking machinery. Gruen Guild Watchmaking is unique in that it combines the best of both countries.

Under the old way, a few Swiss watchmakers were brought to America to train American workmen in that part of watchmaking which *machines can't do.*



The Gruen Watchmakers Guild "Service Workshop" on Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

Under the Gruen Guild way, American machines are taken to the Swiss craftsmen.

At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, Gruen organized a Guild of sons of the sons of world famous watchmakers.

Equipped with the most modern machinery, and operating on America's principle of standardization, these master craftsmen make the movements for Gruen Watches; and then do what no machine can do—skillfully finish by hand and adjust each movement to that Precision accuracy which really makes a fine watch.

In America, on a picturesque spot known as Time Hill, in Cincinnati, is the Gruen Guild workshop. Built like the Swiss chalets of old, its quaint charm carries one back to the fourteenth century.

Here, amid quiet, artistic surroundings, Guild craftsmen make the beautiful hand-wrought cases, insert the movements and give them final adjustments. From here the Gruen Guild products are sold through 1200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality.

The Gruen Guild Workshop at Time Hill is a real service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery, to any jeweler in America.

Thus does Gruen Guild Watchmaking give you the finest modern examples of American and Swiss watchmaking skill with complete standardized service behind it.

Write for Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Watches for men and women, will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

"The massive door, flanked by antique lamps", entrance to Gruen Guild Workshops in Cincinnati

Gruen Verithins, $53.50 to $250—Very-Verithins, $60 to $250—Ultrathins, $210 to $315—Dietrich Gruens, $290 to $825.

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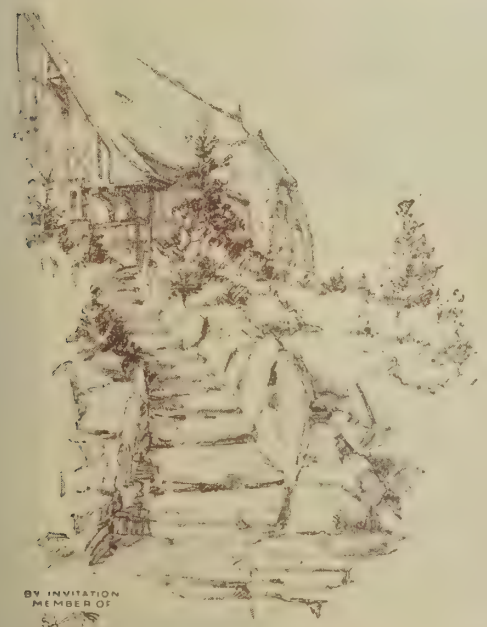
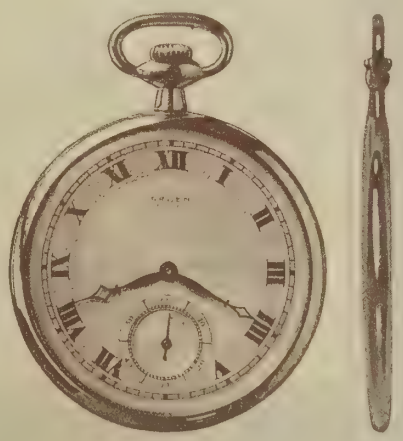


BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

"The rocks which make rustic stairs and pathways down the hill"—



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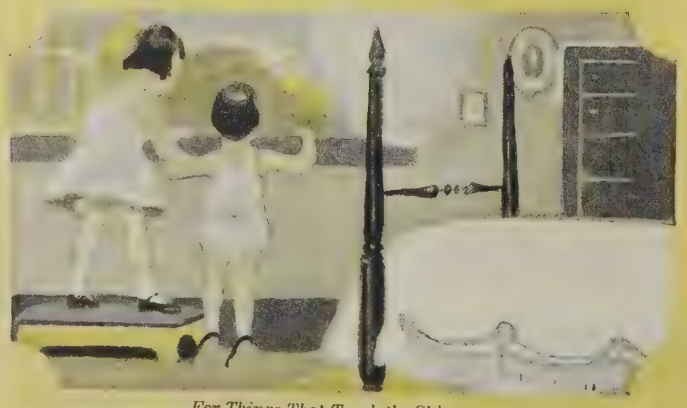

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KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 82)

A hundred thousand dollars for St. Blise!" he shrilled, and there was a note of triumph in his voice, because it was the biggest bid at public auction of race horses that he or any other knight of the gavel had ever got. "Any advance, gentlemen? Any advance on a hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise?" This last sentence half sarcastically.

But there was no response to the auctioneer's appeal. The first bid had taken the wind out of all the millionaires and left them gasping for financial breath. Down went the hammer, and with it Charles Reed manufactured a good page in the turf history of our beloved country.

After the sale a friend asked Mr. Reed why he had not waited, and suggested that the horse might have gone cheaper if he had allowed the bidding to go up by easy stages, as usual.

"What was the use?" growled Reed. "I was sitting in a game with a lot of fellows who didn't care anything for money when they got started, and the only way I could win was to earthquake them before they did."

A little colored stable boy round Mr. Reed's racing establishment described the sale of St. Blaise in a different way. He had been present the night of the sale and someone had told him regarding the intimate details of the auction of this great horse.

"Dey was jus' two bids," volunteered the chocolate drop. "Jus' two bids—dat was all."

"Oh, you've got that wrong!" interrupted the speaker of information. "There was only one bid. Here it is in the paper. Mr. Reed offered a hundred thousand dollars and just jump out of the box and got the horse."

"Dat's all right," replied the colored brother. "Dat's all right, but dar was two bids jus' de same."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well," explained the black boy, "'twas dis way: Ole Man Reed he bid a hundred thousand dollahs an' de rest ob dem all bid 'im good-by."

Grassy Went Over With Me, Because They Thought I Would Not Feel Nervous if He Came Along

As we now had some money, Barney thought it would be a good idea to go back to Missouri and look after the horse he had left there. He apparently had great hopes that he would round back into his old-time form. Barney stayed away about a month, and when he returned he brought the horse with him, but he did not look anything like the sorry-looking nag he had taken out in the country the day before we left St. Louis. This horse—Alec Manley—had really filled out until he was one of the handsomest looking colts on the race track. Barney had been right, because all the horse needed was a rest and a change of scene. He wanted what a great many horses do—namely, to be taken away from the excitement and the race track for a while, and were this same treatment given many of the horses who gain off their form their owners would find that it could have nothing but beneficial results.

It can't hurt a horse to turn him out for a while in surroundings where he will be taken good care of, and the chances are that it will do him a world of good.

The horse had been in our stable two or three days when one morning a little colored boy rode past on a three-year-old that looked so like Alec Manley anyone who did not know both horses would have readily mistaken the one for the other. Barney stopped the boy and asked him what horse he was riding and he replied that the horse's name was Alec Manley.

Barney then talked to the boy awhile and meantime looked the horse thoroughly over from the tip of his ear to a very small white spot about the size of a dime on his right hind heel.

The real Alec Manley, which we had in the stable, did not have a single white hair on him, but apart from this and a slight difference in the set of the masquerader's ears the horses were almost identical.

After the boy had gone Barney told my master that he knew the horse's real name. He said it was Dutch Flat and that he was by an imported horse called Oat Cake and that his mother's name was Lightning. Barney said he had known this horse ever since he was a yearling and that he could not be mistaken, because when the colt was a youngster he had got his head under a barbed-wire fence and the least little piece had been taken out of one of his ears. He had seen the scar there when he looked the horse over.

My master and Barney talked the matter over a good deal, but they did not exactly know how to meet the situation. Of course, they realized that he would be put in a race as a ringer some day under the fictitious name. So they thought they had better keep quiet and await developments.

The real Alec Manley, which we had, was taking to his work like a major general. He had all his old-time speed and was apparently as good as he ever was. Barney figured on starting him in one of the short races in a very few weeks—unless something transpired meantime.

But one evening Red Groget came round to the stable as if he was merely paying a friendly call. He looked the horses over and gossiped a little about the goings-on of the turf, but neither by word nor deed did he give any sign or token that he recognized the horse he had given Barney in the first place.

Speculation as to why he had paid us a visit was set at rest the next morning, however, because the stable owner who had originally raced Alec Manley and who now was housing the horse sailing under his name came round and asked Barney if he had a bay three-year-old he wanted to sell. He explained that he had seen him out galloping on the track and liked his appearance.

Barney never batted an eye, but showed him the horse. The old man asked how he was bred and what his name was and the latter replied that he was a colt called Dutch Flat, by Oat Cake.

This almost—metaphorically speaking—kicked the legs from under the prospective purchaser.

"Dutch Flat!" he exclaimed. "Dutch Flat, eh? Why a—why—Dutch Flat, eh?"

"That's the name he was christened," confirmed Barney solemnly. "I have known him since he was broke."

"You have, eh?"

"That's what I have!" This from Barney in tones of absolute conviction.

The other man drew a long breath.

"Well," he said at length, "I—er—I didn't know that was his name. In fact I—er—I didn't know what you called him. He's a new one on me."

"Of course you didn't. How could you?" soothed Barney. "There's so many horses round this race track—and most of them bays with black points—that the man who wrote the book couldn't keep track of them."

"That's right," confirmed the other hastily. "And of course a name don't make any difference. I like this colt's looks and if you'll put a price on him—well, we might do business."

"He ought to be worth fifteen hundred," returned Barney nonchalantly. "But at that I don't care about parting with him."

"Fifteen hundred!" stormed the other. "Why, it's too much! It's—it looks like robbery! Why—why listen a minute and I—I'll tell you something!"

"You don't need to tell me nothin'," returned Barney. "That's the reason I have holes cut in my hat to let out all the surplus information I get round here. The main thing is, do you want him or don't you? I guess you know best whether you do or not."

"I'll take him," returned the other hastily. "I'll take him! But just the same you'd ought to remember—you'd ought to ——"

"The best thing a fellow can do round here," retorted Barney calmly, "is not to remember anything, an' all I can say to you is that if you buy this horse the loss of memory specific goes with him. D'ye get me?"

"I understand," exclaimed the other sourly as he paid over the money. "I understand."

So that's how we got rid of Alec Manley and his connection. We heard afterward that sometimes he was raced in his right name and sometimes in that of Dutch Flat, but as we were not at any of the tracks he or his owners raced over I could not make a positive statement regarding his subsequent movements. In those days there were plenty of ringers. It is more than likely that he was one of the noble army of outlaws.

Before we left New Orleans the Grasshopper won another race. So when we started out we had enough money left to last us several months, if used judiciously. From New Orleans we went to Memphis, as we procured two stalls in an express car with another owner. This made the traveling a good deal cheaper than if we had taken a car to ourselves. We were heading back to St. Louis and taking the cheapest way of getting there, because—as I said before—it was not my master's intention to do much racing until midsummer. And nothing unusual occurred until we reached the latter place.

But at St. Louis something happened which changed all our plans for the summer, because my master and Barney met a boy who used to be a jockey but had got too heavy to ride. He was now living down in Kansas, near the Oklahoma line.

This boy was full of wonderful stories regarding the opening up by the Government of the land in Oklahoma. He said he knew where some of the most desirable sections were located and he wanted my master to finance an outfit and go down there. He claimed that the land in the Cherokee Strip, which was about to be thrown open for settlement by the Government, was the richest that laid out of doors, and that if we could get down there with some good horses we would be in a position to preëmpt this land when the grand rush was made.

An adventure of this kind naturally carried with it a tremendous appeal both to my master and Barney. They talked with this boy and planned for days regarding the trip. Finally they decided to sidetrack the racing game for the time being, and so we were all put aboard a freight car and started down for Oklahoma.

The freight train traveled slowly and it took us many days to get there, but as comfortable stalls were arranged for us we did not suffer any ill effects. I should have told you that before we left St. Louis my master bought another horse for this boy to ride in the big land race. He was six years old and had, I believe, run third in the Kentucky Derby. He was a big, raw-boned horse, and while he did not have a tremendous amount of speed, Barney said he could run all day and that we might need him in our business when we got down in the Nation, which is the name by which the Cherokee Strip generally went in those days.

We all arrived safe and sound and as it was announced that the land would not be thrown open for settlement until September, we had more than a month to get ready and make all our plans and arrangements.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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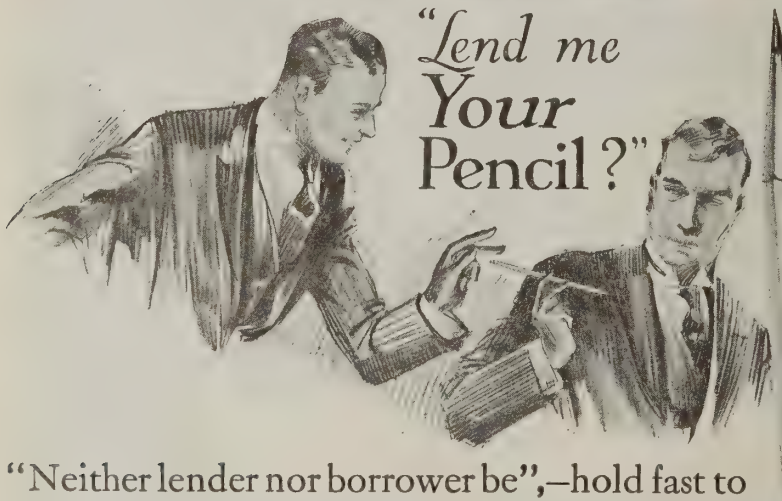

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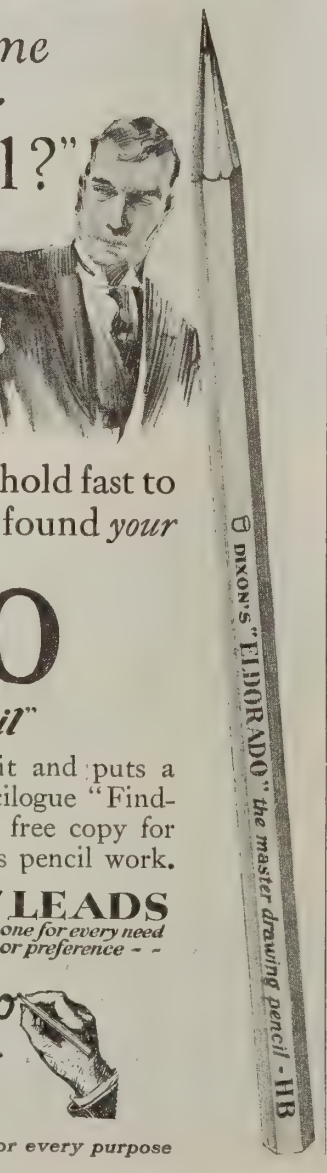

There is a Dixon-quality Pencil, Crayon and Eraser for every purpose

DANGER—RUN SLOW

(Continued from Page 5)

The landlady consented to his importing an oil stove for cooking his meals. He bought the stove, with a box of oatmeal, a jar of bacon and half a dozen eggs. He bought a plane and solid geometry and an algebra. At dinner time he laid the algebra beside his plate of anemic bacon and leaking eggs. The eggs grew cold. He did not stir. He was reviewing his high-school algebra. He went down the pages, word by word, steadily, quickly, absolutely concentrated—as concentrated as he would recently have been in a new problem of disordered transmission. Not once did he stop to consider how glorious it would be to marry Claire—or how terrifying it would be to marry Miss Boltwood.

Three hours went by before he started up, bewildered, rubbed his eyes, picked at the chill bacon and altogether disgusting eggs, and rambled out into the street.

Again he risked the scorn of conductors and jitney drivers. He found Queen Anne Hill, found the residence of Mr. Eugene Gilson. He sneaked about it, slipped into the gate, prowled toward the house. Flabby from the intensity of study he longed for the stimulus of Claire's smile. But as he stared up at the great squares of the clear windows, at the flare of white columns in the porch lights, that smile seemed unreachable. He felt like a rustic at court. From the shelter of the prickly holly hedge he watched the house. It was "some kind of a party? Or what would folks like these call a party?" Limousines were arriving; he had a glimpse of silken ankles, frothy underskirts; heard easy laughter; saw people moving through a big blue-and-silver room; caught a drifting tremor of music.

At last he saw Claire. She was dancing with a young man as decorative as "that confounded Saxton fellow from Brooklyn" he had met at Flathead Lake, but younger than Saxton, a laughing young man, with curly black hair. For the first time in his life Milt wanted to kill. He muttered "Damn—damn—damn!" as he saw the young man carelessly embracing Claire.

His fingers tingling, his whole body yearning till every cell seemed a beating hammer, Milt longed just once to slip his hand about Claire's waist like that. He could feel the satin of her bodice, and its warmth.

Then it seemed to him, as Claire again passed the window, that he did not know her at all. He had once talked to a girl who resembled her, but that was long ago. He could understand a Gomez-Dep and appreciate a brisk sports suit, but this girl was of a world unintelligible to him. Her hair in its dips and convolutions was altogether a puzzle. How did she ever fix it like that? Her low evening dress—what was it made of? Some white stuff, but was it silk or muslin or what? Her shoulders were startling in their bare powdery smoothness. "How dare that young pup dance with her?" And her face, that had seemed so jolly and friendly, floated past the window as pale and illusive as a wisp of fog. His longing for her passed into clumsy awe. He remembered without resentment that once on a hilltop in Dakota, before they had really become comrades, she had coldly forbidden him to follow her.

With all the pleasure of martyrdom—to make quite sure that he should realize how complete a fool he had been to intrude on Miss Boltwood—he studied the other guests. He gave them, perhaps, a glory they did not have. There were girls sleek as ivory. There was a lean, stooped man, very distinguished. There was a bulky man in a dinner coat, with a semicircle of mustache, and eyes that even at a distance seemed to give impatient orders. He would be a big banker or a lumberman.

Milt straggled off, too unhappy to think how unhappy he was. In his clammy room he picked up the algebra. For a quarter hour he could not gather enough vigor to open it. In his lassitude his elbows felt feeble, his fingers were ready to drop off. He slowly scratched the book open.

At one o'clock he was reading algebra, his face still and grim. But already it seemed less heartily brick red.

IV

HE LISTLESSLY telephoned to Claire in the morning.

"Hello? . . . Oh! Miss Boltwood? . . . This is Milt Daggett."

"Oh! Oh, how are you?"

"Why, why, I'm—I've got settled. I c get into the engineering school all right."

"I'm glad."

"Uh—enjoying Seattle?"

"Oh! Oh, yes. The mountains—do y like it?"

"Oh! Oh, yes. Sea and all. Gre town."

"Uh, wh-when are we going to see yo Daddy had to go East; left you his regar Wh-when ——"

"Why—why, I suppose you're awful awfully busy, meeting people and all —

"Yes, I am, rather, but ——" Her hes ing, uncomfortable tone changed to a c of distress: "Milt, I must see you! Cor up at four this afternoon."

"Yes!"

He rushed to a small hot tailor shop. I panted: "Press m'suit while I wait They gave him a pair of temporary tro sers, an undesirable pair of trousers belon ing to a short fat man with no taste fabrics, and with these flapping about l lean legs he sat behind a calico curta looking at a fashion plate depicting ni gentleman yachtsmen each nine feet ta while the Jugoslav in charge unfeeling sprinkled and ironed and patted his suit.

He spent ten minutes in blacking l shoes in his room—and twenty minutes getting the blacking off his fingers.

He was walking through the gate in t Gilson hedge at one minute of four. But had reached Queen Anne Hill at three. F an hour he had walked the crest roa staring at the steamers below, alternate gripping his hands with desire of Clai and timorously finally deciding that wouldn't go to her house—wouldn't ev see her again.

He came into the hall tremblingly e pecting some great thing, some rendi scene; and she met him with a cool "O this is nice. Eva had some little whi cakes made for us."

He felt like a man who has asked for drink of cold charged water and found warm and flat.

"How —— Dandy house," he muttere limply shaking her limp hand.

"Yes, isn't it a darling? They do thei selves awfully well here. And I hear a l more about society here than I ever did the East. The sets seem frightfully co plicated." She was drifting into the drawin room, to a tapestry stool, and Milt w awkwardly stalking a large wing cha while she fidgeted: "Everybody tells r about one poor dear soul, a charming la who used to take in washing or salt go mines or something, and she came here little while ago with billions and billions dollars, and tried to buy her way in l shopping for all the charities in town, a apparently she's just as out of it here as s would be in London. You and I arer exclusive like that, are we?"

Somehow—her "you and I" was t kindly, as though she was trying to put hi at ease, as though she knew he couldn possibly be at ease. With a horribly ela orate politeness, with a smile that felt h on his twitching cheeks he murmured: "O no. No, we—no, I guess ——"

If he knew what it was he guessed l couldn't get it out. While he was trying find out what had become of all the thin there were to say in the world a maid can in with an astonishing object—a small, re shelved table on wheels, laden with silv vessels and cake and sandwiches that we amazingly small and thin.

The maid was so starched that sl creaked. She glanced at Milt. Clai didn't make him so nervous that he thoug of his clothes, but the maid did. He w certain that she knew that he had blacke his own shoes, knew how old were h clothes. He was urging himself: "Must g new suit to-morrow—ready-made—mustn forget, now—be sure—get suit to-morrow. He wanted to apologize to the maid f existing. He wouldn't dare to fall in lo with the maid. And he'd kill the man wh said he could be fool enough to fall in lo with Miss Boltwood.

He sipped his tea, and dropped sand wich crumbs, and ached, and panted, an peeped at the crushing quantities of pi tures and sconces and tables and chairs i the room, and wondered what they di with all of them, while Claire chattere "Yes, we weren't exclusive out on the roa

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ic't we meet funny people, though? Oh, nhow that 'funny people' sounds fa- ilr. But what fun that morning was t-Pellago, was it? Heavens, I'm for- tag those beastly little towns already— a place where we hazed the poor land- d who overcharged me."

"es." He was thinking of how much lae would forget now. "Yes. We cer- ny fixed her, all right. Uh—did you get e heck for the car?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. So nice of you to ter with it."

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing; nothing at l. Uh—do you like Seattle?"

"Oh, yes. Such views—the mountains. o ou like it?"

"Oh, yes. Always wanted to see the a

"Yes, and—such a well-built town."

"Yes, and—they must do a lot of busi- s here."

"Yes, they —— Oh, yes, I do like ——"

le had darted from his chair, brushed by e ea wagon, ignoring its rattle and the rous tipping of cups.

le put his hand on her shoulder, snorted: Look here! We're both sparring for time. e it! It's—it's all right, Claire. I want to like me, but I'm not—I'm not like a woman you were telling about that's ng to butt in. I know—I know so well n you're thinking! You're thinking I'm up to the people you've been seeing s couple of days—not up to 'em yet, way. Well—we'll be good friends."

Fearless now, his awe gone in tenderness, e fted her chin, looked straight into her s, smiled. But his courage was slipping. e vanted to run and hide.

le turned abruptly, grumbling, "Well, er get back to work now, I guess."

Her cry was hungry: "Oh, please don't " She was beside him, shyly picking at sleeve. "I know what you mean. I like for being so understanding. But—I do you. You were the perfect companion. es—oh, let's have a walk, and try to th again."

He definitely did not want to stay. At moment he did not love her. He re- ed her as an estimable young woman , for a person so idiotically reared, had y shown a good deal of pluck out on the ., where he wanted to be. He stood in hall disliking his old cap while she ran o put on a topcoat.

lute, casual, they tramped out of the se together, and down the hill to a on of shabby old brown houses like ers on the hillside. They had little to ; and that little was a polite reminis- e of incidents in which neither was rested.

When they came back to the Gilson ge he stopped at the gate, with terrific ectableness removed his cap.

"Good night," she said cheerily. "Call up soon again."

He did not answer "Good night." He "Good-by" and he meant it to be his farewell. He caught her hand, hastily pped it, fled down the hill.

He was, he told himself, going to leave ttle that evening.

That doubtless is the reason why he ran trolley, to get to a department store re it closed; and why, precipitating self upon a startled clerk, he purchased w suit of chaste blue serge, a new pair of boots—curiously like some he had seen the university campus that morning— a new hat so gray and conservative and y that it might have been worn by a ne minister.

He spent the evening in reading algebra geometry, and in telling himself that was beautifully not thinking about ire. In the midst of it he caught him- at it, and laughed.

"What you're doing, my friend, is pre- ding you don't like Claire, so that you hide from your fool self the fact that 're going to sneak back to see her the t chance you get—first time the watch- is out. Seriously now, son, Claire is ossible for you. No can do. Now t you've been chump enough to leave ne —— Oh, Lord, I wish I hadn't mised to take this room for all winter! sh I hadn't matriculated at the U. But here now, and I'll stick it out. I'll stay e one year anyway, and go back home."

V

THE one thing of which Milt Daggett was certain was that now he had man- d to crawl into the engineering school he must get his degree in mechanical engineering. He was older than most of his classmates. He must hurry. He must do four years' work in two.

There has never been a Freshman, not the most goggle-eyed and earnest of them, who had less of his classmates, thought less about outside activities, more grimly centered the universe about his work.

Milt had sold his garage, back in Schoenstrom, by mail. He had enough money to get through two years, with economy. His life was as simple and dull as it had been at home.

He studied while he cooked his scrappy meals; he pinned mathematical formulæ and mechanical diagrams on the wall, and pored over them while he was dressing; or while he was trying to break in the new shoes, which were beautiful, squeaky and confoundedly tight.

He was taking French and English and composition writing in addition to engineering, and he made out a schedule of life as humorlessly as a girl grind who intends to be a Latin teacher.

When he was not at work or furiously running and yanking chest weights in the gymnasium he was attending concerts and lectures.

Studying the life about him he had discovered that the best way to save time was to avoid the lazy friendships of college; the pipe-smoking, yawning, comfortable, rather heavy, altogether pleasant wondering about "What'll we do next?" which occupies at least four hours a day for the average man in college. He would have liked it, as he had liked long talks about nothing with his amusing but not highly edifying friend, Bill McGolwey at the Old Home Lunch. But he couldn't afford it. He had to be ready to ——

That was the point at which his reflections always came up with a jolt. He was clear about the method of getting ready, but he hadn't the slightest idea of what he was getting ready for. The moment he had decided to marry Claire he saw that his only possible future would be celibate machinery installing in Alaska; and the moment he was content with the prospect of an engineer's camp in Alaskan wilds his thoughts went crazily fluttering after Claire.

Despite his aloofness Milt was not unpopular in his class. The engineers had few of them the interest in dances, athletics, college journalism, which distinguished the men in the academic course. They were older and more conscious of a living to earn. And Milt's cheerful "How's the boy?" his manner of waving his hand—as though to a good customer leaving the Red Trail Garage with the generator at last tamed—indicated that he was a good fellow.

One group of collegians Milt did seek. It is true that he had been genuine in scorning social climbers, but it is also true that the men whom he sought to know were the university smart set.

Their satisfaction in his allegiance would doubtless have been lessened, however, had they known how little he cared for what they thought of him, and with what cruel directness he was using them as models for the one purpose of pleasing Miss Claire Boltwood.

He met them in his English class. He remarked "Hello, Smith," and "Mornin', Jones," as though he liked them but didn't care a hang whether they liked him. And by and by he drifted into their fraternity dwelling house, with a question about the next day's assignment, and met their friends. He sat pipe-smoking, silent, cheerful, and they seemed to like him. Whenever one of them felt that Milt was intruding and asked impertinent questions in the manner of a Pullman porter at a Darktown ball Milt had a peculiar level look which had been known to generate courtesy even in the offspring of a million dollars. They found that he knew more about motor cars than any of them, and as motor cars were among their greater gods they considered him wise.

But there is a question as to what they would have thought had they known that lying awake in the morning Milt unsmilingly repeated: "Hair always straight down at the back. Never rounded. Nix on clippers over the ears.

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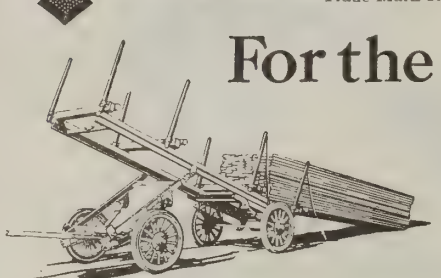

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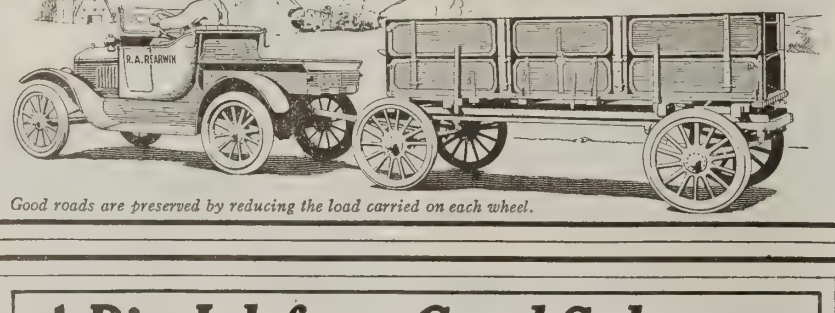

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"Never say 'Pleased to meet you.' Just look about halfway between bored and tol'able and say 'How do you do?'"

VI

ALL these first three weeks of his life in Seattle he had seen Claire only on his first call. Twice he had telephoned to her. On one of these high occasions she had invited him to accompany the family to the theater—which meant to the movies—and he had wretchedly refused; the other time she had said that she might stay in Seattle all winter, and she might go any day, and they must be sure to have that good long walk; and he had said "Oh, yes," ten or twelve unhappy times, and had felt very empty as he hung up the receiver.

Then she wrote to invite him to late Sunday breakfast at the Gilsons—they made a function of it, and called it bruncheon. The hour was given as ten-thirty; most people came at noon; but Milt arrived at ten-thirty-one, and found only a sleepy butler in sight.

He waited in the drawing-room for five minutes, feeling like a bill collector. Into the room vaulted a medium-sized, medium-looking, amiable man, Eugene Gilson, babbling: "Oh, I say, so sorry to keep you waiting. Mr. Daggett? Rotten shame. Do come have a bun or something, frightfully informal these bruncheons. Play auction?"

"Zall right—no," said Milt.

The host profusely led him to a dining room, where—in English fashion, or something like English fashion, or, anyway, a close approximation to the fictional pictures of English fashion—kidneys and sausages and omelets waited in dishes on the sideboard.

Mr. Gilson poured coffee and chanted: "Do try the kidneys. They're usually very fair. Miss Boltwood tells me that you were very good to her on the trip. Must have been jolly trip. You going to be in town some time? Oh, yes, Claire said you were in the university, engineering, wasn't it? Have you ever seen our lumber mills? Do drop round some —— try the omelet before the beastly thing gets cold. Do you mind kicking that button, we'll have some more omelet in—any time at the mill and I'll be glad to have someone show you through. How did you find the roads along the Red Trail?"

"Why, pretty fair," said Milt.

Into the room precipitated Mrs. Gilson, in a smile, a supersweater, and a sports skirt that would have been soiled by any variety of sport more violent than pinochle, and she was wailing as she came: "We're disgraced, Gene! Is this Mr. Daggett? How do you do; so good of you to come; do try the kidneys, they're usually quite decent. Are the omelets warm? You might ring for some more, Gene. For heaven's sake give me some coffee; Miss Boltwood will be right down, Mr. Daggett; she told us how fortunate they were that they met you on the road. Did you like the trip? How were the roads?"

"Why, they were pretty good," said Milt.

Claire arrived, fresh and serene in white taffeta, and she cried prettily: "I ought to have known that you'd be prompt even if no one else in the world is; so glad you came; have you tried the kidneys? and do have an—oh, I see you have tried the omelets. How goes the work at the university?"

"Why, fine," said Milt.

He ate stolidly, and looked pleased, and sneaked in a glance at his new—and still tight and still squeaky—tan boots to make sure that they were as well polished as they had seemed at home.

From nowhere appeared a bustling, weighty woman, purring: "Hello, hello, hello, is it possible that you're all up —— Mr. Daggett. Yes, do lead me to the kidneys."

And a man with the gray hair of a grandfather and the giggle of a cash girl bounced in, clamoring: "Mornin'—expected to have bruncheon alone—do we have some bridge? Oh, good morning, Mr. Daggett; how do you like Seattle? Oh, thanks so much, yes, just two."

Then Milt ceased to keep track of the conversation, which bubbled over the omelets, and stewed over the kidneys, and foamed about the coffee, and clashed above a hastily erected bridge table, and altogether sounded curiously like four cars with four quite different things the matter with them, all being tried out at once in a small garage. People flocked in, and nodded as though they knew one another too v to worry about it. They bowed to h charmingly, and instantly forgot him the kidneys and sausages. He sat look respectable and feeling lonely, by a cup coffee, till Claire—dropping the highly real smile with which she had been listen to the elderly beau's frenziedly dull acco of a fishing trip he hadn't quite got rou to taking—slipped into a chair beside h and begged: "Are they looking out for y Milt?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"You haven't been to see me."

"Oh no, but—working so darn hard."

"What a strikingly original reason! I have you, really?"

"Honest."

Suddenly he wanted—eternal man, f ever playing confidential small boy to beloved—to tell her about his classes a acquaintances; to get pity for his b room and his home cooking. But rou them blared the brazen interest in kidne and as Claire glanced up with much brig ness at another arrival Milt lost moment and found that there was absolutely noth in the world he could say to her.

He made a grateful farewell to the or lets and kidneys, and escaped. He wall many miles that day, trying to remem how Claire looked.

VII

"WHAT did you think of my nice D gett boy?" Claire demanded of F Gilson the moment bruncheon was over

"Which one was —— Oh, the boy y met on the road? Why, really, I did notice him particularly. I'd rather fanc from the way you referred to him that was awfully jolly and forceful, but rat crude. But I didn't notice him at all. seemed perfectly well-bred, but sligh heavy."

"No, he isn't that. He —— Why you lead spades?" reflected Claire.

They were in the drawing-room, rest after the tact and tumult of the brunche Claire had been here long enough now the Gilsons to forget her comfortably, s be affectionate and quarrelsome and na ral, and to admit by their worrying t even in their exalted social position th were things to fuss about.

"I do think we ought to have invi Belle Torrens," fretted Mrs. Gilson. "We simply got to have her here soon."

Mr. Gilson speculated intensely. "I she's the dullest soul on earth, and husband spends all his spare time in try to think up ways of doing me dirt in bu ness. Oh, by the way, did you get water tap in the blue room fixed? dripping all the time."

"No; I forgot it."

"Well, I do wish you'd have it atten to. It simply drips all the time."

"I know. I intended to phone plumber. Can't you phone him to-mor from the office?"

"No, I haven't time to bother with But I do wish you would. It keeps dripping."

"I know; it doesn't seem to stop. W you remind me of it in the morning."

"I'm afraid I'll forget. You better m a note of it. If it keeps on dripping t way it's likely to injure something. A I do wish you'd tell the Jap not to put much parsley in the omelet. And I s how would an omelet be with a but sauce over it?"

"Oh, no; I don't think so. An ome ought to be nice and dry. Butter ma it so greasy. Besides, with the price butter ——"

"But there's a richness to butter. Yo better make a note about the tap dripp in the blue room right now, before y forget it. Oh! Why in heaven's name we have Johnny Martin here? He's c as ditchwater."

"I know, but—it is nice to go out to place on the point. Oh, Gene, I do w you'd try and remember not to talk ab your business so much. You and Mr. M tin were talking about the price of lum for at least half an hour."

"Nothing of the kind. We scarcely m tioned it. Oh, what car are you going use this afternoon? If we get out to Barnetts' I thought we might use the mousine. Or, no, you'll probably go before I do. I have to read over so specifications, and I promised to give V a lift. Couldn't you take the touring c Maybe you might drive yourself. No forgot, the clutch is slipping a little. W

(Continued on Page 92)

A Spinning Basket that is Wringer and Clothesline

A clothesline miles long would be required to dry the daily wash of the average modern laundry.

In common with the housewives of the land early laundries used such a line—beginning the drying of clothes with a wringer and finishing them on the clothesline.

But wringers and clotheslines alike are unknown in the modern laundry.

How to dispense with them was a riddle that long baffled laundrymen. It was left for an ingenious engineer to solve the problem. He did it by inventing the spinning "basket"—a device that extracts the water from wet clothes almost in the twinkling of an eye.

It is this magic "basket" that is wringer and clothesline in modern laundries.

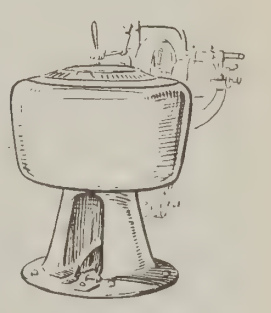
If after placing a few wet clothes in your market basket, you will swing the basket in a circle, the water will be seen to leave the clothes and escape through the spaces between the willows. But the clothes themselves will not move.

They will remain firmly in place just as does water when you whirl a filled bucket.

It is by this principle that water is removed from clothes in modern laundries—only the "basket" in which your washing is placed, spins like a top. In the sides of the basket are many holes through which the water makes its escape. Of course the device is encased—just as you might confine a spinning top in a teacup.

But while the basket whirls, speedily, only the water leaves. There is no movement in the clothes themselves. Neither is there any of the wear that weakens fabrics.

Upon removal from the spinning "basket," the clothes are ready for the next step in the laundering process. There are no buttons broken or torn off, and none of the rough usage that ages wearing apparel.



In your city are modern laundries where these improved methods are used. You will find them an ideal place to send your family wash.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 90)

you might drive out and send the car back for me. Still, there wouldn't hardly be time ——"

Listening to them as to a play Claire suddenly desired to scream: "Oh, for heaven's sake, quit fussing! I'm going up and drown myself in the blue-room tap! What does it matter! Walk! Take a surface car! Don't fuss so!"

Her wrath came from her feeling of guilt. Yes, Milt had been commonplace. Had she done this to him? Had she turned his cheerful ignorances into a careful stupor? And she felt stuffy and choking and overpacked with food.

She wanted to be out on the road, clear-headed, forcing her way through, an independent human being—with Milt not too far behind.

Mrs. Gilson was droning: "I do think Mattie Vincent is so nice."

"Rather dull, I'd call her," yawned Mr. Gilson.

Mattie was the seventh of their recent guests whom he had called dull by now.

"Not at all. Oh, of course she doesn't dance on tables and quote Maeterlinck, but she does have an instinct for the niceties and the proprieties. Her little house is so sweet—everything just exactly right—it may be only a single rose, but always chosen so carefully to melt into the background. And such adorable china—I simply die of envy every time I see her Lowestoft plates. And such a quiet way of reproving any bad taste."

"Oh, damn nice china! Oh, let's hang all spinsters who are brightly reproving." Claire was silently raging. "And particularly and earnestly confound all nicety and discretion of living."

That afternoon, after having agreed that Mr. Johnny Martin was a bore, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson decided to run out to the house of Mr. Johnny Martin. They bore along the lifeless Claire.

Mr. Martin was an unentertaining bachelor who entertained. There were a dozen supercilious young married people at his bayside cottage when the Gilsons arrived. Among them were two eyebrow-arching young matrons whom Claire had not met—Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz.

"We've all heard of you, Miss Boltwood," said Mrs. Betz. "You come from the East, don't you?"

"Yes," fluttered Claire, trying to be cordial.

Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz looked at each other in a motionless wink, and Mrs. Corey prodded: "From New York?"

"No; Brooklyn." Claire tried to make it too short.

"Oh." The tacit wink was repeated. Mrs. Corey said brightly—much too brightly—"I was born in New York. I wonder if you know the Dudenants?"

Now Claire knew the Dudenants. She had danced with that young ass Don Dudenant a dozen times. But the devil did enter into her and possess her, and to Eva Gilson's horror Claire said stupidly: "No-o, but I think I've heard of them."

The condemning wink was repeated.

"I hear you've been doing such interesting things—motoring and adventuring. You must have met some terrible people along the way," fished Mrs. Betz.

"Yes, everybody does seem to feel that way. But I'm afraid I found them terribly nice," flared Claire.

"I always say that common people can be most agreeable," Mrs. Corey patronized. Before Claire could kill her—there wasn't any homicidal weapon in sight except a silver tea strainer—Mrs. Corey had pirouetted on: "Though I do think that we're much too kind to workmen and all. Upon my word, to keep a maid nowadays you have to treat her as though she were a countess."

"Why shouldn't maids be like countesses? They're much more important," said Claire sweetly.

She stolidly wore through the combined and exclamatory explanations of Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Betz, Mrs. Gilson and Mr. Johnny Martin about the inherent viciousness of all maids, and when the storm was over she said in a manner of honey and sirup: "You were speaking of the Dudenants, weren't you, Mrs. Corey? I do remember them now. Poor Don Dudenant; isn't it a pity he's such a fool? His father is really a very decent old bore."

"I," observed Mrs. Corey in prim horror, "regard the Dudenants as extremely delightful people. I fancy we must be thinking of different families. I mean the Manhattan Dudenants; not the Brooklyn family."

"Oh, yes; I meant the Manhattan family too—the one that made its fortune selling shoddy woolens in the Civil War," caressed Claire.

Right there her welcome by Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz ceased; and without any of the unhappiness which the thought would have caused her three months before Claire reflected, "How they hate me!"

The Gilsons had a number of thoughts upon the subject of tact to express to Claire on the way home. But she, who had always smiled, who had been the obedient guest, shrugged and snapped: "They're idiots, those young women. They're impertinent shopgirls in good frocks. I like your Seattle. It's a glorious city. And I love so many of the fine, simple, real people I've met here. I admire your progress. I do know how miraculously you've changed it from a mining camp. But, for heaven's sake, don't forget the good common hardiness of the miners. Somehow London social distinctions seem ludicrous in American cities. I don't care whether it's Seattle or Minneapolis or Omaha or Denver—yes, or my own New York—I refuse to worry about the Duchess of Corey and the Baroness Betz."

She had made peace with the Gilsons by night; she had been reasonably repentant about not playing the game of her hosts; but inside her eager heart she snuggled a warm thought. She remembered how gayly she had once promised, out on the road, to come to Milt's room and cook for him. She thought of it with homesick desire. His room probably wasn't particularly decorative, and she doubted his having an electric range; but it would be fun to fry eggs again, to see him fumbling with the dishwashing, to chatter and plan golden futures, and not worry about the opinions of Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Betz.

The next afternoon the limousine was not busy and she borrowed it, with the handsome Greek chauffeur. She gave him an address not far from the university.

He complained: "Pardon me, miss, but I think you have the wrong number. That block is a low quarter."

"Probably! But that's the right number!"

He raised his Athenian eyebrows, and she realized what a mistake she had made in not bringing the lethal tea strainer along. When they had stopped in front of a cheap candy store he opened the door of the car with such frigid reserve that she thought seriously about slapping him.

She climbed the stingy flapping stairs and knocked at the first door in the upper hall. It was opened by a large apron, to which a sleepy woman was an unimportant attachment, and out of the mass of apron and woman came a yawning: "Mr. Dagget's room is down the hall on the right."

Claire knocked at a door which had at various epochs been blue, yellow and pink, and now was all three. No answer. She tried the knob, went in.

She could not tell whether it was the barrenness of the room or Milt's carefulness that caught her. The uncarpeted boards of the floor were well swept. He had only one plate and one spoon, but they were scoured and put away on newspaper-covered shelves in a cupboard made of a soap box. Behind a calico curtain hung his new suit, dismayingly neat on its hanger. On the edge of the iron sink hung, primly washed and spread out to dry, one tattered old rag. At the sight of it, at the thought of Milt solemnly washing dishes the tears began to creep to her eyes.

There was but one picture in the room—a half-tone of a girl clipped from a magazine devoted to actresses. The name was cut off. As she wondered at it Claire saw that the actress was very much like herself.

The only other ornament was a papier-mâché figure of a cat, a cat reminiscent of the Lady Vere de Vere. Claire picked it up. On the bottom was the price mark—three cents.

It was the price mark that caught her. She flung across the room, dropped on his creaky cot bed and howled: "Oh, I've been a beast—a beast—a beast! All the pretty things — limousines and marble baths — thinking so much of them, and not wanting them for him! And he with so little, with just nothing—he that would appreciate jolly things so much—here in this den, and making it as tolerable as he can—and me half ashamed of him instead of fighting for him. I belong with Corey and Betz. Oh, I'm so ashamed, so bitterly ashamed."

She patted his bed smooth with nervous, eager fingers. She scraped a pinpoint of egg yolk off a platter.

Before she had been home five minutes she had written a note asking him to tea for next day.

VIII

MR. HUDSON B. RIGGS now enters the tale—somewhat tardily, and making a quick exit, all in a morning coat too tight about the shoulders and a smile of festivity too tight about the lips. He looked as improbable as an undertaker's rubber plant. Yet in his brief course he had a mighty effect upon the progress of civilization as exemplified in the social career of Mr. Milton Daggett.

Mr. Riggs had arrived at a golden position in Alaskan mining engineering by way of the farm, the section gang, the surveyor's chain and prospecting; and his thick hands showed his evolution. His purpose in life was to please Mrs. Riggs, and he wasn't ever going to achieve his purpose in life. She wore spangles, and her corsets creaked, and she smiled nervously, and could tell in a glance quicker than the 1-100 camera shutter whether or not a new acquaintance was worth cultivating. She had made Mr. Riggs thoroughly safe and thoroughly unhappy in the pursuit of society. He stood about keeping from doing anything he might want to, and he was profusely polite to young cubs whom he longed to have in his office—so that he could get even with them.

What Mr. Riggs wanted to do, at the third large tea given by Mrs. Gilson for Miss Claire Boltwood, was to sneak out on the sun porch and play over the new records on the phonograph; but the things he had heard from Mrs. Riggs the last time he'd done that had convinced him that it was not a wise method of escape. So he stood by the fireplace—safe on one side at least—and ate lettuce sandwiches, which he privately called "cow feed," and listened to a shining, largely feminine crowd rapidly uttering unintelligible epigrams from which he caught only the words: "Ripping hand—Trained nurse — Whipcord — Really worth seeing—Lost the ball near the second hole—Most absurd person—New maid—Thanks so much." He was hoping that someone would come round and let him be agreeable. He knew that he stood the ride home with Mrs. Riggs much better after he had been agreeable to people he didn't like.

What Mr. Riggs did not know was that a young man in uninteresting blue, who looked like a good tennis player, was watching him. It wasn't because he detected a fellow soul in purgatory, but because he always was obsequious outside of his office that Mr. Riggs bowed so profusely that he almost lost his teacup when the young man in blue drifted to him and suggested: "I hear you're in the Alaskan mining game, Mr. Riggs."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you get up there much now?"

"No, not much."

"I hope to hit Alaska some day. I'm taking engineering at the U."

"Do you? Straight?" Mr. Riggs violently set his cup down on a table—Mrs. Riggs would later tell him that he'd put it down in the wrong place, but never mind. He leaned over Milt and snarled: "Offer me a cigarette. I don't know if they smoke here, and I dassen't be the first to try. Say, boy, Alaska—I wish I was there now! Say, it beats all hell how good tea can taste in a tin cup, and how wishy-washy it is in china. Boy, I don't know anything about you, but you look all right, and when you get ready to go to Alaska you come to me, and I'll see if I can't give you a chance to go up there. But don't ever come back!"

When the crowd began bubblingly to move toward the door Milt prepared to move—and bubble—with them. Though Claire's note had sounded as though she was really a little lonely, at the tea she had said nothing to him except: "So glad you came. Do you know Dolly Ransome? Dolly, this is my nice Mr. Daggett. Take him and make him happy."

Dolly hadn't made him in the least happy. She had talked about tennis; she had with some detail described her remarkable luck in beating one Sally Saunders three sets. Now Milt was learning tennis. He was at the present period giving two hours a week to tennis, two to dancing, two to bridge. But he preferred cleaning oil wells to any of these toilsome accomplishments, and it must sadly be admitted that all the while he was making his face bright at Dolly he was wondering what would happen if he interrupted Dolly's gurgling, galloping, giggling multitudinousness by shouting, "Oh shut up!"

When it seemed safe to go, and he tried to look as though he, too, were oozing out to a Tranquil Twelve, Claire slipped beside him, soft as a shadow, and whispered "Please don't go. I want to talk to you. Please!" There was fluttering wistfulness in her voice, though instantly it was gone as she hastened into the hall and was to be heard asserting that she did indeed love Seattle.

Milt looked out into the hall. He studied a console with a curious black-and-white vase containing a single peacock feather and a gold mirror shimmering against a gray wall.

"Lovely stuff. I like that mirror. Like a slew in the evening. But it isn't worth being a slave for. I'm not going to be Mr. Riggs. Poor devil, he's more of a servant than any of these maids. Certainly am sorry for that poor fish. He'll have a chance to take his coat off and sit down and smoke—when he's dead!"

The guests were gone; the Gilsons upstairs. Claire came running, seized Milt's sleeve, coaxed him to the davenport in the drawing-room—then sighed and rubbed her forehead and looked so tired that he could say nothing but "Hope you haven't been overdoing."

"No, just—just talking too much."

He got himself to say: "Miss Ransome—the one that's nuts about tennis—she's darn nice."

"Is she?"

"Yes, she's—she's —— What do you hear from your father?"

"Oh, he's back at work."

"Trip do him good?"

"Oh, a lot."

"Did he ——"

"Milt! Tell me about you. What are you doing? What are you studying? How do you live? Do you really cook your own meals? Do you begin to get your teeth into the engineering? Oh, do tell me everything. I want to know, so much!"

"There isn't a whole lot to tell. Mostly I'm getting back into math. Been out of touch with it. I find that I know more about motors than most of the fellows. That helps. And about living—oh, I keep conservative. Did you know I'd sold my garage?"

"Oh, I didn't, I didn't!"

He wondered why she said it with such stooping shame, but he went on mildly: "Well, I got a pretty good price, but of course I don't want to take any chances of running short of coin, so I'm not splurging much. And"—he looked at his nails, and whistled a bar or two, and turned his head away, and looked back with a shy—"and I'm learning to play bridge and tennis and stuff!"

"Oh, my dear!" It was a cry of pain. She beat her hands for a moment before she murmured: "When are we going to have our lessons in dancing—and in making an impression on sun specks like Dolly Ransome?"

"I don't know," he parried. Then looking at her honestly he confessed: "I don't believe we're ever going to. Claire, I can't do it. I'm no good for this tea game. You know how clumsy I was. I spilled some tea and I darn near tripped over some woman's dress and —— Oh, I'm not afraid of them. Now that I get a good close look at the bunch they seem pretty much like other folks, except maybe that one old dame says 'cawn't.' But I can't do the manner stunt. I can't get myself to give enough thought to how you ought to hold a tea cup."

"Oh, those things don't matter—they don't matter! Besides, everybody likes you—only you're so terribly cautious that you never let them see the force and courage and all that wonderful sweet dear goodness that's in you. And as for your manners—heaven knows I'm no P. G. Wodehouse valet. But I'll teach you all I know."

"Claire, I appreciate it a lot but—I'm not so darn sure I want to learn. I'm getting scared. I watched that bird named Riggs, here to-day. He's a regular fellow or he was, but now he's simply lost in the shuffle. I don't want to be one of the million ghosts in a city. Seattle is bad enough—it's so big that I feel like a no-see-um in a Norway pine reserve. But New York would be worse. I don't want to be a Mrs. Riggs."

"Yes, but—I'm not a Mrs. Riggs!"

"What do you ——"

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He did not finish asking her what she meant. She was in his arms; she was whispering, "My heart is so lonely," and the room was still. The low sun flooded the windows, swam in the mirror in the hall, but they did not heed, did not see its gilding glory.

Not till there was a sound of footsteps did she burst from his arms, spring to her reflection in the glass of a picture, and shamefacedly murmur to him over her shoulder: "My hair—it's a terrible give-away!"

He had followed her; he stood with his arm circling her shoulder.

She begged: "No. Please no. I'm frightened. Let's—oh, let's have a walk or something before you scamper home."

"Look! My dear, let's run away, and explore the town, and not come back till late evening."

"Yes! Let's!"

They walked from Queen Anne Hill through the city to the docks. There was nothing in their excited, childish "Oh, see that!" and "There's a dandy car!" and "O-oh, that's a Minnesota license—wonder who it is?" to confess that they had been so closely, so hungrily together.

They swung along a high walk overlooking the city wharf. They saw a steamer loading rails and food for the government railroad in Alaska. They exclaimed over a nest of little tarry fishing boats. They watched men working late to unload Alaska salmon.

They crossed the city to Jap Town and its writhing streets, its dark alleys and stairways lost up the hillsides. They smiled at black-eyed children, and found a Japanese restaurant, and tried to dine on raw fish and huge shrimps and roots soaked in a very fair grade of light-medium motor oil.

With Milt for guide Claire discovered a Christianity that was not of candles and shifting lights and insinuating music, nor of carpets and large pews and sound oratory, but of hobos blinking in rows, and girls in gospel bonnets, and little silver-and-crimson placards of Bible texts. They stopped on a corner to listen to a Pentecostal brother, to an I. W. W. speaker, to a magnificent negro who boomed in an operatic barytone that the Day of Judgment was coming on April 11, 1923, at three in the morning.

In the streets of Jap Town, in cheap motion-picture theaters, in hotels for transient workmen, she found life, running swift and eager and many-colored; and it seemed to her that back in the house of four-posters and walls of subdued gray, life was smothered in the very best pink cotton batting. Milt's delight in every picturesque dark corner and the colloquial eloquence of the street orators stirred her. And when she saw a shopgirl slip her hand into the hand of a slouching beau in threadbare brown her own hand slipped into Milt's and clung there.

But they came shyly up to the Gilson hedge, and when Milt chuckled, "Bully walk; let's do it again," she said only, "Oh, yes, I did like it. Very much."

He had abruptly dropped his beautiful new felt hat. He was clutching her arms, demanding: "Can you like me? I can't play at love. I'm mad—I just live in you. You're my blood and soul. Can I become—the kind of man you like?"

"My dear"—she was fiercely addressing not him alone but the Betzes and Coreys and Gilsons and Jeff Saxtons—"don't you forget for one moment that all these people—here or in Brooklyn either—that seem so aloof and amused are secretly just plain people with enamel on, and you're to have the very best enamel, if it's worth while. I'm not sure that it is."

"You're going to kiss me!"

"No! Please no! I don't—I don't understand us, even now. Can't we be just playmates a while yet? But—I do like you!"

She fled. When she reached the hall she found her eyelids wet.

It was the next afternoon. Claire was curled on the embroidered linen counterpane of her bed, thinking about chocolates and Brooklyn and driving through Yellowstone Park and corn fritters and satin petticoats versus crêpe de Chine and Mount Rainier and Milt and spiritualism and manicuring, when Mrs. Gilson prowled into her room and demanded "Busy?" so casually that Claire was suspicious.

"No, not very. Something up?"

"A nice party. Come down and meet an amusing man from Alaska."

Claire took her time powdering her nose and ambled downstairs and into the drawing-room, to find—Jeff Saxton, Mr. Geoffrey Saxton, who is the height of Brooklyn Heights, and who had for years been her most dryly efficient suitor, standing by the fireplace, smiling at her.

IX

BUT at second glance—was it Jeff? This man was tanned to a thick even brown in which his eyes were startlingly white. His hands were burned red; there was a scar across one of them; and he was standing with them cockily at his hips, all unlike the sleekly, noisily quiet Jeff of Brooklyn. He was in corduroy trousers and belted corduroy jacket, with a khaki-colored flannel shirt.

But his tranquilly commanding smile was Jeff's, and his lean grace, and his familiar amused voice greeted her paralyzed amazement with: "Hello, pard! Ain't I met you some place in Montana?"

"Well—where—in—the ——"

"Just landed from Alaska. Had to run up there from California to look over some of the company's copper properties. How are you, little princess?"

His hand was out to her, then both hands, beseechingly, but she did not run to him, as she had at Flathead Lake, when Jeff had contrived to meet them on the road. She stalked him cautiously and shook hands—much too heartily. She sought cover in the wing chair and—much too cordially—she invited: "Tell me all about it."

He was watching her. Already his old pursuing determination—that steady dignity of his which had always made her uneasy, these last few years back home—was beginning to frighten her. But he calmly dropped into a straight chair, and obliged:

"It's really been quite a lively journey. Didn't know I could like roughing it so well. And it was real roughing it, pretty much. Oh, not dangerous at all, but rather vigorous. I had to canoe up three hundred miles of a shallow river, with one Indian guide, making a portage every ten miles or so, and we got tipped over in the rapids now and then—the Big Chief almost got drowned once—and we camped at night in the original place where they invented mosquitoes—and one morning I shot a black bear just in time to keep him from eating my boots."

"Oh!" she sighed in admiration; and "Oh!" again uneasily.

Nothing had been said about it; Jeff was the last person in the world to spoil his triumph by commenting on it; but both of them knew that they had violently changed places; that now it was she who was the limp indoor dweller, and he who was the ruddy ranger; that as he had admired her at Flathead Lake so now it was hers to admire and his to be serenely heroic.

She was not far from the worshiping sub-deb in her sighing: "How did you get the scar?"

"That? Oh, nothing."

"Please tell me."

"Really and truly, nothing at all. Just a drunken fellow with a knife, playing the fool. I didn't have to touch him—quite sure he could have given me a frightful beating and all that sort of thing. It was the Big Chief who got rid of him."

"He—cut you? With a knife? Oh!"

She ran to him, pityingly stroked the scar, looked down at him with filmy eyes. Then she tried to retreat, but he retained her hand, glanced up at her as though he knew her every thought. She felt weak. How could she escape him?

"Please!" she begged flutteringly.

If he held her hand another moment, she trembled, she'd be on his lap, in his arms—lost. And he was holding it. He was ——

Oh, he was too old for her. Yes, and too paternal. But still—life with Jeff would be protected, kindly, honorable.

Yet all the time she wanted, and stormily knew she wanted, to be fleeing to the boy Milt, her mate; to run away with him, hand in hand, discovering all the colored world, laughing at life, not afraid of losing dignity. In fear of Jeff's very kindliness and honor she jerked her hand free, tried to smile like a clever fencer.

As she retreated to her chair she stammered: "Did you—was Alaska interesting?"

He did not let her go this time. Easy, catlike for all his dry gravity, he sauntered after her, and with a fine high seriousness pleaded his case:

"Claire dear, those few weeks of fighting Nature were a revelation to me. I'm going to have lots more of it. As it happens they need me there. There's plenty of copper, but there's big transportation and employment problems that I seem better able to solve than the chaps there—though of course I'm an absolute muff when it comes to engineering problems. But I've had certain training and—I'm going to arrange things so that I get up there at least once a year. Next summer I'll make a much longer trip—see the mountains—oh, glorious mountains—and funny half-Russian towns, and have some fishing. Wandering. The really big thing. Even finer than your superb plucky trip through ——"

"Wasn't plucky! I'm a cry-baby," she said, like a bad, contradictory little girl.

He didn't argue it. He smiled and said "Tut!" and placidly catalogued her with: "You're the pluckiest girl I've ever seen, and it's all the more amazing because you're not a motion-picture tomboy, but essentially exquisite."

"I'm a grub."

"Very well, then. You're a grub. So am I. And I like it. And when I make the big Alaskan trip next year I want you to go along! Claire! Haven't you any idea how terribly close to me the thought of you has been these weeks? You've guided me through the wilderness."

"It's—I'm glad." She sprang up, beseeching. "Jeff, dear, you're going to stay for tea? I must run up and powder my nose."

"Not until you say you're glad to see me. Child, dear, we've been ambling along and —— No, you aren't a child any more. You're a woman. And if I've never been quite a man, but just a dusty office machine, that's gone now. I've got the wind of the wilderness in my lungs. Man and woman! That's all I'm going to say now, but—— Oh, Claire, I do need you so!"

He drew her head to his shoulder, and for an instant she rested there. But as she looked up she saw coming age in the granulated skin of his throat.

"He needs me—but he'd boss me. I'd be the cunning child wife, even at fifty," she worried, and "Hang him, it's like his superiority to beat poor Milt even at adventuring—and to be such a confounded modest Christian gentleman about it!"

"You'd—you're so dreadfully managing," she sighed aloud.

For the first time in all their acquaintanceship Jeff's pride broke, and he held her away from him, while his lips were pathetic, and he mourned: "Why do you always try to hurt me?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't."

"Is it because you resent the decent things I have managed to do?"

"I don't understand."

"If I have an idea for a party you think I'm managing. If I think things out deeply you say I'm dull."

"Oh, you aren't. I didn't mean ——"

"What are you? A real woman or one of these flirts that love to tease a man because he's foolish enough to be honestly in love?"

"I'm not—honestly I'm not, Jeff. It's—you don't quite make me —— It's just that I'm not in love with you. I like you, and respect you terribly, but ——"

"I'm going to make you love me!" His clutching fingers hurt her arm, and somehow she was not angry, but stirred. "But I'm not going to try now. Forget the Alaskan cave man. Remember, I haven't even used the word 'love.' I've just chatted about fiords, or whatever they are, but one of these days —— No, I won't do it.

"I want to stay here in Seattle a few days, and take you on jolly picnics; but—would you rather I didn't even do that? I'm"—he dropped her arm, kneaded his forehead with the heel of his palm—"I can't stand being regarded as a bothersome puppy. I can't stand it! I can't!"

"Please stay, Jeff! We'll have some darling drives and things. We'll go up Rainier as far as we can."

He stayed. He was anecdotal and amusing at tea that afternoon. Claire saw how the Gilsons, and two girls who dropped in, admired him. That made her uneasy. And when Mrs. Gilson begged him to leave his hotel and stay with them he refused with a quick look at Claire that hurt her.

"He wants me to be free. He's really so much more considerate than Milt. And I hurt him. Even his pride broke down. And I've spoiled Milt's life by meddling. And I've hurt the Gilsons' feelings. And I'm not much of a comfort to father. Oh, I'm absolutely no good," she agonized.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GOOD ROADS MEAN GOOD TIMES · Work for good roads

Photographs taken in January, 1919, showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires after 14 months' service for Mountain View Dairy Farm, near Plattsburg, N. Y. Since then, these tires have passed the 22,000-mile mark on original air and still are sturdy

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 42)

conclude that Nature is prodigal and that the story of the earth is a tale of the rapid passing out of types. Millions of species of live things once inhabited the earth and are now extinct. Thousands upon thousands of organisms have perished seemingly that a few superorganisms might survive."

We had just finished dinner and the doctor, who had been speaking, settled back in his most reflective mood.

"Did you ever take a pencil," he continued, "and try to figure out just where the human race is going to get off in the present fight for existence? If you have you found right at the start that a vital problem confronts us. Just assume that the net increase in the population of the United States continues at the rate of one per cent a year during the centuries to come and you will find that in less than four hundred years this country will have a population greater than now inhabits the whole earth. On a similar basis of calculation there will not be standing room on the earth for the world's population one thousand years hence. We talk of natural resources and such things; they would be as nothing compared with the demands of such times. Will Nature eliminate us in favor of a new and higher organism? Will she increase the ravages of pestilence so that only supermen will survive? These things we do not know.

"A little more than fifty years ago three rabbits were sent to Australia from London. Forty years later 96,000,000 rabbit skins and 25,000,000 frozen rabbits were shipped back to Europe from Australia. Nature started something that would have proved calamitous were it not for the superior intelligence of man. Think what would happen if the death rate of certain organisms did not equal the birth rate of these same bodies! Take, for instance, the microscopic organism known as the stylonychia. Here we have a live minute body with such a high birth rate that only the equally high death rate prevents the organism from producing a mass one million times larger than the sun in a month's time. Such facts show us possibilities that might tax the ultimate science of the whole human race in its battle for existence."

"What we need is an awakening," said the vice president of a great insurance company, who had joined the after-dinner circle. "One would have thought that the influenza disaster of last year would have thrown such a scare into the people of the earth that untiring vigilance would be the watchword of the hour. Instead of caution and remembrance we find a state of indifference and security. This latter condition has been fostered by the recent favorable mortality reports. In New York and other places during the past two months the death rate has been the lowest recorded in years. What is the reason? Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we assume that last year's epidemic carried off the weak, leaving only those who were strong enough to survive, and we see the effect of this weeding-out process.

"But let us fix a few facts in our mind and perhaps we will decide to renew our preparations for a more vigorous resistance in the event of an epidemic recurrence this winter or next year. Following the influenza wave which began in 1889 the general mortality—especially from pneumonia—remained high for several years thereafter. If this experience is repeated in the present instance we may expect a high death rate in 1920 and 1921. Many individuals afflicted with influenza in 1889 died in the years immediately following, because of lowered vitality and weakened resistance to all kinds of disease.

"The only way we can avoid a recurrence of this condition is for all of those who suffered from the recent epidemic to subject themselves to periodic medical examination to determine whether the disease has left any invidious after effects. Such examination may now reveal disabilities that can be cured by prompt action. Everyone should be made to know that the after effects of the flu are even worse than the disease. The individual's heart, kidneys or lungs may have been weakened. Our company paid thirteen per cent more death claims in 1891—two years after the former epidemic—than in 1889, and twenty per cent more than in the normal year 1888. Each local health officer should urge the hospitals, clinics and dispensaries in his particular community to offer the services of the medical men connected with these institutions for the examination of all citizens who have had attacks of influenza or pneumonia."

"You are absolutely right," resumed the doctor. "It is altogether probable that as an after effect of the influenza there will be an unusually high pneumonia rate for several years to come. Worst of all, we must confess that we have discovered almost nothing at all that is new concerning the nature and treatment of the disease. After all of our investigations it still appears impossible to prevent the primary disease by vaccination with known organisms. There were not less than 400,000 deaths from influenza and its complications during the months of September, October and November of last year, and the major portion of this mortality occurred between the ages of twenty and forty, when human life is of the highest economic importance. However, I was much astonished by other authentic figures that were brought to my attention, which appear to indicate that more children than adults contracted the disease. This means that the children resisted the epidemic and got well while a smaller percentage of the adults recovered.

"The one sure way to prolong human life is to lessen the causes of disease and reduce the number of infections. Of course that sounds prosaic, but there is more to the thought than at first appears. We may laugh at some of the customs of the Chinese, but their policy in respect to doctors is as wise as it is old. The doctor in China is engaged by the year. He is paid, not to give treatment in sickness but to keep his patient in health. If he fails his pay is reduced according to the number of visits he has to make to his sick patient. Undoubtedly this is the correct idea of the doctor business. We must anticipate disease and strike back before it gets its hold. More than a hundred and fifty thousand citizens of the United States and Canada die each year of the white plague—tuberculosis. Nearly all of these people would have lived had they obeyed three simple rules: Rest, fresh air and good food. Everybody has tuberculosis. That is, the germs causing the disease are in every human body. They can develop and multiply only under certain conditions. The old idea that the victim of consumption is doomed is utter nonsense. We now throw away medicines, forbid close confinement and abandon a diet of dainty foods, and thousands of our consumptives are getting well. But better still would have been prevention.

"The story of smallpox is one of the greatest lessons in prevention that lies before us. About a century ago this disease was the terror of mankind. To-day it is a mild and comparatively rare disease. We talk of epidemics, but we have none like those of the olden days. In 1774 smallpox attacked the entire population of Chester in England and left only seven in every hundred unharmed. Similar conditions existed in dozens of other cities. In America whole tribes of Indians, free from smallpox until the coming of the white man, were wiped out. The Revolutionary armies at Cambridge and Valley Forge were ravaged. An epidemic would die out only to be followed by a greater one. Few persons who lived a life of normal length were fortunate enough to escape.

"Years later Edward Jenner, a physician working in the dairy districts of England, was amazed at the beautiful complexions of the milkmaids. He observed that these persons were rarely attacked by smallpox and the idea occurred to him that perhaps infection with cowpox protected these dairy people from the more dangerous smallpox. His investigations showed that the girls who did not get smallpox had at one time or another been infected with cowpox.

"Finally Jenner vaccinated a boy of eight years with the virus taken from a cowpox sore on the hand of a dairymaid. Several weeks later the boy was exposed to actual smallpox infection, but the lad did not contract the disease. Again and again he was inoculated with the virus of smallpox, but no evil effects followed. Others were then treated with equal success and Jenner named his new principle 'vaccination,' from the Latin word *vacca*, meaning cow.

"Let us see what this simple act of prevention has accomplished for humanity. In 1796, the year of Jenner's experiment, about eighteen deaths out of every hundred in London were due to smallpox. Ten years later the figure was six, and by 1816 it had dropped to three.

"In 1871 compulsory vaccination was carried out and the death rate dropped to nine in 100,000. It is now about one in 100,000. But all of these years were not without their lesson. In 1870 a fresh epidemic of smallpox spread over Europe, taking the lives of thousands.

"An investigation showed that when vaccination was discovered the death rate from smallpox among children was very high. Consequently it was applied especially to them. These children grew to manhood in the belief that they did not need vaccination more than once in their lives. The 1870 epidemic made victims of many people who had been vaccinated early in life. Startling facts were discovered. The world was taught the necessity for revaccination.

"We now know that in order to be completely protected against smallpox every person should be vaccinated once during infancy, again at about the age of twelve and during every epidemic. This is worth thinking about, for in a recent year here in the United States, our Public Health Service reported 21,767 smallpox cases in twenty-nine states. If we do not rigidly enforce the practice of vaccination and revaccination we may at any moment suffer from a calamity such as befell Europe during the seventies.

"In our commercial and industrial life lies the greatest of all fields for medicine. Efficiency depends on health and health is dependent on the care that a man gives himself, the care that industry gives him and the enforcement of proper health laws. Illness is one of the chief factors bearing on operating costs. Many a business has failed because the brains of a company had to lie for weeks in his home on a sick bed. Certain philosophers maintain that efficiency depends on a man's psychology. But does not psychology depend upon a flow of blood to the brain? And this varies with the weather, the barometer and the human organs that control general health.

"That we have traveled a long way in recent years in the art of keeping well let no one doubt. Not more than a decade ago in most of our great industrial plants the wounds of injured men would become septic in fully fifty per cent of the cases. To-day in certain of our most modern organizations not one wound in a thousand becomes septic. One monster establishment having upward of fifty cases of cuts, wounds and scratches each day has had only two cases of septicæmia in four years. When the war was on it was our winter and the leaves were off the trees and we could see a long distance. Now that peace has come we must not focus our eyes too closely on the plans and principles of antebellum days.

"Above all else it is important that workmen be enlightened on the matter of fatigue. Many things make fatigue, but seldom are we fatigued by work. If a person catches a cold or an infectious disease it happens when he's tired. If we become chilled we get tired, for the cold makes every cell in the body work fast. People who believe in four-hour days and such things, because—as they say—work is a curse, are either vicious or ignorant. We can't exist without work, whether we work at our play or at our business. An active life leads to longevity. Does the wise rich man of to-day sit down and take it easy? You bet he doesn't! He builds an eighteen-hole golf course and works harder all the rest of his life trying to keep well than he formerly worked in his business.

"The chief things that cause fatigue are dark unventilated rooms, infectious disease, poor food, and bacteria in the mouth and tonsils. These things bring on anæmia and the individual will have a blood count of, say, 2,500,000 instead of 5,000,000. This means that he has only half as many red corpuscles in his blood as he should have and as a consequence the blood has to circulate twice as fast through the body in order to get the necessary oxygen carried by the red corpuscles to the various tissues of the body where it is used to burn up the food we eat. Likewise the blood picks up and carries away the waste resulting from the combination of the food, and right here is where the shower bath helps. It drives the blood inside and it returns to the surface much purified, with the result that fatigue is lessened.

"Another great cause of fatigue is irregularity in personal habits. One day when I was talking on this point to some of our captains of industry I said that if I was building a big plant the first thing I would do would be to erect a marble lavatory so as to get everybody to go in. One of my listeners followed out the suggestion and all of his Italian laborers went in there and ate their lunch. Something similar happened to Uncle Sam. The Government considered it so important that our soldiers keep their teeth clean that each man was presented with a toothbrush. Did they use it for the purpose intended? Many did, but a lot of the boys found their toothbrushes quite useful in cleaning mud from round the soles of their shoes. Sometimes these unexpected uses for perfectly respectable utilities crop up, but nevertheless it is better to go to extremes in our well-intentioned efforts than to fail through not trying.

"The problem of to-day is how to save the energy that is stored in the nation's body; how to prevent it from becoming old and exhausted before all its power has been applied to some useful purpose. I have pointed out one or two ways."

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 24)

torch. It was darker than ever, possibly because they had been staring at the glare of the motorcycle's searchlight. For about a quarter of a mile they picked their way cautiously, then on mounting a little rise in the ground Diana saw a light in the window of what appeared to be a fisherman's shanty and which was evidently their objective point. As they drew near a man's voice rang out sharply in a military challenge:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Dorsey."

"Advance, chief. It's all right, sir. We got 'em."

"Whom did you get?"

"The gardener and the chauffeur. We caught 'em with the goods."

The peddler nodded, but did not appear to show any signs of gratification. Taking Diana by the elbow he led the way to the cabin, opened the door and they entered. The interior of the place was such as might have been expected. Two men sitting on a bench rose and saluted. Two others sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall did not, and as Diana glanced at them she recognized the De Vallignacs' chauffeur and a man whom she had seen working about the place, mowing and sprinkling the lawn, and the like. She observed also that they were handcuffed together, and that the chauffeur's uniform was water-soaked. Both men wore an expression of sullen indifference, and the chauffeur was smoking a cigarette. On a rough table was a brown canvas war bag which fastened with a brass shackle and padlock. It appeared to be about half filled and the water trickled from it, to fall upon the rough plank flooring.

The peddler glanced at the prisoners with such an expression as might be worn by a sportsman who has gone out in quest of geese and canvasback, and succeeds in bagging no more than a brace of hell-divers.

"Have any trouble?" he asked listlessly.

"No, sir. We had the electric in behind the rocks, and these birds never piped us

(Continued on Page 104)

Ship by Truck

Answers the Call of the Lumberman

By H. S. FIRESTONE, President
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

IN the logging camps, at the sawmill and in the retail lumber yards, the motor truck is giving striking proof of its usefulness and economy.

Its capacity for greater loads, its extreme mobility, its tireless energy have already effected remarkable changes in taking out the logs and in distributing the finished lumber. Some authorities believe it will entirely supplant the horse in this field. Others say it has already revolutionized the industry.

A Big Logging Camp's Experience With Ship by Truck

The Barker Logging Company's camp at Bellingham, Washington, has been using trucks successfully and profitably for over sixteen months.

In one day 65,000 feet were handled from the loading point to the dump, a mile and a half away, with three 5-ton trucks. The timber that this concern is taking out is fir logs running from three to six feet or more in diameter. While the Barker Company originally installed trucks because of the difficulty of getting steel rails, it is now their belief that the truck is as cheap as the railroad as far as operating costs are concerned, and the initial cost of the railroad would have been much greater.

Ship by Truck for Mill and Yards

At the sawmills of the Northwest, trucks ranging from 1 ton to 3½ tons are being extensively used. In the yards the small truck has shown that it can do the work of several horses. Data on deliveries, based on a number of instances, show that a truck has the capacity of not less than two teams and saves the wages of one man.

A Michigan lumber company has kept close records of trucking costs. A 3½-ton four-wheel-drive truck is used with a 6-ton semi-trailer. In moving logs from the rural district to the plant—12½ miles—56,484 feet were handled in 22 days, or an average of over 2,500 a day.

The average total cost was $11.91 a day, or it cost $4.25 to move each 1,000 feet a distance of 12½ miles. By any other power it would have cost $12 per 1,000 feet.

An Oklahoma retail concern reports that with three 2-ton trucks and one smaller size, they handle a business that would require twenty teams.

Taking into consideration the investment of trucks and the investment of teams and wagons, they state that they have cut their drayage costs more than 40 per cent.

The Importance of the Trailer

The value of the trailer as an adjunct to the truck in lumbering should be clearly understood. At little additional expense a trailer or semi-trailer, by greatly increasing the capacity of a load, will cut down expense considerably.

Where timber to be hauled is of great length the trailer is a necessity. A Pennsylvania company uses a 5-ton truck and a 2-wheel trailer for mine props which run from 30 to 55 feet in length. These loads average between eight and twelve tons and are brought over mountains with grades as high as 7 per cent.

Ship by Truck responds to the demands of an era of reconstruction. It links new productive areas of timber, which the railroads have not reached, to the markets of trade.

It offers unprecedented opportunities to the lumberman to put his haulage on an efficient basis, to speed up production and to expand his business.

Ship by Truck.

Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus are now in operation in the following cities:

Akron, Ohio	Milwaukee, Wis.
Albany, N. Y.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Atlanta, Ga.	Minot, N. D.
Baltimore, Md.	Nashville, Tenn.
Birmingham, Ala.	Newark, N. J.
Boston, Mass.	New Orleans, La.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	New York, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Oakland, Cal.
Charlotte, N. C.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Chicago, Ill.	Omaha, Neb.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cleveland, Ohio	Phoenix, Ariz.
Columbus, Ohio	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dallas, Tex.	Portland, Ore.
Davenport, Ia.	Providence, R. I.
Des Moines, Ia.	Richmond, Va.
Detroit, Mich.	Rochester, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.	Sacramento, Cal.
Erie, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.
Fargo, N. D.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Grand Rapids, Mich.	San Antonio, Tex.
Great Falls, Mont.	San Francisco, Cal.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Scranton, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.	Seattle, Wash.
Houston, Tex.	Spokane, Wash.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Springfield, Mass.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Kansas City, Mo.	Toledo, Ohio
Los Angeles, Cal.	Washington, D. C.
Louisville, Ky.	Wichita, Kan.
Memphis, Tenn.	Youngstown, Ohio

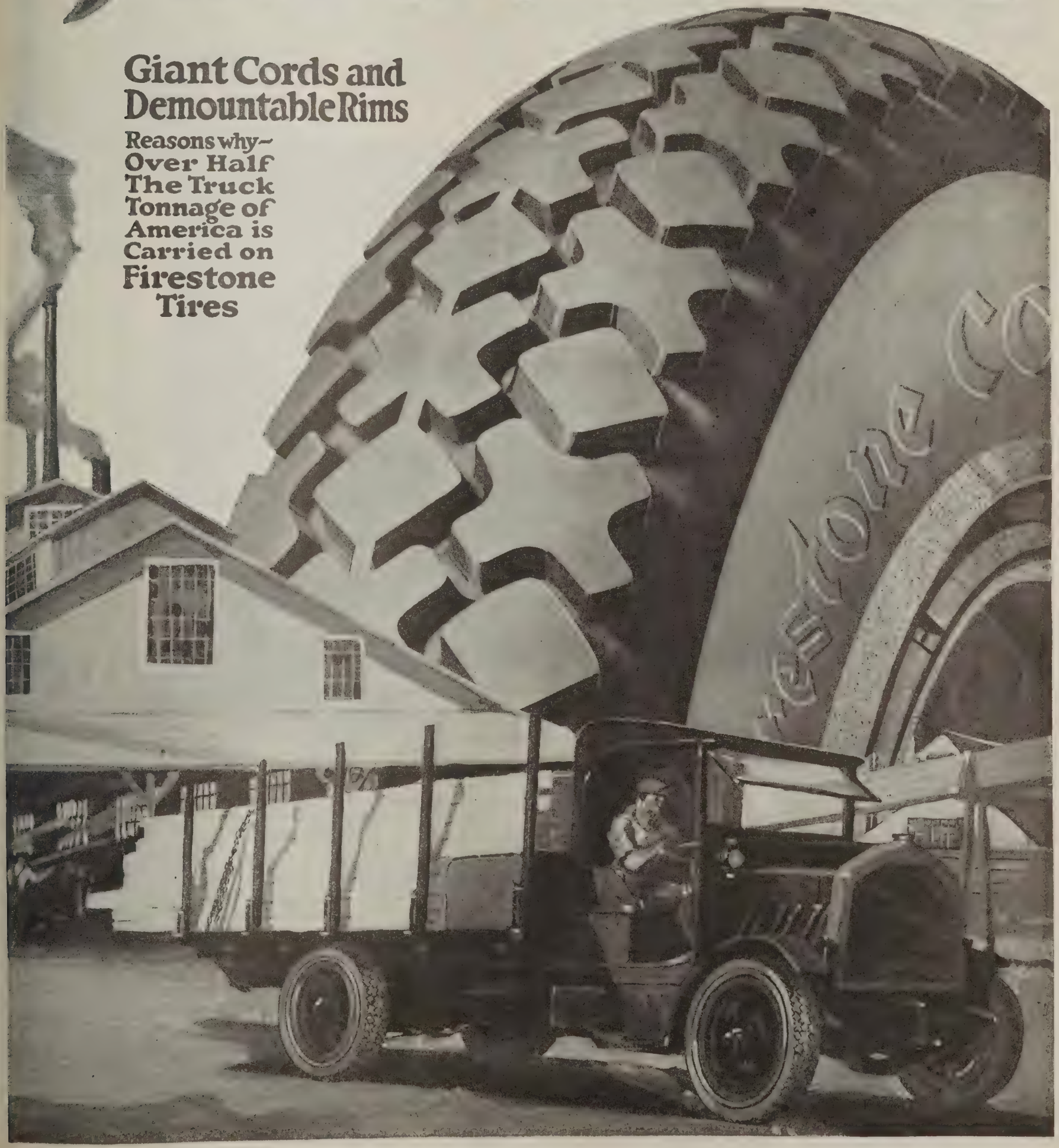
Call up your Local Bureau for Names of Lines, Rates, Schedules and Other Information Regarding Truck Shipment.

Ship by Truck

Firestone

Giant Cords and Demountable Rims

Reasons why—
Over Half
The Truck
Tonnage of
America is
Carried on
Firestone
Tires



(Continued from Page 101)

down till we shot in alongside. The shoffer was in the water and his mate working the eel jack.

"They had to look round a mite, as the tide wasn't yet full ebb, and the rock they was to get their bearin's on was still covered. Any luck your end, sir?"

The peddler shook his head.

"I fluked it," he answered. "I don't think I'll ever get over this, Murphy. Had her right in my hands and let her get away."

"She must be some girl!" opined the policeman. "Never mind, sir. The job looks pretty good to me."

"Well, then, it doesn't to me. She went through my hands like a greased eel. I chased her out into the water and she made a guy of me there. When she found I couldn't catch her she had the nerve to swim back and try to drown me; and would have got away with it, only that I can stay under like a seal. As it was I managed to get the irons on her about two fathoms deep, and as I was towing her ashore, half drowned as I thought, she did the Houdini stunt and beat it. Did you find out about that chaser?"

"Yes, sir. She's all right. Got nothing to do with this bunch. She's owned by a young man named Milliken."

The peddler nodded and stared gloomily at the prisoners. Gustave, the chauffeur, looked up and Diana, who was watching him, saw a gleam like that of triumph in the dark eyes, and the slightest curve of a sardonic smile upon his lips. She remembered what the peddler had told her about the steadfast loyalty of this type of European thief, to whom more than any other crime is endowed with the glamour of romance and hero worship. Looking now at Gustave's face she believed this to be true and could understand the peddler's chagrin at the failure of his coup.

"Well," said the peddler, "you might as well chuck them in the flivver and lug them over to the calaboose. Take the swag to headquarters and lock it up in the safe and stay with it until I pass by in the morning. My night's work is not finished yet. There's still a fighting chance of putting the thing across, but I don't bank much on it." He turned to the door, then paused. "One of you slip down to the De Vallignacs' boathouse and tell Willis, the local bull, to lay off the job and go back to his beat. Nothing doing there."

And then to Diana: "Your family jewels should be in that sack, Miss Kirkland, but we won't bother to look just now. We've other work to do. Let's go."

He opened the door in a dejected manner and they went out into the night.

XVII

THEY crossed the moor, mounted the motorcycle and proceeded to return rapdily upon their tracks, now at a more moderate rate of speed. Passing through the town the peddler drew up at the police station.

"One minute," he said to Diana and went inside.

The one minute lengthened into several, but he came out presently, still wearing the same dejected mien.

"I've closed all the roads but one for the De Vallignacs," said he, "and that is the one we are on. I've also phoned your family to tell them that everything was all right and to ask William to meet us at the bus in Mr. Metcalf's meadow." He looked at her severely.

"They seemed very much surprised to learn that you were with me."

For the first time since she had worn it upon her shoulders Diana's proud head drooped.

"I told them that I was going to spend the night with Gwen."

"What time did you leave them?"

"Just before dark," was the almost inaudible answer.

"Indeed? And where were you all that time?"

"On—on—the roof of the hangar."

"Really!" exclaimed the peddler, and some peculiar tone in his voice made Diana feel as though she were the smallest indivisible particle of matter floating alone somewhere out in the vasty interplanetary space.

"Then," said the peddler, "you must have witnessed my fiasco."

"It was too dark," murmured Diana almost inaudibly, "but I saw her jump down the bank and run into the water—and I heard her cry out: '*A moi, Jean!*'"

"Could you swear that the voice was Patricia Melton's?"

"No, I couldn't," Diana answered; "but I would if you wanted me to."

The peddler gave a short laugh.

As They Drew Near a Man's Voice Rang Out Sharply in a Military Challenge: "Halt! Who Goes There?"

"I believe you," he answered. "You seem to be a very cheerful little perjurer, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I don't!" answered Diana; "because I am. I've done more lying to-night than in all the rest of my life. First I told the family that the thieves were going to try to steal the hydroplane to make their getaway, and that they must all stay in the library where they could be seen by anybody looking through the window. Then I told them that I was going to the Metcalfs' for dinner and to spend the night, and started off down the lane; and last of all I broke my promise to you by sneaking back and climbing up on the roof of the hangar."

"Well," said the peddler, "if one is going to lie one might as well make a thorough job of it."

"Can't you arrest her for attempted murder?" asked Diana hopefully.

"Hardly, for the attempted murder of a manikin. The testimony also would be rather slim, and it is doubtful if any jury, looking first at my size and shape and then at Patricia in a trim tailor suit, would have much confidence in my statement that once having got my grip on her she bowled me over and beat it. Then you have had no dinner?"

"That doesn't matter in the least."

"Hop aboard," said the peddler, and took the handle bars of the motorcycle.

They sputtered on their way again, through the viscid, sticky night, presently to arrive at the Metcalf place. Here they stopped, dismounted and wheeled the machine down the lane and across the meadow, where Torp greeted them with shrill squeals of welcome.

Approaching the big van they saw the glow of a cigarette on the hurricane deck and William's voice inquired with a note of irony: "How did you leave Gwen, sister dear? What's the matter, Clamp—didn't they show up to swipe the hydroplane?"

"One of them showed up, but not to swipe the hydroplane," replied the peddler. "Your mendacious sister may tell you all about it while I am getting into some clean, dry clothes. If you will kindly mount to my upper suite, Miss Kirkland, you will find in the kitchen the wherewithal for supper—coffee, tea, biscuits and bacon and eggs and things. We shall not be starting on the last lap for a couple of hours yet."

Diana meekly followed his directions, and as she proceeded to start the stove and put the water on to boil she gave her astonished brother a graphic description of the night's adventure. The peddler, presently joining them, relieved her of the culinary operations, which he performed in a swift and efficient manner which bespoke experience. They ate and drank hungrily, William taking only coffee, which the peddler had made strong enough to put a "permanent" in the hair of a Japanese; then, the repast finished, he seated himself on the edge of his bunk, great shoulders hunched forward, elbows on his knees and his feet slightly toeing in, where he presented somewhat the appearance of depressed thoughtfulness portrayed in the late Rodin's Penseur.

"I have to admit a complete and dismal failure," said he.

"Nothing of the sort, old sleuth," protested William. "You've got all the loot and two of the rotten bunch."

"Though I'm glad, of course, to be able to return your family heirlooms," said the peddler, "the rich and idle and unworthy folks to whom the rest of the plunder belongs would be positively frightened if they knew how little I cared whether they ever saw theirs again or not. And as for those two thugs who are captured, they are mere underlings, such cogs in the wheel of crime as an ordinary cop might nab and of which the penitentiaries are full. I never did have much hope of catching the principals with the goods after what Baron Rosenthal told me about them and their methods, so this sudden and unlooked-for opportunity to collar the Melton girl in an attempt at assassination was like finding a weak spot in the devil's armor. And then I had to go and bungle it."

"Some chicken!" said William.

"As the case now stands," said the peddler, "we have nothing whatever on these three. There is no proof we can offer that they planned the robberies or took any active part in them. I had some hope of catching them in actual possession of their plunder, but they were never in actual possession of it. The electric launch with its police crew, which I had on watch below their place, merely located the spot where the loot was hidden by the two men we nabbed to-night. Fortunately they chose a dark night to slip round under the shore, over the flats where the eelers work at low tide.

"It was a clever idea of theirs to supply themselves with eeling gear. After that it was merely a question of keeping the place under constant observation."

"How about the Sultana?" William asked. "Do you think that is with the other stuff?"

"No," answered the peddler. "We are going to have a try for that as soon as it gets light. But I don't expect much to come of it."

Diana's heart sank. She felt that after all it was the Sultana that most concerned her brother, and she thought she understood the reason for the peddler's disappointment and disgust at his failure.

"What are your plans?" asked William. "If you don't mind my asking."

"Not in the least. You see, though they know that I have got nothing on them, I feel fairly certain that they will try to leave the neighborhood this morning. They have no reason to think that the police knew where they had hidden the stuff, and the chances are that these two men had orders to get it and meet them at some other point. I was afraid that this exchaser had been chartered by them for their immediate get-away, but it appears that I was wrong. The owner, Mr. Milliken, is a well-known yachtsman."

"Then you mean to hold them up on the road?" William asked.

"Such is my intention. That is one reason why I telephoned for you to join me. Though I don't anticipate any resistance it is still possible that they may have in their possession some of the more valuable of the jewels, in which case they might put up a fight. But this is not probable, especially now that they know from Patricia's experience that they are suspected. Any such articles would more probably be hidden or intrusted to the other servants, who may try to escape by some other route. This trio is too clever, I fear, to run the risk of being caught with so much as a stolen scarfpin."

"But mightn't they pass, now, at any moment?" Diana asked.

"Not without my being warned. One of my men has instructions to watch the house and if they leave before five o'clock to telephone to Fairs Crossing, where I have a man with a motorcycle waiting to bring me word here. We will get this galleon under way before that time, and saying au revoir to Miss Kirkland ——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"Nonsense, Di, this is no job for you," said William. "You might get shot."

"And then again, I mightn't. If you two think that you're going to do me out of the very cream of it all, then you've got another guess. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! After all I've done and all the lies I've had to tell, and the abuse I've stood from the peddler!" She rose suddenly to her feet. "All right then, I'll go

(Continued on Page 108)

Mileage you get as a matter of course from 'Nobby Cords'

Our two-ton Garford has gone 14,000 miles to date on 'Nobby Cords' which still retain original air. . . . Good for again as far . . . Reduce upkeep costs about 30 per cent.
Cincinnati Moving Co., Cincinnati, O.
(signed) John Kepp, Mgr.

'Nobby Cords' on our Autocar have given over 24,000 miles, and are still in good condition. Have never had a puncture—enables us to make speed from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour and an average of ten to eleven miles on gallon of gasoline.
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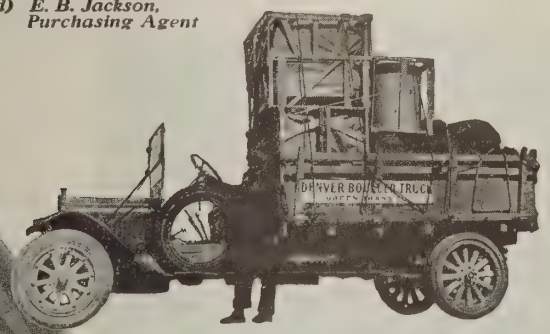
Baltimore, Md.

Two of our 38x7 'Nobby Cords' have gone 17,000 miles with only one puncture in one tire. Other never has been down yet. Will safely carry us through coming season. (May 21, 1919.)
Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.
(signed) E. B. Jackson,
Purchasing Agent



. . . . 11,642 miles to date—going strong—and look good for several months more . . . Freighting average loads of 6500 pounds through mountains on White truck.
Hickox Transfer Co.,
Boulder, Cal.
(signed) Bert Green

The mileage on "The Globe" car was 15,821. The other tires look much better and we expect them to go over 20,000 miles.
Interborough News Company
New York
(signed) R. B. Arthur, Supt.

But it isn't mileage *alone* that counts. Nor is it the great economies made possible by these pioneer pneumatic truck tires.

Take, for instance, the six trucks shown on this page. In hauling household goods, in delivery of bottles, or in transporting delicate parts for watches, the prime requisite is protection of the load—*elimination of breakages.* In passenger bus work, it is *ease of riding.* In the delivery of newspapers—*speed.* In hauling mountain freight —*strength and dependability.*

The fact that 'Nobby Cords' combine mileage and economy of operation with these other essentials is directly responsible for the popularity of these big tires in all sections of the country.

'Nobby Cords' keep the truck on the road and out of the repair shop—they relieve shock and strain—prolong truck life—lessen depreciation—prevent breakages—increase operating radius of the truck—save gas and oil—add to the comfort of the driver.

Like all United States Tires—passenger car and truck—'Nobby Cords' are guaranteed to be free from imperfections in materials and workmanship during their entire life. There is no specific mileage limitation in the United States Tire guarantee.

For passenger and light delivery cars, 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.

The 'Nobby Cords' on front wheels of first White bus have gone 36,000 miles—those on bus No. 2,—22,000 and the ones on bus No. 3,—14,000 miles
White Line Transportation Co.,
Birmingham, Ala.
(signed) J. A. Probst, Prop.

(Continued from Page 104)

back to the house." Righteous anger choked her voice. "And—and ——"

"And tip off dear Patricia?"

"—— and tell father and the boys, and we'll all get in the car and follow you, and be in at the death to see Patricia doesn't get away again!"

"*Touché! Pax,* and likewise kindly lay off," cried the peddler. "Come, then, by all means, dear goddess of the chase. Besides, it occurs to me that as modest and diffident young men we may have need of you."

"For what?" demanded William.

"To search the ladies—a task from which my sensitive nature shrinks."

"Me too," said William. "All right, let her come then. As you say, Clamp, they won't be likely to start anything. They'd know they could never get away with it."

"The peddler's name," said Diana, "is not Clamp at all, but John Henry Dorsey."

"Is it? Well, all I can say is, John Henry, that Clamp seems to fit you better."

"I thought so myself," said the peddler sadly, "until my whirl with Patricia. I think now that a more fitting monniker would be Mr. Attaboy Butterfist. Well, then, if you're both going to lend a hand please consider yourselves duly sworn in as deputy sheriffs."

Diana raised her hand.

"I swear."

"What do you swear?" asked the peddler.

"Anything, chief!"

"That ought to cover it. For some reasons it is a pity that you broke the male sequence of your family and cannot go in for politics—and for others it is not."

"Such as ——"

"There would be nobody to search the ladies," said the peddler. He sighed. "Since you had to disobey my orders it's a shame you couldn't see what was going on and hop down off that roof and lend a hand at the capture of that winged fury instead of sticking in your proscenium box."

"Then you would never have forgiven me. You take it too hard. She got away because she was a woman and you were afraid of hurting her. Where is all your philosophy?"

"Philosophy," said the peddler, "is only to offer others, never for oneself. And as for my being afraid of hurting her, I can claim no such tender mercy. Naturally I did not wish to strike her, as she might have come back with a suit for damages. No, she got away purely by reason of her strength and greater speed. Of course I was actually the stronger of the two, but so is an elephant stronger than a man with a rifle. She was about eight times quicker than I. She had me outpointed at every turn. I was at least seven grabs behind her. Relatively, you might liken me to one of those moving pictures where the slow motion is analyzed by the ultra-rapid camera."

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing, John Henry?" William asked.

"Just since the war."

"In the big fuss, I suppose?"

"Yes. Secret Service stuff in France. It was over there that I got in touch with Rosenthal."

"Who's Rosenthal?"

"A Czechian Jew and papal baron, who is the salt of the earth and, if the truth were known, probably the richest man on it. He figures his real estate by frontiers, and every war in the last thirty years has shifted his fortune a billion or two. It was he who gave the Sultana to the Marquise d'Irancy for a wedding present. We rendered each other certain services over there and it was that which led him to ask me to tackle this job. Well, it's looking pale and sickly in the east and appears to be the beginning of another imperfect day. Let's carry on. This may not lead to anything, but at any rate we can have a pleasant little promenade in my pretty car. You might stay up here in the fighting top, William, to avoid the possibility of our firing into each other."

A few minutes later the big truck was under way, and as it rocked and lurched and banged and volleyed out of the lane and onto the road the genial Mr. Metcalf was roused from his slumbers, turned sleepily and grumbled to himself.

"If Clamp's going to abuse my hospitality by making the night hideous as well as the day, he'll just have to hunt himself another billet."

At a leisurely pace they clattered down the road in the direction from which the peddler and Diana had so recently come. In ordinary weather the dawn would already have broken, but the congested sky now retarded it. Presently the road turned toward the shore to lead along the tops of the low cliffs, and here the peddler drew to one side and stopped. William, reposing himself on the peddler's couch, did not descend, but Diana and the peddler got down and, walking to the brink, seated themselves on the stone which commanded a view of the pike on the farther side of the little cove. The van was out of sight of anyone approaching this direction, who would be unable to discover it until mounting a short and steep ascent.

The peddler policeman and his fair deputy were conscious of a certain depression of spirits, which in the case of the man was owing to what he considered his inexcusable bungling, and in that of the girl from her reasoning that though the recovery of the jewels must exculpate William from all suspicion connected with their theft, she could not see how it was going to dispossess the mind of the marquise of such in regard to the rape of the Sultana.

For the damning fact remained that the Frenchwoman had been unconscious while alone with him, whereas during the rest of the day and evening she had been in full possession of all her faculties. Even supposing that Patricia had been deft and strong enough to open the locket while walking or standing close to her, it was by no means sure that the marquise would admit of such a possibility.

Several times Diana was on the verge of bringing up this point, but refrained from doing so because it seemed to her that the peddler had avoided all discussion of the jewel. She felt that if he were able to give her any satisfaction in this regard he would already have done so, and she had also a premonition that he had still another hand to play.

"Do you think that Miss Melton recognized you last night?" she asked presently.

"No. It was pitch dark and my face was blackened. In the water she could not have recognized anybody, what with our being mostly under it most of the time and the rumpus we were kicking up. The only satisfaction which this business leaves me is that in my capacity of peddler I fooled them from start to finish—my finish!"

He fell into a gloomy silence, which Diana did not attempt to break. The light grew rapidly until, as happens in midsummer when the sky is heavily overcast and the sunrise unannounced, they found it suddenly broad day. It was a murky, sticky, viscid sort of day, but promised soon to change in character, for a damp little breeze sprang up out of the east to ruffle the leaden waters. Suddenly the peddler slanted his head.

"Car coming," said he, and rose.

Diana sprang up after him, and at that moment there appeared round the shoulder of the hill across the cove a dark red touring car, which they recognized immediately as the De Vallignacs'.

"Here," said the peddler, "is where we make our last bet, turn our last card. Whether ace or two-spot is to be decided within the next ten minutes."

XVIII

AS THE peddler and Diana approached the van William's voice hailed them from the upper deck.

"Enemy submarine on the port bow, sir!"

"All right," said the peddler, "stand by, William."

He helped Diana to mount, started the motor and took his seat. As they forged cumbersomely forward the De Vallignacs' car popped up over the crest of the rise about two hundred yards ahead and bore down upon them at high speed.

Even at that distance they were able to recognize Stephan at the wheel by reason of his pallid face, black mustache and Vandyke, and the ulster of yellow tweed which he usually wore when motoring. The peddler slowed down and, reaching out at the side, held up one hand as a signal for them to stop. This was evidently read and understood, but brought no more than a series of impatient blasts from the horn. The peddler put his truck in the middle of the road, which was here rather wide but with irregular rocks on either side, and at this apparently stupid maneuver, which left scant room to pass, the approaching car vociferated furiously, at the same time slowing its speed.

Again the peddler raised his hand with an energetic gesture. But Stephan, apparently assuming this to be a cheeky attempt to stop them for personal reasons of the peddler's own, merely struck his horn again and flung out his arm in an angry gesture for the peddler to give him road room, at the same time checking his pace still further. The car and the truck were by this time not more than fifty yards apart, and Diana's heart gave a sudden bound as she discovered the two cloaked and veiled figures on the back seat to be Léontine and Patricia. As the peddler had surmised, there were only the three principals in the car.

But though his speed was greatly reduced and he had ample time to come to a stop Stephan evidently had no intention of so doing. Furious at what he considered to be the peddler's stupid impudence—for Patricia had failed to recognize in him her would-be captor—he decided at the last moment to squeeze past. There was room for this with perhaps two inches to spare and Stephan was a skillful driver, so he swerved to the side and was about to throw on his power again when the peddler, anticipating his intention, gave a twist to his wheel, swung the big truck across the road and stopped.

There was a scream of brakes from the touring car, echoed both from its rear seat and from the truck, a string of Gallic oaths from Stephan, a yell of triumph from the roof of the van, and the long roadster crashed into the forward end of the truck.

Though Stephan had succeeded in bringing his car almost to a stop any bystander who might have happened to be a hundred yards away would have thought that there had been a head-on collision of two big motor vehicles running full speed. Though its volume would naturally have been greater it is doubtful if two express trains trying to pass each other on the same track could have produced a greater variety of noise, this the more singular as the actual damage was not very great and was confined to searchlights, mud guards and the hood of the van's motor. But the shock to the rolling store delivered thus broadside on shifted the cargo within and without, most of the latter on the side of the collision being flung upon the road with an appalling clank and clatter. The highway was strewn with a varied stock of marine, agricultural and household impedimenta, lanterns, oars and boat hooks, plowshares, garden tools, a vacuum cleaner, an ice-cream freezer, dustpans and an oilstove or two, with a little crockery and agateware.

Stephan rose in his seat brandishing his arms, for a moment inarticulate from the rush of strong emotions. But not for very long.

Assured by the racket of the smash that the whole fore end of his car must have telescoped or crumpled like an accordion, there burst from his lips a volley of oaths in French and English.

"*Sacrés cochons!*" he screeched. "*Imbécile! Idiot! Chameau!* 'Opeless lunatic! *Misérable!* What the devil are you trying to do? 'Ave you no sense? You—you damn fool—are you trying to kill us all?"

The peddler stopped his motor and, leaning forward, beamed upon the furious man with cheerful impudence.

(Continued on Page 110)

There Was a Scream of Brakes From the Touring Car, a String of Gallic Oaths From Stephan, a Yell of Triumph From the Roof of the Van, and the Long Roadster Crashed Into the Forward End of the Truck

SILVERWARE is most alluring. It attracts by its glint and lustre and pleases by its grace and design—but selection should not be made on appearance alone.

In silverplate, quality is ever the most important consideration and this, fortunately, is a matter easily established by the maker's reputation. 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware, for instance, has no rival in length of time in which it has given actual home service. Design speaks for itself, and it is possible to get the larger pieces of table ware to match the Spoons, Forks, etc.—all stamped with the well-known trademark, "1847 Rogers Bros."

So, in choosing teaspoons or knives and forks, it is well to have in mind that you may at a later time wish to have a tea set or other pieces to match the pattern of your spoons, just as in this illustration the Louvain teaspoon is matched in design by the outlines and decoration of the coffee set. This harmony in design is a feature of this brand of silverplate.

Several very attractive patterns may be seen at leading dealers', or illustrations can be had by requesting folder "K-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.

New York	Chicago	San Francisco
9-19 Maiden Lane	5 North Wabash Avenue	150 Post Street

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

Louvain Pattern Tea Spoon and Coffee Set

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 108)

"A thousand, thousand pardons, monsieur," said he, "and likewise, please excuse me. I heard that you were leaving the neighborhood, and in consideration of our pleasant and friendly relations I could not let you go without wishing you *Bon voyage.*"

Speech utterly failed Stephan. He glared at the peddler in hopeless rage, and at Diana, whose presence he appeared suddenly to realize with a shock of astonishment. Behind him the two women were leaning forward, their eyes burning through their tulle veils, for their quicker wit had come to an instant realization that the peddler's seeming stupidity was very far from that and had behind it some specific purpose. The better to examine the situation Patricia whipped off her veil, which was wound about her great mass of ruddy hair, and she raised her hand to her head as though to rearrange it from any disorder produced by the shock. This gesture on her part did not escape the keen and watchful eye of the peddler.

"Your service, mesdames," said he politely. "A nice morning for a murder, Miss Melton, *n'est-ce-pas?* Or for a swim; or for both."

Patricia, her tawny eyes fixed intently on his face, which showed signs of her handiwork, caught her breath suddenly. At that moment she discovered William peering down upon her from the top of the van, and she caught the black metallic glint of the automatic in his hand. The peddler, humming his little tune, stepped down into the road.

"What the devil is the meaning of all this?" snarled Stephan in a voice from which the rage had suddenly evaporated.

As he spoke he reached for the pocket of his ulster and found himself looking into the black muzzle of the peddler's pistol, while a crisp voice, totally unlike the pleasant drawling tones which all associated with the itinerant merchant, struck through him with a sudden chill.

"Hands up!" said the peddler. "All of you, and quick! *Pattes en air, mes amis.* Paws heavenward, Léontine; and you, too, Patricia! Get down, the three of you. Step lively now! I'm a little nervous this morning and apt to squeeze this thing."

Three pairs of hands went up obediently. For if sudden death had ever stood upon their threshold it was at this moment. Stephan obeyed with alacrity the order to alight. Léontine followed his example, but Patricia lingered for an instant.

"Come along, Patricia," said the peddler. "No; get down this side! Give her a hand, Léontine," for Patricia swayed slightly as she stood.

Then with the unsteady movement of one who feels a sudden faintness she stepped down upon the road, advanced a pace and seemed to stumble on one of the articles jarred from the side of the bus, fell forward before anybody could reach an arm for her support, and as she scrambled up her hand went again to her hair.

William from his point of observation almost overhead caught a flash such as might have been reflected from a pocket mirror. The next instant Patricia's arm flew back, and with the strong and graceful gesture of a baseball player throwing home from the deep field she flung some object high out over the cliffs.

A pale blue gleam flashed against the leaden sky. They saw it rising higher and higher in parabola, reach its perihelion, then flash and glitter downward in the arc of a great circle, which carried it far out over the surface of the ruffled water. There was a slight splash and Patricia turned to face them, a mocking smile on her wide mouth which whipped upward at its outer corner.

"Look!" cried William. "The Sultana!"

He came clattering down from the top of the van.

The peddler gave a short laugh.

"Was it, Patricia?" he asked.

Her left eyebrow flicked upward.

"Was it what, stupid?" she asked.

"Was that the Sultana you threw into the water?"

"The Sultana? What are you talking about? That was just a bit of blue glass that was on the road."

Her voice was limpid as ever, but her face was ghastly, the amber eyes glowing like two points of yellow flame, while the faces of Stephan and Léontine looked strained and haggard.

"Very well," said the peddler. "We shall have to take your word for it, I suppose." He turned to Diana. "Now, then, Miss Kirkland, I shall have to ask you to officiate. Léontine, you and Patricia will kindly step behind the car, keeping your hands above your head. Wait a minute."

He stepped up to the two women and made a swift examination for weapons possibly concealed about their persons, but failed to discover any such.

"All right. Go over them carefully, Miss Kirkland. William, keep our friend here covered while I overhaul him."

But even Stephan proved to be unarmed, nor did the brief but searching examination discover anything incriminating. The peddler next turned his attention to the car, which he went over thoroughly but with a similar negative result.

"It is just as I thought," said he lightly: "A perfectly innocent trio of distinguished foreigners subjected to an unwarranted indignity while starting off on a little tour in their car. One might indeed call it a hold-up. We may get twenty years for this, William, if they see fit to make a charge."

William, however, was in no joking mood.

"But confound it, Clamp, that was the Sultana she threw out into the water! We all saw it—she took it from her hair. Look at her face! Look at all their faces!"

These were indeed ghastly, especially that of Patricia. Though making, as one could see, a tremendous effort to preserve her insouciance, the hate, fury and baffled avarice which flowed from her amber-colored eyes were of a quality such as none of them had ever seen in the look of man or beast. There was something diabolic about it, something neither of the world nor underworld of men, but of that nether world peopled by demons or vampires.

On the contrary the expressions of Léontine and Stephan, though deathly still, showed a certain sense of relief. The peddler quite understood. It seemed to him probable that capture to criminal natures of such intensity meant death, and he doubted that any of them would support a sentence of long imprisonment. They played the game as might a military spy in time of war, their lives the stake in the event of failure. Patricia's act had saved them this. She had recognized in the peddler's scratched and battered face her assailant of the night before, knew that they had been outwitted and had now to deal with a brain of such acumen that no hazard must be taken. Better to lose the priceless diamond than to run the risk. And the peddler, she reasoned, would not have been content with the cursory search which had been made if he had not seen the wide glittering arc described by the great gem before it fell to its final resting place, to be embedded in the soft ooze or hidden beyond hope of all recovery in the weed-covered crevices of a rocky bottom.

"Well, *mes amis,*" said the peddler cheerfully, "I fear that I shall have to apologize for my unwarranted suspicions and the damage caused your car. Of course you can scarcely be blamed for the criminal actions of your chauffeur and gardener, whom we seized early this morning in the act of recovering the loot plundered from the houses of this neighborhood, which they had cunningly hid at the bottom of the water off the point."

Léontine turned whiter still and leaned back against the body of the car as if in need of support. Stephan's face was livid. But Patricia's eyes had assumed the flat, impenetrable look to be seen in those of the great Felidæ after the first fury of capture. The peddler glanced down at the fore end of the touring car.

"Fortunately the damage is not such as to delay your continuing your *voyage d'agrément,*" said he. "You are quite at liberty to go. You are of course sufficiently astute to know that I have no sufficient evidence for your indictment and that it is hardly worth the while to put us all to the inconvenience of a mere arrest based on that of a collateral character."

"But hang it all, Clamp," protested William, "we all saw her throw the Sultana into the sea!"

The peddler smiled.

"Pardon me," said he, "but we saw nothing of the sort. Patricia did precisely as she said. She threw a piece of blue glass into the sea. Of course she thought that it was the Sultana. They all thought that it was the Sultana, just as the Marquise d'Irancy thought it was that wonderful gem which she has been so foolishly lugging round in her awkward and unsightly lockets to make us all such a great deal of inconvenience and unhappiness."

He turned his mocking face to Patricia and laughed at the expression surprised upon her own.

"Live and learn, my dear," said he, "and do not trust entirely to your own uncommon cleverness. This big blue rock with which you just made such a beautiful throw was merely an exact and very masterly replica of the Sultana, which Baron de Rosenthal caused to be reconstructed by a famous manufacturer of artificial jewels, when he found that the Marquise d'Irancy was going to insist upon keeping the gem about her person. The real stone was put in a safe-deposit vault by Monsieur le Marquis, who gave his wife this imitation to play with."

He glanced from one to the other of the blank faces and gave his merry laugh.

"I must say, though, I should have thought that Léontine and a distinguished disciple of Chu-Chu would have discovered the fraud. But I suppose that with that trained spirit of precaution to which you owe your criminal success you did not permit yourself any long examination of it. Well, let us be on our way."

"But hold on, Clamp!" cried William. "Even supposing it was not the Sultana, all the same she stole it from the Marquise d'Irancy. Can't you arrest her for that?"

The peddler shook his head.

"Nothing doing, William," said he. "In the first place, as you must see when you stop to think, the sworn identification of a reconstructed jewel whirling through the air in a parabolic curve would not be given any great amount of consideration; and in the second, even if we had seized it upon her person, the crime would scarcely have amounted to petty larceny. The actual intrinsic value of the object is nil, and a thief is not convicted on what he thinks to be the value of the stolen article but on the actual value thereof."

He turned to Stephan.

"Why don't you go back to your house?" he asked. "Nobody is going to bother you."

"Then we are free to go?" Stephan asked.

"Free as air," said the peddler. "Perhaps some day we may have the pleasure of another merry little game of 'Button, button, who's got the button?' I do not mind admitting that in this case the honors are with you, while as for my competition with Patricia in aquatic sports the less said about that the better."

He looked at the girl, and as their eyes met there came into hers a flame of such singular intensity that despite his steady nerves the peddler was startled. For at this moment the impulse received from her *outré* personality was not a hostile one, nor did he feel it to be precisely that of admiration or respect. It was a regard of such hungry ferocity as no beast of prey ever projected upon its prospective quarry.

An involuntary shudder rippled through the peddler. For a moment he could not remove his eyes, and as their gaze clung to hers a crimson wave swept suddenly across the girl's face.

Diana laid her hand upon his arm.

"Let us go," said she a little faintly.

The spell was broken by her voice. Patricia's features seemed to contract in a spasm of rage. Stephan had got back into the car, started his motor and backed away. The peddler started that of the truck, helped Diana to mount, went astern with a roaring of gears and, the road clear, came to a stop while William proceeded to retrieve the scattered stock in trade.

"Chuck the darned stuff inside," said the peddler. "We're finished with it now."

William obeyed and mounted to the sky parlor. The peddler forged thunderously ahead, turned sharply and rolled along the road. Stephan having backed clear was waiting for the women to get in.

Then as the big truck rumbled along, keeping well to the right, the long red touring car sped past, and as it shot ahead the figure of Léontine turned in its seat. She flashed them a brilliant smile, waved one hand gayly, and the peddler, a motion-picture fan, saw her red lips form the words: "*Merci—et au revoir!*"

XIX

THE chanticleer of Kirkland Manor was a little late to usher in the dawn when James, roused from his uneasy slumbers on the leathern couch in the library where he had thrown himself, got up, walked to the window and looked out.

None of the Kirklands had gone to bed. The peddler's telephone communication had banished sleep, and after William's departure they had given themselves up to a nervous discussion as to what might be afoot. Most of all were they disturbed by Diana's perfidy, of which the peddler had given no detailed explanation. For he, learning to his vexation that she was supposed to be spending the night with the Metcalfs, had thought best to offer them no further information beyond the fact that he had met her and they need have no cause for anxiety in her regard.

Finally, exhausted by the nervous tension, they had flung themselves down for such repose as might be vouchsafed, Mr. Kirkland in his big armchair, James upon the couch, and the twins sprawled out upon a tiger and a bear skin rug. Once asleep their slumber was profound, so that they did not hear the departure of the peddler's van, even though less than a mile away.

James took a few turns upon the veranda, inhaling deeply the damp briny air, which exercise had come to take the place of the potation with which he would undoubtedly have stimulated his jaded system but for the promise made Diana some weeks before while waiting for the car to topple from the tree top. Now more hygienically refreshed he strode round to the rear and clapped his hands, when Chang popped out like a weasel from its hole.

"Coffee for all hands," said James. "First chop, fifty-fifty coffee. Plenty hot, and strong as lye."

He went back into the library, lighted a cigarette, then stepped to the coat closet in search of something to throw over his father's knees, for the east wind had cooled the air and the room was damp. As he performed this filial service Mr. Kirkland gave a strangled snort, opened his eyes and sat up suddenly, very defiant, looking quite his age and then some few years.

"Thank the Lord that beastly night is over," said he. "Any news?"

"Nothing yet, sir," James answered, and picking up a couple of cushions threw one at each of his younger brothers, who, accustomed to standing watch-and-watch, were able to cram a good deal of rest into three hours and fifty-five minutes.

"All the watch!" bellowed James. "Show a leg, you heroes. Rise and shine. Scratch your bites on the spar deck ——"

The efficient Chang, who had apparently anticipated the order, appeared at this moment with the black and powerful beverage, hard-tack and butter. Then having served them he stood by, grinning and rubbing his long hands one against the other.

"'Spose you dlink coffee!" said he. "Go along hyloplane house, see velly funny sight. You laugh plenty."

"What's that?" demanded James.

"You go see—long hyloplane house," repeated the Chinaman; and he gave a chuckle and vanished.

Father and sons stared at each other questioningly.

"What's struck that celestial?" growled Mr. Kirkland.

"Don't know, sir," James answered. "He seems to have got next to something. I'll go and see."

"We'll all go," said his father. "In unity is strength, and I'm rather low on that this morning. Too old for all this sort of a razoo. Hang that peddler; why can't he come down in front of the footlight and gab out what he knows instead of sticking upstage and whispering? I'm all fed up on him. If he doesn't come across with something after this I swear I'll get down the old goose gun."

They bolted their coffee and flopped down the path to the hangar. Then rounding a bend in the path James stopped with a gasp of dismay, for there on the rustic bench, broad back turned to them, sat the headless trunk of William, slumped down slightly in his seat; and at a little distance—oh, horror!—the head itself with the light hat of French felt still upon it, and the contour of his bronzed cheek barely visible beneath its brim.

Just what the reaction of this shocking spectacle might have been upon their rickety nerves one cannot say, for the singsong voice of the Chinaman struck reassuringly upon their ears.

"No be flaid!" said Chang. "Him allee same dummy. Chang see Missy Di takum clothes, Mr. Willum, top side. Pedlaman makum stuff foolum hatchet man. Me tlink somebody come long tly choke Mr. Willum allee same lope."

(Concluded on Page 114)

The Bethlehem Franchise

The Bethlehem Dealer Franchise is a two-fisted—man size—five-to-six-figure money-making opportunity for one man in a territory.

Its basis is Bethlehem performance—Bethlehem features—Bethlehem economy—Bethlehem stability and powerful Bethlehem factory sales co-operation.

Some business man in your community is going to add his name to ours and dominate the motor truck field.

BETHLEHEM MOTORS
CORPORATION
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Are *You* the Man?

(Concluded from Page 110)

He skipped forward and picked up from the ground the dark crimson curtain cord. James snatched it from his hand.

"Holy mackerel!" said he. "Chang's right. Are you on, dad?"

Mr. Kirkland rubbed his eyes.

"Well, not precisely, James. Merely dangling from the step, as one might say."

"These crooks," said James, "meant to scrag William and make it look like suicide ——"

"Plenty fight," Chang interrupted, and pointed to the crushed laurel sprigs, which showed evidence of a recent struggle. They were examining it excitedly when from the far distance came certain sounds which caused the more youthful twins to spring from the heathery couch like stags that at eve had drunk their fill, or hounds that hear the view halloo and distant hunter's horn. It was a discordant, rambling rattle at first, but presently there came the sound of a horn struck with punctuated time. Ugh—ugh! Ugh—ugh—ugh! It went repeatedly in glorified triumphant grunts.

As one man the Kirklands turned and started for the house, not too rapidly but with a sort of earnest dignity of haste. As they came within sight of the highway, which was visible through a vista a little before it passed in front of their wall, a dark red touring car, evidently not the one that had been horning from the far distance, shot over the road and disappeared.

"Him Flenchman plenty clook," observed the Chinaman, who had formed opinions of his own.

"By gad!" roared Mr. Kirkland, "I believe the boy is right."

"Well," said James, "if Clamp is chasing him in his bus he's got about as much chance as a hippopotamus after a jackal."

They waited with a patience that put a strain upon their creaking nerves. The uproar increased though with exasperating slowness, but presently the big sky-blue vehicle made a wide turn and charged through the gates with a clatter of cogs, and they observed it to be still augmented in height by the ample tent rigged out upon the roof. Sitting composedly side by side were Diana and the peddler, and as the anomalous caravan drew up in front of the house its driver saluted respectfully while his companion lightly blew them a kiss.

"Where is William?" bawled Mr. Kirkland.

"Upstairs in bed, papa," Diana answered.

At this moment a catastrophe occurred, for the peddler, unmindful of the tent, passed slowly under the springing branch of a maple. This caught the ridgepole, which fell with a clatter and billowing of canvas, when there came from beneath an upheaval accompanied by smothered cries and a volley of strong speech. Then appeared the late suspect, who descended the ladder rubbing his head.

"My word," said he, "but that's a nice way to rouse out a man who hasn't had a decent nap for a fortnight!"

They were haled into the breakfast room, where the grinning Chang, who invariably managed to keep one jump ahead of any service required, was already setting the table and, like the magician he was, juggling from some invisible source a supply of smoking-hot sausages and eggs and kippers and coffee and rolls and muffins.

Midst roars of Homeric laughter the story of the night's adventure was narrated by the peddler, and when it was all over Mr. Kirkland swabbed his eyes and took his daughter in his arms.

"Bed for yours, my chicken," said he. "Don, see that a berth is ready for Mr. Clamp."

"John Henry," corrected William. "What's the rest of it, old top?"

"Oh, never mind the rest," said the peddler, and yawned.

"Where are you off to, William?" James asked.

"I'm off to look at my murdered double, then I'll freshen up a bit and run over to break the joyful news to the marquise and Gwen."

"But it's only six o'clock. They'll all be asleep."

"Then they can jolly well wake up," said William. "It isn't every day that a girl gets officially engaged, and a distinguished guest learns that she is still in possession of a supposedly stolen diamond worth the ransom of a munitions worker."

xx

MR. KIRKLAND pushed himself back from the table and lighted a cigar.

"Look here, Clamp!" said he. "Aside from being a darned efficient peddler and jack-of-all-trades, what the deuce else are you anyhow? You look like a thoroughbred and talk like a highbrow."

"In the arts of peace, sir," replied the peddler, "I am general superintendent of the Dorsey Iron Works and Shipyards in South Brooklyn, over against the Island of Manhattan. My father, Silas P. Dorsey, is the proprietor. Yon sky-blue joy-wagon is an ex-army truck that I bought at a bargain, when sent to the yard, where I caused to be erected on its chassis a fair frame house, my store and happy rolling home."

"Then how the deuce did you get mixed up in this thing?"

"Owing to the war, sir. As soon as we got into it I was given the commission of lieutenant in the United States Navy and sent to France, where I was detached for service in the O. N. I. In Paris I saw a good deal of the Baron Isidor de Rosenthal, an old friend and client of my father, who had built several ships to his order. Previous to the war I had done some work for the United States Federal Secret Service in the matter of suppressing certain efforts to burn up the water front in and about the port of New York, and my methods being known to the baron, he asked me as a particular and I may add highly paid favor to himself that I undertake this little job, which I have managed so brilliantly to bungle."

"Bungle nothing!" snorted Mr. Kirkland.

"You are very kind, sir, but the fact remains that I've made a shocking mess of it. The three principal criminals are still very much hand and foot loose and not subject to arrest and indictment, while I am convinced that the two understrappers we have captured could not be made to turn state's evidence if given the thirty-third degree.

"The whole affair, sir, would be a matter of regret and mortification to me were it not for a certain bonus for which I propose to file a claim which, if approved, will make this trifling loot and the Sultana itself look like a binful of junk. Of course the rape of the Sultana was never in any question, but even had it been I should have felt the same.

"You may remember, sir, the words of Solomon, who must have been an authority, as he had so many of them."

Mr. Kirkland's eyes twinkled.

"Rubies, I believe ——"

"No, sir; Sultanas."

Mr. Kirkland leaned back in his chair, brought the tips of his fingers together and assumed a judicial expression. Once or twice he glanced at the crimsoning Diana, who was evidently at a loss as to how she could take the presumptuous tentative of the peddler. The Kirkland brothers, nervously scenting a romantic situation, faded away to the outer regions like dogs at the sight of a scrubbing brush and a cake of soap in the hands of their keeper.

Mr. Kirkland looked again at the peddler. He squared his shoulders, drew down his vest and assumed generally an air of magisterial dignity.

"If you will pardon me for saying so," said he, "your preamble, if such, is as usual difficult for the mind of a practical man to follow. In other words, what the deuce are you driving at?"

The peddler rose and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "I have the honor to ask in marriage the hand of your daughter Diana."

Whether the vasomotor disturbance of Diana's face was due to resentment or maiden modesty she couldn't herself have told; in fact, her state of mind at that moment was similar to what one might think should be the mental equilibrium of an aviator caught in a sudden and unexpected cyclonic squall, whirled and spun about, dropping in vortices, side slipping and head spinning, knowing that the high air was a most unstable medium at that moment, yet not seeing just how he was going to get his feet on solid earth.

Mr. Kirkland on the contrary was put completely at his ease. Heretofore the similes and philosophic metaphors of the peddler had never failed to bewilder his cerebral functions and to make him feel as though his brain were being subjected to the application of an eggbeater. But now there was something tangible to which he might lay hold.

"This, sir," said he, "is the first time in our brief acquaintance that I have known you to make yourself quite clear. You have put this family under a very deep and lasting obligation, first in saving the lives of two of my children, and now in clearing our name from the insinuations of malicious tongues. As a young man of marked intelligence and ability I am bound to admit your merits, while as to your habits, your own appearance is the best guaranty of them. Ahem! You say your father owns this shipyard?"

"He does, sir, with no encumbrances. It was already a big concern before the war, and its operations have now been almost tripled."

"In that case," said Mr. Kirkland benignantly, "I see no reason for withholding my consent to your request, provided of course that my daughter has no doubt of her own mind in the matter. Has she?"

"I do not know, sir. I have not yet asked her."

Diana felt and rather looked as if about to suffocate. The rose peonies blooming at the side of the veranda could not have rivaled the depth and richness of her tint. Mr. Kirkland's eyes twinkled more than ever.

"In that case, sir," said he, "I shall retire and you can ask her."

He rose with dignity, exchanged bows with the peddler and withdrew, thoughtfully letting fall the curtains behind him.

The peddler turned to Diana, who for the first time saw the whole of his strong and tender nature glowing from a pair of eyes from which the smoke screen had been whipped away.

"Will you marry me, darling girl?" he asked.

"Will I?" cried Diana rapturously. "Oh, my—my—peddler!"

And she flung herself ecstatically into his efficient arms.

Under the flaming foliage of the f autumnal frost a large and freshly pain sky-blue bus went rolling down the wind road.

It was no stranger in the region, those accustomed to the astonishing c cussions which its passage had habitu struck the surrounding landscape r found something lacking in its stat progress.

For there was no noise, whether of ra fire from its stern or clatter of ill-adjus cogs or thump of heavy pistons or slam-banging of various paraphernalia posed for sale upon its vast expanse of s No longer did plowshares clash on anc or heavy tackles vie with churns and d pans in beating the long roll as it roc along. The small windows were ne curtained and from long window bo bloomed geraniums and trailing vines. proceeded on its stately way with announcement than a flivver of a bellum vintage.

But if these were lacking, then were t replaced by certain other novel accesso foreign to its type. Gay streamers garlands fluttered from the stanchion its hurricane deck and there was pend a varied assortment of ladies' footw which was not for sale. Enough rice co have been swept up, alow and aloft, tide a Chinese family through a perio famine.

Inside were all such conveniences could be reasonably required by the ne wed, each feature of which was of aching newness. This snug cabin, tho presenting certain aspects of the camp, spotless as that of a Dutch canal boat, possessed in concentrated volume all comforts of a home. It seemed a pit fact that its service was destined to b short and its travels for the immed present limited to the narrow confine three states.

On the driver's seat were two very ha individuals and a small dog which wo have been also elate but for the embarr ing adornment of a large white satin b long enough to tickle, too short to loose even with a muzzle drawn out damning dachshund corpuscles. Observ his annoyance the master pulled out bow, loosed the knot, slipped off the bon, took his small companion by after end and lowered him gently overs where after a bark of acknowledgment spun along abreast like a mechanical trotting in front, galloping behind.

The peddler wore his classic costum Breton sailor's béret and spotless b denim working suit, there being alw work in sight for the caravaner, particul when on his wedding tour.

The blushing bride was consistently charmingly arrayed in a white-serge sa suit, there being much about the van, handling and equipment to suggest cruising yacht. The most captious cr chronic hypochondriac or bitter misc nist who had seen her sitting there, hand resting on the steering wheel, other in a perfectly safe resting place, lips slightly parted, violet eyes misty deep gazing dreamily at the endless o road, would have been willing to ad that no brave captain ever embarked f any port for unknown seas with a t and fairer mate.

The big van rolled round the first t ing, when the sound of song and laug died away. The strains of music g faint and sweet with distance, and so t trundled out of this and into another longer and sweeter story.

(THE END)

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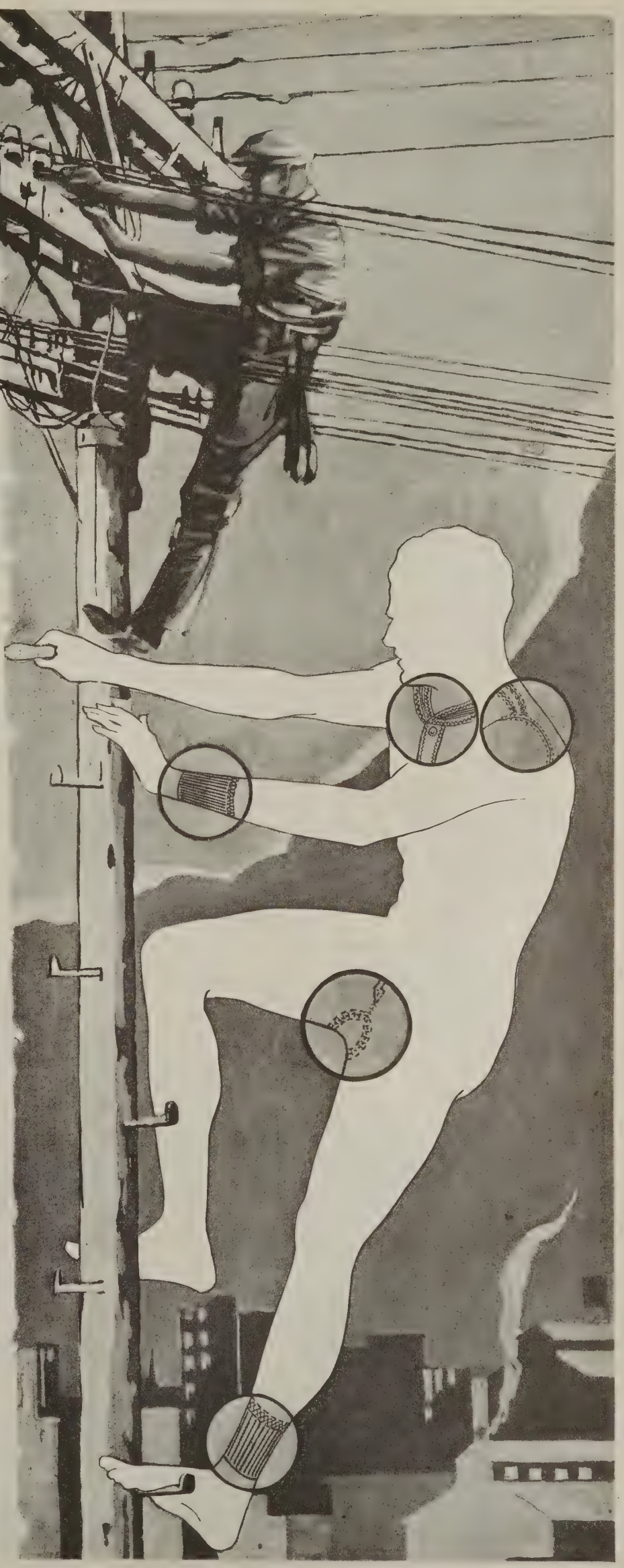

WHY COMPETING RAILROADS?

(Continued from Page 6)

Western lines heard of it—almost simultaneously the energetic young traveling representatives of those roads started for the city where the prospect lived. Eighteen of them came into town upon the same morning. They bought dinners and cigars for the local agent of the line upon which the man would be likely to begin his journey, until the agent was surfeited and could eat and smoke no more. And all for six one-way tickets, whose total cost would run only a little more than $500. The expenses of the eighteen solicitors could hardly have been encompassed within that sum. No wonder that operating folk in the old days used to grow discouraged.

Here then was competition; competition, if you wish to call it so, in one of its most sinister aspects; and after all was said and done, competition that did not compete. I have told you already of the gentlemen's agreements by which so-called competing roads informed one another of their decisions to place new trains in service between the competing points in which all were interested. I might tell in detail of some of the agreements that some of our railroads, big and little, used to make among themselves in regard to these trains; how their leaving and arrival and running times as well as service and equipment were carefully equalized and synchronized. Competition indeed! The very number of city ticket offices in New York and other metropolitan communities was regulated by agreement. And agreements went still further. The Pennsylvania Railroad had, and still has, a line from New York to Buffalo by way of Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Williamsport. Yet though it energetically sought traffic from Philadelphia and Washington and intermediate points to Buffalo, it maintained neither through service nor direct ticketing arrangements between this last point and New York; in exchange for which the New York Central, though possessing a through line from New York to Pittsburgh by way of Albany and Buffalo, ran no through cars between the two cities and sought no traffic between them; just as the Erie in consideration of receiving all the through-passenger traffic of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie—the Vanderbilt entrant into Pittsburgh—between that city and Chicago, despite the fact that the Vanderbilts have a complete and fairly direct trackage of their own between the two cities, in return turned over all the traffic originating upon its line to the P. & L. E.

A Fatal Weakness

There have been many of these gentlemen's agreements—in both the freight and the passenger service. Perhaps they are but the natural outcome of highly developed competition, not in the least illogical but the most logical of results. For competition, in its very highest modern form, in other businesses than the railroad business seems paradoxically to abolish itself. Which may be translated as one of its supreme weaknesses, for how can a thing which in the long run tends to destroy itself be rated as fundamentally sound or strong?

So it is in the railroad business, for granted that the roads may even return to the old condition of things—or at least something that approximates the old condition of things—that railroad labor may not only be subdued or mollified but brought back to something of the degree of loyalty and enthusiasm and efficiency that it possessed, say, twelve or fifteen years ago; that rates may be placed in such a state of equity with outgo as not alone to pay fairly for the operation of the roads but to return a decent margin of profit to the honest dollars that have been invested in them; what is, after all, to be gained by a return even to the form of the competitive system in railroading?

"Service," the old-time railroader will reply, and immediately will return to a discussion of the fine trains we have been considering. But we have shown how little such competing trains really compete. And the old railroader will wonder why noncompetitive railroading cannot supply equally fine trains. The Merchants' Limited and the Knickerbocker, between New York and Boston, are both noncompetitive, and are second to none among American trains."

The Man Who Taught Mellen

"Courtesy," continues the old-timer. "The finesse of American railroad operation; the courtesy of the individual employee, the quality of the meals in the dining car; the upkeep of the road—these are the things that make discriminating travelers choose between roads. And the fact forever remains that the road that gains a popularity for travelers seems to gain and hold a popularity for the haulage of their freight. That's service. And service counts."

Take the noncompetitive New Haven again—consider it in the capable and honest management which preceded the days when it became the plaything of Wall Street. It was then an extremely well-operated road and it took pains to give good service even on its inconspicuous side lines. It had good tracks, swift trains and excellent stations on practically all its routes. When it found a good town, like Waterbury, for instance, well off its main line, it took pains to divert some of its through New York-Boston expresses so that they would pass through it. It ran its own parlor car and sleeping car services and ran them very well indeed—there never have been more comfortable or reasonable night accommodations between two American towns than the old New Haven used to give in its all-stateroom cars between Boston and New York—a fine double brass bedstead for each room and the charge only five dollars for the night's rest. And as far as dining-room service was concerned the New Haven's dollar meals were famed over a district far greater than that of New England itself. And the road's employees were known for their courtesy.

The line wasted no money in traffic solicitation, but spent the money which it saved in this way in the service itself, to the eternal benefit of its patrons. And the reflex benefit to the road, which if it had kept out of high finance and trolley roads and gas companies, and the like, would still be to-day one of the railroad giants of America, is not easily estimated. For the basic plan upon which the road operated was, in my opinion, fundamentally right. And when one Charles S. Mellen tried to extend that plan, which had worked so successfully in two states, to the rest of New England, I still believe that he was fundamentally right. The trouble rested in the methods by which he sought to attain his purpose.

"I want to make New England—the great workshop of America—a great terminal yard for all the railroads of the rest of the land," he said. And at once he sought to put his theory into effect by bringing two of the three large systems in that territory outside of New Haven into consolidation with it. These were the Boston and Maine—itself a creature of many consolidations—and the Maine Central, which rested to the north of it. The Boston and Albany was another important New England road. This property, however, which was leased to the Vanderbilts, and which had become in effect a branch of the New York Central, leading from Albany to Boston, could hardly be brought into the consolidation. However, it was not absolutely necessary to the Mellen scheme. The Rutland was a much smaller road, yet as an important link of a New York-Montreal through line Mellen desired it. And he succeeded in getting the Vanderbilts to consent to give it to him in exchange for the Ontario and Western, a New Haven coal property which with some of its line invaded the very heart of New York Central territory.

This exchange was blocked, however, by the Public Service Commission of the state of New York, which held some rather outraged feelings on the subject.

Only one New England road remained recalcitrant to the Mellen scheme—the Central Vermont, which was held and operated by the Grand Trunk. That property in the day when Mellen was trying to put his big plan through was headed by an upstanding man, a fighting man with vision in his soul and red blood in his veins.

I am referring to the late Charles M. Hays, the man who staggered the Canadian imagination by refusing in the same day a directorship in the Bank of Montreal and a knighthood from the king of England. In Hays, Mellen met his match. For when he threatened Hays, as he had threatened many and many another railroader and forced him back, the man from Montreal stood his ground and threatened back. He promised a genuine competition with the New Haven, which already had fallen sadly from its former high estate and roused New England as it had not been roused since the days of abolition.

Promise of Efficiency

Then for a time fortune seemed to favor Mellen. Hays went down with the Titanic and with him died his giant plans. Yet in the long run Mellen's plans died too. New Haven came to the edge of bankruptcy. It was forced to disgorge Boston and Maine. From a position of almost imperial strength it descended to husks.

Its morale disappeared, its service went to pieces. It was but a shadow of its former great self. And Mellen slipped out of the picture.

If I have drifted into railroad history for a moment it has been because of my firm belief that if the Mellen plan had been properly and honestly brought into the fullness of its being New England would perhaps be to-day enjoying the best railroad service in all the land instead of almost worst. To begin with, it would be effic because of its simplicity. With no m trains than were moved on the several ferent roads between Chicago and St. L in the prewar days the New Haven r gave New York and Boston an infinit better through service. Because of competitive situation, of the necessity the competitive trains of four or five ferent roads to make the same connecti in the big St. Louis Union Station, seventeen or eighteen through trains tween the two Middle West towns w bunched into three or four groups. Th were trains at nine o'clock in the morni at noon, at nine o'clock in the evening at midnight, and few between; wher nineteen or twenty trains between New Y and Boston were so spaced as to give a tr practically each hour that a traveler apt to desire one. He could hardly ge the Grand Central or the South Statio any time of day or evening and not fin train departing for the other station wit the next sixty minutes.

Nationalization

Suppose for the sake of an argument t we were to project this noncompetit railroad idea across the country. In preceding article we grouped the import lines of the nation into sixteen or seven big competitive systems, broken into t great groups by the Mississippi River a serving the larger cities of the land. tween New York and Chicago we allow four of these systems and worked ou similar proportion the rest of the way acr the country, New England remaining only really unsolved problem.

But now we are going to abandon alm entirely the competitive idea. We are go to begin in good faith a genuine nationali tion of our railroads.

"Oh, I know," you interrupt; "a sin big national railroad—running all the w from New York to San Francisco, conne ing the two Portlands, linking up El Pa and the Soo and Butte and New Orlea A single really big national road."

Not quite so fast, if you please. The ve bigness of such a road might easily defe its success. We have had an eighte months' experiment of trying to run 29 railroads—some 275,000 miles of tra age—and the experiment has been no ov whelming success. Suppose we tackle t big meal in easier bites; see how Standa Oil, or better still, a big privately owned a operated utility like the Bell Telepho handles an operating problem of natio magnitude. Each of these successfully o erated institutions has divided the nati into twelve or fourteen great states. I deed, it is entirely probable that if c country were receiving new political di sions to-day it would be divided quite lo cally and naturally into twelve to fourte or fifteen great states—most of them as lar as California or even Texas. States su as Delaware and Rhode Island are anomali indeed. Their sole excuse for being was t absence of anything like adequate comm nication facilities when first they came in existence. It was necessary to have go ernment within reasonably easy reach the folk who were to be governed. To-da a legislator can go from Los Angeles

(Continued on Page 118)

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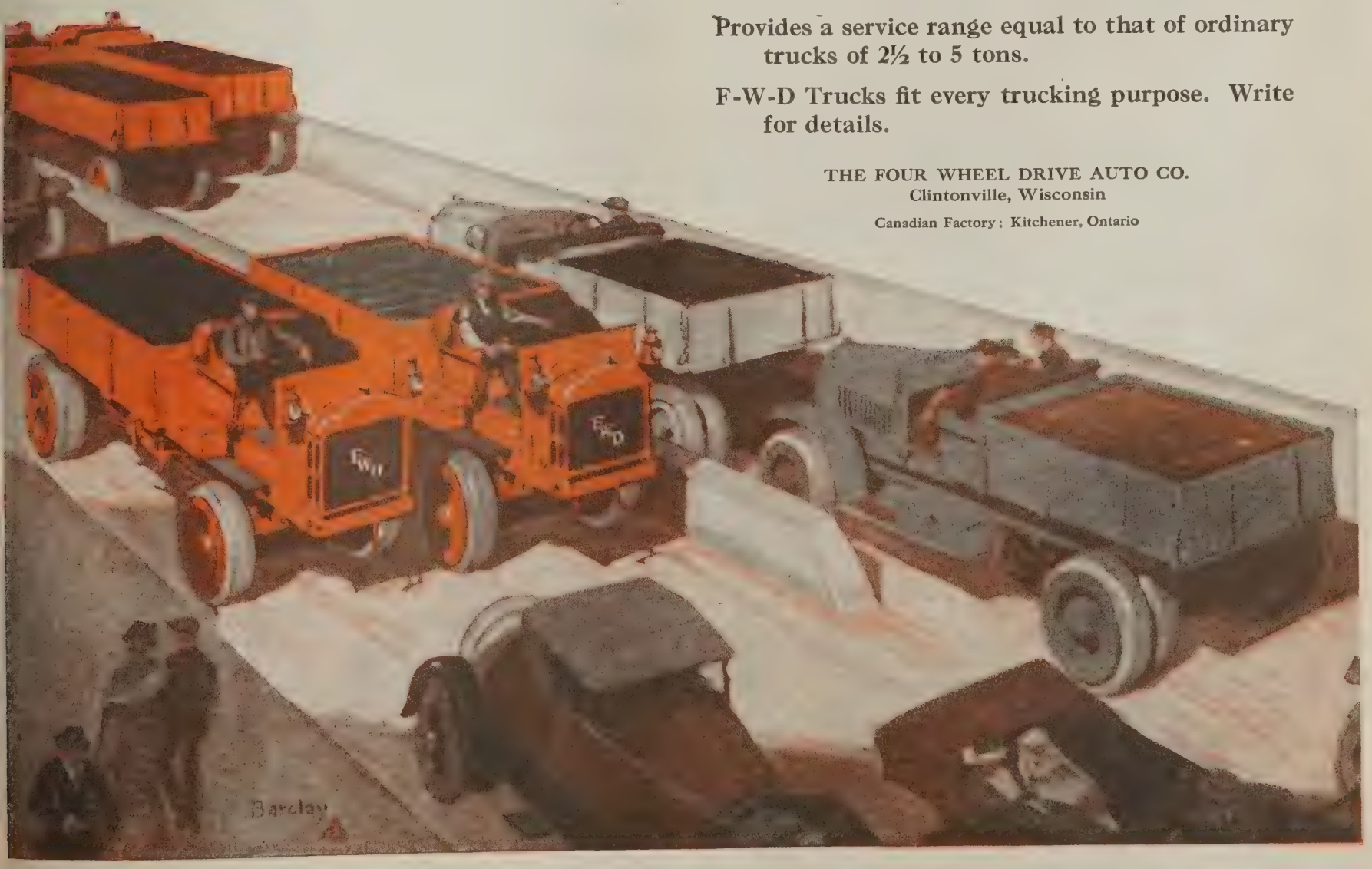

(Continued from Page 116)

Sacramento nearly as easily and as quickly as his forbear went from Putnam, Connecticut, down to Hartford.

So it goes with the railroad. Let us have, say, twelve railroad states within these United States; for simplicity in nomenclature we shall call these the regional railroads. By singular coincidence we find that the banking control of the nation—the Federal Reserve Banking system—similarly falls into twelve great regions, each equipped with its own distinct and autonomous banks. So would these twelve regional railroads be distinct and autonomous.

If you persist in asking why not a single great railroad instead of twelve, I shall persist in calling your attention to the failure of the United States Railroad Administration properly to understand and meet the transportation needs of a fairly well populated nation whose breadth is more than 3000 miles and whose length is more than 1500. And I shall remind you that one of the wisest moves that the master railroader, Harriman, ever made was when he created five separate presidencies for his properties: one each at Portland, at San Francisco, at Tucson, at Houston and at Omaha—and gave sweeping powers of autonomy to each of these presidents. One of the damning counts in the indictment against the private operation of our roads has been that of absentee landlordism—the control of roads in one part of the country by men in another and far-distant part—men who were completely out of touch and sympathy with the section of the land that they were supposed to be serving. A shipper in Fresno, California, with a grievance does not wish to proceed either to Wall Street or to Washington for justice. San Francisco, however, would be reasonable, and so far more to his liking.

Grant me then, if you please, the twelve regional railroads, and lend me your ear as I give you a rough idea of their location. New England becomes the first of these regions. The Mellen plan finally comes into its own—honestly conceived and administered—and the New England lines not only take in the roads which he held or coveted—the New Haven, the Boston and Maine, the Maine Central and the Rutland—but also the Boston and Albany, the Bangor and Aroostook and the Central Vermont. The only outside roads that then would remain in the New England territory would be the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk up in Maine; and these, for international reasons, would best remain undisturbed.

Other Regional Roads

The New England lines would touch two other of the regional roads—the New York lines, at Albany, Troy and some lesser points, and the Pennsylvania at New York and perhaps one or two other places. The New York lines in such a scheme would be built up chiefly of the present New York Central and its side lines as they lie east of Buffalo and Niagara Falls; of the Erie, east of Salamanca or Jamestown; of the Lehigh Valley; of the Lackawanna; of the Delaware and Hudson; the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh and two or three smaller properties. Similarly the Pennsylvania would consist of the road of that name as it to-day exists east of Pittsburgh and Wheeling; of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Chesapeake and Ohio east of the Ohio River; the Western Maryland; the Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The Southeastern lines adjoin this system and stretch from Washington down across Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia to Birmingham and Mobile; and also from the Ohio on the north through to the white rim of the Gulf of Mexico. They do not quite reach New Orleans, for the roads in Mississippi and Louisiana together with some lines in Arkansas and the retention even of the main stem of the present Illinois Central as a feeder into the important railroad center of Chicago become the Mississippi Valley lines—a system of no small importance.

It is a fascinating business, this railroad building on paper. As if by magic the Texas lines appear, with their eastern termini at Beaumont, at Shreveport and at Texarkana. At their westernmost point, El Paso, they touch and connect with the California lines, which include the rest of the Southern Pacific system up to the Oregon state line, the Western Pacific, the Santa Fe west of Albuquerque, the San Pedro road, the El Paso and Southwestern and some smaller properties. The California lines in turn connect with those of the Puget Sound west of Fargo and Mobridge and Pocatello—by themselves an important group of roads. Now we are indeed swinging round the rim of the country. East of the Puget Sound lines are the Northwestern—another glorious name of old-time railroading perpetuated far into the future. From the Northwestern Station in Chicago this huge system moves quite logically to the north and west. It consists in the main of the present Northwestern, the Milwaukee, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific east of the Missouri River, and portions of the Burlington.

Now we have allocated nine out of our twelve regional railroads. The remaining three are not hard to find. The Colorado lines easily take the entire main stem of the Union Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Colorado and Southern and a goodly portion of the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island systems. It might further be arranged to have its Union Pacific main line effect a direct entrance into the city of Chicago over the present east-and-west route of the Illinois Central connecting that city and Omaha. That, however, would hardly be advisable. It would seem to be far preferable to have the Colorado lines stand at the west edge of the Missouri River in the same fine and impartial way that the Union Pacific to-day stands at Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The Rest of the Dozen

The Great Midland—we will borrow the fictional name from earlier paragraphs of this yarn—might consist of the Santa Fe, with the exception of its line west of Albuquerque, which already we have lopped off and presented to the California lines; lines of the Burlington, the Milwaukee, the Chicago and Alton and the Rock Island to Kansas City and beyond, both direct and by way of St. Louis.

One system remains—the great territory sometimes jocularly and sometimes tragically referred to by traffic men as "the swamp," lying north of the Ohio River and between Buffalo, Salamanca, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Great Central lines would make a good name for these. They round out the even dozen of our regional railroads.

I have tried not to be arbitrary in laying out these systems or their boundaries, but to follow certain rather natural lines of division—either of great rivers or of older railroad companies—and as far as possible to avoid disturbance of natural currents of traffic. To a degree our regional systems still compete. For, for the reasons just given, their edges are interlaced and dovetailed rather than clean-cut, like the boundaries of a political state. But competition is brought to a minimum. And a vast simplicity immediately is attained. Traffic-solicitation expense is not only practically eliminated—really helpful information bureaus being substituted for expensive solicitation offices—but great economies are effected in actual operation. Superfluous trains cease to be. Either they are used to reduce the headway spacings between the larger communities of the present competitive district or else their equipment is used for a bettered service on noncompetitive branches. In either case the patron benefits.

Take the question of terminals. I know of one town of not more than 8000 population where to-day three separate and supposedly competing railroads still maintain three separate passenger stations—each small, dirty and undermanned. One decent station properly manned would not only serve all these three roads, and serve them well, but would also give great operating economies. There are, all the way across the land, many hundreds of towns where a similar situation exists, nearly if not equally as bad.

As for the big cities, it does not take a very vivid imagination to see in the adoption of a noncompetitive railroad plan the easy way to abandon the very expensive and awkwardly planned new Union Station in Chicago, work upon which has as yet barely begun. With the regional plan in effect lines coming into that city from the east and southeast, together with that far-reaching main stem of the Mississippi Valley lines, which we saw but a moment ago, could share the new station already planned upon the lake-front site of the present Illinois Central terminal; the lines up from the southwest would quite naturally use the La Salle Street Station and those from the northwest the fine new station of the Northwestern, which readily could be enlarged if need be for the necessities of suburban traffic. In this way three existing stations could be abandoned, without the slightest inconvenience to the traveler.

On the contrary, every move that is made toward union-station facilities is just so much greater a convenience for the traveler. Of course in a city with as vast a railroad traffic as that of Chicago a single union station is quite out of the question. The great Union Station in St. Louis and the South Station in Boston have quite reached the maximum limits of practicability; in fact, some folks who have had to handle baggage within their great reaches are quite sure that they have passed those limits.

Boston is another good illustration of what might be accomplished by unifying terminals—an economy that is hardly possible between genuinely competing railroads. A large proportion of the long-distance traffic that comes to her two great city portals, the South Station and the North Station, is through traffic—passengers bound from points south of the gilded dome of the State House to points well to the north of it or the reverse. For these the accommodations are wretchedly inadequate; a very poor taxicab service, an occasional trolley car and a shuttle upon the elevated railroad are the only connections.

Suppose, if you will, however, that a tunnel were to be dug for the mile that lies between the two great railroad terminals, and that each was transformed from being, as at present, a dead-end station into a through one, so that trains coming into the South Station from the south and west—from the lines of the present New Haven and Boston and Albany systems—and stopping there, would pass through the tunnel, and after a stop at the North Station would continue on to points north of Boston. In a similar fashion the trains in on the present Boston and Maine, instead of making their final stop at the North Station would proceed through the new tunnel, would stop again at the South Station, and then continue on to a suitable point south of the congested sections of the city.

When one comes to realize that almost half the work of a dead-end station in America is either placing empty trains in position for their outbound load or else in pulling out trains that have arrived and been emptied, he can begin to gain a faint idea of the money saving that such a tunnel connection in Boston would give. Of course, it might be neither practicable nor wise to operate all the trains that now enter either of the two big stations—particularly in the rush-hour service—through to the other. Unfortunately much of our railroad service is not well balanced. This is particularly true in the case of the so-called commuter business, which flows in in a great morning tide and out each evening in a vast ebb. For this service the present head houses and their dead-end tracks might easily be retained. The through tracks at tunnel level would in almost any conceivable event lie well below these and their platforms would be reached by ramps and escalators.

Wasted Space

It goes without saying that terminal arrangements such as these would predicate the use of electricity as a railroad motive power in the Boston metropolitan district. Steam locomotives in tunnels are neither safe, pleasant nor sanitary. Yet I do not imagine that Bostonians, who have had in recent years to put up with much that was unpleasant in their suburban service, would object to such a change. And just because Boston has lagged in the electrification of her terminal districts is no reason why she should continue to do so.

She has in the very heart of her fashionable Back Bay a striking illustration of what electricity might do and as yet has not done. A great open space along Boylston Street, within a stone's throw of the ultra smartness of Copley Square, has been wasted these many years in a black-breasted, smoky storage yard of the Boston and Albany Railroad. And this despite the fact that the lessee of that very road, the New York Central, has in a very similar location, in the heart of the city of New York, brought to a successful fruition the most remarkable passenger terminal in the world—the Grand Central Terminal; remarkable not alone from the fact that the substitution of electricity for steam as a motive power has enabled the building of a two-level station, with a consequent saving of practically 50% of ground area, but that it has given back to New York eighteen or twenty city blocks in a territory where realty commands topnotch figures. Nor is this all. By wise planning and a streak of genuine vision the New York Central has not only developed this reclaimed tract over and above its new, silent, smokeless terminal yards, perhaps the best bit of city planning in all America, but has made the ground rentals for the superb great buildings that stand upon these restored city blocks pay not only the overhead charges but a goodly portion of the operating costs of its terminal. So much can railroad vision do when it really has the opportunity.

So it is that a similar reclamation of the black blot on the heart of Boston ought to pay and pay well toward the electrification of her terminal system.

"Why hasn't it been done before now?" you ask.

I cannot answer that question. I might quite as readily turn round and ask you why it is that steam-railroad trains still operate within sound of the roar of Niagara Falls—the marvelously cheap and abundant power that lights the houses and runs the trolley cars of Toronto, 90 miles away, and Syracuse, 150 miles. Once upon a time, it was a little more than twenty years ago, a cub reporter in a town not 250 miles away from those falls went to the big-hearted and big-minded general superintendent of a large railroad that ran not far distant from them and asked him why he did not begin installing electric power upon his railroad. It had several auxiliary or branch lines that ran in a generally parallel direction to its big main line and these threaded prosperous and well-populated districts, fat farms and good and growing industrial towns. These side lines seemed to offer the best of opportunities for electric installation.

The Cub Reporter's Story

"Why should we?" asked the general superintendent in return. "We are doing pretty well as it is with these branches under steam operation. And running an electric railroad isn't our sort of business."

The cub reporter argued. He had no business to, yet he enjoyed that sort of thing. Suppose, he insisted, that those same branch lines should wake some day to find themselves paralleled by electric interurbans—it was still in that day when electric interurbans were new and popular.

"It isn't likely, son," was the placid reply of that general superintendent; "and when that day comes we will meet it. You see," he repeated, "running an electric railroad isn't our sort of business."

The cub reporter had to live less than a dozen years to see every blessed one of those prosperous side lines paralleled by the trolleys and by them reduced to a condition approaching beggary, and the big steam road had to go into the open market and buy those parallel competitors—at a top figure, for it still was in the day before the electric railroad's most dangerous competitor, the automobile, had come into universal use. By a comparatively light expenditure and a little use of the precious quality of vision it might have easily electrified its side lines, made them feed its big main line, and completely forestalled a competition that was all but ruinous to all parties concerned. Competition indeed!

I have reported this situation accurately. I can vouch for the details of the conversation with the fine old general superintendent, for I was the cub reporter who went to see him, and who afterward reported the appeals to a state regulatory commission of the road that employed him for rate assistance to help it bear the burden of those beggared side lines and their waterlogged paralleling electric competitors which it had been compelled to absorb.

Baltimore, under the abolition of competition, has terminal economies quite as interesting as those of Boston. It would to-day be quite as feasible to bring the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio into the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in that city as it was in New York—save for one thing. These two roads are in many respects genuine competitors. The Pennsylvania does not want the B. & O. in its station in Baltimore any more than it really wanted it in New York, where that

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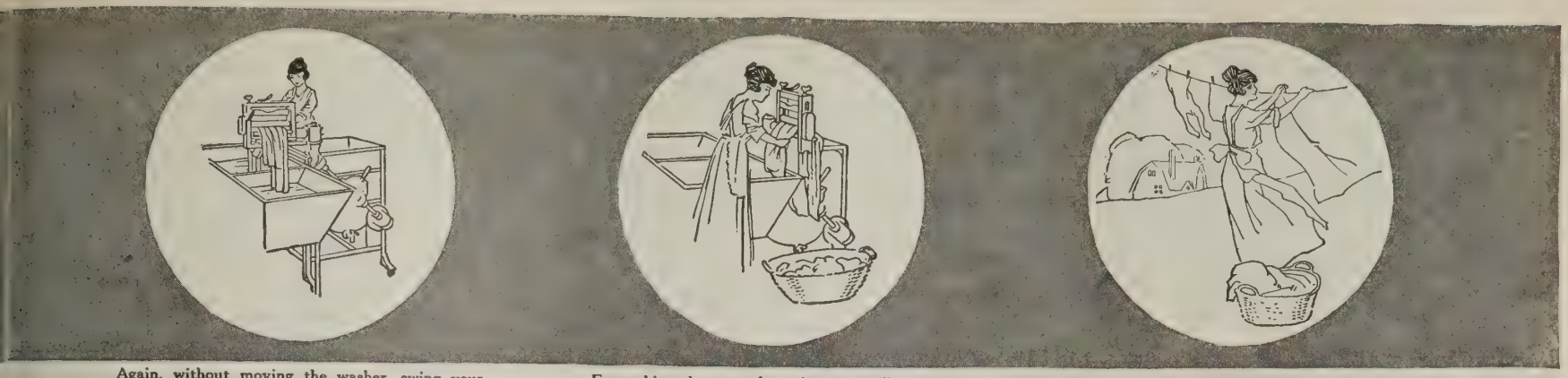

Again, without moving the washer, swing your wringer to the third position and wring the things into the bluing water or second rinse water. The cost of operating an Eden is so slight that it can't be noticed on the electric bill.

From this tub move the wringer to still another position and send your clothes through the rollers into the wicker basket: while you are hanging out this batch of clothes, the Eden will be washing another—this feature of doing two things at once cuts down the time of washing.

What pride and satisfaction to see your spotless clothes and linens—fresh and wholesome—waving on the line! What joy to have an abundance of clean clothing without hard work or worry! Thousands of women are saving themselves and their money every washday by using the Eden. Why not profit yourself by using one next washday?

in your own home before you buy

The test that turns the scale of opinion is the actual test of operation. When we invite you to try out the Eden in your own home on your own washing before you buy, we are putting the Eden on severest trial.

Our confidence that, once having seen what the Eden washer will do for you, you will not be satisfied until you have one in your home, is justified by many thousands of women who have seized the opportunity we give of letting the Eden serve them and save them the cares of washday and the cost of labor and clothes wear.

Because the Eden is built *for* the woman *out* of the woman's need, we feel a sense of moral obligation in its manufacture which demands that we make the Eden an available tool for every housewife.

We have met this obligation by our easy-payment plan by which the Eden pays its own cost out of its own cash savings. The Eden is built to give a lifetime of satisfactory service. Every part is built as well as skill and the best of materials can make it. Every feature is planned with one idea—that of the woman's greatest service and convenience.

Years of satisfactory operation have made the Eden the standard among washing machines and have established a confidence among women as an old-time friend.

Its gentle method of dipping clothes up and down just as you do your finest things in a bowl of suds gives linens and clothing four or five times the length of wear as with the destructive rub of the washboard—whether it be a sheer bit of lace or a heavy woolen robe, all clothes come out of the Eden spotlessly clean and pure.

The speed with which the Eden does the labor of washing reduces the washday by many hours, giving the woman freedom for pleasanter and more profitable things.

The easiest and surest way of finding out what the Eden will actually do for *you* is to accept our offer of a free trial on your own washing in your own home. This test will neither cost you a cent nor will it obligate you to buy. In fairness to your own good judgment, you should by all means try the Eden at our expense and learn of this easy-payment plan by which you can pay for your Eden as you did for your Liberty Bonds, and by that same thrift earn freedom from washday drudgery.

Sold by only the best merchants everywhere

Brokaw-Eden Company **New York City**

St. Louis San Francisco Denver

Eden

Send This Coupon

to our nearest Brokaw-Eden branch and we will arrange to send an Eden Washer to your home with someone to show you the ease and efficiency with which it works, and to explain how and why it pays its own cost out of its own cash savings.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Without cost or obligation to me, please arrange for a free trial of the Eden Electric Washing and Wringing Machine in my own home on my own washing.

My washday is on_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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noncompetitive step was accomplished not long ago, to the great comfort of travelers. And as far as the very necessary electrification of the Pennsylvania tunnels in and under Baltimore is concerned the wonder is that this was not accomplished long ago. For it is nearly a quarter of a century since the B. & O. in that very city, with its equally long tunnels, accomplished the first successful standard steam-railroad electrification and has stuck by it ever since. As to why the Pennsylvania—unusually progressive and successful in its terminal electric installations in New York and in Philadelphia—has balked in Baltimore remains another of the unanswered questions.

There is hardly room in the ramifications of a single article to tell of similar consolidations and terminal economies to be effected in New York, in Cleveland, in Cincinnati, in Buffalo, in Detroit, and in many and many another town. Nor have we even touched upon the problem of the freight terminals, quite as big as the passenger ones, if not bigger. Improvements in these have come all too slowly. Yet the opportunity is large indeed. The field of development by which freight terminals are combined with and made integral parts of huge steel-and-concrete warehouses and industrial loft buildings for the housing of a multitude of small industries has barely been touched upon—in Newark, New Jersey, and one or two other cities.

The railroad here in America has not even begun to touch the possibilities of the motor truck.

An interesting form of use of this vehicle of transportation—so tremendous in its potentialities as a feeder for the railroad—was put into effect with great success at the Big Four freight houses in Cincinnati a short time before the railroads went under government control. A very modest fleet of two motor-truck chassis and ten or eleven bodies was ordered. The bodies were distributed and filled at various branch receiving stations of the road in and about the big town. In due time and according to a fixed schedule they were loaded upon one or the other of the two truck chassis and so brought down to the main freight station, where they were unloaded and their freight transferred to through cars bound out in all directions.

Motor Possibilities

In other days this work was performed slowly and clumsily and very expensively by a steam switch engine and crew. Box cars were set out at each of the branch stations and the engine in turn brought them, rarely more than a quarter filled with their less-than-carload stuff, down to the main station. It was an extravagant business. And none realized that more than the railroaders, as soon as the motor-truck scheme had been given a fair trial.

Let me repeat: Our railroads have not even begun to touch the possibilities of the motor truck. They have seen this newest vehicle of commerce come and blindly have refused to read the lesson that it teaches; the expansion of the freight house up and down every highroad that leads to or from it, until each manufacturer's shipping room is in truth a tentacle of the railroad freight service. They have watched these motor trucks go lumbering up and down the country highways and not realized that any and every one of these might also become in truth a branch line of the railroad, without any expensive initial investment for right of way or grading or bridges or rails. Such a branch line if it refused to pay its way could quickly and easily be relinquished. It is not easy or profitable to tear up track once laid, which is the reason for the continued existence of a good many branch-line railroads to-day.

Nor has the average railroad in this country begun to see the possibilities of the motor bus, not as a competitor but as a feeder to its passenger service. Over in England the Great Western and some other railways long ago developed the *char-à-bancs* and other forms of gasoline propelled busses upon the highways as first-class adjuncts to their steam service upon their rails. This country has vastly more such opportunities than England. There seems to be no good reason why the Boston and Maine should not own and operate motor-bus routes into the White Mountains; the Delaware and Hudson into the Adirondacks, and the Burlington and the Denver and Rio Grande into the Rockies. One can easily imagine the joy with which the traveler not fortunate enough to own a motor car would find in North Station, Boston, a round-trip ticket, which would carry him by rail to Woodstock, New Hampshire, and then by a neat *char-à bancs*, with Boston and Maine gilt-lettered upon its green sides, to Bethlehem or North Conway, where he could resume his rail journey home again.

Our ticket possibilities in this land are limited indeed. Upon the adoption of its uniform three-cent fare the United States Railroad Administration placed on sale a thousand-mile book. It made the purchase of the book no financial inducement to the traveler, and then wondered why folk did not hasten to purchase it. Compare such a rigid ruling with that of some of the lands overseas which not only make most attractive mileage strip and circular trip offers but which actually sell card tickets, not dissimilar to the complimentary card or term passes of our roads, which are good for practically unlimited travel in the period for which they are valid. The foreign roads seemingly have learned the way to make passenger travel.

An Ingenious Italian Plan

One of the most ingenious of the passenger traffic plans of the Italian state railways is that by which a passenger bound, let us say, from Paris to Rome, may for a very trifling additional fee extend his journey to Naples or some other point beyond. Or, to translate the thing in terms of the United States, a man buying a ticket from Boston or New York or Philadelphia to Chicago could by paying an additional three or five dollars extend his journey to include St. Louis, another dollar would bring in Kansas City, two or three more Denver, and perhaps ten dollars more would bring him to the Pacific Coast points. The Italians sell these tickets not only in the interest of a general stimulation of travel but for the upbuilding of all their communities. It is nationalization in a most practical sort of way. It is the railroad using its best energies toward the better binding of the land together, through wider travel circulation. And if such a policy is necessary in Italy, with her comparatively modest size, how very much more necessary is it in the vastness of these United States, whose very greatest problems lie largely in their overwhelming size?

"Oh, I know," interrupts my political friend who has come in and read these paragraphs as they are already written. "I can see what you are driving at. The old railroad crowd—they're what we call in our game 'singed cats.' They shouldn't go back into control. They have lost both the confidence of the public and the confidence and respect of their employees."

That is hardly fair or true. And assuming that it was, if the old crowd did not go back into control who would? There are none to succeed them. In my preceding article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I showed how the present generation of railroad executives had failed to rear a capable generation to succeed it. And that of itself is another evidence of its lack of vision.

In fact, I am quite sure that the most damning indictment that might rest against the operating executives of our railroads in recent years of private operation is that very lack of vision or of imagination, which lies closely akin to it. And the closer you come to Wall Street control—to the banking control, if you please—the more these qualities were lacking. Here and there in the old days you would find a railroader well removed from Wall Street influence who did a little independent thinking of his own. As a rule that ended it. Original ideas—unless they had the one saving grace of immediate and sure money saving—were not wanted. An original idea that required five or ten or fifteen years for its fulfillment was promptly quashed, while the ambitious operating man who had fathered it went out and sought a job with an industry of progress—electrical, automotive, manufacturing, or the like.

For a dozen years or more before the war the railroads were committed to this policy of retrenchment; and following it closely wondered why their credit did not grow. In my opinion no business ever stands still; it moves either forward or backward. The railroad business seeing no reason or merit in progress moved backward, more and more rapidly, and rapidly became the sick man of American business.

I am quite sure in my own mind that by this time the actual railroad operators of the land must have had their minds opened to many things. I also am reasonably sure that these very men relieved of the pressure of banker management could and would make a success of the operation of our carriers, and eventually gain those very qualities of vision and imagination that are necessary to turn a retrogressive business into a progressive one, and so in turn to attract capital, which oddly enough has a fancy for seeking out successful businesses rather than sick ones.

But I am equally sure that this operating genius of our railroads—their driving force we have called it in these very pages—will never function effectively in an artificial stimulus of so-called competition, which, as we have just seen, is not a real competition, nor is it under any conceivable circumstances apt to be a real competition. It would be equally futile to attempt again to operate the entire vast mileage of our American railroads as a single road from a single headquarters. But to group them into twelve great groups—a few more, a few less; the arrangement which I have just shown is by no means arbitrary—and through twelve operating companies begin an intensive campaign of railroad progress—presents an ultimate possibility of success.

"Government ownership. Government operation," you suggest. "Is that what you mean by your plan for regional railroads?"

By no means that. I do not believe that this country is ready for either government ownership or government operation. Its recent experiments along the line of the last policy have not made it anxious to carry forth more of the same sort. And I should hate to believe that American business—a business of proved imagination and progress and vision, a business capable of vast multiple production of everything from pins to motor cars—is either financially or mentally unable to solve and carry forward the vexing problem of its rail transportation.

But noncompetitive railroading does not mean government railroading any more than noncompetitive telephony means government telephony. We have experimented in certain sections of the United States with competitive telephone systems, to the annoyance of the public who had to use them. If you live in a corner of the land you know exactly what I mean. Now the competitive telephone, after all the hue and cry that originally was made over it, has all but completely disappeared. In its place we have the noncompetitive telephone—telephone monopoly, if you prefer so to phrase it—yet not the government telephone. After another of Uncle Sam's experiments we can truly say, "Thank God for that!"

The French System

We have noncompetitive traction systems in our big cities, privately owned; noncompetitive lighting systems, privately owned; and noncompetitive water systems, many of them privately owned; and all of these also function far better, far more economically than under the difficult and ofttimes wasteful conditions of competition.

Is it unreasonable to expect that noncompetitive railroading—always of course under strict government supervision and regulation—would not be equally effective?

If you go overseas you will find two great European nations with about the same railroad mileage—France and Great Britain. Each possesses about 25,000 miles of line. But France is approximately twice the size of Great Britain. Yet in times of peace she enjoyed quite as good rail service. For competition, running unbridled in England and Scotland and Wales, had provided them not alone with enough trackage but in many parts of Great Britain superfluous lines. Any of the English rail experts will tell you this, and may add that the very competitive situation which overprovided certain sections of John Bull's tight little island with roads—and so in turn forced many of them into perplexing operating deficits—failed to supply certain outlying sections of Great Britain with a sufficiency of transportation.

On the other hand, France has the regional system of roads. With Paris as a hub the lines of the Nord, the Est, the P. L. M., the Orléans and the Etat stretch out in every direction like the spokes of a giant wheel. A great section of the south of France is given over to the noncompetitive lines of the Midi. But the rest of the French Republic is, with a few trifling exceptions, also noncompetitive. The great wheel is cut pie fashion into five great segments, and each segment is the noncompetitive, monopolistic territory of one of the first five systems that we named. State roads? Only one of them, the Etat; and that is in many respects the worst managed and certainly the least profitable of them all, whereas privately owned and operated noncompetitive roads, like the Nord and the Est, for instance, have not only been profitably managed but in times of peace have rendered an extremely efficient service. And even in times not only of war but of actual invasion by a terrible enemy, they continued to render a marvelous degree of efficient service. Bent by the fearful burdens one of them broke.

One possible criticism against regional railroads, as such, still remains. It is pertinent to inquire if the very diversity of twelve railroad systems, situate in various corners of the land, where traffic and operating conditions vary greatly, would not in themselves greatly weaken our railroad as a national institution. That question is easily answered. It is indeed most important that, no matter how our railroad be divided for the necessities of operation and of control, it be and remain an institution of national unity. Such unity is almost vital for its permanent progress.

Our Lack of Vision

Such unity, however, is not difficult of accomplishment. The formation of a central organization—call it the United States Railroad, if you will, and make it as you please, a holding company, a corporation or a merely functional central organization, and you will have answered that question. Then you will have established a headquarters capable of standardizing wages and rates and practices, and of carrying forward the development of our American railroad not merely nationally but internationally. It is woeful to regard how little we have accomplished along these last lines. Alaska is upon our own continent, within a few hundred miles of our state of Washington, yet to reach this valuable American possession one must take a boat—as one takes a boat to England or to Australia.

The Pan-American Railroad has been in existence for more than half a century—on paper. If it were in existence in reality we should have vast wealth of raw materials pouring in upon its rails; our most expensive and precious toy—the Panama Canal—would not be a remote water journey. In fact, I might in truth say that if we had a dozen effective lines down into Mexico to-day—binding our country with that in close commercial unison—our political problems with our neighbor would be slight indeed.

Competitive railroading has failed utterly and entirely to grasp the great vision of international railroading, such as this. With one exception—the attempt of that railroader of great vision as well as huge practical sense, the late E. H. Harriman—no American railroad has had the audacity of the far-sightedness to push its rails more than a hundred miles beyond the boundaries of the United States. The Canadian Pacific did not hesitate to obtain its own entrance into Chicago; neither did the Grand Trunk. But both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk are to-day operating coast-to-coast de-luxe trains from the Atlantic to the Pacific; competitive railroading in the United States has never given us anything that approaches this sort of service. One cannot even find a through Pullman from New York to San Francisco or even to Denver or Kansas City. In that large sense also our competitive railroading has never been even truly national.

Beyond these questions of the organization of regional railroads, of a central company at Washington to nationalize properly, their efforts, lie the even more perplexing ones of the proper representation of the owners of the existing properties, of labor, of the patron, of the Government itself in the great reorganization that is inevitable and whose postponements only make the problem still more puzzling. Yet puzzling and perplexing though it may be it is by no means incapable of solution. American ingenuity has solved and solved correctly problems quite as difficult. To say that it is incapable of this one would be a pathetic confession of weakness, to say that as a nation we had reached and passed below the highest limits of our efficiency. Which is quite unthinkable.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

reazation of this gave him new self-respect. It ave him the self-respect that enabled hir to humble himself to his father. A man ay be servile without being self-respecting; u self-respect and true humility are syno- ys. Each implies a true self-appraisal. Wit was a man, doing his work among le. He was also his father's son; and it wa as a son that he went to his father at as

e found the elder Chase at home one ving. He had made sure that his father old be at home; but he was glad, when e ot there, to find that his mother had ro next door. His mother could not nderstand; and no one else could talk ith when she was about. Wint smiled hen he thought of her; then his lips tedied. There was need for talk between is father and himself.

is father came to the door; and when e aw Wint he stared at him coldly and id not invite him to come in. Wint, with idden twinge of sorrow, saw that his ather had changed and grown older in he last months. It seemed to Wint that is hair was thinner; there were new lines n his face; and his old benevolent conde- cension toward the world at large was go.

Wint said quietly: "I want to come in r talk with you if I may."

Chase hesitated, even then; but—he had en lonely as Wint had been lonely.

e stepped to one side and said: "Very ,"

Wint went in, and his father shut the or and bade Wint come into the room off hhall that served him as library and office n den. He did not tell Wint to take off is coat, so Wint kept it on. Chase sat on at his desk; Wint took a chair facing im. He did not know how to begin.

Chase said: "Well, what is it you want?"

Wint hesitated, then he smiled a little vitfully; and he said: "I want to be— rnds with you again."

His father abruptly turned away from im. Without looking at Wint he asked: "hy?"

Wint's right hand moved in a curious pealing way. "Isn't it natural for a son o want to be friends with his father, sir?" suggested.

Chase said harshly: "I told you, once, at I no longer counted you my son."

"Those things don't go by what we want, r" Wint urged. "I—am your son. And 're my father."

"Have you acted as a son should?" Case asked coldly.

"No," said Wint, without palliation of l finality of the word, and Chase looked— ad was surprised.

"You've realized it, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

There was one thing Chase wanted to do; t it made him feel ridiculous and ashamed himself to want to do it. What he wanted do was to take Wint in his arms. And h of them grown men! He shook his ad, as though to brush this sentimental ire away. Foolishness! The young rip d made a laughingstock out of him. Yet re he was, ready to give in at a word.

He said: "I suppose Amos sent you."

Wint bit his lips, and his face set faintly; t his voice was quiet enough when he swered.

"No, sir," he said.

"You tell Amos," Chase exclaimed, "that u can't pull his chestnuts out of the fire him. And he'll be more anxious to get nd me later on than he is now. Tell him at for me."

Wint shook his head slowly. "Amos n't send me," he said again.

"Thought Amos told you everything to ?" his father asked. "Haven't got a nd of your own, have you?"

"Yes," Wint told him. "Yes, I think ave."

Chase considered, not looking at his son. e could not look at Wint and still hold mself together.

After a while he asked: "Well, what do u want? You haven't told me what you ant?"

"I want to be friends."

Chase flung that aside with a swift ges- re. "I mean, what do you want to get t of me?"

"Nothing."

His father got up, glared down at Wint grily. "Don't think I'm a fool, Wint," said in a rush of words. "You made me look like one. But I'm not. You linked up with Caretall to make a jackass out of me; you went out of your way to shame me by your own shamelessness. I kicked you out with your tail between your legs, as I should have done long before. Now you come whining home again. Don't try to tell me you're not after something. I know you are. If you don't want to say what it is, don't. That's your business. But don't try to make me a fool."

Wint had sworn to keep his temper; and he did. But he got to his feet with a swift silent movement that startled his father.

When Chase broke off Wint said steadily: "I've told you the truth. It's true I misbehaved—badly. You have a right to be angry with me. It's true I did not know Caretall planned to stick me in over your head. You know that's true. As far as the rest of it goes, I came here to-night just to tell you that I'm sorry for—the things I did. And I want you to know I'm sorry. You're my father. I'd like to have the right to come to you for advice; and I'd like to come to you for friendship, if nothing more. That's all. I've come." He turned toward the door. "I've come, and I'll go."

When Wint turned toward the door his father's heart leaped as though it would choke him. He wanted to cry out to Wint not to go. He did cry out: "Wait!"

Wint stopped and looked at him.

"Haven't you given me a right to think—to mistrust you?" the older man challenged. "You've shamed me; and you've come near breaking your mother's heart."

Wint found it hard to speak; and when he did speak he said more than he had meant to say. "I want to make amends, sir," he told his father.

"There are some hurts that can't be mended," said Chase inexorably.

Wint nodded; his shoulders slumped a little and he would have turned again to the door.

"I've said all I can say," he explained. "So I guess I'd better go."

Chase shook his head. "See here, Wint," he said. "Listen." There was not yet friendliness in his voice; but there was a neutral quality that held Wint. "Listen," said Chase. "I've learned some things too, Wint. It's only fair to say that I can see now I was a—bumptious father. And I've not changed. I'm too old to change. In some ways I wronged you."

"No," said Wint. "You were always decent to me."

"A father can be—decent to his son, without playing fair with him," said his father. "A father can—give things to his son, and at the same time rob him of better things by the giving."

"You did your part, sir."

Chase hesitated, eyes on the floor. "I did my best for you, Wint," he said. "I think I always meant to do what was—best for you. Did you always try to do what was best for me?"

"No," said Wint.

"I don't like our being at outs any better than you do," Chase went on. "It looks bad; and it's hard on your mother—and it's hard on me. Perhaps it's hard on you too."

Wint said nothing. He was thinking that his father's thinning hair and lined face proved that the older man had found it hard to be at outs with his son. He was ready to go a long way to make it up to Winthrop Chase, Senior. His father said abruptly, as though summarizing what had gone before: "If you want to come home, Wint, I've no objection."

Wint had not thought of this possibility, and he said so.

"I did not come for that," he told the older man. "I—just came to tell you what I have told you."

"I'm willing to accept what you say at face value," said his father. "I understand you've—kept sober. I understand you're studying. I'm ready to let you prove yourself."

Wint smiled with quick satisfaction.

"That's a good deal for you to offer me, sir," he said frankly.

"If you want to come home you can."

"I hadn't thought of that till you spoke. I don't know what to ——"

"Your mother would like to have you here," said Chase huskily, "if you care to come." It was as near a plea as he could bring himself.

Wint nodded with quick decision.

"All right, sir," he said. "I'd like to come. I'll bring my stuff to-morrow."

They shook hands abruptly, with a curt word that hid their feelings.

"Good night," said Chase, and Wint said good night, and his father closed the door behind him.

Wint felt, while he walked back to Amos Caretall's house, as though he had been stripped of a load, had been cleansed, had been made whole. The world had never looked so clean and bright to him before.

A few minutes after he left his home Mrs. Chase came back from the neighbor's. She saw at once that something had happened; there was a change in her husband. He was flushed; and his eyes were shining.

She asked: "Why, what's the matter with you? Has anything happened? Is there anything wrong? You know, I said to-night, I told Mrs. Hullis, that I just had a feeling something was going to happen. I told Mrs. Hullis I just knew things were going to go wrong. Oh, it does look like we have more trouble all the time ——"

"I Want the Town Cleaned Up. I Want it Bone-Dry. Will You Take the Job? Or Quit?"

"Wint is coming home, Margaret," said her husband.

Poor, garrulous mother! For once she was shocked dumb. Her eyes widened, and she dabbed at them with her hand as though a cobweb had stuck across them. She turned white, and she seemed to shrink and grow old. And she sat down slowly in the straight uncomfortable chair she always used and put her worried old head down in her arms and cried.

Chase touched her shoulder, awkwardly comforting her.

"It's all right, mother," he said. "He's coming home."

But Mrs. Chase couldn't say anything. She just sat there, quietly crying. The tears wet through her sleeve till she felt them damp upon her arm.

XXIV

PETER GERGUE wrote to Amos that Wint had gone home; and Amos got a letter from Wint with the same news the same day. Wint's letter was straightforward, a little embarrassed.

"I want you to know," he wrote, "that my father and I have fixed things up. I am living at home again. That doesn't mean I don't appreciate your kindness. But I thought I ought to go home if they were willing to have me, and they were."

Peter wrote more at length. Gergue, uncouth to look upon and rude of speech, was nevertheless an educated man, and a well-read man. There was nothing bizarre about his letters. He wrote that Wint and his father had come together.

"From what I hear, Wint went home and told Chase he was sorry, and so on," Gergue continued. "I guess Chase took on some, at that; but he came round. He's wrapped up in Wint, you know, and always was. This has been a good thing for him. He's human now. He's not such a darned fool. Chase, I mean. If you don't look out Chase will give you a run for your money yet.

"Wint's all right too. Hasn't touched a drop, far as I can find out, since you left. He's studying law with old Hoover, and working at the job of being mayor. Not setting the world on fire either. Just the routine. Town's as wet as ever, and looks like it will go on being. I guess Wint is worried for fear folks will laugh at him if he starts a clean-up. Or maybe he doesn't want to. Or maybe he hasn't thought about it.

"He and Routt don't run round together much. Jack's been away. I wrote you about that. He's back now. Acts same as ever. Mary Dale told me he was in to see old Kite one day, and Kite went up in the air. She couldn't hear what they were saying. She thinks Jack is made and handed down. Maybe he is. I wonder what he wanted to go and see old V. R. Kite for.

"Kite was sore at you right after election. Someone told him you were going to have Wint clean up the town. He made talk that he'd hang your hide if you did. But he got over that. He's lying quiet. Doing a good business, too, I should say. There were seven drunks in court last week.

"I asked Chase if he figured to run against you next fall. He said he was out of active politics. Active, he said.

"Guess you've seen about the new city-government law. Means we'll have to vote for mayor again this fall, instead of a year from now. You figure to run Wint? I guess he'd take it. I guess he's just getting rightly interested in the job.

"See the session's likely to end along in May. You figure to come home then?"

Amos read these letters, read Wint's twice; then reread Peter Gergue's. That night he told Agnes that Wint had gone to his own home. "Guess you'd better go back and keep Maria company," he said.

He half expected her to protest. Agnes seemed to be having a good time in Washington; she was very gay and much abroad. Jack Routt had stopped off for three or four days during his absence from Hardiston, and she and Jack had been constantly

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J·HENRY
PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE
Litmus
Test
Papers
Send for
these free
test papers
today

(Continued from Page 125)

ger while he was in town. Also there d een other amiable young men, before d fter Jack. So Amos thought Agnes as njoying herself, and hesitated to sug- st er going home. But he made up his in before he spoke that she should go. n never got into an argument unless he e led to win. This habit had estab- n for him a certain reputation for a bility.

B Agnes did not protest. "I'm glad," e aid. "I'm sick of this stupid old ic"

A os, head on one side, squinted at her n rously. "Well, there are some stupid ins done here anyways," he agreed. W n'll you put out for Hardiston?"

S planned to get some clothes.

"ll be along in May," Amos told her. G ss you and Maria can go it alone till e"

Anes was sure they could.

I Hardiston Wint's home-going was a n days' wonder. People made comments c ding to their own hearts. Some were a some were amused, some were caus- . The only one to whom Wint offered y xplanation was old Maria Hale. The f egress loved him like a son; she was r to see him go. There were tears in her e when she told him so; they ran down r lack cheeks, like drops of ink upon a blackness. It is easy to speak openly s aple human emotions to such folks as f faria.

Vnt said to her: "I want to go home to y ther and mother. And they want me. n oing to make it up to them for some te things I've done."

F would not have said so much as that ny other person in the world. But e was no sense of strangeness in saying t the old colored woman.

Se bobbed her withered head, and smiled r gh her tears, and cried: "Da's right, is' Wint. Yore mammy 'nd pappy o got to be proud o' you, boy."

' hope so, Maria," he told her, and she t d his shoulder.

'Deed and dey will!"

Vhen he left the house she came to the c and told him he must come, now and e, and let her cook him a good supper; c e must come and see her. She would n ely in that big house without no white l round, she said. Wint promised to r; and she waved her blue gingham n after him as he went down the street. Muldoon was with him, scampering round n and about; and old Maria, watching i and the dog, said to herself as they s peared: "Shore will miss dat boy; o l' M'ria ain't going to pester herself c t not seeing dat dog."

Se objected to Muldoon because he e hairs on the rugs. But she had tol- a d him for Wint's sake. Muldoon c ughly understood her feelings; he e to sit with his head on one side and n at her while she brushed up those n y hairs and scolded at him. She de- a d he was laughing at her. More than o Wint had been forced to make peace t een them.

Muldoon did not seem surprised that e were going home; he took it quite as matter of course. In fact, it is doubtful n her he noticed the change at all. c e, to Muldoon, was where Wint was. o that is the way of the dog.

Wint went home, and Hardiston l d it over. V. R. Kite was glad to hear . It meant, he decided, that Wint had l ed allegiance from Amos to his father; a though Kite had always mistrusted the C Chase he felt they had a common g l in their mutual antagonism toward A s. Kite in the last few months had r ceived a new respect for Winthrop Chase, S or. "Chase," he used to say, "is a man s nse. Yes, sir; a man of sense."

Jan was glad; she found occasion to t Wint so, simply and without elabora- t .

Wint said awkwardly: "Yes, I'm glad . I guess it's better." And they never m tioned the change again.

James T. Hollow, the little man whom Caretall had put up for mayor against Case, resented Wint's move. "It's deser- ," he told Peter Gergue. "He is desert- Congressman Caretall; and after all congressman has done for him. It's the right thing to do, Peter."

Gergue spat and rummaged through his . "Can't always do what's right," he

I'm afraid Amos will resent this," Hol- went on. Peter said he shouldn't wonder.

"If he does object, guess he'll know how to show it," he remarked. And Hollow agreed, and added that Amos always seemed to know just the right thing to do.

The Hardiston Sun and the Journal were both friendly to Winthrop Chase, Senior; so Skinner and B. B. Beecham made no comment on Wint's change of residence. But the Herald, which was an outcast, with its hand against every man, politically speaking, said, under a headline The Prodigal Returns, that Wint, "whose break with the elder Chase dates from the election, when Senior was made a laughing-stock for the state, has returned to the parental rooftree. Please omit fatted calves."

Sam O'Brien, the fat restaurant man, told Ned Bentley it was a good thing. "Young Wint's a fine lad," he said. "And he's on the right track. Does no good, never, to break with your blood and kin."

Thus each took his own point of view; it was a poor citizen of Hardiston who had nothing to say about the matter, except for those most concerned, who had nothing to say at all.

The actual home-coming was simple and undramatic. Wint sent his trunk out during the day after his talk with his father. In the late afternoon of that day he happened to drop in at the post office for the late mail, and met his father there.

They greeted each other casually; and Wint asked: "On your way home?"

"I have to stop at the bakery."

"I'll go along," said Wint.

And he did, while people stared with all their eyes. Old Mrs. Mueller, the comfortable little woman who owned the bakery, and who was always associated in Wint's mind with the delicious fragrance of newly baked bread, lifted both hands at sight of them together, then dropped her hands abruptly and wiped them on her apron and served them without a word. Before the door closed after them they heard her, behind the screen in the rear of the shop, volubly telling someone the news.

Wint and his father walked home without speaking once upon the way. They were both acutely embarrassed and uncomfortable. It was a relief to them when they got to the house and Mrs. Chase met them in the hall.

Chase dropped his hand on his son's shoulder—the involuntary touch, like a caress, brought the tears to Wint's eyes—and he said: "Here's Wint, mother."

So Wint took his mother in his arms, and she hugged him hard.

"I knew you'd c-c-c-come home, Wint," she told him through her sobs. "I was telling Mrs. Hullis only the other day that I'd—that I was just sure you'd come home some ——"

"I've come, mother," said Wint.

"I knew you'd come too. I told your father there wasn't anything in you that would hold a —— I told him you'd be sorry, that you'd come and tell him so. Your father's a good man, Wint. He's tried to ——"

Chase broke in. People who wished to say anything to her always had to break in on Mrs. Chase. He said: "Is supper ready, mother? Wint's hungry, and so am I."

"Yes, yes," she said. "It's all ready. Hetty's made two big pies. Apple, with cinnamon in them. Thick, the way you like them. Some of our apples from the big Sheep's Nose tree in the back yard. They've kept wonderful this winter. We haven't lost hardly any; and they're as juicy ——"

"Lead me to 'em," said Wint cheerfully. "Is Hetty a good cook?"

"She's fine," his mother assured him. "Hetty's a fine girl. I never had a harder worker. She don't seem right happy sometimes; but she does her work, and that's all a body has a right to ask. She ——"

Hetty herself came to the dining-room door then and told them that supper was ready.

Wint said: "Hello, Hetty."

She said: "Hello, Wint."

The old note of reckless courage and good-nature was gone from her voice; and when he saw her more clearly in the lighted dining room he saw that his mother was right. Hetty did not look happy. Her eyes were tired; and there were shadows beneath them. Her face was thinner too. He thought she did not look well.

During supper, while she waited upon them, he told her so. "You've been working too hard, Hetty. You don't look like yourself."

She said with a twisted smile that she was all right. There was a harsh note in her voice. It disturbed Wint; but he said no more. During the succeeding days and weeks he grew accustomed to her changed appearance. He no longer thought of it.

In mid-April Jack Routt came out to the house one night to see Wint. The visit seemed casual enough. He said he had thought he would drop in for a smoke and a talk. He came early, only a few minutes after supper, and Hetty was clearing away the supper dishes. When she heard his voice in the hall she stood very still for a moment, looking that way. Wint did not see her.

Routt laid aside his hat, and then he saw Hetty, and he called to her: "Hello, Hetty."

She said evenly: "Hello, Jack."

Then Routt and Wint went up to Wint's room, and Hetty stood very still where she was, for a little time, before she went on with her work.

Upstairs Routt was saying: "I'd forgotten Hetty was working for you."

"Yes," said Wint.

Routt lighted a cigarette. "She's a beauty, isn't she?"

Wint nodded. "Not as pretty as she was in school. Remember what a picture she used to be, hair in a braid, and those cream-red cheeks of hers?"

"Guess I do!" Routt agreed warmly. He looked at Wint and grinned. "Don't know that I'd want her living in the same house with me," he said.

"Why not?" Wint asked.

"Damned bad for my peace of mind."

Wint flushed. He was a curiously clean innocent chap in some ways. He felt a little shamed by the mere existence of the thought which had prompted Routt's covert suggestion.

"I'm glad you dropped in, Jack," he said. "Good to see you here again. Like old times."

If he had been less busy with the work of his office and with his study Wint might have thought more about Hetty during the next few weeks. But—he didn't. They saw each other daily, and once or twice he realized that she was not so good-natured as she had been. There were times when she was sullen. For the most part, however, he did not think of her at all.

Now and then he had short letters from Amos. Dry, friendly letters, with some impersonal advice now and then. In the third week in May Amos wrote that he would come home, arriving the Thursday following. Wint was glad he was going to see Amos again. He had gone to Amos' house once or twice for the suppers Maria loved to cook for him, but when Agnes came home he gave that up. Agnes bored him. She was too vivacious. Joan was quieter, calmer, infinitely strengthening and strong. Jack Routt was seeing a good deal of Agnes, he knew. Routt seemed no longer bent on the wooing of Joan, though he had told Wint months ago that he meant to go in and win.

Wint joked him one day about this, and Routt said frankly: "You and she have made up. I'm not the sort of a chap that trespasses. When I see I've no chance I know how to make the best of things."

Wint thought that was straightforward and decent in Routt.

Amos was to come home on the afternoon train, Thursday. Wednesday evening Wint spent at home. Wint's father and mother went upstairs early to bed, but Wint was busy with a case book from Hoover's office, and remained downstairs, the book open on the table, the lamp beside him.

He did not realize that time was passing. Wint had a certain faculty for concentration; and the dead quiet of the sleeping house allowed him to inclose himself in the world of his thoughts. He heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing but the matter he was reading. He did not hear the clock strike midnight and one o'clock.

But in the end he did hear someone come up on the back porch. That would be Hetty, coming home. He knew she had gone out for the evening. Listening to her step he wondered what time it was, and looked at the clock and saw that it was within twenty minutes of two in the morning.

"Great Scott!" he said, half aloud. "As late as that?" And then curiously: "What's Hetty doing out, this time of night?"

He listened. He could hear no more footsteps, but he did catch the murmur of a man's voice, indistinguishable; then Hetty's, in a harsh mirthless laugh. He got up abruptly and went out toward the kitchen. He could not have told what impulse sent him.

When he opened the door Hetty was standing on the porch, facing him. There was no one with her.

Wint said: "Alone, Hetty? Time you were getting in." He was good-natured.

She looked at him, and he saw that she was flushed and her eyes were reddened and her mouth was open. Her hair was a little disheveled.

She looked at him and laughed and said loosely: "Oh, you Wint! Wint's caught me. Joke on me."

He saw that she had been drinking. And he was inexpressibly sorry and disturbed. Not that he was a stranger to drink; not that he frowned upon it from high moral grounds. But—Hetty had been so beautiful, and so youthful, and so gay. She was so hideously soiled now. He was not disgusted; he was infinitely sorry for her.

Hetty laughed cacklingly. "Poor ol' Wint. 'Member when you came home so. Hetty put Wint t'bed. Now Wint'll have to put Hetty to bed. Mus'n't let Chase know, Wint. He's a moral man."

Wint said gently: "Of course not, Hetty." He took her arm. "Come in."

She was unsteady on her feet; and it seemed hard for her to keep her eyes open. He was afraid she would drop in a sodden slumber before he could get her upstairs. This fear haunted him during the moments that followed; it marked them in his memory. He was never going to be able to forget this business of helping Hetty slowly up the back stairs and up to her third-floor room. It was only a matter of minutes; but they were fearfully long. And he was afraid she would go to sleep; and he was afraid she would laugh. Once he heard the laughter coming in her throat, in time to press his hand over her mouth; and he would never forget the feeling of her loose working lips beneath his hand. He was sweating and sick.

He got her to her room without turning on the lights. He got her to the bed, and she lay down and seemed instantly asleep. He started for the door; but she called him back.

"Shame, Wint," she said mournfully. "Ain't going to take off my shoes? I took off your shoes, Wint. I took off your shoes."

She wore low shoes, little more than pumps. He thanked his fates for that while his fingers fumbled for the laces. A tug loosed the knots, the slippers came off easily. Hetty was snoring before he was done, and he left her so.

He could hear her snoring after he got out into the hall. It seemed to him his father, asleep in the front of the house on the second floor, must hear. He went down from the third floor to the second on tiptoe with excruciating care; and on down the back stairs to put out the lights and put away his book, and came back up to his own bed.

He could not sleep for a long time. He was obsessed by a strange and persistent feeling of responsibility for Hetty. It was as though he felt himself to blame for this thing that had come to her.

Jack Routt would have laughed at such a state of mind; but it was very real to Wint.

XXV

WINT had a talk with his father next morning; that is to say, the morning of the day Amos was to come home. He told the elder Chase that Amos was coming.

Chase nodded. "I heard so," he agreed.

"I want you to understand my relations with him," said Wint.

There was a time when the older man would have said that a son of his could have no relations with Amos Caretall. But Winthrop Chase, Senior, had been learning wisdom and a certain tolerance. Also he had no wish to lose Wint again. He told himself this was because Wint's mother was growing old, would miss him.

"Well," he said, "what are they?"

Wint had been dreading what his father would say; he had been afraid of anger, of abuse. He was immensely relieved at the older man's tone.

"Simply this," he said. "He put me where I am. That was tough on you; but I think it has been good for me. It's a strange thing to have the feeling that you can give men orders which they must obey; and that you have a—a sort of control over them. Dad, do you realize that

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(Continued from Page 129)

v to send men to jail, every little
e! It's a pretty serious thing to send
n to jail—when you know you ought
e a jail yourself, in a way. I've done
e hinking about it; so you see it's
od for me. It never hurts a man
ik.
The whole thing is, Amos has done me
o turn, sir. I can't help feeling
ell to him. Can't help feeling he's
good friend to me. And—I want
e riends with him. And I want you
w there's no disloyalty to you in this
nip."
h.e considered for a little; then he
uietly: "You know Amos played
th me. Deceived me—deliberately.
icked me."
now it," said Wint. "It was politics;
i a way it was dirty politics. But—
len square with me."
I not sure," said Chase, "that the
business has not turned out pretty
or you. For your sake I'm not
y." His voice stirred and quickened.
it by heaven, Wint, Amos is no friend
ne! And some day I mean to break

: said: "That's all right. It's a fair
etween you. But I don't want you
k I'm taking sides with him."
Vhat are you going to do?" Chase

I hought of meeting his train," Wint
im. "And—he asked me to have
with them to-night, to talk things
. I thought I would."
Sppose I tell you not to?"
it said wistfully: "I hope you won't,
ecause—I'm going to."
hse nodded. "I suppose so," he
. "Well, Wint—you're a grown
I shall not try to treat you—like a
. Not again. I'm leaving it to you,
t'
t said quickly: "I'm glad." He got
nd without either's suggestion they
hands and looked into each other's
or a moment.
A right," said Chase. "I'll tell your
r not to expect you for supper."
Ty to make her understand, will you?"
ifather smiled. "Your mother doesn't
s understand," he said. "But—she
you, Wint."
know."
I hesitated, wondering whether he
tell his father about Hetty. She
en sullen, avoiding his eyes, when she
breakfast. His father or his mother
right to know.
Wint could not bring himself to tell
There would be no charity in them
the girl. And Wint had an infinite deal
erance for her. Give her a chance.
uld not tell them; not yet, at least.
dd wait for a while.
I was conscious of a need to tell some-
. Not for the sake of betraying Hetty
o find some balm for his own soul.
a sense of responsibility persisted; he
not analyze it but he could not shake
A strangely persistent feeling, this.
oubled him acutely. His thoughts
e on it all that day.
ere was a drunk man in the mayor's
n that morning, an old hand. Wint
him. He was that man who had
ced Wint in the office of the Weaver
e on the morning after the election.
incident seemed to have happened
ely long ago; yet it was horribly
in Wint's memory still. The man had
d him like a boon companion, a good
standing comrade. He had assumed
ewship between them: the fellowship
ink. The shame of it was that his
ption had been justified.
e man reminded Wint of the incident
lay in court. He was miserably sober
e they brought him in; miserably sober
rembling to be drunk again.
on't be hard on a fellow, Your Honor,"
eaded with Wint. "You know how it
ou remember. That day; day after
as elected. You're a good pal, mayor,
Honor. Don't go to be too hard on a
"
had been in court before; Wint had
him, had sent him to jail. The futility
ese measures came home crushingly to
just now. The man was not helped
hem; he was as bad as ever; worse,
aps. A revolt against this whole sys-
of punishment boiled up in Wint.
said, without considering: "All right.
o let it alone. Get out."
ung Foster, the city solicitor, looked
ised and pained as though Wint had insulted him. Marshal Jim Radabaugh grinned good-naturedly.

The man himself crowded up to Wint's desk with his thanks, poured them out, and at last whispered humbly: "You haven't got a dime to give a man, have you, mayor, Your Honor? I'm shaking for a drink. You know how that is. Just a dime, Your Honor."

Wint gave him a quarter, and Foster said: "Well I'll be damned!" The man went out, calling blessings on Wint's head. Foster demanded: "What's the idea anyway, Wint? He's a common souse."

"I'm sick of sending him to jail," said Wint hotly. "I'm not going to do it any more. What good does it do?"

"Keeps him sober, anyway. You as good as told him to go and get drunk again."

"Well, let him," said Wint. "What else is there for him to do?"

"Go to work."

"He looks fit for work, doesn't he?"

"Whose fault is that?"

"Yes," said Wint. "Whose fault is it? Whose fault that he is what he is? Whose fault that he can buy drink in a dry town? Whose fault is it, Foster, anyway?"

Foster laughed. "Well, what's the answer?"

Wint leaned back in his chair, eyes down, considering. He was thinking of Hetty; he could not help it. And the end of his thinking was this: He looked at Marshal Jim Radabaugh and said evenly: "Mister Marshal, don't arrest any more men in Hardiston for being drunk unless they—commit other crimes." There was a bite in the last word.

But Jim Radabaugh only grinned and said: "All right, you're boss."

Foster started to protest.

Wint asked: "Any more cases?"

"No. But damn it all, Wint, listen."

"I don't want to listen," Wint told him. "I'm through. Court's adjourned. Don't ——"

"You're turning the town over to the bums," Foster protested.

"They can't run it any worse," said Wint, and took his hat and departed. Foster swore. Marshal Jim Radabaugh strolled up to the bazaar to tell V. R. Kite this interesting news.

Wint met Amos at the train, and Amos shook him by the hand and looked him in the eye and nodded with good-natured approval.

"Coming home for supper?" he asked.

"Surely. I wouldn't miss Maria's supper."

"You might say you wouldn't miss us too," Agnes reminded him, clinging to her father's arm. "Mightn't he, dad?"

"Say it, Wint," Amos suggested. "Only way to have peace in the family."

So they let Agnes have her way; and she made the most of it. Peter Gergue came for supper too; and Agnes sat at one end of the table, presiding over the coffee urn with a pretty assumption of the rôle of matron. She did most of the talking. The men were too busy with Maria's fried chicken. But afterward, when they were done, Amos and Peter and Wint went into the sitting room, and Agnes said she wasn't going to sit and listen to them talk politics. She was going to the moving-picture show. Amos told her to run along. He and Peter shaved their plugs of tobacco and crumbled the slices and filled their pipes; and Wint grinned at the exactness with which Peter copied Amos' procedure. He had filled his own pipe in more conventional fashion from his pouch, and was smoking while they were still rubbing the sliced tobacco between their palms.

When the pipes were all going Amos, as was his custom, sat in silence, waiting for someone else to speak first. Wint imitated him.

Gergue, who did not like silences, said at last: "Well, Amos, you're home."

"Looks that way," Amos agreed.

"Hardiston ain't changed."

"No, Hardiston don't change."

"Same old town."

"Yeah, same old town."

Silence settled down upon them again. Wint was thinking of Hetty. She had been in his mind all day: she and the miserable man who had faced him in court that morning. They were somehow linked in his thoughts; linked in a fashion that accused him; accused him, Wint Chase, of responsibility for them. He groped for understanding, trying to guess why this was so.

Amos abruptly looked at Peter Gergue. "Pete," he said, "I want to talk to Wint."

Peter got up instantly. "Why, sure, Amos," he agreed. "I got to see some men anyways."

"Be in your office in the morning?" Amos asked.

"Guess likely."

"I'll drop in."

Peter nodded, and Amos went with him to the door. When he came back Wint was still sitting, nursing his pipe.

Amos looked at him, sat down, looked at Wint again; and at last asked: "We-ell, Wint, how's tricks?"

Wint said after a little consideration that he guessed tricks were all right.

"Like being mayor?"

"It's—sobering," Wint told him. "It's a good deal of a job—for me."

"Tell you," said Amos. "Any job's a good deal of a job if a man takes it serious."

Wint laughed. "Shouldn't wonder if I took this too seriously," he said.

"Can't be done," Amos reassured him. "Any man that has to look out for other men has a serious job."

Wint said nothing to that. He was wondering if it was a part of his job to look out for Hetty and that drunken man of the court.

"That's what being mayor amounts to," Amos remarked. "Found it so, haven't you?"

Wint stirred in his chair. "Amos," he said, "a thing happened last night. I feel like telling you about it. Don't need to ask you not to pass it on."

Amos tilted his head on one side, squinting at Wint wisely. "That's all right," he said. "Tell on."

The permission relieved Wint immensely; he felt as though he had been loosed from bondage. He told in a swift rush of words the story of Hetty—how she had come home last night. He went on, told about the man in court that day. He told Amos what had happened, what he had done, the order he had given Radabaugh.

Amos looked at him curiously. "Told Jim that, did you?"

"Yes."

"What did Foster say?"

Wint grinned. "Said he'd be damned."

"I reckon not," Amos decided after a moment's thought. "He won't be. He's all right."

"He thought I was foolish. I suppose I was."

Amos said slowly, "Depends on why you did it, Wint. Depends on what was in your mind."

That set Wint thinking again, trying to decide just what had been in his mind. Amos smoked steadily, not looking at Wint at all.

At last he said again: "Yes, sir, Wint. Depends what was in your mind."

Wint assented thoughtfully. "I suppose so," he said.

Amos tried waiting in silence for him to go on; but Wint was busy thinking; he beat Amos at his own game without knowing it. He drove Caretall to ask: "What was in your mind, Wint?"

The boy groped for words; he flushed uneasily, as though afraid of being laughed at. "Well," he said, "I had a fool sort of a feeling that I was to blame."

Amos nodded slowly. "Well," he said, "that's what I meant—in a way—when I said you had a job that meant taking care of folks. Hetty and that old rip—they're folks, like anyone else, like as not."

"Yes, they are," Wint agreed.

"Taking care of them—that's your job, Wint. Maybe that just means fining them and sending them to jail."

"I tell you I won't do that again!" Wint exclaimed. "I told you the order I gave Jim Radabaugh."

"We-ell," said Amos slowly, "that's all right. Far as it goes. Might go farther."

"Farther? How?" Wint demanded. "What can I do?"

"I hadn't anything pa'ticular in mind," Amos said carelessly. "Hadn't a thing in mind." He looked at Wint sidewise. Wint's face was white with the intensity of his thought. Amos said slowly: "Looks like a shame to have drunk folks round in as pretty a town as Hardiston."

"A shame?" Wint cried. "It's damnable!"

"Guess most folks don't like it," Amos reminded him. "Town voted dry. Guess that shows most folks wanted it to be dry, don't it?"

"I suppose it does," Wint agreed. Amos looked at him; and Wint moved abruptly in his chair and his eyes began to flame. The puzzle cleared; he began to understand. He began to understand himself, his own thoughts, his feeling that he was to blame for—Hetty. He began to understand, and his lips set.

He said, half aloud: "It means a fight. A hell of a fight in Hardiston."

"Fight?" Amos asked casually, as though he were thinking of something else. "I like a fight. I'd like to see a good one." And he added after a moment: "I might take a hand if it weren't a private fight or something."

Wint sat forward in his chair, looked round the room. "Mind if I use the telephone?" he asked.

"Telephone?" said Amos. "Go right ahead."

Wint got up and went swiftly out into the hall. Amos listened; and he smiled with a twinkling anticipation in his eyes. He heard Wint ask the operator to locate Jim Radabaugh and get him on the phone. Then Wint came back and stood in the doorway, waiting while the operator signaled for the marshal with the red light that was set on a pole in the heart of the town. Amos did not turn round to look at Wint. Wint did not move.

After a while the phone rang. Wint went to answer it. Radabaugh, at the other end, said: "This is the marshal. Who's talking?"

"Wint. Mayor Chase."

"Oh! All right, Mister Mayor. What's on your mind?"

Wint said evenly: "I've instructions for you. If you are willing to carry them out, all right. If not, resign, and I'll fill your place to-morrow."

"You're the boss," said Radabaugh amiably. "I do what you say."

"Either do what I say or resign," said Wint again. "I want you to get busy and break up the liquor business in Hardiston."

There was a long silence, and Wint heard the marshal whistle softly under his breath. Then Radabaugh asked: "In earnest?"

"Absolutely! I want the town cleaned up. I want it bone-dry. Will you take the job? Or quit?"

"Why," said Radabaugh, "I'll just naturally take the job. I've been a-wishing I had something to do."

Wint spoke a word or two more, hung up and came back to Amos. He sat down without speaking. After a little Amos asked, looking at Wint sidewise: "Going through with it?"

"Yes," said Wint. There was more resolution in the simple word than there would have been in lengthier protestations.

"We-ell, all I can say," Amos drawled, "is that this here is going to make an awful difference to V. R. Kite."

It did; a difference to Kite and to Wint's father and to Jack Routt; and a difference to Wint himself. A difference to Hardiston too.

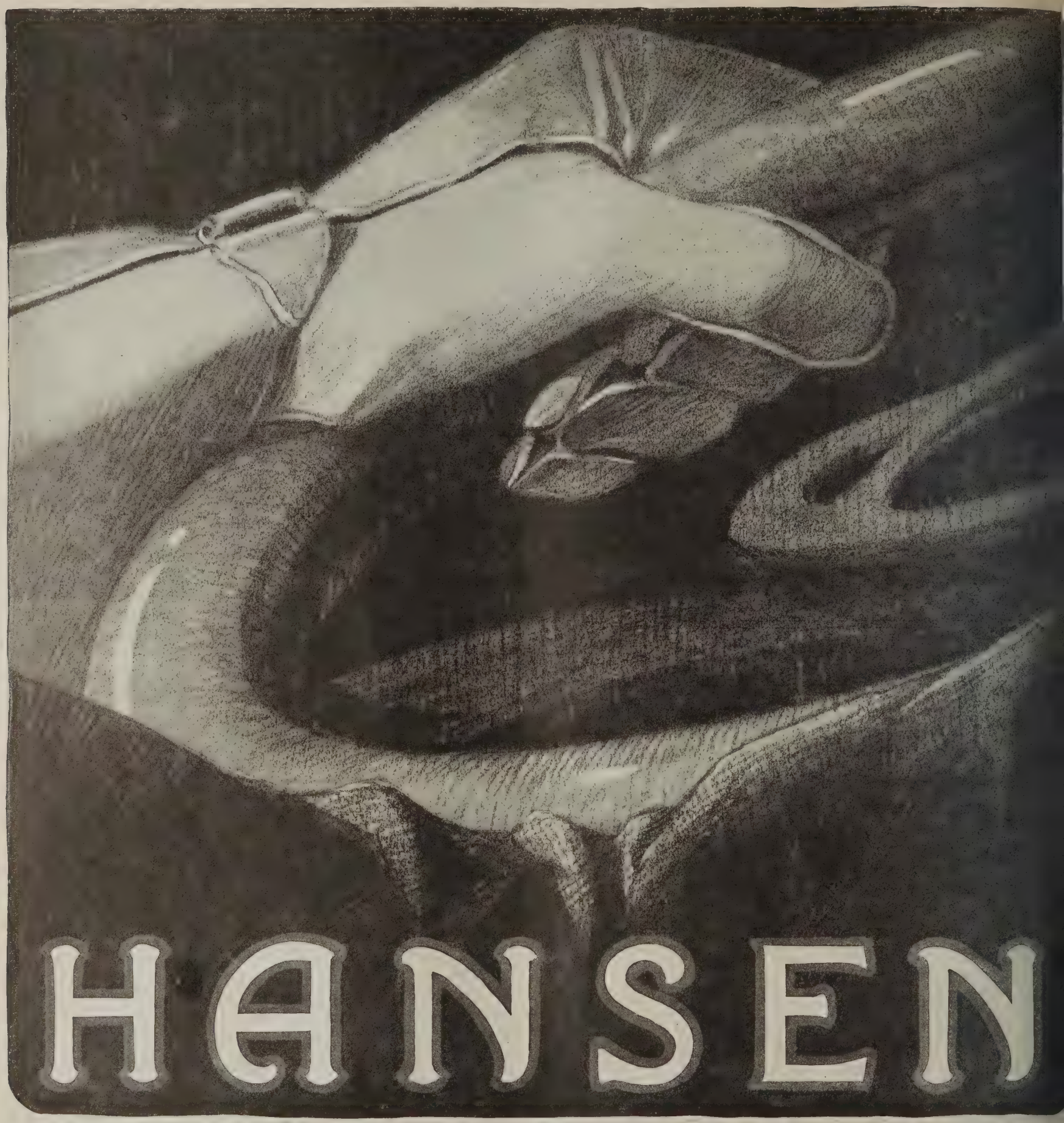
When Wint went home, at ten o'clock, the word was already humming round the town.

XXVI

JIM RADABAUGH, the city marshal—that is to say, the chief of police—was a man not without honor in Hardiston; a good fellow and a cool, brave officer. That he was a good fellow everyone who knew him could attest. He had no enemies. It was a pleasure to be arrested by him. There was an equable good nature in the man and a drawling humor in the very tones of his voice which inspired good nature and good humor in return. He was a lean man, lazily erect, as though it were too much trouble to be stoop-shouldered; black hair, black eyes; a chronic bulge in his cheek, which housed the wad of tobacco he kept there. An intimate acquaintance of the intricacies of big-league baseball as set forth in the public prints; a repository of racing lore; a good pool player and a redoubtable hand at poker. All in all, a good man to keep the peace according to his lights.

People said he was easy-going, but everyone knew he was no slacker of duty or of obligation. Three years back—that was before they elected him marshal—he had been under fire for the first time. It was on the interurban street-car line that ran from Hardiston "up the crick." Radabaugh sat in the front of the car, facing the rear; and a man in the middle of the car ran amuck with a revolver, shooting wildly. He killed one man, wounded another, in the seconds it took Radabaugh to charge down the aisle and overwhelm him. The conductor of the car, at the moment, was

(Continued on Page 137)



Style and the Hansen Influence

THE successful glove maker should do more than interpret the public taste; he should influence it.

Fastidious people know that whatever the style in gloves may be, Hansen builders will influence it along artistic, graceful and practical lines.

It is this interpretation of the trend of the times added to the sensible side of glove service which has made Hansen success.

Wherever prestige takes precedence over price —you will find the buyer sticking close to Hansen Gloves.

Built Like a Hand

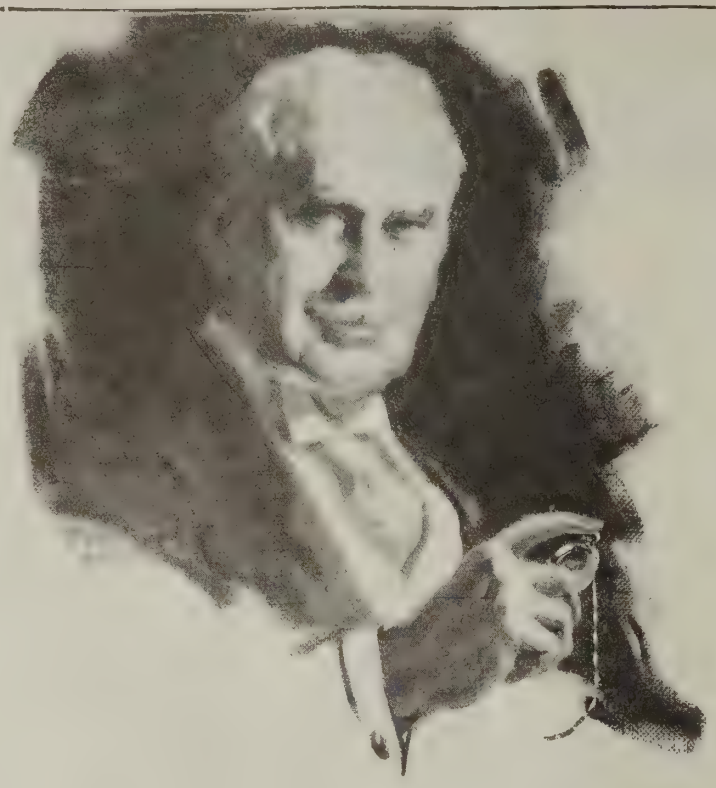
HANSEN models for motoring are more than elegant and voguish; they are comfortable, conforming to every motion of wrist and finger. They are more than durable because they not only wear long but look well to the last.

Hansen interpretation of glove service gives Hansen models, glove, gauntlet or mitten, this double value! They adhere to every whim of fashion with close attention to all personal demands.

Write for New Glove Book

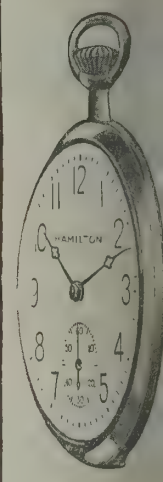
It shows many types and styles for all demands; study them, then see your dealer and order your choice.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100B Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



With President and Engineer Hamiltons Are Equally Popular

The railroad president, with his many appointments and hurried trips 'cross country, finds an accurate watch one of his greatest aids.

And in busy terminals, in yards and roundhouses, in every engine cab, are men who must perform their duties always with an eye on their watches. On the accuracy of the timekeepers they carry depends your safety when you travel — depends the speedy, undelayed progress of the trains you take.

Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches are in demand in every branch of railroading — from the executive office to the lonely signal tower. Hamilton popularity as a railroad timekeeper has never been excelled.

But any executive, any man or woman who wants to be efficient in planning and carrying out the day's work, should have a Hamilton.

Are you planning to make a gift? Then consider the Hamilton Watch. There's scarcely any occasion, any season, that the Hamilton would not make an appropriate, an ideal gift.

There are Hamilton Watches for every taste — thin models for men, ladies' bracelet watches, and wrist-watches for men. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 (in Canada $20.50) and up. And there's accuracy, beauty, and enduring service in every Hamilton. See them at your jeweler's.

Send for "The Timekeeper." There are some interesting facts about fine watch-making in this little booklet, and the various Hamilton models are illustrated with prices.

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Dept. J, Lancaster, Pa.

The "Lackawanna Limited," crack train into New York City on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, is piloted by a veteran engineer and run on Hamilton time. Engineer Charles Stevenson has been at the throttle for nearly three decades, and for 19 years has relied upon his Hamilton Watch for the right time.

(Continued from Page 133)

id g under a rear seat; and the motor-
a had jammed off his power and jumped
veoard into a ditch that had more water
ithan he had counted on. Radabaugh
ncked the man over with a cuff of his
st pinned him and took his gun away.

Js friends told him he ought to run for
ffice after that. He said he didn't mind.
is business was not an exacting one. He
id his brother were tailors, and his brother
ould handle the bulk of their work any-
ay. So Jim ran for marshal and was
ected. Thereafter when he was not oc-
pied with his official duties he used to
o in at the tailor shop and help things
o; there. It was no sight for timid
stomers, trying on their new suits while
is brother chalked them in mysterious
ays, to see Jim come in and go to work.
e always came in casually, spat in the
pointed direction, then produced from
pocket and another his gun, his hand-
uff and his club.

Je was accustomed to lay these on one of
e bolts of cloth which stocked the shelves,
seat himself cross-legged on the table,
it a little cloth apron on his knees, and go
asally to work.

Js duties as marshal were not pressing,
r Hardiston folks commit few crimes and
arely commit those away from home.
'in he was wanted during the day the
'hone operator called the shop. If she
ailed to locate him after dusk she flashed
signal light which called him to the tele-
hone. For the most part his time was his
wn.

And this is not to say that Jim Rada-
augh had nothing to do. There was the
se for example, of the darky who was
anted for burglary in one of the cities in
e southern part of the state. Jim got
old that he was drinking in a hovel down
y the creek, with two other men. So he
went down there and strolled in and told
e man he was wanted. Jim's hands at
e moment were in his coat pockets. The
ky pulled a revolver, jammed it against
is breast and pulled the trigger. Noth-
g happened; that is to say, nothing hap-
ened to Jim. The darky's gun did not
xplode, but Jim's did. It burned a hole
n his pocket, and it bored a hole in the
ky, neatly amidships, in such fashion
at there was no further occasion to trouble
m that man. His body, laid open with
e slashes of the coroner's knife that
ansected the bullet hole, was on view
or day or two in the undertaker's back
om; and small boys went in to see it.
ey thought Jim Radabaugh was rather
re than mortal after that.

As a matter of fact it had been a narrow
eak for Jim, as an examination of the
arky's weapon proved. That unfortunate
ad had apparently been unable to buy
ilver ammunition, so he had bought
ll cartridges of the desired caliber and
ettled off the bullets to make them fit
t the cylinder of the revolver. Perhaps
e had hurried with this bit of preparation;
any rate he left one of the bullets too
ort, and when he pulled the trigger the
llet caught and prevented the cylinder
om turning; which undoubtedly saved
m Radabaugh's life.

People agreed that was a good thing; for
m was a good fellow. Wint's orders to
en up the town interested him. They
ant some measure of excitement, and he
ad excitement. He had told two or three
eople that night, and they had spread the
ews. But Jim took no official step till
e next day. Then he set out to serve notice
n those most concerned.

One of these people most concerned was
an named Lutcher. His place of busi-
ess was on the second floor of a building
at fronted on one of the alleys in the
ort of town. You climbed an outside
air from the alley to Lutcher's door.
ight and Jack Routt went there that night
mos Caretall's first home-coming, from
ar interrupted billiard game. Lutcher's
ace was perhaps the best in town; that
s to say, the surroundings were least sordid
f the wares he sold most meritorious.
t was financed, of course, by Kite.

Radabaugh went there first. He had
en there before in his personal capacity.
e had no scruples about such visits.
utcher was a lawbreaker of course; but
s lawbreaking was tacitly accepted. There
ad been no orders against it. And Jim
adabaugh had no objection to a drink
ow and then. So he climbed the stairs
om the alley to Lutcher's door and
ocked, and Lutcher opened the door and
mitted him. This Lutcher was not a bad fellow, say what you will of his business. A big, bald man with a husky, whispering voice, and a habit of appearing in his shirt sleeves. He wore rather attractive silk shirts, chosen with no mean taste; and his vests were often remarked. Also he smoked good cigars instead of the wellnigh universal stogy of Hardiston; and he gave these cigars freely to his regular customers.

Lutcher had not heard the news the night before. So he greeted Marshal Radabaugh good-naturedly and told him it was pretty early in the day for a drink and that he would lose his reputation if he came here by daylight in this fashion. Jim laughed at that and asked cheerfully whether Lutcher had a good stock on hand.

"Ice chest full and a sawdust bin packed with bottles," Lutcher told him. "What's yours? The same."

"Any reserve on hand?" Radabaugh asked. Lutcher said there was no reserve; that he was expecting a shipment in a day or two. Radabaugh nodded.

"Got bad news for you, Lutch," he said.

Lutcher beamed. He was always an amiable man. "Can't make me feel bad, Jim," he said. "Shoot the wad."

"Going to close you up," said Radabaugh.

Lutcher laughed. "Fat chance, I guess. What're you trying to do? Work me for a snifter? All right. Say the word."

"Straight goods," Radabaugh assured him. "Mayor's orders."

"Wint's orders? That's a hot one." Lutcher chuckled, his gay vest heaving with his mirth. "Why, Wint's one of my regular customers."

"Ain't been in lately, has he?" Radabaugh suggested.

"No, not just lately. It wouldn't look right."

Radabaugh nodded. "He's in earnest, I'd say," he told Lutcher. "Anyway I do what he says. He didn't say anything about confiscating the stuff or destroying it. Said to stop the sale. So I've got to seal you up, Lutch."

Lutcher had been losing some of his amiability. He told Radabaugh so.

"I'm a good-natured man," he said. "But this is no joke."

"No," said Jim. "It's no joke. Where's your ice box?"

"What in time do you think you're going to do?"

"Put a seal on it; and on that bin of yours; and drop in and look at the seals every day or two. And I'll take charge of shipments that come in, unless you cancel them. If you bust the seals I'll have to take you into court, and Wint will soak you."

"You've got a Chinaman's chance," Lutcher told him scornfully. "Why, I've given that pup his pap for two years. I'm not going to stand for this. Not for a minute. You tell him so."

"If you'd rather have it so," Jim said mildly, "I'll pour it all out of the window right now."

He said this mildly, but Lutcher knew Jim's mildness was apt to be deceptive. In the end he surrendered to the inevitable, because it was the inevitable. Jim placed his seals and strolled away. Lutcher boiled out after him and hurried off to see V. R. Kite.

The marshal bent his steps toward the Weaver House, that infamous hostelry where Wint had spent the night of his election and where he had been found next day. Radabaugh knew Mrs. Moody, the presiding genius of that place, as well as he knew Lutcher. He had always made it his business to know such folks. But Mrs. Moody did not receive him with the good nature Lutcher had shown. She had heard some rumors of what was to come.

The sunken office of the old hotel was little changed, when the marshal strolled in, since that night of Wint's election. The light of day, fighting its way through the dingy windows, served only to make the interior more squalid. The same old men played their interminable game of checkers on the table in the corner. The miserable dog that bore Marshal Jim Radabaugh's name sprawled beneath the table, its bony legs clattering on the floor when the creature stirred in its sleep. The boy, that boy who had been so painfully reading the literature of brewing on the night of the election, was not to be seen. It is to be hoped that he was out about some wholesome play. Radabaugh had a suspicion, founded on experience, that the boy was not in school. He never was. Mrs. Moody sat behind the high barlike counter. When Radabaugh came in she got up with a quick, deadly movement like the stir of a coiling snake; and she smiled at the marshal with those hideously beautiful false teeth gleaming in her aged and distorted countenance.

"Why, good morning, deary," she said, terribly amiable. "I don't often see you down here any more."

"'Morning, Mrs. Moody," said Jim, and stalked past the counter toward the door that led to that back room which overhung the creek. Mrs. Moody bustled after him and caught his arm at the door.

"Where you a-going, Jim Radabaugh?" she demanded. "You say what you want and say it here."

Radabaugh shook his head. He knew such measures as he had used with Lutcher would not serve with Mrs. Moody. The patrons of the Weaver House had little respect for such flimsy things as seals. He knew also that there was no possibility of relying upon the word of Mrs. Moody. Many women, especially such women as she, have the attitude toward promises that the Kaiser had toward treaties. They consider them interesting only when broken. Radabaugh meant to destroy her stock of liquor; and he told her so.

Then she began to scream at him. The old men at the checkerboard brushed at their ears as though her screaming were a swarm of flies harassing them. Jim pushed her to one side and went through to the back room. When he set about his business there she attacked him with a billet of wood; and Jim subdued the old warrior as gently as might be and told her to mind what she did. So she began to weep and wail and scream hysterically; and Jim emptied bottles through the trapdoor into the creek, knocking off the neck of each bottle so that there might be no survivors. All the while Mrs. Moody wailed behind him.

When it was done he turned to her, brushing his hands. "Orders are, no more selling, ma'am," he said gently. "If you start up again I'll have to take you in."

She was trying to placate him now. "Whose orders, deary?" she wheedled. "Who's doing this to old Mother Moody anyhow?"

"Mayor," Jim told her. And she wailed: "Wint Chase? Little Wint, that I've put to bed here a-many a time? He'd never go and do this now. Who was it? Honest?"

"Mayor," Jim repeated. "Straight goods. Hardiston's gone dry. This is serious too. Don't you go to start anything, ma'am. Because I always did hate to arrest a lady."

"You'll just have to—you might just as well take me right off to the poor farm, Jim Radabaugh. Making ends meet, even right now ——" Her withered old hands covered her face, and she rocked and wailed: "Eh, poor old Mother Moody! Poor old Mother Moody! You wouldn't take me in if I sold just a little bit, would you now?"

He said he would; and when she saw he meant it she dropped her attempts to conciliate him; and she cursed him through the corridor and through the office; and she stood in the door of her hostelry and cursed him as long as he could hear, so that even Jim Radabaugh's hardened ears turned red and burned with shame. It takes a brave man to face without inward shrinking the revilements of a thoroughly angry woman. Jim was glad to be rid of her.

He stopped on the way back uptown to warn a fly-by-nighter who ran a lunch cart near the station and served stronger drinks than coffee. This man denied any interest in Jim's warning; and the marshal could find no liquor about the cart. Nevertheless he served notice and made a mental memorandum to see to it that the notice was obeyed.

Remained only V. R. Kite. Radabaugh grinned as he thought of Kite. Kite would take this matter hard; and when V. R. Kite took a thing hard the sight was worth seeing.

But Kite was not in the bazaar when he got there; so Jim strolled back up street and dropped in on B. B. Beecham. The editor greeted him as courteously as he greeted everyone. "Good morning," he said. "Have a chair. Anything I can do for you?"

Radabaugh spat into the stove. "No," he said, readjusting the bulge in his cheek. "Just dropped in. Waiting to see Kite."

B. B. nodded. "Anything new with you?" he asked, for everybody was a source of news to B. B. Beecham. That was why the Journal was popular.

"We-ell, I have got a sort of an item for you," Jim told him. "Might be worth printing, maybe."

B. B. asked what it was and Jim told him. "Wint's give orders that the town's going dry."

B. B. said "Hm! Is that so?"

And Jim said it was so. "Guess that'll be an item folks will read," he remarked.

The editor shook his head. "We don't feel we can print such things," he said. "You see, it's bad for Hardiston. Outside. Legally the town is already dry."

"I never did have much of any use for laws," Jim drawled.

"I suppose this means some work for you."

"Can't say. Don't think so. There won't be much of it done except a little on the sly. Not after the word I've passed round."

"Well, it won't do Hardiston any harm. Even as things are they are better than they used to be. I can remember thirteen saloons here at one time. How many have there been under cover?"

"Three or four regular," Jim told him.

"Very few people will really miss them," B. B. said. "People do so many things just because they're in the habit, and the things are waiting to be done. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

"Can't say I ever did," said Jim, and spat into the stove.

"Like the horse in the story. You've heard about the horse?"

"What horse?"

"Oh, you haven't heard it? The horse that was trained to live without eating?"

Jim looked mildly interested. "I'd say that was some horse," he remarked. "What happened to him?"

"Why, just as the man got him trained the horse died," said B. B.; and Jim chuckled, and B. B. laughed in the silently uproarious way habitual to him. Then Jim saw V. R. Kite pass by on the way to the bazaar and got up quickly.

"There's Kite," he said. "See you later."

He overtook the little man just inside the bazaar; and Kite heard his step and turned and looked at him.

Jim saw that Kite knew, but he only said: "Hello, Kite. Want to talk to you a minute."

"Come back to my desk," said Kite, and led the way, walking stiffly, head high, ever so much like a turkey. Jim marked this peculiarity to himself.

"Exactly like a man looking over a high fence," he thought. "I declare it is."

Kite sat down, tugged at his side whiskers and bade Jim speak. The marshal looked for a place to spit, saw none, swallowed hard, and said: "Guess you've heard the orders."

"What orders?" Kite asked harshly.

"Mayor calls me up last night and tells me to stop the rum selling. Hardiston's gone dry."

"What has that to do with me?" Kite demanded.

The marshal did not grin. If Kite wanted to act that way, all right. It was the little man's privilege.

"Thought you might be interested," said Jim.

"I am," said Kite. "I believe in free sale of liquor. Every man must have an opinion, one way or the other."

Jim considered that. Then he got up. "Well," he said, "I've passed the word round. Don't know anyone that's planning to keep on selling, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Because if you do," said Jim slowly, "tell 'em not to do it. Because if there's any turns up, any selling, I'm going to come and ask you about it, Kite."

Kite boiled up out of his chair and waved his fist. "Get out of here, you rat!" he raged, holding his voice to a monotonous whisper that was more deadly than an outcry would have been. "Get out of here, before I ——"

"Before you what?" Jim asked; and Kite checked himself, and pulled at his side whiskers, and sat down abruptly, staring at the desk before him.

Jim left him there. As he emerged into the street he began to whistle. The whistle was ragged, but the tune could be identified.

Jim was whistling: There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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INDUSTRIAL

FINISHES

CINDERS OF THE CINDERELLA FAMILY

(Continued from Page 14)

sld grain and hauled away. An arid
e nveloped everything, smelling of
o ryness, of coal smoke, of sweating
eand of dog-day sultriness.
inly, thank God, something happened
wich Cinders could not possibly be
:countable! Leather thongs in the
epelt had torn loose and the joint had
o placed. The work halted. He wiped
brimed and muddy face upon his
/e and lay back upon the grain bun-
, is hair dripping wet as if he had
te his head in a tub of water, and his
ntrenched clothing sticking to his

ra below him, where men sat or
wed in the shadow of the straw stack,
eld hear them talking in low tones.
comment, mere rags of what was
gaid, occasionally drifted to his ears:
sout sucker. Funny business? No
n—knows he's watched. Nervy all
t or him to show up here."
neone asked another how near it was
ner time, and when the hungry fellow
load heard that it was no later now
n-twenty he let out a groan. Nearly
urs, then, before he would get any-
go eat. Oh, good Lord!
ne balanced his pitchfork upon a
idly finding the center of gravity to
s himself, he noticed that the steel
ul had slipped down a little and that
y wood, rather shrunken at the
d end, no longer fitted solidly into
eket. Perhaps he ought to ask for
r fork, but did not like to change, for
e had the right weight and spring.
n work was resumed he wielded it
ess agility. His strength ebbed. He
own terribly hungry. But he toiled
h teeth set and body aching. His
lers quivered, the tendons pulled in
sollen wrists and the wearied muscles,
g and cramping, grew steadily more
rl.
(n't quit," he told himself as he began
f the toothsome kitchen odors. "Got
d out till noon."
ry whiff of breeze from the south
tized him, for faintly wafting hither-
from the direction of the house it
unt the steamy fragrance of great
, crisp and hot, fresh from the oven.
and then a warm cinnamon spiciness
ed to him, the odor of pies newly
e and now set to cool on a bench of the
porch with pale mosquito netting
rhem. Scenting also the emanations of
e chicken, he thought of light meat
l ark meat upon his plate. He thought
p atoes, the largest ones, to be forked
ad halved and sopped in the good
gush of gravy, and with masterly
ealship he even began to plan his
ac upon all that food.
Wen the whistle should blow he would
and run; he would beat the others to
n washbasins; he would plunge to the
before any of the others. He saw the
eapor breathing up from platters and
ious crockery—dishes stacked to the
enost with all that his great hulking
nhed body most painfully craved.
Te sun was high, his shadow had con-
ed. It could not be much longer, he
pi, before the engine whistle would
out its hooting hurrah. He worked
t. Ignoring the faintness, the fatigue,
e ches that had been a torture to him,
ing the grain bundles with tumbling
e ty, impetuously eager, as if such ex-
niture of energy might hasten somehow
east dragging interval of his half day's
l
Iuring this lashing spurt of labor he
ll all at once to lift a sheaf. Why? For
enoment he couldn't understand. He
cied a grain bundle, stupidly rammed
e hing, unable to grasp what had hap-
rd, dismayed to be gripping a polished
le which was now but a useless naked
l Ferrule and fork had flown off. They
been flung into the chute. They were
ing swiftly down into the machine.
Suddenly he let out a yell. He was shrilly
reching to stop the power. But—too
t A grinding and snapping resounded.
angorous rending rasp and tearing of
l tered steel growled and tore frantically
o the cylinder with the delirious beat
n crash of riveting hammers gone mad.
hat next would happen he did not wait
e. He vaulted to the ground, the fork
a le still gripped in his right hand. Heav-
y e struck and fell, then floundered to his feet and fled. But his knees were weak, they quivered under him. Once he halted and whirled about with the fork handle upraised as a club, ready to smash skulls with it. Not merely this threat, but the panic and maniacal desperation of his rolling eyes caused the swiftest of his pursuers to waver, quail and turn aside.

So the fugitive sped on diagonally across the field, the stubble glassily snapping underfoot. Yells followed him, a screeching clamor of filthy abuse. He saw that two pitchers had stopped their work and were running, armed with forks, to get in ahead of him.

He kept on in spite of that danger, charging straight ahead. Then as shots resounded, a brisk dry crackle of them, those fellows prudently stopped and flung themselves down, lying flat to keep out of danger.

The runner meanwhile spurted along in zigzags, a target difficult to hit, though the keening wails of rifle bullets sometimes shrilled maliciously near. To right and left they stung the ground and ricocheted with a whine of deeper tone. Dust was pecked up in front of him; bits of stubble broke into splintered jets of chaff.

Passing between the men lying supine and getting well beyond them, Cinders threw down the fork handle in order to run faster. And he called to them, fantastically jesting while bullets spat about him: "A rotten farmer, Max is! You ought to tell him that lead's no good for fertilizer."

III

GLAD to have thought of that joke, he felt very smart. It wasn't everybody, he was sure, who could think of such an insult to Krieger's marksmanship.

"A good un," he told himself. "I pulled a good un that time." But he was afraid they wouldn't get it; probably it would be wasted on "them boobs."

Very agile for one so tired and heavy—though, truth to tell, he had formerly been a sprinter who had won trophies as a foot racer—he presently rolled under a barbed-wire fence of the railroad right of way and there disappeared from view of the enemy. He had dropped into the ditch.

Panting, blowing, drenched with sweat, he kept below the bank, scurrying along on hands and knees and sometimes parting the long bluestem grass above his head for a cautious look round. Nothing appeared. With eyes and ears acutely on the strain, he assured himself that pursuit of him for the time being had been given up; and crouching low, he continuously darted along in a fashion suggesting at once a toad and a lizard. His stratagem was to get in behind a screen of wild sunflowers growing along the fence between the telegraph poles, a mile-long strip of weedy jungle with a surface all one blossom drift, vividly yellow.

Shielded from view by that dense growth, he came erect and ran again, but abruptly stopped short, cursed silently and dropped down, lying perfectly immobile. For a hatted head—on the other side of the railway, in a direction quite opposite from where danger might reasonably be expected—had risen above the track, pausing a while and then ducking out of sight.

Instantly the fugitive eased himself among the scratchy leaves of the sunflower stalks, being very cautious lest the bobbing of the blossoms betray his presence. Here, breathing in the resinous and weedy tang of gross vegetation, he was hard put to it to keep watch of contrary points of the compass. Would that someone rise again on the other side of the track? He must be equally alert to see what was happening in the field he had raced across.

Now the harvest acreage lay vacant with nothing left in it but the wheat-shock mounds. From a half-loaded rack he noticed that the team had been detached. Through the sun-drenched silence from far off he heard the faint metallic whir of a binder and nearer at hand he intently hearkened to rhythmical swishing sounds like the wash of surf on the seashore.

What this could be he did not know, but other sounds faintly apulse through the heat torpor were at once identified—horses galloping!

"So that's it," he told himself. "They've straddled their puddin'-footed stock to run me down!"

Deadened with dust, the hoof-beats had the vague accent of animals thickly shod with felt; and a dark speck that appeared on the platform at the top of the far-distant windmill tower back yonder at the Nordstrom place gave Cinders to understand that someone had been sent up there to keep a sharp lookout over all the country for miles and miles round. East of the house and barn the road appeared no wider than the parting of a woman's yellow hair, and now it had begun to fume densely with a moving blur.

For all his insecurity and the direful chances threatening, the watcher in the sunweeds could not help quaking a little with silent mirth. He regarded it as a vast joke that those field hands and threshers, every one of them aching with hunger, should be chasing off like that. For them to abandon their big dinner merely to kill somebody—good Lord, what nonsense! And how peeved the farm women would be to have that wonderful meal all spoiled by waiting!

Anxiously jubilant over this turn of affairs, Cinders now gave his entire attention to that stretch of track above which the head had bobbed briefly into view. Nothing appeared there save the colorless heat films forever quivering over the hot rails. But by and by the peaked crown of a gray hat rose again, followed by a brim which shaded a bronzed face. The man came deliberately into view and gazed this way, to right and left, as if surveying the long reach of sunweeds, while on the other side of the track a cadenced swish and slash sibilantly continued. Presently a clinking clatter beat out a brief measure—someone whetting a scythe.

The man on the track said: "Let Dave finish that. The rest of yous come over here now and start in on this side."

Section hands came across the track, each of them with a bright blade back of his head and a curved handle upon his shoulder. The first to appear came along with the loose slouch of a negro; the others—two Japanese—walked with brisk short steps. One of these Orientals turned out to be a left-handed mower. He began cutting eastward, while his fellow, the powerful African, gashed into the weeds, working westwardly. Between the black man and the left-handed toiler lay the fugitive. On either side of him in great swaths the weeds were falling, hot sultry odors thickening, the sharp blades ever slashing nearer.

Of all times for this to happen, as if on purpose to entrap him! Cinders could hear the raspy wash of coarse leaves as the stalks subsided upon the ground. He could also hear the increasing thud of galloping horses.

The dust blur had drawn near. It was advancing along the wagon road beyond the railway track and the gray smirch was pricked through by metallic gleams—the sun upon rifle barrels.

"Hey, McKinna!" called a hoarse and raucous voice. "Seen anything of a burly blanket stiff flogging along through here anywheres?"

"Not yet," the section foreman answered; and then inquired: "You mean to-day?"

"Yes, a short while ago—thirty minutes maybe, or forty. A big husky with a bruised eye. Wears blue shirt and overalls. Escaped convict. Worst kind of a criminal. A fire bug that burns grain fields. We got to get him. Worth fifty dollars to you any information that helps us get him. Women not safe. The sort of filthy brute to take a woman by the throat."

The fugitive gasped to hear himself given such a character; and he gasped still more with the realization that but a scant forty yards now separated him right and left from the steady hack and gash of those swinging blades. Whenever one or the other of them was whetted he momentarily breathed better, thinking that another precious interval had been gained and his surrender delayed by yet a few additional moments.

"How are you knowing it, the tough nut he is?" McKinna inquired.

"You need only one look at him," Krieger asserted, "to size him up. The scaliest scoundrel ever to show up in these parts. That's what he is. Written all over him."

Chilled in that sultry place among the weeds as if lying in the ice chamber of a refrigerator car, the unhappy Cinders thought: "Nigger and Jap, devil take 'em, ought to let up and listen! All this exciting talk—and they don't stop and get any thrills out of it!"

He himself was vastly thrilled. He shivered all over. The whites of eyes in a black face could be glimpsed from time to time. How much longer would it be now before the negro would see him and let out a squeal?

Terror sickened the youth with a nauseous sickness. To leap out and race for it would be only a desperate chance and he would certainly be run down. He was resolved therefore to stick here to the very last. But his head swam. It seemed to him that he was surely going to faint.

And if he really did faint, what then? Perhaps those sooty arms, powerful and glistening, would go right on swinging the scythe like a machine, automatically and blindly, until the sabering blade should presently come slicing into human flesh! Cinders gritted his teeth, holding on to himself, fighting back his dizziness and his faintness.

Rancor helped him—a sudden flaming up of anger. He imagined that he had been seen by the Japanese laborer; and that the fellow would not stop but would keep right on sweeping his blade nearer and nearer, gloating upon the torture of suspense occasioned by the hissing edge of keen-cutting steel.

When the time came presently to be forced out he made up his mind to plunge upon the Japanese mower. Maybe it would be possible to twist that cursed yellow neck. Rage had absorbed terror. All the rage of a trapped beast was turned upon the inoffensive saddle-colored laborer.

But the time for the murderous lunge was not yet, though the weed thicket concealing the fugitive had narrowed finally to a patch no more than twenty yards in width.

He kept telling himself: "I'm a goner. Another swath or two—and then—then ——"

No, now was the time. Stealthily as a tiger his back began to rise. He dug his toes in, pressing the earth with his palms, ready to spring. Once more he watched the keen-edged pendulum swing to the left, watched it hang poised and then fall to the earth.

A steam whistle was blowing.

Faintly heard from far off to the east, a traction engine had begun to send forth its prolonged announcement of the noon hour and with the first shrilling breath of steam the cutting scythes stopped short.

The fugitive eased himself down again, panting, with mouth open to breathe and his heart knocking at painful speed. Then with the release of taut nerves after the long strain of suspense and physical exhaustion he felt a benumbing drowsiness crushing him.

"Mustn't go to sleep," he told himself. "Mustn't! Won't do!"

Presently Krieger was heard issuing orders:

"Stub, just you pile off that horse and tie up. Watch these weeds. Stay on the job till you see the last of them cut down. Better begin right now to Injun along down the ditch. If you see anything shoot first, inquire afterward."

With a derisive snort McKinna shouted: "If you don't find him there you might take a look in every gopher hole you come across, for it's afeared I am that he have crawled into one of them and pulled the hole in after him. The bunch of yous might take up the scythe now and finish the cuttin' for us—with the shirt-tearin' hurry you're in. My b'ys would like it first-rate to lay off for the afternoon and rest theirselves."

Krieger and his men held a brief council among themselves, then separated, some of the riders galloping eastward, the others west. Doubtless they meant to search under every culvert and look into every drainage tile that proposed a hiding place.

For the fugitive it was horrible to endure the fresh suspense, while a stocky fellow in overalls came along to carry out his assignment with a revolver ominously gleaming. He passed by some fifteen or twenty yards from Cinders, doubtless upon the theory that the weed thicket in its densest and tallest growth would be best adapted for purposes of concealment; and now the quarry began to experience yet another interval of relief.

After hearing the sinister footsteps die gradually away Cinders promptly resolved to try a very bold experiment. With the searcher's back toward him and steadily retreating, the youth emerged from the sultry covert of sunflower stalks; and though he could scarcely stand at first, so stiff and cramped did he feel from having lain there interminably long, he at once shouldered a

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scythe in order to appear as much as possible like a member of the section gang. Holding himself to a pace of lagging indifference, he slouched across the railroad track, going over to the willow tree in whose sun-freckled shade the five section hands had begun to eat from tin dinner buckets.

When Cinders had joined the group he said to McKinna: "Max Krieger sent me over to help cut weeds. We're after a geek that's supposed to be hidin' out. Hard-boiled egg, that's what he is. Desperate character. 'Scaped convict or something like that. Only I don't care much for the job. To sit pretty, right here in the shade, and watch you boys cut the weeds would suit me better, for I wasn't hired to cut weeds. No, I wasn't."

Saying so, he turned back the lid of the water cask, dipped in a tin cup and drank deeply, and having wiped his mouth on the back of his hand he drank again and yet again. He seemed unable to satisfy his thirst.

"What have he done," McKinna inquired, "that they do be chasin' him to hell and gone?"

"An accident got him in bad. By accident he fed something into the thresher that acted queer. Machine ripped and yelled with the toothache and seemed to have some stomach trouble and cramps and convulsions. It howled and talked indecent. I never was so ashamed of anything in my life. Max didn't like it either. None of us did. It was too immoral."

Cinders watched for the effect he had hoped to produce, for the tradition is that if you expect something to eat from a woman you tell it sad; but bounty from a man is more likely to be got if you tell it funny. A grin and a wink were his reward for this bit of gloating comedy. The section foreman even raised his thick brown hands as if he meant to whack them down solidly on his knees and laugh. But suddenly his black eyebrows came together in a scowl.

He said accusingly: "A smart lad you are, God help you! But for why are you coming here with a song of how it was Max Krieger sent you? And the fine nerve and gall and crust you have to be bringing a scythe along that you have picked up here—one of our own scythes surely, as I see it is by the railroad mark that's on it. Yourself it were, I do believe, yourself have been feeding scrap iron to the thresher—and horseshoes and spikes and a hardware pudding. Who planned it I don't know; but the job has the look about it of Shag Miller. For it's a rough joker he is and a rough man. And Max Krieger be another. Rough men, both; and bad blood betwixt them—and myself not wanting to get mixed up in it. So let you clear out of this and be gone clean away from here, you rogue and blanket stiff."

Cinders looked hurt and offended and crossed himself devoutly, though to save himself he would not have known an Ave Maria from a Paternoster.

"If you dump me," he observed in an injured tone, "I'll go to Father Kelly about it some day and tell him there's no charity in you. Here I am," he added, pulling up his blood-stiffened shirt, "a wounded man with death knocking at my slats. But what do you do? You bounce me! You threaten to knock my block off. That's the kind of a chap you are!"

"I didn't threaten and I don't threaten; but he's a stout lad, is Snowball, my colored help, and myself am not so sick abed that you can notice it—and the two of us maybe will be climbing your frame right now something rough if you don't pull out of this."

Cinders dolefully whined and lay down in the shade, sprawling out luxuriously.

"Hop to it!" he challenged. "For I'd sooner be kicked to death by the Irish than be shot to death by a hyphenated Hun."

"Bad cess to you and a black curse on you! It would be right to wax it to you till you holler for help. But," McKinna temporized, getting to his feet and taking a few strokes with the scythe, "but here you can lay and rot and take your ease in the shade and maybe cover up a little with some of this green grass over you so that Krieger will be seeing neither hair nor hide of you if he do be riding by again with the others along and a great itch on the lot of them to be giving you every bad stroke you ought to have for the devilment you've made—and destruction."

"Cover up sure—good idea!" conceded the cheeky Cinders as he began cautiously wriggling toward McKinna's open dinner bucket, a pilfering hand ready to dip and snatch therefrom a wedge of dried-apri pie such as the others were eating.

Crumbs of crust flecked the corners the negro's mouth. The black fellow enjoying immensely what he ate; he ga his whole attention to it. But those cursed Japanese, as the youth believed, w watching him out of the corners of th eyes. He groaned. He dared not r snagging anything. All he could do was go on loathing those fellows for their espionage. Especially he abhorred the their jaws kept working in zestful rel and—as it seemed to him—in mockery his painful hunger.

"Cover up," Cinders repeated. "W you said that you said a mouthful. that's O. K.—far as it goes. But," he pudently inquired, "don't I get someth to eat?"

"Get, is it? Get something? Sure you will! Say that again and you'll get boot right in the bosom of your breeche

"No, after all, I don't believe I want a thing," Cinders hastened to add, broa grinning but with a tear on either ch coursing down through the grime. "I do somehow feel hungry. That's what ails m failing appetite. I ought to take someth for it and get my system toned up. Aw tough to lose interest in your victuals I didn't used to be like this. It's only lat that something has seemed to tell me t I don't want to eat."

McKinna wouldn't laugh, but Snowb did. He threw back his head, his red mo showing and all his white teeth gleamin a face as dark as a wet rubber boot. this resonant reward of full-lunged mir fulness accomplished nothing more s stantial, for his dinner pail was now em to the last crust and crumb.

All the consolation that remained Cinders before falling asleep under a gr coverlid of grass in the shade of the wil tree was to watch the stubby gun-bel individual on the railway track, that nerless sentinel observing the mow doggedly patrolling his beat, tediou waiting and getting himself misera cooked in the hot sun.

IV

LATE in the afternoon when the slee woke he lay very still while a ho came galloping by along the dusty ro The pulsing thud of hoofs mingled presen with the snapping splutter of a gasoline gine, followed by a clicking grind of wh along the track, for not merely the gu set by Krieger to watch the weed cutt but now the section gang also, with its r road motor car, was taking itself off. dently the mowing along the right of had been finished.

Though eager to be up and away, Cind waited prudently for the sun to go do He lay watching for some time how western heavens vividly flamed with b liant hues of the afterglow, while from g and field began the trill of crickets and notonous insect chorusing. Bird voices w few, as is always the case in late summ but now and again a bobwhite called thanks for the ripe grain which he and the coveys round about had blithely app priated in this good harvest time.

How very happy were those birds, w he, a hunted being, quite supperless sick at heart, tried to draw comfort from bright color now fading from the clouds still brilliant with smoldering purple saffron. In the sky meadow of transluc emerald he saw that the evening star, la and crystalline, had begun to quiver bright tear of joy to welcome the cooln of the swift-coming night.

Only when darkness had completely fal did Cinders rise and set out northward an unknown destination, proceeding trustfully, always alert for the gallop horses and ever meditating, not upon lucky deliverance but upon how bruis weary and baffled he was—and hungry very wrenched and ravened with hung

He kept going for all that, determine trudging the dusty country roads all ni long; and finally as the east began to bla with a faint pallor heralding the first flush of dawn he gazed across a great panse of harvest field which still remai but a dusky monochrome. The paling h zon, he soon observed, was blotched by shadow shapes—a threshing machine traction engine seen in black profile away and looking very small.

As the wayfarer sat down to give the uation his most thoughtful appraisal could make out a dark mass, conical

(Continued on Page 144)

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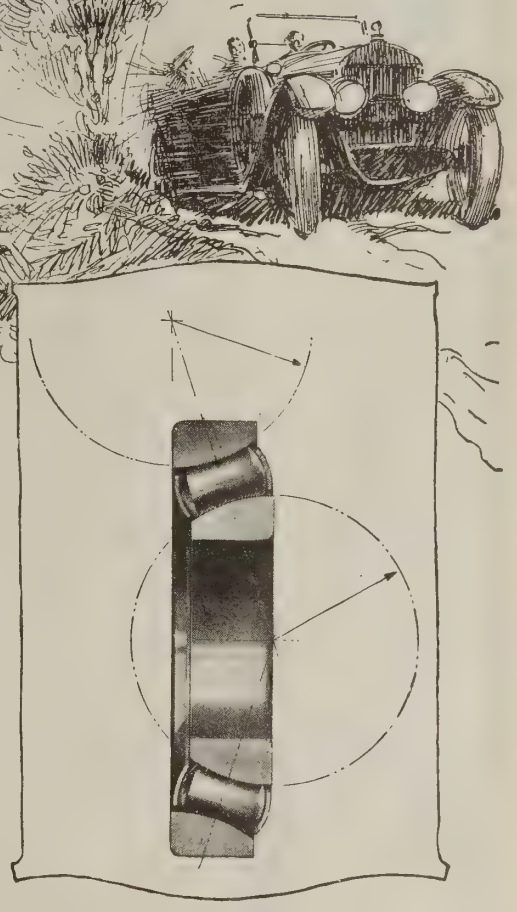

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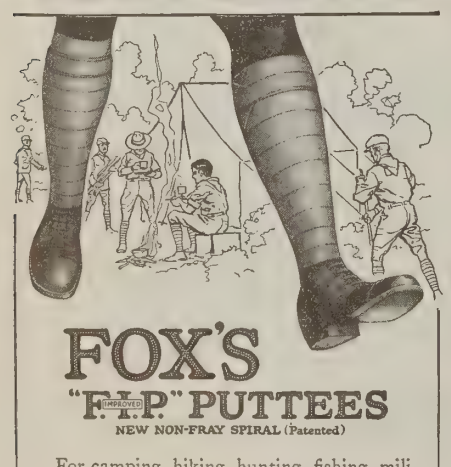

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(Continued from Page 142)

shape, which he knew to be the straw stack. Another dark shape, this one like a doll's house on stilts with a light twinkling from a window, had an aspect rather familiar, for such a cook shack, one mounted on wheels with a beamed support at each corner to hold the boxlike structure firmly in place, was part of Miller's equipment.

"But that," he told himself, "won't be Shag's outfit. Can't be."

This was not a conviction—it was a misgiving. While he waited for the russet warming of dawn to reveal whether there would be a red water wagon and a canvas shroud on the engine, together with other points of identification, he kept hoping that this threshing concern might belong to others than the truculent and rowdy crew which he wished devoutly to avoid.

Presently the yellow light disappeared from the window, the sun came up, horses whinnied to be fed and there was an increasing activity about the camp. Horizontally over the bright stubble spread the early rays, distantly lighting up two round patches of silver web. These unquestionably must be the wire-spoked wheels of a motor cycle, and when the observer caught sight of them he uttered a sound that was neither a groan nor yet a chuckle but something of both. For this must certainly be the machine upon which he had tested his unlucky talent as a repair expert.

That bungling, it is true, had been overlooked; but a subsequent and final offense was of a character not to be forgiven. He had taken no part in the hostilities of last Saturday night when the two thresher gangs had come to grips.

Combativeness being a trait wholly absent from his character, he was so ashamed of the deficiency that he used to brag in a most brazen manner of what a fighter he was. He liked to describe very showily all the fistic encounters that had gained distinction for him. He let it be known that one reason why he ate so much—and the enormous quantities of food he consumed had earned for him the nickname of Bean Booster—was that he wanted to keep in trim and show up grand when Shag's outfit should finally have a whack at Krieger's. As to training diet, Cinders was not particular. What he needed, he said, was food, every kind of food—plenty, plenty, plenty of food!

Now he wished that he had never told what a dreadful adversary he would be when the great day should arrive for proving his valor, for how was he ever to explain convincingly the cause of his clearing out before the hour of flying fists and bloody coxcombs?

Better not try to explain; better not go over there at all. But seeing that smoke had begun to rise from the stove-pipe chimney of the cook shack, he looked, yet tried not to look at it; he strove to resist the lure; he was quite resolved not to be drawn in that direction.

If only he had not been so hungry, so very very hungry, he would not have gone. But he went. He went not boldly, to be sure, but slinking along in the most abject, shamefaced humility, driven thither by the grinding ruthless urge of his tormenting emptiness.

As he approached he was hailed from afar. Slim Dorkin shouted: "See who's here! I'll eat your shirt if that ain't Bean Booster comin' back!"

Everybody looked. Those who had been washing and splashing their heads did not wait to wipe themselves on the grimy roller towel but struck the water from their eyes with their hands and gazed at the hang-dog coming of the famished Cinders.

"Hello, fellers!" he called, and tried to put gay nonchalance into his salutation.

Nobody greeted him; nobody offered to shake hands. Not a word was spoken save when the Chinese cook, whisking a dish towel at some flies, put forth his shaven poll from the screen door of the kitchen to announce: "Chow ol ledy now! Hot cakes!"

Glancing upward at that head on the back of which the long queue, dark and plaited, was bound round and round in many coils, Shag Miller said: "Never mind us! Company first!"

Of medium height but wide and thick, with a short neck set between massive shoulders, and a rugged cranium disproportionately large, the thresher imparted a strange impression; he seemed stubbily grotesque like a dwarf—a dwarf with a giant's strength. Swarthy, curly haired, ironically polite, he stiffly bobbed his uncouth heavy head at the visitor in sarcastic welcome. An arid smile lifted the corners of his mouth as he dryly observed: "An eatin' man is Bean Booster, and a fightin' man. Must go first, mustn't he, boys? Don't you all say so?"

They all said so. The shrinking visitor, who had been diffidently standing aloof ready to run off, was suddenly grabbed by long arms, brown, apelike, hairy and immensely strong. He was given a jerk and a shove. A knee rammed him from behind. Amid jeers and guffaws he was passed from one man to the next, for the threshers had formed in line, each waiting his chance to seize the victim and to help him with kicks and fisticuffs to answer the breakfast call.

Once Cinders grinned with clenched teeth and quivering face and for this impudence a knuckle blow under the jaw sent him reeling. He brought up with a jolt against the beamed support at the corner of the cook shack.

Here as he spat out blood from a cut lip he breathlessly gulped forth the comment: "Your parlor manners are all right. Show up just elegant. Only—if you was to ask me—I'd rather have 'em toned down a little and modified and not quite so stylish."

Better for him that he had not raised a laugh, seeing that this absurdity only provoked a punishment more painful—if less brutal—than that which had helped him to a plate of pancakes and a steaming tin cup full of coffee. For now he was to experience a humiliation too deep and soul-devastating to be eased by quips and the poulticing of merry nonsense.

He was set to work with the Chinaman. Let him make a joke of that if he could! But he could not. Hearing this sentence, his coffee choked him. Hot cakes, delectably browned, buttered and most enticingly a-glisten with sirup, quite lost their savor.

Be a Chink's helper—good Gawd! His eyes brimmed over. He began to cry over this ignominy. Tears ran down in tragic hopelessness.

In the days following he grew more and more dejected. He was shunned. No one talked to him. Once he tried to escape in the night, but was overtaken, captured, brought back and roughly used.

Now, being charged with rioting and inciting to riot, Shag Miller was awaiting trial in heavy bonds—and everybody knew that the county prosecutor, a relative of Nordstrom, the banker, was strongly identified with the Krieger faction. Cinders, it was believed, might prove a dangerous witness. By all means then he must be kept away from the opposition, consequently he was to be held here—a prisoner of war—until after the hoped-for acquittal should eventuate.

Meanwhile the cook's helper, greasy and unkempt, scraping pots and pans, doing scullion's work, stoking the fire in the kitchen range, sweltering, cowering in the most dispirited way each time that Miller and the others came to meals, suffered as he had never suffered before. His was the shame of a man disgraced and bereft utterly of companionship.

Such a position might have been a trifle less forlorn if he had not sometimes caught a certain look in the black eyes of Lim Fong, the cook. They were swift shy glances, unmistakably compassionate. This seemed to Cinders the worst of all. Pity from a Chink! Here finally was the thing measuring the depth of his degradation. The rest he could have borne, every insult and brutality, but this—this—this was the affront insupportable. Tears of hopeless rage went coursing down his cheeks and slowly dripped one after another into the tub of potatoes he was paring in the shadow of the cook shack.

Never before had a slant-eyed Oriental face been quite so odious to him. It seemed to him that there never had been, that there never could be another mug quite so outrageously ugly as that of Lim Fong. Oh, the broad phiz with high cheek bones, perspiring, yellow and all pock-marked as if it had been dented by a load of buckshot!

"You lak smoke, mebbe so—lak hev nice litty smoke."

On the ground beside his snuffling assistant the cook placed a small muslin bag of tobacco with a packet of cigarette papers.

"But," the Chinaman cautioned, "watch out! No care hev Shag see. Mekka him ve'y despise wif me. He getta mad, get desplate."

Miller had indeed been so worried lest Cinders escape and later testify against him at the trial that he had left a loaded rifle in the cook shack with instructions of the most particular sort for Lim not to lose t kitchen assistant.

Disdaining at first to notice the tobs and papers, the disgruntled helper thou later of flinging the stuff at the shaven h of the Chinaman, but the craving for a arette got the better of resentment, exa as Cinders' craving for food had brou upon him this distressing situation. as he began to smoke the outcast hear him warmed a little toward the one wh he wanted to go on holding in conten

"Nobody will ever know of this," he himself as he guiltily enjoyed Lim Fo tobacco.

In the days following, even though tried to ignore the presence of the cook could not help admiring the silent and m teriously capable Chinaman, always ser and unruffled, doing his work with no or flurry, never in apparent haste and ne seeming to get tired.

It became evident, moreover, that des the self-effacing manner of Lim Fong was really very shrewd. When, for exam Cinders had grown a little used to his basement and was no longer rancoro displeased with his berth, seeing that he had plenty to eat and the best of ev thing, the Chinaman gave him a bit of sul counsel:

"To-mawla morning, if Shag sheem g nature, nen you come up. Say: 'What hell!' No, not that; that ve'y bad. him in politeness; say: 'Exceeding reg No can stand work beside dam heath Tay him, it makka you bad shatisfact Nen he loar at you."

"Loar? What's that?"

"Yeh, he loar—loar lak wil' beas'. ve'y despise on you. Ol light; you s worry! Faw why? Faw becos he no s you to makka pitchfork work in fiel'. he tek hell's delight to makka you w beside dam heathen. Sabby what is?"

By this bit of strategy, even tho Cinders as a consequence was promp kicked out of Miller's way, the cook's he escaped the arduous toil as a pitcher in field.

In deep commiseration for the kickin his helper, Lim Fong quietly observed: bad! Shag he mos' push your breff awa

"It wasn't," Cinders replied—"it wa my breath that got pushed."

Late in the night after this last unha incident the captive crawled stealthily by inch to the motorcycle, and timing strokes to the rasping snores of men as on straw under the wagons, he used a to cut steadily into a link of the chain w fastened the machine by means of a p lock. No light helped him, for the sky overcast, with only a few stars shining, far too soon the horizon eastwardly ba to pale with the first touch of dawn. stole away very cautiously, not know whether the iron had been eaten away e enough to be snapped by a strong jer the chain but convinced that the notc the end of a link was not likely to be covered.

In the need to talk with someone— still despising himself for social laxness, cause he did not want to grow fond of Chinaman—Cinders had a long confer with the cook, remarking that a lawyer been out from town yesterday to coach men as witnesses and that this morn Shag Miller seemed better natured, for very good reason that a change of ve had finally been granted.

"It's all in the paper I've picked u Cinders observed. "Guess the law brought the paper. The trial won't b Spring Junction. Too many foreign-b folks living round there—Germans such, so the case will go before a judge jury over in Greeley. All Down-East Ya living over there, with some Irish mixe This means that Shag will get justice cording to Shag's idea of justice; an means that Krieger won't be so very pr and full of enthusiasm over Shag's just Take it from me, Lim Fong, trouble's its way, plenty of it—nothing but! M likely Krieger won't bother to wait for t trial. Any day now we can look for hi come busting off the reservation—an know what he's like. He shoots, he bu powder, he don't care how much lead splashes round. And me—I don't like It's clean again' my principles to 'soc with Max Krieger. So when he gets you can tell him I'm not at home. him I'm out. And I will be. You k I will."

Nothing indicated that the Celestial at all impressed by this croaking forec

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Inscrutable as always, the yellow and slat-eyed face held its look of utter infallibility. But before the dinner dishes had been put away Lim Fong took his abacus to the table and began clicking the colored balls of the counting frame as if totaling several accounts, for he extended credit to the men for such luxuries as furs, fruit, chewing gum, cigarettes, pipe and plug tobacco.

These calculations finished, it appeared that the money due the Chinaman as a reader was a sum inconsequential, not above twenty-two dollars in all, but as luck he was much less fortunate.

"No rush, is there?" Miller had crossly inquired when Lim Fong had called attention to the fact that his wages were in arrears.

The Celestial did not say whether there was any rush. He merely wanted his money.

"Much oblige' faw pay, ef you please, think you," he respectfully but firmly insisted until told in a most brusque and surly fashion that he would get paid off when Shag Miller got good and ready to pay—not a minute sooner.

"Ol light! Please, I lak my pay soon quick."

But Fong did not get it soon quick, and he was so far from being satisfied with the day that he confided to his helper after a long interval of cogitation: "Get all square and then quit. That's me."

"Better not wait," Cinders admonished. "Pack your wicker basket and we'll blow out of here to-night. If Shag owes us more than two hundred dollars we'll just ride his jar bouncer two hundred dollars' worth—me in front, you behind. There, how's that? Are you on?"

Lim Fong shook his solemn head. No, decidedly he was not on. The motorcycle was a terror to him. His was the conservatism of his race; he distrusted innovations; he was especially afraid of a machine that went so fast and made such a devil of a noise in going. He further explained that Pelican courthouse justice was something a China boy doesn't want to get mixed up with. Maybe you could not convince justice that you had merely taken a ride to square up; maybe you would only get put in jail for a thief and robber gemman.

"Well, now," Cinders admitted, "we sure wouldn't like to be taken for robber gentlemen; you're right about that."

Raising the rifle from a corner of the kitchen as he spoke, he inquired whether the cartridges in the magazine were new or old and acknowledged that such a gun might be a handy weapon for defense, but that for his part he thought it desirable not to stay here waiting for any murdering gentlemen to arrive.

He further emphasized the point that his services as assistant chef came high. He believed in the dignity of labor. The motorcycle he would take to settle his claim and thus avoid all unpleasant argument.

The trouble was that conditions did not favor this chosen method of satisfying a debt. One night the gasoline tank was empty; another night, being challenged by the night watchman, Cinders escaped detection only by lying perfectly still in the darkness for several hours and afterward crawling back very cautiously to the cook shack. Next, the moon disarranged his delivery—the torpid harvest moon, big and round and yellow and ever growing more fearsomely bright.

V

TIME finally the day of the trial. Earlier than usual the camp quickened with activity, the men all jovial and full of jests. After breakfast a four-horse team was made ready, with sunflowers decorating the harness and the lines of the lead team extended by an extra pair of reins. Then crying "All aboard!" Shag Miller began to display his skill as a driver, snapping his long whip while the men frolicked behind him in the straw that cushioned the wide back of the great wagon. From the road the rumble of the ponderous vehicle drifted back, mingled with the bellowing burden of the familiar play song, Weevily Wheat. Who would guess that these robust merrymakers, now driving away in a humor so lustily hilarious, were to be tried this day for rioting and inciting to riot?

Within the half mile the wagon halted, possibly for a readjustment of harness. During the delay of some ten minutes before the team went on again, Cinders let out a whistle of surprise and said: "Wow!" For the brassy gleam of the newly risen sun had begun to quiver upon the glass wind shield of a motor car advancing from the south but holding back in speed as if wary about its approach toward the threshing camp.

No sooner had the four-horse team started to leave than Cinders decided to carry out an audacious scheme. His first plan had been to go straight to the motorcycle, snap off the chain and boldly make a dash. But such daring entailed too great a risk. A watchman stood guard, gun belted, with a heavy six-shooter in a holster studded with copper rivet heads in an ornamental pattern.

Toward this picket patrolling his beat near the engine and threshing machine the kitchen assistant went shambling in pretended sulkiness and straightway began to grumble. He hadn't been hired, he said, to clean motorcycles. Enough to do as cook's helper. Everybody imposed on him. He had a mind not to go near the thing. For half a cent he wouldn't. Not his job, was it, to do work of that kind? No, it wasn't! Shag had no right to make him do it.

"You're going to clean that whizzer," the guard asserted with bullying truculence. "Right now you're going to get about it."

With surly emphasis but inwardly delighted, Cinders retorted: "If Shag wants to order me round, all right. But you can't! I won't stand for it!"

"Won't, won't you? Well, if you want to get a hammer bounced on your bean just you fool round here a little bit longer."

"Don't get sore," the young fellow remonstrated. "I'll do my work. Sure I will! But I got to have some cotton waste out of the engine tool box."

He took the shredded cleaning stuff—also a file, in case the chain should not break easily, and thus gained an uninterrupted chance to inspect the motorcycle, to fill up the gasoline tank and to pump the tires full of air.

Fast he worked, with growing excitement, and meanwhile little heeded the advancing automobile; but the purring smoothness of its approach gave him to understand that it was driven by a powerful engine. Above the sputtered crepitations of the motor he had set going he suddenly heard gruff orders, shouts and the double discharge of a six-shooter. Then as he mounted and started away he saw the guard running off at top speed, his arms elevated, his yells rending the silence, while yet another bullet was sent whizzing after him.

Glad to escape and jubilant with the idea that nothing could catch him, the fugitive joyously waved his hat and as the motorcycle skated in a slanting curve about the cook shack before driving off in a diagonal course across the field for the open road the rider shouted exultantly: "So long, Lim! Good-by! Give my love to Shag—if he happens to ask about me."

Before the cyclist had reached the wheel track the ground quaked momentarily with a decided quiver. Noise shook the morning, a tremendous blast and upheaval.

He looked back over his shoulder. The traction engine had disappeared. Dark vapor had expanded there. A burst of falling scrap iron smote the field. Rattling chunks of metal clacked down upon the cook shack and the thresher.

Temporarily delayed in his flight through the necessity of opening a gate in the barbed-wire fence, Cinders noted that the dun fumes and dust had scarcely dissolved before a man from the automobile raced forward, running in fitful starts and stops and hesitations as if mistrustful lest a burned-out fuse of the blast intended for the threshing machine might belatedly explode the shot with direful consequence. Over his face he wore the disguise of a blue handkerchief. Doubtless he meant to relight the fuse for another bombing operation. There could be no question that every major piece of Miller's threshing equipment was to be dynamited.

Cinders chuckled. He thought of the jubilant Shag driving away so hilariously. Oh, what a surprise when Miller and his men should come boisterously back to celebrate their triumphant acquittal!

But was the present situation so very funny after all? Especially the panic with which poor Lim Fong had been stricken! As Cinders muddled with the fastenings of a gate in the barbed-wire fence a backward glance let him see that the Chinaman had jumped down from the cook shack, rifle in hand. Instantly the frightened fellow dropped the weapon—dropped it and began racing about in terror. Round and round he sped, ever circling the camp kitchen.

"Beat it, Lim Fong! Come here!" shouted Cinders.

But frantic and senseless as a horse refusing to leave a burning barn, the cook continued to make that nonsensical circuit. How very grotesque he looked, that anguished Oriental, with loose blouse and baggy trousers inflating like balloons!

Two men from the motor car, their ruffian faces disguised with handkerchiefs, were rapidly approaching the cook shack.

"Come on, Lim!" Cinders anxiously yelled. "Come on! Come here!"

It was time surely that they scuttle away. But the Celestial heard nothing. He was too frightened to hear.

The cyclist gulped, choked and spat.

What matter, though, if something bad should happen to Lim Fong? Merely a Chink, wasn't he? And if the fool refused to come when he was called —— Cinders cursed.

It wouldn't do, he thought, to go back there. Surely it wouldn't! Cinders refused to go back—profanely and savagely refused.

But went.

The stubble crunched with a sound like ripping cloth as the machine sped tearing back for the cook shack. With a great bound Cinders fell upon his friend, catching the fear-crazed Chinaman, forcing him to the ground and at once caught up the rifle which Lim Fong had so deliriously dropped.

"Keep down! Keep down!" Cinders kept admonishing. "For the love of Pete, keep down!"

The two crawled under the wagon supporting the cook shack. With the rifle barrel between the spokes of a wheel and the stock pressed to his shoulder the youth took careful aim. He aimed and waited. How near should he allow those fellows to approach?

"Lay low!" he urged. "Flatten out! Down, down, keep down! Now then, all set!"

He began to shoot and he talked as he fired.

"Here we go! That's it! Hop a little! Come on, why don't you? Step right this way! Costs you nothing! Free exhibition! What? Not leaving, are you? What's your hurry? Lim, you climb up there and get me some more fodder for my fog iron. Hey, will you? There, hear that squeal? Must be somebody has got nicked a little. Some spry and limber, I'll say he is!"

One of the two incendiaries, as they scurried away, making for the automobile, had suddenly pitched headlong, rolling over and over. His comrade turned back, helped him to his feet and half carried him along.

"Quick, Lim, more cartridges! Here—see—here comes one who seems to like our party. He's sure on the prod, this baby! Holy hoptoads! I do believe it's Max Krieger himself! My old friend Max!"

Charging straight ahead, the powerful fellow emptied his revolver as he came. From his defiant face the handkerchief had come down and the blue cloth, speckled over with white dots, jounced about his throat, the limp triangle flapping like a flag.

"Here, Lim Fong, take this!" the rifleman excitedly instructed, and tossed the weapon to the cook. "Load it! Get back here quick!"

The youth leaped forward, fists doubled, to meet the attack of the burly figure rushing straight at him.

"Oh," Cinders exclaimed, "if mamma could only see me now!"

He was surprised at himself. He, the skulker, the quitter, the coward, to be like this—incredible!

"Good mornin'! How's all the folks?" he impudently saluted, and dodged the blow savagely struck at him with the heavy revolver.

The fight began. Suddenly the youth lost his shambling laxity of movement. A feline alertness and nimbleness, springs backward and to one side, kept him out of the way of the weapon and of the fist swinging powerfully like a lump of knuckly bronze. Cinders chattered while he fought, rattling forth a stream of comments, derisive and enraging.

"Right nice of you, Max, to hunt me up! Owe me for half a day's work. Pay me off, eh? Good ol' Maxie! 'Preciate it. Sure do! There, how's that? Did that jar your little tummy? Say, boy, you ought to wipe your nose. Bad nosebleed. Gettin' all juiced up with it. Wow! When you do land you sure do land! My slats hurt me. Another one like that and I won't—won't love you any more."

All at once his grin shriveled to a leer. He crouched, then lunged. His whole massive weight struck with irresistible impact against his assailant's chest and down went the larger man under that jolting collision.

But as Krieger fell his lusty arms snapped shut like the jaws of a bear trap upon the bulky weight of his adversary. Let the youth wriggle, heave, gouge his toes into the ground in the uttermost strain of his effort to get free, still could he neither rise nor strike. But into the hairy sunburned neck of the antagonist his fingers had begun to sink. Deeper they dug, yet deeper—continuously tightening, terrifying in strength, deadly in their power of slow strangulation.

And gayety returned to Cinders, a wild ferocity of glee.

"Such pretty eyes!" he panted in homicidal jubilation. "Blue, eh? I always did love blue eyes. Such big eyes too—big and wide! And how they do pop open!"

From under the cook shack, looking out between the thick spokes of a wagon wheel, Lim Fong presently announced: "Shag come! Shag come back now!"

It was true. The thresher chief must have heard the shooting. Certainly he had heard the immense discharge of dynamite in the harvest field; and now, obliquely cutting across the great acreage of stubble, his galloping horse could be heard steadily drawing nearer. His black mount was evidently one that had been detached from the lead team of the wagon.

Meanwhile, as he approached the hard arms gripped about Cinders were beginning by slow degrees to release their hold. The great hulking body heaved convulsively, frantically twisting in a futile effort to rise. But still was Krieger crushed to earth.

While squeezing the heavy neck with his left hand Cinders toilfully dragged his right arm free. Then down he drove his knob-knuckled fist. As it beat like the stroke of a sledge hammer, smiting straight for Krieger's face, the stalwart fellow gave a heave and a twist of his muscular neck, desperately swinging his head aside. Then a choked moan sobbed raspingly, a shudder quaked over him, his eyelids quivered and he lay still, very still—and amazingly limp.

"Gosh a'mighty!" Cinders gasped, realizing that his terrific blow had struck the spine, at the base of Krieger's skull. "Gosh a'mighty! Is he dead?"

Silencing awe had come to the youth—the awe and the dread and the terror lest he had killed this man.

VI

WITH staggering uncertainty the young fellow got from his knees to his feet, looked in wonder at his bruised right hand, wiped the back of it across his eyes and kept whispering in stupid repetition: "Knocked out—that's all! Just knocked out! Not dead! Can't be!"

This horror was not shared by the Chinaman; neither could it be said of Lim Fong that he rejoiced over the successful issue of the combat. But having been put back into his fatalistic calm he called to the remorseful Cinders: "Yeh, Shag come now."

Miller came galloping up, his hoarse voice excitedly gloating: "Got him, did you? Got him—got him!"

Cinders did not look up. His pale lips still moved, but now inarticulately, in horror, while he dumbly repeated: "Not dead! Can't be!"

Short necked and cubically proportioned, the powerful Shag Miller flung himself from his horse; and stumbling over a fragment of the shattered engine, wild with rage, a pallor about his mouth, he came plunging up to the prostrate Max Krieger.

What followed caused Cinders to quail and gasp with revulsion. That anyone, even a calloused brawler such as Shag Miller, should draw back a booted foot and kick an insensible man! Was such a thing possible?

Yes, it was. The thresher kicked, crowed with strident laughter, and to the victor extended his stout, thick, stubby hand.

Now for him to be offering congratulations in this way at this moment was far from being a procedure well considered. The youth's face was pale. The corners of his mouth had lifted. But that scorn and that menace and that tricky smile were

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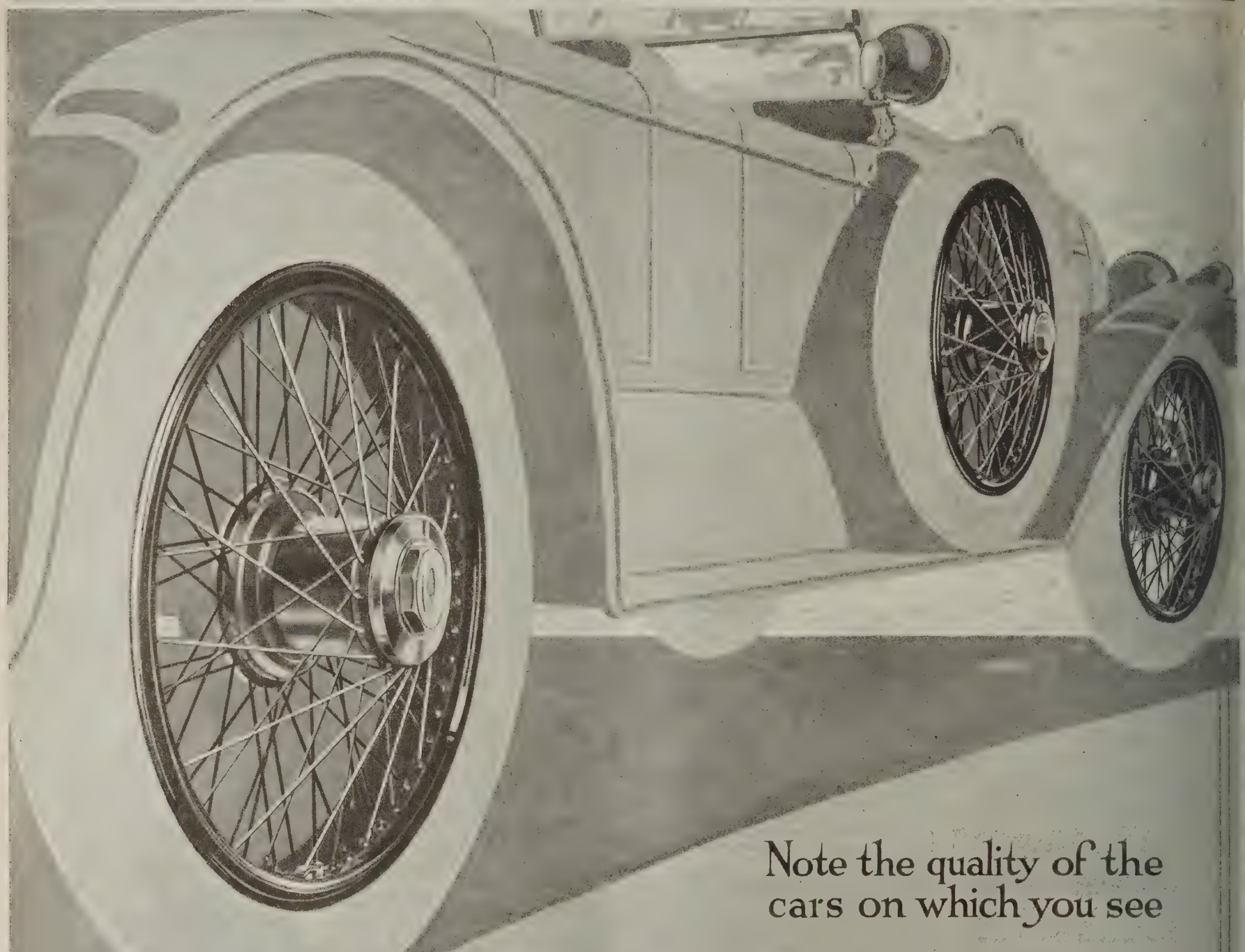

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no for the exultant thresher to understad.

iller felt his great brown paw powerful gripped, and next moment he crumpled upfalling to the ground, bellowing with pa. For in the pit of his stomach somehig had struck like a battering ram. He a been tremendously kicked. He rolled er and over, howling like a maniac and claing at the ground.

hen up he plunged, still raving in a ncy of groans and curses. Frenzied with a and rage he hurled himself at his usher. He charged with head down, like—and like a bull was felled.

ot by any blow from Cinders, for no ike of fist or foot could have stopped the olid fury of such a rush. All that could elone was to avoid a collision with the an avalanche. In nimbly leaping aside young fellow scraped his back against beamed support of the cook shack. At same moment something violently ed the whole shanty, for under it the ged head of Shag Miller had struck a el. Midway between hub and tire, in upper zone of solid spokes his heavy smote hard and rebounded as if he had ted an anvil. With a grunting heave he wled upon the ground, immobile and esque, as if he had been some effigy g down from a balloon.

Hey, Lim Fong," gasped Cinders, "fetch er! Fetch water quick!"

ar off a bobwhite called and through still air one heard the whir of prairie kens starting up in a covey and flying y. A wagon rumbled. The waiting omobile emitted the rhythmic beat of anxious motor. One of the men from t conveyance came forward, no longer ring the disguise of a handkerchief. hands were up. He wanted water for wounded comrade.

All right—sure!" Cinders agreed. "And w bad is it?"

s the man hurried away with a dripping wpan Cinders and the cook splashed er in the faces of the others; and when sently Krieger began to breathe in fitful ps the Chinaman announced: "Dissa l begin to whistle!"

He had described very well the panting eeze of the unconscious Miller; and anwhile Krieger had gazed up in winking plexity at the deep concern of the face ve him.

'Who hit me?" he demanded, thrusting de the wet handkerchief with which nders had been wiping his bruised face. baneful gleam came into his blue eyes as belligerently insisted: "I say, who hit ?"

'I did," Cinders replied. "Care for re?"

After another interval, while the dynater looked about in mingled perplexity l rage, the victor added: "You better this right: it wasn't me—it was that sky stiff over there, who booted you in side after you'd been put out. A brave y, he is! About as brave as the kind that s an unarmed man with a pitchfork. A eet-scented pair of geraniums—both of u! . . . No, I wouldn't get up yet if was you. Feel too groggy yet a while. ag don't feel very well either. Got so ashamed of himself a while back that he went and butted his head against that wagon wheel. I never did see a man so full of remorse. I say, Lim Fong, how's your sick baby? Has he clean come to? Or has he still got some of the breff pushed out of him? You may have to wait a while, Max, before you mix it with him. Seems to have stomach trouble. And his head has swelled on him. You will have to control your enthusiasm until he gets over feeling so indisposed."

Lumberingly Miller began to stir. By bracing himself on an elbow he half rose with groaning toilfulness; and having glowered at Krieger for a time he gruffly inquired: "What about it, Max? Did the kid put you to sleep?"

Krieger spat out a stream of saliva and hoarsely acknowledged: "He lit on me a little."

"Same here! Only it wasn't a little. He damned near ruined me."

Miller struggled laboriously to his feet, felt of his drenched head with both hands and lurched uneasily toward his fellow sufferer.

"Look here now, Max! I've had enough—plenty—if you have. Might as well quit and call it square, mightn't we?"

With staggering uncertainty Krieger brought himself to his feet and, standing face to face with Miller, he articulated dryly with a surly voice: "Wipe the slate—all right! Suits me!"

In linking hands with the enemy, grudgingly accepting these peace terms, Krieger averted his face; and taking himself off, reeling like a drunkard, he leaned sidewise with both palms pressing his bruised and aching side. He did not look back, either while going toward the automobile or yet while being helped into it.

As for Cinders and Lim Fong, they pocketed their pay with sufficient readiness, but seemed not much impressed that the ruffianly Shag Miller astonishingly expressed his homage to the one whom he had been used to cuffing and kicking about. The youth had actually been invited to stick on the job at increased wages.

"No," the cook's helper replied; "won't stay. Spoils my sweet disposition. Too much hell and repeat."

"Yeh," the Chinaman agreed, "too much lepeat!"

Promptly Fong had packed his vender supplies, the meager store of fruit and tobacco in which he had dealt more or less profitably with the threshing crew; and now he was helped by Cinders to lug away the heavy wicker basket. And together, with that burden carried in equal balance, the two passed out upon the dusty road.

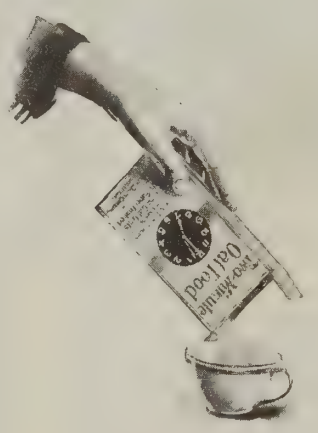
Clear spaciousness engirdled them enormously to the thin faint line of the violet horizon, so that they were like insignificant specks here drowned in the yellow silence, lost amid the vast fields bright with morning, limitless and golden.

Cinders whistled blithely for a time as he went along, and suddenly he blurted out: "Lim Fong, dog-gone your pock-marked, butter-colored, Mongolian hide, I never thought I could like a Chink! Didn't know it was in me! I'll eat your shirt if I did!" Then he added with a sigh: "I'm hungry. When do we eat?"

Two-Minute Oat Food

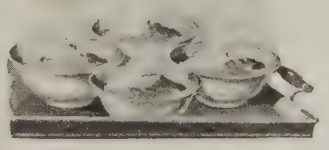
Already Three-Hour Cooked

Free
A 6-Dish Package
Send Coupon



Pour out one-half cup of these super-cooked, evaporated oats.

Stir them in two cups boiling water. In two minutes they absorb the water.



Then you have four hot, flavory dishes, seemingly just cooked.

The Oat Dish
Is Now on Call

Your grocer now has what you've always wanted—a ready-cooked oat dish to be served steaming hot in a trice.

Now the quickest breakfast can have its hot oat dish. None need ever start the day without it.

The dish is ready long before the coffee. It is served about as quickly as a cold cereal food.

Super-Cooked
When You Get It

Two-Minute Oat Food is cooked by the Quaker experts.

It is cooked for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

We cook it as doctors want oats cooked—so they easily digest.

Then we evaporate the cooked oats to one-fifth their volume. In this dry form they retain all their freshness and their flavor.

You simply replace the water. Then one cup makes five cups, or about 8 dishes.

And the hot oats taste exactly as when they came from our cooker.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

A New Flavor
To Delight You

This oat dish has a new, delightful flavor, due to the high-heat cooking.

That gives a new enticement to this food of foods, and every mother wants that.

Just think what this means to you—hot oats always on call—oats cooked to perfection, and made doubly-delicious.

The Quaker Oats Company

3216

Try It Now

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6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1714 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

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Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

A SHORT WAY WITH PROFITEERS

(Continued from Page 7)

to pay a higher price for those articles than would be the mean level between the competing forces of unregulated supply and normal demand. Every honest government has rightly considered it a part of its duty to protect, as far as possible, the consumer from the exactions of such predatory combinations. To-day all sorts of such combinations are undoubtedly in existence. Mineral oil and its derivatives, British coal, the British cotton-spinning products, shipping freights in various parts of the world, are all maintained at an abnormally high price as the result of a combination between producers or distributors or both in those industries.

But this is no new thing. It is not because all the world has to pay an economically excessive price for American-controlled oil products, for British-controlled coal, for British-controlled cotton goods, that all the world is now seething with grievance. All these combines existed in 1914 and before—and always they exacted the highest price the market would bear. The motorist certainly grumbled at the price of gasoline in 1914, and the housewife grumbled at the price of coal, but the masses were not permeated with that sense of hostility to those who had goods to sell which is characteristic of every country to-day.

Prior to the war, of course, the commodities which were distributed at an unjustifiable price were comparatively few; to-day the consumer, with a memory of the markets of 1914 in his mind, alleges that all present prices are unjustifiable. Certain industries profiteered in the past; to-day, therefore, all or nearly all industries are profiteering. The ordinary Londoner cannot understand why with a pound sterling to-day he can purchase only as much as nine shillings and fourpence would have bought in 1914; the frugal Parisian—there are other streets in Paris than the Rue de la Paix—resents paying four and five francs for what one franc would have purchased in the days when Alsace and Lorraine were still German; the Italian is first aghast, then furious, when perhaps seven lire are demanded of him where one would have sufficed in the days when the Tedeschi were still a menace; the American—well, the American knows how far a dollar goes.

Getting Back to First Causes

The memory of the civilized world goes back to the cheaply supplied dinners and clothes of 1914—but it does not go back far enough. We can understand the present—whatever the epoch—only by the past. The distant halcyon days of 1914 are not sufficiently distant. With that wider, collective memory of the race which we call history let us look for a parallel. Just as Stonewall Jackson indefatigably studied the campaigns of Napoleon, and Napoleon studied the campaigns of Turenne, Frederick the Great, Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, in the certainty that the study of the events of the past would train their minds to just decisions in the present, in the certainty that the ultimate forces which move masses of humanity are immutably the same, so let us, who have to take decisions in a world convulsed by passions and distracted by difficulties, ascertain whether the phenomena which confront us are unique in the world's history.

We, you and I, the plain man and woman, make the world what we will—our decisions are finally supreme. If we can find that our predecessors in the complicated dance of human society could readjust themselves to an apparent sudden madness of the band, could triumph with cool-headed patience over the first confusion of a change of rhythm—then we may reasonably hope that we too can readjust ourselves into that ordered though not immobile relationship to each other and our environment in which with some human dignity our civilization treads the measures set by the unseen dance master who knots world after world from nebula into sea and mountain and resolves them back into nebula again.

The history of the American people prior to the seventeenth century lies in England, and though maintaining that nothing less than universal history is the proper heritage of our modern internationalize communities, we—the English-speakir race, British and American alike—ma look back with a special interest upo the vicissitudes of our English-speakir forbears.

Let us look back far upon the path l which we have come—back into the midd years of the fourteenth century.

Profiteers of Long Ago

Then, as now, contemporary civilizatic was reeling under a great disaster. Then, a now, the old proportions between mone prices and commodities were suddenly ar rudely upset. Just as now the vastly in creased mortality of the normally produ tive population during the years 1914–1 the withdrawal on an immense scale of th working classes of the world from the use fully productive arts of peace into th wasteful occupations of war and prepara tions for war, have on the one han diminished the amount of the world's stor of commodities and on the other diminishe the numbers of free workers in proportio to those required, with the result that bot goods and labor have been able to ask mor in exchange for themselves—so it was i the years immediately following 1350.

Then it was not war but plague that wa the disturbing factor. The Black Deat had ravaged England. In the great towr the living were not able to bury the dea For years there is a gap in the manori records—there were none left who coul write down the decisions. The cattl strayed through the fields and the corn an there were none left who could drive them When the pestilence ceased the populatio of England did not exceed two millions- and before it commenced that populatio certainly numbered not less than fou millions.

The immediate results were, as to-day a startling rise in the wages of labor an in the prices of commodities. All classe suffered undoubtedly, even the laborin man, who suddenly found his services bi for at money prices which must hav astounded him and who, encouraged b those bids, demanded what were in thos days unheard-of wages. But then only on class was articulate, the class of the lord of the soil, who alone had adequate politica representation and an education, meager a it was, which was sufficient to state a case They stated it. For the first time in Eng lish history the cry of profiteering ran through the land and stirred its communi ties to passion.

But the profiteers who excited the indig nation of the fourteenth century were no so much the producers of commercial com modities—the lords of the manors lived in a simplicity which we should call barbaric or the producers of the vastly more expen sive corn—the lords of the manors bene fited by the enhanced price of that produc of their lands. The profiteers, then de nounced with every epithet of opprobrium were the free laborers—of whose service the lords of the manors had urgent need The lords of the manors were, directly o indirectly, the only articulate class, and it is only their side of the story that has come down to us in any detail. It would fill a volume to recapitulate their bitter complaints, reiterated all over the country of the rapacity of the workingman of their time.

But they did not confine themselves to vituperation. Possessing, alone, organized political power, they proceeded to deal faithfully with these profiteers. Their measures were summed up in the famous Statute of Laborers. That statute laid down that "every man or woman of whatsoever condition, free or bond, able in body, and within the age of threescore years . . . not having of his own whereof he may live . . . and not serving any other, shall be bound to serve the employer who shall require him to do so, and shall take only the wages which were accustomed to be taken in the neighborhood where he is bound to serve two years before the plague began."

The employers must have rubbed their hands when this act was placed upon the statute book. That was, evidently, the

(Continued on Page 153)

(Continued from Page 150)

wa to deal with unconscionable profiteers—listen to no arguments, but just fix he price and maintain it for the good—as those legislators undoubtedly thought—of he community at large.

Unfortunately it did not work. The instant result of such arbitrary interference with the law of supply and demand was, as a skeptical philosopher of those days—had he existed—might have anticipated, an upheaval. Fierce revolts all over the country plunged it into anarchy. For years the struggle went on. The politically dominant class were goaded into ever sterner measures of repression, in which those of their own class proved to have paid exorbitant wages were included.

The agricultural population was thrust back into villenage.

Still it would not work. Then the new generation of landowners, now growing up, turned to other measures. Instead of combating a state of things they were powerless to alter, instead of trying to push back the hands of the clock and place the world where it was before the disastrous event which had upset its economics, they began to readjust themselves to these new conditions. Possessing vast areas of land which, for lack of labor, they could not themselves cultivate, they began to let out this land on short leases, themselves supplying the capital to their erstwhile laborers. The statutes for the enforcement of wages which could not have provided the working population with sufficient bread to sustain life became a dead letter. The result was the upgrowth of that class of yeoman farmer which for centuries was described as the backbone of England. And, adds the historian, "A hundred years after the Black Death the wages of an English laborer could purchase twice the amount of the necessaries of life which could have been obtained for the wages paid under Edward the Third."

So ended the first attempt on a great scale to deal by the legislative action for which our communities are now clamoring with what was then a bitter grievance of profiteering.

Elizabeth's Industrial Woes

It was, of course, by no means the only attempt either before or after the Black Death. The governments of the Middle Ages, state and municipal, shared with the governments of those more enlightened centuries from the revival of learning to the beginning of the age of steam an implicit faith in the possibility of legislative regulation of prices which persisted stubbornly despite the automatic and perennial demonstration of its futility. During the whole of the five centuries, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth, prices rose rapidly by leap after leap—and with every jump, of course, came the bitter cry of those whose incomes did not rise in proportion. The reason was, briefly, the progressive increase in the amount of token wealth as the precious metals flowed ever more quickly into the European market.

The next most oppressively swift rise in prices, as far as the British race is concerned, occurred in the first half of the sixteenth century. Just as now one great factor in the world rise of prices is the multiplication of currency by all or nearly all the belligerent governments at a rate disproportionately far greater than any increase in the production of the useful articles which normally balance the currency, so from 1500 to 1550 the disturbing factor was the enormous increase in the amount of gold and silver which the opening of Spanish South American mines made available money, accentuated by a deliberate governmental debasement of the currency which has a family resemblance to the large war issues of unsecured paper money which have inflated the deposit accounts of the bankers of our modern world.

The effect, then as now, was a sudden increase in the price of commodities. Wheat, then as now, was the index price of all other articles—if it costs the bootmaker more to live he must charge more for his shoes—and the price of a quarter of wheat jumped from four shillings three farthings—a fraction under a dollar—in 1495 to seven shillings eight pence—or nearly two dollars—in 1533. In the same period the weekly wage of the artisan increased only from three shillings to three shillings sixpence—a rise out of all proportion too small. *Hinc multæ lachrymæ,* and much gnashing of teeth. The entire economic situation was for more than half a century one of chaos.

It was stabilized during the reign of Queen Elizabeth by a gradual increase in the volume of commodities which came to market under her régime of commercial expansion.

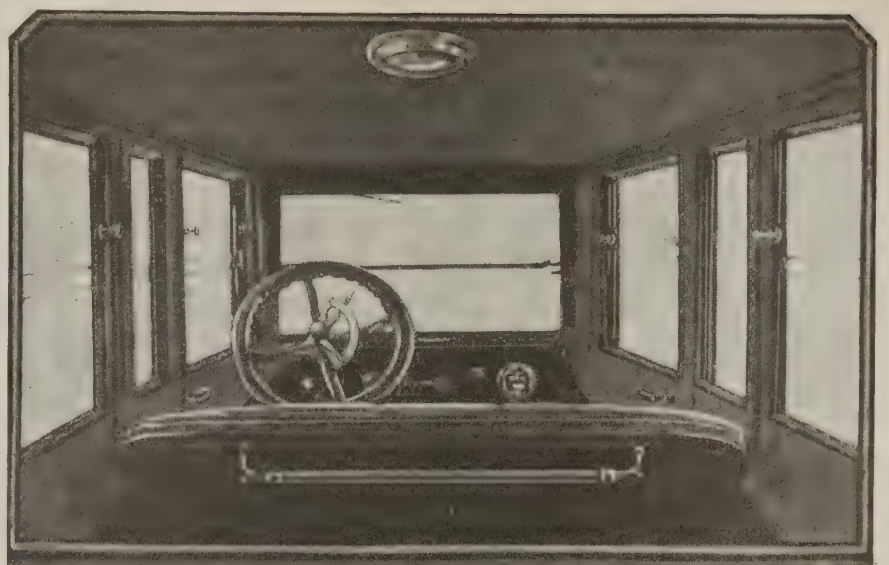
Wages have always a tendency to lag behind a sudden jump in the price of corn, and they have an equal tendency slowly but surely to overtake it. High money prices in the long run have a double effect: They filter down into the pockets of the workers who produce, and so increase their wages; and by offering a high apparent premium they stimulate production to a point where supply overtakes demand and so produces a partial fall in the money value of commodities to a point below the proportionate increase in wages which they have brought about. It is of course extremely inconvenient for the individual of fixed income living in the period before complete readjustment—but the life of the race callously ignores in its progress the suffering of the individual left behind.

Mere Laws Grow No Wheat

All sorts of legislative expedients to arrest the march of prices were tried in the centuries that followed. Then, as now, the rapacity of individual speculators was blamed. Law after law was aimed against forestallers—merchants who bought, say, six months ahead—and regraters—what we should now describe as jobbers, men who bought and sold in the same market on the same day. Then, as now, there was a great outcry against the middleman, and successive governments did their best to meet the clamorously expressed wishes of their subjects and eliminate him. But in vain. These legislative efforts automatically—as the modern student of political economy well knows—defeated their own object. Their failure was confessed in the preamble of the Statute of 1772, repealing certain restrictions and penalties, which begins: "Whereas, it has been found by experience that the restraints laid by several statutes upon the dealing in corn, meal, flour, cattle, and other sundry sort of victuals, by preventing a free trade in the said commodities, have a tendency to discourage the growth, and enhance the price of the same," and so on. Nevertheless, in 1800, the price of corn having again risen, there was again a popular clamor for legal action against profiteers, and various merchants were indicted for buying and selling on the same day.

But the great economic experiment of that age was the maximum of the French Revolution. Great as the national distress had been in 1789, it was infinitely worse four years later. The same causes which have been at work during these past four years produced the same effects then. The decline in agriculture consequent upon the withdrawal of a large proportion of laborers for war, both foreign and domestic, the enforced suspension of overseas trade, and above all the flooding of the currency with issue after issue of assignats, had produced a rise in prices that threatened by its concomitant discontent the existence of the revolutionary government. The whole of France was firmly convinced that this rise was due to the crafty machinations of unpatriotic speculators, and they could not execrate them sufficiently. In the roar of the turbulent mobs which surged round the doors of the convention the cry of "*A mort les accapareurs!*" was at least as insistent as "*A bas les aristos!*" The government, like all governments, did not argue the point, but did its best to act in the sense demanded of it by its citizens.

In September, 1792, the Girondists had already arranged a bread subsidy for Paris. The price was to be kept at three sous a pound. During the next eight months that subsidy cost the Commune of Paris approximately $2400 a day—equal at present values to something like $10,000—and yet the comparatively small Paris of that day was starving. But, undeterred, the Jacobins in May, 1793, applied a maximum price of corn to the whole of France, with a tariff which varied according to the conditions of each department. In June they established a committee to enforce cheapness of provisions—a measure significant of the immediate results of their establishment of the maximum, for that committee emphasized its desires by a liberal use of the guillotine. The nominal maximum price of corn was reduced by successive stages—with the result that



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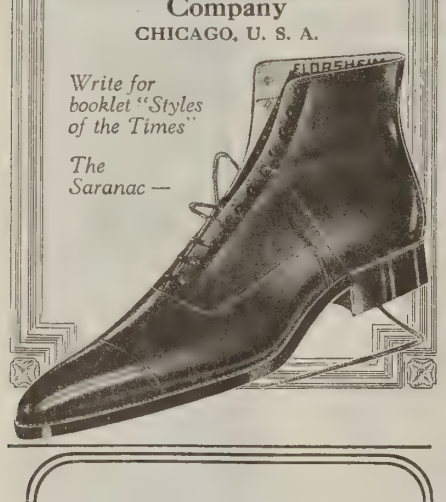

The Love of Money

may be the root of all evil, but money is a pretty handy thing to have these days when shoes cost $12 a pair, eggs 80c a dozen, men's suits $75, women's wraps $100 and—and—

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though a certain amount was sold surreptitiously at a price proportionate to the risk no corn came to market except under the quasi-military compulsion of national guards. As in Russia to-day the farmers began to arm themselves, the villagers to combine for physical resistance to the revolutionary emissaries who came to take their grain.

Automatic Readjustments

On July 28, 1794, the Terror fell with the head of Robespierre, and instantly a reaction set in which lasted throughout the following winter. Every Terrorist measure was now attacked with the hatred produced by their effects.

"The maximum in particular," says the historian, "often evaded even in the height of the Terror, now became more oppressive than ever. In spite of an excellent harvest prices rose to famine height, and the dearness of fuel in a winter remarkable for low temperatures brought misery little short of that caused by scarcity of provisions. Throughout the bitter winter nights great queues of shivering citizens huddled in front of the bakers', grocers' and butchers' shops and the barges where fuel was sold, in the hope of securing in the morning a miserable pittance of bad bread, a scrap of meat or a log of wood. . . . The vast body of public opinion, as revealed to us by the reports of the secret police, cried out for the complete repeal of the maximum."

It was repealed, and though its abolition did not produce that immediate plenty which the exasperated populace expected, yet its disappearance made improvement possible. The farmer was no longer afraid to sow and reap, the merchant no longer afraid to buy and distribute. Despite the long years of warfare under Napoleon, the emperor's wise management of his finances—his abstention as far as possible from debt, and his successful efforts to keep the currency on a sound basis—produced a condition of economic comfort throughout France which was heaven after the false millennium of the maximum.

We have glanced back upon sundry salient instances of the past, cognate to our present troubles. They might be multiplied almost indefinitely. We have seen that there is an automatic tendency inherent in the economic scheme of things for a violent disturbance of the purchasing power of the community to right itself. High prices pull wages up after them, and eventually for a period wages overtake prices—and then the operation starts over again. Ever prices rise as measured in money. There was a time when a sheep cost threepence in England; it was the threepences that were scarce. But on balance, comparing the average of any one epoch with another, it will be found that the proportion of the luxuries which the mass of the citizens can buy after supplying their necessities is constantly rising also. This is as it should be, for, broadly speaking, it is the enjoyment of luxuries which differentiates the civilized man from the savage.

We need not, therefore, despair of a reasonably quick solution to the distresses that are racking our civilized world of to-day. Automatically they will right themselves. Wages will rest upon a permanently higher basis, and prices will be steadied. But this is not to say that the process should not be controlled. A government should govern, and if it detects any combination among a section of its citizens to plunder society at large, whether at the muzzle of a revolver or by artificially creating a scarcity in the article they propose to sell, that combination should be suppressed. But it should equally abstain from inflaming public passions by dealing with such combinations in such a manner as to suggest that the existence of a widespread conspiracy to plunder the community is a matter of common notoriety. Mob passion is more easily roused than allayed—and it is, always and everywhere, blindly destructive.

Such a radical disturbance of the relations between currency of prewar denominations and the selling price of commodities offers, of course, much facility to those who control stocks to make an exaggerated profit. Within limits this is permissible. To buy with the object of selling at an enhanced price is the basis of commerce—and our highly complicated societies exist by virtue of the commercial system of to-day. A better system is, no doubt, theoretically conceivable—but our societies will perish of starvation in the process of arbitrarily establishing one that does not rest upon the basis of wages, rent and commercial profits. Individuals here and there no doubt take advantage of the rapidly rising markets to acquire wealth more quickly than would normally be the case—and other individuals withhold stocks with the deliberate intent of assisting prices to mount. When they do this, when it is evident that they are using a kind of *force majeure* to compel the community to pay a higher price than would be warranted by a free market, then it is time for the state to step in and using its still greater *force majeure* to compel them to cease their operations—and to punish them as a deterrent.

When Paper is Good

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is not the action of such brigands of trade which has brought about the general and world-wide rise in prices. They are merely profiting by a situation that would exist without them. That is a point of exaction at which no monopoly can maintain itself; the high prices it has fixed bring new rivals into the field who undersell it. It is not possible for any combination or combinations of traders to affect the prices of all commodities in every part of the world.

The rise in prices is the automatic and inevitable result of the war. It is the result of the destruction of stocks and of the means of production in vast areas of what used to be busy Europe; it is the result of the check on production caused by the withdrawal of millions from useful occupations; it is the result of the flooding of the world's currency by the belligerent governments with money tokens that have no relation to the stocks of commodities for which they are supposed to be exchanged.

Prior to the war London was the world's market for gold—and to bring a golden pound sterling to that market cost, in the value of the loaves of bread consumed by those who extracted the ore, refined it, transported it, provided the machinery and put it on the market, and by those who supplied the clothing and other necessaries of the gold producers, very nearly one pound sterling. The piece of cotton goods on the market which was valued at a pound sterling cost, also, from first to last, very nearly one pound to get it there, in the same way. The piece of cotton goods is a symbol for any other commodity. It costs to print a currency note of one pound sterling but a minute fraction of one pound sterling's worth of bread consumed, directly or indirectly, by the paper makers and the printers.

All is well—paper money is very convenient—so long as there is an adequately proportioned amount of gold or any other genuinely costly and readily exchanged commodity brought to the market and held as a backing for those notes. So long as the piece of paper is merely a symbol for the real thing, there and forthcoming whenever required, its value is maintained. The moment there are two notes of a dollar each in the market against the commodity which costs practically a dollar to get there, the value of those notes falls by one-half. As the price is still measured in terms of the currency the price is automatically called two dollars.

The Remedy

That is the process with more or less of severity, accordingly as the currency has been more or less inflated, which has happened all over the world.

There is only one remedy—increased production. With one dollar in the market—and two commodities there, each of which was valued at a dollar—the price of those commodities falls to half a dollar. There is only one dollar to go round, and the merchant is ultimately forced to sell. He does not want to keep his goods as souvenirs. He must realize them at some price or other—even at a loss, for he has financial commitments which he can meet only by realizing his article into money. This process, of course—the swing back of the pendulum—may become as disastrous as its opposite, but that disaster is still remote.

The remedy, then, is increased production all over the world, coupled with abstention from a further inflation of the world's currency. The amount of commodities must overtake the amount of currency.

As a temporary measure state control of certain prices is salutary or even necessary, so long as those prices are fixed in concert not only with the consumer but with the producer and distributor of the articles affected. It was upon that basis of consulting all concerned that the belligerent governments fixed controlled prices during the war. But it must be remembered that it is precisely those deliberately agreed-upon prices which are now the object of attack. The world is craving for a return to 1914 prices with 1919 incomes retained. Admitted that many 1919 incomes are insufficient to meet 1919 prices—the average is sufficient or the prices would not be what they are; someone must purchase—those incomes can only be increased, not by the magic pen of a clever bill drafter but by increased production by all classes.

The person who does a full day's work must, of course, be paid a wage sufficient to maintain himself and a potential family. On all grounds he is economically inefficient if he is not paid that wage. But any arbitrary interference with trade in response to an ill-informed clamor, by rendering trade difficult or impossible, will automatically defeat the restoration of that normal proportion between commodities and currency which is the urgent need of the world to-day.

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 38)

Outwardly there was just that one fierce clash and then they went on as before, speaking pleasantly to one another, resuming the superficial habits of amicable relations. But underneath the wounds stung and there was the deep sense of alienation. They were not good friends any more.

Six months passed and Louise accepted the proposal of marriage from Lowell Winthrop—deliberately, with open eyes. With Lowell Winthrop there could be no question about a reserved seat in the front row; it was his by prescriptive right. He was honorable, capable, personally agreeable. She liked he was fond of Lowell. And after all, she did very much want the front row. She liked her affairs were fully settled. Naturally her father and mother were much elated. As to her father, she silently took little coals-of-fire vengeance by accepting eligible Lowell Winthrop. But still, in spite of the surface actions, the alienation existed. In a way he had taken a whip hand. It seemed she could never make the part forget that.

Other affairs were fully settled—except the perverse imp deep down in her mind that hurt. Her way through life was irrevocably marked out. If there was another path that she had once inclined to, it was forever closed. But there was poor Ned moiling away in that little bank—hoped out of his clubs, out of everything, waiting for his father. She couldn't help thinking of him. Good, foolish old Ned!

Some one Saturday she had called him and taken him to lunch with her. This Saturday was the fourth time that had happened—and she could find no satisfaction in her engagement to Lowell Winthrop. Driving northward this Saturday and dimly mechanically aware of the road, she found herself in a situation as absurd, intolerable and disgraceful as ever fell to the lot of a respectable young woman—and all absolutely of her own making. She had deliberately engaged herself to an honorable man whom she meant to marry and she was planning on what might with no great unreasonableness be called a reckless flirtation with another man whom she did not mean to marry and who—she rather thought—was or had been more or less in love with her. That was hardly decent to Lowell; it was not decent to Ned; there was no disguising decency about it. But it was all her own handiwork. One of the furnishings of that small, luxurious electric consisted of a little mirror. Her blank eyes chanced to meet the reflection of part of her face in it—the line of a finely modeled chin, curved red lips, a bit of straight nose, one full deep-blue eye with a dark arched eyebrow, a white forehead and a wave of abundant hair under the brim of a smart hat. Most observers would have admired it; but she viewed it without favor and addressed it aloud: "You poor big fool!"

But calling herself names did not ease the pounding of her heart or the bitter commotion in her brain.

Nearing the house, she turned off the road and drove on aimlessly, wishing to be alone. So it was five o'clock when she got home and she meant to go upstairs at once. But as it happened, when she entered the house her mother was just going from the library into the living room and turned to look. Her mother was still a handsome woman, though time had considerably amplified her graceful figure and a critical observer might detect a good many white threads in her yellow hair. She was always as immaculately groomed as a prize horse on parade and she gave one the same pleasant impression of a speckless, glossy, beautifully kept thing in perfect condition. For many years past—easily since grammar-school days at Miss Ellis's—Louise had been under no illusions about the range and strength of her mother's intellect; but she knew another strength in her which lay in her gracious tact and her quiet, warm affections. Only the merest child could ever on any account have quarreled with her mother—and the brute would have had to do all the quarreling. Louise knew that her mother had given her father a happiness that he might have envied with many a woman whose brains and wit were nearly matched his.

When Mrs. Dinsmore looked round at the tall, darker daughter a certain fact was instantly implicit in the look. This fact was that when an unmarried daughter left the house at half past twelve without an engagement that her mother knew of and returned at five an explanation might properly be given. Louise knew that if she chose to ignore that, her mother would say nothing. But she didn't choose to ignore it; her aimless rebellion and her perverse imp wouldn't let her. So, drawing off her gloves, she remarked coolly:

"I've been having Ned Proctor to lunch with me."

Her mother looked pained and murmured simply, "I'm sorry."

Louise knew it was mean and cowardly—this hitting her mother behind her father's back. All the same she flung out hotly, "I think it's rotten—the way we've all turned our backs on them!"

"I should say we were just where we were before, but they have moved," her mother suggested—beating over the old ground. "You know how your father feels." But they had been over all that before. She spoke more gravely, even with some reproach. "Do you think it's quite fair to Lowell—or to yourself, Lou? I don't know Ned Proctor very well; but if he is worth going to lunch with do you think it's quite fair to him?"

"Oh, I suppose not," said Louise desperately and helplessly, and went stormily upstairs. "I'm wrong with everybody," she thought—with her mother in mind, too—as she walked down the upper hall.

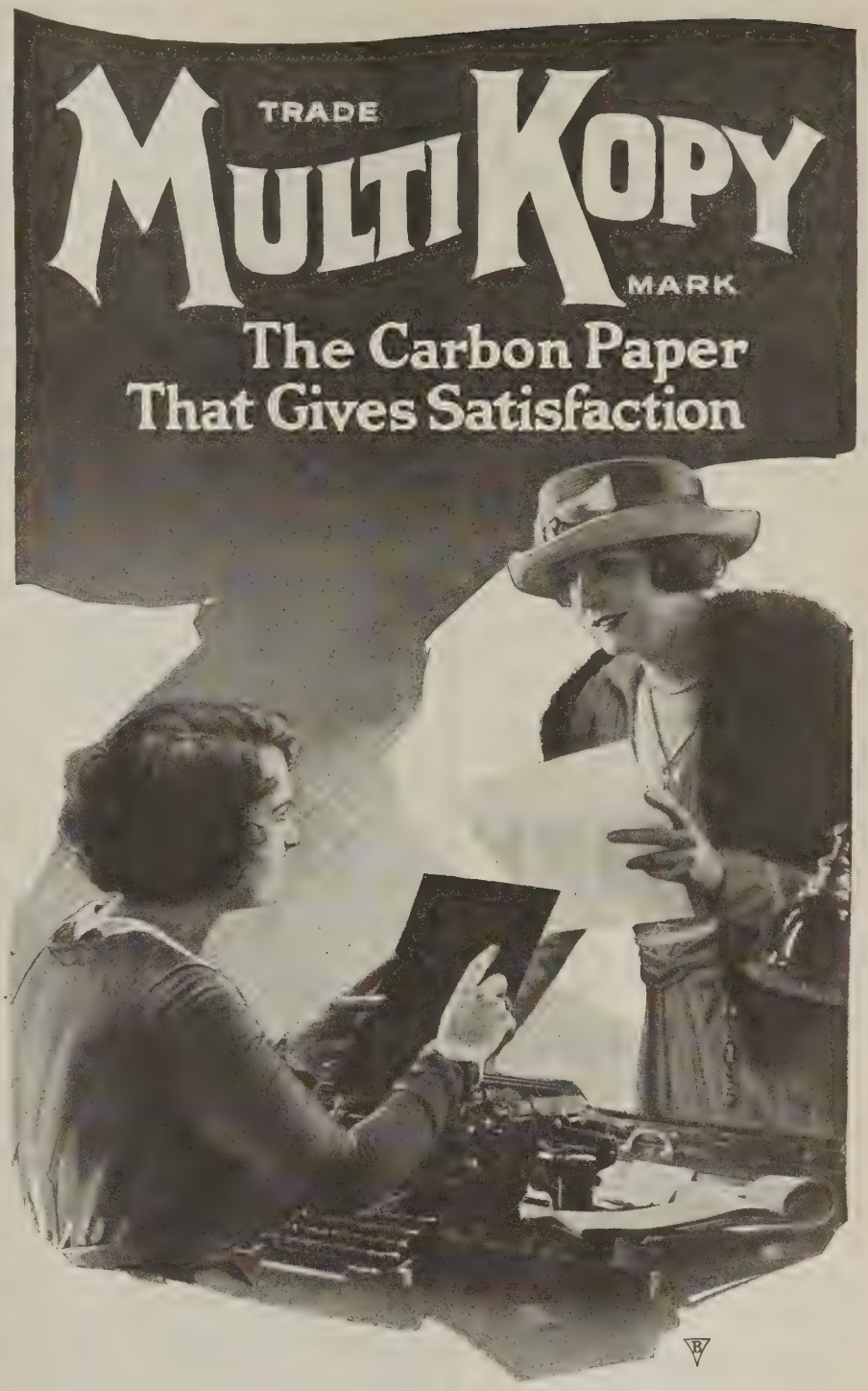
At twenty minutes past seven she came downstairs dressed for dinner, which was to be at half past; merely a family dinner and yet not merely, for Lowell Winthrop was there, having walked down from the Winthrop place a half mile up the road. That was why she had neither come down very much before dinnertime nor waited until the exact time. Ten minutes before the hour was what she had compromised on. Of course he sat beside her at table.

He was then thirty-three—nine years her senior. Fortune had absolved him from the necessity of earning a way through the world, but those who knew spoke of his legal attainments with respect. In the big law office of Melford, Farson & Winthrop few worked more regularly or to better purpose. He was a man to whom men of affairs looked for leadership—conservative to a notable degree, yet capable. In his own right he had fairly won recognition and position among men of affairs, when he could just as well have ridden through on the front seat with his legs crossed if he had chosen.

He was nearly six feet tall, ruddy with health, carrying considerably more flesh than his athletic director of ten years ago would have approved, yet in excellent condition. His short and sandy hair was neatly parted and his close-cropped mustache showed his full red lips. He spoke with sure-footed, compact deliberation and with a pronunciation very reminiscent of Oxford, where, in fact, he had spent two years. Sitting beside him Louise felt again that he was front row for life, agreeably incarnated in a well-kept, well-clothed body and with the best of manners. In whatever he did there was somehow the calm assumption that front row belonged to him by right.

His taste was exceedingly fastidious. It had kept him a bachelor up to now in spite of many opportunities to change that state. Coolly smiling and looking over at the young woman beside him, he was content. She shone like a jewel and he felt he had been right in waiting until she came along. A man in his position ought to marry; but he had been in no hurry to give up his comfortable bachelorhood. And as his cool, honorably calculating eye surveyed the company he was satisfied. It was an eligible family. True, there was one defect which had caused him some little deliberation. It sat across the table from him between Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and the master of the house. The only name he knew for it was Cousin Elliot.

Five minutes before dinnertime Cousin Elliot had come downstairs in the wordless satisfaction of an infant with a new toy over his smart dinner coat, figured silk vest and expanse of snowy shirt bosom. His fat, pink head was uncovered. Not for anything would he have worn a skullcap with evening dress, for his afflicted mind somehow retained those points as it retained the points in a game of cards. His deportment was as gravely correct as that of the butler himself and he made several observations on the weather and the forwardness of the foliage that any sane vacuous person might



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5A MOTOR ROBES

have made. Having made his few observations, he lapsed into silence, his mind occupied with his deportment like that of a new ambassador at his first court function. At table he sat beside Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and only those who were in the secret would have known that he petitioned for a second portion of the meat course and the dessert, which the old lady denied.

Lowell Winthrop had sat at table with Cousin Elliot before. Nevertheless, he watched furtively and with a sort of nervousness to see whether the afflicted relative would spill any food or drink on his snowy beard or his snowier shirt front or the tablecloth; and he was very grateful that Cousin Elliot didn't, for if Cousin Elliot had, Lowell Winthrop would have winced.

Certainly Cousin Elliot was a defect—something that subtly grated on Lowell Winthrop's nerves, as a smear on the wall paper would have done. Yet the best of families might be afflicted with a feeble-minded relative. He wasn't clear as to the nature of the injury which had reduced Cousin Elliot to this state. It had been merely hinted at to him and he approved the good taste which left it at a mere hint. He approved also their honorable candor in not trying to conceal the defect from him—as, for example, in their having Cousin Elliot down to dinner to-night just as they did when they dined alone. Having taken him into the family, they simply put the skeleton where he could see it for himself. His nice sense of what was fitting in such circumstances approved that. And after all, Cousin Elliot belonged to the passing generation.

Another member of the family was absent to-night—Louise's brother, then abroad on a wedding tour. But Lowell had no reservations about him. Nobody had. Good old Alf bore his father's name, but his mother's disposition and character.

Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, mother of the master of the house, was very acceptable also—as a member of the passing generation. She looked even older than her years—so frail and white that she seemed hardly a ponderable embodiment of the spirit which gazed out of her clear eyes. She walked with some difficulty and with the help of an ebony stick. It seemed amazing that that feeble body had withstood seventy-four years of living; yet there was vitality and will in the spirit that looked out of her eyes. Her scanty hair was perfectly white and the thin face beneath it contrasted with it in color only as ivory contrasts with marble. She spoke with intelligence, using words like an educated person of taste, though her voice was cracked.

And there was Dinsmore, his thick and slightly wavy hair—now streaked with gray—lifting off his forehead with that sort of couchant air; composed as usual in a way that suggested conscious restraint, but with humor peeping out. His speech, like his motions, was quick and precisely to the point, as though mind and body were made of keen, easily acting springs, full of compact energy.

Before the dinner was over, Tillson, the butler, stooped beside his master's chair and murmured. At once Dinsmore asked to be excused, rose and left the room briskly.

While this cozy family dinner was proceeding, Jenny Dupee had slipped warily downstairs to the lower hall. A parlor lay at the right. Jenny opened the door and found the room dark, as she had expected. Closing the door behind her, she sped across the dark room, listened an instant at another door, then opened it, found the electric switch on the wall and turned on the lights. That room was the library. Bookcases lined the walls with some busts and pictures above them. A long, handsome table stood in the middle of the floor on a costly rug. There were some big easy chairs upholstered in russet leather and over in the corner a large lounge, also upholstered in leather and covered with a spread of curiously woven bright-hued cloth. Jenny was perfectly familiar with the room and gave only a swift glance about it, then ran over to the couch where she crouched, and lifting the fringe of the cover, looked underneath.

That morning Martha Woods had telephoned to her and that afternoon she had gone over to the suburban village street and met Martha Woods at the appointed place. Martha Woods had told her that a man was going to make a brief call on Mr. Dinsmore at half past eight in the evening. Mr. Dinsmore would receive him in the library. If Jenny could manage to see and hear what took place between them she would receive two thousand dollars at the end of the enterprise instead of the one thousand theretofore mentioned. Martha Woods had said that the end of the enterprise was near at hand and the call would be brief—only five minutes or so. In the nature of things a thousand dollars for five minutes wouldn't often come Jenny's way.

The undertaking presented no great difficulties. At half past eight the family would still be at the dinner table; the servants would be at dinner or otherwise engaged. Five minutes was not long. So Jenny had turned it over in her mind, trembling, her nervous eyes shining with hope and fear. And she was now to take the plunge. Satisfied by a look that there was nobody else under the couch, Jenny sped back and turned off the lights; then found her way to the couch in the dark, lay down on the floor and rolled under—her thin breast laboring for breath, and clenching her hands to still the shivering of her body.

Briskly leaving the dinner table after Tillson murmured to him, Dinsmore followed the butler to the library. When Tillson turned on the lights Dinsmore gave a mechanical glance about and nodded to the servant, who withdrew. Then Jenny, breathlessly peering through the fringe of the couch cover, saw Mr. Dinsmore walk up to the big polished table in the center of the room and stand coolly beside it.

A moment later the butler opened the other door in the end of the room and admitted an old negro who carried his hat politely in one hand and in the other a small brown bag that had seen much wear.

"Good evening, William," said Dinsmore good-naturedly.

"Good evening, sir," the negro replied, smiling and so disclosing a few discolored teeth.

Even as he spoke, Dinsmore was opening a drawer in the big table. Jenny saw that he took from it a bundle of bank notes. The negro opened his bag and put it on a corner of the table. Dinsmore dropped the bank notes into it and snapped it shut.

"How is Collingwood these days?" Dinsmore asked pleasantly enough as he put the money in the bag.

"Same as usual, sir," the negro replied, smiling. He gave a guttural chuckle and added, "Able to attend to business every evening over at that Christopher Columbus Social Club, I reckon."

Dinsmore smiled and the negro, hat in hand, went to the door. Jenny saw as he opened it that Tillson was waiting for him on the other side and at once took him in tow. The door was left open and after waiting only a moment—plucking once at his beard—Dinsmore left the room.

When he returned briskly to the dinner table his mother had ceased eating and he saw that her frail figure was trembling slightly. He smiled at her with warm reassuring affection; took her fleshless hand under the table and pressed it, still smiling reassurance.

That detail of course Jenny missed. All the rest she reported in the usual manner to Martha Woods, Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street, Chicago.

V

THERE were obvious faults in Jenny Dupee's report. She described Mr. Dinsmore's caller as an old "collared" man, spelled eight without an "h," said she was "laying" under the couch. But it was written with exemplary care for every detail—on her mistress' fine note paper.

To McMurtry and Purcell, as they eagerly bent over the thin pearl-gray sheets in the lawyer's office, the virtues of the report—in that matter of putting down all the details—infinitely outweighed its defects.

"That woman's a corker!" said the lawyer in hearty encomium.

With a kind of subdued zest, like that of a well-trained dog on a warm trail, he rubbed his overdeveloped chin, twinkling. "You see," he said with glee, "it tallies exactly!" Then he asked a sharp question: "You're sure there was nothing in the bag when he went to the house?"

"Absolutely," said Purcell. "I went with him right up to the entrance to Dinsmore's grounds. I know the bag was empty when he went in and when he came out there was six hundred dollars in it. The time too tallies exactly with what she says." He nodded toward the pearl-gray sheets.

McMurtry rubbed his chin and let a hot little note of triumph out of him—not explosively, but in a kind of thrust like a knife blow.

"It's a cinch! It's a cinch, old man! said from the first that if Dinsmore was pa ing this man blackmail the man's story w true. And Dinsmore is paying him blac mail."

He was hot and avid about it, the sm of fat prey in his nostrils—yet all subdue tightly in hand.

The gaunt, colorless managing edito with too-big hands and feet, smelled t prey also, yet was disturbed, and swallowe

"She says they seemed friendly," he o served suspiciously.

"It's got to be an old story with them this time," McMurtry replied.

Still Purcell's uneasiness nagged him.

"If Dinsmore murdered this other man John Colby—and if the coon is afraid him as he says—seems sort of odd that he be going up there alone every month," suggested half apologetically.

"Why, as to that murdering business, don't pay any attention to it," McMurt explained patiently. "Probably the m died suddenly of peritonitis or somethi else and Pomeroy just imagined Dinsmo poisoned him. I wouldn't be surprised the man died by inches of tuberculosis Bright's disease. A fellow like Pomero you know, is pretty sure to lie at some poi or other—just for dramatic effect, or to sa his own face, or for no particular reason all. I've had plenty of experience with the as witnesses and so on. They're pretty a to embroider more or less as they go alon

"As to that murdering, I don't pay ar attention to it. It's got nothing in partic lar to do with our case anyhow. Dinsmo is paying the man money. It's a hundr to one the money is blackmail and if it blackmail it's a hundred to one the story true. We know the thing did happen o there in Nebraska just as Pomeroy said

He opened a drawer in his desk, took o a sheet of yellow telegraph paper and co templated it with affection, much as collector of prints or books gloats over rare find. It was dated at Billingtow Nebraska, and read:

"Crops out here look fine. Never bette
"P. J. TELLER."

It was, of course, from Morden—the fi report the lawyer had received from hi They had agreed that if the detective's i quiries on the spot substantiated the negro account of the robbery and murder in eve respect he should wire that crops were fin He had added, "Never better," whi showed how well pleased he was.

There was another wire, four days lat which ran: "Don't believe I'll buy he now. Want to look further."

It meant that Morden judged it best n to approach Peter Sykes at that time, until he had looked up Doctor Dill.

"That was a point that stuck in my mind Purcell observed apologetically, shaving h lips with bent forefinger. "Of course if t coon thought Dinsmore was likely to k him it seemed odd he'd be going up ther But, as you say, Colby may have died peritonitis."

The managing editor, in fact, was bo fascinated and frightened by the enterpri in which he found himself engaged. McMu try had brushed aside one fear, but anoth bobbed helplessly into its place.

"Seems odd," said Purcell between appr hension and shame of it, "that Dinsmo would be having the coon come up there his house instead of having him come the office or just mailing him a check."

"He wouldn't be mailing h.m any check the lawyer replied decisively—and out considerable personal experience with su affairs. "Nine times out of ten blackma is paid in cash. Neither side wants a reco of it and a check leaves a record. Dinsmo wouldn't want this old coon cashing h check somewhere every month. He wouldn want him coming to the office, either—whe a dozen people would see him to every o that saw him at the house, and Dinsmo would be surer of controlling the people the house too. Dinsmore has managed th well enough. Jenny Dupee had been in t house three years, you know, and she h never heard of the coon until she got it fro us. He's managed it well enough." A that such good management simply co firmed his opinion, he repeated, "He's pa ing blackmail."

"Yes, it looks so," Purcell admitted and then swallowed, his deepset lumino eyes flickering at the lawyer's steady gr eyes. "Of course," he suggested in th hesitant manner which apologized for h apprehensions, "Alfred Dinsmore is a m

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

tht can put up a big fight—no end of money
al pull and friends and all that. He can
p: up a big fight. The point is to be sure
w've got him cinched. Probably we'll be
hiring something more from Morden in a
dy or two."

"Probably," McMurtry replied with a
ctain dryness, his twinkling eyes studying
h friend's cadaverous face. In fact, for
sme time a certain reaction had been tak-
ir place in the lawyer's mind—a reaction
ainst the managing editor's fears and
dubts and suspicions. As their affair un-
fded he had discovered—with surprise—
t.t at bottom his friend's nerves were
reedingly unstable. That was rather an-
ying and disgusting. And the reaction in
t: lawyer's mind was tending in a highly
pctical direction. He was thinking that
in man is afflicted with weak nerves you
n:dn't give him much consideration; he's
g to take what you hand him.

'If he gets one of those men out there and
t: man can identify Dinsmore," the man-
a ng editor said—beating over the ground
ain to brace up his hope. He did not
ish the sentence, for the conclusion was
sf-evident.

The plan was that Morden should go out
t Nebraska and first verify the negro's
sry of the bank robbery and murder in the
e'ly autumn of 1881. That Morden had
..eady done, as his wire testified. By the
ngro's account, two witnesses were pre-
snably still alive—Peter Sykes, a partici-
pnt in the robbery and eye-witness of the
sooting, and Doctor Dill, who had treated
t: murderer for a gunshot wound on the
nght of the crime.

As an accomplice in the robbery Sykes
vs legally answerable for the murder; but
h hadn't fired the shot or intended to spill
bod. The crime happened thirty-one years
ab. If Sykes should now come forward,
nke a confession and turn state's evidence
aainst the shooter there was no doubt
a all—in McMurtry's judgment—that he
vuld go scot-free.

Of course they didn't mean that Sykes
sould turn state's evidence. They meant
tat for a very handsome consideration he
sould confront Alfred Dinsmore and affirm
h willingness to turn state's evidence and
identify Dinsmore on the witness stand.
I Dinsmore then raised the point that
tereby Sykes would put his own neck in a
rose they could reply that Sykes would
hve nothing to fear.

Doctor Dill was not a witness of the shoot-
ig, but if he could identify Dinsmore as the
yung man he had treated for a gunshot
vound that night, it would be almost equally
cnvincing. With either of those witnesses
i hand they were prepared to charge Dins-
nre with the crime. When Purcell said,
'f he gets one of those men out there and
te man can identify Dinsmore," there was
r need to say more.

McMurtry, twinkling over it, said with a
sw relish: "If he gets one of those men out
iere and the man identifies Dinsmore—
Insmore will come across. Not for a
hndred thousand, or half a million, or a
rllion—but for half he's worth, half he's
vrth—he's got to." And the way he said
iwas somehow suggestive of a man driving
anife in—not hastily, but with sure steady
jessure—right up to the hilt.

Purcell's cavernous eyes glowed and he
tok a deep breath as he repeated: "He's
gt to!"

Two days later they received another tele-
gam from Morden. It said: "Have bought
fe farm. Start back to-night."

It meant that he had made a satisfactory
arrangement with Doctor Dill. The affair
semed to be going badly for Dinsmore.

In another vital respect affairs were going
ldly for Alfred Dinsmore—to wit:

'It was the first Sunday in June, with
mmer unfolding opulently under a genial
sy. All the leafage still had its spring fresh-
ess and showed manifold delicate shades of
reen. The flowers were coming out with
rginal gorgeousness. The lake shone blue
id murmured at the beach—a day to be
ad that one is alive.

Dinsmore, smoking his after-breakfast
gar—a late breakfast on Sundays—and
rolling in his grounds, felt all that, but
vuldn't respond to it. There was a painful
sturbance in his mind and a sore pull at
s heart. His wife the night before had
ually felt she ought to tell him something.

He strolled along the crown of the bluff
the lake shore, his feet pressing grass like
elvet and at his back a dwelling rich enough
r a prince. It was his; much goodly gear
as his; in some tenderer possessions he was fortunate. But his heart ached and he asked the bland prospect with bitterness and a smother of useless anger: "Why does it have to be this way?"

Then his eye lighted upon another sight, as gracious as the day and lovely as the lake—his tall, handsome daughter, bare-headed, slippered, in a morning gown, strolling toward him from the house. One couldn't reasonably ask a fairer object to look upon, but at sight of her, Dinsmore's heartache strengthened. She was his whole trouble.

Strolling nearer, Louise smiled at her father. In fact, there was something ulterior in her strolling. He was on her mind as she was on his and her heart ached too. She wanted very much that morning to be reconciled to him, to draw close to him again—for she wanted his support and help in a big trouble. So she smiled as she came near and spoke genially:

"Splendid, isn't it?"

"Immense!" he said.

She joined him and they strolled together. She mentioned the flowers and shrubs and various things that were only at the farthest edge of her mind—smiling or with a low ripple of laughter, being the sweetest she knew; exerting herself, so to speak, to cuddle up to him.

That teased his sore heart. He had to love her immensely, which made his trouble the more intolerable. She was chattering brightly on, cuddling up. But since his wife had told him, he couldn't let it pass; he had to have it out with her. So, with a slight frown and a tug at his beard, he blurted abruptly:

"You're still running round with young Proctor."

Immediately he knew he had said it wrong and felt a kind of despair. It had been more or less that way from the time she cooed in his arms, the distance from her curly head to her pink toes hardly greater than from one of his shoulders to the other, and wouldn't stop pulling his beard. The defiant will in that adorable little length of flesh was trying to him in just the measure of his adoration. More or less they had always been clashing. He seemed as helpless as she to prevent it. But all their other clashes had been mere distant shimmerings of heat lightning compared to the storm over Ned Proctor. That had been the kind that uproots and devastates. The moment he spoke he knew he had begun wrong.

Louise had come out to woo him and be reconciled, yearning for his fatherly support in her tribulation. At his assault a big wave of anger ran through her and she thought "So mother's been tattling!" But she fought at first with a woman's weapons. That is, she looked down, the lids demurely veiling her eyes, and said with a kind of docile protest:

"I should hardly call it running round, father. I've seen Ned four or five times this spring. You know how it is with him—in that bank all day. He's out of all his clubs and doesn't go anywhere. The only place he has even to play tennis is on that vacant lot by the blacksmith shop. I've taken him to lunch with me." She spoke docilely, but knew well enough that in commiserating young Proctor she was throwing darts at her father.

"Plenty of young men have no place at all to play tennis," he retorted in high impatience.

"They're not my friends, and Ned is," she replied. "I suppose there is nothing scandalous in a young woman's lunching in a tea room with a young man who's an old friend. What's wrong with poor Ned now? He works like a dog and supports his mother. I think it's detestable the way everybody has dropped him."

She wouldn't stop pulling his beard and his exasperation egged him on.

"You know that's nonsense, Lou. As you said yourself, he simply can't afford clubs and the way he used to live. Would you like him to come in as a charity patient? Millions of young men make their way in the world without as many advantages as he has. If you're his friend why don't you let him alone? You and he showed a preference for each other—enough that people noticed it. He was counted out. You became engaged to another man—a man who wouldn't like your going round with Proctor. You know that as well as I do. Then you pick Proctor up again—take him to lunch with you and so on. You say there's nothing scandalous about it. I don't agree with you. What good does it do Proctor? It puts you in a position to be talked about disagreeably. A woman has no business to put herself in that position. It doesn't make any

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AND
COUNTRY
LEATHER
COATS

Leather — Nature's own protection from the cold and wind—is used in Summit Town and Country Leather Coats to keep you warm and comfortable.

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It means free action. When golfing, you'll "stroke" with perfect ease. When shooting, you'll raise your gun in a jiffy. You'll like the plaited back that is so flexible. The leather lining and leather sleeves break the wind. The patented Knit-Nek protects your throat, and the knitted wristlets keep your wrists and arms snug and warm.

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The
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Kenilworth and Winnetka didn't have to consider first cost—but ***they were vitally interested in last cost.*** When you consider cost, let it be ultimate cost only. Choice will then be concrete, as it has been in hundreds of small towns where wealth and traffic are secondary to returns on the investment. Whatever your paving problem—road, street or alley—***concrete is the answer.***

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Concrete for Permanence

difference how good her intentions are. Putting herself in a position to be talked about isn't holding herself high; it's holding herself cheap and bedraggled. I want you to shine clear—not spattered up with mud. You can be sure Lowell Winthrop does too."

He wasn't saying what he really wanted to say or in the way he wanted to say it. He couldn't, because his mind was hot and bubbling with that helpless exasperation against her lovely rebelliousness.

"No, I suppose you and Lowell don't want me spattered up," she replied. "I suppose a man wants his womenfolk like his automobiles—so shiny he can see his own satisfied face in them. Why shouldn't your women want you shiny too, father, and not talking like a Turk over a little lunch with poor old Ned Proctor?"

Piqued by her thrusts he flung back, "Son of poor old Thomas Proctor, who was only a thief and a liar."

She had grown a bit pale in the encounter, her eyes growing darker. Something flashed up in her rebellious mind and she asked, "Haven't plenty of other families made mistakes? Black sheep happen everywhere."

She had no more expected to say that than to bite out her tongue. It said itself like most else that was said in this clash of two high-tempered roiled persons. What flashed up in her mind was this: More than a year before, carelessly opening a drawer in the library table, she had found a bundle of bank notes in it. That evening an old negro had called at the house to see her father. She had known about the negro's calls before and not been particularly curious—it was some affair of her father's. After she stumbled on the money she wasn't particularly curious and kept no particular watch. The fact had lain in her mind—no business of hers in any event, but not forgotten. She didn't see any connection, but the little speech just made itself.

The little speech might have meant anything or nothing, but somehow it struck Dinsmore with a peculiar and arresting implication. For an instant he looked at her with a challenging question, then raised his hand to his beard, and said, "Well, you know how I feel about Proctor," and turned away.

A miserable ending and a miserable situation. They both felt that acutely; both their hearts ached and life tasted bitter in both their mouths. Dinsmore felt, moreover, a great humiliation. He was a man of some ability. Every other situation he could meet with skill and address; but this situation, which meant more to him than all the others, he just bungled and bungled. He felt that with deep humiliation.

However restrained their tones and looks had been, their aspect was still the aspect of people in a quarrel. They instinctively realized that and smoothed their brows, when as Dinsmore turned away they perceived there was a witness.

True, this witness was only Cousin Elliot, dutifully taking a morning constitutional stroll round the lawn, which stroll had now brought him so near to them that he might have overheard the final words. He was wearing a span-new fawn-colored summer suit and a new straw hat—the trousers the creasiest and his shoes the shiniest. Yet he seemed not to be taking his usual infantile satisfaction in a very smart correct costume. His broad ruddy face with overhanging pink chops wore a perplexed look, and—what was most unusual—he was plucking at his snowy beard with plump thumb and finger. Apparently he had something on his mind.

With the instinctive deceit which the most candid persons resort to in such a situation, Louise and her father smoothed out the signs of their quarrel and Louise spoke up cheerfully:

"Isn't this a lovely day, Cousin Elliot?"

Cousin Elliot looked abroad at it as though he hadn't noticed before and replied judicially, "A fine day. I noticed yesterday the jonquils are out. They're fine this year."

"And the peonies, too," said Louise.

"Yes," Cousin Elliot replied gravely. "You haven't read the newspaper yet?" he asked, looking at her anxiously.

"Why, I glanced over the headlines at breakfast," she answered, mildly surprised—for she didn't remember that Cousin Elliot had ever before displayed interest in the day's news.

"It's Sunday, you know," he observed with gravity. "Jenny hasn't read the paper yet."

"Something you wanted to know about, Cousin Elliot?" she asked with a bit of wonder and a kindly intention. "I can get the paper for you." She recalled that he could read after a fashion and with much labor, though she believed he almost never did.

"You looked at the headlines?" he inquired hopefully. "You didn't notice that they'd hung anybody?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, a little shocked at the oddity of the question. "I'm sure they haven't hung anybody."

"They did, you know," he answered very gravely. "It was in the newspaper. Jenny read it to me. They hung a man downtown. Someway, I was thinking of that last night."

She remembered then that the newspaper of Saturday morning had contained an account of an execution. Evidently it had disturbed Cousin Elliot. She hastened to reassure him:

"That was a legal execution, you know. They hung the man because he killed another man. It won't happen again."

Cousin Elliot pondered that statement a moment, removing his straw hat.

"It might, you know," he replied cautiously. "They might do it again. You can't tell." His usual placid brow wrinkled and he looked anxiously at Dinsmore. "I wouldn't go downtown for a few days if I were in your place, Alf. You can't tell. They might do it again."

Louise had never heard Cousin Elliot call her father Alf before. Her father replied cheerfully:

"No danger. See, there goes Slocum's new power boat. See the spray it makes!"

Cousin Elliot looked lakeward where Dinsmore was pointing, but for once his afflicted mind was not to be diverted from its unusual perplexity.

"Hanging a man, now," he observed very gravely, fingering his white beard. "I think we all better stay right at home till this sort of blows over. I wouldn't go downtown if I were you—not for a week or so. Better all of us stay right here at home. It's taking a risk."

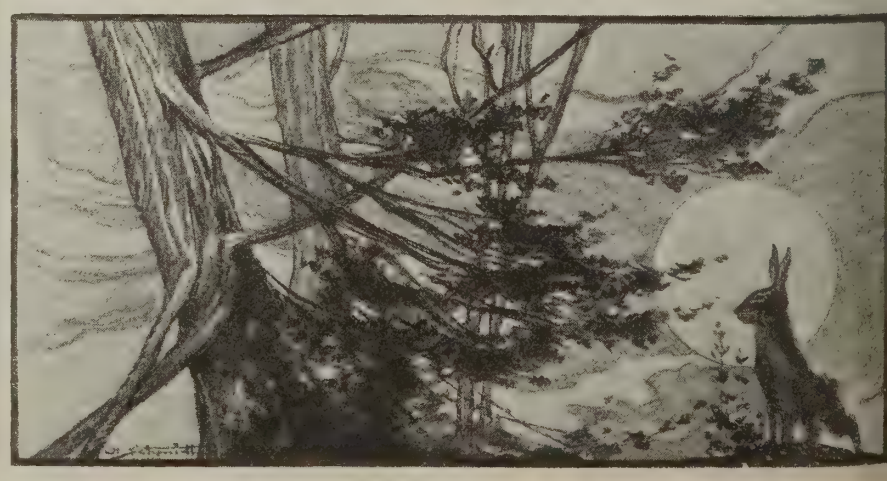
But Dinsmore broke in with a laugh:

"Don't bother! No danger at all." By that time he had slipped a hand under Cousin Elliot's arm. "Come on! Let's you and I go in and have a game of cribbage. We haven't had a game of cribbage in a coon's age."

Smiling, with a compulsive hand under Cousin Elliot's arm, he led the afflicted man toward the house, talking cheerfully to him on the way as Louise could see.

She was astonished, for she would as soon have expected to see her father turn handsprings on the lawn as play cribbage with Cousin Elliot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



TAKING THE WATER OUT OF THE COST OF LIVING

(Continued from Page 19)

buffalo, when hung up became cured and imperishable, but still flavory and digestible.

And who of the older people of rural reeding fails to remember that line of beef its hung alongside the chimney, which ew solider and solider with the lapse of me, until it resembled mahogany on cutng, and was the most delicious morsel ever sted, far superior to the smoked beef of mmerce? Civilization grew on dehydraon. And yet, even in the light of the memy of the old-fashioned dried beef, it must e admitted that the dehydrated products ere not so good in quality as the canned ings which have mainly taken their places. ried grapes still hold their own as raisins d currants, dried prunes persist successlly, and dried apples and peaches and me other fruits, through improved methds, keep company with dates and figs; but e revolt of the popular taste was regisred forty years ago in a jingle which ran:

And on a dirty string they're strung,
And from a filthy pole they're hung,
And there they form a roost for flies,
Until they're ready to make pies!
Tread on my toes and tell me lies;
But don't pass me dried-apple pies!

The trouble with all simple and primive arts like the drying of foods, the hurlg of missiles, the grinding of grain or the rming of edge tools lies in the fact that fter the first century or so the art is likely halt so far as improvements are conerned. So it has been to a large extent ith drying of foods. I suppose that the asamonians dried dates as well as they are ried now, and that their dried locusts ere as savory as those of the Digger Inians of to-day. But the dried apple never as anything but a poor substitute for od, and the improvement made in the -called evaporated apple, though considrable, does not reach perfection. In the ast all systems of drying have changed the exture of the food. The water taken out as in the cells of the plant; but the desicating process destroyed many of these ells and changed them all. The process as too sudden or too severe. Chemical hanges took place. The fruit, whether poato, apple, peach or what not, darkened, nd its flavor changed. If there had been esearch departments in existence the perect dehydrating system might have been eveloped, but as it was, our ancestors imply found a way to dry food so that it ould keep, and let it go at that.

Cells Not Broken

During this war period, however, the hole matter of taking the water out of ruits, vegetables, fish, shellfish and meats as been gone into scientifically. It is now ossible to dehydrate these articles of food n such a way that the cells do not break lown or close up; the amount of water aken out is so controlled that though the ood product is dehydrated it is never otally dried. It is brought so low in moisure that dehydrated green peas, for instance—or potatoes, or apples, or sweet otatoes, or green corn, or spinach, or eaches—will keep as long and as well as heat, and yet when soaked, after no matter how long a time, they will take back nto the same cells almost the same amount f water originally contained in them; they ill become fresh vegetables again, and hen cooked will be just as good as before hey were dehydrated. Such things as letuce, cress and radishes, which are eaten ncooked, cannot be brought back to their riginal crispness, and dehydrated tomatoes will not be very satisfactory if served aw. They come back to a wilted state, but are quite as good when cooked as before the dehydration process took place. Green corn on the cob is dehydrated by boring out the pith of the cob, and then drying; and when soaked back it is quite as good as it was when prepared. It is better than most of the green corn bought in the cities, because it may be dehydrated when it is fresher than it is likely to be in city markets.

Most people seldom get good potatoes; they begin to go down in quality as soon as dug. Dehydrated, they will be stabilized in both quality and price, and will not decay. Sweet potatoes are improved by dehydration, for they are drier when soaked back from the proper kind of dehydration, and some of their starch has turned to sugar, so that they are sweeter. Sugar beets, it is possible to suggest, may be dehydrated at a cost that would not be equal to the expense of the long period of idleness of the great factories, so that these establishments may run the year round instead of for 90 to 100 days. The beets will add to their sugar content, I am informed, in the dehydration process.

Besides the potatoes and sweet potatoes, a long list of vegetables and fruits that may be handled better, it is believed, by the new systems of dehydration than by canning or drying makes the statement formidable and seems to promise lower cost of living. Such a list comprises carrots, string beans and Lima beans, parsnips, all kinds of turnips and rutabagas, cauliflower, cabbage, kale, spinach, okra, chard, dandelion, leeks, parsley, corn, both on and off the cob, peppers, tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, endive, celery, rhubarb, horseradish, pumpkin, squash, apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, blueberries, loganberries, cranberries, gooseberries, currants, grapes, apricots, plums, cherries, and many other more or less important vegetables and fruits, to say nothing of probable operations in meats, fish and shellfish.

Different Drying Systems

Many fruits that are most commonly served raw, a few of which are included in the above list, may be dehydrated and used for sauces and jellies and preserves. One can easily understand that a radical change in the handling of the above list of edibles would make a different world of it, so far as food is concerned. Take a single item of sweet potatoes—they begin to deteriorate the moment they are dug. The slightest bruise opens the way for the invasion of destructive bacteria, which find in the moist sweetness of the sweet potato the finest sort of culture medium for development. With dehydration this process is arrested, and arrested forever. The sweet potato will be shipped to the ends of the earth in perfect condition, and sold like crackers with no loss from natural deterioration. Dehydration establishes a dead line for decay, saying: "Thus far and no farther." It may easily add a quarter or a third to our food supply, and permit of its distribution to the ends of the earth at a tenth of the present expense.

"Since only replaceable water is taken away," say Major Prescott and L. D. Sweet, his coadjutor in the dehydration work of the Government, "it follows that the nutritional value of the food has not been depreciated. Moreover, if the process is applied while the vegetables are in a state of absolute freshness the special flavor-giving compounds are apparently conserved intact; hence the fresh flavor that is characteristic of the best products made by this method. For the finest grades of dried products the rate of evaporation should be such as to bring about the dehydration of the cell contents without rupture of the cell walls."

There are several systems, among which are the tunnel systems, which are criticized because vegetables, especially potatoes, are likely in part to be overheated and scorched and the cells broken down; the kiln system, in which the product is not always uniform; the vacuum process, in which it seems impossible to preserve the cellular structure of many foods; and special machines, a few of which give the "practically perfect control of temperature, humidity and rate of air flow"—in the language of the government men—which is necessary to produce products "which will retain their color, appearance and flavor, and when soaked in water will return to approximately their normal appearance."

Canning is a modern system for the preservation of food. It came into the United States about a hundred years ago from England, where it had been practiced for several years. Like many other inventions it was originated by two men at about the same time—an Englishman named Saddington and a Frenchman named Appert inventing it independently. A man named

Patrick DULUTH TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

Every Good Sportsman

selects Patrick Outing Garments because they resist wind, cold and moisture. They are built on comfortable lines and made of the genuine north country wool which has made Patrick Cloth famous.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick Cloth. It is essentially a north country product, made of the thick, warm, long-fiber wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Easily identified by the Patrick label. Look for it on the outing garments you buy. Outing Blankets, Auto Robes, Mackinaws, Shooting Jackets, Macka-Knit Sweaters and Socks, Hunting Coats, Outing Shirts, Stag Shirts and Breeches.

Send for Catalog, also for Elbert Hubbard's book, "Bigger Than Weather." Free.

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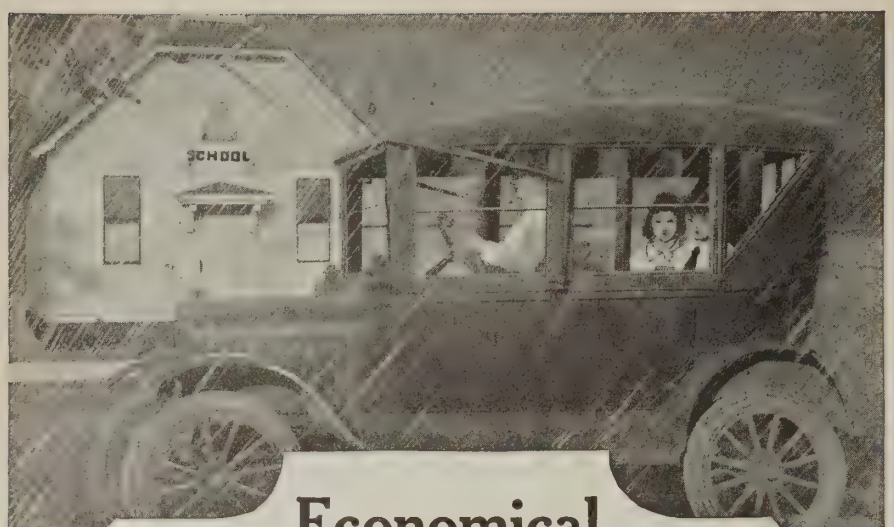
Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow



Economical Closed Car Comfort

Taking the children to school in a cozy, closed car—driving to work in rainy weather—you can make these trips a pleasure if you own a

USTUS Limousette FOR FORDS

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This practical utility provides convenient comfort for every season. You can instantly, without leaving your seat, convert your Ford into a cozy Limousine or open car.

Just a light touch operates the roller windows. The USTUS Limousette does away with that disagreeable job of fastening and unfastening curtains.

It is used in connection with the standard body and top of your car without making alterations. It weighs only 40 pounds—insures clear vision and is free from rattles and vibration.

The USTUS Dealer in your town will be glad to give you further facts. If there is not a USTUS Dealer in your city write to the nearest USTUS Distributor.

Better act now if you want prompt delivery. We cannot build Limousettes fast enough to meet the demand.

Price for Touring Car $46.00; for Roadster $30.00
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NOTE: We desired to use full page advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post for advertising USTUS Products, but inasmuch as the space could not be obtained we felt it our duty to so inform USTUS Distributors and Dealers.

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Provides closed car comfort in bad weather.
Is combined with standard Ford body and top without alterations.
Eliminates inconveniences of awkward side curtains
Instantly converted into open or closed car. Gives clear vision from front or sides.

The Dafoe-Eustice Co., Inc., also manufacture the line of USTUS guaranteed protective canvas covers and USTUS automotive specialties of canvas and imitation leather. Send for catalog today.

Underwood brought the process to this country, and after various vicissitudes of fortune established himself in Boston in the canning business. There are now people with innovations in dehydration who no doubt are passing through the same experiences. One fine new process for the dehydration of fruits came east from the Pacific Northwest during the war, with a product that not only makes fresh apple sauce, apple butter and pie stuffing, a thing which ought to be common all the time everywhere, but seems to promise better materials not only in apples but many other fruits than we have ever had. This product comes in bars about the size of a large chocolate bar, and can be shipped in light cartons in what seems to be an imperishable form. The fruits treated by this method are separated from their cores, skins and other offal by mechanical means so that all that choicest and richest part of the fruit usually peeled off is retained; and one may imagine a blend of apples, for instance, in which the little tart crab apple would be mingled with other standard varieties in an article quite superior to any ordinary apple preparation.

This product makes sauce, pies, jam and butter. It is mentioned as an instance of the manner in which ingenuity is now applied to the improvement of methods of keeping these perishables. The principles have been discovered and laid down, and we may trust ingenuity not only to extend the use of present successful methods but to find new ways of doing this new thing—"to control the temperature, humidity and rate of air flow" so that foods may be robbed of their replaceable water and rendered lighter, smaller in bulk and safe from decay. The new processes not only offer something to put the canners on their mettle but there are new systems that will compete with each other to the benefit of the eating world.

Savings in Freight

Canning has been the greatest improvement in food preservation ever devised, more important even than refrigeration, but it has not been able to give us anything like a complete line of foods as good as fresh. Take canned green peas, for instance. There are certain brands that are excellent, but none that are quite so good as those fresh from the garden. Corn is another article of a similarly refractory nature for the canner. The choicest canned tomatoes approach closely to the fresh in quality; but not 10% of the canned tomatoes satisfy the taste of the tomato fancier. But efficient as it is, our present system labors under enormous burdens in the mere matters of weight handled and bulk to be accommodated. Any system that may grow up that will relieve the world of these burdens will greatly reduce the expense between the farmer and the consumer, and should set free a great amount of rolling stock on railways and ships on the sea. Stated in terms of the satisfaction of human wants it should make for prosperity on the farms, and plenty at the ends of the earth as well as in the cities.

A ton each of green corn, peas, string beans, tomatoes, pumpkin, sweet potatoes and cabbage, when dehydrated for shipment, weighs only 2068 pounds, or only a little more than a ton. The same amount of the same articles, canned and ready for shipment, weighs 23,608 pounds, which is at the rate of eleven carloads or eleven shiploads for one, to say nothing of the saving in containers. Perhaps this comparison, to the consumer and the producer, the railway man and the ship owner, may be better appreciated if stated in terms of actual experience and money.

"The saving to be effected by use of dried products," said Prescott and Sweet, of the Division of Dehydration, "is indicated by the estimated cost of canned and dried tomatoes shipped from California to France. It is stated that a case of canned tomatoes costing $2.60 in California costs $7 laid down in Havre. The equivalent amount of dried tomatoes selling at 26 cents in California costs 40½ cents in France, a saving of 94%." This is a most favorable comparison for the dried product, because of the great shrinkage in weight of tomatoes in drying, but though the facts in other cases are not so striking they seem to promise revolutionary results in a few years. It means that four freight cars will one day carry as much food of the most important sorts as a whole train will take now, that a ship will carry as much as a fleet, that a dog sledge will take into the polar regions or a canoe into the tropics as much food as a yoke of oxen will now haul, and that these provisions will be held as good as fresh quite independently of heat or cold, with little breakage, with no refrigeration and no deterioration through lapse of time.

Past failures and the necessity of soaking the dried product before using are the handicaps of the new industry. Germany has been dehydrating potatoes successfully for years, but her processes are not such as to make the dried product as good as the fresh as are the new American methods. Yet Germany sold dried potatoes in the Klondike just after the discovery of gold there, and though they were none too good the Klondike miner was not critical and ate the mashed, hashed or fried potatoes from Germany with relish and appreciation.

Americans then tried to get this business, but they made mistakes, and among these errors was the use of sulphur to keep the potatoes from turning dark—which it did; but when the amount became a little excessive the potatoes gave forth a smell which, in the words of an Alaska miner, "was enough to drive a Dutch dog away from a garbage wagon." Correcting this error did little good. Food is judged as Bob Ingersoll judged butter. When the landlord of a little country hotel insisted that the butter was fairly good Ingersoll is said to have protested: "You might as well say that your wife is fairly virtuous! Butter is either good or it isn't worth hell room."

Soup of the Vintage of 1899

Dehydrated foods got a bad name with the Navy when the White Fleet went round the world. Nobody then knew how to take out the replaceable water without blackening or scorching, leaving the cells intact. The dehydrated foods went bad, and the fleet threw them overboard, saying: "Never again for us!" But during the Boer War a great deal of an excellent soup mixture of dehydrated vegetables was furnished to the British Armies in South Africa, where, even though dried according to the old methods, it was greatly relished by the Tommies. When the Boer War ended a Canadian manufacturer had left on his hands a large quantity of this product, which he put away in carefully paraffined barrels—waiting for another war perhaps, or a mining rush. After fifteen years this soup mixture was sold in 1914 to the British Armies in France, and was as good as ever. This experience is significant as to the uses of the new dehydration in stabilizing the food supply. When Joseph saved foods for the Egyptians he did so in the form of that naturally dehydrated product, corn; but by the new methods he might have saved every article of the daily diet of Egypt—not seven years only but many times seven. One can foresee great doings in the future in hoarding such things as cabbage and tomatoes from year to year, and the excitement of exposing the forestallers.

Now how will this thing work? Will there be a home dehydration plant in every farm home, a foolproof equipment wherewith the ordinary man or woman may make up his apples, potatoes—all his fruits and vegetables—box them up, and sell them as he now sells wheat or oats? We shall never get all out of the new methods until such a state of affairs is reached—never save that 50% of perishable food wasted by rotting and spoilage until such a state of affairs is arrived at; but there is much for invention to do, much for development to accomplish before we get to that ultimate of accomplishment. We may confidently look for such improvement, since the principles of dehydration are now mastered, but it will take time. Under present conditions dehydration must be done in factories, where everything is under scientific control—where we can have "that practically perfect control of temperature, humidity and rate of air flow" which the Division of Dehydration says is essential if we are to get "products which will retain their color, appearance and flavor, and when soaked in water will return to approximately their normal appearance." The first development will be in the direction of the establishment of factories of considerable size in centers of production, in which may be concentrated the deliveries of crops coming in for as long a season as possible. The neighborhood in which this is written is a favorable center. There are large quantities of

(Concluded on Page 169)

(Concluded from Page 166)

matoes, apples, peaches and other fruits own. Potatoes, corn and garden truck uld be added. These would begin to come as early as the month of June, and would ep coming in until the last of the stored ples were used up. Tomatoes, which can- t be stored, would come in between corn, ans, peas and the like. Potatoes and ples would furnish the late run.

Fruits and apples that are inferior in size d outer color can be dehydrated and ade into a first-class product, and the anufacture of potato flour is suggested the Division of Dehydration as "an dustry which has not yet received the tention in this country which it deserves," d which with dehydration should absorb ry soon most of those potatoes that are w wasted. Nothing so radical in the way change in foods takes place all at once, d the new methods must, it would seem, me in slowly, making their way against esent agencies by competition. The facts at in Germany there were 1900 plants voted to the dehydration of potatoes and at in 1917 some 2000 breweries were ilizing portions of their plants for the me work indicate first the importance of e matter from a food viewpoint, and cond that plants erected for other pur- ses may be converted to the work of dry- g foodstuffs. The machinery for the best ocesses is not expensive, probably no ore so than canning outfits, and with the velopment of the business, considering s immense advantages, it may be ex- ected that the machinery will become ore varied in type and cheaper.

The world is hungry. It will be years efore famine will cease. Its hunger is as uch a matter of transportation as of roduction, for while wasting their ener- ies on destruction and slaughter, and cor- upting men's natures so that they are any of them unfitted for work, while riving whole populations from their farms nd homes and making rubble piles of their elds, war has also turned their energies om the making of roads, cars and ships to he creation of agencies of destruction. If, s seems to be the case, modern ingenuity has found ways by which that which was lost may be saved and that which is saved may be kept from deterioration and decay by means that will enable five to ten times as much to be carried in the same cars or vessels, it justifies the hope that the tree is not withered the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations. One could preach a sermon on the text: "He giveth the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

All over the world men cry for food, and women and little children; even in this country, where for the first time in our history the high cost of living strikes public men with apprehension, and things always plenteous in supply now are not to be had or are beyond the purses of the poor. If the food question were solved the wage issue would be settled with it. The Government is attacking the high cost of living vigorously, promising the discontented some relief, and asking them to wait before bringing on us the universal calamity of a cessation of labor on such things as our transportation lines and our great basic industries; but even those who have most hopes of these efforts must be depressed by the consciousness that they are fighting against scarcity as well as profiteering; and that scarcity cannot be cured except by increased production or the saving of more of what we produce.

Scarcity means high prices, and high prices mean unreasoning and destructive emotions. "Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." They wander into idleness and communism and Bolshevism, and make ruin of what was privation. Civilization now must live or die as it is fed and clothed and sheltered. In such a situation one might be excused for suggesting that the conservation of food is no longer a private question, and that the wasting of it is a crime against the world, and that such a matter as is here discussed is a thing for real statesmen to act upon. If those who have studied this matter are not mistaken—and the writer is one of them—the change will come gradually; but can the world wait for that?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 46)

Floyd W. Parsons

The rescue party was organized. We rawled in and worked forward slowly. But omebody had gotten too far ahead of the resh air or something went wrong—often nly God knows what it is—and a second xplosion occurred. Only three of us came ut alive. Twenty-seven were dead. For ight days we kept at it, and finally the last ody was recovered. And the pitiful posi- ions in which we found them: One man till stood holding on to the saw he was sing when the second blast ended his areer. Another corpse was still bending ver the map he had been studying. Often he mine explosion is merciful; the blast ransfixes the victim and the gases do he rest.

After it was all over the big boss gave me a leave of absence and I went up to the Michigan School of Mines and helped Professor Sperr teach the boys mining. I liked the work and resigned from the West Virginia Coal Company to continue teaching. At the end of the term I started for a vacation on the Pacific Coast, but got no farther than Denver, where I undertook the task of reorganizing the engineering department of a large coal concern. The work interested me and the call of the mines was still in my blood, so I remained in Denver as chief engineer of a small railroad and a coal company with ten collieries.

My principal job was to carry forward new construction work. I began to write in technical papers about what I was doing. The Engineering and Mining Journal liked my stuff and the editor offered me the position of associate editor on his staff. For five years I plugged away at this task, in the meantime visiting mines in many parts of the world. The big publishing concern owning the Mining Journal asked me to start a new paper to serve the coal-mining industry, and as a result of this request Coal Age was created. The paper succeeded and has become one of the most important mining papers in the world.

While serving as the editor of Coal Age I wrote frequent articles on business topics for the large dailies and some of the magazines. But THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was my goal. I suggested an article to THE POST, and the editors declined with thanks. This riled me considerable and I prepared an elaborate skeleton of an article covering the world's fuel situation. After looking over this synopsis Mr. Lorimer suggested that I let him see the finished article. This I did, and the manuscript was accepted, giving me my start with THE POST.

There you have it—the all-absorbing story of my life. Like most folks who mind Everybody's Business, I have no minutes left to mind my own. Consequently I never play golf, and just now I consider I'm having a great vacation if I can find enough time to run round the block I live in three times in the same day. About once a month I go down to my farm on the Rumson Road in New Jersey and watch my new police dog kill my chickens. They told me when I bought the dog that he was specially trained, but sad to relate, I didn't think to ask what his specialty was. And eggs eighty cents a dozen!

But that just reminds me I must stop right now and answer some of my mail. One man in Texas wants to know where to sell fifty thousand tin cans; he read my article on conservation. The manager of a big manufacturing concern in Cleveland also must be answered. He read what I said about fires and is anxious to know what he can use as a substitute for sawdust to absorb the oil thrown out by the automatic screw machines. Another man, in Idaho, has a solution for the gold question; and a fellow in Brooklyn expects a reply to his letter explaining how to live to be a hundred and fifty. So if you'll excuse me I'll stop now and tell my friends what to do so the business of the country can go on.

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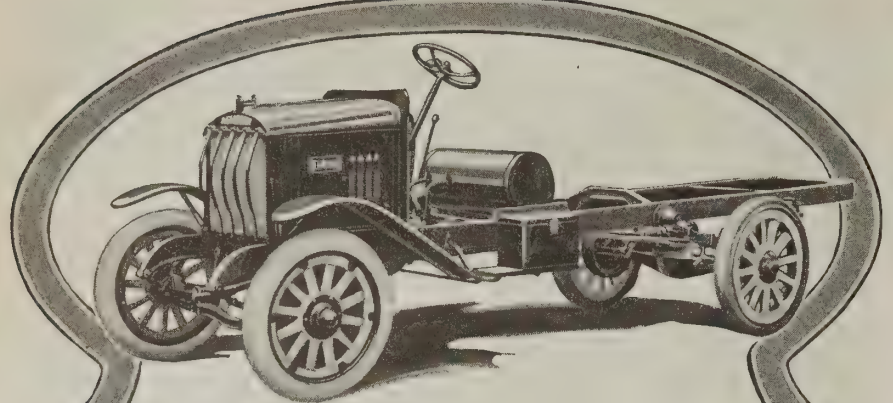

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CONCERNING CAUTIOUS CLYDE

(Continued from Page 10)

"'I wonder how Clarence feels about it,' I says. I'd seen Clarence, and he didn't seem to me no wellspring of bubbling joyousness. It got me to thinking.

"'Of course he's happy,' says Margarita. 'If he wasn't Evangeline couldn't be. In married life the happiness of one means the happiness of both—don't you think?'

"'And the scrappiness of one means the scrappiness of both,' I says; and she says: 'Yes, but with love and forbearance there wasn't no need of scrapping. You put that real well,' she says. 'What made you think of it?'

"I said that it just sort of come to me, and I moved my chair up a little closer to the sofa—so's I could hear better what she said.

"'It shows so much thought,' she says.

"Well, right there I thought I'd act. 'I've been a-thinking quite a heap,' I says, and I leaned forward; but right then here come her little brother Jimmy into the room.

"'Why, Jimmy, dear!' says Margarita, 'why ain't you at the lecture?'

"'It wasn't no good,' says Jimmy. 'A passle of pictures like what we get at Sunday-school, and the same talk. I ducked out.'

"'I don't think you ought to have done that, darling,' says Margarita. 'I think you'd better go back again. Pa and ma ——'

"'Not on your life!' says Jimmy. 'I think I see myself going back!'

"'I'm afraid you will be punished, sweetheart,' says Margarita. 'Well, if you won't go back you can go round to Mr. Peters' and play with Wilson for a while—unless you'd sooner go to bed.'

"'I'll stay here,' says Jimmy.

"'Darling,' says Margarita, 'you know you ain't allowed to come in here when there's company—unless you have your face and neck washed and your hair combed, anyway. Do you want sister to wash your face? Well, run along and play with Wilson, then.'

"'Why can't I stay here?'

"Margarita got up. 'I guess I'd better put you to bed,' she says; and at that Jimmy scooted, and she shut the door.

"'He knows he can always take advantage of me,' she says, laughing, as she come back and sat down again.

"'Maybe he's got it figured out that I ain't company,' I says, sort of meaning, and she laughed again a little.

"'Are you sure you're quite comfortable in that chair?' she asks.

"Before I thought, I said that I sure was, and then I felt like kicking myself; and then for a minute or two we didn't either of us say nothing, and then she says: 'You was saying ——

"'Before Jimmy came in,' she goes on. 'You said you thought—and then you stopped.'

"'Why, yes,' I says, remembering. Then I studied just how it was I'd been going to put it.

"'It's just a girl's curiosity, I s'pose,' she says; and her eyewinkers sort of fluttered.

"I made out to swallow the lump that was blocking up my gangway of speech when I heard somebody breathing hard outside the door. I jerked my thumb, and Margarita got up. Simultaneous, we heard Jimmy's bootsoles hit the floor to the back of the house, and the outside door banged. Margarita come back, still smiling.

"'He ain't often as naughty as this,' she says. 'I guess he thought we was talking secrets. Is it a secret—what you thought?'

"'Maybe it isn't,' I says. 'Maybe you know it already.'

"'I'm sure I don't,' she says. 'Tell me.'

"'And maybe you wouldn't want to hear it,' I says.

"'Tell me what it is and I'll tell you,' she says.

"'That's a pretty ring you're wearing,' I says; and she held out her hand.

"I hitched a little closer and took a-holt of her fingers, so I could look at the ring better, and —— You know them electric batteries where you take a-holt of the handles and they turn a crank? Well, it was something like that, and mighty soft and warm.

"'It's a m-moonstone,' she says in a low, trembly voice.

"I was just sliding over onto the sofa when the boards creaked in the passage outside, and I dropped her hand and settled back in my chair. Margarita didn't lose no time getting to the door, and she shut it behind her; and then I heard the kitchen door slam and something else go smack, smack, and the darnedest yell you ever did hear, cut short like murder had been done with a sandbag. I tippy-toed up to the door and held it ajar and listened. Gurgle, gurgle, bump, bump, yow! and then the cut-off; scuffle, smack, smack and cut-off.

"And then a muffled voice, real vicious, that I didn't hardly reco'nize and only caught a word or two of here and there: 'I hope I have, you . . . be skinned alive . . . do it, too . . . march right straight upstairs . . . a sound out of you. Hear me?' Then a clumping up the back stairs and a sniveling that was subdued real surprising. I shut the door again and got back to my chair, and the next minute Margarita come in, rather red in the face, but as sweet and smiling as ever I seen her.

"'Poor Jimmy!' she says. 'He's sleepy and tired and doesn't know it. I coaxed him to go to bed, and that will be the last of him until morning.'

"I looked her straight in the eye. 'You coaxed him, did you?' I says. 'Miss Biglow,' I says, 'will you allow me to ask you another question, while I'm asking, if you'd just as soon. Did you make them muffins that we had for supper last Sunday, and did you cook the chicken and fix the gravy without no assistance, like your mother said—or didn't you?' I just naturally bored into her soul with a gimlet eye when I put that to her, but she didn't show no signs of shame, except she'd quit smiling. She looked at me as straight as I looked at her, for about twenty seconds.

"'You seem to be real interested in muffins and chicken and gravy, Mr. Britten,' she says.

"'I'm interested in the truth,' I told her. 'Dupliciousness is a thing I despise,' I says.

"'Well,' says she, as cool as you please, 'cooking ain't my long suit. I've got as far as boiling water so's you wouldn't hardly notice the scorch taste—when I've good luck—but I ain't real confident about that even. Ma lets on to brag on me just to give me encouragement; she don't mean to be duplicent.

"'You're looking at them pansies,' she continues after a minute. 'My cousin Ella done the pansies and I gilted the fry-pan and tied the ribbon on it.'

"'How did you get your certificate to teach school?' I asked her, trying to speak as ca'm as she done.

"'The superintendent was a friend of mine—Bill Waters,' she answers. 'He liked me real well. I reckon he'd have given me his whiskers if I'd wanted them. Anything else you'd like to know?'

"'That's a right pretty dress you've got on,' I says, a little sarcastical. 'You made that yourself, didn't you?'

"'All but the cutting and fitting and sewing,' she replies. 'I pulled out every basting thread there was in it with my own hands.'

"'I wonder how come you ever learned to play the organ?' I says.

"'I didn't have to learn; it come natural,' she answers. 'I liked to do it, and I'll do most anything I enjoy doing. If I enjoyed entertaining you any longer this evening I'd do that. I guess you put your hat under that other chair.'

"So that was all there was to it," says Clyde. "I didn't linger no longer. I concluded I'd been deceived in that girl and I'd had a mighty lucky escape."

"And that's what makes you so happy?" I says.

"That's what makes me so happy," says he. "But I ain't denying that I feel a heap disappointed."

"And that's what makes you so plumb miserable?" I says.

"It's sure unsettling," says he. "But I'd have been taking big chances if I had overlooked conduct like that there of hers—wouldn't I?" He looked at me like a dog waiting for a bone you was finishing.

"You certainly would," I told him. "It's a cinch that after a certain point she ain't got the disposition of a No. 1 first-class angel, and that she ain't above trying to make a good impression on a person that she wants to impress good. Every once in a while you run acrost a woman like that—and now and then a man. Them angels is

(Continued on Page 173)

(Continued from Page 170)

sort of stay-at-home folks, seems like to me."

"And not being able to cook nor nothing!" says Clyde. "I can cook, but I'll be dog-gone if I want to do it for a family. I wouldn't be happy a-doing it, and in married life the unhappiness of one means the unhappiness of both."

"You put that so well, Clyde," I says, and I went away and left him holding his head and staring at the knob of the safe with a glaze in his eyes.

Bobby had promised to send in one of the boys with them steers of mine the next morning, being as I couldn't take them myself with the old plug I'd got from the livery; so next morning I didn't have nothing to do but sit in the shade in front of Albien's store and watch out for 'em. After a while I seen their dust a-coming over the rise, and just as they got into Main Street a sweet voice at my elbow says, "Won't you please let me pass?" and I started back that violent and sudden that I nearly went over backward.

I was blocking up the way for Margarita Biglow. Of course I apologized like the polished gentleman what I am, and the smile I got was something to make a man feel for the next twenty-four hours that he amounted to some considerable and that life was plenty worth while living. She went into the store and I went into a trance, from which I was presently roused by opprobrious and disrespectful epithets requesting me to take my such-and-soed steers and be dog-gone to me.

"Drive them round to Peckinpaugh's corral, my good young man," I says; "and when you've done that come back and I'll see what can be done about altering that face of yours."

"Yes, sir," says Bobby. "Peckinpaugh's corral? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I'll attend to it right away, sir, having nothing else to do, and esteeming it an honor and a privilege to be permitted. Like thunder I will! Come out from behind them brindle whiskers and show signs of life, you deleterious old gorilla."

Just then the steers discovered a wagon with the box half full of hay, that some careless person had left, and they proceeded to take a light lunch. I thought it was a pity to disturb them being as Peckinpaugh wasn't none too liberal with his feed, so I invited Bobby to light and look at his saddle.

"I'd like to," says he, "but I've got to go get a package from the express office and then skip lightsomely back to the ranch. I'm busier than a buck ant right now, but I had to come in myself for that package and I thought I might as well bring your ——"

He stopped short and I could see his chest heave up as he drew in his breath. Margarita Biglow had come out of the store, her arms loaded with packages, and I'll mention that she didn't forget to give me another smile as she passed. That time it made me feel like I would some morning in February, when I poked my head out of the cabin door to see what made the eaves drip and got the first puff of the Chinook against my cheek. I don't know what I reminded Bobby of, but from the way he wheeled his horse and looked after her as she tripped along it's a cinch that he was powerful affected.

"What was you remarking, Bobby?" I asked him.

I reckon he didn't hear me. If lightning had struck the store, and a cyclone and an earthquake and a waterspout or two had followed, with Hades let out for recess close behind, I doubt if he would have noticed it. What he did notice was that Margarita had dropped a couple of her packages. One of them was a can of something, and it rolled clear to the middle of the street and might have rolled farther if Bobby hadn't stopped it. I may be mistaken by a few inches and a second or two, but I judge that can was a hundred yards from us when it struck the ground and Bobby threw his leg over from the horn of the saddle where he was resting it and put the spur to his horse. The hundred yards was covered in about the time it takes a mule to flick his left ear, and it took something less than that for Bobby to swing over and grab the can on the keen run. It was sure prompt action. A second later my young impulsive friend was standing before Margarita with his hat off and the can under his arm.

"I'll take the rest of them things and pack them for you, ma'am, if you'd just as soon let me," he says. "I'm going the same way as what you are."

"Well, I'm sure!" says Margarita, staring at him.

"No reason why you shouldn't be," says Bobby; and he had a smile of his own that made folks forget how plumb homely he was. "I'm honest as the day is long," he says. "I'm as able as Adam's second son and as willing as William."

"Was William willing?" asks Margarita, trying to keep from smiling.

"He was right hungry and they rung the dinner bell for him," says Bobby, taking the other package from her, that she'd just picked up, and tucking it under his arm with the can and holding out his hand for more.

"My name isn't even Williamette," says the young woman, mighty sober. "Will you kindly please to give me them things of mine, if you'll be so good." She held out her hand, and Bobby took and shook it, gentle and respectful, until she jerked it away, dropping a bunch of celery with the jerk, which Bobby picked up.

"Now give me them eggs and I'll compromise and let you carry the bottle," he says. "That will show you I ain't got no designs on whatever there is in it."

"It's vinegar," says Margarita. "Well, take them, then. But I must say —— How do you know you're going the same way as me?"

"You just make a start once, and see how quick I'll prove it," says Bobby.

I seen all this from the porch. I seen them talking and could almost hear what they said. I seen Bobby, a perfect stranger, smiling at this dream of fair young maidenhood and taking away her property from her piece by piece, and finally I heard them both laugh and watched them walk away together. Bobby's horse stood in the street right where he was left, and he looked after them sort of curious and after a while shook his head as if he disapproved a heap of such goings-on and sidled up to join the lunch party at the wagon. I waited, it must have been an hour, until the hay was all gone, and then I got on Bobby's horse and drove the steers to Peckinpaugh's and left the outfit there and went back to the store. Pretty soon along come Bobby, on foot and in a hurry.

"Where's your horse, son?" I asked him.

He looked a considerable took aback. "Why, that's so!" says he. "I did have a horse, didn't I? Well, let it go. What I need now is two horses and the best light rig there is in town. I reckon I'll see to that right away. Stable's down the street, ain't it?"

"Come back here!" I says. "Before you get out any light rigs I've got to know the whys and wherefores. Am I correct in assuming that you are going to take some young lady out riding? Yes? The said young lady being Miss Margarita Biglow? Yes? Then sit down and listen to me, because I've got something to tell you about that young lady that you had ought to know. In the first place I understood you to say that you was busy at the ranch and didn't have no time to waste?"

"Be easy," says Bobby grinning. "I won't waste no time."

"Then what have you been doing the last hour or two?" I says.

"Getting acquainted with my future wife and my future wife's family," says Bobby. "And not so dog-gone futurious at that. I tell you this so that you may know in case it has any bearings on what you were going to tell me." He looked at me straight and sober when he said that. "Go ahead, if you think it best, because I've got to get that rig."

"I'm surprised," I says. "I'm sure surprised at a man of your reasonable rapid actions fooling and frittering with rigs when you might just as well have throwed your future wife acrost your saddle right off, and lit out for the nearest preacher's, whether or no."

"I don't say that there ain't sense in what you say," says Bobby, "but I aim to have Mrs. Nevins travel in comfort when comfort is to be had for love or money or personal violence up to and including bloodshed if necessary. But if there's no other business ——"

"There is," I says. "I've got a high respect and admiration for a certain person, but I'm informed that angels has better dispositions in some respects, like mislaying their tempers when there's just cause and reason for it; what's more, she ain't no cook to speak of, and there's grave doubts

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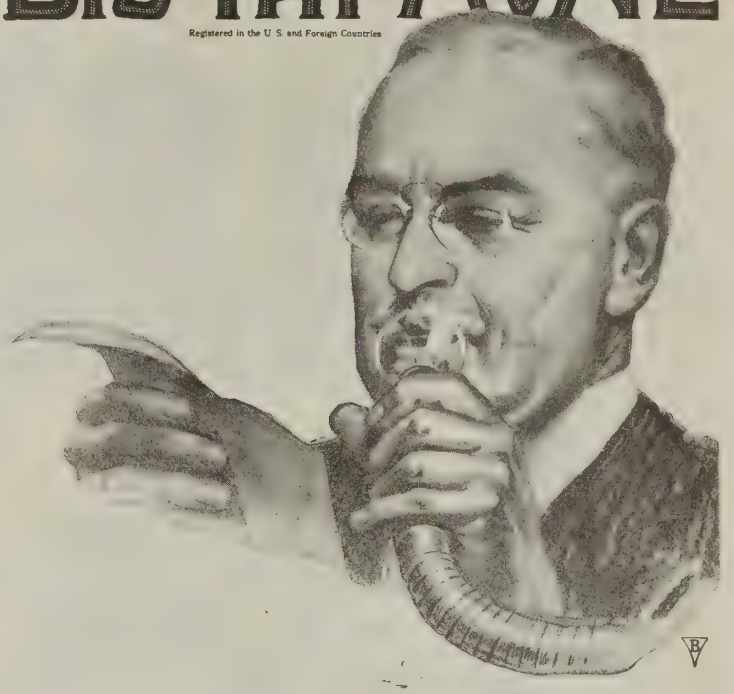

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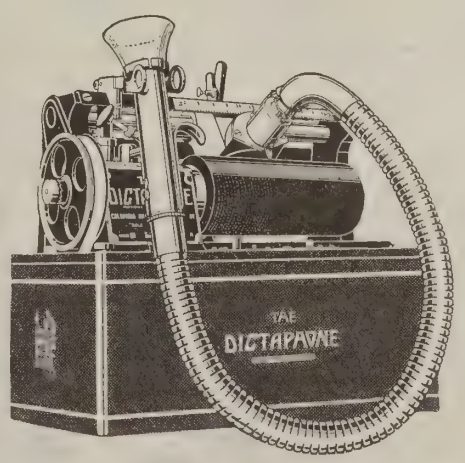

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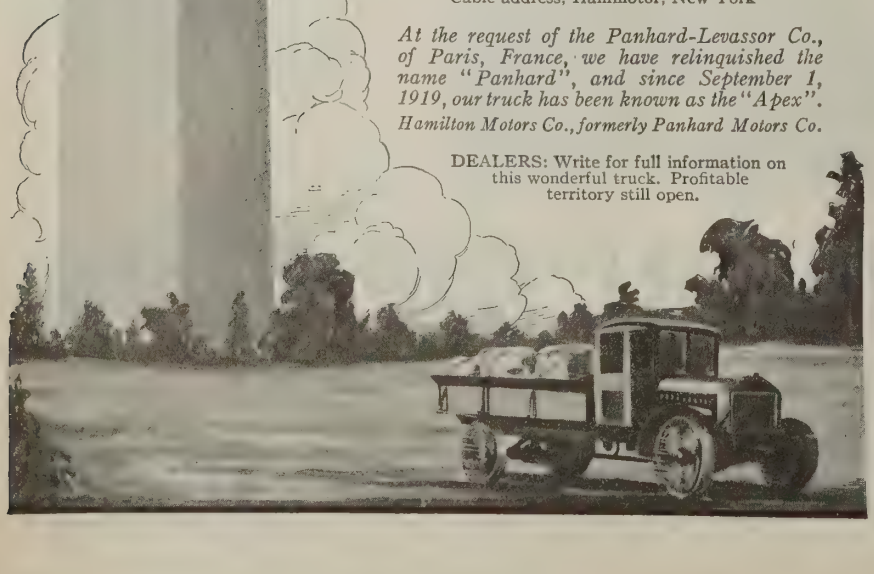

about her being able to paint pansies on a fry-pan or teach eighth-grade school. You may hear to the contrary, but what I say is, investigate. In married life the dyspepsia of one means merry something popping for two sooner or later and sooner than not. I'm talking as your friend—your old, tried and trusted friend. I say to you, investigate; look afore you leap. That's all I've got to say."

"It's a plenty," says Bobby, mighty scornful. "Why, you old stick-in-the-gumbo, do you reckon I ain't got eyes in my head and ears sticking out on each side thereof? Look! You watch me break the best records for long leaps. If I'd been short-sighted I wouldn't never have started. Can't cook! Say, haven't I got a cook at the ranch? As for mislaying temper, she may get mad at me, but I'll bet you she won't stay mad long, and if she wants to use me for a doormat I'll have 'Welcome' wove in the back of my coat and lay me down on the doorstep and enjoy myself all through the muddy weather. Investigate! I've put in a full hour investigating already; and dog-gone my wild heart! I'm going to put in sixty or seventy years more with her right under my eye if I can fool her like I expect to do. I realize I'm going to play her a low-down, mean trick, marrying her, but I ain't got no more scruples or decency than a sheep herder when it comes to that. I'm just that ornery. So long!"

His spurs clink-clanked double-quick time along the sidewalk as far as the livery, and there he disappeared. I got up and sa'ntered that way and looked in. Joe Tregear and Clippy Dargan had their best buggy trundled out and were going at it with sponge and chamois whilst Bobby and another helper of Joe's were watering a pair of matched sorrels. When they was through drinking, Bobby turned over the one he was holding to the boy. "You see that they shine!" he says. "You've got half an hour to get 'em slicked up. I'll be back maybe in twenty minutes."

"Coming with me to eat, Bobby?" I says, stepping up alongside him as he come out.

"What in blazes would I want to eat for?" he says. "Don't talk foolishness to me when I'm pressed for time. Whichaway is the barber shop? Never mind. I see the pole."

I couldn't keep up with him, but I tagged along and got there as Hank Evans was tucking a towel into his neck. "A dollar a minute for ten minutes is good pay," says Hank, dabbing on the lather with one hand and rubbing it in with the other. "I'll earn it," he says, making a lightning play on the strop. "If I cut you I'll cut so you can't cut back," he says, beginning to scrape. "You might be a-shaking up that bay rum for me while you're waiting, Mr. Stegg," he says, moving over to the other cheek. "I can talk and do this too," he proceeds, tackling the chin. "And now—there! Four minutes flat, by ginger! Set up, Mister Man, and we'll see what we can do with the upland crop in the other six."

Four more minutes was devoted to the hair trimming, and the other two was consumed by hot towels, bay rum, brushes and tonic. It was a jim-dandy job, too, and gave Hank something to brag about for the rest of his life. I thought that Bobby would naturally have a little time to take nourishment before the team was ready for him, but he seemed real peevish when I mentioned it again.

"You don't think of nothing but putting feed into yourself," he says. "Some of these days you'll get foundered and then you'll be sole mourner."

"Going to the express office for that important package?" I asked him as I trotted along.

He didn't deign no reply, but commenced to unbutton his shirt and turned into Sol Bloom's gents' furnishing and clothing, where he took said garment off before Sol could get from the back of the store to greet him. Right there the swift sale and lightning change records was smashed, and inside of ten minutes more Bobby walked out, a new being, leaving his old clothes, the best part of a hundred dollars and a strong smell of bay rum behind him.

"I'll go with you to the livery and identify you, Bobby," I says.

He stopped in his tracks. "You can go to dinner," he says, "or you can go to Jerusalem or Gehenna, but you can't go no farther with me to-day. There ain't no better company than what you are," he says, "exceptin' on occasions when there's other company that a person would prefer to have without you. I'd like to ask you to go along with us, but we would be cramped for room for one thing, and it would be highly disagreeable to me for another—if you get my meaning."

I told him that he was depriving the young lady of pleasant society, but she might be fond enough of fresh air and scenery to enjoy the ride in a way, and I went to dinner.

Ma Frush waited on me. I asked her where Myra was and she allowed, kind of short, that Myra was some place or another, and altogether wasn't as chatty as usual. Pretty soon Clyde come in, looking as if he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knot hole. He just nodded to me as he sat down and he didn't no more than toy with his vittles, which this time was about as good as what I got.

"Still happy, Clyde?" I asked him. "Too happy to eat?"

"Mr. Stegg," he says, "there's subjects that it ain't proper to jest about; but if you ain't jesting and want to know, I ain't happy but contrariwise. I'm beginning to think that I was sort of hasty the other night in the matter that I was telling you about. Sort of precipitate."

"That was ever your great fault, son," I says.

"I had ought to have took into account that that there near relative of the party in question needs licking early and often, on general principles," he says. "He was into the office a while ago and it was all I could do to keep my hands off'n him."

"Meaning little J.?" I asked.

"Meaning little J.," he says. "A freckled young limb of the devil, if you ask me. If a certain party had took the hide right off'n him on the occasion alluded to I wouldn't be disposed to blame her, come to think it over. My present opinion is that she was real sweet and patient. Another thing I'd ought to have considered was that she was in a anxious frame of mind, not knowing for sure but what I was a trifler—which I ain't. So I hadn't ought to have started in asking them harsh personal questions. I've a notion to go up to the house and apologize and set her mind at rest as to my intentions. I'd go up right now only ——"

"Yes?" I says.

"That hell's baby—er—J. was telling me about some low cow-puncher or another carrying Mar—a certain person's groceries home for her and staying there the best part of the morning exchanging coarse pleasantries with the old lady and indulging in familiarities with a certain person in a fresh and unwarranted manner, and promising J. a pony from the ranch—all lies probably. But he said a certain person was going buggy riding with this uncouth calf rustler after dinner. Say, I'd rejoice to be a member of the B. family, just to get the privilege of spanking J. I'd think he was lying about the buggy riding, but I certainly did notice a buggy going up toward the house just before I come in here. It went by so quick I couldn't see who was in it, but I don't think it was the bow-legged, frog-faced, dusty young devil in chaps that J. pointed out to me about half an hour before. The hat wasn't the same. Anyway, I think I'll wait until after supper now."

"You seem to have forgotten something, Clyde," I says. "Granting and admitting that a certain person had a good excuse for chastising her near relative, J., that don't make her no good cook and dressmaker and milliner and instructor of youth in the eighth grade and fry-pan decorator dee lucks. Ain't you overlooking them points, son?"

"No," says Clyde, "I ain't. But what do them points amount to? See here." He waved his hand at his dinner. "There's good grub, but I ain't got no stomach for it," he says. "If it was humming birds on toast and broiled goldfish and hothouse-grape pie à la mode it would be just the same without—a certain person; and with her I feel I could relish rawhide and ragweed roots. You could show me the most elegant chromo in a diamond-studded frame and it wouldn't give me the satisfaction I'd feel if there wasn't no dissensions between us—not if she'd painted it and give it nine coats of varnish. If she couldn't no more than make her mark I wouldn't care particular. I could learn her all she'd need to know. In married life the education of one—well, you know what I mean anyway. I'm a-going up to the house

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after supper and I don't care if the whole family stays round. I'm a-going to take the leap. And I'll sure make that officious bundle-carrier leap, too, if he horns in again with buggy-riding propositions. My mind is sure made up now!"

He smiled for the first time as he got up, and he walked out with a real gallus gait.

What I ought to have done was yoked up my bulls and started for Rapid, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it. This here life of ours is mighty dull and much about the same as a general thing, and when there's any interesting little breaks in it I love to linger where it's going on and make bets with myself on the breakage. So I allowed I'd give Blueblanket another day and see what happened. I was a-getting rusty in my pool, too, so I put in the afternoon at Gantz's parlors, improving it and working up an appetite for supper. About six o'clock I hung my cue in the rack, collected my cigars and started for Frush's, feeling as if I could assimilate all and sundry that was set before me. On the way I looked in at the livery to see if Bobby had got back. He hadn't, so I crossed the street and run into Clyde at Frush's door. I had to step back and take a second look at him before I could believe it.

The peachy blooms was back on his cheek as fresh as ever, and his little mustache was turned up at the ends as cute as a coon's tail; his eyes was bright and his necktie a baby blue, to match the stripe in his seersucker, and when he hung up his hat his hair looked as if it had been parted with a chalk line and smoothed down on either side with a flatiron. He was sure a gay and pleasing sight, and when we sat down at the table he commenced to babble like a care-free schoolgirl.

"You're looking better than what you did at noon, Clyde," I says after a while.

"I'm feeling better, Mr. Stegg," he says. "In the words of the poet:

I feel about as happy as a big sunflower
That nods and bends in the breezes,
And my heart is just as light as the winds
That blows the leaves from off the treeses.

"That's the way I'm feeling," he says. "And there's a-going to be two people happy to-night," he says.

"Making other folks happy is the secret of true happiness," I says. "I can see a certain person's eyes glisten with joy when she knows she's forgiven," I says. "There ain't no doubt about it that forgiveness is divine. But ain't you a little sort of nervous? No? Well, I reckon you're right to be cheerful while you can."

"You see I'm eating my supper to-night, don't you?" he says, smiling. And he was.

But he didn't finish it. The words was no sooner out of his mouth and a wedge of steak in than the dining-room door busted open and Bobby Nivens explodes into the room with a loud glad cry, grabs my hand and the spoon I was using and shook them until I thought my good right arm was a-going to follow what had been in the spoon.

"My dear old faithful friend!" he says, rumpling my hair. "The blithe companion of my boyhood days a-filling himself up as of yore! How are you and how's Buck and Bright? Not changed a particle since I last saw your loved face and we parted in sadness and in tears!"

He skimmed his new hat at a peg the farther side of the room, pulled out a chair and sat down—one wide white grin.

"If this ain't a sure-enough reonion!" he says, beaming at Clyde, who wasn't by no means beaming at him.

Then he turns to Ma Frush, who had come up, and tells her how the fame of her meals had reached him and drawed him from far and wide, and that he hadn't et for the nine days he'd been on the road, but he could wait for breakfast if it was a-going to make her any trouble, and a mess of foolishness like that that sent ma off to the kitchen giggling. Then he reached out and pulled my ear over to him and whispered in one of them whispers that don't carry more'n forty rods or so:

"If you ain't got no engagement and no conscientious objections to putting on a clean shirt I'd be pleased and honored by your company at my nuptials to-night."

"What!" I shouts.

He hauled off and, making a noise like a young rooster practicing voice-placing, he slapped me where I was still sore from his last attact. I looked acrost the table at Clyde, and he had turned the color of his pocket handkerchief, and his lower lip had sagged from his gums.

"At eight P. M. sharp, at the residence of the bride's parents and her little brother James," Bobby goes on, "The Reverend Spotkin officiating. Following the ceremony the happy couple will hit the cool evening breeze for the Z Bell ranch, their future home. Please omit footgear. Kiss me, Steggie! Oh, kiss me and give me your blessing!"

He seen me look at Clyde, who was a-shivering like he felt a draft, but being somewhat excited and not noticing anything out of the way, I suppose, he gives Clyde a right gracious and affable smile.

"I don't know you, gentle stranger," he says, "but I sure like you. I like everybody, me. I've known the time when my heart didn't warm to humanity like it's a-glowing now and when I wouldn't have asked you to grace my wedding without previous acquaintance, but if ——"

"I don't know you," says Clyde, shivering worse than ever and talking with his teeth shut, "and I'm sure I don't like you. I don't like your looks nor the way you talk nor yet the color of your hair—if you get the drift of my remarks."

Bobby turned to me with a pained look. "He don't like me, Steggie," he said, real plaintive. "Now how do you account for that? I come to him making the peace sign and he starts to shooting from under his blanket thisaway. What would you do? Do you reckon he knows how his unkindness hurts me or doesn't he give a durn? Would you try to win his friendship right now or do you reckon I'd better leave it to time? This is sure a sad blow."

"Let me tell you something," says Clyde, the color coming back to his face with a rush. "When you talk about sad blowing ——"

He stopped as Ma Frush came in, and waited until she'd given Bobby his supper and gone out again.

"Yes?" says Bobby, buttering a biscuit and smiling at him encouragingly.

"I was going to say that your mouth is too big and your jaw too slack," says Clyde, pushing his chair back and getting up.

"So I've been told," says Bobby, setting his teeth into the biscuit and starting to cut his steak. "You're probably right; but how can you help it, poor thing?"

"I might," says Clyde, dodging the grab I made at him and coming round the table. "Get up!" he says to Bobby, but Bobby didn't get up.

"I ain't destructive," he says to me. "He's so pretty and innocent and graceful it would be a pity to spoil him. You talk to him quietly and divert his mind, Steggie. My voice seems to irritate him."

"Dog-gone you!" Clyde shrieked.

He drew back his fist and swung it with all his force at Bobby's objectionable jaw. I reckon that swing would have done considerable damage if it had landed, but Bobby happened to stoop just then. He rose up laughing as the swing spun Clyde round; and then when the misguided lad came at him again wide open he reached in and tapped him on the nose just hard enough to start the crimson lifeblood. It was meant to be a light tap, I could see that, just a good-natured hint; but Clyde wouldn't be satisfied to take it, and made another rush, getting Bobby's fist just under the right eye and falling backward over a chair against Ma Frush and Myra, who had come a-running in.

Bobby was stepping forward to help him up, but I reckon his kind intentions was misunderstood; anyway, he didn't take but two forward steps; the rest was backward, and Myra followed him up close, swinging her broom left and right and telling him what she thought of him in no uncertain tones. If that broom had happened to been an ax Bobby would have been killed too dead to skin six or seven times before he reached the door and got out in the street, where Myra was too much of a lady to chase him.

"You miserable, ugly, bloodthirsty brute!" she said; and throwed the broom at him and hit a mule that was hitched to a post on the other side of the street, which made the mule wheel round and kick Perry Ackerman's real-estate bulletin board through his office window. I come out a minute or two later and found Bobby paying Perry for the window, and Old Bill Oliver, the marshal, coaxing the mule off the sidewalk.

"Well, how's the patient?" says Bobby, taking his hat, which I had brung out to him.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

A QUICK MEAL and a ready one. A good food and a steady one. Heinz Oven Baked Beans are not made merely for convenience and emergencies.

They are made to serve frequently because they are nutritive, economical and most appetizing. The delicious baked bean taste is brought out by baking in dry heat, in real ovens—the slow, careful, painstaking, Heinz way.

Flavored, as they are, with the Heinz rich tomato sauce and tender strips of pork you will find that the family is as ready for them as they are always ready for the family.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
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Some of the
57
Vinegars
Spaghetti
Tomato Ketchup
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Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

The farmer sends to our hoppers the finest grains he grows.

We seal those grains in guns, then apply an hour of fearful heat. When all the wheat moisture is turned to steam, we shoot the guns and the grains explode.

That is Prof. Anderson's process. The purpose is to blast every food cell so digestion is easy and complete.

But the result is also bubble grains, thin, flaky, toasted, with a nutty taste.

The three Puffed Grains are in this way made the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Shot From Guns

Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

These airy, flimsy Puffed Grains are 8 times normal size.

They taste like food confections. But they are grain foods—two are whole grains—fitted for digestion as grains never were before.

Serve with cream and sugar. Float in your bowls of milk. Mix in every fruit dish. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry.

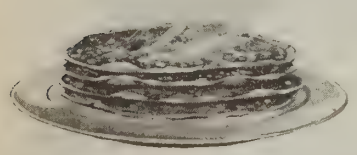
There is no other grain food which children love so well.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
A New Puffed Product

Also Pancakes Now

A Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture



Now there is also a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour mixture, containing Puffed Rice ground. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—such pancakes as you never tasted. Try it. Just add milk or water. The flour is self-raising.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

3233

"He's regained consciousness and with careful nursing, which he's sure getting, he'll probably be able to see out of both eyes by to-morrow," I told him.

"What do you reckon made that Willie-boy take that crazy spell?" Bobby muses. "I hope the young lady ain't a-going to suffer owing to her recent exertions," he continues as he walked along.

"I ain't so sure of that," I says.

What I was a-thinking of was Myra running back to help Clyde into the sitting room whether he needed help or not and a-stanching the gore and a-laving his poor eye with a gentle hand as he lay on the sofa. It reminded me of that piece of poetry about woman in our hours of ease, and I'd begun to speak it but Myra turned on me real capricious and told me that if I couldn't act like I had sense I'd better get out of here. Otherwise I'd have stayed a while longer. I'd took notice though that there were moist gleams of gratitude in Clyde's operating eye.

Bobby hung on to me until I'd got into my war sack and arrayed myself similar to a wedding guest, and then we drove the sorrels up to Biglow's, loading the preacher in on the way. Up to that time I'd thought Bobby might be trying to fool me, even when he begun to act nervous and clinging. He said he'd figured that Margarita wouldn't have no time before eight o'clock to change more'n her dress, but maybe he had delayed the game long enough for her to include her mind. He'd made the excuse to the old folks that he had to take a trip to Omaha as soon as he got back to the ranch and he'd got Henry Albien and Vandervoort, of the Drovers National, to testify that he was honest and respectable and rising and tolerable well heeled and such like, but all the same he had a sort of sinking sensation that something was a-going to happen.

And something did happen sure enough. About twenty-five minutes after he had trotted in at the door he walked out again with Mrs. Bobby Nivens on his arm, and if he had been a mile high by two miles wide he couldn't have give you more the idea of being all swelled up with pride and joyfulness; and taking a look at Margarita, blushing, half laughing and half crying, and pretty as a pink rosebud, you'd have thought she was reason a-plenty for them dimensions, if such they had been. He helped her into the rig like she was valuable eggshell china, whilst I made out to hold the sorrels' heads. It was a bright moonlight and the road lay clear and straight before them.

"Let her go, Gallagher!" Bobby sings out, and I jumped aside just quick enough and none too quick, simultaneous with a scattering fire of old shoes which mostly fell about fifty yards short; and that was the last of Bobby for a while.

"Well, Reverend," I says to the preacher a few minutes later, "I reckon we've done all the damage we can and we might as well be heading for home."

"I reckon we might, Mr. Stegg," says he.

So we set out together, and he was so entertaining that I walked a piece out of my way with him to his door. Just as we was opening the gate a figure moved out of the shadows toward us, and when it struck the moonlight we seen it had a swelled nose and a bunged-up eye.

"Mr. Spotkin," it says, "might I have a word or two with you in private?"

I waited until they got through and the Reverend had gone in and then I waited until Clyde spoke.

"I suppose you're a-wondering what this means," he says.

"Seems like it means business," I answered.

"You're right," he says. "Mr. Stegg, I understand that a certain person is married and gone off with her husband, and further that her husband never seen her before this morning but made up his mind prompt when he did see her. That's right, ain't it?"

I said it was.

"I wish that certain person joy and happiness," he says. "I feel I was mistaken in her, but all the same I wish her joy and I don't bear her husband no malice. I don't say that I like him or his ways or actions," he says, fingering his nose sort of delicate, "but I'm free to say I think he's got the right idea of rushing a thing through. And that's what I aim to do myself. I decided on that about a half an hour ago as I came out of Frush's, where Miss Myra had been tending me like a sweet and lovely angel of light. Miss Myra ain't no stranger to me and some time ago I'd even thought of asking her to be mine, so to speak, but I never appreciated what she was until to-night. That's why I come up here to see the Reverend. I aim to make sure he wouldn't go to bed before I could get Miss Myra up here. And if you'd like to attend on the ceremony ——"

"Well, well!" I says. "Good for you, Clyde! So little Myra's a-going to take pity on you! Sure I'll stand up with you."

"Er—I ain't exactly told her what my plans is yet," he says, "but I'm going right over this minute to do so. I'm a-going to rush it through. She can just throw something over her head and the Reverend is going to wait up for us. I wouldn't wait until morning, not for no money. I know what I want now and I ain't going to dally."

"Myra may have gone to bed by this time," I says as we struck Main Street.

"There's a light still a-burning in the setting-room," Clyde says. "If you don't mind waiting for a little while outside and keeping your eye on the side door I won't be more'n a few minutes. Excuse me."

He left me and run ahead. I slowed up and watched him go into the side door and then I sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and tried to get my milling thoughts steadied and bedded down. I don't think I'd got more'n two-thirds of my pipe smoked when the door opened again, a patch of yellow light.

"Here they come," I says to myself, and got up.

But I couldn't make out more than Clyde, and I couldn't make him out good after the door shut. The next thing, I seen him headed down the street at a lively clip toward the express office, but he hadn't gone a hundred yards before he stopped short and took off his hat and slammed it down on the ground. Then he looked round and seen me and come pelting up. He hadn't picked up his hat and his hair was every which way and the rich green and dark purple of his eye showed up strong against a dead white.

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Stegg?" he asks, in a trained, husky voice. "If you'll kindly oblige me by going back to the Reverend Spotkins.

"Tell him—tell him that I'll see him later and explain, but—but he won't need to wait up for me."

He started to say something else, but he couldn't seem to get it out, and then he turned and scooted off again. I saw him go into the express office and heard the slam of the door, but though I hung round quite a while I didn't see so much light as a man would make striking a match. There wasn't but one conclusion to come to. Myra had had another of them streaky spells that Clyde had mistrusted when his judgment was cool, and poor Clyde had finally lep' with his eyes shut and fell short.

"And that," concluded the old bullwhacker, "is most always the way it goes."

"It didn't go so badly for him, I should say," remarked Selby judicially. "No doubt his self-esteem was jarred, but in the first instance his prudence saved him from marrying a somewhat useless, if ornamental, person; and, *secundum*, his luck snatched him from the brink of an alliance with a budding holy terror."

"It didn't, and she ain't—only on occasion," said the old bullwhacker. "I've et Mrs. Nivens' own personal cooking off a dinner-set that she done painted herself, and in all respects my opinion is that she come up to Clyde's first specifications at the start and passed them on the quarter stretch. Myra certainly kept Clyde a-waiting while she made sure and investigated and looked round like she'd told him she'd do that night he tried to stampede her, but a couple of years after she took another streak and throwed something over her head and married him. What she throwed didn't cost her more'n ten or twelve dollars then, but now, I understand, it's costing Clyde anywheres from twenty to forty dollars a throw, and she don't make her own dresses, either. So there you are."

"Then what's your theory?" asked Slyfield.

"Gentlemen," said the old bullwhacker, "in this here matter of matrimony my theory is that a man sure ought to look ahead mighty careful and go awful slow—— But shucks! It won't do him a particle of good."

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Concluded from Page 11)

incidentally benefiting the town. He was a temperate man, and some of his rivals who had been drinking too much reformed. He was a polite man, and his rivals, who were a little brusque, recovered.

I know of no man who has actually done more for the town than George Pendleton.

Colonel Andy Miller

WHEN I went downtown in the morning I heard Colonel Andy Miller was dead, and everywhere during the day his death was discussed. Most of the men agreed he was the best citizen we had; I have heard them say the same thing of other friends who have died within the year, and there was a good deal of enthusiasm for a monument over his grave, to be built by public subscription.

In the evening I went to Colonel Miller's house. Mrs. Potter was there, and I was glad to hear that I was not expected to see Mrs. Miller, who was prostrated with grief.

Three or four other men came in, and we discussed the colonel's life. All of us remembered some incident that seemed appropriate, which we told in low voices. In the room adjoining the one in which we sat was the body, packed in ice. The dripping of the water was very disagreeable.

After we had discussed the colonel I noticed that there was a disposition to discuss the mystery of death. Everyone said something, and we all expressed the sentiment in about the same way; there did not seem to be anything new to say on the subject. Most of the callers said they would willingly stay all night if necessary, but added that they would rather not if other arrangements could be made, and gave various excuses. It turned out that Mrs. Potter intended staying; it was unnecessary for any of us to remain.

The colonel and Mrs. Potter were not friends during his life, but she seemed to have charge of the remains. I was told that she arrived at the house a few minutes before Colonel Andy's death. Mrs. Potter is usually present when there is a death in the town, and takes charge of the funeral. The undertaker goes to her, and she arranges about the pall bearers. When she is not in the room where the body lies she is upstairs with members of the family, where few are admitted. If anything is wanted Mrs. Potter gets it, and if a question is to be decided she decides it; first consulting with the family, I suppose.

It was an unworthy thought but it occurred to me that Mrs. Potter enjoyed being there and taking charge of everything. She is of little importance at any other time, and disappears from public view after a funeral, but we all hear of her again as soon as there is another death. She rarely visits any home until it is generally agreed that a sickness will prove fatal, and her coming nearly always sets the members of the family to crying; they know it will not be long before death enters the house. Mrs. Potter does not like me, but I feel sure that when it is agreed I cannot live many hours longer the front door will open quietly and Mrs. Potter will come in.

In a small town most people attend funerals as a mark of respect, and I nearly always meet Mrs. Potter; she doesn't seem to like people until after they are dead. She was married before she came here, but no one knows what became of her husband. Everybody would like to know whether she left him or whether he left her of if he is dead, but we are afraid to ask.

At funerals Mrs. Potter directs who shall enter the first carriage, who the second, who the third, and so on. After all is arranged to her satisfaction she enters a carriage herself, and is the first to arrive at the grave; she must be there to arrange things. She knows what must be done with the floral emblems; some are taken back to the house and others are left at the grave. She remains to see the grave filled up, all the others driving away as soon as the coffin is lowered and the services are over.

Colonel Andy Miller was a prominent man, aggressive and successful, but there was always something about his family life that didn't suit the women. Though it was understood that the colonel and his wife didn't get along, no one knew much about the particulars. He had a mean way of talking about marriage that gave notice that he wasn't very well satisfied with his own, and was a cynic about women—another mark of a dissatisfied husband. When the colonel and his wife were with others he had a sharp way of saying things directed at her in a distant way; and she seemed timid, as though fearing he might begin a tirade against her in public. People who passed the Miller home late at night told of hearing violent quarrels. Their two daughters were married and living in a distant state, and very much to the surprise of everyone it was announced that they would not be able to attend their father's funeral, owing to illness.

Mrs. Miller had a few friends, women who were not very popular themselves, and who seemed glad of a chance to get into the big Miller home, with its lavish furniture. Mrs. Miller had told these women, and somehow the story gained circulation, that she had never had any peace except when the colonel was away in the army. He made money and got along in the world, but seemed to hate his home because his wife was in it. When their daughters were married the Millers made much of the weddings and entertained lavishly, but Mrs. Miller dressed like the furniture in the house, the women said, and commented on it when they returned home. The men accepted the colonel, and he was a man among men, but somehow the women balked at Mrs. Miller, but without saying much about it.

At the funeral Mrs. Miller remained upstairs during the services, with Mrs. Potter. The house was full of women and the yard full of men, but the absence of any member of the family in the room where the services were held provoked the unspoken comment which frequently goes round on serious occasions. I knew that few women had been upstairs to see Mrs. Miller, and that these were those who had themselves been neglected by society.

When we were ready to start for the cemetery Mrs. Potter, who had charge of everything, waved me into the carriage in which Mrs. Miller rode.

On the way Mrs. Miller looked steadily out of the carriage window without speaking; she was going over her life, it seemed. When we stood beside the grave she didn't look at it or at the coffin or listen to the service; she was looking at the hazy distance through her black veil, trying to decide why Andy and the neighbors didn't like her.

When we rode slowly home Mrs. Miller was still silent and still trying to solve her problems. At frequent intervals she took a long breath in the peculiar way which indicates a cessation of weeping; she seemed hard and bitter, as though thinking of what she might say in her defense if her husband were not dead.

Reaching her house I assisted her to alight, and she staggered a little as we went up the walk. Mrs. Potter opened the front door and met her; they disappeared together, and I returned to my neglected work.

Cleve Moffett

IN THE river hills west of town seven out of ten farmers' wives bake biscuits three times a day. Cleve Moffett, a young farmer from that section, went to the city to accept a job. But his health soon became poor; in the course of six months many said he was crazy, and there was much worry about him in his old neighborhood when he returned.

His grandmother after looking at him said: "The trouble with the poor boy is he has been eating light bread."

So they gave him hot biscuits three times a day, and he recovered.

Should this man stop eating altogether?

He eats entirely too much—always has. He has a particular weakness for rich and indigestible foods. But now he is beginning to realize the folly of his excess, and he wants to correct it.

"Should this man stop eating altogether?" Silly question, you say. And we admit it, it is. The thing for him to do is what most men do—be careful not to eat the wrong kinds of food and not to eat over-much.

All this applies to smoking as well as to eating. The normal man needs only to be as careful and sensible in smoking as in eating, and all will be well with him. If he smokes *after meals* and not *before meals;* if he smokes with reasonable moderation and *sticks to Girards,* he will never have to worry about any ill effects from tobacco.

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Ask for Girard at the next cigar counter.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

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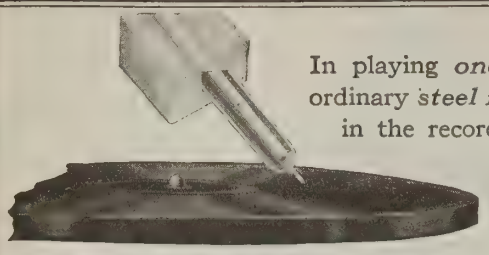

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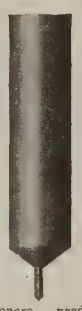

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Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. That's why Original Creole Pralines (**Grunewald**) made only of Louisiana cane sugar and Louisiana (whole half) pecan meats are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made.

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13

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THE BUSHER PULLS A MAYS

(Continued from Page 17)

is the word till we see how matters comes along.

Your pal,

JACK.

ON TRAIN, Aug 12.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal we are on our way back to old Chi and everybody is happy even the Washington club though we took 2 out of 3 from them but they made more jack out of our serious then they ever seen before and what is 2 or 3 ball games to them you might say. Well Gleason didn't start me but you notice he stuck me in there yesterday in the 8th inning when Lefty Williams begin to wilt and put the brakes on them and that ball Judge hit would have been nuts for Gandil only for him being weak on acct. of his appendix.

Well when Gleason 1st. told me to go in there I had a notion to go in there and dink the ball up there and let the Washington boys get their name in the averages for once in their life and show Gleason I didn't give a dam but then I thought of the rest of the boys and it wasn't square to them to not give them the best I got so I cut loose and you see what happened.

Well Gleason patted me on the back when it was over and tried to give me the old oil but I just kind of smiled and pertended like I fell for it but that is the way he is Al when you win you are aces but when you have a bad day your as welcome is a gangrene.

Well it looks now like we would go right through and win the old rag as everybody has got so as they can waggle their legs without groaning and Gandil will soon have his strength back and then look out as about all as we half to do is break even and Detroit will have 1 he—ll of a time catching up with us so it looks like your old pal will get in once on the world serious dough and about time after all I have did for this club and would of been in on it in 1917 only I give up everything for my country wile the rest of the boys stayed home and made nasty remarks about the Kaiser.

Speaking about the world serious Al it looks now like Cincinnati would give the Giants some battle in the other league and if Moran can keep his club going they have got a good chance and I guess that old burg wouldn't go cuckoo if they win a championship. Well I guess the ball pk. down there can't handle the crowd that we would draw in the Polo Grounds but even if we can't make as much jack out of a serious down there all the boys on our club would about as leaf play them as it would save us time as we can get it over in 4 days if we play them where it would probably take 5 days vs. N. Y. on acct. of 1 day to make the jump. The boys was talking this A. M. about what Cicotte and Williams should ought to do to Moran's club and they would make a bum out of them and etc. but I guess after what I showed in Washington Gleason can't do no lest then start me in 1 game at the outside and then we will see if Roush and Groh is such wales when they get up vs. real pitching after the dead arm Dicks they been looking at all season.

Well old pal it is pretty near time to stick the old nose in the old feed bag and we land in old Chi this P. M. and no game tomorrow but Thursday we open up vs. Boston and I suppose it will be Cicotte as Gleason sent him on ahead to get ready. Well if he can't cut her they's others on the old pitching staff that can and 1 of them is

Your pal,

JACK.

CHI, Aug 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you seen what the Boston club done to Cicotte yesterday and Gleason had to take him out so as Felsch and Liebold could stand still and rest a minute but when he come in to the bench all as Gleason said to him was better luck next time Ed instead of fuming at the mouth like he done to me in Philly. So I said to Gleason I says "You send this bird on ahead of the club to be ready for this game and they make a bum out of him and all as you say to him is better luck next time Ed and the same thing came off in Philly the day I started and you went cuckoo and barked like a dog." So Gleason says "Yes you big stiff but the reason they got to Eddie was because he didn't have no stuff when he got in there but your trouble was that you had to much stuff before you ever went in." So I just laughed at him.

Well it looks more then ever like Pat Moran was going to cop in the other league the way his club made a bum out of the Giants in the serious down there and I was just thinking tonight if the big show comes off in Cincinnati why couldn't you hop on a train and breeze down there for the 1st. game that is scheduled down there and maybe that will be the game I pitch or 1 of them and it would tickle me to death to know my old pal was up there in the stand pulling for me and I promise you won't be ashamed of saying your my friend when you see me out there. It wouldn't only cost you about $6.00 or $7.00 R. R. fare and you wouldn't half to bother about no ticket to the game as the boys on our club can get 2 of them a peace to every game at the regular prices and I would leave you use 1 of mine 1 day and it wouldn't only cost you $2.00 or $3.00 and after the game we could go somewheres and hist a few as its a cinch they have still got some tucked away somewheres in that old burg as even the babys would die down there without their beer.

Maybe you will think you shouldn't ought to take no trip like that and leave Bertha home but between you and I Al the ladys is a nusance when it comes to a trip like that and besides no matter how good a man and their wife gets along when you have lived with them a few yrs. its like a sweet dream to be away from them a day or 2. Think it over Al and leave me know how you feel about it and I would say come up to 1 of the games here only what with the Swede and the 2 kids we wouldn't have no place to park you and besides we could have a better time somewheres where Florrie wasn't folling us around all the wile like a caboose.

Speaking about Florrie we had a long talk last night and it seems like she is about ready to sell out her share in the beauty parlor as she don't get along very good with the Dumonts and besides as I always say a womans place is home so I guess she is about through pairing finger nails and etc. and I am glad of it as with my salery and what I pick up in the world serious and etc. I guess they won't be no over the hills to the poor house for Mr. and Mrs. Keefe yet a wile.

Your pal,

JACK.

CHI, Aug. 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I and Gleason had some words today and I guess he knows now where I stand and if he don't why it is his own look out. We was playing the Washington club and Nick Altrock was out on the coaching line and I begin to kid him from the bench and I hollered hello handsome at him. So he turned around and hollered why hello Carl I didn't know you was still with us. So Gleason says why is he calling you Carl and I said I didn't know so Gleason says "Yes you do he is calling you Carl after Carl Mays because you told some of the boys you was going to Mays me and walk out on the club and Nick has heard about it." So I said "Well maybe I did say that in a jokeing way." So Gleason says "What was the joke." So I said "Well maybe they wasn't no joke but I just made the remark to some of the boys that I liked to pitch and it looked like they wasn't no chance for me to pitch here so I wished I was somewheres where I could pitch." So Gleason said "Well I will send you somewheres where you can pitch." So I said "I can pitch here if you will give me a chance." "Well" Gleason says "I am not running this club to muse you but I am trying to win a pennant and I can't take no chances with a bird that has only turned out 2 good innings for me in a month." So I said "Well I can't turn out no more good innings till you stick me in there." So Gleason said "Well I will stick you in there when I get good in ready and if you want to walk out on me why walk as far is you like." So I says "I don't half to walk as the Michigan Central will take me as far is I want to go." So that shut him up Al as he knows now that if I jumped I would have a place to light and he can't afford to strengthen a club that is right on our tail you might say.

You have got to hand it to Jennings for the race they are makeing Al though we been going good to thanks to a whole lot of luck like today for inst. Cicotte was in there against a Swede name Erickson that

(Continued on Page 185)

(Continued from Page 182)

te Washington club got from Detroit and te boys went out and got 10 runs for ldie and a man that can't win with 10 ns better study for a janitor or something ad a specially vs. the Washington club iat if they ever scored 10 runs in 1 day te other clubs would ask for a recount. ell this Erickson certainly was good and te only boys on our club that could hit m was those that batted against him. ell Al you never see them pile up 10 runs hind me when I am in there pitching and out the only way as we can score at all th me in there is 3 bases on balls and a lk.

Well Al Florrie told the Dumonts today at she was going to quit them and sell t her share of the business and they sn't no tears shed on neither side. She sn't only payed in about $250.00 for the ock they was going to sell her so she will ve that comeing besides a few dollars lery as she had drew ahead. Any way I n glad she is out of it and can stay home d pay a little tension to the kiddies and e are going to throw a party Sat. night celebrate and as long is you can't be here l why I suppose I will half to hist a couple r you.

Your pal,
JACK.

CHI, Aug. 25.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am through. Not through with pitching baseball but rough working for a cuckoo that treats man like a dog. They's only 1 condition at I will go back to him Al and that is a ntract calling for more money or a bonus something and he has got to understand at I work in my regular turn which is the nly way a pitcher can do themself justice. ut he won't agree to my turns Al as trying manage a ball club has went to his head nd his brains has been A. W. O. L. for the st 2 mos. you might say. So its going to e moveing day pretty soon for your old al and I guess you know where I am going move without me telling you. I have ll ready wired a telegram to Jennings tell- g him what come off and things ought to egin to pop by tomorrow at lease.

Well Al I will tell you what come off and ou can judge for yourself what kind of a uckoo this bird is. Well the last half of st wk. he had me down in the bull pen very day warming up though he didn't ave no intentions of sticking me in there nd God knows I was warm enough with- ut going out and looking for it but every ime I would ease up a little and try and est he would look down there from the ench and motion to me to get busy and y the time the game was over Sat. P. M. my ld souper squeeked like a rat every time throwed a ball.

Well Sat. night we throwed a party over o the house in honor of Florrie retireing rom business and I had 4 qts. of the old ard stuff layed away and I and a couple of Florrie's friends husbands finished 1 of hem before supper and after supper we urned on the jazz and triped the life fan- astic and I half to be oiled or I can't dance o by 11 o'clock the serch and sieze her birds could of had the run of the house and wel- come. Well 1 of the husbands said he knowed a place where they had escaped from the epidemic so we went down there and they served us rat poison in tea cups and I only histed a couple to be polite but I eat something that didn't set right and when I finely got home and put on my night gown I wished it was a sroud.

Well Al I couldn't eat nothing when I got up and whatever it was I had eat the night before had gave me a fever and Florrie wanted I should call up the ball pk. and tell them I was sick but it was Williams's turn to pitch and I thought all as I would half to do would be get down in the bull pen and go through the motions but when I get to the pk. what does this cuckoo do but tell me to take my turn in the batting practice as I am going to work. So I asked him what was the matter with Williams and Gleason said he don't feel good. "Well" I said "if he felt like I do his family would be out shopping for 1 left handed casket." So Gleason said what and the he—ll is the matter with you now. So I told him my stomach. "Well" said Gleason "get in there and give them your fast one and curve and I will tell Schalk not to sign for your stomach." So that was all as I could get out of him Al and they wasn't nothing to do only grip my teeth and try and make the best of it.

Well Al to make a short story out of it I went in there so dizzy that Vick of the N. Y. club looked like he was hitting from both sides of the plate and I tried to throw a ball between him. Well I seen him fall over but he couldn't get out of the way as I catched him right over the ear and if I had of had my regular stuff on the ball they would of been brains splashing clear up in the grand stand. Well I got 1 over for Peck and he past it up and then Schalk thought they was going to hit and run so he signed me to waist 1 and I waisted 4 and then up come Baker and I had 2 balls and nothing on him and I looked in to the bench but Gleason wasn't looking at me and I looked out to the bull pen and they wasn't nobody warming up so I pitched again and got 1 over the plate. Well I don't know what kind of baseball it is for a man to hit with 2 and 0 with birds on 1st. and 2d. and nobody out and the pitcher hog wild but that is what this bird done Al is take a lunge at the ball and Liebold couldn't of catched it without a pass out check.

Well I looked in to the bench again and Gleason didn't say I yes or no but I wasn't going to stay out there and faint away for him or no other cuckoo. So I walked in to the dug out and said I'm through. "Through with what" Gleason says. "Through with a mgr. like you that makes a man go in there and try to pitch when I am so sick I don't know what I am doing." So Gleason said "That is the way you have always pitched." So I said "Well I am not going to pitch that way or no other way for you no more but I am going to pitch for a mgr. that don't ask a man to work when he is only 2 laps this side of a corps." Who are you going to pitch for? I am going to pitch for Detroit. "Well" says Gleason "that puts them out of the race as Jennings is so crazy now that he eats grass and when you get there he will start in on his ball club." Well I said something back to him and went in the club house.

That is what come off Al and I will leave it to you if I didn't do right as how can a man work for a cuckoo that makes a bench lizard out of you for a mo. and then pitchs you 64 innings in 3 days in the bull pen and then when your sick and wore out and your souper whines every time you raise it.

Well he as much is said he wished I would go to Detroit so he can't go back on that Al or try and block the deal so as I say I wired a telegram to Jennings that I am through here and for him to hurry up with his offer.

Well Gleason and the club leaves to-night for St. Louis and I have been kind of expecting that he would call up and try and square things with me but not a peep out of him and as I say he is so cuckoo that he probably won't come down off of his horse. But I should worry Al as I will soon be with a club that can win the pennant with a little help and I am the bird that can give them the kind of help they need.

I will keep you posted Al and let you know the minute I hear news. In the mean wile come on you Tigers.

Your pal,
JACK.

CHI, Aug. 29.

FRIEND AL: Well Al no news yet and I called up the ball pk. today to see if maybe they wasn't a telegram there for me though I wired Jennings my home address. They wasn't no telegram there and I don't know what to think only it may be that Jennings is wireing back and 4th. to Gleason trying to make the trade and they can't agree on turns. Well Gleason is not a sucker

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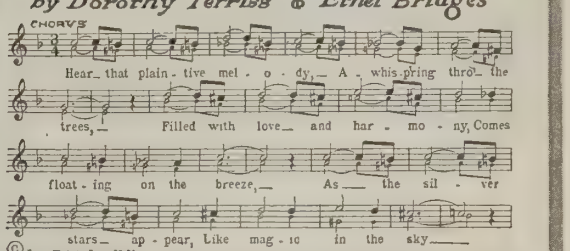
by Dorothy Terriss & Ethel Bridges



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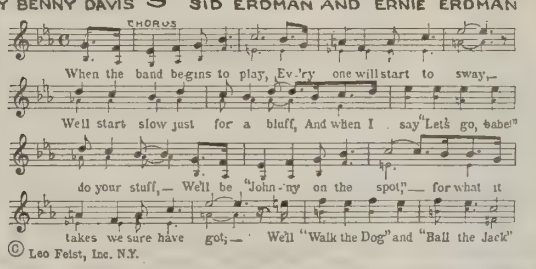

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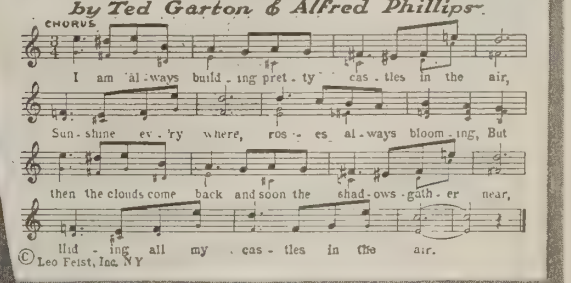

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enough to not make some kind of a deal when he knows that I won't never work for him again but or course its natural for him to hold out for the best man he can get and its natural for Jennings to not give more for me than he has to. But if it comes to a show down you can bet that Jennings will give up anybody he has to outside of Cobb or maybe Bush and I wouldn't be surprised if the final deal was me for Bob Veach and no money on the side. The White Sox has got room for another outfielder God knows wile on the other hand Veach's strength is hitting which is waisted in Detroit as they can all hit up there but dam few of them can pitch.

Of course Veach is in the game every day where most pitchers don't only work about every 4th. day but for a man like Jennings I would go in there every day the rest of the season if he asked me and work my head off to bring the old flag home to Detroit.

In the mean wile I should worry as news is sure to come sooner or later and I and Florrie is enjoying ourselfs and getting acquainted with the kiddies and still got enough jack to keep the wolfs from the door a couple of wks. at the outside.

Your pal,
JACK.

CHI, Aug. 31.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you seen the news in the paper Sat. and I am leaveing for the east tonight to join my new pals. Don't never get it in your head Al that I am not tickled to death to play for Connie Mack as he has always had my respect even if the Athaletics has been tail enders for the last few yrs. He has got the right idear Al and that is to build up a young ball club and learn them the game and by the time they are ready they are still young enough to play their best baseball and when they get good they don't win 1 championship and then crall back in their hole to die but they win 3 or 4 in a row and get enough jack to live in ease and luxery the rest of their life. Besides Al a man that plays ball for Mack knows that he will be treated like a gentleman and not barked at like a dog when things goes wrong.

Well Al the news come to me in a funny way. I was out late Friday night and overslept myself and when I woke up Florrie was up and dressed and I heard her in the next rm. and it sounded like she was sobing. Well I couldn't figure what and the he—ll she had to whine about so I hollered to her and she come in with the morning paper in 1 hand and her nose in the other. "Oh Jack" she says "its in the paper." So I said what was in the paper and she says "They have traded you to Philadelphia you and $5000.00 for Page."

Well for a minute I felt kind of stuned and then I snatched the paper out of her hand and read it over and over again and finely I got it through my head that it was true and Florrie was still snuffleing and I guess maybe I snuffled a little to.

Well finely I seen they wasn't no use makeing a baby out of ourselfs so I griped my teeth and I says "Well lets cut out the sob stuff as this here story don't mean nothing in our young life. They can trade me to Philadelphia for all the Pages in the book but I won't go." So Florrie spruced up to and she says "That's right you just tell them they can either send you to some decent club or you will quit the game for good."

So for a wile we talked along that line Al but Sat. P. M. I said something about going down town for supper and take in a picture show and Florrie begin to snuffle again. We can't afford no partys now she said. She says "You haven't no job and I haven't and we have got less then $200.00 to our name and what is going to become of us."

Well we stayed home and we talked things over and to make a short story out of it we seen where we was makeing a sucker out of ourselfs as when you come to think of it they's no better town in the league to live in then Phila. and its near Atlantic City so as Florrie and the kids can be down there all summer you might say and I can go down nights when the club is playing at home and Florrie thinks maybe she can get in a beauty parlor there and make enough jack to help out this winter.

So all and all Al I am tickled to death the way things has came along and wile I won't get in the world serious this yr. its the long run that counts after all and when we do get going in Philly it will still be a young ball club yet that can stand the pace and cop the old rag 2 or 3 seasons in a row. And about that time Gleason's club and Jennings's to will be in the old folks home lapping up gruel.

Well I have looked up the schedule and Detroit comes to Philly the 9 of Sept. and the White Sox the 13 and I am going to ask Connie to let me work twice against the both of them and then I will show Gleason and Jennings what a fool they made out of themself and what kind of a pitcher old Jack Keefe is when I am working for a man that can talk to you without barking like a dog.

Your pal,
JACK.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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Bon Ami

—for white woodwork

I make my white woodwork fresh and new with Bon Ami.

Ordinary scouring powders, being coarse and gritty, are bound to grind away paint; while Bon Ami, soft and almost as fine as flour, never damages the surface.

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

If Men Knew How to Lather, They Would Shave With More Comfort

SHAVING LATHER is applied to the beard for a double purpose. First—the soap removes the natural oil which covers each hair. Second—the water moistens and softens the beard, which it could not do if the oil were yet there. A certain amount of gentle friction aids the lather in both operations of this double duty.

Lather mixed in a cup and brushed over the face does not properly soften the beard—there is not enough friction.

Rub the white Colgate Stick lightly over the wet face.

The still too common habit of "rubbing in" with the fingers gives too much friction, causing irritation and often a smarting face, for which soap or razor gets unjust blame.

The logical way therefore is to make the lather on the face, where every motion of the brush both works it up and works it *in*. This gives enough friction to thoroughly soften the beard—and avoids the excess friction that may cause smart and burn.

No "mussy rubbing-in the lather" if you use COLGATE'S

But the soap you use is as important as the method of using it. One made with too much alkali will irritate your skin—one made with too little alkali will give a "slippery" lather that does not remove the natural oil.

More than a century of soapmaking has given Colgate & Co. the experience necessary to produce a neutral soap. But that is not enough—even that success did not satisfy Colgate & Co. They have gone still further and have now produced a form of shaving soap which gives you all this comfort—and adds thereto features of convenience and economy which no other shaving soap possesses.

As easy as putting a new blade in your razor.

Colgate's "*Handy Grip" Shaving Stick is constructed on a new principle. The soap is threaded—it *screws* into the metal grip instead of being fastened in. That same good Colgate Shaving Stick you've heard of for years!—with the added convenience of the "Handy Grip."

When you want a new supply, you need get only a Colgate "Refill" Stick—the soap alone—which is threaded to screw into the Grip, just as the original soap did. The process is as simple as putting a fresh blade in your safety razor or an electric bulb in its socket. This saves you the cost of a new metal box.

As a still further economy with Colgate's, the last half-inch or so can be *unscrewed* (using a knife-blade to unscrew the threaded soap) and pressed when wet to the top of the "Refill." It sticks—and can be all used—not a particle wasted. And this stub, usually thrown away, will, if used carefully, give you 50 extra shaves.

Lather with Colgate's Shave with comfort.

These are perhaps small economies—yes, but they are *real* ones because they save waste and needless expense—which is the basis of all thrift and efficiency, big and little.

Some men still prefer to shave with a Cream though it is the least economical way. To these men, this friendly word: Clip this paragraph and mail it to us before December 18th, 1919. We will send you, free, a trial tube of Colgate's Perfected Shaving Cream. You cannot be sure you know the best till you have used Colgate's. But we advise you to use our "Handy Grip" as the most convenient and economical way to shave. We can do this impartially as we make all three forms of shaving soap—Stick, Powder, and Cream. Address:

*Patented 1917

COLGATE & CO., DEPT. P, 199 FULTON ST., NEW YORK

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

The Refill Shaving Stick

"Refill"; this name was coined to describe a full-size COLGATE'S Shaving Stick *threaded at the base* so as to screw into the metal "Handy Grip."

The shaving information in this Colgate advertisement was so cordially received when first published several years ago that it is now reprinted for other and new shavers. Please note also that Colgate & Co. originated and were the first to advocate "no mussy rubbing in" with the fingers.

HAVE YOU A SHAVING HOBBY?

Many men have little short cuts and fancies that are not gen erally known. We heard of one man who lathers his face carefull and—washes it all off and starts over again. Another one wrot us that he re-lathers his face before his shower bath.

What is your hobby?

If you have one, write us about it. Who knows but you ma have discovered something new to help make even a Colgate shav better! Tell us. In any event, get the *habit*—of shaving wit Colgate's.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fou lin

NOTICE TO READER When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

OCT. 25, '19

5c. THE COPY
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Frederick Orin Bartlett — George Pattullo — Holworthy Hall — Sinclair Lewis

CREAM OF WHEAT FOR "SAIL"

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STEEL PREFERRED

When He Was Seven Years Old He Was Carrying Old Joe's Dinner to the Mill Gate

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

STEELBURG is an ugly hole of a place. Steelburg is a hideous hole of a place—with its crooked, illy paved, unswept streets; its festering alleys; its foul sidewalks unwashed and gummy; with its ramshackle unpainted houses; its smoke-stained, window-cracked, spire-sick churches; its seedy disreputable business blocks; with its grassless parks; its treeless commons; its vegetationless front yards; with its hard-faced, tired-faced inhabitants, who wear old clothes seven days in the week, and go slouching in their walk, scowling continuously, smiling never.

A pillar of fire hovers over Steelburg at night, a cloud of smoke by day, for Steelburg is a place of mills and furnaces and foundries and factories and railroad shops—it is a great industrial center. Approaching Steelburg by night or by day you mark its location when you are yet twenty miles distant, for a dozen flaming Bessemer converters keep the heavens aglow all through the night, and a hundred tall stacks pour out dense masses of black sticky smoke that fogs the sun in murky mist all through the day.

The mighty blowing engines of a dozen blast furnaces whine and sob and shriek through the twenty-four hours of every day of every week of every month of the year, and the furnaces throw down upon the city a dry red rain of ore dust—fine, gritty, abrasive, ubiquitous stuff that sifts through the Steelburgers' clothing, smuts their faces, dirties their ears, clogs their nostrils, gets into their food and wears their teeth away. It explores every chink and cranny, however tiny, and works its way through closely shut house windows, and drives to despair the housewives who give a thought to cleanliness and neatness. And with the red rain falls the black snow—the soot flakes from the hundred stacks of the mills and from the five hundred locomotives that puff and pant and labor day and night throughout the city—big flat flakes of soot, greasy and clingy and nasty; little stringy bits of soot that come wriggling down through the thick atmosphere as wiggle-tails wriggle through long-hoarded water in old rain barrels; puffs and whorls of soot, dry and impalpable, blown about like blizzard dust. From the flaming converters drift down dense clouds of saffron-colored smoke, sulphurous and manganiferous, smoke that nauseates and gags; and from the tall chimneys of the Open Hearths—there are fifty of them in Steelburg—and from the white-lipped cupolas of the foundries float foul-smelling fumes, sickening and suffocating.

Steelburg stinks. Through the open doors and windows of the foundries come queer odors—rank and unpleasant odors—of burnt sand and molasses, scorched flour and oil, wet earth mold, boiled junk of a thousand mixtures; and often, when a ladle of molten metal tips and a man is burned, the sickening smell of cooked human flesh. Every breeze that blows from the region of the wire mills comes reeking with the stench of the filthy liquors through which and in which the wire is drawn and pickled; and the wire workers leaving their work—their hands, their shoes, their clothing smeared with the slime of the pits—are an offense to all nostrils other than Steelburg nostrils. Noisome gases from the furnaces are wafted through the streets, and in the sickly atmosphere hang suspended in hazes of greenish blue or yellowish brown. And because the city of a million people of which Steelburg is a corporate part has chosen Steelburg as its dumping ground for all that is evil and unpleasant and unwholesome and repelling, there are the stockyards and the abattoirs, the tanneries and the breweries and the fertilizer plants and the oil refineries and the garbage-reduction works—to add their thousand disgusting smells to another thousand.

In Steelburg, too, because the huge city of which it is a corporate part regards it as nothing more than its back yard, are located the county jail and the city workhouse, the insane asylum, the criminal reformatory, the pest house, the poor house and other institutions that are shunned by the fastidious. Aye, Steelburg is an ugly place, a hideous hole of a place! If you doubt, ask a half hundred of the several thousand workers who travel out of Steelburg every evening after their day's work is done, and another half hundred of the several thousand who quit Steelburg every morning after their night's work is over—ask them why they do not live in Steelburg.

Time was—but that was nearly a hundred years ago—when Steelburg was not ugly. It was not called Steelburg then, but bore the happier name of Groveland. A place of importance it was, too, in those far-away pioneer years; so important, in fact, that if you will consult any old descriptive geography or atlas you will find therein the city of a million people which to-day uses Steelburg as its back yard referred to as "a village at the mouth of Cricket Creek, six miles from Groveland." But the tiny village engulfed the little city, cursed it with industry, and renamed it.

Venerable Major Fronk, who was born in Groveland, and who has lived in Groveland and Steelburg every day of his long life; who spends his time at the Falls House, playing old tunes on his old violin or reading bound volumes of old magazines or breathing anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who have turned his beautiful Groveland into ugly Steelburg—once wrote a poem of eighteen stanzas. In anything but panegyrical language it celebrated Steelburg. Failing to persuade any local paper to publish his masterpiece the major committed it to memory, and now on the least provocation he recites it to anyone who will listen. He recited it to me. As an indicant of the general tenor of the dithyramb, let me set down the first stanza:

O Steelburg! O Steelburg! What fame belongs to you!
You have the bug house in your midst, you have the pest house too;
You have the hog hair drying yard, you have the garbage plant;
And railroads twist about your streets and locomotives pant;
Here, too, the steel mills boom and roar, their flames light up the skies;
Here, too, are stockyards, slaughter pens and stinking tanneries!

The major was breathing hard when he had reached the last line of the poem:

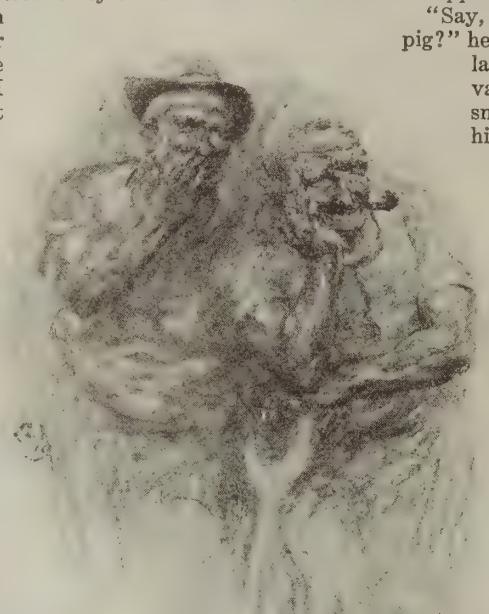
In Steelburg I was born, by God; in Steelburg I will die!

This last ringing line left him in such a state of exhaustion that I took him into the Falls House bar and bought him a bracer.

"Yes, sir, I mean just that!" he declared with vehemence, after he had somewhat recovered from the debilitating effects of his declamatory efforts. "I was born here, I have lived here, I will die here! They can't run me out! Don't I know it is a rotten place? Don't I know a fouler hole does not exist this side the River Styx? Don't I know that all the decent people moved away from here years ago, and that decent people are found here only as necessity brings them here? You could comb this city from one end to the other and you wouldn't find another white man living here from choice. Yes, you would too—I forgot—there's Wally Gay. I forgot Wally Gay, darn his picture! Wally's all right, Wally is!"

"Wally Gay!" I exclaimed. "Why, I'm out here to get the story of Wally Gay. Perhaps you could ——"

"No, I can't tell it to you," he broke in. "I can't talk long at a time—it tuckers me out, you know—and the story of Wally is rather a long one. I'm tired out now. I guess I'll play a little tune or two on my violin; that always rests me."



"The Young Whelp!" He Roared. "Would You Have Thought it of Him, Nicker? But I'll Fix Him! Just Watch Me! I'll Fix Him!"

He left me abruptly, and in a few minutes I heard the strains of the old hymn, There is a Green Hill Far Away, played on a violin, floating from the gloomy parlor of the old hotel.

I went out into Steelburg to get the story of Wally Gay. Before I had gone a block from the Falls House I had passed a dozen saloons and seen a score of drunken men; on every side I heard coarse, profane, ribald talk; I saw crowds of filthy, half-naked children playing in the gutters; I heard loud-voiced, tousled-headed women screaming and cursing in rubbish-filled yards; half-starved dogs sneaked past me; two blear-eyed, bulbous-nosed fellows begged for a dime; a hollow-eyed youth asked me for my cigar butt. I smelled the Steelburg smells—sickening fumes from the furnaces, foul odors from the abattoirs and tanneries and refineries, disgusting stenches from the garbage-reduction plant. I shuddered; I was filled with loathing for the place.

A traveling salesman came hurrying out of a dirty little grocery store. He looked about for a clean spot on the sidewalk near the curb where he could set his grip, failed to find it, and threw down a newspaper, on which he placed the bag. He shot his cuffs and looked at them; he took a small round mirror from his pocket and examined his collar. Both cuffs and collar were peppered with soot flecks. He stepped about gingerly on the sticky pavement and stooped down and turned up the bottoms of his trouser legs. As I approached him he turned toward me, caught my eye, read my thoughts, sensed my feelings and gave me a friendly grin.

"Hey! Can you beat it?" he called to me. "Ain't this one helluva hole? I'll tell the world it is. Let's go!"

He picked up his bag and hurried away toward a street car that was stopping at a near-by crossing, shouting back over his shoulder, "Let's go from here!" and beckoning with his hand.

But I stayed in Steelburg—stayed until I had obtained the story of Wally Gay. My search led me into queer places, for I talked with many men. Then it was I discovered what an ugly place is Steelburg, what a hideous hole of a place it is.

I

OLD Joe Gay with his gang of fifteen men was unloading pig iron back of the Bessemer. He had made good progress that morning—he had thrown off twelve carloads of iron. Only two cars remained on the side track, and old Joe was glancing anxiously down the mill yard, watching for the coming of the yard engine with another drag.

"If McNutt doesn't hurry along with that there pig I'll be havin' fifteen fat bohunks loafin' on me hands mighty soon now," he muttered.

He turned and saw two of his men climbing into one of the remaining cars of iron.

He could wait no longer. He started across the yards toward a dingy little shanty, above the door of which was nailed a board carrying the crudely painted words, Yardmaster's Office. Reaching the little building he opened the door and stepped inside.

"Say, Mac, when am I goin' to get that there pig?" he demanded of a stout man who sat in a large comfortable chair with his feet elevated to the top of a flat-topped desk, smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes. "Whish, man, I've got fifteen bohunks lollin' round on the ground right this minute, talkin' agin the Government and plannin' a boom-throwin' contest, just because you let me run out of somethin' to do. Every man jack of 'em a anarch-ist, Mac. We oughtn't to allow them kind of laddybucks to get their heads together these days, Mac. Did you see last night's Press? I see them bloody anarch-ists in Europe has slewed another king. They'll be doin' that right over here among us, Mac, if you don't keep that track down there filled with pig. What's the chance?"

"Duckbill's just left the transfer with a drag of twelve cars. He'll be here in about fifteen minutes," replied the stout man at the desk—Yardmaster McNutt.

"That's good. Box cars or gons, Mac?"

"All boxes, Joe. Gondolas are scarce as blue diamonds."

"Dern them box cars for haulin' pig in, I say! I could unload a hundred tons out of gons, usin' the new fandangled magnet they've give me, while I'm unloadin' ten tons out of boxes by hand. Well, punch 'em along, Mac, punch 'em along. As I told you before, me bohunks is sufferin' for pig. They're loafin'——"

"You're just starting in on your next-to-last car, Joe," said McNutt without looking up. "What are you trying to give me? You're good for a half hour yet."

The old labor foreman glared at the yardmaster for a moment, then started for the door. There he turned.

"Snooper!" he snorted, and slammed the door violently.

Duckbill, christened Clarence Chesterton, conductor with Engine 22, came with the twelve cars of iron just as the gang was finishing the last car of the former drag.

"Duckbill, if you don't quit fetchin' me pig in boxes I'll land on you, I will!" grumbled the old foreman.

Duckbill grinned. "Pig costs coin these days, Joe. I reckon that's why they're shippin' it in boxes—so they can lock it up. Every one of them cars there is sealed up, just as though they was loaded with plug hats or grapefruit that might get stole."

"There's one that ain't sealed," said old Joe. "That first one there—P. G. M. 67677. The seal's been broke; there it is hangin' on the latch. Duckbill, I'll bet you broke that seal and throwed o ton or two of the metal down by the canal where you Didn't you, Duckbill?"

"Sure, Joe!" chuckled the conductor. "Pig's w thirty-five a ton. Not a bad day's work, eh, Joe?" jumped upon the running board of the engine, and naled to the engineer to back away.

"Get into it, boys!" yelled the foreman. "Slide door back, Tony—it's already unlocked. Slip in, b slip in—don't be all day climbin' in a box car!"

A half dozen dark-faced, dirty, perspiring work climbed into the car. Hardly had they stepped in when they began to laugh and whoop and chatter volu The workman Tony appeared in the doorway, a br grin illumining his dark face.

"Hi, boss, you come-a!" he called. "You co queeck, boss!"

"What's the matter now?" growled old Joe. "Th out that pig! Throw it out!"

"You come-a, boss!" repeated Tony, beckoning his two hands, and the other men in the car joined hi calling, "Come-a queeck, boss!"

Grumbling loudly old Joe had a man place a large p of timber in front of the car door, upon which he step

"Boost me up a bit, boys," he ordered, and two o men assisted him to climb into the car.

"What's wrong in here?" he demanded.

"Bambino, boss!" chuckled Tony, pointing to a l wooden box standing on top of the iron in one corner of car, and secured in place by a number of pigs that piled about it.

"Bambino, boss!" chorused the other workmen.

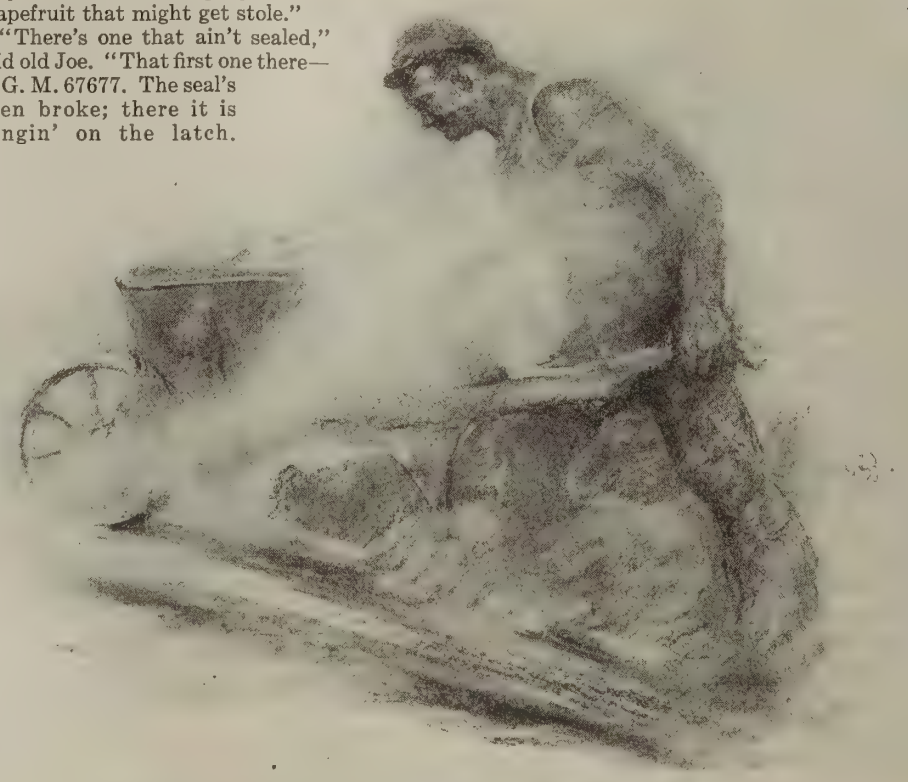
The old foreman climbed upon the iron and made way over it to the box. He stooped and looked into it, what he saw there caused him to grunt with surprise. box was packed almost full with an old quilt and an blanket, and lying on these, wrapped in a sheet that gray with dust and flecked with minute particles of gra ite, lay a tiny babe. Its great brown eyes were open, something like a smile broke its lips apart as old Joe over it.

"Why, you derned little rooster!" he cried, snapping big fingers above the tiny face. "You bloomin' l crawdad! Look at it, Tony—it's grinnin' at me, as as the Lord made little red apples! Fetch the box boys! Fetch the box out!"

The box was carried to the door and handed down. Joe climbed out with more alacrity than he had sh in climbing in.

"Look at it, Tony—he's a-smilin' at me agin! Woul that jar your maw's raspberry jam, Tony? Cute li shrimp too, ain't he? Well, I'll be danged!" Hands on knees the old man stooped low over the infant and st at it. Suddenly he straightened up. "Listen here, Tony and he spoke decisively—"you skip over to Ackerm office and tell him to send a boss up here to run this g You tell Ackerman I'm goin' home—tell him I've g home! Skidoo, Tony, and don't you loaf none on the w Mike, you bring that little long box to me—that one there by the post. Whish, man, get a hump on you!"

The little long box brought and set down the side of the lar box, and the infant



Up the Incline Marched a Sturdy Figure in Grimy Working Clothes. The Face Was Very White, and the Hands That Grasped the Handles of the Wheelbarrow Were White

ransrred—old quilt, old blanket, gray sheet and all, at
ne ceration. Then the old man put the little box under
is a:ı and walked rapidly down through the mill yard,
ast .e roaring Bessemer, past the rumbling rod mill, past
he bzing blast furnaces, and out through the big south
e, here two aged watchmen attempted to stop him to
d ut what he was carrying out of the yard. He pushed
amside and strode on, not stopping until he had come
th poor little cottage in Vinegar Gully where he and
s o wife lived, and had lived for thirty years, child-
d lonely.

Thy named the child Wellington. With both the old
p the name was a favorite—with Jane Gay because
childhood she had had a much-beloved uncle named
llgton; with Joe Gay because Wellington was the
n of a little dog he had owned for a few weeks when he
as boy. But old Joe's pronunciation of the name was
nor ike Wallington
han Vellington, and
o the boy had
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agd knee pants
oth foster parents
nd l Vinegar Gully
er calling him
Val.

Wen he first be-
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rol of ten or twelve
f tem one day as
he at in the change
ool, eating their
n.

" hear some of
ot young laddy-
ucs is wantin' to
allhat boy of mine
igy. The lad's
ar is Wallington,
nc you'll call him
Vaington or you'll
alaim Wally. The
rs feller that calls
in Piggy will have
eo lick! And the
end feller that
al him that will
a me to lick! And
nthird feller will
a me to lick! I'll
al you on, one at a
n, and we'll start
g now if you feel
n way!"

he young men
re troubled.
Ere, Joe," mumbled one of them, "we'll call him
Vly."

You bet you will!" said old Joe.

We won't never call him Piggy no more, Joe," another
eared.

You bet you won't!" And the old man left the room.

o Wally Gay grew up in Vinegar Gully, the ugliest spot,
n dirtiest spot, the toughest spot in all ugly, dirty,
gh Steelburg. A group of four great blast furnaces stood
r op of the hill at one side of the gully and smothered it
and night in clouds of red ore dust, and, when slips
curred, bombarded it with missiles of limestones, ore
cs and chunks of glowing coke; long rows of steel mills
foundries occupied the brow of the hill on the other
, and poured down dense clouds of black coal smoke
n the boiler stacks, and yellow fogs from the Bessemers
Open Hearths, to mingle and mix with the red clouds
re dust; and great pots of thick, viscid, sticky, foul-
lling stuff, white and yellow and greenish black, the
se of the mills, were dumped out upon the hill slopes,
their contents slipped slowly down into the gully, to
ar the streets and sidewalks.

olicemen walked in pairs through Vinegar Gully—it
safer that way. It was a dull night when there weren't
ozen fights there; a knifing, a shooting, a slugging affair
sed scarcely a flutter of excitement—it was routine
ff. The worst saloon in the gully was known as The
cket of Blood; the next worst was The Morgue. Up-
ers sometimes came to the gully, and went away
convinced that knocking down, not uplifting was what was needed there. And many a heathen in Baluchistan missed his daily tract because some philanthropist in the big city had heard of Vinegar Gully.

"What? Send my money to Baluchistan, with Vinegar Gully at my back door? Not much!" Its evil fame was far flung.

Wally Gay, the child, liked every phase of its wickedness, its wretchedness, its squalor and dirt and hideousness, as did every other Vinegar Gully child. He flourished physically and rotted spiritually—if we may speak of the spiritual life of a child—and mopped up moral filth and bad habits as a mop mops up dirty water. Before he was out of kilts—or out of whatever article of clothing he wore that corresponded with kilts—he was a little howling hellion. At an astonishingly early age he was a linguistic prodigy in the use of obscene and profane language; he had learned to chew tobacco, to smoke cigar and cigarette butts, to swipe fruit from hucksters' carts, to filch tidbits from grocery stands; he had learned to love filthiness and indecency, he had learned to be not ashamed of his nakedness, he had learned to completion all the vile, evil things that all children come to learn, sooner or later, whether they live in Vinegar Gully or on Eglamour Heights.

When he was seven and eight years old he was carrying old Joe's dinner to the mill gate, and slipping past the old watchmen there, to hide in the noisy mills and watch with wondering eyes the writhing red bars of iron and steel curling and twisting about the standings and shooting through the spinning rolls.

At nine and ten he was selling the big city's yellowest newspaper on the streets of Steelburg, and absorbing there knowledge of a kind of wickedness more refined than the wickedness of Vinegar Gully.

At eleven and twelve he was a water boy in the steel-mills yards, countering the rough banter of the men he served with banter rougher than theirs.

At thirteen he was a test boy at the Bessemer; at fourteen a door boy in the Open Hearth; at fifteen a pit-cover puller at the slabbing mill; at sixteen a hooker in the rod mill.

Not all the time, however, through these years, was he at work, for there were periods—of a month, of two months, once of four months—when he was a pupil in Sycamore School, one of Steelburg's public schools, the terror and the despair of his teachers. They feared the young rapscallion and they loved him; feared him because of the reckless abandon with which he plunged into rule-breaking escapades; loved him for something they saw in the deep depths of his great brown eyes, and for a strangely tender little smile that would sometimes play about his sensitive lips.

He learned little at school. There came no truant officer into Vinegar Gully, and he went to school when he wished and stayed away when he chose. Old Joe Gay and Jane Gay were powerless to control him, and anyway they loved the boy too much to oppose him in any of his wishes. His teachers quickly learned the utter futility of trying to force him to study when he did not choose to study.

He learned little, and yet in some respects he was the brightest pupil in Sycamore School. His teachers marveled at the ease with which he did his lessons in numbers and, later on, in arithmetic, and they found something almost uncanny in the speed with which he solved difficult problems and handled great columns of figures and memorized long series of numbers. At his clever and skillful use of the pen and pencil they wondered too, for the boy's writing was the admiration of all who saw it. They knew that his proficiency in the one subject and his cleverness in the other he had not acquired as a result of their teaching—it was knowledge that he had always possessed; it was intuitive.

"Sure, Sligo!" Broke in Wally. "All My Fault, Sligo—I'll Never Do it No More!" Then He Fainted

When Wally was fourteen years of age old Joe Gay died, after a short illness, and a few days later Jane Gay was carried to her grave. Just before his death old Joe called him to him.

"I found you in a car of pig iron, Wally. I don't know who your folks are, and I reckon you'll never know. The car was P. G. M. 67677, Wally; a box car—I remember the number well. But I put it down in the Bible so it couldn't get lost, and so you'd always have it if you ever wanted it."

The boy had then looked in the Bible and there he read, in Joe's cramped handwriting—"Wellington Gay. P. G. M. 67677"; and the date of his coming to Steelburg, fourteen years before, on a day in June.

The loss of his foster parents left him inconsolable. Through the period of the illness of the old people, and then through the long lonely days that followed their death and burial he suffered an agony of grief. He locked himself in the little tumble-down shack in Vinegar Gully and refused to be comforted. Old men and young of the gully came to speak with him, to urge him to come out and join them, but he would not see them. Women of the neighborhood came bringing him cooked food and dainties, but he would not open the door to them. Workmen going home from the mills late at night would see him sitting at the window, staring out into the wretched street, ghostlike in the pale sickly light of the Bessemers' glare.

After two weeks of this isolation he was back at his work in the mills, a little more attentive to his duties perhaps, a little quieter, but in a short while he was again the Wally Gay all Steelburg knew—laughing, high-spirited, loud and boisterous.

Old Joe Gay had legally adopted him, but except the poor little shack in Vinegar Gully he had left to the boy nothing but his name. Wally continued to live there alone, his own housekeeper, preparing his own meals, attending to all his wants himself. When residents of the gully remonstrated with him or proposed his coming to live with some of them he put them aside.

(Continued on Page 67)

Life Among Us Landed Proprietors

No Longer Were They Satisfied With the Things We Ate Ourselves; No, They Must Have Special Dishes

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IN THE last preceding article of this series of personal experiences in connection with the development of our abandoned farm and the building thereon of our home, I dealt largely with our adventures at Fifth Avenue auction houses when we were amassing the furnishings for our Italian rooms and our Italian hallway. But I forgot to make mention of the many friends we encountered at the salesrooms—people who always before had seemed to us entirely normal, but now were plainly to be recognized for devotees of the same passion for bidding-in which had laid its insidious clutches upon us. I recall one victim in particular, a young woman whom I shall call Maude because that happens to be her name.

Theretofore this Maude lady had impressed me as being one of the sanest, most competent females of my entire acquaintance—good-looking, witty and with a fine sense of proportion. Yet behold, here she was, balanced on the edge of a folding chair in an overheated, overcrowded room, her eyes feverish with a fanatical light, a printed catalogue clutched in her left hand and her right ready to go up in signal to the hypnotic gentleman on the auctioneer's block. At a glance we knew the symptoms because in them we saw duplicated our own. We knew exactly what ailed her: She was bidding on various articles, not because she particularly wanted them or had any especial need or use for them, but because she feared unless she bought them some stranger might.

Maude's Terrible Confession

AFTER the sale had ended and her excitement—and ours—had abated we exchanged confidences touching on our besetting mania.

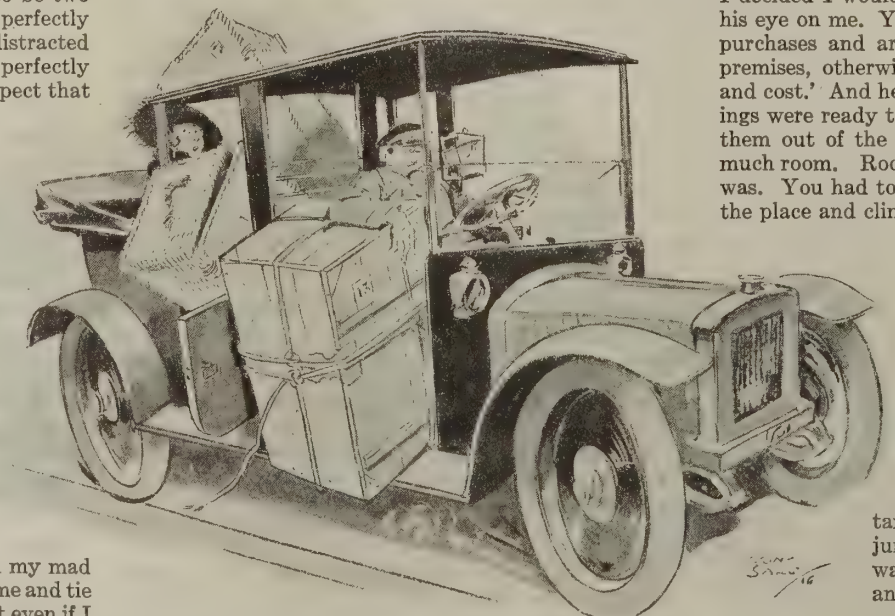
"Just coming and buying something that I wish afterward I hadn't bought isn't the worst of it," she owned. "That is destructive only to my spending allowance. My chief trouble is that I've gotten so I can't bear to think of spending my afternoons anywhere except at this place or one of the places like it. And if there happen to be two sales going the same day at different shops I'm perfectly miserable. All the time I'm sitting in one I'm distracted by the thought that possibly I'm missing some perfectly wonderful bargain at the other. Sometimes I suspect that my intellect is beginning to give way under the strain, and then again I'm sure I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown. My husband has his own diagnosis. He says I'm just plain nutty, as he vulgarly expresses it. He has taken to calling me Nutchita, which he says is Spanish for a little nut. You know since Scott came back from South America he just adores to show off the Spanish he learned. He loves to tell how he went to a bull fight down there and saw the gallant mandatory stab the charging parabola to the heart with his shining bolero or whatever you call it.

"He says there is no hope of curing me and he appreciates the fact that teams of horses couldn't drag me away from these auction rooms, but he suggested that maybe we might be saved from spending our last days at the almshouse if before I started out on my mad career each afternoon I'd get somebody to muffle me and tie my arms fast so I couldn't bid on anything. But even if I couldn't speak or gesticulate I could still nod, so I suppose that wouldn't help. Besides, as I said to him, I would probably attract a good deal of attention riding down Fifth Avenue with my hands tied behind my back and a gag in my mouth. But he says he'd much rather I were made conspicuous now than that I should be even more conspicuous later on at a feeble-minded institute; he says they'd probably keep me in a strait-jacket anyhow after I reached the violent stage and that I might as well begin getting used to the feeling now.

"All joking aside, though, I really did have a frightful experience last winter," she continued. "There was a sale of desirable household effects advertised to take place up at Blank's on West Forty-fifth Street and of course I went. I've spent so much of my time at Blank's these last few months I suppose people are beginning to think I live there. Well anyway, I was one of the first arrivals and just as I got settled the auctioneer put up a basket; a huge, flat, curious-looking, wickerwork affair, it was. You never in all your life saw such a basket! It was too big for a soiled-clothes hamper and besides wasn't the right shape. And it was too flat to store things in and it didn't have any top on it either. I suppose you would just call it a kind of a basket.

"Well, the man put it up and asked for bids on it, but nobody bid; and then the auctioneer looked right at me in an appealing sort of way—I feel that everybody connected with the shop is an old friend of mine by now, and especially the auctioneer—so when he looked in my direction with that yearning expression in his eye I bid a dollar just to start it off for him. And what do you think? Before you could say scat he'd knocked it down to me for a dollar. I just hate people who catch you up suddenly that way! It discouraged me so that after that the sale was practically spoiled for me. I didn't have the cou to bid on another thing the whole afternoon.

"When the sale was over I went back to the pac room to get a good look at what I'd bought. And dear, what do you suppose? I hadn't bought a si basket—that would have been bad enough—but no, bought a job lot, comprising the original basket an twin sister that was exactly like it, only homelier if thing, and on top of that an enormous square wooden painted a bright green with a great lock fastening th down. That wretch of an auctioneer had deliberately ta a shameful advantage of me. How was I to know I bidding in a whole wagonload of trash? Obtaining m under false pretenses, that's what I call it."



"I Felt Like Something That Was Being Delivered in a Crate and Had Come Partly Undone on the Way"

A Dollar's Worth of White Elephants

"WELL, I stood aghast—or perhaps I should s leaned aghast, because the shock was so great I I had to prop myself up against something. Why, the alone must have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds didn't seem to be the sort of box you could put anyt in either. It wouldn't do for a woodbox or a coal box dog house or anything. It was just as useless as baskets were, and they were nothing more nor less two orders of willow ware on the half shell. Even if had been of any earthly use, what could I do with t in the tiny three-room apartment that we were occup last winter? Isn't it perfectly shameful the way t auction-room people impose on the public? They d make any exceptions either. Here was I, a regular tomer, and just see what they had done to me, all bec I'm so good-natured and sympathetic. I declare s times I'm ready to take a solemn oath I'll never do ano favor for anybody as long as I live. It's the selfish who get along in this world!

"Well, when I realized what a scandalous trick had played on me I was seized with a wild desire to get a I decided I would try to slip out. But the manager his eye on me. You know the rule they have: 'Clain purchases and arrange for their removal before lea premises, otherwise goods will be stored at owner's and cost.' And he called me back and told me my bel ings were ready to be taken away and would I kindly them out of the house at once because they took u much room. Room? They took up all the room t was. You had to step into one of the baskets to get the place and climb over the box to get out again.

"I asked him how I was goin get those things up to my ad and he suggested a taxi. I told I would just run out and find a meaning, of course, to forget to c back. But he told me not to bo because there was a taxi at the that had been ordered to com somebody else and then w needed. And before I could t up any other excuse to escape called the taxi driver in. And taxi man took one look at my collectio junk and then he asked us if we thoug was driving a moving van or a Noah's and laughed in a lowbred way and went

"At that I had a faint ray of hope maybe after all I might be saved, beca had made up my mind to tell the man

wold just step outside and arrange to hire a delivery
ago or something, and that would give me a chance
escape; but I think he must have suspected some-
bing from my manner because already he was calling in
nother taxi driver from off the street, and there I was,
upid. And the driver of the second taxi was more
ccommodating than the other one had been, though good-
ss nows his goodness of heart was no treat to me. I
u have regarded it as a personal kindness on his part
ead behaved as the first driver had done. But no,
hg would do but that he must load that ghastly
rosity of a box up alongside him on the rack where
y arry trunks, and two of the packing-room men tied
nvith ropes so it couldn't fall off and get lost. I sup-
hey thought by that they were doing me a favor!
nd hen I got in the cab feeling like Marie Antoinette on
uy to be beheaded, and they piled those two baskets
oltop of me and the end of one of them stuck out so
tat they couldn't get the door shut but had to leave
pn. And then we rode home, only I didn't feel like
ar Antoinette any more; I felt like something that was
ein delivered in a crate and had come partly undone on
he ay.

"nd when we got up to Eighty-ninth Street that bare-
e robber of a taxicab driver charged me two extra
are—just think of such things being permitted to go on
aity where the police are supposed to protect people!
ichen he unloaded all that mess on the sidewalk in
ron of the apartment house and drove off and left me
he standing guard over it—probably the forlornest,
os helpless object in all New York at that moment.

"got one of the hallboys to call the janitor up from the
asement and I asked him if he would be good enough to
toi my box and my two baskets in the storeroom where
he enants keep their trunks. And he said not on my life
e ouldn't, because there wasn't any room to spare in
he unk room and then he asked me what I was going to
o th all that truck anyway, and though it was none of
is usiness I thought it would be tactful to make a polite
nser and I told him I hadn't exactly decided yet and
haI certainly would appreciate his kindness if he could
stuck my things away in some odd corner somewhere
nt I had fully made up my mind. While I was saying
haI was giving him one of my most winning smiles,
hegh it hurt like the toothache to smile under the cir-
umstances and considering what I'd already been through.
But all he said was: 'Huh, lady, you couldn't tuck
hat things away at Times Square and Forty-third Street
nthat's the biggest corner I knows of in this town.'"

The Brutality of Husbands

THE impudent scoundrel wouldn't relent a mite either,
until I'd given him a dollar for a tip, and then he did
ge to keep the baskets in the coal cellar for a couple of
ai but no longer. But he absolutely refused to take the
oalong too, so I had to have it sent upstairs to the apart-
nt and put in the bedroom because it was too big to go in
hhall. And when the men got it in the bedroom I could
ally get in myself to take off my hat. And after that I
a lown and cried a little, because really I was frightfully
ipt, and moreover I had a feeling that when Scott came
nde he would be sure to try to be funny. You know how
nbands are, being one yourself!

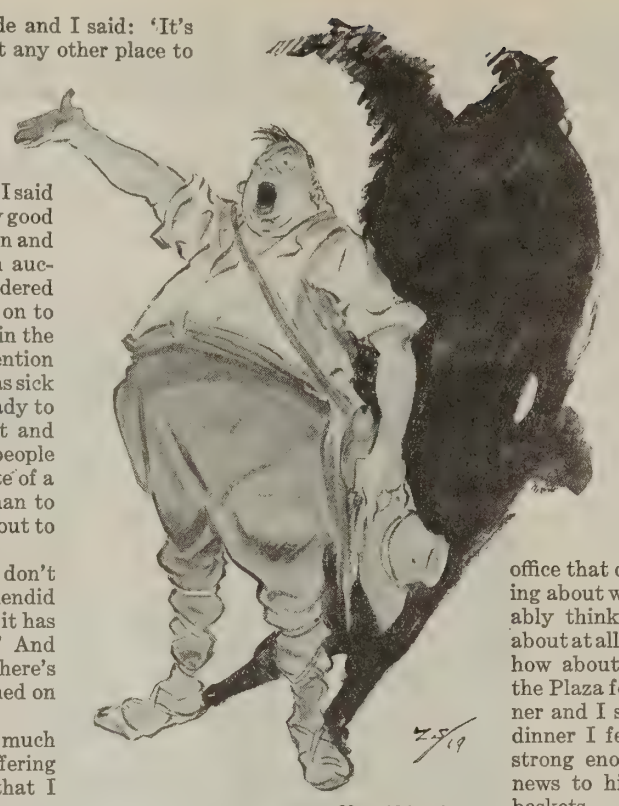
Sure enough, when he came in the first thing he saw
w that box. He couldn't very well help seeing it be-
ase he practically fell over it as he stepped in the door.
I said: 'What's this?' and I said: 'It's a box'—just
il that. And he said: 'What kind of a box?' And I
din't like his tone and I said: 'A green box. I should
hk anybody would know that much.' And he said:
, indeed,' several times in a most aggravating way and
wked round it. He
ldn't walk all the
w round it on account
he wall being in the
y; but as far round
s he could walk with-
bumping into the
ll. And he looked at
and felt it with his
nd and kicked it once
o twice and then he
ffed and said: 'And
wat's it for?' And I
d: 'To put things
' And he said:
or instance,
at?'

"Now I despise
people to be so
chnical round
, and besides, of
the words in the
glish language I
st abhor those
ords 'for in-
ance'; but I kept my temper even if I was boiling inside and I said: 'It's to put things in that you haven't got any other place to put them in.' Which was ungrammatical, I admit, but the best I could do under the prevalent conditions. And then he looked at me until I could have screamed, and he said: 'Maude, where did you get that damned thing?' And I said it wasn't a damned thing but a perfectly good box made out of wood and painted green and everything; and that I'd got it at an auction sale for a dollar and that I considered it a real bargain. I didn't feel called on to tell him about the two baskets down in the coal cellar just yet So I didn't mention them; and anyhow, heaven knows I was sick and tired of the whole subject and ready to drop it, but he kept on looking at it and sniffing and asking questions. Some people have no idea how a great strong brute of a man can nag a weak defenseless woman to desperation when he deliberately sets out to do it.

"Finally I said: 'Well, even if you don't like the box I think it's a perfectly splendid box, and look what a good strong lock it has on it—surely that's worth something.' And he said: 'Well, let's see about that—where's the key?' And, my dear, then it dawned on me that I didn't have any key!

"Well, a person can stand just so much and no more. I'm a patient long-suffering woman and I've always been told that I had a wonderful disposition, but there are limits. And when he burst out laughing and wouldn't stop laughing but kept right on and laughed and laughed and leaned up against something and laughed some more until you could have heard him in the next block—why then, all of a sudden something seemed to give way inside of me and I burst out crying—I couldn't hold in another second—and I told him that I'd never speak to him again the longest day he lived and that he could go to Halifax or some other place beginning with the same initial and take the old box with him for all I cared; and just as I burst out of the room I heard him say: 'No, madam, when I married you I agreed to support you but I didn't engage to take care of any air-tight, burglar-proof pea-green box the size of a circus cage!' And I suppose he thought that was being funny too. A perverted sense of humor is an awful cross to bear—in a husband!

"So I went and lay down on the living-room couch with a raging splitting sick headache and I didn't care whether I lived or died, but on the whole rather preferred dying. After a little he came in, trying to hold his face straight, and begged my pardon. And I told him I would forgive him if he would do just two things. And he asked me what those two things were and I told him one was to quit snickering like an idiot every few moments and the other was never to mention boxes to me again as long as he lived. And he promised on his solemn word of honor he wouldn't, but he said I must bear with him if he smiled a little bit once in a while as the evening wore on, because when he did that he would be thinking about something very funny that had happened at the office that day and not thinking about what I would probably think he was thinking about at all. And then he said how about running down to the Plaza for a nice little dinner and I said yes, and after dinner I felt braced up and strong enough to break the news to him about the two baskets.



But I Do Rather Fancy Myself in the Title Rôles of The Corsican Brothers

"And he didn't laugh; in justice to him I must say that much for him. He didn't laugh. Only he choked or something, and had a very severe coughing spell. And then we went home and while he was undressing he fell over the box and barked his shins on it, and though it must have been a strain on him he behaved like a gentleman and swore only a little."

And the Bills Kept Piling Up

"BUT my dear, the worst was yet to come! The next day I had to arrange to send the whole lot to storage because we simply couldn't go on living with that box in the only bedroom we had; and the bill for cartage came to two dollars and a quarter. After I had seen them off to the storage warehouse I tried to forget all about them. As a matter of fact they never crosssed my mind again until we moved out to the country in April and then I suddenly remembered about them—getting a bill for three months' storage at two dollars a month may have had something to do with bringing them forcibly to my memory—and I telephoned in and asked the manager of the storage warehouse if he please wouldn't give them to somebody and he said he didn't know anybody who would have all that junk as a gift. So it seemed to me the best thing and the most economical thing to do would be to pay the bill to date and bring them on out to the place.

"But, as it turned out, that was a financial mistake too. Because what with sending the truck all the way into town, thirty-eight miles and back again, and the wear and tear on the tires and the gasoline and the man's time who drove the truck and what Scott calls the overhead—though I don't see what he means by that because it is an open truck without any top to it at all—we figure, or rather Scott does, that the cost of getting them out to the country came to fourteen dollars.

"And we still have them, and if you should happen to know of anybody or should meet anybody who'd like to have two very large roomy wicker baskets and a very well-made wooden box painted in all-over design in a very good shade of green and which may contain something valuable, because I haven't been able to open it yet to find out what's inside, and with a lock that goes with it, I wish you'd tell them that they can send up to our place and get them any time that is convenient to them. Or if they don't live too far away I'd be very glad to send the things over to them. Only I'd like for them to decide as soon as possible because the gardener, who is Swedish and awfully fussy, keeps coming in every few days and complaining about them and asking why I don't have them moved out of the greenhouse, which is where we are keeping them

(Continued on Page 153)

"Class!" He Repeated. "Class, Did You Say? Say, Listen! That Cow Has All the Class There Is"

THE EAGLE IN THE COCKPIT

By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

A DENSE crowd waited in Unter den Linden for a glimmer to show in the windows of the Hotel Adlon. Not a light was to be seen. Several of Noske's soldiers guarded the entrance with rifles; the lobby was deserted and in semidarkness; back near the elevators a squad with a machine gun held themselves in readiness to repel a rush.

The mob waited patiently, with a strange menacing quiet; German mobs have a way of sticking round for hours without any apparent purpose, often noiselessly and without displaying the least sign of feeling. Then an indiscreet waiter in the American quarters on the second floor partially opened a blind in order to peep out, and from the watchful thousands rose a deep-throated roar. They booed and jeered and anathematized.

"Baby killers," they shouted, "who go about offering chocolate with one hand so they can steal with the other!"

It was their sprightly way of intimating that our humanitarian efforts served as a cloak to greedy designs. Of course this was the enemy view, just after they learned the peace terms. I regret to say, however, that this opinion of Americans is not altogether confined to Germany to-day.

Whatever he may think of individuals who have voiced our ideals the average American knows the heart of America—knows that America means these things, means them passionately. And therefore he cannot understand why American prestige should have sunk after the Peace Conference.

Two factors enter. The most important is European psychology, which is wholly different from American psychology, a fact which our leaders and business men must learn if they expect to deal successfully with the Continental nations. The other factor is the failure of American principles to make headway in the Peace Conference.

It is all over now but the tears and the girding up for the future, but some reference to what transpired after the armistice is essential to an understanding of Europe's estimate of us to-day.

Ideals Worth Fighting For

WHAT are known as the governing classes of Europe never had much faith in our idealism and avowed motives; disinterestedness never having played a part in politics or international relations they remained good-humoredly skeptical of a millennium under American leadership. A section of them considered the principles President Wilson laid down as so much excellent propaganda in the stress of war—shrewd strategy—but wildly impractical and visionary stuff, to be tossed into the discard when the hour of settlement arrived.

It is difficult to gauge what the masses of the people thought, for in Europe they have been mostly inarticulate. His earlier gospel was received with caution, it clashed so sharply with the lower classes' experience of humanity and governments. But as time passed and American policy and action held true to these principles there was born a vague yearning hope. Slowly, very slowly, they came to believe, because they were desperate and wanted to believe. It was as though a new era were dawning. Hate and suspicion and greed had too often been their lot; and now came the spokesman of a great nation from beyond the seas, preaching the universal brotherhood of man.

They rose to him as to a deliverer, a sort of messiah; the feeling for him among the lower orders amounted almost to idolatry. He had voiced what lay deep in their hearts; he was their champion, come to lead them out of darkness into light.

Never did an individual in modern times occupy such a commanding position. Never did a nation sit down at the diplomatic table with a stronger hand. Uncle Sam held most of the trumps. Everybody round the board owed him money and hoped to owe him some more; he owned the food supplies and the bulk of the raw materials Europe required to rehabilitate her industries. His share in the successful issue of the war entitled him to a stellar rôle; moreover, alone of the victors, he asked nothing. The moral assets were all on his side—what Bismarck was wont to call the imponderables. Do you wonder that expectations among Europe's downtrodden millions ran high for fulfillment of their dreams? Our own hopes were pretty rosy about that time, also, you may recall.

It may take fifty years to get a true perspective on what happened in Paris, but one thing is certain—dreams of a new order were shattered. In the scramble for spoils, in the dickering and logrolling and compromise of the conference the masses of Europe saw the triumph of the old vicious system.

In the bitterness of their disappointment they turned against President Wilson and America. It was idle to attempt to convince them that the Wilsonian principles had not been violated. It was rather childish, too, for they could read and possessed sufficient intelligence to perceive that the Fourteen Points had been shot to shreds. L'Œuvre of Paris summed up the prevailing Continental opinion thusly: "The apostle did not have the strength to stand up for his gospel."

Perhaps the President could not have done otherwise. In every settlement there must be compromise, and perhaps he obtained everything one could reasonably expect from that welter of conflicting interests; yet I have heard warm ardent admirers of his in Europe—Texas Democrats—express deep regret that he failed to stand steadfastly to his guns. Even those who scoff at his idealism—and the number grows—concede that he had a chance to win a greater victory.

For it happens that the forces which directed the work of the Peace Conference do not represent the undivided sentiment of France and Great Britain and Italy. In all three countries, as in our own, there are millions of earnest men and women who discovered in the peace terms the germs of future wars; and had the Presi made good his threat to take ship for h and laid all the facts of the bickering negotiations before the world, there w have rallied to his p port such hosts i every land that reactionary classe the Allied coun would have rece the jolt of their l

International tions in Europe ar termined by abou per cent of the po tion or less. Pi that the voice of t who shoulder burdens should alw be tardy in ma itself heard in cour

Whatever the P dent did or did no Europe decided American princi had failed to st They had gone by board, and Amer representatives ha sented to compro ing them. That necessities of the si tion may have dr them to it to save world from worse had gone before di weigh in Europe's sj ment. They knew that America's lea preached one thing did another. And promptly returne the viewpoint of in which they had reared — distrust suspicion.

All of which suggests some reflections on our metho treating with Europe. We have taken up the white m burden and it is fitting that we should study the pe with whom we must deal.

Ever since the war broke, our diplomacy has been celestial for success. In our foreign relations we pitched our song to a heavenly key, which often g mighty hard to hold. Now it is right and proper to e tain high ideals, to cling to them through weal and and however much certain groups and classes of Ameri may take advantage of this tendency, however they employ it for their own ends—the nation as a whole is perately in earnest. They stand ready to fight for t ideals, to give for them without stint.

Europe's Psychology and Ours

EUROPEAN psychology is different. For hundred years they have been taught to distrust and hate t neighbors, and the spectacle of a nation from over voluntarily aiding stricken countries without hope o turn is beyond their comprehension. They are mo certain a nigger lurks in the fence somewhere. If the of aid we freely contributed during the war could not suade them of our disinterestedness nothing ever will

In consequence of this mental attitude is a dispositio some quarters to impose on American generosity natural and very human tendency. And unless we acq a measure of caution and practicality in dealing Europe the United States is likely to wake up some morning to discover that we have been bled.

The European cockpit is a smother of dust and feath and already the American eagle has dropped a few th It cannot withdraw now to the former splendid isolatio its transatlantic aerie—those dear comfortable days gone forever—so it behooves the eagle to become a wa ful and canny old bird.

In business we are reputed to be an intensely practi people. But when our sympathies are roused we hopelessly sentimental, dyed-in-the-wool idealists. Ar would seem that the farther away the object of our s pathy happens to be the livelier that sympathy is; w is the way of idealists. We don't waste sympa on Mexico, because there has never been the sor propaganda to stimulate it; but consider our attit toward Europe.

Fiv years ago we placed France on a pedestal of hero-
n. o us France stood as a beautiful figure of armed
ert; and we worshiped her with a reverence and an
tens y no other nation ever inspired. To all of us and to
r sdiers going overseas, her people were heroes, every
s —very last, unshaved poilu. The troops went there
idtly, conscious of their own inexperience and rev-
et f the French spirit. Whatever Europe expected,
t us their feeling early in 1917, for I was with them
in a position to know.

h boys early discovered what it would be extremely
u or the stay-at-home population to realize, that the
n are just as human as other peoples—made of the
e lay, composed of the same elements, actuated by
s ne motives. They have crooked politicians; they
ve asping, scheming elements, such as we have had to
t home, with this difference—their crookedness and
cir reed and their scheming are cultivated to the *n*th
e

eic she was in her hour of trial; but no nation is
titl to a pedestal, and when one is placed thereupon a
tte awakening is bound to come. The A. E. F. and all
no ld opportunity to watch what transpired behind the
ene returned to the United States free from many illu-
ons

Thy regard France without mawkish sentimentality
ndg their eyes. So let us deal by her as one strong
tic by another. Certainly we have never slopped over
wal the British; but it would be a hardy person who
oul assert that France's proofs of friendship have
ceeed John Bull's.

A ance at some of the propositions that France has put
t the United States, officially or through newspaper
mpigns, as feelers, will prove the need of caution.

Shrtly after the armistice the proposal was made in all
rn tness that the American troops should be employed
hp restore the devastated areas. It was made offi-
ll if not formally; I have the highest authority for say-
g s. At the same time certain Paris newspapers opened
eir columns to a discussion of the benefits France might
pe from this form of aid from generous America.
veal of the most gifted French writers grew eloquent
d cription of the achievements that might be antici-
te along these lines if the Americans would bring to
e ask the same energy and genius for organization
eyiad displayed in the building of ports and camps and
ilroads. It looked like a fine proposition.

B how does it look to you? And what would the
. F. have thought of it? The suggestion amounted to
thg less than making labor
atlions of our Army—keeping
en to work in France while
re hmen went back to their
ms and farms and factories
d businesses. The naïveté of
ai extraordinary proposal
als it difficult to conceive
ovsober men could have en-
rtined the idea. They did,
ower; I never bothered to
k the commander in chief
h reply was returned.

War Bills

NCE the United States en-
ered the war a fairly open
caganda has been carried on
ing Americans to the view-
oit that their debt to France
rer sacrifices to uphold liberty
ut to include wiping off her
ncial obligations to this coun-
y The surprising feature of
i campaign is that it found
ay adherents among our own
ple. All of us can remember
speeches that were made—
o a former high official and
ous politicians seriously ad-
ced the plea that America
uld forgo payment on her
s to the Allies. Why they did
also propose an indemnity
ermany is beyond my com-
rension. One expects poli-
ans and that small portion of
population which, in inverse
io to the taxes they pay, grow
terical over every chance to
from the public funds to talk
that; but sound stable busi-
s men succumbed to the no-
too. Perhaps they have
led off now since they have
opportunity to see the wheels
ound at the Paris conference;
last year I met with many substantial citizens to whom it would have been impossible to sell a gold brick in the course of everyday business and I found them favoring the plan.

Finally the proposition went before the Peace Conference. Here is an extract from the news bulletin issued daily by the Intelligence Section of the American Army of Occupation: "France has abandoned, for the present at least, any hope of having her great war debt shared by the Allies. Authoritatively stated by one of the Americans attending the conference that what had been an embarrassing possibility had been definitely eliminated from the deliberations, although it is possible that France might at some future time attempt to secure assistance. Project never formally presented in conference, but conversations held at intervals since conference began have served as medium for French point of view. British and American delegation have been quite frank in their disapproval and have openly said that the people of their countries would be slow to indorse the plan."

"For the present at least!" The qualification is significant; signs point to a revival of the effort.

It may be that the French plan for internationalization of the costs of the war is not understood in all its bearings by the American people—internationalization was substituted for the original suggestion that the United States should cancel the loans when the latter met with pronounced coolness in official quarters.

One might naturally suppose that internationalization would call for apportioning the debt among the principal belligerents on something like an equal basis; but anyone supposing that would be woefully ignorant of European psychology. On the basis of an equal apportionment France and Italy would both have to make contributions to Great Britain and the United States, inasmuch as each of these two powers spent more money than either of them. Therefore the proposition, so far as it can be estimated from the French newspapers, amounts to this—that the whole cost of the war from August, 1914, shall be pooled and apportioned among the allied nations and the United States, according to population, resources and sacrifices and losses sustained.

A mere child can figure how the United States would come out. It is the most populous country—incomparably the richest country—and its losses have been less than those of any of the great belligerents. Under this plan it would pay the bulk of the bills.

Do you think the war was so exclusively for America's interests as all that? To a sane person the suggestion smacks of delirium tremens; but war is provocative of that state of mind. People lose perspective and think through their emotions.

The French argument to support the proposition is based on the plea that the war from the outset was a war for human liberty—that France was giving battle in defense of the United States and the whole world, as well as herself, when she fought to stem the German tide.

However, it may be that you are not prepared to admit that; large numbers of Americans—more than two millions, to get down to figures—who spent a year or more in France, have been known to scoff at the notion. These skeptics contend that France had no thought of championing anybody—either the United States or the world at large—when she battled for her existence in 1914; which is, of course, the common-sense naked truth. Had her own safety not been at stake, had there existed no old scores and wrongs to wipe out, France would have been found doing what any other practical nation does in a mess that doesn't directly concern her. She would have sat comfortably in her cafés, leaving to some other power with vital interests at stake the task of holding aloft the torch of freedom.

French Financial Policy

THIS naturally leads up to the suggestion that American spellbinders would do well to cease babbling about Alsace-Lorraine and the wrong to Belgium as constituting our motives for going to war. If they had done so we should have been in much earlier. The United States went to war to save herself, because she perceived in the possible triumph of a military autocracy a threat against her very existence. Try to imagine our troops pouring overseas to wrest Alsace-Lorraine back for France—to redress a forty-year-old wrong that most of them knew nothing about.

The French debt looms much larger than it ought because they have financed the war almost entirely through loans rather than risk heavy taxation. Probably any French Government which might have attempted to tax the nation as heavily as the British and American peoples were taxed would have perished miserably in a fortnight. At any rate they were afraid to chance it and temporized by borrowing.

Year after year they have staved off the evil day of reckoning through loans from Great Britain and the United States. But no man or country can go on borrowing indefinitely without paying back, so now France is faced with the alternative of taxing the people to meet obligations or securing quittance from her creditors, and the financial situation is a nightmare to the government. German indemnities may ease the pressure to some extent; still France will have an enormous bill to pay, a large portion of which she should have met out of taxation as the debt was incurred; and the value of the franc is down and the country seething with unrest. So it is not surprising that her leaders should try every possible source of relief. What a triumph for any government which could hand to the nation a clean slate, on top of military victory!

At this writing we are faced with a military alliance of France, Great Britain and the United States for the protection of the first-named against German aggression. What the American Congress and Senate will do with this special treaty I do not know; but it may be instructive to obtain a few side lights on our ally's viewpoints of the respective obligations.

Every practical statesman recognized that a League of Nations would be impotent without adequate military power behind it to enforce its decisions—just as impotent as laws without police. How these forces were to be raised and what proportion of the burden each of the powers should bear became matters of lively discussion in Europe.

The most natural arrangement seemed to be contributions of troops and battleships and money according to the wealth and resources of each country, its status in world politics and the menace to it from invasion. But the French and Italians could not see it in that light.

(Continued on Page 197)

BONDS OF PATRIMONY

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

FROM long experience Mr. Crankshaw had developed a sort of sixth sense, and it was valuable to him because it saved his nerves from a hundred little disturbances a day. And at the immediate moment, though the door had opened and closed without the faintest sound and though no echo had told his ears of an entering presence, he knew without looking up from his volume of cases on contracts that his stenographer was waiting patiently before his desk. In the privacy of his imagination he called her Pussyfoot, but to her face he addressed her as Miss Pimm, which was almost as descriptive.

"Well?" said Mr. Crankshaw, underlining an important paragraph.

"Lady," said Miss Pimm in a severe unstressed contralto.

"What kind of lady?"

"Widow," said Miss Pimm conservatively.

"I mean—what does she want? Is she a book agent—or what *is* she?"

"She wants an appointment," said Miss Pimm, and here she placed a card in the mathematical center of his blotter. It was a stiff, heavy, black-bordered card expensively engraved, and as soon as Mr. Crankshaw had taken one glance at it he lost all fear of being buttonholed by a lady canvasser.

"Oh! Show her in, show her in!" he said.

He delayed to make a final interlineation, and lifting his eyes from it he perceived that his visitor had already crossed the threshold and was standing there hesitant with one hand behind her on the knob.

"Mrs. Hewetson!" he exclaimed.

She came tardily toward him, raising her veil as she came. She was evidently in the neighborhood of twenty-six or twenty-seven, and, though few critics would have termed her beautiful, she still had about her a certain winsomeness and a hint of exceptional charm and piquancy—temporarily suppressed—which clutched at Mr. Crankshaw's none too lively sensibilities. His bow, as he handed her to a chair, had ruffles on it.

"I—I thought I'd better come to see you," she said, and her voice was very low and sweet. "I thought it was time I had a lawyer."

Mr. Crankshaw nodded in confirmation and resumed his seat.

"If there's anything in the world I can do for you, Mrs. Hewetson ——"

She had a very pretty manner of dropping her eyes occasionally to punctuate her sentences.

"You see, George had always talked so much about you and what friends you'd been at college—and at least I'd met you before—so when I had to think of a lawyer I thought of you."

"Yes," said Mr. Crankshaw, subdued. "George and I were pretty close together for a while and I always was sorry that ever since college we were both so busy. I've been at your house only three times—isn't it? And the last time I saw him was six months ago. It was my own fault. I'm sorry."

"It wasn't all your fault," she said. "He'd been away from home a good deal. You knew he'd left the Allied Felt, didn't you?"

"No; when did that happen?"

"In January. He went over to the Acme Felt Company as general manager."

Mr. Crankshaw's eyebrows implied a distinguished compliment for the late Mr. Hewetson, but in secret he was astounded and slightly piqued. The sales manager of Allied Felt was a citizen of some importance, but the general manager of Acme sat on one of the pinnacles of the trade. Mr. Crankshaw found it irksome to recall that George Hewetson had been dropped from college at the end of junior term ten years ago because of atrocious scholarship. Mr. Crankshaw himself had stayed on to be valedictorian and in due time an honor graduate of the law school, but he was again reminded that the race isn't always to the man who would make the best use of the trophy.

Mr. Crankshaw's office rent was a month or so overdue and it galled him to visualize the Hewetson apartment on Riverside Drive and the Hewetson entertainments and the Hewetson clothes and haberdashery and the Hewetson touring car—luxuries provided by a man who didn't even know enough to stay in college.

"Is it That You Don't Want to Come Because I'm There?"

"I hadn't heard that," he said with just the right amount of appreciation in his tone. "But I'm sure he deserved it."

She avoided further reference to the past.

"I mustn't waste your time, though. I have some money that ought to be invested pretty soon, Mr. Crankshaw. That's why I came in to-day. I really don't know very much about—investments and all that. And then I want to sell the car, too, and some other things. I—I don't believe I'll care about them any more. And so many people have given me advice and given me so many different kinds of advice that I thought I'd better come to somebody who makes a regular business of advising people—and was a friend of George's too."

"Quite so," said Mr. Crankshaw. He loaned her all the sympathy of which he was capable, but not even her personal charms could make him callous to her value as a prospective client. "And I'm here to help you. About how much did you want to invest?"

"Oh, about ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Crankshaw's soul winced and his features continued to reflect a mild and paternal benevolence. He was harassed by his permanent theory that he himself was more deserving of wealth and certainly better fitted to enjoy it than most of the men who somehow seemed to be getting it.

"Is that so important," he inquired kindly, "that it made you apprehensive when you first came in? I mean, I might advise one thing if you simply want a good fair proposition and another thing entirely if this fifteen thousand dollars is an—an important fraction of your capital."

She hesitated.

"It's an awfully final sort of sensation to inv money when you've never had to do it before. that wasn't worrying me so much as wondering if could afford to spend your valuable time on me. know you and George used to be friends all that, but you looked so frightfully b and—and serious."

He smiled benignly.

"You haven't actually made any inv ments yet then?"

"Oh, yes, I've made a good many. I you that other people have advised me. this is the first money I haven't been what to do with. So many things were gested that—why, that's why I'm here."

"And you're sure you can spare it? won't need any of it for living expense anything?"

"Oh, dear, no! It's some that just c due."

Mr. Crankshaw blinked.

"Suppose you give me an idea of w you've bought already."

She told him—and the tale was enough shrivel any average valedictorian.

"Well, I bought some Eastern Pacific b and some Rockefeller Petroleum bonds some Telegraph and Cable bonds and s American Steel bonds."

Mr. Crankshaw frowned as judicially though he ornamented the bench in the pellate Division.

"What does the Telegraph yield you?"

"It's—it's a five per cent bond," she sa

"Yes, but what did you pay for it? W does it yield?"

"Why—five per cent, I suppose," she helplessly. "Doesn't it?"

Mr. Crankshaw sat up and selected the cl est and simplest phrases he had in stock. held to elementary arithmetic and at the of ten minutes he had succeeded in den strating that Telegraph bonds bought at didn't yield her any five per cent on her tal, but merely 4.71. Then he smoothed d his prematurely gray hair and spoke a dreamed.

"Now, for myself," he said, "I've f the Southwestern Electric a most satisfac buy, and under the circumstances I think just what you want. It's a five per cent mortgage bond, just like the Telegraph, it's just as safe and seasoned and you ca all you want at close to par. Of course difference in return between this at par Telegraph at 106 on fifteen thousand dol worth is less than forty-five dollars a year why shouldn't you have it? If I were in place I'd look now for some higher yie

His pose was effective, because his j ment happened to be sincere. Often at n in the solitude of his hall room, when he drew schedule of the investments he would make if he ever a million dollars, he put Southwestern Electric 5's at top of the list. They were as good as gold. A few mo ago he had bought an imaginary block at 94 and he that nothing but the absence of money prevented him beating Wall Street at its own game.

"That's what you buy for yourself? Then you're they're good, aren't you?"

Nothing in the world would have induced Mr. Cr shaw to tell a lie.

"Mrs. Hewetson, if I had ten million dollars of orph money to invest this morning I'd put a quarter of it Southwestern Electric and know that I hadn't ma mistake."

"I wonder," she said, "if you could recommend me broker? Somebody reliable, but somebody I never h of before, and who didn't know George. I don't want more advice from anyone but you. I want to go and my bonds just as though I were buying vegetables-cept that the grocer doesn't try to persuade me wh ought to like."

Mr. Crankshaw deliberated, and a Napoleonic paign began to unfold itself within his visions.

"Now, it doesn't pay to be in a hurry," he said. "Sc western Electric's a fine company, but why don't yo me come up to see you some evening this week, whe can have more time, and let me bring you a bunc different bond circulars? Then we can go over the w situation and decide, not simply on what's a good purc for you but on what's the best."

Y're being wonderfully kind to me," said Mrs. reton, and attractive as she was, yet her tone carried g uncertainty to Mr. Crankshaw. He wondered if thught that lawyers' kindnesses are without price. l be glad to see you almost any evening."

Thursday? To-morrow?"

Y, that'll do nicely. I'm in the same apartment. nlyou ever so much, Mr. Crankshaw—and I'll expect t morrow."

ie shered her out impressively and went back to his , ut instead of submerging himself in cases on con- ts e sat drawing pretty pictures on the clouds.

I ould imagine," said Mr. Crankshaw, half aloud, at George Hewetson was probably making at least ty housand a year and had a stock interest at that."

e resently called instructions to Miss Pimm, and et l with the telephone receiver until the party was i wire.

Hlo, Charlie! This is Sam. Listen, Charlie—I've a lient with a pile of money. What do you folks lk f Southwestern Electric? As good as all that? I ut so myself, but I wanted your opinion first. Well, o ng I send her over to you, what's my commission? ission, yes. That doesn't make any difference, rl, but —— No, I'm not trying to hold you up, but e s to me —— No, her husband was a big man in f business and she's got —— Why, ten or fifteen ad right off, and a regular customer. Certainly, but iroduction's worth something, isn't it? Well, I'm h sorry you feel that way about it, Charlie. Oh, I not sore, not for a minute, but —— No, I'm not, —— Oh, sure, friendship is friendship! But busi- s business, too, and I should think I'm entitled —— Hle! Come on now, Charlie, be frank with yourself. w many clients did you ever really send me? No, but en—how many did you send? Yes, that's all right, od intentions don't pay the landlady. That's quite rit, old man, but you've lost a good sale right now— good customer. Why, I'm going to send her to some e broker of course. 'By!"

'Lmned tightwad!" snapped Mr. Crankshaw as he ned down the receiver. The worst of it was that he o other brokerage friends who would conceivably it ommissions with him. And there was no sense in rg to act as Mrs. Hewetson's purchasing agent on her basis. He should have to content himself with ir her good advice.

M Charles Derrick, of Derrick & Co., was the young- rtner of the smallest firm which held a membership hlesser of the two New York Stock Exchanges. Friend- p as invariably friendship with Mr. Derrick, but busi- s as love, and he knew a gentlemanly dead beat who ul be trusted implicitly for a short time—if no payment re nade in advance.

"ou get me?" said Mr. Derrick. "The name of every nn the felt industry who's died in the last two years was big uh to have eath men- rd in print yhere. Try e rade papers st I'll give you n ollars for the t and if the n of the man wt is on it I'll v you another n And I've got l.ve it by this r to-morrow ; won't be use to me. .?"

Here were e n names on elist he got, nine of them fred to felters h had lived de the state. Thereupon Mr. erick, confi- et that Mr. nkshaw's rtice didn't ex- r beyond Man- atan Island, ephoned to the lt of the tenth a e, only to dis- c er that the a in recently arting from boarding se had neg- ed to pay her rd bill, and if the gintleman was any frind of her'n would he or would he not see that an honest, dacent woman, who always give the boarders stricly fresh eggs and rale cream and all the comforts anybody could expect in a rispictable house at twinty dollars a wake, was done out of her money like that? Would he, or would he not?

He would.

"And that," said Mr. Derrick cheerfully to himself, "leaves Mrs. George B. Hewetson, of Riverside Drive, and I guess I'd have saved time if I'd gone up there. No use telephoning—it's too easy to stall."

Behold then on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock Mr. Charles Derrick, immaculate, engaging, in the act of bestowing his card upon a gloomy elevator boy, who eyed it with ingrained hauteur and handed it back.

"Mis' Hewetson, she done say she out," said the Senegambian morosely.

Mr. Derrick was disappointed, but he could still accomplish a laugh.

"Oh, she said so herself, did she? When did she say it?"

"Wan' take yo' card back? She say a hour ago she goin' to tea in Nummer Sisteen—Mis' Marlin."

"Oh!" said Mr. Derrick. "Is that so? Well, you don't make any charge if I sit here and wait a while, do you?"

"It don' mean nuffin to me. One man, he gimme a dime once fo' waitin'—tha-a-anks."

Mr. Derrick disposed himself very uncomfortably on a marble bench and allotted himself a generous interlude of waiting.

"Marlin? What Marlin is that? What's the rest of his name."

"She's his mothah. He don' live here. He got a job in a bank."

Mr. Derrick straightened his spine.

"That isn't Henry F. Marlin by any chance, is it?"

"Yassuh. I guess he name's Henry. She call him Harry."

"Tall, dark, good-looking man, smooth-face, and ——"

"Yassuh, yassuh. He's 'e man gimme 'at dime. He mighty good-lookin' to me."

Mr. Derrick emitted evidence of his surprise and consulted his watch.

"How late do you close?"

"Close?"

"Yes, how late do you close? What time do you lock the doors?"

"Oh, we don' never lock 'em up, suh. 'Ey's somebody here all night."

"Good!" said Mr. Derrick. "We may have to keep each other company. I'm going to stick round."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Hewetson was sitting on a big divan in a corner of the Marlin living room and by her side, effectually screening her from the remainder of the gathering and thereby creating a private monopoly, was a young man she had never expected to meet.

She had seen him first behind the heavy brass rail which sprang into being squarely to her left as she entered the bank. There was a row of flat-topped mahogany desks deployed in echelon behind that rail and this young man had occupied the nearest desk. He had attracted her attention partly by reason of his geographical position, but chiefly by virtue of his mouth and eyes. She was a widow, but by grace of heaven she was not yet blind. His attitude was always alert and businesslike and his manner was even a trifle staccato, but his mouth had been set in a curving cast and his eyes were forever the refuge of a smile. He had the mature boyishness that every woman likes to look at.

She had spoken with him first when he passed through the ladies' department one morning where she was struggling with a check. He had merely paused at her elbow and smiled down and asked if he could help.

"I'm Mr. Marlin, the fourth vice president," he said. "And any time that we can assist you, why, that's what we're here for. Anything at all. No, it's not a favor. You're entitled to it."

After that she had bowed to him whenever she came into the bank.

Then, less than a week ago, a pink-and-white old lady whom she had seen a thousand times before in the elevator and the lobby of the apartment house had rung her bell.

"I just couldn't keep away from you any longer," said Mrs. Marlin, after she had introduced herself as a neighbor. "I've seen you so often in the last few months and I've been meaning to call on you for ages. I know a little about it, too, my dear. Mine was thirty-one and I was twenty-nine ——"

That had been on Monday and Mrs. Hewetson was distraught enough to return the call on Tuesday and they were mutual confidantes on Wednesday and on Thursday Mrs. Marlin positively insisted that Mrs. Hewetson run in for tea.

"You needn't be alarmed," she said. "There's nobody coming but two or three girls like myself"—here she had made a quizzical grimace—"and my boy, Harry. He's a nice boy and you'll hardly know he's there. It'll do you good—and you need it."

So that Mrs. Hewetson and the fourth vice president had met each other face to face and exclaimed in unison; and she had declared that the similarity of names hadn't once appealed to her; and Mr. Marlin had been staggered by the wild coincidence of her happening to live in the same apartment house as his mother; and Mrs. Marlin had thought it miraculous that Mrs. Hewetson had chosen to patronize Harry's bank, when there were so many banks in New York to pick from. Everyone was glad that no one else said anything about the size of the world, and presently three sexagenarians arrived, and they all had tea.

"Tell me," he was saying to her, "why you haven't let us do some of your worrying for you, Mrs. Hewetson?"

She gave him a little gesture of deprecation.

"The thing I'm really worried about is that so many people want to do my worrying for me. All my husband's old friends and my lawyer and ——"

"I know, but the best plan is to trust your friends for friendship, but when you need advice go to an expert. And even though some lawyers do know a little about finance, your banker'll give you better service in the long run and it won't cost you so much. Now if you'll just promise me one thing I won't say another word about business. I won't intrude, but if you ever need any plain, ordinary, advice about anything to do with money, loans or investments or anything else stop and see me. Will you?"

(Continued on Page 173)

He Had Begun to Doubt, He Said, Whether She Had Really Established Any Very Consistent Theory of Buying and He Thought it His Duty to Recommend a Compact and Carefully Studied Plan

TWO BEAUS AND BOMAZEEN

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

EVERY now and then the sheriff had been knocking down the Cobbossee and Quebec Railroad on an execution writ procured by some extra-impatient creditor who was trying to squeeze a dry lemon. So without any particular interest in what he was doing the sheriff came out on the steps of the courthouse at ten of the clock on a July forenoon and shuffled a packet of papers, yawned and prepared to sell the railroad once more. There was no crowd. At the foot of the steps waited a jolly-looking fat man with a big mustache and there was a buxom woman who was squired by a mournful, cadaverous individual. The fat man surveyed the woman with interest and then he went up the steps and whispered in the sheriff's ear. The sheriff nodded.

With his hat in his hand the corpulent gentleman went back down the steps and bowed to the buxom lady, scraping his foot gallantly.

"Mrs. Dawson, if the gent will excuse you for a moment I'd like to speak a word to you in private."

They walked to a little distance and he faced her and bowed again.

"I'm a stranger to you, madam, and to everybody else in these parts. What I'm going to say will sound queer, but I've got to let it stand that way without any explanation. I've heard that the late Mr. Dawson, your husband, was the biggest individual owner of C. & Q. stock. They tell me you have been trying to protect those holdings what you could by bidding in this road when the *ad damnum* hasn't been too much. Now, madam, I'm going to ask you to take a good look at me."

Mrs. Dawson surveyed him with candid interest and much composure.

"You are just what I've been told you are—a lady who knows her mind and can tend to her business and has good judgment. Please tell me—do I look honest?"

He braced back and endured her scrutiny with fortitude.

"Looks are not always a guaranty, sir, but in your case they impress me very favorably. You seem to be honest."

"I am, madam. There are important reasons why I want to bid in this railroad. I can't tell those reasons to you or anybody else in these parts. I don't want you bidding against me. You and I seem to be the only ones who are bothering with the thing. That sheriff is waiting to begin and there's no time for long stories. I want you to take my bare word for it that you'll be benefited and everlastingly glad if you'll give me a clear field. Will you do it?"

She took plenty of time for deliberate inspection and for consideration. There was heightened color in her cheeks when she impulsively replied "I will!"

"One thing more: Will you keep this absolutely under your hat, as I'd say to a man? No mention of what I have asked—not a hint—not to anybody?"

He stressed the last word and gave her sour escort a side glance.

"I promise you that I'll not open my mouth to anybody."

"I thank you kindly, madam."

The fat man was old-fashioned in his speech and in his manner. Something about him suggested a rugged honesty that excused even such reckless impetuosity as Mrs. Dawson had exhibited in her acceptance of his assurances. He scraped another bow and observed her attentively when she returned to the gaunt party, who began to question her. She shook her head vigorously.

"There's a woman who knows how to keep her word," muttered the stranger.

She Went Ahead With the Lantern and Mr. Boomer Followed With the Hive

Therefore the fat man bought a railroad for the sum of $87.50, and paid over the cash. While the sheriff was counting the money with slow precaution the new railroad magnate watched Mrs. Dawson ride away with the gloomy individual in a buggy behind a trappy mare.

"Who is the old slate gravestone with the weeping-willow hair?"

"Evander Hite of Cobbossee."

The sheriff turned the packet of money end for end and began to count it again.

"Undertaker?"

"Livery and sales stable."

"Candidate simply, or already picked for Number Two?"

The sheriff had lost count and he replied testily that as he had heard it the Widow Dawson and Mr. Hite had been keeping company and it was regarded by the neighbors as settled. Then he added that he wasn't much interested in gossip from up in Cobbossee anyway.

The fat man was a humorous character with a bellow of a laugh. He uncorked the laugh and advised the sheriff to keep his ears shut while he was counting.

"There's nothing so deaf as an adder, they say."

When he had done what business he could with the sheriff the new purchaser of the C. & Q. declared that he was going through the formalities to enable him to take possession of the railroad. He laughed some more.

But the sheriff was a serious official and had something to say about the uselessness of thinking that a railroad could be bought definitely at that price and averred that a stranger ought to realize that the stockholders and bondholders and creditors would be coming round. But the fat man smashed all expostulations flat with his big laugh.

"Let 'em come when they want to run the road! In the meantime I'll run it."

And he went and hired board for himself at the Cobbossee tavern, fired the old train crew and became general manager, superintendent, station master, engineer and fireman—and took in the fares at the cab window.

The fat man's job was not the strenuous undertaking that is suggested by the ambitious name of the railroad and multiplicity of the duties.

The Cobbossee and Quebec fell short of the la terminal by about four hundred and eighty-e miles, having only twelve miles of narrow-gauge that made an optimistic start from tidewater headed in the directio the Canadian city. A moter hopefully name when he was procu subscriptions from citizens of Cobbossee, tried to believe t Quebec would perceive value of a good safe wi port which no one else using.

After twenty year waiting for Quebec wake up and offer s inducements in the of lengthening out twelve miles of road folks of Cobbossee owned the common s and the voters of the t of Cobbossee, as a mu pality that had reache debt, limit in backing bonds, had become so c pletely discouraged this advent of a str fat man who propose run the road after an vestment of $87.50 voked no opposition not much interest. Ev body sat back and let go ahead. It seemed t only another case of a parting with his mone

Twombley Boom that was the fat m name, and it seemed belong with his bellow laughter. The only l motive of the C. & Q. named Bomazeen, a the falls in North Cob see, where the road en Bomazeen Boomer tacked onto the fat for a nickname, and critics called him something else behind his back w they discussed his attempt to run a busted railroad o execution bill of sale.

Evander Hite appeared to entertain a special grudg the case of the magnate, Boomer. Mr. Hite seized e occasion to suggest to citizens that the stockholders be stand at one side and let the grunting old steer have his with the road until he had come to the end of his r Mr. Hite's settled policy was—he averred—to grab all outside money that presented itself in Cobbossee. was Mr. Hite's advice in July. He harped on the sub continually.

Therefore when it came to August and Mr. Hite revised his opinion and nursed secret feelings that prom him to get up a tar-and-feather bee and run Mr. Boo out of town, Mr. Hite did not have a specially clear of how to go about tackling the sentiment of *laissez f* that he had zealously built up in Cobbossee. His l mind was running in circles like a frenzied squirrel in a wheel.

Mr. Boomer was paying his bills on the dot, had nished the single passenger coach, was genially doing sorts of errands in the mart down at the junction of C. & Q. with the main line, never mixed in with his la ter a single whine or growl about the failure of the roa pay expenses, vaguely hinted that there were more provements to come and humorously stated that some day there'd be so much gimp in himself and in the old that he'd get a good twelve-mile start with Bomazeen jump his train plumb into Quebec, rails or no rails.

What Mr. Boomer was doing for the Cobbossee prop tion wasn't a circumstance beside what Mr. Boomer doing to Mr. Hite, provided the latter gentleman's picions had any foundation.

What would have comforted most other men was c ing Mr. Hite decided uneasiness. His townsmen smile him whenever he showed up. Now Mr. Hite was not kind of man who inspired good humor. There was no n cordiality in him than there was in the granite statu himself that he had erected in the cemetery over his w grave—a sentinel carved in unrelenting aspect of glo

sin with a granite hat cocked in the hook of a stone
ov The new program of the smiles amazed him. The
ile widened into grins whenever he touched upon the
pic of hanging onto Mr. Boomer as a public asset.
M Hite acted on his suspicions.
It as right in the middle of the afternoon when he
ivi at his decision, and he perfectly understood that
ain of the heart were attended to in Cobbossee after the
irss of the day was over. But Jepson, the under-
e had just been in the stable office to arrange for
ri es for a funeral—and when an undertaker would
k laughter and wink at the hostler, even at the mere
mn of the name Boomer, it was truly time to get
vto bedrock!
M Hite waited till that unseemly undertaker had gone
gl g on his way. Then Mr. Hite jumped up, kicked his
into a corner of the office, hauled on the only pair of
lo gauntlet gloves in Cobbossee and ordered the hos-
r ' hitch up a rig. The hostler hesitated and blinked
uy, because Mr. Hite's air of desperate determination
o ed with, say, an airman's orders preluding a hop-off
a ransatlantic trip.
Th hostler was wondering what kind of a hitch was
o ed.
'In going to ride over to my back pasture on the
n hook road and see that the critters are all right."
Th t announcement did not fay with the boss' excite-
n
'd road cart and Wobbly Will?" suggested the hostler.
M Hite showed unaccountable temper at the mention
h usual outfit for rough-and-ready work.
'ou hitch Suse into the best buggy—and get the
tlr over her in a hurry!"
H went out and stalked across the street.
T niftiest nag and the *ne plus ultra* of the Hite
gies! The amazed hostler took a chance on waiting to
were the boss
sheaded for.
r.Hite went
Gibbs' candy
o The hostler
u t glimpses
iss Gibbs'
tl scoop dab-
nto this box
d hat, closely
r ing the Hite
de finger.
'Well, by
lus! If he's
ig to treat
e back-pas-
r heifers on
ny he'll next
e ring a reg-
a milliner to
ir up a fancy
shat for you,"
e hostler in-
ned Susewhen
e d her out of
e tall.
l about ten
in tes Mr. Hite
a e into the
ae by way of
e passage that
nected with
is house. He
aloaded down
il a Sheraton
air, a brass
aning pan, a
oquet and a
o tied up with
ncy ribbon.
l contents of
h box were
tified by the
i lettering:
Gibbs' Sweets."
stowed the
a o on and un-
e the seat of the
gy, washed
celluloid collar
r cuffs at the
a in the stable,
shed his hard
a with a whisk
om—and was
l, with his
'ents' high
or" kicking
her forelegs in
hing style.
The hostler
offended by

his employer's manner and reticence and informed the first man who came inquiring for Mr. Hite that the boss had gone over on the Candyhook road to attend a heifer party.

"They're going to take turns in setting in one of his wife's old chairs, snuffing at a bokay and eating candy out of a warming pan. Well, 't any rate he said he was going over to his back pasture," stated the hostler, interrupting indignant remonstrance. "And he has gone—somewhere. As to what will be done there I've had to guess, considering the collat'ral he took along—and it's his fault if I hain't guessed right."

Mr. Hite was driving a skittish nag. When he came in sight of the "Look-Out-for-the-Engine" sign at the foot of Zion's Hill outside of the village and heard the rattle of iron wheels on the rusty rails he yanked on the reins and waited, feeling the need of caution.

He was obliged to give Twombley Boomer precedence in this case, profanely and eloquently expressing his opinion of Mr. Boomer.

The arrival of Roscoe Jordan, driving two horses that were hitched to a truck wagon, made up something in the way of a family reunion at the track side. Mr. Jordan's sister had been Mr. Hite's first wife.

Mr. Jordan also yanked his horses to a standstill.

"There ain't no train schedooled for this hour o' the day," he piped in falsetto of wrath. "I made sure, because these are green hosses."

"You can't be sure of anything about this railroad, the way it is being run," retorted Mr. Hite. "It's getting so that he rams that old bullgine up and down the line every time some lallygagging woman wants him to run to the Junction and match a spool o' twist. He ain't under no rules or regulations by nobody."

"Looka here! Up till now you have been advocating him!"

"Well, I know when a thing has gone far enough!" said Mr. Hite without bothering to explain what the thing was.

The rolling stock of the C. & Q. R. R. paraded past. A locomotive, one flat car and a combination coach composed the stock. Bomazeen barked staccato blasts of exhaust and the two cars jangled and rattled. Twombley Boomer's bulk filled the little cab. He stuck his head out and grinned amiably at the lowering visage of Mr. Hite and gave the whistle cord a series of yanks. Nobody had ever heard that voice from Bomazeen before. It sounded like sardonic laughter. The yelps of it went echoing off among the hills. Mr. Boomer flapped his broad hand in a parting salute and caused Bomazeen to shriek more of that harsh cachinnation until the train was out of sight.

Mr. Hite did not get his gents' high actor under control for some minutes. Farmer Jordan had even more trouble with his green horses, because there were two of them.

"What new kind o' hell hooting is that? He has tinkered up a new whistle, that's what he's done!"

A little later from round the curve of Zion's Hill there sounded a mellow "Coo-coo! Coo-hoo-o-o!"

"And you listen to that!" squeaked Jordan. "That's his other whistle to lallyloo to the Widder Nancy Dawson with when he goes past her house." Jordan had the whittled-out tone that belonged with his gimlet eyes. He bored Mr. Hite with those eyes. "Every woman up in my neighborhood is talking about it. You know what he's doing, don't you?"

Mr. Hite, in spite of his guesswork and his suspicions and the suggestions of the neighborly grins, had not had the thing really plunked at him! He felt a sudden queer sinking feeling—whether at the pit of his stomach or in his heart he was not sure.

"He's courting her!" affirmed Jordan stoutly. "There ain't no secret about it. Hear that whistle?"

The "coo-coo" was persistently reiterated. The sound went winging far and wide over the hills of Cobbossee.

"Now see here, Evander, I'm going to talk to you like a friend and a ex-brother-in-law should, forgetting them past differences we have had." He clicked to his horses and steered the truck wagon across the road in front of Mr. Hite's hitch.

"When you can talk to me about paying back that borrowed money I'll listen! Get out of the road!"

"Hold your hoss! It's wrenching my feelings as a ex-brother-in-law to give advice to you about getting a Number Two, but you need the advice, and if advice helps you in grabbing a Number Two with money the thing ought to be counted up to my credit. I'm a business man and this thing better be talked between us on a business basis."

"Advice!" sneered Mr. Hite. "I wouldn't so much as skin a horn-pout on your advice."

"Well, how about news then?" demanded Jordan with heat. "Nobody else but me

(Continued on Page 134)

"And Look at That Old Devouring Locust of Egypt With Horns—Look at What She is Doing Now!" Railed the Widow

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

WHEN Jim Cousens in his freshman year at college eloped with Claire Hemmingway from a near-by prep school it was a first-class romantic adventure. They had their year—as pretty a year as ever a couple enjoyed in a New York flat on a twenty-five-dollar-a-week income. Then Harriet was born and Cousens settled down to business and the next year Jim Junior made his appearance and Cousens grew still more serious. Incidentally Mrs. Cousens also found her time pretty well occupied.

Mr. Cousens Wore it to Please His Son, Though it Made Him Feel Distinctly Self-Conscious

Neither complained. They accepted their responsibilities like the good sports they were, and like the good Americans they were sacrificed their own lives from this point on for their children. Cousens worked like a pup in the office and Mrs. Cousens worked in the same spirit at home. It was necessary. Cousens was not a brilliant success in business. He was connected with a trust company and as far as loyal conscientious hard work could take him he went, but before he was thirty years old he realized that round four thousand dollars was probably his limit. As a matter of fact his heart was not in his work. He was a good deal of a dreamer and this business of discounts and checks and foreign exchange got on his nerves. There wasn't anything back of those things. They were complete and final in themselves.

With Claire to come home to at night Cousens would not admit that his life was a failure. That would have been disloyal, and as a matter of fact he was still in love with her—if not in so gay a fashion, certainly in a solid, substantial, appreciative way. A man must needs have been an awful cad otherwise. She was putting every ounce of her into the children. In addition to the housework she made their clothes and as they grew older supervised their education. She even started giving music lessons to Harriet. She herself had as a girl shown unusual promise on the piano and after her marriage had tried for a year or two to keep up her practice. Her playing was one of the finer joys of Cousens' life, but of late years she had neglected it. Her hope now was that Harriet might carry on.

It was hard work though, because the child was indifferent. That seemed a pity, because Claire was just beginning to realize what an asset in her own life her music might have been. Occasionally even now at the end of a hard day she used to sit down at the piano and try to reach out for the master poets of harmony, but it was a labored effort with fingers grown stiff from disuse and she was too honest a musician to be satisfied with this. She tried to make Harriet understand what it was she had lost out of her own life; but, of course, that was quite impossible. Harriet did not see why a phonograph did not supply all the music anyone needed—at a great saving in labor.

However, the two children kept well and grew, while Cousens and his wife toiled and saved and finally transferred even their dreams to them. This was what saved Cousens from going to pieces. From the beginning he had determined that the boy anyway—and the girl if possible—should have a college education. To this end he put aside every week in the savings bank a certain sum, which at compound interest would insure this to them when they were of age. He did this when at times—because of extra expenses—it meant going without lunches. He did this when it meant cutting down the personal expenses of himself and his wife to a point where immaculate neatness was used to cover the evidences of wear. It meant stripping their lives to this one objective.

Cousens was not academic about the project. He wished to give his children the benefit of his own experience, and the longer he lived in New York City the more keenly he felt the difference between those men whose lives were built upon the foundation of arts and letters and those whose lives were not. He knew the difference in his own life. If he had an intimate knowledge of that vast historical past to fall back on he would to-day have a better perspective. He would in a sense be the outgrowth of all that had gone before. Even those who had come away from college without much detail acquired this much. It was inevitable. Then, too, they acquired so much more than they realized.

Stevens, who had entered college with Cousens, ran across him one day at a time when the class was holding meetings in preparation for the decennial and dragged him to one of the dinners. The latter protested.

"Hang it all, Steve, I've no business there!"

"You have, man!" declared Stevens. "We're trying to round up everyone ever connected with the class."

"I didn't graduate."

"No, but you entered with us and you're one of us. It will do you good to meet the gang."

Cousens went because he could devise no means of escape, but for a few moments he felt like an intruder. For a few moments only, and then he was swept into the spirit of the gathering. He joined the three-times-threes and sang the old college songs and hobnobbed with old varsity football men, now vice presidents of banks. They even called upon him for a speech and he got up and said something like this:

"I did not finish with you fellows, but for that very reason I can appreciate better than you what you got—because I lost it. I don't suppose I can ever recover that loss, but I'm going to come as near as I can to it by sending my boy up there to begin where I quit."

"That's the dope!" they yelled.

Cousens came away feeling five years younger and, all out of breath, told Claire about it. She patted him on the back and kissed him. "I wish you'd go to those things oftener," she said.

In the course of time the boy and girl entered high school. Jim Junior was a good-looking aggressive young fellow with a taste for dress and an apparent turn for business. Instead of going in for athletics he became manager of the teams and treasurer of the school monthly. He earned outside of school hours considerable money in one way and another, which he spent on his clothes. When he was fifteen he started working during his summer vacation.

The girl grew up to be really handsome—small-featured and dainty like her mother. She was a great social favorite, with a pretty knack of making people desire to do things for her. She always had more invitations for her summer vacation than she could fill. She was not, however, a very good student, barely squeezing through her courses from one year to another. To accomplish even this much meant distracted tearful work.

"I don't know about Harriet, Jim," Mrs. Cousens confided to her husband. "I'm afraid she'll never be able to keep up college work."

"Nonsense; she'll come to herself some day!" answered Jim. He was proud as a peacock of the girl. Give her four years at Wellesley and she would hold her own anywhere.

Cousens had long been talking Harvard to Jim Junior and the latter had listened respectfully—if with no great enthusiasm. Once the boy had answered: "Four years after high seems a long time to put into school."

"But it's going to make all the difference in the next forty years of your life," Cousens cut in. "And I know what I'm talking about. I've learned that much for you."

It always seemed to Cousens an unwarranted waste for a man to be obliged to live his life in order to learn how to live it. He ought somehow to be able to start with that knowledge and spend the ye putting it into practice. If a boy co only enter college with a man's ex rience what a tremendous amount m he would get out of it. Not only wo he be able to appreciate what was being offered but would have the strength to grasp it. Take himself, for ample. What possibilities four years at Cambridge wo furnish him! Good Lord, if he had a million dolla But what was the use of any such idle dreaming as tha

Yet Fate had some queer things in store for Cousens among them a couple of uppercuts under the chin. T first came the summer Harriet was graduated—by t grace of God—from the high school. In reward for th notable accomplishment her parents allowed her to spe the summer with Evelyn Grandson, who was motori from New York to California with her mother and broth The result of this apparently innocent diversion was la made manifest in a telegram from Colorado Springs, whi Mrs. Cousens, white-cheeked and trembling, handed husband upon his return from the office. It was sim and conclusive: "Charles and I were married to-d Please wire your blessing to Pasadena, where we are goi on our honeymoon."

Cousens read the thing through twice and then ma the natural query: "Who is Charles?"

"I suppose he is Evelyn's brother," answered M Cousens.

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Except—except that he is now Harriet's husban she faltered.

"Well," reflected Cousens with a pathetic tremor in voice, "I—I suppose that's the end of her."

"Jim!" exclaim Mrs. Cousens. "Do say it that way!"

"You mean you prove?"

Mrs. Cousens cr a little nearer to husband.

"No, Jimmy de Only she's only m ried. It—it isn't though she were dea

"Her edu tion is dead, is it? Her musi dead, isn't it? the dreams had for her dead, are they?"

"Yes," she mitted, turni aside her hea little to conc the hurt in eyes. Someh in condemni Harriet it was though he w condemning too.

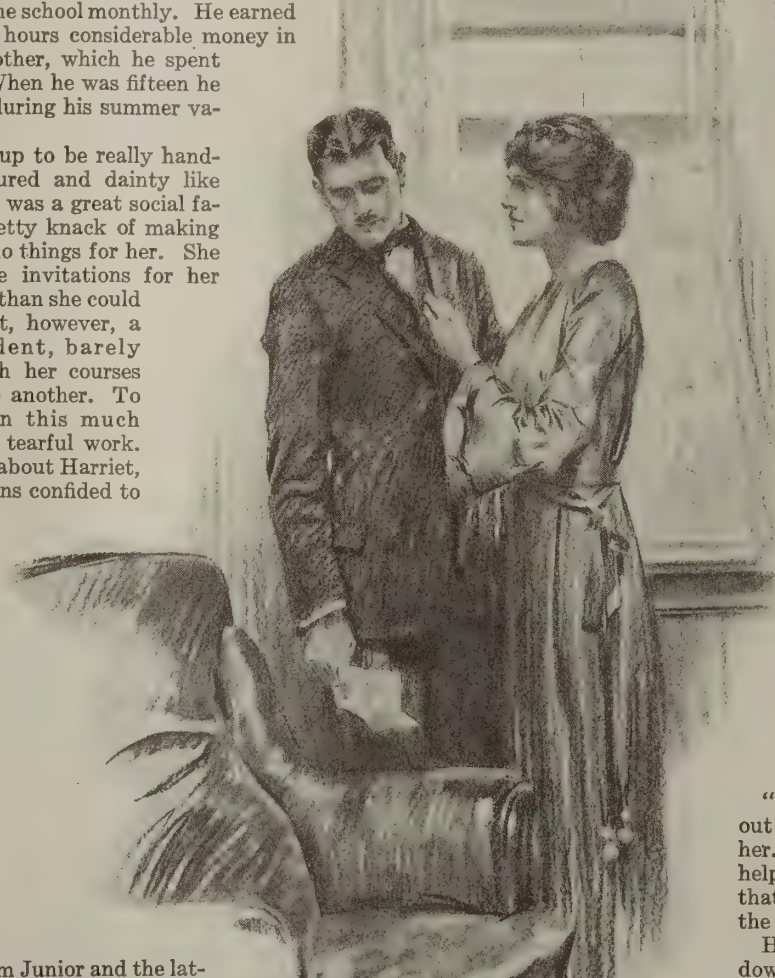
Jim Couse was quick to alize the posit he was placing her and he was man enou to withdraw un these circumstanc He took his wife in arms.

"Perhaps it will w out all right," he sooth her. "Anyway it can't helped and it will give that much more money the boy."

He took her that even down to the telegraph fice and they sent th blessing to Pasadena.

When Jim came ho from work they inform him and he answere "Bully for Harriet! wonder what kind of a he has?"

Jim Junior was showi considerable promise business. He was filling



"Jimmy Dear, She's Only Married. It—it Isn't as Though She Were Dead"

at n gaps in a downtown broker's office and this was inqnim a wide experience. He took to the work like a k o water and even made a successful turn or two in rrket. He blossomed forth even more radiantly in v othes until he made his father in contrast look like a ng When the latter ventured to protest at this exvance the young man turned on him.

I d," he exclaimed, "you ought to spruce up a bit rsf! I'll pick out a new tie for you next pay day."

Tanks! But I don't need one."

Yu do! I'll leave it to mother. That one you're rig now needs a haircut."

d, but that very fact stood for something the boy n understand. The whiskers were dramatic evidence wlt for twenty years Cousens had been sacrificing to ossible for his son what he himself had missed in o were the ten-year-old gowns that Mrs. Cousens ner spare time in trying to make over. Yet all that by saw in them was evidence of slackness—a slackness t a way reflected on him. Now that he was down- he felt considerable re- nsibility for the honor of family.

Hoought a new cravat for fner—an India-silk orange ai-and Mr. Cousens wore release his son, though it d him feel distinctly self- nsous and forced him to e gauntlet of a good deal jeing in the office.

Scnatters went on until fall. ret and her husband re- nl and Charles proved to a alert young fellow with a odeal of money, a member- pin several clubs and a s runabout. He and Jim nir took a great fancy to c other. It seems that aes had had more or less pience in brokers' offices d was anxious to go into siess for himself. That op- rtnity came when Barclay, ni member of the firm for ici Jim Junior was working, pssed a willingness to sell t id retire. Charles bought e usiness and offered to l young Cousens—at eight- n office manager on a sal- y of twenty-five hundred. ring in any other way, this ni have been an absurd osition, but Pettingill was main as senior member, tg Grandson had plenty of pal and Cousens was really t level-headed and capable pite of lack of experience. e umped at the offer. He r home all out of breath nput it up to his father.

't's the chance of a life- r, dad," he exclaimed.

Cousens felt as though he a been hit between the eyes.

'And you—you aren't out gh school yet!" he gasped.

'Hang school!" exploded r Junior. "I've had enough f. I want to make some ney."

'What about college?"

Carnegie and Rockefeller and quite a bunch of others en to have got along well enough without college," ued Jim.

'What does that count?"

And you quit yourself," the boy reminded him.

Yes, I quit," admitted Cousens. "I quit and I've e sorry for it ever since. I've worked hard to keep you n making the same mistake."

'What do you mean?"

ut Cousens did not explain the details. What he had ificed to save the five thousand dollars in the savings k was too personal a matter to confide even to his son. did not go into that, but he did try to make the boy erstand how little there was in money without anything k of it.

It's what you're able to think, boy, not what you're e to earn that is worth while in the end."

Thinking doesn't buy motor cars," cut in Jim Junior.

Thinking takes the place of motor cars."

It wouldn't for me, dad. Now be reasonable. I don't t to hurt your feelings, but honest if I let this go by I'd er forgive myself. Talk it over with ma. And here's ther point: You and she have grubbed along years enough. You're only forty and you look sixty. Ma is only thirty-nine and she looks sixty-five. It isn't right. I'm going to make a barrel in the next few years and, believe me, one of the first things I'm going to do is to put you two on Easy Street."

"You needn't worry about us," Cousens spoke up with spirit.

Jim Junior crossed the room and placed his young hand on his father's shoulder.

"It's only fair. I have a hunch you've done considerable worrying about me, first and last."

"Well?"

"That's all, dad. I mean what I say."

In the quiet of their chamber that night Cousens with bowed head talked it over with his wife.

"Even the dreams are gone now, Claire," he said hoarsely. In the dark she sat on the edge of his chair with her arm about his neck.

"Perhaps," she ventured, "perhaps we made a mistake in trying to take over their dreams."

In Celebration of a Certain Memorable Victory, Cousens Found Himself Dragged Into a Snake Dance Beneath the Goal Posts

"We gave them ours."

"All of them, Jim?"

"You've worked like a slave nearly twenty years and gone without—for nothing."

"Not for nothing, Jim. I've worked with you, and after all we have dreamed. Maybe dreams aren't meant to come true. If they did they wouldn't be dreams."

"They are ended now."

"Can't you find some more? Jim, you mustn't think this way. You're only forty. Just think of it—only forty! We began young—so very young. It isn't too late to begin all over again."

He raised his head at that. In the dark he could not see her worn face and her arms seemed as warm as ever.

"Wife of mine," he whispered, "I have a notion that if I really were to begin again I'd begin just as I did before."

II

COUSENS did not try to argue any further with the boy. He knew it was quite impossible to make him see, so he refrained from stirring him up. Still the matter weighed on him. A man can't see the ambition of twenty years go to pot without feeling it. He lost weight and grew listless to a point where Mrs. Cousens felt it was time to take action. She talked it over with the boy.

"Your father hasn't had a vacation in five years and he needs one," she declared.

"Sure he does!" answered Jim.

"I wish you'd talk to him, Jim."

It was with something of a smile that she realized that she was speaking to the younger man as though he were the older man. But it was a fact that to-day her husband seemed to her more of a child than her son.

"You bet I'll talk to him!" agreed Jim. "He ought to get out of town for a month."

"I don't know what they would say at the office," she demurred.

"Hang the office! All he ought to do is to tell them he's going. Ma, I want you and dad to bank on me the rest of your lives. It's a sure bet, even if dad doesn't believe it."

Jim did not have to talk very hard to his father, because as a matter of fact the man realized himself that he was not much use about the office in his present frame of mind. The only incentive he had ever had to toil over figures was now gone. He was still, as a matter of habit, putting aside every week his contribution in the savings bank, but it was now a sad rite. He had a total of eight thousand dollars there—three thousand intended for Harriet's education and five thousand for Jim's—the juice squeezed out of twenty years of life. It was not much, one way of looking at it, but had he spent it over the years it would have made a good deal of difference in Claire's and his own lives. But even now that was not his regret. That was the past. He was still thinking of the future—Jim's future and Harriet's and of what that money might have done for them. Jim bought his parents' tickets for Boston and engaged Pullman seats for the twenty-fifth of August.

"What you two need is to go back and live over your kid days," he decided. "Dad can go out to Cambridge and imagine himself a freshman again. I expect he'll come back with a crimson hatband."

The idea of visiting Cambridge appealed to Cousens. He had not been back since he left. Neither had Claire. They had, of course, a good many romantic associations with the place and they all suddenly came to life at the prospect of returning. Charles took them to the station in a new limousine he had just bought and at the last moment Jim turned up with flowers and bonbons for his mother and cigars for his father. Some people mistook the group for a bridal party. As a matter of fact, both Cousens and his wife were almost as excited as they had been twenty years ago when they started from the other end.

Their excitement was pretty well sustained, too, all the way to Boston. Early the next day they journeyed out to Cambridge and wandered round the Yard and took a look at the room in Holworthy which Cousens had occupied up to midyears. Nothing seemed to be much changed. The college was coming to life again, as it did every fall, in preparation for the incoming classes due now in a week. There was considerable activity round the gray angular building known as University, and Cousens strolled over there and went in. In a room on the right he found a table strewn with pamphlets covering the courses for the coming year. He picked up one and then another with eager eyes.

How different these announcements looked to him now! Formerly they had been challenges, almost threats; now they were invitations to a feast spread and waiting. Notable men stood ready to act as hosts to those who wished to sit down with them. It would be difficult to make a choice of all the offerings. History, English literature, philosophy, Greek and Latin, the sciences, modern languages—it was necessary to divide and subdivide them, so big and varied was the menu.

(Continued on Page 158)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XVII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

WE ARRIVED in Japan late in August, 1897, as far as I can remember, and established ourselves in the very comfortable legation building at Tokio, which had been my home for nearly two years when I was Chargé d'Affaires in Japan in 1882 and 1883. Mr. Speyer, who as first secretary had been in charge of the legation until my arrival, took his departure for Korea, where he had been appointed to represent Russia as diplomatic agent, and for some time I had to await the arrival of the newly appointed first and second secretaries, Mr. Poklevski-Koziell and Mr. Andreff. They came by the next steamer from Vancouver, and both proved as valuable as assistants and coworkers as they endeared themselves to us as friends.

Mr. Poklevski-Koziell, who was our Minister to Rumania, is at present, as far as I know, either at Jassy or at Bukharest and therefore safe, but what became of Mr. Andreff I have no means of knowing. When we fled from the doomed capital of what was once the Empire of Russia he was in Moscow, like some of my dearest friends of whose fate I am in total ignorance.

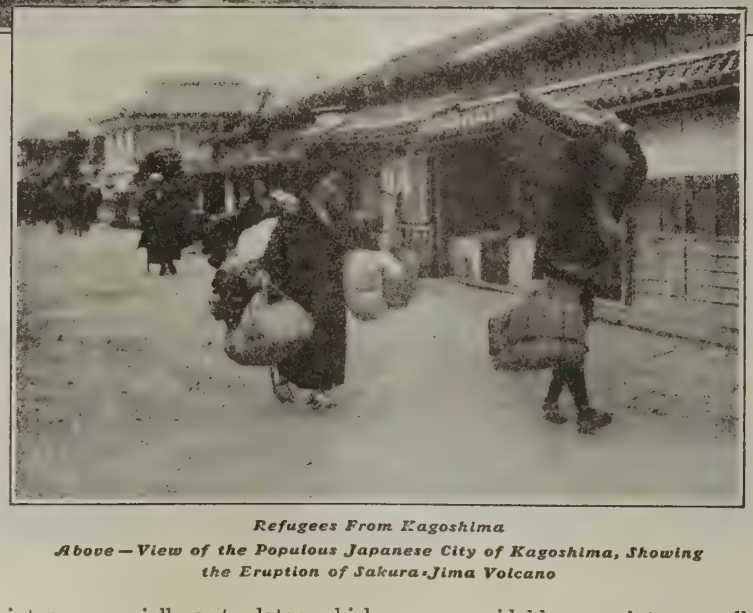
Shortly after their arrival I had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma, at his request, when he acquainted me with the startling fact that a certain number, very insignificant indeed, some seven or eight, of Russian officers had arrived at Seoul—the capital of Korea—to act as instructors of the Korean Army in spite of the assurances that had been officially given to the Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg, Count—then Mr.—Hayashi, that no steps whatever would be taken in regard to Korean affairs before my arrival in Tokio and the conclusion of a friendly agreement which I was to negotiate with the Japanese Government. Count Okuma pointed out that he fully realized that the arrival in Korea of these seven or eight officers could not in itself constitute a serious menace to Japanese interests in that country, but that besides being a violation of assurances freely given it would be interpreted by public opinion as a symptom of ulterior and more or less aggressive intentions entertained by Russia.

I could only assure him that at the time of my departure from St. Petersburg there had been no intention whatever of sending officers to Korea as instructors for the purpose of training the Korean Army, that the fact of the arrival of some Russian officers at Seoul was a complete surprise to me, that I could only attribute it to a misunderstanding of some kind, and that I would immediately take steps to clear up the matter.

As soon as I returned to the legation after this rather painful interview, I drew up a most vigorous protest, in terms which made Mr. Poklevski, who had to put it into cipher for transmission by cable, ask me jokingly whether I had made up my mind to return to Russia so soon after my arrival in Japan. I regret not to be able to reproduce here the text of this telegram as well as of the very noncommittal reply I received, after the delay usual in embarrassing circumstances.

In this connection I must mention again that in our precipitate flight from Russia I had to leave behind all my personal belongings, including my private archives, books, notes, and so on, and having to rely exclusively on my memory I can only crave indulgence for any inaccuracies, especially as to dates, which may unavoidably creep into my narrative. I regret this the more as in the course of this narrative I shall soon have to treat of subjects and events of great historical importance.

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY



Refugees From Kagoshima

Above—View of the Populous Japanese City of Kagoshima, Showing the Eruption of Sakura-Jima Volcano

Before I received the expected reply from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma had resigned and his place had been taken by Baron Nissi, an old-time friend of mine, whom I had known in St. Petersburg as a student at the university, and later as secretary of the legation, and finally as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Whether Count Okuma's resignation had anything to do with this particular incident I cannot say, though it may well have been the case. At any rate the matter was allowed to drop, and shortly afterward the Matsukata ministry, of which he had been a member, went out of office and was replaced by a cabinet under the presidency of Marquis Ito, Baron Nissi remaining in the new cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I had, of course, no inkling of what had happened at St. Petersburg in connection with this affair, but I had my surmises, formed at the time, confirmed only on my return to Russia three years later. In the preceding chapter I have related in detail how Count Mouravieff had insisted on and had obtained the complete and definitive abandonment of the War Department's plan for the organization of a Korean army by the instrumentality of a v large number of Russian officers. A few days l I had left for my new post under the impres that the matter had been definitely settled. Co Mouravieff's triu over his colleagu the War Departm proved, howev short-lived and no complete as he hoped. When the ter learned of his lomatic colleagu successful interv tion he seems to h felt it necessary, order to "save face"—as the Chi have it—to save f the wreck of original grandi plan at least s little part, and he tained the emper consent to the patch of the ab mentioned seven eight officers as m tary advisers to Korean Governm presumably under plea that the prese at Seoul of such small number of R sian officers could give any offense to Japanese.

This whole ir dent, ludicrous as was, after all, sents a fresh illus tion of the main de of our erstwhile tem of government which one of quondam ministers used to say: "Our g ernment is a powerless confederation of in pendent departments whose relations to e other are not only not always friendly, sometimes bordering on a state of armed r trality and even open hostility."

Count Mouravieff, as Minister of For Affairs, was placed in a most embarrassing most undignified position when he was proached by the Japanese Minister, ac under instructions of his government, wit protest and demand of explanations. Thi how Count Hayashi in his secret memoirs scribes his interview with the Minister of F eign Affairs:

"At first Count Mouravieff had objected t 'this had happened under his predecessor that he had had nothing to do with it,' finally after being told that it was a violatio a previous agreement between the two gov ments he had said: 'What I mean is that have sent these officers to Korea and we can recall them immediately. As a matter of fact we wer have increased their number, but we will not send more. We will correct the matter and make amend you, for it is, as you consider it, a violation of the ag ment. But we must have some further time for the ma to be settled in.'"

As a matter of fact these officers, as well as our finan adviser, Mr. Alexieff, were withdrawn in the follow spring, after our occupation of Port Arthur.

Shortly before the resignation of the Matsukata cabi an incident occurred which I feel bound to mention, a throws some light on the mentality of new Japan, by sh ing in a very small matter of social etiquette to what ext the deep-rooted traditional feudal feeling had survived great upheaval of the abolition of the feudal system.

A high functionary of the imperial court, Mr. Nagas whom I had known years before when I was in Japa Chargé d'Affaires, came to see me in his capacity of m ber of the Satsuma clan—one of the two most powe clans, the other being the clan of Choshiu—to which Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, likewise belonged, w the following explanation: When the Czarevitch, the to the throne of Russia, came to Japan he paid a visit the Prince of Satsuma at his capital, Kagoshima, the island of Kiusiu; and ever since the old prince

ns ered it a duty of his house to enter-
in ae friendliest relations with Russia,
d ad solemnly enjoined this duty on
s s1 and heir, at the time of his father's
at a mere child. The guardians of the
ur prince, one of whom was Count
atikata, had decided that having
ce d the age of nine years, if I remem-
ghtly, it was time for him to demon-
a his obedience to his defunct parent's
sh, and to pay his respects to the new
or entative of Russia.

M. Nagasaki asked me whether and
e it would be convenient for me to
e e the young prince's visit. I told
n of course, that I would be delighted
r ke the acquaintance of the young
ie ain of his clan, and suggested, the
im being still a mere child, that he
ig come with one of his guardians to
n with us quite informally, *en famille*,
y lay it suited his convenience. Mr.
ag aki left me to report to whom it
n rned the result of his interview with me, and re-
rn d the next day to inform me that the prince was
li ited to accept my invitation and would be accom-
n d by the Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, his chief
ta ian. He also stated that the prince would
uch gratified if I would extend invitations
sc o some of his near relatives, to which I, of
ue, immediately agreed.

C the day fixed for the luncheon, at the ap-
pi ed hour, a state carriage drew up at the door
n ining the Prime Minister and, by his side in
e eat of honor at his right, the young prince.
n lighting from the carriage Count Matsukata
it every show of respect motioned him to enter
e oor first.

I net the boy prince in the hall and welcomed
m of course, with the greatest cordiality with-
ut waiting for a formal introduction. But having
pt ed the very deferential attitude of the Prime
Mi ster in regard to his young ward, and so as
t void committing some breach of etiquette
as ed Mr. Nagasaki, the master of ceremonies,
wh was one of our guests, what place I should
as n to the young prince at the dinner table. He
re ed at once that Count Matsukata would be
mu gratified if I placed the prince in the seat of
ho r at the right of the hostess, and himself at
hi eft, as he had come not as Prime Minister
wa as one of the guardians to accompany the
mi tain of his clan.

Nothing could have exceeded the high-bred ease
an perfect tact allied to a most winning self-
po cious childish dignity with which the charm-
ing little boy prince went through a social function
wh h could not possibly have afforded him much
en rtainment.

The fall of the Matsukata ministry took place,
as far as I can now remember, in September, 1897,
bu t a month after our arrival in Japan, and it
ha appened that we had
be n out invitations to
our first official dinner to
th members of the cabi-
ne when a couple of
da s later the ministry
re gned and was imme-
di ely replaced by a
ca net headed by Mar-
qu s Ito.

So as to avoid the
ap earance of demon-
st tively feasting the
re n ministry we took
th unusual course of in-
vi ling in our invitations
he r successors as well.
Under the circum-
st nces, when political
ex itement in connection
wi h Korean affairs and
th suspected aggressive
ai s in regard to that
co ntry was running
hi her high, a similar
co rse might have been
th only unusual but
ev n risky anywhere else
bu in a country where
the practice of smiling
se -control in the face of
the most trying and ad-
ve se conditions is not
on y a matter of good
br eding but has become,
as to speak, a second

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

South Gate of Seoul

nature of the people through numberless centuries of training in the art.

I am bound to say that we had no reason to regret having risked the success of our first diplomatic dinner in reliance on our guests' high breeding as well as skill in camouflaging their sentiments, if indeed they needed it, considering that politics is a game which is sometimes played more for the satisfaction of the gallery than as an outflow of real passion in the breasts of the actors.

In spite of Marquis Ito and his associates, such as Count Inouye and Baron Nissi, being known to favor a friendly understanding with Russia, suspicion of our unavowed plans in regard to Korea was rife even in well-informed circles. It was, moreover, not quite groundless, and was kept alive and intensified by the noisy activity of our ambitious diplomatic and financial representatives and perhaps even more so by the proceedings of our naval authorities in connection with the purchase of large plots of ground under various pretexts, in places like Fusan, and especially Masan-pho, the erection of hospital buildings, the frequent visits to these ports of our Pacific squadron, and similar gestures suggestive of some vague intentions on our part in regard to a possible acquisition of some point on the Korean coast as a naval station.

That such intentions were indeed vaguely entertained by our naval authorities, whose favorite dream was the acquisition of Masan-pho, I knew but too well and had repeatedly warned the government that any attempt at the realization of such plans would unavoidably lead to an armed conflict with Japan, for which, as far as I could judge, we were not prepared at all and which every consideration of prudence and foresight commanded us to avoid.

My personal relations with individual members of the Ito cabinet were of the friendliest character. However, I could not but notice that the strain on the official relations between our governments was becoming more and more pronounced, when an event occurred which though it increased popular excitement against Russia nevertheless produced a marked *détente* in the situation as far as the attitude of the Japanese Government was concerned. That event was the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia. The apparent inconsistency of this assertion of mine—by the way, confirmed by subsequent events—renders it necessary for me to enter upon some explanations as to the reasoning upon which it was based.

It is, of course, self-evident that the occupation by Russia of such an important point, which she had but two years before compelled Japan to evacuate after having made its conquest in a victorious campaign, could not but cause a grievous hurt to Japanese national feeling and was, therefore, apt to lead to most serious consequences. That weighty apprehensions in this respect were entertained in government circles in St. Petersburg I learned from a private letter of my friend Admiral Tirtoff, the head of the Naval Department, who had been entirely opposed, like all the other ministers, to this plan of action, the sole originator of which had been Count Mouravieff, with the support of the emperor. The admiral at the same time expressed his warmest sympathy with me in the painful position in which he thought I must find myself placed in having to defend such a bad cause. I was able to reply that on the contrary my position, strange as it might seem, had been rendered very much easier in consequence of this apparently most untoward event, and for the following reason: Popular excitement on account of our occupation of Port Arthur had unquestionably increased considerably, as our action was acutely felt as a painful wound to the nation's pride, but on the other hand the

(Continued on Page 145)

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Banzai Arch Erected by the City of Tokio in Front of the Imperial Palace
Above—A Tokio Festival

LORENA—By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

It Was Not a Sumptuous Tinware Cart, and the Slim Girl Was Very Badly Clad

IT WAS while President Garfield lay dying at Elberon that Mr. Ross decided to have all his sons' hair cut and brought eight of them to town in one of the farm wagons, Mrs. Ross and the babe in arms, Linus, following in a buggy. This procession swept across the central square of Zerbetta toward Rummel's barber shop, gathering barnacles. I was one of these natural adhesions, as I belonged to Ethan, the second son, and this solemnity would be the prelude to cake and ice cream in Mr. Joyce's Confectionery Parlor. Ross was an open-handed magnate among the county farmers and I was not alone in my view of this as a profitable occasion. Quite a hungry small crowd collected to watch the shearing of the Ross boys, and while the floor of Rummel's was being sprinkled with tufts of black hair I talked gallantly to Mrs. Ross and even offered to hold Linus, though I am afraid that was an act of policy. Still, I was really fond of Mrs. Ross, who made extraordinary pies.

"I hear your aunt's little girl from Boston is makin' you a visit, Joe."

"Isn't makin' me a visit," I said hurriedly, denying the presumption that any little girl would make me a visit. I was ten. "She's visitin' mother."

"Gee," Ethan put in from Rummel's chair, "it'd be awful havin' a girl stayin' right in the house with you!"

"Now, Eth," said Mrs. Ross, "don't you say a thing like that! If you ever have a sister you'll be sorry you said it."

Ethan took this possibility lightly. Mrs. Ross had been praying for a female baby since his birth, but males always arrived, and he faced the chance of a sister callously.

"Girls," he stated, "ain't good for nothin'. Ev'rybody says so."

"There iss fife thousand, nine hundert an' eighty more men than there iss women in the state of Ohio," said Mr. Rummel with Teutonic precision. "But you ought to haf a sister, young feller."

"Don't want none!" Ethan snapped.

The entire family and the chorus of barnacles took up the argument. I sat diplomatically silent. I knew that Mrs. Ross had requested my father's intercession in her behalf. As pastor of the Presbyterian church he was the natural ambassador designated to heaven. Ross too was disappointed because there was no daughter. He was wealthy in that day and could afford anything reasonable.

"A girl," he said, "would teach you boys some manners."

There was a pensive hush. Bill, Ethan, Sheridan, Sumner, Caleb, Benjamin, Hugh and Winfield Scott Ross all considered their manners—and the infant Linus squealed indignantly. In this pause there came a great and gay jangling from across the square, and looking out I saw a tinware cart rapidly driven along the opposite margin, its festoons of pans and kettles jouncing happily as it struck the hollows of the way, for the square was not paved until 1883. It halted at the sign of Doctor Case's office and the man driving fell rather than got down from the seat. A bare-legged little girl took the reins of the two shabby horses.

"There!" Mrs. Ross said vexedly. "I expect he drove right by the farm an' I do need a new soap boiler. Edgar, I wish you'd go over an' ——"

Mr. Ross, accompanied by Bill, the first-born, strolled over to select a soap boiler, but Sheridan and Sumner, the elder twins, fell into a contention about something and rolled on the floor settling it, so this purchase of a common kettle was not worth inspection. But in a moment Bill trotted back to say that the tinware merchant was awful sick in the doctor's office and that I had better run for my father, so I raced up Poplar Street and disturbed the composition of next Sunday's sermon. My father stalked back with me to the little office and left me on the doorsill, where some loafers—smelling trouble—had drifted and were talking to the child who held the reins. It was not a sumptuous tinware cart, and the slim girl was very badly clad. I could expertly surmise that her dirty pink garment was single. But she had a startlingly thick rope of pale-yellow hair, which was exciting talk.

"Guess you can wipe the dishes with that, sister," said one loafer.

"You shet your head!" the small girl ordered.

"Oh, my, sister! You oughtn't talk thataway!"

"Dry up an' you'll hear diff'rent!" she retorted.

Mr. Ross chuckled, patting the near horse.

"What's your name, young lady?"

"Lorena," she admitted.

"An' I guess you'd be about ten?"

"Eight 'n' a half. Whoa! Damn take yer, whoa!"

She pulled the reins wildly and called the horses some really interesting and new names. I gaped, the loafers roared and Mr. Ross, I think, winced.

"Lorena, honey, you oughtn't talk like that!"

"Well, I'm tired hangin' on these lines. Pa, he's been sick ever since we lit out o' Chillicothe an' ——"

"Bill," said Mr. Ross, "git up an' hold the lines a spell."

Bill scrambled up over a barrier of pie dishes and took the reins. Lorena descended, justifying my conjecture as to the singleness of her sheathing, and took possession of Mr. Ross. Doctor Case came out to ask for less noise and Ross led his chance guest over to Mr. Joyce's Confectionery Parlor, where the hosts of the hungry were now assembling, large eyed and plausible, studying the glass jars of peppermint and lemon sticks on the counter as though they meant to buy something presently. The Rosses, all duly cropped, filed in; and Mrs. Ross, after a look at Lorena, informed little Mr. Joyce that she guessed everyone would like some ice cream. Mr. Joyce, screwing his weak eyes up behind his spectacles, began to count heads, and his even smaller homely wife emerged from the back shop with piles of plates. Lorena, with no evidence of shyness, loudly demanded a peppermint stick.

"I guess you're kind of hungry," said Ross, and lifted her on to the counter, where she commenced to prowl, gazing at the jars and the shelves filled with se cookies and perdurable plum cake, for the Joyces w English. Growing thrilled by the survey of all t food, she tucked her peppermint stick over an ear a stood with her mouth open, scratching one ankle on other.

"Gee," said Ethan unexpectedly, in a whisper, "ai she pretty, Joe?"

I was alarmed by this attitude on the part of sworn to the hatred of women, but I thought Lore was pretty as she finished her summary of the shel and turned to survey us next composedly from her vation.

"You look like you was goin' to speak a piece, Loren said Ross.

"I could," Lorena offered, getting the peppermint f of her hair.

"Well, now do, deary!" Mrs. Ross beamed, feed Linus a spoonful of cream.

Lorena nodded, giggled once, and was off:

"Pawtucket is a famous place
Where cotton cloth is made,
An' hunderds think it no disgrace
To labor at the trade.

"Among the spinners there was one
Whose name was Samuel Patch.
He moped about an' did his stint,
Folks thought him no great scratch.

"But soon a maggot in his head
Told Sam he was a ninny
To spend his time in twirling thread
Jus' like a spinning jinny."

My father, very grave and a little pale, came to sunny door and Ross left Lorena's audience. I noti this and nudged Ethan, but he was entranced by the si song history of Sam Patch. Little Mr. Joyce was pull his scrubby British mustache and smiling and his m wife, who had been "second 'ousemaid to the Marchior of Hull, dowager," was staring at the wanderer, her t daughters in their Alice-in-Wonderland pinafores cluste in their mother's shadow. Mrs. Joyce thought Zerbe Ohio, a very savage wilderness indeed. Lorena, w gestures of the melting candy stick, went on to relate deeds of Sam Patch and paused in the twenty-third star as Sam was preparing to jump over Niagara Falls, to Mr. Ross, returning, that he had missed a good deal.

"Well, Lorena," he said gently, "you go right ahe I'll catch up."

"Ten thousan' people thronged the shores
An' stood there all agog,
While Sam approached those awful falls
An' leaped them like a frog."

Ross leaned over Linus and said something to his v below the run of the shrill voice. Mrs. Ross shivered sat still.

"Napoleon's last great battle proved
His dreadful overthrow,
An' Sam's last jump was a fearful one
An' in it death laid him low.

"'Twas at the falls of Genesee
He jumped down six score feet an' five,
An' in the waters deep he sunk
An' never rose alive.

"The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,
Turned homeward one by one
An' oft with sheepish looks they said,
Poor Sam's last job is done."

"Sy," said Lorena, "I'd like some ice cream now."

M Joyce planted her at the table with Ethan and me. e camined Ethan a second, then put out her tongue hit.

'Jrena," asked Ross, "what's your papa's name, ne?"

"Jarry," said Lorena, precisely sweeping the crest from hilof cream.

"Jit—what's his other name, deary?" quavered Mrs. ss

"e ain't none."

"nd where's your mamma?"

'nno. Pa says she kicked the bucket back when I s orn."

M Joyce gave a sort of pitying murmur.

'nd where do you live when you're not on the road, y ear?" he inquired, coming up.

"e're always on the road—an' I ain't your dear."

E an touched his knee to mine under the table. The ac cart from Bauerman's, the undertaker, next door, s eing driven across the square to Doctor Case's office.

"orena," said Ross, "I guess—I guess you'd like some orice cream."

"ell, yes!" Lorena said.

Jige Lowe ordered the stock in trade of her father sold action for Lorena's benefit. By advertisement the dg also discovered that her father's name was Harry one, formerly a soldier and entitled to a pension, ouh the judge had some difficulty in arranging its vent to Ross on her behalf, as Broome had left the ili ry service under a cloud—the nucleus of which was pa of boots, the property of his captain. Lorena, after m polishing, was not very different from other little lsf the Presbyterian Sunday school, and Mrs. Ross lav- ie on her dresses long dreamed of, I suppose, for a Ross unter. She was a satisfactory embellishment to the os farm. She could jig like a professional minstrel. e iad a collection of songs such as the Army of the otnac sang. Indeed her name was that of a doleful ill, which I often think must have added gloom to ar depressed bivouacs. She frequently sang it:

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow-ers have been."

And in her mouth it took on a double dreadfulness as she would finish each line with a sort of wailing sniff which made Ethan reach for missiles. But Lorena could dodge better than the average boy. Her father had thrown things at her. However, freed of any danger of real chastisement, she became a tyrant. She bullied all the Ross boys, and as I was usually with Ethan she bullied me. She also maintained an extravagant prettiness through the years when girls, I observe, tend to be stringy. Lorena was never gaunt and her appetite was unmatched. Any journey into town was sure to end in Joyce's shop if she could find someone to pay her bill; otherwise she wheedled candy from Joyce, who adored her, she said. Certainly he never sent Ross bills for her supplies. Lorena was not without a conscience, I must admit, and she pounced on Judge Lowe one afternoon as he was quitting the courthouse and led him coolly into the Joyce establishment, where she bought a pound of candy.

"Now," she said cheerfully, "the judge'll pay you for it, Joyce. You see," she went on to her victim, "I like to pay for things."

"Yes, I see," the stately gentleman mused. "And what may your name be—if I might ask, young woman?"

"I'm Lorena," said Lorena, and roved casually off. The judge dropped a fifty-cent piece on the counter and looked after her braid. Several of us giggled.

"Gracious heavens!" he murmured. "What child is that? Who is she, Joe Henry—if you know?"

"She's Lorena Broome, sir, that lives out with the Rosses," I told him.

"A very taking young lady," Joyce said, smiling.

"I should say so," the judge faltered. "I hope she keeps out of jail."

This adventure got to Mrs. Ross, who was horrified; and she spanked Lorena. Lorena was much surprised. It sobered her and after that she was less offhand in her predatory activities. But she developed a great liking for the judge and went calling at his courthouse office after school. He taught her a number of legal maxims, among them, "He who sleeps on his rights loses them," which she used to justify her absorption of Ethan's chocolate cake if he neglected it; and "Ignorance of the law is no excuse," which figured in her statement that Ethan ought to be thrashed for naming a kitten Joe Henry for me when she had mentally christened it Alcibiades.

The other Rosses regarded Lorena as a sister, to be patted and cuffed accordingly, but her relation to Ethan was one of stormy brawling. He affected to resent and despise her and she made him the butt of many jests. It was a handsome family, but Ethan had in the line of dark heads a very salient beauty. Old ladies spoke of him as "That pretty Ross boy," and there was a general admission among lads that "Eth Ross was awful good-lookin'." Whenever his hair grew unduly long Lorena promised to lend him hair ribbons. She reported to all girls he seemed to favor that he wore lace on his nightshirts, and it was useless for Ethan to protest that he had no nightshirts of his own, though this was true, for Mrs. Ross sensibly manufactured them in gross.

Perhaps I was the first person to notice that Lorena immediately had a profound dislike for any girl Ethan spoke of with less than contempt. It was on his fourteenth birthday that her famous scene with Kitty Lohmann occurred. In those times one came to a birthday party gift in hand. Kitty, whose father was a prosperous Swabian publican, arrived reeling under the weight of a monstrous frosted cake inscribed "Ethan" in pink sugar, with the date—February 12, 1885—below wrought in dabs of pistachio. Ethan was charmed with this gaudy offering and kissed Kitty in the first game where kisses were suitable. Lorena did not wait to invent a pretext. She called Kitty "a dirty Dutch brat" and exploded the cake on Kitty's head. It burst with the profusion of all German pastries. This was a memorable feast!

"An' you spoiled the cake," said Ethan after the guests were gone, "an' I bet it was a good cake."

"I bet it was awful," Lorena snarled, and added that she hated Kitty.

"I don't," Ethan yawned. "She acts like a lady. You couldn't to save your neck."

Lorena glared at him, then broke into howls of grieved wrath and was taken upstairs to bed. This concluded her epoch as a marauder. I met her in school Monday, saw that her ribbons were all in order and marveled.

"Good morning, Joseph," she said, whereas on Friday she would have said "Hey, Joe!" and would have beaten my ribs. She became so ladylike that her entrance into church suggested the appearance of a president at inauguration or at least the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth. I think the resulting strain damaged her, for she collapsed with diphtheria in March, and after fumigation the Ross boys were shared among the town families. Mother, of course, claimed Ethan for me—to the damage of father's peace. But Ethan was not so giddy as he might have been.

"Y'know," he said, "it'll be hard on mamma if Lorena dies off. Mamma's awful fond of her—dunno why."

Ethan was a good handy liar and did not concede that he might miss Lorena himself, but the night that Mr. Ross

(Continued on Page 165)

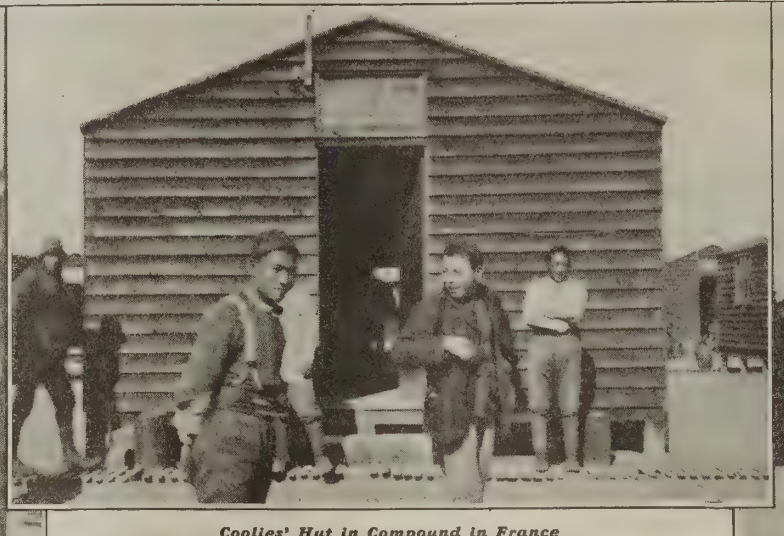
"Don't be Silly, Eth," Said Lorena With Cool Patronage. "Joe's Been to Boston and New York and He's Having a Nice Time"

Chinese Coolies and the War

By LAURENCE SALISBURY

PHOTO. BY R CHARD VANDERBLRGH

The Coolie Before He Enters the "Sausage Machine"



Coolies' Hut in Compound in France

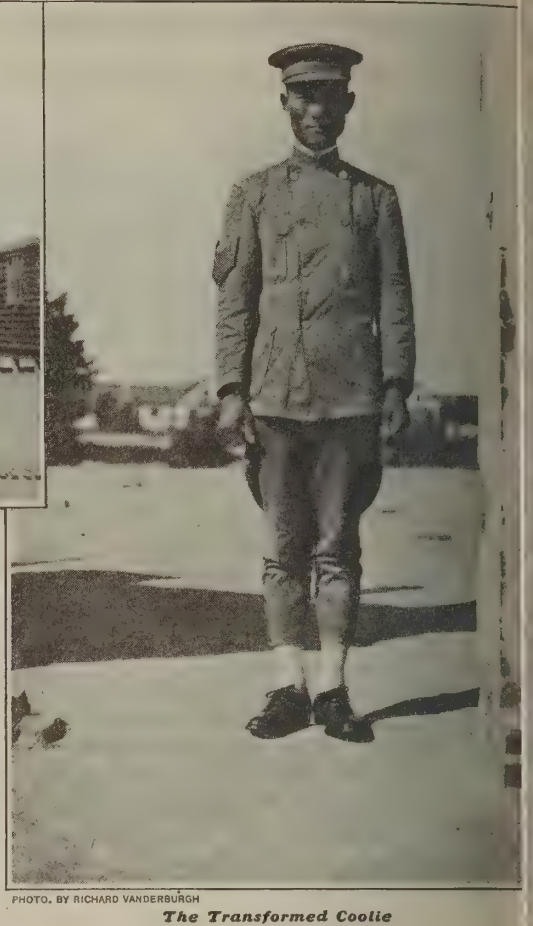


PHOTO. BY RICHARD VANDERBURGH

The Transformed Coolie

AT IRREGULAR intervals the walls of our hut trembled. For it was April, 1918, and the boche were pounding their slow and seemingly inevitable path toward the channel port, Calais. Our hut lay between that city and the enemy, the shells of the German howitzers daily creeping nearer. At this particular moment I sat in my bath, it being but nine in the morning and I being a second lieutenant in the anything but laborious Labor Corps of the British Expeditionary Force, France. And as I sat in my little portable rubber tub with its four inches of cramped water I wondered just how many hours were yet to pass before our orders "Stand ready" would become "Retreat."

The door of my room opened and a yellow face appeared. It was Hsia—pronounced She-ah—formerly of the Land of the Dragon, the land where eggs that have been interred thirty-three years are delicacies. Hsia looked at me. Only the day before he had been appointed my batman—the British term for an officer's servant. He was intensely interested in all my belongings and in my personal characteristics. Looking, he began to grin.

"Oh," he said, his knees giving way very slightly as he chuckled, "oh, master, plenty bone; no plenty meat."

That introduces the writer in a rather slender fashion. But of much greater importance, it introduces one of the one hundred thousand sons of Satan that the British Government had hired and transported from the northern provinces of China, principally Shantung, to labor behind the Western Front.

In the autumn of 1916 the ghastly decline of man power in Europe was reaching terrifying proportions. For this reason the British Government decided that coolies shipped from China would be able to labor behind the lines in France and thus release thousands of fit white men for the trenches who until this time had been working in comparative safety at unheroic but necessary occupations in the ports and other back areas. In February, 1917, the British founded two camps, one at their possession, Wei-hai-wei, the other a few miles outside Tsingtau, the late German city.

Most of the fit British had left the Orient long before 1917 to join their hard-pressed countrymen on the various fronts. So the authorities were in very great need of white men to conduct the coolies to France. That explains their reason for accepting me, an American, living at the time in Japan. As a required preliminary I went to an English doctor there for a physical examination. Upon entering his office I stated that I intended to join the work with the coolies. He looked at me.

After a moment he said, "How tall are you?"

"Five foot ten," I answered.

Without blinking he replied, "You'll do"; and signed a certificate. Evidently the British needed men.

Unfortunately when I left my blissfully calm position in Japan I was sent to Tsingtau and not to Wei-hai-wei. At the latter camp each officer was presented with a most lustrous decoration by the government at Peking, the Order of the Seven Suns, or the Medal of the Mauve Moon, or one of those dazzling awards second-class Powers are so free to bestow for bloodless heroics. If ever there was a heroism without much likelihood of shedding blood it was officering Chinese labor.

The Lure of High Wages

AT TSINGTAU, however, by way of compensation, each officer received six khaki shirts made by the foreign ladies of Shanghai, but made without regard for an individual's tendency away from avoirdupois, always size seventeen at the neck and without holes for studs. The writer's lie this day, unused, in his Chicago chiffonier, having traveled the 14,000 miles to France and the 4000 miles back to Chicago, having in that period been bombed, narrowly escaped torpedoing, having been lost during two intervals of six months each, but having always returned still size seventeen and without holes for studs, in spite of the advantages travel might have given.

The 500 coolies whom I was to conduct personally to France were waiting only a short distance north of Tsingtau, that city of silent streets where over vacant shops yet hung legends of a Fritz that had cobbled here, an Otto that h made fine pretzels there, a Heinie that had sold real me schaums beside some Hans' beer garden. The coolies we comfortably lodged in what had been an extensive s factory, formerly controlled by the Germans; twen vacant buildings, in coats of whitewash, edged the stra gling compound. Where the buildings, with blank ou walls, did not form an insurmountable boundary plenty barbed wire did. Evidently the coolies were not to allowed to change their minds. Through the central chi ney, a towering brick affair, a rough hole had been gouge it was a shell hole, witness of the bombardment of the pen sula by Japan when she captured Germany's slice of Chi

The British method of securing coolies was by adverti ment. Some people have believed the presence of coo laborers in France was the outcome of a passion on the pa of China for an Allied victory. The Chinese Governme did give, it is true, permission for the coolies to leave Chi But it did so with a glad heart, not because they might a the Allies toward success, but because the Chinese l would have fewer scoundrels with whom to deal. For t coolies come mostly from the lowest walks of Chinese li The coolies themselves did not turn to France from a fervor for the Entente cause. Fran Germany; Austria; South Bend, I diana—were equally meaningless them. But walking along one of t narrow trails—the Chinese dub th roads—a coolie would be confront with a poster in Chinese characters forming him that a great war was progress, that Chinese were wanted a period of three years to labor in s zones in France, and that each volu teer would receive sixty cents a da Never had any coolie earned such weal in a day; in a week—perhaps. For cents would be paid to the coolie's fam in China. With what ostentation th sands of coolie families have ascended one leap through several social stra may be imagined. Twenty cents a day one franc—to be paid in France!

"Ah," each coolie said to himself this point, "that will permit me to co tinue my favorite nightly pastime, which my interest never flags." referred to gambling.

(Continued on Page 124)

PHOTO. BY RICHARD VANDERBURGH

Losing the Queue

IN THE BIG TIMBER

By Victor Shawe

SUBCONSCIOUS activity of Ben Atney's mind warned him that dawn was near. Immediately he was awake. There was no restlessness or fretting, no stretching of sleep-drugged muscles. One moment he was lying relaxed and still, his breast rising and falling with the deep respiration of perfect slumber. The next instant he was sitting erect in his couch of fir boughs, methodically folding back his blankets.

Ben's morning toilet was simple. He splashed his head and face in a basin of cold water. He pulled on heavy high-topped boots, put on his vest, ran his fingers through his close-cropped yellow hair, put on his hat—was ready for the day's eventualities.

For a moment he stood in the open door of the cabin breathing the crisp fragrance of the balsam-laden air. It was early September and at that high altitude the nights were frosty cold.

Luck was in luck this time! His horses were grazing within sight. The gray mare he intended to ride was drinking at the salt trough, a hollowed fallen tree close to the cabin.

Ben took a hackamore and rope from a peg beside the door and caught the mare. He led her back and saddled her, mounted and rode at a brisk trot across the meadow. From the meadow a pole gate opened to a narrow forest trail. It was seven miles along this trail to his first lookout station. The mare covered the distance at an easy tireless lope. The sun was just rising above the horizon of timbered mountains when Ben turned the mare loose to graze and crept to the edge of a precipitous cliff.

From this eerie height on the edge of a narrow plateau he surveyed the highest ridge of a long divide the country dropped away in a myriad lesser divides and ridges and cañons to a distant valley. Beyond the checkered green and gold of the alfalfa and grain fields of the valley another great divide rose ridge upon ridge and mountain upon gigantic fold until its heights were lost in the blur of far horizons. Everywhere save in the distant valley was timber—pine and fir and spruce, hemlock tamarack and cedar—and dwelling like little people among giants were scattering groves of mountain ash and mahogany, and in the lower places round the springs and along the creek bottoms quaking asp and willow.

To such a scene Ben Atney belonged. The forests were his home; the crafts of the forests his trade; their woods the classics of his education. At an age when boys in sheltered homes learn of Sir Galahad and his fellow knights Ben in the camps of the forests of Northern Michigan learned from the lips and bold imaginings of loggers the legends of the mighty Paul Bunyun.

For you who have never before heard of this hero let it suffice that he is the boss logger of all boss loggers. Such he, so the legend has it, to whom Hiram of Tyre let the contract for felling and hewing the firs and cedars of Lebanon for King Solomon's great temple—and that wasn't so much of a job as some suppose. The loggers like more to brag of the time when Bunyun got out the timbers for Noah's ark. That contract, as everyone knows, called for the delivery of gopher wood.

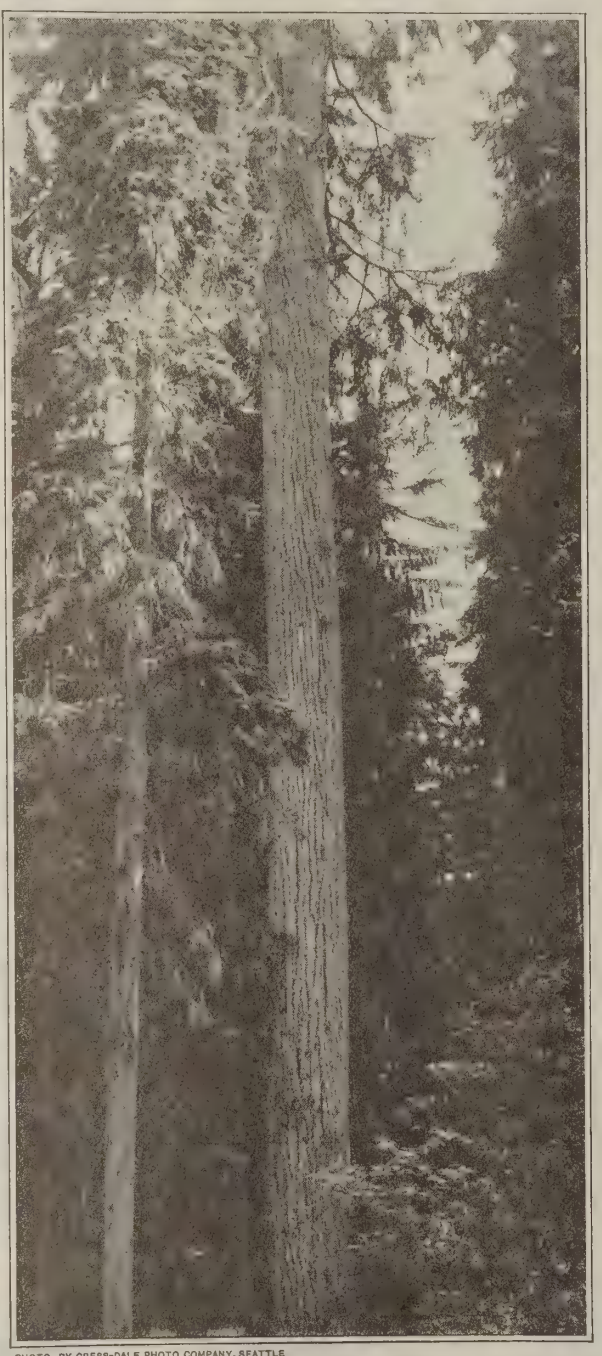


PHOTO. BY CRESS-DALE PHOTO COMPANY, SEATTLE

Of This One Tree They Would Build the House They Had Planned

But old Bunyun was something of a shipbuilder himself and he knew gopher timbers would never do. So he searched the whole world over and finally decided that Oregon fir was best suited for Noah's purpose.

According to the terms of the contract the timbers were to be delivered at Noah's shipyard, and at first Bunyun was put to it to find a way to get the logs down to the ocean. But he was a brainy fellow and it did not take him long to solve the problem.

At that time, as you will remember, the Cascade Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas formed the unbroken western shore of an inland sea that extended eastward to the Rockies. Bunyun discovered that the level of this inland sea was much higher than the level of the Pacific Ocean, so he set the Big Swede to work digging a ditch through the Cascades. The Big Swede, as loggers know, is Bunyun's foreman and has charge of all the log drives.

When the ditch was finished—to-day folks call it the Columbia River—Bunyun was ready with his logs. It took the best of his white-water boys to handle that drive, for the rush of water from the inland sea carried the logs out to the ocean in a great hurry and created such a tide that they had hardly time to gather the logs into a raft before they found themselves in Noah's home port.

Some of the scientifically inclined loggers like to argue that this sudden draining of the inland sea caused a slight shifting of the earth's center of gravity and that this shifting caused the flood about which Noah had received advance information.

But such speculations were too profound to interest Ben. By the time he had graduated from swamp hook to ax and saw he had begun to believe this fellow Bunyun wasn't such a moose of a lad after all. This was when Ben had learned to sing the Ballad of the Little Brown Bulls and logging songs that were an unconscious boast of his own increasing strength and skill.

In time he came to know the forests of the country as a commuter knows the streets of his suburb. And as he knew the forests so he knew the sawmills of the country. In Idaho there was a forest he liked the best of all the forests he had known. There was a mill there, built where the waters of a four-mile-long lake narrow into an outflowing stream. Ben had worked in many mills, but when he thought of this one—of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that had been spent in the building of it, of the mill's enormous capacity, of the economy and scope of the logging operations, he was more than ever inclined to think Paul Bunyun a sort of piddling old piker.

The men who had built the mill controlled the timber along the shores of the lake and for miles beyond. From the head of the lake they had built a V-shaped flume into the timber for a distance of nearly six miles. Skidways, some of them more than a mile and a half in length, had been constructed, angling away from the flume into the timber on each side. The logs were hauled to these skidways by teams and by means of

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Ben Had Often Seen Logs Aggregating More Than One Million Board Feet in the Water at That Mill

DANGER—RUN SLOW

New Adventures in Free Air

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

X

MR. GEOFFREY SAXTON, in Alaskan tan and New York evening clothes and Piccadilly poise, was talking to the Eugene Gilsons while Claire finished dressing for the theater.

Mrs. Gilson observed: "She's the dearest thing. We've become awfully fond of her. But I don't think she knows what she wants to do with life. She's rather at loose ends. Who is this Daggett boy—some university student—whom she seems to like?"

"Well, since you speak of him—I hadn't meant to unless you did—I want to be fair to him. What did she tell you about him?" Jeff asked confidentially.

"Nothing, except that he's a young engineer, and frightfully brave and all those uncomfortable virtues, and she met him in Yellowstone Park or somewhere, and he saved her from a bear—or was it a tramp?—from something unnecessary, at any rate."

"Eva, I don't want to be supercilious, but the truth is that this young Daggett is a rather dreadful person. He's been here at the house, hasn't he? How did he strike you?"

"Not at all. He's silent, and as dull as lukewarm tea, but perfectly inoffensive."

"Then he's cleverer than I thought! Daggett is anything but dull and inoffensive, and if he can play that estimable rôle —— It seems that he is the son of some common workman in the Middle West; he isn't an engineer at all; he's really a chauffeur or a taxi driver or something; and he ran into Claire and Henry B. on the road, and somehow insinuated himself into their graces. Far from being silent and commonplace, he appears to have some strange kind of charm which," Jeff sighed, "I don't understand at all. I simply don't understand it!

"I met him in Montana with the most gorgeously atrocious person I've ever encountered—one Pinky Westlake, or some such a name—positively a crook! He tried to get Boltwood and me interested in the commonest kind of a mining swindle—hinted that we were to join him in cheating the public. And this Daggett was his partner. But I do want to be just. I'm not sure that Daggett was aware of his partner's dishonesty. That isn't what worries me about the lad. It's his utter impossibility. He's as crude as iron ore. When he's being careful he may manage to be inconspicuous, but give him the chance ——

"Really, I'm not exaggerating when I say that at thirty-five he'll be dining in his shirt sleeves and sitting down to read the paper with his feet upon the table. But Claire—you know what a dear, quixotic soul she is—she fancies that because this fellow repaired a puncture or something of the sort for her on the road she's indebted to him, and the worse he is the more she feels that she must help him. And affairs of that kind—oh, it's quite too horrible; but there have been cases, you know, where girls as splendid and fine and well-bred as Claire herself have been trapped into low marriages by loyalty to cadging adventurers!"

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Gilson; and "Good Lord!" lamented Mr. Gilson, delighted at the possibility of tragedy, and "Really, I'm not exaggerating," said Jeff.

"What are we going to do?" demanded Mrs. Gilson; while Mr. Gilson, being of a ready and inventive mind, exclaimed: "By Jove, you ought to kidnap her and marry her yourself, Jeff!"

"I'd like to, but I'm too old."

They beautifully assured him that he was a blithe young thing with milk teeth; and with a certain satisfaction Jeff suggested: "I tell you what we might do. Of course it's an ancient stunt, but it's good. I judge that Daggett hasn't been here at the house much. Why not have him here so often that Claire will awaken to his crudity and get sick of him?"

"We'll do it!" thrilled Mrs. Gilson. "We'll have him for everything, from nine-course dinners with Grandmother Eaton's napkins on view, to milk and cold ham out of the ice box. When Claire doesn't invite him I will!"

Mr. Saxton had forgotten to explain that Milt's crook comrade, Pinky, was a parasite whom Milt could cheerfully have killed.

XI

MILT had become used to the Gilson drawing-room. He was no longer uncomfortable in the presence of its sleek fatness, though at first—not knowing that there were such resources as interior decorators—he had been convinced that to have created the room the Gilsons must have known everything in the world. Now he glanced familiarly at its white paneling, its sconces like silver candlesticks, the inevitable davenport inevitably backed by an amethyst-shaded piano lamp, and a table crowded with silver boxes and picture frames.

He liked the winsomeness of light upon velvet and polished wood.

It was not the drawing-room but the kitchen that dismayed him. In Schoenstrom he had known that there must somewhere be beautiful parlors, but he had trusted in his experience of kitchens. Kitchens, according to his philosophy, were small, smelly rooms, with bare floors, and provided with one oilcloth-covered table, one stove—the front draft always broken and propped up with the lid lifter—one cupboard with panes of tin pierced in rosettes, and one stack of dirty dishes. But the Gilson kitchen had the efficiency of a laboratory and the sleekness of a hairdresser's booth. With genuine awe Milt beheld walls of white tiles, a cork floor, a gas range large as a hotel stove, a ceiling-high refrigerator of enamel and nickel, zinc-topped tables, and a case of utensils like a surgeon's knives. It frightened him; it made more hopelessly unapproachable than ever the Alexandrian luxury of the great Gilsons. Fifth Avenue kitchens must be like this; and maybe King George's.

He was viewing the kitchen upon the occasion of the intimate Sunday-evening supper to which he had been yearningly invited by Mrs. Gilson. The maids were out. The Gilsons and Claire, Milt and Jeff Saxton shoutingly prepared their own supper. While Mrs. Gilson scrambled eggs and made coffee the others set the table and brought cold ham and a bowl of salad from the ice box.

Milt had intended to be a silent but deft servitor. When he had heard that he was to come to supper with returned Mr. Geoffrey Saxton he had first been pale, shaken, then resolved. He'd let old Iron-Face Saxton see the high and mighty. Let him stand round and show off his clothes and adjectives, the way he did at Flathead Lake. But he, Milt, would be on the job. He'd help get supper and calmly ignore Jeff's rudeness.

Only—Jeff wasn't rude. He greeted Milt with "Why, Daggett! This is so nice!" And Milt had no chance to help. It was Jeff who anticipated him and with a pleasant "Let me get that—I'm kitchen-broke," snatched up the cold ham and salad. It was Jeff who found the supper plates, while Milt stood blunderingly wondering how any one family could use a whole furniture store full of different kinds of china. It was Jeff who sprang to help Claire wheel the tea wagon, and so captured the chance to speak to her for which Milt had been maneuvering these thirty minutes.

When they were settled Milt glowed at him, and respectfully offered: "I thought of you several times, Daggett, on a recent little jaunt of mine. You'd have been helpful."

"Where was that?" asked Jeff suspiciously—wondering and watching to see whether you could get cold ham in your fingers.

"Oh, in Alaska."

"In—Alaska?" Milt was dismayed.

"Yes, just a business trip that. There's something I wish you'd advise me about."

He was humble. And Milt was uneasy. He grumbled, "What is that?"

"I've been wondering whether it would be possible to use wireless telephony in Alaska. But I'm such a dub at electricity. Do you know what would be the cost of installing a wireless-telephone plant with a hundred-mile radius?"

"Gee, I don't know!"

"Oh, so sorry. Well, I wonder if you can tell me about wireless telegraphy, then?"

"No; I don't know anything about that either."

Milt had desperately tried to make his answer gracious, somehow—he hated this deferential obsequiousness more than he hated his chilliness at Flathead Lake. He had a feeling that the Gilsons had delightedly kicked each other under the table: that for all their unchanging smile Claire was unhappy. And she was so far away, a white wraith floating beyond his frantic grasp.

"It doesn't matter, really. I didn't know. So you've sta

"Nobody Ever Proposed to Me in a Bug in a Flood Before! Life is Fun!"

he ngineering school at the University of Washing-
?" axton was purring. "Have you met Gid Childers
re-son of old Senator Childers? Charming people."
I'v seen him. He has a Durgat roadster—no, his is
Gver," sighed Milt.
e ated himself for it, but he couldn't quite keep the
ot of his voice. People with Garver racers ——
ai seemed to be trying to speak. She made a
at feminine, Claire-esque approximation to clearing
hat.
it eff ignored her and with almost osculatory affec-
ntinued to Milt: "Do let me know if there's
h g I can do to help you. We're acquainted with two
rs of your engineering faculty at the office. They
. about various things. Do you happen to know
c Philgren?"
)l yes! Say, he's a wonder!" Milt was betrayed into
ling.
. Good chap, I believe. He's been trying to get a
vi us. We may give him one. Just tell him you're a
d f mine, and that he's to give you any help he can."
il choked on a "Thanks."
A l—now that we're just the family here together—
gs the financial side? Can I be of any assistance in
cing you to some firm where you could do a little
a the side? You could make quite a little money."
o nfoundedly affectionate and paternal.
ilsaid irritably: "Thanks, but I don't need to do any
k. I've got plenty of money."
Hw pleasant!" Sax-
s oice was smooth
a hmallow. "You're
nte. I had quite a
gle to get through
con."
an't Mr. Gilson con-
tg Saxton's silk
t ith Milt's darned
o covering, and in
t f that contrast
-ng at Milt's
stand Saxton's
ley? Milt be-
e overheated.
calp prickled
is shoulder
le were damp.
Sxton turned
him and
rd to Claire,
o ham, honey?"
t ated himself.
vs in much of
dmatic but un-
role position of
n in pyjamas,
vy good pyjamas, who
en locked out in the
corridor by the slam-
gf his door. He was in
f me of mind of a mon-
f a real boy's dog, at
ison Square dog show.
ld a shrewd suspicion
Sxton's game. But
could he do about it?

He felt even more out of place when the family forgot
nd talked about people of whom he had never heard;
Cub and Kit and Hal. He sat alone on an extremely
t desert isle and ate cold ham and wished he were
Schoenstrom.

Claire had recovered her power of speech. She seemed
b trying to bring him into the conversation. She hesi-
e and thought with creased brows, and brought out:
"uh, oh—oh Milt, how much is gas selling at now?"

Milt left that charming and intimate supper party at
e He said, "Got to work on—on my analytical geom-
y' as though it was a lie; and he threw "Good night"
Sxton as though he hated his kind, good benefactor;
hen he tried to be gracious to Mrs. Gilson the best he
l get out was "Thanks f' inviting me."
They expansively saw him to the door. Just as he
ght that he had escaped Saxton begged: "Oh, Dag-
I was arguing with a chap—what color are Holstein-
an cattle? Red?"
'lack and white," Milt said eagerly.
heard Mrs. Gilson giggle.
stood on the terrace wiping his forehead and without
ast struggle finally and irretrievably admitting that
uld never see Claire Boltwood or any of her friends
. Not—never!

XII

He HAD received from Mrs. Gilson a note inviting him
to share their box at the first night of a three-night
season. He had spent half a day in trying to think of
rteously rude way of declining.

A straggly little girl came up from the candy shop below his room, demanding: "Say, are you Mr. Daggett? Say, there's some woman wants to talk to you on our telephone. Say, tell them we ain't supposed to be no messenger office. You ain't supposed to call no upstairs people on our telephone. We ain't supposed to leave the store and go trotting all over town to —— Gee, a nickel! Gee, thank you. Don't mind what ma says; she's always kicking."

On the telephone he heard Claire's voice in an agitated "Milt! Meet me downtown, at the Imperial Motion Picture Theater right away. Something I've got to tell you. I'll be in the lobby. Hurry!"

"Some Day I Hope I Can Get a Clever Woman Like You to Help Me, Mrs. Corey. I Wish You'd Explain That—Overture They Call it, Don't They?"

When he bolted in she was already in the lobby agitatedly looking over a frame of stills. She ran to him, hooked her fingers in his lapel, poured out: "They've invited you to the opera. I want you to come and put it all over them. Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Come to the opera and be awf'ly aloof and supercilious. You can! Yes, you can! And be sure—wear evening clothes. Now I've got to hurry."

"B-but ——"

"Don't disappoint me. I depend on you. Oh, say you will!"

"I will!"

She was gone, whisking into the Gilson limousine. He was in a glow at her loyalty, in a tremor of anger at the meddlers.

But he had never worn evening clothes. He called it a dress suit, and before the complications of that exotic garb he was flabby with anxiety. To Milt and to Schoenstrom—to Bill McGolwey, even to Professor Jones and the greasily prosperous Heinie Rauskukle—the dress suit was the symbol and proof, the indication and manner of sophisticated wealth. In Schoenstrom even waiters do not wear dress suits. For one thing there aren't any waiters. There is one waitress at the Leipzig House, Miss Annie Schweigenblat, but you wouldn't expect Miss Schweigenblat to deal them off the arm in black trousers and braid down the side.

No; a dress suit was what the hero wore in the movies; and the hero in the movies, when he wasn't a cow-puncher, was an ex-captain of the Yale football team, and had chambers and a valet. You could tell him from the valet because he wasn't so bald.

How could he get away with a dress suit? How could he keep from feeling foolish in a low-cut vest, and what the deuce would he do with the tails? Did you part 'em or roll 'em up when you sat down? And wouldn't everybody be able to tell from his foolish look that he didn't belong in one? He could hear messenger boys and loafers in front of pool rooms whispering: "Look at the piker in the rented soup-and-fish!"

For of course he'd rent one. Nobody bought them—except plutes like Henry B. Boltwood.

He agitatedly walked up and down for an hour, peering into haberdashery windows, looking for a kind-faced young man. He found him, in Ye Pall Mall Toggery Shoppe and Shoes; an open-faced young man who was gazing through the window as sparklingly as though he was thinking of going as a missionary to India—and liked curry. Milt ironed out his worried face, clumped in, demanded fraternally: "Say, old man, don't some of these gents' furnishings stores have kind of little charts that tell just what you wear with dress suits and Prince Alberts and everything?"

"You bet," said the kind-faced young man.

West of Zanesville, "You bet" means "rather" and "yes, indeed" and "on the whole I should be inclined to fancy that there may be some vestiges of accuracy in your curious opinion" and "you're a liar but I can't afford to say so."

The kind-faced young man brought from behind the counter a beautiful brochure illustrated with photographs of Phœbus Apollo in what were described as "American Beauty Garments—neat, natty, nobby, new." The center pages faithfully catalogued the ties, shirts, cuff links, spats, boots, hats—to wear with evening clothes, morning clothes, riding clothes, tennis costumes, polite mourning.

As he looked it over Milt felt that his wardrobe already contained all these gentlemanly possessions. With the aid of the clerk and the chart he purchased a tradition-haunted garment with a plate-armor bosom and an opening as crooked as the Missouri River; a white tie which in his strong red hands looked as silly as a dead fish; waistcoat, pearl links and studs. For the first time, except for seizures of madness during two or three visits to Minneapolis motor-accessory stores, he caught the shopping fever. The long shining counter, the trim red-stained shelves, the glittering cases, the racks of flaunting ties—were beautiful to him, and beckoning. But he fought his way out.

He bought pumps—which cost exactly twice as much as the largest sum which he had allowed himself. He bought a newspaper, and in the want columns found the advertisement:

SILBERFARB, THE SOCIETY TAILOR
DRESS SUITS TO RENT
SNAPPIEST IN THE CITY

Despite the superlative snappiness of Mr. Silberfarb's dress suits his establishment was a loft over a delicatessen, approached by a splintery stairway along which hung shabby signs announcing the upstairs offices of J. L. & T. J. O'Regan, Private Detectives; The Zenith Spiritualist Church, Messages by Rev. Lulu Paughouse; The International Order of Live Ones, Seattle Wigwam; and Mme. Lavourie, Sulphur Baths. The dead air of the hallway suggested petty crookedness. Milt felt that he ought to fight somebody, but there being no one to fight he banged along the flapping boards of the second-floor hallway to the ground-glass door of Silberfarb, the Society Tailor, who was also, as an afterthought on a straggly placard, Pressng & Cleang While U Wait.

He belligerently shouldered into a low room. The light from the one window was almost obscured by racks of musty-smelling black clothes which stretched away from him in two dismal aisles that resembled a morgue of unhappy dead men indecently hung up on hooks. On a long, clumsily carpentered table a small man, collarless, sweaty, unshaven, was darning trousers under an

(Continued on Page 98)

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXVII

WINT CHASE lay awake for a while, the night he had given his orders to Marshal Jim Radabaugh. He had many things to occupy his thoughts. There was in him none of the elation that might have been expected; he had no zest for the fight that was ahead of him. He was, rather, depressed and doubtful of the wisdom of what he had done, and doubtful of his own strength and determination to carry it through. He was acutely aware that a great many people would say: "Well, Wint's got a nerve. A fish like him trying to make Hardiston dry. I'll bet he's got a cellarful." They would say this, and they would have a right to say it. Wint thought, miserably enough, that he had been foolish to start trouble. He might better have let well enough alone.

The boy's stubbornness had played him false more than once in the past; this time it was to do him a good turn. A less stubborn person would have backed down under the weight of these misgivings; would have canceled the orders given Radabaugh and let matters slide along as they had slid in the past. But Wint, though he dreaded the ridicule that would follow what he had done, felt himself committed. They would laugh! Well, let them laugh! His jaw set; he swore to go on at any cost. On this determination he slept at last.

In spite of his wakefulness Wint was first downstairs in the morning. Hetty, sweeping out the sitting room, encountered him. He had not seen her the day before except when his father and mother were about. Then she had avoided his eye.

Now she looked at him sullenly and said: "Much obliged for getting me to bed, Wint."

"That's all right, Hetty, I remember you did as much for me."

She laughed harshly and defiantly. "Sure I did."

Her eyes were watchful and on guard. Wint guessed that she expected him to reproach her, to warn her, to bid her mend her ways. But he did nothing of the kind.

"Forget it," he said. "It wasn't anything."

Something wistful crept into her eyes, as though she would have said more. But Mrs. Chase came downstairs and Hetty went on with her work, while Mrs. Chase volubly directed her.

After breakfast Wint and his father walked downtown together. The elder Chase asked stiffly: "Well, how did you find Amos?"

"Same as ever," Wint said.

"Suppose he's home for the summer."

"I guess so."

He wondered whether to tell his father what he had done; but something held his tongue. It may have been diffidence, a reluctant feeling that to tell his father this would be like an effort to justify himself in the elder Chase's eyes. It may have been uncertainty as to what attitude the older man would take. It may have been a shrewd guess at the truth—that Chase would attribute the move to Amos, and oppose it on that ground. Wint had no illusions about his father's attitude toward the congressman. Chase held Amos as his enemy without compromise.

As they reached the first stores on the outskirts of the business section of Hardiston they met Ned Bentley and another man and exchanged greetings. Bentley grinned at Wint in a friendly way, and Wint knew that Bentley had heard of his order to Radabaugh.

The elder Chase saw something had passed between them and asked Wint: "What's Bentley grinning about?"

"Why, I don't know," said Wint. "He's usually pretty good-natured."

He flushed at his own evasion, but the older man did not press the question, and a little later they separated.

"What's the Matter?" Wint Asked. "Anything Wrong?" "Of Course Not. Don't be a Kid. Can't I Have a Grouch if I Want To?"

Foster, the city solicitor—Foster was an earnest young fellow, and took his office seriously—was waiting for Wint in what passed as Wint's office, off the main room above the fire-engine house.

Foster looked flurried, and he said quickly: "Look here, Wint, Radabaugh says you told him to clean up the town."

Wint nodded idly, fumbling among the papers on his desk. "Yes, I did."

"Well, what's the idea?" Foster demanded excitedly. "What's the idea, anyway?"

"The idea is to—clean up the town," Wint told him.

"You're in earnest?"

"Yes."

"You mean—to stop bootlegging?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord!" said Foster.

The solicitor's consternation gave Wint confidence. He asked: "Why, what's wrong with that?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. But you'll surely start something."

"I mean to stop something."

"There'll be an awful row."

Wint said quietly: "If you don't want to come through—if you don't want to make it stick, help me out—why, now's the time to say so, and get out."

"Good Lord!" Foster cried. "Of course I'll stick! Nothing suit me better. I'm—I tell you, you don't know what you've started. But I'm with you, Wint. All along the line. Absolutely!"

Wint said: "That's good."

"It's a great chance for me," Foster said. Wint chuckled. "Ought to do you and H diston both some good."

"Prosecuting all those cases."

"Oh, there won't be m cases," Wint said cheerfully.

"A lot you know! Why w there?"

"Because," said Wint, "I'm ing to see that the first man in gets soaked good and proper. going to put the fear of—the of me into them."

"You can't scare those fello

"Well," Wint admitted, " may be so, but I'm surely g to try."

Foster had amused him and couraged him; but when Fo was gone and he was left alon depression of the night befor turned. He locked his door. did not want to see people. he sat down to think.

Radabaugh came in a littl fore noon to report what he done. Wint listened, studying marshal.

"Think Lutcher will straight?" he asked.

"I should think so."

"How about Mrs. Moody?

"She'll need watching."

"See that you watch her."

"I'm right on the job," R baugh assured him easily; and knew the marshal meant wh said. "I've left 'em run be because there wasn't any made. If you say shut 'em o do it, that's all."

"I do say it," Wint told He got up and gripped the ot shoulder, something of the ex ment of the coming fight al stirring in him. "Jim, we'll Hardiston dry as a bone."

Radabaugh spat. "We-ell, drawled, "it don't take booze to wet a bone. But we to it the stuff don't go slo round the gutters anyways."

For his lunch Wint went t Sam O'Brien's restaurant. liked the place—the long, counter, scrubbed white as deck of a ship; the revolving s before the counter; the shelv which bottles of mustards ketchups and spices were ra and big Sam O'Brien in his white apron presiding over it all. There was a mecha piano which played a tune for a nickel in the back c restaurant, and it was jangling and tinkling when went in. Half a dozen men were there before him; they grinned when they saw Wint, and spoke among t selves.

Sam O'Brien welcomed him with a chuckle. O'B was a jocular man. He set plate and knife and fork thick glassful of water before Wint, and spread his h on the counter, and asked in a booming voice: " how's your appetite, you bold crusader?"

Wint flushed and said uncomfortably: "Cut it Sam!"

The restaurant proprietor had his own ideas of a and he made the most of them. At Wint's words he t back his head and laughter poured out of him. He ro he slapped his great fist on the counter.

"Cut it out?" he repeated. "Oh, Wint, you'r funny man. Cut it out, he says! The whole blamed t 'The booze is getting you, Hardiston. Cut it out says!" He bellowed the words. "Cut it out! Cut it Oh, Wint, you'll be the death o' me."

There was never any use resenting Sam O'Brien. laughed and said: "I'll be the death of you if you get me something to eat, Sam. Get a move on you carcass."

After lunch he had a word or two with men upo street; but he did not want to talk to them. He w to get out of their way, out of sight. His nerves beginning to jangle; he wanted something to ha There was hanging over him a storm; he wanted the s

brek. He had a thought of going to V. R. Kite and
gir a defiance in that old buzzard's gold-filled teeth.
lild to think of Kite as an old buzzard; the phrase
ase him. Men will always be pleased to find they have
d ords tellingly. The gift of speech is what distin-
she man from the animals; it is right that he should
ntumself upon it.
uin the end Wint did not go to Kite; he went to
ov's office and hid himself in a back room with a law
k. Neither Dick nor his father was there when he
ve; he counted on not being disturbed. He did not
nt to be disturbed. He wanted to be let alone. He was
tr tful of himself, of his motives and of his powers.
n idafternoon the telephone rang; and he answered,
ecng a call for one or the other of the Hoovers.
Bu when he spoke into the instrument someone said,
t s you, Wint?"
Heaid it was; and the someone said, "This is Joan."
Wi said, "Oh!" He was uncomfortable, wondering
at ne wanted, why she had called.
"I e just heard what you've done," she said.
"Vat's that?" Wint asked. "Done what?"
"Aout how you're going to—to clean up Hardiston."
"(, that," said Wint. "Yes?"
"Cntral told me I could probably get you at the Hoover
ce'
"Ys; yes, I'm here."
"Ihought you might like to know that I'm glad you're
ng to do this."
"Iat's all right," he said awkwardly. The old stubborn
ament at any praise was awake in him; but there was
mous tincture of happiness too.
"Is a good fight, Wint," she said. "And—you'll win."
Wit laughed uneasily. "Oh, sure," he said.
H did not want to talk about it; and Joan understood
d did good-by. Wint stared thoughtfully at the tele-
on for a while; then he went back to his probing into
e usty recesses of the
r nich he found so live
d ital.
B: he was unable to
epis thoughts upon the
ol They wandered. He
pthinking about V. R.
te He kept wondering
ha Kite would do. And
vished insistently that
never Kite meant to do
vuld do quickly. Wint
sired of waiting for the
on to break.

XXVIII

F. R. KITE had been
wse enough to let Wint
vely alone in the days
afollowed it is not at all
nrobable that Wint's
slution would have
eiened. But if knaves
ei wise they would not
e naves. So instead of
ei left alone with his
epression and his doubts
f imself Wint was at-
ced front and flank; and
n stimulus of battle
red to be exactly what
e eeded to forge his de-
ermination and whip his
orage to the sticking
ot.
ite first heard the news
f what Wint had done
on Lutcher, the amiable
an in the distinctive vest,
lse stock in trade Jim
Radabaugh had put under
el. Lutcher went
tightway to Kite when
Radabaugh left him; and
found Kite still ignorant
f what had come to pass.
Lcher took a decided
lisure in breaking the
ws to Kite.
Ie found the little tur-
of a man at his desk in
bazaar; and he stuck
thumbs into the arm-
es of his vest and said
his husky whispering
ce: "Well, Kite, we're
sed up."
Kite had greeted Lutcher
pleasantly as he greeted
yone. He was a little
aid of the big bald man,
and Lutcher knew it. He was as much afraid of Lutcher as Lutcher was of Jim Radabaugh. But he forgot to be afraid of Lutcher in this moment. He came up out of his chair like a jack-in-the-box—and Kite looked not unlike the conventional jack-in-the-box with his lean neck and his poised head and his side whiskers flying—and snapped at Lutcher: "What's that you say?"

Lutcher grinned and wheezed: "I say we're closed up."

"Closed up?" Kite repeated in something like a shout. "Closed up? What do you mean? Talk English, man!"

Lutcher ran his thick finger round the soft collar of his silken shirt. "I mean Radabaugh's given orders not to sell any more stuff," he said. "What did you think I meant?"

"You're crazy!" said Kite flatly. "Radabaugh wouldn't dare do that."

"Well, he's done it!"

"Jim Radabaugh? The marshal?"

"Sure!" said Lutcher impatiently. "Can't you hear what I say? Came and sealed me up this morning. Said it was orders."

"Orders? Whose orders?"

"Mayor's."

Kite's clenched fists went into the air. "He can't do that," he said fiercely. "I won't stand for it. If he tries to do that I'll leave town. Or I'll kill the pup. Or kill myself. I won't stand for it, I tell you, Lutcher!"

"Don't tell me," said Lutcher, amiable again in the face of the other's excitement. "Don't tell me; tell the mayor."

Kite stood for a minute with staring thoughtful eyes, as though Lutcher were not there. Then he grabbed his hat and started for the street. Lutcher looked after him, grinning with amusement.

"The old buzzard does take it hard," he told himself. "Well, I should worry. What's he up to now?"

Kite had disappeared. When Lutcher got to the street the little man was no longer in sight. Lutcher wondered what Kite had set off to do; and he loitered for a while in the hope of seeing the little man again. Kite's fury amused him. But Kite had not returned when Jim Radabaugh drifted into sight; and Lutcher did not want to see Jim again, so he effaced himself. He saw Jim go into the bazaar and come out again and stop at the Journal office; and after a little Kite came down the street from the court house, and Radabaugh emerged from the Journal office and followed Kite into the bazaar. Lutcher wished he could be near enough to hear what they said, but there was no chance of it, so he departed.

Kite held on to himself while he talked with Radabaugh; but when the marshal was gone the little man, in the shelter of his desk, fretted and jerked in his chair in a tempest of furious anger. There was no doubt about it; he did take this news hard. But one watching with a seeing eye might have discovered in Kite's anger something else—a touch of panic. Perhaps fear is always a part of anger; perhaps it is one of the springs from which anger flows. But in the case of Kite his fear and panic tended to quiet him and steady him and bid him go slowly and watch his every move. There had been a day when he would have leaped into such a fight as this, a terrible and furious figure. But Kite was getting old. There was something senile and pitiful in his fury now.

There in the rear of his busy little shop, with customers going and coming and the clerks laughing together, Kite twisted his fingers together and beat at his head with his clenched hands and tried to think what to do. He had been so sure that Wint would never take this step; he had been so sure that with Wint as mayor Hardiston would be safely and securely wet. He had been so sure of Amos Caretall's good will. Chase and Jack Routt had warned him; but he had not believed their warnings, because he did not wish to believe. Wint was a drinker; it was just common sense that Wint would let the town go on as it had gone in the past. Kite had counted on it.

And now Wint had betrayed him. That was the word that sprang into Kite's mind. Wint had betrayed him. He felt an honest indignation at the mayor. He was more indignant than he had been when Wint had called him a buzzard. He had accepted that good-naturedly enough. Hard names broke no bones; besides, Wint had been quite obviously suffering from an overnight bout that morning. Kite knew the mood; he was not surprised; and he was not resentful.

But this was different—damnably different. This was out-and-out treachery—betrayal. He had helped elect Wint; now Wint turned against him.

Kite felt acutely sorry for himself; he felt acutely reproachful toward Wint. And when Jack Routt dropped in, half an hour after Jim Radabaugh had gone, with a triumphant light in his eyes, Kite told him so.

"I didn't think Wint would do it," he said dolefully. "Routt, I didn't suppose Wint would do this to me."

Routt chuckled. "It's not Wint's doing," he said. "I told you this was coming, you know. It's Amos."

But Kite was in no mood for rage at Amos. "I don't know," he said. "This looks like Wint's doing. It's a boy's trick. A man like Amos would have seen the harm for Hardiston in such a move. No, Jack, Wint did this—himself."

Routt shook his head. "I know better. You get after Amos, and Wint will come to heel. I know them both, I tell you."

"I can't believe it," Kite insisted. "What motive could he possibly have?"

(Continued on Page 82)

"Come Sit Here With Me," She Invited. "That Chair's Not Comfortable"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I DO not believe that the bully and braggart is more in evidence in Kentucky and Texas than in other commonwealths of the Union, except that each of these states is by the space writers made the favorite arena of his exploits and adopted as the scene of the comic stories told at his expense. The son of a gun from Bitter Creek, like the elegant gentleman from the Dark and Bloody Ground, represents a certain type to be found more or less developed in each and every state of the Union. He is not always a coward. Driven, as it were, to the wall, he will often make good.

He is, as a rule, in quest of adventures. He enters the village and approaches the mêlée. "Is it a free fight?" says he. Assured that it is, "Count me in," says he. Ten minutes later—"Is it still a free fight?" he says; and, again assured, says he, "Count me out."

Once the greatest of bullies provoked old Aaron Pennington, "the strongest man in the world," who struck from the shoulder and landed his victim in the middle of the street. Here he lay in a helpless heap until they carted him off to the hospital, where for a day or two he flickered between life and death. "'Foh' God," said Pennington, "I barely teched him."

This same bully threatened that when a certain mountain man came to town he would finish him. The mountain man came. He was enveloped in an old-fashioned cloak, presumably concealing his armament, and walked about ostentatiously in the proximity of his boastful foeman, who remained as passive as a lamb. When, having failed to provoke a fight, he had taken himself off, an onlooker said: "Bill, I thought you were going to do him up?"

"But," says Bill, "did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him. What of that?"

"Why," exclaimed the bully, "that man was a walking arsenal."

Aaron Pennington, the strong man just mentioned, was, in his younger days, a river pilot. Billy Hite, a short, stocky man, was clerk. They had a disagreement, when Aaron told Billy that if he caught him on "the harrican deck" he would pitch him overboard. The next day Billy appeared while Aaron, off duty, was strolling up and down outside the pilot house, and strolled offensively in his wake. Never a hostile glance or a word from Aaron. At last, tired of the dumb show, Billy broke forth with a torrent of imprecation, closing with "When are you going to pitch me off the boat, you blankety-blank son of a gun and coward?"

Aaron Pennington was a brave man. He was both fearless and self-possessed. He paused, gazed quizzically at his tormentor and says he: "Billy, you got a pistol, and you want to get a pretext to shoot me, and I ain't going to give it to you."

II

AMONG the hostels of Christendom the Galt House, of Louisville, for a long time occupied a foremost place and held its own. It was burned to the ground fifty years ago and a new Galt House was erected, not upon the original site, but upon the same street a block above.

Aris Throckmorton, its manager in the thirties, the forties and the fifties, was a personality and a personage. The handsomest of men and the most illiterate, he exemplified the characteristics and peculiarities of the days of the river steamer and the stage coach, when mine host felt it his duty to make the individual acquaintance of his patrons and each and severally to look after their comfort. Many stories are told at his expense; of how he made a formal call upon Dickens—it was, in point of fact, Maryat—in his apartment, to be coolly told that when its occupant wanted him he would ring for him; and of how, investigating a strange box which had newly arrived from Florida, the prevailing opinion being that the live animal within was an alligator, he exclaimed "Alligator, hell, a scorponicum.

Old Aaron Pennington, "the Strongest Man in the World," Struck From the Shoulder and Landed His Victim in the Middle of the Street

died at length, to be succeeded by his son John, a different character. And thereby hangs a tale.

John Throckmorton, like Aris his father, was one of handsomest of men. Perhaps because he was so he be the victim of one of the strangest of feminine whi and human freaks. There was a young girl in Louis named Ellen Godwin. Meeting him at a public ba fell violently in love with him. Upon his not recipr ing this and refusing to pursue the acquaintance, sh gan to dog his footsteps. She dressed herself in black and took up a position in front of the Galt H and when he came out and wherever he went she foll him. No matter how long he stayed, when he peared she was on the spot and watch.

He took himself away to San Francisco. It was bu matter of a few weeks when she was there too. He hie thence to Liverpool and stepped upon the dock she was. She had got wi his going, and having caug earlier steamer preceded

Finally the War of Sec arrived. John Throckm became a Confederate of and being able to keep he of the lines he had a re four years. But when afte war he returned to Louis the quarry began again.

He was wont to call he Hell's Delight. Finally night as he was passing market she rushed out rained upon him blow blow with a frozen rabbit

Then the authorities t hand. She was arraigne disorderly conduct and bro before the court of police. the town, which knew no of the case and accepted goings on as proof of w rose and she had a veri ovation, coming away wit ing colors. This, howe served to satisfy her. Th forward she desisted and poor John Throckmorto peace.

I knew her well. She once in a while to come an me, having some story or to tell. On one occasion I to her: "Ellen, why do pursue this man in this way? What possible good it do you?" She looked straight in the eye and s replied: "Because I love h

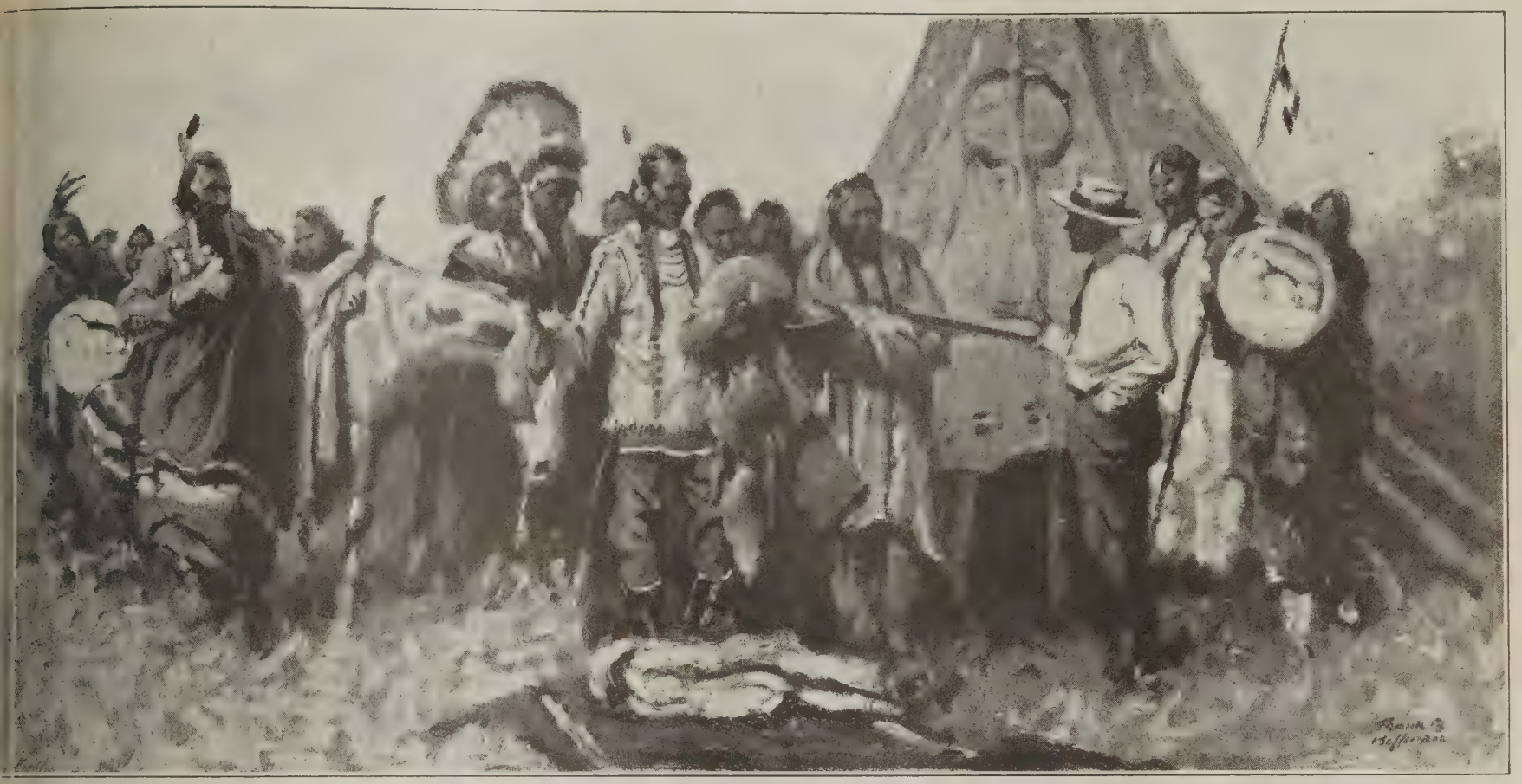
I investigated the closely and thoroughly and assured, as he had assured that he had never done the slightest wrong. She occasionally told me the s thing, and this I fully belie

He was a man, every of him, and a gentle through and through—the soul of honor in his tra tions of every sort—n highly respected and este wherever he was known— his life was made half a fa and wholly unhappy by crazy Jane, the general pu taking appearances for gra and willing to believe not good of one who, albeit p and honorable, held defia aloof, disdaining self-defe

On the whole I have known many men m

(Concluded on Page 165

The Autobiography of a Race Horse



Barney Stuck Round With That Old Indian Half the Day, Arguing and Talking, and What He Enjoyed Most Was the Fact That the Indian Did Not Have Any Money

VIII

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

AS I TOLD you in the last chapter, the opening of the Cherokee Strip was postponed until early in the fall. As well as I can remember, it was in Septem-. So we stayed round there just waiting for the big as many others did who—like us—were a little early aiving for history's most historic land drive.

Of course some years before we came Oklahoma proper d been opened up. That was in 1889, because at that the United States Government had not made all rangements with the Indians for the ceding of the kee Strip; and in fact the Kickapoo Reservation was t pened up until three years after our visit.

The first grand rush into Oklahoma proper was spec-ur enough. Still I think it was generally conceded that e pening of the Cherokee Strip was if anything more so. h always been a matter of surprise that more abundant ributions to literature did not find their inception in r pictures of this stirring event.

Away back in 1834 special reservations were set apart e Government of the United States for what were alled the five civilized Indian tribes, and down there t Indian Territory, which is now generally spoken of Oklahoma, they established governments on a civilized ol; and it is interesting to know that even at that date small newspapers were published in the Chero-ongue, Sequoyah's famous alphabet being used. story of these tribes, their customs and the various ents which led up to the final settling of Oklahoma s one of the most interesting chapters in American try.

the surroundings sustained the air of mystery and nature with which the territory as a partially unex-ld country had before that time been invested. Pre-r to its regular settlement the records of the United s courts at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Paris, Texas, ul boast that no other courts in the Union had such ly records. At that time it was stated that nine-ns of the American outlaws made that part of the ntry their stamping ground. It was ideal from standpoint of the lawbreaker, because the adjacent an Territory with its miles upon miles of wild, primi-and uninhabited country furnished an unexcelled ezvous for criminals. Many of these gentry were still e when the land was thrown open to white home ers.

You can imagine what a bizarre crowd assembled to for the big drive. It was the one place where nothing ted but the man himself. It didn't matter where he from or why he left that place. The great majority, urse, were good citizens, who had journeyed from ed-out farms in the East or from unirrigated deserts e West, intent upon making new homes for themselves and their families. But on the other hand was an army of adventurers who had no idea of settling, but came rather in the hope of procuring some land and selling it again as soon as possible thereafter.

Then there were the camp followers of both sexes—the gamblers, bootleggers and land pirates of every description. As I say, one could not expect to be taken at the valuation of the people in the little town he came from back home. He was sitting in a game now where nothing counted but the ability to outgeneral, outlast or outgame the other fellow without any assistance from the outside.

No matter what governmental care was taken of the Indians in the Far West, it is quite certain that those of the territory were pretty well looked after. When Oklahoma proper was opened in 1889 the Indians were possessed of landholdings which were out of all proportion to their numbers. For instance, it could be found that only eighty-nine members of the old Iowa tribe were in existence, but they held two hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and eighteen acres of reservation.

The Sacs and Foxes numbered four hundred and fifty-seven, according to the Government's census, and they held four hundred and seventy-nine thousand acres. The Cherokees were the largest living tribe in point of membership. They numbered nearly twenty-two thousand, but under the original agreement with the United States Government they claimed ownership to five million and thirty-one thousand acres of as good land as ever lay out of doors. The Cherokee Strip itself was fifty miles wide, running west of the Arkansas River and south of the Kansas border. The land for the most part was beautiful rolling prairie; hence the universal desire to participate in the apportionment of it when opened up to white settlers.

The story of the early settlement of Oklahoma proper and the other reservations reads more like the records of an army of occupation than anything else. More than that, it erected the monument to celebrate the last grand stand of the American Argonauts. It is reasonable to state that there were very few men and women who had any of the old gypsy blood in them or who loved the adventurous life attendant upon the activities of the early settler that did not take part in one of the races for land down Oklahoma way.

They say that the site of one city was chosen by a little party of enterprising individuals who went into the old Oklahoma territory on an excursion train, stopped when a suitable place was found on the prairie, staked off their respective holdings and before night a good-sized town had sprang into being and the first edition of a daily newspaper was on the street. It is also recorded that between daylight and dark of the opening day the city of Guthrie sprang into existence with a population of ten thousand people. What would you think if I told you that the Cherokee Strip was settled in half a day? Well, it was!

The tragedy or comedy of the whole thing was that when the bugle sounded and the cannons boomed, giving the signal for the mighty army of land seekers to advance, they went helter-skelter in every kind of conveyance that would add celerity to movement. Everybody pressed forward as if in search for the mythical golden skillet at the end of the rainbow and they passed over land which—had they known it—housed the wealth of a gorgeous Midas.

Nobody was thinking about petroleum, and though in the winter of 1893 sand rock containing marked indications of petroleum was found round Stillwater at a depth of a hundred feet, nobody paid much attention to that. Why should they? They didn't come down to drill for oil. They were looking for land that would grow the biggest corn or the heaviest oats or the most abundant yield of wheat, and though an eminent scientist made an official report and almost prophesied the eventual location of these immense oil fields now in existence, which have made thousands of men rich overnight beyond the dreams of avarice, no one thought of the wise man's tip for nearly twenty years afterward and he was gathered to his fathers before he knew that his original diagnosis had been established.

A good many funny things happened while we were waiting, and during the interim I took part in a race for the smallest stake I ever was destined to compete for. One day when my master was away an old Indian came along with a little pony not over thirteen and a half hands high. He wanted to make a match race with one of our horses. He was a very tall Indian and when he rode up on his little old pony it seemed as if his feet were not more than a foot from the ground, but he was very serious and wanted to have a race.

Of course this was Barney's delight. He stuck round with that old Indian half the day, arguing and talking, and what he enjoyed most, I suspect, was the fact that the Indian did not have any money. He had some pelts, among which I remember a couple of wildcat hides. He wanted to stake them against a hundred dollars in money.

Of course at that time they were not worth any such amount, though they would be nowadays, and Barney argued round until the Indian agreed to put them up against ten dollars. He also had a beautiful beaded hunting shirt and moccasins which he staked against a couple

(Continued on Page 97)

The Wrong Hat on the Right Mar

"There's the Poetic Side of it Too. A Man's Hat is More Faithful to Him Than His Dog. The More of a Bum He is the Closer it'll Stick to Him"

By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

SAVAGE, chief salesman in Squires' hat store on Broadway in the forties, took Joe O'Brien, salesman in ordinary, by the arm and led him to one side.

"That's the second man you've let get away from you this morning." Savage, for reasons hereinafter given, hated O'Brien too much to use the brief appellation by which he was affectionately known in the store. "I've been watching you."

"I dare say," said O'Brien. "And what do you make of it?"

"You had him cinched. The man wanted the hat."

"He did."

"And you let him get away."

"I did." O'Brien raised his voice—as was to be expected of a man with red hair and freckles on the back of his neck when speaking to a man he detested. "He asked me how the hat looked. I told him it looked like the devil. You wouldn't expect me to lie, would you?"

Tall Savage towered above and glowered down at his defiant, athletic enemy.

"You're a devil of a salesman," he growled, thrusting out his under jaw. "Men don't come in here for advice. They come for hats. Any hat looks good on any man, and any man's money looks good to me."

"You ought to have been a pickpocket," O'Brien retorted with a jerk. "I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Will Savage: I'll not violate my artistic conscience for you or anybody else. The hat didn't look well on that man, I tell you, and I wasn't going to lie to him."

"Artistic conscience, rats! How about the boss' interests? You take his money, don't you? The ghost walks every Saturday night and keeps you in your boarding house, don't it? Take a tip from me, young feller! It's your business to sell hats, not keep 'em in stock."

"You want to stay in business, don't you? You want to increase your business, don't you?" retorted O'Brien. "Well, take a tip from me, Mr. Will Savage! The man that tells the truth will stay in business longer than the man that flatters 'em."

"I don't flatter," Savage snarled; "but I don't let a customer get away like you did. If we haven't got what he wants I make him want something we've got. If he don't know it don't look good—that's his business."

"But it would look good on him if any hat looks good on any man," O'Brien sneered.

Both men were white with temper. Each would have liked to punch the other's head right then and there without any so-called technical provocation, but each held his tongue in check. Clashes between the two—invariably precipitated by Savage—were getting to be more and more frequent and to O'Brien more and more insufferable.

For a few moments they locked eyes like a pair of gamecocks, then Savage grunted: "If I had my way I'd sack you in a minute."

"You bet you would!" O'Brien smiled, not agreeably, for he was smiling at Savage. "And it wouldn't be because I won't sell freak hats to fools you'd sack me, Mr. Will Savage."

Satisfied that the shot had told, O'Brien thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and strode to the front of the store, where his grouch was instantly dissipated by the entrance of a sweating fat man in a summer suit. O'Brien extended his hand and smiled genuinely, for it was an old friend he was greeting.

"Howdy, Stein."

"Howdy, Joe."

As Stein mopped his forehead the scowl—due to the heat—disappeared. He grinned back at O'Brien. Everybody grinned back at O'Brien—everybody but Savage. They couldn't help it, for O'Brien's blue eyes and cordial grin were the most attractive things on Broadway in hot weather. And lucky was the man who was favored with the latter. O'Brien's smile always broadened into a grin of real gladness when he saw you coming—if he liked you. And he didn't grin just to show his teeth, either, which were white and even as a hound's.

Mechanically O'Brien took Stein's hat and looked inside for the size. Out of the tail of his eye he watched Savage, who had crossed to the cash desk. He saw Minnie Squires covertly glance his way.

"The duffer's knocking me," he said to himself. "He's knocking me to her, darn his treacherous hide! Well, let him knock."

Like all the rest of the men in the Squires branch store on Broadway in the forties, O'Brien was in love with Minnie, the Old Man's daughter. By instinct most of the boys had realized that they had no show with the girl and had dropped out, leaving the field to O'Brien and Will Savage. O'Brien stayed in the race, because in the first place he was in love with Minnie and in the second place he didn't know what letting go meant any more than a bulldog does.

Squires being a business man favored Savage's suit, because the chief clerk was a money getter. But by frowning on Joe's pretensions—for he sensed that Joe had pretensions—he played right into that young gentleman's hands. He made him the under dog in the fight and so engaged Minnie's sympathy for him. What Squires left undone was accomplished by the pin-pricking attacks that Savage made on his red-headed rival. Minnie was flirtatious, but not a flirt. She would gladly have teased Savage by giving O'Brien some of her time and smiles, but she knew that though the chief clerk had not the authority to take on or dismiss men a word from him had weight with her father, and that he had it in his power to make things unpleasant for Joe.

All the circumstances of the case inevitably created a feeling of fondness in the feminine heart for O'Brien. They'd never had an opportunity for a free interchange of sentiments. But Minnie could speak with her eyes and O'Brien could read with his—an easy language where the heart is engaged. And so it came to pass that though the spoken word had never sealed their affection there was an understanding between them. And Savage, with that sixth sense of discernment that was invented to torture a jealous man, realized that the relations between the Old Man's daughter and Joe O'Brien were not wholly platonic.

Only one thing was beginning to torment O'Brien, for he was confident that Minnie liked him more than she did Savage, and that was the conflict in his he between Minnie and his artistic conscience. So how the two didn't harmonize—O'Brien coul just tell why. He knew that the girl liked things, that she had ideals. To him she was a para o intelligence and justice. And Minnie was quite t But O'Brien also suspected that the girl had an eye to main chance, for she was an only child and one day Squires chain of gold mines would be all hers. If he had a chance, an opportunity to be alone with her w that lynx-eyed jealous Savage couldn't spy on them tell her frankly why he hadn't always sold hats to tomers, he reflected—a chance to explain, to plead for artistic conscience! He couldn't go directly to her des he'd seen Savage do, just to talk about his own affairs O'Brien was a modest fellow, and besides—something in Irishmen—he had a certain shyness toward wom Well, one day the opportunity would come, he comfo himself. He'd have to wait, that was all.

But O'Brien didn't have to wait long for the coveted portunity to open his heart to Minnie Squires, for t days later, in the morning, Minnie phoned for a reserva on the Boston boat for her father and for twos for herself at the Winter Garden the same ning. Then she beckoned O'Brien to her.

"I want you to take me to the show to-ni Joe. I have the seats. Will you?" She sm mischievously.

"Will I?" said O'Brien. "But I'd rather you'd le pay for the seats."

"It's my party," said Minnie.

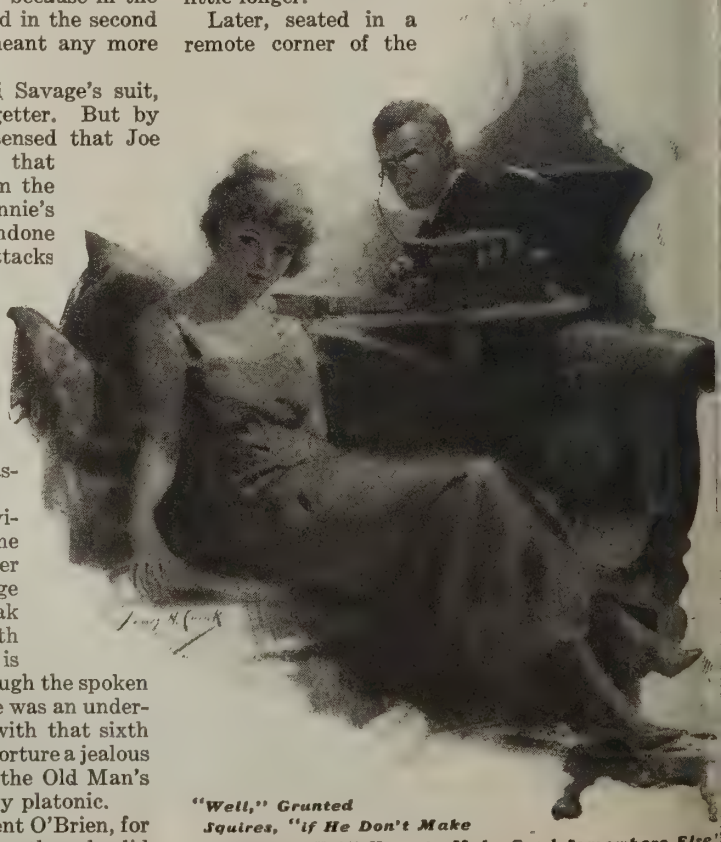
While Milton Squires was smoking his last cigar on saloon deck of the Plymouth and humorously ponde the O'Brien-and-Savage situation Minnie and Joe taking in the show at the Winter Garden, each tryin figure out a scheme whereby the artistic conscienc Joe O'Brien might be made to square with the fina interests of Milton Squires.

When the show ended O'Brien said, "We'll go dow the Astor for a bite."

"Tea and crumpets'd suit me to a dot," said Mi with due regard for Joe's pocketbook.

O'Brien shrugged his shoulders. "Even that, so as I can be with you a little longer."

Later, seated in a remote corner of the



"Well," Grunted Squires, "if He Don't Make Good Here He'll Have to Make Good Somewhere Else"

st café, Minnie turned her gloves back and, locking
er ngers, rested her elbows on the table and looked at
'Ben long and fixedly.
"›e, I had you take me to the Winter Garden to-night
au› I wanted to tell you something special."
"nd I asked you down here 'cause I had something
›ecl to tell you, Minnie."
Minnie flushed.
"[ine's business, Joe."
O›rien grinned.
"›'s mine business, Minnie."
"h!" said Minnie with a touch of disappointment,
'Ben thought. Then: "What is it, Joe?"
"ou tell me first," said O'Brien.
Me's a long story."
"[ine's a short one, but I hate to
li·."
"nything to do with Will Sav-
ge" said O'Brien with a touch of
›p›hension.
Annie leaned forward.
"e's been talking about you to
›p Says you don't sell as many
a›as you ought to."
O›rien was so relieved that
Ii›ie's remarks about Savage were
›t›ersonal to herself that it took
›ma few moments to collect his
t›
"h!" he said indifferently. "But
·e hats enough to justify my sal-
y lon't I? What does your father
i›, Minnie?"
"[e's going to sack you at the end
t[season unless—unless you mend
›u ways, Joe."
Annie looked at O'Brien appeal-
g].
"nd you want me to mend my
a› so I'll stay on, Minnie?"
"es," said Minnie hopefully.
O›rien looked into the girl's eyes
ri›sly, then emphatically: "Well,
wn't mend my ways! Let him
c[I won't sell a hat to a man
adon't look good on him." But
›tg the girl's disappointment:
S›e, you can't think any the worse
›e for that, Minnie!"
"But, Joe, be sensible. It's all
g[to have an artistic conscience
›e right place."
"›t's always in the right place,
Ii›ie."
"But it don't square with pop's
›si›ess, Joe. We've got high rent
››y, a big overhead, and a lot of
›h› things."
"›hen I'll make a business that
il square with my artistic con-
›i›ce. That's what I wanted to
››ou to-night, Minnie."
Minnie showed some alarm.
"You're not going to leave us,
›e"
"'m going to do it right in your
››s store, Minnie."
›here was relief in Minnie's eyes—
›(the fact did not detract from
›rien's self-esteem. His confi-
››e restored, he could proceed
››sophically. He snapped the
›ls from his cigar, rested his el-
››s on the table and, having de-
›rined upon the most impressive
››ance to begin with, went on:
Vll Savage has been pickin' on
›nd braggin' about his own sales-
››ship to your pop?"
innie smiled.
Joe, with that fascinating grin of yours, you could
›[goods all round Will Savage if you'd only do it."
I'm not capitalizin' my grin like a moving-picture
›r. People don't come into a hat store to buy a grin.
›y're after hats—hats that look good on 'em," he
››d.
You ought to use it to make 'em buy hats, Joe. What's
›good of it if you don't?"
You're very frank, Minnie. I'll be frank with you.
›going to tell you something that'll surprise you. You
›[about your pop lettin' me go. He ain't goin' to let
›go, Minnie. Instead of that, he's going to keep me on
›[he's going to pay me more money for stayin'."
You've got your nerve with you, Joe."
No, I ain't, Minnie." O'Brien leaned across the table
›[spoke confidentially: "It's this way, Minnie: Will
›age is always sneering at my artistic conscience."
›rien grinned. "But an artistic conscience is better
than no conscience at all, Minnie, if Mr. Will Savage'd only realize it."

Minnie looked at O'Brien mischievously.

"But Will Savage sells more hats than you do, Joe. That's the answer."

"That feller claims you should use any kind of a device to get a customer's money, even to tellin' a man with thin little bowlegs and big ears that a pill box of a hat looks good on him when it makes him look like a monkey. Sure, it's only the fellows that have no resources that have to resort to such tricks. My views are different, Minnie. I claim it's a man's artistic attitude toward his business that makes it a success, not a mean mercenary attitude. A man must love his business, Minnie, if he'd win out—even if he's a plumber."

As They Left the Restaurant O'Brien Said: "Minnie, I Think You'd Better Put Your Arm Round Me Just to Hold Me Down to Earth"

O'Brien paused.

"There's a sentimental side to every business. I love hats, Minnie. I regard them as my friends. Sometimes it actually grieves me to see the kind of heads they have to cover. Imagine a hat that has taken a long time and most assiduous and careful effort to make, like one of those Panamas, and that has ambitions to cover a gentleman or a lawyer or a professor, havin' to be worn by one of those loose-faced, long-paunched, piano-legged, well-dressed and badly-perfumed bums that come in your pop's store."

Minnie chuckled.

"I never thought of it that way."

"That's the comedy side, Minnie. There's the poetic side of it too. A man's hat is more faithful to him than his dog. The more of a bum he is the closer it'll stick to him, tryin' to shield him from the storm. Up to the last it defies public condemnation, perching jauntily on one side as much as to say: 'You can crush a sport, but you can't keep him down.'"

"I never heard a man talk sentimentally about hats before, Joe."

"Then you never heard a real hat salesman talk. Sure, why shouldn't he weave romances round the things he owes his living to, just as an engine driver does about his engine?"

O'Brien paused.

"But, of course, I know the practical side, Minnie, even if I have an artistic conscience. One has to go with the other." O'Brien chuckled. "And I ought to. I've been fittin' all kinds of hats to all kinds of heads for years. I've been fittin' 'em to bald heads and bushy heads and round heads and heads that are long behind the ears, as the Scotch say—meanin' wise heads—and heads with ears high up like a jackass an' with no more sense in 'em, and high-brow heads that belong to men that treat you indulgently like you were some kind of an insect, and pin heads that rise straight up from a fat neck and then take a sudden dip and end in a scowling forehead, and flat heads and heads that slope forward and heads that slope backward and pumpkin heads and pear-shaped heads—with the pears sometimes standin' up and sometimes standin' down—and most all of 'em thick heads.

"And what has my experience taught me, Minnie? One thing—the curse of the hat business is putting the wrong hat on the right man."

O'Brien looked round searchingly for a few moments, then lowering his tone almost to a whisper: "When you get a chance, look at that feller two tables to the left."

"The tall one?" asked Minnie presently.

"No, the tubby man with a head about the size of a half a bean and ears like the pads of a cactus." O'Brien took a piece of paper from his pocket and with a few strokes of the pencil made a caricature of the man alluded to.

"By jingo!" said Minnie, amused.

"Here's the kind of a hat Will Savage'd sell that dub—just to get his money." O'Brien sketched a little pill box. "Like that." He held up the sketch.

"Well, by jingo!" said Minnie, amazed.

"Here's the hat he should wear. I wouldn't sell him any other. High crown, sweeping brim—look!"

"Good!" cried Minnie. "That adds to his height and hides his ears."

"I don't say you could hide those ears. But, Minnie, the business of a good salesman is to modify faults, not make them stand out like a windmill on a hill."

Once more O'Brien plied his pencil deftly, commenting as he did so:

"We have to protect men against their own weaknesses. For instance, look at that big man at the table over there to your left and the little fellow with him. The big man wears a flowing Panama like this." Joe applied his pencil deftly again. "The little cuss adores him and wants to look like him—the only way he can—so he wears the same kind of a hat and looks like a fat kid under an umbrella—so!"

Minnie laughed delightedly at the second caricature.

O'Brien folded the sketches and put them in his pocket.

"Minnie, we want to sell men hats, but we want to sell 'em the kind that will make Mulligan call out: 'Hey, Casey, where did you get the hat? I like the style of it. How much did you pay for it?' And Mulligan'll come in that very day and get one like it. And Muldoon'll say the same thing to Mulligan and do the same thing. You want to make every hat a salesman. Another thing, Minnie, lots of men have been wearing the same kind of hats for a long time. And they look good in 'em. But it don't excite any comment when they get a new one of the same kind. The neighbors might think it is the old one refurbished by one of those Italians for twenty-five cents.

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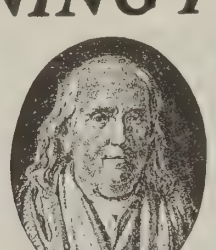

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What's the Use?

WHEN a young officer, recently returned from France and now snugly placed in business, was asked whether he had voted at the last primary he drew himself up as if he were offering his chest for a new decoration and replied: "I take no interest in our rotten politics. What's the use?"

If one can put that question about voting, there really isn't any use. Only a fool would ask it, and there are too many fools voting as it is.

These what's-the-users are in themselves rotten politics. Beside one of them a member of the ruling gang is a rather admirable character. Politics is his first business and he is shrewd enough to know it; politics is the nonvoter's first business, too, and he is ass enough not to see it.

It is men like this what's-the-user, both young and old, well educated, well circumstanced and well placed, who year after year return the gangs to city hall, the grafters to the legislature and the demagogues to Congress, not by voting for them but by not voting at all. They hold the balance of power in almost every election, and exercise it by staying away from the polls. Election Day means nothing to them except another holiday and a chance to play golf. When at long intervals a particularly brazen gang goads a long-suffering public beyond the breaking point of complacent stupidity, and some of these conscientious objectors to voting are dragged to the polls, the result is usually a professional reform administration that differs little from the old one except in intention.

Skilled professional politicians and bungling professional reformers finally achieve about the same net result—inefficient government and waste of the public money. Grafting gang government and bungling "good" government both produce a red-ink balance. Politics has been picking the same pocket in the same way for a hundred years; government has been losing money through the same hole, and we are still carrying our roll in the same handy hip pocket instead of close to the chest. Good intentions without good sense and practical experience are of no more use in a city hall than they are in a bank. They may even line the road to grafting paving contracts. There is always a chance to land the professional gangster in jail, but there is no way to reform the professional reformer.

The professional politician makes a business—a personally profitable one—out of politics; the professional reformer makes a mess of it. Besides, he talks more. Hope of good government does not lie with either; but both are worthy of respect beside the what's-the-user—especially the gangster. He never asks "What's the use?" He values his vote so highly that if he is offered the chance he will vote twice. He can give the answer to "What's the use?" down to a decimal point, and that is something a majority of those who vote against him cannot do. Voting is the master key that opens the door to the what's-the-user's factory, office and safe. That is its use, and the gangster uses it for precisely that purpose.

Nonvoters and men who vote conscientiously at the wrong time and without paying any attention to the right preliminaries are the ones who howl loudest about fool and class legislation, unscientific and confiscatory taxation, incompetence, waste and graft. In their private business they look ahead, study fundamental conditions, plan, organize, hire and fire with a ruthless regard for results. They take infinite pains in selecting and training men, demanding loyalty, honesty and devotion to the firm from their subordinates. But in their public business they are without grasp—planless, disorganized clock-watchers, loafers on the job, having to go hat in hand to the dominant gang to beg as a favor something that should be theirs as a right. This formless rabble is opposed or used in politics by an organized, disciplined and experienced army that in turn coöperates with other organized groups that can swing a large number of votes, regardless of whether their action is for the good of the great majority or simply to give a wolfish minority more than their just due. Unscrupulous business that wants unfair and unjust favors is willing to have a gang in power, willing to serve it in return for the privilege of holding up the public; but it is doubtful if even these get more than the traditional thirty pieces of silver. In the end bad government that unscrupulous business cannot control costs it more than it gains from the grafters. Scrupulous business simply gets the worst of it.

That men who are really desirous of having impartial and honest government should tolerate the present political system is a piece of incredible stupidity. It is undoubtedly due to their failure to apprehend government itself as simply a vast business machine, as an integral part of their own business, and that the problems with which it has to deal are purely economic, including war itself. Once this fact is clearly grasped and the action and reaction of all government and laws on private life and business are fully understood, there will be no what's-the-users.

Politics is not only a full partner in every home and in every business, but it holds the controlling interest. Rotten politics and rotten business are interchangeable terms, and they make for rotten homes.

In addition to the men who vote not at all there are some who think that they have done their full duty when they have voted at the final elections; others who take pride in voting at both the primaries and the elections. But how many go back of the primaries to the real seat of good government and try to influence the right men to stand for the primaries? We who vote at all elections are like little boys who go to school with shining faces, but who have not washed behind the ears.

Good government means more than a shining morning face that will not stand close examination; more than a good front; more than voting. It means all-the-year-round organization, work and watching to see that the candidates are not merely honest men, but capable. Voters and nonvoters usually take what the other fellow gives them—and that is aplenty.

Government is business—not big business but all business, employers and employed. In an actual sense the is government ownership to-day, for the rules and regu tions under which business operates, and even the divisi of its profits for public and private uses, are dictated our elected officials—men who are too often unfitted understanding and experience for their jobs, or frail demagogues and grafters selling out for votes or mon

Once the senior partnership of government in ev business is fully understood, Americans will give vot and, what is even more important, the organization t should precede voting, the most important private of in the block.

Take up your telescope and look at some of these gove mental stars that appear so remote, and see how they influencing, to a fraction of an inch, your earthly affair their orbit. At first glance could any planet be fart away from the contents of your pay envelope and y quarterly dividends than the Peace Treaty and the Lea of Nations? Yet the amount of both is dependent on action of the Senate. Its decision will enormously af our export trade, and that in turn influences busines home, helps fix the prices of commodities and the siz dividends paid, brings high wages or low wages, stagnat or expansion. Again, that decision will either take r out of productive industry for the army, force unive military training and up-in-smoke production of pow and munitions, or permit us to use all our man power materials to produce useful goods.

Are we quite sure that we took care to send to Cong those men in our states who are best fitted to discuss decide a matter that goes so directly to the very root our daily lives? Can we afford to have these quest made the football of partisan politics or fumbled by h baked economists? Are our ablest and best-informed on this job?

Again, is the present Congress competent to settle railroad question? Can it be trusted to view it only business question and to deal justly with all classes cerned—consumers, owners and labor? Or will it trade transportation system for a mess of votes?

A wrong settlement will confiscate billions that h been directly and honestly invested in the railroads. will increase the cost of every pound of food, every pa shoes, every suit of clothes, every piece of farm machin It will depreciate much real estate by reason of incre fares; it will increase rents by reason of the conseq congestion and the higher price of building materials will put up the cost of fire and life insurance, bec insurance companies are among the heaviest investo railroad securities. Is the present Congress not only enough informed but brave enough to settle this ques right? Perhaps, but its action several weeks ago on a that raised the question of immunity from prosecu for laborers and farmers must cause misgiving in the m of even the most partial critics. On a *viva-voce* vote did not put congressmen on record they were overwh ingly against immunity. But when a record vote demanded, and an alibi was no longer possible, they v 203 for immunity to 29 against. It is impossible to l a nation of freemen if its laws are made by cowards.

Then there are our income, corporation and ex profits taxes coming up for revision—the law that has so prolific a source of profiteering, that, in fact, pu premium on it. The existing measure is a monumer the incapacity of the last Congress to devise a scier scheme of taxation.

This is a statement that the man who does not pay taxes directly will meet with a grin. "Soak it to the he says. "They're rich and they can stand it." they do not stand it. All this direct taxation is reap tioned indirectly, so that every consumer gets his quota. The same thing is true of state and real-e taxes. No matter upon whom they are directly le everyone must pay his proportionate share of them i end. Rich and poor alike are trimmed by them.

Again it all works back to government. Have you men in charge of the raising and spending of taxes w you would trust to head important departments of business? Because these men are heads of departm

your private business, formulating its policies, limiting its possibilities, deciding your attitude toward labor—and taking money from your safe to spend. If you are a clerk, mechanic or a professional man, their actions affect the size of your pay and the buying power of your dollars—and they are taking money from your envelope to spend. Employer or employed, no one is exempt from the direct and indirect effect of their decisions—from any wasteful and grafting expenditures of this so-called public money. Are you satisfied with the way they are spending it? Would you like to have a larger percentage of your earnings to spend yourself? You can if you will take the trouble.

These wars that are started by kings and statesmen must be fought to a finish by the people; these settlements that are made in peace palaces must be paid for in counting houses and factories and on farms; these adjustments must be made good by business; these taxes must come out of the consumer. Blunders, waste and graft are everlastingly paid for by the sweat and blood of the whole people—and the last have been high-peak years for sweat and blood. An effective work must be preceded by effective organization. We all recognized this when the Liberty Loans were put over. Business got together and a campaign of organized good citizenship such as this country had never known was carried on from the top to the bottom of every office and shop, of every wholesale and retail store. We realized that our future peace and prosperity depended on selling what these bonds stood for even more than the bonds themselves, and so beating the Germans. We needed money to fight for the right, but even more willingness and unity of purpose. Our future depends a thousand times more on organizing now for clean, intelligent businesslike government and selling that to ourselves. There can never again be any slack season or toleration of slackers in politics if we are to keep our victory over the Germans and gain the greater one. Nor can we afford to be governed by dollar-a-year men or even five-thousand-dollar-a-year men. Hundred-thousand, fifty-thousand, even thousand dollar-a-year men, who get it all out of their allies, would be cheap. Governing bodies should be half big, twice as efficient and three times as well paid.

Many well-meaning people are advising the American Legion to keep out of politics—to form a sort of super-civic class for young men. But we are anxious to have the Legion mix it up in politics as soon as possible. The hope of good government lies with these men who have saved America. We are not afraid that an army that fought for an ideal and thirty dollars a month will turn spoilsmen when faced with national emergencies. It is our hope that the Legion will form the nucleus of an organization of Americans for America—that sees politics, business and the home as parts of a whole, and knows that the rottenness of one will inevitably taint the others.

We have high hopes, too, of the woman in politics, especially because politicians are afraid of her—and, we believe, with good reason. She has a simple, direct way of classing things as right or wrong, honest or dishonest. She will not be long in seeing—what so many men have failed to see—the true relation of clean politics to her home, to her prosperity and to her happiness. These are the real woman's rights, and she will have them. Spring and fall house cleanings have no terrors for her. We hand the Legion a club and the women a broom, and beg them both to get busy, even if they have to start in by throwing the old parties on the scrap heap. New blood, new policies, new courage must animate the old parties if they are long to survive in national affairs. In city politics they have served no purpose except the bosses'—to divide, misrule and graft.

Canada's Loan

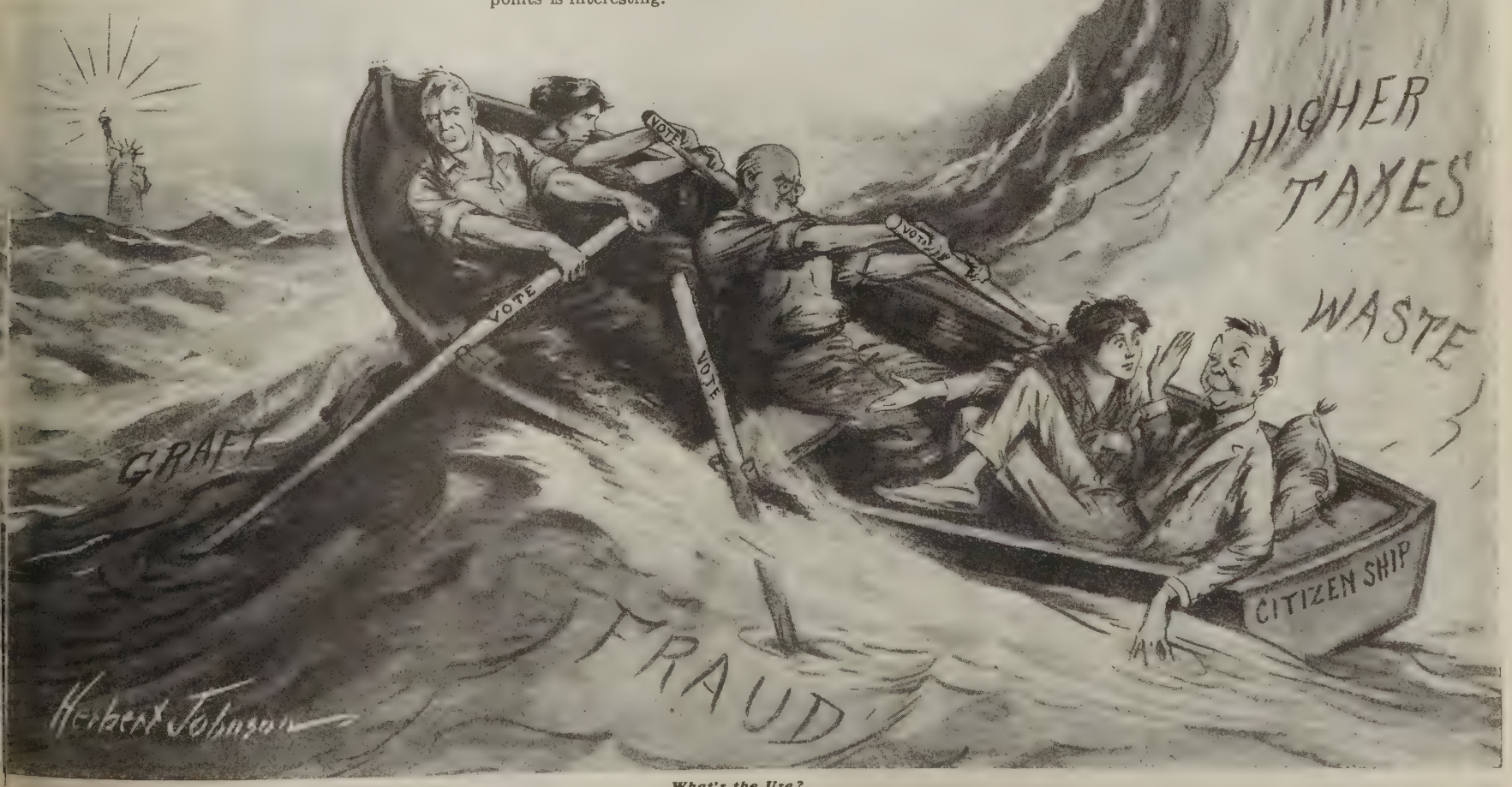
FOR her needs during the war Canada successfully raised funds by popular loans—by the last of these loans more than six hundred million dollars. These bonds were bought by one and a half millions of people. The Dominion, in now asking for subscriptions to another loan to settle obligations to her soldiers and to enable her to carry on trade, very properly calls attention to her fortunate financial position as a reason why the new bonds should be regarded as a sound investment.

Even some months after the Armistice was signed the Dominion still had on hand part of the proceeds from her latest loan, and only because of the pressing demand for credits was she finally forced to borrow extensively from the banks. She therefore does not now face the necessity of liquidating short-term liabilities to a large extent or under the adverse conditions which exist in European countries. Her immediate problem is the comparatively simple one of finding money to be used for the most part to pay bills she is about to contract. Success under such circumstances would seem to depend almost entirely upon her ability to prove the reasonableness of the proposed expenditures. Her statement made on these points is interesting.

Two hundred and sixty million dollars is required for the transportation, pay and care of the soldiers still undemobilized, many of whom are sick and wounded, many more of whom are so situated that they must be helped over the period of idleness between their discharge from the service and their civilian reëmployment. Also, under her Soldiers Land Settlement Act, Canada is obliged to loan money to soldiers who may wish to become farmers, so that they may purchase land, stock and implements—the money so loaned to be secured by a first mortgage until it is paid back. Up to August fifteenth, of the nearly thirty thousand men who had applied for land under the terms of this act the applications of more than twenty-two thousand had been approved. For the continuance of this work it is estimated that fifty-seven million dollars will be required.

Canada also proposes to provide what is referred to as National Working Capital. This is, in fact, money with which to pay farmers and manufacturers for their products which go into trade outside the Dominion. She realizes that her opportunity for trade depends for the time being largely upon her ability to carry on that trade upon a credit basis, and that the loss of such trade would mean an immediate increase of unemployment at home. So she calls upon her people to lend her the cash needed for this trade and for her program of general development.

The Canadian Government has good reason to regard the outcome of its appeal for the Victory Loan of 1919 with confidence. The gallant part borne by Canadians in the war, both by those who fought and by those at home who supported the armies, is assurance of the country's spirit. The purposes of the loan itself have been plainly stated, and they claim the support of common sense as well as of patriotism. It is not to be expected that at this hour Canadians will fail to carry on.



What's the Use?

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWO

VI

McMURTRY and Morden were standing near a front window in the lawyer's private office—the burly detective untidy as usual, wearing a much-rumpled colored shirt, a turn-down collar not perfectly clean, rusty shoes. His hair thrust out above his square brows and there was the usual surly look—like a dog ready to bite—on his wide-mouthed, nubbin-nosed face. But the lawyer was glossily shaved and his hair elaborately barbered. The detective, in fact, had alighted from the train only half an hour before. McMurtry was listening intently to his report.

"I looked Sykes over," Morden was saying, "but I didn't try to do any business with him. He didn't look very good. Seems he scraped up a little money somehow and went into a real-estate scheme, dozen years ago or more, and one of those booms came along. They say he cleaned up twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars finally and put the money in a cheese factory and that's doing first-rate. Peter's something in the leading-citizen line now—no booze, no cards and so on. I rubbed up against him some. Naturally he thinks he's a hell of a fellow now, thinks as much of himself as A. Dinsmore, Esquire. I reckoned he'd shy off at any strong-arm work. So I concluded to run the doctor down.

"I found him over in Kansas at a place they call Sunny Valley. Probably you can guess it from the name. There's a valley and there's a sun, but there ain't much else. The old boy's plumb at the end of his rope all round. He managed to make kind of a living at Billingtown before they run him out, by giving his fellow soaks prescriptions for whisky and helping some dope fiends to get opium and cocaine. Couple of drug stores that filled the prescriptions helped him along. Finally they got after him strong and drove him out. He's been on his uppers ever since—one place and another. When I found him at Sunny Valley he was sleeping on what used to be a lounge in what used to be an office. He was ready enough to come along. Probably he'd cut his grandmother's throat for ten dollars and a week's supply of morphine. Tanner's got him in tow now and will patch him up so he'll last the week out anyhow."

"You haven't told him what he was wanted for?" McMurtry asked, going back to a point they had discussed before Morden went to Nebraska.

"No," the detective grumbled. "It wouldn't make any difference to him. For car fare and meals he'd go anywhere. No trouble at all to handle him," he added cheerfully.

"But for our own satisfaction, Jake," the lawyer replied persuasively. "Probably he'd cheerfully swear that almost anybody was the man he attended the night of the bank robbery at Billingtown. But we don't want him to swear to just anything. We want to know exactly where we stand. Dinsmore's a big man."

"You been talking to Purcell," the detective growled contemptuously.

Restless, Peering Jenny Dupee Had Seen Them in There—Gliding as Near to the Door and Tarrying as Long, With Straining Ears, as She Dared

But the lawyer only smiled.

"No, I haven't. Purcell's got the willies. I only want to be sure."

"It's a cinch," Morden replied. "What else would he be paying blackmail for?"

"I think it's a cinch myself, but I propose to know it," said the lawyer. He was swarthily smiling, but his over-developed jaw and chin looked determined. "Here's what I propose: We'll take this doctor where he can get a good long look at Alfred Dinsmore and we'll ask him if he ever saw that man before. Nobody has mentioned that Billingtown business to him; no reason why he should be thinking of it. If he can identify Dinsmore to us we'll know exactly where we stand—no question about it."

The detective appreciated the point, but was loath to acknowledge it. "Well, let's get it started," was all he would say.

"Dinsmore usually walks to the Boulevard Club for lunch," the lawyer went on; "across the river and down Michigan Boulevard. It's better than a mile—constitutional, I suppose. I'll get a closed car and instruct the chauffeur. We'll wait for Dinsmore over near his office and trail him. Our man get a good look at h If we don't see him to- we will to-morrow."

"All right," said the tective, "I'll fetch doctor in."

He turned abruptly left the room.

Leaving the train his witness, Morden driven to his own o where Mr. James Ta awaited him. Mor Tanner and Doctor had then driven to Murtry's office, where latter two were shown a side room. In on moment therefore Mo returned to McMurt room accompanied b short, broad, pot-be man who was wearin aged, grease-stained Pr Albert coat, light-col trousers and dilapid shoes—evidently a monial garb of other better days. His stan collar was not very and his plaid four-in-h tie was frayed. He h fine brow, a bulbous and a little round chin seemed not to belong the rest of his face. face was barred by a dr ing gray mustache an misfit chin made it loo though it had been cu into a puzzle picture, a child in putting it toge had picked out the w lower piece. He was low, much wrinkled his watery eyes were manently bloodshot.

"Doctor Dill, Mr. Murtry," said the d tive in brusque intro tion.

Doctor Dill extend flabby hand which lawyer genially shook. doctor's manner was ous and propitiating that of a homeless dog used to kicks than b

"We want your serv doctor, and we're goi pay you well for th said the lawyer with pansive encouragem "There's a big law here with a great de money involved. If w get the evidence we we'll pay high for it. don't get it we'll pay for your time and trouble anyway. For the present ask any questions. Just put yourself in our hands. Y be well taken care of."

The doctor smiled nervously, shifted his battered br brimmed hat to the other hand and said in a voice ha ally tremulous, "Well—I hope I can help you out."

Then he looked up at the detective like a trained awaiting another cue from its master.

"All right, doc," said Morden in his hoarse, aggre voice, laying a powerful hand on the other's flabby sl der. "There won't be anything else until about —"

He looked at the lawyer.

"Half past twelve," said McMurtry, swarthily bean

"Half past twelve," Morden repeated. "Jim Ta will take good care of you till then and bring you back on time. You can see the city a little."

Both of them treated the doctor in the manner school-teacher heartening a timorous new pupil.

Doctor Dill was then turned over to the trustwo hands of James Tanner, who was an employee of the den Detective Agency. When the lawyer and dete

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

were alone again McMurtry rubbed his chin somewhat dubiously.

"Pretty seedy now," he commented. "But with some new clothes and Tanner toning him up he won't make such a bad appearance. We may have to stand him up in front of Dinsmore—and we may not."

"If he can spot the man there's nothing to it," said the detective with decision.

"Well, if he spots him—it's a cinch," the lawyer assented, and for a moment they looked deeply at each other, for a great deal of money rose upon their inner visions.

"Purcell been round?" the detective asked with an incidental air.

"He comes round," the lawyer replied, twinkling with a perfect comprehension of the other's drift.

"He's a crab. We'll give him what he's worth," the detective growled sententiously.

"There won't be any trouble in handling Purcell," McMurtry replied with a very good-natured expression, but decisively.

"Never much trouble handling a man that ain't got any guts," Morden observed out of a large experience. He looked at his watch. "I'll be back before half past twelve. You'll see to the car?"

McMurtry nodded and they parted for an hour and a half.

The two great uniform buildings of the Dinsmore Company look like another city cleanly set down in the mean and grimy clutter of the older city. From the main entrance of the easterly building, an entrance which—though hundreds of people can pass quickly through its four broad glass doors—seems inadequate for such a pile, Alfred Dinsmore stepped briskly at a quarter to one o'clock. The cement walk in front of the building was broad and clean, but on leaving it he went down three steps to a dirty street, ill-paved with worn granite blocks, and on crossing the street was immediately in an environment of small, shabby buildings devoted to shabby uses. He was hardly aware of them, however, as he kept his habitual course up the street, then presently across the river on a shabby old bridge. When he got out on Michigan Boulevard with a clear view to the lake at the east his mind consciously lifted to the blue sky and genial air.

He walked rapidly, mechanically accommodating himself to the traffic on the bridge and at the cross streets, which brought him to a halt now and then until there was a clear way ahead. Nothing about the vehicular traffic made any impression upon him, though all the way along a green limousine kept as close to the curb and to him as possible.

"There's the man now, coming toward us—the man in a gray suit and light brown hat—the one with a beard. I want you to watch that man just as close as you can and see whether you've ever seen him before."

So McMurtry had spoken with restrained eagerness, like one setting a dog to a scent, when the car stood at the curb and Dinsmore came out of the Dinsmore Company's building.

Doctor Dill had been put next the right-hand window to give him the best possible view. He stretched his short neck and held his sallow and wrinkled face close to the pane, raising his short body now and then in a half-squatting posture. He, too, was eager, for they had said it meant a great deal of money. He wanted some of that money terribly, and though the gentlemen had talked handsomely about compensating him anyway, he knew well enough the compensation would depend on the value of his services to them. So he peered with all his might out of his watery eyes with the tiny red threads in them. A temporary jam at the bridge brought him so close to Dinsmore that by opening the door he could almost have touched him, and when Dinsmore turned his head a little the doctor got three-quarters of his face. Then the foot passengers went ahead, while the car was detained. Doctor Dill sank back in the seat and turned to McMurtry, who sat in the middle.

"I've certainly seen that man somewhere before," he said with much earnestness in his tremulous voice. "I remember something about his face. It's familiar. I'll place him yet."

In fact his laboring mind was quite blank, but his hopes were clinging to the money.

At the Public Library he got another good prolonged look.

Jenny Stood Up, Gave a Quick Glance Round and Noiselessly Fled Upstairs

"Yes, yes!" he quavered in greater agitation. "I certainly seen that man before. There's something fan iar. I know I've seen him before."

Mostly Dinsmore walked at the farther side of the fl ging and a flow of people between him and the car obscu the view; or there would be cars along the curb so th had to swing out in the street. But the doctor kept wat ing with all his might. Again for a minute or more he h an almost clear view, and when traffic once more shut it the doctor clasped his brow with a shaky hand, urging the machinery within. Abruptly he turned to McMur in high excitement and demanded:

"What is that man's name?"

"Alfred Dinsmore," the lawyer replied, considering th could be no harm in that.

Doctor Dill clutched the lawyer's arm, wagging his he with energy, and exclaimed, "I know! I know!" T puffy flesh puckered round his watery eyes as he pee with a breathless questioning at McMurtry and then Morden. He seemed to have received a great shock t left him doubtful. His eyes looked furtive and alarm In a lower tone with an indrawing of breath, he said, was thirty years ago, but I know."

McMurtry's nerves leaped, but he made no attempt press the doctor then. He only put a reassuring hand his knee, smiled and s heartily, "We'll get so lunch and then we'll t it over—up in my off You can be sure we take good care of yo

And at luncheon merely talked cheerfu on subjects remote fr the one in their mind a cue which the det tive followed. When three were snugly sea in his private off McMurtry again pu reassuring hand on doctor's knee, beami and brought up the subject:

"You needn't afraid. We're going take care of you. Yo safe as a bear in a hol tree. You treated t man professionally Billingtown, Nebras some thirty years ag

Doctor Dill hesita a moment, furtive tremulous.

Still beaming with a very signific little nod, the law remarked, "That r is worth millions."

The remark seer to be illuminating to doctor.

"I treated that r for a gunshot woun Peter Sykes' house night Latham was ki by bank robbers," replied.

McMurtry nod and said, "Tell us ab it. It means a fort for you."

The doctor's sh voice took up the na tive: "Sykes came me about half past t in the morning. I ha office over a harn shop about a block Main Street and I s in the room back of office. Sykes came me. When I let hin he said, 'Hustle on y clothes, doc; I've g case for you.' He wa aggressive kind of ma abrupt. I started dress and he said, friend of mine's b hurt.' He stood by, p ing his long musta while I dressed.

"I was putting on coat and he pulled a roll of money out of

(Continued on Page

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(Continued from Page 34)

pocket and showed it to me and said, 'Mum's the word,' so I knew it was something—contraband. I stepped into the office from the bedroom to get my medicine case and Sykes followed me and said, 'The man's been shot in the shoulder. He's feverish. Don't take that thing. We'll carry what you need in our pockets.' So I took some things out of the case and picked up what else I judged I'd need. I put some in my pockets and Sykes put some in his. We went down the back stairs and when we came out on the street I saw there was something going on over on Main Street. There were lanterns and I heard men talking and a horse galloping—quite a commotion for that time of night. It must have been pretty near four o'clock in the morning—or a quarter of four—for when Sykes' rapping woke me up and I lit a lamp and looked at the clock I saw it was half past three. I wondered what it was, but I don't remember that I said anything about it. But I remember Sykes saying, 'I hear the First National Bank was robbed to-night,' and I felt sure that was why he had come for me. I followed him when he went out in the road instead of walking on the sidewalk where our footsteps might attract attention.

"I went into Sykes' house with him. He took me in the back door. It was just a cabin—a shack, as we call it. The house looked dark as a pocket to me, but Sykes said, 'All quiet?' And his wife said, 'Yes.' She was a very subdued woman. Sykes was a bad egg then. Sykes went into a room and lit a lamp and I followed him. It was a small bedroom. The man was on the bed, feverish—in a good deal of pain. He'd been shot in the shoulder. Sykes had dosed the wound with whisky and bound it up. I gave him an opiate and dressed the wound. It wasn't serious—with proper care."

"And you saw him after that?" McMurtry asked.

"I saw him every day—or every night—for a week or more," said the doctor. "Twice a day at first. I spent a good deal of time with him." He lifted a forefinger. "His jaw had been broken. He never told me how, though I asked him once. I judged it had happened at least a year before. There was a big welt and scar clear across his chin." With a finger tip he outlined it on his own diminutive chin. "He'll carry that to the day of his death."

"But you recognized him even with his chin covered?"

Doctor Dill nodded with satisfaction.

"I recognized him—his eyes and forehead and his nose. I'm certain it's the man." He hesitated a little, regarding McMurtry furtively out of his watery eyes, and felt tremulously of his small chin. "I have a means of—identification."

He opened his vest and from the inner pocket drew a large leather wallet, shiny from long use, the tough material worn through at the ends where the flap folded over. Holding this aged wallet in his hand, he explained:

"When I got to the house Sykes had partly undressed the man. He'd pulled off his coat and shirt and undershirt. Of course Sykes wanted to take care of the patient himself if he could, without calling in anybody. But with the pain and rising fever the man had become slightly delirious. Sykes had got scared and decided to call me in. Sykes had partly undressed him, as I said, and thrown the clothes over in a corner of the room. But in taking off his shirt one of the cuff buttons had fallen out and lay on the floor at the edge of the bed. I noticed it when I pulled a chair up there."

Again the doctor hesitated a little. "It occurred to me then that it might be valuable as a means of identification, so when I got a chance I picked it up and put it in my pocket."

He opened his wallet, which looked painfully flat, undid a little strap that fastened one of its pockets and from that pocket produced a silver-link cuff button which he laid on the table, pointing to it significantly.

McMurtry picked it up. Immediately his swarthy face lighted with a triumphant grin. He gave a chuckle, handed the button over to Morden and rubbed his white hands together with warm satisfaction. Even the morose detective grinned broadly as he looked at the button. On each of its two disks the initials A. D. were engraved.

The lawyer's good nature was even augmented by a notion that as Doctor Dill could hardly have seen the engraving while the button lay on the floor, his original motive in picking it up was none other than simply to possess himself of a bit of silver. With that notion he reached over in an unusually expansive mood and clapped the doctor on the shoulder.

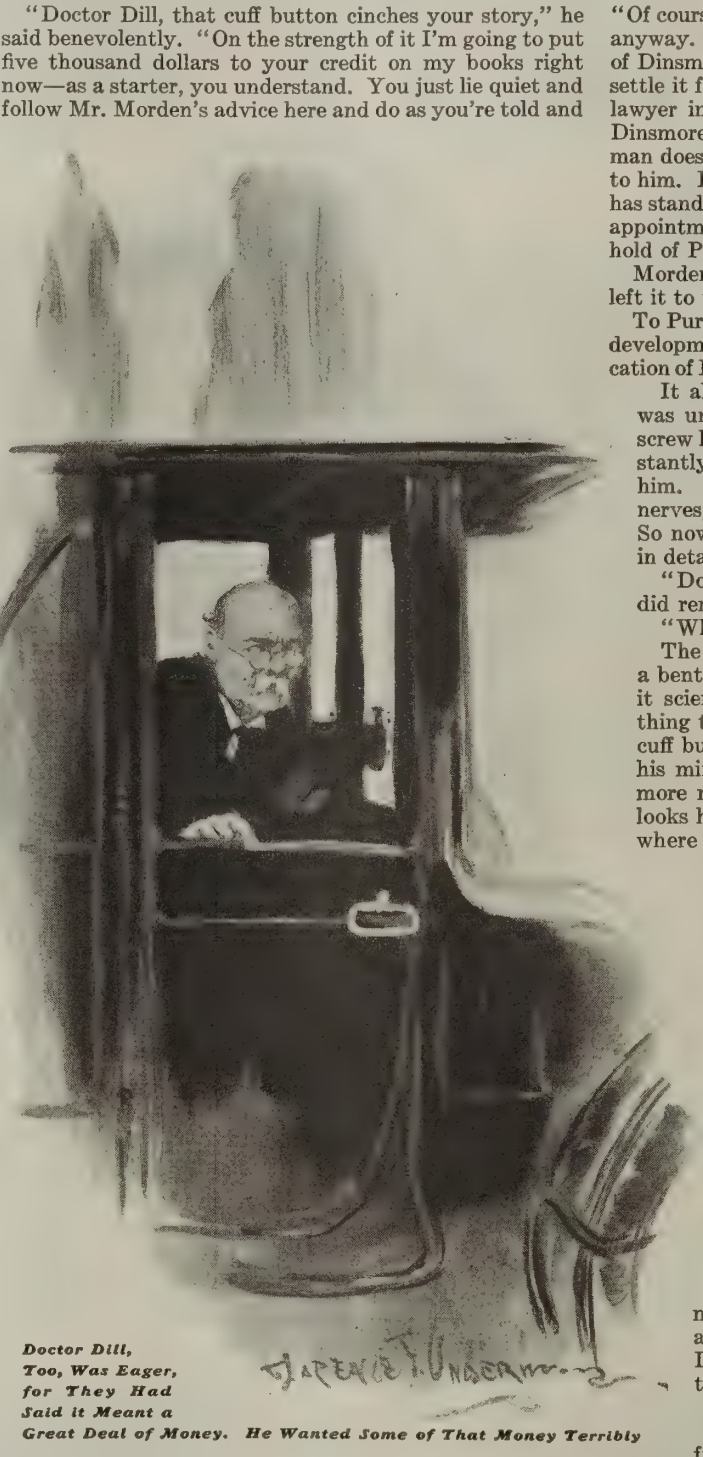
"You're a corker, doctor!" he declared. "And you've kept it all these years?"

With a mind divided between flattery at the compliment and something else, the doctor replied, "I've kept it all these years."

It was practically the only thing external to his own hide that he had kept all those years. Being engraved with the owner's initials, the button would be worth merely its bullion value, which might be twenty-five cents. If it had been solid gold he would undoubtedly have parted with it long since. As it was, he had been sorely tempted more than once. But the button was a token of his greatest adventure. There had always been in his mind a vague notion that something would finally come of it, so he had been able to resist temptation to the extent of twenty-five cents.

McMurtry examined the trinket again with the greatest satisfaction.

"Doctor Dill, that cuff button cinches your story," he said benevolently. "On the strength of it I'm going to put five thousand dollars to your credit on my books right now—as a starter, you understand. You just lie quiet and follow Mr. Morden's advice here and do as you're told and there's going to be a fortune in this for you. Of course you must be very—very—careful what you say and what you do for the present. You just follow Morden's advice. Any spending money you want for the present you can have. Be quiet and careful now."



Doctor Dill, Too, Was Eager, for They Had Said it Meant a Great Deal of Money. He Wanted Some of That Money Terribly

So with a hearty handshake and the friendliest air, Doctor Dill was again relegated to the care of James Tanner.

When the door closed on him Morden turned to the lawyer with the positive statement, "It's a cinch!"

McMurtry, looking affectionately down at the silver trinket which lay in the palm of his left hand, rubbed his chin with the right hand like a man engaged in pleasant cogitation. For a long moment, twinkling, he thought it over. Then he pronounced his judgment: "It's a sure thing!"

"Let's go after him right away," said Morden cheerfully, as though he meant to call a cab that minute.

The lawyer, however, went back to his broad armchair by the office table and gave himself up to reflection for a time that proved irritatingly long to the detective.

"It's got to be handled right," he said thoughtfully. "I want to get the drop on him—take him by surprise. A man like Dinsmore, you know—if he knew what was coming he might put up a fight. I want to jump him when he isn't looking. And a man like that, Jake—why, you can't just open the door and walk in. Go to his office and he'll send out his secretary to ask what you want to see him about—or to say he's engaged. Go to his house and the butler will probably shut the door in your face unless you've got an appointment. It's necessary to have an appointment or you simply can't get near him. And if you ask for an appointment he'll naturally ask what you want to see him about. It's got to be arranged."

He fell to thinking again, while the detective looked morose.

"We'll get Purcell to fix it," the lawyer finally said. "Of course we've got to give him a report on developments anyway. J. Wesley Tully is scared stiff over this libel suit of Dinsmore's. I'll get Purcell to persuade him that I can settle it for him. If Tully asks Dinsmore to see me as the lawyer in the libel suit Dinsmore will do it. Of course Dinsmore doesn't like suing a newspaper any too well. Any man does, for there's no telling what a newspaper may do to him. It's like holding a bear by the tail at best. The way has standing and so on. If he asks Dinsmore to give me an appointment as his lawyer Dinsmore will do it. I'll get a hold of Purcell."

Morden admitted the sagacity of that arrangement and left it to the lawyer.

To Purcell, therefore, the lawyer that evening recited the developments of the day, describing Doctor Dill's identification of Dinsmore and exhibiting the engraved cuff button.

It all looked convincing. But the managing editor was unfortunately so constituted that while he could screw himself up to a bold action the screws were constantly coming loose. Suspense was demoralizing to him. This Dinsmore adventure was always on his nerves, his uneasy mind conjured up doubts and fears. So now he made McMurtry go over the identification in detail.

"Do you suppose," he finally asked, "that he really did remember Dinsmore's face?"

"Why, sure! What else?" the lawyer demanded.

The managing editor nervously shaved his lips with a bent forefinger and put it judicially: "Well, look at it scientifically. That bank robbery was the biggest thing that had ever happened to him. He'd kept that cuff button all this time, which shows how it stuck in his mind. Then another big thing happens to him—more mysterious than the bank robbery. A stranger looks him up, gives him money, brings him to Chicago where he's told to look at a certain man and see if he can remember him. It wouldn't take a wobbly mind very long to make a connection between that and the old bank business. What else had ever happened in his life that a mysterious stranger would be fetching him to Chicago to identify a man for? Do you really think he'd remember Dinsmore's face—Dinsmore with a beard—after all that time? His wobbly mind does make the connection. He asked the man's name. His initials were A. D.—same as the cuff button. Then he sees he remembers him."

McMurtry smiled and shook his head.

"If Dinsmore handed you a million dollars in greenbacks the first thing you'd say is, 'This is probably counterfeit money. I'd better throw it in the lake or I'll be pinched.'" He laughed indulgently, for he proposed to keep on the best of terms with this doubting young man for the present. "I've combed it all out and I tell you it's a cinch. Besides, you know I'm taking all the risk. I'm not asking you to tackle Dinsmore."

Purcell had nothing to say to that.

"Here's what I want of you now," the masterful lawyer went on, and unfolded his idea that Purcell should persuade Tully to engage McMurtry in the libel matter and get Dinsmore to consent to talk with him. They discussed that at length. Purcell should intimate to Tully that McMurtry had some very special argument up his sleeve and was confident he could get Dinsmore to withdraw the suit. Purcell would say that McMurtry was doing this out of personal friendship for the managing editor. The first thing after Mr. Tully had been put in a receptive frame of mind would be a conference between McMurtry and the editor of the Leader, at which the lawyer would arrange the method of broaching the matter to Dinsmore.

It proved as easy as McMurtry had expected. The editor of the Leader, profoundly disturbed at Dinsmore's libel suit, caught eagerly at this plausible suggestion of a way to rid himself of it. At the conference with McMurtry he readily swallowed the lawyer's hints at some very special influence that could be brought to bear. Anything that promised to free him of that disastrous libel suit was for which he hungered for.

"I don't believe Mr. Dinsmore knows just what I've got in mind," said McMurtry, smiling with an air which implied that two shrewd, experienced old hands like himself and Mr. Tully could understand a great many things without having them printed in big black headlines.

"I want to take him off his guard, you see, before he has had time to think it over much, and especially before

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

takes it up with his lawyers. Melford, Farson & Winthrop might put a flea in his ear. My idea, Mr. Tully, would be that you try to find out whether he's got an engagement this evening or to-morrow evening. The Dinsmores' social engagements are things that I suppose you can pretty easily find out about. Get an evening when he seems to have no engagement, then call him up about dinnertime. Tell him you regret that libel suit. Say if you and he had had a little talk about it in the first place it could all have been arranged and the suit avoided, or something like that; but now that the suit's been brought, of course you've got to defend yourself.

"My idea would be to taffy him up and be very friendly and all that—but to let him understand, all the same, that if there's got to be a fight it will be a disagreeable fight. You could say you didn't want to go into a great row and mess if you could avoid it; you wanted very much—very much indeed—to fix it up and settle it and get it out of the way if you could. You could say you had engaged Mr. McMurtry as counsel and he felt sure the whole thing could be arranged satisfactorily to both sides and without making a great muss of it if only it was taken in time. And you could say you very earnestly wanted him to let Mr. McMurtry have a talk with him immediately—that evening; Mr. McMurtry would come right up to his house; an hour's time would be all he needed. That would be my idea of the way to approach him, Mr. Tully, and if he will consent to see me I am very confident I can settle the thing for you."

The eccentric editor was delighted with the prospect and promised heartily to follow his volunteer counsel's suggestions. As it happened, Mr. Dinsmore did have an engagement that evening, but the following evening just as he was about to sit down to the family dinner he was notified that Mr. J. Wesley Tully was on the telephone urgently requesting speech with him.

Over the wire the editor played the rôle for which McMurtry had cast him. That libel suit was a disagreeable thing to Dinsmore also. Of course he had been angry when he read the libel, because it was a libel on his business. That business had often enough been libeled by innuendo and indirection, for it was a highly unpopular one among retail merchants with whom it competed. Dinsmore always resented that, for the honor of the business was a sort of narrower but more intimate patriotism with him. The Leader's gross libel therefore roused his fighting blood. At that, probably he wouldn't have sued except for Lowell Winthrop's solid argument that he owed himself and society the duty of bringing the outrageous newspaper to book. He knew it threatened to ruin J. Wesley Tully, who wasn't a bad sort at heart, but only a fool. He regretted that; so without the least hesitation he consented to see Mr. Tully's legal representative, heartily hoping that a satisfactory way out of the mess would be presented to him.

But as he ate dinner his mind ran upon it and misgivings rose. He had heard various stories about Lawrence McMurtry, none of them likely to inspire confidence in that gentleman. Why should Tully have engaged that dubious person? Why this sudden request for a conference up here at his house? Lawrence McMurtry was enough to put any prudent man on his guard. And J. Wesley Tully was a weak brother, which is sometimes worse than a deliberately wicked brother. Dinsmore thought it over—with misgivings.

McMurtry reached the house about a quarter to nine and was at once shown into the library, where Dinsmore waited for him. He was standing over by the table and McMurtry noted with a touch of malice that he didn't offer to shake hands, but merely bowed across the distance that separated them, indicated the chair at one side of the table, then walked round and seated himself on the other side.

"Well, let the snob have it that way if he wants to—for the time being," McMurtry thought as he advanced to the proffered chair. His own manner was bland and hearty.

"Of course Mr. Tully has told you my business," he began with cheerful briskness. "He regrets this libel very much. It would never have got into the paper if he had read that letter through. The fact is he was in a great hurry and merely glanced over the fore part of it. He thought it was all about politics and gave instructions to print it—which he never would have done if he had read it through. Certainly that's no excuse in law, but it may be some excuse just between men."

"If it had been only a personal libel I should have ignored it," Dinsmore replied. "But it said my business was nothing but a swindle. Naturally, I think rather well of my business and feel bound to protect it."

In this byplay the lawyer was nerving himself. In spite of himself, the big house as a symbol of position and power made a certain impression upon him. Face to face across the table, Dinsmore made a certain impression—the impression of a cool, able, formidably armed person.

"Certainly!" he assented blandly. "Any man would. But an injury to a business can always be made good. We all make our mistakes, you know. I've made mine. Probably you've made yours."

He was getting himself in hand.

"No doubt," Dinsmore replied dryly; "and had to pay for them too."

"Of course! Exactly!" said the lawyer, well pleased. "We have to pay for them."

"Unfortunately my business isn't welcome to a great many people," Dinsmore remarked. "Retail merchants generally don't like it. They're always throwing a brick at it. This thing of Tully's brought all that out in the open where I could hit it."

"People will talk—about what they don't like," said McMurtry. "About a man like you there'll always be stories in circulation." For the fraction of a second he measured the man across the table—and struck:

"Only the other day a man told me you murdered a bank cashier named Latham in Billingtown, Nebraska, thirty-one years ago."

He said it in an even tone and watched the knife go home.

Dinsmore sat perfectly still. The healthy but low-toned color of his face did not change for a moment. It was his eyes that showed the cut. They did not falter from McMurtry's face; it didn't look like fear, but rather like an animal, struck to the vitals, summoning up its power to fight—crouching to launch itself. His hands remained motionless on the edge of the table.

"He told me," McMurtry went on steadily, "that you'd left your home in St. Joe—probably a youthful indiscretion—and associated yourself with one John Colby, a county-fair faker. You ran the soap game. Colby had trouble with the bank cashier at Billingtown. A resident of that town named Peter Sykes proposed that they rob the bank. Colby and his outfit went up to Bleeker, Nebraska; left there Friday and camped Saturday night some twenty-odd miles from Billingtown. Colby and a negro named William Pomeroy and yourself took the outfit's three horses and rode to Billingtown that night. You hitched the horses in a ravine where Peter Sykes met you. Then you went to the bank. Pomeroy, the negro, kept guard at the alley and you kept guard back of the bank, while Colby and Sykes dug through the vault wall and blew the safe. The explosion woke the cashier. He ran down the back stairs in his nightshirt. Probably you were rather panicky at the moment. You shot him at the foot of the stairs. It was a fatal wound, but he shot you in the shoulder before he died. Sykes took you into his house and called a certain Doctor Dill, who dressed your wound and took care of you until you and Sykes went to Standing Rock to meet Colby. That is the story, Mr. Dinsmore."

He spoke steadily, yet there was a kind of hush in his utterance, as from nerves tightly keyed up.

"Who told you that story?" Dinsmore asked in a voice as steady as the lawyer's.

"That is under the seal," McMurtry replied; "a confidence between lawyer and client. The important point is whether the story is true."

"Of course it isn't true," Dinsmore answered promptly—but almost casually, as though his mind were engaged with something else.

"The man who shot the bank cashier, Latham, has a broken chin—a ragged scar across it," said McMurtry. "How long have you worn a beard?"

Dinsmore ignored the question, his eyes on the lawyer.

"A story of that kind would need witnesses," he said. McMurtry noted that his hands, resting on the edge of the table, did not move in the least.

"Undoubtedly," McMurtry replied readily. "I have them. The Doctor Dill who attended you at Sykes' house when you were wounded is here in Chicago. He has seen you and positively identified you. He will swear to it anywhere. When you were undressed that night in Sykes' house a cuff button fell out of your shirt—a silver-link cuff button with your initials engraved on it. Doctor Dill preserved it. It's in my possession now."

Dinsmore raised his hand to his beard and spoke sarcastically:

"And I suppose you're prepared to produce John Colby, who would be the only competent witness."

McMurtry smiled.

"My information is that John Colby departed this life very suddenly and mysteriously a year or so ago after a visit to you. You might be able to throw some light on that, but it's immaterial. Doctor Dill is sufficient. He didn't know what he was wanted for when he was brought here to Chicago. He was placed where he could get a good look at you, without even knowing your name. Tom Wilson was the name you used then. He looked you over and said, 'That's the man I treated for a gunshot wound the night the bank was robbed at Billingtown and the cashier killed.' He will repeat that statement anywhere. You've been paying blackmail for years. Why not clean it up?"

Dinsmore was very quiet and all the time eying his opponent—a quietness that suggested a still, crouching animal.

"What method of cleaning up blackmail would you propose to a client?" he asked with a touch of sarcasm.

"Well, it's true," said McMurtry more composedly than he had yet spoken, "that you can't make a binding contract—in the nature of the case. A man's written agreement not to divulge a murder, for instance, isn't enforceable at law. You've got to depend on the word and the self-interest of the people who are in a position to sell you their silence. The competent witnesses in this affair are dead men now. When they're dead you'll be free."

"Unless I set up successors to them," Dinsmore reminded him. He thought it over further, his face composed, and said coolly: "I'm very much inclined to tell you to go to the devil."

"But it would be you who would go there," McMurtry replied, unruffled. "Doctor Dill is sixty-five or so, I judge, and not in good health. In fact, he's been a sort of superannuated bum for a long time and is about all in. His conscience troubles him. Say he goes back to Billingtown—proposes to be attended—and makes a confession for the good of his soul, incidentally claiming the protection of having turned state's evidence. Of course it's a story that every newspaper in the United States would put on the front page—Alfred Dinsmore, the multimillionaire, eminent in society and so forth. Only once in a lifetime the newspapers get a story like that. Certainly it would please all these retail merchants who, you say, don't like your mail-order business. Personally, I haven't a doubt in the world that you'd be convicted on the evidence I have in my hand right now. What else were you paying blackmail for this time? But even if you were finally acquitted—well, there wouldn't be much left, would there, of the Alfred Dinsmore who's now sitting across the table from me—and of this?" He glanced round the handsome room. "You know perfectly well you can't afford it. Your fame can't."

Dinsmore gnawed at his lip a moment and folded his hand tightly into the other.

"What do you want?" he demanded, like throwing it in the other's face.

McMurtry had considered the point and decided to begin modestly. He answered promptly, "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"You won't get it!" Dinsmore replied instantly.

The peremptoriness of the refusal was a surprise to McMurtry and nettled him, for he thought he had the fish securely hooked.

"In that case there's nothing more to be said," he retorted, and made as though to rise.

"Very well; good evening," said Dinsmore tersely, without stirring. "I'll pay no two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

McMurtry stood up.

"The story will be in the newspapers to-morrow morning," he said, and turned his back and walked toward the door.

"We'll fight it out," said Dinsmore from his seat at the table. "I'll pay no two hundred and fifty thousand." He gave a crooked little smile and added as a sort of taunt: "You say I've been paying blackmail for years. In that case I know how the game is played. You don't want publication any more than I do. That spills the beans for you. You'll get no two hundred and fifty thousand."

That statement jarred McMurtry's nerves. He had been prepared to hear Dinsmore deny the story and bluster and threaten; but the present tactics he was quite unprepared for. Dinsmore denied nothing, but said in effect: "To publish the story is to end your hope of extorting money from me and so to spoil your game."

Such tactics resolved the affair into a game of poker—bluff against bluff.

McMurtry realized that and walked on toward the door, saying, "Good night, Mr. Dinsmore."

"Good night," Dinsmore replied coolly without moving.

McMurtry laid his hand on the door knob, then turned his head and asked jeeringly, "What's your offer?"

Dinsmore had considered that and answered promptly: "I'll pay seventy-five thousand dollars."

The lawyer hesitated an instant, hand on door knob.

"I'll split the difference with you," he offered as though that were final.

"Seventy-five thousand; not another dollar," Dinsmore repeated.

McMurtry jerked the door open and put a foot across the threshold, stood that way a moment, then came back into the room, shutting the door after him, and walked over to the table where he stood looking down at the man opposite who had not moved a muscle except to speak.

"I forgot," said the lawyer half angrily and half jocularly, "that you used to play poker and run corn deals."

"I haven't forgotten how," Dinsmore replied, his face still a mask and his eyes steady as leveled pistol-barrels.

McMurtry laughed nervously, dropped into the chair and said, "Make out the check."

In fact, the nerves of both men were tensely wound up, as commonly happens at a crucial point of the game at which McMurtry had referred, though the players' faces may be perfectly composed and their voices careless.

Dinsmore considered the matter of the check an instant and replied, "I can't give you a personal check for seventy-five thousand dollars. I haven't that much to my

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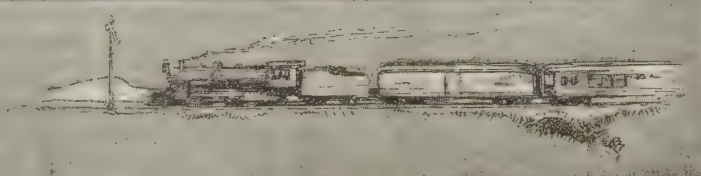

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personal credit. I'll send a check to your office by messenger before ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

McMurtry appreciated the reasonableness of that and didn't doubt the promise. He got up again, saying, "Very well. I shall expect it before the clock strikes ten."

"It will be there," said Dinsmore; and without further speech the lawyer left the room. He didn't go exactly in triumph. He had collided with Dinsmore's nerve and felt bruised. As he left the house he was thinking:

"I wonder if he was bluffing? Would he have let me go without raising his bid? Of course he calculated that I'd rather have seventy-five thousand than spill the beans. Plenty of nerve has that same Alfred Dinsmore—cool as a cucumber. A tough customer to manage. I've got to be careful. But I've got the come-alongs on him just the same."

In fact, his nerves were strained and his mind agitated from the sharp contact.

"I'd better have called his bluff—gone out and let him come to me," he thought. He felt a surge of anger. "Rotten, self-satisfied snob! I'll charge it up to him."

By that time Dinsmore had risen and was pacing the room with slow mechanical steps, his mind tensely engaged with what had passed. He went over it, judging, making his conclusions. A gulf had opened before him and all his mental resources were in play considering what he should do. For a quarter of an hour or so he paced the room, deeply absorbed with his problem. He was a man whose thinking ran swiftly to decisions and actions. About a quarter of an hour after McMurtry departed he went quickly upstairs, changed his clothes and left the house without speaking to anyone. It was then ten minutes to ten.

He had been gone from the room two or three minutes when Jenny Dupee cautiously stuck her head from beneath the large couch in the corner and looked round as well as she could from that position. As the room was perfectly still and apparently empty she rolled out, stood up, gave a quick glance round and noiselessly fled upstairs.

When Jenny was engaged by Martha Woods to spy upon the Dinsmore household the maid surmised that her young mistress' relations with young Edward Proctor were the objective point of the spying. Indeed at that time, when the motive was simply to get something on Dinsmore that would make him drop the libel suit against the Leader, those relations had been one of the objective points in Martha Woods' mind, or in the mind of Jacob Morden and Lawrence McMurtry, who moved behind the scenes in the matter. Jenny was not merely a spy for hire. Her heart, prompted by an insatiable curiosity, was in the work. She had been mightily afraid, but the further she got along in the adventure the more secure it seemed. Avarice and curiosity steadily gaining on her timorous nerves, she became bolder.

Then the adventure had taken a new and deeply exciting bent. She had been informed that a mysterious caller would wait upon Mr. Dinsmore and she was to exert herself to find out what passed between them—with promise of large reward. She had exerted herself. The mysterious caller was a negro. Mr. Dinsmore had given him a bundle of money. And she had come out of it scatheless.

That negro caller didn't look at all like a love affair. To Jenny's excited imagination the affair took on vaguely vast and dark proportions—some deep mystery in which somehow or other great sums of money were involved. Jenny was profoundly stirred thereby. Aside from the egging of her restless curiosity, she shrewdly reasoned that the more she knew of the mystery the better show she would stand when it came to a division of those great sums of money.

That had been her general state of mind at eight o'clock, say, of this present evening. Then she had seen and heard something that whetted her to a razor edge—as follows:

When Alfred Dinsmore finished dinner there were some doubts and misgivings in his mind. J. Wesley Tully had called him up, making an appointment for Lawrence McMurtry to call that evening in the editor's behalf. Dinsmore had readily assented. Yet it was rather odd—a sudden engagement of that sort for half past eight or a quarter to nine in the evening. "As soon as he can get out there," Tully had said. McMurtry's reputation was not reassuring. There were some doubts and misgivings in Dinsmore's mind.

He had scarcely finished dinner when Lowell Winthrop strolled casually in. Winthrop was a neighbor, a prospective son-in-law, and Dinsmore's lawyer—junior member of the eminent firm that handled his legal affairs. Most naturally, therefore, Dinsmore had mentioned that McMurtry was coming to the house, and the circumstances. Winthrop took it with decidedly greater seriousness than Dinsmore had.

Perfectly self-possessed in a well-fitting dinner coat, he said at once: "The fellow's a thorough blackleg. Whatever business he's in is dirty business. Best not see him."

"But I've made the appointment," Dinsmore objected. "I'm willing enough to clean up that libel affair. After all, there's nothing in it but annoyance. No particular reason why I should be afraid of a blackleg either. Only—well, Tully's a conceited ass with no balance or weight. He may have some fool scheme in his head. I don't quite like it, as a matter of fact."

"McMurtry is a thorough blackleg," Winthrop repeated. "If you're going to see him I'll be present."

Dinsmore considered that an instant and replied, "I hardly like that either. The door is open to Tully, you know, if he really wants to clean the business up. Having you in the room might look as though it wasn't."

As Dinsmore spoke Winthrop had been thinking it over and something had occurred to him.

"This chap McMurtry, you know, is a rascal," he observed thoughtfully. "I've run across his underground trail more than once. The trouble with some rapscallions is to get them out in the open. He's cunning enough—always underground. And if he's up to any dirty business now he wouldn't open it up with me in the room. I'd give something to catch him."

Not a great while before this he had been engaged in a lawsuit in which a vital part of the evidence turned upon a manipulation of the telephone. That was what had occurred to him and what his mind was running upon. Being of an alert, inquiring turn and knowing something about the mechanics of electrical communication, he had informed himself exactly how that manipulation of the telephone had been effected.

"Of course this fellow McMurtry is entitled to no consideration at all," he remarked to Dinsmore. "Anything is fair with him. If he's up to anything dirty I'd give something to catch him. Suppose we set a trap for him?"

The two men, therefore, had gone into the library, where Winthrop had busied himself with the telephone for some minutes—expertly explaining to Dinsmore as he worked. They then went upstairs to the room known as Dinsmore's den, where there was some further business with the telephone and incidental conversation. But Dinsmore in the security of his own house hadn't troubled to close the door to the den, and restless, peering Jenny Dupee had seen them in there—gliding as near to the door and tarrying as long, with straining ears, as she dared. Then she had seen Mr. Dinsmore go downstairs, while Mr. Winthrop remained at the desk in the den with the telephone to his ear, and she had heard him say into the telephone:

"Yes, I hear perfectly. Are you sitting at the table now? Walk away a little, facing the table, and say something—see if I can hear you that way. Yes, I hear you. That's fine. We'll catch him. Fix the chair so he'll be sitting near the table, facing the phone. Never mind me now—just wait for him. I'll be listening."

From all of which Jenny correctly deduced that Mr. Dinsmore was going to receive a caller in the library and Mr. Winthrop upstairs in the den was to overhear what was said. That was immensely exciting, calling up visions of the mysterious negro, bundles of money—leading on into the great secret.

At any rate, she could try for a sight of this caller. All palpitant and aquiver, she fled downstairs and slipped into the parlor adjoining the library, where her flitting presence—if detected—need rouse no suspicion. The parlor was lighted and empty. The library door stood open—also lighted and empty, as a swift glance assured her. She glided back into the hall. Mr. Dinsmore, his wife and daughter were in the living room. Nobody else was in sight. Temptation beckoned to her—or rather picked her up bodily, swept her back into the library, threw her on the floor and rolled her under the couch, her heart in her throat, her lips parted, the blood pounding in her ears.

That was how Jenny Dupee came to witness the meeting between Mr. Dinsmore and Lawrence McMurtry.

McMurtry's real purpose had never in the remotest way suggested itself to Dinsmore. His mind had been running on J. Wesley Tully and the libel suit. The monthly payment to the negro, Pomeroy, had long since become a matter of routine which hardly ever visited his thoughts except when the pay day came round. One may become habituated to almost anything and accept it as a matter of course. He would as soon have expected the man in the moon to step in with a recital of that old affair as to hear it from Lawrence McMurtry. The shock drove all his preconceptions of the meeting completely out of his head—and Lowell Winthrop with them.

When McMurtry left the house Dinsmore was intensely absorbed with an immediate and exigent problem. The existence of such a being as Lowell Winthrop was as far from his thought as though he had never heard the name. In his deep preoccupation the fact that such a being was upstairs in his den, sitting at the other end of an open telephone circuit, never occurred to him.

Sometime after the telephone had ceased to give any sound—some minutes, in fact, after Lowell Winthrop had hung up the receiver and mechanically lighted a cigarette—he heard someone enter the adjoining room and stir about there. As the adjoining room was Dinsmore's bedroom he supposed the person was Dinsmore and waited, his brows contracted. Then the slight sounds in that room as of someone stirring about quite ceased and for half an hour Winthrop heard nothing at all.

He was in an excessively awkward position. At the end of that half hour he concluded that no obligation required him to wait longer for Dinsmore, so he made his own way out of the house and home—his mind engaged with his disagreeable thoughts.

VII

PURCELL that evening noted that it was ten minutes to eleven when Morden telephoned him. He left the newspaper office at once and walked down to Quincy Street, where he turned in beneath the red electric sign of the Four Aces Café. He took the side entrance, which gave to narrow stairs carpeted in bright red that led to a series of small private dining rooms on the second floor. There was no watchman at this side entrance; the Four Aces suggested no such restrictions upon its catholic hospitality. But at the top of the stairs a young man in a dinner coat with the shoulders of a prize fighter and a combative jaw lounged at ease on a red settee. This young man's standards of deportment could not be considered unreasonably strict; but it was well for patrons of the Four Aces to conform to such standards as he set—as by refraining from breaking the furniture or making an undue racket and most particularly by paying the bill promptly. Otherwise they might suddenly find themselves on their heads at the foot of the stairs.

As Purcell ascended the red stairs alone the young man eyed him in an openly questioning manner and rose negligently but quite ready for action.

"Mr. Morden?" Purcell asked of him.

"Number Seven," said the young man, and resumed his lounging attitude on the settee.

The offices of the Morden Detective Agency were on Adams Street and conferences might be held there; but as the head of the agency followed the sound policy of letting his underlings know more than was necessary of his affairs and of not unnecessarily exciting their curiosity, he preferred to hold his most significant conferences elsewhere, and he favored the Four Aces because he had a very special claim upon the consideration of its proprietor.

Purcell tapped on the door of Number Seven. Morden's voice answered from within. The managing editor entered the small room furnished with a dining table, four chairs and a little sideboard and was disagreeably surprised at seeing not only the detective but McMurtry sitting at the table and smiling genially up at him.

Purcell realized unhappily that he was at a disadvantage in this adventure. He was not so free to command the movements as his two fellow adventurers were. Naturally they would be meeting and talking over the joint business more or less in his absence. And in the nature of the case the affair had passed a good deal out of his hands into theirs. He was obliged to trust them—and he did not exactly.

He had been decidedly nervous and distraught that evening. It was the evening of the great strike and he had to stay in the newspaper office, going on with his work, until he got word that McMurtry had returned from Highlands and was ready to report. The word came from Morden—a simple invitation to meet the detective at the Four Aces immediately. He supposed that McMurtry had telephoned to Morden on the way down from Highlands and would join them there. But McMurtry was already there. He and Morden had no doubt been talking for some little time—which the suspicious Purcell didn't like.

"Well, Charley, we've got him hooked," said the lawyer, beaming, as soon as Purcell was seated. "I'm sure of it. But he fights hard. He won't believe—or he pretends he won't believe—that we've found Doctor Dill and have him here. I had a long confab with him—half or three-quarters of an hour. He knows in his bones that we've got him hooked, but he fights the gaff like the devil. Of course we've got to give him some line. He can't get away. I told him to take a week to think it over if he wanted to. I don't want him to get the idea that there's the least doubt about it in my mind. I'll give him a week. Then I'll lead him to Doctor Dill and we'll have a show-down. It's sure! We've got him hooked! He can't get away! That's the way the thing stands."

McMurtry made the assurance blandly, as though he were completely satisfied with the situation and every other reasonable man must be. But Purcell swallowed and the heaviness of disappointment pulled at his heart. He thought they were going to divide up about a quarter of a million dollars that evening. And he noticed with pain that Morden, usually so truculent and impatient of any delay, accepted this statement calmly, his aggressive eyes boring at the managing editor's face.

Maybe it occurred to Morden that Purcell noticed he wasn't quite acting in character, for the detective glowered somewhat and growled: "I'd have jumped him right then—give him three minutes to come across or go to hell. But we've got to trust it to Mac—for the present. The crab can't get away."

So the managing editor was obliged to leave it; and after a little further talk he returned to the newspaper office, but with an uneasy mind. There the night's work

(Continued on Page 182)

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I'll Be Happy When The Preacher Makes You Mine (Lewis-Young-Donaldson) Sterling Trio Give Me A Smile And Kiss (Sullivan-Handman).....Arthur Fields, Baritone	22175
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Breeze (Blow My Baby Back To Me) (MacDonald-Goodwin-Hanley) Premier American Male Quartet You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me (Russell-Grossman-Bennett) Irving Gillette, Tenor	22177
You're The One (That I Want) (Frey) One-Step....Joseph Samuels' Orchestra (Vocal refrain by Harry McClaskey, Tenor) When The Rainbow Of Love Appears (Samuels) Waltz.....Joseph Samuels' Orchestra	22178
Taxi (Kaufman) One-Step....Joseph Samuels' Orchestra Chu-Chu-San (Samuels) Fox-Trot....Joseph Samuels' Orchestra	22179
Big Chief Blues (Bernard) Medley Fox-Trot Intro. "A Good Man Is Hard To Find" Master Saxophone Sextet Somebody's Heart Is So Lonely (Motzan) Fox-Trot.....Master Saxophone Sextet	22180
My Baby's Arms (McCarthy-Tierney) Medley.....Fox-Trot "At The High Brown Babies' Ball" Tuxedo Syncopaters Trousseau Ball, *from "Tumble In"* (Friml) One-Step.....Tuxedo Syncopaters	22181

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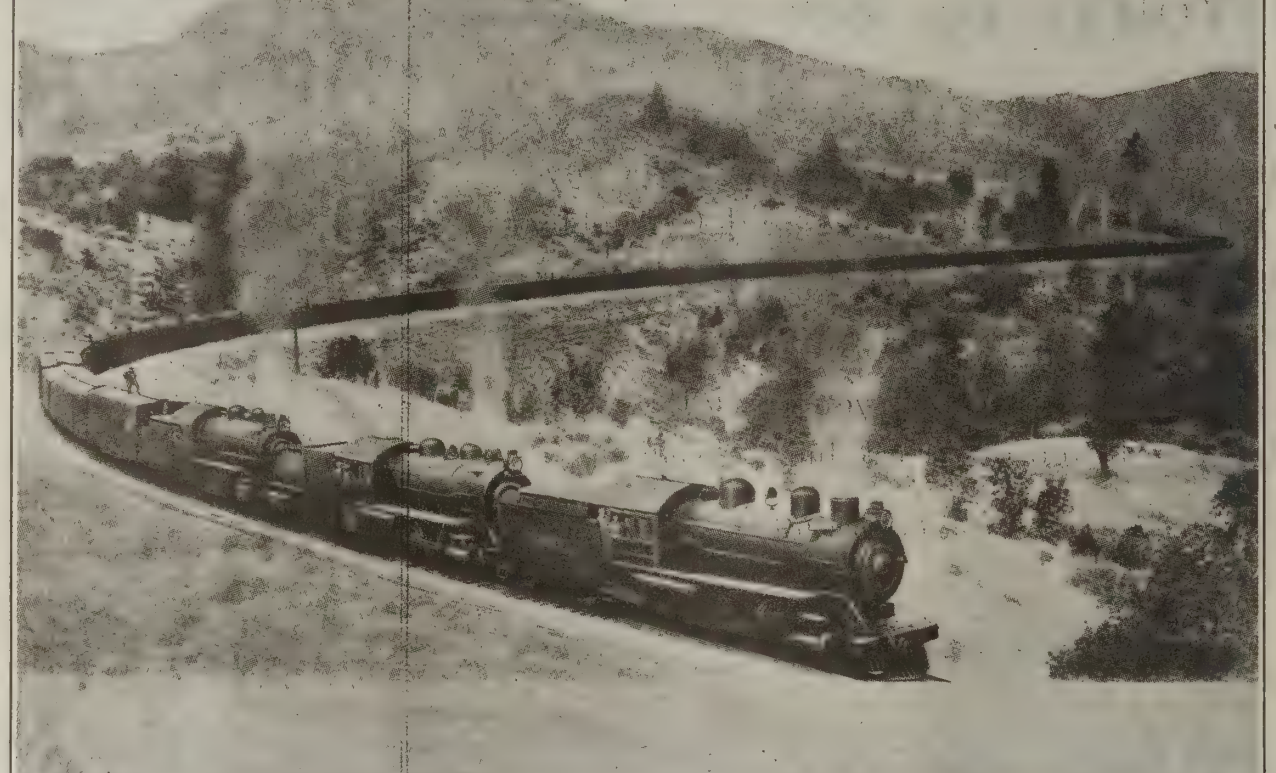
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Big Idea In Air

By FLOYD W. PARSONS



Long Freight Train Climbing the Siskiyou Mountain, Hauled by Six Locomotives

WHAT is the greatest invention ever made? If this question were put to one hundred intelligent men, how many would name the same thing? Some would point to the printing press; some to the cotton gin; others would name the telephone, the incandescent lamp, the internal-combustion engine, the blast furnace or the airplane. There would probably be as many answers as there are separate and distinct industries.

In this connection let me tell the tale of a common everyday device, one that is lacking in elements spectacular but that serves us modestly and efficiently seven days every week. If in the end the reader doesn't agree that the object of my choice is at least deserving of a prominent place in the industrial hall of fame I shall have to admit that I bungled the job of paying deserved homage to a mechanical marvel that people seldom understand and almost never appreciate.

To-night on your way home from business, when you hear that peculiar ps-s-s-sh of escaping air underneath the car as you are about to stop at a station, just remember that our little friend the air brake is right on the job. When you alight from the train and pass the locomotive which has not yet started, listen to that familiar chug-chug, chug-chug, which tells you that the air compressor is busy ramming up numerous small increments of pressure for the air brake to use later when needed.

Not one person in a thousand knows how great is the total bulk of the small increments of pressure that are stored away for useful service. Let me try to show what this reserve force actually amounts to. It will bring a modern passenger train to a standstill in a distance of 330 yards when the train is traveling at a speed of 60 miles an hour. This same force if exerted by a modern gun would hurl a 1000-pound shell a distance of 24 miles. Take, for instance, the Twentieth Century Limited, traveling between New York and Chicago. Assume that this train is running on a level track at the rate of a mile a minute. If there were no air brakes and track friction had to do it all, this fast-traveling conveyance would run for approximately six miles before coming to a stop after the engineer had closed the throttle. Almost fifteen minutes would elapse after the power was shut off before the train would stop. Air brakes are more powerful than the modern locomotive itself. For a train of two locomotives and ten passenger cars to attain a speed of 60 miles an hour it is necessary for the locomotives to accelerate for 1200 seconds and travel eight miles. The air brake will stop this train in 21 seconds and within a distance of 1000 feet.

The development of railroad transportation throughout the world has depended largely upon the ability of the air brake to stop heavy trains in the least possible time. Why do we not travel twice as fast in trains that are twice as long? We have the necessary stretches of solid level track. We can easily manufacture heavier steel rails, and the pulling power of our locomotives has not yet reached its limit. The answer is that the air brake is a limiting factor. To a certain degree civilization follows its development. Without doubt the small body of men who represent the entire profession of air-brake engineering are playing a bigger part in shaping the destiny of mankind than most of us imagine. Progress goes hand in hand with the development of transportation. Railroad efficiency is determined by the size, speed, frequency and safety of train movements, and all these are dependent on braking facilities.

The number of trains a railroad can accommodate is determined by air brakes. A few years ago the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City adopted the electro-pneumatic brake for all its trains, and immediately this company found that it was possible to handle 2,000,000 passengers daily instead of the 500,000 originally estimated to be the capacity of the road. The new brake permitted the use of ten-car trains instead of eight, and allowed them to be run at a greater frequency. The present braking apparatus stops the ten-car train 300 feet short of the total distance required to stop the old eight-car train. This improvement creates a tremendous saving of time and affords a large increase in safety.

Who is responsible for this great drama in our industrial life? Let us, of course, give first credit to the late George Westinghouse, who, back in 1866, got his initial idea while brooding over the delay caused to the train he was traveling on, by a freight-train wreck that had blocked the line just ahead. The prime thought that became implanted in his mind consisted of the idea that no collision would have occurred if the engineers had been able to apply all the brakes at once. This thought took definite form later when Mr. Westinghouse read an article telling how Mont Cenis had been tunneled by using machinery driven by compressed air. This story suggested to the young man, who was then only 21 years old, that compressed air was a force that could be transmitted to any length of train under various atmospheric conditions. A few years later the first air brake was completed and a new epoch in transportation commenced.

A railroad superintendent offered Mr. Westinghouse the use of an accommodation train made up of a locomotive and four cars. The air brakes were attached, the train steamed out of the station, and in five minutes the new device had been subjected to an unexpected test. As the locomotive emerged from a near-by tunnel the engineer saw a horse and wagon standing upon the track only a short distance ahead. The instantaneous application of the air brake brought the train to a sudden standstill, a serious accident was prevented and the world had proof of the wonderful worth of a new mechanical marvel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad after a time adopted the new apparatus and other roads quickly fell into line. Contrary to popular tradition, which accredits George Westinghouse with having endured countless vicissitudes in attempting to market the air brake, the facilities of the original company were too limited to fill the early orders that followed this first successful demonstration.

But anyone who believes that with the building of the first air brake the big job was finished is entertaining an erroneous idea. ...science of air-br... control is still yo... and the engin... specialists in this ... are still working ... and night to sat... the demands of ... roads and electric... for brakes that ... permit still m... efficient serv... Clever minds are ... stantly exploring ... possibilities of c... pressed air. Eight... hour New Yo... Chicago trains ... ten-minute subur... service will be ou... date if present dre... materialize. The ... ture will be as ama... as the past if to-d... expectations c... true.

However, we car... measure what wil... unless we note w... was. The air b... came into being ... years ago. At t... time locomoti... weighed 50,... pounds; now t... weigh 600,000. T... we had 9000-po... cars that would c... 14,000 pounds ... freight; now we h... 52,000-pound ... that carry a load...

15 cars having a total length of 450 feet; now we h... 130 cars in a train 4550 feet long. The speed of passe... trains was then 30 miles an hour, while now it is ... Surely these are wonderful changes and they show w... a pygmy was the problem of train control in 1869 w... compared with the conditions of to-day.

During the fifty years of air-brake history hundred... improvements have been added to the original device. ... recital of how George Westinghouse and his associ... overcame dozens of difficult and discouraging problem... a story by itself. The reader should know, however, t... each innovation in the art of braking had to conform... principle to the superseded type of brakes. This was... ways necessary, for the reason that many freight ... passenger cars equipped with an old type of appar... often had to be coupled in the same train with cars fi... with a new model of brake.

One of the earliest problems was that which rose wh... train broke apart. There was no means for controlling ... rear section. This deficiency brought about the inven... of the automatic air brake. The operation of this ... device was the reverse of that of the old straight br... In the latter apparatus the engineer applied the brake... admitting air to the brake pipe; in the new machine ... brakes were applied when the engineer released air f... the brake pipe. Consequently if a train broke in two ... release of air automatically applied the brakes, and ... rear section was brought to a standstill.

But as trains became longer even the automatic br... proved inadequate. It was too slow to act upon the ... cars of a lengthy train, and the result of its operation w... series of severe shocks. This second great problem ... solved by using electricity to operate the valves on e... car. Then came another marvelous improvement wher... the braking power of a car is automatically regulated ... the amount of the load.

To-day the air brake has been so perfected that i... almost human in its operation. Certainly it is too c... plicated for me to try to describe in a few words. I h... already conveyed several thoughts intended to show h... important is the part it plays in our industrial life. Let ... add that the air brake is responsible for the United Sta... having the lowest ton-mile rate of any nation in the wo... Our records indicate that in 1916 the cost of moving ... ton of freight one mile in this country averaged 0.71... one cent. Long and heavy trains running at high spe... enabled our carriers to secure this low cost. We revel in ... comforts of our all-steel Pullman trains, but fail to rea...

(Concluded on Page 44)

THE difference which you note, immediately, in the way the Liberty rides and drives, is not a mere surface virtue. That it has its source and origin in the very design and construction of the car is emphatically shown in the slight cost of Liberty service.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 42)

that without braking facilities they would be impractical luxuries due to their heavy weight. The next time you ride on an electric car or a subway train notice how short, smooth and accurate are the stops. Then fix one thought in your mind: Train control is as vital as tractive power.

Some of our noblest devices though serving us faithfully have remained unhonored and unsung. Here is one.

A New Kind of Town

WHAT the others have tried and proved worthy a new Southern town is aiming to adopt. But this isn't all, for that would only be standing still, and the fathers of the new town are bent on doing a little pioneering in the hope that the results will afford an object lesson as well as an inspiration to other industrial leaders. The fact of the matter is, this brand-new town, which in four years has grown from practically nothing to a city of 10,000 humans, is actually a laboratory experiment for the people of America. Can an industrial community made up of a factory population—native Americans, however—be converted into a spotless town? The promoters say yes, and they are backing up the thought in a most material fashion.

Other towns have been developed with the idea that the results would furnish a health demonstration for the country at large. One such is in Massachusetts. Here the community has provided nurses for tuberculosis and infant-welfare work; physicians, dentists and nurses for the schools and factories; unusual baby-clinics; remarkable domestic-science teaching; an elaborate civic and educational program, and neighborhood committees for health and patriotic endeavors. More than 6000 citizens have been thoroughly examined, and 4000 have been referred to their local physicians for treatment, thereby heading off much early disease.

A careful analysis of the town's dangers to health was undertaken with the coöperation of national experts. These investigations covered the schools and factories as well as the general sanitary conditions, and resulted in recommendations for improvement. All such problems as milk handling have been carefully studied and the economic and sanitary deficiencies have been corrected. Children not of school age have been provided with summer-camp facilities, where their diseases and defects have been discovered and followed up for treatment. The town also has its classes in food economy and domestic science, and the local physicians are treated to a course of lectures given by doctors of international reputation.

The results of all this work have been most encouraging. During the year previous to the commencement of these health efforts 81 babies died per 1000 born in the city; in 1917, the first year of the demonstration, only 62 died per 1000 born. During the decade 1906 to 1916, approximately 14 people of all ages died per 1000 of population; during the first year of the demonstration this number was reduced to 11. The tuberculosis death rate decreased from 121 per 100,000 to 99 in 1917, and last year this rate was reduced to 70 per 100,000. Such savings of life are very real and are hard to express in money value. In addition there are the enormous benefits to industry from having a healthy, contented class of citizens who are more efficient and more permanent than the average workmen living in less progressive communities.

This health experiment in Massachusetts is being repeated in the South. The country will have another example demonstrating that unnecessary sickness and death, particularly tuberculosis, can be eliminated by medical and nursing care, personal hygiene and adequate health administration. But this is something more than a laboratory experiment in humanics—it is an industrial experience of the most modern character; a test of the value of various principles which are suggested as the foundation of the business of to-morrow.

Bankers in New York built an expensive railroad from the Atlantic Ocean. This was done some years ago when there was still hope in the building of a railroad—of course no group or individual would be so daring to-day. The road had to have freight and lots of it, for the line had been driven through a country where the construction costs were high. There were plenty of resources—coal, timber, stone, sand, clay, limestone, silica, feldspar, kaolin, and other valuable materials, including a splendid supply of pure, cold mountain water. What was needed was industries to produce tonnage, and it was to fulfill this desire that the town was created. Let us right now, therefore, dismiss the idea that this new and modern community is anything but an out-and-out commercial venture. This makes the work being done there more interesting, for the present plans would certainly not be used if it were thought they would not prove profitable by a dollar-and-cents measure.

Less than ten years ago there were only two farmhouses on the present site of the town. In 1915 there were 900 people in it. At the present time the population is estimated at 10,000. The town is not an outcome of the necessities of war. The people say that the war has held them back. A population of at least 50,000 has been planned for. Doctor Nolen, a famous city planner, was engaged to prepare the design for the new town. The first thing he did was to divide the site into zones. Definite areas were set aside for factories and industrial plants. Other zones were given over for wholesale trade, retail trade and residences, while still other large sites were laid off for parks, playgrounds, rest places, churches and schools.

The charter of the town was drafted by experts and was later submitted to the Bureau of Municipal Research of the Rockefeller Foundation for study and correction. The municipal government consists of five councilmen, elected by the citizens at intervals of four years. Unusual care is exercised by the people in choosing their councilmen, for the reason that these councilmen elect one of their number to be mayor. The mayor appoints a city manager, who need not be a resident of the city or state. The latter employs and dismisses all other employees of the city. The mayor presides at council meetings and appoints the school board, consisting of three men and two women.

The school system is designed after the plan used in Gary, Indiana. Round the schoolhouses are four acres of playgrounds. There is a play teacher for the smaller children. The city hospital is municipally operated, with accommodations for forty patients. There are four miles of concrete-paved streets of unusual width. The cost was $1.35 a square yard, and the owners of abutting property paid three-quarters of this cost. Wide concrete sidewalks flank the streets. The low paving cost is due to the fact that all the necessary cement, sand and stone are obtained within the city limits. A civic center has been laid out, centrally located, with ample space for all public buildings. The planting of trees and shrubbery is being done under the direction of a trained landscape engineer.

The controlling factor in the development of the town is the improvement corporation which owns the city's power plant and most of the real estate in and round the town. This corporation attends to the problem f housing the population. It builds houses and either re or sells them at cost plus a charge of $200 or $300 for lot, giving the purchaser easy terms for settlement. T improvement corporation is also responsible for splendid golf course that has been constructed for benefit of the town's inhabitants.

Before the war coal delivered in the town was $1.5 ton; it is now $2.94. All the local plants get power fr one big utilities company. The present cost to them is cent a kilowatt-hour. The river water fed to the city is usually cold and is therefore useful for condensing purpo It is also pure—no softening is needed. When the boi are cleaned every ninety days, a scale of less than 1-24 o inch in thickness is all that is found. The chief indust are a dyestuff-and-chemical plant, a brick plant, a wo pulp mill, a hosiery mill, a wood-alcohol plant, a ceme and-lime plant, and a tannery and tannic-acid factory.

The common-sense element is responsible for the de opment of an industrial scheme that is destined to eli nate all waste eventually. Coöperation is the big thou and though the different plants have different owners whole lot are pretty closely linked to one another. utilities company, as before stated, furnishes them all w power and with water for drinking and fire purposes. brick and cement companies supply themselves and all rest with building materials. The dye works furnishes to the hosiery mill and bleaching powder to the pulp m The extract plant supplies tanning extract for the tann and extracted wood chips for the pulp mill. The cem plant furnishes lime for the dye works, the tannery, pulp mill and the industrial-alcohol plant. The tann will supply the new saddlery and harness factory w leather. What the town still wants is a packing hous encourage the native cattle-raising industry; a fertil plant to utilize the refuse of the tannery and the propo packing house, as well as to produce fertilizer for the rounding agricultural region from the potash and ph phate bearing minerals of the section; a lime-nitro plant; a calcium-carbide plant, and a charcoal iron furn to utilize the charcoal produced by the wood-alcohol pl

But this is not all, for the town pays as much atten to humanics as it does to mechanics. A great insura company heard of the splendid work that was being un taken there. They got the directors of the enterpris call all the industries together and said: "Let us in every worker in the town. We would like to be y partners in this worthy effort, for we share the same ide You say the word and we will try to make the town healthiest spot in America."

The proposition was considered and accepted, so t now there isn't a live person in town who is listed c company pay roll but has been insured by his emplo All workmen were insured without physical examinat A health center has been established. There is a free n ing service by visiting nurses to sick employees. elaborate campaign has been inaugurated for the prev tion and cure of disease.

This is perhaps the first time in history that the t working population in any town has been first insu without any physical examination, and then has b subjected to health measures by the insurer, who prop to keep each individual happy, healthy and efficient. insurance company says: "We are not out to make mo out of this undertaking. But we do propose to show nation what it is possible to accomplish in the prese tion of health and life in an intelligent community w the proper steps are taken."

A Development of Workingmen's Houses Renting for $25 Per Month. Each Residence Has Six Rooms and Bath and is Built of Stucco on Hollow Tile

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

The Way to

Consider it as 15,000 Users Rate it—by Performance and Endurance—Not by its Size and Weight

Judge the Essex

The Essex has filled a new position among motor cars, and nearly everyone knows it.

At first, before they had seen it outperform most every car, they merely regarded it as a fine, unusually well-built and finished, light weight automobile.

They appreciated its quality construction.

They conceded it a better built car. Still, because it has many details in common with other similar weight cars, they could not, at the time, bring themselves to look at it in the light it is now held by some 15,000 users.

The Awakening Has Been Startling

The Essex is just ten months old. But note what a name it has made for itself.

What car ever so quickly made as many friends? And what car has proved itself in the way it has?

Nothing was said to call attention to the way it is built. No claim was made that its motor delivers a performance that ranks the Essex with the performance of those large costly cars that have such fine reputations for the way they climb hills, accelerate and outdistance other cars in touring.

But Essex owners and thousands of others found out.

They are the ones who tell of Essex performance in such words of praise as are rarely applied to an automobile.

Put Aside Its Size and Type Consider Only Performance

That is what all Essex owners will tell you to do. Go see it with the same expectation of its value that you would examine any fine quality car.

If speed is your requirement see if the Essex does not meet it.

Where luxury and finish are demanded compare the Essex with any car.

Don't put yourself in the erroneous position of classing it with light cars.

Expect of the Essex the same riding qualities—the same performance ability—with a range of speeds equal to any of such cars as you consider worth $300 to $500 more.

And then when you have tested the Essex in that manner, consider the advantages it possesses over those other larger cars with which you have classed it.

Costs Less to Operate Easier to Handle

You sacrifice none of the pleasures of motoring because the Essex is no larger than cars known as of the light weight type.

But you gain all their advantages. When riding in the Essex you have no conscious feeling that it weighs any less or that it is performing any less satisfactorily than the big costly cars.

You sit in as comfortable and upon as richly upholstered cushions.

You hold no concern as to the endurance of your car.

If you drive you feel the ease of its operation. You learn that the Essex requires little attention and that it grows in your esteem because it so completely meets your motoring needs.

More Than 100 New Owners Every Day

In January Essex production was 30 a day. It now approximates 125 a day.

So great is the demand everywhere that as many as 100 cars have been driven away from the factory in one day by buyers impatient at freight delays.

It indicates Essex position. No light car equals its performance as is known in every locality. No light car assumes equal qualities in construction detail. And no larger car offers the advantages of convenience and low operating costs.

You will place a large car price on the Essex if you judge it by performance and durability.

That is why everyone is so enthusiastic for it.

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

By Carl Mattison Chapin

ILLUSTRATION BY J. GORDON SMYTH

THERE is no record of the exact time at which Joe Patterson piled that last straw on the back of the patient Daleville camel, but it is established that the animal first became conscious of approaching dorsal disintegration at approximately five-eleven P. M., when Henry Robbins, entering Joe's barber shop for his regular Saturday shave, observed the new sign on the wall:

BEGINNING MONDAY
March 17, 1919
Price List

Haircut	.50
Shave	.25
Shampoo	.40
Massage	.40
Neck Shave	.10

Henry turned round and walked right out again, which was sufficient to generate an atmosphere of surprise behind him, for not only was Henry not given to doing things abruptly but it was universal knowledge that he was one of two men in Daleville who came to be shaved five mornings in the week and Saturday afternoon without fail.

The other man was Henry's boss, Mr. Wellington, who in addition to other pursuits of a financial character conducted the affiliated National and Savings Banks in which Henry was known as cashier—known by courtesy, that is, because he really wasn't cashier at all. Mr. Wellington was president and cashier and all the other officers. Henry was various kinds of teller, bookkeeper, clerk, messenger, janitor and all the other employees. His salary was twenty dollars a week, which had once been rather ample as village salaries go, but which in this year of disgrace, 1919, had ceased to be such—even in Daleville.

When Henry arrived home some twenty minutes later he slapped a small black leather case viciously down among the supper dishes.

"What is it, Henry?" his wife asked in a tone of some alarm.

Really the question applied as much to his evident frame of mind as it did to the black case, for Henry was not given to doing things viciously. On the contrary his disposition was the toast of the town, so to speak. But the black case did carry its own message of anxiety, for Henry still occasionally lapsed into extravagances, and Jane, his wife, through her daily encounters with the ascending prices of things, was more acutely aware of the waning power of his twenty dollars than he sometimes appeared to be.

"It's a razor," Henry declared defiantly.

"Henry!" moaned Jane. "Why did you go and buy a razor? You know you can't shave yourself—you've tried over and over again."

As a shaving proposition Henry's beard was in fact a highly effective wire entanglement.

"Maybe I can't," he retorted through clenched teeth, "but I'm going to. Joe has raised the price of shaves to twenty-five and haircuts to fifty. I stood for his raise to twenty and thirty-five—but too much is enough! I'm through!"

Henry was not given to clenching his teeth either. Jane approved so thoroughly of this manner of speaking that she forbore to press the argument. She merely suggested that he wait until after supper.

"Let supper wait!" he grated, and Jane, smiling, let it wait.

After an exclamatory session in the bathroom Henry emerged bearing a proud smile entirely surrounded by smooth but flaming red jowls.

"You know, Jane, it's easy after you get onto it," he boasted. "I never really stuck to it long enough to get the hang. In a week I'll be doing it in twenty minutes."

It was along toward the end of supper that he fell into a period of figuring with a pencil and an old envelope.

"There!" he exclaimed at length. "I've been having six shaves a week, or three hundred and twelve a year—call it three hundred—at twenty cents. That makes sixty dollars. I get my hair cut every two weeks—twenty-six haircuts at thirty-five cents makes $9.10. Joe has been getting $69.10 a year out of me. At the new prices three hundred shaves will cost me seventy-five dollars and twenty-six haircuts thirteen dollars. Joe is planning to get eighty-eight dollars a year out of me, a net gain of $18.90—pretty near one week's pay—but I'll fool him. I'm going to shave myself, and get my hair cut once in four weeks. In the next twelve months, if Joe is lucky he'll get just $6.50 for thirteen haircuts and not a cent more—not a copper cent!"

He lighted his pipe and became so immersed in thought that Jane cleared the table alone. When the dishwater was ready she tactfully roused him to a sense of duty.

"Do you know," he observed when he had armed himself with a dish towel, "if I could get one hundred of Joe's best customers to do the same thing he'd have to lower his prices or go out of business?"

"I wish I could reduce my expenses as easily," Jane sighed. "But I can't get meat and groceries and milk with a safety razor."

"It could be done," Henry exclaimed. "I mean, of course, prices could be brought down if you could only persuade everybody to do it—to just cut down their buying."

"Why don't you try to persuade them—here in Daleville? You could do it if anyone could, Henry."

"Shucks!" Henry snorted. "Nobody could do it! It can't be done! Old human nature is the profiteer's Man Friday. We all sit round and cuss, b when it comes to doing anything we ca get together."

"Try it anyway!"

"Humph!"

At eleven o'clock the argument ended in the usu way—with Henry agreeing to try it anyway. He w the opposite of enthusiastic, but nevertheless he spe most of the night and all of Sunday figuring out how to about it.

When Daleville saw Henry's hand-lettered cards tack up in the usual places Monday morning it was interest Whatever Henry announced on those familiar cards of was fairly certain to prove an alleviation of the preval monotony. This particular announcement had the ad tional appeal of mystery. It read:

THEY
ARE DRAINING YOUR LIFE BLOOD!
THE
SELF-PRESERVATION LEAGUE
WILL SAVE YOU
JOIN IT!
OPERA HOUSE, MONDAY NIGHT, 7:30

They answered the appeal—practically all of the Even the barber shop and the drug store were clos Henry wasted no time on preliminaries. At precis seven-thirty, clad in jean overalls and a blue shirt, he r on the stage and announced:

"I want one hundred of Joe Patterson's customers stand up and solemnly agree not to get shaved in his sh for one year and not to have their hair cut oftener th once in four weeks."

There was silence, then a titter. They didn't know w Henry was up to, but it started out as though it was go to be pretty funny. Joe himself, down near the fro stiffened to withstand the joke when it should rebound his direction.

"I'm not joking," Henry said with all solemnity. mean just that. If I can get one hundred and fifty, much the better. It means a saving of twenty dollars ward for every man, depending on how much money h accustomed to spend for barbering."

At that Joe rose up. He was somewhat inarticulate, cause he couldn't understand at all.

"What you trying to do, Henry?" he complain "That'll ruin my business. What you wanta do that fo

"I am tryin reduce the cos living for all of Joe."

"But you're re ting me outa b ness. Ain't I g right to live?"

"The same q ified right that of us have, Jo the right to liv you can."

"But you go right to tak man's living a from him," protested des ately. "It's wrc it—it's wicke

"No mo wicked than it for you to dou your price Henry returne his gentlyinsist way.

"But I had do it, Hen. My penses were go up and I had t something to m 'em."

"And, of cou it did not occu you, Joe, that y doing that wo help toward p ting me out business. My penses are go

(Continued o Page 49)

He Persuaded a Few Others to Give Part Time to the Emergency Task of Getting the Vital Crops In. And by This Makeshift Means the Task Bade Fair to be Accomplished

(Continued from Page 46)

jit as rapidly as yours, but—I call Mr. Wellington to
tnis—my best efforts to increase my income correspond-
clnave failed. I have got to do something to meet the
rising cost of living just as you did, and since I can't
rise my income as you did I shall have to curtail my
g I am giving as much thought to the effect of my
i on you as you gave to the effect of your action on
. In fact, I am giving more, because I am honestly
r for you, whereas I doubt if you wasted one tiny
r on me.

ut I haven't called you together to-night for the sole
rse of putting Joe Patterson out of business—in fact,
only a very small incident. What I aim at is to cut
rice of wheat, because in the long run the price of
e governs the price of grain in general and grain gov-
she price of the other things we eat and wear and use."

ut how's shaving yourself going to affect the price
eat?—that's what I want to know," demanded the
opy barber.

ot very much, all by itself, Joe," Henry replied.
if enough of you people take up with my idea I think
show you before snow flies that every time you shave
elf you knock one little chip off the price of wheat.
hat, with all the other chips we are going to knock off,
ll make a hole in it that will be visible to the naked eye.

he truth is, folks, that we ourselves are to blame for
igh cost of living—the whole kit and caboodle of us.
e it round and swear at the profiteers and cuss the
redent because he doesn't come home and call Congress
dnake everything lovely right off the bat. Congress
legislate itself black in the face, but it can't repeal the
f supply and demand—they've tried to amend it once
tice and that's one of the things that ail us now.

Ve are producing too little and consuming too much.
the hired men in the world have been on a five-year
kuch. Millions of them are dead; more of them
n't got over it enough yet to go back to work; a lot
ners who might work just won't. The rest of us, who
e ack in the shop, are spending most of our time trying
ure how we can do less work and get more money for
. Here we are with a five-year shortage to make good,
lour working force gone and the other half loafing on
eob. To make it worse a lot of people are getting more
ey than they ever dreamed of getting and so they
it they are richer. They are calling for things they
r thought of trying to buy in the old days. Everybody
ying to buy things, but nobody wants to make things.
The demand is bigger than the supply—that's all, and
n that situation occurs prices go up. What we've got
is to cut down the demand and increase the supply—
less and produce more; save our money and work
er. We can't do much to help the general situation,
use the world isn't going to be greatly interested in
Daleville Self-Preservation League. But we can do
gh to better our own lot. If you are interested I will
you my idea and then you may do as you see fit.
re is no pledge."

hey applauded vociferously, but Henry wagged his
l and smiled wryly at them as he went on:

I warn you that it will hurt considerably in spots and
e of you can be certain that he won't be one of the
s. But I believe that will be brief and temporary and
every one of us will ultimately be benefited.

Now in the first place I am going to shave myself, and
e my hair cut not oftener than once in four weeks. I
going to wear overalls like these and colored shirts—
ap, washable clothes—every day, including Sunday. I
e laid away the only good pair of shoes I possess and
out all my old ones. I am going to have them patched
wear them until they fall to pieces. What that means
he rest of you is this: Cut down your expenditures for
hes and shoes to the lowest possible figure, regardless
fooks."

wo heads shot up in different corners of the room.
y were those of Alfred Worden, the shoe man, and
ter Billings, tailor and clothier. But Henry forestalled
m: "Exactly! You and a few others are going to suffer
st at first. Your situation also illustrates the weakness
t comes from our inconspicuous position in the world.
r prices are largely governed from outside. We cannot
e for much cheaper clothes or shoes except as you may
impelled to scale your own profits a little—which I sus-
t you might be able to do without selling at a loss. The
e is true of most groceries—sugar, coffee, crackers; prac-
lly all of them. Tobacco too. These things, which are
big to be affected by any reduction of local demand, we
st simply estimate as luxuries and cut our consumption
them to the minimum—the absolute, irreducible, rock-
tom minimum; and that means to reduce till it hurts.

After all, getting down to the basis of things, those are
lly luxuries. Life could be maintained—has been—
ite comfortably without them. But the real funda-
ntal essentials of life we can govern right here at home—
at, bread, poultry, eggs, milk, vegetables. These are
ngs we can raise for ourselves."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Henry,"
e a plaintive voice. "The prices I pay for my meat is fixed in Chicago. I'm selling now on such a narrow margin it ain't giving me more than a bare living."

"I've sometimes wondered why you kept up the struggle, Pete," rejoined Henry. "But take courage, we are going to rescue you from the clutches of the meat barons. You used to help your father do his own slaughtering, didn't you? Well, we'll have you back at it again before Thanksgiving. And I see Anse Howard rising to make similar observations concerning the grocery business. I tell you, Anse, that your foreign groceries are hereafter unhallowed luxuries. And along in the fall Newt Hawkins is going to begin to mill our flour for us—you can do that, can't you, Newt?"

"I could," the miller returned somewhat doubtfully, "but it wouldn't be like this patent flour you're used to."

"Of course not," Henry agreed. "It won't look as good and perhaps it won't taste as good until we get used to it, but I have an idea it will feed heartier."

"There is one thing you seem to have forgotten, Henry."

An elderly man with a weathered face, a square gray beard and shrewd, kindly eyes had risen. He spoke slowly and with dignity:

"All of this comes back onto us farmers—we're at the bottom of it. If you are going to cut prices on wheat and milk and beef and the rest of 'em it means that we've got to raise more and sell cheaper. Well, we can't do either one. We're raising now all we can get help to raise, and with the wages we have to pay we can't sell what we do raise any cheaper than we're selling it now—not and make anything on it."

"Quite true, Mr. Stockwell," Henry smiled. "But it is not going to cost you so much to raise your crops this summer, and you are going to have all the help you need to raise the extra wheat and things which we require. And now, you kids, a word to you if you can wake up long enough. You're in on this too. No candy, no chewing gum, no ice cream—did you know you were paying about twice as much for ice cream as you used to?"

"That ain't so, Henry," a new voice broke in. "I'm charging five cents a cone—same as I always did."

"I know that, Frank. I buy one myself now and then, and there's just half as much ice cream in it as there used to be. Figure it out for yourselves, fellows. Of course it costs Frank more to make it, but I guess he could manage to sell the new-size cone for four cents at that. Ice cream is a home product. You fellows keep away from the drug store for a spell now and we'll bring it down where Frank can afford to give us the old amount for a nickel. Are you with me?"

"Ye-e-a-a-y!" agreed the juvenile section of the gathering. They were with Henry on any and every proposition he propounded, forasmuch as he had never played them false.

"Now, folks," Henry went on earnestly, "the proposition in a nutshell is just this: Think three or four times before you decide to spend two cents on anything and then think again and see if you can't get along on one cent's worth. And don't be so darned afraid of work. Have a garden—every man in town ought to have one as big as he can manage or a little bigger. Do your own washing—you men can get up Monday morning and help. If you keep your mind on it you'll be surprised at the number of things you can go without or do for yourselves. If you find it isn't working out the way you expected come and see me and we'll talk it over."

When the meeting broke up, which was not until the mercantile section of Daleville had expressed itself individually with considerable emphasis, Stockwell, the farmer, approached Henry with a quizzical smile.

"I don't quite see through this, Henry, but you usually know what you're doing and I guess you know this time. I cal'late a lot of us that clapped our hands pretty loud to-night are going to get a taste of something we don't like—sort of a dose of castor oil for our own good, huh? Well, if they don't lynch you first, Henry, you'll probably come out all right. And by the way, I can use all the help you can get me at twenty dollars or maybe twenty-five dollars a month and board."

Joe Patterson lasted just three days under the new régime and then came up to Henry's house in a mood of mingled wrath and tears.

"I supposed you're satisfied now," he said sullenly. "You've ruined me. I'm drawing money from the bank to live on."

"It's hard luck, Joe, and I'm sorry. I mean that," Henry answered. "You're not ruined, though, and you won't be."

"Why not?" Joe demanded angrily. "You know how much money I got in the bank—how long will that support a wife and two kids?"

"Not long—if you try to live on it," Henry agreed. "But, Joe, when you began barbering you were a good farm hand. Sam Stockwell is looking for help at twenty-five dollars a month and board. Probably you could arrange to take the board home to the family. And you could keep the shop open nights the same as you did when you first began."

A long and sometimes stormy argument followed, but the next day found Joe at work clearing brush and stones from a pasture that was to become a wheat field.

From that moment Trouble became Henry's sworn brother and was rarely absent from him, even when he slept. The castor oil was being more widely administered than even he had foreseen. Close on Joe's heels came young Tom Galusha, who had been clerking it in Al Worden's shoe store. The shoe business had fallen flat and Tom had lost his job. Tom started in to be rather truculent, but Henry threw him into a chair and laughed him to cheerfulness of a sort.

"What was Al paying you, Tommie?" he demanded.

"Six dollars a week, but I was going to get more pretty soon."

"Four times six is twenty-four dollars a month. You're an object for pity, Thomas. You've got to give up a twenty-four-dollar job and take one that only pays twenty-five dollars and board. You report at Stockwell's to-morrow morning and tell him I sent you."

"I don't want to work on a farm," the boy wailed.

"Of course you don't," Henry retorted. "You'd rather slop round in a store and wait on people and keep your hands pretty and your muscles soft, even if it costs you ten or fifteen dollars a month to do it. If you tried to play baseball now you'd drop dead. Get out on the farm and harden up and presently your twenty-five dollars will buy as much as fifty dollars will now."

The next attack came from a different direction. It came from Henry's boss.

"Now-a, Henry," Mr. Wellington began with a portentous clearing of his throat, "of course I know that your theory is sound enough as a theory, Henry, but it's turning out to be sort of a boomerang. Three loans that were as good as made have been called off to-day. Joe Patterson was planning to put five thousand dollars into an addition to his shop for pool and bowling. Al Worden has decided not to build that new house and Anse Howard has canceled the plans for enlarging his store. Altogether it amounts to eighteen thousand five hundred dollars."

"That's healthy," Henry rejoined. "Pool and bowling, as the town stands now, would be only an artificial stimulus to spending. Al really isn't in financial condition to build a house anyway, and Anse's store is plenty big enough if he'd make an efficient arrangement of his goods. All three of them were pure inflation and we're better off without them. The farmers are going to need money for new equipment, fertilizer and wages until they can cash in on the new crop."

"But it's cutting into our deposits already, Henry. No business, no deposits ——"

"We'll get them back soon enough. Meantime we're gaining in the savings department. Four new accounts there to-day and all of the money saved in just one week."

"Hum-m!" Wellington commented. "How about the men and boys who are losing their jobs—Patterson and Galusha. Anse Howard discharged young Raymond to-day and says he will have to let his other clerk go by the end of the week. Billings is going to discharge his clerk to-morrow. Frank Cramer says he cannot make the drug store pay without the soda business. And that's the way it is going all round."

"I'm sorry in a way," Henry replied; "but actually it won't hurt any of them. The clerks are getting practically as good pay on the farms as they got before, and healthier work—even if they do not like it as well. They become producers instead of mere overhead charges on the community. The drug store can be run on short time just as the barber shop is and Cramer can put his time into productive farm work.

"The point is, as, of course, you have seen, Mr. Wellington, that not one job has been affected—not one will be more than momentarily affected—which is basically essential to the existence of the community. They all contribute to its comfort, but they also contribute to its expenses and it can maintain life perfectly well without them. And when we are thinking in the larger terms of the community we cannot afford to think in terms of the individual who may suffer."

By the time spring plowing was under way not only Stockwell but a dozen smaller farmers found their farms manned with labor so plentiful and cheap that they could hardly believe the evidence of their eyes and pay rolls. Every one of them was in position to double his cultivated acreage. It was the season when milk was scarce and when chickens were hatching. The lessening of demand for dairy products did not bother the farmers at that particular time, while the prospects for the future filled them with delight.

But in the village there was lamentation and loud talk, for there was scarcely a soul therein—barring Henry himself, the two ministers of the gospel, the school teachers and a very few others of fixed and immutable income—who was not feeling the reflex of the economy wave. Not even Henry had realized how closely the interests of each individual in the community were interwoven with the interests of all the rest.

Runyon, the carpenter, had been counting upon Al Worden's new house and the alterations in the barber shop and grocery store to keep him busy all summer. His two journeymen and an apprentice boy suffered with him and were forced to seek work on the farms. In one of these Mrs. Pearson lost a regular boarder at the little hotel, which ordinarily furnished her a home and maintenance. She likewise lost the trade of the drummers, who ceased their visits when the stores ceased buying from them. Mrs. Brophy, the washerwoman, found her occupation swept away by the new fashion of washing at home, as did young Elmer Tibbetts, who partly supported a widowed mother on his commissions as agent for a steam laundry in a larger town fifty miles away. Henry Robbins' heart turned rather sick as he catalogued the long list.

In the meantime clothes and shoes and meat and groceries cost as much as ever, except where the retailers had seen fit to scale a few pennies from their margin of profit in the hope of attracting customers. The fruits of their sharp economies were barely sufficient—in many cases insufficient—to balance the curtailment of their incomes, and few indeed were endowed with the vision to see in their weary labor on the farms the promise of better times just ahead.

Thus Henry's life became just one argument after another, and it was high testimony to their love and confidence that his arguments did prevail with the individuals at whom they were directed.

He could have told in a single word how to end it all, and sometimes in his extremity he was tempted to do it. Yet if he had told them that by resuming their old scale of expenditures they would restore the former order of things they would in all likelihood have slain him on the spot. Increasing expenditures would not have appealed to their simple mental processes as a logical method of treating deflated pocketbooks. So they increased the rigor of their economies and more cheap labor made its way to the farms on the hills.

The first ray of light came to Henry one afternoon in May when he encountered Pete, the butcher, actually smiling.

"I finally got Sam Stockwell to sell me a heifer," Pete announced. "Got her pretty cheap too. Sam's getting more milk now than he can use, and he's beginning to cut down stock a little. Creamery ain't shipping quite as much as usual past few weeks, and the village ain't buying as much as they used to either. Guess all of 'em's beginning to feel it a little."

It was not in Pete's nature really to gloat, but he was not above cherishing a touch of chaste contentment at the thought that the arrogant farmers might be getting a taste of theirs.

Henry, too, was jubilant in his soul, for here was evidence that the medicine had begun to work.

"A fine critter, I tell yeh, Henry. I'll have her on the blocks in a couple of days," were the butcher's parting words.

The appearance of that relatively cheap native beef was the greatest sensation Daleville had known since the big fire. When the meat-starved villagers saw Pete's card in the window they could not believe their eyes. It read:

Sirloin steak	$ .35 lb.
Round steak	.28 lb.
Rib roast	.30 lb.
Shoulder roast	.20 lb.

It was literally a riot. For these same cuts they had been paying respectively sixty to sixty-eight cents, fifty-five cents, forty-five to fifty cents and thirty-eight to forty-two cents—and they went crazy over it. All day long Pete cut and weighed and sold, and when—worn out—he locked the door in the face of the stragglers scarcely even a bone or a strip of fat remained, for he had been too busy and his customers too insistent to permit of trimming.

It was a few days later that Stockwell, the farmer, dropped in at the bank.

"So you're still alive!" he said.

"Just about," Henry replied with a grimace.

"I guess the worst is over now, Henry. I begin to see what you're driving at, and it looks like it was going to work. I'm giving you a little boost—going to let Pete have a hog to kill Monday. I'm really letting it go for less than it's worth—a little—because I had to buy skim milk from the creamery and some corn to feed my pigs last winter and the big ones are pretty expensive pork. But for more'n a month now I've been feeding 'em on garbage. First time in three years I've had help enough to collect garbage in the village, and it's been going to waste down here all that time. I can tell you it makes a big difference in the cost of raising pigs. Got a bunch of new shotes growing up on it now, and I can pretty near afford to give 'em to Pete in the fall."

"How are crops coming?" Henry asked.

"Fine so far, I tell you, Henry! I got so used to working short-handed and paying high prices for corn and hay and things I could have raised myself if I'd had the help, that I'd clean forgotten what it was like to run a farm the old way. I won't have to buy a thing this winter. I've got help enough to cut all the hay I can feed up to next summer. I'll have corn enough—and cheap enough—to feed it to the pigs if I want to without making 'em much more expensive than if I fed 'em on garbage. And you know what cheap corn means in the cost of chickens and eggs. Without any hay or cattle feed to buy next winter, I cal'late my milk is going to cost me maybe two or three cents a quart less than it has been. The creamery'll be paying the same—maybe better—and that means probably twice or three times the profit on every quart I ship out. I tell you, Henry, I guess you didn't figure yourself it was going to work out quite as strong as this when you set out, did you?"

"I didn't set out to raise the farmers' profits," Henry retorted grimly. "I set out to lower the cost of living in the village. If you farmers pass a share of it on to us down here it will come out all right."

"We'll have to," the farmer declared. "We're raising more than we can get rid of any other way, and besides we're just as much interested in keeping prices down as you are—on quite a lot of things. With the cheap help we got now and the cheap feed that's coming we can sell our extra milk down here for seven cents a quart and make a profit on it. We'll have wheat enough to feed the town and we'll probably make as much selling it here as we would trying to ship it out. It'll be the same with corn, and we might as well turn it into cheap pork and beef and chickens and eggs as let it rot. We're going to lose money on truck, Henry—did you tell all the farmers the same thing you told me?"

"I urged them all to raise vegetables for sale."

"And you advised everybody down here to run a garden," the farmer commented with a sardonic New England smile. "Well, I guess everybody took your advice. We'll be paying people to haul the vegetables off the place this summer."

"It won't be as bad as that," said Henry. "You remember what the famous old lady is reputed to have said when they asked her what on earth they did with all the fruit on the place?"

"No."

"She said. 'We eat what we can and what we can't eat we can.' She was a thrifty soul, and we might do worse than imitate her."

Out of that sprang Mrs. Pearson's community canning center, which turned the little hotel from a place of gloom and poverty into a hive of bustling prosperity. The bank financed the equipment and supplies, taking a small mortgage on the property. The industry cared for the surplus vegetables of the whole community and for great quantities of fruit and wild berries. It gave steady employment to the erstwhile waitress and chambermaid, whom Mrs. Pearson had been forced to discharge when the hotel business went flat; to Mrs. Brophy, the idle washerwoman; to Elmer Tibbetts, the ruined laundry boy, who lacked the strength for farm work, and to his mother besides. The gathering of the raw material occupied and enriched the boys and girls of the village. After winter needs of the housewives had been provided for there was a surplus so cheaply produced that it was able to bear heavy transportation charges to a distant city and yet bring back a profit which left Mrs. Pearson with all debts clear and a neat balance against the winter.

Then in various other unforeseen ways business began to pick up. Al Worden had once been a shoemaker and he resurrected his old bench and set it up in the rear of his shoe store. He also resurrected one Twomy, in his day a skillful tanner of hides, whom the centralizing tendencies of modern industry had long since banished into obscurity. Pete, who had no profitable market for the occasional cattle hides from his slaughter house, was glad to sell them for a song. Twomy tanned them and Worden turned them into rough but serviceable working shoes. With the prices of shoes as near heaven as they were in the summer of 1919 there was no difficulty in conducting this rude and elementary industry with reasonable profit to all concerned. In two weeks Al was employing the town cobbler and two boys, one of whom—tempted by higher wages—came off one of the farms. When he heard of that Henry sighed deeply and ceased to smile so triumphantly as had been his wont of late.

By this time Pete was getting about all the meat he could handle or the village could eat. The villagers' economy of milk consumption made the farmers willing to sell at a fairly low price the really negligible percentage of beef stock which the little meat market required. Scrap-fed pigs were also available because of the plentiful labor which made possible the gathering of this cheap feed. Pete was his own cattle buyer, carrier, packer, wholesaler and retailer, and the usual costs of the middlemen, which he thus eliminated, were partially passed on to the consumer in the form of low prices. Meat became a commonplace on tables which had known it only as an extravagant luxury for several years. Here too, however, Henry soon detected a presage of possible trouble in the future.

"The wholesalers are beginning to write me funny letters," Pete said to him one day. "Curious about why I've stopped buying. If the big fellers find out I'm selling native meat they'l be putting in a store here and unde selling me. That's what they did to my father—sold le than cost till his business was all shot to pieces and l either had to quit or promise to buy from them."

"I don't believe they'd do that now," Henry repli reassuringly, but his heart sank another degree.

It was not until late summer, of course, that the che wheat was ready to be ground in Newton Hawkins' m and converted into cheap bread. The same was true of t effect of the cheaper corn upon poultry and eggs, thou the farmers had to a certain degree responded to t lessened demand caused by the economy campaign in t village. But the dairy herds had long since freshened a begun to feed on grass, the only cost of which was intere on the low-priced pasture land and the taxes upon Labor to milk the cows and to handle the milk was plen ful and cheap, and the price for local consumption dropp to six cents, one cent better than the forecast of Farm Stockwell.

Midsummer saw Henry's scheme at the high tide of success, despite the fact that some of its chief benefits h not yet reached full fruition. Meat, milk products and veg tables were plentiful and cheap. Practically everyone h become adjusted to the new conditions of smaller incon and smaller expenses, and most of them found to the surprise that the margin of income over outgo was rel tively materially larger than it had been in the days wh considerably more money passed through their hand This was partly due no doubt to the fact that they h practiced an economy far more rigid than had been t custom in the other days. At any rate they found ther selves possessed of a real and tangible balance of money hand, which made them realize that their seeming pro perity under the old régime had been more apparent th real. Those who had been forced into occupations less d sirable than the tasks they had left had not yet found t irksomeness sufficient to overbalance the advantages the new situation. It was a happy community in t main, still under the sway of the novelty and surpri of it all.

So no one except Henry detected the new slant in t wind. Business continued to improve. Al Worden fou an increasing demand for his regular lines of foreign sho Anse Howard, who had made a fair living despite the e bargo by handling products of the farms and selling su quantity of general groceries as was necessary even und a reign of economy, found his trade in these picking up a sudden with surprising rapidity. Both he and Al we presently forced to call back their clerks from the far despite the protests of the farmers, who needed every p of hands for the impending harvest.

Lester Billings, the tailor, had not had his premoniti of ruin fulfilled. His trade in the cheap washable cott clothes, which Henry had made fashionable, had suffic to maintain him, and now he, too, felt the slackening whi came with the villagers' realization that they again po sessed a margin of real money. The trade in ready-ma woolen clothing began to increase at a very rapid rate a soon he, too, was offering inducements to his former cle to abandon the farm.

Frank Cramer's ice cream cones had—as Henry pr dicted—increased somewhat in proportion to the decrea in the cost of his raw materials. Though they never qui attained their ancient proportions, they had long be sufficiently large to tempt the juveniles whose pockets we bursting with the proceeds of the fruit and berry pickin Frank had been one of the first to drop the hoe and retu full time to the soda fountain.

At length Stockwell came to Henry with a long face.

"It don't seem to be working out quite right someho Henry," he said.

"Not right," Henry admitted, smiling ruefully, "b quite naturally."

He refused to expand this, but listened sympathetical to the farmer's tragic story of the shrinkage of his help.

"I'll tell you," he said at the end of it; "if I can arran it at the bank I'll help you afternoons."

He was as good as his word, though it forced him work at the bank in the early morning and late at nigh He persuaded a few others also to give part time to t emergency task of getting the vital crops in. And by th makeshift means the task bade fair to be accomplishe

In those weeks there was in all the village no such sham faced hang-dog person as Joe Patterson. Joe's devoti to Henry approached worship and he felt that he h played a Judas part, for he had bit by bit extended t hours of his barbering until he was once more devoting h whole time to the shop. The guilty feeling oppressed hi heavily and he avoided Henry as he might have dodge the avenging angel.

Henry had stuck to his self-shaving against odds whi became well-nigh insurmountable when he stretched h working days from dawn to nearly midnight. One evenin returning from his farm tasks with a three days' bea tormenting his face and a mountain of bookkeeping ahea of him, he temporarily abandoned the struggle and entere the barber shop. Joe was trying to smile and in attemptir

(Concluded on Page 194)

CAVE STUFF—By Josephine A. Meyer

THE flourishing adolescence of the town of Marion, [ontana, where I had been assigned to some school- urvey work, I came across the name of Orville Ard e he door of a large, well-kept express office. I stopped a onishment and stood gaping through the handsome at glass windows, shamelessly intent on getting a view i proprietor. I could not believe that two families in e ountry could combine the defects of ear and humor nat made that name possible, yet the imposing affluence t Orville Ard Transportation Company's headquar- rs ad absolutely nothing in common with the Ards as I d known them ten years back down in Maine.

Tat summer we had camped on one of the many lakes ar e contains for the convenience of city campers, and ir earest source of supplies was the seedy little village f orth Bradford. There one could find a general store, li ery stable, a shoemaker's, three boarding houses, a w evitalized farms and some unhappy, decrepit homes n seemed to have come into this gathering for mere m any's sake. To this last class the Ards belonged, ni ess and poverty-stricken. They seemed to get their vi; by doing useless things badly and by simply being e rds. It was an old stock and notable for two reasons: s ility to endure—due to its being too healthy to die it nd too lazy to move away—and its astoundingly ri, clamorous and consistent bad temper. To be "as a as Ol' Ard" was locally conceded to be the super- ti degree of wrathfulness. Most of the family, when e time came, went off in apoplexy like firecrackers, it there always remained behind an Ol' Ard, male or m le, to fit the proverb.

Tey were a tall, stout, red-blooded and powerful tribe, n is no family but themselves dared defy their aggres- or they usually confined their contentiousness to their w kind. The young that survived the beating up that id or bringing up in their midst arrived at man's or o an's estate hardy and vengeful. They were a com- el ig clan as a whole and the reports on their home life n a circulated freely among their neighbors bullied the w into a kind of respect for them.

A but Orville.

He was about twenty-two at the time and the eldest r ison of the then existing Ol' Ard. He was a big, la -browed giant in that family of giants, in face and m the incarnation of the tigerish ferocity of his breed, u to the disgust of the community bearing in his deep ai chest the palpitating heart of a mouse. If his r er Homer, six years his junior, had not once openly t ked him with a hammer before an assemblage in the e rral store, North Bradford's pessimism regarding the f iority of the new generation would have been con- r d.

A the suppressed trepidation of his ancestors came out i rville. Not only could his own family bait and abuse i with impunity, but the whole town and the country r unding after tentative trials took up the game. It t ded brave and risky to say you had sassed an Ard. c ould get a rise out of inhabitants for miles round until h remembered and added scornfully: "Oh—you mean r lle! Him!"

I wasn't because he was good-natured that he stood b eing kicked about either. Most butts I have met a rather relished their position in society, or at least a made a grace of it. But Orville was openly miserable. H sulked and growled smothered and unoriginal curses o imself, and on occasions when sufficiently goaded had e known to weep. I was at first inclined to believe this i it be due to a physical weakness that belied his splen- i figure, but I was mistaken. His towering body, well, s mewhat thickly built, his great heavy arms and tre- m dous knotted hands, his broad back and shoulders and o muscular legs were not merely for show. This was v ced when his timid disposition brought down upon i the weighty drudgery of his family and of the village. N alone of the Ards was known to exhibit energy—involu- n ry, surly but effective.

The day I met him he had been detailed by the owner o the general store to carry our provisions down to the c , and he bore them all in one load in a frowning silence h was not due to effort. There was no effort. I can w ar to this, for it was my privilege to be near him when t he course of his trip he managed to stub his toe. He a plenty of breath for the occasion, and for a moment w ndered if it were for me—a stranger alone in the woods w h him—to behold the long-looked-for breaking out of i temper. I confess to a sincere wish to share the honor w h other witnesses—preferably large, strong ones. But s denly he caught my eye and his uninspired profanity e ed as though it had been switched off like an electric g t. He mumbled an apology, averting his head, and a turn of his shoulder and the furtive look in his eye s gested that he was dodging a prospective blow from me.

It was of these things I was thinking as I stared through the expanse of glass that made public the neat inner workings of the express office of Orville Ard in Marion, nearly three thousand miles from where I had last seen or heard of him. Failing to distinguish the burly coward from outside, I entered the office and boldly inquired for the boss—not sure of what I was going to say to him when I saw him. He had gone home, the foreman told me. It was late and the office was closing up. Something in his manner and that of his associates, something in the glances they exchanged and the awed drop to their voices when they spoke his name recalled to me the atmosphere of the general store at North Bradford when the genus Ard was mentioned—Orville excepted.

I inquired where Mr. Ard lived and the foreman hesitatingly told me. Then scratching his head, in a manner both anxious and embarrassed, he asked me if I were a personal friend of Mr. Ard.

"I knew him pretty well back in Maine. Yes, it's a purely social visit," I smiled.

"I see," he nodded uncertainly. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added desperately, "but if you know him pretty well you'll understand me when I ask you not to tell him who give you that address if he—if you—well, if—if that visit ain't a success."

"Mr. Ard is—er—irascible?" I ventured, muting the tones of enlightenment in my voice.

The foreman's glance roved nervously over my face, sidewise down my right arm to the floor, up the walls, across the ceiling, whence it leaped to my hat, and descending my forehead came back to my eyes. In that tour it had been unable to gather anything in the shape of a denial.

"Irascible," he admitted warily.

"See here," I said, "you are closing up. Would you object to letting me walk home with you? I'd like to hear something of Mr. Ard's story since he came here, before I call on him. To—to insure the success of my visit."

Having bound myself to him with his own words and manner, he became almost intimate at once. He arranged to have one of the other men lock up and we started out together immediately.

"First," I began, "to make sure this is the same man that I mean, how old is he?"

He gave me an excellent description of Orville as he might be ten years after my memory of him, ending with "He's got a arm on him like a derrick."

"When did he come here?"

"Oh, about six years ago. The town wasn't nothing then to what it is now. Just beginning, you might say—and he's had his hand in building it up. It's a funny thing."

The foreman shook his head, and here I shall take the liberty to transpose and compress his wandering tale into some sort of sequence, using in it some of the things I learned subsequently from other people.

Orville had been pitched into Marion by an accident—a railway accident. He was in the blackened, bloodstained overalls of a railroad employee when they picked him out of the débris and rushed him and four other victims to the nearest doctor, who happened to live in this little town, which was then six miles from the tracks. Two of the other four died, two recovered and quietly returned to work for the railroad, but Orville in the course of his interesting convalescence had stamped the personality of generations of Ards upon the great Northwest—to his own advantage.

I was inclined to reckon that the nearness of death, the solution of the mystery of pain—in a word, the realization at one blow of the worst he might expect in the way of bodily discomfort—had at last awakened courage and endurance in Orville, and with their wakening he had reverted to type. His weeks of mending were historic in Marion. At first he was merely a voice, blasphemous and unmodulated. Then his arms came into play and with the Ard precision he began to throw things—things that grew heavier as his strength increased from day to day. By the time he was well enough to get out of bed he showed indications of tearing up by the roots the ménage that had succored him. The gentle, hospitable pair who had devoted themselves to saving his life now were forced to devote themselves to saving their own and their household effects.

"But why did they allow him to stay on with them?" I demanded of the foreman at this point.

"Who in blazes was going to try to put him out?" replied the foreman succinctly.

Gradually his host and hostess, it appears, began to be grateful to him for not actually murdering them or devastating their property when it seemed the obvious thing for him to do. They felt for him that exaggerated tenderness a sentimental and safe community accords to pirates who show any signs, however meager, of human chivalry or self-control. They grew fond of him and not a little proud of his highly efficient pugnacity.

The old man was a sort of carrier or expressman, who gathered produce from the farmers round and took it to the railroad seven miles away. One day he suggested to Orville that that worthy might help—and was undoubtedly amazed when Orville consented. I imagine that Orville, trained to hard work, was bored by idleness. At any rate, he was a success, for his enormous strength and his truculence combined to aid him. He handled the goods assigned to his care with mordacious dispatch and looked with such malevolence upon those of his customers who had not a great deal of transporting to do that they redoubled their efforts to enlarge their business. An enforced diligence and prosperity reigned throughout the county.

Orville Ard's name became a byword, the reverse of what it had been in Maine. He was soon elected to the office of town councilman and two years after went up at the head of a committee to the headquarters of the railroad company to persuade them to extend their line out toward the growing Marion. The town aspired only to a spur. No one seems clear about that meeting except to agree that Orville did a lot of talking—loud talking that grew louder the longer he was listened to—and the upshot was that the old route became the spur and Marion was on the main line.

Shortly after this the old man retired from business and Orville took it over. His fearful vitality blew it bigger and bigger. In the course of time he had to have the use of several trucks and an office staff which finally included a stenographer.

"He wanted a girl," reported the foreman. "Now wouldn't you think he'd 'a' had no chancet at all, him being what he was and known for it all over? I was with him those days already, and I told him what I thought—that we'd have the devil's own time gettin' a woman to come into his office."

"Did you?" I asked politely on his dramatic pause.

"We had the devil's own time keeping them out," he answered, his voice solemn before the miracle. "Even when he'd fired a half dozen or so—and with language it ain't usual for ladies to hear. More came all the time and them he'd fired come back. Why, they lapped up his tantrums like they was being made love to!"

"Cave-man stuff," I interpolated.

"Huh? Yeah, women is queer," he mused.

At last a woman came along who seemed to satisfy.

"I don't get it—not a little bit," said the foreman helplessly. "You'd orter seen her. She was no sort of looker and she sneaked round the place like a cockroach on cleanin' day. If you dropped a stamp behind her she'd jump like she was shot and she never sat down without she'd looked all round the chair to see it was safe."

"But she was a good worker?" I hinted.

"What, her?" He chewed his yellow mustache and let his inquiring eyes sum up the possibility of his criticisms going further. "She was the dernedest bungler I ever seen in all my born days," he confided at last circumspectly. "She took dictation like she was drawin' what he was saying, and maybe she was, but she was no artist and didn't know herself what it was all about ten minutes after she done it—she nor nobody else. He'd have to dictate all over again. An' as for bookkeeping—well, she had a way of adding by ear."

"Yet he kept her?" I demanded incredulously.

"Till he married her," answered the foreman briefly.

"Married her?"

"Oh, we was more surprised than you are! But I'll admit every one of us there was glad to get her out of the office. We was losing our nerves, what with being afraid of stepping on her and not daring to blame her for the bulls she made."

"Was he in love with her?"

"Mebbe." He looked skeptical.

"Perhaps he was sorry for her and that was the only humane method of firing her."

"Him!"

"What's your idea then?"

He shook his head.

"My wife says it's because she was the only woman he'd come across that didn't fall for him. Women like to think that."

"So she wasn't in love with him?"

"Lord, no! She wasn't that kind. It's as hard to understand her takin' him as it is to find out why he took her. But they got married all right. They bin married two years now without no hitch and they got a baby too. He named it after her people—Beltz."

"What?"

"Beltz—Beltz Ard. That was her name—Minnie Beltz. She was from Pennsylvania somewheres and her folks was Dutch. It is a kinder funny name when you think of it.

I'd have to be pretty fond of my wife before I'd let her give that kind of a name to my baby."

His marriage put an end to the idea of a woman stenographer and bookkeeper. Ever since then that old man with the whiskers had been employed. A good sort—had I noticed him?

"But it was too late then," said the foreman philosophically.

"Has married life altered him?" I asked curiously.

"No-o-o," answered the foreman after a judicial pause. "Sometimes it seems like it has, till you look back and remember. He couldn't be worse than what he was."

On the assurance that he was still town councilman I made up some question in connection with my school-survey work on which I might legitimately approach him, thinking it just as well to be armed with a motive. When I left the foreman I only took time to eat dinner, or rather supper, before going directly to the address he had given me. I did not wish to give myself time to recall all the Ard legends I had heard in Maine lest my present interest in Orville might die out.

The house was set well in a good-sized lot. It was pretty and neat and highly conventional, suggesting any nice suburban cottage. When I called to mind the family seat of the Ards in North Bradford and compared the two places my respect for Orville grew, likewise my desire to investigate his career.

As I approached up the pathway I heard a sound as though someone were making a speech—a passionate speech, punctuated by short, harrowing silences which seemed designed to reënforce the speaker's fury. I retarded my pace, not sure how keen I was about rencountering Orville, and I was hesitating on the steps of the porch when the front door was thrown wide open and the thunderous voice shouted: "Get the hell out of here! All of you! This is my home, not my office! I don't do no business here, an' if you don't keep your damned noses out of my private premises I'll brain the crowd of you!"

I was aware of a murmur—as incongruous as it was anxious—concerning hats, and then there was a rush past me in the dark like the flutter and whir of distracted fowls when a chicken house is invaded. The massive silhouette in the doorway called belated and virulent bits of advice after his fleeing visitors, and then at last we stood alone, face to face in the broken yellow light.

"Who are you?" he snarled acrimoniously.

I told him my name in a voice far calmer than my feelings and I added pleasantly the details of our last meeting in the Maine woods ten years ago. He listened to me, standing very still and silent, and because his features were just an inky blot against the drop lamp in the hall I could at first gather nothing of the effect I had produced on him. But all at once he reached out his hand for the support of the door knob, and to my amazement I beheld that he was trembling!

"From Maine?" he said, swallowing hard. "You don't say so!"

An extraordinary change had come over him. His loud and blustering voice sagged limply and I was reminded of the impotent flapping of a sail from which the wind had withdrawn. His enormous bulk seemed to grow soft under my eyes and I beheld that old familiar crouch of his shoulders that used to flinch so persistently before the thrashings his pusillanimity invited. He held out his hand with the gesture of one making haste to surrender.

"Come right in," he invited weakly. "How are the folks back home?"

I forgot completely my carefully planned method of attack, as I forgot the new vision of Orville in the old. It was like waking up from a distorted dream of him, and my contempt for myself at having been fooled into believing it for a second redounded upon him. I shook hands with him with disdainful sympathy and explained that I had not come directly from Maine, and in fact had not been there since he had left home.

"Don't you hear from your people?" I asked with some of the exasperation that invariably tinged the tone in which North Bradford addressed him, as though he were half-witted and could help it.

He cringed at my manner.

"No," he answered. "They don't know I'm here. I don't want them to know I'm here. Don't ever tell them, will you?"

"Of course not, if you don't want me to. But why?"

"Well"—he looked so crafty that I was misled into wrong conclusions—"I run away from them."

"You—you don't mean to say you got into trouble?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, I did."

"You broke out at last?" I interpreted and basked in the light this threw upon his conduct out here in Marion. He had led me into a neat and shining little parlor that smelt like new carpet and fresh plaster.

He now motioned for me to be seated on one of the Jacobean chairs, and when I had done so he sat gingerly on the edge of another.

"It was Addie," he confided. "You remember Addie?"

"Your sister? The little girl with the long braid?"

"Yes, the youngest. She near to killed me—and I got even."

"No!" I was horrified at the thought.

"Yes," he nodded. "I run away."

"After—but what did you do to her?" I dreaded hearing.

"Do? I didn't do nothing. Who'd dare to do anything to her? I tole you, I run away. That's how I got even. They can get some other goat to do their hard work for them now," he growled malignantly.

I was relieved for Addie's sake, but must admit that somehow he did not go up in my estimation for having refrained from violence.

"And you came here?" I asked. "How?"

"I got a job on the railroads—first one branch, then another. I kinder felt safer moving round. Then I got a chancet to work out here somewheres and I took it, but on the way we got dumped. It was pretty much of a smash-up."

I told him what I had heard from the foreman, and he listened with a growing complacency that wiped out all signs of the old cowering. He seemed especially gratified over all reports of his belligerency.

"Yes," he smirked at last with a self-satisfied air, "I got quite a name here."

"I would have thought someone was kidding me if I hadn't seen you bidding good night to some guests as I came in this evening," I replied sternly, "for you are not the least bit different from what you were in Maine. What's the idea?"

"How do you know I ain't different?" he asked, scowling, but his voice was unsteady.

"Good Lord, man, I have eyes and ears! You're dead scared of me this minute—and for what, I don't even know."

He tried to meet my gaze and failed.

"Don't give me away," he pleaded at last in a low voice. "It's been the making of me."

"You mean that you planned this bluff?"

He nodded, staring down at the hands he was crushing together in his lap. He looked like a little boy trying not to cry.

"If I can only keep it up," he muttered.

I found it absolutely necessary to bolster up his manliness with reassurance.

"You give no outward evidences of weakening," I exclaimed impatiently, and told him what the foreman had said when I had asked if marriage had altered him. He brightened, but added disconsolately: "I tried to be worse than I was before."

"Was to-night's affair on the doorstep a sample of your methods?" I asked.

"Oh, that wasn't as bad as some things I done!" he answered defensively.

"Anything much worse ought to land you in jail for assault," I retorted. "What were they? A delegation of strikers that made you so mad?"

"Oh, no! They wasn't strikers. One of them had a kick about a delayed delivery. The others come round about some alterations I'm making, enlarging my office. But I tole them I don't want no business brought here into my home. It upsets the wife and wakes up the baby."

"I can believe that," I conceded. "Do you suppose they'll any of them risk going to see you downtown tomorrow?"

"Sure! They always come back. They're used to me. They expect it of me. I guess they like it. Anyways it never done me no harm, and lots of good. You know what I was like before I started this kind of thing."

"What on earth ever gave you the idea?" I wanted to say "courage" but delicacy prevented me. "Did you work it out deliberately?"

"Something like that. That railway accident helped. After they picked me up I was what they call de-leer-ious for a while and I must 'a' dreamt I was Homer."

"Home?"

"Homer—the brother that beaned me with the hammer. He was ornery—real honest-to-God ornery," he added enviously. "He didn't have to fake it."

"How do you know? They say every bully is a coward."

"I wouldn't like to think that of Homer." His voice had the hushed gravity of one defending an endangered ideal. "No. Whenever I want to raise particular damnation I think how Homer would have gone about it and it gives me the guts—right from the start—from the day the ole woman looked at me laying there in bed and says, 'I'm afraid you're a hard man.' I've seen them looking at Homer like that. Scart, but tickled—especially women. You wouldn't believe it!"

"I can believe anything of women," I said sententiously.

"So can I—now," he almost whispered.

"And it was because she looked at you like that that you decided to be a treat-them-rough?"

"Not right off. I was pretty sick. It just made me keep on thinking I was Homer."

"But there must have been a time when you woke up from that dream. You don't still think you're Homer, do you?"

"No," he hesitated.

"Well, what I'd like to know is just when you conscious began to impersonate Homer. What started you?"

"It was like this." He revolved back his slow memo with an effort. "One day I apologized to the ole lady f swearing and I seen a look in her eye. Gosh, I can't expla it! I just couldn't put up with the thought of going ba to all that again. I guess I really lost my temper th time, and it was awful easy, once you'd started, so lo as the other feller thinks it's real."

"Is that why you didn't try it on me?" I smiled. "Y thought I'd call you?"

"Something like that. You knowed the real Homer

"You give a good imitation."

"Do I? I got lots of points from him. Throwing thin was one."

"It made a hit?"

"Not often. I wouldn't try so long as I didn't have t They was so good to me—and elderly." He looked asham of his squeamishness. "But one time I threw a clock wi gold angels on it through the parlor window, and once ripped down the chandelier. That was when I heard som one said my bark was worse than my bite. But it w risky."

"It certainly was! You might have killed someone!

"You mean I might have got killed. You orter seen ho mad the ole lady was over her clock. I had to go into kind of a fit and made tracks for the office. When I g back that night, though, she was as meek as Moses, so carried on some more."

"And the old man never interfered?"

"Nah! He was always worse scart of me than he That's why he got out and left me his business."

"You terrorized him?"

"Well, I'd made it what it was—the business."

"Yes, I've heard you have been increasingly fortunat Your only trouble seems to have been the lady boo keepers."

"Oh, they wasn't a trouble!" He breathed out a dee blissful and regretful sigh. "That was great—only it didn last."

"How great?"

"Then I was nearest to really being Homer. The w they'd come after me, fawning like dogs when you got whip in your hand. And some of them was so pretty."

"You proved you liked the applicants by marryi one."

He stared moodily at the carpet.

"Yeah," he said reticently.

"Pretty too?"

"Minnie? No, she ain't."

"Well, looks aren't everything."

"No, they ain't."

"She has charm undoubtedly."

He chewed his lips miserably and at last looked up.

"What have you been hearing about her and me?" asked.

"Only that you married her and that she was such frail, mild, helpless little woman. It makes rather a chari ing romance—your strength and protection for her wea ness."

"You ain't kidding?"

"What is there to kid about?"

"I suppose you might just as well know all about n I'd kind of like to tell somebody."

"What?"

"'Twas Minnie married me."

"Oh!" I did not look much impressed.

"I took her on for a week—same as the rest. I used fire them reg'lar, just to keep the line moving. I thought could stand Minnie for a week and if not—she looks t kind you could shoo out the next day by coughing kin of loud. Well, in a day or two I seen my mistake. I was for a fight and a grand bounce. I had her into my priva office late one day—after closing time so's she'd be tuc ered out by the day's work—and I started to jump her like I done to the others."

"Yes?" I asked. "And so she threw herself into yo arms and you were softened and compromised into proposal?"

"No," he answered, blinking a little. "No, it wasn like that at all. There was a knife on the desk that I us for a paper cutter. She just grabbed that and start after me."

"She attacked you?"

He rolled up his sleeve and showed me a whitening sca

"That's her handwriting," he said.

"Good God! And then?"

"She bandaged it up. She jawed me all the time, tellin me I was a coward and a bully and a sneak and a lot things only you and me knows about me out here in th town."

"And you married her?"

"She married me, I told you."

"It's the same thing."

"No, it ain't. I never would have married her, only had to. Do you know why she always looked so pale ar quiet and nervous? It was because they was after her."

(Concluded on Page 170)

OVER AND BACK WITH SCUDS

By TORREY FORD

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

TWAS pretty much of a section love affair from
t: start. All hands, from the loot to the greasy
ok, knew each time the heart of Rosie wavered
t: soul of Scuds quaked. As you may have
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eal Orders No.
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ited that we

"They All Yelled 'Oo! ze Américain. Ooh! là! là!' Then One of the Janes Threw Her Arm Round My Neck and Somebody Snapped a Camera"

rn as a regular part of the section equipment: One (1) o army, regular. In the flurry of hasty preparation c there in hot Allentown, Sp. O. No. 32 had been over-old until just before the arrival of Scuds.

Rumor preceded him by only ten minutes. The sergeant dt from the loot that a regular army cook would join n iat morning. Before the debate could begin as to ni of the college cooks was to be shoved back into the n: there he was, striding confidently down the long sl of cots inquiring for Section 325.

Jst a glance told any of us that here was a military a: His shoulders, chest and neck somehow fitted into a sartorial invention called familiarly by the Q. M. n (1) coat, O. D." His campaign hat tilted slightly to eoutheast, his sharp thin nose, his black close-trimmed uache, his narrow set mouth—suggested years of rigid spline. We gathered round him timidly.

'Jo you're our new army cook?"

'I have that privilege, gentlemen," he said as he gen-osly offered his hand to any who dared intrude.

'Been in the army long?"

'Not very."

'But we thought you were a regular army cook."

'I intend no deception." His manner was magnani-cs. "I have spent the last four years as head cook in rlitary academy. Before that I did a three-year trick pprentice chef in a famous cuisine of a New York hotel. f ourse I ain't a specialist on army stew, nor hash, nor eus; yet if you are willing to put up with my dishes I nik none of you will complain."

He winked wickedly at the humble clerk. His entry t the section had been a success. You might call it a n:k-out.

"And now," he continued, for there was no one to dis-u: that he had the floor, "I should like to have a few cls with the sergeant about a little matter of a week-end a."

We all gasped. The sergeant had just turned ten of us on. Men expecting sailing orders were to be given no k-ty.

"I have to run up to town to see The Wife," he explained. Se expects me, Rosie does, on the 8:07."

"So you're married?"

"Not exactly. But there is no telling what may happen n moment. Just let your eyes wander over that for a moment and tell me how long you'd go it alone in my place."

From somewhere he produced a cabinet photograph, embossed with a Bayonne trade-mark, and we were introduced to Rosie. She was fair, Rosie was. She smiled; and down below in flourishy twirls she had inscribed herself: "All your Rosie." The photograph, admired and exclaimed over, passed from hand to hand until it reached the sergeant, whom someone had towed into the gathering. Responsibility and authority sat heavy on the shoulders of our sergeant. Three weeks before he had been a junior at Harvard—now he was a sergeant, first class, in the U. S. Army. He scorned to look at Rosie and turned to Scuds.

"Am I to understand that——" he began.

"Yeah, I'm the regular army cook," Scuds interrupted, cordially extending his hand. "Glad to meet you, sergeant. Just wanted your name on my pass up to see Rosie. Rosie likes all the military souvenirs I can bring her."

"Men expecting sailing orders are not given liberty," quoted the sergeant mechanically from the Orders of the Day.

"I have that all arranged with the adjutant. He's to wire me in case anything comes up. Sign here under the captain's name." Scuds had borrowed the clerk's pen and was thrusting a small typewritten slip under the sergeant's nose.

The sergeant signed. And Scuds was off with a merry "Ta, ta, boys!" and another wicked wink at the humble clerk.

Going over on the boat we didn't see much of Scuds. It seems that section and company cooks were detailed on permanent K. P. down with the navy cooks. Where Scuds hid no one knew. Perhaps down in the engine room with a friendly gob or up near the wheelhouse telling the captain about Rosie. There was no official confirmation that he ever served in the kitchen.

Along toward evening, when the guard on submarine watch was doubled up, and mysterious orders were flashed from ship to ship of the convoy, and worried officers rushed from bow to stern with nervous authority, there were those of us who had nothing to do but ride. We used to collect in small groups, snuggled behind a stack of life rafts, and talk over the rumors of the day. More often than not Scuds would suddenly crawl into the circle and be one of us. It was here that we learned little of Scuds and much of Rosie.

"I suppose Rosie is feelin' pretty blue to-night," he would tell us. "She took it mighty hard, my goin' away. Cried something awful there at the last. Wanted me to chuck the whole thing and stay on there in Bayonne."

"And leave us to hell-fire stew and army beans, eh?" asked one whose romance didn't go beyond his stomach.

"Oh, Rosie don't know I'm cookin'. She thinks I'm carryin' a gun. It didn't seem necessary to set her right. I even promised to bring back a couple of tame Huns as pets. I told her about you college boys. She's glad I'm goin' over with such a respectful bunch. Wants me to study 'rithmetic and spellin' and all that sort of stuff. An' I says: 'You don't want me gettin' too intellectual, deary, 'cause then I might grow up above you socially.' She cried a lot more then and said I'd do as I was.

"You see, Rosie is clerkin' in at the five-and-ten while I'm away. Not that she has to woik, my Rosie. Not much! Fine family. Lotta dough. But she wants to pass the time bein' useful and takin' some man's place. Besides, she's puttin' away eight bucks a week toward furnishin' a flat we got picked out up on Bayonne Heights. That's the spirit that is goin' to win this man's war, I tell her."

When the call would come to go below a lot of us would lie down there in our stuffy bunks thinking more about Rosie than about the folks back home we should be remembering.

Soon after landing in France the real hardships of war began to appear. The censorship rules were presented to the section through the sergeant in a neat compact form of thirty-two typewritten pages. They not only prescribed what might be written and what might not, but they insisted that the loot should personally read all outgoing correspondence and affix his signature at the bottom of Page Eight, down next to the "Lovingly yours."

To most of us it was a catastrophe beyond all human expression. How could a fellow write down the tender thoughts that occurred to him along about tattoo and face the loot at inspection the next morning? There couldn't be any attempt at intimacy. One might as well correspond through the personal column of the daily newspapers. There is no denying that this military censorship put a crimp in many an affair that had promised big when viewed from the peaceful side of the Atlantic.

There were those of us who raged and fumed and spoke of outraging all decency. There were seditious members who plotted and planned to bridge the hide-bound laws via the civilian post. And there was Scuds.

He took the news calmly. Then his eyes brightened and he set himself busily to writing. Later in the day someone saw him handing a letter to the loot.

"Here's a note I scratched off to Rosie, lootenant," he is reported to have said. "If you can find time to read it and get it off to-day Rosie will appreciate it a lot. She'll be mighty anxious to hear. And if you think I've gone it a bit strong in spots don't hesitate to tone her down. Never mind the spellin'. Rosie don't."

Two months later, when Rosie's answer officially arrived in the section, Scuds lost no time in finding the loot's tent.

"Thought you might like to read Rosie's answer," he said as he passed over the perfumed heliotrope letter. "Kind of mean the rules only let you in on one end of a co-respondence.

"And, lootenant, I'd like to ask a favor of you. I wonder if you could find room in your trunk for my picture of Rosie. She gets mashed something orful in my pack."

The loot was a man of parts and kindly. Thereafter the belle of Bayonne nestled comfortably and intimately in between the extra-heavy woolen underwear that the loot's wife had insisted on cramming in the bottom of his steamer trunk. On rare occasions she—that is, Rosie—came forth to convince some new member of the section that Rosie's smile was all for Scuds. And once, according to the loot's orderly, she drifted away from the underwear and climbed up among his favorite neckwear. But this was considered highly unmilitary, and back she went with the woolens.

Scuds' reign in the kitchen was short and spectacular. The first dinner with Scuds on duty was described as more of a meal than General Pershing ever dreamed of. There had been a rich bisque soup, steak, French-fried potatoes, spinach à la russe, hot rolls, and a pie that passed for apple. Scuds had appeared in the rear of the mess hall. He had been toasted and cheered and assured that his name would be written down in capital letters in the annals of the great war.

It wasn't until the next day that the mess sergeant discovered that most of three days' rations had gone into that one meal, that a whole side of beef had passed on to the dump pile after giving up its portion of steaks. It also appeared that dinner had been produced by the K. P.'s, directed from a social distance by the amiable Scuds. Breakfast that morning, unassisted by the K. P.'s, had been burnt oatmeal and a brownish liquid that no one dare name. Scuds was informally retired on buck private's pay, and a college boy who used to go camping summers was promoted to cook.

Later, when the section had its twenty ambulances and was attached to a French division of infantry, Scuds qualified as a driver of no mean note. Someone taunted him concerning his seven years of cooking experience.

"Perhaps I did vary the truth a bit in my efforts to be sent over among the first," gravely admitted Scuds. "But a lot of you birds who claimed to be first-class chauffeurs hadn't ever ridden behind anything but a mule."

The persiflage of Scuds was never brilliant. Yet there were some in the circle who grew pink behind the ears and changed the conversation.

In the late fall of 1917, right in the middle of the French offensive on the Chemin des Dames, the Supreme Council of Eight was formed and the affair of Rosie became a serious section problem. Up to then we had been interested, mildly at times, flippantly and contemptuously at others. Now it was our turn to show where we stood.

Several of us were up in the lines down in the dugout of a *poste de secours*. The day rush was over and the night calls hadn't begun. We could hear the twilight barrage playing fiercely round the front trenches. That would mean work later on in the evening.

Suddenly there was a stumbling down the passageway and someone staggered into the dugout. The candle flared low from the draft and for a moment we didn't realize it was Scuds. We had seen shell-shocked men and men with grievous wounds where there wasn't much left but a face and a smile. No one had ever seen a living person as white as Scuds was that night. His helmet and gas mask were gone, his short black hair stood straight up, his lips quivered. As he slumped down on a stool his head came forward into his arms.

"Ho, Scuds!" several of us called at once. "Are you hit? Where, Scuds? Tell us!"

"No," he groaned. "It's Rosie."

"Is it that bad? Is she dead?"

"No. It's worse. She thinks—she thinks I'm—I'm untrue to her."

You may think we should have laughed. If you had been there to see Scuds in his agony you probably would have done just as we did—waited silently and seriously for him to tell more. He pulled a crumpled envelope from his shirt and tossed it on the table. On his last trip down to the *triage* he had stopped at camp and found the letter.

We read it. Rosie thought he was untrue all right. She wasted no words in making all her thoughts plain. After all his promises, and her plans, not to mention the eight dollars a week toward the flat!

"Why, Scuds! We're ashamed of you. Who is this French dame you've been chasing round with all the time you've been trying to make us believe you were moony over Rosie?"

"It's a lie!" fired back Scuds as he lifted his head.

"Well, then, brace up and tell your story."

"There isn't any French dame. I don't know her name or nuthin'. You remember the day we went sight-seein' up to Nantes? I got lost from the crowd and wandered down a side street into a mob of Frenchies. An' they all yelled *'Oo! ze Américain. Ooh! là! là!'* They hadn't ever seen an American soldier before. They jammed round me and pulled at my coat and buttons and everything. Then one of the Janes threw her arm round my neck and somebody snapped a camera. An old woman who could speak a few words of English asked my mother's address. Said she'd write her a little letter sayin' she'd seen me over here safe and well.

"And then she went and sent that picture to maw. And maw showed it to Rosie just to tease her. And Rosie'll never, never believe it was all a mistake!"

Scuds slumped back again and began a series of low moans. With the 75's cracking overhead, the big naval guns down on the Aisne opening up, and Scuds moaning away, it was a party you could never forget. We all sat round like a bunch of dummies waiting for the other fellow to speak. Finally one chap, who ought to be cited for beanless bravery, discovered that Rosie's letter was dated five weeks back. Which helped matters a lot.

Scuds jumped up like a crazy man and began tearing round the dugout doing the figure eight backward and forward. He upset two French poilus who were sleeping over in the corner. They jumped up, too, yelling *"Nom de Dieu," "Quel, le misère!"* and joined Scuds in that fool dance. They thought the Huns had sprung a counter and caught us all napping.

In between hurdles Scuds was yelling disjointed phrases that might have meant something:

"It's awful—awful—five weeks—gotter get out of this—gotter go to Paris—see colonel—he'll understand—lemme go to Rosie."

On the eighteenth lap round the dugout Scuds got disentangled from the Frenchmen and made a break for the door. Going out the corporal was just three strides behind him. Coming back they were even and all in a heap. We held Scuds down while someone quieted the Frenchmen by telling them our friend had had *trop beaucoup de cognac*. Then up spoke the corporal:

"Listen here, buddy, this is no pink tea. This is war. You think you're being treated rough. There are a lot of fellows out there going through more hell this minute than you can imagine in three years."

"I know," said Scuds, humblelike, "but Rosie—for five weeks she's been thinkin' ——"

"And she is going to be thinking so for twenty-four hours more. And then she'll get your cable ——"

"My cable?"

"Sure, your cable. The first car down to-night will stop at camp and tell the first car going to the rear to send a cable to Rosie saying: 'Await explanations. Scuds'."

Scuds cheered up a lot at that. We all congratulated the corporal and slapped him on the back, while the corporal modestly stuck out his chest and assumed an always-come-to-your-military-superiors-for-advice-boys pose. Suddenly Scuds came to with a jerk.

"But the explanations? Who is to be making them?"

The corporal thought hard for a minute, but only for a minute.

"Why, we'll all make 'em, Scuds. We're all behind you in this and we're going to see you through, you bet!"

So we all promised. Scuds made us shake hands on it all round, and if the war hadn't been going on we would have fixed things up right then and there.

"Trois voitures tout de suite. Deux encore après dix minutes."

It was the pale-faced *brancardier* who broke up the party. While we were getting into our road togs the corporal gave Scuds his instructions:

"You're to stay here, see! If the whole French Army walks in here wounded you are not to go up on those roads to-night until you get to thinking and acting like a normal human being again."

They kept us running steady for four days after that. Mostly it was gas, tossed into the hollows on the Laon side of the Chemin des Dames. Gas patients fill up the cars quicker than wounded men. Sometimes, when you thought the post was all cleared out, and were settling down for a few minutes' snooze a whole company would come straggling down a bayou with evacuation tags on their coats.

On the fifth day the division was relieved and the section ordered back into one of those quiet little Marne towns. We had good quarters, peaceful nights and plenty of time to ourselves. Scuds convened the Supreme Council and hinted that he wanted action.

During two long nights and the best part of three days we argued. It was difficult to arrive at a set of explanations that would please each member of the council and Scuds, and eventually content Rosie. Finally we fell back on the old army manual with findings based on the in-line-of-duty-and-not-caused-by-willful-misconduct-or-neglect-of-the-soldier clause.

We made it in the form of an affidavit, countersigned by the loot and stamped with the official section seal. It purported to show that the offending snapshot had been taken in the presence of the entire section; that a nameless French lady had asked as a personal favor to France to have her picture taken with an American soldier; that Scuds had neither volunteered nor rushed into the venture, but had been duly detailed by the sergeant in charge; and finally, that the elbow crooked about Scud's neck ha been an unforeseen display of French emotionalism.

There were those in the section who jeered at this actio of the council and prophesied unpleasant results, claimin that no American girl would accept any such dished-u bunk. They had not counted on the lure of the typ written form, the official seal, the authentic signature a the faith of Rosie.

On Thanksgiving morning Scuds had a cable th turned the holiday from pale blue into rosy pink. He can round and thanked each member of the council separatel Then he called us all together and made a speech:

"On behalf of Rosie and myself I want to thank y fellows. You got me out of a lot of trouble and made m a better soldier for my country. I'll never forget it a Rosie won't either when I tell her about it some day. A now, in closing, I want to ask one more favor of yo This Supreme Council you have formed—don't disba it! Stay with me and help me until this orful war is fi ished and we have carried Old Glory back to New York

And so once more we promised allegiance to Scuds a the cause of Rosie.

The council met frequently during the winter, most to consider minor issues, and Scuds invariably abode b the decision as rendered. We had pulled him through o hole, and thereafter our word was law. There was t question of what to send Rosie for Christmas, and lat for her birthday; whether Rosie should throw up her j in the five-and-ten to be day cashier in the gas office, a nice diplomatic questions as to whether Scuds should a cept cigarettes sent by a former sweetheart and wear t socks knitted faithfully by his mother's cousin.

There came a small split in the council along with t general order concerning compulsory allotments to s diers' wives and dependents. Rosie could be classed neither, but Scuds insisted that he should make her so allotment. After many ballots the council stood four four, several New England conservatives holding out the end that such an allotment was a policy of little w dom. Scuds claimed an ex-officio vote, and the twen dollars a month went to Rosie.

The big split came in September of 1918, when the G mans were on the run and fellows were talking about g ting home for Christmas. We had the first news of it fr one of the mechanics who had been with Scuds when t letter arrived.

"Yeah, Scuds is cut up somethin' awful," he said. "G a letter from his sister sayin' she'd seen Rosie down Luna Park in the scenic railway kissin' a guy from the g office. He's been down in his dugout ever since and wo speak to nobody."

We waited for Scuds to come to us. He always ha He surely would this time. But Scuds stayed in his bur He came out only for meals, looking pale and nervous. conversed with no one. Late in the evening of the seco day he solemnly called the council down into his dugo

"I suppose most of you fellows have heard the news I had about Rosie." His words were grave, but there wa triumphant sparkle in his eye.

"I hate to believe it. Yet sis don't write lies, most pecially not lies about my Rosie. 'Course I'm not so nor harsh about Rosie's amusin' herself. I've written a a little piece here showin' Rosie just where I star Thought I'd show it to you fellows before I send it off."

That Scuds was confident he had accomplished som thing big was apparent from the way he offered for inspe tion this stack of ten or a dozen sheets of paper. It to several minutes to catch the idea of it all.

He began courteously enough: "My very dear M Rosie Olmstead." There followed a brief description the Luna Park incident as it had been passed along sister. Then came the big accomplishment. Scuds h gone through Rosie's letters, from those dating 'way ba in August, 1917, up to the present, and clipped out phrases and sentences that might be construed by an i partial jury to suggest that Rosie had a passion for Scu These he had carefully pasted together, several clippin to the page, for some ten pages. There was some attem at chronological order, which made repetitions freque there were no connotations nor annotations.

Here was ample proof for anyone that at one time other Rosie had been to Scuds his yearning sweethea constant lover, faithful servant, proud better half, and on. Scuds would ever be her darling little boy, compani in joy and sorrow, onliest only. Her love for him wou last as long as God gives me breath, the dark waves of t Hudson wash the dank shores of Bayonne, we two m tread this little planet called Earth.

Where the clippings ended Scuds had added but one li of his own: "May I ask for explanations?" He h signed himself "Your sorrowful Scuds."

"Pretty neat, eh?" said Scuds when the last man h read the last shivering line.

"My own idea, you see. Don't want her to think I jealous or anything. Just plain facts from a plain ma That's the kind of a fellow I am."

(Continued on Page 61)

(Continued from Page 58)

With due reference to sober judgment we ed o tell Scuds what kind of a fellow he lly was. We argued and even threat-ed. But Scuds had invented this thing d f his mind it was perfect. His self-pe, he said, would allow him to make rre of an appeal to Rosie. We had d him through many months of stren-s ampaign, but here was a case he must id for himself.

ay the next morning we roused the ol section to submit the letter to a m dum vote. The action of the council pheld and the letter voted down. r was one dissenting vote, cast by one k mechanics who thought Scuds had o a clever idea. With the coöperation ds he immediately planned a similar to be dispatched to a young lady in Virginia, who had proved faithless to

ds' letter went off in the morning The Supreme Council disbanded offi-twenty minutes later. Thereafter was no talk of Rosie in barracks or all. Scuds avoided his former ad-and they in turn had little interest in

morning of the armistice found the n nearly up to the Belgian border, the left of Sedan. It was not a town lebrations. There remained but a red few of the forlorn civilians who dured and survived the four years of an occupation. These few built no oonfires to celebrate their liberation. uns had been gone such a short while hard to realize they would not be For French people they were un-y timid, even hesitating to believe e were Americans.

autiful arched stone bridge across a n that passed through the center of had been blown up by the retreating y. The entrance and exit of the town en barred by huge mine holes. Several few houses the town ever could boast en shattered in the process. Yes, it dismal place for such a merry day. the section was celebrating. Estab-in a recent German *Soldatenheim* there oy to every square inch of the floor . Outside a roaring American bonfire high in the air, fed by a constant fuel rman war material. A huge painting Kaiser and one of Hindenburg, torn the walls of the *Soldatenheim*, crackled ly while the dancing crowd rocked joy.

Way down the street in an isolated barn, om the noise and fury of this new , sat Scuds. He was reading a letter. s brief but very pointed. It read:

"ou may not ask for explanations.
"ROSIE OLMSTEAD."

Historians have already recorded and be-kered professors down through the ages me will expound for millions of weary on the simple truth that November 918, was the turning point in the prog-of world civilization. There are but who know and almost none to relate this same day was the turning point e career of Lemuel T. Hawthorne, fa-rly and sometimes affectionately called s.

might have been so different. Had he fully admitted that as a diplomatic or he was a zero; had he signaled dis-e and called on his fellow friends to rally d him; had he come on bended knee begged the all-wise Supreme Council once more on the case of Rosie; lastly, emphatically, had he not, in his depths man despair, crossed trails with Made-elle Philomene Guichard of Pondrome, ium.

polite circles Philomene might be ribed as buxom. Ordinary folks would her fat. But she had golden hair that ed well down her back, pink cheeks make you think she never stopped hing, large wide-open blue eyes, and—s to prove there are such persons in the d—when she smiled there were two of pearly white teeth.

Wherever fate or fortune had placed omene she would have been a winner. drome may have appreciated her. In of the twenty-odd houses that consti-d the little village there may have been e youthful swain who told her of her y. Probably not, for Belgian swains had gone to the war since 1914, or had been ted by the Germans to till the fields of *Vaterland*. Philomene had been only teen at that time, hardly old enough to do more than cower at the terror of the Hun. She had seen her mother shot against the wall, her father's house burned to the ground, his cattle taken and his lands destroyed.

In other countries people were asking: "Are not the newspapers exaggerating the atrocities in Belgium?" Some even argued it was pure propaganda to get neutral countries into the war. In Pondrome, Philomene with her five sisters had the task of convincing an elderly, broken father that life must go on. She had smiled sweetly when other girls would have had hysterics. She had worked, too, along with the sisters, when they built a new house, replanted the fields and struggled for an existence.

During the four years of German rule Pondrome was too small a village, too far behind the lines to be bothered much by enemy troops. Too, after the first reign of terror, there had been some attempt at flattering and cajoling of the rural folks, for Belgium was eventually to become part of Germany. Yet when a chance German officer happened into Pondrome, Philomene had hidden in the cellar and shivered until the all-clear signal was given from above.

She had often talked with her sisters of the great day when the Allied troops would march back into Pondrome. She would rush out and throw her arms round the first soldier she saw. Then she would kiss them all. She would laugh, she would sing, she would dance, she would never be unhappy again.

When the great day came Allied troops passed to the left of Pondrome, to the right of Pondrome, and into the village came one mud-spattered flivver ambulance. At the wheel sat a queer-looking person dressed in hip rubber boots and a uniform that beneath several layers of grease and mud might have shown olive drab.

It was Scuds, a disgusted Scuds of bad humor and low morale. Of all days why should they pick out this day to make him the goat and send him off ahead to find this out-of-the-way village and stake out a claim for the rest of the section? Well, here he was, dammit, in spite of a leaky radiator, a dirty commutator and two missing spark plugs. Everything and everybody, including Rosie, was against him.

Just then something touched his elbow. Someone's arms were round his neck. He had been kissed!

He whirled quickly and found his ear tangled up in some golden hair. There were soft pink cheeks very close to his own muddy cheeks. He was kissed again and again; not by this same lovely person, but by old women, old men and even young boys. Now he was standing alone in the middle of a circle.

"*Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Alliés! La Belgique est libérée! Les boches sont kaput!*"

They danced as they sang. Scuds rubbed his eyes and tried to believe it was all true. He felt that he looked foolish. He tried to stammer "*Bonjour*" and "*Merci.*" The simple words stuck in his throat.

The circle broke up as several of the girls grabbed him by the arm and towed him off toward a farmhouse. They took him into the kitchen and fed him with bread, butter, honey and a big bowl of coffee. The girl with the golden hair was among those present.

Late that afternoon the section arrived in Pondrome *en convoi*. We were tired and dirty and cold and there were many fervent hopes that Scuds had found good quarters, properly policed and ready for us. We found him sitting peacefully on some stone steps. On his smudgy face there rested a saintly expression, while his eyes wandered off some ten paces to the left where a fat girl with yellow hair scrubbed over a wooden tub full of soapy water and clothes.

"Hey, Scuds! Snap out of that! Where are the quarters?"

"Why, I—er—er ——" Scuds actually blushed through the mud. Then he was himself again. "Say, do you fellows know that I gave that girl the first cake of soap she has seen in three years?"

We weren't interested. Just at the moment barracks, a place for the rolling kitchen and a machine shop were more important than the sufferings of the poor Belgians. If the mayor of the town hadn't come forward with an offer to find a room with a real bed for every member of the outfit Scuds might have paid dearly for his philanthropic candor in Pondrome.

Everyone thought and had some reason to expect that the stop in Pondrome was just for the night, that the morning would bring further orders to proceed across this narrow part of Belgium and eventually lead on to the Rhine Valley. Army orders are seldom logical to the rank and file. No one could suggest a possible excuse why we should be shelved there in Pondrome for two months.

Perhaps headquarters was working off a grudge, for we had come all the way from the Aisne in fashionable flivvers, while the majority had splashed through the mud on foot. For themselves, for army-corps headquarters, they had taken St.-Hubert, with movies every other night; divisional headquarters had Beauraing, with its seven cafés and a line of stores; the artillery occupied Gedinne, with its bright lights; and the ambulance section was awarded all rights and privileges to Pondrome, with its twenty houses, twenty manure piles and a rickety old church.

Most of the fellows spent the two months in grouching. If this was the armistice give them war. The few hours of daylight kept everyone busy stealing enough wood to keep warm during the long cold evenings. Sitting in ever so hospitable a kitchen listening to old men and women tell of the filthy boches ceased to be an amusement after the first week.

It is not reported that Scuds ever joined the section in any disapproval of life in Pondrome. Daytimes he mutely watched or courageously assisted the fair Philomene in her long routine of tasks. Evenings found him close beside her before the kitchen range, their heads bent over a French-English conversation book. A foreign language continued to present difficulties to Scuds. Not so with Philomene. After the fourth evening of intensive study in the kitchen she had tried it out on some of the boys:

"To — 'ell — wiz — ze — Keezar — I — loove—you—very—many—times—kees — me—très—queek."

She had said the words slowly, yet all in one sentence, laughed prettily, picked up her pail and dashed back to the house.

Meanwhile the section looked on with scant approval and an occasional frown. There was no blame attached to Philomene—she was all right in every way—but this man Scuds, this fickle person who had spent months training us to believe that his fountain of happiness sprayed only in Bayonne, New Jersey, lost popularity daily. When it was learned that he had stopped his allotment to Rosie, written for the money she had already received, and intended to marry Philomene the day the check arrived Scuds was shunned even by those who had been his closest friends in the bunk house.

One member of the Supreme Council had an opportunity for sweet revenge, and he took it. Scuds had some important sentences, not to be found in the conversation book, which he wished transmitted to Philomene. When he asked for a volunteer interpreter the ex-justice cheerfully responded.

"You tell her," said Scuds, "that my father is one of the richest millionaires in America, that he owns half of New York and most of Chicago. Lay it on thick and tell her that I personally own more villages the size of Pondrome than there are in Belgium and France put together. Then you suggest how I'd like her to come back and ride round in my limousine for the rest of her life."

The ex-justice stuck to the basic facts, but varied the details here and there in his liberal translation. The version, as received by Philomene, recounted how Scuds' father was one of the best liked garbage dealers in America, that Scuds had an enviable position as driver of a garbage truck with good prospects, that he already had one wife and several children but he wanted her to come along too. He could promise her an excellent opening in the garbage business.

After three nights of exile from the kitchen of Philomene, Scuds edged his way back, and called for no more volunteer interpreters.

Toward the end of our stay in Pondrome the conservative element of the section decided that Philomene deserved better than the idle love of Scuds. At least she should not be permitted to plunge wildly into something she knew nothing about. They asked her about Scuds. She explained in pretty French with many words of English:

"Meestaire Scuds, he ees nice man. I loove him veery much like I loove all ze soldats who come long way to save my Belgique. But when I am marry"—she tossed her head and let the words roll from the tip of her tongue—"I marry Belge man. My children must be Belge children. Belgique needs children. Amérique no need children."

Which satisfied everybody—even Scuds.

"That's all right," he said. "If she wants Belgian children she can have 'em. I can get my discharge over here and settle down and be a patriotic Belgian. I ain't got no particular ties back in the U. S. A."

"How about ice cream and apple pie and stores where you don't have to stand in line two hours to buy a package of cigarettes?"

Scuds reconsidered. Think of looking a whole apple pie square in the face! He wondered if candy stores were still doing business, if you could still get a double chocolate with nuts down at Louis Mason's drug store. And Snickers' Burlesque! Gee, wouldn't it be swell to camp down in the front row and watch a bunch of those naughtily dressed young ladies come romping out on the stage and sing something in a fellow's own language!

Perhaps he couldn't manage to get his discharge in a foreign country anyway. Maybe it would be just as well to let matters take their natural course; go back for a brief peek at America, and then come over as a stunning civilian and capture Philomene. Of course she would wait for him.

When the section was relieved and ordered back to a base to make preparations to embark Scuds confessed that he had made some such set of arrangements with Philomene. Still, it must be said Scuds did not depart from Pondrome in the same gleeful spirit as the rest of his fellows. His was the last ambulance to pull out of town and—if you can believe Scuds—there were tears shed simultaneously and equally by himself and Philomene. He had kissed her, too; not on the cheek, where most foreign girls make you kiss them, but right in the middle of where she was telling him good-by.

Coming home on the transport Scuds had some difficulty in getting an audience that would remain docile and attentive while he rehearsed over and over again the brilliant future that waited him in Belgium. We were, as you might say, fed up with Scuds and his love affairs. But there were others on board who had not begun the war with Scuds, who had never heard of Rosie or the little flat on Bayonne Heights. Once they were cornered and quite away from those who really knew they made easy victims for Scuds' magnetic chatter.

"Yeah, I suppose Philomene is feelin' mighty blue to-night," he would tell them. "She took it mighty hard, my goin' away. Cried something awful there at the last."

It was the same old line, but Scuds could put it across with just as much feeling and the same catch in his voice as when the principal had been Rosie. And somehow a Belgian sweetheart, now that Belgium had been left a good many damp kilometers astern, went big with the gallery. Scuds had worked himself up to the point where he could shed real briny tears at the mere mention of anything Belgian when things began to break in the opposite direction.

Forty-eight hours out from New York time was passing slowly and restlessly. The officers were being amused by a flock of Red Cross nurses up on B Deck, and there was no one to prevent our slipping down in the forward hold and indulging in a modest little game of galloping dominoes. There were six of us in the game, including Scuds, who had borrowed a fiver on the strength of the promised discharge bonus and was plunging recklessly on quarter bets. He had just rolled a flock of threes twice in a row and was pulling out a dividend when this important-looking orderly person from the adjutant's office sailed by.

"Wireless message for Private L. T. Hawthorne!"

"Huh?" said Scuds. "What did that guy say?"

"Private L. T. Hawthorne!"

"Here!" called Scuds, and received the yellow envelope without getting up from his shooting stance. He tossed the wireless aside carelessly, just as though he was in the habit of having them delivered regularly along with breakfast, luncheon and supper.

"Better open it, Scuds. Might be from the mayor of Bayonne."

Scuds did, and though his fingers trembled he gave an outward appearance of being greatly bored with the whole proceeding. "Huh!" was his illuminating comment as he read the single typewritten line and spread it out so we could all see:

"Waiting at dock. ROSIE."

"That's what I think of that," said Scuds as he tore the message into small pieces and stuffed them in his pocket.

Which would have been convincing evidence that Scuds had finished, quite finished with the belle of Bayonne had not someone been wandering round the bow toward dusk that evening and discovered Scuds carefully piecing together the torn fragments of his wireless message.

We steamed into New York harbor in the thick haze of an early spring morning. We couldn't see any land, but a flock of small tugs and fishing craft told truly that America was near. And then suddenly off the starboard bow loomed the dim structure of a Ferris wheel and a shoot-the-chutes, and everyone who hailed from east of the Mississippi breathed in one voice: "Coney Island!" A few moments later and the shore line of Staten Island was waving us a welcome.

For the past twenty months most of us had been putting in all our spare time thinking about the grand little thrill that would be ours when we first caught sight of the Statue of Liberty. But the old lady was lost in the haze and it was just an ordinary girl standing on the wheelhouse of a dingy old tug that gave us our real thrill. She had on a white dress, white shoes and stockings, and a pink sweater; and she stood up there, with a light wind blowing her skirts, waving just as though she were glad to see us. She didn't know a one of us, but we all knew her. She was an American girl. And, gosh, she did look good!

And then there came a great roar from the port side of the ship. It was the reception committee's boat, steaming out to say how do you do in our own language. Probably she did the same thing several times a day every day, but to us she had come just for us and we were tickled all over. There was too much traffic in the harbor and too many tugs fidgeting round our sides for the committee boat to get near enough to distinguish anybody. Here and there we could make out a sign that was intended to welcome somebody. There was Hello, Captain Ed; Boys of Co. G, Welcome; and then someone spotted a girl in a green suit up in the bow with a huge banner that read Sec. 325.

There may have been one or two pessimistic old grouches in the section who weren't positively sure that the girl in the green suit belonged to them. The rest of us, individually, hesitated a moment or so with doubt and then made up our minds that she belonged exclusively to each one of us, and we gave her that kind of a welcome.

Scuds hanging by his ears to the top rung of a rope ladder along the main stay was going crazy. He waved and threw kisses and did all the things the rest of us were doing seven times over. Big tear drops were rolling down his cheeks. Perhaps he was thinking about Mademoiselle Philomene back in Pondrome, Belgium. And perhaps he wasn't!

It took several weary hours to get our boat edged into its dock, the gangplanks down, the various units sorted and marched off in something like military formation. Some few members of each unit were met at the gangplank by Red Cross ladies spirited them away in a mysterious ma Rumor said that these lucky ones friends to meet them. Scuds was one o fortunates.

He didn't rejoin us until after we been lined up and inspected by the t portation officers. His face was tinte and he wore a smile that spread from e ear. And he had something to tell us.

"Some girl, my Rosie! Waitin' there for me, lookin' prettier than a pic Some girl! Got a job all tagged for me. walker in the five-and-ten at eighteen a week. And the flat up on the Heigh all furnished and waitin'."

"Humph!" called the sergeant from at the end of the line. "What's to be pening to Philomene?"

"Now listen here, sarge, all military malities to one side, if I ever hear you tion the name of Philomene again I'll the first train to Worcester and spill a inside secrets myself."

And Belgium had lost a promising tomer.

THE WRONG HAT ON THE RIGHT MAN

(Continued from Page 29)

If a feller can use his artistic judgment and get one of those old-timers to change the style of his hat everybody'll take notice of it."

O'Brien paused a bit.

"Will Savage claims that no man wants advice; that they have their own ideas about hats. He's wrong. The egotistical cusses don't and the freaks that want to exaggerate their freakishness don't, but clever well-dressed men do." He chuckled. "And they're willing to pay for it so long as they know they're going to get it for nothing. Minnie, I'm going to prove to Mr. Will Savage that men do want advice."

"Is that part of your scheme to make business square with conscience?"

"It is."

Minnie reflected a moment, then: "What is your scheme, Joe?"

"I'm not tellin' the details just now, Minnie. But it's a new scheme for doing selective advertising. When I put it at work, Minnie, I'll sell goods all round Will Savage."

"Well, for heaven's sake, put it at work then, Joe!" Minnie fell serious. "I suppose you're hypnotizing me. I came here to scold you, Joe—to get you to change your methods—and now I'm beginning to believe your methods are all right, that they don't need changing. It must be your personality, Joe."

She leaned a little nearer to him.

"I want to tell you something, Joe."

O'Brien leaned a little nearer to her.

"What is it, Minnie?"

"I like you better than I do Will Savage."

There was a touch of moisture in O'Brien's eyes.

"God bless you, Minnie, for that! And now I'll tell you something."

It was the irrepressible Irish again.

"What is it, Joe?"

"I like you better than I do Will Savage."

O'Brien reached under the table and took Minnie's hand and looked into her eyes so long that the girl at the next table nudged her escort and giggled. But the giggle didn't deflect O'Brien from his purpose any more than it would have deflected a bulldog by tickling his rump with a straw.

"Minnie," he said presently, "I want you to help me in my new scheme."

"How, Joe?"

"Ask your Old Ma—I mean your pop—to let me take my lunch hour from a quarter to three to a quarter of four every day."

"I'll do it, Joe."

As they left the restaurant O'Brien said: "Minnie, I think you'd better put your arm round me just to hold me down to earth."

"I can do that by hanging onto your coat tails, Joe."

Minnie did some arguing with her father to get him to let O'Brien adopt the new and unusual lunch hour he had suggested, but she carried her point—even against the protest of Savage, who urged that it was only a scheme of O'Brien's to absent himself during the rush hour of the afternoon and thus make his delinquency as a salesman less noticeable.

"How's the scheme coming on, Joe?" said Minnie the third day.

"Great!" said Joe. "Great!"

The fourth day brought no tangible results, neither did the fifth day. That night Squires said to Minnie: "I don't see as O'Brien's selling any more hats because of that scheme of his—leastwise, Savage says he ain't. And he stays out during rush hour when his time is twice as valuable as any other hour of the day."

"Oh, you and Will Savage make me tired, pop! What's five days to show results for any kind of a scheme?"

"I gave him a chance against my own judgment, just 'cause you wanted me to, Minnie."

"Well, just you have a little more patience 'cause I want you to, pop. He'll make good all right."

"Well," grunted Squires, "if he don't make good here he'll have to make good somewhere else."

Notwithstanding the Joe O'Brien chip she was carrying on her shoulder so bravely, Minnie was worried.

"Pop was asking about you last night, Joe," said Minnie in the morning.

"Just you wait, Minnie! Things'll happen all right."

And things did happen two days later. It was a little after nine in the morning. A gentleman who looked as if he might live in the Fifth Avenue section, so strikingly distinct was he from the usual run of customers in Squires' uptown branch, came into the store and asked for O'Brien. The clerks were gathered in a little knot near the door, listening to a disquisition by Savage on the best methods of salesmanship, in which Savage's own methods were upheld by contrast with certain eccentric ideas practiced by a certain other person. Joe O'Brien, who was standing near the cash desk, heard his name mentioned and came forward, grinning a welcome to the stranger. And of course the stranger grinned back at Joe.

"How do you do, Mr. Rawson," said O'Brien, reaching mechanically for the man's hat and looking for the size. "Come right back here. We've just got in something new that'll suit you—shape and color just right."

Ten minutes later O'Brien edged over to Minnie's desk and handed her a twelve-dollar check.

"Fish Number One, Minnie." He pointed to the amount indicated on the check. "It's no piker's game I'm playing. You can show that to Mr. Will Savage." Then: "I told you things'd begin to happen pretty soon, Minnie."

"Friend of yours, Joe?"

O'Brien grinned.

"Never saw him but once in my life, Minnie."

Minnie hesitated, then:

"Friend of a friend, Joe?"

"Now, Minnie, be good!"

At two o'clock another stranger came into the store and asked for O'Brien. For the life of him O'Brien couldn't recollect the newcomer's face. Nor did the stranger recognize O'Brien. When O'Brien was summoned he cautiously led the prospective customer down the store away from Billings, a satellite of Savage's, who had very recently seemed to be making it his business to keep within earshot whenever the red-headed clerk was negotiating a sale.

"You're Mr. O'Brien?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm a friend of Fred Rawson, the lawyer, who got a hat here this morning. He told me to come to you. He said to be sure it was O'Brien and to talk to no one else. He said you knew more about hats than anyone in the world. My name's Muldoon."

O'Brien grinned.

"I thought it was Muldoon or something like that."

"And O'Brien sits well on you, my boy. That was a bully good hat Rawson got here this morning."

"I'm glad you liked it. Have you been wearing this style of hat long, Mr. Muldoon?"

"It always suited me."

"I'd like to have you try one that I think'd raise your spirits. Change is good, you know."

Muldoon chuckled.

"I see what Rawson meant now. Let me look at it." Presently Muldoon looked at himself in the mirror. "By gosh, I don't know what the wife'll say, but I'll take it anyhow!"

"Believe me, she'll do nothing but congratulate you," said O'Brien.

At two-ten Muldoon left the Squires' branch looking ten years younger and two inches taller and wearing a broad smile—and all because of the hat O'Brien had sold him. He proceeded to the Subway, somewhat conscious of his new and unusual headgear and rather uneasy in his mind as to what Nora would think of the innovation. But he was immediately reassured, for right across the car from him sat Jimmy O'Toole, the contractor.

"I say, Muldoon," was O'Toole's greeting, "where did you get that hat?"

"Like it?" said Muldoon, beaming as a mother beams when a stranger admires her child.

"I like the style of it. Did the wife make you get it, or was it Molly, just back from that fashionable boarding school, that has got good ideas about style?"

"I'll give you a tip, O'Toole. It might be of value to you if you have sense enough to take it."

"I've sense enough to take any tip, Muldoon—any tip that was good enough to make you change that old hat you've been wearing so long that it got to be a scandal in the neighborhood. Sure, it was the sight of the new one gave me a shock!"

"Never mind that, O'Toole. I'm trying to do you a real service, as all your friends'll admit when I'm tellin' you to go to Joe O'Brien and get him to put a hat on you that'll make you look like a respectable man."

"And who's Joe O'Brien, Muldoon? The name sounds good to me."

"He's a clerk in Squires' hat store on Broadway in the forty's."

"Seventy-second Street!" shouted the guard, which was Muldoon's station. He jumped up.

"And O'Toole, O'Brien's the man. Don't let 'em shove you off onto anyone else."

"Another yellow chip, Minnie," said O'Brien, laying Muldoon's fourteen dollars on the desk with the slip.

The happenings of the day ma the starting of the rolling of the ba O'Brien's direction. As a matter of O'Brien had given said ball a start se days before. And the ball gathered mentum and size from day to day. M ing, noon and night O'Brien's art services were invoked. O'Toole di Muldoon had told him to do, and—ple with the result—carried the word to derson and to Clarke. Thus the move Rawson had started in O'Brien's grew and spread like the branches tree. While the other salesmen were about in little groups or waiting on c customers O'Brien was busy, rush early and late he was kept at it.

Savage noted the effect this cu phenomenon was having on Minnie sought to divert attention from O' by directing the other clerks to fuss in get some of the new trade. He even it himself once or twice.

"Friend of yours?" Savage suggest an immaculately dressed tub of a with rolls of fat on the back of his who came in several days later and a for O'Brien.

"I want Mr. O'Brien," snapped man, and Savage was temporarily dis aged from detective effort.

"O'Brien!" shouted a friendly sales

"Ah," said O'Brien, grinning at th man, who was strutting heavily dow store, "Mr. Stromberg. Here's somet for you right here."

O'Brien led Stromberg to a re counter. He placed a beautiful creati pearl gray and black on Stromberg's giving the same a slight jaunty lun one side, thus contributing to the s vanity of the man, and pulling the b brim well down in the back.

Stromberg chuckled as he looked i double glasses.

"You're right, Mr. O'Brien. It cover up that fat neck of mine, don't

O'Brien grinned affirmatively.

"How much?"

"Only twelve dollars."

"It is to laugh!" grunted Strom peeling the required sum from a huge "I offered my doctor five hundred d to take that fat bunch off the back o neck and you hide it for twelve, an risk for me."

"Go on with you!" said O'Brien, pa Stromberg on the shoulder. "You lo fit as a prize fighter."

"How do you do it, Joe?" asked M when Stromberg had gone.

O'Brien grinned.

"I've got 'em all guessin' like Minnie. They're all mystified. Y laugh your head off when I tell you h did it."

"Tell me now, Joe."

"Not till I've cinched it. You' tellin' and they'd all be standin' egg their ends just as I'm doin,' for it's simple."

"Fourteen to-day," said Squire Minnie. "All asked for O'Brien. Wou talk to anybody else." He puffed his to give himself the appearance of thot "How do you reckon he does it?"

Minnie's eyes twinkled.

(Concluded on Page 64)

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE, BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" IS STYLE!

The Mother likes Style for her son and the Father expects it, but the Boy of 1919-1920, his eyes sharpened by observation, *demands it,* and *gets it* in

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There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 62)

"It's his artistic conscience, pop."

"For sellin' hats, yes. But how does he get 'em in? I was tempted to try to pump one of 'em to-day."

"Good thing you didn't. You might queer Joe's game."

"Bet your life I didn't, Minnie! I'm only too glad to see 'em come in." Squires puffed his cigar. "All expensive hats too. How do you reckon ——"

"All I know is, pop, he's carrying on what he calls his personally conducted campaign of selective advertising."

Squires frowned perplexedly.

"You don't reckon he stands on the corner and solicits 'em, do you, the way they do on Seventh Avenue? 'Cause I wouldn't like that for this store."

"I don't reckon anything, pop. Joe gets 'em in. Let's mind our own business."

"Savage wanted to bet me that these customers are all friends of Joe's; that he's posted 'em to come in here and ask for him just to raise the price of his stock in this market—and in your eyes, Minnie."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Minnie laughed. "Where are your wits, pop? Don't you see that most of these customers are rich men—swells?"

The girl caught the lapel of her father's coat and pulled him over close to the cash desk.

"Say, pop, I wish you'd tell Will Savage for me to go to the devil."

The scene shifts to the office of Kidder & Slocum, stock brokers, Exchange Place. The time is eleven A. M., the morning after Stromberg's visit to the Squires branch on Broadway in the forties. Off the general public room is a small room in which the more select clients of the firm are wont to gather in great armchairs round the ticker. Into this room strode Stromberg.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" cried Slocum, the glad-hand member of the firm. "Get on to Stromberg!"

Stromberg grinned.

"Where did you get it? It's a masterpiece, the way it makes you look."

Stromberg let the tape run through his fingers until the price of Southern Pacific gave him elation, but modestly held his peace.

"By jingo, I think Strom's the last one!" said Nichols.

"That depends," said Slocum. "Where did you get it, Strom?" he insisted.

"What do you mean—I am the last one—Nichols?" said Stromberg, mystified.

"Never mind," said Nichols enigmatically.

"It was a curious circumstance that made me get this hat, boys," Stromberg began.

Slocum nudged Henderson.

"I knew it! Go on, Strom!"

"I got in the Subway yesterday a little after closing time." Stromberg paused—surprised, embarrassed—for there was a loud laugh, a unanimous, gleeful, joyous laugh. "What's funny about that?"

"Nothing," said Slocum, repressing his mirth while the others quieted down and waited, keenly expectant. "Go on."

"I've heard of men who were half drunk laughing at anything, but I don't see anything funny about getting into the Subway."

There was a chorus of "But we do, Strom—just now."

"I got into the Subway, I told you," Stromberg resumed good-naturedly, for he saw that the boys were trying to get some kind of rise out of him and he was determined not to give them any satisfaction.

Here Smithers broke in: "You got into the Subway, Strom, yes; and there was a red-headed chap with a broad grin—a good-looking chap, one you'd take to, a regular feller."

"Don't omit the blue eyes," called out Briggs.

Stromberg grinned.

"Were any of you fellows there? Did you see him?"

"Not one!" said Slocum.

"Mind readers!" said Stromberg.

"And the car wasn't crowded—there were plenty of seats," said Jones.

"But the red-headed chap came over and sat down by you," said Robinson.

"Wait!" interrupted Smithers. "He looked all round first, and he might have got a seat anywhere else, but he chose to sit next to you, Stromberg."

"I wondered at it myself," said Stromberg.

"And presently," Green, who had made a killing out of cigars, chipped in, "the red-headed man nudged you, Strom, and he said: 'Look at that stout man down there, three from the corner on the other side.'

"And you looked and you were interested at once, as he expected you to be, 'cause the man he'd picked out was stout like you. And the red-headed man said: 'I'll bet Joe O'Brien never sold him that hat.'

"And you were about to say: 'Who's Joe O'Brien?' But the red-headed man went right on his way."

"Let me tell it," Clarke broke in. "He said: 'Ain't it strange so few men have any idea of what's becomin' to 'em in the way of hats? Look down that row there—the wrong hat on the right man most every time. A man with a sense of humor can get a laugh out of it every day, noticing the different kinds of hats men wear.'"

"And you observed 'em all," Jennings piped up. "But your eye was principally on the fat fellow with the hat like the one you had on. And suddenly you began to wonder: 'Who is this Joe O'Brien he's talking about?'"

Stromberg lifted his hand.

"For the love of Mike, what next?"

"And then," said Slocum, "you were so interested—as the red-headed man had calculated you would be—you asked him who Joe O'Brien was, and he said: 'He calls himself an artistic hat salesman and honest adviser. He's up in Squires' store on Broadway in the forties. He's a curious chap, O'Brien is. He positively refuses to sell a hat to a man unless it looks good on him. The boss is always jumping on him for standing up for his artistic conscience.'"

"And now you're so thoroughly interested," Green chimed in—"as the red-headed man calculated you would be—that he pulled out a card the size of a blotting paper with a lot of caricatures sketched on it—caricatures of all kinds of men in all kinds of hats."

"And on top of the card," broke in Smithers, "was printed: 'The Wrong Hat on the Right Man,' and below was printed: 'Joe O'Brien Would Never Have Sold You a Hat Like That.' Ain't that so, Strom?"

"Witches!" said Stromberg.

"And he told you to keep the card," said Slocum, "and point out to your friends the caricatures that resembled them in the wrong hats."

"And yet you didn't tumble to his game," said Smithers.

"No, I didn't tumble to his game yet," Stromberg admitted.

"Not till he handed you his card and grinned as he left the train at Forty-second Street," Smithers went on. "An you said to yourself: 'By jingo, but a clever fellow! If he is as ingeni fitting the right hats to the right he he is at catching flies in the Subway in there and see him.' That accou your new hat, Stromberg."

Stromberg grinned.

"I see! That red-headed feller t all you fellers like he did me, eh?"

There was a chorus of "Sherlock H at last!"

"And did all you fellers have enough to fall for that feller's littl like me?"

Slocum crossed to a clothes clos threw the door open wide.

"By jingo!" exclaimed Stromb admiration. "They're all new one they? Boys, you've got more sens I thought you had."

"There's only one empty hook Stromberg."

This time Stromberg laughed.

"Ah, that's what you meant by sa was the last one!"

The foregoing accounts for the fa O'Brien's ball continued to grow roll with accelerated speed.

"Anybody could do that," growle age when the secret leaked out, as inevitably leak out where so many a cerned.

"Why the devil don't you do it said Peters, a friend of O'Brien's.

For answer Savage grunted and re to his place near the door to conti act as announcer for O'Brien.

The same evening as Squires was out O'Brien came to him, very There was grim determination in O'B face.

His breath came short and fast, was not from walking or overexertio

"What's the matter, Joe?" said th

"Nothing's the matter," Joe p "Only I want to marry your da Minnie, Mr. Squires."

Squires raised his hand, but O'Bri resolved to deliver himself of his set willy-nilly.

"It's no use protestin,' Mr. S 'cause I love her and she loves me an goin' to be married anyhow, an' I'm askin' your consent to please Minn out of respect for your fatherly dig

"But who the devil's goin' to p Joe?" said Squires.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Old Orchard

DREAMING where the cider mill
Clanks and rattles on the still
Sweet October afternoons;
Listening all the drowsy tunes
That the autumn's orchestra
Booms from hills and far away,
Drifting come the long agoes
When the hips were on the rose
And the banded bumblebees
Noisy in the gnarly trees,
And the apple globes were bright
In the autumn's burning light.

All the music and the mirth
Of the homely sounds of earth;
In their coats of powd'ry gold
Foraged yellow jackets bold
Round the rich dark pomace heaps,
Winy pyramids where seeps
Tempting sirup, dusk and brown,
Where a boastful bee might drown
As that drunken prince supine
In the butt of malmsey wine!

As the yellow sun swings down
To the distant spires of town
Memories blossom, one by one:
Apples drying in the sun,
Plowman's shout and loud halloo
And the laughing eyes of you;
And your chant, so like a croon,
Of some oft-repeated tune
Sung with pause and interlude
Of youth's phrasing, where intrude
Minors half-prophetic, sad,
From the deep heart of a lad.

Strange what beauty lies half furled
In the Lilliputian world
Of a boy's most secret dream;
Visions prescient, half a gleam,
Half a shadow. And who knows
All the secrets of the rose
Knows the wild heart of a boy,
All its hidden hurts, its joy;
Wiser he than all the sages
With the wisdom of the ages!

'Tis a score of years since we
Heard the cricket's minstrelsy;
Watched the nut-brown cider drip,
Saw the stripèd pippin slip
Downward to the yielding grass;
Watched the busy hornets pass
With a boy's respect for what,
Sheathed, they carried, piping hot!
And we spoke our dreams in queer
Half confessions, lying here.

Twenty years have worked their will
With the orchard slopes, but still
Stretching toward the autumn sky
Apple globes are hanging high;
Still the old earth keeps her tryst,
Though her sorrows, like a mist,
Silver with the hint of tears,
Touch with gray those golden years!
Oh, my comrade, what mischance
Left you on a field in France?

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Afield

OH, THE scrubby pines are standing with
their lyric tops together,
Far from town and train and trolley and
the strident ways of men,
And the little hills are waiting in the sunny
autumn weather
For the swift Llewellyn setters to be thread-
ing them again.

Seas of golden sedge are shining in the open
widths below me,
And the yellow grasses shimmer in the
sweet rich swale,
And my eager heart is faring through the
virgin lands that know me,
Where the gleaming thickets echo to the
whistle of the quail.

I can feel an ancient gladness as my setters
bound about me.
I am brother to the wildness and my blood
runs free.
And I know the ridgy wilderness were lonely
here without me—
Oh, my heart has gone before me and the
fields are calling me!

Now the dogs are flashing swiftly through the
tawny meadow sedges,
With their brushes wagging madly and
their heads held high;
And I know the quail are feeding in the amber
thicket hedges
Where the hazel bushes stand against the sky.

Now the dogs are moving slowly up a gentle
elevation,
For the wind is in their nostrils and the
scent runs strong.
They are padding through the brambles in
suppressed exhilaration,
And my beating blood is lyric with a song.

See! The dogs stand stiff, and their muscles
thrill and quiver!
Now the birds are whirring up before the
sharp clear gun!
I can see them curve and settle in the cane
along the river
Where the sumacs flaunt their crimson to
the sun.

Oh, the blunted pines are singing on the
silver slopes together,
Far from town and train and trolle
the multitudes of men!
And the golden fields are waiting in th
autumn weather
For the silken-coated setters to be thr
them again.

—*Perrin Holmes Low*

Nouveaux Riches

WE ENVY no one on the earth,
Whatever be his high estate;
His claims to money or to birth
Arouse no jealousy or hate.
Let others of their riches prate,
Or be like Solomon arrayed.
This is our fortune roseate:
We have a flat, we have a maid!

We roamed the city's length and girth
With sad apartment-hunter's gai
A target for the jester's mirth,
The prey of janitors who wait;
But at the last there came a date
When, leases signed, our rent we pa
It left us broke, but ain't it great?
We have a flat, we have a maid!

Of servant girls there is a dearth,
And though we pay our maid a ra
Three times at least what she is wort
We don't complain—we celebrate
Flat seekers, homeless, wail their
And maidless housewives shriek for
A tragic crew to contemplate—
We have a flat, we have a maid!

Envoy

Rent, wages, both extortionate,
Will leave us bankrupt, I'm afrai
But still, we recapitulate—
We have a flat, we have a maid!

—*Berton Bra*

STEEL PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 5)

"h, I'm all right. Doin' fine," he would
y aughing the while.
Asixteen he was hooking in the rod mill,
he was a good hooker. Sligo, the boss
ll, knew it; he liked the boy and he was
eng an eye on him. And but for a
ment too much of playfulness Wally Gay
t have become a rod roller.
Th the two other hookers he stood one
on the long incline back of the roll
i, holding a light iron hook in his hands,
which he was keeping the rolled rods
ace as in long graceful loops they
red down the iron incline. Out of the
ling rolls shot the glowing ends of the
ods, like heads of fiery serpents, to be
el by the tongs of the roll hands, tossed
y about, brought down, and thrust
guides for the return pass, while the
d rods poured down the incline in
ering streams of red. Rod followed rod
notonous regularity, and the floor was
with the serpentlike folds of the sinu-
steel.
A one side of Wally worked a boy known
ct the mill as the Jumper, the name
ng been given him because of his nerv-
ess and irritability. Wally found good
n reaching across with his long hook,
the Jumper wasn't looking, and pok-
him—he liked to see him jump. Sligo
seen him doing this and had ordered
to stop it, but the temptation was
, and on this day he could not resist it.
He looked at his rods. They
all in place, the loops slip-
and sliding over each other
rfect order, with the freed
flipping into the troughs
a snapping sound like the
king of whips. The Jump-
back was toward him. The
hook went out and jabbed
unsuspecting boy. With a
he jumped forward, and
wn hook went flying from
shands. Wally began to
h, but he checked his
hter when he saw one of
rods on the Jumper's in-
working out of place.
e darted across to restore
its place, tripped, stum-
forward and set his foot
in a loop. A swish, a snap,
the red-hot rod was kinked
t his ankle, and he was on
floor among the snarling
s, being drawn rapidly up
incline toward the rolls.
is clothing was set on fire,
hot steel burned his hands
scored his face as the irre-
sible pull of the mill dragged
on. He screamed with
and terror.
whistle shrilled the danger
ning and the workers at
rolls jerked back the glow-
nds of the bars which they
e about to thrust into the
les and held them aloft
their black tongs. Closer
closer he came to the spin-
rolls, and deeper and
per into the flesh of his leg
ned the kinked rod. Sud-
ly a workman darted out
n behind a roll train, seized
eavy steel-cutting ax, and
a quick and powerful
severed the strand. The
stle shrilled, "Go ahead!"
the workers lowered their
gs and thrust the candent
s of the bars into the guides.
he injured boy was carried
one side, and chisels and
gs cut away and pulled
y the twisted rod from his
rated leg. Sligo, looking at
deep red furrows in the
vering flesh where the
ning rope of steel had
nd round and round, said
tly, "You ought to have
ened to me, Wally. I
ned you ——"
"Sure, Sligo!" broke in
lly, smiling the queer little
ile that had made his teach-
love him. "All my fault,
go—I'll never do it no
re!" Then he fainted.
When Wally came out of the
pital Sligo refused to take
him back. "Too much pep; altogether too flip and frisky to work here," said the boss roller. "You've got to be careful when you're working in a rod mill."

Wally was not sorry—he was afraid of the rod mill now. Sometimes he would look at the ugly scars on his leg. "S'pose it had got round my neck!" he would mutter. "I'm off that rod-mill stuff for good!"

He went to Ackerman, the yard superintendent, and asked for a job; and was made a roustabout. He liked the work better than any he had yet had, for it gave him opportunity to build up a wider acquaintance among the men of the mills; it allowed him greater freedom of movement, and it made it possible for him to investigate every nook and hole in the great plant. He proved to be a good roustabout, so good, indeed, that before a year had passed he was being called on to do all the dirty and most disagreeable jobs about the mills.

Was there a flywheel pit of one of the great engines to be cleaned out, a pit filled with rancid oil and engine drippings and floor washings? Wally Gay was called. Down into the filthy hole he would drop, grinning, to stand waist deep in the foul mess and ladle it out, heeding not the slop-over from the buckets swung above his head, laughing with the gang when someone purposely sloshed him with a pailful.

Was there a cesspool in the yard that must be looked after? Send for Wally Gay. Down into its dirty depths he went without a murmur, to muck and sweat in its fetid atmosphere until the abominable task was done, and then to come up smiling and asking, "Where's the next one?"

Was there a clogged sewer, choked with all the offscourings and sweepings and dreggy débris of the mill yards? Wally Gay would open it up—he was clever at that kind of work.

Who tarred the smoking roofs of the mill buildings on hot summer days? Wally Gay. Who swept out the soot-blocked gas flues, down underground in stifling heat and Stygian darkness? Wally Gay. Who dumped the reeking refuse pots from the mills, on the slopes above Vinegar Gully? Wally Gay of course.

"He's a mark, if ever there was a mark," said Ackerman; "but I really believe he likes his job. Let him alone—I'd have trouble in finding a man that would do what he is doing for me."

There was a hooker at the rod mill who thought much of Wally. One day he came seeking him.

"Say, Wally, let's beat it out of this here burg," he said. "Let's get out and see somethin' of the world."

"Leave Steelburg?" asked Wally.

"Sure! Steelburg's rotten!"

"I think it's a swell place."

"Oh, you saphead! Why, Steelburg is the rottenest place in ten states. Anybody'll tell you that. It's punk. Say, didn't you know Steelburg stinks so bad that these here airplane fellers are afraid to fly over it, afraid the smells might knock them off their buses?"

"I've never smelled anything wrong about it."

"Get out! You say you didn't smell that garbage foundry last night, with the wind blowin' up from the south?"

"Nope."

"Good night! Well, let's say it doesn't stink. Nothin' never happens here, does it? What is there goin' on in Steelburg but work? Work, work, work, night and day, day and night, that's all! Half of the burg in bed, the other half workin', all the time! Nothin' never happens but work!"

"You go down to Vinegar Gully and watch them dagos fightin' with them new coons from the South that just blowed in, and you'll think somethin' happens besides work. And say, Ed, you come down to my shack to-night and I'll take you over to The Bucket of Blood. Bulger the Bat and Woppy Crabbe are goin' to have a go at it with bare fists."

"That so? Guess I'll come down. But I'm goin' to quit Saturday and light out of this place—goin' West. Better go 'long, Wally."

"Nope; I like Steelburg."

"But you ain't doin' no good here; you ain't gettin' no place. Why, you're doin' work here they couldn't get a green hunky to do. I wouldn't do it—not much!"

"I like my job, Ed; I'm makin' good money; I'm havin' plenty of fun, and I think Steelburg a swell place."

"Good night!" The hooker walked away in disgust.

Ed Hannis left Steelburg. In a few weeks he wrote to Wally, describing the wonderful new steel city in Indiana which he had discovered and where he had secured a position, and urging his Steelburg friend to hurry on and join him. Wally read the letter, threw it away, and forgot Ed Hannis.

One day the roustabout was sent to one of the track scales to bail out the scales pit, which had been flooded by an overflow from a storage reservoir. He found a locomotive shoving a cut of cars over the scales, and he stepped inside the weigher's shanty to wait until the cars had been weighed out. A billing clerk sat at a desk, poring over a sheet of paper that was black with long columns of figures. His hair was tousled, his face haggard, and the pencil he held between his fingers twitched nervously—signs of the strain under which he was laboring. Suddenly he threw down the pencil and struck the desk before him a blow with his fist.

"What d'ye know about that, Bill?" he cried, turning toward a young man who was busy at the scale beam. "I can't find it! I've footed this sheet a thousand times, and I've cross-checked it a million times, and I can't find the bull! What d'ye know about that, Bill? Calla Lily has been yelping for this sheet all morning—wants it for the monthly statement! It's got to be in by eleven, that's a cinch! Here's where I get the run-run, I'll bet a nectarine!"

Wally had walked across the room and was standing near the billing clerk's desk, looking down at the sheet of paper that carried the long columns of figures.

"Say, you ain't got that right," he said, pointing at five of the footings. "That one down there ought to be a four, and up there where you've carried it over you've got a six and it ought to be a seven."

(Continued on Page 69)

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

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Constructed on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Hitting a curve at high speed is a tremendous side strain on wheel bearings. Your trucks are subjected to these strains every day.

To gain greatest strength on locomotives, freight and passenger cars the wheels are fixed rigidly to the revolving axle. This permits of wide spread of bearings and a long leverage to hold the wheels steady against side strains.

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Write for booklet explaining in detail the Sheldon Principle

Sheldon Axle and Spring Company

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks

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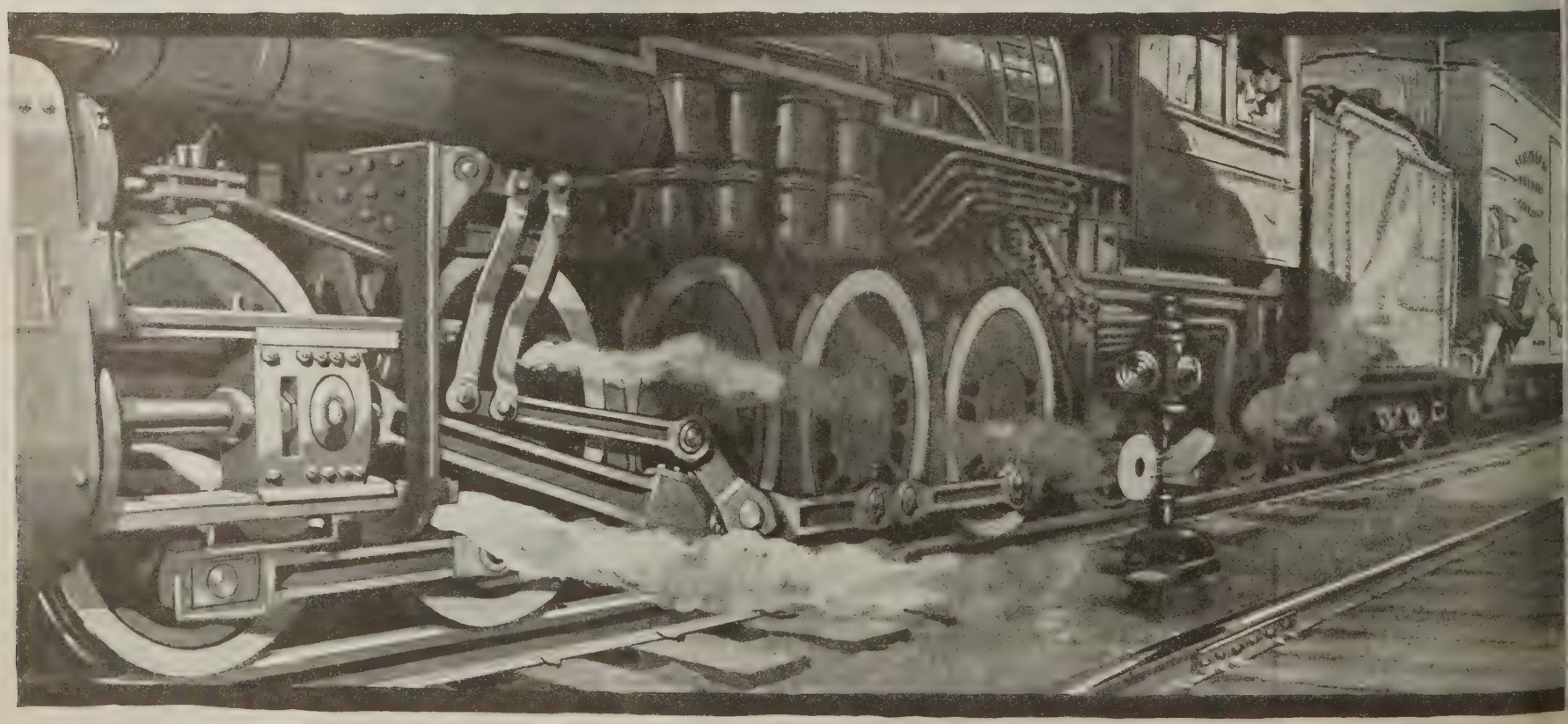

(Continued from Page 67)

'Eh?" grunted the clerk. "Where-
ut'" He hurriedly changed some fig-
s, efooted a column, and jumped up.
ay Bill, I've got it!" he cried, dancing
out the room. "Wow! Wow! What d'ye
without that, Bill? Say, kid, how did
ppen to see that?"

O, I just saw it," replied Wally.

Ju didn't happen to foot that column
ere ou were standing there, did you?"

Sre—that's easy."

Eh? You did, eh? What d'ye know
hat, Bill? Here, you take this pencil
me see you foot this other column,
g one, and we'll see what you get."

I on't want the pencil. You keep it
ll tell you what to put down."

o a minute or two Wally's eyes were
n the long column of figures, travel-
u and down it. Then he called out,
hundred and eighty-nine thousand,
ndred and ten." The clerk removed
pce of paper which he had placed over
tal for the column. The numbers he
t down at Wally's bidding were the
s those he had concealed.

What d'ye know about that, Bill?
got a new adding machine here.
in you write a pretty fair hand?"

Sre. I went to school."

S did Bill; and Bill writes like a hen
muddy feet. Here, write something
h," and he pushed out a scratch pad.
re this: Steelburg Steel Mills, Ship-
epartment."

Vly wrote as directed. The clerk
e up the pad and looked at it. He
sted in astonishment.

Lok here, Bill—copper plate, by
r!" he called. "Say, kiddo, how
you like to have a job in here, push-
a encil and rustling the Manila paper?"

Vily laughed. "Get out! Don't you go
nto josh me!" he said. "That en-
gone, hasn't it? I've got to bail that
o."

F the jukes, Bill, what d'ye know
u that?" demanded the billing clerk
r Wally had left the room. "That
a regular old adding machine. And
te-say, Bill, look at that! He's got me
rd forty miles, and you a thousand!
ing to tell old Calla Lily about him
y to get him to put that guy in here.
de useful. He'd make good here, don't
link, Bill?"

Sre thing, Jim Jones," replied Bill,
tf he comes in here to work I go out—
e he takes three or four baths first."

What d'ye know about that, Bill? He
ttle strong, isn't he? Well, I'll trot
neet over to Calla Lily's office, and
ing to speak about this lad—what's
nme—Wally Gay?"

Mr. Cecil Calla, chief clerk, who
fined, delicate and supernice; who, in
ef his six feet three inches of stature and
to hundred and four pounds of weight,
genor in the choir of one of the biggest
ries in the big city; who minced in his
knd swaggered in his talk; who played
ukulele, and owned a complete set of
z: in twenty-four morocco-bound vol-
es and who possessed other evidences
ure—Mr. Cecil Calla turned a harsh
t the billing clerk's recommendation of
ll Gay.

D, Robert, no—it's not to be consid-
d The young man is impossible. He's
y rude, Robert, very low. I've heard
ckerman talking about him at the
entendents' meetings."

Ut he's there with bells when it comes
ires; and write—say, boys!"

D, Robert; I want the men on my
o possess qualities of refinement and
tness. I want them to be of a class
ent from that class to which the mill
rs belong—more cultured, not so
g."

billing clerk went back to the weigh-
anty. "What d'ye know about that,
Calla Lily says you and me are more
l, more cultured, more genteel than
ys that work in the mills. Give me
of your spit-quick tobacco, Bill, and
rgue the question. He won't have
ing to do with that human adding
ne that was in here—says he's too
What d'ye know about it, Bill?"

passed over his package of scrap
unted.

Inwhile Wallywas finishing his task,
g out the flooded pit—a nasty, dis-
ble job for any man but Wally Gay.
the last bit of muck and slime had
cooped up and thrown out he climbed
top, replaced the covering to the
ple, and picking up his bailing bucket set off down the yard, whistling gayly some tune he had never heard before, improvising as he went. He had quite forgotten his little talk with the billing clerk in the weigher's shanty; he was thinking of his next job; he was to paint a tall rusty smokestack.

Past the ore docks and the pig-iron stockyards he trudged, and in between two long lines of freight cars. Suddenly his whistling stopped, the iron bucket fell from his hand and rolled bouncing away over the slaggy ground. He stood before a worn and dilapidated old box car, staring up at the car's initials and number; and that number and those initials were P. G. M. 67677! He walked to the side of the car and read them there again: P. G. M. 67677. He stepped to the door of the car, which was standing open, dropped his elbows on the rough flooring and looked in. The car was empty. He saw grains of wheat and oats and corn scattered about, and there were pebbles of coke and little piles of broken straw and pieces of limestone and crushed rock.

He remembered what old Joe had told him of his finding him in a box car loaded with pig iron. He remembered the car's number and initials that the old man has given to him, and he remembered too that entry in his foster parents' Bible—P. G. M. 67677. Here was the car!

"That's a funny thing!" he muttered. "I wonder if this car's ever been in here before, since that time. I'm eighteen years old. I didn't think cars lasted that long. I'll ask McNutt. Wonder which end of the car I was in. Might have been that end; might have been that end." He picked up a piece of rotten wood that lay on the floor before him and slowly crumbled it to dust. "Funny business!" he murmured.

He picked up his bucket and walked on down between the two lines of cars until he came to the open yard. There he turned toward the yardmaster's office.

McNutt was still yardmaster at Steelburg Mills, but McNutt was older, grayer, stouter now. He had a new office and he had a new chair and a new desk, but Wally Gay found him in the same old position he was occupying that day, eighteen years before, when Joe Gay came to ask him to hurry up with that drag of iron.

"Say, McNutt, how long's a box car good for?"

"Eh? What's that? Hello, Wally!" The yardmaster dropped his feet from the desk, sat up and rubbed his eyes. "What did you say, Wally?"

"How long's a box car good for?"

"Oh, ten or twelve years usually—it depends on the way they're handled. With good usage they ought to last twenty-five or thirty years, I suppose. Why?"

"I seen a car down in the yard that was in here eighteen years ago; and I got to wonderin'."

"How do you know that car was in here eighteen years ago?"

The question confused the roustabout, and he grew red in the face. He never talked to anyone about his coming to Steelburg, and no one ever mentioned the subject to him—but once. Tom Lakkin, a steel worker, had once taunted him about his birth, and the boy in a rage that was almost maniacal had nearly killed the man with a shovel. He did not care now to answer McNutt's question, so he lied without hesitation:

"Denny Danks told me he remembers havin' that car off the tracks in C Yard, eighteen years ago, and workin' half a night to get it back on."

"What's the number?"

"P. G. M. 67677."

"How is it you happen to remember it, Wally?"

"Oh, I remember numbers, all right. Say, Mac, what road is that P. G. M.?"

"Western road—Dakota or Minnesota, I think."

"Think that car's been in here any since that time Denny Danks saw it?"

"Maybe it has, maybe it hasn't—can't tell. Probably not, though—it's a long way from home. That car's done most of its work west of the Mississippi."

"What'll you do with it?"

"Start it toward home—send it west. Not allowed to send it east."

"Well, so long, Mac. I've got to go; got a stack to paint."

McNutt rose and went to a window and watched Wally going down through the yard.

"By grab, I'll bet that's the car he came here in!" he muttered. "Old Joe told him. I'd just like to know, though, to be sure. By grab, I can find out! I remember putting a blue-pencil cross mark before that car's number in the yard clerk's book!

"Hey, Flammy!" he called to a young man in an adjoining room. "Fetch that flash light and come up in the attic with me. I want to look up an old record!"

The two climbed up the stairs into a dirty unlighted lumber room. Against the walls great stacks of old car-record books were piled.

"It was in June, all right—I remember that," the yardmaster said to himself, "and Wally is eighteen. If these files haven't been disturbed I ought to find it. Here, Flammy, pull this one out."

He opened the book and laid it upon a box, and while his clerk held the torch he bent over its dusty pages and ran his finger up and down column after column of figures, turning page after page. Then his finger stopped before a heavy cross mark that had been made with a blue pencil.

"Ah! P. G. M. 67677!" The yardmaster read it as trainmen read car numbers: "Sixty-seven, six, seven, seven."

"All right, Flammy; that's all."

They put the book back into its place and went down. The clerk returned to his work; McNutt sat down in his chair and lifted his feet to the top of his desk.

"I thought so," he murmured. "Queer about that car getting back here and his running across it. That would make me, if I was in his place, feel funny. Guess I'll stroll down and have a look at it. Clever little chap, Wally is. Good stuff in him. Tough, tough as a Tartar, but straight as a yardstick and steady as a stone hill. If some of these fat-salaried stiffs about this dump weren't so keen to grab all the good jobs here for their sons, nephews and second cousins, and for the young squirts that belong to their Sunday-school classes, and would give Wally Gay a half chance, he'd make some of them sit up and look dazed. By grab, I'm going to speak to the Old Man himself about Wally!"

And McNutt did speak to the Old Man; but nothing came of it.

"Humph!" grunted the Old Man; and walked on.

And that day he made a place in the rail mill for the son of a former governor of the state, who wanted to learn the steel business. The young man came to work next morning in a monogrammed car, smoking a monogrammed cigarette, wearing a silk shirt, creased trousers, an Alpinish hat and spats. He lasted three weeks and four days.

Wally Gay continued to roustabout for Ackerman, still performing the hardest jobs, the dirtiest jobs, the jobs that other workmen refused to do. Then Ackerman, when his own work was well up, began loaning him to the heads of other departments when they were pinched—when there was a man missing, when there were no job hunters at the gates; and always the roustabout was given the worst end of the deal. He was sent down into the ash pits under the gas producers, into the tunnels beneath the soaking pits, into the roll scale holes, into the pits at the open hearths, to the cupolas to wheel pig iron, to the rod mill to pile hot coils of rods.

He always worked long hours, for he was a twelve-hour man, but not infrequently after he had done a stint of twelve hours he would be ordered to report for duty for the next turn, in some other department. Often he did a thirty-six-hour stretch, and more than once was he on duty for forty-eight hours.

"Everybody's goat and nobody's pet!" laughed Ackerman as he watched him. "If his brains matched his muscles we'd hold him here about a minute!" Ackerman's motto as a yard superintendent was "Broad backs and no brains."

Life was a rich find for Wally Gay—he enjoyed it, every minute of it. He liked Steelburg and he stayed close to Steelburg. Rarely indeed did he go beyond its bounds, not even to the big city of a million inhabitants, of which Steelburg was a corporate part. Steelburg sufficed for him—it held all he desired.

He liked to visit The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood after his day's or night's work was done and drink an iron cocktail with some of the mill men. He liked to walk the crowded streets of Steelburg on Saturday evenings and listen to the talking and the wrangling and the cursing and watch the fights and count the drunks and look in at the picture shows and play a game or two of pool at Stollwerk's parlors. He liked to sit alone at his home far into

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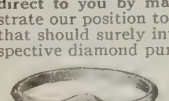

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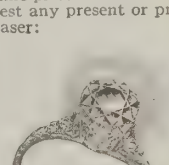

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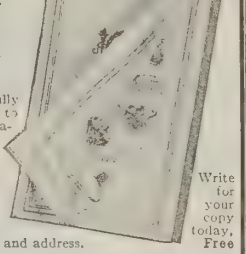

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the night and gaze at the flickering flames—red, yellow, yellowish green—shooting up from the Bessemers and the blast furnaces, and catch the ghostly patter of the spittings—tiny spheres of metallic slag—as they rained down on the tin roof of his shack. He liked to lie in his bed and listen to the coughing and the grunting of the mighty blowing engines at the furnaces, the rumbling of the electric cranes, the crash of the ten-ton drop ball breaking up skulls and salamanders, the mutter and murmur of the rod mills, the snorting and panting of the locomotives hauling ore and coke and coal and limestone into the yards, hauling billets and rails and bars and rods and wire out of the yards.

Men came and went at Steelburg Mills, but Wally Gay stayed on. Young men with whom he had played, a boy, went away, came back, told wonderful tales of other mills, and went away again. Their stories did not interest him. Newcomers, strangers to him, secured jobs in the mills, worked a few days and left, declaring Steelburg too rotten a hole for them. He could not understand them.

Ed Hannis came back, wearing flashy clothes and sporting a diamond ring and a diamond stick pin. He hunted up Wally, found him knee-deep in muck in a cesspool, and kindly cursed him for a fool. Ed was now a heater in the big steel city in Indiana, making big money.

"It's a snap, Wally," he said. "Nothin' to this gettin' on in the world if you go after somethin' with both feet. Better come and go back with me—I'll get you on."

"Nope; Steelburg suits me."

"Say, you mutt, if you'd only go out there with me and look at that place for just about two minutes you'd take a tumble. Listen, Wally. I've got a private bathroom at the hotel where I stay that's better than the finest in this here bum burg. We're decent out there, we are. This hole—wow! I couldn't stand it no more now. I'm goin' out to-night. Will you go 'long?"

"Nope."

Again Ed Hannis went and Wally stayed.

At twenty-one he was still everybody's goat, a fixture of Steelburg Mills, an indispensable fixture. And then suddenly, unexpectedly he got a change. For the better? Not a bit of it.

At the ingot mill there were two ancient laborers. The timekeeper carried them on his books as Nicholas Waldron and Richard Drake, but to the mills they were known only as Nicker and Dicker. For twenty years they had been wheeling hot roll scale from the pit beneath the big ingot rolls. Theirs was a twelve-hour turn, and they practically lived the twelve hours underground, coming up occasionally with a wheelbarrow load of scale, pushing it up the steep incline, to dump it into a waiting car standing outside the mill building. It was very hot, very moist, very sticky and very smelly down there among the foundations of the roll housings. It was hard work they had to do, it was dirty work, disagreeable work, but they did it, and they asked for nothing else.

Nobody bothered his head about Nicker and Dicker, nobody worried about their end of the work—nobody had to. The mill knew that the roll scale would be taken care of—leave the old boys alone. The timekeeper peeped in at them once a day and gave each a mark in his book. The mill boss went down once a fortnight, turned round and walked out again. And Nicker and Dicker mucked and sweated in the black hole beneath the rumbling ingot rolls and wheeled their heavy loads of scale up the steep incline, sat in their foul little dungeon and smoked their pipes, talked, argued, quarreled, called each other bad names, cursed one another and loved one another.

But they were beginning to feel the clutching hand of the creeping years—age was wearing them down. And a change in the mill had resulted in an increased output of blooms and a corresponding increase in the amount of roll scale made. They wanted a helper, they needed a helper. They went to Jaster, the mill boss, and made their demands. He refused. What? Put an extra man on that job? No! Positively, no!

They waited until they were again working on night turn, and then, one afternoon, dressed in their best suits, they called on the Old Man in his private office and laid their case before him.

"Twenty year on one job, Mr. Teller," said Nicker; "an' the days we've been off in that time you could count on the fingers of yer two hands."

"An' allays doin' our work right, Mr. Teller," broke in Dicker; "an' not only ours but them other loafers' work on the other turn, that never keep things cleaned up good, an' leave it for me an' Nicker to do."

"An' more work now nor ever, since they changed them rolls," declared Nicker.

"An' us not so peert as we was once, Mr. Teller," suggested Dicker.

The Old Man looked at the aged pair and smiled. "I'll give you boys a helper," he said.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Nicker, touching his forelock.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Dicker, touching the spot on his bald head whence his forelock had fled.

They shuffled out of the office.

The Old Man told Ackerman to send Wally Gay to help Nicker and Dicker. Ackerman protested, he roared, he howled. He couldn't get along without Wally Gay! He couldn't let that man go—he wouldn't let him go!

"Send him down," repeated the Old Man. "Send him down there to stay. Those two ancients are nearly through—they're not going to last forever. Wally will fit in there exactly when they're done."

Wally went to the ingot mill.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, d'ye know who they're givin' us for a helper?" shouted Dicker as he came bringing the news to Nicker, bringing it as fast as his old legs could carry him. "It's Wally Gay, Nicker."

"Wally Gay? No! Well, it's a piece of bloody good luck for us, Dicker, if it's true. Wally's a dawndy, Wally is."

"You said it then, Nicker—he is! There ain't a finer chap in Steelburg than Wally is—steady, clean-cut, hard-workin' boy. Jogs-jolly, Nicker, I don't know when I've been so tickled."

"Me, too, Dicker."

Wally rejoiced in his new position, of course. The work was hard, but he had done harder; it was dirty work, but he had done dirtier. He had a change! In truth he had been growing tired of his roustabout job, though no thought of finding fault or complaining had ever entered his mind. Here was something new. The clangor and clatter of the mighty machinery of the ingot mill, the glorious racket, the splendid din of the place, the feeling that big work, men's work, was being done here, and that he was playing a part in it all—this pleased him mightily.

With his work caught up he would leave Nicker and Dicker in their foul cubby-hole, talking their endless talk, smoking their ever-burning pipes, and go above to sit in some sheltered spot and gaze at the huge white ingots of steel as they went smashing through the rolls. He liked to watch the shining arms of the powerful engines that drove the mill, striking out, striking out, striking out noiselessly and irresistibly, and the reaching up of the black hands of the manipulators from black depths beneath the rolls and tables; and their toying with the dripping ingots this way and that, as though they tossed squared logs of steel fascinated him, held him spellbound.

"Aw, but it's great, it's great!" he would say to himself.

And when some mishap occurred—a bloom lunging toward the rolls missed the pass, leaped up, struck the housings, pounded over the top and piled up, a crumpled, twisted, messed-up mass of sizzling white hot steel; and the electric cranes . . . thundering down the runways, hoist chains clashing, motors humming, to seize the crankled bar and pull it straight before it went cold; and a score of men came running, grabbing up bars and sledges and hooks as they came, and swarmed over the standings and tables, to haul and shove and pry—with what zest would Wally leap from his corner and join the gang to sweat and strain with them till the misshapen cobble was loosened, straightened out, and dragged away, yelling the loudest, cursing the loudest, laughing the loudest!

Fun? Aw, it was great! And he would go below and tell Nicker and Dicker about it, and get a bawling out from the old men and be called a bonehead, a dub, a squarehead, a jackass and other harsh names.

With the coming of Wally to assist them, and with the consequent easing up of the work, Nicker and Dicker, for some unaccountable reason, increased their daily consumption of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps it was because they had more leisure now to enjoy the effects of the stuff. Nicker had always confined his drinking to two places: at his home and at The Morgue—The Bucket of Blood. Dicker drank at home, at The Morgue or The Bucket of Blood, and at the mill, for he never failed to bring with him to his work a bottle of whisky; not a large bottle but one of sufficient capacity to furnish him solace through the long twelve hours of the day, through the longer twelve hours of the night, when he was working night turn. Now his bottle was larger.

He nipped it on the sly, offering none to Nicker, for he knew that it was strictly against Nicker's principles to drink while on duty; concealing it from Wally, because, as he chucklingly told himself, "he oughtn't to set no bad examples for you." And too, he knew he would be fired if it came to the Old Man that he was carrying liquor into the plant—the Old Man was death on that rule. The fewer who knew of his culpability the safer he would be.

It was by the merest chance and through any carelessness of Dicker's that Wally one night saw the old man tip up his bottle to his lips and dropping it back into the pocket of an old coat that hung in a corner of their underground den. A few moments later as Nicker and Dicker went trudging up the incline pushing their wheelbarrow load of scale, he was sampling the contents of Dicker's bottle.

"That's not Morgue booze," he declared, smacking his lips. "I've got that at the Turk's, if I know anything. Wonder if he's switched. Pretty fair."

He sampled it again that night and he tasted it more than once the next night, and the next night. He developed such a liking for the Turk's brand of whisky that he conceived a plan whereby he could play a harmless joke on old Dicker, extract a little portion of the old man's liquor, and not be caught at the trick either.

He brought a bottle with him the next night, an empty bottle into which he decanted a third of the contents of Dicker's flask. Then from the water pail he refilled the old man's bottle to stopper level, shook it up and returned it to its hiding place.

For several succeeding turns Dicker was disturbed, mystified, unhappy. Then he quit buying at the Turk's and bought at The Bucket of Blood. He soon quit buying at The Bucket of Blood and bought at The Morgue. And from there he quit and went to Sam's place. And still he remained mystified and unhappy

(Continued on Page 73)

(Continued from Page 70)

"Jgs-jolly, Nicker, somethin's gone
on with booze. There ain't no more
k it no more. I've tried the Turk's,
e ried The Morgue's, I've tried it at
e ucket of Blood, an' I've been clean
t Sam's place; an' none of it's got no
rwallop in it nor so much blue butter-
k not so much! Jogs-jolly, Nicker,
a's the matter? D'ye s'pose my sys-
n' got to requirin' a stronger-proof
ie?"

'got a pint at The Morgue yesterday,
had a kick in it like a giraffe's, an'
ywell me a giraffe kicks harder nor any-
n else."

'n' I got a quart at The Morgue yes-
ey an' it was tame as tea. What's
og?"

Nicker glanced round, saw they were
ot, put his hand to his mouth, and said
stage whisper, "Watch Wally!"

Dicker watched.

"he young whelp!" he roared to Nicker.
T yellow scroot! Why, the bloody little
ocer! Would you have thought it of him,
icer? I wouldn't, blast me if I would!
ur I'll fix him! Jogs-jolly, say, boys, just
ath me! I'll fix him!"

Ad the next day he visited a Steelburg
rugist.

"Jomethin' that'll just put the dog to
leu, you know, an' not kill the beast, so
'll et a chance to slip up an' sock my toe
n s belly a few times before he wakes up.
'h animal's been bustin' in my wife's
a age can for a month, every night, every
igt. It's a dog of my neighbor's an' I
ot care to kill it dead, you know."

Here's the stuff you want," said the
rugist, taking down a bottle of white
oder.

Would it kill a man?" queried Dicker.

No, not unless you overdid it. A small
le would make him sick and put him to
lep, that's all."

All right, wrap me up a half pound or
o'

You mean a tenth of an ounce; that'll
fix your dog."

All right, wrap it up."

Wally laughed as he tipped his bottle
tht night. Then he made a wry face.

He's switched again," he muttered.
e must've got this at the Dutchman's—
it tastes rotten enough. Bah! Tastes like
it been kept in a gum boot!"

He wheeled out a few loads of scale, then
wnt and sat down by the old men. Neither
of hem was smoking, neither was talking—
they seemed to be unusually alert.

'Hot in here," said Wally, stirring
uneasily.

'Hot? An' why shouldn't it be hot in
here, with all that white steel floppin' about
right over our heads?" demanded Dicker.
"Of course it's hot. Look at that red-hot
scale siftin' down back yonder, like red
snowflakes on a black night. Sure, it's hot!"

"Guess I'll go up and get a breath of
fresh air," said Wally, rising and starting
up the incline.

Dicker dug Nicker in the ribs with his
elbow.

"Oomph! Arf!" he strangled.

Outside the mill building Wally looked
about for a place where he could lie down.
He wanted to stretch out—his head was
spinning. Rain had been falling and
everything was wet. He caught sight of a
box car with open door, standing on a side
track several yards distant. He stumbled
across to it, stepped up on a timber and
climbed inside. The car was loaded with
coils of smooth bright wire. He threw him-
self down upon the coils and immediately
fell asleep.

Fifteen minutes later two men came down
the side track toward the car. They carried
lanterns.

"What d'ye know about that, Charley?"
one of them demanded as they neared the
car. "I'll bet that's the car, right there.
What's the number?" He was holding his
lantern up. "P. G. M. 67677? I thought
so! What d'ye know about that, Charley?
Here old Duckbill takes and shoves this car
away back here, and I've hunted half the
night for it—been clear down to Katy
Furnace, looking for it! And both doors
open, of course! Well, let's get them shut
and the thing sealed and carded!"

They shut one of the doors, latched it,
sealed it, and moved to the other side of
the car.

"What d'ye know about this night work
they're sticking off on me?" The first
speaker was again talking. "I don't like
it, not a little bit. I've been working for
this company seven years, and here I am,
batting round these yards after midnight,
carding out cars. What d'ye know about
that, Charley? Can't you get it shut?
Give it a belt with that bar there. Hit it,
man, hit it! It's late, I know, but don't be
afraid of waking somebody up. Hit it!
That's the stuff!

"You never get any place with this com-
pany unless you're a relation of somebody
with a haul or belong to old Calla Lily's
Sunday-school class. When I got promoted
to shipping clerk I thought I was going
forward. I was—like a flivver with the re-
verse pedal pushed down! Old Calla Lily
and his ping-pong piffle about having nice
young men on his force gives me a pain in
the plug hat! What d'ye know about that,
Charley? Got your spit-quick chewing
with you? Let's have a little jawful.

"P. G. M. 67677—that's the car, all
right. Where did you say it's going? Mon-
tana? What d'ye know about that, Charley?
Some trip. This old boat'll fall to pieces
before it gets to Montana, judging from the
looks of it. Pretty old, eh? What d'ye
know about it, Charley?

"They say you can take up a hundred
and sixty acres of good land in Montana,
free. Wish I was going there. Hand me
another tack. Biff! Well, let's go and find
that other car. Damn that Duckbill!
Don't you say so, Charley?"

Before daybreak a yard engine had
shoved car P. G. M. 67677 out to a main-
line track, and just as the sun was coming
up and trying in vain to thrust its red rays
through the black fog of smoke that en-
veloped Steelburg Mills; just as the gates
of Steelburg Mills swung open and thou-
sands of hollow-eyed, tired-faced, sweaty
and grimy workmen poured through them;
just as the whistles of Steelburg Mills began
shrilling and screeching and bellowing for
the day crews to get into the grind—
Wally Gay left Steelburg.

II

AT HIS first awakening Wally could not have told whether the hour was mid-day or midnight. Just a moment or two of bewildered semiconsciousness, the sensing of terrific pains in his head, the hazy per-ception of some unidentifiable movement that was jostling him about roughly, bruis-ing his body, hurting him in every nerve—just a moment or two, and again he became as one dead.

And when at last he opened his eyes in full consciousness, possessed of all his fac-ulties, only that his memory seemed to be at fault, and began groping about him in the darkness, groaning at every move he had to make, crying out sharply as some lurch of the car would rack his tortured body into new spasms of pain, it was long past the hour of the next night, when he was due to report for duty at the ingot mill. Nicker and Dicker were there, wondering about him, fretting and worrying about him not a little, talking in low tones about him, whispering sometimes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, where d'ye s'pose he is? Where can he be?" demanded Dicker for the fiftieth time that evening. "I'm gettin' fair scared, Nicker."

"I must say I'm puzzled, Dicker," re-turned Nicker. "Nobody never heard of Wally stayin' away from his work before, an' his goin' away right in the middle of a turn—why, that ain't Wally's style. It puzzles me."

"I wisht I was no more nor puzzled. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, d'ye s'pose, now, that that there dope I slipped in the booze had anything to do with it, Nicker?" whispered Dicker. "I'm afraid, Nicker, I'm afraid it did."

Nicker shook his head. "I wisht you hadn't done it, Dicker. I wisht I hadn't tolt you."

"Me too, you blabberin' ol' fool! What the damnation did I care if the lad was takin' a short out of my bottle now and then? What did I care? He was welcome to it. If it hadn't been for you an' your blabby gabber ——"

"Sh-h! Choke your whistle, Dicker! Do you want to tell the world."

"That's right too. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, you don't think now, Nicker, that the lad might have gone dopy with the stuff an' fell in a hole sommers—one of them ol' gas flues or maybe in a sewer where somebody'd left off a manhole cover? D'ye think I ought to tell somebody what I done?"

"No, no, Dicker, we'll wait some. Wally'll turn up, don't you fear. No use gettin' people stirred up an' askin' questions. We won't say nothin' to nobody—just keep it 'tween you an' me. We'll wait."

It was a hard night for the two old men. Dawn saw them in a state of nervous ex-haustion, and never before had their work been so slacked. And the next night, with no news of the missing youth, was still harder for them. The mill was beginning to talk now, asking what had become of Wally Gay. Some, a few, laughed and said he'd had enough of being made everybody's goat, and had taken French leave for fairer fields. But the great majority shook their heads and whispered: "Something bad has happened to him. Wally would never have left Steelburg in that underhand manner. Why, no, he never would have left Steel-burg at all!"

A week, two weeks passed, with no signs of the missing man. Nicker and Dicker were staying at home, unable to continue at their work. A feeling of guilt possessed them and made them want to hide their faces from the mill. Daily they met at The Morgue or at The Bucket of Blood, and daily they agreed that it wasn't necessary for them to say anything about the powder in the whisky. The boss of the ingot mill was furious, raging equally against Wally and Nicker and Dicker for putting him in such difficulty—the scale hole was not being properly taken care of. The Old Man was annoyed that his well-laid plans had gone astray. Ackerman, believing Wally had sickened of his job and had fled, was secretly pleased—if he couldn't have the jewel neither could anyone else.

In Vinegar Gully kind friends of the miss-ing youth went to his poor little shack, forced a door, entered, pawed over and examined his poor belongings, and stole a ham, a safety razor, a near-silver teapot that had been one of Jane Gay's wedding presents, and a Life of Jesse James, shaking their heads and saying it was too bad about Wally, such a good boy! Then they went home to fry the ham, to shave with his safety razor, to brew a cup of tea in Jane Gay's near-silver teapot and to read the Life of Jesse James.

"I know where I'm at, all right—I'm in a box car, locked up good and tight; but where in Sam Hill is the box car at? That's what I want to know next!" Wally was talking straight into the darkness, following his awakening, and after he had groped about in the blackness for several minutes. "I'm in a carload of coiled wire, but how did I get there?"

He sent his mind back to pick up the lost threads of—as he thought—the past few hours. There was his drinking from Dick-er's bottle. There was his finding the atmosphere in the underground den insuf-ferably hot and oppressive. There was his going above and into the open, seeking fresh air and a place where he could lie down. There was—ah, now he had it! He had climbed into the box car because it was dry in there, and had dropped down upon the coils of wire, with his head spinning.

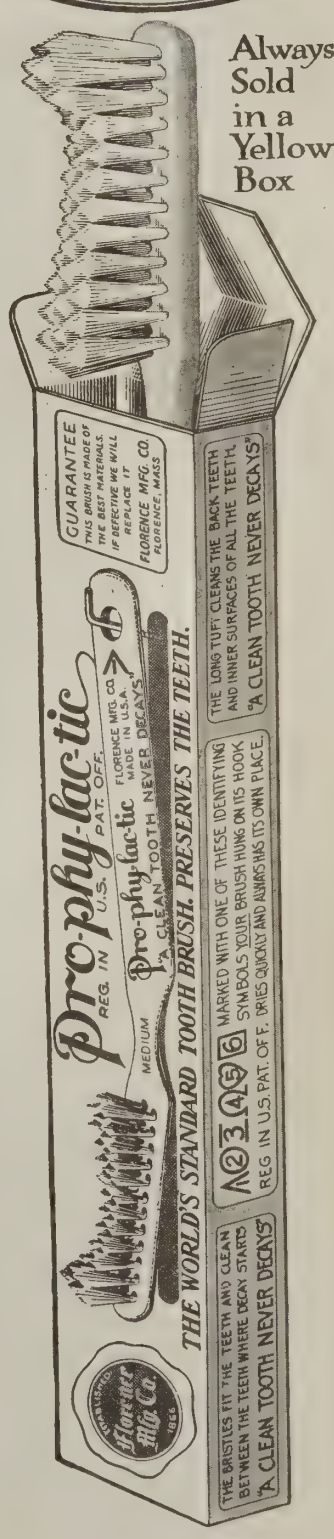
That queer-tasting whisky! Where had Dicker got it? It was fierce stuff! He had heard men at The Morgue and at The Bucket of Blood talk about knockout drops but it did not occur to him that there might have been knockout drops in Dicker's bottle. It was a case of bad liquor, ex-tremely bad liquor—that was all. The drink and the heat below had made him drowsy, and once in the car he had fallen asleep. Some joker of a trainman had seen him lying there, and had closed the doors and latched them, and now they were shunting him here and there about the yards, probably taking the car to the scales to be weighed. A good joke on him-self, he thought, and he smiled over it.

Then the noise of the wheels on the rail joints caught his attention and held it. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! The car was traveling rapidly. There was no stretch of track in the mill yards over which it could travel at that speed, nor for so long a while. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety-clickety! Oh, now he had it! They were taking the car to the storage yards, down by the canal! It was two miles to those yards. His anger rose—this was past a joke. He would probably have to walk back to the mills; meanwhile his work in the scale hole would be neglected; the gate watchman would see him as he went into the yard, and cause him trouble—he would be reported for going out of the mills during working hours.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! He sat and waited for a slowing down of the car, listening to the wheels on the rail joints. Suddenly he leaped to his

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward and Your Lower Teeth Upward



Always Sold in a Yellow Box

feet. "This car isn't goin' to the storage yards!" he cried. "It's already gone three times the distance there!"

He became panic-stricken. He ran to the doors, beat on them with his fists, kicked them, tried to push them open, pulled and tore at them, unable to realize his efforts were futile. He shouted, he screamed, he cursed, and when he had exhausted himself he dropped down on the coils of wire, covered his face with his hands and wept.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! He was feeling weak and faint, and there were sharp gnawing pains in his stomach. Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! He began to shiver with cold, and then he realized he was consumed by a raging thirst. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! For hours—so many hours he could never number them, it seemed to him—he sat and listened to that nerve-torturing monotonous clicking of the wheels on the rail joints.

Frequently there would come a sudden jerking and shaking of the car as the air brakes gripped the wheel treads, racking anew his sore and aching body, shooting quivers of arrows of pain through his throbbing head. One of these sudden checkings of the speed of the car dislodged a great coil of wire from its pile, and it came rolling down to the open space in front of the doors, bruising one of his hands as it came.

He fell into fitful slumber, waking to groan out his agonies, to shake with cold, to lick his dry lips. Once he woke and found the car standing still. It was very quiet there. Then he heard someone whistling, whistling a song he knew—Sweet Marie. The sound of the whistling drew nearer and nearer. He heard footsteps approaching—now they were beneath the car door.

"Open the door! Open the door!" he shouted, beating it with his fists, kicking it with his feet. "Open the door!"

The whistling ceased. "Hey? What's that? Who is it?" called a voice.

"Let me out! I'm locked in! Let me out!"

A moment's silence, then a jeering laugh answered his appeal. "Oh, you're locked in there, are you?" said the voice. "Well, buddy, you can stay in there till you starve and rot before I'll let you out, you damned bum!"

"Let me out! Open the door!" screamed Wally in an insanity of fear.

"Yah! Yah! Yah!" jeered the voice. Again there came the sound of footsteps—they were receding now—they died away. And the brakeman—for it was one of the train's crew—as he went was running his hand over an ugly scar on his face, the mark of a fight he had had with hobos two years before, since which time he had waged bitter and relentless war against all knights of the road. The imprisoned man sank back on the coils of wire, trembling, sick with fear, and in a few minutes the car was again in motion.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety-clickety! That sound would drive him insane, he felt. He tried to stopper his ears with the tips of his fingers, but he could not shut it out—Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety!

Sometimes he dozed, jerking and twitching; sometimes he slept, groaning and talking in his slumber; sometimes he rose up, to beat and kick against the locked doors. And when the car was standing motionless, as several times happened, he shouted, he screamed, he cried himself hoarse, but no one came. Rays of light shooting through a hundred cracks in the sides of the old car told him another day had come. He wondered at the ravenous hunger that gnawed at his vitals. Why should he be so hungry, so faint and weak, when he had eaten less than twelve hours before, as he thought? Why should he be so tortured with thirst in so short a time?

More than once he heard men running over the top of the car, but none of them answered his cries. Once as the train stood on a switch awaiting the passing of another train he caught the sound of children's voices near the door. He called to them. Their prattle suddenly ceased, and he heard the beating of little feet on the cinders as the frightened youngsters scurried away.

Another night. It was in early May and not all of winter's chill had gone from earth. The nipping cold that came with darkness crept into his veins, penetrated to his bone and all through the night he shivered and shook, curled up on the hard uneven coils of wire, groaning and moaning in misery. The steely bundles had been working loose in the piles and rolling down into the open space before the doors until it was almost filled—there was no room left where he could move freely about and exercise his stiffened limbs.

His strength was going; burning thirst was consuming him; now when he tried to shout his voice rose scarcely above a whisper. He ceased to notice things—the motion of the car, the sound of the wheels, the shuffle of feet on the roof, the passing of time.

It might have been day or night, it might have been two days or three days, a week since he had left Steelburg—he did not know or care—when there came to him the realization that death was not far off. At the same moment he perceived that the car was not moving. And then just outside the door, against which he had fallen and crumpled up, very close to him, he heard a man cough. Then there came to his ears the far-away sound of a locomotive's whistle—two long blasts. An instant later there was a rattling of the couplers and drawheads on the car as the engine caught up the slack of the train.

From between his parched and swollen lips leaped a last despairing cry—the cry the drowning man gives as he looks at the sky for the last time, the cry the victim of the law pours out on the scaffold, the cry the trapped hunter makes as the wolf pack closes in.

A man, the man who had coughed, stood on the cinder ballast by the track close to the door. He might have been fifty years of age; he was very plump and extremely red-faced; he looked through gold-rimmed glasses; and though he was wearing a cheap baggy suit of blue overalls, clothing of better quality showed beneath—a white shirt, collar and tie, a black vest, and the upper edge of gray trousers. At the sound of the cry behind the car door he started.

"What's wrong in there?" he called. He waited no more than a second or two for an answer. "Heard that kind of a cry once before in my life!" he muttered.

He rushed to a box of track tools that stood near by and picked out an iron bar. The train was moving off. He ran to the car, thrust the end of the bar through the loop of wire that carried the seal, snapped it, knocked up the latch pin, threw the hasp off the staple, dropped the bar and seized the iron handle on the door.

The car was getting under way rapidly. The door stuck fast. He jerked and pulled at it, getting redder and redder in the face as he worked. He was running now to keep up with the car. Once he stumbled and nearly went down. He caught himself, straightened up, and exercising every ounce of his strength gave one last powerful jerk. The door slid back a little way on its hangers.

He saw the body of a man come slipping out through the doorway, head first. He snatched at it, seized the clothing, checked his running quickly, and pulled. The body tumbled down, struck the ground and rolled over, splashing into a shallow ditch at the roadside half filled with water. The face, dirty white and haggard, was up, and as the water went over it the eyes opened. They fell upon the car that was slipping rapidly out of their line of vision.

"P. G. M. sixty-seven ——" came from the black and swollen lips. Then the eyes closed.

The red-faced man dragged the inert body out of the ditch, looked at the swollen lips, and stooped and scooped up a handful of water, which he let trickle over them. The eyes did not open but the lips and the tongue began to move as the water continued to fall upon them.

"Here's a case, now! Sick man on my hands—Doc Holmes gone!" muttered the man, as he watched the effect of the trickling water. "No bum—plain enough. Shop worker—tell it by his greasy clothes. Young—twenty-four or five. Get him out of here—take him up to the house."

A little distance down the track stood a grain elevator. Up in the gable end of the tall building were the painted words and figures, John Peterson—Capacity 50,000 Bushels. Evidently it was a very old elevator—the roof sagged badly, the corrugated-iron sheeting was falling from the sides, the whole construction appeared to be out of plumb. The man hurried to this building, entered a door at one end and quickly reappeared pushing a wheelbarrow before him. He trundled the barrow to the side of the unconscious form by the ditch, picked it up and placed it on the barrow. He spat on his hands, grasped the two handles and started away with his load.

Back to the elevator he went, passed it, and turned toward a square unpainted frame house standing four or five hundred yards distant. He was breathing heavily and perspiring profusely when he came to the house, and his face was now the hue of boiled beets.

A tall, thin, grim-visaged woman had come to the door of the house, and now stood there watching his approach. He set down his load and rested, leaning over it, with his hands still grasping the handles of the wheelbarrow, for several minutes. Then he looked up. The woman had not moved, she had asked no question, her face showed no hint that she was in the least interested in what was taking place before her.

"The back bedroom, Katy. Make it ready at once!" he said. "Then a pitcher of fresh water; tub of hot water too! And a bowl of beef extract, Katy! Hurry!"

She turned and disappeared. He gathered up the still form from the wheelbarrow and carried it into the house, walking with difficulty, staggering a little. There was no one near to assist him. A half mile away could be seen a collection of houses, but there was none close at hand, and the road was deserted.

When Wally opened his eyes he found himself in a very plainly furnished room, lying in a very clean bed, the cleanest bed he had ever lain in. He saw a plump red-faced man standing at the foot of the bed looking at him.

"Well, how are you?" asked the red-faced man.

"Pretty well. How are you?" Wally always strove to be polite to strangers.

"How do you feel?"

"Rotten. Say, mister, what was the number of that car I was in?"

"Didn't notice. Why?"

"Why, I got it in my head that it was—oh, nothin'."

"When did you eat last?"

"About a month ago."

"Thought so. Better start to catch up. Katy!"

The woman came into the room, carrying a steaming bowl.

"Gimme some of that!" shouted Wally, struggling to sit up.

It was the third day after his finding himself in the clean bed before he left it to sit with the red-faced man on a little veranda at one side of the house. It was the fourth day before he told his story. No detail of it was omitted, not even the part of it that had to do with the purloining of old Dicker's liquor. His auditor gave him close attention, interrupting with no question or comment, gazing steadily all the while out across the great expanse of green prairie that lay before them.

"Quite a story," he said when Wally had finished. "Close call for you—door stuck—I stumbled. If I hadn't caught myself ——" He waved his hand. "Tell you something about myself. Name's Peterson—John Peterson, Junior. Never mind the Junior—old gentleman dead. Bachelor—live here alone—have a housekeeper—old Katy Podkins. Stay here eight months, California four months. Buy and ship wheat. That's my elevator—father built it—going to pieces—pretty ancient. Great wheat country here—nothing grown but wheat. See that green stuff over there? Wheat. See that green prairie over yonder? Wheat. Wheat everywhere. Some hay—not much."

"What is hay?" Wally interrupted.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, I see—city bred. Dried grass for stock; used to distend the stomach. Lots of wheat grown hereabouts—I buy most of it—ship it to Buffalo—deal with Spencer & Banks. Fine people—rich firm—handle me well. Lots of work ahead now—man short—hard to get help—here's the case.

"Got a nephew—no good—sportish—spender—older than you—ten years, maybe. Worked for me two seasons—not much help though. Promised to help me this season—gone to Fargo—moving-picture-house job. Expects to get my pile—wants some of it now—don't like him—wouldn't trust him—couldn't. Got to have a man to help out—to run up and down stairs at the elevator—look after machinery—load out cars—so forth. I can't do it—too much blood—threatened with apoplexy. Got two old codgers—stand-bys—Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy. Ike runs the engine—Pete tests, weighs, receives the wheat. Good men, but old. Help scarce.

"So. Want to stay? I'll hire you. Two-fifty a day and board—live here with me. Treat you right—old Katy's a good cook I like to eat. Well?"

"You want me to work here in your e... vator?" asked Wally, not sure that he h... kept up with Peterson in his rapid-fire ta...

"That's it. Will you?"

"Sure," replied Wally.

If Peterson had ordered him to stay a... work for him instead of asking him if... would Wally would have made no demu... the man had saved his life; wasn't he un... unlimited obligations to him?

"All right—start fixing things up... getting ready—soon as you're strong aga... Go to Wheaton to-morrow—you and I... get you some clothes and things—my cloth... don't fit you, eh?" Wally was lost in ... suit of clothes Peterson had loaned hi... and Peterson laughed as he looked at hi...

"Want to show you the way to Wheat... too—may have to send you alone som... time," Peterson went on. "Not much e... citement here. Want to go to Wheat... Saturday nights, all right—let you have... rig."

On the following day they drove ... Wheaton, the county seat, fifteen mil... distant from the siding where the elevat... stood. Their road led across the level u... broken prairie, through vast stretches ... land sown to wheat. Green as emerald, ... met their eyes in whatever direction the... looked.

"Wheat! Wheat!" gloated Peterso... waving his buggy whip about his hea... bringing it to bear on every point of th... compass. "Wheat everywhere! Our work-... taking care of it—after it's harveste... threshed—getting it to a hungry world, eh... Lots of work ahead—plenty to do—bi... crop this year—make some money."

Wally let his eyes roam over the broa... expanse of green, and felt a pang of home... sickness. "Kind of lonesomelike out here... ain't it?" he suggested.

"Lonesome? Not a bit of it!"

"Kind of quietlike too."

"Quiet? No. Frogs, birds, bees, crick... ets—in the summer, grasshoppers—katy... dids in the fall. Too much noise sometimes."

They rode on into Wheaton without... much further conversation. At the town... Peterson took Wally to the bank, where h... introduced him to the cashier as his new... man. He drew some money and handed... Wally twenty-five dollars.

"Advance—buy some clothes—anything... else you need," he said. "Meet me here a... two—start back."

Wheaton was a solid little country town... of three or four thousand inhabitants. Its... people always spoke of it as a bustling... place. Wally found it unbearably dull... He wandered about dull streets, had a... drink in a dull saloon, played a dull game... of pool with a dull young farmer, and by... midday was consumed with ennui. Then... he came upon a flour mill, and his eyes... brightened as he heard the sound of work-ing machinery—it was music to his ears... He quickly found his way into a remarkably dirty engine room, where he spent a... delightful hour with a remarkably profane... engineer whose fury against his employers... knew no bounds because they made him... burn a cheap inferior coal beneath his... boilers. He charmed his visitor.

"Snappy little place," said Peterson as... they started back.

"Not bad," agreed Wally. He was still... warmed from his visit with the engineer.

In a few days the repair work at the elevator was taken up. Peterson, Ike Dooler, Pete Peddy, Wally and a carpenter whom... Peterson had hired at Wheaton constituted the working gang. They unloaded a car-load of lumber; and several shipments of... machinery, iron sheeting and hardware of various sorts were received. Wally's spirits, which had been sadly drooping, began to revive—he worked with enthusiasm.

"Go a little slow," cautioned Peterson. "Don't try to do it all—take it easy—you got quite a wallop."

The carpentry work came first, after the materials were unloaded and stored. Wally did not like it. He could not saw straight, he could not measure accurately, he hammered his fingers, trying to drive nails; he had, he said, a crooked eye. He heard Peterson talking about the horrible mess in the basement that was awaiting them. He asked him about it.

"Worst job we've got—dread it down there—awful! Flood last fall—water got in—bin of wheat leaked—mud, muck, must, sprouted wheat—bah!"

Wally went down into the basement beneath the big bins and looked about.

(Continued on Page 76)

On the Great White Way

THE crowds of smartly groomed men who nightly throng the Great White Way show the popularity of Monroe Clothes. More men buy Monroe Clothes than any other make sold in New York.

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(Continued from Page 74)

It was, as Peterson had said, a horrible mess. There were two or three wagonloads of mud and muck, and a great pile of rotted and sprouting wheat that would have to be picked up and carried up the stairs in baskets and wheeled away in wheelbarrows. He proposed to Peterson that he go to work on this job.

"I don't like to work with tools," he said. "I don't make much of a showin'. You and Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy and that other guy take care of the other work, an' I'll handle this."

Peterson looked at him in surprise. "Wouldn't ask you to—too much—we'll help later—all together—but if you want to—go ahead."

He went below into the musty, foul-smelling basement and there shoveled and scraped and carried, while the others sawed and hammered and nailed and bolted in the building above.

"Drawn a prize!" chuckled Peterson as he watched his new man. "One fault—too willing—makes me feel cheap. Hope Edwin stays in Fargo till his whiskers are gray—don't need him here."

One day as Wally came up from the basement carrying a heavy basket of rotted wheat and mud he almost ran against a young woman who was just entering the door of the elevator. He stepped quickly to one side and set down his basket.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Nearly bumped into you, didn't I?" he laughed.

"It was my fault—I should have looked. Are you Mr. Gay?"

"Just Wally Gay, ma'am."

"Mr. Peterson has told me about you. I am Miss Creeth—Amy Creeth. I'm the schoolmarm, as they call me here. I'm also the superintendent of the Sunday school at the Dodder Creek Church. That's five miles north of here, you know. I came to invite you to our Sunday school. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Hiram Dodge, the cattle man, has quite a large class of young men. He'd be glad to have you join it."

Wally looked down at his basket of refuse, then he looked up at Miss Creeth and smiled, and Miss Creeth blushed and looked quickly away. She had glimpsed that queer little smile; she had seen that same something in those brown eyes that had made his teachers love Wally Gay, their most troublesome, most refractory pupil.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll think it over."

"Please do, Mr.—Mr. Gay," she fluttered. "We'll expect to see you soon. Good-by."

She hurried off to her buggy, which she had left near the elevator, untied her horse and drove away. Wally stood watching her until she had passed from sight.

"Some skirt!" he declared with emphasis; and he picked up his basket and resumed his work.

His thinking it over, whether he should go to the Sunday school at Dodder Creek Church, resulted in his asking himself, "Now, what would Bulger the Bat at The Morgue say if he knew I'd been asked to go to Sunday school by a swell dame?" And he laughed.

He did not see Miss Creeth again for three weeks. Then as he was driving across the prairie toward Wheaton—Peterson had sent him to bring out a piece of machinery—he met her in her buggy.

"Good morning, Mr. Gay," she greeted him. "We haven't seen you at our Sunday school. Haven't you thought it over yet?"

"Not quite, ma'am—been too busy. I'll think it over some more."

And again he smiled at her, and again she blushed and lost her reserve.

"Please come—I'm sure you'll enjoy it. You'll like Mr. Dodge. He knows about you and he wants you in his class. Good-by."

And she drove away. Over his shoulder, as he drove on, he watched her.

"Some skirt is right!" he said aloud.

The basement was cleaned out thoroughly; the carpentry work was finished; the new machinery was in place; Ike Dooler had fired up his rusty boiler, overhauled and oiled his ancient engine and made a trial run—the elevator was ready to receive wheat.

And none too soon. The silky swish of the waves of green that had been rolling over the ocean of wheat had given way to a sandpapery rustle; the green grain had gone yellow, gone golden yellow, gone brown, and the binders had come and reaped it and bound it in bundles; the shockers had come and shocked it, and now in a dozen spots the horizon was smudged with the smoke of engines drawing threshers to the fields.

"Wheat in a day or two," said Peterson. "We're ready for it. Real work starts then—hard work. You're going to stick—stay till I'm through?"

"Oh, sure," replied Wally.

"Want you to—like your work—you too. Let's go up to the top now—show you how to run things up there. Your job—can't climb—tough trip up—dangerous."

They toiled up the steep stairs to the top of the elevator. Peterson sank down on the floor. "Shouldn't do this," he gasped. "Too much blood—apoplexy—Doc Holmes warned me. Get me some day—find me stretched out, maybe—don't be surprised. Expecting it—going to sell out and quit this fall."

When he had recovered from his exertion he showed Wally the working of the machinery—how it should be oiled, how the spouts leading to the different bins should be handled, how the steel worm in the conveyor box could be uncoupled and removed in case of a break or choke-up, how belts were shifted and tightened, and how a lacing was made.

"Leave it to you, Wally—got confidence in you—keep your eyes open—always on the job," he rattled as they started downstairs.

Wagons loaded with wheat began to draw up and stand before the elevator, each waiting its turn to drive on the scales and discharge its load of grain. Pete Peddy was busy now, testing, weighing, poring over figures, adding and subtracting, making entries in his books, sharpening his lead pencil. Peterson was writing checks, visiting with the farmers gathered about the wagons, keeping a watchful eye on things in general. Old Ike Dooler was fussing and worrying over his antiquated engine, driving it to its little limit, and Wally was running upstairs and downstairs, looking after and adjusting pulleys and belting and shafting, shifting spouts, watching the solid streams of wheat pouring into the blackness of the bins, listening to the rattle of the tiny grains on the floors and thinking how much the sound they made was like the rattle of the spittings on the tin roof of his shack in Vinegar Gully. The big work was under way.

"Say, what are you goin' to do when all these here bins get full?" he asked Peterson.

"Won't get full—empties coming in tomorrow—load them—begin shipping to Buffalo. More work, Wally—night work now—don't like it—has to be done."

The empties were shoved in, and it fell to Wally's lot to take charge of them—to patch holes in their floors, if there were holes that needed patching, to pinch them down the rusty siding, one at a time, to the loading spout, to board up the door openings, to load them, to close and latch the doors, and to report them ready to the station agent.

Work? He had never worked harder at the Steelburg mills than he was working now. Down in the musty, mildewy basement beneath the bins, poking at a plugged spout or unchoking a clogged conveyor; climbing the long steep stairs to the top of the tall building, to tighten a pulley there, lace a belt or shift a spout or paddle; out on the tracks at midnight, sweating a sticker down the rusty rails of the siding to the loading chute; running errands for Peterson; spelling Ike Dooler while the old man was away for his meals; sweeping, shoveling, carrying—he worked, he worked long hours and hard hours.

"Makes things go," laughed Peterson. "Good man—best I ever had."

One morning Peterson did not come to the breakfast table.

"He's sick," said old Katy as she placed a tray of food on the table. "He wants to see you."

Peterson was lying on his bed, dressed, when Wally went to his room. "Knocked out," he said, smiling. "Done up for a day or two. Overworked yesterday—that spill we had—ought to have been more careful. Means more work for you—have to bring Pete's papers and books here—make out checks—you give them to the sellers. Want you to talk to the farmers—jolly them—good fellow—if they ask tell them I'm off my feed—that's all. Be all right soon."

In addition to his work in and about the elevator, which could not be neglected, Wally had to make frequent trips to Peterson's room that day, carrying Pete's weights and tests, and his books that contained his calculations and the sellers' names. Peterson would verify the old man's figures and write checks for the wheat purchased, which he would give to Wally to carry back.

The next day it was the same, and the next, and all through the week—Peterson was no better. That he was worried and that he was suffering much was evident. He was not asking so many questions about the work as he had at first. Then Wally noticed that he was writing checks without verifying Pete's calculations.

Once as the sick man started to write a check Wally said, "Pete made a mistake there."

"What's that? Where?"

"Right here—that isn't right."

Peterson took a pencil and worked over the figures. "So it isn't—didn't notice that—careless—twenty dollars out. How did you chance to see it?"

"Oh, figures are fruit to me—I see everything about figures."

"That so? Why didn't you say so before? Add, subtract, multiply, divide?"

"Sure, that's nothin'."

"Here, then, foot these columns—just going to do it myself."

Wally picked up a pencil and quickly footed the long columns, setting down the totals with such rapidity that Peterson watched him in amazement.

"All right, Wally." And when he was alone again the wheat buyer laboriously added up the columns. "Well, by George! Think of that!" he exclaimed. "Every one correct—no mistakes. Wouldn't have supposed it! Well, say!"

The next day he said to Wally: "Going to have you go over Pete's calculations—eyes hurt me—can't see well—head aches all the time—feel bad. Can you write?"

"Sure."

"Guess you can make out these bills—cars of wheat loaded out—I'll help you. Sit down at that table—try one.

"Good work!" he cried when he had examined Wally's effort. "Well, I declare! Better than I can do—poor writer—scrawler—nervous—shaky."

Under Peterson's supervision Wally was soon doing all the wheat buyer's work with the exception of signing the checks. But they alone knew of this. Peterson insisted on secrecy.

"Mus'n't let anybody know—won't do—farmers take alarm—afraid to take my checks. Be all right soon—had this trouble before. Keep it quiet."

But he did not grow better—he showed no signs of improvement.

One day he called Wally back as he was leaving the room. "Big draft here—today's mail—Spencer & Banks—must get it to the bank—need some cash too. You go to Wheaton to-morrow. I'll send Katy to fetch Amy Creeth—she'll help me while you're gone—understands—bright girl."

The following morning after the day's work was well under way Wally hitched Peterson's horse to the buggy and started for Wheaton, driving past the elevator to ask Ike Dooler if he had the horse harnessed properly and hitched to the buggy as it should be. At Wheaton he deposited the draft Peterson had given him and cashed a check, made payable to him, for two hundred dollars. He called on the profane engineer at the flour mill, but for some reason found him stale and unprofitable, and cut his visit short. When he thought his horse had rested sufficiently he started back across the prairie.

His mind was full of the work he had in hand—there was so much to do. He rejoiced in the fact that he could help Peterson, could do Peterson's work. He laughed as he remembered how, a few days before, the wheat buyer had given him a great stack of canceled checks and his bank book and told him to verify the bank's figures and see if everything was correct. The accounts had balanced to a penny. In his pocket was another bunch of cancellations which the cashier at the bank had given him. He anticipated the pleasure he would have in going over them, arranging them, talking with Peterson about them. Figures, figures—it was fun to work with figures!

It was dusk when he came up from the barn to Peterson's house. Miss Creeth met him on the little veranda.

"Good evening, Mr. Wellington Gay," she said, smiling.

"Good evenin', Miss Amy Creeth," he returned, smiling back at her.

Her face suddenly became grave. "I'm afraid Mr. Peterson is a very sick man," she said.

"I'm sure he is."

"He ought to have a doctor, but he says Doctor Holmes is the only one that knows his case, and Doctor Holmes is in Cali- nia. He has had these spells before, I kn but he is worse this time, much worse."

"I reckon he ought to have a doctor right. I'm doin' all I can to help him, I'll keep on doin' all I can."

"Yes, yes, he has told me about you. says he couldn't get along without y Where in the world did you learn y arithmetic, Mr. Gay?"

"At school, I guess. Oh, I guess I di either—I always like to fool with figu and it was always easy."

"And your beautiful handwriting?"

"That was easy too."

"You are wonderful."

Wally looked away. "That your h and buggy over there?" he asked.

"Yes, and I must be going home! I h to help mother with the chores yet. Yo send for me any time you need me, wo you?"

"Oh, sure."

"And you're coming to Sunday sch aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am—as soon as I ge chance."

"I'm glad. Good-by, Mr. Gay." took a step forward and held out her ha

Wally grasped it, shivered slight tingled all over, and stammered, "E good-by, Miss Creeth."

He watched her untie her horse and cli into the buggy, wondering if he should have assisted her. He did not move un the rattle of the wheels of her buggy h died away in the dusky distance. Then moved toward the door.

"Some skirt, if I do say it!" he wh pered.

The days ran by. Wheat continued pour into the bins of the elevator, and continued to pour out of them into the c that Wally sweated down the rough u even tracks to the loading chute. The was no rest for him. His hard work and l long hours were beginning to tell on him he was getting thin and haggard.

A young Swede dropped off a loiteri freight car one morning and spoke to hi about a job. He hired the man at on agreeing to pay him four dollars a d after the job hunter had refused three d lars and three dollars and a half. He p him to work, then went and told Peters what he had done.

"Fine, Wally, fine! Needed more help too much for you. Four dollars—hum not too much if he's a good hand. I rais your pay—some time ago—forgot to me tion it—give it to you in a bunch—a time—ask for it." And the wheat buy nodded a friendly nod at him.

Wally made another trip to Wheato carrying another draft to the bank a bringing out more cash. Miss Creeth aga stayed with Peterson and assisted hi through the day. Again she and Wal talked together in the dusk, and again sh shook hands with him when she left hi The next day at Peterson's request he pa Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy their wage gave old Katy what was due her, met som bills presented by the station agent and se tled up at the general store where Pete son traded. His own pay he did not dra

"Guess I'll leave it with you," he told h employer. "I haven't got no use for it her now. I'll get it some day."

"All right, Wally; it's safe."

Old Katy came to his door one mornin before he had risen and called him.

"He's worse," she said shortly, and wen away.

He hurried to Peterson's room.

"Done, Wally. Done for good!" groane the sick man. "Can't move—look here!" His hands lay on the bed cover. Th forefinger of each hand worked up an down—a very little. "That's all—muscle dead—down and out."

Wally was frightened at such helpless ness, and he trembled as he gazed at th unfortunate man.

"Now what?" went on Peterson. "Can't write my name—can't sign checks—have t send for that nephew! Hate to—don't lik him—can't trust him! Got to do it—only relative—got to let him in on the business Send him a telegram, Wally—Hotel North- ern, Fargo."

"Say, I'll sign your checks for you!" said Wally quickly.

Surprise showed in Peterson's face. Then he smiled. "Oh, couldn't do that, Wally. What do you mean?"

"I never seen any writin' yet that I couldn't write just like it—exactly like it if I tried."

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(Continued from Page 76)

Jterson mused for several moments. 'O, no—can't be done—impossible—
ver heard of such a thing! No, no, send
ha telegram—Edwin Peterson—tell him
o me—say I'm sick."

'All right," said Wally. "Say, how
bout a doctor?"

'No, no—Doc Holmes back soon—he
nows my case. Been like this before—
er so bad. Don't need medicine—Sul-
h Springs—California—that'll fix me
p always has. Send the wire."

'ally left the house and started for the
legraph station, but he had gone but a
itt way when old Katy came running
ft him, calling him back: "He wants
o quick!"

Je returned to Peterson's room.

'Been thinking it over—might try it—
ot want Edwin here! Three weeks more
n we're through. Might manage it. You
ti up a notice to-day—"No more wheat
ought after the fifteenth." Try my name—
etn old check."

'ally sat down at a table with one of
Person's canceled checks before him.
Hcopied the signature a dozen times on a
ice of paper, tore this up, and on another
ice wrote the name three times. This he
e before Peterson's eyes.

he sick man looked at it in silence for
eral moments, his eyes going from one
o nother of the signatures. "By George!"
e exclaimed. "Couldn't tell it myself!
'e're a skilled forger, Wally. Sign it to
fen or twenty blank checks—let me see
ai one."

he checks were signed and held before
i eyes. He approved each of them.

All right—go ahead—same as before.
Bt mum, Wally—mum as death. Funny
usiness, this—mustn't let anybody know—
u you and I—nobody else—understand?
Approved forgery—ha! Keep Edwin out
f;—finish up—go to California—both of
ush? Soon be all right again."

ohn Peterson continued to purchase
hat, and the farmers selling it were paid
vn forged checks which they carried to
h Wheaton bank and cashed, the cashier
ing not a second glance at the well-
nwn signature.

Vally now took charge of the telegraphic
tations of wheat, which came each after-
on, read a portion of the market page in
h daily paper to Peterson every day, and
pned his mail, holding the most impor-
at of the communications before the eyes
fhe helpless man.

Got some letters to write," Peterson
nounced one morning. "New job for
e—longhand stenographer—ha!"

I can't write no letters for you," said
Wly. "I'm a rotten speller—never could
ll. I can sign your name or make out
tm bills or fuss with figures, but I can't
wte no letter—not your kind. Ask Miss
Ceth."

Good idea. Send old Katy after her."
Miss Creeth came. "I'll draft the let-
es," she said, "but Wally—Mr. Gay
rst copy them. I don't write a business
nd—he does. They would produce a
b ter effect in his handwriting, don't you
tnk?"

Peterson agreed with her, and while
Vlly went to the telegraph office and
fight station she wrote several letters.
Vhen he returned and began copying them
s sat down at the table near him.

'You are just wonderful," she whispered.
"e has told me everything, all that you
a doing for him—about the checks too."

He flushed with pleasure. "Aw, that
a't nothin'," he mumbled.

"Yes, but it is! And he thinks you are—
tt I'll tell you that some other time."

She started to whisper something else
tt just then Wally smiled at her. Her
ceks mantled, and she rose and went to
Iterson's bedside.

Wally finished the letters and hurried
ay to the elevator.

He was working harder now than at any
tne before. The wheat was flowing in in
greater quantities, the growers wanting to
gt their grain to the elevator and sold be-
fe it closed down, to avoid the longer
hul to Wheaton and other points. He was
ted all the while—he could not get rested;
I was losing flesh every day; he was
llow-eyed, thin-faced.

"You're killing yourself," said Miss
eeth one day as she sat by him while he
pied a letter she had written. "You're
rking yourself to death!"

He laughed. "Don't you believe it! I'm
right. We'll be through before long.
nd maybe I ain't goin' to rest up some!
I'm goin' to sleep for a week without
wakin' up."

On the evening of the fifteenth of the month Pete Peddy weighed and graded his last load of wheat, made his last entry in his books, handed them over to Wally and went home. He too was tired. Ike Dooler, much though he wanted to, did not draw his fires—there were a few cars of wheat in the elevator that must be loaded out. Wally climbed down into each of the ten deep bins, as they were emptied, and scraped down the wheat that had hung on the slanting floors and in the corners, and two days later old Ike throttled down his wheezing engine with a thankful "Damn!" They were through!

"Good work! Good work!" laughed Peterson. "We did it—you did it, Wally—you!" He was jubilant. "Look here! Getting better—be all right now—look at that!" He could move his hands about on the coverlet, and all his fingers worked freely. "Doc Holmes back next week—fix me up. Knew we could do it—kept Edwin out of it—glad of that. By George, Wally, you did it! Pretty cute, eh? Well, better go to Wheaton to-morrow—another draft to bank—mine this time—made some money this season. Want your pay now? Write your own check—sign my name to it—get your money—ha!"

"Not yet," replied Wally. "I don't need much money here."

"Any time—say so. Going to California—soon as I'm up—want you to go with me—take care of me. Want to go?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. Oh, I don't know."

"Think about it—got to have you—treat you right—pay you well."

Wally went to Wheaton the next day. After he had transacted the business Peterson had intrusted to him he went to a hotel, hired a room and went to bed. He was very tired, and he slept until late in the afternoon. When he went to the livery stable where he had left his horse and buggy he found the horse was sick. The stable man told him the animal could not travel that night. He returned to the hotel and went to bed again.

When he woke late next morning he felt thoroughly rested—he was again his old self. The stable man advised him to stay in Wheaton as long as he could that day, on account of the sick horse, and he did not start back until the middle of the afternoon.

Then he drove slowly, letting the animal choose its pace.

The grim-visaged old Katy was standing in the black shadow of the barn as he drove up. "He's dead," she said, and with a sobbing moan walked away toward the house.

He trembled, as his heart went cold in his breast. Peterson dead! He could not believe it. He hurriedly stabled the horse and then ran up to Peterson's room. Where the bed had stood there was now a coffin, and in it lay the corpse of John Peterson. Wally dropped down at the table where he had made out so many bills, written so many letters, figured out the cost of so many bushels of wheat, signed John Peterson's name so many times, and wept long and bitterly.

That night he stayed with Pete Peddy. The next morning he met and talked with the undertaker, who came from a neighboring village.

"I have wired to his nephew," said that gentleman. "He will be here this morning on the west-bound train. I suppose he will have his uncle buried at the Dodder Creek Cemetery. Doctor Holmes got back from California night before last and he came over here with me yesterday, when the old woman telephoned me. I think everything we have done will be all right. Too bad about John—he was one of the county's best citizens."

Wally was at the station when the west-bound passenger train came in. Two men alighted from it, one of them a young man of thirty or thirty-five, flashily dressed, smoking a cigarette and carrying an expensive traveling bag; the other an old man, gray haired and stooped. The younger man walked rapidly away in the direction of Peterson's house, the older approached Wally.

"Young man, do you know where I will find John Peterson, the wheat man?" he asked.

"You won't find him," replied Wally; "he's dead."

"Dead! John Peterson dead!" exclaimed the old man. "Well! Well! I am astonished to hear such news! When did he die? Tell me about him."

He listened while Wally told him of Peterson's illness and sudden death.

"This distresses me more than I can say. Too bad, too bad! Why, I've known John Peterson for fifteen years or more, and a finer man I didn't number among all my acquaintances. You say you have been working for him? Do you happen to know who did his clerical work for him this summer?"

"I did—most of it."

"Oh, you did? Well, young man, I want to tell you that we have never had our correspondence and our accounting business with Peterson come through in such excellent shape as it has been coming the greater part of this season. I am Spencer, of Spencer & Banks, you know—at Buffalo. Peterson was very clumsy with pen and pencil, and we often had difficulty in making out his figures and in reading his letters, and more than once serious mistakes were made when we misread something he had sent us. Your work has been the admiration of our office force. How long have you been with him?"

This question led to another and another, and soon Wally was talking steadily, telling in detail to the mild-mannered white-haired man, toward whom his heart had warmed, his experience with John Peterson. And Randolph Spencer sat very still while he talked, listening to a story that caused his old pulses to quicken their beats. When it was ended he rose and began pacing up and down the station platform.

"Well, now, I declare!" he muttered. "Remarkable! Never heard of such a thing! I believe every word he has spoken! Well! Well!" He looked at the young man sitting quietly on the baggage truck. "He'll do! Made of the right sort of stuff! He's got the right kind of an eye—it looks at you, meets yours squarely. He will develop into something worth while. Well, I must say! If the ending wasn't so tragical it would be laughable. Poor Peterson—how he would have delighted to tell me this story!"

He walked back to the baggage truck. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know—get a job somewhere, I guess. I'm broke. If I can get what I've earned here ——"

"You'll have trouble there, I'm afraid. I've heard Peterson talk about his nephew, and he never said anything very good about him. He would have done handsomely by you, I know, but you'll do well now if you succeed in getting what you actually earned at your first wage rate. Suppose you figure it up and give me your claim to collect for you. I'm something of a lawyer, and I'm going to be in Wheaton and its vicinity for a few days. I expect I can get it quicker than you could, and without any expense to you."

Wally agreed to this. "All right," he said, "I don't know nothin' about how to go about it, except to go and ask this nephew of his."

"That wouldn't get you much. I'll take care of the matter. And now, something else. I've been thinking that I'd like to have you in Buffalo, working for Spencer & Banks. There's a little office adjoining mine where you would fit in nicely. The young man I had in there left me a while ago. Your salary to start with will be satisfactory, I'm sure, and it will grow better as you care to make it better. What do you say?"

"I'll go," replied Wally. "But I'm broke! How am I to get there?"

"I'll take care of that. I'll buy you a ticket to Buffalo, let you have twenty-five dollars or so, and give you a letter to Mr. Banks. He'll take charge of you until I get back there. That's the way we'll handle that. Now, you want to go to Peterson's funeral, no doubt. So do I. We'll go over to the house and make inquiries. Too bad about Peterson."

Together they went to the church at Dodder Creek, where the funeral was held the next day. Wally saw Miss Creeth in company with an elderly lady, whom he took to be her mother. He found no opportunity to speak to her—or thought he didn't—and he wanted to tell her he was going away—he wanted to tell her good-by. He liked Miss Creeth.

Edwin Peterson came seeking him. "I understand you know a good deal about my uncle's business. Let's hear something. What about his ——"

(Concluded on Page 81)

Remove Corns with Freezone

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

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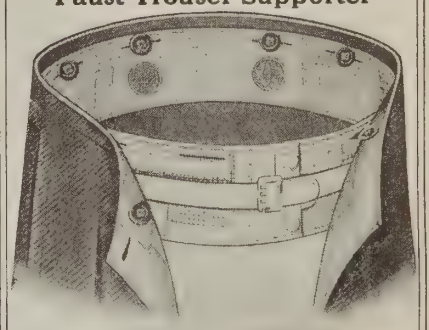

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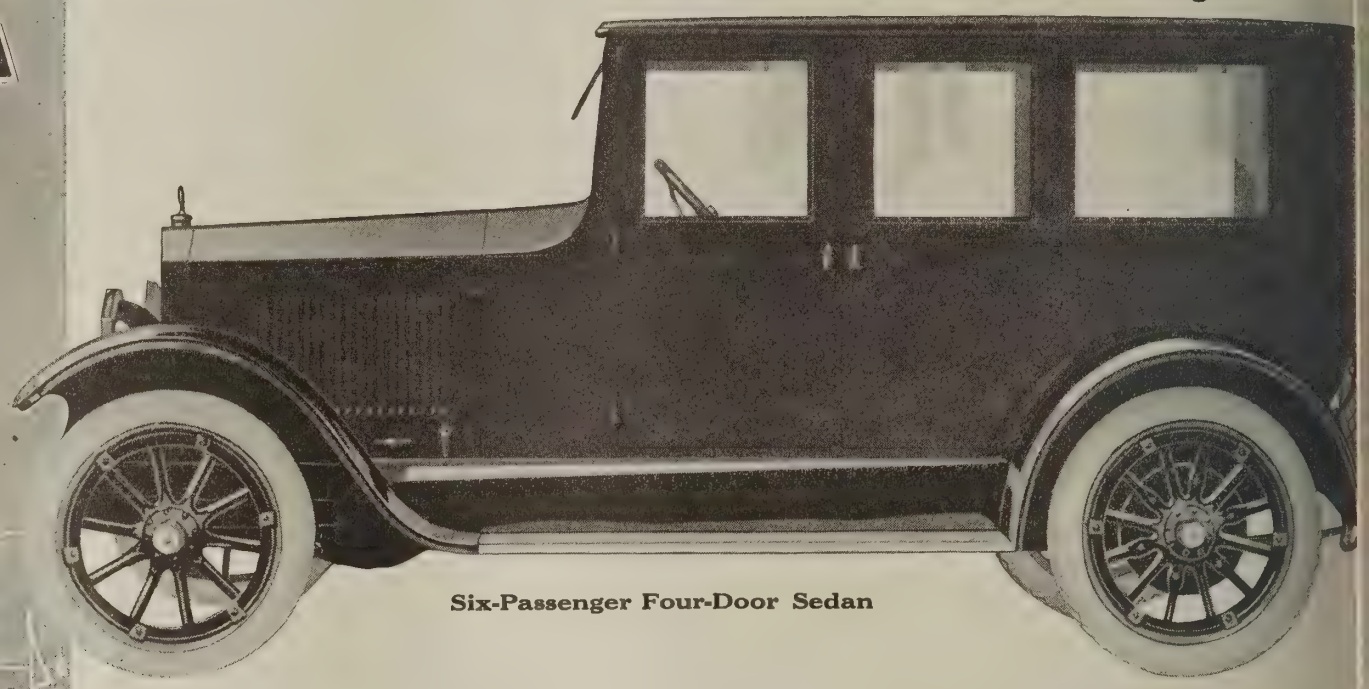
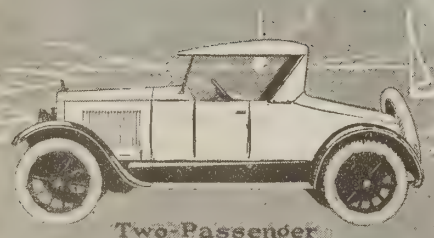
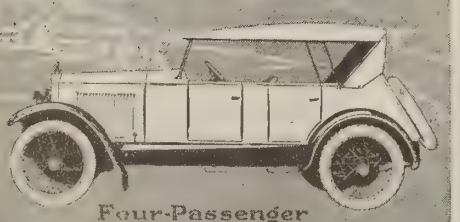


Six-Passenger Four-Door Sedan



Two-Passenger Touring Roadster



Four-Passenger Speedster

Five-Passenger Touring Car

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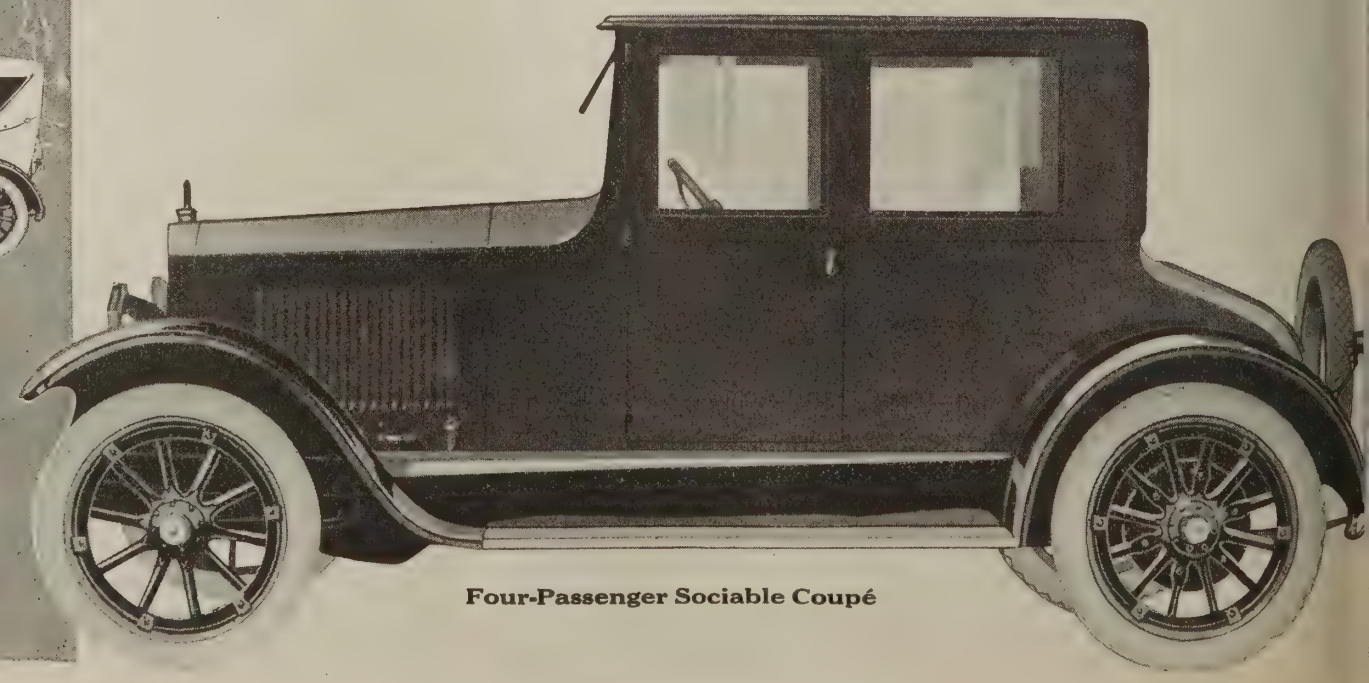


Four-Passenger Sociable Coupé

(Concluded from Page 79)

'Find out for yourself!" broke in Wally. "Everything's straight!" And he walked aw/.

e was climbing aboard the passenger rai that was to carry him eastward the following afternoon, when he caught sight of woman running down the road leading to ie station. As the train was moving off en before he had entered the coach she ame hurrying about the corner of the ept building. It was Miss Creeth. o:e sudden impulse prompted him to mae the train, and he started forward to 'u down the steps, when the brakeman .a med shut the doors.

Good-by, Amy!" he shouted to her. (od-by!" She saw him and waved her a lkerchief.

Say, Leatherlung, what you tryin' to c crack my eardrums?" snarled the r eman.

Some skirt, all right, all right, all ift!" he sighed as he dropped into a e .

t Chicago he learned that he had three o s to wait between trains. He left the e ot, wandered down a street, passed a c y pool room, turned back and went in. A affable young man proposed a game of c , to which he agreed. While they a ked there rose a dispute among some o er players; blows were struck, and in h rush he was jostled roughly. When he e hed for his purse to pay for the game, w ch he had lost, he found it missing. He d iovered some loose change in one of his p kets, paid for the game with that, and h ten cents left. He spent the dime for a s dwich.

Broke again, travelin' again with empty st nach and pockets!" he laughed. "I ne d a keeper. But I've still got my ticket to Buffalo, and to Buffalo I'll go."

He left Chicago on an afternoon train, tr veling in a day coach. Mr. Spencer had to him to take a sleeper out of Chicago. When night came he stretched out comfo ably on two seats turned together and quickly fell asleep.

ome time in the night he woke and fond that the train was standing still. Men were going out of the car and returning, and he heard them talking about a wreck ahead. He inquired of a passenger what time it was—it was nearly midnight. He decided he would go outside and look about.

As he stepped to the ground he stopped suddenly and began to sniff the air. It was a foul rank odor that assailed his nostrils, but he found it familiarly delicious. He sniffed again and again; his pulses began to leap, and with all his speed he ran through the darkness to the end of the train and crossed the track behind it. Then he laughed, laughed long and loud, and smack his hands together. A high board fence was in front of it, and towering over it he saw rows of tall black stacks; a hundred well-known noises struck upon his ears; the sky above him was rosy red.

"O Lord!" he gasped. "It's Steelburg! Steelburg! Yeow-yeow!" He yelled for pure happiness.

He applied his eye to a crack in the fence and looked straight into the rod mill, the old rod mill where he had once worked. He saw the red rods looping and twisting and writhing over the floors; saw the roll hands tossing them about with their long-handled tongs; saw the hooker boys tugging at them on the inclines.

"Yip-yeow!"

He turned and sprinted along the track, keeping close to the high fence; ran for a quarter of a mile, rounded a corner and looked down into Vinegar Gully. He paused and listened. He heard a man singing in a loud coarse voice. The singing ceased and there came an applause of yells and laughter.

"It's Bulger the Bat at The Morgue!" he chuckled.

He made as though he would go down into the gully, then faced about and again ran along the fence. At a particularly dark spot that was not touched by the searching rays of light from the row of arc lamps that hung above the fence he stopped and began working at a loose board. In a minute there was a hole in the fence before him. Many a time had he gone through that hole, just as he was going through it now, unseen by the watchmen at the gate a hundred yards away. He stood in the yards of Steelburg Steel Mills.

Before his eager eyes greenish-yellow tongues of flame were playing above the buildings where the Bessemer converters swung; a dull red glow hung about the bases of the blast furnaces; he saw the long white bars of steel racing back and forth in the bar mills; and over in one of the Open Hearths he watched a huge ladle of just-tapped steel starting slowly up from the pit, waves of creamy slag slopping over its curving sides.

Something stirred in him, something came up into his throat and choked him, something like a mist floated before his vision. "Aw, it's great!" he whispered.

Keeping well in the shadows of the black buildings he moved down through the yard, pausing now and then to sniff the malodorous air, to listen to the bedlam of sound, to watch some mighty machine at its Herculean labor, to chuckle, to laugh, to mutter, "Aw, it's great, great!"

So he came to the ingot mill and stood back of it, in the shadows behind the cooling tank, where he waited, waited until a cloud of steam from the tank came blowing over him. Into its white depths he plunged, and unseen of any eyes he came into the mill building and to the incline leading into the scale hole, down which he darted.

He peeped into the den. Nicker and Dicker sat on their old black bench, asleep, their heads dropping forward on their breasts. He grinned, tiptoed past them, and took down a dirty greasy suit of overalls that hung on the concrete wall. From Dicker's bald head he lifted a torn and battered cloth cap. Then he tiptoed out, and behind a wall donned the grimy suit and set the battered cap on his head. From the lunch pails of the two laborers he ate a substantial meal. Beneath the rolls he found a wheelbarrow loaded with scale. He quietly pushed it to the foot of the incline. Then he dipped up a handful of the scale and threw it to strike on the wall above the sleepers' heads and rattle down upon them. He chuckled when he saw them stir, straighten up and rub their eyes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, I was dreamin' of Wally Gay, dogged if I wasn't! Dreamed he come down here all in white an' pointed a pink finger at me an' said, 'Damn you, Dicker, what'd you do it for?' Seen him plain as I see you, Nicker. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, I'm thinkin' of Wally all the time, eatin' or sleepin', awake or anything. What d'ye s'pose, Nicker, ever become of Wally?"

"Lord knows," mumbled Nicker sleepily.

"Nicker, I'll never be able to die a easy death just because of puttin' that dope in the booze. D'ye remember, Nicker, how he set here that night? It was right where I'm settin' now.

"'Hot in here,' he said.

"'Of course it's hot in here,' I said. 'Why shouldn't it be hot in here?' I said. And then he got up and ——"

His speech was killed by a sudden intake of his breath. His body stiffened and a queer sound came from his throat.

"Golly, Nicker, look! Look!" he whispered with dry lips, seizing his companion's arm. "Look, Nicker!"

Nicker raised his eyes. "Oh!" he groaned, shrinking back.

Up the incline marched a sturdy figure in grimy working clothes, pushing a heavy wheelbarrow filled with roll scale. The face was very white, and the hands that grasped the handles of the wheelbarrow were white, unlike the hands of scale wheelers. The eyes in the white face looked straight ahead, glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

A cloud of steam came blowing into the mill from the cooling tank outside. It drifted down the incline, enveloped it and hung there for a minute. When it floated on the figure with the barrow was not to be seen.

"Golly, let's go!" whispered Dicker. He leaped up and darted toward the exit.

"Wait, Dicker! Wait for me!" cried Nicker.

Out of the hole, up the incline, into the mill, past a crowd of staring, wondering workers, through the mill and out into the yard they raced, Nicker treading on the heels of Dicker. Nor did they halt their flight until they stood at the farther end of the yard, behind a line of freight cars.

"Jogs-jolly, say, boys, what—what was that?" panted Dicker.

"His ghost, Dicker, nothin' else!" gasped Nicker.

"We're doomed! He's after us, Nicker! I knowed it to-night when I dreamed about him pointin' that finger at me an' sayin', 'Damn you, Dicker, what'd you do it for?' That dope in the whisky killed him! Lord help me an' you!"

"I wisht I'd never come back here to work."

"Me too."

"Dicker, you got your bottle with you?"

"Yes. I allays carry it in my pants pocket, ever since that night."

"Lemme have it. So help me, Dicker, I never took a drink in these here yards before since I worked here, it bein' against the rules. But now—my nerves are shot."

He put the bottle to his lips, threw back his head and closed his eyes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, don't forget I've got nerves too!

"Well, Nicker, where do we go now?" demanded Dicker, after he had sent an empty bottle crashing against a box car.

"Our clothes ——"

"Clothes? Why, man, I wouldn't go back there after my clothes if I didn't have nothin' on but my black string tie! Me for The Morgue! If they don't like these here workin' rags let 'em lump 'em!"

"So say I!"

"Sure! Come on!"

In amazement Wally had watched the mad flight of the two old men. He had tried to stop them, called to them, run after them, but the mill men caught sight of him and came crowding about him, shaking his hands, asking questions, shoving him this way and that, rubbing his clean face with dirty hands.

It was a glorious half night for him. He had never been happier. And he never toiled harder. For he found the work in the scale hole had been sadly slacked, and he set to work to clean the place up as he knew it should be cleaned. And there was much trouble in the mill that night, and more than once he went above to sweat and strain with the men there over red-hot bars of steel.

He was hurrying across the yard just at daylight, with the six o'clock whistles shrilling and shrieking and bellowing all over Steelburg, when he met Ackerman. The yard superintendent's face showed signs of worry. Ackerman was rarely seen in the yards at such an early hour.

"Hello!" said Ackerman, stopping and staring.

"Hello, yourself, so early in the mornin'!" returned Wally.

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, off on a little trip. Well, how's tricks?"

"Bad, Wally, bad! You know that big sewer back of the rod mill? Well, it's blocked up, blocked up in bad shape. I've been working at it for two days and can't get it opened up. The engine room up there is flooded, the water has backed up in the condenser house—things in a horrible shape. I can't get a man that's worth a rotten prune to work on it. If I had you just about three hours ——"

"I'll open it up for you! I know that sewer all right—worked at it lots of times. You've got to get right down in that catch basin with both feet and all four hands, when that there sewer gets blocked. It's some job, all right. Sure, I'll open it up."

"Say, will you Wally? If you will, I'll ——"

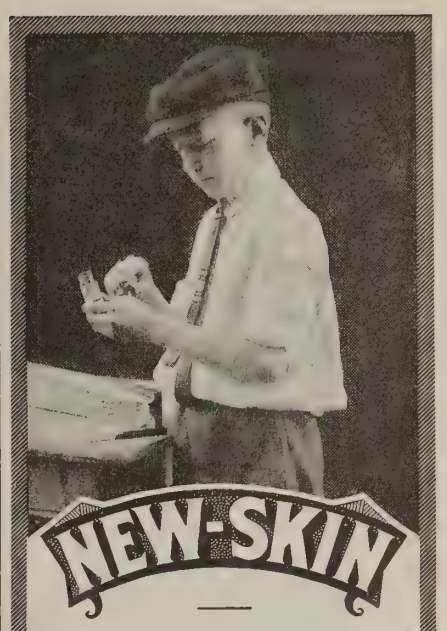
"Sure thing! I only worked half a turn last night. I'm not tired. Where's your hip boots?"

"You come along with me, Wally—they're right over here in Jackman's shanty." And Ackerman took a firm grip on the young man's arm and led him away.

And when the noon whistle blew that day a dozen applauding hypocrites were gathered about the catch basin of the big sewer back of the rod mill, shouting down encouragement and rough jests to a man who worked waist deep in roiling, filthy water, who paused now and then in his work to turn a smiling face up at them and answer their rough jests with still rougher jests.

And a shipping clerk hurrying across the yard paused to thrust his head in at a window of a storekeeper and ask: "What d'ye know about that, Tubby? Wally Gay's got back! Over here now, back of the rod mill, cleaning out a sewer. Been all over the West and says he didn't run across any dump that would near come up to Steelburg. What d'ye know about that? Got your spit-quick plug with you? Just a nibble. Guess I'll go over and take a slant at him. Been working with wheat out there but says he prefers steel. What d'ye know about that, Tubby?"

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of stories about Wally Gay. The second will appear in an early number.



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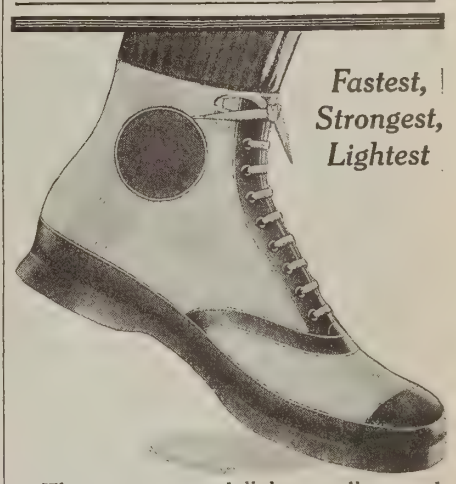

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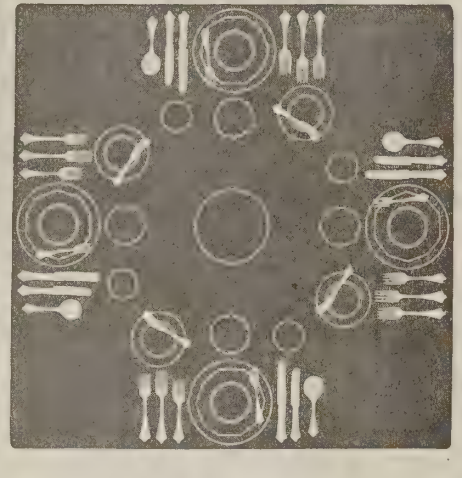

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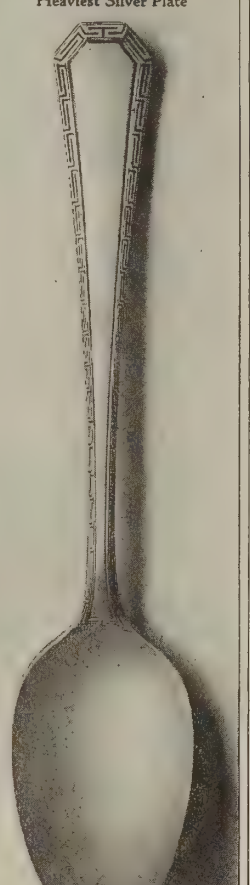

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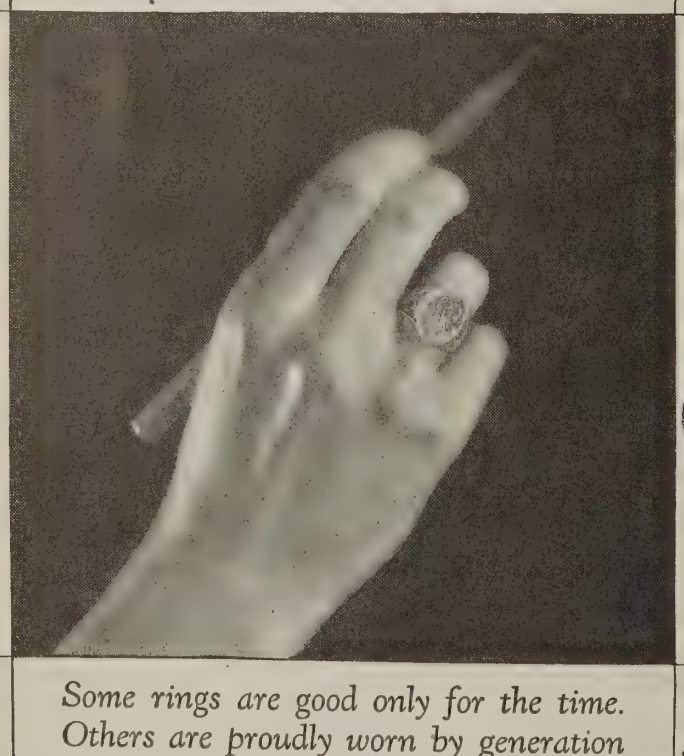

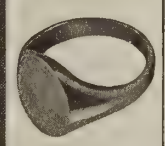

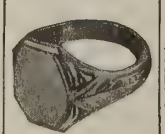

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 25)

"Trying to get on the band wagon," Routt told him. "That's Amos. Trying to get on the dry band wagon."

"No, no; it's Wint. He's the one we must go to. He's the one we must work on. He's got to be stopped, Routt." Something of the old fire was reviving in Kite. "He's got to be stopped. Scared off. Called off. Something. I won't stand for such a state of affairs, such a thing—in Hardiston."

Routt grinned. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Get after him. There must be a way. Don't you know a way to get hold of him and bring him to time? Must be some way, Routt. Think, man, think! What can we do? Scare him off?"

Routt looked at Kite in a curious intent way, as though he thought there might be a hidden meaning in what the other man had said. "What's your idea, exactly?" he asked. "What's up your sleeve?"

"Idea?" Kite echoed. "Idea is to get something on that young skate and make him call Radabaugh off. That's the idea. Get after him, heavy. There must be a way. Some way."

Routt smiled faintly, tilting back in his chair, looking at the ceiling; and he blew a long stream of smoke straight upward.

Kite snapped: "Well?"

"Well," said Routt, "there's something in that. There might be a way."

Kite leaned toward him intently. "What is it?"

Routt waved his hand. "Nothing definite. Might develop. Hold off a while."

"I can't hold off," said Kite. "I won't hold off. Something's got to be done."

"Then you do it," Routt told him carelessly; and Kite pleaded with him:

"No; no. You do your own way. I'll try mine. We'll both work at this, Routt. Something—I—see what you can do. That's all. I'll see what I can do."

Routt got up. "Don't forget," he said, "that Amos is back of this."

Kite shook his head. "I don't think so. We'll hit Wint first. I don't want to buck Amos."

"You'll find," said Routt, "that you'll have to buck Amos."

After Routt left him Kite sat for a while, fingers tapping nervously on his desk, wondering what to do next. And he wondered if it could be that Routt was right, that Amos was back of this move on Wint's part. Routt had said Amos would do this; so, Kite remembered, had the elder Chase. Chase had come to him, shortly after the election, to warn Kite that this was sure to happen. Were Routt and Chase right; was it possible that Amos had betrayed him?

Kite would not believe it; not because he had any doubt of Amos' willingness to betray him, but because he did not dare believe that this was Amos' doing. If Wint had made the move on his own account there was some hope of swaying him or frightening him. But if Amos had prompted it and was backing Wint now the situation was almost hopeless.

Therefore Kite refused to believe that Amos was responsible; he clung to the idea that the whole thing was Wint's own idea. Wint, then, he must fight. Kite thought there might be a chance to move Wint through his father.

"If the boy has any sense of duty," he told himself, "he'll do what his father says." He forgot that the elder Chase had always been a dry man. Politics takes little account of convictions; and Kite clutched at the hope that the elder Chase could change Wint's mind. Chase had offered him alliance once; had offered him an alliance against Amos. He should be willing to show his friendliness now. Kite's eyes lighted with a faintly optimistic glint at the thought; and he took his hat and started forthwith down the street toward the furnace where Chase was to be found during the day.

He met a number of men and he thought they all grinned at him with derision in their eyes. They must know what had happened, must be amused at this plight in which he found himself. The thought roused the anger in Kite, and strengthened him. He went on his way more boldly.

By and by at the end of the street the smoky black bulk of the furnace loomed before him. Kite did not like the looks of the furnace. There was such an atmosphere of harnessed power about it, and Kite was always a little afraid the power would break its harness. To reach the office he had t go through the very heart of the monstrou thing. At the beginning of the way a ter foot flame hissed out of the very earth itse at his right hand, so that he shrank past timidly. Then he must pick his way throug a corridor between things like squat bric ovens, below which living flame roared in stream like a racing torrent. He could se this stream of flame. There was nothin to hold it between the ovens. He tremble with fear this stream would leap out at hin

When he passed under the stacks, pulsin with the rhythmic beat of life that stirre them, he could hear the roar of the fire inside and the hiss of the air from th tuyères; and the sounds were like th ravenings of beasts to him. Kite felt im mensely small, immensely insignifican Toward the end of his way he was almos running, and he came out with vast relie upon the other side, and approached th iron-sheeted building that housed the fur nace offices and the chemist's laboratory He might have come here by circling roun the furnace, but even Kite had pride enoug to face dangers rather than avoid them.

He found the elder Chase at his desk and Chase dismissed the stenographer, t whom he had been dictating, and offere Kite a cigar. Kite refused it. He was b personal habit an abstemious man. " never smoke," he said.

Chase nodded, a little ill at ease. He ha tried to make an alliance with Kite, but h did not like the little man, and never would He did not like Kite, and he was self conscious about it, and felt that he ough to make up for his dislike by treating Kit with extreme courtesy. So now he asked "Well, Mr. Kite?"

Kite responded with a sharp question "What's this Wint's doing?"

There had been a time when such a inquiry frightened Chase; because whe people asked him such a question he knev they meant that Wint was in trouble again But he was coming to have a certain faith in Wint; so he was puzzled by Kite' question, and said so.

"I don't know what you mean," he tol the little man.

"You must know. Didn't he tell you?"

"He's told me nothing in particular What do you mean?"

"The young fool has given Radabaugh orders against any more liquor selling."

Chase's first reaction to this informatio was a leap of delighted pride. It was wha he would have wished Wint to do; it wa what he himself would have done in Wint's place. It was a decent, strong thing to do and Chase was glad.

Kite saw this in the other man's eyes and he exclaimed challengingly: "You look a though you were tickled, man. Don't you know this thing will ruin Hardiston?"

Chase knew it would not ruin Hardiston nevertheless, he was willing to humor Kite So he asked: "Do you know the details? Tell me about it."

Kite laughed harshly. "You hadn't heard of it, then? He didn't tell you? It was Amos put him up to it, I guess, after all. But it looks as though he'd have told you anyway." Kite was shrewd enough in his way; he understood that Chase as a father must be jealous of Amos' influence with Wint. And Chase reacted as Kite expected. His eyes clouded with hurt. Wint might have told him; should have told him. Instead, his son had laid him open to this new humiliation, the humiliation of hearing important news from a third person. And—Wint had had supper with Amos last night.

Chase struck back in the instinct to defend himself. "You remember, I warned you Amos Caretall would do just this?"

"Sure I remember," Kite agreed. "That's why I've come to you. Want to get together with you. That was our understanding. I'm going to skin Amos Caretall. Are you with me? That's the question."

He was shrewd enough to rouse Chase against Amos, not against Chase's own son. And Chase considered the matter, inwardly hurt and sorry because Wint had not confided in him, and boiling with jealous hostility toward Amos.

"All right," he said at last. "You see I was right. What are we going to do?"

"Do?" Kite snapped. "We're going to make Amos run to cover. That's what we're going to do."

(Continued on Page 85)

(Continued from Page 82)

'fter all," Chase reminded him, "I'm a cy man. I can't fight Amos on this ssi."

'Dry?" Kite demanded. "What of it? Wit's that got to do with it? This is olics. Amos is no more dry than I am; uhe plays the dry game because that's olics, and there are votes in it. He's rying to steal your thunder, Chase. If ins grabs the dry vote, where do you ore in? I tell you, we've got to lick him, is!"

'How?" Chase asked at last. "What are we going to do?"

'First thing," Kite said, "is to get after Vit." He had been ready with the an- w to this question. "Caretall is using Vit; making a tool of him; a scapegoat. Vit doesn't know his own mind. Care- ais using him. We've got to get him out of aretall's hands. Get him to work with yo. You're his father. He ought to want to ork with you. Oughtn't he?"

He and I—understand each other," Chase said. He was not at all sure this was ru, but he could not confess to Kite that he nd Wint were less than confidants.

Sure," Kite agreed. "Naturally. So the ir thing to do is for you to go to Wint and el him what he's up against; how he's be g manipulated. Get him to rescind the ord r. Then we'll go after Amos, with Wint heing us, and clean him up."

I don't know," said Chase reluctantly.

What!" Kite snapped. "Can't you tadle your own son?"

Chase got up and walked to the window, niback to Kite. His lips set firmly. Kite wa right; he ought to be able to handle his ow son—unless the world was all awry. After all, the dry question was only a pretext. Wint ought to train with him raier than with Amos. He would tell the bo so. When at last he turned toward Kite agin the other man saw that he had won.

I'll see," said Chase. "I'll talk to Wint ar see."

XXIX

WINTHROP CHASE, SENIOR, was thoughtful all that day; he went home inhe evening still undecided as to what he shuld do. He was unhappy, hurt at Wint's recence, disturbed as to his own course of adon, and fiercely resentful of Amos' influence over his son.

His conscience was troubling him and he was trying to quiet it with Kite's more or le specious argument that this was politi, not morality. If Chase had been asked tocome out point-blank and champion the nnenforcement of the liquor law he would have refused; and he would have refused wh indignation at the suggestion. But the issue was not so clear as that; it was clouded b his dislike for Amos. It was not merely a question of enforcing the law; it was a qestion of balking Amos Caretall. And Case was prepared to go a long way to put a poke in Amos' wheel.

Wint had not yet come when he reached h home; and he was glad of that. It gave hn some leeway, gave him some further tne to think. But his thoughts ran in an edless circle; his convictions countered h enmity toward Amos. It was only by small degrees that his attitude toward Amos crowded other considerations out of h mind. He was gradually coming to the joint of decision when he heard Wint at te door.

Mrs. Chase met Wint in the front hall ad told him hurriedly: "Now, Wint, you're late again. You run right upstairs ad wash your face and hands. Supper's al ready, and Hetty wants to go out, and I on't want to keep her waiting any——"

Wint laughed and kissed her and told her h would hurry; and he was gone up the airs, two steps at a time, while his mother till talked to him. When he came down his ther and mother had already gone into the ning room. He followed them, answered s father's "Good evening, Wint," in an bstracted way and sat down hurriedly. He d not look toward his father; he was conious he had not done the fair thing in failg to tell the older man of his orders to adabaugh. He felt guilty.

Mrs. Chase never allowed any gaps in the onversation to go unplugged; and since Wint and his father were both normal men ith normal appetities she did most of the alking during the early part of the meal, hile they ate.

It was only when Hetty brought on a hick rhubarb pie and Mrs. Chase began to ut it that Chase said casually to his son: Well, Wint, I hear you've set out to clean p Hardiston."

Wint gulped what was in his mouth and uneasily admitted that this was true. Mrs. Chase was talking to Hetty about the pie and did not hear what they said.

Chase asked: "What does Amos think of that?"

Wint looked for an instant at his father. "Thinks it's all right," he said.

Mrs. Chase came back into the conversation then. She had the aggravating habit of catching the tail end of a story or a remark and demanding that the whole be repeated for her benefit. "What's all right?" she asked. "What's all right, Wint? Who thinks it's all right? It keeps me so busy looking after things here that it seems like I never hear what's going on. What is it that——"

Chase told her quietly: "Wint has given Marshal Radabaugh orders not to allow any more selling of liquor in Hardiston."

Mrs. Chase was astonished. She said so. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "You know, Wint, I never thought you'd do that. I think it's time, though, something was done. I told Mrs. Hullis—I was saying to Mrs. Hullis here only yesterday that it was a shame the way men were getting drunk. That Ote Runns that beats my carpets came here yesterday to do some work for me, and I paid him; and Mrs. Hullis saw him coming home from town in the afternoon, and he couldn't even stay on the sidewalk, he was staggering so. I declare, it makes you feel like not paying a man like that for working for you, when he can go right off and spend his money on whisky, and his wife and children at home——"

Wint said with a glance at his father: "Ote's not married, mother. He hasn't any wife; and as far as I know he hasn't any children."

"Well, suppose he had," she demanded, "wouldn't it be just the same? I declare, Wint, you're always contradicting me. But I said to Mrs. Hullis I thought it was a shame, and she said she thought so too, and it is. You've done just right, Wint. I didn't think anybody could ever do that or I'd have told you to do it before. I didn't know the mayor had the say of that, Wint. I thought the mayor was the man you went to when your dogs got into the pound. I remember Mrs. Hullis' dog got taken to the pound three years ago, and she went to Mayor Johnson, he was then, and he got him out for her. And I told her——"

Wint had been watching his father. He had expected the older man to be proud of him, and had rather dreaded this pride. He had prepared himself to disclaim any praise that might come. But Chase was not offering to praise him. There was no pride in his father's face; there was rather an uneasy regret, and it fired the antagonism in Wint and made him feel like defending himself. He asked whether the elder Chase thought the orders could be enforced.

"I suppose so," Chase said, and Mrs. Chase lapsed into a momentary silence, pouring fresh tea into her cup.

"Don't you think it's a good thing?" Wint demanded challengingly. "Don't you—aren't you glad?"

Mrs. Chase said: "Of course it's a good thing. It ought to have been done long ago. It's a shame, the way things have been going on in this——"

Chase said to her: "Ordinarily, mother, I would think it a good thing, but in this case it's a part of Amos Caretall's political game. A part of his game."

Wint looked at his father sharply, a word leaping to his lips. Mrs. Chase asked: "Congressman Caretall? Is he back here again, after the way he treated you? Wint, I should think you'd be ashamed to do anything to help him, after what he did to your father. I should think——"

Wint said quickly: "He has nothing to do with this. I decided to do it, and I gave the orders, and I'm going through with it. Congressman Caretall isn't in this at all."

The elder Chase smiled and said: "You don't understand, Wint. I've known him longer. He's absolutely without principle or scruple. You know, for instance, that he's a wet man; but he's doing this for his own ends, using you——"

Wint protested, "He's not doing this. I'm doing it."

Mrs. Chase cried: "I should think you'd be ashamed, Wint, to do anything against your own father. He's been a good father to you, Wint. You know he——"

Wint cut in, almost pleading: "But, mother, you said yourself this was a good thing. To clean up Hardiston. And father's always been in favor of it."

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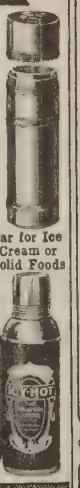

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"But he's not doing it to hurt dad, mother. I told you that. I'm doing it myself; he's not doing it at all."

"Your father understands these things better than you, Wint. Didn't he tell you Congressman Caretall was just using you? I shouldn't think you'd be willing to ——"

The elder Chase said uneasily, "I know him better than you, Wint."

Wint pushed back his chair and looked steadily at the older man. "You talk like V. R. Kite, dad," he said.

Chase confessed his guilt by the vehemence of his protestations: "That's not so, Wint! And in any case Kite is an honest man compared to Caretall. He plays square with his friends, at least. That's more than Amos can say."

Wint asked: "What makes you think Amos is playing crooked now? Not that he has anything to do with this."

"I know him. He's always crooked. A crooked double-crossing politician."

"I'm not defending Amos," Wint said stubbornly. "He's treated you badly. But he's been decent to me. I'll not turn against him. And anyway this is my doing, my business. He's not in it at all."

"You said he was backing you."

"I said he thought I was doing a good thing. I expected you to think that too."

Chase flushed uncomfortably. "Ordinarily I would say so. If you'd done this without prompting from him I would say so. But it's significant that you didn't; that you waited till he came home and talked to you; and then gave your orders."

"I'd been thinking about it for a long time."

"But you didn't act without word from him, Wint. That's why I—regret it."

Wint asked harshly: "Listen! Do I get this straight? You'd have me let them go on selling whisky in Hardiston just for fear I am helping Amos by stopping them?"

"I don't like to see you letting Amos use you."

"Aside from that, isn't it a good thing to clean up the town, no matter what the motive?"

"You'll find in your law books somewhere the statement that the motive determines the deed," Chase told him.

"Don't you think it important to clean up Hardiston?"

"I think it important not to cement Amos Caretall's hold on this county and this town."

Wint said angrily: "Forget Amos! Forget he exists! I'm asking a flat question. Why don't you answer it?"

Mrs. Chase interposed: "Don't you talk to your father so, Wint. Don't you do it. He knows best what's good for you and for Hardiston and for everybody. You know he ——"

"Is whisky good for Ote Runns?" Wint demanded.

"Well, I guess it doesn't do him any hurt. It's not as if he had a wife and children, Wint, you know. You ought to do what your father says. He ——"

Wint faced the older man. "Well?" he asked. "What is it you say I should do, dad? In plain language, just what do you claim I ought to do?"

"Refuse to let Amos Caretall make you his tool," Chase said steadily.

"Let Hardiston wallow in booze?"

"That's beside the point. Amos is the point."

Wint got up swiftly. "Amos is not the point," he said. "Hardiston's the point. Hardiston's the point, and I'm the point too. If whisky is good for Hardiston the town ought to have it. If lawbreaking is good for Hardiston the lawbreaking ought to be permitted to go on. But if it's right and decent to keep the law, then I'm right. And if it's right to leave booze alone, then I'm right. And if I think what I'm doing is right I ought to go on with it; and if I think it's wrong I ought to drop it. Amos has nothing to do with it. Anyway, a bad man doing good things is a good man. If Amos were doing this, the fact that he's a crook wouldn't make it crooked. The whole thing works the other way. If Amos is doing this, and it's a good thing to do, then, so far as this is concerned, Amos is a good man." He flung up his hand. "I don't mean to hurt you, dad. I think you're wrong on this. I can't believe you want me to back down."

Chase had his share of stubbornness, of the pride which had been a pitfall before Wint's feet. He was too stubborn to admit himself in the wrong. He said swiftly: "I do want you to back down. Call off Radabaugh. Tell Amos he can't make a monkey out of you; can't get you to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Stand on your own feet. That's what I advise you to do, Wint."

"You mean we're on opposite sides of the fence in this, dad? You really mean that?"

"Yes."

Wint's voice was wistful. "I—counted on you."

Chase flung toward the door. "I can't help it, Wint," he said harshly. "I can't link up with Amos Caretall. Not for any man."

When the door shut behind him Wint stood still for a little, thinking hard. Then his mother touched his arm and he looked down and saw that she was crying with fright.

"Wint," she pleaded, "don't you go quarreling with your father again. Don't you, Wint. Please! He couldn't stand it; not again, Wint. I told Mrs. Hullis when you were gone before ——"

"Wint," She Pleaded, "Don't You Go Quarreling With Your Father Again. Don't You, Wint. Please! He Couldn't Stand it; Not Again, Wint"

He put his arm round her affectionately; and he smiled. "There, mother, it's all right," he said. "Dad and I are all right. Don't you worry. We understand each other."

"I told Mrs. Hullis he couldn't stand it to have you go away again ——"

"I'm not going away," Wint protested.

"Don't you," she begged. "Don't you go any more."

xxx

A CONSCIOUSNESS of having acted unworthily does not make for a man's peace of mind. The plain truth of the matter is that after his talk with Wint at supper that night Winthrop Chase, Senior, was ashamed of himself. Not that he admitted it, even in his thoughts; but it was obvious enough in his uneasiness, his in ability to sit still, his restless movement here and there about the sitting roon Wint was not blind. He guessed somethin of what was passing in his father's min and wished there was some way for them t come together. But there seemed no mov he could make to that end. The older ma at last announced that he was going to wal downtown for the mail.

Wint said, "Good idea. I'll go along."

But Chase said: "I've got to see a man, and Wint understood that his father di not want his company; so he stayed a home when the older man departed.

Chase wanted to see Kite. He had n definite idea why he wanted to see Kit but he felt the need of reassurance fro someone, and he knew Kite would reassur him as to what he had done. So he wen downtown to find Kite and talk to him.

The bazaar was closed. He telephone Kite's home, and the old woman who kep house for him said Mr. Kite had gone up town to see Mr. Routt. So Chase went t the building on the second floor of whic Routt had his office, and saw a light behin the drawn blind in Routt's window an went up. He heard the voices of Kite an Routt inside, before he tried the door. Th door was locked; and when he touched th knob silence fell inside.

Routt called: "Hello, who's there?"

Chase told him, and Routt said, "In minute," and unlocked the door and let hi in. Chase saw Kit sitting by the desk his side whisker bristling angrily.

There are no mod ern office buildings i Hardiston. Routt' office was on the sec ond floor of the three story building at th corner of Main an Broad Streets. There was a hardware stor on the first floor, an a lodge room on th floor above Routt' office. Routt an three or four other had quarters on th second floor. Routt' office faced the street, a single room with a hot-air register in the wall near the door. There were shelves round the wall, with a meager library of brand-new and little-used law books. Routt's desk was shiny yellow oak. A diploma, or perhaps a certificate of admission to the bar, framed in mission oak, hung on the wall above the desk. There was an electric lamp in the middle of the ceiling, and it shed a bald and naked light over the three men who faced each other.

Kite said, "Hello, Chase," and Chase responded.

Routt asked, "How'd you happen to drop in? Glad to see you."

"I was looking for Kite," Chase said. "Heard he was with you."

Kite asked eagerly, "Looking for me, Chase? Good news? What's happened?"

Chase looked at Routt with a curious dull inquiry. The man was moving in something like a daze; he had not yet found himself in this new alliance. He was hating himself for opposing Wint, and he was flogging his courage to the venture. He wondered what Kite and Jack Routt were doing together. Routt was a Caretall man in politics; also he was a friend of Wint. Chase tried to puzzle this out.

Kite asked again, "What's happened?"

"I—spoke to Wint," he said slowly, then.

Routt asked, "About withdrawing his orders to Radabaugh? He'll never do it."

"No," said Chase. "He'll never do it."

Kite cried fiercely: "He's got to! He doesn't understand. Didn't you tell him, Chase—didn't you make him see ——"

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"What is the *cause* of oily skin and shiny nose?"

HOW YOU CAN CORRECT IT

WHEN you want to look your best—to make the best possible impression—how it embarrasses you to know that your nose just will get shiny. If you only knew the *cause* of this condition! Then you could relieve it!

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. This oil is constantly being produced by the glands of the skin. On the nose especially, there are more of these glands than in any other part of the skin. When the oil from these glands is too abundant, the result is an oily skin and a shiny nose. You can relieve this embarrassing condition by using the following treatment for it as frequently as is necessary.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires, nightly if necessary, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial Treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 613 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 613 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

FOR THE COMMONER SKIN TROUBLES

You will find complete treatments as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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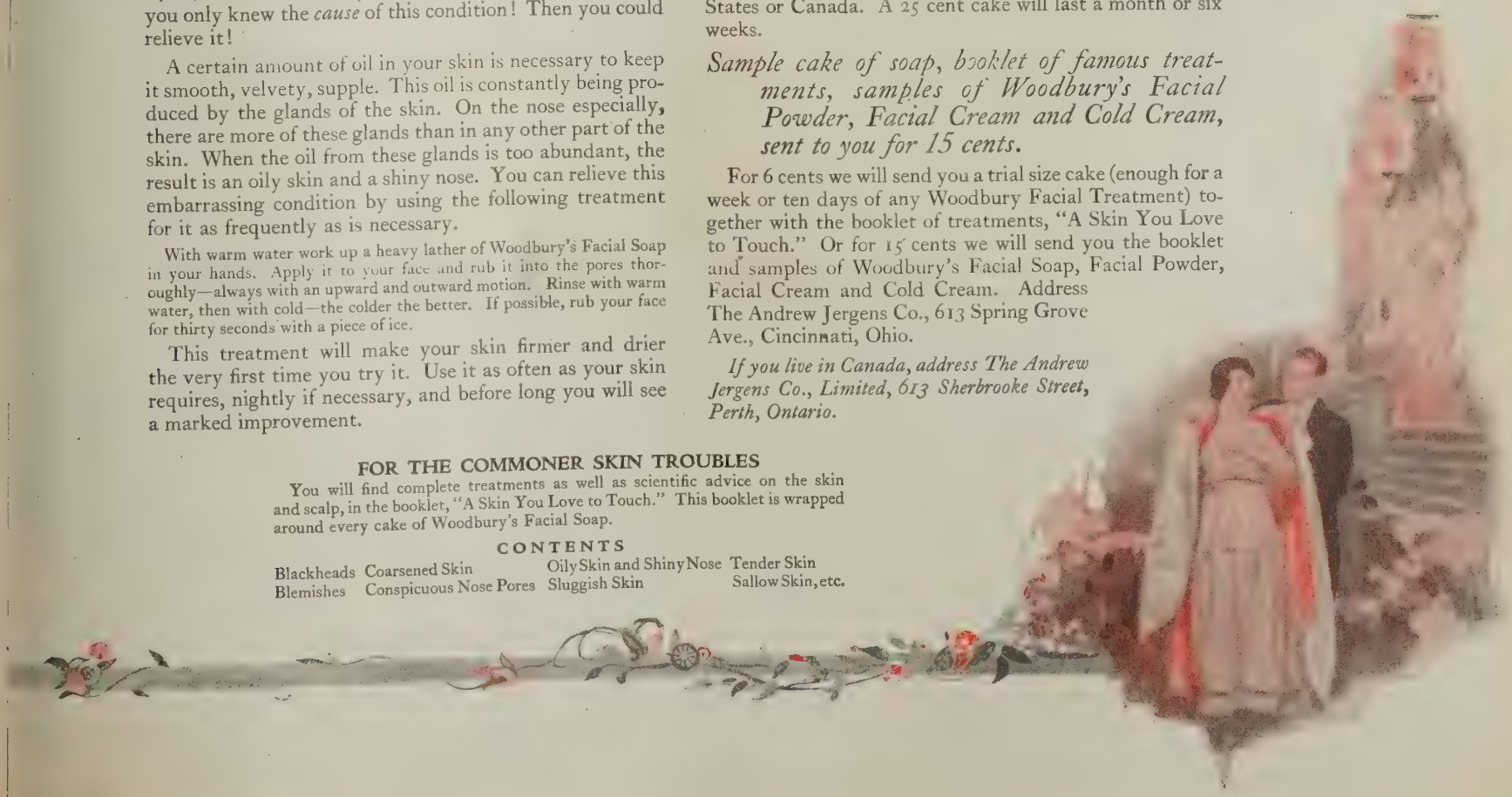
Blackheads	Coarsened Skin	Oily Skin and Shiny Nose	Tender Skin
Blemishes	Conspicuous Nose Pores	Sluggish Skin	Sallow Skin, etc.



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"I couldn't make him see anything. He would not change."

"He'll never change unless he's forced to," Routt said.

Chase looked at the young man and asked slowly: "I thought you and Wint were friends, Routt?"

"We are," Routt declared. "He's the best friend I've got. That's why I don't want to see him made a fool of. That's why I don't want to see Amos make a fool of him. You're his father, but you feel the same as I do—that he's wrong, that he's got to be made to change his mind."

"I thought you were with Amos," Chase insisted mildly.

"Amos and I have broken," said Routt hotly. "He tried to trick me as he tricks everyone, and I wouldn't stand for it. That's all. I'm out to even things with him."

Chase looked round for a chair and sat down. Routt sat on the desk. Kite had not risen when Chase came in. The little man asked Chase now: "What did you say to Wint, anyway? I should think he'd take your advice before he'd take Caretall's."

"I told him Caretall was using him, that he was being used to play politics."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Said this wasn't Amos' doing at all. Said it was his own idea, that he had given the orders, that he meant to carry them through. Said even if it were Caretall's move it would be a good thing, and he was for it."

Kite snarled, "He's damnably moral all of a sudden."

Chase felt a surge of resentment at the other's tone, and countered: "He's right, you know. Booze is dirty business."

"It's my business," Kite snapped, stamping to his feet; and if Routt had not intervened the old feud between Kite and Chase might have been revived then and there.

But Routt had no notion of permitting a break between these strange allies. He said cheerfully: "Sit down, Kite. We're not talking about booze. We're talking about Amos Caretall. We're not trying to settle the moral issue. We're trying to settle Amos Caretall's hash. Question is, How are we going to do it?"

"That's right," Chase agreed. Caretall's name was like an anchor to which he could make fast his disturbed thoughts. So long as he was opposing Amos he could not go wrong.

Kite sat down, thinking; and he asked: "You say Wint told you Amos had nothing to do with this, Chase?"

"Yes. He probably thinks that's true. Caretall got round him somehow."

Routt said, "Caretall's a shrewd man; he can get round other men. He knows the trick of it." Kite said nothing. He was thinking over what Chase had said. Routt continued: "What we want to do is to go out and get him."

Chase suddenly found the atmosphere of this room unbearable; he wanted to get out into the air. So he got up and said harshly: "I'm with you on that. I'll do anything I can against Amos. Let me know what you decide."

Routt said: "Don't run away. Let's talk things over." But Chase told him he had business elsewhere; and Kite made no objection to his going.

When he was gone Routt told Kite: "He'll have to be handled carefully. He's naturally a dry man, you know."

Kite said thoughtfully, as though he were considering another matter: "Yes, that's so."

"I've been figuring on what you suggested—getting a handle to control Wint," Routt told him. "You know, I think there's a way."

"To get something on Wint?"

"Yes. He's not such a terribly upright young man. Anyone's foot is apt to slip."

"You mean his has slipped?" Kite asked eagerly.

Routt only grinned. "I'll let you know what I mean, in good time," he said.

Kite grunted. It was evident that his mind was busy with another angle of the situation. A little later, still abstracted, he took himself away. While he walked home he turned over and over in his thoughts his new idea.

XXXI

KITE'S new idea was one that appealed to the mean heart of the man. There had been a time when Kite was bold as a lion in evildoing; but as he grew old he was becoming timorous. He had now no stomach for a fight, talk as ferociously as he pleased. He wanted life to move easily and smoothly; and fighting jarred on him. He thought with a self-pitying regret that things had been going so comfortably. It was a shame that Wint had come along and started all this trouble. He was an old man, not made for trouble.

There was very little pride in Kite, and a good deal of the shamelessness of the miser. If he was a miser his illicit business was his hoarded gold. He was ready to go to any lengths of self-humiliation to protect this treasure. He would fight if he had to; but he had no stomach for it. There must be some other way.

The suggestion of that other way had come from Chase. When Chase first warned him that Amos would turn Hardiston dry Kite had refused to believe; when Routt repeated that warning he was still doubtful. When Wint actually gave the orders he had dreaded Kite was half forced to agree that Amos had tricked him, but even in the face of the fact he had still clung in his heart to the hope that this was none of Caretall's doing, and that the two who had warned him were wrong.

He had hoped desperately that they were wrong, because if they were mistaken there was a chance to save himself without a fight. What Chase had told him this night strengthened his hope. Wint, Chase said, declared Amos had nothing to do with the case, that Amos had neither advised nor prompted his orders to Radabaugh, and that the whole crusade was his own idea and his own battle.

If this was true, if Wint was actually standing on his own feet—then there was a chance of coming at him through Amos. That was the thought from which Kite took hope. He and Amos were, on the surface, allies still. Amos would not willingly antagonize him. And if this move of Wint's was not Amos' doing, then Amos might be willing to take a hand on Kite's behalf, call Wint off, return things to their original condition, smooth Kite's existence into tranquillity again.

When he first conceived this idea Kite cast it aside as grotesque and impossible. But it returned to his thoughts, and his hopes fought for it until he convinced himself there was something in it; better than an even chance in his favor; worth trying, certainly. When he made up his mind to this—it was after he had undressed and got into bed that night—he dropped off into a restless sleep; and when he woke, as his habit was, at daylight, he began at once to consider what he should say to Amos.

He telephoned Caretall before breakfast and asked when he could see him to talk things over. Amos told him good-naturedly that he could come right after breakfast.

"I'm taking my ease, these few days," he said. "Staying at home in my carpet slippers, and smoking my pipe. Drop in any time."

"I'll be there in an hour," Kite told him.

Amos said that was all right, and hung up the receiver. Immediately he telephoned Peter Gergue to come right over, and Peter joined him at breakfast within ten minutes. It was not even necessary for old Maria to set an extra plate for Peter. Agnes had overslept—she nearly always did oversleep—and Amos was breakfasting alone, with Agnes' empty place across the table from him.

Peter sat down there and Amos helped him to fried eggs and bacon, and Maria gave him a cup of coffee.

Amos said at once: "Kite just called up, Peter. He's coming over."

Gergue swallowed a gulp of coffee. "Guessed he would," he assented. "Guessed he'd have things to say to you."

"What do you guess he's got to say to me, Peter?" Amos asked.

"He'll want you to call Wint off, I'd say."

Amos looked politely regretful, as though he were talking to Kite. "Why, now, you know, Wint's his own boss. He does what he wants to do. I never saw anyone that could run Wint, did you?"

"Not if Wint knew it, I never did."

"What have you heard, Peter?" Amos asked. "What did Kite do yest'day, when he heard the sad news?"

"Lutcher told him," said Peter. "Lutcher says he was wild. But when Jim Radabaugh saw him he kept his head and said it didn't concern him. I hear he had some talk with Jack Routt; and then he posted off down to the furnace to see Chase."

"To see Chase, eh?"

"What I hear."

"What about, Peter?"

"I sh'd guess he wanted Chase to call Wint off. Kite don't like a fight, you know."

Amos nodded. "V. R. Kite," he said pleasantly, "is a lickspittle, Peter. That's what V. R. Kite is. I don't like to see Chase mixing with him."

"You know," said Peter, "Chase has changed some since you put the laugh on him."

"Chase is all right," said Amos surprisingly. "He's had the foolishness knocked out of him. Peter, he'll make a good man before he's done."

Peter looked at Amos sidewise and said he wouldn't be a bit surprised.

"But he makes a mistake to tie up to Kite," said Amos.

"Him and Kite had a talk with Routt in Jack's office last night," said Peter.

Amos chuckled. "Pete, it beats me how you find out things."

"I don't find 'em out," said Peter. "People tell me." He rummaged through the tangle at the back of his neck. "Looks like people aim to make mischief, so they tell me things to tell you that'll start a fight, and the likes of that. That's the way of it."

"This won't start any fight," said Amos. "I'm home for a rest."

Peter looked at him intently. "You backing Wint?"

"No."

"What——"

"Pete," said Amos thoughtfully, "this was Wint's idea. He figured it out the right thing to do. He's started it. It won't hurt him a bit to fight it out. I'm going to stand by and yell: 'Go it, wife! Go it, b'ar!' That's me in this, Peter."

"What are you going to tell Kite?"

"Going to tell him just that," said Amos.

They had finished breakfast and moved into the sitting room and filled their pipes. Agnes came downstairs in her kimono, hair flying, and kissed Amos and pretended to be embarrassed at appearing before Peter in her attractive disarray. Then she went out to her breakfast. The two men smoked without speaking. Amos had looked after his daughter with a certain trouble in his eyes; and Peter saw it. Peter did not like Agnes.

Peter had gone before Kite arrived. Old Maria let Kite in, and Amos called from the sitting room: "Right in here, Kite. I'm too darned lazy to come and meet you. Leave your hat in the hall."

Kite obeyed the summons, and Amos said lazily: "Take a chair, Kite. Any chair." And when the little man had sat down: "Fine day, Kite. I tell you, there isn't any place that can beat Hardiston in May that I know of."

Kite said, "That's right, Amos."

"Yes, sir!" Amos repeated. "They can't beat old Hardiston."

He lapsed into one of those characteristic silences, head on one side, squinting idly straight before him, his pipe hissing in his mouth. You might have thought there were no words in the man.

Kite said impatiently, "Amos, I want to talk to you."

Amos looked at him and said amiably: "Well, Kite, you'll never have a likelier chance. I don't aim to move out of this chair."

"Well," said Kite uneasily, "I want to talk about young Chase."

"Mayor Chase?"

"Yes. Wint."

"Oh," said Amos, without any curiosity.

"I mean to say," Kite explained, "I want to talk about this move of his. You've heard about it?"

"I hadn't heard he'd moved," said Amos. "Thought he was living with his paw. Where's he gone to now?"

"Damn it, Amos," Kite protested, "don't fool with me! You know what I mean."

"Kite," said Amos, "nobody ever knows what you mean. Even when you say it. You're such an excitable man."

"Well, who wouldn't get excited? I tell you, this is——"

"What is?" Amos asked, interrupting without seeming to do so.

"This damned idea of enforcing a fool liquor law."

"Oh, that," said Amos.

Kite leaned forward. "Is it your doing, Amos? Did you get him to do this? Because if you did——"

"Why, man," said Amos, "I'm not Wint's boss!"

"You elected him."

"You elected him as much as me, Kite. And I heard how he called you a buzzard. If he calls you a buzzard what do you think he'd call me?"

"I hold no grudge for that," Kite plained. "He was drunk. Fact remai he's friendly with you. I ask you, I asking you flatly: Did you prompt him do this, or tell him to, or advise him to any way?"

"Well," said Amos, "if you ask me say 'No.'"

Kite slapped his knee. "I knew it!" exclaimed.

"Who says I did?" Amos asked. "W say I did?"

"No. He says you didn't. Chase a Routt claim you did it."

"Chase? And Jack Routt? Why, n I take that unkind," Amos protested i hurt voice; and Kite realized that he h blundered, and hurried past the dan point.

"Well, if you didn't advise Wint to this, what are you going to do now? Ba him in his fight?"

"You know," said Amos, "Pete Gerg asked me just that. Ever hear the st about the lady and the bear, Kite? B chased the lady round the tree, and lady's husband was up that tree. La yells to him to come down and kill bear; but husband just sets on his bran out of reach and yells: 'Go it wife! Go b'ar!' Ever hear that story, Kite?"

Kite chuckled without any mirth in dry old eyes. "No," he said.

"That man didn't figure to play a favorites," Amos explained; "and neith do I. Ain't often I get a chance to set ba and watch a fight. This time I'm going On the side lines. That's me, Kite."

Kite protested instantly: "That's r the fair thing, Amos. You and I worked gether to put him in there—with the und standing he'd let the liquor business alon

Amos lifted his hand. "Understandi was that Wint weren't likely to monk with it. You thought so. That's why y was willing to help me. I didn't make a promise nor any predictions, Kite."

"But damn it," Kite insisted, "y ought to be willing to help me out! helped you out."

"It would hurt me, Kite, to know I sa tioned nonenforcement."

"Nobody would know."

"They'd find out. Things like that get out, you know, Kite."

The little man tugged at his side whisk feverishly. "Amos," he pleaded, "is there anything you can do for me? This bad business. I can't stand it. I wo stand it. Isn't there anything you can do

Amos considered, then he sighed and s good-naturedly, "Kite, you're an aw pest, stirring me up when I'm comfo able."

"You've got to do something."

"We-ell, I'll tell you. I'll take you to Wint. You can put it up to him. Tha the best."

"You'll back me up?"

Amos shook his head. "You and h can have it out. I'll not yell for either you."

Kite protested: "A lot of good that w do."

Amos Caretall shrugged his big shoulde "Well——"

Kite got up hurriedly. "All right," agreed before Amos could withdraw offer. "All right, come on."

Amos looked ruefully at his feet a wiggled his toes in his comfortable slippe "I declare, Kite, I hate to put on shoes."

"Damn it, man, it's your own offer Kite protested.

Amos admitted it and groaned: " right, I'll come."

Wint was in a cheerful humor that mor ing. He had been depressed by his fathe attitude, disappointed that the elder Cha chose to oppose him. But at the same ti the opposition exhilarated him. After father left the house he went to see Joan f an hour; and without overly applaudi the step he had taken she spoke of t trouble and the opposition he would fac and the prospect pleased Wint. He took cheerful delight in opposing people. He w never so good-natured as when he w fighting.

So Amos and Kite found Wint amiab glad to see them both. Amos sat on t broad window ledge, his back to the ligh his face somewhat shadowed. Wint ma Kite sit down near his desk; he hims tilted his chair back against one of t leaves of the desk, put his feet on an op drawer and asked what their errand was.

"Kite wanted to see you," said Amo "Asked me to come along."

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'Jo need of that, Kite," Wint said good-at·edly. "I don't keep an office boy. Jnody can see me any time."

Ite shifted uneasily in his seat, not ui sure what he meant to say. Amos ro.pted him from the window.

'Cite don't think you ought to shut ou on him," he said.

Vnt looked surprised. "Shut down on :n What's the idea, Kite?"

Ite said in a flustered way, "It's not so ·rnal as that. You know, I'm by con-·on a believer in the sale of liquor. I ·lve the people of Hardiston agree with ·e I'm sorry to hear you've taken steps ·op the sale."

'Vhy, no," said Wint cheerfully. "The ov voted against it. I had nothing to do rit that. I'm just enforcing the law."

Ite smiled weakly. "There are laws—nd laws," he said. "Some laws are not nent to be enforced. The people of Har-isn objected to the open saloon; they ic·not object to the unobtrusive and in-ffisive sale ——"

'Oh," said Wint.

'You didn't object to it yourself," Kite ·rnded him. "Isn't that so?"

Je expected Wint to be confused; but Vit only laughed. "I should say I didn't," e dmitted. "I liked it as well as anyone. a·e time, this isn't a question of liking. t'a question of the law." He leaned for-val with a certain jeering earnestness in isvoice. "Why, Mr. Kite, if I didn't nrce the law Hardiston people could e·ove me for misfeasance in office or o·ething like that."

ite said, "Bosh!" impatiently.

nd Wint asked him suddenly: "What's ro· interest in this?"

That of a citizen."

Oh, I know you don't sell it yourself," a· Wint, meaning just the contrary. 'ht, Mr. Kite, if you have any friends in h business tell them to get out of it. It's lel, in Hardiston. Dead and gone."

ite said weakly: "Amos and I came ne· to try and make you change your n·d about that."

Vint looked at Amos. "That so?" he ased. "You think I ought to back down?"

'Go it wife! Go it b'ar!'" said Amos cherfully. "That's me."

Not taking sides?"

No."

ite explained, "Amos and I worked to-geer to elect you, you know."

Vint eyed him blandly. "Well, I'm m·h obliged. But I don't see what that n· to do ——"

You owe us some gratitude."

I'm grateful."

There's a moral obligation ——"

Vint grinned. "Kite, I'm afraid you're a·ndian giver. I'm afraid you elected me thking you could use me. But I didn't as to be elected, so I don't see ——"

Hopelessness was settling down on V. R. Ke; hopelessness and the desperate en-ey of a cornered rat. There was no shame in·im, and no scruple. Also there was very li·le wisdom in the buzzardlike man. He wa to prove this before their eyes.

'Wint," he said, "Amos and I are prac-tial men. You're practical too, aren't you? Tere's no place for dreams in this world, Vnt. It's a hard world. I understand t·at."

'You find it a hard world? Why, Kite, I t·nk the world is a pretty good sort of a p·ce. That's the way it strikes me."

'I ——"

'Maybe it's your own fault you find it h·d."

Kite brushed the suggestion away. He vs obsessed with a new idea, a last hope. I said: "Wint, if you drop this Amos and Ian do a lot for you."

"You and Amos?" Wint looked at Amos ain. "How about it, congressman?"

"'Go it wife! Go it b'ar!'" Amos re-ated imperturbably.

"What I mean," said Kite, "is that we cn send you to the legislature; or any-ting."

"Why, I'm not looking for anything," sid Wint mildly.

Kite snapped, "Every man has his price!" ·d when he met Wint's level eyes and lew he was committed he went on hur-·dly: "I know that. If politics isn't yours s·mething else is. Speak out, man. What s you ——"

Wint asked curiously and without anger: What's the idea, Kite?"

"I could give you a start in business—·lp you. I'm a business man, you under-·and. Anything ——"

Wint laughed. "You're too vague."

Kite looked at Amos. He looked at him so steadily that Amos got down from the window seat, whistled softly under his breath and walked out of the office, into the council chamber above the fire-engine house. He shut the door behind him. Kite leaned toward Wint.

"A thousand?" he asked huskily.

Wint chuckled. "I say," he exclaimed, "I had no idea there was any money in this job."

"Two thousand?"

"I've always wanted to know what it felt like to be bribed."

"Two thousand, Wint? For God's sake ——"

Wint shook his head, still perfectly good-humored. "There's no question about it, Kite," he said. "You surely are an old buzzard. Get out of my nest, you evil bird!"

Kite protested: "Wint, listen to ——"

"Damn you," said Wint, still without heat, "do you want me to throw you out the window?"

Kite got up. Wint had not even taken his feet down from their perch. Kite said, "You'll change your ——"

Wint's feet banged the floor; and Kite stopped and went swiftly to the door. In the doorway he turned and looked back, his dry old face working. He seemed to want to speak. But without a word he turned and went away.

Amos strolled back in. Wint looked up at him and chuckled. But Amos looked serious.

"Went away all rumpled up, didn't he?" Wint commented. "But he didn't have a word to say."

Amos nodded. "Not a word to say," he agreed. "But, Wint," he added, "knowing Kite like I do—I wish he had."

"Wish he had had a word?"

"I never was much afraid of a barking dog," said the congressman.

XXXII

IF WINT had expected immediate conflict he was to be disappointed, for after Kite left his office that day nothing happened; neither that day, nor the next, nor the next. Amos told Wint that Kite would strike in his own time, and strike below the belt. Wint laughed and said he was ready to fight, foul or fair. But neither foul blow nor fair was struck. Radabaugh reported that his orders had been obeyed. Lutcher had left town; temporarily, it was said. His rooms off the alley were locked, and he had gone so far as to give Radabaugh a key, so that the marshal might make sure, now and then, that Lutcher's store of drinkables was not disturbed. One shipment did come in for Mrs. Moody. It was labeled Canned Goods; but Jim Radabaugh made it his business to inspect all sorts of goods consigned to Mrs. Moody, and he found this particular box contained goods in bottles instead of cans. He emptied the bottles into the creek, across the railroad tracks from the station, and told Mrs. Moody about it. She threw a stick of firewood at him, then wept with rage because he dodged it successfully.

For the rest Hardiston was quiet. The lunch-cart man whom Radabaugh had suspected took his cart and left town. Kite met Wint on the street and greeted him as pleasantly as usual. Jack Routt cultivated him and joked him about his ideas of morality. One night at Routt's home he offered Wint a drink. Wint looked thoughtfully through the smoke of his pipe as though he had not heard. When Routt repeated the offer Wint declined politely.

The business of being mayor occupied very little of Wint's time. Early in June Foster, the city solicitor, brought a stranger to see Wint about a street carnival that wanted to come to Hardiston the last week in June. Wint agreed to grant the permits.

"You understand," he told the man, "that this is a dry town?"

The stranger winked and said he understood. Wint shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid you don't understand," he said. "This is a dry town. There's no booze sold here. Last summer, I remember, there was some selling in connection with your carnival here. If you try that this time I'll have to close you up."

The man looked surprised and disgusted. "What is this, a Sunday school?" he demanded.

"No," said Wint. "Just a dry town."

"How about the games?"

Wint smiled good-naturedly. "Oh, don't make them too raw. I've no objection to 'The cane you ring, that cane you get.'"

"Hell!" said the man. "We won't make chicken feed."

"You don't have to come."

But the stranger said they would come all right. After he had gone Wint told Foster the carnival would bear watching. Foster agreed, but said the merchants wanted it. "Brings the farmers to town every day instead of just Saturday, you know."

"I know," said Wint. "Well, let them come."

After a week of quiet Wint decided that Kite and his allies had put the lid on.

"But they're just waiting," Amos warned him. "Waiting till they get a toe hold on you somehow. Watch your step, Wint."

Wint said he was watching. "I wish they'd start something," he said. "Hot weather's dull, with no excitement."

"There'll be enough excitement," Amos assured him.

Routt walked home with Wint one afternoon, talking over a proposition that he had brought up a day or two before. Since Wint was going to be a lawyer, he said, they ought to go in together. Wint was already so well advanced in his reading that Routt thought in another year or eighteen months he could take the examinations.

"There's a big practice waiting for the right people down here," he told Wint enthusiastically. "Dick Hoover and I are going to get together when his father dies. The old man is pretty feeble. You come in with us. We'll do things, Wint."

Wint was pleased and somewhat flattered by the suggestion, and thought well of Routt for it. But he only said good-naturedly that it was still a long way off, and that there would be time enough to talk about the matter when he was admitted to the bar. Nevertheless Routt dwelt on it insistently, so insistently that instead of turning aside toward his own home at the usual place he went on toward Wint's father's house, still talking. It did not occur to Wint that there was any purpose in Routt's thus accompanying him. He had heard that Routt and Kite had been seen together, and asked Jack about it. Routt explained that you had to keep in touch with all sorts; a mixture of business and politics, he said; and Wint was satisfied.

When they came in sight of the house it was still an hour before supper time; and Hetty Morfee was sweeping down the front steps and the walk to the gate.

They saw her while they were still half a block away and Routt said casually, "Hetty still working for your mother, I see."

Wint nodded. "Yes; I guess she's pretty good."

Routt agreed. "If she'd only keep straight. But ——"

"I don't think she's that kind," said Wint.

"I hope not," Routt assented. "Hope she doesn't—get into trouble. If she ever did, in this town ——"

Wint said nothing; and Routt added: "She'd need a friend all right." And again: "She'd need someone to take her part. But he'd be in Dutch, whoever he was."

He looked at Wint sidewise. They were near the gate now, and Wint said: "Come in and have supper."

Routt shook his head. "Not to-night."

Hetty looked up at their approach, and Wint called "Hello, Hetty."

She said "Hello, Wint."

Routt repeated Wint's greeting, and the girl looked at him with curiously steady eyes and said, "Hello, Jack."

Wint thought vaguely that there was some repressed feeling in her tone; but he forgot the matter in bidding Routt good-by, and went inside, leaving Hetty at her task, while Routt went back by the way they had come. Hetty watched him go. He did not look toward her, did not turn his head. She watched him out of sight.

Jack Routt took Agnes Caretall to the moving pictures that night. Wint saw them there. He was with Joan. Afterward Routt and Agnes walked home together.

Routt did most of the talking on that homeward walk. Now and then Agnes seemed to protest weakly at something he was urging her to do. One near enough might have heard him speak of Wint. But there was no one near.

When they reached her home there was a light in the sitting-room window. That meant Amos was there; and Routt said he would not go in. "But you'll remember, won't you, Agnes?" he asked. "If you want to do something for me."

She said softly, "I do want to do anything for you."

He laughed at her gently. "How about him?"

"I hate him!" she said with a sudden intensity that was not pretty to see. "I hate him! Hate him, I say!"

"What's he ever done to you?" Routt teased. And she said: "Nothing," as though that one word were an accusation.

Routt put his arm round her; and she clung to him with a swift terrified sort of passion, as though afraid to let him go. It seemed to embarrass him; he freed himself a little roughly.

He left her standing there when he hurried away.

XXXIII

IF JACK ROUTT had meant to force Hetty into Wint's thoughts he had succeeded. Wint was not conscious of this when he left Jack at his gate; he was thinking of other things. But during supper, an hour later, when Hetty came into the dining room Wint remembered what Jack had said; and he looked at the girl with a keen scrutiny. He studied her without seeming to do so.

He was surprised to discover in how many ways Hetty had changed since she came to work for his mother. The changes were slight; they had been gradual. But they were appallingly obvious under Wint's cool appraisal now. He tallied them in his thoughts. Her laughter had been gayly and merrily defiant; it was sullen now, and mirthless. Her eyes had twinkled with a pleasant impudence; they were overcast these days with a troubling shadow. There was a shadow, too, upon the clear milky skin of her cheeks; it was a blemish that could neither be analyzed nor defined. Yet it was there.

Hetty had slackened too. Her hair was no longer so smoothly brushed, so crisply drawn back above her ears. It was at times untidy. Her waists were no longer so immaculate; her aprons needed pressing, needed soap and water, too, at times. She had been fresh and clean and good to look upon; she was in these days indefinably soiled.

After supper that night Wint went out into the kitchen where Hetty was washing dishes. He went on the pretext of getting a drink of water. There had been a time, a few months ago, when Hetty would have turned to greet him laughingly; and she would have drawn a glass of water and given it to him. But she did neither of these things now. Instead she moved aside without looking at him while he held the glass under the faucet; and when he stepped back to drink she went on with her work, shoulders bent, eyes down.

Wint finished the glass of water and put the glass back in its place. Then he hesitated, started to go, came back. At last he asked pleasantly, "Well, Hetty, how are things going?"

She looked at him sidewise with a swift furtive glance; and she laughed in the mirthless way that was becoming habitual. "Oh, great," she said, ironically.

"What's the matter?" Wint asked. "Anything wrong?"

"Of course not. Don't be a kid. Can't I have a grouch if I want to?"

"Sure," he agreed amiably. "I have 'em myself. Anything I can do to bring you out of your grouch?"

"No."

"If there is," he said, so seriously she knew he meant his offer—"if there is, let me know. Maybe I can help."

"I'm not asking help," she told him sullenly.

"Is there anything definite? Anything wrong?"

She said, with a hot flash of her dark eyes in his direction: "I told you no, didn't I? What do you have to butt in for?"

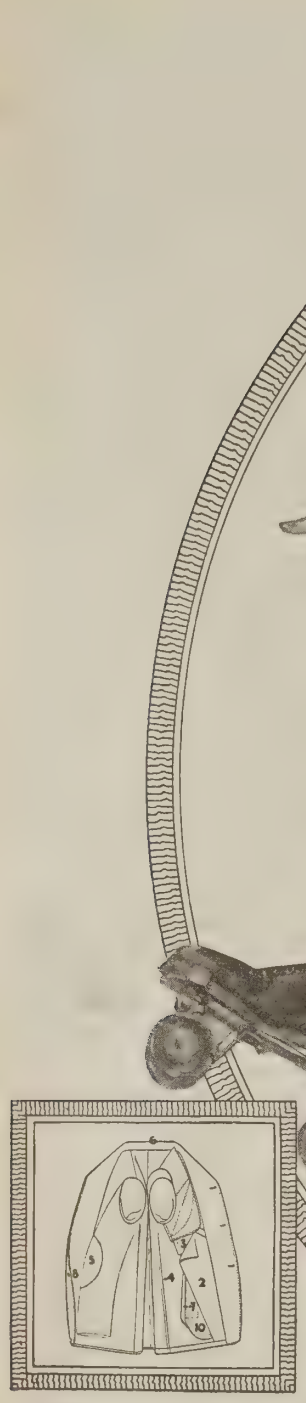
Wint considered that, and he filled his pipe and lighted it; and at last he turned to the door. From the doorway he called to her: "If anything turns up, Hetty, count on me."

She nodded without speaking; and he left her. He was more troubled than he would have cared to admit; and he was convinced, in spite of what Hetty had said, that there was something wrong.

The third or fourth day after, Hardiston meanwhile moving along the even tenor of its way, Wint decided after supper at home that he wanted to see Amos. He telephoned the congressman's home, and Agnes answered. He asked if Amos was at home.

"He went uptown for the mail," Agnes told him. "But he said he'd be right back. He'll be here in a few minutes."

(Continued on Page 93)



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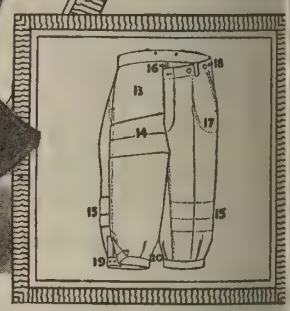

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DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, INC., BROADWAY AT 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 91)

'ell him I'm coming down, will you?" Wi suggested, and Agnes promised to do

Vint took his hat and started for Amos' nor. He thought of going through town n ne chance of picking Amos up at the os office; but the mail had been in for an on, and he decided Amos would have ed his home before he got there, so he e on. Wint and Amos lived on the same t, but at different ends of the town. Th better part of a mile lay between the w houses. The stores and business houses re the third point of a triangle of which he Chase home and Amos' formed the th angles.

he night was warm and moonlit; a ig in June. The street along which Vi's route lay was shaded on either side y preading trees, and lined with the at- ra ive comfortable homes of Hardiston ol, who knew what homes should be. Wi met a few people: a young fellow wi a flower in his buttonhole, in a great he of a hurry; a boy and a girl with linked ar; a man, a woman here and there. At on corner in the circle of radiance from a pi tering electric light a dozen boys were pl ing throw-the-stick. Wint heard their vo while he was still a block or two away; he aw their shadowy figures scurrying in th dust or crouching behind bushes and ho es in the adjoining yards.

s he passed the light a woman came to th door of one of the houses and called sh ly: "Oh, Willie-e-e-e-e!"

ne of the boys answered, in reluctant an protesting tones; and the woman sa d: "Bedti-i-ime." Wint heard the bo's querulous complaint; heard his fel- ow jeer at him, under their breath, so that hi mother might not hear. The youngster tr ded laggingly homeward; and the woman at he door, as Wint passed, said implacably to er son: "You go round to the pump an wash your feet before you come in the ho se, Willie."

he boy went, still complaining. And Wit grinned as he passed by. His own da s of playing, barefoot, under the corner lig ts were still so short a time behind him tha he could sympathize with Willie. Is the e any sharper humiliation than to be fo ed to come home to bed while the other bo s are still abroad? Is there any keener di comfort than to take your two dusty fe , with the bruises and the cuts and the sc tches all crudely cauterized with grime, an stick them under a stream of cold wa er and scrub them till they are raw, and wi e the damp dirt off on a towel? Wint wa half minded to turn back and join that ga ne of throw-the-stick. The bewildering mo nlight and the warm air of the night ha somewhat turned his head. It required an effort of will to keep on his way.

Agnes opened the door for him when he ca ne to Caretall's home. "Dad'll be here in minute or two," she said. "Come right in"

Wint hesitated. "Oh, isn't he home yet?"

"No, but he will be." She laughed at hi in a pretty inviting way she had. "I won't bite, you know."

"I guess not," he agreed good-naturedly. "But it's a shame to go in the house—a ni ht like this."

She said, "Wait till I get a scarf. Sit do n. The hammock; or the chairs. I'll b right out."

So Wint sat down, where the moonlight st uck through the vines about the porch an d mottled the floor with silver. Agnes ca me out with something indescribably fu sy about her fair head; and Wint la ghed and said: "I never could make out wh y girls think a thing like that keeps them wa m."

"Oh, but it does," she insisted. "You've no idea how much warmth there is in it."

He shook his head, laughing at her. "That wouldn't keep a butterfly warm on th e Sahara Desert."

She protested: "Now you just see." An d she moved lightly round behind him an d wrapped the film of silken stuff about hi s head. "There," she said, and looked at him, and laughed gayly. "You're the fu niest-looking thing!"

Wint unwound the scarf gingerly. "It fe els like cobwebs," he said. "I don't see ho w you can wear it. Sticky stuff!"

"Men are always afraid of things like co bwebs. Always afraid of little things."

Wint chuckled. "What's this? New ph ilosophy of life?"

"Can't I say anything serious?"

"Why, sure. I don't know but what yo u're right too."

He had taken one of the chairs. She sat down in the hammock. "Come sit here with me," she invited. "That chair's not comfortable."

"Oh, it's all right."

She stamped her foot. "I should think you'd do what I say when you come to see me."

"Matter of fact, you know, I came to see your father."

"Well, you're staying to see me. If you don't sit in the hammock I'm going in the house and leave you."

Wint held up his hands in mock consternation. "Heaven forbid!"

He sat down beside her, as uncomfortable as a man must always be in a hammock; and she leaned away from him, half reclining, enjoying his discomfort. He could see her laughing at him in the moonlight. She pointed one forefinger at him, stroked it with the other as one strops a razor.

"'Fraid to sit in the hammock with a girl," she taunted.

She was very pretty and provoking in the silver light; and Wint understood that he could kiss her if he chose. He had kissed Agnes before this. Wink and post office and kindred games were popular when he and Agnes were in high school together. But—he had no notion of kissing Agnes, moonlight or no moonlight. He had come to see Amos. Amos' daughter was another matter.

"When is Amos coming home?" he asked. "Has he called up? Maybe I'd better walk uptown."

"He called and said he was starting," she assured him. "You stay right here. He'll be here. Unless he gets to talking some of your old politics. I suppose that's what you came to see him for."

"Oh, I just happened down this way."

She sat up straight. "Good gracious! You act as though it were a secret. Tell me, this minute!"

"Why, as a matter of fact," said Wint good-naturedly, "I want to talk to him about a sewer the city's going to put in through some land he owns. I guess you're not interested in sewers."

She grimaced and said she should say not. "I thought maybe it was something about the bootleggers," she said. "Everybody's talking about them. What are you going to do to them?"

Wint laughed. "That's like the instructions for destroying potato bugs," he said. "First catch your potato bug."

"You mean you haven't caught any?"

"Not yet."

"Are you trying to?"

"Why, we've got our eyes open."

"I love to hear about criminals and everything," she said. "What will you do to them when you get them? Send them to jail?"

"Well, I'll do that if I can't do anything worse."

She asked, "You're really going to—you really mean to get after them?"

He nodded; and she laughed.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, it seems funny for you to be so moral about whisky and things."

He grinned. "It is funny, isn't it?"

"I should think they'd just laugh at you."

"Well, maybe they do."

"I suppose you're just going to give them a lesson, and then—sort of let things go, aren't you?"

Wint shook his head. "No. I shan't let things go. Not as long as I'm—in charge."

"But lots of people will be awfully mad at you. Why, even your father buys whisky and things, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But he doesn't sell them."

"Well, someone's got to sell them to him."

"They'll not sell in Hardiston," said Wint. He was a little tired of this. "Looks to me as though Amos has stopped to talk politics after all. Did you tell him I was coming?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "He'll be right home." She got up abruptly. "There's some lemonade in the dining room," she said. "Would you like some?"

"Every time," he said. "It's warm enough to make it taste pretty fine tonight."

She came out with a tall pitcher and two glasses and filled his glass and her own. They lifted the glasses together; and Wint touched his to his lips.

Then he took it down and looked at it and said, "Hello."

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"There's a stick in this, isn't there?"

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"Yes. I always put a little in. Peach brandy. I love it."

"Peach brandy, eh?"

"Yes. Don't you like it?"

"Well, I've been letting it alone lately. I guess I'll not ——"

"Oh, don't be silly, Wint!" she protested, and stamped her foot at him. "I guess a little brandy won't hurt you!"

"No, probably not," Wint agreed. "But I'm on the wagon, you see."

"You make me feel as though I'd done something wrong to offer it to you."

"Why, no. Only I ——"

They were so interested that neither of them had heard Amos and neither of them had seen him stop by the gate for a moment, listening to what they said. But when the gate opened Agnes saw him; and the sight silenced her.

Amos came heavily toward the house, and Agnes called to him, "Wint's here, dad."

Amos said, "Oh! Hello, Wint!"

Wint said, "Good evening." Amos was up on the porch by this time and seemed to discover the lemonade.

"Hello there," he exclaimed, "that looks pretty good. I'm hot. Pour me a glass, Agnes."

She hesitated; and Wint said, "Take mine."

"What's the matter with it?" Amos asked good-naturedly. "Poisoned?" He lifted the glass to his nose. "Oh, brandy, eh? Well, got anything against that?"

"Oh, I'm on the wagon, myself, that's all."

Amos nodded. "Well, I never touch it. Not lately. Take it away, Agnes."

His voice was gentle enough; but Wint thought the girl seemed very white and frightened as she faced her father. She took pitcher and glasses and went swiftly into the house.

Amos sat down, looked at Wint, and asked cheerfully: "Well, young fellow, what's on your mind?"

When their business was done and Wint had gone Amos sat quietly upon the porch for a while. Then without moving from his chair he turned his head and called toward the open door: "Agnes!"

She answered from inside.

He said, "Come here," and she appeared in the doorway. He bade her come out and sit down. She chose the hammock, lay back indolently.

Amos filled his pipe with slow care and lighted it. His head was on one side, his eyes squinted thoughtfully. If there had been more light Agnes could have seen that he was sorely troubled. But she could not see. So she thought him merely angry, and grew angry herself at the thought.

He asked at last: "You offered Wint booze?"

"Just some lemonade," she said stiffly.

"Booze in it," he reminded her. "Don't you do that any more, Agnes."

"I guess a little brandy won't hurt Wint Chase," she told him.

"Don't you do it any more!" he repeated, finality in his tones. She said nothing; and after a little he asked, looking toward her wistfully in the shadows of the porch: "What did you do it for, Agnes? What did you do it for anyway?"

She shrugged impatiently. "Oh, I don't know."

"What did you do it for?" he insisted. There was an implacable strength in Amos she knew she could not escape answering.

Nevertheless she evaded again. "Oh, n reason."

"What did you do it for?" he aske mildly, for the third time; and Agne stamped to her feet. When she answere her voice was harsh and hard and indescrib ably bitter.

"Because I wanted to get him drunk, she said. "He's so funny when he's tha way. That's why."

She stared down at him defiantly; an Amos saw hard lines form about her mouth Before he could speak she was gone indoor

Amos sat there for a long while afte that, thinking. His thoughts ran back; h remembered Agnes as a baby, as a schoo girl. She was a young woman now.

He thought to himself, a curiously help less feeling oppressing him, "I wish he mother hadn't 've died."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mistah White Man, Lis'n

MISTAH White Man, lis'n: Wheffo' a why
You gimme dat black look out'n yo' eye
An' say, "Dis country hit ain't no place
*Fo' to bawned an' raise up de cullud race"?

Mistah White Man, lis'n: Right am right,
Mek no diff'ence ef hit's cullud er white.
Dey ain't no races but has dey trash,
An' dem's de ones whut am boun' fo' to clash.

Is you fo'got de ol'-time days
When you wuz ginerous wid yo' praise?
When ol' Unc Bob and Aunt Sue Ann
Jes' waited on you foot an' han'?

Who wuz hit toted you aroun'
When you wa'n't knee high fum de groun'?
Who tol' you 'bout Tar-Baby fust,
An' how Brer Rabbit kicked up dust?

Who teached you to cut de pigeon's wing
An' to buzzard-lope, an' how to sing
De ol' plantation chunes? An' who
Holped you fetch up yo' chillen too?

Who picked de cotton fum yo' fiel's?
Who give you fried spring-chicken meals
When fowls wuz skeerce an' ol' Mis' sick
An' Sherman had lef' de place clean pick'?

"Sen' us to Af'ky whar we b'long"?
W'y, honey, you'd miss ouah laugh an' song!
Dis country'd be a darker place
Widout den wid de cullud race!

I knows us ain't so pow'ful smaht;
But hit ain't de head, hit's whut's in de haht;
An' when Gab'el's trumpet blow at las'
I reckon he'll let ouah cullah pass.

So, Mistah White Man, you an' me
Us needs each othah—le's speak free.
We's gwine to sift dis trouble thoo
An' live in peace—bofe of us two!

—*Blanche Goodman.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 27)

of cks of tobacco and ten dollars more. I gus that represented all his worldly wealth. he Indian wanted the privilege of pick- ng what horse he would race. So Barney ced him the whole three of us and he ne me—because I was the smallest, I ppose. The distance to be run was two u red and fifty yards. The Indian also ti lated that. Quite a crowd had gathered o e this unique match and the Indian as as grave and stoical as if he was going n he warpath. When all arrangements a been made Barney asked him who was o g to ride his pony, and when he replied h he was going to ride him himself I h ght Barney would have a conniption t

Well, the ground was measured off, a ace chosen and the crowd lined up on ither side of the impromptu race track. I as led out and saddled, but when Barney sa the Indian coming he could hardly ke his seat for laughing. Barney was u having the time of his life. The Indian's pony was all decorated with feathers and looked very gay. He had evidently been living well off prairie grass and was fat as a roll of butter. The Indian had no saddle.

We lined up and somebody fired a pistol and away we went. The Indian was yelling and whipping his pony across the shoulders every jump. The poor little thing really couldn't run at all. So Barney just galloped on along beside him, letting the Indian keep about half a length ahead, and made him think he was winning all the time until we had gone about two hundred yards. Then he shook me up and, of course, that was the last of the little fat pony.

But the Indian was a good loser. He never said a word or made any excuses. I forgot to tell you that we did not have any stakeholder. The Indian custom those days was to lay all the bets side by side on a blanket and the winner just walked over when the race was finished and picked up what belonged to him. The old Indian was very much surprised when Barney gave him back his beaded vest and moccasins. He could not understand that, and Barney tried to explain to him in pidgin English how he recognized that he was a good sportsman and that he was only having fun. The Indian did not sense the meaning of this for quite a while. When he did, however, he became very grave, and folding his blanket about him, stalked away muttering something that we could not understand.

A prospective settler, however, who understood the Cherokee tongue, explained to us that he was very much mortified because no one before had made a jest of his lack of knowledge of horses, which goes to show that the red man differs little from his white brethren when it comes down to questioning his acumen.

This was not the only race we had down in the Nation, because some gamblers brought in a very fast quarter horse and after a good deal of backing and filling they made a match against the Grasshopper. The stakes, I believe, were five hundred dollars a side, but there were a great many side bets. Nearly everyone had more or less money. When I say that I mean they had it when they got there, but with all the gambling games of chance and other ways of getting rid of money any of them were flat broke before the great day came for the opening up of the Strip.

The distance for this race was four hundred yards. The ground was measured right off on the prairie and as the people who owned the other horse were a pretty tough-looking outfit a good deal of trouble was experienced in selecting a stakeholder who would be agreeable to both parties. My master suggested several solid-looking men who happened to be about there and whose acquaintance he had formed. He judged them to be reputable citizens, but the others would not hear of them. They gave it as an excuse that they did not know them. It looked for a while as if the match would fall through, and in this connection the innocent bystander, who always appears to be about, played a part.

The latter individual was a little freckle-faced sandy-haired man with an eye like a ferret. He did not have much to say regarding the original conditions of the race and appeared to be entirely on the outside; but when the question of stakeholder appeared to have arrived at the deadlock stage he came to the front with a unique suggestion.

Among the spectators was a little baby-faced boy about twelve years old. He looked a good deal like the pictures you see of cherubs, but he was the only mounted one I ever saw, and this kid was seated astride of a rather good-looking calico pony. The ferret-eyed man suggested that the kid should be stakeholder. He argued that if we were all afraid of grown-up men, why, it would be a pretty tough citizen who would question the honesty of a boy little more than a baby in years.

This seemed to meet the approval of everybody. The opposing parties were agreeable and, of course, my master and Barney immediately fell in with the plan, so the thousand dollars, which was the sum total of the main stake, was handed to the boy on the calico pony. We had procured a reliable stakeholder at last.

The race itself did not differ very much from any of the other quarter races we had taken part in. My master rode Grassie, and a little shriveled-up boy—a half-breed Indian—rode the other horse. Considering his years and size, he was a wonderful horseman and knew every point of the quarter racing game. But that did not avail him very much, because after they had covered half the distance to be run it was quite clear that he could not beat Grasshopper, and the latter won easily by a couple of open lengths.

There was naturally the usual talk challenging and counterchallenging after the race was over—in which it might be mentioned that Barney took a prominent part. Then all at once my master suggested that we should collect the main stakes. But would you believe it? The cherub-faced cavalier could not be found anywhere. That angel-faced youngster had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. Neither he nor the pretty calico pony was ever seen again by any of our outfit.

But seven or eight years afterward Barney met a man out in San Francisco who gave him all the inside information on the genesis and also the exodus of the cherub-faced boy. It turned out that he was the son of the ferret-eyed man who had assumed the rôle of the innocent bystander and that the latter was one of a gang of outlaws and bank burglars who had infested the territory for several years. When you come to think of it, it was about as neat a frame-up as ever happened in connection with a horse race, and as Barney expressed it when the smoke of battle had blown over: "A feller can learn somethin' from everybody, even if he has to go out in the jungles for an education."

During our wait my master made the acquaintance of two young Kentuckians, a brother and sister, who had come all the way from their home and brought their horses with them to take part in the big drive. It appeared from their story that they had been living on an old worked-out farm, which—added to the fact that it had become almost nonproductive—was heavily mortgaged. They were orphans and had decided to put what little money they had left on the chances of procuring land rights in the new country. They had brought with them a couple of very good thoroughbred horses.

Both the boy and the girl were very good riders, but two days before the date set for the opening of the Strip the young fellow came down with malarial fever and the girl decided to make the race alone. My master invited her to join our party and all the boys promised to take good care of her, which relieved her brother very much.

At last the day of days came. For weeks before United States troops had been patrolling the boundary line, keeping out the sooners, as they were called. Perhaps I should interpret this term by explaining that a sooner was one who stole in surreptitiously on the land before the date set for the opening and figured on establishing his claims to a desirable quarter section before anyone who waited until the official time could have an opportunity of doing so.

Of course the Government had made certain provisions for the registration of those who contemplated taking up land and had surrounded the acquisition of it with other safeguards. I cannot remember the details of the business end of it just now, but I do know that in the final accounting it occasioned many terrible mix-ups and a cross-fire of ugly charges and mutual recrimination.

The morning of the day found the intending settlers lined up all round the border of the Strip. As I said, the land was patrolled by United States cavalry, infantry and a host of temporarily appointed United States deputy marshals. It was a wonderful sight. As far as the eye could reach stretched a long line of men, women, children and nondescript vehicles. It is safe to say that representatives of every condition, creed and color known in the analysis of American sociology were represented. There they were, lined up for the greatest race in history. Perhaps it was old Dame Fortune's king-pin joke. She had one trump card up her sleeve. The intending settlers had no idea of the millions upon millions in crude oil that flowed under that same ground. Perhaps it is just as well they didn't, because more of them are alive to tell the tale to-day.

Of course the men who were well mounted were considered the favored ones, or at least as having the best chance to procure choice locations. But apart from the saddle horse every wheeled vehicle ever invented was in evidence.

One man brought a four-in-hand from St. Louis or Kansas City—I forget which. It was driven by a famous English whip and carried quite a merry party of society people. But the Englishman, while no doubt a bear in Central Park, didn't know much about the ups and downs of cross-country work with the whole Cherokee Strip in front of him. He went too close to a gully, where the earth gave way under the pressure of the high wheels and over she went.

Fortunately none of his passengers was seriously injured, but they do say that there was some display of feminine furbelows when the old boat turned turtle. A basket of wine was among the cargo. Of course it went galley-west along with the rest of the outfit and became a complete wreck. When the wine struck the ground it lit near the spot where the English whip's wife was lying partially stunned, and when the bottles burst the joy water gave the lady considerable of a baptism. When she came to, the wine was running all over her clothing. A woman companion endeavored to condole with her because of the ruin it wrought to her apparel.

"Oh, don't mention it!" retorted the Englishwoman calmly. "I've achieved the ambition of a lifetime. I've always wanted a bawth in champagne. And, my word, my dear, I've got it!"

High noon was the time set for the commencement of the grand rush. As the hour approached everyone was on tiptoe. It was ridiculous to see how some of them jostled for places in the front rank. One would think they were going to start in a hundred-yard dash.

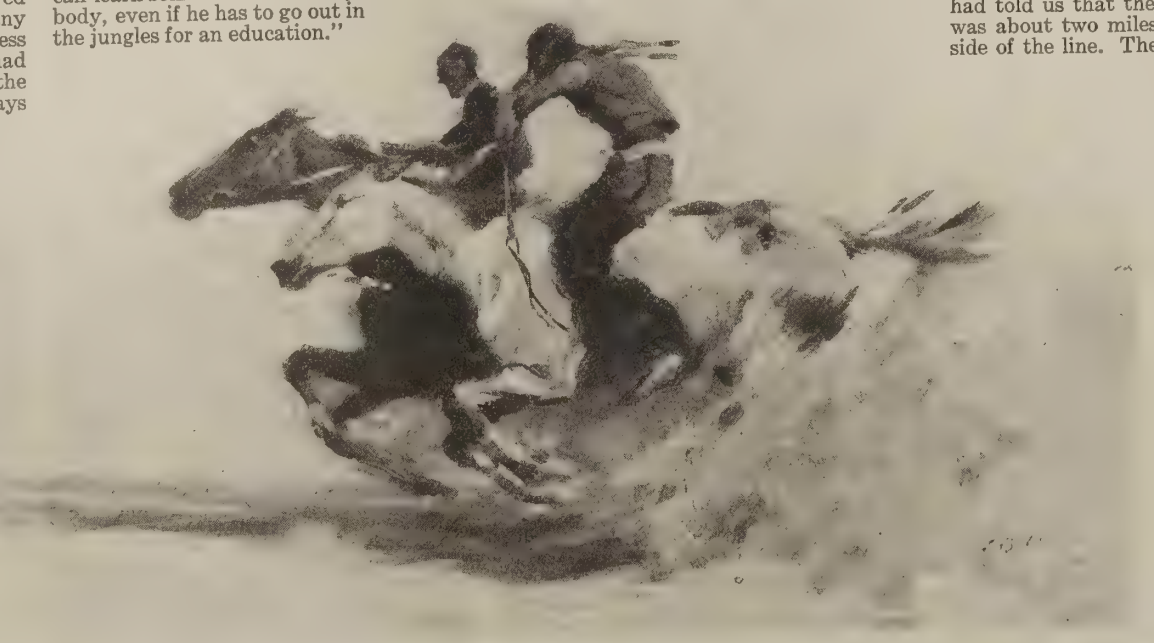
The line formed on all sides of the Strip and, as I said before, each intending settler had his own way of locomotion. Some of them, of course, were on foot; and the strange part of it is that many of these procured pretty good claims after all. It was an exemplification of the old adage that the race is not always to the swift.

A young lawyer who had come down to that country made quite a spectacular figure. He rode a big stallion—a horse which had the reputation of being so bad-tempered that no one could handle him until this young fellow came along, purchased him for a song and made him gentle. He was a very beautiful animal and was known very widely for years afterward, because in making a run for membership in the state legislature his owner had ridden him up and down the country until every man, woman and child was familiar with his history.

Our little party, including the young lady mentioned before, procured a position pretty close to a detachment of cavalry. They had with them on a carriage a light cannon, and some of the soldiers warned us that our horses might become unmanageable when the big gun went off. Barney assured them in his jocular way that we would take care of that part of it.

I think our crowd were the least excited of the bunch, because win or lose we looked upon it as an adventure. The ex-jockey had told us that the land he had selected was about two miles and a half from our side of the line. There was some question at first as to whether I should take part in the race or not, but my master overruled all objections, because he urged that the pace would not be fast and that at best it would be only an exercising gallop for me. Anyway, he said that he wanted to be able to say afterward that I had taken part in the biggest horse race the world had ever known.

Promptly at the stroke of twelve a cavalry bugle rang out, followed by a deafening roar from the gun. We could hear this repeated at other points down the line. It was



The Indian Was Yelling and Whipping His Pony Across the Shoulders Every Jump

the grand signal and away we went in the world's prize scramble.

It would be hard to describe the scenes that followed, because they beggar all description. It has been variously estimated that the number of people who took part in this rush ranged all the way in numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand. Still everyone knows that big crowds are never estimated correctly, and when you come to think of it twenty thousand is an awful mob of people. I have heard it stated that there were that number on horseback alone; but were the truth of the matter unearthed, I believe the horsemen did not exceed five thousand in number. Still, when one comes to think of it and can picture in the mind's eye five thousand horsemen springing into action at the report of a gun and racing madly across the prairie it constituted what you would call a regular sporting event.

At the signal the horsemen naturally took the lead, followed by the conveyances—ranging from the latest thing in buggies to the ramshackle sulky. The old prairie schooner was also very much in evidence. They contained the real hard-boiled settlers and the wagons were as a general thing loaded down with all the family belongings, including of course the omnipresent four or five tow-headed kids.

In the first mad rush one captain of a schooner lost a couple of his crew, because two of the little olive branches fell out of the tail end of the wagon and their father drove madly forward, utterly oblivious of his loss.

Another enterprising settler kept throwing stuff out of his wagon to lighten the load as he went along. He played no favorites. Crates of chickens, bedding and bed clothing, cooking utensils and everything else pertaining to the more intimate details of the household were scattered to the four winds as he urged his horses forward. Finally, when he found that this would not lend sufficient acceleration to his progress he left his wife and children sitting in the middle of the prairie and went on alone.

The remarkable part of it all was that very few of the horsemen knew anything at all about conserving the energy of their mounts so that they would last their journey out. They raced away from the line, whipping and spurring as if they were going to cover only a distance of a few hundred yards. Most of their horses were absolutely dead to the world when they had traversed a quarter of a mile. Some of them lasted a half mile, but very few of them went more than that distance without showing unmistakable signs of distress.

Strange as it may appear, the cowboys were the worst offenders in this respect. They did not seem to know anything about husbanding the speed of their horses, and with heavy saddles and accouterments they were soon left far behind. So far as we were concerned ourselves, we took it easy, starting out at what one might call a fair hand gallop and permitting the crowd to get well strung out.

If anything in the world ever demonstrated the value of good breeding, that race in the Oklahoma Strip did. As I said before, at the end of the first half mile most of the poor animals, whether ridden or driven, had bellows to mend and they were scattered all over the prairie in various stages of tardy motion. Many of the old ramshackle rigs had broken down and most of these derelicts were left where they were stranded, while their erstwhile owners unhooked their horses and pressed on as well as they could.

Before we had gone a mile we were practically alone. Not entirely so, of course, because some fifty or a hundred horsemen who were well mounted and who kept off the early pace were spread out fanwise on the prairie. It was quite clear that each had an objective point and knew where he was heading for. The young lady with us was in high feather and it was a merry gallop. At no time were we extended to anything like the limit of our speed, because the farther we went the farther we left the others behind.

Finally we got to the point where the ex-jockey decided we should stake our first claim. That was, of course, dedicated to the lady of the party, and while we were driving the legal marks a pretty tough-looking character with a repeating rifle slung carelessly over his arm made his appearance from the cover of some stunted cottonwoods close by.

He was a sooner. There was no question about that, but he advanced with all the assurance possible and warned us away from what he called his property. He claimed to have arrived there five minutes before we did, but when we asked him how he came he got all tangled up, because he did not have a horse or any other means of rapid transit.

Still he insisted that the place was his and that he would kill anyone who tried to stake a claim on it.

We did not have much time to waste arguing with him, so Barney got off the horse and pretended that he would like to purchase the land. I must tell you that my master and the other boy had gone on. The young lady and Barney stayed behind.

Barney walked close to the sooner, and taking some bills out of his pocket pretended to be counting them. He kept saying he would like to buy the place, and the sooner, though he claimed he would kill any trespasser, appeared to be in a more receptive frame of mind. Finally Barney was quite close to him, talking all the time. Then he played one of his old tricks. Before the land pirate knew it Barney had kicked his gun clean out of his hand and procured it. The other was so taken by surprise that he never knew exactly what had happened. It finished the argument so far as he was concerned. He begged like a dog to be given something for his claim, but as he did not have any right to the property Barney just warned him to get away from there, and he finally left, muttering maledictions of all kinds but thoroughly cowed.

Owing to Barney's activities, the young lady with us secured a mighty nice claim. When last I heard of her she and her brother were still living down on the Cherokee Strip and were well-to-do. So far as my master and the rest of them were concerned, they all filed on the amount of land allowed under the government rules. But shortly after proving up their claims they sold them again at perhaps one-twentieth part of what they are worth to-day. Had they possessed the vision they might have kept them, but I really believe their land quest was never attended by mercenary motives, and then—as boys will—they failed to make any provision for the future.

When I look back over all the events of my life I have come to the conclusion that the race for the land in the Cherokee Strip was the most notable, attended as it was with all the romance and excitement that it would hold. It is something, anyway, for a race horse to feel in his old age that he has helped to manufacture some of the history of these United States.

From that time on I raced, as I told you in the early part of this story, up and down the country from coast to coast and from race track to race track. If I were to relate the story of our wanderings it would only bear a sameness which might become irksome to the reader. You see, we had our good days and bad days. Sometimes we had plenty of money and at others we wer so flat broke that my master and Barne were often short of provender.

But through it all we had good times an that was youth. It is all something to loo back to, not without pleasure either. I d not mean to say that at any time we repre sented the aristocrats of the turf, becaus when two boys, young and thoughtless start out together they don't weigh th consequences which might accrue subse quently but play the game as it comes t their hands. That too is youth.

Still I am glad that I took part in th greatest of all sports, which is racing. It a good thing to know that we have alwa had in this country men who have bee jealous of the best traditions and keen fo the support of all that is uplifting in con nection with this royal pastime. I do no mean to say that we have not in the con duct of our racing made many mistake in the past and we may make some yet, bu in a general way I am sure all those wh know best will agree with me when I sa that the turf in America was never in bette condition than it is to-day and that th sport is safeguarded by those in authorit as it never was before.

Bookmaking is not countenanced by th jockey clubs any more. In some state the *paris mutuels* have been legalized. Th pity of it is that the great West, which afore time supplied so much that was good in th game, has been practically eliminated.

But still racing will go on. It is the world' most ancient form of amusement from th speed standpoint. It has lived down man vicissitudes and will always find warmes support from liberal-minded, intelligent progressive people. They will see to that

When you peruse this narrative you ma find many incidents which are not exactl rated among the ethical. But, as I sai before, that represents an old dispensatio now passed and the doings of a generatio who from the turf standpoint have bee forgotten. We are now in a new era. Every thing is different and perhaps it is best fo the good of the permanent reputation o this sport that the old buccaneering day are over.

So that's the story, and as you read i you might take a leaf from old Barney' book of experience, because he says tha when you go to dope out the record of any body or anything the best way is to thro out all the bad races and remember onl the good ones.

(THE END)

DANGER—RUN SLOW

(Continued from Page 23)

evil mantle gaslight. The tailor wrung out his hands and tried to look benevolent.

"Want to rent a dress suit," said Milt.

"I got just the t'ing for you!"

The little man unfolded himself, galloped down the aisle, seized the first garment that came to hand, and came back to lay it against Milt's uncomfortable frame, bumbling, "Fine, mister, fy-en!"

Milt studied the shiny-seamed, worn-buttonholed limp object with dislike. Its personality was disintegrated. The only thing he liked about it was the good garage stink of gasoline.

"That's almost worn out," he growled.

At this sacrilege Mr. Silberfarb threw up his hands, with the dingy suit flapping in them like a bedquilt shaken from a tenement window. He looked Milt all over coldly. His red but shining eyes hinted that Milt was a clodhopper and no honest wearer of evening clothes. Milt felt humble, but he snapped: "No good. Want something with class."

"Vell, that was good enough for a university professor at the big dance, but if you say so ——"

In the manner of one who is being put to an unfair amount of trouble Mr. Silberfarb returned the paranoiac dress suit to the rack, sighing patiently as he laboriously draped it on a hanger. He peered and pawed. He crowed with throaty triumph and brought back a rich ripe thing of velvet collar and cuffs. He fixed Milt with eyes that had become as sulky as the eyes of a dog in August dust.

"Now that—you can't beat that if you vant class; and it'll fit you like a glove. Oh, that's an el-legant garment!" shaking himself out of the spell of those contemptuous eyes. Milt opened his brochure, studied the chart, and found: "Never wear velvet collar or cuffs with evening coat."

"Nope. Nix on the velvet," he remarked.

Then the little man went mad and ran round in circles. He flung the "el-legant" garment on the table. He flapped his arms and wailed:

"What do you vant? What do you vant? That's a hundred-and-fifty-dollar dress suit! That belonged to one of the richest men in the city. He sold it to me because he was going to Japan."

"Well, you can send it to Japan after him. I want something decent. Have you got it—or shall I go some place else?"

The tailor instantly became cheerful and affectionate. "How about a nice Tuxedo?" he coaxed.

"Nope. It says here—let me see—oh, yes, here it is—it says that for the theater-with-ladies, one should not wear 'dinner-coat or so-called Tuxedo, but ——'"

"Oh, dem fellows what writes books they don't know nothing. Absolute! They make it up."

"Huh! Well, I guess I'll take my chance on them. The factory knows the ignition better'n any repairman."

"Vell, say, you're a hard fellow to please. I'll give you one of my reserve stock, but you got to leave me ten dollars deposit instead of five."

Mr. Silberfarb quite cheerfully unlocked a glass case behind the racked and ghostly dead; he brought out a suit that seemed to Milt almost decent. And it almost fitted when, after changing clothes in a broiling, boiling, reeking, gasoline-pulsing hole behind the racks, he examined it before a pier glass. But he caught the tailor assisting the fit by bunching up a roll of cloth at the shoulder. Again Milt snapped, and again the tailor suffered and died, and to a doubting heathen world maintained the true gospel of "What do you vant? It ain't stylish to have the dress suit too tight! All the gents is wearing 'em loose and graceful."

But in the end, after Milt had gone as far as the door, Mr. Silberfarb admitted that one dress coat wouldn't always fit all persons without some alterations.

XIII

THE coat did bag a little, and it was too long in the sleeves, but as Milt studied himself in his room—by placing his small melancholy mirror on the bureau, then on a chair, then on the floor finally, to get a complete view, clear out in the hall—he admitted with stirring delight that he looked pretty fair in the bloomin' outfit. His clear face, his shining hair, his straight shoulders—seemed to go with the costume.

He wriggled into his topcoat and marched out of his room, theater-bound, with the well-fed satisfaction of a man who is certain that no one is giggling "Look at the hand-me-downs." His pumps did alternately pinch his toes and rub his heels; the trousers cramped his waist; and he suspected that his tie had gone wandering. But he swaggered to the trolley, and sat as one rich and famous and very kind to the common people, till—another man in evening clothes got on the car, and Milt saw that he wore a silk hat and a white knitted scarf; that he took out and examined a pair of white kid gloves.

He'd forgotten the hat! He was wearing his gray felt. He could risk the gloves, but the hat—the stovepipe—and the chart had said to wear one—he was ruined!

He turned up the collar of his topcoat to conceal his white tie, tried to hide each of his feet behind the other to cover up his pumps; sought to change his expression from that of a superior person in evening clothes to that of a decent fellow in honest regular clothes. Had the conductor or an of the passengers realized that he was dub in a dress suit without the hat? Onc he thought that the real person in rea evening clothes was looking at him. H turned his head and bore the probable in sult in weak misery.

Too feeble for anything but thick suffer ing he was dragged on toward the theate the opera, people in silk hats—toward Je Saxton and exposure.

But his success in bullying the tailor ha taught him that dressing wasn't really hidden lore to be known only by initiates that some day he, too, might understan that black-and-white magic of clothes. Hi bruised self-consciousness healed.

"I'll do—something," he determined. H waited vacuously.

The Gilson party was not in the lobb when he arrived. He tore off his topcoa He draped it over his felt hat, so that n one could be sure what sort of hat it shame fully concealed. That unveiling did expos him to the stare of everybody waiting in th lobby. He was convinced that the entir ticket-buying queue was glumly resentin him. Peeping down at the unusual whit glare of his shirt front he felt naked an indecent. "Nice kind o' vest. Must mak 'em out of old piqué collars."

He endured his martyrdom till his part arrived—the Gilsons, Claire, Saxton, and glittering young woman whose name, Mi thought, was Mrs. Corey.

And Saxton wasn't wearing a high ha He wore a soft one, and he didn't seem t care!

Milt straightened up, followed the through the manifold dangers of the lobb down a perilous aisle of uptilted, scornf faces, to a red narrow corridor, windin stairs, a secret passage, a mysterious dar

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(Continued from Page 98)

loat—and he walked out into a room with nside missing, and on that side ten tril- ion people in a well, and nine trillions of hem staring at him and noticing that he'd ened his dress suit. Hot about the neck e umbled over one or two chairs, and was enitted to rest in a foolish little gilt chair n e farthest corner.

nce safe he felt much better. Except ng Jeff did put on white kid gloves Milt n In't see that they two looked so differ- n And neither of the two men in the next o wore gloves.

ilt made sure of that comfort; he rev- e in it; he looked at Claire, and in her yl smile found ease.

e snarled: "She trusts you. Forget o re a dub. Try to be human. Hang it, 'm no greener at the opera than that old o'ehair sofa there would be at a garage."

here was something—what was it he s trying to remember? Oh, yes! When e worked in the Schoenstrom flour mill, as ngineer, at eighteen, the owner had ri to torment him, to "get his goat," M put it—and Milt had found that the nthing that would save him was to smile as though he knew more than he was tell- ng It did not, he remembered, make any ifference whether or not the smile was re. If he merely looked the miller up and lo n and smiled cynically he was let alone.

Why not?

axton was bending toward him, asking n honeyed respectfulness: "Don't you hk that the new school in music—au ible pointillage, one might call it—ntakes cacophony for power?"

Milt smiled paternally.

axton waited for something more. He d the nail of his right middle finger into hithumb, looked thoughtful and attacked gin: "Which do you like better: The new Italian music or the orthodox German?"

Milt smiled like two uncles watching a clever baby, and patronized Saxton with "They both have their points."

He saw that Claire was angry; but that th Gilsons and Mrs. Corey, flap-eared, gape-mouthed, forward-bending, were very proud of their little Jeff. He saw that ex- ept for their clothes and self-conscious ostures they were exactly like a gang of nickel-box loafers at Heinie Rauskukle's bdgering a new boy in town.

axton looked bad-tempered. Then Ms. Corey bustled with her face and turned at Milt: "Do tell me: What is the time of the opera to-night? I've rather forgotten."

Milt ceased to smile. While all of them regarded him with interest he said clearly: "I haven't got the slightest idea. I don't know anything about music. Some day I hope I can get a clever woman like you to help me, Mrs. Corey. It must be great to know all about all these arts the way you do I wish you'd explain that—overture they call it, don't they?"

For some reason Mr. Gilson was snicker- ing, Mrs. Corey flushing, Claire looking vill pleased. Milt had tried to be insult- ing, but had got lost in the intricacies of to insult.

He felt that he'd better leave it in its apparently safe state, and he leaned back ad smiled again, as though he was wait- ing. Mrs. Corey did not explain the over- ture. She hastily explained her second raid to Mrs. Gilson.

The opera was L'Amore dei Tre Re. Milt was bewildered. To him, who had never seen an opera, the convention that a girl could not hear a man who was bellowing ten feet away from her was absurd; and he wished that the singers would do some- thing besides making their arms swim.

He discovered that by moving his chair forward he could get within a foot of Claire. His hand slipped across, touched hers. She darted a startled backward glance. Her fingers closed tight about his, then restlessly snuggled inside his palm—and Milt was lost in enchantment.

Stately kings of blood-red cloaks and chrysoberyls malevolent in crowns of an- cient and massy gold, the quick, dismaying roll of drums and the shadow of passing banners below a tower, a woman tall and misty-veiled and pale with dreams, a world a spirit where the soul had power over un- seen dominions—this he saw and heard and insted in the music. What the actual plot was, or the technic of the singing, he did not know; but it bore him beyond all reality save the sweet, sure happiness of Claire's nestling hand.

He held her fingers so firmly that he could feel the pulse beat in them.

In the clamminess of his room, when the enchantment was gone, he said gravely: "How much longer can I keep this up? Sooner or later I bust loose and smash little Jeff one in the snoot, and he takes the count, and I'm never allowed to see Claire again. Turn the roughneck out on his ear. I s'pose I'm vulgar. I s'pose that fellow Michael in that book Youth's Encounter that Claire gave me wouldn't talk about snoots. I don't care, I'll —— If I poke Saxton one —— I'm not afraid of the kid-glove precinct any more. My brain's as good as theirs, give it a chance. But oh, they're all against me. And they bust the athletic union's wrestling rule that 'strik- ing, kicking, gouging, hair-pulling, butting and strangling will not be allowed.' How long can I go on being good-natured? When I do break loose ——"

Slowly beneath the moral cuff of his dress shirt Milt's fist closed in a brown, broad-knuckled lump, and came up in the gesture of a right to the jaw. But it came up only a foot.

The hand opened, climbed to Milt's face, rubbed his temples, while he sighed: "Nope, can't even do that. Bigger game now. Used to could—used to be able to settle things with a punch. But I've got to be more—oh, more diplomatic now. Oh, Lord, how lonely I get for Bill McGolwey. Want to go back to Schoenstrom to see him. No, that isn't true. I couldn't stand Bill now. Claire took all that out of me. Where am I? Where am I? Why did I ever get a car that takes a 36 by 6?"

XIV

IT WAS an innocent little note from Jeff Saxton; a polite, humble little note; it said that Jeff had a card to the Astoria Club, and wouldn't Milt please have lunch with him? But Milt dropped it on the table, and he walked round it as though it were a listening-in device which he'd discovered in the table drawer after happy, hidden hours at counterfeiting.

It seemed more dangerous to re- fuse than to go. He browned the celebrated new shoes; he pressed the distinguished new trousers with a light and quite unsatisfactory flatiron; he re-re- tied his best spotted blue bow—it persisted in having the top flaps too short, but the retying gave him spiritual strength—and he modestly clumped into the aloof brick portal of the Astoria Club on time.

He had never been in a club be- fore. He looked at the red-tiled floor of the entrance hall; he stared through the hall into an immense lounge with the largest and softest chairs in the world, with oil portraits of distinguished old bucks, and ninety per cent of the wealth and power of Seattle pulling its sev- eral mustaches, reading the market page and ignoring the lone intruder out in the hall. A small Zulu in blue tights and brass buttons glared at Milt; and a large, soft, suave, insulting young man demanded: "Yes, sir?"

"Mr. G-g-geoffrey Saxton?" ventured Milt.

"Not in, sir." The "sir" sounded like "and you know it." The flaming guardian retired behind a narrow section of a book- keeper's desk and ignored him.

"I'm to meet him for lunch," Milt for- lornly persisted.

The young man looked up, hurt and an- noyed at finding that the person was still to be dealt with.

"If you will wait in there?" he groaned.

Milt sat in there, which was a small blue tapestry room with hard chairs intended to discourage bill collectors. He turned his hat round and round and round, till he saw Jeff Saxton, slim and straight and hard as the stick hooked over his arm, sailing into the hall. He plunged out after him, took refuge with him from the still uncon- vinced inspection of the hallman. For twenty seconds he loved Jeff Saxton.

And Jeff seemed to adore him in turn. He solicitously led Milt to the hat-checking counter. He showed Milt the lounge and the billiard room, through which Milt crept with erect shoulders and easy eyes and a heart simply paralyzed with fear that one of these grizzled clubmen with clipped mustaches would look at him. He coaxed Milt into a grill that was a cross between the Chinese throne room and a Viennese weinstube, and he implored his friend Milt to do him the favor of trying the very fair English mutton chops and potatoes au gratin.

"They've Invited You to the Opera. I Want You to Come and Put it All Over Them. Be Awf'ly Aloof and Supercilious"

"I did want to see you again before we go East, Daggett," he said pleasantly.

"Th-thanks. When do you go?"

"I'm trying to get Miss Boltwood to start soon now. The season is opening in the East. She does like your fine, sturdy West, as I do; but still, when we think of the exciting new shows opening, and the dances, and the touch with the great world—oh, it does make one eager to get back."

"That's so," risked Milt.

"We, uh—Daggett—in fact, I'm going to call you Milt, as Claire does. You don't know what a pleasure it has been to have encountered you. There's a fine, keen courage about you Western chaps that makes a cautious old fogy like me envious. I shall remember meeting you with a great deal of pleasure."

"Th-thanks. Been pleasure meet you."

"And I know Claire will too."

Milt felt that he was being dealt with foully. He wanted to object to Saxton's acting as agent for Claire as incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and no foundation laid. But he could not see just where he was being led, and with Saxton glow- ing at him as warmly and greasily as the mutton chops Milt could only smile wanly, and reflectively feel the table leaf to see if it was loose enough to jerk out in case of need.

Saxton was being optimistic.

"In fact, Claire and I both hope that some day when you've finished your engineering course we'll see you in the East. I wonder —— As I say, my dear fellow, I've taken the greatest fancy to you, and I do hope you won't think I'm too intimate if I suggest that even in your charming friendship with Miss Boltwood you've probably never learned what important people the Boltwoods are. I thought I'd tell you so that you could realize the privilege both you and I have in know- ing them. Henry B. is, though not a man of any enormous wealth, regarded as one of the keenest in- tellects in New York whole- sale circles. But beyond that he is a scholar and a man of the broadest in- terests. Of course, the Bolt- woods are too modest to speak of it, but he was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the famous Samovar Symphony Or- chestra. And his ancestors clear through—his father was a Federal judge, and his mother's brother was a gen- eral in the Civil War, and afterward an ambassador. So you can guess some- thing of the position Claire holds in that fine, quiet, solid old Brooklyn set. Henry Ward Beecher him- self was complimented at being asked to dine with the Boltwoods of his day, and ——"

No, the table leg wouldn't come loose, so it was only verbally that the suddenly recovered Milt attacked his host:

"Certainly is nice to have one of those old families. It's something like—as you say, you and I have gotten pretty well acquainted along the line, so I guess I can say it to you—my father and his folks came from that same kind of family. Father's dad was a judge, back in Maine, and in the war granddad was quite friendly with Grant."

This tribute of Milt to his grandsire was loyal but inaccurate. Judge Daggett, who wasn't a judge at all, but a J. P., saw General Grant only once, and at the time the judge was in company with all the other privates in the Fourteenth Maine.

"Dad was a pioneer. He was a doctor. He had to give up all this easy-going stuff in order to help open up the West to civili- zation, but I guess it was worth it. He used to do the hardest kind of operations, on kitchen tables, with his driver giving the chloroform. I'm mighty proud of him. As you say, it's kind of what you might call inspiring to belong to the old Pilgrim aris- tocracy."

Never before had Milt claimed relation to a group regarding which his only knowl- edge was the information derived from the red school history to the effect that they all carried blunderbusses, put people in the stocks for whistling, and frequently said: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(Continued on Page 107)

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 103)

Buhe had made his boast with a clear eye
nna pleasant, superior, calm smile.
"Oh! Very interesting," grunted Saxton.
"Would you like to see grandfather's
lagerreotype?"
"Oh, yes, yes. Uh, thanks, that would
e very interesting. Do let me see it,
h —— Uh, as I was saying, Claire
outless has a tremendous social career
ere her. So many people expecting her
arry well. Of course she has a rather
nual combination of charm and intelli-
ce and—in fact, I think we may both be
la that ——"
Yes. That's right. And the best thing
bit her is the way she can shake off all
social stuff and go camping and be a
glar human being," Milt caressed.
Um, uh, no doubt, no doubt, though—
f ourse, though, that isn't an inherent
a of her. I fancy she's been rather tired
yhis long trip, poor child. Of course she
r very strong."
That's right. Real pluck. And, of
rse, she'll get stronger by hiking. You've
er seen her bucking a dangerous hill; I
il of feel that a person who hasn't seen
hein the wilds doesn't know her."
I don't want to be contradictory, old
n, but I feel, on the other hand, that no
n who has failed to see her at the Junior
gue Dances, in a Rue de la Paix frock,
n know her! Come! Come! Don't
w how we drifted into this chorus of
rse of Claire! What I wanted to ask was
r opinion of the Ferocious Four. I'm
hiking of buying one. Do you think
h ——"
ll the way home Milt exulted: "I put
t ll over him. I wasn't scared by the
Da't-butt-into-the-aristocracy-my-young-
frnd stuff. I lied handsome. But—darn
t now I'll have to live up to my New Eng-
la aristocracy. Wonder if my granddad's
k was a hired man or a wood sawyer?
N mind; I'm Daggett of Daggett from
w on." He bounded up to his room vain-
gliously remarking: "I'm there with the
arestors. I was brought up in the hand-
sme city of Schoenstrom, which was
nded by a colony of Vermont Yankees,
ded by Herman Skumautz. I was
er allowed to play with the Dutch kids,
a"—he opened the door—"the Schoen-
stm minister taught me Greek and was
m bosom frien' ——"
He stopped with his heart in his ankles.
Lling on the bed, grinning, waving a
garette, was Bill McGolwey, proprietor
the Old Home Lunch, of Schoenstrom,
Mnnesota, Milt's chum of old-slack days.
"W-w-why, where the heck did you come
frm?" stammered the deposed aristocrat
to his bosom friend Bill.
"You old lemon-pie-faced, lollygagging,
flb-footed, crab-nosed son of misery, gee,
bt it's good to see you, Milt!"
Bill was off the bed wringing Milt's hand
wh simple joy, with perfect faith that in
filing his friend all the troubles of life were
ov. And Milt was gloomily discovering
th art of diplomacy. Bill was his friend,
y, but ——
He pictured Jeff Saxton leering at the
dr, and while he pounded Bill's shoulder
al called him the name which, west of
Ekomo, is the token of hatred and of ex-
tme gladness at meeting, he discovered
tat someone had stolen his stomach and
lt a piece of ice in its place.
They settled down on bed and chair,
Bill's ears red with joy, while Milt de-
manded: "How the deuce did you get
lre?"
"Well, tell you, old hoss. Schoenstrom
gt so darn lonely after you left, and when
Jn and Neinie got your address and
fught the garage, thinks I, lez go off on a
ltle bum."
Milt was realizing—and hating himself
fr realizing—that Bill's face was dirty, his
lir linty, the bottoms of his trousers
fuyed masses of mud, while Bill chuckled:
"I figured out maybe I could get a job here
i a restaurant, and you and me could
jom together. I sold out my good will in
te Old Home Lunch for a hundred bucks.
I was going to travel swell, riding the
rshions. But Pete Swanson wanted me to
g down to the Cities first, and we run into
sme pretty swift travelers in Minneapolis,
nd a couple of girls—sa-ay, kid, some
ass!"
Bill winked, and Milt—Milt was rather
sk. He knew Bill's conception of class in
young women. Was this the fellow he had
ked so well? These the ideas which a few
onths ago he had taken as natural and
xtremely amusing?

"And I got held up in an alley off Washington Avenue, and they got the last twenty bones off'n me, and I was flatter'n a pancake. So I says, 'Ish kabibble,' and I sneaks onto the blind baggage, and bums my way West. You'd 'a' died laughing to seen me throwing my feet for grub. There was one frau sicked her dog onto me, and I kicked him in the jaw and—oh, it was one swell hike."

Milt was trying to ignore the voice that was raging: "And now he expects to live on me, after throwing his own money away. The waster! The hobo! He'll expect to meet Claire. I'd kill him before I'd let him soil her by looking at her. Him and his classy girls!" Milt tried to hear only the other inner voice, which informed him:

"He looks at you so trustingly. He'd give you his shirt if you needed it—and he wouldn't make you ask for it!"

Milt tried to make hearty his question: "What're you going to do, old kid?"

"Well, the first thing I'm going to do is to borrow ten iron men and a pair of pants."

"You bet! Here she is. Haven't got any extra pants. Tell you: Here's another five, and you can get the pants at the store in the next block, this side of the street. Hustle along now and get 'em!" He chuckled at Bill; he patted his arm; he sought to hurry him out. He had to be alone, to think.

But Bill kissed the fifteen dollars, carelessly rammed them into his pocket, crawled back on the bed, yawned:

"What's the rush? Gosh, I'm sleepy. Say, Milt, whadyuh think of me and you starting a lunch room here together? You got enough money out of the garage ——"

"Oh, no, no-o! Gee, I'd like to, Bill, but you see—well, I've got to hold onto what little I've got so I can get through engineering school."

"Sure, but you could cash in on a restaurant—you could work evenings in the dump, and there'd be a lot of city sports hanging round, and we'd have the time of our lives."

"No, I—I study evenings. And I—the fact is, Bill, I've met a lot of nice fellows at the university and I kind of go round with them."

"Aw, how d'you get that way? Rats, you don't want to go tagging after them Willy boys! Damn dirty snobs. And the girls are worse. I tell you, Milt, these hoop-te-doodle society Janes may look all right to hicks like us, but they're a covey of lemons."

"What do you know about them?"

"Now don't get sore. I'm telling you. I don't like to see any friend of mine make a fool of himself hanging round with a bunch that despises him because he ain't rich, that's all. Met any of the high-toned skirts?"

"Yes—I—have!"

"Trot 'em up and lemme give 'em the once-over."

"We—we'll see about it. Now I got to go to a mathematics recitation, Bill. You make yourself comfortable, and I'll be back at five."

Milt did not have to go to a recitation. He marched out with briskness in his step and a book under his arm; but when he reached the corner the briskness proved to be spurious, and the mathematics book proved to be William Rose Benét's Merchants From Cathay, which Claire had given him in the Yellowstone, and which he had rescued from the wrecked bug.

He stood staring at it. He opened it with unhappy tenderness. He had been snatched from the world of beautiful words and serene dignity, of soaring mountains and companionship with Claire in the radiant morning, back to the mud and dust of Schoenstrom, from the opera to city sports in a lunch room! He hated Bill McGolwey and his sneering assumption that Milt belonged in the filth with him. And he hated himself for not being enough of a genius to combine Bill McGolwey and Claire Boltwood. But not once in his maelstrom of worry on that street corner did he expect Claire to like Bill. Through all his youthful agonizing he had enough common sense to know that though Claire might conquer a mountain pass she could never be equal to the social demands of Schoenstrom and Bill McGolwey.

He wandered for an hour and came back to find that in a dry city which he had never seen before the crafty Bill had obtained a quart of bourbon, and was in a state of unsteady beatitude. He wanted, he announced, to dance.

Milt got him into the community bathtub, and soused him under; but Bill's wet body was slippery and Bill's merry soul was all for frolicsome gamboling, and he slid out of Milt's grasp; he sloshed round in the tub, he sprinkled Milt's sacred good suit with soapy water till he was seized with sleepiness and cosmic grief and retired to Milt's bed in tears.

The room dimmed, grew dark. The street lamps outside sent a wan wavery gleam into the room. Evening crowds went by, and in a motion-picture theater a banging piano struck up. Bill breathed in choking snorts. Milt sat unmoving, feeling very old, very tired, too dumbly unhappy to be frightened of the dreadful coming hour when Claire and Jeff should hear of Bill, and discover Milt's real world.

He was not so romantically loyal, not so inhumanly heroic that it can truthfully be reported that he never thought of getting rid of Bill. He did think of it, again and again. But always he was touched by Bill's unsuspecting trust, and shook his head and sank again into the fog.

What was the use of trying to go ahead? Wasn't he, after all, merely a Bill McGolwey himself? If he was he wouldn't inflict himself on Claire. For several minutes he gave up forever the zest of climbing.

When Bill awoke, brightly solicitous about the rest of the quart of bourbon, and bouncingly ready to go out and have a time, Milt loafed about the streets with him, showing him the city. He dully cut his classes next morning and took Bill to the wharves.

It was late in the afternoon, when they were lounging in the room and Bill was admiring his new pants—he boasted of having bought them for three dollars and pointed out that Milt had been a galoot to spend ten dollars for shoes—that someone knocked at the door. Sleepily expectant of his landlady Milt opened it on Miss Claire Boltwood, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gilson and Mr. Geoffrey Saxton.

Saxton calmly looked past him at Bill, smiled slightly and condescended: "I thought we ought to call on you, so we've dropped in to beg for tea."

Bill had paused midway in scratching his head to gape at Claire. Claire returned the look, stared at Bill's frowzy hair, his red wrists, his wrinkled, grease-stained coat, his expression of impertinent stupidity. Then she glanced questioningly at Milt, who choked:

"Oh, yes, yes! Sure! Glad see you! Come in, get some tea. So glad see you. Come in."

XV

"MY FRIEND, Mr. McGolwey—I knew him in Schoenstrom—come on to Seattle for a while. Bill, these are some people I met along the road," Milt grumbled.

"Glad to meet 'em. Have a chair. Have two chairs! Say, Milt, y'ought to have more chairs if you're going to have a bunch of swells coming to call on you. Ha, ha, ha! Say, I guess I better pike out and give the folks a chance to chin with you," Bill fondly offered.

"Oh, sit down," Milt snapped at him.

They all sat down, four on the bed; and Milt's inner ear heard a mute snicker from the Gilsons and Saxton. He tried to talk. He couldn't. Bill looked at him, and perceiving the dumbness gallantly helped out: "So you met the kid on the road, eh? Good scout, Milt is. We always used to say at Schoenstrom that he was the best darn hand at fixing a flivver in seven townships."

"So you knew Mr. Daggett at home? Now isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Gilson.

"Knew him? Sa-ay, Milt and I was brung up together. Why, him and I have bummed round together, and worked on farms, summers, and we've fished for bullheads—— You ever catch a bullhead? Damnedest, slipperiest fish you ever saw, and got horns that sting the stuffin's out of you —— Say, I wonder if Milt's told you about the time we had at a barn dance once. There was a bunch of hicks there, and I says: 'Say, kid, lez puncture their tires, and hide and watch the fun when they come out.' I guess maybe I was kind of stewed a little, tell the truth, but 'course Milt he don't drink much, hardly at all, nice straight kid if I do say so——"

"Bill," Milt ordered, "we must have some tea. Here's six bits. You run down to the corner grocery and get some tea and a little cream. Oh, you better buy three-four cups too. Hustle now, son!"

"Attaboy! Yours to command, ladies and gents, like the fellow says!" Bill boomed delightedly. He winked at Jeff Saxton, airily spun his broken hat on his dirty forefinger and sauntered out.

"Charming fellow. A real original," crooned Mrs. Gilson.

"Did he know your friend Mr. Pinky?" asked Saxton.

Before Milt could answer Claire rose from the bed, inspected the Gilsons and Jeff with cold dislike, and said quietly to Milt: "The poor dear thing—he was dreadfully embarrassed. It's so good of you to be nice to him. I believe in sticking to old friends."

"Oh, so do I!" babbled Mrs. Gilson. "It's just too splendid. And we must do something for him. I'm going to invite Mr. Daggett and Mr.—Mr. McGollups, was it?—to dinner this evening. I do want to hear him tell about your boyhood. It must have been so interesting."

"It was," mused Milt. "It was poor and miserable. We had to work hard—we had to fight for whatever education we got—we had no one to teach us courtesy."

"Oh, now, with your fine old doctor father? Surely he was an inspiration?" Jeff didn't this time trouble to hide the sneer.

"Yes, he was. He gave up the chance to be a rich loafer in order to save farmers' babies for fees that he never got."

"I'm sure he did. I wish I'd known him. We need to know men like that in this pink-frosting playing at living we have in cities," Claire said sweetly—not to Milt but to Jeff.

Mrs. Gilson had ignored them, waiting with the patience of a cat at a mouse hole, and she went on: "But you haven't said you'd come this evening. Do say you will! I don't suppose Mr. McGollups will care to dress for dinner?"

With saccharine devotion Milt yearned back: "No, Mrs. Gilson. No, Mr. McGolwey won't care to dress. He's eccentric."

"But you'll make him come?"

Milt was tactfully beginning to refuse when Gene Gilson at last exploded, turned purple, covered his dripping too-red lips with his handkerchief.

Then abruptly Milt hurled at Mrs. Gilson: "All right, we'll come. Bill'll be awfully funny. He's never been out of a jerkwater burg in his life, hardly. He's an amusing cuss. He thinks I'm smart! He loves me like a dog. Oh, he's rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

Milt might have gone on. If he had Mr. and Mrs. Gilson would have gone away, much displeased. But Bill arrived, with some of the worst tea in the world and four cups tastefully done in cupids' heads and much gilt.

Milt made tea, ignoring them, while Bill entertained the Gilsons and Saxton with Rabelaisian stories of threshing time when shirts prickly with chaff and gritty with dust stuck to sweat-dripping backs; of the funny thing of Milt and Bill being hired to move a garbage pile and swiping their employer's mushmelons; of knotting shirts at the swimming hole so that the bawling youngsters had to chaw beef; of drinking beer at the livery stable; of dropping the water pitcher from a St. Klopstock hotel window upon the head of the constabule and escaping from him across the lean-to roof.

Mrs. Gilson encouraged him; Bill sat with almost closed eyes, glorying in the saga of small-town life; Saxton and Gilson did not conceal their contemptuous grins.

But Claire—after nervously rubbing the tips of her thumbs with flickering, agitated fingers she had paid no attention to Bill and the revelation of Milt's rustic life—had quietly gone to Milt to help him prepare the scanty tea.

She whispered: "Never mind, dear. I don't care. It was all twice as much fun as being wheeled in lacy prams by cranky nurses, as Jeff and I were. But I know how you feel. Are you ashamed?"

"No, I'm not! We were wild kids—we raised a lot of Cain—but I'm glad we did."

"So am I. I couldn't stand it if you were ashamed. Listen to me, and remember little Claire's words of wisdom: These fools are trying—oh, they're so obvious!—they're trying to make me feel that the prim Miss Boltwood, of Brooklyn Heights, is a stranger to you. Well, they're succeeding in making me a stranger—to them!"

"Claire, dear! You don't mind Bill?"

"Yes, I do. And so do you. You've grown away from him."

"I don't know, but—to-day has been quite a test."

"Yes, it has. Because if I can stand your friend, Mr. McGolwey ——"

"Then you do care!"

(Continued on Page 110)

When You Eat

If, when tomorrow morning rolls around, you wouldn't need to go near the kitchen stove to cook breakfast—

If you could sit down at the table and not have to get up once during the meal—

If, while you're eating your grapefruit, the bacon and eggs would be sizzling and sputtering, the toast turning to a golden brown and the coffee bubbling in the percolator—all right at the table—making you hungrier and hungrier every minute—

If you could serve it all when everything was done just right and nothing had a chance to get cold—

Wouldn't it be just the kind of a breakfast to start the day right?

That's the kind of breakfast you can have with Westinghouse Electric Ware.

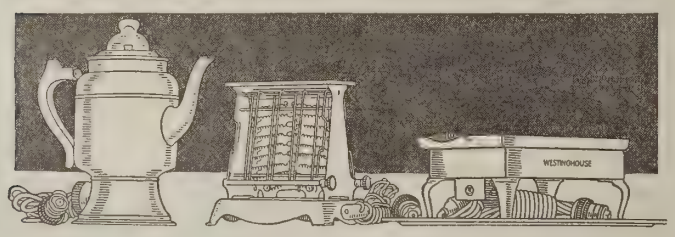
When you're provided with a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove, Turnover Toaster and Percolator, moreover, the help problem is less of a worry.

You eat whenever *you* are ready—you don't need to wait to be served—you're more independent of the kitchen and the failings of incompetent servants.

The Toaster-Stove fries bacon and eggs, broils steaks and chops, bakes griddle cakes and cooks various other dishes. Price $10.00.

The Turnover Toaster toasts two pieces of bread at a time, and you can turn the toast without touching it. Price $7.00.

The Percolator, by applying the heat *within* and preventing the boiling of water and coffee together, makes superior coffee and makes it more quickly. Prices, $13.00 to $20.00.



When You Iron

No stove — no flame — no heat — no changing of irons—no steps;

Freedom to iron anywhere there's a lamp socket or base plug;

Ability to iron standing or sitting, as you prefer;

Quick, steady heat right where you need it—

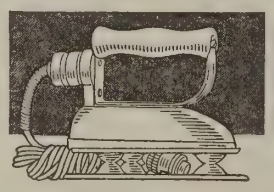
These are some of the advantages that come with a Westinghouse Electric Iron.

No wonder the electric iron has swept the sad-iron-and-stove method into the discard wherever electricity is available.

Whether it's a shirtwaist to be pressed or a day's washing to be ironed, a Westinghouse Electric Iron eliminates three-fourths of the work and shortens the time surprisingly.

And in these days especially, time has a value that makes wasting it inexcusable.

Look for the name "Westinghouse" on the iron. Prices, $6.00 to $8.50.



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Look for the Westinghouse name or trade-mark in the dealer's window and on the appliances you buy. It's your guarantee.

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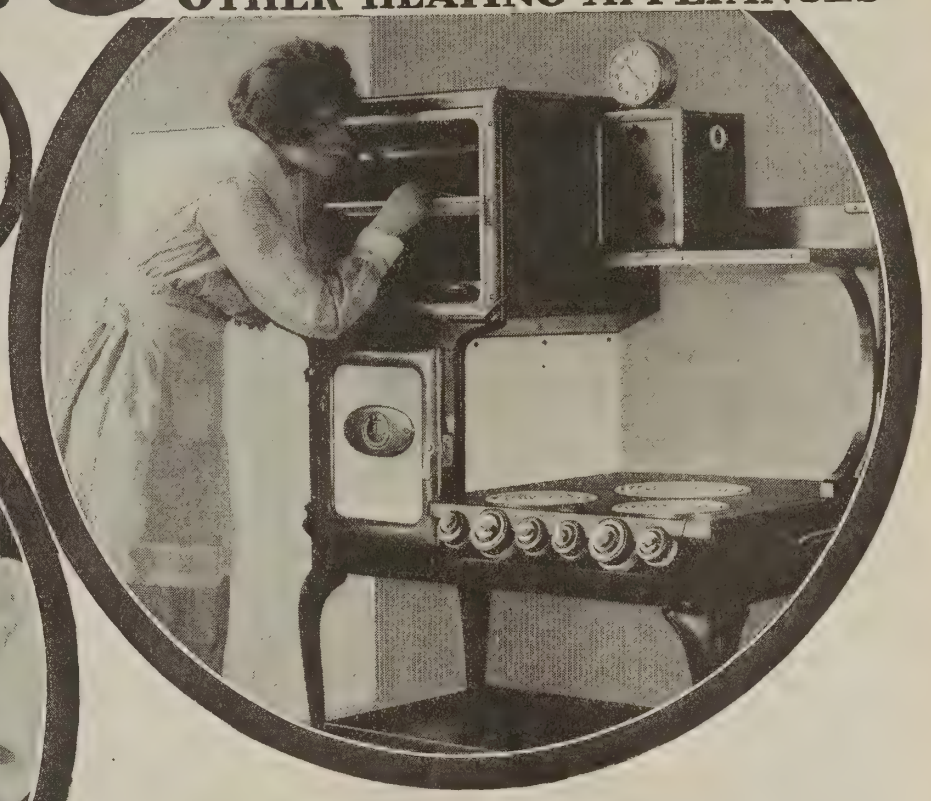


When You Sew

Party dress—house-dress—clothes for the children—hemming—tucking—mending—they're no problem at all with a Westinghouse Electric Sew-Motor on your sewing machine.

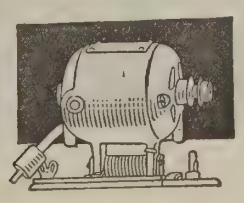
The Sew-Motor relieves you of the hardest part of the sewing job—that constant push-push of the treadle.

It is easily attached to your machine, and when it's on the job you can give all your attention to the stitches.

A touch of your foot on the treadle gives you any speed you want up to 1,000 stitches a minute. Thus the Sew-Motor not only lightens the task but also greatly shortens it.

This little Westinghouse Electric Motor is built with just the same attention to every feature of design and construction as the bigger motors that have helped make Westinghouse Electric famous.

Be sure that the name "Westinghouse" is on the motor you buy. Price $15.00.



When You Cook

Six o'clock—dinner all ready to serve—and not a soul in the house since noon.

You don't need to stay at home to cook with a Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, nor hurry home when you're out for the afternoon.

Set the range-clock, pull up the oven-switch knob, and you can forget dinner's to be cooked.

For example, set the clock control for 4 o'clock and on the stroke of four the electricity is turned on automatically. As soon as the proper heat is reached, the current is cut off and cooking continues by stored heat.

The food can't burn because the temperature is not allowed to rise above that at which you've set the indicator. It doesn't dry out, whether it's in the oven two hours or six.

The steady, even heat of a Westinghouse Automatic Range means more juicy and tender meats, better-baked bread, vegetables, cereals and desserts cooked as you've never cooked them before.

Moreover, it means economical cooking because it requires comparatively little current, saves time, decreases food shrinkage. Tests show the loss of food weight is from 20 to 50 per cent less than with a gas or coal range.

The Westinghouse Automatic is the only electric range that turns the current on and off automatically. Prices, $73.75 to $352.50. Ask your electric power company for full information.

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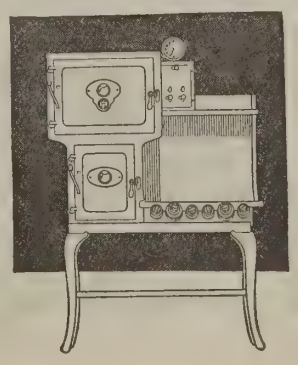

(Continued from Page 107)

"Perhaps. And if I think that he's, oh, not much good, and if I remember that for a long time you had nobody but him to play with, then I'm all the more anxious to make it up to you."

"Don't be sorry for me! I can't stand that! After all, it was a good town, and good folks and Bill was the kind that stuck by you, and ——"

"No, no! I'm not sorry for you! I just mean, you couldn't have had so terribly much fun after you were eighteen or so. Schoenstrom must have been a little dull, after very many years there. This stuff about the charm of backwoods villages—most of the people that write it probably take jolly good care to stay in Long Island suburbs!"

"Claire!" He was whispering desperately. "The tea's most done. Oh, my dear, I'm crazy with this puttering round, trying to woo you and having to woo the entire Gilson tribe. Let's run away!"

"No; first I'm going to convince them that you are—what I know you are."

"But you can't."

"Huh! You wait! I've thought of the most beautiful, beastly cruel plan for the reduction of social obesity."

Then she was jauntily announcing: "Tea, my dears. Jeff, you get the tooth mug. Isn't this jolly!"

"Yes. Oh, yes, very jolly!" Jeff was thoroughly patronizing, but she didn't look offended. She made them drink the acid tea, and taste the chalklike bread-and-butter sandwiches. She coaxed Bill to go on with his stories, and when the persistent Mrs. Gilson again asked the pariahs to come to dinner Claire astonished Milt and still more astonished Mrs. Gilson by begging:

"Oh, yes, please do come, Milt!"

He consented savagely.

"But first," Claire added to Mrs. Gilson, "I want us to take the boys to—oh, I have the bulliest idea! Come, everybody! We're going riding."

"Uh, where?" hinted Mr. Gilson.

"That's my secret. Come!"

Claire pranced to the door, herded all of them down to the limousine, whispered an address to the chauffeur.

Milt didn't care much for that ride. Bill was somewhat too evidently not accustomed to limousines. He wiped his shoes, caked with red mud, upon the seat cushions, and apologized perspiringly. He said: "Gee whillikens, that's a dandy idea—telephone to bawl the shuffer out with," and "Are them flowers real, the bokay in the vase?"

But the Gilsons and Jeff Saxton were happy about it all—till the car turned from a main thoroughfare upon a muddy street of shacks that clung like goats to the sides of a high cut, a street unchanged from the pioneer days of Seattle.

"Good heavens, Claire, you aren't taking us to see Aunt Hatty, are you?" wailed Mrs. Gilson.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I knew the boys would like to meet her."

"No, really, I don't think ——"

"Eva, my soul, Jeff and you planned our tea-party to-day, and assured me I'd be so interested in Milt's bachelor apartment. By the way, I'd been up there already, so it wasn't entirely a surprise. It's my turn to lead." She confided to Milt: "Dear old Aunt Hatty is related to all of us. She's Gene's aunt, and my fourth cousin, and I think she's distantly related to Jeff. She came West early and had a hard time, but she's real Brooklyn Heights—and she belongs to Gramercy Park and North Washington Square and Rittenhouse Square and Back Bay, too, though she has got out of touch a little. So I wanted you to meet her."

Milt wondered what unperceived bag of cement had hardened the faces of Saxton and the Gilsons.

XVI

SILENT save for polite observations of Claire upon tight skirts and lumbering, the merry company reached the foot of a lurching flight of steps that scrambled up a clay bank to a cottage like a hen that has set too long. Milt noticed that Mrs. Gilson made efforts to remain in the limousine when it stopped, and he caught Gilson's mutter to his wife: "No, it's Claire's turn. Be a sport, Eva."

Claire led them up the badly listed steps to an unpainted porch on which sat a little old lady, very neat, very respectable, very interested, and reflectively holding a dainty handkerchief and a black clay pipe.

"Hello, Claire, my dear. You've broken the relatives' record—you've called twice in less than a year," said the little old lady.

"How do you do, Aunt Harriet," remarked Mrs. Gilson, with great lack of warmth.

"Hello, Eva. Sit down on the edge of the porch. Those chickens have made it awful dirty, though, haven't they? Bring out some chairs. There's two chairs that don't go down under you—often." Aunt Harriet was very cheerful.

The group lugubriously settled in a circle upon an assemblage of wind-broken red-velvet chairs and wooden stools. They resembled the crowd at a farm auction held outdoors. Claire was the auctioneer, Mrs. Gilson the grief-stricken widow. Claire waved at Milt and conversed with Aunt Hatty in a high, brisk voice.

"This is the nice boy I met on the road that I think I told you about, Cousin Hatty."

The little old lady screwed up the delicate skin about her eyes, examined Milt and cackled: "Boy, there's something wrong here. Why, you don't belong with my family. Why, you look like an American. You haven't got an imitation monocle, and I bet you can't talk with a New York-London accent. Why, Claire, I'm ashamed of you for bringing a human being into the Boltwood-Gilson-Saxton tomb and expecting ——"

Then was the smile of Mrs. Gilson lost forever. It was simultaneously torpedoed, mined, scuttled and bombed. It went to the bottom without a ripple, while Mrs. Gilson snapped: "Aunt Hatty, please don't be vulgar."

"Me?" croaked the little old lady. She puffed at her pipe and dropped her elbows on her knees. "My, ain't it hard to please some folks!"

"Cousin Hatty, I want Milt to know about our families. I love the dear old stories," Claire begged prettily.

Mrs. Gilson snarled. "Claire, really——"

"Oh, do shut up, Eva, and don't be so bossy!" yelped the dear little old lady in sudden and dismaying rage. "I'll talk if I want to. Have they been bullying you, Claire? Or your boy? I tell you, boy, these families are fierce. I was brought up in Brooklyn—went through all the schools—used to be able to misplay the piano and mispronounce French with the best of 'em. Then Gene's pa and I came West together. And we went broke. I took in washing. I learned a lot. I learned a Gilson was just the same common stuff as a red-shirt miner, when he was up against it. But Gene's pa succeeded—there was something about practically stealing a fur schooner—but I never was one to tattle on my kin. An way, by the time Gene come along his was rich, and that means aristocratic.

"I'm kept pensioned up here out of t way, but I read the social notes in the p pers and I chuckle. When there's a l reception and I read about Mrs. Vogelan pearls and her beautiful daughter-in-law remember how she used to run a boardi house for miners.

"Well, a good share of the aristocracy just as shoddy in the East, if you go f enough back. Claire, you're a nice, co forting body, and I hate to say it, but t truth is your great-grandfather was hostler, and made his first money betti on horses. Now, my, I oughtn't to tell th Do you mind, deary?"

"Not a bit. Isn't it delightful that t is such a democratic country, with castes?" said Claire.

At this, the first break in the little o lady's undammable flood, Mrs. Gils sprang up, yammering: "The rest of y may stay as long as you like, but if I'm be home in time to dress for dinner ——

"Yes, and I must be going," babbl Saxton. Milt noted that his lower showed white tooth marks.

It must be admitted that all of the rudely ignored the little old lady for a m ment. Milt was apologetically hintin "I don't really think Bill and I'd bett come to dinner this evening, Mrs. Gilso Thanks a lot but—it's kind of sudden."

Claire again took charge. "Not at a Milt. Of course you're coming. It w Eva herself who invited you. I'm su she'll be delighted."

"Charmed," said Mrs. Gilson, with t expression of one who has swallowed quinine pill and doubts the unity of t universe.

There was a lack of ease about the far wells to Aunt Harriet. As they all turn away she beckoned Milt and murmure "Did I raise the dickens? I tried to. It the only solace besides smoking that a mor old lady can allow herself after she gets be eighty-two. Come and see me, bo Now get out; and, boy, beat up Gene G son. Don't be scared of his wife's hoit toity ways. Just sail in."

"I will," said Milt. He had one mo surprise.

Bill McGolwey, who had sat listening everything and scratching his cheek in

(Concluded on Page 112)

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARGENS, JR.

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(Concluded from Page 110)

puzzled way, seized Milt's sleeve and rumbled: "Good-by, old hoss. I'm not going to butt in on your game and get you in Dutch. Gosh, I never supposed you had enough class to mingle with elittys like this gang, but I know when I'm in wrong. You were too darn decent to kick me out. Do it myself.

"You're best friend I ever had and—good luck, old man! God bless you!"

Bill was gone, running, stumbling, fleeing past Aunt Harriet's cottage off into a sandy hilltop vacancy. The last Milt saw of him was when, on the sky line, Bill stopped for a glance back, and seemed to be digging his knuckles into his eyes.

Then Milt turned resolutely, marched down the stairs, said to his hosts with a curious quietness: "Thank you for asking me to dinner, but I'm afraid I can't come. Claire, will you walk a few blocks with me?"

During the half minute it had taken to descend the steps Milt had reflected, with an intensity which forgot Bill, that he had been selfish; that he had thought only of the opinion of these nice people, of himself, instead of understanding that it was his duty to save Claire from their enervating niceness. Not that he phrased it quite in that way.

What he had been muttering was: "Rotten shame—me so scared of folks' clothes that I don't stand up to 'em and keep 'em from smothering Claire. Lord, it would be awful if she settled down to being a Mrs. Jeff Saxton. Got to save her—not for myself—for her."

It may have been Aunt Harriet, it may have been Milt's resolution, but Mrs. Gilson answered almost meekly: "Well, if you think —— Would you like to walk, Claire?"

As he tramped off with Claire Milt demanded: "Glad to escape?"

"Yes, and I'm glad you refused dinner. It really has been wearing, this trial by food."

"This is the last time I'll dare to meet the Gilsons."

"And I'll have to be going back East. I hope the Gilsons will forgive me, some day."

"I'm afraid you didn't win them over by Aunt Hatty!"

"No. They're probably off me for life. Oh, these horrible social complications—worse than any real danger—fire or earthquake ——"

"Oh, these complications—they don't exist! We just make 'em, like we make rules for a card game. What the deuce do we care about the opinions of people we don't like? And who appointed these people to a fixed social position? Did the president make Saxton High Cockalorum of Dress Suits or something? Why, these are just folks, the same as kings and coal heavers. There's no army we've got to fight. There's just you and me—you and I—and if we stick together, then we have all society, we are all society!"

"Ye-es; but, Milt dear, I don't want to be an outcast."

"You won't be. In the long run, if you don't take these aristocrats seriously, they'll be all the more impressed by you."

"No. That sounds cheering, in stories and these optimistic poems in the magazines, but it isn't true. And you don't know how pleasant it is to be in. I've always been more or less on the inside, and thought outsiders dreadful. But—oh, I don't care! I don't care! With you—I'm happy. That's all I know and all I want to know. I've just grown up. I've just learned the greatest wisdom—to know when I'm happy. But, Milt dear, you —— I say this because I love you. Yes, I do love you. No, don't kiss me. Yes, it is too—it's far too public. And I want to talk seriously. You can't have any idea how strong social distinctions are. Don't despise them just because you don't know them."

"No, I won't. I'll learn. Probably America will get into the war. I'll be an engineering officer. I'll learn this social dope from the college-boy officers. And I'll come to Brooklyn with shoulder straps and bells on and—will you be waiting?"

"Oh—yes! But, Milt! If the war comes you must be very careful not to get shot!"

"All right, if you insist. Good Lord, Claire, I don't know what put it into my head but—do you realize that a miracle has happened? We're no longer Miss Boltwood and a fellow named Daggett. We have been, even when we've liked each other, up to to-day. Always there's been a kind of fence between us. We had to explain and defend ourselves and scrap. But now—we're us, and the rest of the world has disappeared, and ——"

"And nothing else matters," said Claire.

XVII

IT WAS the farewell to Claire and Jeff Saxton, a picnic in the Cascades, near Snoqualmie Falls—a decent and decidedly Miltless fiesta. Mrs. Gilson was going to show Claire that they were just as hardy adventurers as that horrid Daggett person. So she didn't take the limousine, but merely the seven-passenger touring car with the special body.

They were ever so rough and wild. They had no maid. The chauffeur was absolutely the only help to the Gilsons, Claire, Jeff, and the temporarily and ejaculatorily nature-loving Mrs. Betz in the daring task of setting out two folding camp tables, covering them with a linen cloth and opening the picnic basket. Claire had to admit that she would have liked to steal the picnic basket for Milt. There were vacuum bottles of hot coffee. There were sandwiches of anchovy and *pâté de foie gras*. There were cream cakes with almonds hidden in the suave cream, and there was a chicken salad with huge chunks of pure white meat wallowing in a sea of mayonnaise.

When the gorging was done and the cigarettes brought out—the chauffeur passed a spirit lamp—they stretched on rubber blankets and groaned a little and spoke well of Nature and the delights of roughing it.

"What is it? What's wrong? They're so—oh, so polite. They don't mean what they say and they don't dare to say what they mean. Is that it?" worried Claire.

She started. She discovered that she was looking at a bristle of rope-colored hair and a grin projected from the shelter of a manzanita bush.

"For the ——" she gasped. She was too startled to be able to decide what was for the —— She spoke judiciously to Jeff Saxton about Upper Montclair, the Subway and tennis.

She rose to examine the mountains, strolled away, darted down a gully, and pounced on Milt Daggett with: "How in heaven's name ——"

"Found out where you-all were going. Look! Got a bug! Rented it. Come on! Let's duck! Drive back with me!" At the end of the gully was a new Teal bug, shinier than the ancient lost chariot, but equally gay and uncomfortable.

"Can't. Like to, but—be awfully rude to them. Won't do that—not more than is good for their souls—even for you. Now don't be sulky."

"I won't. Nev' be sulky again, because you're crazy about me, and I don't have to be sulky."

"Oh, I am, am I! Good heavens, the inconceivable conceit of the child!"

She turned her back. He darted to her, caught her hands behind her, kissed her hair, and whispered: "You are!"

"I am not!"

"Well, then, you're not. Lord, you're sweet! Your hair smells like cinnamon and clean kittens. You'd rather go bumping off in my flivver than sailing in that big car they've got there."

"Yes"—defiantly—"I would, and I'm ashamed of myself. I'm a throw-back to my horrid ancestor, the betting hostler."

"Probably. I'm a throw-back to my ancestor, the judge. I'll train you to meet my fine friends."

"Well—upon—my—word—I —— Oh, do stop being idiotic. We talk like children. You reduce me to the rank of a gibbering schoolgirl. And I like it! It's so—oh, I—don't know—so darn human, I suppose. Now hurry—kiss me, and get out, before they suspect."

"Listen."

"Yes?"

"I'll accidentally meet your car along the road. Invite you to ride. All right?"

"Yes. Do. Oh, we are two forlorn babes in the woods! G'-by."

She sauntered back to the picnic and observed: "What is that purple flower up on the mountain side?"

The big car was sedately purring back when it was insulted by an intermediate host of a machine that came jumping out of a side road. The vulgar driver hailed them with uncouth howling. The Gilsons' chauffeur stopped, annoyed.

"Why, hello, folks!" bawled the social bandit.

"Oh. How do you do," refuted Mrs. Gilson.

Jeff Saxton turned a ripe purple.

"How do you like my new bug, Claire? Awful little object. But I can make fifty an hour. Come and try it, Claire, can't you?"

"Why ——" Claire was obviously shocked by the impropriety of the suggestion. She looked at Mrs. Gilson, who was breathing as though she were just going under the ether. Claire said doubtfully: "Well—if you can get me right back to the house ——"

"Sure!" agreed Milt.

XVIII

WHEN the Gilsons were gone Milt drove the bug to the side of the road, yanked up the emergency brake, and carefully kissed the girl, who was snuggled down into the absurd low tin-sided seat.

"Do we have to get back soon?" he begged.

"Oh, I don't care if we never get back. Let's shoot up into the mountains. Side road. Let's pretend we're driving across the continent again."

Firs dashing by, rocks in the sunshine, clouds jaunty beyond the inviting mouth of a mountain pass, even the ruts and bumps and culverts—she seemed a part of them all. In the Gilsons' huge cars she had been shut off from the road, but in this tiny bug, so close to earth, she recovered the feeling of struggle, of triumph over difficulties, of freedom unbounded. And she could be herself, good or bad, ignorant or wise, with this boy beside her. All of which she expressed in the most eloquent speech she had ever uttered, namely:

"Oh, Milt!"

And, to herself: "Golly, it's such a relief not to have to try to be gracious and aphoristic and repartistic and everything with Jeff."

And: "But I wonder if I am aphoristic and subtle. I wonder if when she gets the rice powder off Claire isn't a lot more like Milt than she thought?"

And, aloud again: "Oh, this is ——"

"Yump. It sure is," Milt agreed.

They had turned from a side road into a side road. They crossed an upland valley.

The fall rains had flooded a creek till it had cut across the road, washed through the thin gravel, left across the road a shallow violent stream. Milt stopped abruptly at its margin.

"Here's where we turn back, I guess," he sighed.

"Oh, no! Can't we get across? It's only a couple of feet deep, and gravel bottom," insisted the restored adventurer.

"Yes, but look at the steep bank. Never get up it."

"I don't care, Let's try it. We can woggle round and dig it out somehow. I bet you two bits we can," said the delicate young woman whom Mrs. Gilson was protecting.

"All right. In she goes!"

The bug went in—shot over the bank, dipped down till the little hood sloped below them as though they were looping the loop, struck the rushing water with a splash which hurled yellow drops over Claire's rose jersey suit, lumbered ahead, struck the farther bank, pawed at it feebly, rose two inches, slipped back, and sat there with the gurgling water all round it, turned into a motor boat.

"No can do," grunted Milt. "Scared?"

"Nope. Love it! This is a real camp—the brush on the bank, and the stream—listen to it chuckle under the running board."

"Do you like to camp with me?"

"Love it!"

"Say! Gee! Never thought —— Claire! Got your transportation back East?"

"My ticket? Yes. Why?"

"Well, I'm sure you can turn it in and get a refund. So that's all right."

"Are you going to let me in on the secret?"

"Oh, yes; might's well. I was just wondering —— I don't think much of wasting all our youth waiting. Two-three years in engineering school, and maybe going to war, and starting in on an engineering job, and me lonely as a turkey in a chicken yard, and you doing the faithful young lady in Brooklyn —— I think perhaps we might get married to-morrow and ——"

"Good heavens! What do you ——"

"Do you want to go back to Brooklyn Gilsons?"

"No, but ——"

"Dear, can't we be crazy once, while we're youngsters?"

"Don't bombard me so! Let me thi One must be practical, even in crazines

"I am. I have over a thousand doll from the garage and I can work evening as dear Jeff suggested! We'd have a tw by-four flat, Claire ——"

"Oh, let me think. I suppose I could to the university, too, and learn a lit about food and babies and building hou and government. I need to go to schoo lot more than you do. Besides auction a the piano—which I play very badly—a clothes and how to get hold of tickets successful plays, I don't know one sin thing."

"Will you marry me, to-morrow?"

"Well, uh ——"

"Think of Mrs. Gilson's face when s learns it! And Saxton, and that M Betz!"

It was to no spoken sentence but to kiss that she added: "Providing we out of this river, that is!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, and all the mantic ways I was going to propose! had the best line about roses and stars a angels and everything."

"They always use those, but nobo ever proposed to me in a bug in a flood fore! Oh, Milt! Life is fun! I never kn it till you kidnaped me. If you kiss again like that we'll both topple overboa By the way, can we get the car out?"

"I think so if we put on the chains. W have to take off our shoes and stocking

They swung out on the running boa now awash. With slight squeals th dropped into the cold stream. Drippi laughing, his clothes clinging to him, ducked down behind the car to get the ja under the back axle, and with the wa gurgling about her and splashing its hilarating coldness into her face she stoop beside him to yank the stiff new chains o the rear wheels.

They climbed back into the car, joyous raffish as a pair of gipsies. She wiped a d of mud from her cheek, and remarked wi an earnestness and a naturalness whi Jeff Saxton who knew her so well wou never have recognized as hers: "Gee, hope the old bird crawls out now!"

Milt let in the reverse, raced the engi started backward with a burst of mud water churned up by the whirling whee They struck the bank, sickeningly hu there for two seconds, began to crawl up, with a feeling that at any second th would drop back again.

Then, instantly, they were up on t shore, and it was absurd to think that th had ever been boating down there in t stream. They washed each other's mud faces, and laughed a great deal, and resum something of a dull and civilized aspe and singing sentimental ballads turn back, found another road and started ward a peak.

"I wonder what lies beyond the top this climb?" said Claire.

"More mountains, and more, and mo and we're going to keep on climbing the forever. At dawn, we'll still be going And that's our life."

"Ye-es, providing we can still buy ga

"Lord, that's so."

"Speaking of which, do you know th I have about five thousand dollars of m own?"

"But—that makes it impossible. You tramp marrying lady of huge wealth."

"No, you don't! I've accepted you. you think I'm going to lose the one r playmate I've ever had? It was so lon on the Boltwoods' brown stoop till M came along and whistled impertinently a made the solemn little girl in frills pl marbles and —— Watch out for that tur Heavens, how I have to look after you! there a class in cooking at your universit No—do—not—kiss—me—on—a—turn!

This is the real beginning of the story Milt and Claire Daggett.

The prelude over and the curtain ris on the actual play, they face the anxiet and glories of a changing world. Not wit out quarrels and barren hours, not fr from ignorance and the discomfort of fin ing that between the mountain peaks th must for long gray periods dwell in t dusty valleys, they yet start their dra with the distinction of being able to lau together, with the advantage of havi discovered that neither Schoenstrom n Brooklyn Heights is quite all of life, w the cosmic importance to the tedious wo of believing in the romance that mak youth unquenchable.

(THE END)

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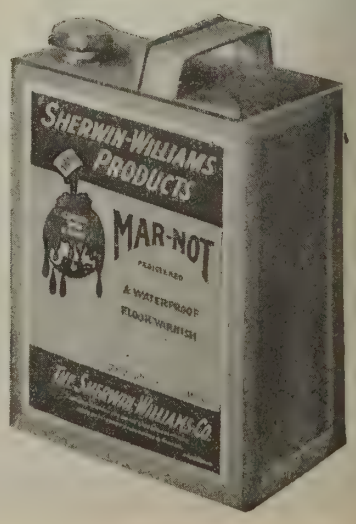

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IN THE BIG TIMBER

(Continued from Page 21)

long cables and powerful donkey engines snaked down the skidway to the flume.

Water from a mountain stream had been diverted into the flume and on this current the logs were carried swiftly to the lake, where a sturdy little steamboat rafted them down to the mill. Here men poled them into the maw of an incline where the teeth of the endless log slip carried them up to the hungry saws.

At the top of the incline a boy stood with scaling rule and tally pad. As a log passed it was scaled and the dimensions recorded. Then the pressure of the boy's heel upon a lever released two steel arms that lifted the log as if it were a pencil and rolled it toward one of the log carriages. The next log was scaled and recorded. Another lever released another pair of arms that lifted and rolled it toward another carriage. Operators changed at regular eight-hour intervals, but the procession of logs was endless and unceasing.

Powerful automatic jacks lifted the logs to the carriages, where by the movement of levers they were locked in place. Forward and back like the swift movement of shuttles the logs were carried past the band saws. At the first cut bark-covered slabs of wood fell from the saws; were carried forward on power-driven rollers; were dropped to parallel chains moving at right angles to the band saws and carried through a battery of circular saws spaced four feet apart. The four-foot lengths of slab wood dropped to another endless carrier. Here they were sorted. Some pieces were transferred to another moving table and carried to the lath saws; other pieces were dropped into a chute from which they were loaded on flat cars and hauled away to be sold for fuel; and the odds and ends, the short and broken pieces, were allowed to drop to another endless carrier that led out from the mill and up into an enormous flue where the waste from the mill was dried and burned and its value returned to the power plant in the form of steam. The sawdust, chips of wood and small pieces of bark were carried direct from the saws and planers through suction pipes to the power plant. The material gathered by the suction pipes was usually sufficient to maintain the twelve fires—the four batteries of furnaces that furnished steam for the great engine-driven dynamos.

Following the first slabs that came from the sides of the logs came one-inch bark-edged boards that fell from the band saws and were carried on the power-driven rollers forward through the edging saws. Beyond the edging saws stood a young husky, who seized the bark-covered edgings and tossed them to the parallel chains that led to the cut-off saws. The boards, now with squared edges and of standard widths, went forward to another table where they were carried at a right angle through the trimming saw. Now cut to standard lengths, they were carried on endless parallel chains out of the mill and down to a long platform where they were sorted and loaded, and thence into the yard where they were piled for seasoning. Certain grades were taken direct to the great drying kilns, there to be seasoned in from five to nine days. The process of air seasoning took from thirty to ninety or more days, according to weather conditions.

After the lumber was suitably seasoned it was hauled to the open planing shed and thence from the battery of planers into spacious sheds for storage or else loaded for immediate shipment.

Ten thousand board feet each hour was the mill's capacity; one hundred and fifty thousand board feet the usual average for two eight-hour shifts. A daily production of almost a quarter of a million board feet of lumber was possible by working three eight-hour shifts.

Ben was willing to argue that this was more than Paul Bunyon had ever dreamed could be cut by one mill in the course of one day. And he had been told of a mill in Louisiana with even a greater capacity. He had decided—not definitely but as a matter to be considered, depending, of course, upon what Molly might say—to drift down to that mill when winter came.

But that was a winter proposition. It was summer now. Ben was working as a fire guard in the forest service. This was his idea of a real vacation. He had a cabin to live in; a fenced meadow where there was an abundance of grass for his saddle and pack horses; and a ranger as boss who didn't have to dog a man's heels all day to know whether or not he was on the job.

Each morning he came to the edge of that sheer cliff and watched as the rising sun rolled back the coverlet of morning mist that veiled the other far divide. When the timber slopes lay stark and boldly revealed he commenced his search for the slow-rising eddying haze that warns of a kindling forest blaze.

Ben had dealt with forest fires all his life. He had learned from the forest-service bulletins that there is an average of twenty-eight thousand forest fires in the United States annually with an attendant loss of more than ten million dollars' worth of timber. Ten million dollars seemed like a powerful lot of wealth to Ben. And twenty-eight thousand seemed like an awful lot of fires. Ben could not quite comprehend such a figure. But he felt he had been rather lucky. He had not yet had a blaze within the limits of his patrol and he knew that usually a man had to contend with seven or eight and sometimes as many as a dozen. And yet he had increased his vigilance. For several weeks there had been no rain and the grass and brush were parched and dry—timber through which fire might race without check or hindrance.

For a few moments Ben gazed at random over the slopes of the distant divide. Then he swept the scene in long parallels with his field glasses and cross-sectioned the parallels vertically until he was satisfied no danger lurked there. The ridges and cañons nearer he searched without the aid of the glasses. When he was certain all was well he crept back from the edge of the cliff. At a telephone sheltered between two close-growing trees he reported to the ranger in charge of his district. Then he caught the mare and started back to his camp. He had begun to feel hungry, and urged the mare.

He entered one of the innumerable little glades along the trail. There was a fluttering in the tall dry grass and he pulled the mare to an abrupt stop. A covey of grouse had been disturbed at their breakfast and stood peering with bright uncomprehending eyes at the cause of the disturbance. Ben slipped out of the saddle and took a small-caliber rifle from its boot under the stirrup fender. He did not hunt for sport. He selected a fat complacent cock and fired once. He retrieved the bird and dropped it into a sack tied behind the saddle.

"A hiyu lickum dinner," he commented as he remounted.

The distance was seven miles from the lookout point to his camp. This fourteen-mile round trip was his regular before-breakfast exercise. At half past seven that morning the gray mare was grazing in the meadow again and Ben's breakfast was ready. He ate as was befitting a hungry man—a bowl of rich ripe blackberries gathered in a near-by thicket the night before, a bowl of oatmeal porridge with a liberal helping of condensed milk from an open can on the table, several cups of steaming aromatic coffee and a sufficiency of griddle cakes.

When the meal was finished and the dishes washed and put away he leisurely saddled another horse and started toward his next lookout station. From this second point, a cliff commanding a stretch of timber hidden from the first lookout station by a ridge leading down from the divide, could be seen a system of ridges and draws that dropped away toward a narrow valley that opened miles beyond into the larger valley.

Ben tarried here just long enough to make sure that all was well. Then he started across the divide to his third lookout point. The trail led through the thick timber. Here and extending down into a third valley, where only an occasional settler lived, was the finest body of timber in that reserve. In this timber and in the trails that had been cut through it Ben took an almost personal pride. He had cleared one of the trails during a preceding summer. Now he was spending his spare time in opening another one.

His lookout stations were the three points of a triangle. The distance between the first two points through the meadow where he was camped was approximately ten miles. From the second to the third station across the divide was about six miles. From the third it was necessary to return to the meadow in order to travel back to the first. The ranger of the district had helped him survey and blaze a direct trail between these two points. They planned—when the work of opening the new trail was completed—to run a short trail from it to a fourth lookout point, thereby increasing the efficiency of the guard's work.

When Ben reached his third observati station that morning he lingered longer th was his custom. The view was much t same as the view from his first lookout the other side of the divide, timbered ridg and cañons leading down into a distant f tile valley, a magnificent sweep of timber hills rising height upon height beyond.

As he contemplated the scene he recall prophecies he had heard when a boy. Th the wise ones, the men who can prove much with figures, were predicting th within a generation at the rate the timb was being cut the hills would be denud of their trees. They had spoken in wise a vaguely worried tones of water famines d to streams'—deprived of timber wate sheds—drying at their sources.

But shucks! It hadn't happened a cording to predictions. Now other m were prophesying the same things. B shucks again! Ben knew that according the most authentic estimates there w 2,800,000,000,000 board feet of standi timber in the United States. What if t mills were sawing more than thirty-five b lion board feet annually? He had figured for himself that at that rate the standi timber would last for nearly eighty yea Another growth would be ready for cutti then. And if a man could believe what t timber owners said they would still ha the lumber they are sawing now piled in t yards seventy years hence—what with t rotten market, besides sawing at a loss a all that sort of thing.

But big figures did not appeal to Be To see 2,800,000,000,000 in print did n mean much of anything. He had often se logs aggregating more than one milli board feet in the water at that Idaho mi But he had comprehended them simply a right sizable mess of logs. His figuri was more of a five-on-this-hand and fiv on-that-hand proposition. For instanc there was a certain grove of hemlocks a firs on the divide not far from his camp.

Ben had his eye on a little shoe-stri ranch in this valley below him. He h saved enough to make the first payment the purchase price. There was a ranch farther down the valley who had a migh neat looking girl. She had lived all her li in the timber and wasn't flighty like t girls a fellow met in the towns. He h been setting out with her lately. Wh they married he was going to build a ne house on the ranch. Molly had helped hi plan it. There was to be one room as lo as the house was wide with a fireplace one end of it. There were to be two be rooms with a bath between. Molly h insisted upon this bit of foolishness. A of course there would be a kitchen and di ing room.

In the grove of trees he had in mind w a fir he had marked for their own. Of th one tree they wou build the hou they had planne He had measure the tree and if h estimate was co rect it would sca more than sixtee thousand boar feet—enough fo the little house the wanted. There wa a sawmill down this narrow valley When Molly sa the word he woul buy this tree an cut it. When wi ter came he woul sled it down to th mill and have sawed.

Ben finall turned reluctantl from his musin and rode into th forest along th new trail he wa opening. His ax h carried in a holst tied to his saddl His other tools— six-foot saw and cant hook—were i the trail where h had finished wor the day before

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He Rode Down to a Place Where a Crowd of Hunters Were Camped

(Continued from Page 116)

he ne had been surveyed through thicks ounderbrush, over open grass-covered ad, through groves of centuries-old for- t patriarchs, across old burns where dead eeslay—an intricate barrier of fallen ni and interlocking skeleton limbs. Though the underbrush he cut a path denough for a laden pack horse to pass; er ted little monuments of broken rock gde the way across the open places; ough the timber trees were blazed to r the trail.

It was a few minutes after ten when he menced work. When noon came he d eached the edge of one of the old n Here it would be necessary literally ct his way through the maze of fallen es Usually he started back to his camp n, but he wanted to make some show- re before he left. So he labored on j the blazing sun for a while longer. e the few yards he gained into the burn re satisfaction to him when he decided rn for his dinner.

It was a few minutes past one when he delp to the cabin. A girl standing in a doorway greeted him.

"If you'd been five minutes later I'd have te that grouse myself," she told him.

"You'd have been welcome to it, Molly," answered. "If I had known you were ng I'd have brought a mess of them u to take down to the folks."

He unsaddled and turned his horse loose d hen prepared for dinner. He washed the considerably more care than he had ow earlier in the day. As he brushed his hair before a small metal mirror he obrvd ruefully that his beard was of sevl ays' growth.

"I have shaved, too, if I had known you recoming," he apologized.

Molly laughed in wholesome enjoyment. "arned if I won't get you woman broke t, she said.

They sat down to a dinner of grouse fried itter Molly had brought from the nc with her, hot biscuits such as docs orbid and hungry men delight in, gables from Ben's store of canned oc, coffee, and more berries from the any thicket with thick cream Molly d rought with the butter.

While they ate Ben told of a band of deer ad recently come to the top of the dil

"If you can get up here some morning fo sunrise I'll take you to where you aye able to get a picture of them. If we e cky we'll find them grazing near that stookout. You can hide in the brush d'll try to round them up and drive em past you."

"I can't come to-morrow or the next y she said. "Dad and the men will be acing the grain and I'll have to help in e itchen. But I should be able to come e ay following."

"Is your dad isn't through hauling in e rain how comes it you got away toy" Ben demanded.

"Old stupid! This is Sunday. Dad n a government man. He can rest once wk if he wants to."

"I'll bet he's mighty glad this kind of aer the government men in these hills n feel the need of resting on Sunday." rspoke without jest.

"He is," Molly answered quietly. For fr weeks each year the threat of fire r like an evil shadow over the hills, a rt those who lived within the shadow d ot jest about.

When Molly had washed and put away e lishes Ben caught and saddled her r and one of his and together they rode o the trail that led to his first lookout abn. They spoke again of the deer Ben cieen.

"This is Sunday," Molly said. "If you'll o ise me a picture of them I'll surely be ie cabin by five o'clock Wednesday o ing."

"I'll close herd them for you until then," rtold her.

They rode along leisurely; stopped at a e camp near the trail to chat for a few o ents with the camp tenders who were i there. Farther on they turned out e trail to talk with a herder whose o moving scattered band of sheep added pstoral touch to the tranquil scene. Ifarther on where a trail from one of the ets that had its source near the top of edivide joined the summit trail they o ped to watch the ascent of two riders t their pack horses.

"Hunters," Ben surmised. The deer seaad opened a short time before and the sportsmen from the near-by towns were beginning to work up into the high hills. Along with his other duties Ben was a deputy game warden and he must needs keep a paternal eye on the visitors who made the forest reserves their playground.

The men who rode up the trail were strangers to Ben and Molly. They paused for an exchange of courtesies; asked if Ben had seen any deer lately.

"No," Ben lied gravely. "There is no room for game here any more, what with all the sheep and cattle that are being summered in the reserve this season."

The men accepted his statement seriously; said it was a shame the Government allowed the stockmen to use the reserves; that things were coming to a pretty pass when a man had to go into Northern Canada for a good day's sport—or maybe into Africa.

Ben noticed that one of the men was smoking a cigarette. He wished Congress would pass a law prohibiting the use of them in the timber. The darned things caused more trouble than camp fires by careless travelers.

They Had Built a Flume Into the Timber for a Distance of Nearly Six Miles

He directed the men along the trail that led past his third lookout station; hoped with due politeness they would have luck in getting a buck or two on the next divide.

Then he and Molly rode to the lookout station. Together they crept to the edge of the cliff and found that all was well here. Then Ben telephoned to the ranger's office and gossiped for a moment or two.

He was in no particular hurry. Molly was with him, and they rode leisurely back over the trail and on to the next observation point. There they crossed to the third, where she would leave him and go on down into the narrow valley to her home.

It was nearly six when they reached this point. They dismounted and went out to the edge of the cliff together. Near this cliff the summit trail divided. One branch swung round the cliff to the left and led down to the head of the valley and up the slopes of the divide beyond. The other branch dropped down to the right of the cliff into a cañon that opened into the valley not far above Molly's home.

When they came to the edge of the cliff Molly put her hand on Ben's arm and pointed. Ben nodded.

"Sometimes you can prove it on them when they leave a camp fire," he said stoically. "But those damned cigarettes ——"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. Down the slope below them to the left a faint haze of smoke hovered and eddied in the tree tops above the trail over which the two hunters must have passed not many hours before.

"You trot along home," Ben said. "I can handle this to-night. If I need help I'll telephone to your dad within a few hours."

He took a long-handled shovel he had cached there, called a hasty word of parting to Molly and then rode at a headlong gallop down the steep trail. Some two miles down the slope a blanket of heavy smoke patterned with little leaping spurts of flame barred his way. A gentle breeze was blowing down the slope and as a fire burns but badly downhill the breeze had in a measure held this blaze in check. But the creeping tongues of flame had spread in a wide-fronted arc along the slope. The timber was scattering where the blaze had started, too far apart for the fire to run in the tree tops, but one edge of the widening arc of flame was winning toward a thicket that fringed the great body of trees that lay along these slopes and crowned the plateau above.

Ben knew that if the fire reached this thicket the timber beyond—the finest in the forest—was doomed. He stripped off his chaps and flannel shirt and tied them to his saddle. He took from the saddle his canteen and ax and turned the horse loose to graze.

There was no time to ride for assistance. He commenced work at a point on the slope beyond which he believed the breeze would prevent the fire from spreading. From this point between the advancing flames and the thicket he began scooping a shallow trench. He worked with terrific speed. The long strokes of his shovel stripped the sod to the loose earth beneath; the gray path of his digging lengthened behind him. He followed a tortuous route, avoiding the large trees, swinging wide of the tall brush.

Once during a lull in the breeze on the slope above him the fire swept suddenly across an open grassy place toward the thicket. Ben raced to meet it; forced his shovel like a plow through the sod at the edge of the open space; widened the little furrow; worked with the speed of desperate necessity until he had completed a U-shaped trench in front and flanking this one menace. Then he returned to the other trench and worked until the two segments were linked together. When this was done he moistened his parched lips from his canteen, dropped prone on the ground and lay until his laboring lungs and pounding heart were normal once more. Then he drank again and returned to the unfinished task. He worked at an angle up the slope in front of the ever-advancing flames.

As he worked he suddenly sensed a saving coolness. He realized the sun had disappeared on the other side of the divide. He knew that without the drawing heat of the sun, checked on its dangerous side by the trench he had dug and held in check by the chill night air of that high altitude, the fire would but smolder and threaten until morning. He climbed wearily up the slope to where his horse grazed contentedly. He put on his flannel shirt and chaps, mounted and turned slowly toward the top of the divide. But instead of returning immediately to his camp he crossed the divide and rode down on the other side to a place where a crowd of hunters were camped. He knew these men. They lived in one of the towns in the valley on that side. He told them of the fire; asked them to report at his camp by daybreak the next morning. This was the way the forest service drafted its fire fighters.

From the camp of these hunters Ben rode back to his own cabin and on to the camp of the sheepmen. There were three of these men who could help. Then he rode back to his cabin and telephoned to the ranger.

"We know about that fire," Ben was told. "It was reported by the guard on the other divide."

"Yes," Ben said aggrievedly; "reporting them is all that lad ever does. Now me, when I see one a-getting started I go and scratch a ring round it."

"Have you this one under control?" the ranger asked eagerly.

Ben told briefly of the situation.

"I'll have nine or ten men to help me," he said, concluding his report. "You bring as many more and we'll hold this without much trouble."

Before sunrise the next morning Ben and the men who had volunteered to help him rode down to the scene of the blaze. The hunters doubted the ability of so few men to cope with the situation.

"Sure we can handle it," Ben assured them. "The ranger will be up here soon with another gang. We'll have it under control by noon. Why," he added with a reassuring grin, "the ranger will bawl me out now for asking for help with a bonfire like this."

"What time did you discover it yesterday?" one of the men asked. They were divesting themselves of their heavy garments as they talked.

"Along about six in the evening," Ben said.

"How much help did you have?" another asked, appraising the trench that had been dug.

Ben grinned and winked furtively at one of the sheepmen.

"I had two right good men," he answered. "Old Paul Bunyun and his foreman, the Big Swede, happened along. They both *savvy hiyu* much with a shovel. All I had to do was stick round and show them where to dig."

"Paul Bunyun!" one of the hunters exclaimed curiously. "And his foreman, the Big Swede! I never heard of those two before and I thought I knew everybody in these parts."

But Ben was too anxious to work to continue the jest. He strung the men out far in advance of the wakening flames and showed how to work to the best advantage; how wide and how deep to dig the trench.

Day dawned fiercely hot. A gentle fitful breeze coaxed the flames to intensity. The ranger came with a half dozen volunteers. He appraised Ben's line of defense approvingly; strung his men along the line, extending and strengthening it. Then he took a shovel and with Ben set a killing pace for the men to follow. When the morning was half spent he and Ben stopped their work and looked at each other with questioning eyes. The fitful breeze had increased to a steady wind that blew upward and along the slope.

"Boss," Ben said, "I wasn't betting on such a wind when I started. Our line is too close."

The ranger nodded.

"I'm beginning to believe so," he acknowledged. Already the flames were beginning to find the weak places in the line; were spreading beyond the trench in isolated spots. Time was being wasted combating these individual fires.

The ranger laid out a new line farther back. If they could not hold it here where the trees grew far apart, if once it spread into the timber where it could run from tree top to tree top, then no human agency could stop it. For a crown fire, unchecked by rain, burns as long as there is timber in its path.

The men worked more slowly along this new line and still they worked steadily to the limit of their powers. The fierce pace they had followed earlier in the morning had had its effect. Several of the men were nearing the point of exhaustion. Two had already dropped out and were lying with blistered hands and aching bodies down in a cool draw below the path of the fire.

The ranger called to one of these.

(Concluded on Page 122)

1

There's only one sure-fire preventive against aging on the shelf—that is to store the batteries in true bone-dry condition, which is possible only with the Willard Battery containing Threaded Rubber Insulation.

2

The life of the battery is largely up to the man in the car, but Threaded Rubber Insulation adds greatly to its chance of long service, because it removes one of the commonest causes of battery trouble—breaking down of the insulation.

3

Nearly every battery with *ordinary* insulation has to be re-insulated at least once during its lifetime. Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation never has to be replaced.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Battery Life Depends Upon INSULATION

Threaded Rubber Insulation has these three distinct advantages over any other:

1. Threaded Rubber Insulation eliminates depreciation in the dealer's stock.

Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation, since they have no wood insulation in any form, can be shipped and stored bone dry—since neither plates nor insulation in the battery have ever been wet.

The storage battery with ordinary insulation can not be kept in a dealer's stock without depreciation, because the insulation must be put into the battery wet at the factory, and, once the insulation is wet, a continuous chemical action begins; and furthermore, the insulation can not be allowed to be dried out, as it would become damaged. Hence the battery must soon be filled.

2. Threaded Rubber Insulation returns bigger dividends to the user.

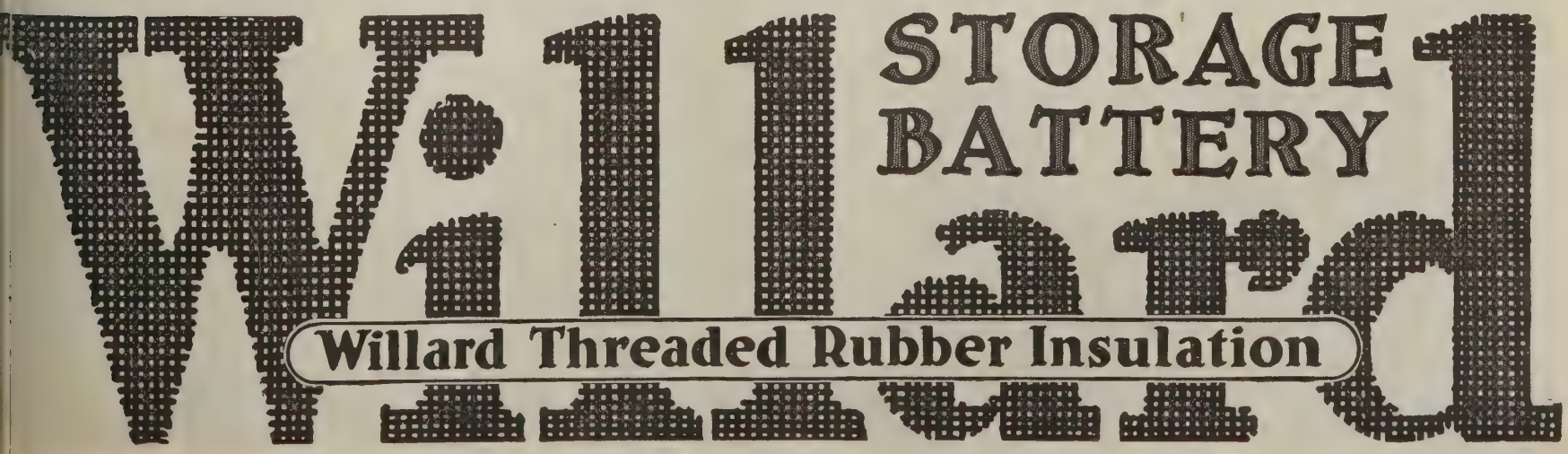
Threaded Rubber Insulation is a manufactured product held to rigid uniformity, more durable and long-lived than any wood can be. The car owner is not wholly relieved of caring for his battery, but the battery will stand more abuse, and function at high efficiency for a much longer time.

3. Threaded Rubber Insulation makes re-insulation unnecessary.

When installed in the car no one can say just how soon ordinary insulation will begin to break down, on account of the impossibility of securing absolute uniformity in any material which is the product of natural growth, not of scientific manufacture. During this period even careful driving and faithful attention to battery care will not absolutely insure long life.

Re-insulation—at considerable expense—is almost certain to come before the ordinary battery is worn out, and the life of any battery after re-insulation is uncertain.

Threaded Rubber Insulation outlasts the plates and re-insulation is, therefore, unnecessary.



(Concluded from Page 119)

"Do you want to take a little ride?" he asked.

"If you'll lift me into the saddle," the man answered.

"We'll do that much for you," the ranger told him. "We want you to ride up to the cliff above and telephone to the supervisor's office. Tell him this will get away from us before night unless we have help. Tell him to bring at least twenty men with shovels and axes."

At two that afternoon the supervisor came with men he had gathered together in the town where his headquarters was and with ranchers and riders who had joined him along the valley road. At seven that evening a wide, shallow trench encircled the fire and the supervisor himself said there was no further danger.

The men gathered round him and he made a list of their names. At the end of the month the Government would send each a check as payment for one day of labor.

"This is the first day's work you've done for a long time," he said, jesting, to one of the men, a rancher whose wealth in land and cattle was estimated at half a million.

"Yes, and I've earned the three dollars the Government will pay me," the rancher assured him. "If you had followed the pace I've been setting this afternoon you would have earned a day's pay yourself."

The crowd grinned appreciatively, for the rancher was a fat man whose every move for the last hour had been a labored agony.

The rest of the men dispersed quickly, but Ben and the ranger remained. They walked along the encircling trench together to note any weak places that might need strengthening in the morning. Then the ranger told Ben to ride to his camp for grub and blankets; they would stay there at the fire for the night.

It was twilight when Ben reached his cabin. He had not spared the horse he rode and so he caught the gray mare and turned the other loose. He tied a roll of blankets across the back of his saddle and then slung a sack containing bread and some canned food over his shoulder and started back. Night had fallen when he left the meadow and there in the deep forest the darkness was absolute. Even the gray mare he rode seemed a dark phantom moving against a curtain of darkness. The trail led into a little clearing. Still there was no rift in the darkness. But the mare's sure instinct informed her that here there were no trees and she tried to turn back toward her own pasture. The change in her easy shuffling gait warned Ben of this, so he stopped and dismounted. By the light of a match flaring in his cupped hands he found the way back to the trail. Here he removed his heavy boots and tied them to his saddle. He went forward again, this time leading the mare, and by the feeling of the ground under his stockinged feet he followed the trail until a faint crescent moon rose to light his way.

The ranger had hollowed a place in the ground not far from the smoldering fire and had filled the place with fir boughs for a bed. He had a camp fire burning, ready for heating the food Ben brought. During the night they took turns watching.

When morning came they continued their vigil until the smoldering fire within the intrenched area burst into renewed activity, flared and died away again for lack of fuel. A few of the larger trees still stood on that charred slope burning slowly to their death. Now and again one fell with a dull crash that reverberated and echoed along the ridges below.

When they felt sure there was no further danger the ranger rode on down into the valley toward his home and office and Ben started back to his camp. There were two other lookout stations he felt he should visit yet that morning. He reached the top of the divide and stopped to cache his shovel. Then he led the mare out to the edge of the cliff and stood for a moment looking down on the little spirals of smoke that rose lazily to the tree tops and dissolved into a film of haze.

"Well, old girl," he said, patting the mare's arched neck, "it was a tolerably hard day's work, but we saved a million dollars' worth of good timber."

It was habit that caused him to scan the slopes of the other divide before he left the cliff. And as his eyes searched that distant timber he began to curse softly to himself. There was nothing picturesque in what he said, but it was none the less earnest and heartfelt, for he beheld a column of smoke rising from the far side of a little pass that led across the summit of that distant divide. It was through this pass he had directed the two hunters. A camp fire left smoldering or a cigarette butt shot carelessly into the grass beside the trail had doubtless started this second blaze.

Ben telephoned to the ranger's office and learned that no fire had been reported from that locality. He learned also that the fire guard on that patrol had not yet made his morning report.

"Tell the boss to ride to my other lookout stations," Ben said briefly. "I'll ride across and see what's stirring."

By section line across to that pass was seventeen miles. By the trail it was almost twenty. For breakfast Ben had eaten a part of a can of beans.

"If that lad over there hasn't a bit of lunch with him I'm going to be hungry by the time I get back," he thought as he was tightening his saddle cinch. Three hours later he hailed a lone guard who labored in the face of a racing ground fire.

"Having lots of fun?" Ben asked.

"Gosh, yes," the man answered. He heaved a windy sigh of relief when he saw that Ben carried a shovel.

"Don't stop to tie the mare!" he pleaded. "Just hop along to that ridge of rock yonder and dig back to meet me."

It was long past noon when they had their first line of trench completed. It was four when they dragged their weary selves up the mountain side to a spring that bubbled out of the rock. They were satisfied that their work was done for one more day at least.

"A couple of hunters?" Ben queried when they had rested for a while.

"Yes," the other fire guard replied indifferently. "I talked to them yesterday morning. They loafed in here most of the day, I guess. One of them was smoking those damned tailor-mades. He must have shot a butt into the grass. I wish I could have caught him doing it," he added with a note of regret. "I'd have made him just hate those cigarettes."

Ben grinned good-naturedly. There was no need to get excited about it. They both knew who had started the fires. But knowing wasn't proving.

"Got any fodder with you?" Ben asked. "No? Then so long, son," he said as he rose and whistled for the mare. "Don't get the habit of working hard," he called over his shoulder as he started back toward his own district.

It was past his usual supper time when he started up the last long climb toward the cliff that marked the summit of the divide. At some of the steepest places he dismounted and led the mare. They came to the scene of yesterday's fire and found only little heaps of ashes and a few charred and crumbling stumps to mark the place.

When they reached the summit trail Ben once more cached his shovel. From force of habit he went to the edge of the cliff for a final survey before calling the day's work done. No sound reached him to disturb the restful silence. Twilight softened the harsh bold lines of the ridges and cañons that stretched away below him, and all the discordant colors and sights of the day were blended and made harmonious and restful in the deepening purple haze of the encroaching night. Far down in the valley the lights of a ranch house gleamed. He thought of Molly. He remembered she had promised to be at his cabin before five the next morning; wondered if they would have luck in getting the picture she wanted.

He realized that he had better be getting along toward camp. The gray mare had had a hard day of it. She should be grazing in the meadow even now. Ben was tired and hungry himself. He had had a couple of rather strenuous days and he had missed his regular breakfast and his dinner. But he did not mind the labor. He was being paid for that. And what does a meal or two amount to in the scheme of man's life?

Ben turned the mare into the home trail and she broke into a quick canter. They came into one of the many clearings along the trail and Ben pulled to an abrupt halt. Across the clearing a splendid five-point buck gazed at them with curious eyes. He sniffed the air for a moment and then lowered his antlered head and plunged into the timber.

"Well, old fellow," Ben said as he remembered the hunters, "they didn't worry you any, but they certainly gave us hell."

When he reached his cabin he decided to eat a cold supper. He wouldn't bother to start a fire. He had seen all the fire he cared to see for some time to come. He opened a can of beans and dumped the contents of the can into a tin plate. It looked like a mighty small helping, so he reached for another can. But he changed his mind. He didn't intend to make a hog of himself just because he had missed a couple of meals. So he contented himself with opening a can of tomatoes for relish and a can of peaches for dessert. He quartered a loaf of bread of his own baking and then stood looking down at the table trying to make up his mind what the meal lacked. Coffee! That was it. He would have to start a fire after all. When the fire was going well and the coffee had boiled to suit him he sat down to his supper. He ate the beans and the tomatoes and half of the loaf of bread and then decided he would open that second can of beans. He did not keep count of the cups of coffee he drank.

Once one of the white-collared lads from the biological department had stayed at his camp for a few days. This young fellow had argued that coffee was a drug—hard on the nerves and all that sort of nonsense. He even said it had a tendency to keep folks awake at night. But shucks! Ben didn't go much on what such lightweight fellows told him. When his coffeepot was empty he decided he had had enough. He rather complimented himself that he had left a few of the peaches for another time.

He spread his blankets down on his couch of fir boughs. He decided sleepily that the bed was losing some of its springiness. Within a day or two he must bring in another load of boughs. He folded his chaps for a pillow, took off his boots and vest, opened the collar of his shirt and th crawled in between the blankets. In t minutes he was sound asleep.

He slept without stirring until a subc scious activity warned him that dawn w near. There was no fretful tossing, stretching of fatigue-drugged muscles. O moment he was lying relaxed and st The next instant he was sitting erect, n thodically folding back his blankets.

He performed his usual morning toil Then he stood for a moment in the op door of his cabin inhaling the frosty a The gray mare was again lazying at t salt trough.

"Well, old girl," Ben said, "yesterda jaunt ga'nted you up some. It sure d take visitors to keep us from getting t fat," he added with a quick good-natur smile. But he was watching across t meadow as he spoke. This was Wednesd morning. He wondered if Molly wo come; hoped that band of deer was s feeding out near his morning lookout. saw Molly ride into the meadow. She w carrying her camera strapped across h shoulder. He caught the mare and rode meet her.

When they neared the cliff he led the w into a clearing at the head of a draw th dropped away from the shoulder of t cliff. Here in a thicket of brush at the ed of the clearing he left Molly. Leadi her saddle horse he rode down the far si of the draw. He had ridden about a m when he heard a scurrying of wild thin in the underbrush across the draw fro him. He turned back toward the clearin

Molly was waiting for him out in t morning sunshine that flooded the op space.

"There were seven of them," she to him delightedly. "An antlered buck and spike and two does with spotted fawns

"Did you get your picture?" Ben aske

"You can bet I did!" she assured hi "The sunlight was just right when the b buck reached the center of the clearing. whistled and he stopped long enough for m to get a picture of him alone. Then I took snapshot of the bunch before they brok for the timber."

"I hope they are good pictures," Be said. He smiled as he spoke, for Molly w almost dancing in her excitement.

She understood his smile and tossed h head.

"If they are not good you'll simply hav to round up another bunch for me," sh told him.

They went to the edge of the cliff t gether and then turned back toward h camp. They came to a faintly marked tra that led from the summit trail blindly int the timber. With a nod of understandin they turned aside and followed where th trail led. They came into a grove whe stood the patriarchs of that forest. The stopped before one at the edge of the grov an unblemished towering shaft of fir.

Their horses stood side by side and Be put his heavy weather-roughened hand o Molly's arm.

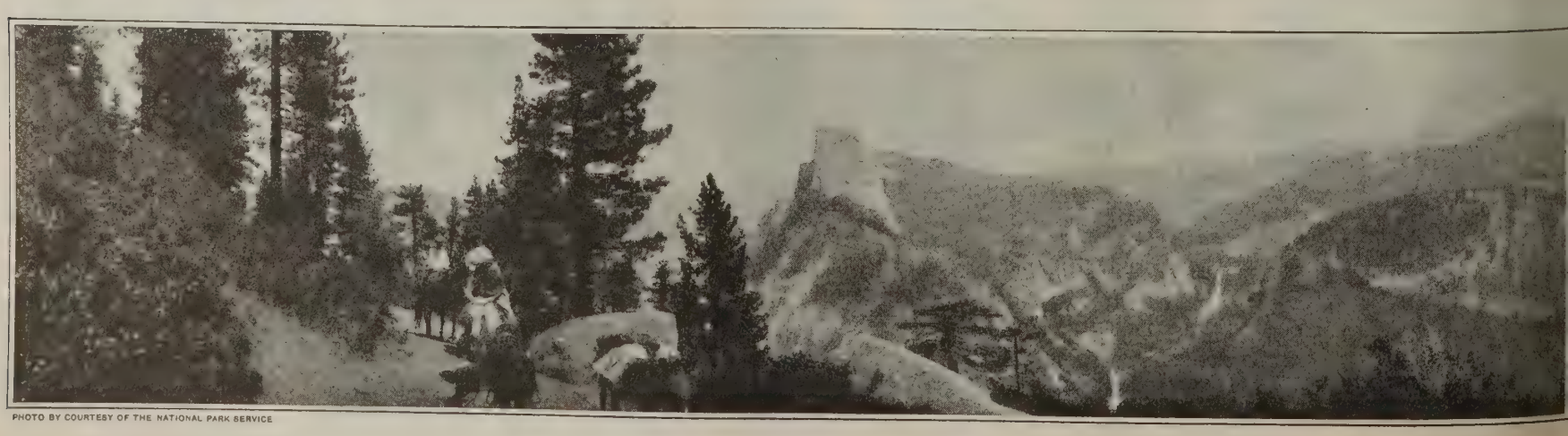
"Molly, girl," he said, "may I cut down soon?"

She caressed the heavy hand resting o her arm.

"If you'll let me make the undercut, she answered.

"I was sure you would want to do that, he told her. Then he smiled. "It will tak a moose of a long saw to make the big cut, he said. "You'll have to help me with tha too."

"And then," said Molly, "we'll get ol Paul Bunyun and the Big Swede to haul down to the mill for us."



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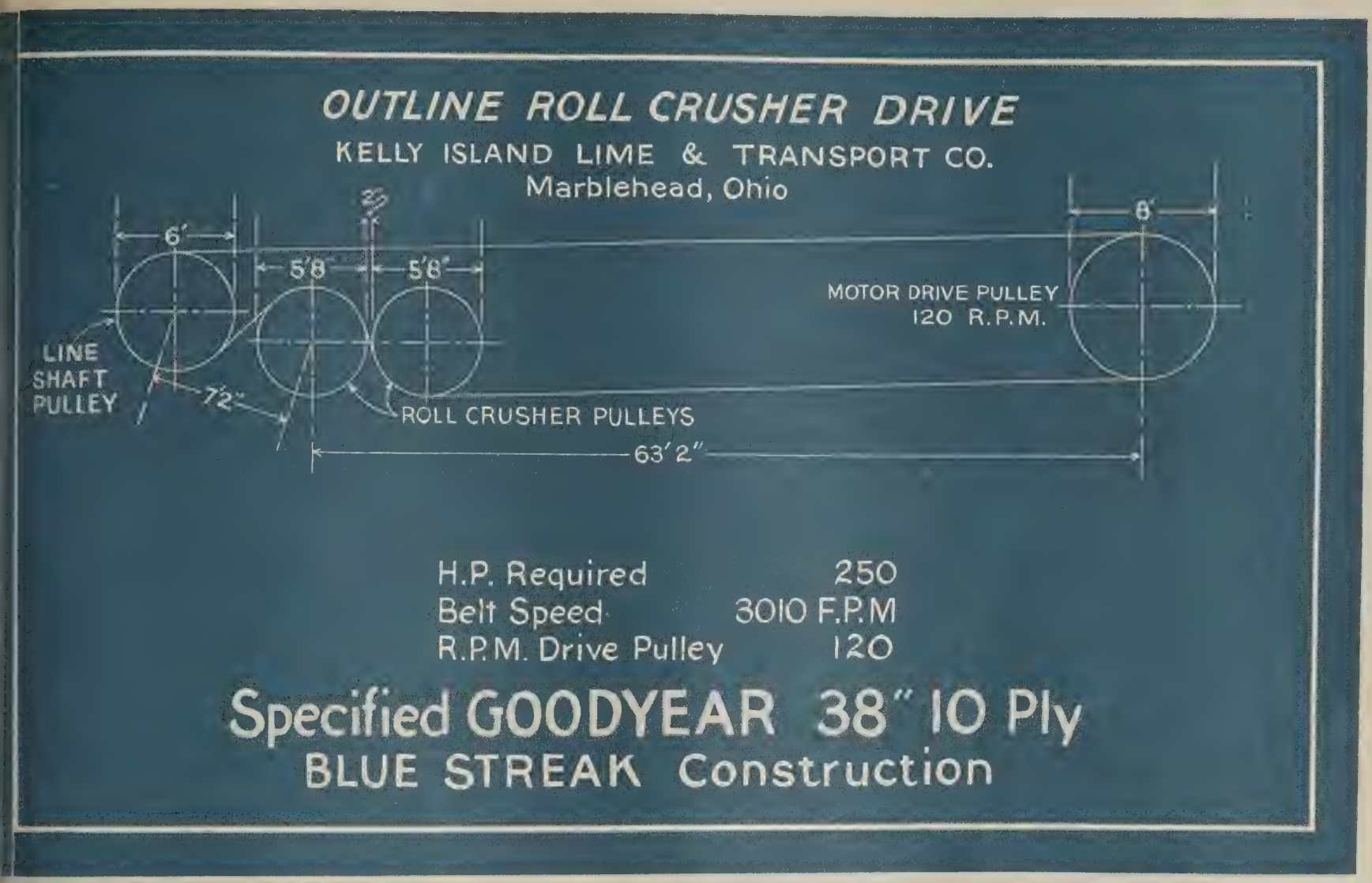

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23 More Months for the Money—and the G. T. M.

Up to four years ago the Edison roll-crusher drive shown in the blue print used to be driven by belts that gave an average of 18 months' service. Then a properly specified Goodyear Belt was applied. It cost 40 per cent more than the 18 months' kind. It has already given nearly 48 months of service. The same amount of money invested in the cheaper belt would have provided 25 months of service. The Kelly Island Lime and Transport Company have received from the Goodyear Belt 23 more months of service than they got from that amount of money before they came to Goodyear.

They have gained more than 23 months. When our Mr. Foster called four years ago he found that the belts then in use gave much trouble. In damp weather they tightened so much that they endangered the bearings. In hot, dry weather they stretched so that frequently they had to be taken up several times a week in order to move the rolls at all. In addition, the grit and dust of the crusher used to chew up the belts and make them ragged and inefficient some months before they had to be discarded.

After careful study, Mr. Foster recommended a Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak construction—absolutely waterproof, friction surfaced, unstitched, supple, and extraordinarily strong.

The Goodyear Belt has never had to be taken up in its four years of hard work. The grit, dust, exposure and hard work have affected it so little that it looks good for two more years.

After the Goodyear Belt had been working for some months, Mr. Foster called again. They wanted to know why that belt did such wonderful work. He explained its construction. Then he explained that even that construction might be of little help if it didn't fit the conditions. He pointed out how he had studied the drive, how he had specified for it a belt built to fit the conditions, and had his recommendations checked by the Belting Engineering Department at Akron to be absolutely sure of proper first application. A 10-ply belt seemed too heavy for the power, but it was certainly necessary to start the heavy rolls.

Then he told them about the Goodyear Plan of Plant Analysis—of having a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—study every drive in a plant and specify the proper belt for it. They had a plant analysis made—not only in the Marblehead plant, but in all the plants of the company—and have since ordered many belts according to specifications of our engineers.

If you have a belt-eating drive, ask a G. T. M. to call. He will do so without charge when next he is in your vicinity. The G. T. M.'s services entail no obligation, because the savings they effect for belt users are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business is almost certain to result after a trial of his recommendations has been made.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

CHINESE COOLIES AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 20)

So it was the lure of wealth that enticed these coolies to labor for three years thousands of miles distant from the shrines of their ancestors; wealth—or health. Many a bandit's lot, a murderer's lot, a thief's lot is not a happy one, even in China. So many a Chinese bandit, murderer, thief or other equally interesting individual saw in this advertisement a means of escape from a not altogether agreeable position in his own country. This class was particularly prevalent during the formation of the earlier companies. Later coolies came from more prosaic occupations, such as farming. The destructive floods of the spring of 1917 also turned many Chinese toward the British camps. During the entire period of enlistment 197 companies were enrolled. As the pioneer coolies arrived in France and found their work so much lighter, their pay so much more ample, their treatment so much fairer than that to which they had been accustomed in the land of their birth, they wrote to their friends urging them, to report at the compounds at Wei-hai-wei.

The Captain and an Incorrigible in France

The Official Chinese Laundry

Almost immediately upon my arrival in the compound with its great chimney a stick was placed in my hand and I was taught the liquid phrase, "*Hsi hsi t'oa; hsi hsi t'oa.*" Then I was led to one of the whitewashed buildings, into a room in which stood a large cement pool of hot medicated water. A door opened and a supply of dirty, naked Chinamen began to enter in a seemingly unending line. It was my duty to stand by the pool and cry commandingly "*Hsi hsi t'oa! Hsi hsi t'oa!*" waving my stick and tapping the yellow heads, unaccustomed to water, until each individual submerged. *Hsi hsi t'oa; hsi hsi t'oa* signifies Wash wash head; wash wash head. Of course they were forced to scrub all parts of their bodies, but the head was their *pièce de résistance.* After my two-hour task had ended my voice had the hoarseness of November in football season. More than 1000 coolies had passed under my stick, and each of them had needed individual admonition before he would duck his head.

But I anticipate in relating this first incident of mine. The bath was the fourth turn in what the other officers termed the sausage machine. A coolie arrived at the gate of the compound in all his native filth. As soon as he entered he began to pass through a series of transforming experiences. The finished coolie was as different from the original as any sausage in Germany during the latter phases of the war was different from its uncertain sources.

The coolies were a docile lot when they first arrived; awe of white men, nervousness in the face of unknown experiences subdued them. Later, in France, they came to learn that the white man is not really the superior being they had been led to believe in China. For familiarity breeds disagreeable results, and in France uncomprehending Tommies too frequently fraternized with the rapidly learning coolie. One drunken Tommy, making a wretched inferior of himself before a crowd of delighted coolies, damaged to an appalling degree the respect of the coolies for all white men. Too, they learned that not all white women stand upon a pedestal as they do in China. It bodes ill for the white women of China that 100,000 coolies have learned a half truth. In France there were Maries and Belles who if they had known the English equivalent to the French of their social position would have said of the coolie: "Ain't he cute?" Their pleasure in this quaint yellow toy from vague and far-away China added gruesomely enough its bit to the problems of war babies.

To return to the transformation of the coolie: Each day at the gates of the compound there gathered 200 to 300 new coolies, uncertain fear in their eyes but an urging desire for sixty cents a day at their hearts. Each coolie was clad in nondescript rags, the unwashed accumulation of years. Anyone who has experienced the odors of China understands the variety of unsuffused scents that hung about each. Matted and meager, a queue drooped from every dusty head. Picturesque they undoubtedly were, but just as undoubtedly filthy. After the total of the day had gathered all were led into one of the buildings, the floor of which was covered with matting. There they spent the first night, cupped close together because of the night chill and because of the lonely pain in each coolie heart.

Early the next morning they were conducted in line to a neighboring building, where they protestingly shed every rag of their attire. Even their secreted knives were confiscated. The coolies now passed into the adjoining room, where sat three English doctors. Large numbers went no farther than this. The diseased and the unfit were turned back, dejected.

The fit men went their bewildered labyrinthic way into the next room, where rapid barbers relieved all of their honorable queues. Too nervous at the kaleidoscopic experiences to make strong resistance at this indignity, each was given five coppers, salve to pride and harbinger of new wealth.

Shaved, they entered the bath, and after protestingly submitting to a complete disinfection they were herded on to the next room, where fresh, purified clothing awaited them.

Pleased like little children they straightened their backs and entered the office of records. Here began the unwinding of a tedious amount of red tape. Elaborate records were kept of each—name, age, family, and so on. Then came measurements. When the measurements were finally recorded the coolie felt his hand suddenly seized by an aide, his thumb thrust into a black ink pad, and then as quickly rolled upon a waiting paper. His identification was now beyond all subterfuge; a possible later substitution of one coolie by another was sure to be detected—the British Government possessed his thumb-print. All these records were to prove of great value in France. And now the coolie, with vacant eyes, passed on to a desk where a metal band was fastened about the left wrist, an identification number. After that, for three years, Sam Sing Wang or Joy Me Lo or Wo King Yuan was to be known only as 7981 or 82657 or 97846.

Hsia in the Compound at Zeneghem

Later, in France, I was to see a remarkable feat of memory in connection with this. The sergeant in charge of the records of a coolie company to which I was attached, upon seeing any one of the 500 coolies of our company, would say: "Well, 5-1-6-9-4,"—or 2-8-9-9-8, as the case might have been—"plenty work-a?" And the coolie would answer plaintively, recognizing his number: "Plenty work-a-la. No plenty sleep-a-la."

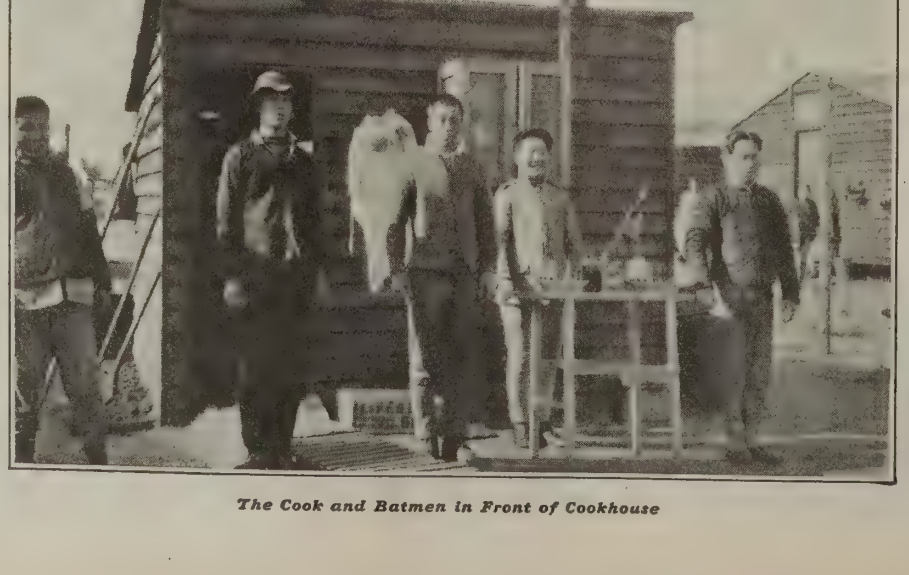
Yet more turns in the complicated machinery of purification and registration were to follow. There was the eye parade, which began now and was repeated every week, because of the ravages of the dread disease trachoma among the coolies. Then followed the ordeal of the inoculation against typhoid. Many a coolie showed fear of the evil-looking needle, and many another laughingly bared his breast to the unknown experience, shut his eyes, winced as the needle gave to him its protecting fluid, and departed smilingly, proud of the great blot of iodine that encircled the spot.

Finally the coolie was led to a clean bunk in a clean building where fresh straw and individual blankets awaited him. There he was provided with a kit bag to be slung over his shoulders, a change of clothing and a tin for meals. Never before had any of the coolies possessed such an elaborate wardrobe or dwelt in such cleanliness. Investigating fingers were busy far into the night, and smiles were radiant. One coolie who had found a piece of mirror was besieged.

The original dress given to the coolies was a uniform in that it consisted of a gray or blue coat trousers, g socks and b slippers, w straw hats for summer a round felt for the win But as time on the coolies lected article apparel m suited to t personal fan In France s even wore la hats, Parisi purchased French shops many times t value. Oth fortunate in t gambling, bou gayly colored and made t into coats trousers after Chinese mode these, when was ended for day, the late s of China sw gered along roads of Fra as if they had been mandarins. No won Marie and Belle thought them cute.

Thus was accomplished the transfor tion of the coolie who only a short space fore crouched in tremulous rags at the g of the compound.

Now, while waiting at the silk fact for transport, each of us white men dri his own particular company of 500 stra yellow beings. None of us had assista of any sort except those we chose from more intelligent of the coolies allotted us; these we honored with the title of poral or sergeant. And, too, each of us one Chinese student who, of course, kn Chinese, and who claimed he knew E lish. My first interpreter said "Yes, ye or "No, no," as the devil prompted h not as my questions demanded.



The Cook and Batmen in Front of Cookhouse

A Long Way From Wei-Hai-We

We began drilling with Chinese words command. Most of them had never und gone any sort of discipline. Soon, howev we were calling "Right turn," "Left tur and "About turn." As the days of conc tration on these three commands passed, t coolies gradually began to turn uniform to the right when the command "Right turn." And even, as time went the majority began to "turn on the heel the right foot and the ball of the left, bri ing the rear foot up" quite in accordan with the king's regulations.

After two weeks of iterative drilling, eig of us—controlling 4000 coolies—were no fied that on November 24, 1917, His M esty's transport Tyndareus would sail fr Tsingtau for Vancouver and that we w our coolies, under an officer commandi would sail too. During the first mont of the transportation of coolie labor it had been the custom to sail by way Suez, but the increasing depredations the enemy in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea had made t route via Canada and the two ocea appear safer. Indeed, H. M. T. Ty dareus had but just recovered from co tact with a mine off the African coa The advantage of the voyage throu Suez had lain in its simplicity; t coolies entered a vessel at Tsingtau a a few weeks later disembarked at Ma seilles. But the route via Canada manded eight different vehicles of loc motion. The frequent changing from o to another caused many delays and tria

Finally—and here I leap many trib lations, such as the march throu the hundreds of pitiable beggars w thronged the road to the ship whini for farewell alms—finally the O. C., ty doctors, we eight officers, our eight i terpreters, and our 4000 coolies, ea with his pack upon his back, we aboard H. M. T. Tyndareus, skirting t barren coast of Southern Korea, th the green slopes of Japan, and finally were nosing eastward across the Pacifi

(Continued on Page 127)

(Continued from Page 124)

No the Tyndareus had originally been ar ship of 11,000 tons; so there was a y mited amount of deck space. By ercrowding the various holds had been ned with 4000 bunks, in high tiers h arcely inches enough for the pros- e ody of a coolie, and with the nar- es of aisles wandering about.

h igh some coolies sought the freshen- nof the deck most preferred to remain h more familiar atmosphere of the d holds; many felt that uncertainty or plexus which roughening waves go most landsmen.

tus the duty of the eight white officers ; ie be on guard at all hours of the r-four, making continual tours of in- t n of the infernal regions. When the d became earnest and blew with a pur- , ith the waves leaping at the ship s ringing caressingly over her decks, t coolies became visibly dejected. n he officer whose duty it was to tour h ds was to be pitied.

u after a week the sea slackened and r naining ten days of our leisurely a were, speaking comparatively, calm; n ough at least so that the 4000 could e nore be inoculated, thumbprinted e e-washed. To amuse our charges we n a canteen as soon as many had e their sea legs; a canteen containing a s, rock candy and Chinese violins. i ter cost but forty coppers, and we r rosin. Every coolie who had ever p d a musical instrument in the most a away bought one. At all hours of the a l night unrosined wails wept through s lp. We officers shuddered. But the ie were entranced. Cleaning up pea- s sells kept busy those who admitted e ere not musicians. However, there p nty of water sloshing about. Many e coolies did not understand that faucets e to be turned but once. Frequently a h ig coolie would completely unscrew f acet and then gape at the unrestrained j t sprang forth in consequence.

Christmas at Vancouver

h thirteenth of December we reached c uver Island, where we were destined p d a Christmas with one rose bloom- i n the camp. After the treeless wastes S ntung the beautiful green of the n even in December, delighted the ie Our tents stood in a small mud ; the water's edge; across rose the t Washington range of snow-capped s

h camp was very badly prepared for n large number of coolies. Among r racks was the lack of wood for the s oves. So each day the coolies were h lf a mile along the road to a bay, r great heaps of driftwood lay piled h shore. The wood was in very large a kward pieces. The coolies grumbled. l ong the road ran a snake fence of r gs; fences were an experience to e Shantung coolies were unaccus- e How kind of the gods, they prob- t ought, to stack these comfortably d ogs conveniently along the road. d ily we discovered long stretches of r were missing. An irate fence owner v at camp. For two weeks my 500 ie and I split saplings and made f ences. It was a task like Penelope's e-though the coolies now knew the r as not a gift of the gods, yet as we t, others slyly tore down.

t ntervals when we were not building r I taught my coolies the intricacies " rm fours" and "Form two deep." b egan, with the aid of my interpreter, S u, the simplest of lessons in geogra- , eginning with the great country of c the neighboring range formed a t. Yes, they had heard of America; but n aa, half as large as China? They n' know it. Then I attempted to tell m ow they were going halfway round g be. Globe? Many of them smiled u ently at this quaint idea. Of course b boss—*Da Ren*, the flattering term a officer—was playing with them. g oss knows," one made bold enough v ture through the interpreter, "big s ows we'd all slide off." And then a l laughed, many a yellow head nod- g ncurrence.

n more we embarked, early in Janu- , nd reached the city of Vancouver, e trains were awaiting each company. e days the journey from Vancouver H fax endured, my 500 pets shut into e coaches, not one allowed to stir from his own particular coach. I did not wonder that on a preceding train a coolie had lost his reason and thrown himself through a closed window of the moving car. But during this tedious trip my cares were greatly reduced, for in Vancouver thirty Canadian soldiers joined the train as guards, and a doctor and a lieutenant became members of the party. Twelve days in the most pioneer of C. P. R. tourist coaches produced incidents: A runaway lake in the Rockies, which had fled across our track, and two avalanches; in the plains, blizzards and snows; somewhere on the stretches of white Saskatchewan we discovered the mumps car—isolation car for a few humorous cases—was lost. Retracing our tracks we picked it up, solitary in the snows, its worried occupants much relieved to see us again. Of the twelve days not one passed without a delay of several hours.

Each morning the doctor, the British lieutenant and I made a tour of the fifteen uneasy coaches, to hear the state of 500 stomachs. The Chinaman's greatest worry and greatest source of delight is his stomach. The Chinese greeting is not "How do you do?" but, no matter the time of day, "Have you eaten?" *Chih liao fan mo yo?* Daily the number of complaints from the confined coolies grew greater; aches of every description were rampant. The doctor felt sure that it was only the irksomeness of the journey that bothered the coolies and that most of the ills were imaginary. The stock of pills was growing low without avail. Then the lieutenant, originally of Scotland, made a suggestion. For the next imaginary headache the doctor placed a square of white court plaster upon the sufferer's temple. It was a novel substance to the coolies, a new remedy, something that could be dawdled with. The patient found he was almost instantaneously cured. News of the restorative spread rapidly from coach to coach. Soon not a car but had its coolies with squares of white court plaster upon yellow foreheads, cheeks, toes, ears, and various other portions of Oriental anatomy. Suddenly every coolie found he had an ache. But as there was plenty of court plaster and as the cures were speedy everyone was pleased.

At Halifax, where the gaping windows brought home to us the tragedy of the then recent disaster, we marched directly from the train into a lighter which carried us out into the bay. There, at anchor, rode a convoy of extravagantly camouflaged ships. The lighter took us to the most gigantic, F-8261. In time of peace her name had been the Justicia, a magnificent vessel of four funnels and 32,000 tons. Built in Belfast, she was unfinished when the war broke out, and only great vacant halls hinted of what a glorious pleasure liner she would have made. The coolies did not care for the halls; they complained of drafts. Six months later the Justicia sank after a twenty-four-hour battle against the Huns.

Crossing on the Justicia

On the Justicia we found the 3500 other coolies, who had escaped through the Rockies just before the lake broke loose and the avalanches fell. The hugeness of the ship may be imagined from the fact that our 4000 coolies could form fours and form two deep all at the same hour on the spacious decks, still leaving comfortable space for 100 Canadian soldiers and two score Canadian aviators.

After five days in the harbor, waiting for the entire convoy to assemble, we set sail. Though the eight other ships labored through the January seas of the North Atlantic the Justicia rode serenely on. Never a morning nor an afternoon did the coolies miss their familiar drill beside their assigned lifeboats—never but once, the last day, of which I shall speak later.

Shortly after losing sight of land we discovered that the coolies had eaten all the hard-tack out of the lockers of the lifeboats. We were speechless. The coolies thought somebody, they didn't know who, had been very kind to them.

One morning as I made my tour of inspection through the airy holds, listening to the scraping of the violins we had so unwisely sold aboard the Tyndareus, a ship's steward came to me and said: "Three hundred and fifty large soup spoons belonging to the Justicia are missing. Also, I feel that the coolies are fond of the ship's towels." Three hundred and fifty soup spoons and an indefinite number of towels! We eight officers held a council of war. We knew

(Continued on Page 129)

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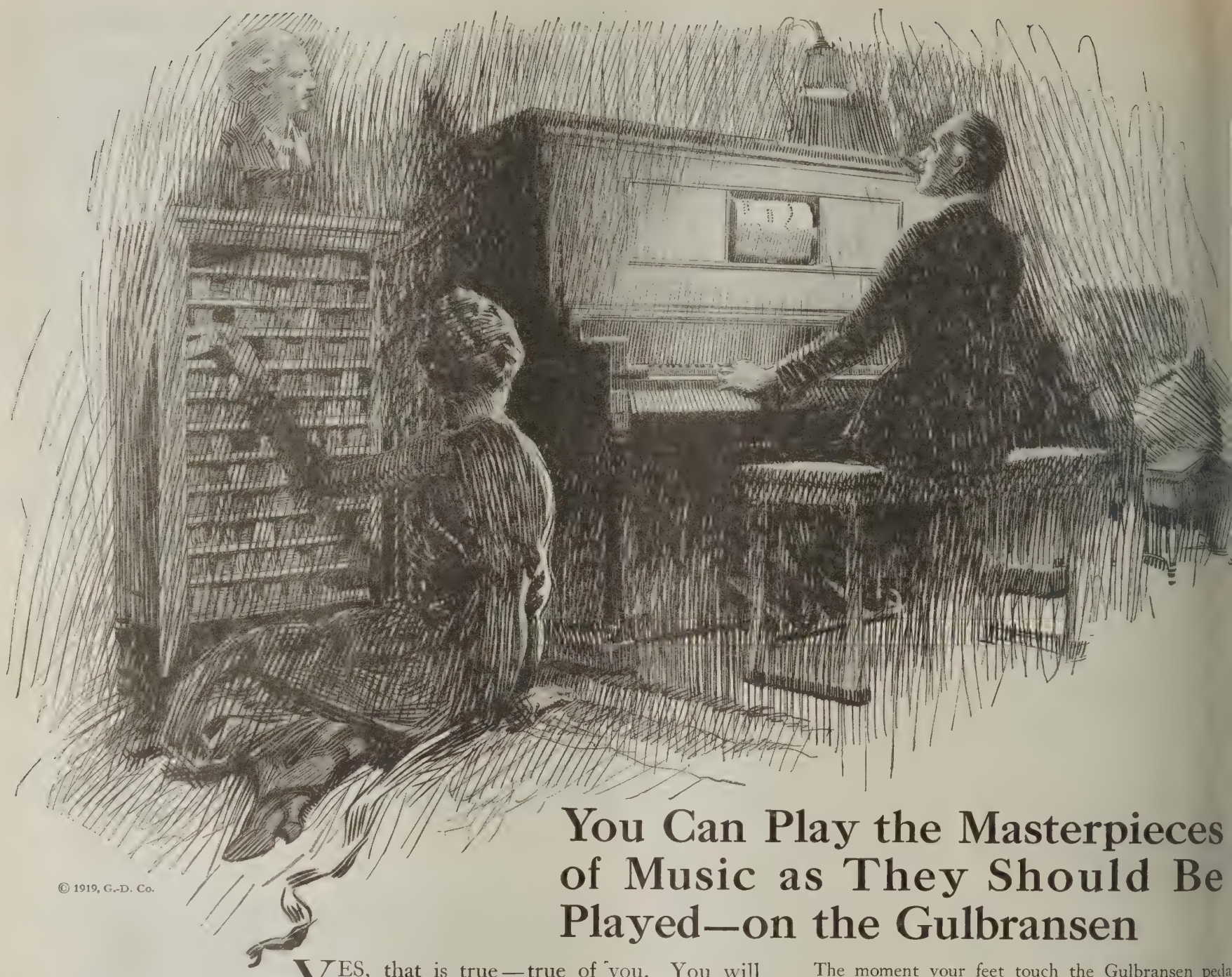

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Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 127)

vhier they had vanished. We also knew ha let us once commence searching the oos' packs all the spoons would drop hrugh near-by portholes into the sea. n e language of the coolies, if we insti- ute a search there would be "plenty oos finish-a-la." We did nothing. The sia put in a bill against His British asty.

I til the time we reached the Irish Sea e oyage had been undisturbed by sub- anes. It had been necessary for the sia to humble herself to the speed of he owliest vessel of the convoy, a ship of uis. But when we reached the north oa of Ireland Allied destroyers met us, nd with six as escort the Justicia leaped rurd at top speed for Liverpool. At the oil where only a month later the tragedy f le Tuscania was to bring home to nicans even more poignantly the horror f te war, a boche submarine lay in wait. ucenly men on our decks saw something uring through the waves toward the e from the port side; too late to warn e aptain, who was at the wheel. And e at that moment, the course of the demanded a slight veer to port. The r do, instead of crashing into the ship, ped past by the narrowest of margins ndid on toward the shore. Not yet were e oolies to become guests of heaven.

Te following night my 500 coolies and ocefully rolled across moonlit England Ilkestone, where in a sudden rain of the sthour of darkness we marched to a n. There in mud and English fog we refasted, and at the first gray of dawn t rth for the channel boat. After a few ou of placid travel we found ourselves Iance, on the streets of Boulogne.

A we marched from the wharf to La a Centrale our eyes were everywhere. hsound of distant firing came to us. A oe pointed upward, laughing excitedly. gnst the deep blue sky of midmorning nwhite clouds were suddenly appearing. vs our first view of an aërial battle, and y o means our last. So high were the as in the blue that we could see only e moke. Then without warning blood rcked across the temple of one of the oes. A splinter of shrapnel falling from a distant battle had grazed him. Al- a, their first day in France, the coolies er beginning to learn that the safe zone leir contract was only a comparative n. Fortunately we were already at the oscars reserved for us. Into them the oes clambered with their kits until they er as tightly fitted as was the bully beef i tins, our lunch that day.

New Movement Orders

After a journey of several hours, which pacetime an hour easily encompasses, e rrived at Noyelles, the base depot of h ese labor. Extensive accommodations v ted us there, and there the coolies f med into companies of 500, each with e egulation quota of five white officers nd twenty-one white noncommissioned fi rs. Here each company waited until on was received in what part of France us needed. Some coolies remained in n and to work, but the great majority en employed in France. Also, it should e entioned that the French Army had Chinese labor corps of 25,000 coolies on the French possessions in the Orient. air in the war the British lent to the rrican forces a small number of coolies. Unexpectedly one night I received orders l ave Noyelles and to proceed northeast- al to a camp not far from the Belgian ier, where I should join a coolie com- an that had been one of the very earliest a rrive. I was honestly sorry to leave the oes with whom I had been experiencing ve icissitudes of wartime travel for two ller months. Their nervousness in the e of strange experiences had kept fairly ominant certain disagreeable characteris- es that usually developed as coolies be- an accustomed to the new sights and ees. Never again did I see these par- ular coolies. Probably to-day they are i g away on the docks of some French on or building roads through the devas- ted area, their stomachs longing for their oes and families in far-away China, yet ing comfort in the daily franc which vi them the opportunity of solace in a ti game by night.

The movement order read: "Proceed to Berghem, changing trains at Calais." At Berghem I should find Coolie Company 29, to which I was to be attached. What and where was Zeneghem? No one at Noyelles knew.

I boarded the train for Calais, in whose darkened streets I found myself at two in the morning. Vague groups of women and children were hurrying homeward silently from raid shelters. The boche had but just departed from their nightly bombing party.

Zeneghem proved to be twenty miles southeast of Calais, not far from the Belgian border. It was a huge ammunition dump of the British and lay beside the River Aa. On moonlit nights the treacherous silver of the water led the boche unerringly along their path toward Calais. On clouded nights the devil led them.

Forty-five hundred coolies worked at the ammunition depot of Zeneghem. But the passage of German planes never worried them. Night after night, near twelve o'clock, whether the moon shone or clouds hung low, the sirens whined and screamed their warning. Out of the eastern blackness the soft purring of enemy planes came to our ears. In each of the nine coolie compounds of Zeneghem coolie police banged away delightedly at pendent brass shell cases, making clangor enough to waken every sleeping comrade. Even their distant families 8000 miles below them must also have heard and stopped a moment in their quaint life to think of the absent soldier.

I used the words "banged delightedly," for in Zeneghem the boche had not yet destroyed any of the coolies and they did not realize the horror an air raid can produce. Even the mad clanging upon brass was not sufficient to rout them out from the fragile huts into the safer dugouts. An officer had to go to each coolie hut and with much rattling of a stick against the door order the recumbent occupants into the sandbag shelters.

"Plenty German Eggs"

Soon from the dugouts we could hear the boche planes whirring overhead. Then the antiaircraft guns hidden in groves and fields spat forth in hysterical attempts to bring down the enemy ships. The hail of shrapnel began to fall, clattering noisily on the hut roofs, dropping impotent upon the sand dugouts. It was in these small hurtling pieces of iron that the most immediate danger lay for coolies who were reluctant to leave their blankets. During one raid a heavy nose cap ripped through the roof of our hut and descended through my cot. Fortunately at that time I was off on Paris leave.

Occasionally the boche dropped "plenty German eggs," as Hsia termed them; but only occasionally. In spite of photographing frequently the enemy did not know what a valuable camp lay camouflaged on the flat meadows below them. Once a bomb struck one of the sheds of ammunition and amused the coolies during the rest of the night with fireworks, even more noisy and impressive than those to which they had been accustomed in their own land, where fireworks are an important pastime. Once a hut of white sergeants was struck. Five were killed. The other five, badly wounded, were immediately placed under arrest for having been gambling during an air raid. That's army efficiency.

But these deaths did not seem to warn the coolies of the danger. Probably they remarked casually to one another: "Hm! only some whites." Generally the bombs fell in fields between the compounds, digging holes but doing little damage. Once a bomb destroyed the water main. For two days we drank ditch water. But even in wartime French ditch water was purer than Chinese rivers. The coolies remained bland.

As the planes sailed away from our area the sirens cried us back to sleeping bags once more. Shortly after we would hear the dull explosions of distant bombs. Red flares would spring into the night sky far to the northwest. We knew Calais was once more suffering death and destruction. Then Hsia invariably would say in a bored tone as he turned over in his tent just outside my room: "Plenty busy-la."

Hardly had we fallen asleep, it seemed, but the alarms called out their warnings as loudly as ever. An illuminated wrist watch would gleam two or three o'clock. The boche was returning from Calais. Wearily we officers would crawl out of our sleeping bags and out to the dugouts. Not so Hsia, the cook, and the four other batmen who slept in the near-by tent. When I would shout to them to come along Hsia would

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answer, "German eggs plenty finish-la." Calais had received them all. The falling shrapnel did not worry them. Perhaps they were under the protection of a benign Buddha.

The story came down from Calais that the boche one night had dropped a bomb into a coolie compound there, killing several Orientals. Then Australians, nice gentle Australians, quietly went to the grieved friends of the dead and made them understand this: "The German swine killed your friends. See? There are some of the Germans' friends"—pointing toward a camp of German prisoners—"you take these hand grenades and get even." So the coolies took the hand grenades from the Australians, and extracting the pins threw them among the boche prisoners. It is only five seconds after the pin is removed that the grenade explodes. The coolies got even.

Though the coolies at Zeneghem were unafraid those at some camps sought shelter at the first whir of an enemy plane. Even during the day, when Germans flew high overhead, photographing, and when Allied antiaircraft guns did not hiss at them so venomously as at night, these wise coolies dropped all their work to hide under freight cars or hedges or any other shelter. But our coolies in a daylight raid merely stopped their work in order to gaze better at the altitudinous Germans, and when a bit of shrapnel whizzed to earth the coolies would pounce on it laughingly, crying, "Plenty souvenir-la."

Direct-Action Methods

In France each coolie company had its own compound with its sleeping huts, its orderly room, its dugouts and its cook hut. The cook hut was the source of most trouble and the source of contentment. If there was dissatisfaction we inspected the cook hut. Profiteering is a legitimate business with the Chinese, only they call it "squeezing." An extra titbit between meals could only be gained by crossing a certain yellow palm, the cook's.

Extra titbits weren't at all necessary, for the British fed the coolies remarkably well; in fact, it appeared to me that in all things the British treated the coolies very fairly and, what was not a matter of contract, kindly. The coolies' food consisted of rice, chopped-up meats and vegetables. We officers squeezed occasionally ourselves, the meat given to the coolies was so jolly tender.

But not everyone knew the preliminary rite before receiving a delicacy. One coolie entered the kitchen one afternoon. His stomach was sad and desired a little hot rice.

"No." The cook was too busy.

"Just a trifle."

"No! No time."

"But my stomach is hungry."

"Come round at the regular tea time."

Then the disappointed coolie, not knowing the necessary bribe, took matters into his own hands, along with a vicious meat chopper, and with one stroke cut off the disobliging cook's head. Then he helped himself to a trifle of hot rice. Later, arrested, his defense was, "But my stomach was hungry." A few mornings after, against a wall, his worldly hunger ceased forever.

The coolies lacked a proper regard for life. They perpetrated a number of murders within our area: A British officer, a Frenchwoman, a man and a boy. Other areas experienced similar tragedies. Two coolies of Company 29 brutally murdered an elderly Frenchwoman, the keeper of a neighboring wine shop. Both were eventually, after much red tape and delay, condemned to death. It was late at night when the sentence of death was read to them, telling them that the following morning at four the execution would take place. Not a tremor flickered across their faces; in fact, they had marveled that retribution had been so long on the way. In China justice is more summary. After a moment of silence one coolie, his face still impassive, remarked: "Tomollow—no more coolie." That was all.

Suicide was not infrequent. One midnight as the boche drove us to our dugout we found suspended in the entrance a dead coolie. This coolie had nursed a grudge against the captain and had decided to show his displeasure in this distasteful manner. Next morning the captain spoke to the company on parade. The coolies expected their captain to be deeply moved over the affair, even remorseful, though the original difference with the coolie had been of the pettiest. But, no; the captain was too astute. He did not even deign to spe directly to the coolies, though he kn their language well.

"Tell the coolies," he said to the int preter, "that last night one of them hu himself in the officers' dugout. Tell th if any more of them must hang themsel to be so good as to do it in their own du outs. We don't like such a mess in ours."

For the most part the reasons for suici were meager: A gambling debt; a fanci wrong; a loss of face—that precious Chin possession. There were two usual paths the waiting spirits of a coolie's ancesto Hanging was one; the other lay benea the River Aa.

After the hanging our five batmen a the cook requested that they be allowed sleep in the more distant huts with t other coolies; the spirit of the dead m would very likely visit the scene of death, and their tent was uncomfortabl close. So off they went, beyond our ey A few nights later we had reason to belie that a gambling game of great pretensio was being carried on nightly in the cooli bathhouse. They had a first-rate stea bath, which every coolie had to use at lea once a week. We noticed silent forms gli ing toward it at black hours. This co tinued for several nights, for thou gambling was against the regulations yet kept the coolies out of worse mischief. A besides, they were incurable.

But at last the discretion of the cooli deserted them and they began to be nois So one night we raided the place. My bo Hsia, was serving tea to the gamblers a raking in fat tips. The captain's boy, Wan was master of the tables and was appr priating a share of all winnings. The co was the doorkeeper. The three other ba men were acting as stool pigeons. T bathhouse was henceforth policed at nigh and our cook and the batmen had to retu to their tent, ghost or no ghost.

There were coteries of gamblers in eve company. In spite of receiving but a fra a day some coolies possessed hundreds, a a fortunate few, thousands of francs. Fo tunes of which the coolies had never eve dreamed in China they now lost with a fe sighs. The captain's boy, Wang, and m Hsia were the luckiest of Company 2 When these two had a day off they we to Bourbourg, a town four miles from th camp. There they thought nothing of pa ing sixty francs a plate for a dinner. T coolies never seemed to understand th value of money, and the French deale took care not to enlighten them. Warnin by British officers did little to deter th senseless extravagance of the coolies. Aft lunching Wang and Hsia would purcha some tender ducks or chickens or perha some new silks. Then the two would ro home in a fiacre, driven by a profiteerin Frenchie.

A Would-Be Evangelist

One evening Wang brought in for ou admiration 700 francs' worth of silks an furs that he had bought against his retur to China. He intended to return to h native land as a gentleman, though he ha left it a bandit.

Wang was a sharp lad. A Y. M. C. A for coolies had been opened across the roa from our compound, another instance the excellent treatment of them by th British. In that hut were benches, a stag a music box, a canteen. There after work ing hours a seething, chattering mas enjoyed a Chinese atmosphere. Speakers— Englishmen who knew Chinese—gav speeches here at intervals, trying to broade the horizon of the coolies. The coolies wer delighted with the hut. It was an idea place for the wilier to hatch plots of tru Oriental guile—which they at once pro ceeded to do.

But to return to Wang. One day he cam to the captain with a long face and said i Chinese: "Sir, my heart is heavy. Ther are many Christians in the camp who ar not given the chance of worship that the should have. Now I am of the true faith Let me once a week have one of the smal rooms in the Y. M. C. A. and I will help t keep alive the truth." The captain, know ing Wang, doubted. But he allowed th matter to progress. It turned out to be no a meeting of Christians but a gamblin party from which Wang had hoped to de rive great profit.

Such an offense was not deemed seriou and was disposed of by the captain in th orderly room. Coolies charged with seriou

(Concluded on Page 133)

(Concluded from Page 130)

isdmeanors or crimes were sent with wit-
sse to Calais for a trial before a circuit
ur composed of three officers who under-
noche Chinese people and their language.
t most cases never passed beyond our
ey room. First offenses were punished
h eprimands or slight fines. As the
r increased in seriousness the fine
wheavier. Often threats were more
ve than fines, for the fines were sel-
n elt by the offending coolie. These
ied people formed numerous brother-
d when a brother was fined the
erhood paid.
Th most effective threat was that of
dg a coolie to the prison company at
wles, for no coolie wanted to leave
many 29 because of the deeply trusted
n. Captain James Ross, who had
ned gallant service with the Scottish
s at Gallipoli, was exactly the man to
til Chinese. For fifteen years before
ur he had held the position of postal
ssioner in an interior province of
. During that time he had gained a
cable insight into Chinese character.
and actions of the coolies which were
icable to other officers were readily
nehended by Captain Ross. Every
had the greatest faith that under this
his he would be understood and treated
l Because of the black ribbons hang-
om his Glengarry cap the coolies re-
to him, very respectfully, as "Little
tal."
by the incorrigible coolies were sent to
wles. The prison company there was
sed of the worst of all the companies
was punished with hard work, long
r and confinement during leisure time
h a strongly guarded compound.
n of Company 29's incorrigibles was
l off toward Noyelles under the escort
a Yorkshire corporal. At one of the
ediate stations the coolie disap-
d. Two weeks later he was found up
Dnkirk, that city which the Germans
do bomb from the sky, shell by land
bombard from the sea, all at one time.
rk of course looks north, over the
rt Sea.
"What do you mean by this?" he was
e
a," he answered very nonchalantly,
ieds told me there was a very pleasant
ry north of Dunkirk. I thought I
ul visit it." If we had not caught him
erwe did he would have wet his feet.

The Disappearing Prisoner

Th coolie was sent off with another cor-
a this time a Jock, whose kilties were
nurvel of the coolies. But at Marquise,
Jck was bending over an obstinate tin
only beef, the coolie disappeared. Ten
s later he was discovered down near
e.
"What did you mean by it?" The ques-
n was very much of a menace.
"a," he said with protesting eyes,
oting. I lay down in a near-by freight
while the corporal with skirts was get-
g inch. I fell asleep. When I woke up
a far, far away. I did not want to leave
corporal."
Th third time a Lancashire sergeant
dected the coolie, and saw that he
only entered the prison company's com-
ar.
No a day passed but one or more petty
mes were committed by our coolies;
6truck a threatening attitude and told
he corporal he was "no bloody good-
a, or 67243 nailed too few boxes for a
f honest work, or 23407 threw an
pty shell case at 23658 because the latter
nted that the former's family tree con-
ed a sow and two hogs; 8763 left the
oc during work hours in order to buy
h eggs from a neighboring farmer's
ater.
"a," Hsia told me confidentially, "coolie
od-a-la. Coolie—plenty promenade-
a-mademoiselle."
Alhe coolies picked up a few phrases of
gh and a word or two of French, always
i; a statement with the Chinese termi-
ic "*la*." Once given an opportunity a
li would go through his entire vocabu-
y, a very sanguinary vocabulary, show-
te British influence.
A passing Tommy might say ironically
a coolie lolling by the road, "Plenty
ha?"
Th coolie would immediately answer in
ne of a driven slave: "Plenty work-
. After a moment of grieved silence
would continue in a desperate voice:
"Plenty work-a-la. No plenty sleep-a-la. No plenty chow-chow-la."

Silence for a moment, then with growing spirit:

"No sleep-a-la, no chow-chow-la, coolie no bloody work-a-la." Yet never until that coolie had entered the British service had he had so little work, so much rest and such excellent food. But it was their policy to grumble. Often they did it with a grin on their faces.

The spare hours of the coolies were not much given to play. On special Chinese holidays, which the British authorities recognized by a general stoppage of coolie work, the coolies had processions and games. Company 29 possessed two green and gruesome dragons, made of cloth such as neighboring demoiselles used for petticoats. These headed the procession, ambling harmlessly between French wheat fields. Behind them came coolies dressed in brilliant Chinese robes, the material bought in near-by towns and made up by the coolies themselves. Some carried graceful Chinese lanterns which would have been beautiful at night if fear of enemy planes had not forbidden illumination. Others held aloft festive pennants with strange characters painted upon them. But such a celebration occurred but three times during my eight months with Company 29.

The Coolie's Three Delights

The remainder of their leisure time they divided between their three principal delights: Eating, gambling and sleeping. It is true that some coolies occasionally played about with a football or listened to the raucous Chinese music of the music box of the Y. M. C. A., or strolled to town. But the majority, immediately upon their return from work, got their tin of rice, vegetables and meat, hied to their hut, and remained in its close atmosphere until the following morning. There they sipped tea, lolled and talked of past dinners and of dinners to come, played their gambling games and slept. During it all some drew forth doleful music from their cheap Chinese violins.

After a night of gambling our charges found it hard to appear at early morning parade. Many a heavy-lidded Chinaman lined up before us at half past six. In a neighboring company it was discovered that one coolie had not been out to work for three weeks. Yet his work was always done.

His was a clever scheme. It was the custom in many companies that one-seventh of the men rest each day. This particular coolie was a notorious gambler, often playing far through the night. Then he would hire a coolie, who normally should have rested the succeeding day, to take his place at the depot.

The substitute would receive perhaps two francs from the gambler, whereas the latter, well rested by a long vacation, won much larger amounts by night.

Some coolies consequently possessed large sums of money. Even those with little did not wish to lose it. Here once more the brotherhoods were of assistance. For one week a member of the brotherhood would carry the money of all. During that time he remained quietly in the hut while the other brothers did his work.

Finally, in July, 1918, the British Government established a banking system for the coolies.

Each could deposit as much money as he wished, but once deposited it could not be withdrawn until the depositor's return to Wei-hai-wei or Tsingtau. It saved the coolie's money from himself and from brother coolies and French friends.

In the fall of 1918 I finally succeeded in transferring to the infantry. Just after my departure Company 29 was sent to Calais to work on the docks, offloading ships. At the end of two weeks the company's usual deposits in the bank had doubled in amount. At the end of six weeks the deposits had tripled. The coolies found offloading ships very profitable—for the French were not averse to buying goods from the coolies which the latter had quietly extracted from the ships.

The last I heard of Hsia he had to his credit 7000 francs, whereas legitimately, counting every day of work since his arrival, he could have saved only 450. Before I bade him adieu he owned more silks than that paltry sum could have purchased. When Hsia finally returns to the slums of his home town in China, truly he will be a gentleman.

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You will see Sta-so slate surfaced asphalt roofs the world round. You can identify a Sta-so surfaced roof by its soft distinctive color—either a rich Indian red or a cool sage green. These colors cannot fade because Nature created them. Time only softens their hues.

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TWO BEAUS AND BOMAZEEN

(Continued from Page 13)

in this town will tell you anything for your own good. You're too tomdinged unpopular."

Mr. Hite was tortured by the forked flame of curiosity and suspicion and his manner confessed as much. He gave over trying to drive past the truck wagon.

"Shoot it out of you quick, whatever it is!"

"Now we're getting on together like relatives ought to," said Jordan complacently. "And here's my idea as regards the thing." He lounged back on the seat.

"I think that courting ought to be conducted genteel and proper and quiet instead of having a tin can tied to it! I don't say right out—as some do—that the widder is reciperkating. I know, like everybody else does, that she is partial to you and she has never showed no signs of being whiffleheaded in running her farm or her business. But I'm going to talk it right out to you, as I'd like a man to tell me in such a case. She has waved back to him!"

"She has?" muttered Mr. Hite, shouldering the Sheraton chair back to its own half of the seat of the buggy.

"She has! I've seen her wave. Once 'twas with a dishcloth, once with a handkerchief. P'raps with her it was only being flattered by being tooted at and she wanted to pass the time o' day. However, on t'other hand, a woman that's partial to a reppytable citizen of standing hadn't ought to be giving slander its chance by waving to a roving rambling character that's first to one end of a railroad line and then the other all day long.

"Furthermore, Ev," pursued Jordan, seeing that he was making an impression, "he has been giving her presents and she has took 'em."

This was a point on which Mr. Hite had been entertaining his suspicions. He managed to waggle his head, but he could not find voice to put his disbelief into words.

"She may have claimed to you that she bought that bulldog for to watch her premises and them Eye-talian bees to make honey for her, but she showed my wife the pome he wrote to go with 'em. It may be only neighborly to give a widder a bulldog and bees, but I have my own ideas when a pome goes with 'em."

"She said—well, I got the notion that she bought 'em," Mr. Hite allowed himself to state in defense. "I don't take no stock in there being any pomes."

"I ain't no hand to remember pomes—I don't load my mind up with such sculch. But my wife repeated it off to me, as she recalled it, and the chorus—or whatever it is a pome has—sort of stuck with me. Le's see!" Jordan tipped back his head and shut his eyes.

"'Oh, bark, good dog, and ——' Well, I don't just remember the rest of that line, but the thing winds up: 'And guard my honey-bunch and her bees.' If expressing them opinions and then toodle-de-ooing on that whistle every time he passes the house ain't courting, then I'd like to have you tell me, Hite, what you do think it is!"

Mr. Hite straightened the reins over his high stepper, drove into the ditch to avoid the truck wagon and departed in a cloud of dust. Brother-in-law Jordan started his own horses along at a more leisurely gait.

"He's got something on his mind now besides that false topknot he's been wearing on his head instead of the crape he had ought to wear on his arm," affirmed the news purveyor with venom.

Plainly it was not the state of affairs in the back pasture that was on Mr. Hite's mind. He lickety-splitted past the gate on which was posted: "No Trespassing, by order E. Hite." The sign must have suggested unpleasant thoughts in regard to trespassing on other preserves of Mr. Hite, for he shook his fist at the placard.

When he drove up the graveled roadway in front of the Widow Dawson's house he surveyed the trim buildings and the climbing vines and the big barns with jealous appraisal. He had the air of a man who had come in a hurry to guard property which he claimed and which was threatened. The house was there at any rate. As to the widow? She came out on the porch while he was hitching his mare at the corner of the house. Her amiable smile of welcome was answered by him with a growl. After a moment she frowned.

"Evander, why do you come here and glare at me in that style?"

"The business I'm up here on ain't the kind to giggle and be gay about."

"Are you going to shoot me? Is that a gun barrel—that thing sticking out past the buggy top?"

"That's a warming pan," he stated sourly.

Mrs. Dawson seemed to be mystified and a bit alarmed—a warming pan on a hot afternoon in August was a possession suggesting that Mr. Hite had been exposing himself to the sun too rashly. She was not helped by his further statement that he had brought it as a present.

He walked toward her, brandishing the ancient utensil. He had the demeanor of a man who had planned out a line of action and was grimly resolved to see it through to the bitter finish! That demeanor was far from suiting the style of a lover bearing gifts, and Mrs. Dawson did not appear to be especially reassured by his explanation.

"Maybe there's somebody who has been putting notions into your head that we're all slow up here in this town. But a man that meets as many smart traveling gents as I do in my line o' business hears what they're doing in fashionable circles. They're using these brass pans to decorate with—they're all the go."

"I have two up attic—grandmother's," she stated, but her forehead was wrinkled with doubt.

"Probably not as good as this one, but put 'em with it—plenty of ribbons on," he commanded with the assurance of an accredited interior decorator.

He laid the pan across the porch rail and returned to the buggy and brought the chair.

"And here's something else for you in the way of a antique—they're all the rage too. I'll admit I ain't up on the values of such things like she was when she was alive. But this was her favorite chair—and I want you to have it."

Mrs. Dawson winced.

"Some might hint that this was kind of a queer present, seeing that it was a favorite of Number One," Mr. Hite went on with added determination. "But I have been thinking the thing over the last few days and it settles down to this: Actions speak louder than words. I'm testing us both out. When I bring you a present like this—considering what this chair has meant in the case of Number One—you see the depth of my affection for you."

"I don't see it—not that way," protested the widow. "It isn't delicate. It would be like my giving you Mr. Dawson's watch."

"Well, why not? That would show that you was putting me first in your thoughts," declared the wooer. "I claim that we're keeping company." He began to exhibit increasing excitement. "But perhaps we have been too genteel about opening up our real thoughts to each other. My idea is to put everybody else out of our minds from now on—not having a look or word for anybody but ourselves in the way of attentions." He was staring hard at her. "So here's this chair—showing how I feel about you better'n any words could say it."

"I think I'd rather not have it," she faltered.

Mr. Hite ran to the buggy and came back with the box of candy in one hand and the bouquet in the other. Her attitude in regard to that chair, her unwillingness to meet him halfway in the matter of the Number Ones, suggested that the Widow Dawson was holding out on him in the point of affection in more ways than one.

"Now that we're on the subject of presents, you'll kindly listen to me for a minute, to avoid future misunderstandings. From this time on I'm going to tend to all the present making in your case."

Her flush indicated confusion. On the other hand her eyes sparkled in a way which indicated that the Widow Dawson had a temper to brace her natural self-reliance.

But Mr. Hite had been getting up steam for a long time. Now he was on his way and he paid no heed to the danger signals her cheeks displayed. The candy rattled savagely in the box when he shook it at her, and petals dropped from the bouquet. He broke in on her indignant retort:

"I have brought a general line of presents so as to hit your nature on all sides. There'll be more to come, as I find room for 'em when I drive up here. You can see that I mean business in the present-making line. You've got something fashionable to decorate with—that chair is for use. Here's sweetening—seeing that some folks seem to think you need to be sweetened—and if you have to be romanticked up here's your bokay. And there ain't no pomes to go with 'em. I'm giving you common sense instead of pomes!"

"Poems!" she repeated. She did show confusion then.

Mr. Hite beheld a bulldog's sour face between the balusters of the porch.

"It's easy enough to write portry and make 'fleas' rime with 'bees'," sneered the amazing suitor. "Probably he done it when he sent you them presents."

"What are you talking about?"

Mr. Hite was losing all control of himself. He delivered the bouquet and the candy by throwing them over the rail of the porch.

"You know well enough who I am talking about. I'm talking about that beef-and-cabbage advertisemunt that's rollicking and rambling and roving past here, tooting on that whistle to you so that folks fifteen miles away lay off from what they're doing and cock their ears and work their old jaws to the scandal and shame of both of us. He sent you that bulldog hoping that it would flare up and bite me. As for them Eye-talian bees and that honey-bunch stuff ——"

A bee had been attracted by the bouquet on the porch and did not show any liking for it. The insect started away in quest of something more promising. Any apiarist knows that an excited, angry, perspiring person is a sure target for a bee. Mr. Hite was shut off in his derogation of Ita bees by a jab that felt like a hot brad in back of his neck.

"Do you realize what kind of langu you have been using?" asked Mrs. Daw a few minutes later when he turned faced her.

"I'm ashamed of it," returned Mr. H with promptitude, and he added, "I thou I knew how to express myself better, se what I've been through whilst trai green hosses all my life. But I'm losing knack."

"Evander, you listen to me for a ment!" Mrs. Dawson behind the rail of porch was coldly and calmly the mistres that situation. "I have always gone on principle of being fair and square in ev thing. I am not going to be hasty beca you have made a fool of yourself in matter of a mere insect or because yo making more of a fool of yourself in reg to silly suspicions you seem to entert Now wait! I'm talking business! As this Mr. Twombley ——"

"There's a secret between you and and you can't deny it!"

"There's a matter of business betw Mr. Twombley and myself—nothing sir! He is a good-natured, friendly sort man."

"Hitching a cowbell onto his friendsh as you might say, by tooting that whistl

"The people in this town seem to understand any kind of friendliness th open and aboveboard—I'm sorry for th I'll own up to you frankly, Evan that I have given you cause to beli that your attentions to me have b agreeable. In the case of Mr. Twomb there's only the most matter-of-f friendship—plain for all to see. Now on and conduct yourself like a sens person!"

He dabbed his hand at the back of neck.

"I can't be sensible whilst things running on the way they are."

She continued to be serene.

"You're all stirred up and in no con tion of mind to talk now. Go home think it over."

"The thinking I'll do won't be help for either of us till I can stand in hear and listen to you tell that fly-by-night h toad never to step foot on your premmi again."

"I shall not insult the gentleman misconstruing mere friendship in that m ner, sir."

At that point Mr. Hite's feelings bu forth with something like an explosion.

"I see how it's drifting and I'm going fight for my rights."

"What do you mean—fight?" she manded tartly.

He came close to the porch and put u monitory finger. Those emotions that had been suppressing came out into the op and galloped like wild horses.

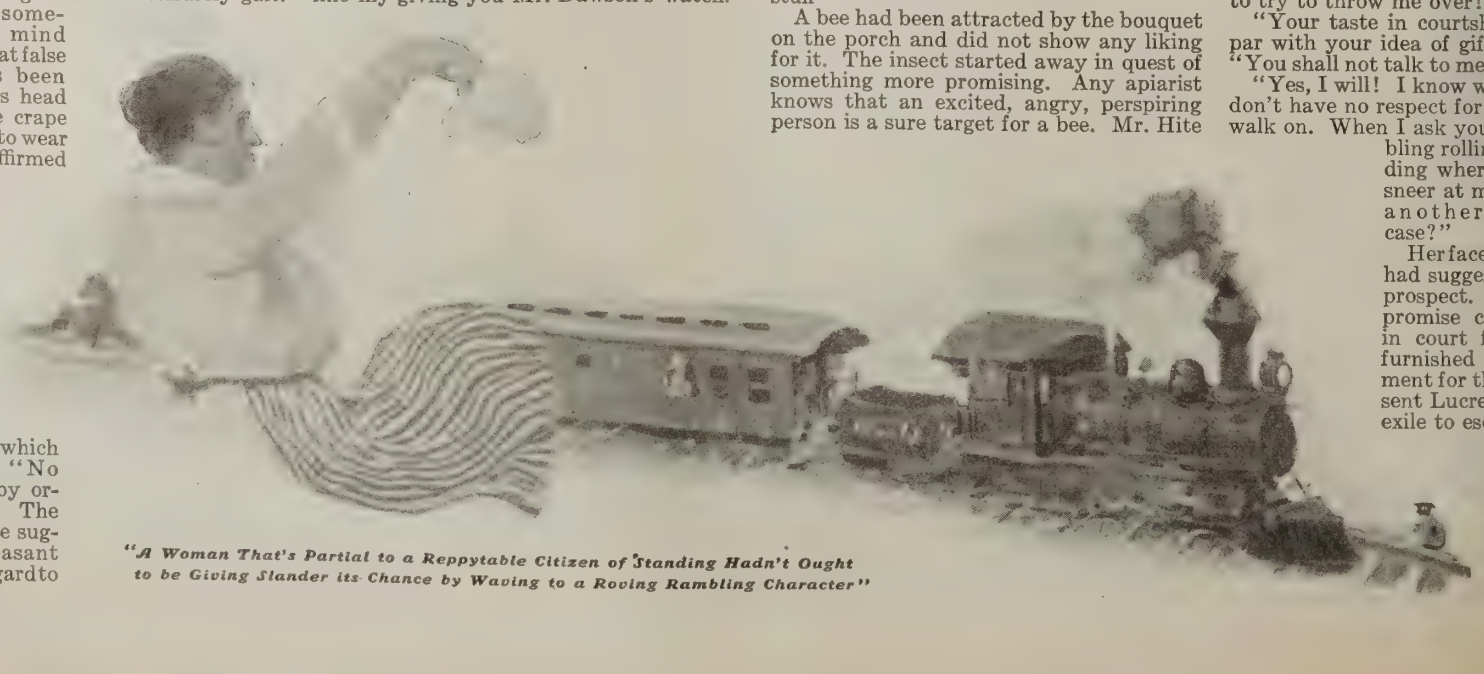
"My name and standing and credit this town is at stake, Nancy Dawson, s ing how it's generally considered that al arranged between us. That makes it hard-and-fast engagement, so far as speech of the people goes—and I do propose to be grinned at. Don't you da to try to throw me over!"

"Your taste in courtship is about on par with your idea of gifts," she retort "You shall not talk to me in that manne

"Yes, I will! I know wimmen, and th don't have no respect for the one they c walk on. When I ask you to set that ra bling rolling old bag o' pu ding where he belongs y sneer at me. Do you wa another Norton-Fo case?"

Her face became pale. had suggested an appalli prospect. That breach-promise case had dragg in court for a week, h furnished wild entertai ment for the multitude, h sent Lucretia Fogg off in exile to escape ridicule a was an eve that Cobboss reckoned fro just as the Ara reckon from t Hegira.

(Continued o Page 137)



"A Woman That's Partial to a Reppytable Citizen of Standing Hadn't Ought to be Giving Slander its Chance by Waving to a Roving Rambling Character"

(Continued from Page 134)

fasion?"

Yes'm, I do. That shows how desperati I am."

ıe walked up and down the porch, shwing more agitation than he had ever ₅ee before in the mien of Nancy Dawson. ⁻ın she went into the house and shut the .o'.

r. Hite stood in his tracks and fondled hiswelling on the back of his neck and polered. After about ten minutes of meitation, during which wrath cooled, ₅eond thought counseled him and memory ₅uested that Bill Norton did not come ffany too well in that suit which he brught against the Widow Fogg, Mr. Hite wet up and pulled the porcelain bell knob. I was obliged to ring again and again ₅ere Mrs. Dawson rewarded his perisncy by flinging open the door.

Nancy, I ought to have taken your adice about going away till my feelings roquieted down. I guess it was a regular ca: of blind staggers in my case."

Well, go away now!" was her uncomrnising suggestion.

I'm willing to come back halfway in th thing. If I'm handled right I shan't roff and be desperate."

was a warning. Mrs. Dawson's rabled expression indicated that certain coiderations were having effect in her ow case.

We don't want to fly off in no tangent an make a lot of trouble for ourselves," ₅uested Mr. Hite. "I'm sorry that I spke out—I'll say that."

You must prove that you are sorry."

Don't I look it?"

Irs. Dawson indulged her feelings with a 't of sarcasm:

You always look sorry—for something. I never seen you look cheerful yet."

I don't go round hiding cussedness urer an everlasting haw-haw. Tell me ac to prove that I'm sorry."

Think up your own way of doing so. If yc show enough earnestness you may be ab: to convince me."

But won't you give off your orders?"

Yes, I will. Go away at once and show mthat you have wit enough to plan some wa of making me know that you're really soy."

he shut the door.

Ir. Hite reflected that he could obey the ba: of her orders relative to going away. He climbed into his buggy with quite a dislir of nimble haste. But while he drove don the road he admitted with despair tht he could not think of any positive way of making her sure that he was sorry. His puzled thoughts dwelt on that word.

rother-in-law Jordan had walked his hoses slowly up Zion's Hill. When he saw th suitor coming back the volunteer advir swung his wagon across the middle of the road once more and Mr. Hite was compeed to halt.

Who come off high line in the set-to?" nuired Mr. Jordan bluntly.

None of your business!" barked Mr. He. "Pull out and let me past!"

Ir. Jordan dropped his reins and placidly rwed off a mouthful of tobacco.

If that's all the thanks a friend gets for pcting you on what you needed to know t only about what a friend might expect nsnap-and-bark times like these and I ui t going to complain. And I s'pose you'll se me that you don't need any advice."

You're only looking for a chance to stk your nose into my private business."

You were larruping away from me a ite spell ago, all torched up. You're still sc mad to be sensible. I can figger well erugh that you were a blamed sight maddi just now when you talked with Nancy Dwson. You hain't got no human notion pfiow to handle wimmen. Getting mad di't get you nowhere or nothing, Ev. Not nhe case of a woman like her, who is indepdent and all for running her own busiss. That kind of a woman likes to run the mn's business too. It's a good notion to e'em think they're running it—not really e'em run it, only think they're doing so." Hcrossed his legs and leaned back. "Now, let me be a friend in this. Did you get rwhere?"

Mr. Hite gulped back what he really wnted to say. He shook his head. A new rod—a melancholy one in which fears wre mingled with suspicions—had seized upn him.

She prob'ly told you to go off and cool lyn and then prove to her that you ain't kind that'll try to make home happy with a club after marriage," probed Mr. Jordan, a neighbor who knew the style of the Widow Dawson very well and had guessed sagely as to what the shortness of the interview signified.

Mr. Hite's solemn eyes opened and he mutely showed respect for Jordan's newly revealed abilities as an analyst of woman.

"Some wimmen is clinging vines," pursued Expert Jordan, "and relish the clinging, whilst others want to stand up straight and be clung to. There's nothing that gets to that last kind like a man being in a peck of trouble and depending on 'em to be got out of it. I hain't got to tell you what the Widder Dawson's class is. She wouldn't marry an angel, because an angel hain't got no 'outs' for her to get busy with. Now I don't see what she ever took up with you for. I'm being frank with you like a real friend ought to be. She couldn't save you from licker, because you don't touch the stuff. She says prob'ly: 'I'll make Ev Hite see some rays of light in the encircling gloom, as the hymn has it, and glory in doing so.'"

Mr. Jordan pulled down the corners of his mouth, knotted his eyebrows and opened doleful eyes.

"If I should come home looking like this—like you do now—my woman would let out two whoops and a howl and send for the doctor whilst trying first-aid home remedies. But you can't look any more sorry, put on all the extra frills you can manage."

That was the problem with which Mr. Hite had been struggling on his way down the hill, but he had his own notions about proffers of help in this perfidious world.

"I don't propose to set here any longer and be made fun of."

However, the expert was insistent and brutally frank.

"It's come to where you've got to show the widder her duty—show her good and hard—or else she won't take note that anything special is the trouble with you more'n usual. You might go up and rave round in her dooryard and shoot yourself through the flap of your ear or leave a note with your coat and vest on the shore of Toosic Pond or ——".

Mr. Hite urged Suse into the ditch, whirled past the obstructing truck wagon on two wheels of the buggy and escaped.

But he promptly pulled the mare down to a walk and set his elbows on his knees and pondered.

That tongue of Jordan's had nearly driven him out of his wits, but in what Jordan had said there was an idea.

"Something has got to be done to show her," admitted the probationer, "and there ain't no time to be lost."

When he came to the gate with the No-Trespass sign he opened it and led the mare inside and hitched her behind some bushes. While he was busy at this chore he spied a crowbar driven into the ground. A length of clothesline trailed away on the turf from the bar to the frazzled end. Being well posted on the delinquencies of the members of his back-pasture herd he knew that Britchy Bess, an especially unruly cow, had broken the tether which confined her upon her lawful premises.

Just then, however, Mr. Hite's thoughts were wholly taken up by female fractiousness in another quarter. He cut the length of the clothesline from the bar, coiled the rope on his arm and started on foot by way of a lane to the Dawson farm. The slurs of Jordan still pricked.

"I don't give the old fool credit for having more'n half wit, and he didn't know what he was talking about. But a thinking man like I am can take even a crazy hint and make something sensible out of it in the way of a plan. I've got to be convincing."

In order to be convincing Mr. Hite halted behind the Dawson barn, recklessly dented in his hard hat and unbuttoned the front of his celluloid collar and allowed the ends to stick up like horns past his ears. This play-acting with the collar not only expressed great wildness of despair, according to Mr. Hite's thoughtful view, but incidentally the pressure on the swelling bee sting was relieved. Then he noosed the rope round his neck and took the slack in his hand. He trudged slowly to the porch with despondent slouch in his gait and arrived in the presence of Mrs. Dawson, who was placidly making stitches in a fabric stretched over a hoop. She viewed the skewed ensemble presented before her and leaped to her feet with an air of concern that pleased Mr. Hite very much. He decided that he was on the right tack.

"Mercy!" She ejaculated that word several times.

"Use your eyes! Look at me as I am and form your judgment," counseled Mr. Hite dolefully.

"Evander, I never liked the way that mare has acted. I have told you to be careful she didn't run away with you."

"That ain't it. I'd like to see the hoss that could run away with me!" said Mr. Hite, pricked in his professional pride. But he promptly smoothed the temper out of his tone and demeanor. "Use your eyes, why don't you?"

"Are you hurt?"

"I'm hurt more than words can tell."

He put his hand on his breast.

"Get up here and sit down just as quick as you can!" She turned away and shouted excitedly: "Hannah!"

"Condemn it, I don't want no hired girl mixed into this! This is private betwixt us two," countermanded the lover. "You told me to go away and get into another state of mind. I've done it. And it's a state of mind that scares me. I don't know how high it was that Haman was hung, because I haven't kept up on scripture as close as I ought to. But if I ain't soothed and comforted I'll be found in the top of the highest tree in this town and the blame will be placed where it belongs."

Hannah arrived at that moment, displaying a state of excitement that fitted the occasion. But it was at once plain that her mental upheaval was in no way concerned with the affairs of Mr. Hite. She did not even glance in the direction of that distressed gentleman.

"I have drove her off three times to-day, but now she has gone and done it, Mis' Dawson. It's awful—it's terrible!"

Here was fresh distress of so vivid a nature that it outclassed the solemn woe with which Mr. Hite had been bewildering the mistress of the mansion.

"For goodness' sake, what has happened?"

"Them blueberry pies—the pies you made and set out to cool on the but'ry winder ledge! She has et 'em—every soop, sliver and scrimptom of 'em!"

Mr. Hite was immediately and properly incensed. The widow had turned her back on him; she was plumping questions at the hired girl. A mere matter of contemptible blueberry pies, eaten somehow by some unknown, was killing a dramatic situation right at its climax.

"Look here, Nancy," he raged, "you're seeing me at the end of my rope, ready to die if you don't say the word to save me from myself, and you're letting that girl take up the time with her yap about blueberry pies. This is a crisis, I tell you!"

But the agitated Hannah was handling a crisis of her own. Suddenly she jabbed a denunciatory forefinger:

"And there she is!"

The head of a white-faced Hereford cow was projected round the corner of the house. That is to say, the face was white by natural coloring, but blue stains were smeared from muzzle to eyes, an indigo-blue tongue was blandly and contentedly thrusting from one nostril to the other, licking off the remnants of the feast. The bovine countenance expressed complete satisfaction over a good job well done. That expression was calculated to put extra fire into a housewife's natural exasperation.

"Evander Hite, it's that breachy cow of yours!" declared Mrs. Dawson, getting her voice after a gasp.

Mr. Hite had recognized his property. He dropped the end of the coiled rope on the ground.

"She has been pestering us nigh to death and I have told you about it before. She has rampaged in my garden and ——"

"I had her hitched up special," he protested.

"Does that look as if you had that old scoop-mouthed, splay-footed pest of a thief hitched up? She has eaten my pies!"

"I'm here on something more important than blueberry pies!"

She came to the porch rail and leaned over it, her face white with wrath.

"It's plain enough to me what you're here for—leading that old cow onto my premises with that rope!"

"This rope ——" He was flapping his hand against the noose on his neck.

But Mrs. Dawson was not in a reasoning mood. Her housewife's sensibilities had been wounded in a vital spot.

"The two of you—that cow and you—stand here convicting each other. Keep your tongue still! I went and picked those blueberries in the hot sun and frizzled myself over a blazing stove so as to get those pies ready for the Beulah Band's supper this evening. It's my promised share of the vittles and now I'm dished, dolloped and disgraced, because they're depending on me. And you go and deliberately lead that cow up here ——"

"What do you think I'm wearing this rope for?" His ire matched hers. "I'm going to climb a tree, I tell you!"

"If you've got that rope to pull the tree up after you—and will only do it—it'll be good reddance. But first, you use it to tow that old cow back onto your own land where you brought her from. I tell you to go and go quick!"

"I won't go till I'm understood!"

Setting her teeth hard the Widow Dawson, controlled wholly by blazing wrath that took into account nothing except this intolerable case of trespassing, picked up the brass warming pan from the floor of the porch.

"Hannah, you go and fill this with hot water. Evander Hite, if you are in front of my porch when she comes back I'll scald you from top to toe—and it's got a long handle to save me from getting too near to you."

That proposed enormity in the employment of a recent gift took away Mr. Hite's breath and a lot of his courage.

"And look at that old devouring locust of Egypt with horns—look at what she is doing now!" railed the widow with added passion. The rover was showing that the repast of blueberry pies had inclined her taste to other delicacies in the way of provender. She was nibbling off the blooming tops of Mrs. Dawson's flower bed.

"Hannah, bring my shotgun!" called the mistress.

Mr. Hite's thoughts were flaming, but he possessed the truly rural sense of duty in the matter of taking care of a vagrant cow. He removed the noose from his neck and after a short chase arrived at the depth of an anticlimax by noosing the cow.

"Mr. Hite, if you say one more word to me in my present state of mind I shall not answer for the consequences!"

He was cowed by her decisiveness. He walked away, tugging on the rope. The points of his collar stuck up in grotesque imitation of the horns of the animal that plodded at his heels. But he halted suddenly.

There was the clank of iron on iron and Bomazeen came into sight on the curve at the foot of the hill. Bomazeen began to phrase a series of dulcet "coo-coos" and "hoo-hoos."

First turning her gaze in the direction of Mr. Hite as if to make sure of his attention, Mrs. Dawson boldly waved that something which was stretched on the hoop.

"That old pyoodle of a Jordan claiming to me that he understands wimmen!" he growled. "The hell he does—or anybody else!"

That evening after supper Mr. Hite sat in the window of his stable office and studied the problem that his heart affairs presented.

He directed baleful gaze across at Mr. Boomer, who was smoking an after-supper pipe on the veranda of the tavern. The magnate of the Cobbossee and Quebec railway system was rocking on the hind legs of a chair, discussing various topics and waking the echoes with his laughter. Mr. Hite was keen on all details—in his critical mood. He noted that Mr. Boomer was dolled up in a new suit of clothes, and while Mr. Hite was eying the rig-out jealously a clerk went across from Barrow's Gents' Furnishing Emporium and handed to Mr. Boomer a freshly cleaned straw hat, which the owner set on his head with a jaunty uptilt. Then he rose, buttoned his coat and surveyed himself as he was reflected in a store window near the hotel porch.

"I don't see how a critter with a pod like he's got can bear to take a second look at his figger, much less act as if he was proud of it," averred the hostler, who was in Mr. Hite's class of slab-sidedness. "And if I was a woman," continued the hostler, averting his eyes from Mr. Hite's side glance of ireful inquiry, "I'd just as soon have Bull Rip foghorn in the parlor as him with that laugh of his."

"What parlor?"

"Any parlor."

It was evident that Mr. Boomer had been waiting for that hat. He started away, but was hailed by Druggist Thombs, who was having considerable trouble in cranking his road beetle and was in need of the

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advice that was undoubtedly concealed in the system of a regular engineer.

"Want a ride?" inquired Thombs.

"Thank you kindly, but I've got a flivver of my own that's nearer my size. Have to keep old Bomazeen limbered up," declared Mr. Boomer humorously—for all to hear. "She relishes the evening air."

"I've heard of ingines being used for 'most everything," said the Iago at Mr. Hite's elbow, "but it's crowding the mourners to use one to go courting with. And by the mourners I mean the stockholders in our railroad. He don't own that road no more'n I do!"

"He's only being tolerated and tolled on till we can do something sensible," returned Mr. Hite, gritting his teeth. "And it's getting time to do it."

"If he's let run loose much longer he'll be having the cheek to call a meeting and have money voted to build him an ingine hitching post at the foot of Zion's Hill," prodded the malicious hostler.

"That's about enough of that kind of talk!"

The hostler retired into the bowels of the stable. When he was at a safe distance he flung back his reply:

"You're sure right, gov'nor! Talk don't get ye nowhere in a thing like this is getting to be."

The derisive barks of Bomazeen began and died away in the distance.

Mr. Hite pulled his hat down over his buzzing head, picked up his yellow gloves and strode into the stable.

"You hitch Wobbly Will into the road cart. I'm going—well, it don't make a damblasted bit of difference where I'm going! And you keep your yawp still!"

He cocked his ear and demanded to know what the hostler was muttering, while that sullen serf buckled the harness.

"I ain't muttering. I'm singing."

"Singing what?" Mr. Hite had decided to start in with detraction at home and follow it up through the community.

"Ditty I heard from a drummer about a red light on the track for Boomer—I mean Boozer Brown. But it hain't got nothing to do with your private business," the hostler hastened to say.

"I haven't got no more private business left," snarled Mr. Hite. "Seeing that it has been strung out into general public business, with 'em singing songs about it! We'll proceed to find out if some loose ends of that business can't be snugged up."

He snapped his whip close to the hostler's ear and drove away.

When he passed the tavern veranda the gentlemen of the Cobbossee Amalgamated Order of Ball-Bearing Tongues, assembled in regular conference, bestowed on him a united grin that torched up resolution in Mr. Hite's case more effectively than three cheers would have availed in stirring a person of different temperament.

In his implacability he felt a strange thrill of exaltation too. This must be love, after all. Mr. Hite had heard about love and its moods and longings and extravagances and vagaries and jealousies and had never put stock in any such nonsense. He had paid court to Nancy Dawson in the approved, smug, taken-for-granted, two-calls-a-week fashion—and had never felt his heart flutter.

"I'm in love," Mr. Hite told himself while he urged on Wobbly Will. "I've been in love right along without waking up to how much I'm in love. It don't stand to reason that a woman of her caliber is going to take up with a met-by-chancer like he is, but if some slip-up somehow should give him his chance to grab onto that stand o' buildings and that farm, which by good rights just nat'rally belongs with my land at the foot of the hill, and then he should stand back and give me one of them jackass haw-haws of his I'd drop dead. I could never live in this town after it happened. And if being stirred up like I am right now, when I think of it, ain't love, then it's—but timbelt it, it is love!"

He saw that Cascade Hall was all lighted up and he remembered what Mrs. Dawson had said about the supper of the Beulahs. Immediately his mind was easier. That's where she was—having a good time with the women.

Boomer had titivated himself up and had gone on a wild-goose chase if he intended to call on Mrs. Dawson.

Mr. Hite left his horse standing in the road and went to the door of Cascade Hall, his whip under his arm. With the confidence of the accredited suitor he purred the request that somebody would please ask Mrs. Dawson to step out for a minute. He was informed that Mrs. Dawson was not there; that she had sent down her hired man to say that she was not feeling well and had had some kind of a dreadful setback with her part of the supper treat—and the hired man had brought a freezer of ice cream from Gibbs' store.

Mr. Hite drove away from Cascade Hall. If that informing Beulah had hit him a smart tunk with a rolling-pin he would have felt happier and less dizzy. At home! A plot! Right then Mr. Hite would have given credence to almost any kind of calumny—even to a vindictive suggestion that his own Hereford cow had been a traitorous party to that plot somehow; at any rate the matter of those pies was mixed up in Mrs. Dawson's excuse.

He led Wobbly Will inside the gate that bore the no-trespass sign. The twilight was deepening and the shadows in the lane shielded Mr. Hite. Unashamed, he set about stalking his lady and her guest, for now jealousy was frankly asserting what destination the trigged-up Mr. Boomer had in mind.

And then jealousy was outvoiced by Mr. Boomer himself. There was no chance for guesswork when anybody came within half a mile of that gentleman. Mr. Boomer was with the Widow Dawson—her laughter was tinkling while his clanged.

Mr. Hite crept through the orchard shadows. He did not surprise a tête-à-tête on the porch. A lantern showed the two at a rock heap beyond the small-fruits patch.

Mr. Boomer was on top of the rock heap and the Widow Dawson was holding up the lantern and laughing while her guest posed in mock heroic attitudes. With palm held edgewise at his forehead he was "Aleck the great looking for more worlds to conquer," so he announced. With arms folded and the straw hat pulled somberly low he was "Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was also a great many notables according to his promulgation of identities—all the aforesaid notables, of course, looking extremely like Twombley Boomer until labeled by his word of mouth.

"I do like fun!" gasped the Widow Dawson.

"It's fun that makes the world go round," he agreed. "Some say it's love that does it—but fun has got to be mixed in with love."

When she heartily agreed with that dictum the concealed Mr. Hite gritted his teeth.

"And the next tableau will represent—I don't know exactly what it does represent, because I haven't had time as yet to go over into a graveyard that I can see from the cab window and find out, but it represents"—Mr. Boomer snuggled the straw hat into the hook of his elbow and struck a posture—"that old John Henry Somebody that has been set up to scare the robins and the chickadees of this town."

Mrs. Dawson did not laugh.

"Well, I guess it isn't very good manners to joke about a graveyard," said Mr. Boomer, accepting the silent rebuke. "Sometimes when I get to going it I don't know when to stop."

Mr. Hite by that time had a rock in each hand, though he despondently realized that he was too far away to hope to make a bull's-eye.

"I'll be tending to that matter I climbed up here to look into," stated the impersonator *in propria persona*.

"But be careful—please do," pleaded the widow with real solicitude. "It's awful stuff if it gets onto your hands."

"In your service, dear lady, I ain't afraid to tackle raging lions, much less this stuff—if it's what I think it is." He got down on his knees and pawed into a growth that masked the rocks. "And I find it is that stuff—it's poison ivy."

"Don't touch it any more!"

He backed slowly down the rocks and joined her.

"I don't say those bees will make salads out of that ivy if it's too handy by, or use the leaves for petticoats, but we'd better be on the safe side and move the hive into the orchard—and I hope you won't think that I have just made an excuse of the thing to come up here this evening," he said, plainly fearing that the widow might have apiarian knowledge that would discount his zeal. "Just as well be on the safe side," he insisted.

"You nigh take my breath away—you are so kind and obliging."

"As I have said to you before, I hope you don't think it was cheeky in me to give you the bees—or the dog. But the fir time I looked up here and saw what a fi place you had I said to myself that I'd li to add a little something. It's my natu to be neighborly—can't help it. Nev have had a home of my own to tend out and so I have to indulge my feelings doing neighborly kindnesses to those wl have a home."

Mr. Hite, hearing this, was an infuriate skeptic. There was no such sort of disi terestedness in the world, and he mutter profane remarks to that effect and wo dered what the matter was with t Widow Dawson's intellect. She was than ing Mr. Boomer demurely and saying th she understood the neighborly feeling e actly, because that was the way she tri to get along with folks.

She went ahead with the lantern and M Boomer followed with the hive, carrying stand and all. They passed close to M Hite and he put his hand on his swolle neck with the air of one who was n entirely sure whether bees of the Italia variety did or did not send out nig skirmishers. However, another of M Boomer's gifts was serving on the nig shift. The bulldog pranced up to Mr. Hi and sniffed at the calf of his leg and growle Mr. Hite growled back, expressing t venom of his emotions with such ferocit that the dog recognized his own languag of threat and was intimidated. He ran awa and sought safety in the circle of t lantern's radiance.

On account of the danger of alarm by th dog Mr. Hite did not follow immediatel when the party returned to the hous Finally he ventured on a tour of inspectio spurred by Mr. Boomer's very audibl reiteration of what a good time he wa having. There was also the tinkle of ic against glass.

Mr. Hite from his post behind some lila bushes saw Mr. Boomer sitting on th porch in the Sheraton chair. He was sip ping from a tumbler of raspberry shrub an was trying to make friends with Mrs. Daw son's big cat. The cat was not reciproca ing and would not budge from its perch o the rail.

"I want the entire family to like me, confessed Mr. Boomer when his overture to "nice kitty" had got him nothing excep a cold stare. "You say the cat isn't afra of the dog?"

"Oh, no! They play together."

"Then that isn't why she stays up ther on the rail, eh? My sakes! I'm afraid I'm in wrong. Come, kitty!"

The cat jumped down to the ground an strolled off across the yard.

"She seems to have it in for me all right A case of a nose out of joint because introduced another pet into the family Well, I'll be very nice to her just the same patience wins out, and being nice to the se counts in the long run."

The cat walked behind the lilac bushe and rubbed against Mr. Hite's familiar leg

"I know what you'd say to me if yo could talk," he muttered. "You see int his character just the same as I do. Ther ain't no shrewder animal than a cat is There sits a woman who is being gulled b gabble. You know it and I know it. An the longer he sits on that piazzy—if he allowed to stay here in this town, if he stay here, if his business keeps him here——"

Mr. Hite's mutterings were cautiously subdued, they kept growing fainter an then they died into silence. He was pon dering. His address to the cat had set hi mind upon a special line of procedure in th solving of the problem that confronted him

The immediate and pressing idea was t get that man off the widow's porch—awa from her—at once. Boomer's complacency sitting there in that Sheraton chair, sippin raspberry shrub and beaming on a hostes who seemed to be enjoying the situation made Mr. Hite feel as if a whole hive o Italian bees had been emptied into his soul

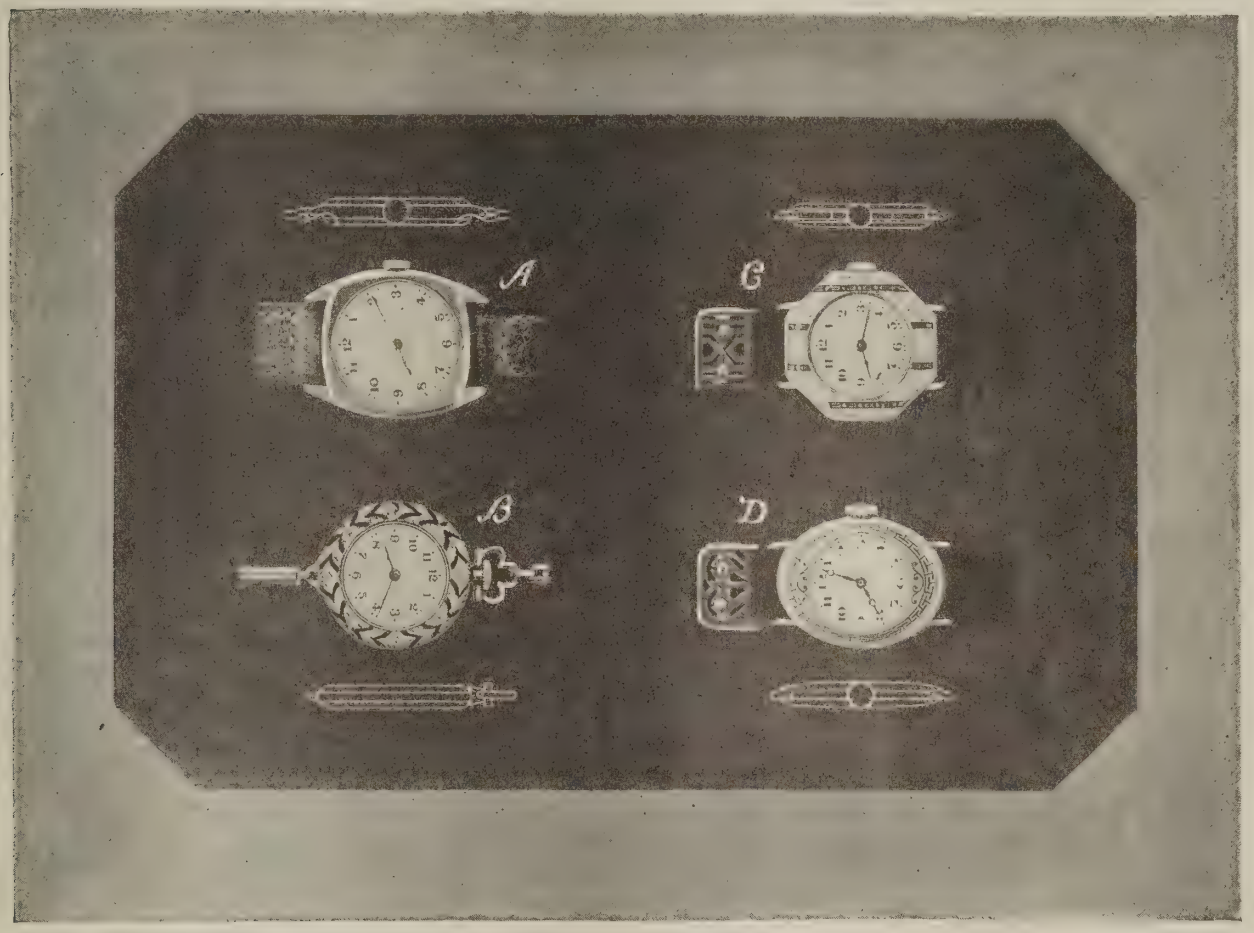
He slunk away from the lilac bushes made a detour to avoid all risk of observa tion from the porch and started dow Zion's Hill. An emergency scheme ha budded—now it burst into fuller bloom. I the way of fruit it promised everything Mr. Hite spanked his fist down into hi palm and thereby clinched his determina tion to go the limit. He steeled himself b reflecting on Cobbossee's grins, Boomer airs, the Widow Dawson's folly and fickle ness.

When he arrived at the railroad track h addressed a few words to Bomazeen, curlin his lip and shaking his fist.

(Continued on Page 140)

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES



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B—The Round Convertible. Chased enamel inlay, just the right touch for the afternoon frock or chic street dress. It is usually worn with a detachable gold bracelet. And the design is exquisite

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D—The Oval. Worn on a silk ribbon, this case is appropriate for evening wear and many afternoon functions. Note the distinctiveness of the beautifully simple design

To meet the infinite variety of women's demands

IT used to be said that a lady could be told by her gloves, her handkerchief and her shoes.

Nowadays a fourth item is noted by observing eyes in drawing room or restaurant, business office or country club.

A wrist watch that is as substantial as those worn in the service will spoil the whole effect of a filmy, feminine, afternoon dress. And that tiny little jewel-frosted time-piece, so becoming to a frill-clad wrist, is a jarring note in the distinctive simplicity of the tailored suit.

The woman who knows the value of details sees to it that her wrist watch is not only attractive in itself—but appropriate to the occasion. The Wadsworth craftsmen have been building enduring and artistic watch cases for 30 years.

They are now supplying the demand for "a watch for every occasion" with a great number of beautiful and widely varied designs, examples of which are seen wherever women pay attention to correct accessories.

Select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth is all the guarantee you need, not only of correct design but of the best possible in material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

(Continued from Page 138)

"About all you have ever done for this town, you snorting whelp, is to saddle stockholders with debts and knock me out of the good business I had hauling sample trunks and drummers from the Junction and back. Public spirit and good o' the town, hey? Well, let 'em grin after this—if they feel like it! Let your old fat wallopus hoof it! It'll give him something else to laugh at—maybe! As for you"—Mr. Hite had climbed into the cab—"you have kyoodled your last haw-haw for me and your last coo-coo for her!"

Mr. Hite was no expert as an engineer. But he pulled off the yellow gloves and went to work. He knew that a hot blaze would make steam and that an open throttle would allow the steam to make the wheels go round. He raked open the top of the banked coal in the fire box, unscrewed the caps of cans and poured in all the oil he could find, waited till the gauge needle promised action and then released the brake and yanked open the throttle.

He jumped off and let Bomazeen go it!

Where Bomazeen would fetch up was a secondary consideration, so far as Mr. Hite was concerned.

As a matter of fact, he did not devote any thought to that question until he was hidden in a gully near the track. He had been wholly absorbed in pondering on affairs more closely related to his personal peace of mind.

A little flare of momentary worry when the yappings of Bomazeen's exhaust were dying away in the distance was promptly extinguished by the flood of pure joy that poured over Mr. Hite's soul when he saw Mr. Boomer come pounding down Zion's Hill under the light of the stars and begin a stern chase, hat in hand and coat on his arm.

"Leg it, you old Percheron!" counseled Mr. Hite in a whisper. "You've had your mind took off'n one subject at any rate. And I guess it ain't much of a mind, seeing that you're setting out afoot to catch a railroad engine."

He climbed out of the gully and started off in the direction of his pasture.

"I ain't going to think about it. I ain't going to worry. Let other folks tend to their own troubles. This is the first thing I have found to take relish in for a good while and I ain't going to spoil the taste of it."

Mr. Hite chewed gustfully on that revenge on his way back to the village and until he went to sleep. He ruminated in the morning, but the piquant flavor was missing. He was afflicted with a melancholy disposition that naturally harbored forebodings. After breakfast he gazed out of his stable office window on the first stirrings of morning life in Cobbossee and wondered what sort of a devil had got into him when the night shielded and rage prompted and opportunity offered.

He did not exult when he saw Mr. Boomer arrive at the tavern, his bulk filling up the rear seat and sagging down the springs of a beach wagon in which a farmer served as charioteer. Mr. Boomer's laugh was stilled, his jowls sagged, he crawled down out of the wagon with grunts of pain and hobbled into the tavern, his collar and necktie in one hand and his new coat dragging listlessly from the other.

The farmer drove into the livery stable and told the hostler, so Mr. Hite's sharply cocked ear gathered, to "bait the critter and don't take off the harness. Orders is to be ready to start off again."

The hostler promptly began to ask questions, but the farmer turned his back on the subaltern and sauntered into headquarters. He picked up a bit of wood on the way and whittled and made casual inquiries about what Mr. Hite had for horse-kind and whether that gentleman would consider talking "shift." The farmer explained that the heft of the season's work was over and he thought he might like to trade into something a little trappier with which to visit the fall fairs.

Mr. Hite, avid for news, hoping to get information by shutting off that line of talk, stated curtly that he had nothing for swap stock on hand.

Then the farmer started a series of questions about other horse prospects in town, seeking advice from an expert.

Mr. Hite was obliged to control an impulse to grab this news container and tip him upside down and rattle out of him the knowledge he naturally must hold, considering that he had brought Boomer back to town.

"Ain't you taking no more interest in hosses?" demanded the farmer at last, realizing that this man of the wandering gaze and snappy retorts was not listening.

"No! Teaming business is too slack since they've been running an extra train to the Junction every time a drummer sticks up a finger."

But that provocative opening for comment on the most recent developments in the affairs of the C. & Q. R. R. produced no reaction. The farmer yawned.

"I d'know but I'll take a little nap on your l'unge there whilst I'm waiting for orders. I was routed out early this morning."

He sprawled on the couch where the hostler was accustomed to wait for belated buggy riders.

"What's the special news down the line?" faltered Mr. Hite.

"Nothing. It's a dead time o' year—August is."

"Didn't I see Boomer getting out of your wagon?" Mr. Hite had arrived at the limit of endurance.

"Ye-ap!" The farmer yawned again. He closed his eyes.

"How comes it he's riding round in a wagon instead of on that engine he's so much in love with?"

The farmer pulled one hand from under his head and tapped his forefinger on his brow. He winked.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Hite, his impatience heating up his tone more than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Oh, I forgot that he's a gent you've been booming up as a good town asset. I ain't saying anything against him. But it's what happens to a lot of folks when they get too much bound up in a thing."

"What happens?"

"They go daffy!" Mr. Hite's wild stare demanded so much that the farmer raised himself on his elbow and displayed more interest. "Now that I'm reminded how as you're considerably took up with him I'll tell you. He came into my yard about sunup and got me to the door and said he had mislaid his ingine."

"What kind of talk is that?" stammered the inquisitor.

"I don't know as he said it just that way, but that was the gist of it. Anyway, a man who comes round with his eyes sticking out and claims that he has lost a whole ingine round the neighborhood somewheres, and is lugging a lighted lantern that he borrowed and hasn't noticed that it has come daylight and says he has walked twice over the railroad, hunting all nooks and corners and is so plumb beat out that he can't walk a step farther and is willing to pay a dollar an hour to ride and keep hunting—well, he needs to be humored, whatever it may be is the matter with him. So I'm humoring him and asking no foolish questions. With me orders is orders at a dollar an hour. On the other hand, maybe he ain't crazy." Once more the farmer winked at Mr. Hite. "Judging from his looks he ain't up this way for his health, and if he ain't crazy then he's a wise one."

"An engine couldn't get lost," mumbled Mr. Hite.

"I ain't figgering whether it can or not—not when I'm paid a dollar an hour, no questions asked. I'll say this: Him and me has been in my hitch everywhere we could go with a wagon. Then we took the hand car and went from one end of the line to t'other, and that ingine ain't in the ditch and it didn't hit the bumper at the end of the road and it ain't in the roundhouse and it ain't in the top of any tree, and whilst I think he's crazy if he's sure he lost it, on t'other hand the public has got to stand by and expect almost any kind of skindinkulum in these times when it's a case of handling railroads. As far as I'm concerned, orders is orders and my time and pay is going on."

The farmer laced his fingers under his head, cocked one leg over the other and went to sleep in a jiffy.

And in a jiffy he was awake again.

Landlord Twiss appeared on the tavern veranda and began to beat on his meal gong with all his might and main. It was not the breakfast call—he had announced breakfast by his usual tattoo a long time before. When Mr. Twiss started down the middle of the street, pounding the gong and bellowing "Oh, yea!" Mr. Hite's first startled idea was that the landlord had lost his mind. The farmer offered an opinion to that effect, seeming to entertain pessimistic ideas as to sanity in Cobbossee on that day.

But Mr. Twiss halted in the square, kept up his din until he had collected a crowd and explained to the listeners that Twombly Boomer requested all stock holders of the C. & Q. and citizens in general to listen to some remarks that would be made from the hotel porch.

"I'm passing the word as an accommodation for him, hoping for a good attendance, one and all. Come as soon as you can." He led the parade back up the street, beating time.

Mr. Boomer, when he stepped out on the porch, had put off his finery, was back in his overalls and had an air of being down to business in earnest.

He twitched the sleeves of his jumper as a magician does when he assures his audience that he will perform without the use of cuffs. It may be that Mr. Boomer wished to impress upon his auditors that he was concealing none of his usual humor up his sleeve.

"Gents in general, what I'm going to tell you wasn't due to be spilled just yet. But seeing that the most of the business has been tended to as was planned and only a few tags to be tied up and nothing will be hurt by coming out with the facts I'll say that what is meant by all the land buying that has been going on round Bomazeen Falls up yonder is that The Consolidated Paper & Pulp Co. is proposing to develop the power and build a big mill and will take over this railroad and extend it up to the Falls by the old charter. It wasn't anything that would stand brass-band tactics and that's the reason why the railroad part of the plan has been soft-pedaled along, as you might say."

"That's the way the big schemers always operate when they grab—muffle their feet and tiptoe in and sneak away before anybody wakes up," complained somebody in the crowd.

Mr. Boomer pulled his cap down over one eye and wagged a forefinger in the direction of the detractor.

"I take it that the gent is a stockholder in the C. & Q."

"Yessir, I am! And I ——"

"Don't holler till you're stung! My crowd is too big a concern to start in by cheating folks where the plan is to settle and develop. That ain't a good business idea. I'm only one of their understrappers. I'm an honest working man who has been sent here to do what I was told to do, and I'm for the plain folks, like I have found here in this town—and good folks, the most of 'em are. I know this much about the big plans—that it's square business to play a shrewd game with rival operators and to bluff off the speculators who try for a holdup. And that's enough on that point. On this other point—about giving out the news—I can say I telegraphed to headquarters this morning, asking for permission to spring the thing—and I got that permission. And I can say that my folks propose to back the bonds of this road and buy all the common stock at par, figuring that the good will of the town is needed, along with a ready-made charter that will hold off the stick-up chaps."

"Well, that sounds good," admitted one of the throng.

Landlord Twiss banged the gong.

"I propose ——"

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Boomer. "I ain't in any frame of mind to listen to three cheers right now. I can't ever use your three cheers in my business—and my bosses can't hear 'em in New York. I've told you what my folks are ready to do. Now let me tell you what some dod-hammered son of a hump-backed Hosea amongst your folks has done! He has stolen Bomazeen!"

Mr. Boomer's listeners grinned tolerantly. He seemed to be getting back into that humorous mood which was more natural in his case.

"What's the joke?" inquired a stockholder. "Give us the rest of it. We're feeling like laughing to-day."

"You'd best not do any laughing right now where I can see you and hear you—the way I'm feeling," returned Mr. Boomer with a savageness that astonished them. "I haven't had a wink of sleep all night. I have been up and down the line every way except in a flying machine—and, I tell you, that locomotive is gone! Now you'll kindly sidetrack snickers and give that fact the right o' way."

They were impressed by the temper he was showing.

"Where did you leave it laying round, as you might say?" asked another stockholder.

From all parts of the crowd popped q tions—where did he see it last, what t did he miss it, where was he when it stolen, whom did he suspect.

He pulled off his cap, crumpled it in hand and shook his fist and irefully bav them into silence.

"I ain't here as chairman of an old ma quilting bee! I've called you together get action. The charter calls for train be run over this road and the mails carr I'm only an engineer and I ain't a law and I haven't got time to hunt up the about that charter. All I know is that charter calls for trains to be run, or some kind of a land-pirate game can played here and will grease the rails on whole proposition. Is anybody at this p calling for a joke or wanting to laugh?"

His flaming gaze assured him that nob was hankering for humor.

"We have got to get busy and find things—that locomotive and the h skivered Jethro who has stole it! And whole of you ain't too many! This t has got a job cut out for it and you'd be go to it!"

He marched off the veranda and stood the middle of the street and gave the pression of a man who was fervidly ea to go somewhere but could not make up mind which way to go. His indecision h the citizens of Cobbossee in their tracks

"It's what has come from his ranting roving round all times o' day and night, and down the line, till he didn't know wh he was half the time," confided a stockhol to a neighbor.

"Have you telegraphed to headquart how you have lost your engine?" a v turesome citizen asked Mr. Boomer.

Mr. Boomer's tone and manner in a retort that it was nobody's business confession aplenty that he was pruden holding back on that subject.

He trudged across the street to the liv stable, having seen the farmer standing the door.

"All aboard!" commanded the employ and climbed into the beach wagon, squ ting the rear springs nearly to the a While he waited for the farmer to buc the headstall on the horse he exchan stares with Mr. Hite, whose thin form sli the sunlight that streamed through stable office door. The stares were mu ally unamiable and continued for so moments.

"Anything on your mind?" deman Mr. Boomer sharply.

Mr. Hite stated that there was not, t ing to hide a guilty conscience beh acerbity.

"Well, there ought to be if you've any public spirit in a time like this. A you going to hitch up and do your t hunting for that locomotive? Ain't yo stockholder?"

"I ain't fool enough to invest money i railroad that was started to hurt my b ness."

"It's too bad you're not more interes in hunting. There are some culverts small that they could use a knitting nee like you to good advantage."

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

"Yes," declared Mr. Boomer with a rity. "But I can't tend to it right now good shape. Being pressed for time, simply say that I don't like you! A spe reason is I don't like your looks, I do like what you have been saying behind back and there are probably a lot of ot reasons that will occur to me later. N farmer, drive on—by way of the Can hook road. I remember now about t pipe I mislaid."

"If your mind was on your business way it ought to be you'd probably reme ber where you mislaid that engine," snee Mr. Hite.

"I'm going right where I can put hands on the pipe—we'll see about the gine later."

Mr. Boomer showed more cheerfuln and waved a derisive farewell when he hauled away.

Mr. Hite pulled down from a hook linen duster and told the hostler to hitch Suse—and hurry about it. After the dus was on the boss searched his pock spatted himself on breast and hips, loo on the floor and on his desk and in ot ways indicated that he was hunting something. But when he noted that mare was harnessed he abandoned search, jumped into the buggy and dr away. He raced past the Boomer conv ance on the slope of Zion's Hill.

(Concluded on Page 143)

(Concluded from Page 140)

H found Mrs. Dawson in her flower
arn.
"have come up here to give you a piece
f rws about that fly-by-night who has
n o wreck and ruin that railroad prop-
you're so much interested in. He has
on to work and lost his engine."
"ou're a bit late with the news, Evan-
er. I sent the hired man down to the
ille early to find out for me. But it is
ot Ir. Boomer's fault that Bomazeen is
is g."
"ow do you know it isn't?"
"ecause Mr. Boomer was sitting on my
or making a neighborly call when the
ge started puffing away."
"re you backing him up?"
"idging from the rest of the news my
ire man brought me from the village,
Ir Boomer is very well backed without
y elp."
"know now what he told you on the
y at day when the Cobbossee & Quebec
sold," affirmed Mr. Hite. "And it has
e a plot and a frame-up on innocent
ars all the way through."
Se marched close and faced him.
"ou take a good look at me," she
manded, remembering Mr. Boomer's
aner on the occasion that had been
ened. "Do I look honest?"
"es," admitted Mr. Hite, struggling
this own sense of guilt.
"ll tell you that Mr. Boomer has never
ened to me any of the facts he has
ve out this morning—and that's all I
ted to tell you."
Se went up and sat on her porch and he
llved her there and posted himself in
e heraton chair.
" don't care to entertain callers this
oing, sir."
"eeing that I'm setting on my own
a, I ain't trespassing quite so much as
ght be—and considering how you got
rght up over a trespassing case yester-
y I'll say that I stand ready to pay all
ll of that cow's contracting. But that's
ner matter. I serve notice on you that
mere looking out for my interests and
pose to hang round."
"esterday I told you to go away
d——"
"es, that was yesterday—and I went,"
ad Mr. Hite, ominously calm.
"o-day I tell you to go away and stay
vé!"
"o-day is to-day—and I won't do it!"
"ll compel you to do so!"
I leaned back in the chair and crossed
s gs.
"ooks like the first chapter of a Norton-
g story Number Two. Go ahead!"
Once more her pallor signaled the terror
a such a threat stirred in Mrs. Dawson.
ewisted her fingers together and stared
tnto vacancy and the dreadful pano-
n of those scenes in court was unrolled
fe her. She had been a witness in the
s and her ears now echoed the sneering
ies of the lawyers and the tumultuous
uter of the listeners—mirth that the
eff's gavel could not subdue.
Ir. Hite kept still, fully aware that her
e ories were more effective than any of
s rords.
When Mr. Boomer was hauled into the
r and viewed the tableau he displayed
o alousy when he saw Mr. Hite on the
m. On the contrary, Mr. Boomer
ned blandly, passed the time o' day and
qired if Mrs. Dawson had seen his pipe
a he had left on the porch rail.

"I—I took it inside," she said, having much difficulty in recovering from something that closely resembled a trance in which fright predominated. "I'll get it for you." She went into the house.

The particularly ugly scowl with which Mr. Hite then favored the caller was inspired by the thought that the Sheraton chair had been left to itself overnight on the porch—and Boomer's pipe had been given sanctuary.

Mr. Boomer remained in the wagon, whose front tilted up still more when the farmer obeyed orders and descended to receive the pipe.

"Chickens always come home to roost," observed Boomer amiably.

"I'm getting ready to start a few suits in this town—and I'd just as soon add on a suit against you for slander," shouted Mr. Hite, perceiving sly accusation in Boomer's remark.

"I'm not referring to you," apologized the other, preserving his wide smile. "You're no chicken. But that thought just came to me, and I'm pressed for time and I reckoned you might be willing to take a peek into Mrs. Dawson's hen pen and see whether Bomazeen didn't come up here last night and crawl in there after she got tired waiting down at the foot of the hill. Just a thought, that's all, figgering that if you're going to hang round here ——"

"I shall hang round here!"

"If you ain't willing to leave the porch and take a peek, keep your ear out. If you hear her saying 'coo-coo!' anywhere round the premises coax her up to you and trot her on your knee till I get back. I'll be back." He put much significance into that promise.

Mrs. Dawson did not send the pipe by the farmer—she carried it to the wagon and gave it into the hands of Mr. Boomer and he took off his cap and thanked her. He pulled out a pouch and began to stuff tobacco into the pipe bowl.

"I saw your hired man in the crowd when I was making my little speech and I don't have to repeat, I reckon!"

"It's wonderful news, sir."

But she did not display the joy that he was looking for in all C. & Q. stockholders that morning. He wrinkled his forehead and glanced from her plain distress to the uncompromising visage of Mr. Hite.

"I hope you ain't specially worried about that engine that has gone to playing hide and coop, Mrs. Dawson. I'll run a regular train over this road to-day, even if I have to gear Thombs' old Lazy Lulu on top of the C. &. Q. hand car."

"I'm not worrying about the railroad." He put the match to his pipe.

"Don't worry about anything"—puff, puff—he counseled while he puffed. "I'll be back! Lick up old Dollar-an-Hour, farmer!"

The farmer did not obey immediately. He was watching the approach of a man on horseback who was waving his arms and who began to shout when he was some distance away.

"They said I was li'ble to find you here," declared the messenger in a tone that carried as far as Bomazeen's whistle toots had previously winged in a declaration of the Boomer interest in the Dawson premises. "I guess they've found her!"

"You guess!" snapped back the general manager of the C. & Q.

"Well, she's in a funny place—if she's there. The crowd down our way that you routed out at sunup has been out hunting—and they cal'late she's there. They ain't going to disturb the remains, as you might say, till you get there."

"It sounds like being called to a coroner's inquest," Mr. Boomer said to the agitated widow, "but don't worry. I'll be back."

He rode out of the yard with pipe smoke streaming behind in a fair imitation of Bomazeen's best efforts on an upgrade.

"And I'll be right here when he gets back," Mr. Hite informed Mrs. Dawson when the lady walked across the porch on her way to the seclusion of her domicile. He blinked when she banged the door, but he settled himself in the Sheraton chair and was unmistakably determined to stick it out.

A few hours later Mrs. Dawson emerged from her house, hurrying. But it was not on account of any interest in Mr. Hite.

Far away a mellow "coo-coo!" was sounding. She went and stood in the middle of her yard so that no vines or porch pilasters could interfere with her hearing. There was no doubt about it—Bomazeen was coming! It puffed into view round the curve and stopped at the foot of Zion's Hill and indulged in an orgy of that harsh whistle laughter that had beforetime raked the nerves of Mr. Hite. Fully as odious was Mr. Boomer's laughter when he came hustling over the brow of the hill. The general-everything of the Cobbossee and Quebec was not hiding his hilarity or making any secret of his news.

"What do you think?" he panted. "She must have been dancing all so free and gay when she went down that Watch Hill grade. Jumped the switch of the old spur, run the length of that track and dove head first into the wall of the pit where they used to get out ballast gravel. That's all!"

"But how ——" gasped the Widow Dawson.

"Just a minute!" He stood in front of her and got his breath. "Being pretty much of a stranger in these parts, I don't know when the scenery has been shifted, you understand. I'd never have located her in a dog's age. The side of that gravel pit had been washed out and when she butted into the hole a big flap of turf with grass and bushes dropped behind her. I had looked into that gravel pit four times. It needed a native to know that the landscape had been transmogrified. Plenty of shovels, willing hands, a tackle and falls and all the oxen in the neighborhood—and there she is without a dent, chipper and gay and pleasant to be thrown amongst. The afternoon mail will go on schedule time."

He stepped back from Mrs. Dawson and put his hands on his hips. He did not lower his voice—in fact he made sure that Mr. Hite was listening.

"And tending on that mail makes me skimped on time for talking. But, my dear lady, I've got an eye for things—how they stand. The first time we met we got along splendid by not wasting words. Will you kindly look at me?"

She did look—timorously.

"It worked fine once! I'm going to try it again! Will you marry me?"

Mr. Hite leaped over the rail of the porch and started toward them, cracking his fists together.

"Pay no attention to him!" adjured Mr. Boomer.

"But I must."

Her demeanor and tone expressed much fright and anguish. The wooer perceived that this affair was not the simple matter he had hoped it would be.

"Have you promised to marry him?"

"You renegade imitation of old Mount Pisgy, of course she has!" clamored Mr. Hite, walking round the "mountain" at a safe distance.

"Hite, I wouldn't take your word on whether this is to-day or next Sunday! Mrs. Dawson, what say?"

"I have given him no promise."

"Then how about marrying me?"

"I cannot—not as things stand," she wailed. Mr. Boomer was taken aback for a moment.

"If she throws me over," declared Mr. Hite, "there'll be a breach-of-promise suit that will put the Norton-Fogg case so far ——"

"Say no more!" bellowed Mr. Boomer. His face cleared. "So that's it! I have heard the full story of that thing, along with the rest of the scandal in this town. Well, I never was intending to mix up private business with the railroad situation so much. I didn't have the notion to rub it in in your case, Hite. I'm no hand to go after revenge. Quiet and smooth, that's my motto, but ——"

Mr. Boomer slapped his hand on his hip pocket. Mr. Hite leaped away. The rival's quick movement signified the menace of gun play.

"But," pursued Mr. Boomer, tugging out the yellow gauntlet gloves, "here's 'Exhibit A,' as the lawyers say—and they all saw me pick 'em up from the floor of the engine cab, and it rests with you whether I'll claim 'em for mine or show the stockholders your name indelibled on the lining. They'll have a merry time with you, Hite, them stockholders will, on a day like this! Now this goes—and you look close at me when I say it—you be in the village attending to your business when I get there or ——" he patted the gloves significantly and stuck them back into his pocket. "I'm racing a steam engine against your hoss, I'll admit, but I've got to foot it down the hill and that ought to be handicap enough for a sporting proposition."

Conscience whipped and conviction goaded Mr. Hite. The conviction assured his natural forebodings that ebullition of feelings in Cobbossee citizens on such a gala day would not stop short of tar and feathers. He went away.

"Well," declared Mr. Boomer with an assurance that the flustered widow did not rebuke, "seeing that he has got the mitten from you, he won't be needing the gloves."

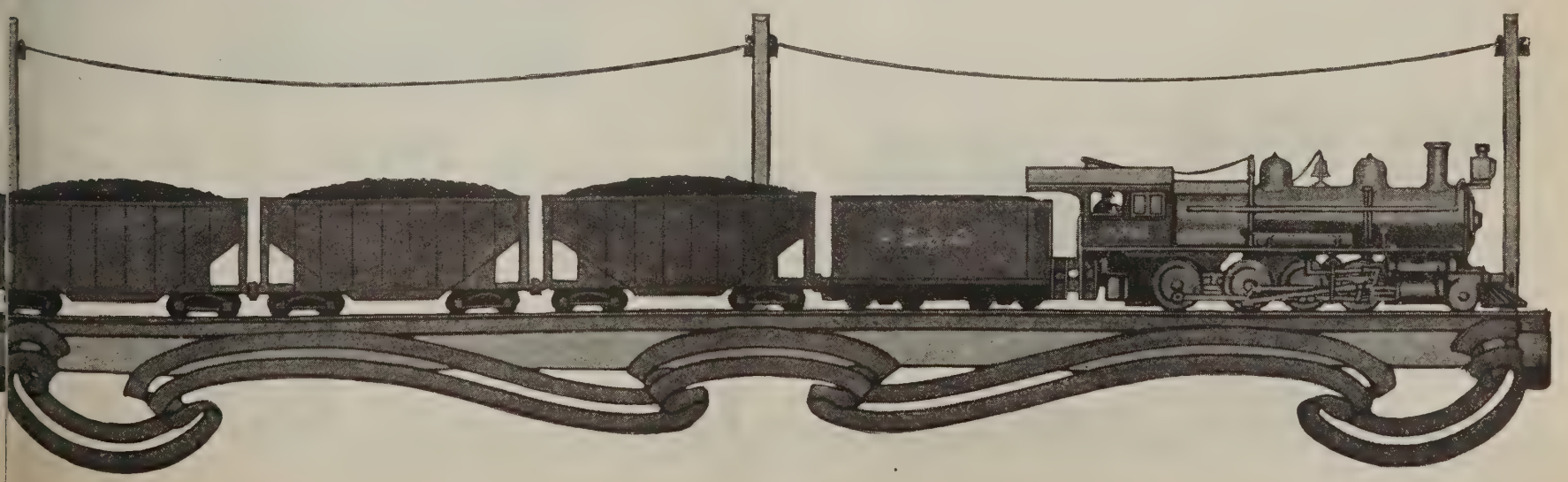
He pulled out his big watch.

"This is like sitting down to eat the biggest and best Christmas dinner that was ever spread before you and then being shot out through the window by a bomb going off under your chair." He drew Mrs. Dawson toward him and gave her a hearty smack. "But I'll grab one morsel at any rate—and keep the rest warm, Nancy! Keep it warm! I'll be back!"

He rushed away with such haste that he left her standing in a posture of utter amazement, her mouth opened to give full right of way to words that would not come.

Mrs. Dawson looked down at her cat, who was solemnly alternating her gaze between the mistress and the broad back that was disappearing over the brow of the hill.

"It was dreadful sudden, Kit!" confessed the mistress. "But if women who have been dozing along and not half knowing their own minds don't relish being swept off their feet at the right time by the right man, then I miss my guess." She expressed her content by a happy sigh. "And you're going to like him—you can't help it."



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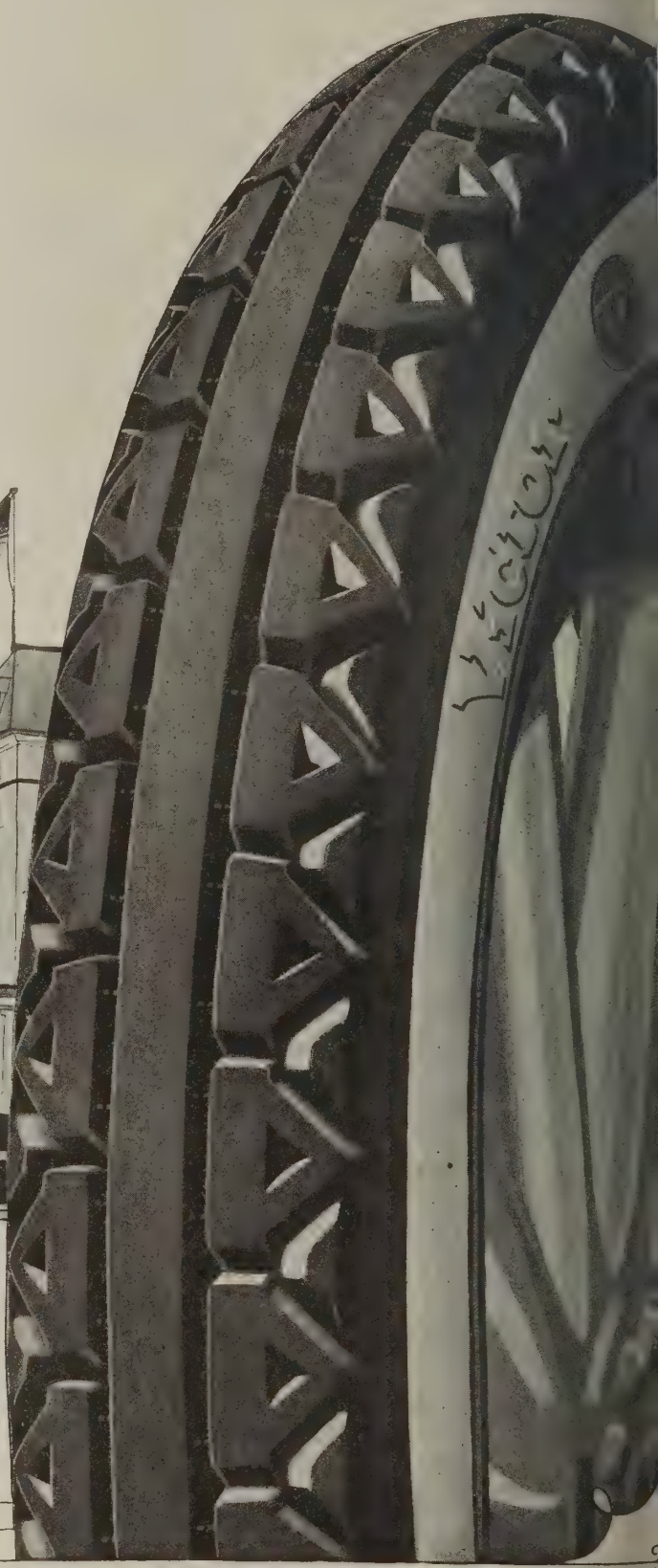

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

ese Government seemed to take a less ntal and more practical view of the ion.

T y seemed to reason approximately in is ay: Russia evidently needs an ice- e ort; she has been all the time on the kit for such a port on the coast of r , where we can never allow her to es- lh herself, as that would mean a per- n menace to our safety; now she has u d an ice-free port far nearer to and ore accessible from her own Siberian s sions, and we may therefore hope u enceforth she will abandon her ag- ave plans in Korea.

ad barely had time to dispatch my t to the admiral, in which I incidentally l his attention, as far as I can now re- ner, to some of the proceedings of our n aval authorities on the Korean coast were far more likely to get us into ule with the Japanese—a prediction i , by the way, was destined to be veri- l the following year—when I received thentic confirmation of the views I ttributed to the Japanese Govern- .

In the course of one of my usual weekly views with the Minister of Foreign as, Baron Nissi spoke with great ith of his earnest desire to bring about mplete and truly friendly understand- ith Russia. He said that hitherto the bone of contention had been Korea, dntly on account of our need of an ice- ort, the acquisition of which seemed ive been the aim of our aggressive li in that country, and that now, since ld acquired such a port in Manchuria, on need no longer be a stumblingblock te road to a friendly understanding and ase of friction between two countries ne interests did not come in conflict yhere else.

Finally he asked me how it would do if included an agreement on some such si as a reciprocal engagement to refrain n any interference with each other's li , Russia's in Manchuria and Japan's Korea.

I replied at once that I entirely agreed th him, and that if what he had said was be considered as a formal proposal I ul thank him to let me have it in writ- g, and I would gladly transmit it by b to St. Petersburg and do the best I u to press its acceptance on my gov- ment.

"Very well," said he, "I will submit the atter to the cabinet this very afternoon, d you shall have our proposal in writing is evening."

Baron Nissi kept his word, and in the ening I received the promised proposal writing, accompanied by a personal letter Russian, of which language the baron d perfect command, having completed s udies at the University of St. Peters- ir. In this letter he expressed the fervent p that the Japanese proposal would be v ably received by our government, and s onviction that its acceptance would nate all possible causes of friction teen Russia and Japan. The official posal was in the shape of a brief *note rtle*, in which the Japanese Government ered its willingness to consider Man- a with its littoral as being entirely out- le the sphere of Japanese interests, olded the Russian Government was eared to make the same declaration in g d to Korea.

The originals of both these documents—*note verbale*, as well as Baron Nissi's rnal letter to me—were, of course, duly rarded to the Ministry of Foreign ffairs at St. Petersburg. At the same time ansmitted to Count Mouravieff by h the full text of the Japanese proposal, a ly advocating its immediate and un- s ved acceptance as the best means of f uarding our interests in the Far East. h reply suffered the usual rather pro- ed delay, which, however, in this case a plainly justified by the importance of decision to be taken, which implied the essity of decidedly and definitely break- g with our vacillating and, after all, really ness policy in regard to Korea, in which e ad been muddling along with no other s t than that we had succeeded in strain- g our relations with Japan almost to the r king point.

But when the reply finally came, in the shape of a cipher telegram from Count Mouravieff, its purport proved bitterly disappointing to me no less than to Baron Nissi. Its exact wording I cannot now remember, but its precise meaning was that the Russian Government took note with great satisfaction of the Japanese Government's declaration that it considered Manchuria with its littoral as being entirely outside the sphere of Japanese interests, but that it could not make a similar declaration in regard to Korea. I must say again that I greatly regret not to be able to reproduce here the complete and exact text of all these documents, copies of which I have no longer in my possession, and I can only ask the indulgent reader to take my word for it that all I have related here about this unfortunately resultless negotiation is substantially true. When I read to Baron Nissi the text of Count Mouravieff's reply he merely smiled sarcastically and said regretfully that it was plain that nothing further could be said or done about it, and the matter was allowed to drop.

The idea of such an understanding was, however, not quite abandoned by the Japanese Government. It was taken up two years later by some Japanese statesmen under circumstances to which I shall have to refer later, and finally by myself on the very eve of our rupture with Japan, as a last forlorn hope of preventing the outbreak of a war which I felt sure would end in disaster to us.

In the meantime it was felt by both governments that something had to be done in order to allay the growing excitement of popular opinion in Japan in regard to Korean affairs, and I was empowered to begin negotiations with the Japanese Government on the subject, which resulted, in April, 1898, in the conclusion of a rather lame and pointless convention, in historical textbooks known as the Rosen-Nissi or Nissi-Rosen convention. It stated in substance that both countries recognized the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and pledged themselves not to interfere in her internal affairs, Russia agreeing not to interfere with the development of the commercial and industrial relations between Japan and Korea, and both countries agreeing not to send advisers to Korea without the consent of the other party to the convention.

As regards this agreement, I have just come across an interesting statement in Count Hayashi's—at the time Minister to Russia—secret memoirs, that he had telegraphed to Tokio, "suggesting that a clause might be inserted in the proposed agreement to the effect that Russia and Japan should mutually agree to take over the military and financial adviserships respectively." He seems to have apprehended that it would have been difficult to obtain from Russia the withdrawal of her military mission, whereas, in his opinion, it would have been much easier to insist on the withdrawal of our financial adviser and the substitution for him of a financial representative of Japan.

Such as it was, however, the convention served its purpose of allaying popular feeling for a while, but, as the reader will see a little further on, not for a long while. In our government circles a more optimistic view of the situation seemed to prevail. At any rate, early in the summer they thought it proper to instruct the Grand Duke Cyril—first cousin of the emperor, and next in order of succession to the throne after the emperor's brother and the yet unborn Czarevitch—who was serving as sublieutenant on one of our Pacific squadron's vessels, to proceed to Tokio on an official visit to the Japanese court. When I learned of it, as far as I can remember, not directly from the Foreign Department but from the admiral in command of the squadron, the negotiations with the Japanese court having evidently been conducted through the medium of the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, I suggested by telegraph to Count Mouravieff that the grand duke's visit had better be postponed for some months, considering that the state of popular feeling in Japan was still such that the Japanese Government, though naturally reluctant to decline the intended visit, might feel embarrassed to undertake the

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responsibility for the grand duke's safety, remembering the attempt on the life of the Emperor Nicholas when as Czarevitch he visited Japan, an attempt which in spite of all the precautions taken to insure his safety could not be prevented.

No attention, however, was paid to my suggestion, and a couple of weeks later the cruiser Russia with the grand duke on board arrived at Yokohama. His standard was hoisted at noon and greeted with thundering salute from all the men-of-war, and from the fort at Kanagawa.

Prince Arisugawa, the head of the princely house which stands next to the throne in the line of succession, had been appointed to welcome the grand duke and to do the honors of the country to him during his stay. The prince awaited the grand duke's arrival in the admiralty building at Yokohama, where he was to land. A guard of honor was drawn up in the grounds of the admiralty, and school children lined up the short drive to the railroad station where a special train was in waiting to carry the royal party to the capital. The small palace by the seashore, kept in reserve for the accommodation of royal and other distinguished visitors to the court, was prepared for the grand duke's reception, and Prince Arisugawa having seen him to his apartments withdrew for a while and returned to take him to the Imperial Palace, where he was received by Their Majesties, the emperor and empress.

The royal party drove to the palace in a state carriage surrounded by an escort of cavalry through a part of the town distant from the populous quarters, and the crowds of sightseers were not large but their attitude was not unfriendly as far as I could judge. However, precautions on a vast scale had visibly been taken in order to insure as far as possible the royal guest's safety, and I dare say the responsible authorities' anxiety on that account was greatly relieved when after four or five days' sojourn unmarred by any untoward incident the grand duke took his departure and rejoined his ship at Yokohama.

During His Imperial Highness' stay in Tokio the usual round of official functions took place—a state banquet at the palace; dinners at the palaces of some of the princes and at the legation; and so on. The young grand duke—I think he was in his twenty-first year—tall and slender, very handsome, a model of supreme distinction in his manners and bearing, produced everywhere the best impression. Even my diplomatic colleagues, who had to come down from their various summer residences on the mountains into the sweltering heat of Tokio, and to put on their naphthalene-perfumed uniforms in order to present their respects to His Imperial Highness, were unanimous in singing his praises. On the day of his arrival, before we went to the palace to have his audience with His Majesty, I had a long conversation with him for the purpose of acquainting him fully with the political situation, its significant gravity and the great importance for us of the maintenance of the friendliest possible relations with Japan. The grand duke listened to me with the greatest attention and interest, took in the situation at once and conformed his behavior to it with unerring tact and winning graciousness. In short, the grand duke's visit, to which I had been looking forward with some apprehension, turned out to be a complete and socially very marked success. So much so that on taking leave of him Prince Arisugawa made him promise that on the next visit of his ship to Yokohama he would come to spend some days with him and the princess quite privately at their palace at Tokio, a pointedly intimate kind of hospitality such as had never yet been extended to any royal visitor by any member of the imperial family.

On the part of the Japanese court and Government everything was done to emphasize their desire to cultivate the friendliest possible relations with Russia. This much could hardly have been said of our proceedings in Korea subsequent to the conclusion of the so-called Rosen-Nissi convention. Our military and financial advisers were indeed withdrawn from Seoul, and even this was done in a way which Count Hayashi in his secret memoirs characterizes as "clumsy," attributing, however, this clumsiness mainly to the behavior of our diplomatic representative at Seoul.

It appears—so the story goes as told by Count Hayashi, whose truthfulness can hardly be doubted—that this young diplomat, who, as I believe I have mentioned already, belonged to the forward school of diplomacy, had become exceedingly insistent in some demand he was pressing upon the Korean Government and had threatened, in case of any further reluctance to comply with his demand, to withdraw both the military and financial advisers. Whereupon the Korean Ministry, experts in the game of playing on the rivalries between Russian and Japanese diplomacies—the same game as their Balkan prototypes were in the habit of practicing in regard to Russia and Austria-Hungary—naturally applied to the Japanese representative for advice in the embarrassing plight in which they found themselves. The latter slyly asked them whether they were really very anxious to retain the services of these Russian advisers, and, upon their fervid protestations that such was by no means the case, advised them quietly to refuse compliance and let the Russian representative fulfill his threat.

Judging from the account of this transaction as given by Count Hayashi we lost in the eyes of the Japanese what little credit would have been due to us in case of a prompt and graceful compliance with the spirit of the recently concluded convention. On the other hand there was no cessation of the activities of our naval authorities on the coasts of Korea, which were the cause of constantly growing irritation until matters were finally brought to a crisis which came very near causing at least a rupture of diplomatic relations and resulted in my sudden recall and appointment to an insignificant post in Europe.

XVIII

IT SO happened, sometime in the late autumn of the year 1899, as far as I can remember, that a young naval officer belonging to one of our men-of-war, and, I believe, even to the flagship of Admiral Hildebrand—who became known in the Far East as Admiral Firebrand—had gone on shore at Fusan and got into some trouble in a tea house in the Japanese concession. The police having been called in by the proprietress of the establishment, he, being in civilian clothes and apparently unable to speak Japanese, was arrested and taken to the Japanese police station. After some detention, when his character as naval officer was duly established, he was taken back to his ship with some kind of apologies. These were the bare facts as I learned later.

In the meantime I was surprised by the receipt of a cipher telegram from Count Mouravieff, in which he in very peremptory terms ordered me to demand immediate reparation for the outrage committed on a Russian naval officer who had been arrested at Fusan by the Japanese police, and to insist on the immediate punishment of the guilty officials—or words to that effect. I went immediately to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Aoki, who had replaced Baron Nissi when the Ito ministry resigned and Viscount Katsura came in as Prime Minister. He was a level-headed, experienced diplomat of moderate views, and well disposed toward Russia.

He showed great concern when I read to him the text of Count Mouravieff's telegram, whose peremptory tone visibly shocked him. He said that my communication was the first he had ever had about this affair, that he would immediately order the necessary investigation to be proceeded with, but that until a report on the results of such investigation had reached him he could not enter into any engagements as to reparation and punishment of the guilty parties, if anybody's guilt could really be established in a case which might have been a mere misunderstanding. I reported at once by telegraph to Count Mouravieff the substance of Viscount Aoki's reply.

The next morning I received from Admiral Hildebrand a long telegram, half in the extremely simple cipher of the Navy Department, which anybody could easily decipher, half in plain Russian and couched in very violent and objectionable terms, which could not but be most offensive to the Japanese Government. I had this telegram, as addressed to me by the admiral, put into the Foreign Department's cipher, and had it forwarded to Count Mouravieff along with another telegram in which I called his attention to the desirability of our naval authorities' observing due reserve and discretion in their activities on the Korean coast.

A day later I received a telegram from Count Mouravieff in which he informed me that the emperor had been graciously pleased to appoint me his Minister to Munich, and that I was to request t usual agreement to the appointment of M Iswolsky, hitherto Minister at Munich, my successor. This unsolicited appoin ment to a post of very much less politic importance, without an opportunity havi been given me to decline, was, of cours meant in a punitive sense as a reproof f my supposed want of energy; and I cou easily guess the source from which it mu have originated. My personal discomfitur however, was capable of being interpret in quite another sense, and that is wh actually appeared to have been the case.

Having immediately replied to Cou Mouravieff expressing my gratitude for t appointment I had been honored with a announcing my impending departure f Europe by next week's steamer I addresse a brief note to the Minister of Foreig Affairs, Viscount Aoki, informing him my transfer to another post and reques ing the Japanese Government's agreeme to the appointment of my successor. T same evening I received from him a priva and very cordial letter of regret, evident written under the impression that my su den transfer, though coupled with the a pointment of a successor and therefore n having the character of a demonstrati withdrawal of a diplomatic representati of ministerial rank, might mean somethi more than a mere change of persons at t head of our legation.

The following day the news of what w supposed to be my recall leaked out financial circles, where it was probably i terpreted as an ominous symptom strained relations between the two gover ments, and caused a mild panic on t stock exchange. The result of it all w that a few days later Viscount Aoki i formed me that the Japanese Minister St. Petersburg had had a satisfactory i terview with Count Mouravieff on the su ject of the Fusan incident, and that it h been agreed to let the matter drop. In t meantime I had received a telegram fro the Minister of Foreign Affairs informi me that my successor would reach Tokio about six months and ordering me to awa there his arrival.

Later on, when I had arrived at S Petersburg, I learned at the Foreign Offi that the communication of the text of A miral Hildebrand's telegram to me ha opened their eyes as to the real cause of a the trouble and convinced them of t groundlessness of the naval authoritie complaints in regard to my failure to ha supported their claims with sufficient vigo and that this communication had been r ceived after the telegram announcing m transfer to Munich had already been di patched. This time the danger of a ruptu with Japan had luckily blown over, mainl I suppose, because the Japanese Gover ment were not yet sufficiently prepared f it as they were five years later.

I would not have dilated at such lengt on an apparently rather unimportant inc dent were it not that it illustrates the e treme delicacy of the situation which shoul have enjoined on us the necessity of ha dling our relations with Japan with t greatest care and circumspection, and not suffering our agents or other subord nate authorities to endanger these relatio by high-handed disregard of Japanese su ceptibilities.

We have seen how much discouragemer the Japanese Government had experience at our hands in their endeavors to come a friendly understanding with Russia. W have seen how, in spite of the deep woun inflicted on their national pride by our ha ing deprived Japan of the chief fruit of h victory over China, merely to end by appr priating it to ourselves, they did not hes tate a moment to approach us with formal offer of such an understanding. An we shall see later on how, in spite of i having been disdainfully declined by u the idea of the possibility of such an unde standing was never entirely abandoned b some of their leading statesmen up to t very last moment before the final ruptur It stands to reason, of course, that any pa ticular sympathy for Russia had nothin whatever to do with an attitude the e planation of which has to be looked for i the general situation created by the even of the recent past and in the chief ai which Japanese policy was steadily keepin in view.

This aim was the establishment of protectorate over, and ultimately th conquest and annexation of Korea. Bu leaving aside vanquished and helple

(Continued on Page 149)

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hin, the realization of this aim was ur to encounter opposition from both ssi and Great Britain, and therefore uldnot be approached without a previous ienly understanding with either the one t: other of these two Powers. An dstanding with Russia must have ap-arl preferable, because even if a foot-d n the continent could be obtained it ul have remained a precarious one in ice of a hostile Russia, whose appar-thenormous potential power had not len put to the test. But then, an at-y at bringing about such an under-an ng had just failed, and the possible ces of a renewed one would have ap-arl doubtful in view of the aggressive lic in Korea which Russia seemed to be wing to abandon.

T other alternative—an understand-ith Great Britain—was favored by m of the statesmen of the younger nection, and was energetically and per-tedly advocated by Count Hayashi, o ad been transferred from the post of etersburg to that of London. The eson only was whether in order to us Great Britain to renounce her policy fsoring the independence of Korea for e ske of an understanding or an alliance thJapan the latter had to offer any in-cement that could begin to compare in ptance with the advantages Russia ul have been able and could have af-rd to grant as price of an alliance with re Britain which would have reduced pe to impotence in the Far East.

Dbts and even apprehensions in this gal seem to have suggested themselves Count Hayashi himself. They do as c honor to his sagacity and grasp of the litical situation as their groundlessness ties to the absence of these same quali-s i the functionaries who in succession oat the head of our Ministry of Foreign fas. They were, besides, the more tied as, since the outbreak of the Boer ar-when Great Britain found herself lad, confronted by a world of blind stity—it would have been of infinitely ear advantage to her to break the alax of her Continental enemies by an dstanding or an alliance with Russia arto seek the at best shadowy benefits aalliance with Japan; just as it would vceen the part of wisdom for Russia to zchis opportunity for seeking to termi-tonce for all her age-long rivalry with re Britain by a definite friendly under-ning, and for trying by this means to reall the formation of a political combi-tin than which none could have been rundesirable from the point of view of r terests in the Far East.

Nthing daunted by such doubts or ap-elnsions Count Hayashi held on to his eand was at last authorized to begin gdiations with the British Government ne conclusion of a formal treaty of iace. His overtures, tentatively pre-ntd at first as merely personal views re-rng the possible future development of ng-Japanese relations, met at once with reonsive reception at the hands of Lord nlowne, a proof of the astuteness and ainsight with which he had gauged the lical situation in Europe. After some-a prolonged negotiations, during which ist even a participation of Germany te future combination seems to have eifor a while contemplated and soon en-e eliminated, Count Hayashi signed, in vmber, 1901, the treaty of alliance with re Britain which was published in Feb-ar, 1902, and has ever since remained e ivot of Japan's foreign policy.

Tis result was, however, not reached thut a fruitless attempt having been at the same time to bring about an dstanding with Russia, the Marquis o aving been sent to this end, with a nential mission to St. Petersburg. vit could have come about that such a eshould have been taken at the very oent when the conclusion of the treaty aiance with Great Britain was already nrly accomplished fact is a question rounded with considerable obscurity. rtainly disclosed the existence of di-l counsels within the inner circle of the pnese Government, and laid that gov-nent open to the reproach of at least tapted double-dealing. However, the le of the Marquis Ito's mission un-utedly extricated the Japanese Govern-e from a situation which its success ld have rendered exceedingly awkward. he same time it exonerated our Min-eof Foreign Affairs, who was then Count Lamsdorff, from the blame that would have justly attached to him for having again, like his predecessor, Count Mouravieff, rejected the offer of an understanding on the perfectly acceptable basis of a free hand for Russia in Manchuria and a free hand for Japan in Korea.

I hope it will be distinctly understood that in discoursing at such length on the motives and considerations that might have guided the policy of the Japanese Government I lay no claim to having been at the time in the possession of any exclusive knowledge as to the intentions of that government, nor, much less, as to those of the British Government, in regard to the negotiations that were then on foot. To begin with, the deliberations of the Japanese Government, as well as these negotiations, were naturally carried on under the veil of profound secrecy, and they related, moreover, mainly to a time between my departure from Japan in July, 1900, and my return in April, 1903, on my reappointment as Minister at Tokio—that is to say, to a time when, occupying such posts as Munich and Athens, I was far removed from the sphere of Far Eastern interests and had no sufficient means and opportunities of keeping myself thoroughly posted as to the course of events and political conditions in that part of the world. All I knew and was entirely convinced of was that by our obstinacy in clinging to our aimlessly vacillating but substantially aggressive policy in Korea, and in disdainfully declining every offer of a friendly understanding, we were deliberately pushing Japan into the arms of Great Britain and in this way actively coöperating in the realization of a political combination obviously opposed to Russian interests; in other words, that we were with simple-minded purblindness playing the game of our future adversary, a policy—if it could be dignified by that name—to the dangers and unavoidable consequences of which I had not failed to call attention in the above-mentioned memorandum presented to Count Mouravieff in March, 1897, before my departure for Japan. All those who are more deeply interested in the genesis of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the negotiations which led up to its consummation I can best refer to the English translation of the Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, edited by A. M. Pooley, and published in 1915, where they will find much more detailed information than it was possible for me to reproduce from the same source on the preceding pages.

It might not come amiss at this point, in connection with the brilliant success achieved by Japanese diplomacy in having effected an alliance with Great Britain in spite of that Power's traditional policy of avoidance of similar entanglements, to attempt to analyze the conditions that have made it possible for a nation that barely half a century ago had been not only a totally negligible but even hardly known quantity to rise, in spite of racial equality even now being denied her, to the proud position of one of the five surviving Great Powers who have undertaken to rule the destinies of mankind. It stands to reason that superiority of statesmanship, however real and incontestable, could not alone account for such a phenomenon. Nor could it be attributed to a peculiarly lucky concourse of fortuitous circumstances. Granted the really exceptionally high quality of Japanese statesmanship there must have existed certain particularly favorable conditions which allowed that statesmanship the necessary scope for a full and effective development of its inherent potentialities.

The first of these favorable conditions, I think, was this—that the Japanese people, with their very ancient and highly refined culture, were the last comers to join the community of civilized Western nations. Their advent on the stage of terrestrial world politics was like the arrival of inhabitants of another planet gifted with acute powers of observation, unhampered by hereditary prejudices or preconceived ideas, unmoved by sentiments of traditional rivalry or inveterate hatred born of centuries of strife and struggle for supremacy, with no inherited friendships or enmities to indulge or cultivate; in short, with nothing to obscure the clearness of their vision or to affect the soundness of their judgment.

Another and no less important advantage resulted from the constitution of the state and the organization of the government, to which I have already had occasion to refer in one of the preceding chapters of these

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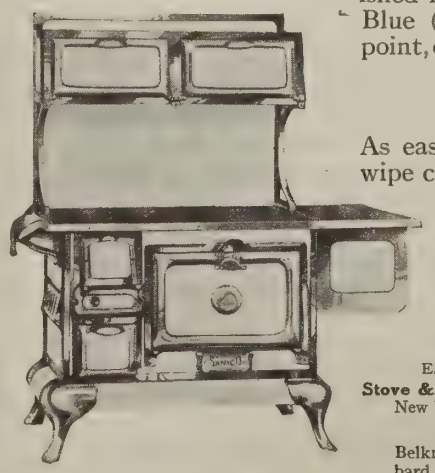

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reminiscences. Above the frequently changing personnel of the ostensible parliamentary government the real and permanent supreme power and the ultimate decision in all matters of serious importance rested with the so-called Genro, or Elder Statesmen; that is to say, with a very small group of exceedingly able statesmen who had been the original creators of modern Japan and the very few eminent personages they would choose themselves to fill vacancies from time to time occurring in the composition of their body. This small but all-powerful and closely united group of statesmen of wide and matured experience was entirely independent and free to shape the policies of the country, quite irrespectively of the changing currents of popular feelings or passions, in accordance solely with the dictates of reason and the permanent interests of the state.

It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the advantage these conditions gave the leading statesmen of Japan in their dealings with statesmen not so fortunately situated. It was these conditions that rendered it possible for Japan to pursue with unvarying consistency a line of policy laid down in strict conformity with aims always practically attainable and carefully adjusted to the real needs and available resources of the country, a policy which in the end has raised her to a proud eminence far beyond the most ambitious dreams of the bold reformers who broke down the barriers of her age-long isolation.

But after this long digression it is time to resume the course of my narrative. The end of the year 1899, which had seen the outbreak of the Boer War, witnessed also the beginning of very serious troubles in China in connection with the so-called Boxer movement, whose ominous growth during the first four months of the new year, 1900, seems to have been treated with some levity until, after the murder of the German minister, a Japanese official and some others, it culminated in the siege and investment of the legation quarter at Peking, which began, if I am not mistaken, on or about the twentieth of June, and lasted until Peking was taken by the allied troops some time about the middle of August. Of the events following upon the Boxer rising, our participation in the Peking campaign, the occupation of Manchuria, and so on, I shall have to treat in one of the following chapters of my narrative in connection with my preparations for my return to Tokio on my reappointment as Minister to Japan nine months before the outbreak of the war.

At about the time when the siege of the legation quarter at Peking began we left the legation at Tokio and moved into the Grand Hotel at Yokohama in expectation of the arrival of my successor, Mr. Iswolsky, who with his family was coming by way of Siberia. Twenty-five years before, on my first landing on the shores of Japan, which impressed me then as something like fairyland, I had taken up my quarters in this hotel until I was asked to move into my chief's bungalow on what they call The Bluff. The hotel had since then been greatly improved and enlarged, and I had always kept a tender spot in my heart for the inn that had first given me shelter in Japan.

Having got rid of the cares of office, and my wife of her social duties at the capital, we both enjoyed our restfully quiet life spending our days reclining on comfortable deck chairs on the broad veranda overlooking the beautiful bay animated by the coming and going of steamers and by the presence of some men-of-war of various nationalities. Many people used to come to take their meals at the hotel, which was reputed to have an excellent chef. One day I noticed in the dining room having their luncheon a group of Japanese gentlemen, and among them no less a personage than Prince Tokugawa, who had been the last of the shoguns and had voluntarily given up his throne to the mikado. There he was—he who had been surrounded with almost divine worship and had been considered by foreign sovereigns as an equal, as the all-powerful temporal emperor of Japan—the mikado being supposed to have been merely the spiritual emperor—there he was in a gray business suit, his bowler hat left in the cloakroom, eating his curry and rice with evident perfect contentment. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It must be remembered, however, that from the very moment that Prince Tokugawa had succeeded, in 1866, to the deceased Shogun Iemochi as fifteenth and last shogun, he had revealed himself as an ardent advoc of progress. He it was who on receipt c memorial from one of the feudatories u ing him to restore the administration to emperor in order that the nation might united, called together the other feu tories and informed them of his resolve adopt the advice of the memorialist, and the following day, October 14, 1867, t dered to the emperor his resignation, wh was formally accepted on the fifteenth December of the same year. This lat date, therefore, should properly be cons ered as marking the birth of new Japan well as the beginning of the reign of Emperor Mutsuhito, who was then in fifteenth year and who was destined to s before he died, in 1912, his country rec nized as one of the Great Powers of world.

Prince Tokugawa's resignation deser certainly to rank among the most mer rable events in the history of the world a voluntary sacrifice of supreme power a ruler in the interests of his nation. So of his adherents, however, continued some time the struggle against the régime. Among them was Admiral E moto, the commander of the late shogu fleet, who is said to have attempted to tablish a republic in the island of Ye whither he had retired with the warsh under his command. Three or four ye later I met the same Admiral Enomoto Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Ple potentiary of the emperor at St. Petersbu He later became Minister of Education Minister of the Navy, and was raised the dignity of viscount and member of House of Peers.

The career of this prominent adher of the defunct régime exemplifies the sp in which the great reform was carried by the new government and was loya accepted by its former opponents. If stops to reflect that this reform mean social upheaval of unequaled magnitu and completeness, the total abolition feudalism, which had been for centuries armature of the social fabric and the sp of which had profoundly affected the m tality of the nation, one cannot help marv ing at the comparatively painless ease w which this great change was achieved. I sense it was a truly democratic revoluti Though the revolt against the shogun was patronized by two of the greatest most powerful feudatories, the princes Satsuma and Choshiu, the feudal ch themselves had very little to do with consummation of the great change wh was conceived and accomplished chiefly their vassals, samurai of inferior gra According to Brinkley's History of Japanese People, the men who conceiv and realized the great revolution "nu bered fifty-five in all, and of those o thirteen were aristocrats—namely, feudal barons and eight court nobles, the average age of these fifty-five did exceed thirty years." It was, then, a sm group of very young men who not only c ceived and achieved the revolution who undertook to build up an entirely n social fabric on new principles, which tailed a breaking loose from deep-roo traditions of a hallowed past.

Their success in the accomplishment the Herculean task so boldly undertak was complete, perhaps even complete yond their own expectations. Moreov their success was obtained without country ever having been brought ev near a state of temporary chaos, which easily might have marked the brusc transition from an old established to an tirely new order of things. Beyond th unswerving conviction of the necessity the assimilation of Western civilization their unshakable faith in the future of th country they had nothing to rely on the circumstance that the human mate they had to deal with was possessed o very ancient and very highly develop culture, and also of an ardent patrioti bred by centuries of seclusion from outer world in a self-sufficient comp nation of absolute racial homogenei These qualities rendered the minds of Japanese people not only open to the co prehension of the superiority of West material civilization but also eager for assimilation as soon as it was realized t such assimilation was needed in order hold their own against foreign natio contact with whom could no longer avoided.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a serie articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appea an early issue.

LIFE AMONG US LANDED PROPRIETORS

(Continued from Page 7)

t present, and put some other place or they won't be forever getting in his . Only there doesn't seem to be any equitable place to keep them in unless old a shed especially for that purpose. 't curious that sometimes on a hundred-arm there should be so little spare om I should hate to go to the added ole of building that shed, and so, as I saying just now, if you should happen on anyone who could use those baskets d hat box please don't forget to tell mabout my offer."

To the best of my ability I have here ot the lady verbatim; but if unintenzy I have permitted any erroneous ot ions to creep into her remarks they ll e corrected before these lines reach r ader's eye, because the next time she d Scott come over—they are neighbors ou out here in Westchester—I mean to k r to read copy on them. They drop orus quite frequently and we talk furhigs, and Scott sits by and smokes and ra onally utters low mocking sounds de his breath, for as yet he has not been ri y won over to antiques. There are newhen I fear that Scott, though a most ty person in all other regards, is hopel provincial. Well, I was a trifle proel myself before I took the cure.

Perhaps I should say that sometimes we k rnishings with Mistress Maude, but oroften we talk farming problems, with rtular reference to our own successes d he failures of our friends in the same ne of endeavor. Indeed, farming is the monest topic of conversation in our iry. Because, like us, nearly all our ens in this part of the country were rrly flat dwellers and because, like us, o hem have done a lot of experimenting th line of intensified impractical agrithe since they moved to the country.

The Troubles of a Beekeeper

We seek to profit by one another's mis-e and we do—that is, we profit by r to the extent of gloating over them. he we go and make a few glaring mis-e on our own account, and when the or of it spreads through the neighboro seemingly on the wings of the wind, is heir turn to gloat. We have a regular o Club with an open membership and des. If an amateur tiller of the soil and wife drop in on us on a fine spring evengto announce that yesterday they had ei first mess of green peas, whereas our a ines are still in the blossoming state; in midsummer they come for the exes purpose of informing us that they v been eating roasting ears for a week—e knowing full well that our early corn s suffered a backset—we compliment ei with honeyed words, and outwardly r anner may bespeak a spirit of friendly n atulation, but in our souls all is bitr ss.

After they have left one catches oneself y g to one's helpmeet: "Well, the nes are nice people in a good many sects. Jones would loan you the last n he had on earth if you were in trouble d needed it, and in most regards Mrs. Jones is about as fine a little woman as ou meet in a day's ride. But dog-gone I wish they didn't brag so much!" Then ne of us opportunely recalls that last year e potatoes developed a slow and mysrious wasting disease resembling maligr tetter, which carried off the entire o in its infancy, whereas we harvested clarful of wonderful praties free from blemishes of whatever sort; and warmed v nat delectable recollection we cheer up b. And if our strawberries turn out well r apple trees bear heavily or our cow as win calves, both of the gentler sex, we sno time in going about the countryside pread the tidings, leaving in our wake dened firesides and hearts all abrim with econcentrated essence of envy.

Practically all of our little group specialize We go in for some line that is absoty guaranteed to be profitable until the ense becomes too great for a person of ed means any longer to bear up under. h we drop that and specialize in anr line, also recommended as being gly lucrative, for so long as we can afit; and then we tackle something else again. It is a never-ending round of new experiences, because no matter how disastrously one's most recent experiment has turned out the agricultural weeklies are constantly holding forth the advantages of a field as yet new and untried and morally insured to be one that will yield large and nourishing dividends. It is my sober conviction that the most inspired fiction writers in America—the men with the most buoyant imaginations—are the regular contributors to our standard agricultural journals. And next to them the most gifted romancers are the fellows who sell bulbs and seeds. They are not fabulists exactly, because fables have morals and frequently these persons have none, but they are inspired fancifiers, I'll tell the world.

Each succeeding season finds each family among us embarking upon some new and fascinating venture. For instance, I have one friend who this year went in for bees—Italian bees, I think he said they were, though why he should have been prejudiced against the native-born variety I cannot understand. He used to drop in at our place to borrow a little cooking soda—he was constantly running out of cooking soda at his house owing to using so much of it on his face and hands and his neck for poulticing purposes—and tell us what charming creatures bees were and how much honey he expected to lay by this fall. From what he said we gathered that the half had never been told by Maeterlinck about the engaging personal habits and captivating tribal customs of bees; bees we gathered were, as a race, perhaps a trifle quick-tempered and hot-headed, or if not exactly hot-headed at least hot elsewhere, but ever ready to forgive and forget and, once the heat of passion had passed, to let bygones be bygones. A bee, it seemed from his accounts, was one creature that always stood ready to meet you halfway.

He finally gave up bee culture though, not because his enthusiasm had waned, for it did not, but for professional reasons solely. He is a distinguished actor and when he got the leading rôle in a new play it broke in on his study of the part to be dropping the manuscript every few minutes and grabbing up a tin dish and running out in an endeavor, by the power of music, to induce a flock of swarming bees to rehive themselves, or whatever it is bees are supposed to do when favored with a pie-pan solo. It seemed his bees had a perfect mania for swarming. The least little thing would set them off. There must have been too much artistic temperament about the premises for such emotional and flighty creatures as bees appear to be.

Going in for Chintzes

Then there was another reason: After the play went on he found it interfered with his giving the best that was in him to his art if he had to go on for a performance all bumpy in spots; also he discovered that grease paint had the effect of irritating a sting rather than soothing it. I understand that next year he figures on going in for silkworms, or possibly he contemplates buying a few mated chinch bugs and raising his own chintz curtains on the premises. I won't be certain which it is. The other afternoon he came over and offered to give me his last remaining hive of bees. Indeed, he almost pressed them on me.

I declined though. I told him to unload his little playmates on some stranger; that I valued his friendship and hoped to keep it; the more especially, as I now confessed to him, since I had lately thought that if literature ever petered out I might take up the drama as a congenial mode of livelihood, and in such case would naturally benefit through the good offices of a friend who was already in the business and doing well at it. Not, however, that I felt any doubt regarding my ultimate success. I do not mean by this that I have seriously considered playwriting as a regular profession. Once I did seriously consider it, but nobody else did, and especially the critics didn't. Remembering what happened to the only dramatic offering I ever wrote, I long ago made up my mind that if ever I wrote another play—which, please heaven, I shall not—I would call it Solomon Grundy, whether I had a character of that name in it

NAGEL AMMETER

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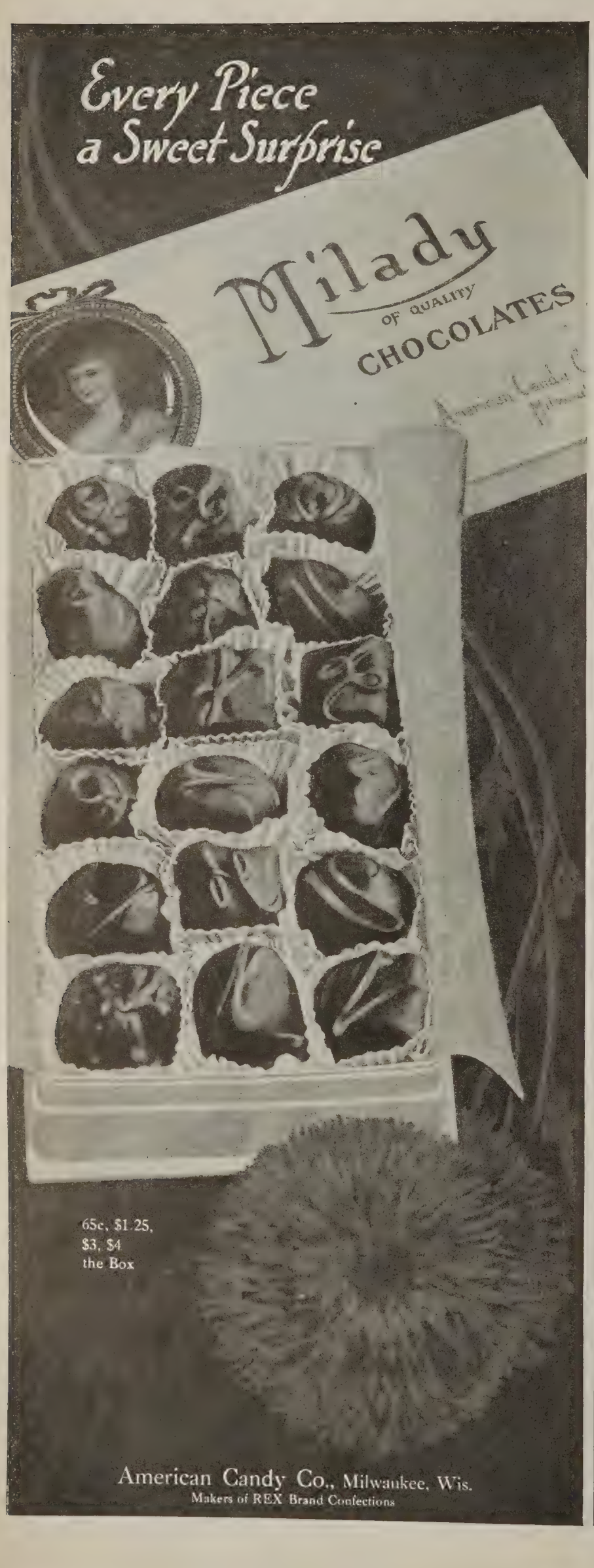

or not. You may recall what happened to the original Solomon Grundy—how he was born on a Monday, began to fail on Thursday, passed away on Saturday of the same week and was laid to eternal rest on Sunday. So even though I never do another play I have the name picked out and ready and waiting.

No, my next venture into the realm of Thespis, should necessity direct my steps thither, would land me directly upon the histrionic boards. Ever since I began to fill out noticeably I have nourished this ambition secretly. As I look at it, a pleasing plumpness of outline should be no handicap but on the contrary rather a help. My sex of course is against my undertaking to play The Two Orphans, otherwise I should feel no doubt of my ability to play both of them, and if they had a little sister I shouldn't be afraid to take her on too. But I do rather fancy myself in the title rôles of The Corsican Brothers. If I could show some enterprising manager how he might pay out one salary and save another, surely the idea would appeal to him; and some of these days should the editor of this magazine lose that fine discriminating ability to choose what is best in American letters I may give the idea a try. So having this contingency in mind I gently but firmly told my friend to take his bees elsewhere. I told him I had no intention of looking a gift bee in the mouth.

Why Buttercup Changed Her Name

We have another neighbor who has gone in rather extensively for blooded stock with the intention ultimately of producing butter and milk for the city market. During practically all his active life he has been a successful theatrical manager, which naturally qualifies him for the cow business. He is doing very well at it too. So long as he continues to enjoy successful theatrical seasons he feels that he will be able to go on with cows. Being a shrewd and far-seeing business man he has it all figured out that a minimum of three substantial enduring hits every autumn will justify him in maintaining his herd at its present proportions, whereas with four shows on Broadway all playing to capacity he might even increase it to the extent of investing in a few more head of registered thoroughbred stock.

From him I have gleaned much regarding cows. Before, the life of a cow fancier had been to me as a closed book. Generally speaking, cows, so far as my personal knowledge of them went, were divided roughly into regular cows running true to sex, and the other kind of cows, which were invariably referred to with a deep blush by old-fashioned maiden ladies. True enough, we owned cows during the earlier stages of our rural life; in fact we own one now, a mild-eyed creature originally christened Buttercup but called by us Sahara because of her prevalent habits. But gentle bone-dry Sahara is just a plain ordinary cow of undistinguished ancestry. In the preceding generations of her line scandal after scandal must have occurred; were she a bagpipe solo instead of a cow scarcely could she have in her more mixed strains than she has. We acquired her at a bargain in an auction sale; she is a bargain to anyone desiring a cow of settled and steady habits, regular at her meals, always with an unfailing appetite and having a deep far-reaching voice. There is also an expectation that some future day we may also derive from her milk. However, this contingency rests, as one might say, upon the laps of the gods.

The point I am getting at though is that Sahara, whatever else of merit she may possess in the matters of a kind disposition and a willingness to eat whatever is put before her, is after all but a mere common country-bred cow; whereas the cows whose society my wealthy neighbor cultivates are the pedigreed aristocrats of their breed, and for buying and selling purposes are valued accordingly. Why, from the way the proprietors of registered cows brag about their ancient lineage and their blue-blooded forbears you might think they were all from South Carolina or Massachusetts—the cows, I mean, not necessarily the proprietors.

So it is with the man of whom I have been speaking. Having become a breeder of fancy stock he now appraises a cow not for what she can do on her own intrinsic merits but for the size of her family tree, provided she brings with her the documents to prove it. So far as cows are concerned he has become a confirmed ancestor worshiper. I am sure he would rather o a quarter interest in a collateral descer ant of old Prince Bullcon the First of t royal family of the Island of Guernse even though the present bearer of the na were but an indifferent milker and of u settled habits, than to be the sole posses of some untitled but versatile cow givi malted milk and whipped cream. Su vagaries I cannot fathom. In a dem cratic country like this, or at least in country which used to be democratic, seems to me we should value a cow not what her grandparents may have bee not for the names emblazoned on her ge alogical record, but for what she herself

The other Sunday we drove over to place ostensibly to pay a neighborly c but really to plant distress in his firesi circle by incidentally mentioning that o young grapevines were bearing magn icently.

You see, a member of the Gloat Cl is expected to work at his trade Sunda as well as weekdays; and besides we h heard that his arbors, with the coming the autumn, had seemed a bit puny. the opportunity was too good to be l and we went over.

After I had driven the harpoon into soul and watched it sink into him up to t barbs he took me out to see the latest i provements he had made in his cow ba and to call upon the newest addition to herd. These times you can bed a hired ha down almost anywhere but if you go in blooded stock you must surround the with the luxuries to which they have be accustomed, else they are apt to go into decline. He invited my inspection of t porcelain-walled stalls and the patent fee ing devices and the sanitary fixtures whi abounded on every hand, and to his cently installed cream separator. In youth the only cream separator common in vogue was the type of drooping mu tache worn by the average deputy sheri and anyhow, with it, cream separating merely incidental, the real purposes of t mustache being to be ornamental and i pressive and subtly to convey a prop respect for the majesty of the law. Ofte town marshal wore one too. But the mo ern separator is a product of science a not a gift of Nature skillfully elaborated the art of the barber. It costs a heap money and it operates by machinery a no really stylish dairy farm is comple without it.

And She Couldn't Even Sew

When I had viewed these wonders he l me to a glorified pasture lot and present me to the occupant—a smallish cow of prevalent henna tone. Except that she h rather slender legs and a permanent wa between the horns she seemed to my u initiated eyes much the same as any oth cow of the Jersey persuasion. I realize however, that she must be very hig church. My friend, I knew, would harb no nonconformist cows on his place, a besides, she distinctly had the high-chur manner, a thing which is indefinable terms of speech but unmistakably to recognized wherever found. Otherwis though, I could observe nothing about h calculated to excite the casual passer-b But my friend was all enthusiasm.

"Now," he said proudly, "what do y think of that for a perfect specimen?"

"Well," I said, "anybody could tell th she's had a lot of refining influences comi into her life. She's no doubt cultured a ladylike to a degree; and she has t fashionable complexion of the hour a she's all marcelled up and everything, b excepting for these adornments has she a special accomplishments that are calc lated to give her class?"

"Class!" he repeated. "Class, did y say? Say, listen! That cow has all t class there is. She's less than two years o and she cost me a cool fifteen hundr cash—and cheap at the figure, at that."

"Fifteen hundred," I murmured dazedl "What does she give?"

"Why, she gives milk of course," he e plained. "What else would she be giving

"Well," I said, "I should think that that price she should at least give mus lessons. Perhaps she does plain sewing?"

"Say," he demanded, "what do you e pect for fifteen hundred dollars? Fifte hundred is a perfectly ridiculous price pay for a cow with a pedigree such as th cow has. She's registered back I don know how far. It's the regal breeding y

(Continued on Page 157)

(Continued from Page 154)

y f when you get an animal like this—
t th animal herself."
Bu I refused to be swept off my feet.
for this I had associated with royalty.
nc met a lineal descendant of William
(nquer or; he told me so himself.
nga descendant was apparently the
r profession he had, and I judged this
v vs in much the same line of business.
'Wll," I replied, "all I can say is that
ou in't care if her ancestors came over
.h Mayflower—if she belonged to me
'd ave to show me something in the
e o pecial endeavor. She'd have to have
enior we'd part company pretty pronto,
n t ling you."
"Iis evident you do not understand
vthig about blooded stock," he said.
'he randmother of this cow was insured
fi en thousand dollars, and her great-
uncther, King Bulbul, was worth a
tu. The owner was offered fifty
usand for him—and refused it."
In y surprise I could only mutter over
d cer again the name of William Tell's
otr. A great many people do not know
t illiam Tell ever had a brother. His
t ime was Wat.
Af r that my friend gave me up as one
pe sly sunken in ignorance, and by a
tul yet unspoken consent we turned the
nje to the actors' strike, which was
en a full blast. But at intervals ever
ce have been thinking of what he told
o my way of thinking there is some-
ngwrong with the economic system of
ou try which saddles an income tax on
unarried man with an income of more
n two thousand dollars a year and if he
rried sinks the ax into all he makes
v three thousand, leaving him the in-
ssdeduction on the extra one thousand,
ou ting, I believe, to about twelve dol-
s nd a half, for the support of his wife,
th theory that under the present scale
liv ng any reasonably prudent man can
tsily maintain a wife on twelve fifty a
ar. I repeat, there is something radically
on with a government which does this
th wage earner and yet passes right on
a ow that carries fifteen thousand in
e isurance and a bull worth fifty thou-
da his own right. It amounts to class
vige, I maintain. It's almost enough
mke a man vote the Republican ticket,
d may yet do it, too, sometime when
erearen't any Democrats running, just
sh w how I feel about it.
Y others of our acquaintances in the
na ur-farming group have taken up fruit
owig or pigeons or even Belgian hares.
Blgn hares have been highly recom-
en ed to us as being very prolific. You
arin with one pair of domestic-minded
lgn hares and presently countless thou-
nc of little Belgian heirs and heiresses are
adening the landscape. From what I
n ear the average Belgian hare has al-
os as many aunts and uncles and cousins
a microbe has. They pay well too. You
n ell a Belgian hare to almost anybody
no as never tried to eat one. But as we
v only about sixty acres and part of that
woodland, we have felt that there was
arely room enough for us to go in for
elan hares without sacrificing space
nin we may require for ourselves.

The Cussedness of Hogs

Mainly our experiments have been con-
ne to hogs and poultry. I will not claim
a we have been entirely successful in
es directions. The trouble seems to be
a our pigs are so tremendously opposed
ice suicide and that our hens are so
my committed to it. Now offhand you
igt think an adult animal of the swine
my that completely gave herself over to
ne lea of multiplying and replenishing the
ar with her species would be an asset to
ny arm, but in my own experience I have
ou l that such is not always the case. Into
ne world a brood of little pinky-white
qualers are ushered. They grow apace, de-
ou ing with avidity the most expensive
rads of pig food that the grocer has in
oc; and then, just when your mind is
le with delectable visions of hams in the
n tehouse and flitches of bacon in the
ell and tierces of lard in the cold-storage
po and spare ribs and cracklings and
or made sausage and pork tenderloins on
ne able—why, your prospects deliberately
o nd catch the hog cholera and are shortly
o ore. They have a perfect mania for it.
hy'll travel miles out of their way to
ath it; they'll sit up until all hours of
igt in the hope of catching it. Hogs will swim the Mississippi River—and it full of ice—to get where hog cholera is. Our hogs have been observed in the act of standing in the pen with their snouts in the air, sniffing in unison until they attracted the germs of it right out of the air. It is very disheartening to be counting on bacon worth eighty cents a pound only to find that all you have on your hands is a series of hurried hog interments.

In their own sphere of life turkeys are as suicidally minded as hogs are. I speak with authority here because we tried raising turkeys too. For a young turkey to get its feet good and wet spells doom for the turkey, and accordingly it practically devotes its life to getting its feet wet. If it cannot escape from the pen into the damp grass immediately following a rain it will in its desperation take other measures with a view to catching its death of cold. One of the most distressing spectacles to be witnessed in all Nature is a half-grown feeble-minded turkey obsessed with the maniacal idea that it was born a puddle duck, running round and round a coop trying to find a damp spot to stand on; it is a pitiful sight and yet exasperating. In order to be sure of getting its feet wet an infant turkey has been known to jump down an artesian well. This is not mere idle rumor; it is a scientific fact well authenticated. If somebody would only invent a style of overshoe that might be worn in comfort by an adolescent turkey without making the turkey feel distraught or self-conscious, that person would confer a boon upon the entire turkey race and at the same time be in a fair way to reap a fortune for himself. I know that a few months back if such an article had been in the market I would gladly have taken fifty pairs, assorted misses' and children's sizes.

Plymouth Rock Loafers

As for hens, I confess that at times I have felt like altogether abandoning my belief in the good faith and honest intentions of hens. Naturally one thinks of hens in connection with fresh-laid eggs, but my experience has been that the hen does not follow this line of reasoning. She prefers to go off on a different bent. She figures she was created to adorn society, not to gladden the breakfast platter of man. Or at any rate I would state that this has been the obsession customarily harbored by the hens which we have owned and which we persistently continue, in the face of disappointment oft-compounded, to go on owning.

We started out by buying, at a perfectly scandalous outlay, a collection of blooded hens of the white Plymouth Rock variety. We had been told that the sun never set on a setting white Plymouth Rock hen; that a white Plymouth Rock hen which had had the right sort of influences in her life and the right sort of hereditary instincts to guide her in her maturer career would inevitably dedicate her entire being to producing eggs. And we believed it until the hens we had purchased themselves offered proof to the absolute contrary.

It was enough almost to break one's heart to see a great broad-beamed, full-busted husky hen promenading round the chicken run, eating her head off, gadding with her sister idlers, wasting the precious golden hours of daylight in idle social pursuits and at intervals saying to herself: "Lay an egg? Well, I guess not! Why should I entail a strain on my nervous system and deny myself the pleasures of the gay life for the sake of these people? If they were able to pay four dollars for me, sight unseen, they are sufficiently affluent to buy their own eggs. Am I right? I'll say I am!"

You could look at her expression and tell what she was thinking. And then when you went and made the rounds of the empty and untenanted nests you knew that you had correctly fathomed the workings of her mind.

We tried every known argument on those hens in an effort to make them see the error of their ways and the advantages of eggs. We administered to them meat scraps and fresh carrots and rutabagas and sifted gravel and ground-up oyster shells; the only result was to make them finicky and particular regarding their diet. No longer were they satisfied with the things we ate ourselves; no, they must have special dishes; they wished to be pampered like invalids. We bought for them large quantities of costly chick feed—compounds guaranteed to start the most confirmed spinster hen to laying her head off.

So far as I might observe this, too, was of no avail. The more confirmed imbibers of

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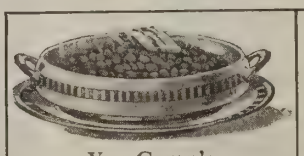

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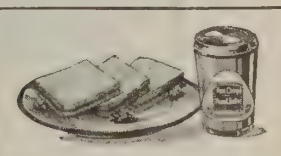

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the special dishes merely developed lumpy dropsical figures and sat about in shady spots and brooded in a moody way as though they had heavy loads on their minds. We killed one of them as a sacrifice to scientific investigation and cut her open, and lo, she was burdened inside with half-developed yolks—a case, one might say, of mislaid eggs.

In desperation I even thought of invoking the power of mental suggestion on them. Possibly it might help to hang up a picture of a lady sturgeon in the henhouse? Or would it avail to shoo them into a group and read aloud to them the "begat" chapter in the Old Testament?

While I was considering these expedients someone suggested that probably the trouble lay in the fact that our fowls either were too highly bred or were too closely related and perhaps an infusion of new blood was what was needed. So now we went to the other extreme and added to our flock a collection of ordinary scrub hens, mixed as to breed and homely as to their outward appearance, but declared—by their former owner—to be passionately addicted to the pursuit of laying eggs. Conceding that this was true, the fact remained that immediately they passed into our possession they became slackers and nonproducers. I imagine the mistake we made was in permitting them to associate with the frivolous white débutantes we already owned; undoubtedly those confirmed bachelor maids put queer ideas into their heads, causing them to believe there was no nourishment in achieving eggs to be served up with a comparative stranger's fried ham.

On the theory that they might require exercise to stimulate their creative faculties we let them range through the meadows. Some among them promptly deserted the grassy leas to ravage our garden; others made hidden nests in the edges of the thickets, where the hawks and the weasels and the skunks and the crows might fatten on the fruits of their misdirected industry. So we cooped them up again in their run, whereupon they developed rheumatism and sore eyes and a perverted craving for eating one another's tail feathers. At present our chicken yard is nothing more nor less than a hen sanitarium. But we do not despair of ultimate success with our hens. We may have to cross them with the Potomac shad but we mean to persevere until victory has perched upon our roosts. As Rupert Hughes remarked when, after writing a long list plays which died a-borning, he eventu produced a riotous hit of hits: "Well, only human—I couldn't fail every tim

I should have said that there is one to which all our Westchester County col of amateur farmers are addicted. So may pursue one agricultural hobby some another, but almost without except the members of our little community confirmed hired-help fanciers. You mee neighbor and he tells you that after a astrous experience with Polled Polacks is now about to try the White Face Co neys; they have been highly recommen to him. And next month when you counter him again he is experimenting w Italian road builders or Scotch gardener Swedish stable hands or Afro-American trimmers or what not.

One member of our group after a p longed season of alternating hopes disappointments during which he first hi and then for good and sufficient reas fired representatives of nearly all the co monervarieties—plainandcolored,domes and imported, strays, culls and maverick decided to try his luck in the city at one the employment agencies specializing domestic servitors for country places. procured the address of such an establi ment and repaired thither—simply atti in his everyday clothes. As soon as he tered the place he realized that he was the wrong pew; here, plainly, was a sh to which repaired the proprietors of ost tatious estates rather than the mod owners of farms, among whom he numbe himself. He tried to back out, making hi self as inconspicuous as possible in so doi but at that before he succeeded in escap he had two good jobs offered to him— as assistant groom in a racing stable o on Long Island and one as general han man at a yacht club up in Connecticut. is convinced now that the rich are so h pressed for servants that they'll hire alm anybody without requiring references.

None of us will ever be rich; we're convinced of that, the cost of impracti farming being what it is, but by the sa token none of us would give up the pleasu of a landed proprietor's lot—the w "landed" being here used to imply baited, hooked and caught; i.e., a land sucker—for the life of a flat dweller aga It's a great life if a fellow doesn't weaken and we'll never weaken.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

(Continued from Page 15)

Hungrily Cousens ran through pamphlet after pamphlet—particularly those on history and English and philosophy. These were not to him mere courses of study; they were invitations to join the group of thinking men who see life steady and see it whole. They were opportunities for a man to link himself up with the past, to interpret the present and reach forward toward the future. Without an intelligent conception of what had gone before, a man to-day was no more than a grubworm boring aimlessly in the unilluminated earth, feeding on mud, with all the glories of the real world lying concealed above him. That was all he had been doing—feeding on mud that the world called money. And four short years would have given him all this—would have taken him out of the earth and given him wings. Then he could have grubbed safely, because it would have been a mere incident.

"To think the boy has thrown away such a chance as this!" said Cousens.

Claire had been watching him.

"He was not ready for it, Jim," she answered. "You yourself were not ready for it at his age."

"No," he admitted. "And when you are ready then it's too late."

Her cheeks flushed with a new idea.

"Too late?" she repeated as though questioning herself.

Then she took his arm.

"Let's walk round the Yard again," she said.

Reluctantly he left. She led him back to Holworthy. Before the old brick building she stopped and faced him.

"Jim," she said, "do you remember I told you that we had begun so young—so very young that it wasn't too late to begin all over again?"

"Yes, Claire."

"I didn't know myself then just what I meant, but I see it now. I saw it in there when you were going over those pa phlets."

"What?" he interrupted.

"Please let me run on till I'm throu You've saved about eight thousand dolla for Harriet and Jim, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And now they don't need it, so—so w don't you use it yourself?"

"For what?"

"For what you intended it—for colle Only instead of on them, on yourself."

"Good Lord, Claire!" he gasped.

"You're only forty, Jim. And four yea on this end of your life is no more than fo years on the other. Let's go and see if the is any reason why you can't enter."

She took hold of his arm as though start him at once, but he drew back.

"There's something queer about that he protested.

More herself now, she laughed.

"There's nothing queer about it. W have the money and the children do need us, so ——"

"What about you?"

"I," she faltered, "I—I might go with my music."

"Now there's an idea worth while," agreed enthusiastically. "Why can't yo You can start at the conservatory and——"

"You can start here. We'll get a litt flat somewhere."

"Just as we did before."

"The housework won't be anything all for just two."

"We can bring on some of our thin from New York."

"And—and, oh, Jim, will you?"

"What—what about the bank?"

"We don't need the bank any mo We've enough to take us through fo years, and after that—you've alwa wanted to teach, Jim. Anyhow, we'll ta a chance—after that."

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

"Et you're a good sport!" he exclaimed
om he bottom of his heart.
"Ve won't be taking so much of a chance
wi took the first time."
"D," he grinned. "And we pulled out
ett well."
"S——"
-h took his arm and led him back
al the university. Once only he fal-
-d Then he said, "I—I suppose the
-ll think we're crazy."
Perhaps," she said, "perhaps this is the
t ay of showing him we aren't."

III

AIES COUSENS entered college that
fa as a member in good standing of the
-h an class in the place of his son
rm. When the latter first heard of the
ne he thought it indicated a nervous
allown and was for taking the next
in o Boston to the rescue. But both
rrt and Charles disagreed with him.
"Is what is called second youth," de-
re Harriet. "I've heard of it."
"I now, but dad is only forty. It's too
ly or him to begin to slop soup on his
sloat."
"Not second childhood—second youth,"
rrt corrected. "That's something quite
ient."
"I t you can't tell how far it will go."
"I trust him, with ma there."
"Se says she is beginning her music
in That's better than beginning ciga-
te as a lot of women her age are doing."
"Vell, they ought to come home for
rimas, anyway, and let us take a look
hn. It sounds queer to me."
Jirny let the matter drop for the time
ng because he was very busy. Charles
s sowing a lot of life and bringing to the
n any new clients and it was Jimmy's
sirss to handle them, once they came
.e was good at that and wise enough
1 go any further. When it came to
in them advice he turned them over to
ttgill with his thirty years of experi-
e,
However, Jimmy took the time to write
ither a friendly letter of counsel.
ng other things he said:
"I don't know how far you are planning
gout if I were you I'd cut out football.
ot saying you haven't got plenty of
, ut you want to remember your bones
nre brittle than they used to be. Stick
Greek and Latin and if ever you get
cld for money, let me know."
Cusens did not accept the invitation of
f shman manager to every man of the
sso come out and try for the team, but
thr did he cut out football entirely.
bught two season tickets for the var-
-mes and with his wife never missed
are. And he enjoyed them. Before the
le ame he knew the name and weight
l atecedent of every man on the team.
Ne did he neglect altogether active par-
pion in athletics. He joined a gym
ssnd took his setting-up exercises, fol-
re by a cold shower, regularly, with the
ilthat he found his muscles hardening,
apetite improving and the color com-
tck to his cheeks. At the end of three
n s he looked ten years younger.
Cusens found his academic tasks easy.
Ink work had called for concentration
his stood him in good stead. Besides
s, f course, he had both the eager desire
en and the mental maturity to grasp,
ht he mastered without effort his daily
gments and had time enough left to
a eat deal of correlative reading, which
c him naturally far in advance of his
irer classmates. This was nothing to
sabout. He was not interested in com-
ir his standing with that of his fellows,
ne ease with which he mastered his
j ts kept him free from all the petty
rs that disturbed them. He accom-
hd without effort better results than
y eached after hard labor. It was all
yor him—one long glorious holiday.
Cusens at first was rather shy about
dg with the younger men, except as he
t em at lectures. He was afraid they
gl regard him as an intruder, or—what
u be worse—look upon him as a sort of
-out leader. Actually he felt younger
nwhen in college before, but he labored
d no delusion; as a matter of fact he
s ore than twenty years older. He was
f tly willing to admit this. He did not
e t to pose as anything else. He had a
r of being mistaken for a middle-aged
nrying to act kittenish. And so though
nt the boys it was man fashion, and
uh he took an interest in the class affairs it was with appreciation of the fact that their active management belonged to the newer generation. He learned a lot about that generation that he had not known.

The boys appreciated this attitude of his. At first they had been frankly suspicious of him. He looked to them like a proctor in disguise. But as time went on and they saw that though he did not participate in their horseplay—in fact generally disappeared whenever it began—neither did he attempt to spoil it or inflict counsel upon them, they began to accept him. In celebration of a certain memorable victory over Yale, Cousens found himself dragged into a snake dance beneath the goal posts. He had young Staniford on one arm and Hammond on the other. He lost his hat properly enough and kept on bareheaded to the Yard. Here in the excitement of the moment he joined with the others in yelling himself hoarse. He was a bit ashamed of it afterward and apologized to Claire for having deserted her so abruptly, but she only smiled.

"I doubt if I should ever have respected you again if you hadn't," she said.

He and Claire finished the celebration that night by going to the theater, and in town afterward they ran across young Staniford much the worse for wear. As a matter of fact he was on the point of being arrested for his insistence upon trying to exchange headgear with a none-too-good-natured cop. Claire and Jim took the young man in tow between them and persuaded him into a taxi. At the Yard Claire waited while Cousens escorted the lad to his room and helped him into bed. The incident was never mentioned again between Staniford and Cousens, but Staniford remembered it and knew Cousens knew he did. The boy began calling at the apartment on Sunday afternoons after this and brought others, until Claire eventually found herself holding something in the nature of a salon there. They liked the things she gave them to eat for one thing, and they liked to hear her play.

She was getting on wonderfully at the conservatory. With nothing else to occupy her mind while Jim was either at lectures or in the library she was putting in some five hours a day practicing. She was willing to begin at the beginning and took up her old elementary technical exercises with honest enthusiasm. Not that it was not also a good deal of a chore to go over the ground a second time, but she had the intelligence to appreciate now the object of the work. Of course, too, she was mature enough this time to correct conscientiously her faults as she went along, so that the practice counted twice. Her compensation came in seeing a steady and rapid improvement. Her original intention had been to take the full course, but at the end of the first six months she had covered the first year and was well into the second. This she accomplished without fatigue and in spite of the fact that with her husband her life began to take on countless new and varied outside interests. In addition to the sports she attended with Jim, concerts and the theater occupied two or three nights a week. Later her Sunday afternoon receptions became a regular engagement. This was in addition to her social calls.

Neither Cousens nor his wife had anticipated anything of the kind. They had come to Cambridge unannounced and knew no people in the academic circle, but it was not long before they began to receive invitations into that circle supposed to be super-exclusive. The older professors took an interest in Cousens as representing a novel experiment. Then they liked both his work and the man himself. As a result they invited him and his wife to their homes to get a closer knowledge of them.

The reward was mutual. Cousens and his wife found these new associations with highly trained minds a new spur to their ambitions, while the academic circle in their turn were able to learn much from the new point of view the Cousenses brought them. They represented a fresh approach to education.

The period up to the Christmas vacation passed like a month and Cousens might have stayed right on in Cambridge had it not been for a peremptory letter from Jim Junior.

"Dear Dad," he wrote: "If you don't make arrangements to come home for the holidays I'll have to make arrangements to come on to Cambridge. That will make it hard for everyone, because business is humming just now. Besides, it's your duty to

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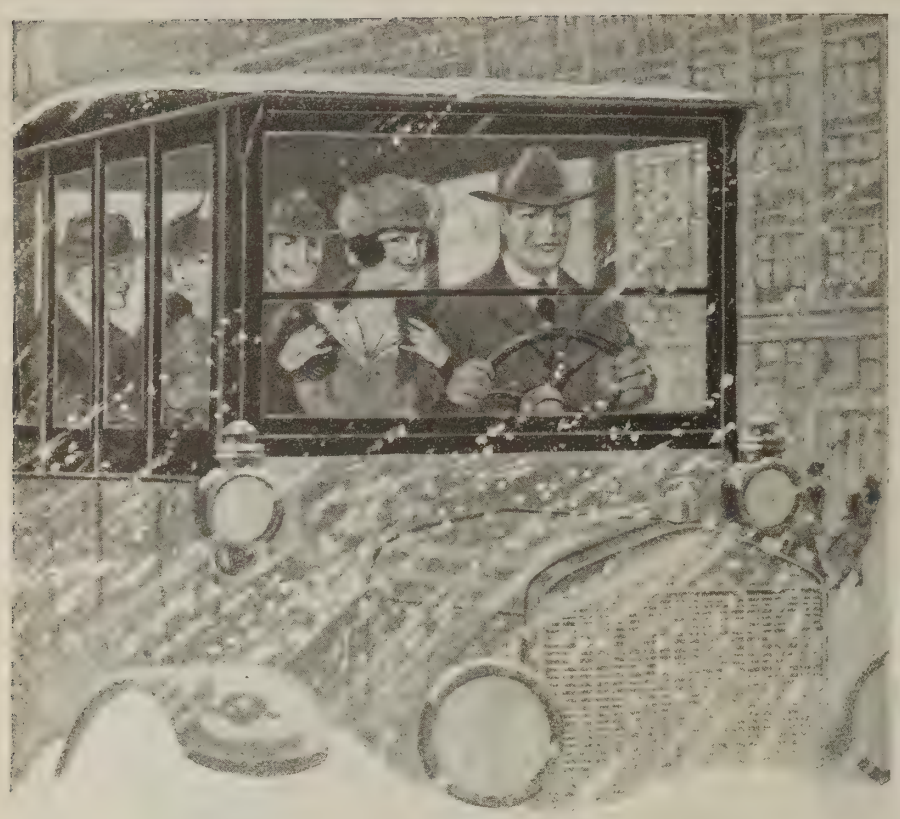

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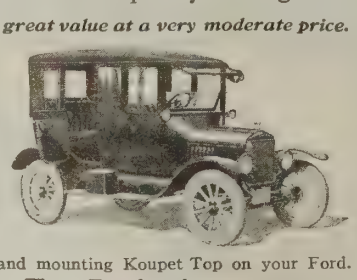

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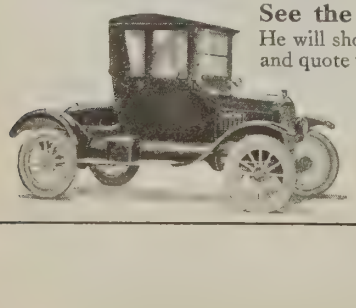

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come on. Parents owe some obligations to their children, especially when the children are working hard to send their parents through college.

"Honest, dad, I want to see you, and so does Harriet. I've missed you a lot, and Harriet—well, she has a secret she wants to whisper to mother. I'm inclosing a check for fifty dollars in case you're busted. If you don't come now you'll be so young at the end of your freshman year that we won't know you.

"P. S. Charles has arranged parties for every night. He says he knows what the college boys like."

IV

COUSENS finished his course in three years, but remained a fourth year for an A. M. and was graduated with his class. If anyone wants to know how brief a period of a man's life four years is, let him ask Cousens. To him it seemed over before it was fairly begun. As an undertaking in prospect such a venture may look formidable, but it can be done almost while a man is considering the difficulties. He was forty-four when he was graduated, but he was able to look forward to the future with more zest and confidence than any of his classmates. He stood on firm ground now.

Both Jimmy and Harriet came on to Class Day, and Cousens did everything right up chuck. He even insisted that Claire buy for the occasion a regular class-day gown—a dainty thing of white lawn—and a new hat. Harriet had always gone some in dress, but when she joined her mother on that eventful day the honors were even. Cousens himself blossomed forth in a nobby light-gray suit, a jaunty Panama and a red hatband.

"You sure look like the real thing," Jimmy complimented him.

They all took in the Stadium exercises, Cousens joining his class in the Yard and marching past his family, cheering each of the old buildings. Then they came back to half a dozen spreads to which Cousens had received invitations, and in the evening shuttled back and forth between the illuminated Yard and the senior dance at Memorial. It was a great day for them all, and even Jimmy Junior renewed his youth. He lost some of his New York wrinkles that evening and seemed almost like a boy again.

The children went back the next day, but Claire and her husband remained for commencement. She had received her diploma from the conservatory earlier in the month and Cousens had wanted to make a fuss about that, but she would not allow it.

"You are the big thing, Jimmy," she insisted. "I've just done this to fill in my time."

She had even refused to allow her name to be put on the program for the graduating concert, though invited to that place of honor, because she felt that such things belonged to the younger girls.

"They have their place to make in the world," she said. "I have made mine."

Cousens received his sheepskin—with honors in certain subjects—almost regretfully. It marked the end of as interesting a four years as it is ever the good fortune of a man to live. Regretfully, too, he shook hands with his classmates, knowing they were to be dispersed to the four ends of the earth. Regretfully again he and Claire broke up their little apartment in Cambridge and started back to New York.

But that was only a passing emotion. Cousens had not returned a week before he began to sense that instead of leaving behind he was bringing with him the best of his university. And he found, too, that there was more of Harvard right here than back in Cambridge. This gave him a new point of view on the city. He saw it in a bigger, broader way. He linked it up with the universe.

He even got a new slant on the business world. He went downtown and renewed his old friendships in the bank where he had worked so long. There had been many changes, but many of the former staff were there to greet him. They saw a brisker, younger, firmer man, while too often he saw men grown old beyond their years. The manager hinted that a place could be found for him there, but he shook his head. He was not sure of his plans yet.

He spent a good deal of time, too, in Jimmy's office. He was curious to see how the young man worked, and Jimmy seemed to like to have him round. The latter appeared to take a good deal of pride in his father. He used to introduce him as "My father—just out of college."

It was always taken as a joke unt Jimmy explained that it was literally tru

The boy's business was growing, but a Cousens looked on it seemed to him that was not growing in so big and broad fashion as it should. The small tradin accounts had increased steadily, so tha from their commissions they were receivin a good income, but they had remained brokerage house in the narrowest sens They were not seeing big or interestin themselves in the slightest in the field finance. They did not even have a seat the Stock Exchange, but had remaine content to execute their orders through a other office. He thought he saw, too, dangerous tendency to deal more and mo with curb stocks.

However, Cousens kept quiet and merel looked on. He was amazed at his ow widened point of view. He would have sai offhand that his experience of the last fo years must if anything have weakened h interest in the business world. It had bee out of his consciousness altogether. It is far cry from ancient Greece and Rome Wall Street, and yet with that histor background to help he was for the first tim realizing that this game was not merely matter of petty bookkeeping or merely sharp clash of wits based on covetousnes but in a bigger sense was one with t orderly progress of the world. He no long saw it as one of the grubs. History w here in the making as much as it had on been in Rome and Greece.

As days went on Cousens found hims fascinated with it, but as days went on found himself less and less content mere to watch it. And so when he received second offer from Wentworth to return the bank he showed it to the boy.

"I think I'll accept that, son," he sa "I'm tired of sitting on the side lines."

Jimmy Junior read the letter. The of was for five thousand to act as head cle Jimmy read it twice and then glanced at his father.

"You're going to what?" he demand

"I think I'll accept," repeated Couse

"You mean to say you're going ba there and let yourself get pigeonho again—after going through college?"

"Only this time they won't be able pigeonhole me," smiled Cousens.

"I'll bet they won't!" snapped Jim rather ambiguously. "But look here! thought you wanted to teach."

Cousens shook his head.

"I'm afraid I haven't had experie enough for that," he answered. "Beside the old city looks pretty good to me n Jimmy."

"Then," said Jimmy Junior—"then y sit down and write Wentworth that y can't accept his offer because you've go better."

"What do you mean, son?"

"I mean that if you're worth that him you're worth twice that to me. L here, dad, I've been watching you si you've been hanging round here—watch you and listening to you."

"I've tried to keep my mouth shu broke in Cousens.

"And you've done pretty well, but w you have spoken it was to the point. know a lot about this business that don't know, but what gets me is that seem to know a lot about it that I d know. Darned if I understand where picked it up, but—well, you see the things. I've talked this over with Cha and he suggested we try to get you, bu said it couldn't be done. We need a r like you, dad. Pettingill is going to get before long, but even if he stays we'll n you. We need someone big—someone w stuffing in him. So if you're going into game at all this is right where you're goi

Cousens never considered himself emotional man, but as the boy lea toward him with his lean young face t and uttered those words he had to s hard once or twice before he could ans Then he said; "Jimmy, I hadn't thoug this. But if you need me and think I help ——"

"Help!" broke in Jimmy. "You'l the making of this firm. You're a men from to-day—at your own figure."

And all this is what lay back of an vertisement on the financial page of New York daily papers which reac follows:

"We take pleasure in announcing from to-day Mr. James Cousens, Sr., comes a member of this firm.

"PETTINGILL, GRANDSON & COUSENS

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 26)

fo unate than John Throckmorton, who it or Old Hell's Delight would have countered little obstacle to the pursuit fil, liberty and happiness.

III

NTHER interesting Kentuckian of is period was John Thompson Gray. e us a Harvard man—a wit, a scholar d, ccording to old Southern standards, ch alier. Handsome and gifted, he had e astrous misfortune just after leaving lle to kill his friend in a duel—a mortal ai growing, as was usual in those days, t a trivial cause; and this not only dened his life but in its ambitious aims ac wed and defeated it. His university m des had fully counted on his making g t career. Being a man of fortune he s ble to live like a gentleman without b preferment, and this he did, except h familiars, aloof and sensitive to the t

Wliam Preston, the whilom Minister to ai and Confederate general, and David nell, the eminent surgeon, were his de- te friends, and a notable trio they made. oard Johnston, Boyd Winchester and -ry much younger men—sat at their t nd immensely enjoyed their brilliant n rsation.

Dctor Yandell was not only, as pro- nied by Doctor Gross and Doctor Sayre, e olest surgeon of his day, but he was o gentleman of varied experience and ea social distinction. He had studied ngin Paris and was the pal of John Howard Payne, the familiar friend of Lamartine, Dumas and Lemaître. He knew Béranger, Hugo and Balzac. It would be hard to find three Kentuckians less provincial, more unaffected, scintillant and worldy wise than he and William Preston and John Thompson Gray.

Indeed the list of my acquaintances—many of them intimates, some of them friends—would be, if recounted, a long one, not mentioning the foreigners, embracing a diverse company, all the way from Chunkey Towles to Grover Cleveland; from Wake Holman to Pierpont Morgan; from John Chamberlin to Thomas Edison.

I once served as an honorary pallbearer of a professional gambler who was given a public funeral; a man who had been a gallant Confederate soldier; whom Nature intended for an artist and circumstance diverted into a sport; but who retained to the last the poetic fancy and the spirit of the gallant, leaving behind him, when he died, like a veritable cavalier, chiefly debts and friends.

He was not a bad sort in business, as the English say, nor in conviviality. But in fighting he was a terror. The goody-goody philosophy of the namby-pamby takes an extreme and unreal view of life. It flies to extremes. There are middle men. Travers used to describe one of these whom he did not wish particularly to emphasize as "a fairly clever son of a gun."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

LORENA

(Continued from Page 19)

ntword that she was very ill I could feel m wisting all through the windy hours he he should have slept, and he crawled t ery early. I watched him scrubbing s es diligently from under a corner of y llow, but I was sufficiently courteous s nothing about that. He was my host yce's that afternoon and the little ngshman, blinking and perturbed, asked r liss Lorena.

"Jell," Ethan blurted, "she's awful ill'

"h, merciful heavens!" said Joyce, and oned a coffee cup. "I do 'ope you're k', Master Ethan."

"lo, he isn't," I put in. "She is."

"ear me," Joyce said, pulling his silly uache. "Dear me! It's dreadful to hear a"

Vhen Lorena was mending Joyce sent r quantities of jelly and cakes—which e ounger Rosses consumed. I thought ry kind of him. He was truly a very n y man, though he was a curio in our w and had no patience with the careless n cracy which set the children of lordly r ers such as Ross and the offspring of a smen on the same bench in school. No n nt of cordiality could induce him to s her than humble before Mr. Reid of e irst National Bank, Ross, Judge Lowe n my father. He saved the word "sir" r neir honor and scattered "master" and r s" among their descendants. He had s raded, I think, on some scale of his a e Surrey and held to it placidly in the e of our derisive awe.

n this scale the Rosses ranked very g and I was wise enough to notice that o na ranked the Rosses. She got from r a deference that even the imposing n Reid could not exact. My mother t spoke of it and it puzzled me as a m ry of grown-up conduct. Here was a s who was absolute master of a pastry c, a monarch over a mass of candy, h m lads of eighteen and nineteen delighted s atter for credit, flushing and stammer- p efore a mere child, younger than my- l His colorless eyes lit and his shapeless c th shook when he saw her.

What can I 'ave the pleasure of findin' o Miss Lorena?"

hy, I pondered, he had daughters as c as Lorena and one of them waited at s ies, the more gorgeous parties in Poplar S et where some men wore evening dress! other explained that in England cater- s who served food to other people did not c ider themselves gentlemen and that Joyce was doubtless pleased by Lorena's i dliness. Certainly he had no aspira- d beyond catering. I think there was some design of a final return to England. His one pleasure was purely English in his method of effecting it. In the fall he would go out in faded corduroys and gaiters to the stubble fields and shoot. He was a very bad shot indeed, but he brought to the pastime a grand manner, copied, I fancy, from some squire seen in his boyhood, and he always kept his shotgun over the rear counter. This amused Lorena immensely. Even after her reformation she called him Joyce, seeing—she said—that he liked it.

Lorena's reformation was complete and thorough. She blossomed into an intellectual young person. Judge Lowe lent her volumes of poetry and she learned sections of Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh. In fact she learned all of Paradise and the Peri by heart and used to recite it after supper in the farmhouse sitting room. She could make Mrs. Ross cry, and in all justice she recited very well. I remember the swaying of her yellow braid and the really rapturous clasping of her hands when the Peri reached redemption.

Joy, joy, forever! My task is done,
The gates are passed and heaven is won.

Even Ethan's drawled allegation that she looked like a sick calf did not deter Lorena in these feats, and Ethan always forbore to criticize until all was over. Judge Lowe began to advise that she be sent to some Eastern school. This did not seem to allure Lorena, but when Ethan had teased his father into promising him college she commenced a campaign on her own account, a thing of subtle devices and cross intrigues into which she dragged my father, Judge Lowe and all the forces of higher education. She wanted to go to a girls' school near Philadelphia. The reviewing spirit of middle age shows me that Philadelphia is very convenient to Princeton, New Jersey. Ethan and I were going to Princeton, where Eddie Lowe, the judge's heir, was installed. I did not think of this at the time. The campaign ended early in September, 1888. Mrs. Ross shed tears and took Lorena to Toledo for frocks. Judge Lowe issued invitations for a farewell party and ordered an orchestra from Columbus.

This party, though intended as a demonstration of good will to all three of us, was a triumph for Lorena. I do not suppose she thought of her drive down Poplar Street seven years before on the tinware cart, when she drove to the judge's door, and I am sure no one reminded her, for Zerbetta held Lorena in great esteem. But that night she displayed herself as a woman, and a number of men who saw her almost daily suddenly treated her as an honored

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novelty. She wore a white gown, a provincial version of whatever was current in Paris, and she had no jewels, but I am prepared to swear that she emitted sparkles of light.

"Lorena," said Ethan, "ain't lookin' so bad."

Neither was Ethan, wearing his first high collar, but this was Lorena's party and the gaze of the town concentrated itself on her flashing head and courted her brown eyes. There were jars of goldenrod set everywhere against the walnut splendor of the Lowe interior, and this comparison having started went majestically the rounds, while Mrs. Joyce in maid's black handed lemonade about. I recall thinking how plain this mute little woman seemed passing near Lorena, but Joyce in a striped waistcoat was very dignified at the door and in the dining room. Lorena had promised to have supper with me. We sat on a couch in the library, and Ethan, who was having a shy dull time, came to sit at her feet. He said that Zerbetta was kind of slow. Seeing that his only standard was Toledo, where he had been taken twice, I thought this daring.

"Don't be silly, Eth," said Lorena with cool patronage. "Joe's been to Boston and New York and he's having a nice time. How nice your hair is, Joe!"

"What's that Marney fellow doin' here?" he snapped.

"Why shouldn't he be here?" asked Lorena, smiling on Mr. Joyce, who came up in his most solemn fashion with a tray full of chicken-salad dishes.

"Why, he ain't lived in town but six months," Ethan declared, "an' he's an awfully poor dancer."

Lorena selected a plate from the tray and glanced at Marney, a harmless new clerk at the bank, who was leaning on a bookcase across the room.

"He doesn't dance much worse than you do, Eth, and he's very nice and very handsome. Are those French rolls, Joyce?"

"Yes, miss," said Joyce, and coughed. The tray shook a little. I thought he was scarlet from bending over her so long. Her hair almost brushed his spectacles.

"Handsome!" Ethan grumbled. "I don't see he's handsome. I don't think he's handsome at all. I think he's pretty darn ugly."

"He's very handsome," said Lorena positively, "and I like him very much. Much more than anyone else in town."

Ethan got up and strode away, taking his salad plate with him. Joyce walked off with the tray and finished his circuit of the room. I looked at Lorena with all the stupid bewilderment of eighteen facing a situation it does not comprehend. Marney was a rosy lad of twenty, a minor clerk in the First National. He had not a single surprising or interesting feature.

"Why," I said, "I don't see anything about Marney, Lorena!"

"Neither do I," she answered genially. "Mercy, Joe! One of your garters is coming down."

I slipped into the hall and was there astounded. Joyce had put his empty tray on a small table and was standing with his grayish head against the wall in a corner below the stairs. His hands were twisted inside his collar and his contorted face was hideous. He shook as if someone were lashing him.

"Golly," I gasped, "are you sick?"

It took him a moment to straighten and smile and I saw that he panted.

"I've a very tight collar, Master Joseph. No, I'm not ill, I thank you."

However, I found Ethan upstairs making himself sick with a black cigar and he stated that this was the slowest dullest town in the world, which did not at all prevent his weeping publicly when he said good-by to his family the next week.

All the way to Philadelphia Lorena behaved with a weary composure that amazed even Eddie Lowe, and she bade us farewell without a tear. I believe she was very homesick for a time, but her notes to me did not show it. Her written declaration was that her school was a nest of fascinations. I read these notes to Ethan, who said she was a stuck-up liar. They did not correspond, nor did we have the pleasure of escorting Lorena home at Christmas. She went west with a party of school friends headed the same way and was in full possession when we arrived. Our holidays had all the restful quality of a tornado. Lorena and her swains upset the Ross farmhouse to such an extent that Ethan came to stay with me.

"I wish to heaven," he told my mot "that Lorena'd go deaf and dumb. I'm blame tired of hearing about her old scho

My father worried about Ethan. thought the boy was jealous of Lore supremacy in her adoptive family. mother merely laughed.

"The boy's simply fallen in love her—that's all—and she knows it and s teasing him. Don't bother. It will all very nicely."

After which I was not surprised to that the Rosses took the same view of case and were much gratified. Et sulkily refused to go to dances, but b utterly tactless I strove to further his terest by taking her walking one aftern I told her how well he did at college— she yawned. With enormous craft I before her that the daughters of var Princeton professors took notice of hir

"It must be very slow at Princet said Lorena. "Take me to Joyce's, Jo think I want some caramels."

Ethan was in the little shop eating cream, though there was deep snow in square gutters. He scowled at me and nored Lorena. All the young people at tables chuckled, and only Ethan's p kept him seated. Lorena began to ch all sorts of candy, discussing its vir with me in a loud and gay voice and smi at Joyce. I leaned on the show case thought what a stupid way of making o bread it must be to keep a confectio and what a dull man Joyce was, stumb about and blinking over his chocolates stammering whenever he tried to spea Lorena almost as though he were a yo ster in her train. I had decided to noted lawyer and this shopkeeper fallen far in my esteem—possibly an al ance from a bachelor uncle in Boston something to do with this disdain— since Lorena was annoying me I felt his servile stoop before her was quite c ish. Just then Marney, who had been k ing Christmas with his mother in Buf came in from the dusk.

"Joe," Lorena whispered, "what's first name?"

"Edwin," I remembered.

Thereupon she swung, glanced at over her muff, gave a joyful low laugh exclaimed: "Why, Edwin! Where earth have you been? I haven't seen for ages. And you promised to write and you haven't once."

Marney went red, came up to s hands, and Lorena exhausted five mi of babble before Ethan rose and fled. me it was a very cruel exhibition. I s the package of candy and hustled Lo into the street.

"You oughtn't to treat Eth that wa scolded. "It isn't fair."

"Why," said Lorena flatly, "I'm doing anything to him."

"You oughtn't to carry on over fellows in front of him," I insisted. "It all over town you were flirting with ney. Old Mrs. Joyce was looking p forks at you from the back counter."

"I don't think Mrs. Joyce likes lot," Lorena observed, halting under lamp to crush a cream and throwi away as the wrong tint of filling sh "I think she thinks I'm an upstart. J always sends me Christmas pre though. Funny little man! He looks turtle. Isn't his wife ugly?"

Lorena pursued Marney, who plainly alarmed by the kindness, thr the rest of the holidays, and I su Ethan was the only person in Zerbetta was not amused, though I have some wondered if he knew what troubled He was not an ideal comrade that w term, and Lorena's letters to me gave convulsions of disgust. She prattled a parties in Philadelphia and the da brothers of her friends. The word "di had been lately imported as the best of female admiration and she used it f Merely as a grace note she tossed on in a scrawl dated sometime in M "Only think, Joe, I find that Mrs. Ba who lives next door, is a second cou Edwin Marney's and I have written h tell him. Her husband has a bank in C nut Street and it would be so nice if E could come here to work."

I thought this was a lie, but whe came home for Easter I found it wa truth. Young Marney had begun to spond with his cousin, who really wa wife of a fairly prominent private ba As Marney was a well-bred yout thanked Ethan after Easter Sunday s

(Continued on Page 169)

(Continued from Page 166)

Irena's goodness to him. Lorena had me home. She had been asked to the week with some friends in Gerwn. The Rosses grieved, but Ethan oied aloud. However, when we were tlund again he observed that it wasn't his family. His father and mother ssl her, he said, and the kids.

W had hardly settled down to the seriork of baseball when Lorena wrote t Iarney's cousin's husband had offered place in the Philadelphia bank. hich," she scribbled, "is very nice ."

Ts jab drew a grunt from Ethan. If looded over it he was straightway e by odd news from Zerbetta. My r was the informant:

"our father and I are worried about oyces. It seems they are quarreling, h I cannot imagine why. Mrs. Joyce unhappy for some reason and wants the business and go back to England. oor girls seem all upset. It is such a when people who have been married enty years behave in this way. I am d about Edwin Marney. I am sure he ave a much better chance of getting Philadelphia. He came to dinner last and told us he is engaged to a girl in llo, though they have not announced she is very young."

"o!" said Ethan. "Engaged! Then s he makin' love to Lorena for?"

"h, get out!" I sniffed. "Don't be a l She was only making a fuss over him ke your mad. She doesn't care any about him than she does—well, about yce. And he doesn't about her either. because you're cracked about her you everybody else is too."

"m not!" he cried.

He spent a whole day denying his love, en lectures, but the next morning's irove it out of our heads for the time. ather wrote a hand of superb clarity:

'POPLAR STREET, Zerbetta, Ohio.
April 6, 1889.

"Iy dear Son: You will be sorry to hear ve have had a murder here, the first in years, and that it was my misfortune a witness of it. I was buying your er some candy in Joyce's last evening Edwin Marney came in on his way to rain. He was going to get a sandwich stood by me at the counter talking r hopefully about his new position in delphia and how pleasant it was that na Broome is there as he has no acntance in that city.

'oyce stood listening to us, then walked ily back to the end of the shop. Sud- Mrs. Joyce shrieked in the kitchen. ned round and there was Joyce coming ith his shotgun in his hands. He fired arney with both barrels. The poor boy n his face and died before Doctor Case d get over from his office.

'oyce then walked over to the jail and himself up. I have seen him and so judge Lowe, but he will only say that ated Marney and had meant to kill for a long time. You can imagine the we are all in."

ther my parents or Mrs. Ross gave us a bulletin and we became for the mot very important freshmen, as the York papers took the matter as a gift. s was scarce that April, and Marney e of a good family and was engaged to daughter of a politician. Judge Lowe retired from the bench in 1888, so a nge circuit judge held the trial. Mrs. e retained the best available lawyer, in the face of Joyce's silence his oratory t for nothing. The confectioner was handsome, young or wealthy. Judge e wrote his son Eddie a fair summing

He sat there looking as calm as a rch pew. We tried to show that he t be insane, but there was no proof he had ever done or said anything n erratic. Mrs. Joyce testified that he been moody and unhappy recently and complained of her appearance, which made matters worse, poor woman, as the lunkheads on the jury sniveled and ught how brutal he must be. And poor rney's mother came to court and cried, urally. As Mrs. Henry says, they are lly going to hang Joyce in honor of rney's mother. I suppose they might as l. Mrs. Joyce and the girls are living in Cypress. Tell Joe that his father made the poorest witness I ever saw."

Indeed my father suffered bitterly on the witness stand. The trial dragged itself on into May. Everyone in Zerbetta who had ever had the most trifling disagreement with Joyce wanted to be heard. Eddie Lowe, Ethan and I spent hours reading the reports in the Courier, our weekly paper. Eddie, who had a gruesome imagination, surmised a secret society for the slaughter of bank clerks. I contended that Joyce was insane, recalling his queer fit the night of Judge Lowe's party. Ethan one day offered a fantastic suggestion that sent us into roars.

"See here, I've got it! Joyce used to go up to Buffalo to buy candies and things, didn't he?" This was true. Eddie and I nodded. Ethan went on: "Well, he saw this girl Marney was stuck on and fell in love with her—sort of like Dante and what's her name—so he killed Marney, huh?"

This was so absurd that he finally laughed himself. Our minds could not pose the timid little man, immensely aged to us, as a lover after the Italian sort. I wrote Ethan's theory to Lorena, who responded that he must be going insane too.

"But I hate talking about it, as the poor old thing was always so nice to me. I see in the Courier that he is only forty-five. I thought he must be sixty, anyhow. I wish Ethan would write me. He is very silly about it."

"Huh!" said Ethan. "Why don't she write me? I've a heap better things to do than write her. Well, I guess old Joyce was crazy. I expect he had a mania, or whatever they call it, for killing folks, like the cook in that Wilkie Collins yarn. I guess he just picked Marney out like you would a stone to throw. Funny, that night Lorena was carryin' on with Marney in his store he stood an' looked at him like he wanted to bust his neck. Where's the Cicero, Joe?"

I think he wrote Lorena that day, but I know she did not answer him before we went home in early June, preceding her by a week.

The store on the square was closed, pending sale. Mrs. Joyce and the daughters were boarding in Cypress, ten miles away, until the day set for the execution. Ethan and I strolled past the little blue-brick jail behind the courthouse and peered into the walled yard. A tragic air seemed to weight the chestnut leaves, and old Martin O'Shea, the jailer, had acquired a horrid pomp. Small boys no longer made rude remarks behind his back. It was whispered that a professional hangman was coming from the state capital the night of the fourteenth—the hanging was to take place the minute of noon the fifteenth. My mother, worn out by ministrations to Mrs. Joyce, went to her relatives in Boston before the date and I was left with father in the gloom of our house on Poplar Street. Ethan had become quite openly lovesick and was no use to me as company. Father was little better. The whole wretched business oppresses him. I began to see gray in his hair and he refused to talk of Joyce.

"I've advised everyone to keep away from the square to-morrow. All the roughs from the entire county will come in. It will be horrible. It's an abomination, judge."

Judge Lowe was dining with us. He stroked his white waistcoat.

"It all seems very useless, Henry. Still, what's the law to do? But I wish they'd do it in the morning. When the courthouse bell strikes twelve the whole county'll stop to listen. Not good for the children, that. No, it's all very painful. When's Lorena getting here, Joe?"

"To-morrow on the eleven o'clock, sir."

"Heavens!" father said. "Just in time! And the poor man was so fond of her!"

Next morning Poplar Street and West Avenue, our haughtiest thoroughfares, were very still. The children huddled inside the gates and watched the infiltration of men and lads from the outer farms. I could just see a corner of the square from our library window and knew that the saloons were doing a fine trade. Father wandered to and fro behind me and sometimes stared over my head. He was on a spiritual rack. I heard him mutter, once:

God, that the worm which thou hast made,
Should thus his brother worm invade!

It was almost ten when one of the O'Shea lads ran down the street and jumped our fence. Joyce had asked for father, though

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Established 1889

an Episcopal clergyman had come from another town. I sat drearily getting horrible pictures of the jail yard and waiting for Ethan. I was to drive to the station with Bill and himself to meet Lorena at eleven and I wished they would hurry. The courthouse clock and the Lutheran church bells struck half past ten as father came stalking back down the line of maple trees, and his face drew me to meet him in the hall. But he did not speak at once. He fell into one of the hall chairs and lit a cigar, then threw it on the rug and stared at me.

"Joe—I—you're old enough to have some judgment. What shall I do? She's—she's too young to know such a thing. What shall I do?"

"Who?" I gulped.

"I can't do it!" he said, speaking to something beyond me. "I can't tell her! Merciful God, I can't tell her!"

Here and by an instinct only I knew he was thinking of Lorena. I dropped back against the stairs.

"But he didn't shoot Marney because he thought she was in love with ——"

"He asked me to tell her he was sorry—that he'd killed the man she loved, Joe. I can't tell her that—I can't hurt the child. It's all—it's all ——"

This good and kind man laid his head on his arms and wept, and I stood in helpless stupidity, not believing such a thing could be other than a daydream of a new and awful sort.

"He says," my father muttered, "that he loved her from the day she first came into the store and that ever since she's been in Philadelphia he's been going mad. He was sure she loved Marney."

"Of course," I said, "of course, but she was only showin' off front of Eth—I won't say anything."

There were wheels outside and Ethan whistled. I jumped and it was like awaking. I hurried out to the surrey, where Bill and Ethan sat.

"Golly," Bill drawled, "you look funny!"

I said I had a headache, and Ethan was too remote to perceive the lie. We drove down to the station by an alley, avoiding the square. The platform was empty of its usual loungers, and their dogs had gone with them to prowl in the courthouse yard.

"It's too bad she's comin' to-day," Bill pondered. "Funny, it's such a nice day too! Seems a shame!"

The express rushed in on time, drowning the strokes of eleven, and Lorena descended without any ceremony in a pale-blue dress. It had buttons from the lower hem to the throat. She kissed Bill and me, nodded to Ethan, and the vapor on my brain lifted suddenly.

"My trunk won't get here till to-morrow, so let's get straight home. Oh, how is mother? And has Sumner got over the mumps yet? Why, Eth, you're all dressed up! White trousers and ——"

Ethan jerked the reins and the surr whirled away. He set two of his wh teeth in his lip and his lashes flickered w From the rear seat Lorena went on moc ing him:

"He's had his hair cut and a collar and ——"

Here, I think, she felt his anger. H voice grew timid all at once.

"Why don't you go up Clarke Stre Eth? It would be shorter by the squar

"Couldn't go through the square, si said Bill. "There's an awful crowd. S they're hangin' Joyce when the clock stri twelve an' ——"

"Oh, shut up, Billy!" I wailed.

"Oh!" said Lorena. "Oh, Billy, why you tell me? Please drive faster, Eth de Let's get home."

The surrey swayed and rocked on t ruts down the long slope to the red fa house and Ethan drove very fast, but my shivering fancy all faces we passed w turned toward the still trees hiding dark heart of town. The Rosses were ga ered on the porch that pointed that w too, and even through the hubbub of t homecoming I heard the little lads ask what the square had looked like. Pr ently after Lorena had been borne upst to look at the new wall paper of her roo sat on the steps and fell to thinking—s in a daze—about my father and wonder if I had misunderstood somehow. But watch said that twelve must strike v soon.

I saw Sumner and Sheridan steal off the highest roof of the barn. Now, th was almost no shadow on the young c and the thin river winding off became arc of hot silver on the fields. Men stood far off on other farms, motionless, Lorena came out to the edge of the po and leaned on a column of honeysuck twisting a spray in her hands.

"I can't keep from thinking of it, It's so dreadful. Doesn't anyone kn why he did it?"

"Nobody," I said, getting up. I sta at the gold vane of the Lutheran sp Ethan walked out of the sitting room. feet sounded on the planks and brought eyes back for an instant.

"Why wouldn't you kiss me?" he manded, coming close to her. "Why did you kiss me at the station? You kis Billy an' Joe. I think you might h kissed me."

The bells began striking twelve as spoke, and tolled, a wind bringing the h so clearly that its vibrations echoed i his speech with a pained music. Ethan not hear.

"You might have kissed me!"

He took Lorena in his arms and for her face to his. She sighed and was q there.

The bells tolled on against their he less young felicity.

CAVE STUFF

(Concluded from Page 54)

"Who?" I was the victim of a thrill.

"The police."

"What for?"

"Breaking jail out East. She'd been in for manslaughter. It seems some other feller once was fresh with her and she's got a terrible temper. She let loose and nailed him—fatal. Gosh, she was known out home for her tantrums—a regular virago, she was!" He pronounced it with a soft G, which made it sound even more depraved. "When she come out here she tried to change her nature, same as she changed her name. Her name ain't Minnie Beltz at all. That's why she got me to name the baby Beltz—so's it would look real. That's brain work. You don't dare get funny with a woman as smart as that. You better meet her. She might think it queer, me being down here so long with you and all that. She always wants to know just what's going on. I'll call her."

"Wait! One thing more. Are you happy?"

"We're all right. We get along fine. Beltz is a wonderful kid. And do you know, it's sort of steadying now and again to get a taste of the old days. She reminds me of Addie, only she throws underhand. She keeps me up and kinder gives me ambition. I'll call her."

She was much what I had expected, only younger—a bashful, inoffensive, thin, undersized woman with pale-gray eyes. Once we were left alone together for a few minutes while Orville went upstairs to investig a remonstrance from the crib of the inf Beltz.

"Don't believe all Orville told you ab me," said Mrs. Ard suddenly, leaning ward me and speaking guardedly.

"Orville? He never said ——"

"I heard him. I was listening over balusters. But it ain't true. I made up that stuff about jail and manslaughter of my head. Oh, yes, I have a sort of qu way with me, but I never really killed a body. I just made him think so."

"But—why?" I gasped.

She grew a rich crimson.

"He told you how the girls were a him. Well, I wanted him too. Even a I knew he was such a big coward. Nob else knows it. And I got him under thumb."

"But suppose some day he should the notion to put the police on your trai

"I ain't afraid he'll ever get that tion."

She set her lips and I was startled the hard look of her mouth and chin.

Then she flashed out an attempt a smile. "You can look me up if you d believe me," she added. "The Beltzes Grant's Mills, Pennsylvania. Ask Minnie."

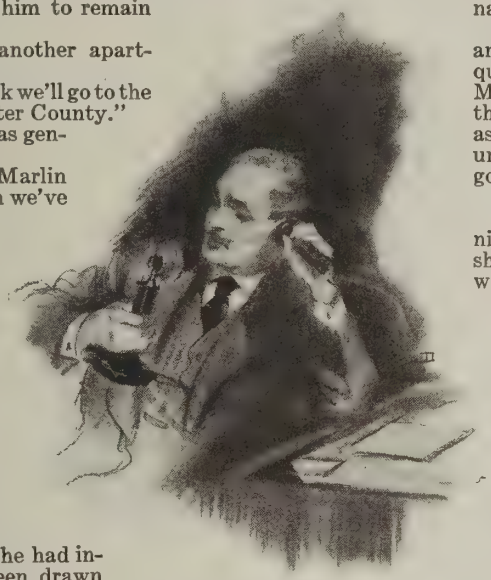
But I never did. It would be a appointment to find out for certain t she was a liar, and a far greater one to out for certain that she wasn't.

BONDS OF PATRIMONY

(Continued from Page 11)

I ever need to I certainly will," she
med, and then her mind reverted to
eat coincidence. "I can't get over
hw your mother could have lived here
h time and I never saw you here."
I isn't strange. She's been here two
r but I was traveling. I haven't been
in New York more than two months.
I didn't come to live with mother
p because this place isn't large enough.
hen her lease expires, in a couple of
rs, we'll be together."
h could claim no especial merit for de-
ir that he was unmarried. But she
ered that the women of the
l had suffered him to remain

all you get another apart-
here?"
), I rather think we'll go to the
ps—Westchester County."
M. Hewetson was gen-
e alarmed.
ad take Mrs. Marlin
from me when we've
discovered
ther?"
e'll hope it
be quite so
all that. It
s me a lot to
you like her."
ad it pleases
she said, "to
you think
t her that



"Hello, Charlie! This is Sam. Listen, Charlie—I've Got a Client With a Pile of Money"

Hfound himself
o very much
telling Mrs.
etson more
himself than he had in-
d. He had been drawn
o his present position to
sullize a new theory. He
the title of fourth vice
sident, but he wasn't yet
ecutive. His duty was to develop good
l or the bank. He was the ironer-out
a complaints of customers; he was the
ile man; the counselor of the timid;
alesman, not of the bank's services
f the personality of the bank.
's a mighty delicate job, because it's
bad and indefinite," he said.
ut what is there ahead, Mr. Marlin?"
verything! You see, I started in a
-town bank. I've been through the
Then I was on the road for a big note-
rage firm. Now they've put me in
for a stop-gap and if I do well I'll go
on up."
ou're sure to do that," she said, and
Marlin reddened with appreciation.
she took leave of her hostess Mrs.
etson mentioned an errand a few blocks
on Broadway, and the fourth vice
dent was prompt to offer his escort.
m going to the Subway, anyhow," he
ied.
. Derrick, therefore, from his hard
n in the lobby, saw them emerge from
levator together, and before he recog-
l the banker or had guessed from the
boy's violent pantomime that Mrs.
etson was Mrs. Hewetson, he had
n to admire her immensely. Then the
omime and the identity of Marlin
ied his perceptions at the same mo-
. It was disconcerting to him to find
rey in retreat, for he had counted on
ng an interview by half past five at the
t, and it was especially annoying to
ze that he had placed himself directly
r the guns, so to speak. But Mr. Mar-
cordiality calmed him and gave a
t balance to his hope.
"Hello, Charlie Derrick!"
"Why, Harry, I didn't expect to see you
n so soon!"
"Mrs. Hewetson, may I present a very
acquaintance of mine, Mr. Derrick?
ven't seen him since day before yester-
but we worked side by side in Trenton
wo solid years. What are you up in this
n for, Charlie?"
r. Derrick inclined his head toward the
w. "I was hoping to see Mrs. Hewetson
w minutes about some bonds."
r. Marlin, not noticing that the girl by
ide looked rather blank, put his hand
Mr. Derrick's sleeve.
Well, I can say this much, Mrs. Hewet-
If you don't buy your securities
ugh my bank there's no one else I'd
t any further than I do Mr. Derrick.
Anything he's willing to recommend I wouldn't be afraid to buy."

"Thank you, Harry." Mr. Derrick had perspective, and he knew better than to remain in the neighborhood any longer. The introduction was invaluable, but he could reap the full benefit of it only by proving that he had tact as well as judgment. "I'll try to call at a more convenient time," he said, and though he was also bound for the Subway station he started off in the opposite direction, and walked round the block.

"I think I could do business with that man," said Mrs. Hewetson thoughtfully.

"I don't believe he'd nag me."

"I don't pretend to answer for his social qualities," said Mr. Marlin with equal thoughtfulness, "but as far as common—or uncommon—honesty goes, he's a prince."

Now after an evening with Mr. Crankshaw, an evening of which Mr. Crankshaw's lecture on the terminology of Wall Street took up the greater part, Mrs. Hewetson began gradually to comprehend some of the lighter reading matter on the financial pages. When Mr. Derrick came to seek her patronage he professed to be quite numbed by her sagacity, but he had of course divined at once that she was youthfully proud of her vernacular. He praised the investments she had already made, and especially the Southwestern Electric, but he pointed out a five per cent municipal which she could get for 97½.

The deference of Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick and that of some of George's former brokers, who also approached her, was effective. Even before George had died the Suffrage Amendment had made her a person legally, but while she had had a husband as well as a vote they neutralized each other. She was feeling a keen new individuality in this purchase of commodities so refreshingly different from all the purchases she had made in her capacity of wife. To buy the necessaries of existence—clothes excepted—was no fun at all; this was fascinating. She began to understand how men are hypnotized by Wall Street. She herself, though a staid investor and not a speculator, was becoming hypnotized.

She disliked to ask Mr. Crankshaw what he thought of Mr. Derrick's pet municipal, because she thought that Mr. Crankshaw might be offended. To be sure, she had said to him that she wanted all her advice to spring from a single source, but he had spoken favorably of municipals in general. And Mr. Crankshaw, though he had offered to act as her agent in the matter of buying $15,000 Southwestern Electric, was a lawyer and not a broker. Mr. Derrick was a broker and lived on commissions. And he was so enthusiastic that eventually she bought $10,000 of his city bonds, though to make up the full amount she added the proceeds of the sale of the touring car and also of a few Eastern Pacific 6's, which she had acquired at 113 and sold at 113¼.

Similarly and with a certain vague impression of disloyalty both to Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick she sold the rest of the Eastern Pacific bonds to buy United Kingdom 6's at par from one of the brokers who had enjoyed her husband's favor. She observed that if she were careful and watchful she could augment her income considerably by selling now and then and buying at lower figures. And it seemed to her a matter of pure courtesy to refrain from telling Broker Number Two, for instance, that she had sold Eastern Pacifics, which he had persuaded her to buy, in order to get into United Kingdom, sponsored by Broker Number One. So that she adopted the habit—logical enough to Mrs. Hewetson—of using Mr. Marlin's bank as a selling agent to keep peace in the family. She bought

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If you love Quaker Cereals, you'll appreciate this Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

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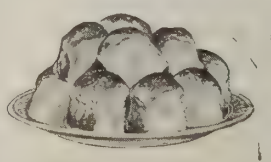
In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use over one-half the wheat kernel.

(3236)

Quaker Biscuit Flour



This is a special flour made from special wheat for fine foods. Use it instead of bread flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.

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"Smoother Faces"

Refreshing as the bath; smooth as the shirt front; satisfying as the last pat to the bow tie. A Smoother Face adds the final touch of distinction.

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—actually give a new satisfaction to shaving. They remove the fine stubble your present razor leaves. That is why the Gem gives Smoother Faces.

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The steel in these blades, so tough yet resilient; so highly tempered and accurately ground; so delicately yet durably edged—this steel is unique in Razordom. Because it is the result of 30 long years of study, experiment and patented improvement.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

This razor is scientific simplicity itself. Scientific because the Universal Angle holds the blade against your face at the correct angle for shaving; simple because there are no risky adjustments to make.

Learn today the comfort of a refreshed and silken skin, the pride of a Smoother Face.

Are you sure you shave correctly? There is a way to get a better shave with *any* razor. It is told in "Smoother Faces and how to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem Sets up to $10.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York

Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

where she would, but she always sold through the bank. And, furthermore, she made her transactions through the head of the ladies' department and not through Mr. Marlin, because she was improving in friendship with his mother and thought it inadvisable for him to learn too much about her private affairs. There were enough spectators already.

She was often in the company of the two Marlins now, but the son never talked shop to her, and she always was glad to see him—partly for that reason. And only once did Mrs. Marlin venture into comment, and that, as Mrs. Hewetson—though momentarily resentful—had to admit, was out of sheer motherliness. She said that Harry said that the cost of living was going up, not down, and she hated to see Mrs. Hewetson spending money so unguardedly. But Mrs. Hewetson protested that if there were any one thing she did more execrably than anything else it was to keep accounts, and besides her income had increased a third since May, and this was only September. Her advisers, seemingly by unanimous opinion, were steadily driving ahead the increase.

"Now, so far," said Mr. Crankshaw, "I've put you into three or four good solid issues, and with the others you had already you've got a rock-bottom foundation. If I were you I'd take a very little—a v-e-r-y little risk. Here's a seven per cent preferred stock of a first-class industrial corporation you can get at 98. Not that I'd plunge exactly, but a few thousand of it wouldn't be too much, and I honestly think it's all right. It's cotton duck, and you know what that is."

"Of course," said Mr. Derrick in the same era, "I know you're not buying everything from me, but I can guess how much you've done with other people and my guess is that in these six months you've invested upward of fifty thousand dollars, to say nothing of what you had before I met you. Now anybody with an income as big as yours, Mrs. Hewetson, can afford to take a small gamble once in a while. I said a small one—and once in a while. And I don't mean gambling on margins either. That's for men. But Tube common, at 84, looks mighty good to me. They're paying four per cent now and we expect an increase to six at the next meeting. It'll go to par if that happens. Mind you, I don't say it's a certainty, but if you feel you've got enough of a wall behind you to take a flyer, why this is the best suggestion I've got, either as an income proposition or for a quick profit on the rise."

Time had its way with her and she was steadily growing beautiful. It was beauty lost for the most part on both Mr. Derrick and Mr. Crankshaw, for both of them were intensely practical. But the two older brokers and a battalion of college-bred bond salesmen, who had discovered that she could listen well, began to stammer when they interviewed her.

The Marlins had moved out to Westchester County and she sometimes spent a happy week-end with them. Harry Marlin still kept his agreement and never offered gratuitous advice, though frequently she caught him looking sidewise at her with an odd reminiscence in his eyes. Mrs. Hewetson wasn't yet ready to concede even to herself that half a year of independent financiering had vaguely confused her and that she wished she could intrust her future to a single counsellor, as once she had resolved to intrust it to Mr. Crankshaw. The more she learned about the market the more she feared it. It was getting too good to be true—this slow methodical process of enlarging upon her gains. She liked Mr. Marlin; she had confidence in him and he was kind and ingenuous. But Mrs. Hewetson had intuitions of her own and she felt that it wouldn't do to become a protégée of anyone so good-looking and susceptible. And Mrs. Marlin had ever so tactfully referred again to Mrs. Hewetson's apartment—twice too commodious for Mrs. Hewetson. Distinctly her one ideal adviser should be disinterested and officially he should have no family at all. She was afraid sometimes that Mr. Marlin's avoidance of business talk was in order that he might concentrate on the personal pronouns unhampered.

But it was Mr. Crankshaw who gave her the first definite basis for introspection. It was merely a small cluster of violets from a mediocre florist's, but she knew without thinking very hard that Mr. Crankshaw didn't spend much money on pleasure flowers. These meant precision of purpose.

"Bhrummp!" coughed Mr. Cranksha when she thanked him. "I thought—ah I thought they matched—ah—well, an how, I'm glad you liked 'em."

He continued to treat her with mark respect, but a subtle warning crept in the atmosphere. He called twice at t apartment and talked of art, literature a the nature of the soul without ever on touching upon the stock market. He w an old college crony of her husband's, a when he chose he could be really int esting. And she liked him better becau he had ambitions and because he want to go to Albany, he said, to do his sim duty as a state senator and to carry out lifelong plans for the benefit of the co monwealth. He sent her a spray of carn tions and invited her to lunch with him the Ritz. It was a diversion foreign to h since January and her pleasure was obvio enough to give Mr. Crankshaw a go deal of encouragement. Lest she put h down as too great a materialist, howev he gave her a book by Walter Pater t following week, and she never suspect that it had bored him as much as it did h to read it.

When he bestowed upon her next dozen Killarney roses, followed it with the fortnight by an invitation to hear Ga Curci at the Metropolitan, and upon h regretful refusal, due to a previous acce ance of a Marlin week-end, sent her a she of American Beauties, she realized that was bent upon a whirlwind conquest a was building on cumulative values, meth ically widening the scope as well as the c of his attentions.

The prospect of a second marriage s shocked her a little and frightened her good deal, but she was lonely enough to stimulated by almost anyone who co talk intelligently. She couldn't hones say that she cared for Mr. Crankshaw, b neither could she say that after the cal dar had ripened a little more she mightr

It was while she was thinking seric thoughts about Mr. Crankshaw, but bef those thoughts had begun to agitate h that he arrived one evening for an adm tedly professional session. He had work out for her, he said, on his own initiative sort of project which included all the secu ties she ought to own. He conceded t it was a well-balanced and logical sche and he offered in evidence a score of she of yellow scratch paper covered with e mates and notes. He had begun to dou he said, whether she had really establis any very consistent theory of buying a he thought it his duty to recommend compact and carefully studied plan and volunteer to take charge of the situat and consolidate her resources.

After he had gone, leaving the evide behind him, she spent a few uneasy m utes in contemplation. She knew at outset that his statement was justifi But unless she denied it she couldn't how she could discuss it with him or t any positive action without either infor ing him that she hadn't relied entirely his advice in the past, or else terminat her business dealings with Mr. Derrick a the two older brokers and the young bo salesmen. And all of these had manag to procure a footing of moderate frie ship—at the minimum.

Reflectively she shuffled the yell sheets once more and her eyes caught page which was quite unfamiliar to her. contained most prominently a neat table figures, but the major part of it was voted to the idle scribblings of a man w by habit kept his hands busy while he w thinking deep thoughts. The tabulat was of all the securities Mrs. Hewetson h bought on Mr. Crankshaw's advice; th there was a total and an added ite "Bought Elsewhere, Approx.," and a gra total. The grand total was $125,000.

Bewildered, Mrs. Hewetson turned her tention to the scribblings. There w many repetitions of "Alice," which was own Christian name. There was a r of "Mrs. Alice Hewetson-Crankshaw" There were two or three scattered sig tures, "The Honorable Samuel Ellingt Crankshaw." There was "Senator a Mrs. Crankshaw." Then there was a st tling entry:

A. H. $125,000 x .06	$7
S. E. C. Profit, 1920, estimate	3
	$10

Budget: Living exp., $5000. Car, $2000. Tra $1000. Speculation, $1000.

Contrib. fund—senatorship, $1500.

(Continued on Page 177)

(Continued from Page 174)

Ms. Hewetson put down the incrimi-atig sheet and stared long and hard at acucy. An impulse to cry and an im-uls to laugh came upon her simultane-us and made the correct combination or ysteria, but she fought it down. All rough her life she had heard of men aving for money and she had regarded it it the tolerance of all normal young oe who marry for love and are de-ghted with money if they happen to get a too. But to be herself the object of a rtune hunter's crusade wasn't at all a bject for toleration.

She took up again the belittling document, na an impetuous motion as though to ea t across—and stayed her hand in time. Her cheeks went scarlet at the gross affront o ir pride. She had thought him so cour-eo and so considerate. And if Mr. Crkshaw—the conception of this took er breath away—if Mr. Crankshaw had ee swayed by her money how much faith out she put in the friendliness of Mr. Dwick and all the others. Were they gen-iny interested in advancing her welfare, r ere they also—all but one married rcer—looking for potential endowments?

Nothing else could so thoroughly have hken her credence in the goodness of uman nature. And the worst of it was hs Mr. Crankshaw had left no room for ioubt. She would gladly have doubted—oo much in regard for Mr. Crankshaw s support of her own poise—but in set-in down his dreams on paper he had been oexplicit to permit of any suspended udgment. The appropriation of a thou-ar dollars for speculation was the last trv. Under other auspices she might ha stood for the state senatorship, but hi gambling allowance—especially in view f his own estimated earnings, which ored his past duplicity—was a bomb-sh.

The first shock of the discovery had dis-ipted and she could remember now that h had never cared for him. She had only vondered if such a thing were possible. Th answer was monosyllabic. And hugh Mrs. Hewetson slept fitfully that nit her grief was for a lost ideal and not on lost suitor. And she was too old to mrn about generalities.

He waited until half past twelve the ne day, and telephoned then to Mr. Crkshaw's office, knowing that he would beut to lunch.

"Take the message?" asked Miss Pimm, ang some breath.

"If you will, please," said Mrs. Hewet-o sweetly. "I want him to draw me up a ver important paper just as soon as he ca Tell him I've read over what he left wh me last night and I think he's right. Bt I've decided to do something else. Wat is it I'd have to do to put all my property in shape so that somebody could manage it for me, and then if a certain thg happened pay it all over to my hus-band's college?"

"Trust deed," said Miss Pimm.

"That sounds like it. Well, anyway, tht's what I want him to do."

"What trust company, please?"

"Why, leave that part blank."

"Any conditions to the reversion?"

"What?"

"Any strings on the gift to the college?"

"Oh, no!"

"What's the 'certain thing'? Your death?"

"No," said Mrs. Hewetson, "my mar-riage—to anybody."

There was a most extraordinary flicker in th sound waves.

"Clever!" said Miss Pimm.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Clever of you," said Miss Pimm. "orted those papers for him myself. I kow what you mean. Saw it myself. Let it sty there." Again that clicking laughter. "erves him right," said Miss Pimm. "on't worry. I'll tell him what you sid verbatim. I was scared for a while. Finest."

Mrs. Hewetson thrilled to the sympathy in Miss Pimm's austere voice. She had chosen to send her message indirectly in the belief that it would arrive with more telling effect, but the sisterhood of Miss Pimm was an unexpected reënforcement. Still it was a very private matter to discuss with a stenographer, and Mrs. Hewetson, though conscious of immense gratitude, was shy.

"I'll be at Mrs. Marlin's this afternoon, if Mr. Crankshaw has any questions to ask about it."

"I quit to-night," said Miss Pimm. "He's a bum lawyer. Selfish. Too rich for my blood. Thought it might do you a good turn though."

"Th-thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Hewetson with difficulty.

"Guess you ought to," said Miss Pimm with another chuckle. "'T's all right. We understand each other. You're clever. I'll enjoy telling him. Goo'-by."

She had hardly reached the Marlins' house when Mr. Crankshaw called her.

"What's all this Miss Pimm tells me?"

"Didn't she give you my message?"

"Yes, but—but, my dear Mrs. Hewetson, are you sure it's wise?"

"It's a safeguard," she said. "It's so I can be positive in case I ever should—if I should ever marry again that the only attraction would be—be me. Probably you can't realize how a woman feels about that. And I can't ever let myself think of George's money being a bulwark to somebody else. I'm going to adopt your plan, Mr. Crankshaw, except one part of it. I'm not going to have an individual look after me—I want a trust company. And if I marry again the money's to go to the college in George's name."

There was a long silence. Mr. Crankshaw had plenty of ideas, but none that would bear expression.

"Is this final?"

"Oh, quite! It's practically your own plan too."

She said this in the nicest voice she could summon.

Again a long hiatus.

"Hadn't you better send me a list of what you're going to turn over to the trust company?"

"No, leave that blank too. All I want is the form."

Here ensued the longest silence of all.

"I'll mail it to you as soon as it's drawn up," said Mr. Crankshaw, with the intonation of a mother bidding farewell to her soldier son.

The atmosphere of the Marlin household was particularly soothing to her on this occasion. She had told herself that she could never face a bachelor again and keep in countenance, but Harry Marlin, single-handed, not only won his own place in her hierarchy but also reëstablished a small fraction of her general faith. She wondered as he talked to her if this were due to his noninterference with her business arrangements. Certainly theirs was a relationship in which there had never been the slightest stricture. Perhaps his ignorance of her affairs was a special blessing. She resolved to keep him in ignorance as long as she could.

"But I don't like to see you so tired," he said to her at parting. "When there's anything I can spare you—remember your promise?"

"I will," she reiterated, and she hoped that he remembered it—all of it—as well as she did.

She had believed that Mr. Crankshaw was enough of a diplomat, regardless of any hypocrisy he might have in him, to slack off his attentions by degrees, but she was mistaken. Within a quarter hour on the same afternoon, a day or two later, she received from him three communications. One was an armful of American Beauties, which intuition told her he was substituting for a swan song; one was the deed of trust; and one was his bill to cover professional services rendered during the last six months.

At first, because each of these items made her more indignant than the last, she put all three of them in the wastebasket. On second thought, she fished out the roses. They were the gift of an unworthy man, but in themselves they were innocent and worthy of a happier fate. She was too sensible to return them to Mr. Crankshaw, for in that case their ephemeral beauty would be lost to everyone, so she readdressed the box to the Woman's Hospital round the corner and let Mr. Crankshaw's card stay in it.

As to the bill she was more uncertain. She had gasped at its outrageous inexcusable size, and with true feminine stubbornness she had determined that Mr. Crankshaw could wait until she got good and ready to pay it. But she presently retrieved the bill, too, and wrote a brave check for the full amount and inclosed in the same envelope that sheet of yellow paper which bore his mortification in his own handwriting.

Finally she recovered the deed of trust. She had never intended, of course, to make

—and It's the Woman's Pencil, Too

Another distinctive thing about Eversharp is that it has jumped into immediate favor as the woman's pencil, just as it has won its way into the good graces of a million men writers.

Women admire Eversharp for its wondrous beauty, the result of jeweler artisanship. They appreciate the new writing comfort afforded by the always-sharp writing point. They like the handy sizes so easily carried in bag or on chain.

The economy also appeals. Eversharp carries enough lead for a quarter million words—ten thousand words one cent—and a point for every word.

No other pencil combines so generously such beauty, convenience, writing comfort, and lasting economy.

For men, Eversharp comes in regular size, as well as in small-pocket size, with or without ring for chain. There's an Eversharp style for all who write, and prices start as low as $1.

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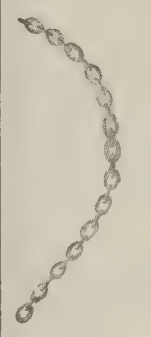

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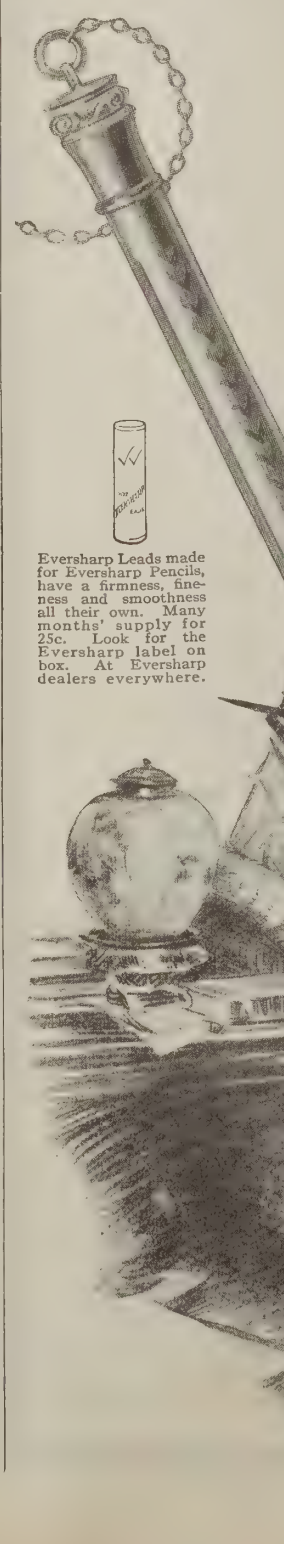

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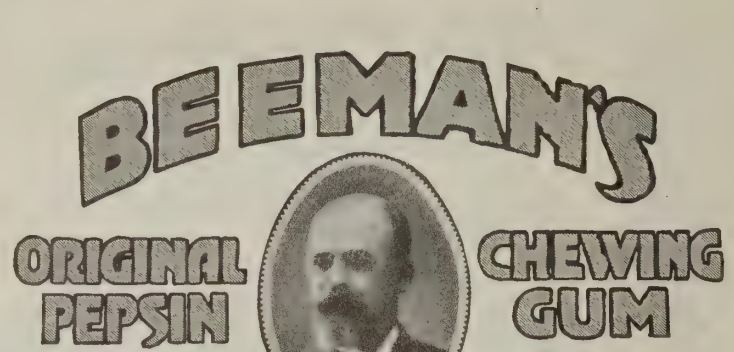

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MY Original Pepsin Chewing Gum is an absolutely pure product.

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But, before these ingredients reach you in the form of Beeman's Original Pepsin Chewing Gum, they are cooked in kettles, such as are used in candy kitchens, where they are thoroughly sterilized.

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As an aid to digestion, particularly to people who improperly masticate their food at their meals, my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum is used throughout the country by thousands of people.

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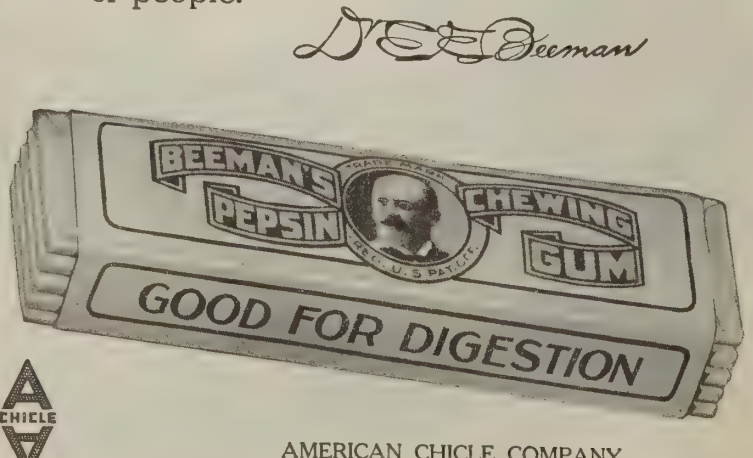


CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

use of it. It had been designed solely for the purpose of assaying Mr. Crankshaw's motives. But it occurred to her that by showing it to Mr. Derrick and others she might continue to learn something about the world. She deprecated the lesson in advance, but the opportunity was not to be forgone.

More adventurous than Mr. Crankshaw and more circumspect and polished was Mr. Derrick. He was generous with flattery, but parsimonious with roses—and he specialized in tones of the voice. If there had been fifty chairs in the room he could still have managed without effort to get both Mrs. Hewetson and himself seated on the one divan, and he could make optically more personal remarks in an evening than his tongue would authorize in a month of Sundays.

"You're bothered about something," he said almost immediately.

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Hewetson.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, I don't know. It depends."

"Depends on what?"

"It depends," she said, "on how good a friend of mine you are."

Mr. Derrick, who had been calling on her at least a half dozen times a month, managed to convey without speech a fair approximation of his sentiments.

"I don't think you need to question that."

"I want to make sure," said Mrs. Hewetson.

Mr. Derrick, who had pursued Fabian tactics until now, rested his hand lightly upon hers for a tenth of a second.

"I'm sure—now," he said.

She looked at him in a way which sent his pulses jumping.

"Would it make any difference in our friendship if I had to tell you something that might seem like—well, like a sort of confession of helplessness? Would you have to think any less of me?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Derrick with abandon.

"It's just the bother and torment of keeping things straight," she said. "I thought it was a lot of fun at first, but it's getting to be like a millstone round my neck. I'm sick of business—business and money. I hate it."

"What you really ought to have," said Mr. Derrick, battling down his quick delight, "is someone to take complete charge of all your affairs. You ought not to have to look the way you're looking these days."

She didn't let him see the reaction she felt.

"And how's that?"

"Almost as though you didn't have a friend left in the world. And that isn't true either. You ought to have somebody to look after you." He leaned a little toward her. "Had you ever thought of that?"

She nodded without speaking, and Mr. Derrick's courage multiplied.

"I've often thought of it for you, Mrs. Hewetson."

"Had you?"

Her voice was very low.

"Often."

He put his hand tentatively over hers. Mrs. Hewetson rose without apparently noticing his overture.

"Perhaps you can help me fill in the name then," she said. "I knew you'd be glad to help me."

Mr. Derrick watched her with great curiosity.

"The name? The name of what?"

She was bringing him the deed, and a spontaneous thrill of exultation crept over him. He didn't know what she had in her hands, but he was thrilled just the same, because her manner appealed to him as significant of her dependence.

"The name of the one who'll take charge of me."

Mr. Derrick stood upright.

"I can do that, yes. I've known it all along—shall I tell you?"

She delivered ten pages of legal cap into his keeping.

"I'd thought of the River Trust Company," she said.

Mr. Derrick gazed at her, saw that she had missed his painstakingly constructed trap and hesitated. And that instant of hesitation was long enough to permit his eye to fall on the heading of the document. He gazed no more at Mrs. Hewetson; he had something else to occupy his fancy.

"Well!" said Mr. Derrick lamely. "What's this?"

He sat down soberly and read it through paragraph by paragraph. And then he proved that he was far more diplomati and far more sportsmanlike than Mr Crankshaw.

"Don't make it the River Trust—mak it Marlin's bank," said Mr. Derrick heroic ally. "They've got a trust department an it's a better organization anyway."

In fifteen minutes he was out on the side walk, and though he continued to call o her occasionally after that he always sa ten feet distant and never attempted t hold her hand; and as soon as he suggeste it she bought fifty shares of Steel commo from him so as not to hurt his feeling For the rest of his life, whenever he though of her he became soulful and told himsel that she was the finest woman he had eve met and that the only reason he had neve proposed to her was because he couldn support her.

By spring she had heard flat declara tions from the older unmarried broker an from two of the college-bred bond sales men; and there were many days when sh wondered wretchedly if they also had bee dazzled by her fortune. She hadn't pos sessed the stamina to flaunt the deed o trust again; it had served its purpose we and she had destroyed it. She had twic been bruised by the realization that me would be glad to marry her for her money and she didn't care to add to the roster o privateers. If anyone else were similarl minded she preferred not to know it. S she refused these later suitors as kindly a she could and tried to believe them honor able, but even then she had to concede tha every proposal and every proffer of assist ance had come from those who made com missions out of her market trading. It wa a sorrowful condition for a woman to con template and it filled her with resentmen and chagrin.

Moreover, she was acquiring a weight burden of other troubles. She wasn't im mune to the high cost of living and ever month she had to make a little deeper in cursion into her capital. She was fightin down a conviction that she ought to mov to less fashionable quarters and begin t economize. And it wasn't due to any in herent ostentation. It was due solely t her sentiments that she hadn't done th long ago. The apartment she lived in ha been her home and George's. Once sh had gone to Mr. Crankshaw to spea about subletting it, but that was the da of Miss Pimm's confidence, and afterwar Mrs. Hewetson was more attached to ho home than ever. But the lease expire in May and try as she would she couldn justify the extravagance of a renewal.

To her rescue before she had begun t search for a new apartment came Mr Marlin.

"It's utterly foolish," said Mrs. Marlin "for a girl like you to stay in New Yor when she doesn't need to. There's a lovel old-fashioned house right next to ours an you can have three rooms and bath unfu nished for a hundred dollars a month."

"Not with board!" said Mrs. Hewetson

"Oh, no! But doesn't that beat a apartment in town? You come and see it doesn't."

She came and saw and signed a lease for year and the first of May found her hap pier than she had recently hoped to b She still had troubles, but they were le grave, for she had found some tractio bonds at 86 and some promising industria at 82. But she was growing impatient inactivity.

"I'm thinking of finding something t do," she confided to Mrs. Marlin. "Th sort of life isn't doing me any good, or an body else either. And it's no fun to fe useless. I wonder what I could do?"

"We'll ask Harry," said Mrs. Marlin.

Accordingly they asked him, and Harr shook his head and frowned and said tha the opportunities were unlimited.

"But it all depends on how you go abou it," he finished. "No employer ever wan to hire anybody who doesn't have to wor and doesn't positively want to fill that pa ticular job. No employer wants to hi anybody who's simply trying to keep fro being bored. It doesn't pay and it's su to bring about friction. If you're real anxious to be busy you'll have to act though you didn't have a penny in th world."

"Well, what could I do?"

Mr. Marlin regarded her narrowly.

"How'd you like to take charge of th women employees in our bank? There a little welfare work about it and a goo

(Concluded on Page 181)

(Concluded from Page 178)

o mothering. Most of the girls are in
r ens yet—clerks and messengers.
, lvarn you, you'd have to keep regu-
ho's, and be as punctual and diligent
nyne else. Are you positive you want
iv up that much time? It probably
t e worth your while from a money
t view, either."
-Iv much would I be paid?" she in-
e flushed with excitement.
Jeen hundred," said Mr. Marlin.
d here's another 'out' about it too."
\ ! what's that?"
I be your boss," said Mr. Marlin.
e se all that sort of work's in my
ie. The vacancy won't exist until
fit of June. But it would keep you
r-f that's all you're hunting for."
C I have a few days to think it
-nd talk it over?"
A long as you like. I'll give you what
o-fashioned people call the 'refusal'

augned. "Does that mean that I'm
d to refuse it?"
N it means that nobody else has a
c to refuse it until you've decided."
T n I'll try not to take too long," she
ed. "But would it bore you awfully
a to me now and then about other
g[might do?"
It wouldn't bore me to talk to you
anything," said Mr. Marlin.
e ertainly should have known whether
d r not, because she was asked to dine
h Marlins' at least twice a week, and
h other evenings she usually dropped
o the minimum of an hour with his
h . Sometimes they all sat on the tiny
l lawn and idled, and at other times
to women worked on feminine fab-
ilioors while Mr. Marlin read to them
n ne evening paper.
Had been reading for them one eve-
g hen suddenly his slow masculine per-
ns were caught and held by a new
n attaching to Mrs. Hewetson. It
e first time he had seen her in any-
g but black or white. And she was
rg a gown of silver-gray georgette,
, s she sat in profile toward him, she
e almost a full decade younger and
nly more lovely—and deserted.
u moned by the invisible telegraph,
ised her eyes, and instantaneously
dopped them. But Mr. Marlin was in
sition to note that the color deepened
e cheeks, and he was astonished that
nt home early. He was still more
ished and baffled that she didn't drop
in until she was specifically asked.
spoke to his mother about it, and his
dr added to his perplexity by smooth-
h hair as if he had been a small boy,
nswering too vaguely to satisfy him.
r when she was specifically asked to
e he came. Mr. Marlin had counted
t usual enjoyment that evening, and
d never enjoyed a dinner less. It was
sible to keep the general discourse
n it was impossible to kindle a spark of
t ulity.
the conclusion of the ordeal, Mrs.
n excused herself to hold a parley
h e cook and the two younger people
r ered out to the lawn.
ell," said Mr. Marlin, breaking the
n silence; "have you decided yet
e er you'll come into the bank or not?"
Mrs. Hewetson gave a little start.
h! Why, I've thought about it a
deal. I can't say that I've quite made
sion yet, but ——"
left the sentence unfinished, but her
had made the rest of it unnecessary.
ut you've practically decided to re-"
tried to laugh. "Well, you said I had
fusal, didn't you?"
. Marlin was very grave.
an't I know what's influenced you?"
hardly know myself."
ou haven't found something else that
hink would be more interesting?"
o. Oh, no! But—I'm still looking."
is that you don't want to come there
se *I'm* there?"
artly. That was why I wanted to
and—that's why I can't."
Why not?"
e shook her head. There was no way
lightening him without making a
of confessions she couldn't bring her-
o make, and they weren't only of the
nt, they were of the past and future.
. Marlin took a turn around the lawn
rought up sharply before her, resolute.
his has gone far enough!" said Mr.
in, and although his words were peremptory, his tone was vibrant. "It's gone far enough! Somebody's got to look after you, and if you won't admit it, I *will*. I'm going to do it myself. I'm going to marry you! There!"

She had known that this moment would come and she had dimly fancied that she knew how to live through it. Even so, and even with half a dozen proposals to her credit, she was as unpoised as an ingénue. It was the first time that she had been told, and not asked, her preference. In spite of herself, she liked it. Unfortunately, as she had gathered wisdom, she had attained to a gentle height of skepticism. She no longer dared to trust to her heart for inspiration. Experience had treated her, during her trials with Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick, as lightly as it could, but the lesson was unforgetable. Against her best instincts, yet she was afraid.

She struggled for an expression, for a question which would convey her exact meaning to him and show him that she didn't actually doubt his motives, but that she needed to be reassured, persuaded, convinced. And she struggled for so long a time that presently she grew demoralized, and her thoughts lost coherence, and she heard herself faltering, not the well-chosen interrogation, but the bare gist of it: "Is it—is it me, or is it my—my money ——"

She got no farther. Mr. Marlin had swooped down upon her and caught her hands. "Why, you poor little girl," he said tenderly, "*you* haven't any money! It's *you* I want!"

Mrs. Hewetson suddenly went limp.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Why, I'm a *banker!*" said Mr. Marlin. "You wouldn't let me help you; you didn't ever come to me; but I knew, dear. How could I help it? I watched your account as soon as I suspected. All you ever deposited with us was your insurance money, wasn't it? That was all you had, wasn't it?" He didn't touch upon the well-known fact that George had carefully lived up to the last penny of his income. "And I've been crazy about you ever since—oh, always! Only you always shut me out, somehow. And I watched for *your* sake, hoping you'd come to me. Watched you buy bonds from one house and sell them through us to buy something else from a different house at a lower price. I'd have given the world if you'd come to me, but you wouldn't. You didn't *want* me to help, now, did you? But it's time now, so I'm coming to you. And not just to be your banker, either." His arm went deliberately around her. "So *that's* settled!" said Mr. Marlin, with extreme emphasis. "*Isn't* it?"

She had intended to explain her methods carefully to him, if necessary, and she was stunned to discover that he knew them already. She couldn't fathom the philosophy by which he had arrived at it. Her one great consolation had been his ignorance of her affairs. And his present arbitrariness was taking all the independence out of her, and making her feel wonderfully little, and loved, and protected.

"I—I hated to hurt their f-feelings!"

"I know. I heard people say you were rich. And from your own checks and the ones you deposited I guessed you were all the time getting out of one thing and into something else that cost less—and using the difference to live on. You haven't very much left, dear, have you? That's why you thought you wanted to work, wasn't it? You haven't anywhere near as much as I have. Not a tenth as much. You haven't five thousand dollars left out of the twenty you started with—and that's mostly in bad bonds. I've got to take care of you now, haven't I? You know I have. And I'm going to. Beginning *now*."

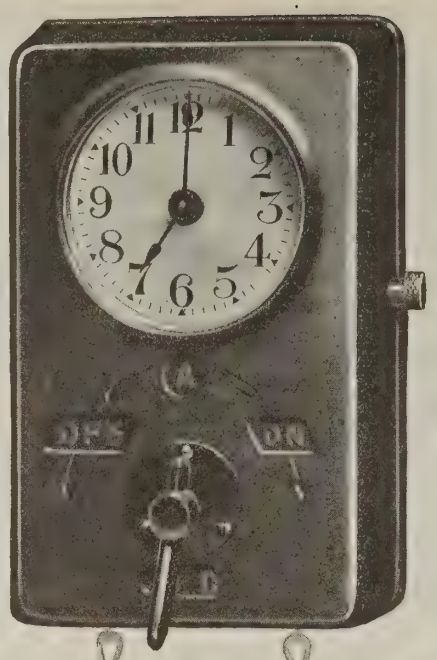
Regardless of the emotions which shook her, as his first badly aimed kiss fell upon her forehead, she had still a plea to make, for the sake of her own conscience and his regard:

"You—you know I wasn't trying to f-fool anybody. I didn't l-like to buy something from a man and sell it right back to him. I—I didn't think it nice!"

Mr. Marlin held her hands more firmly and brought her a little closer to him. Unwillingly, yet inevitably, she raised her eyes.

"Well," said Mr. Marlin with infinite tenderness. "You haven't answered me, Alice. Why, you poor little girl! Of *course* you're going to marry me. Aren't you?" He shook her quietly. "Say 'yes'!"

"Y—yes!" She whispered obediently and closed her eyes.



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BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 40)

went on like any other night's work until he took a lonely night trolley car to his hotel on the North Side.

Next morning, as usual, he got down to the Leader office about eleven o'clock and the first thing he did was to glance over the early editions of the evening papers—dated several hours ahead. These early editions were starveling creatures, appearing in the barren interval after the last editions of the morning papers had cleaned up the night's news and before the day's news had begun to develop much. A comparatively trivial happening could get a big headline in them.

So when Purcell, picking up the first of those on his desk, saw "Murder!" in big black letters he presumed it referred to an event which would be dismissed with a couple of stickfuls on an inside page in later editions. From a professional point of view his surmise was correct enough, but there was a personal interest which brought him up with a shock as though he had touched a heavily charged live wire.

The dozen lines of triple-leaded text beneath the headings said that an aged negro named William Pomeroy had been murdered with a knife, in the area behind his lodging on South State Street some time in the night.

The managing editor reached for the telephone and got McMurtry's office. When the lawyer's voice answered, he said, "Have you seen the news, Mac?"

"What news?" McMurtry replied.

"I'll read it to you," said Purcell, and thereupon read the dozen lines of text. "I think I'd best come right over there," he added. But before leaving his desk he unlocked a drawer and took out the folded sheaf of shorthand notes which he had made when Pomeroy's story was fresh in his mind.

When he was shown into McMurtry's private office the lawyer had already sent down to the lobby of the building for copies of the evening papers. The account in each of them was substantially the same, evidently a manifolded police report. The lawyer was in a disturbed state, as his contracted brows and perplexed manner showed.

"I telephoned Jake," he said at once. "He hadn't heard of it. He's going round to the place and to the police to pick up what he can on the fly. Then he'll come over here and report."

"The police won't pay much attention to it unless something else develops," Purcell commented. "Nor will the newspapers either."

The murder of an obscure old negro in an obscure lodging house or hotel patronized by single men of his race in a locality of the extremest social obscurity would naturally make only the smallest of splashes in the flow of the day's news from all quarters of the globe. Newspaper treatment of such an incident is as sure an index of population as the Federal census. In a village it would amount to a great sensation. In a metropolis it would pass almost unnoticed.

"I hope they won't," McMurtry replied, frowning. "The less attention the police and the newspapers pay to it the better."

The two men were silent for a long moment, but their thoughts were very busy. Then Purcell asked, "When did you leave him?"

There was no need of explaining to whom the pronoun referred.

"I noticed the time when I got out of my car to go to the house," McMurtry replied. "It wasn't quite a quarter to nine. I didn't look when I left the house, but I'm sure it was about half past nine. It's just about an hour's run up there and I got downtown here about half past ten."

He was absorbed with the problem in hand, but Purcell reflected that as Morden had telephoned him at ten minutes of eleven they would have had ten or fifteen minutes together before he joined them at the Four Aces.

"About half past nine," the managing editor repeated. "There's no indication of time there," he nodded toward the newspapers on the table, "but apparently it wasn't discovered until well into the morning."

"Plenty of time," McMurtry observed with a grating laugh—meaning, as Purcell understood, that from half past nine to morning was plenty of time to commit a simple murder.

"It was done with a knife," said Pu
"Here's what Pomeroy said about th
brought it along. I told you, you k
that I wrote it down."

As he spoke he took the sheaf of
from his pocket and began leafing
over. The notes in fact were made in
of degenerate shorthand that no on
himself could understand.

"Here it is," he said, and began t
lating the notes: "'Dinsmore a bad
Pomeroy afraid of him. Says he
John Colby; poisoned him; Colby
suddenly after visit to Dinsmore.
more carries a big knife—four or
inches—touch a spring in the handl
the blade flops out!'" He looked fro
notebook to McMurtry. "He hel
hands four or five inches apart to in
how long the knife was. I remember
a knife like that—the blade folded in
handle, you know, so it can be carri
the pocket. The blade comes open
you touch a spring."

McMurtry mused over it.

"Curious," he commented absentl

"I should say so!" Purcell excla
"Great Scott! To say Alfred Dins
went down there and killed that old
with a spring knife sounds the cr
thing ever said. But somebody
him."

"Somebody did," the lawyer repe
musing.

So amazing was it that a new ide
curred to Purcell.

"I believe I'll go over and have a lo
him—to make sure it's the same mar
said.

"Well, that would be a good idea,'
Murtry replied thoughtfully. "We
be too sure of anything—in this queer
It would be a good idea."

Aside from its being a good idea, h
very willing to get rid of his friend ar
complice just then, for he was expe
Morden any minute.

The lawyer was almost more deeply
zled than Purcell. But for one cir
stance he would have immediately ad
a theory that Dinsmore had killed W
Pomeroy—adopted it provisionall
course and depending on what evi
as to the killing might turn up; y
mind would have turned promptly in
direction. The arresting circumstanc
one that he had no notion of impa
to Purcell—namely, at a quarter t
that morning a messenger had brough
a sealed envelope which containe
Dinsmore Company's check for sev
five thousand dollars and the check
then in his inner coat pocket. Natu
he wouldn't tell Purcell that, havin
him the night before that Dinsmor
to pay nothing then. That circums
didn't really forbid the theory to whi
would have turned without it; but th
motive in killing Pomeroy would have
to remove a witness, and why should a
remove a witness by such hazardous r
and at the same time pay seventy
thousand dollars of good money fo
witness' silence? It was puzzling.

He had time to puzzle over it, for n
an hour elapsed before Morden appea
also puzzled. He had been to the sce
the murder and he had found wha
police knew about it. He had found
that the police were not particularly
ing themselves to learn more about i
it was a shabby, run-of-mill, back
affair anyhow.

Elbridge's Hotel on South State S
he found, occupied the three upper flo
a dingy old brick building whose gr
floor was occupied by a pawnshop.
hotel sign over the stair door conveye
information that rooms were to be ha
thirty-five and fifty cents a day. Th
tablishment just missed being a lo
house for impecunious guests. There
no elevator, and except for a small
office and forlorn little parlor on
second floor the premises were devot
sleeping rooms. William Pomeroy
pied one of the best rooms at fifty ce
day at the front of the third story, and
occupied it for two years or more.

The benevolent theory of the estal
ment was that the guests knew enou
take care of themselves. Beyond co
ing the room rent, the management
precious little attention to them and
paid precious little attention to one ano

(Continued on Page 185)

(Continued from Page 182)

stl, in fact, they were transients. So, ig Pomeroy had been a guest of long id g, nobody about the place knew thig in particular of him or his habits asociations. The management's knowl- ardly went beyond the bare facts hwas prompt pay, quiet and no booze

ering the stair door from South State et one found himself in a dim hall it even feet wide that ran through to r door and from which the stairs . The rear door opened to a back lot as twenty feet deep by thirty wide chwas dismally littered with cinders, e roken boards, some rusty tin cans ner unsightly refuse. Beyond this back lot ran an alley. Only the very le illumination from an electric light e istance farther north reached this little back lot at night. Its condition as one of dimmest twilight with shadows.

vas in this back lot that William Pom- body had been found. He had been hi in the neck—twice, the police sur- ought—with a big knife and must ed almost immediately. Beside the y a cheap, worn suitcase, packed as for a journey. Evidently he had p to his room, packed his suitcase it by the back door. The colored and man of all work round the hotel e police that he had locked the back t eleven o'clock in conformity to l rule of the management. But the doubted it. Their cursory inquiry m to believe that, in fact, both back nt doors commonly stood unlocked it and the porter said he had locked ely to save himself from reproach. it took him some time to find the

ar as the police—and Morden—had ble to learn, nobody had seen Pom- nter the hotel or leave it, and of no one had seen any other person in npany. But a guest who occupied om adjoining Pomeroy's gave testi- of importance. He said that some- the night he had been waked up by und of voices in Pomeroy's room—or by a voice. He was very sure it was oy's voice. He had passed the time with Pomeroy—engaged in inciden- versation with him—on several oc- s and so knew his voice. He didn't a with a negro accent or a Southern , but with a kind of mellow drawl. uest was very sure it was Pomeroy's he had heard in the night—raised, ing loudly. In fact, he woke up with ea that a quarrel was going forward next room, on account of the pitch voice. But as he listened it seemed that Pomeroy was speaking to a man—and raising his voice on that nt rather than in anger.

her that idea had contented him or the g had ceased—the guest wasn't sure . At any rate he had fallen asleep and heard nothing further. And un- ately he could recall nothing what- of the talk he had overheard, nor he give any idea of the time. This —the police concluded—could not Pomeroy's merit of sobriety. They ht he had gone to sleep early in the ng the worse for liquor and that his , while sufficiently acute to note the voice in the next room, had been still r foggy. But if the conversation had of a menacing or alarming kind the guest would probably have remem- it.

ite certainly somebody had gone up to eroy's room with him. Pomeroy had packed his suitcase and left by the door, presumably accompanied by somebody. At the back door or not om it he had been killed.

"That's all the police know," Morden luded; "and probably all they will v. They're not exciting themselves t it."

he lawyer mused over it and com- ted, "Of course, Dinsmore's not deaf."

"No," the detective growled, "but that w was stewed. You can't bank very h on his impressions." He glowered it a moment and observed, "It's a r case." Then he looked at his watch said, "It's noon now. Has he come ss?"

or in telling the detective that Dins- e had promised to send a check that ning McMurtry had fixed the hour its delivery at noon instead of ten ck. One motive for that falsehood had been that he prudently preferred to keep the details to himself. Just what form the check was in would be one of the minor points of the game. McMurtry preferred that Morden should not be present when the check was delivered—a prudent man, he meant to overlook none of the minor points. And having lied to his friend from that motive, he might as well say that the check was to be for only fifty thousand dollars instead of seventy-five—which he had done.

Now he answered his friend and partner smoothly, "Not a peep yet. But he'll come across."

That was a minor point now, with this astonishing new development of the murder on their hands. So Morden merely glowered and said abruptly, "I'm going back to my office. I want to look over Jenny Dupee's reports. When Pomeroy went up to the house there to get his money she said Dinsmore mentioned some other man to him—asked him how somebody was getting along or something like that. My recollection is she gave this other man's name. I want to look that up. Maybe there's something in it for us."

He went back to his office therefore and was presently looking over the reports written by Jenny Dupee on Miss Dinsmore's fine notepaper, with eccentric spelling. The collection had grown quite bulky by that time, fairly filling the big brown envelope, for Jenny worked at her job with exemplary diligence. Nearly every day she had something or other to report. Most of the sheets, in fact, contained matter amusingly irrelevant, even to mentioning what the family had for luncheon when there was nothing else to report. They gave the impression of an employee anxious to prove that she was earning her pay.

Running through them, Morden came to the one which described Pomeroy's visit to the house as Jenny gathered the facts from her position under the lounge. The detective read:

"Mr. D. said how is Collins. The collared man said he is fine, going every evening to the Cristofer Columbus sochal club."

Morden read it with a dark grin of approval and thought appreciatively, "Great little sleuth is that same Jenny Dupee!"

He seemed vaguely to remember having heard of a Christopher Columbus Social Club. The city contained scores of modest little gatherings which found it advisable to organize as clubs, or at least to call themselves clubs—as that would be some defense if the police should ever happen to call them gambling joints or boozing joints. He set out therefore to get information regarding this particular organization. Most likely it would be downtown in the First Ward, so he directed his inquiries to that field.

Sometimes he was at odds with the official police, yet there was a sort of freemasonry and he had some good old friends in the official organization. It was to the police therefore that he went—or specifically to his old friend Sergeant Laverty, from whom he learned that the Christopher Columbus Social Club occupied three rooms in the rear over the Oasis Saloon on Harrison Street and one Conny Conley presided over it. If it hadn't been a club Conny Conley would have been the keeper of a gambling house, but the club was a quiet sort of place that had never brought itself into disfavor with the authorities. Every such place is of a retiring disposition, however, cool and reticent to strangers, so Morden invited his old friend Sergeant Laverty to accompany him there and vouch for his friendly intentions. The sergeant good-naturedly complied.

It was about half past one when—having climbed the stairs at the side of the Oasis Saloon—Sergeant Laverty knocked at a plain solid door in the dim second-story hall. Soon the door opened about two inches—the length of a stout chain that fastened it on the inside—and a shiny eye set in an almost coal-black face peered out. Seeing Officer Laverty, the eye lighted in friendly fashion and some white teeth disclosed themselves. The guardian promptly undid the chain and admitted them, saying in reply to the sergeant's question:

"Yassir, Mr. Conley's here; next room."

At that hour the clubrooms were quite deserted save for the manager and the negro guardian. They showed none of the luxury traditionally associated with city gaming establishments, but were meagerly furnished, with matting on the floor, plain wooden chairs that showed much use,

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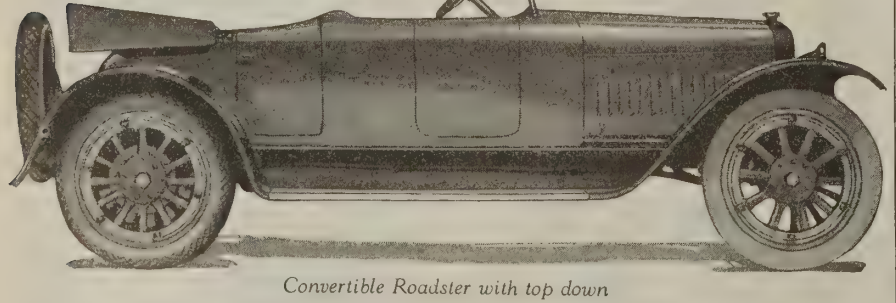

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some tables covered with soiled green baize and a battered sideboard. Mr. Conley also had a soiled, better-days appearance—being a fat and flabby man well along in middle life, with a grave air and a droopy, sad-looking, yellowish mustache. A diamond pin glittered in his tie, but the tie itself had a second-hand look. He accepted Morden on Sergeant Laverty's introduction and recommendation without the least reserve, and answered his questions with the greatest frankness.

There was no habitué of the establishment by the name of Collins. He was positive about that. Nobody of that name had ever been a habitué of the place. It was true that some habitués of the place might be known in some quarters by names different from those by which they were known there; but Collins struck no responsive echo in his memory.

"Any name anything like that?" Morden persisted.

Mr. Conley cast over the names in his memory, thoughtfully poking a finger into his double chin.

"Collingwood," he suggested; "old Jim Collingwood. That's the nearest I can come to it."

"Well, what about Collingwood?" Morden asked.

"He's an old scout that lives at Luke's Hotel—round the corner, you know. He comes here pretty near every evening—been coming quite a while. But that's about all I know. They say he's well heeled—made it out West mining. He never said anything to me about it. I never talked to him much. The old man's deaf. You have to shout to him."

Whatever exultation Morden felt at that statement was duly concealed. He merely said, "Plenty of money, eh?"

"Seems to have," Conley replied. "He drops it here all right—no big wad, you know, but he generally sloughs off some."

"Here last night?" Morden asked.

Sergeant Laverty put in, "We want to get this straight, you know, Conny. There's nothing on you, but Jake and I have got a hen on."

The policeman's interest in the affair was not altogether altruistic. His old friend Morden had told him that if the affair in hand came out satisfactorily he should be suitably remembered in the distribution of material rewards. So long as there was nothing on him, the affair was nothing at all to Mr. Conley. Long experience had hardened him to other people's complications with the police. As between Collingwood and the police, for instance, he was finely neutral except as his own self-interest strongly inclined him to oblige Sergeant Laverty. After an instant's search of his memory he replied:

"Yes, he was here last night. He went out." And lifting his voice a little he called, "Rose!"

The big and very black negro stepped in from the next room, answering the call.

"Didn't somebody come here for Mr. Collingwood last night?" Conley asked.

"Yassir," the guardian replied without hesitation. "Man come up to the door and asked me was Mr. Collingwood here and I said 'I dunno.' He felt round in his pockets and then he said, 'I want to send him a note and I ain't got nothing to write on. Get me pencil and piece of paper.'" The guardian might have added that a two-dollar bill accompanied the request, but he omitted that. "I got him piece of paper and a pencil and he put the paper up against the wall and wrote on it. Then he folded it over and give it to me and says, 'Hand that to Mr. Collingwood.' So I handed it to him. He was playin' at that table right over there." He pointed to it. "I noticed he seemed kind of uncertain, like he hadn't made up his mind, when he read it. Then he said, 'Wait a minute, boys,' and laid down his cards right in the middle of a hand. He went out in the hall and him and the man walked down the hall and talked a few minutes. I left the door open so he could come back, you see, and I stood there waitin' for him. Him and the man talked a spell. Then Mr. Collingwood come back in, scowling like, and went back to the table and they had kind of a little row about his quittin' the game that way."

"I noticed that," Mr. Conley commented.

"Yassir; they had kind of a little row among themselves, but he said he'd gotta go and he got his coat and vest off the hook there and went out. The man was walkin' up and down in the hall waitin' for him and they went off together."

"What time was that?" Morden aske

"I dunno purcisely," the guardian r plied after reflecting. "I reckon must be 'long about eleven o'clock—pretty ear in the evening for Mr. Collingwood leave."

"This man that inquired for him—wh did he look like?" Morden asked.

"He ain't quite as tall as you; go square shoulders on him; probably fift years old—got some gray in his beard."

"Was it a long beard?"

"No, sir; cut off pretty short all roun 'bout down to there." He held his ha three inches below his chin. "Got migh sharp eyes—look right at you."

"How was he dressed?"

"Only thing I noticed much was his ha the guardian replied. "That was sort gray-and-white checked hat with sort ribs down it—brim curled up. He had pulled down pretty near to his eyebrow

"Would you call him well dressed Morden persisted.

The guardian puzzled over that a m ment, trying to remember, and answere "No, sir—kind of old clothes, the way recollect it; just kind of plain old clothe

"What kind of a shirt did he have on

But the negro could not recall th Evidently—except the hat—the calle dress had not impressed him in any wa either for elegance or shabbiness.

"That was the last you saw of either them last night?" Morden asked finally

"Yassir, Mr. Collingwood didn't co back," said the guardian.

Morden then left the Christopher C lumbus Social Club with a lively and ple ant commotion in his mind. The na Collingwood was sufficiently like the na Collins to found a hope upon. The bu and beard of the man who had called Collingwood corresponded to Dinsmo Apparently the caller had been roug or indifferently dressed. "Kind of clothes" was the impression left on guardian's mind. Alfred Dinsmore dres very well, in a strictly conservative w Probably the garb wouldn't have left t impression on the guardian unless he l changed his clothes purposely. Mor thought that Alfred Dinsmore's custom clothes would probably contain a lead p cil and some bit of paper—say the back an envelope or a leaf from a memorand book—on which a brief note could be w ten. Usually the clothes of a business m did contain such articles. If Dinsmore changed his clothes for the purpose of visit that might explain his having to b row pencil and paper. And the man C lingwood was deaf. The detective seem to feel—tentatively—the pull of a g fish on his line.

On the stairs leading down to the st he transferred a twenty-dollar bill from vest pocket to the well-padded palm of friend the detective sergeant, remarl genially, "It goes in the expense accou And he gossiped with his friend on inci tal topics as they walked to the corner

Luke's Hotel stood diagonally ac from them—with a canopy of colored g over its door supported by pondero ornamented cast-iron pillars. Mor was aware of it. He thought Serge Laverty was aware of it also and q willing to pursue their joint inquiry furt

But Morden was not minded to let friend any further into the affair at time. As though he'd never had a thou of Luke's Hotel, he kept on up the st gossiping on incidental matters, and p ently parted from his friend with a chee adieu and a handshake. He caught a then and went back to his office.

Entering this office, one saw a sha room divided in halves by a wooden ra with a gate in it. There was a benc front of the railing and two desks bel it, at one of which sat a sharp-nosed yo man with hair that looked moth-eaten cause of a thin patch on one side. At other side of the room a door with a grou glass panel gave to a short and narrow from which two small dens opened. S was the establishment whose furnish all told might possibly have brought a h dred dollars at auction. Morden often marked with satisfaction that his busi was conducted under his own hat. He nothing to the sharp-nosed young ma the desk and on stepping through into tiny hall he found that this young man the only occupant of the office, for Tam little den on the right—opposite to his on the left—was empty. Three letters on his own desk, but not the one he wan

(Continued on Page 189)

(Continued from Page 186)

Jeny Dupee's diligent reports were
eed to Martha Woods, Room 641,
ss Building, Adams Street—which
s ne address of the detective agency—
d vere there laid on his desk. Jenny
ped them into the village post office at
glands or into a street letter box as she
n opportunity, so a good many hours
gl elapse before the record of an event
ic she judged worthy of reporting
ed Morden's desk. If she had noticed
ything worth reporting the night before
n ht be next morning before the report
n in. At any rate, there was no report
d Morden was impatient.
P ring as nearly as possible a lone hand
n imes involved inconveniences. This
s ne of the times. There was a person
nd Martha Woods—so named by her-
f ng after she had reached years of dis-
in. It was she who had engaged Jenny
ne and given her the address to which
cs were mailed. And Jenny in spite
ir shortcomings would have been
ced if she had known that her reports,
i occasionally mentioned boudoir de-
ls of a feminine nature, were really
ed by a very coarse male person.
Morden was impatient and he decided to
a motion, through Martha Woods,
e ires that would bring him face to face
th Jenny Dupee as promptly as possible.
tok time—his getting in touch with
a ha Woods and her getting in touch
th Jenny via the telephone. So it was
n inutes past five that afternoon when
s cky man indifferently dressed and
ang a slouch hat, who stood on the
n west corner of Elm and Locust
cts in Highlands, apparently contem-
ng the architecture of the new stucco
dge across the street, saw a slender
on in a dark dress come rapidly
n the direction of Sheridan Road. The
ner woman's heart beat fast. She
d t at all like this business of meeting a
ge man on a street corner and making
v bal report to him.
A professional might have told her that
rd statements are much safer than
ien ones, for if it comes to a pinch one
nieny what one has merely said, but
t what one has written in one's own
d. Yet that matter of writing a report
clipping it into a mail box had appeared
er quite snug and safe, whereas this
e of meeting an unknown man and
lng secrets with him face to face seemed
l of peril. Besides, Jenny was by no
eis in the habit of meeting strange men
reet corners or elsewhere. That was
s ieting to her sense of propriety.
lssibly even the extra compensation
h Martha Woods hinted at in the
ded talk over the telephone would have
il to tempt her into it; but in the last
ty-four hours the enterprise in which
e was engaged had assumed gigantic pro-
ions. Lying under the sofa in the
ry, she had heard the gentleman who
ld on Mr. Dinsmore talk to him of
strous things; and finally of two hun-
d and fifty thousand dollars! All that
ny had imagined before was petty in
parison with the amazing prospects
now unfolded. She was in the mood
ake a bold play for a great stake. So,
heart beating fast, she sped to meet the
nger. It did not help the flutter of her
es as on coming nearer she noticed
he looked a good deal like a very large,
gy fighting dog.
The meeting was not without some slight
rest of a purely personal nature for
den. Professionally he approved of
unknown correspondent; and he was
t disappointed to notice that she was
ty-five, at least, of an angular type of
ness, sallow and with a long, thin nose.
nance was not entirely dead in him.
vever, he smiled good-naturedly as she
e fluttering up, but without bothering
ft his hat, and said:
Just walk along beside me. We can
as we move along." At the same time
ell in beside her and started at a lei-
ly gait up the street.
nd his immediately taking the matter
his own hands in this perfectly cool,
ired way composed Jenny much more
n as though he had been a pattern of
teness. In his handling of it the thing
ned to become matter-of-course.
Mr. Dinsmore left the house sometime
r half past nine last evening and went
ntown," said Morden as though he
e repeating a circumstance well known
oth of them, for he had judged that the
t method of attack.

That statement not only surprised Jenny but further eased her mind. Evidently this remarkable man knew so much that one needn't hesitate to tell him more.

"Yes," she replied. "He was gone all night. I didn't know it till this forenoon. I heard it from the servants. He was gone all night. This morning he had things sent down to his office—a suit of clothes and shirt and collar. One of the men took them down. I heard them talking about it this forenoon. Mr. Dinsmore telephoned about half past seven this morning—gave orders to have the things sent down to his office."

"Did he telephone last night—to say he wasn't coming home?" Morden asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I didn't hear anything said about it."

"Hear anything about when he left the house or what clothes he was wearing?"

"No, sir," said Jenny.

She could have told him that it was after half past nine, because she knew Mr. Dinsmore was in the library with a strange caller until that hour, but she proposed to keep all that to herself.

"Could you find out what sort of hat he was wearing when he went downtown?"

"I don't think so," Jenny answered doubtfully. "I might be able to. One of the men might know."

"Well, see if you can find out," Morden suggested. "Did you ever see a cloth hat with black-and-gray checks in it and sort of ribbed, with a brim that curls up?"

"Yes," she replied. "He has a hat like that. I've seen him wear it in the grounds when it was rainy. I think it's a hat he's had to go fishing."

"Well, see if you can find out whether he wore it last night," said Morden, speaking with unusual good nature, for the affair was developing exactly to his taste. He turned his head, looking down into her face with his aggressive eyes, and demanded:

"Anything in particular happen at the house last night?"

Jenny's nerves gave a jump. She almost thought he was going to say "You crawled under the lounge in the library and listened."

But she answered with rather panicky promptness, "No, sir."

"He had a caller," Morden persisted—for it was just as well to impress Jenny with his omniscience. "A man came to see him about a quarter to nine."

With a gone feeling in her stomach, Jenny answered uncertainly, "Perhaps. I didn't know it. I'm not downstairs in the evening."

Morden didn't doubt that she was telling the truth and did not blame her for missing the caller. In a big house she couldn't see everything. Besides, she had done very well—exceedingly well. He had no fault to find, and with another good-natured smile he parted from her.

Jenny sped homeward, immensely relieved that the meeting was so quickly and safely over with. Morden turned in the opposite direction—toward the inconsiderable business section of Highlands—reflecting. Dinsmore had gone downtown and spent the night there. He had worn clothes that he wanted to change before business hours. He had a hat such as the guardian at the Christopher Columbus Social Club had described. All that was bully!

Why had he spent the night downtown? The business he was engaged in must have kept him very late or he would have come home and changed his clothes there. If he had been driven down in an automobile probably the car would have waited. At any rate, the servants would very likely have known it and mentioned it in their gossip to Jenny. It seemed more probable to Morden that he had gone down on the train.

The detective himself had come up there by train and he walked back to the neat suburban railroad station, pondering. He believed a great deal in luck and hunches, and when luck was coming his way he believed in playing it strong. Decidedly luck was coming his way that day. Entering the railroad station, he studied the timetable on the wall. After half past eight o'clock, he found, trains to the city ran at intervals of an hour. There was one at nine-eighteen and another at ten-eighteen. McMurtry had left Dinsmore's house about half past nine. Ten minutes' brisk walking would take one from the house to the station. A man in a hurry could change his clothes in five minutes. Probably it would have been the ten-eighteen train. Probably that train would have the same conductor to-night.

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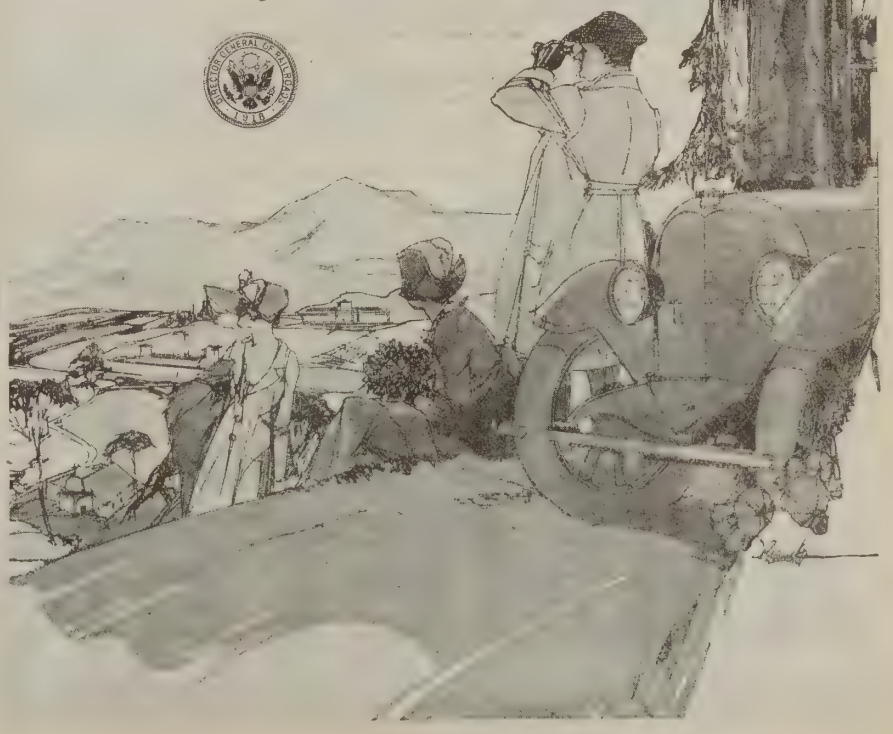

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Morden decided to wait and see, and after strolling about found a little restaurant where he got a light early dinner and afterward strolled back to the station. He had decided there was no use asking anybody there, for the ticket agent and telegraph operator were shut up in their office and could see little of the passengers. There was a baggage room in the south end of the station and just by way of passing the time Morden sauntered down there. The broad door was open and a small gray man in a baggy brown coat and an official blue cap a couple of sizes too large for him sat on a trunk inside contemplating the landscape. He looked like a friendly little man. Morden liked that look and engaged him in conversation which presently turned on his length of service and hours of duty. The man said he had been there twenty years and was on duty until the ten-eighteen train pulled out for the city. His talk was as friendly as his appearance, so Morden took a small chance.

That is, he displayed a police badge—contraband, yet effective on occasion—and said he was looking for a man who, he thought, took the ten-eighteen train to the city last night. Had the baggage man noticed a stranger round the station at that time—a middle-aged man with a short brown beard partly gray?

No, the baggage man hadn't. He recalled that half a dozen passengers had taken the train, but the only strangers were two ladies. The others, so far as he could remember, were known to him as residents of the village. There had been Mr. Gray—and Mr. Dinsmore had taken the train; just caught it by the skin of his teeth; had to run for it and the baggage man had run along to give him a boost up on the car step. That recollection amused the baggage man.

"You don't mean Alfred Dinsmore?"

"Yes, sir, Alfred Dinsmore. He's a middle-aged man with a brown beard, but I guess he'd hardly be the man you're looking for."

The baggage man's small face puckered humorously at that suggestion.

"How did Alfred Dinsmore come to go by train? I supposed he'd be going in an automobile."

"Usually does nowadays," the baggage man said. "He used to take the train every morning. Sometimes he uses the train now in winter when the weather's bad."

"A middle-aged man with a brown beard, eh? You're sure now it was Alfred Dinsmore?"

"Sure as shootin'!" The aged and baggy baggage man visibly swelled a bit with importance. "I know him well's I know my own mug—seen him hundreds of times. I saw him last night plain as I see you. He come right round the corner of the station here. The train was pulling out then and he started for it. I called to him. I says, 'You'll have to run for it,' and I run along with him to give him a boost up on the step. No doubt about it."

"Was he carrying any baggage?" the skeptical officer asked.

"No, sir. I noticed he was dressed kind of old. I thought he might be going hunting or fishing or something; had on kind of a fishing hat."

The baggage man described it—black-and-gray check with a curled-up brim and ribbed.

"Didn't notice any stranger at all except the two women?" Morden asked amiably.

"No, sir." The baggage man cast back in his mind. "I was out on the station platform here when the train pulled in and when it pulled out. I'm pretty sure there wasn't any strange man."

"I see," said the detective. "Fine little station you've got here. Pretty good place to work, eh!"

For a few moments more they conversed amiably on incidental topics. Then Morden gave the friendly little baggage man a cigar and strolled away. He took the seven-thirty-two train to the city mightily pleased. Luck was coming his way.

There was no doubt whatever that after McMurtry left his house Alfred Dinsmore had gone downtown more or less disguised, visited the Christopher Columbus Social Club, had a conversation there with James Collingwood and the two had gone away together about eleven o'clock. Also Dinsmore had spent the night downtown and sent to his house for a change of clothing in the morning.

That was getting close. But who was James Collingwood, described as an old scout that lived at Luke's Hotel and spe many of his evenings playing poker? was evidently somebody whom both Dir more and William Pomeroy knew, Jenny Dupee had heard Dinsmore menti him to Pomeroy.

Odd that Alfred Dinsmore would knowing a man of that sort.

Morden's wits, sharpened by the smell a warm trail, worked at that problem as rode downtown. It was his lucky day a he proposed to press the luck. But it w only a quarter past eight when he g downtown and he decided to wait un ten. Then he returned to The Oasis Salo and climbed the stairs to the Christoph Columbus Social Club.

At his knock the door opened the leng of its chain and the guardian's shiny e looked out—with recognition, for t teeth also appeared as Morden said, want to see Mr. Conley a minute."

The guardian readily admitted hi The club was then in operation with good representation of the membersh present. Three of the four round pok tables were in use, several men sat at t rectangular faro table and a number others stood near watching the play. T air was already somewhat hazy with tobac smoke and the genial guardian was fai busy. In addition to attending the do he operated a little dumb-waiter that r down to the back room of the saloon l low—and up again with such refreshmen as the members ordered.

The three rooms in the suite—origina designed for lodgings perhaps, or offices had been thrown together by broad arch so by simply stepping out into the first Morden had a view of the whole sce Scenes of that general description w perfectly familiar to him, but his first s vey of this one brought a decided dis pointment.

The rectangular table devoted to f was in the farther room and behind it flabby, tawny-mustached Mr. Conley, de ing, which is an absorbing occupation. T dealer's eyes and mind must be direc steadily to the paraphernalia in front him and the little box at his side from wh he gravely slips one card at a time. He small time for conversation of any sc none at all for conversation not connec with his occupation. By the canons of persons in the clubrooms, to interrupt game by distracting the dealer's attent would be a good deal like stepping up to minister in the midst of a marriage ce mony and requesting a few minutes' c versation. Only some errand of the grav importance could justify it, and Mor didn't wish to give the impression that was engaged on an errand of the grav importance. As long as the game went and Mr. Conley dealt, getting speech w him was going to be awkward—and t presumably would be for the next two hou Disappointed, the detective stood un the arch watching the play. Once flabby dealer looked up, saw him, gav slight nod and immediately resumed absorbing occupation.

Considering, Morden sauntered back the first room. With gamesters' indif ence to anything except their game, nob paid attention to him. The genial guardi however, had attention to bestow u anyone and everyone.

"Mr. Conley usually deal faro?" Mor inquired casually.

"No, sir," the guardian replied promp "Dealer didn't show up to-night." He hibited the white teeth. "Stewed ag'in reckon."

Morden grinned amiably and the guard added good-naturedly, "Mr. Collingw didn't show up either."

"Didn't, eh?" Morden said as thoug had no special interest for him. "W time does he usually come?"

"Usually comes before this if he's com at all," the colored man replied.

"Well, I may drop in later," Morden served in his casual manner. "If I d see Mr. Conley to-night I'll catch him morrow or next day. It's no great matte Though it was no great matter, he han the guardian two half dollars.

Leaving the social club, the detec felt disappointed. He had hoped for an portunity to observe Mr. Collingwood even to form his acquaintance. If Colli wood had been present and he could h got a minute's private talk with wise Co Conley, that would have been easily ranged. Morden felt that he had los trick and his luck had temporarily fa him.

(Continued on Page 193)

(Continued from Page 190)

He was irritated also by the guardian's
ort reference to Collingwood. It meant,
b negro knew, that his visit that after-
on somehow concerned James Colling-
oc- knew it of course from the question
nl· had asked him. The negro also
w that his companion that afternoon
; Detective Sergeant Laverty of the
ic Department. Probably the negro
; loquacious. About the last thing
r n wanted just then was an intima-
n · James Collingwood that the police
e nteresting themselves in him. It
w l again—what experience had often
w him before—that one can hardly stir
oc without leaving some sort of trail.
l of which irritated him and made him
r mpatient than ever. One who leaves
r ought to travel fast, so he went
c y to Luke's Hotel.

Entering beneath the canopy of colored
s supported by ponderously ornamented
illars, one finds himself in a lobby
ith cast-iron pillars, but painted a
llow. The black-and-white tile floor
s somewhat uneven in spots and here
ere a loose tile gives under one's foot.
are a couple of lounges and a couple
en chairs corpulently stuffed and up-
st ed in red leather. In more tolerant
s ne could pass directly from the lobby
pool room at the left, where bets
be placed on horse races and other
ng events with no more trouble or
c lment than in buying a loaf of bread.
days had passed but the hotel
le was mostly flavored with them.
ar at the rear was almost as large as
lobby itself and much more popular.

Thither Morden went—impatient, with
eling that he was leaving a trail any-
nd bound to press his luck. Walking
sl down the long room—with yellow
illars and worn black-and-white tiles
e lobby—he noticed that the bar,
ning the length of the room at his
was doing a flourishing business that
ng. A screen of stamped leather stood
t farther end of the bar. Morden
d round it and looked into the open
of a small, neat business office—and
mediately felt better, for luck was with
nce more.

At the desk in this small office sat a
n elderly gentleman who—if he had
ed the big solitaire diamond ring
t glittered on his white left hand—might
been taken for a bank president or rail-
d director, for he looked the very picture
d nified prosperity. The close-cropped
r hat covered his head, except for a
d trip on top, was white, and so was his
t trimmed mustache. His cheeks were
y however, and the eyes that he lifted
Morden's footfall on the threshold were
g.. He was in his shirt sleeves—sleeves
t finest, whitest linen—and evidently
ed in business affairs, as the papers on
esk showed. This was Mr. George
n, once an aspiring young bartender,
now proprietor of the flourishing
a ishment through which the detective
d ist walked and of various other com-
t g possessions.

"ow are you, George?" said Morden,
ng.

"hy, how are you, Jake?" the proprie-
turned genially, extending a plump
i hand. "Sit down. Been a coon's age
cI saw you."

For a minute they visited amiably, and all the while the bright brown eyes of the man at the desk rested on his caller's face with a waiting and questioning in their limpid depths. Of course this visit meant something. Mr. Allison was even wiser than Conny Conley. After the little preliminaries Morden brought forward his business: "George, there's an old guy named Collingwood stays at the hotel. I want to frisk his room."

Mr. Allison seemed to find nothing shocking or even surprising in that statement. Studying the other he merely asked soberly, "What is it, Jake?"

"I just want to find out who he is and where he comes from," Morden replied. "I won't start anything here. There'll be no comeback. I believe he can lay me next to a man I want—if I'm in a position to make him. See? Just a quiet little frisk."

Mr. Allison considered that, twisting his neatly trimmed mustache between a neatly manicured thumb and forefinger.

"I know the old boy," he remarked incidentally. "Pretty good old tanker."

"There's a fat roll in this for me if I can get it right, George," Morden urged. "There'll be no comeback here. I can promise you that."

It was in a manner a rather small favor that the detective asked. Allison was willing to oblige on general principles. Besides, Jake Morden might be very useful sometime; one never could tell. Still the proprietor was conservative.

"Where is he to-night?" he asked.

"Out playing poker," Morden replied promptly; but added, also conservatively, "unless he's come in in the last few minutes."

"I'll fix it for you," said Mr. Allison, and pressed a call button on his desk. After a moment the call was answered by a young negro in a white apron who served the tables in the barroom.

"See if Tony is in the lobby or downstairs and tell him I want to see him," the proprietor directed; and after a longer wait a stocky and red-faced young man in a blue-flannel shirt appeared at the threshold. On the back of his head he wore a stiff blue cap with a silver badge in front on which was stamped "Porter." He looked like an impudent young man.

"Anybody there?" Mr. Allison asked as the young man stood on the threshold.

Tony glanced over his shoulder and replied "Nope."

"This gentleman is a friend of mine and all right," said Mr. Allison gravely. "He wants to frisk Collingwood's room. It's all right. There'll be a ten-spot in it for you."

Tony stood at attention without the slightest mark of surprise or disquietude; and Morden, rising, said, "Much obliged, George. See you again."

Out in the barroom he instructed his new recruit, "See if he's in his room first, and get your trunk keys."

Tony answered with ready impudence, "I'll go knock on his door. If he's in I'll ask him if he sent for a porter." And that cool resourcefulness greatly commended the new ally to Morden. "Wait here a minute and I'll get the keys," the porter added.

Morden waited and very shortly Tony reappeared with a cigar box under his arm. Then, cap on the back of his head, he led the way to the elevator. They alighted at the top floor and Morden followed the

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STRAIGHT—where the surface across the ball (A-B) is equal on either side of the line (C-D).

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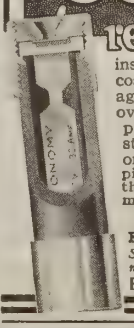

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porter down the hall, keeping a little distance behind him. Glancing at the door numbers as he went along, the porter halted, listened an instant and knocked. After a moment he knocked again; then took a pass-key from his pocket, opened the door and stepped in. When Morden reached the door the lights were on.

The detective surveyed a very plainly furnished bedroom about eight feet by twelve. It contained a single bed, a tall wardrobe, a bureau, two chairs. Against one wall stood a cheap trunk. Tony was already on his knees examining the lock of the trunk—an ordinary lock such as commonly goes on cheap trunks. The cigar box stood on the floor beside him. When Tony opened it Morden saw that it was two-thirds full of trunk keys—thriftily picked up one at a time and treasured against the needs of guests who had lost their keys. The fifth one that Tony tried opened the lock and as soon as it was open the porter stood up, callously expectant, with his cigar box under his arm. Morden gave a little laugh and handed him a ten-dollar bill. With no more emotion than he had displayed before, Tony stuffed the bill in his pocket and went out—with nothing whatever on his conscience and enriched by an easily acquired ten-dollar bill.

The door fastened with a spring lock, so if anyone opened it while Morden was inside there would be the warning sound of the key in the lock; and he must then trust to his wits and nerve. He threw up the lid of the trunk. In the upper tray he found a couple of soiled and frayed neckties, a laundered white shirt undisturbed for so long that it had taken on a slight yellowish tinge, a laundered standing collar in the same state, half a dozen old racing forms and some other like rubbish; but nothing whatever to his purpose—no letters or any other articles that would give a clew to the owner's antecedents.

He lifted that tray out. The one beneath it was quite empty and he lifted that out. In the bottom of the trunk lay a suit of well-worn clothes, not folded, but tossed carelessly in there, a gray sombrero hat, a pair of low tan-colored shoes, also well worn and unpolished, with the socks scuffed in them. Morden swiftly examined the pockets of the clothes, but they were empty. Nothing else was there. A moment's investigation showed there was no false bottom or secret drawer in the trunk.

Morden stood up, much disappointed. Apparently the trunk was used only as a sort of lumber room into which a few discarded articles had been tossed. He turned to the tall, narrow wardrobe of stained pine. A brown ulster, a lighter overcoat and a suit of heavy clothes hung on its hooks, fur cap lay on the shelf at the top and the bottom there was a pair of oversho also a small battered brown traveling b unlocked and empty. The pockets of garments yielded nothing.

He stepped to the bureau. It contair a meager stock of cheap shirts, underwe socks, collars. From them one mi readily deduce that their owner was untidy man—but nothing else. There no scrap that gave a clew to Collingwoo past—or his present for that matter. In his experience the detective had never s a human habitation so completely bar of clews. He glowered down at the tru then stooped and picked up the rump coat again, feeling once more through pockets.

In weight the garment was suitable that season. Though it showed wear was not really shabby—certainly shabby enough to be objectionable t man whose ideas of dress corresponded the garments in that room. Why Collingwood put it in the bottom of locked trunk instead of hanging it m conveniently in the wardrobe? An o came from it—the odor of gasoline. Mor looked more closely. Several spots on front and sleeve had been scrubbed wit cleansing fluid not a great many hours fore. Morden's sense of disappointm gave place to expectancy and he exami the clothes more closely so as to be to describe them. He picked up the examining that; then the shoes. Sc might count too. He pulled the sock ou the shoe in his hand and at once saw so thing long and white beneath it. As took that object out of the shoe his m leaped triumphantly.

It was a horn-handled knife about inches long, the blade folded down into handle. When he pressed the little ni button at the end of the handle the br murderous blade sprang out. As Mor looked it over the gleam in his eyes swered the gleam of the blade. He pus the blade back in place, considered an stant and put the contrivance in his pocket; then swiftly rearranged the tr as he had found it, looked round the r to see that he had left no trace of search, turned out the light and peered the hall. The hall was empty and stepped out—the knife with which Will Pomeroy had been killed in his coat po and the key to Collingwood's trunk in vest pocket. And when he left Lu Hotel his mind was crowing victoriou

"What luck!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

(Concluded from Page 50)

to ignore the ghastly effort Henry's eyes fixed upon the last straw still clinging to the wall, though fly specked and otherwise materially changed:

BEGINNING MONDAY
March 17, 1919
Price List

Haircut	~~.50~~	~~.35~~	.25
Shave	~~.25~~	~~.20~~	.15
Shampoo	~~.40~~	.25	
Massage	~~.40~~	.25	
Neck Shave	~~.10~~		

"Ah," Henry smiled, "going down, I see."

"Yes," Joe agreed, "back where they used to be."

He was much relieved by Henry's attitude.

"I s'pose I coulda kept 'em at twenty and thirty-five—nobody seemed to mind—but it didn't seem quite fair. I've got more business now than I ever had and my expenses at home ain't half what they used to be. I'm making more money now, taking everything into account, than I was last winter when I raised 'em."

"Joe," said Henry in a whimsical tone that carried a touch of seriousness, "if we all had your ideal of fairness our living problem would pretty near solve itself."

"Why," returned Joe, considerably flustered, "I guess you solved it all right, Henry. I guess everybody's pretty grateful to you for what you done for us."

"Like it, do they?" Henry queried.

"I should say so!" Joe assured him fervently. "Everybody 'most has got their old jobs back, everything is cheap and we're all making money. It sure is going Henry!"

"Hum," said Henry. "This sho going fine too, isn't it, Joe?"

"You bet it is!" was the gleeful reto

"Supposing you said to yourself, 'Well, the old shop is going fine. I'll let run herself now and spend the rest of life lying in the old hammock.' W would become of the shop?"

"Why, you know what would becon it, Henry."

The question was too absurd to be swered.

"Exactly," Henry averred. "The hu race had worked for centuries, Joe, a had made the world into a good g shop. Then along comes the war li circus in town and the human race ge excited over the acrobats and the lions the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy and the steam piano that it hates to go to work. It says, 'We're all making m and the old shop is sure going fine; let home and lie in the hammock.'

"The point is, Joe, that the world hard old place. It was getting to be softer because we were making things made it softer. We can't have these forts unless we make them. We can't have the food to keep us alive unles make that—unless we work for it. W we kept a natural balance between time and play time we produced enou our work time to make things pleasan us in our play time. Now we're cu down our work time and it's gettin short we can barely make the thing need to keep us alive, let alone the th we want to play with."

THE EAGLE IN THE COCKPIT

(Continued from Page 9)

e onsensus of French opinion favored rsing and maintenance of an interallied ny which would constitute the police force th world, each nation's apportionment oroportionate to its resources and the ries it made during the war. Once ithe bulk of the load for Uncle Sam! t all the nations concerned we would ne least from either a league or any ttive alliance.

Tl Paris newspapers sounded that note nths last spring and summer. Le t, L'Avenir, Oui, La Victoire, Journal bats, Excelsior—nearly all of them pl on it day in and day out, with the ted action European governments ible to obtain from a large section of ress in any form of propaganda they ho put out.

Lieutenant Colonel Fabry, a noted writer litary and international affairs, fur- Oui with a table of figures purport- show at a glance what each of the ie had done and suffered in defeating ches. The colonel's chart contained timate of killed and wounded and pty losses, and assigned a rather me place to the United States, from ic method of figuring he was able to fi at the deduction that Uncle Sam's rtn of the interallied military load ou completely overshadow that of any ne ation. Three days later, in L'Avenir, e me authority elaborated on the plan, vg it to his readers to fill in the blanks hi ables for each country's contribution. "'ius," argued the colonel in three of ticles, "France has nothing to lose d erything to gain in the creation of an e llied army."

Al right there he stated the nub of the at r.

Fnce sank billions of francs in Russia. e ade huge loans to the Czar's govern- n and Russian enterprises were a favor- f d of investment for her thrifty people any years. With Russia plunged in lsevism those investments began to okike many of our oil gambles, and so e rench bestirred themselves to restore réme in Russia that would make good ei obligations. Both President Wilson d remier Lloyd George opposed the prop- iti when it came before the conference, t hat did not dampen French hopes.

Some Official Figures

Immediately the plan was projected the zeion rose as to what forces could be ployed. The French advocates of mili- ry intervention were ready with an swer. American, of course! Prominent nalists like Gustave Hervé insisted a the fresh unweakened armies of the ni d States were just the troops for the blind their information was that Amer- a public sentiment would support such ployment! The United States would be p ted to finance the undertaking also, ecise the other Powers were broke. As r rance's share, she would supply the gl command and the staff.

Said M. Hervé in La Victoire of December twenty-third: "This army, we already have it. It is the young American Army. . . . The American Army, of all the great allied armies, is the freshest, the least worn, for the good reason that it entered the line only after the German Army had been broken." [Author's Note—Official figures show that at intervals during the heavy decisive fighting between October first and November eleventh, we had as many troops in the front line as the British and French together.] "Moreover it seems that public opinion in America would readily accept the task and honor of Pershing's young Army saving democratic Russia from the Bolshevist terror."

Ridiculous Rumors

Practically every officer and man of the A. E. F. was opposed to a military alliance with any European power. Their argument was that the other parties to such an alliance would be the beneficiaries and the burdens would be the United States'. Moreover, they formed an abiding distrust of European politics. The sooner we got out of Europe and stayed out, the better, they said.

The protective alliance between France, Great Britain and the United States, correlated to the peace treaty, was roundly denounced. It would place Uncle Sam, they contended, in the rôle of bailiff for his Allies. And they are about right. A painful aspect of the situation is that the demands of several of our Allies, forced through against American protest and opposition, could never be realized without America's aid. They have exacted peace settlements that they cannot make stick ten years hence without the power of the United States behind them; and they know that as well as we do.

The oft-discussed complaints of the men of the A. E. F. against the French were due to other causes than those I have enumerated here—such as overcharging. Also, social characteristics clashed.

Overcharge us they did, for all the traffic would bear. Yet no American should wonder at that, for what our own people have frequently done to our soldiers in that respect is ample, and what they would do to an army of rich visitors, if they had the chance, quickens the imagination. Yet I am persuaded that we are novices in many directions, such as damage claims. Every time an outfit moved from a French town or village—no matter in what perfect shape they might leave streets and billets—damage claims poured in which staggered us.

Many ridiculous rumors gained credence in regard to French treatment of our Army. It is not true that we rented our trenches. The French custom is to reimburse the owners of the land through which the trenches run, with a small sum; and we paid these amounts to the French Government. Naturally we paid for billets and transportation; every army does that.

It is true that some of the transportation charges were pretty steep and that in

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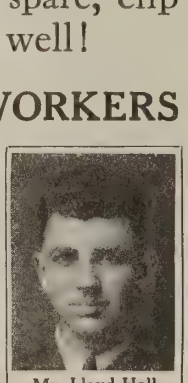

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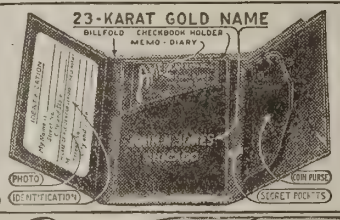

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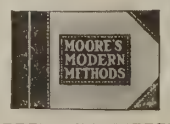

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designating sites for munitions dumps and supply depots, and rights of way for railroads which had to be built in a rush, the French showed a disposition to make them with an eye to permanent improvements rather than to the urgency of our needs. But these are lesser matters, to which any people would probably be prone, and our concern should be only with the broad general tendency of France's policy toward us.

She is not alone in her attitude. They all want something.

It is more unfortunate for them than for us. Perhaps if they could be disabused of that notion and the promise of easy money it appears to hold out they would be more inclined to go to work. And work is Europe's most pressing need.

Now you cannot make a contract enduring when it is wholly one-sided; courts of law hold such contracts to be invalid. They are bound to end disastrously. Yet one-sided arrangements threaten between us and Europe unless we approach every problem with the sanity and regard to values that would belong in any agreement between business partners working in harmony.

Sometimes it has been extremely difficult to render aid that would be of any real benefit. Take, for instance, the work America did toward returning prisoners of war to their homelands. Our missions spent money without stint to provide suitable trains and clothing and food for the prisoners about to go back; they sent the trains in charge of capable medical officers, and furnished a few days' rations to the unfortunate soldiers when they were turned loose in their own countries.

And what happened? In the Balkan countries thousands of returned prisoners were left to shift for themselves the instant we turned them over to their compatriots. The sick received no care and died miserably. No real sustained provision to feed or care for the soldiers who had fought their battles; they were abandoned and thrown on their own resources; indifference and lethargy on the part of most officialdom and a part of the civil population.

I have dwelt on these matters in order to correct a very false impression which a large section of America entertains of the European attitude toward war problems. Perhaps it will be of service in showing that the European nations are inclined to be thrifty in their dealings with us, and may suggest the advisability of bringing into our future dealings with them some of that canny caution for which the New Englanders are so justly famous.

They were telling a story in Paris at th time of the conference which touches o Europe's attitude very aptly. It concerne a Swiss official who arrived in the Frenc capital just after the conference began i sittings.

"Hello!" exclaimed a friend, meetin him on the street. "You here? Came fo the conference, I suppose?"

The diplomat from Switzerland an swered in the negative. "No," he sa slowly, "I am not going to it. What's th use? The United States hasn't anythin we can get just now."

Since my return from Europe in Augu many friends and acquaintances ha asked me if I think there will be anoth war. Some of them knew that I was a d vout believer in the feasibility of a Leag of Nations, provided one were establish with a genuine desire and purpose of a war participants to make it effective.

Most assuredly I think there will another war. Just give Europe time to g breath and reorganize, and they will be at again, hammer and tongs. How long t process of recuperation will take I have the least notion; one guess is as good another.

A league is utterly powerless to stave conflicts so long as national prejudices a rancors and hates rule Europe as they to-day. Education must go hand in ha with all efforts to found a workable leag or they will inevitably fail. For gene tions there has been steady persistent pro aganda pumped into the inhabitants every European country calculated breed in them distrust and fear of th neighbors. All such propaganda is w propaganda. There must now be prop ganda—sleepless and persistent—to co vince the masses of every country that t interests of all are identical; that the vicious idea that the masses of anoth country covet their lands and possessio is a lie designed to promote the intere of a few; that there is plenty of room in t world for everybody, and plenty of opp tunity, if all will show a disposition coöperate in a friendly spirit. Can such pr aganda be waged successfully against t other propaganda, which through centur of reiteration has formed convictions in t minds of the average Frenchman, Germa Italian and Slav as firm as their belief the existence of water and air?

It may require a century, but it can done. Meanwhile there may be other wa and every war is a setback, for one w breeds another. It leaves stings and wro that cry out for settlement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

"Dod Blast it All!" Groaned Mr. Blurt to Himself. "Rivers of Soul Floating by, and Here I am Dying of Thirst!"

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

The contractor transferred a disfiguring bulge in the interior of his mouth ruminatingly from cheek to cheek. Like all successful men he had a secret motto upon which was built the whole sturdy fabric of life; his, could he have put it into words, would have read as follows: "Shift your cud thrice before you speak." During the operation his small eyes passed over and through Mr. Blurt like busy gimlets. He found the lad good to look upon, five-feet-ten of irreducible brawn, a shock of reddish-brown hair, sensitive lips perpetually flirting with a smile, a broad brow, and widely spaced gray eyes that would never deliberately look for trouble, but carried a promise of glad welcome should it appear as an uninvited guest. The contractor drenched a dreaming distant sunflower with an unexpected bolt of brown tobacco juice and spoke a laconic figure, unadorned by comment. "Thanks," grunted Mr. Blurt, and returned to sawing his way through a gravel bed with the ardor of one who knows that gifts and gratitude, even when monosyllabic, are sometimes beyond vocal measure. He had broken all the rules of the game in asking Mike that fundamental question. He knew it, Mike knew it and knew that Blurt knew it, and yet had answered. The world was suddenly brightened to the eager eyes of comparative youth by that single act of pondered generosity on the part of the taciturn boss.

A week later Blurt took a day off and was gone for three. Upon his return he blew five hard-earned shillings on a lantern and spent a night with a pad of stolen paper and the stub of a pencil; then, in the morning, he went formally to Mike's weather-bitten little tent, standing aloof but not quite separate from the general encampment, and found the contractor sitting before it, already sweating though only in undershirt and pyjama trousers stuffed into soft mosquito boots.

"Mike," asked Blurt without prefix or preamble, "you got a time limit on this job?"

After due consideration the contractor nodded his head slowly in assent, his gimlet eyes never leaving the young man's abnormally flushed face, in which they seemed to be taking soundings for traces of madness, but with a faint hope of striking true gold.

"Mike," continued Blurt, his lips trembling with eagerness so that he spoke a little hoarsely, "let me do the 'Mlidini spur. I'll—I'll pay you a thousand pounds flat out of the settlement."

"An' how much are you thinkin' ye'd have left for yerself, me lad?" asked Mike without his usual hesitation.

"Two hundred," replied Blurt promptly.

The contractor's eyes narrowed to mere pin points of light and then slowly opened to a vacant and disillusioned stare.

"It couldn't be done," he said listlessly. "Ye'd have your ballast running counter to supplies comin' up to railhead from the coast. Ye'd be only hinderin'." He held up a

HAROLD TRING BLURT stood on te bridge of the big freighter Walkover as she nosed her way up the Narrows, ached intently to see Liberty loom out ple mists of morning with the symbolic eu which lends to the home-coming of ecan a synthesized significance far beh broad, ghostly welcome of the cliffs of tan Englishman or the masking frown sirre to a Frenchman. One in the know hre said that Mr. Blurt was ne luckiest and freest of nortals, yet on this wraithed ngwhile his eyes sought Lib- is nsides swelled with an ac- nng yearning for freedom.

vs just thirty-seven years old and the possessor of a million dollars' worth of al bonds dotted all over the world on spots that were beginning to shine as raled high lights of income begetters. No one had handed Mr. Blurt this eh a platter; he had gone after it barehanded and piled up the mountain, not h penny, but in modest blocks of a thousand here, five thousand there, and an il killing of six digits, once he had really struck into his stride.

tenty-seven Mr. Blurt, not having five dollars to his name, had been obliged ion a chit in exchange for first right to a brand-new pick-and-shovel equipment a eap of company-owned utensils; ten years later he was eligible for member- at nebulous but very real fraternity familiarized by the metropolitan press th euphemistic appellation of the Millionaires' Club. How had he done it? Easily. nese things can be; they happen every day. Mr. Blurt had wandered away ne at the untender age of ten, filled with a desire "for to admire and for to h naturally tough little body had never failed to find enough tough food to t ing without brains until the day when his mind was born, at the exact mo- wich brought him the surprising realization that ignorance has a low market rom that time on he took no holiday from his coarser labors that was not de- ta flyer in education.

ths happened that in addition to being expert at wielding pick and shovel at y-ven he was also possessed of the invaluable faculty of adding two and two etng the correct answer.

a Mr. Mike," he had remarked on a far-away day to his burly, florid, apparently lkg overlord, "what do they pay you a mile on this job?"

ham of a hand to stave off Blurt's attempt at interruption and said in a more kindly tone, "Besides, ye've missed out on the figgers, lad. There wouldn't be no thousand; nor no two hundred."

He dropped his hand in a gesture of dismissal.

"You old stiff," cried Mr. Blurt belligerently, "you give me a chance to talk—give me a chance to show you!"

"I'm waitin'," said Mike in a cold thin voice, his fists doubling up out of force of habit.

"If I can show you, it's a deal, ain't it?" demanded Mr. Blurt, unabashed.

"If you c'n show me," agreed Mike in an ominously quiet tone which seemed to carry an undercurrent of inference to the effect that if Mr. Blurt failed the owner of the voice would be disposed to give an exhibition of a totally different nature. "You think you know it all, don't ye?"

"No," said Mr. Blurt shortly; "not all, but just one little thing. I guess that's what counts in this business—knowing one little thing." He stepped to a near-by table, on which were piled various blue prints, quickly sorted out the survey for the 'Mlidini spur and studied it eagerly. His face broke into a satisfied smile. "Mike," he said, "stop wondering if you can lick me and come here."

"Wonderin'!" growled Mike. "Wonderin'! Kid! Sucklin'!"

Mr. Blurt paid no heed. He took from his trousers pocket the stub of a pencil and very carefully mapped an irregular oval patch on the blue print. Mike's curiosity was immediately roused; he rose and moved to a position of easy observation.

"An' what do ye call that?" he asked.

"That's the one little thing," replied Blurt. "Only two hundred paces off the line, and they missed it."

"All right," agreed Mike impatiently. "We'll say they missed it. Now, in the name of me, what is it? A lake of floatin' gold?"

"Not quite," said Mr. Blurt. "It's just an outcrop of gravel."

The contractor's eyes narrowed, he transferred his cud thrice and then murmured the single word, "Ballast." After a longer and still more deliberate pause than usual he turned and held out his horny hand to seal the deal for the laying of the 'Mlidini spur roadbed.

"Luck to ye, lad," he said with a gleam of near-affection in his glance. "I'll give ye the order to draw out supplies at the junction. It's a fairer chance nor I had at half again your age."

Thus did Mr. Blurt start on his ten-year career as contractor. The intelligent will have perceived that its initiation was simultaneous with the birth of a life motto. "Just one little thing" became the backbone of Mr. Blurt's philosophy of success. Trifling incidents of his long years of vagabondage, held against days of ready reckoning in a retentive memory, became the solid capital upon which, by closer figuring than could give a margin of profit to those who knew less of Chinese graveyards, Indian castes and South American deserts, he built up his bank account of pure velvet.

And now he was through; but standing mentally on the summit of his pile and meeting the high gaze of Liberty fairly and squarely he was yet conscious of a sense of depression, imprisonment, impotence, as though he were an eagle with full-grown claws and a beak but no wings. During all his young life of labor and self-teaching he had looked forward to this moment as to a goal; never once had it occurred to him that in reaching it he would not find the pearly gates to freedom revealed, a vast and visible portal.

Peering through the pale mists of an early morning in New York Harbor he strove to pierce the future, and found only a serrated but unbroken wall of negation. The years of wandering had left him no home, no friends, not even an abandoned wall of ancient habits upon which to fasten the itching tendrils of his new life. He wanted something badly, but just what, where and how, he could not say; he only knew that the failure of the golden gate of his dreams to burst upon his vision was rapidly assuming the proportions of a base betrayal. Could he himself be to blame? Heretofore when such questionings had assailed him he had fallen back on his ever-potent motto. He did so now. Was it possible that a mere wicket guarded the entrance to the road to freedom, and that the name on the door was "Just one little thing"?

He reached for this slim chance as a drowning man for a straw, held by desperation in the looming shadow of a force that he had long jeered at as the empty bugaboo of the self-made. How often had he seen friends and rivals go up against its soft nothingness and yet fall back bruised and broken? Feeling its actuality for the first time he put the thing to himself in plain terms. It was one-line men like himself who took the straightest road to success, and when they reached it hung poised, even as he was now doing, staring wistfully for some, for any unknown road and finding only the solid wall of their past, moved by the witch wand of Tantalus from behind them to three paces front, center stage.

"A man's past," confessed Blurt to himself at the end of this meditation, "is no dream bog; it's a real barrier. All these chaps that I've laughed at for going back to the same old round when they've made their pile and tried to break away haven't turned back in their hearts at all. It seems that a man can step forward and still bump his nose on his past. However," he added, his square jaw setting, "there always has been and there must be 'Just one little thing!'"

A tug steamed busily out to meet the Walkover, hailed her bridge and told her to anchor and wait for a berth; the captain cursed, drew his ship out of the channel into the thin lee of Bedloe's Island, let go the hook and dismissed the third mate, who had been sharing the watch. He himself continued to pace the full length of the bridge deck, his head bowed in the deliberate absorption which was his antidote for impatience.

Mr. Blurt turned his back on the New York sky line and stared at the captain for a change. The skipper was Scotch, of the only race that produces men whose bodies and minds can be massive and lean at one and the same time. He stood six feet one, had a large bony head, a gritty pepper-and-mustard beard and walked like a flail in full swing.

Mr. Blurt's lips twisted to a mischievous smile. "Say, cap!" he hailed.

The captain stopped suddenly, planted his feet wide and fixed his unsmiling eyes on Mr. Blurt's face. "Wull?"

"I just wanted to ask you a question," said Mr. Blurt calmly. "Did you ever find the door to freedom?"

Instantly a flash of mysticism gleamed in the Scotchman's cavernous eyes.

The Giant Fixed His Pale Eyes on Mr. Blurt's Glowing Face and Asked Cryptically, "Have You Ever Been in Jail?"

"No," he answered without hesitation, "but I where it is."

"What!" gasped Mr. Blurt. He had expected a stare, a grunt of disgust, a pitying ejaculation or throated oath—anything but this prompt accepta battle on the plane of his own deeply hidden thoug

"It's easy, that one," continued the captain with jeer for Mr. Blurt's mental discomfiture. "'Woman name on the door, but few there be that read it. turned unceremoniously to continue his striding.

Mr. Blurt stared at him with fallen jaw while hi automatically repeated over and over again the tic words. Every man of Mr. Blurt's virility, de appearance and wide wanderings has a private v women, standing and fallen, bordering life's back tr the poplars along a French highway after a hurrican Blurt now examined his individual gallery of the fa shrewdly narrowed eyes. He concluded that the was one of those rare individuals who walk the tigl between confinement and the verge of insanity. an impulse to put out his foot and trip the sk nervously pendulating legs, but having recently burly stevedore knocked from the deck into an op and a drop of forty feet without inducing even a p curiosity as to his ultimate fate, he decided that combat must suffice.

"Cap," he shouted into a passing ear, "you're Somebody has dropped a magnet into your ment pass."

The skipper wheeled, came back and stood ov lowering like a crag, for a moment silent, as though minds as to whether he should fall on the worm w the temerity to tell a Scotchman he was wrong an him by material weight or speak mighty words an him away and down and out on a flood of arg Natural appetite carried the day for the latter cou

"Mr. Blur-r-t," he exploded, rolling the name cascade of rumbling r's, "you and me, we've round the wur-r-rld and back again. We've barg weemin—travelin' weemin, loose weemin, una weemin. We've seen them kiltin' their nighties a hot crossroads where there's no abidin' habitation, in their eyes and a word on the lip.

"Eh, mon, ye blush for them, but what of y Shame to your blindness! Shame to the eye that only in shallow vessels thinks to see the mirror deep sea! Mr. Blurt, the speerit of man is like th tain dew of the Highlands of Scotland. Blended overdose of water, tainted with brine or drownde gaseous inundations that tickle with their flat bubb palate of an effeeminate generation, it's no Scotch the milk of grown men, but hogwash and a vanity."

Mr. Blurt's jaw hung open, his eyes were wide, pulse throbbed as though he were watching b from ambush. He did not speak, he scarcely brea he disturb the gushing miraculous flow unpara history since dumfounded Moses touched a rock staff to water a multitude, and foun worked.

"But," continued the captain, n oughly roused, "the speerits of ma alcohol in its only noble form, wh filed by the dilutions of a vapid a oop a team that pulls ever together— and the emblem of strength. 'Tis field, mon, for exposeetion if not fo versy that would show ye the conju their beauties of virility, of youth i mellowin' by endurance, of increasin in the face of time, and of kindly an power against the last cold of years; no my intention to lead ye so far. only tell ye the one thing: Moun comes to the wideness of freedom t long prison in oak, the speerit of man the heart of a true woman."

He broke away abruptly, and legs head hung low, returned to his hab sorption. Mr. Blurt faced once mor line of Manhattan, but his eyes r sought a break in its serrated barr were turned inward and back along the a course of his own life. Could it be true th ing many women he had known none? Wa woman the name on the little door to freed passed in review a long sequence of amato tures. The captain was no fool. "Travelin loose women, unanchored women." He h the nail of Blurt's intimate experience a bl head that had driven it deep into a quick sciousness which now sought in vain th the years of maturity for one single ex woman, constant, tender, faithful, crowned double glory of love shared to eterni single mate. He had vague recolle having read of such beings, women

(Continued on Page 141)

ABOUT PLAY WRITING

By DAVID BELASCO

Th fashion me this tale into a play; . . .
Tlugh thou canst not cobble thy shoon,
Nr yet hew like Phidias, yet canst thou
Me a play like this. —WALKER.

V.S recently my privilege to publish in this place an
tne of my views concerning the beginner on the
g—views which have been formed by a long life-
of xperience and which I have been often impor-
texpress. I am greatly gratified to believe, because
rc of personal letters which I have received rela-
o:, that my article has proved instructive and
ol to many stage aspirants of to-day—among
jay be some of the stage leaders of to-morrow.
o intend, in response to urgent and repeated
:t—and also a little for my own satisfaction—
own here, as well as may be within necessary
tns, a companion abstract of the lessons I have
d nd the opinions I have formed about play
g
hs the most difficult of all artistic achieve-
. seems to me, is to write a really good play;
ely a piece that gets produced and makes
y—such fortuitous freaks of fortune occur al-
ry season—but a genuine substantial play.
ity to do so cannot be acquired from books
ped out of the possession of faculty to write
her forms. A man may have the most ex-
ntellects; if he be a writer he may write
s novel or the best poem of his day—and yet
le to write a play at all. It is only a marvel
lsmith that can write not only the best novel
y but also the best play into the bargain!
—When comes there such another?"
nowledge of the subject of play writing, such as
n not been easily acquired. On the contrary "'tis
ought"—and if it is at times feelingly expressed
t remembered in my behalf that I have suffered
ore inexpressibly bad plays than has any other
ng living—or, as I believe, that ever lived! It is
le of the old manager and actor, Samuel Phelps,
nthing extraordinary that in the whole course of his
e read and considered more than two thousand
plys—"very few worth much." Well—I can see
n. go him several better; I believe I am safe in
g at I have read and considered nearer to twenty
al; and, altogether, I have found fewer worth any-
tan Phelps did.

nt as many persons apply to me each season for
end instruction in regard to the writing of plays as
d to becoming actors, and literally hundreds of
e sent to me every year upon which I am not only
t give opinions but of which I am likewise expected
mmediate productions. My views and opinions,
dgly, as herein expressed—though indicating why
r plays are annually rejected by me—may perhaps
gstive and useful to many persons to whom indi-
l I can send no more than a formal rejection.

Would You Write a Play? Don't

TE first place, then, I would say: As it is in play
ig, even so is it in play writing. If you do not pos-
nerent ability to act you will never be truly an actor
glyou pass your whole life in the theater; and if you
possess inherently the peculiar distinctive faculty
e amatist you will never be truly a play writer—not
glyou should indite so-called plays by the score and
e iserable the lives of managers with importunity to
u them. But there is apparently—and long has
— popular, almost a universal delusion to the con-
y. Few if any readers of these words but have heard
al inquiry—generally addressed to some person
ner wrote anything!—"Why don't you write a play
that?"

e this popular delusion is an incessant source of
ment. Take the average young person to an art
r exhibit to him the variant beauties of Titian or
i or Burne-Jones or Inness or Sargent; of Michel-
lor Cellini or Saint-Gaudens or MacMonnies or
r-he, not possessing the innate peculiar faculty of
nter or of the sculptor, seldom indeed feels inspired
i. pictures or to chisel statues. But take the average
person to see a play—or, at most, a few plays—and
credibly large number of cases he is fired with high
v to go and do likewise; and, moreover, is pretty
ct that he can write better plays than most of those
l has seen! The result of his presumptuous vanity,
tally and practically, is as a rule a mess as unsightly
ntile as though he had fooled with canvas and paint
ble and chisel. But when you tell him so—no mat-
hy earnestly he begs for your opinion—take my
cand tell him so by letter.

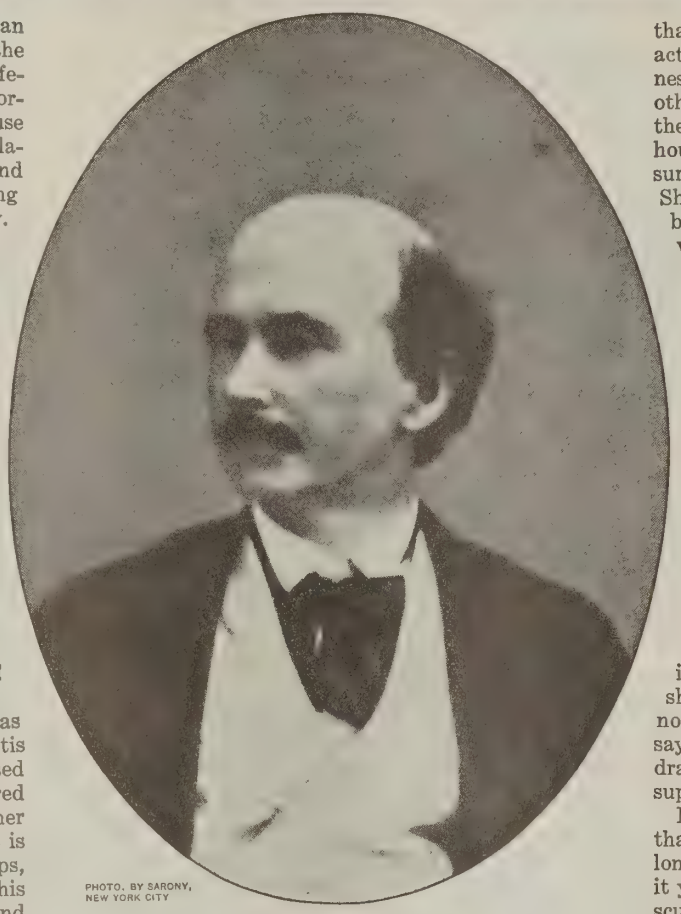

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY

Dion Boucicault

To the vast majority of those who yearn to write plays I respectfully venture to commend with heartfelt earnestness the celebrated advice of Punch to young persons about to marry: "Don't." But I would not be misunderstood; I do not seek to discourage beginners nor to prevent the writing of plays. On the contrary I appreciate—none more keenly—the need of developing new writers. The significant words of Robert Buchanan are often in my mind: "There are mean souls who bend down only to the sun in its meridian. I turn to the splendor of the dawn." I remember vividly my own early struggles—when there was no splendor but plenty of squalor and heartache—and I wish to be of assistance. That which I desire to discourage is the making of tons of utterly useless interlocutory trash by persons, young or old, who have not a spark of play-writing ability in them. And as to the possessor of genuine dramatic faculty—no adversity of advice by anybody will prevent his writing plays any more than it would prevent his breathing. That at least is a conviction established by my experience—though not all observers agree with it.

In a notable paper on Actors and the Stage, for example, published not long ago, the capital English player, Mr. Louis Calvert, declared: "Common sense tells us that he—Shakspere—"would never have written those great plays if he had not known that he had capable actors to enact them." Mr. Calvert's opinions on things theatrical always command respectful attention; he is the son of one of the best of the old-time players and managers—Charles Calvert, 1828–79, of Manchester, England—and he is one of the few actors now on our stage who are thoroughly conversant with theatrical history and the best traditions of the theater. Nevertheless, with the somewhat dogmatic opinion which I have quoted, relative to the writing of plays, I take liberty to disagree. William Shakspere was, first of all, an inspired artist; there is no way that I can see to understand him except to view him in that light. And he wrote plays, some of which are superlatively great, not because he was himself a player; not because he was a manager; not because there was a market or a demand for his plays; not because he knew that he had capable actors to enact them—but just because he was a natural, born dramatist, because play writing was his preordained inevitable medium. It seems to me that common sense and study of his plays show us that he would have written them, must have written them, whether he knew they would be acted well or ill. As it was said of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," so it might, I think, be said with entire truth of Shakspere that he wrote plays by the very compulsion of Nature.

It is worth passing note that there is plenty of internal evidence in Shakspere's writing that he keenly appreciated the mutable character of the actor's art—at once the most beautiful and the most evanescent of all arts—and that he felt and believed, as most other dramatists do, that "the play's the thing" and not the actor; not the "poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more." I am sure the problem of finding players suitable to enact a Shakspere trilogy which I design for production is troubling me far more than ever it troubled W. Shakspere when he was writing the plays which I would now revive!

And in the writing of plays, as it was with Shakspere so is it also with all other authentic play makers; from the greatest of us to the least the difference in us is one of degree, not of kind; like steel to the magnet, like rain to the sea, intuitively we all find our way to the dramatic form and work therein.

Of course there is a mechanism, a technic of play writing, and that can be taught—and should be. It will save the capable beginner's time and energy to learn the road from the gained knowledge of others rather than to grope and experiment until experience shall force him into it and so impart practical knowledge of "those rules of old discovered, not devised." There are to-day schools of play writing just as there are schools of acting and of other arts, and they are useful institutions when properly and intelligently directed. But admittance to such schools should be sought on the basis of native capacity and not on that of ability to pay the tuition fees, for, let me say again, mere instruction in technic will never make a dramatist any more than lack of it will long suffice to suppress one.

Likewise let it be remembered in taking up this subject that though all arts are long the art of play writing is the longest. And after years given to the study and practice of it you will find—precisely as in acting, writing, painting, sculpture, music, only more so—that it is never to be fully mastered. Every time you attempt a drama you learn something more about how to do it; and something more—wholesome lesson for vanity!—about your own ignorance and limitation. "I have played Hamlet now for fifty years," exclaimed the famous old actor Betterton, when somebody told him his performance of that part was perfect, "and I believe I have not got to the depths of all its philosophy yet!" I began play writing when I was a child; I have been at it now for not less than fifty-five years, and I know I have nowhere near got to the depths of all the philosophy of it yet—and, what is more, that I never shall do so.

Knowledge of Stage Mechanics

BUT to return to the teachable technic of play writing. What method of studying the dramatic art do I recommend? Well, in the first place—differing from most if not all my colleagues of dramatic pedagogics—I believe that actual intimate familiarity with the practical mechanics of the stage is the best of all foundations for technical education in the writing of plays. Admirers of the literary drama often sneer at actors' plays—oblivious, apparently, that most of the best plays in existence were written by actors. I do not mean, of course, that all actors are capable of writing plays; they are not; but most of the men most capable of writing plays have been either actors or men early, practically and thoroughly instructed in technical matters of stage requirements.

A few of the many names that start to mind almost haphazard as illustrating this significant fact are: Shakspere, Molière, Farquhar, Sheridan, John Howard Payne, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Reade, Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, Arthur Pinero and H. V. Esmond. An author can write a book of first-rate quality without knowing anything at all of the mysteries of the typesetting machine and of the composing room, the press room and the bindery—the mediums through which his work is presented to the public. It is not the same with drama. Nobody can write a good play without possessing sound and comprehensive knowledge of the scope and limitations of the stage—the medium through which dramatic work is presented to the public.

As to the best way of acquiring such knowledge to-day, it is, in my opinion, to obtain from the manager of any good resident repertoire theater, where the bill is changed every week, the privilege of witnessing day after day and night after night the rehearsals of many plays. Pay for that privilege if you must; live in the theater; learn the

(Continued on Page 153)

MRS. FIFTY-FIFTY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Mean, Don't You," He Interjected, "You Don't Like His Wife?"

IT IS safe to assume that a woman's bedroom in its privacy reflects the character of the woman who occupies it; and admitting this there are few exceptions to the rule. It is the same as to say that a capable woman is naturally a capable housekeeper—a statement that Nelly Dunbar's husband felt admitted of little argument. Now, however, as he stood at his wife's door staring into her room his face darkened with the resentment he had felt so frequently of late.

The shades were raised, the bright sunshine of a summer's day poured in through the opened windows; and though it was already half past seven and his train for the city left a few minutes after eight his wife still reposed among the pillows, oblivious not only of the hour but of everything it involved. The dress she had worn the night before was flung in a huddle on a chair, while under the same chair, lying where their owner had stripped them off, were a pair of silk stockings and a single scarlet satin slipper. What had become of the slipper's mate was a question. Either it had been kicked under the wardrobe or the bed or, if not that, it lay buried beneath the other articles of apparel that festooned the furniture or carpeted the floor.

But all this was only a part of her shortcomings. Why was his wife still asleep, still drowsing luxuriously, when he was up and doing? Other women saw to it that their husbands had their breakfasts properly, and why wasn't she downstairs ready to pour his coffee when he wanted it? True, the night before he and his wife had been out till after midnight; but in Dunbar's opinion that made little difference. If he could get up and dress, ready to go to the city as usual, why shouldn't she get up too? Take Mrs. Fawcett, for example—the Fawcetts with whom they'd dined the night before; it was Mrs. Fawcett's boast that not once in her twelve years of married life had she let her husband breakfast alone. Another thing—there was never anything slipshod about the Fawcett household. You had to hand it to Mrs. Fawcett. She certainly was capable.

That was the trouble. For eleven years the Dunbars had been married; and though during these years Nelly Dunbar had managed somehow in some way to keep her household going there is little doubt she was not in the least like Mrs. Fawcett. Housekeeping she hated, and she made no bones of saying so. What was more, she had said as much to Mrs. Fawcett.

"Why not be honest?" Nelly had laughed. "Housekeeping after all is drudgery, a deadly bore!"

What had possessed his wife to make such a speech Dunbar couldn't understand.

Nelly in spite of her faults usually was tactful; and as he recalled the remark and Mrs. Fawcett's shocked amazement Dunbar's reflections grew still more resentful. He and Fawcett had a deal on at the moment, a business matter of importance; and the remark in its offhand carelessness might easily have affronted his hosts. It was this same business matter, in fact, that Dunbar had come to his wife's room to talk about.

He had always talked things over with her. It was not of course that she knew anything about business—as he would have told you, she didn't—but then by talking things over one grew familiar with the details. That was how, he prided himself, he had done so well. Outside his regular business—he was head salesman in a white-goods house—investments were Dunbar's specialty; and as he was one of the most prosperous men in Riverdale, the suburb where they lived, his success seemed to have proved the merit of his method. The only investments he had ever had go wrong were two or three he had neglected to talk over at home.

This too added to his resentment. Annoyed and irritated, how could he discuss anything intelligently? Much less how could he settle a matter so important as this? She knew as well as he, too, that the Fawcett deal needed a lot of talking over; yet here she was, with the same irresponsible indifference she had shown more than usually of late, still asleep, and her house, her own room especially, looking as if a whirlwind had hit it. One thing anyway—the time had come, after he talked with her of the Fawcett matter, to let her know just what her indifference, her shiftlessness, was costing. On top of that he might, besides, appeal to Mrs. Fawcett. She would be willing, he knew, to give his wife the benefit of her advice and experience; and with that Nelly might be led to mend her ways.

The suggestion brightened Dunbar. Picking his way through the disorder he crossed the room toward his still sleeping wife. "Nelly; I say, Nell!" he called.

Mrs. Dunbar stirred drowsily.

She was still young—a slim, good-looking woman of thirty-odd with girlish features and gray eyes that had in them a queer d liveliness. It was as though their owr perennially amused at everything—t her surroundings, herself and perha husband. It was a little annoying to

"Hello!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you gone y

Dunbar by an effort concealed his annoyance.

"I'm waiting for my breakfast," he returned.

An exclamation escaped her. She threw back the and was already groping under the bed for her d slippers before he could restrain her.

"You don't need to get up," he remarked quie just want a moment's talk with you. It's abo Fawcett business."

She shot a quick glance at him, and clamberir into bed drew the covers about her. Then delibera gave the lace cap adorning her mop of brown glint a vigorous dig. Her expression too had changed.

"I've talked all I'm going to talk about that," deliberately.

Dunbar started at her tone. Its note voiced revo he was not accustomed to that. He could hardly she would refuse to talk over his business with hir

"Do you mean you won't?" he inquired, his li pressing painfully as he stared at her.

"I mean exactly what I say, Walter!" Her t not changed. It was still as deliberate, as detern before. "I don't like that man, and I've told y dozen times," she added.

Dunbar for a moment gazed at her fixedly.

"You mean, don't you," he interjected, "you d his wife?"

At the remark his wife's eyes widened with su tonishment.

"Mrs. Fawcett?" she repeated.

Dunbar nodded deliberately. Before this he ha his wife's opposition to the Fawcett deal; but it until now, by a chance thought, an inspiration, h had guessed the true reason for it.

To his astonishment his wife abruptly laughed.

"That doll!" Giving her cap another vigorous shrugged her shoulders amusedly. "Good gracio ter, you don't suppose for an instant I'd pay any a to her!"

But Dunbar now was too irritated to let her hinder what he had to say.

"It might be better for you if you did!" he significantly.

His wife started abruptly.

"Better?"

"That's what I said," he repeated.

Mrs. Dunbar sat back among the pillows. T easy little twinkle had gone out of her eyes; and s at him curiously, her brows puckered with evident "You don't really mean, do you," she said slow you'd like me to be like her?" Then as if in dis gave another light rippling laugh. "Sorry, Walter. I might

"You've Told Me a Good Many Times Lately What the Trouble With Women is, So I'll Take the Same Libe and Tell You What's the Trouble With Men"

mevain—perhaps I'm that already; and maybe
ghbecome stupid—that is, more stupid than I am;
if ou wish me to become showy, overdressed, pre-
ou—well, I'm afraid I never can. It just isn't in me,
s !"

instupid, showy? Dunbar's irritation was reflected
e ok of indignation he gave her. Admiring Mrs.
et as he did, his wife's cool offhand slurs not only
el to his impatience, in his resentment he was
ind that to talk to her now would be only a waste
, of effort. Curiously it was the attack on Mrs.
ets dress that galled him most. As Mrs. Fawcett
a, she dressed the way her husband liked her to
nd could his wife, the one who made that light
eattack, show any such devotion?
ot at this room!" he said abruptly.
s sture as he indicated the surroundings was com-
e.
'hroom? Why—why, what's wrong with it?" she

with it? Dunbar laughed, the laugh harsh,
Of a sudden, then, the resentment, the annoy-
had nursed for days in silence burst into a flood

It was
of course
elet his
t on any
it ould; if
ant to
erly into
ily slip-
of run-
ls home
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lo noth-
haps, to
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r it was a
y serious
er when she
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as well!
h 'swhat's
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and his
ga d at him

a she was
nined was
en. Stag-
ould put
et r. She
ecomehow
leo under-
dwhy he
ld xpend so
h eat, so
nergy just
s her bed-
dn't hap-
be in
r. lowever,
ade no
t o inter-

nstead she listened with curious intentness to all
ne o say.
he Dunbar stopped, halting for sheer lack of breath,
'if gave him another quick queer glance.
W t's the row, Walter?" she asked quietly—aimlessly,
lt
W t! You ask that?" he cried.
nevords were emphatic in their resentment, their
e injury. He would have been off again, but this
s didn't let him.
N wait, Walter! Is it the house—the way I've run
r re you irritated because I'm trying to keep you
f his deal with Fawcett? Don't speak; I'll finish in
nt! If it's the house I'll admit it's not what it
ide. I've been pretty tired; I've worried much more
ou know about this business; and the house, be-
, really too large for our two servants. I know
vcold me to get another maid, but I don't like to
d he money—not in times like these, at any rate.
ea of putting away a quarter of what we make we
t, put away much more. That's why I'm doing the
an extra maid, though never mind about that.
t m trying to find out is whether it is the house or
dl with Fawcett that's made you so touchy, so
ng of late. Won't you tell me frankly, dear?"
nnow she had put it so clearly—so cleverly, rather—
Inbar in spite of his certainty, his conviction of her
ffence, felt himself just a bit less certain. But, as he
lle, she had a trick of doing that.
What's wrong with Fawcett?" he demanded.
he miled lightly. "I don't like the man; he's trying
se ou. I've told you so, Walter, a dozen times."

"I know you have!" he retorted. As he, too, a dozen times had told her, Fawcett was one of the squarest men he knew. Added to that he was one of the cleverest.

Nelly nodded sagely. "Clever, yes! That's why he talked you into this. You know yourself what you think—or used to think," she added, "of men that dabble in Wall Street, speculate in stocks; and that's what Fawcett now is trying to make you do!" She bobbed her head, as she said this, in emphasis. Then her face hardened suddenly and there came upon it—her gray eyes, her mouth, her rounded chin—a look Dunbar remembered having seen once or twice before. It was a look of stubborn mulish obstinacy—the look Nelly wore when firmly and finally she put her foot down on anything. "Gamble in stocks? If I have anything to say about it Fawcett won't get you into that!" she said.

Wouldn't he? Again Dunbar was struck with the absurdity of wasting words on her. The trouble with women, his wife among them, was that they made everything personal; that was why they all failed so consistently in business. He pictured Fawcett's letting Mrs. Fawcett, capable as she was, dictate to him. As if Mrs. Fawcett, anyway, would attempt it. "Woman's place is in the home," as she so graphically expressed it. Now that he looked at it clearly it was ridiculous that a man as successful as he should let a woman's whims interfere with his business judgment.

"If you have anything to say?" he repeated, accenting the "you."

"Yes, Walter," she replied.

Dunbar smiled lightly. "You haven't," he observed—"you haven't a word to say! It's a chance to make a killing, and I'm not going to let it slide. I'm going in with Fawcett, and I'm going in to-day!"

She stared at him agape.

"Walter!"

"That's all right," he rejoined. "Win or lose, that's my lookout. It's my money. I made it, didn't I?"

"Walter!" she cried again.

"You go to sleep," he replied; and then, as he reached the door, he turned, smiling quietly. "I'm capable, Nelly, of running my own affairs. When you run yours as well it will be time enough to tell me what I shall do or not do!"

The shot struck home. Sitting upright among the pillows Nelly gasped as if she had been struck. The gasp did not escape her husband. He was still smiling to himself as he sat down at his belated breakfast.

Half an hour later seated in the train beside Fawcett he opened the newspaper at the financial page. The agreement between them had been made. He and Fawcett were to trade on joint account at a brokerage shop in New Street.

Running his finger down the column Dunbar inquired casually: "Say, old man, what shall we pick for a starter?"

Fawcett rolled his cigar over to the other side of his mouth.

"What's the matter with Rocket?" he inquired. He had strong inside information on Rocket; but as Fawcett named the stock Dunbar felt a little twinge, a shock almost, cool his conscious ardor.

Rocket seven years before had almost cleaned out Dunbar. It was one of the investments that at the time he had neglected to talk over with his wife.

The arrangement effected between Dunbar and Fawcett was one of those copartnership agreements not infrequently encountered in brokerage circles. Dunbar was to supply the cash, the capital on which the two were to purchase stocks; Fawcett supplying, in lieu of money, certain inside information of which he was possessed. Of the value of this knowledge Dunbar had no doubt; but it was this very point in the deal to which Nelly had taken exception. Aside from the fact that they were buying the stocks on margin—from her point of view gambling—she had protested, in her woman's way, at what she considered the inequality of the arrangement. Fawcett had everything to win and nothing to lose; and Fawcett she didn't trust. But then, as Dunbar had said, that was the woman of it. They always made everything personal. However, as wildly as she had fought against it, now that Dunbar had asserted himself she seemed to have surrendered as weakly, as consistently as any woman would.

An hour after Dunbar's departure she still lay abed. She was not asleep, neither did she give herself over to a woman's ready solace of tears. The maid bringing up her breakfast found her lying among the pillows staring at the ceiling.

"Wait a moment, Hannah," she directed; and rising hastily she darted into her dressing room adjoining.

There for a few moments she delved into the depths of a wardrobe, appearing presently decked in a dressing sack fabricated of pink silk and filmy lace. It had been part of her trousseau; and as she clambered back into bed Hannah gave a gasp of genuine admiration—amazement too.

"Glory be, but you do look wonderful, ma'am! Youngish, too!"

Her mistress propped herself up among the pillows so that she could get a glimpse of herself in the glass. Yes, the sack really was wonderful; and it did make her look a little younger. Then a giggle, a self-conscious titter escaped her.

"You'll make me vain, Hannah, if you don't watch out!" she remarked.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" protested Hannah.

The maid had set down the tray on the bed and was departing when Nelly halted her.

"Is your sister still looking for another place?" she asked.

Hannah said yes. The place where her sister worked was too hard for her, besides which she preferred the country; and there was a young man too that had a place in Riverdale as a chauffeur and they were writing regular, so that if her mistress knew anyone her sister could give references, the best, and all the sister asked out was Thursdays, the afternoons only, and a day extra, maybe, once every month. She was about to add more when she realized her mistress had again taken to staring at the ceiling.

"Is that all, ma'am?" inquired Hannah.

"Tell your sister I'll give her a place," was Nelly's reply; then she fell to at her breakfast. The morning's encounter,

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"You Know My Husband, I Think. You are Both Friends of Mr. Fawcett"

PROFITS AND RISKS

By Albert W. Atwood

DO YOU believe it is unwise and unjust that business should be conducted for profit? Men have engaged in business for centuries with the idea of making profits. Is that motive about to be thrown into the scrap heap? If you think so perhaps you have a better one to suggest.

Oh, very well then, you don't think that profits are so bad as all that. Perhaps you don't, but there seem to be millions who do, or at least they talk like millions of people.

Karl Marx, the apostle of socialism, said that profits were filched from labor, a defalcation from the workingman. The apostle of the very latest movement to nationalize one of our great basic industries says that profits should go to all the people but are monopolized by nonproducers, by a special class, the investors. Labor is exploited, though it bears the burden of production. Profits go to the wrong man. There is no reason why they should be monopolized by the employers and capitalists.

It is said that seamstresses in England were paid a shilling a day at one time for making shirts though the company for which they worked paid dividends of seventeen per cent on its ordinary stock. The directors of a chain of stores in this country are reported to have urged stockholders to buy into a new issue of shares, one of the arguments being that girls could be got to work for very, very low wages.

All or most of our industrial ills, it is suggested, are due to the simple fact that the men in control of our industries are interested solely in profits and not in service. Nor can the present mutual suspicion of employer and employee be removed, it is added, so long as the two fight each other in the dark for an indeterminate share of the profits.

"The world has been distorted, pulled out of shape, as it were, by this motive. Profits have proved too costly a luxury. Under this system there are no incentives for the workers. Production is not increased fast enough. The world is nothing but a treadmill for muzzled oxen which grind out profits for shareholders. Men are wage slaves and large sections of the population are beginning to refuse to work any longer for private enterprise."

Thus we see that to lay the high cost of living at the door of the profits system, as so many are doing, is merely to mention but one small item in a whole broadside of charges.

"In America profit is a religious idea," said a radical who recently returned from England. "To challenge it is to pass under such scornful censure as met the atheist in days of state religion."

Nonsense. If there is any better system by which mankind can supply its wants let us have it by all means. There is nothing sacred or unchangeable about the business system and its profit-making feature. Like other features of our civilization it may disappear in course of time in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest.

If profits serve no useful purpose, then overboard with them at once! First let us pass a law forbidding profits above four per cent and then a little later we might as well prohibit them altogether. But before we take this step let us see just who will bear the losses and risks involved in producing and distributing goods. Losses cannot be prevented by law any more than King Canute could change the tides by commanding the waves to go back.

No Business Without Its Risks

THE very word "business," which means the work of the world, brings to mind a balance sheet, and that means profit and loss. Business always implies two sides—surplus and deficit. Whenever men have sought a profit, from the beginning of time, they have known they were taking a risk and that there might be a loss.

A traveler recently returned from Russia tells the story of a native merchant who contracted to sell a cargo of goods in Moscow. But the goods did not arrive though he tried frantically to get them through. The buyers became more and more irritated and threatened all sorts of action. The merchant had agreed, had given his word, had made himself responsible to deliver those goods. He was liable for heavy loss. Finally the buyers repudiated their bargain and the merchant was more worried than ever. Then unexpectedly the goods arrived.

"What did you do?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, I didn't care what happened then," was the satisfied reply. "It didn't matter what the buyers did because by the time the goods had arrived they were worth four times what I had agreed to sell them for."

A crude extreme case, typical of a disorganized state of society, but it exaggerates by only a little the normal chances of loss as well as profit which the business organization of the world is always taking. How about the cases where the goods did not come through, of the Russian business men who were stuck? Why is it that when profits are charged with every evil that man is heir to we hear only of Rockefeller and Carnegie, and never of those who sank below the surface, who risked and lost, who failed?

It is a commonplace of business life that one per cent of all men engaged in business fail every year, which means that if a man remains in business thirty-three years his chances of failure are one in three. But these figures include only those who fail in a sort of formal sense, with loss to creditors. It does not include those who merely fail to succeed.

Many unsuccessful concerns do not actually become insolvent, or bankrupt, but pass from hand to hand, each owner or manager losing a little. Often concerns go on for years without ever making profits. Many lines of business struggle on indefinitely without the owner or manager really knowing whether he is making a profit. He may get a living, which is no more than wages, and as long as he gets his living he sticks to it.

Innumerable men fail several times before they ultimately make good. Young men often fail in various lines and then finally succeed in something entirely different. Even among big concerns, the most conspicuous in their trades, there is often no real profit, only a false front. Just because a concern is big it affords no reason to assume that it is prosperous. We have examples in almost every industry. I asked a man of long experience in selling goods to other concerns how many of them had been profitable.

"I cannot say exactly," he replied, "but as I look back over our business I do not see so many conspicuous successes. Not many actual bankruptcies, but innumerable changes. New men and new capital constantly coming in. Most of them, it is true, paid up their debts eventually."

Many Losers and Few Winners

AGAIN I say it is a commonplace of experience that the conspicuously successful enterprises in any given line are relatively few. We know there are losses because we see them every day. They range from peddlers on the smallest scale way up to the biggest corporations. How many farmers, small retailers and dealers in general have made great profits in the last generation?

We are so familiar with crop failures, with blight, drought, rust and the like that the inability of farmers in a particular section of the country to come out ahead in this or that season hardly excites passing comment. And what an everyday experience it is to see a retail store change hands or shut up shop because the proprietor has failed to make a go of it.

But as a rule except in periods of exceptionally high prices it is not the profits of the farmer or retailer that come in for general ire. There seems to be an especial wickedness about profits in larger-scale industries. But are the losses so much smaller?

Canals were the big business of their day, a hundred years ago, but scores of millions were lost in them. Nor have the railroads, biggest business of all, been one unalloyed orgy of profits. Railroad owners may at one time have received large profits. Indeed the railroads may have been exploited and plundered. But for ten years past railroad profits have been meager. The shrinkage in the market value of railroad securities in the last few years has been more than three billions of dollars. Several billions of securities have been in default. Interest and dividends have been paid out of the government treasury. There has been no real profit.

Lay the blame where you will, the fact remains that railroad proprietors have lost as well as gained. If there were any way to analyze the complete ownership of every railroad stock and bond from the beginning of railroads to the present time it would be found that quite a number made more than a conscionable profit, that many received merely a moderate return on their investment, and that many actually lost.

It needs no statistical proof to show that those who invested in recent years have lost.

When the writer first began working as a financial newspaper reporter fifteen years ago bonds of the ferry companies plying between New York and Brooklyn were considered prime investments. The subway came and the bonds disappeared. Bonds and even stocks of the railroads in Mexico were considered by many as splendid investments, and they too have gone.

When the Suez Canal was opened two million tons of sailing vessels ceased to be a profitable investment because they could not use the canal, and the Cape of Good Hope route was too long. The invention of new machinery put out of business the whole woolen industry important section of England. We all rem the losses in the bicycle industry after the mobile came. But why multiply instances? Every of this article can name many of which in all prob the writer never heard.

> *And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,*
> *The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces*
> *The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
> *Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,*
> *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
> *Leave not a rack behind.*

It was not many years ago that the wisest minds i Street recommended the purchase of 3½% bonds b it was thought that the rate of interest would rem for many years. Who can count the losses tha flowed from that delusion? How many days pass in the newspapers do not report the appraisal of a rich estate containing a long list of cats and dogs? Has discovered a perfectly safe investment or any way changing a present enjoyment for a future income v risk?

And as for the profits that are made in Wall Perhaps I had better not pursue this phase of the because most of my readers would be forced to having lost money there. The subject is a delica

Take three great new industries—automobiles, pictures and aviation. We know there were grea in the early stages of the first two and that grea are actually being sustained to-day in the third.

The tremendously elaborate precautions which banks and trust funds throw about their investme steadily spreading field of insurance and the princi bodied in the Federal income-tax law that losses deducted from one's return—all these constitute e from three independent sources of the element of r loss which still confronts the effort of society to its wants.

As long as men cannot foresee, predict and con future there seems to be no way of avoiding chan and loss. If conditions were unchangeable, or stati would be no risk and therefore no need of profit. equilibrium is always being disturbed. We have dep and bursts of prosperity, panics, sweeping price tions, new inventions and other improvements in r and organization; and worst of all, wholesale ch the wants of mankind, which are often immeasura involve enormous shifts of industry.

The Best Laid Plans Upset by Chan

A MILD open winter may bring untold losses to trades. A strike in the steel trade may dep musical instrument business, though employers latter may be in no way responsible for condi the former trade and totally unable to foresee then upset all calculations.

Internally as well as externally business is choc risk. Policy must be incessantly readjusted. must be steered just right between caution and ness. Eternal vigilance is the price of survival. the monopoly and the old established business w will and a trade name may be pushed aside. N are an almost daily necessity, but they must pro practical.

Absolutely essential is just the right operating a dot, and the right amount of working capital, t cash resources and ratio of capital to labor. A cent one way or the other means ruin.

The proper proportion of machinery—capital—varies at different prices or costs. If wages rise it add machinery; if wages fall it pays to let som machinery deteriorate and do more by hand labo wise there is constant substitution of the various r or machines one for the other. The right pro change constantly. A model factory is so arran the buildings hold the right number of machines, right amount of space for the workmen and t amount of power.

Arthur S. Dewing, an expert in corporate fina of the case of a man who had had a long trainin shoe business. He had accumulated enough m operate a small factory with rather antiquated efficient equipment. In this he was highly su Spurred on by his success he built a modern fa make the same grade of shoes. Indeed, so comp perfect of its kind was the new plant that it was a show establishment among those making that p grade of shoe.

The output was very much greater than in th factory, and labor costs were no higher. Yet t

ding in a short space of time all he had previously
.e exercised as much managerial ability in one
y another. Labor costs remained the same. But
ecbecause in the second case the fixed-capital costs
proportionately too great for his particular line of
ct
ny concerns which rushed into the munition business
in the war lost heavily because the proper balance
er apital and labor costs was not determined. These
e vary not only in every industry but in different
ne of the same industry. A small shop can do about
l aking high-grade cigars as a great factory. But
tely different with cigarettes. Large-scale produc-
pt suited to one, and exactly suited to the other.
t hat scale of production will bring the highest
n? At what point is the balance or equilibrium
etween increasing and decreasing returns? Here
it question upon whose answer success or failure
ny rests. Those who decide must be responsible
sn case of error, as well as the gainers when they
rit.

ll treet recognizes regular periods of wreckage and
cy for attempted mergers which evidently fail to
t sufficiently the laws that govern success. At
ne in a generation there is a new crop of industrial
irtion failures.

siss being permeated with risk and loss it is but
a that profits should not be permanent. A lucky
enterpriser meets a great want and makes fabulous
s But then the wants of the people shift or new
thas change the whole process or competitors at-
by the high rate of profit proceed to drive it down.
e Standard Oil Company is meeting with ever
competition and is gathering its utmost strength
yo fight its great European rival.

ts rise because society is ever changing and shifting.
rvement spends itself profits in that particular line
honly to reappear in something new.

Men Who Take Chances and Win

OITS may be described as the reward for supplying
nv want or putting into effect an improvement, like
petroleum for light and fuel. But they tend to
nen once the improvement is fully applied. For no
ply or patent laws can for very long prevent new
ms, methods and processes from being used by the
body of business men.

profits of business men, of the capitalist employer
em very large, but that is often because they in-
e wages of management or superintendence as well
urrent rate of interest on savings. Of course such
took large to the masses of the people because only
iew among the masses are capable of superintend-
naging, enterprising and risking. Profits fill the
dition because they go to so few. But are there
who are capable of undertaking business ventures?
a commonplace of experience that relatively few
e fitted to work for themselves, to manage enter-
Few have the determination, ambition, type of
er and ability that are required in assuming re-
sility. Those who have these qualities enjoy a mo-
l and thus far in history they have been able to make
ld pay them tribute on that monopoly.

are inclined at times to get red in the face because
). Rockefeller has so much more of this world's
han seems just, let us not forget that when he and
ly associates went into the oil business they were
friends and acquaintances that they were fools to
e risk. Yet Rockefeller borrowed and plunged.
one has ever made any money in oil," was the
warning that he received.

ted a man of famous lineage, very great wealth and
r great initiative, whether he believed in large profits
rtunes.

u see that electric light up there on the ceiling," he
il. "We take it for granted now, but not when you
were children. It exists only because some darned
as willing to risk money and time.

ey told me I was a fool when I went into ——" He
l a well-known chemical. "They said it was a fine
to play with in the laboratory and if I had
nse I would leave it there. But I invested
oney, a lot of it, in what most men con-
d a risk, and now we have
e of plants and cannot keep
th our orders."

fits are not so much the
l for mere willingness to
risks and to overlook the
s who are always taking
y out of life by predicting
e, as they are for the skill
dability in making risks
ille and disappear. It is the
ly to minimize risk, the
ss watchfulness and intui-
nticipation that count. It is

the correctness of the unseen decision, the "secret sagacity of the determining mind."

"Business risk is not that of the throwing of dice, in which skill has no part," is the way one keen thinker has put it. "Business risk is rather that of the rope walker in crossing Niagara; the task is easily undertaken by the skillful Blondin; it is fatally dangerous to the man of unsteady nerve and limb."

Again and again a particular concern flourishes because a particular man is at the head of it; or falls upon evil days because a less able man is in charge.

Many a thriving industrial community owes its prosperity solely to the accident of birth of a single capable man of business.

There must be managers and leaders in nearly every undertaking. What use is a single laborer, a piece of land, a machine, or even a thousand dollars, without a manager to organize, energize and combine these factors in proper proportion?

Of what value was a distillery after prohibition came? There were buildings, lands, workers, machinery. But who could turn them into a profitable candy or food enterprise? Only the enterpriser, the business man, he who was willing to take upon himself the risk and responsibility of the new undertaking, who would and could supply new capital as needed or represent those who were willing to do so.

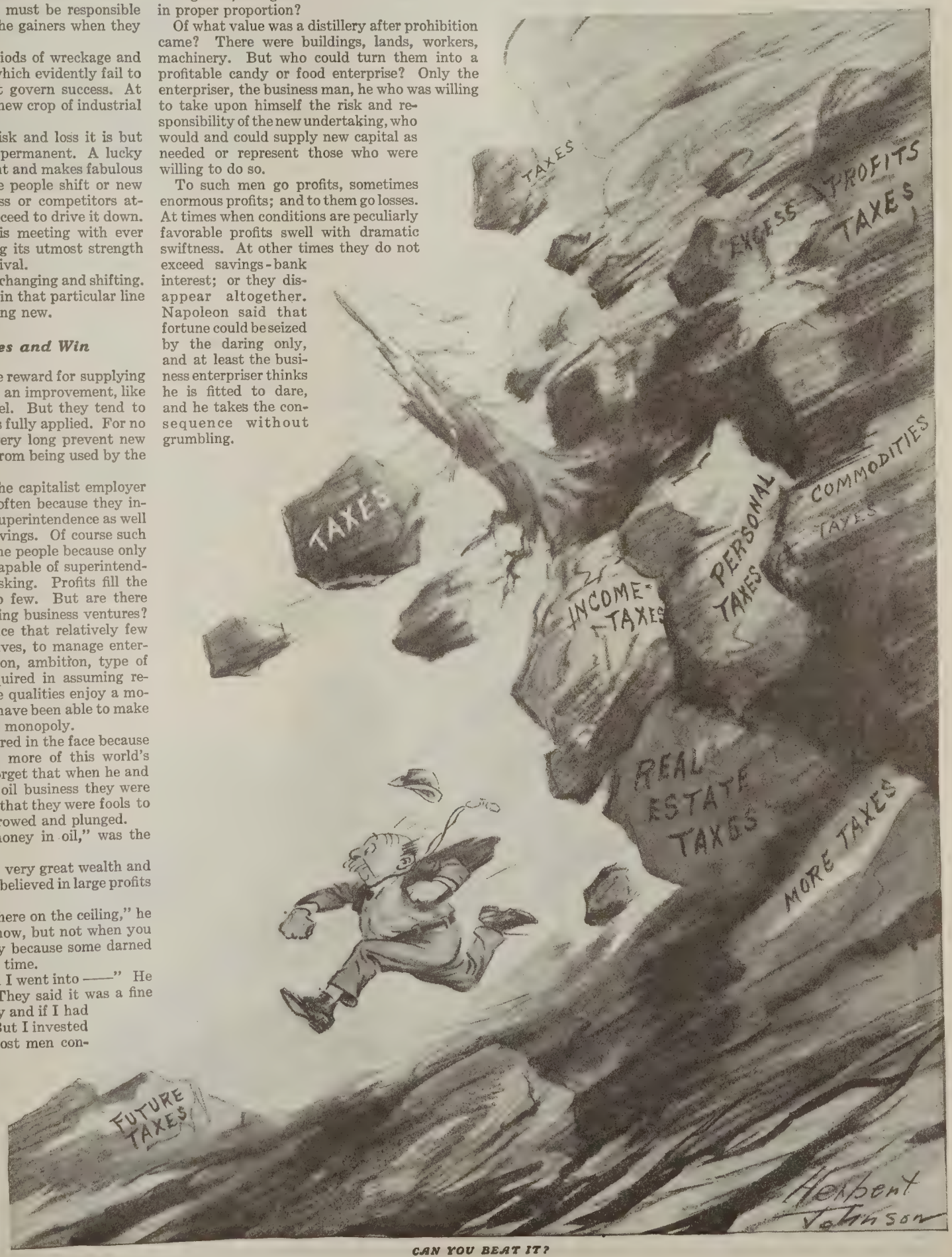
To such men go profits, sometimes enormous profits; and to them go losses. At times when conditions are peculiarly favorable profits swell with dramatic swiftness. At other times they do not exceed savings-bank interest; or they disappear altogether. Napoleon said that fortune could be seized by the daring only, and at least the business enterpriser thinks he is fitted to dare, and he takes the consequence without grumbling.

Profits in the long run are greater, it is true, than the risks. The gains on the whole exceed the losses. Men wouldn't take risks if this were not so. An insurance company suffers many losses, but it expects on the average to come out ahead.

The profit taker also gets more as a rule than the wage earner. This is because risks are regarded as an evil and few will take them. Fear of loss not only reduces the competition and improves the chances of gain in the long run but means that qualities of foresight, courage and ability, which few possess, are required.

Business repays men not only for their exceptional labors but for their fears. If one man in a hundred fails it is probable that the ninety-nine others get more than the one loses. Otherwise they would not embark upon a sea of troubles.

(Continued on Page 169)



CAN YOU BEAT IT?

When August the Second Wa April the First

By IRVIN S. COB

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FIS

HOW Ethan A. Pratt, formerly of South New Medford, in the State of Vermont, came to be resident manager and storekeeper for the British Great Eastern Company, Limited, on Good Friday Island in the South Seas, is not our present concern. Besides, the way of it makes too long a tale. It is sufficient to say he was.

Never having visited that wide, long, deep and mainly liquid backside of the planet known broadly as the South Seas but always intending to do so, I must largely depend for my local color upon what Ethan Pratt wrote back home to South New Medford; on that, plus what returned travelers to those parts have from time to time told me. So if in this small chronicle those paragraphs which purport to be of a descriptive nature appear incomplete to readers personally acquainted with the spots dealt with or with spots like them the fault, in some degree at least, must rest upon the fact that I have had my main dependence in the preserved letters of one who was by no means a sprightly correspondent, but on the contrary was by way of being somewhat prosy, not to say commonplace, on his literary side.

From the evidence extant one gathers that for the four years of his life he spent on Good Friday Island Ethan Pratt lived in the rear room of a two-room house of frame standing on a beach with a little village about it, a jungle behind it, a river half-mooning it and a lagoon before it. In the rear room he bedded and baited himself. The more spacious front room into which his housekeeping quarters opened was a store of sorts where he retailed print goods staple, tinned foods assorted and gimcracks various to his customers, these mostly being natives. The building was crowned with a tin roof and on top of the roof there perched a round water tank, like a high hat on a head much too large for it. The use of this tank was to catch and store up rain water, which ran into it from the sloping top of a larger and taller structure standing partly alongside and partly back of the lesser structure. The larger building—a shed it properly was; a sprawling wide-eaved barracks of a shed—was for the storing of copra, the chief article for export produced on Good Friday Island.

Copra, as all know—or as all should know, since it has come to be one of the most essential vegetable products of the world, a thing needful in the manufacture of nearly every commercial output in which fatty essences are required—is the dried meat of the nut of the coconut palm. So rich is it in oils that soap makers—to cite one of the industries employing it—scarce could do without it; but like many of this earth's most profitable and desirable yieldings it has its unpretty aspects. For one thing it stinks most abominably while it is being cured, and after it has been cured it continues to stink, with a lessened intensity. For another thing, the all-pervading reek of the stuff gets into food that is being prepared anywhere in its bulked vicinity.

Out in front of the establishment over which Ethan Pratt presided, where the sandy beach met the waters, was a rickety little wharf like a hyphen to link the grit with the salt. Down to the outer tip of the wharf ran a narrow-gauge track of rusted iron rails, and over the track on occasion plied little straddle-bug handcars. Because the water offshore was shoal ships could not come in very close but must lie well out in the lagoon and their unloadings and their reloadings were carried on by means of whaleboats ferrying back and forth between ship side and dock side with the push cars to facilitate the freight movement at the land end of the connection. This was a laborious and a vexatious proceeding, necessitating the handling and rehandling of every bit of incoming or outbound cargo several times. But then, steamers did not come very often to Good Friday Island; one came every two months, about.

The expanse upon which Ethan Pratt looked when he turned his eyes outward was of an incredible whiteness. You would have thought it to be the whitest, most blinding thing in the world until you considered the road that skirted it and some of the buildings that bordered it. For the road was built of crushed coral, so dazzlingly white that to look fixedly at it for thirty seconds in bright weather was to make the eyeballs ache; and the buildings referred to were built of blocks of white coral like exaggerated cubes of refined sugar. These buildings were the chapels and churches—Methodist, Catholic, Seventh Day Adventist, English Wesleyan and American Mormon. When the sun shone clear the water on beyond became a shimmering blazing shield of white-hot metal; and an hour of uninterrupted gazing upon it would have turned an argus into a blinkard. But other times—early morning or evening or when stormy weather impended—the lagoon became all a wonderful deep clear blue, the color of molten stained glass. One peering then into its depths saw, far down below, marvelous sea gardens all fronded and ferny and waving; and through the foliage of this fairyland went darting schools and shoals of fish queerly shaped and as brilliantly colored as tropical birds.

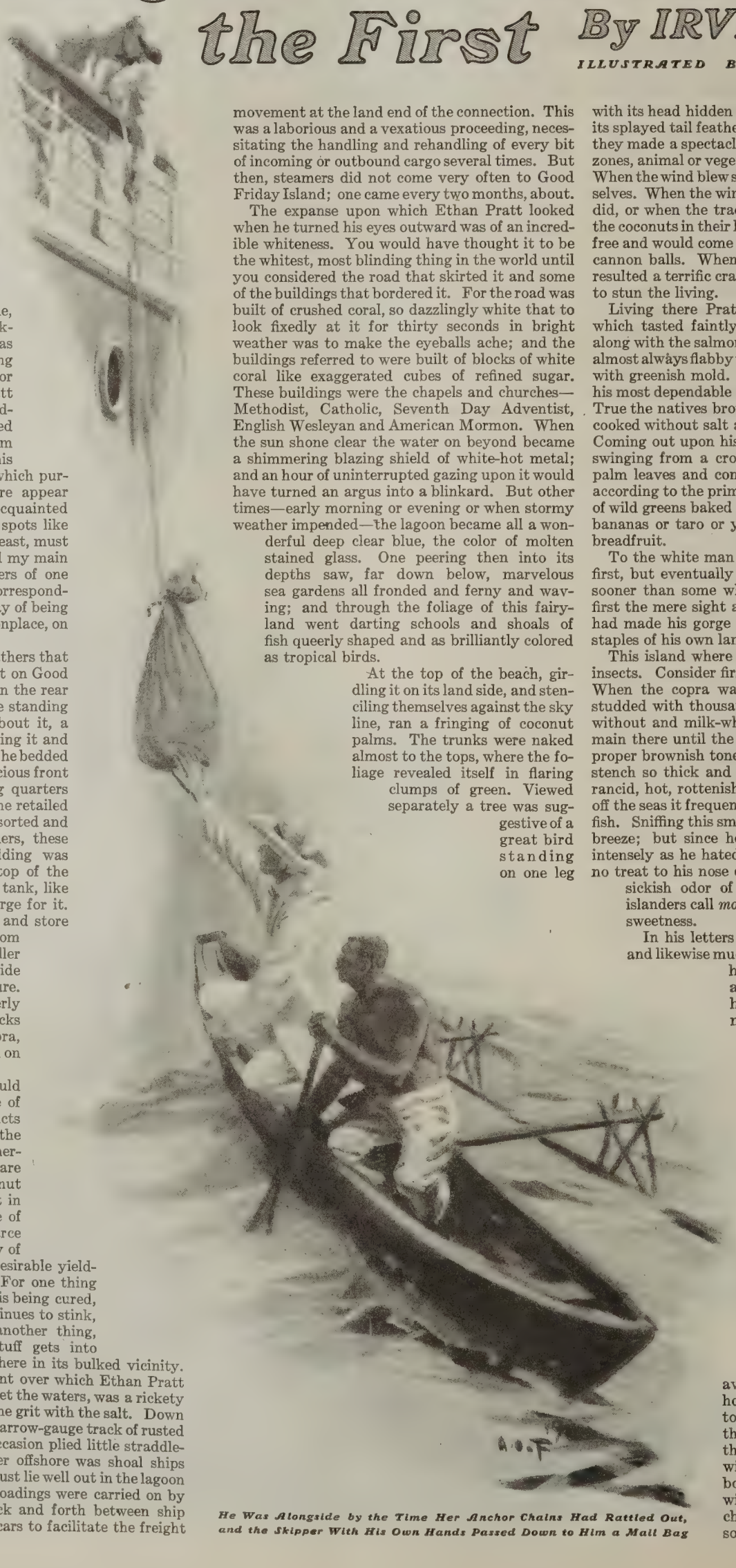
At the top of the beach, girdling it on its land side, and stenciling themselves against the sky line, ran a fringing of coconut palms. The trunks were naked almost to the tops, where the foliage revealed itself in flaring clumps of green. Viewed separately a tree was suggestive of a great bird standing on one leg with its head hidden under its wing, its rump upreared, its splayed tail feathers saluting the skies. Viewed t they made a spectacle for which nothing in the ten zones, animal or vegetable, offers a measurable comp When the wind blew softly the trees whispered among selves. When the wind blew hard and furiously, as i did, or when the trade breeze swelled to hurricane the coconuts in their long bearded husks would be wr free and would come hurtling through the air like f cannon balls. When one of them struck a tin roo resulted a terrific crashing sound fit to wake the de to stun the living.

Living there Pratt's diet was mainly tinned s which tasted faintly of tin and strongly of copra along with the salmon, crackers, which in this clima almost always flabby with dampness and often were s with greenish mold. Salmon and crackers had com his most dependable stand-bys in the matter of pro True the natives brought him gifts of food dishes; cooked without salt and pleasing to the Polynesian Coming out upon his balcony of a morning he wou swinging from a crossbeam a basket made of the palm leaves and containing a chicken or a fish p according to the primitive native recipe, or perhaps of wild greens baked on hot stones; or maybe bake bananas or taro or yams or hard crusty halves of breadfruit.

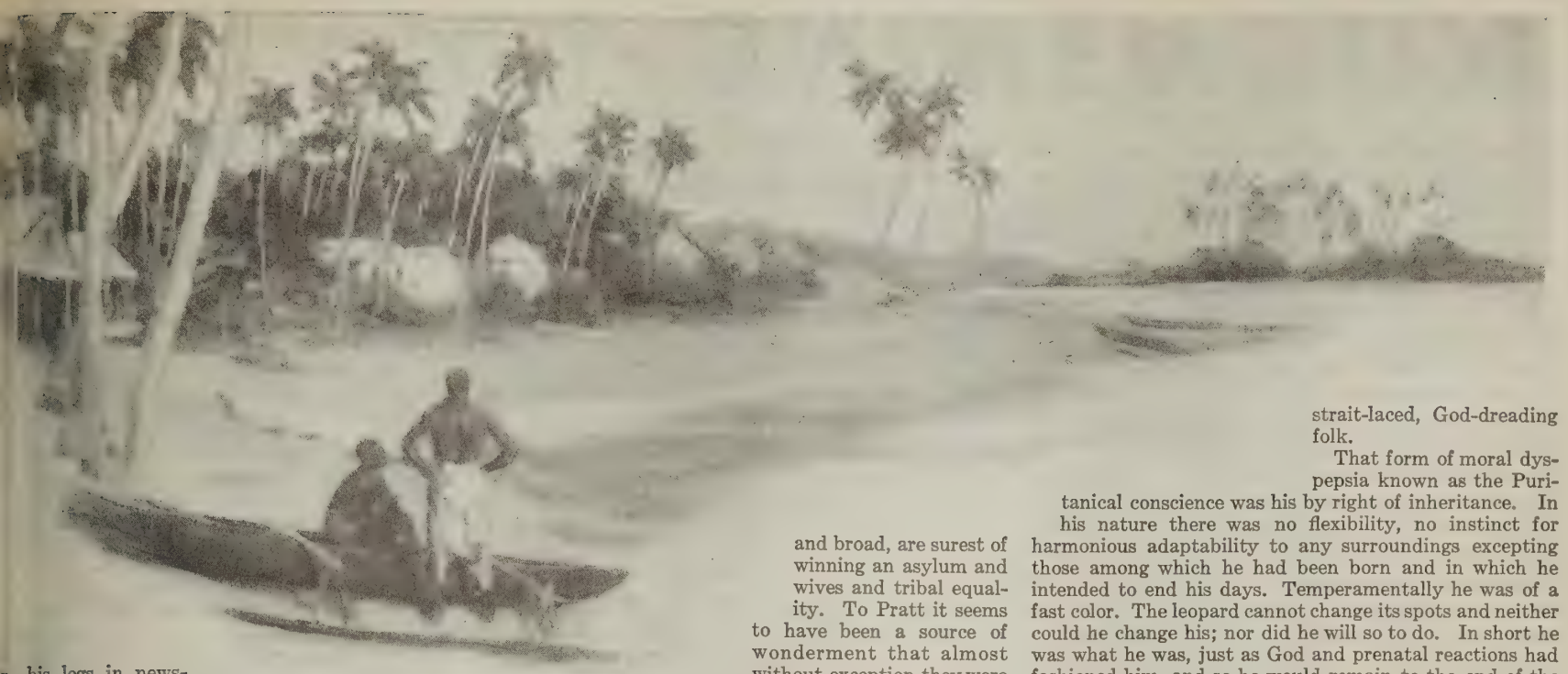
To the white man yams and taro taste mighty first, but eventually he sickens of them. Pratt s sooner than some white men had; and almost fr first the mere sight and savor of a soft-fleshed bal had made his gorge rise in revolt. So he fell bac staples of his own land and ate salmon and cracker

This island where he lived was an island of sm insects. Consider first the matter of the prevalent When the copra was curing and the village gre studded with thousands of little cusps, each being without and milk-white within, and each destine main there until the heat had dried the nut meat proper brownish tone, there rose and spread upon t stench so thick and so heavy as to be almost vis rancid, hot, rottenish stench. Then, when the wi off the seas it frequently brought with it the taint o fish. Sniffing this smell Ethan Pratt would pray fo breeze; but since he hated perfumery smells al intensely as he hated putrescent ones, a land bre no treat to his nose either, for it came freighted w sickish odor of the frangipane and of a pl islanders call *mosooi*, overpowering in their co sweetness.

In his letters he complained much of thes and likewise much of the heat, but more than c he complained of the insects. I appear that the mosquitoes wo him in shifts. By day there ca mosquitoes, creatures of the s and matching it in seeing that they w gray-striped fellow keen and strident voi night there were smal mosquitoes, in color propriate black and more bloodthirsty th lans. After dark th of his kerosene lamp them as the traditior in the traditional ca is to returning wande brought them in millio with them tiny persiste and many small coffin beetles and hosts of unwholesome-looking m many sizes and as many Screens and double scr the window openings avail to keep these visitors out. how they found a way in. The m toes and the gnats preyed up the beetles and the moths were l the flame to a violent end. To s wick from being clogged by the bodies he hooded the top of th with netting. This caused th chimney to smoke and foul its soot. To save his shins from at



He Was Alongside by the Time Her Anchor Chains Had Rattled Out, and the Skipper With His Own Hands Passed Down to Him a Mail Bag



At the Top of the Beach, Stenciling Themselves Against the Sky Line, Ran a Fringing of Coconut Palms

p his legs in news-
r ouskins. For his
s. s face and his ears he
vise no protection.
l encountered just outside the door were huge flying
o hes that clung in his hair or buffeted him in the
ı hey blundered along on purposeless flights. Still
iects, unseen but none the less busy, added to the
r of his jeremiad. Borers riddled the pages of his
s; and the white ant, as greedy for wood pulp as
p baron, was constantly sapping and mining the
r nings of his house.

u ing on the climate his tone was most rebellious. By
c nts the weather was rarely what one born in Ver-
ould regard as seasonable weather. According to
it outstanding characteristics were heat, moistness
t ciness. If he took a nap in the afternoon he rose
ı s from a Turkish bath. His hair was plastered to
e all day with dampness; his forehead and his face
w t; his wrists were as though they had been par-
d nd freshly withdrawn from the water. Perspira-
g ed his garments to his frame. His shoes behind
o turned a leprous white from mildew and rotted to
s hile yet they were new.

e orest, into which he sometimes ventured, was a
dampness, deepness and smells; a place of great
t fungoids, sprawling creepers, preposterous look-
a sites, orchids, lianas; a place of things that crawled
c bed and twined and clung. It was filled with
sounds—the booming of wild pigeons; a nagging,
ir sound as though woodchoppers were at work far
depths; and a constant insane chattering sound,
o h mad children, hidden all about him, were laugh-
t im. Dusk brought from their coverts the flying
o utter curious notes as they sailed through the
n g, and occasionally sharp squeaks as of mortal
y r intense gratification—he couldn't make up his
hich. After nightfall if he flung a lighted cigar
p ut upon the sand he could see it moving off in the
n s apparently under its own motive power. But the
as that a land crab, with an unsolvable mania for
ir the rôle of torchbearer, would be scuttling away
t stub in one of its claws.

e orest sheltered no dangerous beasts and no venom-
r tiles, but in it were stinging nettles the touch of
h was like fire to a sensitive white skin. Also, the
r of the lagoon were free from man-eaters, but wad-
l e to shore one was almost sure to bark one's shanks
p oisoned coral, making sores that refused to heal.
n the river, which flowed down out of the interior
N ea, Pratt likewise bore a grudge, because it was in
r r that a brown woman washed his clothes on the
e returning them with the buttons pounded off; but
v y missing button there was sure to be a bright yel-
s i-indelible stain, where the laundress had spread
g ments to dry upon a wild berry bush.

v y two months the steamer came. Then the white
p ion of the station doubled and trebled itself. Traders
s rekeepers came by canoe from outlying islands or
r mote stations on the farther side of his own island,
G d Friday Island had but one port of entry and this
it Beachcombers who had been adopted into villages
h interior sauntered in over jungle trails. Many of
n ere deserters from whalers or from naval vessels;
t ll were handsome chaps in an animal sort of way.

o his common sharing of a common comeliness among
n ere was a reason. In a land where physical per-
f literally is worshiped, good-looking men, brawny and broad, are surest of winning an asylum and wives and tribal equality. To Pratt it seems to have been a source of wonderment that almost without exception they were blue-eyed and light-haired; he could understand of course why their skins, once fair and white, had changed to the color of well-tanned calfskin. The sun beating upon their naked bodies had done that.

There also would be present a party of overseers and managers from a big German plantation on an adjacent island. The traders and the Germans would appear in white ducks with white shoes smartly pipe-clayed, and white straw hats. The beachcombers would be in clean pyjama suits with bright-colored neckties. Ordinarily these latter went about bare-headed, bare-legged and bare-bodied except for the lava-lava made of fiber from the paper mulberry tree and worn like a kilt about the hips; but now, in white men's garments, they sought to prove that they still were white men and civilized white men too. If the steamer were late, as very often happened, some of the visitors would take advantage of the wait to make themselves roaring drunk on gin.

So much briefly for the stage setting of Ethan Pratt's environment; now for the personality of the man: Of all the breeds and the mixed breeds that have gravitated out of white lands into these sea islands of darker-skinned peoples, there surely was never a more incongruous, more alien figure than this man presented. For you should know that in all things he was most typical of what is most typical in a certain cross section of New England life—not the coastwise New England of a seafaring, far-ranging, adventurous race, but the New England of long-settled remote interior districts. He came of a farming stock and a storekeeping stock, bred out of the loins of forbears made hard by the task of chiseling a livelihood off flinty hillsides, made narrow by the pent-up communal system of isolated life, made honest and truthful by the influences behind them and the examples before them of generations of straight-walking, strait-laced, God-dreading folk.

That form of moral dyspepsia known as the Puritanical conscience was his by right of inheritance. In his nature there was no flexibility, no instinct for harmonious adaptability to any surroundings excepting those among which he had been born and in which he intended to end his days. Temperamentally he was of a fast color. The leopard cannot change its spots and neither could he change his; nor did he will so to do. In short he was what he was, just as God and prenatal reactions had fashioned him, and so he would remain to the end of the chapter.

For all the four years he had spent out there the lure of the South Seas—about which so much has been written that it must be a verity and not a popular myth—had never laid hold upon him. Its gorgeous physical beauty, its languor, its voluptuous color and abandon, its prodigally glorious dawns and its velvety nights—held for him no value to be reckoned as an offset against climatic discomforts; it left him untouched. In it he never saw the wonderland that Stevenson made so vivid to stay-at-homes, nor felt for one instant the thrill that inspired Jack London to fine rhapsodizing. In it he saw and he felt only the sense of an everlasting struggle against foreign elements and hostile forces.

Among the missionaries he had acquaintances but no friends. He despised the swaggering beachcombers who had flung off the decencies of civilization along with the habiliments of civilization and who found a marrowy sweetness in the husks of the prodigal. Even more he despised the hectoring Germans with their flaming red and yellow beards, their thick-lensed spectacles, their gross manners when among their own kind and their brutishness in all their dealings with the natives—a brutishness so universal among them that no Polynesian would work at any price for a German, and every German had to depend for his plantation labor upon imported black boys from the Solomons and from New Guinea, who, having once been trapped or, to use the trade word, indented, were thereafter held in an enforced servitude and paid with the bondman's wage of bitter bread and bloody stripes.

Temperamentally He Was of a Fast Color. The Leopard Cannot Change its Spots and Neither Could He Change His

He had never been able to get under the skin of a native; indeed he had never tried. In all the things that go to make up an understanding of a fellow mortal's real nature they still were to him as completely strangers as they had been on the day he landed in this place. Set down in the midst of a teeming fecundity he nevertheless remained as truly a castaway as though he had floated ashore on a bit of wreckage. He could have been no more and no less a maroon had the island which received him been a desert island instead of a populous one.

When a chief paid him a formal visit, bringing a gift of taro root and sitting

(Continued on Page 101)

MOONSHINE

By WALLACE IRWI

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SA

ROBERT BURNS PIPLING was an author. He admitted it. You or I, being earth-born, might have classified him as a manufacturer whose business it was to take raw life, pour it into a busy grinding machine—to wit, a typewriter—and turn it out in the form of a finished product suitable to the appetite of American consumers between the ages of eighteen and eighty. But he stuck to it that he was an author, held the thought and did his best to make the illusion universal; Who's Who gives him a solid paragraph, mentioning poems, plays, pamphlets, novels and novelettes, the names of which I withhold for fear of giving offense to his publishers.

Every artist is an inventor in the embryo. Leonardo invented the wheelbarrow and Morse abandoned painting in order to give the world a more or less useful telegraphic apparatus. I cite these historic examples merely to prepare the public mind for several things, otherwise unaccountable, which Robert Burns Pipling did during his wife's brief absence from Spouting Springs, West Virginia, where the Piplings had interned themselves for the summer.

Possibly you have a picture in your mind of the moderately eminent Mr. Pipling. You visualize him as an elemental soul, a sufferer slightly at odds with his generation, a sort of house-broken Jean Christophe with hair a little long, necktie a little loose, and eyes—eyes a size too large for his head, deepened by the sadness of dreams at odds with his generation.

In one particular you are right—the matter of dreams at odds with his generation. Let us view him in actuality as he stood on the platform of a small West Virginia station on a cold September morn and removed his cloth cap in the presence of his wife, who had an inherited prejudice against being kissed by a gentleman with his hat on. It was inhumanly early in the day; the train had a cruel habit of departing before sunrise and the Piplings had swallowed coffee out of a patent bottle and called it breakfast.

Bareheaded in the rosy dawn Mr. Pipling presented an appearance of almost startling nudity. An enthusiastic biographer might have referred to his brow as high—indeed it was that, for it blushed nakedly from his thoughtful forehead to that anatomical hinge where the upper vertebra joins itself to the base of the skull. His figure was solid, not to say fat. He wore a knickerbocker suit of an obtrusive gray and a pair of those zebra-striped shoes which always suggest twin cruisers beautified by a camoufleur's attempt at protective coloration.

His wife, who managed to remain lovely as the dawn, regarded his woeful face and looked a little worried. Only pressing business could have called her away thus suddenly from her husband and the two other babies in her care.

Bobby," she said, making a step toward the toy train of mustard-colored cars, which were beginning to jerk restlessly, "are you sure you are quite well?"

"Yes, honey," was Robert's depressed reply.

"Don't smoke too much."

"No, darling."

"And I've left a dozen wool socks, all nicely mended, in the top drawer of your bureau. Don't think of wearing cotton socks in this weather. There's a lot of grippe going round."

"I think I'm getting it," he suggested hopefully, a shudder passing through his well-padded form.

"Bobby! I know something's going to happen while I'm away. Please try to take care of yourself."

"I think a walk will fix me up." He said this with a martyr's smile.

"If you don't get warm take a hot bath with some mustard in it."

"I will. And, darling ——"

"Yes, Bobby?"

"Suppose I should need it—I don't think I shall, but you can't tell—didn't we bring a bottle of Bourbon down from New York?"

"Oh, yes." Angy's tone was casual. "Of course we're keeping it for medicinal purposes."

"Well, when you're cold and need a drink isn't that a medicinal purpose?"

"Yes. But something awful might happen. And if you once open it it's gone."

"Of course."

Stretch his imagination as he might he couldn't think of any emergency that would require either of his children—the elder of whom was less than three years old—to drink a full quart of high-proof Kentucky Bourbon. And Maggie Dempsey, the nurse, hated the sight of alcohol; that he knew full well.

Finally he resumed with a suppressed sigh, "Where's it gone?"

"I gave it to Maggie to keep," she admitted, and kissed him again, rapidly this time because the brakeman was howling, and looking at her as he howled.

He helped her to the steps of a mustard-colored coach.

"Don't let Willie play near the pond," she called from the moving platform. "I'll telegraph when I'm coming. And tell Maggie to look in the wardrobe trunk for the baby's ——"

Mechanical roarings annihilated the notes of human affection. Robert Burns Pipling, who was one of your geniuses who look better with their heads covered, put on his cap and assumed a thoughtful pose which would have been valuable to him had his publisher's representative been there with a camera. He might have been planning the climactic scene in his impending novel The Marriage of Jezebel. As a matter of simple truth he was thinking about that bottle of Bourbon. Where had Maggie put it?

He strolled moodily over to an early breakfast at Bubbling Springs Hotel, a resort more pretentious, hence more fashionable than Spouting Springs, which lay a good six miles up the road. Pipling ate alone, and the ham and eggs were as ashes in his mouth. He wanted that bottle of Bourbon and he thought it grossly unfair that his Angeline should have departed without giving him a written order upon Maggie Dempsey, who would, he suspected, require coercion.

Perhaps I have given a false impression of Robert Burns Pipling. He was not one of those grubby specimens whom sociologists tag as drinking men. Far from it. He could take it or leave it alone; he had left it alone with a dreadful loneliness during his three months' s the driest state of the driest nation upon our tr earth.

But there had come to him of late that morbid bred of a conscientious objection to Amendment Ei He had been satisfied with mountain air and me spring water up to the close of August, when spirited men of the world had appeared at his ho changed the psychological aspect of everything.

They liked to play poker, they liked to sit round and reminisce—and where is fancy bred of gin even at the prevalent price of forty cents a pint Pipling they were dignified men, these three, me fairs, science, social distinction.

There was a full-blooded Norfolk real-estate o named Tweed, there was an eminent Boston s named Biskoff, and there was a Percival Lamin studious young gentleman of the diplomatic servi was awaiting an appointment to a new post; he it would be Italy, where he could pursue his st Etruscan marbles.

Now there is interned in every manly breast a s bad-boyishness which when kept in solitary confi satisfies itself with dormant dreams of early crim but once expose this impish spirit to others of its l it whistles rowdishly upon its psychic fingers, stru break its chicken wire and be free.

Almost upon his first handshake with Pipling t Tweed of Norfolk had asked, "You don't happen t where I can get a little ——"

He had supplied the important noun with a two-f gesture perfectly understandable to the initiated furtive question, that sig roused the sleeping demon. again had that questio broached between the auth the three worldly gentleme thirst, like an invisible g floated forever over them.

"Isn't there such a thing sonal liberty in this free co sneered Mr. Pipling this mo he sat on the Bubbling Spr randa digesting his breakf thinking about a world whic bleak and drear despite its tumnal coloring. about time for him t ing back to Spouting he thought, and he s calling a jitney.

On a red porch chai him someone had lef of yesterday's Virgin A headline, black-fa important, caught his picked up the sheet that which seemed stage in his spirit cline perfectly innoce harmless:

BIG HAUL OF MOONSH

SHERIFF EGGLE AND DEPUTIES CLEAN U NEAR PINE POI

The article below thoug in local color was rich in the fearless champion of order who by superhum ning had surrounded a litt cave near a mountain str caught three bandits re with twenty gallons whisky, warm from t Many deputies were h mentioned, and among t Hig Botts, whose name recognized as that of an e ing jitney driver who ope tween Spouting Springs railway station. The n account, poverty-stricke it was in picturesque de parted to the author's brain a thrill of uncanny Hig Botts of the suave a manners, who jitneyed t raised a few sheep and s in real estate, was, ber commonplace exterior,

A Blond Clerk Who Attended Them at the Hardware Store Looked Mildly Interested When the Amateur Moonshiners Asked for Copper Kettles

re a man, a se-
rember of the
e ment's law-
reg body! What
erl for a motion-
ur performance
e ou-All School!
tl shame of it—
t gallons of un-
e whisky poured
ally into the
ain stream
hnce had cooled

pig breathed a
-osen literary
al strolled down
station to find
epensive vehicle
y his lazy legs
alking. There
several jitneys
rig about; Pip-
ose the nearest
nd signaled
nmindedly. Its
e clambered al-
tl sterically down
s seat, applied
ank with one
hy swing, and
it nimbly to the
el his haste im-
n that the pas-
e might change
nd and choose
v—inquired in
yd tone, "Back
epoutin', Misteh
ir?"

S'aight back,"
nnded the au-
, ontrolling his
e for as he came
his trancelike
e plations he was
r of the driver's
cality. It was
lg Botts, assist-
lro of the Pine
id.

n Botts, as our
u studied him
ne tonneau, was
icure of pastoral
ace proper to his
snal occupation
s ep raiser and
o country squire. He had been
kg wool, he informed Mr. Pipling
sirt of confidence as he twisted himself halfway round
rmitted the jitney to run itself. Wool grease thickly
il his raw red hands went far toward verifying his
e ent. Mr. Botts had a puckered prickly face with a
ot much larger than his Adam's apple, and glassy
hich seemed to be always surprised by what they
. His head, which was perfectly flat in the back, was
precariously on a long neck and sloping shoulders
pincushion on a claret bottle. He wore a shirt of
t riking Highland plaid so often affected by the rough
raineers of our motion-picture studios.

u are—er—kept quite busy, aren't you?" hinted
pling, hoping that this would serve as a lead toward
lg revelations of moonshiner activities among the
l and crannies of the Blue Ridge.

's, seh. We put away right smaht o' wool this yeah,"
sed Mr. Botts, slightly shifting the eternal amaze-
of his eyes.

u raise something besides sheep—eh, what?" sug-
te the seeker after facts. He said this with a naughty
l which was wasted on the jitney driver.

's, seh. Chickens."

M Botts turned abruptly to his wheel and deflected
urse just in time to scrape the paint of a fat limousine
ring round the curve.

rest of the trip was taken in a silence which per-
tl Mr. Pipling to indulge his moody mood. He had
that Mr. Botts would prove venal, would drop some
ts to where, when and how white whisky could be
ed. What had become of that twenty precious gal-
rested so heartlessly from the condemned mountain
Pipling had tried more than once to purchase a bottle
liquor, either moonshine or bootleg, but a spirit of
an honor seemed to have swept over the natives, both
and white. He thought of his three engaging friends,
al-estate man, the surgeon and the diplomat, and how
had hinted that since they were all equally wifeless
eek a wee dram now and then would hurt nobody's

Pipling Beheld His Dear Companions and Waved as He Passed, But They Gave Him No Heed

feelings. He had met and talked to men at the Springs who had got the stuff, according to bandit vernacular. He had heard romantic tales of bootleggers passing through the state with mysterious offers of inferior rye at fifteen dollars a quart; tales too of plain men from the hills who would accept currency by the light o' the moon, fill your jug and be gone. What couldn't Mr. Botts tell him, would he but loosen the tongue inside that prickly face?

As their flying chariot was approaching the colonial façade of Spouting Springs Hotel the unhappy genius turned his mind toward Maggie and the one full quart of Bourbon which Angy had confessed was in the keeping of their confidential nurse. Wasn't the liquor his, bought and paid for? What right had Maggie Dempsey to be concealing the property which her employer had brought into a dry state at his own risk and expense?

"It's an outrage!" he growled, and the little car had no sooner come to an asthmatic stop at the hotel veranda than he leaped savagely to earth, fully determined to meet Maggie face to face and assert his rights.

At a shady corner beyond the white pillars three serious-minded men sat, heads together, grappling in learned debate. Pipling beheld his dear companions and waved as he passed, but they gave him no heed. A short broad red-faced gentleman set his bulldog jaw and brought a square fist down on the arm of his chair; a slender well-groomed individual sat cross-kneed, caressing a military mustache as trim and glossy as his reddish pompadour; a little scientific man, his brow corrugated by years of minute analysis, peered through horn-rimmed spectacles, his eyes squinted flat in the intensity of his analysis. Apart from the group a tall gentleman whose black clothes and reversed collar proclaimed his profession was pacing the porch and smiling a benevolent smile.

"What's the argument now?" asked Mr. Pipling, pausing.

"Shantung, I reckon," announced the Reverend Mr. Beagle.

Pipling was rather glad to be out of the debate, because in common with some seventy-five millions of his fellow Americans he was beginning to think that a certain strip of the Orient whose location was vague in his mind should be put up at auction, and have done with all palaver.

Down in a hollow of the lawn he found Maggie Dempsey and his two children leading their normally restless life. Willie, it turned out, had already been playing in the pond and had brought back samples of its alluvial deposit on his hands, face and bare legs. He greeted his father with effusive cordiality and made splendid finger marks up and down Mr. Pipling's light knickerbockers. The baby was crying with that patient whole-hearted scream which only a teething baby knows how to maintain.

"Daddy!" cried the child, whom Pipling finally identified as his own. "Wanna fish!"

"Sure, ye want to fish," declared Maggie, acting as interpreter. "The minut yer mother's back's turned—and small reason she should be gaddin' off to Noo Yark—ye're afther drowndin' yerself in mud and slime. And now ye'll be needin' another bath for the day. Who but the good saints could keep ye alive to grow into a grand man like yer father?"

Pipling gleaned no compliment from the last remark, whose intended sarcasm was apparent. He made little of Maggie's bitter mood, for experience had demonstrated her almost fanatical love for his children. He had a romantic idea that in a pinch Maggie would do almost anything for the Pipling family—outside of keeping her temper. However, he had sought her out for a slyly unworthy purpose. "Maggie," he began, "there seems to be a great deal of influenza going round."

"There'd be none av ut," she informed him dourly, "did people but take dacent care of thimselves."

"I think I've been exposed to a draft," he pursued. "I seem to have a headache and a slight temperature."

"Ye don't look ut," she decided after a cool inspection.

"I suppose not."

He turned sadly away. Certainly the auspices were unfriendly. At first inclined to smile, his indignation grew against the dry conspiracy as he took his way toward the cottage on the brow of the hill. Maggie Dempsey had concealed a bottle—his bottle—somewhere in the depths of Pipling's temporary home. Though the idea of visit and search was against his every principle of conduct his mind was now set upon that loathsome expedient.

It was a large cottage which the Piplings occupied, an eight-room establishment with a second floor devoted to Maggie and her restless young. He set himself methodically to the search, avoiding only his workroom, whose contents he knew by heart. With all the patience of a conscientious burglar he rummaged every bureau drawer, every closet, spied upon shelves, peered under articles of furniture. His secret mission had carried him to the second floor, where he had made a thorough job of the nursery and had even got so far as a locked trunk just outside Maggie's door when a domestic clamor below announced plainly that Willie was being hauled back for his second bath.

Pipling tiptoed down just in time to face Maggie and his first-born on the stairs. He was humming a merry tune and his face had taken on the look of detachment and purity peculiar to a criminal almost caught in an act of crime. Maggie obliged him with a keenly suspicious look, but it was little Willie who, as the vernacular hath it, spilled the beans.

"Daddy, what you doon in my upstairs?"

"My, how dirty you are!" chirped the author by way of a counterirritant. "Now run and take your bath and do what Maggie tells you."

During the subsequent splashings and screamings, which came to Pipling's ears like the noise of many water fowl in violent disagreement, he rocked nervously in a hard red

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LYDIA LEADS THE WAY

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT IS nearly always a mistake to begin a story at the beginning, but in this case it is so very necessary to show the environment which produced Lester Henry and his wife, Lydia. In fact in the beginning, it must be explained, Lydia was not Lydia. She was Lizzie. It was only after Lester was well started on his career as one of the popular writers of the day that Lizzie became Lydia. Lydia, she felt, sounded more imposing. It may even be assumed that she used the word "tonier"—Lydia, she said in those remote days, sounded tonier than Lizzie. Afterward, of course, when the Henrys were transplanted to New York and Lester had begun to syndicate his work through newspapers, afterward when his name—or so Lydia thought—was on everybody's lips, she had learned that tony was not one of the words that a prominent author's wife should use.

Lydia, you see, learned fast. She had determined early in Lester's career that he was not going to leave her behind, no matter how rapid his progress. In books, in newspapers and periodicals she had made a thorough study of the strange and vacillating ways of genius. She had heard too of certain financiers who—springing from nothing into the dazzling radiance of great wealth—had outgrown their first wives. Well, Lydia had decided that she was not one of the wives who was going to be outgrown. Wherever a most indulgent Fate led Lester, there she also was going to be led. She was going to keep up with him—in culture, in the subtleties of society, in the knowledge of men, women and events, in dress—especially in dress.

And then Lydia came to one of those decisions which marked her too as a creature of genius. She was not only going to keep up with Lester; she was going to keep ahead of him. It was Lydia, not Lester, she decided who was going to lead the way.

"What's the Matter?" He Asked. "Oh, I Know. I'm So Sorry. I Never Met You, Did I?"

The courtship of Lizzie Robinson and Lester Henry was carried on chiefly over the counters of the general store in Peltonville owned by Lester's uncle. Peltonville is a village in New York State near the Canadian border. It was—and still is—six miles from the railroad. Peltonville is the type of village which is just able to support comfortably one of everything—one hotel, where the drummers stayed overnight—never more than that—and the sporting element of the community took their suppers every Sunday evening; one drug store, which made as much from its soda fountain in summer as from its drugs all the year round; the one general store owned by Lester Henry's uncle, one hardware shop, one undertaking establishment and one—no, maybe there were two grocery shops.

It rather seems now as if the courtship were carried on by Lizzie. Eligible males were rare in Peltonville. The brightest boys left and journeyed afar to seek their fortunes. Lester Henry was not bright—at least no one considered him bright at that time. But he was a pleasant young fellow, a little rotund, slow in his movements but eager to serve, listening with a peculiar intensity to the gossip of the countryside that came to him every day over the counters the while his pale-blue eyes twinkled behind his glistening glasses. Lester himself never said very much. He gave some fidgety people the impression that he was always studying them and—as it developed later—he probably was. He was also very shy. He was never one of the young men who walked down the dark side of Maple Avenue on summer evenings with their best girls. He was the poorest patron of Jenks' Livery Stable. He didn't even own a boat on Trout Lake, where the swains of Peltonville every Sunday afternoon during the brief spell of hot weather showed their skill at the oars with some fair representative of the other sex sitting opposite where she could watch with admiring eyes the swelling muscles of her young man.

Lester Henry needed to be courted rather than do the courting himself. And Lizzie Robinson, who in those days was a bit too stout and who hadn't the remotest idea as to what to do with her very lovely red hair and whose freckles marred what otherwise might have been the pinkest and whitest of complexions, wanted someone to walk with her on Maple Avenue and take her buggy riding and rowing. Owing to the dearth of eligible young men, a girl was not at all sure of these delights unless she happened to be one of the half dozen village belles—which Lizzie was not.

So one day Lizzie decided that Lester Henry, despite his shyness and quiet—perhaps because of these—was worth cultivating. After that decision she manufactured the most amazing number of reasons for calling at the general store. Once there, whether it was a spool of cotton, a paper of pins or a cake of soap that brought her, she stayed chatting with Lester. It was a primitive plan but an effective one.

"I don't know as you'd like me for a husband, Lizzie," Lester said one evening—and he said it stammeringly while his face was suffused with a dark brick-red color, but fortunately that didn't matter as it was said on the darkest corner of Maple Avenue.

"Yes, I'd like you," said Lizzie, and she slipped her arm through his, drawing him close.

"I'm sort of a queer one," said Lester.

"Why?"

"I've got a bee in my bonnet."

"What do you mean, Lester?"

Lizzie wasn't finding him a very satisfactory lover, but she did not relinquish her hold.

"I've got to have a couple of hours to myself every night and Sunday—a lot of time on Sunday."

"What in the world for?" asked Lizzie. She was genuinely surprised.

Lester became almost inarticulate with choking embarrassment.

"I—I'm writing some sketches of the folks round here. I've been writing a lot ever since I was a kid. I never told anyone before you. You didn't know either that I'm the Peltonville correspondent of the Canton Courier, did you?"

"No, I didn't. Do you get paid for it?" asked Lizzie sharply.

"Only a couple of dollars a week. I do it mo the fun of it."

"Maybe you could make a lot of money w sometime, Lester."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Yes, maybe you could," insisted Lizzie. "You' to make more money now—now that we're going married."

"Oh, then you will marry me, Lizzie? I'm awfully He managed somehow for the first time to give he shy dab with his own. "I didn't know you'd mar I—I don't know what you see in me."

"Well, I don't know as I know myself," said Lizz in the darkness she gave him a look containing muc of maternal feeling than any other kind of feeling. an expression that was to become characteristic when she looked at Lester.

So they were married, and after two weeks' hone spent along the St. Lawrence River on an excursio which meant reduced railroad fares, reduced hote and all sorts of reductions, they settled down in yellow house at the farthest end of the East Road. an insignificant little house, but it gained a certain a of prestige because it was the house nearest the S place, where old Elihu Sprague, a widower and t really wealthy man in Peltonville, lived. The S place was Peltonville's one mansion—a great, rambling house set most pleasantly on the a small lake with rich rolling meadows all a and an orchard of fancy apple trees forming a at its back.

In the tiny yellow house Lizzie, singing, housework and puttered a little in the gard cooked the best pies and biscuits in the wo Lester. It was an art she had learned great-aunt, the fame of whose cooking had throughout the country and had won her prize at the annual Canton fair. while Lester continued to clerk uncle's store, but managed to fin day two hours in which to shut up in a room at the rear of the house.

Both Lester and Lizzie were Indeed Lizzie was far happier th had expected to be. She had ca Lester, not from any great feeling but rather as a matter of precauti pride. She wanted to be marrie wanted to show Peltonville tha though men were scarce she was of the Peltonville maidens who w ing to be left on the shelf. But a marriage a genuine affection for flowered within her. She liked after him. She liked to humor hi good heavens—she said to hersel he did need looking after! Ne there such another booby. W didn't know his right shoe from his left! But she say these things in contempt. She said them with a loving tenderness. And often in the afternoon wh sat on the front porch in the rocker with some n in her hands she found to her surprise there were her eyes, and the tears were there because she was t how helpless Lester was and how ill he would fa were not for her.

It seemed then for a time as if destiny had settle and Lester there in the tiny yellow house on the Eas There they were put, there they would stay. Th their ultimate fate and they were satisfied with it. time it seemed incredible that they would be floate on a wave of prosperity and fame—away from Pel to the metropolis of the western world, to enter i life of the metropolis, snatching their full share glitter, its glory and its folly. It seems stranger st the germ of this adventure should be contained in hours that Lester gave himself daily in the rear roo the shed where the wood was piled and the kerosene

It was the editor of the Canton Courier who su to Lester that he have his sketches of Peltonville typ submit them to a publisher. He was a curious ma editor of a small-town weekly. Jackson West ha degrees at Harvard and at Cambridge. He had k all about the world and he had indeed a knocke look. He was a little frayed in spirit. His eyes were as if they had seen too much. His smile was slow a charming. Above everything it was tolerant, as if h the weaknesses of all the world and was anxious done them. It was a strange wave of destiny, t tossed him up in a small town of Northern New Y left him stranded there.

ey he drove over to Peltonville and called upon his
nyle correspondent. He happened to come at lunch
ar Lizzie, who had just brought a pie from the
nisted that he have lunch with Lester and herself
df going to the American House—the only alterna-

lis the way you report Peltonville affairs," said
onWest to Lester. "You seem to be able to get a
u an being into a line or two. It's a rare gift."
scrutinized Lester speculatively, but Lester blushed
e his eyes on his plate.
zi however, quickened with interest.
husband's writing a book about the people round
e said.
hLizzie!" said Lester reprovingly. He didn't like
v his secret betrayed thus casually. But Jackson
rected Lizzie's quickened interest.
want to read some of it," he said.
ed eyes were alight with enthusiasm after he had
w pages of Lester's neatly written manuscript.
lake this over to Canton and have it typed," he
'hen you can go over it, finish it up and we'll send
Courtney."
i's Courtney?" asked Lizzie.
blisher."
h;'s lovely of you."
dizzie found herself liking Jackson West. She had
kl him at first, because his accent sounded foreign
tk-up to her. She had invited him to lunch be-
e thought he might be useful to Lester, but now
had proved useful she liked the man himself. She
do Lester.
ways knew you could make money out of your
g' she said, "if you had gumption enough to show
a body."
lon West also suggested calling the book of sketches
e folks, and when it was finished it was sent to
t y under that title. But Courtney did not accept
atson West, however, who it seems was interested
g to take the entire matter in charge, smiled and
t manuscript to the great publishing house of Con-
ee & Co.
Vaimed too low," he explained to the bitterly disap-
te Lester.
rant, Lee & Co. accepted the book and published
e llowing autumn.
ro simple a thing—a tale of the village barber, a
aerization of Miss Spence, the dressmaker, the ac-
tf the funeral of Lars Hansen, the village drunkard
si ilar sketches—it had a surprising reception. Eager
sell upon it, seized it and held it aloft as an example
true spirit of America at last portrayed. They
iseemed sprung from the very soil, that it had a
mespun quality and marked a new *genre* in Amer-
lerature. They said other things that left Lester
eand groping as to their meaning. Fortunately a suf-
ny large number of the public also liked it well enough
oe five editions in as many months.
In at the end of six months Lester
id his first royalty check he was as
finded as Lizzie was exuberant. Mean-
ene editor of a woman's magazine wrote
ked for some similar sketches.
Bt I've already got all the poeple I know
nbook," said Lester.
In't be a fool, Lester. You can't let
pportunity go by. There's Aunt
da Sweet down at
r orners. Do her," sug-
e Lizzie.
tfirst Lester said he
lc't, but he retired to
ar room and emerged
e days later with the
Miranda sketch. The
gine editor sent a sur-
ly large check for it
ked for more.
Lie and Lester had more
n than they knew what
d with—at least Lester
l. Lizzie began to enter-
isions of a larger life.
ad read assiduously of
every copy of the
n n's magazine which
dasked for Lester's
tes. She was flooded
t new ideas—about
tls, about dinner parties
e, delectable things were
vl in chafing dishes,
the possibilities of life
tl city. She was so excited that she could hardly
eat night and when she did sleep she dreamed
lrself radiantly attired, sweeping through hotel
ls, entering theaters with a cloak of silk and fur
on negligently over one shoulder, presiding at
dinner parties in restaurants where people turned to stare at her because she was the wife of the great author. She could not understand Lester's indifference to his good fortune. He had no plans, he saw no future. His complacency amazed and maddened her. She realized at last that it was she who must lead the way.

One summer evening Lester returned from the general store to find Lizzie waiting for him on the porch. She had on her best lavender-lawn dress and she was fanning herself triumphantly with a new spangled white fan.

"'Lo, Lizzie," said Lester. "What are you all dressed up for? Isn't supper ready?"

"I can get you a cold pick-up supper in a jiffy, Lester," Lizzie answered. "But first I want you to sit down here on the step by me and listen. I've got a lot to tell you."

Lester obediently sat down on the step, and removing his yellowed soft straw hat swung it gently to and fro. He drew out a handkerchief and mopped his brow, on which already the hair was getting thin. He looked small, rounded, a little pathetic and very much like one of the characters in his own book as he sat there crouching at Lizzie's feet.

"I've been over to Canton to see Jackson West," said Lizzie.

"Yeh?"

Lester's interest was entirely perfunctory. Lizzie tapped her foot impatiently.

"He says he'll give you a job on his paper, Lester," she said briskly. "It'll be awful good training for you, he says, and it'll be more broadening living in Canton. It's a bigger place. There's more going on there."

"Why should we move away from here, Lizzie?"

Lester gravely and regretfully eyed his small demesne—the little garden in which marigolds made merry in the evening sunshine and golden glow tossed their arrogant heads and gladioli lifted their flaming torches, the village street tranquil beneath the trees and in the distance the little lake of the Sprague place set like an opal in the rolling green meadows.

"Well, you can't go on clerking here, Lester. You've got to get a bigger job and a better one than that. Look at all the money you're making! You've got to do something more—more dignified than clerking. You've got to give your genius a chance to develop."

Lizzie now was quoting very largely from what Jackson West had said.

"You've got to see more of life. It's your duty to the world, Lester."

"Do you think you'll like living in Canton, Lizzie?"

"Well, I'll like it better than this little place. I'll like it all right for a year or two."

"For a year or two? Will you want to come back here then?"

Lester lifted a face to her that had distinctly brightened.

"For lands' sake, no, Lester! After a year or two in Canton we'll go on to New York. We'll be ready then to go on to New York."

"New York!"

He said it in a tone that expressed both awe and fright.

"Certainly, New York, Lester! That's where you've got to go if you're going to make a real success of your writing."

"Do you want to go, Lizzie?"

"I certainly don't want to stick in this part of the backwoods all my life, Lester."

"All right, dear, we'll go then," he said, and rising he gave his wife's lips one of those shy dabs of his.

But after she had gone into the house to get him his cold pick-up supper he still remained out upon the front porch, his eyes upon the flowers, the quiet street and the rolling meadows. Once in a while he sighed.

It Was Lydia Who Held Preston at Bay and Made Him Promise He'd Seriously Consider Lester's New Novel

The Tintoretto is the last word in New York's studio-apartment buildings and it might be said that Mrs. Lydia Henry as she alighted from a taxicab and sailed into the marble hallway of the Tintoretto, bowing with just the right degree of friendly condescension to the door man, the second door man, the hall boy, the telephone girl in her gilded cage and the elevator attendant—it might well be said that Mrs. Lydia Henry was the last word in studio-apartment occupants. Even that harsh critic, the telephone girl, gave her a begrudging glance of admiration.

Lydia's suit was a warm brown of exactly the right shade to emphasize the brilliant bronze of her elaborately dressed hair and over the hair itself was drawn a small velvet hat, brown too, but with a fierce stab of color in the shape of a flaring scarlet wing. Over the gleaming brown boots she wore were drawn white spats, and a bit of white fur was clasped round her neck, challenging without success the perfect pink and white of her complexion. But the most noteworthy thing about Lydia now was the slim grace of her figure. She was as lithe and supple and resilient as youth itself.

At the doorway of her own apartment on the sixth floor she fished a key from a glittering bag of gold mesh and let herself in. She moved down the hallway of the apartment through a living room decorated in black and gold, through a bedroom done in gray and rose and stopped before the closed door of a tiny room at the very rear of the apartment designed by the architects as a storeroom. She knocked at the door and said sibilantly, "Lester!"

There was no answer.

Again the knock, again the sibilant "Lester!"

As there was still no answer she pushed open the door and entered. The room was so small that it contained but three pieces of furniture and these three were huddled together. There was a rather weather-beaten oak desk, such as you find in some offices, a stiff-backed chair before the desk and at one side a crumbling old couch. So furnished, the room was a glaring incongruity compared with the rest of the apartment. But aside from these three pieces of furniture the room was empty. Tears of vexation sprang to Lydia's eyes. She hesitated a moment, her finger on her lip, and then made her way through various doorways and pushed open the swinging door of the butler's pantry.

"Estelle!" she called.

A very trim and cocksure colored maid appeared and presented an unsmiling and inquiring face. "Estelle, do you know where Mr. Henry is?

"No'm."

"Did you hear him go out?"

"It seems like I heard him moving round 'bout two hours ago, Mis' Henry."

"That means he's practically done no work all afternoon," said Lydia more to herself than the maid, and again the tears of vexation were in her eyes.

She turned to go away, but the maid halted her with: "Mis' Henry, I'd like to have my last week's pay."

"You're not going to leave us, are you, Estelle?" Lydia asked in alarm.

"No'm, but I'd like to have my pay more prompt."

Lydia still carried her gold mesh bag and she opened it and gave some bills to the maid.

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THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTO. BY BLACK-D PHOTO. SERVICE, LOS ANGELES

"I Give You My Word I'm in It!"

OH, YES; I fly." I intend to say it nonchalantly. The gentleman at my right or left—for I shall spring it at a dinner—will, I hope, stare at me in amazement, while I toy with my food. "Toy" is of course a figure of speech; I haven't really toyed with it for twenty years.

"Do you mean that you have been up?" he is to say.

"Of course."

"Really! How—er—how high?"

"Various elevations," I shall observe, again nonchalantly. I shall then remark that there is a curious thrill about the Immerman turn that is perhaps equaled only by the tail spin, but that for real rest without excitement, a sort of aërial vacation, I prefer long-distance flying. One comes down so rested and refreshed. One feels akin to the birds. One has communed alone with the clouds and been a little sister of the sun. One has wiped off the earth dust for a few hours and breathed the ether of the high places. One—but you have heard all that before. Everyone who doesn't fly and takes on a life-insurance policy before going on a scenic railway at an amusement park raves about the upper air.

But long before this is published I shall have shot my dinner-party bolt, and I intend here to record the actual facts about my flying. I am going to be the one unprofessional ex-passenger in an aëroplane to tell the truth about how I felt about it. But remember, I am not going to knock it. It is a great thing. It has come to stay. The time is almost here when we are going to stand out on the front lawn and scan the sky for our returning husbands at the evening hour, and have our monograms in electric lights on the roof so that the children can find their way home from the dances or the movies. And we women will have little vanity cases in our smart little ships—that is a professional touch, that "ships"; aviators always say it—and buy air clothes instead of airy ones.

Do you think this is a dream of the future? All right. Watch the next two years. I can remember when a young man in my neighborhood took the family buggy and odd parts of an old express wagon—and probably the household teakettle, for he ran his engine by steam—and made a vehicle which scared the neighborhood doctor's horse over a fence and stalled on all the car tracks. When that young man stopped inventing and went to the Spanish War everyone went in and congratulated his mother on his improved chances of life.

The aëroplane is past that stage of course. It is now, relatively, where the automobile was when one climbed three steps in the rear and got in between the two back seats. But it is with us to-night, and we may as well acknowledge it.

Why, when I had done a bit of flying and telephoned to a department store for a woman's aëroplane coat they sent me one in a half hour, by a boy on a motor cycle.

There is an odd thing about that dinner-table conversation. The moment I make my announcement all the men within hearing are going to explain why they haven't been up. It is a lucky one who thinks first of saying that his heart isn't very good. That lets him out for the rest of his life, though he may have to square himself with his wife later. The rest have always meant to, but have simply neglected it. They probably will that week sometime. One or two of them are thinking of buying a plane and commuting with it, but their wives object. And a quick thinker among them remembers the new flying clause in life-insurance policies, and lays it to that. The other men glare at him.

But the greatest efforts of all in the genteel-mendacity line are made by the people who have been up, the ones who shut their eyes the moment they hop off and never open them again until they get back, and never draw a full breath until the pilot stops the engine and says: "Well, how was it?"

They then release their stiffened fingers from the sides of the body, which they have been clutching with frenzy, breathe, swallow, look round at the glorious solid earth, only five feet beneath them, and say: "Glorious! I felt like a bird. It is simply indescribable. The most exquisite calm! And that sense of freedom!"

They then crawl out and look down to see if the shaking of their knees is noticeable.

"I'll be round to-morrow for another little jaunt," they say. "How much are the blooming things anyhow? If I can persuade the famil you don't want a n dollars for it, I may little bus."

The pilot then unf the buckle of the er ast's helmet, becaus latter's fingers are trer too much; and he g and crawls into his au bile and rehearses a way home how he is to spring his heroic ture on his friends. does not go back to t ing field. He takes a road so as not to pass be hailed and taken another joy-ride.

It is perfectly under able. We have not, by heredity or traini natural inclination f ing. It is an acquire Man takes to the ai as normally as a fis only he can be train and the fish cannot, of course, perfectly tr some people have from the beginning, b are, generally speak lymphatics, the unir tive folk who have perament and little ir tion. They do not m best flyers, however, are not quick think flying takes head w course in time it b more or less automa driving a car, a m the spinal cord rath the brain.

I have been up fou On my fourth tim made a long-distan of 150 miles. Befo published I shall p have been up a nu times. At this mon leather coat, helmet gles are lying on And if to-morrow i day —— I like it am in the plane; re it. But it still take moral courage I've get me in. I'm cur imagination. My e out the aëroplane c in the morning pa a sort of fatal facilit in a motor, but I calmly and courage automobile mishap read of drownings a swim in deep water with a stroke of my own, w swimming instructors crazy, and show no violen I can read of a family laid by the heels with cold turkey, and go out fearlessly and order a cold turkey and digest it without a qualm.

But flying is different.

In the first place this thing of feeling like a bir an aviator of my acquaintance calls "bunk." It sport. It is as good sport—better in some ways motoring on perfect roads. It lacks some of th motoring. The untrained eye finds the earth bel esting rather than beautiful. It is too much flatt for beauty. Its perspectives are altered, and its tions. The surf lines of the ocean from above ar The clouds from above are things of marvelous and also give a comforting sense of something so upon if anything happens. It is not quiet and The noise of the engine is an incessant roar, not through the helmet, rather comforting indeed, b it stops where are you? But a noise, nevertheles

But it is incredibly swift, easy and stimulatin

I intend to be the one honest person who has flying. I told a woman that to-day at luncheo that most people didn't tell the truth about th

(Continued on Page 107)

A Post-Mortem on Cock Robin

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

LBRATE the ultimate consumer. He
ing his time. I like him, and publicly
g is praises whenever I can. He is the
ttacks the load. He does not whine under punish-
eek sympathy by showing his sore thumb when
u. He is not organized. He has no voice. But
decides he has had enough of a thing, that thing,
y it is, stops, ceases to be, is not any more.
e old managers of the Republican Party. They
hast lot he jolted in the midriff. They haven't got
t. He did not like the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.
ised the cost of living. It took money out of his
d put it in the pockets of tariff beneficiaries who
deserve it. The ultimate consumer was not present
ented at the tariff hearings. He didn't make much
while the unjust imposts were being made ready
his back, but when the job was done he threw off
ren, and with it Mr. Taft and the Republican

you don't know the ultimate consumer. He is
an flivver. He takes you there and brings you
he hack driver at Niagara Falls sensed him clearly
told Mr. Bryan one rainy autumn afternoon,
sses of the people form the bulk of the popula-
hat is a great economic, social and political truth.
rget it you are sure to be bumped. And if the
consumer bumps you you are sure to be hurt,
an unwieldy mass, slow to move, but when he does
r way he acquires considerable momentum. Do
ember the poem in the elocution book that we
recite from on Friday afternoons in school? I
e one about Mr. Brown, who was on the top of a
er hanging pictures when he lost his balance and
nds this way:

Brown had fallen on the cat.
She was too thick for a bookmark
And too thin for a mat.

elling you now, so you won't be surprised by what
pen to the high-cost-of-living profiteers.
ltimate consumer is the plain average human being
s and has his being in this country of ours. He is
conscious, because he doesn't know the meaning
rm. He is not labor and he is not capital. He is
nized. He has no class interests; or if he has he
know about it. He is not an articulate emotion-
ou never hear him yawping about his rights, but
nd, after infinite patience and tolerance of unjust
, he always gets them. He settles things in this
, because he outnumbers all the special interests,
of capital or of
id labor, five to

homas Carlyle,
s a good hand
sort of thing,
d the ultimate
er when he
out the famous
n of the Midi
arched from
les to Paris and
ook so large a
precipitating
nch Revolution.

U. C's Case

BATAILLON
U 10 AOÛT,"
to be called.
were hot pa-
"Forçats they
ot, neither was
plunder nor
of it," wrote
. "These Mar-
," he concluded,
n inarticulate,
nguishable in
, a black-browed
ull of grim fire,
end there in the
ultry weather:
ingular to con-
te. They wend;
he infinitude of
, and dim of
they are not
ul: Fate and
Europe, having
d, come girdling in from without; they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such march shall become famous. They must . . . strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper, and know how to die."

As the ultimate consumer puts it, compactly, in his own vernacular: "We are on our way. And where do we go from here?"

That is what I have been trying to find out this summer by going out among his abiding places in the hope that he would be vocal and state his case. The labor case is stated; the radical case is stated; less ably and less completely, the case of capital is presented. But this clamorous outcry is going on over the consumer's head. He is the buyer. It is for him that all the advertisements in this and the other magazines and journals and newspapers are printed. The consumer's function is to consume, and unless he buys and consumes, production is waste effort.

The good Lord knows there is no more willing consumer and buyer on the face of the earth than the average American. He is notorious for it. It is a law of his nature, as it is that of the Turk to make nougat or perish. But the architects of production are cramping his action. The fellow I am talking about, and the fellow I have been sitting with on various front porches this summer watching it rain—did you ever know such a rainy summer?—is not a waster or a spendthrift or a crook. He wants as much as anybody and he wants it of the best and he doesn't haggle over pennies, but he is not going to buy what he can't pay for and he is not going to spend right up to the limit of his earnings. He wants to put by something. It is a deeply implanted instinct, and a sound one too. My friend the ultimate consumer knows it.

He doesn't take much stock in these newfangled political notions and nostrums that seem to be finding favor in many minds. He doesn't hanker after direct action or any of the strong-arm methods now having a temporary vogue among violent extremists. The U. C. is an orderly person with a full share of common sense. He knows that injustice exists in this world, and, for that matter, always has. He wants to right wrongs almost more than anybody else, but never at the expense of others. He knows that the mere business of living and the daily routine of arranging for food, shelter, clothing and a bit to spare against the time of old age and physical disability imply mutual easements, accommodations and adjustments. He believes there are enough laws and sufficient open channels of political action in this country to remedy his present situation. He has been up against it before so hard that he bounced back. He knows how to rid a barn of rats without burning the barn.

Some years ago the neighbors were hanging a man up in the Bitter Root country for stealing horses. Before they swung him off they asked him if he had anything to say. He said this: "I am as interested in these proceedings as any of you gents, but I ain't as excited as some." That, I think, fairly represents the present state of mind of the ultimate consumer. Even if the political and social machine isn't working properly he doesn't think it will help to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. He doesn't see how a general strike and the entire stoppage of production will help him or anybody else. He believes that a lack of production is one of the root causes of his troubles. I am backing the common-sense fellow to win and find a way out because he is so very much in earnest and because he hasn't lost his head. But let him speak for himself.

He tells me that he is paying more for his clothing, for his shoes, for his food and his housing than he ever dreamed of paying, and getting infinitely poorer stuff. It is costing him at least twice as much to live now as it did in 1913 and 1914. His earnings are not more than one-quarter larger than they were then. The margin between what he takes in and what he absolutely has to pay out to keep going has been clean wiped out. His patience is wearing pretty thin. He is sure there is something mighty wrong somewhere—as of course there is.

A Typical Conversation

ONE typical conversation, for the sake of illustration: "You see this town. It is an average American city. There are more like it than any other kind in this country. It has no specific character. It is not a mill town, with half a dozen very rich men in it and a great many poor mill hands. It is just a plain civilized community of human beings adjacent to a fairly good farming country. I am a salaried man. I always have been and probably always will be. I have never been able to earn enough to go into business for myself. I do not know that there is any opening here for a new business, and I don't want to leave here. All my interests are here. All my friends are here. I like the place and the people. Why should I go away? Why should I be driven away? But look at the fix I am in.

"Take anything you like. Take collars. I used to buy them at two for a quarter. Now I have to pay 25 or 35 cents apiece, a dollar for three or four. I wear ready-made clothing. I always have. I was never able to afford to have a tailor make me a suit. I didn't see any sense in it anyway, as long as I could get as good a suit as I wanted ready-made for less than a tailor would charge me to make it. Everybody else here did the same thing. There is a tailor shop here. You might have seen the sign as you came up from the depot, 'The Bon Ton Tailor.' Well, you go down there and ask Isadore and I'll bet he will tell you he did not make three suits a year. He made his living pressing and cleaning and repairing.

"I used to pay $15 for a suit of clothes. Then I paid $18. Then I paid $25. I would get two seasons of wear out of them, on an average. The first season I would keep them for Sunday clothes and the next season for everyday wear.

"But what about it now? I have to pay $50 for a suit as good as those old $25 suits.

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Massachusetts Militiamen Rounding Up Hoodlums on the Boston Common After a Raid on the Gambling Games Run Openly There in Defiance of the Authorities

THE BEAN SPILLE

He Saw Reddall Stamping With Stolid Efficiency on Something in the Path—Something That Killian in One More Stride Must Have Stepped On

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE city of Scorpion is indicated on the state map by a small and round and reddish spot that suggests a miniature mosquito bite. This through no fault of H. Abiff Reddall. If Reddall had had his way the site of Scorpion would have been marked on the map by some such emblem as a resurgent Phœnix or by an eagle triumphantly soaring heavenward between symbolic figures of Progress and Plenty.

Reddall was the greatest man in Scorpion and Scorpion was Reddall's life. Mighty was Reddall—mighty in spite of his meager flesh and his five-feet-two of slumping stature and his hairless little dome. His very baldness had a rare distinction of its own—a distinction best summarized by a glove salesman who broke a two-hundred-mile jump at Scorpion and who spent the bulk of his three-hour stay there in a fascinated survey of H. Abiff Reddall. After which the glove man wrote home to his wife or to someone else's:

"All bald heads are glacé—all except this little chap's. His is suède."

The suède quality was imparted by a Brûlé-Sioux scalping knife back in the early seventies, when Reddall—a mere whippet in his teens—was making his westward trek from Hampden, Massachusetts. A year later the scalpless young pioneer had been one of the eighteen men to found the frontier town of Scorpion. Others of the party strayed on toward the coast or sought gold in the mountains to northward or punched cattle among the dreary flat plains to the south. But Reddall remained at Scorpion. And at last he was the only member of the original colony to continue living there.

Hundreds of newcomers meantime arrived and turned the original camp into a cluttered cattle and mining center. But at the age of twenty-four H. Abiff Reddall had been Scorpion's oldest inhabitant and first settler. This dual dignity meant infinitely much to the youthful oldster. From the outset some queer strain in his imagination had been stirred by the thrill of founding a town where recently the desert had ruled. It was this that had kept him at Scorpion when his colleagues drifted on. It was this that gave Scorpion the supreme pedestal in his tiny temple of idols.

He felt, somehow, responsible for the ugly little settlement. He rejoiced mightily over every new addition to its roll of citizenry. He would plead with much eloquence against the wanderlust decision that sent folk away after brief sojourns. Any outbreak of lawlessness, any wholesale fire or epidemic in the fast-growing huddle of houses filled him with a personal shame and grief.

Because he was willing to devote his every spare minute to Scorpion's uplift and growth his more selfish townsmen allowed him to. Wherefore, Reddall presently found himself the place's business manager and advertising agent and factotum. And he was able to turn his two former titles of oldest inhabitant and first settler into a trinity by adding the undisputed term of Foremost Citizen.

There were people in those early days who grinned widely when this soft-voiced and suède-peaked runt sought to turn them from pests into assets, or when he protested against outrages or sought funds for waterworks and sidewalks. But oddly enough the same man never grinned twice at Reddall.

The simple little chap was not a fire eater. He was gentle and punctilious—almost deprecatory. But he valued his life not at all and he valued still less the lives of those who stood in the way of Scorpion's advancement. And there was the same hint of passive deadliness about him that marks the gila monster.

Had he been a few inches higher or a fraction less unobtrusive the title of judge or of colonel must have been cinched about him. But somehow it never occurred to anybody to call him anything more resounding than plain mister. Nor did public office seek him. As sole owner and editor of the Scorpion Sentinel he continued to rule the bulging young city from the side lines.

Year by year Scorpion grew, whereat Reddall was jubilant. But in time the growth slackened and Reddall's joy merged into worry. Scorpion was not a dead city, but neither was it a live city. Reddall, who knew and fostered its several advantages, yearned for the money or the occasion to show the indifferent Eastern bourn of capital and of tourists the wonders of his community. He felt certain that all Scorpion needed was a fair chance. Once let the world know about it—and the world would wear a broad path to its door. Meanwhile the city drowsed between few and sporadic spurts of wakefulness, and Reddall wrought vainly to interest the rest of the universe in it.

Then all unexpectedly—an uncovenanted mercy, a stroke of dazzling luck—something happened which put Scorpion not only upon the map and sent thousands of tourists crowding thither but which gave it repeated daily mention in every newspaper printed in the English language. It happened in this way:

Young Cronin—whose parents had lived and died in the firm belief that their rugged son's name was Rothapfel—had traveled upward through the heavyweight division with the speed of an express train plowing a path through a bunch of sheep—and with almost as many casualties.

Starting as a mixed-ale warri
the intervals of truck driving
Cronin had battered his way in
two preliminary bouts at Easte
ing clubs and thence into regul
on off nights. After this he had been signed up
famed patron of fistic art, Spider Andy Sludge.

Under Sludge's shrewd management the upwa
had begun. In less than two years Young Croni
unbroken string of victories which cleared aw
obstacle between himself and the heavyweight c
of the world, and which left the champion himself
native but to accept the contender's oft-repeated c

Cronin's page in the pocket-edition Ring Rec
tained not one fateful L. Not even a nonc
No Dec. Scarce a single W. or Dec. adorned the
his triumphs. After the name of practically ev
was the glorious hieroglyph: K. O.

Of such stuff is the born champion made—the
is born to win and who never loses a battle unt
with the honors of his long-held championshi
beaten by some younger man, a man who has
lacked the cash and prestige for such dissipation
undermined his waning rival.

Such a born champion was John L. Sulliva
champions were Corbett and Jeffries and—with o
ful exception—Bob Fitzsimmons. This being b
degenerate days when two men with records abrist
and No Dec. were allowed to fight each other for t
heavyweight championship of the world. The bo
pions' record of wins began with their first figl
continued until they had held the championship

Joe Killian, heavyweight champion of the w
no great desire to defend his title against Youn
No champion wants to fight if he can avoid the
he has everything at stake. Any bit of ill luck d
bout will put him forever in the has-been ranks.
everything to lose and—except for the financial
he has nothing to gain. Wherefore, he holds off
he can and then stands out for something lil
quarters of the proceeds—win or lose. Which is
a right almost always conceded to him.

Killian had won his title by a four-year cour
varied victories. He had held it for three years
four times since the belt had become his and w
four battles with comparative ease.

Now that the sporting world's clamor roused
his comfortable rest and bade him meet Youn
he grunted in huge disgust and prepared to go int
again.

Even before the articles were signed Killian and
ager were breast-deep in letters and telegrams fr

lus bidding for the fight. Flattering offers were
d ide by more flattering offers. Cronin was tremen-
y ppular. The fight promised to be a record money-
r. Sporting men, promoters and motion-picture
s epared to flock to the feast.
name the traditional clash between sport and law.
i those days this clash was old. As fast as one
t made a bid for the contest the local authorities or
blic sentiment cried "Shoo!" And another place
xt on with the same results.
til at least six of these desired sites had perforce
al ndoned did the promoters of the Killian-Cronin
d over that the laws of one state were monstrous
t oward such contests—in other words, that no
l laws existed there. And Scorpion—thanks to
al and his henchmen—proved to everyone's satis-
t hat it was the sole city in the state which could
e prize-fight crowd in proper fashion and could
m date the mass of transient business and lodgment.
n the Giant Corral—one of the show places of
it—was chosen for the erecting of the stadium, and
n able shelllike houses rose by magic from every
d vacant lot. These flimsy abodes made ready to
a aring board-and-lodging signs the moment their
sl uld be in place. A horde of strangers settled upon
t o supply welcome of various sorts to the inevitable
l Scorpion woke from its doze to find the eyes of the
n Hemisphere upon it.
dall was gorgeously happy. He was working twenty
day. His paper was athrob with projects for mak-
e anent some of the city's impending popularity.
w spending his own none-too-plentiful money in
ls andfuls and his own brain power and energy with-
t t. Scorpion's one grand chance had come and
n was preparing to make his worshiped community
e ry advantage thereof.
t "this way," he explained haltingly to Mr. Dennis
a han, proprietor of Scorpion's Eagle Hotel. "S'pose
a house for sale.
e train wreck was
i fifty rich folks to
o e for shelter. Well,
w t to make that
e o hell-roarin' at-
i to those rich folks
me of 'em would
a ancy to it an' want
a n there, even if they
c uy it. Wouldn't I?
's like that with
p n. We gotta ——"
I t was me," inter-
d Mr. Dennis Brana-
, is imagination fired
h picture, "if it was
r fifty rich folks was
e randed in my hotel
o place else to go—
I wouldn't bother me
th any of 'em wanted
u it or not. I'd trim
s good an' plenty for
t ngs they'd have to
f m me at my own
e hat I'd collect the
e f the house twice
, n' I'd still have the
s e That's my idee of
n. An' I reckon it's
T n's idee, too, judgin'
h——"
dall sighed and
away without wait-
near more. This was
irit he met every-
the spirit he was
o hard and so vainly
o bat.
rin's training camp
a little ranch three
out of town on the
t Gloriosa trail. Kil-
d rented the aban-
e old rest house and
b uildings on the edge
S rpion at the other
. The two men met
e r twice during their
y ogs—always by the
manner of accident
lways when a full
p of correspondents
e n hand.
these momentary
t gs they would glower
o usly at each other,
d behind backs as
u in dread of being
asked to shake. And their trainers would whisper hoarsely to the correspondents the details of a purely hypothetical feud between the two which made each yearn for the heart's blood of the other. Reddall was present at one of those well-rehearsed chance meetings on the road and he thrilled at the deathless hate which blazed from the fighters' eyes.

Reddall knew much about Indians. His knowledge of hold-up men and border ruffians was by no means academic. But this was his first close-up of professional pugilists. It stirred him as the sight of a circus' muffled wagons rolling into town by night stirs a group of goggling small boys.

Busy as he was, he spent many a spare half hour in one or the other of the two training camps. Mouth ajar, he noted the superb muscles of the naked giants as their handlers wrought over them after the morning run. With fists clenched he watched the fighters hammer away at their husky sparring partners. He saw them give and take blows that would have killed a man of Reddall's advanced age and retarded stature. He saw them rip the punching bags to tatters and skip the rope a hundred times and wrestle on the mat and shadow box and play handball—one exercise following another without actual breathing space between. And he saw them emerge from an hour of this as unwearied and buoyant as though they had just risen from sleep. He wondered, and in his shy little soul a hero worship was born. For a year's income he would not have missed his chance of seeing these herculean supermen meet in the stadium arena.

Carefully Reddall studied the two gladiators. He studied them at work. He studied them at rest. He listened with grave eagerness to the large talk of their handlers. He read every word he could find as to their past performances. He was pathetically anxious to form a definite opinion as to the respective merits of the pair, thereby to change his own general admiration to a sharply definite partisanship and to back his belief to the limit of his resources—which was Reddall's way.

It was a petty thing that brought his wavering judgment to a focus and woke in him the blind partisanship he sought. One morning he had gone over to Killian's camp to watch the champion's first hour of daily grind. He found Killian about to set out on a ten-mile jog and walk with his trainer and one of the sparring partners. On his own invitation Reddall joined the hike for a mile or two. He had seen one chance meeting between Killian and Cronin on the road and he yearned for an off chance to witness another.

Despite his sixty years the little editor held his own fairly well during this morning's jog. His short legs were counterbalanced by a wondrous wind and his dryingly stringy muscles were stanch. In the sprints he was left far behind, but always he caught up at the first stretch of walking.

So at the end of the second mile the four were abreast as they mounted a stiff bit of rocky knoll that jutted wartlike out of the surrounding prairie. Reddall started up the stony slope at Killian's side. Fifty feet farther he astounded the champion and the two others by hurling his wizened body against Killian and, by a very clever piece of amateur tackling, throwing the unprepared fighter abruptly to one side.

So sudden was the onset that it knocked Killian clean off his balance and sent him caroming against a bowlder a yard to the left of the path. With a grin at the bantam pioneer's furiously uncalled-for attack Killian wheeled about. He had a vaguely humorous inspiration to take the fresh little oldster over his knee and paddle him. But on the instant, the plan died.

For as he turned he saw Reddall stamping with stolid efficiency on something in the path—something that Killian in one more stride must have stepped on. The thing was a ten-button rattlesnake that had been sunning itself in the narrow hillock trail. Killian took one look at the crushed and wiggling thing. He noted its position in the path. Then he glanced down at his own low canvas running shoes and bare ankles. And he blessed the keen eyesight and the swift presence of mind of the little man who had saved him. His blessing took the antiphonal form of a long-breathed "Hel-l-l!" But it was none the less heartfelt.

Reddall finished stamping the life out of the snake, as though it were a matter of every-day routine. Killian observed the editor's low-cut congress gaiters and saw the rattler had thrown a convulsive fold about the lankily lean shin above one of them. He shuddered and then cast a look of new and abiding admiration on the unconcerned Reddall.

"Y'oughta watch out better where you're treadin'," coolly admonished the snake slayer. "There's a passel of those rattlers hereabouts. And I'm lottin' to win a pile of cash on you next week."

Reddall did not know why he had decided all at once that Killian was the man he meant to back—that Killian now looked to him like an absolutely sure winner. Neither did the immortal M. Perichon realize why he gave his daughter to the swain whose life he had saved rather than to the suitor who had saved Perichon's own life. But it was an infallible human trait that actuated old Reddall. He had rescued Killian from certain injury and from possible death. Wherefore his heart went out to the champion, and he was convinced that Cronin could stand no possible chance against such a Paladin. That very day at the Eagle House bar he backed his opinion at even money for a larger slice of his savings than he could well afford to lose.

(Continued on Page 81)

"Good Day, Gentlemen, an' Remember, if You Think I'm Bluffin' Just Go Ahead an' Call Me"

THE YOUNG IDE

By RUTH MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"WE WANT our Abe should learn to play." As she spoke, the infinitesimal scrap of Semitic motherhood watched me timidly out of soft, worried black eyes set in a face fairly powdered with a myriad of fine lines. She was clothed in the most nondescript of shoddy dresses, and sat lost in the recesses of the chair opposite me, her hands twisting the strap of her weather-beaten hand bag as she explained carefully: "And we want that you should teach him."

"I see." I answered a little absent-mindedly, while Abe stood close to his mother and followed my every move with an intense and unblinking stare.

"You said that he has studied before, didn't you? Then suppose he plays something for me."

And so nine-year-old Abe, not overly clean, black-haired and sloe-eyed like his mother, galvanized into eager trembling-fingered action, played. Any educator who has come in contact with members of his race will tell you that they are either dolts or geniuses—that there is no middle intelligence. Abe, standing there, with all his childish anxiety to please writ large on his small face, was not a dolt by any manner of means.

"I am glad," his mother said sometime later, the words coming with a little rush—"I am glad Abe should have you for a teacher. And I hope he should make a good pupil."

I reassured her, and as she stood hesitating near the door, as the unsophisticated do in making a departure, I suddenly wondered how out of her poverty, her tenement, her sweatshop existence, she had been brought to my particular studio door, and I asked her.

There Was an Air of Absolute Triumph About Her When She Finished. I Could See Plainly That I Was Expected to Burst Into Tears of Rapture

The Frozen-Hearted Mansfield

"I WANTED Abe should learn to play." There was the passion of all her own thwarted desires in her voice. "And I wanted that he should have the best teacher. They told me that here in this building I should find a good teacher. So to-day I make up my mind and take Abe and we come down here."

"But there are other teachers in this building."

"Yes"—her eyes twinkled at me shrewdly—"but I asked the elevator man which should be the best and he sent me to you."

It was irrefutable in her mind. If that resplendent liveried individual vouched for me no other recommendation was necessary. But after all her method was hardly much more haphazard than some of those employed by more enlightened music students in the choosing of a teacher.

There is nothing more noble than the profession of teaching. Someone is always hurriedly making this statement as a belated sheepish appreciation whenever one of the guild may momentarily blot his horizon. Yes, yes—the greatest benefactors of the human race! What is more glorious than to have the rare privilege of taking the mind of a little child and molding it and enriching it with the knowledge, the pure distilled wisdom that has been gathered together by the erudite down the ages; to give to the tiny impressionable soul the essence, the flower of our facet experience and to know that our seemingly infinitesimal efforts are the actual foundation on which our country's learning, culture and art are built; that we are making articulate those who otherwise might be mute inglorious Miltons and all that sort of thing? It's a great idea—this exalting of learning. Lovely—with but one trifling flaw. That flaw consists in the positive aversion that the infant soul, unblemished by crude worldly knowledge, often evinces toward having learning, this higher expression, forced upon it. It often simply won't take to it. It prefers to be mute. It clamors to be a clod. Now there was Mansfield.

Mansfield was the more or less promising offspring of the plutocratic head of an enormous business concern. He was eleven years old, a small, indiscriminately thrown together specimen of the aristocracy of money. He wore socks that exposed to the ribald knobby knees and scrawny pathetic legs; he had a chronic sniffle and a cold blue eye that told the world that he had sounded life to its very depths and found it a hollow thing. He was surrounded by the usual flock of governesses, and his mother—to insure his obedience—was continually poking her head into the room where he was in the clutches of instruction and threatening him with instant immersion in an icy bath if he did not pay attention and get his lessons.

I have worked an hour with that boy and h to the point where he was almost human a his mother come in with her eternal thr undo all my drudging effort. That weird afflicted humanity was literally swampe teachers. There was a lurid scandal that he eve French in his bath. Five days a week during the was only an assistant teacher I journeyed acro some eight or nine miles from my obscure boardin to help this young idea to sprout. His was an desperate attitude toward music.

I battled long and hopefully with the hard shel pidity with which he protected himself from thos clan. It always inflicts painful injury on my vanit in anything, and his hard-boiled imperturbability me on to valiant efforts. I endeavored frantically some spark of interest in his turbid breast by stress faithful old stand-by—the human-interest note. the stories I could remember of those master genit made the famous violins which bring such huge day. I never made a point about his lessons that illustrate with some anecdote. Being young a cent, I took to heart all the fool theories originated indifferent or merely stupid people about this ma method appealing to the child's interest in any gi ject. I put music up to Mansfield as a sporting pro and my sole reward was numerous ill-concealed si the small martyr. But I was not going to be down eleven-year-old boy with a sniffle, so I assumed a l overwhelming enthusiasm and slaved on with hi trated and explained and then explained some m my tongue raveled out about the edges.

The Story of the Messiah Strad

ONE day I almost got a rise. To drive some point I'm sure I've forgotten what—I was relating cient yarn anent the violin known as the Messiah St day was hot and I was not worrying myself about t descriptive touches with which I generally emb my story. I was telling apathetically about the l who bought the entire contents of Stradivarius' s the heirs and took them piece by piece to Paris, more ordinary and then the more perfect and exq struments, always telling them of a marvelous vi most beautiful of all instruments, with which h amaze them one day. I related how the little Jew so enamored with this perfect violin that he could himself to the point of parting with it.

When I came to the part of my story where t sians had become disgusted with his continual bra this wonder instrument and had begun to call it siah because it never came, I noticed Mansfield, been standing by a window staring out dully a sweep of lawn, straighten and an eager brightn into his eyes. Excited, I warmed to my subject. myself from my lassitude and wound up with an o flourish and then waited hopefully for the first t pression of the so-called childish mind.

I didn't wait long. Mansfield turned to me wit flush high up on his cheeks. "I wish you'd lo there," he exclaimed tartl ing out of the window graveled drive below.

I did so. All I saw wa little runabout paused b

(Continued on Page

They Made of Him a Typical Infant Prodigy, Velvet-Suited and Spindle-Legged, and Dragged Him Hither and Yon to Play

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I Associated Press sent me on another fool's errand
lsides that of going to Washington to get an act of
Congress copyrighting the news of the association.
vs in conjunction with Col. A. K. McClure and Mr.
l Emory Smith the chairmanship of a committee
ined and directed to seek a contribution from Andrew
ee toward the building of a home for disabled jour-
tive aimed to establish in Colorado. We had about
(cash in hand. We required half a million.
y olleagues promptly dropped out and left me the
told. Perhaps it was for the reason that they knew
P sburgh ironmaster better than I did and foresaw
ul prove an empty bag. Nevertheless, having myself
ant acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie I undertook
t ness with cheerful alacrity, confident of success. It
seem to me possible that the man who was donating
o to libraries all over the country could resist a
a appeal so cogent and just. I do not see now how
ic But he did.
' Carnegie," I said, "no man owes more than you
o e newspapers. They have been universally friendly
o They have cost you nothing. Nor could there be
r ier charity. The press lacks a contingent fund for
is oled veterans. When one of them falls by the way-
his taken to the poorhouse to be thence carted to the
yrd unless there be relatives or friends rich enough
ride for him and to bury him."
I n not a phee-lan-thropeest," he cried.
n was all I could get out of him. I wrote to him. An
t rote back evasively. It was suggested that I go to
sl rgh and from that vantage set certain specified
cs at work. I did this, but without the least encour-
n t. Finally I had to give it up.
Conny Scot was Andrew Carnegie. His abilities were
is extraordinary. Untoward wealth had marked him
down. A new and cheapened process for the making
d found him in the iron saddle at iron headquarters.
He was ready to take the fullest advantage of this, with a Protectionist party in Congress ready and ripe to back him. Thus many moons after, the consumers of the country were annually levied on to pile up the Carnegie millions. He was a canny Scot, glib with aphorisms addressed to poor men and meant to soothe them into acquiescence.

No one man, no isolated business house or institution could by normal means earn in profits the stupendous sum of money which Andrew Carnegie amassed before he was fifty years of age; and though he declared that he proposed to give it all away and die a poor man, since no rich man durst go with his millions into the presence of his God, he actually died one of the two or three richest men in the world. I doubt whether his benefactions took more than his income. They certainly did not sensibly reduce his principal.

They were mainly devoted to public libraries. His education had been limited, and having a literary turn he put a disproportioned estimate upon the value of books. He was truly not a phee-lan-thropeest. If he had possessed any depth of feeling or even any breadth of vision he would have contributed the money asked of him to a home for superannuated journalists, commending himself to the good will of a grateful body of men, for he was a vain man, proud of display and eager for notoriety. After his refusal I could never bring myself to feel other than aversion toward him and I dropped the acquaintance, never seeing him again. Charles Emory Smith and Alexander K. McClure knew what they were about when they declined to act as members of the committee of the Associated Press, charged with a duty so idle and thankless.

II

THE American newspaper has had, even in my time, three separate and distinct epochs: The thick-and-thin, more or less servile party organ; the personal, one-man-controlled, rather blatant and would-be independent; and the timorous, corporation or family owned billboard of such news as the ever-increasing censorship of a constantly centralizing Federal Government will allow.

This latter appears to be its present state. Neither its individuality nor its self-exploitation, scarcely its grandiose pretension, remains. There continues to be printed in large type an amount of shallow stuff that would not be missed if it were omitted altogether. But except as a bulletin of yesterday's doings, limited, the daily newspaper counts for little, the single advantage of the editor, in case there is an editor—that is, one clothed with supervising authority who edits—being that he reaches the public with his lucubrations first. The sanctity that once hedged the editorial "we" has long since departed.

The editor dies, even as the actor. He literally leaves no copy. Editorial reputations have been as ephemeral as the publications which gave them contemporary importance. Without going so far back as the Freneaus and the Callenders, who recalls the names of Mordecai Manuel Noah, of Edwin Croswell and of James Watson Webb? In their day and generation they were influential and distinguished journalists. There are dozens of other names once famous but now forgotten: George Wilkins Kendall; Gerard Hallock; Erastus Brooks; Alexander Bullitt; Barnwell Rhett; Morton McMichael; George William Childs, even Thomas Ritchie, Duff Green and Amos Kendall. "Gales and Seaton" sounds like a trade-mark; but it stood for not a little in the national capital, where newspaper vassalage and the public printing went hand in hand.

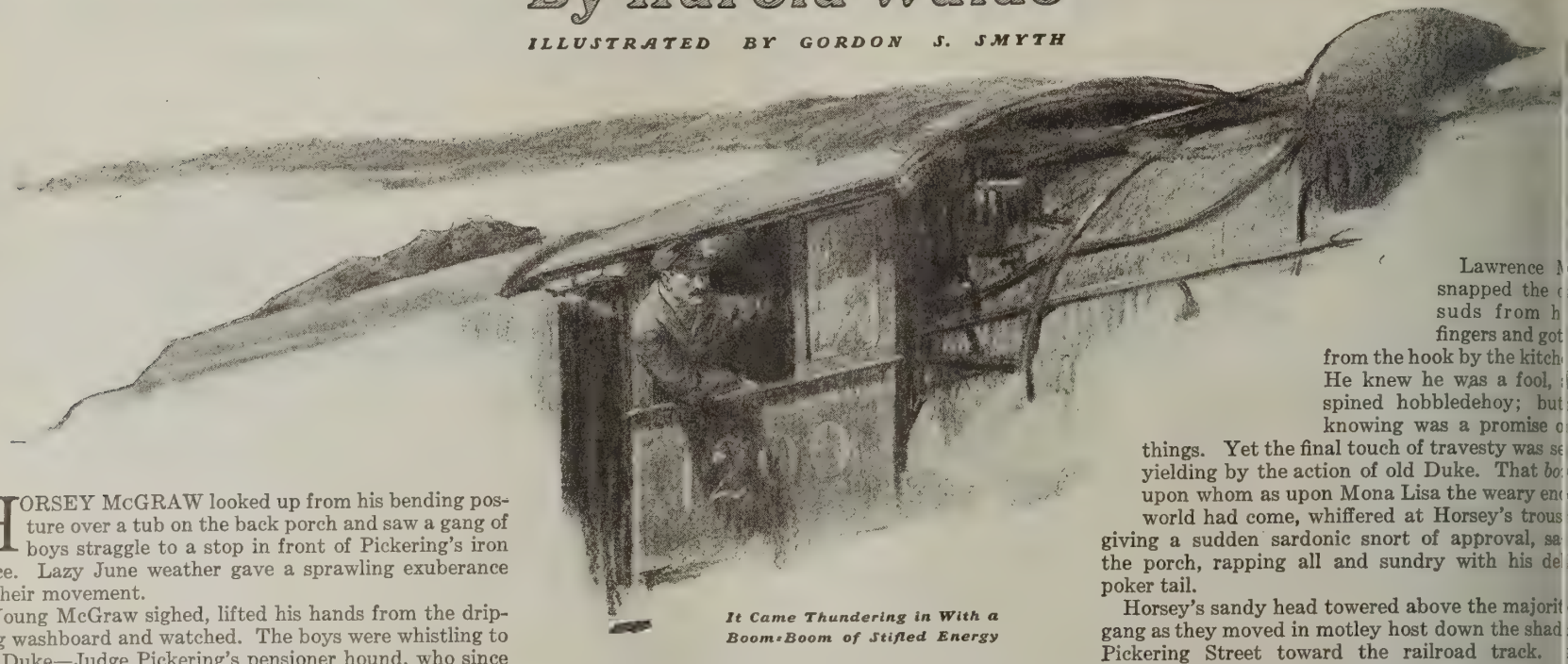
At the outset the duello flourished. There were frequent affairs of honor—notably about Richmond in Virginia and Charleston in South Carolina—sometimes fatal meetings, as in the case of John H. Pleasants and one of the sons of Thomas Ritchie, in which Pleasants was killed; and the yet more celebrated affair between Graves, of Kentucky, and Cilley, of Maine, in which Cilley was killed,

(Continued on Page 149)

OLD TWELVE HUNDRE

By Harold Waldo

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON S. SMYTH



It Came Thundering in With a Boom-Boom of Stifled Energy

HORSEY McGRAW looked up from his bending posture over a tub on the back porch and saw a gang of boys straggle to a stop in front of Pickering's iron fence. Lazy June weather gave a sprawling exuberance to their movement.

Young McGraw sighed, lifted his hands from the dripping washboard and watched. The boys were whistling to old Duke—Judge Pickering's pensioner hound, who since his hunting days were over had turned to new pursuits and the pawky devices of a town clown. His slopping ears, red eyes and dewlap chin seemed raking round in a buffoonery of mock dejection as he sagged across the yard to greet the boys.

He snuffed negligently at one and another of those twelve and fourteen year old ruffians.

"Heah! quit yoh whifferin' at me, dawg!" whined the darkey boy, Yance Rose.

"He wants a piece of tobacco, Yance," said Bagley McIntyre. It was nothing less than truth that Duke bore among the boys the sad reputation of being a chewing man.

He came to terms with them at length and was helped over the fence, floundering good-naturedly and slapping his large nonskid red-rubber paws on convenient shoulders, ears and faces. Lurching to the walk, he shook himself and sagged out in the van of the three other dogs like a debilitated city alderman just back from French Lick.

Suddenly a piercing whistle tore across the street—and Horsey McGraw felt himself discovered. He trembled with disgust. One of those flashing intuitions that sometimes stormed his adolescent brain leaped to him now. Just as they had collected Duke, they would now in the same wanton humor gather him in—another old hound! An intuition that held the presage of a better future for him, had he but known it. For the present he was caught doing out the family washing—his own and his father's—that stern U. P. minister of predestined grimness.

"Hello, Horsey!"

"Hey, McGraw! Come on down t' the gravel pit!"

"What ya doin', Horsey? Washin'? A-aw, Horsey!"

"Quit it!"

With a gesture young Bagley McIntyre repressed the gang and swung through the side gate that led to the back porch, connected in train with the green-latticed well house. Everything was severely well kept in the McGraw premises; but there was no sign of a woman's touch—nothing frilly at the windows, no trifling beds of sweet Mary or myrtle hanging baskets. The smell of soggy woolen in the tub greeted Bag McIntyre's nostrils.

A masterful chap, this Bag. He stood staring young McGraw out of countenance with his cool-eyed northern exposure, while his square southern exposure held the riotous gang in abeyance, as the lictor's mace once quelled the Roman Senate. His aggressive blue gaze threw the rebellious Horsey into a hypnotic state.

Such a reputation as Bag's is built on grim subtlety and finesse. For instance, in a clique where it was distinction to carry a watch of any running sort, Bag carried one of gold with unctuous tracery upon it that his engineer father had given him—a railroad man's watch. And he never by any dreary fatality said "quarter to twelve," but uttered the time cryptically—"eleven-forty-five." In fact he could instantaneously pull out his watch—always riffled with mighty railroad-looking dirt—and translate the moment with snappy ease: "Three-eighteen, seven-twenty-seven, eight-forty-five or nine-point-nineteen" without a hitch.

It can be seen then what Horsey had to face—bitter as he was at being tolled along for a gawky butt to deck their holiday.

"Are you comin', Mac?" said Bag casually. There was subtle compliment in the title Mac in place of Horsey—*Mac*, which McIntyre's own intimates called him when most deferential. And the casualness of the question was perfectly calculated. It was in truth the very *ne plus ultra*, the very nine-point-nineteen of cool tonality and favor.

Rebellion quaked like jelly in Horsey's soul, and he muttered—as was his wont—the clumsiest, the unluckiest excuse at hand:

"I—I got to finish on my father's socks."

The gang burst into cruel uproar.

"Father's socks! Ho, ho, ho!

"Aw, Horsey! Say, Horsey, are they red like those big things on the line?"

"Aw, say, Horsey! I bet they ought to be buried instead of washed, heh?"

"Say, George Ockabok at the power house let me burn up Lily Woodard's dead cat in the furnace—mebbe we could get him to let us ——"

"I'll bet mebbe you don't sell the water to the Chiny gardens."

Bag McIntyre turned on them, frowning, and said briefly, "G'arn!"

When Bag said "G'wan" it was a temporary injunction, but his gritty "G'arn!" was a permanent injunction laid to run until vacated by the higher courts. The wanton humor of the gang abated. Yance Rose had edged near and stood looking over the edge of the tub as if taking a dismal professional interest in the washing. Yance carted washings for his mother on a device as complicated as a traction engine crossed with a well drill.

Bagley protested hoarsely and incredulously:

"You don't want to see old 1200 come in?" As if Horsey were guilty of lese majesty to the great gravel-pit mogul.

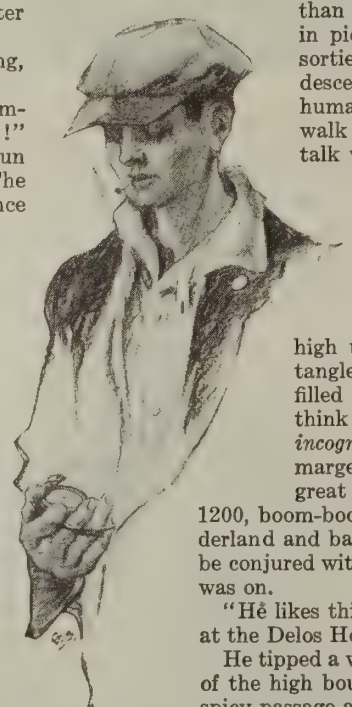
"I didn't know she'd come back," said Horsey feebly.

"Come back!" demanded Bag. "Where you living? Why, that's what we're goin' down for!"

"Bag is goin' to ride on her if Ted Church is on," yipped one of the smaller boys.

"Don't you s'pose Mac knows that?" Bag threw off crushingly.

This final use of that admirable monosyllable "Mac" prevailed on him, and Horsey muttered, "I guess I'll have to go." And even as he yielded, he knew that the masterful McIntyre wanted him mainly to buttress his royalty about with another hulking presence among his jesters, wastrel dogs and buffoons. "Of course you want a smell of old 12 goose eggs!" said Bag with tender and caressing verve in his admirable hoarse voice.



In a Clique Where it Was Distinction to Carry a Watch of Any Running Sort, Bag Carried a Railroad Man's

Lawrence M
snapped the
suds from h
fingers and got
from the hook by the kitch
He knew he was a fool,
spined hobbledehoy; but
knowing was a promise o
things. Yet the final touch of travesty was se
yielding by the action of old Duke. That *bo*
upon whom as upon Mona Lisa the weary en
world had come, whiffered at Horsey's trous
giving a sudden sardonic snort of approval, sa
the porch, rapping all and sundry with his de
poker tail.

Horsey's sandy head towered above the majorit
gang as they moved in motley host down the shad
Pickering Street toward the railroad track.
straightened himself he would have risen above eve
McIntyre, but he walked with a stooping carriag
furtively. In fact since a tiny chap he had gone
bling fear of his father. That grim Calvinist
Horsey in such submission that the boy's cowe
even become hateful to the man—an accusatio
angered him and led to further grimness. So th
circle completed itself. Lawrence remembered hi
as a wistful woman who had set a precedent for
only too easy to follow. Once only he had rebelle
a piano moving in which his leathery young stre
discovered itself—but the next morning his fa
invaded his bedroom early and roused him for a t
The humiliation of his skimpy nightdress had un
his morale.

At a horrible disadvantage, he had suffered t
sucker to whine savagely round his bare legs—
back to bed in a heap of scorching chagrin.

Now he had no sooner left the hou
than a cringing wonder about his pu
in pickle came to sap the first elatio
sortie and his pleasure in Bag McInty
descension. For from some whim of
humanity the magerful Bag had el
walk with Horsey and make flatter
talk with him.

"My dad just told me last we
dozen goose eggs would be back.
to see Ted on. If he is I'll go f
run up to Port Huron this aft.
to-morrah early."

Horsey caught his breath i
ecstasy. The very picture of Po
high up on the bright-colored lake—
tangle of ports and cities as vague as
filled him with a pitiable thrill of del
think of Bagley McIntyre's penetrating
incognita and reaching at last on the fa
marge of lake—just as evening was
great shipping haven! And returnin
1200, boom-booming down through the night!
derland and back in twenty-four hours! Yet a
be conjured with a bluff wave of the hand—if Te
was on.

"He likes this run," said McIntyre. "He's g
at the Delos House."

He tipped a wink to Horsey, who blushed as if
of the high bouquet of forbidden lore. Elevate
spicy passage and flattered by Bagley's confiden
he found his teetering legs contriving a firmer g
tar path. He made a grunting noise intended for
chuckle.

Behind them the posse of boys came chatt
shouting, while the dogs with no attempt at tea
each seemed intent on a mystic unseen blue print
infinite trailings and retracings—here, yonder, b
between a boy's legs, along the gutter, under a cat
returning catawampous way across the track,
a gigantic engineering scheme.

These graphs, which Duke Pickering seemed to
intending with the cynical lassitude of a bureau

errupted by the approach of a gravel-train of
es It ground to a stop by the water tank, and
oy scrambled on an empty flat car, clamoring
fatous din over the lightering and entraining of
gs It took three boys and a straw boss to raise old
ot There were shouts of "That's not a way!" And
hay dog under the belly firm!" There was all the
tcry of a South American mobilization.
IcIntyre and Lawrence McGraw alone remained
pound when the train began to get under way for
el pits. Horsey had listened entranced to Bag's
i the train crew round the sloshing water pipe,
ai himself now shrinking with icy vibrations before
el delicious prospect—monstrously impending—
h must swing onto the swarthy carmine caboose.
n crunk-crunk—the flats drummed onward, sifting
ir sprays of gravel. Crunk-crunk-crunk—the flat
h dogs and boys, shouting and clamorously happy,
dy at a smart clip. Crunkety-crunk-te-crunkety-
-unk! On came the pirate-dark caboose with its
n mountain,
face shone
a n the high
w The ordeal
nd!
rembling
emed to be
ling away
im. How
—
take her
ng Bagley's
ce, and he
d slouchily
l the on-
r caboose.
y concen-
ll his facul-
watching. It
oe of those
rs when his
ted keenly,
ny, as with a
light. He
e loose-
ored hunch
ng of Bag—
ouched his
d simitatively.
h instant——
g face grinned
om the plat-
n ncourag-
but malic-
y. It was that
ni tinge in the
tlt touched off
es charge of
y He caught
in quadrant
sjang into the
it a twirl. For
l instant he
e flying. Then
nlegs clattered
bang against
sps, and the
d Bag caught
ar—friendly touch and friendly smile, for Horsey
oved up in the emergency. That malicious grin
sd: "Do it if you dast, old Horsey, you, but I
oiyou dassent!"
nnow he had done it!
il dream of dreams—Lawrence McGraw, jumper of
h! And Bag was his friend and pal! Bag—with
roroad man's watch crusted with pure railroad
—ho uttered the nine-point-nineteen of snappy and
r time.
hrush of fresh wind, the mellow humming of a man
eountain, the backward-rolling sky—these brought
se to the brink of exultant tears. He had a gentle
ept for the small chaps on the flat car ahead, for
e as something ineradicably gentle in Horsey's slack-
te nature.
h passed through the dark arcanum of the caboose,
i bunks, its goblin green and ruby eyed lanterns, its
l agazines of railroad amours and derring do, and
yl over the windbreak onto the first flat. The train
ow humming along right merrily and Horsey had
e ouble to keep his feet as he followed the swaying
. He soon learned that to walk rapidly and sway
yvas the secret of safe progress and was elated with
al discovery.
as dangerous to look at the fields close by. Far
astretched the wavering yellow road of flats like a
ating magic carpet. The black engine, so small,
ea plume of pitchy murk into the rich sky and rolled
il drumming of majestic energy along the magic roadway to his feet. It was exhilarating beyond anything he had ever known.

They approached the toylike group of dogs and boys on their flat. In that distant symphony Yance Rose's face made an ebony grace note. Only yesterday, and Lawrence McGraw would have considered their position enviable beyond his dreams or daring. And here was he to-day looming infinitely above them. A freight hopper and a man of the railroad world!

It was wonderful—all there was to it! And he sucked in his lips a little sternly.

The boys looked up in curious-eyed submission.

"I thought Horsey was gone," said young Smitty.

"I didn't know he'd a-ever have jumped," shouted Floyd Sossman. "How'd you get him on, Bag?"

"Skunk cats for snakes that don't," said young McIntyre, folding his arms à la Napoleon and adding scornfully: "He sprung it—just like me—young squarehead! What you think he's got those long legs for?" He grinned at Horsey and asked casually, "How tall are you, Mac?"

Suddenly a Piercing Whistle Tore Across the Street—and Horsey McGraw Felt Himself Discovered

Lawrence straightened his shoulders, taking care to shift his feet continually as he noticed Bag did, to keep a good poise.

"Five-ten, I guess."

Bag nodded as if five-ten was precisely to his satisfaction and not one fraction more, and spat with shuttling fluency at the flying bank, where ironweed, burdock and toadflax tilted dreamily in the wind. He began whistling Casey Jones between his teeth; and the small boys took it up, singing shrilly those grandiose epic lines:

He mounted to the cabin
With the orders in his hand.

And when they came to those raffish words, "You've got another Poppa on the Salt Lake Line," Bag grinned at Horsey and observed bluffly: "I s'pose Ted's got some others besides his girl at the Delos House!"

"I s'pose so," said Horsey huskily, grinning with a sense of shamefaced connivance.

But he didn't blush this time. It was wonderful how a fellow caught the bluff manly tone about these things. Cautiously he brought his arms up from his sides, shuffling gingerly, and folded them à la Napoleon.

Like a great amber-colored lake swimming in blue haze the gravel pits spread out to the north. The train slowed down, the boys disembarked and trailed off to the bench where the big Bucyrus shovel snorted, Yance Rose bringing up the tail like a dingy caboose—with his dog, Alice, in his arms. The little wench couldn't walk on the gravel without wincing.

With Bagley McIntyre at their head no one attempted to dispute their progress. It was with a new and proud feeling of self-possession that lanky Lawrence plunged on beside him. He had forgotten his trepidation over the avenging spirit of his father; and then Bag learned that old 1200 would be an hour late.

"That'll be about noon," he said, consulting his watch.

"Gosh!" said Horsey, flooded by sudden apprehension. "I got to be gettin' back already!"

"Back!" snorted young McIntyre. "What's your —— hurry! But go on—if you don't want to see the old road hog!"

His grim take-it-or-leave-it counsel prevailed over Horsey's weakness, and he was a dripping, mud-spattered spectacle for the derisive gods when at last the far-away shimmer of sound told of the royal monster's approach through the blue-and-gold morning. In brief, he and Bag had chosen sides for a water fight in the pit pond, conducted with splatter boards, and Horsey had covered himself—inevitably—with more mud than glory. The evil fortune that served him had again the upper grip. What a shape was he in now to approach the great Ted Church, to say nothing of his father!

"That's her!" sang Bag.

"Are you sure?" queried Lawrence weakly.

"Sure? O' course! She's the only hog round here with a Crosby chimer! Can't you hear?"

Far off the chime whistle pealed again like a sonorous harp and trumpet in one. Old 1200!—beyond a doubt. They scrambled out of the pit from bench to bench. Horsey's clothes slunk limply about him. A wet, miserable, apprehensive figure, he had lost the morning's *esprit* and was again the butt of catch-as-catch-can ridicule. The excitement of the ponderous arrival of 1200 relieved him momentarily.

It came thundering in with a boom-boom of stifled energy. Far to the rear stretched its yellow ribbon of flats and dwindling toy caboose lost in an azure as of burning bushes. Heaving one monstrous sigh, it settled down to the steady click-click of its air pump and Bagley Mac with a shout of recognition began scaling the fortresslike steps to the toplofty cabin.

There leaned the god out of the machine—a gaunt brown face enameled with sweat and grease and grinning with the muscles that clamped his boot-toe chin and vulture's nose together. He removed his black skimpy cap, which carried all the grandeur of an epic helmet in Horsey's eyes, and slapped young McIntyre on the shoulder. This it meant to be the son of a division supe—and a real railroad man in embryo. Horsey noted flashingly that Bag's nose was already starting out from his face like that promontory of Ted's. He actually called that grizzled god Ted. And Church in turn greeted Bag as Young Hoghead—as though he were already the master of a road hog like 1200.

For a moment or two their grave intimate talk was too low to be heard. They seemed to be communing in the mysteries of the craft. The grandiose ægis of the cab spread above them. Then Horsey hazily heard Bag murmur the name of Stella. A smile touched Church's gaunt face, flashing across it with grim tenderness.

They descended from the cab—like Publius Veturius and train from his royal house above the Forum. And Ted Church addressed the admiring mob: "Nice old Baldwin apple, ain't she though? Apple of the old man's eye."

"Where does Stella come in?" Bag grinned.

Again that smile lit the great man's face.

(Continued on Page 86)

DAUGHTERS OF RUSSI

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

DOWN through the centuries the Russian woman's life has always been in part an Oriental one. The country has been a meeting ground of the East and the West, and until great Peter's time our women's rôle was mainly in the *terem*, and they took no part in outside or social life. There were exceptions to the rule, of course. Olga, grandmother of Saint Vladimir of Kieff, about the year 955 A. D., went on a trip to Byzantium and brought back to her home country its first knowledge of Christianity, which she had accepted. Later, in 1469, a Byzantine princess came to Moscow as wife of the Czar Ivan III, and she brought with her scholars, scientists and artists. This Czarina, Sophia, was the center of Russia's intellectual life while her husband's reign lasted. Martha of Novgorod led a rebellion against Ivan the Terrible.

A few other names of women also appear in Russian history, but generally speaking all women lived tranquilly, behind closed doors and trellised windows, till the end of the seventeenth century. In the Kremlin palace at Moscow the ancient czarinas' apartment still exists—unless the Bolsheviki have destroyed it—arranged as it was in olden times. The rooms are low and vaulted, with deep small windows placed high up in the walls, from which one can look down on the great square below. There are vast colored stoves of valuable faïence and great splendor of decoration on lines recalling the Far East. The walls are colored much as Persian carpets usually are, with dark brilliant contrasts. Dull gold and silver keep up this impression, as the eye wanders to heavy wrought-metal chandeliers, candlesticks and icons, and to the nail-studded chests for jewels and for clothes which stand about. One can visualize with a little imagination the rich beauties of ancient days dressed in heavy velvets and brocades or in soft silks and cashmeres brought from India and China, sitting about at embroidery frames or doing other fragile work with lazy fingers, to pass the long hours away. They had slaves to do their bidding, also dancers, minstrels and dwarfs to keep them amused, and the Great White Czar frequently visited them; but even so there must have been many a day when bondage weighed heavily; and they all faded young. Some women intrigued in politics through their influence over a powerful husband or a son but in most respects the wives of great boyars—nobles—resembled our czarinas in their futility.

An Emperor in Petticoats

PETER the Great changed this, as he did much else in Russia. He ordered the women out of their retirement, and from national dress into French clothes. He gave Western fêtes at court; and he made everyone take part in his own boisterous fun. His wife, Catharine, a daughter of the people, was made his constant companion; went with him to his wars, and took a share in the work and play of his stirring life at home. When he died it was to her he left his crown; and she reigned for some years, Russia's first empress in fact as well as in name. After her there was a series of them: Ann, the daughter of Peter's elder brother, who was fat and vague, left no impression on our history; Elizabeth, Peter's own daughter, followed; and showed much of her father's temperament, doing a great deal that was fine and constructive in spite of her dissolute life. Last, but not least, greatest and most magnificent of all our sovereigns, the second Catharine reigned and was called emperor. Intellectual, virile, friend of half the philosophers of her epoch, her own letters unconsciously testify to her high instruction, broad cultivation and to the vast range of her interests. Past master of diplomacy, she kept all Europe amazed at her feet; and by her military campaigns she added province after province to her domains. She led in her court's gayety; invited artists, writers, players, soldiers, architects, musicians and scientists to her capital. She gave Russia its finest collections,

PHOTOS BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Catharine the Great. Above—Grand Duke Michael of Russia (a Cousin of the Czar) and His Three Children

palaces and public buildings; decorated its towns with monuments and parks; founded industries, planned cities, made a code of laws, which were a wonder of the times.

She created a university which is still the greatest in Russia and founded the Academy of Fine Arts, which even now, until the revolution, ranked among the first in Europe. She chose for her ministers, admirals and generals the most brilliant men of her empire, whether they were princes or peasants; and kept them in their places if she thought they served the country well, even when they dared to cross her own autocratic will. Her wars and her voyages, her fêtes and her loves were many; and in her one existence she lived, twenty times over, the works, deeds and emotions of an ordinary man. She reconstructed Russia, and put it in touch with the outside world; and in spite of certain faults her brains and high aims with her glory filled her own contemporaries—as they have posterity since—with admiration. One traveled over Russia a hundred years or more died, and one still found this great personality in thest corners of its provin two capitals, Moscow Petersburg, bore her impr the best they held. One w to admit she was a supe and that her country memory deep gratitude work she expended on it love she gave her peopl she truly understood.

Catharine died in 1796 her time Russia's nation changed little. Our wo needed to hold the place ers that empress had them; and society in a the court at least remai brilliant throughout the n century.

Russian Socie

THE peasant woman' the other hand, was the extremest limit, smal She worked always, and children and much mise regular portion—this e the emancipation of th 1863.

In the upper classes o trary there was an élite highly cultivated and mo tive. St. Petersburg ranked high for its salons a the last five reigns of the Romanoffs. There were sian women who made a great mark for themsel in science or in politics, while many cut a credita as secret diplomatic agents, serving their govern in foreign capitals. Between these two extremes crat and peasant there were the intelligentzia and geoise. The first class supplied brains of the firs which contributed to the country's development; from their group came our nihilists and other und over-excited types. Those of the second categ quiet sheltered lives, and did little except to care and families, read romances, eat sweets and tall they who kept the tradition of the *terem* alive to extent. They grew fat early in life, and had neither nor energy to shine. Whether in society or in thei home duties they seemed always gentle, placid uninterested in all that occurred outside. morally and materially they depended entirely men to keep them going.

When I reached Russia, in 1899, I found the Petersburg absorbing; and the women about me and strange in type, and exceedingly interestin husband's family everyone was most cosmopolit had no typical impressions there at all. My moth was French, and underscored the value of her ow all occasions. She spent much of her time in kept her frame of life on foreign lines. She had b her only daughter at home and taken her abro French governess for the last polishing instruct necessarily turned elsewhere than to our family real Russian experiences. I noticed at once th vim and intense capacity for pleasure of St. P society, where the extraordinary wit and qui repartee, the immense culture, the knowledge of languages and the large variety of subjects discu most striking. Conversations betrayed all th sciously, and there was not the slightest pose. Th kindliness too not usually seen in social gathe where, with a generosity toward one another stranger in their midst, which never failed. beautiful—and there were many handsome wome the attitude of professional beauties.

Those who were rich wore Paris clothes with fi and had palaces where they gave balls and othe fêtes. They brought carloads of fresh flowers south of France for their cotillons, and fruits Caucasus for their supper tables, in spite of ther at thirty below zero. On the other hand those poor were dressed by a seamstress at home, ornaments and lived in a flat; but they asked th to quiet evenings of music or of bridge, simpl them a cup of tea.

Jetnever was a difference made between the rich te and the poor; each could have and keep her re and her friends. All society would gladly go to the te's party, then to that of the other, showing an alpirit of pleasure. It seemed as if nothing counted, no a place in St. Petersburg's charmed circle, save lligence, breeding, good taste and a generally agree- ne; with beauty as a secondary advantage. If i ck befell anyone of the small smart set all her clan icl, while if a sorrow came they wept and prayed ter in simplest good feeling, each taking part in her r trouble.

neral these women seemed to me quite different ny I had known before, both in mentality and in s At first I could judge only their superficial aspects, I was struck immediately by their easy-going un- ways. No fuss was made in welcoming a ner. They had no party manners, but went on t with the general conversation, letting me sit k join in whenever I felt like it. Rather casual ere, and some foreigners called them indiffer- ut it was hardly that and it seemed to me only f frankness. One began to feel at home while the ogressed, as if they took one's personality and dents for granted. One was soon cordially ac- e, and then gradually brought into an intimacy wn elsewhere, made of close camaraderie and hension, with a complete lack of criticism.

I Set Without Feuds or Jealousies

NE I had indicated that I held certain broad prin- les in common with them, wide latitude was w toward individual tastes and ways. No con- was ever demanded from my opinions, which eistened to with amiability and ready interest. t a dinner table I found there were always so varying views held on each subject that came up t ie talk was most original and animated, and gen- very amusing. During the season night after h we all sat up till morning; for balls worthy of me never ended till five or six o'clock, and seven eit was the more frequent bedtime hour; yet no oked fagged or seemed dull or ever wanted to lme. A very marked fact struck me: No two tses ever gave parties the same evening. There s lways a little talk and arranging so everyone l enjoy each pleasure as it came, and there were parent rival- feuds.

The court balls wonderful—six re given in the s with the most gificent palace Europe for background. It only Russian who could a party of thousand peo- h a ballroom hut crowding guests, and who l seat this many per in another g hall. The im- flowers and palms, the the music and e niforms were perfect they hard to outdo. women man- e to shine, how- e in all the light splendor of the . I discovered e marked type ooks among e. Blondes with alinavian blood, e ancestors had into the coun- with Rurik and siking brothers; ettes with Ori- blood handed by Tartar an- rs; tall and , fat and thin— were. Well as a rule, they d healthy but thletic. Rarely but generally cheerful com- , I found my new compatriots especially interesting and attractive in expression. It was as if with a top layer of simplicity there burned beneath the surface vast possibilities of temperament and emotion, of strength and energy, and of serious brain power as well. They never had had to do anything, as they came down developing through the ages; yet were it necessary these souls could and would make good, one felt.

There was a world of sympathy and passion, with a capacity for joy and suffering which was intense, and which lurked always in the quiet charming faces of Russia's upper-class women.

By degrees as I became more used to them I noticed all this less; but whenever occasion presented itself the traits above mentioned came to the surface at once and played their part in our life. Through the years my admiration for these women grew as each new turn in our fortunes showed them in a new light. I have never seen greater dignity than my Russian sisters showed when occasionally they were under the stress of strong emotion. Whether in happiness or sorrow their great sincerity of heart, intensity and brave directness brought them up to the sublime; and always they escaped being awkward or melodramatic. One could approve the course they took or not; but one could not help being carried along with them in feeling, whether one wished it or whether one struggled against the current. No Westerner can realize till he has been among them the latent power of the Slav; neither can any Westerner resist the marvel of these rich natures, which are so soft, so strong and always fresh and new, with their treasures of deep sentiment. This overflows in the music, art and literature of our land.

If Russian parties are attractive Russian life gets into the blood and makes all else seem tame; and I have yet to meet a foreigner who having been for a time in the great empire was not full of regret at leaving, and did not long to return.

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Four Daughters of the Russian Emperor. Above—Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana

Gorgeous Robes of Ceremony

AT COURT functions, especially those where national dress was worn, the mere sight of the women was unforgetable. They looked like their own ikons, with their high diademlike *kakoshniki* of seed pearls, set with great barbarous scintillating colored stones. Long lace veils hanging from the *kakoshniki*, priceless heirlooms for the most part, covered the top and back of head and shoulders so none of the hair showed. An underdress of white satin, hanging straight, embroidered with seed pearls or rich gold and silver, showed down the front of the figure; while the overdress of Renaissance brocade or of embroidered velvet, though décolleté quite off the shoulders in court fashion, had heavy sleeves which hung in panels to the ground, making a straight sweeping line from the shoulder. The train belonging to this overdress was always so long as to be quite hopelessly unmanageable as it swung out upon the floor. Usually heavily trimmed with fur, sable predominating in the room, these trains were embroidered exquisitely by the patient fingers of our cloistered nuns. Old India or Persia furnished patterns. One I remember, of pale rose velvet, was covered with great sheaves of Easter lilies in natural size and color, seemingly bound together with diamond chains; another chef d'œuvre, of soft gray, had a complete peacock represented in all its glory, tail spread out upon the train with the bird's narrow graceful head and body climbing up the wearer's slender waist. The dowagers usually wore rich plain goods which though made in Russia resembled much those of the palmy days of Venice and Genoa in the early fifteenth century.

One rubbed one's eyes, weary from the riot of color and the flash of precious gems. They seemed a dream of fairyland, those fêtes at court, and the classic beauty of the young empress made her a perfect central figure in the gorgeous grouping round her. She had such height and carriage as fitted her for the splendid things she wore, and she loved to deck herself in cloth of gold or silver, studded and trimmed with jewels. She wore more of these than could anyone else, yet she never seemed

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXXIV

WINT CHASE found himself unable to put Hetty Morfee out of his mind. He had overslept, was late for breakfast, and ate it alone with Hetty serving him. When she came into the dining room he said: "Good morning."

Hetty nodded without answering.

And he asked cheerfully: "Well, how's the world this morning?"

She said the world was all right; and she went out into the kitchen again before he could ask her anything more. Wint, over his toast and coffee, wondered. He was beginning to have some suspicion as to what was wrong with Hetty. But—he could not believe it. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be.

A certain burden of work shut down on him that day and the next, so that he forgot her in his own affairs. He saw her every day of course; but they were never alone together. His mother was always about. And there were other matters on Wint's mind. He was glad to be able to forget her. Wint, like most men, was willing to forget a perplexity if forgetting were possible. And Hetty kept out of his way and seemed to resent his interest.

"Don't Do That, Wint! Don't Go Away and Leave Us Again. We Couldn't Ever Stand It"

He met Agnes on the street one morning, and she stopped him and talked with him. She was very gay and vivacious about it, touching his arm in a friendly way now and then to emphasize some meaningless word. Her hand was on his arm thus when he saw Joan coming, a little way off. He did not know that Agnes had seen her some time before, without seeming to do so. Agnes discovered Joan now with a start of surprise, and she took her hand off Wint's arm in a quick furtive way, as though she did not want Joan to see. Yet Joan must have seen. Wint was uncomfortably conscious that he had been put in an awkward light; but he supposed the whole thing was chance, nothing more.

Agnes cried: "Why, Joan! We didn't see you coming."

Her word conveyed, subtly enough, the impression that if they had seen Joan coming matters would have been different; and Wint scowled and looked at Joan and wondered if she was going to be so foolish as to mind.

Then Agnes turned to him and said: "Run along, Wint. I've something to say to Joan."

He looked at Joan, and thought there was pique in her eyes; and he went away in such a mood of sullen resentment as had not possessed him for months. It stayed with him all that day; he became, for the moment, the old, sulky, stubborn Wint who had made all the trouble.

Agnes and Joan walked uptown together; and Agnes chattered gayly enough. Agnes had always a ready tongue but Joan was of a more silent habit. Agnes said Wint had come down to see her a few days before.

"That is, of course," she explained, "he pretended he came to see dad. But he telephoned, and I told him dad wasn't at home, but he came anyway. We sat on the porch and drank lemonade that night, the moon was full. Wasn't it the most beautiful night, Joan? I think Wint's a peach. I always did. I never could see why you and he quarreled. Seems to me you were awfully foolish. I'll never have a fuss with him, I can tell you."

There was too much sincerity in Joan for this sort of thing; she was almost helpless in Agnes' hands—that is, she did not know how to counter the other girl's shafts. She did say, "Wint and I haven't really quarreled. We're very good friends."

Agnes nodded wisely and said, "Oh, I know." She looked up at Joan. "Was it about that Hetty Morfee, Joan? I know it's none of my business, but I can't help wondering. I shouldn't think you'd mind that. Men are that way. I know it doesn't make a bit of difference to me. Not if —— Well, I shan't quarrel with Wint over Hetty, I can tell you."

Joan had turned white. She could not help it; and Agnes saw, and added cheerfully: "Of course you can't believe half you hear anyway. But they do say that she —— No, I'm not going to. I never was one to tell nasty stories about people, Joan."

Joan could not say anything to save her life. She had to get away from Agnes and she managed it as quickly as she could. She was profoundly troubled, profoundly unhappy. She had not realized how much Wint meant to her. The things that Agnes intimated made her physically sick with unhappiness at their very possibility. She finished her errands as quickly as she could and hurried home. On the way she passed Agnes and Jack Routt together, and they spoke to her, and she responded, holding her voice steady. She was miserably hurt and unhappy.

At home she shut herself in her room to think. There was a picture of Wint on her bureau; a snapshot she had taken two or three years before. Wint had changed since then. The pictured face was boyish and round and good-natured; Wint's face now had a strength which this boy in the picture lacked. Wint was a man now, for good or ill.

She had suddenly a surge of loyal certainty that it was for good and not for ill that Wint was become a man. There was an infinite fund of natural loyalty in Joan; she had been prodded by Agnes into a panic of doubt, but when she was alone this panic passed. A slow fire of anger at Agnes began to burn in her; anger because Agnes had meant to injure Wint, not because Agn hurt her. In Wint's behalf she took up she considered Agnes; she questioned th motives, she went over and over the in trying to meaning i

There is stinctive w in woman passes an in man. long day thinking wonderin questionin came ver hitting up whole trut matter. than she She came that befor appeared evening— arranged a two bef come an her—she gun to ha Routt.

She di know wh was so. S never p larly like Routt; ye always cheerful, able com a good Also, h Wint's and Joa loyal to friends as to Wint. that day thought and ag Jack's ey she saw h Agnes. S herself th been something hidden in them, something she co define. She mistrusted him and before Wint cam she hated Routt and feared him.

Nevertheless, she and Wint talked of matters p commonplace for most of that evening together. were apt to talk of commonplace things in thes because safety lay in the commonplace. There strange balance of emotions between Wint and J little thing might have tipped it either way. At tim wished to bring matters to an issue; he wished to to Joan that he loved her. But he was restrain desperate fear that she was not ready to hear him s He was afraid she would cast him out once more; could not bear the thought of that. It was somethi able to see her, talk with her, be near her. He da risk losing this much.

Thus they talked of ordinary matters, till Wint g go at last. Joan went out on the porch with h stopped on one of the steps a little below her. He h good-by before Joan found courage.

She asked, then: "Wint? Will you let me ——? something I want to ask you."

He was surprised; his heart began to pound throat. "To ask me?" he repeated. "Why—a Joan. What is it?"

"Are you and Routt pretty good friends, Wint?

"Yes," he said at once. "Jack's the best friend I

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. What's the idea, Joan?"

She said reluctantly: "I don't know. Only— seem to trust him. I don't like him. I'm afraid of

"Good Lord! Jack's harmless; he's a prince."

"I don't think he's as loyal to you as you are t she said.

Wint exclaimed impatiently: "The way you down on a fellow! Jack's all right."

Wint's impatience made Joan quieter and more herself. "I'm not sure," she repeated, and smiled wistfully. "Just—don't trust him too far, Wint."

"d trust him with all I've got," Wint said flatly. "I ir you're—I'm surprised at you, Joan." The stubborn ng roused in the morning when Joan came upon him it Agnes reawoke in Wint. His jaw set.

Jan was troubled; she wanted to say more, but she did ot now how. And she could not forget Hetty. She had ot neant to speak to Wint of Hetty; but Joan was orn enough to be unable to hold her tongue. Also, Vin's loyalty to Routt had angered her; she was willing hrt him—as men and women are always willing to hurt e ing they love.

S said slowly: "Did you know people are beginning to lk bout Hetty Morfee, Wint? You and Hetty?"

Vnt's anger flamed; he flung up his hand disgustedly: Vt women! You're always ready to jump on each h. Why can't this town let Hetty alone?"

"only meant ——" Joan began.

"don't care what you meant," Wint told her. "You g not to pass gossip on, Joan. I hate it."

"don't see why you have to defend her," she protested.

I said hotly: "I'm not defending her. She doesn't e it. If she did I would, though. Hetty's all right."

Jan drew back a little into the shadow of the porch. After a moment she said, "Good night, Wint."

I said harshly: "Good night. And for heaven's sake rt this foolishness! Routt, and Hetty. They're all gl."

Se did not answer.

I said again: "Good night," and he turned and went w to the gate and away.

Jan watched him go. She thought she ought to be ng with him, and hurt. She was surprised to discover a she was rather proud of Wint, instead; proud of him r ing angry, even at her, for the sake of his friend, and r ne sake of Hetty.

Se was troubled, because she thought he was wrong; a he was infinitely proud too, because he had stuck by s uns.

XXXV

TAN'S warning as to Jack Routt, her word as to Hetty, nd Wint's rejection of both warning and advice did not a to a break between them. They met next day; and Wint had the grace to say to her: "I'm sorry I talked as I did yesterday; last night. I was tired, and—all that. I'm sorry."

"It's all right," Joan told him. "It's natural for you to stick by your friends.'

"I needn't have talked so to you though."

She laughed and said he had been all right. "I guess you've been imagining you were worse than you really were," she told him. "It's quite all right, really."

"But I'm sorry you—dislike Jack," he said. "He's an awfully decent sort."

"Is he?" she asked. "Then I'm glad you and he are friends."

"That's the stuff," Wint told her. "That's the way to talk."

Thereafter for a week or so life in Hardiston went quietly. V. R. Kite still bided his time; there was no liquor being sold; Ote Runns went home sober day after day with a look of desperate longing in his eyes. That sodden man who had embraced Wint in the Weaver House so long ago, whom Wint had jailed more than once for his drinking, suffered as much as Ote—or more. He came to Wint and upbraided him for what he had done.

"It ain't the way to treat a fellow," he told Wint, pleading huskily. "You know how it is. I just gotta have a drink, Mister Mayor. I just gotta. I told Mrs. Moody she's gotta give me a drink, and she told me you wouldn't let her. You ain't got a thing against me now, have you?" The miserable man's fingers were twitching, his lips twisted and writhed. "If I don't get a drink I'm a-going to kill somebuddy, I am."

Wint did not know what to do. He could see at a glance that the man was suffering a very real torment. He had himself never become so soaked with alcohol that his system cried out for it when he abstained; but he knew what torture this might be. He had an idea that candy would alleviate the man's distress; but the idea seemed to him ridiculous and he put it aside. Yet there was an obligation upon him to do something.

He did, in the end, a characteristic thing, an impulsive thing; and yet it was sensible too. There was no saving this man. Highest mercy to him was to let him drink himself to death. Wint told him to come to the house that night; and he gave the poor fellow a quart bottle from his father's store. The derelict wandered away, calling Wint blessed. They found him under a tree in the yard next door in the morning, blissfully sleeping.

The story got round, as it was sure to do. The man told it himself; he boasted that Wint was a good fellow. V. R. Kite heard of it and waved his clenched fists and swore at Wint by every saint in the calendar. Also he sent for Jack Routt.

"We've got him!" he cried. "He can't put over a thing like this on me, Routt. I'll not stand for it. I'll run him out of town. Or get out myself. Damn it, Routt, he's a hypocrite. He's a whited sepulcher. I'll ——"

Routt laughed good-naturedly and held up a quieting hand. "Hold on," he said. "We'll have better than this on Wint before long. Good enough so that I—I'll tell you a secret, Kite."

Kite looked suspicious and asked what the secret was; but Routt decided not to tell; not just yet. "Wait till the time comes," he told Kite. "A little later on."

So Kite waited.

Toward the end of June the street carnival came to town for a week's stay. These carnivals are indigenous to such towns as Hardiston. They resemble nothing so much as an aggregation of the added attractions that usually go with a circus, broken loose from the circus and wandering about the country alone. A merry-go-round reared its tent and set up its clanking organ at Main and Pearl Streets. Down the hill below the tent the snake-eating wild man had his lair; and below him again there was an ocean wave. Along Pearl Street in the other direction the museum of freaks and the galaxy of beauty were located. Main Street itself was given over to venders of popcorn, candy, hot dogs, ice-cream sandwiches, lemonade, ginger pop and every other indigestible on the calendar. There also you might for the matter of a nickel have three tries at ringing a cane worth six cents or a knife worth three. Or you might take a chance in the great lottery, where every entrant drew some prize, even if it was only a packet of hairpins. The arts and crafts were represented by a man

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"Close Up Your Shows. All of You. Your Permit's Canceled. Get Out of Town To-Morrow"

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOO

VIII

NEVER in his life had Lowell Winthrop faced anything so disagreeable as the disclosures made to him when he sat in Mr. Dinsmore's den the night before and overheard all that passed between the merchant and McMurtry, the blackmailing lawyer. Never had he imagined that he should face anything so disagreeable. For once in his life he had not slept well. His mother noticed it—as an experienced trainer notices that a race horse has mysteriously gone off from perfect form. He laughed pleasantly at her fond solicitude and suggested that possibly he'd taken a slight cold.

All day at the office he wasn't up to the mark—somewhat distrait, nervous, even somewhat irritable, his smooth brow wrinkling now and then in a frown of disapproval. All the time he was waiting for a message that did not come. At dinner he was still waiting for the message and still it did not come.

Instinctively and consciously he was an artist in living—all should be bright, smooth, perfectly ordered. And here was a great muddy, bloody splotch right down in the middle of it! Naturally, he felt a deep exasperation. He was angry because the message did not come—and felt a contempt for Dinsmore for failing to send it. All the same, he had a duty to perform. He hated it more than he had ever hated anything else in his life; but it was a duty—a duty to himself. After dinner therefore he went to the telephone and called Dinsmore up.

"I should like a talk with you. I'll come down now if you can see me," he said. His voice was cool and even, a pleasant voice; but there was a sort of fatefulness in it. There was to be no dodging him.

So that evening the two men met again in Dinsmore's library—Winthrop as before in a perfectly fitting dinner coat, the color of perfect health in his smooth cheeks; but his gray eyes under heavy yellowish eyebrows looked uneasy. Dinsmore, as often happened when he dined at home, was wearing the sack coat and colored shirt of business hours. And Winthrop noticed at once that he didn't seem in his usual vigorous health and spirits—slightly paler and with circles under his eyes. There was, subtly, a reserve in his manner.

"You asked me here last night, you know," Winthrop began a bit nervously when they were seated.

"Yes," Dinsmore replied.

"It was by your invitation that I overheard anything," Winthrop went on. "I wish you to keep that in mind."

"Of course I owe you an apology," said Dinsmore. "I shouldn't have left you that way. I clean forgot it. It was—only toward morning that I remembered about your being here. I knew you would have gone home before then. Sorry."

"Oh, that's no matter," Winthrop assured him—a note of impatience in the polite tone. He touched his short, neat, blond mustache nervously with the tip of a forefinger, hesitated a moment and said, "Of course I expected to hear from you to-day."

That statement seemed mildly to surprise Dinsmore; but he made no answer, simply waiting.

For once Lowell Winthrop was not in perfect form, but obviously nervous. He frowned and even fidgeted a bit; then fairly blurted in uncontainable impatience, "I heard you accused of murder."

"Don't You Mind, Louie! He's a Brute to Treat You That Way! I'll Never Speak to Him Again!"

That also seemed rather to surprise Dinsmore. He knew the fact before, but seemed now to see it from a new angle. He looked deeply perplexed and said "Yes," in a rather toneless voice; then plucked his beard, stifled a sigh and muttered helplessly, "God knows whether that's true!"

"You mean you don't know?" Winthrop demanded incredulously.

Dinsmore rubbed his brows in perplexity and replied earnestly: "It's a long story, Lowell—an old story. I wish I could go over it all with you. But I can't. I'm simply bound to keep my mouth shut."

Winthrop was frowning and seemed interested in the state of his finger nails. After a moment he asked plumply: "Did you send McMurtry the seventy-five thousand dollars you mentioned to him?"

"Yes," Dinsmore replied.

Again a pause, during which Winthrop stirred a bit in his chair.

"It's true, then, that you've been paying somebody money regularly for a good while?"

"Yes," said Dinsmore.

Winthrop folded his hands and contemplated them and presently looked over at Dinsmore.

"If you're in the hands of blackmailers, Dinsmore, I'll do all I know to rid you of them. I'll make it my business."

It was an honorable offer, earnestly made, and Dinsmore was aware that to a man in that situation Winthrop's eminent law firm might be very helpful.

"I know you would, Lowell," he responded warmly. "It good of you to offer. But the is absolutely nothing you cou do."

"Paying blackmail, yo know, is like a drink habit or drug habit," the lawyer urge "The more you do it the hard it is to stop. The only way to make a stand and down it

"I know that," Dinsmo replied. "But—well, I've not ing to stand on. I simply car do it. I've gone over it a tho sand times. I've just got hump my back and pay—f the present." He looked deep disturbed and added, "Sor day, no doubt, I can tell y all about it. But not no My mouth is shut."

The silence then was long than any preceding one a Winthrop found it necessary clear his throat of a slight hus ness before speaking, but wh he spoke his voice was perfec steady:

"Of course it is treme dously important to me. Is pose the dinner invitations w sent out yesterday?"

Dinsmore evidently did understand the relevance, a looked a blank question.

"The engagement is to formally announced then, y know," Winthrop remind him, looking at the grate.

Slowly an astonishing id dawned upon Dinsmore's mi The astonishment held him some time as he looked ove his perfectly groomed cal Finally he asked in a slow a controlled voice:

"You mean that—what y overheard last night wo make a difference about y engagement to Louise?"

"Decidedly," Winthrop plied, and even looked Di more firmly in the face. T his eyes fell and he said w some emotion: "I wish hear this had not come up until a the marriage. I would h accepted it then as a fact complished. But it has co up. We've got to deal with

"I see—it has come u Dinsmore muttered after little while.

"It has come up," Winthrop repeated firmly. lowered his voice further, looking Dinsmore in the f "You are accused of murder—a very shocking murder it happens. You are paying blackmail to the accus You say you must continue it—you can't make a st against them. Would you expect me to overlook that?

Dinsmore moved in his chair and plucked at his be his eyes avoiding the other man's.

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," he said. "T hadn't occurred to me." He gave a flickering smile added, "No one has accused my daughter of murder."

That suggested the romantic idea of marriage as noth but a love affair between a young man and a yo woman—an idea for which Lowell Winthrop had m contempt.

"Well, look at it!" he suggested. "Things of that have a way of coming to light. I gather that you've b paying somebody to keep still for a good while. somebody else has got wind of the affair. Other people on your back demanding hush money. I told you Murtry was a blackleg. He'll bleed you white and t probably betray you too. Lord help anybody who depend on him for each day's security! Say we're mar and this thing comes out. You can see the mess. It i myself, Dinsmore—not myself alone. You're too sens to think that. I owe something to my family. My me are their messes. You know well enough what I w

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

have let them in for. I owe something to my children. People in our position—the grandfather is one of the child's conditions. I wish heartily it hadn't come up until after our marriage. But it has come up. I've got to meet it."

Whenever he fixed his thought on Louise—beautiful Louise, charming Louise—he really did wish heartily that it hadn't come up until after their marriage. But he wasn't always thinking of Louise. Frequently he was thinking of himself, and then his thought was, "In any event, thank God, I got hold of this in time to smoke it out before it was everlastingly too late!"

Fastidious to extreme in all his tastes, any such mess as this affair foreshadowed was simply intolerable to him. He hadn't remained a bachelor so long, in spite of many temptations, in order to wed a ghastly murder. That would harrow him up in the most unbearable fashion. A beautiful wife, and her father hanged, or as good as hanged. The idea fairly sickened him. And always there had been a sort of reluctance in his mind; giving up his comfortable bachelorhood was quite a sacrifice.

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," Dinsmore repeated mechanically.

He was looking at his caller with curiosity, as though finding a new man in him. He knew all about Lowell Winthrop's fastidiousness and formalness; knew he had a very high idea of family—especially his own family. Yet it had been his unformulated, taken-for-granted notion that if a peril confronted his daughter—the peril, say, of disgrace to her father—this young man would be the first to leap to her side, ready to spend his last breath defending her. But in his peril, it seemed, the young man's idea was to scuttle out of harm's way as quickly as possible.

Winthrop addressed him again very earnestly: "I'm ready to do all I know, Dinsmore, to help you out of this. I believe that's the only way. Finally you've got to fight it out with them. If you wish to do that now I'm at your disposal absolutely."

His new idea of this young man prompted Dinsmore to suggest, "But if I did that, most likely there'd be a mess as you term it—a scandal. I might be indicted—a trial. All that would take time. What I'm thinking of, you see, is your affair with Louise. Making a stand would take time. I believe the invitations were sent out yesterday."

Winthrop paused for deliberation. It was a painfully disagreeable point. Looking at the grate he replied under his breath: "All I can say is—unless you can give me a different idea of the situation from what you have given me—the invitations should be recalled. What happened later on—we could only wait and see."

So it was as Dinsmore had suspected. The urgent advice to resist the blackmailers was the advice simply of the conscientious attorney who was warning his client against an unprofitable course of conduct. As to the intimate personal relationship of prospective son-in-law, Mr. Lowell Winthrop proposed to keep his skirts clear until he was assured that Dinsmore was such a person as he could accept for grandfather to his children.

A smile so faint that Winthrop missed it played behind Dinsmore's beard.

"As I get your point of view, probably the only thing is to recall the invitations," he said dryly.

"I think so," Winthrop murmured—with conviction. It was a very painful thing to him. A mental picture of Louise intrigued his heart at that moment. "I think we should wait. In time—it may be different," he added lamely.

There was a moment's silence. Then Dinsmore said, "You will tell Louise?"

"I think you should tell her," Winthrop replied. "It would be difficult for me to tell her without telling more than I have a right to." After a little pause he added, "I must trust to you to make it fair to me."

And Dinsmore was faintly amused at this appeal to the honor and chivalry of a murderer. A moment later he perceived that Winthrop was perhaps not entirely relying on those qualities in him, for the young man observed in what might have been a significant way:

"Of course I shall see her myself later." Which was another indication of how absolutely sure of himself Winthrop felt.

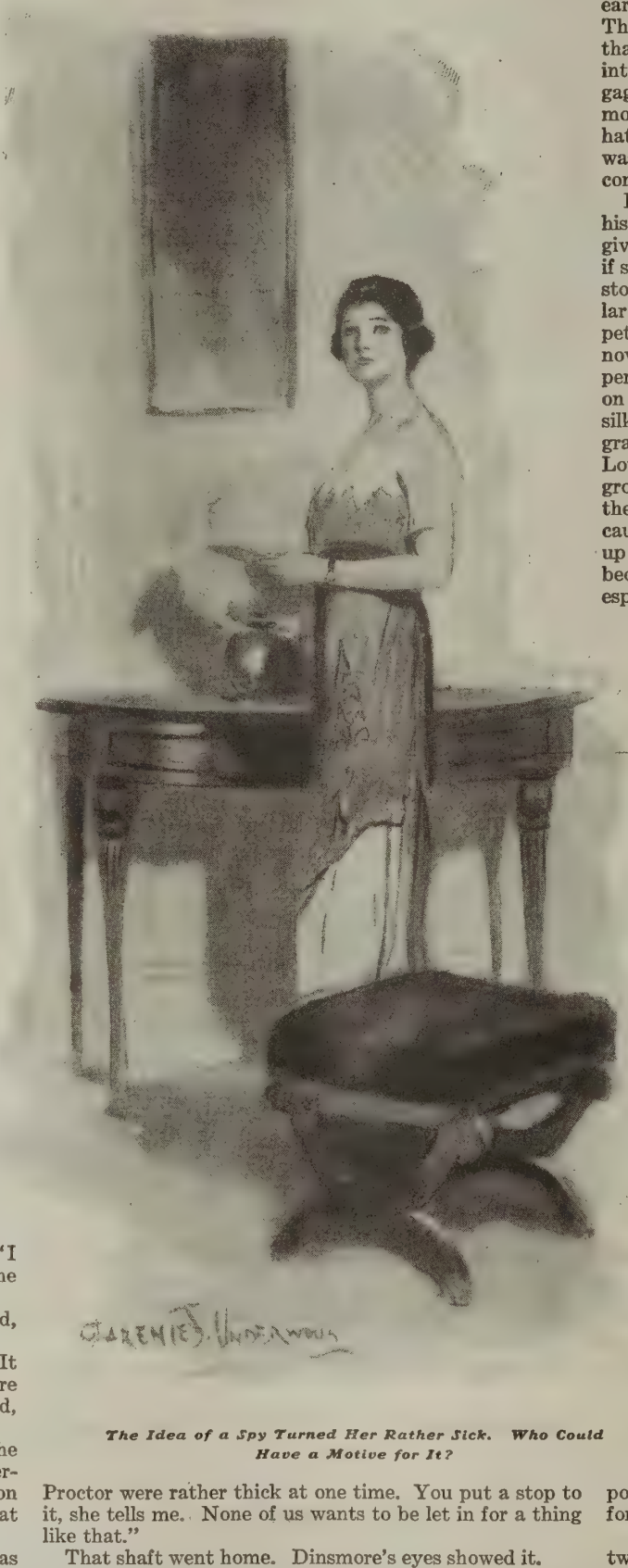
"Well—there seems to be nothing more at present," said Dinsmore.

"No," Winthrop replied.

The two men stood up and there was a certain amazement in Dinsmore's mind as he looked at his caller. The interview had occupied half an hour or so. They had been sitting within ten feet of each other. Yet he now saw Winthrop as though they had been separated by many years and long distances—fairly as though he had just returned from a couple of decades in the Orient. The man looked different. His yellowish eyebrows were thicker, he was heavier, there were marks of age upon him hitherto unperceived.

In a lesser way Lowell Winthrop felt this wide alienation. Practically breaking one's engagement to a gentleman's daughter must involve considerable alienation. It had been intensely disagreeable. He hadn't a doubt that he had acted correctly, yet it was all excessively unsatisfactory.

"I think you can appreciate my point of view," he said as they stood—his nicely modulated voice pitched low and his eyes downcast. "Just put yourself in my place." He looked up at Dinsmore. "You know Louise and young



The Idea of a Spy Turned Her Rather Sick. Who Could Have a Motive for It?

Proctor were rather thick at one time. You put a stop to it, she tells me. None of us wants to be let in for a thing like that."

That shaft went home. Dinsmore's eyes showed it.

"Good night," said Winthrop with courtesy.

"Good night," Dinsmore replied mechanically, and let the young man find his familiar way out.

That reference to Ned Proctor had fairly hit him amidship. He certainly had put a stop to it when disgrace claimed Proctor's father—a disgrace decidedly less black than murder. He could defend himself on the ground that Ned Proctor's career before that hadn't been such as to recommend him; that, in fact, Louise's thickness with him had been disagreeable all along; that the disgrace had involved the young man himself to the extent of getting him indicted; that the senior Proctor's crimes were peculiarly detestable to him—an odious mess of lying and swindling that finally ruined all those savings-bank depositors; that his solicitude for his daughter was rather different from Lowell Winthrop's solicitude for hi that Louise and Ned Proctor were not engaged. He defend himself; but, after all, the shaft went home. man who had just left the room could turn his own against him.

He sat down on the arm of the chair to think it while, and when he went to join his wife it was in a ent mood from that in which he would have gone if throp had omitted the reference to Ned Proctor.

The first mood had been just the reaction of his He couldn't imagine himself negotiating with any m earth as to whether that man should marry his dau There couldn't possibly be anything to negotiate that. If Lowell Winthrop had been a crown prin intimated that for any reason whatever he wished gagement with Miss Louise Dinsmore terminated, more would at once—figuratively—have handed hi hat and indicated the door by which he could depart. was the reaction of his pride. But the Proctor bu coming up—well, he went in a humbler mood.

He found his wife in the living room, and as it hap his daughter was with her. Mrs. Dinsmore was ver given to literature. She looked over a daily newsp if she happened to think of it; sometimes read a ma story and once in a while—a rather epochal event—a lar novel. But she got through life very happily an petently with surprisingly little reliance upon prin now on this quiet evening at home, instead of a b periodical, her pretty hands held a little embroidery on which she was skillfully working a pattern in silk threads. They were very pretty hands—like her graceful, beautifully clean, wholesome, gracious Louise sat on an ottoman at her mother's knees, like grown child—taller than her mother, in fact. Evi the two women had been talking intimately. Din caught that impression as he approached and they up at the intruding male. At sight of them his became more difficult even than he had imagine especially at sight of Louise.

She was but three inches shorter than h full-grown, mature woman. The flowing l her body beneath a filmy gown, as she sa her hands clasped round a knee, proclaime It came to Dinsmore that in playing his benevolently intervening Providence—firs Proctor, next as to Lowell Winthrop—h probably made too little account of the that beat under that filmy gown. This compound of graces and affections on th man might have been bruised by parent tling to this side and that in a way he properly allowed for. He would have li begin by stooping and kissing her; but the that miserable discord; they were off ke sat down opposite them, therefore, and gn corner of his lip. Seldom was a father in difficult situation. He had only his set carry him through.

"Winthrop has just been to see me," he "The invitations to that dinner must be re He wishes the engagement broken off— pended at any rate."

At that amazing statement Mrs. Din dropped her embroidery frame; her lips but no sound came. She sat gorgonized, incredulously at him. Louise also star slowly paled.

"It's no fault of Louise's," Dinsmore pro steadily. "He finds—that I'm not eligib father-in-law." He would have given ver to let it go at that, but he could not. "H me in a disgraceful situation—liable to be b into public disgrace." He forced his eyes main on Louise's face and his lips to say: know how I felt about young Proctor. Wel throp finds me in a worse situation than tor's father. He mentioned that preced me. He doesn't wish—to commit himse to marriage with the daughter of a man position. He wants the engagement—not ann formally at this time."

So he got it out and it seemed mostly all Greek two wide-eyed women before him.

"Proctor?" Mrs. Dinsmore murmured.

"Yes, the Proctor case, only worse—as he sees it," more replied.

And after another incredulous moment Mrs. Di said softly, like one playfully protesting at a joke Alf! I don't believe a word of it."

A sigh escaped him and he said: "It's perfectl He wishes the engagement—suspended or broken c

The sigh, which he would have suppressed if he h time, seemed to carry more conviction than his Mrs. Dinsmore promptly laid down her embroidery stepped over, seated herself on his knee and put round his neck. There was no suspicion of tears in h and except that she had lost color her face showed n

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

emotion. Her male person had always been a difficult person in some situations. This was one of them.

"What is it, Alf?" she said. "What has happened?"

He put his hand on her waist and replied, "It's something I can't tell you now, dear."

"But we'll both have to know," she coaxed. "Has the business gone wrong?"

"No, it has nothing whatever to do with the business—any business," he replied.

She pushed back his hair and kissed his forehead, her arm tightening round his neck. He felt immensely grateful to her and immensely proud of her. Her superior friends often confessed to one another indulgently that she had no mind to speak of; but he knew she would go through any ordeal close to his side without a murmur. She was not good at intellectual exercises, but she knew her man to a degree he hardly realized—divining the difficulties he had with his temper. She knew he'd got himself locked up now in obstinate pride.

"There are other people in it?" she guessed as a reason for his silence.

"Yes, some other people." He looked in her eyes—his fond steadfast mate after all—and hugged her against him, saying: "Nell, it will all come out right in the end—for me. You don't need to doubt that."

"I don't doubt it, dear," she said, and kissed his forehead again. "Has the business gone wrong, Alf?"

"Oh, no," he replied with a touch of impatience. "The business was never better. It's nothing about business or money. I wish I could tell you, but I can't now. It will come out right in the end. The thing now is—he breaks the engagement."

The girl on the ottoman had been left out of this little scene between husband and wife—a little scene not exactly agreeable to her, as demonstrations of love between father and mother are apt to be not quite agreeable to grown children, who instinctively regard that as something for youth. But Dinsmore's last words brought the girl into it again. Looking over at her, Mrs. Dinsmore saw that she had lost color and her eyes were round with astonishment.

Certainly it was an affront—an insult—to the young woman. Whatever the reasons for it might have been, it put her in the humiliating position of one rejected. Inevitably it would cause talk—much disparaging talk. That phase of it came to Mrs. Dinsmore. Sitting on her husband's knee, her lip trembled.

"He's a brute!" she said, and tears of sympathetic pain came into her eyes. "I don't care what happened, it's a shame! He's a cad to treat a girl so! She's not to blame! I hate him for it! I'll never speak to him again in my life! He's a brute to treat her so!"

Never had they heard her speak of anyone in that way before. She got up from her husband's knee, returned to her chair, and put her hand on Louise's head, her eyes dropping tears.

"Don't you mind, Louie! You haven't done anything wrong! He's a brute to treat you that way! We're well rid of him! I'll never speak to him again!"

She had been the strongest partisan of Lowell Winthrop, and Louise had thought the social distinction which such a marriage involved was precious to her. But at this injury to her daughter all that was wiped out.

"It's outrageous to treat you so, dear!" she stormed on, her heart wrung with sympathetic pain.

Her rain of tears and sweet, distressed voice afflicted Dinsmore's heart. It came to him bitterly that as husband and father he had little enough to congratulate himself on, seeing what he had brought to his daughter and wife that night. He felt a great guilt and contrition.

"I'm terribly sorry, Lou," he said humbly, his eyes downcast.

"You mustn't mind, father; I don't," her low voice came back like the fond touch of a hand.

But he had no doubt she did mind very much—as who wouldn't? She was rejected, humiliated; and finally it was his work. He felt very humble and an immense kind of disgust with himself. But there was nothing to be done. The matter was settled. He got up and walked from the room silently, leaving the women to their grief of his making.

Louise saw him rise, with a pang. If he had stayed longer she might have spoken out. Her first impression, when he said Lowell Winthrop broke the engagement, was like the cut of a whip. She was astonished and indignant at the affront to her proper self-respect. But that impression was rather fleeting. A little later her heart bounded and she wanted very much to laugh outright.

"You mustn't mind, dear; it's no fault of yours," her mother was saying, weeping, when they were alone.

Louise lifted a shining face to her and exclaimed: "Mother, I don't care a rap! Not a rap! I'm glad! I don't want to marry him any more than he wants to marry me—nor a hundredth part as much! I'm glad!"

She meant it, too; the swirl of emotions in her breast had come round to that. She had accepted Lowell Winthrop deliberately, with her eyes open, but without pretending to herself or him that it was an overmastering passion. He could give her what she wanted in life; with him it would always be front seat as a matter of prescriptive right. He was able and agreeable, always doing the right thing in the right way. She liked his looks—that appearance of perfect bodily condition. There had been another motive—the sharp reaction from her quarrel with her father over Ned Proctor—a sort of heaping of coals of fire. If her father wished to manage her affairs for her, let him have exactly what he liked. She had said that she was very fond of Lowell. Her disposition was warmer and more impulsive than his. In those little matters of a squeeze of the hand, a pressure of the arm, even a kiss, it had rather been she who gave and he who received than the other way round—for she had accepted him without reservations, meaning to be perfectly sweet to him from the moment she said "Yes."

Those little wooings on her part came into her mind when she was upstairs in her own room, after having parted from her astonished mother. There was a certain sting in them. Probably, she thought, he believed she was tremendously in love with him and would humbly sit on the doorstep waiting until he took her back—if he should finally deem himself justified in taking her back. There was a sting to her pride in that thought. But in spite of it she laughed, saying to herself, "He was perfect—a perfect tailor's dummy," and so figuratively threw him out of the window for good.

She had said that she was only decently sorry for poor old Ned; that it was just decent and nothing more to look him up a bit and give him a passing handshake. She had kept on saying that to herself after she knew it was a lie. But of late she had found herself in a monstrous position from which there seemed no escape. How could she avoid marrying Lowell Winthrop when she had deliberately plighted her troth? Well, Lowell Winthrop himself had let her out of that impossible position.

"You're Sensible Enough, McMurtry, to Know There'll be a Real Fight. I'll Take No Punishment Lying Down. Suppose You Spring Your Story"

It all came round to that—the one thing that counted—and her heart laughed. And then misgave somewhat, too, for a settlement with Lowell Winthrop was vastly different from a settlement with the other man. Yet a great and joyous sense of relief was her chief emotion. Under the impulsion of it she went to her writing desk to indite a little note—a very innocent little note, mentioning that she would be round by the bank at five the next afternoon. But as she approached the writing table something else came up in her mind.

Before going downstairs that evening she had laid three letters on the table—two of them addressed to herself, opened, read and replaced in their envelopes; the other written by herself and put into its envelope, but not sealed. The letters looked as though they had been carelessly dropped where they lay, but, in fact, she had so placed them that she could identify their positions by a hair's breadth. Into one of them she had put a tiny bit of tissue paper; into another a speck of face powder; into the third half an inch of white silk thread. Her own wits had suggested th expedients to her.

Approaching the writing table, she remembered this saw at a glance that all three letters had been moved fr the position in which she had left them. As she drew th from their envelopes she saw that the traps had b sprung, for her telltales were missing. Beyond do somebody had read the letters since she went downsta

At their last meeting, as they were driving home fr the tea room, Ned Proctor had said to her: "I suppo I was about as obscure and humble an individual as cc be found nowadays. I thought they'd simply wiped me the slate and forgotten that I was alive. But I must b more account than I supposed, for somebody is eno interested in me to keep watch of me—find out where and what I do. Probably a sleuth's trailing along in shrubbery over there now. I'm sure they're welcome.

"Not really?" she had exclaimed, astonished and dignant.

"Fact, Lou," he replied. "Somebody's hired to k tab on me all the while—some of that old busines father's, I suppose. But you mustn't ever smoke a pip slap a waiter when you're with me. They'll get it dow the report if you do."

It had a light sound, yet there had been something culiar in his manner of saying this—a kind of nervous conscious note. She noticed that he avoided looking at

"The idea!" she had exclaimed once more, but fair In fact, it had occurred to her that he meant to conv warning—let her know by indirection that a watch kept on them. That hint had worked in her mind until decided to find out by this little trap of the letters whe a watch was kept on her; for she had noticed some th which—if she had been inclined to suspicions—might have raised a suspicion that her maid, Jenny Dupee, spying.

Well—she was spied upon. No doubt of that now. test of the letters showed it. She might have imputed solely to Jenny's curiosity but for Ned Proctor's hint

The idea of a spy turned her rather sick—natural nauseating idea. For she could imagine no motive for ing upon her except with regar Ned Proctor. And who could be ting a spy on them? Who could a motive for it? Could Lowell Winthrop? Cou be her father? That ques too, turned her rather

The gilt clock on the r tel showed five minutes ten. Too late, she dec loathly, to call Ned up t She would find out to-m row; but instead of writi note to make an appointr she would take the s means of telephoning.

IX

IT WAS an unhappy ning for Charles Pu managing editor of Leader. He had learne the murder of William P roy about eleven o'clock morning and had prom set the conspiratorial forc motion. He had viewed body of the victim, imm ately and positively iden ing it; Pomeroy was cert dead.

He had telepho McMurtry, saying, "It' man; no doubt about it

And since then not the slightest sign or sound of the spiratorial operations had reached him. He had teleph McMurtry's office during the afternoon, but the la was out; and when he telephoned again at half past the answer was that Mr. McMurtry had not returned the office was closing for the day.

To be left in the dark that way was trying. He wa free to dispose of his time as the lawyer and detective duties at the newspaper office claimed him. He acc his partners of at least slighting him. Surely some was happening. The most momentous things might be pening. Certainly they could have sent him a little

Sometime after Morden sat down to eat in the restaurant at Highlands—no more thinking of Purcell of the man in the moon—the managing editor went o dine, taking care to leave word where he was going, so anyone who called up the office would know where to him. But nobody did call up the office. It came nine o'c ten o'clock, eleven o'clock—and not a word.

The managing editor became increasingly nervous sentful—and suspicious. He didn't like what had pened the night before—McMurtry and Morden me

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(Continued from Page 34)

before he got there and McMurtry reporting he had got no money. An uneasy man naturally, rather timorous, yet led on by a mighty hunger for money, he was sure to be most unhappy in this situation. He realized that the affair had been taken out of his hands—more than ever since his find, Pomeroy, was dead. McMurtry and Morden could double-cross him if they wanted to—an unpalatable thought to a suspicious nature.

But cowardice is sometimes more dangerous than courage; a cornered rat is a bad opponent.

At half past eleven he called up the Morden Detective Agency—doubtful that anybody would be in at that hour. Somebody was in, however. The sharp-nosed young man answered.

"This is Mr. Purcell of the Leader. Mr. Morden there?" said Purcell.

"No, Mr. Morden hasn't been in this evening," the voice answered.

"Expecting him?"

"He didn't leave any word."

"Take a message for him. I have something of the greatest importance that I want to speak to him about. If he comes in I want him to call me up right away—right away! Get that?"

"Yes, sir; all right, Mr. Purcell. I'll give him the message if he comes in."

"Right away! This can't wait!" Purcell repeated, and hung up the receiver in a fine glow of determination.

Whereupon the sharp-nosed young man with the moth-eaten hair stepped back into the tiny hall, and turning to the open door of the small den on the left, said: "Purcell of the Leader has been asking for you. He said it was important and he wanted you to call him up right away, soon as you came in. He seemed kind of huffy about it."

"Huffy, eh?" Morden asked thoughtfully.

"Sounded that way," said the young man. "He said 'Right away' two or three times."

"I ain't in if anybody else calls," Morden observed, repeating an instruction he had given when he entered the office ten minutes before.

He had repaired to his office after searching James Collingwood's room at Luke's Hotel, partly because he wanted to see if anything in particular had turned up there and partly because he wanted to think. The sharp-nosed young man having withdrawn, he gave himself over to that occupation as he sat square-shouldered, square-jawed and glowering at his desk.

He didn't like McMurtry's report of the night before that Dinsmore had agreed to pay only fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand was nothing to Dinsmore. The man ought to have been brought across much stronger than that. He didn't like the further report that even the promised fifty thousand had not been forthcoming. At best, McMurtry was too cautious; not handling the thing right. Morden was perfectly confident of his own ability to bring Dinsmore to time far more satisfactorily. He'd have said half a million—and got it.

He took the odd, murderous knife out of his pocket and looked it over with affection. As the game stood, it was even more in his hands than in McMurtry's hands. That was what he wanted to think over. McMurtry was waiting up for him over at the Hotel Cardinal—or McMurtry was over there, whether waiting up or not, for their last word had been that the lawyer would stay downtown that night and the detective would report to him as soon as his night's work was done, or by breakfast time in the morning in any event. Morden was considering what he should report, or whether he should report at all. Neither of them had thought particularly about Purcell.

Purcell needed some handling, however. All round it needed handling and McMurtry was the only man to do it. Much as he would like to do it, Morden couldn't push the affair through on his own hook. With that conclusion to his cogitation, the detective went over to the Hotel Cardinal, ignoring the managing editor's message. The lawyer was waiting up for him. In the hotel bedroom the two men sat down together and Morden faithfully repeated his discoveries, down to the knife, which McMurtry examined with lively interest.

"Hell, we've got him!" the detective growled. "We've got him cinched seven ways from the ace. We'll pull his leg for a million at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." He glowered at his friend, with his air of a savage dog about to bite, and added significantly: "If you won't, I will. He's got to come across."

McMurtry realized that his intractable associate was perfectly capable of doing just what he said; and as he rubbed his smoothly shaved over-developed jaw, above which there was the hint of an ominous grin, his gray eyes twinkled thoughtfully.

"It does look a sure thing," he admitted conservatively. "I'll go at him in the morning."

Morden, with a steady glance and unmistakable significance, replied: "I'll go along myself. He might just as well know what he's up against. I'll go with you."

In the detective's looks, even more than in his words, there was an ultimatum. One result of his cogitations had been that there should be no more faltering about the business and that he himself would be present when the financial details were concluded. McMurtry understood both motives perfectly; understood also the man with whom he was dealing. So he said readily, "All right, Jake, I'm agreeable," concealing whatever disappointment he felt. He considered a moment further and added: "Meet me here at half past seven in the morning. We may as well get him here as anywhere. We'll catch him before he leaves his house."

"Sure!" said the detective; and on that understanding they parted—Morden not even remembering to mention that Purcell had called him up.

But McMurtry remembered the other partner as he was undressing and called up the newspaper office.

"Our case is moving along," he said pleasantly over the wire. "Our man will probably be working on it all night. I'm going to turn in now, but I expect to hear from him by morning. I'll call you up by noon anyway. It's moving along."

And with that small crumb the managing editor was compelled to be content for the time being. So when the conspirators retired that night each of them was entertaining some strong mental reservations respecting the others.

At half past seven next morning Morden tapped on the door of McMurtry's room and they spent a little time discussing at what hour Dinsmore would probably come downstairs for breakfast.

"We might have found out from Jenny," McMurtry observed with a passing regret.

"What difference does it make? If he ain't up, he can get up. Call him anyhow," said aggressive Morden.

"I'd rather catch him on the wing," the lawyer objected. "We'll wait till a quarter of eight."

At that hour he called Dinsmore's house, saying, "Mr. McMurtry—Mr. Lawrence McMurtry—wishes to speak to Mr. Dinsmore immediately on a very urgent matter."

Some minutes passed and the servant's voice answered, "Mr. Dinsmore is not dressed yet. He will call you." And the speaker immediately rang off.

With a muttered curse at the stupidity of servants in general, McMurtry got the connection again and instructed, "Have Mr. Dinsmore call me at Room 812, Hotel Cardinal." He repeated it to be sure it was taken down properly, then they waited. At twenty minutes past eight he called again and repeated his message: "Mr. Lawrence McMurtry wishes to speak to Mr. Dinsmore at once on a very important matter."

There was a long delay, while McMurtry held the wire; then the answer came, "Mr. Dinsmore has gone downtown."

Repeating the message to the detective, McMurtry observed ominously, "Looks as though the gentleman is trying to dodge the gaff."

"Ought to have given him the gaff in the first place hard enough so's he'd be acquainted with it," Morden retorted, blaming the lawyer's softness for this contemptuous treatment of them on the part of Dinsmore.

That retort nettled McMurtry, who replied, "He'll get it this time. We'll wait a little and try him at his office."

The waiting with their nerves on edge was disagreeable and this difficulty in reaching Dinsmore's ear reminded them of how amply he was protected.

At a quarter past nine McMurtry called up Dinsmore's office. The answer was that Mr. Dinsmore had not arrived yet. The lawyer left no message for him, but called again at twenty minutes to ten. Then the answer was that Mr. Dinsmore was in a conference and could not be disturbed.

So they had spent two hours merely in trying to get word to Dinsmore—and all in vain. Morden's ill nature had increased steadily and McMurtry had been reflecting—knowing well enough that Morden blamed him for their victim's disparaging attitude.

"We'll go over to my office," said the lawyer as soon as the last message came. "I can get a messenger there that I can rely on."

They went over to the law office in almost complete silence, Morden blaming his partner and the partner resenting it. In his office McMurtry took a sheet of note paper with his letterhead on it, and a plain envelope. Looking at his watch, which showed five minutes of ten, he wrote on the sheet:

I have reason to believe that James Collingwood may be arrested on a charge of murder in half an hour. Kindly call me up at my office before 10:30. L. McM.

Showing that to the detective, he commented, "If his private secretary wants to read that, let him."

He put the note in the plain envelope, addressed the latter to Mr. Dinsmore, wrote "personal and immediate" in the corner and underscored the words. Then he called a young man from the outer room and directed him to deliver the note at once at Dinsmore's office.

Again they waited. All this delay, the difficulty in merely getting word to Dinsmore and the contemptuous attitude on his part which that implied, was trying to their nerves and tempers.

"You've let him play horse with you," Morden marked ungraciously. "You ought to have soaked h right when you had him."

Naturally, that was irritating to McMurtry, but he w more diplomatic.

"This Pomeroy business hadn't happened then," he minded his friend; but he added with heat, "If that n don't fetch him by half past ten we'll have Collingwo pinched on some trumped-up charge and see if that j him any."

"Sure!" said the detective, pleased and mollified by t prospect of bold action.

But at twenty minutes past ten the telephone rang a McMurtry with tingling nerves exulted to hear a vo saying: "This is Mr. Dinsmore. What do you want?"

"I want you to come down to my office," the lawyer plied promptly. "I have something very important to to you." There was a little pause and he added, "A w rant may be issued at any moment."

Then the voice said: "Very well; I'll come down the But one thing, McMurtry—you mentioned a Doctor D to me the other night. I want to see him and hear wh he has to say. I want to clean this up once for all. Ther be no use in my coming down there unless you have doctor present. I mean to see him and hear what he to say myself."

"I'll have him here," said the lawyer promptly.

"Very well, I'll be there in fifteen minutes," said voice.

So the lawyer had gained his main point of getting Di more to the office; yet he turned away from the telephi with a thoughtful expression and reported to Morden:

"He wants Doctor Dill here—wants to see him and h what he has to say himself. Says he won't do any busin with us otherwise—or it amounts to that."

"Won't, eh?" Morden growled. "We'll make him! to Doctor Dill, he can go to hell. We're to name the c ditions—not him."

They both realized the vital importance of keep Doctor Dill securely in their own hands; but, after all, greatest thing was to get the money in the easiest quickest way.

"The main thing now," said McMurtry, turning it o in his mind, "is to get him down here. If he doubts t we've got Doctor Dill or that the doctor will stick to story ——" He turned it over further and suggest "He can't start anything against Doctor Dill with tipping off the whole story. I don't see but we'd be enough—here in my office. What could Dinsmore do?"

Morden didn't see that he could do anything in parti lar in the way of getting the doctor out of their hands; he naturally resisted any concession to Dinsmore, repeated: "Let him go to hell! We'll fix the condition

"But if he's holding off because he doubts that we got Doctor Dill or that the doctor will stick to the story may as well satisfy him on both points," McMurtry argu "The great thing, Jake, is to shake him down—get money out of him. If he'll shake easier after he's s Doctor Dill with his own eyes, don't you see—what want is the money. The quickest way to get it is the b so long as it's safe. He couldn't start anything aga Doctor Dill without giving the whole story away—wh is the last thing in the world he wants to do. I don't but we'd be safe enough."

They argued further, with the upshot that Morden t phoned his office so that Doctor Dill could be produce a few minutes if that seemed desirable. And when he finished a stenographer from the outer office tapped on door and said Mr. Dinsmore was there.

He came in with a composed air and a quick glance t took in the scene—a lawyer's private office, one of a s of rooms in a tall office building and as like a thous other lawyers' private offices as two peas. His glance took in the burly, carelessly dressed stranger in the ro with an unspoken question. Whereupon McMurtry sp up with the greatest affability:

"This is Mr. Morden, Mr. Dinsmore—Mr. Jacob M den of the Morden Detective Agency, who is associa with me in this matter."

It was in the form of an introduction, but the two merely looked at each other—a truculent look on Morde part and a calm survey on Dinsmore's part. Quite in character of affable host, McMurtry motioned to a c at the office table and said "Take a seat."

The indicated chair was on the nearer side of the ta Dinsmore took it and the other two sat down opposite h The scene was thus set and it seemed the lawyer's cue speak.

"Soon after I left your house night before last, Dinsmore," he began in a subdued voice, but very tinctly, "you changed your clothes, put on a black-a gray checked hat and took the ten-eighteen train do town. You went over to the Christopher Columbus Cl called James Collingwood into the hall and after a li talk went away with him. James Collingwood then kil William Pomeroy. The knife with which Pomeroy killed was found in Collingwood's trunk last night—in

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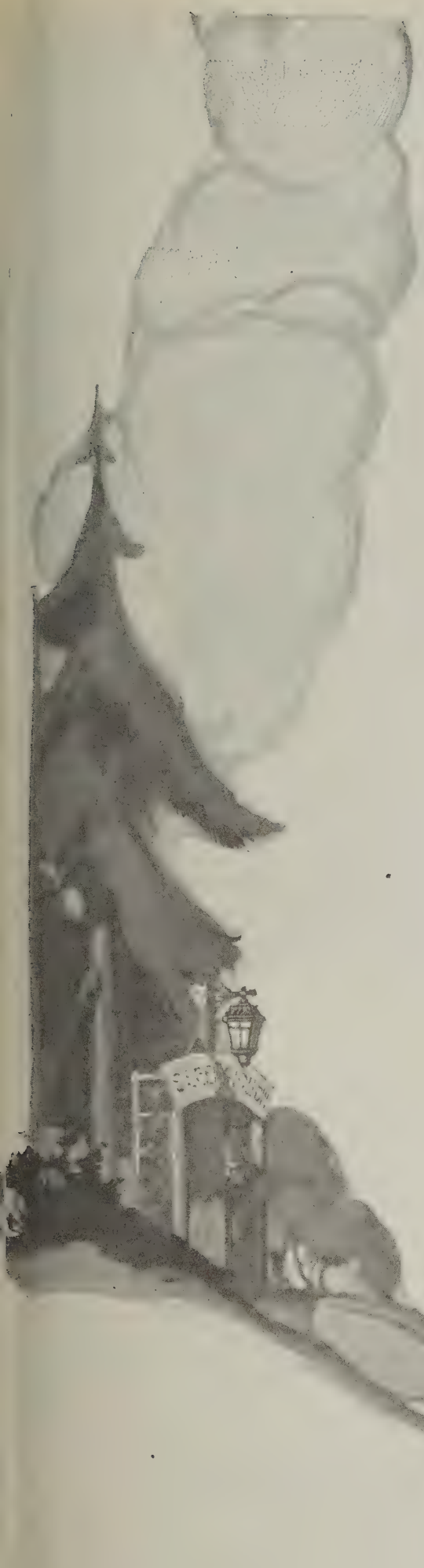

The Comfort Car

IT is really not strange that many who formerly drove other cars, should now be numbered among our most enthusiastic Hupmobile owners.

The reasons why this is so are perfectly plain.

It is only necessary to recall that *The Comfort Car* has the name of being a really extraordinary performer among all types; that its economy and freedom from repairs are likewise quite unusual; and that it is regarded as one of the soundest and most lasting values in the automobile market.

Hupmobile

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

An Electric Solution

IF ALL the railroad and trolley tracks in the United States were placed end to end they would form a single line that would circle the earth eighteen times. The marvelous system of transportation that has been developed in this country is largely responsible for the rapid industrial growth of the nation. The railway route mileage here in America totals 265,218, while the mileage of all of Europe is only 217,000. The United States railways consume more than 25% of all the coal that is mined in America each year. The carrying capacity of our roads is seriously restricted by the movement of coal required for hauling the trains themselves. One authority estimates that 10 to 12% of the total ton-mileage movement behind the engine draw bar on our steam roads is made up of company coal and coal cars, including in this figure the steam-engine tender and its contents. This indicates that the useful, or revenue-carrying, capacity of our steam roads could be increased at least 10% with existing track facilities by eliminating the entire company coal movement.

Rotary Snow Plow, Operated by an Electric Locomotive, Clearing the Main-Line Track Near the Summit of the Bitter Root Mountains

Few people realize just how serious the nation's transportation problem really is, and how we are driving rapidly toward a situation where industrial progress must inevitably be checked by the failure of railroad development to keep pace with our trade advancement. For months we have damned the telephone companies for the delays and annoyances they have caused us. The average citizen had blamed the phone troubles on every phase of human neglect and inefficiency, while the whole matter in recent months has been a purely mechanical problem brought about by the cessation of telephone development work. It is simply impossible in this day of rapid industrial growth to handle enormous increases in business with old equipment and ancient methods.

Our railroads are even more closely linked with our lives than the telephone, and what we have been remarking about our phone service is nothing compared with the things we shall be saying about the country's railways unless some miraculous change comes soon. Limited telephone facilities created inconvenience; limited transportation service will create actual suffering since the handling of food and fuel is essential to our existence.

No one can say what the outcome of the railroad problem will be in a political way; but the time is appropriate to direct attention to certain scientific remedies that will help quite a little in restoring a healthy condition. Frequently when the future appears to be hopeless the engineer or the inventor steps in, and many obstructions disappear.

The use of electric power on our railroads is not a new subject but it is a science that in late years has been developed far beyond the general public understanding. Some few years ago many railroads were ready for electrification, but the engineering problems connected therewith had not been solved in a thoroughly practical manner. Now that all the elements of electrification have been perfected the railroads are without the necessary capital to make the investment. As a consequence there is urgent need for the country to understand how great are the advantages that will result from the more extended use of electric power. In the transportation business capital surely needs all the encouragement that can be afforded it.

Let me start out by saying that even if we had an abundance of money available not all of our railroad lines would be immediately electrified. Conditions for economical steam haulage and those for electric traction are exactly reversed. Steam roads are most economical when they operate large units—locomotives—and fewer trains. Electric transmission means smaller units and a uniform load all along the line. In most cases it would be very little cheaper to run three or four trains a day by electricity than to run thirty or forty such trains over the same line. The power has to be there continuously to pull the load. It is for this reason that electric haulage pays best on short lines connecting large cities, where the traffic is heavy and frequent. It is likewise true that in localities where fuel is scarce and dear electrification is the one and only system to use.

This does not mean that electrification is not suitable on main-line railroads. What I have tried to convey is the idea that electric power can be used for haulage much more economically in some places than in others. Furthermore, it is well to state at the beginning of such a discussion as this is that electric locomotives are not going to displace steam engines right away. In fact, there are many places where the modern steam locomotive at the present time is the cheapest unit to use.

In the United States we operate more electric locomotives over a greater electrified track mileage than all the other countries in the world combined. The latest figures show that exclusive of our trolley lines we have approximately 680 electric locomotives operating over 4900 miles of route, or 8400 miles of electrified track. Compared with this in all the rest of the world there are only 455 electric locomotives operating over only 1800 miles of track.

In order to show the economy of electric operation Messrs. W. B. Potter and S. T. Dodd, transportation engineers, made a careful examination of recent reports of revenue traffic, and found that the railway traffic for the year under consideration (1914), was 1,000,000,000,000 (one trillion) ton-miles. Out of this the movement of coal for railway purposes, together with coal cars and locomotives carrying same, amounted to about 12%. The actual amount of fuel consumed by the steam roads during this particular year to move this tonnage of one trillion ton-miles w 100,000,000 tons coal and 40,000,0 barrels of oil. Th state that this sa tonnage could ha been moved with el tric locomotives an expenditu of 40,000,000 to of fuel, a saving 100,000,000 tons year.

It is further es mated that the ann electric power nec sary to operate all steam roads would 37,200,000,000 ki watts. Power stati capable of deliver this amount of pow per year would ha an aggregate instal tion capacity of 8,50 000 kilowatts, wh at the present ti the installed capac of power stations the United States approximately 2 000,000 kilowatts- capacity which nearly two and a h times the requirem for operating all steam railroads in country. It is evide therefore, that t task of supplyi enough power to co plete the job of r road electrification no Herculean und taking.

It is not to be pected, however, t the nation will ad any universal plan electrifying our transportation systems. Furthermore is not necessary to enter upon this work so broadly in or to derive many of its benefits. The railroad-fuel pr lem is most serious in our mountainous districts, an is precisely in such situations that electrification has de onstrated its greatest value. Under the most unfavora conditions electrification of a railroad in a mountain region will at least enable a road to double the amount traffic to be moved over existing tracks and grades. T increased capacity results largely from the greater re bility and higher capacity of electric locomotives under conditions of service. Under average conditions electrifi tion permits a speeding up of train schedules by some 25

Likewise, it should be borne in mind that in extrem cold weather, when the steam locomotives practically out of business, the electric engines make their best sh ing. Extreme cold—aside from the physical condition the traffic rail—does not hamper the operation of the el tric locomotive, but actually increases its hauling capaci In January or February, when the steam engines are us up most of their energy by radiation from their boilers i the atmosphere, leaving very little useful power available move the train, the electric locomotive is operating un its most efficient conditions, and at such a time will ha greater load than in warm weather.

As for the use of oil on railroad engines the practic no less than an industrial sin, and will be so considered all who look back in a few years to come. Our limi supply of oil will all be needed in the nation's struggle supremacy in world trade. A coal-burning merch marine will not carry off the palm of victory in our fi for foreign business. We can't electrify a line across ocean. Our merchant ships, farm tractors and mo trucks will soon be demanding more oil than we can eas furnish them.

As to the part water power will play in electrificati experts estimate that there is not less than 25,000,0 horse power of available water in this country. If t were developed and used in driving our railroads e horse power so utilized would save at least six pounds coal now burned under locomotive boilers for each ho power hour developed. In this connection, however

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Land-marks of romance

IF you were 'way, 'way up in the sky one evening in your aeroplane—so far that you could see all of your State at once, you would shape your course by the lights below.

In every town you would spy a number of clusters of especially bright lights.

These are land-marks of romance upon the Paramount Artcraft map of America.

Go a little nearer to any one of these theatres—plane down in your machine—and except for the noise of your engine you would hear the cheerful swing of music and the little bursts of applause that punctuate the performance.

You could call on any one of the thousands of communities all over the country and you would find exactly the same thing,

—the same great Paramount Artcraft Pictures exciting the admiration of hundreds of thousands of people in *all* the best theatres, everywhere, *simultaneously.*

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is at the helm of the most romantic industry that ever occupied business men, and the measure of its success will always be determined—as it has been in the past—by the good times you and everybody else have with the pictures called Paramount Artcraft.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released to December 1st

Billie Burke *in*	"Sadie Love"
Irene Castle *in*	"The Invisible Bond"
Ethel Clayton *in*	"A Sporting Chance"
Marguerite Clark *in*	"Luck in Pawn"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production	"Male and Female"
Elsie Ferguson *in*	"Counterfeit"
Dorothy Gish *in*	"Turning the Tables"
D. W. Griffith's Production	"Scarlet Days"
* Wm. S. Hart *in*	"Wagon Tracks"
Houdini *in*	"The Grim Game"
Lila Lee *in*	"Heart of Youth"
Vivian Martin *in*	"His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid *in*	"The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"The Life Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production	"The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick *in*	"In Mizzoura"
Bryant Washburn *in*	"It Pays to Advertise"
"The Teeth of the Tiger"	With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love"	A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Dark Star"	A Cosmopolitan Production

* Supervision Thomas H. Ince

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in*	"What Every Woman Learns"
Dorothy Dalton *in*	"L'Apache"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in*	"23½ Hours' Leave"
Charles Ray *in*	"Crooked Straight"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies	*One Each Month*
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies	*Two Each Month*
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies	*One Each Month*
Paramount-Ernest Truex Comedies	*One Each Month*

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine	*issued weekly*
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures	*issued every other week*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures	*one each week*
Paramount-Burlingham Adventure Pictures	*every other week*
Paramount-Briggs Comedies	*one each week*

(Continued from Page 38)

should be stated that not all our water power is located in regions where the transportation requirements are greatest. But this does not excuse the nonuse of resources that could be harnessed.

Over in France the lack of mineral combustibles is forcing a detailed study of the country's water resources. A particular investigation is being made of the economical use of electricity for motive power on railroads. A committee has been appointed to draw up a program for the electrification of the principal lines. The preliminary report of the French engineers upholds the conclusions that have been arrived at by our own experts. The committee states that mountain lines should be among the first to be electrified, but also recommends the electric operation of roads having a low grade and heavy traffic. The program proposes the electrification of 5220 miles of track. The probable cost based on prewar prices is estimated to be $335,000,000. Basing their figures on the normal traffic of 1913 the Frenchmen estimate that electrification would save 1,500,000 metric tons of coal annually, and in the near future the economy should not be less than 3,000,000 metric tons.

The amount of coal in the United States is enormous, but nevertheless it is limited. Every ton that is wasted cannot be replaced. Electric power will save millions of tons. Then there is the railroad muddle; electrification is the quickest and cheapest solution. Many a business has saved itself by the simple process of adopting methods that reduce costs and turn deficits into profits. In some localities the steam railroad no more covers transportation possibilities to-day than would a stage coach on a motor-bus route.

Easy Money

A PROMINENT merchant in a large city had been sending a yearly check to a man who bore the self-styled title of "reverend" and who resided in another city a thousand miles away. One day it occurred to the business man to look up the party to whom he had been giving for twenty years and see if the reverend gentleman's activities really were as praiseworthy as had been set forth. The investigation brought out the facts that the man was not a minister of any denomination or a representative of any organization; his solicitations netted him considerable sums of money; he spared no expense in satisfying his personal desires; some years before he had been arrested in two Southern cities on felony charges; he claimed to assist young boys, but was reticent on this subject. The merchant, of course, stopped his annual donations to this dubious cause; but think what a loss he had already sustained!

A visit to the office of the district attorney in most of our large cities will prove to any skeptic that the business of catching or exposing these fake charities is no easy task. In the state of New Jersey there is a law known as the Membership Corporations Law, which forbids any individual or group of people to incorporate a supposedly philanthropic organization without there being a preliminary investigation resulting in approval of the scheme by the State Board of Charities. Notwithstanding this very helpful legal precaution, the district attorney of a near-by metropolis has experienced trouble in frustrating the plans of a society acting under the authority granted by New Jersey incorporation papers. The New York officials found that the society had scattered mite boxes over the entire United States. So many such boxes had been sent out to banks, offices, business houses and places of amusement that the gentleman managing the project did not even know himself where all of these boxes were located.

On each box was displayed an appealing picture and the scheme pulled so well that $19,580.87 was collected before the authorities were able to call a halt. The investigation showed that of the amount gathered in, $17,214.23 was disbursed for overhead expenses, and no attempt had been made to select a site for the proposed home for girls. The result of the inquiry was the ordering in of all the mite boxes, but this was as far as the law could go, and the careless givers are out all they contributed.

Collectors for a home for needy children recently invaded New York. They procured a lot of money before the police caught one of the leaders. This culprit was charged with teaching young boys to steal. His trial resulted in a sentence of several years and a fine of two thousand dollars. Yet many business men gave liberally to this unknown association.

If anything is more amazing than the carelessness people exercise in their giving it must be the ease with which the average citizen is fooled. The easy-money men of the days of Barnum were paragons of virtue compared with the charity swindlers of to-day. The modern dishonest solicitor does not hesitate to use bogus letterheads and forged credentials. He frequently poses as the representative of some reputable and well-known association. Two men were sent to prison recently in New York for soliciting advertisements for a proposed book to be issued by a benevolent association. That the city was easy is proved by the fact that they got away with four thousand dollars before they were apprehended.

Frequently the solicitor and his accomplices create an organization for the sole purpose of getting out a yearbook or a souvenir program. One such group gathered in some unsuspecting dollars in Eastern cities this year. The only copies of the journal of the supposed association were those got out for use in the collecting campaign. The addresses given by the collectors proved to be saloons. Yet many merchants placed advertisements with these dishonest salesmen.

In many cases, even when the cause is worthy, the plan followed in getting contributions does not permit much of the money to reach the charity that needs it. Take, for instance, the case of a magazine selling for ten cents. The agents maintained that the proceeds were applied to sending tubercular children to an institution in a Southern state, and caring for them there. An examination showed that of every ten cents collected the solicitor got four and the managing agent two. The financial report of the organization indicated that $4000 had been spent on the general maintenance of the home, while $25,000 had been applied to printing, headquarters, expenses and overhead charges. In other words, only fourteen per cent of the total money reaching headquarters was used to benefit the children. Furthermore, this fourteen per cent was only about six per cent of the gross receipts.

When it comes to the question of the chain letter, which is used so often to help a cause, the plan is nearly always undesirable, due to the uncertainty and lack of control that attends this method of procuring funds. The mathematical shark knows that such a letter asking that copies be mailed to four friends will reach into the billions in a v short time. This, of course, assumes that the chain is broken and that each series of letters bears the next high number.

Some of these chain letters are pure frauds. A firm in Eastern city started such a letter, promising a cert article of merchandise to all who would remit ten cen The scheme was exposed by the post-office inspectors, at last reports the postmaster in the city where the let was started had received 600,000 of these letters inclos dimes, and since there is absolutely no way to stop a ch letter once it is started the money continues to come notwithstanding the fact that the fraud order was issu some time ago. One chain letter quoting a prayer has b circulating for more than ten years. It predicts calam for those who do not comply, so it is probably good fo century or two.

The remit-or-return scheme for collecting foolish dol has been used extensively in recent years. The Cham of Commerce in Rochester, New York, which body thoroughly investigated the question of dishonest solic tions, tells the story of a method that was unique if successful: A former president of the chamber receive rug, following the receipt of a letter purporting to written at the request of an old friend and offering the as a great bargain. The following extracts are taken fr the correspondence:

"Our mutual friend, Harry Smith, dropped in here morning on his way to the coast and bought a coupl Navajo blankets. During our chat he mentioned y name, stating that you wanted to get some of these go but had not bought any for fear of getting stung. It his intention to pick out half a dozen blankets for you have us ship them on, but there wasn't time—the t only stops a few minutes—so he left it to my judgmen make the selection and forward them. 'Better send first,' thinks I, 'and see how he likes it,' and so I am s ping by parcel post to-day one of the best-woven prettiest blankets in the house—a regular ham-strin Invoice is inclosed. You will note I have made you a per cent discount from the regular price—thank Harry that.

"Shall be going East this summer and expect to stop and see Smith, who has promised to show me round a li Hope to have the pleasure of meeting you at that tim

The prospective customer replied: "Returning bill herewith. I beg to say that I have turned the rug to the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, which ha department looking after this kind of thing. If you like it you may thank Harry for that. I do not recall such friend named Smith. Am amazed you should ex to find anybody so easy as to send a check for $23.85 something he doesn't want or wouldn't take the troubl pack up and send back. Of course the parcel is subjec your order, or will be delivered to your duly author representative."

The Western man replied: "You're there when it co to spotting a frame-up. A Chicago firm said I could away with t game—that ch would come in f nine people ou ten. I fell for idea, though I di like it and I d like it any be now. I'm goin quit."

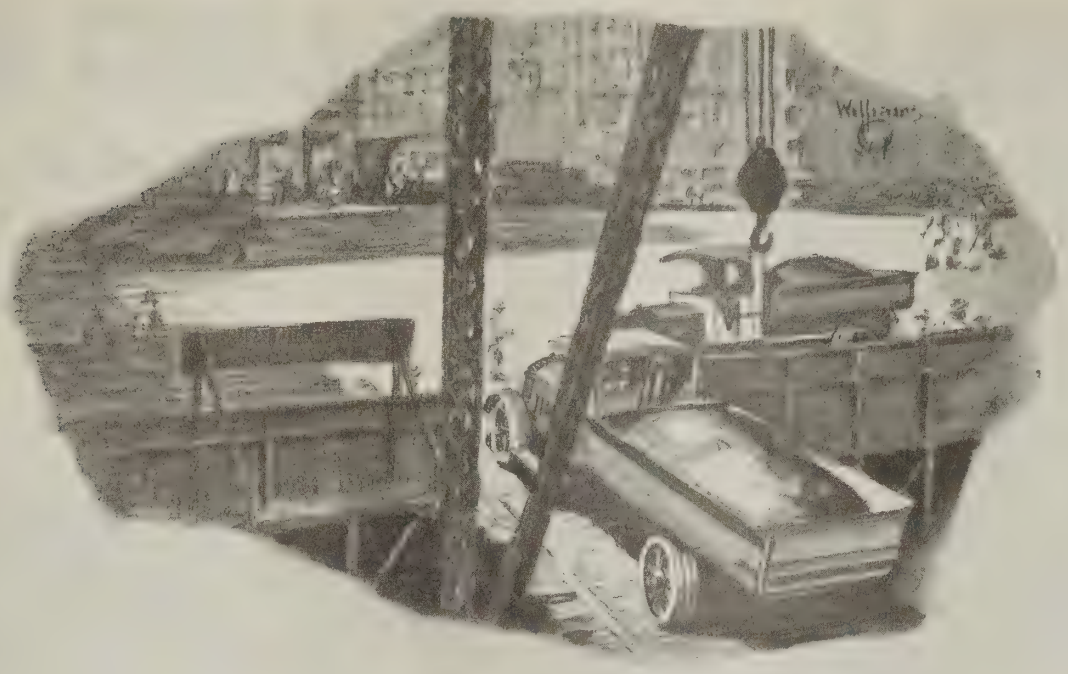
Then the le asks Mr. Blanl try to sell blanket to som his friends, offe a further ten cent reduction, ends with: course if they pa up I'll quickly stamps for re postage."

In this schem remit or return cles of merchar are sometimes with the req that a certain su money be remi or the goods turned. Usuall sender claims t suffering from incurable illn and has a famil support. such fraud was posed and it

(Concluded o Page 81)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

An Electric Train Descending a Two Per Cent Grade on the Eastern Slope of the Rockies



You can't get away from the fact that 60,000 Republic Trucks have been bought by shrewd, sensible business men. Among them will be found a solid conviction that their trucks are not equalled —in *performance*, in *ruggedness*, in *economy*. In six years, this preference—based solely on the wonderful Republic record—has made this company the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

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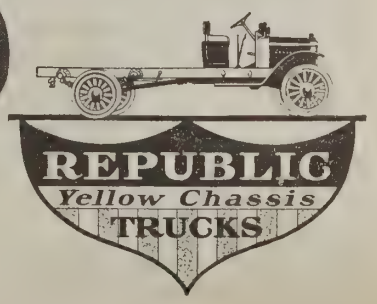


Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

ON THE LORDSBURG ROAD

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"'Kick Down That Box and Stick Up Yo'r Hands,' Says the Road Agent. I Did 'em Both at the Same Time"

ONE blazing windy Arizona afternoon in the days when liquor selling was still a licensed privilege over in New Mexico, Sheriff Bob Reed and I were sitting under a hackberry tree beside the Lordsburg road. The sheriff's roadster, parked near by, was smeared with dust, its fenders bore scars from recent reckless driving and the sheriff himself showed signs of much hard usage. Unshaven, stained by wind and dirt and sun, he blinked his weary eyes—sometimes he nodded—peering down the road into the east.

We had been watching that highway for a week now, traveling back and forth over its dusty reaches through the long hot days, lurking beside it through the cool nights while the mocking birds sang all about us in the darkness. On the branch roads which twisted in and out among the swarthy malapi hills deputies were maintaining similar vigils, at what expense in gasoline, tires and repair bills we did not know or care to think of; time enough for such griefs when it came to turning in accounts to the board of supervisors.

Some tokens of small success marked the devious routes we had traveled—a half dozen heaps of broken glass, each with its array of paper labels fluttering in the breezes and its aroma suggestive of pay-day night in a wide-open mining town. There was also a wrecked touring car where the road makes the sharp turn at the head of the grade; and there were four dismal young fellows in the jail at Chiricahua, writing their friends for bail. But the fragments of bottles merely marked the points where first offenders—their illicit wares destroyed by their own hands—had departed from our company on their promises to sin no more against the laws of the commonwealth. The overturned auto belonged to a novice at bootlegging, unfamiliar with the hazards of our county highways; and as for the prisoners, they were small fry. The big game whom the sheriff had come forth to hunt was still at large. Just now he was—or anyway we hoped he was—somewhere down that gray road which twined away between the sun-baked hills to New Mexico.

Big Tom Williams was the name men knew him by—it may have been his own for all I ever learned, but that is doubtful—and he was old in the crafty game of smuggling long before Bob Reed wore a star on his vest. Back in the days when Black Jack Ketchum was robbing express cars he had learned the art of packing rifle cartridges so that they would pass scrutiny as sacked flour; and the more recent years of border warfare had afforded him a post-graduate course in smuggling munitions, to the end that when prohibition came it found him not only ready and willing but apt at carrying contraband. So long as he traveled the road to Lordsburg the miners in the copper camps need never go thirsty.

We had met him at the beginning of the week, while this expedition was still young and our hopes were high, and he had stopped his high-powered touring car long enough to tell us flat-footed that he was on his way to Lordsburg after whisky. With which he sped off in a cloud of dust and left the sheriff frowning, even as he frowned now under the hackberry tree, gazing off into the tawny landscape.

A hundred yards or so up the road Bill Savage was sitting in the shade of his huge eight-cylinder car and I could see the cow-puncher who did chauffeur duty for him removing a deflated tire. They had passed us some minutes ago, to come to grief on one of the sharp rock fragments at the creek crossing. I looked from the old-timer, who had established his ranch down in the valley in the days when Cochise was on the warpath and had maintained it by force of arms until the coming of the railroads, to Sheriff Bob Reed and found the latter still peering off into the distance. I knew what he was thinking. I had asked myself the same question:

"Where in that tangle of hills is the route Tom Williams traveled?"

"Why don't you ask Bill Savage?" I said.

The sheriff shook his head.

"Bill," he answered, "is an old-timer."

"Sure!" I argued. "That's the idea. He's tracked Apaches over every rod of this country, and if there's a road ——"

"You don't get me," Reed interrupted. "And I'll explain. Did you ever hear of the time Bill Savage got into trouble in Tucson? No? Well, some years back he came to town—the place had changed a whole lot since his last visit, along of Eastern people, but he didn't know it. He had his dog with him.

"One day this dog of Bill's got into a fight with a dog belonging to some newcomer from the Middle West. It was a pretty hot scrap and at the beginning Bill's dog was getting the worst of it, taking a devil of a lacing. Bill stood by and listened to the other fellow laugh, but didn't make a move to stop the fun. Finally his dog made out to climb on top and just as it was sinking its teeth in for a good hold the man from the Middle West kicked it.

"Bill shot him through the foot.

"'There,' says he, 'you won't kick another dog for a while, pardner.'

"It cost his friends a heap of money to square the case, because people were getting so they didn't understand such things any more."

"Well," I said hopelessly, "I'm afraid I don't get you yet."

The sheriff sm
but forbore to
mind me that I,
was a newcom
the country.

"It's like this
the old-timers,'

went on quietly. "They don't go to meddle with the c
fellow's business, not even when the other fellow is
own dog."

He paused to relight his cigarette, which had gone
a half hour ago, and then: "Savage," said he, "do
look on bootlegging as a matter of lawbreaking—like
ing beef or rustling cattle. He'd regard this as a pers
affair between me and Tom Williams.

"He's known me ever since I was a boy and likes
whole lot, but if I was to get into a gun fight with
Williams he'd stand by and never turn a hand. That
would be my business and Bill would figure he'd ha
keep out of it—unless he saw that Williams was sta
the cards on me some way."

He puffed on his cigarette, exhaled a thin blue clo
smoke, and then I saw his eyes narrow as he peered
the road. But when I looked into the east there wa
sign of traveler there. A few moments later he rose.

"We may as well go over and pass the time of day
Bill," he told me. "It's no more than neighborly."

We walked through the flaring sunshine to the
crossing and Savage rose from his seat on the running b
to shake hands with us. From shoulder to knee he
surrendered himself to present-day conventions, but
trousers of his neat business suit were tucked into the
of high-heeled boots and his hat was the old-fashi
broadbrim. He wore a spade beard and his eyelids w
have betrayed him anywhere as one of that implac
breed who wrested the West from Indians and bad
for they did not curve above the eyes but curtained
in rigid slanting lines, which is the case with men who
learned to sight their rifles in the face of death with
same cool accuracy they attain on a target range.

"Howdy, Bob," he said, and to me, "Howdy."

The cow-puncher glanced up from his toil on the s
tire to nod and we three disposed ourselves with what
fort we could inside the patch of shade which the bi
afforded to talk for some time on such everyday topi
the prospects of a badly needed rain, the bewildering va

(Continued on Page 45)

(Continued from Page 42)

iti which Mexican generals were imposing on cattle, er brisk rise, the new tungsten discoveries just north . say we talked; the sheriff did, and I helped out os I could. But Savage contented himself with an sic al fragmentary phrase. Conversation came from li water from a dried-out pump—in jerky dashes rich priming.

e ind tortured the little willows by the scanty stream a housand grotesque posturings; the sun beat down o tark rocks about us; a bunch of cows came to the ith their calves, caught sight of us and departed ip ately, waving their tails on high. The cow-puncher the dismal task of pumping his tire.

Be down the road?" Savage asked, and as Reed e "Thought so when I saw those piles of busted le Bob, that's first-degree murder." After which un- e gush he subsided to thick uncompromising silence. sheriff explained the circumstances leading to those s glass fragments.

ter to let the fellows go than have them hire a re who'd get it into their heads they could beat the in," he concluded. "Besides, I don't want to go t Chiricahua just yet; I'm after Big Tom Williams."

vge made a sound resembling that which the Indians n sed in place of an articulate exclamation.

W met up with him a week back." The sheriff went o count the incident of the bootlegger's bold defiance. ot to get that hombre now," he growled.

hibition," said Bill Savage, "is plumb nonsense. n day we wasn't bothered by such triflin' laws."

It not my law," Reed answered bitterly. "I didn't e , but I'm up against enforcing it." He looked ag in the eyes. "This fellow Williams has a road ewere over there," he waved his hand toward the ; a road he carries whisky by to Chiri- ua The election's coming on this fall and ac the Republicans are making a lot out t ecause—they claim—I don't stop boot- it."

vge shook his head.

Fol law!" he muttered. "It's you and n Williams for it, Bob. If you ketch him 'r the best man. None o' my business."

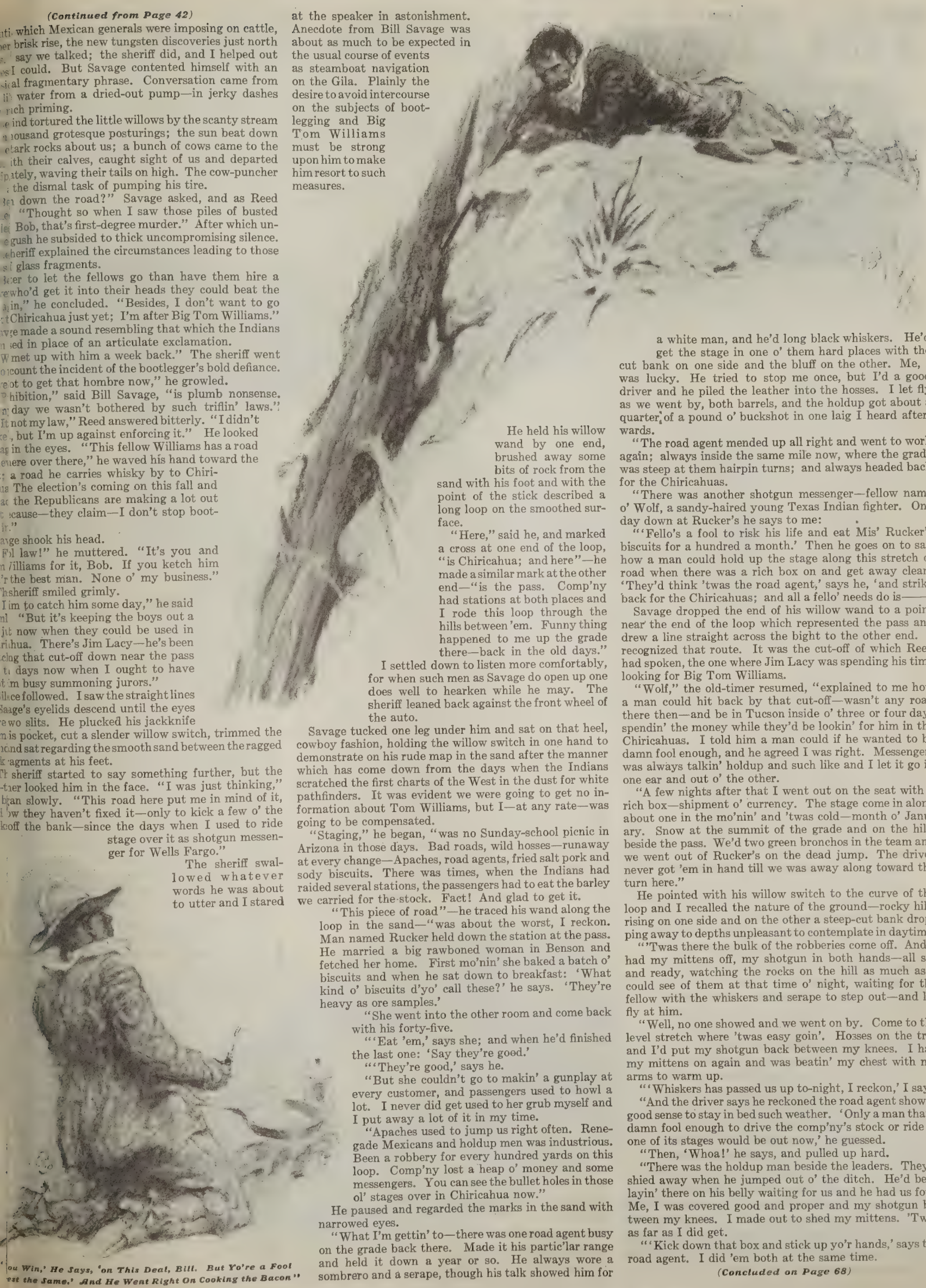
The sheriff smiled grimly.

I im to catch him some day," he said nl "But it's keeping the boys out a jut now when they could be used in rihua. There's Jim Lacy—he's been cing that cut-off down near the pass t days now when I ought to have t im busy summoning jurors."

ilence followed. I saw the straight lines Savage's eyelids descend until the eyes e wo slits. He plucked his jackknife n is pocket, cut a slender willow switch, trimmed the nand sat regarding the smooth sand between the ragged k agments at his feet.

The sheriff started to say something further, but the ther looked him in the face. "I was just thinking," began slowly. "This road here put me in mind of it, ow they haven't fixed it—only to kick a few o' the koff the bank—since the days when I used to ride stage over it as shotgun messen- ger for Wells Fargo."

The sheriff swallowed whatever words he was about to utter and I stared at the speaker in astonishment. Anecdote from Bill Savage was about as much to be expected in the usual course of events as steamboat navigation on the Gila. Plainly the desire to avoid intercourse on the subjects of bootlegging and Big Tom Williams must be strong upon him to make him resort to such measures.



'ou Win,' He Says, 'on This Deal, Bill. But Yo're a Fool 'est the Same.' And He Went Right On Cooking the Bacon"

He held his willow wand by one end, brushed away some bits of rock from the sand with his foot and with the point of the stick described a long loop on the smoothed surface.

"Here," said he, and marked a cross at one end of the loop, "is Chiricahua; and here"—he made a similar mark at the other end—"is the pass. Comp'ny had stations at both places and I rode this loop through the hills between 'em. Funny thing happened to me up the grade there—back in the old days."

I settled down to listen more comfortably, for when such men as Savage do open up one does well to hearken while he may. The sheriff leaned back against the front wheel of the auto.

Savage tucked one leg under him and sat on that heel, cowboy fashion, holding the willow switch in one hand to demonstrate on his rude map in the sand after the manner which has come down from the days when the Indians scratched the first charts of the West in the dust for white pathfinders. It was evident we were going to get no information about Tom Williams, but I—at any rate—was going to be compensated.

"Staging," he began, "was no Sunday-school picnic in Arizona in those days. Bad roads, wild hosses—runaway at every change—Apaches, road agents, fried salt pork and sody biscuits. There was times, when the Indians had raided several stations, the passengers had to eat the barley we carried for the stock. Fact! And glad to get it.

"This piece of road"—he traced his wand along the loop in the sand—"was about the worst, I reckon. Man named Rucker held down the station at the pass. He married a big rawboned woman in Benson and fetched her home. First mo'nin' she baked a batch o' biscuits and when he sat down to breakfast: 'What kind o' biscuits d'yo' call these?' he says. 'They're heavy as ore samples.'

"She went into the other room and come back with his forty-five.

"'Eat 'em,' says she; and when he'd finished the last one: 'Say they're good.'

"'They're good,' says he.

"But she couldn't go to makin' a gunplay at every customer, and passengers used to howl a lot. I never did get used to her grub myself and I put away a lot of it in my time.

"Apaches used to jump us right often. Renegade Mexicans and holdup men was industrious. Been a robbery for every hundred yards on this loop. Comp'ny lost a heap o' money and some messengers. You can see the bullet holes in those ol' stages over in Chiricahua now."

He paused and regarded the marks in the sand with narrowed eyes.

"What I'm gettin' to—there was one road agent busy on the grade back there. Made it his partic'lar range and held it down a year or so. He always wore a sombrero and a serape, though his talk showed him for a white man, and he'd long black whiskers. He'd get the stage in one o' them hard places with the cut bank on one side and the bluff on the other. Me, I was lucky. He tried to stop me once, but I'd a good driver and he piled the leather into the hosses. I let fly as we went by, both barrels, and the holdup got about a quarter of a pound o' buckshot in one laig I heard afterwards.

"The road agent mended up all right and went to work again; always inside the same mile now, where the grade was steep at them hairpin turns; and always headed back for the Chiricahuas.

"There was another shotgun messenger—fellow name o' Wolf, a sandy-haired young Texas Indian fighter. One day down at Rucker's he says to me:

"'Fello's a fool to risk his life and eat Mis' Rucker's biscuits for a hundred a month.' Then he goes on to say how a man could hold up the stage along this stretch o' road when there was a rich box on and get away clean. 'They'd think 'twas the road agent,' says he, 'and strike back for the Chiricahuas; and all a fello' needs do is——"

Savage dropped the end of his willow wand to a point near the end of the loop which represented the pass and drew a line straight across the bight to the other end. I recognized that route. It was the cut-off of which Reed had spoken, the one where Jim Lacy was spending his time looking for Big Tom Williams.

"Wolf," the old-timer resumed, "explained to me how a man could hit back by that cut-off—wasn't any road there then—and be in Tucson inside o' three or four days spendin' the money while they'd be lookin' for him in the Chiricahuas. I told him a man could if he wanted to be damn fool enough, and he agreed I was right. Messengers was always talkin' holdup and such like and I let it go in one ear and out o' the other.

"A few nights after that I went out on the seat with a rich box—shipment o' currency. The stage come in along about one in the mo'nin' and 'twas cold—month o' January. Snow at the summit of the grade and on the hills beside the pass. We'd two green bronchos in the team and we went out of Rucker's on the dead jump. The driver never got 'em in hand till we was away along toward the turn here."

He pointed with his willow switch to the curve of the loop and I recalled the nature of the ground—rocky hills rising on one side and on the other a steep-cut bank dropping away to depths unpleasant to contemplate in daytime.

"'Twas there the bulk of the robberies come off. And I had my mittens off, my shotgun in both hands—all set and ready, watching the rocks on the hill as much as I could see of them at that time o' night, waiting for the fellow with the whiskers and serape to step out—and let fly at him.

"Well, no one showed and we went on by. Come to the level stretch where 'twas easy goin'. Hosses on the trot and I'd put my shotgun back between my knees. I had my mittens on again and was beatin' my chest with my arms to warm up.

"'Whiskers has passed us up to-night, I reckon,' I says.

"And the driver says he reckoned the road agent showed good sense to stay in bed such weather. 'Only a man that's damn fool enough to drive the comp'ny's stock or ride in one of its stages would be out now,' he guessed.

"Then, 'Whoa!' he says, and pulled up hard.

"There was the holdup man beside the leaders. They'd shied away when he jumped out o' the ditch. He'd been layin' there on his belly waiting for us and he had us foul. Me, I was covered good and proper and my shotgun between my knees. I made out to shed my mittens. 'Twas as far as I did get.

"'Kick down that box and stick up yo'r hands,' says the road agent. I did 'em both at the same time.

(Concluded on Page 68)

The Big Bull of the Shoshon

By HAL G. EVARTS

MEN who should know say that it is true. All those who have lived long lives on the headwaters of the Shoshone believe it. They say that a calf elk gives off no scent; that a coyote, the keenest-nosed animal of all the wild, will pass downwind and never turn; that the mountain lion, the lurking slayer of the hills, may almost step upon the motionless mite of new life and still be unaware of it. It must be true, for the long tawny shape which glided down the slope passed within a few feet of the two calves. The old cows were far down in the timber, yet their scent was heavy in the quivering nostrils of the big cat—but when he could have touched the calves he passed them by without turning his head. If either had moved a muscle he would have seen it, but no calf elk will move an inch from the spot where its mother leaves it.

The lion crept like a noiseless shadow through the trees. One of the cows saw a movement thirty feet away and bounded wildly to her feet. Four sets of claws struck wickedly through the skin of her back as the killer fastened there, his teeth tearing at her neck as she plunged madly down the slope.

All through the night the two calves lay motionless and both were suffering the pangs of hunger when the bull-calf's mother slipped through the shadowy trees at dawn. The little bull, shaking with eagerness, sprang up to nuzzle her flank.

The she calf lay without a move. The warm milk scent reached her baby nostrils and she breathed deep of it. It was only the drag of starvation which at last caused her to move before her own mother returned. She scrambled suddenly to her feet and edged in beside the bull calf for a share of the meal.

The old cow angrily drove her off. She could conquer her fear of the mountain lion, her deadliest enemy, and return to her own; nurse the motherless offspring of another she would not. This was not mere callous savagery, but stern necessity. There was but milk enough for one. The rules which govern the lives of the wild things of the hills are the rules of expediency, not those of tender sentiment. Self-preservation and the she brute's care of her own young are the guiding factors in the bitter struggle of all wild things to live, ruling to the exclusion of all less selfish aims. The bull calf did not know that he was but one tiny cog in the law—that some must die that others might live.

Given the history of any single animal met in the hills and it would prove conclusively that he survived only through the sacrifice of others. If he be a meat eater, then the mere fact that he exists is evidence of a continual series of victims who died that he might live. If he be not a meat eater his past life would reveal a thousand near-tragedies through which he had won only because the next one fell in his stead; that his life was spared at the expense of another's life—spared that he might live to be winter-killed in his old age, and this only to the end that scavenger beasts and the meat-eating birds of the hills might feed upon his wasted frame and so keep life in their own.

White men know this as a law of Nature and are prone to view it as a planless scheme of haphazard killing without point or purpose. The Shoshones who had once peopled the head reaches of the river knew it for Manitou's law of balance—the law which regulated the numbers of the animal tribes—and they saw the intricate plan and reason for it all. They knew that each nonkiller had some weakness which rendered him not too difficult a prey for the killers; that every meat eater had his limitations which prevented his killing too wantonly and thus exterminating the browsing and grazing tribes.

The lion had struck down one cow, while the other escaped, and thus the bull calf survived at another's expense. As the old cow moved on he followed her, unconscious of the fact that Manitou held him gripped in the meshes of the law. He was conscious only of a full stomach and a returned sense of well-being after the long fast. He capered awkwardly about on his baby legs and butted the she calf playfully. The heifer calf tried repeatedly to nurse and each time was driven off. She was very weak by nightfall and flinched away from even his tiny rushes. When the old cow left her bed in the spruce at dawn the heifer calf lay still and the little bull followed his mother on alone. He had lost his first playmate in the struggle to exist. He looked back once and could see nothing of her. A flight of magpies were chattering toward the spot and a single raven wheeled overhead, making one spiraling tour of observation before swooping down to the feast.

Manitou has endowed some beasts with a memory so short that all bitterness of tragedy is soon obliterated and the knowledge gained through the circumstance is all that remains of it. In less than an hour the bull calf had forgotten. Even then he was menaced by the relentless workings of the law.

Jacques Lear hunted for meat upon a ridge that flanked the bottoms where the old cow was feeding. His sturdy six-year-old son, Matt Lear, traveled with his father. The boy was old for his years, having known only adults. He was the first white child born in the Shoshone Valley and playmates of his ow were unknown to His fairy tales were the folk tales of his Fr Canadian father and the Indian legends of his shone mother.

From the one he learned of the workings of the man's Nature. From his mother, Meteetse, the last cess of the Shoshones, he learned of the wise teachir Manitou. Between the two he was taught the art of ing signs as other children are taught to read the pr page. Matt Lear suddenly pointed to the bottom spoke one word.

"Wapiti," he said softly, and Jacques knew that th had seen an elk. It was the name by which his I mother called them.

He lined down the long barrel of his rifle as the co the edge of the timber and grazed across an opening trees, but lowered it as the boy spoke again.

"Ne-Wapiti," he said as the calf trotted from the ti

It was no thrill of sympathy which caused Jacques to hold his hand. His law was the law—the same as t the wild things themselves. The few settlers on the lived by killing. They killed for meat and clothing, f which they traded for the simple necessities of life needed fresh meat for himself and family. His own first, and the fact that the calf would perish if he sh cow mattered as little to him as the desertion o motherless calf had mattered to the old cow herse hour past.

But Jacques sought for a young bull or a fat barre and the meat of a nursing mother would be lean and t This he knew only as a fact, but his son knew wha behind the fact. From his mother he had learned tha was a provision of Manitou, to make the meat of a nu cow less palatable and thus drape animal mothers wi least partial immunity from man, the most ruthless of all.

The wind blew from the cow to the hunters on the r so she could not scent the menace, and Wapiti fr round the meadow with no thought of the danger hovered near.

As they entered the timber at the far edge o opening he heard a shattering report. Once he lived at another's expense. Jac had slain a yearling cow. Wa mother fled at the sound and he r after her, his heart beating wildly. meaning of the sound was unknov him, but he felt the fear of it. came easily to him. For countless erations his ancestors had one an felt fear. Wapiti's relation to the was that of fear. Not that he w cringing beast; on the contrar sprang from a noble race. Manit most gracious gift had been th fear—which was but the realizati his own weaknesses, and only thr the exercise of caution bred from did the antlered tribes survive.

The great bands of elk that wintered in the Shoshone bott were breaking up. Cows were g off by themselves to calve,

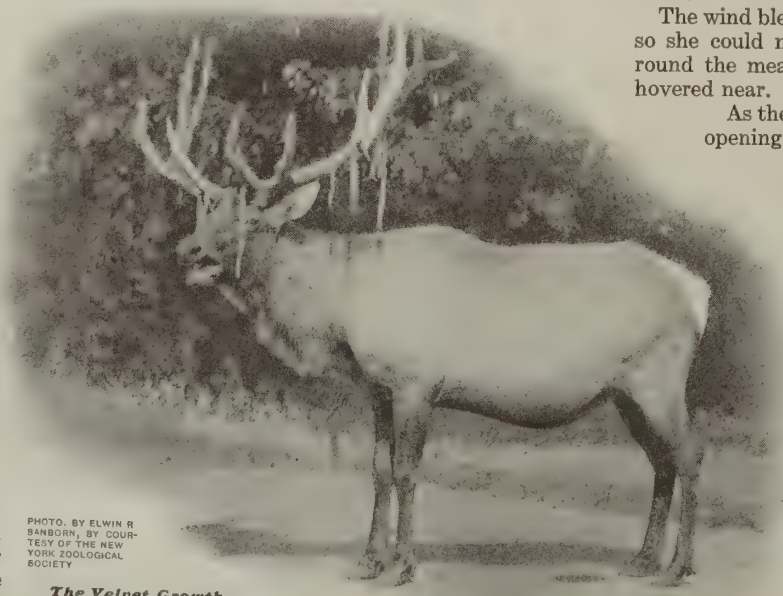


PHOTO. BY ELWIN R SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Velvet Growth is Proportionate to the Animal's Physical Well-Being and His Antlers are Indicative of the Conditions Under Which He Wintered

(Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 46)

mling in smaller droves and drifting toward the
er nge.
ng ith fifty other cows, calves and yearlings, Wapiti
s rther grazed slowly up Seclusion Creek and over
n art Pass; down the Thoroughfare to the big
bins at the head of the Yellowstone, the summer
e f the elk. They reveled in the rank knee-deep
and the bull calf grew strong.
rou d him the law was working; from the smallest to
g, all life was touched by it. Insects preyed on
sts and were themselves preyed upon by the birds
and the trout in the streams, while they in turn
ficed that the lives of hawks and mink might go
t hawks and mink were not killed in turn it mat-
r in Manitou's scheme of things—for eventually
e and the lesser insects fed upon them.
dless circle temporarily passed Wapiti by and
n ntouched. His mind was not one to learn from
saps of others.
hie things which
d nim personally
asting impres-
His true that he
l om things which
o ers of his own
f ose things were
tpe which roused
h saving grace.
heeared the crash-
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r ed, but this was
ou fear and there-
vaue. From the
lie of other races of
lsie learned noth-
a.
e n August the
vre sharp with the
sts of the high
ry In early morn-
he tall grass bent
derfoot, but as
u thawed it the
s resumed their
iss. Only bitter
drs and cures the
tn hay. The cows
gwing restless and
grom one pocket
rxt. They sounded
h:h-pitched barks
f quently.
ei Wapiti heard a
snd in the hills.
svery bugle notes pealed among the rough coun-
g above the valleys where the cows had summered.
ew days of increasing clamor a wonderful creature
he band. He looked much like Wapiti's mother
that he wore great branching antlers on his head.
rpled with them throughout the fall and early in
mer he herded them back across the divide to the
range.
e Wapiti suddenly missed the tyrant who had ruled
r so long. He expected his return, but he saw no
chim and the bugle notes were no longer heard.
eollowing spring Wapiti found another calf at his
es side and she had no further use for him. But he
hi other things to occupy his mind. Two bulbs of
velvet sprouted from his skull. These grew rapidly
last they towered in two slightly curving rods a full
ei inches above his head. In the late summer the
'aich fed the velvet sheath dried up and it shriveled
cked away from the hardened inner core.
ti tried these new weapons out upon a feathery
spruce, tenderly at first, then more vigorously.
e had ruined a dozen young trees he stood forth
cvith a pair of polished spears. He was now a year-
pike bull. He was vastly proud, but he was to lose
ll too soon. Wapiti belonged to that tribe whose
are deciduous, falling each year as the leaves and
ng anew each spring. Late in February his antlers
rd round the bur and he shed first one and a day
ie next. He had only a short time in which to be
nd of his nakedness of head, for the velvet growth
e sprouting shortly after the falling of the discarded

iti felt no desire to spend the summer with the
ut instead retired to a rock-rimmed pocket near
line and spent the season nursing the tender velvet
from harm. It branched out and up, having five
on each side where but one straight shaft had
before.
other bulls and a blacktail buck shared his lofty
. Many times during the summer Wapiti knew the
Three times some great grizzly came swaying
h the pocket, his swagger announcing that fear was
portion—the opposite in fact.

Each time one came the buck and the oldest bull rose and watched him warily. Their attitudes showed controlled fear and from this Wapiti and the other young bull felt the quickening of their own. Each time the grizzly passed on after a brief look at them. Once certain that they were aware of his presence and thus eliminating the chances of his stalking close enough for a rush, he lost interest in them. He knew that he had not the requisite speed to overtake Wapiti in a fair race and he was far too wise to waste time and energy in useless chases.

Then Wapiti learned the great fear, the awful dread which all horned game are doomed to feel when the wind bears the message that the tawny killer is near. He was grazing with the other young bull in the narrow strip of grass between the timber and the rim of the pocket. The shifting breeze carried a new scent to them. Instantly the buck was in full flight along under the rims, followed by the old bull with his velvet growth thrown low upon his back as he exerted all his speed. It was then that one of the weaknesses showed up. Wapiti knew from their actions that the danger was grave. Before he could wheel to follow them the other young bull fled in a blind panic. His was uncontrolled fear and led him to his death. He stopped not even to locate the source or direction of the menace, but plunged down a game trail which led down through the timber on the steep slope below the rims. In his inexperience Wapiti followed one leap behind him.

A long shape was launched from an overhanging limb and a lioness fastened on the bull ahead. At the same instant her half-grown cub sprang for Wapiti. The leap was short, but the young cat's foreclaws fastened on his rump and the hooks of the hind feet slashed his legs as it struggled to retain its hold. It fell off at last and Wapiti ran on for miles. He returned to the pocket no more, but sought out another summer home. He trampled the soft dirt near a sidehill spring and made a bull wallow, in which he rolled, plastering his cuts with mud.

Thereafter he knew that controlled fear was his salvation—uncontrolled fear his worst enemy. Never again did he rush off in a panic without first making sure that the direction of his flight led away from the danger.

The fall brought him a set of five-point antlers and also brought ambitions. He tried out his voice and was pleased with it, finding no fault with the shrill quaver of his bugle note. He descended from his lofty home and joined a band of cows. He paraded his glory before them for a full three days before an old herd bull came down and drove him off.

Wapiti scouted on the flanks of the cow herds throughout the running moon and followed the migration across the range to the winter feed, feeling the urge of the season but getting soundly thrashed whenever he attempted to cut out a few cows for his own. He added his peevish bugling to that of other disgruntled young bulls until the whole expanse of the hills rang with the music of discontent.

Wapiti's knowledge of man was derived solely from the actions of other elk and from no actual experience of his own—and for that reason was not large. Older elk moved off from the man scent and were uneasy when the deep reports came from afar. From this he knew that men were to be feared by his kind.

During the first heavy storm of the winter he grazed out into a long opening in the Shoshone bottoms. At the far edge of it stood a solid mass of logs before which was a small animal who walked about on two legs. The wind brought the man scent and he knew then that the small figure was of that kind.

A spike bull fed with him, and another weakness was evidenced in each of them. The fear was so vague that its effect was counteracted by curiosity. The two bulls stood and gazed at the small figure of Matt Lear. His voice reached them as he called to someone inside. A larger figure emerged from an opening, which suddenly appeared among the logs, and moved into the timber close behind. The two bulls stayed on, pawing the snow away for each bite of the cured grass and watching the boy.

Jacques had circled swiftly downwind and come up from the opposite direction. The first Wapiti knew of it was when the roar of a muzzle-loader sounded from the timber edge of his own side of the open. The spike bull gave a great coughing outrush of breath and the fresh blood scent was hot in Wapiti's flaring nostrils. He fled across the snowy meadow and the spike bull ran with him, staggering in his stride. He gave one last desperate bound and fell with his neck doubled back beneath his body—fell to rise no more, and Wapiti ran on alone.

The effects of the slashing claws had left him thin and he had not yet plumped out, so looked less sleek than the luckless spike. But he would have been judged fat enough except for the other's presence.

Thereafter Wapiti classed man as his enemy and feared him second only to the big yellow cat. He spent no more time in the bottoms, but climbed to a long bald ridge, the crest of which was kept scoured free of snow by the winds which followed each storm. Here he found a number of other bulls, their differences buried and forgotten since they no longer contended for the favor of the cows.

There was game in abundance in the bottoms and those who hunted for meat did not trouble to climb the adjacent ridges. Wapiti wintered unmolested and only heard the dread reports softened by distance.

His next velvet growth was heavier than ever before. It seemed to grow and lengthen endlessly; swept outward and upward and at last arched back and toward the center, the perfect shape called the basket spread by the trophy seekers.

Wapiti's tribe are not long-lived and so reach maturity as three-year-olds. When the inner horn grew solid under the sheath he rubbed off the shreds of velvet and polished his points on the young second-growth trees. He now had a perfect set of six-point antlers, wonderful in length and spread, beautifully proportioned and with massive beam. This beam was very dark, but the tip of each point was keen and ivory white. He had reached his prime. Below him he could hear the yelping barks of the cows, excited at the nearness of the season. The forest echoed with the pealing bugles of lesser bulls.

After a week of ever-increasing clamor he sounded his own note. It was round and clear, but with more volume than formerly, and carried a hoarse undertone. Then he dropped down from his lofty home—down through the dense spruce belt to the land of the lodgepole pine, open parks and the cow elk. Far down an open meadow he spied a bunch of cows. Forward he thrust his head, the massive antlers lowered almost to the level of his back as he issued his clarion edict. The old herd bull with the cows heard the hoarse undertone and understood—knew that this was no paltry bull but a big six-pointer come to take his own. Eyes flashing and nostrils distended, he pawed the ground and returned the challenge.

Wapiti advanced majestically down the long open, pausing to bugle once again. He covered the last hundred yards with a rush and the antlers of the two met with a ringing clash. Again and again they charged. It was a battle without rules or quarter and they struggled long. For an hour at a time they stood with locked horns, neck muscles bulging and bodies heaving as each exerted every ounce of magnificent strength to drive the other back and force him from his feet; then drew suddenly apart, charging desperately time after time only to clash horn against horn. Neither could find an opening behind that defense.

The cows, indifferent to the outcome, retired to the timber and slept, but the two bulls battled on. An acre of soft sod was torn and uprooted under their churning feet. After four hours, during which the valley was tortured by the clattering crash of horns, the older bull began to weaken.

PHOTO. BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Great Bands of Elk That Had Wintered in the Shoshone Bottoms Were Breaking Up

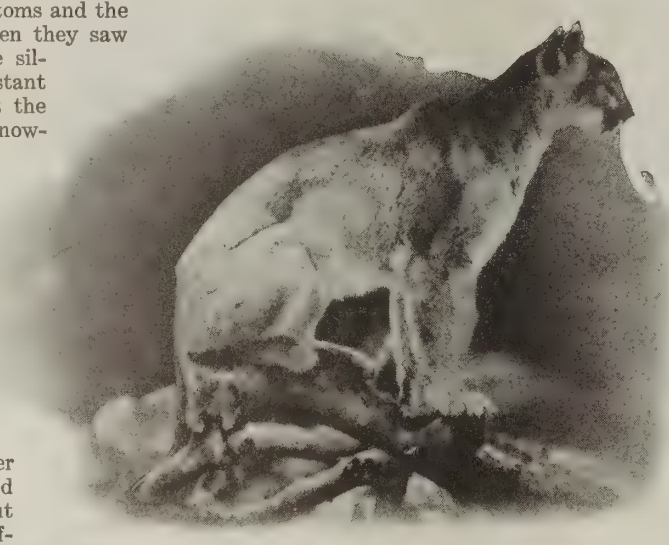
In one last furious lock he failed. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, he gave ground in short circles under the heaving pressure of the other's drive. The bloody froth dripped from his jaws and streaked his breast, but his eyes glared undying hate.

Wapiti pressed him without respite and with one mighty wrench he overthrew him. As the old bull gained his feet the brow tines of his adversary raked his side and flank. Twice more he was overthrown and the flashing brow tines cut him. Then a royal tine swept full up against him, driven by a terrible upward surge of Wapiti's head and neck. It sank deep between two ribs and a gush of blood bubbled forth. Then he fled—an old bull whipped from his band and destined to spend his remaining years alone.

Wapiti stood proudly in the open park, his sleek fall coat flashing against the dark background of the forest as he issued his challenge again. The bull calf had won through the perils of the law to his rightful kingship. He had come into his own at last.

Every winter thereafter for many years Jacques and Matt Lear saw a great bull who brought more cows across the divide to the winter range than any other herd bull. And each season he deserted them shortly after the crossing. Matt Lear knew that fatherhood in the antlered tribes carries with it no responsibility; that the bull elk who remains the year round with his wives and offspring is the bull elk of fairyland. It was Manitou's plan that bulls should leave the cows at the end of rutting and consort with them no more for the next ten months.

Other men who sometimes threaded the valley in the dead of winter also caught glimpses of the mighty bull—only long-range glimpses, it is true, for Wapiti avoided the bottoms and the proximity of man. When they saw him at all it was while silhouetted upon some distant rim or outlined against the white background of a snow-clad slope. They marveled at the spread of his antlers and came to speak of him as the Big Bull of the Shoshone.



The Mountain Lion, the Lurking Slayer of the Hills

Jacques' interest was only casual. As long as young bulls and fat cows were abundant he would waste no powder and lead on any tough and stringy herd bull. But with Matt Lear it was different. The low country at the foot of the hills was settling up and a village now stood at the mouth of the valley forty miles below. These men hunted not for meat alone but for trophies and they spoke of record heads. Some day when he had a gun of his own he would take the horns of this giant bull.

Matt Lear knew the ways of Wapiti as no other did. He scoured the hills and studied the habits of the wild things. He applied himself to this schooling with a single-hearted purpose seldom equaled by those of his age who attend the school of books. Thus he fitted himself for his future calling. Later he would live as the other settlers of the valley lived, to hunt and trap. They lived to kill and killed to live, an integral part of the endless circle. Matt Lear knew no other way. He therefore learned the habits of game and fur that he might later attain the highest efficiency as a killer.

The big bull, being easily recognized, was the best subject for the study of his kind. The boy noted that Wapiti was even more shy than other old bulls. When he climbed the ridges upon which they wintered he found that many of these had grown careless from long immunity and were easily approached. Even after being apprised of danger they were slow to start. But Wapiti seemed to make swift decisions. His caution was never relaxed. He bedded down with the wind at his back and a fair field of view in front. When wind or crunching snow warned him of the boy's approach he was off upon the instant. From this and many other things Matt Lear learned that Wapiti was a superior bull—that the fear was more easily quickened in him than in other bulls. And Wapiti's was controlled fear.

Early in the fall of Matt's sixteenth year a sportsman came up the valley and made his base camp near Jacques' cabin. Matt Lear knew the man who acted as his guide and went over to visit the camp. From the guide he learned that this man was a famous surgeon from a distant city who spent each succeeding vacation hunting in the hills; that his wealth was great, far beyond imagining, and that his one hobby was the collecting of fine animal specimens. Matt Lear knew only those who killed for money or its equivalent. This man paid money to those who showed him where to hunt and kill. Conditions were thus reversed.

The boy was shy, having known few men, and he spoke but little. His eyes followed the surgeon's every move and Enright divined the truth—that this half-wild youth looked upon him as a being wonderful among men, one whose wealth and mode of life set him apart from other men. He tried to draw him out and spoke to him of simple things, but these fell upon Matt's ears as miracles previously unknown. His respect increased with every word. When at last the boy gained confidence to speak of the things he knew, Enright found this wonder to be mutual.

PHOTOS. BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

No Calf Elk Will Move an Inch From the Spot Where its Mother Leaves It

The surgeon's spare time had been spent outdoors in the study of animal ways and habits, but this time had necessarily been restricted. Even so, he felt that his knowledge of the subject was far-reaching—and found that it was merely infantile when compared to the knowledge of this boy.

The gods of Matt Lear's parents were different gods. Manitou, the god of his mother Meteetse, seemed so much nearer and more easily understood than the distant Creator of his father. Manitou's words were all of the daily habits of wild things and the reasons for these habits. Every day the wisdom of Manitou's teachings was proved before his very eyes. He had long since questioned Jacques as to why there should be two different gods in the same household.

"There is but one, my son," Jacques had told him. "All those who have lived their lives in the open know that some great mind planned all Nature. It matters little by what name we know him."

So Matt Lear told Enright of the work of Manitou—told it as he himself had found it to be true. As his self-confidence expanded under the surgeon's interest he spoke of the law, which was the endless circle, and of its purpose, which was the balancing of the animal tribes. He knew the difference between courage and ferocity, between fear and cowardice, and their relation to the law. He told Enright of the fear—controlled and uncontrolled; of the weaknesses of each nonkiller and the limitations of each meat eater.

In a few short weeks Enright learned more of his chosen hobby than in all his past life combined.

Enright's object was to take an elk head for his collection. There were many elk who did not follow the migration across the divide but summered on the Shoshone slope. But they found no bulls with the cows and the guide was puzzled.

This Was No Paltry Bull, But a Big Six-Pointer Come to Take His Own

"They should be now," he frequently sai is time for t son."

Matt Lea his head.

"The seas yet begun," "True, it is t time for r That it means bu thing—th snow will la the hills next Manitou h back the r moon so th will not dro calves while the drifts still lay deep in the valleys. will take M'sieur Enright to the high rims you that the bulls are there."

They acted upon this and there they found them. heads were poor, the antlers slender and irregular. suggested that trophy hunting had exterminated th bulls, but Matt Lear knew that this surmise was

Bulls who wear massive antlers one year may gro poor set the next. The velvet growth is proportio the animal's physical well-being and his antlers are tive of the conditions under which he wintered. Ma explained this and advanced as the reason that had but to look at the antlers of the bulls to determi the whole elk tribe had fared the preceding winte this last one had been long and hard.

Enright hunted for quality, not quantity, and wo shoot until he found a head worthy of a place amon others on his walls. He left the hills without h Before leaving he talked with Matt Lear at length u law of the endless circle. He knew the boy for a t that in different environment he would have appli self to books with the same absorption which showed for reading signs.

"There is another name and another purpose endless circle of Manitou," he told Matt Lear. "Y found one purpose for yourself—that of regulat numbers of the animal tribes. I will give you the na let you find the other purpose. Men call it evoluti

"I'll give you one point to work on. A good man sand years ago there was a small beast, the thr Eohippus. Our horse of to-day descends direct fro The relation of the Eohippus to the law was that To-day some of our best-bred horses shy away fro ows along the trail."

He took from his pocket a common screw and t the point.

"Call this point the Eohippus and the end of t spiral at the top the horse. Think of Manitou's circle as the threads round this screw—the circle d meet, but each completed circuit is a trifle higher t last. Then think of each spiral as ten thousand y time, for time as we measure it has little meaning plans of Manitou, who lives on forever. Rememb men pick the most mettlesome high-bred horses selective breeding of choice strains, those whose q they wish to see handed down. If you can assor scraps of information in your mind, then when I com next year you can tell me another purpose of the circle."

As he followed his trap line over the hills that Matt Lear carried with him the screw and day after traced with his finger t ral from the Eohippus horse. As he strove t this problem he als force of habit contin study of the ways of and fur. He found Wa alert than in the pas antlers in common wit of other bulls were po it was not this alone. lost much of his lordl of carriage, and Mat out of his vast knowl wild life guessed the Late in the season Wap been whipped from hi by a young bull in h prime. With his great head ing dejectedly he had travel trail over which he himself h so many others, off by him die.

Matt Lear found that th of Wapiti were interwover the knotty problem roused right's words. He made bu

(Concluded on Page 53

(Concluded from Page 50)

wa in unraveling it. It was these thoughts of Wapiti h a last led to its solution. When he thought of the bri horses handing down their qualities it occurred m iat even though Wapiti, the greatest of all bulls, oa ed his prime, yet his qualities had been handed t many hundreds of elk.

h pondered over the fact that the best-bred horses a shadows along the trail he was conscious of the a Wapiti was a very shy bull. This blended imper- l with his thoughts of the fear and its relation to w and suddenly the fragmentary shreds of thought u ed into the whole. He knew!

d btedly there were those among every tribe of ll s who exercised their fear to better purpose than olesser brain, and through this quicker response to liv l longer than their fellows. Naturally then their n nts had been more numerous. All along the trail th Eohippus to the horse the way was dotted with the s smaller circles, the circles of each individual's span e, ut the sluggards had fallen first. Not invariably, e was still the element of chance with individuals, n ie main those with a quick sense of controlled fear t ond the mass. The horse who shied at shadows n possessed of the remnants of Eohippus' fear.

a other purpose of Manitou was to make each tribe r.

ie after he ceased to look upon Wapiti merely as an a o be killed. He stood for the improvement of his

h Enright's pack train came winding up the valley e ll Matt Lear went down to meet it. As he drew up le he surgeon's horse he greeted him as if their last e ution had been interrupted only for an instant, not ar

I ve found it," he said simply. "Manitou's real pur- in he law is to improve."

ic Enright nodded assent as he smiled down into the e er face, knowing that his seed of thought had fallen a rtile soil and sprouted.

stad of lessening, Matt Lear's respect for Enright a d ripened with every hour spent in his company. dluded the time when his friend should leave and et im.

helk herds had wintered well and the bulls were in e norn than the season past. Enright at last brought he ead of a splendid bull. He was well pleased and no ced it the prize of his collection. It was this elation ch ave Matt Lear the clew to a way in which—even though far away—he would still be remembered by his friend. If only he could make a gift more highly prized than this latest trophy, then most assuredly Enright would frequently think of him.

"If M'sieur Enright would care to have it I will some day send him a better one," he offered.

"I'm afraid that is impossible," Enright smiled. "There are no better heads than this."

"But surely—far better!" the boy stated. "I myself have seen him often. Men speak of him as the Big Bull of the Shoshone."

The guide nodded.

"I have heard of him," he said. "He is said to be a monster bull."

"Then why has no one taken him?" Enright asked.

"For the reason that he summers far beyond the divide in the high country where few men go. He comes back late, after the trophy hunters have left the river. Those who live here hunt for meat alone and the meat of this old bull would not be good. Therefore he still lives—unless he has died this very summer of old age. I will buy a gun with the money for my winter's catch, and if he still lives I will procure his horns for you."

Enright broke camp on the following day, but Matt Lear's sense of loss was lightened by his promise to return. As the surgeon rode down the trail the boy stood gazing after him and in his hand he gripped a rifle, Enright's own, and two full boxes of glistening shells.

"Here's the gun," Enright had said in parting. "Now don't forget that you're going to get those record horns."

And he had gone on with no least thought that he would ever see the head of the fabled bull.

The rifle was one such as Matt Lear had never dreamed of owning. One did not have to tamp powder and ball down the barrel for each succeeding shot. It handled brass cartridges and could be fired many times without reloading—a gun such as only rich men could buy.

While the pack train was still visible in the distance Matt Lear set forth to scour the hills for the record bull. He was still essentially a killer; knew only to live by killing, but his views had been qualified by his knowledge of the real purpose of the law. The gaining of this truth had been simultaneous with the loss of his desire to kill the bull. It had seemed that to do this would be to obstruct the workings of the circle. But he knew, too, the value men attached to record heads. Wapiti had been whipped from his band and would hand down his qualities no more. He lived now only to die of old age in some obscure spot where his massive antlers would be lost to men.

He watched the migration lanes, but the big bull failed to come. The routes were not always the same, so he ransacked the high hills in his search, but Wapiti was not to be found in his old haunts. He began to fear that the old bull had died on the summer range and that his hopes of a fine gift for his friend would never be fulfilled. But he persisted in his search even after the last stragglers had come back to the winter feed.

Wapiti had not followed the migration to the summer range the preceding spring, but remained behind on the Shoshone side, electing to let his old bones bleach on the same slope of the divide that had seen his birth. The deposed monarch drowsed away the summer in a grassy pocket high up among the rims. A few hours morning and evening he grazed, but for the most part he slept. He polished his points as usual in the fall, but felt no desire to go forth in search of cows. The season was in full swing about him, but the old once-dominating impulse was manifested only by a vague restlessness which sent him wandering aimlessly from one high pocket to the next.

The first few storms did not drive him down. Instead he pawed through the ever-deepening snow for what little grass he needed. Then a heavy storm swept across the hills and caught him high up among the peaks. Experience told him that this would be a long one and that the snow which fell now would lie in the hills till spring. But lethargy held him in its grip and he was disinclined to leave his comfortable bed in the spruce. That spark which impels all life to struggle to the last eventually drove him forth. The snowfall ceased on the third day and he started out to buck the drifts toward the lower feed.

Far off on a distant ridge Matt Lear hunted on the fresh tracking snow. He saw a dark speck plowing through the white of an open slope and started swiftly for the spot.

The old bull was weak and tired and cared little to exert himself. He stopped frequently to rest. Each succeeding attempt was more futile than the last. After a seemingly endless struggle against the drifts he came out of the timber on the lip of a bald ridge that overlooked the valley. He sprawled prone on the edge to rest, his head stretched forth and his lower jaw resting flat upon the snow to ease the weight of the massive horns. The details of the valley faded and blurred before his eyes. The bright light of the sun on the dazzling snow seemed to gray and dim and then turn dark. The Big Bull of the Shoshone heaved a sigh and made that last great migration of all elk to the summer feeding grounds.

And a bare hundred yards back up the slope Matt Lear was following along on the trail of the record bull.

MIND THE PAINT—By Berton Braley

THE door in the kitchen," said Mrs. George Gray,
Addressing her middle-aged mate,
Is stained and discolored. I noticed to-day
It almost impossible state.
I had the maid rub it
Ad wipe it and scrub it
n she made frenzied complaint,
ut till it looks queer,
o ask you, my dear,
o ing home a small can of paint,
n also a brush and some turpentine too.
'soo small a job for a painter to do."

lo Mrs. Gray, you wot not what you've done.
o words sounded harmless and yet you have spun
a web of black magic.
ou know not how tragic—
u whoa, there, my muse, for the tale's scarce begun!

MiGeorge Gray, like a dutiful man,
ought home the paint in a nice little can,
n that was innocent-looking enough
nd labeled "Gloss White"; but the Fates will agree
Tere better for him were it filled up with stuff
ke cyanide, lyddite or else T. N. T.
Iepened the can, stirred its contents with care,
nd then on the door he began to apply
A rst coat of paint with no small savoir faire,
hile Mrs. Gray watched with affectionate eye
He husband's endeavor; and little she thought
Wat havoc she'd started, what ruin she'd wrought.

No Mr. George Gray was no clumsy old dub.
e finished that door in a scant half an hour,
Tn scrubbed up his hands and went off to his club,
emarking, "That's done"; unaware of the power
Malevolent Destiny held over him.
T next night he glanced at the door.
"It looks dim,"
He thoughtfully stated. "I'll get out my brush
And give it another coat. Truly, the white
I put on last night seems a faint bluish blush.
One more application will fix it all right."

The coat was applied. Next evening he eyed
His work with anxiety rather than pride.
"My dear," he complained
With voice slightly strained,
"It's true it looks better by far than before.
But still, to be perfect, it needs one coat more."
He gave it that coat and next morning he viewed it
And rushed back at night to the paint and renewed it.
In fact, to cut short
This part, I'll report
He gave that door seventeen coatings of white
And, after all that, wasn't satisfied—quite.

II

MR. GEORGE GRAY on the day after that
Wavered a moment when starting to town,
Picked up his overcoat, put on his hat,
Then with a frown
Laid them both down,
Sneaked for the kitchen and gazed at it long.
"Nope, it's all wrong," he said, "totally wrong!
The rest of the woodwork won't match with that door,
I rise to remark;
It looks dull and dark.
I'll give the whole kitchen one coat—and no more."

Well, you know the rest,
Or it might be guessed.
He toiled in that kitchen like one who's possessed.
Neglected his office, neglected his wife,
He had but one interest left in his life—
To paint and to paint.
He broke all restraint,
For when he had finished
The kitchen he cried,
"The pantry looks dingy
And cheap, mean and stingy."
With zeal undiminished
His brush was applied.
And thus he went on through the rest of the house,
A drunkard on paint with a permanent souse,
Who covered the walls
Of rooms and of halls
With coat after coat and with can after can
Of gleaming Gloss White. The unfortunate man
Was gripped in a habit far worse for the brain
Than drugs such as heroin, morphine, cocaine!
His good wife would plead and his children would weep,
But he went on painting with maniac fury.
He'd paint when awake and he'd paint when asleep
Until it was plain that a medical jury
Would have to take note of his piteous state.
But George wouldn't quit
For a long enough space
So the experts could sit
To consider his case,
And it took seven men, or it may have been eight,
To seize him and bind him.
And now you will find him
Within a strong cell, where's he's happy, it seems,
Because in his lunatic fancies and dreams
He thinks—just to paraphrase Kipling somewhat—
He's located up in a heavenly spot
And painting with brushes of asteroid's hair
The thousand-league walls of Elysium there!

MORAL

Beware of the paint can, or wiser and sadder
You'll learn that it biteth as sharp as an adder.
Leave paint to the painters, or if you must do it
Beware of the white—for there's no finish to it;
And—one coat or twenty—it never seems quite
As good as it should be. The black is the best:
One coat shows as well as a hundred by test!

FADE OUT

By FRANK CONDO

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEM

SOME people might conclude that I got all the worst of that deal, and that any mental solace coming my way could never square up for the fifteen thousand dollars which I trustingly took out of my hip pocket and handed those people. Maybe so. It was what might be called a fifteen-thousand-dollar joke, and that's the best I'll ever get out of it.

The money has gone where the woodbine twineth, and of course I don't mind that money. It was of no more importance to me than so much spinal column. But gone it is, and I am better satisfied than I was a few days ago. Kotch Creamer likewise feels more like a human being than he did, and after all Kotch and I were the main sufferers.

Until the afternoon he dies Kotch Creamer will regard me as a gifted genius whose talents have been misdirected, but this is not so. I merely saw a place to go in, and I went while the door was open; and to get both arms round what happened out there in Santa Barbara, California, it would be just as well to crank up our harkers and hark back to the early days when I first knew Ollie Thorpe and met but did not know Kotch Creamer.

I think it was about twelve years ago—maybe thirteen. At that time I was a sprightly and eager-eyed optimist with about as much general acumen as a very young waterbug on a strange pond. I had embarked gayly upon the theatrical sea, and became a manager, owning and operating road companies and similar unprofitable things. In association with my loyal troupers I have often fasted all through Lent, and occasionally we kept right on fasting, even after the rest of the Christian world had resumed diplomatic relations with food. However, we were a cheery and hopeful lot, and our road shows wandered both here and there among the towns on the gaslight circuit.

I owned outright and in fee simple the two companies playing East Lynne and The Fireman's Bride, and I likewise fathered a burlesque show, of which little need now be said. It was one of those airy and red-clad exhibitions that kept the ministers in peppery sermons, and I am now ashamed of myself, though at that time I saw nothing very wicked about a good burlesque show.

In addition to these sundry amusement enterprises I had other irons in the fire, and some of them burned me most painfully before I wound up. For instance, I was a fight promoter in a small way, a lover of things pugilistic, and I maintained in New York City a small stable of promising young athletes, all of whom still owe me both interest and principal. I think there were four boxers in my New York squad, and I expected champions, but none of them ever rose from the ranks. They were rank when I took them to mold into topnotchers, and they were ranker when I handed them their final ten dollars and told them to begone. My pugilistic hopefuls were supposed to earn the money that I squandered on my theatrical ventures, and it was a lovely theory, only it didn't work.

The road shows, being what they were, played in towns that can be found on any good map with a strong glass. We never performed south of Poughkeepsie, New York, on account of the public taste, and my stars never walked down Broadway to gaze upon their names in electric globes. None of my players ever found themselves blazoned from the metropolitan billboards, though they all owed metropolitan board bills, which evened it up.

Personally I traveled with The Fireman's Bride, being the manager, treasurer, complaint receiver, paymaster on rare occasions and usher. There was in that company an exceedingly undercooked young man named Ollie Thorpe, and for playing the villain, or what he claimed was playing the villain, he nicked me for twenty dollars a week during his first year. In the course of time we moved into the boundless West and came upon the town of Delaware, Ohio.

We had made formal arrangements to edify the population thereof with three performances of The Fireman's Bride, beginning on Monday night and ending on Wednesday, but there was also an additional interest for me in Delaware, Ohio. Jake Reeves, manager of my pugilistic department, had informed me that there was in Delaware an unsung young boxer who might some day mount to the heights of a championship, and that I would do well to investigate.

Ollie Thorpe Walked Condescendingly Over and Shook Hands With Creamer. The Local Fighter Acted Friendly, But I Could See He Was Depressed

I had written to this youngster, whose name was Kotch Creamer, saying I would arrive in his town presently and confer with him. If he was any good at all, I told him, I might take him under my managerial wing and lead him on to opulence and fame. About him and his ability I knew nothing, except what Jake had told me, and Jake's own information was fairly vague.

Passing through the sleeping car the night before we were due in Delaware I paused and talked with Ollie Thorpe, who was fretting me with conversations about more salary. I happened to mention Delaware and Kotch Creamer, and young Mr. Thorpe laughed heartily.

"You don't mean to stand there and tell me you're going to be his manager?" he exclaimed.

"If he can fight—sure," I replied. "Why?"

"You wouldn't think of taking me in hand, would you, and announcing me as a coming champion?" he demanded.

"No," I answered. "Not while still sane. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," he grinned. "Not a thing in the world except that I can personally lick the daylights out of Kotch Creamer. I've done it forty times. You may not know it, but this here town of Delaware is my home grounds, and I've known this prodigy of yours since he quit teething."

I had never regarded Thorpe as a needless liar and saw no reason to doubt him now. He was an athletic sort himself, and I knew he had done some genteel and amateur boxing, but he was not a fighter. If it was true that he could trim Jake's up-country find it was likewise true that I wished of Kotch Creamer in mine. I ha delayed pugilists already.

"If you don't believe me," T continued, observing my regret just put on the gloves with again and mop him up for you wh get to Delaware. Somebody ha making merry with you, Mr. I Creamer fight? He couldn't pu setting hen off her nest."

That's the way we left it. Th morning we crashed upon the t Delaware, and when our train st I dropped off the smoker and myself in a crowd that had come to see the actors arrive. A young man with straw-colored burst through and shook me vig by the hand. He was about t years old, with blue eyes, a h grin and many words. In his fi the letter I had written before New York.

"Howdy, Mr. Loftus," he said ily, holding out the letter. "I'm here to meet you. I'm Kotch Crea

I looked again and saw that h a sturdy well-built lad and ha outward signs of a fighter. He intellectual giant, but there wa warm light of ambition in his ey his manner was earnest.

"Glad to know you," I ret "I've got eight or nine hundred to do in the next hour, but I'll s later. Come over to the hote afternoon."

"All right," he answered. " there."

When he went away I took theatrical affairs, which consum morning. In the afternoon I sat to a late lunch and was interr by a waiter with the news tha Creamer had called again. He in a minute later and I invited sit down and partake. He refu eat but was willing to talk.

"Now," I said, "let's get do this quick. My New York ma steered me onto you, and where his information I don't know. H you could box and had a future, that's so I'd like to know, and

do business. If it isn't so I want to know that too. Thorpe, on the contrary, told me last night that I'm ing up the wrong tree. He says he's known you for and that somebody has been kidding Jake and me quickest way is for you to bring an armful of gloves to the theater to-morrow morning and we'll see."

"That's all I ask, Mr. Loftus," Kotch said ea "I'm ready to show you what I've got. I know heart if you take me to New York I'll make good. shall I box to-morrow?"

"Box Ollie Thorpe," I said. "He claims he can little."

"Ollie," he repeated blankly. "Ollie Thorpe! Mr. Loftus, he ain't no fighter. He's—he's an ain't he?"

"He certainly is no fighter," I admitted, "and a intelligent people claim he's no actor either. Only he can trim you the best day you ever saw. If tha and if you can't murder him, what right will you h the ring with a regular slugger?"

"All right, Mr. Loftus," Creamer said. "I'll be in the morning with the gloves."

He turned and walked slowly out, and I could se he was thinking of something unpleasant. I felt maybe Ollie was right about it.

At ten the following morning my new prospect ca through the stage door with a set of gloves under his and we halted the rehearsal and cleared a space i center of the stage. Ollie Thorpe laid down a ladde which he was rehearsing, walked condescendingly shook hands with Creamer, and took a pair of gloves him. The local fighter acted friendly, but I could s was depressed.

The rest of The Fireman's Bride climbed on trunk scenery and I announced a recess until we could see

(Continued on Page 57)

(Continued from Page 54)

mi-time gladiator had. I observed the supercilious c the countenance of my boxing actor, but mes manner was without resentment.

e exhibition that followed was interesting but fatal. rie the hopes of Kotch Creamer right there on the of ne old Lyceum Theater in Delaware, and I looked gr ved astonishment while Ollie Thorpe whaled the r .t of this alleged box fighter who yearned for r wrlds. It was amazing. The spectacle of a fourth- ac r knocking the spots off a legitimate pugilist sad- l ir, but The Fireman's Bride whooped for joy and Ole to leave nothing but a carcass. It was a three- l tng and Mr. Thorpe pasted Mr. Creamer all over ts. When they concluded I took the gloves from an handed them to Kotch.

el" I said, "I came here to see you box, and now see you box, and you can take your gloves and go hoever told Jake Reeves that you were a coming pi is himself a coming candidate for the hoosegow. 't now when I've seen anybody as bad as you are pa ded gloves on his fists. I'm sorry, but I can't ge you. Good-by and good luck, and if you want gd free advice give up pugilism."

e Delaware lad said nothing, but stood there breath- ar and fumbling with his gloves. Thorpe turned his ar walked off smiling, while his fellow actors com- nt him. I felt sorry for the boy in front of me, us ess is business, and I was no millionaire.

ot I see you privately, Mr. Loftus?" he asked, ng a bit of gore from his mouth. "I'd like to say h g."

ve seen all I want to see," I answered, and maybe s tutal. "I've got a hard day ahead."

ll ght," he said, and he turned and walked out into lle. The Fireman's Bride resumed rehearsal and in ir tes I had forgotten about Kotch Creamer and his ics. We proceeded with our three performances, ec p in Delaware with moderate success, and moved t the next town.

d at is roughly the end of the first reel. That was e thirteen years ago, and since that morning when ll d dismally out of the Lyceum stage door into the I d never laid an eye on Kotch Creamer, until week e st, which naturally leads us into the opening rs f Reel Two.

II

Last spring found the world full of a number of in., including me and my nervous bank roll. I had le with theatrical affairs all these dozen years since ne ed The Fireman's Bride, sometimes enjoying a lu x, and frequently beating the county sheriff over ta line by superior footwork. I can think of no remarkable change than that which has taken place lie Thorpe, the same young man who worked for me e ad show, and who is now none other than Oliver w Thorpe, the famous.

s, r, he is now that same Oliver Thorpe you read t i the daily prints, the romantic and athletic movie o r whom little girls rave delightedly and write s the Answer Department, inquiring is the rumor a ut his having dark-brown eyes, or not.

u e his portrait in the trade magazines about every n inutes, and you notice him leaping precipices on r ian horse or posing with a Nubian lion under each o n evening clothes shaking hands with the Duke of Uruguay. Sometimes he can be seen in a picture entitled Throwing the Bull, wherein he has a sloe-eyed steer on the ground with its innocent neck half twisted off. Always he can be heard throwing the same bull, because with the advancing years Ollie's modesty has not shrunk to any noticeable degree.

That's the Delaware, Ohio, product who played the villain for me in The Fireman's Bride, and now he has a pink-and-gold studio all to himself in Santa Barbara, California, with hot and cold running water, a private secretary to answer the four hundred daily letters which he receives from a rabid citizenry, a private yacht, a private press agent, four automobiles with gold ignition keys and Persian tapestry trimmings, a French château on a hill, and all that lucre, all that fame e'er gave. That's Ollie to-day, and I will tell a waiting world it's nothing but bull-headed, blind, indiscriminating luck.

The funny part is that he can't act now any more than he could when he trouped with me twelve years ago and murdered such rôles as the innocent villain in The Fireman's Bride. He has a row of even teeth, a few regular features, a pleasing grin, and he looks strong and hairy in his undershirt. He can leap upon a horse without borrowing a ladder from somebody, and he fits snugly into evening clothes; and so far as I can see the pop-eyed public demands little more.

My own calm affairs have squirmed along about the same, though I long ago gave up the road-show business and took to less explosive forms of entertainment. I am still interested in taking two dollars out for a walk and mating it up with two more whenever possible, and that's why I sat up and noticed when Ollie Thorpe burst upon New York this last spring, emerging from his private car and smiling tolerantly upon the public.

As everyone bitten by the movies knows, Oliver came to the large metropolis for the sole and laudable purpose of gouging the Redwood Film Company for more of that stuff the strikes are about. He has been drawing one thousand dollars a week for the past two years, which is fair enough when compared with the twenty I paid him. His contract expired last spring, and it was common gossip that he would sign again with the Redwood Company, but not until that large corporation came across with what is slangily known as an increase in salary.

The rumor was that Ollie craved about fifteen hundred a week, beginning with the new contract, and having been absent from New York for a year he combined business and pleasure and appeared once more upon our streets, clad in garments that might have been stolen off Solomon's clothesline.

For the last six months I have had a bee in my own bonnet, and the moment I heard Ollie Thorpe was in town it began buzzing with renewed ferocity. Six months ago some dilapidated genius sold me a manuscript, and I still think it contains an original story, though the chances are it was either stolen bodily or founded on something else. Anyhow the owner wanted money in a hurry, and I bought the thing, after which I took it home and reread it with great care, finally coming to the conclusion that by a modern miracle I was now in possession of the greatest motion-picture story ever discovered. This mental condition is not unusual or alarming among us movie magnates. I said to myself that if I ever produced this story on the screen, and did it right, with the right actors, I should make either one or two million dollars, and then retire in dignity to a small ten-thousand-acre ranch in New Jersey.

When I finished rereading the manuscript, which was called Sunrise, I knew that the one actor who fitted the leading part was Ollie Thorpe. It needed him, and him only. Without him Sunrise might be made into a half-good picture, but with him I should still be packing away large sums years after the Republicans of Texas got together and elected a governor. I started out the morning I heard he was in town, and found him leaning against an onyx pillar in one of our better-class hotels.

"Hello, Aleck," he said cordially. "How's things?"

"Good," I answered, looking him over carefully. "I hear you're going back with the Redwood people as soon as they increase the tariff."

"That's somewhere near it," he laughed. "And I'm not worrying. Either they come through with fifteen hundred a week or I'll sign with someone else. There are producers round the corner who would mightily like to see my name on the end of a contract. Believe that, Aleck!"

"It's so," I admitted. "You stick round and they'll ante without a doubt. Keep them anxious. And in the meantime, Ollie, I've got a little proposition of my own. Your contract with the Redwood Film Company has just expired, and you won't sign a new one until they say fifteen hundred. That may take a month. During that month why can't you do something for me? You may recall, Ollie, that I gave you what you called your chance."

"You did, Aleck," he agreed, "and I know it. What's on your chest? I never forget a friend, and if I can do something for you now I'll do it."

"I've got the greatest story in the world," I said moderately. "It needs you to play the lead. It will probably take three weeks to make it, but with a lot of speed we may be able to shoot it in two. The continuity is in typewriting, and everything is ready for the director. I've had expert advice and they tell me it's one of the cleanest scenarios they ever saw. The story was tailor-made for you, and my aim is to produce a masterpiece and advertise it wherever the printer pursues his trade."

"It sounds," said Ollie, smiling. "And what will my remuneration be?"

"You'll drag down ten thousand for two weeks and fifteen thousand if it takes a full three. It will be so much clear velvet for you, Ollie. It won't interfere with your old contract, which is dead, or your new one, which isn't born; and furthermore, when this picture starts showing, the fame you have now will be a mere drop in the bucket. This is a great thing, Ollie. Now, how about?"

"I'll let you know in the morning," he replied, appearing to be wrapped in deep thought. "I don't want to decide definitely to-night. I'll say, though, that ten thousand for two weeks sounds right enough. The Redwood Film Company will probably take some time to see things right, and I may as well gather what I can. Come round to-morrow morning, Aleck. I'll let you know for certain."

I knew then what his answer would be, and I was tickled a light pink. I know Ollie and his method. When I telephoned him next morning he stated that he had been thinking about it and saw no reason why two old friends shouldn't get together and hammer out some pin money.

"Then it's on?" I asked cheerfully.

"It is," he said; "and glad to do it for you. I'm starting back to Santa Barbara in a day or two and I'll be ready to work whenever you say the word."

"Good," I returned, and hung up. I then hurried round to where you can still buy a colored drink and celebrated to the extent of one. In my mind's eyes I beheld that

It Didn't Last Long, But When it Was Over There Was a Near-Riot on the Ball Lot

ranch over in New Jersey, with the red-astrakhan cows being milked by my hired men, and my automobile parked in a stone mansion with gargoyles on the roof.

For the next few days I worked hard. I visited the trade papers, consulted advertising agencies, and laid the foundation for a large and comprehensive publicity campaign which would inform movie lovers throughout the land that Oliver Caldwell Thorpe would appear in a new superproduction entitled Sunrise, under the sole management of Alexander Loftus.

I looked over the actors and actresses I might need, telephoned to some and had others call at my office, where I engaged a few and handed them the money to get them to Santa Barbara. My plan was to engage half the cast in New York and the rest in California, and this I did. I bought a few costumes in New York, following my own ideas, and finally started West, full of bright hopes. The morning I reached Santa Barbara Ollie met me and declared he was ready to begin the picture the minute I was.

From then on Speed was my middle name. I located a large airy studio at the north end of town and rented the whole place for a month, paying the owner enough money to satisfy even a studio owner, who was the original profiteer. I engaged carpenters and a studio manager, and the director with whom I had been corresponding came up from Los Angeles and began reading the continuity. His demand was moderate. I paid him four hundred a week, and gave him two weeks' salary in advance to gain his confidence.

The organization began to take form and I watched them start building the interior sets and select locations in the mountains for the exteriors. On Saturday of that week we began shooting, with two cameras, and the director told me he would be ready for Ollie on Monday morning.

This news I communicated to Mr. Thorpe at his handsome lodge on Saturday night, over the telephone, and he replied that he would be on the job bright and early. At ten o'clock Sunday morning the telephone rang in my bedroom at the hotel, and when I sleepily answered Ollie said a few words.

"There's some news for you, Aleck," he said. "I can't play that lead for you after all."

"You can't what?" I asked, holding up my pyjamas, and feeling certain that long slumber was still interfering with my reason.

"Can't play—can't start to-morrow," he repeated.

"Why?" I asked.

"Just signed up the new contract with the Redwood people," he explained. "Naturally they object to my working with anyone else. It came rather sooner than I expected. You understand that, Aleck."

"I guess I'll come over and talk to you when I get dressed," I said slowly. "I'll have to talk to you about this, Ollie."

"No use talking," he said brightly. "Nothing to talk about, Aleck. Sorry I promised to play that part but you can see how it is. I thought I'd have plenty of time before the Redwood people met my terms, but they rushed me. I'm going to get that extra five hundred a week."

"That's fine," I gulped. "I've invested fifteen thousand in cold cash in this Sunrise picture, the cast is hired, the director is waiting, and everything depends on you. How about that? I've got to talk to you, Ollie."

"It won't do any good," he assured me. "None at all."

He then calmly hung up on me, and I sat on the edge of my bed looking the situation in the face and trying to decide what to do with it. If Ollie Thorpe played the lead I might produce a big famous picture, and enjoy deserved increment; but without him the enterprise was only a perilous gamble and would never make any real money. I could hire an unknown actor and substitute him; or even a moderately well-known star; but even if I did I should probably stand myself in for an additional loss. The leading part in Sunrise was made for Ollie, and for nobody else in California or New York. When he threw me down he blasted my picture.

The worst of it was I had let myself in for so many expenses that I hated to quit, but quit I must. The advertising, which would presently appear in the trade press, would make a blithering ass of me, and my associates would grin. I looked painfully back to the days when this low wretch had started his theatrical career, and I regretted my part in starting him. After a great many baleful and useless thoughts I dressed myself, ate a hurried breakfast, and started to find Ollie and have words with him. In this I was foiled, though I hunted diligently all day Sunday.

III

MONDAY morning I appeared in my rented studio and discharged everybody connected with the new superproduction called Sunrise, whereat there was vast surprise and mingled complaint. I explained that Mr. Thorpe had given us all the rawsberry, and that any actor desiring redress might turn to Ollie for it. I returned the studio to its owner, who seemed surprised but said nothing about refunding, and when I started down the hill toward town that afternoon I was a man who had just come hurriedly out of the motion-picture business and never wished to return.

That day I missed Oliver C. Thorpe twice by narrow margins, because despite the fact that I was no longer a movie magnate I still wished to get close to the star and tell him a few earnest thoughts. Tuesday he left a fashionable downtown hotel at one end while I prowled for him at the other; and on Wednesday the yellow-haired vampire at the telephone window in the new and ornate Redwood Studio informed me that Mr. Thorpe was extremely busy to-day and could not possibly see Mr. Loftus or anyone else. I thanked the lady and moved away, and as I started morosely for the hotel, wondering whether to buy a shiny new ticket to New York and forget the whole disagreeable mess, a sad-faced individual halted me.

"Would it be too much to ask you to stake me to a meal?" he inquired.

"No," I said, looking at him somewhat grumpily, "it wouldn't be too much, but it would be about enough. What's the matter with you throwing your pride aside and earning a meal? This is the land of prosperity."

I stared bellicosely at the succotash solicitor, and saw that here was a chap who needed a shine, a couple of shaves and the attention of a tailor; but on the other hand he was no regular bum of the freight-car and back-door variety.

"Mister," he said seriously, "I tried to get work. I tried over and over. I've been throwed out of this here Redwood Studio more than three times already, and the bouncer says the next time I ooze in there he's going to make it a hospital throw-out."

"What kind of work do you work at when toiling?" I demanded. "Are you one of these performers in the silent drama?"

"Me? No," he said. "I'm no actor. I used to be a stage hand, but right now I'm nothing. I'm dead broke and in need of food; and it's on the level about me trying to get a job too. If Ollie Thorpe kept his word I'd never have to ask you for a meal."

"Kept his word," I murmured. "Have you had business dealings with Ollie Thorpe?"

"Me?" said the man. "I'm here from Chicago. I came some of the way on a coal car. And when I got here there was no job, like he promised me the other day in Chicago."

He paused and gazed sadly toward the entrance to the studio.

"He promised you a job?" I asked.

"He did that. And when I get here there's no job. I keep on going in to see the director, and the bouncer keeps on chucking me out. I met Ollie yesterday, and all he said was that the director has charge of everything, and if the director can't place me he guesses it's all off. Whereupon I get hurled out once more."

"You know Ollie very well?" I inquired.

"Long, but not well," replied the applicant for work. "He asked me in Chicago would I like to have a steady job, and I said I would. So he tells me if I ever get to California the thing is done. I worked my way West; and here I am, worse off now than I was in Chicago."

"Come on," I said, stirred by a fellow feeling. "I'll buy you a reasonable amount of food. What's your name?"

"Kotch Creamer," he answered, and for a minute it struck me I had heard it before. However, thirteen years may blur the memory.

"I don't need to ask yours," he went on as we started for the edibles; "I know your name."

"Do you?" I asked in surprise.

"Sure," he said. "You probably don't recall me, because I've changed some. Maybe you can remember blowing into Delaware, Ohio, about a dozen years ago with your theatrical troupe, and this here same Ollie Thorpe. You wanted to see if a guy named Kotch Creamer would be a good-enough boxer for you to add to your string in New York."

"I got you," I said, staring at him, and noting that he had indeed changed. "Are you ——"

"That's me," he grinned. "Kotch Creamer, formerly a promising boxer, who broke his promise."

"You didn't quite come up to what I expected."

"No, I didn't suit; and there was a reason for that too. The reason is inside that studio we just left. Ollie Thorpe was working for you then."

"I won't ever forget it," I said grimly.

"Me neither. He found out you were interested in me, and then told you I was a bogus boxer. He told you I'd never amount to a whoop in hell, and then offered to prove it by boxing me while you looked on. Remember?"

"I do, indeed," I said; "and he slammed you round the stage."

"He slammed me round the stage is right," Mr. Creamer admitted calmly. "He showed me up before you and your actors. He always showed me up in a fight, even before he went on the stage. That was Ollie Thorpe's chief job in life—showing me up. I never could figure it out."

"Figure what out?"

"I mean that Ollie always had something on me from the day I started to school at St. Mary's and met him. He whipped me that first day and he whipped me ever afterward. The funny thing is that if I had boxed anybody else in America the day you were in Delaware I'd have made a better showing, and you might have taken me to New York. With Ollie sparring I beat before I put on a glove. It was so, and he knew it."

"That's funny," I said. "Ollie c fight."

"Don't I know that?" Kotc pausing in one of the largest bites e ten out of a chunk of bread. "I know it? That's why I say he ha thing on me, which I never could stand. He couldn't fight, and he whip the boys that I whipped easy, Ollie always trimmed me. How figure that?"

I watched Mr. Creamer dine, dined with sincerity and enthusiasm a time he slowed up. He discussed days in Delaware, and his first mor meeting with Ollie Thorpe, along licking that accompanied it.

"I can remember it well," he said ing a fresh cup of coffee. "A gan older boys told me to walk up behi and throw a piece of rope on his s Being a new arrival I did it. Ollie back to me, and I did what the b told me to do. I sneaked up with a rope, tossed it on Ollie's shoulder, a 'Snakes, Ollie!' as the boys d Ollie was standing on the school carrying his school things, and the the rope landed he threw his bo way, his coat another and his slat where else. He yelled and struck o both hands, like a guy gone sudd his bean. Then he calmed down ou spasm, and I started to run, but it late. He caught me, and that was fight."

"Was he nervous about snakes?"

"Nervous? He was scared to d them. That rope performance alwa him slash out blindly at anything of him. The bigger boys used to p same trick on him, only he didn tackle them. The point is this: H me in that first fight, and he lic every other time in the years that f I got to be pretty nifty with my fi put away a lot of the boys—the sa had sent Ollie Thorpe home with b shut; and yet Ollie was the one lad school who had it on me. I used to and provoke him into scraps, just I couldn't beat him for once, but did. Then he got to be an actor. when he came to Delaware with y you said I had to box him, that my of ever getting under your mana was gone for good. I could have the best regular fighter in Ameri morning and made a better s Funny, ain't it?"

"Funny in one way," I admitte not so much in another."

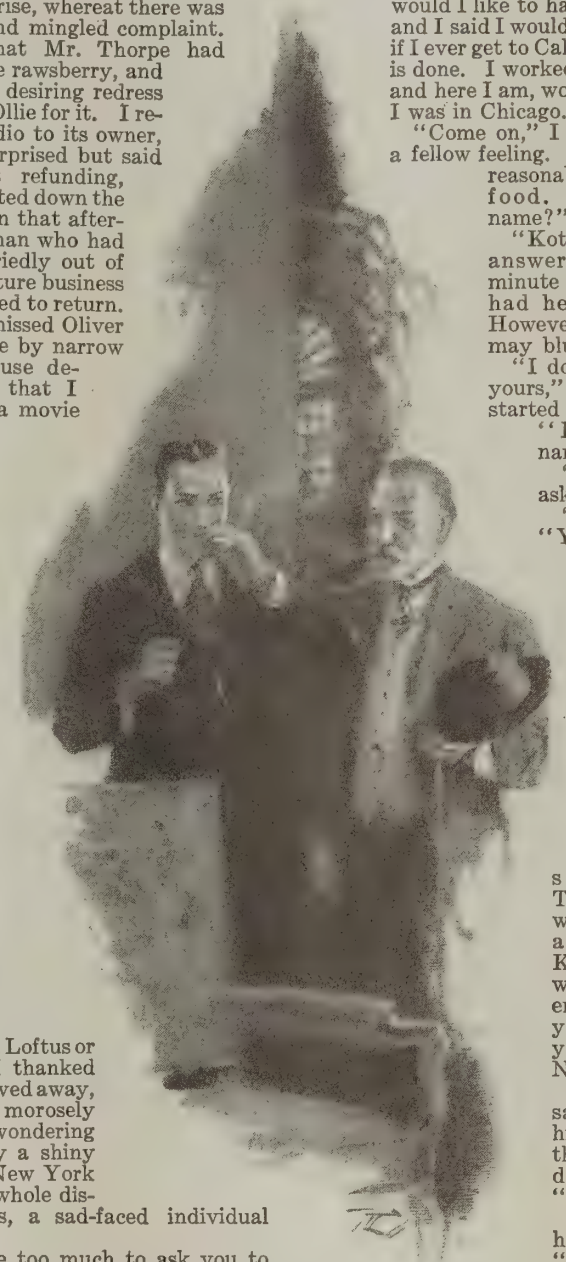
"After you ditched me," Kotch winding up his meal, "I sort of lost in the game. I'd always figured if get to New York and have a real and some good fighters to work might make something of myself, there in Delaware—well, you kno ware. I fought a couple of bouts a quit and got a job as stage hand in ater where your company played. round a few years and finally drift Lately I've been in Chicago, and I you might say I've made a pret failure of life."

"Like a lot of us," I replied. that's over, and let it go. You c had hard luck, especially where O anything to do with you. I'm going you a few dollars for old times' sa you might get ready to go back Eas I go—that is, if you want to."

He thanked me, and when we par arrangement was that Kotch woul to New York when I left, and I p to land him a job, probably in n office. Meantime I had decided to Santa Barbara a few days, and what this decision was the announcemen rodeo. I had previously read of thi without any great interest, and reg as merely another device to adver much-advertised Thorpe.

Santa Barbara was in need of a marble statues for the city park, a town had all the money necessary pease the sculptor, except about te sand dollars. Ollie Thorpe as a leadi zen naturally had a finger in the p when he suggested a rodeo to help a statue fund, charging a dollar adm the town accepted with pleasure baseball people turned the park Ollie, and the Redwood Film Co sent out for Indians, cowboys and

(Concluded on Page 61)



"I'm Not Worrying. Either They Come Through With Fifteen Hundred a Week or I'll Sign With Someone Else"

(Included from Page 58)

e.erprising press agent likewise
ht o something of his own. There
ist rived in San Francisco the new
alia champion, Bill Holt, a heavy-
ghter who had gone utterly
n e ranks of the antipodean gladi-
B was accompanied on his tour of
l by Australian sporting writers,
e husiasts with money, and lesser
, id a few days before the Santa
a odeo Bill and his entourage
l no San Francisco and submitted
n istic interviews.

I rpe press agent believed that if
d t the new champion of Australia
a t the rodeo it would be a strong
a d, and he galloped up to San
a and made the arrangement.

d en reading about this big Bill
j f with considerable interest, be-
th gh I quit the game years ago I
t a my old fondness for it. What
a y impressed me in this new
i was his personal eccentricities,
p him in a class by himself. He
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s t orose, melancholy and irritable
s t it ever kicked a kangaroo off the
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f ught his way up from the bottom
t ing kind or friendly to anyone.
f l to talk about himself to re-
s, be nice to promoters, or have
l ations with mankind. He was a
l hagnail, and took refuge in heavy
r ged silence. Every so often his
y ked him, whereupon big Bill dis-
d s manager with few words and
l ge. He was chronically irritable
h he carried this irritability into
g s antagonist always looked bad
r ds next day. I wondered if these
s ut Bill Holt were true, because
f t fighters I knew were a genial lot.

e e Redwood press agent first ap-
p ir Bill and his party the cham-
p d profanely to have anything to
h nta Barbara. It took the entire
r delegation to convince him that
v d to be popular in America and
m y he would do well to humor
a he Americans were a fussy lot
k a man only if he liked them.
p ded this thought through Bill's
s l until he finally consented to
d n to Santa Barbara for one day
p r at the rodeo in person. He
s reed to box three friendly rounds
O r Caldwell Thorpe, and when I
t his item of news I decided to re-
w e I was and see everything.

ow would you like to go to this ro-
asked Kotch Creamer, who
b ter without his whiskers.

re, he replied, "I'd just as soon go.
th ght you were in a hurry to reach
Y k."

m ut I can wait till after the rodeo.
t a couple of tickets and we'll go out
e fi of it. I'm crazy about Indians
w ys."

le day was on Saturday. I bought
ck back to New York on the train
g Saturday night, so that Kotch and
I d't have to linger long after the
W reached the ball park about two in the afternoon and found a crowd of five or six thousand. Our seats were behind third base, near the rail, and the early part of the rodeo was very sad indeed.

They had some tame horse races and some even tamer bulldogging of steers, but finally it worked round to big Bill Holt and his Australian friends, which was the part I wanted. The film people had erected a ring over the pitcher's box, raising it a foot or two from the ground, and the Champion of all the Australias walked grimly out, climbed into the ring, accompanied by a dozen or more of the smaller celebrities, and all were introduced by the official announcer.

The six thousand citizens who had remained in their seats during the rodeo proper now flocked upon the ball field to have a close-up of the champion and the friendly bout with Oliver Caldwell Thorpe. After they had cheered Mr. Holt there came a lull while we waited for the star. He timed his coming to get all the drama possible out of it, and when he appeared he was a gorgeous sight, in blue silk trunks, a wonderful shirt with a lay-down collar, and a dainty cravat of robin's-egg blue.

Then the folks gave huzzas for Ollie, because he spent quite a bit with the local merchants. The Australian fighters of the lesser group were introduced by a man who couldn't talk English in public, and the battery of camera operators gathered round the ring to take a few pictures.

I left Kotch in his seat and clambered over the rail with the rest. The crowd was densely massed round the ring when Ollie climbed in to shake hands with Champion Holt and be photographed. I plowed through till I was up beside the post in Ollie's corner, where there was plenty of confusion, with persons crowding into the ring and being pushed back out so that the cameras could get Mr. Thorpe shaking the hand of Mr. Holt.

You couldn't tell just what was going on, because of the general tumult, but about the time Ollie struck a handsome pose and shook hands with the antipodean warrior he likewise seemed to go out of his mind.

Instead of shaking hands friendly with big Bill, Ollie let out a yell that could be readily heard in Athabasca. He leaped into the air and banged big Bill Holt on the nose twice in rapid succession before that astounded slugger could stagger back out of range. Without waiting an instant the famous Australian beezer began to bleed.

There was a surprised roar of rage from big Bill, and another roar of indignation from the kangaroo delegation. It looked to those innocent foreigners as though they had run into a conspiracy to denude their idol of his title before he had got his land legs.

All the suppressed moroseness in Mr. Holt's character came to the top, and in the next thirty seconds, with the Redwood film employees trying to save their star's life, and the outraged Australians holding them back, and the spectators yelling bloody murder, big Bill stepped into Mr. Thorpe and showed the world just how he came to be a champion.

I have never seen so much genuine action crammed into such a short time. Wherever I looked I could see big Bill's hairy arms swinging this way and that, and every time Bill hit anything it was Ollie. There were many dull thuds, and with every thud some more of Mr. Thorpe's features were erased on the end of Mr. Holt's glove. It was a stirring sight, but not joyous to the Redwood film officials, who expected Ollie to start work on Monday.

It didn't last long but when it was over there was a near-riot on the ball lot. The police swarmed in and surrounded the Australians, who were escorted from the grounds amid flying bricks. Everyone present realized that Champion Bill Holt was without doubt a grouchy guy when hit unexpectedly upon the nose. He lived up to his name, and even more.

Strong hands tenderly scraped Ollie Thorpe off the floor of the ring and bore him away, probably to a waiting ambulance. His silk shirt was a row of small waving pennons, and his lovely trunks were splashed with his own precious gore, while his face resembled something that may be of some use again, and may not.

I found Kotch Creamer with his mouth permanently open, clinging to a pillar and viewing the catastrophe with astonishment and concern.

"What's all this about? That big guy has ruined Ollie," he said as he came down and we started out.

"Well, Ollie attacked him," I remarked. "Didn't you see Ollie bang him on the nose, just as they were shaking hands?"

"I did," Kotch answered in wonderment. "Why should Ollie slam the champion of Australia? He must be off his nut."

"Yes," I said, "but the crowd was thick, and you didn't see it all."

"Didn't see what?" he asked.

"You didn't see me," I explained as we got into a taxicab and started for town. "I was right there all the time."

Kotch looked at me in growing wonder.

"Yes," I went on; "I was there. When I crawled over the railing there was a small piece of rope hanging from a nail, and I took it along, thinking I might find use for it. And I did."

Kotch's newly shaved countenance cracked wide open in a grin that made him look cheerful for the first time.

"Snakes!" he yelled.

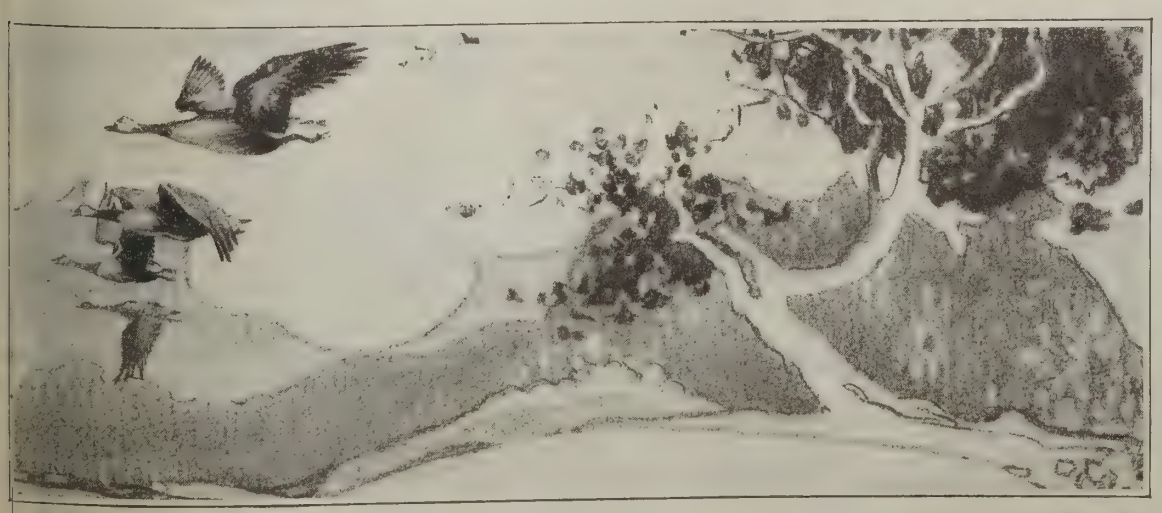
"Sure," I said. "When Ollie shook the gentleman's hand I tossed up the rope. It was a ragged small piece of hemp, but it cost me about fifteen thousand dollars. Anyone with sharp ears might have heard me mention the general subject of reptiles too. Ollie heard me all right. I'll say he did!"

Kotch leaned back and rocked in silent ecstasy.

"I'm pretty near even with that bird," he said finally. "He did me a lot of dirt, but I'm even."

"I'm not," I retorted; "but I'm evener than I was. Fifteen thousand is a high price for what big Bill did to him, admitting that Bill did plenty."

All of which may help to explain why the Redwood Film Company has been so extremely behind with its releases of pictures in which the star is Oliver Caldwell Thorpe. I do believe the young man is convalescent, though I haven't heard.



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GETTING A REPUTATION

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THERE was going to be a new store on Main Street. Carpenters had been at work for days tearing out the old-fashioned front and putting in a new one, all plate glass and marble, with unexpected promontories and depressions calculated to give a twenty-foot frontage the display space of fifty feet. Inside the painters and paper-hangers were earning their wages in leisurely fashion, while the new merchant stood round impatiently waiting for the time to arrive when he might unpack his handsome new show cases and get ready for business. A stranger picked his way among the workmen, stepping over the piles of lumber and rolls of wall paper and approaching the future merchant.

"You are the proprietor here?" he asked.

"I will be if the contractor ever gets out," replied the young man discontentedly.

The stranger handed out his card. "I am the representative of the commercial agency," he said, "and I have come to get a statement from you as to your financial affairs."

The young man looked at the card disagreeably. It was his first venture as a merchant; he had always been employed as a salesman before, and knew very little about the financial part of running a business. That a total stranger should come in off the street to ask him how much money he had seemed about the limit of impudence. He wanted to tear up the card and tell the giver to get out; but realizing that a new storekeeper cannot afford to make even a single enemy he answered with a civility that he did not feel.

"It isn't necessary for me to make a financial statement," he said, "because I don't owe anybody. I am paying cash for all my opening bills."

The agency man was a diplomat. "I know exactly how you feel," he said to the merchant apologetically. "You are thinking I have got an awful nerve to come in here and ask about your private affairs. You intend to pay cash for all the goods you buy, and so you think your finances are nobody's business but your own. But you need to be in the rating books just the same. That big department store across the street is worth nearly a million dollars and discounts every bill that it buys, but it looks out for its rating just as carefully as though it was asking six months' time on all its purchases. It sends a statement once a year to my office without even being asked."

The Advantages of Credit Rating

"POSSIBLY you think because you are starting business in a small way that you don't need a rating; that a financial statement is a rich man's luxury. But if you don't have a rating you are handicapped from the start. Take the matter of your fire insurance, for instance; any first-class insurance company will insist on knowing something about your affairs before it will allow its agent to sell you a policy. It will want to know how much goods you have got in your store no matter whether you have bought for cash or on credit. An insurance company that sells a policy to anyone who comes along with enough money to pay a year's premium isn't a good company to insure with.

"There is another place where you will lose by not giving a statement. You will not be offered goods by the highest class of manufacturers. To be sure, plenty of traveling men will come in here and solicit your business anyhow, but they will be from houses that deliberately take chances on selling unrated merchants—and charge enough profit to cover their inevitable losses. The manufacturers who make really fine goods and sell them at a close margin of profit are not looking for new customers about whom there is any element of doubt. Unless you are in the rating books they simply ignore you; their traveling men do not call on you, and so unless you go to the markets frequently you do not even see the high-class lines of merchandise.

"Now you say you are going to pay cash for all your merchandise. A manufacturer will not want to ship you goods even on a C. O. D. basis without knowing something about you, because you might decline to receive the goods when they arrived, in which case he would be put to a lot of useless expense. Or suppose you order some goods by mail and inclose a check with the order. Unless the manufacturer knows something about you he is not going to ship those goods until the check has gone through the banks and he has actually got the cash money. All that takes time; and meanwhile you are probably losing sales by not having the goods in stock."

Eventually the young merchant was persuaded to give the agency man a statement; it showed that he had been employed as salesman in his line for more than ten years and had saved up a little less than three thousand dollars, which was the capital he had to start in business for himself. He had made arrangements to buy all his goods from a single wholesale house with which he had a thorough understanding. He had felt that it was a rather meager showing and this feeling had made him shy about telling it to the commercial-agency man. But to his surprise he was rated as a desirable credit risk. His long experience as a salesman was all in his favor, as well as the fact that he had actually earned the money that he put into his business. That he had confined his buying to one house was distinctly to his credit because it was a long-established house and well able to take care of its customers.

At once the young merchant was in a position where he could write or wire to almost any wholesaler in his line and get merchandise by return express without question. He is now one of the leading merchants in his town and a large part of his growth has come from the fact that he could get anything a customer wanted promptly even though he did not have it in stock.

When a man first opens business he is always surprised to learn that with the hanging out of his sign he has become a public character. Committees come in to ask him to buy tickets to entertainments; to contribute to the fund for lighting Main Street; to help out on the purse to be given the manager of the pennant-winning team. He is expected to let the public use his telephone. And as a part of the business world he is under obligations to tell credit men how much he is worth.

One of the hardest things to convince a new merchant is that the commercial-agency man who comes round to ask questions does not do so purely from offensive curiosity. It seems particularly offensive when the business man has more debts than capital to report.

The manager of a nation-wide commercial agency in an important Western city recently talked to the writer.

"We seldom have any trouble in getting the big concerns to give us statements," he said; "they recognize it as a necessary part of business. But men who are in business on small capital or who are inexperienced are sometimes afraid to tell anyone just how they stand.

"A few years ago a young man opened a clothing business in my city and I went round to get a statement from him so we could report on him intelligently to any inquirers. At first he wouldn't even talk with me. He said he didn't need any rating because he bought only from houses who knew all about him. He also used the argument that if he was in the rating books favorably he would be pestered to death by traveling salesmen trying to sell him all the time. I had my doubts as to whether his rating would be so good that people would fall over themselves trying to sell him, but I finally argued him into giving me a statement.

"I really didn't blame him much for being reticent about his financial affairs after I had seen his figures; his net worth was less than a thousand dollars after paying for his fixtures, which of course could not be classed as quick assets. He had borrowed a few thousand dollars from a relative to pay for part of his merchandise, and for the rest he had made arrangements with two or three wholesalers to let him have what he needed on long credit.

"Before I was old enough to understand much about business I used to see the statements of banks published in the newspapers, and it always puzzled me that their assets and liabilities always added up to exac same amount. I knew banks were worth a lot of but the statements seemed to indicate that the just as much as they had. Anyhow, that was this clothing man stood. His merchandise on one side and h on the other just about balanced affairs had had to be liquidated notice his creditors would have g twenty cents on the dollar.

"At the end of his first year ness I went to the clothing ma for a statement. It wasn't so hard out of him as the first time, but I c that he was not very anxious to tell ju the results of the year's operations ha Like most other retailers he was not an expert book his statement did not contain a single technical te as Accounts Receivable, Current Liabilities or Assets. There was one column showing how muc he had on hand and another showing what debts h which after all is a pretty satisfactory form of sta though it would have been a scandal in the eyes o pert accountant. But I have always been unprof enough to believe that if a man tells you what he and how much money he owes you can subtract o the other and find out how much he is actually wo

"The clothing man's figures showed that he wa twelve hundred dollars better off than he had bee before; when he handed me the statement he lool of anxiously at me to see what I thought of it. It very brilliant showing. In drama and fiction the he has more than thirty days in which to make a for borrowed capital and win the girl; but here this merchant had been operating a whole year for a twelve hundred dollars, and even that was not in c tied up in merchandise.

"It was his lack of capital that was holding hi He had done a very good business, but his expens too heavy. In the whole year he had never been pay for a bill of goods in ten days and earn his c count. He was paying interest on merchandise a that were past due."

The Man Who Paid Interest

"'IT SEEMS to me that you might sidestep this l of paying interest on the overdue accounts, him. 'Your creditors certainly ought to give you lon without interest until you get on your feet.'

"'Well, I don't know about that,' he replied. grateful enough to them for taking a chance on selling me at all. If I buy a bill of goods that is pay a certain date and I am not able to meet it on th then I certainly ought to pay interest on the amoun do settle it. I want to get ahead as fast as I can, but want anything that isn't coming to me.'

"A little while after this a man walked into my o day and stated that he was sales manager for a well-known manufacturing concern which was loo an account in town. Merchants do not generally but wholesale houses when entering a new territ quently instruct their men to go to the local offic commercial agency and select from the agency rep retailers they intend to call on. This sales manag over the reports but did not seem to find what he some of the retailers were already tied up wit manufacturers and others had reputations for not their bills willingly. Finally he asked me if I had him our reports on all the retailers who might be market for his line.

"'Practically all of them,' I answered, 'except three little fellows who haven't much capital.'

"'Let's see them anyhow,' he said.

"The first one I happened to bring out was th ment I had got from the young clothing man w made only twelve hundred dollars on his first year's tions. The sales manager glanced over it. 'This bi hasn't got any too much capital,' was his first co then adding: 'But he must be a hustler to make a at all, owing as much money as he does. I see that been paying out a lot of money as interest on p accounts. Does that mean he is in a bad fix w creditors?'

"'No; I don't think so,' I answered. 'No com have ever been turned into this office against him. got an idea that he ought to pay interest on an that is past due, and he just does it.'

"'I believe I will go round and see the fellow,' s sales manager. 'Would it be putting you to to trouble to go along and introduce me?'

(Continued on Page 65)

(Continued from Page 62)

"Together we walked up the street and the sales manager explained something of the policy of his firm. 'We don't go altogether on the amount of capital a man has in becoming a new dealer,' he said. 'Of course we want a man to sell his bills with reasonable promptness, but we have enough capital to take care of our customers under any circumstances. A man may not have much money when he forms a connection with him, but we expect he will make good with our line and eventually get on a good footing. The main thing we want in a customer is a sense of fairness. If he is continually going to try to get the best of us in little ways we don't want him on our books at all.'

"The merchant was busy with a customer when we entered his store, and while waiting the sales manager looked around red round the place looking at the window trims and the general way the merchandise was arranged in the show cases. I noticed him rub his finger on the top of one of the showcases and look to see if any dust had come off. After introducing the two men I went back to my office.

"It was perhaps a couple of months later that I picked up a morning paper one day and saw a full-page advertisement announcing that my merchant friend had taken the exclusive agency for one of the most celebrated lines of men's clothing in America. That was three years ago, and ever since then his reports have shown a gain of more than twenty thousand dollars each year."

Credit men for many of the largest wholesale houses pay little attention to the actual amount of money a man has invested in his business. Presuming a man has reasonable business ability and a suitable location, his chance at success lies in making good wholesale connections. And his reputation for acting fairly has more to do with making good wholesale connections than most men dream of.

"The gamble on the man himself more than on the money he has got," a successful wholesaler said to the writer recently. "The main thing we want is to know that he is going to give us a square deal. Just selling a merchant a bill of goods doesn't mean anything to a wholesale house; we are looking for a whole series of profitable transactions. If a man is contentious and always trying to get something over he is more trouble than he is worth."

A Shifty Customer Dropped

"WE RECENTLY quit selling a customer in an Eastern city who had been dealing with us for years. There had been some labor troubles in his town and business got into a slump; this merchant began to get slow in paying his bills. If he had merely written us that he needed more time on account we should have been glad enough to accommodate him, but he didn't do it that way.

"Instead he began finding fault. He would claim that a salesman had promised to give him an extra thirty-day dating; that he had not ordered the goods shipped until later; that some of the items were not as ordered and would have to be returned; anything to start some correspondence and so get an excuse to stand off payment of the bill.

"We finally told our traveling man not to call on him any more. We gave the merchant plenty of time to pay what he already owed us, and just faded out of his life."

A merchant in one of the larger Southern cities started in business on one of the side streets and with small capital, catering to the working people. He did extremely well as many side-street merchants do. His rent was a quarter of the price charged in the fashionable shopping district only two blocks away. He did not have to tie up a great capital in expensive fixtures; he did not know what it was to pay for a full-page ad in the morning paper; no one would look at his show windows and believe for a moment that he employed a professional window dresser.

But he did do the business. On Saturday nights when his high-class competitors had been closed for hours his store would still be full of customers, who not only paid cash for their purchases but carried the bundles home themselves. Every ring of the cash-register bell celebrated a profitable transaction. Within ten years of the time the merchant had started business on a capital of less than two thousand he was easily worth a hundred thousand dollars.

The merchant was naturally proud of his success; he was clever at selling goods, but what he most prided himself on was his shrewdness in buying. In moments of relaxation he would tell his intimates how shrewd he really was.

"You mustn't let the other fellow make too much money off you," he would say. "If you can't beat him down on the price, frame up on him in some way."

He never let a shipment of goods get into stock without hunting up a reason for a rebate. If the invoice called for fifteen dozen suits he would always claim at least half a dozen short. If it was a case of alarm clocks he would find that seven of them would not run, and of course it was only right to charge the repair bill back to the manufacturer. In all his years of business no shipment of glass ever came into his store without a claim for breakage due to careless packing.

He was quite a wizard when it came to paying his bills. He never missed a cash discount. The account might be sixty days past due, but he would take off the cash discount anyhow. "Deduct the five per cent," he would say to his bookkeeper. "If they holler too much maybe I will have to pay it; but it's no harm in trying. Probably they will let it go."

His merchandise bills were always payable in New York or Chicago drafts, but he always sent his personal checks. "Why should I go to the trouble and expense of buying a draft?" he would ask. "If they don't want to pay a little exchange on my check let them send it back."

It is doubtful if the merchant knew that he was crooked in his relations with his wholesalers. His training had been in those methods of business and he thought he was playing the game in the conventional manner. As a matter of fact he was not gaining anything at all. The high-class houses did not sell him after one or two adventures; and the others were perfectly able to look out for themselves. Their salesmen were always instructed to quote prices high enough to cover all shrinkage.

Eventually the merchant decided that he would like to quit the modest side-street location and move up into the aristocratic shopping district, where electric signs, expensive delivery cars and doormen in livery were necessary equipment. Personally he liked the old location, but the social ambitions of a growing family had to be considered. He secured a lease on a building in the heart of the shopping district, arranged to have it remodeled, and took the train for the Northern manufacturing centers to lay in a stock of merchandise suitable for his new location.

New York was his first stop. He put up at a first-class hotel, had it announced in the trade bulletins that he was in the market for high-grade lines of merchandise, and waited for the salesmen to look him up. Some of the houses of which he was already a customer sent their official entertainers round to buy him dinners and take him to shows, but none of the concerns with which he wanted to form connections seemed to know he was in town.

After two or three days he started out to hunt up the high-grade lines himself. But invariably there seemed to be something in the way of making the connections he wanted. One or two of the firms he called on stated that they were glad to meet him, but their lines were already handled in his city and of course they could not afford to open another account there, as it would antagonize their present customers. One executive said he might consider doing business with the merchant later on, but his product had already been contracted for several months in advance.

At last the manager of a concern that is known from coast to coast frankly told him what was the matter.

"Why, yes," he said, "we would like to have a good account in your city; we are not getting the business there that we ought. But I am afraid we cannot do business with you. I saw your arrival announced in the trade bulletins and thought of going round to your hotel to see you, but after looking you up in our commercial agency I decided that it would not be wise to do business with you at this time."

The merchant looked up the address of the commercial agency referred to and hurried there, full of indignation.

"What is this I hear about your giving me a bad report?" he demanded of the manager. "I am worth clear money more than a hundred thousand dollars, and yet none of these high-class houses even call on me. I can pay cash for every dollar's worth of goods that I buy. You can wire my bank if you don't believe me."

"I have no doubt in the world that you are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars," replied the agency man, "but that doesn't change matters. When it was announced a few days ago that you were in town several concerns phoned us asking for a report on you. We at once wired our manager in your home city for information and his reply is in my desk. It says that you are legally good for all purchases that you might make, but that there are more than thirty complaints on file in his office where you have made unjust claims on firms with whom you have had dealings. I had no choice but to turn this report over to the houses who had inquired about you, and I presume that is the reason you are having trouble in buying goods."

A Talk With the Credit Man

"BUT I wouldn't treat these high-class houses that way," pleaded the merchant. "I promise you that if you will change that report ——"

"I couldn't change the report if I wanted to," interrupted the agency man. "It was made by our manager in your home city, and even he can't change it. It isn't our personal opinion; we don't have opinions. It is simply a statement of facts reported to our office."

The merchant went home empty-handed. Even before going to his store he went to the office of the commercial agency. "What grudge have you got against me that you should tell those New York people I am a bad risk?" he demanded excitedly. "They wouldn't let me buy their goods even for cash."

"I haven't any grudge at all," replied the manager. "In fact, I have never had any dealings with you personally. But I think I can tell you why they didn't want to do business with you." He went to a file and took out a bundle of papers. "Here is a statement from Johnson & Frank stating that you claimed shortages in four consecutive invoices; but close investigation fails to show incompetence in their shipping department or similar losses on the railroads in packages going to other local firms. Then here is a complaint from Marks & McDonnell to the effect that you have several times taken the cash discounts from invoices ninety days past due."

"Well, I had to protect myself," exclaimed the merchant. "They were all trying to get the best of me, and I just showed that I was smarter than they were."

"But these high-class houses with whom you want to do business don't see it that way," explained the agency man. "They don't care anything about selling you one bill of goods even though you pay cash in advance. When they put their lines into a man's store they want it to be a permanent connection. Now suppose, when you were up in New York, you had induced one of the big houses to sell you. The merchandise would be shipped and when you got

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Some Inside Information

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You Pay by the Mile

WHEN you ride on a railroad you pay by the mile. When you ride on a bicycle you pay by the mile. But, unlike the railroads, bicycle tires don't all tax you at the same rate per mile. Cheap tires cost you a lot per mile; good tires less per mile; Vitalic Tires least per mile.

Vitalic Tires cost you least per mile because they last longest—they travel more miles. It's the pure, strong rubber outside, and the tough, closely woven fabric inside that enable Vitalics to give the most miles for your money.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS, ERIE, PA.

it into your store and opened it up you would find a few pieces short and others damaged, the claim amounting to about twenty dollars. The house would allow your claim as a matter of course; but the matter wouldn't stop there. They wouldn't try to get their twenty dollars back by soaking you on your next purchase. Instead they would investigate their packing and shipping departments, and they would come to the conclusion that the shortage originated in your store. Then they would be through with you forever. These houses you have been doing business with are willing to make money any old way, just so they make it. The others don't want to make money at all if they can't do it in a first-class way."

The merchant got the idea. "All right," he said cheerfully. "I won't make any more claims even if the best cut-glass bowl in the package comes broken. I guess now you will change my rating so I can begin buying goods for my new store about the first of the month, won't you?"

The agency manager had to explain again. "Can't you see that I don't make or change ratings?" he demanded. "I only report what you have done; not what I think you are going to do. I am not supposed to give advice either; but if you want to know how to get yourself in position to buy the lines you want I will tell you.

"You have got to quit making claims for adjustments that you are not entitled to. You have got to quit taking the cash discounts off from invoices that are sixty days old when the terms plainly state that ten days is the limit. Your credit wouldn't be hurt a bit with a first-class house if you let a bill run three months past due, just so you had a reasonable excuse for the delay and you didn't do it too often. But the same house would give you a black mark if you skinned them out of ten cents by sending your personal check when the invoice called for New York exchange.

"You thought because you are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars that everyone would want to sell you. But credit isn't based on the amount of money you have got; money is too easily lost. It is your habits of doing business that count most, and your habits evidently don't suit the people you want to buy from. If no one turns in a complaint about you during the next year, then it will probably be assumed that you have changed your habits and will make a desirable customer."

It was hard punishment but the merchant had to stand it. He could not buy the high-grade lines he needed for his new store and it would have been ruinous to try to do business in that location carrying only cheap merchandise. And so the merchant paid rent on an empty building while he was trying to get a reputation.

For nearly a year he sternly curbed natural tendencies. It was hard to package after package come into his st without even looking for a chance to n a claim, but he did it.

He did not even deduct the freight on a single shipment or write that traveling man had quoted a lower than charged on invoice. He even ac interest on one payment because the was thirty days past due. In time vi had its reward.

One day a well-dressed young man denly appeared before the merchant, sit gloomily at his desk thinking about vacant store on which he was paying less rent.

"I represent the Electra Manufactu Company," said the young man, han out a card. "I understand you were in New York office last spring to look at line, but we were so busy then that couldn't take on any new accounts. N can talk business; I have got my sam all opened up over at the hotel and if will step over there I promise to show the finest line coming into your territo

As the merchant started out with salesman he paused long enough to whi to his bookkeeper, "Get ready the copy a big ad in to-morrow morning's pa We will start a closing-out sale to run sixty days while we are getting read move into our new store."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

No Rash Promises

JOHN L. MOON told recently a quaint story of his friend, the late James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad. It seems that Mr. Hill was in Chicago and attended a fat-stock show or stock breeders' convention and exhibit or something which greatly impressed him. He saw a fine opportunity for the farmers of the Northwest to improve their droves, flocks and herds, and promptly caused to be announced far and wide in the territory where he was a reigning railway king that he would defray the transportation charges home on all fancy stock bought by the stock growers in attendance. Many took advantage of the offer.

One farmer bought a magnificent example of live pork and expressed it in a crate marked to his son at home. In the car the porker became somewhat *persona non grata*—close quarters, hot day, and so on—and as Number 66 was to stand for a couple of hours at a way station the man in the express car as a relief measure pushed old porker's crate out on a freight platform. A loose slat or something on the crate explains why the express man later wired to a station agent one hundred miles ahead: "Have three hundred pound hog, black with white spots, ready to put in crate on sixty-six to-morrow."

This was done. The hog was delivered at his destination and everything was all right until father got home and blew up.

"Not my hog at all!" he yelled. "It's an ornery runt."

"Impossible!" said the express company suavely. "Your hog was delivered to your son to whom it was addressed; we have his personal receipt."

He fretted and fumed, finally playing his trump card.

"How," he said triumphantly, "could the sex of a hog change in a little journey of four hundred and fifty miles?"

"Ah, that is something the express company never guarantees," said the official who had the last word.

More Dollars Than Pictures

AN OLD acquaintance of a millionaire picture collector tells a characteristic anecdote showing to what good purpose business instinct may be applied to a hobby.

Some years ago the whole art world sat up and took notice when the newspapers related that this collector had paid $350,000 for a remarkably fine painting by Frans Hals. Only a few weeks after the picture had come into his possession a story got abroad to the effect that he had been offered half a million dollars for it.

A friend asked the owner if there was any truth in the report, and was told that it was quite correct. Immediately he began to congratulate him upon making such a handsome profit in so short a time.

"But," replied the collector, "I did not sell. I declined the offer."

"What! You declined it?"

"Most certainly. I can find $150,000 whenever I chance to need it; but where in all the world could I find another Frans Hals equal to mine for three or even four times that sum?"

The Latest Styles

ONE must approach the contemplation of a new social phenomenon in the spirit of inquiry and of tolerance as well. To the one extreme type of mind anything that is new must be right. To the other extreme type anything that is new must be wrong.

Recently an American magazine writer, well known for her interest in social service, was in the city of Budapest. She was simply delighted with Bolshevism as displayed in that city. She sought permission to travel to Riga, from which city she desired, if possible, to proceed to Petrograd.

When asked why she wished to visit these cities she replied, "I do get such thrills from these new governments!"

The Wrong Hymn

A STORY comes from the City of Churches to the effect that the pastor of one of the most conservative religious organizations in that borough some time ago shattered the tradition of generations by inviting a noted evangelist to conduct a week of revival services in his church.

At every service the church was packed to overflowing, and the number of those who flocked to the mourners' bench every evening testified to the enthusiasm of the congregation. At the concluding service the pastor announced that a collection would be taken for the gifted brother who had just preached from his pulpit for the last time. He had no doubt that it would be a generous one.

Next day when the offering was counted the pastor was amazed and disappointed to find that it amounted to only about half the sum he thought would be forthcoming.

In his distress he went to Deacon Perkins and asked him if he had any theory to account for the meagerness of the collection. The deacon smiled knowingly and replied: "Do you recall the name of the offertory hymn you selected?"

And then the situation dawned upon the good man. He had announced from the pulpit: "While the collection is being taken the choir will lead us in singing that grand old hymn, Never Give Up! Never Give Up!"

Judging from the receipts fully half the congregation had not given up a penny!

Taking No Chances

AN AMERICAN doughboy of the 8(Pioneer Infantry, which policed area of the Argonne Forest after the a stice, had come upon the bodies of t boches belonging to the 254th Reser fallen in such positions as to indicate unmistakably they had been stalkir single Yank. Their tactics had been succ ful. Within twenty yards lay the quart khaki, his cheek cuddled along his sight, his eyes closed—much as if ha taken three of the enemy as escort he soul-wearied of the killing and would a while.

"I'll say this boy put up a scrap—I'll he did!" And the searcher calling tc nearest comrade began with roughly re ent fingers to remove the identifica tags.

The lank loose-jointed Middle Weste who joined him presently was accred among his buddies with imagination capable of conjecturing beyond the re rent probability of seconds at the c cart—never a thought above the te But now with eyes distended and adroop he mentally revitalized the figh he looked from one lifeless figure to anot Finally he vented his admiration in elongated, "Bo-o-oy how-dee!"

Then with palpable motive in his he went to the body of the nearest bo snapped open the blade of a giant j knife and quickly, distastefully shearec the Gott-Mit-Uns buckle.

Pocketing it he proceeded to the sec German's form and duplicated his seen ghoulishness.

As he leaned over the third body first comer, who had been watching quizzically, called in deprecation: "W t'ell you want with that Gott-Mit- junk, ol'-timer?"

What indeed was his object? For to tr who followed the infantry souvenirs every description were as commonp as cooties, belt buckles especially b numerous.

"Well," replied the other, "I figge it this way: They's on'y one place any Je what comes up against a guy three to should go. An' I'm takin' no chance these birds' gettin' past Saint Peter u false pretenses."

The Jailer's Welcome

FLYING over the county jail at L rence, Kansas, is a service flag twenty-three silver stars on it.

Not to be outdone in patriotism by neighboring competitors since the Ka and Missouri troops began to arrive h the jailer has strung this banner in letters under the service flag and over doorway of the jail:

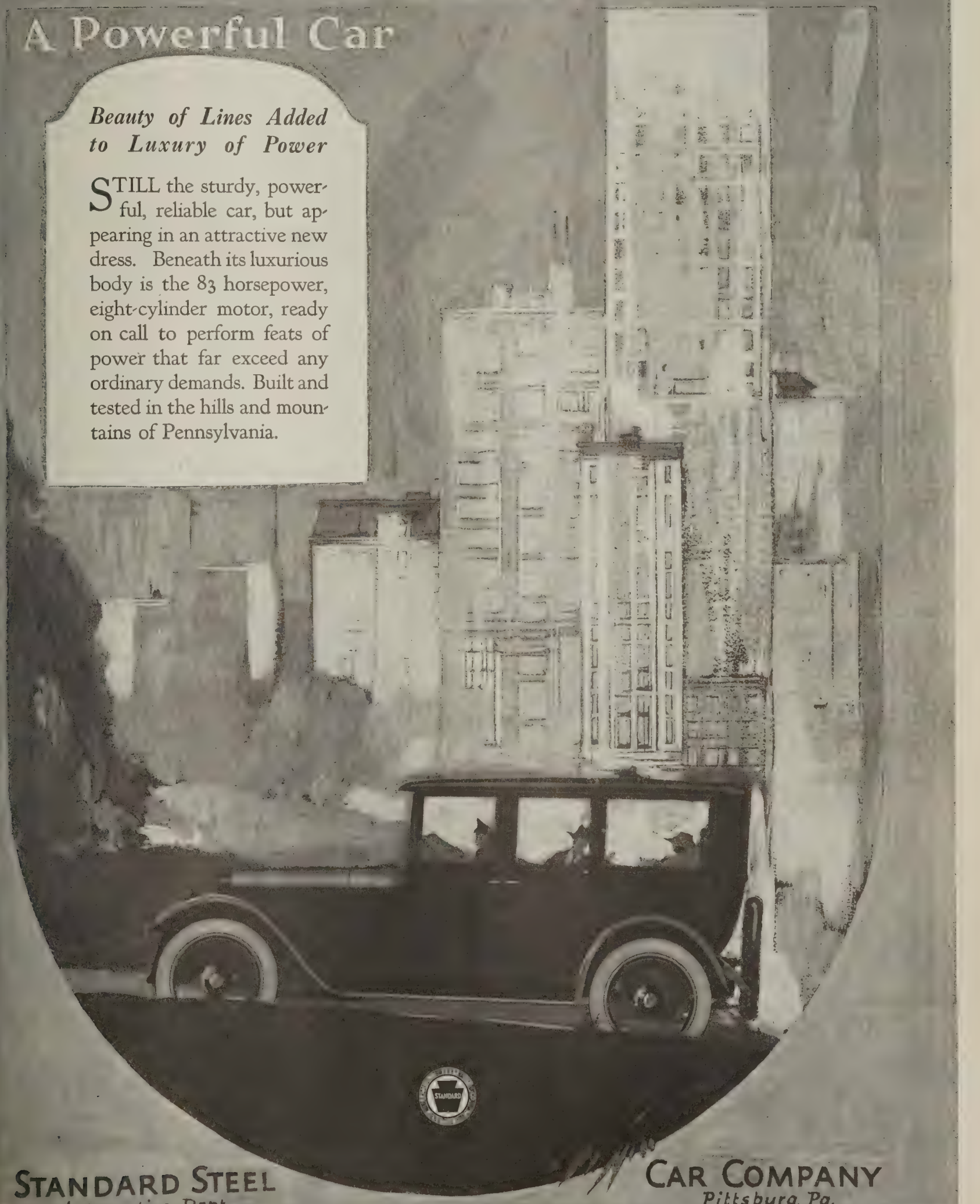
"Welcome Home, Victorious Sons."

STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

Beauty of Lines Added to Luxury of Power

STILL the sturdy, powerful, reliable car, but appearing in an attractive new dress. Beneath its luxurious body is the 83 horsepower, eight-cylinder motor, ready on call to perform feats of power that far exceed any ordinary demands. Built and tested in the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania.



STANDARD STEEL
Automotive Dept.

CAR COMPANY
Pittsburg, Pa.

From Bookkeeper to General Auditor

Only a few months ago he was a bookkeeper, **taking** orders instead of **giving** them! LaSalle training took him from the high desk of the $75 a month routine worker—"one of the crowd of office help"—to the big $5,000 a year job as General Auditor.

This man, who now directs others, quickly broke out of the rut, because he realized the value of **training.** He clearly saw the tremendous advantage of **SPECIALIZED knowledge** as a power for advancement in the modern world of business.

And he capitalized his spare hours by home study of the Higher Accountancy Course given by LaSalle Extension University. His salary is equal to the annual income from $100,000 invested at five per cent—a splendid record for a few months of easy, pleasant home study.

Be An Expert Accountant

There is an urgent demand for the man trained in Higher Accounting. Thousands of American business concerns today need trained ability for the elimination of waste, installation of scientific cost systems, the "charting" of conditions in figures that only the Expert Accountant can supply quickly and accurately.

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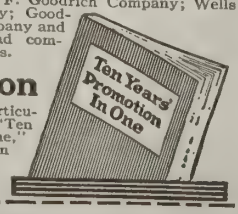
Learn Higher Accounting By Mail

The LaSalle method will train you under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholtz, A. M., C. P. A., a former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of Certified Public Accountants including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Step by step these experts will train you in the underlying principles of Business Analysis and Organization, Systematizing, Office Management, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Commercial Law and Financial Management. And besides you will have the privilege of using our Business Consulting Service free whenever you need special advice on any business matters.

LaSalle Students and Graduates

can now be found employed in the executive departments of practically all the large railroads, business houses and commercial organizations in the United States. Many prominent business concerns can be named in each of which 100 to 2,000 or more LaSalle students or graduates from our several specialized departments are employed in responsible positions. For instance—Pennsylvania Railroad, 2102; American Telegraph & Telephone Company, 811; United States Steel Corporation, 309; Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 946; Armour & Company, 364; Chicago & North Western Railway, 712; Ford Motor Company, 214; Swift & Company, 303; Standard Oil Company, 390.

Among the numerous firms and corporations employing 50 to 100 or more LaSalle students or graduates are the following: Western Electric Company; International Harvester Company; B. F. Goodrich Company; Wells Fargo Express Company; Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and every important railroad company in the United States.



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ON THE LORDSBURG ROAD

(Concluded from Page 45)

"'Now come down yourself,' he says, 'and leave your artillery up there.'

"He had on his serape and the Mex hat, and I could see the long black whiskers when I got clost to him.

"'My turn this time,' he says to me, comin' back to take a look inside the stage for passengers, which there was none, 'an' don't get fussy or I'll pay yo' back for them buckshot.'

"I stood there by the wheel feelin' more like a fool than I ever did since. He'd outguessed me so nice it made me sick to think of it.

"It took him some time to bust the lock off the box and all the while he kep' his back to me. I could of got him then if the driver had been a mite quicker. I motioned to him to slip me down the shotgun, but he didn't take holt o' the idee right away and when he did get started the holdup was onto the play.

"'Never mind that there gun,' he says. 'I'll do what shootin' is done round here just now.'

"So I had to leave that chance go by and watch him pile the comp'ny's money into a sack. He backed off among the rocks, and directly I heard his hoss' hoofs on the hill."

Savage paused and pointed to his rude map in the sand, indicating the end of the loop which represented the pass.

"We turned back," he resumed, "and when we got here to Rucker's I saddled up a hoss and changed my shotgun for a rifle. I struck out alone." He pointed the switch at the line indicating the cut-off of which he had spoken. "I headed straight for that trail—though 'twasn't even a trail then.

"The way I figured it, I had plenty of time and I let the hoss take it easy. It come on mo'nin' and I was getting hungry. I had an idee the road agent would be wanting his breakfast, too, and I climbed a malapi butte. Sure enough, there was a little fire showing down in that dry wash nigh the place where Russel's ranch house stands now; right under the bank so 'twouldn't show—unless you'd come on high ground.

"That give me a big advantage, for if he was hid, so was I when I come on him. But just the same, I played Indian. I didn't aim to give him the aidge a second time. I crawled amongst the rocks on my belly and when I stuck my head out over the bank, there he was right under me—with his rifle on one side o' the fire and him on the other frying bacon. Pot o' coffee setting on the coals, and the smell of it was plumb good in the cold of the mo'nin'.

"He'd shed his whiskers and serape, and when he looked up I was looking back at him across my sights.

"'Hello, Wolf,' I says. 'Just keep your eyes on that bacon and see you don't burn it.'

"'You win,' he says, 'on this deal, Bill. But yo're a fool not to of throwed in with me jest the same.' And he went right on cooking the bacon."

It was at this to me the most interesting point of the narrative that I saw the sheriff's attention begin to wander. He was no longer watching Savage; his eyes kept going down the road to the eastward.

"We argued it out over the fire," the old-timer went on, "me on the gun side and him dealing out the breakfast. 'I got the money buried where all hell cain't find it,' he says, 'and if I got to do ten years I'm rich when I get out. Besides, I may get the drop on yo' yet.'

"But he didn't; and I had the last say when I turned him over to the sheriff. 'You was the fool,' I told him, 'to talk to me about your private road.'"

The cow-puncher had finished and was stowing away the pump. Savage brushed out the map in the sand with his foot and climbed into the car. He turned his eyes on us.

"So long," said he, and Reed answered over his shoulder. He was already starting for the hackberry tree.

"First time I ever heard of Savage opening up like that," I said when I caught up with him; "and that was some story too!"

Reed nodded in an absent-minded manner and busied himself at rolling a cigarette. By the time he had lighted it we reached the roadster.

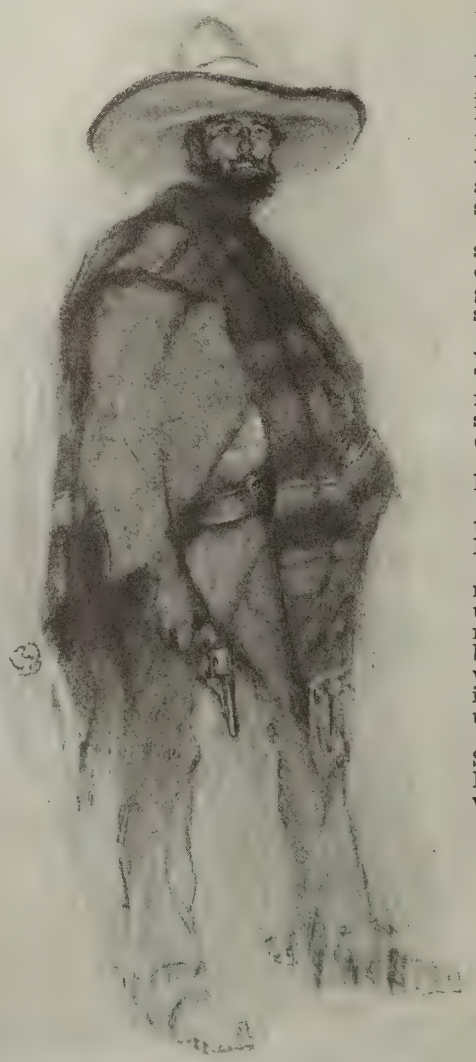
"Hop in," he said.

I told myself that there was such a thing as being too conscientious in the pursuit of one's official duty, but this was not my expedition and I followed the example of the old-timers—minding my own business. The self-starter uttered its complaining cry, the motor rumbled, the roadster gathered speed. We crossed the wagon track at right angles, struck out over a mesquite flat toward the red-brown malapi hills and left all signs of man behind us. The sheriff was sitting bolt upright as if he were in the saddle. He peered straight before him and there was that in his narrowed eyes which made me continue my devotion to my own affairs.

And truly my affairs were of enough moment to demand all my attention. Cross-country riding on a good horse is considered strenuous sport by those who have not tried cross-country riding in a car down on the border with an Arizona driver. At such times as I was able to spare some of my faculties from the task of holding to the seat I got occasional glimpses of the hazards we were continually encountering; and each new spectacle awakened within me fresh wonder at the madness which had drawn me from security and home and happiness to a region whose inhabitants persist in handling motor cars like cow ponies.

We darted in and out among the mesquite bushes, crossed two dry washes where it seemed to me no sane man would try to drive a buckboard, sped along a sidehill, bounding from one malapi fragment to another, rounded several sharp turns whose possibilities made my hair rise, and came among a tangle of swarthy summits where I lost what little of my orientation I had been able to keep thus far. I knew we must be heading for some road or other, taking this route in order that no tracks might betray us. But what road it was I had no idea. And what was more, there were times when I did not believe we were ever going to get there.

Evening came and with the dusk the wind died, the air turned cool. Reed stopped the car and while we cooked a bit of supper over an infinitesimal fire I was too weary to ask any questions; he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to volunteer any information. We climbed back into the roadster after the meal, smoked and I fell asleep wondering when he meant to go on again.



"'Never Mind That There Gun,' He Says. 'I'll Do What Shootin' is Done Round Here Just Now'"

Night was far along when I wa
Down below us where the mesquit
some mocking birds were singing;
was filled with soft dry perfumes of
plants. The stars blazed large and
overhead. I came to full conscious
see a moving shaft of radiance sw
skyward as it approached us. It va
A moment later the headlights of a s
automobile topped a rise less than
mile away.

I heard the sheriff moving. O
starter drowned the humming of
proaching car and now the roadster tr
with the vibrations from our engine.
out the benefit of our lamps we bum
way across a bowlder-strewn inter
drew up sharply, facing the oncom
tomobile.

During the next few moments t
shreds of weariness departed from
fore the thrill which comes to one w
lies in ambush. Then the lights be
wavered; I knew the driver had disc
us. They swerved in a wide arc. I
the sheriff swear, and our lamps ca
revealing wheel tracks within their
pathway.

I lurched back against the seat e
with the suddenness of our start. Th
shrieked as Reed shifted them. Thefu
red tail light bobbed up and down bef
I felt the rush of great winds again
face and clung for dear life as the race

Time passed—how much I cann
but it was jammed with large terrify
cidents—and now the red tail light gl
more brightly before us. As I realize
we were gaining, it swerved and I
drunkenly with the suddenness of o
turning. Before I had recovered m
was being tossed about on the seat
cork on troubled waters.

As we sped away from the road a
malapi-strewn slope I saw the brin
cut bank on our right hand. It drew
and there came an enormous momen
I would have sworn one hind whe
hanging in midair.

The ground began to rise before
as we climbed the grade we gained
until there was a scant fifty feet b
our headlights and that tail lamp. I
the roaring of the other engine, the
the gears shifted too suddenly.

Reed wrestled madly with the st
wheel. We swung sharply to the righ
the brink of the cut bank, which ha
ished in the darkness, reappeared.
the fugitive car beside our left front
I caught a glimpse of a steep rocky
which it was skirting. And then it s
as if that car had slipped backwa
swiftly we came on abreast of it.

There followed a sick instant w
seemed to me that we were dashing st
out over the bank's edge. It ended wi
grinding of crumpled fenders, the sh
sudden stopping.

By the time I had recovered my s
wits Reed was on the other running
The driver was leaning forward wi
right hand on the emergency brake
straightened and I saw his face in the
of his dash lamp. It was Big Tom Wil

"That," he said, "is some engin
have got, Bob."

From the rear of his touring car
the jingle of glass fragments, the aro
Lordsburg whisky.

We made camp together in amity f
remainder of the night and the sun wa
up when we started for Chiricahua.
radiance of the young morning I g
bearings and recognized the wagon ro
was the cut-off of which Savage had s
in his story—and then revelation d
upon me.

And some hours later as I was le
Sheriff Bob Reed in his office at Chiri
I said confidently: "You see you
wrong about the old-timers after a
when Savage gave you that hi
broke his rule, didn't he now?"

The sheriff shook his head and
was a shadow in his eyes.

"Don't you understand," he
swered. "If Tom Williams hadn't
stacking the cards on me Bill S
would never have told that story.
sighed and the shadow deepened
hate to take a man's star away from
But I've sent word for Jim Lacy to
in and turn over his. And at tha
getting off easy for double-crossin
this way."

"Mutual Benefit" at Hydraulic

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

N a recent article in this series there appear these words:

> "Much misunderstanding (at Hydraulic) is avoided as to motive. Everybody at Hydraulic knows what is proposed almost as soon as it is under way, and long before a positive decision has been reached. Everybody's mind goes to work, and suggestions come from all directions. We make every endeavor to see that no man lacks information or opportunity for expression. Every man knows his suggestions will be received with respect, and carefully considered."

These sweeping statements mean nothing, r they mean everything.

They mean nothing if not substantiated y examples in actual practice.

To Hydraulic they mean everything be- ause they mean a *spirit* among Hydraulic orkers, managers and owners—a spirit so eal, so much a tangible thing, that when an ctual accomplishment takes place every tatement contained in these quoted words nds itself justified.

This article presents an example of results. t deals with the Hydraulic Mutual Benefit ssociation—not with the details of organi- ation, nor with the details of benefits. It quite likely that others have worked out etails in similar plans better than we have orked them out; that is largely a matter f evolution and we hope to help and be elped in this regard as time goes on.

But the question which constitutes the acid est of Hydraulic spirit—of the character of he Hydraulic Mutual Benefit Association, s we see it, is not a question concerning ome detail—*but this question:*

Is it *of the men, by the men, for the men?*

Is it *of the men?* Let us see.

THE conception of a Mutual Benefit Association embracing all the Hydraulic lants was presented to the Workmen's epresentative Committee and the then xisting Aid Societies and an expression of pinion asked. Only the broadest outlines f the idea could then be discussed. A villingness to support such a venture meant ot a pledge to a tangible, definite thing; it could mean but one thing, *an expression of confidence* on the part of the men that *no ulterior motive lay behind the suggestion*—of confidence, that they would have a voice in the framing of the association and in the actual operation, and that the final result would be to their benefit.

Ninety-five per cent of Hydraulic employes at all plants made application at the outset for membership, thereby giving unqualified approval of the suggestion.

These men, having applied for membership, then proceeded to elect from their own ranks, Directors, with the understanding that the Directors would draw up the constitution and by-laws that should govern the association.

These Directors, half of them elected from among the foremen and other representatives of management, and half of them elected from among the workmen of each plant, then proceeded to gather suggestions from among the men, studying on the one hand the workman's financial ability to support such an association and on the other hand, the workman's vital needs in his family circle—the circle for whose benefit the association came into being. Having done this, and utilizing their best judgment and the best of the suggestions, the Directors formulated the constitution.

Was it *of the men?* It was the voice of *ninety-five* per cent of them *from the outset.*

Was it *by the men?* Every Director is a Director only by virtue of the confidence that put him in office through popular vote. Every officer is an officer only by virtue of the popular vote of the Directors themselves —the men's spokesmen.

Is it *for the men?*

Today the constitution, a thing to which support was yesterday pledged on faith (complete or incomplete as some expert might view it) is at least one thing, viz., a fabric through which every thread of power is a thread that conserves the workers' interests and the interests of those closer to him than life itself.

What does it Do for them?

It provides sick benefits, accident benefits, life insurance on the members and, in lesser degree, on their wives and children. It has power to loan money to members for building and improving homes, etc. These, and other advantages, are provided, as a natural course.

Where does the money Come From?

From the men and from the company—the men pay a dollar a month—the company duplicates every dollar so paid.

Who Administers the money?

The men's representatives (the General Board of Directors) who direct all payments —all investments of surplus funds—and from whose final decisions there is no appeal.

DOES this spell a spirit of *mutual* confidence, of *mutual* respect, on the part of the company and on the part of the workers?

Can anyone say that an institution conceived in this spirit and brought into being in this manner is a good business proposition and nothing more?

Does a development so plainly *for the men,* as it is also *of the men* and *by the men,* point out nothing more than material advancement?

The Mutual Benefit Association now under way at Hydraulic marks material development desirable from every standpoint, but in the Hydraulic "family" it is recognized first, not for what it does but for what it *is* —a visible evidence of a *spirit* at Hydraulic, of mutual trust, of trust which begets more trust in more things, which shall open up possible avenues of still greater team-work between those who invest their capital and those who invest their labor—which means dividends in a confidence for the future, in contentment, and in money, to every one who has come to know Hydraulic as "more than a place to work."

This is the eleventh of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent free on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

who would twist a bit of gilded wire into the likeness of your signature for half a dollar.

The first tents of the carnival began to rise one Saturday morning; and all that day and the next the boys of the town, and the grown-ups too, watched the show take shape. It was almost as good as a circus. At noon Monday the carnival opened for business, with the ballyhoo men in full voice before every tent. The moderate afternoon crowd grew into a throng in the evening, when the kerosene torches flared and smoked on every pole, and the normal things of daylight took on a dusky glamour in the jerky illumination of the flares.

Everyone went uptown to the carnival that first evening. Wint was there, and Jack Routt, Agnes, Joan, V. R. Kite—everyone. In the midevening the quieter folks drifted home, but Wint stayed to watch what passed. A little after eleven he bumped into a drunken man.

In spite of his warning to the advance agent of this carnival Wint had been expecting to see drunken men. It was the nature of the carnival breed. He wandered back and forth till he came upon Jim Radabaugh, and called the marshal aside.

"Jim," he said, "they're selling booze."

Radabaugh shifted that lump in his cheek and spat. "So?" he asked mildly.

"I want it stopped," said Wint. "If you pin it on the carnival bunch I'll shut them up."

"I'll see," Radabaugh promised.

"Come along, first, and let's talk to the boss," Wint suggested; and they sought out that man. He was running the merry-go-round; a hard little fellow with a cold blue eye. Wint introduced himself; and the man shook hands effusively.

"My name's Rand," he said. "Mike Rand. Glad t'meet you, Mister Mayor."

Wint said, "That's all right." And he asked: "Did your advance man give you my orders?"

"What orders?"

"I told him I didn't want any booze peddling."

"Sure, he told me."

Wint jerked his head backward, toward Main Street. "I ran into a drunk up there," he said.

Rand grinned. "Can't help that. We're not selling any."

"I'm holding you responsible," said Wint. "If there's any sold I'll cancel your permits."

The little man stared at him bleakly. "You've got a nerve. You can't pin anything on us."

"I can't help that," Wint told him. "In fact, I don't care. If there's booze sold you get out. If I pin it on any man he goes to jail. Is that clear?"

"What is this town anyway? A damned Sunday school?"

"If you like," said Wint sweetly; and he and Radabaugh turned away.

Rand's engine man left his throttle to approach his chief and ask: "What's up? Who was that?"

"Mayor of this burg, and the marshal. Says we've got to shut down on the booze."

"Like hell!"

Rand grinned. "Sure. He can't run a whizzer on me."

When he left Radabaugh Wint ran into Jack Routt, and they strolled about together through the crowd. Once they saw Hetty, and Wint thought she was unnaturally cheerful and gay. He wondered if it was possible she had been drinking again; and he stared after her so long that Routt asked: "Takes your eye, does she?"

"I was—wondering," said Wint.

Routt touched his arm. "You take it from me, Wint, you want to keep clear of her. I'd get her out of the house if I were you. They're beginning to talk."

Wint asked angrily: "Who's beginning to talk? What about?"

"Everybody. About Hetty. And you, naturally."

"I wish they—I wish people in this town would mind their own business."

Routt grinned and said, "You act as though there was something in it."

"Don't be a darned fool!"

"Well, I'm telling you what people say. If I were you—you're a public official, you know, in the public eye—I'd be careful. Tell your mother to get rid of her. Safest thing to do."

"I'm not looking for safe things to do." Wint liked the defiant sound of that.

Routt nodded. "I'd be worried if it was me. That's all."

"I'm not worried," said Wint. "Hetty's all right. And if she weren't—I don't propose to be scared."

"We-ell, it's your funeral," Routt told him.

Wint laughed. "I guess it's not as bad as that. It's almost twelve. I'm going home."

XXXVI

IT WAS upon the carnival that Wint scored first blood in his fight to clean up Hardiston. Mike Rand, carnival boss, was a hard man, willing to take a chance, afraid only of being bluffed. So he took Wint's warning as a challenge. Nevertheless, for the sake of making things as sure as might be, he went to see V. R. Kite. He and Kite had known and understood each other for a good many years.

He dropped in to see Kite Tuesday morning; and the little man remembered his church connections and his outward respectability, and worried for fear someone had seen Rand come in. His worry took the form of resentment at Rand's imprudence.

"Ought to be more careful," he protested. "Have more sense, man. I have to watch myself in this town. Don't you know that? I have a position to keep up. You're all right, of course"—this as Rand's eyes hardened in a stare that made Kite wince—"but I can't afford to be hitched up with you openly. It wouldn't do either of us any good."

Rand said dryly: "You don't need to worry about me. I can stand it."

"I can be useful to you now, whereas my usefulness would be gone if I were less respected."

"Respected, hell!" said Rand without emotion. "Don't they call you 'The Buzzard' round here? I've heard so. That don't sound respectful."

"That's a jest," said Kite. "Nothing more."

"Pinned on you by this shrimp mayor, wasn't it?"

"Yes, good-naturedly. He was drunk."

"Drunk? Him?" Rand lifted his hands in pious horror. "I thought he was one of these lips-that-touch-liquor-shall-never-touch-mine guys—to hear him talk."

"He's not drinking now; not openly. He was a sot a few months ago. Dead drunk in the Weaver House the night he was elected mayor. I saw him there."

Rand drawled, "I'd say this is some town." He leaned forward. "What I want to know is: How about the booze? He serves notice on me that I'm responsible if any's sold. How about it? Will he go through? Or is it a bluff?"

Kite considered. "I don't know," he said.

"Has he shut you down?"

"He gave us orders not to sell; and we're not selling. But we're not idle. We're preparing to spring a mine under that young man."

"He's got you bluffed."

Kite's face twisted with a sudden rush of fury. "I tell you we're going to destroy him. Blast him. In our own good time."

Rand studied the little man; then he nodded: "Well, that's all right. Just the same, he's got you shut down."

"Yes."

"Has he pulled anyone yet for selling?"

"No."

"How about the marshal? Is he reasonable?"

"I believe he will obey the mayor's orders."

"Only question is the mayor's nerve, then?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't tried it out?"

"No; we're waiting to strike when we're sure of winning."

"Hell!" said Rand disgustedly. "He's got you bluffed. I don't believe he's got the nerve to go through with it; but one thing's sure: He's got your number, you old skate."

Kite answered hotly: "If you're so brave why don't you go ahead and fight him?"

"Are you with me?"

"I'm not ready to fight."

Rand got up. "Well, I am. I never dodged a fight yet. You watch, old man; you'll see the fur fly yet."

He stalked out, head back and shoulders squared aggressively. Kite watched him go and nodded to himself with a measure of satisfaction. He was perfectly willing to see Wint forced to fight—provided someone besides himself did the forcing. Rand looked like a fighter.

Wint and Jack Routt met on the way uptown after supper that evening. Routt asked if Wint were going to the carnival again, and Wint nodded.

"Keeping an eye on it," he said.

They went to the post office first; and Routt stopped at his office. "Come up," he said. "I'll only be a minute."

Wint went up with him. Routt dropped a letter or two on his desk, then from a lower drawer produced a bottle. "Don't mind if I mix myself a highball, do you, Wint?" he asked cheerfully. "I don't suppose you'll feel called on to arrest me."

"Go ahead," Wint said. Routt poured some whisky into a glass and filled it from a siphon.

"You're wise to leave the stuff alone," he said, between the first and second sips from the glass. "It's bad stuff unless a fellow can handle it."

Wint nodded uneasily. There was no physical craving in him; nevertheless there was an acute desire to drink for the sake of drinking, for the sake of being like other men, for the sake of defying the danger.

"That's right," he said. "I'm off it."

"At that," Routt remarked, the highball half gone, "I guess you've shown you can take it or let it alone. I lay off of it myself once in a while, just to be sure I can."

"Oh, I don't miss it," Wint said brazenly.

"Sure you don't," Routt agreed. "You're no toper. Never were. Anyone likes to drink for the sake of being a good fellow. That's all I drink for." He finished the glass, poured in a little more whisky. "Long as I'm sure I can stop when I want to, the way you have done, I go ahead and drink whenever I feel like it."

Wint nodded. Routt looked at him with a curious intentness. "Another glass here, if you'd like," he said.

"I guess not."

Routt laughed. "All right. You know best. If you can't let it alone when you get started ——"

"Oh, I can take a drink and quit."

"Want one?"

"No, I don't think so."

Routt chuckled. "Funny to see you afraid of anything," he said. "I never expected to see it."

Wint got up abruptly. The old Wint would have reached for the bottle: this was the new Wint's impulse. But he fought it down, steadied his voice.

"Jack," he said a little huskily, "you're a friend of mine. I don't want to drink. Never. Don't offer it to me. Some day I might accept. Don't ever offer me a drink, Jack. Please."

Routt was ashamed of himself, and angry at Wint for making him ashamed. "Hell, all right!" he said, and dropped the bottle into its place. "Come on. Let's take the air."

At a little after eleven that night Mike Rand sought out Wint. Wint was standing before the cane booth, watching the ring tossers. Rand pushed up beside him and touched his arm, and Wint looked round.

The carnival boss said harshly: "Hey, you!"

Wint looked round at him and said quietly: "Evening. What's the matter?"

"Your damned hick marshal has pulled one of my men. I want to bail him out."

Wint took a minute to consider this, get his bearings. He had not seen Radabaugh all evening. He asked Rand: "You mean he's made an arrest? What's the charge?"

"Claims the man was selling booze to a bum."

"Was he?" Wint inquired gently.

"Was he?" Rand growled. "No! Of course not! You must think we're bad men, coming here to dirty your pretty little town. He was selling liver pills or pink tea. What the hell of it? I want to bail him out."

"No bail accepted," said Wint quietly. "He'll have to stay in the calaboose overnight."

Rand exploded, as though he had been half expecting this. He said some harsh things about Hardiston and some harsher things about Wint, none of which will bear repeating. In the midst of them Wint stirred a little and struck the man heavily in the mouth with his right fist; at the same time his left started and land the other's throat, and his right went again on Rand's hard little jaw. Ra in a snoring heap.

Wint was curiously elated. He round. A crowd had gathered, and s the carnival men were pushing throu crowd. There was a belligerent look them. Then he saw Marshal Jim baugh elbowing through the circl Wint was glad to see Jim.

He called to him, "Marshal, here's I've arrested."

That halted Rand's underlings. himself was groaning back to cons ness. Wint pointed down at him. him to jail," he said.

One of the carnival men protested. turned to him. "Close up your show of you," he told the man. "Your pe canceled. Get out of town to-morr

Radabaugh had Rand on his fe gripped the man, his left hand twis the other's collar. Two or three of men surged toward them, and Radab gun flickered into sight. It had a ste effect; no one pressed closer.

All the fighting blood had flowed Rand's smashed lips. He was whinin

"Come, old man, what's the idea?

Wint and Radabaugh marche between them through the crowd. three score curious, cheering or spectators followed them to the ce hind the fire-engine house. Ran mitted to being locked up there w more than querulous protests. He s thoroughly tamed. He asked for a l but Wint said there was no need of yer that night. Two of the fire depar on duty had come out to see the busi locking up this second prisoner. baugh bade them keep an eye on th and they agreed to do so. Then th shal scattered the crowd. Wint was bruised hands in the engine house.

After a little Radabaugh came i Wint asked, "Is it true you got selling?"

"Yes. The capper at the lottery.'

"How'd you get him?"

Radabaugh chuckled and shifte lump in his cheek. "Saw Ote Runn said. "Figured Ote would nose ou loose booze, so I kind of kept an eye o He talked to two or three men, and to this fellow. Then went in behind billboard by the hotel; and I saw hi Ote the bottle and take Ote's mone I nabbed him."

"Ote? Get him too?"

"Yes; him and his half pint. I keep it. He was pretty shaky. Nee I guess."

Wint nodded. "Be round in the ing?" he asked. "I'll be down early

Radabaugh assented. Wint hesi then he said: "Good work, Jim."

The marshal grinned. "Well," h Wint, "from the looks of Rand's fa did some good work too."

They shook hands. There was tinctly mutual liking and admirati their grip. Then Wint started for and Radabaugh went back to keep on his prisoners.

One of Rand's men went to V. R with the news of the trouble; and uncertain what to do, sent for Jack and told him what had happened. was at midnight.

"I've got to stand by Rand," Kite "The question is: Are we ready to ge Wint?"

Routt shook his head. "Time for Hold off," he advised.

Kite asked impatiently: "How What makes you think you can ge thing on him?"

"It's ripe," said Routt. "Apt to any time. I've been working on it."

In the end he persuaded Kite to "Well then," Kite asked, "what a going to do about Rand?"

"He's got to take his medicine."

"He won't. He'll fight."

"I'll tell you," said Routt. "I'll him and fix it up with him."

"Can you do it without Wint's fi out?"

Routt laughed. "I'm a lawyer. right to have clients, even in the m court. I'll take their case."

Kite in the end agreed to that. Routt left the little man he intended

(Continued on Page 73)

(Continued from Page 70)

rec to the jail; but on the way he
anid his mind. As well to let the men
cl heir heels. It would make Rand
ready to listen to reason.
lewent up Main Street toward the
ud, and found that the tents were
ir down, one of Radabaugh's officers
ig a watchful eye on the proceedings.
t orders that the shows be closed
ıot be evaded. This much at least
s scored. Routt went home and did
ehinking.
appeared at the jail half an hour be-
int came to hold court; and Rada-
let him talk with Rand and with the
nan.
Wn Wint appeared the two were
ut into court, with Ote Runns as a
, for good measure. Wint was sur-
e to see Routt.
Ja nodded to him, and went up to
desk and said: "Rand sent for me.
red me to
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ow he's licked,
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Routt nodded.
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n take his
edine."
Wnt nodded
b ractedly.
ısr, the city
lictor, had just
ore in, and
ir beckoned to
mand asked:
Nit's the worst
cn do on a
ıa e of illegal
qu selling?"
"wo hundred
ol rs' fine on
ne first offense
s ne limit,"
osr told him.
Tree minutes later the offender was
rosting that he could not pay such a
ne he was appealing desperately to Rand.
Vil bade the carnival boss stand up.
ail got to his feet.
"m sorry for this business," he said
urply. "I thought you were just trying
o sve your face. Running a bluff."
"re you paying his fine for your
rie1?" Wint asked coldly.
Ind said, "No, blast him! If he wants
o et caught by a hick constable let him
ak his medicine—work it out."
"I wouldn't call Radabaugh a hick to
is ace," Wint suggested in a mild voice;
nc Rand apologized.
"I didn't mean a thing," he said.
Vint, in a hurry to be done, told him:
You're fined ten for assault, and five for
rc nity. And costs."
"hat's all right," Rand cheerfully
gred. "I'll pay."
Vint nodded, disgusted at the man be-
ate he submitted so tamely. He sat
ba in his chair, listening idly to what
Rott was saying, paying no apparent
ne. Rand settled his fines and costs with
the clerk, shook hands with Routt and departed. When he was gone Wint sat up with new energy.

"I hope we're rid of him for good," he said.

"You are, I'll say," Routt told him. "He's had all he wants."

The carnival got out of town that day; but before he departed Rand had a word with Kite, and Kite comforted him.

"Don't worry," Kite said. "This won't last. You'll make a harvest here next summer."

Rand said ruefully: "I'm not making any harvest now. And they tell me you helped elect this guy."

"He was a common drunk then. How could I know?"

Rand fingered his swollen face gingerly. "I tell you he's got a punch."

"He won't have any punch left when we're done with him," Kite promised. "Wait and see."

"I Know it's None of My Business, But I Can't Help Wondering"

"I'm waiting," said Rand. And a little later he and his cohorts went their way.

XXXVII

IN MID-JULY Wint at last found out the truth about Hetty. That is to say, he found out a part of the truth; enough to make him heartsick and sorry.

His eventual enlightenment was inevitable as to-morrow morning's sunrise. A more sophisticated young man—Jack Routt, for example—would not have remained in the dark so long. But Wint, aside from noticing that Hetty looked bad and aside from some casual consideration of Routt's repeated warnings, gave very little thought to his mother's handmaiden. There were too many other and more important things to occupy him—his work as mayor, his studies, his Joan. Joan was bulking very large in his life in those days. He found understanding and sympathy in her. They were better than sweethearts; they were friends. The other—this thought must have been lying unspoken in the mind of each—the other could wait and must wait till Wint had proved himself for good and all. Then —— Once in a while Wint allowed himself to look forward, and to dream; but not often. The present was too engrossing to give much time for dreaming of the future.

So, though he saw Hetty daily when she served the meals at home or when he went into the kitchen or when he encountered her at her cleaning in the front part of the house Wint gave her very little consideration. His mother protested once in a while that Hetty was growing lazy.

"She slacks things," the voluble little woman said. "She leaves dust about; and she's not so neat as she used to be. I declare, you just can't get a girl that will keep up her work. They all get so lazy after a while, but I did think that Hetty was going to be ——"

Wint's father said tolerantly that Hetty was all right; that she was a good cook and did her work well enough so far as he could see. The elder Chase had always been a good-natured man; but a new generosity in his appraisal of others was developing in the man now. He had been in some trouble of mind since that day in May when Amos Caretall came home. Chase was oppressed by the conviction that he had acted unworthily in that matter; yet he could not admit as much. His hostility toward Amos would not let him. The result was that he felt at odds with his son; they avoided discussions of the town's affairs; they lived together in a polite neutrality. It was working changes in Chase. He was becoming in some fashion a sympathetic, rather likable figure. One felt he was unhappy, needed comforting.

So on this day he spoke well of Hetty; and because Mrs. Chase was always the loyal mirror of her husband's opinions she also ceased to criticize the girl. Wint had heard the conversation, but it made little impression on him. He was thinking of other things; wondering, for example, when Kite would make the first move in the conflict that was sure to come. He had heard that day—Gergue told him—that Routt was thinking of running for mayor against him in the fall. Wint was having difficulty in understanding that. He knew Routt was his friend; and, of course, political opponents might still be personal friends. Nevertheless the thing puzzled him. It did not jibe with his opinion of Routt.

After supper that night the elder Chase went uptown. Wint had some writing to do and went upstairs to his room to do it. Mrs. Chase had a caller, Mrs. Hullis, from next door. They were sewing and talking together in the sitting room. Wint could hear the murmur of his mother's voice, steady and persistent. Mrs. Hullis was a good listener.

About an hour after supper Wint realized that he wanted a drink of water. There was water in the bathroom; but there was a filter on the faucet in the kitchen, and Hardiston water needed filtering. It was pure enough, clean enough, but there was a proportion of iron in it that sometimes gave the water a slightly rusty color.

So Wint went down, by the back stairs in order not to disturb his mother, into the kitchen.

He found Hetty sitting in a kitchen chair with her arms hanging limply and her feet outstretched before her. The girl's whole body was slumped down as though she had fainted; and at first Wint thought this was what had happened, for Hetty's eyes were closed.

He cried out, "Why, Hetty, what's the matter? Are you sick?" And he went quickly toward her across the kitchen.

But when he spoke Hetty opened her eyes and looked at him and shook her head. "No," she said in the sullen tone that had become habitual to her. "No; I'm all right."

"You are not," Wint protested. "You're as white as a rag." He saw the dishes piled in the sink. "You've not cleaned up after supper. How long have you been this way?"

Hetty closed her eyes wearily, and opened them again, and managed a smile. "Oh, I'm all right, Wint," she said. "You're a nice boy. Run along. Don't bother about me."

Wint laughed. "I'm not bothering. I want to help. What happened?"

"I—just felt terribly tired—all of a sudden," she said. There was a suggestion of surrender in her voice; as though the barriers of reserve were breaking down. "That's all, Wint; I'm just tired."

"You need a rest," Wint agreed. "You've been plugging away taking care of us for a long time now. Come in and lie down on the couch in the dining room."

Hetty shook her head in a frightened little way; the bravado was going out of her. She seemed very helpless and feminine. "No, no," she protested. "I'll be all right as soon as I rest a little. Do run along, Wint."

Wint put his hand on her forehead. "There's more than just being tired the matter with you. You're sick, Hetty. Your head's hot. I'll tell you, you go up and go to bed, and I'll clean up down here. I'm a champion dishwasher."

Hetty laughed wearily: "You're a champion decent boy, Wint," she said.

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"But you'll just have to let me alone. There's nothing you can do for me."

"I can see that you go up to bed."

"No, no; I'm all right. Nearly."

Wint started for the door. "I'm going to telephone for a doctor," he declared. "You're sick, Hetty. That's the plain English of it. I'm going to telephone."

She had moved so swiftly that she startled him; moved after him, caught his arm, shook it fiercely. "You'll not telephone for anyone, do you hear?" she told him hotly. "You let me alone, Wint! What do I want with a doctor?"

Wint was honestly uneasy about her. He said: "Then let me call mother. She's a good hand to make sick people well. She ——"

"No, no; not your mother," Hetty protested. And half to herself she added: "Not your mother. She would know."

The little phrase was profoundly revealing. "She would know." It struck Wint like a splash of cold water in the face. "She would know." It told so old a story. Wint understood at last; and Hetty saw understanding in his eyes and braced herself to defy him.

But Wint only said softly, "Hetty? That? You poor kid! I'm so sorry."

Hetty laughed harshly; and her face began to twist and work and assume strange contortions, and abruptly she began to cry. She turned and groped her way to the chair again, and sat down with her head pillowed on her arms on the table and sobbed as though her heart was broken.

Wint stood very still, stunned and miserable, watching her. There was no sound at all in the kitchen except the sound of Hetty's racking, choking sobs. In the stillness Wint could hear the even murmur of his mother's voice, three rooms away, as she talked to Mrs. Hullis. He could almost hear the words she said. And Hetty sobbed, with her head on her arms.

Wint went across to her and touched her head with his hand; and she brushed it away with an angry gesture, as a hurt dog snarls at the hand that comes to heal its hurt. She was like a hurt animal, he thought; she was quite alone in the world. Worse than alone, for she was here in Hardiston, where all the folks would make her business their business, for that is the way of small towns. Wint was terribly sorry for her, terribly anxious to help her. He had no thought in this moment of Jack Routt's warnings; and if he had remembered them they would only have hardened his determination to help her. Which may have been what Jack intended.

He said: "Cry it out, Hetty. Then I want to talk to you."

She said thickly: "Go away. Let me alone." But Wint did not move, while she cried and cried.

He stood just beside her. Hetty at last shifted her position so that she could look down between her arms and see his feet where he waited. She said again, "Go away."

Wint told her comfortingly: "I'm not going away. This is the time your friends will stick by you. I'm going to stick by you."

"I don't want you to," she said. "I don't want anyone to. Go away. Let me alone. Let me do what I want to."

Wint said: "You mustn't think this is too desperately hopeless, Hetty. I'm going to do anything I can; and mother will take care of you."

She lifted her head at that and looked at him and laughed in a hard disillusioned way. "A lot you know about women, Wint," she said.

"I know that you think things are darker than they are," he assured her. "You'll see. We'll manage—mother and I."

"Your mother'll order me out of the house, minute she knows," said Hetty unemotionally.

Wint protested, "No; you don't know her. Mother couldn't hurt anyone. You'll see. She'll do everything."

Hetty got up and went to work on the dishes, like an automaton. She had to busy herself with something or she would have screamed. She was trembling, hysterically astir.

Wint watched her for a little; then he said, "You're going to let us help you."

"All the help I'll get will be a kick," she said. "Your mother won't want the like of me in her house."

"You don't know her," he insisted. "Mother's fine, underneath. She's always doing things for people. You'll see."

Hetty looked at him sidewise, smil little. "You never would believe any was so till you'd tried it, Wint," she him. "But you're pretty decent, jus same."

He said, studying her "You're lo better already. Feeling better?"

She nodded. "It helps some—ju tell someone," she admitted. "And spell is over anyway."

"Having friends always helps," he her. "You'll find it so." She smiled fully; and he went on: "I'm goin speak to mother to-night."

Hetty said, "Well, she's got a rig know. I'll pack up my things."

"After Mrs. Hullis goes."

"Why not tell her, too? Your m will, first thing in the morning."

Wint laughed. "You like to look a black side, don't you? I tell you it's to be all right."

She whirled to face him, and said, her breath, with a terrible earnest "All right? All right? If you say again I'll yell at you! You poor, straight fool of a kid! You talk like a baby that had stubbed its toe. An the time I'd better be dead, dead. T no stubbed toe, Wint. Wake up. I be a ——"

Abruptly she collapsed again, wee into the chair.

Wint said insistently: "Just the s Hetty, you'll see I know what I'm ta about. Things will come out better you think."

She cried, "Oh, get out of here! Ge of here, you poor little fool!"

Wint went up to his room. Mrs. was still with his mother. He would till Mrs. Hullis was gone.

XXXVIII

MRS. HULLIS stayed late and had time to do some thinking b she finally departed. But he did little; he was in no mood for thinkin was characteristic of Wint that whe sympathies were roused he was an u tering partisan; and there was no que that his sympathies had been rous behalf of Hetty.

It was equally characteristic of him he wasted very little time wondering was to blame for what had happened; that he wasted no time at all in consid what Hardiston would say about it all was going to help the girl; he had ma his mind to that. The rest did not m

He counted on his mother's symp and understanding; and when after a he heard her showing Mrs. Hullis t door, and heard their two voices upr in a last babel as they cleaned up th ends of conversation and said good-b went out into the upper hall, to be r to descend. Hetty had gone upsta little earlier; he could hear her now, ing about in her room.

His mother went out on the front with Mrs. Hullis, to be sure no word been forgotten; and when she cam after her visitor had gone Wint was wa for her.

She said, "Why, Wint, I thought y gone to bed long ago. I told Mrs. H you were studying the law books u your room. Mr. Hullis is a lawyer, know. She says he brings his books h and sits up half the night, but I told you were always one to go early to ever since you was a boy. And she she ——"

Wint took her arm good-natur "There, mother," he said, "I don't what Mrs. Hullis said. I want to tal you about something that has just c up. Come in and sit down."

Mrs. Chase, like most talkative wo was habitually so absorbed in her own versation and her own thoughts that it hard to surprise her. She took W announcement as a matter of course; they went into the sitting room arm in arm. She picked up her sewing basket sat down in the chair she had occupie evening, and began to rock primly and forth while she stretched a sock on fingers to discover any holes it might acquired.

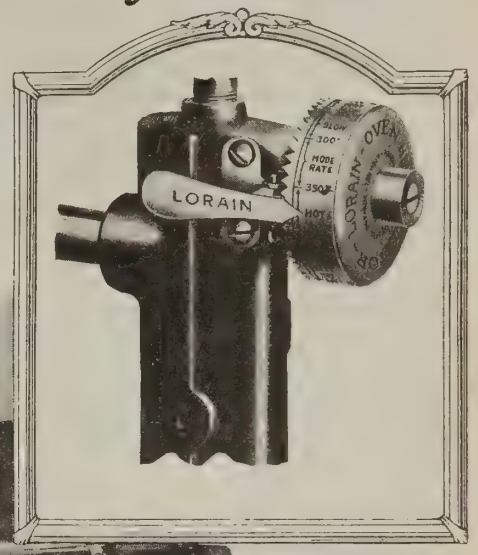
"I do get such a comfort out of tal to Mrs. Hullis," she was saying as she down. "She's such a nice woman, W I never could see why you don't like more. She and I ——"

Wint said: "I don't want to talk to about Mrs. Hullis, mother. I want to to you about Hetty."

(Continued on Page 76)

"LORAIN"

"the oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command"



Save Kitchen Hours

A Wonderful Device that Guards Your Cooking While You Rest

NOW women can be free for all time from those tiring hours spent each day pot watching over the hot stove.

For invention has given to housewives a scientific oven heat regulator that guards her cooking as securely as if she were constantly there.

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It is called the LORAIN Oven Heat Regulator.

With this scientific device on your stove, you simply set the wheel at any one of the 44 temperatures provided for. Then you can forget all about your cooking. You know exactly what time it will be ready to be taken from the oven. For once the wheel has been set the heat never varies.

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But this remarkable invention accomplishes a great deal more. It takes the guesswork out of baking.

By scientifically measuring your heat, so as to enable you to secure and maintain the exact heat you need for the best results, your baking and roasting is always uniform. Every day's results are as delicious as your "luckiest day."

Stop cooking in the old-time way. You owe it to yourself and your family to protect your health by eliminating needless, strength-sapping drudgery. And to make every meal uniformly delicious.

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We have just published a booklet "An Easier Day's Work." Every woman should have this valuable booklet. Write for it NOW. Please mention your dealer's name.

Below are listed six famous stoves. On each of them you can get the LORAIN Oven Heat Regulator. Go to your dealer and see this wonderful device demonstrated. Only then can you fully appreciate the worry, steps, time and money it will save you.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
111 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

These Famous Stoves Are Equipped With the LORAIN

Clark Jewel, *George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.*
Dangler, *Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
Direct Action, *National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio*
New Process, *New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.*
Quick Meal, *Ringen Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.*
Reliable, *Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 74)

Mrs. Chase did drop her work in her lap at that. "About Hetty?" she echoed. "Why should you want to talk about Hetty? Wint! You're never going to marry her, are you? I ——"

Wint laughed. "No, no. Not that Hetty isn't a nice girl; and she'll make some fellow a mighty fine wife. But I want to ——"

"There," said Mrs. Chase, immensely reassured. "I knew it couldn't be that. I always knew you and Joan—I said to Mrs. Hullis to-night that you and Joan were friendly as ever. She's a nice girl, Wint. I don't see why you don't get married right away. Your father and I were married before ——"

Wint said, persistently bringing her back to the point, "I don't want to talk about Joan either, mother. It's Hetty."

"Well, I should think you would want to talk about Joan," Mrs. Chase declared. "She's worth talking about. I'm sure she wouldn't like it very much to know you don't want to talk about her, Wint. She ——"

"Mother," Wint insisted, "Hetty needs our help. I want you to ——"

Mrs. Chase looked at him with a face that had suddenly turned white and cold. She put one trembling hand to her throat. "Wint," she asked in a husky whisper, "what's the matter with Hetty? What are you talking about? What is the ——"

"Hetty's going to have a little baby," said Wint gently.

Mrs. Chase cried, "Wint! You're not—you haven't—it isn't you?"

"No, no," Wint said impatiently. "Of course not. I ——"

"The shameless girl!" his mother cried, all her alarm turning into anger. "The shameless hussy! In my house! I declare, I ——"

"Please," her son protested. His mother got up.

"She shan't sleep another night under my roof," she declared. "I never thought to live to ——"

"Mother!" said Wint, so sternly that his mother stopped in the doorway. "Come back," he told her. And she obeyed him, protesting weakly. "Sit down," he said. "Hetty needs our help, don't you understand?"

When a wolf is injured his own pack pulls him down; when a crow is hurt his fellows of the flock peck him to death relentlessly; but wolf and crow are merciful compared to womankind. There is no deeper instinct in woman than that which condemns the sister who has strayed. It is true that in many women the compassion overpowers the cruelty of wrath; but Mrs. Chase was a very simple person, elemental, a woman and nothing more.

She sat down at Wint's command; but she said implacably: "I won't have her in the house, Wint. A girl like that. I should think you'd be ashamed to stand up for her. A shameless, worthless thing! You can talk all you've a mind to, but I'm going to send her packing. You and your father have your own way most of the time, but this is once that I'm going to have mine. I always knew she was too pretty for any good. Pretty, and impudent, and all. I won't have her."

Wint asked: "Hasn't she worked hard enough for you? Done her work well? Tried to do what you wanted?"

"'Course she's done her work or I wouldn't have kept her. That hasn't a thing to do with it, Wint. I'm surprised at you standing up for her. I told Mrs. Hullis only the other day that she was too pretty for her own good. I might have known she would get into trouble. The nasty little ——"

"Mother," Wint cried sharply, "I won't let you talk like that. I told Hetty we'd help her; and she said you'd be against her; and I wouldn't believe it. I can't believe it. A poor girl without a friend anywhere, in the worst kind of trouble, and you ——"

"Wint, I don't see why you stand up for her if you aren't ——"

"You know I'm not. Don't be ridiculous, mother. But I've known her all our lives. Grew up with her. And I'm going to ——"

His mother shook her head positively. "I'm not going to have her in the house, Wint. You don't need to talk any more. That's all there is to it. I won't!"

"I counted on you."

"Well, you needn't to count on me any more. I know what's best; and I'm not going to have that shameless ——"

She was interrupted this time by the arrival of Wint's father. They heard the front door open and heard him come in. Wint got up and went to the door that led into the hall. The elder Chase was hanging up his hat. Mrs. Chase, behind Wint, was talking steadily.

Wint said to his father, "Come in, will you? Mother and I are talking something over."

Chase nodded; but he had news of his own. "Heard uptown to-night that Routt's going to run against you in the fall," he said. "Did you know that, Wint?"

Wint nodded. "I'd heard so."

"I thought you and he were good friends."

"We are," Wint said good-naturedly. "But that doesn't prevent our being political enemies. He's had some break with Amos. Come in, dad. I want you to hear ——"

But the older man heard it first from Mrs. Chase. She came across the room to meet them, pouring it out indignantly.

"And Wint wants me to keep her," she concluded. "Wants me to keep that girl in the house after this. I told him ——"

Chase asked, "What's that? Wint, what is this? Hetty—in trouble?"

"Yes, sir," said Wint. "I found it out to-night; and I promised her we'd stand by her—help her."

Chase demanded sharply: "What right had you to commit us? If she chooses to destroy herself how does that concern us? I'm surprised at you, Wint. It's impossible."

Wint said in a steady voice: "She needs friends badly. She hasn't anyone to turn to. And Hetty's a good sort, underneath. I told her ——"

"Why doesn't she turn to the man?" Chase interjected. "He's the one that ought to ——"

"As a matter of fact I haven't thought of him," said Wint. "But if he were likely to help her it seems to me he would have taken a hand before this. Don't you think so?"

"Don't I think so?" Wint's father was outraged and angry. "I don't think anything about it. It's no concern of ours. So long as she packs herself out of here. Let her get out of her own mess."

"I'm going to make it a concern of mine," said Wint, his jaw stiffening. "I'm not going to see her turned adrift. I'm going to help her."

Chase looked at him keenly. "Wint, is this your doing? Are you ——"

Wint said a little wearily: "That was the first thing mother asked. You people don't think very highly of me, do you?"

"Isn't it the natural question to ask?" his father demanded. "Isn't it the only possible explanation of this attitude on your part? Is it true, young man, that you ——"

"Have it any way you want," Wint exclaimed, too angry to deny again. "I don't care. The point is this: Hetty is in trouble; she needs friends. I've promised that we would help her. I've promised you and mother would back me up. I counted on you."

Chase lifted his hand in a terrible silent rage. "You're anxious to shame us, your mother and me, in the face of all Hardiston. I tell you, Wint, whether it's your doing or not you're crazy. If it's you—then we'll give her some money and get rid of her. If it's not, then she gets out of here to-night—inside the hour."

Wint said, half to himself, "We'd have to send her away in any case—somewhere—for a while."

Chase laughed bitterly. "All right. If this is a new scrape you've got yourself into I'll buy you out of it. How much does the girl want?"

Wint flamed at him: "It's not my concern, I tell you! You ought not to need to be told."

"Then get her out of the house," Chase exclaimed; "as quick as you can—or I will. Where is she?" He turned toward the door. But Wint was before him, blocking the doorway. "Father," he said, "you and mother—I've promised her help. Promised you would be good to her."

"The more fool you! She goes out to-night."

"If she goes," Wint cried, "I go with her. You can do as you please."

For a little after that there was silence in the room. Wint stood in the doorway, head high and eyes hot. His father faced him. His mother stood by her chair across the room, her lips moving soundlessly. It was she who first found voice. She came toward Wint in a clumsy stumbling little run; and she caught his arms, and she pleaded with him:

"Don't you do that, Wint! Don't you! Don't go away and leave us again. We're getting old, sonny—your father and I. Your old mother. Don't you go away. We'd—we couldn't ever stand it again. We ——"

Wint said gently: "I don't want to go. I want to stay at home here with you both, and be proud of you and love you."

"You shall stay," she told him. "You shall. Anything you want, Wint, sonny. I don't care whether you did it or not. I'll be good to her. I will, Wint; if you'll stay."

The boy said, half abashed: "I don't want to seem to drive you to it. Only—I've promised her. I can't break my word to her. Please, can't you see?"

"It's all right," his mother protested. "I'll do anything." She clutched her husband's arm. "Tell him to stay, Winthrop," she begged. "Don't let him go away. We'll take care of Hetty."

Chase said: "You're making lots of trouble for us, Wint." He smiled a little unsteadily. "We're too old for so much excitement. You'll have to remember that. Remember to take care of us—as well as Hetty."

Wint could not hold out. He said: "All right. I won't go away. Do as you think best about Hetty. I hope you'll let her ——"

"I'll keep her," his mother cried. "I'll be as good as I know how to her."

And his father echoed: "We'll take care of her, Wint."

"You're doing it because you want to?" Wint pleaded. "You don't have to. I'll stay anyway. But I—hope you'll want to help her, anyway."

"Yes," Chase said; "we'll keep her—because we want to do what we can."

But they were not to keep her very long, for Hetty's time was near. It was decided that she should go to Columbus for a little while and return to them in the fall. Wint wrote a check to cover her expenses. Hetty's old sullenness had returned to her. She took the check without thanks, and tucked it away in her pocketbook. She was to go to the train alone, to avoid talk.

The night of her going Jack Routt met V. R. Kite and took Kite to his office; and he told him certain things, an evil elation in his eyes; told him in detail that which he had planned.

Kite listened with eyes shining; and at the end he said, "He'll deny it. What can you prove?"

"This proves the whole thing," said Routt triumphantly, and slid a slip of paper across the desk to Kite.

Kite looked at it. A check, drawn by Winthrop Chase, Jr., to the order of Henrietta Morfee.

The buzzard of a man banged his hard old fist upon the table. "Routt," he cried, "we win! We'll skin that cub. We'll hang his hide on the barn."

Routt reached into the drawer of his desk. "And that means," he said, "that it's time to have a drink. Say when."

XXXIX

AT THIS time and for a little while afterward it seemed to Wint that all was well with the world. He had some reason to think so. He had kept his promise to Hetty; and that matter, which had threatened to cause a difference between him and his father and mother, had resulted in the end in a closer understanding between them. They had let him see their dependence on him; they had let him see something of the depths of affection in their hearts for him. The Chases were not a demonstrative family, not given to much talk of these matters; and Wint found their attitude in some sort a happy revelation. His father began in an uncertain way to defer to Wint; the elder Chase began to ask his son's advice now and then; he seemed to have recognized the fact of Wint's manhood; he seemed to have discovered that Wint was no longer a boy. There was a new respect in his bearing toward his son.

Wint's mother had changed too; she was perhaps a little less loquacious. She and the elder Chase were beginning to be proud of Wint; and this pride forced them to see him in a new light, not as their boy, their son, their child; but as a man whom other men respected.

For Wint was respected. That was one of the things that made the world look bright to him. He was surprised to find as the days passed, and as it was seen his orders to clean up the town were b enforced, that good citizens rallied to Hardiston was normally a law-abic decent place; its people were norm decent and law-abiding people. T would not have condemned Wint for ure to enforce the law; in fact with antecedents they had expected him to They were the more pleased when he enforce it; and they took occasion t him see it. Also they took occasion t the elder Chase that his son was doing and Winthrop Chase, Senior, took a fident pride in these assurances. C was never a hypocrite, even with him he could not forget that he had urged to rescind those orders to Radabaugh.

Wint found a surprising number variety of people rallying to his suppo those days after his clash with the car men and his victory in that matter. Hoover's father, for example; a solid r a lawyer of the old school, and one spoke little and to the point. Hoover Wint he had done well.

Wint said he had tried to do well.

"You understand, young man," Ho drawled in the slow whimsical fashion was characteristic of him—"you un stand, I'm no teetotaler myself. I've accustomed to a drink when I chose, good many years. This—crusade—of y has made it damned inconvenient for too. But it's a good cause. I've no plaint. More power to your elbow!"

Wint laughed and said, "I guess t would be no kick at anything you m do, sir."

Hoover nodded. "Oh, of course I bring the stuff in if I chose. But a can't afford to be on the wrong side in t matters, you know; not if he want keep his self-respect. And I can do wit it. I can do without it. Stick to guns, young man."

"I'm going to," Wint told him, flu and proud at the older man's praise. going to, sir."

Peter Gergue came to Wint, scratc the back of his head and grinning a sly knowing grin, and told Wint he was ma votes by what he had done.

"That's a funny thing too," said Ger "Man'd think you'd make a pile of mies. But I could name two or thre the worst soaks in town that say yo all right; got good stuff in you; all th Gergue scratched his head again. sir, men are funny things, Wint."

Wint had never particularly l Gergue, because he had never seen u the surface of the man. He was comin have a quite genuine respect and affec for Amos' lieutenant.

"I'm not doing it to make votes," said good-naturedly.

"That's the reason you're making v by it," Gergue assured him. "And th the way politics goes. Take James Hollow now; he's always trying to do v is right. He says so hisself. But it d get him anywhere; and I reckon th because he does what's right becaus thinks there's votes in it. You go al and do it anyway. Maybe you do it bec you think it'll start a fight, make s folks mad. And instead of that they out o' your hand."

Wint nodded. "Even Kite," he s "He made some fuss at first. But it l as though he had decided to submit."

Gergue shook his head. "Don't make any mistake about V. R. Kite," warned Wint. "He don't like a f much. Getting too old. But he'll f when he's got a gun in both hands. play poker when he holds four aces the joker. V. R. will start something w he's ready. I wasn't talking about hi

"I'm ready when he is," Wint decla

"He won't be ready till he thinks ain't," Gergue insisted.

But Wint was in no mood to be depre by a possibility of future trouble; in he rather looked forward to this poter clash with V. R. Kite. It added to the of life.

Old Mrs. Mueller, who ran the bak whispered to Wint when he stopped f loaf of bread one night that he was a boy. "My Hans," she said grate "he is working now; and that he w never do when he could get his beer r lar, every second day a case of it. there is more money in the drawer all time too."

And Davy Morgan, the foreman of father's furnace, told Wint that save

(Continued on Page 79)

(Continued from Page 76)

e ontwo irreconcilables the men at the
nac were with him.
"Ad the men that kick the most, they
th ones who are the better off for it,"
explained in the careful English of an
Wshman to whom the language must
y be an acquired and unfamiliar
ent.
Wliam Ryan has never been fit for
t Mondays until now."
u hie, former attorney-general of the
, ho lived up the creek, and who had
speaker at the elder Chase's rallies
he st mayoral campaign, happened into
n e day and told Wint he had heard
he latter at Columbus and that people
lking about him, Wint Chase, up
re.
"Ty know old Kite, you see," he told
t. "He comes up there to lobby on
quor bill; and they like to see him
ick in the slats, as you might say.
y'll have to look out for him."
going to," Wint assured Murchie.
"You can down Kite there'll be a
ce or you at Columbus some day,"
rdie predicted. "They don't like
te there."
San O'Brien, the fat restaurant man,
p. laughing long enough to tell Wint
all right, had good stuff in him, was
ne. "The Greek next door," he ex-
ine—"he thinks you're a tin god. He
is e candy store, you know. Says
re ever was so much candy sold. He'll
te it you, my boy, if he ever gets his
per and learns to read; and if you
e tit long."
Wi got most pleasure perhaps out of
e aitude of B. B. Beecham. He had
hoest respect for the editor's opinion
mc matters. Everyone had. Beecham
s ibitually right. In his editorial
pacy he took no notice of what had
me o pass in Hardiston. When the
rnival men were arrested he printed the
t vthout comment.
"Mhael Rand was fined for assault
d iproper language," the Journal said;
e ofer man for "illegal sales of liquor";
d t; "permit of the carnival for the use
th streets was canceled." Thus the
ws as recorded, and every man might
aw is own deductions. B. B. was never
e t force his opinions on any man,
which may have been the reason why people went out of their way to discover them.

Wint stopped in at the Journal office one hot day in July. B. B. was in his shirt sleeves and collarless. He wore, habitually, stiff-bosomed shirts of the kind usually associated with evening dress. On this particular day he had been working over the press—his foreman was ill—and there were inky smears on the white bosom. Nevertheless, B. B.'s pink countenance above the shirt was as clean as a baby's. There was always this refreshing atmosphere of cleanliness about the editor. Wint went into the office, sat down in one of the chairs and took off his hat and fanned himself. The afternoon sun was beginning to strike in through the open door and the big window; but there was a pleasantly cool breath from the dark regions behind the office, where the press and the apparatus that goes to make a small-town printing shop were housed.

Wint said: "This is one hot day."

"Hottest day of the summer," B. B. agreed.

"How hot is it? Happen to know?"

"Ninety-four in the shade at one o'clock," said B. B. "Mr. Waters telephoned to me, half an hour ago."

"J. B. Waters? He keeps a weather record, doesn't he?"

"Yes. Has, for a good many years. We print his record every week. Perhaps you haven't noticed it."

Wint nodded. "Yes. I suppose everyone likes to read about the weather. Even on a hot day."

B. B. smiled. "That's because everyone likes to read about things they have experienced. You won't find a big daily in the country without its paragraph or its temperature tables devoted to the weather, every day in the year. And a day like this is worth a front-page story any time."

"You know what a day like this always makes me think of?" Wint asked; and B. B. looked interested. "A glass of beer," said Wint. "Cool, and brown, with beads on the outside of the glass."

The editor smiled. "The beads on the outside of the glass won't cool you off half as much as the beads on the outside of your head," he said. "Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"Sweat, you mean?"

"Exactly. You know, when troops go into a hot country they get flannel-covered canteens; and when they want to cool off the water in the canteens they wet the flannel and let it dry. The evaporation of your own perspiration is the finest cooling agency in the world."

"Maybe," Wint agreed; "but it doesn't stop your thirst."

B. B. said good-naturedly: "A thirst is one of the handicaps of the smoker. I quit smoking a good many years ago. A nonsmoker can satisfy his own thirst by swallowing his own spittle. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

"Is that straight?"

"Yes indeed."

Wint asked amiably: "Mean to say you wouldn't have to take a barrel of water to cross the Sahara?"

"Oh, when the bodily juices are exhausted, of course ——"

Wint grinned. "I'll stick to my beer."

B. B. laughed and said, "I expect a good many Hardiston men are cussing you today because they can't get beer."

"I suppose so. I've a notion to cuss myself."

He added, a moment later: "You know, B. B., it's surprising to me how little a fuss has been made over that."

"You mean—the—enforcing the law?"

"Yes. I looked for a row."

"Oh, you'll find most people are on your side. You know, most people are for the decent thing, in the long run. That's what makes the world go round."

"Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. If that weren't so where would be the virtue in democracy?"

"Well," Wint said good-naturedly, "I've always had an idea that a democracy was a poor way to run things anyway. About all you can say for it is that a man has a right to make a fool of himself."

"Well, that's about all you can say against slavery, isn't it?"

Wint considered. "I don't get you."

"There were good men in the South before the war, owning slaves," said B. B., "and the slaves were better off than their descendants are now. Materially; perhaps morally too. But that doesn't prove slavery was right." He added: "The darkies had a right to make fools of themselves if they chose, you see. Their masters—even the good masters—prevented them."

"I suppose that's what a benevolent despot does?"

"Exactly."

"If it wasn't so hot I'd give three cheers for democracy." He considered thoughtfully, fanning himself with his hat. "But that's what I'm doing, B. B. I'm refusing to let some that would like to make fools of themselves with booze."

B. B. shook his head. "Not at all. It's not your doing. The people are doing it themselves. They voted dry; they elected you to enforce their vote. See the distinction?"

"Think I've done right, then?" Wint asked.

And B. B. said, "Yes, indeed."

Wint got a surprising amount of satisfaction out of that. Because, as has been said, he valued B. B.'s opinion. So, on the whole, that month of July was a cheerful one for Wint. Things were going his way; the world was bright; the skies were sunny.

The first cloud upon them came on the third of August. It was a very little cloud; but it was a forerunner of bigger ones to come. Wint did not in the beginning appreciate its full significance; in fact he was not sure it had any significance at all. It merely puzzled him.

His month's statement from the bank came in. When it first came he tossed the long envelope aside without opening it; and it was not till that night that he compared the bank statement with the balance in his check book.

He discovered then that there was a mistake somewhere. The bank credited him with more money than he should have. He said to himself good-naturedly that he ought not to kick about that. Nevertheless he ran through his canceled checks, comparing them with his stubs, to see where the difference lay.

He located the discrepancy almost at once; and when he discovered it he sat back and considered its significance with a puzzled look in his eyes.

The trouble was that his check to Hetty for her expense in Columbus had never been cashed; and Wint could not understand that at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE POETS' CORNER

The Village Blacksmith
(Modern Version)

By enry Wadsworth Longfellow and Channing Pollock

UDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
Thsmith, a wealthy man is he,
ith diamonds on his hands;
An the bracelets sported by his wife
re broad as iron bands.

Hiroll is crisp, and green, and thick,
e calls his chauffeur Dan;
Hibrow is dry beneath a high-
riced hat that shades his pan;
Ar he looks the whole world in the face,
nd sasses any man.

Wit in, week out, from ten till five
e hears the hooters blow;
Aumobiles, with wabbly wheels,
hat do not want to go,
Pd tribute to his doubtful skill—
nd the tribute's never low!

He rives to town most ev'ry eve,
nd goes out with the boys;
He ears the latest jazz with meals,
e hears the soubrette's voice
Sing in the cabaret,
nd it makes his heart rejoice.

Tding when there's naught else to do,
ward through life he goes;
Ea morning sees him open shop,
nd very promptly close;
So ething attempted, someone done,
as earned a night's repose.

Thnks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
or the lesson thou hast taught!
Th in a job that serves the mob
ur fortunes must be wrought;
Sa e now we pay so much a day
or ev'rything but thought!

In Wartime, or How I Tried to Raise a Pig for Uncle Sam

I TRIED to raise a pig for Uncle Sam.
Big bankers urged it was the thing to do;
Just feed it with the garbage from the can;
So simple anyone could see it through.

I tried to raise a pig for Uncle Sam
And for our boys across the seas in blue;
The neighbors rose against it as one man.
They said, "We'll get the justice after you."

I tried to raise a pig for Uncle Sam.
The complications grew and grew and grew.
So many and so varied the demands
I only can enumerate a few.

Such as a house, well built, both warm and dry,
Sufficiently removed as space permits,
Secured with hog-proof wire as farmers do
To keep the animal from breaking through.

An ample runway underneath some trees,
Oozy with nice black mud in which to snooze,
A varied menu served from day to day
Of milk and grain, a costly kind of booze,

Compared with economic garbage stew,
Which was quite all they said we'd have to do,
A weekly bath in scented kerosene,
A frequent coat of whitewash to the pen.

Simple, indeed, the raising of a pig—
The innocence of these big banker men—
I know now that the pig is overlord
And that the pen—is mightier than the sword.

—Emily B. Larned.

Lackawanna Ferry

JENKINS is used to spending his days
With bills and drafts and an adding machine;
Used to humdrum office ways
And traffic's dull routine.
Jenkins is faithful to his work—
Plodding along with Jack and Jerry:
Yet, what wakes in the dried old clerk
As his home road leads to the ferry?

See him over the ferry's rail
Drinking the glamour of tides and shores;
Noting each far, faint, homing sail;
Heeding the chants of the stevedores;
Measuring liners at their slips;
Feeling the engine's throb and quiver;
Watching the soldier-laden ships
And Liberty, guarding the river!

Clearly he sees the ports they seek,
Steamers and schooners fading away—
Sydney, Shanghai, Mozambique,
Malta, Lisbon or Bombay!
Ports enchanted! Yet at home
Scenes as fair is he espying:
Look! Where currents tumble and foam
He sees the great fleet lying!

Jenkins is one with destiny—
Crumpled notes and canceled checks!
Jenkins has tamed his love for the sea,
For wind-beat, wave-washed decks!
Yet come times when he sheds the dull;
When his ferry road to Rangoon reaches!
When his spirit soars like a swift-winged gull
To skim the uttermost beaches!

—Daniel Henderson.

The Great Adventure
(With acknowledgments to George Matthew Adams)

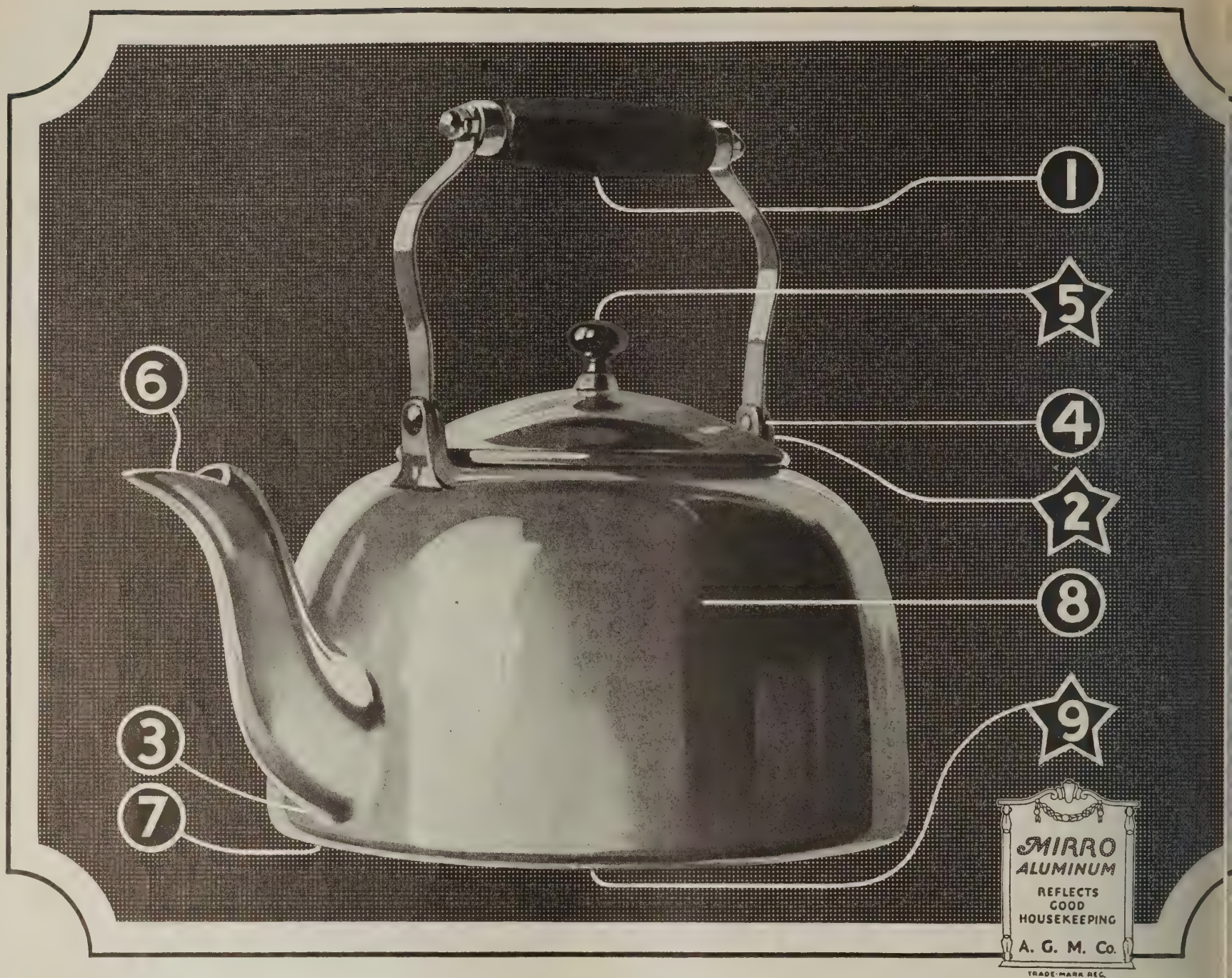
WHAT is the profit that men can find
In the frozen North or the jungle heat?
What is the vision they hold in mind
When they face the hardships that they must meet?
It cannot pay, yet they see it through,
And the magic purpose that keeps them to it
Is doing the work that they want to do
In the way that they want to do it.

It isn't money, it isn't fame
That stirs the soul to a true adventure,
Or makes men stick to the grimmest game
In spite of ridicule, doubt and censure.
It's just the spirit that holds you true
To what you've started, and bears you through it;
It's doing the work that you want to do
In the way that you want to do it.

Oh, the weary souls who are chained by chance
To a treadmill track they must always amble,
Who never thrilled to a mad romance,
Who feared the risk of a mighty gamble—
They are the failures in life, not those
Who dreamed and struggled and risked and lost,
Who toiled and battled and baked and froze
But never whined when the dice were tossed.

It's the thought that lifts us above the beast,
The dream that moves us to discontent,
The thing that's driven us west and east
And conquered ocean and continent;
And when we win to the heaven true
We'll find a place, when we come to view it,
Where men do work that they want to do
In the way that they want to do it!

—Berton Braley.



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Time treats Mirro Aluminum gently. Given a modicum of care, it remains beautiful and of unimpaired usefulness through long, long years of service.

Madame may be assured that if her kitchen is equipped with Mirro, it is well equipped. Not only is Mirro designed for easier and better cooking; it is also built to *last*. Because Mirro utensils need no replacement and their first cost is not high, they are a real economy.

As for convenience!

Note the many features of convenience in this Mirro Tea Kettle. You will not find them in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) Highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle. ☆(2) Handle ears are welded on—an exclusive Mirro feature. (3) Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.

(4) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with sides of kettle. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—another exclusive feature.

(6) Quick-filling, easy-pouring spout. (7) Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

(8) Famous Mirro finish. ☆(9) All these features are assured by your guarantee of quality—the famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every Mirro utensil.

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

re that the vender had netted from
tchirty dollars a day from sales of
al pins.
gas it may appear, many men still
ely living out of the plan of capi-
pple's vanity. The usual method
olicitor to appear suddenly in a
wn and launch his scheme for a
graphies of the leading citizens.
ective subject is told that if he
specified amount his biography
tten and will be included in the
money is asked for on the ground
pay for a steel engraving. This
en worked with a hundred vari-
metimes these same men, by
nge, temporarily give up their
shing game and start a canvass
make water-color enlargements
for one dollar and ninety-nine
ure. The time and the talent of
is free and the one dollar and
e cents is only for paper and
is further claimed that only a
mber of these enlargements will
n that respective town. How-
uth is that the number of orders
ted by the number of people who
rested.
ig individual recently appeared
le-West town. He showed a cata-
it wonderful values offered in it.
as to collect a stated sum weekly
ousewives he had interested and
amount paid in totaled twenty
woman was to have her choice
nty dollars' worth of goods ex-
the catalogue. Several weeks
subscribers' accounts began to
e visits of the collector ceased.
ed an investigation, which dis-
fact that the office of the collec-
en closed for some days and the
ad disappeared.
hemes of the kind here described
sful only because the people of
munities are careless in their hab-
ging. Often the fault lies with
o permit the indiscriminate use
mes and influence. If the people
ame the public is solicited were
e responsible for any and all de-
at is practiced a different story
told. One case is recited of an
on seemingly created for a laud-
rpose and on whose letterheads were
names of about thirty men—all
ppear in Who's Who in America.
nt to these individuals elicited
ation that nearly all of them knew
nothing of how the funds were
xended and not one was familiar with the plans of management. None assumed any responsibility whatever. A few of the men had never consented to the use of their names.

On the letterhead of another society of national scope appeared the names of prominent men, among them those of a former secretary of a department of the United States Government and a former United States diplomatic representative. An official investigator inquired of these gentlemen as to whether or not they were giving personal attention to the conduct of the association. The former cabinet member replied that he did not know much about the organization himself, but he had unbounded faith in his friend, the former diplomatic official. The latter, on his part, replied that the committee on which he served carried no responsibility, this being vested in the trustees. He was only interested in an advisory capacity. In such cases there is no doubt but that people throughout the country take it for granted that the men named were acquainted with all the activities of the society and many contributions were given by people who were so impressed.

Never in our history as a people has there been so much solicitation by so many individuals for so great a number of worthy and unworthy causes. The streets of our cities abound with collectors of all kinds. One investigator tells the story of an old colored woman who recently took part in the mad scramble for some easy money. When approached to do some housework for a local family the colored woman replied that she had to go out collecting "foh de missionary society."

"But I have work for you," said the housewife, "and you need all you can earn. What do they pay you for collecting?"

"I don't get paid at all," said the colored solicitor. "I just gets what I collect."

In the matter of giving it might be well for all of us to bear in mind a few simple rules mentioned by Mrs. Mosiman, of the Charity Organization Society in New York. An observance of these will tend to reduce the sum total of losses which now occur. First, require that collectors show their credentials. Second, do not contribute just to get rid of a solicitor. Third, do not give to any organization that has only a post-office box number for an address. Fourth, mail your check to the treasurer—don't give cash to the collector. Fifth, beware of the concern that does not make a public annual financial statement. Sixth, be very careful about giving to a one-man organization—investigate first.

THE BEAN SPILLER

(Continued from Page 19)

heo Killian had regarded the editor
mily diverting pest—a yap whom it
n do to snub because of the news-
ail of Reddall's quietly great local
ut now he found himself an ar-
drrer of the little man and within his
sul a warm sense of gratitude was
llian had a horror of snakes—a
bn of lifelong sojourn in cities. He
fe Reddall's service to him and
the editor a guest of honor whenever
ue dome hove in sight at the en-
e t the champion's camp.
e gernoon before the fight Reddall
ed the rickety stairs to the Sentinel
aer ten hours of unceasing work.
ioiwas alive with strangers. Thou-
al thousands of newcomers were
ngnto the city from every point of
omass. Special trains from the At-
aboard, from the West, from
h a l from South were vomiting hourly
gsnto the place. Every hotel and
din house and guest shack and every
abl private home was crammed with
vis ors. The saloons were refusing to
e gden time in serving mixed drinks.
tw gambling houses were running
op and had a queue of waiting pa-
tlt trailed far out into the street.
gaes were on a dozen corners. The
y ciet of the afternoon was banished
mtiple roar of voices. Scorpion had
dicovered. For the moment it was
ne hap. It was the most important
inforth America.
s ful expanding and his brain in a
fullaze, H. Abiff Reddall had been everywhere at once. He had headed the crowd-handling contingent. He had found accommodations for guests where no visible accommodations were to be found. He had kept the board of trade lashed to a furious burst of energy in showing bored New Yorkers and Chicagoans the glorious business prospects of Scorpion. And now he was stealing an hour or two for work on the morrow's paper. Up the creaky outside stairs of the Sentinel office he skipped, humming rapturously under his breath a paraphrase of a camp-meeting hymn of his youth:

This is the day I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not!
The day when all the stranger band
Find Scorpion their Promised Land!

Through the Sentinel's outer room he pattered and threw open the door of his private office. There he halted in some astonishment. Joe Killian was seated in his desk chair, which squeaked under the two hundred pounds of muscular weight. The champion's feet were on the sacred desk. In the champion's mouth was a large and lighted cigar.

Reddall stood staring in speechless amaze as his eyes and his mind focused on that cigar. From his late-learned lore he knew that no fighter in training is allowed to smoke or to drink. Yet here was Killian sucking contentedly at a cigar of much magnitude, and in the airless cubbyhole office hovered a faint aroma of whisky.

At sight of his host the champion took his feet off the desk and nodded right

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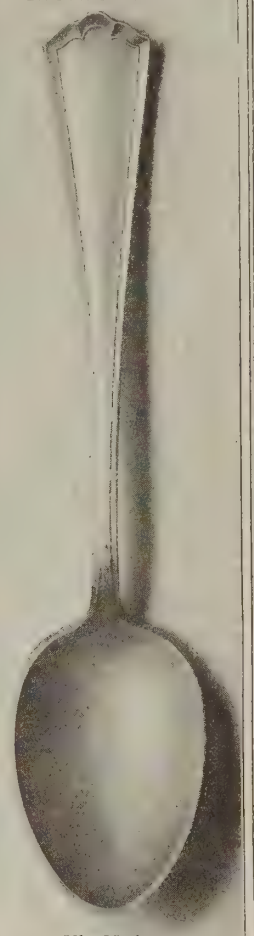

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affably. He made as though to rise and greet Reddall. Then suddenly remembering that a champion does not get up from his chair to speak to mere mortals he sat still. Certain grandees of Spain have the hereditary right to remain covered in the presence of royalty. This privilege they cling to with ludicrous tenacity, yet not more so than does a ring champion to his prerogative of remaining seated when lesser folk would be expected to stand. But Killian stretched forth a friendly hand to Reddall, grinning pleasantly up at him, and with his free hand he proffered him the twin of the plump cigar he was smoking.

"I been waitin' here for you," explained the champion. "Marston brought me to a house to meet some men and I gave 'em the slip. How's ev'rything?"

Speech came back to Reddall in a sputtering rush. He pointed to the cigar in Killian's mouth, demanding:

"What—how—why—how come you to be doin' that? To-morrow's the fight, an' ——"

"This smoke?" queried Killian. "Oh, that's all right! Nobody'll see me do it. I'll finish it before I go out of here. I had a drink, too, with Marston an' them. A couple of drinks. Gee, but the old stuff tastes good when you've been layin' off it a while! Tobacco does too. Have a cigar?"

Dumfounded, Reddall continued to stare. Killian reached across and swung shut the office door. Lowering his rumbly voice the champion proceeded to expound.

"You did me a damn good turn, little feller," he said affectionately. "An' I'm here to get back at you for it. You said somethin' about puttin' a big piece of money on me for this fight."

He paused. Reddall nodded stupidly.

"That's why I'm here," repeated Killian. "That's why I shook Marston an' the rest an' sneaked up here to give you the tip. It's got to be kep' dead quiet. Marston'd put up a hell of a holler if he knew I told you. But I ain't goin' to see you lose out on me after you ——"

"What—what are you talkin' about?" bleated Reddall. "Lose out? How?"

"Don't go talkin' so loud!" admonished Killian. "Here's the tip: Take down all your bets an' pile ev'ry cent you can raise on Cronin—on Cronin in ten rounds or under. An' for the love of glory, keep your mouth shut. That's all!"

There was a long silence, while Reddall gaped, slack jawed, and while Killian began to fidget and to frown.

"I'll keep my mouth shut," said Reddall at last, his soft drawl almost humble, yet with a queer little trickle of iron authority running through its meek cadences. "I'll keep my mouth shut, that bein' my way. You c'n count on my mouth stayin' shut. But you're wrong when you say that's all. That ain't all. Not by a city square. An' I'm waitin' patientlike to hear the rest."

Again Killian fidgeted. He scowled and made as though to get up and depart. But something held him where he was. Perhaps it was a power behind the mild blue eyes blinking into his. Perhaps it was his inherent love of babbling. Perhaps it was his newborn fondness for the quaint old fellow who stamped with thin-shod feet upon rattlesnakes. Presently he spoke.

"Marston an' Sludge has got together on it," he began with a sort of relishful reluctance. "They've been chewin' it all week under cover. But it wasn't settled downright till to-day, when we saw how the final bettin' was. It's a gold mine, the way Marston an' Sludge has it worked. I'm to lose out in the ninth to-morrow. That'll save the ten-round bets an' still give the movie fellers a look-in. It ——"

A wordless gobble from Reddall checked him. But as the little man's twisting mouth emitted no further sounds the champion went on:

"I'm to lose out in the ninth. Up to then it's to be a dingdong slammin' grand-stand bout—the kind a crowd yells itself drunk over, the kind that shows up grand in the pictures. Each of us is due to score a knockdown or two, but it's to be my fight all the way. An' once Cronin's goin' to be saved by the bell. Then in the middle of the ninth I'm to run into something that looks like a chance blow just as I've got him pretty near licked to a standstill, an' I'm to take the count. See?"

Reddall did not see. If he had been a fiction hero he would perhaps have seen red. But he saw nothing. He merely blinked and his thin lips kept on working as though he were chewing at the mysterious cud of senility.

"The papers an' the crowd will get to yammerin' how I pretty near had him out," resumed Killian, warming to his theme. "They'll say I'd 'a' won if it wouldn't of been for runnin' into a chance blow. Chance blow, hell! There ain't such a thing! All blows is chance blows. Then Cronin is due to give me a return match. An' all the talk about this first fight will make folks crazy about the second one. The second one is due to draw a bigger crowd than what this one will, an' I'm to win the second one. Then he'll want another—both of us havin' win one—an' that's goin' to pull a bigger crowd yet. Get the notion? There's never yet been a heavyweight champ that lose the champ'nship an' then win it back. That's a big card by itself. An' the third fight—say, Marston's a bird! It was him that thought it out first. Think of the advertisin' it's all bound to give any show Cronin or me goes out with for the next two years! An' ——"

"Yes," assented Reddall in a dry whisper. "I see. I see now. Would—would you mind if I was to sit an' think for a minute, please?"

He slumped into a chair and huddled there like a sick raccoon. Killian smiled amusedly at the little man's dazed aspect and inturned gaze, but as the pause grew long the champion got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "so long! I've gotta get back to Marston before he sends out a posse to find me. I gotta get back to camp too. There's a slew of yaps out there rubberin' for a squint at me."

"Wait!"

The command did not ring out like a bugle call. It was all but cringing. Reddall's primitive emotions were few and infrequent, and hero worship ever dies hard. The new sport, the new ideals, the new interests of the past month or so had made much impression on him. Their utter overturning had bewildered him. But now he was himself again—very calm, very resourceful, very much master of his faculties and of events. Yet his voice was meek and his manner was deprecatory. It was as though voice and manner were apologizing for the inner man's odd metamorphosis.

"Wait!" he repeated, waving a clawlike little hand at Killian. "Just a minute or two. I want you should."

The champion, dully puzzled and still amused, hesitated in his hegira toward the outer office. Reddall pattered shufflingly between him and the door.

"Here's the notion," began the editor, speaking stiltedly at first and as if groping for words: "When I hit this man's city first off there wa'n't any fine prosp'rous city here at all—no, nor yet a 'dobe village. Nothin' but sand an' cactus an' such an' a fine spring with a quarter acre of greenishness round it. That was all. There was eighteen of us laid out Scorpion. By an' by there was only me of the old-timers. I'm the oldest here. I've seen the place grow an' grow an' grow. It's not a part of me. I'm a part of it. It's all I got. It's all I want. That's why I was so tickled when the fight brought folks a-crowdin' here. Scorpion had its chance an' I helped bring that chance here. There'll maybe never be such another chance. Friend, I'm not lottin' on throwin' it all away, nor yet on allowin' anyone else to. Scorpion's goin' to make good on this. We're comin' through clean. Scorpion isn't goin' pirootin' down the echoin' corr'dors of time with a tag on its coat tails sayin' 'This yer's the fake-fight burg!' Not while I'm here to steer things right. It ——"

The champion laughed aloud. It was a whole-hearted laugh of friendly amusement.

"Don't you go losin' no sleep on that!" he adjured. "This stunt's goin' to be pulled classy. Not a raw thing to it. We got too much staked for that. Not a fan there will be hep. Not even the ref'ree. I tell you it'll be done as classy as ——"

"An' I'm tellin' you," interposed the timid little voice, "that it's not goin' to be done at all. Maybe you could do it so's nobody'd know an' maybe you couldn't. Not that that's the point. The point is that it isn't on the square. Over to Obispo they run off a hip'drome pony race. It was framed reel clever an' it was rehearsed some, too, but it got out. Ev'rybody knew. The grand stand was bust to matchwood an' two of the jockeys was feathered an' tarred, an' Obispo's known till now as the fake-race town. Down to Bolivar some chaps started a bank. The bank was spoke of reel fav'rable in the p'spectuses. Lots of us invested. The fellers made a clean-up an' got out. What happened? Folks are 'shamed to say they're from Bolivar for fear of bein' laughed at for comin' from the swindle town. Obispo an' Bolivar's both got black eyes thataway. Once ——"

"But I tell you, we ——"

"Once laugh at a town hereabouts," went on Reddall, "an' you might as well sell it for its timbers. Nobody's a-goin' to laugh at Scorpion. Nobody's a-goin' to have the shadder of a right to say Scorpion isn't the squarest an' whitest place this side the Mississippi. Next time a big fight is due its backers'll say: 'Let's hold it out there. That's a city the whole world knows is on the square!' That's what they'll say. They won't say: 'Let's go round Scorpion like it was a lake. That's where the slickest crook game was worked in the hist'ry of the ring!' No, sir, Mr. Killian, I've helped make Scorpion an' I'm goin' to see that this crowd goes away from it feelin' they've sure got their money's worth, an' wantin' to come back an' tellin' the home folks what a grand upstandin' burg it is. Likewise they're goin' to. I reckon that's all I gotta say," he ended apologetically.

Killian's smile had grown as broad as his lean face would permit. The champion had the refined sense of humor common to his breed. It was a humor attuned to such subtleties as the yanking of a chair from under a fat man and to pouring beer into a new high hat. And this same sense was titillated to the full by the spectacle of a windy little old man calmly declaring the Sludge-Marston ruse should not be carried through. Killian was about to voice his mirthful sentiments in some characteristic way when the door was kicked open and a rotund person with many diamonds stormed in.

"Afternoon, Mr. Marston," said Reddall politely. "Won't you ——"

The great manager paid no heed to his courteous little host. Bearing down on Killian, he demanded:

"Didn't I tell you to stick with me till we get back to camp? Hey, didn't I? Lord, but you gave me a scare! When I missed you I figgered you'd blown the whole show by boozin' in some bar. Then Scholes said he'd seen you sneakin' up here to ——"

Marston checked himself. He saw Reddall for the first time. Hitherto his angry little eyes had had scope only for the vision of his runaway champion. He acknowledged Reddall's timid salute with a courteous grunt. Then he seemed to recall his own words about blowing the whole show and he frowned portentously. Before he could speak Reddall was addressing him.

"Mr. Marston," said the editor, passing a withered hand over his suède dome and looking almost as uncomfortable as he felt, "I'm glad you came here. I was just goin' to look you up. I wanted to tell you that Mr. Killian has gotta win to-morrow. He's ——"

"Sure, he's goin' to win!" trumpeted Marston right jovially. "Who says he ain't? He's goin' to win like he always has. You can say that in your paper over my sign'ture and you can say I've got my whole bank roll on him to win—in under ten rounds at that. He ——"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," answered Reddall gratefully. "I'm thankin' you. It saves me a heap of trouble. Likewise," he added shamefacedly, "it keeps him an' you from a fun'ral."

There was no swagger in the gentle tone, no hint of threat. Marston looked perplexed. Killian cut in, certain of betrayal and wishing to save as much of his face as he could by forestalling revelation with confession.

"I tipped him off," he said uneasily. "He won't spill it. He'd backed me for his whole roll an' he'd saved me from ——"

An avalanche of lurid blasphemy from the manager drowned the sheepish admission. Marston spoke for nearly two minutes and scarce repeated himself once. His language hurtled forth into the room in ragged chunks, assailing the ears of his listeners like an endless succession of fist blows.

Killian, who could have killed the obese blasphemer with a single right lead, fairly cowered under the tempest. Reddall, on the contrary, listened with grave attention, his bald head a little to one side, his pale-blue eyes alert. He was as one who receives a free lesson from an inspired master. Presently Marston found his scattered self-control. In the midst of his tirade he swallowed hard and broke into a loud laugh. Slapping Reddall agonizingly on the shoulder he exclaimed:

"The champ here is one gra
He's been stringin' you long enoug
There ain't a word of truth in it.
judged him wrong. He's been—h
stringin' you."

The speech, which began so upr
dwindled to a hesitant growl unde
focus of Reddall's gaze.

"I'm glad," said the little ma
"Mighty glad, gentlemen. Be
fight's got to be on the square.
got to know it is. An' the only
know it for sure is for Mr. Killi
it—like I know he can if he tries.

"Win it!" snorted Marston
ously, albeit his bunchy face m
begun to sag. "Win it? Surest th
world he'll win it! Nothing to
He'll win out. He'll ——"

"Mr. Marston," humbly interp
dall, "pardon me for saying it
you're lyin'. You know you are.
lian knows it. I know it. You're

Marston with a ferocious snarl
fat bulk toward the little man.
fragile body did not flinch. The
eyes held the angry manager's as
ever. He broke in upon Marst
less roar in the same deprecatory

"I'm not spillin' the beans b
about this, Mr. Marston," said h
promised not to an' not wantin'
smirched by any talk of a fake
I'm spillin' the beans just the sam
how I'm doin' it—if you'll sto
an' garglin' an' listen to me.
ranch some eight miles from here,
you know. Not much of a ran
pays its way. It pays, because s
boys workin' on it are pretty stro
One an' another, I've got 'em ou
now an' again. There's four of
trust to do like I say an' ask no q

"What the hell do I ——" be
ton.

"Those four boys an' me," t
drawl meandered on, "will be s
ringside box to-morrow—the box
I was goin' to fill it with prom'n
but I reckon me an' the boys wil
useful there. We'll be heeled. I
lian stays on the floor any lon
count of eight, any time, there'll
.45 bullets driftin' into his yell
an' two more .45's siftin' through
Marston. I reckon when I tell
any Scorpion jury's due to b'lie
turn me loose. If you think I'm
he added with his friendly smile,
me. That's all, gentlemen. Goo

There was something in the m
drawl, in the unwavering pale ol
the absolute dearth of bluster t
under the skins of his hearers.

Then, by common consent ar
thereto by a tacit impulse of self
tion, the champion and his man
for the speaker. The rush started
suddenness. It halted even more
An elderly revolver of past-centur
had attached itself to Reddall's
right hand, which had been hove
irresolution above the half-open
his desk. The long barrel was
like a snake's head between the t
ing visitors. Reddall did not rais
He was aiming from the hip.
nothing dramatic in his movemer

"Good day, gentlemen," he wa
the friendly smile extending from
lips to the mild eyes above an
straggly gray beard below. "An
ber, if you think I'm bluffin' just
an' call me. Mr. Killian, you
to-morrow. I'm sure you c'n do
reely apply yourself. Likewise y
to do. I'm not a-takin' down a
bets. Shut the door behind you,
got an ed'torial to write."

When the two men found them
the foot of the wabbly stair they
each other dizzily.

"That mangy little four-flusher
Marston, the blur of hypnotism d
"The mangy little four-flushi
Thought he had us buffaloed, he
there's no witnesses, and a man
the chair by shootin' in public.
crowd'd lynch him! He ——"

"You weren't on deck the day h
on that snake," mumbled Killian
no four-flusher. The beans are s
right, all right. We gotta ——"

A new blast of profanity from
cut in on the gloomy forecast.
Killian had been deposited safel
training camp Marston took furi
cautions by coming back to town a
ing up three or four mossbacked olc

(Concluded on Page 85)

(Concluded from Page 82)

heywere gravely willing to accept his ferof drinks and to smoke his thirty-cent gar Also, under this dual influence they nusсted to be pumped as to the life and rsсality of Scorpion's venerated first ze.

Mston listened. He asked adroit catch sons. He sought to convince himself t s informants were conning him. But r nd ever he became aware of an in- sgly cold sensation in the pit of his nch. Then he strolled off in search of tting commissioner and he swore fly as he remembered the two drinks e cigar he had permitted Killian to sme—after which he returned to camp ent into executive session with the nion. Poor Marston's beautiful day s uite spoiled.

At one o'clock, next afternoon, Young n. stepped into the ring at the stadium th center of a cloud of handlers and cors. The thick-packed mass of spec- rorshook off the trance of boredom into hic the antics of the two sets of pre- mirry boxers had thrown them id ney howled joyous greeting thchallenger.

Cnin replied to the ovation a tiff-backed bow. Then he ent is intellect to the task of tteng to his manager's al epetition of the well- he sed instructions for e- fht.

Mston had not confided Cmin or to Sludge the s nat the splendid plan d en betrayed and that ne deal would probably e ncled. There was always chace that Reddall might pen, or—far more likely—nat ne little man on sober nout would realize the rgus chance to profit by s nide information and to ap fortune in long-odds ets. In any case there was ded in risking verbal auuter by confiding in ndb, so Marston had held pace.

Tl roar from the stadium eld the dressing room erKillian was undergoing assge and other final treat- enfat the hands of his at- endits. Five minutes later the crowd ut shame its welcome of Young Cronin y a ultiple screech of joy at sight of the nion.

Swthed in a check-pattern bath robe, Killi was making his leisurely way through twting path of aisle toward the corner th ring. Ahead of him swaggered two eef seconds to clear the path. Behind im touched Marston, sick looking and dea yed. Then followed an imperial pairof undershirted men with pails and owe and bottles.

Cnin schooled his own craggy features a scowl of malignant hate as Killian imed into the ring. So busy was the nanion in scanning the ringside boxes nate quite neglected to return the scowl. Whi breach of professional etiquette from god a friend hurt Cronin's sensitive eelgs to momentary vexation against his bse:-minded foe.

Kian, like Marston, was sweeping the ren boxes with a foreboding gaze. The car of manager and of champion settled t th same instant upon a box abutting on coer of the ring. It was the only box in ne eat arena whose eight seats were not ill. Only five men sat therein. Four of nen were tanned and simple-faced souls n gy felt hats and nonpicturesque rai- nen The fifth was Reddall.

T Killian and Marston it seemed as nouh two of the box's five occupants t oce trained their solemnly attentive azem the manager while the three others lue their eyes to the champion. During he rief interval while the professionals lowred at the box Reddall smiled upon her in meek friendliness and spoke a raved word to his four companions.

Instant obedience the quartet took off hei wide-brimmed gray hats and laid them thwrt their knees. Then, plainly visible o Killian and his manager, they slipped ron their pockets certain metallic objects whi they placed carefully in their laps ind shelter of the hats.

"ou gotta do it, Joe!" groaned Mars- on, weating fluently from every clogged pore. "You gotta! Lord, if only you could 'a' kept your mouth shut! And if I'd only of held you off'n those two drinks and the smoke! Get him as quick as you can, at that! And for the love of Mike, don't go taking no chances! I—I got a headache. I guess I'll beat it back to the room. Skelly can look after you as good as I can. So long. I ——"

The words trailed away into stillness. At the manager's first recessive step Reddall lifted himself slightly in his seat and pointed the way back toward Killian's corner. The hat-concealed hand also moved suggestively. Marston groaned and slunk back to his sputteringly indignant principal.

Far above, the motion-picture machines were droning. In the ring the last dreary introduction had been made. The two men were called to the center for referee instructions. According to schedule they refused to shake hands—though Killian so far forgot himself as to extend one open glove a few inches before Cronin's warning frown recalled him to his rôle.

The Quartet Slipped From Their Pockets Certain Metallic Objects Which They Placed Carefully in Their Laps

The Killian-Cronin fight at Scorpion was not worth the high admission prices, to say nothing of the cost and annoyance of traveling all the way to so God-forsaken a spot. Nine-tenths of the audience were later agreed on that. The remaining ten per cent—an unusually large proportion, by the way, of men who really understand ring work—did not know whether they had witnessed a great fight or a rotten one.

At the sound of the gong Killian was after his man and he was after him in a highly unspectacular and businesslike manner. There were none of those noisily harmless slaps which rouse a crowd to frenzy. There was no posing. There was no grinning, no glaring, no grand-stand work.

Killian bored in unobtrusively, covering when he had to, but fighting with a nonflamboyant deadliness, and always on the aggressive. He had little enough to fear from Cronin. He was certain the latter would not willfully damage him to any extent but would stick to the original program.

Cronin before the end of the first round was woefully bewildered. He tried to follow instructions to the letter, but Killian would not play up to his opponent's work. The champion was inflicting cruel and needless damage—and was not showing off. Thus men fight when they hate or when all hangs on their victory, and Cronin could not understand.

Once, in a bit of in-fighting, Cronin blocked an incipient uppercut in such a way that Killian's glove brushed him an inch or two below the knotted green flag which served him as a belt. The referee cautioned the champion against repeating the unintended foul, and Killian's strength for a moment turned to water. Suppose he were to lose on a foul! The thought made him risk his chances still further by a hasty glance over Cronin's shoulder toward a ringside box wherein five meager figures sat statuelike with hats on their knees and with a hand apiece under their hats.

At the end of the first round Young Cronin went back to his corner badly shaken up and sore puzzled. Sludge, as perplexed as his principal, risked much by looking across in vexed query at Marston. He caught the plump manager's eye before Marston could look away and at what the glance told him Sludge went purple.

"The swine!" he burbled, fairly spitting the words into Cronin's ear. "The swine of hell! They're double-crossin' us! Get him! They've framed us!"

Wherefore the second round was unlike any in the cut-and-dried chronicles of heavyweight championship contests. There were no seeming openings cleverly defended, no staggering blows, no fiercely melodramatic rallies to bring the house shrieking to its feet. Two men were simply trying with all their might and skill to murder each other by every method which could get past the dumfounded referee.

As a result the bout had an aspect of awkward tameness. It fell flat. Blows that turned their recipients sick with pain were delivered and received in so commonplace a fashion that onlookers began to hiss. Once or twice cries of actual derision scraped through the looser volume of arena racket. The combatants apparently were not fighting hard enough to keep themselves warm.

Cronin late in the third round slipped inside of a misjudged swing and sent Killian reeling to the ropes under a volley of half-arm blows to heart and wind. As the champion tried to clinch Cronin shot an uppercut to the point of his jaw. Killian sprawled crablike across the ropes, his wrists and ankles jumping convulsively. Thence by degrees he slid to the floor. To the average spectator such in-fighting means next to nothing, and those who understand it are not of the breed that gets up and yells. So the bulk of the audience viewed Killian's ungraceful fall as an accident—and a laugh greeted it.

The referee's pendulum arm was rising and falling. Cronin stood crouched forward, fended off by the referee's other hand. Marston had no eyes for his supine champion. Pupils glazed, he was staring at Reddall. And now there could be no mistake. Two of the men in the box were viewing Marston with steady intent. The three others had their gaze fixed on Killian.

"Get up!" shrilled Marston, his voice a scream with terror. "D'you want us to be shot?"

It was at the count of six that his dreaded manager's howl pierced the slowly lifting mists in Killian's brain, and it brought back memory. At the count of eight the groggy champion was lurching to his unsteady feet and falling into a life-saving clinch with the savage who rushed him the instant the referee's barring arm permitted. Cronin shook him off and sent him to earth with a second jaw hook, and this time Killian lay where he fell. At the count of five the gong saved him. Marston passed a wet hand over his own wetter brow and tried not to blubber.

Valiantly the handlers wrought over the stricken champion during the sixty seconds rest. And valiantly did youth and condition respond to the treatment. Killian was on his feet for the fourth round, his brain and body once more practically normal. But he and Marston alone knew how thoroughly he had recovered. To the casual spectator he was still in little better case than had been the limp body the seconds had dragged to its corner a minute earlier. For the first time in the fight Killian had begun to act.

He was lifted to his feet by the seconds, but he seemed scarce able to stand. He swayed from side to side like a sick elephant. His long arms hung almost nerveless at his sides. His shoulders were slumped. His head rolled weakly on a neck that seemed too boneless to support it. His jaw swung ajar. His eyes were bleared and vacant. By mere instinct, apparently, he lurched out of his corner to the ring's center, facing a homicidal wild beast who was dashing forward to destroy him. Sludge—a veteran in every ring trick—shouted:

"Look out for him! Maybe he ain't so dead as he looks!"

But the belated warning went unheard. With all the high conceit of his trade Young Cronin beheld the result of his own mighty prowess. He had bested the man who had sought to double-cross him. The championship lay within his grasp. The finishing blow alone was needed. A child surely could push over that tottering wreck! And Cronin, wide open, flung himself to the slaughter.

Then in the midst of his murderous rush Young Cronin dreamed a dream. This was odd, for his sleep usually was as blankly dreamless as a cow's. He dreamed he had mastered the art of swimming through the air and that it was a ludicrously easy thing to do. So he swam upward straight into a sky that was alive with shooting stars. Behind him on earth, as he dimly remembered, there had been a swayingly drunken figure which had straightened up with lightning swiftness as he had charged upon it, and which had assailed him with wildcat deadliness before he could block its attack. But that was before he had learned to swim upward through the air. No—through the water. There were gallons of water cascading over his face.

Cronin opened one eye to protest against this deluge. He opened it to see two bored men dumping another pailful of water on his upturned face. The ring was athrong with stamping and jostling people—all of them slapping Joe Killian on the back or pump-handling him.

And there was an unadvertised and laughable fight still going on in one corner of the inclosure, where Sludge had hurled himself bodily upon the palsied Marston and was pummeling him with ferocity.

"After all championship prize fights," the Sentinel's leading editorial concluded its half-column course next morning, "there are unsportsmanly claims of fake. But the editor of this paper strongly advises persons to make no such claim about yesterday's fight. It was strictly on the square and the best man won. The editor of this paper herewith and hereby gives his word of honor for that statement. And in Scorpion and its beautiful purlieus the word of honor of the editor of this paper has a way of being taken at par value. It was a square fight, we repeat, and the best man won.

"But the editor of this paper also wishes to reiterate the opinion, voiced earlier in this editorial, namely, that a championship prize fight does not add to the morale or the lasting prosperity and growth and well-being of the city in which it is held. Scorpion will do well to remember that for future reference.

"The fight was strictly fair, we repeat, but we feel we could not pledge as much for the next fight."

Autumn

OH, THE poplars burn gold in the sheen of the sun
And the little winds whisper and sing,
For a sprinkle of dew
As it catches the skies
Is a twinkle of blue—
And it matches her eyes!
Let the forests turn gold in the sheen of the sun,
In my heart it is spring, it is spring!

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

OLD TWELVE HUNDRED

(Continued from Page 23)

"She's the peach," he muttered succinctly, "and the cream!"

"Old Buke's nearly got your string loaded," said Bag.

"Near," said Church.

"Port Huron this aft?"

Church nodded—over a match and cigar. He pulled out a watch and Bag pulled out his own for comparison.

"That used to be the old man's, didn't it?"

Bag nodded.

"How'd you know?"

Church grinned noncommittally.

"Here's my old one. I haven't a young son-of-a-gun like you to give it to an' I couldn't give it to Stella—she'd snort, you know, at anything but little blue-enamel things as big as a bachelor button. But it's a good watch yet for any ordinary fellow. I kinda hated to turn it in on the new one."

He toppled it over on his palm, eying it reminiscently. There was a vein of sentiment running through the brown sandstone of the man.

"I got another one than this at home," said Bag, "but it ain't adjusted to five positions."

He spoke with austere disparagement.

"What's that?" one of the other boys asked.

Bag waved his curiosity aside as beneath notice. But Church genially explained the adjustments of a five-position watch, canting his old watch the while with infinite precise tilts.

"It's got to run perfectly in every one of those positions—uphill, downhill, underhill—so no damn conceivable angle or tangent will throw it off the true. Flipped like a dollar, cart-wheeling or swinging to hell in a hanging basket—it's got to run just so. And that's what your common watch won't do."

He looked at his old watch again with reminiscent favor. The posse stared with open-mouthed wonder and the darky boy, Yance, edged so close that his head hung right over Church's huge hand, his eyes rolling up awesomely into Church's face.

"Be careful, boy," the engineer grinned; "don't get too near the tender—you might get some black off on your face."

The posse burst into a shrill shout over this and clutched each other's shoulders in a seasick passion of merriment. Undoubtedly the great man had uttered this for their benefit. Yance himself was utterly charmed. The other boys turned toward Horsey—automatically, instinctively.

"Looka here!" shrilled Bill Menke. "Here's a fellah that washes his father's socks! Don't he look like he needed a washing?"

Church glanced at Horsey's dismal costume and shame-reddened face.

The other boys now joined the chorus:

"Yeah—we told him to burn 'em! What d'you think? He does their washing for him and his old man!"

"Aw, Horsey!"

"Yeh, Horsey, we're goin' to chaw beef on your old man's red underdrawers—you'll find 'em full of knots on the line!"

Having pitched on something to entertain the great man they worried it to a finish. Their clamor grew hysterical, maudlin! And Horsey stood in the spotlight of this ridiculous acclaim—red and white by turns, and sick at heart. He stood humiliated before Ted Church and the new and wonderful pal—Bag.

Church blew the ashes from his cigar and cleared his throat.

"You do the family washing, heh?" His gray eyes with chiseled white flecks seemed cutting deep into Horsey's mind. "Mother gone?"

Young McGraw nodded mutely.

Church continued to stare at him mesmerically a minute, and then added as if coming back from a long way off, "It ain't so good when the mother's gone." He threw his cigar aside so suddenly that two of the boys jumped.

A silence had come on the little circle.

"When I go out with my girl"—Church suddenly grinned, as at some old play joke—"I like to look real scrumptious. I kind of got a habit of buying silk shirts. I thought I could take 'em or leave 'em alone, but they seem to get you after a while—that's right. But for wear—nothing in 'em! They anyway aren't adjusted to the fifty bull-bent directions those steam mangles run to. If I could get some real country washing done on 'em an' some of my h things—not mentioning socks ——" H grinned warmly at Horsey, almost i somely it seemed to the boy, with some i rich and grand in that big hawk fac almost seemed as if he must have pra that smile on someone sweet and gen

"I could do 'em for you," Horsey himself muttering huskily.

"Would you kindly, boy?" Church face turned grave. "It'd be a real o tion to me. Mind you, I wouldn't tak hocus-pocus job on 'em. They'd ha be done smooth and right up."

"An' ironing, too, I could do."

"Oh, I forgot that—o' course. St have the laugh on me sure. Well, we' it a go then. You could get my thir old Tronjem's shanty on Tilly Street ing. You know Tron—the old frost? Fine old fellow! I'd leave 'em him."

When the signal came for 1200 to in and pick up its string of loaded Bag calmly beckoned Horsey.

"Want to ride in, Mac?"

Horsey was half stupefied and l to Church for confirmation. That worthy nodded briefly and Lawrence Graw found himself climbing the for like steps of the looming black broads old 1200. Bag mounted behind C and Horsey climbed to the green le cushion behind the fireman.

Before him loomed the great crown glistening with the sheen of dials, g and puttering valves. From this high it looked ten feet to the floor of the ca was the glistening immensity of the that struck Horsey, who had thoug cabin would be confined—the glitt and glooming immensity, and above a tremendous majesty of it.

He looked through the window far on the posse of boys, their faces splotches in the shadow which spread and dark to the rim of the glaring y pit. Out they drew—R-r-oum! B-r-r-R-r-oum! B-r-r-oum—a thunderou bration roaring through the walls monster road hog lifting Horsey's pri scalp with a sensation of wonder, fea delight unspeakable. Yes, and pride he was proud this day—a feeling long ing to his slack humbled nature.

They coupled onto the endless ribb gravel cars; and now with wheels spi and tearing sand, with Horsey helping every muscle, they slowly gathered and began drumming on the long ro Port Huron. Within twenty minutes, ever, they stopped at Sidney and H prepared to leave. The fireman had s open the fire door and handed the s to Bag, who filled it and made the lon man's sweep which carries the coals into the grate. Then the fireman w grin handed it to Horsey. He fille shovel, poised heavily on one foot, l the other foot swivel on its toe—n nothing had he coaled the church fu on cold winter mornings—and sho heavy shovelful, twice Bagley's rumbling onto the bars. It was a shot, better than he had hoped. W sense for effective exit he swung hur down the steps. But the fireman leane to tip a forefinger to his cap in the rai man's grave token of address. H touched his forehead—his lost hat w the red pond of the gravel pit, but wh that matter!

The water was gushing and snortin the tender. Church turned to him shoveling down in his corduroy p pulled out a dollar.

"Here's to bind that bargain about shirts and things."

Horsey hesitated, and plucking u courage, which was pitching down th him like a bucket in an old chain-pull "I'd like," he husked, "'stead of the m to work out that watch—your old on

A slow grin spread over Church's "You'd be better gettin' a new one."

"But"—Horsey's face fell—"but one," he mumbled, "because it's your

Even a grand seigneur of locomo may be touched by a hobbledehoy's worship. He drew out the watch, gl at it and handed it over.

"That's all right! I'll trust you. don't run right tell me—an' I'll see t it cleaned. Call it ten dollars, and i have to give it back before you've worl

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(Concluded from Page 86)

t I square you for what you've done,
e?–vhatever's coming to you."
Lavence slid it home into the pristine
tel ocket of his overalls and tried to
ak but found his throat too husky.
ur had turned to climb the steps and
ll Horsey failed to articulate his thanks.
tlosis awaited him. The big engineer
e with a smile on his bronze eagle
–alling into wrinkles that must have
e om smiling at someone gentle and
t yet a look withal that graced his
astere face. And then inspiration
me o Horsey. He raised his forefinger
his andy shock of hair in the railroad
an hail of greeting and farewell. And
d urch of 1200 returned it.
Baey whirled his arm over his head in
random gesture of good-by. The black
ons r snorted, pounded, strained, gained
ad y and thundered out of the shadow
the station and faced the road to Port
uro
As Horsey turned home his heart sank.
wa ll over. Maybe never again. Maybe
e vtch would have to be given back.
t r a little while at least—his hand
rea d the lump in his overalls pocket.
me w he felt that the worst punishment
co d expect would be more than com-
nsa d by such a sign and guerdon.
u strangely, the worst was hardly as
d : he had expected—a matter of a
ek duress and extra work. The business
a anging the washing required some
enga ement, but Horsey found himself
ua lo it. He sneaked home the basket,
nic had been left at old Tronjem's
ant, when he went for the afternoon
ail, nd coming home the back way he
d under the woodshed before present-
g haself in the house or at his father's
udy Later he brought it in when he did
e hme washing. His father, who gave
tle eed to these temporal processes so
ng s they were done regularly, didn't
sere the candy-striped shirts of fine
mbc and silk—gaudy wanton articles
nic Horsey pictured the engineer as
arig when he went queening his hotel
aid or waitress, Stella. A slippery,
mpious, sylphine name that reminded
orse of the ladies on perfumery and
ter-medicine calendars. He wondered
ch engineer did have one in every
wn It gave the great man an air of
ows and mystery; and yet something
Horsey's Scotch soul boggled over this.
me element of Puritanism in his callow
ul belled at the thought of his great
an enslaved and voluptuously indul-
nt-faugh! It somehow stuck in his
roa At other times—be it said—he
the slyly admired the man for being a
rt silk-shirted devil among the ladies.
ad terward was shocked to think such
ulc dery lurked in his heart.
Th day came when, his week's duress
er, he found time to hang round the
tetank, waiting for the boom-boom of
1200. He had harked each day for the
r simmer of its Crosby chimer and felt
s hurt grow big as he heard that mellow
uron ringing across the flatlands. At
ghthe had wakened to it and pictured
e engineer's head lurching into the purple
rk ast cities strange as Bagdad toward
rtsm the wing-spread lakes.

It was Saturday morning again. And
Horsey thought soberly of the change in
s h that one short week had worked.
Tom ow he felt himself of larger stature,
more confident, more worldly, more hope-
ful of himself.
Old 1200 drummed somberly in. Hor-
sey's heart raced with icy thrills. He
rmed a big head in the cab window and
ise a finger to his cap. A few moments
ad felt Church's hand on his shoulder.
Apparently the big man was impressed by some change in the boy's freckled high-boned Scotch face.

"You did a good job, son—a mighty good job. We'll check a dollar and a half off on that account. All right? Don't let me cheat you, y' know. And I hope," he grinned, "you haven't neglected the old man's socks."

Horsey shook his head, still sober.

"I put the shirts through two rinsings," he said.

"Well, I don' know about the rights of that, but I'll say they looked it. They did! It's a nightmare to get a man's hand in my business clean enough to suit a girl. And the wristbands show it if he don't—as well as her belt. One thing I liked, kid, was that you didn't act 'shamed to do the job. That's a mark of sand. Now I'm going to ask you fair if you'd mind doing some of Stella's things. Lace—you know—gets torn. These fluffy shirt waists the girls wear—Georgia crêpe—and that."

Horsey's face flushed crimson and he muttered something inaudible.

"There now!" Church declared. "Don't do it if you're 'fraid it'll get out and the boys have something on you! So far as that goes, I'd never let on a word—and you'd get your watch worked out that much quicker. Before it went kaflooey on you and showed me up for old Sol Slick! But just as you say."

And Horsey said he would, though half choking with a kind of repulsion and shame at being involved in the toilet processes of the sumptuous Stella. However, there were no feminine farradels in the basket left at Tron's shanty. Perhaps Church had realized his mistake. But when Horsey carried the things back to Tronjem's den Thursday night the old Norwegian said: "Tad Church he laft word you want to go to Port Huron Saturday you bay down by water tank."

Horsey ran home with head on fire. Port Huron with Ted Church—an incredible shining prospect! Was he to penetrate the towns as unreal as Bagdad that clustered the Huron peninsula? Unbelievable! His heart fell. It simply couldn't happen. It was a mere dream. He alternated between grandiose hopes and drab despairs—and lay awake half the night planning.

The day of chimera approached. A hundred times he resolved to say nothing to his father, but simply skip; and a hundred times changed his mind, determining to tell him bluntly and demand his permission. But, of course, he knew in the depths of his heart that he would never be equal to demanding anything of his father; knew that those hard gray eyes would plunge into him, shattering his resolution like a diamond drill.

The morning passed in aguelike spasms of chill dread and hopeful fever. As noon approached he secretly looked at his watch for the hundredth time, and suddenly gulped out: "Ted Church, th' engineer on 1200 promised—he ——"

"He what ——" demanded the elder McGraw.

"That I could go to Port Huron with him 's afternoon. Bag McIntyre goes with him sometimes."

"It's not necessary to argue the matter," his father gratuitously rejoined. "I've got something else for you to do this afternoon." A characteristic remark with the elder, who could always summon a job out of the nowhere into the here with the stern affectation of having long planned it. "I've been thinking of paying you for the work you do additional to your regular chores—you can add it to your bank account. How did this arrangement you speak of come about?"

"Why"—Horsey hesitated lugubriously, on the verge of tears—"that day I—I was down at the gravel pit. I got to know him."

"I thought as much," said his father. "I thought as much." He turned back after closing the matter to add: "And I want you to keep away from the depot and the tracks—they're a set of loose-living low-lived fellows."

"I—I don't care!" husked Horsey.

"What's that?" his father demanded. But Lawrence had sunk his head on his arms. In this security he slid out his watch secretly and looked at it. Without overt reasoning his mind automatically calculated the distance and sprinting time to the water tank. The seconds slid fast. The minutes dragged indifferently by. Horsey's heart whined with disappointment. Of course at the last minute he could break and run.

But something grotesque about this forbade him—just as his father's strictures of immorality undermined his confidence in Ted Church. He turned the watch over, caressing it with his blurred vision. Suddenly his whole being rose in challenge of that imputation against the big, winsome, smiling engineer. What did he care anyway? The big man had been kind to him.

The minutes were flying fast now. Soon the harping shimmer of sound would chime the mogul's approach.

It was intolerable that such a chance should slip by. He found himself on his feet, staggering toward his father with face burning and heart pounding. He had heard the belling murmur of old 1200 fast approaching. It was now or never—just as that morning when he had hopped the caboose with Bagley McIntyre.

"It's coming," he croaked. "I can't lose any more time! I've hung round long enough!" He met his father's stare of thunderous incredulity with growing courage. A little more sand on the track! "I've stood it all I'm going to—and when I get back, if you dare to do what you did that morning, I'll—by the Almighty —— I'm goin'! It's eleven-nineteen already!"

Glancing at his watch he sprang off the steps. He raced down Pickering Street, round the corner, and reached the tank just as 1200 scoured in with its yellow streamer of gravel cars.

Church greeted him, smiling, and before he could realize it all they were boom-booming across Tilly, Towne and Butler Streets. Horsey, riding on wave after wave of exultation, felt that his confidence in the great hawk head before him was well paid.

The crown sheet dazzled with its trembling gauges, gaskets and injectors. Boom—boom! Boom—boom! The town slid back like a magic carpet, while the great fortress of moving metal towered on past green and red signals and tiny track walkers and foot travelers.

"I expect Stella'll be waving at the next crossing," Church murmured with a friendly smile at Horsey. With genial nonchalance the boy pictured the opulent waitress at the crossing and got ready to touch his finger to the visor of his cap.

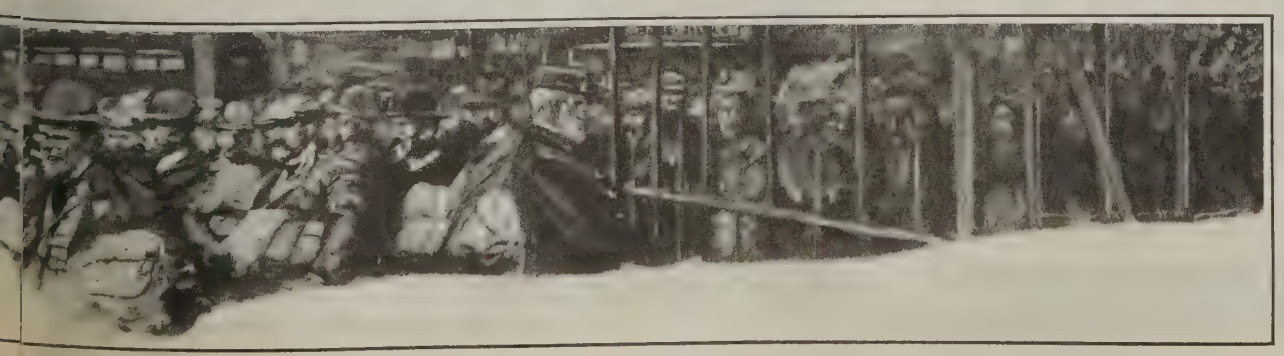
A waggish chuckle waxed in his throat. He had raised his finger halfway when the astral shape of the imagined waitress glimmered out into a little fourteen-year-old girl in a plaid poplin dress and white leghorn, waving a slim arm and calling silverly: "Good-by,dad! Hoo,hoo,good-by!"

Horsey tipped his finger gravely, and the name of Stella as if by magic lost its fulsome meaning and became silverly starlike—as its Latin coinage rightly intended.

Old 1200 scoured on. With the falling of evening would come mystery and the great purple lake. Huron!

Horsey began humming gruffly:

He mounted to the cabin
With the orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip
To that promised land.



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DAUGHTERS OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 25)

weighted down or overdressed. Physically she was the ideal sovereign, moving with majestic dignity or standing in statuesque pose among us. The beauty of her features and coloring was unmarred by the tragic expression which always lurked both in the large blue eyes and in the severe but well-drawn mouth. She rarely spoke, and always looked bored and intensely sad; but merely for its decorative quality her presence was beyond all praise; and one thinks of her as part of the historic tableaux now forever past and gone.

In their homes the Russian women seemed to me at their best. On country estates they led an active life, for the owner's wife always took charge of certain parts of the administration, besides attending to the vast household with its numerous departments—smoking the meats, conserving the vegetables and fruits and making the native wines being the least of these duties. The woman managed the hothouses, the vegetable, fruit and flower gardens, she attended to the barnyard, the dairy and the splendid poultry, and had the lace and carpet factories, the carpenter shops, and so on, under her complete control. Often when the husband did not care for farming or was engaged in some outside military or civil career his aristocratic lady even handled all the business of estates, and showed herself an expert in agriculture, the breeding of stock, and everything connected with running from fifty to a hundred thousand acres, upon the income of which whole families must live. All this was taken as a matter of course, and there was no fuss made over it, nor any looking for praise from outside.

The charities handled by our women, the industrial schools, and all the thousand and one occupations which came from the rescue of their people's needs kept these landowners immensely busy, yet I s know of any one of them who struck being rushed or too preoccupied to si for a friendly chat.

Those who did not read all the goo lications coming out in three or fo guages could be counted on one's finge everyone had as a matter of course re digested the classics of standard lit from many countries. I found th American writers were well known the most varied moderns—from Twain and Jack London to Henry J were digested and appreciated, remer and quoted. It is not surprisin women were attractive companions home life was delightful.

The mother was always the center home and spent much time in ap freedom, sitting behind her tea tabl ting; while with an air of its being at certain hours of each day husban dren and the intimate friends w grown into the household found tunities to bring to her their pr their troubles or their joys, certain pathy and understanding. One had ably a feeling of warmth and hosp however modest was the lodging, h simple the fare; and one wise old la me once gently: "I don't like it a because there no one has what we that is, time for friendship."

I fancied that my Slav compatriot love more and better and longer t other races of women, because th more time and had better learn science of life and the enjoyment o simple things. No other people w had ever seen gave their lives such

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch and His Wife

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(Continued from Page 90)

rich note of meaning or got so much out of it as did our upper class until the war.

Nowhere either have I observed women grow old with such smiling contentment. A clever Italian said once after he had spent a season in St. Petersburg, when I asked him what he had most liked:

"The old women, without a doubt; they are so comprehending and so fresh at heart. They mellow into age, like fine old wine, which gives one strength and courage to go on.

"There is no dryness, no bitterness; and they are so clever and so in the movement, and unaffectedly interested in everything. I find them quite adorable! No wonder they keep large groups of relations, friends and devoted servitors about them, whom they have gathered through long lives. They are your most wonderful feature, for it is not difficult to be attractive when one is young and beautiful; but to attract at sixty or seventy, and hold admiration without a sign of effort or of aid from dress—one cannot quite seize the art! It is an innate national trait, I believe."

Women's War Work

I found this so; and by degrees decided it was the sincere deep sympathy they had toward all humanity and all work and effort. They loved their neighbors as themselves and kept a ready hand outstretched; and they truly forgave others as they hoped to be forgiven what sins lay on their consciences. Not many these, and none which came from meanness. There seemed very little straining at life's harness, somehow. In Russia marriages of convenience were never much the fashion, so young couples started out with a fair chance for happiness at home; divorce was difficult and much frowned upon until the war, so if the hearth was unhappy the pair either tried to swallow their situation and make no moan or else one heard vaguely of romances which lasted through the years and turned with time into softened tender friendships. Sometimes I noticed, on the contrary, these ended in renunciation and a sacrifice to duties.

The light-headed and cold-hearted flirtations for amusement and from boredom, such as one sees almost universally in other gay societies, seemed almost totally lacking, or at any rate were rare exceptions. Though occasionally things went wrong I can think of no single case where deep sentiment and much suffering were lacking; and there always seemed a serious excuse for the lapses from law and convention. Strangely also, society was generally tolerant to such culprits as there were in its midst, and showed more sympathy than blame. Pity for the woman was expressed, and understanding help was ready, and was given invariably. This trait seemed to me one of the most soft and winning qualities to be found among my compatriots.

The war demolished the old severities completely and divorce became an easy thing, with the church's consent; but the high-bred group had largely scattered by that time, and what social units renaissant Russia will show or what will be her accepted standards it is difficult to surmise.

Our lower classes were always quite uneducated and had lived for generations in the dark, but there too the woman seemed at least to do her share in carrying the general burden. She kept her home and children, got on well habitually with the good-natured giant she married, and she worked hard under her mother-in-law's orders, in patriarchal fashion. Generally she obeyed both parents and husband, and loved and reared a large family, until she faded, very young, as the Orientals do. But she was a transformed creature if brought into a better atmosphere. Such girls as came into our household, as maids and nurses or in other positions for service, showed intelligence, devotion and touching gratitude. One wanted to give them aid, one felt, and not only to them but to all their kind. It was not possible for any small group, however, to bring about the immense changes in the laws that would have been necessary to develop our peasantry; so when we gave our village people our care, and work to do, or when we helped them through a bad year now and again, we had reached the limit of our possibilities. It was very striking to see them so grateful for such things as they received; and their unbelievable quickness to respond to any advantage offered was most winning.

When the war came, in one great wave the women rose to meet the situation. Without exception they gave their men, for the mobilization was general; fathers, sons, lovers, brothers, husbands—all were going, and yet the work of these men, whether in village or on estate, must go on or national production would come to a standstill and armies and population would both lack food. Every woman realized the government could supply nothing to our armies but the bare necessities of war. There were neither nurses nor doctors nor medicines nor Red Cross supplies of any kind; there were no warm clothes for the soldiers and refugees, no underclothes or overcoats, not even enough boots to go round among the troops. Misery and suffering beyond all calculation stared the people and the fighters in the face; and the powers above were swamped by demands they could not meet.

The women rose then to their full height and carried through individually and collectively real miracles of organization. No labor was too heavy, no strain too great. The lazy manner of old was replaced by one of suppressed fire, as brains and bodies which till then had known but pleasant things worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Everywhere there was rapid preparation, sudden efficiency. Within a month flying columns of first-aid units were on the firing line, while back of it at every château and in every city palace a hospital was improvised and offered gratis to the local administration, with volunteer nurses and doctors waiting in their places.

In St. Petersburg as in the country every motor was given and used in Red Cross work; and homes too small to use as storehouses or hospitals were turned into shops producing clothes and bandages. Sewn and knitted comfort lay piled up in every salon, rows of hospital beds and furniture stretched across ballrooms; sewing machines—whether one or fifty of them—hummed in every house. Conversation was reduced to the news, military and political, and to the discussion of ways and means to treat problems that cropped up. To face these was not easy, for there were few able to teach or lead. Almost no one knew anything; largely we had to feel our way, and it was hard to judge what thing was most needed when so much was being called for. All one had was given without counting and without stint; jewels were pawned to pay for Red Cross trains and other practical small things. Faces went white and strained; and the passion in the eyes, dormant of old, was all alight. It took the outward form of exalted sacrifice.

I read here once on a begging poster: "Give till it hurts!" and I thought of the Russian women and children in those early days of the great war—and for nearly three years afterward—when they gave and stinted and pared down their own lives but never seemed to feel it even, as time and money, hearts and souls, went into the great movement. In the largest houses meals were cut down to one dish or two; dresses were not renewed, and everyone walked in the snowy streets—those who before had owned rich motors. One sitting room was generally kept heated, and great reception halls became mere warehouses; or if all these were warm it was because the wounded and convalescent were living there. Everyone responded to the calls, to the extreme limit of his or her possibilities. Perhaps this great overstraining was one reason why, when deeper troubles came, the population was no longer able to hold out against them and broke down.

The war went on for weeks and months and years; some women physically suffered a collapse, others mentally or morally could not stand the strain, with the constant wear of work, the intense anxiety as to home conditions, and the agony of slow retreats and frightful losses at the Front. Yet most of these patriots went on mechanically with their duties, though their figures wore to shadows of what they had been before.

After about a year of war a new type of woman appeared among us: Amazons who did men's work in field and stable, f yard and street, and who did it well, ing men's wages easily. In the cou these developed rapidly and handled n duties never thought of before in connection; and the new phase pron much for the future of woman's pow the land. Many daughters of the soil soldiering early in the war, especially from our mountain districts who poss magnificent physiques. I was in the casus in the summer of 1916 and I f the small town where I spent two m had sent a contingent of fifty women t Front, who were fighting as volun while another unit equally large was paring to leave.

They usually engaged themselves as and often their sex was not recognized ing long service. One case like this can my notice, which seemed especially s ing. Several wounded soldiers fro single regiment were brought into a pital back of the firing line one day. A them a tall slim young chap was disco by nurses and doctors to be a wo Badly wounded she was, and her com whom the surgeon questioned se greatly surprised to learn the secret o sex, which she had guarded perfectly thr much hard fighting and life in camp the trenches. They said she had shown the least fatigue or the slig tremor of fear; had been always the to volunteer for any dangerous duty, was the fiercest warrior in the regi when the battle was on. They could h believe the news.

The Caucasian Woman's Sto

When she was well enough to speak self she told the head sister her s Young and strong, a Caucasian t woman, she had remained at home a and let her men go out to war. The mans had killed her father, her hus and her three brothers in the firs months. Then she felt she must kill mans to revenge her own family, wiped out; so she had gone to the n recruiting station, given a false n and as they were in a hurry draftin new men they made no physical e nation of anyone who looked as s as she. Also they accepted the tale she had lost her identification pass and she was given a soldier's without question. She went forwa the training station.

"After that it was smooth en sailing, for I had always handled a and could ride and walk and shoot i the best, and was used to our mountain life and camping. Only ter, I must get well now quickly, return to my duty to revenge my and shoot more of the enemy!"

There were a lot of such girls women in the ranks—sometimes t ing for revenge, sometimes follow husband or a lover. The general mony was to their splendid pluck endurance. I never heard any crit of their conduct; nor could fau found with the discipline they sh

Aside from these female soldiers were many women in more normal living constantly during three year on the firing line. Great ladies st with the troops and turned their hardened, blackened hands to chores; risking their lives daily to the wounded back toward home help. They established long lin motor cars, and were generally sup ing these machines from their purses. Aristocrats were ably seco by their sisters from every walk in as they all struggled shoulder to sho in the great cause. Ex-beauties o court and their own maids were we the same khaki, doing the same fin ing of mankind; and groups were tered up and down the Front, wher saw artists, workwomen, courte peasants or bourgeoises giving fai service in nurse's dress. They al without beds or sufficient food, and worked night and day to feed and c the soldiers before battles; and to ga transport and care for the wou afterward.

Hundreds of these sisters won m of St. George, and some had several cessive grades awarded them for repe services. One, the head of a f column, whom I had known well in rograd's gay days, as a fragile bel

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Princess Irina Alexandrovna and the Grand Duchess Marie Georgorovna

(Concluded from Page 92)

may a ball, seized an enemy's boat moored to riverbank and ferried it back and forth forwo long days and nights under the Germa fire, carrying provisions and munitions woig and the wounded on her return trips. nother Red Cross sister, who had been ttched for some time to a certain unit of ccos on the Polish Front, volunteered an went into battle with a company of infitry sent forward to capture some creches. The fight was especially deadly; evy officer in the small band was shot beire the last trench was reached. The sisr and her stretcher bearers, with the voig student doctor attached, had helped all hose they could. These officers had be stretched out, and when possible mae comfortable, but not one of them was ab to stand or to give orders; and still the remained that last trench to take. In he emergency this woman, seizing a sw'd, rushed to the head of the small waitinpand of soldiers and shouting the order to harge, with her veil and skirt flying shled the way!

f course every man followed her. With rmendous enthusiasm the trench was ca.ured, and the little Red Cross sister ha time to realize the victory was won bere she dropped dead, her heart pierced byt German bullet.

With deep reverence the men carried her bcy back to safety. Later she was given a ilitary funeral, and because she had already received the whole series of decoraties given to women she was now awarded a an's decoration for her man's work—the Ocers' Cross of the Order of St. George was la upon her coffin by the committee of that ore. I was told at the time her honors we unique; as much so as her actions w ch had merited them so well.

The Battalion of Death

Back of the lines all over Russia, each in hi quiet corner, women worked, and prayed, and worked again; and perhaps thir quiet patience and the way they faced th gathering difficulties through those hard months of 1914, 1915 and 1916 were no le brave than was the action of their siers who accompanied our armies.

was always hearing of their courage in the field and their power of making a litle go a long way to help the men; ab of the inspiration which the women gre. It was all the soldiers ever reived in the way of care and comfort, fc from first to last the government cold do nothing in this line at all. Tere was never even a question of mking trenches livable, or the possibty of giving proper uniforms; and of curse no one thought of offering a pleasu: or distraction to either the officers othe soldiers who for three long years stove to hold our frontiers in the comn cause. They had no vacations from t: firing line save ten days once in eh three months; and that was only tought of in the second year of war! A the money we women could scrape t:ether went for absolute necessities vich the authorities could not provide, ad the latter felt they had every reasn to be proud if they managed to sve munitions and black bread in sufficnt quantities to keep such huge armies s were needed on a battle line two tousand miles in length. The governrnt was not successful always in givi even so much to its sons, and misery vas always great. No wonder German lopaganda sowed its seeds on fertile ground!

When the revolution came every oman rejoiced; for high and low, in ch stratum of the nation, its daughtrs had been discouraged by the compete helplessness of the autocratic gime in facing war problems. To ery fireside the new theories therefore lought fresh hope and courage. Those rthest from the capital kept these ngest, but after the third or fourth onth of liberty had passed illusions ded out all over Russia. The women gan to wonder what their duties would in the conditions of growing disorder. me soon faced a business crisis, with e wrecking of homes, the arrest, mardom and murder of their sons, husnds, brothers and fathers, while they eard insults never ending addressed to l they held most dear.

Others faced the breaking up of their ar-work organizations. All saw their rtunes by degrees crumble, and the ancient frame of life blow down. Worn and weary, racked in soul and body, they watched the slow disintegration of our whole nation's fabric, through the German propaganda and the growing movement of Bolshevism. It was amazing how they stood the test and still braced against the fatal current. The women in the villages everywhere fought vodka and disorders, which gained ground in spite of them.

In the upper classes the women leaders of the revolution preached publicly true liberty and against blind tyranny with all their strength. The venerable Bréschkaia-Bréschkovsky forgot her age and her thirty years of prison and traveled about calling to arms in the crusade against anarchy. Then she went to live near Kérensky, doubtless to uphold the demagogue's failing will. Many other women worked and spoke, hoped and believed to the eleventh hour; loath to give up the fair ideals born of the revolution.

The action of Maria Batchkarova was perhaps the most marvelous of all. A peasant with a cruel life behind her, a soldier in the front ranks since the war began, she realized in the early months of the revolution how the monster anarchy was threatening Russia's safety and her honor. Without hesitation she acted; and by her own personal effort alone she created, drilled and conducted into battle that wonderful organization, the Women's Death Battalion. The members of it took an oath to save our national honor or to die. They made it their business to be such an example as men might well be proud to follow. To me this group collectively stands in our history on a par with that single heroine of France, Joan of Arc. They suffered for the lack of all material things, but never complained; they withstood the test of ridicule and all temptations, as they did also the taunts of prejudiced onlookers.

First they fought against the Germans at the Front, and were killed like flies because the regiments on each side broke and fled, leaving these women to face a bloody fate. Their ranks were reformed at once then, and companies were filled out with fresh volunteers. Again they threw themselves into the mêlée. Against terrific odds they stayed there, fighting, dying, till they were called away for a still rougher and more tragic duty. Kérensky, the people's idol once, could no longer, after October, 1917, trust his own guardians about the Winter Palace, so he ordered back the women from the battle front to protect him. And they did so most faithfully until the end.

The crash came, and the mob of Bolshevik soldiers attacked the palace of the ancient czars, become Kérensky's home and offices under the new régime. The troop of women stood their ground there firmly. Hour after hour, day after day through that time of chaos and of blood they defended the last citadel of law and order.

The fight continued till nearly all were sacrificed, and they were too few to cover more than one entrance to the great building. Long since, Kérensky the dictator had fled, leaving his defenders to their destiny, while the other ministers, braver than he, had remained only to be arrested in the council hall. Still Batchkarova's company rallied again and again. At last only a few women were left and they had nothing more to hold, for the mob had seized the palace's rear doors and entered it. So it was all over, and the Bolsheviki took over the government in triumph.

All the leaders of the first revolution have long been exiles abroad, begging allies for their assistance in the great cause of Russia's liberty; and waiting in patience for the rebirth of our land. Such women as were the *femmes des halles* in Paris or the Rosa Luxemburgs of Berlin are conspicuous by their absence in our country throughout the present reign of terror.

Undoubtedly, like others, Russian people have many faults, but throughout their history and as I have known them our women seem soft and gentle creatures, utterly feminine. Orient's heat and northern snows, the vague broad steppes and the closed-in forests, low Baltic marshes and high pinnacles of Caucasian rock—each is reflected in the woman Slav's greatest mystery, each has contributed something to her nature. When her present trials are over and she comes at last into her own it will be seen what late experiences have done to mold the riches of her nature. She has learned from suffering and sacrifice throughout the centuries, and yet has labored on and has accomplished much. How she will blossom out when at last the sunlight shines upon her is a question for the future to decide.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Dowager Empress of Russia

Amateur Stargazers

THERE appears to be no more fertile field in which amateurs may attain to distinction than that of astronomy. Hundreds of such amateurs are scattered all over the country and their contributions toward the advancement of their chosen science have done a vast deal in putting the United States in the very forefront of astronomy.

Some of these students of the heavens are rich men with costly telescopes and elaborate apparatus, but the great body of them are men in modest circumstances who earn their daily bread in other vocations. More than once European astronomers while visiting America have gone hundreds of miles out of their way to make the acquaintance of amateurs of international reputation. Usually their cab drivers instead of taking them to a modern, well-equipped observatory have deposited them in front of a dingy house in an obscure side street, and the visitors have learned to their dismay that their brother scientist was a bank clerk or school-teacher whose observatory was a pine shack on his roof top and whose telescope was a homemade affair of the crudest description.

And yet these are the very men who are continually telegraphing the great heavily endowed observatories giving the whereabouts of the comets and asteroids and what not that their own keen eyes have been the first to discover.

A case in point is furnished by the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, pastor of a church at Winchester, near Boston, who spent the month of August at South Hero, Vermont. Before leaving town for his summer holiday Doctor Metcalf packed in the clerical portmanteau his small but trusty telescope. South Hero, Vermont, had not previously been known as an astronomical center; but before the amateur from Winchester had been there many days he announced the discovery of a celestial body absolutely unmentioned in the latest editions of Who's Who in the Heavens.

The discovery of stars appears to require a peculiar knack, or faculty, just as some men can find Indian arrowheads in almost any plowed field and others never see them except in a glass case in a museum. At all events the astronomer of South Hero scarcely allowed time for his discovery to be telegraphed round the world before he made a second one, and again the name of his little Vermont village went humming over the cables.

Doctor Metcalf had previously discovered more than forty minor planets, three comets and several variable stars. When the weather is unfavorable for sky work he puts in his odd moments building telescopes. Every now and then some learned society sends him a medal in recognition of his remarkable work.

Doctor Metcalf does not pretend to have the business acumen of a certain German astronomer who discovered an uncatalogued asteroid and determined to turn his discovery to practical account. He advertised his asteroid in the European press and stated that whoever was first to send him a post-office order for $250 might have the honor of naming it.

Curiously enough the advertisement came under the eye of Baron Rothschild, who at once perceived that a morsel of immortality was to be had at a bargain. The gallant baron immediately sent his check for the amount named and directed that the new asteroid be named in honor of one of the ladies of his family.

Many clergymen have become amateur watchers of the skies. They say that after the writing and preaching of two sermons and raising enough money to put a new roof on the church and adjusting the differences between the soprano and the alto, the contemplation of the starry firmament and the vast interstellar spaces has an incredibly soothing effect upon overworked brains and frazzled nerves.

Large photograph: Showing a Goodyear Solid Tire after three years' service on a five-ton truck owned by City Fuel Company, Boston. Inset: Part of 12-truck fleet, entirely Goodyear-equipped, in Neponset Yard

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

WHEN AUGUST THE SECOND WAS APRIL THE FIRST

(Continued from Page 11)

for hours upon his veranda, the grave courtesy of the ceremony, in which a white man differently constituted might have taken joy, merely bored him unutterably. As for the native women, they had as little sex appeal for him as he had for them—which was saying a good deal now, because he was short and of a meager shape, and the love of the Polynesian girl for a little man was measureless. The girls of Good Friday Island called him by a name which sounded like "Pooh-pooh."

Among an English-speaking people it would have been a hard-enough lot to be pooh-poohed through life by every personable female one met. Here the coupled syllables carried an added sting of contemptuousness. In the language of the country they meant runty, mean-figured, undersized. A graceful girl, her naked limbs gleaming with coconut oil, a necklet of flowers about her throat and a hibiscus blossom pasted to her cheek like a beauty spot, meeting him in the road would give him a derisive smile over her shoulder and with the unconscious cruelty of primitive youth would softly puff out "Pooh-pooh" through her pursed lips as she passed him by. And it hurt. Certain of the white residents called him Pooh-pooh, too, which hurt him deeply.

Now he hated the whole thing—the dampness which mildewed his shoes and rusted out his nettings; the day heat which kept him bathed in clamminess; the pestiferous insects; the forest with its voices like sobbings and hammerings and demoniac chatterings; the food he had to eat; the company he had to keep; the chiefs who bowed him; the girls who derided him; the beachcombers who nauseated him; the white sands, the blue waters, the smells, the sounds, the routine of existence with one day precisely like another—the whole thing of it. We may picture him as a humid duck-legged little man, most terribly homesick, most tremendously lonely, most distressingly alien. We may go further and picture him as a sort of combination of Job with his afflictions, Robinson Crusoe with Caliban Friday to cheer him in his solitude, and Peter the Hermit with no dream of a crusade to uplift him. In these four years his hair had turned almost white, yet he was still under forty.

To all about him, white people and brown people alike, the coming of the steamer was an event of supremest importance. For the islanders it meant a short season of excitement, most agreeable to their natures. For the whites it meant a fleeting but none the less delectable contact with the world outside, with lands beyond, upon which all of them, for this reason or that, had turned their backs, and to which some of them dared never return.

In his case the world did not mean the world at large but merely the small circumscribed world of South New Medford, which was his world. To him South New Medford comprehended and summed up all that was really worth while. He welcomed the steamer not because it brought news of wars and rumors of wars nor tales of great events on this continent or in that archipelago, but because it brought to him a sheaf of letters, all addressed in the same prim handwriting and bearing the same postmark; and a sheaf of copies of the South New Medford Daily Republican. The letters he read at once greedily, but with the newspapers he had a different way. He shucked them out of their wrappers, arranged them in proper chronological order with those bearing the later dates at the bottom and those bearing the older dates upon the top of the heap, then stacked them on a shelf in his living room. And each morning he read a paper.

In the beginning of his sojourn on Good Friday Island he had made a grievous mistake. Following the arrival of the first steamer after he took over his duties as resident manager for the British Great Eastern he had indulged himself in a perfect orgy of reading. He had read all his Daily Republicans in two days' time, gorging himself on home news, on mention of familiar names and on visions of familiar scenes. Then had ensued sixty-odd days of emptiness until the steamer brought another batch of papers to him.

From that time on he read one paper a day and one only. Reading it he lived the life of the town and became one of its citizens; a sharer at long distance in its joys, its sorrows and its small thrills. But never now did he read more than one paper in a single day; the lesson of those two months had sunk in. No temptation, howsoever strong—the desire to know how the divorce trial of the H. K. Peabodys turned out, the itch of yearning to learn whether the body of the man found drowned in Exeter Pond was identified—proved potent enough to pull him away from his rule. That the news he read was anywhere from ten weeks to four months old when it reached him did not matter; in fact, he very soon forgot that such was the case. For two precious hours a day he was translated back to the day and date that the rumpled sheet in his hands carried on its first page. Afterward he reverted quite naturally and without conscious jar to the proper time of the year as advertised by the calendar.

His routine would be like this: He would rise early, before the heat of the day was upon Good Friday Island to make it steam and sweat and give off smells. He would shave himself and bathe and put on clean loose garments, all white except where the stains of the wild yellow berries had blotched them. His breakfast he prepared himself, afterward washing the dishes. Then he would light his pipe or his cigar and take from the shelf the uppermost copy of the pile of Daily Republicans there. With the love for tidiness and kemptness that was a part of him he would smooth out its creases, then sit down on his veranda to read it. Immediately he became detached from all his surroundings. By his concentration he was isolated from and insulated against all external influences. He was not in Good Friday Island then; he was in South New Medford.

Each morning he read his paper through from the top line of the first column of the first page to the bottom line of the last column of the fourth, or last, page. He read it all—news matter, local items, clippings, advertisements, want notices, church notices, lodge notices, patent insides of boiler plate, fashion department, household hints, farm hints, reprint, weddings, funerals and deaths; syndicate stuff, rural correspondence—no line of its contents did he skip. With his eyes shut he could put his finger upon those advertisements which ran without change and occupied set places on this page or that; such, for instance, as the two-column display of J. Wesley Paxon, Livery Barn, Horses Kept and Baited, Vehicles at All Hours, Funeral Attendance a Specialty; and the two-inch notice of the American Pantorium and Pressing Club, Membership $1.00 per Month, Garments Called For and Delivered, Phone No. 41, M. Pincus, Prop. He was like a miser with a loaf; no crumb, however tiny, got away from him. To him there was more of absorbing interest in the appearance of the seventeen-year locust in Chittenden County than in a Balkan outbreak; less of interest in the failing state of health of the Czar than in the prospects for the hay crop in the Otter Creek valley.

When he had read on through to the last ink-smudged line he would reread the accounts of those matters which particularly attracted him on their first reading. Then reluctantly and still in his state of absorption, he would put the paper aside and going inside to a small desk would write his daily chapter in a bulky letter, the whole to be posted on the next steamer day. It was characteristic of the man that in his letter writing he customarily dealt in comment upon the minor affairs of South New Medford as they had passed in review before him in the printed columns, rather than in observations regarding witnessed occurrences in Good Friday Island. This writing stunt done, his day was done. The rest was dullness. Unutterable, grinding dullness—the monotony of dealing out wares to customers, of keeping his accounts, of posting his records to date, of performing his domestic chores.

From this dullness, though, there was sometimes an escape. To relieve the monotony of his cheerless grind of duties and obligations there came to him visions. And these visions, we may be very sure, mainly were induced by what he had that day read and that day written. By virtue of a special conjury residing in these waking dreams of his, the little man peering nearsightedly at the shimmering white beach saw instead of a beach the first heavy fall of snow upon the withers of the Green Mountains; saw not unchanging stretches of sand but a blanket of purest fleece, frilled and flounced and scrolled after the drift wind had billowed it up in low places but otherwise smooth and fair except where it had been rutted by sleigh runners and packed by the snow-boltered hoofs of bay Dobbins and sorrel Dollies, the get of Morgan stock.

In the insane forest voices he heard the contented cacklings of fat hens scratching for provender beneath the gnarled limbs of ancient apple trees whose trunks all were so neatly whitewashed up to the lowermost boughs. Looking upon the settlement where he lived, set as it was like a white-and-green jewel in a ring of lush barbaric beauty, his fancy showed him the vista of a spinsterish-looking Main Street lined by dooryards having fences of pointed painted pickets, and behind the pickets peonies and hollyhocks encroaching upon prim flagged walks which led back to the white-paneled doors of small houses buried almost to their eaves in lilac bushes and golden glow.

(Concluded on Page 104)

A Roaring and a Crashing Filled His Ears. For This He Had Endured What Had Been Well-Nigh Unendurable—Loneliness, Homesickness, Isolation, Discomfort

Monito SOCKS

It would be evading the plain truth not to admit that there are several brands of fine socks other than MONITO which give unusually long wear. On the other hand it would be unduly modest not to assert that MONITO Socks possess perhaps far more style than is usual. And that their fit comes as a welcome surprise. As a pleasant means of introduction to the goodness of the MONITO family we recommend the purchase of Style 522—pure silk.

Moorhead Knitting Co., INC.

MAKERS OF MEN'S SOCKS
AND WOMEN'S STOCKINGS

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sales offices in the principal American Cities

NOT EVEN in America have men been able to equal the humble artistry of the little silk worms of China and Japan. Until something better is discovered Monito Silk Socks will continue to be made from the only real silk we know of—silk originated by silk worms. Mark the *natural* softness and lustre of such silk in your Monito Socks.

Monito
SOCKS

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M. K. Co. Inc.

(Concluded from Page 101)

The magic of it made all things to match in with the image: Thus, for example, the tall palms with their feather-duster tops, bending seaward, turned into broad elms standing in regular double rank, like Yankee militiamen on a muster day. And night times, when through his windows there came floating in the soft vowelsome voices of native fishermen paddling their canoes upon the lagoon and singing as they paddled, he felt himself translated many thousands of miles away to Wednesday evening prayer meeting in a squat, brick church with a wooden belfry rearing above its steep slated roof.

But in this last conjuring-up of a beloved scene there lay at the back of the trick more of reminiscence than imagination, since the airs the fishermen chanted were based, nearly all, upon Christian songs that the earlier missionaries had brought hither; the words might be Polynesian but the cadence that carried the words was likely to be the cadence of some pioneer hymnster.

And ever and always the vision had a certain delectable climax; a definite consummation most devoutly wished for. For its final upshot would be that Ethan Pratt would behold himself growing old in the peaceful, safe harbor of South New Medford, anchored fast by his heartstrings to a small white cottage, all furbished and plenished within, all flowers and shrubs roundabout, with a kitchen garden at its back, and on beyond an orchard of whitewashed trees where buff cochins clucked beneath the ripening fruit, and on beyond in turn a hay meadow stretching away toward rising foothills.

He saw himself working in the flowers and tilling the vegetable garden. He watched himself quitting this haven to walk a sedate way to worship of a Sunday morning. With his mind's eye he followed his own course in a buggy along a country road in the fall of the year when the maples had turned and the goldenrod spread its carpet of tawny glory across the fields. And invariably his companion in these simple homely comfortable employments was a little woman who wore gold-rimmed glasses and starchy print frocks.

Into the picture no third figure ever obtruded. With her alone he conceived of himself as walking side by side through all the remaining days of his life. For this mousy methodical little man had his great romance. Unsuspected and undetected, inside the commonplace cover of his body it burned with a clear and a steady flame. It had burned there, never flickering, never wavering, through all the days of his faring into far and foreign parts. Since childhood the two of them had been engaged. It was she who wrote him the letters that came, a fat sheaf of them, by every steamer; it was to her that he wrote in reply. It was for the sake of her and in the intention of making a home for her that through four years he had endured this imprisonment or this martyrdom or this whatever you may be pleased to call it, away off here on the opposite side of the world from her. She was saving and he was saving, both for a common purpose. Back here at home it cost her little to live, and out here it cost him less. In fact, it cost him almost nothing. Ninety per cent of his pay went into his share of the pool.

Within another year the requisite sum which this pair of canny prudent souls had set as their modest goal would be reached; and he then could bid an everlasting farewell to these hated islands and go sailing home—home to South New Medford and to Miss Hetty Stowe. And then she would surrender the place she had held for so long as the teacher of District School Number Four, to become Mrs. Ethan Allen Pratt, a wife honored, a helpmate well-beloved.

So to him the coming of the steamer meant more than an orgy of drunken beachcombers and a bustle of life and activity upon the beach; it meant more than a thin-strained taste of contact with a distant world of white men and white men's ways; meant more, even, than letters and papers. To him it was a renewal of the nearing prospect of an eternal departure out of these lands. By the steamer's movements he marked off into spaced intervals the remaining period of his exile; he thought of the passage of time not in terms of days or weeks but in terms of two-month stretches. Six visits more of the ship, or possibly seven, and this drear life would come to an end and another life, the one of his hopes and plans, would begin.

For its next time of coming the boat was due on or about August the first. She failed to come on the first, but on the second, early in the morning, she came nosing into the lagoon. In a canoe with a brown man to paddle him Pratt put off for her. He was alongside by the time her anchor chains had rattled out, and the skipper with his own hands passed down to him a mail bag. He brought it ashore and from it took out his packet of letters and his sheaf of Daily Republicans. These he carried to his quarters.

First he read the letters, finding them many fewer in number than was usual. By his private system of chronological accounting there should have been one letter for every day from the eighteenth of March well on into May. But here were but a scant dozen instead of the expected fifty-odd. On the other hand there seemed to be a fairly complete file of the papers, except that about ten or twelve of the earlier-dated numbers were missing. By some freakishness in the handling of the post at this port or that a batch of the older papers and a larger batch of the newer letters had failed of ultimate delivery to the steamer; so he figured it. This thing had happened before, causing a vexatious break in his routine. Plainly it had happened again. Well, away out here off the beat of travel such upsettings must be endured.

He arranged the papers upon their proper shelf and in their proper order; then, as was his wont, he turned to the letters and read them one by one. To another they might have seemed stiff and precise in their language; almost formal, faintly breathing as they did the restrained affections of a woman no longer young and coming of a breed of women who almost from the cradle are by precept and example taught how to cloak the deeper and the more constant emotions beneath the ice skim of a ladylike reserve. But they satisfied their reader; they were as they always had been and as they always would be. His only complaint, mentally registered, was that the last one should bear the date of March twenty-ninth.

Having read them all he filed them away in a safe place, then brought the topmost copy of his just-received file of newspapers out upon the veranda and sat himself down to read it.

The first column always contained local news. He read of the wand drill given by the graduating class of the South New Medford Girls' High School; of a demonstration of Wheat-Sweet Breakfast Food in the show window of Cody's drug store; of a fire from unknown causes in Lawyer Horace Bartlett's offices upstairs over G.A.R. Hall, damage eighty dollars; of the death of Aunt Priscilla Lyon, aged ninety-two; of a bouncing, ten-pound boy born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Purdy, mother and child doing well—all names familiar to him. He came to the department devoted to weddings. There was but one notice beneath the single-line head; it made a single paragraph.

He read it, and as he read the words of it burned into his brain like a fiery acid. He read it, and it ran like this:

"We are informed that a surprise marriage took place this morning at Rutland. In that city Miss Hetty Stowe, of near this place, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Mr. Gabriel Eno, of Vergennes. We did not get the name of the officiating minister. The bride is an estimable lady who for years past has taught District School Number Four in the county. We have not the pleasure of the happy bridegroom's acquaintance but assume he is in every way worthy of the lady he has won for a wife. Ye Editor extends congratulations to the happy pair and will print further details when secured."

He read it through again, to the last blurred word. And as he reread a roaring and a crashing filled his ears. It was the castle of his hopes crashing down in ruins. So this, then, was why the sequence of letters had been so abruptly broken off. She had lacked the courage to tell him of her faithlessness; she had chosen the course of silence, leaving him to learn of the treachery through other sources. It was cruelty piled upon cruelty compounded.

For such a sorry ending he had cut four years out of his life. For this reward of all his constancy he had endured what had been well-nigh unendurable—loneliness, homesickness, isolation, discomfort. For this he had kept his body clean and his soul clean where all about him was sloth and slackness. He thought backward upon that which he had undergone; he thought forward upon the dreary purposeless prospect that stretched unendingly before him. Never now could he bring himself to go back to the spot of his shattered dreams. And to him that was the one place in all the world worth going back to.

He put his face down upon his crossed arms, and presently there began to escape from him strangled sobs sounding most grotesquely like some strange mimicry of the name the native girls had for him—"Pooh-pooh, pooh-pooh, pooh-pooh," over and over again repeated. Beyond his doorstep the life of the station hummed and throbbed, quickened into joyous activity by the coming of the steamer. He was not conscious of it. That roaring still was in his ears.

Now between his racking sobs he began to pray aloud a broken prayer. He did not pray for divine forgiveness of the thing he meant to do. By the narrow tenets of his faith his soul, through the deliberate act of his hands, would go forth from the body, doomed to everlasting torment. It did not appear feasible to him that God might understand. The God he believed in was a stern God of punishments, sitting in strict judgment upon mortal transgressions. So he prayed not for mercy but for strength to carry him through that which faced him.

In a cupboard in the inner room was a single-barreled, muzzle-loading fowling piece made at Liège, in Belgium, many years before. His predecessor in the station had left it behind him and Pratt had succeeded to possession of it. He knew how to load and fire and clean it. Occasionally he had used it in shooting at wood pigeons. He went inside and took it from its place and charged it with black powder from an old-fashioned metal powder flask and with heavy shot from a worn shot pouch. For wadding he tore apart the front page of the uppermost copy of the pile of Daily Republicans lying upon t shelf where he had placed them less th half an hour before.

He rammed the charge home, with wa ding between powder and shot, with mo wadding on top of the shot. He withdr the ramrod and cast it aside; he broug the hammer back to full cock and fixed cap upon the nipple. He stood the g upright upon the floor and leaned forwa the muzzle against his upper chest, t stock braced against the edge of a crack the planking.

With the great toe of his bare right fo he pressed the trigger.

Two natives, passing, heard the boomi report and ran in to see what had caused They quickly ran out again and broug white men. After the body had be moved from where it had fallen but befo the scanty personal belongings of the de man had been sealed up and before t store had been put under lock and key, t white men made search about the pla for any farewell message, or lacking th any physical evidence that might furni a possible explanation for the cause of t suicide. They found neither message n clew. In searching about, one of them ca upon a tattered scrap of newspaper. burnt edges and its general singed con tion proved that it had been used for wa ding. The force of the discharge h blown it out, almost intact, to flutter into a corner.

Moved by a curiosity natural under t circumstances the finder deciphered t smudged and blackened reading that found upon the two surfaces of the fra ment. On one side appeared part of advertisement of a merchant tailor; on t other side he made out this, which he re with a casual interest only:

"The Editor regrets exceedingly that yesterday's issue he was victimized a imposed upon to the extent of printing erroneous and entirely incorrect item, f which mistake we now hasten to ma prompt correction and due amends. Son person unknown, taking advantage of t fact that yesterday was April the first, All Fools' Day, telephoned to our sanctu the information that Miss Hetty Stow the well-known teacher, of near here, h been married yesterday morning at Ru land to a Mr. Gabriel Eno, of Vergenn Accepting the report in good faith, th paper printed it in good faith, as an item news. We now learn that the entire sto was untrue, being, not to mince words, a manufactured out of the whole cloth. W learn that Miss Stowe knows the gent man whose name was given as bridegroo but very slightly, having met him but one as we are now reliably informed. In fa nothing could be farther from her though than marriage with the gentleman in que tion, he being considerably her junior years. The cruelty of the hoax thus pe petrated is increased by the fact that f the past several days Miss Stowe has be confined to the bed of illness, suffering fro a sudden and violent attack of fever, whi illness has naturally been enhanced by t embarrassing position in which she h been placed through the act of an anon mous practical joker. Such jokes are e tirely out of place and cannot be t strongly reprehended. In correcting th falsehood the Daily Republican wishes state that the perpetrator of the same deserving of severe ——"

Here the fragment was torn across.

To the tale there is no moral, unless it an indirect moral to be derived from co templation of a strange contradiction in o modern life, to wit: That practical bu glary is by law sternly discouraged and pra tical joking is not.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

(Continued from Page 16)

ley were afraid to make the attempt, but
ey would never say so.
"That's perfectly true," she said. "I
ven't a particle of fear myself, but I have
ply no curiosity about it."
She believed herself too. But I did not.
Now I am not brave. I have a sort of
ane curiosity about things that gets me
o a lot of difficult situations, from which
requently have to be extricated; a sur-
val of the instinct which made me in earlier
cys once make a pair of eyebrows out
tar—removed with a razor by an in-
iated family; or try an old-fashioned
h-wheeled bicycle and have to be su-
ed.
I am not only not brave; I am a craven
ward about a number of things. But I
obsessed with the desire to show other
ople I am not afraid. I don't fool my-
f for a moment, but I get away with it
w and then with other people. There-
e the more I fear a thing the more
ely I am to do it. And that is how I
me to fly. It happened like this: I had
n those aëroplanes a number of times.
ley stood right beside the road, three
them in a row—one red and two yel-
w ones. Early in the morning they
re taken out of their hangars and
lished and generally groomed, and as I
nt by I would see a group of young
iators laughing and smoking cigarettes
d apparently oblivious to the fact that
ey couldn't get life insurance at any
ice. They didn't look like men with
e foot in the grave.
The things obsessed me. They looked
ribly small. But every morning I
unted them, and there were still three.
d the aviators did not seem to diminish
numbers. Once I saw a pilot starting
t, and if he kissed anyone good-by I
d not notice it. He tucked a bathing
it into the machine, put on a helmet
d a pair of goggles, said he was going
the beach for a swim, and got in. I
s dazzled by his aplomb. I sat in the
curity of my automobile and faced the
cts. I was afraid to go up. I had done
good many rash things in my life, but I
s afraid. A good many people thought
was a brave woman, but they did not
ow that I was afraid of cows. To the
rld at large I was a dauntless woman,
ithout nerves.

In for a Flight

I would have to fly, not at once, but
metime. Next month. Or next year.
I remember coming home from the
rly months of the great war, with what
now the commonplace story of shells
d No Man's Land. Partly by accident,
rtly by not wanting to show the white
ather, I had had rather a thrilling
me. I had, before I went abroad, been
arning to drive a car. I hold the record
the only woman in my town who ever
ounted a curbstone in a machine, ran it
ong the pavement inside two trees and
telegraph post, and out again onto the
reet without mishap—but also without
tention. On my return, therefore, it be-
oved me to back that car out of the
arage, giving it a twist to avoid the flower
arden and another twist to avoid taking
f a fender. I waited until I was alone.
hen taking my courage in my hands I
pproached the monster. I was very un-
asy in my mind, but the gardener was
here, so I commenced operations with the
ang-froid of a woman who had been to
ar and had a reputation to uphold. I
arted the thing, gripped the wheel, went
nto reverse, let in the clutch and shot for-
ard as if I had been fired out of a gun.
smashed the gardener's potting bench, all
ne spring tomato plants, ruined a bicycle
nd narrowly escaped going through the
ear wall.
"Got into the wrong gear," I observed
o the gardener with a sickly smile. "All
ght now."
I then got into reverse, backed out,
rumpled a mud guard, took a six-inch
anel off the door and fetched up in a bed
f early peonies.
But I conquered that car in the end.
ow here was something else. Heavens,
fe was just one thing after another! By
he time I'd learned to like flying probably
arachuting would come in and we would
ave natty little parachute bags to carry
ound, and I would have to prove my
courage by slipping off into space to make an afternoon call. It is really a dreadful time in which to live.

The way that aviator went off to take a swim impressed me, however. I began to play with the thought of how I should look debonairly stepping into one of the death traps. I dramatized myself doing it with a sort of daredevil nonchalance. Hands in pockets I would saunter up to the thing, cast a professional eye over it, leap in and be gone. When I came down I would be met by a number of newspaper men, who would ask me if there was anything I was afraid to do; and if so, what?

However, I only dramatized myself getting in and getting out. In between was a dark gulf, a bottomless abyss, where my imagination scared like a frightened pup and crawled under the porch.

One day passing a shop in town I saw some leather aëroplane coats for women. They were selling aëroplane coats for women. Therefore other women flew. Was I going to let other women fly while I remained a craven, earth-rooted?

Yes, I was. I had a family. Not for my sake, but for the family's, I must relinquish the thought of adventure. The family was pretty tired of watching me prove to outsiders how brave I was. The family knew. They knew I turned on all the lights below before I went downstairs at night, and that I consider every cow in a field a steer until proved otherwise. I put it on the family for several days. I would probably be doing it yet, but one day I met a man who was a part owner of that aviation field and its deadly trio.

And he said: "You've done all sorts of things, so I suppose you've been up too?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't. It's odd, isn't it? I've had one or two arrangements made at various times, but something always happened."

I did not know about his owning stock in that company or I would have made a different reply. I might have mentioned heart trouble.

"Well!" he said, "we'll just fix that. How about going up to-morrow morning?"

I broke into a clammy sweat.

"Fine," I replied. "I'm perfectly mad to do it! At what time?"

Now I am going to say this about that man. He owned stock in the company, and he was a thoroughly nice person, but I learned later on that he had never been up himself. I got even with him. Before a large crowd on a Sunday afternoon I urged him to try it. And because he hated to seem afraid and didn't think of having a heart lesion, he had to do it. He said when he came down that it was the most wonderful experience of his life, but he hasn't been up since.

You see, there is no halfway about flying. Either you love it or you hate it.

I was awake very early the next morning. I wakened with a half-conscious sense of something wrong, and after a time I remembered. My riding clothes, neatly laid out on a chair, reminded me. Somewhere the wretched youth who was going to take me up was probably splashing in a shower bath and singing, and equally calm and cheerful mechanics were eating ham and eggs, preparatory to putting gas and oil into the aëroplane for what might be its last flight. I rang for coffee and lay back trying to remember exactly what the Secretary of War told me was the low percentage of casualties counted by flying hours.

But I had a moment of hope too. It was foggy. I considered that no aviator in his senses would go up in that fog. I lay back and read the morning paper. Half of the first column dealt with an aëroplane crash the day before.

When the Japanese boy brought in the coffee I said hopefully: "I'm afraid it's going to be a bad day."

He replied with the calmness of a people which commits hari-kari as complacently as we have our tonsils out. "It clear up all right," he said. "Fine day. Forgot spoon. Come back soon."

He then departed, and left the world to sadness and to me. Shortly after that the field called up and said the fog would lift soon and to come right along. We would hop off at nine o'clock.

PHOTO BY BLACK-D PHOTO SERVICE, LOS ANGELES

"This Smile is Pure Camouflage"

I dressed very carefully. If anything happened I felt it only due to my reputation to pass out with all my buttons on, and in my best silk stockings. I had a shampoo and a manicure. I meant to be a tidy corpse.

Everyone at the field was very cheery. They held out a little book for me to sign, however, exonerating them from all responsibility in case of trouble. They said it was a mere formality, because they had never had any trouble and didn't expect any. But as I now had an audience I signed it as casually as I would a club check.

Here is a curious thing about courage. It comes quite often by pretending one has it. It is a sort of acting in which one gets very thoroughly into the part. And the calmness of my pilot cheered me. He was a blithe young man who gave no evidence of having made his last will and testament. He did not seem to be saying farewell to life. He pointed out the fine lines of the machine and patted it a bit, as if he liked it.

"Fine little ship," he said. "Going to have a great ride. Mind the fog?"

"Not a bit," I observed in a brave loud voice.

"All right," he said. "Get in yourself—or need help?"

I was now smiling, but the smile was slightly set—see picture.

"No help, thank you."

Hopping Off

I then watched him get in and made an attempt to follow. But he was twenty-three and I am—see picture again. I needed help. Afterward I learned the trick of it, and I can now get in with quite a professional swing. I feel rather like Douglas Fairbanks when I do it. Indeed I do it so well—especially if there is a crowd round—that I quite give the impression, in case of the pilot swooning, of being able to crawl over and—you know: "The daring woman, seeing death below, crept forward, inch by inch, until the precious lever was within her grasp. With a quick jerk ——"

I was now in and tightly strapped. The pilot was saying "Contact" ever and anon, and somebody was cranking the propeller. There was a terrific noise and wind. We were moving. Farewell, earth. Farewell, sweet life. Farewell, family. Ah, if only they knew that while they still slept peacefully I was bound on this desperate enterprise!

Off the earth! Actually off the earth! Not very far off, but off. Heavens, will we miss those trees? We do. Well, this isn't so bad. One might live through it.

The pilot looks back at me and points a hand below; I am to look down. I don't want to look down. I might upset the thing. Anyhow, I can't turn my head. Every muscle is rigid. The pilot looks back again. Great Scott, why doesn't the boy watch where he is going? He points up this time. There is a hole in the clouds, and we are making for it, exactly like hitting a hole in shrubbery or a gate in a fence. I would rather look up than down, so I watch that.

That is enough of the present tense. It makes hard reading.

We struck the hole and went through. Another machine had followed us up. It contained a man with a camera, behind the pilot. And therewith hangs a tale.

I began to relax, bit by bit. The white ocean of clouds below shut off the earth, and I now released my frenzied grasp of the fuselage and found I could turn my head. I wasn't enjoying it yet but I was enduring it, and I was still alive. The other car was now very close, and the camera was focused on us! I waved to show how easy I felt, but cautiously, because I didn't want to overbalance anything.

Now one thing I had always known: So long as the engine runs one is safe. It is when it stops that one dies. I had therefore a vision of, the moment the roaring ceased, crashing to earth and being the aforesaid tidy remains. The engine stopped.

Farewell, clouds. Farewell, sweet life. Farewell ——

"Great up here, isn't it?" said the pilot.

Merciful powers! He had shut off the engine for a bit of conversation!

"Fine!" I said with stiff lips.

(Continued on Page 110)

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He started the engine again.

The other plane kept hanging round, for pictures. At times the wings almost touched. But I was growing calm. I had bethought me of the clever idea of writing a note or two while in the air, subsequently mailing them to admiring friends. I now did so, for my consummate desire to pose as calm under trying circumstances still obsessed me. I should like to see those notes sometime. Once at the Front in France I undertook to make a record of events during an air bombardment. I felt very cool, but the next day this is what I read:

"Town is now being bombarding by sixteen aëroplanes. Sixty sick bombs have already fallen."

The pilot shut off his engine again and turned. But by that time I was deaf with the altitude and the noise. I was enjoying it, so I nodded a vigorous "Yes."

What he really asked was if I would like to do some stunts!

When I realized it I was too late. He waved an arm to the camera man, and speeded up his engine, stopped it and—horrors, we were turning over! We turned clear over, and I said the shortest and briefest prayer of my life.

You would think that that was enough—but no, not at all. We turned entirely over the other way. Then for fear the camera man hadn't got it we did it again. Both ways. Then we did a few other trifles, such as a tail spin and so on. That pilot didn't have any inner ears to set spinning. He ate it up. His very back said: "Watch this!"

The camera man said later it made him dizzy to watch us. Well, he hadn't anything on me.

When we were level once more the pilot turned again.

"Want to do some more?" he asked.

Stunts in the Bean Field

I was doing some quick lip reading by that time, and I said "No." I said I had loved it, it was the greatest experience of my life. I didn't see how people got through life without it. But I wasn't any pig about it. I'd get along as it was. I'd manage somehow.

He seemed disappointed. He still had a few tricks up his sleeve, and he hated to waste a perfectly good camera man. But to be serious for a moment, air stunts, though alarming to the novice and spectacular to see, are surprisingly easy as to physical sensation. There is no sense of jerk or strain. The machine rolls over quietly and smoothly. One moment the earth is above instead of the sky, and that is all. But it is a strange moment.

After that cataclysm straight flying was so simple and felt so safe that I enjoyed it. The California summer landscape, brown meadows, with green oases where the faithful garden sprinkler had labored, the moving-picture studios, where during weekdays I was struggling to learn the technic of a new art, the palatial residences of those moving-picture actors who were later on to condescend to leave their happy homes for me and to spend a brief time daily trying to show in six reels what it had taken me a year to write—all these were below me.

I had looked up at those stars in their canvas firmament until my neck ached. Now I looked down.

PHOTO. BY BLACK-D PHOTO SERVICE, LOS ANGELES

"Off Guard. This is the Way I Really Felt"

But the pilot wasn't through. Dear me, no! We were now going to see how low we could go without hitting a fence. Until that time we had not seemed to be going fast, but now ——

Some time later after I had made a safe landing and gone back to the hotel, stopping ever and anon on the verandas to state modestly that I had been flying, the family came in from riding. I did not tell them at once. I waited, as a child will with a piece of candy. I felt patronizing, benevolent and slightly headachy.

"Well," they said, "d'you know what happened just now? We met a surveyor in the road, and what d'you think? A couple of darned fools in an aëroplane nearly took off his head in a bean field, and his horse ran away. He's still hunting it."

Never until now have I acknowledged my complicity.

The moment the novice gets his feet on solid earth he is willing to go up again. He feels so awfully safe then, and he forgets his fright, like a toothache. This condition lasts for about two hours. So it was that in that two hours I agreed to go up the next day. Overnight reflection rather altered this, but I had said I would. And I did.

It was at this time that I got in my revenge on the gentleman who owned stock in the company. It was a Sunday, and a large, interested but determinedly earth-bound crowd was on the field. Partly curiosity. Partly to see Charlie Chaplin go up.

Now Mr. Chaplin is a great artist—a real artist—and a charming young man. But he is about as fond of flying as he is of cholera morbus. He flies a great deal. But he is like all great artists, including myself! He has imagination. He likes it when he is up, but he hates the start. Or if he doesn't he pretends to. The crowd was divided between pride and anxiety when he got in. He is a sort of national good-cheer asset, and they didn't want to lose him.

PHOTO. BY BLACK-D PHOTO SERVICE, LOS ANGELES

"Even Charlie Chaplin's Million-Dollar Smile is Slightly Set"

In the accompanying picture we a sumably watching an aëroplane. The no aëroplane there. This reveals h camera lies. I have, for instance, a graph of myself and pilot in a ship, from above. I am industriously writ prove how calm I am. But the ship the ground and the photographer on ladder.

Mr. Chaplin went up, and the gent who had urged me to my first fligh still on the ground. Before the crow and there, I urged on him the beau the upper air, the sense of moving bird through the blue empyrean, and And the crowd waited and grinned.

His eyes took on a hunted look, last he said: "Oh, all right. Get helmet, somebody."

Another Invitation

He got in, after ferociously signi name in the antiresponsibility book before he moved off he said someth me.

"Look here," he said. "I've had a of wisdom teeth to be pulled for abo months. D'you mind taking me to th tist's to-morrow?"

I had by now got that swing of the leg which clears the back of the pi gives a truly professional touch. done stunts. I had nearly killed a sur and made a horse run away. What wa Had I had my last thrill? Was there ing further? There was.

About to leave the field I mention intention of motoring the next da miles to a more southern city.

"Motor?" they said. "Why don' fly down?"

Good heavens, were these people i able? Wasn't enough enough? But something entered my mind. By a distance flight I would have it all c certain member of my family who hac looped the loop. Besides, I was by time beginning to like flying. Also was a crowd round. Also I had tha culiar sense of safety that comes al flight, with one's feet planted solidly ground.

Of course I would do it. And I woul me one of those aëroplane coats in the window—instead of the coat belongi the large pilot with an eighteen neck had been wearing—and get some rea tures. I did not tion photograph course. I trust the field's put instinct. And right. They ha number of still tographers on th the next mor And a camera with a movie ca and I had the cc held up the fligh iron determin until I got that

I was prepar break the news gently to those j members of the ily who had West with me. to my surprise showed no an whatever.

They were, o contrary, ra peevish about i

"Do you me say," they exclai "that you are to fly there, an us go in a pok automobile?"

"Wh-what d mean?" I asked

Well, they w to fly too. wanted another Failing that would sit on wings. They'd on somehow. I balked. They young. They a their lives to liv had lived cons ably longer. Sh refer to the pi again? I wouldn it. But to this

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they have not quite forgiven me for the stiff ecks they got at the other end of the tigl watching for mother to shoot out of sna and land at their feet.

I as extremely calm that day. I sat all oing on the veranda of the hotel and id for the coat and listened to a charm- g oung man who had bought a ship of s vn and was learning to pilot it. He lone about the various ways of crashing d bout interesting things that had hap- nl to men he knew in aëroplanes. I o a look at myself at a quarter to twelve, and was wearing a sort of fixed grin, with my yes sunk deep in my head. I had by a time decided that the propeller would o bly drop off. It was the worst thing ld think of, so I fixed on that.

To ease my mind I ordered a luncheon to t loft. There was, I think, a sort of re- ct int admiration in the hotel clerk's eyes w I gave the order. I ordered plenty. ut forgot it entirely when the time came , and I finally went up with a sandwich a banana, the luncheon of one of the e anics at the field.

The head of my moving-picture company hacome to see me. He shook hands three tim with me and observed that I was a bra woman. I immediately became a bra woman and indicated that the whole thir was a mere bagatelle. Then I signed the book again, and some businesslike per- sonn the crowd asked if I had taken out an insurance lately, as some of the recent pol ies have an antiflying clause. I then dis vered that if this trip was successful it ould inaugurate a passenger-carrying sch lule. If?

Now I've undertaken to be honest. At the end of three or four hours in the air I looked at my watch. It had been seven minutes. I held like mad to my luncheon, because it might fall out and get caught in something and cause all sorts of damage. Just the sandwich slipped, and my heart almost stopped.

The propeller ahead obsessed me. Sup- pose it flew off! There were defects in steel every now and then. And how about catching fire? Hot gusts from the engine came back occasionally. Where was the gasoline tank? The pilot was in front of me and kept looking over the edge. Why? Was anything wrong?

No Place for Olive Stones

But after a half hour or so I began to relax. We were following the coast line, and I tried to find us on the map. The sun was hot and far below and very small our shadow moved over the landscape, up hill and down, across plowed fields and dry river beds. The coast line was brown, the sea were blue and outlined with white station- ary lines, which was the surf. The roar of the engine through the heavy helmet was soothing. The propeller seemed inclined to stay with us. My leaning over to look down did not seem to endanger our equilibrium. I felt hungry and a little drowsy.

Heavens, what was that? The ship shook, tilted one way and then the other, and dropped. It picked up, dropped again, trembled. Air holes. The pilot, whom I had suspected of napping, showed vigilance in the very back of his head. We rode through, and he turned round, smiled and pointed below. We were going over a range of bare precipitous hills and the air currents were uncertain.

I sat back again, and my mind wandered to those boys in France who had known this loneliness of the upper air and who had gone out like knights of old, to solitary combat. What did they think of as, with every cloud a possible lurking place for an enemy, they raced through those lonely spaces, eternally vigilant, eternally facing death? And I wonder- ded then, and I wonder now, as I look over this great country, if we are quite worth the sacrifices they made.

I looked below and tried to imagine that peaceful terrain crumbled with bombard- ment, traced with trenches, filthy, sodden with blood, and buried in it those blind heroic souls for whom the air man was the eyes; and again I wondered.

After a time, everything seeming calm and the pilot still unexcited, I decided to eat. There were two olives stuck in the top of the sandwich, and I began on them. Almost immediately I was faced with the problem of what to do with the pits. Throw them overboard? But what if they stuck in something? Wasn't even a small flying bird apt to wreak havoc with a propeller? And what if some law of suction, of which I knew nothing, drew them into the engine? I debated, but it was no time to take chances. I put them in my pocket.

Then I ate the banana, because I was tired of holding onto it. But here I faced the problem of garbage disposal. Suppose, for instance, that this thing became common, and aëroplanes overhead were as frequent as flivvers on a Sunday afternoon. And suppose they all took lunches and threw overboard the empty pop bottles and the tin cans and the wooden platters and a broken cup or two and emptied out the coffee grounds from above. No; I was a pioneer; I must set a good example. I put the banana skin in my pocket.

The remains of the sandwich, which was horrible, I held firmly to the end.

Towns Seen From the Air

Feeling by that time extremely profes- sional I decided to make a few notes on the landscape for Post readers. I wanted to work in a paragraph or two on the delight- ful aspect of things from above. But I discovered what every pilot knows—that the earth from above is, as to all points near enough for observation, a plane of two di- mensions only, length and width. The aëro- plane seemed to represent the only excursion into the third dimension. After a time one learns to see things beneath, but at first all the old standards fail. I don't know to this moment whether certain moving specks were cows or chickens, whether certain boats were gasoline launches or battleships. If I had been at the Front and seen a tank lumbering forward I would probably have thought it was a turtle.

Towns are hideous from the air. We shall have to have a new type of architecture if we are to impress the air tourist and induce him to come down and spend his money in our midst; and this must comprise decora- tive roofs. No one but Santa Claus ever enjoyed looking down into a chimney. And we shall have to change a lot of other things. Of course the limousine body to the aëro- plane will be used for going to dinners and balls, and for going to the theater on those occasions when we have evening clothes. But what about those nights when we de- cide to hop into the little open bus to fly to the movies or take in a vaudeville? The answer, so far as women are concerned, is either a total change in the present little bus—or breeches. As for hats—well, I look for an improvement in the present leather helmet. It would make a movie queen look plain. Perhaps something on the order of the boudoir cap, at present so popular for motoring with a certain fixed percentage of the population, will be adopted. It will have to have ear muffs, however, and the vogue for sewing false curls into the lace border should be abandoned.

This dress question is an important one. Even the small detail of the handkerchief should not be overlooked. An aviator showed me a natty little trick of tying mine by a corner to a buttonhole of my coat. This was splendid, as the handkerchief could not get away. It was, however, too small to reach my nose, and when I finally untied it it was whipped away. When I last saw it it was heading for the Hawaiian Islands, at an altitude of something over a mile. The aviation handkerchief of the fu- ture, then, will probably have a loop at one corner to hang it over a button, and a lead weight at another. It might also have the owner's name and address stamped on it, and a two-cent stamp for its return.

But the most fatal thing of all at the present time to the popularity of flying is its unsociability. The pilot may have the profile of a Greek god, but if every time he turns it to speak it is necessary to shut off the engine, and one's heart stops too, it is difficult to think of a witty response. And mostly he does not turn it. All one has for company is the upper two-thirds of the back of a leather helmet. As a match-making proposition the aëroplane is a failure. And as for descending to some flowery meadow and there saying all the things he has been thinking up while in the air, I can only say personally that after two hours of flying I was stone deaf, and I wouldn't have known whether he was telling me he adored me or was asking me if I wanted a drink of water.

I was quite deaf for some time. We landed at an army aviation field before a lot of ground mechanics and flyers, and if I ex- pected that the removal of my goggles and discovery of my sex was going to make any sensation I was disappointed. D'you think they ran up and shook me by the hand and observed that I was a brave woman?

They did not. A man in overalls came up and I gathered by lip reading and his gestures that we weren't wanted where we were, and to move on down the field and park somewhere else. No newspaper men, no excitement, no cameras. Was this thing to be lost to the world?

I went to the hotel in full aviation garb. Now usually at that hour the verandas of that hotel are thronged with people. There were two elderly men sitting there alone, and they didn't look up. The hotel clerk shook hands with me and asked me if I had had a pleasant trip. The last time I had entered that hotel I was in riding clothes, worn very thin in certain places, with a 30-30 rifle hung to me, a bad case of sun- burn from the Mexican sun, and a rolled- up deerskin under my arm. I hadn't shot the deer. This time I was in a complete department-store aëroplane outfit. D'you think he showed any surprise? He did not.

Two Great Uses

I am going in there sometime in a full diver's outfit, including the helmet, carry- ing a dead fish by the tail, to see if I can rouse him from his calm. But he will prob- ably only slap a key down on the desk and mention that there will be moving pictures in the ballroom at eight o'clock.

I have since those first days done con- siderable flying, and I realize that my early terrors were absurd. There is no danger about straight flying. It does not even give a sensation of danger, after the first strange- ness has worn off. But stunt flying is dif- ferent.

There are two kinds of motorists: There is the sort that considers thirty miles an hour fast enough, and likes to take the family out into the country on Sunday afternoons and fry some bacon and open a can of baked beans and cut a chocolate cake, and then jogs along home at the chil- dren's bedtime. And there is the sort that buys a car by the speedometer, and after getting it likes to step on the accelerator and see it travel. It is the difference be- tween transportation and sport.

The aëroplane likewise has two uses. Used as a means of getting from one place to another or for straight flying for pleasure it is, figures show, safer than earth-bound vehicles. It is the joy-rider, the stunt flyer, who meets mishap. There will be, I ven- ture to say, less and less stunt flying as time goes on. Almost all our aviators to-day are army-trained, and stunt flying was neces- sary as a part of their training. It was in- tended and it served to help them out of tight places in the war, and it taught them control of their machines.

A young man I know bought an aëro- plane the other day. He intends to use it to get to the railroad from his Arizona ranch.

"I hope," I said earnestly, in view of my recent experience, "that you don't intend to do any stunts with it."

"But of course I do," he replied. "It isn't any fun if you don't."

By "fun" he means looping the loop and the Immerman turn and the tail spin and the falling leaf, and a few other air acro- batics which leave the novice with a feeling that most of his important organs, such as liver and stomach, have deserted him and remained above in the ether.

Needed Improvements

Oh, flying is here all right. But it needs a lot of improvement. A muffler on the engine, for one thing, and a real windshield instead of ten inches of mica, which does not keep the wind off but does prevent the passenger from poking the back of the pilot's head with anything he has handy to ask if the engine is going all right.

I am, you understand, referring to the present type of aëroplanes being sold to the general public. I do not refer to those floating palaces with glass-inclosed bodies and patent cigarette lighters and a tele- phone to the pilot and a wireless to the earth and a set of bottles in a rack to use when one gets above the three-mile limit and prohibition.

It is here. And nowadays it is as safe, outside of stunt flying, as the automobile; safer, probably. But it went through its period of terrible danger. I look at the present-day ship, with its stability, its light reliable engine, its ability to glide to the ground right side up, in case of that engine's failing. And I remember the aëroplanes I saw in France in the early days of the great war, ships that aviators shudder to re- member.

And I wonder about those boys, over there and here, who went up alone for their first solo flights. They put a brave face on it. They went up smiling. They were eager to prove to themselves and to the men below the stuff that was in them. But I wonder if a good many of them did not feel, hidden deep in their boyish souls, that they would come down right or they wouldn't; and if there was not, never to be revealed afterward, a moment of panic somewhere in those lonely blue reaches above the clouds. How about the first loop the loop, alone? Some of the school planes were frankly un- reliable. Every field had its crashes. Did any memory of them flash through his mind?

We shall never know. He will never tell us. When he came down he unhooked the belt, got out, and merely observed prob- ably that everything was all right, and was chow ready. Then he lighted a cigarette and went in search of food, being very care- ful not to strut on the way.

But he had it, I think—that moment of panic. Just the first time he looped the loop. He had it surely if he had imagina- tion, that mingled blessing and curse of the adventurous.

I had it, and I didn't have to keep my head. I didn't, as a matter of fact. Yet I was in the care of a pilot who turned over in the air as casually as turning over in bed. A cool young pilot, with a wife and baby somewhere below, and every intention of getting home by lunch time.

Yes, flying is here. Stop in and buy your aëroplane coat. Tie your handkerchief to your buttonhole, take a last look at the good old solid old earth, wave your hand to show how happy and care-free you are—and go up.

The Car of Tomorrow —what will it weigh?

If there is anything about the coming car that is certain, it is this—that it will be built to new light-weight standards, stripped of every excess pound, freed of every hampering ounce.

Some leading automotive engineers put the weight of the car of the near future at not over one thousand pounds, others at fifteen hundred. Whether these figures be high or low, it is unquestionable that weight-economy is one of the outstanding aims of the far-seeing automobile builder today.

Why? Because weight that is not useful is worse than useless, a drag upon the engine—a tax on gasoline and tires—a foe to long life—

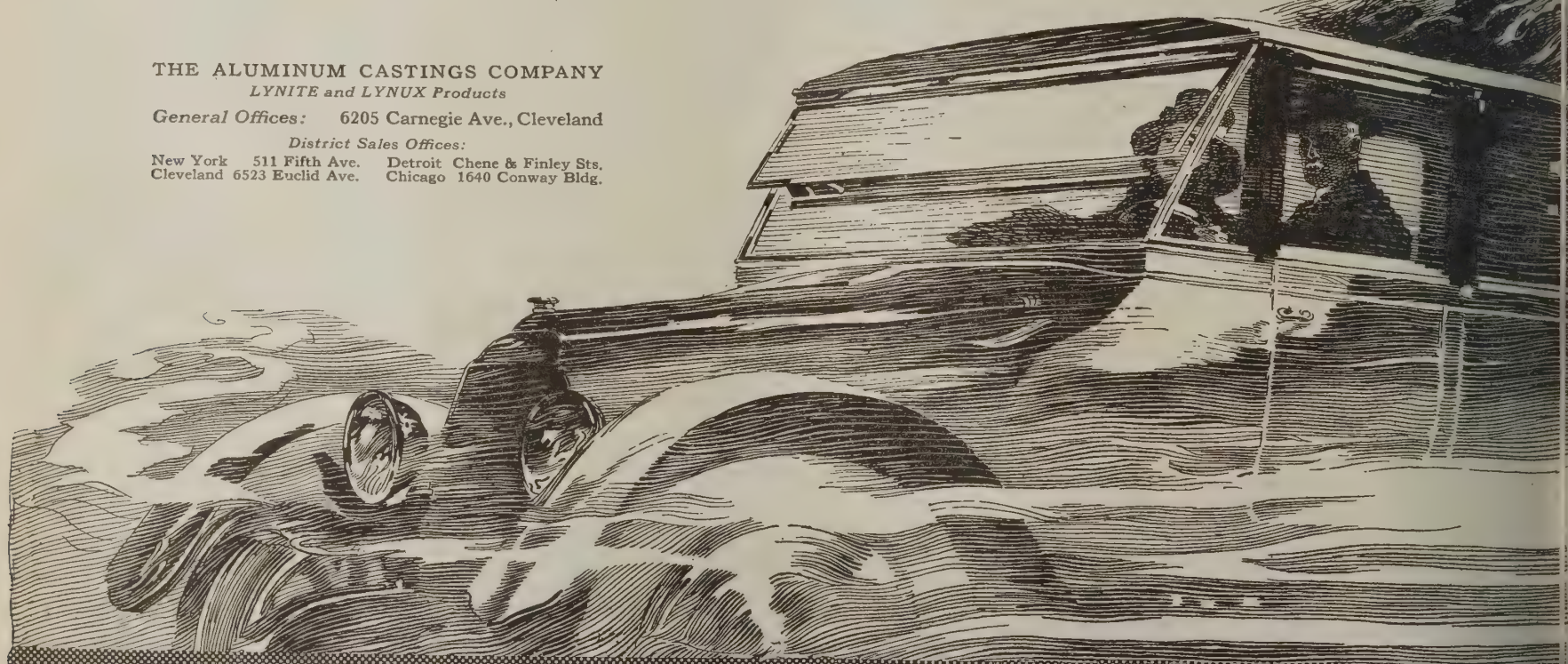
Because better cars with lower cost of upkeep and longer life mean many more owners.

Because *Lynite* now provides the means to build such cars, while for the automobile of tomorrow, *Lynite* Laboratories promise many new and important achievements.

The car manufacturer knows that motorists will not continue to haul three pounds of cast-iron when one of *Lynite* would suffice, nor to pay the freight on all the surplus weight it takes to support and balance heavy iron parts.

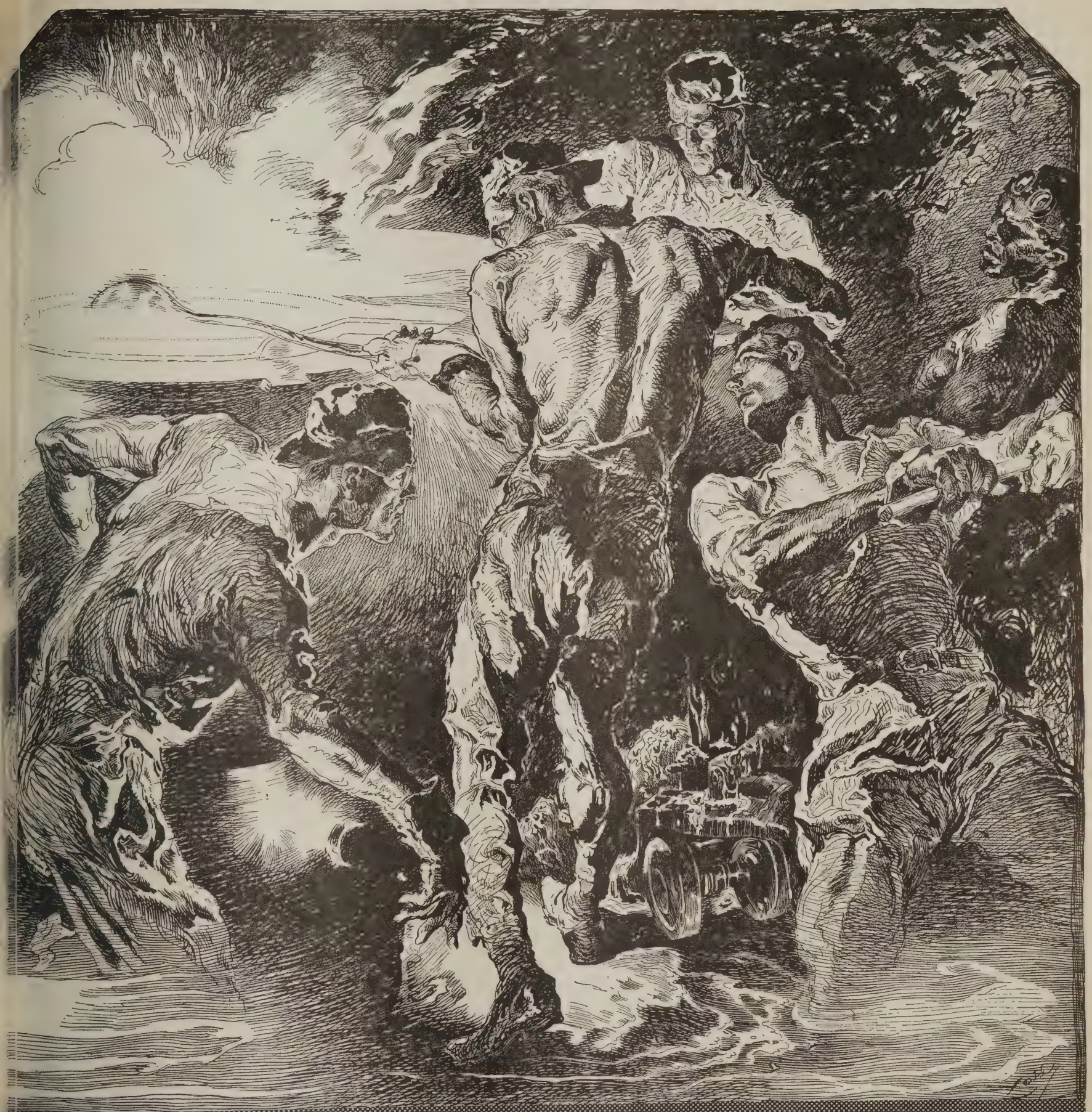
How well he appreciates this is indicated by the fact that already it requires eleven plants to supply the millions of pounds of *Lynite* which today go into the making of more than seventy different parts for cars and trucks—and the use of *Lynite* is only well begun.

The development of a new *Lynite* alloy which effects important savings in weight below the springs—in axle housings, differential carriers and other parts—is an example of what is to be expected as *Lynite* scientists and foundry experts pursue their researches to the end that the car of tomorrow shall carry not a single pound without a purpose.



THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY
LYNITE and LYNUX Products
General Offices: 6205 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland
District Sales Offices:
New York 511 Fifth Ave. Detroit Chene & Finley Sts.
Cleveland 6523 Euclid Ave. Chicago 1640 Conway Bldg.

LYNITE



LYNITE

MRS. FIFTY-FIFTY

(Continued from Page 7)

strangely, did not seem in the least to have affected her appetite.

At half past nine Nelly rose. A half hour later she was downstairs, fully dressed, her manner, for once, briskly businesslike. Hannah emerging from the pantry found her mistress in the dining room down on her hands and knees peering under the sideboard.

"Get a broom, Hannah," directed Nelly. "Sweep under here, and under the china closet also. When you've finished that go into the parlor and sweep under the cabinet, the piano and the bookcase. After that dust off everything in sight; and if you dust it so I can't find any dust when I get back I'll raise your wages this month. I'm going out now, and when two scrubwomen get here you set them to work scrubbing the woodwork upstairs, after which they can polish the hardwood floors. There'll be a man, besides, to beat all the rugs; let him start on the dining room first, then take the parlor rugs. And, Hannah, if you can get your sister here by this afternoon I'll start her at the same wages I pay you. Use our telephone; you can charge the call to me. And let those scrubwomen, when they come, begin on Mr. Dunbar's room; and when they've finished with that they can take his sitting room next. You needn't bother about my bedroom; I've put that in order myself. But if you find time I wish you'd tidy up my bureau drawers; those as well as the drawers in the clothes closet. That's all, Hannah. I'm going now, but I'll try to get back by four or five this afternoon. Don't forget now—you and the scrubwomen begin on Mr. Dunbar's bedroom and sitting room first of all!"

The maid had no chance to reply. The next instant her mistress was out the front door, hurrying down the street.

It would have been curious, that day, to have followed Nelly Dunbar in her peregrinations. Her first stop was at the local bank, where she and Dunbar had a joint account. Pausing at the window marked "A to F Accounts" she inquired the amount of the Dunbar balance. It proved to be quite substantial, several thousands of dollars, in fact; and going to a desk Nelly wrote out a counter check. This in hand she went to the rear of the bank, where the bank officials had their offices.

"Is Mr. Reynolds busy?" she inquired.

Mr. Reynolds was the president. He was not so busy that he couldn't see Mrs. Dunbar; she and Dunbar were among the bank's heaviest depositors; and he came out instantly, smiling and deferent.

"If you please," said Nelly, "could you give me the address of some good broker in the city? A Wall Street broker?"

"Making a little investment?" inquired the president pleasantly.

"I wish to open an account," she replied.

The president looked at her abruptly over his glasses. Then he murmured, "H'm!" However, it was not his business to inquire into a client's affairs; the chief difficulty was to name a broker who would take a woman's account. First-class houses usually have a prejudice against such business; but after talking it over with the cashier Mr. Reynolds gave Nelly the required information. The brokerage house of Rooker, Burke & Co., New Street, kept an uptown office where they made a specialty of women's accounts.

After thanking him Nelly handed the president the check she'd drawn. "I'd like to have this check certified," she remarked with a brisk confidence curious in a woman who knew nothing of business details.

The president himself attended to the certification. It gave him the opportunity, for one thing, to learn just how much of a balance the Dunbars would have left once the check had been deducted. Nelly, it appeared, had put a dent in the account. She had drawn out all but two hundred and fifty dollars.

While the president was certifying the check she consulted a time-table in her pocket. Riverdale boasted frequent trains to the city; and having assured herself of the trains available she replaced the time-table in her hand bag, then thanked the president for his courtesy. Taking the check she left the bank and again hurried up the street.

In spite, however, of her interest in the trains bound cityward Nelly did not make her way to the railroad station. A few minutes later, hastening along a thoroughfare lined with tree-shaded lawns, she turned in at a house set back from the street.

The house was one of the largest, the most pretentious in Riverdale. A wide expanse of lawn fronted it. At the center of the lawn was a large copper beech that glinted metallically in the heat of the summer sunshine; and round its base was a large luxurious bed of pansies, geraniums and marigolds intermixed. On the porch stood a number of cactus plants and rubber trees in tubs; but aside from this array of exotic floral species what would have been observed was the order and immaculate spotlessness of the surroundings.

The veranda had been scrubbed till it shone. Each chair stood with its back to the wall in what inevitably must have been its ordained particular position. Each cushion had been laid precisely in its place. A shop's show window in fact could not by design have been arranged in more meticulous order.

Nelly, however, gave it hardly a glance. Her air anxious, she twitched the shiny polished bell pull.

A maid presently appeared.

"Is your mistress at home?" inquired the visitor.

The mistress was, and Nelly was ushered into the drawing-room. The shades were drawn, the room was vague in its dustless dimness; and seating herself she peered through the gloom, absorbed in the surroundings. At it was on the porch, so it was in the drawing-room. Each chair, each table, lounge and stand stood as precisely placed as an elder at a church meeting. There were the ornaments too; they had been spaced as regularly on the mantel, the tables and the stands as if set there by a surveying squad.

"Heavens above!" murmured Nelly, though not impiously.

Then hastily she rose from the swollen upholstery on whose edge she had perched, waiting to greet the woman she had come to see.

"Well, my dear," cried Nelly gayly, "here I am!"

Mrs. Fawcett was perturbed. She had just been dusting her husband's sitting room, being unwilling to trust the task to any servant; and as she was still decked in a Canton-flannel wrapper, just as she had breakfasted; and as she had a pair of old gloves on her hands and her hair tied up in a towel, she sought to utter an apology.

Nelly didn't wait to hear it.

"I've taken you at your word, you see," she chattered eagerly. "I've come to learn how you keep house so wonderfully! Then I want you to show me too all your pretty dresses; you know you offered last night to let me look at them. My husband is just crazy about your clothes, my dear; the garnet silk with the cut beads especially! Shall we go up now, and see them all?"

Mrs. Fawcett was left little choice. Ere she knew it she found herself half led, half pushed up the stairs into the hallowed upper precincts of what she would have called "the home." What is more, nearly a full hour of her valuable time had passed before she could rid herself of the unexpected visitor and resume once more her happy morning routine of dusting, sweeping, scrubbing.

As the door, however, closed and Mrs. Fawcett found herself alone she might have been astonished had she been in earshot of the departing caller. Again Nelly gave vent to an exclamation. Again, too, it was curious, the exclamation was that same not impious expletive she had let fall before.

"Heavens above!" uttered Nelly with sincerity.

Then glancing at her watch she hurried faster. It was toward the station she hastened now.

To those who have never indulged in it Wall Street trading—call it that—must seem a lamentably dull, dismal occupation. Outwardly it lacks any semblance of interest.

Those who trade either buy or sell the securities they trade in. If they buy it means literally they bet the price will go up. If they sell it means, conversely, they bet the price will go down. In short, success depends largely on the trader's ability to guess which way the stock will go.

Simple as it sounds, though, very few win at the game. Though a stock can move only two ways—up or down—few win even half the time. The few who ever win are those equipped with inside information. This means, in so many words, they are in the confidence of those who dictate whether a stock shall go up or go down.

Fawcett no doubt had this information. At any rate Dunbar's friend had been dealing for years in brokerage shops. He seemed also to have some vague connection with the same shop. What it was Fawcett had not mentioned to Dunbar; nor Dunbar heard of it. However, it was the fact that Fawcett had dealt so many years in the market that impressed his new associate. Without inside information few last long in Wall Street.

The first day's venture went far to confirm Dunbar's confidence. Rocket that afternoon closed ¾ above the opening. The turn netted the two nearly $150 profits for the day; and at Fawcett's suggestion they converted the profits into additional stock. Then at Fawcett's further suggestion they went to a place up the street to talk it over. It was late that evening—much later, in fact, than usual—when Dunbar got home.

Late as he was, though, Nelly had beaten him in by a very narrow margin. Hurrying from room to room she barely had time to see what the two scrubwomen and the rug man had done in her absence before she heard her husband's key in the latch. Without going to greet him, though, as had been her habit, she flitted hastily up the stairs to her room; then she locked the door behind her.

The bed was piled high with paper parcels and pasteboard boxes. Helter-skelter, in her usual haphazard way, she flung these into her closet. She was still at it when she heard her husband at the door.

"In just a minute, Walter!" she called.

His footfalls she heard retreating; and a moment later she had disposed of the last of the parcels. When this was done Nelly stole to the door and laying an ear against the panel stood there for a moment intently listening. Then, as if satisfied no one was outside, she snatched up a workbasket from a table near the window and hurried to her bed. There, hurriedly, she stripped the coverings from one side of the mattress.

It would have been curious to anyone who had seen her. Once she had laid the ticking bare, with scissors she ripped the ticking along a seam. This accomplished, Nelly darted toward her dressing table.

Her hat and her light summer jacket she already had removed; now with the same feverish activity she began stripping off her waist. A moment later she stood before the glass, her arms and shoulders bare, gleaming in their girlish prettiness.

Protruding from her corsets was a packet. Its dimensions were by no means small, and it must have been with difficulty she had inserted it there. However, returning to the bed Nelly perched herself on its edge and hurriedly stripped the paper wrappings from the packet.

It was filled with stiff crinkly papers. The papers were bonds, securities; and there were dozens of them. They were of all sorts too—rails, industrials, Governments—the variety ranging in denomination from bonds of $50 to some of $1000.

How Nelly was in possession of so much wealth is explicable. A full twenty-five per cent of all Dunbar made she had ruled they must convert into savings. It is curious perhaps that being so ignorant of business she had been intrusted with its keeping; but such had been the case. This was in fact the major part of their savings, Dunbar retaining the remainder as working capital.

So far so good; but what Nelly now was doing with that wealth is not so easily explained. Heretofore it had lain in a safe-deposit vault in the city. Perhaps that had been the object of her visit to town—to get possession of the bonds. But why she had wished possession of them; why, too, she was now secreting them in the mattress of her bed, had yet to be made clear. Another thing—if Nelly had become suddenly metamorphosed into a squirrel or a jackdaw, bent on hiding whatever she could get, what had become of the certified check she had taken to town that morning? It was not visible among the papers.

You may guess as you please about it. So far Nelly had taken no one into her confidence.

Stuffing the bonds inside the mattress she sewed the rent together, remade the bed, then hurriedly dressed herself tripped down the stairs to dinner.

"Hello!" Dunbar cried.

Nelly, her air radiant, had decked he in a dress that gave her the look of a just out of her teens.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "That dres yours is a wonder!"

"This old rag?" she laughed.

Dunbar protested she never had lo prettier, and Nelly laughed again.

"You wait, Walter. I'll show you s thing in a day or so!" She didn't say she meant to show him; but going ov Dunbar she nestled closely to him.

"I'm sorry, Walter, about this morr To-morrow I'll have the house fixed the way you like it."

"It's all right now," he protested. had in fact congratulated himself on result of his morning's effort. "To-n it's fine! Just the way I've always liked

She shook her head energetically.

"No, it isn't, dear! I did only wh could to-day. This morning, thoug spent an hour with Mrs. Fawcett; and morrow she's coming in to help me put whole place to rights. Then it'll be just way you want it!"

A light dawned on Dunbar. As he himself he had Mrs. Fawcett to thank this surprising reform in Nelly.

The dinner too was unusually g Nelly's table, in spite of her domestic sl ness otherwise, always had been excell to-night it was exceptional. Hann sister, summoned in haste, had arrived times; so that now with her labors li ened Hannah was able to give time attention to the task of serving the re Dunbar was still more grateful to Fawcett.

Nelly gave a little laugh, its note de catory.

"Gracious! This isn't the way Mrs. F cett serves dinner! She's going to show that too," she said; and Dunbar nodde approval. He suggested that they have Fawcetts dine with them soon.

Nelly had already thought of that. P ably she would have the house in orde Saturday, so she had invited the Fawc for that evening.

The topic was dropped then. It was referred to again until they were abou rise from the table.

"How did you and Fawcett get on day?" asked Nelly.

She smiled brightly as she spoke, nothing in her voice or manner eviden in the least her former unreasoning dis of the man. Again Dunbar congratul himself on the success of the morning's t

"We did splendidly," he replied.

Having cleared $150 for the day t were now carrying 300 shares of Roc and Fawcett had suggested they sho take on 200 more.

"Are you buying or selling?" inqui Nelly.

"Buying of course," he replied, his t indulgent. Had she known anything ab business matters, Wall Street matters pecially, she would have divined that course.

"Will you have some more coffee?" asked.

Dunbar took another cup. Afterward lit a cigar and lounged into the living ro where he ensconced himself behind an ning paper. The paper he opened at financial page; and ere he had finished room was blue with smoke, the floor c ered with ashes.

Nelly had gone upstairs. She had so sewing to do, she said. At eleven o'clo however, she came down to say good nig As Mrs. Fawcett was coming early to h put the house in order she was going to b

At the door she paused momentarily.

"Mrs. Fawcett is awfully nice, Walt so friendly, so appreciative. They deeply in debt, I understand; and sh quite grateful for the money they've l from you already."

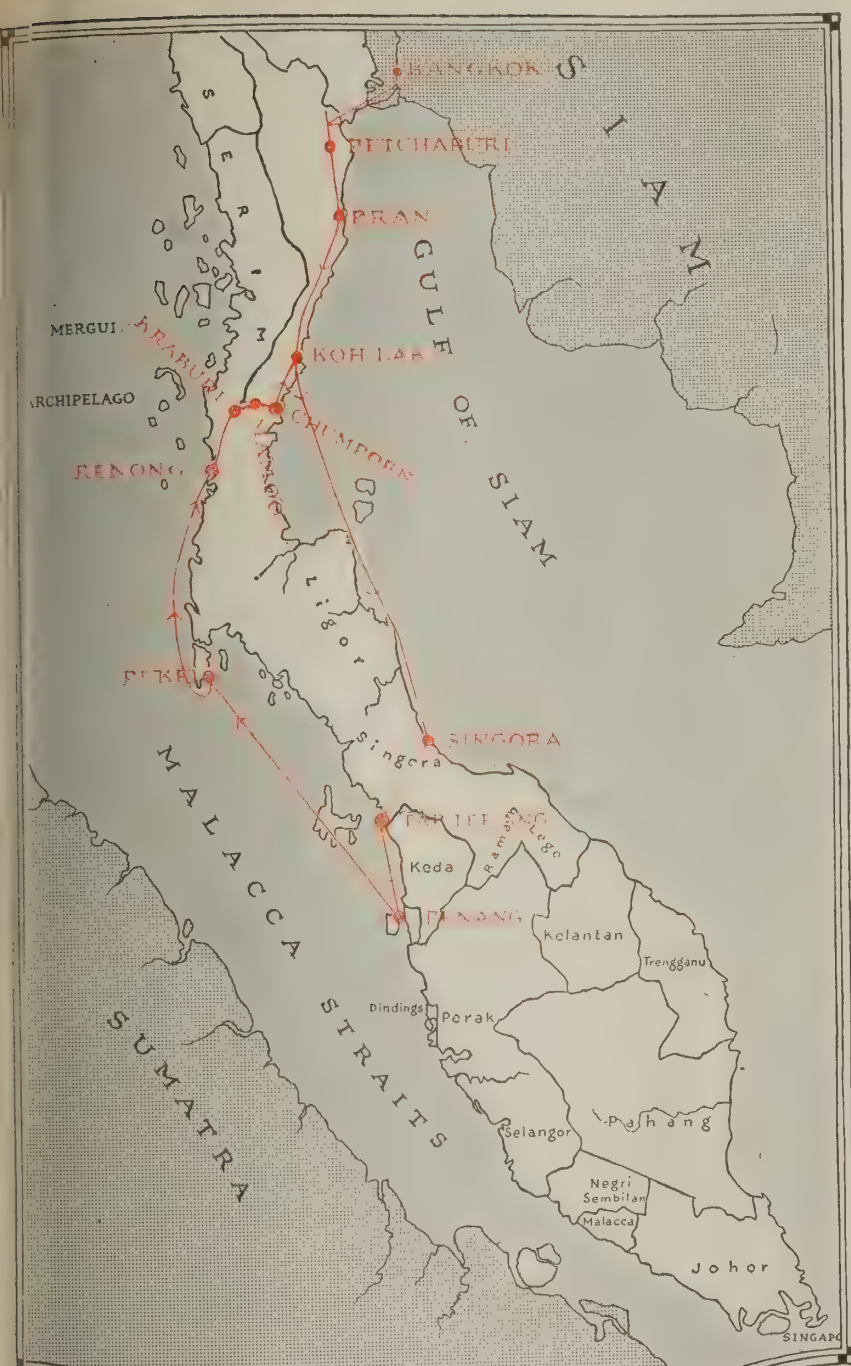
Dunbar looked up abruptly. Mor from him?

"The commissions he gets," murmu Nelly. "His wife tells me, you know, gets paid a commission on all the busin he brings into the brokerage office."

Dunbar was staring at her intent Nelly, however, did not seem to see look.

"Well, I guess I'll be going to bed," said.

(Continued on Page 118)



Vacuum Oil Company Warehouse at Bangkok, Siam.

American Oils for Siam

Carrying Correct Lubrication to the Land of the White Elephant

THE following extracts are from the report of a representative of our Bangkok office after a trip he made to sell Gargoyle Lubricants in the wilds of Southwestern Siam, on the Malay Peninsula. His story gives some idea of the perils and hardships of his long journey through this wild untraveled country.

"One morning I determined to go inland to Gnow. Rode 8 miles on bicycle, by a jungle foot path under the blaze of a 160 degree sun . . . Came to in a tent with some one fanning and throwing water on me."

"At Petchaburi two rice mills secured us an order for one barrel Gargoyle Marine Motor Oil. The engineer, a Malay, expressed surprise at the little he has consumed. The Ban Pan Palace promised orders for two barrels for the traction engine and pump . . . "

"At Singora the proprietors of two mills adopted Gargoyle H. H. Engine Oil and Gargoyle S. W. Cylinder Oil. The motor cars here all use our Gargoyle Mobiloils."

"Wednesday . . . harbor of Puket . . . Tan Chen Hor, an educated Chinese, was quite pleased to get our agency."

"Thirty oil engines employing castor oil lubrication were clogged with a mass of black deposit. Put in our Gargoyle Etna Engine Oil."

"At Renong . . . a plant run by Australians . . . use 1500 barrels Gargoyle Lubricants annually."

" . . . with four men as rowers, we started up the 40 mile passage of Packchan River . . . squall . . . arrived Mamoo . . . encamped in a Chinese house to secure elephants for the next two days' travel. Only one for baggage . . . 42 miles on foot . . . leeches . . . tumbling streams . . . tigers . . . leopards . . . the priest in his yellow robe."

* * *

In the map shown here, the red line indicates the course of the trip.

This representative was told by the authorities that he was probably the first white man to walk across the Isthmus of Kra.

Wherever machinery goes, scientific lubrication must follow. The work must go on.

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Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 116)

The days that followed this long will be remembered in the Dunbar household. They long will be remembered by Dunbar especially. Aside from the fact that the week marked a long-awaited movement in Rocket, the stock he and Fawcett had bought, the week was momentous. The next day, in fact, began these happenings.

Bright and early Nelly was up and doing. At half past six she rose, and at seven she was dressed. In the brief half hour, besides, she found time to put her room in apple-pie order. At half past seven she was at the breakfast table, waiting to pour her husband's coffee.

"Hello!" Dunbar exclaimed abruptly.

Nelly as he entered was already filling his cup. But it was not her early morning devotion, neither was it her air of busy capable briskness that wrung from him his exclamation.

"What's that you have on?" he inquired, frowning.

"The wrapper, you mean?" she asked. Her manner hurried, she added sugar and cream to his coffee, then shoved the cup toward him. "Mrs. Fawcett gave me the pattern. It's the sort she wears at her housework."

The wrapper was of Canton flannel, gray with light-green stripes. Pouring a cup of coffee for herself she gulped it hastily. "If you want another cup of coffee, Walter, call me; I'll be in the sitting room," she said.

She rose as she spoke, and readjusting the towel she had wrapped round her hair she slipped on a pair of large cotton gloves she produced from a pocket of the wrapper. Then she went to the pantry door.

"Hannah! I say, Hannah!" she called. Hannah appeared instantly. "We'll begin on the sitting room," said Nelly. "Get your sister."

The sitting room adjoined the dining room. The opening between the two was draped with hangings; and at Nelly's direction the two maids removed them from their rod. In the same businesslike way she directed them to hang the draperies from the dining-room window, where the air and sunlight could get at them.

"Now the rugs," ordered Nelly. Evidently she meant to make the housecleaning thorough.

When the rugs too had been disposed of the maids began removing the furniture.

"I say," said Dunbar irritably, "you might wait till I get out!"

Nelly paused in astonishment.

"But, Walter," she protested, "Mrs. Fawcett will be here any moment!"

Dunbar said no more.

Having finished his breakfast he retreated to his room upstairs. He had hardly settled himself, however, his paper opened at the financial page, when Nelly and the two maids hove into view.

"I'm sorry, Walter," she announced, "but we've got to begin on this now." Then she suggested, "Why don't you go down on the porch?"

Dunbar lounged down the stairs. The porch, however, seemed little more comfortable than elsewhere. All the chairs had been stacked in a pile; and in the middle of it a scrubwoman was down on her hands and knees vigorously attacking the paint. Dunbar's irritation voiced itself in a grunt. Snatching up a chair he dragged it round to the back of the house. There he sat down to finish his paper.

It was nine o'clock when he departed. Usually he left for the city much earlier, but as Fawcett always took the later train Dunbar waited to meet him. Nelly heard the screen door bang as he went out; and instantly her absorbed interest in the housecleaning seemed to depart. Dropping the carpet sweeper she was vigorously propelling to and fro she rattled down the stairs.

At the end of the hall was a telephone. "Get me Rooker, Burke & Co., New Street, New York," she directed the operator hurriedly.

The firm was the brokerage concern whose name the bank had supplied the day before. In a few minutes she had the connection; and she asked for the firm manager. Then, when that person was on the wire, Nelly gave him a series of explicit directions. Dunbar, had he heard her, might have been surprised. For one so unfamiliar with business Nelly seemed to express herself most clearly. But, more surprising, perhaps, to Dunbar would have been the directions she gave.

The business took only a few minutes' conversation. Hanging up the receiver she rose and for a moment regarded herself in a mirror hanging on the wall. It was the wrapper she had on that seemed to hold her attention.

"Ugh!" she remarked.

Then her eyes traveling to the towel that adorned her head again she uttered "Ugh!" Afterward the gloves came in for the same comment; and she had just uttered this when the doorbell rang.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Nelly with added emphasis.

Hurrying along the hall she paused long enough to wring her face into a smile, then she opened the door.

"Come right in, my dear!" exclaimed Nelly warmly.

Mrs. Fawcett was studying the veranda with an appraising eye.

"You'd ought to have a few plants out here," she remarked; "a couple o' rubber plants or a cactus in tubs 'ud make it look real swell."

"I know," rejoined Nelly; "I've already ordered them!"

As has been said, Rocket was the stock Dunbar had bought. That his faith in Fawcett's inside information was justified the events of the day again did much to prove. Rocket that afternoon closed a point and a quarter above the opening. Dunbar, in other words, again had cleared a profit. The day, however, was not eventful to him alone. In an indirect way Nelly too seemed to share in the general happenings.

At half past three the telephone rang. Excusing herself to Mrs. Fawcett, who was still supervising Nelly's housecleaning, she went to answer the call.

The call was a New York call, it seemed; and some minutes later when Nelly reëntered the parlor Mrs. Fawcett gave a little exclamation:

"Heavens! No bad news, I hope?"

Nelly seemed not to hear her. "Let's finish with the ornaments," she remarked. She had brought in from a top shelf in the store closet a bronze statue of Siegfried Mrs. Fawcett had seen and admired; and with Mrs. Fawcett's help she lifted it from the floor to the mantel. The figure had massive handsome limbs and a curly beard; and in the middle of its waist the artist had inserted a clock. The statue had been a wedding present, but heretofore Nelly had not found a place for it.

Now, however, as she placed it at Mrs. Fawcett's direction in the exact center of the mantel Nelly inquired casually, "What do you know about Rocket, Ida?"

It had been at Mrs. Fawcett's suggestion that they were now calling each other by their given names.

"Rocket? It's a stock, ain't it?" remarked Mrs. Fawcett. She reflected briefly. "Yeh; that's the stock Jim tipped off Mr. Larkin the other evening to sell. The Larkinses was dining with us, you know. You don't know them, do you? They're real exclusive."

Nelly, curiously, caught her breath.

"Tipped him to sell?" she echoed.

"Yeh," nodded Mrs. Fawcett; adding: "Hitch that over a couple o' inches. It ain't in the middle yet."

"You mean, don't you," questioned Nelly as she moved the bronze, "that he tipped Mr. Larkin to buy?" Though she didn't say so it was to buy that Fawcett had tipped Walter.

No. Jim had tipped Mr. Larkin to sell. If Larkin won he was to give Jim, too, a percentage of his winnings.

"That mantel looks real elegant now," commented Mrs. Fawcett, standing back to admire it.

Nelly's face somehow did not display the same admiration. She was not even looking at the statue. Her eyes thoughtful, she was gazing covertly at her visitor.

At five Mrs. Fawcett took her departure. The house under her capable direction was now thoroughly in order; and on the veranda, after Mrs. Fawcett had expressed her approval of that too, Nelly said earnestly: "I can't tell you how much I'm indebted to you!"

"Don't mention it," replied Mrs. Fawcett. Any time Nelly needed it she would be glad to give again the benefit of her experience in housekeeping.

"Oh, but I don't mean just that!" was Nelly's cryptic response. Giving the visitor no chance to reply she added:

"Don't forget now; Saturday night you're to wear your garnet silk with the cut beads. You know Walter just adores that dress!"

Her earnestness and cordiality would have pleased Dunbar could he have heard her. No one in fact could have mistaken now Nelly's determination to omit nothing that would defer to her husband's tastes and wishes. As he himself would have seen, that talk the day before seemed to have impressed her effectually. Dunbar certainly could have no further complaint against Nelly's fealty and devotion.

It was again late, that evening, when he came home from the city; but in spite of the day's success he felt fatigued and restless. Perhaps it was the excitement. By the rise in Rocket he and Fawcett were several hundred dollars to the good. However, instead of converting the paper profit into cash, at Fawcett's suggestion they had again used their winnings to buy more stock.

"What's the use, anyway, of piking?" Fawcett had exclaimed. If he—as he said also—was in Dunbar's place with all the loose money Dunbar had he'd never be satisfied with a measly 300 shares or so; he'd carry double that; three or four times as much, maybe. Rocket, as he'd been told on the inside, was slated for a big rise; thirty or forty points.

It was a golden opportunity, Dunbar saw that. Fawcett's information was sure-fire stuff, and he might make a killing, a fortune. The trouble was, though, that Dunbar had been too long a slow, plodding investor to leap offhand at the chance. He wanted time to think it over. Rather than that even, he would give much to talk it over. But to talk it over was inexpedient. Having asserted his authority, his ability to manage his own affairs, he could hardly be weak enough to fall back on his former ways. Perhaps he might find some way round it. Absorbed in thought he trudged up the walk to his door. He was halfway to the veranda when he paused abruptly.

For an instant the vague impression that he had turned in at the wrong house struck Dunbar. The veranda was not the same veranda. Banked across half its width was a triple row of cactus and rubber plants in tubs; and he stared at them in astonishment. Then, when, still wondering, he had let himself into the house, he was conscious of other changes. The hall was too dim to determine them definitely; but never before having had a cactus or a rubber plant on the premises he went back to the door to take another look at them.

"Nelly! I say, Nelly!" he called. When Nelly, upstairs, replied "Yes, dear," Dunbar exclaimed abruptly, "What's all that damned truck on the veranda?"

The question was echoed by an exclamation; and Nelly appeared at the head of the stairs. She was still in the gray, green-striped flannel wrapper, and her face registered wonder.

"You don't mean all our new plants, do you?" she asked. "Why, I thought you'd like them!"

"Like them!" he repeated. "You must think this place is a beer garden!"

Her face fell; and she looked disappointed and hurt, the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Why, they're just like the Fawcetts have!" she answered; and her look more distressed she withdrew slowly.

Dunbar instantly regretted his impatience. It was only natural, though, worried as he was over what decision he should make in his stock deal, that he should be out of sorts. Hanging up his hat he walked into the living room.

Upstairs Nelly had retreated to her bedroom. Closing the door she also locked it. Half an hour later, though, dressed for dinner, she came down the stairs, her face as usual serene. Evidently in her light easy-going way she had already forgotten her momentary hurt about the plants.

Dunbar had left the sitting room. He was in the parlor, so humming lightly to herself a little snatch of melody Nelly joined him.

"I say!" he said abruptly.

He was gazing about him, his face queer; and at once Nelly gave a happy exclamation.

"Isn't it wonderful, Walter! It took all day to make it the way you like, but I didn't stop till it was finished!" She cuddled up to him then, linking her arm affectionately in his. "There's the Siegfried, Walter!" Her voice softened, its note fond. "It was one of our wedding presents, you remember, dear. You've seen it, haven't you?"

It would have been difficult not to see it. He had seen too the other changes she had effected, not only here but in the sitt room. But though Nelly clinging fon to his arm gazed at him anxiously his f somehow did not disclose the appreciat she evidently expected. That too in sp of all her toil that day!

And that it had cost toil, hard phys labor, in fact, was more truth than me phor. Each object in the room had b moved, not once but a dozen times, en had satisfied Mrs. Fawcett's critical ta The chairs—they had either been set against the wall or spaced here and th with minute regularity—had thus b arranged only by constant change rechange.

So it was with the tables, the stands every individual ornament.

With difficulty Dunbar rid his face its look. Frankly the room somehow g him the impression of an installme furniture flat; but in spite of that he touched. She had struggled so hard, saw, to please him that to express anyth but pleasure would be boorish. He m be kind, gentle—yes; at the same ti though, he must be firm.

"It's all right of course; very nice," said approvingly; "but if you don't mi you'd better change it back the way it w Nelly."

"Oh, I can't do that!" Nelly cried stantly.

"You can't?" he echoed.

He had been quick to catch her to In it again he detected—or thought did—the note he had heard the morn before. "Do you mean you won't?" ag he inquired painfully.

Nelly withdrew her arm from his. O more she looked hurt, distressed; and stantly, gentle as he'd been, Dunbar gretted he had spoken. But at the sa time he must be firm.

"Why not, Nelly?" he questioned.

With an effort she answered:

"Mrs. Fawcett arranged it, Walt She spent the whole day doing it, and thought you'd be so pleased! We ca insult her by changing it back, can we she inquired.

Whatever he thought Dunbar did not press himself.

"Come along, Walter," said Nel "Dinner's ready."

His face thoughtful, Dunbar follow her into the hall. The hall was light brightly; and as he followed Nelly along he was conscious for the first time t Nelly wore a new dress. Its fabric w a garnet silk that rustled richly as s walked, its folds trimmed with fringes glistening, tinkling cut beads.

Somewhere Dunbar recalled dimly ha ing seen a similar dress. But where he h seen it was not just the cause of the que scrutinizing look he gave it. The dress w cut extremely low at the shoulders and t skirt was equally brief. But already ha ing twice hurt Nelly with his criticisms was chary about uttering another. T dress in his opinion gave her the look of overdressed hoydenish schoolgirl.

As they sat themselves, however, at t table, Dunbar ventured a cautious co ment.

"I see you have on a new dress," he r marked.

Nelly nodded indifferently. "Yes, i like that one of Mrs. Fawcett's you a mired. I got it at the shop where she bu hers." The beads tinkling, the garnet si rustling like the leaves of Vallombrosa, s drew up her chair to the table. "He yourself to the butter, Walter," she c rected.

Dunbar's face as he did so grew mo thoughtful.

The dinner that night was unusual. was so, at any rate, compared with the usual evening repast. Instead of servi each course separately Hannah placed t entire meal on the table at once, then wit drew, to be seen no more. But this Nel explained. As Hannah had been doi housework all day she had been excuse from waiting at the table.

Dunbar busied himself with his plate.

"Is this the way Mrs. Fawcett does? he asked.

"No," said Nelly, absorbed in shovin the vegetables within his reach; "whe they have company she has each cours served singly. They hire a waitress t come in."

Dunbar glanced at the table piled hig with dishes. It was evident he had anothe question to ask, but ere he could ask Nelly spoke again.

(Continued on Page 121)

(Continued from Page 118)

That reminds me, Walter: I've asked M and Mrs. Larkin to dine with us Saturday. The Fawcetts are coming, you now."

Those people!" exclaimed Dunbar. 'Jow in the world did you ever meet hn?"

arkin was a poultry dealer in the city. I called on her to-day, Walter. They're ery exclusive, you know. Besides, Mr. arkin's interested in business with Fawe; and I thought you'd like to meet him. ave more of the turnip, dear?"

unbar said, "Thanks; no." He had eaten what turnip he had.

uring the meal, when she wasn't reachin for the vegetables or shoving the dishes ard him, Nelly chatted brightly. She filled visibly by her newly awakened inest in housekeeping. But Dunbar hardly emed. Without talking it over it was ficult to decide how heavily he should plunge on Rocket.

e ate little, the table with its dishes ped over it everywhere filling him with distaste. Refusing the pie Nelly nudged ard him he rose and dawdled into the ing room. There he lit a cigar, and dging his easy-chair from a corner back ts accustomed place he sat down to his spaper. But though the newspaper opened at the financial page Dunbar dly looked at it. When Nelly entered found him staring at the ceiling.

he gave a little cry. Darting out bluptly she presently appeared with a stpan and a brush.

Look here," said Dunbar heavily. "I nt to talk with you!"

Yes, Walter," said Nelly. Bending over began vigorously to sweep up the cigar es on the floor.

t was about the Rocket deal he wished talk. After reflection he saw no reason y he shouldn't. That didn't mean he uld defer to anything she said.

It's this way, Nelly; I know Fawcett's rmation is inside stuff, but I can't make my mind how much stock to buy."

f he put much more cash into the deal would have to sell some of his securities. extra 500 shares was the amount he sidered buying.

e was just debating what securities d sell when Nelly gave another exclamaon. In his anxiety Dunbar had again cked the ashes from his cigar; and ting down on her knees Nelly swept m up anew. Dunbar waited till she ished.

'I might sell some of those Government s," he remarked; "or there are my chison firsts. How do they strike you?"

f they struck her at all she didn't say so. ce more he had knocked the ashes from cigar, and once more Nelly with her stpan and brush darted at the carpet.

'Stop it!" snapped Dunbar.

Nelly stared at him in astonishment, but oving back his chair Dunbar lumbered to feet. "I asked you a question," he said rply. "Are you going to answer it?"

'What about?" she questioned bevderedly.

'About those Atchison bonds. Shall I l them or not?"

Her eyes widened. "Why, don't ask me, lter; ask Mr. Fawcett. I don't know ything about business," she replied.

Then, dustpan in hand, Nelly hurried ct.

Dunbar did not see her again that night. could hear her, however, out in the ntry helping Hannah wash the dishes; d resentful, angry and outraged, an hour er he stamped up the stairs to bed. But e next morning, as on the morning before, lly was at the breakfast table when he peared. Again too she had donned the nnel wrapper and tied up her hair in a vel.

Dunbar said nothing, but his jaw set lf grimly. In silence he consumed his ffee, his toast and his eggs. In the same ence he rose heavily when he had finhed, and strode into the sitting room. lly, already at her housekeeping, seemed o absorbed to pay any attention. Humng lightly she went from one task to other. Then, at nine o'clock, Dunbar ode to the front door.

Dropping the carpet sweeper she was elding noisily Nelly darted after him.

"Walter!" she called hastily.

"Well?" he inquired, his air icy.

"Are you going to buy those 500 extra ares?" she asked.

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her was no concern of hers, but instead he smiled amusedly. A smile would be more convincing of his disdain.

"I am," he answered.

"All right, Walter," said Nelly, her eyes hardening, "but I warn you, no matter whether you buy or sell, you won't make anything!"

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Never mind!" replied Nelly.

He could get nothing more out of her. All that day, however, Dunbar puzzled over her curious remark. Not make anything? Had he kept watch on her a few minutes he might have divined, however.

The instant he left, Nelly hurried to the telephone. Once more over the wire she talked with the manager of Rooker, Burke & Co., the New Street brokerage firm. The conversation, as before, took only a minute or so.

"Yes, that's what I said; 500 shares. I'll be in myself with the check!"

Hanging up the receiver she hurried to her bedroom. There, armed with a pair of scissors, Nelly attacked the mattress on her bed. Half an hour later, still in the same haste, she came down the stairs. She was fully attired, and hurrying out of the house she headed for the railroad station. It was to the city she departed, and she did not return until late. Late as it was, though, she was in time to greet Dunbar at the dinner table.

As before, Hannah set the dishes on the table and departed. Waiting till she was gone Dunbar turned to Nelly. The day evidently had not improved his mood.

Rocket had not advanced, it seemed. Instead, after he had bought his 500 shares, the stock had fallen nearly a point; and as he seated himself he glanced at Nelly.

"I see you have on that same dress," he remarked.

Yes, Nelly again had donned the garnet silk and cut beads; and his lip curling Dunbar said: "It makes you look like a chorus girl!"

Nelly seemed to start. Never before had Dunbar uttered an affront like that. But controlling herself she replied quietly: "You mustn't criticize my clothes, Walter. You may criticize me if you like; but don't forget, this dress is like Mrs. Fawcett's!"

Dunbar attacked his soup furiously.

"Damn Mrs. Fawcett!" he snapped.

"Reach me the bread, please," requested Nelly.

The day following was Saturday.

That evening, it will be recalled, the Fawcetts, the Larkins as well, were to dine with Dunbar and Nelly. This event, merely social in character, however, was but one of the day's occurrences.

On Saturday the long-expected movement in Rocket—the real movement—took place. During it the white-goods house where Dunbar was head buyer saw nothing of him. Most of his time now he was spending at the brokerage office to which Fawcett had introduced him.

At half past ten Nelly's telephone rang. Nelly went to it, but though it was Rooker, Burke & Co.'s manager who called and his voice was impressive Nelly seemed to take things as a matter of course.

"All right," she responded casually. "Let me know if it goes the other way."

Then she hung up the receiver and went into the kitchen to supervise the dinner she'd ordered for the evening.

All the morning she pottered about the house. The furniture and ornaments in some of the rooms had become disarranged, and with deliberate care she replaced them in the exact order they had been so artistically arranged by Mrs. Fawcett. At noon the telephone rang again; but it was merely the manager, who reported things had gone on the same way without change.

At one o'clock Nelly lunched. Then she went to her room and sewed up the rent in her mattress. Afterward Nelly lay down for a little nap. Her strenuous housekeeping the last few days seemed to have tired her. She may have been merely indolent, however.

At half past two the telephone rang again. But this time it was not the brokerage office.

Hannah, answering the call, plodded up the stairs.

"New York wants you on the phone, ma'am. It's Mr. Dunbar, I think."

"Say I'm out," directed Nelly.

Then she resumed her nap.

At three the telephone rang again. Again plodding up the stairs Hannah received the same instructions. Twenty minutes later it rang anew. Then, at fifteen-minute intervals, New York kept on calling till five o'clock. To each call the New York operator received the same report: "The party's out." At five the calls ceased; and her eye on the clock, at a quarter of six Nelly donned the gray, green-striped wrapper, and binding her hair in a towel sauntered down the stairs. She seemed concerned in making sure the parlor and sitting room were still exactly as Mrs. Fawcett had arranged them.

The clock imbedded in Siegfried's bowels had just clanged the hour of six when the front door was flung open. Startled at the sound Nelly glanced into the hall.

Dunbar had returned. His face was moist. It was, as she saw too, drawn and feverish; and omitting the preliminary of a greeting he strode toward her.

"What have you done with those bonds?" he demanded thickly.

Nelly made no attempt to evade the question.

"I took them out of the safe-deposit box," she replied; and though he shook Dunbar by an effort controlled himself.

"I want them," he said brusquely. "Where are they?"

"What do you want them for?" inquired Nelly; and Dunbar blinked abruptly.

"Never mind what I want them for! Tell me where they are!"

"Not till you tell me why you want them," she replied.

But Dunbar had no intention of doing that. His wrath, however, righteous as it might be, seemed to flow off Nelly as so much water flows off the proverbial duck's back. Then all at once his voice broke.

"You don't know what you're doing, Nelly! Do you wish your obstinacy to ruin us? Before it's too late tell me where they are, won't you?" he pleaded.

"You'd better go dress for dinner, Walter," she returned with aggravating calmness. "The Fawcetts may be here at any moment."

Dunbar consigned the Fawcetts to perdition.

"Are you going to tell me?" he demanded.

This time she answered the question. "They're where you won't get them, Walter!"

Dunbar gaped at her as if tongue-tied. It was the calm assurance of it that took his breath away. Outraged, he could only stammer, and he was still stammering when Nelly went toward the door. At the door she turned.

She was smiling, her air as calmly self-assured as ever. "You don't need to tell me, Walter, why you want those bonds. Your friend Fawcett's tip was like any tipster's. Rocket fell eleven points today. You've been wiped out; and your brokers have called you for more margins. I warned you, Walter, it would happen; but as you wouldn't listen that's why I've put the bonds where they'll be safe!"

Dunbar gasped, then he stared at her agape.

"You'll never get them, Walter," said Nelly; and smiling she went up the stairs to dress.

The dinner was at half past six. Ordinarily the Dunbars dined at seven-thirty; but as the Fawcetts dined at the earlier hour in order that Mrs. Fawcett might find time to tidy up the house before retiring Nelly had changed to that hour also. Promptly at the moment she was down in the parlor waiting to receive the guests. Dunbar was still upstairs in his room.

It was as Nelly had said. Rocket had dropped eleven points, and his brokers had called him for more margins. That was why he'd gone to the safety deposit for the bonds. He had been convinced that if he held on he could recoup his losses. The drop in Rocket, he felt sure, was only momentary. It was just the insiders shaking out the small fry; and though he too had been shaken he had not lost confidence in Fawcett. It was Fawcett in fact who had assured him the loss was only momentary. What staggered him the most was Nelly's knowledge of everything. How had she found out Rocket had tumbled? How had she learned he had been cleaned out? Perhaps Fawcett had talked, and that fool wife of his had babbled!

Unjust as the suspicion was Dunbar was in no mood to reason. The mere thought of Mrs. Fawcett filled him with savage distaste. He meant to let her know sometime what he thought of the way she'd meddled in his household!

Then downstairs the doorbell rang.

It was the Larkins, the first to arrive. In spite of their exclusiveness, the social distinction Mrs. Fawcett attributed to the couple, Mrs. Larkin seemed somewhat uncomfortable. Perhaps it was due to the gown she wore. Early in the day she had telephoned Nelly, inquiring whether, as she expressed it, "high" or "low" would be worn. Having donned low she now was certain high would have been more re-fined. She had the appearance of being about to tumble out of her corsage. Mr. Larkin, a short squarely built person, wore evening clothes with a black silk handkerchief folded neatly across his shirt front.

Nelly was not wearing the garnet and cut beads. She had put on another dress for the occasion; and moving toward her Mrs. Larkin was murmuring admiringly, "Swell rig you got on," when the doorbell again rang. At the same instant Dunbar entered. "Cost much?" inquired Mrs. Larkin.

Evading the question Nelly presented her husband to the guests.

"Mr. Dunbar, Mrs. Larkin." When Mrs. Larkin uttered, "Pleased to make your acquaintance," Nelly turned to Larkin. "You know my husband, I think. You are both friends of Mr. Fawcett."

Mr. Larkin abruptly stuck out his chin.

"Him?" he said.

Nelly was glancing at Dunbar. "Why, yes," she said; "he gave you both the information to buy Rocket."

"Say!" said Mr. Larkin explosively.

But Nelly already was flitting out. Ordinarily she received her guests in the parlor, but hearing Mrs. Fawcett outside she had gone to greet her.

"Looka here!" directed Larkin. He was speaking to Dunbar, and his jaw had grown belligerent. "Did that fellow tell you to buy Rocket?"

"He told you too, didn't he?" inquired Dunbar.

Mr. Larkin found it difficult, apparently, to command himself.

"He told me to sell, he did! He had inside information, he said, and when I sold the damned stock went up! Inside information, eh? Inside your grandmother!" Mr. Larkin vociferated.

It was at this instant the Fawcetts entered. Mrs. Fawcett came first, and she had on the garnet and cut beads. As Dunbar saw too, in the effort to make herself more beguiling Mrs. Fawcett had taken a tuck in the skirt, at the same time cutting the bodice still lower. However, he gave it hardly a glance. Fawcett after telling him to buy had gone and told Larkin to sell, thereby making sure to get a percentage, his profit, whether Rocket went up or down. The man was nothing more than a crook!

Had Dunbar not been the host and Fawcett a guest in his house he would have taxed him to his face with his dishonesty. But though he didn't Mr. Larkin had no such compunction.

The entrance of Fawcett had its instant effect on the poultry gentleman. He was observed to swell visibly, his cheeks and chest expanding, while there spread over his countenance a series of blotches as though Mr. Larkin had eaten something that hadn't agreed with him. Mr. Fawcett's sleek manner as he saw him underwent a sudden change. He appeared somewhat startled to find himself in Larkin's presence, but instantly recovering himself he essayed a jovial greeting:

"Hello, Larky, old top! Didn't expect to see you here!"

"You bet you didn't!" said Mr. Larkin. His jaw in close proximity to Fawcett's nose he jerked a thumb toward Dunbar. "Say, you," he demanded, "did you tell him to buy Rocket?"

"Why—why, what's this?" stammered Mr. Fawcett.

"You heard me!" retorted Mr. Larkin, and he added: "You told me to sell Rocket, you crook!"

Mr. Fawcett backed hastily away. As Mrs. Larkin was just behind him Mr. Fawcett backed into her; and Mrs. Larkin, her face dangerously apoplectic, gave him an energetic shove.

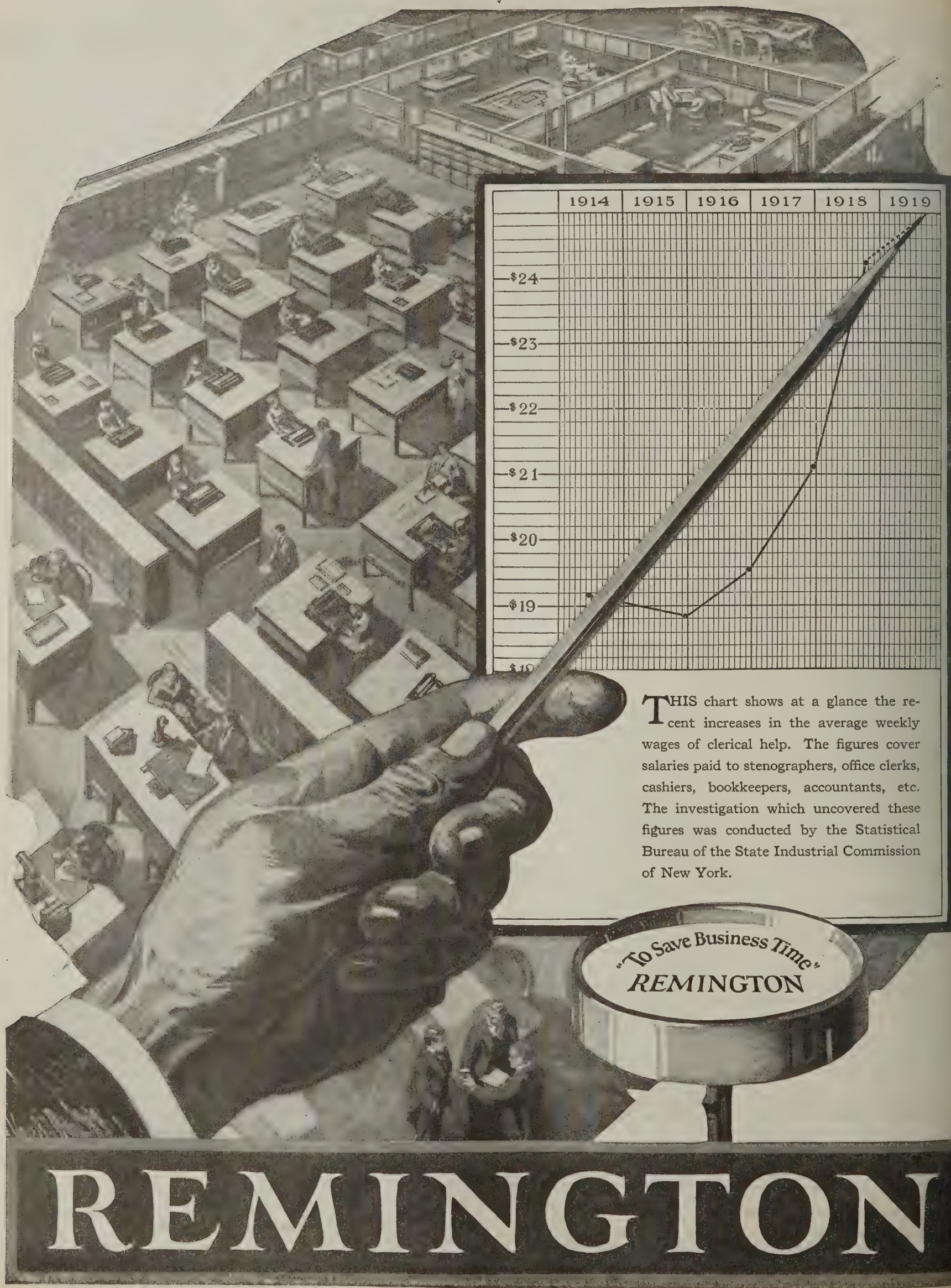
"Get off my dress, you bunco steerer!" she directed.

"Why, Mrs. Larkin!" exclaimed Mrs. Fawcett. "That's no way for a lady to talk!"

Mr. Fawcett was bristling indignantly.

"See here, Dunbar," he cried, "I didn't come here to get insulted!"

(Concluded on Page 124)



THIS chart shows at a glance the recent increases in the average weekly wages of clerical help. The figures cover salaries paid to stenographers, office clerks, cashiers, bookkeepers, accountants, etc. The investigation which uncovered these figures was conducted by the Statistical Bureau of the State Industrial Commission of New York.

REMINGTON

Office Costs are Climbing

But the Remington Salesman can bring you help

BIGGER SALARIES! Bigger salaries! Bigger salaries! Executives are now scratching their heads and saying, "I want to be fair to my employees. But I've *got* to show a profit. What shall I do?"

They know that, starting back in 1916, paymasters began to buy bigger satchels in which to bring the payroll back from the bank. They know that office salaries in particular began to take wings early in 1917. Ever since it has been a case of mount, mount, mount!

What's the answer?

Longheaded men agree that it is—"Eliminate time-waste." But how? If machines can do the work that clerks are now doing you will save money—won't you? Machines don't get on the salary list! But the right kind of machines does add to the profit total.

But what machines?

Both big business and small business are daily discovering this: The Remington Salesman can point the way to welcome cuts in the cost of clerical office work.

Of course the Remington Salesman cannot come in and put your office on a pre-war basis. Nobody can! But he can recommend machines and measures which will effect real economies of business time and money!

Perhaps you say—"Be definite. Tell me how Remington service can save time and money in my office. What Remingtons? How do they work? Where do I use them?" We reply, "A Remington Salesman will gladly hold a time-saving consultation with you—at your office and at your convenience."

But wait! We'll give you here a few quick hints about Remington time-savings. It would be surprising if they did not make you want to hear from the Remington Salesman himself about the following Remingtons and other Remingtons especially fitted to your business needs.

3 Machines which prove Remington Cost-saving

Remington Accounting Machine

(WAHL MECHANISM)

This is the machine which covers all the bookkeeping tasks of your office. Or, yes, any office. The auditor of the White Sewing Machine Company would give you a strong recommendation of it. Read what he writes! "One girl now does the work previously requiring two clerks working the greater part of the time." One girl's salary versus two clerks' salary! Sharpen your pencil! Figure the saving.

Another! The Buffalo General Electric Company tells us, "We would need at least one more clerk were it not for the Remington Typewriter with the Wahl Mechanism, and this of course means a monetary saving of over $1000 a year." Don't you want to see a machine that pays for itself twice over in far less than a year? The Remington Salesman is waiting to tell you! He'll give you all the details. He can point to an impressive list of big users—houses that never buy until they're shown. Houses that want error-proof bookkeeping and ready-made trial balances. Here's another money-saver.

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter

(WAHL MECHANISM)

Here's a versatile business helper for you! Saves time all day. Looks simple and is simple. Simplifies complicated tasks. Tabulates *any* kind of business form. "Quick changes" from one form to another. Adds! Does it fast and can be fitted to total as many columns as you wish. Proves the totals, too. Further, it subtracts! But that's not all. This Remington writes plain letters. And it does all of these things singly. Or all together. Obeys your orders. Doesn't the full story of such a time-saver deserve a few minutes of your time? Phone the Remington Salesman!

The Self-Starting Remington

In carefully conducted tests this machine has shown an actual time-saving of 48 seconds for each average letter. Yes. We admit it may be less on some letters, but 48 seconds is the average. 48 seconds! 48 seconds! 48 seconds! 48 seconds! 48 seconds! 48 seconds! How many letters do you send out in a day? In a month? In a year? Time *is* money. Time saved *is* money saved. Would you lock the door against a money-saver which does more work for you and yet makes your typist feel: "This machine does everything I want it to do and doesn't give me that 5 o'clock tired-out feeling"? Then leave word—"Show the Remington Salesman in!"

AS you read this message your profits are being nibbled, nibbled, nibbled. "Time lost" is doing it. "Time leaks" are dripping golden dollars. Dripping! Dripping! Of course you want to stop it. In 177 American cities the Remington Salesman is ready and waiting to help you. A phone call brings him to your desk. It costs nothing. It may save much.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY - INCORPORATED

374 Broadway, New York *(Branches Everywhere)*

TYPEWRITERS

(Concluded from Page 121)

But disgusted, shamed, Dunbar said nothing. It was Mr. Larkin again who took up the cudgels.

"Insult you? You couldn't!" said Mr. Larkin. That was not all he said, however, though it is not necessary to repeat it. When he had finished it he turned to Mrs. Larkin.

"Get your duds, ma! You and me ain't going to sit down to any meal with any robber like him! Pleased to have met you, Mrs. Dunbar. Pleased to have met you, Mr. Dunbar. Come along, ma!" directed Mr. Larkin.

Nelly gazed at the two, abashed. The Larkins she made no effort to detain. The ruse she had played to get Larkin and Fawcett together so that Dunbar could learn just what sort of man he was dealing with had succeeded beyond her wildest anticipations, but when she glanced at Dunbar her heart fell. He had seated himself, and his face more shocked, more shamed, he was staring dumbly at the carpet. The Larkins, Mr. Larkin's salient chin stuck out more belligerently than ever, stamped out of the room; and when the door slammed behind them Nelly turned to the Fawcetts.

"You'd better go too," she suggested quietly.

"You're right; we're going!" said Mr. Fawcett aggressively.

Mrs. Fawcett, her self-confidence reviving now that the Larkins had departed, chimed in also. Her chin over her shoulder at Nelly and her skirts looking shorter than ever she seemed as if she was about to put out her tongue too like an impudent schoolgirl.

But she didn't. At that instant Hannah appeared at the door and announced "Dinner is served, madam!" and Mrs. Fawcett gave a sniff.

"I guess if she cooks the way she keeps house," said Mrs. Fawcett, "we don't want to eat any meal of hers!"

"Yeah; let's go, Ida," said Mr. Fawcett; and they went.

Nelly, as the door slammed on them too, gave one look at Dunbar, then she went out into the dining room. "Take the dinner away, Hannah," she directed briefly; and ignoring the maid's gaping wonder she returned to the parlor, where Dunbar still stared at the carpet.

"If it's the money, Walter," she said quietly, "I wouldn't worry over it if I were you!"

Dunbar looked up at her, his face haggard.

"I've lost eleven thousand dollars," he replied doggedly.

Nelly wet her lips as if to tell him something; then as if at a sudden thought she checked the impulse.

"I don't want to hurt you," she said slowly, "but there's something I'd like to say. You've told me a good many times lately what the trouble with women is, so I'll take the same liberty and tell you what's the trouble with men. One of the troubles is that as they never have to do housekeeping they never realize that it is a drudgery, a bore. All they think about is whether the house suits them or not; and that again is another trouble. They see their homes and what is going on in them, but women don't see their husbands' offices and what is happening there. That being so it is perfectly possible for a man to criticize his wife without his wife being able to criticize him. How is she to know he does any better at his business than she does in her house? And that's what you've been doing, Walter! You criticized me cruelly because my house was not what you thought it should be. It wasn't, either, because I'd worried myself ill over your business; and that's why I got back at you, Walter—put up that game of running things the way they're run by that woman you admired! That doll! That vulgar, pretentious, overdressed hoyden! Well, Walter," said Nelly, for the moment letting her indignation run away with

"you've had enough of that woma
think! You've had enough too of the
she runs that house of hers!"

"Yes," Dunbar said heavily, "I've
enough!" And at that Nelly's w
seemed suddenly to subside. The harc
all at once died out of her eyes, her
mouth, her lips; and Nelly uttered a
gasp.

The next instant she had flung
arms about him, and drawing his hea
her she was patting his shoulder, his
his cheek.

"Oh, my poor, poor, silly boy!"
Nelly. "You haven't lost that el
thousand dollars, the silly money y
worrying about!"

Dunbar looked at her agape. Her
were shining, filled with tears.

"No, Walter! That's what I m
when I said you wouldn't make a cen
matter if you bought or sold! When
bought I went to another broker's
sold. I coppered you—that's what
call it, isn't it? While you were losing
eleven thousand of yours I was ma
eleven thousand. We're just where
started from!"

But in her heart she knew better.
and Dunbar were much farther along
they had ever been before.

MOONSHINE

(Continued from Page 13)

chair and pretended to be interested in a stale copy of the New York Times.

Toward noon, when the upstairs riot had subsided into the silence of sleep, Maggie came out upon the porch and after inspecting him with that grim regard which concealed a wealth of kindness inquired, "How high's yer temperchoor now, Mr. Pipling?"

"Pretty bad, Maggie." He smothered a groan.

"I got some loose quinine," she suggested.

"I can't take quinine. It gives me a rash and drives me wild. But I was talking to Doctor Dilk over at the station. He said that if people would only take whisky—regular doses for a day or so—they could check influenza in the early stages."

"He said that, did he?" inquired Maggie. "Well, there's no law to keep him from writin' a perscription."

"To tell you the truth, Maggie"—Pipling saw it was now or never—"I told him we had a bottle of Bourbon in the house and he needn't mind. He said it would take about a quart to set me up ——"

"There's a docthor behind every gravestone," announced Maggie, shutting her small jaw down tight.

"Be that as it may," Pipling conceded, "a doctor's advice is all we have to go by in cases of sickness—unless we resort to Christian Science."

"Bad luck to ut!" sniffed Maggie.

"And I seem to be getting worse all the time."

This last avowal seemed to make the desired impression. Maggie moved irresolutely toward the door, never relieving him of her melancholy Celtic gaze.

"After all," he added, "that bottle of Bourbon's mine, you know."

This was perhaps an unfortunate remark, for it caused her to stiffen perceptibly.

"Mrs. Pipling told me it was to be used for nawthin' but seeryus sickness."

"This is just as serious as I know how to make it," he assured her quite truthfully.

Whereupon she glided into the cottage, closing the screen door carefully to avoid waking the babies. Pipling squeezed himself with a grin of sly triumph. Once the Bourbon was produced he had no intention of letting go of it until it was divided among his cronies on the hotel veranda. Maggie might complain, but after all she had been given free rein too long. It was high time that she was taught her place, the proper relation between employer and employee.

He could hear her rummaging among the upstairs rooms. Finally he was aware of a key clicking against a lock, rusty hinges turning. The little trunk in the hall! Just as he had suspected.

Presently her little feet came pattering down the stairs. Pipling shifted his watchful air to one of enduring invalidism; when she opened the screen door he had folded his hands and closed his eyes. She stood over him so long that at last he raised his lids a crack's width in order to see whether she had brought the full bottle or merely a dose. Then his eyes came wide open with the significance of what he beheld in Maggie's dutiful right hand.

A clinical thermometer!

"Put this between yer teeth, Mr. Pipling," she commanded in a not unkindly tone as she took out the glassy tube and presented it point first. "An' now we'll see what's ailin' ye."

It was too late now to shift the pivot of attack. Solemnly, obediently he opened his mouth and permitted the cold point to be thrust under his astonished tongue. He sat glaring, gagged, indignant while Maggie, a white-clad figure of accusing conscience, stood inflexibly over him. Earnestly he prayed that the wrath now boiling in his veins would increase his temperature even so much as a degree.

Finally she drew the telltale tube from his lips, scrutinized it with her keen eyes and permitted herself the ghost of a smile.

"Ninety-eight," she announced, and proceeded to wipe the tube on a fragment of gauze she carried.

"It's probably out of order," he snarled. "Those things are always getting damaged and making false records."

"I have another wan upstairs," declared Maggie smoothly. "If ye'll wait but a minnut ——"

Poor Pipling had bounded to his feet and was charging along the footpath toward the hotel.

As he approached the veranda he spied his three friends still locked in manly debate, their heads closer together, if possible, than before. The Reverend Mr. Beagle had withdrawn to a remote angle of the building and sat hunched over a writing pad, his delicate spiritual face intensely preoccupied. Obviously he was composing a sermon.

Somewhat hesitantly Mr. Pipling approached the intellectual threesome; being a sensitive man he had a natural delicacy about intruding himself into a discussion so apparently self-contained. However, he had learned to value his friends' opinions upon world politics, though he often disagreed with them; and to-day he had a feeling that an intellectual combat would enable him to forget his minor irritations. He saw the diplomat's hands come together and spread apart in a wide comprehensive gesture, and he hoped that Percival was again abusing the League of Nations, because Pipling had just invented a scathing defense of Article Ten. He edged closer, still unheeded, and was about to draw up a chair when a scrap of the diplomat's stirring speech came distinctly to his ears:

". . . You just take a batch of parsnips and do what I say with 'em. That ferments 'em, you see."

"How do you know when they're fermented?" asked Mr. Tweed in an awed tone.

"One has a nose," was the surgeon's opinion.

"What are you talking about?" asked Pipling.

"I found an old book in the hotel library. It was published before the Civil War."

The real-estate man's voice had sunk to a whisper as he looked suspiciously round, then drew a small volume from his pocket. It was entitled The Home Convivial and gave more than a hundred simple recipes for the manufacture of delicious intoxicants in your own kitchen. Pipling opened the book at random and glanced at inconsecutive fragments:

". . . Homemade Wine. Six pounds Catawba grapes . . . after about five months . . ."

". . . Russian Koumiss. Obtain three gallons mare's milk . . ."

"Old Peach Wine. . . . After two quarts of ripe brandy have been added to the peaches . . ."

"It looks simple," agreed Pipling, closing the book with a snap. "All we need is a herd of mares, two quarts of brandy and a five months' vacation. It sounds like a recipe for civilizing Russia."

"That book's no good," declared Percival Lamimoor. "But I've been telling about a brew my Aunt Clara makes every year in Baltimore. Parsnip wine."

"He's told us practically all about it," explained the surgeon in a sarcastic tone, which caused Tweed to turn upon him:

"Look here, doc! If you were any good you could write us a prescription for a quart of rye and stop all this nonsense."

"Nay, nay, my boy!" chuckled Biskoff dryly.

"You're a physician, aren't you?"

"In my own state, yes. In West Virginia, no."

"Has this parsnip wine got any—you know—kick?" asked Pipling.

"Kick? My child!" snorted Percy. "About forty per cent alcohol."

"A scientific discovery!" sneered Biskoff.

"Perhaps Aunt Clara added a little brandy or something," admitted Percy with a slightly crestfallen air. "All we need's a mess of parsnips."

"That sounds easy enough," Pipling reminded the caucus.

A tall white-coated mulatto man came shuffling along the porch making a great to-do of a basket tray containing several milk bottles. This was Shakspere, the handy man of Spouting Springs. His handsome head with its high-bridged nose, yellowish eyes and tightly fitting wool presented the appearance of an intelligent and extremely benevolent ram.

"Hi, Shake!" called Tweed.

"Yassa."

The general factotum shuffled nearer and stood at attention.

"Do you reckon there are parsnips in the garden over yonder?"

"Nossa, Mist' Tweed. Didn't grow no pahsnips this summa."

"All right, Shake," admitted Tweed in a tone of dismissal.

Shakspere shuffled a few shuffles, then said earnestly: "Ah reckon the Guvmunt

don' 'low no mo' pahsnips nowheres, T
Tweed."

When Shakspere had gone about his
errand of distributing milk to the
young of the colony the author broke
silence:

"There's a perfectly whopping veget
store down in the village."

"Do you think they keep parsni
asked Tweed hopefully.

"I don't know. I saw at least a to
beets ——"

The surgeon emitted a series of
cackles.

"What are you wheezing about?"
manded Pipling in an unfriendly tone.

"Beets!"

Apparently Doctor Biskoff was relis
some joke which could only be expresse
a chemical formula.

After the heavy midday Southern di
Tweed stopped Pipling in his pro
toward the cottages and whispered ir
ear, "Want to join us?"

"Where?"

"I've ordered a jitney and we're all g
down to the village to get the—
know ——"

"Parsnips?"

"Yeah. And other materials."

The author was led to the porch, w
Doctor Biskoff and Percival Lamir
were lingering in the shadow of a post

"Of course we'll have to be pretty
ful about this sort of thing," Percy is
the warning. "There's a lot of spying g
on, I hear."

"Better keep it under our hats," chi
in Pipling, a little proud of his prescie
The jitney which Tweed had so thou
fully engaged came whiffling between
gate posts. Its appearance, outwa
weak and harmless, startled Pipling to
point where he all but fled and abande
his comrades to their several fates.
glaring amiably through the dusty
shield he beheld the face of Mr. Hig B
thinly disguised revenue agent.

"Look here, Tweed," whispered Pipl
struggling to be calm, "we can't go
that man."

"Why not?" Tweed's broad pugnac
face reflected alarm.

"Hig Botts—he's in the governn
service—he was one of the agents
broke up the still at Pine Pole."

"Gosh!" said Tweed; then a cur
light came into his keen gray eyes.
bet he knows all about it."

"About what?" Pipling asked vai
for the real-estate man was already hust
his criminal gang into the tonneau.

They roared away and Pipling sat
in depressed silence. He didn't like
look of it. He thought of his wife and
dren. What would Angy say when
came back and found that her author,
author upon whom she based all her sta
ards of conduct, had moved his typewr
to the somewhat primitive local jail? i
blood congealed frightfully when he

(Continued on Page 127)

(Continued from Page 124)

ature of Tweed, an engaging smile on his lij, leaning far over and addressing the potential vengeance on the front seat.

Are you the Mr. Botts who arrested all tlse moonshiners at Pine Pole?"

Yes, seh," acknowledged the driver, ony too willing to take all the credit unto himself.

A physical shock seemed to jostle the gaty passengers. Possibly it was a bump in the road.

You got a good deal of whisky, didn't yu?" pursued the audacious one.

Yes, seh. Right smaht of it."

'Pretty good stuff?"

'It would o' been bettah if they'd a biled it mo'."

Mr. Botts was now driving by the touch system, his body twisted round, his eyes on his audience, only his good right hand doing its duty by the tortuous road.

'I reckon you know all there is to be known about making that moonshiner stiff," suggested Mr. Tweed.

'I reckon there's nobody kin learn me much 'bout that," agreed the conversational acrobat.

'Takes a good deal of skill, doesn't it?"

'Shucks! A baby could make cawn wisky if he only knowed the trick."

Mr. Botts diverted his attention momentarily in order to scrape past a frightened nigro on a mule.

'Gentlemen," he resumed, a certain light of enthusiasm having illumed his glassy eyes, "they ain't nawthing to it."

'They use corn some way, don't they?" asked the diplomat in a hollow tone.

'Yes, seh. Cawn don't do no harm. All yuneed's a still to boil it in."

'Is a still hard to make, Mr. Botts?" inquired the man from Norfolk.

'Shucks, Misteh Tweed! I reckon most everybody knows how to make a still. Then you jest boil it."

'Boil what?" Pipling shot the question nervously.

'The sour mash, Misteh Pipling."

Like the mare's milk and the two quarts cripe brandy it sounded easy, but was it?

'Of course there might be a certain ethyl vapor precipitation," said Doctor Biskoff thoughtfully.

'What's that?" asked Mr. Botts.

'He's talking to himself," answered Tweed. "I'm sorry to hear that whisky's so easy to make. It might cause a great deal of trouble."

"Anybody kin do it—if they want to take the resk," said the driver in his smooth curiously high-pitched voice. "In fact lots of 'em do."

"Of course there is risk." Pipling said this quaveringly.

"Ya-as. It's goin' to keep us agents powerful busy, I reckon. But what you goin' to do 'bout it?"

Nobody in the car could suggest any practical remedy.

"Just how do these scoundrels go at it?" persisted Tweed.

"Jest 'bout the same way they make it in the mountains, Misteh Tweed. Rig up a still; nawthin' to it."

Pipling swallowed hard before he spoke. "Nothing more?"

"Git yo' sour mash an' boil it, Misteh Pipling," drawled the gentle Botts.

"And then you get your whisky?"

"An' then yo' git yo' whisky."

Mr. Botts' tone had become a trifle sinister. He turned sadly toward his wheel, for they were now approaching a jumble of vehicles outside the village.

Four potential jailbirds sat and gazed at each other with a wild surmise. If there is anything in telepathy it was here manifest; for the thought went round, plainly proclaiming that Mr. Tweed was going to take whisky on the strength of Botts' very sketchy information.

As they were nearing the village Botts twisted again and inquired, "Where to, gentlemen?"

"The hardware store," commanded Tweed decisively.

A blond clerk who attended them at the hardware store looked mildly interested when the amateur moonshiners asked for copper kettles.

"We haven't any to-day, Mr. Tweed," said the man across the counter. "We have a nice line of agateware."

"What's happened to all the copper ones?" inquired Tweed. "You used to have a lot of them."

"Sold out," said the clerk. "There's been quite a run on them lately. Everybody seems to be making tea nowadays."

He delivered the last opinion in the polite inflectionless tone of the perfect clerk.

They decided on agateware and insisted that the goods should be carefully wrapped—to avoid rust, as the diplomat cunningly explained it. While the paper and string were being applied Pipling and his gang stood apart discussing in whispers.

"We mustn't do anything raw," Percy cautioned them.

"We ought to give the corn time to ferment anyhow," Tweed decided, having gleaned that much from Mr. Botts' learned lecture.

The surgeon stood apart, doing nothing to help. He was driftwood and Pipling was already sorry that he had been admitted into the secret circle.

Outside they found Mr. Botts doubled up behind the wheel, a seven-cent cigar at a worldly angle between his thin lips. At the sight of his passengers he rubbed the burning brand against his wind shield, dropped the stump in his pocket and asked sweetishly, "Where to now, gentlemen?"

"The grocery," commanded Tweed; and in a loud strained tone, "I mustn't forget those oranges for Helen."

No sooner said than done. Tactfully the others permitted Tweed to enter the grocery alone. They plunged into an animated discussion of the railroad situation, with never a thought apparently for the felonious errand which seemed to keep their friend far too long.

At last he reappeared, struggling with a heavy package which he carried under his arm.

"I'll take that in front, Mr. Tweed," suggested Mr. Botts, helpfully leaning forth.

"No, thank you," said Tweed. His clutch upon the package had become hysterical.

"You're right crowded back there," suggested the driver, still holding out his long arms.

Tweed snatched the parcel hastily to his breast, and as he did so the base of the heavy bag jammed so smartly against the open door as to rip a hole, an insignificant but guilty hole, through the thick coating of paper. A tiny river of some yellowish sandy substance rilled smoothly down upon the running board.

"Anythin' else?" asked Mr. Botts obligingly as soon as Mr. Tweed had stopped the leak and got himself into the car.

"No. We'll go back now."

"I reckon you forgot them oranges, Mr. Tweed."

"Damn it! So I did."

There befell then another interminable wait during which poor Tweed made his hypocritical purchase, dumped it testily into the car and sank back among the dusty cushions.

II

"TYLKA CONNINGMERE had become ineffably precious to Leighton Sedgewick; the sweetness of her pulsed through his brain like rare wine, quickening his whole being, filling his heart with languorous memories of that swift rosy promise under the ancient ilex grove."

So typewrote Robert Burns Pipling, apparently unaffected by the poor ventilation of his somewhat stuffy workroom. It was nearing noon of the third day after the conspiratorial trip in Mr. Botts' jitney and our author was in the thrall of what he felt more than usually certain was to be his masterpiece. But at this instant he looked up, his eyes filled with dreams; his subconscious mind warned him of a presence, but his conscious mind was on his job. Therefore he resumed his romantic clicking:

"It was not her physical beauty alone which Leighton adored. She was to him an intangible influence, something as delicate as the breath of early May blowing over a moonlit field of jasmine. The girlish sweetness of her, the subtle perfume of her hair—lingered wonderfully in his memory."

Pipling came impatiently to his feet, snatched rudely away from Tylka's aromatic hair. What the devil was it, anyhow, which tainted his room with that vile sour odor? Then he remembered, and smiled a smile of gentle forgiveness. The sour mash, of course!

He walked over to a table by a sunny window and peered into the depths of a large white slop jar wherein for three days the mixture of corn meal and other ingredients had oozed, swelled, bubbled, soured and worked itself into that disgusting state of mind so much admired by our leading pathologists under the name of fermentation. Now fermentation is a hard thing for the layman to admire. It suggests the unhappy dough which rises Bolshevikly in the pan and sours before the baking; more unpleasantly, it suggests neglected garbage.

Yet such is the force of idealism that Robert Burns Pipling was able to lower his nose almost to a level with the mess and sniff appreciatively. The corn meal as if disgusted with the unholy war below had risen to the top and lay in a hard cake with a crack across its surface. Neglecting the impassioned scene in his impending novel Mr. Pipling again lowered his nose and sniffed. Sour it was indeed! He didn't mind the smell, he fooled himself into believing; no Bulgarian distiller of attar of roses could have worn a more triumphant expression upon the eve of success.

The stuff was ready for the still! Pipling was sure of it though he wished that Doctor Biskoff hadn't gone to White Sulphur to attend a medical conference. Biskoff's nose was perhaps more attuned to fermentation than was Pipling's idealistic member.

The experiment thus far had gone smoothly, but not too smoothly. In the first place there had been Maggie. Pipling knew too well her prejudice against alcohol in even the mildest form, and he had been aware of the inquisitiveness with which she had followed his actions. His door was, of course, the only one in the cottage that wouldn't lock. Once he had found a towel neatly laid over the top of the slop jar; and though he dared not question her he knew that Maggie was to be thanked for this unscientific act of housewifery.

She had been silent and grim and had only once become expansive. If only the gintlemen would be afther employin' their foine minds with somethin' besides roisterin' an' boozin' there would be no sin and sorrow annywhere. Quite true. She had only tasted wine or liquor once in her otherwise blameless life. That had been thirty years ago and it had given her a headache. What could Pipling do but sympathize with Maggie's point of view, guard his secret, and keep his sour mash exposed to fermentation as many hours as possible out of the twenty-four?

Then there had been little Willie. On the second day of fermentation he had come leaping out of his father's workroom, a bright vision of childhood under a cornmeal poultice.

"Willie make pancake!" he had shrilled through his disguise, and stood rubbing the mash into his hair, poking quantities of it down his Fauntleroy collar.

Maggie, who had just then finished dressing him for a children's party, had been displeased with his appearance, and this had so astonished Willie as to bring on a fit of weeping, causing rivers of tears to plow their way through the corn-meal dressing, which he wore like a hideous mask.

Oh, well, one must suffer to gain merit! And on this noon of the third day Pipling smiled ecstatically as he stood whiffing the delicious frightfulness.

Footsteps on the veranda! Pipling started guiltily and was about to pull down the shade when he beheld the solid figure of the real-estate man coming toward the outer door. Tweed's figure, always generous, looked bulkier than usual. He held his coat kimono-fashion across his swelling front and under that same garment in the rear dangled six inches of a tail-like something which gave him the appearance of one warming a serpent in his bosom and trying hard to conceal his generosity.

Tweed whistled thrice. Pipling leaped to the door and pulled his partner into the obscurity of his workroom.

"Well, I got it!" grinned the real-estate man, opening his coat and revealing something which looked like a tangle of telephone wire.

"What are you going to do with that?" was the author's very natural question.

"It's copper pipe," explained Tweed.

Pipling examined one end of the tangle. Sure enough, there was a cunning hole drilled through the length of it.

"Rather small isn't it?"

"What do you expect?" grumbled Tweed. "I almost got myself arrested as it was. I went to the hardware store and the plumber's. You ought to have seen the way they looked at me. Everybody in the place gathered round and asked what I wanted to do with copper pipe. I told them I was trying to mend a patent washing machine. What a snicker! At last I thought of the village garage. I found what I wanted the first crack out of the box. A mechanic was taking a leaky feed pipe out of a car and I bought it for a dollar."

"Rather steep, wasn't it?"

"Not when you consider what everything costs nowadays."

"Good. Hadn't we better rig the still right away?"

Pipling was impatient.

"How's the mash?" asked Tweed, smelling the mysterious combination in the jar. "Pretty good, what? I tell you what let's do. I've got a full program on to-day. I don't believe we can boil that mush—maybe it ought to be strained or something. Why don't you fix it up so that we can begin serious operations to-morrow morning?"

This seemed fair enough to Pipling. Therefore toward midafternoon, when he had taken his heroine through her first soul agonies, he locked up his portable typewriter, stole a yard of gauze out of the nursery and set to work methodically straining out the prodigious results of fermention. He used a two-gallon pitcher to catch the milky juice which dripped grudgingly through the texture of the little bag as he squeezed and squeezed it to the bursting point. And when the bag was squeezed until it would drip no more he shook hard yellowish dough balls upon a yard of Sunday supplement which he had spread for that purpose.

The hours sped painfully, because the author's hands, unmuscled to such a milking process, grew sore and stiff. His back ached. The pile of dough balls grew and grew, the sour corn milk in the pitcher curdled higher and higher. Hypnotized by the monotonous labor Pipling thought of many things. He composed a sonnet to a blonde whom he had once loved and seen married comfortably to a cotton broker; he designed a scathing article, intent to scathe Maximalism both at home and in Russia; he thought of a ghost story with an original ghost walking through it.

At last the straining was over, the strain having settled in the small of Pipling's back. He felt a slight touch of *mal de mer*.

What to do with that pile of dough balls, now that he had acquired them? Save them and bury them in the dark of night? Spies, he knew, might be watching his every movement. Burn them? The latter plan looked more practicable.

He found a can of kerosene in a little closet near the back door. Piling the dough balls pyramidally in the fireplace he covered them with wood, excelsior and paper wads before anointing them liberally from the can. He lit a match. The pyre burned splendidly, engendering an infernal heat. Pipling opened first his door, then his collar. The blaze died down and several dough balls rolled out, slightly scorched, on the floor.

"Tut, tut, tut!"

The animate clucking sound caused the author to look up nervously. Maggie Dempsey, gaunt, prim and wiry, stood at the door.

"I thought the house was gone this time, Mr. Pipling," she explained, her melancholy eyes glued on the waning conflagration. "The house is full of ut, an' the baby's fair chokin' blue."

"I have just burned some old manuscripts," he informed her briskly, meanwhile contemplating an ejection by force.

"I see."

Maggie picked up a dough ball which had rolled halfway across the matting. It was hot apparently, for she dropped it like a soggy bomb, and it exploded noiselessly, scattering corn meal.

Pipling made a poor pretense of mending the fire with fragments of charred wood, but Maggie still lingered. He dared not look her in the eye. When at last he ventured a sidelong glance he found her leaning over the slop jar, genuine concern written all over her kind peppery face.

"Mr. Pipling," she said severely, "ye gintlemen ain't goin' to dhrink thim suds, ar-r-re ye?"

"Oh, no. No." He grinned insanely. "It's just a little foolish experiment, Maggie."

"It's foolish all right," she conceded. "What d'ye put in ut to make ut smell like that?"

"Corn meal," confessed Pipling, now realizing that there was no keeping anything from Maggie.

"In Ireland they make ut out o' potaties," she volunteered. "Ut don't look like that, and ut don't smell like that.

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Most Miles per Dollar

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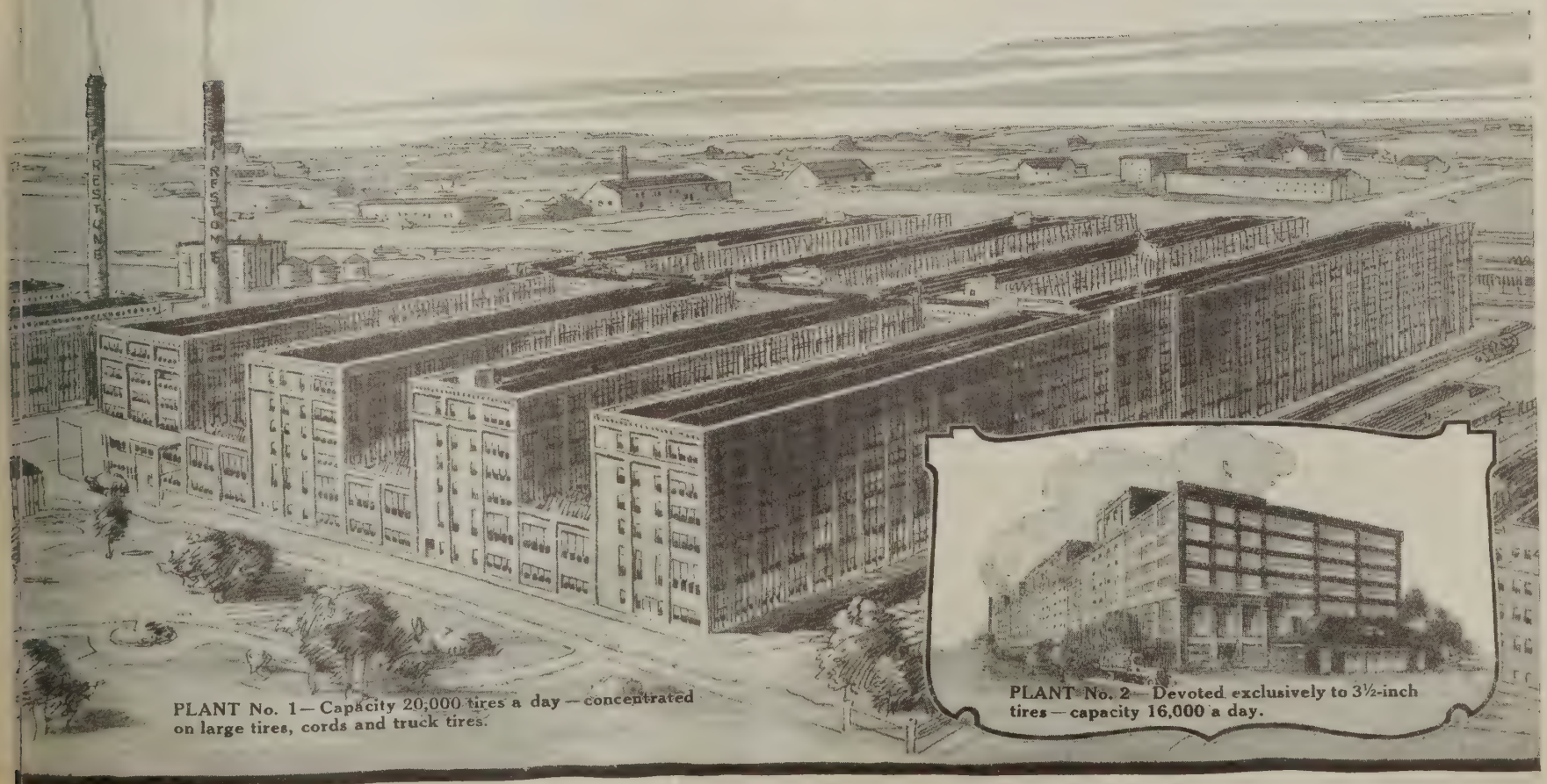

PLANT No. 1—Capacity 20,000 tires a day—concentrated on large tires, cords and truck tires.

PLANT No. 2—Devoted exclusively to 3½-inch tires—capacity 16,000 a day.

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There's no good to ut, however it's made. But there's no har-rum in doin' annythin' right."

Whereupon she picked up the pitcher of mash and walked briskly away with it. Pipling was of a mind to call after her, to command her to mind her own affairs, to keep her place. But would she keep her place? There was the rub! Maggie was but an item in the prevailing servant problem, treasure though she might be. Suppose he should tempt her to resign and leave him stranded in Virginia with two squalling children on his hands?

But Maggie Dempsey was no quitter. Presently she came back, carrying another pitcher, blue this time. And when she set it down he beheld his darling mash swimming in the cleanly depths.

"Ye'll gain nawthin' be usin' dirthy utinsils," she informed him. "Mrs. Pipling gave me stric' instructions to watch yer health. And I want no sick gintlemen on me hands—they're twicet the trouble of babies, an' more obstinate. Would ye be wantin' some clean bottles, Mr. Pipling?"

"I should be ever so much obliged," cried the author, breathless at this sudden turn of events. "And do you think you could find me something to cook this stuff on?"

"I have a coil oil burner for the baby's milk," she admitted, but retreated as though fearful of relenting too far.

Femina semper mutabilis! according to the Latin poet, and *Donna e mobile* as the Italian tenor so sweetly sings it.

"Isn't that just like a woman?" was Pipling's sketchy translation as he stood brushing away the cold sweat of anxiety.

Experiment One was conducted in secrecy and a bathtub shortly before midnight of the same day. The chemist, who had returned from a conventional dinner party, arrayed himself in a qualified laboratory costume consisting of a dress shirt, knickerbockers and morocco slippers, then he proceeded to assemble his ill-gotten materials. To complicate matters one of his teakettles had disappeared—he had a suspicion that Maggie had chosen it for a cereal boiler in her nursery cuisine upstairs. Finally he discovered in a closet under the stairs a thick square bottle which, its label glaringly announced, had once contained Old Tom gin. He felt sure that this would do just as well as a teakettle. Therefore he spent two crowded hours rigging up a distilling machine according to his memory of what Messrs. Botts and Tweed had told him. He wasn't at all sure that he had got it right, though the homemade apparatus looked sufficiently ingenious when he poured a quart of sour mash into the kettle and lit the oil stove.

He drew up a chair beside the bathtub and awaited results, inspired by the hope that a beautiful clear elixir would presently begin flowing into the thick square bottle.

Finally he shut the bathroom door, because an acrid fog was beginning to rise from the loose lid of the boiling kettle. There was no sense in announcing his nefarious trade, he thought, even to the dead of night.

After an eternity of waiting Pipling tiptoed forth to his workroom and from his small summer library chose a heavy volume which dealt with the self-determination of two or three states he had never before heard mention of, even in the covenant. He found his reading glasses and tiptoed back to the bathroom. The oil stove was beginning to smoke. He turned it down and took a narrow look at the gin bottle, which remained as dry inside as its label announced.

Patience! He seated himself comfortably and opened his book at a promising chapter, a solid thing touching upon Rumania and her right to expand toward the Ægean without hurting anybody's feelings. The kettle began puffing frightfully, the lid rising with every puff. Volumes of tainted steam fogged the room and mingled with noxious gases from the smoky oil stove. Pipling rose dizzily and again turned down the wick. He wondered if there wasn't some way of holding down the kettle lid. He scalded his fingers and decided there wasn't.

Finally he laid a broom handle over the spluttering, steaming, bouncing lid, sighed deeply and resumed his reading. . . .

"Fire!"

Pipling shouted this out of a dream, for he had fallen asleep and imagined that he had died of a broken heart and that his spirit rising gently from its carnal shell had begun its floating voyage toward Spiritland, only to be caught in a terrific gas barrage directly over a garbage crematory. His waking sense apprised him of the true situation. The kettle had boiled down and its deposit of corn meal, subjected to long heat, had caught fire! With the aid of a handy washbowl he drenched the flames, and after calm had once more prevailed he disconnected the gin bottle and held it up to the light. Something evidently had happened during his spiritual absence, because a glance at his wrist watch assured him that it was now a quarter after two.

The bottle was not empty—not entirely. By tilting it close to the electric bulb he could see, glistening in one corner, a tablespoonful of crystal-clear liquid. Success! Nothing to brag about, perhaps; but were not Wilbur and Orville Wright prouder of their few yards of flight over Killdevil dunes than of their later sky-aspiring triumphs? Pipling had done nothing in the way of quantity production, but he had demonstrated a principle.

As he undressed sleepily he made up his mind to save the tiny sample and show it to his friends in the morning. But as soon as he had got himself into his pyjamas it occurred to him that Tweed might smile at the paucity of results. It would be better, thought Pipling, to drink the results of Experiment One. He had never tasted the famous moonshine whisky, and this small dose would teach him what to expect.

His last act before turning out the lights was to tilt the neck of the bottle against his teeth, permitting a tiny rill to trickle along his tongue. Delicious! More than delicious, indeed, for it was perfect beyond his wildest dreams—biting, aromatic, rich in alcohol.

"Great!" chuckled the experimenter as he clicked off the light, leaped into bed and pulled the covers to his chin. The taste lingered pleasantly, giving promise of pleasures to come. Why did people call moonshine whisky a crude and savage drink? This little sip had been wonderful. And he had found the secret. It was remarkable, too, how much like good gin it tasted.

A sudden midnight suspicion caused him to sit up in bed and grapple for the light chain. As soon as he could see he reached for the square bottle, which he had set on the table beside his bed. He smelled long and tenderly and emptied the few remaining drops upon his tongue.

"Rats!" he grunted, and again turned out the light. It was gin. Some wasteful idiot had left a spoonful of good liquor in the bottle ere casting it aside.

III

WE WILL spin hastily through Experiments Two and Three in order to linger among the scientific grandeurs of Experiment Four.

Experiment Two was a dry one and entirely concerned with mechanics. Tweed came smiling in next morning with several metallic objects which he had stolen from a garage. They had everything necessary for a perfect still, but they were baffled by the simple fact that everything refused to fit into or be joined to anything else. Pipling's workroom took on the appearance of a badly managed machine shop; the lusty clangor of hammer upon brass was mingled warlike with manly oaths. Tweed mashed his finger and kicked a kettle across the room. They would have been at it yet perhaps had not Pipling ended the experiment dramatically by an abrupt backward step which upset the pitcher of sour mash. A milky lake spread and spread across the matting.

"Mop it up!" shouted the real-estate man, himself having rescued the pitcher and a considerable quantity of the fluid.

Pipling glared round the room and saw many hooks laden with expensive summer apparel. On the bureau he spied a pair of woolen socks—clean ones—and with these novel sop rags he mopped the floor and wrung the escaping mash back into its pitcher.

"It's full of germs," he confessed sorrowfully, gazing into the jar.

"Who cares?" asked Tweed. "There's no germ that walks that can live in a still."

"We've got nearly a gallon left," sighed Pipling, not without regret.

That afternoon the diplomat came in with a handsome Sheffield teakettle suspended on an elaborate crane.

"I borrowed it from a cousin of mine over at Bubbling Springs," he explained. "I told her we were giving a tea party and she was crazy to be invited. Of course you'll have to clean it all up when you're through—and be careful not to dent it. It's a sort of museum piece, and Sarah's a crank about curios."

A creative light beamed in Tweed's eyes as he snatched the object of art, and sans explanation joined the silver aristocrat, spout to spout, with the graniteware bourgeois.

"Steam-tight and perfect!" he jubilated. "Pour a pint of that mash into the curio, will you? And light the lamp underneath. And fetch a pan o' water."

Three men held the kettles at practical angles, three men were scalded this time, and three men swore. That was the total of the afternoon's work.

"Hell!" snorted Tweed, squinting at the nauseating fluid which trickled stingily from the graniteware spout.

"That little dinky museum piece has been boiling over and we've got the same old mash—hot."

They went up to supper, Percival carrying his cousin's priceless teapot under his elbow.

"It looks like an antique, all right," Tweed tried to console him.

"She'll throw a fit," grumbled the embryo ambassador; and he studied a row of interesting dents in the beautifully designed spout.

It was Sunday morning right after breakfast when the amateur moonshiners held a full caucus; indeed it was an overflowing caucus, because the Reverend Mr. Beagle strolled down to the Pipling cottage and invited himself in, with the explanation that there was nothing in the New Testament touching upon the rules of wartime prohibition. Indeed, what the boys were doing might be interpreted as an act of necessity and mercy, therefore no Sabbath breaking, strictly speaking. It was plain to see that Mr. Beagle's curiosity had got the better of his scruples.

Doctor Biskoff, who had returned from White Sulphur, came in with a pair of murderous surgical shears and a spool of adhesive plaster.

"I can stop either blood or steam," he explained, "according to the operation indicated."

Pipling didn't like his tone, which was light and suggested little faith. A naturally silent man, Biskoff merely smelled the mash, squinting and smiling; and over the wild apparatus which Tweed had constructed he passed his owlish eyeglasses and smiled again.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the real-estate man impatiently.

"I am no diagnostician," grinned Biskoff. "What's that kettle doing floating in a cut-glass bowl of water?"

"I should think you would know—you're a scientist," said Tweed cuttingly.

"There are a few things beyond us," declared Biskoff, walking round and round the bureau, upon which Tweed had installed his marvelous still.

They had moved their operations from the bathroom to Pipling's studio, the tub being at that moment occupied by the Pipling baby. Percy the diplomat had brought in a small alcohol burner, and above its sprightly flame the boiler was beginning to sing.

"A little of this adhesive," explained the surgeon, tearing off a strip daintily and in his best operating-room manner, "will stop the escaping steam. There are about a hundred leaks, I should say."

"Somebody bale cold water over the condenser!" bawled Tweed. "Keep 'er cool and stop arguing."

"I can smell alcohol!" muttered Pipling hopefully.

"It's from the burner," replied Percy in a tone of lamentation.

Meanwhile the minister remained aloof. It was none of his doings, and this was no time for a sermon.

"Well, I must be going to church," he spoke finally into the tense silence. "And when I get back I hope you'll have done nothing you'll regret."

"We'll get a quart at least at this rate," mumbled Tweed; for he had just looked into the kettle which, weighted from within, was sinking deeper and deeper into the watery depths of the cut-glass punch bowl. Doctor Biskoff, looking every inch the scientist that he was, stood gumming adhesive plaster over the leaky lid of the boiling kettle.

Mr. Hig Botts drove the Reverend Mr. Beagle to church. This had been Mr. Botts' prerogative all summer, and to-day he was dressed in a severe black coat and a collar he had not worn since last Sunday. they bumped along Mr. Beagle thou indulgently of the four conspirators in steam-reeking cottage. Certainly they not doing any harm, thought he; but ought to be at church.

It was after the first bend in the that Mr. Botts permitted the jitne think for itself, as it were, and twi round to his conversational angle.

"How's the boilin' gettin' on, Beagle?" he asked in the courteous befitting one addressing a clergyman.

"Boiling?" Though a mountaineer Mr. Beagle did not at first recognize term.

"I understand the gentlemen are ma right smaht o' liquor up to the Springs

"Oh, yes."

Being an absent-minded man, pur life and in no wise suspicious, Mr. Be was quite ready with his information.

"They seem to be having some fun some spoiled corn and a lot of cheap h ware. There's certainly no harm in i far as I can see. It's the best cure for drinking habit that I've encountered y

"That mout be, Mr. Parson. That be," agreed Hig Botts thoughtfully a turned again to the wheel and sho no further curiosity during their tort trip to the little red church, where a gregation was already gathered awai the words of the visiting pastor.

Now Mr. Botts was not a churchly himself, and being inured to a life of ac the two-hour wait till the conclusio services irked him sore. He drew a tively new cigar from his Sunday coa and smoked with innumerable impa puffs.

Then wantonly he threw it away semidestroyed condition, cranked his and headed rapidly back over the roa Spouting Springs.

In the Pipling cottage things had gressed, as the author expressed it, a dream." The homely kettle in the glass bowl had grown heavier and hea while the amateur moonshiners worke they had never worked before, baling w ish water out of the basin, baling cold w in a constant fount over the lid of the terious teakettle, which the surgeon now dressed so conscientiously in sur tape that to lift the lid and look inside entirely out of the question. The high sion was felt by all save the surgeon, remained satirically calm, gumming gumming. As he gummed he compos pathological ditty to the tune of Our H is Haunted:

Fermentation,
Fermentation
Has ruined many and many a happy h
'Twas Fermentation
And Cultivation
That caused the fall of ancient Rome.

Tweed's good nature had returned the prospect of brilliant results.

"Colonel John B. Corn!" he cried moment of ecstasy. "No matter how you bury him, he'll rise again and give all the hoss laugh."

"He's the greatest leader of men world has ever known," declared the di mat, who had just rushed in with a f basin of cold water.

"Bless the old colonel!" jubilated ling, asweat with constant boiling. never fails to pull a party together."

"A little more adhesive over that joi grumbled the eminent surgeon, perform the operation skillfully.

"I think she's about simmered d now," declared Tweed, his ear to the boi kettle.

Indeed there was a spluttering ra from within, indicating danger.

"Wow!"

Pipling lifted this Mohawk syllable a raised the crude condenser an inch fron watery grave.

"Man born! The thing's chock-full.

"*Per Bacco!*" swore the diplomat, pr of his meager Italian. "What's the us Amendment Eighteen now?"

What indeed?

"Get a clean pitcher," comman Tweed, "and we'll pour out the stuff."

While the diplomat was turning down light the author was running for a suffic container and the surgeon's cunning fin were removing the surgical dressing. D ling brought in a two-quart pitcher of standard hotel variety and four heads v grouped in a tight cluster as Tweed ra the agateware kettle and proceeded to pr

(Continued on Page 133)

(Continued from Page 130)

Assemble, all ye bacchantes, to witness hv he poured! Out of the generous muzzle o:he large kettle cascaded such a flood of c stal-clear liquor as Falstaff never dreamed o Tantalus never thirsted for. Pint after p t of it rilled down with a satisfying gurgle, u il the pitcher was full to the brim and Teed was shouting for another reservoir. Pling snatched a two-quart bottle, which Aggie had been so thoughtful as to wash a l set on the mantelshelf. Still the tea-k tle poured tirelessly as if fed from some inexhaustible spring.

The bottle was two-thirds full when the p ring ceased and Tweed set down the k tle amidst a tremendous silence.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said the diplomat, his social nature the first to re-ve. "We'll make a tremendous julep and ve a party to the Springs."

"It might be a little crude at first," Tweed temporized, apparently too proud t boast. "But holee hickoree, ain't it easy ven you know how!"

Pipling, a practical man in spite of his ethereal calling, had poured out a full glass of the magic elixir and was holding it up to t light.

"Who deserves the first swig?" he asked.

"Tweed's done most of the work," was Percy's diplomatic reply.

"I'm not claiming all the honors," Tweed protested with a modest blush. "But since you insist, here's how!"

He measured the glass off with his fingers, allowed a just quarter of its contents, smacked his lips, and passed the loving cup to Pipling, whom he had chosen as next in importance to himself.

"How is it?" asked the author, the glass already tilted toward his lips.

"Fine!" said Tweed cheerfully.

Whereupon Pipling dashed off his apportioned quarter, smacked his lips in turn, and gave the glass to Percy, who being overeager all but finished it.

The surgeon merely smelled the potion when it came his turn. There beamed a clever analytic look behind the owlish spectacles as he revolved the glass round and round under his birdlike beak.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Tweed.

"Well, what is?" counterquestioned the scientific gentleman.

"It has a certain—glow."

Tweed said this, but without unnecessary enthusiasm.

"To tell you the truth," volunteered Percy in a weak voice, "it seems to hit one rather hard about here."

He laid his fingers delicately across his lips.

"I think there's alcohol in it," declared Pipling. "But it tastes a lot like rain water that has been left out in a whisky barrel."

"And allowed to sour," supplied Tweed, jetting suddenly and wrapping his chubby arms round himself.

During the ensuing depression Doctor Biskoff, who had touched not, tasted not, passed again among the items of apparatus, making a minute examination. Finally he lifted the lid of the kettle that had poured so luxuriantly, and after his forefinger had run itself two or three times round the little knob on top he smiled his dry, wrinkled smile.

"Quite a large hole here," he said, "and you've been baling water into the kettle as fast as the steam could condense. A great deal faster, I should say."

The four of them sat huddled in chairs. Doctor Biskoff had been thoughtful enough to open a window.

"Well," said Percy at last, "there's enough of something in it to make me pretty sick."

"No doubt," agreed the surgeon. "But it isn't alcohol."

"Well, what the devil is it?" snarled Tweed. "If you're so thundering educated, why don't you tell us something?"

Biskoff mentioned a long list of chemical things which sounded a degree less deadly than the present results. His eye passed over the limp group with a look of purely professional interest. Every face was beamed with agony; green was the prevailing shade.

"I think a little ——"

His diagnosis was interrupted by a loud rapping upon the frame of the screen door, followed by a tart inquiry from Miss Maggie Dempsey.

"I want to see Misteh Pipling, ma'am, if you please."

"Mr. Pipling's a-holdin' a conference. Who's it a-wantin' him?"

"Botts," declared the sweetish voice. "Mr. Hig Botts, on impawtant business."

"Well, Botts ye may be, but he'll not be seein' ye now. Gowan an' set yourself under a tree till he's through ——"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," came the kindly drawl.

There were sounds of scrambling by the screen door, a smothered scream including an invitation to git out ye lazy burglar, and before the stricken Pipling could move a muscle Mr. Hig Botts came smiling into their midst.

"Mawnin', gentlemen," he began in the best manner of our motion-picture sheriffs. "Sorry to interrupt, but I heah they's been some boilin' down this way."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Botts," smiled the diplomat, shaking off his pain and showing an equality to the occasion which if applied among nations will bring him to the front of his profession. "Glad you dropped in on our little experiment."

"I've dropped in on heaps of 'em befo'," declared the secret agent, his chinless chin folding itself resolutely.

"Not like this, I assure you, Mr. Botts," said the diplomat. "We've been experimenting in artificial ice. Doctor Biskoff here has invented a process whereby it can be produced cheaply without the use of ammonia ——"

The surgeon lifted his eyebrows, and in the pause Mr. Botts spoke harshly.

"I know what you-all are up to. Artificial ice is all right in its place, and feed cawn is all right in its place. But you-all have been distillin' without a license. If you-all got an ice plant tell that to the judge. But I'm 'bliged to put you-all undeh arrest for makin' whisky."

In a long silence he permitted his words to sink in.

"Look here, Botts," said Tweed, coming out of his coma, "what makes you think we've been making whisky?"

"Tha's the evidence, seh, scattered all oveh the flo'. I'm right sorry, Misteh Tweed."

"Well, before you make any arrests don't you need a little evidence in the form of whisky to prove something on us?"

"I reckon I do, Misteh Tweed. What you-all got in yon bottle?"

With nervous promptitude Mr. Tweed poured out a half glass of the sparkling liquid. Mr. Botts crooked his elbow and tossed it off at a gulp.

"Do you call that whisky?" asked Tweed in a voice which gained power.

Mr. Botts smacked his lips as the others had done. Carefully he set down his glass ere a pained expression crossed his prickly countenance and he slid into the same chair that he had but now used to barricade the door.

"I don't know what you-all been makin'," he pronounced deliberately, "but it shore ain't whisky."

"I reckon we're innocent," decreed the real-estate man, who had taken over the case.

"Innocent is right!" agreed Botts, then was still.

Doctor Biskoff, the one abstemious person in the conspiracy, took another look at the havoc, the human wreckage, the greenish cheeks and white lips on his miserable companions. Then he stepped briskly into the hall and encountered Maggie lingering by the screen door.

"Nurse," he asked in his commanding hospital voice, "have we a little whisky in the house?"

"Annybody seeryusly sick?" she queried unbendingly.

"Mr. Pipling and Mr. Tweed seem to be a little upset."

"I thought they would be," she announced, not without a certain hint of satisfaction.

She stepped to the door and took one long, sad look at the emergency ward ere she spoke again.

"There's a bottle of the devvil's stuff in the house, and it's me that's thinkin' they'll be needin' it now."

"Get it at once, will you?"

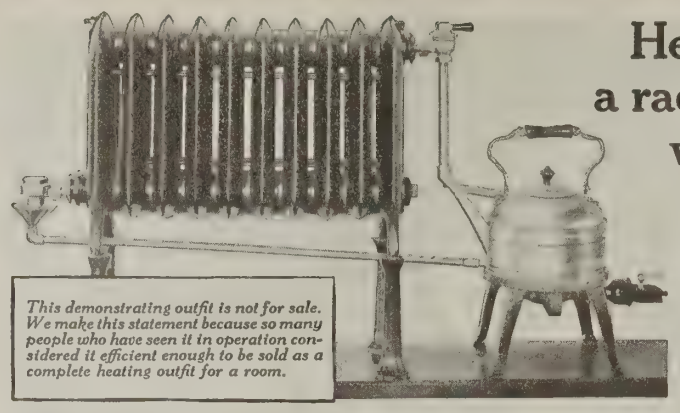
"Docthor's orders," said Maggie.

Without another word she stepped into the room of misery and, mounting a chair, produced a full quart of Bourbon from a shelf less than three feet above Mr. Pipling's bowed head.

"I thought he wouldn't be a-lookin' for ut there," she explained. "How manny glasses, docthor?"

"Five," commanded Biskoff decisively.

Sunday dinner was set for half past two, and it lacked a quarter hour of that time



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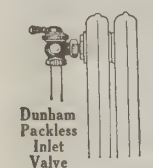

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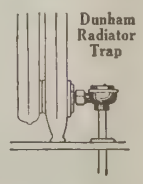

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when five jolly roisterers sat together in the Pipling cottage round a half-finished bottle of Bourbon. The Reverend Mr. Beagle might be still waiting at the church for aught Mr. Botts cared.

"Ther ain't no law aginst it bein' used like we're usin' it now, fer medishnal pu'poses," he lectured on and on, himself having taken most of the medicine. "But, gentlemen, believe me fair and honest, it cain't be did to home the way you-alls' been doin' ut. If you-all must drink—and it's a crime, gentlemen, but human—they's no reason why you shouldn't git it the way the moonshiners sell it, twice distilled off the stump."

"Off the which?" asked Percival, hanging on his lips.

"Off the stump. I reckon they's about a hundred stumps marked with a gob o' white paint between heah and Bubblin' Springs. It's like pickin' a turkey—y'only need to know how."

"Well—how?" asked four accorded voices.

"Git a gallon jug and a five-dollah bill. Find a stump with a white mark awn it. Put the bill awn the stump and the jug awn the bill. Then 'bout dawn next mawnin' go git the jug and see what's in it."

"Isn't it against the law?" asked Pipling, who had had his scare for the day.

"I don't say it's strictly in accawdance with juice-prudence." Mr. Botts winked wickedly and helped himself to more medicinal Bourbon. "But they ain't no hawm in tryin'—and see what's in it."

A few minutes later Mr. Botts and his car went swaying away toward church, blithe in the assurance that Mr. Beagle was either there or wasn't.

All that afternoon and evening the undiscouraged conspirators collected jugs out of the hotel cellar and five-dollar bills out of the hotel safe.

Well after dark that night four mysterious figures might have been faintly discerned, each figure moving slowly under a weight of jugs. Any spy, had he been possessed of more ambition than is native to the Blue Ridge, might have followed to see eight jugs, properly baited with currency, set upon eight whitish stumps between Spouting Springs and the more pretentious resort down the road.

Our hypothetical spy might also have waited till dawn to see what happened then. Out of the mist four city-bred gentlemen, who should have known better, passed furtively along the forest marge to gather in their illicit spoils. The stumps were still there, the jugs were still there. The jugs were uniformly empty, but an equally uniform absence of five-dollar bills indicated that the stumps had not be unvisited.

"Bunked again!" was Percival's origin discovery as soon as he had visited t eighth stump.

"Well," observed Pipling, his eye pee ing down the neck of the vacant crocker "Botts merely told us to look into the ju and see what was there."

"Gentlemen," cried Tweed specul tively, seating himself on the bare stum "if dandelions were only in season I cou give you a recipe that would ——"

"Another word"—Pipling lifted the ju menacingly—"and you're a dead man!"

The Cabin

A SPREADING stain through forest lan
A haze in cabin clearing;
The cricket's knell from hearth and dell
For summer disappearing;
And ragged nests where, stranger guests,
The snowbirds house unfearing.

My ferny nook for dream and book
Is but a den of thistle;
Like skeletons 'neath ghostly suns
The stark old beeches bristle,
Their deep veins cold their green wreat
mold,
Their song a mourner's whistle.

But who in grief at fade of leaf
Can long resist the fall?
The gleams and rains which haunt the pan
Have a mysterious call,
And musings dread attend his tread
Around the cabin wall.

Are these wild noons among the dunes
Less loved of Pan, I wonder,
Than flower-frilled lawn with nymph an
faun
Dancing the warm stars under?
These skies of dun with sand-blown sun
And thrilled with ocean's thunder?

What of the din when ducks blow in
On squalls of dusk December,
And torn flocks take the sheltered lake
Beneath a snow moon's ember—
Shall I repine and old dog whine
Or Redbreast's song remember?

Oh, we hear hails from Arctic trails
Whose Valkyries choose our prey.
And heap the hearth with Viking mirth
When ducks blow down our way;
And as gun glint and feather tint
Across the firelight play
The setter gnaws his folded paws
And plans the dawn's foray.

—Calvin Johnston.

A POST-MORTEM ON COCK ROBIN

(Continued from Page 17)

"It is the same thing in boys' clothes. I was going on thirty years old before I paid more than $20 for a suit of clothes, and when I took my sixteen-year-old boy down last week to buy him a school suit they didn't have anything in the store for less than $35, and most of them were $45 and $50. They didn't begin to compare with the suits we used to get for $18. What is a man now going to do?

"And shoes! My Lord! I used to have to be talked into paying $5 for a pair of shoes. And yesterday for my kid I had to pay $14.40 for a pair of low-quartered tan shoes made out of leather. He would kick a pair of those $8 shoes all to pieces inside of a month. I don't need to tell you about food—you know about that. I work just as hard as I ever did. I get more pay than I ever did. I don't waste my money. I don't buy anything I don't have to buy; I just about break even. It costs me twice as much to live as it used to and I don't get as much for it. What is the answer? Is somebody gouging me? I think so. I am trying to find out who it is.

"I went down street the other day to buy some shirts, the kind I always buy—a white soft shirt, with soft cuffs. They used to be $1, and then they went to $1.50, then $1.65, and then $2. Now they are $2.20.

"I said to Henry, the clerk, meaning to be sarcastic: 'I think they are almost as good as the dollar shirts used to be.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I think they are, but they aren't made quite as well. I don't sell as many of 'em as I used to. Most of the boys is buying these silk shirts. We have got some nice ones, $6.50 to $10.00.'

"'Who is buying 'em?' I asked him.

"'Why, most of the fellows,' he told me. 'The crowd that comes in here Saturday night, the railroad boys, and most of that crowd workin' down there buildin' old man Jeup's warehouse. They are all getting good pay. The unions have put wages up.'

"'Yes,' I says to him, 'and it seems to me I am paying a good part of 'em.'

"'Well, join a union, then,' says Henry."

Big Production and High Prices

And there you are. I don't blame these fellows for trying to get as much pay as they can. I am glad to see them prosper. But the more they get the higher prices go and the more they take out of me. I have just come to the end of my row. I have got a right to live too. We can't all be railroad men and belong to unions; or be bricklayers or carpenters or plumbers or steamfitters. I am earning all I am worth and all I can earn. I work hard, don't dissipate, and I try to live within my means. I don't buy anything I don't have to buy, and yet they've got me on the run. We will have to have a showdown pretty soon, because I am not getting anywhere with all my trying.

On the very hottest day of last July I came out of the dining car of a train just then leaving Wilmington, Delaware, where I had paid $185 for a railroad administration luncheon, and walked into a lodge meeting of ultimate consumers who were pronouncing the high, the low and the middle cause on the cost of living. All of them, it developed, were salaried men. The greater number were apparently traveling salesmen. One of them was reading aloud from a morning newspaper.

"Listen to this," he said. "It is official, from the Department of Agriculture, and says there is no longer need for meat conservation, and that patriotic citizens may freely disregard the meat-saving placards which are still displayed at many eating places. Now listen:

"'With meat prices to the consumer so high that he is denying himself, and with prices for livestock, especially beef and lamb, so low to the producer that he is actually losing money, the nation is confronted with a grave problem which requires solution if we are not to suffer a decline in the livestock industry.'

"And here's another bit: 'Beef producers and lamb producers who sell their produce at this time are confronted with the danger of heavy financial losses, which would tend to restrict production and cause a serious shortage in future.

"'In 1918, for the first time in many years, the production of meat animals gained ground in the losing race with growth of population. This was made possible by the earnest and patriotic efforts of our livestock producers, and unless beef and lamb consumption is now increased to its potential maximum, without needless waste, we are in danger of throwing away the advance we have made under war pressure.

"'We have in prospect the greatest wheat crop in our history; we had in 1918 by far the largest production of pork we ever had, as well as a great increase in our beef, lamb and dairy production. . . . "Save Food" signs should now be disregarded. Consumers are unconsciously working harm to themselves and to livestock producers by now restricting their consumption of meat.

"'The department is aware that much of the reason for the hesitation of the average housewife to increase the amount of beef in the family diet is the excessive retail prices which now prevail. These prices are not justified by the wholesale quotations.'

"Can you beat it? Can you even tie it? Here is meat at a price where we can't afford to eat it. Did you notice the prices on the bill of fare? And in the face of this we are being told that if we don't eat steaks and chops and roast beef as we used to the beef producer will be put out of business and the supply will be cut down. Here we are told officially by the Government that we are producing more meat than we have ever produced before; that the livestock raiser is threatened with ruin because of the low prices he is receiving; and yet that the consumers are called upon to pay an absolutely preposterous price per pound for all that we buy to eat. Three years ago bacon was twenty-five cents a pound. Now in the face of the increased supply it is seventy cents a pound. More beef and lamb and pork than ever before, and yet prices so high that we can't afford to buy it. Will somebody tell me the answer?"

I should advise whoever is responsible for this sort of thing to pay some attention to these little experience meetings that are going on everywhere I have been this summer. The present distracted state of mind of the ultimate consumer reminds me of nothing so much as the little boy who has been told who Santa Claus is. He has been stripped of a dear illusion and is beginning to inquire into a great number of things and persons that he has rather taken for granted.

You may have noticed that the qualities and capacities of men in high places are not being taken for granted any more. The present public attitude toward all those who sit in high places or positions of authority is one of scrutiny and criticism. It has been widely remarked that the war produced no hero in the Army, no idolized generals. And the same is true in civil life here at home. Who is there whom you can think of, in public life or out of it, at this juncture, who is an idealized and idolized leader? Nobody. I mean popular heroes and popular leaders followed blindly and worshipfully by millions, and whose opinions and outgivings are instantly and enthusiastically adopted by their followers, without thought and without reservation.

Congress in Low Esteem

Do you remember the blind adoration of the Roosevelt followers and the Bryan followers? And before that, the men who thought James G. Blaine was the greatest man in the world? Those mass followings are dissipated. The state of mind and the attitude toward public men and leaders that brought them into existence and held them together have completely disappeared. Only the other day the President, in probably the most lucid, clear, intelligent, sound state paper he has ever written, asked the railway shopmen not to strike but to postpone action until the whole situation with respect to wages and the cost of living could be readjusted. He might have been the bookkeeper for a gravel-roofing concern, for all the weight his words commanded.

I venture to say, from my observations while wandering about in the past two months talking to people, that men in public life, in office and in Congress, were never in less repute and less esteem than they are just now. My own observations are borne out by the yelps of approval that have greeted Mr. Wilson on his Western speech-making tour every time he has taken a shot at the Senate. One of the things that an itinerant analyst hears oftenest is, "We are onto Congress. They'll never pull us out of the hole we are in."

There doesn't seem to me to be much justice in this attitude. But there it is, and it must be reckoned with. Congress is in the same plight as the people out in the country. It knows that something is wrong, but it doesn't know exactly what it is nor how to set about curing it. It knows that the League of Nations won't give everybody forty acres and a mule and bring about automatically peace on earth, good will to men, and a full larder at a reasonable price. So does the country. If I have read correctly the signs in my own adventures into the hinterland the folks at home are rather bored with all this talk about the League of Nations. They want to get it out of the way and behind them. If it proves a good thing, all right; and if it does not prove a good thing, we'll try something else. President Wilson tells us that the League will reduce the cost of living and put business on a normal basis again. "All right," they say; "let us

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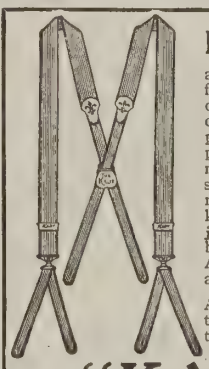
A Loyal Policeman, One of the Remaining Few When the Boston Force Went On Strike, Guarding a Wrecked Store, the Result of Mob Rule Which Followed the Walkout



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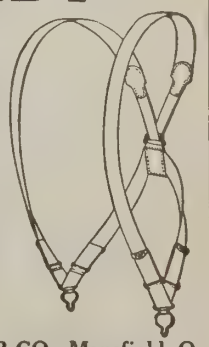

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see if it will. That is what we want. Go to it."

What we all want, of course, is to get back where we were before the war, and know where we are. This restless groping for stability is not confined to this country. People everywhere are seeking to evolve and declare the faith that is in them. The other day a company described as "fifty-four leaders of French thought" met in Paris to make a declaration of faith. Here is a rough translation of a paragraph from their address:

"If we feel the need of a philosophical, moral and political thought which shall organize our experiences; if we aim to oppose to liberal and anarchical disorder, to the revolt of instinct, an intellectual method which discriminates — *hierarchise* — and classifies; if, in a word, we know what we want and what we do not want, we do not intend, on the other hand, to remain mere doctrinaires and critics. The methods to which we adhere require us to understand and engage us to act; they are essentially creative. But there exists a thought which blocks the way of thought, an art which is the end of art, a politics which destroys politics; it is these alone that we are determined to proscribe. In this hour of unspeakable confusion, when the future of civilization is at stake, our safety is in the spirit. By combining against all the powers that oppose the spirit we shall achieve victory. The human race will share the profits with us."

Waste in Distribution

A certain shrewd man whom I know in the Middle West thinks that when we have evolved a national system of distribution of necessary commodities we shall have solved our problem. He says: "Here we have a country packed with richness, food for all and to spare, forests, streams, minerals, wool and cotton for clothing, meat and grains and fruit to eat, land a-plenty, and a young virile people. We know where all this stuff is and how to get it out. We have solved the problem of production. We know how to increase production. We proved this up to the hilt when the war came on. We can produce in quantity and in any quantity, and when not under war pressure we can produce economically. All that we thoroughly understand.

"But we have never set our minds to distribution, to a fair sharing of what we produce. There are too many people between the man who produces food and the man who ultimately buys it for consumption. There are too many people between the man who grows wool or cotton and the man who buys clothing. Food marketing is grotesque in its appalling waste. Here in our town there are two markets. All the dealers have separate stalls. In the market nearest my home I buy butter and eggs from one man, green vegetables from another, fruit from another, fresh meats from another, and staples from a fifth. It happens day after day that five wagons drawn by five horses, and each one carrying a man to drive and a boy to deliver, come to my house from these market stalls that are not 300 feet apart.

"Each stall owner maintains his own delivery system. I and the other consumers pay for it. One delivery system for the entire market would save money for all of us. That is only a minor detail.

"A friend of mine has a muck farm up here in the northern part of the state. He grows nothing but onions. He sells them to an agent by the carload. I have known a carload of onions to be sold three times and make three profits before they reached their final destination and were sold to retailers. The food producer, I think on the whole, is not getting more than a fair price for what he raises, but a lot of parasites fatten themselves on it before it gets to the consumer, and he pays for it. Everybody seems to know this, but nothing is done about it."

One of the singular and amazing aspects of this new-thought politics and hot and hasty social and economic reorganization that is finding temporary lodgment in various parts of the country, especially in the Northwest, is being watched by my friend the ultimate consumer with rather mixed feelings. Apparently he is not being considered at all in the arrangement, and he doesn't understand how any system of society can endure that doesn't provide for his beneficent activities. Producers who don't take consumers into account are a new phenomenon in an imperfect world, already so full of strange and inexplicable spectacles. A news story in a Chicago paper a little while ago told of the offer of the Non-Partisan League to coöperate with the Independent Labor Party of Illinois in the coming municipal election in Chicago. Not long after the story was printed Governor Frazier, the Non-Partisan League Executive of North Dakota, met a group of labor men in Chicago and made plans for uniting the farmers and city workingmen for political purposes. At the same time there was published an interview with "one of the men high in authority in the Non-Partisan League, who is understood to be the incarnation of the league's inward spirit." He was quoted as saying:

"We must have an entirely new system, a system based not on politics but on industry. The producers on the farm and in the shops must unite in one great political union. . . . This new party, composed of producers, will take all the machinery of government, production and distribution in the interests of the people. . . .

"There are six million farmers and millions of workmen. These constitute the vast majority of the United States. It is the purpose of the Non-Partisan League to bring these two great bodies together; then we can dictate terms to the balance of the country. . . . It will be an adaptation of the Russian idea of government of the producers, for the producers, and by the producers, to American habits of thought."

One clear, definite, fixed idea I find in the minds of virtually all the tolerant, kindly average human beings whom I group for present purposes of classification as the ultimate consumer is that we are all in this thing together and that we must pull ourselves out of it together. He dislikes and resents and has not much faith in any group theory. It strikes him as a European importation that is just about as useful as the English sparrow or German carp. He doesn't take to the idea of getting out of a tight corner by trampling on somebody else. I have had the case put to me a dozen times something like this:

"The truth is our nerves are pretty well on edge. What with one thing and another we are tired and harassed and irritable. It is hard to get a civil word out of people. We are all worried about something. Mostly it is about how to make a living. You will hardly meet anybody nowadays who is satisfied with his job or thinks the work that he is doing is worth doing well. Taking it by and large, folks aren't as neighborly as they used to be. Before they do anything they want to know how much they are going to get out of it. I suppose that is natural, because with everything costing so much a man has just naturally to get as much as he can. But with everybody feeling that way nobody is contented.

"Then there is another thing: There has always been a lot of bunk in this country and we are just getting wise to it. I suppose the war is responsible for that. We have had to come down to cases; right down to realities. I don't think we will ever hear any more of the blah-blah boys who used to call us the uncrowned kings of the grandest, greatest, richest country on God's green footstool, and all that sort of thing. We have been pretty well shaken up in the last three or four years. That old patter does not satisfy us any more. You will hear a lot of people saying that we will never get started right again until we have a good old-fashioned smash in the way of hard times and a fresh start on a bed-rock base. As it is now, you do not know where you stand. People who never had anything before, or what they deserved, are now getting more than they ever dreamed of having. In the flush of it they are having a g time. Other folks are pinched to pay fo and the bulk of us in between are j making buckle and tongue meet. We know there is enough for all of us and spare. The butter needs to be spread m evenly."

Raising an army of 4,000,000 men sending 2,000,000 of them abroad and sh ing 2,000,000 from one camp to anothe this country have wrought a tremend change in the outlook and viewpoint of the obscure unknown people who in the make public opinion in this country and cide its destinies and rate of progress. change is easily discoverable now. Fou five years ago you would not have expe to find, and you would not have found towns of four, five, eight, ten, twelve th sand persons, decided views and opini on the personnel, efficiency, managem and value of the Regular Army; or qualities of diplomats and their funeti and how well they performed them.

Marks of Distinction

A little while ago the people at la didn't know anything about such thi They took the Army and the diplom service for granted. They were aloof f the popular understanding or the popu interest. At this present moment in history of civilization it is easy enough find a negative vote and the reasons fo based on more or less personal experie and observation of both services. The lows who have come in contact with Regular-Army officer and have now g home do not like him. They say that he harsh and uncivil; that he was out of c tact and did not understand his own co trymen and their habits of thought and things they hold dear; and above all, t he was pathetically lacking in intellige about his own profession. I do not to here upon the justice of this indictm but I do report that the sentiment ex and is widespread.

I got one evening from a young fel as vivid an account of the Peace Confere and the personalities of the American sion as could be wished for. He had b a private in the Army, and had been duty about the Hotel Crillon at Paris. had not been impressed a little bit. thought the diplomats were funny and gularly unfitted for diplomacy. He scribed them as "these young birds w black coats and checked pants who sh the papers from one basket to anoth Of course he didn't know what was g on at Paris. But who did? He told n story that I liked:

It appears that two sentries were po at the door of the Crillon to serve as gua Of course they saluted the officers passed them, and sometimes it was n they saluted civilians. One of the fessors in the tail of Colonel House, was serving as a specialist with our pe delegation, observed that on some days sentries at the door saluted him sma and on other days they would let him unnoticed. One day he stopped and m inquiry.

"Of course," he said, "I know that have to salute officers in uniform, bu notice that sometimes you salute civili Some days you salute me and some d you do not. What are your orders?"

"We are ordered to salute all officers all distinguished civilians."

"How do you tell whether a civilia distinguished or not?"

"They told us that the distinguished o was the ones that wore these jim-swin coats with long tails to 'em. We can't 'em apart, but if they got long coat t they gets a salute. The officer said it as good a way as any."

In sum: All of which, as Mr. T. Car observed, is very singular to contempl

They wend. Undoubtedly they wen

Now that you have come with me far down to this quiet corner I will tell a secret: The ultimate consumer ki Cock Robin.

He got too cocky.

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 4)

ligt of wind-tossed lilacs in their steadfast ey, with untainted cheeks aflame to the fr air of heaven alone, with lips molded to able murmurings and brows placid be- fo established ways, with the lilt of clean ood in all their swift goings and comings, ar possessed of the enduring glow of the le and hidden heart.

.e drew a full breath and at its escape it rved a rending sigh. Not with such had he his many contacts, but with the un- nored women who go their unaccom- panied ways in ships, women to whom oor is so heavy a bit of furniture that it's ager left behind.

lurt dragged his mind from distant hours ong some of which it would fain have ered, as though he too were at least ched by the curse upon those who go den the road of many tastings, their eyes fixed on high visionings, their feet deep and deeper in the slough! Of what avail was reminiscence? What need had he for pale hands that drew him back when he had the sloper's gnarled finger to point him for- ward? If the little thing he needed was a new woman he would find her.

In midafternoon he landed, dumped his baggage at a vast hotel, passed its peacock alys in quick review, and hastened out into the open and cleaner air. He followed the throng along Forty-second Street and turned up the Avenue. Never before had he felt so vibrant with stored energies, so clear of eye and purpose, so humble before the fairest handiworks of God as exemplified by certain of his countrywomen, so wide- eyed and indignant before certain others, who with powder and paint had tried to go the Almighty one better.

He stared; not rudely, for variety assailed him from every angle of vision. No sooner had his gaze gripped a passing face than another slipped into demanding view, seiz- ing his attention for an equally brief tenure. Fre and there grave eyes or a serene brow or a tender mouth quirked entrancingly, as though in the midst of turmoil it could dream apart, held forth a promise of the secret door, seen only to be snatched away.

He felt the deceptive nearness to the pass- ing throng which fools every newcomer until the sudden evaporation of illusion plunges him into a loneliness poignant beyond the solitudes of the wilderness; only with Blurt the seeming communion with the hearts about him lasted longer, because some men and many women let their eyes dwell frankly upon him, held not by any outlandishness in his costume, but by the clean aura which clings for a time to him who is given up by the sea fresh from distant scenes, far places and the eternally broad horizon of one to whom the world is as a marble in the palm of his hand.

Such being the case, disillusionment and the realization that he was a stranger in the strangest of all lands, totally alone even though amid his own, came to Mr. Blurt with an added shock; day turned to night, the solid land of his forefathers to a billow- ing ocean in restless movement. To escape its tossing, incessantly slipping waves he climbed the steps of a church and turned on the slight eminence to regain a lost perspec- tive. Here they were, women of all types— orchids hothoused in limousines, many braids out with dogs and a few with chil- dren, shoppers intent and shoppers idle, striking garment workers whose jaws worked on, hurrying midinettes and loitering mani- kins, ladies fat and ladies thin; but once in a while, following her starry eyes like a giant arrow, with easy poise, light step and individual surge, a goddess passed. So breathlessly near to the cave man in him; so immeasurably bechasmed from his imme- diate purpose by eons of convention and the top on the corner!

"Dod blast it all!" groaned Mr. Blurt to himself. "Rivers of soul floating by, and here I am dying of thirst!" He realized with sudden depression that every man is damned to the limited circle of his individ- ual acquaintance like a squirrel in a cage, doomed to look through bars at the tan- talizing mirage of a wider, freer world. Only another illusion, for all these beings, even the goddess, must know the same imprison- ment.

That was what made it so annoying; they were just as thirsty as he was, and yet, though they might sense the clear cool spring of emotions still untainted within him and ready to burst forth at the faintest touch, they dared not drink.

It was indeed a black world, but across its gloom now struck a diverting ray. Mr. Blurt perceived approaching an extraor- dinary apparition, a figure six feet four in its shabby footwear, cloaked in the rusty clouds of a vast Inverness cape and hatted with floppy black felt. It was not these casual adjuncts, however, that caught the ob- server's eye and breath, but such a fluffy silken mane of hair and beard as gave the impression of Asiatic and European Russia peacefully out for a walk together through a startled world. At first sight one would have said that the sensation produced was beyond heightening by any incident of fea- ture; consequently Mr. Blurt's delight may be imagined but not measured at perceiv- ing behind the outrageous ambush a finely chiseled, half-frightened face, peeping out as incongruously as might some shy thing of the forest suddenly confronted with a burst of Broadway lights.

"Gee!" murmured Mr. Blurt with a cal- culating side glance at the cop on the corner, "you could wring its neck and it would never squeak!" He advanced on the Gila monster.

"Pardon me," he asked, "are you an artist?"

A spasm of terror shot through the man's pale eyes, his small mouth opened nervously and he answered, "No," in a voice that was like the rumble of a deeply buried subway train.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Blurt, writhing with satisfaction at this comple- tion of all possible contradictions. "Excuse me," he added hurriedly, "I—I didn't think you were." He paused, contemplat- ing the advisability of asking permission to accompany the giant in his walk, but de- cided not to bother; besides, he had already heard him say "No."

"We are going the same way," he de- clared, and fell in step.

For a moment they walked in silence, but not in willing acquiescence on the part of the giant. His shy eyes glanced fearfully this way and that, his hands, bare of gloves, clasped and unclasped themselves nerv- ously. Midway of the block, striking an oasis of comparative solitude, he stopped.

"Which way are you going?" he rumbled.

"I know why you asked that," said Mr. Blurt with his most reassuring smile. "Whichever way I'm going, you think you'll go the other. Forget it; we're going together."

"No," said the tower of weakness, shak- ing his head in spasmodic denial.

"You said that before," remarked Mr. Blurt. "Now, just to persuade you that I'm your genuine friend in adversity and no con man, I'm going to take you to a tailor, a hatmaker and a shoe shop and have you refitted throughout, but in the same fugue. Why should I do this? Because the mere sight of you saved me from a pool of depression that it would have taken a sea lead to fathom. I'm willing to blow a hun- dred, two hundred, on you as a card of introduction."

"I'd rather have a quarter."

"You would!" said Mr. Blurt, laughing into the unsmiling eyes of the stranger and grasping his elbow in a firm and guiding grip. "All right, you shall have that too."

There was no question of ready-to-wears for the giant; he had to be measured for every item of apparel. It took two hours to complete the outfitting to Mr. Blurt's satisfaction, but even that period of time was not sufficient to elicit from the benefi- ciary his home address; everything was paid for and left to be held until called for.

Throughout the operation the stranger gave the impression not so much of one in a trance as of a fallen Spanish-mossed mon- arch of the forest caught and carried on the placid bosom of a wide flood. Where the strong waters carried him, there he went, heavily quiescent, never actively consent- ing. The same mood saw him delivered at a small window table in Cherry's.

Mr. Blurt joyed in the way the mere presence of the mighty beard and cloud of flossy hair had smothered remonstrance on the part of the guardians of precedence, floating himself and his companion to the much-coveted location. He realized that alone the stranger would never have pene- trated even to the lobby, but that with a watchful and insistent pilot fish before it that beard could go anywhere, moving through a vacuum of temporary paralyza- tion induced by awe.

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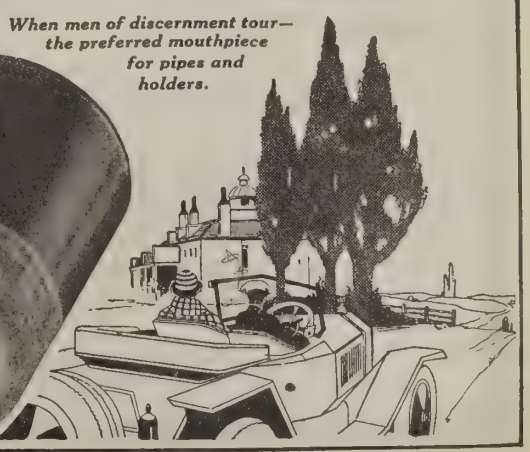

The First Offering of Such a Lamp for $10.75 in U.S.A. (except west of Rockies $11.75)

MILLER LIBRARY LAMP

22 in. High

Shade 16 in. diam.

Pat. May 19, 1919

Co-operative buying by public service companies makes possible this splendid lamp at so low a price.

Here is a Christmas idea for people of culture and thrift.

See this Lamp at any display room or order it by mail from nearest company who will send it express collect.

Brooklyn Edison Co.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Philadelphia Electric Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Commonwealth Edison Co.	Chicago, Ill.	Potomac Electric Power Co.	Washington, D. C.
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Eastern Shore Gas and Electric Co.	In various cities	Sioux City Gas and Electric Co.	Sioux City, Iowa
Edison Electric and Illuminating Co. of Boston	Boston, Mass.	Utah Power and Light Co.	Salt Lake City
The Electric Shop	Providence, R. I.	Union Electric Light & Power Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
The Hartford Electric Light Co.	Hartford, Conn.	United Electric Light and Power Co.	New York City
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.		
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CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

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MILLER LAMPS Edward Miller & Company MERIDEN CONNECTICUT MILLER LAMPS

GILBERT

Outdoor Wheel Toy

This new toy of mine rings the bell of boy happiness. With these outfits any boy, with only a screw driver and a wrench, can build strong, swift, finely finished wagons, gliders, coasters, racers, trucks and many other toys. Outfits contain extra strong steel disc wheels, axles, plates and all other parts.

The crackerjack $10 set ($15 in Canada) contains gears and pinions and extra parts with which a real geared speedster can be built. Then there's a $6 set ($9 in Canada) and a big $15 set ($22.50 in Canada).

Big Prize Contest—Boys' Magazine Free

Free toy building contest for boys and girls, with buckboard automobile or Shetland pony as first prize and a hundred other fine prizes. Write for full particulars, copy of my boys' magazine and complete catalog of Gilbert Toys. All sent free.

A. C. Gilbert, President

The A. C. Gilbert Company, 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

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He was not, however, entirely happy. Rudely staring eyes from neighboring tables disturbed him not at all, but he was oppressed by a sense of failure in his efforts to crack the apparently paper shell of his captive's personality. He felt that he was no nearer the intimate soul, if there was one, behind the sea of hair than when first he had discovered the peeping face that now defied him.

"Sutey," he remarked, using a nickname that came to his mind automatically by nebulous deduction from the word "hirsute," "where do you live? I don't mean street and number; I mean, what are you? What do you do? If you think, what do you think about?"

A vindictive gleam shone in the giant's eyes as though here, at last, he had found a means of thwarting his triumphant persecutor; he would answer none of those questions, he need only keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Blurt thought for a moment and then called hopefully for a wine card.

"Speaking of cocktails," he remarked, "what about a Jacque Rose, slightly feminine, pink-eyed and sweet?" He glanced up shrewdly and immediately tried again. "Kiss of Dawn—that's a pick-me-up; Clover Club, a form of breakfast egg food; Martini, half and half straddled by ice water; Bronx, a suburb of true booze; Perfection, a lot of muck round one drop of blessed absinth."

The stranger's thin nostrils suddenly quivered.

"Ah, friend," continued Mr. Blurt, "how stupid I have been!" He ordered absinth and its immemorial fixings.

From that moment set in a thaw as of springtime. Food came, carefully chosen as to quality and generous in quantity; libations in orderly procession followed the initial draught. Glancing nervously to right and left Sutey unbent himself and spoke, though in a whisper.

"I don't live anywhere," he said. "I'll never wear those new things you bought for me. I'm a model."

At the first of these three assertions Mr. Blurt nodded and murmured he had feared so; at the second he shrugged his eyebrows; at the third he frowned in sudden concentration. Visions of models paraded before his inner view; not mountainous men in lowering clouds of hair, but women—dainty women, women with and lacking missions, painted and unpainted, earnest and frivolous, all beautiful without, some within, character parts every one, as is all humanity once it can be divided down to the integral and put under the microscope of individual contact.

Mr. Blurt was conscious of a great illumination, still blurred in its outlines, but blindingly bright. If artists could get models for mere physical depiction at so much an hour, only the degree of cash divided him from employing goddesses to a nobler end. He gazed thoughtfully at Sutey and decided he could not let the source of his inspiration go.

"If you are indeed a model by profession," he said solemnly, "what's your rate by the month?"

"By the month?" whispered Sutey dubiously. A crafty light dawned slowly in his pale eyes. "One hundred dollars."

"Make it two," said Mr. Blurt promptly. "I may need you night or day."

"What for?" asked the model, thin lips working tremulously before this last of a long onslaught of matters demanding solution from his cringing indecision.

Mr. Blurt fingered a wineglass and brought back his gaze from idling.

"Sutey," he said, "there's a wonder about you and any day of great gloom or joy I may need it. The moment may come when I'll want you by, when I'll give you a thousand dollars to lie down and let me roll in your beard."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the giant, and at the rumble of his laugh rafters trembled, forks paused halfway to open mouths and hearts stood still. Oblivious of the ominous cessation of commotion Blurt reached out a hand as though in haste to seal friendship and the bargain before the echo and its impulse died.

"Let us go," he said hurriedly. "I'm sure they won't allow you to laugh in here again."

II

MR. BLURT lost no time in discovering the fact that Sutey, the giant, was a classified directory of every studio location in town. He knew them all; from the palatial cave dwellings in the Fifties, where wealthy dilettantes and many others w good sense and much money joy in noble space of a single mighty room s rounded by the necessary cubby-ho down to the humblest renovated third-fl back in Hobohemia, he knew them all.

"What do you want to paint?" he as over the cozy breakfast table and a mi glass of absinth in Blurt's private sitt room.

"Paint?" repeated Blurt, looking at questioner a little blankly. "Oh, yes." lit a cigar in frowning deliberation settled back into a deep chair.

"Sutey," he continued, "in spite of fact that I consider you scarcely hun we're going to have a long frank talk. N what's your real name?"

"Sutey," replied the giant. "Alexan Sutey; S-u-t-e-y."

Blurt stared at him in puzzled ama ment. "Are you joking?" he asked.

"I never joke," replied Mr. Sutey.

Blurt's eyes grew rounder and roun "Didn't it occur to you," he asked fina "that there was something strange in happening casually on your by no me ordinary name?" His face suddenly h dened. "Don't you lie to me, don't d lie to me, you old turkey cock in bushes!"

"I'm not curious and I never lie," repl Mr. Sutey calmly, carefully steering a l spoonful of egg through the hairy clo before his face. In Blurt's accustomed pr ence he had already lost his habitual air cringing fear and substituted for it one elemental apathy.

"Well, I'll be damned!" commented M Blurt after a long pause of considerati He pushed a cigar across the table, dr thoughtfully on his own for a silent m ment and then went on. "Leaving mirac of telepathy aside for the present," he sa "let's return to the matter in hand. I not and have no intention of becomin painter; not with pigments at least. I a however, the possessor of a new idea."

A faint look of sneering incredul dawned in Mr. Sutey's eyes at the l statement, but, unheeding, Mr. Blurt c tinued. "I take it that an artist of dreams a certain woman into a picture a then advertises, searches and otherw looks for the model that will fit his requi ments?"

Mr. Sutey nodded in reluctant assent.

"Well," said Mr. Blurt, "I'm out more than flesh, a lot more. I've dream a woman into the picture of life. She m be straight, inside and out; level-ey deep-bosomed, broad in outlook as she constrained in license; she must be m tured, not accidental, a woman bred that unconscious nobility which recogni the eternal verities of honor, steadfastn and charity, not as things you read abo and forget, but as the living sources the resurgent illusion of man's happine Sounds funny that—something like a cr between tinkling cymbals and a b drum—but I'm thinking of the only p sible happiness as a sort of continuing r urrection. We all die, Sutey, a thousa times; that isn't what matters. It's t revivifying force that is in or round us th counts."

During this exposition Mr. Sutey's sm mouth and pale eyes had taken the form round holes of wonder. As soon as the was a pause he exploded.

"You're demented! Where have y been since you grew up? Ha! You ask me where I lived. Where do you liv Listen to Sutey. Women!"

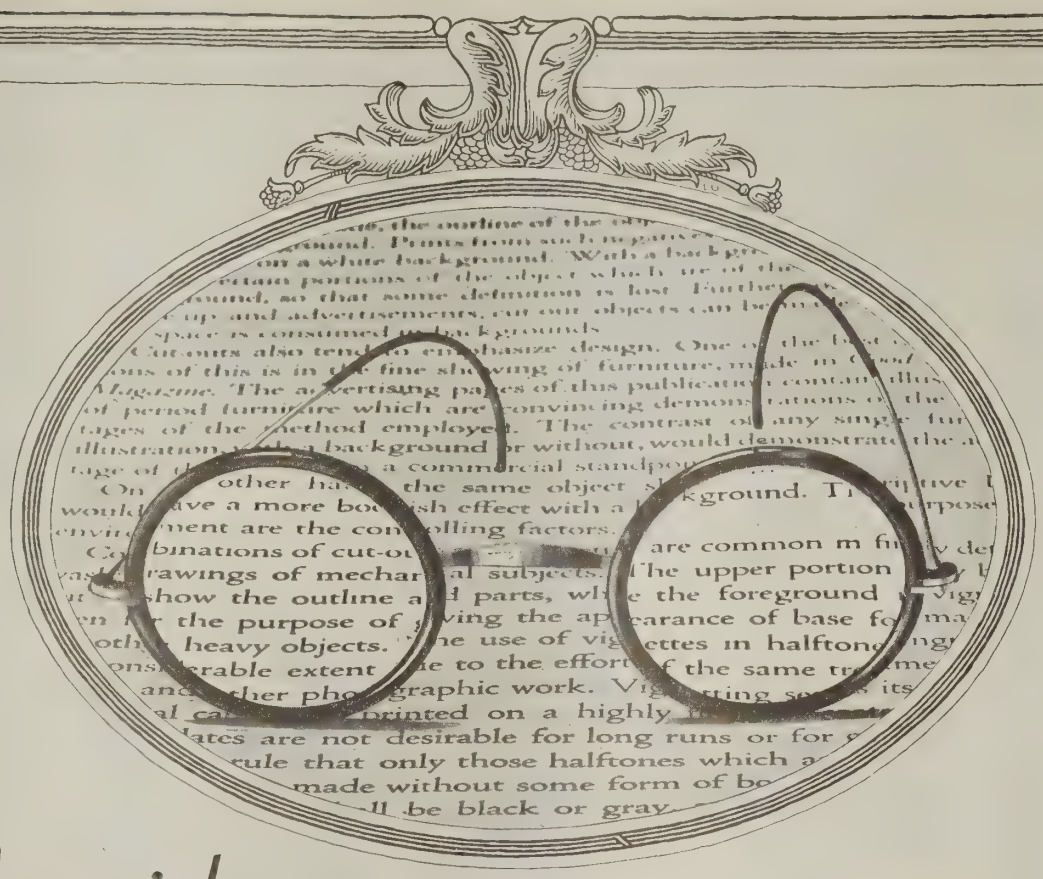
He made a gesture with one hand th implied an endless lengthening of the sm apartment.

"Women," he continued, "are like cloc on a wall, every kind of clock, but all clock Some go 'tick, tick, tick,' and some go 'tuc tuck, tuck,' but they've all got the san faces, the same numerals and the san wheels inside. But cheap or dear, it's t hand that turns the key that makes the go. Tick, tick tick; tuck, tuck, tuc Pah!"

Mr. Blurt drew a deep breath and let out undisguisedly as a sigh. "There's a l in what you say," he acknowledged, "an I'm not going to argue with you about i You admit that some are better than othe and I'll surrender perfection straight awa and say that I'll be content with the ver best at present on the market. The thin is to find it."

To this disarming concession Sutey r plied with a dissatisfied grunt as thoug having been trapped into an admission tha

(Continued on Page 144)



Consider A Pair of Spectacles

HUMAN vision is one of the most delicate things in the world. Two out of five adults wear spectacles at least part of the time, to improve their power to read print and see pictures. As a minute fraction of an inch in lens grinding can make or mar the vision, so can a minute graduation in printing act either to improve or hamper clear seeing.

The effect of poor paper is precisely the same to the reader as diminished eyesight. In a booklet it means poor display of your goods.

In the interests of better printing, the S. D. Warren Company years ago turned their enormous paper-making facilities to the manufacture of a dozen standardized printing papers, one for each of the important book-paper printing needs. These standardized papers are known as the Warren Standard Printing Papers.

In an impressive 108-page book, fittingly called Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide, various sections are devoted to the uses and possibilities of each of the Warren Standard Papers, with data as to the kind of engraving and inks that assisted in producing the different effects.

Briefly classified, the Warren Standard Printing Papers are

Warren's Cameo
Dull surface coated book for soft half-tone printing effects.

Warren's Lustro
The last word in glossy-coated paper for extremely fine screen half-tones.

Warren's Warrentown Coated Book
Aglossy-coated, white book paper especially adapted for color plates and process inks.

Warren's Cumberland Coated Book
For printing details in either color or black and white. One of the best known, if not *the* best known, coated papers devoted to commercial use.

Warren's Silkote
A non-lustrous coated book paper—semi-dull finish renowned for the ease with which it prints difficult subjects.

Warren's Printone
A paper for medium screen half-tones. Less expensive than coated, reliable in results.

Warren's Britannica India
For thin editions.

Warren's Library Text
A superior English finish paper, with restful reading surface and unusual durability. Popular with publishers.

Warren's Olde Style
For type. An antique watermarked paper for use where beauty of line and legibility are paramount.

Warren's Cumberland Super Book
A super-calendered stock of standard quality, for rapid presswork and uniform results.

Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
A low priced machine finished book paper. Hand sorted. For half-tones of 120-line screen.

Warren's Artogravure
Developed for high-grade offset printing.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

BETTER PAPER — Warren's STANDARD — BETTER PRINTING

Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 142)

anything at all existed, he might be called upon to prove it. Mr. Blurt relieved him of his fears.

"This is my new idea," he proceeded. "Just as an artist establishes himself for the entertainment of fleshly models on a profit-sharing basis I intend to open a studio for the ostensible depiction of character. I shall announce myself as a novelist and advertise for models in character. You don't have to say whether you think the scheme will work or not; all you have to do is to get me the best of all locations for the purpose, absolutely regardless of cost."

During the moments that followed, Mr. Blurt for the first time beheld Sutey in the act of thinking. His eyes closed like those of a somnolent yet watchful cat, his mouth pursed to the size of a pencil, and through the narrowed orifice his faint breath stirred flossy beard and hair to and fro in the semblance of the movement of a gray and foggy sea. No sight could have been more ridiculous; no ensuing judgment on the feminine matter in hand more impartial.

"The island of Manhattan," finally declared the oracle, "is like a sirloin steak; cut it either way and you'll strike crust, fat, gristle, meat, blood and bone. Take Forty-eighth Street from the East River, a block to a step."

He closed his eyes tightly. "First comes a scow, the smell of garbage, livery stables and manure; next, houses without bathrooms and people without baths; Second Avenue to Third, the lingerie of the rich streaming from the balconies of the poor; then respectability hiding her face for shame in dirty petticoats; then the hole in the ground with San Francisco at the other end; then apartments at a thousand dollars a month; then hats, gowns and *objets d'art* at a little less; then the Avenue, God and Mammon hobnobbing, diamonds in the shadow of a church; then doctors, bachelors, a little Rialto, a long shadow, beyond it the North River and as we were."

"Good," exclaimed Blurt. "That's good, Sutey. I can see the steak and I can see the city—bone, brisket and bleeding flesh."

"Cut it the other way," continued the oracle, unmoved by praise as he would have been by condemnation, "and you add just one thing, the habitations of the crowds. Do you think the crowd in New York is all one?"

He opened his pale eyes and waved his beard from side to side. "No, sir. It's divided by hours and bounded by streets. At four o'clock in the afternoon Times Square is suburban, rural; when the lights come out, it's Broadway. Sixth Avenue in the afternoon is theatrical, at night it's a boarding-house alley. The faces on Forty-second Street going east are pinched, hurried and hard up until they get across from the library, and then something happens to 'em; they fade into the Fifth Avenue look. Once you turn that corner uptown you've got a new world. Everything else in the city can be ticketed, tucked into compartments, measured in terms of Yid, Dago or Dutch, urban or suburban, but Fifth Avenue has the attributes of an essence. It's New York, an amalgam of near-gold, heavy and sticky with alloy, but you can pan it and find color."

His bleary eyes actually attained to a look of fixed and distant vision. He sat erect, laid his hands on the table before him; his long wagging beard just brushed their knuckles. "Along that wall," he rumbled, "there's every grade of clock that God ever made. Women! Can't you hear their heels? Tick! tick! tuck! tuck! Catch the Avenue night or morning when all the traffic is buzzing one way and you'll see strange shapes; colored wenches, charwomen, janitors and nervous people who are forever dropping their keys. Half an hour later in the morning, half an hour earlier at night, there's the dead hum of the working swarm into and out of the hive. But at four o'clock of a November afternoon — tick, tick; tuck, tuck — there's women, all women, every woman, clicking their lives away."

"Yes, Sutey," said Blurt quite earnestly. "That's where I saw them, and once in a while a goddess."

"Goddess!" grunted Sutey and sneered. "Well, if that's where you saw them, then it's no place for the studio."

"Why?" asked Blurt.

"Because," declared the seer, "the kind of woman you think you want may make up her mind to go to hell if it's far enough off, but she'd never mix it casually with her shopping."

Blurt drummed on the arm of his chair in impatient interruption. "That's one of the wisest things ever said," he remarked after a pause. "I don't believe you had brains enough to say it; it must be that you have a keen scent like a dog."

He watched Sutey's face closely to see if it would betray offense, but it did not. The man continued absolutely unmoved. "The woman you want, you want because she's the most difficult to get. A stray dog will win her smile; a strange man, never. Her eyes are far-flung above the heads of the throng; they marry a little cloud beating it across the city sky. The smell of hyacinths bursting from a florist's door will make her clutch her breast, because there's something there that leaps to mate with fragrance. Her lips, her eyes, her hair, her glowing cheeks say 'tuck, tuck'; never 'tick, tick'; she can't giggle."

"Poet!" exclaimed Blurt. "Sutey, you've drawn her picture with a master brush. Catch her alive and I'll give you a thousand—ten thousand."

"Nine times out of ten," continued Mr. Sutey apathetically, "she loves a scoundrel and that which is within her dies young; for such women, Mr. Blurt, are mostly wrecked on their own reflection."

The two sat in silence for several minutes, not actively thinking, but held in that absolute suspension, seldom felt, never quite defined, which grips the heart of man when bruised between the contact of what is against what might be. But Mr. Blurt's nature, however, was not one to wilt under reverie without a struggle.

"Well," he said, "where are we to have the studio?"

"In East Twentieth," replied Sutey promptly.

Blurt drew a wad of banknotes from his pocket. "Go down and get the first floor up. If there are any tenants buy their leases."

"The whole floor!" exclaimed Mr. Sutey, showing mild surprise for the first time; then the vision of himself condemned to a definite course of action overwhelmed him. "I couldn't," he stammered. "Couldn't do it."

Blurt stared at him. "I believe you," he said finally. "Sutey, you are the personification of the supernal negative, the mean between two hemispheres, the passive equilibrium between the north and south poles. Anyhow, you can walk along and keep the wind off me."

Within six hours Mr. Alexander Sutey was the lessee of the entire floor in question; in twenty-four more, contracts had been signed for refitting and interior decoration; in two weeks, thanks to Mr. Blurt's instant pocketbook, the job was completed down to the last desk, veiled light, Persian runner, box couch, pot, pan and candlestick; and the extraordinary studio was declared ready to operate.

Never before had the mind of man conceived just such a conglomeration of effect; indeed so violent were the collisions between the different rooms that rather than spend the rest of his life explaining what and why he wanted, Mr. Blurt had been forced to employ a separate firm of decorators for each and every compartment.

For the benefit of those who failed to grasp the lurid descriptions which lately appeared in the metropolitan press it may be stated briefly that Mr. Blurt's studio had seven main divisions—a long hall which one entered directly from the single flight of stairs, and six concreted atmospheres, all opening upon it through doors that were solidly paneled as well as heavily curtained.

These atmospheres in the order of their appearance on the stage were as follows: Business office, lounge, formal drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom and kitchen. Each had been fitted and decorated by the best specialized talent in all Manhattan to handle its individual needs, and the result was an incongruous collection of exquisitely lapidated jewels, perfection the predominating note.

With the exception of the man who, before the decorators arrived, installed the six periscopes in the walls of the six rooms, each to command a complete outlook on the long hall, no single person aside from Mr. Blurt and his apathetic satellite had seen the premises in their entirety. The hall alone, however, was sufficient to rouse curiosity in the most dormant. It was paneled in rosewood, richly carpeted in a tint to match, and lighted by twelve hooded lamps, half of which veiled the outlets of the periscopes. Along the outer side, unbroken by doors, stood twenty chairs numbered by pale bronze plates inlaid on the wainscoting above and almost unnoticeable.

So That Was It; the Girl Had Got Her Walking Papers

"Well, Sutey," said Mr. Blurt, casting a last glance back along this part of his domain, "we're about set. What do you think of it?"

The giant was chewing gum; his silken beard waved softly on his breast like the plume of a thousand-dollar goldfish, stirred by vague tremors. He fixed his pale shifting eyes for a single moment on Mr. Blurt's glowing face and asked cryptically, "Have you ever been in jail?"

Mr. Blurt laughed boyishly and slapped his companion on the back. "You've taken the wrong turning," he remarked. "This is the road to heaven. Run along now and soak up some absinth; when you're mellow come round to the hotel and let what's human in you judge my advertisement."

Alone in his room Mr. Blurt sat down to pen the call of a lonely male to his hidden mate. He had thought that this part of the job would be easy, but gradually, after many twistings and turnings, false starts and nervous perambulations, he realized that the things nearest to a man's heart are hardest said. All messages are misread by contacts variously measured; he knew that. But all he asked was the power to bury a single potent seed amid the fluff he was determined to set afloat through the smudged medium of the city's morning papers.

At the end of an hour he grew desperate; every line he had written reeked of the cheap personalities of the agony column. Dod blast it all! Had every sincere straightforward term in the lexicon of man's noble desires been tainted and distorted to salacious or vapid uses? He strode to and down the room in a consuming rage; he finally stopped to snap up the shade and lay his tormented and fevered brow against the coolness of a window glass.

The action brought his eyes level with the uncurtained casement across the narrow street. Within it and in profile was seated the severest, trimmest, most business-like typist he had ever seen. The line of her face was that of a cameo cut in unmelting ice, her brown hair was carried back in a tight unrelieved sweep to a loose roll at the nape of her neck, she was dressed in sheer silk poplin of butternut brown and at her wrists and neck were fitted cuffs and collar of coarse but indubitably clean lace. She was efficiency carried to some power far beyond the reach of his mathematics.

"Gee!" groaned Mr. Blurt. "She'll write this thing while an automat is serving the soup!"

His eyes watched wistfully her flying fingers and then studied all that was visible of her person. Some instinct told him that he was in danger of being caught staring; the girl was of the kind whose gaze did not easily wander. Suddenly, however, she did a surprising thing; she gripped her desk with both hands and dropped her forehead straight down into the keyboard.

Mr. Blurt was astounded and surrendering to an old impulse of the big-game hunter to look at every little thing within the range of vision to explain the abnormal, he soon discovered something to grip attention in the firm name chastely lettered across the uncurtained plate glass: M Miller & Millikin. Where had he seen that name before, since never but this once had he bothered to look from his side window. It wasn't a name one would forget. Hard

He dived for the wastepaper basket, drew out a discarded paper and turned its leaves rapidly until he came to the financial section. There was the name, heading a column. A single glance was sufficient to tell him that the news item contained one long chronicle of mismanagement and disaster. So that was it; the girl had got her walking papers.

There is no more spontaneously generous type of man on earth than that of the successful contractor. There is something about the life that roughens fists and softens hearts. Never had Blurt's old boss, Mike O'Callohan, whose motto was "Shift your cud thrice before you speak," appeared completely ridiculous as in his haste to respond to a touch, to answer an unquestioned hard-luck story with cash and plenty of it for the special need. Once he had caught Blurt all but laughing at him and instead of flying into a rage had made the confession, "Lad, wid me it's either count up the money or knock them down; beda I'll have no wan sayin' they seen me cry

This self-same impulse which had on seemed ludicrous now seized upon Mr. Blurt to the exclusion of all other thought. With astounding rapidity of action he snatched the wrapping paper from his laundry, just arrived, bound his shaving brush with an elastic, dipped it into the inkwell and printed in two-inch letters the following message:

"JOB WAITING FOR YOU AT BLANK BUILDING, E. 20; FIFTY WEEKLY IF YOU KNOW YOUR WORK. SEE MR. BLURT."

He glanced across and saw that the girl still sat with bowed head, only now her fingers were pressed to her eyes. He knew that she was not crying, for there was no movement of her shoulders, but somehow that fact of quick deduction only made his own eyes smart the more. With two pins he fastened his placard of hope in place flat against the windowpane, drew the curtain and calmly jabbed a peephole through

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(Continued from Page 144)

t wh the point of a pencil. It never ccued to him to wave or throw a shoe to ttrst the girl's attention; he knew that n ery game worth playing Fate must vets share.

Fifteen long minutes he watched, and nvas rewarded, but with a tantalizing ilration which almost drove him mad. e irl rose, laid her finished work to one de overed the machine, took a last look to ach drawer of her desk, disappeared, ued simply hatted and cloaked, nd round vaguely, came straight to ne indow to take a half-wilted flower n glass of water on the sill, and then—okl up and out.

He could see her straight body grow rigid, es wide. He waited for a moment and hey with finger and thumb jerked the plarc so that it fell slithering to the floor. The oor opened behind him and he turned o fe Sutey.

Te giant's shifting glance fell on the udy printed sign; he canted his head ideays and studied it wonderingly. Gradlla supercilious sneer expressive beyond ny hitherto attained twisted his lips. "Jc waiting for you," he read in a vain ttempt at a simper, "at fifty weekly if ou now your work. See Mr. Blurt." He aisl his skimmed-blue eyes and stared at is nployer in scorn and commiseration.

"wo hours," he rumbled, "and you ared me to soak up my humanity with bs th to pass judgment on that!"

Eurt stared at him nonplused for a nent, and then burst into a loud guffaw. "Tat's not my ad, fat head. It's—'s—"

"Vell, what is it?" asked Mr. Sutey.

Mr. Blurt's face, which had actually eaied the verge of embarrassment, suddenly cleared. "Oh, nothing, nothing at ll. Just a little psychological experiment o jove you were a liar when you said you ve a stranger to curiosity."

He kicked the placard aside and began to ater up hurriedly the many slips of paper oraining his false starts toward an adversement which should strike exactly the ig note of appeal.

Sutey leaned shamelessly over his shoulleand read aloud such of the efforts as he cord glimpse. "Ladies Only!" began one; hi came others: "Are *you* the Woman?" "Anew idea and high pay: Character ncels wanted." "In the life of each of iss a novel; sell yours now for cash." "Smewhere she is to-day, the One Woman; aryou she?"

With every vapid word the sneer on Mr. Suey's face deepened until it threatened to ecome a fixture for life. "The one on thfloor," he said finally, "is the best of the lot I can't understand how I thought it ws so rotten."

Mr. Blurt said nothing; he dropped the scbblings into the wastebasket and passed a hand slowly through his crisp hair. "I thught it would be easy," he murmured.

"Easy!" repeated Sutey. "Why, ever sice the printing press was invented men hae been trying to write those come-on ads, an what does the world do? It takes one lok and arrests them. You ought to be arested now and shot. Intentions! Pah! Lok what you did. That's what counts." He pointed a gnarled and trembling forefiger at the basket.

"Well," said Mr. Blurt with hanging hd, "what are we going to do about it?"

"We might live in the studio," replied Sutey gloomily. "That would save something."

"Live in the studio!" cried Mr. Blurt. "Look here, you old haystack, do you think I'm going to give up? Never! I'm going to find that woman if I have to go to jail a dozen times. By the way, you don't look to me as if you had had any absinth."

"No," said Sutey.

"I thought so," said Mr. Blurt. "Why not?"

"You forgot to give me the money."

"Money!" exclaimed Blurt. "Why, your ragged pockets are full of money."

"I know," said Sutey meekly. "But I didn't feel like taking absinth on my own account. It was too early."

Mr. Blurt rang for a waiter. In half an hour Sutey's personality had undergone a complete metamorphosis; he sat erect in chair, laid his finger tips on the edge of the table, closed his eyes and signaled his companion to write from his dictation. When the rapid screed was finished Blurt read it over three times, each with growing confidence and unspoken admiration.

"You see?" said Sutey. "No mention of money, no sickening personalities, no cold facts. Your own words too. It's a nuance, a message between the lines to those only who can read it. I'm hungry now."

The next morning, bulging with suppressed excitement, Mr. Blurt accompanied by his very sulky associate proceeded at the early hour of eight to the studio. On the way he bought the six metropolitan sheets to which his advertisement had been supplied, but he curbed his impatience and opened none of them until he was comfortably ensconced behind the broad mahogany desk in his luxuriously appointed business office. He had barely ascertained that the call had appeared according to contract as to space and without a single misprint when Sutey announced a first visitor.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Blurt, looking hastily at his watch. "It's only half past eight." He was seized suddenly by such a wave of stage fright as eclipsed his most vivid recollection of buck fever. "What—what shall I say to her?"

"Say to her?" repeated Sutey. "How do I know? If you're afraid I'll just tell her to get out."

"You tell her to get out?" queried Blurt unbelievingly. "You haven't the nerve."

"I'll show you," said Mr. Sutey, and turned with such alacrity that Mr. Blurt was not one instant too soon in divining the extraordinary fact that Sutey was one of the weak type that cringes before men, but steps unhesitatingly on women.

"Here!" he cried. "Just one minute."

He remembered the inspiration of the periscopes, which at the time it had occurred to him he had recognized as nothing less than a brain wave. Protected by the thick wall, unseen, he glanced into the hall and beheld the typist of yesterday, tapping her foot, biting her under lip, glancing at the stairway and showing several other signs of imminent departure.

Blurt leaped back to his desk. "Show her in," he commanded.

The girl entered. Her eyes flew from one familiar fixture to another, and from each seemed to gather a grain of reassurance. Last of all, her cold gaze settled on Mr. Blurt and inspected his countenance, highly colored at the moment, feature by feature, line by line.

"You are Mr. Blurt?" she asked in clear-cut impersonal tones.

Blurt rose and bowed. "Wo-won't you sit down, please?"

He turned a chair at the side of his desk toward her and after a noticeable pause she seated herself on its edge, folded her hands in her lap and waited. Blurt frowned as he endeavored by concentration to transport himself back in spirit to the days when he had taken comfortable pride in his ability to dictate to a stenographer over each shoulder at one and the same time. Had he blushed then? No. Now he felt like a schoolboy, and looked it.

"What is your name, please?" he finally murmured.

"Phyllis Joy Livingston," said the girl promptly. "What exactly is the work you require, please? But—never mind answering. I don't think I wish to stay."

She started to rise, but Blurt stopped her with an imploring gesture. "In the name of mercy," he cried, "don't go! Can't you see I'm worried enough already without you taking me for some kind of a slimy spider?"

His indignation was too genuine to admit of misconstruction; however, the girl's face did not soften.

"I'm tired of working for worried people," she stated, but settled back in her chair as though relieved from tension.

Her words had an extraordinary effect on Blurt. "Do you know," he said, his face breaking suddenly into the most friendly and disarming smile Miss Livingston had ever witnessed, "I'm tired of worrying, and, by codfish, I've quit! I'm not a bit surprised, Miss Livingston, at your finding this place a bit of a shock. Did it look like a trap to you?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"I'm sorry it looks that way," said Blurt, tipping back in his swivel chair to a precarious angle and twice saving himself from a fall by hooking the tip of his toe under a half-open drawer. "Because"—he smiled again—"that's what it is."

"A trap for what?" asked the girl, fastening her eyes on his frank visage as though before leaving and for her personal satisfaction she would like to solve the connection between such a countenance and a stacked deck.

"For the one woman," said Blurt gravely. "I wonder," he continued, "if you realize what a humanizing asset you have in your profession. It takes you out of a fixed small orbit, bumps you up against life and gives you a chance for actual contacts. I had a profession too, but it threw me only against men, men in the rough and by the gross. Now I've chucked it. I'm out looking for the one woman, and I'm going to find her. This place," he concluded, waving his hand toward the depths of the building, "is just a laboratory for microscopic examination."

"And you think she'll come here, your one woman?" asked Miss Livingston, a suspicion of pity in her tone and faint commiseration for the overgrown boy before her in her unwinking eyes.

"Sure," he answered, "by the dozen. Haven't you seen our ad?"

"No," said the girl.

Blurt touched a button and Sutey presently appeared. "Miss Livingston, this is my associate, Mr. Alexander Sutey. Take Miss Livingston's hat and coat, Sutey. She is our stenographer."

Miss Livingston did not move; she stared at Mr. Blurt and he stared back, his jaw as set as the keystone of an arch. With sudden decision the girl rose, slipped from her cloak, took off her hat, and handed the discarded articles of apparel to the waiting Sutey. She stood revealed in the self-same neat brown silk poplin uniform of yesterday, but a single glance proclaimed the coarse lace cuffs and collar to be as fresh as the dawn of a new day.

"I must know my exact duties," she demanded unsmilingly.

"Your first duty," said Mr. Blurt, handing her a folded morning paper, "is to read that and tell me what you think of it."

Miss Livingston read the indicated advertisement once slowly, once hastily and finally once wildly, her extraordinarily well-controlled features doing valiant battle to retain an outer semblance of composure. The ad was as follows:

"HEROINES PLEASE READ

"We require a woman, young, fair to look upon and fearless, to serve as character model for a masterpiece in fiction. In the words of our client, 'she must be straight inside and out; nurtured, not accidental; bred to recognition of the eternal verities of honor, steadfastness and charity as the living sources of man's resurgent illusion of happiness.' We take it our client means a woman who knows it doesn't matter that we all die a thousand times, for it's the revivifying force within or round us that counts. Applications for appointments should be made in person to

"MESSRS. HAROLD, TRING & BLURT,
"Blank Building,
"East 20th Street."

Miss Livingston finally dropped the paper in her lap and from there it slipped to the floor. Her face had gone through a gamut of varying expressions, vacuous misunderstanding, puzzlement, wonder, interest, comprehension. Now it became set in its habitual mask, but her eyes, playing truant for once, wandered to the window and out and beyond as though in pursuit of a fleeing vision.

"Well?" asked Mr. Blurt.

The girl's eyes abandoned the chase and returned to his face. She looked it over searchingly. "It's a clever bit of writing," she said finally.

"Got it, did you?" said Mr. Blurt, seesawing in his chair with satisfaction.

"Yes, I did," replied Miss Livingston, and added, "after three readings. Everybody will read it, few will conceive that it could be genuine."

"That's the beauty of it," exclaimed Blurt. "Those are the ones I want to give the once over. D'you think they'll come?"

"No," said the girl, but at sight of the sudden fall of his enthusiasm an impulse of emotion seemed actually to reach her. She laid her folded hands on the desk, leaned forward. A mothering gleam flickered into her eyes and out again as though repulsed by their long-accustomed impassivity. "Mr. Blurt," she said calmly and steadily, "I advise you to beat it out of here as I am going to do, and lock up behind you."

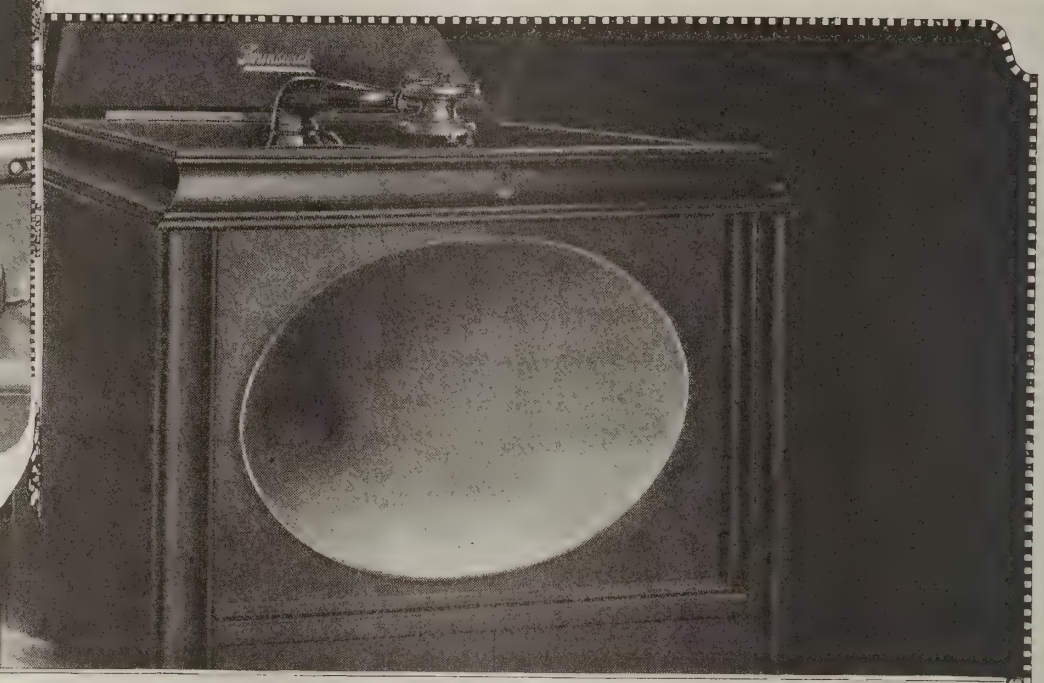
Sutey opened the office door unceremoniously. "Three waiting," he announced.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

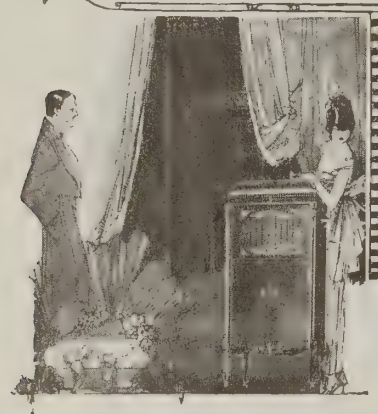
The Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

The ULTONA



The TONE AMPLIFIER



Music Lovers Choose the BRUNSWICK

MUSIC lovers choose the Brunswick Phonograph to play their favorite records, for it plays all records at their best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction makes this possible. It consists of two outstanding, exclusive features—the Brunswick Ultona and the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona

The Ultona is a scientific creation which enables one to play all records with faithful regard for the requirements of each make. It is not in any sense a combination contrivance, but involves a fundamental principle of sound reproduction.

Nor is the Ultona a complex mechanism. By a slight turn of the hand it is adapted to any make record, instantly supplying the correct position on the record, the proper needle and diaphragm and the precise pressure or weight necessary to play that particular record.

The Tone Amplifier

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is another improvement of fundamental importance. As the name implies, it *amplifies* the tone, making it richer, sweeter, truer.

This vibrant tone chamber, constructed entirely of moulded hollywood, free from metal, provides the requisite resiliency that unfolds and projects true tone. Like a fine violin or the sounding board of a piano, it complies with the approved laws of acoustics.

Hear The Brunswick Before You Buy

One hearing of this remarkable instrument is enough to convince the most critical music lover that here is the final type phonograph.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623–633 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 819 Yonge St., Toronto

Ask your dealer for a free copy of **"What to Look For in Buying a Phonograph."** You will want this interesting, instructive booklet before you buy because it is authentic. It was written by Henry Purmort Eames, LL. B., Concert Pianist and Lecturer, Director Pianoforte Dept., Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 21)

Bladensburg the scene, and the refusal of Cilley to recognize James Watson Webb the occasion.

I once had an intimate account of this duel with all the cruel incidents from Henry A. Wise, a party to it, and a blood-curdling narrative it made. They fought with rifles at thirty paces, and Cilley fell on the third fire. It did much to discredit dueling in the South.

The story, however, that Graves was so much affected that thereafter he could never sleep in a darkened chamber had no foundation whatever, a fact which I learned from my associate in the old Louisville Journal and later in The Courier-Journal, Mr. Isham Henderson, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Graves, his sister, Mrs. Graves, being still alive.

The duello died at length. There was never sufficient reason for its being. It was both a vanity and a fad. In Hopkinson Smith's Col. Carter, of Cartersville, its real character is hit off to the life.

III

WHEN very early, rather too early, I found myself in the saddle, Bennett and Greeley and Raymond, in New York, and Medill and Story, in Chicago, were yet alive and conspicuous figures in the newspaper life of the time. John Bigelow, who had retired from the New York Evening Post, was gone as Minister to France. Halstead was coming on, but, except as a correspondent, Whitelaw Reid had not arrived. The like was true of Joe McCullough, who, in the same character, divided the newspaper reading attention of the country with George Alfred Townsend and Donn Piatt. Joseph Medill was withdrawing from the Chicago Tribune in favor of Horace White, presently to return and die in harness—a man of sterling intellect and character—and Wilbur F. Story, his local rival, was beginning to show signs of the mental malady that, developed into monomania, ultimately ended his life in gloom and despair, wrecking one of the finest newspaper properties outside of New York. William R. Nelson, who was to establish a real great newspaper in Kansas City, was still a citizen of Ft. Wayne.

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, seemed the to me and has always seemed the real founder of the modern newspaper as a vehicle of popular information, and in point of apprehension at least James Gordon Bennett the younger, did not fall behind his father. What was and might have been regarded and dismissed as a trivial slander drove him out of New York and made him the greater part of his life a resident of Paris, where I was wont to meet and forgather with him.

The New York Herald under father and son attained enormous prosperity, prestige and real power. It suffered chiefly from what they call in Ireland absentee landlordism. Its proprietor, for he never deserved himself as its editor, was a man of exquisite sensibilities—professionally a despot of course—whom Nature created for a good citizen, a good husband and the hero of a happy domestic fabric. He should have married the woman of his choice, for he was deeply in love with her and never ceased to love her, forty years later leaving her in his will a handsome legacy.

Crossing the ocean with the "Commodore," as he was called by his familiars, not long after he had taken up his residence abroad, naturally we fell now and again into shop talk.

"What would you do," he once said, "if you owned the Herald?"

"Why," I answered, "I would stay in New York and edit it." And then I proceeded: "But you mean to ask me what I think you ought to do with it?"

"Yes," he replied, "that is about the size of it."

"Well, commodore," I answered, "if I were you, when we get in I would send for John Cockrell and make him managing editor, and for John Young, and put him in charge of the editorial page, and then I would go and lose myself in the wilds of Africa."

He adopted the first two of these suggestions. John A. Cockrell was still under contract with Joseph Pulitzer and could not accept for a year or more. He finally did accept and died in the Bennett service. John Russell Young took the editorial page and was making it hum when a most unaccountable thing happened. I was amazed at receiving an invitation to a dinner he had tendered and was about to give the quondam Virginian and just elected New York justice, Roger A. Pryor.

"Is Young gone mad," I said to myself, "or can he have forgotten that the one man of all the world whom the house of Bennett can never forget or forgive is Roger A. Pryor?"

The Bennett-Pryor quarrel had been a *cause célèbre* when John Young was night editor of the Philadelphia Press and I was one of its Washington correspondents. Nothing so virulent had ever passed between an editor and a congressman.

The dinner was duly given. But it ended John's connection with the Herald and his friendly relations with the owner of the Herald. The incident might be cited as among The Curiosities of Journalism, if ever a book with that title is written. John's break was so bad that I never had the heart to ask him how he could have perpetrated it.

IV

JOHN WEISS FORNEY was among the most conspicuous men of his time. He was likewise one of the handsomest. By nature and training a journalist he played an active, not to say an equivocal part in public life—at the outset a Democratic and then a Republican leader.

Born in the little town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, it was his mischance to have attached himself early in life to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan, whom he long served with fidelity and effect. But when Mr. Buchanan came to the Presidency, Forney, who aspired first to a place in the cabinet, which was denied him, and then to a seat in the Senate, for which he was beaten—through flagrant bribery, the story ran—was left out in the cold. Thereafter he became something of a political adventurer.

The days of the newspaper organ approached their end. Forney's occupation, like Othello's, was gone, for he was nothing if not an organ grinder. Facile with pen and tongue he seemed a born courtier—a veritable Dalgetty, whose loyal devotion to his knight at arms deserved better recognition than the cold and wary Pennsylvania chieftain was willing to give. It is only fair to say that Forney's character furnished reasonable excuse for this neglect and apparent ingratitude.

The row between them, however, was party splitting. As the friend and backer of Douglas, and later along a brilliant journalistic soldier of fortune, Forney did as much as any other man to lay the Democratic party low.

I can speak of him with a certain familiarity and authority, for I was one of his boys. I admired him greatly and loved him dearly. Most of the young newspaper men about Philadelphia and Washington did so. He was an all-round modern journalist of the first class. Both as a newspaper writer and creator and manager he stood upon the front line, rating with Bennett and Greeley and Raymond. He first entertained and then cultivated the thirst for office, which proved the undoing of Greeley and Raymond; and it proved his undoing. He had a passion for politics. He would shine in public life.

If he could not play first fiddle he would take any other instrument. Thus failing of a senatorship, he was glad to get the secretaryship of the Senate, having been clerk of the House.

He was bound to be in the orchestra. In those days newspaper independence was little known. Mr. Greeley was willing to play bottle holder to Mr. Seward, Mr. Prentice to Mr. Clay. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, and later his son, James Gordon Bennett, the younger, challenged this kind of servility. The Herald stood at the outset of its career manfully in the face of unspeakable obloquy against it. The public understood it and rose to it. The time came when the elder Bennett was to attain official as well as popular recognition. Mr. Lincoln offered him the French mission and Mr. Bennett declined it. He was rich and famous, and to another it might have seemed a kind of crowning glory. To him it seemed only a coming down—a badge of servitude—a lowering of the flag of independent journalism under which, and under which alone, he had fought all his life.

Charles A. Dana was not far behind the Bennetts in his independence. He well

Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play.

The riveter, the chipper, the grinder, the machinist—the worker in every line, who is exposed to eye danger will find safety and comfort in the new WILLSON ALL PURPOSE INDUSTRIAL GOGGLE. Aluminum eye cups with soft rubber facings conform to the shape of the eye area and fit snugly and comfortably. They are well ventilated and afford an unusually wide vision. Special Willson Safety Flange feature. Any color, weight or kind of glass. All parts can be quickly replaced without tools. Write for literature.

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THERE'S nothing like a Bradley for warmth, freedom and style. And it wears like iron—won't sag or bag at wrist or elbow. It's a close friend and a warm friend—and plays the game with you for years.

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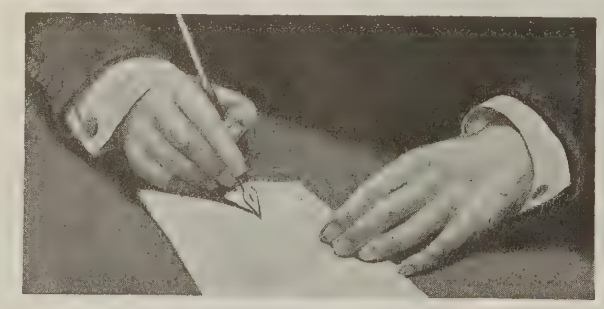
BRADLEY KNITTING CO.
Delavan, Wisconsin

ARGONNE—THE NEW FORM-FIT

ARROW COLLAR

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



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Ask for them by Name and Number

knew what parties and politicians are. The most scholarly and accomplished of American journalists, he made the Sun shine for all, and during the years of his active management a most prosperous property. It happened that while I was penny-a-lining in New York I took a piece of space work—not very common in those days—to the Tribune, of which Mr. Dana was then managing editor, and received a few dollars for it. Ten years later meeting Mr. Dana at dinner I recalled the circumstance, and thenceforward we became the best of friends. Twice indeed we had runabouts together in foreign lands. His house in town, and the island home called Dorsoris, which he had made for himself, might not inaptly be described as very shrines of hospitality and art, the master of the house a virtuoso in music and painting no less than in letters. One might meet under his roof the most diverse people, but always interesting and agreeable people. Perhaps at times he carried his aversions a little too far. But he had reasons for them and, a man of robust temperament and habit, it was not in him to sit down under an injury or fancied injury. I never knew a more efficient journalist. What he did not know about a newspaper was not worth knowing.

V

IN MY day journalism has made great strides. It has become a recognized profession. Schools of special training are springing up here and there. Several of the universities have each its college of journalism. The tendency to discredit these, which was general and pronounced at the start, lowers its tone and grows less confident.

Assuredly there is room for special training toward the making of an editor. Too often the newspaper subaltern obtaining promotion through aptitudes peculiarly his own has failed to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge of his art. He has been too busy seeking scoops and doing stunts to concern himself about perspectives, principles, causes and effects, probable impressions and consequences; or even to master the technical details which make such a difference in the preparation of matter intended for publication and popular perusal. The school of journalism may not be always able to give him the needful instruction. But it can set him in the right direction and better prepare him to think and act for himself.

The making of an editor is a complex affair. Poets and painters are said to be born. Editors and orators are made. Many essential elements enter into the editorial fabrication; need to be concentrated upon and embodied by a single individual; and even with these environment is left to supply the opportunity and give the final touch.

Aptitude as the first ingredient goes without saying of every line of human endeavor. We have the authority of the adage for the belief that it is not possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Yet have I known some unpromising tyros to mature into very capable workmen.

The modern newspaper as we know it may be fairly said to have been the invention of James Gordon Bennett, the elder. Before him there were journals, not newspapers. When he died he had developed the news scheme in kind though not in the degree that we see so elaborate and resplendent in New York and others of the leading centers of population. Mr. Bennett had led a vagrant and varied life when he started the Herald. He had been many things by turns, including a writer of verses and stories, but nothing very successful.

At length he struck a central idea—a really great original idea—the idea of printing the news of the day, comprising the history of yesterday fully and fairly, without fear or favor. He was followed by Greeley and Raymond—making a curious and very dissimilar triumvirate—and at longer range by Prentice and Forney, by Bowles and Dana, Story, Medill and Halstead. All were marked men; Greeley a ·it and propagandist; Raymond a vte declaimer and politician; Prentice w and partisan; Dana a scholar and s o ganizer; Bowles a man both of letter ar affairs. The others were men of all sr writing and fighting their way to the m but possessing the nose for news, usir th Bennett formula and rescript as the as of their serious efforts, and never l sight of it. Forney had been a pr te Medill and Story were caught young b th lure of printers' ink. Bowles was bor ar reared in the office of the Springfiel R publican, founded by his father, and a stead, a cross betwixt a pack horse a i race horse, was broken to harness bef was out of his teens.

Assuming journalism equally with s cine and law to be a profession, it i only one of the three in which versati not a disadvantage. Specialism at th or by the bedside leads to perfectio attains results. The great doctor i great surgeon or the great prescriptior he cannot be great in both—and the lawyer is rarely great, if ever, as cour and advocate.

The great editor is by no means the writer, but he ought to be able to writ must be a judge of writing. The newsp office is a little kingdom. The able e needs to know and does know every i of it between the editorial room, the posing room and the pressroom. He hold well in hand everybody and function, having risen, as it were, ste step from the ground floor to the roof should be level-headed yet impression sympathetic yet self-possessed; able qu to sift, detect and discriminate; of v knowledge, experience and interest; cackle of the adjacent barnyard the no the world to his eager mind and pliant Nothing too small for him to tackle, ing too great, he should keep to the m of the road and well in rear of the mo columns; loving his art—for such it for art's sake; getting his sufficiency, with its independence, in the public proval and patronage, seeking never thing further for himself. Disinterested being the soul of successful journa unselfish devotion to every noble pur in public and private life, he should st preferment as to bribery, "Get behind Satan."

Whitelaw Reid, to take a ready and spicuous example, was a great journa but rather early in life he abandoned nalism for office and became a figur politics and diplomacy so that, as in case of Franklin, whose example and steps in the main he followed, he wi remembered rather as the ambassador as the editor.

More and more must these requirem be fulfilled by the aspiring journa As the world passes from the rule force—force of prowess, force of ha force of convention—to the rule of n bers, the daily journal is destined, survives as a power, to become the teach the very Bible of the people. The pe are already beginning to distinguish tween the wholesome and the meretric in their newspapers. Newspaper ow likewise are beginning to realize the v of character. Instances might be c where the public discerning some sini but unseen power behind its press slowly yet surely withdrawn its confide and support. However impersonal it tends to be, with whatever of myster affects to envelop itself, this public ins upon some visible presence. In many st the law requires it. Thus personal jo nalism cannot be escaped and whether one-man power emanates from the cou ing room or the editorial room, as they called, it must be clear and answerable, sponsive to the common weal, and, ab all, trustworthy.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-ninth of s ries of articles by Mr. Watterson. The final ar will appear in an early issue.

ABOUT PLAY WRITING

(Continued from Page 5)

raccal mechanics of the stage and of play
itii, precisely as you would learn to take
w and reassemble an automobile or an
-oane if you purposed to qualify as a
ur motorist or an ace of the air.

Al in making this suggested study of
g mechanics let the embryonic dram-
sbestow minute and ceaseless attention
o he great and generally neglected sub-
t f stage lighting. That may at first
m seem to be rather the field of the
pcer than of the play writer, but it is
t. Light, properly understood and uti-
e is the main modern medium of poetry
t theater—poetry truly of the univer-
hd, which is apprehensible alike by the
l ed scholar in the private box and
he or untutored newsboy or shopgirl in
he op balcony. Therefore if the drama-
ist nderstands the possibilities of the use
f lit and works with them ever in mind
e vll, I maintain, write better, stronger,
nor practical and more effective plays.

F the adequately educated dramatist
f -day—still more, of to-morrow—
lecicity, the miracle maker of science,
enrs possible effects and achievements
n e stage that our predecessors never
ve dreamed of; and I speak directly out
f ersonal experience when I advise
-irs for the stage to study its possi-
ili s. Electric light was, I believe, first
se for theatrical purposes to illumine a
ve rama, in Paris, in 1857. That was
gh cast by an arc lamp, then still a de-
ice primitive in form though invented
no than fifty years before. The first
ecided attempt to use electric light on
he stage was made at the California
Th ter, in my birthplace, the ever-beloved
ity of old San Francisco. That was in
87 week of February 21 to 28. I was
he in person present and witnessed the
va us experiments made, which were on
he whole a failure. In 1882 the Savoy
Th ter, London, was lighted throughout,
sta and auditorium, by electricity; and
to -y such lighting is substantially uni-
ver l. The limit of its possibilities is un-
kn n. I have zealously studied the
ec itic art of electric lighting ever since
18 ; since 1902—when I opened my first
th ter—I have maintained and operated,
th rear round, an electric-lighting experi-
me al workshop—in which, if I may say
so, ome of the best of appliances for stage
ig ling have been invented and developed.
An I give it now as my deliberate opinion
tha wonderful as are the effects which
ma been gained already, they are almost
as othing compared with those which the
fu re—the near future—will see. With
th mystic aid of electricity all the aspects
of ature will be imitated in the theater
of e future so perfectly as to create the
ab lute effect of reality, while aspects of
th preternatural will be not merely sug-
ge ed but so portrayed as to seem more
ve ed yet more vivid than even imagina-
tic can picture them!

Illusion's Perfect Triumphs

'ith the full development and perfect
co rol of this relatively new art will
"i sion's perfect triumphs come," and the
wl le stage scene of the future will be one
ex isite light picture, so that painted
sc ery, as it is known to-day, will, I ven-
tu e to prophesy, become a curiosity of
m ory. To illustrate: Many years ago
w used to indicate a snowstorm in the
th ter by letting fall from the flies tiny
bi of white paper. My Du Barry—poor
de ; I've never got over my weakness for
th little French milliner!—drawn on the
tu bril, passed to the guillotine through
a rry of snow—feathery, moist, clinging,
sv ling in the chill air—that seemed as
re and palpable as the audience's seats.
Th effect was vivid in my mind as I
wr te the scene—and it was created en-
ti ly by light. It was beautiful, yes; and
I on't try to conceal my pride in it. But
it as trivial to what has been done since—
an nothing to what will be done soon.

In Shakspere's time a change of board
pl cards indicated the change of scene in,
fo example, Macbeth, from A Heath Near
Fr es to The Palace of King Duncan.
To day we represent that change, accept-
ab y at best, by lowering a painted drop—
ge erally to the accompaniment of a noisy
bu tle of stage hands shifting set pieces,
fu niture and props. To-morrow we shall
ac ieve that change—and all other changes—silently, instantly and to the perfection of dramatic effect by the use of lights alone. But this subject of stage lighting is inexhaustible, and though it is the immediate jewel of my soul I must not permit myself to dilate further on it here.

Let us return to our play writing. The inexperienced play writer—even after familiarizing himself as recommended with stage mechanism—having conceived a play will usually confront a considerable problem in undertaking to deliver himself of it. He will most readily solve that problem by shaping for himself on paper a clear exact plan of his work. And to my mind—though not all doctors of dramatics will be found to agree with me—the writing of a play is most conveniently to be divided and arranged under five heads, which I place thus:

The idea.

The story—which is to be carefully tested by the requirements of reasonable probability.

The construction—which comprehends the crux of the problem.

The characters—which will be found to originate naturally out of the story, if the fabric be dramatic and not narrative.

The dialogue—which should, and if the story is dramatic will, originate naturally out of the action as it proceeds.

The Framework of the Play

I would here pause a moment to pay my respects to the so frequently extolled unities of time, place and action. After I had written some successful plays and had been in consequence told how bad they were I used to distress myself extremely about the three unities—until I learned better. I do not remember to have read or heard of but one play in which all the unities were perfectly observed. That is a composition described by the poet Byron, written by one Hibernicus, and entitled Turgesius, the Dane. Turgesius is chained by the legs to a pillar during the whole time of the piece and in that helpless position is addressed by King Malachi until at last, unable to endure the rain of words, he stabs himself beneath the fifth rib, and so brings the discourse to a close. Plays on the model of Turgesius would no doubt be wonderfully popular with the exigent audience of the modern theater!

For practical purposes the ancient dictum regarding the drama, "It must present complete unity," should be disregarded, forgotten—an opinion in which I was recently made happy by finding myself to be supported by the Great Sage of Criticism. Doctor Johnson on this subject pithily remarks: "To the unities of time and place Shakspere has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the dramatist than ever they gave pleasure to the auditor." To which I say, "They have, indeed!" Let the play writer look well to the internal unity of his dramatic action—and time and place may be pretty freely left to look to themselves.

The first step in the actual writing of a play should be the making of a clear concise scenario of the projected work—which usually can be done within the limit of one thousand or at most fifteen hundred words; it is seldom wise to permit the scenario for any reason to extend much beyond the latter limitation.

Having perfected the scenario the author can perceive the necessary number and sequence of acts and scenes. Here should be noted a *sine qua non* for utility in the modern theater: The play must be susceptible of representation within a total period—that is, including all intermissions, from the rise of the first curtain to the fall of the last one—of not more than three and one quarter hours; and not more than three hours would be much better. It is no use arguing and discussing this point, as many young beginners do who come to me; it is, practically speaking, impossible to induce the public to sit through a play that requires much more than three hours for its complete performance. This may or may not indicate nineteen different kinds of crass bad taste and lack of artistic feeling on the part of the public—but it is the fact,

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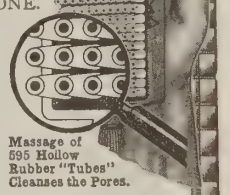

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and as such, however annoying, it must be recognized and accepted. I say "must" because the true dramatist writes, or at least rewrites, for the stage of his own time. To all who will hear me I say: Let posterity go hang, as far as your play writing is concerned! Write, write, for the living present! Posterity will do you no good—nor need you, with the highest ideals, trouble yourself further about posterity than to do your best to cheer and encourage and so help and improve the men and women of your own time by your portrayal and interpretation of human life and experience. It may have pleased and comforted old Ben Jonson to have Francis Beaumont write to him

Thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good
And art three ages, yet, from understood!

But I'll bet a cooky that plays written in the present which are three ages yet from being understood will never get themselves produced—or read, either, for that matter.

The idea round which your play is to be built having been clearly set before your own mind the story by which it is to be illustrated and communicated to the perceptions of others is to be invented and arranged and, that story is to be told from first to last in action. Now, so to tell your story requires that incidents and events must visibly occur, and occur as consequences resulting from definite, clearly revealed causes. Your dramatic skeleton must be perfectly articulated in every joint or it cannot properly move. That vitally requires construction—and, be your native dramatic faculty and technical training what they may, it will tax them hard to avoid making faults and flaws in this essential requisite to success. You can go forward and back and pick up loose ends; you can carry along first one thread of narrative, then another; you can expatiate and explain and readjust, in a novel—but you cannot do so in a play; if you do it ceases to be a play.

It has been perfectly said by the greatest critic of the drama that "For the purposes of a dramatic author human life is to be viewed as a river which, for the greater part, flows underground, only at intervals breaking forth into the light. Every character has a background. Every condition of individualism and of circumstance is consequent on a long line of antecedent facts. The dramatic instinct perceives the points of contact, the moments of upheaval, will conflict, action—and a true dramatist shows human beings and human life as Fate shows them."

Models for Technical Study

This life river of which your play is a revealed segment, or succession of segments, has its source far off—years ago. Different characters turn into it incidents and events until at last at the proper moment—impelled by you—it breaks forth into the light, a confluent, propulsive, dramatic stream. To create this effect not an incident must be shown that is not contributory to the main stream; not a character must be shown that is not implicated; not a word must be spoken that is not relevant—while all essential antecedent facts and postures of circumstance must be directly revealed to the auditors; and this must be done without causing the dramatic characters either to inform each other of matters which it does not concern them to know or concerning which they must in the nature of things already be fully conversant. Though a few fine plays have been rapidly written—that old-time success, The Game of Speculation, in which Charles Mathews gave his famous personation of Sir Affable Hawk, for example, is said to have been completed within eleven hours—it is unusual, and I have known true dramatists, of a high order and finely trained, to work for two years to create the effect specified, and yet fail to do so.

There is no better way—there is no other way so good—by which to discover, comprehend and cultivate the technic of construction than to dissect out the constructive fabrics created by masters, remote or recent, of the art of play writing. For this purpose I would specially recommend to the student for analytical perusal—among the works of the old dramatists—Marlowe's Doctor Faustus and King Edward II; from the works of Shakspere the first act—which dramatically is much the best—of Hamlet, and the whole of Othello, Romeo and Juliet, and Macbeth—though the fourth act of the latter is badly messed up and may well be—as it is—styled by the commentators "corrupt." I would have him examine with care Jonson's pone, or the Fox and Webster's Duch Malfi. I recently heard the study of den recommended, but Dryden is ins icant as a dramatist and only intere and important as a poet. As a mas words he is marvelous—but study works as plays is study thrown awa later dramatists I would specify the di perusal of Vanbrugh's The Relapse; greve's The Way of the World; Farqu The Inconstant; Goldsmith's She S to Conquer—which is the perfecti farce; and Sheridan's School for Sc and The Rivals—particularly the l because of its remarkable double qu with Captain Absolute the connectin between two groups of characters. let him take in order The Long Strike the telegraph scene; The Colleen and Con, the Shaughraun, of Dion B cault; School and Caste, by Rober The Silver King and The Middlema which the second act is absolute perfect by Jones; The Cardinal, by Pa Alabama and The Witching Hour Thomas; The Easiest Way, by Et Walter; and the first act of The Gam by Charles Klein. Should the neophy dramatic authorship deem this really course of technical study onerous—let quit at once and direct his energies other channels; play writing is not for The student with a genuine dramatic will find the analysis of them a deligh

Writing Against Time

Let me here enter a plea in confe and avoidance: I would not be unders to imply that the scheme of study practice in play writing of which I tried to formulate an outline is the have always followed. It is not. It general terms the scheme which exper has taught me it would always have best to follow and which I am satisfie be kindly commended to beginners. I with all my heart somebody had mended it to me when I was begin But I had to learn play writing by sisted study—which by fortunate acci began with the works of Shakspere an an entirely empirical method.

Whatever may be the estimate of rank as a dramatist I think I may wit hesitation name myself as a natural I began without suggestion, advice o struction, to write plays when I was than ten years old. Before I was more twelve I had written one, on the assas tion of Lincoln, entitled The Roll of Drum, which eventually was playe many Western towns; and since then prior to 1882 I have adapted, altered rewritten—often in their entirety—s thing more than two hundred plays, of which were old but many of which new, though in such form that they c not be used. Since 1882 I have wri about thirty major plays in collabora with other authors—not counting n work which it has been my privilege t on many pieces with which my name is usually associated. And likewise in time I have independently written al twenty other plays—of which I am author. In the old days it was compul with me to know how to write plays—was my job—and through many a str of weeks I had to have a new one ready every Monday night. As I look bac those far-off times it seems like lookir indeed, it is—into another world. I rem ber that on one barnstorming tour in smallest mountain towns and camps, w I was acting, among other parts, Har and Robert Macaire, I was also workin six plays at once, including my dram Sylvia's Lovers, on which, years afterw I based the first play of mine that mad unqualified and enduring success in York—May Blossom.

And when at home, in San Francisc led an even busier life, for I worked all directing rehearsals and getting up scen then ran the stage and often played a sr part or two at night—and rewrote made plays in between times. And, by way, I did not get $750 a week for labors. Still—I learned my business. this is a digression.

One of the questions most frequer asked me relative to the writing of play as to what field gives the best opportu ties to the dramatist. That is rather a h question and one that would be answe differently by many experienced jud

(Continued on Page 157)

(Continued from Page 154)

or my part, I give my voice for the field of mestic life. I concur in general with Haz- t i his doctrine that "Poetry and the ngelo not agree well together"—not, at st the poetry of words and our modern age Prose form and the experiences cisly incident to domestic life will, I indin, in competent hands, yield the t that is, the most suggestive, helpful, c/e dramas.

re is a cant phrase that bobs up r little while which declares that "All e is the material of dramatic art." I em- atically dissent. There is, first, the con- der ion of what it is proper to show on age. Honest opinions may and do de differ on that point. Nevertheless ere some things concerning the impro- iet of which on the stage there is not and m be any divergence of rational and ce opinion. Then again, the crossing of es the air or the cobbling of old shoes in , and millions of other similar things e part of all life—and assuredly are not tial for dramatic art, because they are t in themselves either interesting or rtic.

W hear much about Nature as the ur of our dramas—and, questionless, e urpose of play writing, as of play act- g, "to hold the mirror up to Nature," ected aspects. But let us constantly mber, as the Great Cham of Litera- reo sensibly remarked, that "mere ob- ou Nature may be exhibited with very tt power of mind." Everyday life is inal of tremendous actual dramas; we el em, hear them, see them round us all e me. But very, very seldom are those ans of actuality available for stage use. Why? Because generally they extend rgh long stretches of time and are inex- icably tangled together with innumerable ificant incidents. It is only an authen- c ramatist of the highest order—and ch only occasionally—who can seize po such natural dramas, perceive the ings of their movement, the vital aspects f ir conflictive yet confluent characters dvents and epitomizing and translating e into terms of the theater, arrange e in a picture of action and, as it were, xp ss out of them the essential living ele- ens of a stage drama.

When Grass Was Green

dramatist, moreover, who confined imself to his own first-hand knowledge of Nature would have material for more than nelay—and he would be precious hard ut o it to provide enough for even one. Veaust all go to the great store of various xperience garnered up for us since first na became a recording animal. And this rings us to the subject of plagiarism—

s bject every modern play writer should nvestigate and understand, and to me a ecliarly sore one, because I have been, I hink, more often and more acrimoniously ccused of that despicable offense than any th dramatist of my time. *Par paren-* hèse, I would say that I have always ought trial of such charges and that in ery instance where it has been possible orne to bring my aspersers into court I ha disproved their slanderous accusa- ion against my ability as a play writer and my integrity as a man. In only one in- tance in all my experience—the allegations gainst me *in re* The Case of Becky—was thtrial court's decision in my favor car- ied to appeal; in that instance the Court of ppeals affirmed the finding of the lower co t.

ut to be publicly vilified as a dramatic thief every time I successfully produce a ply is irritating to the temper—and it is no soothing to recollect that I have been forced to spend many thousands of dollars to rotect myself and my associates. It is a fa which ought to be judicially recognized in ustice to all play writers that the bring- in of accusations of plagiarism in connec- tion with notably successful plays is to-day a egular business and that, as things are at present, an honest reputable manager has often, without possibility of redress, to choose between paying blackmail and spending large sums of money as well as precious time and energy in proving that he is ot a thief.

What is plagiarism? The poet Campbell many years ago satirically inscribed in the autograph album of an admiring lady the statement that there "is nothing original nowadays, excepting sin." That substan- tially appears to have been a popular doc- trine from the time when Koheleth wrote Ecclesiastes down to the present day. "Virtue," as remarked by the Bard, "cannot live out of the teeth of emulation," and the teeth of emulation appear to defamation and falsehood, and detraction is so extreme in the present day that it is only necessary to write a success in order to be sure of being called a thief! Doctor Johnson ridicules the absurd statement that the important sentence in Shakspere, "Go before, I follow," is a translation of "*I præ sequar.*" But I actually had to go into court and spend a large sum of money because in my play of Sweet Kitty Bellairs the color of grass is mentioned as green!

Plagiarism is primarily and essentially the appropriation in art of ideas, inventions, thoughts and language which are original with another; artistic theft. But no writer who draws—as all good writers must draw—from the great common stock of fiction and recorded fact is therefore justly to be held or designated a plagiarist; nor is he, unless in utilizing his materials he achieves success. Nobody ever claims your bad plays or your failures; at least nobody has ever claimed mine. I wish they would!

What is Plagiarism and What is Not

All of us, great and small, who are original dramatists and writers, go to real life, as far as it is accessible to us, for our materials. But how little of life would be accessible if we each of us depended exclusively on his own personal experiences! Therefore of necessity we have recourse to scores or hundreds or even thousands of printed sources of information and pictures of human life. In doing so there is no taint of plagiarism—as long as we keep to matters of fact. If, for example, you find in a newspaper, magazine or other source the recorded actual words and deeds of a person in real life and use them in your play, that is not plagiarism. But to take the imagined words, the invented situations, original with another author, that would be plagiarism.

To illustrate: The murder of King Duncan, in Macbeth, is based directly on a passage in Holinshed's Chronicle History of Scotland, describing the assassination of King Duff, an actual monarch who ruled over Scotland for six years—961–67—by one of his followers, named Donwald, who was instigated by his wife. Prince Hal's seizure of the crown of England, in King Henry IV., when mistakenly he supposes the king, his father, is dead, is based on another passage in Holinshed. The finest of Volumnia's speeches, in Coriolanus, is taken by Shakspere from North's translation of Plutarch's Lives. But those are instances not of plagiarism but of rightful use of veritable events and language.

Per contra, Daniel Webster's famous allusion to the British Empire, "A power... whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," is essentially a plagiarism, being a paraphrase of an invented commentary by another writer, namely, James Howell, who, February 1, 1623, wrote from Madrid to Viscount Colchester a letter in which occur these words: "The sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part of his"—the King of Spain's—"countries." And Tennyson's famous line, "The path of duty was the way to glory" (Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1852) is likewise substantially a plagiarism from Lord Macaulay, who, 1831, wrote of Hampden that he "found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty."

As to plagiarism of theme—as Sir Walter Scott observed: "Originality consists in the mode of treating a subject more than in the subject itself," and plagiarism of theme is almost impossible. All the subjects of the world are open to all the writers of the world, and old subjects will always be rewelcomed on the stage if they be but treated in new and dramatic ways.

The consideration of timeliness—of which, also, we hear much—is obviously a commercial one and will seldom, I think, sway a genuine play writer in selecting a theme. Support for the contrary opinion might be supplied by citing, for example, the course of Dion Boucicault—especially in such plays as Formosa, The Flying Scud and The Jilt—but I believe that the timeliness of many successful plays is incidental. That is, instead of the dramatist's deliberately looking about to find a subject fitted to the time some subject of innate dramatic

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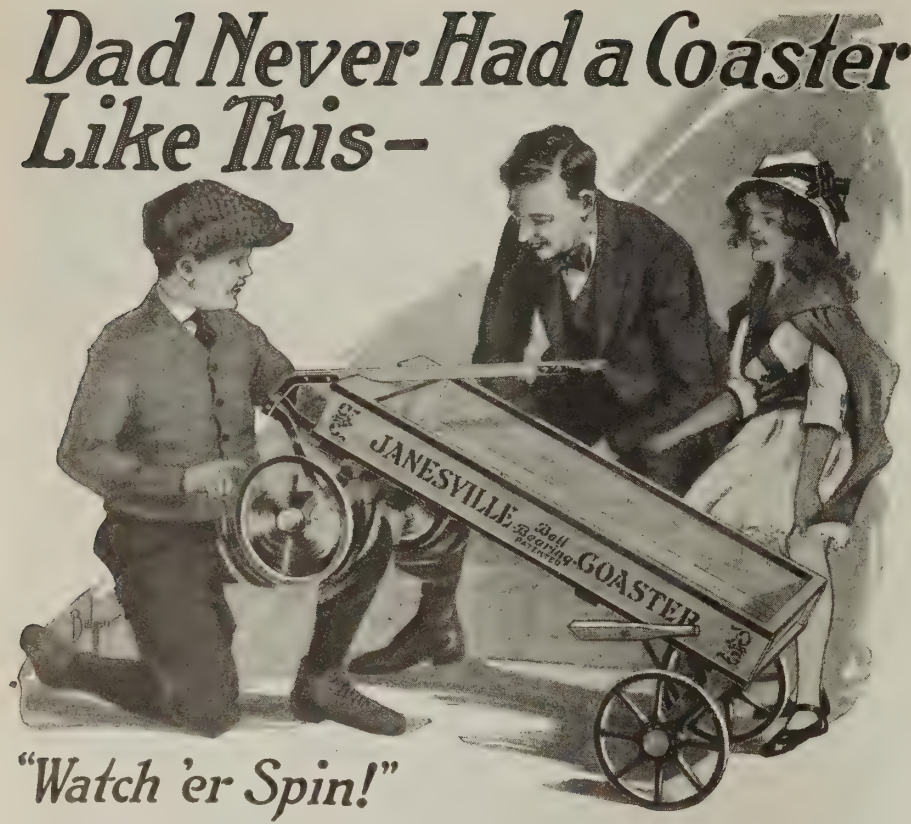

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quality is forced upon his notice by reason of a special general attention then directed to it; its dramatic possibilities are perceived by him; his natural faculty asserts itself—and he writes a timely play.

The vitality and staying power of a play will always depend upon the degree to which its story and characters are representative types of experience and humanity, rather than of eccentric and passing aspects of local and contemporaneous life—and necessarily there seldom will be much that is representative in a theme which is selected because it happens to be a prominent one of the passing hour. It was acutely recognized by Saint Augustine that "we see ourselves upon the stage; we become a secret and unperceived actor in the piece, and there is acted before us our own special passion." Therein lies an invaluable hint to the dramatist: Let him constantly remember that the more vividly and wholly representative a drama is the more certain we are to recognize our various selves in it when we see it acted on the stage—and the more vital and useful it will be.

I earnestly counsel all writers of drama to avoid as a capital crime the effort to make the dialogue of their plays literary in quality. The drama is the most objective of arts—and literature is subjective. The primary purpose in framing dialogue must be to cause it to proceed with apparent inevitability out of the situations of the play, to contribute to its movement and to be strictly appropriate to the characters that speak. This will often compel the use of slang, argot, profanity or technicality of language—which, of course, is diametrically opposed to a pure literary quality of expression. But it is not enough for practical purposes of the stage that the speeches be characteristic; they must be wrought over and over again, until they are not only characteristic of the speakers uttering them but also are expressed in the tersest, clearest, simplest words that would be characteristic.

The Art of Concealing Art

If, for example, one of your characters is a prolix bore you must work—and it will be found hard work—so that he shall cause that effect, yet in fact use the fewest possible words. The problem of the play writer in such a case is analogous to that of the actor who must portray a breathless man—Biondello, for example, in delivering the description of Petruchio's wedding, in The Shrew—who must appear to be breathless but must not be so. Again, if to be in character another of your interlocutors must utter his thoughts in polysyllabic language you must weigh, examine and consider with the nicest care the polysyllables which you cause him to use—always practically remembering that stage dialogue is to be actually spoken, not silently read, and bearing in mind the lingual requirements of words and the lingual abilities of average actors. The supreme felicity of art is to produce the effect of the spontaneous simplicity of Nature; and nothing in art that I know of is so complicated as the process of doing so.

Several of my plays—if I may be permitted a personal allusion—have been by some judges censured upon two main grounds: First, because they are not literary; secondly, because, as alleged, they introduce and depict incidents that are not germane to the central themes.

I demur to censure under the first head not on the ground that the allegation is untrue but on the ground that I maintain as a merit what those judges condemn as a fault. I do not intend or wish to be literary in my plays, and I am gratified to know that I seldom am so. My object is to create and sustain dramatic effect, piling situation on situation with steadily cumulative force until the climax is reached, thus rendering my audiences expectant, tense, excited and emotional and so swaying them as I please.

As to the second complaint which I have cited—I demur to it because it rises from a divergence of opinion concerning th of Nature and as to what is or is r mane to a central theme. Under th I will say only that if the process nical analysis be applied to my plays I believe, surprise many persons cover how generally impossible it is out any incident in them, no matt seemingly trivial or extreme. Y sometimes knock a hole in a hou without doing serious damage—p even to advantage; but when you tamper with the footing of its foun or with the sills upon which it is rea are pretty certain to bring the wh fice down on top of you.

So, I venture to say, is it with my there are mighty few incidents of them—or in those of any con dramatist—which have not been, word goes, "planted" there with del thought and purpose.

The Great American Pla

A request often made of me is opinion concerning the great An play—which many persons appear eagerly intent on writing—and I m end this dissertation on play writin some brief comment thereon. I once upon a time aspired to write it— I should be subjected to the extre torture I am not at all sure that a sion of belief that I have done so co be extracted from me, even now. B of course, in any other way!

The great American play—the itself would make a fine title. But w its requirements? It must be first o tensely and superlatively dramati cannot be great as a play. Then it m written by an American, a nativ American, on a representative An theme; its scene must be laid wh America and its dialogue must be, th out, a characteristically Americanize of the English language.

Many plays start to my mind as on this subject, though I will not v here and now to maintain the claims of them to receive the coveted desig In passing, I will, however, go so fa record my conviction that up to the p moment Mr. Eugene Walter has w the best American drama, namely Easiest Way; and that Mr. La Mitchell has written the best Am comedy, namely, The New York Ide Walter's dialogue in its simplicity, ness and truth is superb; and Mr. ell's is brilliant without effort or any of the obvious stagy smartness of, ample, Oscar Wilde.

If the great American play is to b ten in this period it will, I think, dea some aspect of American life now at quarter of a century old; very po even more remote. In the infancy theater the dramatic fashions came t prescribed by Europeans, and our reflected and echoed to a great exte thought and life and drama of Europ more than a generation past, thoug matic fashions have continued to cro ocean to us, Europeans themselves also been coming to us by the million any picture of American life made exists to-day will almost certainly tinctured by the thought and feelin Europeans that in my judgment i hardly be deemed representatively ican.

But in the coming on of time the conglomerate of American populatio interpenetrate and fuse into one American and all-powerful people, b ing down sectional barriers and wipin foreign colonies within our land. amalgamation has already been well in the white heat of our vast war effort when it is completed there will be a pler opportunity than ever before for great American play. Meantime, o thing I am absolutely certain—that t there is more authentic drama to be f in this country than in any other in a world.

THE YOUNG IDEA

(Continued from Page 20)

te de entrance of the house. A large ern of Irish extraction was at the d a small snub-nosed aristocrat of nine enlightened years was scram- in the seat beside him.

"Now just look at that," Mansfield went with much bitterness, "after I gave Alex al orders about letting John take my ou" John, it developed, was his ge brother. "Every single time John o in that car he brings it back he"

"Is your car?" I asked feebly.

"It was a Christmas present. It's a to. You ought to see her go."

I sat there listening to him expound- on the various remarkable features of ul ide gift my first great lesson as a he began to soak in, and that lesson ist of a simple variant of the ancient ee hat you can lead a horse to water yo can't make him drink. You can th young idea to the burbling or lin fount of knowledge and invite —at as a stern mentor but merely as a ra —to go on a gentle jag with you; ma even douse him in it, but unless of ow free will he takes to the stuff you a well save your precious energy.

an years ago a certain wise teacher th there were no good teachers, only pils. And it is my firmly founded f at that wise musician could have t leading light in any Ananias club wi that one clear gleaming spark of truth have saved his eternal soul a penance for his blackest lies.

nother thing on which I received en- ement during my years of novitiate as eir was the scholarship, or free pupil. ll ducational walks of life, when his etook is lean and limp, the brilliant ler is always given his opportunity by benevolently inclined to develop his ear talent—and nowhere else is such evidence so necessary as in music.

Francis and His Fiddle

t is self-evident fact that our greatest us, our most glorified talents have e om the humblest, the ugliest, poor- pl es in life—for it would seem that er breeds genius—and without the lly helping hand there could be no de- pment of their gifts. And that tender t, he musical talent, must have many rs f patient care and labor expended n to bring it to perfection. But eth r because of the skyrocket flight of chosen few who have been helped to r success or from some obscure reasoning he own there exists a vast throng of dicre talent, who too often—emulat- th lively Bolshevist—demand that the t istruction be laid at their feet gratis; t he patrons of music pour out their d n concerts and advertising to place m efore the public; or even to feed l othe them. In accepting all this, irs s always the attitude of conferring re favor on their benefactors.

n plea at all serves this breed very well a eason for grafting. Johnny has to ve is tonsils removed, so could he have a ol ship? Or Agnes has to have her th straightened this year; because y'e decided to have the house done er the paternal parent has just bought ne nan top for the flivver. In the short al nonth of February last I had all the ov reasons presented to me by would-be pil as adequate excuse for the cutting of ual fee in their favor. Mighty was their ligation when they were refused.

Perhaps the most refreshing thing about s musical Mollusca is how easily they s ay with it. But then, some people ul get away with murder. The most per- t ecimen of this class I ever met was a rta young hopeful whom for the want a etter name we shall call Francis. His mother was endowed with a com- tale but not overwhelming amount of is world's goods and a feverish eye on e ain chance. In this instance the main are proved to be Francis. Some mis- idl individual gave him a tiny violin on s gth birthday and in a foolishly gener- s oment arranged with a certain teacher r term of lessons. Before that term ev to a close Francis' fond mother had sc ered that their unpretentious in- om—hitherto considered a great disad- an ge—could be turned into a veritable on za through Francis and his tiny fiddle.

They made of him a typical infant prodigy, velvet-suited and spindle-legged, and dragged him hither and yon to play for this famous musician, that wealthy patron of music, this club and that entertainment; at every place emphasizing by a thousand ingenious methods their willingness to cut their hearts out for the boy and their utter misery at not being able to give him the advantages his marvelous talent deserved.

Believing firmly that it pays to advertise, after the fashion of mothers of musical Mollusca, she started a Francis propaganda. Wherever she might be, with the high or with the low, with the tin-can millionaire or the humble but necessary milkman, she talked of nothing but the triumphs of Francis. Every casual idle word that might reflect glory on Francis and uttered by anyone who might by the wildest stretch of the imagination be called someone was snatched upon by Francis' family and set to music and chanted in unison to any unfortunate audience they could fasten upon.

For a long while the established musicians viewed the whole proceedings with a hearty disgust, but presently, like all other propaganda, Francis began to take effect. There were certain hangers on, the parrots of the musical world, who—ever attracted by a loud noise—began to flock over to him and add their iterated encomiums to the din. In a brilliant burst one of these hailed him as a genius, and after that not even the most forbearing human could have lived round Francis or his family without becoming addicted to homicide.

It was shortly after this that Francis was sent to Europe. The man who did it said he thought that perhaps if the lad had a chance to get away from his family he might outgrow the blight they had put upon him. But his hopes were soon dashed, for Francis' mother went along. They stayed abroad a year or so and when they returned they brought back a hectic scandal on the foreign shopmen and Francis had learned to kiss the wrinkled hands of foolish rich old women, and some not so old, and to cast cow eyes at any member of the younger feminine contingent whose adoration he thought might prove useful to him.

So at twenty he held the record for having been clothed, fed and taught by the bounty of strangers, and the principal thing it had developed in him was a case of the purest, sweetest and most fatuous self-love that anyone ever witnessed. His personal vanity was supreme and the only fly in his honey was the fact that the really big men of his profession would have none of him. He stormed their indifference with every trick of his kind, but since his was not the great, sincere and unselfish gift he made not the slightest impression.

A Hardy Perennial

But regardless of the setback his vanity received by his being ignored by the great in his world, that hardy plant flourished and grew until there came a time when no mere ordinary mortal would have dared offer the slightest criticism of Francis or his virtuosity without first ensconcing himself carefully behind some large and durable piece of furniture and proffering it with flowers.

So Francis continued on his merry way unmolested, prying into every conversation with the story of his latest success at Podunk, where he had held the audience in the hollow of his hand, and emphasizing carefully the real or imagined fury of the tenor, who doubled the bill with him, at the extra encores Francis had been compelled to give.

Unfortunately we have no means of controlling this misguided philanthropy that takes the ordinarily gifted or the not gifted at all and makes highly developed egotists of them, near-musicians who use their art to exploit their petty personal vanity. It is members of this class who by their bizarre exaggerations have done more to black the eye of the musical profession than anything else. Doubtless if we had a great conservatory in this country, as they have in the various European countries, a school under civic or government control conducted on a system perhaps resembling in some ways that of our public schools, whose teachers were masters in their lines, where the ambitious and impecunious student might go and—provided he passed the entrance examinations—be educated gratis

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or for a reasonable fee it would help eliminate the Francis type.

But instead of there being such a school the student in America is dependent to a great extent upon a series of large musical factories—schools is a decided misnomer for these institutions—run entirely from the commercial standpoint. This is always a joyful proceeding from the business viewpoint, but from that of education often leaves something to be desired. These schools draw almost their entire clientèle from ambitious dream-eager souls in those small villages that dot America and are known to a certain blasé fraternity as the tall grass. They hold out as a lure the fact that they give as prizes at their annual contests practically everything from pianos and quarts of medals to a house and lot. They make the most florid statements about the instantaneous success of the pupils who come under their altruistic guidance. But perhaps the astute business men, the active heads of these schools, should not be blamed too severely for keeping their eyes on the monetary main chance and wasting little time being idealists. They know full well that being an idealist is seldom remunerative, and so, like certain theatrical managers of girly-girly shows, they calmly turn the most subtle of the arts into a ballyhoo, on the theory that they are giving the well-known public what it wants.

Fired by the Story of Bessie

They have a few excellent teachers, perhaps even one of international fame, but they pin such a fancy price to their instruction that only the plutocratic few can ever reach them. They give out a number of scholarships, but here their chance to do a service to brilliant talent is nullified by the fact that advertising works both ways, for these scholarships generally are allotted to the Francis type of pupil because he clamors the loudest.

Their prevailing type of teacher, after we have excepted their imported models, is the one that furnishes most of the material for those frenzied articles that appear from time to time in various periodicals about Bessie from Junkville, who took the egg-and-butter money she had hoarded for years and went to the great city to learn to sing. And when she got there her much-advertised teacher piled bricks on her chest and held her nose and then defied her to go ahead and make a sound.

Most of these articles, I have always noticed, have to do with the trials of vocalists instead of instrumentalists; I presume because vocalists—being naturally more gabby—are less averse to publishing the sad tales of their gullibility.

Perhaps after all, though, these music asylums are giving the public what it wants. Of course occasionally a quaintly narrow-minded teacher will profanely deny that there is any excuse for their existence when he has to take one of their finished products, all done up in tin medals and labeled "artist" and has to instill into her the first principles of rhythm and intonation. But then, some people are strangely crude—natural-born kickers. And, take it from the particular school he is yipping about, awful liars too!

Naturally this category does not include the few—all too few—splendid schools headed by sincere conscientious men, often not remarkable musicians themselves but honest at least in trying to do the best for their pupils. There is one in particular—but who ever cared about reading about the peaceful activities of good people!

Since we have no school endowed by the Government where our great talents can go and be educated, our patron of art—whether he be one for reasons of social advancement or purely altruistic motives—in succumbing to his desire to have a little genius in his home, and in relying upon his own judgment in choosing said genius, often lights upon a sorry failure or an embryo Francis. But they are good losers, these patrons, and incorrigibly optimistic. Let one of them, after sinking thousands in educating and advertising his protégé, find he has drawn a musical blank and no one will hear him set up a howl about it. Instead he blandly starts looking about him for a new Paderewski. Or if by chance in his gentle pastime of boosting a career he actually succeeds in putting his protégé at the top and is rewarded by that protégé with a temperamental display of conceit and bumptious ingratitude, he adopts the attitude that the greatness of the gift whose development he has made possible enables him to overlook any faults.

The Stodgy Little Girls

He thinks philosophically that as long as he has plucked his rare flower out of the dump heap of poverty and misery for its flash of vivid color and has found that its poisonous thorns and the stench of its environment still cling to it, it would be the act of a pusillanimous ass on his part to demand of it the fragile graces of the hot-house-reared plant. Not that he ever expresses it that way—far from it. Instead he merely sighs regretfully when his protégé begins to strut and air his little temperament, and says it is too bad that success has given the boy the big head.

When he fails in choosing the talent that will make the ultimate great success his judgment is not to be scoffed at, for musical talent is one of the easiest things to be mistaken in and there are as many kinds and degrees of it as there are seeds in the luscious pomegranate.

There is the nice talent belonging mostly to mild stodgy little girls who grow up and marry important pillars of their community and join clubs; who are always excessively in earnest in worshiping art, and in whose hands—regardless of certain professional sniffs at their type of musical intelligence and their careful chaste playing—lies the making or breaking of the aspirant for public favor. For the career of a concert artist depends largely on advertising and propaganda, and the women are the best propagandists he can have. Let them fail to flutter and fuss about some long, lean, ugly individual endowed with more than his share of cynicism and calculating shrewdness; let them fail to flock round him after a concert and hang on his rare pearls of verbal wisdom, fail to speak of his godlike face—and see how long he would have enough box-office value to buy postage stamps.

It is decidedly the women and not the men who have fostered and been responsible for the really remarkable growth of music in America, for how rare is the American man who will go to opera unless his wife drags him!

Along with the nice talent there is the student talent; the talent—and because of its perseverance it is worthy of that name—which studies all its life, going first to this teacher and then to that teacher; always men and women from thirty to fifty who have never had the courage to rely on themselves.

Then there is the great throng of methodical talent which fills the orchestras. Such talent is indispensable to any musical life, for without the stimulus of the orchestra, music—or rather musical literature—would fast descend into the twaddle-twaddle and the tinkle-tinkle of the fish-worms-at-play type of composition.

There is the half-baked playing talent, often capable of more than it ever accomplishes, which infests the lyceums, Chautauquas and small-time concerts. This often includes students driven to earning a living by stern necessity long before they are equipped, and Fate keeps them at it the rest of their lives.

Of the greatest importance on our list is the malleable imitative talent. From this type come our sensational artists. For if an imitative talent falls into the ha master teacher, a master intelligen is absolutely nothing that cannot with it. There is no pinnacle of that one with such a talent, the rig ing and advertising may not achie cause of his blind obedience he will where one with a finer intelligen originality, a more sensitive gift True, such an artist or machine lasts more than a decade. As soon entirely away from the influenc teacher, who has governed his ever when he is dependent upon himse he nearly always fails.

A typical example of this type w tain violinist whose name became hold word some dozen years ago was nothing that could be done wit lin that he could not do. There technical stunt or nuance of tone him. After he had been a number away from the man who had take a boy of five and made him into thi human artistic machine he began performances of which a good c tious student would have been a for the imitative talent, sensation often is, is never original. It neve its inspiration from within itself, b ways dependent upon others.

And last we have that rare mar great natural talent that no hardsh erty or even dissipation can kill a like murder or scandal, will out re of what forces are brought into pla fle it. It is the talent that is worthy much-abused word "genius," whic has been applied to every musical whose press agent had the most imagination. No one has ever been give a satisfactory definition of gen practically everyone can recognize most sophisticated musician, who i at loss to explain exactly how the d artists do it, gives up and joins th laity when a talent of this stamp a The genius does not depend upon te display—though his digital dexterit ways brilliant—or stunt advertis make his success. His is always a ma personality, but his art, though do enhanced by that personality, is no dependent upon it. He may be of the intellectual type, and again he ma

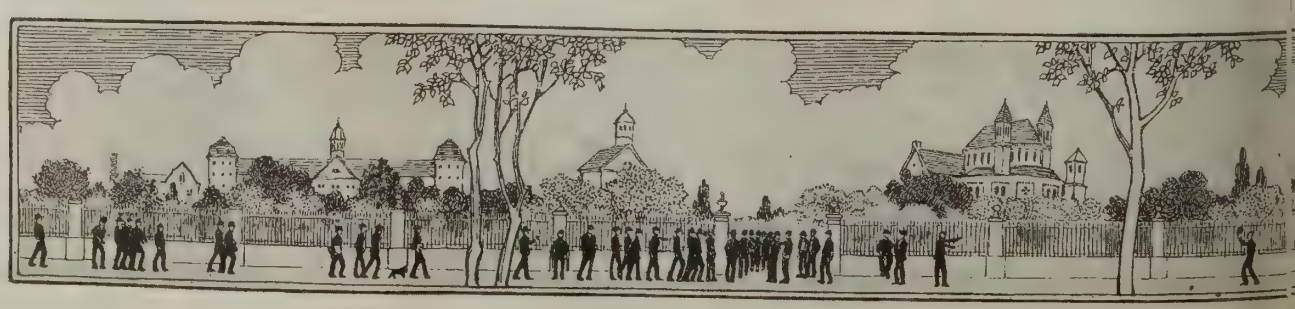
Star-Spangled Artists

A brilliant mind does not nece mean musical genius. On the co some of the brainest men we have in are deadly dull in their playing. Th of artist is permitted to take all ma liberties with his art. He can mak nical mistakes, play or sing a bit off and the one or two in the audience wh be cognizant of his shortcomings wil tion it—if they mention it at all— that they would rather hear him p sing a little off key than to listen to son's sensation never miss a note.

The audience that such an artist is worthy of comment. It is generall posed of that class of people that non would be afraid to meet alone in a alley if we were of a nocturnal dispo They are people who are whol clear-eyed and clean—above all, emphasize that last. On the other the sensation draws from a very dif crowd. They come from the grea washed, mentally and physically, an sensitive soul who insists on attendi of these concerts should fortify himsel a spray of disinfectant and a gas ma

There are a thousand and one degr talent between the sharply defined have mentioned, and strangely e just now the country is being flooded it in all its different stages. It see first glance to the casual onlooker th larger part of the adolescent populat changing into star-spangled artists night. We haven't one Paganini, l

(Continued on Page 165)



(Continued from Page 162)

sce. It leads us to believe that in the co se of time, like the trusty phonograph an the hardy mechanical piano, every fam ly that makes any pretensions at all wi have an artist in its midst.

ich a thing would not be at all impos-il· were it not for one item: The uncon-cius attitude of Americans toward music r ay of the arts as a profession. We have a rt, plenty of it, and I don't doubt that t pinch we could scare up quite an im-ong number of latent geniuses, but for h development of that talent we haven't h right atmosphere—heaven save the rd! We simply won't take art seriously. As nation we have an unconscious con-e pt for musicians. I anticipate the loud h us of protest and repeat that there is c ealed about us as a people a covert n r at the art as effeminate, sissy, the x se the shiftless use to get out of taking g real life's work like farming or some-ng in the mercantile line. Any of us will d it that that is not an attitude that or ds popularity for any enterprise. One ca not expect a live wire of a boy—a regu-ago-getter—to adopt a profession that lis him among his fellows as a tame cat, a lo ge lizard and a mental defective.

o though there is a great wave of talent sw ping the country just now it is not st tly a home product. If we scrutinize it closely we shall find that it bears a for-ig label.

aderewski's suddenly coming to the fore as diplomat and statesman has done a gr t and lasting kindness for the musical pr ession. By his ardent espousing of his co ntry's cause, his work as a fiery patriot, h great musician has put his profession on h plane where it belongs as the work of id listic but sane and earnest people. Per-ps in time the great public will grow to understand that music is as much the work of he-man as conducting a feed store or running a bank, for your true artist is ne er a hysterical freak. He is only a ma y honest everyday man like ourselves, on ly skilled along one line but vitally in-terested in anything and everything from te nis and golf to chemistry, engineering, international politics or aviation. When the public will get away from their hectic idea of him as half god, half devil, will cease to insist on mouthing with gloating delight any choice morsel concerning his alleged eccentricities or bizarre actions that they hasten to excuse on the grounds of his artistic temperament—they will be a deal clo er to the real man than they have ever been before; for if they only knew it this much-mooted artistic temperament at its wiest is nothing but plain cussedness and one of the stock tricks of trade used to en-thrall the gullible laity by certain artists, near-artists and—others.

Interfering Parents

But to get away from the exalted realm of the great artist who has nothing in the world to do but work like the proverbial de to keep from tumbling off his lofty and much envied perch, and to return to the young idea—has anyone ever done jus-tice to the subject of parents? I think not. Ab before many another marvel of Nature, wo ds fail before that.

Personally I have always entertained a great fondness and sympathy for those long-suffering, kind, patient, self-sacrificing, harassed members of the human race who spend their days trying to keep up with the arduous pace set by their high-powered offspring, and their nights worry-ing about that same pace. This inborn love of parents seems to be the failing of most of us unenlightened mortals. We may disobey them, laugh at their foibles, tear down and trample all their precious tradi-tional gods, scoff at their beliefs, run away and dishonor them and break their hearts, but we are always convinced in our secret souls that there have never been any in the long annals of parenthood who could quite equal our own father and mother. And we wouldn't exchange their dear im-perfection for any of the cheap excuses that other people have to put up with for all the good that one man could count in a lifetime.

Yes, personally I have always been in-clined to let parents live. But a number of my colleagues tell me this is a deplorable, and unpardonable weakness on my part.

Now there was one very eminent teacher who always insisted that his idea of heaven was a place where there were no parents. He doubtless if he had published this broadcast he would have been considered extremely narrow in his views. This same teacher also had the eccentric notion that the average parent, far from being a help to his offspring, was more often a positive hindrance to his development, the well-known stone about his neck, in fact.

Regardless of whether or not we feel that this heretical pedagogue should be incar-cerated in some cold, dark, dank, highly uncomfortable dungeon to meditate on his sinful attitude toward an ancient and hon-orable institution, we must admit that when one becomes a parent one's whole at-titude toward life changes. The king can do no wrong, and neither can a parent—in his own estimation. Before we were parents we sometimes felt that occasionally we might make a mistake—of course, it was highly improbable, but then it could hap-pen—but when we became parents we knew that we were infallible.

Children cannot help themselves; so par-ents, who often have never been able to im-press anyone before with their importance or authority, inflict all their seething, pent-up notions on dress, religion, education or what not on their unhappy offspring.

They mean well, of course, but when they endeavor to apply these scintillating ideas to music the result is often disastrous. It is one of the most common occurrences in the life of a music teacher to have a com-placent parent come up and inform him just what she would like to have her em-bryo genius study in the way of musical literature. It would never occur to her to go to his English teacher and dictate what course of reading her child should follow; but with music it is different. She had heard such a pretty piece on the phono-graph and she felt that Claudia Marie just must have that next. And though I am no Philistine when it comes to music, there are some compositions that for the sake of my reputation for sanity I dare not include in my list of teaching material.

Good Taste and Bad

One pupil in particular kept up this per-nicious habit of telling me at every lesson that her mother said she should study such and such a piece until I at last in despera-tion told her that if her mother knew so well how her musical education should be conducted I advised her most heartily to discontinue her work with me and go en-tirely under the tutorage of her mother. Oddly enough that particular parent re-sented my attitude hotly and never got over what she always referred to as my ef-frontery.

I repeat that I have always flattered my-self that I am no Philistine when it comes to music. Barbarous as it is, the jazz of our present day is the entirely legitimate ex-pression of our polyglot race as much as the dance or folk music of other countries, and it is often so skillfully handled from the rhythmic and orchestral standpoint that it evokes admiration for its cleverness from even the most sophisticated devotee of music. As for the trashy songs with the tum-ti-tum accompaniments, let the aver-age pupil trace their melodies back to the masters from which they are stolen and compare the cheap imitation with the glorious original and they will have about as much use for the kiss-me-quick variety of song as they have for the crayon scrawl of a five-year-old when placed alongside the warm, living, colorful painting of an artist. Good taste in anything, whether music or clothes, narrows down after all to a simple matter of education.

Among the other promising types we have always with us is the pupil who views music with a large and lofty condescension.

There was one—one of those human mis-takes with a full wabbly mouth, crammed abnormally with teeth that were held in apparently by the unsightly braces that covered them—who always played a couple of yards off key and who always insisted that so long as he had no intention of doing music as a profession it did not matter how much off key he played.

Then there was the scion of an out-rageously wealthy family who displeased his parents mightily by taking eagerly to music. He hadn't been an especially seri-ous student at first, but he became inter-ested in the student orchestra that came together once a week in my studio and had the time of their young lives doing unspeak-able things to the standard classics, getting on flippantly familiar terms with stately symphonies and dignified overtures. After two or three sessions with that orchestra he took to music like a street urchin to ice

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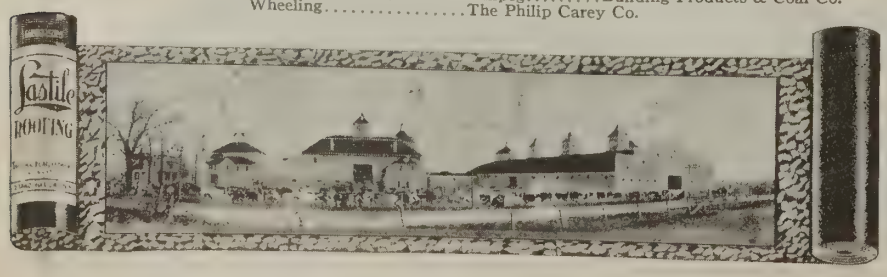
Cincinnati	The Breese Bros. Co.	Philadelphia	American Insulation Co.
Cincinnati	R. E. Kramig & Co.	Pittsburgh	American Insulation Co.
Cleveland	The Carey Co.	Pittsburgh	The Philip Carey Co.
Dallas	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	Portland, Oregon	Pacific Asbestos & Supply Co.
Denver	H. W. Moore & Co.	St. Louis	The Philip Carey Co.
Detroit	The Carey Co.	Salt Lake City	Galigher Mach'ry Co.
Havana	The Kelmah Co.	San Antonio	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
Houston	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	San Francisco	Western Asbestos Magnesia Co.
Jacksonville	Cameron & Barkley Co.	Seattle	Savage, Scofield Co.
Kansas City	The Philip Carey Co.	Spokane	Nott-Atwater Co.
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.	Tacoma	Savage, Scofield Co.
Little Rock	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.	Tampa	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Los Angeles	Warren & Bailey Co.	Toledo	The Carey Co.
Louisville	R. B. Tyler Co.	Toronto	The Philip Carey Co.
Memphis	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.	Vancouver	Taylor Engineering Co., Ltd.
Minneapolis	W. S. Nott Co.	Washington	Asbestos Covering Co.
Miami, Fla.	Cameron & Barkley Co.	Winnipeg	Building Products & Coal Co.
	Wheeling		The Philip Carey Co.



cream and worked for the sheer joy of the thing—which after all is the only kind of work that counts.

He began to putter round putting on musical stunts for the shows that his crowd were always getting up for charity. He even composed a comic opera, all the material lifted bodily out of the classics, but as that is the origin of most of the comic operas that could not be held against him. It wasn't half bad. It would have passed in a crowd anywhere if some kindly individual had given it a shove. But all this activity of his got to be too much for his mother. She came down to see me one day and informed me that her son was discontinuing his work with me; that his family had no desire for him to enter the musical profession; that she was sure that the associations would prove far from beneficial. I felt when she had left as though I had spent my time teaching the lad porch climbing instead of what I had always considered a quite honorable profession.

All of us have had some experience at one time or another with the freak musician who rides that dear old war horse, Temperament, to death; who howls and drips, sways and wiggles as if he were in the throes of some new and horrible pain; who plays to a perpetual audience. We all of us realize, too, if we give the matter due reflection that in his feverish youth that musician was somebody's pupil. There ought to be a law against cruelties to music teachers.

This menace generally comes from a small town, not always but nearly always, and has been in the habit of playing with overwhelming success for the Ladies' Aid Society or the Tuesday Evening Shakspere Club. In a misguided moment an embryo scribe on the Daily Recorder, who has a corner on all the available adjectives, writes a lot of blurb about that gifted young artist, Miss Lucinda Violet Jones, who electrified the audience last evening by her soul-awakening rendition of that marvelous masterpiece of Massenet's, the Meditation from Thaïs.

The Elimination of Lucinda

Well, I had a pupil like that once. Whatever crime I may have committed in some former incarnation was certainly atoned for by the sufferings I underwent at the hands of that girl. Lucinda Violet had a face like a horse, quantities of fuzzy hair cut with a Buster-Brown effect, an ingrowing disposition like a wildcat and a passion for all the isms and so-called broad philosophies of the time. She was addicted to rouge and the lip stick, and from the ghastly hue of untinted portions of her face at times I judged that she took her morning dip in the flour barrel. She resided in an arts club, one of those strange places that foster every thing known to man with the exception of art.

One day apparently out of thin air she descended upon me. I asked her to play something. She did. I remember that it was that lovely old relic, the Mendelssohn Concerto. There was an air of absolute triumph about her when she finished. I could see plainly that I was expected to burst into tears of rapture. I didn't. Often I am very remiss about doing what is expected of me. But I was mild. I have witnesses that I was even gentle. In fact seeing a storm threatening I resorted to some rather tall prevaricating for the sake of peace.

But it seems that as a diplomat I left much to be desired, for late that evening the inmates of the arts club were indulging in some artistic spinach and egg or some other soulful concoction when they were brought to their feet by a piercing scream and a thud of the well-known dull variety in the front hall. Rushing out they found Lucinda Violet Jones flat on her face on the floor beating the imitation Bokhara with her fists and shrieking to heaven that I was the worst brute that ever lived—that I did not understand her sensitive nature—did not appreciate her soul, that—but what's the use?

As soon as it was possible, I have been given to understand, they took her up to her room and applied restoratives. subsequent work with her became sin a series of one tantrum after another. I everything in my power short of poison get rid of her; and if the laws of our s had not been so stringent about such th I probably should have had recours that. At last I succeeded, for there is one thing to do when a pupil of that strays into one's class, and that is to el nate him as quickly and painlessly as sible. He cannot be taught; in fac scorns instruction and he only spr frenzy among his fellows.

Since I entered on my merry caree a purveyor of musical knowledge I learned much, and the process has bee ceedingly painful, about the nobility o art of instructing the young idea. nevertheless I stick at it year after year has a horrible fascination for me, jus golf has for some people. Then, too, I the satisfaction of knowing, even in wildest moments, that for every unta specimen of this same young idea passes through my hands there are a t sand duplicates in the different classe the teachers throughout the country.

Artists of the Future

For some time past there has gone long and horrible wail threatening to de us about the lack of appreciation Americans of American music and arti We don't appreciate some of them an would reflect little credit on our int gence if we did. We are not a necessa sentimental race and why should applaud a fifth-rate artist just because an American. Indiscriminate long-win praise is not the foundation on which great art of any nation is built. And I h never noticed that the great artists am the Americans have ever gone begging appreciation either in this country abroad.

True, the number of highly succes American artists is very small, due in perhaps to that attitude mentioned be of unconscious contempt in which average citizen holds music as a professi partly because as a nation we live too w There is no stinging lash of misery hunger to make of the drudgery of a refuge, a blessed privilege. Then the t of the nation is more toward the strenu than the artistic. There is our nat nervousness and exasperation at havin build tediously and slowly—the way great musical career must be built. last but not least there is our mania for artist who comes to us with the Europ label. There are dozens of reasons why great American artists are in the mino on our concert stages.

We have the talent, the genius, but yet we have not the workshop or the t with which that talent, that genius, achieve the marvelous perfection t similiar talent and genius have alre accomplished in other countries.

But given the workshop and the to given serious encouragement and conside tion, there is no reason why the yo American should not far outdistance European brother. Teach him music as is taught to read, not so that as soon as can play a scale he is expected to be artist, any more than as soon as he read a book he is expected to blossom immediately into an Edgar Allan Poe o Mark Twain. But rather teach him mu so he may hear and be able to understa great music and great artists, just as he been taught to read in order that he mi receive solace and enjoyment from boo

When we have come to such a breadth musical understanding, then out of th mass of musical dilettanti, as out of t great throng of readers have come writers, will come our great American mu cians. Not a forced and feverish produ foreign trained and stupidly unrepresen tive of our glowing vitality, but the r American artist. And just between you a me, there will not be any who can equal hi

Editor's Note—This is the second of two artic by Miss Miller.

PROFITS AND RISKS

(Continued from Page 9)

"ppose we discuss an office building nd he various efforts that go to its erec- n said a manufacturer recently in de- cig the profits of the employing class. "I one who does perhaps the most a g work in connection with such a il ng is the architect. He is anxious to c he owner the largest possible usable a with the best light; to have all its ui nent suitable and to have the building nis d on time.

"he ones who also carry a great burden a he general and subcontractors, who im each in his place, to fill properly his o d task, to have his work go forward i should. Then if the contractor has i ited on the work there is the added c est he lose money, as has so often p ned by his having to pay more in g and for material than he had ex- ti or because other expenses have come n o which he did not count.

"hen the plans have been drawn and he ntracts let, along come the workmen. t ay be the mason. The kind of brick e is o use, the thickness, length and height f alls are planned for him; even the ric and mortar are brought to him. So ith the other workmen—their work is la ed for them. They have no mental a. or care; when their work is done he ease thinking of it till they come to a in; whereas the architect and builder n the care and strain of that building fte far into the night and into the holi- ay till the building is completed."

"hat is all very well," says the objector with socialistic leanings. "But how about he assive investor, who does nothing? I an understand how the farmer or small cter is entitled to profits. He works with his hands and head both. He devotes is me to the business. I can understand ow he architect, the builder or even how he owner-manager of a small factory is nt ed to profit. He unites responsibility nd power. He is most concerned in the ut me and his own work largely deter- nirs that outcome. But how about the bsitee owner?"

A Typical Instance

N one denies that the village blacksmith who works from morning to night at his or is entitled to such profit as he can ar He makes repairs as the demand for he comes along. A forge, a little coal, a ew ools and his good right arm are what e lies upon. If he can earn enough to ay or his tools, steel and coal and have a viz left over it is the combined result of is abor, capital and managerial ability. After a time the blacksmith hires a oule of helpers. His business grows. He en another shop, borrows money from he ank to pay for new materials so that e an open a garage. This grows so big hahe begins to manufacture automobiles. He o longer works at the forge.

he former blacksmith now spends most of is time meeting customers, making new les ns, hiring and directing workmen, buy- ngnaterials and keeping accounts. After a ule he is obliged to turn these duties ov to others. He employs salesmen, en- iners, foremen, superintendents, account- nt, even chemists and a general manager a vice president.

Is it now true that the former blacksmith do no work? Is he no longer a laborer be use he wears a white collar, is well ro sed all the time, does no work with his ha ls and only mental work indoors? The no carrier outside is a laborer all right; so s e artisan who runs the machine inside; so the designer who works all day on new ma hines for the artisan to operate.

But how about the former blacksmith, wh accepts or rejects the designer's plans, wh decides how many new buildings to ere t, who decides how and when to borrow mo ey, who decides how many men to em- plo , who tries to keep all his men em- plo ed continuously, who attempts to make a market for his goods in South America, wh is threatened with ruinous competition by a rival, who must decide how great cr it to extend to customers, and who is puzled whether to spend money in adver- tis g a new product?

It is pretty hard to prove that this man is not entitled to a profit. If his only induce- me t to assume the risk of a great compli- ca d undertaking is four per cent interest wh should he disturb himself at all to manage such a difficult affair? Why not sell out to others and buy government bonds?

But suppose he sells out and takes common stock. Perhaps he is entitled to a much smaller profit, but he has not yet gotten rid of the risk. Nor does he wholly rid himself of it if he takes preferred stock or even bonds.

As the former blacksmith gets farther and farther away from the business he is entitled perhaps to less and less profit. Suppose an outsider who has never had anything to do with the business at all buys some stock. No doubt his claim upon profits is even smaller ethically. All right, let us get down to nothing. Let us compel the investor to pay interest instead of receiving it, merely to be allowed to keep what he has saved. We shall kill the saving instinct and live from hand to mouth.

Unfortunately for such restrictions business enterprise is not the function exclusively of what might be called active capitalist-managers. The active and passive capitalists differ not so much absolutely as in degree. Call the passive capitalists parasites and kept classes if it gives you any satisfaction; but don't forget that the investor cannot be freed from risk.

Don't forget the very fact that passive capitalists—outside investors, so to speak—can become interested in a corporation without actually assuming managerial responsibility is what has made a great part of our business undertakings possible. Without this scattering of risks and losses industry would not exist on its present scale. The investor at large has reduced the initial terrors of business enterprise.

How many billions of dollars are investors pouring into railroad stocks just now, and how many billions into oil stocks? No law has yet been invented that can compel people to save money and put it into investments which they do not regard as having at least a chance of profit. If John D. Rockefeller's fortune, regrettable perhaps in many other ways, has been a stimulus, an inducement for the investment of other people's money in countless oil wells and refineries which are destined to furnish the world with power and light—then who can say that even Rockefeller's fortune was wholly bad?

But are not the profits that go to investors merely taken from the working classes, a form of tribute seized by parasites who prey upon the real workers?

The Fisherman Capitalist

Without the capital that investors have saved, either from their wages or their profits, the world would be a habitation for only miserable brutes. Labor and capital are like the engine and the train. Each needs the other. There would be no jobs without capital and no capital without jobs. The steamer would lie in the harbor until it rotted if there were no seamen, and the seamen would never go to sea if there were no steamer. Labor cannot produce without capital; nor capital without labor.

All industry needs the two elements—the man and the tool, the cobbler and the bench, the plowman and the plow. Unfortunately people think too often of capital as another name for money, as a corpulent gentleman dressed in dollar marks. Capital has a falsely financial sound. It is mostly apparatus—things in ten thousand different forms. For every factory worker in this country there is something like three thousand dollars of plant and machinery.

Capital is not merely Wall Street and dollar marks. Every sane man knows that it runs way down as well as way up the scale. The neediest fisherman who has a string of trout for sale is for the moment a capitalist.

But capital is more than complementary to labor. The fisherman is not only out of a job if the capitalist fails to supply the boat. More than that, the owner of the boat probably guarantees his helper a fixed wage even if no fish are caught that day. Capital, through its representative, the employer, guarantees a fixed wage to the masses of workers. Perhaps it is too small a wage. Perhaps the owners get the lion's share. Perhaps they do not guarantee wages for long enough at a time.

But the fact remains that our whole system of industry is based upon stipulated wages for which capital holds itself responsible. The masses of the people are ill fitted

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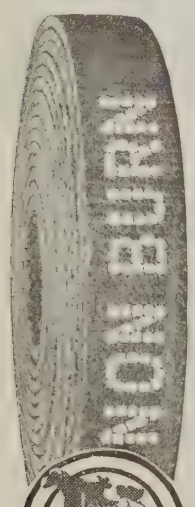

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AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

to take the chances, risks and losses of industry. People in the main want as high and regular wages as possible, not occasional windfalls with intervals of total loss.

How many motormen and conductors on the nearly bankrupt railway systems in New York City would be willing at the present moment to assume the risks the stockholders face?

Just as investors naturally divide themselves into two groups, stockholders and bondholders—that is, those willing and those unwilling to assume considerable risks, so do the workers split up. Though most workers are unfitted to assume business responsibilities and could not make the start even if they desired to, there are always many who have the choice of working for themselves or someone else. If they work for another they give up the chance of profits and losses for a certainty; small and temporary it may be, but a certainty none the less.

But just as bonds are no good unless there is stock to guarantee them, so wages are not certain unless there are stockholders represented by an employer to guarantee them. Though there is no such thing as a perfectly safe investment, yet what are commonly called safe investments are always in the form of contracts by which one party assumes and guarantees the other against the risk.

In the same way the employer assumes to pay the laborer. The laborer gets something definite instead of taking chances. The goods which the laborer produces may not be sold for a long time, but the employer advances part of the present value of the future sale. The wage is a form of credit to the worker. The employer pays wages much as a bank discounts a promissory note.

Profits Not Standardized

Wages are more or less standardized in unprofitable as well as profitable concerns. But there is nothing standardized about profits. They are what is left after wages, the cost of materials, interest on bonds and other similar charges are paid.

Now and then the laborer loses his wages and the bondholder his four per cent interest through failure, but under the law not until the stockholder-employer has lost his entire investment. Losses always strike the profit taker first and cannot reach the worker or the mere bondholder until after he has suffered. What is more natural, then, than for the risk and profit takers to demand more than bondholders and laborers?

But perhaps the profit takers get too large a share in the combined product of capital and labor. Unfortunately no one really knows how much each contributes to that product. Robinson Crusoe provided the canoe and a net, and his man Friday provided the muscle. Ten fish were caught, but how many should have gone to Crusoe and how many to Friday no Solomon has ever lived wise enough to tell us.

If we had absolutely frictionless competition, if employer and employee could move and shift with the same rapidity, if each exactly equaled the other in bargaining power, then each might get his exact contribution to the product. If we had Utopia there would be no excess profits or wages.

Profits seem to have fared the better in the past. Wages may fare better in the future. If labor goes too far and smashes up industry it will learn its lesson, just as some employers are learning theirs now. But profits and wages are not to be completely done away with and panacea substitutes adopted overnight.

A prominent labor leader had been telling me about the evils of profiteering and profits when he suddenly stopped and smilingly interjected: "Don't think, however, that we expect to do away immediately with a system that took hundreds of years to build up."

Before the whole profits system is thrown overboard, why not try to purge it of its alloy? I do not like the color of the wall paper in my bathroom or the shape of the front stairs, so I burn down the house and live for several years in rain and storm without a shelter.

For there is no reason why men should be deprived of the spur of profits just because there are excrescences. Are we sure that Mister Multimillionaire needed quite such a large reward for his organizing genius to function? Perhaps the gains that great improvements often bring are more than is needed to stimulate enterprise.

But why worry over the mere si profits until after we have made sure are none due to adulteration and u ranted substitution of products, intii tion and terrorism of competitors, u legislative favors, fraud, extortion, t privileges, monopoly, overcapitaliz and stock watering? The dubious tainted profits are the ones to look o and get rid of first.

The boasted enterprise of our cap of industry has too often meant nothir loss and ruin to other men. Far too energy has been spent in defeating firms, deceiving a credulous public exploiting a natural resource or tr region that would have been bette alone for another generation.

It is easy to see why the great steel n and the inventor and manufacturer low-priced automobile should receive rewards. By their energy, initiative, ing, steadfastness and foresight the creased enormously the production of goods. They were benefactors of man stimulating construction and transp tion. Perhaps they lowered prices, sharing their profits with the public.

But would that justify a group of f ciers and promoters in taking one of wonderful pioneer establishments as nucleus for a fabulously overcapita combination?

An old well-known concern was rec in the market. The owners wished t tire. At first their price was $2,000 but before the deal had been comp the price had risen to $10,000,000. public will probably be asked to buy in a concern with at least that much talization and probably more, and it w the business of the new managers to profits on the new and unwarranted talization just because a few financiers promoters insist on being greedy.

I do not intend to discuss the trust tion; but it is difficult to see just how one can justify profits on watered sto the vicious Wall Street industry of capitalizing everything in sight.

The truth is that there are risks and in industry. The degree of risk v enormously, and capitalist-employers far too inclined to pull the wool ove eyes of the public as to the extent o risk in any particular business. Each must be judged on its own merits.

The Shifting of Risk

A man who is trying to market aëropl among shopgirls may—in due cours time—be engaged in a highly useful w but the first chap that tries it will b suming enough risk to warrant the bi of profits. Is a monopoly taking any risk or entitled to any such profits?

There are far too many cases where imitators as well as innovators and in tors reap large profits. Luck plays su part in business that we are all doubtf times of the advantage of certain insta of profits.

But it is a long step to take to cond profits as a whole because of these ex tions. Nor need we do away with stimulus just because public opinion longer favors what has been called "c talistic sabotage." One of the worst sti this country ever went through was ca by a well-known corporation's reducin wages without also cutting the salarie officers, the rents of the cottages which leased to the workers or the dividends o common stock.

Where the capitalist tries in this wa shift all or most of the risk to the labo and especially where it is a monopoly w does the shifting, profits are about as m justified as highway robbery.

There is something curiously brutal insolently brazen in the way that not a great corporations have thrown much the burden of production upon the sumers and the wage earners and yet h claimed large profits on the ground of risks assumed. Even where the emplo is disposed to be more than just, labor ta no little risk in industry, though many cussions of the subject of profits cons ently ignore this point.

The employer-capitalist rarely has all eggs in one basket. His business may but usually he has some reserve. In old days in England before the rise of la unions it was said that if laborers str they would actually starve before the ployer was compelled through declin income to discharge his butler.

(Continued on Page 173)

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A bor leader told me that his union had on great victory in its new agreement eca e a clause has been inserted provid- g tit the employer could not introduce w w machinery which displaced skilled rk's without first finding other jobs as nuerative and no more laborious for nn who were thrown out. I remarked t uch an agreement was pretty hard t employer.

t nearly so hard as it is on the man thrown out of a job," was the reply h out almost before I stopped speak-

orers have a human perishable serv- t offer, work. It is their all, their working capital. But the employer- it ist usually puts only possessions, lmself, upon the market. He who ut himself is certainly at a disad- tle as compared with him who hires out ornodity. Though capital has its own atrate and is subject to innumerable s nd losses it is certainly less fragile uman life. More than that, the capi- istlefinitely plans and very often suc- ds in compensating himself for bad ars y the reserves and surpluses of good rs

rtain cotton mill paid dividends this yar of thirty-five per cent, put seventy nt—of its capitalization—into de- ion, had one hundred and forty per of its capitalization—at the end of yr in finished goods for sale, and paid wages sixty-nine per cent. I do not what losses have been sustained in vis years by the stockholders, but if y id have any losses they were mostly a osition to wait for a good year, and y ave had it. But the employees could t ve waited in that way. They would ve starved.

The Lack of Steady Jobs

These facts simply mean that the laborer should be freed from as many risks as possible. The capitalist-employer is entitled to profits on the ground that he assumes risks. Progress is being made steadily in this direction, and it cannot be said that profits are disappearing as a result.

A recent agreement in one of the branches of the clothing industry in New York City provides that the employer shall have full power of discharge over all employees of two weeks' or less standing, but that his workshall be subject to increasing review and inquiry by committees in cases where employees have been working for him for four months, six months and other longer periods.

The employers argued long and hard for full power of discharge in all cases. They were willing to grant any demands as to wages and hours, but said that they might have to quit business if any of the freedom to discharge was taken from them. But in return for their finally giving in on this point they secured an agreement against strikes which ought to add enormously to the steadiness and profitableness of their business.

The curse of the laboring classes has been not so much low wages and long hours as lack of continuous and steady employment, the likelihood of sudden discharge through no fault of the worker.

If the laboring man is to get only a fixed, disputed wage and if the capitalist-employer assumes to take the risks and all the residual profits as payment therefor, why should the laborer take the continual risk of being thrown out just because the employer does not happen to be making so great profits at the moment as he would like?

The logic of this question, which labor is more and more with ever-growing insistence, seems unescapable. It is made all the more ugly and unfair when employers reduce their forces when they not only throw risks of doubtful duration upon the employee but also cut down the production of goods. But profits can be justified only because and when they actually stimulate production.

The problem is to steady production and employment, remove the risks from the back of labor and still leave profits enough to carry on industry.

Certainly the answer is not to be found in merely seizing all profits and dividing up the wealth and income among the entire people. This might be all right if it were not like reaching for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Entirely abolish the business enterpriser, the capitalist-employer, and his profits will probably vanish with him. It has been tried in Russia with anything but satisfactory results.

For though Rockefeller's fortune is swollen, yet he has put most of it back into industry for upkeep, extensions, improvements and the like. He has not spent it upon himself.

If it were divided up among millions of men, would they reinvest as much of it in the oil business as he has done?

H. H. Rogers made a fortune in oil and built a great railroad through the coal fields of the South. It was an immediate failure as far as dividends were concerned, and he lost heavily. Suppose his oil fortune had been divided up among millions of laborers. Would they have invested in a new railroad which was fairly certain to be unprofitable for some time? Yet that railroad opened up a new country and enriched the state incalculably.

Profits and fortunes are not put in a vault or hoarded or in the main spent on luxury and private gratification. It is true that some of the rich spend enough on themselves to make a very painful impression. A world is far from perfect in which one man has more than enough and another insufficient. But we are up against a hard fact, a logical stone wall.

The larger the fortune the smaller is the ratio of expenditure to income. Despite his country houses Mr. Rockefeller undoubtedly spends a smaller proportion of his fortune upon himself than even the poorest laborer. Such is indeed a foregone conclusion, a mathematical certainty. Most of his fortune must be invested in industry. Thus the large fortune, the enormous profits act as a brake upon ruinous national expenditure.

Fortunes are like water, which gathered in lakes or hollows can be saved for further use. But if the water falls upon the ground in innumerable raindrops it is rapidly absorbed and drained away.

"If we were once to break the dam which holds these gathered waters, can we be sure of the result?" asks an Englishman, Cyril E. Robinson, in his brilliant book, New Fallacies of Midas. "No doubt temporary relief would be felt in the parched and sterile places; maybe the immediate harvest would be the richest ever known. But who can say whether in the uncertain future the scattered waters could ever be regathered or the broken dam rebuilt?"

If the total income of this country and England were distributed evenly among the people by some socialistic scheme the yearly addition per family according to the most radical estimate would not exceed one thousand dollars, and according to the majority of reliable estimates it would be only a few hundred dollars. If only the very large incomes were seized upon, and the farmers, small tradesmen, professional men, skilled mechanics and the like allowed to keep what they already have, the addition to the general family income would be a disappointingly small fraction.

The Stress of Work

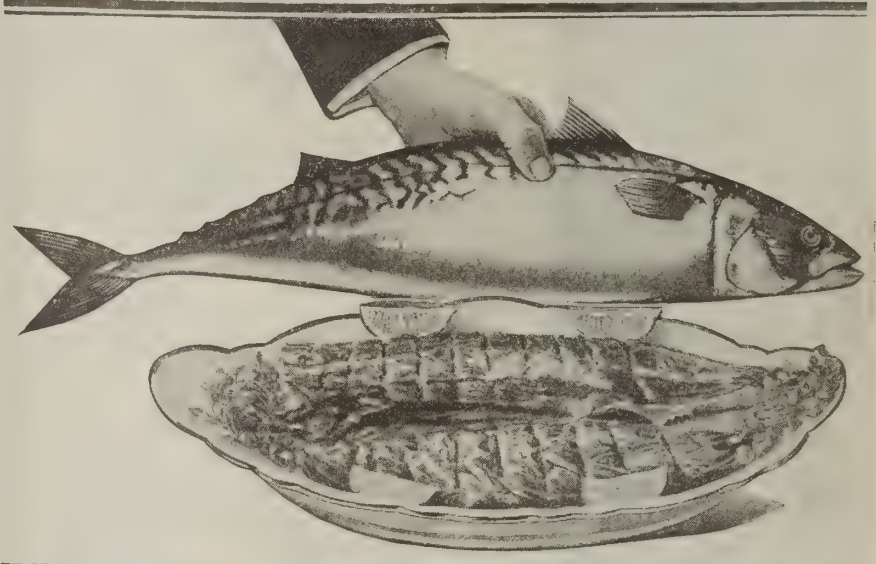
Of course even a few hundred dollars a year added to the poor man's income would make him more comfortable, but unless he learned to save, unless he could learn to adopt the deliberate financial patience and far-sighted calculations of the capitalist, the distribution would prove only a temporary palliative and the world would soon go to pot.

"The most sweeping social changes would not avail to help us much," says Mr. Robinson. "For the redistribution of the good things of life would be useless unless the good things continue to flow in from field and factory. And if the flow is to continue, so must work also. The truth is that as long as human needs and appetites increase, the stress of work cannot be diminished. For a fact more permanent than private property, more universal than the selfishness of the rich is the inability of human nature to be content with what it has. Mankind is as insatiable as the broken cistern which the Danaïds were forever filling but which was never full.

"We are like children who demand jam when served with bread and butter; and then when given what they ask, immediately call out for cake. Half a century ago we learned to ride on wheels; but no sooner had we done so than we sought some automatic method of propulsion; so we have passed from one invention to another, until what was once considered a miracle of speed now seems a snail's pace. Last of all, having tired of such dull terrestrial motions,

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the fishing boats to you



The Best *Fish* Meal *Ever!*

Try this fat, juicy mackerel AT MY EXPENSE

Folks, here's a real treat from Gloucester. A pail of fat, newly-packed mackerel especially selected for their color and flavor. You will surely relish these temptingly-good fish. These Davis' mackerel are yours to try, on request. Send no money—I'll forward the fish on approval and take all the risk myself.

Frank E. Davis.
President

It Takes a Fisherman to Pick Out Good Fish

For generations back my people were fish-folks—the early settlers of Gloucester. I used to go to sea in my father's vessel after the mackerel. Little did I think then that what I learned about fish was ever going to be of real value to my friends or to me in a business way. If I hadn't learned what I did at sea the "Davis Folks" all over America would not write me as they do today: "Mr. Davis, we cannot get mackerel anywhere like yours." I've built up business with 100,000 homes. It's a joy to do business with home folks and to hold their confidence and good-will.

Our Own Home Kind

In those fishing days, father naturally picked out the best mackerel to take home for winter. We picked out the plump ones. I came to know them at a glance. The meat when broiled is very tender and juicy. I sent friends some of my fish. And what they said about them made me realize how hard it is for people away from the seashore to get the *right kind* of fish. The secret is picking 'em out. The kind of mackerel father taught me to select for our winter's supply are the kind I will send to you. We clean and trim them of heads and tails and send full net weight of clear fish. Whenever you want a good fish meal just take a fish from the pail, freshen it, and it is ready for cooking.

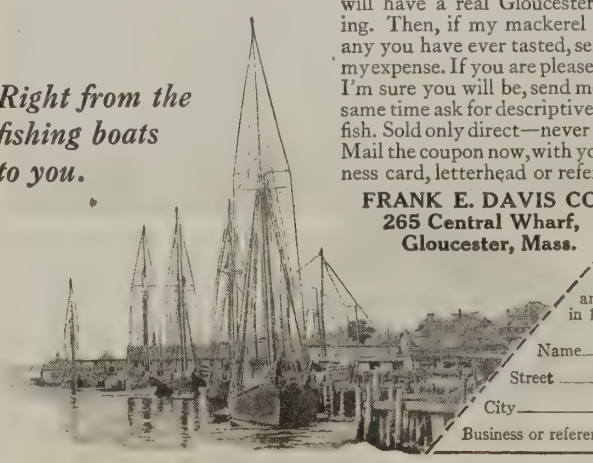
Fall Mackerel—Fat and Tender

Fall mackerel are the best eating fish. They're fat in the Fall, like a Turkey fattened for Thanksgiving. Most of the fish your dealer can buy are caught during the spring and summer when they are spawning and are, therefore, dry and tasteless. I have all I can do to supply my home customers without selling dealers. You can trade with me just as you do with your home grocer or butcher. And everything I send, delivered right to your door, by express or parcel post, is sent subject to your complete satisfaction or you do not pay for it. Is there any squarer way to do business than that? For 34 years this has been my steadfast policy.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Mail the coupon today and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 lbs. net weight of the clear fish, each fish weighing from 1¼ lbs. to 1½ lbs. (packed as we send them the fish keep perfectly in your home for weeks), all charges prepaid, east of Kansas, so that your family will have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then, if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you are pleased with them, and I'm sure you will be, send me $4.90. At the same time ask for descriptive list of Davis' fish. Sold only direct—never to dealers. Mail the coupon now, with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Right from the fishing boats to you.



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265 Central Wharf,
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Yes, your mackerel are worth trying, anyhow. Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing ten pounds net weight of Davis' mackerel, from 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each If after trying a fish, I don't care for them, I'll return the rest at your expense and not owe you anything. Otherwise I'll send you $4.90 in 10 days.

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we have taken to ourselves wings and aspire to navigate the skies.

"By patient industry and forethought the business of wheel-making might become mere child's play and every man might own his cycle; but if the moment that this has been achieved man discovers a need for aëroplanes and motor cars as well he is imposing upon himself a fresh and still more arduous task. His energy and enterprise we cannot but admire, but if he grumbles at the trouble of producing them we must tell him that he has only himself to blame."

In the long run, whether we like it or not, productive efficiency must prove the supreme test, the supreme virtue. Let the workingman drive as good a bargain as he can in his immediate self-interest and then pitch in, and in his more remote interest bend every effort to make the business a success.

"But," say the reformers, "why should he be interested in making profits for other people?" And if you reply that the worker agrees to a fixed wage in his own interest and because he cannot afford to take the risks of enterprise, the reply is that wages are bound to be degrading as long as the worker has no voice in control. It is unnatural, we are told, that any man should work without the zest of having a real share in the outcome of his work.

It is only too true that the work of the masses is often monotonous, a drudgery which is death to the spirit and weariness to the flesh. To a considerable extent great factories have killed the creative impulse and the spirit of workmanship and craftsmanship. The worker must perform a narrow prescribed round of duties, often for stockholders whom he never sees.

He is given a job to do and is rarely consulted as to how it should be done. Nothing is more certain than that a system which runs counter to the grain of human nature, in which workers are merely profitable tools in the employer's hands, must be modified.

But alas, history is strewn with the wrecks of attempts to do away with the capitalist-employer and his profit. The attempt, it is true, has worked apparently in England with consumers' coöperation. The immediate needs of the members are supplied and well supplied. But almost everyone doubts whether coöperation of this kind could be applied to a wider range of industry—to the building of bridges or Atlantic liners.

In the Groove of Routine

Even these British coöperative societies have not wholly solved the question of profits, because there is more or less conflict between the employees of the societies and the members over the division of profits. In other words the problem of profits has only been carried back a stage, from employee to producer and consumer.

Aside from these British—consumers'—coöperative societies most experiments in abolishing the capitalist-employer have failed because efficiency, mobility and adaptability in business come from a singleness of aim. The management of many men on a plane of complete equality means uncertain and indecisive management. It is too slow, unwieldy and mechanical.

Any sort of collectivist or socialistic scheme of industry is bound to fall into a groove of routine and follow rather than create demand. It will not take a chance, for there is no motive for doing so. Unlike the private enterpriser eager for new profits the socialist official will not lead and educate the public by forging audaciously ahead with new devices and experiments and so giving the impetus that is needed for progress.

Besides, how can the man who is working to the utmost of his physical capacity in mining coal or tending a beastly machine be justly held responsible for the losses on the purchase of raw materials, the sale of goods and the fluctuation of prices? For over these he cannot possibly have any control. A man drudging at manual labor cannot do the highest type of mental work.

"Simple enough," reply those who are pushing the nationalization of the coal mines in England and the Plumb plan for the railroads in this country. "If there are losses they will be met from the national treasury, and if there are profits they will be divided among the workers."

These plans do not propose to confiscate capital *à la* Bolshevism, but they do propose to cut the bowels out of the profits system. Capital will simply be re bought out, pensioned off at a mod rate of interest. That is, the present in ment will be bought out and when capital is needed for extensions and provements it will be taken out o profits, if there are any. But if should be a panic or a crop shortage money were needed at a time when are no profits it would come from t Instead of dividends' being reduce taxpayers would meet the deficit.

This article is not written in any as a criticism of the Plumb plan or o other nationalization or coöperative agement scheme. But the hard fa mains that the Plumb plan does prop make the public pay all the losses r than let the capitalist-employer profi loss maker stand them, as under the pr system.

Perhaps if the employees take ove railroads there will never be any Railroads are pretty well standardize settled. They are not so risky, if effici managed and allowed sufficient rat many other industries. But even wit allowance the reformers themselves se possibility of loss and provide that the lic shall meet it. Has the public m railroad losses in the past? Ask some present stockholders.

An Extraordinary Proposa

It is a question whether the Ame people are ready to experiment with new idea even with railroads, much with coal, steel, oil and the like. Sw profits for the few will be done away but after all are they as bad as the l hood of deficits and bankruptcy fo many?

A different sort of effort to get r profits is contained in the recent ext dinary report of a committee in the B building trades. To prevent unem ment it is proposed that every emp shall pay a small sum into a fund to care of unavoidable unemployment. earnings of the employers above exp are to go into a fund out of which a erate rate of interest is to be paid o capital invested, loans are to be ma employers to extend their business, losses of employers due to causes other bad management are to be made go them.

That private initiative and ente shall be retained it is proposed to pay employers out of the fund salaries bas their demonstrated ability in additi interest on their investment. That a capital, labor and managerial ability be kept regularly employed it is pro that a central committee attempt to larize the demand for building by ac ating new enterprises at the approa slack periods and by urging postpone at times of congestion. The committe undertake road making, afforestation preparation of sites for housing sch and the destruction of unsanitary are improvements.

This scheme may be impractical, ut visionary and in a sense socialistic, b least it aims at the right target, the in of production.

It does away with profits by name attempts to keep their serviceable elem It recognizes that the average man not yet been raised to a high-enough l of business training, education and a to get along without the service o capitalist-employer.

As was said at the beginning of article there is nothing sacred about pr Besides, if they really do stimulate a and initiative the more widely they c distributed the better. But the risks losses that go with profits cannot be th upon the masses of the workers. To the state bear the burden is merely a t socialistic camouflage, a sort of pu yourself up by the bootstraps.

Underneath his apparent disconten workingman knows well enough that capitalist can manage industry better he, especially the larger policies.

Probably he will be willing to leave direction in capital's hands if capital allow him a due share of responsib and trust.

And if both labor and capital reall to work at the problem they can prob find some way by which labor can s more largely in the profits without de ing capital of the reward which it r receive for the risks that it alone can t That at least is the ideal.

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 36)

room at Luke's Hotel." He glanced at Mo en, who took the knife from his pocket ndaid it on the table in front of him.

"m giving you only a sketch of the ase' McMurtry continued. "There's no ee of going into finer details—now. e ready to arrest Collingwood on a a e of murder immediately—and to o the charge. Of course we know what re you had for wishing Pomeroy out of e ay."

Eh men were watching Dinsmore care- ll; and both of them were sure that it ho Dinsmore's firm nerves. He put a an up to his beard as though he could not elt, and seemed unable to overcome the sc ation of the knife. After an instant e sked:

"ho else is associated with you, c urtry?"

"obody," the lawyer replied promptly. Tey thought Dinsmore's eyes quailed nd is hands moved a little restlessly; but is oice was quite even as he said, "I pro- sto clean this thing up once for all— ne ay or the other. If anybody else is in his ffair with you, or knows what you're oin, I want to know it now."

E paused for an answer, and again Mc- Murry lied smoothly, saying: "Mr. Morden ndayself are the only people concerned. The is nobody else in it."

Al Morden put in aggressively, "We're he hole works. You can do business with s—ight now. Time is short."

Dismore seemed to be getting himself or firmly in hand.

"hy short?" he asked in an almost eal tone.

"ecause I've got a finger on Colling- od now," the detective answered iuly, "and unless I pinch him there's a hace he'll get away. We've got to fish or ut ait right now."

Dismore then studied the detective's ace more leisurely than before—with an ggvating leisureliness in fact—and re- eard, "Well—I propose to clean it up nefor all, one way or the other. I'm oir to be done with it. If I'm to fight at ll I may as well fight now as later."

"ndoubtedly," McMurtry replied with srle.

"m not in the worst position in the or for a fight, you know," Dinsmore em ded him. "William Pomeroy is dead. ha leaves you with nobody to rely on ut ne doctor—Dill."

"nd Peter Sykes," said Morden.

Dismore paused a moment, contemplat- g ne table, and confessed, "It's true—I ft ut Sykes."

" on't forget Peter," said the detective ith a jocular grin.

"[aybe you've left him out," said Dins- or significantly. "You don't know heher Peter Sykes would identify me as ne oung man he saw thirty-one years ago. ou don't know whether he would deny ou doctor's whole story. The whole story st n the doctor now. You can judge how ell e would probably stand the battering 'dget if he charged me with murder. ete Sykes—do you think he would be oxus to say he was engaged in a bank bbry? Of course he'd be accessory to ne murder. Men aren't usually anxious o sk their necks in halters."

" ut it was only robbery, so far as Sykes' te ions were concerned," said the law- er. "He didn't fire the shot. Peter Sykes a ery respectable citizen now—as prob- bly you know. There's no blood on his an except in a technical way. If he arrd state's evidence against the man atlid the actual killing I'd guarantee to et lim off before any jury. Thirty-one ea is a long time."

" long time," Dinsmore repeated. "It ouis as much for me as for him. I'm a ery respectable citizen too. You're sen- ble enough, McMurtry, to know that if a arin my position fights—well, there'll e a eal fight. You're not blackmailing a on n, you know, who's simply terrified nd elpless and will do whatever you say. ou must know that I'll take no punish- en lying down. Suppose you spring ou story. Well, there'll be a lot of money pe and a lot of hard knocks exchanged efo you've got me down—even then."

M Murtry had had various experiences t is general nature. He had seen people err ed and abject and he had heard people agg but he had never before met with this po alculation. It rather threw him off his balance. Lips closed, he warily studied the man opposite him. He wondered if Dinsmore might have an understanding with Peter Sykes. For the conspirators Peter was a sort of exposed flank.

"You spring your story. To support it you've got one Doctor Dill—not the most formidable witness in the world by a long shot. The man Colby dead; the man Pomeroy dead. You've got Doctor Dill." He then looked McMurtry hard in the eye. "You haven't got Peter Sykes—not by a good deal, you haven't."

It was a hard shot, for both McMurtry and Morden were aware that Peter was an uncertain quantity to them—while Dinsmore might have reason to feel sure of him. An instant passed before Morden said:

"We can get him if we need him—you can bank on that."

"But I don't bank on it," Dinsmore replied. "You've got Doctor Dill, who'll probably swear at first that he treated a young man for a gunshot wound the night of that affair in Billingtown, Nebraska. He'll describe the young man—with a peculiar and strongly marked scar on his chin. And he'll swear—at first—that I'm the same man. Alfred Dinsmore, you know—a name that stands for something—known here for many years as such a kind of man. What would a jury say to that?"

Morden, who was not lacking in nerve, leaned forward a little, looking Dinsmore in the eye, and replied, "Probably they'd ask Alfred Dinsmore to shave off his beard."

Dinsmore put a hand up to the appendage mentioned and said, "They might do that."

"They might," said the detective with triumph.

"And Alfred Dinsmore," the bearer of that name resumed, "might retort that a scar on his chin was well known to many people at one time in his life—before he wore a beard. His lawyers might urge that a gang of blackmailers had learned about that scar; that they made up a plot to extort money from him and hired this disreputable old doctor to perjure himself; that they told the doctor about this scar on Dinsmore's chin. And when Peter Sykes denied the whole story—well, it would be a great case you'd have, McMurtry."

The detective turned to his partner, saying ominously, "We may as well have a show-down. I'll go pinch Collingwood right now."

"You see, there's another angle to the case, Dinsmore," McMurtry observed with his bland manner. "The first thing to come on the carpet is the murder of William Pomeroy. That's no thirty-one-year-old thing, you know. The blood is dripping still."

And he experienced a shock when Dinsmore replied promptly, "True! Frankly if it wasn't for that I'd tell you to go to the devil, for I could knock the other affair into a cocked hat with one hand, as I've just shown you."

It shocked McMurtry as an exhibition of chilled-steel nerve. He thought, "Good Lord, this fellow's an ogre!"

"There is one more angle," Dinsmore went on. "Blackmail is a crime that everybody hates—juries included. You're trying to blackmail me. When you spring your story, as a matter of course I spring mine. I have both of you arrested for blackmail and I press the case with all the money and influence I've got. It would be odd if I didn't land you both. Admit that you get me; admit too that I'll get you. Your reputation is bad, McMurtry. This man's is probably worse. I seem to recall something about him; I don't remember just what, but nothing that would do him any good before a jury. If I lose, you lose too. That's flat!"

McMurtry managed to smile.

"We stand to lose a hundred; you stand to lose a million. You say our reputations are bad—no great loss then. But your reputation is good; quite a loss to you. Probably your family would rather you didn't lose it," he added dryly. "And as to the blackmail—of course that's mere bluff. There's nothing criminal in meeting you here in my office. We can tell as good a story as you can."

Dinsmore replied coolly, "All the same the blackmail charge will stick. I have the note you sent me at my office a little while ago—some circumstantial evidence. Then you called at my house. I'd no idea what

New Words New Words

Why not be up to date and know the *new* words and how to pronounce them correctly? Class yourself with those who *know*, with those who win success in all lines of activity. Here's a suggestion only of the recent growth of our language.

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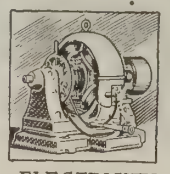

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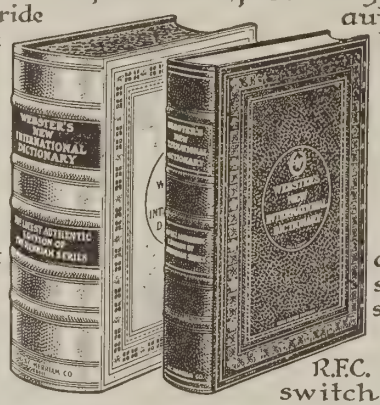

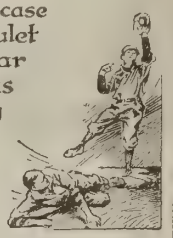

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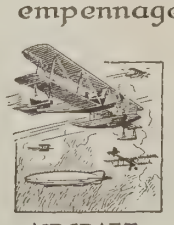

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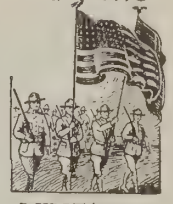

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you wanted to say to me. It's true, if I had known I should have acted differently. But I knew your bad reputation and didn't trust you. Of course you were entitled to no consideration. It's a fact I had that conversation overheard through the telephone—by a man I can trust absolutely. I give you my word I can make the blackmail charge stick. He will testify if I ask him to."

The statement carried conviction and once more both his hearers felt subtly baffled—as well as irritated. By all the rules this man ought to be abject and in a profound agitation. He ought to be pale and stammering and otherwise acting like a normal being whose good name and family and fortune and liberty and very neck were in imminent danger. On the contrary he looked and acted exactly like a man playing a wary game or transacting a difficult piece of business, with perfect self-command and the coolest assurance. It rather daunted them, and irritated them too.

McMurtry's tone showed it as he retorted aggressively, "And we can make the murder charge stick too. The killing of Pomeroy don't depend on Doctor Dill and Peter Sykes. We can nab Collingwood in half an hour."

"That's the ticket!" said the detective approvingly.

It seemed to impress Dinsmore as much as anything could, yet he merely pondered it with no sign of agitation; and after a moment asked calmly, "What do you want?"

"A million dollars," McMurtry replied instantly. Morden seemed minded to move an amendment, but restrained himself; and for a tense moment both of them held their breaths with their eyes intent on Dinsmore. This was the cast of the die; and they felt an exhilarating relief when Dinsmore merely observed:

"That's a good deal of money."

"Cheap at the price," McMurtry replied.

But if they felt that they had won the stake, Dinsmore rather dashed them again by saying, "As I told you, I'm going to clean this up once for all and make an end of it—pay or fight and have done with it."

"Oh, come now, Dinsmore!" McMurtry urged with a reasonable man's natural annoyance at the repetition of an absurd statement. "You know that's all bunk and you know we know it. We let you talk if you want to; but when you talk of fighting it's just bunk. You simply can't afford it—Alfred Dinsmore with this mess on his head! Two murders and the blackmail you've been paying for years! Fighting is all rot. You can't afford it at any price."

Dinsmore answered quietly, "You're wrong, McMurtry. I can afford it if I make up my mind to. Some situations are so unbearable that a man can afford anything to get out of them. There's one point that maybe you haven't thought of. I can beat you to it. I can dictate a confession as I leave this room—give it to the press and wire it to the governor of Nebraska and take the next train out there to stand trial. You probably know how much that would count for, coming from a man in my position. Thirty-one years is a long time. I don't believe I'd have much to fear from a jury. There are situations in which a man can afford anything. I tell you I'm going to clean this up once for all and be done with it."

Once more they felt daunted; the man's nerve seemed equal to anything.

"A million dollars will clean it up in much pleasanter fashion," McMurtry reminded him. "A million ain't so much to you."

"A million is a good deal of money," Dinsmore replied. "I propose to know exactly what I pay it for. Your case hangs on this doctor. I want to know just what he's prepared to say."

"I've told you," McMurtry said. "He's prepared to swear you're the man he treated in Sykes' house that night."

"I propose to know that," said Dinsmore. "I propose to know that you've got the doctor. You say so, but your say-so is hardly good for a million dollars cash. I told you over the phone that I wouldn't deal with you unless I knew you had the doctor and what he was prepared to swear to. I meant it. Fetch your doctor here, where he can look at me and I can look at him. Let me hear just what he's prepared to swear to. Then we'll go ahead." He gave the lawyer a sarcastic little smile and added dryly: "It's your own office. You're two to one—or better. There's nothing for you to be afraid of—if you've really got man."

Morden rose to the taunt promp saying, "All right! We'll show him to y

Doctor Dill, in fact, was then in the b ing under the capable eye of Mr. Tar for after deliberating on Dinsmore's sage they had decided to have hin hand. As he spoke, Morden rose and the room.

McMurtry found it somewhat em rassing to be thus left alone with Dinsm with nothing to say, and he furti watched the enemy, while the en studied the pattern of the wall paper. most preternaturally composed, the en seemed; his eyes were not restless; his h lay motionless on the edge of the tabl recollection subtly afflicted the law nerves—the recollection of his encou with Dinsmore in the latter's library before last. As though in a poker g they had matched nerves—and McMur were still raw from the collision. Thr four long minutes—of subtle disquie on the lawyer's part—drew thems out. Then Morden returned, accompa by Doctor Dill. As the burly, bellig detective stepped in, McMurtry experie a sense of relief.

They had not thought it worth whi yet to renew the doctor's wardrobe much. He was still wearing the greasy threadbare Prince Albert coat and presented the same general appearan a human derelict picked at random junk heap. His bloodshot eyes were ra filmy and he confronted Dinsmore a the table with a fixed, vacuous smile. I more surmised that he had been giv drug.

"Is that the man, doctor?" Mo asked after the two had confronted other a moment.

Doctor Dill turned the dim eyes slight, vacuous smile to the questioner replied, "Yes, sir, that's the man. doubt about it."

Dinsmore thought, "He's got the le by heart," and said aloud, "You recog me, do you?"

"Yes, sir," the doctor replied prom with no change in facial expression. treated you for a gunshot wound in Sykes' house at Billingtown the night bank was robbed."

"You're prepared to swear to th Dinsmore asked.

The doctor gave a palsied little nod answered at once, "Yes, sir, prepare swear to it anywhere. I remember well."

He kept his dim eyes on Dinsmore spoke, and the merchant realized tha would make a presentable witness.

"Very well," he said, "swear to it n

Not understanding what he meant, yer and detective looked at him ques ingly; and Doctor Dill—as though a had been spoken that was not set dow his part—looked up at Morden, stan beside him, for guidance.

"He says he'll swear to it, but I wa know whether he really will raise his hand and take an oath," Dinsmore plained to McMurtry. "Let him tak oath right now—if he's really as read he says. Take a sheet of paper there draw up an affidavit—you'll know proper form. 'I do solemnly swear th Billingtown, Nebraska, on the nigh September, 1881, when the First Nati Bank was robbed and the cashier kill treated a young man for a gunshot w at the house of Peter Sykes. This man about five feet, ten inches tall and wei about a hundred and sixty pounds. He blue-gray eyes and was smooth sha His chin had been broken and there w strongly marked, irregular scar acros He was known as Tom Wilson. I atte him several days and had a good op tunity to observe him. He is the same who is now known as Alfred Dinsmor am positive of that, so help me God.'

"You know the form. Go ahead; t it out. I suppose you've got a notary lic in the office who can administer the o Let this man raise his right hand and s to that—so help him God. I'll believe really ready to swear to it when I see do that—but not before."

That seemed somewhat childish bot the lawyer and the detective, yet knew there were simple-minded folk whom an oath—that legal form of ra the right hand and repeating "So hel God"—was still a fearsome thing. Per Dinsmore entertained a superstition of

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nd imself, or perhaps he believed that oct Dill did. At any rate it was easy ou to satisfy him. McMurtry, with s twinkling smile, drew a sheet of paper wa him, took up a pen and wrote pid for sixty seconds. Having glanced er hat he had written, he handed it to e detor, saying, "Read that over and n if it is true."

Dinmore rather doubted that the doctor ad , but the doctor said "Yes, sir; it's e,' and shakily affixed his signature. ve g the body of the affidavit with a nksheet, McMurtry then called in a ar from the outer office, in whose se e the doctor duly raised his right nd nd took the prescribed oath. The r who was also McMurtry's law s affixed his seal and signature and ew.

"I have seen him swear to it," Mcrt observed to Dinsmore with satisfic.

Dinmore reached his hand for the paper. McMrtry passed it to him and Dinsmore ad over carefully.

"Tat point is settled," he announced fal "I'm satisfied as to Doctor Dill. e'll o ahead. I suppose we needn't de- e doctor longer this morning."

"N," said McMurtry, and Morden led e octor out, returning him to his ar n. Dinsmore was still holding the da t and contemplating it as the detec- e lt the room. When the door closed folded it coolly and put it in his pocket. Th action struck the lawyer unpleasly It occurred to him then that they uld better have kept it in their own nds but, after all, there could probably n charm in Dinsmore's having it, and nsmore was again composedly studying e pattern of the wall paper.

Morden returned and resumed his seat thable expectantly; but for a moment on spoke, and it was the detective who bke the silence impatiently.

"Vell, it's your move."

Dinmore turned gravely to the lawyer. "McMurtry, if I pay you a million dols, ill that settle it? Will you let me solely alone afterward?"

"Ys, sir," said the lawyer promptly, d lorden chimed in cheerfully, "Sure! at settles it forever."

"Of course," Dinsmore explained, "I n't aise a million dollars cash in five nus. It takes some time."

"Gve you till noon," said the detective omtly.

"I will have to be longer than that," nsmore replied. He deliberated a moent and inquired of the lawyer, "Probly ertificates of deposit issued by the nsidated Bank would be acceptable?"

"Crtainly," said McMurtry.

Dinmore considered again and said, Me me there at three o'clock tomrrv."

"Von't do!" Morden growled. "It's t tbe to-day."

"Vhy?" Dinsmore asked.

Morden glowered at him and repeated, Because I've got my mitts on James llingwood now and I don't propose to hi get away."

"Of course you can keep watch of him," nsmore answered. "Men can't disappear fcty-eight hours. Raising a million lla takes some time. Three o'clock mrrow." He made that a sort of irtum.

"No, sir!" the detective flung back. t's got to be to-day."

"Tat's out of the question," Dinsmore plid calmly. "Three o'clock to-morrow thearliest."

"Then I'll pinch James Collingwood in enty minutes," Mordenretorted,scowling. Bu McMurtry felt uneasily that this as matching of nerves over again and t isoothingly, "Two hundred thousand wnnd the balance day after to-morrow."

"Ju've had seventy-five thousand alad," Dinsmore reminded him—and ugt a surprised and ominous glance nic Morden threw at his partner. So he added, "Meet me at three o'clock tomorrow at the Consolidated Bank. Come downstairs to the safe-deposit vaults. I'll have a private room there. Ask the guard for me."

Morden was glowering, and exclaimed angrily, "It won't do! Money down to-day or I'll nab Collingwood."

Dinsmore stood up composedly and replied, "I've said all I have to say. Three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. If you insist on fighting we'll just fight it out. Of course I know you. You want money. Ruining me and getting no money yourselves isn't your game. It's the money you want. A million dollars will not come your way every day. You'll not spill the story—and the money along with it. You're too sensible. Meet me at the bank."

With that he put on his hat and walked out of the room.

Morden glared at his retreating back and when the closed door hid it turned to McMurtry and uttered a good many words, scarcely one of which was printable.

McMurtry shook his head and remarked, "A hard customer! A tough nut to crack, sure's you're alive! His nerve beats me!" But he immediately turned to the more cheering aspect of the matter and said confidently, "Why, let him bluff a little if he wants to! What does it amount to? We've got him and he knows it. He's got to come across. Let him play with the line a little if he wants to. He can't get away."

Morden also contemplated that more satisfactory aspect; but a recollection diverted his attention from it. He glowered at the lawyer and said menacingly, "So you're holding out seventy-five thousand on me, eh?"

McMurtry had hoped that would be forgotten. He really felt embarrassed—at being caught—but tried to hide it with a laugh. "Well, I'm entitled to a little retainer fee, you know," he said.

"Retainer, your grandmother!" the detective replied rudely. "That seventy-five comes out of your share. And a damned good thing," he added still more rudely, "that I was here to-day or you'd double-crossed me again."

"Why, no I wouldn't, Jake," the lawyer replied like virtue maligned. "Pshaw! What's seventy-five thousand? If he comes across for one million he'll come across for another."

"You bet he will!" the detective assented ominously. Recalling Dinsmore's contemptuous treatment of them, he added, "And he'll do it very soon, too, the ——" There followed many more unprintable words.

That was the tack McMurtry wanted to keep on.

"Lord, man, it's a gold mine!" he exclaimed. "Millions! Think of it! We've got a pipe line to the national treasury. It's a bearcat! That's what it is—a bearcat!"

Morden, however, was not to be entirely diverted from a less pleasant train of thought.

"That's always the trouble," he ruminated rather gloomily; "somebody's bound to double-cross. You get the best kind of a scheme going and then somebody plays yellow dog with it."

But insults, open or covert, could not provoke diplomatic McMurtry into a quarrel with his partner then. He repeated, "It's a bearcat! A million to-morrow—and more to follow! It's good enough for anybody!"

The detective yielded so far as to say, "Well, it looks pretty good to me. All the same, I'll keep a finger on Collingwood until the money's paid down."

"A good idea," McMurtry conceded. "But be careful, Jake. Don't start anything. We've got our fingers on the money now. Don't spill it."

"Don't be scared of me—or anybody else," Morden replied; and with that not very complimentary suggestion the partners separated.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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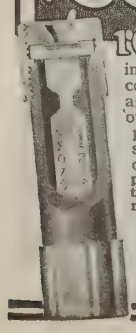
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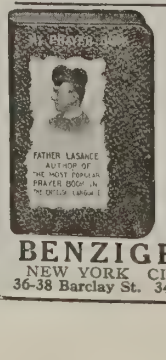

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LYDIA LEADS THE WAY

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"Here's last week's and this week's," she said. When she closed the bag there were but two one-dollar bills left within it.

She went to her own room, and removing her hat, the fur piece and her coat, revealing with the removal of the last a foaming cream-colored chiffon waist, sat down on a gray enameled rocker and started polishing her nails with a buffer mounted in heavily embossed silver. The nails did not have to be polished. But Lydia felt that she must do something. She was terribly afraid that otherwise she might break down, might be tempted to throw herself across the gray-enameled bed with its rose-colored counterpane and there let herself go in a tempest of tears. So she sat in the rocker, polishing her nails with furious energy. Every little while her eyes anxiously visited the little leather-encased traveling clock upon her dressing table.

Suddenly she sat rigid with attention. There was a sound at the front door. There was the patter of slow unenthusiastic footsteps in the hall. Lester entered.

"'Lo, Liz—Lydia," he greeted her.

"Lester, where have you been?"

"Downstairs."

"Downstairs where?"

"Downstairs at Mrs. Sawyer's apartment."

Lydia gave an exasperated cluck of her tongue.

"You've wasted another whole afternoon. I don't see how you can expect us to live unless you do some work. What's the use of my getting out every afternoon so that you'll have perfect quiet and the place to yourself so you can write? What's the use of my doing that, going to concerts and matinées and bridges, spending a lot of money, unless you make use of the time I give you alone? And I don't like the way you run round after these strange women. I don't know Mrs. Sawyer. Who is she? Where did you meet her?"

"Oh, I just met her," said Lester. "She—she sort of knew who I was. One day she bowed to me and told me she couldn't help letting me know how much she liked my Home Folks sketches."

"Those old things!"

"Well, she didn't say anything about my later work, Liz—Lydia, but I got the idea somehow that she'd read it and didn't like it—said nothing about it out of kindness."

"You seem to know her quite well."

"We've just had a couple little chats and the other afternoon she asked me in for tea. I didn't see any harm in going."

"You had your work to do."

"I couldn't work somehow that afternoon, and afterward I was glad. It was so kind of quiet and restful at Mrs. Sawyer's. It did me good. I worked hard all the next afternoon."

Lydia brightened a little at that.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you did, but I don't see why you had to go down to Mrs. Sawyer's again to-day."

"I wanted to read her what I'd written."

The brightness left Lydia's face; it became a trifle hard; there was a pinched look about her nostrils.

"What did you write?" she asked ominously.

"I—I wrote a Peltonville sketch," he said apologetically. "You remember that old fellow who used to spend all his time wandering up and down Elm Creek ——"

Lydia cut him short.

"I don't want to hear about it, Lester. You know there's no money in that Home Folks stuff any more. The public's tired of it. You have that order for a serial for Brisk Tales. Why don't you work on that?"

"Oh, I can't write that," Lester said petulantly.

Lydia said nothing, but she regarded him with despair. With all her efforts for Lester she had failed in some directions. Sometimes she felt that she really couldn't do anything with him. There, for instance, was his appearance. He still looked the mild and insignificant little man he had been in Peltonville. She couldn't get him to look smart. His ten years in New York in this respect had done him no good. Lydia saw that he went to a good tailor, saw that he got his ties at Rudd's, his shirts at Benning's, his shoes at Starling's. She had made earnest inquiries as to the best places. But even if you gave Lester the most perfectly tailored suit in the world he'd wear it one day and the next day it would look like nothing—like nothing at all. And he was always doing the wrong thin wearing the wrong thing. She had to him like a hawk. If she didn't he'd in his cutaway with a red tie or we shoes with his dinner jacket. She Sometimes she wondered what was of all her striving. Lester was—yes, was impossible.

As for Lester, he sat there and ga Lydia with worshipful eyes. To h was marvelous. He realized that a a tremendous transformation had over Lydia. She was so beautif peared so young! Why, she look years younger than when she left ville, instead of the other way about yet she seemed so far removed fro He didn't know how she had so transf herself. He was dazzled by the effect, but he couldn't appreciate t tails. It was marvelous, miracul mystery. He would like to have g her and given her lips one of the sh dabs with his own, but he didn't dar felt dimly that he didn't understand and she didn't understand him. S pulling one way and he was pulli other, and they both tried to preten they were pulling in the same directi sat there gazing at her with his tir bewildered eyes. He certainly show ten-odd years that separated him Peltonville. His hair was very thin. work of tired wrinkles spread out in fan from the corner of each eye and b each eye was a little dark pool of f So they sat in silence appraising each

Presently Lizzie said: "Well, I don' how we're going to live." And rising she shrugged her shoulders as if to s game must be carried on despite worries. "Come along, Lester," sh manded. "Tumble into your dinner c It's seven and the Prestons and the will be here at seven-thirty."

"Are we going to have another p asked Lester wearily.

"Yes," said Lydia brusquely. know all about it. I've arranged it fo sake and a pretty dent it's made housekeeping money. Do you kno much mushrooms are? They're three a pound."

"I hate them," said Lester.

"My dear, they're not for you. got to give the Prestons creamed rooms and things like that. And you' to be nice to Preston. We want him cept A Girl of the Woods—if you ever it. If you can't write the serial for Tales you've simply got to finish that And we have to have a publisher don't we? Now, for heaven's sake, I for once in your life, assert yourself as if you were somebody!"

But at dinner that night Lester r to act as if he were somebody. H crumpled up in his chair and frowne disgust at his green turtle soup, his cr mushrooms and his frozen peaches. I thinking, wouldn't it be wonderful food before him should suddenly c into homemade biscuits and steak a bit overdone with the fat crisp and b It was Lydia who after dinner held P at bay in a corner and made him pr he'd seriously consider Lester's new despite the comparative failure of th one.

Three months later Lydia stood i doorway of a small table-d'hôte resta in the West Forties. It was spring no even in this gray by-street the rav breath of spring was making itself felt. light poured its gold along the paven a soft gold glistening as if powdered the window sills of the little restaurant red geraniums already slightly dust pitiful as if they appreciated the lon summer's struggle before them. A organ sent its plaintive last year's me from some far corner.

Lydia, standing pressed back again whitewashed wall of the entrance so the incoming flow of table d'hôters pass her, consulted her tiny hexa diamond-encrusted wrist watch. Wh Lester so late, making her wait here places? Supposing one of her smart fr should see her? Her excuse that she Lester were going in for Bohemia were tired of the big hotels and fashio restaurants, had been worn a little th the telling.

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Sh glanced back at the kitchen through whi one passed before entering the main oor of the restaurant built where once ad been two back yards. Her nose wrirled in distaste. What an awful smell f c king—the cheap, thick smell of spa- het and its invariable red sauce, of soup, v getables too long boiled. How odious at hey, Lester and she, should have to n to this kind of place again. She had ht that they had left it behind them r, and here they were again forced to o at its hospitable doors, simply be- s it cost less to get a meal here than in ny ther way they knew.

T reassure herself she glanced again into he rge dusty mirror that was placed gai t the opposite wall. She looked a t lder, she thought, with a keen stab f se-pity. These last few months of worry ad ld upon her. Nevertheless she still ook l very lovely. Her new spring suit f pest tan was most becoming and her rg hat covered with velvet-petaled red ow s accentuated the luster of her bronze air These new clothes were an extrava- an she told herself, but at least she had o lep up appearances. She couldn't ou upon Lester for that. Sometimes she ht that Lester didn't give a hang bo appearances.

A thinking of Lester, she consulted her wris watch again. Why didn't he come? He as half an hour late. She considered alli up the apartment, but what would e e use? Lester must at least have tar d by now, and it was Estelle's day ut. How fortunate they had been to keep ste. The girl's manner was preposter- us; she kept muttering darkly about the mo they owed her, but still she stayed. nd fter all it was worth keeping her, no ma r what price they had to pay in humil- tio. It was like advertising their bank- upt to the world to let their one maid go.

Wh a little frightened catch in her throat yd wondered when their affairs would hen She tried to keep away from think- ng this. It was too horrible. She just han ed to struggle on from day to day, as wi. Her nerves were going. She didn't ar et herself think too long of the state f thr affairs—owing money to the butcher, he lker, the landlord, everyone! What a eas hat Preston was! He had practically ro ised her he'd take Lester's new novel— nd en he had turned it down. At least e h demanded changes which Lester said re impossible. Not that they seemed im- oss le to her. Anything—anything to get lit ready money. But Lester was be- om g unmanageable. He was irritable, nre onable, sullen.

Wat had come over Lester of late? To yd s surprise she found there were tears h e eyes at the thought of Lester. She ie also to shove this sentimental way of hin ng about Lester away from her. She lso as afraid of this. For she felt some- me that she might collapse before Lester, ir her arms round him and cry out her ear against his. She mustn't do that. he ust be strong. It was Lester who was he eak one and she who was the strong. wi she, always she, who must lead the ay nd furnish the strength.

B where was Lester? A sharp sense of ear, f remorse, of foreboding—a blend of an fears—sickened her, made her feel int It was a full hour after the time he id e would meet her. She moved away fr the restaurant doorway, hoping no ne ould notice how long she had waited her how ignominiously she had been kept wait g. She felt so tired, so let down, that he ould hardly walk. She had an impulse t s mmon a taxicab to carry her home, ut he suppressed that extravagant im- uls And the street cars were jammed ith workers. Wearily she dragged herself loc after block, all the way home.

H hurried flight through the rooms of he partment showed Lydia that it was ese ed. Estelle was not there. Lester as t there. In his grubby little room at he ar it looked as if Lester had been in a iol t rage at something or somebody. He ad orn up sheets and sheets of manu- scri torn them into small bits and tossed her everywhere. The room looked as if om strange snowstorm had swept it. The esk chair was overturned. Two pencils nd pen were broken in halves.

Lydia went to the telephone that stood n a small table beside her bed, and making n effort to control her voice that was not tot ther successful, asked the telephone per or in the gilt cage below if she had ny idea where Mr. Henry was.

The girl's voice came back supercilious and a little mocking: "I suppose he's at Mrs. Sawyer's. He nearly always is. Shall I ring Mrs. Sawyer's apartment?"

"No—no!" said Lydia, and dropped the receiver with a click into the hook and then sat down heavily on the bed. She wanted time to think. But for a moment she was stunned. For a moment she could not think at all.

Then she heard herself saying as if it were another person speaking, "So that's it!" She heard herself repeating over and over, "So that's it!"

She was flooded with alternate waves of cold and of heat, but the waves of heat began to gain dominance. So the thing she had always feared had happened. Lester had left her for another woman. He had left her waiting in the hallway of that odious restaurant while he stayed with this other woman. He had outgrown her as she had realized—oh, years ago—other men of wealth or genius had a habit of outgrowing their first wives. But realizing that, she had always guarded against it. Why, Lester hadn't outstripped her in any way. He had never kept up with her—never! It was she who had led the way in everything. She saw now—or she thought she saw—how the fear of losing Lester had whipped her on. It even seemed to her that she had taken everything he had—his money, his time, his energy—so that he would not have any excess to spend elsewhere on other women. And she saw, too, that for her, Lester himself was the only thing in the world that counted. With him she had everything; without him—nothing.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. She wasn't going to give Lester up without fighting for him. Not she! With tight lips and a vivid spot of color staining each cheek she descended to Mrs. Sawyer's apartment prepared for melodrama.

A small pleasant woman with a round motherly face, with shrewd eyes peering from behind gold-rimmed spectacles and hair slightly gray, opened the door to Lydia's ring. "I want to see Mrs. Sawyer," demanded Lydia.

"I'm Mrs. Sawyer," said the woman.

"You!"

Lydia could say no more than that; she was too surprised, too overwhelmed with astonishment to say more. She had seen this woman once or twice before in the hallway, in the elevator of the building, and it had never occurred to her that this could be Mrs. Sawyer. This pleasant motherly woman in no way matched her conception of the sort of women who took men away from other women.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mrs. Sawyer presently.

"Is Lester Henry here? I'm his wife."

"Yes, he's here. He's asleep in the sitting room."

"Asleep! But why? Why?" cried Lydia, and there was a hysterical note in her voice. "He was to meet me at half past six for dinner. Now it's half past eight—and he's asleep!"

"He's asleep because he's exhausted," said Mrs. Sawyer. "Before you wake him let us go into my room and have a little talk."

For some obscure reason Lydia felt humble before this pleasant little woman—and yet she wanted to rage, to storm, to demand explanations. But before the other woman's placid gaze her hysteria was shamed into quiescence. She followed Mrs. Sawyer meekly into a bedroom.

The two women sat opposite each other.

"Did you think I was planning to take your husband from you?" asked Mrs. Sawyer at last.

Lydia could not face her kind quizzical eyes, her pleasant slightly humorous smile.

After a pause Mrs. Sawyer continued: "I don't think that I'd do that even if I were, as you expected, a younger and more attractive woman. I'm a little old-fashioned in my ideas, and yet I've been tempted to take Lester Henry away from you and look after him myself. You've made such a bad job of it."

Lydia squirmed in protest.

"Why do you say that?"

Mrs. Sawyer shrugged her shoulders as if to suggest it was unnecessary to explain.

"Lester's such a child, isn't he?" she asked instead of explaining. "It would be such a lark to look after him. You see, I have no one to look after. It's—it's pretty awful when you get to my age and—and have no one."

Lydia did not raise her eyes, but she murmured: "Yes, I realize it would be pretty awful."

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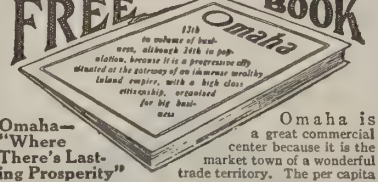

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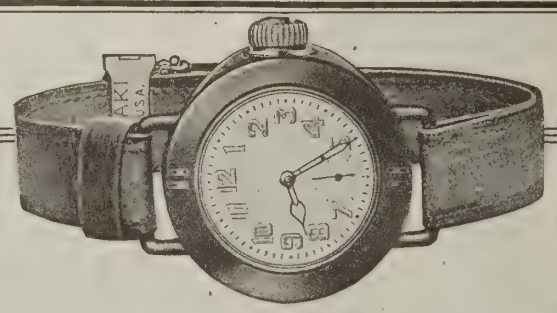

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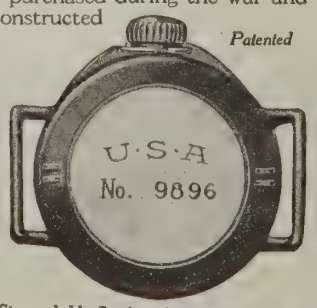

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"And yet you've almost killed your husband," Mrs. Sawyer said in a tone that was suddenly stinging.

"How can you say that? I've done everything for him."

"Everything that was wrong for him. He's the simplest of men. He wants the simplest of things."

"He's a genius."

Mrs. Sawyer smiled.

"He's a queer ordinary little man who happens to have a talent. The talent is pure gold when he writes about the people he knows and loves. But you've turned him into a hack writer, forcing him to turn out all sorts of strange things, forcing him to write about people and affairs of which he knows nothing so that you could have money enough to live extravagantly in this most extravagant city in the world."

"I did it for his sake."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

They were silent.

After that pregnant silence Mrs. Sawyer said: "He came to me this afternoon in a bewildered state. He looked as if he were going to have some sort of a mental breakdown. He had been in a frenzy upstairs, a rage of self-disgust and self-despair. He'd torn up all his recent work. We had tea and after tea I played to him. He fell asleep—a sleep of exhaustion—and I let him sleep. Of course I did not know he was to meet you. It seemed at the time only the simplest kindness to let him sleep."

"May I go to him now?" asked Lydia.

And then Mrs. Sawyer said a curious thing: "Yes, go to him now, but go on your knees and beg his forgiveness."

The sitting room in which Lester slept was dark, and stumbling in the half light from the hall Lydia found her way across to the couch on which he lay. And there she did indeed fall upon her knees beside him.

After a while he awakened and his eyes—still heavy with sleep—smiled into hers.

"'Lo, Lizzie," he said.

Lydia was crying. Another thing she had feared had happened. She had collapsed before Lester. Her arms were round him, her wet cheek against his.

"What's the matter?" he asked, dazed; and then in a horrified voice: "Oh, I know. What time is it? It's dark. I'm so sorry, Lizzie. I never met you, did I?"

"That isn't it, Lester. That doesn't matter now."

"What is the matter then? Why are you crying, dear?"

Shyly he patted her trembling should

"Lester, would—would you like to back home again?"

"Home? What home?"

"Peltonville."

"Oh, our real home!" he sighed ecst cally. "Why, I'd like it better than a thing in the world, Liz—Lydia."

"Don't call me that, Lester."

"What?"

"Lydia. Call me by my right name.

"I always do in my thoughts, Lizzie.

"You could do good work again in tonville, couldn't you, Lester? You c write again about the people you know the people you love?"

"Yes, I could, Lizzie—I know I co Would we go back to the little yellow h on the East Road?"

"Yes, dear, if you wish it."

They clung together, their cheeks sta with tears as if they had been shipwre on some far shore—shipwrecked, but ha to have escaped the utter oblivion of waters.

Presently Lydia's thoughts took a prising leap. They had been saturated remorse, but now they shook themse free and went blithely flying. The mem of the Sprague place had entered her m She had heard somewhere that old E Sprague was dead, and mentally she composing a telegram to Jackson We the Canton Courier.

"Can you by any possibility arrang rent the Sprague place for us?" the gram read.

Surely Lester could make enough m to afford the Sprague place and pay New York debts as well. There were jewels that could be sold. And they c sublet their apartment furnished at n more than they paid for it, now that r were so outrageous. Peltonville woul be so bad if they could live in the Spr place, the one show place of the vil Lydia saw herself queening it over the munity. How the simple villagers w marvel at her clothes, her dinner partie the Jackson Wests and other cultured ple, and her marcelled bronze hair! was really excited and happy at the thou What a pace she would set for Pelton She would still be leading the way and time outdistance all competitors.

Lester stirred in her arms.

"I'm awfully hungry," he said.

"Well, come along upstairs, Les Lydia cried gayly. "I can get you a pick-up supper in a jiffy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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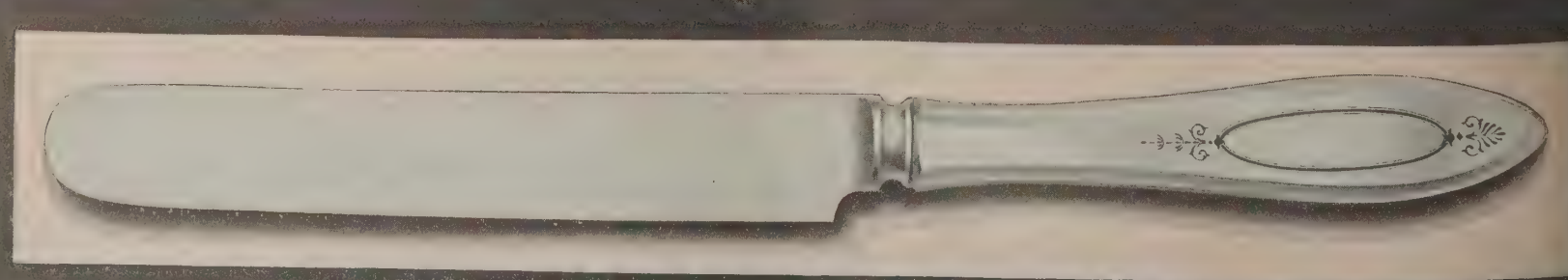

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WHITE-COLLAR MEN

By Forrest Crissey

CE the red-flannel shirt was the symbol f hard toil, scant pay and a fierce and doubtful fight for the plainest creature omforts. To-day the laundry bag is still able to furnish a true symbol of strug- vitude—but it is no longer the red shirt! That scratchy undergarment has planted by the white collar as a sign of economic distress.

eat and genteel neckband of alleged linen—once commonly accepted as the k of higher earning capacity—is now the emblem of the submerged class, the e under dog, the talisman of that tribe of hard-pushed toilers about whose e traditional wolf howls loudest.

not hit the trail of the H. C. of L. k it a rod without running across te but choking white collar and an d checking account. The ragged of he frayed white collar has recently r a high degree of symbolism; it s with cutting irony the economic millions of its wearers.

nous cartoonist recently caught the this situation with graphic clever- hen he depicted a dazed college r gazing in amazement at a wage e in shirt sleeves driving his high- r ar along the boulevard.

ily a professor in one of the fore- f niversities of America spoke with hig sympathy of the pinch which the in costs of living imposed upon the e orker. A somewhat cynical young h wh a passion for original research, a e for contrasts and a disagreeable it f digging for facts, subjected the esor's attitude to investigation and lys. He turned up these interesting s:

Al ost up to the moment of voicing pi for the plight of the wage worker pfessor had been receiving a salary of 00 year. This had been increased to $3000 just before the sympathetic speech which started the investigation. Having a wife and four children, and being obliged to live on a scale befitting a member of the intellectual aristocracy of a great university, he would have been plunged deeply into debt had he not been provided with an income of $100 a month by an intimate and wealthy friend who was keenly interested in his career and fully determined that he should not be hampered or humiliated by a distressing lack of funds. Even this friendly subsidy was not wholly sufficient to keep the professor's scale of living up to an undiminished standard, under the climbing costs of living. The gap that remained was filled by the proceeds of outside lectures and the sale of a few articles to magazines of the more intellectual sort. From all these sources the professor managed to live according to the demands of his position—but he had no surplus left. He barely escaped a balance in red ink.

On the other hand, the pestiferous young student investigator—who helped to fight the H. C. of L. dragon by doing a few feature articles himself—discovered that the driver who left the milk bottles at the professor's back door and never failed to urge the maid to take on an extra bottle of cream was, to use the driver's own expression, "knocking down an average of $220 a month" in wages and commissions. Just a trifle more than the salary of his distinguished customer before the $500 raise so lifted the spirits of that learned intellectual leader.

But the cynic's researches did not stop with the bottles left at the professor's back door. He pushed his investigation to the grocery on the side street from which the family secured its supply of bread. There he made the acquaintance of the bread-wagon driver who supplied the grocer and controlled the route. This vender of fragrant loaves proudly admitted that he had a snap as soft as a feather bed and that his wages and commissions yielded him a little better than $5000 a year. Under the proddings of the young investigator he disclosed that the big baking company for which he worked not only provided all the equipment but that he didn't have to hitch up or unhitch his team. His whole job was to peddle bread to retailers for eight hours a day. It was good bread and was well advertised, so the selling was easy.

When asked if the company wasn't imposing on the consumer by loading the product with so heavy a distribution cost his answer was substantially this:

"Not on your life! Us drivers have got the company where it can't help itself. The bakers are with us solid and

A "BROTHER" ACT

DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

when we hold up the hoop you bet the company hops through. They can't help themselves. All they can do is to pass the buck along to the retailer and consumer."

The investigator confirmed the driver's statement by going to the president of the baking company—who displayed a financial report indicating that, so far as current net profits were concerned, he might well have changed places with the driver serving the store from which the professor bought his bread. Also, the young man with the hunch for original research learned that there was only one point on which the baking company and the driver agreed—that no housewife can bake her own bread, month in and month out—at a cost so low as she can buy it, even at the present high cost of distribution. Both the bread king and his lowly five-thousand-a-year driver were insistent upon this point.

The point that most interested the investigator, however, was the fact that according to the showing of the regular reports furnished by the various bakery units to the president of the company the management had not been able to pass the buck on to the consumer—with the result that, at least for the present, some bakeries in the organization were showing a small current loss and others an infinitesimal profit. Apparently here is a situation which offers a beautiful field for study on the part of the drivers who are interested in the continuance of their profits. To the innocent bystander it would appear that perhaps they have hung about all the costs on the distribution limb that it will bear without breaking. One very large baking company declares that its wagon men are now averaging $48 a week and that several have made more than $5400 from their routes in the past twelve months.

Pity the Poor Professor

WHEN the results of the student investigator's little research were placed before the professor he took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed: "Can it be possible!"

Yes, professor, it can be and it is—the young cynic with an appetite for original research certainly found the facts and gave them to you straight—for I've checked his findings from official sources and they are O. K. Incidentally, if you are wearing ready-mades—and I think you are—your self-appointed young research enthusiast might have pushed his inquiry to your apparel with equally interesting results.

For example, it may surprise you to learn that the wage of the workers who made your suit has increased about 140% since 1914. In some lines the increase is 135%, in others 145%. One garment worker in a Chicago shop lately drew $78.38 for his week's work of 45½ hours. If he held that pace throughout the year he would overlap your salary by $1075.76. But, of course, garment making is seasonal work; besides, this man might not hold that gait for all the time he did work. Admitting all this, however, why wouldn't it be a pleasant experiment to put the teaching of English literature or psychology on a piece basis and see if a rate about parallel to that in the garment trade could not be worked out? Are you for it, professor?

Again, you have, if I remember rightly, always been strong for equal rights for women. Well, they come rather near having them when it comes to making your clothes. The other day in a large Chicago garment factory a woman pocket maker lately pocketed $70 for her week's work. Of course these are top-notch earnings, but they are by no means unique. They simply show what deft workers in this trade can do when they want to pull down a big pay check and have all the work they can handle. The average weekly pay check for men in the shop where this score was made was $35.78 for men in June, 1919, and $26.28 for women. Some change from the old sweatshop days, I'll say!

When you pull the chain that flashes on the light for your desk in your study you operate a fixture that stands for quite a little forward movement in workmen's wage scale. If that device was made in a certain factory famous for its fixtures it represents an advance in wages, since 1914, of 115½%. Tool and die makers in that shop have been drawing pay checks of $65 to $72 a week. Those checks above $65 represent a few hours' overtime—but I'll hazard the guess that any active college professor can show an overtime score that will run considerably in excess of that required to reach the $72 weekly wage of the tool makers in question.

But how has the white-collar crowd fared in the employ of this same company? If you leave it to them they'll tell you that the treatment they have received has been as white as their collars when fresh from the laundry. But the books show that their advance in the same period has been 61%. There's quite a difference between 61 and 115½—all of 54½. Besides, the wage worker in the electrical industry had quite a start toward a living wage back in 1914. Even then he wasn't looking with acute envy on the average pay check of the white-collar man—the bookkeeper or the accountant, for example.

Before losing sight of the college professor, who may in all fairness be accepted as a type of the highly trained white-collar man, it may be well to locate him a little more definitely on the economic map. In these days of generous appropriations on the part of legislative bodies, state universities and technical colleges are rather liberally provided for by the commonwealths they serve. Most of these universities have agricultural and technical colleges and vocational schools, and are commonly believed to furnish a more practical brand of education than the universities depending upon endowments and donations. Probably for this reason they find it easier to get appropriations which permit them to pay better salaries to their professors than do the universities devoted to more classical lines of education.

From official information I find that the average maximum salary paid to professors in sixty of these state institutions of learning is $2881.67, and the average minimum salary is $1945.33. An average of the two is $2413.50. Take Wisconsin—one of the most widely known and liberally supported of state universities—as an example. For the first three years a full professor there receives $3000; after that he may be advanced from time to time to $4250. An associate professor starts at $2250 and has the opportunity to climb to $2750. Assistant professors begin at $1750 and have the right of way, if they can make the grade, up to $2000. Instructors—the hard-working top sergeants of the teaching troop—are started at $1000 and have a goal of $1500 to work toward.

How about the haughty intellectual temples of academic learning, the places to which the sons of American millionaires are sent for better or for worse? At Harvard a full professor receives $4000 at the outset, but may be advanced in five-year periods to the princely stipend of $5500. Associate professors there are started at $3500 and may be raised in five years to $4000—but five years seems like a long time to some of them! They freely admit it. Assistant professors at Harvard are started on their joyful journey upward at $2500 and may go to $3000 if they hold on long enough. Instructors begin at $1250 and may attain $1500 if they don't lose their grip. Is it any wonder that Harvard is now making a drive on Multimillionaire Row for some $15,000,000, largely as an endowment f the increase of professors' salaries?

The top notch at Yale for a full professor is $6000—b he has to start at $4000. With slight variations the sal ries of the lower ranks at Yale parallel those of Harva

For the sake of contrast turn to some of the top-notche in overalls. The wage of a skull cracker in a steel pla near Chicago for the week immediately preceding t writing of this article was $111.12. A hammer man in t same plant averaged $107.68 a week for the month August. These scores are not those made under t pressure of war production. They are peace wages.

When questioned as to the qualifications required to a man to earn this wage—which exceeds by far the sala of the average college president in America—an officer the company answered: "As to education there is no requir ment whatever. The man need not speak English or l able to write his own name. But he must have a quick ey a fair amount of physical strength, a rather high degree bodily dexterity and good endurance. Any man with th natural equipment could, with three months' training, g away with the more difficult of these two tasks and hand it proficiently. The less difficult one could be mastered b such a man in a much shorter training period."

The Bank Man's Story

THE skull cracker mashes the skulls of metal left in th huge ladles from which the metal has been poure This is done by the blows of an immense triphammer. Th hammer man is also engaged in crushing various forms scrap for salvage purposes. Both work on a tonnage basi

A certain large company in the Middle West has 300 t 400 white-collar men on its executive staff who are no getting $200 a month. The same corporation has wag workers in large numbers who make $3000 to $4000 year, and a few whose total wage for the past twelve month set the pay roll back to the merry tune of $8000. I'd pain fully dislike to buy the dinners for all the bank president in the country whose salaries are below the wages of thes top-notch toilers.

Going at random in the Chicago financial district entered an imposing bank building and fell into conversa tion with the first attaché I encountered. He refused a invitation to luncheon on the ground of loyalty to his job The bank, he said, had treated him so handsomely that h felt bound to give it the fullest measure of service in him and this implied that he stick on duty from eight-thirty i the morning until five in the afternoon. He had cut ou luncheon altogether, he explained, because he felt he coul be of especial value to the bank and its customers at th time of day when many officials were taking their noonday meal. His especial cause of gratitude to the managemen is based on the fact that his salary has been increased fron $1500 in 1914 to $2400 a year, and that he is probably th best-paid man in his position in any Chicago bank.

He doesn't attempt to explain how those in similar posi tions are able to get past the H. C. of L. wolf on their lowe salaries, but simply admits that he found it impossible t maintain his family on his former stipend. When the cost of necessities began to climb like Rohlf's triplane that out soared all altitude records he faced the fact that he must either get more salary, set his children at work or drop into a calling that did not require the scale of living and appear ance demanded by his present employment. But let him tell the story in his own words—for it is paralleled by the experience of thousands of white-collar men:

"Back in 1914 I felt that I had no reason to complain and that we were well provided for on $1500 a year.

I, confess that I did not indulge in dreams of any
tli; advancement. I had happened to land in one of
se positions that do not seem to lead naturally to other
tio's of higher rank and pay. Perhaps you might call it
in alley position. There are thousands of that sort.
re rather out of the direct line of promotion. This is
ai'ly true when they are held by men at the threshold
idle life, as I am. The very young man may use them
e ping-stones, but older men are likely to stick in
e—and be thankful to remain undisturbed. It seemed
e nat about the best I could count on was the moder-
ease of pay that a high-class management gives as
o ition of continued service. Looking at the future
i way I was fairly well content when the war broke.
i red—my wife and I—that if we could manage to
en and rear and educate our four children on an
income basis we would trust to the future to furnish,
orm of increased pay, anything to be put aside as
us. The idea of saving whatever I might receive
e 1500 now seems absurd.
as soon as prices began to advance even slightly
to feel the pinch. Our boy was at the age of fifteen
three girls were younger. It was soon clear that I
ther go in debt or allow the boy to get a job—or
But we are not different from millions of parents of
e thoughtful sort in that we feel the education of
dren to be the most important thing on the parental
r. Therefore we held our son in school as long as
—even when obliged to take on a little debt in
do so; this on the theory that he could help out
ayment by vacation work."

More Pay and Less Comfort

with steadily increasing costs for the necessities of
e the hopelessness and folly of this policy soon be-
ainfully apparent, and the boy was taken out of
o fill a position as office boy at $35 a month. We were
ying $26 rent, as against $40 now, and his clothes
st $12 to $15 a suit, instead of $30 to $35, their
cost. Shoes were then one-half their cost to-day
re of better material.
I wouldn't believe how we had to scheme and turn
t ist to keep up a respectable appearance and make
ds meet—even with our son's wages of $35 a month
f. And we are doing it just as feverishly to-day.
counts go to show that our living costs are now at
vice what they were then, all things considered—
hat in most respects we are not living in any more
ft on my present salary of $2400 than we were in
d early 1915 on $1500. If there is any difference we
e eater difficulty in keeping within our income than
li then.
Phaps I can suggest something of the restraint we
ced upon to exercise by saying that I have not taken
faily to a movie theater but once in a year—nor have
children been furnished the money with which to go
nselves. We simply can't do it without falling behind
ur bills. If there is a wage worker in Chicago whose
dn do not have money to attend the movies more
ice a year I'd like to learn his address!
The matter of clothing expense has to be considered
ith greater care than ever before. When the war was
th boy was a member of the cadet corps and had
uiform furnished. That was a decided help—as I realized when it came time to buy him a new civilian suit to take the place of the uniform. To do this I was obliged to sell a Liberty Bond, for the suit cost $35.

"It has been necessary for us to work out a definite purchasing policy, and that is this: It is poor economy to buy inferior quality. In the prewar days it was often possible to find satisfactory quality in goods offered at relatively a low price. In other words, real bargains were then available among low-priced goods. We have found that quality of merchandise has almost universally degenerated as prices have soared. Therefore to-day we do not dare to put our money into anything but goods of known standard quality.

"This applies to foodstuffs as well as to apparel. In 1918, when the pressure was greatest, we attempted to beat the H. C. of L. by hunting meat bargains—buying cheap cuts at cheap places. My wife happens to be an uncommonly good cook. I'm warranted in saying that if anyone can prepare a cheap cut of meat so that it will taste good and deliver all its natural nourishment she can. But our experiment in shopping for meat bargains was a disappointment. The meats secured in this way did not taste right and they didn't seem to be nourishing. This brought us back to buying at a market that did not specialize in bargains and cheap stuff. We paid a higher price per pound, bought less, and felt that we secured more satisfaction and more actual nourishment for our money.

"I'm not suggesting that the more expensive cuts of meat are cheapest. We buy what is technically known as cheap cuts. The point I make is that we get better value in buying where the general quality or grade of meat handled is relatively high, where cheapness is not urged as a means of getting more business.

"The other evening we went over a sheaf of old 1914 and 1915 cash-purchase tickets and compared them with recent ones. The gap between them made us gasp in spite of the fact that we knew it must be wide. Shoes for our girls now cost us more than twice what they did in 1914 and I'm sure the quality of the new ones is a little inferior. Ginghams are costing us three times what they did five years ago. Stockings for the girls were then twenty-five cents a pair. Those supposed to be of the same grade now cost sixty-five cents. Undergarments are now two and a half to three times what they were in 1914.

"I'm ashamed to admit that I'm the best-dressed member of the family. But this is not from choice but necessity. It is a demand of my white-collar position. My work absolutely requires a neat, not to say immaculate, appearance. It is not enough that my clothes be clean and whole; they must also be within reasonable range of the prevailing styles. In a word, the requirement is that I must be well dressed in the strictest sense of the term. My only offset to this expense is to take the most painstaking care of my clothes, hats and shoes. I do not spend a dollar a year for cleaning or pressing or for the polishing of shoes. All that is done at home.

"My wife makes her own dresses and those for the girls. They wear both their house and street clothes for several seasons. Mending in our family is not a hit-and-miss occupation; it's a system. Holes are darned when they first appear and rents and tears are attended to immediately. Planning clothes for a change of season is not delayed to the eleventh hour, but is carefully considered weeks and months in advance.

"Perhaps nothing I could tell you of our struggle to make a salary of $2400 cover the expenses of a white-collar family of six in these days would give quite so intimate a view of how close a game we are playing as would this incident: Until my salary was raised to $2400 and that income had been available long enough to allow us to recover some lost ground it seemed impossible to think of the matter of dental work. We were simply forced to let that go. But the time came a little while ago when in the case of my wife it could not be neglected any longer. Something had to be done at once. She had her teeth examined and learned that to put them in proper condition would demand the expenditure of several hundred dollars. Most of them could be saved, she was told.

"Did she have them filled? No! On her own initiative she had them drawn instead—because that would be much cheaper. A temporary set of false teeth will cost at least $50—but that is far different from $300 for filling. She is paying the price, in the sacrifice of her natural teeth, of being the wife of a white-collar man in these strange days. How many wives of machinists, garment workers, bread-wagon men, milk-wagon drivers or steel workers do you imagine are having their teeth drawn as means of saving the greater expense of filling?

"I can sum up our family situation by saying that until living costs decline all we ask is to be able to keep out of debt and not be forced to take our older girl out of school in order that she may add something to the family income. It is a sharp and constant fight to do this—a much harder struggle than it was to play even, back in 1914, on a salary of $1500."

The Bank Runner's Story

DID you ever chance to notice the neat appearance of the typical bank messenger? Take a look at the next one you happen to meet. If he is delivering more than $10,000 in currency or in securities that are the equivalent of so much money he will be accompanied by one guard; if more than $20,000, by two guards. Such a man attracted my attention the other day. He belonged to the white-collar crowd and so I looked him up. Here is his story:

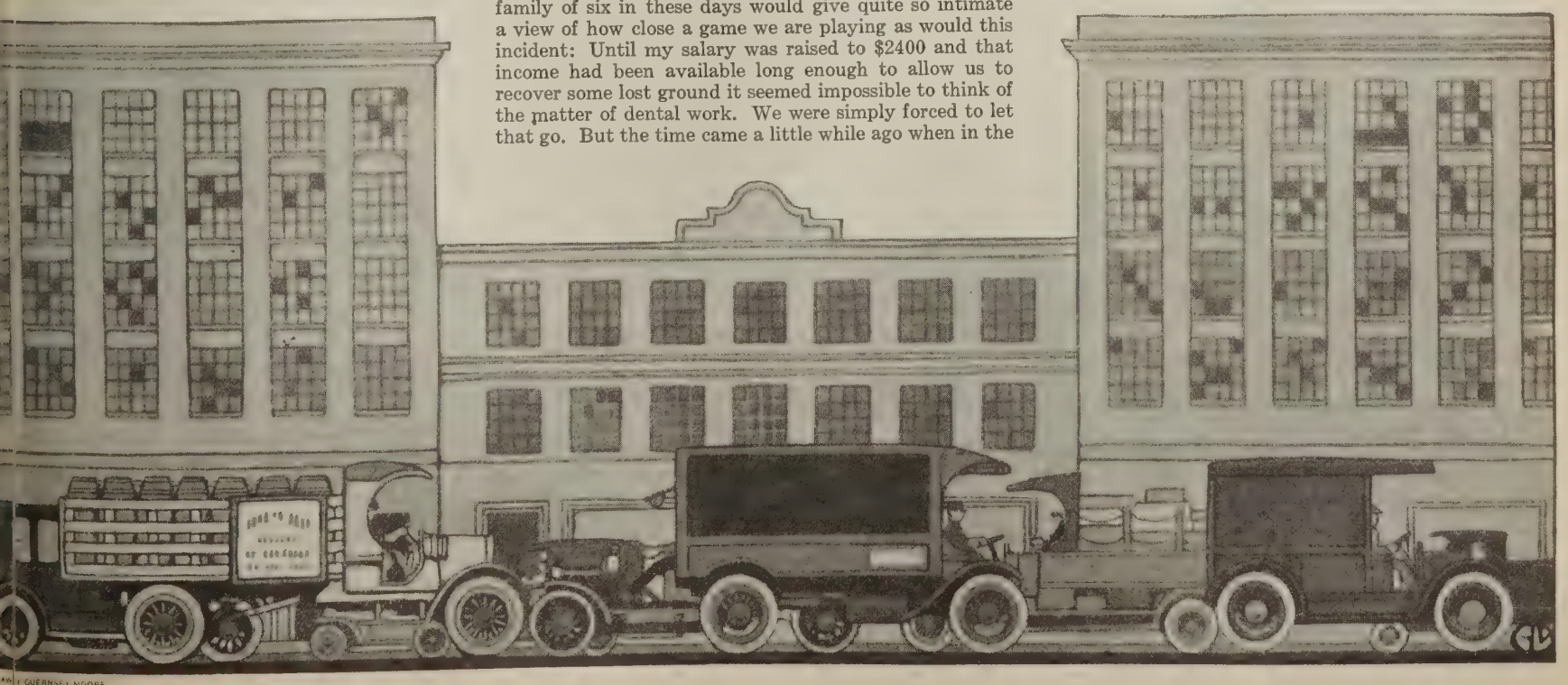
Before he could secure his position he had to pass a character examination to which few ministers of the gospel are subjected before being accepted in new charges. His family tree had to be proved free of taint from root to topmost twig. Besides, he had to carry the proof of intelligence, courage and general high character in his face.

Back in 1914 this man was drawing a salary of about $800—a trifle less, in fact. He is working for a bank that is known to be exceptionally fair and liberal with its employees. Its salary scale is higher than that of several other banks, of equal size in the same city. Since 1914 he has been raised at least twice, and on the initiative of the management. To-day he is drawing $95 a month.

A few weeks ago he went to a minor official of the bank who had shown him especial friendliness and said:

"I've never asked for a raise before, but I guess I've got to this time. I'm up against it hard. Personally I have just thirty cents on which to run until pay day. Five cents a day with seven-cent street-car fares means walking both to and from home. Only the two kids get milk at our house. The wife and I don't get a spoonful of it and we don't know the taste of butter. In fact, butterine is a luxury with us now, and most of the time we take our bread straight. If we have a little meat for Sundays we're in luck. If I can't get a raise I've simply got to quit and hunt a job on a milk wagon or in a shop. I'm quick, strong for my size, and I can outwalk any milk driver that I know. The driver that brings our bottles tells me he averages better than fifty a week and that there are several routes in town fatter than his. We don't take ice, but there's a machinist in our building who does, and his

(Continued on Page 173)



THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. SAMUEL J. BOWKER—who saw no inconsistency in smoking a four-cent stogy while he was rolling home in a seven-thousand-dollar touring car—Mr. Samuel J. Bowker broke off his serene meditation upon his own greatness, leaned forward from the hips, and spoke in his colorless, slightly metallic voice to his new chauffeur.

"See that man who's walking so fast up ahead there? Stop a little bit the other side of him. And, by the way, I've noticed you don't quite cut off all the gas when I tell you to stop, just for a minute or so. Please cut it off, after this, as far as it goes. You'll find she idles down very well; and if she doesn't, you can put in some of your spare time adjusting the carburetor."

The chauffeur said no word; he made no sign; but his shoulders and the back of his shaven neck seemed almost blessed with the power of speech. Mr. Bowker sensed this miracle, and knew that it was time to sing his favorite canticle.

"To waste—to waste—even as little as a quart of gasoline a day," he said, "is like throwing away three hundred and sixty-five dollars into that gutter over there. My three hundred and sixty-five dollars. Because, when a quart of gasoline costs six cents or more, that represents the interest on One Dollar for One Year. So even if it sounds to you like a small thing—remember it's my money that's being wasted."

By now the unresponsible chauffeur had swung the car in close to the curb, and Mr. Bowker was lifting his hand, in a lukewarm gesture of invitation, to the young man who had walked, and was still walking, so swiftly. The footfalls of this young man were almost as rapid and staccato as his name, which was John Huntington Bangs. Pedestrians gave him, voluntarily, the right of way; his impetus, with a hundred and seventy pounds of energy behind it; his eyes, always intent on the world before him; his jaw, suggesting that he had just made a quick resolution to get somewhere as soon as he could—all these factors combined won him the ready precedence which generally goes to a man who acts as though he expects it. People often stared at him on the street as he went by; but to-day, when the thermometer was still hovering round par, there were twenty heads turned in a single block. It made one hotter, and perhaps a trifle resentful, simply to look at him; for he possessed that rare physique which permitted him to live through these sultry days at high speed without becoming deliquescent.

"There's a Head of Lettuce Fallen Clear Down Behind the Ice, Bruno. I Wish You'd Come and Get it Out for Me"

"John," said Mr. Bowker, as the young man came hammering abreast of him, "John, you're a fool to walk that fast on a day like this. It's bad for the heart. And you've melted your collar. I'd wear soft shirts in the summertime if I were you. Get in, and I'll drop you two squares from your house."

Mr. Bangs, who had a tightly folded newspaper in his hand, climbed briskly into the tonneau and threw the newspaper over into the trolley tracks.

"It's an outrage!" said Mr. Bangs, his eyes snapping. "It's getting darned near unendurable!"

"Go ahead—er—go ahead, chauffeur, and don't drive in the tracks. It's bad for the tires." Mr. Bowker turned to his guest. "I'd offer you a cigar, John, but you wouldn't have time to half smoke it anyway. What's the outrage?"

"Oh, the whole infernal thing!" said Mr. Bangs roundly. "It's getting sickening. By George, I wish I had some say in the Government! What these people need is some two-fisted fighter who'll stand up to 'em like a man, like Teddy Roosevelt, or Ole Hanson, out there in Seattle. It's the shame of civilization, by George! And we're either too cowardly or too lazy to lift a finger about it." He shook his head vigorously, as though to stop the buzzing in his ears. "Have you seen the newsboys to-night?"

"Yes."

"Seen the celluloid buttons they're wearing?"

"Yes."

"Those buttons half as big as a soup plate—'I Don't Sell the Wellington Journal!'"

"Yes."

Mr. Bangs glared at him. "Well, what do you think of it? The newsboys have struck! It's some row of theirs to buy their papers fifteen for ten cents instead of ten for ten cents. And it isn't going to affect us, anyway—not unless the Journal goes to three cents, which I suppose they'll say they have to—but we have to suffer until it's settled. I've got my Journal at the stand in the Bowker Building every evening for four years. Never missed it till to-night."

"Why didn't you subscribe and save money?" inquired Mr. Bowker calmly. "Then you'd have had your paper at home to-night just the same."

Mr. Bangs gestured impatiently, but took pai to restrain himself, for Mr. Bowker was almost o enough to be his father. And in addition, Mr. Bowk was a landowner, and a holder of mortgages, and director of many industr corporations and two ban and his wife was regent of t set which called itself exc sive, and was really quite exclusive as any of them. T best people—to quote M Bowker. And Mr. Bangs w thoroughly married.

"That isn't the point. tried every stand and eve boy for a quarter of a mi It's concerted action, tha what it is; and it ought be stopped. And then so smart Aleck sold me what thought was a Journal, and charged me a nickel for it b cause he said he was risking fight with the Newsboys' A sociation to sell it at all, a when I opened it it was Herald, anyway."

"I'd have gone back," sa Mr. Bowker presently.

"I did—but he'd gon And that isn't the poi either. The point is that consumers are letting ou selves be held up right a left by these infernal unio It's going too far; by Georg it is! There's a trolley strik and an express strike, and machinists' strike, and Lo knows what else, right in th one town; and now the new boys have got the fever a started a boycott, and I su pose the Journal'll use it an excuse to boost their pric and then make more mon than they did before! Y can't turn round witho stepping on some union other. And we consume have to sit still and wait un they get through bickerin and then pay higher pric than ever. Striking ought be a criminal offense, b George! I've had enough of The time to talk has gone b it's time to do something!"

"What'll you do?" aske Mr. Bowker, cocking his hea dispassionately.

Mr. Bangs, who had e pected to be agreed with—o financial grounds, if not o ethical considerations—M Bangs looked rather blan

"Well," he said, "I haven't altogether made my mi up yet, but I'll be hanged if I intend to stand for this so of thing much longer. And I don't believe anybody el does, either. I don't believe you do. What we've got to d is to take matters into our own hands. We certainly hav If we consumers would ever once get together and do little organizing on our own hook—why, why we'd cut th cost of living down thirty per cent."

Mr. Bowker bent forward to the chauffeur.

"Stop at the next corner. . . . Well, John, mayb you're right, and maybe you're wrong. But I guess n body'll ever get up that organization unless you do yourself."

Mr. Bangs, dismounting, flicked up his jaw in a fin display of belligerence.

"Well, maybe I will, at that." He ventured an aud cious challenge—audacious because Mr. Bowker was personage who didn't like to commit himself to anythin That was why Mr. Bangs, who was partly serious, smile as he said it, in order that Mr. Bowker could take it as passing pleasantry if he chose. "When I do, can I coun on you as a member?"

"You can count on me," said Mr. Bowker, wit slightly more enthusiasm, "to do anything that'll sav money, John. That's why I'm where I am to-day. Get u your organization and we'll talk it over." He nodde

gol night, but had an afterthought. "I wish you'd
n what paper it was you were throwing away,
ıgl back there. My wife sort of likes the Herald every
i a while—but I don't subscribe. It ain't hardly
th."

II

R. BANGS, who was an understanding woman, once
sıd of her husband that he had a nature like plati-
ve. He bent to the smallest pressure, but he didn't
k. And he also had a great readiness to glow into
ry eat when there was only a little blaze to warm him;
ıcooled as swiftly. So that when he turned into his
k pathway three minutes after he had waved to
Bıker in farewell, his mood was seraphic again, and
ıs looking forward with eagerness to the joy of re-
ıcquaintanceship with his wife.

ıe had been married now for more than half a dozen
s, nd all the wives of the neighborhood, when their
ısbands forgot little incidents, such as birthdays
ıeling anniversaries, or when they dashed off after
kıst with a flourish of the napkin as a valedictory,
r. Bangs as an illustration of male fidelity to ro-
c Mr. Bangs, in leaving the house in the morning,
y and invariably halted at the first oak tree, again at
ırant, and finally at the letter box, to wigwag his
et at being compelled to depart and earn an honest
g And his halts were no superficial performances
orfor he came to a sincere standstill, and cast brave
ck astern to Sylvia and the baby on the veranda.
d night when he returned in weariness, Sylvia often
e ying down the walk to meet him; or, at the worst,
jıt over the threshold; and she was always fresh and
rıl and affectionate. And the husbands of the neigh-
ıcd sometimes countered with these illustrations, too.
ıno discredit to the romance that when Mr. Bangs,
ı short distance, perceived no Sylvia in ambush for
ı consciously shortened his stride. She claimed the
ıt to detect his footfall half a block away, and he was
ıgher time to get downstairs. In going up the bricked pathway he scuffed his feet loudly, heedless of the cold chills that promptly brushed up and down his spine. He trod the steps with the stamp of a milkman, and produced heavy reverberations on the veranda. All these were additional signals to Sylvia, in case her watch had misled her, or her ears had gone temporarily out of tune. There was still sufficient latitude for her to take her station just over the threshold.

But as Mr. Bangs fumbled tardily for his keys he was aware that no wife was on the other side of the glass door. Not yet distressed, but merely contemplative, he went over to the shoe scraper, which was loose enough to rattle pleasantly, and he scraped the soles of both shoes free from the imaginary mud of pavements on which no rain had fallen for the past five weeks. There was still no Sylvia in the hallway.

Mr. Bangs let himself in very noisily, and began to hum in a lugubrious barytone. His attention wandered before him to the stairs; he expected every instant to see a contrite Sylvia come dashing down them, freighted with welcome and consolation. He hummed as though the duke would say: "Let him hum again! Let him hum again!" He stood posed at the foot of the stairs and called, softly and tenderly: "Sylvia!" Then, less softly, and with tenderness somewhat diluted: "Oh, Sylvia, dear!" Then, with frank intent to be heard and answered—and the rest of it could come later: "Hi! Sylvia!"

Mr. Bangs said "Humph!" and stood for a moment scratching his nose. No one, to observe his present helplessness in the emergency of a mislaid wife, would have pictured him as an avenger of the rights of man. His eyes had positive consternation in them, and he was deeply aggrieved. This failure of reception had happened only twice before in all his married history.

Reason returned to him, and he started for the kitchen to interview Ingred, the tall and stately blonde who would probably know where Mrs. Bangs had gone, whether or not Mrs. Bangs had told her. The kitchen was redolent with dinner, but empty of personnel. But from the back porch, where the ice box was located, vague murmurs floated to him, and then a stifled voice saying "Oh, sugar!" Mr. Bangs put out an ear, and was rewarded by a larger and more heartfelt exclamation: "Oh, ding!" And the voice wasn't the voice of Ingred, and Ingred had a different and a more convincing set of expletives anyway.

Mr. Bangs sprang to the porch. "Sylvia!"

From her knees the wife of his romance looked up at him; and it was a tribute to his constancy that he adored her then as much as ever. To be sure, no mere warmth of atmosphere could destroy her permanent charms, and a vivid color became her well; but something had tried her temper, and a looping strand of her hair was acting as impediment to her vision.

"Sylvia!" said Mr. Bangs. "What on earth are you doing here?"

It was evident that she had to make an effort to control herself, but she did it beautifully. She even managed to produce a very narrow smile for him. Nevertheless, the style of her greeting created a brand-new precedent:

"There's a head of lettuce fallen clear down behind the ice, Bruno. I wish you'd come and get it out for me."

As he helped her up Mr. Bangs' orderly mind clamped itself round the fact that this was only Tuesday.

"What's the matter with Ingred? Is she sick?"

"No. I'm the one who's sick," said Sylvia, just a trifle brusquely; and as she struggled up from her cramped position there was a sound of ripping.

"Oh, darn! Everything—— Oh, it's only my apron. Why, I'm sick of the whole servant problem, Bruno. I guess we've got pretty nearly to the limit. I'm sick and tired of it, and I don't care what happens any more. Ingred's left."

"Left?" repeated Mr. Bangs incredulously. "Left?" He knew from long experience what woe was in the announcement, and what inconvenience in store for Sylvia.

Sylvia nodded, and put her hair back.

"And without any notice." She regarded her hands with great esteem. "I'm not sure, but I think I've frozen

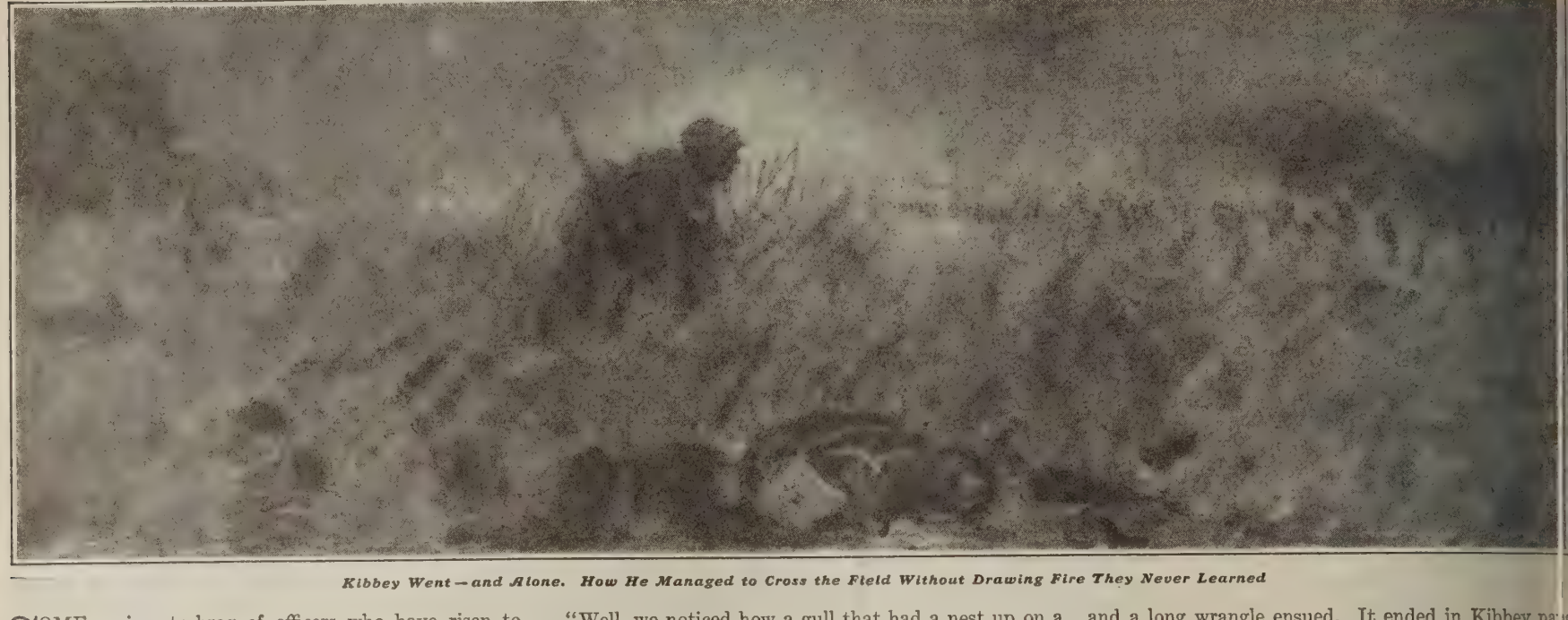
(Continued on Page 91)

"We Might Start an Antistrike Strike," Said Helen Everson Cheerfully. "Only I Don't Exactly See How We Could Do It. Does Anybody Else?"

THE CAPTAIN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK F Ar



Kibbey Went—and Alone. How He Managed to Cross the Field Without Drawing Fire They Never Learned

SOME regiments brag of officers who have risen to command divisions and corps and armies, but the proudest boast of the Blank Infantry is a captain who was demoted to the ranks. Kibbey has become an object of such idolatry to them that 'twere safer to speak slightingly of their wives than to hint that possibly Kibbey was really pickled on the occasion which led to his disgrace.

Yet the evidence in his case was indisputable. That he was a teetotaler all his life renders his misfortune more tragic, but does not—as the Blanks profanely argue—prove that the charges against him were impossible. The top sergeant swore to them and every man of the patrol substantiated his story. What else could the court have done?

Kibbey had been a teacher in a boys' school somewhere in New England. He ought to have been an army chaplain, because his every inclination ran that way and the Army needs more of his caliber. Instead he went through a training camp and received a captain's commission in the infantry, and came over in command of Company F in the Blanks.

To hear the boys talk now, you would suppose he had been the finest company commander that ever stepped, but I recall that in those early days Kibbey was variously known to his men as Rosy and Fathead and Holy Joe. Which is not to say they did not like him; every officer receives a nickname, and a hero to the public may pass as Dopey Dick to his own command.

As a matter of fact, the majority of Company F would have taken off their shirts for Kibbey. A few hated him with a deep and malignant hatred, but those few would have hated anybody, and their only complaint was his discipline. However, the average American doughboy is so constituted that he doesn't give a hoot how strict an officer may be, provided he is impartial and just, and Kibbey had bowels; so his hold on the loyalty of Company F was secure.

"Wait till we git up to the front," declared Private Oskowitz, who had been detailed to K.P. for malingering, as he whittled savagely on a spud, "an' I'll fix the —— I'll put a bullet through him if they croak me for it."

Ike O'Brien, *né* Roberto Pasquale, the wop cook, straightened from an inspection of the contents of an oven and picked up a pothook.

"You quitta that right now," he warned Oskowitz, "or I bumpa you with this."

Kibbey got along well enough with the other officers of the battalion. True, they always grinned when he hove in sight or even when his name was mentioned, but that was because Kibbey looked so absurdly innocent and was so mightily serious and earnest. He had a round face, blue eyes and a baby stare, and he believed everything anybody told him with a straight countenance.

"The hungriest I ever got," declared Lieutenant Dougherty one afternoon in the mess while a group of officers were discussing the effect of slum on morale, "was during a summer in Michigan. My uncle and I were marooned on an island in a lake—boat floated off—and there we were for a week without a bite to eat or so much as a fishhook. Guess how we got along?"

A curious silence fell. Only Kibbey rose to the bait.

"How?" he inquired.

"Well, we noticed how a gull that had a nest up on a rock used to fly over our heads every afternoon about four o'clock with a fish in its mouth. So uncle would up and holler 'Boo!' at him, and it scared him so he always dropped the fish."

Nobody offered any comment; but after he had gone out Kibbey grew thoughtful.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I believe Dougherty draws on his imagination sometimes. Yesterday he told me his uncle owned a bottle mine in Wales, but traded it off for a cheese swamp in Switzerland."

A credulous individual is always made the butt, and Dougherty rather overdid his practical jokes; I never met a practical joker who didn't. For instance, he proposed a wild-boar hunt while the regiment was in the training area near Gondrecourt, and narrated so many hair-raising tales of the chase that he had Kibbey half crazy to take part.

A few boar roamed a forest between Neufchâteau and Gondrecourt, and Dougherty's plan was to form a line of armed beaters and drive them into an open space where one of the officers could kill them.

"Yes, but who gets that job?" they demanded.

"We'll draw lots."

"But why not have more than one man there to kill them?" suggested a shavetail.

They squelched him instantly by a pressure of silence.

"Probably we won't find more'n one boar," explained Dougherty, "and to avoid an argument we 'll leave only one man there. The question is, who'll do the dirty work? It'll be taking a chance, of course."

Volunteers instantly raised a clamor. Kibbey was too modest to push his claims, but he was fairly shaking with eagerness.

"To make it all fair and square," Dougherty proposed, "let's draw lots."

Kibbey won, of course; and the hunt was scheduled for the following Sunday afternoon. How they ever persuaded the captain of Company F to rig himself up as he did, I don't know, but Kibbey appeared on the scene with three pairs of spirals wrapped round his legs, to prevent the ferocious creature gnawing at his calves; a helmet on his head; a fur coat to protect his body; and in his hands an automatic revolver, a trench knife and a heavy club.

"Hi, wait a minute!" cried Dougherty. "How're you going to save your face? Get a mask, somebody!"

So they hung a baseball mask on him, and the hunter was equipped for the fray. They stationed Kibbey in a glade and blithely departed to round up the quarry.

In half an hour or thereabouts the captain heard the shouts and huzzas of the beaters and presently the worried grunting of a hog. Next moment the animal broke cover directly opposite him and halted, eying Kibbey with a suspicion tinged with a great wonder. The captain sighted carefully and fired; and the pig scampered away into the woods, squealing.

Hardly had the noise died away when an old peasant burst into sight, waving his hands and crying that the American captain had ruined him utterly—*mais oui*, had blighted his life beyond redemption! What did he mean by shooting their only pig, the prop and mainstay and joy of their old age? Then the beaters appeared, with a precision strongly suggestive of the chorus in a comic opera, and a long wrangle ensued. It ended in Kibbey pa[y] the farmer a hundred francs for injury to the porker. [To] be sure, he would not die, but he would inevitably [lose] weight from the wound because his feelings had bee[n] grievously hurt.

Kibbey could take a joke on himself, additional p[roof] that he was devoid of a real sense of humor; and he bor[e] grudge against Dougherty for the incident. Neither [did] he flare up or show rancor when the lieutenant play[ed] scurvy trick on him at La Folie.

It happened that the Blanks were going into the lin[es] the first time, and after a long day's hike Compan[y] rested for the night in a ramshackle group of farm b[uild]ings about twelve kilometers from the front. The bille[t] accommodations were scant: One bedroom for the officers; the men slept with the cows and sheep in barn, and up in the haymows.

It had been a punishing day, and Kibbey slept li[ke a] log—slept so hard that the outfit was about ready to r[ide] before he dragged himself out from under the warm fea[ther] quilt. Consequently he had no time to wash or make [a] sort of toilet—simply grabbed his blouse and ran int[o] yard.

When he appeared a titter rippled through the r[anks] The sleepiest doughboy there grew wide awake. Gal[es] laughter; for the captain's face was as black as the a[ce] spades. Dougherty had worked on him with a burnt [cork] during the night.

It might have gone hard with Dougherty, of Com[pany] M, had not the Old Man begun to snigger when that y[oung] was brought up on the carpet. But the colonel could[n't] forget the glimpse of Kibbey he caught in passing [at] Folie. So: "Get out of here. Quick! I'll atten[d to] your case later." And next day the Old Man had too [many] matters of importance to worry over, to bother with [the] pranks of a shavetail.

The Blanks got their first taste of war in the Toul [sec]tor. It was very quiet. They didn't know it then; [they] learned that later. To the untried Blanks, going into [the] line opposite frowning St.-Mihiel was like plunging [into] the jaws of hell. They had been reading about carnag[e] three years; they had listened to the tales of the Fr[ench] who had been through it; a thousand times they [had] talked over what might happen. As a consequence ev[ery] body was jumpy.

Especially taut were the nerves of the officers an[d] those who had to shoulder responsibility. Major Bi[ll] in command of the battalion to which Company F [be]longed, displayed a hair-trigger temper during the w[hole] tour.

"What's the matter with Kibbey, anyhow?" he snap[ped] while discussing patrols with two other company [com]manders in the battalion P.C.

"Why, I didn't know there was anything the m[atter] with him, sir."

"Something's on his mind. Mopes round like a [dog] with the mange."

There was a discreet silence. If the Front worrie[s a] officer—or should one break under the strain—the o[ther] don't care to talk about it.

The major went questing for information. [He] walked through every foot of the trenches his batt[alion] occupied and stopped for lunch and most of the after[noon]

th salient held by Company F. He found Kibbey
slee in his dugout, after being up all night, and did not
akeim.

Wadering back to the company kitchen, located under
e rns of a house, the major opened up a conversation
ith se O'Brien, whilst he drank a cup of coffee.

"Ow's the captain?" he inquired casually.

"Yell, sir, I don't believe the capatin isa feelin' good,"
wed the wop, always ready to talk frankly on any
jet.

"That so? What's the matter?"

"eculiar whine, rising to a shriek, delayed the cook's
k They heard a scurry of feet as the doughboys loaf-
rir the kitchen ducked for cover, and then the crash
rapnel shell above the door. "Where did that baby
"Keep count on 'em, Dan." "Watch me when
them G-I cans comes over. Oo, là là! Ten yards
r-fifth flat."

k waited until the usual salvo had burst. "Does the
jt want to know what I think?" he demanded, placidly
i the fire.

"Soot."

"Yell, sir, I think it's a skoit," said the cook, from the
it of dark experience.

h there the conversation ended, because a battalion
mander can't talk over a captain's affairs with the
k it simply isn't done. However, O'Brien had given
new angle.

"Ou'll have to rig up some other way of carrying off
nsmoke," the major cautioned before departure.
nody could see that five miles." Then he made a
k for the trench, because a kitchen is about the un-
fe spot in the line to loiter near, and it was the hour
th afternoon when Heinie was wont to open up.

"skirt, hey?" he muttered as he sloshed through the
ud "I wouldn't be surprised. Unless a man's sick it's
fe o figure there's a girl in it when he loses interest.
nd Kibbey's health's all right."

On the day before they were to be relieved the top sergeant of Company F came to his dugout to see him. And when he had told his story Biggar didn't know whether to send for a medico to examine the sergeant or to put him under arrest on the spot for deliberate, malicious lying. Had somebody mentioned casually to the major that the Archbishop of Canterbury was being talked about for having done the shimmy in Trafalgar Square he could not have been more amazed.

"It's the truth, sir. The captain was so drunk he couldn't walk good. And he kept talking and making a noise. It's a wonder they didn't hear him and get the whole patrol."

"Of course. Of course," answered the major kindly, for it was plain that the top sergeant had gone out of his head. "Sit down, sergeant. You're worn out."

With some warmth: "If you don't believe me ask any of the men, sir. Or just send for the captain himself, major. He's still stewed."

"I suppose you know," remarked the battalion commander, "that Captain Kibbey was never known to take a drink. He's a teetotaler."

This information appeared to jolt the sergeant, but he immediately recovered. "Maybe so, sir. But if he wasn't soused last night, then we've throwed a lot of birds in the jug for nothing. Why not send for him before he sobers up?"

The merest child reared in a prohibition state could have seen from Kibbey's demeanor that the sergeant was right. To be sure, he stood very straight and saluted smartly, but he leaned much too far back, and it was obvious that the rich hue of his face owed as much to moonshine as to sunshine.

"The complaint is that you were drunk on night patrol, Captain Kibbey."

"No, sir. Perf'ly sober."

"Had you been drinking?"

The captain pondered this question long and carefully, but it wasn't in him to lie. "Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Just some out of bottle. Coupla drinks."

"And where did you get a bottle?" the major continued, stern now.

"Rather not say, sir. No fair."

"We'll see about that later. You know the orders. Why did you take those drinks?"

"That," responded Kibbey solemnly, teetering on his feet—"personal matter."

The battalion commander stared at him a while. He hated to do it, but there was no alternative.

"You're under arrest," he said. "Lieutenant Cooper will take over the company. Report at regimental headquarters in two hours."

"Yes, sir," answered Kibbey, dazed. He saluted and went out.

In due time a court tried Kibbey. The evidence against him was overwhelming. Not a man on the patrol but tried to soften the story, and several of them lied nobly; but the captain himself admitted that he had drunk an unknown quantity of cognac, because he was wretched and worried over a personal matter, and it was proved beyond a doubt that his behavior had been reckless and criminally careless in No Man's Land, thereby endangering the lives of the men under his command.

As character witnesses his counsel, Lieutenant Dougherty, called Major Biggar and the Old Man himself; but though they gave him a spotless reputation the offense with which he was charged could not be overlooked or glossed in war. Kibbey was sentenced to loss of his commission and ten years in Leavenworth. You see, sometimes an individual has to be sacrificed as a warning to others.

Then the members of the court did a curious thing. They about-faced and unanimously signed a recommendation for clemency, pointing out his previous exemplary conduct and character. And Kibbey did not go to prison.

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Not by Any Act of Congress Was He "Officer and Gentleman," But by Gift of the Men He Had Led

DOWN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

JUST for your information, in case you should happen not to know, I would assure you that the Black Sea is black. It is rightly named. And it is not beautiful either. Its rugged and mountainous shores may be beautiful, but itself is not—at least not often. I have seen it in a spectacular sunset which lit its far horizons with flame and capped its somber waves with color, and then perhaps it was beautiful. But even then it had a sinister look. Its depths are peculiarly forbidding. It never smiles; it gleams grandly at times, but it never smiles. It has none of the friendliness in its heart that one feels on other seas and oceans.

This may be the rankest imagination on my part, but I think it is not. Nearly everybody gets the same impression of it; nearly everybody recognizes its austerity—vaguely no doubt, but unmistakably—and the hostility that is expressed in its darkness and its depths. It is the deepest of the deep, deep seas.

No, the Black Sea is not alluring at any time; but I do not mind telling you that when the little French destroyer on which I was making the trip from Constantza to Constantinople wallowed out into it in the teeth of a lightning-illumined tempest I felt as though I were saying good-by to the world, and I got a vision of myself being received away-way down somewhere in a black coral palace where an Othellolike Neptune held court in the midst of darkly iridescent Ethiopian mermen and mermaids. With a fine old gray-bearded Neptune and with blond and blue-eyed sea folk—children of the sun—it may be that one would feel more or less at home. But the idea of landing among creatures of an unfathomable dark filled me with a kind of fear. I did not want to drown in the Black Sea.

We were all sitting in the tiny cabin amidships—the messy little place where the officers get their meals. We were battened down; every crack and crevice was closed and the atmosphere was suffocating. We braced ourselves and clung to anything that offered a handhold in order that we might not be hurled against the bulkheads. The little craft stood on her beam ends every so often, then rolled so far over that it seemed impossible that she could ever right herself. I thought of the great mine field we were skirting. Nobody has ever yet had time to sweep up the mines. Was it not possible that one of them would break loose from its cable in such a storm and float across our bows? Bang! Zoo-roo-o-of! And then what?

I was on a French destroyer because there was nothing else in the Black Sea at the moment that I could travel on. There were American food ships coming and going, but the next one was scheduled to sail from Constantza a week later, and a week in Constantza was not to be thought of. A small Rumanian mail boat was plying between Constantza and Constantinople semioccasionally, but aside from the fact that it was Rumanianly ill-kept it was thought to be exceedingly unsafe. I was told that I would be merely foolhardy to venture on it. The French officers invited me to go with them, and as they were sailing under orders they put out at their appointed hour regardless of the weather. It was pretty awful!

The Beauties of the Bosporus

THE gallant French captain smiled at my vagaries about the denizens of the deep—which were smilingly expressed, of course—and said he was surprised to find that I was such an excellent sailor. In the sense he meant, I am. A ship may do any blessed thing it likes, I am never seasick. But just the same I prefer an even keel. There is no discomfort I can think of to be compared with the discomfort of being tossed about by the sea. And how the boys in the navies—on the torpedo boats, the destroyers, the patrols and all the little craft—live through it year in and year out passes my understanding.

The captain let all holds go in order to light another cigarette, and just as he was tossing the burnt match away a big wave struck us and he was thrown violently across the table. He picked himself up, looked at the glowing and uninjured tip of his fresh smoke and said: "*Bon! Très bon!*"

"*Bon?*" said I. "Wha-d'ye mean—*bon?*" He was collecting American phrases and the slipshoddier they were the better he liked them.

He laughed and repeated: "Wha-d'ye mean—*bon?*"

"I wish we were a submarine and could get down under all this and be quiet," said I.

"My dear madame," he replied, "we are a submarine. This little brute of a boat is convinced that she's a submarine. And I assure you she is more successfully submersible than many a real submarine I have sailed on. Please to be entirely reassured."

Mrs. Egan on a French Destroyer in the Black Sea

I needed no reassurance. My confidence in the nonchalant French sailors was sublime, but I glanced with increasing frequency out through the sea-washed port, hoping to catch a glimpse of the headlands that are the pillars of the gate of the Bosporus.

It was earliest morning when we gathered together in the cabin, and we had been tossed about and tormented for something like fifteen hours. But even so we were nearly on time. She was a sturdy little vessel and her engines never missed a beat. The sun was just spreading a mantle of morning rose over a very wonderful world when we passed the lighthouse rock which guards the entrance to the Bosporus and steamed into quiet waters. Outside as an aftermath of storm the monstrous seas were climbing the great black cliffs in walls of wind-blown foam and spray into which the sun sent level rays. It was thrilling to look at, but not at all nice to be out in.

It is commonly conceded, I believe, that the Bosporus is the most beautiful stretch of water on earth, and to its natural grandeur the Turks have added an Eastern charm that is beyond anyone's power to describe. Not that I have any wish to describe it. Descriptions are supposed to be tiresome. I read somewhere recently that no one enjoys a description except the person who writes it. Or was it that no one enjoys a description of a sunset except the person who writes it? Yes, that was it. In any case I shall not attempt to describe the Bosporus, though it would please me to gather up all the world that loves sublimity in God's handiwork and enchantment in man's to companion me through that amazing waterway the existence of which, as it exists, is said by those who analyze events to have been the basic cause of mankind's most self-ruinous upheaval.

In 1915, when the British guns were hammering at Gallipoli and the Turkish guns were hammering at them, I was in Constantinople, and I remember climbing the heights of Ayub one afternoon at a point just below where the Sweet Waters of Europe pour down to freshen the salt that is freshened, too, by the Sweet Waters of Asia afar off on the opposite shore. These sweet waters of East and West come near together in the vast sweep of the Bosporus, but it is said they never meet. The swift currents carry them their separate ways and the eternal strife between them is made manifest by a kind of broad No Man's Land of underwhirl that is as dangerous as a maelstrom. It roils and boils beneath a smooth shining surface—an opalescently oily, grinning, coaxing surface—and hurls its elements eventually into the heaven-blue depths of the Sea of Marmora.

From the heights of Ayub I looked out over a scene that surpasses all others for sheer charm and spectacular magnificence: the splendid reaches dividing waters and the great glowing fringing the edges of two worlds, its sions as distinctive as the eternally irreconcil civilizations that created them. And as I g upon this scene I talked with the friend who was me about the war. I asked the question that not ever yet has answered, though he thought he swered it then. He had in mind, no doubt, the l cherished ambition of Russia.

"What are the Turks fighting for?"

"For this," he replied, making an all-embra gesture with his gray-green-clad arm to indicate wide-spreading city. "They are fighting to save th

"In that case," said I, "they are fighting on wrong side. If they were with the Entente they only would stand a chance of saving this but would be on the way toward rehabilitation an the people of the earth."

Turkey's Fatal Mistake

I DID not then realize how true this was. In light of what the Peace Conference has done, what would you say would be Turkey's posi to-day if she had been an ally instead of an ene The British thought of their inability to attach to the Allied side as a failure in diplomacy and rou berated their diplomatists. But what do you pose British diplomacy would do with a Turkey w interests had to be regarded as the interests of a fri a Turkey claiming aggrandizement and reward stead of a Turkey submitting to dismemberment punishment? Is it not an interesting question?

"You seem to be pretty confident that the A will win," said my friend.

"Eventually. I have never doubted it."

He laughed scornfully.

"And even if they don't," I continued, "what will a German victory do the Turks? Do they t for one moment that a victorious Germany will them back their Constantinople?"

Again he laughed—scornfully. And well he mi too—just then. Germany was for the time being conqu in many zones; it was the eve of a terrible British dis at Gallipoli and the city had draped itself in its triumpl colors. The Turkish flag predominated in all such cele tions, but from the roof of the German Embassy—l and isolated on the heights of Pera—the German stretched its folds always in the breeze with what see to me to be a consciously masterful and lordly air. I h it. So did many others in Constantinople. It was the of Germany's utmost ruthlessness and there was no q tion in anybody's mind as to what the Germans were fi ing for. I remember a week-end party at Prinkipo that arranged in order that we might escape for a little w from Germans and the German flag—at least that what we said; and we felt it too. It was an Amer Embassy party, with one poor little English girl who lived all her life in Constantinople and who had to get mission from the Germans to join us.

We enjoyed every hour. There was not a German German flag on the island. The Germans were busy fi ing the war and keeping the Turks on the move. They no time for Prinkipoing. And they had no inclination haps. The atmosphere of the island of Prinkipo is pe iarly soothing and not what one would expect a Germa those days to long for. The suggestion that the Bolshe meet their enemies for a conference at Prinkipo seeme me to be a good one. I thought the needle-carpeted s ness of the great pine forest through which one look through a million-pillared twilit temple, out into the of the Sea of Marmora would subdue them if anything co

The sun went down while I sat on the heights of A with my German-American friend. The flags were fu and saluting cannon boomed. The gray of a sumn evening settled upon the city and was made grayer l myriad gleams from lighted windows and street lar Constantinople was never darkened. Precautions taken in certain areas perhaps, but in general there wa fear of aëroplanes. The British jolly well hadn't got th as they would say. What the Germans and Turks fear, however, was the British submarines that came from Gallipoli—at what risk who can imagine!—loo for the Goeben and the Breslau and the Turkish ships carried men and munitions down through the Dardane They never did get the Goeben or the Breslau, but finished the Turks. It was along about this time that Barbarossa was sunk in the Sea of Marmora. It was Barbarossa, was it not, that was the last of the Tur fleet? There were a lot of battered old hulks lying a angles and leaning against each other up in the Go

Ho: and the Turks referred to them smilingly as being 'sic—ver' ver' sick!"

Te sweet gray of the evening began to be cut across by on;white shafts from searchlights playing upon the surface of the Bosporus, in and out among the weather-roned houses, the heaven-kissing minarets of a hundred mosues and the white waterside palaces of the elect of Sta boul and Scutari. A long luminant ray fastened itself upo the massive and magnificent pile of St. Sofia—among he irst of Christ's princely temples on earth and for neay a half millennium a Moslem mosque—and I heaved a si that came up from deep depths of depression within me. I could not bear the report we got that day that the Brish landing at Suvla Bay had resulted in the slaughter of tenty thousand Englishmen, the capture of ten thousan more and a tremendous Turkish victory. This was a gre exaggeration, but it was what they told us. Why hou d I not have been depressed?

"Vell, so far as the Germans are concerned," said I, thy say to the Turks: 'Heads we win, tails you lose.'"

Ad my German-American companion responded: "Kmet!"

Tis man was the "Fritz" who figured rather conspicuus in my stories from Constantinople in 1915 and I have ften been asked what became of him. I did not know, nd, too, wondered. I know now. Only about a week ago e fated back into my circle of observation. I had known im rom his student days. His father and mother were ot born in Germany, and German had always been the on language of his family in the Western city where he asborn. But he went to public school and was as tanchly American as any boy could be. And he was ver ambitious. He had to work his way through school ecuse his people were poor, and he did it with a display f etermined energy and sustained purpose that won for im the admiration of everybody who knew him. He oied in restaurants as a dishwasher during school terms nd summer he went to lake-id resorts as a waiter and all-oul handy man.

He went through the medical nd surgical courses at the Uni-ersity of Chicago and becom-ng an extraordinary operator roan opportunity to work for w le with the Mayo brothers. Th he passed the necessary xa inations and got himself ak on by the Government for erice in the Philippines. By hatime he was all of twenty-nr years old and six feet of er promising Teutonic man-oc.

Fritz Comes Home

HE CAME back from the Philippines with a proud ecid and went to Harvard. He oo post-graduate work in one epartment of the medical col-eg and taught in another, and n te course of a year or so he was ento Germany as an exchange ro sor. There the war caught im He was thoroughly Ger-ain in his sympathies, naturally, ndin a nest of German scien-ist he was not likely to hear nyhing that would tend to hage his sentiments. He oind up immediately and was en to Constantinople to take hage of a military hospital, and s was there—to my very great stnishment—that I found im He was getting all the op-rang that any surgeon could osbly desire, and my frequent ugestions that he get out and nup on the right side of the orict were met with good-atred assurances that I didn't nw what I was talking about.

He saw the light eventually, ov ver, and when his own ou try went to war with Ger-nay he made a brave effort to et out in order that he might join n merican hospital unit. And I ow him well enough to be erictly sure that he was sin-er But it was too late. By ha time he had been trans-er d from Constantinople and va operating in an evacuation oital just behind the German lines. He had no American passport because he went to Germany at a time when passports were not necessary, and even his request for permission to go to Berlin for the purpose of registering as an American at the Spanish Embassy was denied. Then one dark night he made an attempt to escape. He was caught and sent to prison, where he stayed for several months. He was finally let out on parole within a restricted area, but was compelled to report to the authorities every few hours. At the beginning of the armistice he went to Berlin, but he was not permitted to leave the country until after peace was signed.

Penniless and somewhat shabby, after more than two years without work of any kind, he landed in the United States late in July; and having been with the Germans for six years and speaking nothing but German he came home speaking the American language with a marked Teutonic accent. He took his courage in his hands and went back to his native city to meet the inquiries of his American brethren who have known him always, and there is no doubt in my mind that they will make everything just as difficult and unpleasant for him as they can.

Poor old Fritz! I thought of him as my little French destroyer steamed up the Bosporus and as the city of domes and minarets, of towers and terraced hill slopes, of ancient grandeurs and fascinations came into view. I thought also of the flag that had been so long my pet abomination. The too boldly dominating German Embassy on the heights of Pera had a barren and deserted look. The imperial eagle still spread its wings on the corners of the roof, but from the tall flagstaff no flag was flying and the windows were all shuttered and blank. This seemed to me to change the look of the whole city.

I missed also the comfortable emptiness of the harbor. The outbreak of the war did not catch many vessels in port at Constantinople, and afterward, of course, none could get in. There was one big German passenger ship from Hamburg called General, which lay always up alongside the Galata bridge and was used as a kind of club by German sailors. Then there were a number of submarines that were operating in the Mediterranean. The U-57 I remember particularly, because she was so big and had such a bad reputation; a good reputation from the German viewpoint. I got caught on Galata bridge one day when it opened to let her pass out on a mission of destruction, and I thought to myself: "Oh, if I only had a bomb!"

And there were a few old cargo tramps. The fine white yacht of the ex-Khedive of Egypt lay out in midstream in the Golden Horn and was supposed to be a rendezvous for certain persons who reveled in unseemly ways at unseemly hours and held secret meetings, while our naval yacht Scorpion was tied up on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn between a couple of Turkish revenue cutters. Sedate she was, merely sedate and unquestioning. The wrecked remnant of the Turkish Navy stood close in against the shore under the cliffs of Pera. That was all; and the harbor, being very large, looked curiously empty. To keep them safe from British submarines the Goeben and the Breslau were hidden away in a tiny bay a mile or so up the Bosporus, while all their guns had been sent down to Gallipoli.

Breakfast on the Scorpion

BUT what a difference now! We could hardly find a place to drop our anchor! And when we did it was in the shadow of the great hulk of a British superdreadnought—the Iron Duke. And besides the Iron Duke there were battleships and cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers, patrols and mine sweepers—a whole British fleet. And there were many Frenchmen, too, and Italians and Greeks of all kinds, to say nothing of cargo vessels, troop ships and dozens of very busy-looking tugs and launches moving laboriously or swiftly hither and thither.

The only American in sight was still the old Scorpion, but that was because Admiral Bristol had taken the Nahma and the Nohma—small converted yachts—and a destroyer or two for a cruise down the coast of Asia Minor. The Greeks were going in at Smyrna and it was desirable that our admiral should be on hand with the rest of the world's representatives for a look-see, as our Chinese friends would express it. As the only friendly enemy the Turks have, we should have been represented by a more formidable naval force perhaps. I thought we should. If there had been a mate for the Iron Duke, for instance, taking up Iron Duke space in the harbor under the Stars and Stripes it would have given the Americans present a better chance to feel that they were just as good as anybody. But we don't seem to care much for display.

I left my French destroyer and went aboard the Scorpion for breakfast and to get the news of the day. The principal news item, so far as I was concerned at the moment, was that they had been holding a room for me at the Pera Palace Hotel for four days at ten dollars a day.

"And lucky for you too!" said the captain. "There hasn't been a vacant room in Constantinople since Odessa was evacuated. But we got your wire and went up and demanded a room as a right and they turned somebody out. We thought you would be in that evening, of course, else we'd have waited. But once we got it we didn't dare give it up."

I expressed my heartfelt gratitude and tried to act as if forty dollars meant nothing to me.

"But why the grand and glorious price?" I asked. "I didn't know there were any ten-dollar rooms in the Pera Palace."

"There 'aren't, but that's what they make you pay. And it's nothing but a dinky little room at that. The town is full of Russians and they have run the cost of living up until it beats anything the world has ever seen. A great many of

(Continued on Page 165)

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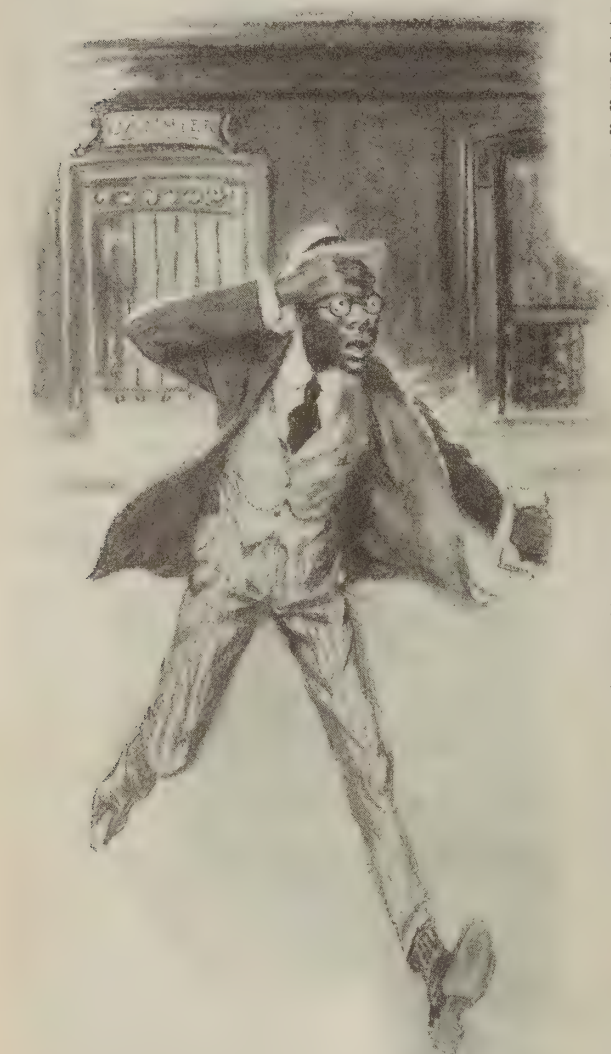
Looking Down the Bosporus. A Building of Robert College Next to the Ancient Wall Tower

All's Swell That Ends Swell

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



THE sleep-laden eyes of Mr. Florian Slappey opened reluctantly upon a flood of midmorning sun which streamed in through the uncurtained window and made terribly visible the worn spots of the rug which partially covered the floor. Mr. Slappey yawned, shook his head and sent forth inquiring fingers to a chair which stood by the side of his bed. They closed about a package of Turkish cigarettes and a match. Mr. Slappey lighted one of the cigarettes, inhaled luxuriously and lay back upon his pillow.

Christopher Traveled in High With the Accelerator Depressed to the Limit

But Florian was not happy—at any rate not to the point of inconvenience. His worldly assets consisted of the best wardrobe boasted by any colored man in the city of Birmingham, an overdue account for the room which he occupied, nine dollars in cash and an insistent yearning for the fleshpots.

Florian was up against a proposition. From a nebulous background a form was emerging and the form was labeled "Job." Florian was not personally opposed to work—provided it was the other fellow who was working. As for himself, he considered it beneath his dignity to labor at regular hours for someone else. Much of his social preëminence was due to the fact that he was looked upon as being a man of means, one to whom work might be a delight but certainly not a necessity. And Florian cared no more for his social prestige than a one-eyed man cares for his sole surviving optic.

The cigarette burned down to the chocolate fingers which clutched it and was flipped through the window. And then Florian sniffed. He sat up in bed and sniffed again. The odor was unmistakable—he had smelled similar smells before. He knew that it was bacon in the process of broiling. He had become poignantly aware of the fact that 'a rapidly depreciating cash balance had carried with it the necessity for gustatorial retrenchment. His meals of the past three days had been scanty and unnourishing. And now—he rose quickly and made a dive to swap his lavendar pajamas for a union suit.

"You is in the house with fresh broilin' bacon," he soliloquized. "I think you both needs a intraduction to each other."

He broke all records for quick dressing, despite the extra half minute which pride of place forced him to devote to the knot of his four-in-hand. Then he sauntered languidly down the steps of the rambling house and made his way with well-simulated indifference toward the kitchen, the bacon and his landlady.

Mrs. Lorelie Shoots smiled in a most friendly manner. The picture presented by Florian as he lounged consciously in the doorway was one which demanded tribute. Into the breast of Mrs. Lorelie Shoots there came afresh a surge of pride in owning Mr. Slappey as one of her three roomers.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Mawnin', Missis Shoots. How you is makin' it this fine day?"

"Tol'able, thank the Lawd! An' you?"

"Oh, kind of! Where yo' husban' is at?"

"He's done been down to the barber shop sence seven-thutty. He's a workin' man, Christopher is. It's jes' a shame that a man which is got his education an' 'bility is got to be a barber."

Florian nodded sympathetically.

"Times is boun' to change, Missis Shoots. With all them swell pieces Christopher is writin' for the papers they is boun' to reckernize him as a great man some day soon. Yas'm, Missis Shoots, you sho' was lucky when Christopher puck you out to get ma'ied to."

"Wa'n't I jes'?"

Florian glanced round.

"Semore Mashby is went out too, ain't he?"

"He's been gone sence seven o'clock. He's the workines' man. But he pays his room rent—in adwance, which is mo' than some of my roomers does."

Florian affected not to notice the personal barb.

"Does you mean to infohm me," he inquired with righteous indignation, "that Spokane G. Washington, which has the room next to me, owes you fo' his rent?"

"Yeh, I does. N'r neither that ain't all. The man which has the room next to him owes me fo' two months—twen'y dollars altogether."

Florian smiled genially.

"The room nex' to him? I 'clare to goodness, Missis Shoots, you is got the jokines' way of reminding me that I owes you a triflin' sum. It takes a ginuwine lady to be delicate like'n to that."

She was pitifully insistent. It was plain that she did not wish to jangle Mr. Slappey's high-strung nerves or offend his obvious gentility.

"You is gwine pay me real soon, ain't you, Mistuh Slappey?"

He waved his hand airily.

"Co'se I is. Ain't I tol' you that befo'?"

"You is been tellin' me that fo' two months. Co'se you un'erstan's, Mistuh Slappey, that I don't noways question that you is got the money, an' I is shuah that you ain't paid it on'y 'count of the fac' that you hates to bother with such small 'mounts, but my husban' is kinder worryin' me lately—Ise consid'able skeered he's gwine fin' out ——"

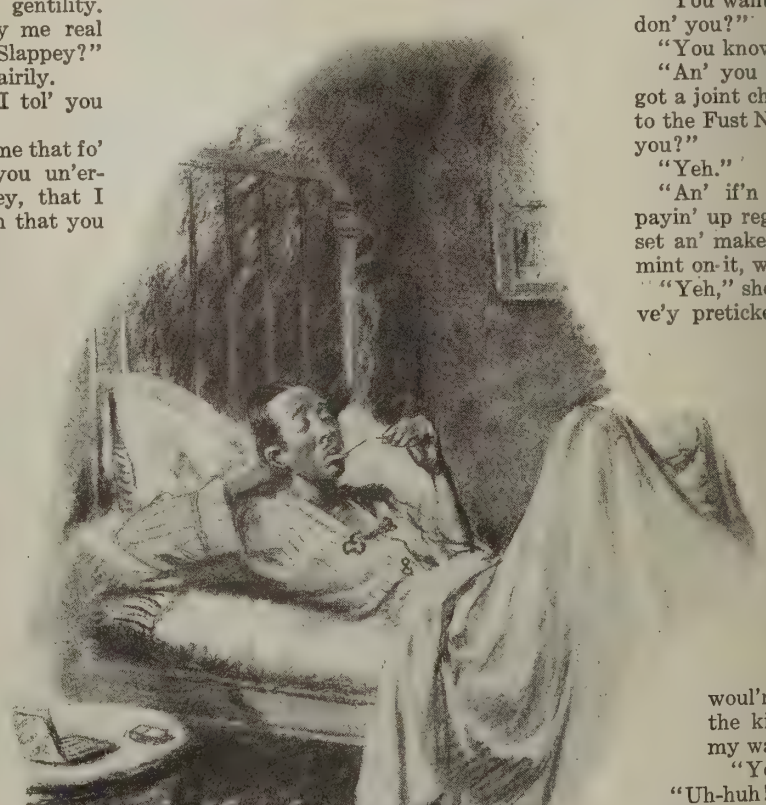
"Fin' out which?"

She seated herself at the kitchen table and happened to intercept a longing glance which Florian cast upon the platter of broiled bacon and the pan of new white biscuits.

'He'p yo'se'f, Mistuh Slappey. I'll bet you ain't et no breakfas' ontil yet."

"No-o, I ain't hahdly b'lieve I has."

She rose and poured for him a cup of steaming coffee. Florian went at the meal delicately, with the air of a connoisseur.



Florian Was Up Against a Proposition. From a Nebulous Background a Form Was Emerging and the Form Was Labeled "Job"

"Hm! Y some swell Missis Sh Now, reegal yo' husban'?

"It's thisaway," said Mrs. Shoots, immensely reliev the prospect of unbosoming her troubles. "From the go-off when I wanted to rent this heah house on a y least at thutty dollars a month Christopher was against it. He said we should keep the li'l house wh had on Avenue F ontil the future shaped itse'f mo' de an' suttin.

"But I an' Christopher ain't be'n ma'ied fo' so lon I soht of argied him out of hisse'f. I splained that I git me th'ee roomers at ten dollars a month each would pay the rent an' we could save up the rent whi was payin' in the other house.

"Livin' in a house like'n to what this is, Mistuh Sla makes us as swell as any cullud folks in town, an' t puck my boarders careful. Fust off I got Semore Ma which while mebbe he's a ol' skinflint is sho' nu riches' cullud man in Bummin'ham. Then I got which is the swellest young feller in the city."

"You sho' called 'em that time, Missis Shoots."

"An' then I got Mistuh Spokane G. Washin'ton, w thought was a respectful an' sicksesful business man. so far fo' the two months I is been heah, Mistuh Sla you ain't paid me nothin' an' Mistuh Washin'ton is paid fo' the fust month. Semore Mashby is the on'ies which has paid in full what he owes."

Florian leaned confidingly across the table and ered himself of sage and sympathetic advice.

"Lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Missis Shoots. you never let no money troubles git yo' goat. It don you nowhere."

"But," she wailed, "I is had to skimp on the keepin' to pay the rent an' I ain't even been able to fust paymint on the set of mahogamy fu'niture plannin' to git fo' mine an' Christopher's room."

Florian tchk'd commiseratingly.

"Ain't that too bad? An' all because that wu Spokane Washin'ton is dead-beatin' you."

"N'r neither you ain't paid me nothin', Mistuh Slap

"Me? Don' you worry none 'bout me payin' you. is as suttin to git my money real soon as you is th got it."

"An' I is fallin' behime ev'y minute, an' Christ knows that you an' Mistuh Washin'ton ain't paid u I ain't got my mahogamy bedroom set."

"You wants that set a don' you?"

"You know I does."

"An' you an' Christop got a joint checkin' 'count to the Fust National Bank you?"

"Yeh."

"An' if'n yo' boa'der payin' up regalar yo'd bu set an' make yo' fust cash mint on it, woul'n't you?"

"Yeh," she moaned, "a ve'y pretickeler set whic done puc is gwine b ve'y soo promp'ly. A if'n I was it now C pher woul where the come fro then he'd had gone debt some an' ——"

"Huh! S h o o t s woul'n't learn not the kin' if'n you my way."

"Yo' way?"

"Uh-huh! You see, I bestes' man in this heah fo' gittin' swell scheme you is tore at my heart with yo' story of how meb is gwine lose the ve'y pret mahogamy set which you so I sigges's that you dr fust paymint outen the an' buy the set. Then wh

s it ah put it in my bedroom ontil I an' Spokane is d ujin full an' a few months in adwance. Ontil that e y husban' c'n think that I is bought the furniture wh ev'ything is straightened out he c'n learn that s yarn. An' if'n things ain't go right I is willin' to me ill 'sponsibility fo' the paymints on same."

Lore was dazzled. There was no gainsaying the fact t Frian was a mighty persuasive talker, and Lorelie s wes in pride of house. She had set her heart on that rticlur set and was willing to mortgage her future to ow tat it was positively to be hers. She hesitated.

"I c git that soot fo' a hund'ed an' ten dollars—ten lars own an' five dollars a week."

"An hutty dollars drawed outen the bank would make i allafe an' you could buy the fu'niture an' put it in my om s' not tell Christopher anythin' bouten it ontil all e de was straightened out."

"Mi" Lorelie rose and prepared to wash dishes. ria was right with her.

"Le me he'p you, Missis Shoots."

"Yo he'p me wash dishes?"

"Wh suttinly," he came back, seeing in the future ny ore succulent breakfasts to be paid for by this ght anual labor. "Washin' hes the fondest thing I'm

She ve in, thrilled with the ory being assisted in postlina labors by this mascue soal light.

"Yo is the democratickest ler, listuh Slappey."

He nned a gingham apron er h suit of checkered gray d pished in with a will and eyes o future reward. And h worked he lke—and Florian s considerable talker. me here in the back rt of his head there d bin born the very rm an idea which omid big things for r. lorian Slappey, qui. It had come ther suddenly and he in't know just extly hat he intended ing, ut Florian had o leg lived by his ts t fail in sowing ed fr a crop which ight be needed.

An so he extolled the glo- s wich would come to Mr. d Irs. Christopher P. S. noot by the possession of a ven oom house and a suite of ahcany furniture. He exains to her that the withdrawal a sall amount from the joint nd aintained at the bank by an d wife would merely be the ature of a loan returnable th immediate future when he—Florian Slappey—oulpay the two months' rent already due and six ont in advance, and that meanwhile the suspicions of Ir. Soots would be lulled by the claim that the furniture elond to Florian.

"A' anyway," reflected Mr. Slappey, "even if it don' uk at I ain't riskin' my money, an' I is gwine sleep on inuine mahogamy fo' a month."

If Irs. Shoots had fancied that she entertained a passion or th furniture in question she learned now that her revis desire was as nothing to that which Florian lapy deliberately implanted in her breast. And Florian eingpy nature a man who lightly assumed liabilities and wea d his way out of them was honestly unconscious of ne fit that he was sowing seeds of discord in the herefor happy Shoots household.

Ar Florian was still dilating upon the prestige inevitably ttendant upon the ownership of ginuwine mahogamy urniure in conjunction with a seven-room house with the dvaage, as Lorelie explained: "You is got yo' bath ightheah. You don' have to bring it!" when Sis Callie luk s appeared.

Sis Callie Flukers, dressed in the very excrescence of tyle skinny beyond belief, occurred upon the back porch vhil Florian was wiping off the erstwhile container of the roil bacon. She tapped lightly and slipped into the itch n, narrow-set eyes darting suspiciously from Florian o Lelie and then back again to Florian.

For a brief instant Florian's poise deserted him. He ipp off the domestic apron, flung it into a chair and tart d for the door. Sis Callie Flukers' nasal voice punc- ure the intense silence:

"Looks like I was int'ruptin' sumthin'."

"You ain't int'rupted nothin'," flashed Florian. "I is done finished."

"You ac's right at home," commented Sis Callie.

"Why not? I rooms heah."

"In the kitchen?"

"He—he on'y jes' been he'pin' me," commented Lorelie weakly.

"Tha's it, Sis Callie—I on'y jes' been he'pin' her."

"Fo' a man which never hol's no job you is got fon' of wuk right suddint. We-e-ll, I ain't blamin' you so much. Lorelie is a pretty gal."

"Sis Callie!"

"Don' you min' her, Missis Shoots," interjected Florian hotly. "She don' do nothin' with her mouth on'y talk."

And then Florian fled. He walked downtown at top speed and came to a halt at his favorite lounging place in front of the Champion Moving Picture Theater. He leaned against a telephone post, readjusted his necktie, took notice that his trousers were wrinkleless and idly surveyed the seethe of midday traffic.

Sis Callie Flukers, Dressed in the Very Excrescence of Style, Slipped Into the Kitchen, Narrow-Set Eyes Darting Suspiciously From Florian to Lorelie

"'Lo, Brother Slappey."

Florian turned to face a tall emaciated negro who wore baggy clothes and a worried look. A smile of welcome decorated Florian's face and his hand clasped that of the other man.

"Well, well! If'n 'tain't Editor Vanguard Collins of The Weekly Sponsor! How you is, Editor Collins?"

"Tol'able fine, thank you, Brother Slappey," rumbled the other. "How you is?"

"Prosp'rous. Ve'y prosp'rous." It was not written in Florian's book that others should know of temporary financial embarrassment. "An' how The Sponsor is gittin' on, Editor Collins?"

Vanguard Collins appeared enthusiastic.

"Mos' elegant. Entirely elegant, I might say, Brother Slappey."

"Ain't thinkin' of sellin', is you?" questioned Florian indifferently for want of something better to say. And because he was indifferent he didn't notice the eyes of Vanguard Collins narrow to speculating slits.

"Why you asts that?"

Florian shrugged.

"Jes' int'rusted—tha's all."

Editor Collins pressed the point.

"Int'rusted how?"

"Dunno," laughed Florian. "Mebbe I is consid'rin' goin' into the newspaper game. It's easy an' they's lots of money in it, ain't they?"

"Yeh," retorted Vanguard with a significant nuance, which was unnoticed by Florian. "You said it."

"An' I reckon yo'd be makin' mo' money than what you is if they wa'n't no competition, woul'n't you?"

Vanguard nodded his enormous head.

"Yassuh, you reemahked a wise reemahk that time, Brother Slappey. Co'se my paper is makin' a heap of money, but I is let Brother Crispus Breech, which owns an' edits The Weekly Epoch, know that I stan's ready to pay him a thousan' dollars spot cash fo' his newspaper."

"On'y a thousan' dollars?" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "That ain't sech a big price fo' a newspaper, is it?"

"We ain't got no mechanical 'quipment," explained the editor. "We runs our 'counts from month to month an' has the printin' done at a job plant."

"I see! I see!" said Florian vaguely. "An' you wants to buy out Editor Breech's paper fo' a thousan' dollars?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why won't he sell?"

"I an' him ain't ve'y good frien's, an' it makes him so' to know that my paper is makin' so much money it wan's to buy his'n out. His pride is ag'in sellin'. He's jes' on'y spitin' his nose to cut off his face."

"How come that?"

"'Cause his paper ain't wuth five hund'ed dollars."

"Then why," queried Florian craftily, "is you willin' to pay a thousan' fo' same?"

Editor Vanguard Collins snapped his fingers.

"A thousan' dollars is a mere baggytelle to me, Brother Slappey. An' it'd be wuth that in col' cash to have a clear fiel' an' no rival. I is tellin' you, Brother Slappey, if'n you is thinkin' of enterin' into the newspaper business don' you go foolin' with Brother Breech. His paper ain't wuth nothin', or even less'n that."

"An' you is willin' to pay a thousan' dollars?"

"Cash money." He paused, and then: "Lemme heah from you an' give you a few adwices when you gits to thinkin' serious bouten the newspaper business, will you, Brother Slappey? On'y jes' cause'n I an' you is feller members of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

"I is gwine do that ve'y same thing, Brother Collins. You is sho'ly stahted me thinkin'."

They parted. But the languid expression which had rested on the face of Florian Slappey had also departed. He was having another thought. And to a brain constantly alert for a method by which nothing could be made into something the possibilities developed by the casual dialogue with Editor Collins were limitless.

The thing was plain as two and two. Editor Breech's Weekly Epoch was in a bad way, but it was still strong enough to injure as a piece of business property the flourishing Weekly Sponsor as owned and edited by Vanguard Collins. Editor Breech would probably accept five hundred dollars from an outsider for his decrepit journalistic venture, provided he was kept in ignorance of the fact that it was designed to become the property of his nearest and dearest enemy.

It was all good reasoning on Florian's part, considering that he was not a mind reader. Had he been able to see the workings of Editor Collins' mind he might not have thought as he did think or plan as he planned.

For contrary to his words Editor Vanguard Collins' Weekly Sponsor was in an exceeding bad way. Its bills were far overdue and its creditors insistent.

Vanguard, in common with about ninety-nine per cent of Darktown's population, was victim to the delusion that Florian Slappey was a man of exceeding affluence. Certainly he was a natural recruit to the Afro-American Fourth Estate. Vanguard had come to the belief that Florian was contemplating buying a newspaper and proceeded to press-agent The Weekly Sponsor. It never entered Vanguard's head that Florian was planning to sell him The Weekly Epoch for a thousand dollars. In fact it couldn't have entered his head that anybody was planning to sell him anything. He wasn't in the market for anything but his next meal.

And so Florian stumbled. He had taken Vanguard's hectically optimistic statements at par and in his breast had been born the desire to purchase from Editor Breech The Weekly Epoch for five hundred dollars and then sell it to Editor Collins for a thousand—a clear profit of five hundred dollars without the risk of a penny.

(Continued on Page 122)

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Sammy Hemingway

AMONG the children in the school I attended in the country when a boy were the five Hemingway boys, particular friends of mine. Their father was killed at Shiloh, and when I went to their house to stay all night and found their mother in bad humor I forgave it, as people said the death of Mr. Hemingway had ruined her disposition. Besides, she had seven children, and only one of them was a girl and she was married and lived in a distant state.

One of the Hemingway boys, Sammy, the oldest one, didn't go to school. He was simple-minded, owing to the doctor giving him strong medicine when he was a baby, it was said, so he remained at home and made boots. His father had been a bootmaker before he went away to the war, and Sammy had assisted him. When the father went away it was discovered that Sammy knew the trade, and after that he made the boots for the men and boys in the neighborhood. Most of the men and boys in our section wore rough boots made by Sammy Hemingway. When a man became a little more prosperous than the others he ordered kip boots, with red tops, and Sammy Hemingway made these too.

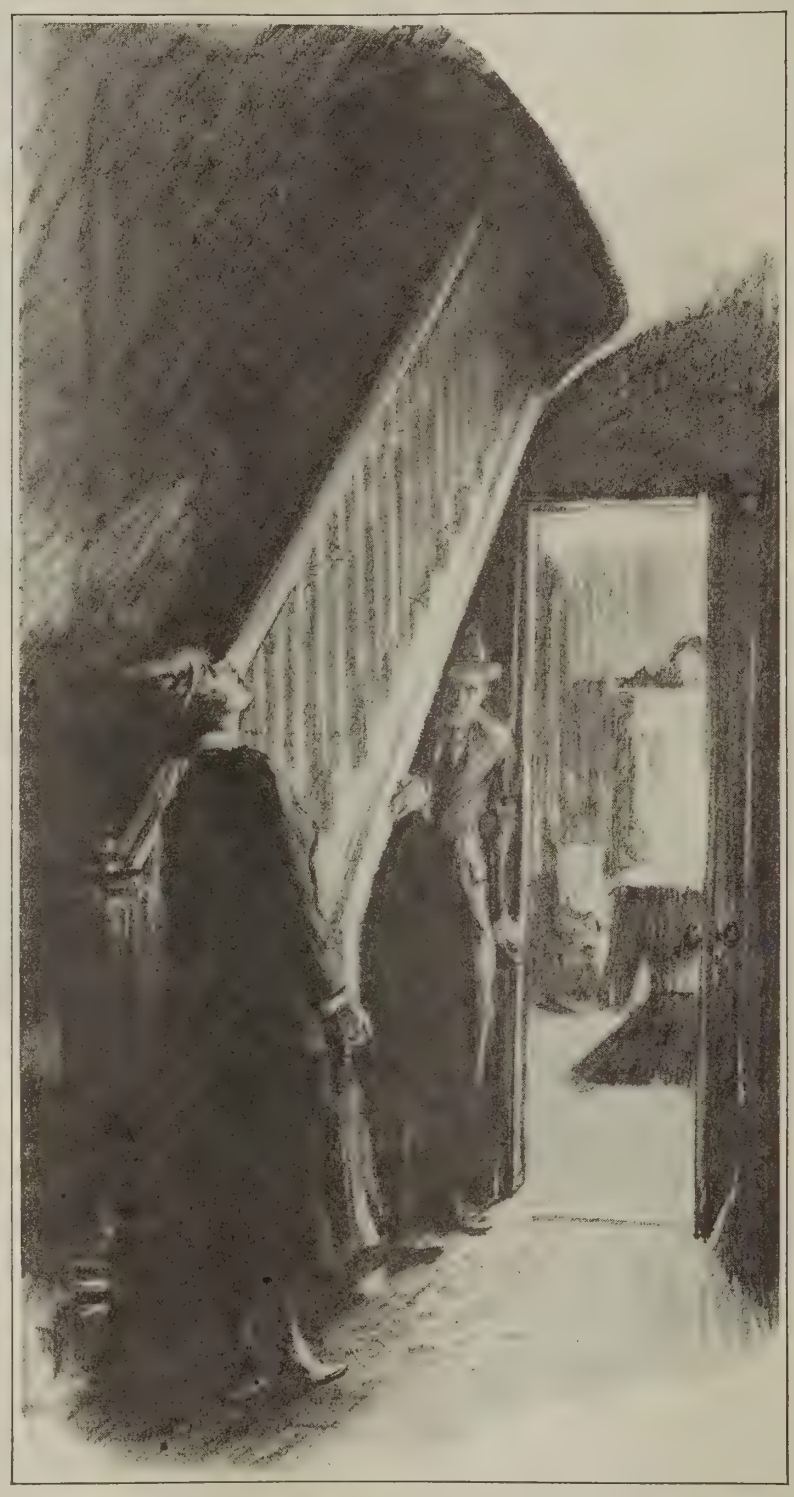
When I needed new boots I was sent to Mrs. Hemingway's, where Sammy measured me; when my old boots needed repairing I was also sent there, where I took off my boots and sat in the room with Sammy until the repairs were completed.

I therefore knew Sammy pretty well, but never knew his mother very well until I began going there to stay all night with her boys, two of whom were near my own age. When we arrived from school we always found Mrs. Hemingway fretful, but the boys would whisper to me that she would be all right after a while, so we kept out of her way and did the evening chores. By the time supper was ready she would usually be a little better natured, but not always; sometimes she would give us all a slap, including Sammy.

Sammy was twenty-five years old, and had black whiskers all over his face, which his mother trimmed occasionally. She also cut his hair and made his clothes. When supper was ready Mrs. Hemingway would put food on his plate, and he would eat it, but he never asked for more. Indeed, he couldn't talk very well, and it was necessary to lead him to the table, and to his room upstairs.

When there were no boots to make or shoes to mend Sammy was led to his room and locked up. When a customer came his mother went for Sammy, and he seemed to understand what was wanted; he had learned it from his father, and measured, and pegged, and sewed, until the work was done. Then he was locked up again.

But though Mrs. Hemingway was always in a bad humor when I went there to stay all night she gradually became better natured toward evening; and when all the work was done she would sit about the fire with us and tell about the people she used to know in Indiana, where she came from. By eight o'clock she was as good-natured a woman as I ever knew, and said she was glad I came, and insisted that I come often.



Though Apparently the Daughter of George Hart and His Wife Margaret, The Princess Was Very Superior to Her Surroundings

Sammy never paid any attention to me; when we children played in the evening he pegged away at his bootmaking without looking up. His workbench was in the main sitting room at one end of the fireplace, and we paid no more attention to Sammy than he paid to us. If he ran out of work he would go over to his mother, tug at her dress and indicate that he was ready to go to his room and be locked up. Occasionally at night when we children went upstairs to bed Mrs. Hemingway would give us the key to Sammy's room, that we might go in and see that he was all right. If he were awake we found him convulsively working his hands, as he always did when not mending or making boots; if he were asleep his right hand was always lying across his forehead, as though he had a pain there. If Sammy ever disturbed anyone it was his mother, for no one else ever took any care of him or knew much about him.

One day when I asked permission of my mother to stay all night with the Hemingway boys she refused, saying Mrs. Hemingway was poorly. After that Mrs. Hemingway's sickness became the topic of conversation for months, and I learned that her fretfulness was due to the fact that she had long been a sufferer from some serious malady. She grew gradually worse, and had no one to help her. The neighbor women took turn about calling on her every day, straightening up, but finally it became apparent that someone must remain with her all the time, which the women could ill afford as they had big families of their own.

About this time I heard that Mrs. Hemingway's married daughter in Indiana had been sent for. It was the custom when anyone went to town to bring home mail for the entire neighborhood, which was distributed by the children. After that when we met anyone coming from town we asked if Mrs. Hemingway's letter had come, for Mrs. Hemingway was growing weaker and greatly needed her daughter.

At last the long-expected letter came; father brought it from town one afternoon, and while I hurried over to her house with it the other children went to the houses of other neighbors, and told them the good news—that Mrs. Hemingway's letter had at last arrived.

When I arrived at the Hemingway house and knocked, Sammy was sitting near the door making boots, but paid no attention to me, but his mother, who was lying in a bed in the same room, told me to come in. She looked dreadfully pale and weak, and asked me to read the letter. It was full of affection, and the w said she would start three days later. Hemingway told me to carry the lett once to my father, which I did, and h cided that it would be necessary for h start for the railroad that night in orc meet her.

When I took the letter to Mrs. Heming I noticed that Sammy, though he was si minded, seemed to realize that some was wrong with his mother. My bringi letter excited him, and he quit his boot ing and went over to his mother and p hand on her forehead, and moaned like a in pain. When he returned to his cha swayed to and fro and forgot about his making for a time, and I was compell hurry out of the room, to keep from c it was so pitiful.

After that we watched the road for of the visitor, for Mrs. Hemingway wa bad off; but when the visitor did arrive, ing two little girls with her, things seem go better at the Hemingways'. The dau whose name was Latimer, straightened t out, and made her mother more comfor Mrs. Latimer was one of the nicest w we had ever seen, and the manner in she was up with her mother night an won us all.

After Mrs. Latimer had been there a r people began to wonder how Mr. Latime it; there were predictions that he wo like doing the milking and the cooking one day when Mr. Latimer arrived we th he had come after his wife, and to make But he hadn't; he had come to help hi and Mrs. Hemingway. We heard of his to town after delicacies for Mrs. Hemin and on returning from these trips he a brought things for the Hemingway boy

Soon after his arrival I was sent over how Mrs. Hemingway was. She wasn better; in fact she was a great deal wors didn't know me. Even Sammy had n some great change, for while I was th rose from his bench, went over to his mo bed and tried to induce her to get up.

Mr. Latimer was in the room, and h tience and gentleness greatly attracted had not been accustomed to that sort of His fondness for his wife and her fondn him also surprised me. I was sent to Hemingway's many times after that to i how she was, and Mr. and Mrs. Lati devotion to each other was a won thing; I had never before seen wive husbands who seemed to think a great d each other.

One night word came to our house Mrs. Hemingway was dead, and I went my father to ring the bell. It was the c in our neighborhood to toll the churc when there was a death, one ring for year of the deceased's age. I sat shi in the church until my father tolled th fifty-seven times, and then we went As we walked along through the darkness, ret home from tolling the bell, my father told me tha day during Mrs. Hemingway's illness she asked th leave the room except Mr. Latimer. When she was with him she asked as her dying request that he be to Sammy. And Mr. Latimer promised, and my seemed much moved by the incident, and I think a people in the neighborhood were. The gentlenes kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Latimer did us all good.

The day after the funeral Mr. Latimer announce he intended taking the family back to his home in In Mrs. Hemingway had requested it, and he thought as little as he could do; so on the fourth morning aft death they started, Sammy sitting on his shoem bench and the boys climbing all over the wagon.

And then, after saying good-by, about the only husband ever known in our neighborhood drove aw

Joe Stevens

WE HAVEN'T a daily paper in our town, but don't greatly miss one, owing to Mr. Steven milkman. In summer he delivers morning and ev

(Continued on Page 158)

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Tombstone—By Frederick R. Bechdolt

DECORATION BY JAMES H. PRESTON

UT about forty
years ago a raw
ing mining camp
n Southeastern
. was preparing to assume the functions of a duly
ned municipality, and its population—at that period
everyone in the place was a male of voting age—
sidering the important question of a name.

camp stood out against the sky line at the crest of a
the foothills of the Mule Mountains not far from
xican boundary. For the most part it consisted of
ts—out there were a few adobe buildings and some
ous creations from goods boxes and tin cans. Facing
el of its single brief street you looked out upon a
f high-grade silver ore, and if you turned the other
u surveyed a sprouting little graveyard hard by a
rral. From almost any point you had a good view
Dragoon Mountains across a wide stretch of
te-covered lowlands, and at almost any hour of the
u were apt to see the smoke of at least one Apache
ire rising from those frowning granite ramparts.

men in the camp were nearly all of them old-timers
West—miners from the Comstock lode whose boom
ten on the wane, teamsters who had been freighting
the blazing deserts of the Southwest, investors and
nts from Tucson, buffalo hunters from Western
and Colorado, gamblers from Dodge, El Paso and
Fe, Indian fighters, cattle rustlers, professional
umpers and some gentle-voiced desperadoes of the
leed, equally willing to slay from behind or take a
iance in front according to the way the play came
w of these men wore coats; a great many of them
single-action revolvers in holsters beside the thigh;
d-fashioned cattleman's boot was the predominant
ur; and, excepting among the faro dealers, there was
y general carelessness in sartorial matters. Nick-
were even more common than surnames and it was
ously bad form to ask a man about his antecedents
e had volunteered some information on that point.
uch a crowd it is easy to see there would be many
son any given subject, and the question of the new town's name had evoked a multitude of suggestions. Amusements were still few; the purveyors of hectic pleasure had thus far succeeded in bringing only one piano and a half dozen dance-hall girls—all decidedly the worse for wear—into the camp; and even faro or whisky has its limitations as a steady means of relaxation, so it came about that any advocate could usually find an audience to hearken to his arguments for his pet selection.

At intervals when they were not toiling at assessment work in the shafts, which pocked the hillsides, or dodging Apaches in the outlying country, the citizens found diversion in discussing the ideas thus submitted. And the merits of these propositions were debated by groups in the brief street, by players seated before the tables in the gambling halls, by members of the never-absent lines before the bars and by dust-mantled travelers within the Concord stages which came tossing over the weary road from Tucson.

Gradually public opinion began to crystallize. One name was spoken more often as the days went by until it became evident that the great majority favored it, and it was chosen.

They called the town Tombstone and placed one more tradition on the Western map.

The old-timers always showed a pretty fine sense of the fitness of things when they christened a river, mountain range or town. If one were to devote his time to studying the map of our country west of the Mississippi and resuscitating the dying traditions whose titles are printed thereupon he could produce a large volume of marvelous stories. But the entire compilation would contain nothing more characteristic of the days when men carried rifles to protect their lives than the story of that name—Tombstone.

It deals with a period when Southeastern Arizona was Apacheland. Geronimo, Victorio and Nachez were constantly leading their naked warriors into the mountain ranges, which rise from those mesquite-covered plains, to lurk among the rocks watching the lower country for travelers, and when these came to descend upon them for the sake of loot and the love of murder. A few bold cattlemen like John Slaughter had established ranches in this region. These held their homes by constant vigilance and force of arms. Escorts of soldiers frequently guarded the stages on their way to and from Tucson, and there was hardly a month in the year when driver, guard and passengers did not make a running fight of it somewhere along this portion of the route.

Such were conditions during the summer of 1877, when the tale begins, in the dry wash which comes down from the Tombstone hills into the valley of the San Pedro, near where the hamlet of Fairbank stands to-day.

Fragments of horn silver lay scattered among the cactus and dagger plants in the bed of the dry wash. There was a point where the stony slope above the bank was strewn with them. A little farther up an outcropping of high-grade ore showed plainly in the hard white sunshine. The flank of the hill was leaking precious metal like a rotting treasure chest.

A solitary Apache stood on a mesa ten miles away. He had cut a fresh trail down in the valley at dawn and had dogged it, reading every minute sign—a displaced rock, a broken twig, a smudge of disturbed earth—until he had the fullness of its meaning: two prospectors leading a pack mule, both men armed and keeping sharp lookout against attack. Then he had climbed to this remote vantage point and caught sight of them as they turned from the river bottom up the wash. They were traveling straight toward that outcropping.

The Apache stood at the edge of the mesa facing the newly risen sun, a savage vision in a savage land. His narrow turban, shred of loin cloth and knee-high moccasins merely accentuated his nakedness. They held no more suggestion of clothing than his mass of rusty-black hair and the ugly smear of paint across his cheeks. A tiny

(Continued on Page 149)

THE WATER'S FINE

"But You're Goin' to be Miss Lolita Somebody. I'm Goin' to Drop You Right Into the Direct Center of the Front Page of Every Paper in the U. S. A."

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

JIMMY MARTIN'S heart persisted in acting like the well-known eyes of the young lady in the song. He just couldn't make it behave. Up to the third week of his summer season as press agent at Jollyland, the big summer amusement park near New York, it had always been a fairly well-mannered and dependable organ, which performed its physiological functions with becoming regularity and which was not accustomed to respond to any external stimuli with anything beyond an occasional slight flutter. To be sure it had acted up a little three years back in connection with a certain dark-eyed beauty who presided over the destinies of the cigar counter up in the Grand Hotel in New Haven, but that had been only a slight attack and it had resumed the even tenor of its ways after a brief interval and had been unobtrusively going through its routine activities ever since.

A most prepossessing young person whose parents had inflicted upon her the name of Miss Lolita Murphy was directly responsible for the alarming symptoms already hinted at. From the precise moment that Lolita came within his ken Jimmy ceased to be a rational being in full control of his faculties; and his heart, in sympathetic accord with the agitated condition of its owner, began to put on an antic disposition and indulged in curious palpitations of a most annoying nature on the slightest pretext. The usual provocation at first was the sight of Lolita herself, but after a day or two even the thought of her produced a cardiac rataplan that would have done credit to the trap drummer of a jazz band.

Lolita, it may be mentioned in passing, lived up to all the implications of the somewhat picturesque cognomen given her by McClintock, the park manager, when Jimmy first pointed her out to his superior.

"She sure is Miss Lulu Looker," McClintock had remarked emphatically.

Lolita was all of that and a little more. Jimmy was not a poet, and he was therefore unable properly to voice the feelings he had about her beauty. Had he been one he might have justly said that her cheeks seemed to have been kissed by the rosy flush of dawn; that in her sable eyes there lurked the eternal mystery of night beneath tropic skies; that her dark hair was as fragrant as the spices of Araby and that her lithe figure had all the gracile curves of a bounding antelope. As it was, he contented himself with the frequent repetition of the decidedly unpoetic expression "some gal," but this represented to him all the ideas noted above and a liberal assortment of others equally glamorous.

Lolita hailed from a small city in Iowa, and ever since the memorable occasion when Maude Adams played Peter Pan in that city for one night only she had cherished a great and overwhelming ambition. Her father ran the drug store next door to the opera house and was a great crony of the manager's. A number of boys and girls were picked up in each town to play the children in the Never Never Land scene and Lolita's fond parent had inveigled the manager into selecting her as one of the group. It was a step that father was to regret vainly for many years, but on the night of her début he was blissfully unconscious of the possibility of any bitter repining in the future and enjoyed the proceedings almost as much as Lolita did.

From that time on Lolita felt the call of the footlights and became convinced that, given the proper opportunities for the externalization of the emotional feelings that lay dormant within her, she was destined to become an international celebrity and the queen regnant of the English-speaking stage. Chauncey Olcott came to town a few weeks later and she persuaded father to work her in as one of the youngsters to whom he sang a lullaby in a high tenor voice down in the "glen," which is always the setting for the third act of an Irish play.

After that there was no holding her. She became a student at Miss Amanda Holliday's School of Dramatic Expression, which occupied three rooms on the second floor of the Turner Block on Main Street, and she participated in the semiannual entertainments given by the budding geniuses who were under the tutelage of that small-town preceptress of the arts. Versatility was her middle name. At one time she would play Ophelia in the mad scene from Hamlet, and appear later on the program in a Spanish dance with castanets, a lace mantilla and all the other necessary properties. Six months later she would combine the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet with an imitation of an imitation of Eddie Foy she had heard given by a monologue artist at the Orpheum Theater.

At the age of nineteen she was the town wonder. The dramatic editor of the Democrat-Chronicle predicted that within a short time "this talented daughter of our esteemed fellow townsman, Henry P. Murphy, seems destined to occupy one of the stellar places in the front ranks of the worth-while artists of our fair country."

Lolita moved on to New York armed with a letter of commendation from Miss Amanda Holliday setting forth that she was "worthy of consideration for any rôle no matter what its importance" and urging theatrical managers "not to neglect this opportunity of obtaining the services of one who is a mistress of the mimetic art in all of its manifold manifestations." She also carried a full set of clippings from the Democrat-Chronicle, one half of her male parent's attenuated account in the First National Bank and an overabundant supply of cheery optimism.

The metropolitan managers' office boys were decidedly cold to the advances of this gifted daughter of the Middle West. They treated her with that air of careless indifference so characteristic of their profession. With one accord all the big and little producers decided to take a big chance and neglect the opportunity which Fat offering them. They were unmoved by the pings from the Democrat-Chronicle with Lolita bombarded them through the mails they were callous to the eulogistic outpou of Miss Amanda Holliday, copies of which accomp each written request for an interview. Lolita's cash r grew perilously low and disaster threatened. Then morning when disillusionment and despair moved i took lodgings in her soul she saw an advertisemen newspaper which was like a life buoy tossed to a dro man.

"Ambitious Young Women Wanted for Stage W it read. "Opportunity Afforded Ambitious Amate Perfect Themselves in Dramatic Technic—Apply mediately at Manager's Office, Jollyland."

Lolita, filled with high hopes, took a trolley to the playground by the sea. There Destiny handed her those cold douches that are sometimes held in reser those whose ambitions o'erleap themselves. The dra opportunity promised in the advertisement proved what might be vulgarly termed a job.

A great free open-air spectacle was in process of pre tion at Jollyland under the supervision of a famous mo picture director who specialized in that form of anir art technically known as serials. He had personally ducted a gazelle-eyed cinema celebrity known as Delight through four fifteen-reel affairs of this sort, in she had been threatened with mayhem, aggravated a and battery, felonious wounding, and total and com annihilation at the hands of numerous bands of cutth bandits, thieves and white slavers. In the course of proceedings she had performed every breath-catchin that the festive imagination of the director had been ble of conjuring up, and had succeeded by a mira keeping out of both the hospital and the obituary col of the daily press.

Now it was proposed to let the public have a clo view of this death-defying marvel in the flesh in the performing one of her most famous exploits "before very eyes and for your attention," as the circus anno would put it. To permit of this the director had ev something which he called a dramatic spectacle an persuaded the management of Jollyland to arrange f production in a huge, specially constructed open-air torium as a special added attraction intended to put a quietus on the presumptuous efforts of a rival gro showmen who were endeavoring to rouse interest in a park just opened that summer.

Lolita found herself in a long line of applicants, ma whom were pathetically peaked and undernourished ing, and when her turn came to meet the director she up her mind to pocket her pride and accept whatever offered rather than run the risk of finding herself i straits. Ambition still fired her soul and she was d mined not to return to the little old home town unti

ld ıter it in something at least closely akin to a spirit triuıph. To be sure the opportunity offered her was pticularly roseate. It did not hold forth much ni of either pecuniary reward or even of passing ıt it meant that Lolita would not have to telegraph r funds and there was a faint glimmer of hope in nk made by the director.

can mingle in the front ranks of the crowd," he We'll pay you eighteen a week. There'll be only ws a day." Then he had looked at her critically. almost a ringer for Miss Delight," he concluded. if you're a good little girl I might take a notion ou out as understudy."

olita Murphy, the pride of her home city, became a nd almost infinitesimal part of the great outdoor e entitled Secret Service Sally, which was the big n of the Jollyland season.

rôle of an agent of the United States Secret Serv- charming and fascinating June Delight was swept a series of thrilling adventures set against spectac- kgrounds depicting scenes in Berlin, Tokio, Rio iro and other world capitals, and as a culminating she was pursued to the roof of a building in London owling mob which suspected her of being a spy in ploy of the Central Powers. She was saved from nds, in the proverbial nick of time, by her fiancé, Lieut. Thurston Turner, commander of the United Dirigible N-24, who happened to be cruising about ghborhood at the moment and who effected a rescue ling his ship round the roof and deftly lifting the woman into the of the gondola hung from the great lloon just as she out to be beaten to by the crowd.'

namuch as the spec- le was given in the en ir it was possible us for the purposes of s ene a real dirigible, ic was manned by a w ommanded by one bt Wilkins, a person- le young gentleman m Chicago who had me back from France th major's commis- n, a reputation for re-eviltry as an avia- r surpassed by no other e i the American serv- nd a collection of naldozen assorted war eda bestowed by three ate nations. Bobby d ft a snug berth as eis nt to the president a g varnish company g into the Army, the id president being a m hat indulgent par- t ho had sanguine pe ations concerning s n's commercial and du rial future and who as even now sending m laily wires to the itz Carlton urging him "it the cabarets and t own to a solid rock ur ation."

F her labored under e elusion that Bobby as simply vacationing New York. Had he adan inkling of just ha his son was doing he oul have—to use the ou major's own ex- res on—"tried for a ewultitude record him- lf. He couldn't be ex- ec d to know that ict ing fool business let- ers nd checking up the ew efficiency expert's no hly report of econo- ni effected at the Day- or plant wouldn't xa ly appeal any more o n adventuresome ou g man who had been kypooting through the pu r reaches of the at- no here for nearly two re and dodging Ger- na machine-gun bullets.

Bobby had overheard the general who commanded the aviation camp at which he was demobilized remarking about a request made by the moving-picture director that he recommend some aviator for the task of piloting the dirigible which was to play such an important rôle in the spectacle, and he had offered himself for the sacrifice just as a lark. He found the experience rare sport and until something giving greater promise of adventure appeared in the offing he was determined to go on with it. Twice a day he reached down and plucked up the beautiful Miss Delight as lightly as if she were a fragile doll while the assembled thousands, on the qui vive with excitement, burst into rapturous applause. In order to insure the peace of mind of Robert Wilkins, Sr., Jimmy Martin had consented—rather reluctantly, it must be admitted—to respect the wishes of the impersonator of Lieut. Thurston Turner, U. S. N., who had expressed a desire to remain incognito. Otherwise the consequences might have been lurid.

Jimmy itched to give out a story concerning the social and business connections of the young soldier, but he had given his word and, being an ex-newspaper man, that was sacred. He temporarily forgot about Bobby and devoted his spare moments to figuring out ways and means for the sensational exploitation of Lolita Murphy, to whose charms, as previously recorded, he had become a shackled slave from the moment he first glimpsed her at rehearsal.

Lolita, it may be mentioned in passing, was a trifle discouraged at the comparatively slight opportunities for uplifting and otherwise ennobling the American stage offered by her participation in Secret Service Sally. Her name wasn't even mentioned on the program. She figured under an impersonal heading at the bottom, together with a couple of hundred other young women who were listed as "Berlin citizens, Japanese geisha girls, South Americans, Londoners, etc., etc."

It needed all the soaring optimism of Jimmy to keep her from slipping into a nervous decline. The press agent had obtained an introduction through the stage director, and his sympathetic interest in her temporarily sidetracked ambitions had won him her esteem and high regard from the beginning. Jimmy was a rapid worker and within three days from the time of their first meeting he had vowed his ardent and palpitating devotion, and though Lolita had not completely committed herself to a reciprocal affirmation she had succeeded, nevertheless, by devious and subtle devices not unknown to her sex, in conveying the distinct impression that the star of hope was visible in the eastern sky.

There came a night when Lolita's disappointment was past all bearing and when she sobbed out on Jimmy's shoulders a bitter protest against the fate that had driven her into believing that she was destined to be a great actress. They were sitting on the beach in the moonlight after the show, and off in the murky distance the great Sandy Hook light was blinking like some monster firefly.

"Jimmy," she said half chokingly, "I just don't belong. I wish I was back in Iowa."

"Gosh, that's an awful wish, girlie," responded the press agent with a foolish attempt at a pleasantry which he instantly regretted. Lolita drew away from him quickly and flared up.

"Iowa's all right," she retorted. "It's better than this lonesome place." She lapsed almost immediately into a wistful mood. "It's just ten o'clock there now and the movies are letting out and there's a crowd in dad's store and the fellows are treating the girls to sundaes or just plain ice cream and dad is fussing round and yelling to poor Porky Brooks to get a move on and keep the orders filled, and like as not he's helping out himself. I want to go back, Jimmy; I want to go back."

Jimmy touched her gently on the hand and then squeezed it softly.

"Listen, girlie," he said comfortingly. "I know just how you feel—the cards ain't runnin' right and you want to quit the game, but I'm goin' to cut in with a clean deck and start a new deal. I'm goin' to fix things so that when you do go back for a visit to the little old home town and the old folks the Peerless Silver Cornet Band is goin' to be down at the station, and the Mayor is goin' to speak a few well-chosen words of welcome in the presence of a cheering crowd of friends and well-wishers. Leave it to me."

Lolita laughed a little in spite of her mood.

"You're a great little jollier, Jimmy," she said, "and I'd like to believe you, but somehow I can't. I'm a nobody, a small-town nobody."

"But you're goin' to be a little Miss Lolita Somebody of the well-known world," he responded cheerily, "before I get through with you. I'm goin' to drop you right into the direct center of the front page of every paper in the U. S. A. from the New York Gazette

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Lolita Was Getting Ready for the Performance of Secret Service Sally and Making a Brave Effort to Control Herself

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

IN BRINGING these desultory—perhaps too fragmentary—recollections to a close the writer may not be denied his final word. This shall neither be self-confident nor overstated; the rather a confession of faith somewhat in rejection of political and religious pragmatism. In both his experience has been ample if not exhaustive.

I was born in the Presbyterian Church, baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, educated in the Church of England in America and married into the Church of the Disciples. The Roman Catholic baptism happened in this way: It was my second summer; my parents were sojourning in the household of a devout Catholic family; my nurse was a fond, affectionate Irish Catholic; the little life was almost despaired of, so one sunny day, to rescue me from that form of theologic controversy known as infant damnation, the baby carriage was trundled round the corner to Saint Matthew's Church—it was in the national capital—and the baby brow was touched with holy water out of a font blessed of the Virgin Mary. Surely I have never felt or have been the worse for it.

Whilst I was yet too young to understand I witnessed an old-fashioned baptism of the countryside. A person who had borne a very bad character in the neighborhood was being immersed. Someone, more humorous than reverent, standing near me, said as the man came to the surface, "There go his sins, men and brethren, there go his sins"; and having but poor eyes I thought I saw them passing down the stream never to trouble him, or anybody, more. I can see them still floating, floating down the stream, out and away from the sight of men. Does this make me a Baptist, I wonder?

I fear not, I fear not; because I am unable to rid myself of the impression that there are many roads leading to heaven and I have never believed in what is called close communion. I have not hated and am unable to hate any man because either in political or in religious opinion he differs from me and insists upon voting his party ticket and worshiping his Creator according to his conscience.

I suppose I must have been born an insurrecto. Pursuing the story of the Dark Ages when men were burnt at the stake for the heresy of refusing to bow to the will of the majority, it is not the voice of the Protestant or the Catholic that issues from the flames and reaches my heart, but the cry of suffering man, my brother. To me a saint is a saint whether he wears wooden shoes or goes barefoot, whether he gets his baptism silently out of a font of consecrated water or comes dripping from the depth of the nearest brook, shouting "Hallelujah!" From my boyhood the persecution of man for opinion's sake—and no matter for what opinion's sake—has roused within me the only devil I have ever personally known.

My reading has embraced not a few works which seek or which affect to deal with the mystery of life and death. Each and every one of them leaves a mystery still. For all their learning and research—their positivity and contradiction—none of the writers know more than I think I know myself, and all that I think I know myself may be abridged to the simple rescript, I know nothing. The wisest of us reck not whence we came or whither we go; the human mind, unable to conceive the eternal in either direction; the soul of man inscrutable even to himself.

The Night has a thousand eyes,
And the Day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Mrs. Henry Watterson

All that there is to religion, therefore, is faith; not much more in politics. We are variously told that the church is losing its hold upon men. If it be true it is either that it gives itself over to theology—the pride of opinion—or yields itself to the celebration of the mammon of unrighteousness.

I do not believe that it is true. Never in the history of the world was Jesus of Nazareth so interesting and predominant. Between Buddha, teaching the blessing of eternal sleep, and Christ, teaching the blessing of eternal life, mankind has been long divided; but slowly, surely the influence of the Christ has overtaken that of the Buddha until that portion of the world which has advanced most by process of evolution from the primal state of man now worships at the shrine of Christ and him risen from the dead, not at the sign of Buddha and total oblivion.

II

THE blessed birthright from God, the glory of heaven, the teaching and example of the Prince of Peace, have been engulfed beneath oceans of ignorance and superstition through two thousand years of embittered controversy. During the Dark Ages coming down even to our own time the very light of truth was shut out from the eyes and hearts and minds of men.

Partyism—ch
ism—will ever
to its fetish. Too many churches
shall I say, church fabrics—bre
controversy where there should be
ment, each sect and subdivision fig
phantoms of its fancy.

In the city that once proclaimed
eternal there is war between the Qu
and the Vatican, the government of
and the papal hierarchy. In Franc
government of the republic an
Church of Rome are at daggers d
Before the world war England and
many—each claiming to be Protest
were looking on askance, irresolut
as to which side might be right
which wrong, but "on which side
bread to be buttered?"

In America, where it was said b
witty Frenchmen we have fifty reli
and only one soup, there are p
who think we should begin to org
to stop the threatened coming c
Pope, and such like!

"O Liberty," cried Madame Ro
"how many crimes are committ
thy name!"

"O Churchism," may I not say,
much nonsense is trolled off in
name!"

I would think twice before tr
the wisest and best of men with abs
power; but I would trust never
body of men—never any Sanhedrin
sistory, church congress or party
vention—with absolute power. H
men are often led to do or to asse
association, to what they would di
upon their conscience and responsi
as individuals. En masse extre
always prevails, and extremism is
ally wrong; it is the more wrong
the more dangerous because it is
wanting for plausible sophistries, fu
ing congenial and convincing argu
to the mind of the unthinking for
ever it has to propose.

III

TOO many churches and too
partyism! It is love—love th
grace of God—truth where we ca
it—which shall irradiate the life th
If when we have prepared ourselv
the life to come love be wanting no
else is much worth while. Not alon
love of man for woman, but the lo
woman for woman and of man for
the divine fraternity taught us b
Sermon on the Mount; the religi
giving, not of getting; of whole-hearted giving; of j
the love and the joy of others.

Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me.

For myself I can truthfully subscribe to the formul
believe in God the Father Almighty; Maker of heave
earth. And in Jesus Christ, his only-begotten So
Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born
Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was cruc
dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third da
rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, an
teth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;
thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

That is my faith. It is my religion. It was my c
song. It may not be, dear ones of contrariwise be
your cradle song or your belief or your religion.
boots it? Can you discover another in word and dee
luminous, far-reaching power of speech and exampl
walk by the side of this the Christ of my belief wh
was a Jew?

I would not inveigh against either the church or its
istry; I would not stigmatize temporal preaching; I w
have ministers of religion as free to discuss the thin
this world as the statesmen and the journalists; but
this difference: That the objective point with them sh

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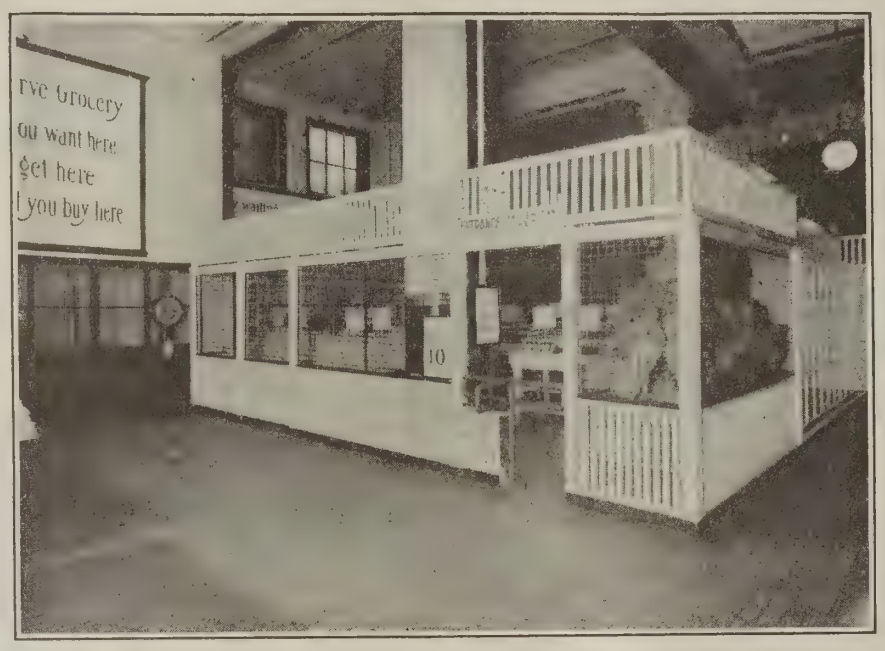
Self-Serve Knocks the H Out of H. C. L.—By Mary R. Reynolds

ETHA is a iddle West unty seat. A ngr would find ity in distin- it from a thousand other such nat enshrine courthouses on their in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. ng to the last census it numbers en, women and children within limits. It is located in the center farming country and has a large ade that Saturday nights parks treet solid with its machines.

Ma Street, five blocks in length, is ed, and that stretch of smooth nt is the pride of every loyal son ughter of Oletha. The school- eight churches of assorted kinds mmunity that could adequately two, a movie theater, and the use in a weedy square surrounded hing posts well carved by the f dead and gone dobbins, con- Oletha's public buildings.

Main Street of this town of a little an two thousand inhabitants, in ing of 1918, were to be found rug stores, dispensing ice-cream o the well and medicine to the our dry-goods emporiums; two re shops and seven grocery stores. the seven regular groceries Mike s sold fruit and some vegetables, 's bakery sold factory-baked as well as fresh goods, re was a mill from which many, especially the farm bought their flour.

Ho could seven groceries make money in a town of ousand, even one like Oletha, which had a good y trade? The answer is that they could not, and n question changed hands with great regularity.



Entrance to Self-Serve Grocery

Losing Ventures Easy to Sell

N grocer and one only was to be found there in 1918 o had been selling sugar and spice and everything far back as 1908. Oletha had always had six to groceries during that decade, but with the one ex- the turnover in their owners had been rapid.

The strange thing was, however, that every time a decided he couldn't keep his head above water longer and that y thing to do was out, he always someone ready the good will, and few staples wolesaler had been to extend credit en he saw how were going. Ap- ly the world is those who think groceries is an nd lucrative job, ing only sufficient to make change. te of its record a y store is seldom n the market.

In town of Oletha's e retired-farmer is the one that hes the majority embryo grocers. farmer who has his place and into the nearest after a few months tired of doing ng and is lone- He has a little y to invest, and grocery store he s out he would work to fill his and the opportu- f meeting his old s, so it doesn't much of an argu- to induce him to defunct grocery.

MacGregor, who ran the one prosperous and paying grocery in the town, was a Scotsman who had worked up from the bottom. He possessed, besides long practical experience, natural business acumen. The cream of Oletha's trade was his. The skim milk went to his six competitors.

The wives of the prosperous business and professional men of the town patronized MacGregor, as did also the more prosperous farmers. His prices were a shade higher than those quoted in the other stores, but his goods were reliable and his store was neater and more attractively arranged than were those of his competitors. He gave credit, but was too wise a business man and too canny a Scot to extend it long to any about whose ability to pay there was any doubt. He gave delivery service, as did the other six, the only difference being that he numbered among his customers practically everyone in Oletha who really needed the service or could afford to pay for it in groceries priced high enough to cover its cost. Unless it was a bag of flour or some other heavy commodity the rest of the town were rather glad of an excuse to go over on Main Street and to carry home the wherewithals for the next meal.

Three of Oletha's groceries still delivered with a horse and wagon. The others used flivver runabouts with trailers for delivery work. Not one of the seven knew whether his delivery outfit was an asset or a liability. They just took it for granted that a grocery store couldn't run without one.

In the spring of 1918, Jones, one of the seven, unable to obtain more credit or to collect his outstanding bills, sold out and found himself after four years of hard work, long hours and much anxiety, six thousand dollars poorer than when he tried to break into the grocery game.

Jones' failure, like every previous local-grocery failure, caused the rest, excepting MacGregor, to shiver in their shoes and to speculate on how long it would be before they followed suit. Four shivered at the handwriting on the wall and did nothing to head off the inevitable. The other, a shrewd New Englander named Stephen Todd, shivered, but while shaking decided that if there was any way out of his present predicament he was going to find it before it was too late. During the past year his store had just made expenses, minus pay for his own time and work. Money sufficient for him and his family to live on had had to come out of his fast-dwindling account at the savings bank. Six months at the outside would find him broke.

Todd Takes a Chance

TODD had been a railroad engineer for many years. After a prolonged nervous breakdown he had been ordered by his doctor to get into something less nerve-racking than running an express-train engine unless he wished to repeat the performance. While convalescing up in the country he had heard of a grocery store which was for sale in Oletha, the nearest town. The one thing he really wanted to do was to get into his greasy overalls and run an engine. Barred from that, keeping a grocery looked as good as anything else to him. Then, too, it required no experience. Two years had changed his mind regarding that particular bid which the grocery-store business had made for his favor. It seemed to need a blamed lot of experience to make a go of it.

His stock was lower than when he had started out, his delivery car might be tinkered up so it would go another year, but no more, and unless he could make larger monthly payments to the wholesaler than he had found it possible to do in the past, autumn would find him with his supply cut off.

Jones' failure depressed him and that night to an old friend from his home city he confessed that the grocery business wasn't all that his rosy fancy had pictured it. Though he hated to admit that he had failed in anything he had undertaken, Todd, feeling the need

(Continued on Page 116)

Practically All Staples are Sold in Bulk and are Classified in Sections

THE GOLDEN NAM

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

YOUNG CHRIS VANDALAER was a boy of high spirits—handsome, impatient and self-willed. He had been in the great war, and had seen life and death and strange lands. But now he was back again exactly where he started—back in the deep country, where men came up and lived and died, like corn, in the same field where they took root; and days were long and empty; and nights with no lights outdoors but the stars and, in summer, the fireflies. And he would often say that he would give his soul and body to get out and away to some city.

Some nights, in fact, when he grew desperate, he would almost decide that he would make a break, take a chance and show himself at the great offices of his powerful namesake—the great Christian Vandalaer—in New York. For it was a singular fact, and one he could never quite forget, that he, so far as he could learn, was the only other bearer of that feared and famous and unusual name, in the entire world. However, he never ventured—being in the first place too proud to do so, and in the next knowing in advance how useless it would be. For the great Vandalaer, as is not entirely unknown, is in general a man of dominant, driving and almost savage humor; and in particular his relations with the other branches of the family would make an identity of name much more certainly a matter of offense than of liking. So the visit to his great offices was never made by his young kinsman; nor was there any advantage from his great name to come to the latter in any way that he ever could have dreamed.

Young Vandalaer was turning away one evening from the dim-lighted post office after the coming of the evening train, and was going home, discouraged, without mail. The only sound was the inspired monotony of the whippoorwills in the dark wall of woods; the only street lights the fireflies sliding down the pale mauve road. He had gone some little way when he marked the sounds of footsteps hurrying behind him, and turned to hear a stranger calling out his name.

"Mr. Vandalaer! Oh, Mr. Vandalaer!" cried the strange voice in the twilight.

"What?" he called back.

"One minute, please!" the stranger called; and in less than that much time was beside him.

"How are you?" he said, and shook hands with him in a spirited way.

He was a dark man, with a rather foreign voice, and a smile very white in the dusk. And after some brief explanation he stated that he desired to talk business with young Vandalaer; and then sat down by the roadside with him and offered him a long and fragrant cigar.

"My name," he said, "is Poco—David Poco. I am of foreign descent—my parents coming to this country when I was a boy. Yet in spite of this I have prospered and done well. When I was no bigger than nothing I went into a Broad Street brokerage house and worked up till, in the last two years, I have been in business for myself. And I've made a big thing out of it—done a business as big as anybody there, if I do say so!

"What's that?" he broke off with a start, and almost an oath—and a sudden apprehensive look close behind him.

"Just a whippoorwill," said young Chris Vandalaer; "go on."

"Oh! A bird, huh?" said the stranger. "It sounds more like a murderer." And he puffed twice nervously at his cigar, and went along.

"I got another man—a friend of mine," he said, "only older, who's come along about the same as me. Built up a big brokerage business, with plenty of profit in it." He named the motor car that he owned—all nickel-plated from radiator to gas tank. "Money's no object," he explained, "to him to-day. His name is Grabstein—Abram Grabstein."

And young Chris Vandalaer made mental note of this.

"But just the same we ain't satisfied, neither one of us. We got to go on—that's us both! And so to-day we are going in together into a new business, bigger yet, that'll make us one of the biggest on Broad Street, without exception."

She Called Him That Most Terrible of All Names in the Great City

"I get you," said young Chris Vandalaer, carefully husbanding and drinking in the fragrance of his long cigar; watching him, and wondering meanwhile why he was there telling to him his personal fortunes on that country road.

"We got everything," the black stranger went on telling him. "We got money, we got political pull, we got the greatest stocks to sell in this whole country. All we want to-day is just one thing!"

"What's that?" asked young Chris Vandalaer, when he stopped.

"That's what I'm up here now to see you for," the stranger answered him.

"What is it?" young Vandalaer reiterated, staring at him through the dusk.

"A name," said Mr. Poco.

"A name!" Chris Vandalaer said after him.

"Yes," he repeated; and then explained himself. "You've got no idea," he said, "what names mean in business in this country—unless you are, like us, foreigners; of the difference between a good name and a bad one; an old name and a new one. It's thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars. It might be millions, probably, when you get once going."

And he again flinched slightly at the curt loud liquid cry of the whippoorwill, close behind his head.

"New names are rotten," he reiterated then, with something very like an oath. "You look at ours, for instance. Alone we were bad enough, yes. Together we are all wrong. Grabstein and Poco!" he said with a high hard laugh. "What boob would buy a stock from that? Oh, we know it," he said. "We are wise," he said, and stopped.

"So that," he continued, "is why I'm up here seeing you to-night." And he stopped again, regarding him.

But young Chris Vandalaer did not reply. To say he was astonished would be much too mild.

"You've got a name; we ain't," the stranger then went on. "You've got a name—one of the oldest and best known in the country. And ours is, no laugh! I'll tell the truth to start with, be you'd learn it anyhow. We want your n to use it in our business. There was a lot of others— big names that we were thinking of that we might had. But Vandalaer we like best, if we can get it ways reasonable; because it's one of the oldest an known in the country, without doubt; especially line of business. So we come to you," he said, speaki more briskly now; "we give you the first chance. I here to-night to get your decision. I'm up here nov I'll make you my proposition. And you'll give me and we'll settle it up right now, agreea everybody. For I've got to go back ag the midnight train, and get some sleep."

"How did you find out about me?" young Chris Vandalaer, curiosity colorin words as he rose on his elbow from where h

"We seen it somev I guess; your name papers."

"When I got my s medal, maybe," said Vandalaer, rememb when it must have be

"Probably—I gues said Mr. Poco, proce "Now, what do you How would you like down to little old New and enjoy yoursel make a barrel or t money at the same ti

"Or would you r stay up here and spend days working like a co and your nights wit whippoorwills?" h quired when his comp did not answer in diately.

"For we ain't no pil he said again. "We you right for what y got. That's my idea my partner's. He's a good fellow the same as I am," said Mr. "Good and liberal. And we wan to be satisfied. For for us it wo an expense exactly; it will be a vestment."

But still young Chris Vandalaer did not answer hi yet feeling competent to do so. And after looking sh at him through the dusk the stranger, Mr. Poco, to the conversation once again, apparently to urge him

"You can stay here all your life," he said, "and wh you be in the end? Feeding chickens for your board in old age! But if you come with us you'd live while y living; and when you died you'd have something besides to die on.

"Are you afraid? Is that it?" the man now inq with a slight show of temper, after another wait.

"Afraid of what?"

"To give us a price on your name?"

"Why would I be?" asked young Chris Vand "It's my name, isn't it?"

"Sure," the other answered. "Then what is it y got on your mind?"

"How much? How much would you pay me?" re young Vandalaer; and his voice sounded gruff to hi even as he said it. For he could not make out wha thing could be. He had never before heard of going i buying other persons' names.

And again the stranger looked sharply at him thr the dusk, studying his face.

"How would ten thousand dollars a year suit you said. "To begin with," he went on when young Vand did not answer. For, to tell the truth, he had not b enough to do so.

"Besides the profits from the stock we would give the New York stranger said, in the other's still conti silence. "What do you want?" he asked finally, evid misinterpreting young Chris' inability to speak. " that enough for you to start on? Do you want me said, making a start at getting up, "to go off and get body else with another name? Because there's plen them that will want it—if you don't."

"All right," said young Chris Vandalaer, swallo hastily, and finding his voice at last. "All right," he detaining him, "I'll go!"

He was dazed by the thing. He did not know ho take it—or whether it was real or he was dreaming it.

n new thought struck him: Suppose this thing were a fraud, a trick? And at once, of course, the idea came of tin this.

'I'go—that is," he told him then—"if I can fix it!"

'If ou can fix it?" the stranger answered, staring once m uspiciously.

'f can get the money to get there with," young Van- e aid bluntly.

id v much?" the other asked at once.

) hundred dollars maybe," said young Chris Van- making it good and big.

ould worry," said the other. And taking out his e opened it and handed the sum to him in one yel- bi. "You can sign for it over at the station when we the," he said, and got up again.

they went along down the railroad to the station, h e was now quite a heavy dew, and the mosquitoes re ot inactive where they were; and they thought it uld be better on the station platform.

So oung Chris Vandalaer signed his receipt and his ag nent to come to New York and to let them use his ne and then he waited on the platform, listening to . Ico telling of New York and the lights at night, so ut from this; and the money that would be made i ne combination, such as they would have—with ir oney and their experience, and his famous name.

Th said good-by when the one o'clock train that rie the milk into the city rolled in, having already poized the time when young Vandalaer would come te city. And when he had watched the tail light of tin round the curve young Chris went home at last l nt to bed. But he did not sleep; and the night was ctally gone and the whippoorwills had started singing ins as they do in the hours before the dawn, before any ep; all came to him. For he lay there, half stunned by od ortune—wondering about that night's adventure—

ich he might in fact easily have thought a dream but

There's One Thing, Don't Forget! It Ain't Us He's After First. He'll Get You for the Worst Thing He Can Cook Up"

of a mere name. It was like finding money; or like the story in a child's book, of a common man suddenly made prince—because they found out at last his real name; that he possessed unknown the golden name of a prince.

There was still doubt in the mind of young Chris Vandalaer when he woke again—even of that yellow bill in his hand. And the first thing he did that next day was to assure himself that this was genuine. Such it proved to be. Yet the man whom he visited and confided his story in—the keeper of the general store—still doubted. For there must be, he claimed, some trick somewhere. No man alive could pay ten thousand dollars a year for just a name.

Nevertheless on Tuesday young Chris Vandalaer took his hundred-dollar bill and bought his ticket to New York City, as agreed. And, as agreed, the black Mr. Poco with his black cigar was there to meet him and carried him at once in a public automobile, whose hire cost him a laborer's daily pay, through swarming, noisy streets southward to a tall building; and then up to high spacious rooms, where Chris saw, with some surprise, his own name upon the doors in golden letters.

"The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate," he read as he was passing in, and he saw the costly furniture and the handsome company of stenographers inside, and the other names in golden letters on still other doors—out of one of which appeared a small baldheaded somewhat leering man to greet him.

"This is Mr. Grabstein," said Mr. Poco, introducing them to each other. "Abe, meet your president."

And Mr. Grabstein leered a rather pleasant and good-natured leer and took young Chris Vandalaer by the hand and drew him inside the glass door with Mr. Grabstein's name in golden letters on it. He closed it, and they then sat down and smoked three long fragrant black cigars, while Mr. Grabstein talked.

"How do you like it?" asked Mr. Grabstein. "Your name upon the door? Good? . . . Good," he said, and smiled. "We're glad you do."

And then he explained everything to him.

"These here exploration companies," said Mr. Grabstein, "are all the thing to-day—very, very fine! The big men with the big money to put up are all in them to-day! For there's big money in there—sure and big! And why? Because big money should make big money, always. Don't it? Sure."

Mr. Poco, who sat black and silent, smoking, echoed: "It does, sure thing."

"Once, in the old days, all us poor boobs bought gold mines and silver mines and copper mines, if we wanted them, from the fellers that done 'em up in packages—like all the rest of the suckers. All of us—the rich fellers, as well as you and me. They were all suckers then."

And Mr. Poco grunted his assent.

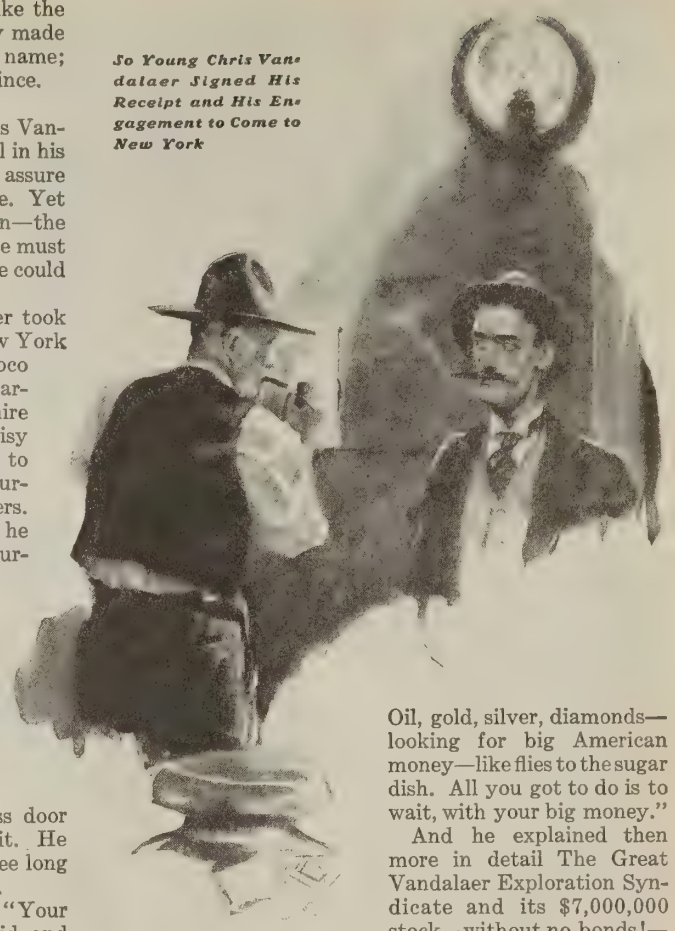
"But now the rich ones," said the persuasive Mr. Grabstein, "have got wise to themselves and their money. They see they've got it all their way. They got the money, and the other man's got the mine. Now money can get along without a mine—very nice. But how can a mine get on without money?" inquired Mr. Grabstein genially. "You tell me."

But this young Chris Vandalaer could scarcely do.

"So then," said Mr. Grabstein, going on, "what they do, they do this. Like they should done years ago. They let the mine come for the money—and they take it—but only when they look it up for themselves and find out that it's good for something. And for a big lot more than they pay for it, generally. Sure!"

"The suckers on the other side," commented Mr. Poco tersely.

"All over they come to-day," said Mr. Grabstein, with a large imaginative wave of his hand. "From this country and Alaska and South America—and soon Siberia even. Oil, gold, silver, diamonds—looking for big American money—like flies to the sugar dish. All you got to do is to wait, with your big money."



So Young Chris Vandalaer Signed His Receipt and His Engagement to Come to New York

And he explained then more in detail The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate and its $7,000,000 stock—without no bonds!—and how sure it was—all big safe money; till young Chris Vandalaer could understand at last about the great new offices and the many workers and the golden name upon the door; and how it was they could pay him without a thought ten thousand dollars annually for his name.

This ten thousand dollars he was to have was not all in cash, however, it now seemed; but a great share, much more than he had anticipated, must go out for his living expenses.

"For I tell you what we want you to do, Chrissy," said Mr. Grabstein, who now called him only by his first name—"for your own interest as well as ours: We want you, first away, to take, say, fifty dollars a week in your salary; and the rest in a drawing account, until you get acquainted with the ropes. For naturally, you've got to learn—ain't you?

"You'll be president, yes, all the time; but we got to run the business first off with our money; and that's right too, Chrissy, for we know about it and you don't. Naturally you got to take time to learn it.

"Naturally what you got to do, and what we want that you should do," said Mr. Grabstein, "is get acquainted first—with people and things, and learn the ropes the way they are here in New York, so after a while you should be useful to us. Now and then we probably might have something that we got up that we should just want you to sign—some letters or some things like that, but you can sign them mostly right there at the hotel, where we put up; and give you your drawing account." And then he told young Chris of the hotel where he was to stay—a great golden hotel which even he had heard of.

"You'll like it there," said Mr. Grabstein. "You'll get acquainted with plenty of people, and write your letters out from there; and all the time you'll be seeing life, enjoying yourself. For that's the first you've got to do in New York—talk with other men and get acquainted. And some ladies, maybe. Oh, you'll have the best end of it," said Mr. Grabstein, winking. "While we're down here sweating, taking care of the business, you can go on and enjoy yourself. And now, why not go up there?" said Mr. Grabstein, looking across at Mr. Poco.

"Not now. To-night!" said Mr. Poco, answering. "After I take him out and see my tailor first. For a good-looking boy like this, he's got to look right!" he said, half to Mr. Grabstein and half to young Chris Vandalaer.

"All right then, sure," said Mr. Grabstein, raising up his hand and his eyebrows at the same time. "And I'll meet you there to-night."

So those two visited the tailor that afternoon—and young Christian saw again why it was that ten-thousand-dollar salaries were given in New York. Yet there was a great satisfaction after all in what the tailor said, and showed that he could do with him—for he certainly was going to look well. And after that—that evening they met and the three dined together in the great golden hotel—in

(Continued on Page 143)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XIX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

MY SUCCESSOR, Mr. Iswolsky, who six years later was to become Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived with his family in the end of June on board one of our naval vessels coming from Vladivostok. We had everything prepared for their reception so that they were enabled to proceed straight to the capital and take up their residence in the legation building, which was one of the finest houses and perhaps the most comfortable one in Tokio.

As the fates would have it, Mr. Iswolsky and I were destined to succeed each other in different posts. I had succeeded him as Chargé d'Affaires at Washington in 1886; then he succeeded me as Minister to Serbia in 1897, and now he succeeded me again in Japan, and I succeeded him at Munich; and three years later I was to succeed him a last time on my reappointment as minister at Tokio nine months before the outbreak of the war. I had first made his acquaintance when he was still at school at the Imperial Lyceum at St. Petersburg, and I had already entered the civil service, having finished my studies at the Imperial Law School. We met accidentally in a railroad train between Moscow and St. Petersburg and spent half a night in animated conversation. He impressed me as a gifted youth of great intelligence and, for his years, remarkably cultivated mind. In later years though we were colleagues in the diplomatic service we could only meet occasionally, when we happened to be home on leave or when we were succeeding each other, as on this occasion, at some post abroad. He was by long odds the ablest man in our service. His solid erudition, his breadth of view, his profound understanding and thorough earnestness in the treatment of affairs of state, his liberal mind trained in the school of Western political thought stamped him as—what had always been so sadly wanting in Russia—a real statesman in the European sense.

The telegraph has recently announced his death, which occurred in Paris in August last. I am fulfilling a sad duty in paying homage on these pages to the memory of a distinguished statesman and former colleague and chief, for whom I always entertained the highest regard and with whom I shared many views, though we fundamentally disagreed on the subject of the policy, the tragic collapse of which it was his cruel fate to have witnessed, a result which may have hastened his untimely end.

We were detained at Yokohama for some time longer, waiting for the arrival from Hong-Kong of the Empress of India, on board of which we were to sail for Vancouver. I think it was some day in the beginning of July when we saw her steaming up the bay and casting anchor in the roads opposite our hotel. The day before, if I remember rightly, a telegram was received at the legation announcing the sudden death of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mouravieff, but it was only when we reached New York that we learned of the appointment of his successor.

When we sailed from Yokohama we were still, as we had been for more than a week, quite ignorant of the fate of our unfortunate colleagues besieged by the Boxers in the legation quarter at Peking, and we had almost given up all hope of their being rescued in time to save them from starvation. Beyond the natural concern we felt for their fate there was nothing to mar the joyous expectation with which we were looking forward to an ocean voyage, always a matter of unalloyed delight to me, and a new visit to Canada and the United States. In leaving Japan this time, and ever, as I then thought, I felt that I had don duty to the best of my ability and for the interests of my country as I conceived ther also felt that in my thre journs in Japan, at diff times, I had been particu favored in having been al a witness of the new bir an old and highly culture tion; in having been ab watch her first tentative on the road to the assi tion of an entirely new terial civilization; an having seen, a quarter century later, the rejuven nation, on reaching m estate, stretching her lim eager readiness for a co with any power bold en to challenge her newly achi station as an equal. Alas, that power should have the country of my birth, w rulers, blinded by overwee pride, persisted in underr the potentialities of the force that had sprung t after centuries of obsc and isolation.

St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, and the Fallen Campanile

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Campanile and St. Mark's

This time again the P Ocean treated us most ciously, in such a way as to belie its name, and af very pleasant crossing came in sight of land o twelfth day after weig anchor at Yokohama. watched the pilot com board, but he did not wear a frock coat a silk hat as in olden days San Francisco p used to wear in boarding incoming stear in any kind of weather, presumably to their superb indifference to the dangers o deep. He had, however, bulging out o pockets the usual supply of newspapers, w he took up to the bridge.

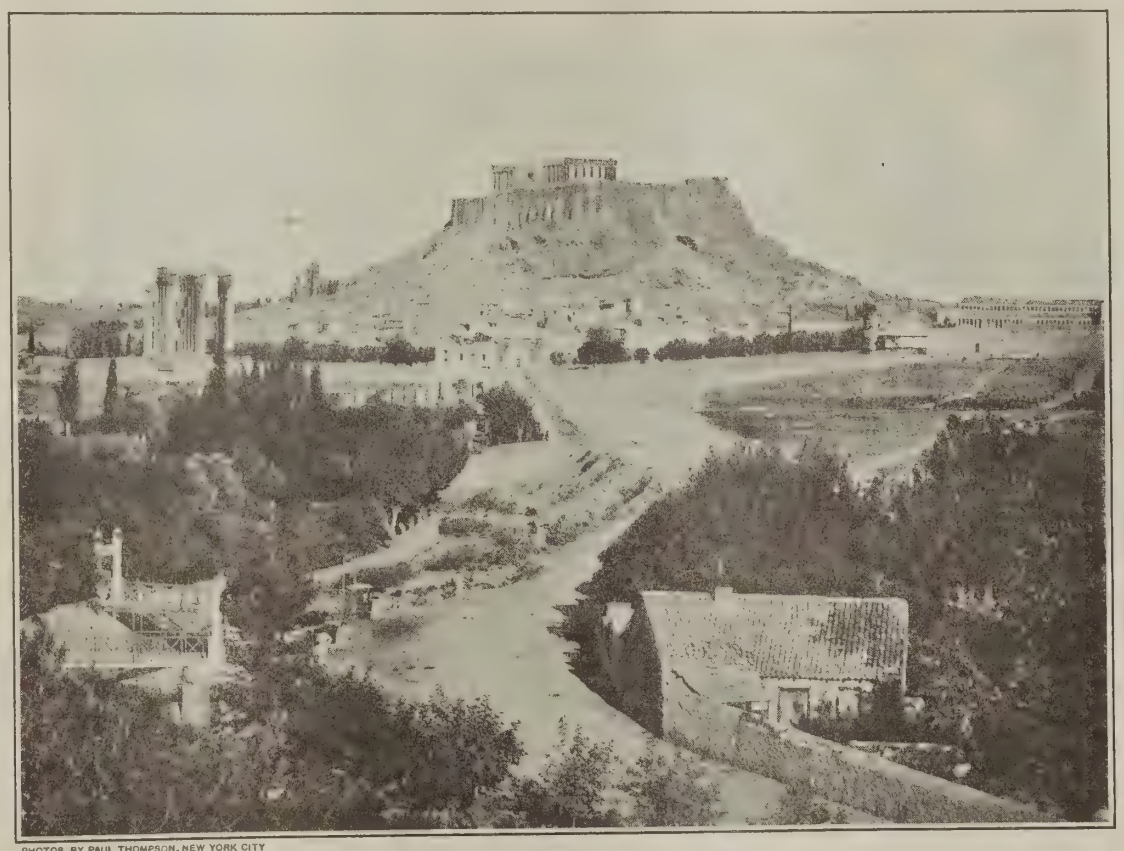
A few minutes later the captain's ste brought me a newspaper, on top of the page of which the captain had written in pencil these illuminating words: "All thi lie!" I guessed at once that it mus something relating to the siege of the lega at Peking. It turned out to be a long tele sent from Shanghai to his paper in Londo the local correspondent of that journal, reproduced in extenso in the Vancouver n paper. It was a harrowing description o events which had followed the taking b sault of the legation quarter at Peking b Boxer forces, giving among other horro particularly detailed account of the tort by which the unfortunate diplomats had put to death. Particularly affecting was story of the martyrdom of our Minister, Michael de Giers—at present happily safe sound, residing at Rome as Russian Amb dor—who was described as having been b alive in a large caldron filled with oil and ing up to his last breath been confessing C tianity. As far as I can now remember it also stated that his secretaries, presum not having been considered worthy of honors of oil, were boiled to death in water.

I sat in my deck chair immersed in the p sal of the account of the dreadful happen at Peking, when one of the missionaries, gees from some of the mission stations in C who had joined the steamer at Hong-K came up to me and said that he had noticed deeply I seemed to be moved by what I reading and he wanted to reassure me i gard to the fate of my friends, being convi that there was not a word of truth in the w story. I confessed that I had some do myself, but that I could not help being pressed by a story adorned with so many such minute details concerning an event after all could not very well have been vented out of whole cloth.

"It's just the very reason why you should disbelieve
wole story; plain, honest truth does not need so
ch dornment."
Thi argument seemed indeed to be convincing enough,
me so as it was based on the generally accepted belief
rogd to the unadorned condition in which Truth is
od to emerge from her well whenever she chooses to
a to mortal eyes—an appearance of which, by the
se has been rather chary all these years. But the
nir of that sensational story may justly derive some
astic pride from having caused a considerable stir all
r t: world, a species of pride which, let us hope, is not
ay accompanied by some qualms of conscience upon
ecn on the cruel and needless pain which such jour-
sti achievements may inflict on tender hearts trem-
g r the fate of those dear to them.
n tis connection I was on arrival at St. Petersburg told
or about the sister of one of the members of our lega-
s ff at Peking who, after having read in the morning
er he famous telegram about the martyrdom of the
in diplomats, started at once for the Foreign Depart-
t the hope of learning some more reassuring news,
wen passing in front of the house occupied by the
ne: Legation noticed at the door one of the attachés
th establishment, whereupon she jumped from her
, ride straight for the luckless Chinaman and began
bing him with her umbrella, he, the while, taking his
isnent like a gallant gentleman, only protesting his
occ.ce in the few Russian
dshe could command.
tres me that this par-
ul Chinaman would
e reasonable claim for
nas against the author
the ake telegram.
On rrival at Vancouver
found the place so attrac-
e tit we decided to stay
re few days longer than
hl originally contem-
te just to enjoy the
vein the beautiful park
l te afternoon lounging
th beach, breathing the
ndfully bracing and ex-
rang air of the Pacific
ea so different from the
axig air one breathes on
opposite, Japanese, shore
the ame ocean, under the
uece of the warm Kuro-
wocurrent.
n planning our journey
os the continent we de-
ed his time to try a new
teso as to include the
ea Lakes and Niagara
ls
Fm Vancouver we took
tin for Fort William,
Lke Superior, where we
baxed on one of the
gelake steamers which
ou not quite so large
th Mauretania provide
rly omfortable accommo-
tic for passengers.
Th lake route seemed to me to be less favored by
nsontinental travelers than one would expect and than
unestionably deserves. I may have been mistaken but
eeied to me that all the people on board except our party
reical passengers. During the summer season the voyage
down the Great Lakes though it takes a little more time is certainly infinitely more comfortable and enjoyable than the journey in the hot and dusty railroad cars. The extremely interesting passage through the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is in itself a sufficient inducement for choosing this route. I regret not to have at my fingers' ends all the statistical data concerning the volume of the trade passing through this canal, but so far as I can remember the figures given me then by one of our fellow passengers, who seemed to be very well posted on these matters, the volume of this trade surpasses ever so many times that which passes through the Suez Canal.

From Toronto we crossed over to Niagara Falls, where we put up at the old Cataract House, which had sheltered us many years before when we first came to America on our wedding trip. Here we learned that at last after so many weeks some kind of communication had been established between the besieged legations at Peking and the outside world, and that thus far all the diplomats were safe and sound. After a week's rest at Niagara Falls we went to New York for a day or two and sailed for Europe.

The Parthenon, Athens



PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Acropolis and Temple of Zeus, Athens

The Sentinger Gateway, Munich

Arrived at St. Petersburg sometime in the beginning of August, I found that Count Lamsdorff, the assistant minister, had been appointed to succeed Count Mouravieff as Minister of Foreign Affairs, having reached at last the goal of his ambition. He was one of those inveterate bureaucrats whose whole life interest centers in their chancellery, and to whom the outside world is more or less known merely by hearsay. A confirmed old bachelor, afflicted with an almost hysterical shyness, he had been leading the life of an anchorite within the four walls of his apartment in the Foreign Office Building and of his chancellery. Entirely wrapped up in the paper wisdom of his archives, of which he possessed a most extended and expert knowledge, he had been indeed a very useful, hard-working, conscientiously painstaking subordinate. That was evidently the part for which Nature had fitted him, and which he would have filled to the end with great credit to himself and some benefit to his country. But a puny intellect, a narrow mind and a merely book-and-paper knowledge of men and things of the outer world obviously unfitted him for the part he was to play at a critical time in the country's history.

That the emperor's choice should have fallen on him when it became urgently necessary to make an appointment to the most important post of Minister of Foreign Affairs was perhaps natural. He knew him to be a perfect gentleman, absolutely loyal and devoted to the throne; he also was aware of the fact that for the last three years, as Count Mouravieff's assistant, he had been supplementing the almost incredible deficiencies of the latter's knowledge of affairs, and he liked his humble attitude of a mere instrument of his sovereign's will. As misfortune would have it Count Lamsdorff was also a humble instrument in the hands of a statesman great in many respects but possessed of rather crude conceptions of international politics and of the way of handling them, whose strong will frequently clashed with the emperor's weak and vacillating will, without, however, being able to resist or dominate it.

The result was a situation upon which the Japanese were able to base their calculations when they decided to run the risk of an open rupture with Russia. I have no doubt that if that great statesman—I mean Witte, of course—had had the sole and undisputed direction of our policies, domestic as well as foreign, in the capacity, say, of an all-powerful grand vizier, he would very soon have found his way in the intricacies of international politics, a domain where, by occasional irresponsible interferences through the medium of a subservient lay figure such as Count Lamsdorff, he was apt to play unwittingly the part of a bull in a china shop. He would not only have prevented the outbreak of the war with Japan but he would also have averted the catastrophe which, with a statesman's vision, he foresaw, and the final outcome of which he was through merciful death spared the unutterable pain of witnessing, as was the cruel fate of all those of us who had shared his views and who had to stand by in impotent rage, seeing our unfortunate country being launched on the road to perdition and lastly pushed into the abyss of civil war and anarchy.

Count Lamsdorff received me with some show of pompous graciousness, congratulated me on the official recognition of my services, which had taken the shape of the bestowal upon me of some decoration, but did not seem to be greatly interested in what I might have to say on the subject of Far Eastern politics. Having already

(Continued on Page 85)

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I Am Tired," She Said Evenly. "If You are Curious You May Call or Phone, as They Say in More Businesslike Advertisements Than Yours"

III

YOU can't," cried Mr. Blurt to Miss Livingston, reading a purpose to leave at once in her determined eye, "you simply can't abandon me now! Do you think I am so easy as to talk to these women without a stenographer taking down every word I say? Nobody need see you."

He pushed toward her a notebook and pencil. She took them up slowly, biting her lip in vexation, but a look of faint curiosity gleamed in her eyes as they watched her employer cross the office on tiptoe to a hole in the wall which seemed suddenly to absorb him. Without turning from it he beckoned to her imperiously, and at her approach he surrendered his place, inviting her to take a peep. So vivid was the vision of the outside hall which burst upon her that she drew back with a frightened gasp.

"Great, isn't it?" chuckled Blurt in a whisper. "Periscope. Take another look; study them well. I want your judgment."

Quite calmly now Miss Livingston inspected the three unconscious girls sitting in the hall. Never before had she realized how telltale is the human face at rest and how incredibly swift to put on a mask at the threatening approach of neighboring eyes. Each of these girls knew that the others had to turn sideways to look at her; none did, and as a result each felt herself to be alone and surrendered to every passing moment some intimate betrayal. Miss Livingston, seized by a depressing gravity, left the periscope and found Mr. Blurt sitting on one corner of his mahogany desk swinging his foot and apparently buried in thought.

"Well?" he asked.

"One," said Miss Livingston unhesitatingly, "is an operator of sorts, some kind of a paid sharper, I should say. Possibly a reporter."

"That's the one that's a bit sporting in her attire," interrupted Blurt. "She has a hole in her stocking just below the knee and her spats don't fit, but she's a hard worker."

Miss Livingston raised her eyebrows and continued: "Another is a professional manikin who has dropped in out of curiosity. She's full of L. J. Libbey dreams of the miraculous rise of the factory girl."

"I spotted her," said Mr. Blurt. "Red lip salve, beaded eyelashes and a pose."

"The third," continued Miss Livingston, unheeding, "is just a poor girl, desperate and catching at a last straw. None of them is what you want; if you'll allow me I'll tell Mr. Sutey to let them go."

"A poor girl, desperate," repeated Blurt absent-mindedly. "Is there anything on God's green earth more tragic than that? There was something about her face that I've seen far away and long ago in famine-stricken country. Have you ever been hungry, Miss Livingston?"

Deep color, half resentful, half ashamed, flooded the girl's smooth cheeks. "Not very," she answered slowly as though driven against her will to speech by his unnoticing sincerity.

"I have," said Blurt, his eyes still fastened afar; "damned hungry. I've tightened my belt till my backbone stuck out in front. Tell Sutey to put the sporting lady, the hard worker, in the lounge; that's the room next to this. The manikin of the foolish dreams should go in the drawing-room, the hungry girl in the kitchen. I'll walk through from here leaving the doors ajar, and you can follow on as the ladies depart, one by one. You'll find it works easily; there are screens."

Miss Livingston started to obey, and then paused as though still rebellious.

"Work, dreams, hunger," murmured Blurt; "three great words."

The mere fact that his heart could lead him to pick out unerringly those three kindly keynotes to the strange personalities beyond the wall settled things for Miss Livingston.

Five minutes later she was standing with her back against the door jamb midway between the office and the living room, protected from discovery by a high screen. She was an expert stenographer and while her pencil flew across the narrow pages of the notebook her wide eyes were almost entirely free to demand of space what manner of man was this Mr. Blurt, her employer by force of circumstances, or personality, or breathless insistence, or sheer will power, or a crying need of protection—she didn't quite know which in spite of her very level head.

Blurt found the first of i visitors standing in the cente the largest of his rooms making a shrewd mental inv tory of all it contained.

"You are Miss Mabel T ton?" he inquired. "Won't please sit down?"

The lady nodded her h but continued to glance ab quite cool and unhurri "Some room," she remar finally.

"Yes," agreed Blurt. "It lovely room, a model of its k Every living room should focused on some one feat Musical people attempt o sionally, to center on a piano, seldom succeed; it's alm hopeless to try. Folks wit home instinct fare better v the family reading lamp f pivot, but here you have so thing more ambitious. Can spot the note?"

"Sure," said the girl, as seated herself opposite h "The fireplace."

"That's it," said Blurt, face brightening. "Everyth radiates and takes chara from the fireplace. Its spaci ness, the rich but simple of its old brick, its inferenc wide embrace—permeate whole room. The rugs, couches, the deep seats and kindly shadows all bend to a sort of attending atmosph There is nothing cheap here cept perhaps you and me."

"What do you mean, chea flared the girl, and one could agine from her tones the sud flaming of her cheeks.

"Did you come in answe my advertisement?" as Blurt, unperturbed.

"Yes," she replied defiar

"Well," continued Blurt, "you won't do. You n have known you wouldn't do."

"Why not?" demanded Miss Trenton.

"Twenty reasons," said Blurt. "To give you one, cause you occasionally carry a small notebook in stocking."

The girl gasped. "How did you know that?"

"By the shape of the hole just below your left kn said Blurt calmly.

"And that—how did you know that?" demanded M Trenton, a touch of unaccustomed panic in her v

"So," said Blurt, "there is a hole there! My dear yo lady, don't think me a wizard, but the moment I laid on you I saw it was your business to spy out the land, nastily necessarily, but all in the day's work. From start it was easy to see the notebook and the hole."

"Mr. Blurt," replied Miss Trenton in a strangely dued voice, "you are right in all but one thing. I am agent of the Bureau of Injustice, never before so unwo of the distinction as I feel myself to be at this mom I came here on a hunch to spy out the land, but when ask me not to think you a wizard—why, I can't a to that. It would be too humiliating. Now, do mind telling me some of the other nineteen reasons I wouldn't do as an answer to that ad?"

"Do you realize how unprofessional that question countered Blurt.

"Quite," replied the girl. "It reeks of the personal is the measure of my surrender. In the language of bulls, you have bumped me off for the full count."

"Every woman," said Blurt after a pause, "will tell that she can stand the truth; God help the man that lieves it. I won't tell you the deep reasons, the one would hurt to tear out, but I don't mind giving you on two surface samples. One is that the woman who fits ad would never be in such a hurry that she couldn't 'advertisement.' Another is your spats."

Miss Trenton extended her ankles and stared at wrinkled and gaping spats as though she had not re noticed them for a long time. A rueful look, stran humanizing, crept into her eyes and drew down the cor of her mouth.

'Ve Americans," continued Blurt, "are bullied by standarc ed wares on the theory that what is good enough for the million is good enough for the one; take it or leave it. Bu unfortunately for you you have an individual foot wit its own intimate character and charm, visible at presnt nly through distortion. I have persuaded a New York ail r to make spats as he fits clothes, and if you will allow ne am going to give you an order on him."

' can't take it," said Miss Trenton promptly.

' see you are well versed in the shibboleths of convenio regardless of motive," remarked Blurt as he took out a lse-leafed notebook and wrote a few hasty lines. "If I we giving you only a pair of spats the matter wouldn't be orth pressing, but it goes much deeper than that." He laced at her with his peculiarly disarming smile as he ust the slip of paper into her unnerved hand. "If you ill wear them," he continued, "you will find that they ibe to your inner self as the fireplace is to this room, the e ote for an attitude toward life."

'You mean," said Miss Trenton quite gravely, "that a tt thing like that might wipe out the nineteen other ons?"

'Why shouldn't it?" asked Blurt. "Aren't you tired of e told that one bad apple will spoil a barrelful? We l e. Why not take comfort in the thought that the good ds just as surely and believe that one perfect article ar begets others? Clothes make the woman, my dear Trenton; never forget it. Man may shine through alls, but woman never; she lives at the exact level of ttire measured not at the cash cost, but by instinctive es."

'You men!" murmured Miss Trenton.

'Stop right there," interrupted Blurt pleasantly. "You en! A thought that's a little involved doesn't go in of your ears and out the other, it crashes and dies nst a wall of lazy negation. Haste is your individual Nemesis, Miss Trenton. You have never in your life had ir to get a man's point of view. What I meant by intitive values is that when a girl can't dress on the money h has it is generally because she's trying to dress some r woman, not her very actual self. For great Mike's a , take time to think. Do you imagine Almighty God ga perfection only to the orchid? To my eye the daisy n the buttercup are braver flowers."

I have caught up with you," said Miss Trenton, giving i the deliberate attention he had begged in the name of Mhael. "It all boils down to being the best of what you rely are. Time for stockings and hair and dusting your veet hat. You mean you really think I can keep pace wi the spats."

Mr. Blurt rose and frowned in concentration. "I mean iu that," he said as he crossed the room to open the door fo her. "I believe it because your foundations are genuine."

s she passed out he took her outstretched hand and lo ed straight into her thoughtful eyes. "You'll wear thn, won't you?" For the first time during the interviw Miss Trenton frankly smled, though with tremulous lip. "You know I will," she answered.

Blurt closed the door, called to Miss Livingston and passed though to the drawing-room were he found Miss Mallowe, maikin, seated on the edge of a formal chir and tapping th soft surface of the exquisite carpet with a slim foot that was more nervous than impatient. In that setting of Luis Quinze furniture, mellowed tapestries and chandeliers whose brass and festooned crystal seemed hung in the pale glow of light long filtered, the girl presented a vivid and repelling contrast. She breathed rapidly and was wilting almost visibly like an orchid suddenly exposed to a cold and unkindly air.

"You are not comfortable, my dear," said Blurt in a far different tone from that he had assumed with Miss Trenton.

"Not very," said the girl after a first startled attempt to assume a languid pose.

"You have taken the wrong chair," continued Blurt with just that touch of familiarity which says to the accustomed and discerning ear, "It's no use, kid, because you see, I'm on." He motioned to another chair. "Try this one and sit back in it. It's half an inch lower; all the difference in the world. Isn't that better?"

The girl nodded, straightened her skirts, displayed her moiré-silk bag to better advantage and with one gloved hand tugged at her veil to test the position of her hat. Her eyes were strangely restless and gave a weird impression of wishing to have nothing to do with the heavily beaded and immobile lashes above them. Blurt noticed this phenomenon and sat silent for a moment, plunged in speculations as to just how far deliberate masking of one's inner soul could succeed through tampering with externals.

"Don't you want to take off your hat?" he asked.

The eyes gave him a frightened look; the girl shook her head in emphatic denial. It was as though he had requested the commander of an elaborately portcullised and bemoated castle to let down the bridge and open the gates to sun his meager courtyard. Blurt knew that girls of this class have but one suit of careful armor in which they go out to conquer man and more clothes, and that only in its complete ensemble do they feel secure; his question had been malicious, to say the least. But behind it was a not unkindly intention to give her an impulse toward unburdening herself of all the predigested talk she had doubtless prepared through anxious hours for this momentous interview. However true may have been that surmise, words now failed the lady utterly. From behind their serrated defense her eyes called moist and despairingly for aid.

"Tillie," said Blurt, glancing at the slip of paper in his hand which contained his list of callers, "you know you're uncomfortable, but do you know why?"

"No," murmured Miss Mallowe, giving her surroundings a vaguely vindictive look.

"That's it," said Blurt, "you're getting it. What's happening to you has come to many a landlocked fish when the tide ran out. Girlie, you don't belong in this room at all. It's meant to evoke memories of an age that was artificial to the gills, an epoch of hair pompadoured and powdered, of beauty spots and penciled brows, of wasped waists above billows of foam, of the screening fan and the wicked tongue."

Miss Mallowe's eyes tried to look at her beaded lashes, rouged cheeks and reddened lips and at mention of a wicked tongue her own showed an exploring tip.

"I know," said Blurt with a gesture of his dangling hand, "but it wasn't the same, not by a jugful. The artificiality of the age that went with these faded tapestries was a thing long bred in the bone and clung to death and decay just as faint colors and fragrance hang to withering rose leaves. Some talk for an ex-contractor, eh? But we're paid to look at the big and see the little thing and that's why I can tell you why those mincing peacocks formed the wittiest community known to history. They were not unmoral, my dear, but deliberately immoral to the tips of their pink fingers, and in a world where license has no limits the tongue has an unfenced field. In other words, wit is the one bright flower that springs from any society on the road to the dungheap."

Miss Mallowe met this pregnant statement with a look that was not only blank but bored.

"And now we come to you," continued Blurt.

The girl's face immediately brightened.

"Against this background," said Blurt, his eyes hardening, "you are as crude as a Cubist outrage wandered into an exhibition of Watteau. I can say anything I like, you see, because you daren't cry; if you did and wiped your really lovely eyes your hanky would look like Pittsburgh. Tillie, why do you do it? Don't you know that men hate paint on daylight women and that that stuff on your lips looks and tastes nasty?"

"How did you ever find out how it tastes?" asked Miss Mallowe in quick and doubting wonder.

"Never you mind," replied Mr. Blurt unabashed. "You and I know that every woman is subject to circumstances, don't we? But we're talking about you now. I tell you

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"Against This Background You are as Crude as a Cubist Outrage Wandered Into an Exhibition of Watteau"

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE matter of the check that Wint Chase had given Hetty Morfee stuck in his mind, disquieting him; this in spite of the fact that he tried to forget it, told himself it had no significance, that it meant nothing at all.

He gathered up the canceled checks and put them back in the bank's long yellow envelope, and stuck the envelope in a drawer of his desk. Hetty had not yet cashed the check; that was all. She would cash it when she needed the money. He tried to believe this was the key to the puzzle.

But it was not a satisfactory key; and this was proved by the fact that his thoughts kept harking back to the matter during the next day or two. When he gave Hetty the check he had expected her to cash it before she left town; in fact, his first thought had been to draw the money himself and give it to her; but this had been slightly less convenient than to write the check. So he had written the check and given it to her, and now Hetty had not cashed it.

It was characteristic of Wint that he saw no threat against himself in this circumstance. Wint was never of a suspicious turn of mind. He was loyal to his friends and to those who seemed to be his friends; he took them and he took the world at large at face value. So in this case he was not uneasy on his own account but on Hetty's. For Hetty had needed this money; yet she had not cashed the check.

He knew she needed the money. Her wage from his mother had left no great margin for saving if a girl liked to spend money as well as Hetty did. She could not have saved more than a few dollars; twenty, or perhaps thirty. Besides, she had told him she needed money. When he told her she had better go away she had said: "A fat chance of that. Where would I get the money, anyway?" It was this that had led him to write a check for her.

She had needed the money; she had accepted it. That is to say, she had accepted the check, but had not cashed it. Not yet, at least. Why not? What was the explanation?

His uneasiness, all on Hetty's account, began to take shape. He remembered the girl's sullen hopelessness, her friendlessness. She had been ready to give up, to submit to whatever misfortunes might come upon her. There had always been a defiant, reckless, fatalistic streak in Hetty. And Wint, remembering, was afraid it had taken the ascendant in the girl. He was afraid ——

He did not put into words, even in his thoughts, the truth of his fear. But he did write to a college classmate, who was working at the time on one of the Columbus papers, and asked him to try to locate Hetty at one of the hospitals. He told the circumstances. And two or three days later the man wrote to say that there was no such person as Hetty in any hospital in Columbus, under her own name; and that as far as he could learn there was no one approximating her description.

When this letter came it tended to clinch Wint's fears. He was not yet convinced that Hetty had chosen to—do that which writes "Finis" at the bottom of life's last page. But he was almost convinced, almost ready to believe.

It made Wint distinctly unhappy. He had an honest liking and respect for Hetty, an old friendship for the girl.

He did not tell either his father or his mother of the matter of the check; nor did he tell them what he feared had come to pass. There was no need, he thought, of worrying them. There was nothing that could be done.

The long lazy summer dragged slowly past, and nothing happened. Which is the way of Hardiston. That is to say, nothing happened that was in any way extraordinary. The Baptist Sunday School held its annual picnic in the G. A. R. grove, south of town; and everyone went, Baptist or not, Sunday-school scholar or not. Everybody went and took his dinner. Fried chicken and sandwiches and deviled eggs and bananas; and there were vast freezers of ice cream. And some played baseball, and some idled in the swings, and there were the sports that go with such an occasion. Cracker eating, shoe lacing, egg-and-spoon race, greased pole, and so on and so on, to the tune of a great deal of laughter and general good nature.

Wint Looked at Her, and His Heart Was Pounding Softly. "You Said There Were Some Who Would Watch Me—Lovingly," He Reminded Her

And the Hardiston baseball team played a game every week, sometimes away from home, sometimes on the baseball field down by the creek, where the muddy waters overflowed every spring. And Lint Blood, the hard-throwing left fielder, who was fully as good as any big leaguer in the country if he could only get his chance, had his regular season as hero of the town.

And there were a few dances, where the men appeared in white trousers and soft shirts and took off their coats to dance; and there were hayrides on moonlit nights; and Ed Skinner's nine-year-old boy almost got drowned in the swimming hole at Smith's Bridge; and Jim Radabaugh and two or three others went fishing down on Big Raccoon, thirty miles away; and the tennis court in Tom Jones' back yard was busy every fine afternoon; and the circus and Wild West Show paid Hardiston their regular summer visits. It rained so hard for three days before the circus came that the big show had to be canceled, which made it hard for every father in town.

And Sam O'Brien's brother caught a thirty-five-pound catfish in the river, and sent it up to Sam, who kept it alive in a tub in his restaurant for two days, and killed and fried it for his customers only when it began to pine away in captivity. And Ed Howe's boy fell off a homemade acting bar and broke his arm; and the Welsh held their County Eisteddfod in a tent on the old fair grounds, and John Morgan won the first prize in the male solo competition. Hardiston boys thought that was rather a joke, because John was the only entry in this particular event; they would remind him of this fact for a many years to come in their tormentin ments. And the hot days and the warm and the wet days came and wen the summer dragged away.

In September Joan suggested nic at Banner Caves, a dozen from Hardiston; Wint liked the so they discussed who should g how; and in due time the affair place. Joan and Agnes and t three other girls made the don arrangements, with Wint and Hoover and Jack Routt and o two besides to look after the fin end and the transportation. I old days they would have hire of the big barges from the liver ble, with a long seat running the l of each side; and they would crowded into that and ridde dozen jolting miles, with a good of singing and laughing and talki they went; but there were aut biles in Hardiston now, and n thought of the barge.

They started early—that is t at eight o'clock in the morni thereabouts. There were three mobiles full of them, with hampe boxes and freezers full of things in every car. And they made th at a breakneck and break-axle over the rough road, and reache caves by nine, and unloaded th bles and got buckets of water fro well behind the house at the ent to the caves. The farmer who in this house had an eye to busi and a year or two before he had pavilion in the grove by the and had begun to charge admi Besides the pavilion there were s and there was a seesaw; and were always the caves themselve the winding clear-watered little st that came down over the rocks feathery cascade and wound among the trees.

This day they danced a little i pavilion—Joan had brought a g ophone—and when it grew too to dance some of them went to about on the cool wet rocks o caves; and some took off shoes stockings, or shoes and socks a case might be, and waded in the b and some sprawled on the sand a base of the rocky wall and called d bugs. A pleasant, idle sport. The doodle bug is more s tifically known as an ant lion. He digs himself a hole i sand like an inverted cone, and hides himself in the sand at the bottom of the hole. The theory of the th that an ant tumbles in, slides down the sloping sides falls a prey to the ingenious monster at the bottom. T a doodle bug you simply chant over and over: "Doodl doodle up, doodle up." And at the same time you sti sand on the sides of the trap with a twig. Either the so the sliding sand causes the bug to emerge from his ambu the bottom of the pit, when you may see him for an ins a misshapen, powerful little thing.

If you happen to be an ant he looks to you as formi as a behemoth, bursting out of the sand and tumbli from his shoulders as a mammoth bursts out of the meval forest. If you happen to be a human you lau its awkward movements, and find another pit and another doodle bug.

Routt and Agnes, Wint and Joan, all four together vestigated doodle bugs this day. They had a good-nat time of it till Jack Routt caught an ant and dropped it one of the pits to see the monster at the bottom in ac The sight of the ant's swift end was not pleasan Joan; and she looked at Routt in a critical way. He Agnes seemed to think it rather a joke on the ant. and Joan moved away and left them there and clambering up among the rocks, and picked winterg and chewed it, and came out at last on the upper leve top of the caves. They looked down from there shouted to the others below. And when they tired of they sat down and talked to each other for a while. was one pursuit they never tired of.

Wint had been meaning to ask Joan something. It concerned that letter which he had received the day after his election as mayor. The letter had been anonymous; a friendly, loyal, sympathetic little note. He had torn it up angly as soon as he read it; because he was in no mood for good advice that day, and the letter had given good advice. He could remember, even now, snatches of it. He had wondered who wrote it; and this wonder had grown during the last few days, and he had considered the matter, and asked a question or two.

Now he asked Joan whether she had written it; and Joan hesitated and flushed a little, and then said, looking at him bravely: "Yes, I wrote it, Wint."

He said in an embarrassed way: "But that was when Conrad told me you would have no more to do with me."

She nodded.

"You tore it up," he said.

"I thought you would." She smiled a little. "But I hoped you—would remember it too."

"I did," Wint told her. "You said I had 'the finest chance a man ever had to retrieve his mistakes,' and you told me to buckle down."

"Yes, I remember," she agreed.

Wint looked at her, and his heart was pounding softly. "You said there were some who would watch me—loving," he reminded her.

For a minute she did not speak; then she nodded her head slowly; and she said, "Yes." Her eyes met his quietly.

Wint had been very sure before he asked her that she had written the letter; he had meant to remind her of this now, and if she confessed it, to go on. But now that he had come thus far he found that he could go no further. It was not that she forbade him; not that there was any prohibition in her eyes. It was something within himself that restrained him. Something that held his tongue, bade him not risk his fortune—lest, perchance, he lose it.

Anyone but a blind man would have seen there was no danger of his losing it; but Wint in this matter was blind—for the immemorial reason. So all the courage that had brought him thus far deserted him, and he said only, "Oh!"

That did not seem to Joan to call for any answer, so she said nothing; and after a moment Wint got hurriedly to his feet and exclaimed: "Well, I'm getting hungry. Better be getting back, hadn't we?"

Joan looked, perhaps, a little disappointed. But she agreed she guessed so; and they made their way down to join the others.

After they had all eaten till there was no more eat in them, there was a general tendency to take things easy. The dishes had to be washed in the brook; and the girls undertook to do that, Dick Glover found some horseshoes and started a game of quoits. Wint would have taken a hand; but Jack Routt drew him aside and said, "I'd like a little talk with you, Wint. Mind?"

Wint was surprised; but he said so. "All right," he agreed. "Shoot."

Routt offered him a cigar, and Wint took it, and they walked slowly away from the others, back toward the caves. Routt came to the point.

"It's like this, Wint," he said frankly. "A good many people have been telling me I ought to get into politics."

Wint had ears to hear; and he had heard something of this. But he pretended ignorance and only said, "I thought you were in politics. Thought you were linked up with Amos."

"I have been in the past," Routt agreed. "But the trouble with that is if you tie up with a big man you get only what he chooses to give you. I've been advised to strike out for myself."

Wint said: "I think that's good advice. It ought to help your law practice too."

"Matter of fact," said Routt, "they're telling me I ought to run against you."

"Against me?" Wint seemed only mildly interested. "For mayor?"

"Yes. On the wet issue. You know my ideas on that. I'm not on your side of the fence there at all."

"Well, I don't find fault with any man's ideas, Jack."

"The trouble is this," Routt explained: "You and I are pretty good friends. Always have been. I don't want to start anything that will spoil that friendship."

Wint laughed and said: "Good Lord, Jack, I guess there's no fear of that."

"I knew you'd say so!" Routt exclaimed. "Just the same, I was leery. You know what kind of a fellow I am. When I go into a thing I go in with both feet. If I run against you, Wint, I'll give you a fight."

"Go to it. We'll show Hardiston some action."

"I'll lam it into you, Wint."

"Well, I can give as good as you send," Wint promised.

"The only thing is," Routt explained, "I just want an understanding with you, first—that is, I want you to know there's nothing personal in anything I may say. It's politics, Wint; and if I go in it will be hot politics. If you'll promise to take it as that and nothing else."

Wint said easily: "I don't suppose you can tell Hardiston anything about me that it doesn't already know."

Routt grasped his hand. "That's the boy, Wint," he exclaimed. "You're a good sport. I believe I'll go into it."

"Come ahead. It's no private fight," Wint assured him.

"The only thing is, I wanted you to know, first. I want you to know I'm on the level with you, personally."

"Well, I should say I know that, Jack."

Routt thrust out his hand. "Shake on it, Wint."

Wint laughed. "You're dramatic enough." But he shook hands.

They rejoined the others after a while, and Wint was glad of it. He had hidden his feelings from Routt; but as a matter of fact he was a good deal surprised and chagrined at Jack's news. He had heard rumors; but he had not believed Routt would come out against him. It was a thing he, Wint, would not have done. It smacked, he felt, of disloyalty to a friend. He had even for a moment a thought of withdrawing and leaving the field free to Routt. But he put it away. After all he was first in the fight; it was Routt who had brought about this situation, not he. He could not well avoid the issue.

Nevertheless, he was troubled. The world that had seemed so bright and fair a month ago had a less cheerful aspect now. His fears for Hetty, his anxiety over her, were always with him, faintly oppressive. Now Routt's desertion, his projected opposition.

Try as he would to shake it off Wint could not rid himself of the feeling that there were rough places on the road that lay ahead.

His anxiety over Hetty was relieved—though only to take a new turn—in the last week of September. For Hetty came back to Hardiston.

Wint met her on the street one day. He was surprised; and he was immensely pleased to see her, safe and sound. He cried, "Why, Hetty, where did you come from?"

She looked round furtively, as though she would have avoided him if it had been possible to do so. "Didn't you expect me to come back?" she asked sullenly.

"Of course. But—how are you? All right? Where have you been?"

"Summering in New England," she said ironically. "Where'd you think?"

"Mother's been wondering when you'd come back. She needs you."

"She'll have to go on needing me."

"Aren't you ——"

"I've got a job in the shoe factory."

Wint said, "Oh!" He was disturbed and uncertain, puzzled by Hetty's attitude. He asked, "Is the —— Did you ——"

"The baby?" said Hetty listlessly. "Oh, he died." There was dead agony in her tone, so that Wint ached for her.

"I'm sorry," he told her.

"That's all right. I can stand it."

He asked: "Did you need any money? The check I gave you never came through the bank."

"I lost it," she said.

"Why, you must have had trouble. You didn't have enough ——"

"I went in as a charity-ward patient."

"Columbus?"

"No. Cincinnati. I didn't want anyone knowing."

Wint smiled in a friendly way and said: "I was worried about you."

Hetty laughed. "You'd better worry about yourself. Do you know people are looking at you while you're talking to me? It won't help you any to be seen with me."

Wint said, "Pshaw! You're morbid, Hetty."

"Besides," she told him, "I've got to look out. Mind my p's and q's if I want to hold my job."

Wint flushed uncomfortably. "Why—all right," he said. "But if there's ever anything ——"

"Oh, I'll let you know," Hetty said impatiently and turned away.

He had been afraid that she had killed herself; that her body was dead. He was afraid now, as he watched her move down the street, that something more important was dead in the girl.

It was at this moment that he realized for the first time that a man had been responsible for what had come to Hetty. He wondered who the man was; and he thought it would be satisfying to say a word or two to the fellow.

XLI

JACK ROUTT was as good as his word to Wint. Early in October he announced his candidacy for mayor; and he proceeded to push it.

In their talk at the caves he had

(Continued on Page 98)

"You Wondering What Kite Aims to Do to Trim You? Know Any Way He Could Hit at You?"

A PARABLE OF TRIFLES

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE company, having dined, retired to the shadowy darkness of the broad veranda, from which—comfortably fixed in cushioned summery chairs—they could look out across the water where the gray-blue veil of night was punctured by the yellow twinkles of ship lights. The sharp silver tones of bells, more musical even than the tinkle in the ice-filled glasses, seemed to strike upon their hearts, awakening strange thoughts and longings.

In the first fluttering silence after they had adjusted themselves they presented a picture strongly suggestive of a Whistler nocturne: the white blotch of a shirt front above which a cigarette glowed and dulled; a faint gleam of curving shoulders and pale arms; slowly waving fans and the shadowy suggestion of a servant passing in and out with a tray. It was a moment to be filled with the soft strains of an old waltz. The rich sensuous perfume of dew-soaked grass and summer flowers filled the air. All breathed deeply and tremulously as though they had attained the degree of contentment where all craving seems satisfied, yet a vague uncertainty, a vague longing stirs the soul.

"What a dull company!" exclaimed the hostess brightly. "Like animals, having eaten, we just loll about, contented!"

"Why not?" said the traveler.

"But how easily we're satisfied; and yet there's unhappiness in the world!"

"I think most people are unhappy without any reason at all," stated a débutante.

Not content with being at ease, human nature began to assert itself. It was necessary to analyze symptoms. It was incumbent on all to agitate themselves by talking about it.

"Otherwise the world would not move," observed a husband solemnly, banal but determined. "Contentment kills progress, but of course there are degrees of happiness. I don't see why people should be miserable. It's a trite enough saying that happiness is inside. If people would only practice it ——"

"Sometimes they may practice it in vain, dear," said his wife sweetly. Her tone made the others feel a sudden slight discomfort.

She was seated away from her husband on a wicker settee beside a stranger—one who had been invited to the dinner as a friend of her and her husband. This stranger was a foreign visitor of a vague distinction, fostered by an interesting intonation that spelled culture to the unsophisticated and impressionable and a reserve of manner that implied depths unplumbed. He moved slowly and listened with lifted eyebrows with an air of tolerant amusement that saved him from the necessity of much conversation and wrapped him in a sort of glamour.

"There's not enough give and take," declared the husband stubbornly.

The wife laughed gayly, flippantly, and the hostess exclaimed with affected enthusiasm: "Good! Now we can have some opinions on the rôle of woman. Feminism! Who believes in it? Let's talk about it."

And they proceeded forthwith to discuss and argue over all the points of relationship between man and woman that have been themes for similar conversations in all lands, among all peoples, for all time. They gave the subject a modern tone with a broadly exaggerated scorn of common convention by which they convinced themselves it had never been treated quite similarly before.

Finally, having described a circle, they came back to the husband's original proposition of give and take.

The traveler then observed that many people threw away happiness because they could not see it in the right perspective.

"That," he declared, renewing his cigarette, "is because of our state of civilization. Modern life kills simplicity and therefore kills genuine love or any other powerful emotion, because after all they are all related. There are too many superficial distractions. A boy may love a girl in the Follies, but it's not the same emotion as that between Paul and Virginia, for instance. You may momentarily hate a man who steps on your corns in the Subway."

"Oh, pooh!" said the débutante with amused contempt. "Corns! The Subway! The party's getting out of hand."

"Well," said the traveler gravely, "I'm afraid I lost a sense of the conventions in the course of the conversation. I might have known the line would be drawn somewhere."

There was a moment's silence.

Then it began to dawn on the company that it was the traveler talking, a man whose ideas were based on a very broad and diverse experience of the world and its people. He had recently returned from Western Mongolia, where his explorations had as their true purpose an inquiry into the political history and traditions of the nomadic tribes that inhabit the great desert belt extending across Central Asia. Having given birth to and supported in their conquests Jenghiz Khan and Kublai Khan it was believed they possessed grave potentialities. Some knew the speaker's reputation; others suspected it; therefore all listened with attention.

"As a bachelor I've always supposed," he said, "that the ordinary relations of husband and wife—living in constant and intimate personal association, where nothing is concealed, nothing restrained and every little trait and peculiarity of character is at last revealed—give rise to moments of irritation that may cause a terrible bitterness between the two. With those who are wise these moments of irritation pass away quickly enough; but to those who are inexperienced they probably indicate what is popularly understood as incompatibility of temper. Actually they are probably due to a pressing corn—my apologies to the young lady—or a sleepless night and a liverish morning. You know the saying that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet.

"Well, this incompatibility of temper is not peculiar to misunderstood spouses. Anyone who has traveled any distance with a solitary partner knows that. You remember Bret Harte's story of the man who put too much saleratus in the bread—and it caused the breaking up of a wonderful partnership and ended in a lifelong hatred?"

No one answered.

"I suppose," observed the traveler, "that Bret Harte is too homely an American philosopher to be read much nowadays. However, I know a somewhat similar case that sums up pretty well what we've been talking about.

"There were two chaps sent out by a firm in Shanghai to make a trip to the borders of Tibet, crossing through Southern Mongolia, along the edge of the Gobi. The object of the trip was to find out the commercial possibilities of the provinces along the way and to report extensively on the country and any natural resources that might be exploited. The plan was to make up a caravan of several hundred camels loaded with special and appropriate articles of merchandise which were to be bartered along the way. The caravan was got together at Kalgan at the mouth of the great pass leading up to the Mongolian plateau, and required a great deal of time and preparation.

"The directors of the company felt an interest in the expedition that was beyond the ordinary commercial nature of the undertaking. Every single one of them was touched by its romantic nature. Some would have been glad to venture on it themselves if it had been at all practicable. Since it was not practicable, however, they took special pains in selecting their men.

"Robert Gay, an American, was one of them. He was a college man—traveled extensively, had a lot of shrewd common sense, a blithe spirit and a degree of refinement, as we understand it. He was essentially a gentleman. His companion was equally a gentleman. man was a Dane—somewhat of an errant scholar; bub over with high spirits and good nature, knew his busi as thoroughly as a Continental usually does, and wa familiar with horses and the plains as any Mongol. name was Janssen.

"The American was strongly built and had great en ance, while the Dane was lithe and active and until They were the best of friends. They had known each o for several years, both in Peking and the Treaty P where they had many friends in common, and as mem of small hunting parties that were often made up du the Chinese New Year and at Christmas time. Every agreed that no better selection of men to live alone months under trying conditions could have been mad

"Both Gay and Janssen were delighted. They m Shanghai before going north and enthusiastically over their plans, outlining the delightful times that coming.

"When they reached the dusty lanes of Kalgan found that the caravan had already been made up every last detail was complete. There was a party night of course. Everyone was jubilant, and the morning a small cavalcade rode up the pass in high sp

"It was a clear cool morning, one of those wond mornings in Mongolia when the sky seems to dissolve space. You breathe deeply with sheer enjoyment of tingling atmosphere; your eyes glisten; your hair acti seems to curl with the vital joy of living.

"The caravan filed away in its strings of six came dusty Chinese or Mongol boy at the head of each, unti line stretched away for nearly a mile. The clunking o camel bells gave music for the procession. Dogs bar the impatient ponies tossed their heads, gathered hind legs under them, whinnied; the Mongols grinned shouted guttural greetings or rode gravely by, mor piping on flutes; the camels gurgled as they shuffled thr the pebbles; and the few friends who had ridden out Gay and Janssen pushed their mounts close in, bant gayly and called out the final chin-chins. Unless yo actually experienced such an occasion you can't appreciate it. It is more significant in a way than a c tening; and more jubilant, I can assure you, than a ding. If you consider it, though, you'll see that it many of the elements of a wedding.

"When the caravan was well on its way the last fr dropped behind and the whole expedition coördina with a general feeling of fixed comfortable pace, com purpose and confidence in the leaders, Janssen drew pony alongside Gay's, slapped Gay on the shoulder exclaimed happily: 'Well, old chap, we're off!'

"The American smiled slowly as his eye took in long winding column headed westward and his thou went ahead to the days of delightful work and adver that lay before them.

"He held his hand out to Janssen and said delibera 'Yes, we're off at last, thank God! You know, I kep worrying that something would turn up at the last mo to spoil our plans. The thing that worried me most that they'd send someone along I didn't like. There a lot of possibilities, you know—Eccles, Dunston, H mond and several others put their names in.'

"'Yes, yes! We're certainly lucky,' agreed the D 'We ought to have a great time! As the Englishmen Here's happy days!'

"Chatting easily together with the absence of consciousness that comes with a complete mutual un standing, they over plans together cussed their nativ sistants; divided their tasks so that would not infringe the other; and changed opinions the country, its pe peculiarities of the ert and little trick which an old tra profits. For a they continued in fashion.

"That first week near perfection for who enjoyed the open life of the pl The practical deta

"The Two Men Stood Facing Each Other, Confused, Desperate, Their Minds a Chaos of Mad Impulses"

e caravan rested in the hands of the Mongol caravan
ade and the Chinese comprador. For the rest, the two
nit men accustomed themselves again to life in the
dd! There was some good shooting and the red dust
l sub of the rolling plains were still tinged with the
t reen of spring. Food was plentiful and of excellent
ne. The Chinese cook took pains to produce the best.
Te camels grazed by day and traveling was done at
nt the caravan moving off at about one or two in the
ng. These silent rides across the plains and desert
a most beyond anything you can imagine. The stars
nd flash like blue electric sparks while the great
planets glow like lanterns. The air is thin and cool,
omes very cold, and sends an elixir into the blood that
s every nerve
d with life and
g. It causes
ca reactions.
m travelers
rs into exuber-
t s uts; others
ow lumb with
e tensity of
ir elings.
"A the long col-
n vings along,
d y and silent
ve or the soft
ff and pat of
mels' pads,
Mo golsuddenly
re ms — the
ea becomes a
n., a high-
old, piercing
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es lair. Flutes
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ies The ponies
ow ie dust from
ei nostrils with
go us snorts.
In he distance,
er he sounds of
raan life be-
m muffled, you
n ometimes
ar ie thin howl
a olf, which ac-
nt tes the com-
rtable sensation
harmony and
ellbeing that
rvles the peo-
e cthe caravan.
ne eady propul-
on provides a
rt n stimulus
at ves all from
aging content-
en

"uring these
ight marches
e lemn grand-
r the desert and the desert night grew on Gay. His
unreached out to the great eternal mysteries that seem
intimate, so near comprehension in places like these.
he ttle shocks that recalled the trivialities of existence
m imes annoyed him.

"nssen, possessed of more volatile spirits, took the des-
t ls seriously. He knew it well. Its mystery was no
or significant to him than the mystery of fire is to a cook.
e joyed more the tattle of the caravan folk. He was
erwhere up and down the line, chatting, laughing,
idi, picking up quaint bits of information. It was su-
rfial, though, because these people too were more or less
monplace to him and he found no abiding pleasure in
ei company, any more than any of you might find in the
many of laborers. It was with entirely different feel-
gs-profound feelings—that he drew his pony alongside
Cy's to retell the tattle he had heard, for Gay was his
mide.

"or long minutes at a time he would yarn away, inter-
ering with snatches of song he had picked up or showing
ic some Mongol had taught him: how to spin yarn
on the camels' shaggy wool raked out with the fingers;
wo make a flute from the shin bone of a lamb or braid
a hide whip onto the horn of an antelope. Gay listened
a this with smiling good nature. He delighted in Jans-
n's sprightly company and learned a great deal from
s ance-flung remarks.

"mong other things there was a game Janssen played
at first interested Gay keenly. Janssen carried a
n's ball in one of his saddlebags. If dawn broke while
e were still on the march he would take this ball out
nd setting his pony at a canter, bounce it on the desert
floor, catching it deftly on the rebound. It was really a difficult trick, requiring an excellent seat, good judgment, a keen eye and a quick hand. If he missed the catch the Dane would swoop out of his Cossack saddle, hooking his spur in the cantle, and snatch the ball from the ground as he overtook it. His lithe frame and quick movements made this an agreeable sport. But when Gay attempted it he met with continued failure.

"Urging his pony to a canter he would bounce the ball vigorously, but it would bound far over his head or he would be too slow by seconds in reaching for it. Furthermore, his short heavy frame made it difficult for him to retrieve the ball when once it rolled on the ground; and it was aggravating continually to swing out of the saddle and clamber in again, readjusting the paraphernalia. Finally Gay abandoned the game altogether after losing his temper once or twice and contented himself with watching Janssen. This, however, did not please him long.

"Janssen's swift youthful movements, his graceful hawklike swoops, the light airy ease with which he darted after the bounding ball, began to cause Gay a slight annoyance. By contrast he seemed so heavy and slow and dull. He even somewhat resented the implication his companion's buoyant spirits contained. When Janssen's pony rushed by in the first flush of dawn, the hoofs rolling dully in the dust and the ball sounding thud—thud—thud at rapid intervals he began to draw aside with suppressed exclamations.

"Roused from deep reveries, the trivial nature of the interruption annoyed him.

"'For heaven's sake, Janssen!' he exclaimed one morning, 'are you going to keep up that fool game forever?'

"'Why,' said Janssen, reining in, 'don't you know there's good practice in this? The Western Mongols play a game like it. They throw a sheepskin on the ground between two sets of players. The first side to reach it, then, snatches it up and tries to carry it across the opponents' line.'

"'The devil!' grunted Gay. 'You don't intend to compete with them, do you?'

"'Why not? It's fun and it's good business. A Mongol respects a good horseman better than almost anything else.'

"'That means they have no respect for me?' demanded Gay with senseless heat.

"'Oh, don't be an ass!'

"'Easy!' said Gay, restraining himself. 'Keep your tongue to yourself, if you can't control it—and your damned kid's game too!'

"A shadow came across Janssen's face. He darted a swift, indignant glance at his companion, but checked the hasty words that rose to his lips and moved aside. Gay, saying nothing more, plodded forward morosely.

"After that their conversation was constrained. Each felt foolish and guilty, but without a mediator they refused to yield.

"The next morning Janssen did not play his game with the same degree of abandon, and Gay felt a sardonic satisfaction in noticing this. Now that the subject had been broached, however, everything to do with that silly tennis ball became significant. Janssen wanted to play with it—and Gay derided the game. At the same time the savor had gone out of it for Janssen; while for Gay the satisfaction was modified by the knowledge that his companion resented his attitude. This created a certain defiance in his mood which increased the more he brooded over it.

"They ate their meals with longer silences between bits of conversation, and were stiltedly polite or designedly offhand in their conversation, as though they feared they might say something that would cause an outburst.

"Janssen now began to think over the situation. He decided that Gay's attitude was both stupid and insulting. His fiery nature suddenly blazed.

"'Very well, the cuckoo! If he thinks I'm childish ——'

"And thereafter he mingled more with the Mongols and less with Gay, and his conversations with the latter became more austere and abrupt. One day the caravan came to a desert inn where there were wells and a large building of sun-baked brick, formerly used as a yamen when the district had been more populous. Here they rested for two days.

"On the second day, while Gay was stretched on a kang inside dozing, Janssen in the yard, for want of something to do, brought forth the tennis ball and began idly to throw it against the wall of the building. The intermittent thudding sound against the bricks roused Gay. Unable to resume his sleep he listened with growing exasperation, until at last, unable to restrain himself longer, he jumped to his feet and burst through the door into the yard.

"Gay's sudden wild appearance, his face distorted with rage, startled Janssen. He stood stock-still looking at his companion inquiringly.

"Gay cried in a loud angry voice: 'Damn that ball! I'll put an end to that!'

"And he drew his revolver and deliberately sent two shots into the ball, bursting it as it dribbled along the ground.

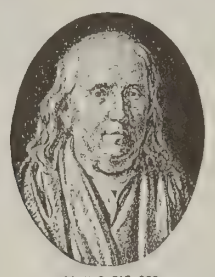
"Janssen was stupefied with astonishment. Then he almost choked with the rage that boiled up within him. The two men stood silently facing each other, confused, desperate, their minds a chaos of mad impulses. In a second their calm reason, their culture, their mutual sympathy and understanding—their friendship—were burned away because of a tennis ball. Worse than that, it actually unbalanced their sanity, for if Janssen had been in possession of a weapon he certainly would have shot Gay and Gay was equally prepared to shoot Janssen.

"All codes and conventions were forgotten, the sentimental bonds that united them were broken; they felt only

(Concluded on Page 79)

"The Cargo Was Lightened at the Villages Through Which They Passed and the Unladen Camels Sent Back"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Drives, Drivers and Driven

THE law was off on November first and it is now the open season for rabbits and millionaires. Unafraid and trusting in September, the rabbits now cower trembling under the protective coloration of the brush. At night the swarming hunters gather in camps and clubs to count the spoil of their guns and to tell how the warier and nimbler bunnies got away.

Coming back on Labor Day from their vacations and from safety, with only one installment of the income tax left to pay, people were beginning to go about their business with something of their pre-war boldness. But now they dodge along from doorway to doorway, and in his office the millionaire cowers behind a protective screen of secretaries, jumping nervously whenever the telephone rings. At noon and night the weary teams gather round the long table, exhibiting their bags and lamenting that this year the game is neither so fat nor so plentiful as last.

The fall drives are on, the winter ones are coming and the spring ones are being planned. And they are being planned along the lines of the President's prescription of force for the Germans—without stint. No one who wants money seems able to think in terms of anything except a million or multiples thereof—also without stint. There are no pikers, no pessimists in the ranks of the drive promoters when they talk in terms of other people's money.

A good many of the professional promoters thought that they must be dreaming when they found how easy it came during the war. When they find how hard it comes this year they are going to wake up. The four-minute days when the public was pretty soft are over. The giver is getting to be a little hard-boiled; he wants to be shown, and properly so. During the war, charities for the support of indigent grafters, titled, near-titled and finger-printed, were common; entertainments that split fifty-fifty between the refugees and the ballyhoo boys were given almost daily; and bazaars that returned thirty cents net and a handsome amount of charity jazz to the innocent ladies in charge, while the promoters wheeled away the "important money" in pushcarts, were not unknown.

So far as the effect on the country goes, money given to a wasteful or unnecessary charity is just as badly spent as if it were handed directly to a grafter. This year a dollar must be one hundred cents useful, whether it is invested in business or charity. No cause is so good that it can sanctify waste.

Any organization that is asking you for money should first show exactly how it has used that already given to it and at the same time present a detailed budget setting forth how the new sums demanded are to be expended. It should prove that it is asking for a minimum, not a maximum amount; that an undue proportion of its receipts are not going for publicity and drive expenses, for salaries and commissions to professional promoters, puffers and solicitors; that it is not duplicating the work of better-equipped agencies in the same field; that its program is constructive and calculated to lift people up to a place where they can help themselves; and that it is one of genuine humanitarianism, not sloppy sentimentalism. We need charities that put men to work and ever fewer that support them without work. Lady Bountiful is one aristocrat who must lose her title in this age of democracy. Her giving has hurt everybody except herself.

The prevalent jazz is getting into our charities even. This "Hurrah, come along, boys!" spirit that is behind so many drives should be met with the Missouri counter attack, "Show me." You might better blow in your money on Broadway than to let one of the fifty-fifty boys have it, because that is where it will be spent if he gets it; you might just as well buy something that you don't need as to give it to some good-looking and well-meaning woman who will waste it on an imitation charity. If money must be frittered away it is pleasant to do the frittering yourself. Every man his own fritterer, is a good slogan.

It is the plain duty of everyone before giving to any organization to post himself on it thoroughly. It is equally his duty to exercise a certain amount of discrimination in choosing between charities. There are certain home debts that must be discharged before one is free to spend abroad. Because almost everybody is giving to a certain object, because friends and neighbors bring pressure to bear on one, because one is cornered and afraid or ashamed to say no—these are the three worst reasons in the world for saying yes, but they influence more people in their giving than conscience or conviction.

This year charity does not begin abroad, though it still has a big job there. Our first duties are to our home hospitals; tubercular sanitariums; children's societies; charity organizations that seek to alleviate distress temporarily while aiming to make the one helped a useful, working member of society; educational institutions, provided the money is used this year for salaries and not for frills; housing and slum improvement work; civic organizations that are genuinely concerned with better government and are actually getting it, and so on up the line. Out of this multitude of philanthropies that are pressing for his money the average man should choose a few, investigate them, concentrate on them, stick to them.

Wise charity will decrease, unwise increase, the cost of living. The latter is simply another tax, lightly imposed, wastefully spent. Also, when one helps an undeserving object he is keeping men and women out of useful industry where they are needed to make and sell goods. Necessary and well-managed charities will naturally demobilize every worker that can possibly be spared to production.

The time has come when we must turn over our foreign work to a few large, well-manned and well-equipped agencies like the Red Cross, concentrate under the big top and take the wagon shows and the side shows off the road. We are rapidly approaching the point, according to reports of competent observers, when we should withdraw from Western Europe altogether, leaving the continuance of such relief work as is needed to the people of wealth in the several continental countries. There are many of them in the larger areas untouched by war who should under it, and who have that understanding of their fellow c trymen that is necessary to make any help effective. final efforts should be directed to getting people in de tated areas back on the farms and into other forn productive industry.

American aid will probably be more needed in Ea than in Western Europe during the coming year, wherever it is really needed we should extend it in tional help-them-to-help-themselves manner. If Am is misunderstood in Europe, if Americans are dislike many Europeans, as returning travelers report, no could be more necessary or more sensible than for try to understand and to like Europeans. We nee turn the other cheek, but we should turn our best toward them.

We do not wish to minimize the need for giving, b emphasize the need for sane giving; to caution the dr to confine their drives to the plain necessities and the luxuries of giving go over to a more propitious The backbone of charity is not the spectacular mi aire. He will give at times and give large sums—if he i the reporters will get his name and spell it right. It i the easy-come, easy-go man. With him it goes easy for pleasure. He contributes oftenest to charity afte third drink—and the country is going dry. It is the majority that is overtaxed, overcharged and too ofte derpaid that is the backbone of giving in America. dug often and deep during the past five years. It is b ning to feel a little crowded right now. The reaction overgiving is undergiving. If too many demands are on a man he will often refuse them all, where a few erate ones would be honored.

A clerk was complaining bitterly of his wife's na him for money.

"There's no let up!" he exclaimed. "One da comes to me for ten, another for twenty and then she wants fifty—money, money all the time!"

"But what does she do with it all?" asked the sy thetic friend.

"Oh, I don't give it to her!" was the answer.

The men who growl most about the drives are apt those who do not give anything. But there are other are willing in spirit but weak in the pay check, an others who feel like putting all they can spare into absolutely necessary home organizations that have eating at the second table during the war or have turned away from the back door with a handout- charity for charity. It will be wise to let them follow inclination, without nagging them to do somethin Unfortunately, among the promoters and solicit almost every drive there is an element that is imp of convictions that do not square with theirs in the r of giving—busybodies with other people's philanthr They are open-handed folk, who could always sp millionaire's money to better advantage than he doe would always give more freely than the old tight if they had it. But they never have it. There worth-while charities in the world except those tha happen to be driving. They are the only authoriz cording angels of philanthropy. If your name is their little book you are damned. And if it is y damned, because the sum beside it is not larger.

There is little doubt that all the various organiz asking for large sums will find it impossible to raise this year. It is not desirable that all of them should. memorials, art galleries and similar projects shou over until enough houses for the people have been And some of these promoters who are always sayin it is just as easy to raise a million as a hundred tho should be shown that it is not. The organization tha for a million this year should be made to do a lot of e ing before it gets it. Only if it can actually show spective million dollars' worth of essential, prod good, not in vague hopes and generalities but in colo facts, can the country afford the expenditure.

Because charity means goodness and benevolen assume that almost any enterprise that calls itself a is worthy; that the mere use of the word and the d tion of a philanthropic purpose assure virtue; that

rus·d to a charitable organization, even if we know
t ose in charge of it are unbusinesslike in ordinary
ir will be expended prudently; and that methods
t ·uld bring censure and bankruptcy to a store will
so e mysterious way bring good results in philan-
·r. It was because of this curious attitude that such
·palling number of fakes and fakers flourished during
·r; that so much money was given without any real
·sgation to burglars, second-story men and perfectly
e but perfect fools of men and women who operated
h name of charity. All that is not only a charge on
in·osts, but on honest constructive philanthropy.
Fa·h, hope and charity—these three, with "Show me!"
ar mperative fourth. The faith that investigates be-
·/believes is the only faith worth having.

Railroad Exploitation

N VERY plea for government ownership of railroads
o for their so-called nationalization or socialization
er·s to be found a common argument, like a thread
ro·h a garment. It is charged that Wall Street has
pl·ed the railroads and the public is paying the price.
is rther implied that bondholders and stockholders are
ey g upon the public. In the handbook of a very
·li· organization four or five of the country's largest
i·tual owners of railroad stock are referred to by
n with the statement that in case of a general trans-
·rtion strike and tie-up they would be directly respon-
·le or the blood of women and children.
Bu precious good care is taken never to mention the
·t hat it is the investing rather than the shipping
·bl which has paid the price of past financial abuse and
·an ulation. Rates have been too low in this country to
·ak an argument based on the suffering shipper one to
·pl to common sense. Exploitation is such a choice-
·uring word that radical handbooks do not spoil the
·fe·t by showing who has been exploited. They do not
·in·charts of failures and receiverships. They never
·bute the investment losses. All stockholders, to
·er loll on private yachts, solely because of their own-
·sh· of railroad shares.
N·turally if railroad capitalization was vastly in-
·t· and if the companies were able to procure rates
·gh·nough to pay dividends on
·e·s of watered stock there might be some logic in constantly shouting Wall Street exploitation. But there is just about as much evidence of undercapitalization as the other way round, and the rates are fixed almost entirely by Federal and state commissions.

Of course railroads have tried to establish as high a value as possible for their properties in the various rate cases, but the assumption that they have put anything over—broadly speaking—is certainly not plausible. The low prices for their securities during a number of years past and the recurrent periods of receivership are facts which do not fit in with the theory that the shipping public has been exploited.

At intervals of about every ten years a large part of the railroad mileage of the country has gone into receivers' hands, with disastrous effect upon an equally large part of the stocks and bonds.

As far back as 1874 one-fourth of the bonded debt was defaulted upon and as recently as 1913 well over half a billion dollars of bonds were in default. In 1894 no less than two and a half billions of securities were injured by receivership.

Whatever the causes of financial abuse and failure, the effect has been a large measure of actual loss to investors. These losses have fallen upon scores of thousands of English, French and Dutch, as well as Americans. In several cases from a quarter to a third of the stock or bonds of companies recently in straits were and largely are owned by Europeans.

Of the many thousands of stockholders in the New Haven Railroad not one, big or little, has received a dividend in six years, though this is the largest system in New England. Many railway reorganizations have been effected only by the writing off of millions of dollars' worth of securities once regarded as sound investments.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of private ownership of railroads in the past, it is a futile waste of time to be barking at the owners and accusing them of predatory qualities.

To make faces at these investors and accuse them of being nonproducers, parasites and even worse is about as helpful at the present time as to blame a dead man for being the cause of an automobile accident.

War Savings and Prices

THE director of the Savings Division of the Treasury Department says that one reason for high cost of living is that millions of people are spending not only current earnings but savings of past two years; "Liberty Bonds are being cashed at a loss to purchase luxuries at prices exorbitant even for luxuries." Sales of Liberty Bonds on the New York Stock Exchange alone run near two hundred million dollars a month. There is no doubt a great deal of cashing in of wartime savings and a great deal of extravagance consequent thereon—all of which contributes its share to high cost of living.

"Work and save" is the great permanent cure; above all, save your wartime savings. Every extravagance now means not only the loss of that particular bit of money but an upward trend of prices that makes all the rest of your money less valuable.

You not only spend that money but set up a needless tax on yourself. Furthermore, you spend your dollars at a time when they buy only one-half as much as they would under normal conditions.

There is still, fortunately, the class of thrifty habits. The superintendent of banks at Albany recently reported that in the six months ending July first last, deposits in savings banks in New York State increased a hundred and thirty-seven million dollars, or about six per cent, and now stand considerably above two billion dollars—to the credit of about three and a half million depositors. But no one can look about without knowing that there is a great deal of extravagant spending.

Whatever else you do, save your wartime savings.

PORTER!

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERW

x

AT A QUARTER to five that afternoon Louise's electric wheeled up to the curb at the side door of the Bank of Elsmoor. Ned Proctor had stepped out of the door a minute before and was waiting for her, obedient to her telephone message. She opened the car door for him and gave him a hand as he climbed in, but it struck him that she was uncommonly grave.

She directed the car mechanically back to Sheridan Road and turned south, keeping near the curb and driving very slowly; but even at that pace she had to keep her eyes ahead on the road most of the time. When they were finally set in their course she looked round at him very gravely indeed and said: "Ned, will you tell me the exact truth?"

It was a plea and he answered promptly, "I surely will, Lou."

"You said something to me a little while ago—that you were being watched. I thought afterward you meant you and I were being watched. I want you to tell me exactly what you meant."

"Oh, I supposed somebody was keeping tab on me," he replied at once; "probably on account of that old business of father's and so on. It might be the state's attorney's office, you know. My friends were trying to get them to quash that indictment against me—wipe it off the slate for good. Maybe they were keeping tab on me to see whether they ought to do it or not. Of course if they were watching me, and you were along—why, naturally, they'd be watching you too. You might figure in whatever reports they made, don't you see? It's nothing to worry about, Lou."

He said it readily, looking down the road; but somehow it didn't ring true to her. It sounded like polite subterfuge. So she replied with a more intimate impulsive plea:

"You mustn't try to fool me, Ned—saving me or saving anybody else. I'm banking on you." There was a little appealing cry in her voice as she said it. "I'm in trouble. I don't know what to do. You're not telling me all. I want you to tell me just what made you say that—just what you meant. You must, Ned!" She had fairly let the car stop then and was looking into his face, appealing and troubled. "Don't you go back on me!"

It was naturally a very disturbing plea, yet he tried to ward it off.

"Why—it's really nothing, Lou. Just as I say, somebody's been watching me—but it's nothing to worry you."

"But I've got to know!" she insisted. "I'm in trouble. Won't you? We're old friends. Ned, please tell me the exact truth! I must know!"

It was hard to resist that. He looked into her pleading face, his face perplexed, and said ineffectually, "I'd do what I could for you, Lou."

"I know something happened—something made you say that to me," she urged. "You'd save somebody else, but I want saving myself, Ned. Won't you—for me—please?"

It wasn't in him to resist longer.

"Yes, I'll tell you; you come first," he said. Then he looked down the road a moment, passed his hand over his thick hair and took another moment to arrange the facts in his mind.

"I've Been Thinking of It All the Time, Whether or Not I Ought to Tell You"

"There's a young fellow in the bank—Fred Perkins is his name. He's a good youngster and he likes me. Maybe his conduct out of business hours isn't just what a bank clerk's ought to be, you know. In fact, he's quite a suburban sport. Nothing very wrong about it or about him, you understand. But probably he knows more about the road houses and pool rooms over at Leedsdale than a right young bank clerk ought to know. It's about what I was doing at his age, only he's in the fifty-cent row instead of up in front.

"Well, Fred came to me one day, meaning to do me a good favor. Seems there's a fellow round Elsmoor named Hines. I never heard of him before. Fred says he used to work in that billiard parlor back of Macy's. He's older than Fred—thirty or more—and not much account, I guess. Over at Leedsdale one night he got to talking to Fred and another young chap. Fred says he'd been swilling quite a bit of beer. He got to blowing, you know—bragging. He told the boys he was a detective now—regular professional. That interested them. You can imagine it was a more or less beery conversation all round. Finally, Hines told the boys he was shadowing me. Yes, Lou—you and me. That's what he told them—in alcoholic confidence, he being all swelled up with the notion of his importance and anxious to impress the youngsters. Regular detective, you see—dime-novel stuff. That's what he told them.

"As I told you, Fred is on of me. When he thou over afterward he got th that I ought to know abo a good romantic kid, yo derstand, who wanted t his friend. So he did amateur detecting on hi account. He got hold of again when there wa beer in the conversatio pointed out that he wa good position to watch being with me in the ba day. He suggested th there was any suitable re in sight he might enli Hines' assistant. Well, agreed to that and talk all over with him in p sobriety. He didn't say was hiring him—only t was a regular detective a downtown. The upshot was that Fred felt per sure the other talk h been just beery brag, bu Hines was really employ a detective agency to me—and you. So then re came to me—to put n guard, you see. That' exact truth, Lou."

She had turned a bit and was looking str ahead, driving very slow

"I wanted to know, murmured. "I had to l It was fine of you to tell

"Naturally—it was thing I couldn't very v more than barely hint he observed, also lo straight ahead, for the tion bristled with emba ments.

"I suppose not," she absently.

He gave a little sig continued, laboring wit barrassment:

"Naturally, I coul Now that it's come out- see how it is, Lou. It worth your while. It means trouble for you. been awfully fine of mighty fine of you—c round to see me and s That's been fine. But y how it is. I'd liked to told you before, but nat I couldn't. It just n trouble for you."

There was the que Who had set a spy them?—with the humiliation for her which that que naturally implied. He was keeping as far away from as he could. There was a little silence, while she mechanically, staring straight ahead.

"If I let you in for—anything disagreeable—I'd to go jump in the lake," he said. "What would be the You've chosen the way you want to go. It's all righ you to choose. I'm out of it. It isn't worth your wh get yourself into a mess about me. It's a poor subje talk about, Lou. I'd have given a leg if this thing h come up at all. But it has come up, so we may as well it in the face. It's been mighty fine of you; but, you it isn't worth your while. Just cut me out, Lou. Sti the ticket you've picked out."

Without answering that suggestion she said abru "My father must have done this."

She obviously meant that her father must have hire spy. With astonishment he considered it a moment then protested.

"No, you must be wrong. You must be, Lou!" considered it again and flung away the imput decisively. "You're certainly wrong. It could never been your father. It's rotten enough to think of any doing it. But your father—no, he never did it. It wou be like him."

(Continued on Page 34)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

From Campbell's famous kitchens

Campbell's Beans are made in kitchens renowned through half a century for good food products. Quality is the strict Campbell's standard. Only the best ingredients and only the best culinary methods are employed. Campbell's Beans are the best-liked beans in the world. Hand-picked beans, slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible, are blended with red ripe tomatoes—a delicious, wholesome nourishing dish.

One size **15c a Can** One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

"It was my father!" she repeated. "It must have been."

Incredulously, very much as though she had affirmed that her father had given her a beating, he considered her astonishing assertion; but as her father came up in his mind he could not fit him into that rôle.

"You're wrong, Lou; you must be," he declared. "You're certainly wrong."

"Why do you say so?" she asked.

He answered plumply:

"Whoever did that was a sneak. Your father's no sneak."

She recalled with a touch of bitterness that her father had not been so kind in his judgment of the young man who was now defending him.

"See here, Lou," he urged, "we may be all wrong about this. It's rotten enough to think it of anybody." By anybody he meant of course Lowell Winthrop. "It may have been just some sneaking busybody; maybe somebody with an interest in Winthrop, you know, and wanting to break it off—between you and him. Anybody can go hire a detective; doesn't cost a great deal either. Probably it was just some sneaking busybody."

That might have sounded more plausible, only she knew that her own maid had been hired to spy, too, which looked like a more elaborate system of espionage than a mere busybody would have embarked on.

"Forget that notion about your father," he counseled her.

"I don't know why you should be defending him," she said. "He never took much pains to defend you."

That was a very intimate sort of thing to say. It boldly put him closer to her than her own father and it made his heart beat.

"I'll tell you," he said after a moment. "I've had a thundering good licking. Plenty of people will tell you that a man no older than I am ought not to take a licking. I thought so myself once. But if a five-ton truck has run over you, what you think it ought to do to you doesn't make much difference. You're smashed up, whether you ought to be or not. That day when they took father down to Joliet—well, probably you can imagine it. I was pretty well smashed up.

"And then, after that—you see, I found out that I was to be turned down. I was out of it. Probably I resented that for a little while as much as anybody would under the circumstances. But it kept running over me. There was my father in prison. I was indicted myself—a trial coming along, when like enough I'd join him. It kept running over me. Finally, I just took the licking—I threw up my hands."

There was something in the electrified air between them which said that he hadn't really told the story yet; it was incomplete. He looked down at the crown of the straw hat on his knees and compressed his lips.

"Probably you know I hoped to marry you. That was what I couldn't give up. But it kept running over me. What business had I to hope that? Your father was right enough. I mean he had a right to take that course. By all the rules I was out of the game. Why not be a square sport—square to you, even supposing there'd ever been a time when I might have stood a show? You let me know I was out of the game. You had a right to. Of course if you'd cared—I mean cared really—it would have been different. But you didn't—and what was the use of sticking round and gumming things up? I took my licking.

"It's true, I cared more for you than anything else. I said I'd keep that, you see—not gum anything up. I'd be off on the back row of the bleachers cheering, with nothing mean on my conscience. I took the licking. That's about the way it stands, Lou," he added, as though he had made an admirably lucid, coherent statement. He looked round at her, continuing: "So I'm saying to you now, don't think your father put spies on you. That isn't true. I don't want that in your mind."

Her heart was beating at the base of her throat. Looking ahead she said: "I'm going to see you as often as I like."

"You're terribly sweet, Lou," he said helplessly from his end of the seat.

"I'm not engaged to Lowell Winthrop any more," she said, her eyes ahead, though the car was barely creeping and she was not much aware of the road anyway. "The engagement is broken."

He stared at her and heard himself saying: "Would there be any chance for me?"

Then she was saying, "I like you, Ned." And he noticed how the half-opened rosebud on the lapel of her jacket rose and fell with the laboring of her breast.

"You know how it is, Lou," he said, and choked a bit over the name that time. "I've got no money. It's twenty-five hundred a year there in the bank, and my mother to support. It would have to be a long time. I didn't tell you, but the state's attorney has promised to quash that indictment—wipe it off the slate. You know how I'm situated. I never loved anybody but you."

She was looking stonily down the road. He looked that way too—off into space as though that typified the void future—and tried to present the case candidly.

"It wouldn't be fair or decent. I'm mortgaged up to my eyebrows—my father's name and his debts to the savings-bank depositors—over seven hundred thousand. I'd said I might dig myself out of that at forty or forty-five or fifty. Then I'd just stand at taw, you see. It wouldn't be decent to ask this of you. As I told you, I've had a thundering good licking, so I don't want to hurt anybody else or get anybody else into that hole—you of all the people in the world. I never loved anybody but you. But it wouldn't be decent. It would be like sticking you in jail for twenty years. Your father doesn't like me."

He kept his voice steady and his eyes ahead and had an impression that he had presented it coherently.

"My father doesn't count," she retorted with a sudden passion. "He shouldn't have interfered. Spying on me is unbearable! I'll not stand it!"

That was easier to talk about than the other, and he replied earnestly, "I'm sure you're wrong about that,

Ned Proctor Was Waiting, Obedient to Her Telephone Message

Lou. He wouldn't have done it. The engagement's broken now; it must have been Winthrop—or some of his family that wanted to break it up."

At that she looked round at him, her brows knitted, saying, "It wasn't only this that you've told me about. My own maid is spying on me—in his house. I know it." Also with an idea of being coherent she continued: "That's why I had to know—from you—know what made you say that to me. I made up my mind to know the truth—and have it out. I'll not stand being spied on in my own house. Nobody can use me so. I wanted you to tell me so I could have it out. I'm going to follow it through now. I know you haven't any money, Ned. That doesn't matter."

More than her voice, which she strove to control, or her face, the motions of the rosebud showed the storm. And in whatever other respects her statement lacked coherence, the words, "That doesn't matter," were sufficient; both of them understood what that meant.

"Let me talk to your father about us," he urged.

"No, Ned," she replied with a decision as sweet as though she had fallen into his arms, "I must do it myself."

No great significance could be recovered from those mere words, but they were speaking of a most intimate thing—her relations with her father—and her way of speaking took him into the heart of it. Bride speaks to bridegroom that way. It was as though she had put herself into his arms, but he had not so much as touched her hand. And for an excellent reason. For some minutes, then, the car had been standing still against the foliage at the curb. Other vehicles were swiftly passing in either direction along the much-used thoroughfare. The occupants of those other vehicles naturally looked over curiously at a shiny electric car standing at the curb, through whose glass windows a young man and young woman were seen to be conversing. Merely conversing in that situation attracted sufficient attention; and Louise half mechanically started the electric again.

In that pause of three or four minutes under the eyes of passers-by a tremendous thing had happened and their minds were under its spell.

"I'm not going to quarrel with my father, Ned," she said after a long moment. "I'm going to find out—have it settled. You wait until you hear from me."

He had the advantage of her in that he could sit back in a corner of the seat and look at her as she drove.

"I'm mighty good at this kind of waiting, Lou," he said, and laughed in fatuous exultation. But his face darkened at once and he said with illogical but poignant remorse, "All the same, it's damnably tough luck for you—like sticking you in jail."

He felt that a heroic nature would never have consented to her making such a sacrifice as was involved in an engagement to marry him. But he was looking at her all the time, and flesh and blood—at any rate his flesh and blood—ruthlessly vetoed the heroism. Besides, there was no engagement ring.

In that situation there could hardly be anything really; and so there was really nothing else that could be said just then. As bride and bridegroom—perhaps provisionally—they rolled on in a happy, troubled silence, and in only two or three minutes more they came to the intersection of that street up which stood the little cottage where he and his mother lived. That he should alight there had somehow made itself understood in both their minds and she drew up to the curb as though they had verbally agreed upon it.

"Wait till you hear from me," she said as he stood looking into his eyes and faintly smiling.

"I think you're wrong, Lou," he urged anxiously—meaning about her father and the speed at which she understood. As he reached to open the door he added: "I wouldn't have anybody under me to anybody to-day."

She stooped a little toward him, her eyes aglow with soft light, and murmured, "I know!"

For a short moment she sat in the car looking after him as he walked vigorously up the street, with a fullness in her throat. Then she turned and drove north, the car gaining speed under her hand as she addressed her mind resolutely to the business ahead. She meant to know—and to have it out once for all.

Entering the house, she looked about her and glanced into the living room with a purposeful eye, like a general surveying the terrain on the eve of action. Going upstairs and down the hall there, she also took note of the aspect of the house. In her own sitting room she immediately rang for her maid and closed the door as she led into the bath and bedroom.

When Jenny Dupee stepped in, her mistress was sitting over by a window with a beautifully polished silver-bound wooden casket in her lap.

"Sit down here, Jenny; I want to talk to you."

The thin dark maid crossed the room obediently and seated herself, her hands in her lap, her nervous face—with little veins at the temples that somehow made one think of neuralgia—turned to her mistress, her heart beating fast with vague apprehensions.

"How long have you been here?" Louise asked in neither friendliness nor hostility in her voice, but only a level tone that expects obedience.

"Three years in February, ma'am," replied Jenny promptly, feeling relieved. It was the sort of question that might precede a discussion of wages.

"You know I will do as I say; my word is good," Louise continued in the same tone.

"Oh, surely, Miss Louise! No one would doubt that," Jenny replied, surprised.

"You are not rich? You would like some money?" her questions seemed more like statements of open facts.

"Surely I would like some money," Jenny replied, puzzled by this odd approach to wages. And she explained: "I can save a little. It is not much, you know. One grows older all the time. I have no one to depend on but myself."

"I understand," said Louise. "I am going to give you some money—a good deal of money—perhaps."

The little veins in the maid's sallow temples distended. Her eyes looked nervous. This didn't sound like wages.

In a composed voice, looking the maid calmly in the face, Louise went on:

"Somebody has hired you to spy on me—open my letters and so forth. I have watched and I know it." She paused.

(Continued on Page 36)

Solid Tires for Heavy Trucks

Frank Statement to American Business Men

We have been asked to give our opinion of the type of tire which is better fitted and more economical for use on heavy trucks.

Our experience leads us to advise owners of trucks from two-and-one-half-tons capacity, up, to stick to solid tires.

Our reasons for this radical statement are given below.

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

We feel it our duty to urge upon the truck owners and truck buyers of America the very great advisability of using solid tires on trucks of high tonnage. The simple facts, as we have found them, leave us no other course.

Heavy trucks, as they are designed and built today, are intended primarily for solid-tire equipment.

Truck manufacturers make it plain that their guarantees are drawn to cover solid tires. Many of them annul their guarantees if another type is substituted.

Their interests naturally are in the performance, the life and the upkeep of their vehicles in owners' service.

They say that in order to use other types with the same success and economy that attend the use of solid tires, engines would have to be re-designed; crankshaft bearings made larger; high-duty force-feed oiling systems employed; and gear ratios altered.

In addition, larger and stronger rear axles would be necessary, they say, and more powerful brakes; and spring suspensions redesigned.

It seems to us sound reasoning, then, that, with heavy trucks as they are built today, the wise thing is to use solid tires.

At least, business men about to purchase trucks owe it to themselves to investigate carefully the different types of truck tires.

A good solid tire is troubleproof from the day it is mounted on a wheel to the day when it is worn out.

It never requires a change. It provides a thick cushion of resilient rubber between the road, and the truck and its load. It does not call for replacement until the tread is no longer serviceable.

We are equipped to manufacture, and are manufacturing, pneumatic truck tires.

But, until the manufacturers of heavy-duty trucks change their designs, we will continue to advise the use of Republic Solid Tires.

In thousands of carefully recorded cases, these tires have proved that they *do* last longer—last longer, we believe, than any other solid tire in America, or, so far as we know, in the world.

This statement is not made idly. It is based on the results of actual service tests in which Republic Solid Truck Tires have consistently outlasted other makes.

They last longer because of the Prodium Rubber of which they are made, the extra quantity of this rubber in the tread, and the method of combining the tread with the hard rubber base, so that separation cannot occur and the tire is good until the tread is worn right down to the flanges.

REPUBLIC
SOLID TRUCK
TIRES

(Continued from Page 34)

that statement with a quiet assurance that had the effect of forestalling any protest. "I understand it perfectly, Jenny. You are poor and have to work for a living and are getting along in years. The saving is slow. Why should you care particularly about me when you know I would discharge you to-morrow if you didn't do your work satisfactorily? I understand it. I'm not scolding, you see."

"I have saved only twenty-eight hundred dollars," said fluttered Jenny Dupee. "I didn't get as good wages before I came here. I am thirty-five years old. No one wants an old maid unless she has been long in the family."

Her startled eyes looked as though she might fly away and she spoke with a kind of swift breathlessness; yet she seemed to be meeting her mistress' frankness with equal frankness.

"Certainly; I understand that," Louise replied. "I'm not scolding or threatening. But you wouldn't have done that unless someone paid you for it. I can pay you more than anyone else will. You can make more by working for me."

She opened the polished silver-bound casket, disclosing a small top tray full of glittering things.

"Probably you know what these things are worth better than I do." Suggestively she picked up a jeweled brooch, then a diamond pin. "You know I will do as I say. My word is good. Tell me who hired you, what your instructions were and all about it. Satisfy me that you are telling the truth and I will pay you three times what you can make from the others. But I must have the whole truth, Jenny. Tell me from beginning to end and I will make it well worth your while."

That put Jenny Dupee in a painful quandary. She knew what she had been hired to find out—those things which her mysterious employer paid her seventy dollars a week for reporting. But she also knew something of far greater moment that she had not been paid to find out—namely, what she had heard as she lay under the lounge in the library when Mr. Dinsmore received his unknown caller. That knowledge showed her that the enterprise in which she was playing a humble rôle ran into astonishing dimensions. The strange caller had coolly mentioned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Jenny's painful dilemma was as to how she could profit by her unsuspected knowledge. The idea of demanding a fairer share of the spoils from the formidable man whom she had met on the street corner was rather terrifying. The idea of attacking Alfred Dinsmore single-handed was more terrifying. How and where was she to find a market for what she knew? That was her dilemma. But her mistress' proposal suggested a market.

With a little tremulous motion of her body, therefore, and bending forward slightly in her chair, she said, "It is worth the pearls."

That suggestion struck Louise not with indignation but with surprise. Her maid was as well acquainted with the contents of this polished box as she herself was—or better. It held jewelry that she might wear at almost any time. The costlier, more rarely used ornaments were in a securer place than her dressing table. In this glittering top tray lay half a dozen rings, a brooch, a flexible bracelet, earrings, slipper buckles—all set with precious stones. Between thumb and forefinger one might pick up a marketable value of five thousand dollars, say. Louise had supposed a marketable value of that extent would be sufficient.

"It is worth the pearls, Miss Louise," Jenny repeated. "If I wished, I could sell it to someone else for more than the pearls."

That was a quite astonishing statement to Louise and she looked it.

The maid was bending farther forward, her thin body atremble.

"You said I was to tell you all—just what has happened and all about it. I am willing. I will tell you and nobody else. It is worth a fortune to me, Miss Louise. The others expect to make a fortune. They said two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As I said, the saving is slow—I am thirty-five. It is a fortune in my hand. I could sell it to them. Give me the pearls. I will tell it all to you—every word. Then I will go away and say nothing to anybody else—ever."

All this was utterly different from anything Louise had expected to hear and she could make nothing of it. But as her blue eyes, round with astonishment, studied the maid, she believed Jenny was telling the truth. From the beginning she had managed the affair very much as her father would have managed it—with a composed efficiency; no outbursts or emotional displays at all, but a cool thrust at the heart of her target. Her father would have managed it very much the same way. She liked to lay bets on horse races and nothing daunted her at bridge. In a way Jenny was tempting her now into a bigger play for higher stakes than she had thought of in opening the conversation. Instead of daunting her it stirred the paternal blood in her veins. So she lifted the tray out of the polished box. Among other articles beneath lay a string of pearls—not a long string, but of fine, perfectly matched stones. She had worn it as a girl and had a liking for it. Its commercial value might be about twenty-five thousand dollars.

"You will say yourself that it is worth the pearls," said Jenny, and wetted her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"If it is worth the pearls I will give them to you," said Louise with the milky string in her hand.

"If you say it is not worth them you can make me give them back," said Jenny.

With a touch of disdain at whatever imputation upon her sportsmanly honor that suggestion might imply, Louise tossed the pearls into Jenny's lap and Jenny put a long, slim hand upon them. She was trembling, but she went straight at the business:

"It was about four weeks ago. A woman came here to the house—to the back door. She wanted to insure our lives—a very smart woman, interesting to talk to. She came three times. She made us laugh. Then she talked to me alone. She said she could get me three times as much wages as I was getting here. I met her over in town and she talked to me a long time. I talked to her too—about myself. Then she proposed it. She gave me seventy dollars and said I would get seventy dollars from her each week and a thousand dollars more when it was finished. I was to watch everything that went on in the house. I was to watch you—if there was any trouble between you and your father and mother and when you went out and came in. I was to look at your mail as much as I could and listen at the telephone. I was to find out if you were writing to Mr. Proctor and he to you and if you made appointments with him. I was to write it down and mail it to her every day that anything happened. Martha Woods is her name. The address is Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street. That is how it began."

Jenny drew a tremulous breath and went on with her recital:

"Then Martha Woods telephoned to me. She had arranged with me how she should do that—in case anything turned up—in such a way that the other servants wouldn't suspect anything. She telephoned me and I met her at the same place over in town. She said I was to keep watch of the library that evening, for a colored man was to call on Mr. Dinsmore at half past eight. They would be in the library. If I found out what happened I would get fifty dollars extra."

Jenny's nervous eyes questioned her mistress a moment.

"Perhaps you know about that colored man coming to the house. He comes every month and sees Mr. Dinsmore in the library."

She paused a little as though for an answer; and Louise, remembering the colored caller, said nothing.

"You know the big leather lounge in the library," Jenny continued. "I hid under that. The colored man came in and Mr. Dinsmore gave him some money out of a drawer in the library table. Mr. Dinsmore said, 'How is Collins?' And the colored man said something about his being at a club. That was all they said. Then the colored man went out with the money in a brown leather bag. I wrote that to Martha Woods. She paid the extra fifty dollars. She has always paid promptly. Then another man came to see Mr. Dinsmore—a white man.

"Mr. Winthrop came here that evening. He and Mr. Dinsmore talked in the library. That was right after dinner. They were doing something to the telephone. Then they went upstairs and Mr. Winthrop went in Mr. Dinsmore's den and Mr. Dinsmore went downstairs. The door was open a little. I heard Mr. Winthrop at the telephone up there. He said he could hear very well. I thought they had fixed the telephone so Mr. Winthrop could sit upstairs and hear what was said in the library."

This was the crucial point and Jenny hesitated an instant, but went on:

"I watched a chance and hid under the lounge in the library again. Soon Mr. Dinsmore came back there and talked to the telephone again and I was sure he was talking to Mr. Winthrop upstairs. Then a strange man came in. I could see a little now and then, you know, peeking under the lounge cover. This man had his hair brushed up at the sides like that dark young man in the barber shop right across from the railroad station. He sat at one side of the table and Mr. Dinsmore sat at the other. They did not say good evening to each other."

Jenny's nervousness increased and she was obviously tacking away from the main point as though her courage and breath had failed her.

"They talked some time—not raising their voices," she said, and bit her lip to keep it from twitching.

"What did they talk about?" Louise asked by way of bringing her to the point. "I want the exact truth, remember."

Jenny took a shuddering breath and plunged at it:

"This strange man said Mr. Dinsmore had helped to rob a bank thirty-one years ago at a place out in Nebraska. He said Mr. Dinsmore had shot the cashier of the bank and killed him. He said Mr. Dinsmore had been paying this colored man money all the time because the colored man knew about it."

Now that she had plunged, she rushed on with it desperately.

"He said the cashier had shot Mr. Dinsmore, too, wounded him. He said a doctor out there had atte Mr. Dinsmore. He said this man who was shot—the the doctor attended—gave the name Tom Wilson, an chin had been broken so he had a big scar across it. said they had found the doctor and brought him he Chicago and he had looked at Mr. Dinsmore and w swear Mr. Dinsmore was the same man. He said this who had been shot had lost his cuff button. The cuff ton had fallen out of his shirt and the doctor had pick up—at the time when the doctor attended him—and cuff button had the initials A. D. on it. He showed Dinsmore the cuff button. He said he must have two dred and fifty thousand dollars, and they talked a and Mr. Dinsmore said he would send him seventy thousand dollars in the morning and the man went aw

Jenny's breath completely failed then and she sat her lips apart, her thin breast laboring. Louise's eyes grown even rounder and the color had washed out o face. She confronted the maid, a marble mask of asto ment. For a moment nothing more was said, then J plunged again:

"The next day Martha Woods telephoned me a Certainly I didn't wish her telephoning often or comi the house. She telephoned me—saying to Tillson, a fore, it was my cousin who had come to town. So I to the telephone and it was Martha Woods. She said without fail I must go to the corner of Elm and L streets at a quarter to five and meet a man who woul waiting for me there. That he was the man who was ing me the money and he wanted to ask me some ques and I must do it without fail and I would get a hun dollars. You see, she didn't say it in just those word fear somebody might overhear; but I knew what meant. I didn't like to do that. It seemed dangerous; she said I must, and I knew then from what I had heard the evening before that it was a big thing wi great deal of money in it.

"I met the man. He was waiting for me on the co He was a savage-looking man and I said nothing to about what I had overheard. He asked me whether Dinsmore had gone downtown the night before. I sa had. I had heard it from the servants. He had cha his clothes and gone downtown and stayed away all and in the morning Benjamin took some other cl down to his office for him. That was the day before ye day. That is all true, Miss Louise—just exactly as I told you."

"And this man you met—did he give a name? Do know who it was that hired you?" Louise asked.

"No," Jenny replied. "The only name I know is woman's—Martha Woods—and the address Room Rosser Building, Adams Street."

A moment later Louise asked: "Is that all—ev thing?"

"Yes," Jenny replied; "only the strange white man came here said Mr. Dinsmore had run away from I that time out in Nebraska. He would be, you see, a y man then—twenty-one or so." She hesitated an ins tremulously regarding her mistress, and suggested think Mr. Winthrop must have heard it—what this str white man said to Mr. Dinsmore. He was upstairs in Dinsmore's den. They had fixed the telephone. I t Mr. Winthrop must have heard it. That is all."

There was another little silence and Louise said: " well; there's nothing further now."

It was a strange situation for mistress and maid Louise's eyes acknowledged it, but there was no acknowledgment.

"Thank you," Jenny murmured in the manner of a trained servant, and rose and left the room with the p tightly held in her thin hand—and, after all, the pearls the great fact. She believed their commercial value thirty thousand dollars. Nothing else mattered because for her life's grand problem was solved.

Louise watched the familiar, thin, black-clad figure the room with the odd sense of its being a quite unkn person.

Absurd, of course! That was her instinctive reacti it—absurd and completely incredible. But she knew father did pay a colored man money. Absurd! Fe that she shouldn't do it and that she was acting in an reasonable way, she got out a classified telephone direc and ran her finger down the list of detective agencies she came to Morden Detective Agency, Rosser Buil Adams Street. So there was a detective agency at th dress Jenny had given. Undoubtedly it had been money that somebody was paying to Jenny and to the Ned Proctor had mentioned.

Presently she slipped out into the hall and down it t father's den. The door was open. There was the table chair—the telephone, which she regarded with fascin eyes. The room turned a familiar face to her and yet a completely strange. There, by Jenny's story, Lowell throp had sat and overheard what the strange man to her father down in the library. What her father said to herself and her mother the next evening ins

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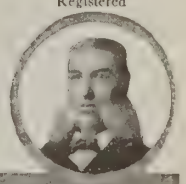

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

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upon coming back into her mind. He had said Lowell had found him in a disgraceful situation and so broken the engagement.

Her mind was full of matter so strange and bewildering that it seemed fairly to belong to some other person and she had an oddly uprooted feeling as though her life had been violently pulled up and cast into a new place. Nothing fitted in the old way.

She was back in her own room and noted that it was only a quarter past six—an hour and a quarter to dinner time. Her father would be coming home about now, and she remembered that she had resolved to have it out with him at the first chance—before dinner if possible—in case Jenny confirmed her suspicion. That resolution had a strange look now—like everything else. Jenny's narrative had changed everything.

She walked aimlessly over to the window, her mind without anchor or compass, going in its own way now. It was saying to her that he was only twenty-one or so at the time—hardly more than a boy. Boys get into scrapes—queer accidents happen in this queerest world.

His car rolled through the grounds and up to the door. She saw him get out of it in his usual vigorous way and enter the house; and she remembered that the last two days he had looked worn and disturbed, as though he were very tired or ailing. Somehow she felt a deep hunger to see him closer. She thought her father was the handsomest man of his age in the world—with his air of cool, competent daring and the subdued humor peeping out from behind it. So strong and able he looked!

Morden Detective Agency—a great deal of money. She couldn't really understand it, but she felt the dogs were biting at him now; he was in a great danger; she felt a deep hunger to see him closer.

When she went downstairs at a quarter to seven she was wondering how she would meet him, for the absurd idea that he must know what Jenny had told her kept presenting itself. She went into the living room and saw him there alone, sitting in an easy chair, his eyes on the rug. Again she thought he looked worn. Then something else caught her eye and her heart as in a trap—his neatly trimmed graying beard. By Jenny's story that hid a fatal lifelong scar. At that the whole import of Jenny's story flashed up as though it had been suddenly thrown on a screen theretofore dim or as though someone had shouted "Murder!" As though his beard became transparent, she seemed to see a frightful mark upon him, and a mortal danger.

She was near his chair then and he looked up, aware of her, with a slight smile—perhaps faintly wistful—saying as usual, "How are you, daughter?"

She slipped down to her knees, looking him in the face beseechingly and said, "I love you with all my might, daddy," and with a continuance of the same motion folded her arms on his lap and laid her head upon them.

Dinsmore laid his hands on her glossy head and struggled as though under a great blow, biting his lip.

"Dear little Louie," he said huskily.

When she looked up she saw with awe that tears were running down his face.

She snuggled closer and got an arm round him, resting her head on his breast, saying in a deep little confidence between them: "We shouldn't have quarreled, should we?"

"No, sweetheart," he replied. "It's been the bitterest thing that ever happened to me. It was my fault."

"No, it was my fault," she said, hugging him and weeping. "We'll never do it again."

That was the way she really had it out with him.

Yet at the dinner table amazement kept stealing over her mind, for he laughed, his eyes shone, he joked. And she couldn't help looking at his beard. Was Jenny's story a dream after all?

She had simply to give it up—for the present. And for the present Ned Proctor must wait.

When they were alone a minute, just before bedtime, she said in an anxious undertone, "Are you in trouble, father?"

"No," he replied, and kissed her. "You've ended the trouble." Then he said, "Why do you ask?"

"I thought you looked troubled," she answered—giving it all up again.

XI

THE twenty-eight hours that Dinsmore prescribed until they should meet again at the Consolidated Bank were anxious hours for McMurtry and Morden, yet hopeful—a brief time of trial with millions at the end!

Their chief anxiety was with regard to James Collingwood. Leaving the lawyer's office after the interview with Dinsmore, Morden repaired to Luke's Hotel. Such nosing about as he was able to do without exciting too much curiosity left a doubt as to whether Collingwood had been in the hotel since the detective searched his room the night before; at least, Morden wasn't able to satisfy himself that the man had been there. Never very conservative in his methods, he finally found his ally, the porter, and had another look at the room. It seemed exactly as when he had visited it before. The man's belongings were there, even to his trunk and battered old traveling bag. Presumably he would return. Morden then engaged a brother detective to shadow the hotel for him and report as soon as Collingwood did return. That was as far as he could well go under the circumstances.

"He may have skipped," the detective observed grumpily to McMurtry as they canvassed this situation late in the afternoon.

"Well, say he has," the lawyer replied confidently. "A man can't skip very far in two days. We can get him back if we need him." He twinkled over it a moment and continued positively: "But we won't need him. I've thought this case all over—every inch of it. We've got Doctor Dill's positive identification and we've got Dinsmore—absolutely! He can't get away from it and he knows it. Everything checks up. I said in the beginning that if Dinsmore had been paying blackmail all these years the negro's story was true. It is true. It all checks up. Doctor Dill confirms it. Why, it's so plain that Dinsmore don't even enter a denial. If there was the least chance in the world for him to contradict it do you think he'd have gone so far with us as he has? Not for a minute! No chance of it. He'd have told us to go to the devil. He's already paid down seventy-five thousand dollars in good money."

"That you pocketed," Morden reminded him illnaturedly.

"We'll square that, Jake," McMurtry put in hastily—regretting his friend's bad manners in rubbing it in.

Having touched upon this subject of conspiratorial honor, Morden was naturally reminded of the third member, so he asked, "What about Purcell?"

"We'll give Charley a good show of course," McMurtry replied, as though there could be no question of that.

"How much?" Morden asked with brutal directness. He proposed, in fact, to be a party to the settlement with Purcell—or, rather, he proposed that McMurtry shouldn't hold out anything on him in that connection.

The lawyer understood that and diplomatically swallowed whatever reflection on his honesty it might imply. Taking up a pencil, he did a little sum in short division and remarked, "One-third of half a million would be a hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six dollars."

"That's a great plenty for him," Morden growled. "He's got no more sand than a spring chicken. Half of that would do."

"Well, we want to keep Charley good-natured," McMurtry rejoined good-naturedly himself. "You see, he got Pomeroy's original story. That's something of a point, now that Pomeroy is dead—and our doctor may up and die on our hands any hour. He looks as though he was due at the hospital now. This Dinsmore's a tough customer. We don't want to send Charley Purcell trafficking with him behind our backs. If Dinsmore once got hold of him he might cook up something that would queer us for good. We can afford to keep Charley good-natured."

"Well, I suppose so," the detective assented.

"Certainly!" said McMurtry with conviction. "You see, Dinsmore's paying the shot; we're not. We can afford to be pretty generous with his money." He did a further little sum in arithmetic. "Giving Charley a hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and sixty-six dollars will leave eight hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three for you and me to divide."

"Seventy-five thousand out of yours," Morden reminded him ruthlessly.

Ignoring that exhibition of bad manners, McMurtry continued: "Out of the first million. There'll be another million pretty soon."

He contemplated the figures with a sort of fascination, an avid glow rising in his mind; a grin overspread his swarthy face and there was an uncanny glee in his chuckle.

"Lord, man, there's a killing for you!" he exulted. "It's a bear cat!"

Morden realized all that as much as his friend did; but in his mind there was a firm determination not to be done at any point by this same friend. He proposed to take a hand in all the settlements, so, with no outward response to his friend's exultant outburst, he said: "We may as well get Purcell over here. He'll want to know how it's going anyway."

Again McMurtry quite understood his motive; but, in fact, he had been wanting to get rid of Morden in order to have a talk with Purcell, for the managing editor had been kept in the dark and put off with brief cryptic telephone messages as long as it was safe. Charley must be kept good-natured. So to Morden's suggestion he assented with a cheerful, "All right," and reached for the telephone.

Before using the instrument, however, he reflected a moment and asked, "What would we best tell him?"

"Tell him Dinsmore's coming through with half a million day after to-morrow," the detective replied promptly.

"I don't believe we best make it quite as positive as that," said McMurtry thoughtfully, hand on telephone. "We'll tell him about what has happened and that Dinsmore's hooked—sure—and we've struck for half a million and he's asked till day after to-morrow to raise the money."

"Well," Morden assented in grumpy indifference to the finer details.

So McMurtry telephoned and about fifteen minutes l the gaunt managing editor of the Leader entered the room—in a ner state after many hours of suspense and conflicting h fears and suspicions. To him the lawyer affably and c ingly explained the situation as he and Morden had ag Purcell listened, once or twice wetting his dry lips wit tip of his tongue, once shaving them with his bent finger, and all the while with wavering lights playing i depths of his cavernous brown eyes. Of course he ha accept their statement, but there was a persistent le misgiving in his heart. He knew he was pretty compl in their hands and he didn't really trust them.

"It's a sure thing, Charley—a bear cat!" McMu repeated in pursuit of his duty of heartening his lumpy partners in crime. "At this time day afte morrow you'll be a rich man. Meanwhile just sit tight

There was obviously nothing else to do, and on the back to the newspaper office Purcell heartened him They couldn't double cross him; he knew as much o affair as they did; they'd got to give him a share o money. Holding to that assurance, he waited a nerve-racking time, with nothing whatever happenin of the usual mechanical routine, and no sign anywhere a great drama in which he was cast for the rôle of a man was shaping itself—until twenty-five minute three the next afternoon. Then he received a star telephone call.

McMurtry and Morden waited also with nothing pening—especially, as Morden's shadow reported, wit sign of James Collingwood at Luke's Hotel. That vexing, yet McMurtry insisted that they didn't really him and if they should need him they could find him.

Three o'clock was the hour. They both consulted watches twice or thrice as that hour drew near. At minutes to three they were walking down La Salle St as innocent looking to the casual eye as any other pedestrians on that thronged, bustling street. The clock on the Board of Trade tower showed two minut three when they reached the beetling Consolidated Building that loomed far overhead. They paused a ute—not to seem overanxious—then passed through glass doors into the marble lobby. Wide marble straight ahead led up into the main banking room, Dinsmore had said they would meet in the safe de vaults, so they took the narrower stairs which led d ward at the right.

Just beyond the foot of the stairs mighty bars of ished steel reaching from floor to ceiling and wall to confronted them. Beyond this formidable barrier la safe-deposit vault proper, with huge steel doors a glimpse of the serried rows of lacquered boxes. A g in the gray uniform and stiff cap of the bank's private stabulary force stood at the ponderous gate in the ba Another guard in like uniform stood near, and approa the visitors with an inquiring look when they halted

"We're looking for Mr. Dinsmore," said the lawye

"Yes, sir," said the guard consulting a little card palm of his hand. "Mr. McMurtry and Mr. Morden

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

"This way, please; Mr. Dinsmore is waiting for said the guard in a way which implied that it was a honor to be waited for by Mr. Dinsmore and very ki Mr. Dinsmore to be waiting.

He led them away from the steel barrier and throu anteroom from which opened a number of parlors sui for snug business conferences—parlors of various two or three in which half a dozen people might gathe two in which twenty or more might be accommodate visitors in an uneasy frame of mind it was not a very c ful place. In spite of sedately handsome furnishin looked too cold and tight and steely and closely gua vaguely suggesting a place that might be easy to get but exceedingly difficult to get out of.

The guard led them to the closed door of one o smaller parlors, opened it and stood aside for the enter—with an official smile and slight nod. Steppir they saw a snug, square room with low ceiling, grave cold in tone, the walls painted a steely gray, a gray r the cement floor, a severe but highly polished oak t several chairs. Their eyes took in an impression of i an impression that it was empty. But at the next they saw two men standing over at the right so tha opened door hid them from anyone on the thres Evidently the men had been engaged in conversation at the opening of the door had paused, turning their that way.

McMurtry, who was ahead, saw them; then Mo and from that instant neither of them had eyes or wit anything else.

One of the men was the lean, big-handed, big-f managing editor of the Leader. The other man was A Dinsmore, clean shaven, presenting a chin as smooth scarless as any in the room. It was Dinsmore who f broke the thrilled silence.

"Of course you lied to me about not having an ciate," he said coolly. "I knew that. You lied to this too. You lied to each other. You rogues that can't

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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By FLOYD W. PARSONS

On Benches in the Park

IN THE very heart of New York City and occupying the same block are two things—a park and a library. The park is one of the smallest in the town; the library is one of the greatest marble monuments to knowledge that were ever erected by man. In the big building are hundreds of rooms with thousands of people searching for hidden truths. In one room are hopeful young artists trying to reproduce the master paintings that hang on the wall. In another room are little children listening in wonder to a silver-haired fairy godmother who comes there day after day to entertain them with wonderful stories of gallant knights who rescue beautiful ladies from robber chiefs.

In the library everyone is busy. In front of the building is the chief avenue of fashion of the whole nation. Back of the library is the little park. It contains just two kinds of idle people—those who have slipped over there for a little well-earned rest in the fresh air and those who are without employment and often without homes or friends. Some weeks ago several business men were sitting by a club window that overlooks the park. The subject under discussion was the scarcity of certain kinds of labor.

"Have you noticed the faces of some of the unemployed who sit over there on the benches?" said one.

"Can there be any possible excuse for men being idle to-day?" said another.

This started me thinking and I recalled that many times while crossing the park I had been tempted to stop and chat with some of the characters who often occupied the benches. Sometimes I had seen a face that appeared out of place above ragged clothes and torn shoes. Frequently I had noted a physique that seemed to be built for service in a steel mill or a shipbuilding plant rather than for duty in the ranks of our city loafers.

I asked myself, "Has not every town a park with benches? Is this not a national problem and are not the causes everywhere the same? Are we only interested in success, and is failure a matter of no concern to us?"

As a result of such thoughts I decided to investigate. Day after day I picked one or more of the park subjects. A few were noncommittal; several told what were evidently exaggerated tales or deliberate lies; many had no story worth repeating—they were idle because they were just plain lazy. But let me save my summation for the end of the story and proceed to tell of the cases I met.

First, there was the foreigner. Last Christmas night the man's wife died of influenza, leaving five forlorn little girls. At the time of the tragedy he himself was in the hospital suffering from pneumonia. Olga, the oldest child, then eleven, became mother to the family. Somehow she managed to wash, cook, clean and sew for six people. The father had never wholly recovered from his illness. He was melancholy and tried to commit suicide, but the police came in time and again took him to the hospital where the doctors saved his life—much to his disgust. The man was without a trade, and because of his weakened physical condition could not hold the hard manual jobs he obtained. For him the outlook was blue, and I found many others like him who had been landed on the park benches by those twin demons—sickness and death.

Then there was the bitter old man who in his youth during an Indian uprising had been appealed to by an officer of the United States Army for money to assist in keeping the soldiers in the field to protect the community against the warring redskins. The Army needed hay, grain and other kinds of feed, as well as funds to defray the cost of transporting supplies. The young man gave the officer three thousand dollars, practically all his savings, and still holds a voucher for the loan.

Of course the old man's loss occurred through a technicality of the law. The Government has ruled that only by an act of Congress can any claim be paid after the expiration of the fiscal year for which the appropriation is made. In this case the numerous delays incident to frontier conditions prevented the presentation of the voucher until after the fiscal year had ended. Then the lender was told that only special legislation could help him. No one has ever denied the justice of his claim, but each time a bill was presented some congressman would object and that was always fatal. Said the old man: "Many others like myself have suffered from such a system. Most of us are now old and poor. Perhaps redress will come—too late."

Next was a strange type. He could hardly be placed in a class. More than a decade ago this man had been a member of a famous party of explorers in Egypt and the Orient. The study of ancient civilizations had absorbed all his time and thought. For ten years this person had devoted his winters to lecturing before schools and clubs and often filling in on a regular lyceum or Chautauqua circuit. Unfortunately his compensation for lectures on the Holy Land and the Far East was just sufficient to pay current expenses, and each summer he had started the idle season with practically nothing to carry him through until fall. During the warm months he did anything that came to hand. Among his summer occupations was dishwashing, but he did not relish this work because of the rude manners and coarse talk of his associate workers. Nothing could persuade the man to accept a steady job. The lecture game had him, and this winter he expects to make a great hit with his new lecture that "will be better than anything done before."

The park holds many members of one class—the dreamers. There is no difference in their basic methods, their hopes or their prospects. The only variation lies in the trivial detail of their similar stories. They are slaves of their imag
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Back of the Library is the Little Park Which Contains Just Two Kinds of People

discovered just what the moving-picture busines
and is confident that "next week the final obstruct
his plan will be removed and the bankers will all co
Many were the impractical dreamers I met on the b

The other afternoon I crossed the park when
raining. My umbrella was up and I was hurrying
avoiding the puddles. The benches were all desert
one. There sat a solitary figure, clad in rags, uns
dirty and wholly unconscious of the wet. I st
made friends and asked if I could be of any help.
some encouragement the man's story was told.

He came from a Christian home and after a good
tion arranged to read law. He had begun to drink
already at eighteen. At twenty-three his family dis
him. One year later he had reached the Bowery i
York and a few months after this was confined to an
asylum as a dipsomaniac. Shortly after his releas
the asylum he was arrested for stealing and sent to
though the lawyers tried to point out his irrespons
He had been out of prison one month. For the fi
weeks he had tried to start straight, but his cr
record was against him. Then he got drunk and for
days had been "carrying the banner" in the back r
a Bowery saloon. For all those days the man ha
living on hot rum and pea soup, sleeping with his h
the table and going without a bath or a shave.

On the previous night he had suddenly been s
by the death of his pal, who dropped dead besi
and was carried to a pauper's grave. That morn
had gone over to the Bowery Y. M. C. A. to get a p
stamp to write a friend for money. There he met
Hickey, an old pal of his former days. Mike begge
to try religion as a last resort, and he had come
promising to think it over. Here in the park, unshe
from the rain, this man had been wrestling with the
lem that confronted him. Could he make good?
there still any chance for him? A hundred dim and
ing hopes fought against the cry for more liquor.
here the reader may know that wartime prohibition
traveled far on New York's Bowery. At any rate,
lowed this story out of the park and met Mike F
and his associates, who are grabbing hundreds of unh
despairing men from the Slough of Despond. The

(Continued on Page 42)

YOU are to be congratulated if you have decided to order your Pathé Phonograph for Christmas right now—

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E. A. WIDMANN, *President*

(Continued from Page 40)

looks very much brighter for my park acquaintance, who—I am told—has started his new life in dead earnest.

Many are the bums and beggars one meets in a city park. Without attempting wholly to dissipate the reader's sympathy for this class, because of the exceptional ones that are deserving, I must confess that I found the professional tramp a worthless creature. One day I stopped to watch a character of this type who had succeeded in collecting a nickel from a passer-by. The man was quite dirty, but appeared to be healthy and strong. After getting the coin he slipped across from the park and entered one of these nickel-in-the-slot restaurants. I followed and watched him while he debated whether he should get rolls or coffee. Finally coffee won. I went over and gave him a quarter. He got it changed to nickels, used one to get rolls and put the remaining four in his pocket as surety for another meal. When I asked him how he found the outlook for work he replied that it was very good—he managed to get a couple of hours' employment every day or so. But what worried him was the high cost of living. Said he: "Prices are sure scandalous just now. Only a little while ago I could get a good bed and a dinner at several places for 15 cents; now the same thing costs me 30."

Here was a new angle on the big problem of the day. This man didn't want a regular job and wouldn't have accepted one if it had been offered to him. He was one of the large class that refuses responsibility.

An elderly man of rather scholastic appearance chatted with me in the park on another day. He had been doing clerical work and met with a street accident that put him in the hospital. On his release he walked with a cane and was quite lame. His funds were gone. At last he started to beg and found that his story, appearance and language brought in the money. Men gave him very little, but women were easy. He found begging so lucrative that he postponed his further efforts to get a job, and practically confessed to me that begging seemed to be an interesting and profitable business. He had reduced it to a science; played certain fashionable residence streets and never approached men. He was always clean, wore glasses and looked everything but a bum. Several weeks have passed since I first met him, and he still reads his morning paper in the park.

A few days ago I met a boy of eighteen. He was a machinist and though he had been getting better than forty dollars a week he talked to me loudly about the injustice of his wage. He was on strike for nine dollars and sixty cents a day. When I asked him if forty dollars wasn't a pretty good wage for a boy of his age he replied that it wasn't enough. That same day I met two bricklayers on strike and two bakers. I phoned the baking company. They said that twenty men had gone out, but they employed in this particular plant more than five hundred. The wages they were paying were concededly the highest in the city for the same kind of work. The trouble was that during the war they were short-handed and had been obliged to employ a number of foreigners. These new men had caused them much trouble and had finally gone on strike. None of the old employees, however, had followed suit, and all condemned the action of the newer men. I went up to the bakery and investigated and found the statement true.

Then I met a big fellow who said he was an electric welder. Nobody seemed to want to pay him as much as he thought he was worth. He told of working at a certain plant in Pennsylvania during the war and mentioned wages that seemed preposterous. I procured his name and wrote the company in question. Here is the reply:

Dear Sir: The man you inquire about, Mr. ——, was in our employ last year. In some government work we were turning out there was need for an electric welder and none were available at our plant. We applied to a certain department of the Army and they sent the man to us. His wages had been fixed at three dollars an hour for an eight-hour day. These unusually high wages caused us to look upon the welder and his pay more in the light of an experiment.

The first two weeks things went well and the man worked a full eight hours each day. Then he slackened and after a few more weeks, when he had accumulated several hundred dollars, his actual daily effort was limited to three or four hours at the most, though he was still being paid for a full day. His next move was to brag to our men about his high wages and poke fun at them because of their lower pay. As a result we discharged him, feeling that we were fortunate at least in learning what abnormal wages will do to a certain class of men, who immediately relax when they have banked a little money over and above their immediate needs.

Yours truly,

_____,
GENERAL MANAGER.

This was not the only man I found who had been settled on a park bench because of prosperity rather than adversity. In more than a dozen cases young men told me that they could easily get a job, but they didn't intend to go to work until they got the exact wage they were holding out for. I failed to find a single man who was unable to get some kind of employment. In two instances I sent young men to an employer who had promised to give work to any that were in earnest. In neither case did these idlers show up, though they were provided with car fare.

One of the strange conditions I met was the fellows who had regular jobs, but who had knocked off for a day or a half day. Several I asked didn't know exactly why, but said they didn't just feel like working. One printer had started for work and got as far as the door of his shop, then had turned back and made for the park, where he was basking in the sun. He guessed that "there just naturally was a bit of the animal in all of us, and sometimes the savage instincts mastered our ambitions and sent us off where there were no cares to annoy us and no discipline to restrict our freedom." All of which simple philosophy was nearer the truth than many a finespun theory of serious students in their final analysis of the causes of human idleness.

When I asked the vaudeville theater manager how he accounted for so many husky males in attendance at the afternoon performances he replied that these men generally were not of the unemployed. They were fellows who had knocked off for a half day in order to mix in a little additional play with their work. This seemed to agree with the idea of my printer friend in the park.

Nevertheless, facts are facts. The big library will go on being filled with workers and the little park will entertain its loafers. It is more a question of humanics than economics and can be solved only by education. On the same bench sit the old man and the youth. Often the one failed because he did what the other is now doing. But Youth seldom looks and sees the image of his own future sitting beside him.

Observation says: "See what you will be if you continue in your way."

Vanity replies: "You're not like him. He was foolish while you are wise."

So while it is true that evil conditions and a faulty social system have seated many men on our park benches it is likewise a fact that practically all of our strong and healthy loafers to-day are leading a life of wasted hours from choice and not necessity.

Three Enemies

ONLY a little while ago when the war was on each one of us would be stirred to the greatest degree of activity by even the faint suggestion of a hope that we might find a better way to do an essential thing. Every saving in effort or time meant an earlier victory. I remember one day I spent a couple of hours with two of the busiest, brainiest men in the nation figuring on plans to save cargo space in our ships. A good part of our time was occupied in estimating just what would be gained by doing away with the holes in macaroni. Supposing someone went to Washington to-day and started talking about the transportation losses resulting from the holes in spaghetti, the first person spoken to would call an officer and suggest a sanity examination.

After the armistice many people held to the hope that the economies and efficiencies taught us by war would stay with us in peace. This was a fallacy. Notwithstanding our sacrifices in lives lost and property wasted we have been slipping back ever since the last gun was fired. We are tired of being annoyed with reminders of small things and insist on reserving our attention for matters momentous. Therefore as a professional annoyer, who must ever acquiesce to the public taste, I have selected as the subject of this article not one important thing but the three most ferocious enemies of the human race—flies, mosquitoes and rats. No invading army ever caused such destruction as is rendered daily by this invisible triumvirate. Talk about your cost of living! Read on and get some additional facts.

Of all living things that cause disease and death the fly is the most dangerous. He has killed more people than all the wars of the world—more even than tuberculosis. Some of the most deadly germs that afflict human beings are carried almost exclusively by the fly. If he were a million times as big we should hunt him with guns. But being so small we let him kill those dearest to us and hardly raise a finger in defense. Disease cannot spread itself. It must be carried by some moving agency.

There are many varieties of flies. The biting stable fly is one of the blood-sucking variety and is often responsible for the spread of anthrax. Another fly breeds in the excrement on the backs of sheep and has been known to ruin a whole flock. The tsetse fly is the sole cause of the spread of that fatal infection, sleeping sickness. The cheese fly produces the so-called cheese skippers, and the fruit fly is the one often found in the dregs of wine.

The house fly, however, is the champion of them all and 90% of those we meet are of that variety. Here we have an animal with several thousand eyes, known as compound eyes. Above these big eyes are three simple ones arranged in triangular form. The two upper ones are closer together in the male, which makes it easy to differentiate the sexes. But notwithstanding this extensive arrangement of eyes the fly does not have acute vision. His chief attribute is his marvelous sense of smell.

Flies are rapid breeders. The stages in the life cycle occupy only a few days and sexual maturity is reached in three or four days from the date of birth. The mature female deposits a hundred or more eggs at a time. Propagation is usually carried on in organic filth, and the instinct of the female always leads her to place her eggs in the most favorable locality. The range of flight of flies is not great. They seldom travel more than half a mile from the breeding place. As a general rule they remain within a few yards of their point of origin.

The fly transmits disease in two ways: First, by mechanical transference—the wings and hairy legs of the fly are particularly adapted to the act of carrying dangerous parasites; second, disease may be transmitted by infection from the bite of a blood-sucking fly, just as typhus fever is injected by the louse and the plague by the flea. However, in this country the biting fly is not so common so that it is the other variety that endangers our safety.

The most common infection conveyed by flies is typhoid fever. In 1917 this disease killed more than 10,000 people in the United States, and 100,000 other victims suffered from the infection. Another disease frequently conveyed by flies is summer diarrhea. More than 60,000 infants die from this trouble in the United States each year. Cholera and dysentery, as well as a dozen other diseases, are disseminated by flies.

The fly, like every other living thing, has its enemies, such as spiders, lizards and toads. Birds, chickens, beetles and ants devour the larvæ, but the total effect of this destruction on the fly population is not appreciable. The diseases of the fly family are more deadly. The typhoid disease is from a parasite that invades and destroys the fly's internal organs. If man could only invent some way to have this disease manifest itself earlier in the season the doom of the fly would be sealed. At the present time, however, the elimination of the fly curse depends upon our activity in certain lines.

First of all it should be remembered that prevention is better than eradication. Suppressive measures are useless unless we do away with breeding areas. Only the highest standards of community cleanliness will prevail against the pest. We must permit no accumulations of refuse or rubbish, and it is essential that there be proper disposal of garbage and waste. Horse manure in stables should be kept in closed or screened bins. Household refuse should be kept in water-tight metal cans. All waste should be removed at least every three or four days. The best protection against adult flies is the screened house.

Though the fly is the chief enemy of man there are people who accord this honor to the mosquito. One thing is sure—the two insects form a dangerous team. Malaria is a serious disease, and though it kills only about 2[illegible] people in the United States annually it affects our industrial life in serious measure. There is only one way a person can get malaria and that is by the bite of an infected mosquito. The disease cannot be contracted from the water, food, exposure to the sun or in any way except through contact with a female Anopheles mosquito.

The female insect of this particular kind bites a person in whose blood there are malarial parasites. She draws these from this person into her mouth and stomach. Then she bites someone else and the malarial parasites which have developed in her get mixed with her saliva and are injected into the person bitten. It takes one to two weeks for the parasites to develop in the mosquito. If she bites a person before that time has passed the insect is not infective.

Not all mosquitoes are dangerous. The Anopheles, or malarial, mosquito is slight and graceful and the wings are generally spotted or dusky. This mosquito when resting on a wall stands almost on its head, while the other mosquitoes rest humped up. The Anopheles is very shy, and bites in the daytime. Her favorite trick is to catch you asleep.

As before stated, malaria does not give a high mortality but its effects are very serious from a physical and economic standpoint. It causes many a death in which it is not the terminal factor. But its great injury results in the loss of industrial efficiency it causes. One death from pneumonia corresponds to approximately 125 sick days or workdays lost; one from typhoid corresponds to 100 days; one from tuberculosis to 550 days, while a death from malaria corresponds to 2000 to 4000 days. The malaria victim is frequently half sick all the time. If 1% of people in a community are stricken with typhoid we have a bad epidemic. But think how trifling this is, from an industrial point of view, when compared with a community where 50% of the population are affected with malaria each year. In some sections outbreaks have touched 90% of the people.

The South particularly has been cursed by this disease. In numerous localities there are splendid local resources and yet manufacturers have been unwilling to establish plants in many of these communities because of the prevalence of malaria. In one Southern town six years ago the mill managers estimated the efficiency of the employees at 50% during the summer months. The company doctors made fifty calls a day. Systematic malaria

(Concluded on Page 157)

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Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

MATTERS OF OPINION

John Marshall

KNOWLEDGE of the past is never more useful than when it helps to solve the problems of the present. When we are debating a momentous experiment in government no small advantage is to be derived from examining, step by step, other notable attempts at beneficent government which have been thoroughly tried out and whose results have been accurately recorded.

Every American who ever thinks at all has for many months been thinking about the League of Nations, appraising its potential benefits, weighing as best he may those dire possibilities which its opponents say it conceals, wondering all the while precisely what the country and Congress ought to do about it. History affords no parallel whereby the workings out of a League of Nations may be accurately forecast; but in default of a better guide we may reëxamine, not without profit, our situation in the year 1783. It was in this year that one of the most daring attempts at free government the world has ever seen was made upon American soil, when our thirteen revolted colonies, newly made states, torn by factional and selfish politics, jealous and suspicious of one another, were asked to put on the shackles of the Federal Constitution.

It is our national habit to take the Constitution for granted and to bracket it with those other inevitables, death and taxes, quite forgetting that the issue of its adoption or rejection was bitterly fought out through many a heartbreaking month and was decided by a margin none too broad. Turning back to the debates of that period we can scarcely read without laughter—broken by exclamations of incredulity—the terrors with which its enemies invested it. The provision for the District of Columbia, tentatively called the Federal City, was regarded as such a menace to our liberties that a grave Southern clergyman, candidate for his state convention, solemnly warned his hearers that it would become the armed and fortified fortress of despotism: "Here an army of 50,000 or perhaps 100,000 men will be finally embodied, and will sally forth and enslave the people, who will gradually be disarmed."

Every schoolboy knows at least a line or two of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" oration; but how many have ever even heard of that later speech during which he pointed at the still unratified Constitution and passionately exclaimed: "I look on that paper as the most fatal plan that could possibly be conceived to enslave a free people"? Even James Monroe, then a young legislator of thirty, attacked the document as setting up "a dangerous government," and Thomas Jefferson stoutly opposed its adoption unless it were first amended to his liking.

Is there not a singular timeliness in the recollection of these now utterly discredited objections? And may they not serve as rough and ready but still useful standards wherewith to gauge the probable truth of many of the indictments against the international Siamese Twins that Mr. Wilson brought home from Paris?

This excursion into the critical period of our history is inspired by the appearance in the bookshops of the two new volumes that comprise the second half of Mr. Albert J. Beveridge's important and significant Life of John Marshall. Though he rose to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Marshall was by no means the most learned lawyer the nation has produced. Blackstone's Commentaries fell into his hands a dozen years after its publication, but he devoted to that great compendium of the law no more than what New Englanders call a lick and a promise.

In due time he entered his name for the law lectures at William and Mary College, but before his course was six weeks old a pretty face lured him from his books; he made a hasty exit from the halls of learning to pursue, to court and to marry the lovely and amiable Mary Ambler. Poor as he was, and with his own way to make, he found time and money for balls and barbecues, horses, cards, wrestling and outdoor sports.

John Marshall learned law by practicing it. He became acquainted with the Constitution, still unratified, by defending it against the attacks of such sturdy opponents as Patrick Henry, James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson. A few years later, as envoy to Paris, he pitted his wits against those of the astute and devious Talleyrand and safeguarded the interests of his own government with a grasp and adroitness nearly if not quite equal to that of his illustrious predecessors, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin.

He had already served in the field as an officer under Washington. He had built up a large practice in the law courts of Virginia. Well aware of the scantiness of his legal equipment he used it with all the resource of a vigorous intellect and with a mind of rare penetration. Early in his professional life he acquired that common attribute of great men of affairs, the ability to reach into a haystack of irrelevancies and draw forth the needle of essential fact.

Such, in part, was the schooling of John Marshall for the great destiny that awaited him, for to this rawboned Virginia lawyer fell the task of giving to his country what in his day it needed above all else: Cohesive force working through a newborn national spirit.

At the period of the adoption of the Constitution the newly liberated colonies that formed the Union were like so many rookies in the bull pen—bashful, suspicious, unused to working together, new to a common superior, ignorant alike of the school of the soldier and the school of the company, devoid of esprit de corps. If the young states were to act together in company formation it was indispensable that some great mind, some man of unusual vision, not lacking in the arts of persuasion, must supply the unifying impulse.

Of all the drill sergeants of public opinion John Marshall was chief. He it was who taught men to forget that they were Virginians or Vermonters, and to think, to feel and to say: "I am an American!" That was the great work of his life, and two thousand pages are not more than its absorbing story deserves.

We have it upon the authority of a former law partner that Mr. Beveridge's interest in Chief Justice Marshall dates back to the years when he was himself a law student and had occasion to read Marshall's decisions and opinions. He studied them with such devotion and insight that he used to declare he could tell which opinions were written in chambers and which were composed out of doors; which ones harked back to the writer's awful winter at Valley Forge and which were reminiscent of the mission to Paris or of the Constitutional Convention. These strange readings between the lines so piqued his interest that he was eager to learn all he could of the man as soldier, lawyer, diplomatist, patriot and jurist. To his amazement he found that no adequate account of the chief justice had ever been written. There was Magruder's Life and Judge Story's appreciation; but no one had taken the trouble to search out and assemble the vast mass of scattered material which had only to be set in due array to assure the statesman once and for all time his lofty and rightful place in American history.

Even before he was called to the bar Mr. Beveridge resolved that some day he would see that Marshall got his due. Twenty years passed, some at the bar, others in the Senate, before he could address himself to the object of his ambition, and it was not until 1912 that he could begin work in earnest. Now, after seven years of constant research, Mr. Beveridge has fulfilled his pledge and American biography is the richer by the most important work that has appeared since Nicolay and Hay's Life of Mr. Lincoln.

Readers who are fond of studying history in the pages of the great biographies will soon discover that Mr. Beveridge has not written for a narrow circle of lawyers and students of our Constitutional history, but for the average citizen who seeks a clear and exact understanding of the early years of the Republic and the problems and perils that beset it upon every hand. Vivid and animated, yet lucid and precise, the author's style is admirably suited to the taste of a general audience; and his assured mastery of his subject, coupled with an almost boyish enthusiasm for it, recreates before our eyes many of the most stirring and dramatic scenes in our history and reminds us anew of the rough, hard and often tragic winning of those national blessings which for the most part we as much take for granted as our coal measures, our ore deposits or the fertility of our soil.

What Washington, Franklin, Adams and Hamilton planted, John Marshall watered; and he will ever be remembered with esteem and veneration for his services to his country in giving solidarity and separate entity to the young confederacy of states and making it a nation in fact as well as in name.

Ask Congress for the Figures

THE Fourteenth Census, work upon which will begin in a very few months, will enumerate and analyze down to the last pickaninny, pill box, bantam's egg, shingle and slate pencil our population, manufactures, agriculture, forest products and those of mines and quarries.

The results of the vast labor implied will be neatly set out in twenty or thirty or fifty stout quarto volumes printed in fine type; but unless business men, trade organizations and chambers of commerce bestir themselves promptly and vigorously not one of these imposing quartos will contain a line of information or a single row of figures devoted to the purely mercantile operations of the country.

The director of the census is not to be blamed for the restricted scope of his work. He freely states that statistical information concerning the operations of wholesale and retail merchants would be very instructive; but unfortunately the law which provides for the Fourteenth and subsequent censuses does not permit him to enlar
field of his activities.

A moment's reflection on the part of any merch
manufacturer or large consumer should suffice to co
him of the vital importance of a complete anal
wholesale and retail trade over the whole country
have not, to be sure, had such figures in the past; b
fact that our great mercantile houses have surviv
costly mistakes made in merchandising and distrib
made for the lack of them, is not the slightest proof
indication that they are not now indispensable to con
tive trading and the elimination of untold waste.

There now exists no body of facts and figures on
manufacturers may base their merchandising meth
determine how to get their products to the consu
the least expense; nor are there any considerabl
furnished by the Government to enable merchan
consumers to compute and check the costs of distri
and display the leaks and wastes that lower profi
raise prices.

The hardships caused by inflation, unprecedented
tion and the high cost of necessaries and luxuries ali
out as never before for every figure that may as
bringing conditions back to normal.

Rough guesswork, rule of thumb and hit-or-miss m
have been forced out to the scrap heap by the new
tions of mercantile trade; either that or the users o
are bidding for space in the column headed Bu
Troubles in the morning paper. Most of the larger
and many of the smaller ones employ capable merch
experts; but if these specialists are not supplied with
figures with which to work there will inevitably come
on which they will find themselves in the shoes c
historical personage who was all dressed up and h
where to go.

If every business house which is losing money f
lack of these statistics would urge its congressman
troduce legislation requiring that the requisite
be assembled in 1920, it is safe to predict that the
teenth Census might be made one of the most usef
profitable enterprises in which the Government ha
been engaged.

A Voice From the Tropics

WE ARE indebted to an American missionary of
who writes from a Latin-American capital th
uncomfortably close to the equator, to inclose and co
upon some typical American advertising that ha
distributed broadcast over that portion of the t
zone which lies in the western hemisphere.

Our correspondent calls attention to the fac
advertising illustrations designed for use in the
States cause more merriment than orders when
without alteration in equatorial regions. He poin
with much show of reason that high collars, stiff shir
quilted smoking jackets constitute the broadest k
humor when displayed in latitudes in which the m
perches on the 110 mark; and he appears to ha
little sympathy for manufacturers who advertise
boats on the slopes of the Andes and umbrellas
nitrate fields of Chile, where it has not rained for
than thirty years. Meanwhile the cheerful Latin
man laughs at the antics of the Gringo, and waits pa
for the European to come again to serve him.

Our correspondent goes on to say: "The bigge
richer the corporation the bigger and richer its blu
In spite of all our advantages we shall never be a
compete with Europe in the markets of the world
we stop thinking that the sun of the universe kno
other course than that encircling the habits and m
of the great American business man. American busi
ignorant when entered in foreign fields, and it
unwilling to learn.

"Occasionally one of our big banks hires a clerk
architect's office and, by making him a vice presider
paying him fifteen thousand dollars a year, intrust
with full charge of Latin-American affairs, and dee
duty well done. The fact that there are real foreign
experts working for fifteen dollars a week right in
own establishment never penetrates their office doo

"We in the States never look beyond the first o
month's bank balance. We bend all energy proc
something to-day for ten cents and selling it to-m
for eleven dollars. The pitiful part of the whole th
that we spend the $10.90 profit on broiled live lo
and taxicab fares and go over the top the following d
more. American business does not yet know the alp
of foreign trade and it will never learn till it gets the
kind of men and comes into these countries in the
way."

(Concluded on Page 157)

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

The Essex Satisfaction

It Comes From the Ability to Out-Perform Others and in The Knowledge That it is a Fine Car Even Though it is Not Large

That is Distinctive

One thing we can't forget in buying a motor car, is the pride of ownership.

The automobile is a pleasure vehicle and it spoils the fun to be hopelessly out-rivaled by a car that is smaller and costs less to buy.

And for the same reason there is a lot of satisfaction in having a car that, though it is small and its cost is less, does out-perform all of its class and has few rivals among the large, costlier automobiles.

That is Why You Hear So Much of Essex

You will get his feelings best if you ride with an Essex owner who is inclined to show his car off to other motorists. All seem to experience the same satisfaction at being the first car away when acceleration is called into play.

Of course, anyone who has ever driven much knows that the greatest delight, where speed is concerned, comes with the ability to best a rival with extra bursts of speed. It is the situations which show a car's ability to out-perform others that give greatest cause for pride.

And, knowing that, there is little wonder they speak of the Essex as they do.

You don't hear Essex owners compare their cars to others of similar size or cost. They always tell how they have out-performed some bigger, costlier car.

Did you ever ask an Essex owner to tell you what he thinks of his car in comparison to another in the same weight and price range? He didn't hesitate to express his disdain, did he?

Essex Quality Didn't Just Happen

The Essex performs as it does because it is built to the highest type of car standard. Its smallness in size and moderateness of price have meant no sacrifice in either quality, durability or comfort to the user.

Do you know, for instance, that every detail in the construction of the Essex is comparable to one of the world's most famous fine cars?

That is why the Essex shows the performance that it does. It is why everyone knows it as an utterly different car than has ever been offered. As well attempt to judge the capacity of a man's brain by the size of his hat, as to determine what the Essex can do merely by its type or size and the fact that it sells for only a little more than other cars whose limitations you recognize. That standard doesn't work when the Essex is considered.

Note the Advantages of Such a Car

The Essex is not a large car, neither is it tiny. No space is wasted. No extra weight is used. Neither passengers nor driver is crowded. They have plenty of room on the seats and for their legs. The size of the Essex gives it many advantages. It accounts for its moderate cost. It makes it a more economical car to operate. And think how much more convenient to drive. It slips through traffic where a larger car would be delayed. Parking space can be found that others can not squeeze into. It can be turned in a short radius.

So Don't Forget This Fact

The Essex in every particular, save in its price and weight, is comparable to cars that cost much more, and it possesses the further advantage in economy that comes from its lighter weight.

It is not a light weight car in the sense that others of its size are usually judged. So examine the Essex with that thought in mind. And remember, 16,000 owners are telling of more good qualities about it than any Essex salesman can tell you. Essex owners will advise you to buy an Essex in either the five passenger touring, the sedan or the roadster models. We advise that you be prepared to wait for delivery, for the demand exceeds the output of more than 100 cars a day.

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY S. GORDON SMYTH

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me thoght we would rite you a last long letter befoar school starts tomorrow witch is the last you are apptoo here from us for sum time on account of being so bizzey unless sumthing importunt should come up but you will know we are boath well eaven if you do not get wurd from us for sumtime. It seams to be onley a short time since Sumer vacashun started and now it is all gone and nobuddy nose ware. Vacashun seams to be a long time to look ahead to when it starts but onley a short time when school starts again and you look back and wunder ware it all went.

Henry said it seams to be short on account of being so happey but it would seam long enugh sitting on a red-hot stove all the time dont you think so?

Vacashun this year was mostly swiming and fishing and playing witch is always the most of it until you are grone up and makes it verry pleasunt for a boy when he gose back to school verry brown and helthy and a grate appetight for moar nollidge after he gets in the habbit of studdying again.

Ware my appendicks came out is now quite strong again and will probily not interfear with school but Henry said I otto be careful and tell the teacher at the furst sine of enny pane if too hard studdying should be bad for it as they sumtimes are. Henry said he thoght I otto walk quite slow and careful around the school house and to the bored sose the teacher would not think I was purfeckly well yet and have moar simpathy and not sett too hard exampuls at furst until I get used to it witch is the kind of a boy Henry is always thinking about sumbuddy else. Our hare ware it was clippt off tite to our head is grone out again and will be better for the cool wether in the Fawl witch is apptoo be quite cold for a clippt harecut. Exsept for my appendicks we boath came throgh the Sumer without anything seryus. Henry slidd off the barn once by axsidunt and nockt his wind out and had a few stummickakes from wottermelluns too clost to the rined but a littul panekiller fickst it. Henrys muther always has a bottul of panekiller handey on account of six or seven of them and a good deel of pane to be killed of one kind or anuther. She has one kind to rub on and anuther to take inside and most of the pane is one place or the uther so she is always reddy for sumthing to happen witch it genrelly does. Her hart is still quite week.

Henry and me were boath quite wurried for a wile on account of Henrys school pance witch met with a new axsidunt sevrel days ago and lookt as thogh Henry mite have to stay out of school unless he should ware his Sunday ones and he hated to do that on account of not haveing enny speshul pance for Sunday school if he did and if a boy onley has one pare and ennything hapens to them it is quite searyus for him becaws pance are the most importunt but a cote does not matter becaws you can go in your shurtsleaves but pance you do not and if a boy onley has one pare he has to watch them pretty careful.

The axsidunt to Henrys pance was by a dog witch watches the nabers orchered when they are not around and Henry and me cut throgh it to get hoam quicker on account of being late for super after swiming too long. Henry and me had no ideaya of the dog and were boath going along in the orchered without hardley ever thinking of apples or pares when we hurd a loud bark verry fearce and savvidge and saw the nabers dog coming on a fast run for us witch was not a pleasunt site for me and Henry. We could have climed a tree but Henry said no dog would chase him up a tree and besides if we climed one the nabers would think the dog coght us up thare witch would be quite susspishus agenst us. So Henry and me started to walk fast but not run toworeds the barbwire fence and when we were both crauling throgh Henry let me go furst on account of ware my appendicks came out witch he was afrade mite brake open or sumthing and when he started to craul throgh it was too late and the dog grabed Henrys pance on the part witch was not throgh the fence yet and toar out a big part of them befoar Henry could get cleen throgh witch he finelly did but the nabers dog had a good sighs peace of his pance to show for it and was still barking verry loud and fearce.

It Was Ware Henry Could Not See How Mutch Dammidge Was Done But When He Turned Around I Could See it Was Quite Bad

It was ware Henry could not see how mutch dammidge was done but when he turned around for me to look I could see it was quite bad and would neaver do in school if Henry should be cauled up to the bored or have to resite in frunt of the class witch would be bad for Henry the way his pance were now. Henry hated to tell his muther on account of her hart being week and Henrys muther and my muther too would be hard to understand about the orchered and us being thare becaws it was the shortust way hoam and neather of Henry or me could think for quite a wile of how to get Henrys pance fickst befoar Monday and it was Friday alreddy.

After wile I happend to think about Lilly Purl and how good her muther was to us about gelly cake and I told Henry probily she mite ficks them and be verry confidenshul about them and nobuddy would know about it if we could get his pance over thare without being susspishus about them. So Henry and me went hoam and Henry put his cote on and ett his super and his muther could not see the part of his pance when he was sitting down and after super Henry went upstares and told his muther he gesst he would studdy a wile for the furst day of school witch was a pleasant supprize for her and she was glad Henry was going to witch never happend befoar.

So Henry went upstares and put on his Sunday pance and I went outside and stade under the window and after wile Henry let down the old pance by a string out of the window wile his muther was washing the dishes and could not see witch Henry was glad of on account of her week hart. I got Henrys pance when they came down on the string and went out of the yard the frunt way sose Henrys muther would not see me with Henrys pance on my arm and I mannidged to get to Lilly Purls without enny excitement on account of H pance on my arm and went rite in the frun Lilly Purl and her muther were boath frunt poarch when I ca and boath verry pleasu polight and all the time wundering how to bra news of Henrys pan them and see if Lilly muther would ficks the be verry confidenshul it witch would be a grat to Henry and not ha ware his Sunday pance days witch would be a ressponsibillity for onl pare. After wile I t about Henry upstares room aloan with no pa come out and play i Sunday ones and how h over and told Lilly Purl my appendicks and m ridge came up and I tol Purl and her muther Henry and me and t chered and the dog ch us and how it happe Henrys pance ware the throgh the fence last a muthers week hart a Henry and me thog mite be abul to ficks and be verry confid about it and save Hen me a grate deel of wurr trubble. Lilly Purls n was mutch interuste spred Henrys pance the tabul and sent Lill for sum neadles and and the ragbag and it done in haffanowr an would hardley know wa dog toar them.

Lilly Purl was very a about Henry and how and I told her the d not do Henry enny dam but onley to his pance and it was all over now and m to wurrey about and Henry would be abul to be soon as his pance came back by me.

After Henrys pance were all done we had sum ler ade and Lilly Purls muther said always bring enn pance to her and she would be glad to ficks them verry confidenshul about it on account of Henrys m week hart witch is a fine thing dont you think so? I stade quite a wile I happend to think about Hen stares all aloan and probily wundering how his panc coming out and so I started back to Henrys hous wisseld under Henrys window quite easey sose wurrey his muther on account of haveing a week When Henry hurd me wissel he opened the windo let down the string again and I tide the pance Henry pulled them by the string and Henry said wurds he could hardley beleave his eyes when he lo them and could hardley tell ware they were fickst.

After Henry put them on he came downstares agai told his muther he gesst he had studdied enugh f nite and he better get sum fresh are and his muthe it was all rite and not to studdy too hard and promist not to and came on outside. Henry said he never forget me for what I did for him and his pan never to thank him again for being good to me was in the hosspittle becaws it was all even now boath shook hands. Henry ast me if Lilly Purl s to be scairt about him when I brought his pance ov mite be the last of him for all she knew and I told h was quite a good deel wurried at furst but I told was not hurt but onley wurried and after that she rite and verry swete and cumfurtable to me.

I gess you and Uncle William will think I am ma a lot of Henrys pance becaws it is not important but it was to Henry and shose what kind of a womar Purls muther is to take in a pare of purfeckly strange and ficks them witch Henry will never forget and gr all the rest of his life and sum day he will surpri with a fine presunt Henry said.

Henry said he otto thank her for saveing his pan him but he was quite bashful to talk about it now

(Concluded on Page 49)

(Concluded from Page 46)

s fresh and on account of Lilly t ould be hard to go over thare and bat it becaws it would be dellicut k bout Henry said espeshully ware oghappened to bite them. I told he would rite a noat to her I t e it over and he could go over w when it would not be so fresh enry did and I am sending you a it to see if it is all rite, but it is eo change it now becaws it is gone y

respective Mrs. Smith: My pance b k safe and sound by kindness of n Green and I am riteing you a few h I hoap you will exsept the way n from the bottom of my heart and not for you I would be waring my pance every day and no way to r new ones witch would be quite s or me. I hoap you will ecksuse i was quite bold to send a pare of r strange pance over by William l t I was upstares in my room with Sday pance on and my muther has k art and would wurrey a grate deel new it and we boath haypend to you and how good you are and if not want to do it it would be all we would boath feal the same to- ou becaws you have been so good reddy and the pance would not bit of difrunce with us.

t you could see how happey I felt e pance came back all fickst sose o d hardley tell the place you would l pade for the grate trubble you took m and I would consider it a grate i you would cawl for me enny hour y or nite if you should knead enny oppt or choars done or errunds run ning would be too mutch trubble to r ou. I would come enny day after ock schooldays or all day Satterday t ould be onley a grate pleshure and u at all. Henry lookt at my pance er I put them on and could not tell ivas witch is a grate complymunt to r I hope you are boath well and will clhes with the best regords of

HENRY BEGG.

S If it would be all rite to send best dto Lilly Purl I would consider it a ver if you would do it but you will est about it and I will leave it all ound remane as befoar H. B.

S2 and last. I would not want you ir or Lilly Purl that me and William nvas in the orchered with false pre- esecaws we were not and never thoght kng enny froot but a dog does not v iat and onley bites becaws you are e all witch is the way it happend and vagilty I would never think of sending r pance to ficks but it was all a dogs a and not ours but now the pance are cft and I remane as befoar H. B.

ey and me wrote it together. We did knw wether it would be too fammilyer to say Dear Mrs Smith so Henry said probily verry respective would be moar polight for a grone up lady from a boy dont you think so?

Tige was tide up the day we cut acrost the orchered witch was a good thing for the nabers dog Henry said or Tige would probily have killed him but it was all over now and no dammidge. Henry will probily let Tige at him sumtime thogh. Henry is a good deel wurried about Tige when school starts again becaws he has been with Henry and me nearly all Sumer and hardley likes to be tide up nites away from Henry. He will have to be tide up moast of the day now exsept Satterday and part of Sunday and will probily houl a good deel and be bad for his hellth on account of missing Henry so. Henry was wundering the uther day ware he mite get a coller for Tige to tie up with and let him ware when he is loose for a kind of ornamunt around his neck witch is a grate help to a dogs looks. Henry and me saw sum in the stoar windows quite hansum and not verry exspensive and one for a doller witch Tige would probily be verry proud of but thare is no way to urn a doller now on account of going to school all the time and so Henry and me have just about got over the ideaya of a coller for Tige but it would be a fine thing dont you think so? If you or Uncle William should happen to think of enny way to urn a doller Henry and me would be verry glad to here from you and Tige would get the bennefit of it becaws it would all be spent on him. A chane would not be nessary becaws Henry could use a closeline but a closeline around a dogs neck is apptoo choak him if he pulls too hard and sumtimes in the nite Henry wurreys so he can hardley slepe for feer Tige mite be choaking and does not go to slepe again until Tige houls again and Henry nose he is all rite. It is a grate houl of releef for Henry.

I went to Lilly Purls house Satterday after dinner to take over Henrys letter to Lilly Purls muther witch was a grate pleshure for me becaws after Henry was so good to me when my appendicks came out I was glad to have a chanst to do sumthing moar for him even if he did say his fickst pance made it eaven betwene us. Lilly Purl was thare verry swete and cool on the frunt poarch and quite pleasunt to be with on a worm day. Lilly Purl took Henrys letter in to her muther and she redd it sevrel times and said the dear boy but I could not tell if it was me or Henry but probily boath of us dont you think so? Afterwurds she rappt up a big peace of gelly cake and said it would be the anser to Henry and enugh for boath of us and said if enny choars or errunds mite be kneaded she would let Henry know the furst thing, witch was a great releef to Henry becaws the gelly cake on top of the fickst pance was almost too mutch. I told Lilly Purl about Henry wanting to come over sum day but being a littul bashful becaws the fickst pance were so fresh and mite make him kind of nurvice on account of haveing them on ware her muther fickst them and she said her muther would be glad to see Henry enny time and she was always hoam in the afternoon about fore oclock and Lilly Purl too and boath of them would enjoy Henry being thare fickst pance or not just as Henry felt about it. So Lilly Purl said she would rite Henry a note to make his mined easey about his fickst pance witch is the kind of a girl Lilly Purl is always verry swete and thoghtful dont you think so? Henry onley got it last nite and said we could coppey it wile it is still fresh and interusting on account of you knowing all about the fickst pance:

Dear Henry: I thought I would rite you a few lines to say we are all well including my muther and would be verry glad to see you if you would care to come over enny time you want to and a worm welcome from us boath. The frunt poarch is cool and shadey in the afternoon about fore or five oclock and if you onley want to see my muther I could verry easey be away sumwares that afternoon and not come back till after you are gone and you knead not wurrey about that becaws you can see me in school enny time and probily walk hoam sumtimes if you want to and you kno the way I genrelly go hoam down Forth street and apast the park and verry easey to find me on the way hoam. My muther is sending you sum gelly cake by William (Green) witch is part of a too big one she maid and mite get stail and too bad to waist it she said and will be a grate faver to her if you and William (Green) would look at it that way and no thanks on your part. We are haveing quite worm wether now but probily moar pleasunt soon. School starts Monday morning and I suppoas you will be thare and I will probily see you the furst day if you should happen to go. I genrelly start about kworter to nine and go strate down to the park and up Forth street witch is the shortust way for me. I always go the side of the park ware the big oke tree and the bench is. I get thare about ten minutes to nine and then I can get to school in plenty of time eaven by walking quite slow. The bench is on the side of the oke tree toworeds the school house. I hoap you are well and happey and Tige too and hoaping to see you sumtime befoar long probily I remane Verry respectively yours,

LILLY PURL.

P. S.—I was wundering what you are going to do with Tige when school starts and you have to be gone. It will be quite hard on him to stay home tide up dont you think so? I always thoght he was a fine dog.

LILLY PURL.

Henry said when he read it the fickst pance must be gone out of thare mineds alreddy becaws thare was not a wurd in it about pance from one end to the uther and the nurvice fealing is gone alreddy. Henry wundered if Lilly Purl would be mad if he wated on the bench by the oke tree for her tomorrow morning or would she think he took advantidge of what just happend to be menshund in a frendly letter but I told Henry I thoght it would be all rite so I gess he will. That way he can see her the furst time since her muther fickst them and make it easey afterwurds. Henry and me thoght it was kind of curyus how Lilly Purl happend to think about Tige and what he would do wile Henry was away at school and made Henry think about the coller again but he said thare is no use wurreying about that but just give up the ideaya. Unless sum strange thing would happen to help him urn a doller and thare was not mutch chanst of that Henry said.

Henry and me will have to clothes now on account of getting reddy for school tomorrow. One of Henrys littul bruthers toar sum pages out of his arithmetick ware the hardust exampuls are and Henry did not miss them all Sumer but he will eather have to find them or get a new arithmetick and he hoaps to find them sumwares tonite. A peace of his jogafy is gone too and all of the Wesstern Hemmaspear is gone betwene Brazil and the Bay of Funndy witch Henry never mist till Satterday. Henry thoght mice ett the Wesstern Hemmaspear but his littul bruther toar out the exampuls becaws he found sirrup on a lot of uther pages witch makes them quite hard to get appart without sokeing in worm wotter witch makes them swell quite bad so it looks like a pretty hard time for Henry in arithmetick but probily he will get throgh it all rite if he can fined the gone pages. Thare is no chanst of finding the Wesstern Hemmaspear thogh becaws the mice have probily put an end to that. The mice ett sum of neerly all of Henrys schoolbooks this Sumer and Henry said it was luckey he did not have the Boy Rangers Manuel with them or it mite be the last of that but the boys kept it too bizzey for mice most of the time. Henry put all of his schoolbooks on the flore of the clossit way back ware thay would be purfeckly safe when school was out for Sumer vakashun and mice ett a littul of all of them but ett the biggest peace out of the Wesstern Hemmaspear.

Henry and me will probily get up brite and urley tomorrow sose not to be lait the furst day and mite get the reword for not bring absunt or tardy the furst turm of school but not sure about it. So we will clothes again for good this time. Henry just hurd Tige houl in thare barn so he is not choaked yet by the closeline but it mite happen enny day but Henry hoaps not. Henry and me will stay togeather tonite witch is the last of vacashun and talk over old times and tomorrow school starts and not mutch chanst after that. Henry sends love and wants to know if Uncle William nose how to tie a slipnott in a closeline sose it wont slipp and choak Tige to deth witch mite save his life if he was tide the way Henry meens.

Your affectionate Nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Henry said thare is a grate deel about Tige and his pance in this letter but it could not be helpt becaws it was the mane thing that happend last weak. W. G.

MISS KENT UNDERSTANDS

By Ralph E. Mooney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

THERE was a bit of new-hung printing on the far wall of the cafeteria at the Business Women's Club. In rather marked type and color it advised each reader to "Make Yourself What You Want To Be." Though insistent and peremptory and a wise enough precept to merit consideration, the slogan was drowned, paled into insignificance by the mighty clatter of noon hour, so that to hundreds of women it went unheeded. Indeed had they been consulted afterward it would have developed in most cases that they had not seen it at all.

Justine Kent, facing the inscription, was vaguely aware of it, though her attention was taken by the pert features and edged voice of the girl at her elbow.

"Did you go out there?" asked the girl, laughing in shrill tones.

"Yes," answered Justine with a smile.

"Wasn't it terrible? Girls like us can't take that kind of place."

And again the laughter rose at Justine's elbow.

"He said, 'young man preferred,' anyhow," offered Justine.

"Oh, but he'd take a girl!" sneered the other. "He'd take anybody that would work in such a place. He'd open his arms to anybody that knows the tire business."

"Did you go in?" inquired Miss Kent.

"Yes," answered the other; "didn't you?"

Justine Kent shook her head.

"I knew it would be no use," she replied. "He couldn't offer me anything."

"Well, I should say not," praised the girl at her elbow. "How could the old man's private secretary go back to an experience-and-no-money job. That's a place for a girl just out of business college."

"Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"

Miss Kent, staring at the inscription, recalled that she had come upon it before. It had been an exercise at business college. As her mind dwelt upon the circumstances she saw again the barren room with its rows of typing tables, and heard the ghosts of thirty typewriters clicking off its letters in her ears.

"What was he like?" she asked mechanically.

"I was right surprised. He looked like a hustler. Another case of too much ambition and no money, I guess."

At this moment an elderly woman came to the table.

"Did either of you get a job?"

"No," answered the pert lips, "it's the dull season and nothing doing."

"Terrible!" said the newcomer. "Terrible the way you were let out after five years!"

"It was good while it lasted," answered the girl at Miss Kent's elbow. "And there's other places. You going shopping? Me too! So long, Justine."

Miss Kent, left alone, stared reflectively at the far wall of the lunch room. Unconsciously her lips formed the words which by now the ghostly typewriters had imprinted on her brain: "Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"

II

NEXT day as a certain Mr. E. Z. Abbott stood at the front of his little shop he was surprised to find himself a subject of inquiring scrutiny from a girl upon the street. She was poised on tiptoe in the rain-soaked February slush, making frank survey of him. For a moment she remained so. Then with peculiar intensity of manner she entered the store and bowed.

Young Mr. Abbott, who dealt in automobile tires, advanced confidently, with approving eyes for her slim serge-covered figure.

"What size?" he asked.

She smiled.

"You advertised for a stenographer?"

"Oh," nodded Abbott, "yes, but ——"

"My name is Justine Kent," interrupted the girl. "I came yesterday, but didn't like the looks of your place. Last night I thought it over and decided to take the job if it is still open."

Her keen gray eyes, looking from under a small blue-velvet hat and heaps of light-brownish hair, dominated the situation at once, but as she was not fully aware of this her manner was marked by the hesitancy of woman engaged in vital business transactions.

Abbott, a lithe good-natured personality, smiled at her frankness.

"I'm sorry—but I advertised for a young man."

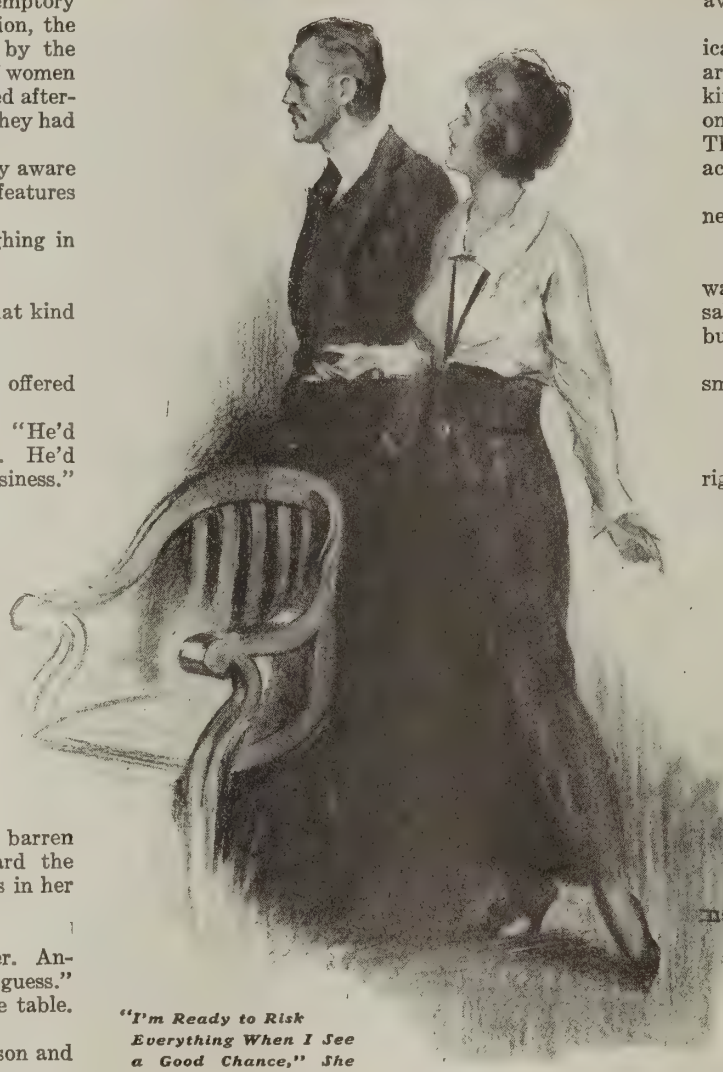
"Did you get one?"

"Not yet."

"I didn't think you would."

"Eh?" gasped Abbott, startled out of his complacency.

The girl nodded and made explanation.



"I'm Ready to Risk Everything When I See a Good Chance," She Sneered. "I'm No Piker Either and I'm Tired of Doing Piker Business. Aren't You?"

"Young men who want to start at the bottom, as you advertised, don't pick this kind of concern. They go downtown to the big tire agencies. The man who would come here wouldn't be worth much to you."

Abbott's eyes gleamed angrily.

"Say, what are you getting at? I don't care for your opinion of my place. Such as it is, I built it myself and I'm not out on the streets asking for work anyhow."

Miss Kent nodded approval.

"I admire you for that," she acclaimed.

Young Mr. Abbott's mouth flew open.

"What? You—you admire me for it? Well ——"

As the young man's confusion increased the girl became more at ease.

"Pardon, please. What I mean is that your place is not the sort to attract young men. Is it now? Does it look a growing business—with heights to climb to—or doesn't it simply offer the bottom to start and end with? Please be frank."

Abbott somewhat dazedly followed her eyes about the front of his shop and grudgingly was forced to admit that the effect was indiscriminate at least. His tires were racked carelessly and sizes were misplaced. The floor was a litter of paper, bits of burlap and miscellaneous tire tools. The shop had all the earmarks of being exactly what it was—a small one-man store. System was unnecessary, because the one man knew by sad experience where everything was.

Abbott finally grinned and made a deprecatory motion toward his own greasy overalls.

"Maybe so," he admitted, "but this is a one-man business and a low-priced one at that. My customers like confusion and overalls and carelessness. Brass railings and carpets mean more expense to them."

"Granted," responded Miss Kent. "But so far no young man has seen the glint of gold through the tarnish and I—maybe I have. I've come for the job."

Abbott shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not looking for a manager or an efficiency expert, and it's a man's job anyhow."

"That's the sort I'm after," flashed the gi man's job. I mean, I always answer the adv ments for male stenographers. The places ways better and have more pay. I'm just as fast average man at shorthand and typing."

"I know." Mr. Abbott's dark head nodded symp ically. "I can see in a minute the sort of stenograph are. I wish the business was big enough to go afte kind, but as you see it's just a small place and you'd only woman here. There are no accommodations f The nearest wash room, for instance, is at that mi across the street."

"Where did you get your experience in the tir ness?" Justine asked abruptly.

E. Z. Abbott jumped. His bright eyes flickered.

"Well, say ——" he began, only to smile and go o was with the Lawler people. I was a tire changer, salesman, after many other things. My parents wer but inclined to be honest."

"Do you handle the Lawler goods?" she asked smile for his ridicule.

"No, seconds only."

"Oh!" It was a disappointed murmur. "Secon

"Here, wait!" protested Abbott. "Seconds right. There's two sides to every business, you The straight-out, factory-guaranty, brass-rail-a and-wrapped-product side—and then the job-lot, 'em-up-in-the-open side. That's mine!"

"People want to pay the price and get th goods," stated the girl sharply.

"One kind of trade does," defended A "Another kind isn't averse to paying prices and getting real goods too."

"Quality pays for itself in the long argued Miss Kent with considerable w quoting a line of advertising.

"Of course it does. Also it pays for quicker if the price is low.

"Listen here, if you had the time w you rather go to the open market and ge country vegetables at low prices than charge account at a large grocery store you had to pay for rent, delivery servic general overhead?"

"Oh, I see!" answered Miss Kent. "' the open market end of the tire business

"Exactly!"

"It will be worth while to take the job nounced the girl. "And I'm going to take it."

Mr. Abbott gasped for breath.

"First," he asked, "how about your crede You've been thorough enough about mine."

"Private secretary to Dan Farwell—nearly five y she answered carelessly, naming one of the big tire the city. "He died, you know, and the factory ope own branch here. I was let out. References ready you want them."

"I beg pardon," laughed Abbott. "You're a goo But as I've said, there's no use going further with it looking for somebody that wants to stick and try an the business. Stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman say—oh, twenty a week. I know it wouldn't suit because you couldn't do half of it and because a gir your experience can walk into a plush job somewhe do a lot better."

He indicated the door with a gesture of finality.

The girl laughed in her turn, remaining steadfast quiet dignity.

"I thought that too," she answered. "It's pr true. Yesterday when I came here first I was dis with the lack of order in your store and left it, intend go after the plush job you name. Last night I chang mind. Mr. Abbott, I'm tired of looking for the ide I'm going to make it to suit myself and make it her

The man wandered toward the big plate-glass w shaking his head.

"But ——" he began.

"You won't regret it." Miss Kent spoke quickly. about salary—you said twenty a week. That's mor you can afford."

"Help!" gasped Abbott. "Now listen ——"

"I didn't say that to offend you. I merely want to you I understand. Now, Mr. Abbott, let's talk bus What do you say to taking me in here and agreeing t me what I'm worth? I mean by that, of course, w make myself worth. Are you—ah—game?"

Abbott scratched his head.

"You mean I hire you on no stated ——"

She interrupted.

"You don't hire me! I hire myself and come in h what it's worth to us. I want to make good by ma

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siss good. I want to build—and not sponge off a ilder. I know a lot about the tire business. If you ot tires we'll win. Are you willing?"

M Abbott, young, hesitant, self-made though half-is d business man, could not refuse the demand of her y yes. He could not overreach the purpose that lay i l them.

"] you've decided on it there's no use talking," he "I might try it, anyhow."

"lave decided."

bott smiled doubtfully.

"elcome then! Please report yourself to Miss Kent. e res all our stenographers."

"iss Kent says take her," answered the girl promptly. "le's took! What's the use?" He shrugged his shoul-rs. "I've got to say yes. I've never learned to say no."

"l teach you that," smiled Miss Kent.

A in did Mr. Abbott's jaw drop.

"ne of us is crazy," he affirmed with heavy sarcasm.

III

UTINE KENT'S action in joining Abbott was an experi-nt decided upon after a night of feverish planning and otion. She had been urged to it, partly by the sudden p tunity in Abbott's place, partly by the advisory nc'd in the cafeteria. Also—and this most al—by the conclusion she had reached during rc or more of serious thinking.

Ihad all come about very naturally. In the giaing—five years before—she had been just clinary business-college grad-t Later she became just an diarily good business woman t higher class. But even as e ad achieved competence and oinence in her overcrowded olsion she began to think el. How could she go higher? h was the next step? The glst places seemed barred to a or.n.

S read much and found such ogis as "Make Yourself What ot Want To Be" constantly aig at her from modern busi-ss literature. What did they e? They were so indefinite, so tagible. How much truth was in them? o did one go about carrying them out?

Te answer came while she was at lunch in e afeteria. The mottoes were true. You did v chances to carry them into effect. Here as n opportunity provided. She had qualifi-tins for it. She knew the tire business and e new business in general. Why not, for in-ae, select a definite objective such as, say, l a partner in a growing retail business—and begin by sming she was just that. Then think, plan and work r othing else. In a word, why not make herself what e wanted to be?

S began the joint existence of Mr. E. Z. Abbott and isne Kent as subjects of an experiment. It was to be a n drawn and painful experience. The chemicals were to bind fizz for many weeks. The elements, matured con-r tism and new determination, being both positive, pled each other at first, and the experiment seemed oned to failure. Frequent discussions rose over the e ing up and systematizing of the firm's books and airs and these discussions soon degenerated into quar-l n which E. Z. Abbott aggrievedly defended his past o s and existence.

Dthing is more wearying than strained relations be-vn employer and business woman. For Mr. Abbott's a within three days the young man's figure became rcpy. He felt as though he was carrying a tenacious bit of the sea on his shoulders. Inwardly he was re-ling to cast away his burden.

"ran this place all right until she came," he told the o who changed tires.

"Yeah," said the boy. "You were all right. But she—a heller!"

Thereupon Mr. Abbott, safe from the quizzical gray y, decided virtuously and indignantly to dismiss the girl t e end of the week. She was wasting herself in his la. She was one accustomed to every office convenience n was not for him. For these sentiments Mr. Abbott a ot be blamed. He had struggled to independence by himself and he had founded the business with his own a gs. Having achieved so much, he was willing to let re enough alone. The store would keep him and he was a y in it. He resented the presence of a girl who re-a ed the place merely as a fair beginning and who tried to p him into greater efforts.

"iss Kent, up to her eyes in his desk's litter of corre-pidence, sales memorandums, charge notes and bills—q receipted and unpaid—had a way of stopping work o watch him as he puttered about among the few tires that made up his stock. It was particularly irritating. Her eyes seemed constantly to question his activities, to ask why he was so occupied when there might be better things for him to do.

"She'll never be any good here," Abbott concluded definitely on Friday. "I'll let her go to-morrow night."

When the time came, however, he hesitated as usual. After picking his way through the tire stacks and the litter of the forward end of the shop he was too astonished at the appearance of the office in the rear to proceed immediately with his carefully rehearsed speech. All of his heaped-up papers were filed—in hatboxes borrowed from the milliner. His old received-and-paid-out daybook was gone. Instead a neat sales book and ledger lay open upon his desk and a typed statement attached to the ledger informed him what his bank balance was—and why. He decided to soften the blow as much as he could.

"You've certainly done wonders, Miss Kent," he praised. "And—but—oh, here's the week's pay as I promised." He handed her twenty dollars. She bowed.

"Thank you—but you were going to say something more?"

E. Z. Abbott flushed.

"Yes, but—ah—time for that later. We'll try another week."

"Now Listen, Miss Kent, I Appreciate What You've Done, But I Can't Stand Your Trying to Run the Place"

Her eyes were faintly scornful as they looked upon him. Soul militant, she took her resolution in hand. She would—she would make herself what she wanted to be in spite of everything, in spite of herself and Abbott.

"I think I know what was in your mind, Mr. Abbott," she affirmed. "You were going to send me off."

Abbott nodded somewhat angrily. She noticed his manner and flashed into anger herself.

"You are foolish, Mr. Abbott! You'll never get anywhere, running as you are, yet you resent my trying to help you. But you shall not discharge me—unless I'm incompetent. I'm going to stay!"

"I've got a word to say about that," cried Abbott. "I'm running this ——"

"I'm going to stay," declared Miss Kent in fury. "For a month anyhow. At the end of that time, if you haven't got this business in shape I'm going to quit you. You are on trial just as much as I am. If you can't make good I don't want to stay with you."

And while Abbott was still gasping she left him.

IV

THE next week saw no improvement in the relations of employer and extraordinary employee at the Abbott Tire Company. The chemicals of the experiment boiled more furiously and the doubt was very evident as to whether it would end in a grand explosion or a useful reaction of ideals upon materials. Things started badly on Monday morning when Miss Kent entered the shop with a folded newspaper. She seemed greatly pleased over something.

"Did you see to-day's paper?" she asked.

"No, I hardly ever read the papers," replied Abbott, who was leisurely enjoying his morning pipe. "They don't interest me."

"You should read them," she reproved.

In a flash Abbott's temper rose. He had been nursing his anger since Saturday.

"Some more of your efficiency?" he stormed. "Now listen, Miss Kent, I appreciate what you've done, but I can't stand your trying to run the place. I'm through, that's all. You can stay here till Saturday night and then quit. Start in business yourself if you want to, but don't try to start me!"

Miss Kent turned a grave countenance upon him.

"You'll find I'll stay a lot longer than Saturday night," she announced gently.

"And you'll need me, I think. You'll be glad of it before the day is over," she added.

"What do you mean?" asked Abbott.

"If you will read the paper you will see part of what I mean," she announced.

Abbott took the paper and scanned it rapidly, announcing: "I don't see anything here!"

"No?" asked Miss Kent. "Let it go then!"

With this unpropitious beginning every hour of that day was a period of argument. Abbott felt his resolution to discharge Miss Kent strengthening with each controversy. This was because the young lady after the first passage at arms relaxed into noncontentious silence.

"Have it your own way," she announced frequently.

Owning the upper hand for the time, Abbott thought the girl beaten and went out of his way to bring up new points for debate. He was mistaken, however. Miss Kent was merely saving her strength.

In the afternoon as he was dismissing a rubber salesman from the store the girl called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Abbott, will you come here, please?"

Excusing himself, the proprietor made his way to the office.

"Are you sending that man away?" she demanded, indicating the rubber salesman, who stood whistling at the front of the shop.

"Yes," bristled Abbott.

"He was here Saturday while you were out for lunch. It sounded as though he had a wonderful proposition. What is it?"

"A three-thousand-dollar lot of Barrett firsts. They list about three times that, but the Calvin Motors Company, which used them as car equipment, has liquidated and these are on the market at a bargain."

"Isn't it a good buy?" she asked.

"It's a corker," he said impatiently. "What are you getting at?"

"Let's take them."

Abbott threw up his hands in horror.

"Take them? Now—in the dull season? Why, you poor—you're crazy! Anyhow, I haven't more than five hundred in the bank—if I've that—and it's a cash transaction."

"Will you ever get a buy like this in the busy season?" she demanded fiercely.

"No, of course not. But there's no money now ——"

"Borrow!" commanded Miss Kent.

"I can't! I haven't credit!"

He moved away. With a little cry she caught his arm and went on speaking with a quiet fury that unmanned him:

"Listen, please! You've enough stock here to invoice at fifteen hundred dollars. With that and your bank balance behind you you can easily raise two thousand at your bank. That's the kind of business a bank likes—loans to merchants whose stock will indemnify them if the note is defaulted. In fact, since you are using the money to buy stock they are doubly protected."

"Wait!" commanded Abbott, swept off his feet by this unexpected attack. "It's insanity! I'm not justified ——"

"Mr. Abbott!"

The gray eyes, angry and desperate, ruled him with a kind of flaming hypnosis.

"Yes'm," he murmured and fidgeted, reduced to mere boyishness by her sincerity.

"Once my former employer, Mr. Farwell, went absolutely broke—backing the old Everwear Puncture Proof. On the day he wound up that business he managed to borrow a thousand and took up a new line. In two months he was clear. And never once did he weaken or show outwardly that he was down, nor did anyone but me know his true circumstances. That's the kind of nerve that makes good in business. When Farwell saw what he wanted he took it. He made a fortune in five years because he wasn't a piker—and never had been a piker."

"That's all right for you to say, Miss Kent," pleaded Abbott. "You're only a girl. There's Farwell's way of building a business and there's mine. Both are good. Mine is slower, that's all. Now it's all right for you to advise such a thing—when you aren't risking any money. But I decline to gamble my whole store on advice from a woman."

"I'm backing my advice," she said curtly. "Even when you've made your loan you will only have two thousand. What I was trying to tell you was that if you would raise two thousand I would lend you another thousand—my savings. The reason I do it is because—if the buy is as good as you say it is I'm sure we can't lose."

Abbott went into a panic.

"No, no! I can't let you do that! It's risking too much. Thanks awfully. I appreciate it—but I can't do it."

"I'm ready to risk everything when I see a good chance," she sneered. "I'm no piker either and I'm tired of doing piker business. Aren't you?"

Abbott stared at her for a long time, while his cheeks reddened.

"Are you serious?" he asked at last, eyes glinting.

"Are you never serious?" she scolded.

He made his way weakly to the salesman.

"I'll take the lot," he announced.

"Sight draft with bill of lading attached," added Miss Kent, who had followed.

"O. K.," smiled the salesman. "Is this your partner, Abbott?"

"No, darn it, she's the boss!" groaned Abbott.

"You're wise," laughed the salesman. "Sign here."

Very ruefully Mr. Abbott carried through the deal, borrowed the money with no great difficulty—as Miss Kent had foreseen—and very ruefully saw the new stock arrive at the end of the week.

"We'll never move it till next summer," he moaned. "Business is too dead now even to hope."

"We'll move the most of it next week," declared Miss Kent heatedly. "At least that's what I'm gambling on."

"Impossible!"

The girl laughed cheerfully.

"Do you remember the Monday newspaper?" she asked. "Honestly, didn't you see anything in there that would interest us?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"It was a big enough headline and it merely said, 'Car strike seems certain!'"

"Oh, the street car strike? Yes, I know about that."

"If you had read this morning's paper you would know that the strike begins to-night at midnight!"

"Well?" asked Abbott.

The girl made an impatient gesture.

"Don't you realize that by to-morrow every motor car in the city that has four wheels will be running? Why, we'll have a regular summer rush—in February! Where were you during the car strike four years ago?"

Abbott's mouth fell open.

"I believe," he muttered, "I believe—oh, Lord, you're right!"

"We must get an advertisement in Sunday's paper telling of our bargains," she affirmed.

Abbott nodded.

"Yes, of course," he said, then stared at her in awe. "And you saw that coming and you forced me into getting ready for it? If we unload this stuff we'll be made and it will be your work. My—my goodness, and you only a stenographer!"

"Not much," she answered. "I'm a partner now—I have a third interest here. And though to-morrow will be Saturday, I guess it will not be my last day with you."

"Oh, forget it!" growled Abbott.

He wandered away to the front of the store and stood looking at the heaps of blackened snow in the gutters.

V

MISS KENT took no great chance when she put her money into Abbott's business on the strength of rush days to come during the car strike. Even had the strike been averted, Abbott's normal February and March business would have enabled them to reduce their loans and carry them on into summer when the bargain lot would have been readily salable. Miss Kent knew this, be it understood, from her study of the firm's fragmentary books. So while a few may criticize that stretching of credit to the limit in a dead season the majority will admit she took a legitimate business chance. It took all her nerve to urge the unwilling Abbott to the step and all his nerve to carry it through, but had either of them lacked nerve they would never have been where they were.

As it happened, however, her so-called gamble turned out the surest of sure-thing bets. The car strike lasted seventeen days—long enough to bring out motor cars that had been held in dead storage for years. The demand for tires was tremendous. Faulty skid chains tore them up. Hard frozen snow cut them to pieces. In addition, thousands of customers who had laid their cars up for the winter were compelled to buy new rubber, which ordinarily they would not have needed before July. Now a four-thousand-dollar stock of automobile tires is not a large one, so that Abbott's bargain lot—and his old stock too—were gone before the strike was ended, and the banker—rubbing his hands—told the young man he could borrow five thousand if he needed it.

Whereat Mr. Abbott became very complacent indeed and began to tell customers about his foresight and gambling spirit. When he returned Miss Kent's money, however, he got a shock that all but destroyed his rapidly hardening system.

"Here you are," he said. "And I'm glad it came out all right for you."

"I am too," she answered. "If you please, I will l five hundred in the business—you need it. You nee the basic capital you—or we—can swing. But the o five hundred—I will have to pay back. I borrowed

"Borrowed it?" cried Abbott.

"Yes, indeed," smiled Miss Kent. "From Farwell's partner."

"Holy mackerel! You risked that—on me?"

"Of course," she answered. "And now that the b ness has made good, Mr. Abbott, and you can easily af twenty a week—I'll stay indefinitely."

"You'll stay eternally!" vowed Mr. Abbott.

Together they carried the business on through the s mer season and through the seasons of the year that lowed. The chemicals for a time boiled ever less viole and the experiment fared well indeed. Mr. Abbott more amenable to her suggestions—since he had lea the worth of them. Controversies became a thing of past and conferences were much in order.

The increased sea room offered by the banker allo them to do some very pretty financial sailing. T money doubled and redoubled itself in the way curiou capital invested in a small business. By the end of first summer they were able to carry a sizable stock maintain a delivery and service wagon, to advertise a week in the city newspapers.

Further, Abbott found himself able to interest sm retail dealers than himself. Men who were operating five-hundred-dollar basis could do better buying from than from the big jobbers, who scorned little items would not offer sufficient discount to enable them to c pete with the market. In fact, Miss Kent spent hal every day at that time in writing to small dealers in lying districts, quoting them prices and urging their of C. O. D. express shipments. This mail-order end of business became a valuable asset.

When winter came and the dull days set in the girl s her time in systematizing the business and in kee Abbott from stumbling over his own feet, for as she long since realized, to create the ideal position for he she had to make Abbott into the ideal employer. And lowing the remarkable summer growth the young naturally displayed a tendency to watch details too clos He feared—as many men educated to small business do—that the affairs of the concern would get away f him. He spent fourteen hours a day trying to wait customers, buy new stock, run the office, operate the canizing machine and keep every detail of the Abbott Company under personal supervision.

Miss Kent, while carrying out her winter work, installation of a perpetual inventory system by which

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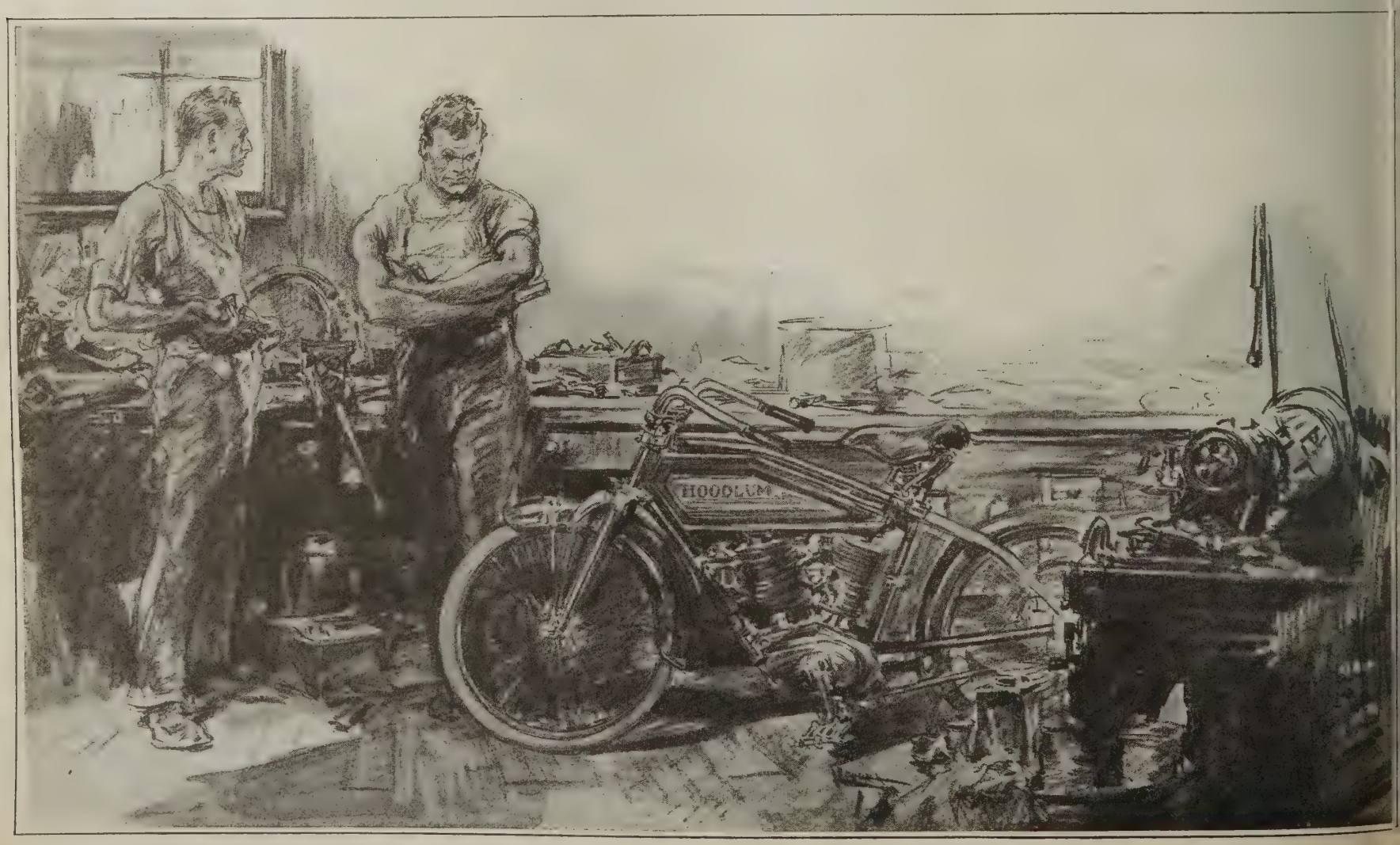

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ckautomatically rendered account of lf gradually forced him to leave the ıdıg of details to subordinates and to ıgeof their handling by results. This ie:d, the girl adroitly set him to the ıjof buying, for this after all is a ıles real business. If the buyer's goods et ıe market or, better still, can be sold ıuprices, anyone with tact and knowl- e the stock can sell.

'k result of all this became evident ir their second summer. They had five s en, two men in the vulcanizing room .lf a dozen boys for service, with pro- ıo made for expansion where it might ıeled. Also most important of all, they .big stock in readiness—the result of er judicious buys and some bits of ıdick. It is always safe for people who c their toes to count on a little good k ong with the ordinary.

Tt season was the long and dry sum- r fore America entered the world war. w the making of the E. Z. Abbott Tire mıny. The unusually heavy stock re lasted through the first weeks of y and Abbott with countless other ılı was compelled to scramble in the ınnarket for new rubber. There were ıewhen certain tire sizes were exhausted o hout the town except in one or two re Abbott had his share of these cor- s ıd his full share of the rapidly increas- ıe business of America. His money n so rapidly that the end of the season n his stock and capital amounting to r than fifty thousand dollars.

Fr realize the arithmetical increase of n' put in movable merchandise and ot the business. Fifteen hundred may lyurn to two thousand, but the two ound turns to three and that to con- eibly more than four. The next step rs you well above six on your original pi l alone. By this time your borrowing cerying on a startling campaign of its n

Al yet in spite of all this the experiment s ot ended. Miss Kent had not created ıeal job—or the ideal employer. E. Z. bbt, though in many respects a big man ten, needed more scolding, more super- ik from his resolute amanuensis—more er han ever before in fact. The hardest tt of Miss Kent's career was yet to be ıgt.

VI

Mr. E. Z. Abbott was—as the old- fashioned people say—feeling his oats. ug and successful, having learned to be cive, quick and compelling, he was just e ype which attracts money leeches. e gan to listen to suave gentlemen who erfor making him a big financier—with e elp of his money and their brains. ıe talk unbalanced him a little. Having med so far, he began to assume care- ss, that he was on the mountain tops. Ao pleasure was crying out to him to la—stop slaving—and enjoy his success. ids began to force themselves upon m Still on the swing from over-attention ctail in the general supervision of his ıs ess, he swung too far and failed to p vise at all. He began to let go—over- aing his allowance from the firm, ap- ang late in the mornings and leaving r. He became impatient of the plodding rehop and longed for quick turns. He ıten thousand—borrowed money—in a o deal. He got into the habit of sign- ghings without reading them and hur- n off from the office as soon as the ng was over. Miss Kent could be ued. Why bother?

Then while out with other tire men he e girl who succeeded in fascinating him, ugh he felt the danger and the useless- es of it. She was a fluffy little thing with gat love for cafés and dancing—harm- senough, to be sure, but it is always the harmless women who are most dangerous to big careers. She demanded a great deal of his time.

"Don't let business interfere with pleasure," urged this cheerful moth of the bright lights.

Abbott was greatly pleased with her and cut his hours shorter still. He disposed of the rickety secondhand car which had become traditional among the tire men of the city as Abbott's bus, replacing it with a new and powerful roadster built to carry one man and a girl. At the same time a character analyst might have noted that a faintly desperate light appeared in his eyes and that a most unpleasing expression marred his countenance.

Miss Kent, who had become something of an analyst as far as this man was concerned, soon grasped the truth and for the first time since the experiment began was stricken with panic. Abbott was slipping from under control and was in a fair way to ruin himself and the business, and she knew it was going to be difficult to manage him. She learned of the other girl, too, and realized that she was not prepared for that sort of battle at all. She had had none of the training, bore none of the weapons of a coquette—and a coquette was what was needed to undermine the other woman's influence.

But as time went on and a plan matured she nerved herself to the attempt, realizing it was a question of making or breaking Abbott at one blow. The value of all she had taught him—of her own supreme theory of life—was to be tested, and she shrank from the crisis, as most of us will, but went ahead gamely to meet it—as some of us will.

And so Mr. Abbott arrived at the store one day to find a new shipment of tires being unloaded at the curb.

"What's this?" he asked Miss Kent.

"Guaranteed Bettergoods," she answered. "At fifty, ten and five off the list. It's a fine buy."

"I don't remember making it," answered E. Z. Abbott.

"You didn't—I did," she smiled.

"Well, that's all right this time, of course, but I'd rather you'd consult me in future. I have other investments ——"

"You weren't here," she answered, "and as president of the company I felt justified in going ahead."

For a moment the young man could not understand.

"President!" he exclaimed, numb from head to foot. "You?"

"Of course! Don't you remember signing articles of incorporation at my suggestion? Don't you remember issuing stock and signing the share certificates?"

"Y-yes!"

"Quite inadvertently, I know, but quite irrevocably you gave me a controlling interest in the business."

Overcome, Abbott sank down upon a heap of the new casings. It was long before the astounding import of it got home.

"Trickery!" he gasped at length. "From you!"

"Luckily," she answered, "from me!"

"Luckily—what do you mean?"

"Simply that as long as you don't intend to watch your business I will do it for you. Whenever you are ready to resume your authority as president I will turn it over to you—that's all!"

"When I'm ready? Look here ——"

"I merely remind you, Mr. Abbott, that our fates are bound up in this enterprise. When you begin to regard it merely as an income or a gold mine someone must act as trustee for you. Anyone could have grabbed it as I've done—for all you know. Incidentally your lack of interest has already lost us two good deals and the falling off in our deposits has caused the bank to demand that we reduce our loans. Also the bank president, noting the endorsement of the Indiana Oil Corporation on your ten-thousand-dollar check, says that he does not intend to finance any other corporation than our own."

"Damn!" said Abbott.

"I should think so!" replied Miss Kent.

Avoiding her eyes, the shaken man rose and walked off down the street. Her brows creased in worry, Miss Kent watched him out of sight. As the day passed and he did not reappear her worry and abstraction became more evident. She returned to the store after dinner and waited nervously until closing hour, but he did not come. At last she saw to the locking of the doors and went home. An observer might have noted that she touched her eyes with her handkerchief rather frequently as she made her way toward the street-car stop.

Next morning as she answered the mail she heard his step and looked up joyfully. As she perceived him, however, her expression changed to that of concern. Indeed by her last effort she had made—not broken—him, and the result was a most terrifying new man. Resolution unconquerable was in his bearing, cold anger in his face. Her handiwork frightened her. Her pupil had gone a step beyond her plans.

"Miss Kent," he began incisively, "I have been looking up the law in this matter."

"Yes," she gasped in dismay.

"Your work has been clever, but it will not stand five minutes before a court. My connection with this business is indisputable, and deceit, however well carried out, cannot take it from me."

Justine's amazed eyes saw only determined triumph in his gaze.

"Oh," she cried, "but I told you ——"

"I know," he interrupted. "You told me you intended to hold the business until in your opinion I was ready to manage it. Nevertheless you only control it by fraud, and you have incurred a civil liability—if not a criminal."

Her eyes widened.

"I can either wreck this business—or receive it back from you," he announced. "I can start in business elsewhere and ruin this store. You must say now whether additional action will be necessary."

At last she was able to face him with the faint scorn which had earned her many an early victory.

"As far as that goes," she answered, "the stock is yours now."

"You have already arranged the necessary papers?"

"It wasn't necessary. The stock was never assigned to me. I merely told you so—and you didn't know the difference."

He turned away from her and was silent for a long time. At last he spoke.

"Very well! That ends it! Now as to your connection with me—you can readily understand that after this we cannot remain on the same footing."

"No!" she gasped in protest.

"Your loan of five hundred—as partner, practically—entitles you to a fifth of our present capital—about ten thousand dollars. I will pay you that and take over your stock in the corporation for an additional ten thousand, or you may hold the stock if you so desire."

She managed a faint murmur in answer.

"It will, I think, be very valuable to you. While I was trusting you—leaving the business to your care—I found time during my alleged pleasures to arrange for something bigger than we had ever imagined. I have formed an alliance of five concerns like ours. We're going to handle the entire output of seconds from the Bettergoods factory and the entire output of five smaller factories. We're going to maintain twelve stores here and elsewhere, so your stock will probably pay good dividends."

Justine uttered a little cry of delight.

"Oh, that is splendid, Mr. Abbott! I never dreamed ——"

He stopped her.

"But of course you will probably not wish to trust me with the business, once you are out of it."

She winced.

"That isn't fair! You wrong me! I've never taken that attitude!"

"Nevertheless, Miss Kent, you have never seemed to realize that it was I, after all, who began this business and who provided the opportunity for you. Also it was I who really did the work after you came. I am the business, after all."

"Yes," she said quietly after a long silence, "you really are."

Abbott reached to the desk and picked up a package that lay there. As he fumbled with the strings which bound it he bent over and kept his face out of view. His shoulders began to heave in a strange way.

Suddenly he looked up, smiling—again the good-natured Mr. Abbott of former days.

"No use," he said. "I'm changing my mind. This package has something in it that tells me what to do—in spite of being mad. You can't keep a good-natured man mad anyhow."

Wounded, Miss Kent made no reply.

"Some change in me, isn't there?" he asked.

"Quite a little," she said coldly.

"Did you begin to think I didn't realize the cause?" he asked with firmness.

As reply was impossible, she waited.

"Anyhow, I did! I did yesterday when I left—and something I saw last night made me realize still more. All of a sudden I discovered the secret of it all. It is in this package. And I discovered that you had taught me that secret."

She remained mute, with lowered eyes.

"Justine!" he cried sharply.

A rush of emotion turned the cold current of the conference. It swept them both away.

"Justine!" he said again. "It wasn't a heartless joke—just now. I meant it—ever and always this business is mine and I must be head of it. But even as I went on with it something bigger took hold of me harder than it's ever taken hold before."

He paused at loss for words.

"Do you remember," he said spasmodically, "do you remember your Christmas gift to me last year? It's here in this package. I've laughed at it a thousand times, because it's so typical of you. But last night I learned to understand it—and to-day I've learned still more."

Justine rose.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't go on after ——"

But with a quick motion he caught her hand.

"Justine!" he pleaded. "Are you really all business? Haven't you seen this for a long time? I don't want to be your partner—your employer. I—I want to be your husband."

The gray eyes no longer dominated the situation. They were overborne by what they discovered in the brown eyes of the man as Miss Kent snatched a scared look at him. The last business barrier between the partners went down. Abbott caught the girl in his arms. The gray eyes, helpless, rejoicing, filled with tears.

"Will you marry me?" he begged. "Will you?"

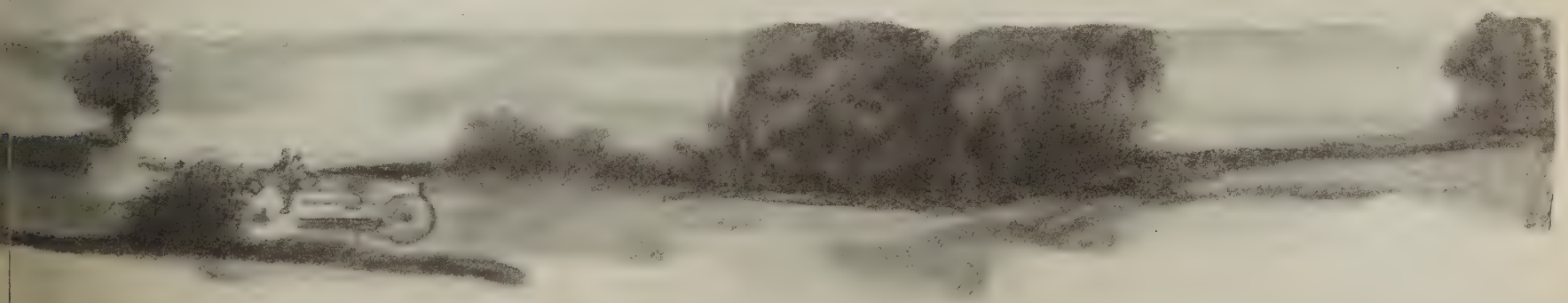
"I—oh, I hadn't planned this!" she gulped.

Abbott laughed ecstatically and as he did so the Christmas gift fell to the floor. With renewed laughter he pointed to it.

"There's the answer!" he cried. "Obey!"

But Justine Kent had no need to read the framed motto that lay by the desk. Already from deep in her subconscious mentality the ghosts of thirty typewriters were clicking in her ears:

"Make Yourself What You Want To Be!"



INSPIRATION JUL

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ON THE morning of the night of the graduation ball Jule Horrocks went into her Uncle Horrocks' private office in the ship chandlery to tell the old fellow about the expense incident to her buying a dress for the high-school graduation ball. When she came out again she said to his clerk, Jim Sanderson, who was untangling some ship's gear on the floor: "What's the matter with his nibs this morning? He's sitting there moping with a face as long as the moral law. I can't get a word out of him—aye, yes or no." Sanderson gave her an appraising glance before answering. Summer's witchery had got underneath her skin and well into her blood, and those who knew her best could see that some new spell had been laid upon her by the way she was experimenting with her hair. She had worked it up this morning into two glowing russet-colored spheres the size of baseballs—an elaboration of the early Persian lovelock—within which her ears were somehow nested like the grub in the cocoon. On her forehead were clustered quite a few claws of the bang known as the tarantula bang. She held in her hands a hat of black varnished straw in one of the new mushroom shapes with an acute crimson feather stuck in it. The keynote of her dress was the frivolous little cherry-colored girdle of velvet with forked ends, which contrasted alluringly with the girlish folds of her organdie dress.

"He's had a fracas with the savings bank," Jim drawled gently, straightening up and drawing on his pipe.

"I knew he would," said Jule. "I just felt it in my bones after Mr. Fordham persisted in hanging up that sign that reads, 'This safe is not locked.' I don't know what possessed him to do it myself. It's just one more temptation to these awful yeggmen hanging about, the way I look at it."

"They all but came to blows, I understand; and they tell me they would have if this runner for that big safe concern that's located I forget where hadn't stepped between 'em just while they were in the midst of scandalizing each other."

"Mustn't it have been a battle royal?" interjected Jule, dimpling mischievously. "I'd have given my eyeteeth to have been there."

"I wasn't there myself. All I know is your uncle came in swearing tearing mad and his pockets bulging with every cent he has in the world, and into the safe with it as if it was so many cabbage leaves."

"It's there now?"

"Every last red. Well, then, before he had time to turn round this runner that had parted them loafed in and wanted him to invest in a new safe. He put his ear to the combination and said he could open it just as easy as he could slide his hand into his pocket."

"Mercy!" shrieked Jule, looking toward the inner office. "And what did uncle have to say to that?"

Her sudden movement had loosed the essence of a domineering perfume she affected.

"I don't know," answered Jim lazily. "I was called out. But I think myself this safe is in a bad place. It can't be seen from the street, for one thing. Then again, what's to prevent a man from coming up under this shop in a boat when the tide is right, sawing a hole in the floor all round the safe, lowering it with one of these tackles and getting away to sea with it, and nobody the wiser? I told him as much.

"I said: 'If it was my safe I would move it into the front shop,' and he snapped out: 'Why not hang one of these newfangled signs on it? People are going mad, I say,' he says, 'but they can't frighten me.'"

"My soul!" exclaimed Jule, now thoroughly roused. "I've got a little more than a beggar's interest in this maneuver myself, I hope. He's holding my estate in trust and I suppose he took that out of the bank along with all the other things."

"Eyah," said Jim. "It's in a big yellow envelope. I saw that going in myself."

Jule Replied Coldly That if He Had Anything to Say She Saw No Good Reason Why He Should Not Say It Where They Were

"Well, if you have it's more than I have," countered Jule sulkily. "I don't know what I'm worth to this day, but he's so poison cranky about money matters I simply have neglected to ask him from day to day. I wouldn't humor him so far as to ask him."

"That's just as well then," said Jim, "because if I know the man he wouldn't humor you so far as to tell you."

"Still I don't half like the idea of my entire personal fortune being in jeopardy the way it is. It would be a great note, now wouldn't it, if the whole safe was to be hypothecated? We'd all feel pretty good, now wouldn't we, if we were to come down here some fine morning and find nothing but a swingeing great hole sawed in the floor?"

"Well, if you listen to this man that's what you're headed for," said Jim. "There he goes now," he added, looking through the window.

"You mean the dark-complected one with the cane and the straw hat with the orange band? Why, that is Mr. Hanrahan!" exclaimed Jule, beaming all over and producing an involuntary smile which was meant to encourage Mr. Hanrahan to spy her out there in the depths of her uncle's great musty shop.

He kept on, however, and disappeared round the corner of the fish market.

"So you know him already?" uttered Jim, taking a testing pull at his tobacco again.

"I should think I did!" re Jule. "Intimately. He's di guished looking, don't you think "I don't warm up to him myself, no," answered "But still I will admit that he is a smooth article, as the externals of the man go."

"He's not the cave-man type of course," Jule fl tartly. "He's more the clean-cut modern man. H such firm white hands too, with no more hair on the of them than there is on mine. The that's a sign of an artistic temperame

Jim surveyed his own, which were s on their backs, before venturing to say suppose you are all of a flutter as the day approaches."

"I don't know whether I am or Jule muttered, looking angrily away. paced away a little and, coming laid a hand gently on her shoulder. shook it off.

"Look here, Jule," he said, ing closer, "do you realize Blatch will be coming in any now? You're not thinking of j ing sideways out of the fills are you?"

"I don't know that anybod appointed you guardian over said Jule, jamming down her roomed hat until the brim was up against the two spheres of even slightly flattening them on top sides. "Are you your bro keeper? Oh, if there's one th detest it's people who go poking noses into other people's busin

"You know you upset the cart once before," continued undaunted, "and I think you it to Gertie—if not to yoursel come up to scratch this time."

Jule had backed away from and got into the vicinity of a salt-stained ship's bell, which he father had used many a time in ing his way out of a dungeon o and on impulse she touche clapper daintily with her fore and was rewarded with a son vibration. She wrinkled her

"I want to know!" she said s "Well, as it happens, Miste quisitive, I am one of those unf nates who happen to have been with a mind of their own, and don't like the sound of wedding who is going to gainsay me? S all right of course; I've got nothing against Sam. I have spells, if you must know, when it comes ove with a rush that I shall just burst out 'No!' right a altar—if he succeeds in dragging me that far. Y no idea what a sinking sensation I get when I of it."

"That's all right as far as you are concerned, but w does that leave me?"

"Well, I've told Gertie often enough to go right a with her end of it, I'm sure," returned Jule wearily. ' been at her and at her and at her to go right on an herself in for it up to the throat regardless of me if she so inclined."

"She won't do it though," replied Jim moodily. doubles or quits with her."

"She may be coming round to my conclusion perhaps after all love is only a delusion and a sn suggested Jule in a light conversational way and loo down carelessly at Sam Blatch's diamond, which i absence she was wearing on her right hand, giving out it was a present from her father.

The truth is, Jule Horrocks and Gertrude Furlong made a girlish compact under the terms of which were to have a double wedding, and this treaty was u tunately concluded before either of them had hook man. Now Gertrude had been the original lagger or compact, since Jule had had two or three men dan and giving her a dangerous taste for variety, while trude, who was a sensible girl, had been all the time la hold of Jim. Indeed, when she ultimately closed with some of her friends thought she was doing herse injustice in order not to cause more delay to Jule, though he was big and kind-hearted he seemed one o easy-going kind that would never set the world on fire,

(Continued on Page 61)

(Continued from Page 58)

ha always been one of the strait-laced kind that un looking for the perfect man.

ova strange thing: From the moment Gertrude's tu was fixed all Jule's knack seemed to desert her, e sid herself that when it came to men she was a bu er-fingers; and until Sam Blatch took pity on pr pect of a double wedding seemed far off.

Traker, who saw her coming out of the ship 's after her wrangle with Jim, from her milliner's a oss the street, said to Jen Higgins, who was in vi on hats:

ole an say what they're a mind to. I don't believe a angements girls make in regards to waiting for h. Of course it shows a sweet spirit and all that, ve ll heard about the rarity of Christian charity he un; but I think they're more apt to come to dig by it than as if they ro heir own way, each for

y i suppose," ventured ul really and truly loves . latch? You know—h diamond on her right d l the rest of it. I don't if e was all in all to her, a , that she could bring o t as she does. There's n unny about it."

fit thing she knows she'll he looks with him as she h ie others," said Grace. nu they say he is just as a he can be and doesn't im er dancing with other h absence or calling her e n hardly. She's just a a lded cage, according to le goes into *transports* o uch as looks sideways he man. Deliver me from li that! I think anyone e ous disposition is to be m elf."

u ose they really can't p r things. It's a form of " ghed Jen. "I haven't e us bone in my body, n ul to say. If this Mr. c 't trust her to go her t ithout being indiscreet, e ne simply isn't the man — at's all there is to that; s ner she finds it out the o all concerned."

s unfortunate," continued "hat with his tempera- ll he should have fallen w a girl like Jule. She's a , you know. Not that n ny harm by it, but she's a giddy type that they a reconcile themselves to c wn to one man and giv- t others the go-by. Be- y ody's pet has just about Ir. She says herself we o rough this vale of tears e nd we've each got our e o live and so why not h most of ourselves while h e and not be all the time g ; trifles."

ve ll had her philosophy," li Higgins, "I'm sure I n v what the world would ; tell Mr. Styles I think ing back to the Dark an as it is."

"What Was That?" Hissed Hanrahan, Stopping the Movement of His Fingers

lshe may come to a realization in time," Miss r plied. "I've said all I can."

h night of that same day—it was the night of the ti ball and a good many formal gowns were going yo to the dance given at the Owl's Pavilion—Jim s betook himself to Gertrude Furlong's. A bright w shining, and he found her busy in what she h sunken garden, which was in fact a garden d the cellar of a house that had been her grand- s d that had burned down in her grandfather's L ning his forearms on these ancient foundations, ol down at his inamorata, his head wreathed in e was a fine solid man, able to undertake almost n but Gertie's humors sometimes mystified him. a a veritable panther's tread and Gertrude was ' artled when he appeared before her and would m utter a faint shriek, start and exclaim: "You h lightest step for such a big man," to which his customary answer was: "I am treading the daisy tops these days, Gertie." And then he would champ the stem of his pipe and give her the special look for which she valued him. Jim had a head not unlike Julius Cæsar's and he had the same campaigning spirit. He was a road builder in affairs of the heart.

To-night, however, he was in a serious mood and broached his subject matter immediately.

"Jule is on the warpath again," he said shortly and with rather a bitter intonation.

"Is that so?" Gertie answered faintly.

Jim reached down silently into the glowing cellar crowded with old-fashioned flowers and getting hold of her hand, squeezed it four times. Thereupon Gertie squeezed his three times and then he squeezed hers twice, whereat—turning away bashfully—she squeezed his once with all her might.

Jim took a deep breath and said urgently: "Then in that case, why not set a date regardless?"

Gertie set her lips firmly.

"I have told you enough times," she said, "what the arrangement was between Jule and me. You can call it a girlish whim if you want to, but I guess girls have a sense of honor as well as the men, and when we say a thing we mean it. Jule was in a position to marry long before you deigned to look at me."

"How do you know how long I may have been casting sheep's eyes at you?"

"Well, you know what I mean. Faint heart never won fair lady. So poor Jule hung on and hung on and hung on, though I begged her on my bended knees to forget that childish agreement and obey the dictates of her own heart. But no, she wouldn't do it. Well, you know how she is. One thing led to another and the consequence was she began to accept attentions from different men and the first thing we knew her engagement was at an end."

"And now here's the affair with Blatch hanging by a shoe string just as he is coming home to claim her," broke in Jim, getting a new clutch on his pipestem and breathing out angry clouds of incense. "That little imp of Satan is over at the Owls' with a new man, a runner for a safe-and-vault concern that she met at a dance the other night. If Blatch should happen to walk in on her now I tell you we'd be right back where we began—dished. She might just as well throw the ring in his face, anyhow, as wear it on her right hand."

"What kind of a looking man is he? Dark, and carries a cane?"

Jim nodded.

"Poor girl! It's really all my fault. You see, when you came along Jule happened to be temporarily empty-handed and she was so afraid you would suffer the same fate at my hands, you see, if something wasn't done about it."

"She thought you were the same kind of a butter-fingers she was herself, hey?"

"Well, you can be cynical if you want to, but she meant it all right. She knew the danger in waiting if ever woman knew it and she knew I wouldn't go back on the agreement where she had held up to it so well herself, and just then she met Mr. Blatch and I suppose on the spur of the moment accepted him out of consideration for me. Well, then he went away to his ship—battle wagon, I think he called it—and, of course, that threw Jule back on her own resources. As she says herself she had nothing to do but clean her diamond three times a day with tissue paper and alcohol. Of course in those circumstances any girl in her senses is bound to rebel—and I don't know that you can blame them."

"We're about as near marrying as when we were staring through the slats of our cradles," said Jim gloomily.

"That's the selfish view to take," said Gertie tremulously. "I'm so afraid this Blatch isn't the man for her. I know I wasn't impressed from the beginning. He's a cigarette fiend for one thing."

Mr. Blatch in fact, as Jim recalled, could snap a cigarette end away from him with the smoothest motion possible, going to show that he had made, smoked and snapped thousands in his time. He used not only the thumb and finger, but put forth the whole arm sidewise gracefully as if he were pushing against something or fending something off while thinking of something else, at the same time letting the last intake quiver away from the corner of his mouth and through his nostrils in long thin streams. He was the last thing in poise at the expense of brain.

Mr. Sanderson's silence prolonged itself, and a resinous shriek of jazz rent the blue night, coming from the Owls' Pavilion. He and Gertie did not dance.

"I guess you and Jule will go on playing double solitaire to the end of the chapter," he said presently.

"You seem to think it is all my fault," murmured Gertie, catching her breath, with a bright sparkle all the length of her long heavily lashed lids. She suddenly dashed her face against that hairy arm encircling her and immediately turned away. The night wind touched the damp spot and thrilled him. She had seemed so placid when the first barriers of courtship were still unshaken that it was an enormous surprise to Jim to find that she shared this easy habit of tears with the rest of her sex, on its first appearance a touching and charming weakness.

"Here I am making an exhibition of myself," she said, collecting herself. "We needn't despair really. Jule has pulled the fat out of the fire before now when things were at their blackest. She just seems to have a faculty of putting her hand on the right thing at the right time. She calls them her inspirations. Ah," she cried, suddenly opening her eyes wide on him, "haven't you got the perfect forest on your chin? You march yourself over to the barber's, Mister Trampy—tramp and after that perhaps we'll have time for a little walk."

"By the way, what is your idea about hairy men?" Jim asked casually, looking at the backs of his hands.

"I always thought it was a sign of strength," said Gertrude, smiling.

Jim went away, still with that easy noiseless tread of his and throwing out massive clouds of smoke from the heel of his pipe. Fireflies were pulsating in the gloom and he could plainly hear water lapping in between the spiles of the various wharf properties. It was a May night and Jim had never felt himself in better condition for a fray. He looked in at Horrocks' store window in passing, but everything was black out. The old codger was probably at the Tall Stove Club playing checkers with Capt. Shadrach Sills, for they were cronies of long standing.

He wondered idly if the safe were still intact.

Turning into the barber shop he saw that somebody was before him in the chair, a black-headed individual, his face covered with thickly worked-up lather. Jim was of that phlegmatic temperament to which a long wait in a barber shop is a luxury pure and simple, but he had expected to find everybody at the dance and he was slightly surprised to see anybody outside himself taking the leading event of the season so calmly. His surprise turned to dismay when Mr. Herd, with a crisp movement or two of the steel, revealed the jaw line of his customer in its entirety. For Mr. Sanderson could be under no misapprehension as to the identity of that jaw. It was part of the facial equipment of Sam Blatch, who had come walking into town unexpectedly, just as Jim had feared he would.

Mr. Sanderson slipped out of the barber shop without a word and headed by a kind of necessity for the Owls' Pavilion. The dancers were having an intermission and Jim could see Jule seated under the balcony with Hanrahan.

He pondered. He felt instinctively that he would do more harm than good by coming out in plain terms. How then was he to pry that flighty little mortal loose from the arm of her damaging escort? He stepped out on the floor gingerly and, coming up to Jule, asked if he could see her privately a moment.

Miss Horrocks was a special study in fine feathers. Her gown, a formal one, was a conception of Grace Foraker's, embracing an underskirt of midnight satin, an outer drapery of tulle or some like filmy stuff the color of smoke drifting from a wood fire in the open, and finally for a bodice a broad band of delicate Nile-green pussy-willow silk arabesqued with beads of jet and falling away loosely from the armpits. It was held in place fairly well by narrow silken shoulder straps of baby blue slanting down to form a rosette at the girdle.

Thinking that Sanderson meant to throw more cold water on her bliss Jule replied coldly that if he had anything to say she saw no good reason why he should not say it where they were.

"I have no secrets from Mr. Hanrahan," she added, introducing the young man, who smiled and extended a shapely white hand devoid of hair. He was what Jule herself had best described as dressy looking, with cushiony lips and that fashionable nonchalant stoop or droop of the shoulders which some of our best young men affect.

Jim, who saw what her plight was with so much more clearness than the lady did herself, cast about for some figure in which to veil his communication and happened on a sentence from Ivanhoe which they had both read.

"'The lion is loose again,'" he said, and disappeared rapidly.

In point of fact the lion was still under the barber's hands. Every time he dipped his razor Mr. Herd threw out an interrogation or ventured an assertion which he must have been meditating and fearful of uttering during the actual operation of shaving; and each time Mr. Blatch answered with a slumberous grunt. In speaking the barber looked far away through the window toward the harbor, like a prisoner loaded with chains attracted by the hills of freedom. In point of fact he had offered Jule his own hand, and now having the successful claimant under his hand he was tempted to dip into his jugular.

A better solution seemed to be offered in the sudden appearance of old Horrocks himself, who had just finished his game of checkers with Captain Shadrach. Ordinarily the barber was loath to see the old man coming in, for his countenance had fallen into folds and leathery fissures and his neck was cut with diamond-shaped figures, deeply sunk, which made shaving him a task. As well try to shave the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, in Mr. Herd's opinion.

To-night, however, he felt that the old fellow might drop some compromising word which could have the effect of putting Blatch's romance to the right-about, and he hastily hid the face of his client under a second coat of lather and handed the ship chandler a fragment of a funny paper. Nor was he disappointed. Old Horrocks was not fairly seated before he inquired testily for Jule, whom he had not seen since supper time.

"I saw her headed toward the Pavilion some time since," the barber answered.

"Who'd she have with her?" inquired Horrocks, bringing his feet together with a rasp.

"That good-looking out-of-towner who has been elbowing her round the past few days."

"Black-headed feller with a cane?"

"That's him to a checker."

"Sand dab," muttered the old man. "That's the smart Aleck that is round here talking up electric protection. He told me my safe was about as much use as a spare pump in a cornfield. What business has she got with him? My understanding was that she was an engaged woman."

"I understand these new dances are being the ruination of a good many fond hopes," returned the barber. "When the cat's away—you know. Say the word if this edge doesn't suit you," he added solicitously to Blatch. "Well, the agony is about over, for the matter of that. I'm coming with a hot towel."

As soon as he was powdered Mr. Blatch sat up wildly and adjusted his black tie.

"You say there's dancing at the Owls' to-night?" he said, giving the thing a savage twist round his bull neck. His affair with Jule had been necessarily surreptitious, for she had given him to understand that old Horrocks abominated sailors. They were technically unknown to each other, but Blatch knew as well as he wanted to who was in question.

"Five imported pieces in the orchestra," affirmed Mr. Herd.

He had actually done his work too well. Mr. Blatch, fearfully preoccupied, was going out the door without another word, not even looking at old Horrocks, when the barber arrested him with one of those diplomatic utterances which barbers are often forced to resort to with absent-minded patrons.

"If you can't find your pocketbook when you get home," he said suavely but with a hostile glint in his pale eye, "you needn't think you left it here, because you ain't had it out."

Wordless, but with a bold insensate stare, Blatch plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out change, which he sifted through his heavy fingers into [illegible] limp hand, and blundered through the door.

Intermission was over at the Owls', dancing h[illegible] and Blatch—not wishing to be seen—went u[illegible] gallery. As it chanced, Hat Tyler obstructed hi[illegible] looking out cautiously over her mighty s[illegible] shoulder he could see some of the old practitio[illegible] the rounds with the pathetic assiduousness whic[illegible] long habituation to things terpsichorean. An[illegible] with a bitter contraction of the heart he saw Jul[illegible] with Mr. Hanrahan.

The runner's procedure was both correct and [illegible] he been separated from his partner and exhibi[illegible] relief alone against a plain white ground he [illegible] had the seeming of a hunter creeping up intenti[illegible] bated breath on some wild animal. But with he[illegible] personality as a foil to his maneuvering his pos[illegible] to have another and more festive meaning. At [illegible] ning of each dance he took her to him with delic[illegible] fingers, and in accommodating himself to her li[illegible] careful to swathe his hand in a handkerchief le[illegible] injure the fabric of her dress, for on hot summ[illegible] girls often come home with their dresses positiv[illegible] the men perspire so fearfully.

And now when all these adjustments had [illegible] Hanrahan tucked her carefully under his chin [illegible] strument of price, and indeed his subsequent m[illegible] all the dreamy dexterity of execution to which [illegible] violinists have accustomed us.

"I want you to see the attitude that Horroc[illegible] when she comes round again," said Hat Tyle[illegible] neighbor, "with her cheek not the width of my [illegible] nail away from his. She's right in her element. [illegible] all the world just as if she had fallen asleep in his [illegible] he looking down as if he was all wrapped up in [illegible]

"I know if she was mine," said Hat Tyler [illegible] voice, "she wouldn't go gallivanting round next [illegible] the altogether as she does. What kind of a kis[illegible] is that she's hooked herself into this evening? [illegible] would think we were back in the Garden of Eden [illegible] the goose flesh out all over me just to look at h[illegible] know what you think, but it strikes me it's abo[illegible] the authorities to step in and take a hand i[illegible] people can't do anything with her."

"I never did approve of these round dances [illegible] chimed in her neighbor. "I think they're just a[illegible] if the truth was known. Just you look at her! T[illegible] sticking to him closer than the paper to the wal[illegible] chances are she never saw him before in her lif[illegible]

"Hasn't she, though? I've seen her three nigh[illegible] with him."

The back of the speaker's chair creaked, and t[illegible] gasped to see a young man with heavy oily ha[illegible] there and sending down upon the fair obje[illegible] comments a burning vivid look that was of s[illegible] that at the very moment it drew an answering [illegible] Jule over the shoulder of her partner.

The glimpse she had caught of the darkling se[illegible] so brief that she could not be sure she had seen [illegible] but coupled [illegible] cryptic ut[illegible] seemed lik[illegible] that part of [illegible] in which the[illegible] together as i[illegible] by an ague s[illegible] to perfecti[illegible] the music t[illegible] Hanrahan a[illegible] she would [illegible] stroll outsi[illegible] and she agre[illegible]

"I shall [illegible] of sweat, I [illegible] said poetic[illegible] so styved in [illegible] her fair ar[illegible] not a hint c[illegible] as she held [illegible] for her cap[illegible] cate oyste[illegible] creation wit[illegible] of tobacco [illegible] be slipped [illegible] shoulders.

Her nerve[illegible] of pursuit le[illegible] she found he[illegible] ing on th[illegible] sidewalks [illegible] congenial companion by[illegible] Moreover, she had decid[illegible] there was to be a scene [illegible] she detested them, the[illegible] help for it. Why grow g[illegible] her time? She might as w[illegible] it out, and she several tir[illegible]

(Continued on Pag[illegible]

"I Don't Know What I'm Worth to This Day, But He's So Poison Cranky About Money Matters I Wouldn't Humor Him So Far as to Ask Him"

RELY ON ME

POWER enters the still mass of dead metal, and a thundering steam hammer leaps into crashing life.

So half a century ago the power of an ideal entered the dead metal of drop forgings, tools, and machines, to make them worthy of the Triangle B mark which says, "Rely on me—I am made as well as I can be made—I shall not fail."

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER COMPANY

W.D.T.

(Continued from Page 62)

Blatch's ring round her finger to make sure that it could be drawn off easily in a crisis.

Mr. Hanrahan seemed unconscious of the quandary Jule was in. Whiles he sauntered at her side, happy-hearted, not touching her but fiddling with his straw hat, which was immaculate; and whiles he pitched into her causing her to shriek faintly, forget Blatch, protest, squirm and avow that he was pulling her all to pieces. Whereupon the young lion would make velvet paws again. As it chanced, he had hit upon the very sort of treatment calculated to win confidences from Miss Horrocks, whose middle name was horseplay.

"Aren't you the limit?" she gasped appreciatively after one of these romantic onslaughts. Still breathing hard she said: "I do love to wander under the stars away from all those people—there's no use talking. There's nothing like the open air, is there?"

The village street was in fact deserted, for the Pavilion's effect upon the population was like that of a magnet upon iron filings. But before long they saw two figures approaching, which turned out to be Jim Sanderson with Gertie Furlong on his arm. As the couples passed each other the two girls inclined their heads and smiled graciously, but Sanderson could be heard saying: "Sinners certainly stand in slippery places, as the Good Book says," before his voice got indistinguishable.

"Who's your friend?" inquired Hanrahan.

"Don't you recognize him? That's our man Friday, who spoke to me a while ago on the floor."

"He seems to make a specialty of Scripture."

"Oh, nobody who amounts to anything pays the slightest attention to what he says! He's just one of the characters about town. He's an odd stick if ever there was one and he just seems to take delight in going round saying disconcerting things."

"He said something then," replied Hanrahan, who came to a full stop and looked across the street blandly. Jule, who felt that Blatch now lurked in every shadow, twitched his elbow and did not at first follow the direction of his gaze. When she did she saw that he was gazing at the sign reading, "This safe is not locked," which had been hung from the knob on the front of the safe in the strong glare of an incandescent. The watchman was walking up and down outside now, but at a later hour he would likely snatch forty winks.

"What could they have been thinking of to hang up such a sign?" said Jule under her breath.

"As a matter of fact they acted on my recommendation," replied Hanrahan. "I put it up to them this way: If these yeggs who are making the breaks get past their watchman they won't have any trouble getting into an old-timer like that, locked or not locked. So why not save the safe at least?"

"You think they might blow the whole thing into the middle of next week? What is their professional term for it now?"

"Putting soup on the hinges," said Mr. Hanrahan abstractedly.

"How do you come to know so much, if I may make so bold as to inquire?" asked Jule coyly and with an implication of utter trust in his status as a respectable citizen so that it was entirely safe for them to joke together in a matter of this kind.

"Well, sweetness-and-light, I run for a firm that makes safes and installs them, and the maker of a safe is running a race with the breaker, don't you see?"

"Of course you would have to be up to all their little tricks," Jule agreed thoughtfully. She waggled her ring finger and looked at the central fires in the diamond unemotionally.

"Naturally, in order to guard against them. You know the worst kind of a thief is a locksmith who leaves the paths of righteousness."

"All the same," she said anxiously, "uncle was furious when he heard about that sign. He's taken every last cent he owns out of the bank and put it in his own safe. He said a man who talked of making a safe safe at the expense of what was in it was a madman and not to be trusted with other people's money. He's awfully outspoken, you know. Some think there'll be a run on the bank if it don't change its tactics."

"His own safe is pretty much of a broken reed," said Hanrahan. "I told him that I could get into it in ten minutes or less by a little ear work on the combination, and he looked at me as if he thought me capable of beating up money."

"You don't say! Then I suppose a professional burglar would make short work of it."

"I should say so! Of course I'm what is known as a good safe man myself," he added jokingly. "I've worked on safes all my life."

"I hadn't intended to breathe this to a soul, but I know I can unbosom myself to you and it won't go any farther: He took my entire personal fortune out of the bank along with his own money and that's in that safe at the present moment."

Hanrahan whistled long and low.

"That's bad," he said seriously. "That puts an entirely new light on the situation. As a matter of fact, little girl, if I had any money in that safe right now I would take it out and bury it before I would allow it to remain there."

"Oh, dear, now I am in a quandary!" sighed Jule, who was in danger of forgetting Mr. Blatch entirely under the loom of this greater danger. "Are you sure you did everything in your power to convince him?"

"Everything but tie the safe round his neck and heave him off his own wharf."

"I'm afraid that would hardly answer, would it?" said Jule with a pale smile.

"What form do your securities take, if it isn't too personal a question?" inquired Hanrahan, moving on with her again.

"I'm ashamed to confess I've never laid eyes on them. Fancy! You see, Uncle Jed is executor of the estate and holds it for me until I am twenty-five or until I marry, and he's as close-mouthed—he says I'll learn all in good time."

"Until you marry?" repeated Hanrahan softly.

"Of course that won't be for years and years," she said, turning him an indifferent cheek.

"I don't want to alarm you," he went on, "but have you ever considered the possibility that he may have gambled it away in stocks? He was certainly complaining about the state of the market the other morning when I looked in on him."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my uncle would be guilty of any such gross breach of trust as that?"

"Well, not your uncle, of course. But if another man situated as he is should have overstepped and lost everything what's to prevent him from pretending to take the securities out of the bank and arranging to have his own safe robbed at just such a time as this? Wouldn't that clear his skirts?"

"Do you suppose it's ever been done?" quavered Jule.

"Many a time," responded Hanrahan, whose voice had grown very grave. After a few steps he said with a return to his jocular manner: "Of course in your case I don't really suppose there's reason to worry. But it would be a good joke, wouldn't it, if we were to break into the safe ourselves and come to him with the contents in our hands just in order to convince him that what I say is so?"

"Wouldn't it?" cried Jule, fascinated, but keeping her thoughts in the realm of pure speculation.

"The trouble is, I suppose the store is locked up."

"That part of it would be easy enough for a determined man," she flashed with one of her sudden inspirations. "If anyone was so minded they could get up through a trap there is under the counter—at about half tide. He uses it for getting up lobsters. You know he makes a specialty of them in the summertime."

"As it happens, it's about half tide now," observed the runner with a glance at the water. They were halted in the middle of the commercial district. All sorts of waterside buildings were heaved up here, departing variously from the perpendicular, some of them well propped with solid side props. "What do you say? The skiff to my speed boat is lying out at this wharf end. We could pole in under."

"Nonsense!" retorted Jule in a thin voice, and feeling that it was time to get a better hold on the realities. "Really, I think I'd better be wiggle-waggling home."

"Think twice. He may not be leaving money enough to jingle on his tombstone and the sooner you know it the better."

"Oh, I know better than that!"

"If you know everything and I know nothing tell me what I dreamed last night," quoted Hanrahan in yet more confidential tones.

"What makes you say that?" whispered Jule, strangely moved.

There was no answer. Raising her eyes, she caught sight of two tall figures swinging toward them through the silent street. Herself shrouded in shadow, she felt that she was unperceived. She was equally sure that one of the two men was Blatch, not so much by his western ocean roll as by the pure parabolic traces made by his cigarette. No other man known to her could put the fag-end from him so expertly.

"Let's just dodge out onto the pier a minute," she faltered, embracing the lesser of two evils.

The man with Mr. Blatch was Jim Sanderson. Gertie Furlong, feeling one of her sick headaches coming on, had left him at her gate and he had had the good luck to run into Sam Blatch on the next corner. Personally, as he had told Gertie from the first, the man gave him a pain. But if Jule was fond of him that was all that was necessary from their point of view, and Jim's one hope now was to prevent Blatch's running across Jule before she had left the company of Hanrahan. Plans for the double marriage would now be pushed forward with all speed—if satisfactory to Blatch.

On falling into step with him, however, Jim could not but see that his motions were anything but aimless. He went along rapidly and nothing Jim could say could draw him out or deflect him in the least from his course, which seemed to be taking him toward the lower business district. So in almost total silence they came abreast of the alley into which Jule and her escort had dodged so opportunely and indeed so recently that the trail of the perfume still lingered.

Apprised by an undeniable whiff of that arrogant perfume that he was in Jule's neighborhood, Jim felt a tingling necessity to head back toward the better-lighted district and he consequently asked Blatch if he would not care to bowl a string or two. Blatch shook his head. For some reason best known to himself he too had hauled up short and begun to make himself a cigarette, a token of there being a crisis of some sort at hand.

The cigarette made, he hung it out negligently at one corner of his mouth. He struck fire by running the edge of his thumb nail well into the tip of the match, but first he lifted his arm into the air so that the whole effect was as if he had snatched fire impiously out of nowhere—out of the heavens.

"I understand you are thinking of getting into double harness too," said Jim casually. "How do you feel as the fatal day approaches?"

Blatch was gloomily silent and his bulbous lips shone in the expanding light of the cigarette, after which darkness fell again. He looked down, flicked the ash and nothing was heard but the long weary whistle of his exhalation.

Jim's thought was that the man probably considered his silence more civil than his speech.

Blatch in point of fact was hardly conscious that he was not alone. He looked down the alley steadfastly. The perfume's first brilliance was fading out, but Jim now felt certain that the man's suspicions had been roused and that he was lingering there on the assumption that something fishy was in progress. If so, he was not deceived.

This particular portion of the wharfage had been built up out of planks wrenched from the hulls of condemned schooners, rock hard and brine soaked for the most part but having here and there patches of dry rot which made them dangerous to the tread of heavy animals. One of them in particular, near the wall of the fish market, had been stove in apparently by a horse's hoof and a considerable hole remained which had never been plugged.

From this hole there came a tiny flash of light.

"What was that?" said Blatch in thick tones.

"A spark of phosphorescence probably," replied Jim, but he gave up the day for lost. At the same time a certain theory of the case occurred to him and he drew his keys softly out of his pocket. Blatch had dropped his cigarette and had fallen to his hands and knees, with rigid jaw and staring eye applying himself to the hole. Without trying to distract his attention Jim fitted his key into the lock of the ship chandler's front shop and entered, swinging the door to noiselessly behind him.

Mr. Hanrahan had in fact ea
Jule to come aboard his boat.
under the arms, he seated her on
thwart and said cherishingly,
little thing you are!"

Jule's mind was now a litt
ease. Feeling sure that she w
followed here, she settled her va
about her and said playfully: "
come done up in small pac
know."

After a moment of silence
replied, "I believe you," with
intonation. He put out a singl
stern and with a pliant motion
began to scull away. Jule drew
colored cape dreamily about
clasped her hands about her
had turned the diamond on her
into the palm. Whiffs of jazz
ears. The moon had got behi
and at regular intervals the light
warning red javelin of light on
floor. It seemed presented a
breast. The chuckling and
waters, the salt-scented darkne
riding lights and the figure of
swaying at his oar produced in h
of enchantment which all but
her sleepy senses. She tilted
head and wondered how she
have considered Blatch even f
instant.

And next it seemed to her th
lived this scene before.

"Smell the salt," she said e
"Isn't it delicious? They say
for the brilliant coloring of t
about here."

"It certainly does a lot for th
said Hanrahan. "You will nev
tamper with the complexion God
I imagine."

"Flatterer," murmured Jul
know you don't mean a word
My skin is just as pasty as can b
hours and such barrels of
winter."

At this point a cold somethi
up silently from behind, grazed
The spell was broken. She shu
sense of deeper and deeper dark
ing over her caused her to look
her shoulder with fluttering hea

"Why," she cried, "we seem t
ing in under the piles!"

"A mere illusion," said Han
ghostly whisper.

"I don't like the look of this a
went on his passenger tremulou
nervous movement. "You're g
all wet, Mr. Hanrahan. Oh L
thing's dripping on me! Do yo
ruin my dress?"

Since he was still silent sh
throatily and asked: "What in
are you up to? Don't you thin
be rather compromising if we w
together here at this hour of the
"Sit still," he commanded a
strange new note of suspense in
"Do you want to find yourse
water?"

Inky blackness closed rou
Jule's situation was now indee
Giant piling stood on every hand,
in the green serpentine stems of
ropes of beaded seaweed whos
masses dripped brine. The p
thickly incrusted with barnacles.
out her hand fearfully to fend on
off, but withdrew it with a little
the clammy touch was abhorre
soul. A dismal, raw, under-the-w
wandered there. Some of the
provided with huge wooden cleats
were all braced overhead with a
heavy black stringers. These c
view of the flash of a tiny electric
bigger than a fountain pen, whic
han took out of his fountain-pe
And at the top of all were visible th
boards, or underfloors, and floor
the different shops.

The black water was phosphore
the oar left a snaky silver tr
thrashed from side to side.

"We are now under your uncl
according to my calculation," s
rahan. "Yes, here's the ladder l
that trap door you mentioned."

Hauling in his oar, he drifted
two and then took the painter in a
hitch about the bottom round of
ladder made by nailing rough
two-by-four into the piling. The
were rather well cushioned with
places, but a sure-footed person c
make his or her way up easily eno

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Concluded from Page 64)

Vh: do you propose to do?" quav-
Jle, for whom everything in that
bmood began to have a sinister look.
nhan ran his point of light up the
stoile. It glinted on a tribe of wet
st fish clinging there.
a going to furnish your uncle with
l argument that will convince him."
o can't—you can't possibly be
t take my joking words in earnest?"
o joking words? I like that! Force
ito a nasty wet job of this kind and
a: about your joking words!"
had only so much as dreamed——"
oe now, keep a stiff upper lip and
minutes or less you will know what
rworth."
ey," said Jule more faintly, "this
eer do! For one thing, how could
ssibly establish your innocence if
we caught in the act?"
should have to get you to testify in
elf."
afraid that wouldn't hold water.
on't like any part of this, I'm free
ss!" repeated Jule, gripping the
the punt. And yet, though she
alyzed with fright, these were not
etiest tones after all, for something
nhan's assured tones, coupled with
proximity to the safe, had fanned up
devouring flame of curiosity to take
fe into her own hands for once in a
r look at it all round, if such a thing
e brought to pass without undue
ny. It was high time she knew
h or no she was destined to become
h woman—in order to get squared
d shape her course accordingly.
rst objection was feeblest of all.
forgot to tell you, the trap door is
n the top side," she faltered.
opped the bolt this afternoon, inno-
hen I was in back there pretending
for a potato knife," said Hanrahan,
n back from the ladder, for he had
d set his foot on it. He drew his wet
ger playfully under Jule's chin and
long the dainty slope of her shoul-
n from which the oyster-colored cape
een back. Her beautifully finished
shoulders were lustrous as the inte-
ing of a shell, for their sheen was dis-
ect to very great advantage against
ky backgrounds and set off fetch-
the tiny silken shoulder straps of
ue.
"In do you mean to tell me?" gasped
ting the breath stream out of her
h collapsing point, until the very
swung limp on her shoulders and her
eck triangles were full of woeful
o. "Is it possible that you have
all along about this trap door?"
"Jy stumbled on it to-day by chance,"
hpered. He was halfway up the lad-
ule seized those two solidly con-
dspheres of hair in her two hands
fuy, tilted up her head and followed
ward surge of Mr. Hanrahan's heels
he eyes opened wide. The trap door
de to his shoulder easily and he drew
se into the shop. He evidently meant
le should sit quietly in the punt and
e her soul in patience.
), he reckoned without his host.
n fairly petrified by now, Jule was
a woman to be put aside so lightly.
tk hold of the ladder with an inward
kg and began to follow after. On
tird rung she slipped, her skirt caught
le flabby kelp moused round among
lees and ankles, causing her to go
nd plenteously prickle all along the
ebut she continued the ascent. The
e rungs were comparatively dry, and
thumping heart she presently drew
se into the back shop.
ly of moonlight came in at the cob-
bl back windows, faintly revealing
v coils of rope in burlap coverings, the
m flukes and stocks of mighty anchors,
gts of chain cable in kinked-up heaps
ant tackles and purchases hanging in
swith hooks screwed into the ceiling.
e ark look of things, the smell of tar
sh, the hanging tackles and the
p of doom that haunted the farther
ns of the shop all conspired to pro-
en Jule a sense of horrific wrongdoing,
ic nothing could root out. And she
s ot at all reassured to see Mr. Hanra-
n neeling before the safe, the fingers of
lt hand, bunched over the end of his
c showing the color of blood.
"his is altogether too realastic for my
o" said Jule. "I can't help it if it is
'n uncle's place, I have a feeling come
e me just as if we were breaking and entering. Don't you feel like a cat in a strange garret yourself? Oh, don't look at me like that! I shall begin to think you are the real thing."

"Well, it's no errand of mercy, is it?" inquired Hanrahan. "We've started it and now the thing is to get away clean."

"I think you might refrain from using these awful professional terms," whispered Jule. "They give it *such* an aspect. As it is," she continued, shaking in every limb, "it's got crime written all over it from start to finish. Are you getting anywhere with that door?"

"What was that?" hissed Hanrahan, stopping the movement of his fingers. Jule had just breath enough to utter the words, "Scooch down, can't you?"—feeling the flesh creep on her body all the while. Her companion snapped his light off and there they were in the thick of that fearsome shop, not knowing from what quarter to expect attack or even whether an attack was meditated.

For the life of her she couldn't help reaching out her hand and touching him—it all seemed so unreal. But what her fingers first came in contact with was the cold barrel of a revolver and then as she said to Sade Haskins later she very nearly passed away in her tracks.

"Burglars will always have my sympathy henceforward," she told Sade. "I think it takes more downright courage than to commit suicide."

In point of fact what they had heard was the swish of waters under the building occasioned by the wake of the little excursion steamer which had just slipped into its berth. Jule scarcely knew when Hanrahan resumed operations, so taken up was she with her own predicament; but she presently heard him say, "Here it comes," and the heavy door swung open at one solemn stride.

Even then she lacked animation to take proper advantage of her chance or even to utter a word of protest until she saw him draw out of one of the lower compartments a bundle of crisp money newly minted in notes apparently of large denomination and held together by a broad red elastic.

"I think we've gone quite far enough," Jule whispered at this stage.

Mr. Hanrahan only dropped the money negligently into his side pocket and was next absorbed in the contents of a long bulky yellow envelope, pulling out different items and reading what was on the front faces of them.

"Here's your share of the loot," he said, passing it over his shoulder. "A nice little thing, but not very negotiable. Bonds mostly."

"I think I'll just have you put it back without looking inside," she said in shaky accents. "And I'll thank you to put back that money you just dropped into your coat pocket, Mr. Hanrahan."

"What? Not weakening, little girl, are you?" he said. He snapped off his light, peering through that maze of tackle tensely, and Jule's nervous reaction brought her once more into his neighborhood with a slight gasp.

Fairly encircled, she heard him murmuring into her very ear the words, "What do you say to our beating it together? That speed boat of mine is the fastest thing along this coast. All you have to do is to take what is yours. It's yours when you marry, you know."

Jule now somehow saw Mr. Hanrahan stripped of the last vestige of his sheep's clothing; and then she knew that no less a one than the dreaded yeggman known to fame, shrouded in the dark and smiling his wolf's smile, held her in his clutches.

"Are you going to put that money back in the safe?" she whispered.

"Not this side of the Jordan," answered the professional.

"I shall scream," uttered Miss Horrocks, but the dictating ganglion that caused her heart to beat behind that Nile-green band of pussy-willow silk seemed to have forsaken its function.

"If you utter a sound you're a dead woman!" answered Mr. Hanrahan in a polite whisper. He laid a sheet of paper on top of the safe and unscrewed the cap from his fountain pen. "Now," he continued, "write at my dictation."

Jule took the pen and cramped her fingers round it more from force of habit than free will.

"My dear uncle," said Mr. Hanrahan in distant tones, "you have only yourself to blame in this transaction. Owing to your tyranny I have been forced to take what was mine, using my own poor judgment as to ways and means. Do not try to follow me. I shall be happy, though far away. Your affectionate niece, Jule Horrocks."

"You have really written him a nice little letter," he said, inspecting it closely. "Now then we will pigeonhole it and make for the ladder."

With a despairing heart Jule saw that she and she alone was to be made responsible for this outrageous theft. Indeed was it not true that the full burden of it should be rightfully laid at her door? She it was who had suggested the means by which they had got at the safe. Steeped as she was in this atmosphere of crime, Jule could not but wonder if the opinion she had formerly held of herself as an honest girl were not ill founded. She had lost her bearings. For the fraction of a second it even seemed to her that perhaps flight with Mr. Hanrahan was best, all things considered. There is no accounting for what will come into a person's mind in times of stress. Even the best people play the involuntary host to ideas of dubious moral quality.

Jule's revulsion of feeling was instant and now she felt that if she still had a place in the world of righteous men it was by the side of solid Mr. Blatch, whose countenance had grown more precious than rubies to her. How could she ever have questioned the eligibility of that rugged soul? If he was not a charmer in the full sense of the word he was at least a man you could put some dependence in. He would certainly not sanction an escapade of this character.

But alas, how small was the likelihood of ringing him in aid! The trap door yawned for her and if a film octopus had lurked below she could scarcely have regarded that hole in the flooring with more horror. Perhaps she was bidding good-by to the scenes of her girlhood forever!

Poor Jule, pale phantom that she was, could not hold her knees so close together that they would not knock, though she was quite the reverse of bow-legged; and even at the risk of death she felt that she must lay her hand over her swelling heart or fly in pieces. This motion brought her elbow sharply against a ponderous something hanging there behind her, which moved and gave out a deep note like a cathedral chime.

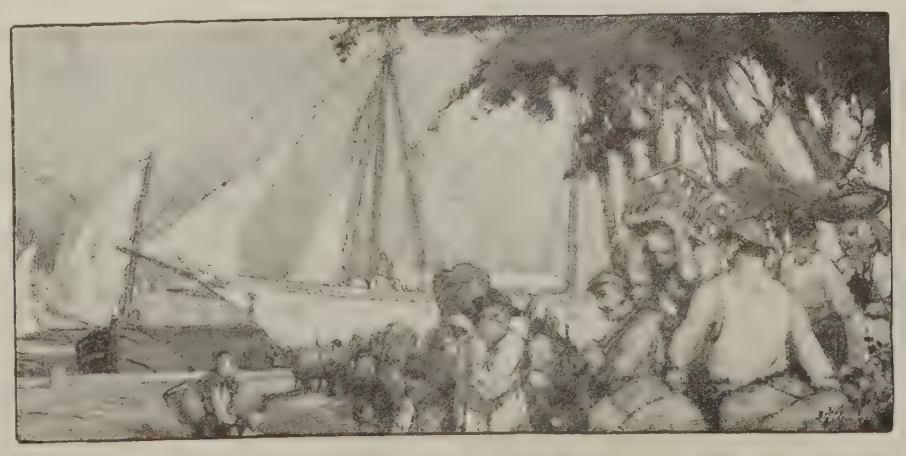
It was the ship's bell.

What followed had for Jule rather the opportuneness of a happy dream than the angles of reality. Unless her eyes deceived her, she saw Jim Sanderson risen out of the midst of a coil of six-inch stuff and covering Hanrahan with a weapon of some sort; and on the heels of this a racket resounded from the outer shop, occasioned by the forced entrance of Mr. Blatch, whose last mental image of any great clarity had been of Jule in evening dress floating amongst the piles which upheld the shop. After a vain endeavor to seek her out at the wharf end he had returned to the shop as offering the best chance of a meeting.

He came lumbering in like a great honest workhorse. More than anything in the world Jule wanted to return to him, but before doing that she knew that she would have to say a clarifying word or two regarding her situation here at this hour of the night and in such dubious company.

It was a case for inspiration and she fell back upon one all but bodily. Mr. Blatch said nothing; he saw nothing indeed but guilty Jule half fainting in their midst, who with a backward viperous look toward her companionable yeggman cried "Trapped!" in merciless shrill tones—and so it was she snatched the fat out of the fire.

Then before anyone there could speak she threw her arms about Blatch's neck and putting her cheek against his in a passion of welcome, whispered, "I can explain everything, darling," and with a glance at Jim full of understanding, which seemed to say that she would take charge of her own case, she transferred Blatch's ring—behind his back—to her engagement finger.



"The one thing I take exceptions to is your both keeping me in the dark about it all," said Gertie when she and Jim were talking it over on the outskirts of her sunken garden. "You two conspirators, you!"

"Jule was afraid the state of your nerves wouldn't warrant your knowing what she had up her sleeve," Jim answered.

"Well, I don't know how she found strength to go through with it," sighed Gertie. "To play a part as she did and give him to understand that she was heels over head, and all the time leading him on to that final moment when she stood confronting him. The constable says he seemed some surprised—and I don't wonder at it. 'Take it from me, the girl is there,' he said, when they were leading him away. Just you think, he had laid his plans to rob the bank too and they say now he must have given a sleeping potion to the watchman, because he was found asleep later, with his gun on the sidewalk, and they might have walked away with the bank itself and he never have mistrusted a thing.

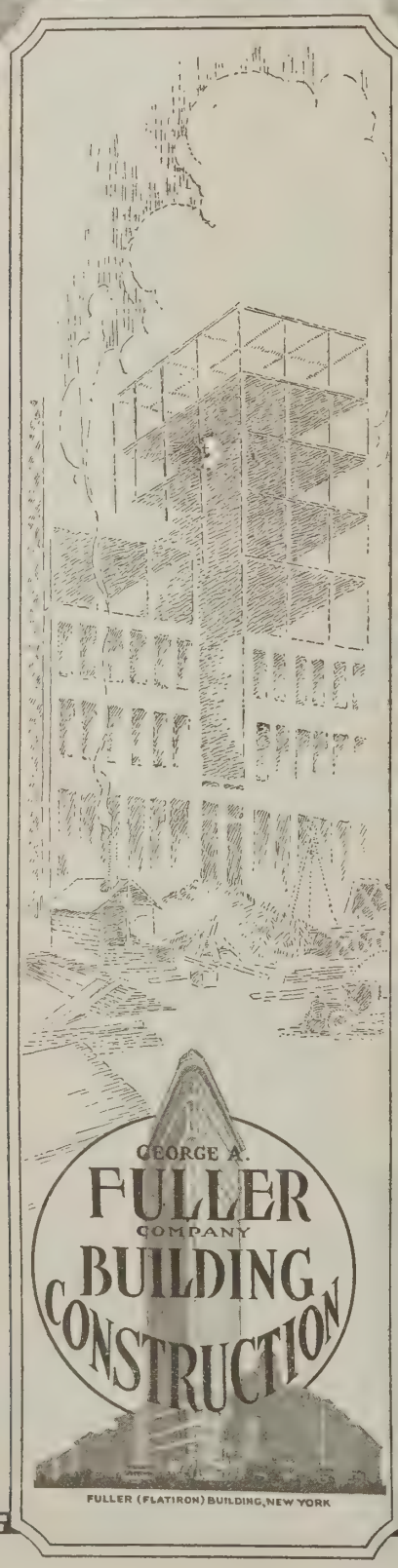
"And to think that you and Jule had it all arranged that you were to appear on the scene when she struck that bell. How one frail woman could summon the courage passes my understanding. I should think some of her critics would feel cheap. Jule says herself she never put in such an evening in her life and never hopes to again. Why she was practically forced, she says, to make love to the man and enter right into his plans, to bring him to the point where he would open the safe and look at her securities.

"Imagine what her state of mind must have been! You know she got a scratch an inch long on one of her limbs getting up that awful ladder and never once mistrusted it at the time, she was keyed up so. But she told me when she came to get her clothes off her and saw this great streak of blood on that white silk she just took one look and down she went in a heap. Isn't that always the way? We seem to bear up under the big trials of life better than we do the trivial ones. I asked her how she came to suspect him in the first place and she said she knew he was bad because he hadn't any hair on the backs of his hands, and it seems that's a sign of their being degenerate. I guess there's no fear for you on that score, is there?"

"How is Blatch feeling about the wedding to-morrow night?" inquired Jim.

"He's coming round. Though he was awfully grouchy at first and so slow of comprehension. He says he doesn't see the need of her taking it on herself to go through all those theatricals under the shop. Really I sometimes think that glimpse he had of Jule's securities is all that is keeping him up to the mark. It's Jule's attitude that I can't understand. She was *so* lukewarm and now she's so devoted she can't seem to do enough for him. I don't see what she can possibly see in him. How are you going to explain such a right-about face?"

"Everybody to their own taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow," responded Jim inscrutably.



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A Knight Without Reproach

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATION BY S. GORDON SMYTH

THAT Daisy Oliver was thoroughly interested in the fascinating game known as the modern health crusade no one who had the ...ge of two minutes of conversation with ...uld doubt. As a ...r of fact, she had ...d perfection in ...s of the eleven ...r long before she ...d the mature age ... years, for at three ...s so passionately ... tooth paste that ... Oliver had the ...st difficulty in ...nting her from ... it as one eats ...rmallow whip or ...late fudge. At ...ttender age she ...d to consider her ...rush a variety of ...n, and—Mrs. ...r said—it was ... quite necessary ...y a variety of ...haste that tasted ...e a confection or ...y would have ...upted the family ...h overindulgence ...e pleasant pink ... and as for baths ... true that she ...med to be put into ...thtub and howled ... she was taken ...

... Oliver said he ...mes feared he ...y some freak of ...re become the ... of a fish. Not ...fish scream or ... but it must be ...ed that they do ...eathing.

"Are Ye Right Sure Ye Took a Glass of Water, Micky?" She Asked Anxiously as He Raised the First Forkful to His Mouth

None seeing Daisy start for school on a pleasant spring ...uld doubt that she was already by nature and train...knight of the white smile and an eminent exponent ... ideas of the modern health crusade. No one ... ever think of wondering whether Daisy Oliver had ...d her ears and neck and cleaned her finger nails as ...ued by the knightly Chore Two. Each morning she ...rted for school in a condition that may rightly be called ...culate, and she had always been so, but when Miss ...n—more often spoken of as Teacher—told the school ...ny scholar might become a page and then a knight ...en a glorious knight banneret by doing each day the ... health chores required Daisy Oliver became a ... violent exponent of the principles of the modern ...hood.

...was Daisy who when the Sunday-school teacher ...e her what Moses brought down from the mountain ...wered, "A toothbrush."

...lden-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, Daisy was ...he first one hundred per cent perfect in her chore ...r. When she took the ten slow breaths she took ...y of them and took them so slowly and deeply that ...king resembled a religious rite or the attempt of the ... to swell to the size of the ox. When she drank her ... of water before each meal she chose the largest glass ...ed it so full that a pint or so ran over and made a ... on the table and she held the glass upended above ...sy mouth until the last drop had trickled down her .... There were not enough places on the chart to ... the chore: "I took a full bath on each day of the ...hat is checked—X."

...I thought that there were 3,000,000 children in the ...ted States enrolled in the modern health crusade and ...he was perhaps the knight most perfect and most ...ut reproach filled her with elation and made it easy ... to stand up straight. There were moments, when ...Curwin commented enthusiastically upon the chore ...of Miss Oliver, when Miss Oliver stood so straight ...e was in danger of falling over backward.

...all the while an obscure knight, scorned by Miss ..., was slowly creeping upward in the chore scores, ...hreatening to equal the peerless champion. It might ...d that out of the grime that had obscured his face ...ck for years a Roland was emerging to challenge her ..., but the name of the knight was Mick Grogan.

Out of the obscurity that had—so to speak—covered his patched breeches and faded shirt Micky Grogan was first dragged by Knight Daisy Oliver the very day Miss Curwin proclaimed the six-row tourney.

"And so," said Miss Curwin, facing her six rows of boys and girls, "we are going to have a real tourney such as the knights had in days of old and I will keep the score of each row separate, and the row that wins will have an honor flag. The row that has the best score for the ten days will win. Now, are there any questions?"

There were six rows—three of boys and three of girls—and from them hands rose until it seemed to Miss Curwin that every hand was in the air.

"Now, now," said Bertha Kubelik excitedly; "now, Chore Eight says I got to be in bed ten hours or more every night, Miss Curwin, and—now—I ain't got no bed, because I sleep in a cot."

"A cot is the same as a bed," said Miss Curwin. "Whatever you usually sleep in is your bed."

"Miss Curwin," said Daisy Oliver, "I don't have to sleep with any windows open, do I, because I sleep outdoors on my sleeping porch—and it don't have any windows, only screens. So I don't have to have any windows open, do I? Because Bertha she says ——"

"Anyone who sleeps outdoors or on a sleeping porch can count as sleeping with the windows open," ruled Miss Curwin.

One by one the questions were answered and the hands fell. It was evident to Miss Curwin that the tourney would be a success. Already a fierce partisanship was developing between the rows. Across the narrow aisle between their seats the blond and inseparable Ferris twins were indulging in a whispered controversy.

"'Tis, too!"

"'Tain't either!"

"'Tis, and I'll tell teacher if you drink a single drop. You're a cheater if you say you didn't when you did!"

"Dorothy Ann! Gladys!" said Miss Curwin. "What is the trouble?"

"Well, grape juice is a injurious drink, ain't it?" demanded Gladys. "Because Dorothy says it ain't, and it is, ain't it? And she can't either say she didn't drink a injurious drink if she drinks grape juice, can she? Because she drinks lots of grape juice."

At such moments one cannot hesitate.

"Grape juice is not an injurious drink," ruled Miss Curwin.

"Yah!" said the Dorothy Ann twin triumphantly to the Gladys twin; "just because you don't like it you think I got to stop drinking it!"

As the less violent knights subsided, their simple queries answered, it became evident that others were prepared to maintain the rights of their rows to the last bitter swish of toothbrush across tooth and to protest every irregularity that might benefit an opposing row.

"Miss Curwin, now," said Bertha Kubelik of the second row, "Rosa Lagomarcino she ain't wholesome when she now sleeps in her undershirt, is she?"

"I don't no such thing!" declared Rosa. "I don't sleep in it, because I don't wear none."

"She does too!" insisted Bertha. "Her mother, now, sews her into it."

"Only winters," Rosa declared. "Summers not. My mother she should take a chance I should maybe take off my undershirt and lose it winters and get sick by my lungs, Miss Curwin. But summers I don't wear none—no, ma'am."

"Does that answer your objection, Bertha?" asked Miss Curwin.

"If she don't believe it," said Rosa, her black eyes snapping, "she could come out in the hall and I show her once I ain't got no undershirt on but my skin."

Bertha seemed to be satisfied, and Miss Curwin—glancing over her six militant rows—had an inspiration.

"I am going to appoint a captain for each row," she said. "If there are any other questions that come up the knights may ask the captains and the captains may ask me. If there are any objections to anything or any protests they can be told to the captains and the captains can tell me."

She paused a moment while she let her eyes run over the faces before her.

"The captains will be," she said, "Row One, Rosa Lagomarcino; Row Two, Bertha Kubelik; Row Three, Daisy Oliver; Row Four, Michael Grogan; Row Five, Edward Petzoff; Row Six, John Schultz."

Instantly Miss Oliver's white and plump hand shot into the air.

"Daisy?" said Miss Curwin.

"Please, Miss Curwin, it ain't fair," said Miss Daisy, "because all my row has two hands to wash and Micky Grogan he only has one hand, so it ain't fair, because his row don't have to wash as many hands as my row does."

Miss Curwin looked from Daisy to where Micky Grogan sat, his left coat sleeve doubled at the elbow and its cuff fastened to his shoulder with a safety pin.

"Aw, gee!" said Micky scornfully. "If she's goin' to kick about dat I'll wash me hand twicet. I know what's eatin' her—she's scared she'll be beat."

"I am not!" declared Daisy. "But his row hasn't got as many hands to wash."

"I am sure Michael would be glad to have another hand to wash," said Miss Curwin. "I shall rule that it is only necessary to wash as many hands as you have."

"It ain't fair!" declared Daisy.

Miss Curwin glanced along Daisy's row. In the mouths of many of Daisy's rowmates were great gaps where the first teeth had departed and the second had not yet come. Even in Daisy's pretty mouth there were gaps from which the pearls had fled.

"If we began making handicaps, Daisy," Miss Curwin said, "we would have to deduct quite a little from your

row's score, too, because your row has so few teeth to brush. Your row has a great many teeth missing, Daisy."

"Well," said Daisy, turning to look at her row of lady knights, and then she took her seat suddenly and said no more. She was a wise captain—the missing teeth vastly outnumbered the missing hand of Row Four. Captain Daisy knew when to file a protest, but she knew equally well when to let the protest go by default. Some of the mouths in Row Three seemed to call less for a toothbrush than for a vacuum cleaner, there being little but a vacuum to clean.

During the days of the tourney—if never before—the chore cards of the pupils of Miss Curwin's room reached perfection. For the moment health and hygiene surpassed Thrift Stamps and tin-foil gathering as matters of vital interest and sources of conversation.

There were incidents that shook the class to its center, as when Mamie Best came to school weeping because during the night she had fallen out of bed without wakening, and feared therefore that she had failed in Chore Eight, which required her to be in bed ten hours or more, while she had slept part of her ten hours on the floor.

As captains of Row Three and Row Four the pink-and-white Daisy Oliver and the red-and-freckled Micky Grogan held their respective rows so strictly to the spirit and letter of the eleven chores that before the morning that began the eighth day of the tourney it was evident that the honor flag would inevitably be won by Row Three or Row Four.

Knight Daisy had for the six little lady knights in Row Three a method of maintaining the proper morale that was different from that used by Knight Michael, for Micky's one fist—however thoroughly it might be washed—was hard and to be dreaded.

"Lemme look at yer neck, San. All right! Lemme see yer finger nails. All right! Lemme look at yer neck, Rocco. All right! An' don't you go an' fergit to wash yer ears like you did once, or you know what I'll give you, see?"

He illustrated with a swing of his right fist against his own jaw, but a tempered swing, not the short-arm jab his faithful knights knew they might expect if they neglected a chore. For Micky was a scrapper when there was need of scrapping. He had learned because it is unfortunately the pleasure of some small boys to pick on those who have lost a hand or are otherwise seemingly easy conquests. Micky had early learned that he must protect himself, and now he was usually left in peace, for he had also learned that one fist can be at a disadvantage against two, and he fought close in so that he could parry and block with his stump of an arm while his right gave short swift blows.

Knight Daisy on the other hand used all the social wiles.

"I guess my mamma'll let me have a party if my row wins, but I guess she won't if it don't. Anyway, I guess she wouldn't want me to 'sociate with anybody that didn't do her chores."

Before the eighth day of the tourney the party was an assured fact—if all the little girls of Row Three bore themselves with knightly honor during the entire ten days. Nor was this difficult, for the chores were not hard—especially for little girls. Row Three having duly impressed its parents with the necessity for a supernormal record bathed as it had never bathed before. Every day was checked by each and every child where the chart said, "I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked—X." They mourned that there were not more days to check.

For Micky Grogan's knights the schedule was somewhat more difficult to maintain. Micky himself had to wait until the shades of night had fallen before he could be sure of the washtub, for if he got up in the morning before his mother needed it to do her taken-in laundry work he would have had to cut short his ten hours in bed chore, his mother was such an early riser. Washing his hand did not bother him; he had long since learned how to give it a good cleaning by rubbing it on a scrubbing brush submerged in the hand basin. He could attend to his five finger nails with a stick pointed and stuck point up in any crack or crevice. His mother's unalterable objection to open windows he overcame by making his bed in a hammock on the small back porch, and the other chores were simple.

On the morning of the ninth day of the tourney Miss Curwin called the leaders of Row Three and Row Four before her.

"I wanted to tell you, Daisy and Micky," she said, "that your rows have made really wonderful scores thus far. Both of the rows are perfect for the first eight days. Unless you have some unreasonably bad scores to-day and to-morrow one of your two rows is pretty sure to win."

"Dere ain't nobody in my row goin' to make no bad score, I betcher!" said Micky. "He'd better not!"

"My row either!" said Daisy.

But after school Micky thought it as well to gather his faithful round him and give his final instructions.

"Nobody don't want to throw me down to-morrow, see?" he said. "Us an' them girls is scored up jess the same an' they ain't goin' to fall down, and if one of yous does we're goners, see? You got to wash your hands and everything. Don't none of yous go and fergit to drink a glass of water before each meal or nothing, or I got it in for yous. Git to bed early, see? 'Cause maybe the house might burn down or something. Don't take no chances. Do like the chart says."

"Aw! We're goin' to, ain't we? You do like the chart says yourself," said Bud Craggin. "You jaw too much."

"Don't you fret about me," said Micky. "I wouldn't skip a chore if you killed me. Not to-morrow, anyway."

Mrs. Grogan was herself deeply interested in the tourney by this time. When Micky came to supper she asked, "Have ye washed yer hand, Micky?" And demanded to see it before she would serve him. She listened with pride when he told her his row was jousting on even terms with Row Three for the honor flag.

"Are ye right sure ye took a glass of water, Micky?" she asked anxiously as he raised the first forkful to his mouth.

"Sure, I did! I ain't fergittin', you bet!" he answered.

"I left the tub on th' back porch for ye," she told him, "for yer bath, an' full of water it is at that. An' Micky——"

"Yes, ma?"

"I've got to be takin' Mis' Oliver's washin' home, so I'll be lockin' up th' house before I go. I've slang yer hammick on th' back porch for ye, thinkin' maybe ye'll be wantin' to go t' bed early t' git th' full tin hours' slape. I put yer toot'-brush on th' porch railin'."

"Yes, ma."

So Micky retired to his hammock after his bath for a night of the soundest of sleep, and his mother locked the doors and windows safely, and then—as Fate would have it and as she had not deserved—fell down Mrs. Oliver's back steps and broke her leg.

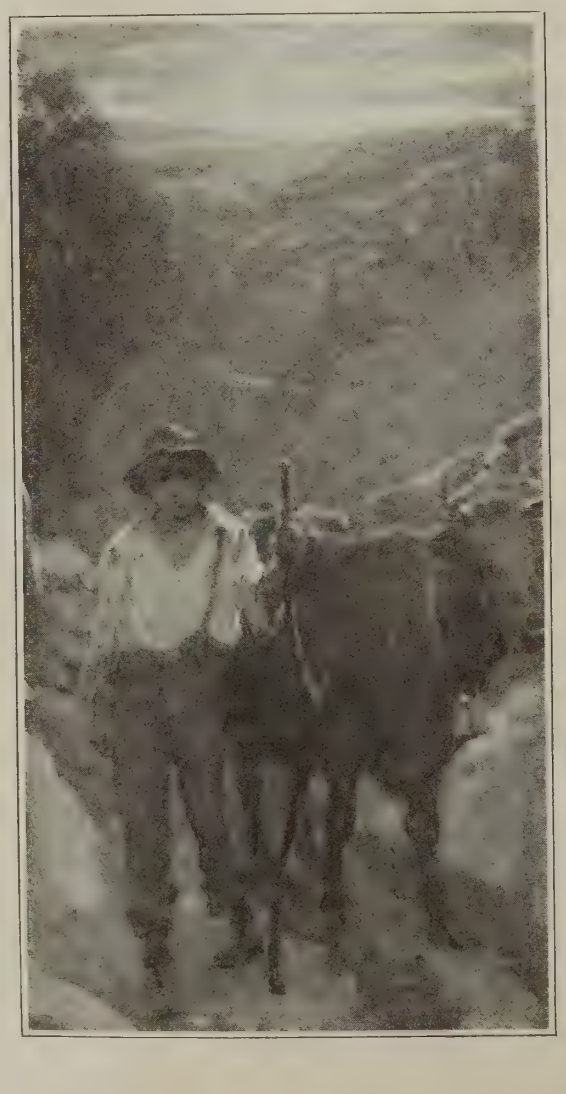
When Micky awakened and tumbled out of his hammock he knew by the slant of the sun that he had put in the full requirement of hours in bed—and more, but his mother was not yet at work at her washtub. He beat on the back door, not knowing yet that she was on her back in one of the beds of the Westcote Hospital, and when she did not answer he decided to get that day's full bath out of the way. He filled the tub at the spigot under the back porch and plunged into it. He rubbed himself down with the towel that hung beside the kitchen door. He brushed his white teeth. He cleaned his finger nails. He took ten and then ten more deep breaths.

And still his mother did not open the kitchen door.

Micky sat on the back steps and waited. Now and then he looked over his shoulder at the closed door of the kitchen. He was getting hungry. He went to the faucet under the back porch and washed his hand. He did his duty by his finger nails. He took the cracked tumbler to the faucet and filled it with cold water and set it on the step. He did not mean to forget the glass of water before each meal on this most important morning.

And still his mother did not open the back door.

At half past eight Micky became restive. The duties of the captaincy of Row Four demanded—he felt—that he be



at the schoolhouse gate to give his knights the once-over and to make sure that their faces and ears and necks had been chored beyond question. He pounded on the door again and listened. His mother, he decided, was not in the house.

That she should not be in the house did not strike him as particularly strange; she sometimes went out washing and she might have gone early this morning. In that case he would have nothing to eat until noon. Even this did not dismay him; it had happened before. He turned from the door and went slowly down the steps and raised the pail of before-meal water and put the edge of the glass to his lips.

And then he paused.

How could he drink a glass of water before a breakfast that he was not going to have? Breakfast! He might have no dinner and no supper, and he visioned the eager cast of Row Three rising in her place in the class and holding an imperative hand until Miss Curwin bade her speak. He could hear her saying: "It ain't fair, Miss Curwin, because Micky Grogan didn't drink a glass of water before meals to-day because he didn't have any meals," and Miss Curwin saying: "Of course, if Micky didn't have meals he could not drink a glass of water before them, but did not do Chore Four and your row wins the honor flag, Daisy."

Micky put the glass of water beside him on the step and scowled at the back fence. A fine one the fellows would think him if he was the one to fail the row when he was captain and all! And then he had the great idea.

Four minutes later Daisy Oliver on her way to school stopped and stared over the low picket fence at Micky in the side yard. He had swallowed the glass of water and was having his breakfast on his hands and knees.

"Teacher," shrilled Daisy when school had assembled and her madly waving hand had drawn Miss Curwin's attention. "Teacher, grass ain't breakfast, is it?"

"Grass? Breakfast?" queried Miss Curwin, puzzled. "Whatever do you mean, Daisy?"

"Well, Micky he didn't have any breakfast, because his mother she fell down our steps and her leg it got broke and the amberlance it took her to the hospital, because she was coming to our house with the washing——"

"You asked something about breakfast?" said Miss Curwin.

"Yes, ma'am, and Micky he drank a glass of water before I was coming to school and I says, 'What you doing, Micky?' and he says, 'I'm having my breakfast, what you think I'm doing?' And grass ain't breakfast, is it, Miss Curwin?"

"Aw!" exclaimed Micky, his face reddening.

"You mean Micky was eating grass?" asked Miss Curwin, unable to believe her ears.

"Yes'm, like a horse," said Daisy. "On his hands and knees, chewing it in his side yard. And grass ain't breakfast, is it?"

Many difficult matters come before a teacher for judgment and the wise teacher thinks before she speaks. Miss Curwin hesitated.

"Just so he could say he drank a glass of water before breakfast!" said Daisy indignantly. "And grass ain't breakfast, is it? So he didn't do Chore Four, did he, Miss Curwin?"

"Didn't you have any breakfast, Micky?" asked Miss Curwin kindly.

"Yes'm."

"What did you have?"

"Grass," said Micky defiantly. "I got a right to eat grass if I want to."

"Did you forget to drink a glass of water before your regular breakfast, Micky?"

"Aw, chee! I didn't have no other breakfast. I didn't fergit nothin'. I got a right to eat grass if I want to. I ain't the only one what done it."

"You are too!" said Daisy.

"I ain't neither. King Neb—Neb——"

"Nebuchadnezzar?" Miss Curwin aided.

"Yes'm, he done it," said Micky triumphantly. "If a king done it a feller can, can't he?"

"But why did you do it?" asked Miss Curwin.

"Well, I got to, ain't I, so I can drink me glass of water before it?" demanded Micky.

Miss Curwin opened her desk and took out her purse. She took a shining quarter dollar in her fingers.

"School!" she said, rapping on her desk with authority for attention. "You have heard Micky and Daisy. I will explain clearly then that Chore Four does not require meals, but only that if meals are eaten a glass of water must be taken before the meal. And I want you to be proud of Micky, even if he misunderstood the chore, because Micky, you are a gallant, valiant knight without fear and without reproach, and I am proud of you. And Micky, I want you to take this quarter and go down and get a real breakfast at the restaurant at the corner."

She stepped down from the platform and laid the coin on Micky's desk.

"Aw, say!" said the Knight Without Fear and Without Reproach, "I can't swaller no more breakfast; I'm all fulled up with hay."

Bonus Systems in Modern Models

By Frederick S. Bigelow

MONG the newer phrases in the lexicon of industry is the term "economy sharing." Like most new substantives it is a freshly coined name for an old and quite familiar thing. The term was invented to get away from the word "bonus" and the things that it implies; for to many minds a bonus means a tip or gratuity or a piece of impulsive liberality on the part of an employer toward an employee.

Economy sharing is none of these things, but a logical, constructive business transaction which is coming into increasing favor as a result of the necessity for increased production, higher personal efficiency and the conservation of raw materials.

Bonus systems and economy-sharing plans have one distinguishing characteristic in common: Both are figured in dollars and cents, and the best authorities are unanimous in agreeing that few employees are so prejudiced that they will refuse an extra ten-dollar bill on account of the name attached to it by the paymaster. So long as the bank does not call it a counterfeit no name or nickname can rob it of its purchasing power. Its appellation may, however, diminish its value to the employer as a buyer of service. Bonus systems and the creations of the economy-sharing genus are in many respects alike, and yet they have their sharply drawn differences.

For economy sharing is always based upon a community of interests between employer and employed. It is never conditioned by circumstances that rob Peter in order to pay Paul Capital or the other way about. It is never a tug of war, but always a double pull in one direction.

Simple in theory, it is often complex in operation; but while its intricacy is a matter of slow growth, stimulated by increasing stores of experience and changing conditions.

The first step in the adoption of economy-sharing methods is for the executive to determine precisely what results he is getting from his men and their machinery and to ascertain the ideal results that ought to be obtained. Economy sharing is merely one of the devices that have been successfully employed to bring the actual and the ideal within handshaking distance.

Better Work and More of It

SCIENTIFIC economy-sharing systems, no matter how carefully worked out, often have a rough road to travel, the reason that employers and employees alike are apt to confuse them with older schemes that have been thoroughly worked out and cast aside as incorrigible trouble breeders. Too often industrial reformers have gone off at half cock with ill-considered programs for hastening the arrival of the millennium and have achieved no substantial result except the creation of bad blood, mutual suspicion and animosities.

Manufacturers who have fought shy of bonus systems may perhaps profit by the information given to me by Mr. V——, because his methods are readily applicable to operatives who run a vast variety of automatic machines and because years of practical experience in the operation of such machinery furnish strong testimony in contradiction of an assumption often made against bonus systems applied to machine work. Mr. V—— is an accountant. That is to say, he is not only a bookkeeper but an analyst, a diagnosist, an efficiency expert, a leak-stopper, an inventor of economy systems and a money-maker for his employers. A mass of figures is to him what a container of coal tar is to the chemist who can resolve it up into a series of dyes of every color of the rainbow and make a dozen formulæ of medicinal agents out of the residue, to say nothing of a set of useful by-products that will pay for the whole operation. The director of his company told me that the new ideas and systems that originated in Mr. V——'s department saved the house so many times the cost of maintenance of the accounting force that it ranks among the highly productive departments of the business.

"For example," he said, warming to his subject: "Suppose V—— saves us $100,000 a year. We are not at the expense of collecting that money. It is right in our own bank and has been there all along. Another thing: That hundred thousand is absolutely net—and $100,000 net is a lot of money. We are quite satisfied if we make a clear ten per cent; so if V—— saves us a hundred thousand his performance is rather better than that of a salesman who can sell a million dollars' worth of goods, for in making V——'s profit we run no risk of bad debts."

After this introduction I was prepared to listen very respectfully to what Mr. V—— had to say. He began with a statement that seemed scarcely credible:

"My experience is that offering bonuses on automatic-machine work need not result in inferior work or lowered production. Those are the charges made by the opponents of such bonuses; but I think I can show you that the very reverse is true.

"Let me tell you our experience with a battery of Holt machines, for they are so typical of a large class of machinery that what we have discovered about their effective operation applies to every other machine in the same mechanical family.

"As you will see when we walk over to the factory, this is a large and very complex piece of automatic machinery. Partly manufactured material is automatically fed into it at one end. As it passes along, many things happen to it, till at last it comes out at the other end in nearly completed units. These units require only one or two rather simple finishing operations for their completion.

"These machines are so delicately adjusted that not infrequently they are bound to jam or foul, but an automatic device instantly shuts off the power whenever this occurs. The operator then clears the machine, makes whatever little adjustment is necessary and starts up again.

"When we came to analyze the operation of our Holts we found that there were three sources of waste: Small output, spoilage of material, and imperfect units that had to be reworked. The superintendent of our factory warned me that if I tried to increase production our gains would be more than canceled by losses arising from spoilage and imperfections. It was nearly a year before I could persuade him to sanction the introduction of any sort of economy-sharing plan.

"Finally he consented, and we introduced an economy-sharing feature based upon a spoilage record running below a certain standard. At first the men were not strong for it. They agreed with the superintendent that no bonus system could be adapted to their kind of work. Increased production meant more hasty work and more spoilage as a natural and inevitable consequence.

"Well, we tried it out. To my delight I found that we practically eliminated our spoilage! To the surprise of everyone our production jumped 23%. Not only that, but the number of imperfect units was cut down 50%!

"How do I account for it? Well, success doesn't have to be explained—but if you want my personal opinion you shall have it. When our operatives really made up their minds to earn the spoilage bonus they quite unconsciously became very much more alert and watchful than they had ever been before. Despite the fact that they were tending automatic machines their whole minds were on the job. They detected faulty adjustments before the machine did, and remedied them on the instant with the result that production increased as spoilage diminished.

"We have had this experience with so many different classes of machine work that I am almost tempted to say the greater the production the better the work, and vice versa. For purposes of analysis we have platted the performance of our Holt operatives over a long period. Our graphs show not only production but spoilage of material and imperfect units."

Mr. V—— walked over to a filing cabinet and selected a card at random.

"This graph will illustrate my point," he said. "Observe the steady rise of this operator's production line, and note how his spoilage curve has fallen during the same period. Follow this vertical line on the card and you will see that during the week of maximum output the percentage of spoilage was lowest. This card is typical of the others. Pick out some cards for yourself and you will see that for the most part they tell the same story."

Speed and Accuracy March Abreast

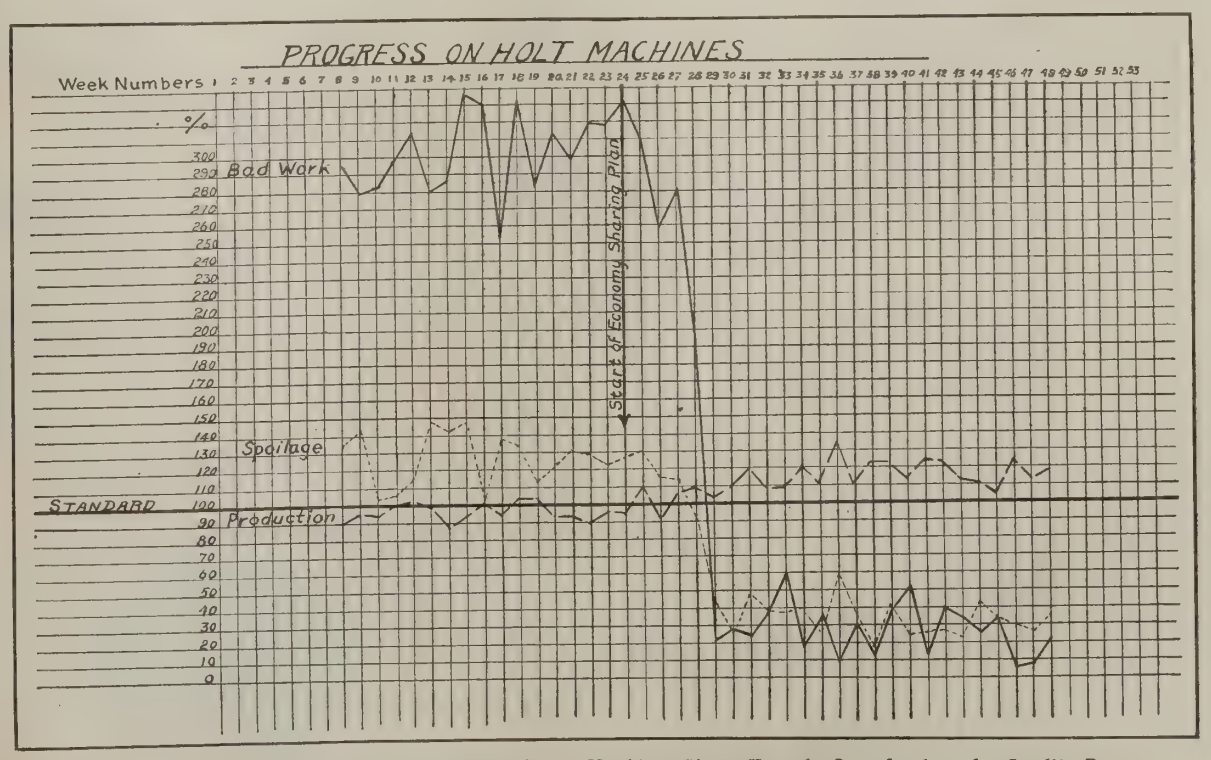
CURIOUSLY enough, what Mr. V—— told me about automatic machine operation appears to be equally true in clerical departments I had visited. I immediately recalled the surprising statement made to me by another executive: "The clerks who are earning the largest quantity bonuses make the fewest errors."

The significant fact about the testimony of these two experts is that they were not expressing mere personal opinions, but literally spoke "by the cards." Their records were precisely the kind of records that would be made by an engineer who was testing out a new type of dynamo or motor in his laboratory. Neither man was stretching the glove of fact to fit the hand of theory.

Mr. V——, after he had outlined to me some ingenious extensions of his economy-sharing methods, went on to discuss the subject from an entirely new angle.

"Of course," he said, "the company pays me for my services as an accountant and not for those of an altruist; but I don't mind saying that I should not take half the interest in my work that I do if I did not feel that the methods I have been describing are doing our employees a lot of real good and teaching them lessons of lifelong value.

"Let me tell you how it works out: If we enable our people to increase their earnings they can improve their living conditions. They can save money and in time own their own homes. They can bring up their children under better conditions and can give them more education than would otherwise be possible. Consider the girls in our manufacturing and clerical departments. If we can teach them how to work to the best advantage and double their efficiency they will apply the same ideas to work in their own homes. When they leave us to marry and settle down they will carry with them lessons that will make them better wives and mothers. Their experience as wage earners will benefit them for many years."



This Record of the Performance of a Battery of Holt Machines Shows How the Introduction of a Quality Bonus Not Only Reduced Spoilage and Bad Work But Actually Increased Production

Remember it was no mawkish sentimentalist or amateur uplifter who spoke thus, but a professional penny splitter—albeit a man who has not yet scrapped his heart to make room for a cash register.

Through the courtesy of a bonus enthusiast who has done much original and valuable work along these lines it is possible to include in this article a summary of fifteen years of study and experimentation in a large clerical department. This review is significant for several reasons: First, it indicates how a similar system may be installed by any manager who is disposed to attempt it; second, it traces the natural development of a very simple and somewhat crude system into one that is highly organized and notably successful; third, it points out the pitfalls that yawn for unwary managers and clearly indicates the paths of procedure that must be followed if the highest goals of success are to be reached.

In the year 1904 Mr. X—— found himself in charge of a large clerical department numbering upward of 200 clerks. Several distinct kinds of work were carried on there. There were orders to be booked, a vast correspondence to be conducted and, alas, thousands of complaints to be investigated and adjusted! Only a small number of the typists in the department were stenographers. For the most part dictating machines were used, and the typists worked directly from the phonograph to the keyboard of the typewriter.

It soon became apparent to Mr. X—— that his department was far less efficient than it was possible to make it; and so he instituted a careful analysis to show up the weak points of his clerical force. His first object of inquiry was the matter of costs. To this end he installed a number of inspectors, each armed with a transparent celluloid scale by which she could readily determine the number of square inches of typed matter turned out by each typist.

A Typical Case of Economy Sharing

THIS was a useful but not a happy beginning. "Simon Legree" was the kindest name by which Mr. X—— was called behind his back; but the celluloid scale stuck for years, and long before it had been superseded by a time-saving improvement it had come to be regarded as a friend rather than as a foe.

After the measuring scale had been in use for a sufficient length of time the wages paid during the period were divided by the number of hundreds of square inches of matter typed. The quotient thus obtained was equivalent to the cost of 100 square inches of typewriting. It worked out at about 23 cents.

As this force was working 44 hours a week it was apparent that the average rate of production should be 100 square inches an hour, in order to earn a weekly salary of $10. This, it should be borne in mind, was in 1904, when the going wage was far lower than it is to-day.

Having definitely ascertained that his typing cost was 23 cents for 100 square inches Mr. X—— was in a position to make his first essay at economy sharing. His first step was to post a notice that for each 100 square inches of work in excess of 4400 a week he would pay 16 cents in addition to the regular wage. Under this arrangement each 100 square inches turned out saved the company 7 cents and netted 16 cents to the employee. In other words, the company profited 30% and the employee 70% on each unit of increased production.

Experience soon proved that the production standard—that is to say, 4400 square inches per 44-hour week—was so reasonable that nearly every girl in the department was able to earn a bonus. It was not long before several $10 girls were earning anywhere from $4 to $8 bonus money every week.

Now to the average clerk bonus money is not like honest-to-goodness salary money. It is, to be sure, paid in bank notes and ringing silver; the shops accept it without question; but to the employee it often seems like a sort of stage money that merchants and movie theaters are foolish enough to accept.

If Sadie gets $10 salary and $5 bonus, week in and week out, she still considers herself to be on a $10 basis. In other words, her employer may get little or no good-will credit for a full third of the money he is paying her.

It took Mr. X—— some time to become aware of this curious psychology; but as soon as he was convinced of its reality he cast about for a new line of procedure calculated to make the bonus money seem like real money and to flatter the financial dignity of his young ladies.

With this end in view he instituted a policy whereby any girl who thought she was entitled to a raise of pay by reason of her ability to earn a bonus might win her raise by earning for six consecutive months a combined amount of salary and bonus 10% in excess of her new basic rate. A specific illustration will show the simplicity of this rather intricate statement.

Let us suppose that a typist who is receiving $10 in salary and $3 or $4 in bonus thinks she should have a flat wage of $12 and as much bonus in addition as she is able to earn.

"Certainly," says Mr. X——. "Earn a total of $13.20 a week for six months and at the end of that period you shall have your $2 raise and bonus besides. The more you can earn the better I shall like it. Work hard for bonus, and when you are ready to be advanced to $14 your card will show it, and the pay clerk will give you your raise without our even having to remind him of it."

The only flaw in this plan was that six months seemed like a long time to wait for an increase when the ability to earn it could be demonstrated in a much shorter period. Recognizing this defect Mr. X—— has reduced the probationary period from six months to two, and says that the shorter term gives better results. Mr. X—— continually lays stress on the importance of keeping employees interested and encouraged. He never reproaches his clerks with their small output. If he finds a girl who lags behind the others his method of approach is to show her the records of other girls doing the same kind of work and to express regret that she is not taking home $10 or $15 a month extra that she might have just as well as not. No stronger pressure is put upon clerks who appear to be faithful and diligent.

When the cost of living began to advance sharply Mr. X—— found it expedient to raise the basic wage in his department in order to keep it on a level with the going rate in other concerns. Economy-sharing features have been retained and elaborated to such an extent that typists who received $10 a week a few years ago now earn $25 to $27. This is not true in every case; but the amounts named represent the average earnings of many of the brighter and more diligent workers.

In almost any kind of work quality is as much to be desired as quantity. It is the business of certain groups in Mr. X——'s department to read letters, book orders, check remittances and to send inquiries through the proper channels. Errors in this work cause an incredible amount of trouble and occasion considerable needless expense. The standard production rate among these groups had called for the disposal of 70 letters an hour. In order to lessen the number of errors Mr. X——, of his own volition, reduced the requirement from 70 to 50. As an additional incentive he offered to pay a bonus of $2 a week for every week in which not a single error was made. Perfection was his goal. He knew that it cost the house precisely 34 cents to handle every complaint letter that came to it, and in his heart of hearts he dreamed of the day when there should be practically no chance for us tomers to complain.

Mr. X—— was much elated over his new idea nc expected great things of it.

Sad to relate, the new plan was a complete failure. es work was done than before and the percentage of erro ra not appreciably reduced. For weeks not a single b iu was earned and it did not seem as if one ever would be.

It appeared upon investigation that the terms o ih arrangement were a little too stiff. Suppose a girl le e Monday afternoon that she had made a mistake a morning. The week's bonus was lost beyond possibili recovery. For the rest of that week the bonus idea a entirely inoperative so far as it concerned that parti la clerk. There was every temptation to slack a little it the beginning of a new week brought a new opport it to try for a bonus prize.

After revolving the matter in his mind for some time X—— put into effect a new plan calculated to remov elements of discouragement and lack of incentive. U te the amended rule any clerk who has lost her bonus s given week may recover it by winning the bonuses fo h two succeeding weeks. Even if she has the misfortu t lose for two consecutive weeks she still has a chan t recoup all her losses by a run of unusually good w The operation of the plan is most readily shown in th ular form:

First week's bonus	o
Second week's bonus	o
Third week's bonus	0
Fourth week's bonus	0
Fifth week's bonus	0

*First week's bonus recovered.
†Second week's bonus recovered.

About the time the amendment to the rule was put t effect Mr. X—— chanced to reorganize this departm and in doing so he learned for the first time the gre contributing cause of the failure of his original idea. reorganization took the form of breaking up the departm which had formerly operated as a single large group u one supervisor, into five groups of eight girls each, o whom acted as supervisor of her own group. Some of new supervisors had come from other departments, w they had been accustomed to earning considerable nuses. They were imbued with the bonus idea and oughly believed in it. Instantly there rose a rivalry am the different groups having for its object the win of more bonus money than the other groups.

Rivalry Among Bonus-Earning Groups

QUITE by accident Mr. X—— learned that the fo supervisor had not been "sold" on the idea. She had no experience with bonus systems and could n brought to believe in them. Quite unintentionally, doub she had communicated her aloofness to the other girls n four or five other skeptics among their number had d the successful adoption of the plan impossible. Mr. X— says that in point of loyalty and efficiency this div supervisor was one of the best women in his section n he quite absolves her of any intention to thwart his

Under the régime of the group supervisors the sch came into such full flower that after it had been in op tion a year Mr. X— thought it high tim show some practical r ognition of the intelli coöperation that he receiving from his su visors; so he institut special supervisors' b award.

This was based c comparison of the records of the cur month with that of corresponding montl the previous year. prizes went to the hea those groups that sho the greatest increase o curacy over the mont the preceding year. I group speedily develo sufficient esprit de c to lend a certain spor interest to the results tained, quite apart f the extra earnings volved. Rivalry heightened by posting group scores on the sional bulletin board by awarding gold stars silver stars to the gro with the best records sustained accuracy.

(Continued on Page

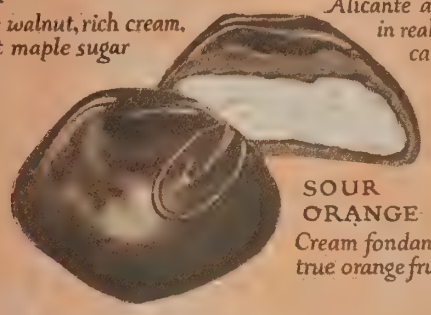
This Graph Shows the Effect of Economy Sharing on the Efficiency of Alice Brown, a Clerk. Within Three Weeks it Raised Her Out of the Sub-Standard Class Into the Ranks of Bonus Earners

Liggett's

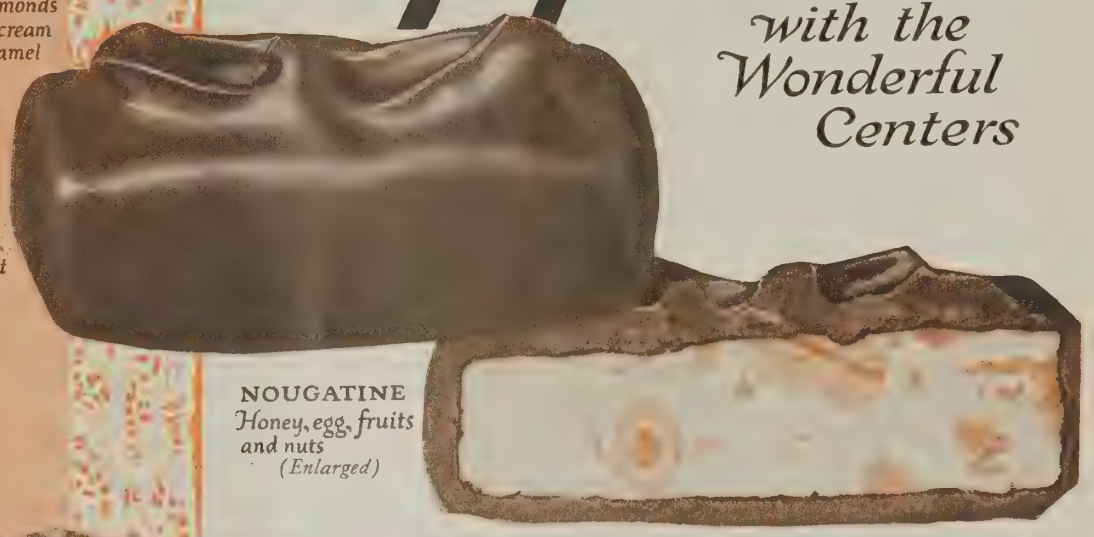
The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM
Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

ALMOND CARAMEL
Alicante almonds in real cream caramel



SOUR ORANGE
Cream fondant, true orange fruit



NOUGATINE
Honey, egg, fruits and nuts
(Enlarged)

CATAWBA
Mayette walnut in apricot jelly

CREAM WALNUT
Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

RASPBERRY HEART
A tender raspberry in cream fondant

WHEN you pass around the usual box of chocolates, see people pick and choose—

"Will I like *this* one?"—

"Suppose *that* one's nice?"—

And so on, till the only ones left are kinds that no one really wants.

Not so with Liggett's!

For here's a box made up *only* from the centers people like best—we've a sure way to tell what those are—right down to the last piece—

Take home a box today and we'll prove it.

85c to $1.50 per pound box.

By special arrangement Liggett's Chocolates are featured and sold only at The 8000 Rexall Stores throughout the United States and Canada

(Continued from Page 74)

It is a significant fact that the most ardent advocates of bonus systems are so thoroughly aware of their limitations and of the precise conditions that must exist if they are to thrive.

"It is absolutely necessary," says Mr. X——, "to sell your employees. You must sell them not only collectively but individually. Four or five Doubting Thomases in a large department are enough to wreck the best-laid plan. A single supervisor or foreman if either hostile or aloof can upset the most beneficent scheme that can be devised. On the other hand, when these systems work out as they should, they are capable of increasing the efficiency of a clerical force 100%. I mean literally 100%, for that is the result that I and others have obtained time, time and again.

"There is scarcely any sort of departmental work that cannot be improved by the introduction of these systems. All a manager has to do is to study his problem, make his time studies, decide clearly upon the result he wishes to secure, and ascertain how much he can afford to pay for that result. The rest is merely a matter of patiently working out the details. Be sure you are right before you go ahead. The slightest false step may jeopard the whole system. Above all, the plan must be simple to begin with. It must be intelligible to every employee in the department in which it is to be worked. It must be explained fully and introduced tactfully. The employee's self-interest must be appealed to and he or she must be convinced of its fairness and impartiality.

"Another thing must be borne in mind by managers: The standards of production which are set must be so moderate that a good clerk will find it possible to earn a bonus of 20 or 25% of her basic wage. Shortsighted managers are often obsessed by the idea that employees may derive too great benefits from these economy-sharing systems; but experience has shown that if standards are set with this thought uppermost in the manager's mind his plan is foredoomed to failure."

Mr. X—— told me that the happiest days he has spent during the past fifteen years were those on which he had succeeded in thinking out new and useful adaptations of the economy-sharing idea. During those years he has seen his department transformed from a loose, inefficient organization into a close-knit model of efficiency and accuracy. He has seen his girls double and triple their former pay. He finds them contented, loyal and ambitious; and he has the further satisfaction of reflecting that his constructive and original work has saved his company a great many thousands of dollars a year, with the annual score to his credit continually growing.

Less Checking and More Accuracy

AN INSTRUCTIVE instance of quality economy sharing was found in the administration building of a manufacturing concern which has a vast number of small customers and is obliged to maintain an accurate mailing list of literally hundreds of thousands of names. Before the adoption of newer methods an infinite amount of trouble and no small expense were caused, first, by incorrect addresses and, second, by duplicate mailings of catalogues to careless correspondents.

According to the old procedure names and addresses were taken directly from customers' letters, and addressing-machine stencils were cut by girls employed for the purpose. When this operation had been completed two girls checked the printed addresses, one reading from the stencil and the other verifying it with the customer's letter in her hand. This checking of addresses involved an expenditure of about $3000 a year; but the volume of complaints of merchandise and catalogues not received appeared to indicate that the standard of accuracy attained was far from satisfactory.

At last the matter was put into the hands of the economy-sharing expert. After having made a thorough study of the system and its defects he installed entirely new methods. His first step was a bold one. He abolished the checking system entirely.

Next he called in the stencil girls and asked them if they did not think they might be able to turn out more accurate work if they knew they were not to be checked up; that their errors would remain undiscovered until the complaint letters came in from irate customers. The stencil operators thought they could, but expressed a fear that if they were expected to do very much more careful work their production would be so cut down that they would be unable to maintain their old piecework wage.

The expert came back with a new proposal.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "Do the best you can while the experiment is being tried out and I will see that your pay envelope does not suffer. In the meantime you shall be paid $1 bonus—in addition to what you are now getting—for every 800 stencils you cut, but in order to keep you up on your toes you will be fined 25 cents for every incorrect address that is traced to you."

From the girls' standpoint this was not a very attractive proposal, but they were quite willing to try it out on the understanding that they should lose nothing by the experiment. After a short trial there was a marked improvement in accuracy with practically no diminution of output. Faithful Fanny's knowledge that Hazel and Sadie were not on hand to check her work appeared to act as a constant stimulus to accuracy.

Week after week the red curve on the complaint graph sagged and sagged until it finally straightened out at a low level and ran across the sheet as a sort of permanent low-water mark. Meantime the economy-sharing wages of the stencil girls were steadily rising and everyone was happy.

The executive who installed the system summarized the results obtained:

"In the first place the work was better done. Cutting out the checking process was a long step in advance. This is the most monotonous work you can imagine. After an hour or so the mind wanders and the work becomes mechanical. The checkers are about as useful as a pair of wooden Indians and much of their work is sheer waste.

"Second, the company saved one-half of the $3000 a year the checking had cost.

"Third, the girls were able to earn more and took more interest in their work. Fifteen hundred dollars a year that had been going to checkers went in bonuses to the stencil operators."

The executive quoted above felt so much encouraged by his innovation in the stencil-cutting room that he determined to go a step farther. Every large corporation and mail-order house experiences untold annoyances growing out of the carelessness of customers and correspondents. Blind handwriting can usually be deciphered by someone in the office. Insufficient addresses can often be completed by reference to postmarks and the Official Postal Guide; but if Mrs. John C. Perkins so signs her first letter ordering a small piece of merchandise, and a fortnight later writes over the name Rose Perkins that her order has not been filled, finally taking pen in hand to say that she is putting the matter up to the post-office inspectors, "Yours truly, Mrs. Doctor Perkins"—the tracer has a hard nut to crack. He is very apt to settle the matter by sending the Perkins person a duplicate of the article she ordered, with a soft answer of the sort that turneth away wrath.

The offer of small cash prizes for the mating of letters written by the same person over different signatures has done much to put an end to this annoyance.

A novel application of the economy-sharing principle has recently been tried out with great success by a large concern engaged in a light manufacturing business. In the autumn of 1918 this company found its output growing so materially that it was deemed necessary to increase its fleet of motor trucks by 25%. It then appeared that the motor-truck manufacturers were so far behind on their orders that the newly ordered trucks would scarcely suffice to handle the company's local hauling.

Under these conditions it was suggested the bonus system be given a trial, to ascertain if it would not be possible to make the existing trucks meet current conditions until the new ones could be delivered.

With this end in view the regular hauls were listed and timed and specifications were drawn for the standard day's work. The plan was carefully explained to the truck drivers, the possibilities of time saving were suggested, and the whole trucking force was given to understand that company and drivers should share and share alike in any cash saving that the new system might be responsible for.

Truck-Driving as an Outdoor Sport

WITHIN a very few days all the drivers but one were earning bonuses. Every driver when he put up his truck for the night knew precisely what he had done during the day and just what amount of bonus money that day's work would put into his envelope at the end of the week.

Under the old system these drivers were good men who did a fair day's work; but they were human and were not inclined to crowd themselves. When they brought a load to the freight platform and found that there was not quite room enough to get their trucks into a good position for unloading they were very apt to pull off to one side, find a shady place and smoke a pipe or two while waiting for a vacant berth at the platform.

In a single week the economy-sharing system changed all that. To-day if there is a crowd at the platform something is done about it. At once there is a lively barrage of that hearty teamsters' vernacular which Ralph Waldo Emerson assures us is so much more effective than the suave, well-turned sentences of the most learned Oxford graduate. It is a case of youth will be served, and served quickly; and those truckmen manage to get a chance at the platform or know the reason why.

After this system had been in vogue for a few weeks the records showed that one driver had not earned a bonus on a single day's work. The manager sent for him and asked what was wrong. The driver replied that there was nothing wrong, but that he was perfectly satisfied with his basic wage and would rather go without a bonus than exert himself any more than he had in the past.

The manager told him that this attitude could no tolerated; that, though the driver had a right to ear as little as he chose, the company could not afford to l slacker trucks at a time when the shortage of mo power was greatest. The company was not slave-dri or trying to get more work than it paid for, but it wasteful to allow the hauling power of one truck to far behind that of all the others of the same type.

The ton-mile haulage of this fleet of trucks has bee greatly increased that it not only does far more work ever before but it has demonstrated its ability to ha any volume of traffic that the approaching busy seas likely to bring. So confident is the manager of this partment of the company that his present equipmer all he needs that he voluntarily proposed that the con cancel its order for the delayed motor trucks.

"But what is new about this application of the econo sharing principle?" the executive responsible for it asked. "Is it not in essence an application of the pi work system, with loads instead of production-units the basis of payment?"

"Not at all," came the answer. "In piecework the is the limit. That was the trouble with many of the called efficiency systems, which made men feel that were just so many machines speeded up to the limi physical endurance.

"Under the plan I have been explaining to you there limit. Obviously we cannot have our trucks das about town through crowded streets, running down tr police and bumping into small-fry motors. My pla based upon the idea that there is a speed limit, a s which if exceeded is wasteful for both the company for the employee.

"There is another thing you should know about results of economy sharing experienced in our truc department: The increased efficiency that our rec show is by no means entirely due to the opportu afforded for making higher wages. The bonus systen troduced a new element of rivalry into the day's w The men make a game of it. They boast to one anoth the number of trips they are making and lay side bet the amount of their weekly bonuses."

General Hints for Executives

"THEIR rivalry is so keen that they are impatien the slightest delay at our shipping platform. week after we introduced the new system the girls i office overlooking the loading platforms sent a delega to me to complain that the language of the truckmen something awful, and quite unfit for maidenly ears to h that the teamsters were so anxious to take on their l and be off that they cursed each other up hill and d dale if they were kept waiting for a moment. Of co profanity is not a thing to boast of, but in the presen stance it is proof positive of a new and wholesome int in the job.

"Furthermore ——"

The manager's peroration was cut off short by the hi ous entrance of his young assistant.

"Say, boss," the youngster began, "you know you a me to look into Bob Tucker's record for day before ye day, and I've just been talking to him."

The manager hastened to put me in touch with situation.

"Bob is one of our best men," he explained. "H planning to get married next spring and these bonuses quite in his line. A stray dollar has to have long legs a good wind to get away from Bob. On Monday he b all previous trucking records so handily that I asked assistant to look into the matter. How about it, son?

"Well, boss, I had hard work to make Tucker give but finally he told me how he managed to set a new rec It seems that just as he was reporting for work at the w house on Monday he heard that Larry Thompson was and would not show up; so he asked to have Larry's t loaded and ready to go out in forty minutes. The brought his own load to the plant. As soon as he arr at the unloading platform he hopped off the truck took a street car back to the warehouse. Larry's t was all ready for him and he brought that along too. the time he reached the plant his own truck had been loaded and was ready for the return trip. In this wa ran two trucks all day Monday and so made his rec I'll tell the world that Bob is some truckman!"

"Irregular! Very irregular!" laughed the mana "but Bob seems to have gotten away with it this time I do not see but what he has earned all the bonus his calls for. . . . I must look into this matter. Perh Bob's idea is good enough to adopt as a regular th We'll see."

Economy-sharing experts are agreed that when a c prehensive system of bonuses is to be introduced in e department of a large organization it is much the be practice to have it worked out and introduced by a sp bureau created for the purpose than to allow each dep ment manager to go ahead on his own account. If

(Concluded on Page 79)

(Concluded from Page 76)

omen devise systems for a dozen de-rtments they profit by an interchange ids with departmental managers and le to view every part of the sys-n in its proper proportion. Furthermore ey re able to turn to account the les-ns aught by failures or successes in any e epartment for the benefit of all the ne.

By concentrating on this work these in-nts of bonus systems become highly pe, and acquire an aptitude for their rk that saves a great deal of money ducing to a minimum the number of cosidered schemes and the false steps t would inevitably be taken by the xperienced in the introduction of plans t re, in themselves, entirely sound.

An executive who heads such a bureau d as under him half a dozen young ex-rts in economy sharing says that one of greatest troubles grows out of the very cacy of his men. Repeatedly he has t he of his assistants to study the weak-ss of a run-down and semidemoralized department and set it upon its feet. No sooner has the department been reorganized and brought to a high state of efficiency than the head of it comes to this executive to beg, borrow or steal the young man who did the work, with the intention of making him his right-hand man. It is all the head of this bureau can do to keep the members of his little force away from the clutches of his envious colleagues.

It is interesting to note that the most enthusiastic advocates of economy-sharing systems are able to regard them judicially and without fanaticism. They admit that perhaps these plans are not economically sound; that self-interest is not the loftiest motive for doing better work or more of it; that the bonus is not the infallible cure-all for industrial ills. They simply say that they must take conditions as they find them and that if economy sharing produces beneficent results they will continue to practice it until some better and more efficacious plan is devised.

These experts, almost without exception, have at heart the interests of the employee quite as much as those of the employer, and when they point with pride to increased output or to workmanship of higher quality they call attention, with equal elation, to the higher wages that have been paid. They do not regard labor in the light of raw material to be bought in bulk by the haggling of the market.

From the Year of Peace to the reign of Henry VIII is a long leap backward; but in taking off for a jump into the sixteenth century one has the assurance that it is possible to alight upon an economic idea so basic and timely and significant that it was embodied in one of the early provisions for the League of Nations.

No man can read of social conditions in sixteenth-century England without an involuntary sigh of compassion for the state of the laboring classes.

Everyone knows of the heartbreaking hours of labor; the severity of the apprentice system; the harshness of a penal code that punished with death more than 100 crimes, and inflicted barbarous penalties for trivial offenses; the hardships of daily life; the squalor of lodgings and the roughness of fare.

And yet, with all these conditions in mind, Mr. Froude, in his History of England, favorably contrasts the lot of the workingman who was a subject of Henry VIII with that of his descendant who was a subject of Queen Victoria.

"There was," he says, "this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity; the government—whether wisely or not I do not presume to determine—attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity."

Thirty or forty pages farther on, Mr. Froude adds:

"Looking, therefore, at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry the body of the people were prosperous, well-fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before; better off than they have ever been in later times."

A PARABLE OF TRIFLES

(Concluded from Page 29)

irense hatred for each other. A grinning levongol boy picked up the fragments te ball and pulled them curiously pces.

"nssen turning abruptly on his heel irl to his room, where he flung himself wand sobbed with rage and mortifica-n Gay returned to his kang and sat on e ge of it, his chin in his hands, think-g pomily.

"om that day they would not speak vcl to each other.

"his sounds simple enough to you here, e it is cheap to chatter; but these nad before them a journey of months d very trying conditions. Infinite itle pressed in on all sides. No longer il they rely on the sympathetic guid-cend understanding of a friend. Friend-p as dead and the nearest acquaintance tlir own blood and breed many weeks tivel removed from them. They were ery sense in the center of vast deserts. "ortunately to a certain degree they a ed their common sense. Each pos-s certain qualities that the other was ul for practical purposes to recognize. ugh they maintained a sullen silence in ei personal relations, on matters of sless they had sense enough to speak, oth curtly and abruptly, with not a g syllable more than was immediately cssary. In this manner the caravan was leo move on.

"s they swung round the vast arc that ought them nearer the northern but-ess of Tibet the caravan gradually nished. The cargo was lightened at the lles through which they passed and the lsen camels sent back. Eventually e mber of camels was reduced to such oot that it became necessary, when the d of the survivors were worn through to e nick on the rough and shingly soil, to g e the beasts and stitch bits of rawhide t the calloused edges of the raw and eeng pads, while the camels bawled and niled with pain.

"ccasionally policy required that they ct the hospitality of some of the desert ines. In the homely yurts of felt and tls, grimy and saturated with the ice of the burning argol they sometimes u ted and ate with seeming relish the li cies that the plains afforded—tea e d from dirty cubes that had passed orfilthy hand to filthier hand for months, vich green soft cheese of mare's milk asdropped; and quivering lumps of alucent fat cut hot and slimy from the ilf broad-tail sheep.

"hey went through these episodes to-t r with outward decorum, but it never ved the slightest confidence. Rather re new occurrence increased the con-rt and hatred they felt for one another. "ittle things took on horrid signifi-nce. Rheum in the eyes in the morning; a husual snort in blowing the nose; an ni entional sucking of the teeth—things eynd control and utterly silly filled them it mutual discomfort and disgust. They o reached a stage where in the waterless a s they were unable to wash for long erds. This of course is one of the things a people who gloat over the romance of d nturous travel leave out of their reck-ng; nevertheless, it is a contingency over which you cannot triumph. They became, therefore, grossly filthy. The season having advanced, the night air in the higher altitudes became very cold and they were obliged to put on their sheepskin coats. These quickly became infested with vermin.

"Now the Mongols of course are always filthy. It is a racial characteristic. They satisfy their religious obligations of one bath a year by baring their heads if a chance flurry of mist scatters from the sky. But the white men had known each other in civilized or near-civilized settings, where they were well-groomed and clean, presenting themselves always in fresh and shining aspects. So, as they became more and more dirty, they resented it in their own case and despised it in the other. Each thought: 'I may be pretty bad. But I'm certainly not so filthy as he is!'

"And the flickering suspicion that perhaps the other entertained the same thought increased their rage. As they rode along they stole surreptitious and surly glances at one another and revolved subtle homicidal schemes in their minds.

"When they reached Lanchow-fu it seemed that only the lack of opportunity had prevented murder, so thoroughly did each resent the presence of the other. Fortunately in the Kansu capital they encountered some Europeans—priests of a French mission which had a station in that remote city.

"Both spoke French, and these priests entertained them joyfully, so that they tasted again some of the fruits and customs of civilization. Particularly they made themselves clean and procured new garments. Nevertheless, there was still no unbending in their personal relations.

"They saw each other again in decent array, acting with natural courtesy toward their hosts and entering into discussions that proved them to be still gentlemen in the eyes of others, familiar with the customs and conventions of the world; but the remembrance of all the little pettinesses of the desert trail was still monstrous in their minds. There still glowed an unalterable scorn. They believed they could never forgive or forget each other's despicableness. Their illusions had been completely shattered. On their next trip, by heaven, they would select each a different type of man for companion!

"Orders came unexpectedly by pony express, via Sigan-fu, to leave the remnants of their cargo with native agents in Lanchow-fu and return in all haste over the mountains before the approaching winter made the passes impracticable.

"Fresh ponies were therefore procured and they set out with great speed eastward toward the province of Shen-si, each pondering over private plans.

"Sometimes the marvelous little ponies accomplished fifty miles a day for several days in succession. It was a supreme test of endurance for men and beasts and all rose to it grandly, though indifferent to their achievement. They felt simply the desire to push on, and their resolution was strengthened by the constant thought that every day brought them nearer the end of their journey and the dissolution of a hated partnership.

"Their hate had now simmered down into a sullen indifference. Had one plunged over a cliff the other would hardly have turned in his saddle! They were done with each other!

"One evening as they entered a small mountain village and were inquiring their way to an inn they were told that another European was already in the village. They learned that this stranger was in the employ of their own company, the company that had sent them to the borders of Tibet. Thrilled and stimulated by this sudden contact with their old firm and the resumption of personal relations with old acquaintances they turned their ponies toward the inn and made off at a fast trot.

"Struck by a vague bashful curiosity that suddenly overtook them they stole glances at each other. The past lay behind them, though recollection had not yet been richened by ripening time. Nevertheless at the moment both came near forgetting the terrible bitterness that had very nearly made the long trip tragic.

"They reached the inn. Swerving abruptly through the great beamed gateway they entered the courtyard in a cloud of dust.

"A man rose as they entered, and taking his pipe reluctantly from his cracked lips stared at them with a sort of defiant welcome. His swarthy complexion intensified the lowering effect of his direct gaze. There was a slight suggestion of affected condescension in his gait as he walked slowly toward the newcomers. His heavy sheepskins exaggerated his swagger.

"Gay reined in his pony to steady it before dismounting; but the more impulsive Janssen swung lightly from his saddle, and walking quickly forward with outstretched hand exclaimed: 'I'm Janssen. We've just got back. We're on our way to Sigan.'

"'My nyme's'Ammond,' said the stranger unexpectedly. 'Glad to see someone, I can tell yer! No bloomin' fun muckin' abaht this blinkin' plyce!'

"'Well, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Ammond,' said Janssen with enthusiasm.

"A shadow drifted across Hammond's face. His chin set aggressively.

"'Hi said m'nyme's 'Ammond!'

"The Dane was perplexed and embarrassed.

"'Yes. Quite. Well, I say I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Ammond.'

"'Strike me pink!' shouted Hammond with protruding eyes. 'Wot the blinkin' 'ell's the matter wiv yer? Eyn't yer got no ruddy hears? 'Ammond! 'Ammond! 'Ammond!'

"Janssen, growing hot with indignation at he knew not what, turned instinctively to his old friend and said quite naturally:

"'I say, old boy, what the devil's the matter with this chap? Is he mad?'

"Gay had dismounted. The full force of the brief conversation had struck him squarely. In a flash he had visualized himself in the center of Mongolia alone with Hammond! Instantly he realized what unappreciative fools both he and Janssen had been—what consummate asses!

"When Janssen's eyes fell upon his partner, therefore, the latter, overcome by the reaction of his emotions, was lying on his back in the dust of the inn yard, kicking his heels, spluttering, shrieking with laughter and gurgling between gasps: 'Strike me pink! Strike me pink! Strike me pink!'"

The traveler paused.

A cool gentle wind was blowing in from the water, sweet with the mingled perfume of the sea and fresh wet grass. All were aware of a peculiar tenseness at the conclusion of the parable, as though each found its personal application.

"So you see," added the traveler, lighting a fresh cigarette, "how lightly people may make fools of themselves and throw away the chances of happiness that are about them. If only we could realize it! Gay and Janssen of course again became the best of pals. But if they hadn't run into that blustering cockney and understood the possibilities ——"

A strange sound interrupted the traveler. One of the guests had risen to his feet, spluttering and stammering with indignation. Everyone was nonplused.

The traveler trying sardonically to identify him in the dark said: "What the deuce—who in the world are you?"

"My name's 'Am—— Hammersley! Blast you!" Turning to the rest of the company he added: "I can stand some things, but not straight insult. I'm orf!"

Upsetting a chair in his awkward haste, without another word to hostess or guests, muttering explosively, he left the veranda and disappeared in the house. Before anyone seemed equal to the occasion the sound of a motor was heard, and all knew that Hammersley was really off!

Shrill and guttural protests immediately broke forth. Opinions were aired. Indignation was variously expressed. The hostess was restrained but furious. Several expressed the idea that he had taken offense at the traveler's delineation of an Englishman. The traveler laughed.

"He was certainly born in London," observed the traveler. "But I assure you he's not a representative Englishman."

Two only failed to express opinions.

They were the husband and wife who had stood sponsor for the departed guest. Apparently overcome with mortification they had nothing to say. But as the company was breaking up each separately sought out the traveler.

The husband clasped his hand with expressive firmness and said: "I'm glad you agreed with my point. Your description was great! I want to thank you! Eh? Thank you very much!"

The wife was more gushing, possibly in an effort to overcome her embarrassment and mortification, though a more subtle reason was also added thereto.

"Your story was wonderful! Wonderful—and apt! People are inclined to be too unimaginative, I think—don't you? Things like that are so seldom brought home to one. And then, you know, people are so unappreciative! Oh, I want to thank you so much!"

The traveler acknowledged her compliments politely; then watched her as she left, leaning confidingly against her husband, new and false animation in her face as she prattled in his ear, and a heavy expression of contented possession on the face of her spouse.

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THE CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 9)

e ceived an executive pardon, but they ro ed him from the Army.

Several things happened immediately te hat. Ike O'Brien, the wop cook, tried wip the top sergeant, and failed dis- al"; the sergeant was a holy terror in a h and had any man in Company F been ble o clean him he wouldn't have been lding his job. That's the kind of a com- n they were. But Ike did so well that e hers almost forgave him the slum.

Al Kibbey enlisted, though well over al age—that's what he did. Moreover, e isted in the Blanks. Most men would v been content to sink out of sight, to p ff where nobody knew them and start re again. A few of sterner stuff might ve enlisted, but it would assuredly have e in organizations which did not know th ir disgrace and could not remind them it daily, hourly, by a thousand unavoid- le signs.

Kibbey possessed the finer grain. In the a s he had fallen, and in the Blanks he ld win back his name. It meant deeper mi iation, but he was prepared for that. Hi weighed any humiliation his com- di could make him feel, against the tit humiliation of his self-reproach?

She enlisted, and they made him a run- ir t regimental headquarters.

Everybody wondered how the men of C mpany F would treat him the first time he et them as a private. As a general pr sition the man in the ranks would le nothing better of a kind heaven than a ch ce to settle scores with his platoon or C mpany commander with the odds even; if there were many Oskowitzes in Com- ar F, now was their time to square ac- ou ts. They could browbeat Kibbey with- ut fear of punishment beyond what he mi ht be able to administer personally.

About a week after his enlistment the sc ame. Private Kibbey carried a mes- sa e to the new commander of the company wh it was in the line. The officer, who ac never met him, scarcely glanced at Ki ley.

"All right," he said, after reading the no "Wait outside somewhere. I'll have a report ready in twenty minutes."

"Yes, sir." Kibbey clicked his heels to- ge her and climbed into the trench.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morn- in at which hour the Germans invariably sp ed up on the company kitchen and ma s sprayed round the captain's P. C. Th efore he did not remain in the open re h but descended into a dugout where a cop sergeant and a bunch of men holed. So me of them were shooting dice on the co by candlelight. Two or three of the mo industrious were engaged in cleaning th ir rifles. One was stalking cooties in his un erwear. The others slept. Seated on a el h in front of a soap box was the ser- ge nt, busily writing. He raised his head an earing Kibbey come clattering down- st s, then sprang to his feet.

"Ten-shun!"

Pr ivate Kibbey glanced round at the ti rigid figures and his face flamed. Ve they mocking him? But surely that re pectful silence was never intended for a ri l joke! One questioning look at the ob sergeant's face and every doubt was di pelled. Kibbey gulped and turned pale as sheet.

"Thanks, boys," he said brokenly and ac lown.

Th en here came Ike O'Brien, hotfoot fr m the kitchen, with coffee and dough- nu for the "capatin." Not h. Ike was actually carrying hi n, for one Private Osko- wi performed that office; bu the coffee was hi st as warm as wh n it left the fire be ause Ike had ta n the precaution to keep close to Osko- wi 's heels with a co look.

From that day not a an of Company F ha d to stand at at ntion whenever Pr ate Kibbey ap- pe red. Not a man of the mall but re- pa d to him with "K." They might ch vy him about at he dquarters like any other doughboy but to Company F he was still the captain.

It must have been fearfully hard on Kibbey during this period. Everyone knew his story and it made him a marked man. With fine delicacy the doughboys among whom he lived made it as easy as possible for him, but Kibbey was never a very approachable person at best, owing to his shyness, and with the weight of humiliation upon him he grew even more retiring. The boys would have welcomed him as a comrade and put him perfectly at ease; he could have become one of them, for being busted counts for nothing with them—they figure it's apt to happen to any man and the bulk of Company F, being new to soldiering, didn't take rank very seriously anyhow. Kibbey, however, never gave them an opportunity to get close. He worked like a red ant and held aloof—a solitary, grieving, broken-hearted man.

The officers of the Blanks were firmly convinced that it was only a question of weeks before Kibbey would get bumped off. No man could take the chances he took and come through. Once—twice—three times, perhaps; but the Lord can't take care of a fool forever, and Kibbey would try it once too often!

In his efforts to do some act which might win him a commission he did take appalling risks. The enemy made a raid on the Blanks just after they took over from another outfit, and telephone communication with the front line was absolutely cut off early in the bombardment. Nobody knew what was happening to two companies out there, and the Old Man raved.

"Fourteen ways of communicating with them, hey?" he stormed. "I guess those're only on paper! They're lost, I tell you! Don't seem to have even a rocket. We've got to reach 'em."

Kibbey penetrated twice through the barrage with messages, though "to attempt to do so seemed like certain death." He showed "an absolute disregard of danger" and "readiness to undertake any mission, however perilous. Although wounded in the abdomen, he refused to be evacuated, but volunteered to go through the barrage a third time with a message, and received medical aid only after he collapsed." The Old Man recommended him for a D.S.C., for "exceptional bravery and eagerness to face any peril," and in talking about it afterward swore even more than he was wont—which is saying a good deal. Also—but of this he did not drop a hint—he recommended Kibbey for a commission.

Kibbey went back to a hospital, where a nurse showed such kindness to him that he told her, in his weakness, a lot nobody in the regiment knew. She didn't take his view of the case at all and roundly denounced a certain girl's conduct as outrageous, selfish and shameful. Later she remarked to her chum, Kemp, that men like Kibbey always fell for hussies like that; and Miss Kemp replied it was queer how that kind of creature always picked the nice men too.

Kibbey did not blame the nurse—women are apt to be harsh judges of their sex, he reflected—but she did not understand. Nobody was to blame—not even the other fellow. It was simply that he, Kibbey, proved not to be the right man.

He rejoined the Blanks just before the Soissons fight in July, and got another wound and a second recommendation for a Cross. That was about the last paper the Old Man signed before leaving the regiment to take command of a brigade in another division.

"If it'd have the same effect on all my officers as it's had on that man," declared the colonel, breathing like a horse with the heaves, "I'd import a keg of the stuff and let 'em all load up."

The feat which called forth this tribute consisted of carrying in a major helpless from a shattered leg, under a hot machine-gun fire. The incident was never mentioned between them.

Kibbey took part in the capture of St.-Mihiel, but nothing of special moment happened to him there. He came through without a scratch and was still a runner when the Blanks went into action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive in October. Somewhere at G.H.Q. reposed two recommendations for a D.S.C., and Washington was still considering the matter of his commission, if it had not already pigeonholed the papers; meanwhile he remained Private Kibbey, No. One Million and Something. The prized things of life are so easily lost, so terribly hard to win.

Chilly weather had set in. Transportation was short, as usual, and the regiment had to hike. The first day they hiked from an hour before dawn until eight that night, through rain and mud, along roads jammed with grinding trucks and guns and smoking slum carts and tanks and machine guns and infantry. Everything became hopelessly mixed up, as it always is in open warfare—artillery and engineers and signal corps and doughboys, medical outfits and supply trains and trench-mortar companies—and everybody demanding of everybody else: "Who the hell are you? What outfit's this?" Officers hunting for lost kitchens; a colonel bellowing to high heaven to know whether anybody had seen his third battalion, and where in blankety-blank-blank could it have strayed to?

Poor Kibbey carried messages until his knees shook under him, and then rallied to carry another at the double. About midnight he dropped on a bank beside the road, all in, and slept there in the rain, dreaming that he was warm. And when he woke in the bitter cold of dawn, with aching limbs and body racked with a chill, it was to pray that he might die and get out of it all.

He bummed a breakfast at a slum cart; it was the last hot meal he was to eat. For forty-eight hours he lived on a cake of chocolate. The chow failed to appear, and his iron ration proved to be uneatable. Gas had penetrated it while Kibbey, with an order for Major Biggar, whose battalion stuck obstinately to the wrong side of a hill, was wading through a small mustard-drenched valley.

Meanwhile the Blanks were fighting manfully for the objectives assigned to them, but fighting in vain. Both artillery and machine-gun fire swept them from either flank and when they advanced behind a barrage our own shells smashed into their line.

As he was dog-trotting laterally from left to right across the slope of a ridge to find out from the colonel why Company K did not maintain liaison Kibbey saw two men of an advancing wave killed by one of our own shells not thirty yards from him.

Kibbey Went Back to a Hospital, Where a Nurse Showed Such Kindness to Him That He Told Her, in His Weakness, a Lot Nobody in the Regiment Knew

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"Say," yelled a doughboy, "they're shootin' short!"

"Then why don't you back up, you ignorant ——?" he bawled, for the mildest of men will cuss in the heat of battle. Evidently the thought had not occurred to them. The line moderated its pace until the barrage fell well ahead.

At another point in the advance he perceived a company moving slowly across a field against machine-gun nests, over the bodies of comrades. The dead lay in windrows, face downward toward the foe. As he watched, the fire grew so terrific that flesh and blood could not stand against it. Slowly they retired, never turning their backs, but facing the enemy; it was exactly as though an irresistible force were shoving them.

He found Major Biggar in a shell hole crouching over a map; a blanket supported by trench sticks stuck upright in the mud, formed an awning to protect it from the rain. Three or four soldiers sat outside the blanket, on the slope of the crater. Just as Kibbey slid down to join them they heard the screech of a shell and the doughboys made a dive to get under the blanket. The burst showed forty yards beyond, and the absurdity of such protection suddenly struck them. Everybody laughed. But men will instinctively seize any cover; a wild daisy is better than nothing.

"If we could put that damned nest out of business, we might be able to do something. It's holding up the whole show," fumed the major, resuming his study of the map, and Kibbey learned that Company F had failed to win their objective, with disastrous results to the entire operation.

"None of them came back?" the major continued. "And you haven't heard anything from them?"

"No, sir."

"Who didn't come back?" whispered Kibbey to a soldier.

"A bunch volunteered to clean it up, but that's the last we seen of 'em," was the reply.

It was no longer Private Kibbey, but the captain of Company F with the responsibility for all his men upon his shoulders, who now spoke up: "Let me try, sir."

"What could you do?"

"Give me a bag of grenades and you'll see."

They gave him a bag of hand grenades. Armed with these and his rifle, Kibbey set out.

Company F were hiding in a small wood like rats until they could reorganize for a fresh effort. The boche artillery was pounding the position with heavies. Trees toppled and crashed; geysers of dirt and sticks and stones spurted high in air. The doughboys huddled behind rocks and piles of logs and in the fresh shell holes, badly shaken from the terrible drubbing they had received, but ready to try again. They could have gone on against artillery—bad as it was there was a chance against it—but the objective lay beyond a wheat field bare of cover and a machine-gun nest had a clean sweep of every foot.

"It's suicide—plain suicide," declared the lieutenant who had succeeded to command of the company an hour before, after the captain was killed. "We're down to ninety men now—out of two hundred and forty. And the last bunch we sent out—seven of 'em—never showed up again."

Nevertheless, Kibbey went—and alone. How he managed to cross the field without drawing fire they never learned. Company F heard the whang of his first grenade; an interval, then the savage chatter of a machine gun followed by three grenade explosions. After that, silence. They waited for Kibbey to report, but he did not return.

"He's done for, sure," declared the lieutenant.

"Maybe he got 'em" the top sergeant suggested.

"We daren't risk it until we're certain. See if you can draw their fire."

They offered the enemy several fine targets, but not a shot came from the nest. The lieutenant thereupon organized an attack and led the company forward to their objectives, without encountering real resistance.

It was Ike O'Brien who found Kibbey. The cook had abandoned his pots to shoulder a rifle on learning that the battle was going against the Blanks, leaving to his assistants the job of getting up the chow; in more than one fight last year cooks and field clerks and every man in an outfit who could walk went into action.

Approaching a shell hole about ten yards from the machine-gun nest, Ike heard a feeble voice say: "Best keep out of here. There're four stiffs here already and I'll soon be another."

Four indeed; and one of them was Kibbey, with fourteen bullet wounds. The soldier still alive in the hole told the cook that Kibbey reached the spot without being detected and flung a grenade at the nest. It fell wide, and to make sure that the next went true, he had exposed himself above the rim. Though badly shot up, the soldier had handed the grenades to Kibbey, one by one. The Germans killed him as he threw the third.

"Gee, he was a game bird!" he said weakly. "I reckon I'm going west, too, don't you? Look—got it here—right through the stummick."

"Hell, no!" cried Ike, though the death pallor was already round the boy's lips. "You'll be sittin' pretty in a hospital mighty soon, ol'-timer."

Stumbling and panting the cook ra[n] for aid. They carried the wounded man [to] a dressing station, but Kibbey's body [was] borne to the new company P. C., just e[s]tablished in the captured German positi[on].

"It's the captain," he explained [in] reverent whisper.

"Captain?" cried the lieute[nant]. "What're you talking about? This [man] was a runner."

Which is about all there is to Kib[bey's] story. They found an unmailed l[etter] sadly stained, in the breast pocket [of] blouse. It was unsealed—anyhow, [Ike] O'Brien read it.

Of course it was to his girl—or rath[er] her who had once been that. He did [not] reproach her; neither did he do any m[ore] lin grieving.

The only sign he betrayed of the m[ost] hurt she had given was in the request [that] in the event of anything happening no[body] should mourn for him.

"For I'm not half as afraid to die [as I] am to live. Many a time during this a[wful] horrible business, when I could h[ardly] stand on my feet and the strain was b[eat]ing my nerve, I would have welc[omed] death—I've actually prayed for it."

"If he leava her the insurance," [Ike] claimed Ike, sniffing as he read on, "I [will] up this letter."

But he did not go to that length. [The] full amount of his insurance, and e[very]thing else he possessed, were bequeath[ed] a small brother living with an aunt in [New] Hampshire.

His old company buried Kibbey [in a] little cemetery behind a village ch[urch] within sight of beetling Cornay Ridge. [It] is very quiet and peaceful there. He [lies] in an angle of the old stone wall. A w[ild] whispers to him when a breeze stirs it, [and] the mellow evening light seems to l[inger] above the spot.

The sexton tells of escorting two A[meri]ican officers to the grave not long afte[r the] armistice sent blessed silence over al[l the] country. I happen to know that one [was] Lieutenant Dougherty, who devoted [his] days of his leave to the purpose. The [other] was Ike O'Brien, the wop cook.

"They made a noise with their heels [at] this," reported the sexton; "and salut—*comme ça!* Then they strewed flowers [they] had brought. *Regardez!* They are [still] there. He must have been a very b[rave] soldier, *hein, m'sieu?*"

Let no one pity him. For he won [what] he always sought. Not by any Act of [Con]gress was he "officer and gentleman," but by gift of the men he had led. They placed a tiny wooden cross at the head of his grave, and on the cross:

CAPT. FRANK KIBBEY
KILLED IN ACTION OCT. 9, 19[18]

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Delicate Question of Identity

COLONEL McRAE and Mr. Rhodes, both gray-haired, white-mustached, old gentlemen of Mississippi, lived in the same sizable community. They might have been taken for twin brothers, so alike did the one resemble the other. Indeed the favor was so striking that it was the occasion of frequent remark in the locality.

Often too their customary clothes were noticeably alike. From broad gaiter shoes to soft felt hats their dress was to all intents and purposes identical.

Wholly-pated Nelse, ex-slave and gentleman extraordinary, knew only one of the two distinguished citizens, however—Colonel McRae. One day he stopped Mr. Rhodes on the street, mistaking him for the colonel, and lifting his tattered old hat with a flourish which indicated both humility and a consciousness of good breeding, he said with an assumption of great privacy: "Kunnnel McRae, ef hit's convenient, sah, I'd like to git de pay fur dat wood I tuck up to yo' house las' Chuseday, sah."

Mr. Rhodes, sensing fun, answered, "No, uncle, I am not Colonel McRae."

"Ain't you ain't?" questioned the negro incredulously.

"No," said Mr. Rhodes, "I assure you that I am not the colonel. However, I am quite unconscious of the compliment your mistake implies, and I thank you accordingly."

"Well, sah," continued the negro, "you does favor de kunnel. Ef you ain't him you mus' be his paw."

"No," answered Mr. Rhodes with a gleam of merriment in his shrewd eyes, "I am not the colonel's father. On the contrary, uncle, he is my father."

"Say he is?" said the old darky, seemingly satisfied.

"Well, I thought, sah, dat you all mus' be one anudder's paw."

Now in the Next War——

"YES, an' d'yuh remember the morning after an all-night hike when we wakes up in Nesle Wood with that overdead Jerry layin' right alongside—an' no rations for twenty-four hours past?"

It was at a meeting of the Three-Ought-Zumpth Infantry veterans and as usual past grievances were to the fore.

"Do I! Gee! And how about the day we're up in the Argonne and my right hand's just been gummed up with a machine-gun bullet when some stiff back at headquarters wants me to sign a paper about allotments or somethin'!

"Oh, you can snatch it from me, bo, I'm off the infantry in the next war! Me for a job some place in the quiet sectors—say in the chemical-warfare line. In the next scrap I'm going to be a cross retort."

Epitaph for an Internationalist

HERE lies the body of John Smith.
He was born an American; he died an Internationalist—that is to say, an enthusiast for all nations except his own.

He was constantly agitated lest his own country should grow too great, too prosperous, too proud.

His was the type of mind which education succeeds only in making turbid and cantankerous.

He did not believe in force—unless employed to supplant success by failure.

He hated war, unless for the purpose of imposing an untried scheme upon recalcitrants—then it must be pitiless.

He believed vaguely that there must be something fundamentally wrong with any system of government which has been found workable.

In political economy his notion was that the ideal wheel should have no hub; and that the direction of the vehicle should be decided by vote of the spokes.

He overflowed with sympathy for felons, bombers, jailbirds; but for the plodding honest citizen he had only a cynical smile.

All things foreign seemed to him admirable; all things at home undesirable.

As he decried patriotism as a selfish frailty; scorned national pride as weakness; spat upon flags, boundaries and homes ——

And as he craved to live the broader life free from vulgar acceptations of honor, courage and chivalry:

HERE HE LIES

In a land where his remains will not be disturbed by that vulgar acceptation of honor, courage or chivalry; where instead of a nation there is a flagless mob; where the wheel has no hub and the spokes vote early and often; where the last honest man was long ago murdered for his boots; where nobody is great, prosperous or proud:

REQUIESCAT IN PETROGRAD

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

...hastively expressed my views on this ...ject in the aforementioned memoran...m of March, 1897, as well as in my dis...ches from Japan, I did not make any at...pt at pressing them upon him again in a ...ie personal interview, considering that ...y such endeavor on my part would ac...ding to bureaucratic ethics be held to be ...encroachment on the province of my ...cessor at Tokio, and being convinced, ...oover, that Mr. Iswolsky would very ...ncome to share these views and would ...ail to take them up in his reports to ...e Foreign Department.

After a short stay at St. Petersburg and ...farewell audience with the emperor, in ...e course of which Japan was not even ...entioned, we left for our new destina...n—that is to say, Munich, by way of ...Warsaw and Vienna. The post of Munich ...as merely, so to speak, a post of cour...sy devoid of any business importance, ...e might have prolonged our stay at St. ...etersburg for a couple of months but for ...y desire not to miss the celebrated Octo...erfest—something like the national festi...al of Bavaria.

We arrived at Munich in the early morn...g of a beautiful autumnal day. Having ...ce my family comfortably installed in ...e Continental Hotel, which in those days ...as the favorite hostelry of Bavarian ...ukedom and traveling royalties, I went ...out for a walk, just for exercise, without any ...particular object in view. Puffing away at ...y cigar and lost in thoughts thousands of ...iles away from Bavaria and Europe I ...ardly knew where I was going and sud...enly raising my eyes found myself in an ...pen space with in front the Propylæa, and ...n the left and right buildings in the clas...ic Greek style. The thought flashed ...through my mind: "This is not Munich—...'s Athens." It was a curious confirma...tion of the truth of the saying: "Coming ...vents cast their shadows before"—for ...exactly a year later we arrived at Athens, ...the only difference being that it was late ...at night and it was raining cats and dogs. ...I shall not attempt to give a description ...of this beautiful and interesting town with ...its narrow streets and medieval architec...ture in the old parts and beautiful avenues ...of fine modern buildings in the new part, ...interspersed with such samples of Greek ...classical style as the Propylæa or the Pina...kothek and Glyptothek which had evoked ...in my mind's eye the image of Athens, ...though I had never before seen that city so poetically called the "City of the Violet Crown." But when I look back these nineteen years and recall my first impressions of Munich it seems to me almost incredible—though I have seen with my own eyes what a pathetic wreck human madness could make of the magnificent capital of a once mighty empire—that this beautiful capital of all the arts and sciences with its staid, laborious and well-disciplined population should have become the theater of such events as Spartacide riots, sanguinary street fights and the installation of a soviet government, that insane device of Russian Bolshevism.

Shortly after my arrival I had my audience with the prince regent for the presentation of my letters of credit. Prince Luitpold had been governing Bavaria as regent ever since his nephew, King Ludwig II, had been declared insane, as well as after his mysterious death by drowning in the Stahrenberg Lake, when his brother, likewise mad and confined in one of his castles, had nominally succeeded him on the throne. The prince regent was a very old man but hale and hearty, and a great chamois hunter, with the exquisite manners of a *grand seigneur* of the *ancien régime*. He governed his kingdom constitutionally with level-headed wisdom and discretion, and as far as I could judge to the entire satisfaction of his people, with whom he was fairly popular, though strange to say their enthusiastic love was still faithful to the memory of mad King Ludwig in spite of his having done everything to ruin the state by his insane extravagance and mania for building palaces and castles. One could watch manifestations of this curious trait of the popular character at moving-picture shows when at the close of the performances the usual loyal counterfeit presentments would appear on the screen; that of the Emperor William always being received in dead though respectful silence, that of the regent being greeted with perfunctory applause, but that of King Ludwig never failing to evoke outbursts of manifestly sincere enthusiasm.

We had not long to wait for the famous Octoberfest. It takes place in a vast open space on the confines of the town in front of the colossal statue of Bavaria. A pavilion is erected in the center for the accommodation of the royal family, the diplomatic body and the ministers of state. That was where we were to be presented to all the numerous princes and princesses of the royal house, thus obviating the necessity of special separate audiences with each one of them. The center of attraction for the masses seemed to be the arrival, one after the other, of the various princely turnouts, which were greeted with graduated applause according to the degree of popularity of their owners. On this occasion the most enthusiastic applause fell to the lot of Prince Louis Ferdinand, a practicing physician, and his wife, a Spanish princess, who came in an old-world Spanish state coach drawn by a team of Spanish mules. The whole thing was a combination of country fair, cattle show and race meeting for the peasantry, who galloped along quite informally on a kind of primitive race track. The all-pervading atmosphere was one of cheery good nature abundantly sustained by libations of the famous Munich beer.

Munich is quite, or used to be, the center of the German art world. Most of the noted painters and sculptors live and have their studios in what they like to call the German Athens. One of the means by which the aged prince regent had known how to acquire a wide popularity in the world of artists and savants in his capital is the care he would take to pay periodical visits to the studios not only of the celebrated but even to those of the more or less obscure painters and sculptors, and the frequent dinner invitations he used to shower on them and the scientific luminaries of the university. The fortune of the royal house being greatly embarrassed through the financial follies of mad King Ludwig and part of the civil list serving to pay off his enormous debts, the prince regent, who personally was not rich, was allowed by the state a certain sum to cover daily dinners of a dozen or so covers, to which he was in the habit of asking painters, sculptors or professors, the lists of his dinner guests being published in the papers the following day. In this way everyone would have at least once the honor of being the guest at the royal table and having all his friends appraised of the fact the next day.

Everything belonging to the court was kept in perfect state in spite of the embarrassed condition of the royal finances, as we had occasion to convince ourselves directly after the Octoberfest, when we were invited to witness in the chapel of the castle the ceremony of the marriage of the present King of the Belgians to the Duchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, the celebrated oculist, and

Pipe-Smokers are Concentrated Thinkers

Authors are heavy smokers and notably heavy pipe-smokers.

Why?

Well, for one reason, because they have to do so much highly concentrated thinking.

As one author once put it, "I smoke to keep me from thinking."

That sounded sleeveless, but it turned out to be a perfectly sound habit. When he ran into a snag in his work, he thought hard for a time to get past it, then if he failed, he automatically picked up his pipe, lighted it and began calmly to smoke.

He appeared lazily to be dodging the issue, only he wasn't. He was merely relaxing in preparation for a fresh attack.

While lighting his pipe, he ceased to worry his fagged mind with the problem perplexing it.

Presently his rested mind swung back on that subject with a refreshed clearness not to be stopped.

The reason why so many highly concentrated thinkers are pipe-smokers is that they work so much better after the temporary relaxation that a pipeful of the right tobacco affords them.

It has to be the tobacco that just suits them or else they go up against certain other petty irritations that keep a troubled mind from relaxing completely.

The petty irritation of not having just the tobacco you want never seems at those times like a petty irritation at all.

It seems like the last straw.

To secure the kind of smoking tobacco that just suits you is not always the easiest thing in the world to do.

Individual tastes differ so widely.

Many men have found that Edgeworth is the tobacco that just suits them. That may be the pipe-tobacco that just suits you, and then again—well, it may not be.

Would you like to learn?

Merely send us upon a postcard your name and address, together with that of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Then you can try it and judge it in your leisure, quite at your own convenience.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by keen knives into thin, moist slices. You rub a slice for a moment between your hands. You have an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed arrives ready to be poured right from can to pipe. It packs splendidly; it burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom of the bowl.

For the free samples, which we should be glad to have you judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

sister of the Princess Rupprecht, since deceased. The diplomatic body was accommodated with seats in the choir from where we could watch the arrival of the procession headed by the prince regent and King Leopold of the Belgians, who had arrived from Brussels by special train just in time to be present at the ceremony, after which, apparently not being on good terms with Prince Luitpold, he left immediately so as not to be present at the formal wedding breakfast.

At the close of the religious ceremony a court functionary conducted us downstairs and placed us in the hall in a position from which we could see the procession on its return from the chapel descending one monumental staircase and mounting another leading to the interior apartments of the royal palace. When the young couple, handsome and radiantly happy, leading the procession, appeared at the head of the stairs, a hidden orchestra struck up and played softly Elsa's Wedding March from Lohengrin, and as the procession, preceded by Court functionaries, the ladies' trains being borne by pages in blue and white, moved slowly and silently down the stairs lined by the stalwart men of the traditional bodyguard called *hartschiere* in medieval costumes of blue and silver and shining armor, it was like a scene from fairyland in its poetic beauty.

It was my first experience of life in Germany, not counting the three weeks I had spent in Doctor Pagenstecher's clinic at Wiesbaden, and a day or two at Berlin on the way to or from Paris, and I was greatly interested in sensing the social and political atmosphere. Having merely a book or newspaper knowledge of life in North Germany, or rather Prussia, I had no criterion by which I could have determined precisely in what respect it differed from life in the southern part of the country, whose population is perhaps of purer Teuton stock than the Prussians, Pomeranians or Mecklenburgers, who must have absorbed no small amount of admixture of the blood of the Slav aborigines. This may perhaps account for the differentiation in the characteristics in the two branches of the same nation. There is, however, one thing that strikes even a superficial observer, and that is the strong dislike Bavarians feel for their Prussian countrymen, a dislike they are at no pains to conceal.

Nor was there much love lost between the courts of Munich and Berlin. The Wittelsbach dynasty, reigning in Bavaria, counted among their ancestors wearers of the imperial crown of the "Holy Roman Empire of German Nationality" when that crown was an elective one, and they were said to be inclined to look upon the Hohenzollerns as upstarts.

Personally the Emperor William was certainly not popular in Bavaria, for which he had mostly himself to blame. For instance, on one of his state visits to Munich, when asked to inscribe his name in the Golden Book of Royal Visitors at the City Hall, he had written above his signature the following sentence: "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*" He evidently failed to realize that the ostentatious parading of similar medieval ideas of kingship might not please a people who for many decades already had been accustomed to live under a moderate but nevertheless real constitutional régime.

And then again, an incident that occurred during my short stay in the Bavarian capital: The lower house of the Bavarian Parliament had for some reason failed to vote an appropriation of a hundred thousand marks for a patriotic object—an addition to the building of the national museum, I believe, or some similar object—whereupon the Emperor William had immediately sent a telegraphic message to the prince regent expressing the profound indignation he felt on learning of the unpatriotic action of the Bavarian Chamber, and offering to place the required sum at the regent's disposal out of his own funds. This tactless offer, inspired evidently by the kindest intentions, naturally hurt the feelings of the legislators accused of want of patriotism; nor did the prince regent or, for the matter of that, the Bavarian people enjoy being treated as poor relations in need of charitable assistance. The prince regent was, however, able to reply immediately, thanking the emperor for his kind intention and adding that one of the peers of his realm had already made good the deficiency in the appropriation voted by the Chamber of Deputies. This little incident provoked no end of sarcastic comments in society and in the press, and did not add to the emperor's very limited popularity in the country.

Berlin being naturally the center of the political life of united Germany, Munich might justly claim to be to some extent the capital of German art and letters and science. There seems to be something in the social atmosphere of Munich in which devotees of art and science find it easier to breathe than in the stifling air of the northern capital, where the military and bureaucratic elements are supreme. The same attraction and the same repulsion seemed to influence likewise the highest ranks of the German aristocracy—that is to say, the so-called "mediatized nobility," who had been holding sovereign power and rank in their sometimes even very small possessions, and to whom the Congress of Vienna in 1815 in depriving them of their sovereign powers had granted the right of equality of birth with actually reigning houses. Many of the leading families of the mediatized nobility had their town residences in Munich, adding luster and distinction to the social life of the southern capital.

It would, however, be a mistake to conclude from the unquestionably existing differentiation in the social as well as political atmosphere as between South and North Germany that the governments and populations of South Germany would go in for what Germans call "particularism," as far as to entertain really separatistic tendencies. That was one of the erroneous impressions upon which were based the calculations of Napoleon III's diplomacy in opposing and trying to block the way of German unification, a policy which led to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

As there was nothing in particular to do at Munich, and I was entitled to a three months' leave of absence, we left after the usual reception at court on New Year's Day and went to spend the rest of the winter and early spring on the beautiful shore of the Lake of Geneva near our former home at Vevey. On our return to Munich we busied ourselves house hunting for our definite installation in that capital, where I supposed my sojourn would be a very prolonged one, considering that not being in favor at our Foreign Department my chances of promotion in the service were slender indeed. For the coming summer we had rented a charming villa belonging to the father of the present Queen of the Belgians, in the mountain country surrounding the beautiful Lake of Tegernsee. We had barely established ourselves and spent there a couple of weeks when I received a telegram from Count Lamsdorff asking me in most obliging terms whether I would be willing to accept the post of Athens, which had just become vacant through the sudden death of Mr. Onou, our minister there. Considering that this offer was evidently meant as a kind of reparation for my undeserved recall from Japan, because the legation at Athens ranked in our service higher than the other legations in Europe, due to the fact that the Queen of Greece was a Russian grand duchess, I could but accept the offered post in spite of the personal inconvenience and considerable expense entailed by a new change of residence.

When I had my farewell audience with the prince regent he expressed in most gracious terms his regret at our departure, but said that he was also sorry to find that of late the legation at Munich seemed to have become in the eyes of our diplomacy merely a stepping-stone to something better. He had some reason, by the way, for being a little touchy on the subject of our diplomatic representation, which had for a time been entirely abolished for motives of economy, and had been reëstablished only at the request of Prince Bismarck, who was always most anxious to spare the susceptibilities of the Bavarian court. The prince regent took pains, however, not to make us feel his displeasure and came the next day to our hotel bringing with him a large photograph in an artistic frame which with true old-world gallantry he insisted on carrying upstairs himself to present to my wife.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Palace of Emperor Francis Joseph, Vienna

xx

ON ARRIVAL at St. Petersburg I found that I was not expected to join my new post before the return of the king, who was spending his usual summer vacation in Denmark and France and whose arrival at Athens was not expected before the end of October. This left us plenty of time to go to Paris and attend to the complicated business of preparing for our removal to Athens, which included the necessity of completely furnishing from top to bottom the house which the government was renting for the accommodation of the legation and where only the bare walls were ready to receive us.

In the beginning of October we returned to St. Petersburg and started from there for Athens by way of Vienna and Triest, where we embarked on an Austro-Hungarian Lloyd steamer which after touching at some way ports, as far as I can remember, landed us safely at Patræ, a small port on the north coast of the Peloponnesus. From there we reached Athens by rail, crossing the Canal of Corinth over a bridge high enough for allowing the passage under it of the necessarily small craft which use the very narrow and I suppose rather shallow canal.

We had landed at Patræ in a rainstorm and all the way we had atrocious weather, which may have affected my disposition and made me take a gloomy view of things. Thus, when our train stopped at the station of Corinth, and I could see from afar appeared to be a wretched hovel sta on the very site of the magnificent which ages ago had been one of the g of the ancient world, I could not fight o gloomiest reflections on the perishabl ture of all human achievements and o almost complete disappearance of th terial monuments of the proudest and refined civilization mankind had known, a fate which may be in store fo own as well.

We arrived at Athens late at night went to the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, v rooms had been prepared for us and v we stayed until our departure, in Ju the following year, as our furniture ha arrived in time to allow us to take u residence in the legation building. ever, mine host Lampsa and his very able and accomplished wife, a French made us very comfortable indeed, so we had no reason to regret not having able to move into our own house. glad of the occasion to express here t worthy couple my sincere gratitude fo kind attention they showed my wife daughter when they returned to Athe the second year of the great war after had been obliged hurriedly to leave where we had established our hous after my recall from Washir at the time of the threatenin proach of the enemy to Compi

The Hôtel Grande Bret stands in the Place de la Cons tion, and from its windows on a good view of the royal pala the left, and on the right, i distance, of the rock of the A olis, whose outline as seen the windows of my room i hotel bears a striking resemb to the profile of Gladstone— Lord Byron the most popular lishman—whose name will al be gratefully remembered b Greek people as that of the st man who made restitutio Greece of the Ionian Islands, v for half a century—for their good, be it said—had been British rule.

A week or so after our a we were startled by the outb of something like a revolution small scale, provoked by the extraordinary of causes and ated by the people whom one have least suspected of bein clined to organize a popular ing for such a cause. The fa the case were as follows: Olga, who was, as mentioned a by birth a Russian grand duc a niece of Emperor Alexand was, though most loyally att to the country of her ado nevertheless a great Russia triot, and on that account unpopular in Greece. She most kind-hearted woman and entire voted to all works of charity, especial the care of the sick and wounded. D the Greco-Turkish War she had been ally a daily visitor to the military hosp and in trying to read the Gospels t wounded soldiers she had noticed tha language of Holy Scripture, which wa classical ancient Greek, was quite unin gible to the men. As there was no tra tion of the Bible into modern Gre existence, the queen determined to such a translation made by duly qua ecclesiastics, and to have it publishe the benefit of the masses of the peop whom ancient classical Greek is a c book.

She had naturally consulted the m politan archbishop of Athens, who ha only unreservedly approved the qu plan but had even, if I am not mist actively supervised the work of transla

Apparently there was nothing in work, undertaken entirely and exclus in the interest of the people, that have furnished ground for malevolent cism, let alone open dissatisfaction an volt. But, strange as it may seem, publication of the translation of the Go into modern Greek excited the patr indignation of the university students extraordinary degree against the queer the metropolitan archbishop, as the thors of such a profanation of what held to be the palladium of Hellenis that is to say, the original text of Gospels as written by their authors i ancient Greek.

(Concluded on Page 88)

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…isually strong stock goes into the "Ton Tested" Tube—all detrimental …reign substances are removed *before* … is calendered. It therefore is not …bjected to the harmful, weakening …fects of working over or re-running.

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(Concluded from Page 86)

It appears, besides, that at the same time one of the Athenian sensational newspapers, To Asti, had begun the publication of the Gospels in a translation of its own and printed in that part of its paper which in Continental European news sheets is called *feuilleton* and is mostly reserved for literary productions in a lighter vein—a proceeding which indeed deserved to be called a profanation. The queen having been the originator of the idea of having the Gospels translated into modern Greek, the publication of the translation was attributed to Russian or Panslavist intrigues against Greek supremacy over the Orthodox populations in the East, and the streets resounded with shouts of "Down with Olga!" "Down with Russia!" "Long live the king!"

Mild rioting continued for three days. I call it "mild" because its manifestations were mostly limited to formidable-sounding vociferations by seemingly infuriated crowds without any damage being done to life or property. The whole garrison, however, was on foot, including artillery, part of it guarding the royal palace, being lined up along the boulevard between the palace and the Place de la Constitution. I had to traverse the cordon of troops stationed there every day in order to reach the office of the legation in the street behind the palace, and had no difficulty whatsoever in doing so, though I had no pass or permit to show, and as a newcomer could hardly have been known to any of the officers in command of the troops. Altogether, a certain amount of good nature seemed to prevail, to which I could testify from personal experience. Nothing of an alarming nature happening, I saw no reason why I should interrupt my official round of calls on my colleagues, and it so happened that in order to reach one of the foreign legations I had to cross one of the main streets filled with a ferociously howling mob.

My cabby dashed at a gallop right into the crowd, and nothing daunted by their wild shouts of indignation turned round to me with a broad grin and said in broken French: "Never mind them, monsieur; their howls are not against you but against Minister Theotokes."

The Premier's Resignation

The queen continued her daily drives in an open landau accompanied only by her lady in waiting on the road leading to the Piræus, where she was in the habit of visiting the Russian hospital, one of her charitable foundations; and to the credit of the populace of Athens let it be said, she could quite safely drive through the streets filled with the hostile crowds, who would always let her pass in respectful silence. I have since had some experience with so-called bloodless revolutions and would not wish even my worst enemy to have to witness one; but if what I saw of the rioting on that occasion is to be dignified by the sinister name of revolution I would not mind so much seeing another one myself—in Athens, of course.

However, on the third day the troops, probably thoroughly tired of their long inactivity and defenseless exposure to the jeers of the rabble, were ordered to fire a volley, with the result that six or seven innocent bystanders were killed, one of whom fell dead at the feet of a twelve-year-old boy whom his father, one of my colleagues, had taken out to see the fun and who paid for his curiosity with a bad attack of hysteria.

One of the curious features of these riots I had occasion to notice during these three days was the presence, sometimes in the thickest of the trouble, of numbers of babies in perambulators attended by their excitement-loving nurses.

The funeral of the victims of the shooting took place the same evening, the corpses being carried in open coffins past our hotel on the way to the palace, presumably to be paraded before the eyes of the king.

The next day perfect quiet was restored and the whole affair ended with the resignations of the prime minister and of the metropolitan archbishop, who had sanctioned the translation of the original text of the Gospels into modern Greek.

It must be noted also that the events of these troubled November days, though implicating in a measure the responsibility of the queen, in no way impaired the popularity of the king. Shouts of "Long live the king!" were mostly intermingled with cries of "Down with Olga!" When in speaking of the king I used the word "popularity" I was perhaps slightly stretching a point. He was too much of a typical, blue-eyed, blond-haired Norseman, not only in appearance but also in his whole mental make-up, ever to have become a really popular figure among a people of a southern race. He also disdained all such cheap devices of popularity catching as, for instance, his predecessor's—King Otho, who was a Bavarian prince—habit of wearing sometimes the supposedly Greek but really Albanian national costume with white leggings and a fluted short white petticoat, which made him look like a great burly red-bearded ballet girl. But King George unquestionably enjoyed the highest esteem and the fullest confidence of the nation, which could not but recognize the invaluable services he had been able to render to his adopted country, thanks to his intimate family connection with the reigning dynasties of Russia and Great Britain as brother-in-law of Emperor Alexander III and King Edward.

Relations With Greece

At the time of my arrival at Athens the memory of the recent Greco-Turkish War had apparently been more or less obliterated, and the fact seemed to have been thoroughly forgotten that it was Russia's ultimatum to Turkey which had arrested the triumphal march on Athens of victorious Edhem Pasha and had saved Greece from the horrors of a Turkish invasion. Popular feeling seemed to be decidedly unfriendly to Russia, to some extent, no doubt, as a result of the part our government had taken in the curious muddle the Great Powers had made of the settlement of the Cretan question in attempting to conciliate Turkish claims with the national aspirations of the Greeks. In this question, as in every other connected with Near Eastern politics, the traditional rivalries among the Great Powers played the same baleful part that for so long had served merely to bolster up Turkish domination over subject Christian races, and it was but natural that Russia's participation in policies antagonistic to Greek national aspirations should have appeared in the eyes of the Greek people as a particularly odious betrayal of a long-suffering and helpless coreligionist.

In a confidential letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs I took the liberty of pointing out that none of our political interests could possibly be served by an attitude that could not but alienate the sympathy of the Greek people, the same people who in the hour of our need at the time of the Crimean War had stood by us and had at grave risk to their own country sent a brigade of volunteers to fight in the ranks of our army; a people who, though they could call but a small territory their own, represented Hellenism—that is to say, a very great ideal and cultural force in the whole Near East, which could not by any means be treated as a negligible quantity. I further called attention to the fact that the change in the attitude of the Greek people toward Russia dated back from the time in the seventies of last century, when in order to favor the political interests of our Bulgarian protégés we deliberately provoked a schism in the Orthodox Greek Church by giving our powerful support to the severance of the Bulgarian Church from the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople. The Greeks could never forgive us an action which they interpreted as a desire on our part to undermine their supremacy over the Orthodox populations in the Orient. Lastly, I suggested that a day might come when perhaps we would be but too glad to welcome the support of Hellenism as a counterpoise to Bulgarian preponderance in the Balkan Peninsula.

My advocacy of the discontinuance of our opposition to the annexation of Crete to the Greek Kingdom as the only logical and rational solution of the Cretan question may have been attributed to a desire on my part to ingratiate myself with the Greek court and government though, of course, neither of them could possibly have had any knowledge of it, as my confidential correspondence was always forwarded by courier. All I know is that it remained resultless.

The most interesting personality in Athens was unquestionably King George, with whom I had the honor of being brought into closer contact than my colleagues—except the British Minister, whose wife, Lady Egerton, née Princess Lobanoff-Rostovsky, was a special favorite of the queen—owing to the circumstances that Queen Olga as a great Russian patriot never failed to attend the numerous lunches and dinners which were constantly being given in her honor on one or the other of the vessels of our Mediterranean squadron, one of which was always stationed at the Piræus. On these occasions the queen was usually accompanied by the king, and in this way I had many a chance for private and quite informal chats with His Majesty.

I remember that one beautiful spring day, after a copious lunch on board our flagship, the king asked me to come with him on the bridge as he wanted to show me some object—I forget what—of interest in the harbor. Having done so he turned round and pointing out to me the new part of the town he said that all that part of the Piræus, which was now worth millions, had been nothing but a hopeless-looking dreary waste when he first arrived in his kingdom, and that he could have bought it up for a few thousand drachmas. To my rather indiscreet inquiry why, then, he had not jumped at such a rare chance for a magnificent real-estate speculation he laughingly replied: "To begin with, I hadn't the cash"; and added in a serious tone: "To tell you the truth, I did not know how long I was going to stay in Greece."

Then he went on to tell me how, as a mere boy of sixteen or seventeen, having been elected to the throne of Greece after the expulsion of King Otho, he had arrived in his new kingdom among total strangers, whose very language he did not understand, with nobody of his own people to counsel and support him, and how he had spent his first night in the royal palace, which he found absolutely bare of every vestige of furniture except a camp bed and a cane chair, on which he placed his watch and his revolver, in the great throne room where he had given me audience for the presentation of my letters of credence.

I could only express my profound admiration for the wonderful success the king had achieved in his reign of nearly forty years. Aside from such advantages as he derived from his family connections his success was entirely due to his personal qualities, his liberal mind, his dispassionate, always level-headed judgment, his knowledge of men and consummate skill in handling them.

I must confess I was very much under the charm of his extremely winning personality and never enjoyed anything so much as my occasional long and always most interesting and illuminating conversations with the king.

With the beginning of spring the court was in the habit of retiring to Tattoi, a property not far from Athens, which the king had acquired for a summer residence and where he had laid out a large park of which he was very proud and which he liked to show personally to visitors.

Royal Entertainment

The chiefs of foreign legations with their wives would every now and then be invited, each legation in its turn, to spend the day at Tattoi, when the program always followed consisted of luncheon with Their Majesties in the garden; a siesta in the rooms reserved for guests; at five P. M. a drive round the park lasting exactly one hour, the king himself driving in the front seat of the *char-à-bancs* with the minister by his side and the queen occupying the back seat with the minister's wife; and finally tea with the royal family in the château, and return by rail to Athens. The great attraction at these outings to the royal summer residence was the occasion they offered for a very long and undisturbed conversation with the king on every subject under the sun as the fancy would strike him.

On one such occasion I remember a conversation after luncheon in the garden at Tattoi when the queen, who always has had a tender spot in her heart for our navy, of which her father, the Grand Duke Constantine, had been the grand admiral, and who took a lively interest in the state of affairs in the Far East, where our fleet was naturally expected to take an active share in events in case of war, asked me what I thought of the political situation in that part of the world.

I replied that I had no doubt that unless we abandoned our aggressive policy in Korea we should in the near future find ourselves engaged in an armed conflict with Japan, the issue of which, I apprehended, would spell disaster for us, considering that we did not seem to make any adequate preparations for meeting such an eventuality. This casual expression of opinion turned out to have much impressed the queen and caused her to report it to me as it most concerned, a circumstance which stood me in good stead later on, as will be seen in one of the following chapters of these reminiscences.

In the beginning of June our furniture began to arrive and we were kept busy preparing our house for occupancy for the winter. When the heat became unbearable in the beginning of July we made up our minds to spend the summer somewhere in the Swiss mountains. I procured three months' leave of absence and we started on our journey from the Piræus in an Austrian steamer which took us round Cape Matapan, on the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus, to Corfu and, touching at Brindisi and Ancona, finally to Venice, which we arrived there in the morning of the fifteenth of July.

Having made a sight-seeing excursion in one of the lugubrious black floating hearses they call gondolas we went to dine at the Quadri restaurant on the Piazza di San Marco, and after dinner we had a look at the famous Campanile. In walking around the monument we noticed some cracks in the walls, which did not seem very unnatural in a building that had been standing for so many centuries, and without attaching the matter a second thought we sat down on one of the benches in the piazza to listen to the brass band, which had just struck up a lively tune. However, the band suddenly stopped playing and were replaced by another circumstance to which we should pay attention and of the meaning of which we did not learn till the next day from the afternoon papers. Being rather thirsty we followed the band's example and went home to our hotel.

The Fall of the Campanile

The next morning—it was the fourteenth of July, the date of the fall of the Bastile—I went out early to have my coffee on the Piazza di San Marco. Having bought a copy of the Paris Herald, and while I was studying the snobs column sitting at a table in the open in front of the Café Florian with my back turned to the Campanile I was startled by a sinister crackling sound which made me turn round, and I saw the Campanile not falling but settling down on its base in a most extraordinary way, as if only having fallen off and smashed the wall of the Biblioteca Reale. It was an astonishing sight, so I pulled out my watch, conceding to the instinctive impulse for such things which every diplomat should cultivate, and found that my timepiece showed exactly nine-fifty-two A. M.

At the same moment a soul-stirring cry of "*Fuggiam*" went up from the crowd and some two or three hundred people who happened to be on the piazza, and they all in a wild rush in my direction, followed by an enormous cloud of marble dust and the dust of centuries—from both of which I discreetly sought safety in precipitate flight into the courtyard of the royal palace.

As soon as the dust was laid I rushed to the telegraph station in the precession of such a marvelous scoop dashed off to my editor—I mean my ministerial chief—a rush telegram couched in the terms of the most exquisite journalese I could command, giving all possible details about the tragic end of "the wife of forty centuries of a glorious history" in words to that effect.

I did this because I happened to have seen in the morning papers that the Queen of Italy, who was on a visit to the Austrian court, would attend that very evening a state banquet at the Palace of Pola, and I wanted to enable my chief to be first before a foreign monarch the wonderful efficiency of the information service of my department. The next thing I did was to buy up all the postcards with pictures of the piazza and Campanile and to send them off to all my friends whose addresses I could recollect, marked with the date and the hour of the event and the words "*Chute du Campanile.*" Had I then possessed the gift of second sight I should not have failed to send an extra-fine photograph of the piazza and Campanile to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as a souvenir from a futurist contributor.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

y jumb. I've been fishing for that let-
cior ten solid minutes. Look what I
t" She indicated a small heap of
led outer wrappers on the floor. "I
slyou'd get it out for me, Bruno, and
t ust stand there staring at me. That
e't help much."

N. Bangs had already removed his coat
nd as baring his stalwart right arm.

" on't get excited, dear. Golly, that's
ld What in thunder did she leave for?
cted pretty well satisfied, I thought.
ught we'd got one that would stay

le."

"he left because I wouldn't raise her to
t dollars a month! They've got up a
d, and that's what a cook's going to
t Wellington after this! All
ooks in the neighborhood
g it to-day. And Ingred
ft and the Vaughns' cook
ft nd the Johnsons' cook left,
dthe Hendrixes' cook left,
dhe ——"

"nion!" exploded Mr.
ars, and stood upright.

Sylvia cried out, and mo-
ord impetuously at him.

"ou had it, Bruno! You had
nd you dropped it back!
hear! Isn't that just like a
a!"

"ropped what back?" de-
aled Mr. Bangs, addled.

"Why, the lettuce!"

"h!" said Mr. Bangs, and
ga took soundings. "When
all this? Tell me about it."

tight after lunch. They all
id at the same time. And I
ldher she could go plumb to.
n I telephoned and tele-
hoed all round town. Bruno,
he want from sixty dollars a
oth to start, and every Thurs-
a all day off, and every Sun-
a afternoon and evening, and
e riven to church every Sun-
a morning, and their tickets
o ew York given to them, and
w't do it, and that's all there
about it. . . . Thank good-
ess!"

Mr. Bangs had delivered the
luve vegetable to her, but his
nil was above such things.
Ve had he vision now to per-
eie that Sylvia, the habitually
naculate, was not arrayed as
nwho plans to scurry to the
rot door to meet a loving hus-
al. His jaw was flexed, and
hshame of civilization was
nving at him afresh.

She quit you like that, did
h How much do we owe
e"

That's the worst of it. She
va paid yesterday." Here she
be me sensitive to her appearance. "I
ta to have you see me looking like this,
Bno, but I sat telephoning until half
a four, and baby was under my feet
v y minute. And then there wasn't any-
hg in the house for dinner. And she'd
ethe fire go out too. And of course it had
o e on such a hot day that it took baby
ors and hours to go to sleep. I'm going to
u up and change in just half a second."

"That's all right," said Mr. Bangs,
iously adjusting his cuff links. "So it's
goround to the cooks, too, has it?" With
hi coat half on he attempted a sweeping
gesture, which ended so abruptly as to dis-
cert him. "All right! That's the finish!
" stood all I'm going to, and so have you,
ar we're through! We've had something
il eleven cooks in five months, haven't
w Well, by George! Here's one place
w re they can't get our goats again. If we
ca't have any peace in a house of our own,
wil go live in an apartment, by George!
Al we'll eat in restaurants and ——"

"Don't be silly, Bruno! You can't de-
ci things on the spur of the moment like
ht. Now if you'll just pour some water
ar put everything that's on that table on
th tea cart, I'll run upstairs."

"Take your time, take your time," said
M. Bangs soothingly. "I'm going to have
a ith and change my clothes. I don't give a
w oop whether we eat at seven or at mid-
nht, but I'm going to be respectable when
I o it, cook or no cook! And I've got a
sc eme too. It occurred to me this after-
no n when the newsboys boycotted the Journal. All we need to do to protect ourselves from this sort of mess is to get together and protect ourselves. Listen ——"

Behold them, then, an hour later—Mr. Bangs in blue coat and white flannels, and Sylvia, her normal attractive self in crisp white linen—smiling brightly at each other across the dining table. Mr. Bangs, rendered eloquent by applause, had not only related what had occurred to him this afternoon, but he had also enlarged upon it extemporaneously. He had pictured Wellington as an ideal community, whose every industry could be governed by sheer bulk of public opinion. Could strikes be called if the public forbade? Impossible. Could retailers cheat a public which declined, in mass, to be cheated? Nonsense! Crystallize your public opinion, and the thing was done!

"And Then You Volunteer to Do a Constitution; Don't Say You've Done Most of it Already. Understand?"

"It's a lovely scheme, dear," said Sylvia a little breathlessly. "It's wonderful! And the best part of it is that it might work. But won't it be awfully hard to get the people together?"

Mr. Bangs shook his head. "No. This isn't like starting something that costs money, and it isn't anything that has to be argued. You and I and the Eversons and the Kelloggs can begin. That's plenty. It'll spread like wildfire."

"Well, when shall we begin?"

"Why not to-night? The only way to start a reform is to start it. And this isn't a new condition; it's universal. When we're through here you can go over and get the Kelloggs and I'll get the Eversons, and bring them over, and we'll thrash the whole thing out before bedtime. If they'll come in with us we can have headway inside of a week. And to-morrow I'll work out a sort of prospectus, and inside of two weeks, by George! we'll have a hundred members or I'm a lobster! And a hundred representative people in a town of this size can do anything they put their minds to." He rose, confident, and nervously energetic. "Finished? Let's rustle these things out, then, and put some ginger ale on the ice and go recruiting. Shall we?"

III

AT THE first mention of reform the Eversons, whose horrid fear was that sometime they might be considered socialists, had balked visibly and tried to invent an alibi, but as soon as Mr. Bangs had introduced the servant problem Mrs. Everson was ready to address a mass meeting, or speak from a cart tail at any street corner. The Kelloggs, as Mr. Bangs learned afterward, had required little solicitation; for Ruth Kellogg had been without a cook or nurse for seven weeks, and Henry was an inveterate joiner. By half past nine the sextet was comfortably established on the mosquito-proofed veranda, where Mr. Bangs had set out cold beverages, cigars and bonbons.

"Now what I propose," said Mr. Bangs forcefully, "is to beat these Bolsheviki at their own game. So far the game has been both ends against the middle; capital and labor are the two ends, and all the people like us are in the middle. The trouble's always been that everybody's organized but us. We're the prize suckers of the universe—the consumers. No matter which of the two ends wins all these strikes and things, we pay the bills. And I'm absolutely convinced that if we stick together we can get pretty nearly everything we want. Of course we'll have to go at it gradually. And there can't be anything very extreme at first. Slow, steady, resistless plugging. The question right now isn't whether we're going to do anything, because we know we are—but it's what we're going to do first."

Mr. Everson, who could always be counted upon to skip blithely over the major topic and land with both feet on a trifling detail, lifted up his majestic voice:

"One of the most vital necessities in any cause, in any progressive movement ——"

He paused for effect; the five others gazed at him, attentive. He wasn't a particularly successful real-estate broker, but he had the presence and the delivery of a great orator.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Bangs, hanging on his words.

"—— is a good slogan," said Mr. Everson; and having pronounced judgment, he sat back and blew smoke through the wire screen.

There was a little silence.

"That's a very good idea," said Mr. Bangs finally; "but it comes in a little later. The question is, What special problem do we want to attack first?"

It was Sylvia who answered.

"Servants," she said promptly. "Ruth and I both say so. Here we are, three families in a row, without a cook or a maid or a nurse or anything. And wages are awful, and they won't do any work, anyway, and there's no use trying to get away from it. So here's an idea: Why don't we make a beginning among ourselves? Suppose Monday, for example, all of us eat at our house. Ruth helps me get breakfast and lunch and dinner, and helps me round the house for part of the morning, and I go over and help her with hers. And she helps me after dinner too. Helen doesn't do a thing; she has a vacation. Ruth and I look after Dickie for her, so all the children play together, and they're the same age, so that'll be all right; and they'll have the same things to eat. And I'll have done the buying for all of us for that day, and there won't be nearly so much waste, and probably it wouldn't cost quite so much either, divided up.

"And Tuesday, it's at Ruth's house, and they use up left-overs for lunch, and all; and Helen helps her and I have a vacation. And Wednesday, it's at Helen's house, and I help her, and Ruth has a vacation. I simply can't see any sense in our duplicating all our housework for nothing when we might just as well combine and get it over with quicker, and let one of us have a rest. And then on Thursday we start all over again."

Henry Kellogg laughed aloud. He took life less seriously than any of the others, and was content to let his companions do most of his thinking for him.

"Well," he said, "if you could get a whole neighborhood to split up into groups of three like that you'd solve your servant problem. Not just for yourselves but for everybody. You wouldn't need any servants, and you'd all have more time off than you do now. I think it's a corking good idea."

"What would the servant class find to do?" asked Mr. Everson.

Mr. Bangs was tapping his foot restlessly.

"Rupert, you remind me of the story about the old Scotch lady who heard about kerosene for the first time. Years ago, of course. They'd always used whale oil in lamps. And when they told her how fine kerosene was, and how much cheaper, all she said was: 'Then what's to become of the puir whales?' . . . Sylvia, that's not half bad! There's the germ of coöperation in it, and that's what we're after. And Henry's on the trail too. Suppose, for instance, we could interest thirty people. Suppose we hired some bright girl who'd graduated from a domestic-science school to do the buying for the whole crowd. Have the orders ready for her at a certain time, and she'd consolidate them and then go shopping. By George, there's a purchasing power for you! Think what a cudgel it would be on the retailer! Thirty people's business at once! And that gives the high cost of living and the servant question one wallop apiece at the same time!"

His eyes were brilliant, and he was galvanizing the others to an approximation of his own mood. Furthermore, the conception of a series of cowed and respectful butchers and grocers was fundamentally absorbing.

"Think of it!" said Sylvia. "Twenty cents for a head of lettuce that used to be five."

"My dear! Do you remember when bacon was twenty cents a pound?"

(Continued on Page 93)

Monel metal

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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 91)

"ggs!" said Ruth Kellogg mournfully. Hiry and I love eggs. Oh, how we do veggs! And ——"

"ananas!" said Sylvia, her eyes shining. A ent apiece when we were married, and fcents a dozen now. Oh, dear!"

"ut, personally," said Mr. Everson, eing his throat with abandon, "I think e ught to take up another equally im- rtant subject at the same time. Speak- g f the high cost of living reminded me j That's the tipping nuisance."

Mr. Bangs hesitated, approved, and niked his hand down on the wicker table. "Vell, we will! We'll go at the whole tution. One thing at a time. But the a premises are these: Cut out the serv- nt cut out the middleman, cut down ris and do something about these in- rd strikes."

"Ve might start an antistrike strike," di Helen Everson cheerfully. "Only I cn exactly see how we could do it. Does nody else?"

Nobody did, but no one cared to admit . ecause the expression was so fascinat- g It rested for an instant on five appre- a ve tongues.

"hat's something to take up later," i Mr. Bangs cordially. "Now the next e is to get people interested, and there's o se in wasting time trying to catch them ody one. We want a lot of representa- v people talking at once about this ig. Don't you girls have a reading club r mething? How many are there in it?"

Twelve."

That's a good nucleus. One of you can g it at your next meeting? And isn't e a current-events class?"

"With forty members," said Ruth Kel- g complacently. "And I'm president of ; nd if the servant question and the food u tion aren't current events, then I ot know what are. If I ever do bring he up there won't be much discussion but the Archangel reds that day."

There may be about the Rhode Island ec though," murmured her husband, but one paid any attention to him.

Bully! And Sylvia, isn't there a bridge li you ——"

Oh, no," said Sylvia hastily. "You're hking of the reading club. Won't some- nhave some more ginger ale? Ruth?"

er tone was casual enough, but it had a ai echo of warning in it, and Mr. Bangs nw from experience that when Sylvia icstepped she had a reason, and wasn't o e pursued. He was puzzled, and though ieropped the subject he stored it away in hibrain for future reference.

Well, you can reach fifty or sixty vuen, then, in two meetings; and I'll sp k to all the men I know. Oh, I forgot to ll you that Sam Bowker's interested in h with me. I spoke to him on the way puto-night, and he's keen about it."

Three women displayed much anima- ti, and two men were interested.

And—and Mrs. Bowker?"

Well," said Mr. Bangs, "you've got to remember that we're setting out with a lot of retty novel and pretty different ideas. I n't say the Bowkers would want to fire hr servants, and all that; but the point s iat we're a league of—of ——"

—— notions," said Mr. Everson. "A Lgue of Notions. There's your slogan."

We're a reform club in the most general sese. Anybody can belong, and go as far as e likes, swallow the whole plan or nibble att whenever he wants to. The principle ofne thing is to cut down the cost of living. Al from time to time we'll go out after bievils like these strikes. But the job now iso get people excited about it, and have a eneral meeting, say, a week from to- nit, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, and pfect an organization. And Sam Bow- ke'll like some of it if he doesn't like all of it nd he said that if I got it up he'd join."

Henry Kellogg grinned to himself. "ood politics! Catch Bowker passing up a nance to run a crowd like us. He'll eat it live."

Yes," said Rupert. "I hear he thinks hs going to be mayor some day."

And in the meantime," said Sylvia, "if yi girls will give me lists of what Henry an Rupert don't like to eat we'll begin co- orating to-morrow morning—that is, if a of you want to try it. I'll start. I've got enough eggs and fruit and things anyway; o you can bring some over."

As long as I never take any breakfast bt one cup of coffee and a slice of bread," bran Mr. Everson, "it seems to me that wought to take into account my ——"

"Sh-h! Rupert!" Helen Everson silenced him, and beamed upon the company. "There surely can't be any harm in trying it for a week or two, and it certainly will save work for all of us, whether it saves money or not. I'll come if Helen will."

"I'll come," said Helen promptly. "And Henry'd love to. Don't bother to ask him—I dare him to say he wouldn't."

"It's agreed, then," asked Mr. Bangs, "that we'll make a serious effort to put this over? You'll all promise to help?"

The consent was unanimous and enthusiastic, except that Ruth reserved the privilege of hiring a nurse if she could find one.

"Only I suppose," said Rupert Everson, rising to depart, "that if we're going to be a regular organization we'll have to get some stationery printed, won't we? . . . Well, I suppose of course that will come later."

After they had gone, all four of them thoughtful and optimistic, which Mr. Bangs took as a very great compliment and augury, he turned perplexedly to Sylvia.

"What's queer about that bridge club of yours?" he demanded. "You told me day before yesterday, when you were elected, it was a great honor to be in it. Is it a secret sorority or what?"

Sylvia was a highly admired wife, but there were moments when Mr. Bangs was impelled to take his brain into a corner and tell it that all women were illogical, but that Sylvia held the championship trophy.

"Why, Bruno! Haven't you any tact? I'm the only woman on Elm Street who's in it. It's only three tables, and it's supposed to be quite the thing. Don't you know if you go and talk about it like that you'll spoil this whole new plan of yours? Ruth and Helen don't know it yet. I've been trying to think of the most tactful way to let them know."

Mr. Bangs might corrugate his brows indefinitely without coming any closer to a solution.

"I know I'm a poor half-witted imbecile, but I'm hanged if I can see what you're driving at, Sylvia."

"Why, just this: Ruth and Helen and some of the others won't be jealous, exactly, when they find out, and I've been ever so careful not to say anything for fear it would seem like—well, like crowing, or something; but after all it's Mrs. Bowker's own bridge club, and you know where Mrs. Bowker stands in Wellington. And I can't afford to have them think we're letting them bring in the reading club and the current-events class while I bring in the Bowker crowd. Not unless I were actually asked to do it. Don't you see?"

Mr. Bangs shook his head weakly.

"Well, I asked you, didn't I?"

"That isn't what I mean. The girls would have had to ask me, and they couldn't very well do it because they don't know that Mrs. Bowker's sort of—well, taken me up just recently. We can't start out with any cliques in this new club of ours, or it'll go all to pieces in no time. It's got to be absolutely democratic. Can't you understand my position, Bruno? If anybody ever thought we're climbers the whole plan's doomed."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bangs. "You're afraid they'll think the reform club's our private scaling ladder? I don't see how anybody could think that."

"Well, I don't want anybody to have the chance. That's why I didn't want you to drag in the bridge club. And the way things are going now we don't need any ladder at all. And it was all right for you to mention Mr. Bowker, because you're all men, and that's different. In fact, it was probably a good thing you did. But there's one thing certain, Bruno—you and I can offer as many suggestions as we like and do as much work as we like, but as long as the Bowkers are coming in neither one of us can be an officer of this thing, not even so much as chairman of a committee. That's positive."

Mr. Bangs' jaw dropped. "No credit for starting it, either?"

"Not a bit. We don't want it. And there are always people who do, and we'd better let them have it."

Mr. Bangs surveyed her with melancholy, for a beloved child of his brain was in process of being abducted.

"Well, who does get it then?"

Sylvia pondered briefly, and looked up with a bubbling laugh. "Why not Mrs. Bowker? Then none of us will look like climbers."

"It's darned funny," said Mr. Bangs helplessly; "you all say you don't like her, and yet ——"

"And you men all say Mr. Bowker's an old hypocrite—and yet ——"

"But business is business."

"And society's society. Why, Bruno—if the Bowkers run it and we don't like the way they run it we can get out, can't we? But if we run it and don't like the way they act we can't put them out; and we wouldn't want to resign, either. Don't you see that—silly?"

Mr. Bangs was unable to bestow upon her any order of merit more thoroughly convincing than his kiss. And it wasn't the customary embrace by any means; it was a solemn investiture, and Mr. Bangs held his breath while he was doing it. For the moment he was almost afraid of Sylvia.

"But how," he said, "are you going to manage to get to that bridge club, anyway, if there's nobody in the house to take care of the baby?"

"It meets Fridays," said Sylvia; and two minutes later Mr. Bangs saw the point and laughed.

IV

IT WAS a cheerful and inspiring breakfast which the six conspirators shared together the next morning—so cheerful, in fact, that nobody minded the pitched battle in oatmeal which the Bangs baby and the Everson brat and the two Kellogg brats—the terminology being that of Mr. Bangs—waged with abandon at their separate table; and it was a dynamic Mr. Bangs who waved to Sylvia from the oak tree, the hydrant and the letter box, and hurried downtown to dictate the preliminary draft of the constitution. Fortunately for the embryo league, his law practice was based upon the management of two large estates, which left him plenty of time to conceive and execute a Magna Charta.

Almost immediately, however, his horizon dipped out of sight. He had just dictated: "The purpose of this organization shall be ——" when it came spontaneously to him that a list of all the various purposes was impracticable, because so many of them hadn't yet been envisioned, even in his dreams. There was Henry Kellogg's ultimatum of this morning against the robber barons of the garages, and there was Rupert Everson's antitipping campaign, and there was the matter of the servants and the foodstuffs, and vaguely there was something to be done about strikes; but these were merely the avenues to some vast and as yet unfathomed ideal.

Mr. Bangs couldn't define that ideal nor did he know that what his imagination was reaching toward was a world in which the law of economics would be repealed in a body; but he was dazzled, nevertheless. It seemed to him as though he were charged with responsibility which might put him later upon a pedestal with those geniuses who wrote the Constitution of the United States. Indeed, his present occupation was due entirely to the failure of that mouth-filling guaranty concerning the pursuit of happiness. The reform club of Wellington might rise to power that would alter first the cosmogony of Wellington, then of the county, then of the state, then ——

Mr. Bangs caught himself as he was about to step, mentally, off the Atlantic seaboard.

"The purpose of this organization," he said carefully to the stenographer, "shall be to insure to each member thereof that individual liberty of action which can exist only in a community free from labor agitations, food and fuel speculations, inflation of the value of personal services, and all other impediments to a sane and continuous civic progress."

It was done! And Mr. Bangs hearkening to the roar of the syllables in his own ears was almost awed by their tremendous purport. "There!" he said to himself. "That's history!"

While he was thus exalted he went on with the minutiæ of administration. He provided for the usual number of officers, all without salary. Then he thought unexpectedly of a young and practical consultant in New York who specialized in the organization of all sorts of enterprises, and who, if given rope enough, would surely make a whirlwind success of this venture; so that he added to the project a managing director, with salary. A directorate of eight men and seven women would be about right; and there could also be an advisory council of thirteen men and twelve women. Might as well remember that sometimes there would probably be a vote on strictly sex lines.

When it was finished, it was a thoroughly exhaustive document, and Mr. Bangs was

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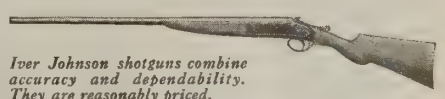

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proud of it; so proud that he never even lost color when a parade of the striking members of Lunch Room Workers' Union No. 146 went past the Bowker Building. The day would come when a strike in Wellington would be as rare as a day without a strike now. And he, John Huntington Bangs, a youthful lawyer in a twelve-by-twelve room on the top floor, had dictated the covenants which would free his city from the octopus—and so on.

On impulse he telephoned to New York, and was fortunate enough to locate the organizer within the hour. Mr. Sugden was resting from the exertion of raising, in two weeks, a fund of $50,000 to build a Y. W. C. A. in Sheldrake, Ohio, and though he was frankly interested in the possibility of fat commissions, he said that coöperative enterprises were his hobby, and that he wasn't so much concerned about the pay as about the principle.

"You'd better come out and talk it over, then," said Mr. Bangs seductively. "If you can sell your personality to this outfit—why, I shouldn't wonder if you could write your own ticket, and then you'll have your fun and your fortune both. I think it's going to be a hummer."

"When can I come?" inquired Mr. Sugden, whose mind sparked readily.

Following instructions he caught the 4:20 train, and arrived in ample time for dinner. He was a most presentable person, with good features and an engaging manner, and he took by storm the five pioneers who hadn't previously met him. And he was quickly impressed by what they had done already, and what they had planned.

"Of course it's feasible!" he said to them. "It's sound and sensible, and if your friends support it it's sure to go through, but don't make these coöperative dining arrangements a part of your formal set-up. I doubt if they'll serve their purpose for very long. It's a pleasant novelty, but you'll get tired of it. Let people do it if they want to. Encourage it, possibly, but leave it out of your constitution, because there's too many chances of friction in it. And make all these other plans side issues. Begin with straight coöperative buying; and then build up your other creeds one by one. The whole platform's a little too heavy just now. Pick up one idea at a time."

"How would we buy our things, then?" inquired Sylvia.

"Exactly as you yourself suggested, only on a larger scale. You speak of forty or fifty members—you ought to have two or three hundred. If I put this club on its feet, I'll work out a system that'll satisfy you, only you'll have to anticipate your wants by a day or two. No system of coöperation is any good unless you really coöperate. If you're willing to plan out your menus and your household requirements so that you could order in quantities, and give me more leeway, I'll save you so much more money." He smiled warmly at Sylvia. "Any kind of economy takes a little effort."

"Suppose we made it. What could we save?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty per cent."

The women looked at each other and mechanically estimated what they would do with the savings. Sylvia saw a beautiful picture of the runabout she had always craved. She had had the baby instead.

"I have a question," said Mr. Everson blandly.

"Yes, sir?"

"Would the orders have to be mailed to you; or telephoned?"

"That'll come later," said Mr. Bangs with a shade of asperity. "By the way, has anybody spoken to Mrs. Bowker yet? Well, why wouldn't it be a good idea for me to take Mr. Sugden right up to talk to her?"

Sylvia gave him a glance which was a marvel of compact and interrelated instructions. It told him, among other things, that it was a brilliant inspiration, but that he wasn't to advance one inch toward Mrs. Bowker until there had been a private consultation.

"Why, would Mrs. Bowker be interested?" said Sylvia innocently.

Two feminine voices in concert assured her that Mrs. Bowker would be crazy about it, and that it wasn't worth doing except under Mrs. Bowker's patronage. Her name alone would bring in all her friends, all those who wanted to be her friends, and all those who weren't willing to admit that they didn't want to be her friends.

"She's the very one for president!" exclaimed Ruth. "The very one!"

"No—Mr. Bowker," said Sylvia gent "Mrs. Bowker ought to be chairman of board of directors. And Rupert and He have simply got to be directors the selves—haven't they, Bruno? And R and Helen councilors. It was their idea— so much of it was. Go ahead up th Bruno, if you want to. I'll get your h You left it upstairs."

Mr. Bangs, instinctively trailing, fo her in their own room, with the hat in hand. She had picked it off the hall tabl she passed.

"Now, listen, Bruno. I like your yo man a lot, and I think he's all right. W be lucky if he'll come and run this for But this is a wonderful chance to get at Bowkers, and you know how we need th Now don't say a word of what we've d already. Tell it to her as though yo come to her first. Because if she sponso everybody who is anybody will have to long, and that'll mean it'll go. And if doesn't come in, it'll be a lot harder to members. Let Mr. Sugden tell the st only be sure he says he wants Mr. Bow to be president, and Mrs. Bowker for ch man. And then ask her who'd she sug for the other officers. And then you vol teer to do a constitution; don't say yo done most of it already. Understand?"

Mr. Bangs nodded slowly. "Yes, b don't see why on earth we should go ab this as though it had so much politics mi up in it. It strikes me that if we went i in a perfectly simple and straightforw manner we'd accomplish the same th wouldn't we?"

Sylvia gave him a little push, intende imply an affectionate sorrow for his c sity. "Well, the more support we have stronger we're going to be, aren't we? the more members we have the m money we'll save. Don't stop to ar Bruno; just run along and mind moth

v

THE social supremacy of the Bowl was one of those mysterious puz which tax the hardiest imagination. Nei of them was personally appealing, neither was equipped with social at butes; indeed, the most frequent charac izations of them were to the general ef that Mr. Bowker was a tightwad and M Bowker was a cat. They entertained little, and were still less entertaining. T were several families in Wellington w had more money, and dozens of fam that spent more, whether they had i not. Yet somehow, by one of those p doxes that flourish in small cities as we in the metropolis, the Bowkers had sumed and maintained the status of sc arbiters; they considered themselves r by divine right, and the marvel was that populace believed them.

The living room into which Mr. B and Mr. Sugden were presently ush had about it some of the largeness of mosphere found in a wholesale furni department. Topheavy standing la with spreading shades guarded the fl of massive upholstered divans; the ch were of the heavy-artillery type, with thin skirmish line of light gilt inutil round the wall. The thickest of deep portières hung at the doors and wind and made an admirable foil for a few pieces of carved black walnut, heav lead and not much more invigorating the beholder. And the smaller the pic the larger the frame. Gilt frames. Not could have conveyed a greater impres of solid respectability and utter lack of agination.

In the midst of all this sober gran Mr. and Mrs. Bowker had reluct risen to greet their visitors.

"We've come," said Mr. Bangs with erential formality, "to ask you to ac the two principal offices in that organ tion I mentioned to you the other af noon, Mr. Bowker."

For an instant Mr. Bowker was stum "Oh! So you're out for blood, are y That's very interesting. Sit down, sit do What's this gentleman got to do with

According to Mr. Bangs' advice en r Mr. Sugden promptly took up the tas ingratiating himself with Mrs. Bowker, in ten minutes he had discovered tha could make as thick a paste of flattery a liked. She could digest it as fast as it c and faster.

"What we want to do is to find a wa make the dog stop chasing his tail," he winningly to the lady.

"Dog? Dog? What dog?" she deman

(Continued on Page 97)

(Continued from Page 94)

'Vhy, high prices make the workingman
t r high wages. Then the high wages
e ices another boost, and so on, in a
io circle. It's a rare dog that'll keep it
fo ver, and we propose to begin calling
t . There's practically no use in start-
t s thing unless you and Mr. Bowker
g ng to support it. And since I'm sure
' ll—because it's a real duty you owe
th commonwealth—while I'm here I
nt o get your views about the other
ce. It'll be a good idea to have a ticket
m d before the public meeting next
s ay. We can probably handle the
a on all right, but as it wouldn't be
y diplomatic for either you or Mr.
w r to seem to be controlling the meet-
a which we're going to ask you to be
e ecutives, I think it's only fair for you
t us who you'd like to work with."

M. Bowker smiled regally. "Anyone at
a —I am quite accustomed to chairman-
p I can work with anyone."

M Sugden smote her squarely between
t es with the sharp edge of a compli-
m "I can believe that too. I've heard
g l deal about your executive ability."

In the meantime Mr. Bowker was al-
d saving money for the club. "I don't
s se you'd charge for drawing up the
pa s, then, John, would you?"

"Ot a cent," said Mr. Bangs heartily.
"'a private contribution I'm only too
p to make."

T two Bowkers exchanged glances. By
t of Mr. Bowker's directorships in in-
st al concerns, they were morally op-
se to strikes of every description. They
re aptivated by the prospect of reduc-
c sts, although, as Mr. Bowker naïvely
m d out, he had conducted a personal
st pping crusade for years. They per-
vi simultaneously the value of high
ic n an association which was inevitably
st ed to enhance their own prestige.
nd Mr. Bowker had a devastating ambi-
n not yet disclosed except to his wife.
k nany another citizen who is great but
p ular, he craved the signs of popular-
y. He wanted to be mayor. And he saw
th reform club the nucleus of a powerful
w arty, which should be nonpartisan,
ce t as to Mr. Bowker himself.

"'e shall be charmed to accept," said
Mr. Bowker indulgently.

It was with deep satisfaction, then, that
e mbassadors turned homeward with
e ledge of the two Bowkers a matter of
re d.

"ow," said Mr. Sugden, "I want to
ta a look at your papers. What's the
st t time you can rush through an in-
co poration?"

"Vhy, if I ran over to the capital I could
g t by Monday."

"etter make all the speed you can.
te porary stockholders. Put in dummy
d tors so as to get in motion. I want to
s e our constitution. All members have
g to be shareholders—a share costs
tw nty-five dollars, and every adult mem-
be f a family has to hold a share. That's
w orking capital. And every family has
to maintain a constant balance of deposit
o ne hundred dollars, against which
e charge off the price of everything
he buy. You can't bother with collect-
in gills against your members, and we've
al ys got to have cash enough on hand
to mp at quick bargains. Now for the
ma aging director's profit—he gets ten dol-
ar bonus for every member, and he also
ge a commission figured like this: When a
ne ber buys anything he's charged for it
th e current market price. Every quarter
we ay a dividend, or a rebate to each mem-
be of the proportionate share of what the
Th e club has saved—figuring in the over-
he d of course. We'll pay up to twenty per
ce if we earn it, and then everything over
wi ty per cent is my commission. I won't
ra e much, I promise you. I'll get mine out of a membership campaign—and the more members I get the more business we'll do, and the more you'll save. And I want a contract. Is that fair?"

"For how long?"

"Oh, six months. I'm not a manager; I'm an organizer. And—oh, one very important item: If we're going to do this thing right every member ought to agree not to buy one solitary thing, from an onion to a touring car, except through the club, unless it's something the club can't get any cheaper or doesn't care to handle. That's vital.

"It'll take only a tiny bit more time after I've got the system going, and it's the crux of the whole thing. That's what'll give us the leverage on the dealers."

"I'll put that in the constitution," said Mr. Bangs approvingly.

It was Sylvia, however, Sylvia who struggled desperately over the household bookkeeping, who saw a magnificent relief in prospect.

"Would we buy even ice and milk and coal that way, too, Mr. Sugden?"

"The easiest thing in the world," he assured her. "Take ice, for instance. There must be four or five ice companies within ten miles of here. Don't you suppose any one of them would be overjoyed to make one blanket contract to supply so many different families? They deliver as usual, but instead of running a couple of hundred small accounts and fussing about collections they get one check from us every month, on the nail. Why, that's worth a tremendous discount right there."

Heaven was reflected on her countenance.

"But, Bruno! Don't you see what that means to us too? We won't have to mess round with all those horrid little household bills? Ice or anything else. We'll send one check a month to the club, and get back all our receipts, and it's finished! Isn't it wonderful!"

"By George," said Mr. Bangs, "I hadn't thought of it! It's a community clearing house, sure enough. It'll save you three evenings a month trying to check up your bills, and it'll save me having to balance your check book for you. Sugden, you're another Napoleon! And that gives me an idea on the strike situation too. It's a negative sort of thing, and it's strictly local, but it might do. We might allow nonmembers to buy stuff through the club at a flat discount of, say, ten per cent from market prices, and the rest of the rebate goes to the club. But strikers' families lose the privilege. Well, when you remember that mighty few strikes are for wage increases of more than ten per cent, do you see the point? And I'll take a small bet that after three months we're doing more buying for nonmembers than we are for members. And we active members will have a profit on that."

Sylvia blinked thoughtfully. "But why won't everybody join as active members?"

"Because there'll be so many people who can't afford to buy stock and maintain that constant balance, Sylvia, and so many who wouldn't be willing to back up our other schemes. And those are the very people who need to save their ten per cent more than you want to save twenty. They'll be glad to buy from us, but they won't want to join. And in the long run it's their men folks who do the striking. All right—what's the use of striking for a wage increase of ten per cent when it means losing the privilege of buying through the club? It's a stand-off."

Sugden shook his head. "I'm not sold on that, John."

"But it's the backbone of the whole thing. I insist on it. There's no argument."

Sugden shrugged his shoulders. All right. You're the doctor. Only I hope you know what you're stirring up, old man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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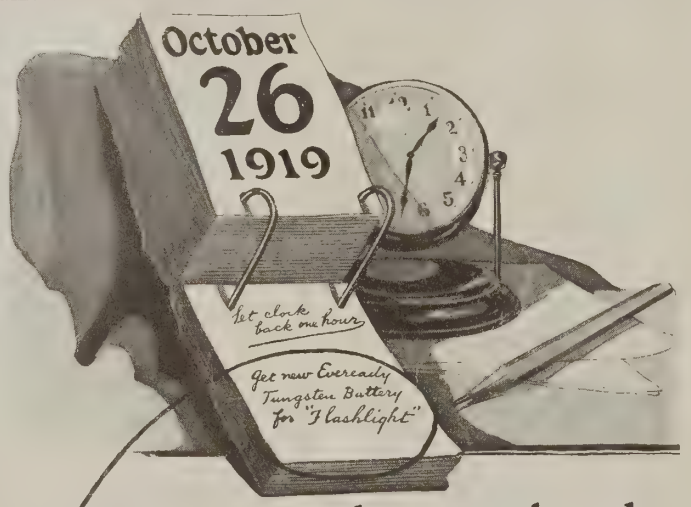

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

warned Wint what to expect. But in spite of that warning Wint had looked for no more than a polite and friendly rivalry; a congenial conflict; a good-natured tussle between friends.

He was to find that Routt had meant exactly what he said; that Routt as a political opponent and Routt as a friend were two very different personalities. On the heels of his open announcement that he was a candidate Jack began a canvass of the town and a direct and virulent assault upon Wint.

Wint heard what Routt was doing first through his father.

The elder Chase came home to supper one evening in a fuming rage; and he said while they were eating, "Wint, this Routt is a fine friend of yours!"

Wint looked at his father in some surprise. "Why, Jack's all right," he declared.

"All right?" Chase demanded. "Do you know what he's doing?"

"I know he's out for mayor. That's all right. I've no string on the job. I want to be reëlected, just as a sort of a—testimonial that I've made good. And I intend to be reëlected. But at the same time, anyone has a right to run against me."

"Nobody denies that," his father exclaimed. "But no one has a right to hark back ten months for mud to throw at you."

Wint said, "Pshaw! There's always mud throwing in politics."

Chase challenged: "Do you mean to say you think Routt has a right to do as he is doing?"

"Well, just what is he doing?" Wint asked good-naturedly.

"What is he doing? He's saying you're a common drunkard; that you always have been; that you are still, in secret."

Wint flushed with slow anger. "Well," he said, "if anyone believes that, he's welcome to."

"But damn it, son, you're not!" Chase exclaimed; and there was such a fierce rush of pride in his father's voice that Wint was startled; and he was suddenly very happy about nothing.

He said: "I'm glad you know it, anyway, dad."

"Damn it!" Chase repeated. "Don't you suppose I can see? Don't you suppose I have a right to be proud of my own son when he does something to be proud of? Your mother and I have—well, Wint, we're—we're a good deal happier than we were a year ago."

Wint said gently: "I'm only sorry I didn't make you happy a year ago."

"That's all right," his father declared. "You were a headstrong youngster; and I didn't know how to control you. An unruly colt takes careful handling. I'm not a—tactful man. But I'll be damned if I can see how you can take this from the man you call your friend."

Wint smiled slowly, and he said: "That's three times in two minutes you've said 'damn,' dad. Cut it out. Don't get profane in your excitement. Routt's all right, really. Don't swear at him."

"Do you realize that he's saying you're drinking as regularly as ever, while you pretend to keep this a dry town?"

"Well, no one will believe him."

"You can find men to believe anything; and there are plenty in Hardiston that want to believe anything against you."

"Let them," said Wint confidently. "There are plenty who will stand back of me."

"But what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to call names," Wint told him cheerfully. "I'll fight it out quietly and decently; and I'll win. That's what I mean to do."

"You act as though you had expected this."

"Well, as a matter of fact, Jack came to me and told me, before he told anyone else, that he was going to run; and he warned me he was going to make it a real fight."

"A real fight? This is assassination!"

Wint laughed. "You're taking it too hard. I know it's just because you're—proud of me. Are you going to back me in this?"

Chase frowned. "As a matter of fact, Wint, I'm in a hard position. I want to back you—of course. But I can't stomach Caretall. If you weren't tied up with him."

"He's been a pretty good friend to me. Can't you take him on that ground?"

"If I tied up with him I'd be called a bootlicker; and justly. After what he did to me I can't cater to him and keep my self-respect."

"Pshaw, dad! The world has a short memory. That's all forgotten."

"I've not forgotten."

"Everyone else has."

"I'm not talking about everyone else. I'm talking about my own self-respect."

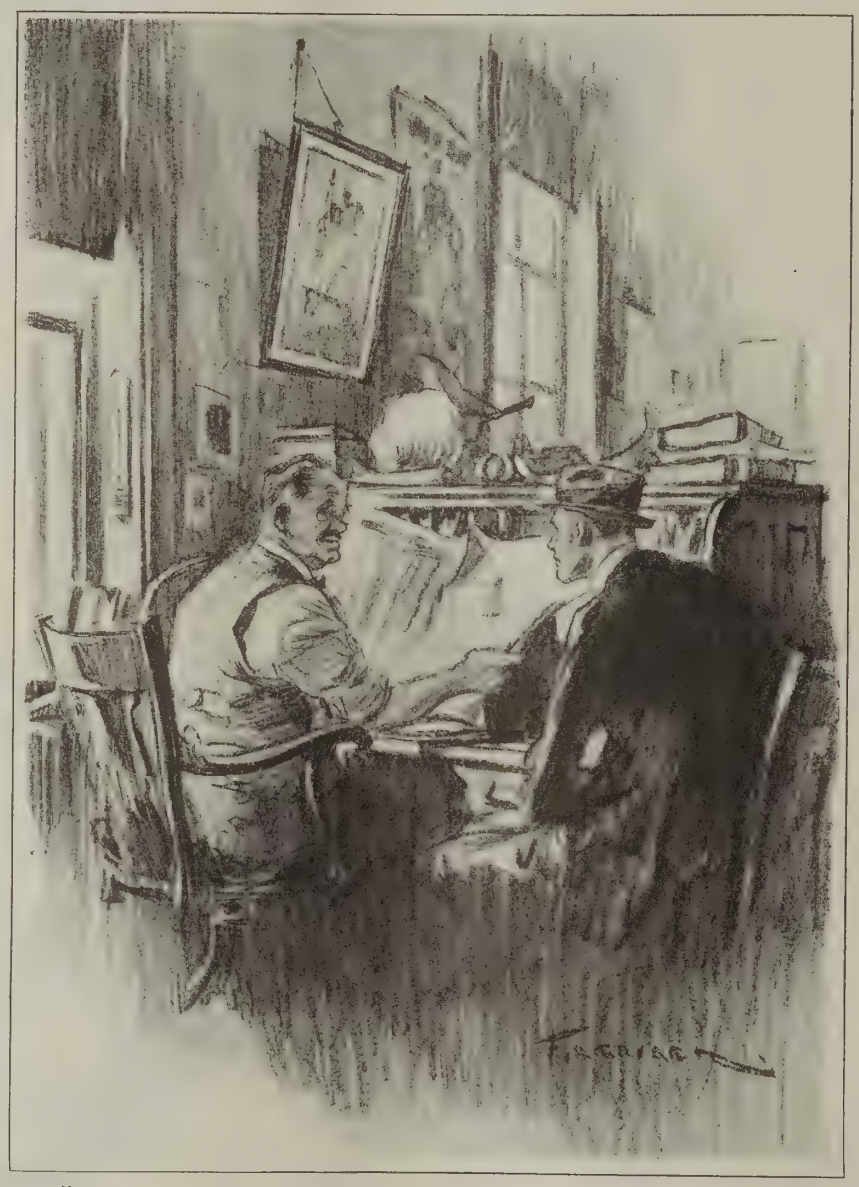
They had finished supper; and they got up and went into the other room. Mrs. Chase—she was doing her own work since Hetty left her—began to clear away the dishes.

Nevertheless, Wint could not deny to himself that Routt's move troubled him; not for its effect on his candidacy but for the light in which it showed Routt himself. For all his loyalty, Wint thought it was unworthy, thought Routt was hurting himself and sullying himself. He met Jack uptown that night, and told him so in a friendly way.

"Do as you like," he said. "But I think it hurts you more than it does me," he suggested.

Routt laughed and asked: "It's not getting under your skin, is it? I told you I'd give you a run."

"Pshaw, no! Say anything you like about me. But it doesn't get you any votes."



"Start Something. Keep Telling Them to Elect You; Tell Them Louder and Longer and Oftener Than Routt Does, and They Will"

In the sitting room Wint said, "I've been counting on you, dad."

Chase said: "I'll do what I can—quietly. But I cannot come out in the open and side with Amos. If he'd turn against you ——"

Wint laughed. "I might kick up a row with him."

"You'll never regret breaking with Caretall. He's a crooked politician of the worst type, without honor. A traitor to his own friends. He'll be a traitor to you when it pleases ——"

His son said quickly: "Don't. Please don't talk against him to me. Let's just not talk about him. After all, he's been square to me."

Chase flung up his hand. "All right. But how about Routt? Are you going to sit still and take the mud he's throwing?"

"Jack will be too busy to throw mud, pretty soon," Wint promised cheerfully. "Mud is trimmings. I'll bring him down to brass tacks."

"You ought to shut his lying ——"

"Come, dad, don't take it so seriously."

"Well, then, you take it more seriously."

Wint laughed. "All right. You wait and see."

"You'll know better than that on the tenth of November," Jack told him; and Wint smiled and let it go at that. After all, it was Routt's own concern.

But if Wint took Routt's tactics equably Hardiston did not. Hardiston folks love politics. The great American game is the breath in their nostrils. They have an expert's appreciation of the tactical value of this move and that; and they are keen spectators at such a battle as Routt and Wint were staging.

Wint would have liked to consult with Amos at this time; but it happened that Amos was out of town. He had gone to Columbus for a day or two. In lieu of Amos, Wint went to Peter Gergue and asked him how things looked to him. Gergue fumbled in his back hair in the thoughtful way he had and said he guessed Routt was making a lively fight of it anyway.

"Do you think he's making votes?" Wint asked.

"We-ell," said Peter, "you can't always tell what folks will do? I'd say he's persuading every enemy you've got to vote against you."

Wint said, "They would, anyway."

"Sure."

"The question is: Is he persuading y of my friends?"

"I'd say not."

"Then I don't need to worry."

Gergue spat at the curb. "Can't y You see, Wint, there's about sixty per of this town—or any town—that's nei enemy nor friend. Just neutral. The the votes you got to get."

"I don't believe Routt will get man those votes by lies."

"Not if they're knowed to be lies."

"Everyone knows they are lies."

"It's a funny thing," Gergue rumina "but lots of folks take a kind of plea out of believing lies about other fol knowing they're lies all the time."

Wint shook his head. "I don't bel Routt is accomplishing a thing."

"We-ell," said Gergue, "matter of I'm thinking you may be right. Thin he's laying a foundation, like."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he's laying the tracks. doing a lot of talk that won't be beli much now; but he might bring on sc thing later along that would make f say: 'Well, maybe that other was too.'"

"What can he bring?" Wint challen

"Has he got anything on you?"

"Everyone knows all there is to k about me, I suppose."

Gergue scratched his head. "We-e dunno," he said. "Anyway, that's w I was kind of thinking."

Wint met V. R. Kite one day, and little man spoke to him so affably that W asked, "Well, how are things, Mr. Kit

"Excellent. First-class, young man

"I suppose you'll vote for me for mayo Wint asked, grinning good-naturedly; Kite chuckled and said he guessed not.

"Routt's more my style," he said.

"Don't waste your vote on a los Wint told him; but Kite said Routt m be a loser and might not. He left Wint an unpleasant feeling that there had be secretly triumphant note in the little buzzard's voice.

Jim Radabaugh met James T. Hollo the post office one morning and said ch fully: "Well, James T., how's it hap you're not out for mayor again?"

"I try to do what is right," Hollow earnestly. "But I really don't know w to do, Mister Marshal. I have thoug coming out, but Congressman Car gives me very little encouragement. you think ——"

"Don't encourage you, eh?"

"No. In fact, I might say he disc aged ——"

"Well now," said Radabaugh, "ma you'd best just lie low."

Hollow looked doubtful and said didn't know.

Thus all Hardiston talked, each after his fashion. Ed Skinner, of the maintained a strict neutrality. He closely allied with Wint's father; and elder Chase held his hand. B. B. Beec seldom let the Journal take an active in local politics, except on broad p lines, and Wint—since he had the pat age of Amos Caretall—was of the s party as Routt, who had been Amos' B.B. carried the announcement cards of men and let it go at that. But he wen far as to say to Wint and to those dropped in at the Journal office Routt's methods were not likely to be pr able.

"It never pays to open up old sores,' said. "And it's never a good plan to anything that will unjustly hurt ano man's feelings. He may be in a positio resent it some day."

Sam O'Brien, the restaurant man, Wint that Routt would never get his v "I like nerve," he said; "and you've go You've made me laugh sometimes, W Lord, I've thought you'd be the deat me. But you've took your nerve in y hands. You've got me, boy. More po to your elbow."

The first two weeks of October swiftly by. Wint heard Routt was p ning for a rally or two; and he begar make his own arrangements to a sim end. But in mid-October word came him which put the mayoralty race ou his mind.

The word came through Ote Runns, t hopeless drunkard whose cheerful serv

(Continued on Page 103)

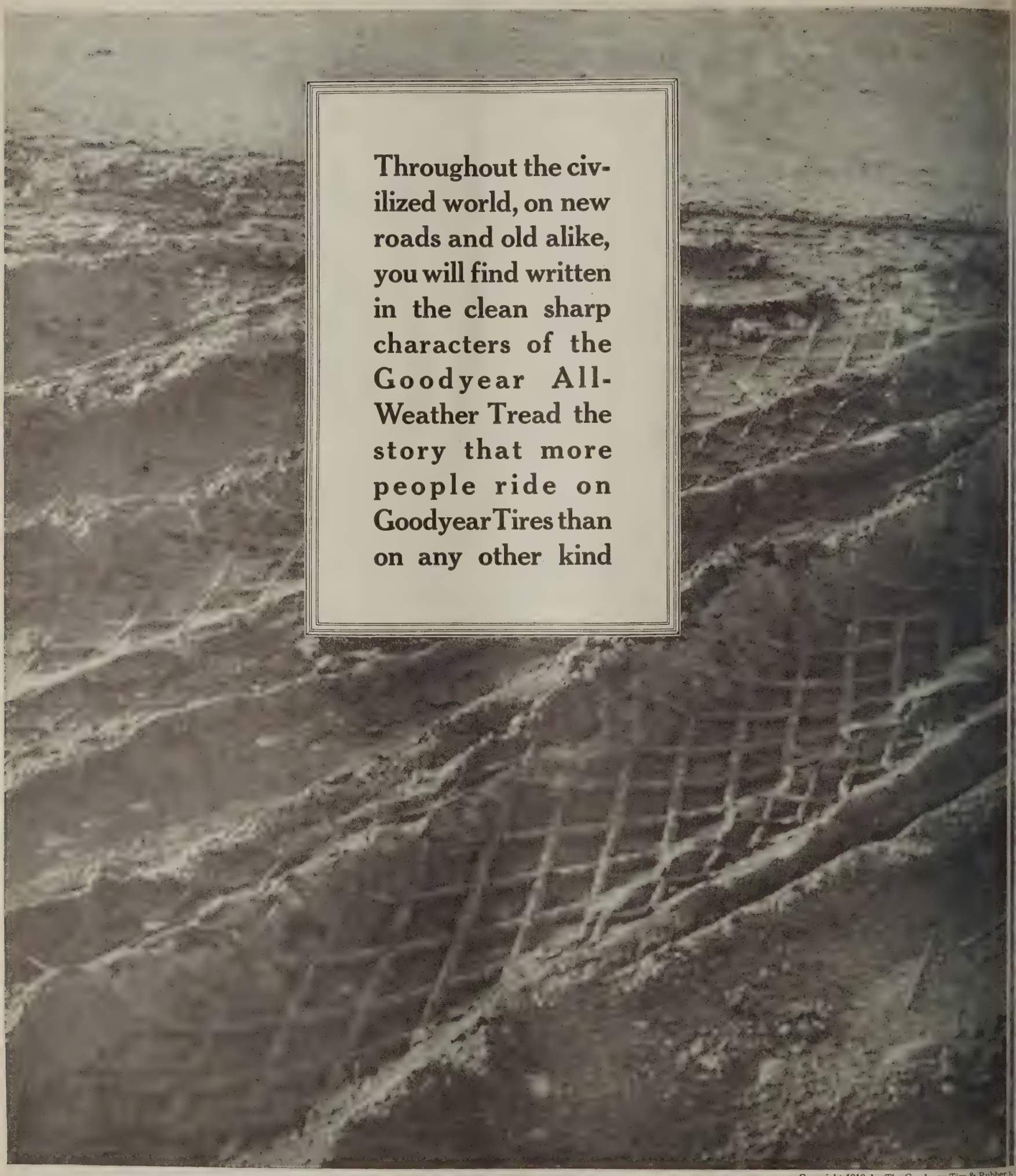
(Continued from Page 98)

ve in such demand by Hardiston house-
vis at rug-beating time. Wint met Ote
ne evening on his way home, and Ote was
ib ously cheerful. He greeted Wint
ilarously and told him in triumphant
ons that Hardiston was itself again.
Wint, with a suspicion of what was com-
g asked Ote what he meant; and Ote
ded: "'S a good ol' town. Good ol' wet
ow! Plenny o' booze again."
Wint asked Ote where he got it, but the
a put his finger to his nose and shook his
ea. Wint left him and went on his way.
When he got home he telephoned Rada-
augh. "They're selling again, Jim," he
id.
The marshal asked: "Who?"
"Don't know," said Wint. "I met Ote
Runs with a load aboard. I want you to
get after them right away."
"I'm started now," said Jim Radabaugh.
"I on my way."

XLII

WINT was rather pleased than other-
wise to learn that Kite or others of his
ilk had resumed their illicit traffic in Har-
diston. It gave him something to do. He
had none of the instincts of a political cam-
paigner; he could not for the life of him
have made a really rousing speech. And it
was next to impossible for him to ask a man
for his vote. The old pride, the stubborn
pride that had done him so much harm, was
still alive in Wint; and this pride made him
uncomfortable when he found himself ask-
ing favors.
He hated campaigning. If there had
been no opposition for him to fight, if the
race had been made easy before him it is
not unlikely that he would have quit the
race. But there was opposition, and strenu-
ous opposition. Jack Routt had kept his
word; he was making a real fight out of it.
When he encountered Wint he was
friendly—profusely so—and affable enough;
but when he was canvassing he made no
secret of attacking Wint unmercifully, strik-
ing below the belt or above it as the mo-
ment might inspire him. He had dragged up
Wint's old drunken record and aired it
until people were beginning to ask them-
selves if there wasn't something in what he
said, after all.
Against this, up till the middle of Octo-
ber Wint had made a very poor fight in-
deed. He would not denounce Routt as
Routt denounced him. As a matter of fact
there was no particular charge he could
bring against Routt. Jack was no hypo-
crite, at least; he took an honest and
straightforward stand. The liquor issue,
for example. He was a drinker; he believed
in it. And he said so. At the same time, he
stated that Wint was a drinker but pre-
ferred not to be. He said Wint was a
hypocrite.
The viciousness of Routt's campaign
stunned Wint at first; he was half incredu-
lous. The thing didn't seem possible. When
he was forced to understand that it was not
only possible but true he was left at a loss.
It was in the midst of his floundering at-
tempts to find some means to advocate his
case that he got through Ote Runns the
first word that the lawbreakers were at
work again.
He grasped at that as though it were an
opportunity. He telephoned Jim Rada-
baugh that night; and he sent for Jim the
first thing in the morning and asked the
marshal what he had discovered. Rada-
baugh shifted the knob in his cheek, and
spat, and said he had discovered nothing.
"Did you find Ote?" Wint asked.
"Sure. I just listened, and then went
where he was. He was singing, some."
"Question him?"
"Oh, yes."
"What did he say? Where did he get it?"
"He wouldn't say," Radabaugh ex-
plained.
Wint nodded. "I suppose not. What
then?"
"We-ell, I scouted round."
"Find out anything?"
"Skinny Marsh had a skinful too. And
there was a drunk in the Weaver House
when I drifted over there."
"Is it Mrs. Moody that's selling?"
Radabaugh shook his head. "I guess
not."
Wint banged his desk. "Damn it, Jim!
Who is it, then?"
"I couldn't say."
"Well, I want you to find out."
Radabaugh spat and considered. "They's
one thing," he suggested mildly. "You
might not have thought of it."
Wint grinned. "You talk like B. B. Beecham. What is it, Jim?"
"I mean to say," said Radabaugh, "this didn't just happen. What I mean is, it didn't just happen to happen. It was meant."
Wint studied him. "What's in your mind?"
"They'd have held off till after election, maybe," Jim suggested. "Looks to me like they're starting this to hit the election somehow. But I can't say just how. Don't know, but it looks to me it was meant ——"
"You mean they're trying to discredit me, say I don't enforce the laws?"
"Maybe that. Maybe something else. Just struck me it was something."
Wint got up abruptly. "I don't give a hoot. This campaign business bores me anyhow. But I'm not going to stand for this. You get busy, Jim. If you need help say so. I'll bring a man in from outside if necessary. But I want to grab the man that's selling. You understand?"
"It's your funeral," said Radabaugh cheerfully, shifting the bulge in his cheek. "I'll do my do."
"Go to it," Wint told him. "I'm leaving it to you."
But nothing happened. A week dragged past; a week in which it was reasonably clear that Wint was losing ground to Routt. Wint himself saw this as quickly as any man, and it troubled him. He asked Peter Gergue for advice—Amos was still out of town—and Peter told him to get up on his hind legs and rear and tear, but Wint shook his head.
"I can't do that. It isn't in me. The whole thing makes me sick."
"You've naturally got to do it," Gergue assured him. "Routt's telling 'em to vote for him; and he's telling them the same thing over and over, till they know their lesson like a parrot. That's advertising, Wint. Keep a-telling them the same thing till they know what they're to do. You got to. Might as well come to it first as last."
"I can't ask a man to vote for me."
"Why not?"
Wint grinned, and flushed, and gave it up. And Gergue told him again that he would have to make a noise if he wanted to be heard in Hardiston, and left Wint to think it over.
B. B. Beecham a day or two later gave Wint the same advice, but to more purpose. Wint had dropped in at the Journal office casually enough and talked with two or three others who were there before him, till they drifted away and left him with B. B.
Wint asked, "Well, how do things look to you, B. B.?"
B. B. looked doubtful. "You're not making a very strong campaign," he said.
Wint nodded. "I know it. It goes against the grain."
The editor was surprised. "Is that so? Just how do you mean?"
"Oh, I hate to ask a man to vote for me. I hate to ask favors."
B. B. smiled. "Who are you going to vote for?"
"Why, Routt, of course. I can't vote for myself."
The editor looked blandly interested and commented: "Well, if that's the case, of course you can't ask anyone else to vote for you."
"Why not?" Wint was puzzled.
"You know yourself better than they do. If you can't vote for yourself ——"
"Oh, it isn't—why, you naturally vote for the other fellow."
"This isn't a class election at college, you know," B. B. reminded him. "It's more serious. Not play. You want to remember that. But if you don't think enough of yourself to vote for yourself ——"
Wint laughed. "All right," he said. "I'll vote for myself. You've persuaded me."
B. B. nodded. "Who do you think will make the best mayor; you or Routt?" he asked.
"I don't ——" Wint flushed. "Why ——"
"Routt?"
"No!" Wint exclaimed angrily. "I've done a good job; and I'd do another. He'd open the town up; let things go."
"Do you want to be mayor? For your own sake?"
"Why, yes."
"Like the job so well?"
"No, not particularly. But I want—well, it would show that people think I've made good."
"If you're going to make a better mayor than Routt your election is best for the town, isn't it?"
"I suppose so."
"Then it's best for every man in Hardiston, isn't it?"
"In a way."
B. B. tilted back in his chair and lifted his hand in a gesture of confirmation: "That's what I was getting at. The fact of the matter is, when you ask a man to vote for you you're not asking him to do you a favor. You're asking him to do himself a favor. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."
Wint grinned. "Well, no."
"It's true?"
"I guess it is."
B. B. leaned forward. "Then go out and say so. Start something. Keep telling them to elect you; tell them louder and longer and oftener than Routt does, and they will."
This was so like what Gergue had said that Wint told B. B. so; and the editor nodded and said Gergue was a wise man.
"But I can't do it," Wint protested. "I don't know. I'll never make a speaker."
B. B. considered that for a while; and then he said: "You know, printed advertising was invented by the first tongue-tied man."
"I don't get it," Wint confessed.
"He had something to sell, but he couldn't tell people about it, so he put an ad in the papers; and after that everyone got the habit."
"You mean I ought to advertise?"
B. B. said that was exactly what he meant. And Wint was interested; he asked some questions. He had heard of advertising rates as things of astounding proportions; and so he was surprised to find that a full-page advertisement in the Journal would cost him only ten dollars. He laughed and said he could stand half a dozen of those. B. B. told him to put an ad in each Hardiston paper, and let them appear in every issue till the election.
"Say the same thing, over and over, in different ways," he advised. "Try it. You'll be surprised."
In the end Wint decided to do just this. B. B. helped him write the advertisements. In them Wint recited what he had done and what he meant to do, but briefly. In each full black-lettered page the burden of his song was just three words, repeated over and over:
"Vote for Chase; vote for Chase; vote for Chase."
Amos came home toward the end of October; and when Wint heard he was in town he telephoned and made arrangements to see him at his home that night. When he got there Amos was upstairs. He called to Wint to go into the sitting room and wait, and Wint went in there and sat down. After a moment Agnes came in to restore a book to its place on the shelves, and Wint got up and stood talking with her. He thought she seemed uneasy, on edge. Her eyes went now and then through the open door toward the stairs down which Amos would come. She fumbled with her hair, and a lock became disarranged and fell down beside her face.
She said abruptly that there was something in her shoe; and she held to his arm with one hand and stood on one foot and pulled off her slipper and shook it, upside down. Then she seemed to lose her balance and toppled toward Wint; and he caught her in his arms. She straightened up and pushed him away with what seemed to him unnecessary force; and then turned and went swiftly out into the hall without a word. He looked after her, and saw Amos, halfway down the stairs, watching them with a curiously grave countenance; and Wint, for no reason in the world, was confused and felt his face burning. He looked down and saw Agnes' slipper on the floor where she had dropped it; and he slid it out of sight under the bookcase before Amos came into the room.
He was sorry as soon as he had done this; but Agnes had somehow contrived to make him feel guilty. He could hardly face Amos when the congressman came into the room. He had a miserable feeling that everything was going wrong; all the trifles in the world seemed conspiring to harass him.
But Amos seemed to have seen nothing. He was perfectly amiable, bade Wint sit down, filled his black pipe, squinted at Wint with his head on one side and asked how things were going.
Wint said they were going badly; and Amos smiled.
"Why, now, that's too bad," he declared.
"I wasn't made for a campaigner," Wint said. "I'll never be able to make a speech."
"You write a good ad," Amos told him. Wint asked, "You've read them?"
"I guess everybody's read them."
"Are they all right?"
"First-rate. They'll do."
Wint said impatiently, "I'm sick of the whole thing."
Amos studied him. "Routt getting under your skin?"
"No. He's playing it pretty strong though."
"I'll say he is."
"Of course it's just politics. He and I are as friendly as ever."
"Oh, sure," Amos agreed indolently. "He told you so, didn't he?"
"Yes. He came to me in the beginning."
"I heard so."
"I don't know how to answer him—the line he's taking," Wint explained. "That's all."
"Don't have to answer him, do you? Don't have to answer a lie."
Wint laughed uneasily. "Just the same, he's stirring people up."
"I never heard of anybody being permanently hurt by a lie but the liar," said Amos.
Wint leaned forward. "I tell you, Amos, I want to be elected. I've gone into this; and I want to win. Routt and I are friendly enough; but he started this fight and I want to beat him. I want to beat him to a whisper. I'd like to see him skunked. I don't care if he doesn't get two votes in Hardiston. That's the way I feel." His fierce enthusiasm dropped away from him; he said hopelessly, "But I'm darned if I know how to manage it."
Amos nodded slowly. "Sick of it, eh?"
"Yes."
The congressman puffed for a while in silence, thinking; and Wint waited for the other man to speak. At last Amos looked at him and asked curiously: "Wint, you dead set on being mayor?"
Something in his tone put Wint on guard. "Dead set? Why?" he said.
Amos lifted a hand. "Why, just this," he explained: "I've been talking round, here and there. Far as I hear, they've heard about you in Columbus. The way it strikes me right now, if you was to run for the House, say, you could get it; and you'd have a good start up there. That's all."
Wint laughed uneasily. "That can come later—maybe."
"Thing is," said Amos, "if you was to get licked for mayor it'd hurt you."
"I'm not going to get licked," Wint exclaimed. "I'm going to win."
"Well—maybe," Amos agreed. "Only I just want you to know that if you'd rather try for something else I'd back you to the limit."
"You mean after election? Next year?"
"I couldn't do much if you was licked."
Wint leaned toward him. "Just what do you mean?"
"Just what I say."
"Are you asking me to withdraw?" Wint asked. His heart was in his mouth. "I know you and Routt have always worked together. Do you want me to get out and let him have it?"
"I'm not asking you to do a thing. I'm offering you a good excuse to—maybe—dodge a licking."
"I'm not going to get licked," Wint insisted. "And if there's a licking waiting for me I won't dodge!"
Amos looked at him curiously. "Well, that's all right. I just put the thing up to you."
"But I owe you enough," said Wint, "so that if you asked me to quit—I'd do it."
"I'm not asking you."
"Then," Wint declared, "I stick; and I win."
Amos moved a little in his chair; and he sighed. "Well," he drawled, "I'm watching you."
Wint left Amos a little later; and he walked home with a weight on his shoulders. He had counted on the congressman; but—this was half-hearted support at best that Amos was offering. Wint was puzzled, he could not understand; and he was depressed and worried and unhappy. He had an impulse to get out, throw the whole matter to one side, forget it all; but on the heels of the thought his jaw hardened and he shook his head.
"No," he said. "No; I'll stick it out to the end."
He would have been more concerned and he would have been thoroughly angry if he could have heard Agnes Caretall talk to

(Continued on Page 107)



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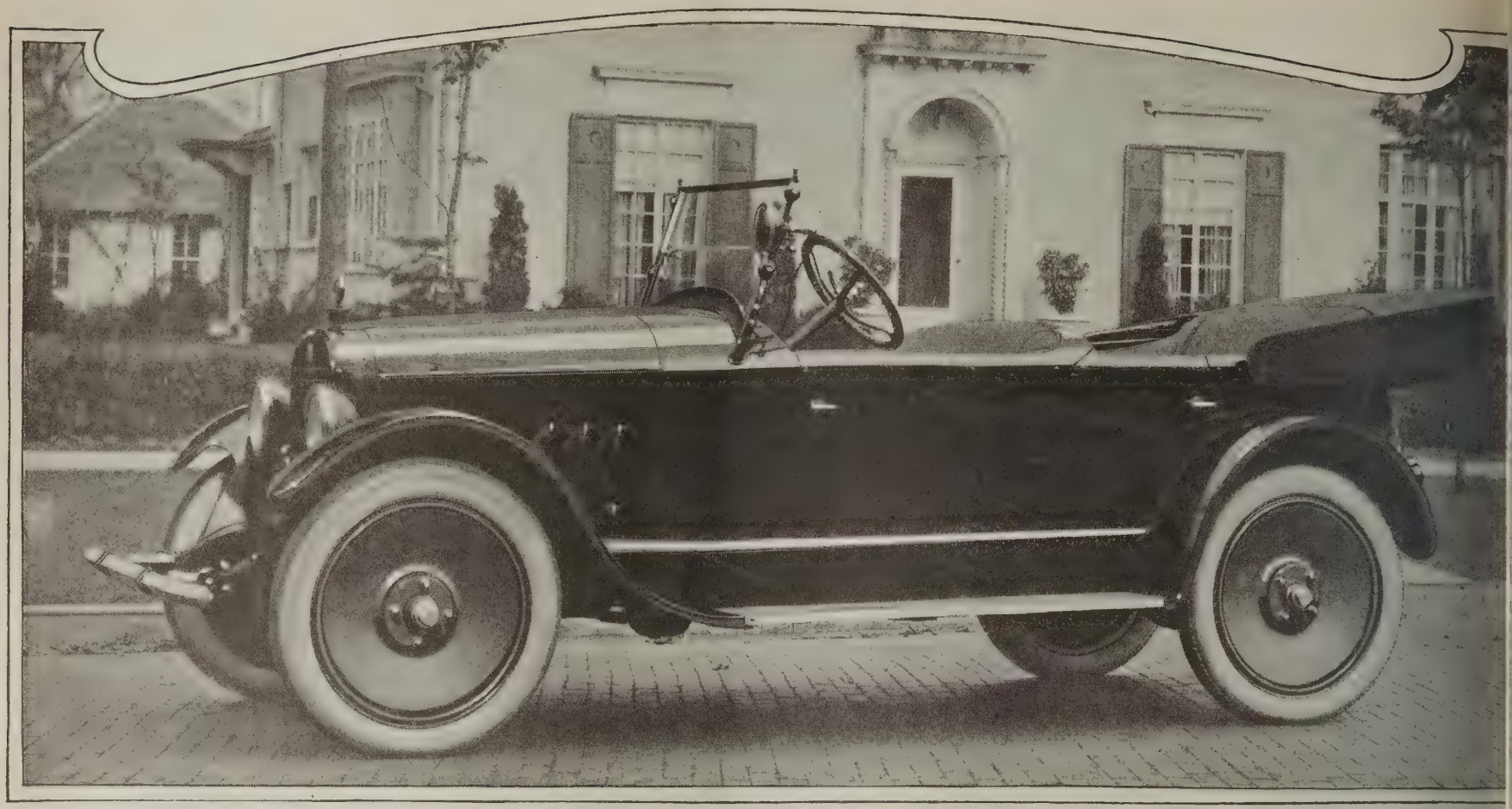
GOODYEAR

AKRON

This is an actual photograph, taken at the junction of a concrete and dirt highway, showing the pattern left by the Goodyear All-Weather Tread on both types of road

CORD TIRES



The Latest Motor Car to Adopt Disteel Wheels

Columbia Six

Is Equipped With

DISTEEL WHEELS

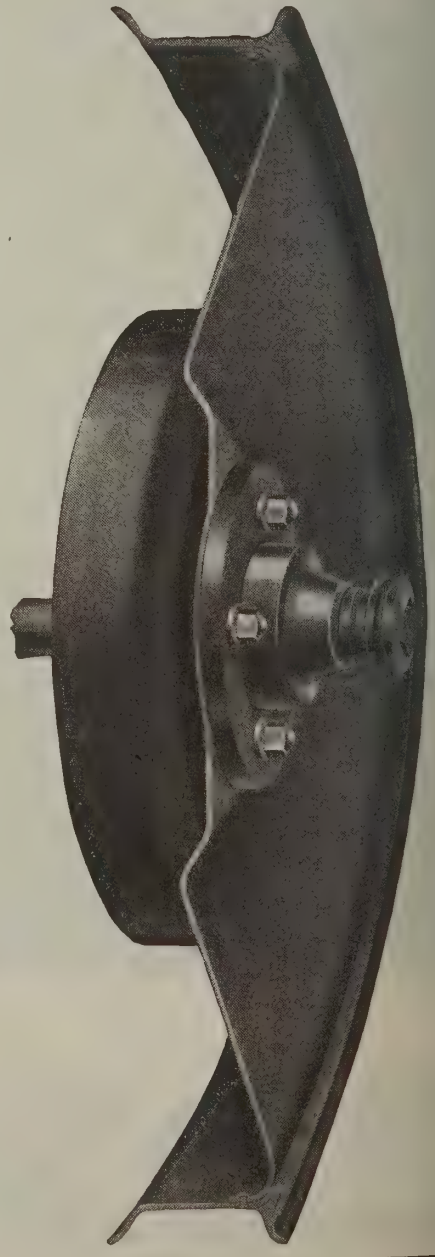
The Wheels That Complete The Car

In making this decision—in officially adopting Disteel Wheels as equipment for the Columbia Six—still another group of motor car engineers have recognized the advisability of giving their patrons the maximum of motoring comfort, safety and convenience; in short, of bringing Science to the Wheels of the Motor Car.

The indisputable fact that Disteel Wheels add greatly to the Beauty and Distinctiveness of the finely designed car has, of course, been a potent factor in their world-wide adoption. However, it is to the prompt acceptance of the obvious mechanical superiorities of Disteel Wheels in the judgment of discriminating motorists that we ascribe their instantaneous popularity.

The Disteel Wheel is a single, concave, tapered disc of sheet steel. It is lighter and stronger. It saves tires, gasoline and the mechanism of the car.

Disteel Wheels are noiseless. They make tire-changing easy. They are easily cleaned. They are, literally, Science brought to the Wheels of the Motor Car. That is why the Motor Car Industry and the Motoring Public have adopted Disteel Wheels.



Detroit Pressed Steel Company

Detroit, U. S. A.

NEW YORK, 1846 Broadway at 61st St. BOSTON, 925 Boylston St. CHICAGO, 732 Michigan Ave. SAN FRANCISCO, 326 Rialto Blc

(Continued from Page 103)

mc when he had left. She came in to re-iev her lost slipper; and she was fuming dignantly. Old Maria Hale, setting the bld for breakfast as she always did, the sting at night, overheard a word or two thir talk.

SH heard Agnes exclaim: "I don't see w ou can be so calm. Just because you ctl him. But that doesn't give him any hto think he can do a thing like that thne."

A l she heard Amos' slow even voice pl "No; it doesn't give him any right."

' should think you could say some-n" Agnes cried. "Your own daughter!"

Mria heard Amos say something about dg.

A l Agnes retorted: "It wasn't fooling! w s plain insulting!"

"ell, we can't let him do that," Amos cd drawlingly.

Pn Maria departed to the kitchen and a no more. She had paid no particular cion. The old darky lived in a world of r wn—a quiet world, a world that was t ir from coming to its end. She was old.

Aer Agnes left him and went upstairs n sat for a long time, very still, before e e. His eyes were weary and his calm evas troubled.

Cce he lifted his glance from the fire and w picture of Agnes on the mantel; and t up and took it in his big hands. It deen taken two or three years ago; and vs very beautiful. A gay happy face; eace of a child without cares. A good cAmos thought. An honest one.

I compared it in his thoughts with gs as she was now; and the trouble in s ountenance deepened. After a little he ito himself as he had said once before: I ish her mother hadn't 've died."

F put the picture slowly back on the nael, and sat down and once more be-ar motionless, staring into the fire. To nevatching him it would have seemed in amoment that Amos, too, was very old.

XLIII

CNGRESSMAN AMOS CARETALL taged, next morning in the post office, nof the those dramatic incidents which acheckered his career and done a good e to make him what he was. These ces were meat and drink to Amos. He kl to hark back to them and chuckle at hmemory. In Washington last winter, rxample, he had told over and over the tcy of his speech at the rally of Winthrop Ctse, Senior; his pledge to vote for a Ctse, and the sequel to that pledge. The hg appealed to his sense of humor.

his morning he met Wint in the post ffe and snubbed him. And within half an ho all Hardiston knew about it and was aling about it. The way of the thing was h: Wint had met Jack Routt on the s uptown; and they came up Broad Street o ther, and down Main to the post office. Wt was thoughtful and a little silent; Rtt expansively amiable in the fashion h had become habitual with him since h campaign opened. He asked Wint o larly whether he was downhearted, and Wit said he was not. Routt told him he v ld be.

You'll be ready to quit before I'm hugh with you, old man," he warned Wit. "You'll be ready to crawl into your ne. Oh, I'm laying for you."

Go ahead," Wint told him quietly. All your ads in the papers won't do you a it of good, either. That's good money w ted. You have to get out and talk to h voters, Wint. Take a tip from me. It's h word of mouth that does the trick."

Vint said if this were so Routt would s ely come out on top. "You've used w d-of-mouth pretty freely," he remarked.

Getting into the quick, am I?"

Why, no. I just commented on the fact tlt ——"

Routt asked solicitously: "Look here, yu're not sore, are you? You know the u lerstanding was that this was to be a real fht."

Of course," Wint agreed. "And I'm not se. Go as far as you like."

A moment later Routt said: "I heard Aos was going to throw you down. Any-t ng in that? If he does you haven't got a c nce."

Nothing in it," Wint told him. "I had a lk with Amos last night."

Routt laughed and said Amos' promises d n't amount to anything. "Is he backing yu or is he holding off?" he asked. "I h ven't heard that he's doing much."

"You'll hear in due time," Wint told him.

He thought afterward that it was a curious coincidence that Routt should have said this about Amos on this particular morning. It was almost as though Routt had really had some foreknowledge. But at the time the question made no great impression on him.

When they turned into the post office the mail had not yet been distributed, and the windows were closed. There were perhaps a dozen men there waiting before their boxes, talking, smoking, spitting on the floor. Routt and Wint took their places among these men; and Routt stuck near Wint. There was some good-natured chaffing. After a little Amos and Peter Gergue came in together. Everyone had a word for Amos. It was a minute or two after he came in the door before he worked back through the groups to where Routt and Wint stood.

He looked at the two, head on one side, and Wint said "Good morning, Amos."

Amos squinted a little; then without replying to Wint he turned to Jack Routt, at Wint's side, and thrust out his hand: "Morning, Routt."

He and Routt shook hands, and Wint went a little white with surprise, still not fully understanding.

Routt said cheerfully: "Back in time to see the election, Amos."

Amos nodded cordially. "And back in time to shake hands with the next mayor, Routt," he said. "You're making a first-rate campaign. If you need any help ——"

Routt took it all as a matter of course. Wint had stepped back a little; he was leaning his shoulders against the wall, and it seemed to him the world was swimming.

"I'll surely call on you," Routt said.

Amos turned toward his mail box and unlocked it. Gergue shook Routt by the hand. "Morning, Mister Mayor," he said; and then to the other, "H'lo, Wint."

Everyone had seen; no one had a word to say. The windows opened as sign that the mail was all distributed. The waiting men moved forward to open their boxes; and they went out, ripping open letters and papers, talking in low voices, glancing sidewise at Wint. Routt had gone out with Amos and Peter. Wint pulled himself together, got his mail, and went out into the street by himself. Hardiston seemed like a new town; it was changed—terribly changed—by a word or two from Amos.

Everyone seemed to know what had happened almost as soon as it had happened. The people who spoke to him on his way to Hoover's office—he was planning a day with the law books—seemed to Wint to be grinning maliciously. He was still dazed, unable to think clearly. When he was settled in the back room with the leather-bound books Wint tried to put his mind on them; but he could not. He was groping for understanding. He felt as a child feels when it has received a blow it cannot understand. He was incredulous. The thing could not have happened; but it had happened. The ground was cut from under his feet. Cut from under his feet. He was lost, helpless. He had been supported for so long by Amos; he had felt the congressman's substantial strength upholding him for so many months that it had come to seem to him as an inevitable feature of his very life. He did not see how he could go on without it.

Yet in the end he had to believe, had to accept the new condition. He remembered Amos' attitude the night before. Amos had suggested his withdrawing from the fight; the congressman had almost asked him to withdraw. He had refused; now Amos would force him—would beat him to his knees. At least Amos would try to do that. A slow anger began to grow in Wint; a slow determination not to be beaten. Or if he was to be beaten he would not be beaten without a fight. In simple words, Wint got mad; and he always fought best when he was mad. His resolution hardened; a certain fire of inspiration came to light within him. He began to make plans to meet this new contingency. He would go to the people of Hardiston with the facts, appeal to them, prove to them that he deserved their good will, and that he deserved their votes.

An hour after the scene in the post office Wint was more determined to win than he had ever been before. Even Amos was not invincible. The man could be beaten; not only in this fight but in others. Wint began to cast forward into the future and plan what he would do.

Dick Hoover came in after a while and gripped him by the shoulder. "I say," he exclaimed excitedly, "they tell me Amos has thrown you down. Is it true?"

Wint nodded. "Yes, it is," he answered crisply.

Hoover swore. "The dirty double-crossing hound! What are you going to do?"

"Lick him," Wint replied.

Hoover looked doubtful. "Lick him? You can't, Wint."

Wint said nothing.

"Can you?" Dick Hoover asked.

"I'm going to," said Wint.

Hoover banged his fist on the book that lay open before Wint. "You'll find some that are willing to help!"

"I know it," Wint agreed.

"My father and I—whatever we can do."

"Thanks."

"Get after him, Wint," Hoover urged. "Show him up. No one has ever gone after Caretall the right way. Start something. The people are always looking for fun, for a change. I believe you can do it."

"I told you I was going to," Wint repeated.

That night his father spoke to him of the matter. The elder Chase had heard it during the day, had heard what Amos had done. And there was fire in his eye. He had no sooner come into the house before supper than he called: "Oh, Wint!"

Wint was upstairs getting ready for supper. He answered, "Hello, dad."

"Coming down?"

"Right away."

"Well, hurry."

Wint was surprisingly cheerful. The elation of battle was on him. He chuckled at the impatience in his father's tone; but he did make haste, and a moment later joined the other man in the sitting room. The elder Chase was standing, stirring about, his face hot and angry.

"Look here, Wint," he exclaimed without parley, "I hear Amos Caretall turned you down to-day."

"Yes."

"In the post office."

"Yes, this morning."

"Told Routt he was going to win."

"Just that, dad."

Chase threw up his hand furiously. "Wint, I told you he'd cut your throat! The dirty ——"

Wint put his hand up to his neck. "Cut my throat?" he repeated. "I seem to be all here."

"You wouldn't believe me, Wint, but I warned you."

"Yes, you did."

"What do you say now to this fine friend of yours? Damn the man!"

"I say he's started trouble for himself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to prove that when he said Routt would be elected he was either a fool or a liar."

Chase banged his hand on the table beside him till the lamp jumped in its place and the shade tilted to one side. Mrs. Chase came bustling in just then, and straightened it, and protested anxiously: "I declare, Winthrop, you're the hardest man round the house. You do disturb things so. I don't see ——"

"Caretall has turned against Wint," Chase told her.

She nodded wisely. "Well, didn't you always say he would?"

"Of course I did. Wint wouldn't believe me. Now he's done it."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," Mrs. Chase declared. "But I always did think you were wrong, Wint, to be so friendly with a man who had treated your father as he did. He ——"

"I know you did, mother."

Chase cried: "You take it almighty calmly, Wint. Isn't there any blood in you, son? Don't you ever get mad? Damn it, the man ought to be kicked out of town."

Wint laughed good-naturedly: "Oh, I don't know. He has a right to support Jack if he wants to."

"A right? What have his rights to do with it? I'd have more respect for you if you could get good and mad."

Wint chuckled. "I'll try to work up a fever if you like. I always want your respect, dad."

Chase said in a softer tone: "You always have it, Wint. You've earned it. But it makes my blood boil to see Caretall do this to you—to my son."

"It's terrible," Wint agreed whimsically.

Chase protested: "I believe you're laughing at me."

Wint shook his head anxiously. "No. But I don't see that it does any good to get excited. I'm aiming to keep my head—and my job."

"You're going to fight?"

"Fight?" Wint echoed. "Why, dad, you won't be able to see me for dust."

"You've waked up at last? You're not going to sit back and let Routt lie about you and let Amos trick you?"

"I'm going to fight," said Wint. "Also, I'm going to win."

Chase exclaimed: "I believe you can, if you try."

"You know," said Wint, "in a way I'm glad this has happened."

"Glad?" Chase asked. "Why should you be glad?"

Wint touched his arm in a comradely way. "Because now you and I can line up together; fight side by side. I'd rather have you with me than Amos."

Chase said with a sudden humility: "Amos might be able to help you more than I can."

"I'd rather have your personal vote than all the votes Amos can swing."

"You'd have had that anyway."

"Well, isn't that worth being crossed by Amos?"

Chase said: "But don't fool yourself, Wint. Don't imagine this is going to be easy. Caretall is powerful."

Wint said with a slow energy: "I've done some thinking, dad. Amos is powerful. But—I don't know just how to say it, but what I mean is this: I think I've been a good mayor. I've tried to be a good one anyway. And if a fellow tries to do the right thing it seems to me the world has a habit of turning his way. I've done my share, straight, out and out. And I'm going to the voters on that record. If there's anything in—democracy—then I can beat Amos. He's cleverer; he's better at tricks and contraptions. But he can't beat the right thing, dad. And—I've a hunch that the right is on my side. On our side, in this."

"Right or wrong," Chase declared, "we'll lick him if there's any way in the world it can be done." His eyes lighted. "I believe I can get Kite to line up with you."

Wint shook his head. "No."

"I think I can," Chase urged. "He hates Amos."

"I don't want him," said Wint. "This is a clean fight."

"You want all the help you can get."

"All the decent help. There are enough decent folks in town to put this thing through."

"You can't be too squeamish, Wint."

"I'm too squeamish to take help from Kite," said Wint. "That's flat, dad. Put it out of your head."

Mrs. Chase was still doing her own work. She called them to supper just then; and while they ate she told them how tired she was.

"I declare," she said, "I wish Hetty would come back here. I saw her uptown yesterday; and I asked her to. But she wouldn't. Said she had a better job. I told Mrs. Hullis last night that the girl ——"

"Hetty never cooked a better supper than this," her husband told her; and the little woman smiled happily and bridled like a girl, and said: "Now, Winthrop, you're always telling me things like that, when you know they're not true. I'm just a ——"

Wint laughed. "Quit apologizing for yourself, mother. It's a darned bad habit. Tell people you're a wonder, and they'll believe you. I've found that out. That's the way I'm going to be reëlected."

"You can tell them that, but you have to back it up," his father reminded him. "Brag's not so bad if there's something to base it on."

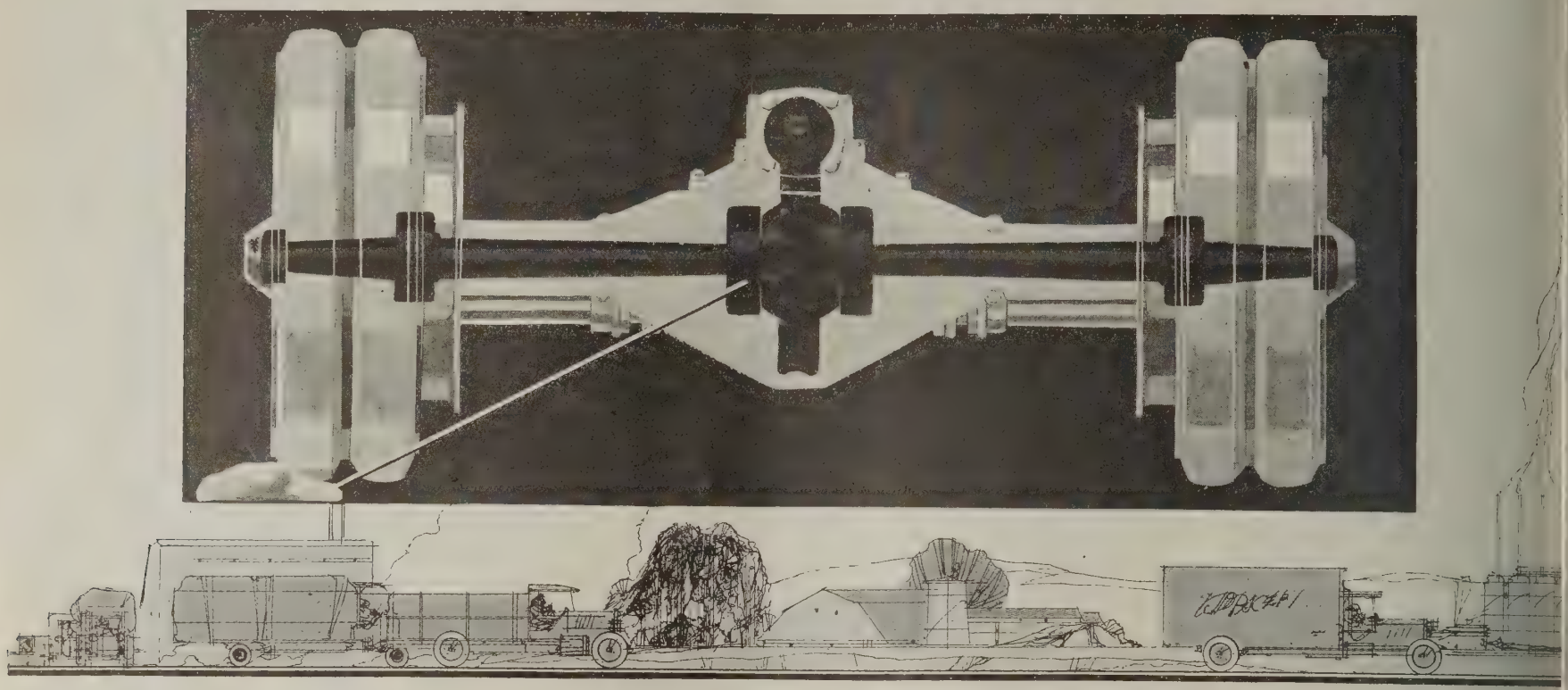
"Well, isn't there?" Wint asked quietly. His father's eyes lighted, and he cried: "Yes, son! By Heaven, there is!"

Wint made no move during the next day or two; but he laid his plans. He intended to do a great many things in the last week before election. He would concentrate his effort in those last days so that the effect should not have time to disappear. He talked with Dick Hoover and Dick's father; he talked with others. And he was surprised to find that such loyal supporters of Amos as Sam O'Brien and Ed Howe and even James T. Hollow were inclined to support him; support him in spite of Amos. Sam told him as much.

He met Sam at the moving-picture show that night; that is to say, he met Sam just

(Continued on Page 111)

SHELDON AXLE EMPLOYS THE



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Now apply that knowledge to truck axles.

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The rear axle of any truck is the most expensive and most important unit, and should therefore be studied and understood by every truck buyer.

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There are only two kinds of axles, when you get right down to first principles, and the truck buyer has only to decide which will give him the greater service.

First—Dead Axles—typified in the axles of horse-drawn vehicles and often used in motor truck construction.

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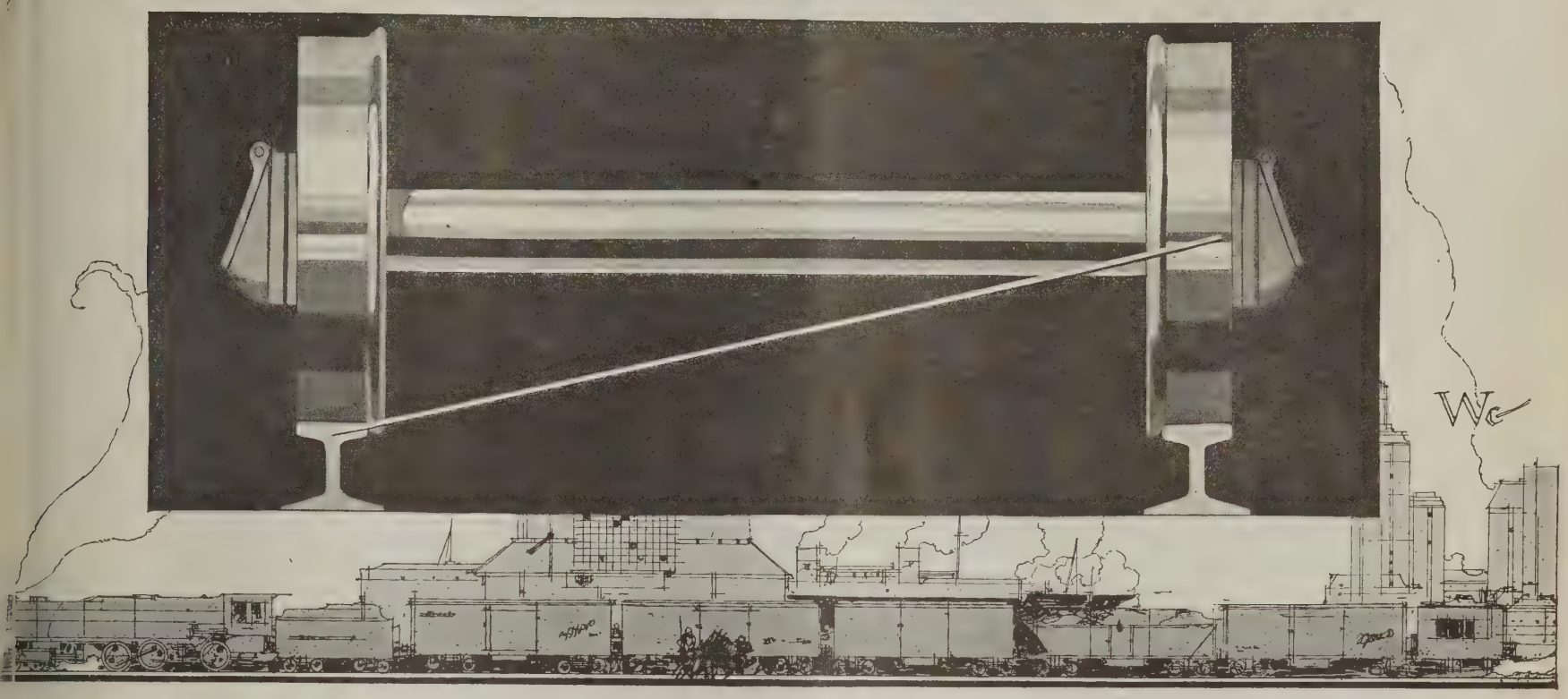

Select the Axle built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Dead Axles are the floating type — that is, the wheels revolve and the axle is stationary.

Live Axles are the locomotive type. The wheels are firmly fixed to the axle, which revolves with the wheels as a single unit.

On this type of axle there is a bearing at the hub and another at the opposite end of the axle shaft, giving the longest possible leverage against side strain.

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Your truck will be subjected to side strains many times a day. When you consider that a skidding strain is often five times that of the load strain you will see the importance of the Locomotive Principle as a factor in the life of your truck.

Your drivers hit curbs every day—they swing in and out of car tracks, they turn out to the edge of crowned roads — the long levers of steel shafts keep the wheels and axles firm and true.

The Sheldon Principle is the simple principle of leverage, easy to understand and so convincing that you will surely select the truck equipped with the Sheldon Worm Gear Axle.

Write for the Sheldon Book, which clearly explains the construction and its adaptation of the Locomotive Axle Principle.

SHELDON AXLE & SPRING CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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The Eureka is an *Air* Cleaner. It depends for its tru remarkable efficiency upon the great volume of air th rushes through the nozzle, and the velocity at which th air travels.

The brush with which it is equipped simply gathers up the surfa dirt, the threads and hair. The air rushing through the fabric ge the dirt embedded in the carpet,—the deep down dirt that broor and carpet sweepers cannot reach.

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The Eureka book gives some interesting facts about cleanliness and sanitation that you ought to have. May we send it to you?

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Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, Detroit, U.S.A.

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GETS THE DIRT—NOT THE CARPE

(Continued from Page 107)

ou ide. And Sam and Hetty Morfee were to ther. That surprised Wint; he had not ev known that they were friends. But it wa obvious that they were very good ri ds indeed. When he stopped to speak o em Hetty looked at him with an ap- e ng defiance. He wondered if Sam nv. He did not think it would matter. Sa was the sort who could, if he chose, or ve.

e spoke to Sam of the coming election, n Sam said: "Sure, I'm for you. Amos 's ll ight in Congress. But he'd make a mi ty poor mayor. I'm for you, Wint, n oy. You've got nerve; and you're ur y sometimes. Lord, but I've thought he was times when I'd die laughing at ro But you're there, Wint. You can a me."

e and Hetty went away together, and Wi watched them, forgetting what Sam sa said in wondering about Sam and Hetty.

e got further comfort the next day, ro a man as close to Amos as Peter Re ue. Peter told him it looked as hi gh Routt would win. "But there's a fi that'll vote for you," he added. "It in hurt you much, Amos quitting." He pe ed all round furtively, fumbled in his sa hair, and said: "Amos didn't do you ne a bad turn—even if he meant to. I mi t give you a vote myself, Wint. I don't kn but I might."

XLIV

WINT laid plans for rallies on Friday and Saturday nights of the week be- or election. On Monday and Tuesday f at week he worked all day, preparing he words he meant to say at those rallies. t as tough work; it was hard for him o it his own determination into words.

Tuesday night, the third of November, he came a diversion. Jim Radabaugh el honed to him at midnight, summon- ng im out of bed.

When Wint answered the phone the rshal asked, "That you, Wint?"

"Yes."

"You r'member you told me to get ft the bootleggers?"

"Of course."

"Well, I've done that little thing."

Wint exclaimed: "First rate. You mean ove arrested someone?"

"I should say I had."

"Who?" Wint asked.

"You know Lutcher?"

"Of course."

"Him," said Radabaugh.

That Radabaugh should have arrested Lutcher was almost as though he had arrested Kite himself; and Wint knew it. It brought matters to an issue, direct and unavoidable. Lutcher, for all practical purposes, was Kite. His arrest meant an open defiance to the head and front of the opposition. Wint, characteristically, leaped at the chance. He might have been more lenient with a lesser man.

He asked the marshal: "Where is he?"

"Locked up," said Radabaugh.

"In the calaboose?"

"Yeah. Him and the fire horses are all the pals together."

"You've got the evidence?"

"Sure."

"No doubt about it?"

"Not a bit. I'll tell you ——"

"What does he say?"

"Acts like he wasn't surprised. Acts like he expected it. Matter of fact, he very near invited me to pinch him."

Wint nodded to himself. "That means he're looking for trouble."

"I'd say so."

"Haven't seen Kite, have you?"

"Hear he's out of town. Be back Thurs- ay."

"All right. We'll hold Lutcher till then nd have it out."

Wint heard a gulp that told him Rada- augh was shifting that bulge in his cheek. "He wants to furnish bail," the marshal ai

"Nothing doing," Wint told him.

"Well—he's got a right to want to."

"We're sound sleepers here. You ouldn't raise me with the telephone," Wint suggested.

"Well, Lutcher's all dressed up in a ellow vest and everything; and he didn't ven his jail pajamas with him."

"He can sleep in the yellow vest."

"It's your funeral," Radabaugh decided philosophically. "Whatever you say."

"That's right." And Wint added: "I'm glad you got him, Jim. Good work."

"Oh, he weren't so much to get. I told you he put himself in the way of it."

"Just the same, you have good nerve."

"We-ell—maybe so."

Wint went back to bed; but he didn't go to sleep. He was tingling with the pleasurable excitement of combat; and he was immensely pleased at this chance to give evidence of the sincerity of his fight for a clean Hardiston.

Those orders to Radabaugh which had become something like a proverb in Hardiston—this was their test. He meant that they should meet the test.

He could not decide whether the incident would help him or hurt him at the polls; it was impossible to tell. But—he did not care. Hurt or help, his course would be the same; unchangeable. Lutcher should get the limit; whatever the evidence justified. The rest was in the lap of the gods; let them take care of it.

It may have been an hour or two before he was asleep again; and he woke in the morning a little tired for the sleep he had lost. But the cold tub revived him; he was cheerful enough when he came down to breakfast; and when his father appeared Wint told him the news.

"Something doing, dad," he said.

Chase looked at him in quick and surprised interest; and he asked: "What? What do you mean, Wint?"

"Did you hear the telephone last night, about midnight?"

"No."

"I did," said Mrs. Chase. "I thought I heard the bell; but your father was asleep, and I wasn't sure. I came to the head of the stairs, but you were already down."

"I answered as quickly as I could. The bell only rang once or twice."

"Who was it?" Chase asked quickly.

"Radabaugh. Jim. The marshal. He's arrested Lutcher."

"Lutcher! What for?"

"Bootlegging!"

Chase uttered an involuntary exclamation. "Lutcher? He's Kite's right-hand man."

"Absolutely."

"Radabaugh arrested him?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a case?"

"Jim always has a case when he makes an arrest."

"But Lutcher—he's shrewd. Knows how to cover his tracks."

"He didn't cover well enough this time." Wint's elation was singing in his voice.

"But he ——"

"As a matter of fact," said Wint, "Radabaugh thinks Lutcher allowed himself to be caught. Thinks he wanted to get arrested."

"That doesn't sound reasonable."

"He'll be sorry."

"They've got something up their sleeves, Wint."

"So have I."

"You? What?"

"My arms," said Wint cheerfully. "With a fist on each one, and a punch in each fist."

Chase looked uncertain. "They'll try some trick."

Wint touched the other's arm. "Don't worry. They've got to fight in the open now. The time's short. And I'm not afraid of them in the open."

"They're treacherous. They'll strike behind your back."

"I'm not worried."

But the older man was worried. He said little more; nevertheless his concern was plain. Wint was sorry, a little disappointed. His father's uneasiness did not affect his own confidence. He was as sure of himself as before. But he had expected his father to be as confident as himself, as sure. To him the matter of Lutcher simply offered an opportunity for a telling blow; but it was evident that to his father the incident was rather a threat than an opportunity.

He and his father walked uptown together; they separated when Wint turned aside toward the fire-engine house, where his office was. The older man gave him a word of warning there.

"Go carefully, Wint," heurged. "Watch yourself."

"Don't worry."

"Be sure of the law, Wint. Don't make a mistake. They would jump on it."

"That's Foster's job. And I'm no—I've studied up a bit."

"Take care."

"Right, dad."

They separated, and Wint went on to his office. Radabaugh was not there, but he appeared a little later.

"I've just had Lutcher up to Sam O'Brien's for breakfast," he explained. "He wanted to go to the hotel; but I told him Sam had the contract to victual the city prisoners."

Wint chuckled. "Where is he now?"

"Down in the calaboose."

"Does he still want to furnish bail?"

"Says he does."

"Kite comes home to-morrow?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we'll let Lutcher out on bail till then. I'm curious to hear what Kite will have to say."

Radabaugh shifted the plug in his cheek. "Think he'll have anything to say?"

"Don't you?"

"We-ell, he might."

"Bring Lutcher up and we'll turn him loose."

Lutcher came. Wint chuckled inwardly at sight of what Radabaugh had called a yellow vest. It was an ornate affair; no doubt of it. He was inclined to expect an outbreak from Lutcher, but the big bald man was cheerfully amiable.

Wint said: "Sorry we had to hold you in jail. The marshal tried to get me, but I'm a sound sleeper."

"Well, the bed wasn't soft," Lutcher admitted. "But I can stand it."

"I'm going to hold you till to-morrow," Wint said. "Unless you want to plead guilty and accept sentence now."

"Guilty? No, sir! You can't pin anything on me, Wint. You ought to know that."

"We'll see," Wint told him. "Want to stay in jail or furnish bail?"

"Bail, of course. I can get anyone ——"

"I'd rather have money."

"Check any good?"

"I'll cash it before you leave here."

Lutcher said amiably that that was all right, and asked the amount. Wint said: "Four hundred," and Lutcher whistled and protested: "That's pretty hard."

"Harder than the bed in the calaboose?"

Lutcher grinned and wrote and, when Wint came back after cashing the check and told him he was free to go, Lutcher, contriving to look dapper and well-dressed in spite of his night, took himself away. Then Wint turned to the marshal.

"Now, Jim, how about it?" he asked. "What's the case against him?"

Radabaugh shifted the knob in his cheek to clear the way for speech; and he sat down, hitched his trousers up, opened his coat and put his thumbs in his armholes. "We-ell," he said. "It was like this."

He had been scouting round for a week, he said, according to Wint's orders, without discovering anything. But the afternoon before, an automobile had come into town with some boxes in the tonneau and a stranger driving. It made some stir on Main Street; and then it drove openly enough to Lutcher's place, on the alley. He had seen the boxes carried up Lutcher's stairs.

"First off," he explained, "I figured it couldn't be what it looked like. Didn't seem as if they'd be so open about it. Lutcher had been lying low. I figured they might be aiming to get me excited, just to make a fool of me. So I held off a spell.

"But the thing stuck in my head. They might be trying a game, and they might not. I decided to keep an eye on Lutcher's place, and I did. All that afternoon."

Wint said, "They were brazen, eh?"

"I'd say so," Radabaugh agreed; and he shifted his plug and went on.

"Nothing happened, particular, all afternoon. I et my supper; and after it was dark I took another walk down that way. Met Jack Routt coming out of the alley; and he stopped me and talked to me. It was on his breath plain enough. He must have knowed that; must have meant me to smell it. He was so darned open I suspicioned there was a trick, so I still held off.

"But I took a walk through the alley about nine o'clock. All quiet. A light in Lutcher's place, that was all. Some men up there. I wondered. I walked through again after a while. Sounded like they was having a game. Finally, about a quarter past eleven, I come along through and someone yelled. Sounded boozy. So I says to myself, 'Jim, you're the goat. You got to bite, if it's only to see the joke.' So I went up the stairs. Quiet."

"No search warrant?" Wint asked.

"Why, no," said Radabaugh innocently. "I was just dropping in for a drink, like I'd done before. Some time back."

Wint grinned. "Of course. Go ahead."

"We-ell, the door wasn't locked," said Radabaugh. "So I knew I was meant to come in. And I went in; on in where they were. Four of them—Tuttle and Harley and Gates and this Lutcher. I went in; and Tuttle throws a five-dollar bill to Lutcher and says, 'Here's for that last bottle, Lutch.'

"Lutcher took it. And he'd seen me before he took it. Then he got up and says: 'Hello, Jim. Have a drink?' So I told him to come along."

He stopped; it was evident that his story was done. Wint nodded. "Well, that's plain enough," he agreed.

"It's my evidence against theirs," Radabaugh reminded him. "But that's the way it's got to be."

"Your evidence is good enough for me."

"Sure. But he'll fight."

"We can't help that," Wint reminded him. "All we can do is—soak him."

There was a sudden heat in his voice; and Radabaugh eyed him curiously and asked: "In earnest, ain't you?"

"Absolutely," said Wint.

"Well, it never hurt any to be in earnest. Go to it, boss."

Hardiston talked it over that day and wondered what Wint would do. Most people thought he would sentence Lutcher; some declared he would wait till after election for fear of influencing the vote. Sam O'Brien laughed at this view.

"Wint wasn't ever afraid of anything," he declared. "Why, man, you make me laugh. He'll soak Lutcher so hard Lutcher'll need to be wrung out like a sponge."

There were others who were loyal to Wint; and there were some few—not very vociferous except among those of like views—who were loyal to Lutcher. But for the most part people waited; waited for Kite to come home. This was his fight; that was understood. Lutcher was his man.

He came on the early morning train next day; and his coming was marked. Lutcher met him at the train. They came up the hill from the station together and went to the bazaar, and were alone there for a little while. Routt joined them presently. Routt would represent Lutcher in court, he said. But Kite laughed at that.

"It will never come to court, man," he told Routt. "You know that."

"I'm not so sure," Jack objected.

"Then we'll smash that young rip flat as an egg," said Kite harshly, with a gesture of his clenched fist. "But he'll crawl, I say."

Lutcher got up. "I'm willing to see that," he declared amiably. "Come along and stage the show."

So they went down to the fire-engine house together, and they found the council room where Wint held court crowded with Hardiston folks who wanted to see what was going to happen. Radabaugh was there; and he told them Wint was in his office in the rear. Kite bade Routt and Lutcher sit down.

"I want to see the mayor," he told Radabaugh in a peremptory tone. "Take me in."

Radabaugh shifted the bulge in his cheek and told Kite to stay where he was. "I'll see if he wants to see you," he said, and went into Wint's office.

A moment later he appeared at the door and beckoned to Kite, and there was an instant's hush in the big room as everyone watched Kite go in. Then they began to whisper and talk together; and instantly were still again, trying to hear what Wint and Kite were saying. Radabaugh had shut the door behind Kite and stood with his back against it, indolently studying the crowd.

They tried to hear; but they did not hear anything except a murmur of voices now and then. They could only guess at what had been said from what happened when Kite had been with Wint five minutes or perhaps ten. At the end of that period the door opened so suddenly that Radabaugh was thrown off balance. He stumbled to one side, and Wint came out and sat down at his desk.

Kite was on Wint's heels; he whispered to Wint fiercely, but Wint, without heeding Kite, said to the clerk, "Call Lutcher's case."

And at that Kite looked at Wint for a moment with a red and furious face, and then he turned and bolted for the stairs and was gone.

Wint's countenance was steady, his lips were white. He heard Radabaugh's story of the arrest of Lutcher; and when it was

(Continued on Page 115)

MO

RRIS

upreme
Ham

For dinner—there's nothing more delicious than a Supreme Ham, baked and seasoned with cloves.

Serve it to your guests at the meal you want remembered. Its tenderness and fine, mild flavor are the result of our Supreme cure.

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For, that's all there is to breaking into the pipe game *since Prince Albert blew out of the bushes!* Just puts pipe-pleasure on the merry-map; lets men with tenderest tongues get in with both feet; has made three men smoke pipes where one was smoked before! To slide it across quick:—*P. A. is a regular dempsey!*

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Wherever you pass a place that sells tobacco—big burgs or back bays—there you'll find P. A. awaiting your signal! Toppy red bags; tidy red tins; handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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(Continued from Page 111)

nce asked Routt, who was appearing
Lutcher, whether the man denied any-
in Routt hesitated, uncertain what
te would wish him to do. He whispered
th utcher.
Tln he stood up and said: "He has
cid to plead guilty, Your Honor."
Wt nodded, consulted in a low voice
th 'oster, and said: "Two hundred and
ct'
Tl t was all. While Routt and Lutcher ar-
ng l for the payment of the fine the crowd
ga to disperse, a few lingering in the
pe f some fresh sensation. And those
o ngered and those who went their way
re greeing, one with another, that this
tir was not ended.
"I te's got something up his sleeve,"
te told Bob Dyer. "You wait and
"
Al Dyer nodded and grinned, and said:
"e wait till old V. R. takes a hand."
Wen everyone was gone except Rada-
ur and Foster and one or two others
n got up and went into his office and
ut he door.

XLV

THOSE minutes—five or ten—which
V R. Kite spent with Wint in the lat-
's office behind the council chamber
fo he sentenced Lutcher, left Wint de-
ss d, shaken by foreboding. He was like
e eset in the darkness by enemies he
ul not see. He felt the imminence of dis-
te without being able to avert it. The
rl was all wrong. Life had turned her
ur s down. There could be only destruc-
n head.
He felt this, without being able to put a
m to the peril. It was intangible; Kite
d nly hinted at it. But the little buzz-
rof a man had been in deadly earnest.
Inwas sure of that. So—there was noth-
g do but wait for the blow to fall; and
itg is the hardest thing in the world
d
Ke had come into Wint's office that
rng with a smile in his dry eyes. It was
ne that had triumph in it; and it held
o certain mean magnanimity to a fallen
. it was as though Kite knew Wint was
ath, and expected him to surrender, and
s illing to accept the surrender though
sp ing Wint for yielding. Wint had ex-
ct d the little man to come in anger,
th protestations and open threats and a
sp rate sort of defiance. He was pre-
re for these things; he was not prepared
fe confidence in Kite's bearing. And
ist glimpse of it disturbed him, made
mneasy.
Ke had sat down without being in-
vi had put his hat on Wint's desk and
d aid in an amiably triumphant way:
Vll, young man?"
H seemed to expect Wint to speak; but
ir had nothing to say to Kite. He re-
ei "You wanted to speak to me?"
"ot exactly," said Kite. "I wanted to
a what you have to say."
"I" said Wint. "I have nothing to
y except what I shall say to Lutcher in
u presently."
"h, yes. Lutcher," Kite murmured.
Lcher, to be sure." And he nodded as
ogh Lutcher were scarce worth consid-
n, and kept silent, to force Wint into
eh.
This trick of keeping silent, forcing the
h man to make the advances, was a
vite with Amos Caretall. Amos had beaten V. R. Kite at the game more than once; but Wint had beaten Amos. He beat Kite now. The older man was driven to speak first.

He said in a quick rush of words: "You know you're done for. Done! Skinned! Licked! Down! What have you got to say?"

Before a direct attack Wint recovered himself. He laughed. "I should say you were wide of the mark, Kite," he said cheerfully. "That is, if I know what you're talking about. The mayoralty?"

"Of course. Your hide is on the fence."

Wint shook his head. "I haven't felt it being removed; and they say the process is painful. So I would have felt it go."

"Don't joke, young man. You know what I mean."

"I know," said Wint, "that I'm going to be elected mayor. I know Routt is licked—if that's what you mean."

Kite laughed—a harsh, short, mirthless laugh. "What's the use of bluffing? I tell you I know."

Wint said a little impatiently: "You're talking in a mysterious way, Kite. I don't see your object. If you've no plain words in your system we're wasting time."

"I've a plain word for you. Hardiston will have a plain word for you." There was a deadly menace in the little man's tone, and Wint felt it and was a little impressed. But he managed a smile.

"I've a plain word for Lutcher too," he said. "You're keeping Lutcher waiting."

"Oh, Lutcher," said Kite again. "You'll let him go."

"Hardly," said Wint. And Kite cried: "I say you will! Don't be a fool. I tell you I know!"

"You may know some things," said Wint slowly, "but you are wrong about Lutcher. He gets the limit."

Kite leaned forward and his voice was almost kind. "Young man," he said, "you've good nerve. You're a good fighter. You're a vote getter, too, in an awkward way. If I didn't have the winning hand I should be worried about what you can do. But I have; from the person who knows. You're beaten. You might as well accept it."

"If I'm beaten," said Wint, "I'll know it by midnight of the tenth. Not by your telling."

Kite lost his temper for an instant; and he cried: "You miserable little dog! With not even the grace to know you're whipped!"

Wint said coldly: "Just what are you talking about, Kite? You wanted to see me. Well, here I am. What have you got to say? I'll give you about thirty seconds more."

"Thirty seconds?" Kite echoed. "You'll give me all the time I want. I tell you you're done!"

"What have you got to say?"

"Go out there. No, first write out for me a notice of your withdrawal from the mayoralty fight. Then go out there and turn Lutcher loose. If you do these two things they'll save you—for a while. And nothing else in the world can save ——"

Wint—there could be no question of this—was frightened. He was afraid of the certainty in Kite's manner, afraid of the mystery behind the other's confidence. But it is braver to appear brave when you are frightened than when there is no fright in you; and Wint, frightened though he might be, was yet brave. He got up.

"Time's up, Kite," he said.

Kite exclaimed: "Don't be a fool! I don't want to ruin you. Save yourself, boy!"

Then Wint had opened the door and stepped out into the other room.

That day was Thursday, five days before election; a fair fine day of the sort you will see in Hardiston in the fall. The sun was warm, the air was crisp and dry. It was a day when simply living was pleasant; when to draw breath was a joy. Ordinarily Wint would have drunk this day to the full. But there was abroad in Hardiston a whispered word; men looked at him curiously as he passed them. No one seemed to know exactly what was coming; yet they looked upon Wint as one looks upon a man about to die. Kite had said nothing. From the fire-engine house he had gone direct to his bazaar and stayed there. One or two of his lieutenants visited him there during the morning.

Kite said nothing; no one had any definite word. Yet Hardiston was whispering its guesses. Somehow the rumor had gone abroad that Wint was done, that Kite was about to strike. There was a lively and eager anticipation in the air. It is always easy to anticipate the misfortunes of others; and there will always be those to rejoice in the imminent downfall of one who has held himself high. Wint had enemies enough; even some of those whom he had counted his friends looked askance at him this day.

When he went to the post office for the noon mail he encountered Hetty on the street. Because he was thoughtful and abstracted he spoke to her curtly. Hetty did not speak to him at all. She turned away her head. But Wint, already passing by, did not mark this.

He met B. B. Beecham in the post office and stopped in with B. B. at the Journal office afterward. B. B. talked pleasantly of a number of things, till Wint could be still no longer.

He asked abruptly:

"B. B., have you heard anything?"

The editor looked surprised. "How do you mean?" he asked.

"What's Kite up to?"

B. B. said: "I don't know. Is he up to something?"

"He came to me before court this morning and demanded that I withdraw from this fight and let Lutcher go."

"Demanded it?"

"Yes."

"On what ground?"

"He made some covert threat. He was not specific."

B. B. shook his head. "I hadn't heard."

"Oh, no one knows this," Wint told him. "I refused of course; and fined Lutcher. Now everyone in town seems to know that something is going to drop on me."

"What is there that he can bring against you?"

"Not a thing. Except the old stuff. What everybody knows."

B. B. nodded. "I should not worry if I were you. If there's nothing."

"There isn't anything, I tell you!" Wint exclaimed impatiently.

"Then what can he do?"

Wint got up, a little weary. "All right," he said. "I thought you might have heard."

B. B. shook his head. "Not a thing."

Wint went to Sam O'Brien's restaurant for dinner. It was a little after his usual hour, and there were only two or three others on the stools before the high scrubbed counter. O'Brien waited on Wint himself, and Wint ate in silence under the other's sympathetic eye.

When he paid for his dinner O'Brien asked heartily: "Well, Wint, m'boy, how's tricks?"

Wint looked up at the other and smiled wearily. "Rotten, Sam," he said.

O'Brien protested. "Lord, now, I'd not say that. As fine a day as it is."

"I wasn't talking about the weather," Wint told him. "It's just—I guess I'm in the dumps, Sam. I've got a hunch. I've got a hunch something's going to drop on me like a ton of bricks."

"A hunch like that is bum company," O'Brien commented. "Where did you get it, Wint?"

Wint shook his head. "I don't know."

"Lord, boy! You act like you'd lost your nerve, Wint."

Wint said: "Maybe I have." He was terribly depressed, almost ready to drop out and surrender.

"You'd nerve enough when you soaked Lutcher this morning," Sam reminded him. "I was proud of you, m'son. You've give me many a laugh, Wint, but I was proud o' your cool nerve this day."

"Oh, I'm not worried about Lutcher."

"I'd not be. Him nor his. The old buzzard of a Kite neither."

Wint said: "I don't know. Kite's got something up his sleeve."

"That's as much as to say that he's tricky. It's these magicians that has things up their sleeves. Full of tricks. You stick to the middle of the road, Wint, and never mind their tricks. They'll trick their own selves."

Wint shook his head. "That's all right. But what can I do?"

"Do?" Sam echoed. "Why, fight 'em like that dog of yours fit Mrs. Moody's Jim!"

He nodded toward Muldoon, curled as always near Wint's feet; and Wint dropped his hand to Muldoon's grizzled head. He was apt to turn to Muldoon in trouble. The dog was his shadow, always with him; but it was when he was troubled that Wint gave most heed to the terrier. At Wint's caress Muldoon rolled his eyes up without moving his head. Sam said: "Look at him grin; the nervy pup! He's telling you to take a brace, m'son. You can't scare the dog."

"I'm not scared."

"You act damn like it," said Sam frankly.

And Wint protested: "It's only that I'm sick of it all—sick of the fight, and the mud throwing. And getting no thanks."

"Hell's bells!" Sam exclaimed. "You talk like a woman."

Wint looked at him curiously. "What's Kite up to, Sam? Have you heard?"

"Heard some rats say he would rip you up. And I told them you'd be doing some ripping about that time. You're not going to make me out a liar, Wint. Are you now?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll fight."

He left the restaurant and walked down to Hoover's office and secluded himself in the back room; but his studies could not hold him. There was a curiously passive despair upon the boy. He could not shake it off. The whole thing seemed so little worth while. If there had been a chance to

fight. But the peril was intangible. He could not come to grips with it. He could not even be sure there was peril. He could not be sure of anything—not even of himself. He asked himself despairingly: "Are you going to be a quitter, Wint?" And then he thought hopelessly: "Oh, what's the use?"

In midafternoon Dick Hoover looked in and said Gergue wanted to see Wint. Wint was surprised.

"What does he want?" he asked. "Gergue?" He got up and went to the door and saw Peter waiting; and he called: "Come along in here."

Gergue came at the invitation. His hat was off; he was fumbling in the tangle of hair at the back of his neck. There was a curiously furtive uncertainty about the man. Wint thrust a chair toward Peter with his foot and said, "Sit down."

When Gergue was seated and slicing a fill for his pipe Wint asked: "What's on your mind?"

Gergue looked at him sidewise, stuffing the crumbled tobacco into the black bowl. And he asked: "Wint, where do you figure I stand?"

Wint was surprised. "You mean—in this business between Routt and me?"

Gergue nodded. "Yeah."

"Why, with Routt, I suppose," Wint told him.

"Why d'you figure that?"

"You're tied up with Amos."

Gergue scratched a match. "Wint," he said, "Amos is a fine man. He does things his own way; but in the end he pretty near always turns out pretty near right."

"Well, that's his record," Wint agreed. "He's usually on the winning side."

"Don't let that get away from you," said Gergue. "Don't you forget that, Wint!"

Wint laughed harshly and said: "I'm not likely to. I counted on him in this, you know."

Gergue leaned toward him. "Thing is, Wint, I'm wondering what you'd think if I told you something."

"That would depend on what you told me."

"Something for your own good. Help you some."

Wint said amiably enough: "I want to win this fight, Peter. But—after Amos' stand—I don't particularly want any help from him. I'd mistrust it."

"Say this come from me, personal?"

"You're linked with Amos."

Gergue nodded resignedly. "Have it so," he agreed. "Anyways, I'm going to tell you."

Wint said: "All right. What do you want to tell?"

Gergue hesitated for a while, choosing his words. At last he asked:

"You wondering what Kite aims to do to trim you?"

"Yes."

"Got any ideas?"

"No."

Gergue looked at him shrewdly. "Know any way he could hit at you?"

"No. Not with the truth."

Gergue hesitated; then he asked slowly: "Know any way he could hit at you with Hetty?"

"Hetty?" Wint echoed. "Hetty Morfee?"

"Yes. Her."

Wint was stupefied with surprise. "Good Lord, no!"

"She got any reason to be against you?"

"No. I—she's friendly, I think. Ought to be."

Gergue puffed at his pipe. Then he got up. "Wint," he said, "take it for what it's worth. I hear he's going to hit you with her."

Wint exclaimed angrily, "You're crazy, Peter! Or you're —— Look here, did Amos send you?"

"No."

"Is this some damned trick of his?"

"No."

"Well, what are you talking about?"

Gergue said thoughtfully: "I've said all I know. Think it over, Wint."

He went out with a surprising quickness, and was gone before Wint could frame other questions. The young man was left to consider the thing.

When Wint went home for supper he was still mystified but he was beginning to grow angry; angry at the mere suggestion that lay behind Peter's words; angry at Gergue for saying them. And this anger was a more hopeful sign than his depression of the morning had been.

He was fiercely resentful at Hardiston, at the whole world.

He met Joan halfway home. That is to say, he overtook her on her way and they walked home together. He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not see there was something troubling the girl until she spoke of it.

She said: "Wint, I met Agnes Caretall uptown."

He nodded, scarce hearing; and Joan said: "She's a good deal of a gossip, you know."

There was something in her tone which caught his attention and he looked at her sharply and asked, "What do you mean? What did she say?"

"She said Mr. Kite was going to ruin you," Joan told him.

Wint laughed shortly. "Well, that's no secret. At least it's no secret that he wants to."

"She said he was going to," Joan sisted.

Wint asked: "How? Since she knew much, did she know how?"

Joan touched his arm. "Don't be ang Wint."

But Wint was angry, even with Jo He exclaimed harshly, after the fashion angry men: "I'm not mad. What did say?"

Joan told him. "She said they were go to link you up with Hetty."

Wint exclaimed, "Lord! You too? sick of that tale. Hetty!"

Joan begged: "But there isn't anythin is there?"

Wint faced her hotly. "If you do know without being told —— Can' even count on you, Joan?"

"I only asked ——"

They were at her gate, and Wint lif his hat abruptly.

"Think what you like," he told sharply. "Good afternoon."

He left her there; left her, and J looked after him with troubled sympa in her eyes, and something more. Th was a mist of tears in them when she w in toward the house.

While the Chases were at supper t night the telephone rang, and Wi father answered. After a moment he ca back into the dining room.

"Wint," he said. "It's Kite."

"Kite?" Wint demanded, pushing b his chair. "What does he want?"

"He wants to see you—and me. He s he'll be out here at eight."

Wint's face turned black with an then he threw up one hand. "All right," cried. "Tell Kite we'll be here."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SELF-SERVE KNOCKS THE H OUT OF H. C. L.

(Continued from Page 19)

of sympathy and advice, told his guest something of his business troubles.

The next morning, down at the store, in a pause between customers, the city man and Todd resumed their conversation of the night before.

"Have you ever been in one of these new self-serve groceries?" his friend inquired. "They seem to be a success in the city and I was thinking after I went to bed that I didn't see any reason why they wouldn't pay here, nor why your store couldn't be made into one."

"What's the difference between one of them and my kind of grocery?" asked Todd. "They're new since my day."

"Well," said the city man, "the main differences are that their customers wait on themselves, and they don't give any credit or make any deliveries. I judge Oletha doesn't number many who are above waiting on themselves if they can save money by doing so. All your farm customers attend to their own delivery anyway, and few of your town ones can afford to pay for the accommodation. As for the credit, it looks as if that was the rock which had ripped the biggest hole in your boat. I believe you could build up a good trade with a grocery of the self-serve kind, because you could sell cheaper than those who give credit, delivery and clerk service. When you sell for cash you buy for cash, consequently you are allowed big discounts."

Though protesting at the time that Oletha didn't take to innovations, the next week saw Stephen Todd in the nearest city that possessed a self-serve store. After watching for a while the steady stream of customers that poured in and out he sought the manager. That young man being a good-natured soul, when he found that Todd ran a store one hundred and fifty miles away was willing enough to initiate him into self-serve store management. Todd stayed for a week and until he had satisfied himself that he knew enough to start his own on that basis. After a conference with his wholesaler, who approved and gave some valuable suggestions, he went home and closed his store.

Inside of a week things were doing. The delivery truck was sold. Two partitions were put into the store, which divided it into three rooms, two small ones and a large one where the stock was to be displayed. The store was painted white inside and out. One of the clerks and the delivery boy had been discharged when the

Exit, Showing Cashier and Checker Stands

store was closed. Todd planned that he and the other man could handle the trade in its new quarters, and they did.

After several days' advertising, in which small-town curiosity was stirred, the store opened. They came, they saw, they bought; and they continued to come even after the novelty wore off.

For the first time in his grocery experience Todd saw a real profit at the end of the month. The prices he could quote were lower than those at the other stores and people flocked to the new one, though no credit was given to its patrons. Todd had collected what he could on his outstanding bills and had charged the rest up to experience before he opened the new store. The women liked having a chance to examine the stock without a clerk at their elbow. Every article had a plain price tag on it. There was no urging to buy, but people seemed to buy more than before, perhaps because to see was to create a want for the article. The self-serve stores are strong for displaying all their wares.

By December Todd found that he was doing five times the business he had before. In the six months since his store had been changed into a self-serve he had turned over his stock four times. His cost of operating had been cut to less than half of what it had been previously. Meanwhile two of the other grocers had gone out of business, and apparently it is only a matter of time before one of the others will go into some other line of work. MacGregor, though not doing the volume of business he did before the opening of the self-serve, still has a thriving trade. The majority of his customers want and are willing to pay for the service he gives at his store. Lower prices don't attract them.

One of the other stores is operated by a Swede, and the Swedish farmers, of whom there are many in that locality, feel more at home in his store than in one where their broken English makes them conspicuous. In place of the seven located there a year ago it looks now as if Larsen the Swede, MacGregor and Todd in no very far future will divide the grocery trade of Oletha among them. Three grocery stores in that size town will be sufficient. One of the things America has in too great abundance to-day is grocery stores. Experts on distribution declare there are at least twice too many, and that one reason for high-pri groceries is this very condition. The rea ninety out of one hundred fail over a year period is due both to the oversup and to poor management.

Mister Corner Grocer whether his bo show he can afford it or not has contin to give all kinds of expensive service cause he thought housewives in this cou demanded it and that he couldn't do b ness unless he gave it. He heard on ev hand that American women wanted th made as easy as possible for them in life even if it cost them money, and believed it. He knew his cost of ope ing was higher than it should be, bu didn't dare cut out any service no ma how expensive it was, because he was af if he did he would lose custom. The stick which has kept him in a track couldn't afford has been the fear of offe ing his finicky women customers if refused service favors.

High-browed lecturers have rehea the extravagance and indolence of American women until even the wo themselves have commenced to think men would die rich if some humane wa disposing of the feminine sex could found. An article on why the cost existing is going up that contains no at the laziness and wastefulness of M Average Housekeeper of U. S. A. is incomplete as a gingerbread without gin

Assertions of this kind made by those wield a pen or grace a Chautauqua platf are far from true. This has been proved hundred different ways, but one of the bits of evidence for the defendant is instantaneous welcome she has given self-serve grocery store.

Mrs. Average Housekeeper, who is lu enough to live in a town that possesses of these stores likes them and has put stamp of her approval on them, because finds that there she can get the same qua of groceries cheaper than anywhere She doesn't get the service of the co grocery, but she can save money—so thing almost everyone is trying to do t days—so she cheerfully carries home supplies for her family.

Cafeteria or self-serve groceries are last word in economical grocery-st management. Low operating costs m for low-priced commodities and the s serve variety at present leads in the re tion of running expenses. The self-s is able to undersell the corner grocery

(Concluded on Page 119)

(Concluded from Page 116)

n he cash-and-carry. Its underlying ncle is that its customers must wait themselves. So to the economies of the h-nd-carry the big one of dispensing h erk hire is added.

'h new type of grocery store has dis- absolutely that shibboleth to hold o which merchants in recent years inned their faith, the giving of all of service to their customers. The ervice does not give any service what- to those who patronize it. Never- e, the patronage of these stores in- by jumps and bounds, because wners can afford to sell their goods heaply than can the merchant who ervice.

'h r success smashes the claim made by ular merchant that the American buy- blic is spoiled and demands all kinds of modations from its merchants. The vice merchant says the people have all this service because they thought offered to them free and because they e grocer as much whether they got ot. When the public realized that it r these extra favors in higher-priced odities it decided quickly it could se with them.

'h corner-grocery store is the type common in this country. As a class harge the most and make the least 'h The mortality in grocery stores is rely high. In a ten-year period the per cent which fail are practically o the corner-store variety. Most of 'ailures are due to poor management. ently anybody and everybody thinks o matter what else he may have in he can run a grocery store. So are ex-hodcarriers, ex-farmers, ex- naids, and every other kind of an 'attempting to sell groceries. With ural bent, training or experience for siness it is little wonder that so many ler annually.

elling Expenses Cut Down

'h two big factors in nearly all these es are lack of management and too costly favors to patrons. Figures led from every part of the country in ct survey show that the average gross on sales made by the corner-grocery —and this includes the large down- grocery stores as well—range round with the actual costs at 16 to 18%. ed, the expenses are as follows: Sell- st—clerk salaries, advertising, wrap- and so on—7%; delivery, 3%; man- nt, not quite 2%; fixed charges— nsurance, taxes—2%; interest, 1%; g, ½%; bad debts, % miscellaneous— ang, watchman, ice, io on—½%. The iting expenses are so e that commodities arily must be priced to allow the grocer ake even, without the a 3 to 5% profit that tes.

In spite of this each as seen the already se-burdened corner or adding service to e, to equal or exceed given by his com- rs. Credit has been n, frequent and pt deliveries have made, orders have taken at the con- r's door, and goods ut on approval. All are much appre- l favors, but the pa- must pay for them e long run. Tele- ing and having the ie charged and sent reat savings of time effort to the house- r, but it is a costly to buy unless her n and strength are d and valuable.

'hen a grocery adver- that it will deliver a of bread or a yeast promptly to any part e city it is probable many customers of shop are grumbling e high cost of liv- Because it has been sary to make the patrons of the store feel that they were gifts, credit and long deliveries could not be charged directly, so they have been spread over the retail price of the commodities sold. Higher and still higher have gone prices to cover these services.

A few grocers broke away from this established method of giving the customer credit and all kinds of service free of charge, and started a few years ago what is known as the four-square plan. By this method four different prices are put on each article. One is for cash-and-carry; another when credit is given and the customer carries home his purchases; a third when credit is given and the delivery is attended to by the customer; and the fourth when the customer is given both credit and delivery. The delivery charge under this plan is a flat one of ten cents whether the sale is a loaf of bread or a half barrel of flour. This plan has proved successful in many places and the merchants who have adopted it apparently feel that they have found a way out of their financial troubles.

About ten years ago a number of grocers discarded the orthodox method of conducting a grocery store and launched grocery stores whose patrons must pay cash and make their own deliveries. Some of these stores are still independent concerns, but more of them are chain stores. At the outset the cash-and-carry got rid of the 3% delivery charges, the bad debts, which range from ½% to 2½%, some bookkeeping and the cost of soliciting at the door. By not giving credit the grocers had the cash to buy from the wholesaler at a discount. This discount usually amounts to considerable.

The grocer who must buy on credit can afford only costly small deliveries. This means frequent calls from the wholesaler's salesmen and much bookkeeping and close watching on the part of the wholesaler's credit department. The credit grocer is the poorest kind of a customer the wholesaler has, and quotations to him must necessarily include pay for the trouble he causes. The grocer who extends credit may by so doing extend his business, but he is likely to lose money by doing it. That credit is not necessary to obtain patronage is shown by the patronage given mail-order houses and the chain and independent stores which do a strictly cash business.

The backbone of the retail trade is the cash customer. The credit system has been an unmitigated curse. The average grocer cannot afford to assume the functions of a free bank with his customers. When the woman who has been demanding that her dollar be given full purchasing power accepts credit at the grocery it is the same as if she borrowed a dollar from the grocer's working capital to buy commodities in his own store. When she accepts credit she destroys the cash purchasing power of both her own and her grocer's dollars. Free delivery has never been an asset, but always a liability.

Because the cash stores, especially the chain ones, usually do a larger business than the kind which gives credit, they are able to make quicker turnovers of their stock and to take a smaller profit on each individual sale. An investigation recently showed that a group of efficient grocers made twelve turnovers of stock in a year. Substantial reductions are also made to the chain stores by the wholesalers because they buy in large quantities. Many of the chain stores have their own factories and cut out the middleman's profit. The cash-and-carry store can do business on a gross profit of fifteen per cent against the twenty-one per cent of the average corner grocery.

Time and Money Saved

The last step in the economical development of the grocery business is the self-serve or cafeteria. About fifteen years ago purveyors of food discovered that there were thousands of people who were willing to save time and money by waiting on themselves at a restaurant. The self-serve restaurants have become increasingly popular. Applying the same idea to groceries a store of this kind—probably the first organized one of the type—was started on the Pacific Coast a decade ago. It was run in a rather haphazard way, but the idea proved a sound one and stores of the self-serve variety have multiplied until now well-regulated stores of this type are to be found in every part of the country. It goes without saying that the expense of operating one is far below that of the stereotyped grocery. Possessing all the advantages of the cash-and-carry they add the additional economy which saves clerk hire. Even in a large one a few people to handle the stock, replenish the shelves, clean the building, check and wrap bundles and receive the cash are all that are required.

The principle is the same in all the cafeteria groceries. The store is usually divided into three parts—a lobby, a retail room and a supply room—where customers are not allowed. All patrons pass through the lobby and enter at the entrance turnstile. Inside the retail room the customer picks up a basket and starts on his selecting tour.

The goods in some of these stores are arranged on shelves and in others on tables, but in all the price tags are in plain sight. Commodities not in their original cartons, bottles or tins are weighed, and bags holding one, two or five pounds, are plainly marked with the contents, price a pound and gross amount.

Where the contents are not visible and there is a question of grades a glass-covered sample box is attached to the table or shelf so the customer may see exactly what he is buying.

One of the rules of the self-serve store is to keep the various commodities always in the same locations. After becoming familiar with the position of the different articles the customer requires very little time for marketing. So far no feasible plan to handle fresh meat in these stores has been devised, but butter, cheese, milk and perishable delicatessen products are placed in refrigerators which form part of the shelving space. Fruits and vegetables are sold by weight in an endeavor to prevent the early comer from having the advantage, but the early comer still has it with that class of food which for appearance and age cannot be impartially classified.

There is no urging to buy goods in a self-serve store. No telephone or mail orders are accepted, no physical service in assembling the goods and no delivery are given, no checks are cashed and no parcels are held for later call.

The selection made, the customer passes out the exit turnstile. His groceries are checked and neatly wrapped, he is given an itemized bill, which he pays at the cashier's window, and the transaction is finished.

With customers permitted access to the shelves the mind immediately leaps to the conclusion that theft of the goods must increase under these conditions. The percentage of shrinkage—which includes theft—in the self-serve stores, however, is only a trifle more than that on the books of the ordinary corner grocer. There is no opportunity whatsoever to take bulky articles and the small ones are placed near the cage of the cashier. Putting the small articles on the high shelves also helps reduce the number of articles taken, as people with kleptomaniac traits prefer taking articles that are on a near level with their pockets. With no clerks there is no loss by their appropriating commodities, and this about balances the little loss through dishonest customers.

The idea of the self-serve store is to sell groceries and nothing but groceries, and to reduce in every way possible the expense of selling. To-day the housewife is willing to dispense with extra favors if she can get food at a lower cost. Cheaper food is the important thing, and these stores seem to be providing it.

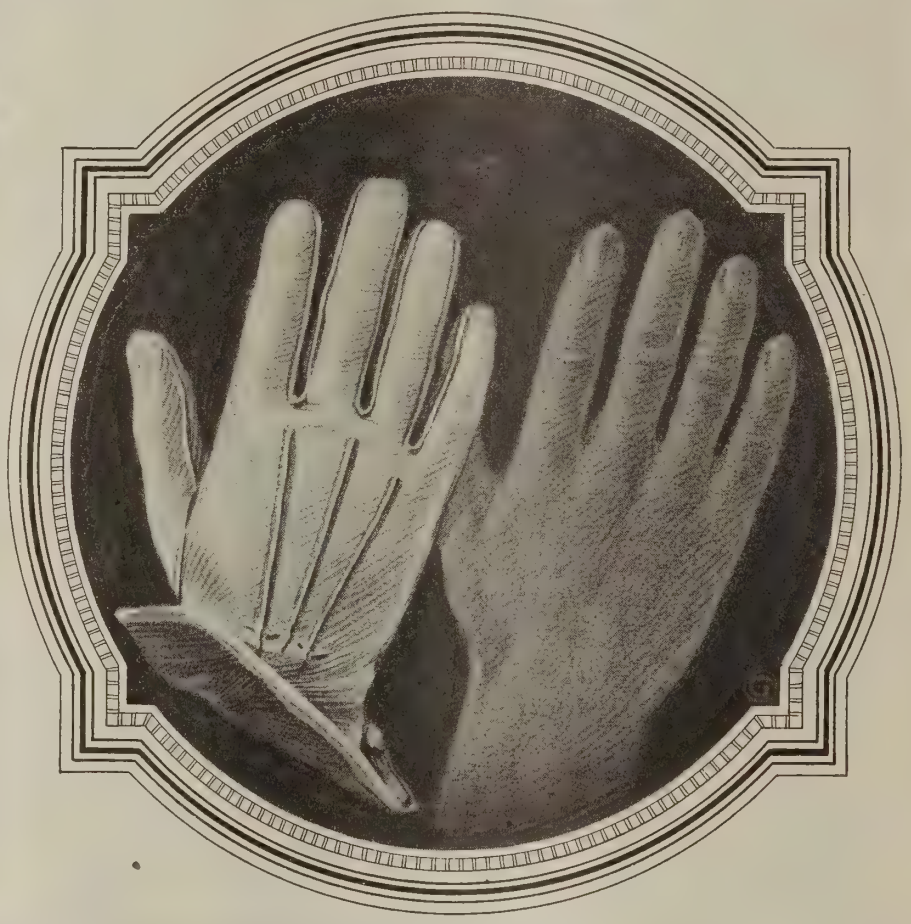
The average self-serve, by curtailing the service it gives, is able to keep operation costs as low as 7 or 8% against the 12% costs of the chain stores, and the 16% of the corner groceries. Some of these cafeteria groceries claim to have gone below 5%. The total gross profits in a well-conducted self-serve store can easily be kept under 10%.

Nearly all the large cities and many of the small ones now have stores of this type. Memphis has fifteen or twenty, Chicago more than two dozen, St. Louis six or eight, and Washington is to have a chain of seventy-five in the near future.

The no-delivery store will never entirely supersede the corner grocery with the pleasant personal interest which the proprietor takes in his customers, but as an experiment in distribution it is regarded as worth encouraging. Perhaps the corner grocery can and will incorporate into its management some of the best of the self-serve methods. It looks as if both proprietor and patron will profit if it does.

General View of the Self-Serve Grocery, Showing Ice Box in the Background

HANSEN



6435
Washable
Dress Glove

1043
Flexo Cuff
Gauntlet Glove

826
Ventilated
Motoring Glove

1149
Aviation
Gauntlet

7319
Fur-Lined
Street Glove

1044
Lamb-Lined Mitten
Flexo Cuff Gauntlet

879
Non-Skid Grip

771
One-Finger Mitten Gauntlet

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SEN

924

Long Wrist Glove

900

A Glove Within a Glove

929

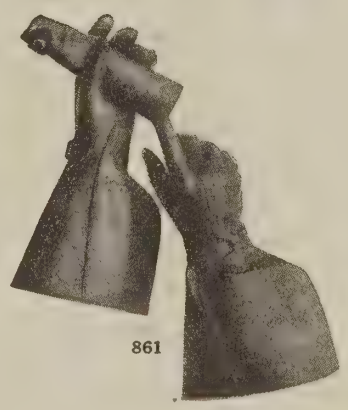
Women's Auto Gauntlet

1210

Flexo "Roll-Up" Gauntlet

871

"Dan Patch" Duplex Mitten

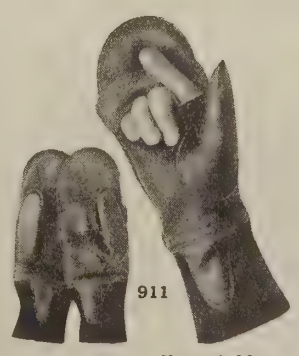


861

Semi-Soft Cuff Auto Gauntlet

1048

Duplex Mitten Gauntlet



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ALL'S SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL

(Continued from Page 13)

Florian was faced, however, with the necessity for raising five hundred dollars with which to purchase The Weekly Epoch. The thing appeared impossible, but the impossible had in the past been child's play for Florian and he went cheerily about his task.

But he met with a cool reception. The money was to be had all right, but some collateral besides prestige was demanded—and Florian had none. He went to call upon Editor Crispus Breech.

Editor Breech was in a responsive mood. He admitted dolorously that the town jes' wa'n't big enough fo' two cullud papers liken to his an' Vanguard Collins' and that The Weekly Epoch had shot its bolt and found the door locked against itself. Therefore Editor Crispus Breech was willing to accept five hundred dollars in payment for his property—lock, stock and barrel.

"Five hund'ed?"

"I said it, Mistuh Slappey."

"What terms?"

"Cash."

"How much down?"

"Five hund'ed dollars."

"Not no less?"

"Nary nickel."

There was no budging Crispus. That fiery little individual was grimly determined to go down fighting or pull out with five hundred good hard dollars to soothe his defeated feelings and set him up in another business; and at that his newspaper was a better value than the shattered tottering Sponsor. The two papers had played frenziedly at a gentle game of mutual throat-cutting for the past eight months. Result: Both were on the toboggan, each unaware of the other's plight and each willing to concede victory if it could honorably be done or to pull out from under, provided someone could be found with little enough sense to hold the financial bag.

That afternoon Florian rode southward on the Highlands car, alighted at Fifteenth Avenue and walked to the crest of Milner Heights. Once there, he struck out into the woods, located a bowlder and climbed upon it.

The panorama of Jones Valley was spread magnificently before him—the city with its ring of industrial fire, its tall chimneys spurting clouds of smoke and soot into the air, its beautiful residential section nestling along the mountain at his feet safely away from the grime of the downtown section; its myriad suburbs ——

Somewhere in that city was someone with five hundred dollars which was procurable—and by Florian. There was the Pool and Ginuwine lottery of course. But the drawings had been running against Florian of late and he had rather lost faith in his ability to pick winning combinations. Professional money lenders such as was Semore Mashby, who roomed with the Shoots—they were out of the question too. They demanded too much security.

But somewhere down there was his five hundred dollars. Some man or woman ——

And suddenly Florian chuckled. He threw back his head and laughed aloud. The most obvious of all solutions had occurred to him last, perhaps because it was the most obvious. He slapped one well-manicured hand against a light-gray trousers leg.

"Lorelie Shoots," he chuckled, "I an' you is gwine split five hund'ed dollars' profit."

Lorelie Shoots it was—Lorelie, the pretty young wife of Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots, who was known as a master hand at shaving a bearded face or massaging an unbearded one; whose timidity and lack of social ambition had forced his wife in beyond their depth in the matter of assuming a year's lease on a seven-room house and who was foolish enough to place all of his savings in the First National Bank subject to a joint account of himself and Mrs. Shoots.

It was decided. The die was cast. Lorelie Shoots was to furnish the necessary five hundred dollars. She didn't know it, but she was the chosen one. And Florian intended that there should be no getaway.

He worked carefully and single-mindedly. His performance of that morning was repeated the following morning and the next and the next. He reveled in her financial misery resulting from his own defection in the matter of lodgings bill and the ditto reluctance of Mr. Spokane G. Washington. He was insistent in declaring that there was only one way out for her—a quick outside investment with the family capital which was certain of adequate and prompt profit.

"But," she wailed, "they ain't no such of a thing."

"Yes they is."

"Tell which?"

"I cain't tell you nothin' yet," he said mysteriously. "But I is got ev'y cent of my available cash capital tied up in a quick an' suttin propersition which is gwine net me between five hund'ed dollars' profit."

"What I is got to do with that?"

"I dunno. You is been a mighty good frien' to me, Missis Shoots, in givin' me breakfases an' such, an' mebbe ——"

"Oh, Mistuh Slappey, you don' mean you is gwine 'low me to put some money in an' make some fo' my ownse'f?"

"Mebbe, Missis Shoots. Mebbe so I is. But I is gwine be sho' befo' I does—be sho' that you can lemme have the money one day an' I c'n give you it back 'long with the profits in a day, or so later."

And beyond that he refused to speak. Lorelie was quite convinced—it had really been too easy.

It was all a question now of when he chose to borrow the five hundred. The world had taken on a bright and roseate appearance for Mr. Slappey. His heart jazzed within him.

But if in his intensive business absorption Florian had paid no heed to the personal element the same could not be said for Sis Callie Flukers, champion gossip of Darktown.

The scene in the Shoots kitchen on the event of her first memorable visit rankled in the inquiring mind of Sis Callie and she was quite determined to discover what was what and why. Thereupon she became an expert snooper and did most of her snooping round the Shoots homestead and those of the immediate neighbors. What she discovered satisfied even her scandal-loving soul. She saw that Florian Slappey, a roomer at the Shoots home, was eating his breakfasts there daily; she saw a partnership of matutinal domestic duties and inferred many things which were as natural as they were unjust. And finally she cornered Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots one evening as he was leaving the barber shop where he labored daily and told him the whole colorful story.

Christopher was impressed. He was naturally of a jealous disposition and Florian Slappey was one to bring a visit of the green-eyed monster to any man with a pretty wife. He was easy-going, polished, a sartorial epic—and he did no work. But even while jealousy was boiling within him Christopher was too just to go off half-cocked.

"Is you positive shuah, Sis Callie?"

"Not no surer than what I am that t'-morry is We'nesday."

"But proof?"

"He ain't on'y rentin' a room from you, ain't he?"

"Yeh."

"Then how come her to give him his breakfas' ev'y mawnin'? An' how come him to wash dishes fo' her? B'lieve me, Mistuh Shoots, when a man washes dishes fo' a ma'ied woman they's sumthin' mo' to it than just lovin' the way the hot water feels. An' with Florian Slappey 'specially—it'll jes' plumb ruint the look of them sof' han's of his'n."

Christopher frowned sadly.

"An' what else?"

"They talks t'gether all the time—mawnin's when you is away. An' what does a man an' woman usuamly talk about?"

"Don' ast me that, Sis Callie. I is a upright gen'leman."

"See?" she proclaimed triumphantly. "You hates even to think about it. Now you take a frien's advice, Brother Shoots, an' watch out yo' wife don' 'lope with Florian Slappey. Tha's all I is got to say."

It was aplenty and then some. Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots meandered mournfully homeward with his heart pumping jealousy and his mind filled with dark and dire suspicion. It was not that Mr. Shoots believed his attractive young wife loved him less. It was that she must love Florian more. And while he didn't exactly blame her—knowing that he was no prize winner in a beauty show—he felt that it was a rather mean trick that Florian was attempting.

Seated on the veranda with his wife after a solemn evening meal, he broached the subject with extreme tact.

"Wha's all this fumadiddles been gwine on betwix' you an' Flo'ian Slappey?"

"Tell which?" she queried, surprised.

"I is expostulated once a'ready," he returned with great dignity. "You is been givin' his breakfases an' he is been he'pin' you wash dishes."

"They ain't no harm in that, is they?"

"Not in that—no."

"Then what you is astin' 'bout?"

"'Bout what it means an' whither it's gittin' you."

"Don' mean nothin' an' ain't gittin' me no whithers."

"Then I adwise as yo' husban'—lawfully wedded an' ma'ied with you—that you cease an' tumminate this unseemin' intimacy which has sprang up betwix' you an' Mistuh Slappey."

She transfixed him with a belligerent glare.

"Does you mean to 'sinuate, Mistuh Shoots ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin'. I says that enough is too much—an' you is a'ready done enough."

"Mistuh Slappey is a gen'leman."

"So was Adam ontil he et the apple. I requests theyfo' that you cease givin' Mistuh Slappey breakfases."

"You fo'gits that it loands tone to our house to have him stayin' with us heah."

"They is a limit to the price we c'n pay fo' that tone," he answered stiffly. "An' besides, I ain't so shuah ——"

"An' to prove it," she flared, "he was tellin' me on'y to-day that he was gwine buy a set of ginuwine mahogamy fu'niture fo' his room, with a dressin' table an' ev'ything. If'n that ain't swell, what is?"

There was patently no answer to such an argument, so Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots rose and made a more or less graceful exit. Doubt still rankled in his breast, albeit it was not so insistent as it had been. Still there was danger.

And the following morning Florian struck. He explained to Lorelie that as a very special personal favor he was allowing her to invest five hundred dollars for three or four days and that in return therefor she was to receive a net profit of two hundred and fifty dollars, same being one half of the total profit certain to be made. The plan, especially as he presented it, was flawless. She was to go to the First National Bank and draw therefrom five hundred dollars, which she was to turn over to him. He then would buy The Weekly Epoch for that sum and sell it to Editor Vanguard Collins of The Weekly Sponsor for one thousand dollars spot cash and split the profits.

She was enthusiastic but a trifle frightened.

"You—you is shuah Editor Collins is gwine buy?"

"I is got his faithful promise. What mo' c'n a man ask?"

Florian's persistent press agentry won an almost too easy victory. He accompanied her to the bank, where she withdrew five hundred dollars which she turned over to him.

"And now," said he lightly, "now that you is sho' to git this heah back again an' two hund'ed an' fifty mo' in a couple of days, le's us go down to the fu'niture sto' an' buy the mahogamy set of fu'niture."

It was done, and out of the tiny surplus Lorelie had left from her housekeeping money she shelled out a ten-dollar advance payment and three weekly installments of five dollars each, making her safe from the collector for four weeks.

That afternoon the furniture was delivered. Also on that afternoon Editor Crispus Breech's Weekly Epoch passed into the hands of one Florian Slappey for a cash consideration of five hundred dollars and under an agreement whereby Editor Breech was to continue on duty until such time as Florian succeeded in disposing of it to a third person, as to the identity of whom Editor Breech was kept in ignorance.

With the title deed to The Weekly Epoch in his coat pocket Florian strode blithely to the offices of Editor Vanguard Collins. Editor Collins, explained a dusky typist, had gone for the day and was not scheduled to return until the morrow. Florian made an appointment for eleven in the morning and departed.

He did not see Lorelie until seven o'cl that night. She eyed him eagerly and spoke sibilantly.

"Yo' husban' home?"

"No, not yit."

"Semo' Mashby?"

"He's in his room."

"An' Spokane Washin'ton?"

"He's home too. An' mo', he jes' l me the ten dollars he owes me."

Florian grinned cheerfully.

"Tol' you things would break our quick." He guided her to a little lou which nestled in the shadows under stairway. "Set you down heah. I w to make talk with you."

She seated herself beside him while he ported satisfactory progress in their d And it was while they had their he close together and their conspiring vo reduced to mere whispers that Christop P. S. Shoots, husband to Lorelie by r riage, oozed into the hallway and c upon them.

Christopher froze up.

"Ah!" he said icily. "I is caught yo

Florian rose. So did Lorelie. Innoc as the situation was, it was embarrass

"Caught which?"

"You an' my wife."

The conclusion struck Florian as so and he nodded violent agreement.

"So you did—so you did."

"An'," questioned Mr. Shoots dar "what explination is you got?"

"Yeh." Florian smiled foolishly. T he turned to Lorelie. "What explina we is got, huh?"

Lorelie shook her head.

"You is the snoopinest man, Chri pher!"

"If'n a man cain't snoop roun' his home, whose home can he snoop roun

"You said it!" agreed Florian. "Wh home can he?"

Christopher turned away. His pride been sadly injured.

"I says fo' the lastest time, Missis Sho that you an' Florian is got to quit th fumadiddles! Tha's all!"

He retreated to the kitchen. Lor turned a troubled face to Florian.

"Mistuh Slappey," she pleaded, "yo got to do sumthin' quick bouten sellin' t newspaper an' returnin' back the mone

"Why so?"

"I is gittin' comprimised."

"Huh! You cain't git comprimised comprimiser than what you is comprim a'ready."

"Yes, I c'n," she wailed. "S'po Christopher should fin' out I drawed hund'ed dollars of his money an' give i you—what would he think then?"

"They is some men," returned Flo sagely, "which don' do nothin' but th things which they ain't got no right think If'n yo' husban' is that soht of a man deserves all the bad thoughts he c'n g

And Christopher was gittin' them. was gittin' them wholesale and he con ued to git them even after he had drop off into a nightmarish slumber that ni He was acutely conscious of the fact t somebody was doing him a plumb di trick, and he didn't like it. More, thought of the free breakfasts which rian was getting at his expense rather kled. It seemed like piling a chocolate Pe on an ebony Ossa. Whereupon Christop P. S. Shoots schemed a scheme.

He was disarmingly bright and chee at breakfast. He departed for the bar shop whistling gayly—and two hours l he returned. Florian, his immacul serge suit camouflaged by an apron, soapsudsing the dishwater for the b galow-aproned Lorelie. Christopher pau in the doorway and flung a vicious ulti tum at the guilty couple.

"One mo' time like'n to this," he flar "an' you is gwine make me plumb ma

Then he turned and went back to his fice. Florian doffed his apron and star for the door. He was worried and so Lorelie.

"Where you is goin', Mistuh Slappey

"Ise gwine down to sell that paper Editor Collins an' end all this foolishmen he snapped. "I hates men which th' 'sinuations at me when I is tryin' to m them some money."

She stared at him as he went to the tree and snatched his floppy Panama h At the front door he turned.

(Continued on Page 126)

Lunch Tongue—
A Council Delicacy

Appetizing Suggestions

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FRESH from the sunshine and pure air of ideal surroundings, Council Meats can be included in many delightful dishes with many other good things to eat. It is impossible to tell about them all, except in "Appetizing Suggestions"—The Free Guide to Good Living—pictured on the opposite page and freely postpaid to you for the asking.

Address Sales Office, Indian Packing Company, Consumers Building, Chicago

INDIAN PACKING COMPANY
GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

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MEATS

(Continued from Page 122)

"Missis Shoots," he said, "you husban' is shuah got a 'propriate middle name."

"Wha's that?"

"P. S."

Florian made haste and speed to the office of Editor Vanguard Collins. He came to a sudden halt before the door, for backed up against it was a dray and into the dray was being piled a mass of one-time office equipment. And while Florian gazed spellbound a sad and solemncholy Editor Vanguard Collins stumped heavily down the stairway and stood upon the sidewalk. His eyes brightened momentarily at sight of Florian.

"Mawnin', Brother Slappey."

"M-m-mawnin,' Editor Collins. Wh-wh-what you is doin'?"

"Don' matter what I is doin'. I asts you now fo' a quick answer. Does you want to buy The Sponsor fo' two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash?"

Florian staggered. Something was radically wrong and Florian had more than a suspicion that he was the wrongee. "I—I thought you was wantin' to buy The Weekly Epoch fo' a thousan' dollars," he gasped.

Vanguard laughed with harsh pessimism.

"If I ever seen a thousan' dollars all to wunst, Brother Slappey, I'd drop dead."

"But—but you said ——"

"I thought you was plannin' to buy The Sponsor an' I was showin' you what a good thing it was."

"Y-you thought I was gwine buy yo' paper offen you?"

"Now you is tootin'."

"Gosh, gol' fish! I is stang sho' nuff!"

"You is which?"

"I'll sell you The Weekly Epoch fo' five hund'ed dollars cash!"

Editor Collins stared at Florian for a few moments, then he threw back his head and laughed raucously.

"My Gawd," he roared, "does you mean that you went an' bought that imytation newspaper to sell to me fo' a thousan' dollars?"

"Y-y-yeh."

Vanguard's hand clapped on Florian's shoulder.

"They's one good thing bouten it, Brother Slappey. You think you is in hard luck a'ready. Well, what you is now ain't nothin' to what you is gwine be if'n you owns The Weekly Epoch. It's wuss'n a death sentence."

It was a sad and shaken Florian who turned lethargic steps from the home of the now silent Sponsor. He was now seized and possessed of a property which impressed him as a strong liability. More, he had enlisted the financial aid of a lady friend who happened to be married to another man, and he dreaded that gentleman's ire when he discovered that his bank account had been heavily tapped under circumstances which placed Florian in no very favorable light.

"Always," muttered Florian to himself, "when I thinks I is in bad I fin's out afterwards that the way I was ain't nothin' to the way I gits."

He rambled homeward, his feet leaden and his mind cowardly. Even the thought of the mahogany bedroom suite, which now decorated his room, lent no ray of happiness. The world was a dark and gloomy place and Florian the darkest and gloomiest inhabitant thereof.

He broke the news gently.

"Missis Shoots," he proclaimed, "I an' you is done played hell!"

For a minute she stared at his lugubrious countenance and she sensed catastrophe. All the insouciance had departed. It was a new Florian Slappey who stood before her—a man crushed and defeated.

"Tell which?" she gasped.

"The Sponsor ain't an' we is."

"Is what?"

"In bad. Vanguard Collins was lyin' to me when he said he'd pay a thousan' dollars for The Epoch, 'countin' he thought I was wantin' to buy me a newspaper fo' my ownse'f an' he wanted to sell me his'n."

"An' he ain't gwine buy ourn offen us?"

"He ain't gwine buy nothin' from nobody. He's flat busted an' gone out of business."

"O-o-o-oh!" In a second Mrs. Lorelie Shoots' cosmic scheme had gone flooie. She whirled on Florian: "You—you—you"—she struggled, seeking for a fitting expletive—"you—you—buzzard!"

She turned and flew upstairs. Florian listened mournfully to her footsteps in the room overhead. And finally she came down again, hatted for the street.

"Where you is gwine, Missis Shoots?" he inquired meekly.

"Ise gwine seek the adwices of a feller which is got real brains."

"Name' which?"

"Lawyer Evans Chew!"

Florian watched her as she descended the porch steps to the gate and then flung angrily up the street. The idea of bringing a lawyer into the mess was not at all consoling—and Lawyer Chew, of all attorneys. Florian Slappey looked upon him as omniscient.

It was patently Florian's cue to do something definitely and promptly. But what? What was there to do? What could—there was but one possible course and that was to unload on some unwary person with journalistic ambitions. The trouble lay in finding such a one who possessed—along with the literary afflatus—sufficient cash to swing the deal.

Nor was Florian overly anxious to hold the spotlight in this particular deal for one second longer than was absolutely necessary. If only he could find a middleman with influence, business acumen, wide acquaintance!

Something bumped into Florian, disturbing the smoothness of his red and white striped silk shirt. He whirled and stared into the eyes of Semore Mashby, fellow roomer. Semore was nothing in particular to stare at. He had drawn from the dispenser of human dimensions more height than was his due and less girth. He was lantern-jawed and pop-eyed and his too-shiny clothes and sadly patched shirt and hose belied the fact that he was by all odds the wealthiest negro in Birmingham.

By profession Semore Mashby was a loan shark. He dubbed himself broker and he handled anything from a secondhand wedding dress to a financing proposition. He drove bargains which were hard—for the other fellow—and was hated accordingly by his dusky brethren, who nevertheless turned to him in their hours of direst need when every pawnable article was already at work as security for funds borrowed. There was nothing upon which Semore would not lend something—from a job to a baby.

And Florian gazed upon the unhandsome shape of Semore Mashby and knew that Semore was his man. Whereupon he collared that gentleman, shoved him into his room, jammed a good cigar between his teeth and fired a disconcerting question:

"Brother Mashby, how'd you like to make some money easy?"

Semore gulped and blinked.

"How'd you like to make some money easy?"

"They ain't no such of a thing," came the guttural response.

"Yes they is."

"How much I is got to put up?"

"Nothin'."

"Not a dollar?"

"No, n'r neither even two bits."

Semore leaned forward. Florian had begun to talk in Semore's very best language.

"Splain yo'se'f, Brother Slappey. You talks like a man of sense."

Florian explained—explained that he had purchased the Epoch from Editor Crispus Breech for five hundred dollars and that he was anxious to get out from under promptly; and as he talked a new idea came to him.

He argued with Semore that now Vanguard Collins had suspended the publication of The Sponsor, deadliest and onliest rival to The Weekly Epoch, there was no reason why The Epoch should be other than a sound business venture. And what Florian wanted Semore to do was to sell his paper for him.

"What I git out of it?" queried Semore cannily.

"You gits this, Brother Mashby: Fo' ev'y dollar you gits over five hund'ed dollars I divides with you equal an' fifty-fifty."

"Not on the fust five hund'ed?"

"Nossuh! I done shelt out good ha'd cash fo' that. I is willin' to sell fo' five hund'ed an' as my agent I 'powers you to do same. But you don' git nothin' on it. But if'n you sells fo' a thousan' dollars you gits two hund'ed an' fifty an' don' risk a penny. It's jes' like a lawyer's extinction fee. Is you with me?"

Semore sparred for time. "I ain't hahdly know."

"Is you is or is you ain't?"

"Hm!" Semore eyed his companion. It was patent that Florian was not in a dickering mood. "I is!"

"Good!"

"You ac's like I had took a load offen yo' mind."

"Yeh, an' I wants you to ac' like you is took a newspaper offen my han's—at a profit."

Meanwhile in the spacious private sanctum of Lawyer Evans Chew a semihysterical woman, Lorelie Shoots by name, was pouring forth her woes in adjectival monologue. Through it all Lawyer Chew sat imperturbably blinking at her from behind enormous tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. And finally the whole story came to an end—a sobby and tearful end.

"An' what I wants back," wailed Mrs. Shoots, "is me 'n' my husban's five hund'ed dollars."

Chew cogitated. He was the champion cogitator of the world.

"A-hem! Florian Slappey is got it from offen you?"

"He is, an' I is done bought the ginuwine mahogamy fu'niture, which I cain't pay fo', an' a'ready my husban' is so' at me an' ain't spoke a word at me sence the las' time an'—I wants my five hund'ed dollars back."

Chew tapped on the table with a silver pencil.

"Yo' five hund'ed dollars which you give Florian ——"

"I never give him nothin'. He induced me out of it."

"Jes' the same, the fac's of the case as presinted to a jury ——"

"But I don' want no jury. I want my five hund ——"

"Jes a minute, Missis Shoots. You derails my train of thought. What I was reemahkin' was that if the fac's of the case was presinted to a jury, which they won't be, 'countin' the best traditions of the bench an' bar is against litigation when they is any way of gittin' a fee fo' a settlin'ment, which is easier than a trial an' which I favors most hearty—if'n they was to heah the fac's they ain't hahdly a doubt they would decide unanimous that you is overstepped the boun's of discretion an' that you knowingly an' with aforethought give him this heah money of yo' own free will an' accord, thereby establishin' a statute quo ante which would hol' an' maintain that he done right, an' ——"

Mrs. Lorelie Shoots gasped and sank for the third time in the sea of words. She extended a helpless pleading hand.

"Jes' a minute, Lawyer Chew. I ain't hahdly gotten mo' than nothin' of what you done said."

"Summed up brief an' pointed," went on the attorney and counselor placidly, "Florian ain't done nothin' you c'n sue him for n'r yet put him in jail."

"But what is I to do? What c'n I do? With my husban' a'ready not speakin' to me on account he is jealous there is sumthin' betwix me an' Florian—which same they ain't an' never will be—an' me havin' took five hund'ed dollars ——"

"You is a'ready done the right thing, Missis Shoots."

"Which?"

"You is consulted the best cullud lawyer in this heah noble an' sov'eign state."

"Then you think you c'n git my five hund'ed back? Does you think that?"

"I ain't said I can."

"N'r neither you ain't said you cain't."

"Missis Shoots, I ain't never gwine say that. They ain't no sech of a word as 'cain't' in my lexicography."

"But if'n you promises, Lawyer Chew ——"

"I is on'y gwine promise that I will take the case in question an' now befo' me under grave an' d'lib'rate adwisement an' 'praise you of my c'nclusions in jue co'se. My adwice at this moment is to sit stiddy in the boat an' talk not to no one whichsoever—least of all yo' husban'—an' my fee is twen'y-five dollars."

Lorelie left the Penny Prudential Bank Building, which housed the legal activities of Lawyer Evans Chew, with a feeling of safety in her heart. She didn't know just what Lawyer Chew would do, but in common with her cullud brethren and sistern she had implicit faith in his power to make order where chaos existed. And she was determined that she would heed both of his adwices. She would sit steady in the boat and she would not tell—no, not even mention one single, solitary, teeny word to her husband.

And in the meantime Semore Mashby had retired to the privacy of his room in the Shoots manse to reflect upon the task he had undertaken for Florian Slappey. That Florian's name was to be kept out of the transaction he fully understood. He understood exactly that unless he sell the newspaper for more than five hundred dollars he was to receive Therefore it devolved upon him to get than the five hundred—a great deal

He checked over on the fingers of hands the names of acquaintances were possessed of five hundred or more lars in cash: Simeon Broughton, Marble, Dr. Vivian Simmons, R' Plato Tubb, Professor Alec Cham Truman Chinners, Bud Peaglar, R' Wesley Luther Thigpen, Acey U Dr. Brutus Herring, Cleophus Keefe Gaines, Hammond Bias, Chris P. S. Shoots ——

Semore Mashby ceased to thi chuckle agitated his cheeks. Chris Shoots of course. Who else?

By profession Christopher was a but he was temperamentally ag'in fession. For many long and bitte he had aspired to literary fame a vitriolic pieces in the paper dealin every imaginable topic from a def lodge treasurer to international po the whole array garnished with m pian tongue-twisters—had become locally.

Christopher had money—witne year's lease on this big seven-room his recent purchase of a one-quarter est in the handsome shop where he dis daily his tonsorial skill, the hornless graph in the parlor and the enormous collection consisting of seventeen di

Semore cornered Christopher tha and into the ears of the barber wit nalistic aspirations he dripped h words having to do with literary ment. Now that The Sponsor w funct, argued Semore, there was on earth which could prevent The Epoch from returning something neighborhood of a thousand per cent investment. It was in the field alo competitorless, a law unto itself, a i-noor among newspapers of its clas

"But if'n it's all what you say queried Christopher wisely, "whaff the owner wish to sell?"

Semore hesitated, but only for a

"It's thisaway," he explained "He's done decided to leave the cit

"Leave?"

"Uh-huh! He's gwine Nawth health."

"How much he wants fo' it?"

"Fifteen hund'ed dollars."

Christopher shook his head pos

"I woul'n't pay no fifteen hund lars if'n you was to offer me ev'y new in N'Yawk."

Semore lowered his voice confide

"Fifteen hund'ed dollars is wh wants, Brother Shoots, but I is telli that they is a heap of things which wants which we don' git. Fifteen h dollars fo' The Weekly Epoch is one though I is tellin' you as a sincere that it is wuth two thousan' easy. is sayin' is that I b'lieve I c'n git it fo' a thousan' dollars."

"One thousan'?"

"Cash."

"Hm! All what is to it—circulat goodwill an' ev'ythin'?"

"Even the two typewriters."

Christopher hesitated. A thousa lars was a good deal of money, but tentialities were limitless.

"Is you willin' I should cumsider a while?"

"We-ell, if'n you must. C'n you g a positive shuah answer by t'-morry in'?"

"Yeh, by t'-morry mawnin'."

"Because the reason bein' this as f You is got to tell me definite an' p so's I c'n go to the owner, which wa teen hund'ed dollars, an' say: 'He man, I c'n git you a thousan' dolla to-day befo' night.' An' I think make him sell."

"I'll let you know in the mawnin peated Christopher, and retired room.

It was a mournful night for Mr. an Shoots. The specter of Florian S and broiled bacon sealed the lips Shoots and he was fairly racked with to discuss with her the move he wa templating. She on her part lon confide in her husband the story of h on their joint bank account and dar while his anger was still a-seethe him. And so they lay beside each through all the night, awake for the

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orrying over thoughts which were identical in nature.

Wh they rose and dressed the following nig no word had been spoken between m, no armistice declared. Lorelie was trified, Mr. Shoots determined.

pre cornered him in the hallway as he his breakfast.

[s ou decided?"

I."

Is ou gwine buy The Weekly Epoch?"

Y, fo' one thousan' dollars."

A if'n I c'n swing the deal you is in o pay cash money to-day?"

Y I said it."

Will take my advice an' go to the Fust ical an' withdraw the thousan' dollars . 'ause'n I is shuah I c'n 'range the ."

'istopher made his way to the barber p. Semore returned to his room and k nce more into a slough of thought. rearded The Weekly Epoch as sold to b ber with whom he lived. The very ist of the ambitious Christopher had n spirational. He would sell for one usad dollars, pocket two hundred and y id turn the other two hundred and y ofit over to Florian Slappey.

Hewas well pleased with the idea of his n ofit, but somehow he didn't like the a the two hundred and fifty which s t become Florian's by dint of his mas- ility as a newspaper sales agent. rin was willing to take five hundred la. Semore fancied he would be roghly satisfied with it in cash and t mediately. Therefore ——

Flian was roused from a deep and ar ess sleep by the entrance of Semore sly. That tattered individual seated sf in the one chair which the room sid, rested an arm on the ginuwine hcamy dressing table and surveyed pik-pajama-clad young man who lay unously between the sheets of the new r-oster bed.

'Is come to tell you, Brother Slappey, t ey ain't nothin' doin'."

'Nthin' doin' which?"

'Ilks don' seem to want to buy no vspers. I reckon I an' you had better l r deal off."

Flian sat up suddenly, thoroughly rsd.

'Cll off you sellin' The Weekly Epoch n?"

'Ta's it. You wants action too quick."

'ain't a case of want—it's a case of got gi That paper is got to be sol' right v.

'Cin't be done. On'y one way, that —"

'Ue way?"

'Ah. 'Countin' I is a warm an' firm ssial frien' of your'n I might be willin' gable on the thing by payin' you five ned dollars cash money right now an' ri The Weekly Epoch. Then if'n I sells o'no' than that in the future I is to keep t profits, 'countin' I is takin' a big ar fo' the pu'pose of he'pin' you out."

Flian reflected hastily. There was ic sound logic in Semore's argument d was worth at least five hundred dol- s'onsideration. And just at that par- ul moment five hundred dollars cash kl as large to Florian as five millions. tended his hand.

"Imme the five hund'ed."

Semore bent his head to conceal any fa- l vidence of the surge of exaltation th him. He extracted a check book mn inner pocket of the frayed coat and ot busily with an indelible pencil. Fi- li he handed the check and a crude cet over to Florian. Mr. Slappey re- rd the check reverently, signed the et and extended his hand.

"one with you, Brother Mashby."

"ou is reemahked sumthin', Brother arey. The Weekly Epoch is mine now— rne?"

"ll yourn—thank the Lawd!"

Semore descended the front steps and ard blithely down the street in search Christopher P. S. Shoots, proprietor- hof The Weekly Epoch, sole surviving lod weekly newspaper. His heart car- ed within his skinny breast and his wallet p with almost human expectancy of e ve-hundred-dollar profit which was onto swell it.

Semore found the barber shop, but he dx locate Mr. Shoots. Mr. Shoots had n out for a couple of hours and no one te shop could inform Mr. Mashby of s hereabouts. As a matter of fact Mr. Nts had gone to the First National Bank. He carried with him his savings-account book, never noticing that his cash balance was nine hundred dollars, where it should have been fourteen hundred. He wrote a check for a thousand, shoved it across the counter casually and ——

"You have only nine hundred in the bank, Shoots."

"Huh?" And then Christopher smiled tolerantly. "You is read the figgers wrong, white folks. They is fo'teen hund'ed there."

The teller shook his head.

"No, there was until the other day when your wife withdrew five hundred dollars."

A trip hammer seemed to descend from the ceiling and smite Christopher P. S. Shoots a mighty smite. Forgotten was The Weekly Epoch, forgotten the purpose of his visit, forgotten everything save the perfidy of his wife, to whom he had intrusted a joint savings account.

"S-s-s-s-s-says which?" he stammered.

"Why, yes," explained the little bank clerk. "Your wife drew out five hundred dollars just the other day."

The cream-colored walls of the big bank whirled before Christopher's eyes. He grabbed for his bank book and stared dazedly upon the written proof.

"Sh-sh-she was alone?"

The bank man frowned.

"No."

"They—they di'n't happen to be a sporty li'l light-tan uppity cullud man with her, did they?"

"Ye-e-es, I believe there was."

"Oh, my gosh!"

Christopher slapped the bank book in his pocket, clapped one hand to his head, darted across the bank and out through the revolving doors onto Twentieth Street. By some miracle he avoided a sudden demise beneath the wheels of a traffic-law-busting jitney as he crossed the busy thoroughfare and started at top speed down Second Avenue. He traveled in high with the accelerator depressed to the limit, shot across Nineteenth, rounded the post-office corner at an angle and catapulted into the elevator of the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

Lawyer Evans Chew was just leaving his office as Christopher arrived. Chew gave ground in the collision. Ten minutes later he had pieced together the hypothetical story which Christopher sobbed at him.

"An' if'n they ever was sech a case as what I is done tol' you, Lawyer Chew, what ought should a husban' do bouten it?"

Chew concealed the grin of elation which was struggling for expression on his lips. Christopher's story was so patently real and not hypothetical that Chew would have spotted it anyway. But when in addition to the Shoots' hysteria, which gave truth to hypotheses, Lawyer Chew had already heard from the lips of Mrs. Shoots the other end of the five-hundred-dollar story he knew that things were coming his way and coming in great luscious gobs.

Therefore he extended a gently consoling hand.

"You is talkin' bouten a frien' of yourn, Brother Shoots?"

"Uh-huh. The ve'y mos' pretickeler frien' which I is got."

"An' you wishes my advices fo' a twenty-five-dollar fee?"

"I does."

Lawyer Chew extended an insinuating palm and into it dropped two ten-dollar bills and a single five.

"An' now," gasped Christopher, "what is you gwine do?"

"I inten's takin' the case under advisement.'"

"Under advisement? Under advisement? With my—er—a—my frien's wife mebbe playin' fumadiddles with his five hund'ed dollars? What soht of law business you calls that?"

"Fu'thermo'," continued Lawyer Chew confidently, "I advises that fo' a day or two you sits stiddy in the boat an' don' 'tempt to rock same. An' least of all, I advises that yo' frien' don' make no hints to his wife that he has 'scovered that anythin' is wrong."

"My gosh! Lawyer Chew, you mus' think my frien' is a regalar simp."

"I does," retorted Chew.

From the office of Lawyer Evans Chew, the triumphant, went Christopher P. S. Shoots, the depressed. And he went straight to the office of The Weekly Epoch, where he found Editor Crispus Breech, the fat fiery little ex-owner of the paper, who was still at work until the new management assumed possession.

"Editor Breech," sizzled Christopher, "I comes heah to ast you a plain, simple, hones' question: Does you still own The Weekly Epoch?"

"Nossuh, I doesn't."

"Who you sol' it to?"

"Florian Slappey," came the prompt answer.

The effect of that gentleman's name upon Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots was little short of startling. His eyes popped open, his jaw dropped, his figure seemed to sag at the middle. And suddenly he whirled and fled down the narrow flight of steps leading to Fourth Avenue.

Two and two and two were put together to make six hundred million for Christopher—Florian's intimacy with Lorelie, the fact that Lorelie had been accompanied by Florian while drawing out five hundred dollars of his good hard-earned money, Semore's statement that the owner of The Weekly Epoch was willing to sell at a sacrifice because he was leaving the city.

It was plain as the hook of a parrot's nose. Florian Slappey and Mrs. Lorelie Shoots were about to elope. More, he was not only financing the deal with five hundred dollars of his savings but Florian was unloading a newspaper on him for a thousand dollars! The thing was preposterous, unthinkable, outrageous! Christopher was seeing pink and swearing blue. He burst into Lawyer Chew's office like a young tornado and imperiously ordered the stenographer out. Lawyer Chew rose.

"You must clam yo'se'f, Mistuh Shoots—you suttinly must."

"Clam myse'f? Me? My Gawd, Lawyer Chew, you don' know what has happen' to make me unclam!"

"'Tain't nothin' so bad it cain't be wusser, Mistuh Shoots."

"Huh! Is you ever hearn of anythin' worse than yo' wife elopin' with another feller and you payin' fo' the trip?"

Lawyer Chew speculated for a minute.

"Well," he said at length, "mebbe so you is got a li'l cause to be hurt."

But as Christopher went into the details of the affair as he had learned them light again came to Lawyer Chew and he delivered himself unctuously of his opinion:

"I is done gave you the bestes' advice possible a'ready, Mistuh Shoots, same bein' that you reemains stiddy in the boat an' don' rock same, also that you don' cas' no unjus' s'picions on yo' wife, which I am shuah is as pure as lard."

"But, Lawyer Chew ——"

"I is a man of judicial discernment, Mistuh Shoots, an' I sees that in my han's such a difficulty as the one you is in ain't on'y chil's play to straighten out. So I advises you to say nothin' of yo' s'picions to yo' wife n'r neither mos' of all to yo' wife's gen'leman frien'—an' trus' in me an' the Lawd."

Christopher eventually departed from the sanctum, chastened in spirit and gripped by an optimism which he could not understand. It was not plain to him what Chew had done or could do to alleviate the misery of an eloping wife and a ditto five hundred dollars. He was particularly bitter about the five hundred dollars. It was in the nature of insult added to injury. Besides it was playing havoc with his golden opportunity to elevate himself from barberism to journalism.

Lawyer Chew was chuckling as he again summoned his stenographer and picked up the dictation of a verbose legal document where it had been dropped at the moment of Christopher's unceremonious entrance. Things were coming Chewward in one grand and glorious heap. He was very much at peace with himself and with the world—Evans Chew, the domestic mediator, attorney *par excellence*.

There came a knock at the outer door. The dusky stenographer answered and returned with a puzzled expression on her face.

"It's Missis Lorelie Shoots, Lawyer Chew, an' she is smilin'."

She was smiling broadly as she entered the office and was left alone with her legal adviser, for as a matter of fact all that was worrying Lorelie at that moment was the domestic discord. Terror had departed with the speed of a Liberty motor that is willing to mote. She opened her purse, extracted a crisp new five-dollar bill and planked it down before Lawyer Chew.

"Tha's on 'count of my fee to you of twen'y-five dollars," she announced.

"A-a-ah! Sumthin' has happened?"

"Yeh. I is got back my five hund'ed dollars!"

"Where from?"

"Florian Slappey."

"Where did he git five hund'ed dollars at?"

"He sol' The Weekly Epoch fo' that sum an' 'mount."

"So-o-o! Who to?"

"Semore Mashby."

Chew's feet landed flatly on the floor. He was all attention.

"Semore Mashby?"

Lorelie laughed.

"Yeh! He done tol' me how he put one over on Semore. Y'see he'd done made Semore his agent to sell The Epoch an' they was to split fifty-fifty all they got fo' it over five hund'ed dollars. Semore foun' out he coul'n't sell it right off, so he boughten it fo' five hund'ed an' thinks he is gwine make a regalar profit on the deal fo' hisse'f."

"Hm! They ain't no reason why he shoul'n't, Missis Shoots. With The Sponsor ceased an' sispended publication, The Weekly Epoch ought to make money."

"Semore Mashby should worry bouten that. Me, I is got back my five hund'ed dollars an' the rest of my troubles don' look like nothin', or even less'n that."

"An'," persisted Lawyer Chew, "when Semore bought the paper offen Florian he di'n't say nothin' 'ceptin' that he coul'n't sell it an' di'n't know when he could?"

"Tha's it."

"An' what you is done with the five hund'ed dollars Florian gave you back?"

She smiled.

"I is interred it in the Fust National Bank from where it come out of."

"I see!"

"An' now I ain't skeered of my husban' ever findin' out it has been gone."

"No, sholy not you ain't skeered of that," answered the lawyer as he envisioned Christopher's attitude of a few moments since. "They ain't nary single chance of him findin' out."

But scarcely had Lorelie left the office when Chew telephoned the barber shop where Christopher worked and summoned that gentleman to an audience.

"I is got some good news fo' you," was all he said.

It was enough and then some. Christopher negotiated the two and a half blocks in a few seconds less than nothing. Once in the office he stood panting.

"You is got some good news fo' me?"

"I is."

"My wife ——"

"This is mo' importanter than yo' wife. I is tellin' you that yo' five hund'ed dollars is back in the bank from where it was took."

"No!"

"Yeh! Ev'y nickel of it."

"How you know it?"

"Nemmin' how I know it. Us lawyers is got a habit of knowin' things which ordinary folks don' know an' woul'n't on'erstan' if'n they did. Also I knows that you is gwine buy The Weekly Epoch offen Semore Mashby. Is you or ain't you?"

"I—I—was. Does you think it's a good proposition?"

"Mos' excellint. Entirely fine. With The Sponsor out of the way, they ain't no reason why The Weekly Epoch shoul'n't make a lot of money an' impaht to its editor an' owner a social an' cimmunity prestige an' eklat unobtainable by other means. Now as yo' 'torney I asks you how much was you gwine pay fo' it?"

"One thousan' dollars cash. The owner said he woul'n't sell fo' less'n fifteen hund'ed dollars. It's Florian Slappey, drat his hide!"

"An' Semore said that him bein' sech a good frien' of yourn he could wuk the deal fo' a thousan' even?"

"You sho' does know a heap of things, Lawyer Chew."

"Oh, I reckon I is a pretty knowin' man. Fac' is, gittin' to know things is jes' about the ve'y bestes' thing what I does. Now what I is askin' you is this: Is you willin' to make two hund'ed an' fifty dollars?"

"Make it how?"

"Is you willin' to buy that paper fo' seven hund'ed an' fifty stid of one thousan' dollars?"

"You is talkin' foolishment, Lawyer Chew. Co'se Ise willin', 'ceptin' on'y I kinder hates to pay fo' my wife's honeymoon with Florian."

Chew waved an airy hand.

"This heah is business, Mistuh Shoots. You c'n worry bouten yo' wife later. That's my advice."

Christopher expressed his willingness to save two hundred and fifty dollars on the

(Concluded on Page 132)

Burroughs

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

"—for $125.00"

Many a man holds the belief that he can't buy a high grade adding machine for less than $400—or $300 at the very least. Years ago he would have been *right*. Today he is *far from it*.

The Burroughs "Model 301" is built from the same tested materials, and with the same care as all other Burroughs models—like all of them it is backed by thirty years of Burroughs experience in building adding, bookkeeping and calculating machines—yet it sells for $125.00.

In the "Model 301" as in any other variation of Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines the price does not represent the value to a business, but merely what it costs to market a machine of that size and type according to Burroughs standards of quality.

Adding—Bo... Bur...es

THE particular Burroughs Machine shown here (the "Model 301") is one of the handiest, lightest, and simplest —yet it has all the advantages of any other, in the flexibility and complete visibility of the full keyboard, the fine key action, and life-time durability. It is an ideal machine for retailers, small manufacturers and for many departments in large business concerns where straight adding and listing is the prime essential.

(Concluded from Page 129)

deal for The Weekly Epoch, and promised faithfully that he would leave all negotiations in the hands of Lawyer Evans Chew. At the attorney's request he left the Penny Prudential Bank Building in search of Semore Mashby, more than a little dazed at the amazing trend of recent events in his hitherto placid single-track existence.

"Gittin' to be an editor," he soliloquized, "sho' is pretty hellish."

Within twenty minutes he was again in Lawyer Chew's office with a muchly puzzled Semore Mashby in tow. At first Semore had opposed the idea of going to Lawyer Chew's office. In the first place there was no love lost between the men, and in the second place Semore held Chew's abilities in great respect. So it was that he entered Chew's office knowing that he was going to emerge with some loss of contentment.

He was not prepared for the excessive affability with which Chew greeted him, nor was Chew's offer of seven hundred and fifty dollars cash for The Weekly Epoch a shock. He had anticipated something worse than that. Of course he argued for a thousand and offered to split the difference, but Chew was adamant. Christopher P. S. Shoots sat limply in the corner, trying vainly to follow the wordy battle, and finally gave it up in disgust and turned his thoughts to other matters.

In the end Semore Mashby gave in just as Lawyer Chew had known from the first that he must do. And then and there the contract was drawn transferring title in The Weekly Epoch from Semore Mashby to Christopher P. S. Shoots. Semore read the document carefully. He paused part way down page two.

"This heah says, Lawyer Chew, that I owes you ten dollars fo' drawin' the contrac'."

"You is a good reader, Mistuh Mashby."

"You is representin' Mistuh Shoots—not me."

"I is representin' both in this legal labor, Mistuh Mashby. Mistuh Shoots is payin' me a fee of twen'y-five dollars an' you c'n either pay me ten dollars fo' drawin' the contrac', or the whole deal is heahby declared off an' tumminated. Which does you choose?"

Semore chose to pay the ten. But a little farther down he again raised questioning brows.

"You says in heah that the consid'ration is one thousan' dollars."

"I does. One thousan' dollars."

"But he ain't on'y payin' me sevum hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"Cirrec' the fust time. I is writin' that thousan' dollars c'nsid'ration in to pretec' my client case'n he ever wants to sell it or put a mortgage on it or sumthin'. In that case then an' in such event he c'n prove that he paid a thousan' dollars for the newspaper."

"But he di'n't."

"Ain't nobody gwine know that, Mistuh Mashby. Co'se if'n you ain't willin' to let the thousan' dollars stand as 'tis, why, we c'n call the deal off."

Semore Mashby signed the conveyance, paid his ten dollars to Lawyer Chew and departed the office feeling a mingled sense of elation and depression. He was two hundred and forty dollars to the good, but more than a trifle apprehensive. Lawyer Chew had been too sure of his ground. Semore felt that there was something in the wind and that he had not heard the last of The Weekly Epoch deal. However, two hundred and forty dollars was two hundred and forty dollars.

Lawyer Chew handed to Christopher Shoots the original transfer deed.

"An' now, Editor Shoots, lemme be the fust one to comgratulate you on yo' new occurrence and enterprise. I wishes you luck."

Editor Shoots! Christopher P. S. left the Penny Prudential Bank Building with his head in the skies and his fingers itching to clutch a pencil for the first editorial which was to be hurled forth to the world under his signature. Editor Shoots! In the glory of such a title even Lorelie was temporarily forgotten.

But if Lawyer Chew had effected that which caused Editor Shoots to daydream of dithyrambic editorials the attorney himself was by no means idle in affairs concerning the Shoots family and its misadventures. He telephoned Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and interrupted a hectic game of Kelly pool in which Mr. Slappey was a signal and unenthusiastic loser. Florian bade the game farewell and journeyed to the lawyer's office. He graciously accepted a gold-banded cigar, drew down his glorious cuffs so that they showed large below the coat sleeves and invited Lawyer Chew to shoot. Lawyer Chew shot.

"If'n I was in the way of puttin' you onto makin' a hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars fo' yo'se'f an' ditto fo' a frien' of yourn 'thout doin' no wuk, Mistuh Slappey, would it be wuth a ten puh cent commission to you?"

Florian's eyes narrowed.

"Easy money?"

"Easy as eatin' pork chops on a col' night."

Florian rose and started for the door.

"Nothin' doin', Lawyer Chew. I is had recent experience with shuah things an' easy money an' I'm off 'em fo' life an' a few days after that."

"But the money is a'ready yourn, Mistuh Slappey, an' ——"

Florian Slappey seated himself. And if at the outset his attitude was one of tolerant indulgence it rapidly veered to an intense interest.

Lawyer Chew's diagnosis of the case was simple and to the point, once stripped of its glittering verbiage. He explained that at the time Semore Mashby negotiated the deal with Christopher P. S. Shoots he was still agent for Florian Slappey and that his immediately subsequent purchase of the paper for himself in view of a deal made while his status of agent still existed was *per se* fraudulent an' not wuth nothin' a-tall. He explained further that Semore had since sold The Weekly Epoch.

"Sol' it?" interrupted Florian.

"Yeh."

"Who to?"

"Christopher P. S. Shoots."

Florian's jaw dropped. Then his head went back and his teeth showed white. Florian laughed deliriously.

"My gosh!" roared he. "If that ain't the funnies' ever, then I never th'owed no Li'l' Phoebe in a crap game!"

Lawyer Chew continued with his story. The deed of conveyance, he explained, from Semore to Christopher showed that one thousand dollars was paid for the newspaper, even though only seven hundred and fifty dollars actually changed hands.

"But s'posin'," interjected Florian, "he gits balky an' won't stan' fo' no writin's which is wrong."

"Then all you has to do, Mistuh Slappey, is to siggest to him real clam an' gentle that he c'n let it stan' that way, but that you will hafter staht proceedin's ag'in him fo' fraud, obtaining money under false pretenses, breach of trus' while actin' fo' you in a feeduciary capacity an' cetera an' so fo'th."

"I see," nodded Florian. "Go ahead, Lawyer Chew; ev'y time you opens yo' mouth I heahs a dollar clink."

"All else you is got to do, Brother Slappey, is to show him that you c'n prove in a co't of law that he got an' received The Weekly Epoch as yo' agent an' that he sol' it fo' one thousan' dollars cash. Tain't true that he did, but you c'n prove it easy. An' mo'over he is gwine be skeered to make you do same. An' as them is the fac's he owes you half of all what he got over five hund'ed, which is two hund'ed an' fifty, so he will pay you that, which will be profit fo' you an' yo' lady frien'. He won't lose nothin' an' ev'ybody will be happy."

Florian chuckled.

"Mebbe so ev'ybody won't, Lawyer Chew. But I know one man which will."

Mr. Slappey skidded from Lawyer Chew's office to the second floor below and into the musty dusty room occupied by Semore Mashby. The dialogue between the two gentlemen was brief, pointed and very, very personal. Florian followed the line of campaign laid down by Lawyer Chew and Semore followed his sense of discretion.

When Florian emerged a few minutes later he held in his hand Semore's check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The bank was still open when Florian arrived. He cashed his check and hurried back to Lawyer Chew's office, where he paid that superenthusiastic and hard-working attorney twenty-five dollars in cash as a fee well earned. Then he went to Lorelie Shoots and placed in her hand one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which represented her share of the profits. Florian had sufficient grace not to tax her with fifty per cent of the lawyer's fee. He sensed that she had legal troubles of her own. But with the money tucked safely in her stocking Lorelie detained her star roomer.

"Jes' one minute, Mistuh Slappey! Jes' one li'l' teeny minute. I wishes to speak with you."

"Tell which?"

"You owes me twen'y dollars back room rent."

"My Gawd, woman, ain't you never satisfied?"

"Sometimes, but not yit. I is took my one chance an' I ain't never gwine take another."

Florian handed over the twenty. That joined her share of their profits. But even yet she was not finished with him.

"You also promised me six months' room rent in adwance, Mistuh Slappey."

"Promises ain't cash."

"This one is gwine be."

She appeared determined, and Florian reflected unenthusiastically upon his dire need of the immediate past. With room rent paid six months in advance one of his chiefest worries would have been banished from his mind. He shelled out the sixty dollars.

"What else?" he inquired grimly.

"Nothin'," came the sweet retort, "'ceptin' on'y that yo' soot of mahogamy fu'niture gits removed into my room this evenin'."

Then Lorelie got busy settling the accounts which had so recently bidden fair to swamp her. She gave to the furniture dealer eighty-five dollars and procured in exchange a release in full on her bedroom suite. From there she made a smiling way to the office of Lawyer Chew, where she handed to that gentleman the twenty dollars remaining unpaid on his account. And with him she made an engagement for four o'clock.

"Yo' husban' an' Mistuh Slappey is gwine be heah," said Chew significantly, "an' they is gwine be a-plenty explanationin' done an' much happiness resultin', or I don' know less'n nothin'."

And in his office they assembled at four o'clock—Christopher and Lorelie casting covertly affectionate glances at one another, each eager for the word which would permit of mutual forgiveness; Florian a trifle uncertain and Lawyer Evans (... radiant in the spotlight of achievemen...

Lawyer Chew called the meetin... order and started at the beginning. ... explained that in the first place E... Christopher P. S. Shoots, "my colleag... prefessional life," had been a trifle ... hasty in suspecting his wife.

"Yassuh, she is, Editor Shoots, or ... the mos' puffectest ladies I knows."

He made it clear that all of the s... conferences between Florian and L... had the betterment of Editor Shoo... their objective.

"Yassuh, Editor Shoots, as a feller ... fessional man, I rises to tell you that ... whole thing was a plan to git you to ... the paper so's you would improve yo's... standin' from bein' a common ba... Ain't it so, Missis Shoots?"

"You is tootin', Lawyer Chew. Yo... Christopher, honey, I was riskin' ev'y... so's you'd be better off in the end. ... look what I is done all by myse'f wit... he'p of Lawyer Chew an' Brother Sla... I is got one hund'ed dollars cash m... clear, that bein' the balince of twenty ... lars on the hund'ed an' twen'y-five d... which Florian Slappey jes' give me a ... ago, an' eight months' room rent whi... done paid. I is paid fo' an' owns a hun... an'-ten-dollar soot of mahogamy fu'n... which goes into our bedroom t'-night. ... makes two hund'ed an' ten dollars. ... is bought fo' sevum hund'ed an' fifty ... lars sumthin' you was gwine pay one t... san' dollars fo', which gives you two hur... an' fifty dollars clear profit.

"Lawyer Chew is got in fees as fo'... Twen'y-five dollars each from me an'... an' Brother Slappey an' ten dollars ... Semore Mashby, makin' eighty-five d... clear fo' him.

"Brother Slappey is got six mo... room rent paid in adwance, which is ... same as sixty dollars in the bank, an... twen'y dollars lef' after payin' La... Chew's fee, so he wins eighty dollars.

"So you see, Christopher, darlin', ... twix' us which is in this heah room ... made six hun'ed an' twenty-five dollar... they ain't no one los' anythin' 'ceptin' ... Semore Mashby an' he on'y los' the ... dollars which he paid to Lawyer Che... drawin' up the contrac'! What you t... of that, Christopher?"

Christopher didn't think. He coul... From the maze of good fortune and ... gering figures he had derived the title ... steaming editorial: The Age of Mir... Ain't Gone Yet. But though he d... understand any of his wife's hectic ... counting he was constitutionally unwi... to be left entirely in the cold while ind... ual glories were being passed round, an... he smiled in a very superior fashion.

"Huh!" said he. "Tha's jes' prec... the way I had it figgered out all the tin..."

"You what?"

"Why shuah, Lorelie—deares'. If ... hadn't of knowed jes' what you was t... to do"—Christopher had the grace to a... the amused stare of Lawyer Chew—"i... hadn't of knowed jes' what you was u... don' you reckon I would of said sumt... when you drawed five hund'ed dollars ... of our 'count?" He paused impressiv... "Jes' answer me that!"

And then Florian Slappey broke in. ... did so smilingly, confidently.

"Huh!" he said, waving a compre... sive hand. "I reckon each of you foll... done yo' best, but I is the one which is ... the mos'. Not on'y was the fust-off ... mine, but is you-all ever stopped to t... 'bout one thing—jes' one thing?"

"Which is that?"

"Is you ever stopped to think tha... fixed it so that the same five hund'ed ... lars went an' bought that newspa... twice?"

If a Sponge Could Talk

By Elmer R. Murphey, President

t ould very likely say:

I rew on the ocean's floor, in ie warm waters around Cuba nc Key West.

A er being removed from my ie ered bed, I was left on a oc to dry in the sun. My nial matter disappeared and ny skeleton became a commer- a product.

I this state, I am what is al d 'a pure sponge.'

Et before being packed for iment some men see fit to oa me in a solution of epsom al or glucose. This increases ny weight and makes me bring n more money, when sold y he pound.

Tis 'loading,' as they call it, s ot needed to preserve my b s. It's simply an unscru- u us practice, as the 'loading' ames away the first time I nused.

Iow long sponge buyers will tad for it is simply a question f iow soon they will see the ol of buying me blindly 'by h pound.'

There is a company that is aking and selling us just as ve come from the sea—pure pnges.

"That company sells us *'by the piece,'* for exactly what we are worth—nothing more and nothing less.

"We are tagged or labeled with their 'Colossus' trademark which is accepted like the name 'Sterling' on silver all over the world.

"Their trademark has a double value for you. It's your guide to finding us in the open market, and your protection in getting a good sponge at the right price.

"There are as many breeds or varieties of sponges as there are chickens or cattle and some of us are worth more than others. The 'Colossus' tag or label will always tell you our true grade and value. Make it your guide to pure sponges."

* * * * *

Send us a specimen of the sponges you have been using and we will send you a sample "Colossus" in the size and grade best fitted for your needs.

Write for 48-page sponge catalog. FREE!

James H. Rhodes & Company
America's Leading Sponge Packers

5159 W. Austin Ave.
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an Francisco Cleveland Cincinnati Philadelphia Boston Detroit

Manufacturers and Producers of Sponges, Chamois, Pumice Stone, Steel Wool, Felt Wheels, Buffs, Felt and Cut Felts, Emery, Rouge and Abrasives

Dealers: For an investment of only $13.35 you can supply practically any demand for sponges with this "COLOSSUS" assortment. Each sponge approximately 6 to 7 inches in diameter—tagged with its grade and price. Eliminates guesswork in selling and standardizes values in the eyes of your customers. ASK YOUR JOBBER.

Colossus Sponges

COLOSSUS OF RHODES TRADEMARK

You can always tell a "Colossus" Sponge or a bale of "Colossus" Sponges by the Colossus of Rhodes trademark. Look for it. It's your guide to pure sponges.

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 25)

what I'll do: If you'll take a thousand dollars' worth of advice from me I'll give you a hundred-and-sixty-dollar suit and no questions asked."

"What do you mean, no questions asked?" inquired the girl.

"I mean no strings attached," said Blurt frankly; "not a single little payment on demand."

"It sounds phony," commented Miss Mallowe. "Let's hear the advice."

"Here goes," complied Mr. Blurt. "Scrap all that trailing-arbutus done-in-wax stuff you're wearing, forget the hat that is like the bowl of heaven on a dark night, give your own hair and a stiff brush a chance, scrub off every last sign of stoveblack, penciling, lip paint and rouge, and walk all the way down to Fifty-seventh Street bright and early every morning."

Miss Mallowe's face fell by tragic bounds; the light died from her eyes.

"None of that, now!" cried Mr. Blurt. "Why, do you know what will happen? By the great codfish, you'd think I was asking you to turn tacky when I'm just trying to show you a smart woman.

"After a month of two miles a day in a tailor-made that will let your shoulders forget that hothouse droop and give your legs a chance do you know what will happen?"

"No," said Miss Mallowe, faintly curious.

"Why, you distorted glory, some man will come along that knows real peaches and cream without sugar and he'll eat you alive!"

An exquisite and homemade blush tried valiantly to glow through the applied color on Miss Mallowe's cheeks. After a thoughtful moment she asked almost shyly, "When I'm like that will you give me the once over?"

"No," said Blurt promptly.

"Then keep your old suit!" cried the girl with a quick flash of her eyes that in itself was a transformation, and rising she made for the door.

"I wouldn't dare," murmured Blurt, but quite audibly, striving to plant a parting shot where it would do the most good.

As Miss Mallowe's form disappeared Sutey's hair and beard took its place in the open door for a brief instant.

"Sixteen waiting," he announced in a reverberating rumble that was supposed to be confidential.

"Sixteen!" groaned Blurt as he glanced at his watch; then he remembered the hungry girl.

"Come on," he called to Miss Livingston, and plunged through the boudoir and bedroom into the kitchen.

Miss Alice Branner was sitting on a high scullery stool with her heels caught on its rounds, elbows on knees, face in her cupped hands and tears crawling down her cheeks. Her eyes were opened and fastened in a sort of pained wonder on the extensive larder under glass, on the dazzling white paint of the woodwork, the spotlessness of the deal tables and chairs and of the tiled floor, to say nothing of the glistening high lights of the electric range.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed Blurt, "how will you ever forgive me?"

Without a further glance at her he snatched off his coat, opened the sideboard and the china cupboard each with a separate hand, took out a bowl, six eggs and some grated cheese, detached the glass from the automatic eggbeater and rapidly broke into it the whites only of the eggs, dropping the yellows into the bowl. He set the beater to work and almost in the same movement switched on the heat, put a lump of creamery butter to warm in a copper skillet and shoved a large platter into the oven.

Without changing her position Miss Branner stared at him with ever-increasing interest as he stirred three pinches of salt, two of sugar and one of pepper into the yolks, added a gill of cream and dumped the lot into the stiff foam of the whites for just a second's revolution of the beater, immediately thereafter transferring to the sizzling skillet the amber-streaked mass. It rose and rose under his intent eye and careful nursing until at the appearance of dimples and craters in its mountainous surface he reached for the grated cheese and spread it lavishly with one hand while with the other he drew out the warmed platter. Then followed the gesture of a master: with one clean sweep of a limber knife and a quick turn of his wrist he doubled the mighty omelet and laid it neatly on the dish. It was a noble sight; incredibly high and light, brown shading to gold at the edges, which in turn were embellished with a fine imitation of snowy lingerie.

"*Omelette au fromage*," he murmured.

Miss Branner laughed aloud, but with a catch in her throat as though hunger were threatening to choke her for her levity.

"I always liked to watch lightning," she gasped.

Blurt wasted no time in answering; he placed the platter in the center of the clean deal table, drew up two chairs, seized and cut a crisp loaf of bread, fished out butter pats and a bottle of milk from the ice chest, knives, forks, glasses and napkins from the sideboard, and sat down.

"Come on," he ordered; "it's only perfect while you can hear it. Eat from that end; I'll race you to the middle."

The girl gulped, wiped away her tears, scrambled from the stool to the chair and obeyed; she also won. "There," she said after a long drink of milk, "I've made a pig of myself."

"If you hadn't," said Blurt clumsily, but with the best of intentions, "I should have despised you for a hypocrite. How do you like my cooking?"

"Divine," said Miss Branner, "but——"

"But what?" demanded Blurt.

"Anybody could cook in this dream of a kitchen," explained Miss Branner. "And to think that I left home because I didn't like to!"

"Can you?" asked Blurt.

The girl smiled slowly, and nodded.

"I doubt it," said Blurt, "but I'm going to give you a chance to prove up on your claim. I want lunch for four here at half past one."

The girl glanced at the shining kitchen clock and started to take off her hat. Blurt rose, snatched up his coat, hurried into the bedroom and almost knocked over Miss Livingston in his haste to reach the periscope. He stared and stared again. The hall, excepting Sutey's beard and hair, was empty but for one serene individual who at the moment of inspection was covering a small bored yawn with an exquisitely gloved hand.

Blurt rang for Sutey.

"Well," he asked, "what about it? I thought you told me there were sixteen."

"So there were," said Sutey dispassionately, "until this one came along; then they each took a fair look at her and faded away."

"That will do," said Blurt, and once more approached the periscope.

Miss Trenton Stared at Her Wrinkled and Gaping Spats as Though She Had Not Really Noticed Them for a Long Time

"Codfish!" he murmured a moment later. "No wonder they beat it!"

The woman outside either was or had borrowed from perfection; to put it more clearly, from the top of her modish hat to the tips of her shoes she was a fully completed work of either God or man. That was the trouble; for the life of him Blurt couldn't quite determine which. He studied her as a whole and in detail, he watched long for one of those intimate betrayals of the woman who thinks she isn't observed; but all in vain. Turning he directed Miss Livingston to occupy the observation post in the next room, and thereafter resumed his own study for five long minutes.

The admirably turned-out lady, who was as beautiful as she was well-dressed, resorted to no vanity box, kept her knees in easy but unrevealing position and, most baffling of all, displayed no signs of vulgar impatience beyond an occasional small yawn automatically covered even before an unseen world. Blurt withdrew and called Miss Livingston into consultation.

"What do you think of her?" he asked.

Miss Livingston's ordinarily smooth and placid brow was drawn to a tiny corrugation just above her nose, which, thus brought to his attention as by a pointer, was revealed to Blurt as being an individually adorable feature. "How lucky a woman is to have so lovely a something that she can't possibly hide," he thought, only to be brought sharply back to the matter in hand by the girl's disheartening verdict.

"Really, I don't know what to say," spoke Miss Livingston, "except that she is perfect of her kind. It's simply maddening to see a woman at such close range and not be able to tell you at once whether she is young or old, genuine or false, a work of art or a rare bloom. Mr. Blurt, the worst thing against her is that one should wonder at all. You will have to discover her through her eyes or give up."

"Do you mean," asked Blurt excite "that there is even a bare chance that is the one?"

Miss Livingston's frown deepened. can't see any reason why she shouldn't I can only feel it. Oh, how horrid sounds—cattish! Where will you re her?"

"In the living room," replied promptly.

"And will you excuse me if I don't li this time? You can see at least that would never go in for blackmail."

"You will please take down every that is said," answered Blurt.

A moment later he received from Sutey the lady's card, glanced at it and ceived that it contained a name well kn even to his long exile, a name that here be Nameless. He passed into lounge with such feelings of palpitatio he had not known for many and ma day.

Presently the lady entered, took in surroundings with one swift glance, with a faint smile on her lips that was readable pulled off her gloves, raised arms, unfastened her veil, removed it her hat and tossed the carded articles on the t Then with both hands eased her hair boldly sudden softness, walke the great lounge that f the fireplace and sat d

"One doesn't wear a in a room like this," sh plained to Blurt in a v that was like the m tone of a Japanese gon

"No," he murmured, starin her. "You're right—dead rig

"Won't you sit down?" a Miss Nameless, and added that but unmistakable skirt gesture with w a lady indicates to a man that he ma close, but not too close.

"Thanks," said Blurt dryly, "I w He suited action to the words, frankly tinuing to stare at his cool guest. "I your pardon," he added after a mom "but are you sitting on your foot?"

"Yes," said the lady. "Why?"

"Now," said Blurt in the phrase of c hood, "I know that you're really and t at home."

"Of course I am, you dear man," laug Miss Nameless. "Why shouldn't I Everything in this room is genuine," added, her face sobering to a look for w Blurt tried in vain to find an adjecti "even you."

With all his staring Blurt had not ceeded in fairly meeting her eyes; nov leaned forward tensely and asked bol "And what about you? Are you genuir

The woman slowly turned her small h and met his gaze squarely; she gave her eyes with a deliberation that in it held an indefinable element of challe putting him more than ever on his me As he stared into them they grew and g until they absorbed the field of vis blotting her passive and enigmatical from his sight. He was conscious of a ing he had read about but never before perienced, a sensation of drowning in pellucid depths of a woman's too translucent orbs.

A vague sense of resentment against Livingston rose within him; it was who had thrown him into this unfath able sea, she who had told him that he lay the key to the feminine soul. Inst tively he realized that he was engaged battle where he must win at least someth or lose all, tumbling from a throne of i pendent action and free will to the estate of an allegiance debasing becaus would be blind. His face set in hard li there must be just one little thing, s mote in this ocean of suffocating light come as a straw to his clutching sp Quite suddenly his faith was rewarded. sank back, relaxing his tense body t a quivering sigh, his lips to a twisted sm

Miss Nameless drew quickly erect, fingers clasped nervously and locked ab her knees. "What did you see?" she manded with a vibrancy in her bell- voice that was music to Blurt's pride, lately trembling on the verge of a dizzy

He looked at her clasped hands, ind of the heart's emotion as are eyes the w dows of the soul, and the smile faded fr

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li. They were beautiful hands, indily smooth, pale, yet long-fingered l song.

Keeing his gaze fixed upon them he rn red, "I saw a prisoner."

'A risoner!" whispered the girl.

le knuckles slowly whitened; Blurt rechis eyes to her face. It was withw vacant, as though she herself were e, leaving behind an illumined but ot shell. Presently she rose, gathered hi veil and gloves, put them on meiully, turned and held out her hand, e s eluding his.

'In't go," pleaded Blurt, against his te judgment and surrendering to us to probe the mind that could so ly seize the full significance of a farchi but poignant metaphor.

Mi Nameless suddenly regained all her se "I am tired," she said evenly. "If .e curious you may call or phone, as y ay in more businesslike advertisent than yours."

Af r she had gone Blurt stood for some mits, hands in pockets, staring moodily o e dying fire. Why had she come and y id she gone? In what lay the motive f le object of this transient apparition? re as a contact that had reached him, fil him, and in the end left him noth- lt a vague craving for more of somenge couldn't name. He raised his head impatient revolt as Sutey opened the or but when he heard that worthy's ffig announcement his face cleared to a icipatory smile.

'Inch for four is served," said Sutey, n le kitchen."

IV

DISCOURAGED eavesdropper is re- onsible for the statement that in the e oms of the Manhattan branch office tl Bureau of Injustice there is more ec spoken to-day than in any other ur floor space on the face of the globe. is asty chronicle has no time to submit nations in parallel columns of the apnd excerpts of words occurring in those ec cts on the morning of the début of r. lurt's studio for the reception of char- e models, but the inquiring reader is e o appeal to the telephone and the ic on duty for elucidating remarks.

O the occasion under review Mr. Ferrer erd the ball in his well-known soft-pedal new with the following query: "Kid, did u mp the come-on in the agonies this or n'?"

"re, Ferry," replied Mr. Slam Blott, or commonly called Slimy, "an' it's got e ressin' two ways to the river. I've rndexed all the cadets in the game, d here ain't one on 'em knows that ngage. Did you pipe it, Tim?"

"e?" answered Tim. "D'you know aI think?"

"hink! Stop your kiddin'; tell us what s andered into your block by itself."

"think," continued Tim, undisturbed, t'a booze bloom. Some lush coughed it om soup to nuts, and is achin' sorry o it this mornin'. Any guy can see it n make sense."

A this juncture entered Mr. Laskar, npin of the outside force. "What are uads lookin' so gloomed about?" he qred of the assembly.

"his here," said Mr. Blott, proffering a ldl and already greasy morning paper.

"seen it," remarked Mr. Laskar gruffly, tt evertheless, he took the sheet and with rilled brows once more read the offendg ivertisement headed "Heroines Please e!"

"ero-ines!" he exploded. "What do ou know about that? Well, boys, all I n y is that it looks to me like some hopa had hit the white stuff once too many ' one an' spilled his insides to the tune a housand bucks."

"ou're wrong, Lassy," said Slimy oily. "I ain't pretendin' to be the only where that c'n see daylight through a ey but I say no hop-head had nothin' to ith that ad. If you ask me, it's old ct's new. Just like we had a flurry of nemen yeggs, this here has all the markg of a highbrow goin' into the cadet siness. Ain't nobody give the place the over?"

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Lasrityingly. "Mike cracked the ground before the milk train had pulled out it the papers. By this time he's got splant running, two operators and a thing-in machine to each of six rooms. o can call it anything you like, but it n no tinhorn joint."

There was a moment of ponderous silence, broken finally by Mr. Ferrer.

"Mabe's over there," he remarked in his well-modulated voice. "I flagged her just as she was making for the Subway hutch an' waved the paper at her. She said she couldn't wait unless it was to-morrow's edition. She was on her way."

"Well, that's something," said Mr. Laskar. "I come down here lookin' for a falldame to get a spot on 'em. A machine ain't always any good if all the dope is goin' to be in a foreign language, but Mabe'll make 'em come across with enough New York to give us a lead. There ain't nothin' to do but wait."

The words were no sooner spoken than the door flew open admitting a hurried and very distressed young lady. She was dabbing at her eyes with a cream-colored, blue-edged pocket handkerchief, and ignoring the startled grunts of the assembled men she plunged through the bull pen into the quiet solitude of the squeal room and slammed the door after her.

"Well, what do you know?" murmured Mr. Ferrer, first to recover from the general consternation.

"Mabe, a sob sister!" ejaculated Slimy. "I can't believe it, not even with the hand shown!"

"Go on," growled Tim. "She wasn't really leakin' from the upper story; she was biting her teeth. I guess she's mad 'bout something they done to her."

Mr. Laskar stepped to the closed door and tapped on it softly. "Mabe," he said, "we're all waiting on this an' you'll have to give us the dope. What is it?"

"There isn't any, you boobs!" replied Mabel. "Leave me alone."

"Look here, girlie," said Mr. Laskar, "never mind whether we've got anything on 'em or not. If they've hurt your feelin's we'll stick a plaster on 'em and a stretch and a five-spot on top o' that if you say so. You leave it to us boys. What did they do? Take you for a rag?"

"A rag!" cried Miss Mabel hysterically. "No, they didn't; I wish they had! Oh, leave me alone. I didn't come in here to squeal on myself. Get it from the dics."

"She's mad about something," repeated Tim sapiently as he took out the makings for a cigarette.

An empty and disgruntled hour dragged itself away before Mr. Laskar was notified that one of the operators on the Blank Building job wanted him on the wire. He hurried to the soundproof booth and took up the receiver.

"That you, chief?"

"It's me all right. Shoot. What've you got?"

"I don't know exactly," responded the operator, "but it's sure Queer Street. I'm kinda dizzy. Can you send Tommy round to spell me?"

"Looka here!" roared Mr. Laskar. "What do you boys think this is—a Y hut? We ain't got no nurse squad hanging round to help two ops take half a dozen machines. What's the matter? Are they all talkin' to once?"

"No, chief," answered a resigned voice, "it ain't the amount of stuff; it's the kind and the way they say it."

"Got your book on you?" asked Lassy.

"Sure," replied the operator.

"Then read me some of it," ordered the chief.

"Well, here's a sample they handed Mabe," complied the operator: "'Unfortunately for you you have an individual foot with its own intimate character and charm, visible at present only through distortion.'"

"Hold on a minute!" interrupted Laskar excitedly. "Did they say that to our Mabe?"

"They sure did," replied the operator. "Why, ain't she told you?"

"Never you mind what she told us," replied Mr. Laskar. "Was there any more like that?"

"More!" cried the operator. "Why, it's all in them high signs, and that's why I'm dizzy. Bob can stand it better, he says, because he says it's old stuff to him. He says it's just Lord What's-his-name, only dolled up a bit."

"I get you!" cried Mr. Laskar. "Wasn't he the simp that got a stretch from that soft London bunch?"

"You've guessed it, chief," confirmed the operator, "only it was a double plaster, not a stretch."

"Even so," murmured Mr. Laskar, "two years for loose morals from that mushy Scotland Yard crowd would make a lifer over here, and then some. Tell me just one thing, lad. Did any kale pass hands?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But look here, chief, what's happened to Mabe? Has her tongue froze? She took an order off 'em for a pair of spats."

"A pair of spats!" groaned Mr. Laskar, puzzled and disgusted. "Two dollars fifty! Where do we get off with that?"

"Wait a bit," said the rebuked operator. "Let me read you somethin' else he said to the next one. He said: 'If you'll take a thousand dollars' worth of advice from me I'll give you a hundred-and-sixty-dollar suit and no questions asked.'"

"That's more like it," commented Mr. Laskar, licking his lips. "Did she take it?"

"Let me see," replied the operator. "No, she didn't. The last thing she says before the long silence is: 'Then keep your old suit!'"

"Are you sure she said 'then'?" inquired Mr. Laskar's eagle mind.

"Sure."

"Well, give us the next-before-thing she said."

"I got you. Here goes. She said: 'When I'm like that will you give me the once over?'"

"Like what, lad? Like what?"

"Wait a minute. Here you are. He says: 'Why, you distorted glory, some man will come along that knows real peaches and cream without sugar and he'll eat you alive!'"

"Eat 'em alive!" bellowed Mr. Laskar exultantly. "That's the tune, is it? Well, there is sure goin' to be some eatin', but it won't be peaches an' cream. Stand by to crash with the bulls in about one little hour."

Simultaneously with this ominous remark, though many blocks away, Mr. Blurt was ordering Sutey to put up the "Closed for lunch" sign and lock the outer door. Five minutes later a strangely assorted quartet gathered at the kitchen table. Miss Livingston sat at Blurt's right, the hungry girl, transformed into an excited, flushed and altogether bewitching cook, at his left, where she was within easy reach of the range and all it contained. The two men were whole-stomachedly intent on the thought of food; the girls shy and nervous.

"Forget dull care," murmured Blurt, rubbing his hands together. "Bring on the mush."

Brought to a sense of responsibility and to action by this informal grace the hungry girl, whose real name was Alice, produced a small platter containing four lovely caviar-on-toast patties garnished with evergreen parsley and set it in the middle of the table. The right hands of both Sutey and Mr. Blurt moved spasmodically toward the dish, only to fall back into their laps under the harsh dictates of the old rule of *politesse oblige*. They waited for the ladies, and for a moment it looked as though they would wait in vain.

Blurt's quick eye roved over the assembled faces and settled unerringly on that of his stenographer as the iceberg which was inducing severe atmospheric pressure.

"Miss Livingston," he asked, "are you cursed with a New England conscience?"

The girl upon whom attention was thus drawn had been nervously crumbling the bread placed beside her plate. She raised rebellious eyes to Blurt's face.

"Yes," she answered without embellishment.

"Do you feel a stranger here?"

"Oh, how can I help it?" cried Phyllis. "How can we all help it? Isn't it just what we all are?"

Blurt's face turned downcast for a moment, then gradually it lit to the full effulgence of his disarming smile.

"Let me introduce Alice in a New Wonderland and the King of Moss," he said, indicating the now anxiously worried cook and the disgustedly impatient Sutey. "As for myself, call me the Seeker in Haste; and as for yourself, I name you Hostess. There are no cocktails, but don't you think we might pledge each other just this once in the milk of human kindness?"

A sudden moisture gathered in Miss Livingston's eyes, melting their severity to pools of gracious light; her cheeks flushed and her full lips trembled to a smile.

"Of course we can," she said, speaking a little haltingly as though the words came from deep down within her. "You must all forgive me. I feel so—it's so hard—so hard to lay aside the mask."

She passed the patties, and from the moment they were devoured the meal swept on without a hitch in a steadily growing crescendo of kindliness and mirth not unmixed with unstinted praise for the cook. From the soup, which was as velvety as milk fresh from a red-hot cow, to the coffee, black, fragrant and as alluring as an unknown sin, the repast was declared to carry on its intrinsic merit a *cordon bleu*, a diploma *magna cum laude*.

While the girls washed up the dishes and raved with low ecstatic cries over the complete perfection of the kitchen, its linen and its larder, Blurt drew thoughtfully on his cigar and stared unseeingly at Sutey as though for vicarious inspiration.

"What a sensation," he said finally, half to himself, "could one see the whole world unmasked—everybody you meet shaved clean of subterfuge, protective coloring and the death that's eternally in life."

At the mere mention of shaving Sutey raised nervous fingers to his vast and silken beard as though to enter a vacillating but prompt protest against any innovations of a physical nature. The whole trend of Mr. Blurt's remarks seemed directed against the very foundations of the timid giant's ambush against the rough edges of life, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that he rose to investigate a loud knocking at the outer door, which under any other circumstances would have paralyzed his movements. In a moment he came back, lacking this unwonted calm.

His small and shifty pale eyes were watering with frightened tears, his lips and cheeks were atremble, transmitting to the vast sea of hair about his face rapid undulations which made him look like a startled hen terrified and bereft of wits.

"The police!" he rumbled with an absurd quaver in his mighty voice.

A look of terror sprang to the face of Alice in a New Wonderland; the semi-transparent white-porcelain plate she was drying slipped from her hands and crashed into bits in the enameled sink.

"Oh!" she gasped, and burst into tears.

Miss Livingston turned to face the door, very erect, a flare of white anger in her eyes.

"I knew it!" she breathed tensely. "Oh, I knew it!"

She did not look at Blurt; her wrath was directed solely at one Phyllis Joy Livingston, gifted by God with strong guiding impulses, but who had on this day of all days failed weakly to follow the heaven-sent hunch.

"Open the door at once," said Blurt to Sutey. He seemed quite calm and intent on nursing the ash on his cigar to as long a life as possible.

The command came too late; with a scraping snap the brass lock surrendered to a mighty knee that would not be denied, and the cohorts of the law streamed into the hall and dispersed rapidly through the luxurious rooms of the vacant studio, two of the company finally arriving at the kitchen, whence they passed back in hoarse grunts the information that the quarry had been run to earth.

In the meantime Mr. Blurt commanded his companions to resume their seats and was obeyed, though Alice continued her frightened crying. It did not prevent her, however, from keeping her fascinated gaze on the kitchen door, as if she were awaiting the appearance of a monster she had read about but never met in the busy flesh. Miss Livingston, her face gone quite white, returned to her nervous occupation of crumbling bread, and Sutey, intent on reducing his enormous proportions to a minimum, sank lower and lower in his chair until he sat on the middle of his back and could almost observe his large feet protruding from the other side of the table.

To the casual onlooker Blurt presented an exterior of abnormal calm, but when Miss Livingston raised her eyes to his face, half in the hope that she might read there salvation, half out of curiosity as to how the man in him which she had seen fully extended against a varied feminine background would meet men, she found indubitable signs of an inner commotion that made her tremble for the outcome. Blurt was seething and fighting mad. His nostrils and his lips showed a thin white line, and in his gray eyes was the cold glitter of fresh-water ice.

"Which of you guys is the boss?" demanded a voice of the law.

Blurt carefully deposited the long ash of his cigar in a saucer and turned to face the

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SAW BLADES

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invaders. For a long moment of silence he stared not at their countenances but at their heavy regulation boots, thus displaying a knowledge at least of the A B C of psychology.

"Did you wipe your feet?" he suddenly demanded, and the two bulls, long accustomed to answering that special query, though from feminine voices, with promptitude and meekness, were actually on the point of making excuses when Mr. Laskar pushed his way to the front.

"Never you mind whether they cleaned their dogs or not," he growled in his most intimidating manner. "Never you mind about that; but remember that everything you say will be used against you."

"Dogs?" remarked Blurt, unimpressed. "Is that what you call them in your bulldozing lingo?"

"Did you call me a dog?" exploded Mr. Laskar, his rubicund face blazing with uncontrolled wrath.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Blurt with an edged smile. "I'm fond of dogs. By the way, it's usual to have a search warrant, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's usual," snarled Mr. Laskar; "an' we got it, see?"

He waved a document in Blurt's face truculently, uneasily conscious that the forces of the law crowding behind him were by now on the broad grin. You couldn't arrest a man on a charge of resisting authority while he was sitting down and calmly smoking a cigar, but there was such a thing as baiting the most lethargic of worms to the point of turning to bite.

The trouble in this instance was that Blurt was not a worm, but a man of long experience in handling labor at its roughest; he belonged also to the old school of no compromise and was a master of the lingual goad. He now rose slowly and examined Mr. Laskar and his supports with smiling curiosity.

"Talk about silly mermaids on land," he mused aloud—"why, if the lot of you had hods on your shoulders you'd only begin to feel at home. What do you think you're doing here, anyway?" His face and eyes suddenly hardened. "What do you want?" he demanded with the snap of a whip.

The light of unholy joy came into Mr. Laskar's countenance; he restrained his itching fists.

"None of that, now!" he murmured. "Slip the hardware on him, boys. Run the bunch down into the wagon for a free ride to Centre Street."

At this verdict Alice in a Spoiled Wonderland sobbed aloud, Sutey groaned, and Miss Livingston caught her breath in a tearing gasp. The last of those three sounds moved Blurt's intelligence to Herculean efforts. He looked ahead to the ignominious pilgrimage to police headquarters and a semipublic investigation by misunderstanding minds, and realized that Sutey could stand it, Alice would soon recover, but that there was something in and about Miss Livingston, something as real and at the same time as illusive as the memory of a song, that would die for ever and a day.

"Just one minute, officer," he said. "If by any chance you hail from the Fourteenth Ward ——"

He paused long enough to give Mr. Laskar an opportunity to betray himself.

"Well," complied that official, "what if I do?"

"God help you," continued Blurt, "that's all. Why, man, I've carried a thousand of you fellows on my pay roll for months at a time. If I decide to chip in to the election kitty at all this year it will be twenty thousand bucks. If I don't I'll see that the top knows why; and then, as I said before, God help you!"

Throughout this speech Mr. Laskar's face underwent a series of changing expressions; his eyes narrowed with cunning, widened in wonder, grew dim with doubt and round in the fear that there might be something in the slush after all.

"What are you givin' us?" he asked out of a daze.

"You?" cried Blurt, pouncing on the chance like a vulture on carrion. "Not a cent! I'm surprised at your suggesting it. I may be rotten with money, but I haven't a cent to buy off all the grafters in the state! What else do you want?"

For a moment it looked as though victory were about to perch upon his shoulder, to the definite discomfiture of Mr. Laskar, whose mind was toppling under the strain of trying to decide whether or not he had really opened himself to the accusation of having suggested in the presence of a dozen witnesses that he was disposed to hear money talk. At this crucial juncture, however, Mr. Ferrer pushed his way to the front and tapped Mr. Laskar on the shoulder.

"Don't swallow that, Lassy," he said in his sonorous voice. "The name of Blurt never come through with anything yet. I c'n recite the list o' milch cows for'ards and backwards standin' on me head. At the same time, I say don't show 'em into the wagon until we knows where we stand. There's three newspaper hounds standin' on the stairs right now, with their tongues out to their knees watering like umbrellas on a rainy day. There's also a perfectly good office up front with a strong door an' lock an' key."

Mr. Laskar was not beyond taking a hint; in five minutes he was installed behind Mr. Blurt's mahogany desk, flanked on one side by Mike and the two shorthand operators, and on the other by the supposedly criminal four: Blurt, Sutey and the two girls. Before him ranged Ferrer, Slimy, Tim and two members of the uniformed force. The well-equipped office furnished seats for all.

"Now," said Mr. Laskar to Mr. Blurt, "spill your insides. What is this anyway?"

"Well, what is it?" countered Blurt promptly. "If you don't know, what are you doing here? Housebreaking to kill time?"

"If we don't know, eh?" replied Mr. Laskar cannily. "So there is somethin' to know? Well, don't worry; we'll get it all, Clarence." He paused weightily.

"My name isn't Clarence," said Blurt, finding that for some occult reason he was expected to react. "It's Blurt to my friends, Mr. Blurt to roughnecks. Take your choice."

Mr. Laskar dodged the two-horned dilemma. "Bob," he ordered, "read some of the worst of it."

The operator addressed, an oldish man with thin hair, thin lips and a thin evil smile, complied.

"Here's a bit: 'Girlie, you don't belong in this room at all. It's meant to evoke memories of an age that was artificial to the gills, an epoch of hair pompadoured and powdered, of beauty spots and penciled brows, of wasped waists above billows of foam, of the screening fan and the wicked tongue.'"

"He was dead right," interjected Mr. Laskar as the reader paused for breath. "No girlie has a call to be with them words. Read some more, Bob. A thick bit like that one."

"'They were not unmoral, my dear,'" continued Bob, "'but deliberately immoral to the tips of their pink fingers, and in a world where license has no limits the tongue has an unfenced field. In other words, wit is the one bright flower that springs from any society on the road to the dungheap.'"

"And, boys," declared Mr. Laskar in his most impressive tones, and staring solemnly at the assembly, "did she fall for it? No! 'Keep your old suit!' she says. Didn't she, Bob, further along, where he tries to pin a hundred and sixty bucks' worth o' clothes on her?"

"That's the last thing she does," confirmed Bob.

"Well, lads," continued Mr. Laskar, his eyes protruding far from his face, which had assumed the solemn expression of a judge about to put on the black cap, "I don't know what more we want. I say take 'em round to the cooler-can. I say let the newspaper Johnnies right in on this."

He rose, drew the jewelry from his hip pocket and advanced stealthily on Mr. Blurt.

"One moment!"

The speaker was Miss Livingston. She had risen with a swift movement from her seat, and stood with fists clenched and head upthrown. One glance at her was enough to arrest the heart and movements of every man present, for contrary to the opinion of the general public there is a soft sentimental spot about the size of a calf's liver buried deep within the bulk of every true-to-form officer of the law, which accounts in large measure for the universal corpulence of policemen and bulls.

"Gee!" murmured Mr. Blott with a deep-drawn sigh of sudden well-being that reminded one of the purr of a monster cat; "pipe the sad lamps."

It is true that at the moment Miss Livingston's eyes were extraordinarily large and moist with excitement. Mr. Blurt stared at them unbelievingly. Whence had they come, these two blue pools of iridescent light, to spring upon his vision with the breathless wonder of mountain lakes under snow and sunshine suddenly disclosed to view! Nor were they all the story. The light within them seemed to glimmer in a protecting aura about the girl's entire person; it gleamed in her soft hair as though tugging to free its strands for the impending battle, it shone upon her pale brow, it was the fire in the flaming glow of her cheeks, the divine pigment that incarnadined her tremulous lips. It radiated from her tense and erect body in waves that with an astounding suddenness assumed heat and burned with the scorching touch of blazing anger.

"Sad lamps, nothing!" ejaculated Tim, first to regain the power of speech after the transformation. "Call the police! Flag her! Take her number for not dimming them headlights within the city limits!"

"Silence!" commanded Mr. Laskar as he sank back into his seat. "What do you think you got to say, miss?"

During the excitement Miss Mabel Trenton arrived via the kitchen, the bedroom, drawing-room and lounge, having quietly closed and locked all the doors behind her. She was just in time to imbibe the following speech from Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston:

"If you hulking brutes dare to drag Mr. Blurt to the police station I'll make New York laugh all the top stories off its skyscrapers, and every brick will fall on one of you numskulls with a dull, thudding sound that will ring the death knell on your reputations and future employment. Editors, reporters and even newsboys will jeer at you; your superiors will have to explain that you were drunk at the time."

Miss Livingston paused to catch her breath, and Mr. Laskar seized upon the occasion to signal weakly to Miss Trenton.

"Tell us what she said, Mabe," he begged. "I ain't done nothing to her, honest. None of us has."

"She says that if you boobs run and tell Centre Street," paraphrased Mabel, "she'll slip the true dope to the newsies and a great laugh will go up, and whatever goes up is sure to come down, and when it does it will fall on your blocks and people will say, 'Ha, ha! Why go to Africa for ivory?' She says you'll all feel the tapping of hammers on wood ringing twenty-three on the clock as you draw your last pay slip and listen to the big chief telling the crowd you was lushed to the lids or you wouldn't never have done it."

"Did she say all that?" asked Mr. Laskar unbelievingly.

"I did!" cried Miss Livingston. "Oh, what chance have such brains as yours to grasp the fact that Mr. Blurt is an idealist, an overgrown boy trying desperately to dream himself away from those very sordid, vile and demeaning associations which you are trying to fasten on him simply because they are the accustomed air in which you move and have your being? Just becau he believes that in a world where one mu be counterfeit through and through or we a mask there must be some person as ge uine as himself and tries to find her, ju because he measures every woman he mee down to the kernel of truth she still possess and tries to bring it to life, you think must be criminal or mad. Oh, I know y can't see it, but you're on the way to maki yourselves eternally ridiculous!"

"Mabe?" appealed Mr. Laskar in hoarse whisper.

"She says," complied Mabel readi "that nothing but a boll weevil on its w to cotton could get through to your bra pads with the information that the blo of this Mr. Blurt runs thick with the do of mother songs. She says that he's doi his best to make a getaway from the r and doll district where you got to be pho or wear a frozen face, into the country all used to believe in where folks is ju folks. Just because he thinks there's s some of the true old sister stuff hid aw somewhere in every skirt you want to p him on the rattler with a through ticket Bloomingdale. She says that when t true dope gets out there'll be nothing left you but a bone yard where baby Mutt-an Jeff artists will come to cut their teeth."

Cowed and bewildered, the represent tives of law and order stared at each oth their eyes gradually returning to cent upon Mabel's face in a silent cry for hel "What do you think, Mabe?" asked M Laskar.

"Think!" cried Miss Trenton. "Y got no right to think here; you don't o the lease. Open that door, beat it back the bull pen and lock yourselves in. Co on, now; I mean it!"

Like an irate mother hen in charge of h a dozen monstrous ugly ducklings she mu tered the bulls and marched them out b fore her. Descending the stairs in a phala they cleared it thoroughly of reporters a a curious and disappointed throng. Th exodus from Mr. Blurt's office had be highly tinged with the ridiculous, but f some occult reason it had not awaken laughter. Sutey merely sighed and pr ceeded to fetch Miss Livingston's hat a coat at her curt command, Alice dabb her eyes and cheeks with the lugubrious of a kitten lately intercepted by a pail water, and Blurt himself sat staring at animated and still angry vision which b now he had thought of only in terms stenography and typedriving.

The object of his gaze suddenly whirl upon him, but before the lips, as white they had recently been red, could say wh ever they were going to say he did t fastest thinking of his rapid life and spok

"Miss Livingston," he said, "you a discharged."

The girl gulped down the words from t tip of her tongue, her eyes wavered, h throat moved in that adorable contracti which never fails to squeeze the heart man, her bosom rose, and she gaspe "Discharged!"

"Yes," said Blurt dryly. "In lieu notice and explanations you will take week's pay." He held out three crisp ba notes—two twenties and a ten.

Miss Livingston merely glanced at t money and raised her eyes to Blurt's stea and compelling gaze. What she read the of sincerity, of pleading for the clean moti against self-defense by rule of thumb a of ingenious subterfuge, acted upon her face like some master solvent. One by o her features shed the tense mask of lon hard years; the frown cleared from h brow, laughter and tears brimmed in h eyes, her lips trembled and softened, s smiled.

"Mr. Blurt," she said in a quite ne throaty voice, "that was quick thinkin You couldn't imagine my taking the mon for services rendered, could you?"

"Services rendered!" cried Blurt. I snatched out his bulging wallet, laid it top of the fifty dollars and reached for l check book.

"No, no!" laughed Phyllis Joy; a she caught up the three bank notes and w gone.

A long, dead silence supervened, brok finally by Mr. Blurt.

"Sutey," he asked, "did the papers me tion a total eclipse of the sun this aft noon?"

There was no answer. He looked u Sutey was not there; neither was Ali He was alone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GOLDEN NAME

(Continued from Page 21)

Ryal Bengal Jungle, where the bare-
eOriental dancing girls leaped in and
dncing.
t smed to young Chris Vandalaer then
hwould never see enough of the golden
l. It seemed impossible that he him-
ws there—to live. It reminded him
e ian ever—for after all he was little
e ian a boy—of a child's story of a
sa. changed suddenly to a prince and
ic n in a palace—the palace of a mod-
fiy tale; a strictly modern palace,
cite with all modern improvements—
il ectric chandeliers, and ducal silver
tin dishes and gold-and-marble baths—
h said—in the high-priced suites of
aresses. A palace where anybody at
:od be a prince to-day, so long as he
d ay the price for it.
nso it seemed to him that night that
:od never tire of it. The cries of the
inand the sight of the silver and white
n, nd the smell of flowers and smoke
fid and the perfumes of the women;
ir dious perfumes of the lithe women
ie red lips, sitting at the white-and-
ta tables or outside, watching or chat-
ngor waiting for someone who was to
e i the corridors.
T it's right," said Mr. Grabstein, with
chckling laugh; and he winked again.
as right, Chris, my boy, enjoy your-
"
nlater still at night—when he had
e r upstairs to his great fine room—
ngVandalaer leaned out the high win-
id looked out across the city, an
ie plain full of lights; the yellow
ei of the night, which lighted for un-
w miles the desires and hopes and ex-
mts of millions of happy people—all
gether, all without the loneliness or
u or ennui of country life. And far
ereath, the tiny lights of the late auto-
bili passed like mere fireflies down the
sreet.
nas he leaned and looked he heard, as
nl as from his own full lips, the voice
M Grabstein saying: "That's right,
is ny boy, enjoy yourself!"
I vill," young Chris Vandalaer an-
re him above the city; and going back
t ist undressed reluctantly, and slept
th first night in his great princely bed.

oisome days then, and even weeks,
nChris Vandalaer was engaged in that
t ng that he was required to do before
:od be useful—in learning the ropes
g ting acquainted with men and ways
ngreat city. Sometimes he would go
h office where his name appeared in
e letters on the door; sometimes he
eisome few papers that they brought
in or some individual letters, written
th stationery of the great hotel. But
tl he remained in the hotel itself, see-
lif and tasting it.
n he could see now for himself that it
cite true what they had told him—
te first thing in business in New York
it acquainted, and to talk with other
. And this was especially true, it
ne to him, of presidents. For he saw
e many other presidents there in the
t otel—of railroads and mines and oil
pnies, and even land companies in the
nin Americas. And all that he could
e them do was talk—talk and talk
ter men, especially while they were
nand drinking, till they were all red
hface.
hr were older men, these presidents,
tl, whose eyes were dull and whose
ing loosely to their bones; and, in
, ere was little doubt that of all the
ients there young Chris Vandalaer
ie youngest and handsomest and
n t-eyed.
tlrs noted this too as time went on;
te lithe women with red lips who sat
th afternoons in the frescoed corridor,
ir and waiting for someone to come,
lo often turn and look at him when he
fne by. And finally he became ac-
rad—was introduced to one or two of
nl The place, however, was enormous;
occupants usually interested in one an-
er or their own thoughts or some ex-
e telephone call—so that after all
e ere few who noticed or were particu-
r iendly with young Chris Vandalaer,
d the few women with the red smiles
me now slightly knew. And he might
e een lonely if he had been older and
fl of life.

There was one other person after a while, however, who he began to think took a special interest in him—a lean-faced, hard-chinned man whose eyes—at least he thought so—followed him from the high-backed chair he sat in, among the others passing by, as steadily as a black-eyed portrait's in an empty house. He wondered more and more at this—for he had never seen the man before, and no one seemed to know him—till finally one late afternoon of his own accord the stranger rose and stood before him.

"Are you the fellow that calls himself Vandalaer?" the lean-faced man inquired, speaking unexpectedly, in a voice still harder than his eyes.

"What of it?" said young Vandalaer. For he was a boy of high spirits, and he liked neither the man's attitude nor the voice he spoke in.

"Come on over here and sit down a minute. I want to talk with you," the other said to him; and threw back his head and chin in a peremptory invitation toward two adjoining chairs.

And young Vandalaer—though he was inclined not to do so at first—at last followed. For he was now more than curious to understand what this man was after him for.

"I've had my eye on you for some time," the hard gray-faced man asserted when they had sat down together.

"I see you have," said young Chris tersely.

"Now, what is your real name?" the other man asked him with a quick passing shadow of a grim smile.

"My name is Christian Vandalaer," the young man answered a little hotly—"if you want to know. Why?"

"So you stick to that?" said the other man, with his glassy gray eyes fixed on his. "Well, I guess maybe it is," he continued when young Chris Vandalaer's eyes neither turned nor flinched away from them, "from what we hear."

"All right," said Chris, still angry. "Now what do you want?"

"Now listen," said the other, and placed his cold hand on the other's knee. "You're just a kid. And I'm going to give you a chance. I'm going to give you a tip."

"A tip?" echoed young Chris—for the man's voice now, though cold, was not unfriendly.

"Yes, a tip," the other answered, in his warning voice. "Drop it!" he said. "Get away!"

"Get away?" Chris again repeated.

"Yes," said the other, still staring meaningly. "Before it's too late! For let me tell you something—on the side," said the other, now taking the whole conversation to himself. "You know and I know this thing's not on the square. You may think you can get away with it, and maybe you could—under the usual circumstances. For they're running wild everywhere with these wildcats. But you can't now, with this! You picked a bad one."

"A bad one?" echoed young Chris, now more mystified than angry.

"You can't do it. You nor any other living man—in one thousand years!" the other went along, with an odd note of seriousness now in his voice. "Not with old Chris Vandalaer after you."

"After me!" repeated young Chris.

"What were they thinking of—bringing him into this thing—anyhow?" inquired the other, as if speaking to himself. "They must be mad with the heat—getting gay with old man Vandalaer's name. You'd think they'd just landed on the island. You'd think they'd never heard of old Christian—and what he can do to them he don't fancy here in New York."

Then he gave him some entirely new side lights upon New York and the persons in it—and such unrecorded influences as his great namesake had.

"Whether your name really is the same or not," he said, growing almost communicative now, "don't be a fool. Don't cross Christian Vandalaer—and his hitch-up with the Central Power House in this town. I'm givin' you this extra on the side, my boy! For he's got all the politicians and all the money and all the influence in this town to fight with, when he wants it. And when he gets after you, God help you! He'll get you. Don't fret. He's half Dutch and half Indian. The best hater in New York. I've been here thirty years, and if anybody got away from him—when he started after him—I never heard it yet. He's got a private graveyard full of the fellows he got after—down below here—where the tall buildings grow—that makes Trinity churchyard look like a pocket handkerchief! I'm giving you this for your information."

"Look here," exclaimed young Chris Vandalaer, suddenly getting up, "what do you think I am?"

"Wait a minute, boy," said the lean-faced man; "just a minute. Then you can talk all you want to. I'm here on the quiet to give you warning. I've been told to warn you that if you get out and draw your name out of this thing here they might forget it and let you go. Now I've told you that. But now I'm stepping out—over what I ought to. I'm talking to you now a little for myself, like I would to my own son. For you're a young fellow—and you're green at the game—I know that. And in a way I took a fancy to you. There's something about you, to tell the truth," said the hard-faced man, staring now rather hard at the opposite wall, "that reminded me just a little bit at first of my boy I buried across in France here last year. But anyhow, my boy," he said very earnestly, "you take it from me: Pick up and get out while you've got the chance—before this old devil, this old gray-hearted relative of yours, gets after you—and gets you!"

"Who are you anyhow?" demanded young Chris Vandalaer, growing restive under this.

"Maybe this will show you something," replied the stranger. And he displayed the corner of a badge beneath his coat, which to young Chris—not yet entirely familiar with the insignia of New York office—meant no more than that he was probably an officer of some kind. At any rate it certainly did not scare him any; for he was not that kind.

"You go back," he said, "to where you came from; and tell that old devil I've got as good right to my name as he has. And I intend to use it as I see fit." And he told him to tell the great Vandalaer where he could go—to a destination where his ancestors in that branch of the family had all preceded him, in his opinion.

For he was a boy of spirit; and if there was anything he would not stand it was being dictated to.

"All right," said the officer in plain clothes, getting up, his manner cold and crisp again. "Have it your own way. I slipped you your chance. And you'll keep what I told you personally to yourself."

"I will. And I'm much obliged to you personally," said young Chris Vandalaer, for he saw the fellow really meant it and was trying to do him a good turn. "But I'm not afraid of him, and don't you forget it!"

"Good-by!" said the other briefly, and left him without further comment.

But all that evening young Chris Vandalaer could not help but think of him—even when he was talking and laughing and eating with the woman—the particular woman with red lips he knew so well now. He thought of him even when late at night he looked down from his high chamber windows upon the great golden garden of the city night, laid out round his palace à la carte. It seemed endless sometimes; a boundless plain of lights, full no doubt of lurking mysteries and dangers, which as yet he only partly knew.

"What did he say to you?" asked Abe Grabstein of young Chris very quickly when he recounted to the two others this last development that next morning—going downtown to do so into the former's private office in The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate headquarters. And he related then all the circumstances as he remembered them.

"What did he look like?" inquired Mr. Grabstein—and listened with his full lips slightly apart.

And Chris told him—how tall and lean and gray he was.

"With a little scar under his left eye?" asked Mr. Poco, breaking into the talk for the first time.

"Well—I guess so," replied young Chris, remembering it. "Why? Who was it?" he asked, for he thought then, from his tone, that maybe he might know him.

"I don't know," said Mr. Poco, giving a quick glance at Mr. Grabstein. "Some private detective he's got, maybe."

"Sure—he's got a thousand of them," asserted Mr. Grabstein heartily, "looking round, shadowing other people. Crooks, all of them—all of them—private detectives, all over," he said, waving his hand.

"Well," went on young Chris, asking a question now more and more in his mind anyhow—"what about our using his name all the time?"

"Well—what about it?" answered Mr. Poco quickly.

"It's your name too, ain't it, just the same as his?" inquired Mr. Grabstein.

"That's all right," said young Chris Vandalaer. "I'm not quitting. I just wanted to know."

And he told them in more detail then the answer that he sent to his great kinsman by the detective. And his fellow partner, Abe Grabstein, approved more and more as he related it.

"Good! Good! That's the boy. They can't scare you, Chrissy!"

"Not much," said young Chris.

But Mr. Poco sat dark and uncommunicative.

"And when he talks about using his name," said Mr. Grabstein, "for anything, I have to go and laugh! It would be a pity about that." And he named several of the more notable and notorious great affairs with which the older Vandalaer's name had been associated—the Draw Iron Bar Trust, for example; and the great Susquehanna Bridge and Coal Company deal.

"It would be a shame to get any grease spots on his name!" said Mr. Grabstein facetiously.

"That's all right. I can stand that!" said young Chris. For he had been in New York long enough to understand that you needed all the tools you had to keep going and making your living. "To hell with him! What do I care for him? But what I want to know is, is this thing going to make good, the way you say it is—for all these people we're selling it to—on the strength of the name?"

And then he asked them some more about those letters they got up and had signed for him, with stamps that reproduced his signature, and sent out by the thousands through the mails—all ending with the signature of Christian Vandalaer and saying how much he thought of the stock of this company he was president of as an investment. "That's all I care about now," stated Chris Vandalaer. "Is it all right?"

For he knew now from the way the mail went out and letters came back that there must be thousands and thousands of people putting in their money with them every month.

"Positively. Sure!" Mr. Grabstein reassured him. "It's better and better every day."

"And the money is right here in the treasury, where you said it was?"

"Sure! Sure!" repeated Mr. Grabstein. "That's what it's for—this form of company. Ready money—till when we get it started—putting it in sure mines and oil lands. We can't get started yet putting it out—we ain't had time. But it's all here safe—all ready money!"

"Where else would it be, besides there?" asked Mr. Poco in a rather cold and hostile voice.

"All right," said young Chris. "That's what I wanted to know."

But he asked them a little more before he dropped it, about those other letters—those answers he had sent out on the stationery of the great hotel to special people who had more than the usual amount of money to invest; and now also to the others, who now and then wrote in criticizing The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate for its policy in not getting started and paying the big dividends it had promised.

These letters, he found, grew more and more frequent after that, till finally he was busier and busier answering them. There was something in the newspapers soon after that also—an attack upon the general methods of stock promoters in New York; and for some mysterious reason The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate was picked out, among the thousands of others, for criticism and abuse. It was because—so Mr. Grabstein and Mr. Poco thought—that old gray devil, his great namesake, the

(Continued on Page 145)

At Christmas Time

Your friends can buy
anything you can give
them—
except your photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

(And he's not as busy now as he will be in December.)

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 143)

at andalaer, was getting busy with the erand the politicians.

Yı ain't afraid of him, are you, iss, boy?" said Mr. Grabstein ad- iny. "That's good. That's good. We 't ther."

L him come on!" said Mr. Poco :l: But he grew blacker and curter ry lay, and smoked more black and r t cigars.

nevery day, more and more—started pbably by the newspapers—these ea, as his partners called them, kept in in for young Chris to answer above signature, telling what he thought about sick, and to be patient, for everything a right. It got on the raw with him ll reading the answers The Great daer Exploration Syndicate sent back ir for his signature, forever promising e ividends right away, but never giv- tim. And sometimes now, since the spers started talking about him and me, the letter writers would not be sfl, when he himself refused to send n ll their money back personally!

he was one letter especially which he ivd that from the first kept coming k to his memory, a letter written in a ge hand—by an old Irishwoman, ap- eny, about her savings, and the lux- irwhich he lived and the riches that he d the wrong he had done her. This ercuriously enough, out of all that he ivd kept going in his head after he had pered it, as if he had heard the n's voice in his own ears. For it had hring of an old curse; and at the end os into a shriek that almost haunted

My the curse of God," it said, "fall n ie meat you eat and the mouths you d the bed you lie on! and may you vh the blood on your lips—where sicked it out from such as me!"

t most seemed as if the thing brought l ck with it from the first. For that y ight young Chris Vandalaer had a n out, not unlike a final quarrel, with lie girl with the red lips—who indeed hend called him that most terrible of nmes in the great city—a poor farmer. n that night he went up early and sat la, looking out from his high window hi palace à la carte upon his great ckund-gold garden underneath—think- alut himself, and what he had done, and erhe was going. For in spite of all they d m he liked Mr. Grabstein and Mr. coss and less; and placed less and less rance in their promises. And he cared, v e stopped to think of it—as he had llowed himself to do much lately, stg more and more to luck—he cared leor the idea of these letters and those uestions they were making now in the pe. It was one thing to use his own neven if he were forbidden by its other ng the great Vandalaer—that old gray- rld crook! But he had small appetite sealing pennies from washerwomen. ty what you want, he never was a y neak thief.

"I hell with it!" he said, moving finally. ove been hitting it up too much," he d o himself. For he had been going he hard of late. And he got up—from kig there below. "It will come true all it"

Fo he wouldn't believe otherwise. He dnot. He could not face the idea of it. e iss of his princely life—his palace à la te and his rich food and clothing and at bedchamber—and the sight of his e oman waiting for him in the corridor. Bu all that night, alone in his wide bed, hs filthy, ugly dreams of washerwomen l ancers, and of looking down from his h indow over the city, with blood on lis.

Yng Chris Vandalaer was growing edf this; in fact it was getting on his v. That and the pace he was going o bright and early on the succeeding rng he was up and down, as soon as rwas any use in it, in the section of the ildings, at the offices which still had nne in gold upon the door. And he sat rtelling them what he wanted them to a out this thing.

"hat difference does it make any- v $125?" he said, arguing to Mr. Poco d Mr. Grabstein in Mr. Grabstein's vte office once again.

Bt it almost seemed as if the devil were th thing, for no sooner had he got the rd out of his mouth than Dave Poco, ohad been bitterer and blacker and uglier with him every day, jumped to his feet with a black look and still blacker oath, inquiring of him who he thought he was; and then going on to tell him.

"Listen. Listen, Davy!" cried Mr. Grabstein, much disturbed. "Shut up! Wait!" he said, and rose and closed the transom into the main office.

"I won't. I'm sick!" returned Mr. Poco, going straight on. "I've heard enough!"

Young Chris Vandalaer sat, surprised and quiet, listening. It must certainly have been that he was under a spell of something—that cursed letter or the dreams or happenings of the night before—for in any ordinary time he would have reached out for Mr. Poco's collar, and wiped him up and down the floor for what he now started saying. And yet he kept on talking as he pleased; and not a word from young Chris Vandalaer.

"Oh, piff!" said Mr. Poco. "Give it back to them. Yes. All of it. To keep you looking pleasant, so you won't be superstitious and lose your sleep!"

"So as not to be a damned dirty thief!" said young Chris Vandalaer. "That's what I begin to think it looks like."

"Boys, boys!" said the warning Mr. Grabstein. "Shut it up!"

"Begin to think! Oh, piff!" said Mr. Poco, shaking him away. And he called young Chris—the second person in that twenty-four hours to do so—that most cursed of all names in a great city—a farmer!

"You farmer! What did you think we were doing here? And you getting our money for? You make me sick! You knew as well as we did, in the back of your head!"

"Davy, Davy!" said Mr. Grabstein; for Mr. Poco was talking very loud indeed.

"Oh, kill him; or I will!" said Mr. Poco, growing more and more violent every minute now. "I'm sick of having him coming in here bleating. We're sitting fighting for our lives, using all the cash and all the pull and all the friends we've got to keep us out of state's prison, and this thing comes wandering in again, with our clothes on its back and our food in its belly, and starts squealing about what we're to do, so as not to hurt its little feelings."

And he told young Chris Vandalaer much about himself and The Great Vandalaer Exploration Syndicate which he had only conjectured in his ugliest dreams. And still young Vandalaer sat there and heard him, without a murmur, abuse him with unopposed and increasing venom.

"Luck! Superstitious! What luck was it that sent us out into the wood to find this here and bring it back and set it loose? Till it comes back on us—wandering round like a bedamned bull calf in a show window, and knocks everything to bits.

"If it had shut its mouth when the fly cop goes to it, and faded and got away when it gets the word to go we'd have been out of this. And that old wolf-hearted son of hell wouldn't be after us to-day! But no; nothing would do this, but it must show old Christian Vandalaer himself how tough they raise them in Podunk! He's got to start the whole town after us."

"We all made our mistakes in this, Davy, you know that!" interjected Mr. Grabstein's soothing voice, but without avail.

"Now, I'll tell you something—if you stop and listen. If you hold up one ear with both hands and try to listen, I'll tell you where you get off!" Mr. Poco went along, addressing young Chris Vandalaer more and more severely.

And he told him a number of things about finance, and his kinsman, the great Vandalaer, and what happened when he wanted it in the great city; and a great number of other things—about politicians and financiers, and policemen and district attorneys' offices and judges, and their interrelations in a great city—strange things that young Chris Vandalaer had never dreamed about.

He talked on then, young Chris listening, until he went, hoarse and silent, with a final curse; and Mr. Grabstein, still furthering peace, spoke up again.

"It was our fault, too, Davy," he said, "starting it! You've got to admit that too. We made our big mistake ourselves here also."

"All right—say we did!" responded Mr. Poco, no longer talkative.

And young Chris still sat motionless, turning it all over in his mind.

"We've got to get out of it, that's all, the best way we can," said Mr. Grabstein hopefully. "We always have before."

"All right. All right," said Mr. Poco impatiently. "But the first thing—like I told you—is to hit this thing over the head and keep it quiet."

But young Chris Vandalaer still sat speechless, disregarding him—hunched up and wrinkling all his fine tailor-made clothes that looked so well upon him. He was not thinking at that moment of what Mr. Poco said so much as of a number of other things—patching one thing and another together finally in his mind; reflecting on all the letters he had had and answered; and curiously, and almost superstitiously perhaps, reverting to that old woman's misspelled letter with the curse in it.

"If we ever do get out!" said Mr. Poco, still pessimistic. "But we can try, I suppose."

"Sure! Sure! We'll fight for it!" said Mr. Grabstein in his most hopeful tone. "And we'll win out too. But now you made a mistake, Davy. You made a mistake, kicking up a row," he went on, "and getting after Chris here just now. We all made mistakes in this. And now you go and make the worst of all—you lose your head and your temper. It won't do no good to him or you. But since you done it—you better give it all to him now!"

"All?" asked Mr. Poco.

"About him and the old man specially."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Poco, starting up; and an apparent gleam of satisfaction came into his eye as he turned again to young Chris Vandalaer.

"There's one thing, don't forget!" he told him. "He may get us. But it ain't us he's after first. Not since you told him to go to hell! For us—we get something if he can give it to us! For you—it's the chair—for murder, if he can fix it! He'll get you for the worst thing he can cook up. For one good long term! And he'll get you too, believe me! We know that. You can take it from me straight, he's turned the whole town loose on you!"

But now young Chris Vandalaer looked up and looked at him, apparently not fully understanding him—like a man awakening from sleep.

"Yeah?" he said with a catch of his old native recklessness in his voice. For he saw now a number of things very clearly that he had never seen or let himself see before. He saw the worst. "Now what do you think you want me to do? Draw out? Quit?"

"Quit!" cried Mr. Grabstein, with the suspicion of a shriek in his rich oily voice. "Quit, and bring the whole thing down on us, without no warning!"

And the black Mr. Poco said something black again under his breath.

"Well, then, what is it? What do you want? Do you know?" young Chris demanded, disregarding Mr. Poco for the present.

"Sure we know," said Mr. Grabstein promptly. "You've got to stay there, right there where you are! We've got to all put up a front and show them we are all right."

"All right, eh?" said young Vandalaer with a bitter smile. "How much is there left—of what we've got in—from the suckers?"

"Oh, plenty. Plenty!" Mr. Grabstein answered him at once.

"Not so damned much, either," dissented Mr. Poco from far down in his chair, "after what's gone out for this."

"Enough. Enough," reiterated Mr. Grabstein most earnestly, "for all of us."

"And you want me to stay right there where I am?" asked Chris Vandalaer. "And you'll see I'm taken care of anyhow? Is that it?"

"Sure. Sure, we will, Chris! Ain't we always?" asked M. Grabstein with reassuring fondness.

"All right," said young Mr. Vandalaer, getting up. "You see you do." And he went over now and stood in front of the dark Mr. Poco.

"And you!" he said. "Now you listen! You've told me quite a few things," he informed him. "Now I'll tell you one or two. You try and trim me or slip me or give me the double cross—and I'll take you in my hands and crack you open, and spill that black stuff you're filled with all over the ground! Understand?"

And he put his right forefinger under Mr. Poco's chin, and lifted his face and eyes up so he could look into them easily. For he was a strong young devil.

And when Mr. Poco—though he now sat silent—seemed to understand, young Chris went out, telling them he would be back again at the office the next day—and right along now, so as to keep his hand on things.

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Then he went out and up again to his golden hotel—his now temporary headquarters.

In the corridor he came face to face almost with the particular girl with red lips who had once been so fond of him; and she passed him by with slightly lifted eyebrows and the air of delicate aloofness which had come upon her since he had that curse upon him—the bad luck from that old woman—and newspapers had so prominently advertised his company. And he flushed and swore under his breath—for he was still quite young—and went upstairs into his room and lay down. For he had been taking a little bracer—several in fact—on the way from downtown, this being still possible for one who knew New York as thoroughly as he did now. And when he was like that now, that curse of that old hag upon the golden name came back—till he could scarcely shut the damned thing from his mind.

So he lay down in his princely bed and slept, and shut it out; and when he woke again it was night. He got up then and sat at his high window, overlooking the black city sprinkled with its lights—the great night flower garden below him. And beyond that, miles and miles, he saw in his mind the lights of other smaller cities; and then more miles and miles of solitary farmhouses, each with its lonely yellow light of kerosene. And under them all—those lights at night—men worrying, feverish or tortured by desire or hunger or necessity which kept them sleepless, as he was evidently to be the remainder of that night. And hundreds, no doubt; no doubt, thousands among them out there who would be stung or hurt or crippled by this swindle of his—this lure of his golden name! And at that he groaned and held his head in his hand. For no matter what they had said of him, that was one thing he never thought that he would be—a slimy, swindling, sneaking thief. Yet that was what he amounted to—for these people.

And on his own side he was in scarcely better position than they were. He had come high for a moment—a few months—through this name of his. But his feet were upon slippery places; he stood now perhaps upon the verge of prison. He had earned the unenviable distinction—for he saw that this much was probably true—of the special deadly hatred of one of the strongest and bitterest and most vindictive enemies in all the world; the personal hatred of the great Vandalaer himself—with all his great machinery for vengeance. And on the other hand he had no illusion about the men who were with him. Quicksilver was stable beside the faith of those two; and at the slightest possibility he knew that they would jettison him at once and be off together with their booty.

So he sat long and lonely, and cursed the golden name and what it had done to him and others; and tried to think what he should do next. His illusions, in fact, were all gone now—the gilt was off the golden name and the golden city and the golden night, and his palace à la carte; and, almost, off the lithe woman with the red lips, who had seemed to care so much. Yet one thing never left him; all the time now, when he stopped and thought like this, the curse of that old woman kept beating to get back into his brain.

"To hell with it!" he said finally—for he didn't know what else to say. "I'll stay with them anyhow until I know the next jump! And you know always what you can do," he told himself, "if worse comes to worse."

For after all—though he was scarcely more than a boy—he had been in France and seen life and death in the great war.

So he went to bed and at last to sleep; and after the girl with the red lips that hideous old hag of an Irishwoman came back again, as usual, to curse him, for her few dirty dollars, with ruin and hunger and death with blood on his lips.

It was a mistake, it seems, his quarreling with his partners, as he did—though probably after all it only hastened the inevitable a day or two. At any rate that next afternoon, when young Vandalaer finally appeared again at the office with his name in gold upon the door, he found all was confusion there—the anarchy of a headless office, with the stenographers turning here and there for orders. For both Mr. Poco and Mr. Grabstein had gone, unexpectedly to all. And after inquiry from the excited cashier of the enterprise he found reason to believe they had taken everything with them; in fact, for some time had been gathering in large sums—as due to them for special and unusual and peculiar services.

Guarded questioning at the bank through the cashier confirmed this; and after a long stay at the office after hours with the now quite confidential cashier he saw there was no possible doubt of what had happened, except of the present whereabouts of Messrs. Poco and Grabstein, which was doubtful in the extreme.

So at last, wearied out, young Chris Vandalaer went out with the confidential cashier and closed for the last time the door with the golden name; and then dragged himself to his hotel—his former palace à la carte—not knowing in fact what else to do.

And there in the corridor the plain-clothes man who had watched him when he had first arrived came out behind him and spoke across his shoulder.

"They want you," he told him, "at headquarters."

"Just a minute," said young Chris Vandalaer; "let me sit down." For he felt strangely weak.

And as they sat there, by an ugly chance the woman, the particular lithe woman with red lips, walked by, looking straight ahead, with ostentatious unconsciousness, apparently not seeing them.

And with that, for just a second, young Mr. Vandalaer put his head in his hands—for he was really not very old, in spite of all that he had seen.

"What'd I tell you," said the plain-clothes man, whose son, now dead in France, had somewhat resembled young Chris Vandalaer, "about breaking in and fooling with the Central Power House?"

"How much—how much will there be in it, probably, do you think, for me?" asked young Chris, his voice shaking just a trifle toward the end.

"Oh, say from five to twenty years," replied the other. "We've got you right. We're going to have you for an example; the public demands it."

"You mean old man Vandalaer—my dear old namesake," said young Chris.

"I didn't say so," replied the gray detective reprovingly.

Young Christian Vandalaer sat silent then until the other at last nudged him, saying: "Come! Come!" abruptly—not unkindly.

"Will you do this?" asked Chris Vandalaer, now straightening up with the air of a man who has made a decision: "Will you let me go upstairs to the room just a minute? I'll promise to come right down again," he pleaded. "And the minute I do down you can have me."

"No. No," said the older man. "I'll stay up with you, I guess, and let you get what you want. But I'll make it as easy for you as I can. I won't hitch on to you when you come down, if you'll promise not to run."

"I'll promise that all right," said young Chris in an even voice.

So they strolled up together by the doors opening on the white-and-silver dinner tables and the flowers and the music of violins; and the lithe women with red lips in the corridor—all the richly appointed tenances of the fine and pleasant restaurant he was leaving; and took the golden elevator—mirrored and gilded like a little shimmering antechamber to Paradise.

And young Chris Vandalaer with his pale and bloodshot eyes—for he had been drinking heavily—passed for the last time regardless, through the many pleasant things his great palace à la carte, seeing nothing that was bright; hearing only, apparently, the cracked voice of an old woman crying for vengeance and sudden death upon the owner of the celebrated but defunct golden name.

And so the key clacked again for the time in the door in the sumptuous chamber of the young prince pro tempore and his attendant entered it and snapped on the light.

It was dark outside now—night again. And beyond the open window, as so many times before, young Chris Vandalaer looked out and down upon his golden city—the yellow flower garden of night. And below—a dizzy way—he saw the lights of the taxis upon the tiny street slip like fireflies still—reminding him, curiously enough, of his earlier home in the country, and its empty days and its nights, and the first visit of Mr. Poco bringing him the splendid offer of the golden name.

And he thought of what had happened since, to him and others. And once more it seemed to him he heard the curse of the old woman for the last time.

"What's this?" cried the shaky frightened voice of the gray detective from the other corner of the room.

"To hell with it!" called young Chris Vandalaer loudly before the other could really make a move. "Hell with nothing!"

And whirling end over end he fell from his high lighted chamber—down, down into the great night garden of the city with its golden flowers, underneath.

And not one in ten of the thousands all the country who still curse the golden name continually has ever heard to this day but that its younger owner is still living happily ever afterward upon the proceeds of their distress; or will ever learn otherwise if they may read this, that now, months after they picked him from the pavement before his palace à la carte, crushed and broken with blood upon what were once his lips where he had fallen and died miserably, filling to the very letter the curse of the illiterate woman whom he had so wronged.

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

(Continued from Page 15)

e lside him sent a tenuous smoke column
to ne glaring sky.
H kept his malignant little eyes upon a
tu in the Dragoon Mountains twenty
le away, scowling against the sun's
ig flood. Across the far-flung interval
g wing mesas and dark mesquite flats
e ark granite ramparts frowned back at
m And now a hair line of pallid smoke
ir l upward from the point he watched.
H sank down, crouching beside his fire.
: ept his hand over it, sprinkling bits of
w ered rosin into the wisp of flame The
no turned black.
H waited for some moments, scanning
: sing fumes, then swerved his lean
ov torso toward a mesquite bush. He
ir ed the leaves from a twig and scat-
re them upon the blaze. A white puff
m d into the sky.
Fm time to time he moved, now drop-
ng on his belly to blow the coals, now
d g them with rosin, now with leaves.
ne lender column crawled on upward,
id; alternate complexion, white and
ic
Were the bare summits of the Dragoon
ng broke into a multitude of ragged pin-
el against the eastern horizon another
a ny warrior stood, remote as a roosting
gl on the heights. Beneath his feet—the
ov as so sheer that he could have kicked
pe le to the bottom without its touching
e ce of the cliff in its fall—the shadows
th mountain lay black on the mesquite
t.He gazed across that wide plain and
e esas climbing heavenward beyond it
a eries of glowing steps. His face as-
ml a peculiar intentness as he watched
e istant smoke column. It was the
ze ness of a man who is reading under
fi lties. In dot and dash he spelled it as
re—the tidings of those two prospec-
rs ho traveled up the wash.
Wile the last puff was fading away he
d down from pinnacle to narrow shelf,
on shelf to cliff, and made his way to-
ar the rocks below to tell the news to the
st f his band.
Tir camp lay at the head of a steep
rg. Several low wikiups had been fash-
ne by binding the tops of bushes together
d hrowing skins or tattered blankets
en he arched stems. Offal and carrion
re trewn all about the place. It swarmed
th flies. Nesting vultures would have
il more carefully and been fully as fas-
tics.
Wen the warrior reached the spot the
ck became alive with naked forms. They
po red from all sides as suddenly and
er y as quail.
H told the tidings to the men. An un-
a vermin-ridden group, they squatted
ur him while he repeated the smoke mes-
ge word for word. There was no particu-
: low of enthusiasm among them, no
mf haste. They started to prepare for
is business as other men begin getting
ac for a day's work when they see good
ag ahead of them and the task is very
ac to their taste. Prospectors were
co ning an old story in that summer of
7' A pair of them meant nice pickings—
co , coffee, sugar and firearms—and
er was the fun of killing with the chance
th turing thrown in.
Sne of the band departed leisurely to
tc up the ponies. The victims would be
sp for a long time in the wash. They
ou l not travel far to make their camp.
no wherever they went they must leave
ac s. The day was far advanced when
e arty rode forth upon the flat, their
rt turbans bobbing up and down above
e nesquite bushes as they came along.
va l of them carried lances; there was a
ri ling of bows and arrows; a number
re ifles across their saddles, wearing the
rt dge belts athwart their naked bodies.
l f them moved their thin brown legs
as essly; their moccasined shanks kept
a constant drumming against the po-
ss sides.
Te afternoon was old when they reached
e ry wash. They left two or three of
ei number behind in charge of the
ni s. The others came on afoot. Two
ad s went well in advance, one of them
e her bank, creeping from rock to tufted
c and from yucca to mesquite clump,
th ing the sun-flayed land before them
f me sign of their game. A squad of
ri ers slipped in and out among the
gr r plants and bowlders in the bottom
th wash.

One of the trackers held up his hand and moved it swiftly. To the signal the others gathered about him. He pointed to the outcropping of high-grade ore. They saw the traces left by a prospector's pick. For some minutes their voices mingled in low gutturals. Then they scattered to pick up the trail, found it and resumed their progress down the arroyo.

Evening came down on them when they reached the river bottom, and with the deepening shadows fear. Night with the Apache was the time of the dead. They made their camp. But when the sun was coloring the eastern sky the next morning they were crawling through the bear grass on the first low mesa above the stream, silent as snakes about to strike.

The prospectors awoke with the growing light. They crept forth from their blankets. Two or three rifles cracked and then the stillness came again.

The Apaches stripped the clothing from the dead men and left them to the Arizona sun. They took away with them what loot they found. They never noticed the little heap of specimens from the outcropping, or if they noticed it they thought it of no importance. A few handfuls of rock fragments meant nothing to them. And so the ore remained there near the bodies of the prospectors.

The old-timers go on to tell how Jim Shea came riding down the dry wash one day late in the summer with his rifle across his saddle horn and a little troop of grim horsemen about him. Of that incident few details remain in the verbal chronicle which has come down through four decades. It is like a picture whose background has been blurred by age.

Somewhere ahead of these dusty sunburned riders a band of Apaches were urging their wearied ponies onward under the hot sun. They herded a bunch of stolen horses before them as they fled.

The chase had begun with the beginning of the day at Dragoon Pass. What bloodshed had preceded it is not known. But Shea and his companions were following a hot trail, eager for reprisals, cautious against ambush. As they rode on down the wash the leader scanned the stony bed, reading the freshening signs left by the fugitives, while two who kept on either side of him watched every rock and shrub and gully which might give cover to lurking enemies.

Now as they clattered along the arroyo's bed Shea suddenly drew rein. Leaning far to one side and low, after the lithe fashion of the cowboy, he swept his hand earthward, picked up a little fragment of dark rock, straightened his body in the saddle once more and glancing sharply at the bit of ore dropped it into his pocket. He repeated the movement two or three times in the next hundred yards.

Chasing Apaches and being chased by them were almost as much a part of life's routine in those days as sleeping without sheets, and no one remembers how this particular affair ended. But Jim Shea kept those bits of silver ore. Later he showed them to an assayer somewhere up on the Gila and learned their richness. Then he determined to go back and locate the ledge from which the elements had carried them away. But that project demanded a substantial grubstake, and other matters of moment were taking his attention at the time. He postponed the expedition until it was too late.

In Tucson they tell of a prospector by the name of Lewis who wandered into those foothills during that year, found some high-grade float and traced it to a larger outcropping than the one down by the dry wash. But he had hardly made the marvelous discovery when he caught sight of a turbaned head above a rocky ridge some fifty yards away. He abandoned his search to seek the nearest cover. By the time he had gained the shelter a dozen Apaches were firing at him.

He made a good fight of it with his rifle, and the luck which had caused him to look up before the savages had their sights trained on him had put a wide space of open ground about his natural fort. No Apache ever relished taking chances, and Lewis was able to hold the band off until darkness came. Then he crept forth and wormed his way through the gullies to the San Pedro Valley. Dawn found him miles from the spot.

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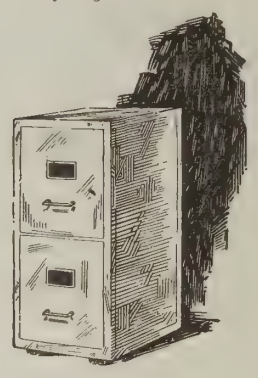

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He came back to Tucson with his specimens. Marcus Katz and A. M. Franklin, who were working for the wholesale firm of L. M. Jacobs & Co., heard his story, saw the ore and grubstaked him for another trip.

But when he reached the foothills of the Mule Mountains Lewis found that the long afternoon of battle and the ensuing night of flight had left him utterly at sea as to the location of that ledge. He had to begin his hunt all over again. He used up his grubstake, got a second from his backers and subsequently a third.

And now while Lewis was coming down the gullies between those broken ridges for the ore body—he slew himself from disappointment later on—and while Jim Shea was meditating an expedition after the riches which he had got trace of down in the dry wash, Ed Schiefflin came to the Bruncknow house to embark on the adventure which was to give the town of Tombstone its name.

The Bronco house men call it now, but Bruncknow was the man who built it and the new term is a corruption. Its ruins still stand on the sidehill a few miles from the dry wash, a rifle shot or so from the spot where the two prospectors met their death. In those days it was a lonely outpost of the white man in the Apache's land. The summer of 1877 was drawing to a close. Its showers were already a distant memory and all Southeastern Arizona was glowing under the white-hot sun rays when Schiefflin rode his mule up from the San Pedro to seek the protection of its thick adobe walls.

The flat lands of the valley stretched away and away behind him to the foot of the Huachucas in the west. They unfolded their long reaches to the southward until they melted into the hot sky between spectral mountain ranges down in Mexico. He came up out of that wide landscape, a tall wild figure, lonesome as the setting sun.

His long beard and the steady patience in his eyes—the patience which comes to the prospector during his solitary wanderings in search of rich ore—gave him the appearance of a man past middle age, though he had not seen his thirtieth year. His curling hair reached his broad shoulders; wind and sun had tanned his features so deeply that his blue eyes stood out in strange contrast to the dark skin. His garments were sadly worn and he had patched them in many places with buckskin. Such men still come and go in the remote places among the mountain ranges and deserts of the West. They were almost the first to penetrate the wilderness and they will roam over it so long as any patch of it remains.

Schiefflin had left his father's house in Oregon ten years before. He searched the Cœur d'Alenes for riches and finding none struck out from Idaho for Nevada. There he remained through two blazing summers, traveling afoot from the sagebrush hills in the north across the silent deserts east of Death Valley. He wandered on to Colorado, where he toiled in the new mining camps between prospecting trips into the great plateaus along the western slope of the Rockies. From Colorado he went southward into New Mexico, thence westward to Arizona. He accompanied a troop of cavalry from Prescott down to the foot of the Huachucas, where they established a new post. During the last leg of that journey he saw these foothills of the Mule Mountains in passing and, in spite of warnings from the soldiers, he was now returning to prospect the district.

He had spent some days at the Herrick ranch down in the valley and the men about the place had strongly advised him against traveling into the hills. They cited various gruesome examples of the fate which overtook solitary wanderers in this savage land. They might as well have saved their breath. Schiefflin had seen some mineral stains on a rock outcropping when he had passed through the country earlier in the season. So now he came on toward the Bruncknow house where he could make his camp closer to the hills upon whose exploration his mind was set.

There were several men lounging about the adobe house when he reached it. Even in those days, when the most peaceable border dweller carried his rifle almost everywhere excepting to his meals and was as likely as not to have slain one or two fellow creatures, days when the leading citizens of that isolated region presented a sinister front with their long-barreled revolvers slung beside their thighs, the members of the group showed up hard.

A lean and seasoned crew, dust sta from many a wild ride, burned by the der sun, they watched the newcomer eyes half curtained—like the eyes of pe eagles—by straight lids. They welco him with a few terse questions as to w he had come from and what the troops doing over at the new post. Of themse they said nothing nor offered any info tion of their business in this lonely sp

But when Schiefflin had made his close to the shelter of those thick a walls he learned more of the men and place. There was a mine hard by—at it went by the name of a mine and a sort of common understanding tha owners were doing assessment work. fragments on the dump, however, were country rock. In later years gorgeous of rich ore at the bottom of the sha shaft resulted in a series of claim jump which in their turn netted no less eleven murders, but the slayers only w their powder, for the ground here yielded anything more interesting dead men's bones. And at the time Schiefflin was abiding at the Brunc house the inmates were letting their m tools rust the while they kept their fire well oiled. For the mine was nothing nor less than a blind, and the adobe was simply a rendezvous for Me smugglers.

In that era, when a man practiced shooting from the hip—as a man prac his morning calisthenics in this pea age—for the sake of his body's health written statutes were one thing and local conceptions of proper conduct other. Here where the San Pedro V came straight northward across the b dary, affording a good route for pack t smuggling American wares into the s ern republic was pretty nearly a recog industry. As long as a man could brin contraband to market past marau Apaches and the bands of renegade w who had drifted to the border, he wa titled to the profit he made—and no tions asked.

So the men at the Bruncknow hous cepted Schiefflin's presence without an of ill consequences. Even had their c been more stealthy they would not worried about him. Prospectors wen questioned among all sorts of lawbre then, owning something of the same munity which simple-minded person ways got from the Indians. He came evening and rolled up in his blankets cooking his supper; and in the mornin went forth again into the hills. No noticed him.

Now and again a cavalcade came o the flaming deserts to the south, appe first as a thin dust cloud down on the as it drew nearer resolving itself into burros and men on muleback; then jin and clattering up the stony slope and the corral. When they had dismounte swarthy riders in their serapes and s crowned sombreros, trooped into the a house, their enormous spurs tinkling faint chorus upon the hard earthen flo

Then the men of the house got ou calicoes and hardware they had bro over the hot hills and through the fore giant cactuses from Tucson. The smug spread blankets, unbuckled broad m belts from their waists and stripped ou dobie dollars, letting them fall in clin heaps upon the cloth. The barga began. And when the last wares had disposed of and the last huge silver coi been stowed away by the hard-eyed chants, the Mexicans opened little ke mescal, the fiery liquor which is dis from the juice of the cactus plant. gambled at monte, quien con and games of chance. They drank toge The night came on. Sometimes p flamed under those adobe walls and k gleamed in the shadows.

Then when the hot dawn was pa the burros were packed and the whole t filed down the hill, the seraped Mex riding along the flanks of the train, rifles athwart their saddles. The dust about them, enwrapped them and hid from sight. Finally it vanished wher flat lands reached away into the south.

But Schiefflin was indifferent to wild goings on. To him the Brunc house meant shelter from the Apac that was all. He could roll up in his b kets here at night knowing that he w waken in the morning without any hood of looking up into the grinning of savages who had tracked him to his c

(Continued on Page 153)

(Continued from Page 150)

He minded his own business. As a matter of fact his own business was the only thing he deemed worth minding; it was the one affair of importance in the whole world. The more he saw of those hills the more he became that they were mineralized. Somewhere among them—he fervently believed—an ore body of great richness lay hidden and he had been devoting the years of manhood to seeking just such a secret. Those years of constant search a longing stronger than the lust for riches had grown within him. Explorers know that longing, great scientists. Once it owns a man it becomes oblivious to all else.

Every day Schiefflin set forth on his mule from the adobe house. He rode out into the hills. All day he hunted through the windings and gullies for bits of float which would betray the presence of an outcropping on the hillsides levels. Once he cut the fresh trail of a band of Apaches and once he caught sight of mounted savages riding along a slope miles away. Several times he picked up specimens of rock which bore traces of silver but he found no ore worth assaying. The men at the Bruncknow house saw him departing every morning and shook their heads. They had seen other men ride alone into those hills and they had afterwards found some of those travelers—what the Apaches had left of them. It was none of their affair, but they fell into the habit of watching the tawny slopes every afternoon when the shadows began to lengthen and speculating among themselves as to whether the bearded rider was going to return at this time, which was as close to solicitous as they could come.

None of their number—he had lost two of the small bets by Schiefflin's appearing and sound on various evenings—took it upon himself to give their visitor a bit of advice.

"What for," he asked, "do yo'-all go foolin' them pasears thataway?"

Schiefflin smiled good-naturedly at the questioner.

"Just looking for stones," he said.

"Well," the other told him, "all I got to say is this: Yo'-all keep on and yo'll sure find yo'r tombstone out there some day."

He never dreamed that he had named a fact. Nor did Schiefflin think much of it at the moment. He had received other warnings just as strong before. But none of them had been put as neatly as this. So the words abided in his memory, though they did not affect his comings and goings in the least.

Only a few days later he left the Bruncknow house for a longer trip than usual. He rode his mule down the San Pedro toward the south of the dry wash where the two prospectors had found that silver ore the year before they died. And the luck that had a man's steps to good or ill as the years seizes it saw to it that he came into the old camp where the Apaches had carried their morning murder months before.

Someone had buried both bodies, but whether had done this—possibly it was one of the self-styled miners at the Bruncknow house—had not enough interest in minerals to disturb the little heap of specimens. It was there near the graves just as the Apaches had left it, just as its original owners had expect up before they sought their blankets to dream perhaps of their big strike while death waited for the coming of the year to cheat them out of their discovery. The story was as plain as printed words on a page. The nameless graves among the mounds of bear grass proclaimed the penalty for venturing into this neighborhood. The little handful of dark-colored metal betrayed the secret of the riches in the hills.

The dry wash came down between the ridges half a mile ahead to show the way of a flood. Never float like this. It was as though even the years of long and constant search would find himself faced by a grim challenge—to attain the consummation of his purpose on pain of death.

When he had examined the bits of rock he remounted his mule and struck out for the mouth of the dry wash. After he had ridden for some distance up the stony bed of the arroyo he dismounted and came on foot, leading the patient animal. He searched the rocks for fragments of float. At times he left the mule and crept to the summit of a near-by ridge, where he remained for some minutes looking out over the country for some sign of Indians.

The day wore on and as he went farther the hill to the south became loftier; the banks drew closer in on either side of him; the bowlders in the arid bed were larger. Cactus and Spanish bayonet harassed him like malignant creatures; skeleton ocotillos and bristling yuccas imposed thorny barriers before him. The sun poured its full flood of white-hot rays upon him. He wound his way in and out among the obstacles, keeping his intent eyes upon the glaring rocks save only when he lifted them to look for lurking savages. The shadows of noonday lengthened into the shades of afternoon; they crept up the hillsides until only the higher peaks remained ashine; evening came.

Schiefflin picked up a sharp fragment of blackish rock—horn silver. In those days when the great Comstock lode was lessening its yield and the metal was at a premium such ore as this which he held meant millions—if one could but find the main ledge. He scanned the specimen closely, looked round for others, and then as his eyes roved up the hillside the exultation born of that discovery passed from him.

Dusk was creeping up from the valley. The time had passed when he could return by daylight to the Bruncknow house. He must make the most of the scant interval which remained before darkness if he would find a hiding place where he could camp. He glanced about him to fix the landmarks in his memory that he might find this spot again on the morrow. Then he led the mule away into the hills and picketed it behind a ridge where it would be out of sight from passing Apaches.

He found his own hiding place a mile away from where he had tethered the animal. Here three huge bare knolls of granite bowlders rose beside the wash. From the summit of any one of them a man could survey the whole country. Between its ragged rocks he would be invisible to one below. He chose the highest one and crept to its summit. No Apache could look down upon him here.

The gray twilight was spreading over the land when he raised his head above one of the bowlders. In that instant he dropped to earth as if he had been shot. An Indian was riding up to the bottom of the knoll.

The Apache's rifle lay across his lean bare thighs; his gaunt dark body bent forward as he scanned the rocks above him. He had been heading for the hill from this side while Schiefflin was climbing up the opposite slope. Evidently he was coming to the summit to look over the country for enemies. There must be others of the band close by.

Schiefflin found a narrow crack between two bowlders and peeped out.

Another savage appeared at that moment on the summit of the next knoll. He was afoot and now he stood there motionless, searching the wide landscape for any moving form. He was so near that the smear of war paint across his ugly face was visible in this waning light.

Schiefflin crooked his thumb over the hammer of his rifle and raised it slowly to the full cock, pressing the trigger with his finger to prevent the click.

The first Apache had dismounted and was climbing the hill. As he drew closer the clink of ponies' hoofs sounded down in the dry wash. A number of dirty turbans came into sight above the bank. More followed them and more until thirty-odd were bobbing up and down to the movement of the horses.

A moment passed—one of those mighty moments when a man's life appears before him as a period with which he has finished, when a man's thoughts rove swiftly over what portions of that period they choose. And Schiefflin's mind went to that talk with the man at the Bruncknow house.

"Yo'-all keep on and yo'll sure find yo'r tombstone out there some day."

He could hear the old-timer saying the words now. And as he listened to the grim warning again he felt—as perhaps those two prospectors felt in the moment of their wakening down by the river—that Fate had sadly swindled him. He was stiffening his trigger finger for the pull, peering across the sights at the Indian who had climbed to within a few yards of the weapon's muzzle, when ——

The warrior on the summit of the next knoll waved his hand. The nearest Apache halted at the gesture and Schiefflin followed his gaze in time to see the lean brown arm of the sentinel sweep forward. Both of the savages turned and descended the knolls. They caught up their ponies and rode on, following the course of the wash below them. The band down in the arroyo's bed were

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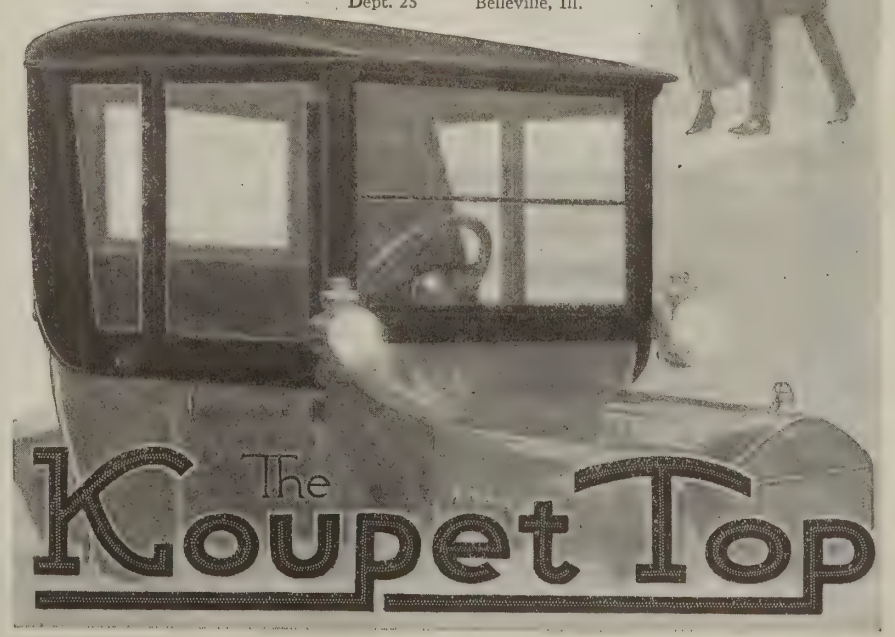

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receding. The rattle of hoofs grew fainter. Schiefflin lowered the hammer of his rifle and took his first full breath.

A low outcry down the wash stopped his breathing again. The band had reined in their ponies; some of them were dismounting. He could see them gathering about the place where he had led his mule up the bank. Two of them were pointing along the course he had taken with the animal. Several others were creeping up the slope on their bellies, following the fresh trail. The murmur of their voices reached Schiefflin where he lay watching them.

Then as he was giving up hope for the second time a mounted warrior—evidently he was their chief—called to the trackers. They rose, looked about and scurried back to their ponies like frightened quail. The whole band were hammering their heels against the flanks of their little mounts. The coming of the night had frightened them away.

The shadows deepened; stillness returned upon the land; the stars grew larger in the velvet sky. Schiefflin crouched among the bowlders at the summit of the knoll and fought off sleep while the great constellations wheeled in their long courses, for the dawn was coming in its proper time and it seemed as certain as that fact that the Indians would return to hunt him out. He dared not leave the place, for he knew that the Apache never traveled at night and he feared to stumble on them in the darkness, or he might stray into some locality where they would find him without shelter when the day revealed his trail. He waited for the sunrise and the beginning of the attack.

The color deepened in the east. The rocks below his hiding place stood out more clearly. He could see no sign among them of creeping savages. The sun rose and still nothing moved down there. He came forth finally in the full blaze of the hot morning and found the mule where he had picketed it behind the ridge. When he returned to the dry wash he saw the tracks where the band had passed during the evening before. For some reason of their own they had found it best to keep on their course instead of coming back to murder him. He resumed his search for float where he had left off. It showed more frequently as he went on. He followed the bits of ore to the outcropping. It was a narrow stringer of blackish rock. He dug into it with his prospector's pick, chipped off specimens and carefully covered up the hole with fragments of country rock. The danger of Apaches had passed, but a new fear had come upon him—the dread that some rival prospector might stumble on his discovery before he could establish possession, for his provisions were running low. He had no money and he needed a good grubstake—and companions to help him hold down the claim against jumpers—before he could begin development work.

He hurried back to the Bruncknow house. An attack of chills and fever brought on by his night among the rocks gave him a good excuse to leave the place. The climate, he said in concern, did not agree with him.

While he was trying to think of one with whom to share the secret of the rich ore, one whom he could trust to take his full portion of the dangers which would attend the claim's development, he remembered his brother Al, who was working at the Signal Mine, way over in Mohave County. There was the man.

Schiefflin made his way across the state of Arizona in the next two months. During the journey he stopped more than once to earn money for food to carry him through. Some time in December he reached the Signal Mine.

Al Schiefflin had a friend, Dick Gird, who was an assayer. Gird saw the specimens, tested them and was on fire at once. He joined forces with the brothers, helped them procure a grubstake and in January, 1878, the three men set forth from the Williams Fork of the Colorado River in a light wagon drawn by two mules. Spring was well on its way when they reached Tucson and made their camp in Bob Leatherwood's corral. The Apaches were raiding throughout the southeastern part of the territory and the little town of adobes was getting new reports of murders from that section every day.

They drove their mules on eastward up the long mesas leading to the San Pedro divide. At the Pantano stage station they saw the fresh scars of Apache bullets on the adobe walls. The men here had held the place against a large band of Geroni warriors only a few days before.

Now as they drove on they kept cons lookout and their rifles were nearly al in their hands. Every morning they long before the dawn and two of t would climb the ridges near the cam watch the country as the light came it while the other caught up the mules harnessed them.

They turned southward up the San P avoiding the stage station at the cro of the river lest some other party of pectors might follow them. They ma circuit round the Mormon settlemer St. David and came on to the Brunc house—to find two more fresh grav Apache victims under the adobe wall

They made their permanent camp and Schiefflin took his two companio the dry wash. They reached the out ping—it was undisturbed. Gird an Schiefflin dug away at the dark rock their prospectors' picks. Less than feet below the surface the stringer pin out. The claim was not worth stakin

Beside the little strip of ore whose promises of riches had lured them int land of death they held a conference. hills opened to a low swale which le between them toward the loftier sum in the south.

They decided to follow that depre in search of another ledge.

They made their daily journeys alo course, returning with evening to Bruncknow house, whose inmates away at the time on some expedition of own. Sometimes they saw the smo signal fires over in the Dragoons, some the slender columns rose from the sum the Whetstone Mountains in the n One morning—they had spent the pre night out here in the hills—they wo find a fresh trail in the bear grass w one hundred yards of where they had sleeping, and in the middle of the Dick Gird picked up one of the ra wristlets which Apaches wore to p their arms from their bowstrings.

That day Ed Schiefflin discovered outcropping. Gird assayed the speci in a rude furnace which he had fash from the fireplace at the Bruncknow h Some of them showed as high as $2200 ton. They returned to the ledge. Ex tion showed every evidence of a gre body, and two or three of the frag which they chipped from it below th face assayed $9000 a ton. They had their big strike. They staked the clai when they came to fixing on a nam Schiefflin remembered once more words of the old-timer at the Brunc house.

"We'll call it the Tombstone," he and told the story.

It was recorded in Tucson as the T stone. And when the rush came into hills Ed Schiefflin, then a figure of i tance in the new camp, recited the t some of the men who had risked thei in traveling to the place. They in turn retold the tale. That is the wa town got its name.

In after years when men had learne fullness of that secret which the Ap had guarded so well from the world— Bisbee and Nacosari and Cananea yielding their enormous stores of met Tombstone's mines had given forth millions of dollars in silver Ed Schieff mained a wealthy man. But the ha prospecting abided with him and he u spend long months alone in the wild searching for the pure love of search.

Just before one of these expeditio was driving out of Tombstone wit Barron, another old-timer and a close and as they went down the Fairban they reached the spot where the three bowlder knolls rise beside the dry Schiefflin drew rein.

"This," he said to Barron, "is the where I camped that night whe Apaches almost got me, the night be found the stringer on the hill. And I die I want to be buried here with m teen and my prospector's pick beside

So when he died up in Cañon City gon, just about twenty years after h made his discovery, they brought his back and buried it on the summit knoll and they erected a great pyra granite bowlders on the spot for his ment.

And within sight of that lonely tom town stands out on the sky line, comm rating by its name the steadfastness Schiefflin, prospector.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 42)

Three Enemies

started and now the average for doctors' lss one in three days. The efficiency employees in the mills at the present nes normal, and the whole work cost s ian $2 a head. Dozens of other cases a milar nature might be cited.

Ctrol of malaria is both feasible and ofible. The disease can be eliminated g ting rid of the Anopheles mosquitoes. t this we must destroy their breeding ot and shelters. If pools and marshes e drained and filled the insects will have places to breed. If ponds are oiled this oes forms a film on the surface of the t which prevents the larvæ from getting t breathe, and consequently they die.

Now come to the rat, and the reader ll e surprised to know that a recent ry places our rat population at 100,000,000. The annual upkeep per rodent is imated at $1.80, so that the rat portion o population costs us in the neighborhood of $180,000,000 yearly. This is similar t cost of rats in Great Britain. In nark the annual cost per rat is $1.20, d France only $1. These costs do not ude mice.

Most every parasite has some compensating feature. The rat has none. The black used to be the scourge. The brown, or gray, rat, being larger and more ferocious, s usted the black rodent and now holds a. The average litter of the brown rat eight, and the female has been known to a young monthly throughout the year. Sun-dried brick wall held together by sand lime mortar is no barrier to a rat. To stop them the mortar must be composed cement. The English Plague Commission stated that the Norway rat can gnaw ay through concrete, but it is safe to say that the concrete in question was not ill-made.

Our farmers suffer most from rats. A ng rodent will consume 50 pounds of ain a year. One Middle West farmer at that he lost 500 bushels of corn in one ar through the depredations of rats; another lost 350 chicks. A merchant tells of rats that gnawed a hole in a tub containing 100 dozen eggs, and within a period of two weeks carried away 71 dozen, without leaving either shell or stain.

Rats have been the sole agents in transmitting the bubonic plague. This disease has destroyed millions of lives and now exists in the rats of certain seaports in England, Southern Europe, Africa, the Orient and South America. It is estimated that every cargo ship that sails carries on an average 200 rats. These same rodents also are infected with intestinal parasites and are frequently responsible for tapeworm. They transmit trichinæ to hogs, from which animals the infection is spread to human beings.

About the only way that rats can be eliminated is through rat-proofing our buildings. All measures of prevention and destruction should be communal in nature—spasmodic individual efforts get nowhere. Rat trapping is never effective. Dogs and cats are but feeble helps. Rats must be excluded from food supplies or there will be no material reduction in our rodent population. Here again we see the need of vermin-proof food receptacles and covered metal garbage cans.

Our enemy the rat will not be on his way to oblivion until each town enacts a really effective rat-proofing law. Such legislation would have to provide a minimum standard of concrete. It would have to specify the thickness of floors and walls and the depth and style of construction of foundations. The first town that enters on this kind of work will be building not only against vermin but against fires and disease. Such a community will be a happy place in which to live, and yet the town will be doing only those things that should have been done decades ago.

So much for man's chief enemies. It will be a blessing when we no longer accept these pests as matters of fact. It is foolish to say we know all about them and realize their danger, for if we did they wouldn't be here.

MATTERS OF OPINION

(Concluded from Page 44)

A Voice From the Tropics

For the past twenty-five years our consular agents have been making precisely the same sort of observations—though the secretarial style most favored by the Department of State deprives us of the pleasure of reading their opinions in the breezy particular style of the correspondent just quoted.

Some day we shall learn; and learn we must, for American exporters will surely remain a cropper if they count on the luck of "Old" Timothy Dexter.

This eccentric merchant threw his Newburyport neighbors into spasms of delight by shipping to the West Indies a consignment of brass bed warmers. Their laughter gave place to stupefaction when they learned that the Dexter warming pans found a ready market, at a high price, among the Cuban sugar planters, who used them to skim off the dirts that fell into their molasses vats and met a sweet but sticky fate. The average reporter cannot afford to take a chance on following Dexter's luck.

Capital Levies

NOMINALLY, at least, the government of Germany is a socialist government. Years ago it announced an intention to levy ruthless hands on capital by a levy that would produce seventy billion marks, or on such sum, the tax to be steeply graded so as to fall heaviest on the largest fortune. That sounded formidable. Later the details of the levy have reached this country. Corporations, it appears, are to be taxed ten per cent of their capital. Individuals must pay ten per cent of the first fifty thousand marks of their possessions above the exemption of five thousand marks, twelve per cent on the next fifty thousand, thirteen per cent on the next hundred thousand, and so on up to sixty-five per cent on the top slice of the largest fortunes.

But the tax is payable in equal annual installments spread over thirty years. As a considerable part of the very largest fortune would be taxed under the lower schedules, the tax of the richest man in Germany would hardly be more than sixty per cent, and that, spread over thirty years, would amount to two per cent a year. As the return on capital can hardly be taken as less than six per cent a year it would obviously amount to an income tax of not more than thirty-three and one-third per cent, while our capitalistic government levies a tax of more than seventy per cent on the largest income.

There may be other features of the German tax plan; but this formidable socialistic capital levy in itself amounts to about half our capitalistic income tax—or considerably less than half, in fact. It is practically impossible to levy a big capital tax that is anything else in fact than a mere income tax. Confiscation itself is only a hundred per cent income tax, for all the government can get out of the property is its income.

In Germany and England and even to some slight extent in America it amuses the so-called proletariat to talk of a capital levy, but in practical effect our American income tax is the heaviest impost laid on capital except where outright confiscation has been practiced.

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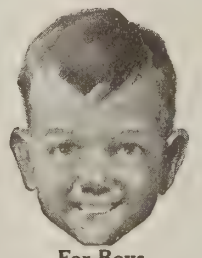

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No. 1500. 3-jaw chuck for round-shank drills up to ½ in. Length 9¼ in. Weight 3½ lbs.

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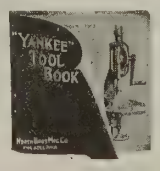

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 14)

and there is little he doesn't know. Indeed we sometimes think that, like the editors, he invents things on dull days, to interest his customers.

And what wonderful experiences Joe Stevens has had! He must have forty customers, but nothing ever happens to any of them he can't beat. Ez Hawkins caught two mice in a little dead-fall trap intended for one, and thought it very wonderful; but when Mr. Stevens came round with the milk he didn't pay much attention to the incident; he said he had caught two mice repeatedly. So Ez started in to find something Mr. Stevens had never heard of.

Mr. Stevens moved to town from the country, to retire, but didn't like idleness so well as he thought he would, and began selling milk. At first he sold to only a few, and packed it round, but after a while he was compelled to get a horse and wagon, and a boy to help him.

But his wife liked idleness. Her ambition while on the farm had been to move to town and buy a surrey; and when she attained these two ambitions she wouldn't go back to work; she said she had slaved enough.

And the longer she was in retirement the stouter she became; people noticed, when she was out driving on Sunday, with the milk-wagon horse attached to the surrey, that she completely filled the back seat. Mr. Stevens drove, but was so small that many people didn't notice him and thought he was busy with the cows.

Ez knew Mrs. Stevens wouldn't help with the cows, saying she had done her share; so after that when Mr. Stevens came with the milk Ez began telling about a wonderful woman who lived over on Mule Creek. She made nearly five hundred dollars a year, Ez said, with her chickens and cows, and turned it over to her husband; in fact, was glad to do it, as she wanted to help.

Ez noticed that Mr. Stevens took an interest in the Mule Creek woman, so he quit talking about trifling things like catching two mice in one trap, and told about the woman who worked hard but always looked well in spite of it, and was cheerful and content. Mr. Stevens was a great talker, but was silent when Ez talked about the wonderful Mule Creek woman; it was almost indelicate, the interest Mr. Stevens took in the other woman. The neighbors knew about Ez's stories, and complained that he kept Mr. Stevens so long hearing them that they were compelled to wait for milk, and made breakfast or supper late.

The men in the neighborhood were amused over Ez Hawkins' joke on Mr. Stevens; they, too, had heard him brag of having had more wonderful experiences in everything, so some of them used to go over to Ez's house Sunday morning and wait round until Mr. Stevens appeared at the kitchen door, when Ez would go out and tell him more about the Mule Creek woman. In fact, three of the men in the neighborhood were in Ez's kitchen listening when Mr. Stevens finally confessed defeat.

Ez told Mr. Stevens that the Mule Creek woman's husband went to town the day before to attend a lodge gathering, and that his wife told him to have a good time; not to worry in the least about affairs at the farm. Then she took the team and her two boys, Ez said, and put up four tons of hay. When the Mule Creek woman's husband returned home at night his wife had all the chores done and was dressed up to welcome her husband. She expressed the hope that he had enjoyed himself in town, and had an appetizing lunch ready for him.

This story greatly impressed Mr. Stevens and as he moved away from the kitchen door he said to Ez, in hearing of the three men in the kitchen: "Well, that beats my time."

Davis Straight

WHEN I was ten years old my Uncle Joe came to our house on his wedding journey, driving a pair of little mules to a farm wagon; and it was arranged that I should accompany him home and visit my grandmother, who lived five miles from his house, in the Grand River hills.

Uncle Joe's bride didn't like me very well, and I didn't stay long at their house; Uncle Joe soon took me over to my grandmother's, who had a son only a li e older than I was; a boy named Nat a noted hunter, for he had killed wild turk

Nate never did do much but hunt, b was kept pretty busy at home and gre enjoyed the vacation. We went hun every day, but Nate said I had bro him bad luck, for we didn't find any keys; nor much else except a few squir We were the idlest pair of vagabond that entire section, and a certain boy li in the same neighborhood caused us a g deal of annoyance. He was a famous g boy named Davis Straight, and some of a distant relation of ours; but we di like him, he was so industrious and behaved. We were always being told industrious and worthy Davis Stra was, and wherever we went we met hi the road driving a wagon loaded with w and every time we met him he had a tur or wild goose on the wagon. He had into the game accidentally, while at w we couldn't do it, hunt as hard as we wo

But one day we sneaked up to a li lake in the Grand River bottom, and t sat a wild goose with its head under w poking round for wild celery. I wa anxious to get a goose that I let Nate sh though it was my turn. He had an old s gun, and was a noted shot with it, while he was taking aim I thought as idly as they say a drowning man doe made up my mind to tell the other b when I returned home, that there were geese, and that I got them both.

Just then there was a muffled report Nate fell over on the ground with his fin in his mouth; the gun had burst, and goose flew away.

Nate wasn't much hurt, and we sta home, carrying the heavy gun, th there weren't enough gunsmiths in world to do anything with it; it had b at the breach. We had put in a goose- turkey load, and put in too much.

Of course we met Davis Straight on way home with a load of wood. He h wild turkey, which he had run into dentally and shot without any delay; ot wise he wouldn't have stopped. He such a good boy that he always retu home when expected—or earlier—r to be at something else, and shame and me. Davis Straight was my Beckie's stepson, and I never could un stand how she tolerated him.

Having no gun, time didn't pass rapidly, and Nate and I became qua some; indeed we came near having a one day. So grandmother said it was for me to go home.

It was forty miles to where I through an almost unbroken country, I was mad at Nate, so I struck out to home, without bidding Nate good Grandmother said it was a shame the we acted, but Nate started it; I remen that.

I left in the afternoon, intendin spend the night at Uncle Joe's, who five miles on the way. Aunt Mary w very glad to see me, though she was a but I told her she needn't worry; th intended leaving at daylight next mor Uncle Joe talked of taking me part wa the wagon, saying that it was a sham me to walk home after coming so far them, but Aunt Mary soon put a sto that talk; she seemed to run things r that house. Aunt Mary was a Brass and the Brassfields thought a good of themselves; I think they opposed marrying Uncle Joe in the first place.

I liked the way she talked so little t got up at daylight and started without ing any breakfast. Uncle Joe was a deal exercised about my starting ou foot; he always was the best one in family. But he couldn't help himself was afraid of Aunt Mary, who di like me.

I intended stopping that night at Ge Meek's, a neighbor of ours before we m to town. That left thirty miles for m walk from daylight to dark; but I di think much of it—before I started when I was mad at Nate. There were a few houses on the way, and the road mostly through prairie.

About noon I passed a house and in, asking for a drink of water, but r

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

pig they would give me something to t. They were just sitting down to the bl and the man asked me to eat with en

I ought I must be polite a while, and id "No, thank you."

Unfortunately the man took me at my or and said: "Well, of course, if you don' want anything, all right, but you're welcome to it."

I sat and watched them eat a while, and even went out to the bars and cried because was such a fool. But I had to make it to Meek's before dark, as there were bears in the woods round his place, the boys said; so I started on my weary way again.

In the middle of the afternoon I passed through a little town called Bancroft, a collection of half a dozen houses and a store. There I went into the store the proprietor was eating candied cherries out of a jar. I was hungry but had no money, and would not beg. The man dropped one of the cherries, and I was just about to dart after it when he mashed it with his foot. He was the surliest ruffian I ever saw.

The walk nearly killed me, and I dragged myself into George Meek's house about dark. They knew me well, and were surprised when I told them how far I had walked. They offered me food but I couldn't eat much, and went to bed, sick.

The next day I had a high fever, and my father was sent for. He came the second day with a horse and buggy, to take me home. I lay down in the bottom of the buggy on a quilt, and father was disposed to grumble because I had made myself sick. But when we reached home mother was waiting at the front gate.

"Where's Ed?" she asked anxiously. For some reason father replied: "He was to stop to bring home."

Mother turned toward the house hurriedly, to get her bonnet and shawl, and said: "You needn't put up the horse; I am going right back after him."

There had never been much affection in the family, father was so stern and busy, and mother saying that made me cry. She heard me sobbing, and she came back and took me into the house, where I told her tearfully how Nate and Aunt Mary and grandmother had treated me.

Gladys Hart

UNTIL six months ago there lived in our neighborhood a beautiful creature we all called The Princess behind her back. Though apparently the daughter of George Hart and his wife Margaret, The Princess was very superior to her surroundings. The Hart boys worked, and were of considerable cash value to their father, but were never clothed in fine raiment as was the sister Gladys, who was also sent away to school one term, and spent her time when at home mainly in practicing music lessons.

Everyone seemed to take pleasure in doing something for Gladys Hart; I confess I did, and was ashamed of my ugliness and worldly habits when in her presence.

We never knew much of the man she married, except that he came from a fine family and was an unusually capable business man, considering his age; and I think he became from The Princess. But we never considered that he fell in love with Gladys Hart; she was really beautiful and witty and superior.

Everybody was expected to give a social function of some kind for The Princess, and we all did our duty promptly; we were as double as George Hart himself when it came to giving her a proper send-off; the whole neighborhood was disturbed during the busy season.

And what a fuss was made when she was finally married! George Hart couldn't afford the wedding he gave her, but there was no other way out; such a beautiful creature just naturally demanded a big wedding, and George submitted. It cost George and the boys a year's work at least, as the caterers and dressmakers came from the city; nothing came from our local paper except the society reporters from the papers, who gave a rich flavor to everything they wrote of the affair.

And how the women and girls worked decorating the church! Busy, hard-working men were neglected, and frequently prepared their own meals.

The guests marveled a little at the bridegroom's kin; they didn't live up to the advertising, but the wedding was finally over and The Princess departed for her new home, accompanied by the usual foolishness at the depot.

But the manner in which The Princess dropped out of sight and mind after her marriage was the strangest thing I have ever heard of. I had supposed Mrs. Hart at least enjoyed the preparation for the wedding of her daughter, but a perfectly reliable woman informs me she heard Mrs. Hart express weariness and say, "Never again!"

Another perfectly reliable witness testifies that the Hart boys—John, Silas and William—said in the presence of their father that they were grateful to the bridegroom for taking The Princess off their hands; and they were not reproved. I myself heard George Hart say the day after the wedding, in presence of his wife, "What a relief!"

For weeks before the wedding we heard of nothing but The Princess; after it we heard almost nothing at all of her. Her parents and neighbors washed their hands of her, as the Hindus do.

I often think it is a shame we do not all miss The Princess, and are almost glad to be rid of her; but she is not entirely blameless; she overloaded us when we couldn't help ourselves.

Mary Mason

THE best women have a streak of stubbornness. I know a gentle woman who has a daughter as gentle as herself. I greatly admire both of them, as they are the sort of women I believe others should accept as models. But John Mason, husband of the one and father of the other, lately told a story about them which amused me.

Every morning this family has fried eggs for breakfast; they prefer eggs cooked in that way rather than soft boiled or scrambled. The gentle mother believes fried eggs should be salted as soon as broken into the pan, while the gentle daughter believes they should be salted when ready for the table.

Mary, the gentle daughter, always fried the eggs, and the husband and father says that every morning for years his gentle wife said to his gentle daughter as soon as she broke the eggs into the frying pan: "Mary, did you salt the eggs?"

And Mary, being truthful, replied that she had not; and being obedient, proceeded to salt them according to her mother's notions rather than according to her own; at the same time getting that sullen look in her eyes which should never disfigure the face of a gentle woman.

The husband and father says he and his wife lately spent the night at the home of his daughter, now married, and at breakfast the daughter salted the eggs when she brought them to the table.

"And," he added, "they were just as good; though I could see my wife was aching to say something."

Lige Banta

WHEN I was a boy, a noted character in our village was an old bachelor named Lige Banta.

There had long been jokes about Lige Banta's bachelorhood, as he kept bachelor's hall; and he seemed to do pretty well at it, for he was a fat and good-natured man of about forty. He ran a butcher shop, and it rarely happened that anyone bought meat of him without mentioning the marrying joke. Lige rather liked the banter of the people, and always said he didn't marry because no one would have him.

But it was reported one day that Lige was actually to be married, and the rumor attracted much attention. Finally the name of the woman came out. Lige, to the surprise of everybody, admitted that this time the story was true, after many false alarms, and that he would be married early on a certain Thursday morning, and take the stage for Chillicothe on his wedding trip.

I had a consuming desire to witness the marriage, never having seen one. I wondered what the ceremony was like, and had a notion that it was something wonderful. Lige Banta was a friend of mine, and I often put myself in his way, but he didn't invite me. Finally I made up my mind that I must see that wedding ceremony or die of curiosity.

The morning the wedding was to take place I overslept, and was not able to put on my Sunday suit; I only had time to slip on my everyday clothes, which consisted of

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TRENTON, N.J. U.S.A.
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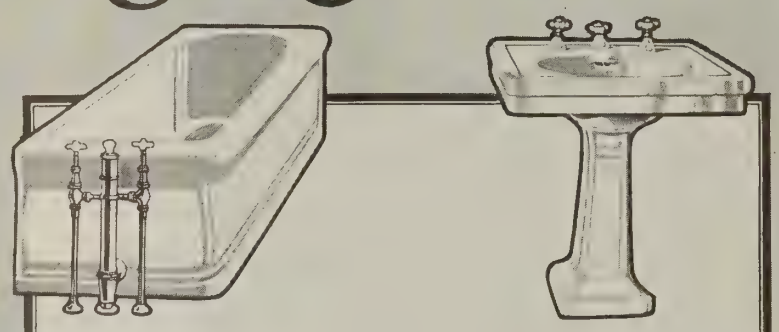

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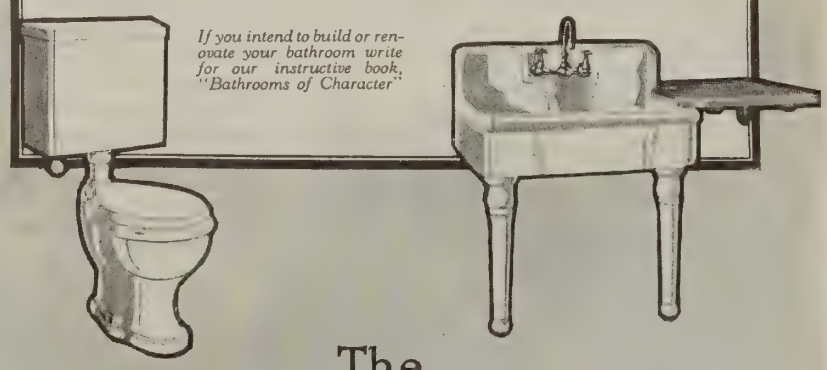

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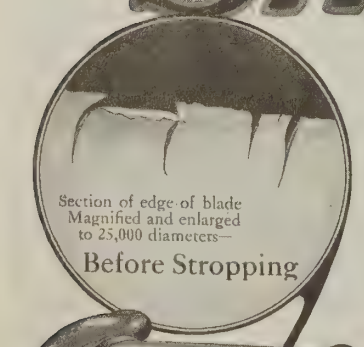

for double-edged safety blades

You just insert the blade and turn the crank. Strops both edges at once, reverses the blade and strops the other side. Every shave turns the edge of your blade to tiny saw-teeth, like this ⌐¬⌐¬⌐¬. Stropping smoothes them back, like this ⌐⌐⌐⌐, into a keen cutting edge that glides over your face. However wiry your beard, however tender your skin your face will always be shaved clean and close, delightfully cool and comfortable, when you strop your safety blades with Twinplex Stropper.

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a pair of pants, a hickory shirt and a straw hat. Hurrying into this costume I ran all the way to the part of town where the marriage was to take place, without knowing exactly how I was to get in. Arriving in front of the house I saw people entering, and gradually worked up to the door. At last, when I thought it must be time for the ceremony, a belated guest hurried up, and when he went in I went in with him.

There were ten or fifteen men and women sitting round, and my appearance amused them. It was summertime, and my pantaloons were rolled up at the bottom, showing brown legs and bare feet. I had on galluses, and my hat was an old straw affair that was very decidedly out of place at a wedding. The guests though greatly amused didn't know I hadn't been invited, and didn't put me out.

Fortunately attention was soon drawn from me; a side door opened and Lige came out with his bride. I can't recall her name; she probably belonged to a family I didn't know very well. The man I came in with turned out to be the preacher, and he stepped up to read the ceremony.

I was greatly disappointed; it didn't amount to anything, and I half regretted coming. After the ceremony the guests went up and congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Banta, and I followed their example. By this time I was attracting more attention than the bride and groom, the preacher and the bride's kin. Lige didn't seem to care, and I thought I might find opportunity to take him off to one side and explain matters.

The bride's kin had prepared a wedding breakfast, and when it was ready they invited me out with the others. They had lots of fun with me, and heaped my plate with things to eat, but as I had a ravenous appetite they didn't have any more fun with me than I had with them. It happened that there was a vacant seat next to the bride, and I was assigned to that. I always did talk too much, and it wasn't long before I was impatient when interrupted by the bride or groom, the preacher or any of the guests.

Soon after the breakfast was over the stage came along, and Lige and his bride left for Chillicothe. I swung on behind, and rode uptown.

When my mother heard about my attending the wedding she cried, but she didn't whip me; she never whipped her children, but my father whipped hard. But fortunately he never heard of it, though everyone else did. The story of my attending the wedding uninvited, in my bare feet, got round—stories on me always get round somehow—and I never heard the last of it.

I went back to the town forty years later, and though I had been away a good many years Jim Hamilton threw up the story to me. Jim Hamilton was the man who had always predicted that I would be hanged.

I recalled that prediction to him, but he didn't mind it; indeed he replied quite coolly: "Well, you're not dead yet."

Kate Howell

WHEN I was a little boy living on a farm it happened that on a certain Fourth of July I was the only member of the family left at home. There was a celebration at a village called Kilmer, twelve miles away, but there wasn't room in the wagon for me, and I was left at home to do the chores in the evening.

I wanted to attend the celebration at Kilmer so much that I could scarcely get my breath; when I want to do anything it nearly kills me to be disappointed.

I kicked and screamed for an ho though there was no one round to see hear me, so finally I concluded to go out the main road and see if someone willing take me would not come along. A farm soon appeared on horseback, and agreed let me ride behind him. But the ho jolted me so that I soon had a terrific p in my side. I stood it as long as I cou and was at last compelled to get off. I thought of trying to walk to Kilmer, soon realized that this was foolish, as I not know the way. So I started back ho crying.

On the way I stopped at Kate Howe house. She was alone and I was surpr that she was not at the celebration.

But she said she didn't care to go thought of it as the most wonderful th I had ever heard of.

Here was a country girl who had n seen much, and she didn't care to attend Fourth of July celebration at Kilmer, wh there was to be a band and promi speakers!

I spent most of the day at her house, young as I was her indifference interes me. I was always wanting to do somet I should not do, but Kate Howell was al as well satisfied with one thing as anot Nothing made any difference to her. didn't love or hate anyone very muc care much about anything. While I wa the house a man came riding by and ca me out to the gate. The times were ex ing, as we had heard vague rumors that siege of Vicksburg was going on; but K didn't come out to see what the wanted, and she didn't ask what he wan after I returned to the house. When any came to our house I was always hang round and in the way, and asking "Wh that?" when I didn't understand what said.

Had Kate Howell been transferred Arkansas or California she would h been satisfied with her new surroundi nor would she have greatly missed father or mother or her brothers and sis or neighbors. She was a good girl, capable, but one thing suited her abou well as another, and nothing suited her well. I was always longing for certain th to eat; one sort of food suited Kate al as well as another, and she didn't req much of whatever was set before her. different with me; I always eat too m and when I am not hungry I am suffe from overeating.

I spent the day wondering about K Howell, for I preferred being with he being at home alone. When she prep dinner I ate sparingly, fearing that if I as much as usual Kate would regard m a pig. She didn't seem to care whe I was about the place or not; indeed presence seemed to tire her, and on went out resolved to remain until she lonesome and came out to talk to m stood it nearly an hour, and then went the house to see what had become of I found her in the front room readi good book I could never tolerate. W I began talking to her she was polite, her manner indicated that she wish would go away. Which I did; I w home.

And I learned later that the celebra at Kilmer didn't amount to much. T who attended returned late, with noses in the air. The band didn't come boys didn't behave, and the speaker w local preacher instead of the governo had been promised.

Kate Howell knew how it would be, I didn't; I thought the most wond things in the world were going on that at Kilmer.

DOWN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

(Continued from Page 11)

he have more ready cash than they know
hi to do with and they'll pay any price
or hat they happen to want. What they
re illing to pay is what everybody else is
onelled to pay. So there you are! The
ns are having the time of their lives.
h're getting so much real money all of a
uden that they don't care whether school
es or not. The town is wide open and
verthing is going to the devil."

"hat's a curious situation in a town
nder military control."

"ueerest situation you ever heard of!
ur military control, nothing! There is no
ic thing. Trouble is that everybody is
nterested—all the Allies, that is—and
oody is responsible. The place is a mess.
n as for politics!—well, wait until you
ee ow it's being played and how all our
ieds—the British, the French, the Ital-
nand the Greeks—love each other!"

ne of the things the Germans did was
o ake Constantinople clean. And in con-
econ with this fact I always think of
un Sofia of Greece, who now lives in
wzerland in enforced retirement, but
h in 1915 was still in Athens helping to
ee Greece out of the war. Or trying to
et er in on the side of Germany? She is
heKaiser's sister, you remember.

Royalty Out of a Job

I left Constantinople just as Bulgaria
a oining up on the wrong side and when
a ived in Athens I had an interview with
ie Majesty. It was supposed that she
wa ed to talk with me about the possi-
ili of getting some American philanthro-
is to help her out with some money for
on hospital work she was doing, but she
pet most of the time talking about how
ied the British were in starting such a
erole war and about how the Germans
re going to win hands down and without
nydoubt whatsoever. It was exceedingly
mbarrassing and I had difficulty in keep-
ng p my end of the conversation, because
ou are not permitted to quarrel with a
un, you know—at least not on short
cquaintance.

hen she began to ask questions about
Constantinople. I answered them with all
rer caution and—with secret satisfac-
io but as though I regarded it as a most
egettable circumstance—I emphasized
neact that the Turks were not so fond of
heGermans as they ought to be, and that
rajority of the civil population—Turks,
Gr ks, Jews, Italians, Armenians and
wh not—were praying for the success of
heBritish at Gallipoli and were offering
od that they would take the city within a
nth. She raised her eyebrows and
gged her shapely shoulders.

"But the Germans have made Constan-
nople clean, have they not?" she asked,
s ough that were a very important con-
sideration.

"Constantinople is clean, Your Majesty."

"And it was the dirtiest city on earth!"

"Yes, I know."

"And the Germans cleaned it up! I
nv they would do that. That is what
he will do everywhere. They will control
heworld—mark my word!—and they will
ma e it clean!"

I cannot remember everything she said
o e, but I remember that remark with
a icular clearness because at the moment
nny vision flashed across my mind
wh h my mind has since retained. I saw a
hi tened and obedient world cleaning itself
pwhile spiked-helmeted Germans goose-
ste ped round and bossed the job. I
th ght I would not mind giving them con-
tro in certain countries I know just long
nigh for them to accomplish this one
thig, but I saw at once when I landed in
Constantinople, after they had been gone
six months, that there is nothing permanent
but a clean-up.

The streets are very narrow for the most
pa , and some of those in Pera—the Eu-
pe an section of the city on the European
sid —are almost perpendicular. If they
we just a little steeper the dirt would all
sli to the bottoms of them, where it could
be hoveled away without much difficulty.
Bu they are not quite steep enough for
th . And besides, they are paved with
co lestones and have deep ruts and holes
in hem, in which dirt can lodge and in
wh h it can lie indefinitely.

A good pouring rain will always wash the
str ers clean for the simple reason that
water has a tendency to run downhill, but in Constantinople the rain does its raining by the season and not just semioccasionally. And it doesn't often do it with what might be described as efficient energy. It does it lazily, slothfully; it drips and drizzles; it murks up the atmosphere and turns that which lies in the streets into a thin slimy substance that is splashed upon one by the hoofs of horses and the wheels of passing vehicles.

The public vehicles of Constantinople, incidentally, are rather particularly fine. They lend to the city an air of leisurely opulence that will be lost when mere taxicabs are introduced. They are two-horse victorias as a rule, and their owners seem to take great pride in them. They are usually shiny and bright and many of them are quite splendidly upholstered in blue or plum-colored cloth. And the horses, too, are well kept. One seldom has occasion to feel sorry for a horse. The drivers on their high boxes crack long whips in the air and otherwise annoy a nervous passenger, but they do not lash their horses. What they do do is to trot them down the steep hills and one wonders whether or not they know that this is a very unwise thing to do to a horse.

These drivers used to be very polite and considerate. They were more like private coachmen than public jehus and gave one opportunities to enjoy sensations of dignity and decorum. They were down off their boxes helping one in, tucking in robes and touching their red fezzes in respectful salute as one gave them addresses to drive to. Also they regarded the Turkish equivalent of about fifty cents an hour as ample pay and received a twenty-five-cent baksheesh with a gracious "Merci, madame!"—or monsieur, as the case might be.

By some process known only to themselves they still manage to keep their horses sleek and their carriages in trim, but their conception of values and their manners have undergone a complete change. They have caught the universal grouch. It is universal—one encounters it all over the world. The world has simply lost its kindliness and its courtesy; it has lost its ability to gauge the fitness of things. One may be willing to pay for service ten times what one ever paid before, but why, in addition, should one be growled at and frowned upon? In London if you wish to engage a cabman and avoid violence in the process you must humble yourself and exercise the utmost diplomacy. Why, even in Japan the riksha boys have adopted an aw-get-in-and-stop-your-nonsense attitude toward the public. And I remember Japan—less than ten years ago it was too—when my riksha boy on coming in for his orders of the day dropped on his knees at my feet and touched his forehead to the floor, while he murmured: "*Ohayo O'ku-san!*"—which means: "Good morning, honorable madame." This was customary and therefore it was right. It did not lower his dignity one jot or tittle. He had a dignity all his own and he maintained it quite magnificently. This was merely his way—sanctioned by general acceptance and by age-old habit—of saluting his superior officer. He smiled always and was a happy if benighted man.

No Smile, No Dollar

Not that I believe in benightedness or servility. I do not. But I do believe in an occasional smile and in the old forms of mutual courtesy that hurt nobody and that made life a little pleasanter for us all than it might otherwise have been.

It grieved me to find that the world's ill humor had communicated itself to Turkey. At best the Turk had only one thing to recommend him and that was his outward kindliness. His manners were nearly always charming.

My cabman drove me up from the landing through clouds of unspeakable dirt that was being blown about the streets by big gusts and little whirlwinds, and drew up at the hotel entrance with a sufficient flourish to show himself off to advantage, but without any reference whatsoever to me. I had to unload myself and my belongings, go inside and drag forth a porter, then face the driver's scowling demand for the equivalent in Turkish money of nearly five dollars. In a coaxing but wordless way I indicated that if he would just smile a little I might make it six. He refused, so I put the extra coin back in my bag and did the smiling myself.

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My room was just about what the captain of the Scorpion said it was, and by way of making me feel welcome as he conducted me toward it the clerk assured me that in holding it for me he had made a great sacrifice.

"There have been several persons here," he said, "who would have paid twice as much for it as I am charging you." I paused in the doorway a moment to look it over.

"And do you mean to tell me you would have the nerve to take twice as much for it as I am paying?" I asked.

"We must get all the money we can." He looked guilty when he said this.

"Yes, of course. You remember me, don't you?"

"Yes, madame, very well."

"Well, when I was here last I could have had this room for a medjidie a day and welcome." In normal times a medjidie was about eighty-five cents' worth of Turkish silver.

"Yes, but times have changed."

"And I remember having a fine big room with a private bath for a lira a day." Then about four dollars and a half.

"But times have changed, madame," he repeated.

"Yes, I know times have changed, but not to an extent that justifies you in charging any such exorbitant prices." His eyes narrowed and his lip curled in a most unpleasant smile.

"You Americans have all the money," he replied, "and there's no reason why we shouldn't get all of it away from you that we can."

"Oh, that's the idea, is it? Well, there's nothing like being perfectly frank about it. You Turks are not the only people who have adopted that attitude toward us, but you are the first person I ever heard acknowledge it."

We both laughed and he went away on excellent terms with himself. The porters came in then with my luggage and I had to buy it from them. They had formed a porters' union and instituted a new system. They had decided that it was beneath their dignity to depend on such generosity on the part of hotel patrons as they might be able to evoke by good-natured and efficient service. And they may have been right about that. I am not saying they were not—except that after collecting fixed fees they continued to look for the usual voluntary contributions. I found at once that in order to get any service at all it would be necessary to bribe the heads of departments handsomely and make a preliminary distribution of largess among bell boys, room stewards, waiters, shoe cleaners, door men, elevator men, electricians, plumbers, valets, everybody—including the already overpaid porters. I was told by previously initiated friends that if I overlooked anybody he was likely to appeal to the others and get them to organize a boycott against me. It was a most amusing game for a while, but really it ceased to be funny when at the end of a week I received a staggering bill and found stamped across it: "The patron is expected to add to his account ten per cent of the total for the benefit of the employees."

Russian Refugees

Having already done my full duty as a liberal tipper I protested that. I had to out of mere self-respect. But the little clerk grinned at me again and told me that though I could not be compelled to comply with the request the employees would have to be told—of course!—that I had refused to do so. What action would you take in a case like that when there was not a chance on earth of your going somewhere else, and when giving up your room meant turning yourself out into the cold, cold world?

That Constantinople was crowded to its chimney pots became evident to me at once. There was always a feeling of an awful mob round, and a mixed mob too. There was a blare of music in the hotel lounge from half past twelve until half past two, from half past four until half past five, and from seven until half past ten. Luncheon, tea and dinner! And if there happened to be a lot of people who wanted to dance—and usually there were—they could keep it going until half past any old hour they liked. All they had to do was to pay for it—and keep on buying wine. Talk about your mining camps—no mining camp ever had anything on Constantinople during armistice days.

It seemed to me that mostly there were British officers, but that was only because British officers have a way of filling the observing eye. Two or three British officers in a crowd can turn the crowd into a crow British officers. Their uniforms are jus snappy and they are just so self-eviden themselves that they become the cen figures in any picture they may happen the moment to adorn. There were twe Russian refugees to one British officer, the Russians formed the mob in the b ground. Most of the Russians wore bl and looked kosher—whatever that mean. It means ceremonially clean, it not? If so my comments to myself not without point. Some persons b biennially; others bathe only on dates are written in the Talmud; and again are those who engage all the private b rooms in a hotel before oneself arrives are compelled to be consistently koshe order to get their money's worth.

They were a sleek-looking lot even tho a majority of them were bewhisker women as well as men. Most of them fat and walked as though they had h feet and a habit of going to spas ever often. It is perfectly awful what the has done to some persons. They can't spas for their cures—or anything! simply terrible! They always consu quantities of hors d'œuvres and many glasses of liquid of some sort before came to the simple home dinner that me at least seven ninety-eight without trimmings at all. One wondered where Russian refugees got all their money, I thought to myself: "Well, at this r campaign will have to be started p soon to raise money for them in the U States. We kind-hearted Americans w never let them go without their *apéritif* hors d'œuvres, poor things!"

American Headquarters

There were many French officers in horizon blue, and a fair sprinkling of ians, who seemed all the time to be d the Edwin Booth Hamlet act with thei enveloping and gorgeously graceful green capes. A fine sweep of heroic dra over the left shoulder, the clank of a gling saber, the splendid uplift of a head and *"O Italia, O Morte!"* regis upon the film of your imagination. Italians incidentally are the handso people in Europe. There is no getting from it; they are. We have a kind of wop conception of them that is all w Taken en masse there is nothing about that justifies the nickname we have them. We may get their little-wop ele as immigrants, but as a people they disguise themselves as Americans o highest quality and nobody could te difference—until they got into action.

We Americans were not so much ir dence after all. We were feeding the p and relieving the situation with the kind of relief that amounted to anythi the moment, but we were doing it i offing, so to speak. What had we to do the London Pact, with the partitioni Turkey and with the embroilments of national politics? Nothing at all! was unanimously demanded of us was and food and more food—though it generally supposed that we would sho the Armenian responsibility. The U States would accept a mandate for Arm No such country had yet been create that only made speculation with rega America's attitude the more intere Everybody could study maps and talk delimitations of boundaries, vulne areas, ports, military and economic r sities and all that sort of thing and h beautiful time. And Armenia was just anything the United States want long as what the United States want confined within limits that did not enc in any way on anybody else's clai desires.

American headquarters is located a embassy. We have an embassy in Cor tinople. Oh, yes! And of course e body knows we have because it is s rare thing for us to have anything o own anywhere that we have talked ab a great deal. It and our old wooden mildewed firetrap in Tokio are the embassies we have in the world that I of. In comparison with the British bassy and the Italian and the Germa a good many others it is a poor thing it is our own. And now what is to be of it and of all the grander edifices o grander partners in righteousness? If stantinople is internationalized they used no doubt to house various high missions and society will be almost a

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(Continued from Page 166)

d rmal as it ever was; the German Em-ss and the Austro-Hungarian continuing r a eneration or so to be mere mute re-nders of days gone by and of crimes that tics may not commit.

Ot embassy is about four blocks from e litish Embassy, on the noisiest street h city—a cobble-paved main artery of ffi about twenty feet wide with a street-r tick down the middle of it. It is a th small and not at all distinguished-lkg building, close to the street and with g den to speak of, whereas the British ssy is the kind of structure that some rs would describe as a noble pile. or ver, the British Embassy stands in e nter of a large compound done in ved walks, attractive gardens, tennis ur and all that sort of thing. Our em-ss has no gates at all, but the British nssy has very proud gates with sentry xeoutside and sentries pacing back and tbefore them night and day. We re-eno go to war with Turkey, so maybe we e t entitled to sentries, but not having enwhen everybody else has them makes Aerican feel that something important ishave been omitted in the American olure. We get along with a Turkish teeper who spends his time inside our tess gate in a little wooden house that hf hidden, fortunately, in some low sls of a ragged and unkempt variety.

Our Bargain-Counter Mistake

Th bright young men we send over to prent us and to superintend our in-res do not mind their humble status as gals environment, however, but they do shnost fervently that we would provide r tem some means of getting a little exer-e. It is not the ambassadors and the gh ommissioners who should be thought is the big staff of secretaries and clerks nolo the work. They work very hard d very steadily, sometimes being con-eno their offices for hours without limit, d they are able to get off for an after-oand happen to want a game of tennis something they must depend on the nssy of the British Embassy or the hos-tay of the Dutch Legation. The Brit-re tremendously generous with the ivages their government provides for er and the kindness of our Dutch friends av nothing to be desired, but it is em-rassing for our boys to have to rely on er for nearly everything—as they do. ne hate to ask, though they are never fud. Or rather they hate to ask because eare never refused. They are afraid all e me that they may be interfering with moody else's plans.

Vy should we not have tennis courts dother sports fields of our own? Why old we not be able occasionally to return e ospitality of our friends? Such con-lations may not sound important; but eare; tremendously important. And yow, taking measures to preserve the an of our trained employees could hardly lled an extravagance. It takes some nand costs quite a lot to teach a recruit e 'urkish language and our minor em-oyes in Constantinople must read, write dpeak both Turkish and French. There a acant lot next to the American Em-s that is now filled with unsightly rub-sh If it is for sale we ought to buy it. eeed it.

Te embassy was a mistake to begin it;—a parsimonious mistake; a bargain-uer mistake—but it is a mistake we are ud to accept. It is neither large enough t fficiently dignified for its original pur-sor for the purpose it will have to serve v become a party to an international rnistration of Turkey's affairs; but it is ir and considering the reluctance of our ornment to do anything for our rep-sttatives abroad we shall probably have t along with it for a good many years me. So any improvements we might a would surely be justified.

Hw do you go about getting Congress to o in a small and inexpensive matter like is Or could the State Department do it itbut consulting Congress? The State epartment should include in its next bud-et million or so for the improvement of ne ving conditions of our representatives ord, and I think if the country knew the c the unanimous verdict would be: God business! Go to it!" We go wal-pg all over the earth giving away hun-res of millions to people who—in many sinces at least—might just as well be arng their own way, while those who represent us do so at their own risk more or less. They are on meager salaries and without perquisites of any kind, and if they are poor men—as most of them are—they cannot take into consideration in their living arrangements the dignity of the service. It is not right. We are like the millionaire who wears shabby clothes, makes his family do likewise, and doesn't give a hang because he is sure everybody knows he is a millionaire. It is the I-am-rich-and-can-do-as-I-please attitude. Some persons think it is smart. Is it?

I found that our representation was made up of four separate and distinct divisions: a food commission, a relief administration, a naval mission and what amounted practically to a consulate. We had not, of course, reëstablished a diplomatic relationship with Turkey, but our consul—called a commissioner in deference to diplomatic form—was on the job, occupying the old ambassadorial office and doing business with a large staff of clerks in the chancery as though nothing had ever happened. The American Chamber of Commerce in Turkey was taking a new lease on life without waiting for the establishment of a League of Nations or the ratification of peace treaties and was going on quite serenely with all kinds of plans and arrangements for future activities

Our naval mission, with Admiral Mark Bristol in command, was conducting its affairs ashore—when it was ashore—in what might be called the front parlor of the embassy, and the food commission occupied the upper floor. There must have been some mistake, by the way, when Admiral Bristol was sent to Constantinople. It is really very curious. He is the right man in the right place. He has taken a special interest in Turkey and Turkish waters since he was a youth in the naval academy, and he could teach Turkish history, geography and economics. To be in line with our usual policy he ought to be cruising up round Kamchatka or somewhere like that. But there he is, right where he belongs. Might this not reasonably be considered a dangerous precedent? First thing you know somebody will be putting a premium on special knowledge.

The relief administration had a house of its own—it had to have because there was no room for it in the embassy—and was busy setting up baby-saving organizations all over Asia Minor, the Caucasus and Armenia, while carrying on at the same time the program of general relief that had been adopted by the Committee For Relief in the Near East in coöperation with Mr. Hoover. A man who would be referred to by a business firm as our Major Arnold—he was that kind of a man—was directing these operations and was just beginning to see a few gleams of light in the darkness of universal disorganization and distress.

Good Work by Mr. Heinz

I have referred to the riotous extravagance of the rich refugees and the foreign element temporarily resident in the city, and to the fact that for them the cost of living was almost beyond belief, but that was only because they could be made to pay for the luxuries they demanded. As a result of the operations of the American food commission the population in general was enjoying greatly improved conditions.

Mr. Howard Heinz, of Pittsburgh, was our food commissioner, and Mr. Heinz is a business man. When he arrived in Constantinople in February he found that bread under government control was being sold to the people for fifty-four piasters a kilo. This normally would be about two dollars and thirty cents. The dollar loaf! The quality of it was awful, but at least it was made of cereal ingredients and had some food value. Not so the bread of the very poor. The fifty-four-piaster kind was quite beyond their reach, of course, so the government had baked what was known as Vesika bread for distribution at a price within everybody's reach. The government was supposed to supply the bakers with cereals for Vesika bread, but an analysis of a piece of it in the American food office disclosed the fact that it consisted largely of straw and other substances not usually eaten by human beings. It had a fearful smell and was like a lump of old dried fertilizer. The lower classes were in a terrible condition physically and what was being done to them was almost equal to Turkey's "white murder" of the Armenians.

The markets were fairly well stocked with all kinds of things and those who had money

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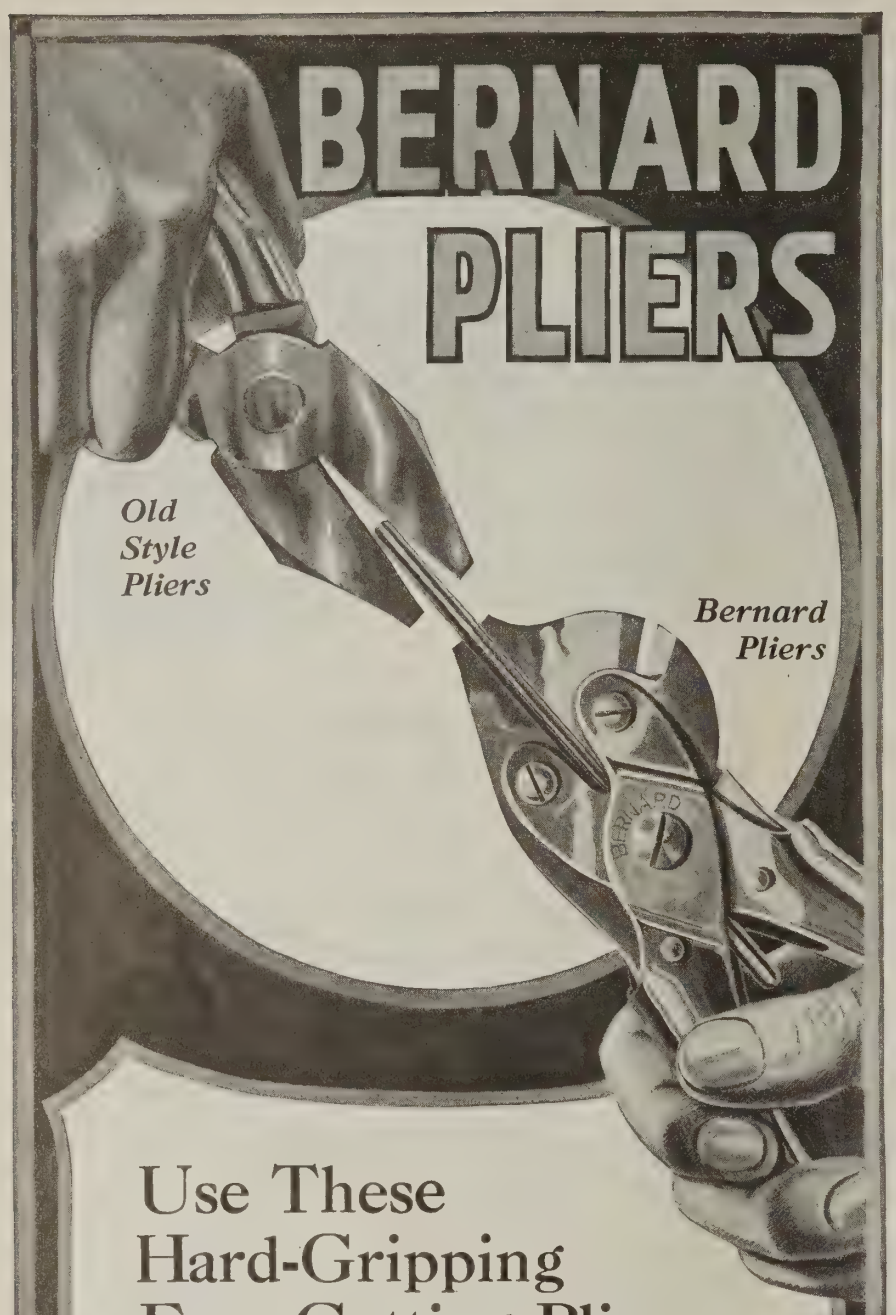

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to buy could live very well, but there was little or no work for the poor and therefore little or no money for them. And prices were outrageous. The Turkish standard of weight is the oka, which is approximately two and three-quarters pounds. In ordinary times an oka of sugar cost two piasters, but in February sugar was selling at three hundred piasters the oka. The normal price of potatoes was a piaster and a half an oka. They went up to twenty-five piasters an oka.

Flour, usually from three to four piasters a kilo, jumped to sixty piasters a kilo, while kerosene, with which a great majority of the Turkish population still light their way through life, soared from ten piasters a gallon to seven hundred piasters!

Mr. Heinz decided at once that he would bring down the price of bread in Turkey if there was any way of doing it. He had to sell flour, he could not give it away; and he had nothing but flour with which to attack the speculative prices. He figured that with a fall in the price of the people's principal article of diet all other prices would fall. He tried a piece of Vesika bread and concluded that it was not fit for human consumption, and he knew that somebody was reaping a vast profit out of the suffering of the people. There was a chain of profiteers, of course, but the difficulty was that the hook from which this chain was suspended was undoubtedly the Sublime Porte. The Sublime Porte, however, could be reached with a threat of economic boycott.

Mr. Heinz opened negotiations with government officials for the sale of his flour and proposed that it be sold direct to the retail bakers under a close agreement that would fix their profits on the sale of bread. One very large and public-spirited firm strongly approved of this proposal and helped to bring the necessary pressure to bear on the authorities. Then the bakers were approached, both individually and collectively through their trade associations, and after a certain amount of explanation most of them were persuaded to fall in line with the to them quaint idea of doing an honest business on an honest basis. The result was an immediate drop in the price of bread of about fifty per cent.

Tackled the Wrong Man

But the trouble for the time being was that there was not enough to go round, so the smaller profiteers began to reap their harvest. Bread has always been sold on the streets from baskets or small carts, and the bread venders saw no reason why they should not go on charging exorbitant prices when there were a sufficient number of buyers willing to pay what they asked. And the bakers began to do a back-door business. They would hold out on the public, close their shops at the hour fixed in the regulations, then receive customers in their houses or by back-stair routes. These practices were defeating the purpose which Mr. Heinz was bent on accomplishing, so he went again to the government and got an order forbidding the sale of bread on the streets and another order which made the private sale of bread by a baker an offense punishable by exclusion from the list of those privileged to buy flour.

These orders solved the problem and by the first of May the cost of living for the people had been reduced enormously. Bread—and bread of excellent quality—was twenty-two piasters a kilo instead of fifty-four piasters; potatoes had dropped from twenty-five to twelve piasters an oka; butter from four hundred and eighty piasters an oka—normally more than twenty dollars—to two hundred piasters; sugar from three hundred piasters to sixty piasters an oka, and so on down the whole list of commodities. Nothing was cheap by any means, but the movement was in the right direction. With flour Mr. Heinz had succeeded in breaking the Constantinople food market. And naturally he broke a good many profiteers in the process.

Just before his plans were complete[d] man came to him—a Turk he was, and [a] plausible—with an idea of halting h[is] his mad career by buying all the flo[ur] had. He pretended to be tremendous[ly] terested in the welfare of the pee-pul, w[ho] to carry out the plans proposed and e[x]press his gratitude to the America[n] taking on his own shoulders the risk a[nd] burden of tedious detail that would [be] volved. Mr. Heinz was anxious to sell [it] of course, and in view of the fact th[at] had to have gold or its equivalent for [e]pound he disposed of the prospect of [go] into the retail business himself was n[ot] ticularly alluring. But after listen[ing] the man's offer he refused to consi[der] Then the man got fearfully excited; [and] he lost his head.

"But," he exclaimed, "you mus[t] come to Constantinople and ruin T[he] citizens with your high-handed [op]tions!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. [Hei]"I thought there was something you [had] come to yet. Just what do you mea[n]"

"I mean you will ruin me. I have [a] lion dollars' worth of flour in stora[ge] have been holding it for a rise in the m[ar]and now you come along and propose [to] direct to the people for less than I pa[y] is too late for me to unload. You wi[ll] me."

"I hope so," said the American; [but] I hope that after you are ruined y[ou] starve to death. You are just the k[ind] hellhound I'm after. Did you ever e[at] Vesika bread? And now, if you plea[se] will get out of my office."

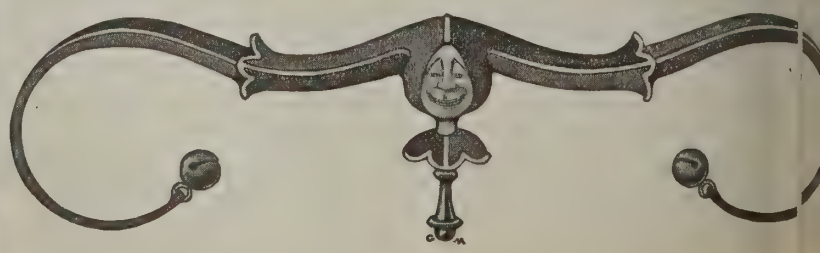
Heinz's Fight Against Profit

That ended the interview, but Mr. [Heinz] discovered at once that he was in for [a] fight with hoarders, speculators, [ex]salers and profiteers of all kinds. [It] was not a very long fight. After hi[s] and his organization were completed [it] only a matter of about twenty-four [hours] before the bottom dropped out for a [few] worthies and he was on the one ha[nd] most cordially hated and on the oth[er] most warmly approved-of man in Co[n]tinople.

The city was very sad really. The [Allied] British soldiers and sailors by the tho[usands] and soldiers and sailors of all other [nations] mingling with the red-fezzed throng[s] ing and going at all hours; one con[stantly] heard the honk of the horns of m[otor] military motors that tore swiftly, rec[kless] through the narrow streets; the [clang] of street-car bells; the rumble and r[attle] wheels on cobblestones; the weird h[ubbub] hawkers crying their wares; all the [color] of a great Eastern city in a cheerfu[l] But there was a sadness alway[s]: merchants, the hotel men, the cab [men] the dealers in curious things in the [bazaars] and personal-service people of all kin[ds] reaping a rich harvest from the h[ands] foreigners, while the foreigners for th[e] part were letting everything go tops[y] and were indulging themselves solel[y] pursuit of gayety.

All this as to mere outward aspect; [but] neath there was something differen[t]. British and their Allies were tangle[d] unpleasant political intrigues and [ar]ments which made it impossible fo[r] to deal with one another or with us [as] and in dignified harmony. It was n[ot] Nobody seemed really to approve [of] was being done to Turkey, yet eac[h] way was compelled to fight for his [own] vantage.

As for the Turks, one could not [help] realize their deep depression, but th[ey] going their ways as usual. The m[uez]zins were climbing the minarets at no[on] calling the faithful to prayer, and th[e] ful were daily filling the mosques [in] tomary unanimous obedience to th[e] mand of the Prophet. In spite of [all] crimes one does not care to think th[at] may be turned out of the city th[at] made so beautiful and the soul of [it] the Eastern soul they have breathed [into]



WHITE-COLLAR MEN

(Continued from Page 5)

...n is getting $30 a week straight ...ge. That machinist works for a big ...ring-supply company and pulls down ... week himself. It looks to me as if I'm ...u due to swap my white collar for a ...ir overalls. I just can't stand the gaff ...y nger. It's taking it out of the wife ...d ds at too stiff a pace."

"...e don't want to lose you," responded ...e ficial to whom his appeal was made. "...e's a five that will hold you till pay ...y. Meantime, I'll take the matter up ...th he management. There's something ...tta ahead for you here if you can only ...ld n. There's a lot of men in this con...rn etter paid than you are who are not ...vi any easy sledding to get past. Most ...'s haven't the physique to go into a ...nr r job and all of 'em hate the idea of ...ed ng their white collars. But most of ...n re studying wage scales until their ...nges are hanging out."

A Big Bank's Salary List

Before quitting the dignified white-collar ...m phere of the bank it is interesting to ...ke peep at the salary list. Here is one ...r institution having a reputation for ...gh consideration of its employees:

	1914	1919
...nt assistant cashier	$5000	$6000
...ve commercial)	2600	3000
...ier (commercial)	1500	1800
...ver (savings)	1000	1500
...ver (savings)	840	1200
...ay (savings)	1080	2000
...keeper (commercial)	900†	1080‡
...keeper (savings)	900†	1020§
...keeper (general)	1500	1620
...af teller	1200	1500
...ing House head and transit ...ll	1200	1500
...ing House clerk	540	840
...le anager	1200	1500
...le rk	780	1000
...itboard	1000	1500
...en rapher	1000	1300
...nil	900	1140
...ea messenger	1200	1600
...ess ger	780	1200

*...ore responsibility, work heavier.
†...en, pen and ink.
‡...rls on machines.
§...rls.
‖...ounger man, shorter time in service.

Another large metropolitan bank under ...be.l management makes the following ...lar showing:

	1914	1919
...es ger	$ 300	$ 600
...eli	1100	1800
...ni	780	960
...mp clerk	624	960
...ait man	576	1200
...oleeper	600	1200
...oleeper to teller	936	1600
...eli	1260	1800
...ait	1140	1560
...oleeper	552	1100
...li	1380	2100
...eographer	1200	1600
...err nent messenger	780	1300
...oo eeper	780	1080
...me clerk	540	1200
...at man	900	1260
...ait clerk	720	1200
...ecrary	1500	2000
...afe deposit guard	900	1200
...yp	540	720
...eli	1140	1600
...avi s teller	1200	1800
...isi nt clerk	1440	2000
...ecei er payer teller	1440	2100
...ecei er teller	1440	2000

Though this shows an advance of round 0% in these positions over 1914 it must be ...pparent that even the tellers at $2100 a ...ear are having plenty of mental exercise ...out of business hours in figuring on how to ...put the corners of the H. C. of L. In com...ment ing on salaries all bankers emphasize ...the act that a bank's profits depend upon ...int est and that interest rates have not ...increased since 1914 nearly so much as ...wa es have. It might also be observed that ...in he last five years banks have been ...obl ed to do a heavy volume of unpaid ...voi in connection with Liberty Loans and ...oth r war interests—work that has en...aid d expense without income.

No investigator digs far into the myste...ries of the H. C. of L. without finding it ...nec ssary to go to a reference library. There he will find scholarly and well-dressed librarians ready to select for him the latest reports and the best authorities. These pilots in the field of printed knowledge are not only college men and women—most of them entitled to use a choice collection of fragments of the alphabet after their signatures—but they must have passed through a strenuous course of special training in the technic of library work.

To one of these scholarly men who had at a moment's notice placed before me a bewildering array of documents and statistics on the burning question of the hour I put the question: "Have the salaries of men and women in your profession been advanced in proportion to the increased cost of living?"

His serious face showed a momentary smile and his hand moved instinctively to his white collar as he answered: "Well—hardly. This library is considered one of the best of its kind in the country from the viewpoint of its treatment of employees—and I think justly so. On a comparative basis we can have no complaint. However, the bald fact remains that we have had no advance in salary whatever since 1914—excepting by way of a bonus of one month's salary for the year to those receiving not more than $100 a month. And that bonus did not begin until about a year and a half ago. My salary was $150 a month in 1914, and it is still $150."

He laughed rather grimly as he continued: "If you're looking for the real irony of fate in connection with the high-cost-of-living problem you have certainly come to the right place for it. Professionally I'm able to tell you that the best authorities place the increase in living costs since 1914 at about 103%. That appears to be the favorite figure. Some conservatives are sticking for 80%, but they appear to be outvoted. Others declare that it is not under 108½. Personally I can testify that for the white-collar man 108 is not too high. I know it! No man can dress, eat and live like a gentleman and associate with gentlemen and not spend that much more than the same standard of living in 1914 exacted."

"Married?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered; "but I couldn't be if it were not for the fact that my wife is a teacher in a public school of this city and earns as much as I do. Her salary is the same as my own, precisely. And the requirements of her position are almost as exacting as to appearances as are those of my own. She must not only have good clothes and a rather liberal assortment of them, but she must attend lectures, buy books, follow new lines of study, see a few of the best plays and keep up with the times generally, as the common expression has it. A failure to do this would reflect itself in her work and her standing as a teacher. If a limited amount of amusement is a necessity to anybody it certainly is to a woman who is doing heavy teaching work in a large city school. Also, she must have a moderate amount of social life—or break under the strain. All these things cost money, more money to-day than anyone not familiar with the facts at first hand would believe."

The Pay of Librarians

"Perhaps the work of a reference librarian is not quite so tense and exhausting as that of teaching—but it is certainly more monotonous and just as confining. It whets a hunger for recreation that must be satisfied. You can cover the whole situation by saying that it takes all we can both earn to live as we are obliged to live and carry a reasonable amount of insurance. There is nothing left out of the income and we feel we are fortunate if we play an even game these days. Meantime, we are hoping for an increase in salary. But here comes another man, who is looking after information on family budgets, and I must be excused."

The salary schedule in this library, one of the best of its kind in America, is as follows: Attendants start at $35 a month and may be advanced in the course of a few years of service to $60. Junior assistants get $70 a month at the outset and may ultimately reach $90. Senior assistants receive $75 as a starter and face a maximum of $100 a month. Department heads, the aristocrats of this highly trained corps of white-collar intellectuals, are entered at $1800 and may

Pre-eminently satisfactory—
it's safety-sealed

New Parker Patent Clip Held in Place Like a Washer—25c

Whose birthday in November? A Parker Lucky Curve would make an appropriate and useful present.

20,000 dealers sell Parker Fountain Pens

Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin
New York Retail and Service Store, Singer Building

Bean Troubles

Which the Van Camp Cooks Corrected

It took four years for our experts to perfect this dish. And it cost $100,000

Ordinary baked beans had the following faults:

The dry beans varied vastly. So we buy beans grown on studied soils, and analyze each lot before baking.

The skins were tough, due to hard water. So we boil beans in water freed from minerals.

Beans were hard to digest. They were underbaked. So we built modern steam ovens, where Van Camp's Beans are baked for hours at 245 degrees.

The New Delights

Van Camp's Beans are baked in sealed containers. Thus none of the flavor escapes.

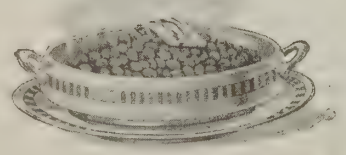
Baked beans were crisped or mushy or broken. With our modern steam ovens, all Van Camp's come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

Baked beans lacked zest. So our culinary experts perfected a sauce by comparing 856 recipes. And that zestful sauce is now baked with the pork and the beans.

Now in countless homes Van Camp's have changed the whole conception of baked beans. They are hygienic, easy to digest. They are whole and mellow. Every atom has a tang. And they are ever-ready.

In millions of meals Van Camp's are used to displace costly meats. And thousands of restaurants buy them, because men like these beans.

Buy a few cans and see what science has accomplished in this dish.



Van Camp's Beans are mealy, tender, whole. And the sauce gives every atom a delicious tang

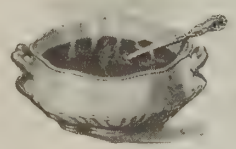
VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
18 Kinds

Van Camp's
Spaghetti

Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

finally climb to $3400, but those who have made this steep grade can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

From the hushed and bookish atmosphere of a great library to stockyards is rather an abrupt change—but I made it because it seemed to offer a decidedly bizarre study in contrasts. Besides, I had just read in the library certain reports on a hearing, before a famous United States judge acting as referee, of a plea for a wage increase for the packing-industry workers. From the evidence offered by the workers in the hearing it seemed to me that I could smell a story. It was a good hunch, for I fell in with a reporter for an afternoon paper who had been sent out, as he put it, "for a bucket of tears." I trailed along with the sob artist, and as he appeared highly competent I anticipated that a pleasant and profitable time would be had.

He made it quite clear to the superintendent of the packing plant to which he had led the way that he wasn't on an especially friendly mission, and that he was looking "for a whole gob of juicy proletariat grief" that would draw tears from a stone image when properly fried in packers' fat.

"Help yourself," was the superintendent's answer. "If you want to talk with women workers this boy'll lead you to 'em."

We followed the boy to a group of women sewing bags and sacking. The sob artist selected the weariest-looking one in the room who could speak English, and explained that he was there to learn how hard they had to work and how little they got from their toil.

"You don't want to talk with me," she responded with a genial grin; "I'm quitting this week."

"What's that got to do with it?" he persisted.

"Nothing," came the quick answer, "excepting that when I draw my check I'll be able to make the last payment on my second four-flat building."

As the sob artist turned away without another question I asked him: "Are you buying any flat buildings just now out of your white-collar salary?"

"Come to think of it," he answered, "I rather think I am, but there's no contract for a deed involved. My landlord has just jumped the rent of my four rooms from $32.50 to $50. When I told him that as a practical pirate Captain Kidd was a piker he smiled, rested his case on the law of supply and demand and asserted that Chicago was just now short some 50,000 apartments; that I happened to live in a classy neighborhood that was much fancied by West Side munition workers with swollen bank accounts and that if I couldn't compete with them in the rental auction he would be compelled to bid me good-by, much as he disliked to do so. Of course I looked round but I couldn't better myself. I stood the raise and saved the cost of moving."

Money in Tripe-Cleaning

"The only way by which I can meet the rent raise and all the other raises is by rustling a job on the side. There are not three men on our city staff who aren't working two jobs. One does a publicity stunt, another edits a house organ, another writes for a syndicate, and another gets enough stuff into highbrow magazines to about equal his salary. And—you'd never guess it!—one is a preacher. His salary as a staff writer is, like my own, somewhere round $35 a week—rather under than over. As a preacher he pulls down $50 a month. Then he picks up a bit now and then by writing, for he's a postgraduate college man and a keen student of economics and public affairs.

"But what does this double-trick twin-job method of working mean? Overwork for one thing, and shutting someone else out of a job for another. We're nearly all doing it in our office and I don't imagine that you will find many afternoon papers that pay their reporters and city-staff men salaries that will keep their heads above water without doing something on the side to help out. There's a copy reader on our desk who has been there nine years and is still getting thirty-five a week. He's a good man too. But you can bet he's between the millstones these days. So is every married man on the staff excepting the topnotchers."

This disappointed searcher for pathos finally declared his conviction that he was carrying under his own hat and in his own experience a better sob story than could be found in all the stockyards, and that i dared he would go back to the office write it.

When I found the superintendent of of the large plants I asked him: "W are your topnotch wage workers pul down these days in packing-house jo the boys in greasy jumpers?"

"Well, we have one man working machine for cleaning tripe who has ha difficulty in making $175 a week. In other packing company, however, me the same job have run their weekly up to $200. One man, I am reliably formed, pushed his wage up to $210 i week. Naturally the wage workers of class have big powerful cars of their that can hold the road against any mac owned by minor officials of the compa

"At a packing plant out in Oklahoma the Sunday wage of a certain calf ski was $37.25. Of course, like the tripe he was working on a piece basis and at a double rate because of Sunday It is not uncommon for butchers on beef-cutting floors to earn better than a week. At the moment I recall that of these men, a plate boner, recently a score of $120 for a week's work."

Highly Paid Women Worker

"If you are looking for something shows the spread between the salary o white-collar man and the pay check o wage worker I can give you just the ti The other day a foreman who was dra $45 a week came to me and asked for When I suggested that this was a r steep percentage of increase he replied as several of the men under him were p down $100 to $120 a week he would s resign and go on the floor with the r the gang. He made it very clear th did not consider the privilege of wear white collar and exercising a little authority worth $35 a week—not to anyhow!

"Floorsmen, whose work is class cattle cleaning, were paid 50 cents an in 1914 and now get 79½ cents an with time and a half after eight hours the course of a week some of the men c common cattle gangs, whose mini rate is 54½ cents an hour, contrive t in considerable time at other jobs p very much more money. For exa they get an opportunity to put in q bit of time at the 84½-cent rate. Of this boosts their total wage way above basis rate. Our highest-paid women workers are on the hog-trimming They run about $50 a week. Men clean casings earn $40 to $45 a week. told on good authority that in an plant there are men who put their sc to $100 and even $120 a week at this and come and go in their own cars— are not flivvers either. One Polish w on this job, who was accustomed to farm work in the old country, declare she liked this work because it was s and easy.

"We had one little white-collar e ence that almost disrupted our offic kid who was holding down an offic position at $9.50 a week got wise t spread between salaries and wage suddenly quit to take an overall jo in the plant. The instant he had his wages he came up into the offic almost started a riot by showing the there his new pay check. You can s the whole situation out here by sayin common labor holds the heavy end pay roll in the packing industry an this kind of labor has been raised fro cents an hour in 1914 to 46½ cents a at present. A hearing is now on for a raise. The laborers are demanding cents an hour."

In Kenwood, a Chicago suburb, l bookkeeper who has worked in one l for fifteen years and is now drawing $ a month. The squeeze of the shr white collar forced an economic cou this family, culminating in the deci the wife to hire a maid to take care two children and do the housework she took a stockyards job. She foun and comparatively easy employment which brought her a weekly wage a ing $32.50, or better than $22.50 a more than her husband was earning white-collar position.

Even a casual exploration of that tory commonly known as Back of the is bound to develop about as man prises for the visiting stranger as

(Continued on Page 177)

(Continued from Page 174)

ex dition into Darkest Africa. For mr, in this densely inhabited territory abt a mile square there is a movie ate of almost unique magnificence, in half a million dollars. The three ng banks of the district show signifi- t osperity. One, in 1912, had 9841 sors, $2,670,022 deposits, averaging 1.8 to the depositor. June 30, 1919, nmber of depositors was 22,043. th started in 1914 with 2447 deposit- $ 7,179 deposits, and an average of 7.7 to the depositor. On June 30, 9, e depositors numbered 4635 and the deposits was $1,900,106.65. The a deposit that comes in this savings as $409.95. Still another savings lso started in 1914, with 2321 de- , $141,381 in deposits and an aver- dosit of $60.91, had June 30, 1919, positors, $676,850.26 in deposits, ag $168.66 to the depositor.

he merchants in this territory, which is e exclusively given over to wage ce, admit that their trade has not only le in volume but has also passed a startling change in character. 9 their aim was to buy cheap goods e old at a cheap price; to-day their bl is to get a sufficient volume of chndise of good quality to meet the a. Once the belles of Back of the ds were proud to display engagement s sting $25; to-day these tokens of rimonial intentions must cost at least) in order to raise a ripple of pride. As merchant puts it: "The young chap s as an engagement ring on the finger is intended that is not set with a real kl puts himself down as a piker. The demand diamonds that are above sus- on-and they get them too!"

Deceptive Appearances

Merchants in the Chicago Loop District, f that matter in virtually every city t vn of industrial character, tell the e tory. The head of the jewelry rment of a famous store on State etChicago, related this incident:

A man whose appearance indicates h belongs to the working class gets a and careful attention when he rshis store. Certainly we know that n wage earner from the yards, the or the steel mills comes into this rment it is with a serious intention ng. The other day a man, plainly h wage-worker kind, came in and rt himself a diamond stickpin costing nt $500. Probably there have been r ecent purchases of this sort much er han this. The fact is, occurrences nikind have become so common that o longer make any particular im- si upon the salesmen and are quickly oen. I happened to remember the I mentioned because the customer in th remarked at the outset of our con- atn that he was either going to buy s another house which he mentioned, t t he was going to look at stones in laces before purchasing. He kept w d and went to the other house. me returned he was boiling with rage i imated that he had been received h other place as an interloper.

A salesman to-day—no matter how lt and exclusive the clientèle of cus- e he is accustomed to serve—who has lerned to pay wholesome respect to wge worker and to receive him with tus attention is making the business a of his life. Possibly I might be i that mistake myself if I had not n my lesson early. The very day I t en on as a salesman in a San Fran- welry store a man, of the roughest eance and who had evidently not ve for a fortnight, entered the place. dly all the salesmen excepting myself n conspicuously busy. In my inex- ere all was grist that came to my mill, I ave this man the best attention of hi was capable. The first article I m was a brooch of diamonds and rals at a price of almost $9000. Before ised with him his purchases amounted $2,000. He had just come out of k with more than a million dollars in . The lesson that this experience th me is applied every day in this rnent in these days of the bloated evelope."

n of the heads of a large Chicago de- nnt store makes this observation:

The old middle-class customer has al- t s completely disappeared as has the American passenger pigeon. Of course this is speaking slightly by way of exaggeration, but it is about the only way in which I can describe the situation with adequate force and clearness. As compared with prewar days we have two classes of customers—the wealthy and the wage workers. The type of employee generally referred to as the white-collar crowd is conspicuously absent, from the counters of this store at least. The families whose heads are drawing small or moderate salaries are buying with great restraint. They are the ones that are shopping round, as the expression has it. The wage workers, generally speaking, are buying what they want, asking few questions, and are not bothering to hunt from store to store for bargains. The commonest mistake made by salesmen to-day in our store, and other places having a high merchandising standard, is that of showing wage workers merchandise of too moderate a price. It is necessary to drill our salesmen constantly that they must not take it for granted that the customer who evidently belongs to the wage-working class does not want to see the best merchandise in the store—and to buy it too! It is safe for the salesman to assume that the wage earner or his wife or daughter is able to buy the most expensive stock and pay for it in cash."

Recently a certain shoe dealer learned a lesson along this line that he will not soon forget. He happened to have quite a stock of shoes of a certain brand which he could afford to sell as a leader at $5 a pair and still make a scant margin of profit. According to his traditions this was good merchandising practice. Therefore he took liberal advertising space in the daily papers of this city, in which he heralded the advantages of this bargain. The reaction from this advertising was almost zero. He puzzled over the matter for several weeks and then decided to try a daring experiment—that of marking the same shoes up to $10 a pair and spending only a fraction of the amount of advertising which he had devoted to them at the $5 price. The result of his experiment in commercial psychology was the immediate sale of every pair of these shoes at twice the price at which they had been offered a few weeks before. You can't convince this merchant that the H. C. of L. is not like heaven—a state of mind.

And speaking of shoe stores, let me give a little direct testimony. Recently I was asked to buy a pair of slipper buckles in Chicago. They should cost, I was told, about a dollar. In response to my inquiry at the buckle counter of a leading State Street shoe store the saleswoman gave me a pitying smile and explained that such buckles were no longer carried in stock, that I would scarcely be able to find them at all and that ladies were now wearing cut-steel buckles. She had something very neat in that line, she informed me, for $36.

Ninety-Dollar Slipper Buckles

After presenting my best imitation of a poker face I asked: "Is that the best you have?"

"Oh, no," was her reassuring answer; "we have a perfect dear for $90."

"If you don't mind," I replied, "just let me hold the perfect dear for a moment. It will be a privilege that I've never enjoyed before."

Just then the manager of the store appeared and smilingly cut into the conversation.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and the astonishing thing is that we're selling them—scads of them! I stand here day after day and wonder where all the flood of reckless dollars comes from—and also how long before it will begin to ebb. Our sales have increased 50% in numbers of pairs and 70% in volume of dollars in the last year."

A few minutes later I talked with another dealer in high-grade shoes and confessed to him my amazement at the story of the $90 steel buckles.

"He was telling you the truth all right," remarked this merchant, whom I have known personally for about twenty years. "Only a few days ago a woman came into one of our stores and bought two pairs of slippers with cut-steel buckles. They came to more than $200. In spite of the fact that we have a shoe factory of our own we have in the last year literally turned away more money from our counters than we have accepted. We simply could not get the goods to meet the demand. Of course this implies that hundreds of wage earners who used to buy inexpensive shoes—back in

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

TO EXPERIENCE the luxury of perfectly fitting underwear, one must wear ATHENA.

The form-fitting qualities of ATHENA, its beautiful fabrics and dainty, durable trimmings are a delight to the woman of discriminating taste.

The lines of ATHENA underwear conform to the figure.

It clings easily, naturally and gracefully, without being *stretched* to fit.

Ask your local dealer to show you ATHENA'S seven special features

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Note the striking contrast between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in illustrations of Women's underwear.

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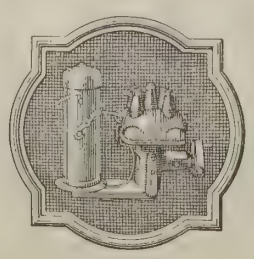
Atwater Kent Equipped Peerless Car

ATWATER KENT

Ignition, Starting and Lighting

Miles from Civilization, in places where the severest service is demanded of your car and motor, your ATWATER KENT IGNITION SYSTEM *continues to spark unfailingly and with maximum efficiency. Its simplicity is a warranty of continued and satisfactory operation.*



ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
Philadelphia

1914—are now buying fine shoes, with comparatively little regard for price."

As public attention is now focused searchingly on footwear the following experience is too illuminating to be spared from the simple annals of the shoe store: Immediately after the outbreak of the European War two thoughtful white-collar men on meager salaries were discussing personal finances and the probable trend of prices.

One of them remarked: "I've managed to save an even hundred dollars and I'm going to chuck it in the savings bank as a sinking fund."

"All right," replied the other, "you deposit your hundred in the form of dollars at the receiving teller's window. I have a hundred saved and I'll deposit that downstairs in the same bank, but in shoes instead of dollars. We'll see who comes out ahead. You know I'm obliged to be on my feet from morning until night. So are my two sons, who have just taken walking jobs. This will mean a lot of shoes in the next few years. The boys have got their growth and therefore their sizes will not change."

This arrangement was carried out. After the signing of the armistice these two white-collar men compared notes on their deposits. The one who deposited dollars found that he had a trifle more than $120 to his credit. The shoes which the other deposited had cost $5 a pair, and his deposit was therefore twenty pairs.

"You see the make of these shoes," he remarked to his friend. "Now go into the store across the street and find how many pairs you can buy to-day for your $120."

"Oh, I've done that already," admitted the man with the bank balance. "My money will not buy ten pairs. As a depositor you are certainly a shark."

In a pleasant little country town of about 3000 inhabitants, a little less than fifty miles from Chicago, the superintendent of schools receives a salary of $3000 a year. In 1914 he drew $1800. He is a careful manager and at the end of that year he had just $200 saved above his expenses for a family of three. In the school year of 1918–19 his living expenses, pared down to the last possible degree, were $2700 and his salary was $2500. Some of the grade teachers under this superintendent were receiving $550. In a foundry in the same town molders are now and have been for some time receiving a regular wage of $40.50. In another manufacturing plant of much the same character in that town skilled workmen are making $45 a week. Quite a number of workmen doing much lighter and pleasanter work in another manufacturing plant of that village are drawing $50 a week, and a still larger number $30 to $40. One lately displayed a weekly pay check for $66.

The Plight of the Teachers

The most highly paid preacher in that community receives $1200 a year and donates at least $100 of it to the church. The city clerk gets $1500, the cashier of the larger of its two banks draws $150 a month, and the assistant cashier, $125. The assistant cashier of the smaller bank gets $25 a week and the assistant postmaster's salary was increased, last July, from $1100 to $1200 a year. In July of 1918 and 1919 he received a bonus of $200. The office manager of the foundry in which skilled men are earning $45 a week and semiskilled labor $35 a week receives $45.

One of the grade school-teachers in this town, drawing $550 a year, decided that the financial atmosphere of the schoolroom was a little too oppressive for her and therefore sought a job outside of her chosen profession. She is now drawing $1570 a year. This picture of the spread of incomes as between the white-collar crowd and the wage workers is duplicated in thousands of other towns.

Up to the fateful Monday of September 22, 1919, there were literally hundreds of skilled workers earning a weekly wage of $100 and up—with marked emphasis on the word "up." In 1914 the wage for common labor in the steel plants for the Calumet District was $1.95 for ten hours and $2.30 for twelve hours. The increase for the ten-hour basis has been 137% and for the twelve-hour basis 145%. In 1918 the average earnings of all the employees of this great corporation was $1685. The lowest daily wage paid to skilled help was $7 and the highest $80. The average pay of all rollers was $30 a day and the melters averaged $20. Last year the Steel Corporation had on its pay roll 268,710 employees. There are now more than 60,000 of it ployees who own stock in the corpor

For the sake of definiteness with r to the difference between white-colla ployees and wage workers the manager of several large corporations were viewed. One of these, in Detroit, dec

"In this city in 1914 first-class ma ists were receiving 35 cents to 40 cer hour, and first-class toolmakers 42½ to 45 cents. To-day machinists are aging $7 to $8 a day and toolmakers $9 a day; in other words, the wages of men in mechanical trades have incr at least 100%. Salaries of white-collar outside of important executive posi have increased approximately 70%.

Where White Collars Fare B

If this summary of the employmen ation in Detroit is accurate the white- crowd in the famous automobile city a decided advantage over their fell almost any other part of America. example, the pay roll of a very large p service corporation in Chicago shows a different situation. Since 1914 th of its wage workers has advanced 8 and the compensation of its white- men 18.35%! Another big public-s corporation is justly proud of the fac its salaried employees have been adv 50% since 1914, as against a raise o for its wage workers. One of the l ice-and-coal companies in America the following comparative showing:

	AUGUST 1914	AUGUST 1919
	PER WEEK	PER WEEK
Ice drivers	$19.50	$30.00
Ice helpers	17.25	27.50
	PER DAY	PER DAY
Coal drivers (2-horse)	3.00	5.00
Laborers	2.00	4.00
	PER MONTH	PER MONTH
Bookkeepers	$72.50	$115.00
Clerks	60.00	85.00
Stenographers	60.00	85.00
Car accountants	65.00	115.00
Collectors	65.00	100.00
Cashiers	75.00	120.00

In one of the large packing comp where employment conditions and are undoubtedly typical of the indus a whole, salary workers have been inc 43%, while common labor, working hour basis, has been boosted 167% 1914. One of the largest corporati the West has increased its pay to co labor 116% since 1914 as against an in to salaried employees in its manufac department of 75%. Perhaps the collar crowd makes its best showin certain big industrial corporation Middle West where employee repre tion is in a high state of development. common labor has been increased since 1914 and salaried employees 100%. This company, however, is liant, not to say startling, exception rule so far as the percentage of its in to salaried workers is concerned.

No investigator can follow this research to any great length without compelled to admit, at least to h that as a general rule the increase of salaried employees has been great those companies commonly classed business, not to say "malefactors o wealth." Also he cannot escape reco of the fact that the white-collar em fares best in those industrial organiz in which the principle of employee sentation is applied with the most si and practicality.

But to return for a moment to th shadowing and persistent presence H. C. of L., one national authority that it has climbed since 1914 to the altitude of 117% and a fraction. A equally distinguished and dependab thority puts its altitude at 103% abo of about five years ago. If you hap be a white-collar man you would pr prefer, as I do, to believe that tho have to maintain a white-collar fro entitled to believe the worst and acc higher figure.

If the reader persists in asking the p question: "What is to be done abo the answer is as simple as it is ol "Increase production and practice vidual thrift." Here lies the only w And to the innocent bystander it a to be pretty much up to the wage w

In view of these facts, Mister S Man, how would you like to swa white collar for a suit of jumpers snuff-colored work shirt?

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 38)

eter three days aren't very formidable. av Doctor Dill's affidavit about the scar th man's chin and so on. You can ex- n my chin with a microscope if you 's. 'll tell you, if you care to know, I was ein Billingtown, Nebraska, in my life. er oned William Pomeroy for my own sos. You two can get out now. If you r t a finger against me I'll smash you t leaks me."

He poke coolly, looking straight at them, d s they still stood paralyzed, he added er brief moment, "That's all! Get !' He moved to the table and pressed a l tton on the corner of it.

Jue mechanically McMurtry and Mor- rned to the door. As they stepped o ne anteroom the guard came up, w ing Dinsmore's ring, and they heard s ore say to him, "Thank you; it's no tt now."

Thy found themselves on the broad ewlk. It was the same thronged busy ce the same towering buildings, the ne une sunshine up above; nothing had n d—hardly even the Board of Trade ckwhich showed only two minutes past ce But for all that, it was an utterly ent world, in which the two pedes- n couldn't find themselves.

"Tr cell sold us out," Morden muttered in sly.

Bu the lawyer's mind was not so nd as that. He perceived that the x the matter lay in an entirely differ- rection.

"Jat damned smooth chin!" he said nly. "He has got Dill's affidavit— ou the scar and so on. The scar's all oth it. I don't make it out—yet."

Thy moved automatically up the street, idly shipwrecked and vaguely groping a ew bearing. But they found none.

"Jat damned smooth chin!" McMur- uttered again as they entered his co uilding.

Mnwhile Dinsmore had turned to rcl saying: "Of course they would ve windled you. You're a young man. u n do better than tie up with black- s. I'm willing to drop this where it n. But this thing started with you— nv that. Pomeroy went to you with s ry. I'm going to hold you responsi- . the thing ends here, very well; I've hg more to say. But I meant exactly at said when I told them I'd stand no re onsense about it. I shall look to you. u' young; you must have ability or u couldn't have that newspaper posi- n. Go straight and you've nothing to be ai of."

Hf paralyzed, Purcell, heart in boots, l only stammer abjectly: "I shouldn't ve got into it, Mr. Dinsmore. I was nged ——"

"C course," said Dinsmore, not un- di. "Buck up now! Go straight! u're nothing to be afraid of if you do. t ou started this. I'm going to hold r sponsible for the other two. Keep ir ye on them."

"I will," said Purcell shakily.

Dismore smiled and replied: "Good k you. That's all."

So Purcell also found himself out in a nir yet quite strange street; but some- w unlike McMurtry and Morden— lir tremendously grateful, as though he l arely escaped a dire peril.

As Purcell left, Dinsmore started to fol- w, ut he paused on his way to the door l ut his hand up to his face; then il as he realized the beard was gone. kig up the telephone from the table he le his house. The butler answered and ns ore gave him this message:

"Tell Mrs. Dinsmore and Louise that I a coming home at once and bringing ma surprise."

Th two women were expecting him er ore when he drove up to the house an ir ater and as he stepped into the living on his wife uttered a prolonged note of a ment.

"Why, Al-fred Dins-more!" She sprang ad ran to him, laughing in a joyous ci ment and exclaiming: "Why, Alf! he did you do it? Why didn't you tell yu were going to? You know I always n d you to!" And she fell upon him, kig him and hugging him, feeling his oth cheek with her hand, still bubbling pr laughter and exclamations. "You g have told me! Oh, I'm so glad u e got that old beard off! I told you it would make you younger—and handsomer! Doesn't he look just a boy again, Lou?" She turned her shining face to her daughter and at once gave a new note of surprise: "Why, Louie! Silly child, what are you crying for?"

Mysteriously the tall young woman seemed transformed back into a small child as she stood looking at her father, tears running down her face.

"I don't know," she murmured, and gave a helpless little laugh through her tears; "only I'm glad!" She silently put an arm round her father's neck and laid a cheek against his. Then she rubbed her hand over his chin and kissed it and murmured again with a helpless little laugh through her tears, "I'm glad!"

"Foolish Louie!" said her mother, herself sympathetically moved almost to tears by something mysteriously childlike in her daughter's emotion. She turned to her husband, bubbling again, "I told you it would make you years younger! Why didn't you tell me?"

Smiling, Dinsmore explained that he'd been thinking of shaving his beard for sometime, but he hadn't told her, because he wished to surprise her; and as husband and wife talked a moment in that strain Dinsmore was furtively regarding his daughter.

"Come! Let's show your mother—and Cousin Elliot too!" Mrs. Dinsmore cried, slipping a pretty hand under her husband's arm.

From where they stood in the living room they could see Mrs. Dinsmore, Senior, and Cousin Elliot sitting out on the lawn looking at the lake—the aged woman so blanched and frail she seemed a barely embodied spirit, and Cousin Elliot gravely happy in a new brown-linen suit.

"No, wait a bit," Dinsmore replied. "I want her to be prepared a little beforehand. Mother's too old for any shocks. You find a way to do it, Nell."

So a little later Mrs. Dinsmore left them. Through the east windows they saw her move across the lawn toward the older pair—a pleasing, gracious figure.

"So you approve it?" Dinsmore said to his daughter in a light tone, smiling a little, but watching her closely.

"Yes, daddy," she murmured, and leaned against his shoulder, her eyes downcast.

He considered a moment—recalling the evening before—dropped the light tone and asked soberly, "Perhaps you've heard something, Louie—something about that beard."

"Yes," she answered.

He waited a moment again and said: "It occurred to me last night—though I couldn't imagine how."

"I've been thinking of it all the time," she said, low, with downcast eyes, "whether or not I ought to tell you. Maybe you ought to know. My maid, Jenny, left to-day."

He could make nothing coherent out of those disjointed hints, but he could form a vague surmise. He took her hand, kissed it and tucked it under his arm, saying, "Let's go upstairs."

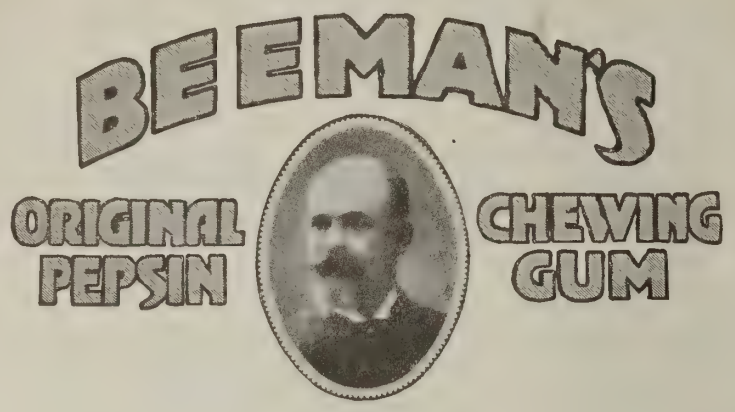
Up in his den she preferred to sit at his feet, where—looking steadily out at the lake—she repeated Jenny Dupee's story, concluding—in the same hushed voice, "I've been thinking of it ever since—whether I ought to tell you. It seemed you ought to know."

He had listened to the recital without comment or motion and was silent a moment after she had finished.

"I see," he said. "Well, it was high time. I should have cleaned this thing up long ago. I didn't kill that man, Lou. I was never in Billingtown, Nebraska, where he was killed—but maybe I wasn't very far from it in one way. I wasn't very steady as a youth. I played poker and did plenty of other fool things.

"Suppose, now, I'd got into a great mess at home and struck out at random, without any money to speak of, and so on. Suppose I had fallen in with a certain gang of older men.

"I've wondered a thousand times, if all the circumstances had been right, just how much I would have balked at a proposition to rob a country bank—all easy and safe, a lark. I hope to God I would have balked! I think I would. Yet I've wondered a thousand times—if all the circumstances had been just right and it had struck me



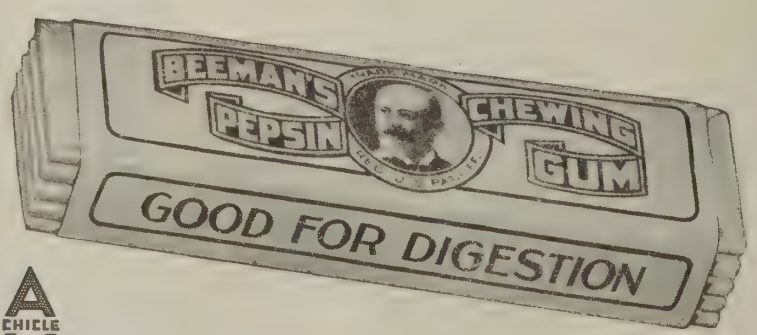
Increases Efficiency

WHEN a man is irritable and annoyed by little things his efficiency is greatly diminished, because under these conditions he cannot do his best work, nor can he get the best work out of those about him.

Generally indigestion in some slight form, due frequently to hasty eating, is the makings of a grouch.

In most cases of this sort the routine use after meals of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum will relieve the indigestion and restore the temper of the individual to a calm, normal condition.

D. E. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

like robbing an apple orchard on a bigger scale. I've got a great fault, dear girl—I'm not enough afraid.

"Four men robbed that bank. The leader was named Colby—a county-fair faker and great rascal. There was a negro named William Pomeroy who was a sort of man Friday and bodyguard of his. And there was a man who lived out there in Billingtown named Sykes. Then there was a young man whom they called Tom Wilson. The cashier surprised them at it—came on them suddenly, it seems. Wilson fired—in sheer panic, no doubt—and killed him. But the cashier wounded Wilson and he was taken to Sykes' house where a Doctor Dill attended him.

"Years afterward Colby and Pomeroy concluded that I was Tom Wilson. I let them think so. I paid them money. Pomeroy came here to the house every month and got six hundred dollars. I don't know just why, but Pomeroy, the negro, got dissatisfied. He was afraid of Colby—with very good reason. No doubt Colby kept most of the blackmail money—gave Pomeroy what he judged the negro ought to have. Pomeroy got dissatisfied; he wanted to get hold of some money for himself and get away. That must have been running in his head a long time—how he could manage to do that without Colby finding it out until he'd got the money and disappeared.

"It's hard to tell just what goes on in the mind of a man like Pomeroy—a good deal like trying to dig back into the mind of a monkey. He was childishly ignorant in a good many ways, yet with a kind of simian shrewdness too. Well, he saw in the newspapers about my libel suit against the Leader. He thought the Leader would be anxious to get any kind of a hold over me. So he actually went up to the Leader office and asked for the editor and was shown in to a sort of amateur rogue named Purcell, the managing editor. This fellow Purcell got him to tell his story, but the negro demanded some sort of bond first, so Purcell—gauging his man—wrote out an absurd promise to pay him a hundred thousand dollars in case he felt like it, for that's what it amounted to, and signed J. Wesley Tully's name to it.

"You see, it was two blockheads and amateur rogues, but one with a better education than the other.

"So Purcell went with the story to a blackleg lawyer named McMurtry, who called in a blackleg detective named Morden, and the two proposed to blackmail me for a few millions. The detective went out to Nebraska and found Doctor Dill—a sad old wreck, all shot to pieces with drink and drugs—and brought him here. He cheerfully identified me as Tom Wilson. Then McMurtry came up here and demanded a quarter of a million dollars and I agreed to pay him seventy-five thousand the following day, which I did. I had to gain time to cast round and see how I could protect myself.

"You see, Pomeroy—with that curious kind of ignorant shrewdness of his—had said that John Colby was dead. I gathered from what McMurtry said, he even charged me with having killed him in some way or other. Pomeroy was mortally afraid of Colby and was shrewd enough to know that if these other fellows knew Colby was alive they'd probably insist on bringing him into it. So he told them Colby was dead. Of course he wasn't at all. He was living here at Luke's Hotel under the name of James Collingwood. Probably he'd got into a very bad scrape somewhere and thought it best to keep an assumed name. I don't know anything about it, but that's the reasonable presumption. When McMurtry began talking to me I saw he must have been talking to Colby or Pomeroy. When he said Colby was dead I concluded it must have been Pomeroy and that Pomeroy was keeping it dark from Colby.

"Well, I wanted to shut Pomeroy up and get him out of the blackmailers' reach, and I was satisfied he was acting behind Colby's back. So, soon after McMurtry left the house—as soon as I had studied it over and come to that conclusion—I went downtown and looked up Colby. I knew where he was apt to be found—a poker joint, in fact—and I changed my clothes, for I didn't want to attract attention in that neighborhood. Well, I found Colby and told him what had happened, and was more than ever satisfied that Pomeroy was acting on his own hook. I said he must find Pomeroy at once and get him out of town where the blackmailers couldn't reach him and then we'd think of a counterst against them. He agreed to that.

"It would take some money of co for they would be cut off from the ba supplies for a while. I said I would go to a hotel and engage a room and wai him there, while he found Pomeroy got ready to leave town. This was past ten or eleven at night, you know- a very good time to raise cash. I went to the club and got what little cash had there and found a young chap knows the way about town at night went out scouting for me. The upsho I got twenty-three thousand dollars. I went over to the hotel and waite Colby. It was sometime between tw three in the morning when he appear noticed that he had changed his clothe seemed shaken and had been drinki good deal.

"He said it had taken him a good to find Pomeroy and Pomeroy had disposed to bluff him off at first, but fi had confessed and agreed to leave t Pomeroy had told Colby about his deal Purcell and given him that strange ment which pretended to promise a hun thousand dollars. Colby showed it t and I kept it. That's how I knew t part Purcell was playing in it.

"That was Colby's story. He and I eroy were all ready to leave town the said. I gave him the money and he out. The talk took some time and I wa to think a while. When I looked at watch it was twenty minutes past thre too late to go home, so I slept at the and had some different clothes sent to the office in the morning."

He laid his hand on his daughter's and was silent a long moment and cle his throat.

"Louie, dear, Colby must have k Pomeroy that night."

She gave a sharp little gasp, lifting face on which the shock was registered clutched his hand.

"He must have killed him," he repe "It must have been Colby. From th cumstances, I'm satisfied he found Pom and talked to him just about as he tol and made him agree to leave town. must have left Pomeroy's lodging h together by the back door—Pomeroy's case packed ready to travel. It seems th a dark area back of the lodging ho next the alley. Pomeroy must have tri break away there. There must have a fight. I tell myself that Pomeroy denly attacked Colby to throw him of break away. Colby struck him wi knife. I must have it that it happened sort of self-defense. When it happened no idea. Colby changed his clothes came to me and got the money and

"The blackmailers traced that out charged it up to me. How much I'm ch able with it, I'll know at judgment day I know I never thought of it beforehan

"Well, Pomeroy and Colby were There remained Doctor Dill. I cont that he should make an affidavit iden ing me as Tom Wilson and describin scar on Wilson's chin. Then I shave beard and showed them my chin. I c late that checkmates Doctor Dill. Th checkmated all round and know it. told them this afternoon, if they ever a finger against me again I'll smash t I'm going to be done with it for good all. I ought to have been done with it ago. If I had cleaned it up long a wouldn't have this bad thought of much I'm to blame for the poor Pomeroy. I ought to have done it long

"Of course you're wondering wh didn't. You've got to know it all You know I had an older brother, Artl

The fact of her dead uncle had be her mind as far back as she could rem ber—a fact to which only the faintest, vicarious sort of emotion attached, as had never seen him. But with a su prickling of the nerves now she brea "Yes." Her father pondered a mo before resuming.

"Some day science will know what with beings like him, but it doesn't He was two years older, and as far ba I can remember I knew there was somet wrong about him. There was somet wrong in his brain—a grounded cir Looking back at it now, I'd hardly sa was vicious. It was hardly that. T was a patch somewhere in his brain tha hardly more than idiotic. A bad boy what they said about him then—what would say about him now. Yet in n

(Concluded on Page 185)

(Concluded from Page 182)

is e could be kind and fond—kinder
for er than most boys.
Artur struck out at random and fell in
C by and helped rob the bank and
the cashier—a child or a moral idiot—
agun. And after a while—being
frightened, wanting comfort and
om, and with the same sort of men-
competence—he confessed the whole
his mother. Only the crooked
tit made him really irresponsible as
could have made him do that. But
."
ti silence a great sigh escaped him.
o can imagine partly how it was with
hen you have borne a child and
e it against your breast you can
nit all. He had been her cross—to
ue clung. Always to her, you see,
been her crippled child—her hurt
-ith that terrible wrong thing in his
. fy mother has loved me, Louie, as
a nothers love their children, but not
tit poignancy of love which she felt
n When she found out what he had
se could see only one thing—her
e flesh and blood bound and led to a
a rope tied round his neck and the
ed out of him. It was a thought
ol not endure. There is a passion to
l m which she has lived on for thirty
.
oy was partly right, you see. The
.s Dinsmore. In time he found her
blckmailed her—an easy prey, with
whelming terror. He blackmailed
n ears before I knew about it. When
ow I would have defied him and
tt out right there, but she simply
ot bear that. As we talked it over—
sug—I saw that the idea of fighting
standing a trial if necessary—was
dith to her. She simply could not
rethe risk. Though that shot had
ed many years before, the thing
tt all died down in her mind. Her
ice wouldn't let it. A murder had
die.
Thhangman stood at her door day and
t. t was an overwhelming terror. Of
se had to yield—and have paid black-
er since."
Jn when he was so long dead?" she
irvonder.
Ievas sent away to a sanatorium and
ai he was dead," her father replied;
tit trouble in his brain grew—mer-
y no doubt—until he became alto-
erhildish. Look!"
e is pointing to the window. Looking
ard she saw her gracious mother,
vhe grandmother and Cousin Elliot,
te happy in his new linen suit. Her
le eyes came back to her father's
.
N—— " she began incredulously, but
d ot finish.
e odded, saying: "If he shaved his
dlou would see the scar. As long as
v she will have the same terror and
sae passion to shield him. When I
lard of the blackmail I tried to
Ir there could be no danger—beyond
ri y unpleasant newspaper sensation,
s on—for he was then just as he is
. ut she could not endure having it
g up. You see, my brother really is
, ouie. Whatever there was of a
orible being at the time the shot was
ed long ago. For many years there
oy been an overgrown infant—with
i a while a shadowy sort of recollec-
. ut she couldn't endure having it
g up at all. And as I looked at it,
e as, after all, only the disagreeable
e usiness of dealing with an old rascal
blckmailer. The money didn't matter
ll. I said Colby should have his dirty
e; and she should suffer no more
k
Y know, he is her flesh and blood.
tkes the sin to herself—if it was a sin
l ling with his crooked brain. I think
n he has shielded him here she means to
r lrself in expiation hereafter. I think,
too, Hereafter says she has already expiated whatever sin there was.

"I'm confident it's settled now for her. All these blacklegs wanted was money out of me. With me showing a smooth chin, they have no trail to follow, for their whole story hung on a scarred chin. Of course my wearing a beard just happened at first; then I kept it because I was used to it. Maybe it pleased me to wear a beard when most men went smooth faced. But afterward, when I heard about the blackmail, I kept it purposely, because it was a red herring across the trail. As long as they were looking to me they wouldn't be looking for another Dinsmore. In that way it protected her.

"They had me in a disagreeable place. I played a game with them and at what I thought the right moment shaved my beard for checkmate. I'm confident they are too discouraged now to go further. They might possibly try to find Colby; but he has three days' start and is an old hand at dodging. Of course they've no interest in finding him unless they can get me, and their case against me has collapsed. I'm not afraid of them.

"You see, when I learned about this blackmail I said that, after all, it was only a question of some little annoyance and paying some money that didn't matter to me in the least. Seeing how my mother felt, I said I'd just buy Colby off and have done with it. But probably it's only grocery bills that money will really settle. It finally let me in for this bad Pomeroy affair.

"I'm chargeable with something there. My hands aren't really clean. You can't do dirty business and keep clean."

She saw that he was moved, and said, "But you never meant it, father."

"No, I never meant it; but it happened all the same. I'm chargeable with something. There's a smudge on my hands—and a bad thing to think of. I haven't been a good man, daughter. I've been too headstrong and confident—too reckless, I suppose. I came up here to Chicago and went on the Board of Trade. Of course the grain business was what I knew about. It was my father's business. I liked the excitement and the risk. I liked to win. Your mother can tell you that I got my name in the newspapers as a daring operator and all that. It wasn't very good for me."

She saw that he was moved, and he laid his hand on her head.

"When you were a little girl, four years old, I gave up all that. On your account I didn't want it. I said I'd get into something steadier. But finally I had to quarrel with you over young Proctor, who's probably a very good fellow too. I might have done a lot better than I have done, Louie."

"It was my fault that we quarreled, dear," she said contritely, and kissed his hand. And for a little while they talked in happy reconciliation. Presently, clasping his hand and looking toward the window, she said: "I have a little story to tell too—I love Ned."

Having told that much, she looked up at him and told the rest—her mistake about Lowell Winthrop; how fine and steadfast Edward Proctor had shown himself in adversity; how with that miserable old misunderstanding in her mind she had suspected her father of hiring a spy and Edward Proctor had defended him. Then they talked further of that most intimate subject father and daughter could talk about. Finally she said—coaxing, half doubtful, but with a precious hope:

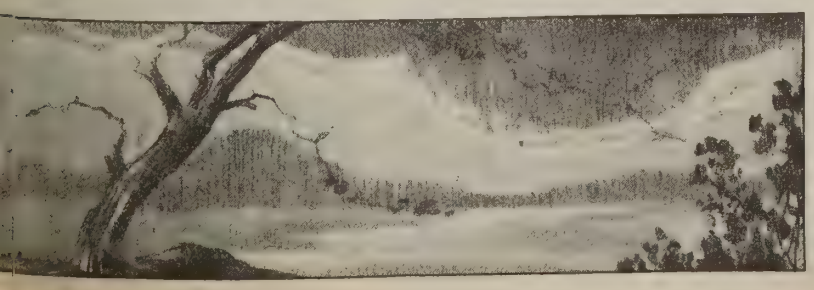
"Do you think, father—I might make him a beautiful present—might bring him a very beautiful marriage gift?"

"And what would that be?" he asked.

"To pay off those savings-bank depositors. It's about seven hundred thousand dollars."

He smiled at her upturned face and replied: "We'll talk that over with him."

(THE END)



Swinehart Tires

Dealers Know Why

They Wear -and Wear -and Wear

Tire Character

Swinehart Tires are character-tires; character that has endured the test of use for 16 long years.

Swineharts are manufactured by men devoted to the principle of the thing and they live up to the Swinehart Ideal.

When you get Swinehart Tires you know for a fact that you are getting all that is getable in tire service, tire reputation and tire quality.

The Tire Without a Single Government Rejection

Swinehart Tires are made in both Fabric and Cord—Hexagon, Ribbed Treads and Plain. All give more guaranteed mileage for your money than you ever would expect or ever have a right to expect.

Ideal Cellular Truck Tires

The Tire That Saves the Truck

A tire that has all of the advantages of the pneumatic with none of the disadvantages. *Its wonderful resiliency saves the truck—saves the load.*

It *wears*—and *wears*—and *wears* because it does not burn itself up.

The cellular construction of this tire keeps it cool; gives it pneumatic qualities; prevents skidding.

There isn't a tire made, solid or pneumatic, that will do more for you or your truck.

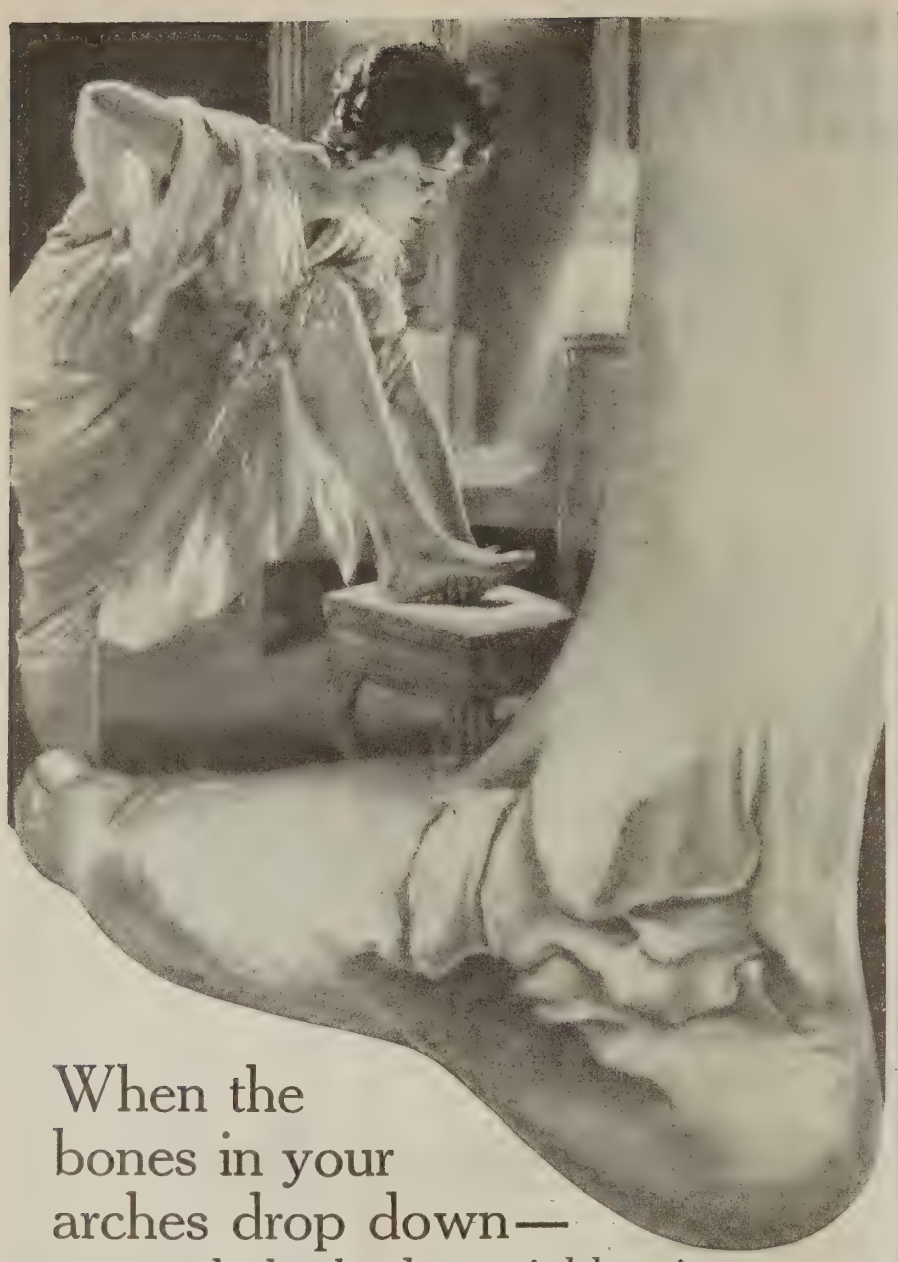
Let us explain these practical, scientific features.

Dealers to Serve you Everywhere

The Swinehart Tire & Rubber Co.
AKRON, OHIO

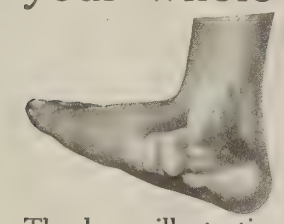
Dealers:

A Swinehart agency is the banner proposition of them all. Fewer comebacks, glad customers, and an absolutely A-1 tire. Better get our proposition at once.



When the bones in your arches drop down—

your whole body quickly tires out



Fallen arches, commonly called *flat foot*, cause pain in the feet, ankles, calves, thighs, and sometimes in the back. This condition, *also nearly every other form of foot trouble*—such as run-over heels or callouses on the sole—is the result of a weakness in the structure of the foot.

The large illustration above shows the proper formation of the arch in your foot. And in the smaller X-Ray view, you see the extreme stage of flat-foot. As the arch falls, the undue pressure of the displaced bones produces a painful strain on ligaments and nerves. Foot pains are *signals* of foot weakness. At the first indication of foot discomfort, you should have your feet examined by a qualified Orthopraxic expert. He will give you immediate relief—and remove the *causes* of your foot trouble.

Restore your arches to normal, with

Wizard

Adjustable Foot Appliances

The Wizard method of foot relief is entirely and exclusively *different*. With Wizard soft leather inserts in overlapping pockets—flexible, feather-light—a comfortable support is built under the displaced foot bones, holding them up in their natural formation. Your foot structure regains its proper conditions. All pain *stops*. Whatever your foot trouble, get *Wizard foot relief*. It is complete and lasting.

Wizard Foot Relief experts, qualified Orthopraxists, are at shoe and department stores everywhere. Also at surgical supply houses. Go and get Wizard Foot Relief today.

Write us for Free Booklet, explaining the exclusive principle of the Wizard Foot-Relief Method.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co.
1687 Locust St. St. Louis

THE WATER'S FINE

(Continued from Page 17)

to the Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, Rocket. You're goin' to make all the rest of them look like shrinkin' violets on a foggy afternoon when I finish up with you. You just wait and see."

"How long have I got to wait, Jimmy?" ventured Lolita, who was adrift in the realms of fancy, carried thither by the soothing cadences of Jimmy's voice.

"Only until some afternoon when this June Delight person fails to show up. I hear she's talkin' of layin' off for a few days. If that doesn't happen by the middle of next week I'll get to her chauffeur and frame it so that she misses the show. Then we'll pull the big act. If you'll promise not to talk about it even in your sleep I'll hand you a little advance information on the subject."

Only the silent stars and the discreet moon shared Jimmy's confidence with Lolita. Its general tone and tenor lifted that despairing daughter of the plains out of the rut of hopeless striving into which she felt she had fallen and filled her with such anticipatory delight that when she said good-by at the door of her boarding house she impulsively reached forward and kissed him full on the mouth.

"You're a darling!" she murmured.

"I'll take an encore on that, girlie," he replied.

And he did.

MISS JUNE DELIGHT summoned Manager McClintock to her dressing room just before the Saturday-night performance and successfully simulated the classic symptoms of impending nervous prostration while she sniffed at a vial of smelling salts and submitted to the ministrations of a tired maid who gently massaged her forehead with her finger tips. Miss Delight in a voice that was barely audible informed the manager that she could not possibly endure the trying ordeal of further performances after that evening without a brief period of rest and that she was leaving for a week's stay at a sanitarium on the following morning.

McClintock gave voice to low moans and flew other signals of distress, but Miss Delight was obdurate to his more or less frenzied expostulations and remarked that though she was disturbed at having to disappoint her dear, lovely, friendly public she felt that her health was the prime consideration. The manager was in a surly mood when he left her to seek out the stage director.

"Who's the understudy?" he inquired.

"She calls herself Lolita Murphy," replied the director, "but I understand there's a certain party connected with the publicity department who calls her even flossier names than that."

"Jimmy's gal, eh?" commented the manager. "Well, she's there with the looks anyway. Has she had a rehearsal?"

"She's been through the thing roughly with the rest of the understudies, but I can have the whole troupe called for to-morrow morning and we can run straight through. We'll get out the dirigible and go through with the rescue stunt. We mustn't fall down on that. The little lady seems to be there with the nerve, but I'd like to try it out."

Jimmy was permitted to break the news to Lolita. He met her after the performance that night and imparted the glad tidings. When he left her he gave her a final word of caution.

"Keep the little old nerve up, girlie," he said earnestly, "and we'll wake up the whole country on Monday morning."

"I'll try, Jimmy," she whispered. "You're just the—well, just the dearest boy I've ever known."

On the following morning Lolita, athrill with excitement and a little nervous, assumed the title rôle in Secret Service Sally at a rehearsal, to the complete satisfaction of McClintock, the stage director, and Jimmy Martin. The latter watched her with adoring eyes and when she successfully essayed the sensational rescue scene he was moved to wild and clamorous applause, which sounded a bit startling in the great empty auditorium. Under Bobby Wilkins' expert direction the big clumsy dirigible was maneuvered round the edge of the roof and Lolita was lifted into the car by the former ace with such adroit ease that the whole thing seemed to be simply part of a casual everyday occurrence. When it was over and Lolita had been safely landed b earth and had received the congratu of everyone concerned she drew Jimm and clutched at his arm for support

"I'm ready to faint," she said w "I believe I would have up on the roo I saw that big thing coming towar that fellow hadn't grabbed me quickly."

"You need a little nap," res Jimmy soothingly. "The worst is o the best is yet to come. Don't forg young Mr. Arthur H. Opportunity date with you this afternoon and t big splash is due to-morrow morning you go in and get a little sleep and I a talk with my friend the handsom tenant. I fixed things with him last but I've got to go over some details

A few minutes later the press ag closeted with Bobby Wilkins in the in which the dirigible was housed park gates had just been opened for t and crowds of holiday merrymaker surging through them in quest of th seven varieties of feverish and hec tertainment which Jollyland provi those in search of diversion.

III

IF ANYONE had called Jimmy M psychotherapist he would promptl denied the soft impeachment first a asked for a dictionary and an expla blue print. And yet as a direct res random idea which had bobbed i active mind a few weeks before he consciously serving in that capacit large and ever-increasing throng of politan society women of varying ag flocked to Jollyland in search of a ne which he had provided. The windin war-charity work which had followe upon the return to these shores of th part of the American Army had many of these women back upon th resources; and their innate restless a which had found such an altruistic in new channels for several years, n periously demanded fresh excitemen it was this that Jimmy offered them

On the occasion in question Jimm overheard a coy young débutante w watching a performance of Secret Sally remark to a group of friends w companied her that she'd just love up on the stage and mix with the That was enough for the press agen minutes later, during the intermiss escorted the entire party behind the and under his guidance they parti in the London episode which conclu show. They mingled with the cr supernumeraries and entered into t ceedings attendant upon the thrillin gible rescue with such gusto that th manager gave Jimmy carte blanche courage the idea.

It happened that in this particula were several of the socially elect a papers next morning carried ex stories chronicling the event, couple the announcement that the park m ment would, throughout the seas pleased to extend the privilege of pating in the entertainment to other who might wish to take advantage opportunity for this unusual form o tainment. Society seized upon th voraciously and Jollyland parties new fillip to the summer season at Long Island resorts. Elderly mat ample girth vied with the members younger set in setting the pace, and i instances came again and again to a part of the great spectacle. For t time in its history Jollyland began t in the society columns of the daily and great was the prestige which enjoyed in McClintock's eyes as a

The particular luminary of the Island season at the moment and t spective lion of the month of August a port was none other than the Hon. Ashley, daughter of the second Lor bourne, and the most talked about woman in English society for a peri beginnings of which antedated the several years. Before the great Eu conflagration the Honorable Betty, then still in her early twenties, was a pean celebrity. Spirited, impulsiv headstrong by nature she had ea belled against the ultraconservative tions of her family and had so thor

(Continued on Page 189)

(ontinued from Page 186)

d ervention that her name was on the tt tongue of everyone in the tight ishd. She began it by publicly ughe face of a certain deposed king- id sought refuge and a safe haven iad and whose sole offense had been p testation of love, made at a fash- arden party.

eiad followed her sensational and y narranged presentation of a peti- o woman's suffrage to England's himself at a formal court recep- incident which sent her dignified t his bed for two weeks; her arrest p on of being implicated in a mili- tempt to set fire to the House of mit and her subsequent acquittal shhad refused to make any defense t damaging array of circumstantial c her jilting of the Earl of Maids- a explanatory and derisive letter to irs; her winning of the amateur championship; and a host of other nt of an unconventional nature.

nne war had come and she had gone toFrance in the first months as a c ver and had still managed to keep blic eye for five years despite the it considerable amount of atten- erted in the newspapers to the great d She had, for one thing, won a Ofor bravery under fire in the First e Ypres; and she had, for another, reimanded in orders for organizing aa certain château occupied by the f certain corps during the absence commanding general at a conference F Q.

whe had come to the United States e st time and had materially assisted ttg zest and punch into a round of e ouse parties on Long Island given rcuinent members of the swiftest- ucoterie of the so-called smart set. onder that when she heard of the iions to Jollyland which were en- uch a vogue she should elect to iz one herself.

rnot entirely a rank amateur, my "ie confided to her hostess when the as preparing to depart. "I went r wo nights running in the chorus at Alhambra last winter on a five-pound r id I'd have stuck it out for a whole f the fun of it if the pater's blood w hadn't been running abnormally he old dear would have gone all to h" he had found out, and he might if'd kept on."

e Honorable Betty, her dark beauty ffby a rose-pink silk sweater and a o'hanter to match, was in the first f ne string of six which disgorged a ni crowd of merrymakers in front olland on Sunday afternoon. They e r the big arena immediately, as it w in a few minutes of the advertised t the ringing up of the curtain on r t spectacle. The Honorable Betty l known to an usher, who was duly eed by her air of authority, that she ecan immediate interview with the agr. McClintock, still disturbed at ection of the capricious Miss Delight, ored grudgingly; was apprised of dtity and mission of the distinguished o and sought out Jimmy Martin in t citement. He found the press agent n the stage.

Sz, young fellow," he said enthusias- ly "I've got a Monday-morning story o all ready-made and ready to try on! Itty Ashley who's been grabbing off e l over the world for a long time and she big noise with the real folks over tis summer is out in front with a d ight out of the Social Register and w nts to go on in the London scene. I h she could. Get busy now and pre- r a general assault on the press."

my received this intelligence with a rss that rather annoyed McClintock. What did she want to pick out to-day "e inquired uneasily.

What's the matter with to-day? It's b t day possible for a good break for The papers are always glad of anything akes a noise like a story on Sunday. at the matter?"

O nothin'," replied Jimmy absent- d ly; "only I wish she'd waited until m idle of the week. I was kinda fig- 'n —— Oh, never mind; it'll be all t

IV

AN ACUTE observer would have de- tted signs of suppressed excitement h general demeanor of Jimmy Martin r the progress of the early scenes of the great spectacle in which Lolita Murphy was essaying the leading rôle for the first time on any stage. He had exchanged his customary cigarette for the solace of a particularly formidable-looking cigar, which he puffed at nervously as he sat in the manager's box with his cap pulled down over his eyes. His whole body was tense and rigid, and though there was a look of adoration in his eyes there was something more—a vague something that seemed to spell apprehension.

Justice compels the admission that Lolita was doing herself proud. She moved through the thrilling situations of Secret Service Sally with the ease and calm assurance of a veteran and more than merited the applause which the vast holiday audience showered on her. When the curtain rose on the final scene—the one depicting the streets of London—the audience, keyed up to expectant excitement by the gaudy promises of the program, held its collective breath and Jimmy sank his teeth viciously into what remained of his cigar. McClintock slid into the seat alongside of him.

"That gal of yours is sure making good!" he remarked good-naturedly. "If she goes through to the finish as nicely she'll find a surprise in her envelope on Saturday night. There's that English society dame and her party strolling along just as if they were back in dear old Lunnon. I had Lawrence, the assistant stage manager, go on with 'em to put 'em wise to all the business."

The mimic street on the stage was thronged with a motley crowd of supernumeraries who were supposed to represent the populace of the British metropolis out for an airing on a bank holiday. The rose-pink sweater of the Hon. Betty Ashley was the most conspicuous object in view. That patrician lady bobbed in and out among the others, apparently having the time of her life and urging her friends, with violent pantomime, to enter into the festivities with something akin to her own enthusiasm.

Presently the audience heard a murmur pass through the crowd on the stage and Jimmy's acute ear detected the muffled purr of the motor on the dirigible, which was at that moment maneuvering for position and awaiting its cue two hundred feet in the air just behind the backs of the last row of spectators. The press agent grabbed the railing in front of him and leaned eagerly forward. He was watching the right side of the stage.

A motor car shot out of the wings through a lane in the crowd. In it sat Lolita Murphy in the rôle of queen of the American Secret Service. It was plain that she was simulating great anxiety and that she was being followed. She looked apprehensively over her shoulder and the audience could catch excited shouts of "Stop her! Stop her!" A gigantic bobby stepped directly in the path ahead of the car and drew his revolver. The chauffeur pulled a lever and the car stopped abruptly. A man on a motorcycle came dashing up.

"Arrest her!" he shouted and he sprang from the saddle. "She's a German spy from the Wilhelmstrasse."

Lolita looked about furtively, poised herself for just a moment and then leaped out of the car, overturning an athletic super and making for a doorway as the crowd broke into frenzied cries of "Kill her! Kill her!" The incident had been rehearsed with the utmost regard for actuality, and as the mob surged after the suspected spy the vast throng of spectators swayed with excitement like a field of tall grass in a breeze. Lolita reached the safety of the doorway by almost the fraction of an inch and disappeared. The crowd poured in after her and McClintock caught Jimmy's arm as he caught sight of a vanishing flash of rose pink.

"Damned if that English dame isn't right in at the death!" he said excitedly. "She's going up on the roof."

Jimmy didn't reply. He was watching the roof of the make-believe building with eyes that were strained and staring. As Lolita emerged from the hatchway and plunged forward with a fine gesture of despair, he looked back over his shoulder for a moment and noted that the N-24 was slowly swinging forward and that the alert and eager face of Bobby Wilkins was visible over the edge of the car which hung from the rear of the big balloon.

Lolita held out appealing hands and gave voice to cries for assistance. The crowd, in the vanguard of which was a lady in a rose-pink sweater, with cheeks that were flaming and with eyes that were dancing, swarmed

Keep this in your inside pocket-

WHEN TO SMOKE

If you smoke 6 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 10:30 A. M.
3 from 1 P. M. (after meal) to 5 P. M.
2 from 7 P. M. (after meal) to 10 P. M.

If you smoke 5 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 10:30 A. M.
2 from 1 P. M. (after meal) to 5 P. M.
2 from 7 P. M. (after meal) to 10 P. M.

If you smoke 4 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 10:30 A. M.
1 about 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 about 4:30 P. M.
1 about 7 P. M. (after meal).

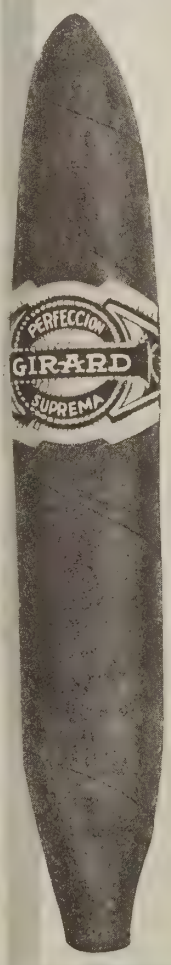
If you smoke 3 cigars a day—
Smoke none in the morning.
1 about 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 about 4:30 P. M.
1 about 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 2 cigars a day—
Smoke 1 about 1 P. M. (after meal).
1 about 7 P. M. (after meal).

If you smoke 1 cigar a day—
Smoke it after your heavy meal.

(1) Don't smoke continuously.
(2) —nor immediately before meals.
(3) —nor immediately before retiring.
(4) Always smoke slowly; it increases your enjoyment and is better for you.
(5) ***Never smoke the heavy, oily type of cigar at any time.***

The Girard Cigar is the most famous cigar in America today because it ***"never gets on your nerves."*** And at the same time, it is a mellow, ripe, rich, delicious Havana smoke—satisfying down to the last puff.



WHEN this Girard "Smoke Schedule" was first published in the magazines about a year ago, it excited so much interest and comment and brought so many requests for copies of it that we issued it in the form of a small card to be carried in the inside coat pocket. Many thousands of these cards are today carried by smokers throughout the country, who follow the schedule as a model of good smoking habit.

We are again reproducing the "Smoke Schedule" here in pocket form for the benefit of those smokers who do not already have a copy of it.

Cut it out and keep it with you. The man who smokes *the right kind of cigars,* and who follows this schedule as closely as conditions permit, will never have to worry about any ill-effects of smoking.

10 cents and up

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 48 years Philadelphia

GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

SLIP your feet into Ralstons. A comfortable foot in a handsome shoe! Ralston *vogue* stands unchallenged. And Ralston *service* is the result of a 40-year training in workmanship. Furthermore, *the always reasonable price* of Ralstons assures you all you can get in good shoes—*the utmost in style, comfort and splendid wear.*

Do you know the Ralston dealer? Write for his name and the Ralston Style Book.

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BROCKTON (CAMPELLO)
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NO MUSS
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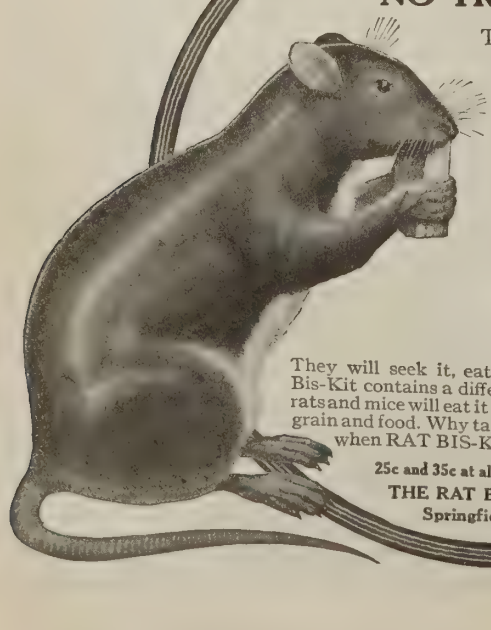
NO TROUBLE



The easiest, quickest and cleanest way to rid your premises of rats and mice. Where rats and mice frequent, just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

For *Mice* too

They will seek it, eat it and die out-doors. Each Bis-Kit contains a different bait, so attractive that rats and mice will eat it in preference to the choicest grain and food. Why take chances mixing poisons when RAT BIS-KIT comes all prepared?

25c and 35c at all drug and general stores

THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
Springfield, Ohio

You also can kill *roaches*, rats, mice, etc., with Rat Bis-Kit Paste. In tubes 25 cents.

up through the opening and surrounded the suspected spy. The supernumeraries' voices became a blended babble of inarticulate cries and 3467 spectators watched the developments in a tense silence.

Nearer and nearer swung the great dirigible. Lolita was now in the hands of the mob, with which she struggled fiercely. As the N-24 swung round the corner of the roof she turned as per instructions, but Jimmy noticed with a gasp of concern that she had turned in the wrong direction and that she was making her way to the wrong side. She was evidently bewildered. Bobby Wilkins was leaning out of the car with his arms outstretched and was beseeching her to run toward the other side of the roof. In another five seconds the dirigible would have passed on and the spectacular finish of the big show would be ruined. McClintock swore softly. Jimmy sat as one entranced.

Some of the supers were pushing Lolita to the other side, but she seemed to be in a panic and struggled with them as if still acting the earlier scene. At this juncture Jimmy noticed that a lady in a rose-pink sweater had run to the edge of the roof, just above which the dirigible was moving, and that she was holding up her arms. His cigar dropped from his mouth a second later when he saw Bobby Wilkins grab her outstretched hands, swing her clear of the roof and pull her into the car as the great dirigible finally cleared the scenery building and in quick response to the hand of the pilot in the front car nosed her way upward at a higher rate of speed. The curtain fell and the repressed excitement of the great audience found vent in tumultuous applause. The thing had happened so quickly that there were apparently few who had noticed that the wrong young woman had been saved from death by the timely arrival of Lieut. Thurston Turner, U. S. N.

"What a whale of a story!" chortled McClintock, gripping Jimmy's arm so fiercely that the press agent winced with pain.

"Yes, isn't it?" responded Jimmy dreamily as he watched the N-24 winging her way over the park and out toward the sea. The spectators had risen from their seats and were applauding again as a big American flag was unfurled from the rear car of the dirigible.

The balloon kept on its way toward the ocean, and as McClintock noticed that it didn't make the turn it usually did when it reached the giant roller coaster that ran along the shore a puzzled expression came over his face. If he had looked at Jimmy sharply just then he would have observed the first beginnings of a pleased smile tilting the corners of the press agent's mouth. A minute passed and the great yellow gas bag receded farther and farther in the distance. McClintock stepped down and borrowed a field glass from a spectator. He glued his eyes to it for a few moments and then dropped his arms. His face had gone pale.

"His motor's dead," he said weakly, "and he's drifting out to sea. The propeller's stopped and he's being carried out by this land breeze. We've got to do something—we've got to get help of some kind."

The manager was plainly worried. He pressed the glass on Jimmy, who had followed him out of the box, and the latter watched the clumsy balloon, now at the mercy of the stiff breeze which had blown up, slowly but surely disappearing in the opalescent haze which hung above the line where sky and ocean seemed to meet. The owner of the glasses had overheard McClintock's remark and had passed the word on to his neighbor. In two minutes the news had spread through the great crowd, and thousands of eyes were focused on the drifting speck, which presently vanished. McClintock pushing Jimmy before him started for the main office and found himself surrounded by an excited group of men and women. An upstanding chap in a British major's uniform who wore a cap on which was the red-velvet band of a staff officer stepped forward.

"We're Miss Ashley's friends," he said with a touch of feeling in his voice; "and we'll do everything we can to assist you. She's a bit untamed, sir, and she shouldn't have done that wild foolish thing, but she's the best woman alive for all that, and now that she's in danger we're going to help you see her out of it. Has that dirigible got a wireless on board?"

"No," replied the manager. "There wasn't any need for one. Since it's been here it's never been more than a mile or two away from the hangar before."

"That's bad—damned bad," re the officer. "Of course maybe they' to fix the engine, but we can't take on that. If you'll let me use your t I'll call up our embassy in Washin get them to get in touch with t Department. We'll have all the range of the Arlington station on t out in an hour."

The thoroughly sobered group of seekers who had accompanied t orable Betty to Jollyland two hou followed McClintock and Jimmy into the offices in the administrati ing and talked in low voices while t began to fuss in the telephone bo the long-distance operator. Som women were weeping.

V

IN THE seclusion of his priva Jimmy telephoned a press syndi police and the nearest United Sta saving station, in the order name McClintock, who was plainly treme worried, paced restlessly up and d floor, pausing occasionally to glanc the window at the broad expanse of sea, in the vain hope that some sig lost dirigible might greet his eye. Jimmy began calling up the metr newspaper offices in a fine frenzy o ment both men heard the office do violently. They turned in unis found themselves confronted by Murphy. Gone were the shy man demure smile and the air of coy ing ness. Her cheeks were flushed, were blazing, and her whole mann cated that she was in what is g referred to as a "state of mind."

"Hello, girlie," Jimmy called ou antly. "What's the matter?"

"Don't you dare girlie me, Mr. J Martin!" retorted Lolita in a voi she was palpably trying, with a grea to keep at an even and menacin "Don't you dare to speak to me I came in to tell you that and to know that even if I do come from town I can't be fooled by any New by any New York—bunko man!"

Her voice broke on the last w tears came into her eyes despite the she was making to hold herself i Jimmy came toward her, but she him off hysterically. McClintock the proceedings in amazement.

"What's the idea, Lolita?" beg press agent beseechingly. "I don't I don't understand."

"Don't try to tell me that," ran lita, who was now half sobbing. try to tell me that you didn't turn m when that English girl came into t with all those society people and t didn't get together with that Wilkin to have me left there so you coul better story out of it with her. You all up and you can't tell me that yo because I just know, that's all. I sweater on under my dress so's I w catch cold and I had milk chocolate pocket and I'd written home to about its going to happen and telli not to worry about anything she read in the papers the first day, a nothing's happened at all to me a been made a fool of and it's all you and if you ever try to come near m or speak to me I'll slap your fac James T. Martin, I'll slap your fac you hear me, Mr. James T. Mart slap your fresh little face!"

She was gone before Jimmy co monstrate. The door closed behi with a more reverberating bang th one which had heralded her en Jimmy dropped into the nearest ch gazed vacantly into space. McC shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Say," he shouted, "what in the of glory is this all about?"

"She handed me the mitt, Mac handed me the mitt, and she wouldn let me explain," responded Jimmy br "It's the real heart-throb stuff this Mac, the real heart-throb stuff. everything framed up for her, an English jane just drops in like a jok nin' wild and wins the hand."

"You had what framed?"

"Why, this drifting-out-to-sea s replied Jimmy in a dead voice.

"This drifting out to sea—— You d you can't mean that this thing is a p gasped the manager incredulously.

"Of course it is!" returned the agent with something of the old

(Continued on Page 193)

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ssiveness in his voice. "I had it all ufor Lolita, and now this society is oin' to get away with all the head- When I saw Wilkins pull her into the dln't think he'd go all the way hbut it looks as if he's decided to. s o use worryin' about it. Every hig is comin' out all right—and, to't forget to remember that it's o e some story now—some story!" stet me get this big idea through my rsisted McClintock. "What hap- e?"

urse his motor hasn't really gone olied Jimmy. "He's just ordered ier to shut it off so they can drift h wind. That was all framed up us. He'll probably turn on the a and cruise round out of sight of n couple of hours and shut off his very time he sees a ship comin' in hat'll be an alibi for the story. tl little old sun starts to sink in the rl turn that gas bag toward the east and he'll make a landing just rk at a place we picked out yes- orning. He's goin' to lay under re, and we'll keep the country 'll day to-morrow."

omeone will see him land," criti- manager.

't think there's a chance of that," mmy jauntily. "We picked out a h's as lonesome lookin' as an ice- Tere isn't a house within two miles he's nothin' but marshland all . here's one little place right in the at's high and dry. That's where d Wilkins has got his car planted a miles away and his chauffeur is o e right on the job in a rowboat— e there's a little creek that runs gh he swamp—and the girl is goin' ten away in the boat and slipped ta hotel—that is, Lolita was goin' sliped away and was goin' to keep nl she got the signal to appear again. e is society queen 'll be game enough tbugh with it just for the fun of the

e were goin' to keep the agony up tcnorrow night at the earliest, and eutil the day after to-morrow. Then swas goin' to telephone that he'd ared after bein' tossed about in the dull that, and Lolita was goin' to a rvous collapse and be interviewed l a flock of reporters with a couple n nurses and three doctors hoverin' the offing. You can fill in the dails yourself. Anyhow, it's a grand ndion for a story, even if this Betty y erson doesn't come through. We'll about that to-night."

o so?"

h, the chauffeur has instructions to o me the minute he gets to the hat ought to be not later than hty."

h didn't you tell me all about this had?"

n smiled a bit guiltily before re-

hl a hunch that maybe you'd put bh on the whole scheme because I arin' a certain party too much," pded. He grew serious again for a end a far-away look crept into his "Say, Mac," he went on, "I had a ehat called for the grand prize and sshe ticket. It's rotten luck. From a she spoke a few minutes ago I'll dn't ever get out again, not even on tin."

h:'ll be all right," consoled McClin- 'll fix that part of it for you. It's tory even if the Hon. Betty Ashley 'to through, and if she does—why, if o it'll be the biggest thing ever l f in this country. Think of that litle while."

e ess syndicate and the metropolitan paers were inclined to be a bit skep- fthe facts which Jimmy telephoned a the outset, but outside confirma- vs forthcoming promptly and within o's after Maj. Bobby Wilkins and o Betty Ashley had disappeared in erral direction of the open sea the vs the sensation of the summer in altic circles.

scad of picked feature writers in- ollyland in quest of detailed par- rsoncerning the events leading up to egnings of the ill-fated balloon trip; db sisters motored to the palatial q which the Honorable Betty was a gest and interviewed a weeping and unt maiden aunt of that lady, who had been acting as a submissive chaperon and who was certain that when "dear Ned, her father, hears the news he'll froth at the mouth and have a stroke"; cables were frantically dispatched to London instructing correspondents to break the news to dear Ned and watch the results; city editors pawed over assortments of photographs of the beautiful heroine and conferred with art-department heads as to the most suitable ones to use for decorative layouts; dozens of leg men were sent out to points along the Jersey and Long Island coasts with directions to watch for any possible news of the return of the balloon and to keep on the lookout for any pleasure-yacht owner who might have seen the dirigible after she passed out of sight of land; the Washington offices were instructed to post a man in the Navy Department all night long to watch for any wireless news that might come flashing back from the torpedo-boat destroyers which at the urgent solicitation of the British Ambassador were to be sent out to scour the sea in search of the missing airship, and it was unanimously decided at editorial councils in every office to let the story lead the paper the following morning unless some great unforeseen national or international calamity transpired in the meantime.

Jimmy Martin became the focus point of more importunate news gatherers than he had ever fancied in his wildest dreams would assail him for information, and when a delegation of correspondents from a half dozen London papers looked in on him at eight o'clock and told him that they had been instructed to rush as much stuff as the cables would carry he almost passed into a trance.

"Mac," he confided to the manager when the English correspondents had gone, "I feel like the fellow who looked at the giraffe and said, 'There ain't no such animal.' There ain't no such story. It's a dream."

"Well, I've left instructions that we're not to be called," returned McClintock. "Let's dream a little more."

In the star dressing room on the big stage of the open-air auditorium Lolita Murphy was getting ready for the evening performance of Secret Service Sally and was making a brave effort to control herself. She was as forgotten as yesterday's newspaper, and the realization of it sent great tears of bitter disappointment coursing down her rouged cheeks into the make-up box on the little table in front of which she sat.

VI

IT WAS nearly midnight when Bobby Wilkins' chauffeur reported over the telephone to Jimmy Martin and McClintock, who had been keeping anxious vigil in the office all night.

"There ain't a sign of him," he said hurriedly. "I waited right where you told me to wait and if he'd been anywhere within a couple of miles I could have seen him after it got dark. The moon has been shining bright for a long time and I had a pair of glasses with me. I'm afraid it's all up with him if he hasn't landed some place else along the coast. It's tough for all of us if anything's gone wrong, ain't it?"

The chauffeur was instructed to make another trip to the selected landing place and to stay there until dawn, when relief was promised. Jimmy was pale and overwrought when he hung up the telephone receiver and turned to McClintock.

"If he had landed any place else," he remarked, "he'd have made every effort to get to a phone. He'd know we'd be worried. Gee, Mac, supposin' somethin's happened to 'em. If there has, little old Robert B. Remorse 'll be my side partner for life. He told me he'd be prepared for all emergencies and he's there with the nerve, but maybe they ran into a squall or something. Why 'd I ever think of this stunt? I've got too much imagination, Mac. I've got to teach it to lie down and behave."

The two sat up all night, smoking incessantly and discussing the variety of fates which they fancied might have overtaken the adventuresome Bobby Wilkins and his distinguished fellow passenger. Jimmy called up one of the newspaper offices every fifteen minutes for news, but there wasn't any worth mentioning. The dirigible had not been sighted by any ship with which the navy wireless had been able to get into communication and the half dozen destroyers sent out to search for it were reported to be without definite information.

The entire country seethed with the story in the morning. The press syndicate

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CREOLE PRALINES
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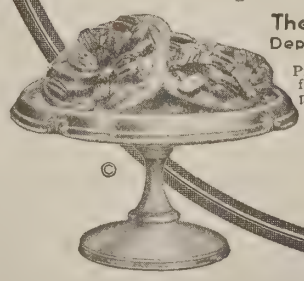
Let the kiddies eat all they want. Absolutely pure and the oil from the nut meats is good for the digestive system.

Also a delightful dessert or after-dinner dainty.



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BOX OF 12 . . . . 1.50
BOX OF 24 . . . . 3.00

Sent Parcel Post—prepaid, insured.

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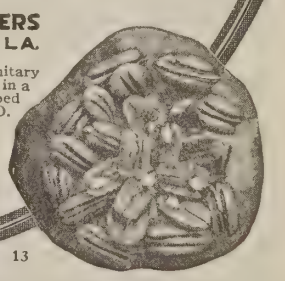

13

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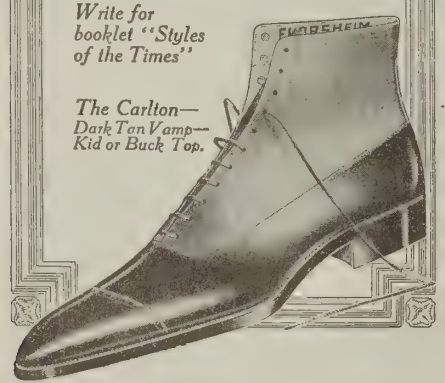

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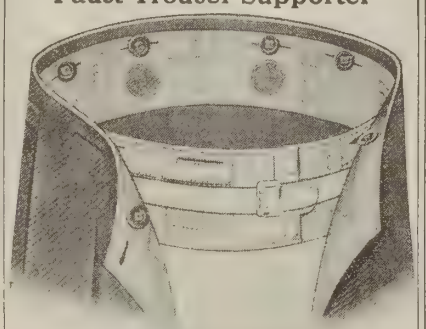

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Ideal Stencils may end your shipping troubles and save money for you. Ford, Armour, Edison and thousands of others use the IDEAL.

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had carried fifteen hundred words into every newspaper office in every city of importance from coast to coast, and the big dailies in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston had three and four column stories from their metropolitan correspondents, liberally illustrated with pictures of the Honorable Betty, who was one of the most photographed women of her time. McClintock, who had no knowledge of Jimmy's promise to keep Bobby Wilkins' real name out of print, had blurted it out to a group of reporters in the evening, and the salient facts concerning the modest wearer of six war medals were incorporated in all of the accounts. Robert Wilkins, Sr., forgot that he was a mere business machine, wiped a few tears out of the corners of his eyes, looked tenderly at a picture of a curly-headed boy he always kept in one of the drawers of his desk, and started East on a special train.

The total haul in the New York morning papers was seventy-six columns of solid reading matter and thirty-eight photographic illustrations. Every angle of the story was covered in great detail and in addition to the main narrative there were extended biographical sketches of the Honorable Betty and of Bobby Wilkins. There were cabled stories from London concerning the festive career of the former which contained an expression of deep concern from the British premier. There were also cabled eulogies of the one-time ace from personages no less important than the American commander in chief in France and the generalissimo of the Allied Armies. All in all it was the most spectacular feature story in years and the greatest achievement in the history of American press agentry. McClintock admitted that much when the first editions came in.

"Jimmy," he said, "it's a dog-goned shame that you've got to lie low and never get any credit for this. Still, you've got company. I was reading in the paper the other day that there's a well-defined rumor that the more or less celebrated covenant of the well-known League of Nations was finally framed up by a clerk in the British Foreign Office. You can drop over later on and take a little drink with him and cry it all out on each other's shoulders."

Jimmy's only response was a mournful attempt at a smile. He lit another cigarette, jerked out of his chair and began to swear softly as he walked up and down the room. He made a vicious lunge with his foot at a wastebasket and kicked it through the door into the next office. Then he took off his soft hat, rolled it into a lump and slammed it down on the floor with a wide sweeping gesture.

"I don't mind that so much," he said testily. "After landin' a smear like that, though, I'd kinda like to have a good time with myself for a few minutes. I'd kinda like to throw a few assorted flowers up in the air and let 'em drop on me, but I'm so gosh-darned worried about what's actually happened that I can't have even that much fun."

His anxiety increased as the day wore on and the early editions of the evening papers, which played up the story even more extensively than the mornings, failed to buoy him up. There was still no word of the N-24 and Navy Department officials in Washington were reported to be gravely alarmed at the possibilities.

At noon the British Embassy gave out the announcement that a "distinguished person" had cabled for detailed information and had begged to be kept in hourly touch with the developments. Flaming headlines carried the legend: King Anxious About Lost Dirigibles. Upon reading this three rival publicity promoters, who had suspected the presence of the fine Italian hand of Jimmy Martin in the proceedings from the beginning and who had forgathered for lunch in their favorite club, simultaneously started out on a joint jamboree that was to become a memorable minor historical incident in the turgid annals of the White Way. It offered the only means of escaping from the tragic feeling of profound and passionate envy that surged up from the very depths of their beings.

At three o'clock as Jimmy, red-eyed and haggard, nodded at his desk between telephone calls, a messenger boy dropped a cablegram in front of him. He tore it open and gazed at this cryptic message:

"HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
"JAMES T. MARTIN,
"Jollyland Park,
"Coney Island, N. Y.

"Come on in—the water's fine—give my regards to Lolita but can't say I'm sorry it happened as yet. BOBBY WILKINS."

Jimmy gave a second look at the heading and rushed into the next office, where McClintock was snoring sonorously on a sofa. He shook the manager savagely and waved the cablegram in front of his eyes.

"All's right with the world, Mac!" he shouted joyously. "They've landed in Bermuda. Can you beat that fresh son of a gun doin' a thing like that? What's the big idea, I wonder?"

McClintock grabbed the message and read it hurriedly.

"I guess maybe he's mailing the answer," he remarked. "It beats me. You'd better get a wire off to him asking for particulars."

The shrill summons of the telephone brought Jimmy back into his own office the next moment. The voice of his friend, Lindsay, the day desk man of the press syndicate, came over the wire in crisp staccato sentences.

"Got some news for you," he said. "It's going to make this morning's headlines look sick. Here's the way our first bulletin reads:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7—The British Ambassador has just given out the following cablegram received from the Governor-General of the Bermuda Islands: 'Please announce to press the marriage this morning in St. John's Chapel, Hamilton, of the Hon. Elizabeth Ardsley Ashley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Norburne, of London, England, to Robert Benjamin, Jr., only son of Robert Benjamin Wilkins, Sr., of Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. The ceremony was entirely informal.'

"I'm ordering three thousand words from our Bermuda correspondent," went on Lindsay, "and I'm having London break the news gently to dear old dad. I suppose if I come down on Sunday with the wife and the kiddies you could slip us into a few of your side shows?"

"Say," responded Jimmy exultingly, "you're goin' to get a life pass good for each and every attraction within the big inclosure. Excuse me, won't you? I've got to write out a request for an armistice to a certain party. You see I've just figured out what the bridegroom meant in a wire I got five minutes ago."

As he hung up the telephone and swung round in his swivel chair the door leading into the hall opened ever so gently and the pale and tear-stained face of Lolita Murphy peered through the opening. Jimmy gazed at her, open-eyed, as she came slowly into the room. He noticed that she had a crumpled bit of paper in her hand.

"Jimmy," she said timidly as she held out her arms in appealing suppliance, "I'm just a—just a foolish small-town kid. I didn't understand, I didn't understand."

Jimmy in a daze took the paper which she held toward him. It was another cablegram. He smoothed it out, and the peace that passeth understanding settled down upon him as he read these words:

"HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
"LOLITA MURPHY,
"Jollyland Park,
"Coney Island, N. Y.

"Won't it ease your disappointment a little to know that the mad impulsive thing I did yesterday and the rash act I have just committed in the chapel have transformed me into quite the happiest woman alive? Bobby has told me all about everything and he fears that you may think your friend Mr. Martin had a finger in the pie. He had nothing to do with it, my dear—it was just fate. Bobby is wiring some advice to Mr. Martin. See that he heeds it. Our best regards to you both.

"ELIZABETH ASHLEY WILKINS."

McClintock coming into the room just then tiptoed out again and closed the door softly behind him, thus proving himself to be a gentleman of singular tact and discretion.

Christmas Gifts and a Bank Account

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"I had never earned my own money before"

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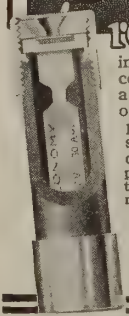

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L. Hinton

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ss ella Williams

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In one month Mr. David Duff of Ohio earned $500.00. Others of our workers have—some of them with only part-time work—built up Curtis incomes that pay them $5000.00 or more a year. Your opportunity to build a thriving business is as good as theirs!

r David Duff

Curtis work is permanent.

"I can safely bank on securing ninety per cent of my renewals," says Mr. Edwin Kohl of Wisconsin, who has secured four hundred and fifteen new and renewal subscriptions in a single week. This renewal value will enable you to build up a permanent business.

r Edwin Kohl

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00 a Week

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 18)

the regeneration of man through the grace of God and not the winning of office or the exploitation of parties and newspapers. Journalism is yet too unripe to do more than guess at truth from a single side. The statesman stands mainly for political organism. Until he dies he is suspect. The pulpit remains therefore still the moral hope of the universe and the spiritual light of mankind.

It must be nonpartisan. It must be nonprofessional. It must be manly and independent. But it must also be worldly-wise, not artificial, sympathetic, broad-minded and many-sided, equally ready to smite wrong in high places and to kneel by the bedside of the lowly and the poor.

I have so found most of the clergymen I have known, the exceptions too few to remember. In spite of the opulence we see about us let us not take to ourselves too much conceit. May every pastor emulate the virtues of that village preacher of whom it was written that—

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

. . . . . .

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

. . . . . .

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by the fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

IV

I HAVE lived a long life—rather a happy and a busy than a merry one—enjoying where I might, but, let me hope I may fairly claim, shirking no needful labor or duty. The result is some accretions to my credit. It were, however, ingratitude and vanity in me to set up exclusive ownership of these. They are the joint products and property of my dear wife and myself.

I do not know just what had befallen if love had failed me, for as far back as I can remember love has been to me the bedrock of all that is worth living for, striving for or possessing in this crosspatch of a world of ours.

I had realized the meaning of it in the beautiful concert of affection between my father and mother, who lived to celebrate their golden wedding. My wife and I have enjoyed now the like conjugal felicity fifty-four—counted to include two years of betrothal, fifty-six years. Never was a young fellow more in love than I—never has love been more richly rewarded—though not without some heartbreaking domestic bereavements.

I met the woman who was to become my wife during the War of Sections—amid its turmoil and travail—and when at its close we were married, at Nashville, Tennessee, all about us was in mourning, the future an adventure. It was at Chattanooga, the winter of 1862–63, that fate brought us together and riveted our destinies. She had a fine contralto voice and led the church choir. Doctor Palmer, of New Orleans, was on a certain Sunday well into the long prayer of the Presbyterian service. Bragg's army was still in middle Tennessee. There was no thought of an attack. Bang! Bang! Then the bursting of a shell too close for comfort. Bang! Bang! Then the rattle of shell fragments on the roof. Though on the other side of the river the Yankees were upon us.

The man of God gave no sign that anything unusual was happening. He did not hurry. He did not vary the tones of his voice. He kept on praying. Nor was there panic in the congregation, which did not budge.

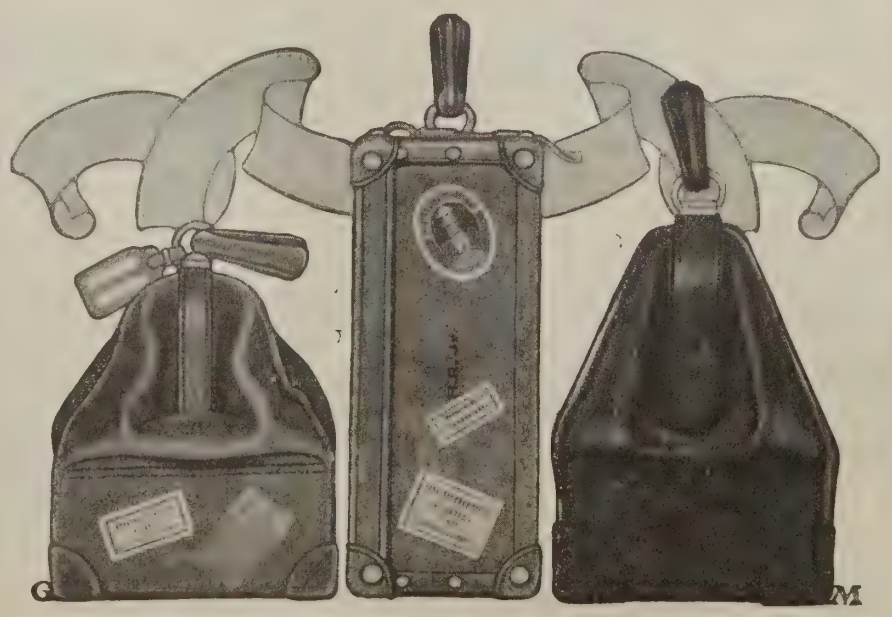
That was the longest long prayer I ever heard. When it was finally ended and still without changing a note the preacher delivered the benediction the people in the most orderly manner moved to the several doorways.

I was quick to go for my girl. By the time we reached the street the firing had become general. We had to traverse quite half a mile of it before attaining a place of safety. Two weeks later we were separated for nearly two years, when, the war over, we found ourselves at home again.

In the meantime her father had fallen in the fight, and in the far South I had buried him. He was one of the most eminent and distinguished and altogether the best beloved of the Tennesseeans of his day, Andrew Ewing, who, though a Democrat, had in high party times represented the Whig Nashville district in Congress and in the face of assured election declined the Democratic nomination for governor of the state. A foremost Union leader in the antecedent debate upon the advent of actual war, he had reluctantly but resolutely gone with his state and section.

The intractable Abolitionists of the North and the radical Secessionists of the South have much historically to answer for. The racial warp and woof in the United States were at the outset of our national being substantially homogeneous. That the country should have been geographically divided and sectionally set by the ears over the institution of African slavery was the work of agitation that might have attained its ends by less costly agencies.

How often human nature seeking its bent prefers hard to easy. The North, having in its ships brought the negroes from Africa and sold them to the planters of the South, putting the money it got for them in its pocket, turned philanthropist. The South, having bought its slaves from the



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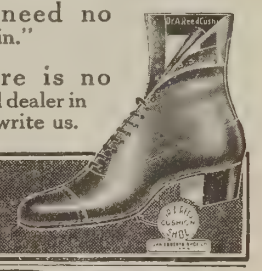
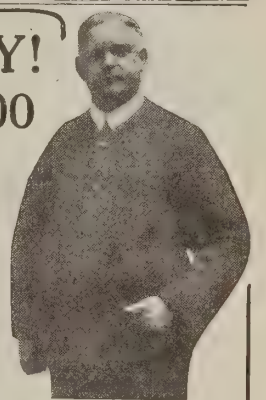


It's All In the Cushion



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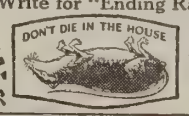

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slave traders of the North under the belief that slave labor was requisite to the profitable production of sugar, rice and cotton, stood by lawfully acquired property, rights recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution. Thence arose an irrepressible conflict of economic forces and moral ideas whose doubtful adjustment was scarcely worth what it cost the two sections in treasure and blood.

On the Northern side the issue was made to read freedom; on the Southern side, self-defense. Neither side had any sure law to coerce the other. Upon the simple right and wrong of it each was able to establish a case convincing to itself. Thus the War of Sections, fought to a finish so gallantly by the soldiers of both sides, was in its origination largely a game of party politics.

The extremists and doctrinaires who started the agitation that brought it about were relatively few in number. The South was at least defending its own. That—what it considered its rights in the Union and the Territories being assailed—it should fight aggressively lay in the nature of the situation and the character of the people. Aggression begot aggression, the unoffending negro, the provoking cause, a passive agent. Slavery is gone. The negro we still have with us. To what end?

Life indeed is a mystery—a hopelessly unsolved problem. Could there be a stronger argument in favor of a hereafter than may be found in the brevity and incertitude of the present? Where this side of heaven shall we look for the court of last resort? Who this side of the grave shall be sure of anything?

At this moment the world having reached what seems the apex of human achievement is topsy-turvy and all agog. Yet have we the record of any moment when it was not so? That to keep what we call the middle of the road is safest most of us believe. But which among us keeps or has ever kept the middle of the road? What else and what next? It is with nations as with men. Are we on the way to another terrestrial collapse, and so on ad infinitum to the end of time?

v

THE home which I pictured in my dreams and projected in my plans came to me at last. It arrived with my marriage. Then children to bless it. But it was not made complete and final—a veritable Kentucky home—until, released from the all-round, all-night work which had kept my nose to the grindstone, I was able to buy a few acres of arable land far out in the county—the County of Jefferson—some ancient brick walls, which the ingenuine genius to which I owe so much could convert to itself and tear apart and put together over again. Here, indeed, "the sun shines bright" as in the song, and—

The corn tops ripe and the meadow in bloom,
The birds make music all the day.

They waken with the dawn—a full orchestra—incessant, fearless—for all its players—from the sweet trombone the dove to the shrill clarinet of the jay—knows that it is safe. We have with us have had for five and twenty years a family of colored people who know our ways and meet them intelligently and faithfully. When we go away—as we do each year and sometimes during the other seasons and come again—dinner is on the table everybody—even Tigue and Bingo dogs—is glad to see us. Could more be for more? And so let me close with a wish of my father's old song to make true—the words sufficiently describing the reality:

In the downhill of life when I find myself declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide scene,
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when my friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches, nor fame
Nor the honors that wait him to-morrow.

And when at the close I throw off the cov'ring
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten—
On the brink of the grave I'll not see the hov'ring
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again.
But my face in the glass I'll serenely behold
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow—
That this worn-out old stuff which I've to-day bare to-day
Shall become everlasting to-morrow.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson, who desires to say that in using Mr. Edward Bellamy's delightful story "Looking Backward" he had no purpose to carry the appropriation beyond the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, quite another title having been arranged for the issue of the series in book form.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof

"Making the World Sweeter"

"—And smile, smile, smile!

The full title of this Big Hit is

"Pack your good old pipe with Velvet —and smile, Smile, SMILE!"

Here's the scenario:

Enter You, registering a dark blue Monday feeling. You grab your tin of Velvet and load up. You strike a match. As the first cool, fragrant puff touches "the spot" you register "pleased surprise." Gradually over your well known countenance steals a smile which means "this is the beginning of a perfect day."

This Velvet "serial" was running big before most of the movie "head-liners" were ever heard of. But today it is still as fresh as the Velvet in the big generous tin. And why? Because American pipe smokers want *real* tobacco. And that's what Velvet is. Its natural flavor and fragrance are the smell and taste of the best tobacco old Kentucky ever grew. Two years natural ageing in the wood makes Velvet mellow, mild and sweet as a nut.

It *can't help* being the best pipe smoke you ever tasted in your life. Just taste that aged-in-the-wood mellowness and *smile.*

As Velvet Joe says: "At the end of the rainbow there's happiness—*maybe.* But at the end of a pipe filled with Velvet there's contentment for *shore.*"

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ded A° D^r 1728 by Benj. F ...klin

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Clank Clinkscales' Duodenum

A STORY OF REVOLT

"...e Heard About Ruthless Cutthroat ...etition—in the Old Days—Before ...ll Put On Silk Socks and Hitched ...ere in This Men's Sewing Circle. ...I'm Going to Show You Something ...ke it—But a Little Different"

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

OLD Clank Clinkscales, the head of the hard-ground cardamom-seed trade, was a heavy, hearty man with a high temper. Though many times a mil-...e, he suffered from a continual angry ill ...l, which his metropolitan medical experts told ...as due—after years of full eating—to his ...num. Nothing, they said, could be done. He ... victim for life of an excitable and often irascible duodenum. On the fifth of ...ry, 1920, Mr. Clinkscales was about to start for the sanitarium at Mt. Manitou ... usual semiannual trip, following the Christmas holidays. His duodenum had ...been in more wretched shape, nor he in greater haste to be gone. His reservation ...een procured, his baggage packed, and he had stopped in for a last look at his ...when Mr. Grout, his confidential man and cost expert, opened the private-office ...nd closed it softly after him.

"... visitor," he said seriously, "you'll have to see!"

"Whatchu talking about?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales. "I can't see anybody—...w."

"He has come on specially from Washington—from the United States Government," ...Mr. Grout, standing still, "to see you personally—on the high cost of living."

"Show him in then," said his employer finally. "I'll see him for just ten minutes."

A small man with a small mouth and large round glasses then entered the room, sat ...w and introduced himself.

"My name," he said, coughing lightly behind his hand, "is J. Everett Moon—Doctor ...o... You may have heard of my work."

"No," said Mr. Clinkscales, watching him closely, "I can't say that I ever did in ...fe."

He was in considerable discomfort—not to say pain. His duodenum felt decidedly bad.

"You would not perhaps—in merely commercial life," said his visitor, his small ...th contracting slightly. "My specialty," he explained, "is organic chemistry—the chemistry especially of food grains. I have been considered an authority, in a way—in this particular field."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Clinkscales, secretly taking out and looking at his watch.

"Our present National Government," said his visitor, not observing this, "has made a new departure—and it seems to many a wise one. It has availed itself of the services of men of science and other experts during the war and post-war period. Which gives American business," he continued, "a touch with knowledge—scientific knowledge—which in many ways it has often lacked."

"Probably so," said Clinkscales, moving uneasily and again secretly consulting his watch. He was in a difficult position. His time was about up; his discomfort reminded him sharply that he must catch that train—if possible. And yet he hesitated to make the break, for the Government was hard after the cardamom-seed trade and he knew it.

"And so," proceeded Doctor Moon, who was of great precision in speech—a virtue for which Clank Clinkscales cared very little, "I myself and others have consented to take up this type of work. I personally have taken up the cardamom-seed trade, and am now up from Washington on a very special mission to consult with you."

At this Clank Clinkscales gave an inward groan. It was now full time for him to leave his office if he were to catch his train for Mt. Manitou. Yet this man was before him, still talking, the special agent of the United States Government, sent to the head of the cardamom-seed trade on a special mission, and he knew as well as anybody that his leaving now would have an ugly air of arrogance and subterfuge that a magnate of any kind could ill afford at this juncture of the nation's affairs. He sat, consequently, one hand heavily on the pit of his stomach, growing always redder as the special scientific agent from Washington explained his mission.

"In these times," the latter was informing him, "we must rely on each other's patriotism—especially in the present threatened social upheaval. That would be nothing, in fact, but enlightened selfishness for you, for example," he said, gazing steadily at his hearer.

"That's right! That's right!" said Mr. Clinkscales, straightening up into a more comfortable position, endeavoring to adjust himself to the inevitable circumstances. And at that moment the door opened.

"If you are going ——" suggested Mr. Grout, thrusting his sleekly combed head through the doorway.

"I'm not going," retorted Mr. Clinkscales briefly. "Get out!" For his train was lost now and he knew it.

His visitor, after a somewhat absent-minded stare, proceeded.

"Now my investigations," he stated, "convince me that by concerted effort the cost of cardamom seeds can be reduced considerably to the consumers of this nation."

And for some minutes he gave Mr. Clinkscales the benefit of his special knowledge of the cardamom-seed trade. He spoke crisply, as a man does who is sure of his ground—pointing out many mistakes which had been made in this line of industry. And Mr. Clinkscales, listening in silence, could see as he progressed that his face had a certain small-mouthed firmness of its own. He consequently waited, listening, though continually redder.

"Considering all this," said the visiting government official—after a convincing half hour—"these facts that I have given you—in all fairness can you sit and tell me that your product should not come down in price?"

He spoke in the friendly encouraging language of an instructor to a really promising pupil with whom one can reason. But Mr. Clinkscales, though now extremely red, still was silent.

"It is the Government's policy," his small instructor urged once more, "before proceeding to any action in any case, to appeal—to rely if possible on the patriotism of those concerned. Would it not be better in your industry for all to coöperate rather than ——"

He stopped now suggestively and turned his large glasses upon the larger, fuller-fashioned man across the desk from him.

"In all fairness," he said a second time to old Clank Clinkscales, "may I not ask you to help us in this? In all fairness," he repeated for the third time, "I ask, may we not rely on your patriotism to aid us?"

And all at once Clank Clinkscales sat upright; strangely enough all his physical pain seemed to have left him. He seemed full of energy and spirit.

"I'll help you," he said loudly. "I'll help you—and I'll start right now! And you'll get results—you don't look for," he added, gazing straight at him.

"How?"

"I'll tell you that when I figure it out," stated Mr. Clinkscales—"about April first," he added.

"This is very gratifying indeed," said his visitor finally. "I am glad to have convinced you by my arguments. I felt from the first that we could rely upon your patriotism. I shall await your progress with intense interest," he concluded with a certain cordial firmness. And he finally went out—two hours after Mr. Clinkscales' train time.

When he had left, old Clank Clinkscales sat minutes motionless in his silent office—staring at the opposite wall—before rousing himself.

"Chipmunks!" said Mr. Clinkscales, then speaking suddenly. "Chipmunks in glasses! Patriotic chipmunks, running round teaching us our business!"

And just then his telephone bell rang.

"Hello, Clank!" called a hearty, husky voice on the wire. "What'd he say to you? What'd you do?"

"If you want to talk to me you come to my office!" said Clank Clinkscales with a strong emphasis on the "me," and shut down the telephone firmly. He then sat motionless, like a man brooding, till he heard the voice of the speaker again in his outer office.

"Well, what about it?" inquired Mr. Charles Barker, friend and competitor in the hard-ground cardamom-seed trade, entering his door. "Do they put you in jail on Monday?"

He was a jovial man, very popular in the trade—a good story-teller, with a hoarse husky laugh; a warm, hearty, strong-armed friend, who beat all comers heavily on their backs.

"On Monday or Tuesday night?" he asked jokingly, and paused abruptly, his cigar suspended in midair, at his old acquaintance's unanticipated reply.

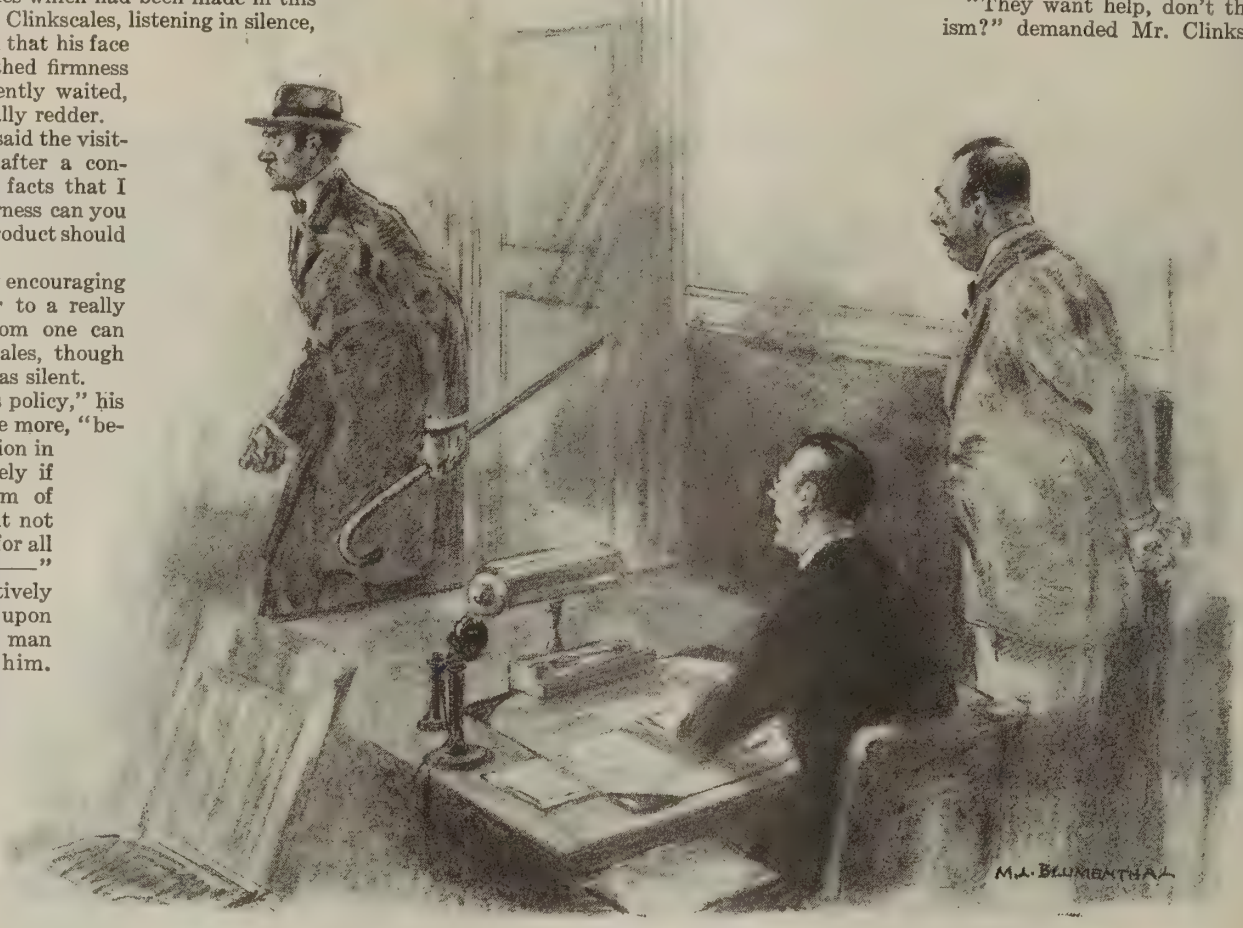
"Sixteen million chipmunks!" exclaimed Clank Clinkscales, raising himself from his apparent lethargy. "In glasses! Marching up and down this country. Relying on your patriotism."

He was a man of great energy, which at certain times expressed itself in his speech.

"Relying on our patriotism," he continued. "Telling us our own business."

His hearer sat, his cigar still held in his arrested hand, waiting for a clew.

"Chipmunks in the Army! Chipmunks in the Navy! Chipmunks in the Department of Agriculture! Chipmunks on the high cost of living—in glasses!" remarked Mr. Clinkscales. "Lecturing, talking, instructing—you and me—the country—the world—all the ages! Relying on our patriotism."



Mr. Grout and Mr. Hausinger Watched Him in Silence, Shaking Their Heads as He Passed Through the Main Office and Out Into the Corridor

His hearer rubbed his hand thoughtfully over his high forehead, still grasping his cigar.

"About our business," proceeded Mr. Clinkscales. "Relying on our patriotism. Women in square skirts, prize Sunday-school children, one-legged men, Indians, half-wits—experts from all the jerkwater colleges—lecturing, instructing, lecturing! I'm through! I'm done! I've had enough!" he exclaimed passionately, and taking out a large handkerchief blew his nose.

A faint gleam of understanding now appeared in his listener's eyes—as he went on.

"Five-thousand-dollar-a-year men figuring the possible annual savings on bone collar buttons—and writing us all about it—on government letterheads!" said the speaker, taking a fresh grip on his argument. "Rapid-fire business experts who can give seven thousand opinions on seven thousand different businesses per minute. Tons, acres, miles of printed matter—telling you all about dogfish meat, how to make over your last-year's shirt into an appetizing meal for six people! All relying on your patriotism! I'm through!" stated old Clank Clinkscales once again. "I'm through!"

As a matter of fact, this statement was not exact. Before Mr. Barker could quite open his mouth he was going on again, making inquiries of him.

"Who pays for it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales now. "Who pays these things for prancing round the country—teaching us our business? You do and I do."

"It is kind of rough, Clank," said Mr. Barker, finding a slight opening at last.

"Teaching us our business—them things," said Mr. Clinkscales, shading his grammar a trifle in his excitement. "Prancing up and down the country, teaching us our business—by science. Politicians, ambassadors' nieces. Postmasters' second cousins. Expert chipmunks."

"Rough, rough!" interjected Mr. Barker, with a s of humor showing in his eyes.

"And down in Washington what's going on," inqu the excited man, "while they're out teaching us all t All gone! All gone! Nobody home!" he replied. " lions—billions—shoveled in, shoveled out—without b keeping, without a budget, without rime or rea Millions of good food dumped into the river; hundre millions of good automobiles burned up in France make the poor little suffering French children clap poor little thin hands. Hundreds of millions—billions manufacturing plants that never manufactured, and that never sailed, and letters that never came! And lions, hundreds of millions, billions probably," stated Clinkscales inaccurately, "for investigations—of pins, and truck horses. Millions of these squirrel-faced exp prancing up and down the land at our expense, lectu us on our own business—on our own money. And pay—the—bills—to get insulted!"

"It's hard, Clank," replied his friend with quiet hu "You're right, but what are you going to do about it?"

"They want help, don't they, relying on our pat ism?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales, gazing at him underneath his o hanging eyebrows. cutting down the cost of living?"

"That's what say," responded Barker readily.

"They want he repeated Mr. Cli scales with dign "All right! I'll give them. They rely on patriotism. All rig they can. I'll help down the cost of livin if they want me to."

"How will you?" quired his listener keen interest. everybody knew, course, old Clank Cli scales—and his ter and his duodenum.

"From now by ——," exclaimed Clank Clinkscales fanely, "not one s dollar from me! N dollar!"

"Not a dollar?" peated Mr. Barker q zically.

"From now on— one dollar. Not one lar for taxes. From on we are going to down where i needed—and everyb knows it is! It's h time too. From

on," stated Mr. Clinkscales, "we are going to cut d on the high cost of taxes!"

"Clank," said Charles Barker warmly, "there's a g idea."

"No taxes in 1920, by ——" said Clank Clinksc again profanely. "Not from this business!"

"Ha! Ha! That's a good one, Clank!" said Mr. Bar now laughing heartily. "Ha! Ha!"

"Not one dollar!" reasserted Mr. Clinkscales firmly.

"So no taxes for you in 1920, huh?" inquired Mr. Bar and again gave way to laughter.

"No!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales, and banged his d with his closed hand.

"But what about it—what about your profits for y company—if you cut out taxes?" inquired Mr. Bar still visibly amused. "How'll you get out of it?"

"There won't be any profits!"

"There won't be any profits?" repeated Mr. Barker, smile fading slightly from his lips.

"No!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to show these fellows a novelty," said Clinkscales—a hard look shining from his eyes. "I going to introduce a new brand of patriotism into t country—a new kind. Patriotism without words—t costs you something! For one year I'll cut out taxes—a profits in my company with them."

"Do you mean to say ——" Mr. Barker now beg apparently much puzzled.

"I'll help them all right. I'll show them some p patriotism. Patriotism net!" continued Mr. Clinkscal "They wanted it—I'll show it to them. I'll do busin at cost if I have to!"

"You're fooling," said Mr. Barker—watching him wi a slight shade of anxiety.

n " exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales. "You watch me! ge two-thirds of it out of me anyhow—and more orull their damned Federal taxes together. They o ollars—and darn near three, if the truth were —o my one of what I earn."

nch as that?" inquired Mr. Barker.

s and more!" said Mr. Clinkscales loudly. "And I o it," he added, "anyhow, whatever it is—for one ow. I've got enough. I've got no children to . And it's worth it to me—easy—if for nothing h to stop listening to them lecturing, instructing, our patriotism. It's worth it to me—and more."

hat ——" said Mr. Barker, apparently much k. "What ——"

what?" demanded his senior somewhat ab-

about the rest of us—what of the rest of the nd cardamom-seed trade if you do that—cut h that?"

s you'll get along—after the last few years," said scales harshly.

on't mean that, Clank," said Mr. Barker, now riedly, his face visibly disturbed. "You don't —"

now me!" stated Mr. Clinkscales.

vouldn't do that, honest, Clank," pleaded Mr. ter a momentary study of the hard face opposite

watch me!" said old Clank Clinkscales, drawing up to his desk.

then," he inquired briskly, "is there anything do for you?"

Erker opened his mouth and closed it again.

ht, then," said Mr. Clinkscales. "Good-by! I'm e got to get started on this thing right away!"

Erker turned reluctantly to leave the room. But ng finally he stopped for a moment.

e give you some advice, Clank, as a friend," he on't get excited over this thing. Don't get that num of yours all out of whack. It ain't worth it," Barker solicitously, and at last went out.

rding him entirely, Mr. Clinkscales blew his ly and pressed his thumb upon a push button in k He felt, as a matter of fact, like a new man. s no discomfort whatever from his duodenum. rgotten for the moment that he had one.

chu doing now?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales of itio W. Grout, his assistant and cost expert, when ed. "Whatchu working on?"

Cout was a gray-faced man with a strong under lip, the wet style of hair brushing. "The dollar n' replied the old employee. After years of per- tact he assumed a brevity in speech not dis- om his employer's.

o it!" said Mr. Clinkscales.

"I'm showing what the cardamom-seed miller really gets for his work—out of the raw material, from the planter to the jobber."

"Drop it!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales a little louder.

"Three and one-half per cent," proceeded Mr. Grout with no change of voice or manner beyond a slight protrusion of the under lip. "That's all we get out of every dollar. Three and one-half cents."

"Drop it, I tell you!" said Mr. Clinkscales for a third time. "I've got something else."

"I've got it all ready for the newspapers—half pages. We'll show them!" stated Mr. Grout, his lip a little farther advanced.

"Will you drop it, or won't you?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales in a terrifying voice. "I've got something else for you now."

"Oh, all right!" said the trusted employee, looking at him coldly over his glasses. "What is it now?"

"If you have no objections now," said Mr. Clinkscales after an oppressive pause, "I'll tell you what I want done."

"All right, go ahead if you want to," responded Mr. Grout, his lower lip, however, still standing firm.

"How much'd this company pay the United States Government last year in taxes?"

"Six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-four cents," replied Mr. Grout in a clear distinct voice. He was an invaluable man. Clank Clinkscales kept the figures of his business in him; they were always right there.

When he wanted them he went and got them out of him—just as he took his securities out of his safe.

"That's good! That's good!" said Mr. Clinkscales, beating on his desk with an appearance of sudden happiness.

"What's good?" inquired Mr. Grout after a pause.

"They won't have it another year—that's all," said his employer.

"Who won't?"

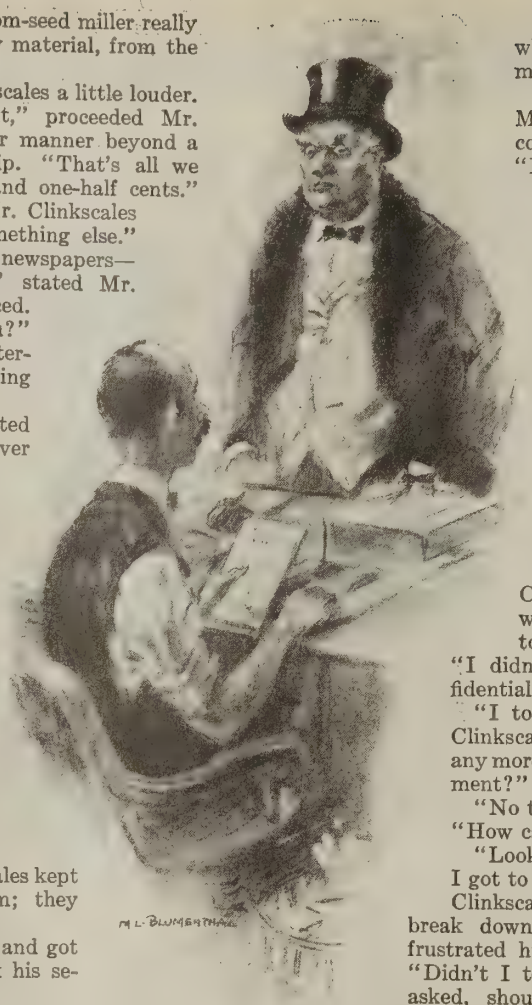
"Chipmunks," said Mr. Clinkscales—"in glasses! These damned, pindling, pipe-legged patrioteers!"

His employee gazed at him with some surprise. Mr. Clinkscales was often sketchy in his speech to his employees, but this seemed extreme.

"That spend it all for nothing," explained Mr. Clinkscales. "Relying on our patriotism, running our business, busting up this country—they won't get it out of me—not next year. How much did I make and keep personally—last year—after those damned taxes?"

"Four hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-one dollars and thirty-one cents."

"It's worth it," said Mr. Clinkscales. "It's worth it to me," and beat again upon his desk. "It will be in the end anyhow. And a damned good investment too. Now then," he said to the waiting Mr. Grout, "I tell you what I want you to do—right off. I want you to figure out," he said, speaking with great deliberation and precision, "a schedule of all the grades from A-Number One Firsts to Number 6 Shunts—a new schedule, based on what we can sell for at cost!



"You'll Print That—in Your Paper—or I'll Squash You Like a Potato Bug Under a Trip Hammer"

"Is that clear?" he said when Mr. Grout did not immediately answer. "At cost!"

"What's it for?" inquired Mr. Grout with small spirit of compromise in his voice.

"Because I want it!"

"You understand that all makes work for me?" said Mr. Grout interrogatively. His lower lip stood firm and in his eyes appeared the look of a trusted employee who sees ahead unnecessary work for the mere whim of an employer.

"I understand that without a doubt," said Mr. Clinkscales, glaring steadily at him. "What of it?"

"What's the use of it?" inquired the injured man.

"I told you once," said Mr. Clinkscales, glaring harder. He was a man who gave few words to employees.

"I didn't hear you," said his confidential expert.

"I told you, didn't I," said Mr. Clinkscales, "we weren't going to pay any more taxes to the Federal Government?"

"No taxes!" exclaimed Mr. Grout. "How can you help it?"

"Look here, how many times have I got to tell you this?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales, his temper threatening to break down under the way this man frustrated him when he was explaining. "Didn't I tell you once—didn't I?" he asked, shouting his explanations now. "Are you getting deaf, or what? Didn't I tell you a dozen times already how it was?"

"You can't do it!" said Mr. Grout dogmatically. "It can't be done! You can't get round the law!"

"Didn't I tell you a dozen times," Mr. Clinkscales continued shouting, "that we won't pay any taxes—simply because we won't make any profits? Didn't I tell you twenty times that I wanted you to scale up a new schedule so we wouldn't have to make profits?"

"No profits!" cried Mr. Grout, moving back a trifle. "Do you have to do it?"

"Certainly not—no!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "I want to—myself." He was now feeling again under this opposition the old discomfort in the old region of the duodenum. He saw he would have to stop this.

"Why?" persisted the implacable Mr. Grout.

"Why? Why? I told you why at least a hundred times!" called Mr. Clinkscales, now genuinely excited. "Chipmunks! That's why! Chipmunks in glasses! High-sounding patrioteers! Self-playing mechanical orators from Tuscaroara, Alabama, and Sagaways, Montana! From the cotton fields and the corn! Wasting our money, running round, talking, spending it, tearing down the country—to cut down the high cost of living!"

His old employee took a step to the rear, a new light appearing in his eyes.

"Do you understand me now?" exclaimed his employer, seeing clearly that he did not. "Or don't you—yet? Chipmunks from the Federal Government!" he continued with bitter sarcasm. "I'm working with them! I've got a commission! I'm working myself—under the orders of our Government, you understand, to reduce the high cost of living. You see that, do you?"

Mr. Grout preserved the same inquiring silence.

"And I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" asked Mr. Grout unswervingly.

"Reduce the high cost of living."

"How?"

"The one place you can reduce it, naturally. I'm going to cut down the high cost of taxes!"

"You mean ——"

"I mean I ain't going to pay any more—not a dollar that I can help. I'll do my bit. I'll show them once some patriotism—net. I'm going to stop paying taxes!"

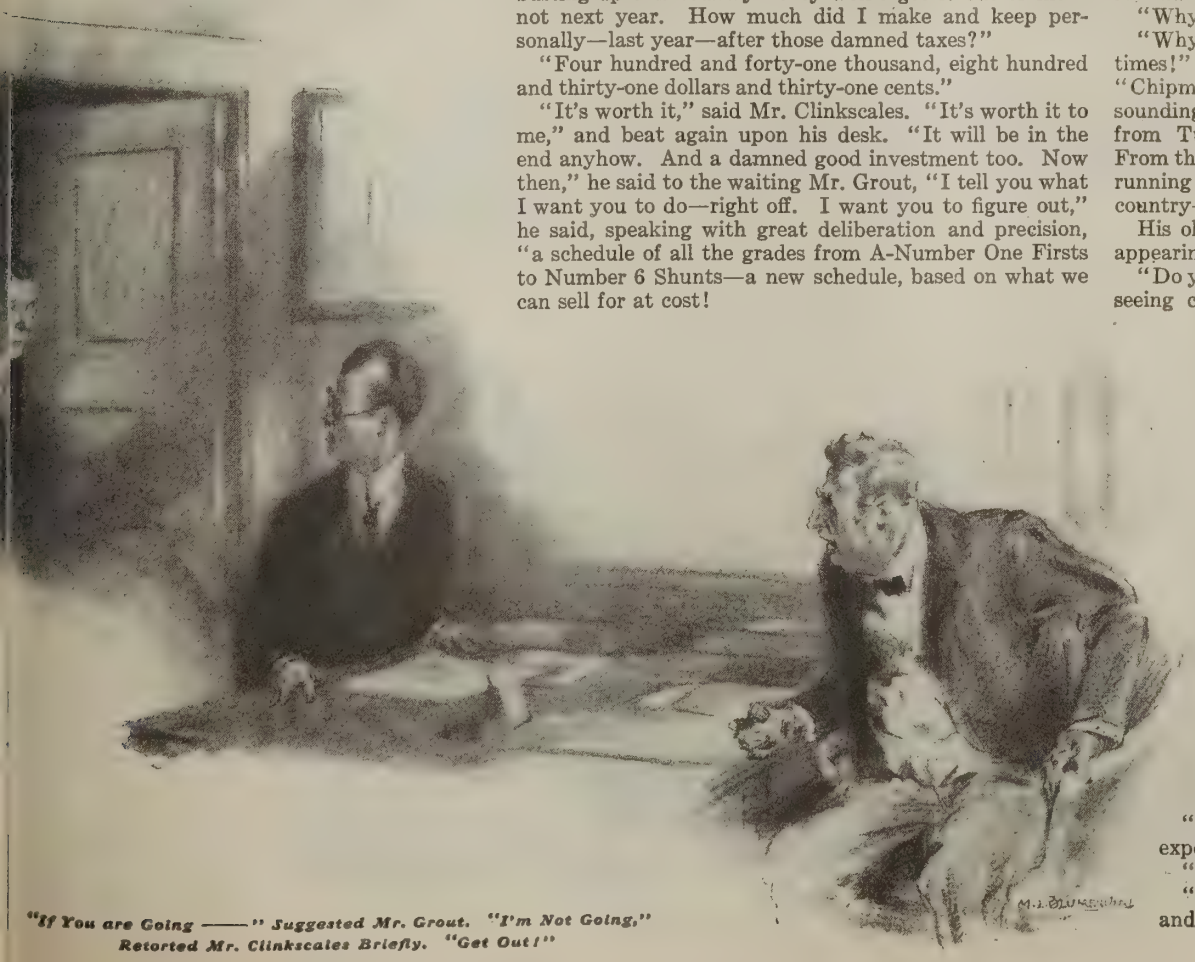
"Patriotism!" said Mr. Grout, his eyes now somewhat protruding. "Stop paying taxes! Patriotism!"

"Exactly!" said Clank Clinkscales. "At my own expense."

"Your own expense!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Clinkscales, getting more and more tired of this. "For every three dollars

(Continued on Page 75)

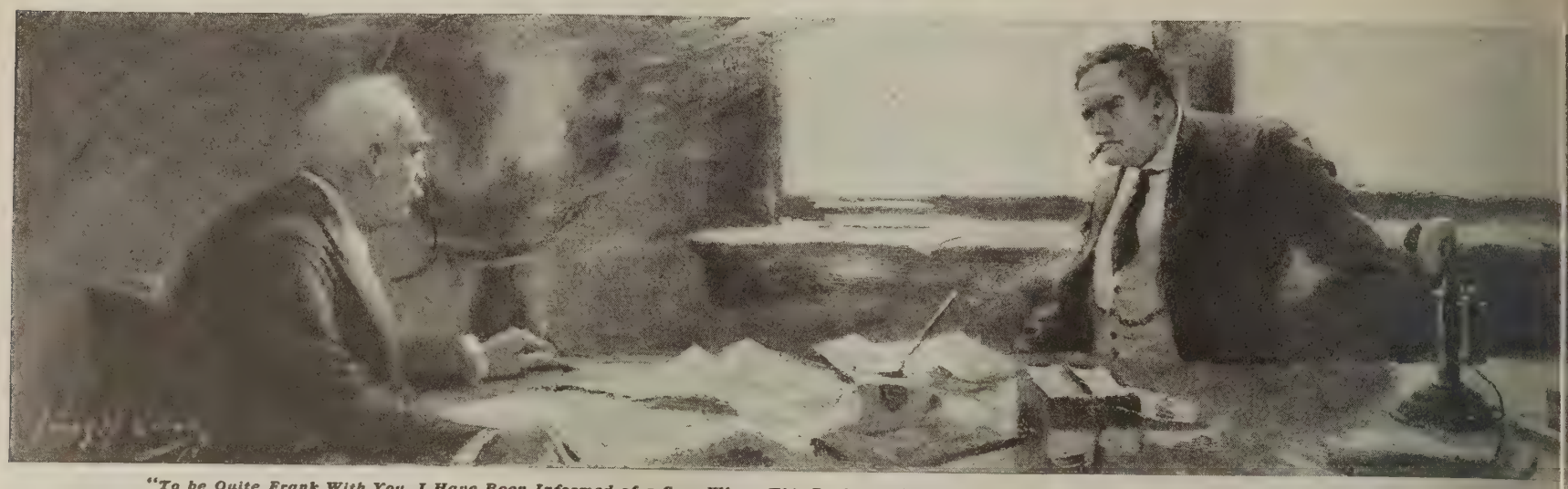


"If You are Going ——" Suggested Mr. Grout. "I'm Not Going," Retorted Mr. Clinkscales Briefly. "Get Out!"

DIRECT ACTION

By Wallace Irwi

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CR.



"To be Quite Frank With You, I Have Been Informed of a Case Where This Foxberry Has Given Bad Checks to the Amount of Thirty Thousand Dollars"

TWENTY-NINE years ago Macklin Prince was the aggressive junior partner in his father's business; Mellish & Prince, the firm was called, and they were wholesale lumbermen with headquarters at Denver. Their sawmills woke buzzing echoes among the pines all the way from Boulder to Cañon City. This was in the period when our nation's morals had passed from the Victorian into the Harrisonian and had not so much as dreamed of becoming Rooseveltian. In those days America doffed its hat to the successful man, quite regardless of how he got it; poverty was, of course, always jealous of wealth, but taken as a whole the country was tolerant of the silk hat and the fast-stepping trotter.

Not that the Mellish & Prince interests dealt in anything which, even according to present-day chastened standards, might be termed dubious. They bought forests, cut them down, and shot them through excellent machinery, which turned the wood into lumber both rough and smooth. Catering to public taste they had become masters of the jig saw which embellished our civilization with those diabolical pinwheels, scallops and spindles then considered indispensable to every well-constructed dwelling house. Times changed, fashions changed, and Mack Prince, an advocate of progressive methods, brought new life into the firm and compelled it to expand into the far-flung enterprise that it later became.

It was in his thirtieth year that Mack stood on the verge of a sensible matrimonial arrangement which, had it been carried out, would have offered no interruption to his hard romance of business. She was what it is found convenient to call a good girl; that is to say, she said her prayers, read the Atlantic Monthly at least two nights a week to her silver-haired father, never overdressed, never used face powder or any scent save orris root, sang in the Universalist Church choir and entertained no young men who did not meet with Mr. Fairley's approval. Her name was Amelia Fairley, and though a second glance might have discovered the sweetness of her eyes she could walk any bright day from Capitol Hill to Arapahoe Street without attracting what her beauty required—a second glance.

Now Mack Prince had carried her books for her when she was a student in the East Denver High School; he had even digressed occasionally from his later mild sporting life to accompany her to choir practice every Tuesday night. Nothing could be more natural than that they should have become engaged. There was neither fire nor chaos in that love. Cool, poetical, enchanting, it came to his heart like the pleasant silvery ripple that spreads and spreads when you drop a clean pebble into a mountain lake. Mack Prince was to learn the difference—in the nick of time, said innumerable unprejudiced witnesses.

Bianca Melling came like a bright spirit of unrest out of Philadelphia, of all places! Quaker-born, she went West to fire a frontier town with a new flame of pleasure. Newspaper paragraphers may disagree with me, but this has been done more than once in my lifetime. Pleasure ran with her like a racing companion whom she challenged daily and left panting at the milepost. Mack Prince, who had never been quite sedate and had had his bout with life among some wealthy Easterners in the mining camps, made no serious effort to resist her. He had heard much talk of her long before she danced into his field of vision. He saw her first under starlight, just as she stepped from a brilliantly lighted ballroom to a shadowy veranda. She stood laughing against the velvet curtains of the night, distant gleams catching her brilliant hair and teasing smile. A mooning Romeo already, he lingered in the obscurity to watch her splendor "like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

She singled him out for his money; at least that was the popular version of his case. There were several mining men constantly in her train, but the young ones were rough and the smooth ones old. Mack was obvious, easy and pathetically willing. There is no sportsmanship in taking willing game that will neither run nor hide. Poor Mack's engagement to Amelia Fairley had reached the chronic stage; he required the heart stimulant which Bianca always held in a spoon and administered to him in all but poisonous doses. Drugs create the craving which they satisfy; moreover they breed deceitfulness in the addict. Mack became horribly dutiful in his attitude toward Amelia until the little great world in which they moved began to pity and to make remarks. Bianca was created to have remarks made about her; she prospered under it.

It was Amelia's gentle hand that struck the blow which everybody but Mack realized must fall sooner or later; he was no feminist and held to the belief that man should propose and woman dispose. To do him justice Mack had made up his mind to do the right thing by Amelia, to hasten the marriage and be as happy as he could be under perplexing circumstances. It was upon such a melancholy errand that he faced his fiancée and received a pleasant surprise.

"Mack," she said, accusing him with suffering eyes, "you're doing this because you want to be kind to me. That's the sort of cruelty I can't stand. I know that Bianca Melling has turned your head. It's natural she should—she's twice as attractive as I am. I've been thinking it over, and the more I think the more I realize that I'm not the sort to make you happy."

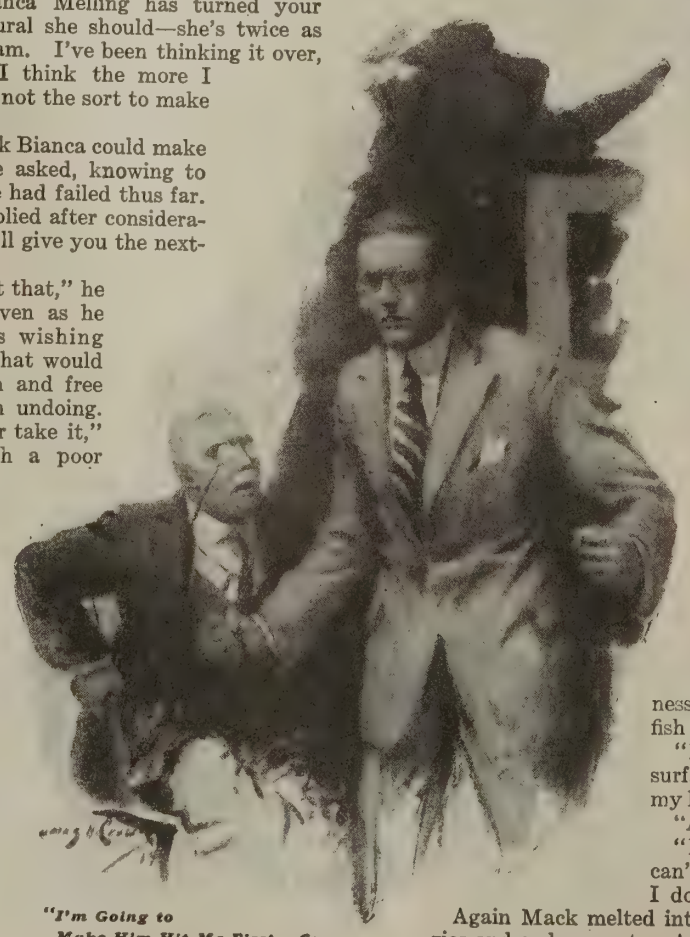
"Do you think Bianca could make me happy?" he asked, knowing to what degree she had failed thus far.

"No," she replied after consideration. "But she'll give you the next-best thing."

"I don't want that," he told her, yet even as he said it he was wishing for some word that would break the chain and free him for his own undoing.

"You'd better take it," she replied with a poor attempt at a smile. "It's more than I can ever give you now."

This closed Amelia's chapter, relegating her to a minor part until her brief and tragic epilogue. Less than six months after her voluntary break with Macklin Prince she married a mediocre lawyer, one Sextus Macgowan,



"I'm Going to Make Him Hit Me First. Come On, Mack! Are You With Me?"

who had been associated in her father's law busi Mack's wedding preceded hers by a fortnight and the young Princes, happy and prosperous as their implied, to New York, Chicago and Philadelphia sightseeing tour.

Four years later found Macklin Prince boiling i caldron of what Amelia had labeled the next-best t The good woman who had quit his book of life descended to the level of mediocrity adored by her gowan, and was living in a secluded, cottonwood-sh street somewhere in West Denver. Soon after her riage, Mack heard, a child had been born to her; h glad, because Amelia, he knew, was a domestic wom something which Bianca most certainly was not.

The Princes had built themselves a fine ugly gr house on Capitol Hill. Finished in the elaborate y oak of the period, lined with flamboyant Turkish hung with much velvet and chenille, it was intend impress the humble and the great. It was labyrinth large for them, Mack often thought, for they ha children. But to Bianca it was satisfying—if anyt could have been said to satisfy that greedy little perso gave her a background against which she could show o clothes and play the game of popularity to which she devoted with all her fluffy little heart.

Like many another man of ability Macklin Prince of a somewhat simple domestic taste. To marry a settle down were, to him, onymous terms. He had his wild life behind him. ness had grown round until in order to becom master he had become its s With the death of his fa the firm had been reorgan under the name of Ma Prince & Co. and had itself with the great lu interests of the Pacific C It would have been ridicu to think of a man like Ma Prince casting this load his shoulders in order to c with the young fry, the i and the retired capitalists whom Bianca coquetted, ways amusing, always amu

"Mack," she once told after one of his affectio little sermons, "there's a fu deep-sea fish that sort of sw and blows up when you b him to the surface. It's a heavy old soul and it just c stand anything light."

"That's me," he sm having as usual added forg ness to his kiss. "And what sor fish are you?"

"Naturally built for skimming surfaces, hitting the high waves my little fins."

"A flying fish," he agreed.

"Please don't scold me, Mack can't help the way I was born— I do love you somehow or oth

Again Mack melted into a creature of caresses, ap gies and endearments. Amelia's Cassandra prophecy well forgotten at such moments, when there seemed t

tt thing in the world than that which Bianca had
nto his all too easily satisfied heart.
asn 1895 that Macklin Prince returning from a trip
if(nia found that which had been clear as mountain
th gossips of Denver society. There had been no
f m Bianca during his absence, and no answers to
ams. She had been out of town for two weeks,
s mouthed servants at his house told him, and a
n is desk gave the terrible reason why:

ack: You must have seen how things are going.
o n-hearted to tell you this way, but it has to be.
e with you and feel as I do. Try to think as well
a you can. I've made an
, please don't try to
r e.

t s all. Unsigned, blotted
r led in Bianca's weak,
d andwriting. Where had
r Mack sat a long time
o dered, trying to work
e roblem methodically as
r e the innumerable riddles
a e into his business life.
r rse there was a man.
u tion was, Which one?
r nade out a list of candi-
v iting them down care-
w h a finely sharpened
. Ie scratched the names
e t a time as their inno-
w proved in the court of
in. After they were all
a d he thought of Jerry
Quite likely. Rather
, perciliously attractive,
n notorious, he had come
B anca's circle lightly as a
c oud crosses the moon.
h l scarcely looked at him.
t fternoon he found in
a desk enough written
a to condemn the man.
h thought was: "What-
a pens this must be hushed
o the servants and the
s tside." He told every-
t t Mrs. Prince had been
p Philadelphia by the
r her mother. Working
d ally as he always did,
u l that Fleir had been
s eral weeks, having gone
o business. The chain
v complete; but Denver,
Mack could find out,
a taken the trouble to
t e links.
o ido in those days was not
g as our romancers would
u think. Bret Harte had
g one out of fashion as a
sportsmanship. Suave
s hen and metallurgists
C lumbia University had
h a leaven of civilization
h state, even as far back
r ning camps. The solu-
o f Mack's problem might
h en simple and savage
i the '80's. Considering
s rom every possible angle
c ed how his father had
t l at one or two heroic
e having been skilled in
s of a lethal tool vernacu-
a ed an "iron." Often the
F nce had disdained pow-
a hot. "Just brained the
v n the butt of a loaded quirt," had been the climax
e his gentle narratives.
l crama! Mack's training had been different from
f is father. He had been a studious boy at school,
r habits had been as sedate as any average young
Brooklyn, say, or Boston. What he had seen of
g amps had satisfied him that blood and thunder
a very well to interest the passing tourist, but had
a whatever in the everyday life of the American
e man.
t the thought of Bianca he seemed to wither and
c. He didn't care what became of her, he kept
g imself. Bloodshed and melodrama would do no
ave men were all very well in their age, but where
r dern woman whose love will revive at the point of
d He could even look upon Fleir's behavior with
t amount of tolerance. Fleir wasn't to blame,
a wasn't to blame. It was merely the misjudgment
e hat had yoked an ant and a butterfly, married
u to Industry.

Mack went back to his offices and made the best of it. He even invented jolly bits of gossip, supposedly retailed in his wife's letters from Philadelphia. He must have lied rather well, for Denver was misled during the brief period when he found it necessary to act his foolish part.

She came back in December, arriving in a jingling sleigh over the white mantle which a recent blizzard had heaped up, torn wildly from the high peaks to the west. It was late in the afternoon, about twilight, when Mack Prince, smoking alone in the big sitting room, saw the furry bundle step carefully out upon the newly cleared sidewalk. She stamped her frivolous little fur-covered feet and

A Mooning Romeo Already, He Lingered in the Obscurity to Watch Her Splendor

stopped to shake fragments of snow from her skirt. Mack watched this all without the slightest trace of emotion. He had seen her come in this way so often before. She was home, that was all.

He was seated and smoking calmly when she appeared between the curtains of the door, her cheeks bright with the rare winds, her eyes shining, her face prettier than he had ever before seen it. Only in melodramas does the erring wife return in a black cloak, pitiably dejected.

"Hello, Banky," said her husband quite casually, though he did not rise to meet her.

"Hello, Mack!"

She sat down and began rather nervously to remove her gloves.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked finally.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Why don't you ask me where I've been and why I went? Why don't you send me packing right now?"

Mack threw down his cigar and the newspaper, which had concealed his face.

"I know enough," he admitted rather gruffly, "without asking questions."

"I suppose the whole town is echoing with it," she suggested, having rolled her gloves into a prim little wad.

"Not that I have heard. You are supposed to have been called to Philadelphia due to your mother's illness."

"Oh. I don't see why you gave that out. People will know as soon as you begin your suit ——"

"What suit?"

"You're going to divorce me, aren't you, Mack?"

"No." He sat and considered this a long time. Then he added faintly: "Not unless you want it."

She rose and rushed out of the room. He could hear her soft tread mounting the stairs. A moment later there came the sound of busy footsteps, indicating that the servants had been apprised of their mistress' return.

Another storm came up that night, howling about the stony towers and baronial buttresses with a fury to rival the cold tempests in Prince's heart. It screamed and gibbered, alternately shaking the window panes and whipping them with thongs of snow. Mack sat up in bed and he presented a comfortable picture, his head supported by soft pillows, a book held under the reading light in the crook of one silk-clad arm. It was Lays of Ancient Rome, which he had picked up at random from his library, and from this he was studying the fierce justice of the Conscript Fathers—worthy men indeed! It was a handsome volume, one of the Victorian first editions he had bought the year before—later to find that they were all counterfeit. Meanwhile the white demon of Pike's Peak, which seemed to have leaped across the foothills to uproot his specious splendor, sang to him the glory of that one sin he had sworn to deny himself. Hatred, hatred and yet more hatred!

All through Macaulay's martial strains the question persisted. Why had he sat there, calmly smoking, pretending to forgive the woman who had come back unchastened? Where was the spirit of his father, the spirit which would have settled it all simply and cruelly as old Kublai might have paid a grudge against a Tartar chief? Had he no courage? Was his tribe, bred to rough mountain justice, weakening under the influence of the luxury their crude strength had brought about them? It seemed so. Indeed it is wonderful how soon a breed of conquering Tartars can degenerate into soft Manchus.

Mack Prince must have fallen asleep upon his grudge, for when he opened his eyes he saw Bianca leaning over him. Her splendid yellowish hair lay in a thick braid against the pink lacy garment which with one hand she was clutching tightly across her breast. Her pure low forehead was creased with a puzzlement that seemed to be questioning his own distracted soul. Her pupils were distended like those of some frightened child just awakened from a bad dream.

"Mack," she said softly.

"Yes, dear."

He reached over and took her free hand, which was cold as ice.

"I know how you feel—how you must feel. You say you won't send me away. But I know you will."

"No," he replied sullenly.

"You didn't give me a chance to tell you. I could'nt. I promised to run away with Jerry ——"

"I don't want to hear anything about him."

He turned toward the electric light, which seemed to be burning its way into his brain.

"You've got to. I started East—but I couldn't bear the idea, Mack. I went straight to Aunt Ruth, at Harrisburg. He followed me there and did everything he could

(Continued on Page 99)

COMME SI, COMME ÇA

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

WHAT is antique and what merely secondhand? That, *mes amis*, is a delicate question, yet of such a nicety that it can only be answered by genius backed by an authorative name, such, *par example*, as my own.

Of course when one comes to old silver, Goblin tapestry and *objects de vertue* such as Ming pottery, this question cannot be mooted. But my claim is that any object coming under the head of curious is a curio, of age is antique; and if everyone will concede that a person is as old as they feel, why not that an inanimate object is as old as you feel it is, and that anything under the head of salability is an object of art?

Lionel, my head curator, who is on some such pretext ever on the verge of leaving me, brought up the question in one of those all-too-frequently recurring disputes which his absurd overconscientiousness gives rise to.

"But damn it all, Kentt!" exclaimed the transfigured Tom McGuire as he stood before the cheval glass in the dressing room of our flat while the dressmaker chap from Tonté fitted an exquisite costume for the forthcoming *Bal des Artistes* which I had designed for him—an Eastern slave effect in raspberry satin and silver with heavy ropes of pearls and a turban completely swathed in osprey feathers—a unique creation which curiously enough seemed to exasperate instead of please Tom, or Lionel, as he is and ever shall be to me, and which he had only consented to wear after my insisting upon the vital necessity of all the big art dealers and decorators like ourselves making a proper appearance at this important function.

"But damn it all, Kentt!" said he. "When you get a poor fish like Mrs. Allington into the shop and sell her an exquisite example of the late Tweed period consisting of an umbrella stand made out of concrete set with broken bits of colored glass and jolly her into paying fifty iron men for it on the ground that it is 'so amusing' my gall rises, I swear it does!"

"But wasn't it amusing?" I demanded with the candor upon which I pride myself. "Wasn't the very fact of her buying the blooming thing amusing?"

"But was it decent?" insisted the absurd creature. "Lots of indecent things may be amusing—but hardly in business relations. Why, where are you going to stop? You begin with George Washington, and his period is O. K. I guess—at any rate it's really old—then we get Adams and Co. And they seem fair enough too. Then the Victorian period and now Tweed. I suppose that if the Republican Party gets in you'll begin selling Woodrovian stuff?"

"Well, why not?" I snapped back. "It could well be called an interesting period!"

"Oh the devil!" exclaimed Lionel. "You know what I mean well enough! It's this selling people trash by hypnotism that gets my goat!"

And he stepped from the rose-satin pantaloons with an angry gesture.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "*Mon vieux*, it is not always the dealer by any means who creates an imaginary value about a valueless object. Why more often than not it is the client who is responsible. *Je vous assurez*, the very biggest collectors are sometimes subject to a craze for absurdities such as old medicine bottles or obsolete cooking utensils, and if their interest is engaged the price is nothing to them. What value, *par example*, would old hatboxes have unless some nut had started collecting them?"

With which masterly reply I took his place before the mirror and was draped in the nebulea of my own costume—that of a Roman senator. Lionel eyed me critically.

"Some indoor sports skirt!" he commented ruthlessly. "But," he continued, "what I mean about values is this: A big chap in the collecting line like, say, Morganthawl, doesn't fall for any of that fool stuff, and a big dealer like—like Madame Cartiea, for example, doesn't try to sell it to him. I wish to heaven we did business that way. She gets the big clients like Morganthawl just because she doesn't sell hokum at all!"

"Well!" I said, shrugging, "I'll make you a little bet that Morganthawl is as big a fool as anyone and that Cartiea sells him hokum—only we don't know about it—and I mean stuff that you and I will both admit is hokum, too, and that she will admit it."

"What'll you bet?" he demanded at once.

"A box of candy!" said I. "Five pounds."

"There Was an Arabella Durand, Was There Not, Mr. Kentt?"

"Bah!" said Lionel. "Make it—let's see—if I can prove you are wrong you let me off wearing that damn costume."

"All right," said I, "and if you lose you wear it. I'm satisfied. I've set my heart on having my dearest friend and head curator look his best at the ball, but I'll be a sport. You need not even go to it if you win. But, *mon ami*, of course this means that the test must come off during the next three weeks."

"I was thinking of the Durand sale," said Lionel.

"So was I," I replied, trying the effect of a fillet round my head. "Though how you are going to prove anything is more than I can see."

"Well, I'll make that sale the test if you will agree to it," Lionel informed me. "Old Durand left no heirs and no will and the estate will be sold by the controller. He had practically nothing but trash. If Madame Cartiea buys there for Morganthawl we'll call it a go."

"Nothing but trash—and the Sully miniature!"

"But did the old boy really have it?" said Lionel. "All you know is that Sully painted a miniature of Arabella Durand in 1820 and that it has been lost."

"Or remained in the family," I added. "There is apparently no record of their ever having sold it. Old Chester Durand was a collector in his way, you know!"

"And may have kept it in all his ... erty, knowing it was worth a fort... scoffed the dear, beautiful boy, toyin... the trimming of my toga. "Awfully likely, isn't it ... can't make me believe he did."

"Well, *mon cher*," I said. "We will be there at t... in hopes of its turning up nevertheless. And I am ... convinced that it not only still exists but that in sp... the fact that it is not listed it will be discovered in... some secret spot, let us say. We will motor up ... *ça va sans diere*, and make a thorough search."

"You have the imagination of a statistical writer! ... dear Lionel. "However, we'll go as you suggest, b... the moment I shall have to tear myself from admirin... classic bath robe of yours as I have a luncheon date.

"Before you go tell me how you like the get-u... thing!" said I, turning about in the flowing purple ...

"Looks like an out-size garment to me," said he, sli... into his smart tight-waisted morning coat. "Wh... volume?"

"For dignity," said I. "I am supposed to be a R... senator of the Augustan Age."

"Pretty big appropriation," ... mured that dear lad. "A ball ... males doll up like a bunch of ... girls is my idea of nothing at all."

"Who are you lunching with ... Widow Cartiea, I suppose," sa... changing the subject before I be... provoked with him. Also because ... curious. "Not that I care if you ... I added. "That woman gives ... pain!"

"I'm glad she gives you some ... besides the raspberry!" grinned ... beautiful Lionel maliciously. "... is not our fair competitor to-day. ... my dad, who has torn himself fro... Oleoil Best for Man and Beast an... serted Oleo, Illinois, long enough to ... in a week of the big city's delights ...

I groaned inwardly at the thoug... that dreadful vulgar old person's h... again intruded into the *doulce fa*... of our days, just as, *tu compris*, I ha... Lionel once more into harness. Al... going well between us and now ... came that disturbing influence, his ... mon parent—the Old Boy, as we ... him—and Lionel would remember ... his real name was Tom and I w... have to watch my conduct of the ... Art Galleries most meticulously o... handsome head curator would be th... ening to start westward ho!

With a heavy heart I let him go t... engagement, and leaving the costu... I dressed and proceeded to my ga... on the avenue, uncheered even by ... knowledge that it was not Mad... Cartiea with whom Lionel was ... Somehow that woman continued t... tract me even after the scandalous ... in which she had on various occas... contrived to make me appear ri... lous. I detested her, and yet I c... not endure to think of her liking ... one else—least of all my treasure ... curator—because, of course, if they were to marry he w... leave me and she had enough desirable clients, inclu... the coveted Morganthawl, without taking Lionel's fol... ing as well. Furthermore, I was determined to show ... up. No one—*ça va sans dire*—could be successful an... so utterly honest as she was reputed, as any business ... will admit. And I was convinced that if I could ... prove to her that she was not omnipotent in her li... would thereby show her my superior masterly intel... on something and she would then, womanlike, inevita... er—soften toward me and perceive that brains rather t... mere beauty—ah—er—*comprenez vous?*

Still it was a relief to know that to-day at least Li... was not with her. It was with some surprise that I ... served his state of high excitement upon his return. ... burst into my private office positively flushed, his Ir... blue eyes glistening with news.

"Whoop! I've landed!" he shouted, jumping over ... back of a chair and dexterously landing on the seat.

"She's a fool, then!" I exclaimed, arising sharply, ... heart growing cold with alarm.

"She? Whatter you mean—she?" said Lionel, lo... ing at me blankly. Then he blushed crimson up to ... very roots of his sleek hair and laughed uncomfortably

ou oor fish!" he said. "I'm not talking of Cart—
gl. It's Morganthawl!"
ı ı/ goodness!" I exclaimed. "You don't say so!
"
e vs also lunching with my dad," Lionel explained.
er the old boys have some rather big financial
tsn common and have known each other for years.
a ighty nice to me and when I told him about the
ih of the Sully miniature he told me to get it for
miatures are one of his hobbies."
b/! Oh boy!" I shouted. And arising we embraced
th improvised jazz. It was a momentous moment,
ccrse, as we had never sold him a thing and had for
hei trying to and as so far no one had received a
cder from him excepting Cartiea, Inc., Lionel's
e nt was one of—one of, well, was one.
d ow all that remains is to find that miniature!"
ne Lionel as soon as he had got his breath. "And
ride!"
s, ut can we?" I replied doubtfully.
ell/ou said we could!" retorted Lionel with some
"nd I've banked on it! I'll have to make good!"
my Dieu, I hope so!" I answered fervently.
te by, I told dad about the *Bal des Artistes*," said
. 'nd I think he'd like to go."
rt nly!" I exclaimed.
hg for your *cher*
: nything at all!
I' no idea he knew
prof people!"
cy of the Durand
aried fair and cool,
is enough frost in the
j tify Lionel and I
ir on our new heavy
cats, as our roadster
pe and the drive to
th town of Chester,
Durand had lived,
l likely to prove a
nethus necessitating
ly tart.
press to a thrill of
rén the appearance
u have made, for
:d I are nothing if
icand the car was ex-
y-extremely—well,
ne I had picked it
cedhand, having a
l talent for picking
colhand things, and
ad done the dull,
ca part of getting it
. He had been enor-
y successful, and had
arbeen an ordinary
neve could have un-
ecy made a thousand
n profit on it. As it
wlcould at any rate
tined it over for a
hundred per cent,
wh its coat of bright
ilellow. But we were
atgued with it our-
part with it, *tu*
ig
ld We started, hav-
s provided ourselves
a oad map, because
nerstand this sale was
t se in-camera affairs
ic even the dealers
ptupposed to be par-
rl aware—very dif-
om Klark's on the
cn Show Galleries,
e amous and near-
s ollections are sold.
O and had been the
: ancient and once-
n family and had for
a twenty-odd years
e lived in poverty
e usion in the ram-
old mansion of his
swhich domicile was
ay—and locally—
s to contain a good
d furniture and so
asmuch as nothing
a been bought for it
f century, and since
u ion incident to his
'failure nothing had
t en out of it except
nger ashes from the

open stoves. There was, however, the aforementioned superstition about the portrait by Sully—a miniature of extreme beauty often mentioned in works about the artist, referred to in the letters of—er—well, generals and admirals and senators and artists and so forth. I don't really know just what, but at any rate it is certain that the miniature of Arabella Durand had at one time existed, had hardly been destroyed, and that, *on dit*, the occasional adventurers who had attempted to see that old bird, the most recently deceased Durand, simply had the door shut in their faces like a beastly book-salesman person or something by the rude old fellow!

Eh bien! The sale had to be advertised, of course, since there were plenty of creditors, if no relatives, and the advertisement had appeared in a Springfield paper to which we had subscribed since hearing accidently from Herr Docktor Verboten that the old man was ill.

Ça va sans diere that a few other distinguished dealers beside ourselves were bound to have known of old Durand's existence and, of course, would show up. But we calculated that most of them would be local persons, female gift-shop proprietors and so forth, with very little money to spend. And so we had the delightful sensations incident to—er—worsting our competitors, in addition to the joys of the salubrious morning as we began our *voyage de reconnaissance*.

"Ah! My Friend! My Benefactress! How Much? Three Thousand Dollars—Four Thousand? Name Your Own Price!"

As we turned from the Parkway into the freedom of the highroad and darted ahead like a—er—arrow upon the blue, or something, I could not but wish that all the dull bourgeoise American public might have the treat of not only seeing us but realizing us, if I may so put it—our charm, our success, our vitality, good taste and culture, even our French. And I especially wished it for the people of my own home town of Dallas, Texas, which had curiously failed to appreciate me in my boyhood days and had unreasonably called me Percy, which name I never actually bore and failed to see the *raison d'atre* of. Could they have seen me, how their opinion would have altered! Poor things! How I pity provincialism! But I disgress. *O là, là!*

It was about ten when we left the city limits and not more than eleven-fifteen when, as we were hesitating for a moment at a fork in the road, a great black-and-red Roynton, driven by a liveried chauffeur, flashed by us, taking the left, but not so quickly that I failed to note the occupants of the back seat.

They were Madame Cartiea and Eloise Dubois, her assistant. Lionel and I exchanged a swift glance and he—for he was driving—swung into the left turn after them, making all possible speed.

"Great Scott!" said Lionel. "She's on her way of course! How much do you suppose she knew about Durand *et al?*"

"Easy enough!" said I. "She's been spying on us or been dining out again with your distinguished father and he mentioned your conversation with Morganthawl and she's trying to beat us to it!"

"Sush!" said Lionel. "She probably doesn't connect this auction with the Sully miniature at all. We'll say nothing at any rate."

Ahead of us the powerful touring car had slowed for a moment at the gateway of a handsome and pretentious estate, where an old man—a servitor of some sort—was standing, hatless. The chauffeur spoke with him for a moment and the old man waved and pointed ahead. Evidently they had asked for and received directions.

"They seem in a hurry!" I remarked, glancing at my wrist watch. "It's only a little after eleven and the sale is advertised for two. They must have heard something we don't know. My gracious! Suppose the Sully has been found?"

"I'll say something is up!" agreed Lionel. "We'd better reach there when they do at any rate."

And he sped up the auto until we turned another curve, when one of those unexpected congestions of traffic occurred. A long string of trucks was approaching and there was a long line of cars ahead. There was nothing for it but to fall in place, but as the road was now straight we kept going at about twenty-five miles an hour, which was all right enough, because there was the same condition ahead of the Roynton, which moved two cars before us in the long line.

Suddenly this line swerved to the right round an abrupt turn; a gate loomed before us as we made the unexpected curve on two wheels. I caught sight of a motor policeman, cap in hand, standing by the gate, and then the cars ahead began to slow down and stop. We stopped and once again dear Lionel and I exchanged a bewildered glance.

We were in a cemetery.

(Continued on Page 177)

FUNNY FINGERS

By Maxwell Smi

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BE

SQUATTING a moment on the window sill De Nutter grinned and tightened the buckle of his right sandal. As he dropped to the ground his chuckle of confidence was audible. He had put over his first attempt at burglary—put it over while two servants were in the house. It had been very simple; it would be profitable. Two steps took him across the fringe of flower bed to the gravel path which led to the gate onto the street a hundred feet away. Better to be seen going out boldly, if anyone chanced to be passing, than to go skulking. He was not concerned about the servants; their laughter had sounded from the rear of the house downstairs as he had departed.

In a trousers pocket he fingered the half dozen glass beads and the little bottle which once had contained the kohl that had darkened the eyes of an Egyptian princess. His coat bulged where he held beneath it a Byzantine tumbler.

The small bottlelike vase and the tumbler really were extras in the way of loot. He had not gone after these. They represented an inability to resist an itching temptation. The beads were all he had intended to take. But he sighed in regret over the things he had passed up, and indulged in a feeling of righteousness because of the strength of will with which he had refused, though the vase and the tumbler were evidence of a compromise with that righteousness.

There was, for instance, that maddening blue-black copy of the famous Portland vase—a copy made by Josiah Wedgwood when the original was discovered in the collection of the Duchess of Portland after her death in 1786—with its delicate white figures and bas-reliefs which are still disputed as portraying the birth and death of Alexander Severus, whose ashes the urn held, or as representing Pluto and Proserpine, or again the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. The treasures, too, in Venetian crackled glass and milk white and opaque and enameled; and the rare engraved Venetian creations. Especially had it been hard to keep hands off the delicious works, with their burned-in lead enamels, of the Saracenic art which was stifled when Tamerlane invaded Syria and transported all the glassworkers to Samarkand. And the gems of Roman, Phœnician, French, English, Bohemian, Colonial American craftsmanship. It had required real effort to leave these where they belonged; but De Nutter knew repression and could practice it when caution dictated.

The glare of automobile headlights struck upon him as he passed through the gate. He checked an inclination to shrink back into the shadows, but he did bend his head and half turn away from the light to hide the bulge in his coat. His breath caught as he glanced at his feet. He hoped those in the machine would not notice his odd footgear—the sandals. While the thought was in his mind the light left him as the car passed on to slow and turn into the drive at the next house.

De Nutter moved more briskly, thankful that he had harked to discretion and therefore had not helped himself liberally from the magnificent collection of antique glass in the house he had just left. Had he been heavily encumbered he probably would have engendered suspicion, since someone after all had seen him departing. He had the beads that had impelled him to burglary. These alone would suffice to pay him for the risk. Besides, he had the Hedwig glass and the jasper-red kohl bottle with its Nile-blue and pale-buff curved chevrons.

De Nutter got unhurriedly into the roadster which he had brought impudently to the curb on his mission of burglary. In scheming the burglary he had proceeded on the conviction that the more openly he went about it the less likely would he be to attract attention. Who would suspect a man that drove up to the front door in an automobile?

"You've Lost What Nerve You Had, Betty—it's Gone"

Preferably he would have hired a professional housebreaker—the devious range of his acquaintance would have made that easy—but this had not been a matter of raking into a bag whatever looked valuable. It had been a job calling for an expert, this selection of the half dozen beads. He could, of course, have instructed a hired burglar to garner all the beads in the collection, but De Nutter had feared a professional would not stop there. The plate and trinkets in the house would have proved too much for a plain thief. And silver frequently was traced before it reached the melting pot.

That was what had made De Nutter take the chance himself. Suppose the burglar had helped himself to the ordinary articles of loot, had been arrested through their disposal and had talked to save his own skin?

Starting the car De Nutter slid at easy pace through the autumn evening to descend the steep ways from this highest of the residenced hills in Westchester County close by the New York City line. Ten minutes and he was mingling with the stream of automobiles on Broadway and passing within the city limits.

A layman wouldn't think much of De Nutter's plunder. The beads about which he was so highly elated might amuse a child for a while, but they would go into the discard any time if the choice were given of some wonder from the counters of a five-and-ten-cent store. A woman could be expected to murmur with pleasure at their coloring, the Stygian blue to palest turquoise with zigzags of yellow and red, but she wouldn't go frantic over them. A man probably would grunt, nod, say "Pretty" or something like that, and push them aside to make room for an ash tray.

They were like that, these beads, to ordinary folk; and likely would not hold much greater appeal to anyone not an enthusiast even though it were stated that they a back as far as the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, abo thousand years before Christ, or that the exqu blended one had belonged to Queen Hatasu of the eenth Dynasty, 1500 B. C., and by its hieroglyphs that this queen was "beloved of the Goddess H To De Nutter, however, the history of the colored glass meant much, since it had roused the covet which had brought him his commission and incited burglary.

De Nutter was a scout and procurer in the w antiques. He was not a dealer; he carried no sto no headquarters but his studio apartment. He hun and obtained whatever someone else wanted. And as a rule he was careful, he was not too scrupulous manner in which he filled orders.

In a business like antiques, ceptible to chicanery, there w and profitable play for his edge—he had been an assista tiquary in a national museum his talent in rooting out lon treasures. Nor did all his c sions come from shady sources were times when even the mo utable agents called upon h help—no questions asked—to need of some insistent collect

The demand for the Egyptian beads had com an ardent spirit who these few to complete a tion embracing every unearthed. Outside o seums the d beads were prac unavailable. J Cumerford, who lection De Nutt robbed, had be fered fabulous for the Queen H bead and th others but had r to sell. So had t other individua possessed the the baubles wanted, wi exception of that whic belonged to the queen.

As a last resort, to the importunate clien dealer had called up Nutter, given him the of the three who had th eted beads, and told him to use h judgment. Particularly, it wa pressed, the inscribed Hatasu was desired. For it ten thousar lars would be paid; the others be bought for five thousand a The money would be split 60-4 Nutter getting the three-fifths.

The dealer's cut was big not b he had obtained the commissi because it would devolve upo to bring the stolen relics to light again with enough bility to permit their new owner to display them in his This could be done by having a research party am ruins of ancient Egypt discover these selfsame b colored glass with others of lesser luster. There pro would be trouble over the Hatasu bead, but its ab identity could be clouded by the addition of some glyph without interfering with the original inscripti

Such was the problem to which De Nutter had a his energy and cunning; which now, as he swung h from Broadway into Van Cortlandt Park, he flattered self that he had carried out with considerable darin skill.

Out of the traffic he halted in a byway of the par changed the sandals on his feet for ordinary shoes. idea that had caused him to wear the sandals had a stroke of genius, he felt, but now their purpos served and he did not fancy being conspicuous by re ing to his apartment in the city with such odd foot

An hour later, having traversed the park and cont down through the Bronx to Manhattan, he garaged h and went on afoot to Irving Place close by Gramercy He called at the apartment of a young woman he emp sometimes.

"Take care of these, Betty," he enjoined without re liminary, dropping the beads and the kohl bottle int

ig lass and handing the lot to her. "I'll want them
in couple of weeks."
ut hy"—Betty Winstead, who was known in village
s a dilettante artist of sorts, looked at him with
ed rows—"why not get rid of them at once? Turn
our to the man who ordered them."
ecuse he won't take them," explained De Nutter.
ind. "That was his only stipulation; he won't even
at his layout until the police have quieted down.
rf d will make them go after this job hard, you
hey'll be scouring every antique shop within
y our hours. They'll be looking for everybody who
a anything to do with antiques; including"—he
sarcastically—"yours truly."
s Winstead weighed the heavy Byzantine tumbler
htully. She recognized it as a Wedgwood copy, and
e also the value of its contents because De Nutter
iv a hint when he had asked her to be at home this
he understood that he would be generous for any
h gave him. But she had an undefinable uneasi-
gnst taking part in the burglarious deal.
wh it wasn't necessary to leave them here," she
p. "You admit that you expect the police to
s you as well as the others. What if they extend
ry to your friends on the theory that you might
ce just this—passed the stuff along?"
Ntter dropped into a chair and crossed his long
ay. Lighting a cigarette he contemplated Miss
e through the smoke. This was the first time he
nived her in anything legally crooked, though she
sted in several doubtful transactions. He thought
ehow to reach her.
ou're getting cold feet, Betty," he challenged with an
attempt. A hardening at the corners of her mouth
h he had attacked from the proper angle. "If
there was any danger, do you think I'd leave myself open? Don't you suppose I'd have sense enough to bury that junk so deep that they'd have to dig through to China to get it—if I thought there was any chance of the job being brought close to me? But if it will hearten you any I'll tell you that I left 'em a first-class working clew that'll send 'em a thousand miles from me." He laughed and rolled his head backward, squinting at her from slitted eyes. "You've lost what nerve you had, Betty—it's gone."

Betty Winstead frowned two unbecoming wrinkles. She did not like being told that she lacked nerve. Her eyes remained shadowy, doubtful, but she smiled. She conceded that he would not keep the loot near him or place it where it readily could be connected with him if there was real danger.

"All right," she agreed briefly.

She examined the thick, dark-colored Hedwig glass with its imposing figures, deeply cut on a wheel, standing out in high relief. She wondered where she could conceal it, whether she should conceal it.

De Nutter rose to depart. He tapped the tumbler in her hand.

"There are only six like that in existence," he volunteered, and added with a chortle: "So if you happen to be short of glasses when some of the crowd drop in don't serve beer in it!"

Had this been a man you would have called it a grin. Men and cats grin; but certainly women smile. Julia Sinclair, then, smiled, with a trace of amused malice, into the telephone.

"It will cost ——" She hesitated, and this time it could be classed as nothing but a grin. The situation was funny. "If I am successful, Miss Cumerford, I shall expect to be well paid."

"Yes, yes." Miss Cumerford spoke with restraint. She had observed and understood Miss Sinclair's general intonation. "My father is willing to pay—well, as you put it. He treasures very much the articles stolen from his collection. It was my suggestion that you be asked to interest yourself."

The last sentence came grudgingly, half defiantly, and Julia laughed silently. Her initial meeting with Miss Cumerford had been unfortunate; Miss Cumerford had made it so. It had come soon after Julia's adventure in the affair of Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds and Miss Cumerford therefore had been inclined to regard her with disapproval. When shortly they met again Miss Cumerford had been unable to recall the earlier introduction, though finally she had done so with rising brows and an offish remark that, of course, she remembered. "Who could forget Miss Sinclair—The Opportunist they call you, do they not?—who becomes so strangely involved in such awful crimes!"

At their third meeting Julia had taken pleasure in failing to place Miss Cumerford, and during an hour in the same drawing-room had emphasized the failure to be impressed by addressing her variously as Cummings, Mumford, Ford, and everything but Cumerford. A few days later they had snubbed one another on the Avenue.

Wherefore Julia laughed because here was the same Miss Cumerford within a month coming to her begging favor. And it heightened Julia's amusement that Miss Cumerford should be bringing Opportunity to her door. She was being appealed to now in the rôle of consultant, whereas she was accustomed to watching for straws drifting in the wind which might give her chance to use with profit the peculiar powers of observation that had afforded her a fruitful but uncertain living for the past several years. *(Continued on Page 87)*

"I Knew it!" Bill Exploded. "Didn't I Tell You," He Glared at Cumerford, "That This Dame Would ——"

CANNING OUR VOICES

By Kathleen Howard

My dear Miss Howard: Will you sing and record *Connais tu le pays* in French for us on such and such a day? Awaiting your reply, I am, Yours very sincerely,

———— ————,

Recording Manager.

THAT starts it all. You do not rest till you look up *Connais tu* and hum it over in its original key to refresh your memory as to the range. As soon as you get enough time to yourself you begin to try it over, imagining yourself in front of the horn.

The diction is, of course, of paramount importance and I always go over it many times, analyzing the different sounds and the placing of the strong consonants and vowels. I cannot tell how other singers prepare for the horn, I only know what I do myself.

Then I sing it over, using the same quality of tone from start to finish, equalizing the volume, making it almost like a following violin tone. Until I have recorded it I keep this mental picture of the selection in my mind. I always memorize every song I sing. Sometimes, if I have much other work in my mind at the same time, I copy out the words and keep them before my eyes in recording; but I do not like to have to depend on the printed music or words at the time of recording but be perfectly free to give my entire forces to the interpretation of the song.

The aria must be carefully timed. For a twelve-inch record it must be about three and a half minutes in length and for a ten-inch something less than that.

Sometimes I work many hours on a song the company desires recorded and finally decide that some other singer could do it better, make it more popular in appeal or grasp its style better. Then we discuss and change and my suggestions are courteously considered. We discuss: Shall we have a violin or cello obbligato? This is a popular form of record and to my mind a very good one. But the union charges more for solo work, and such things must be considered in the cost of a record.

At last the day set for recording arrives. It is usually in my case in the afternoon, so that we can do two selections. Also, big voices generally are inclined to be sluggish in the morning and we prefer the afternoon.

I arrive at the recording rooms, fatally punctual as usual. The singer before me is still recording. Her last effort is being heard critically by the orchestra leader and recording master. The orchestra men are sitting round in their shirt sleeves in the anteroom, smoking hard. Through their clouds of cigarette smoke are dimly seen the "Positively No Smoking" signs. They know that a sensitive throat is often affected by heavy cigar smoke, and so rarely indulge in that luxury.

From the room beyond—the recording room—I hear a Jewish wail, marvelously reproduced in the machine, *"Eïli! Eïli!"* The girl's chest voice is carried up to middle C, in defiance of vocal methods, but it suits perfectly the anguished lament. The sob in her voice, the Oriental emotion in her typically Hebraic tone quality wail and suffer with the bitter cry for help that she is voicing. You feel yourself miles away from New York and amid swaying cloak-clad figures beside some sunny wall in Palestine. With a last nasal cry of desolation the voice stops.

"Good!" I think. "My turn now."

All Set for the Horn

NOT at all. Apparently they are not satisfied. The orchestra is called back and I hear the girl herself repeating the phrases I have just heard from the machine. After three or four repetitions she comes out—a typical Russian Jewess, pale, with something mystic in her eyes belied by her smart clothes and general ready-made air.

"All right, Miss Howard!"

I have grown a bit keyed up by waiting—always to me one of the most trying incidents of life—and go gladly to the slaughter.

"Mi, mi," I hum a bit. Yes, the voice is still up—that is, still resonant and as I left it after my careful morning practice.

I enter the warm room. It must be kept warm because of the wax used for recording, and of course the windows are closed.

Some companies record in a big, resonant, empty room; some in one planned to dull all extra sound vibrations.

A Recent Photograph of Madame Howard

As for myself, I welcome the big vibrating emptiness. It helps your record, helps you on big notes when you sway back from the horn and all the air waves pulsate with your voice. It is better, I am told, to use a big, pulsating tone on high notes, warm and resonant, and step back from the horn, so that its intensity shall not make a blast, than to use a smaller, less vibrant quality close to the horn.

For me a record fails utterly that flutes gently and vaguely through a selection. Give me the punch and—if I may say so—guts of a Caruso record.

The orchestra is grouped round you. It is small, of course, and varies in size—from twelve to twenty men, say. There are some strings, a saxophone possibly, trombones, horns, cornets, oboe, different wood-winds and flute. Sometimes the violin has a queer metal horn attached to its side. This focuses a brilliant tone on the recording horn and allows the violinist to stand farther back.

All the men are on different levels. Some stand on blocks and little platforms, some sit on stools of different heights and built-up chairs. All are movable and can be adjusted and readjusted with ease. Their music is suspended from a network of cords and wires near the ceiling—a little sheet in front of each man's eyes. The men climb up, shuffling their feet and shoving their wooden stands about. The trombones are pushed back, the strings forward.

The flute is to play an obbligato close to my ear and is extremely afraid that I will not let him come within recording distance of the horn for his solo work.

I reassure him and win a smile. We all must record into that one horn somehow or other, and it is a finely balanced affair, requiring much nice adjusting to enable us to do so.

The orchestra talks about anything but the job on hand.

"Say, our show"—meaning the musical comedy where he plays in the evening—"is some work. Never stops playing from eight-forty-five till eleven. A that fi-nally! Gee whiz, it just about e you out!"

"Seen Bill's new show?"

"Zsyxrmp mushwimph rrampjkby."

This from the trombone player to the phone—confidentially.

"Schlumpfsky," responds the other cally; and they've got you—one of the on don't speak.

The orchestra leader taps his baton aft music is distributed and they begin to rel They try it through once. A mistake or the notes—groans and whistles of disgust corrected. They try again. The maestro way above you, facing you, his eyes on the tra and you. He is behind and a little to o of the horn.

"All ready?"

A fresh wax is put in place, everything at carefully—yes, all is ready. A moment solute silence, only the whir-r-r-r-r of the m is heard. The needle is put on the wax, from it, put carefully back again. Then if is just right—that is, the curling spiral of hair begins leaving the surface where the travels delicately over it—the assistant re holds up his hand, whir-r-r-r-r goes the ma and we are off. The attack is perhaps a bit at first.

I stand close to a suspended zinc horn c from the machine, shaped like a funnel. I stand with one foot in front of the other, to sway back or forward at will. The orc is thickly clustered behind me and if I sw much to right or left or too far backward I a violin bow or a bit of music sweeps my h

The flute has the air in the introductio yield him my place close to the horn and duck down out of his way or step noiseles one side.

I must get back on my beat in a perfect si position, soundlessly and ready to make a p attack.

I begin *Connais tu le pays.* My whole eff to use an unrestricted floating tone, singi easily as possible—it is fatally easy to ti in front of the horn—paying great attenti the enunciation. We go on swimmingly:

"Le pays des fruit d'or
et des roses vermeilles."

The orchestra does not follow me exact I resolve to ask a moment's leniency on "so *ciel toujours bleu"* to bring out the "s's," the "t" in *"toujours."*

The orchestra seems to be playing too covering my words no matter how caref pronounce. I try to sign this to the leader with my eye hands, without moving my position in the least in fr the horn.

He doesn't understand. He thinks I mean to go s so I nod the tempo slightly. This is only the first ti trying it, and ten to one it will not be satisfactory, s strain is not so great as when you know you are m a master, or matrix, from which the record will be and you feel you may allow yourself liberties in indic tempo, and so on.

The Wrong Time for Comments

WE GO on to the end. A silence, while the ma whir-r-r-rs a band of fine lines as a selvage to you bon of song. Sometimes a singer will forget this pause remark loudly, "That was pretty good, don't you thi which is, of course, instantly recorded on the faithful spoiling an otherwise good record.

An excitable Italian was once recording and was quite satisfied with the sounds coming from the in ments behind him. He turned like lightning and pered some sibilant command, back to the horn fo own phrase, and round again to someone in the orch with a penetrating direction. When the record was pl for him he was horrified to hear all this issuing from horn, and confessed with a crestfallen air that he tho only music would record.

At the close of a test the machine is stopped and director climbs down from his box to hear the record.

He says, perhaps to the trombone, "Those notes u ba—um—ba must be more sustained"; or, "What you play, cornet, in the fifth bar from the end?" an forth.

(Continued on Page 137)

The Musical Recording Angel

By RUTH MILLER

R'ICS," once declared an eccentric pianist ftly, "are a canaille—a set of villainous ras- es. I never read what they write. What harm th' do my genius? What care I so long as my mere e sfices to attract the people? The people adore me. he. I am a god. What have I to fear from critics?" iss a representative and delightfully illuminating p of the sort of opinion entertained by musicians ering that small and distinguished body of men known e 'ofessional music critics when the grapes are sour. in the life of every musician, be he the most petted a pered idol, there comes a time when that coveted ptakes of a certain acidity. It is true that the dis- le artist is seldom so frank—at least not for publica- —t when his performance, his cherished art, is the t f adverse comment by some low hireling of the altic press our opening paragraph is a very fair lef his private opinion, whether it is publicly ex- eor not. But if perchance the reporting of his artis- fos takes on a more favorable tinge then he tells a er story. You may hear this erstwhile peevish soul dig and congratulating himself on having found at nn on a newspaper who understands and appreciates mical worth.

Gall and Wormwood to Critics

Consider whether the more prosaic people—for in- ace, the discoverer of a tooth paste or the originator of il rly flavored chewing gum—can bear with equanim- v se criticism of their handiwork before we condemn rtt's attitude as a childish and ridiculously preju- ce; before we dismiss it as conceited effervescing pression notorious for its temperamental qualities. oe doubted if anyone would consider chewing gum cue for artistic temperament, even when masticated auring and petite blonde; but it may be stated with ni that in case the perfection of any particular chicle product were slurred in print by some total ge its wrathful originator would put to entire shame hifew brief and well-chosen remarks the most viru- irle of any discredited musician.

erhe artist generally has this on his side: There is ngh truth in his exotic declaration of independence waper scribblers to make it bitter gall and worm- tthe gentle reviewers of music. For it is so obvious s to be a truism that there are a scant half dozen ias whose hold on the public is so strong, whose pt personality has enthralled audiences for so long, thr have created a following whose loyalty could not ered by even a deliberate campaign on the part of the music critics—if one could imagine such a highly improbable and far-fetched proceeding. The magic spell which they have woven with their music is so powerful that a few printed lines from the pens of some dozen music cynics could never break it.

But these artists are so rare that with the exception of a passing mention they have no place in this article. It is such a generally accepted fact that the making or breaking of music and musicians lies in the hands of the score of music critics on the big dailies; it is such common knowledge in the musical profession that their influence is so far-reaching and powerful that the aspirants to a career as concert artists pay out every year in the three or four great cities of America thousands of dollars on giving concerts in the hope that they will receive a scant two or three complimentary lines from these men which they may use in their subsequent advertising.

After the New York concert of a musical débutante one may pick up any one of the many musical journals which are devoted to hawking the wares of musicians and discover a conspicuously flamboyant half page or page advertisement of this particular embryo sensation, and above her carefully posed picture with the determinedly soulful eyes will be the lines: Tremendous Sensation Scored by Young Singer in New York Recital. Alva Missozza Eulogized by the Press.

Her name was probably Jones before she had the orthographic brain storm.

Below the photographic insult one may find two or three lines taken from the different big dailies that read something like this:

Miss Alva Missozza was heard yesterday for the first time. She is the possessor of a soprano voice of fairly sympathetic quality and has an attractive stage presence. —N. Y. Times.

A new singer, Miss Alva Missozza, possessing a small but rather sweet voice, was heard yesterday afternoon in Æolian Hall.—N. Y. Tribune.

Miss Alva Missozza has a charming personality and is the possessor of a clear soprano voice which she used with considerable skill.—N. Y. World.

Nobody knows with the exception of Alva herself just what was in the rest of those criticisms. And it is such a common practice for musicians to edit their criticisms personally that no one ever thinks anything about it—least of all the men who wrote them in the first place. Besides, it is generally understood that a week is the limit that any critic remembers just what he has written or that he has written anything at all about the average musical débutante.

Now some manager of a concert series out in Sassafras, Nebraska, reads that blurb in that musical journal and forthwith writes to Miss Alva offering her one hundred dollars to give a program under her auspices, provided Alva will pay her own expenses and her accompanist's fee. You can figure it out yourself, if you know anything at all about the railroad rates for the round trip between anywhere in Nebraska and New York, the cost and upkeep of feminine wearing apparel, the probable fee and expenses of a reliable accompanist, if you care to know, just how much that Sassafras concert is going to set Alva back financially. Generally the manager explains in her letter that she cannot afford to pay more because she has to pay Private Mudfry, who either never got overseas or who did all his fighting shoveling dirt in a concentration camp in France—which no one will deny generally takes more real patriotism than any other kind of warfare—one thousand dollars for his inspiring lecture on French Motherhood and the War, and she hopes that the advertising which Miss Alva will receive from her appearance on the Sassafras series will take the place of a larger compensation.

Ambition on the Warpath

AS ALVA has probably expended between twenty and thirty thousand dollars already on this career of hers and has really set her teeth into it, determined to make the pinnacle of fame or bust, she generally does not quibble about the extra railroad fare. Of course it is understood that if Alva had not been an American artist masquerading under this pitifully transparent garbled foreign name, if she had just been a Russian Pole or an Austrian Turk, that Sassafras manager most probably would have pleaded for the privilege of paying her six or even eight hundred for a concert and all expenses thrown in. So Alva packs her fitted-out suitcase that was the delirious gift of a worshiping aunt and hies herself to Sassafras to set the world on fire.

Once a cheerful newspaper man, a clever enough writer, but a cipher as a musician, in a moment of mental aberration took the post of music critic on one of the big dailies. Naturally, he discovered in time this practice of giving concerts in order to obtain the approval of the big-city critics. This delightful soul—being entirely devoid of that organ commonly known as a heart and knowing nothing and caring less about the underground diplomacy connected with the profession of music—took a vicious delight

(Continued on Page 158)

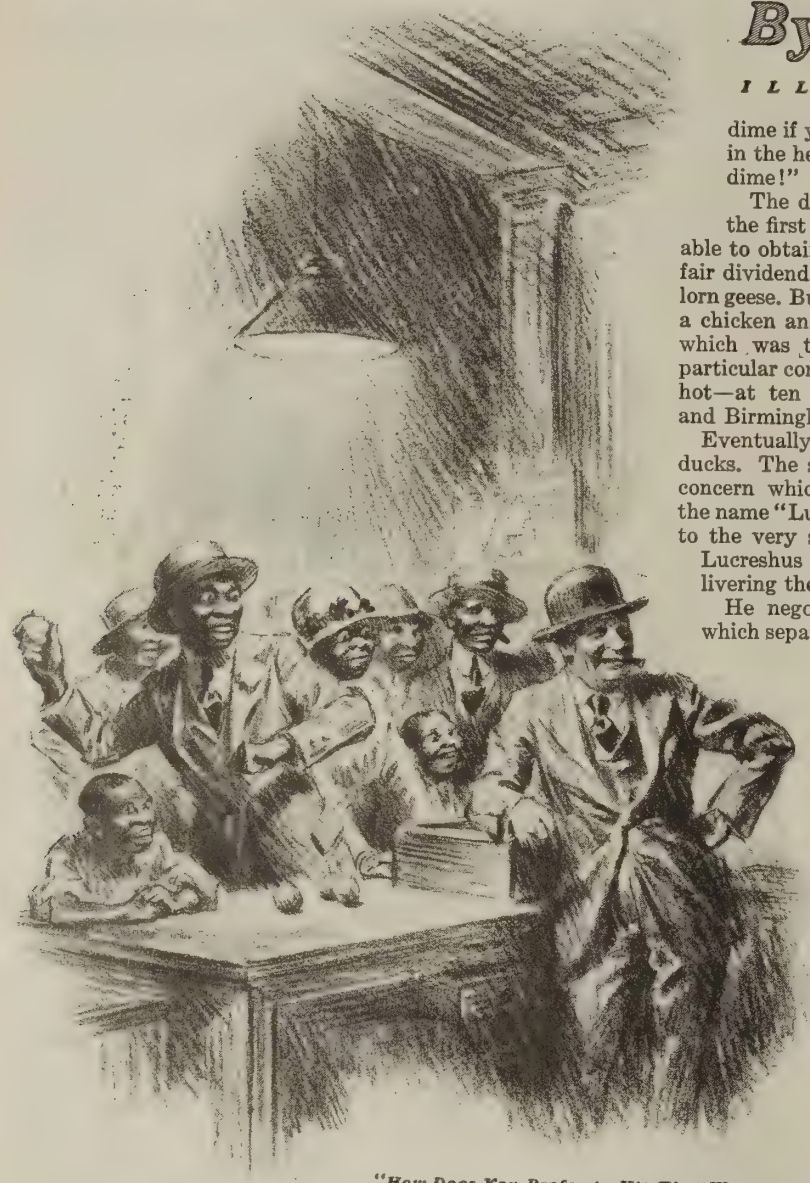
LL & FISCHER, PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Leopold Stokowski and Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Foremost Organization of its Kind in This Country

The Survival of the Fattest

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"How Does You Prefer to Hit That Water, Mistuh Mabry, Sittin' or Lyin'?"

LUCRESHUS MABRY threw back his head and proclaimed to the world in a seedy barytone that he was always blowing bubbles:

They fly so high,
Might' nigh tech the sky;
Then like a dream
They bust an' die.

The front wheels of the delivery truck which he was piloting collided violently with an excessively large rock and the car slewed drunkenly. The seven crates of ducks comprising the passenger list set up a unanimous quackery of protest. Lucreshus righted the car with a deft twist of the steering wheel and shook his head: "Might' nigh busted an' died my ownse'f that time."

The road curved sharply to the right and Lucreshus crossed three seconds ahead of a New Orleans express. He grinned cheerfully. "Lucreshus Mabry," he mused, "luck sho' ain't ag'in you to-day. That N'Yawlins train sho' thought they was gwine be one mo' cullud angel answerin' the call on high."

But the narrow escape had caused a slight let-down in the Mabrian exuberance. No more did the raucous barytone split the clear warm air of the June morning. Lucreshus gave himself over to the business of driving his truck. He had been assigned to chaperon seven crates of ducks from Birmingham to Bessemer, and he entertained no overwhelming desire to become a corpse en route.

As for the ducks, they were blissfully ignorant of the fate in store for them. The morning was pleasant and the road generally good. What the ducks did not know was that a street fair had appeared in Bessemer the previous day and that they were destined for the sacrificial altar at one of the many raffling wheels.

The duck idea was always popular: "Three chances for ten cents, gents and ladies. You gives me your dime and I gives you a ticket containing three numbers. Then I gives the little wheel a spin and somebody wins a fine live duck for ten cents. Think of it, gents and ladies—a fine roast duck for a dime! One little thin dime. A Canadian dime if you insist. Knock the old H. C. of L. in the head and watch it duck. A duck for a dime!"

The duck man had a good concession. On the first day of the street fair he had been unable to obtain ducks and had managed to return fair dividends to himself with chickens and a few lorn geese. But a duck has infinitely more class than a chicken and is better understood than a goose, which was the reason why the owner of that particular concession had kept the telephone wires hot—at ten cents per heat—between Bessemer and Birmingham.

Eventually he swung a deal for seven crates of ducks. The selling firm was that Morris Avenue concern which claimed distinction by reason of the name "Lucreshus Mabry" on its pay roll. And to the very stout colorado-maduro complexioned Lucreshus had been intrusted the task of delivering the ducks before ten-thirty A. M.

He negotiated the thirteen merciful miles which separate the first and fourth cities of Alabama in slightly less than fifty minutes, narrowly avoided extinction by an argument with a Jonesboro street car and swung at length into the broad street which pridefully displayed the street fair.

He brought his truck to a full stop and stared reminiscently at the double row of once-white tents—nickel-snatching devices and aristocratic two-bit attractions.

Spread out before him were the Wor-ruld Famous Divin' Girls; The Wild West Dance Hall, You pays a nickel and you dances with the lady which you chooses; The Old Plantation Minstrels; The Wild West Show; The Only Original Hula Dancers, now also doing the shimmy; The Monkey Speedway; The Miniature City; The Motordrome; and, last and wealthiest, the score of booths where everything from kewpies to ducks was raffled.

Lucreshus remembered. Far back in the dim and distant past when he had been very small and very colored and very jobless, he had worked for five hectic months with a street-fair concession. His task had been to sit on a tiny platform which was suspended by an upright over a tub of cold and extremely wet water. There was a net in front of him and before the net a target which was connected by a trigger arrangement to the platform on which little Lucreshus sat. Thirty feet distant was a box, and in that box two score cheap baseballs. The price was a nickel—for three shots; the technic difficult but satisfying. It was merely a case of throwing with sufficient accuracy. That done, and the target hit, the trigger worked and Lucreshus was precipitated into the icy shallows below.

It was a fine thing—for the owner of the concession and the person heaving the baseballs. To Lucreshus it had brought no surge of ecstasy and but very little more than three meals a day. But it did bring him pneumonia. He stood for that, but when shortly after his recovery they played Anniston and the net split wide open and a ball caressed him in the eye Lucreshus struck.

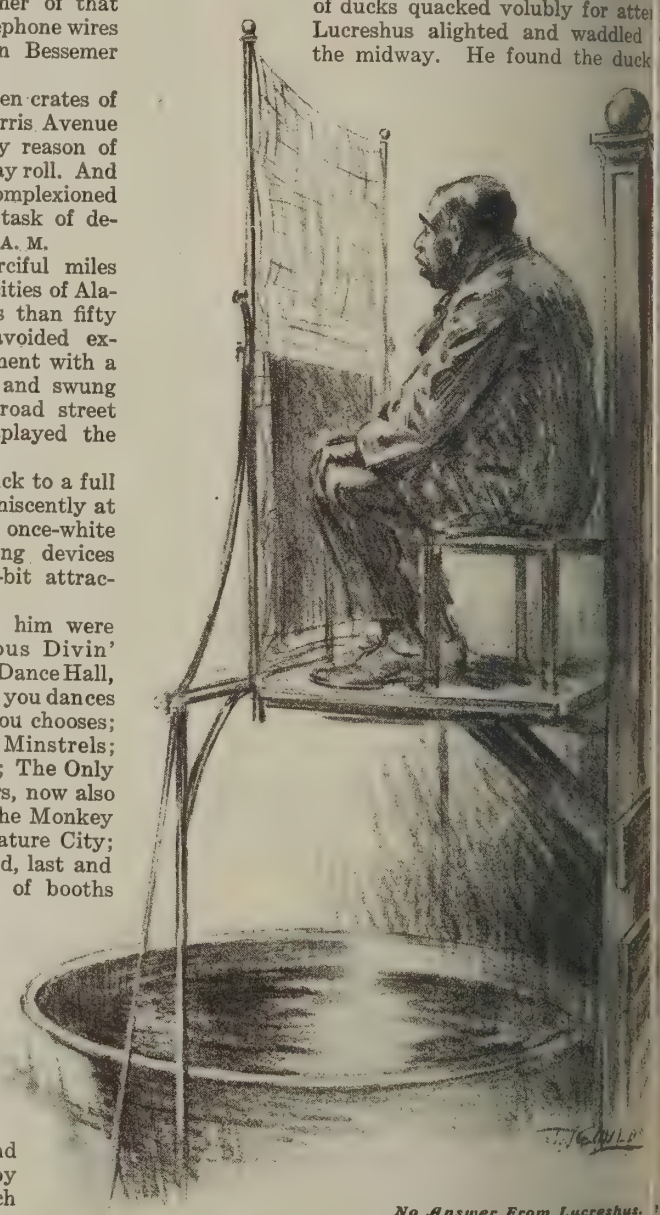
His strike was successful. He retired permanently from the street-fair profession. So it was that when the fair passed on to Rome, Georgia, Lucreshus borrowed a ride in an otherwise empty box car and migrated to Birmingham.

And there he had since remained, time mellowing the recollection of his watery trials and tribulations and affording him no little distinction and a considerable fund of reminiscence as he made his way upward.

He was now most decidedly a man of parts, a dark-brown individual of acute dignity, social ease, sporting proclivities, ample girth and matrimonial tendencies. Attainment of position had come only after years of patient labor, but there is no denying a man with the quality of persistence demonstrated by Lucr in holding a job with a firm for five years; and with such professiona bility, carried sufficient ning in the fingers of his right hand to roll sevens uplifting and chronic frequency.

And until very recently Lucreshus had been hot o trail of an ultimate social triumph. He laid arden almost successful court to Miss Zinnia Sanders, and the arrival on the scene of the loungy languid Nash ——

Lucreshus sighed ponderously and brought himself to the task in hand. Immediately in his rear seven of ducks quacked volubly for atte Lucreshus alighted and waddled the midway. He found the duck



No Answer From Lucreshus. Awaited the Smack of the Ball Against the Ta

without particular trouble, checked over with him number of prospective duck dinners and received pay in cash. Within a very short time the ducks were unlo and placed within the raffle booth in preparation fo opening of the fair at two o'clock in the afternoon fo second day of its week's sojourn.

At the present moment, however, the street fair lou in torpid desuetude. Performers, either without mak or else with entirely too much of it, loafed before their swapping gossip which was saturated with a verna that Lucreshus thought he had forgotten, but which came back to him in a pleasurable flood. He rememb his experiences of many years ago. He intercepted a l and burly gentleman who was headed due north and tr ing fast.

"Boss man?"

The big fellow paused and eyed the fat and dusky Lu shus. "What you want?"

"Is you got a baseball-th'owin' concession roun' is heah fair?"

"Yes." The burly one jerked his head in the direc of the far end of the midway. "Down yonder."

Lucreshus rambled heavily down the middle of the st which municipal authorities had closed to traffic for week. Every once in a while he paused and reflec

vre certain things that were startlingly familiar. ur Lucreshus knew that all traveling street fairs or less alike; but there was something about that il shirted spot-the-spot man, for instance; and the red-and-gold front of The Old Plantation Min-

ched the end of the midway—and then he knew. she beatitude of the successful man who returns to e of his boyhood and meets the chap who once im; meets him in his natural guise of the village

t re at the right of the midway was the very same upon which Lucreshus had sat many years be- l platform which had fallen before the onslaughts t aseballs in good weather and bad, in hot weather . And loafing by its side perusing a thumbed copy r trade paper was Al Rossler.

a the same old concession, and yet it was different. was larger and wetter; the counter had been d bilious green and decorated with gold and silver. net—the same hole was there; the very hole which had shot the ball that had expunged s from the roster of the carnival. Of course there ch over the hole, and a good many patches else- it even at that the years had treated it more an Al Rossler.

paunchier, and though the diamond in his ring r and the silk of his fiery shirt of more substantial ucreshus felt a sense of superiority. Even so fondness for his old employer. Al Rossler—big, od-natured Al—had an uncanny understanding sky brethren and it was with real pleasure that d his ex-employee.

lf an hour they retrospected violently; two old come together again.

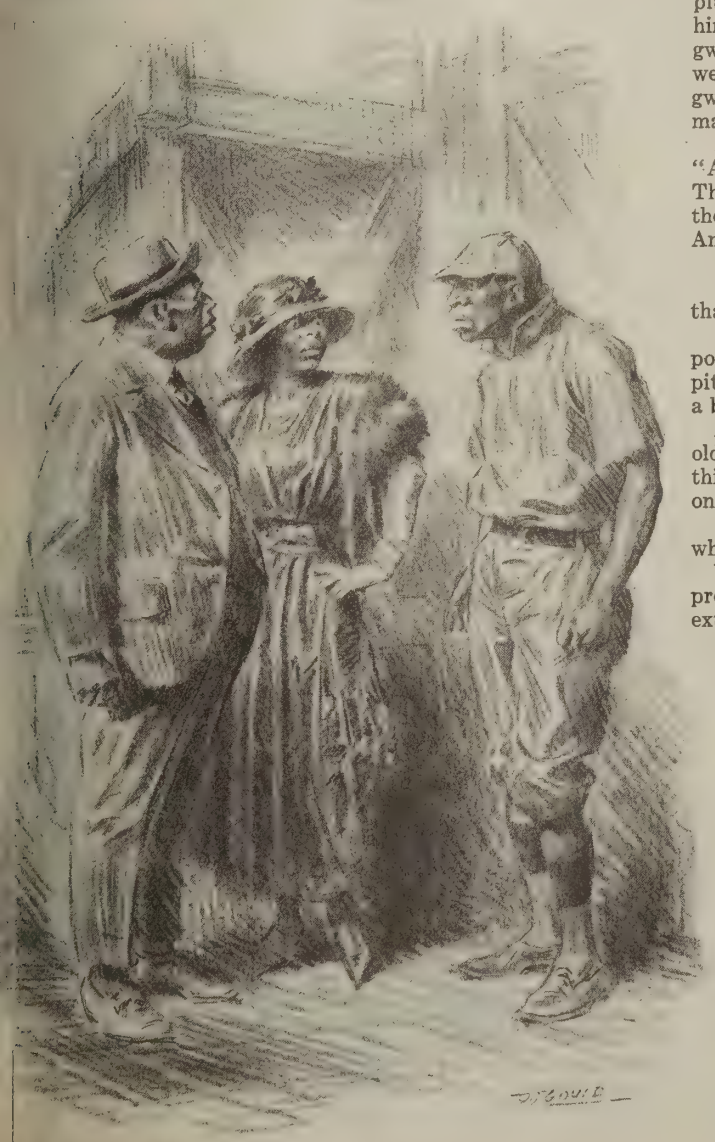
aus told of the affluence and prestige that had him along with his substantial embonpoint, and ler confessed that he was becoming fairly well his world's goods.

e you is been showin' at right recint, Mistuh r'

checked off. "Ensley last week, Gadsden the ore, Chattanooga before that. And just before Chattanooga we had a wonderful three weeks in ."

ville?" Lucreshus chuckled. "I is heahin' a-plenty noxville right recint."

o' is that?"



"Mo' Word Liken to That, Mistuh Mabry, an' You is Gwine to be Ain't!"

"The cullud ball team from Knoxville is playin' in Bummin'ham now. I is gwine win a heap of money outen this series."

"Betting on the Birmingham team?"

"You done said it, boss. We is got the bestes' cullud team which they is in the South. We win yestiddy's game one to nothin' in 'leven innin's."

Mr. Rossler laughed in good-natured derision. "I was in Knoxville for three weeks, Luke ——"

"They calls me Lucreshus now, Mistuh Rossler."

The white man's face remained impassive. "I was there for three weeks, Lucreshus; and I saw two series of games played by the Knoxville team. They beat Nashville and won two out of five from Atlanta. Atlanta beat the Birmingham team three out of four ——"

"We is a'ready win the fust game of the series from Knoxville, Mistuh Rossler; an' winnin' another one ain't gwine be nothin' on'y chil's play."

"You may be a good truck driver, Luke—er—Lucreshus, but as a dopester you're nix. The Knoxville team lost the series to Atlanta by a fluke. They can beat Birmingham without half trying."

"You ain't know what you is talkin' 'bout, suh. Beatin' teams liken to this Knoxville team is the easiest thing we does."

"You're not willing to bet that way, are you?"

"Ain't I jes'? I is done bet ev'y cent I c'n beg or borry on t'-day's game."

"Better hedge, Lucreshus. You haven't a chance."

"Ain't got a chance to lose! Lis'en heah, boss man. If'n you seen that series betwix' Knoxville an' Atlanta, does you 'member a Atlanta pitcher name Angel Nash? A soht of a lopsided feller with six gol' teeth?"

Rossler laughed. "Nobody could forget him. He's a corker."

Lucreshus looked round cautiously and lowered his voice. "We is got him!"

"Angel Nash?"

"You said it, boss. We hired him bouten two weeks ago to pitch two games outen th'ee ag'in Knoxville. He is be'n practicin' with us sence then. An', b'lieve me, he is got mo' speed 'n a cyclone an' better control 'n a preacher. What he pitches is named baseball. N'r neither he di'n't pitch yestiddy, 'countin' we was savin' him up fo' the last two games. He is gwine twirl t'-day an' t'-morry, an' what we is gwine do to that Knoxville team gwine make 'em feel 'bout as happy as a man drawin' his las' will an' testimony."

Rossler shook his head stubbornly. "A pitcher can't win the game alone. The whole Knoxville team is good. And their new pitcher is even better than Angel Nash."

"Says which?"

"The Knoxville pitcher is even better than Angel Nash."

"Haw!" responded Lucreshus with ponderous sarcasm. "If'n they's any pitcher in the world better 'n Angel, Ise a blushin' blond."

Al Rossler laughed heartily. "Same old Luke, aren't you, Lucreshus? I know this much—I'd like to lay fifty at even on Knoxville for to-day's game."

"Huh! Tha's 'bout the easies' thing which they is."

With a single deft motion Al Rossler produced a bulging wallet, from which he extracted five ten-dollar bills. "Take this with you and place it for me—on Knoxville."

"You ain't in earnes', boss man?"

"I am."

Lucreshus extended a restraining hand. "Don', cap'n; don' go an' do nothin' foolish liken to that. If'n yo' money is jes' nachelly bu'nin' a hold in yo' pocket gimme it. Bettin' agin the team which we is got is bad 'nough, but when we also is got Angel Nash to pitch fo' us this afternoon an' done beat 'em yestiddy 'thouten him—they mus' be sumthin' in the Alabama air, Cap'n Rossler, which is done went to yo' haid."

But Al Rossler was insistent. He had seen the Knoxville colored team play and had unbounded confidence in its powers. In the end

"I Gathers, Miss Zinnia, That You Disfavors Mistuh Nash at This Pretickler Momunt?"

he forced Lucreshus to take the money. Lucreshus sighed. "I wish I had 'nough money to cover it my ownse'f."

"Haven't you?"

"Lis'en heah at me, Cap'n Rossler: If'n they's a nickel in all of Bummin'ham which is gittable by me an' which same I ain't done got then I don' know it. An' it's all bet on Bummin'ham to win this afternoon's game. They ain't nary chance to lose. Tha's why I hates to see you th'owin' 'way yo' money liken to this. Now you take me: Gawd knows I hates Angel Nash ——"

"Hate him?"

"You said it; an' I repeats ditto. But he sho'ly is one hell-bendin' pitcher, an' ——"

"Why do you hate Angel Nash?"

"Hm!" Lucreshus' eyes dropped and he traced a design in the dust with a broad-toed shoe. "I soht of got a grudge agin him."

"Why?"

"It's this-away, boss man. He soht of done me dirt. He's went an' cut me out with my gal."

"A-a-ah! A rival of yours?"

"Tha's which. I is almos' but not quite engage' to Miss Zinnia Sanders, which is one of the quality cullud gals of Bummin'ham, an' things is been goin' elegant. Then we goes an' hires Angel Nash to come heah an' pitch fo' us, an' Zinnia remembers she has met him when the Atlanta team was playin' heah an' he was beatin' us. An' what I is tellin' you, Cap'n Rossler, is that my gal Zinnia is one mo' baseball fan. If'n they's a stitch on a baseball's hide she cain't call by its fust name, then I ain't never saw it. If'n she would of been bohn a man she would of been a cullud Ty Cobb. An' with her feelin' liken that 'bouten baseball, what she thinks of a winnin' pitcher like Angel Nash is a-plenty. Specially with me bein' soht of fat.

"Besides an' also, Angel is one of them fellers which is jes' natchelly got a way with wimmin. I b'lieve he could make his ma'-in-law love him if'n he had one an' if'n he was fool 'nough to want to. An' sence he is been practicin' with the Bummin'ham team I ain't had no mo' chance with Zinnia Sanders than what a roastin' pig is got in a nigger's back yard roun' Christmas time. Tha's how come me to love Angel so much like I don't, but it don't go to my haid an' make me foolish. Bettin' on that man to lose is 'bout as safe as stickin' yo haid in a zoo lion's mouth roun' lunch time. So you'd better take this fifty dollars back, boss."

(Continued on Page 141)

The Plight of the Traction

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IF THE big steam railroaders feel that they are completely out of luck these strenuous days they had better turn a wee bit of their attention to their brethren of the trolleys. Such a glance might easily give them the same sort of encouragement that a man walking on a crutch gains when he sees another hopelessly confined to a wheel chair, for the tractions have indeed come to a sad plight. Within a little more than a decade a six-billion-dollar American industry has been reduced from prosperity to genuine beggary. Yesterday it was a commercial lord of creation; to-day it stands, hat in hand, seeking alms.

There is little fear of government ownership in the hearts and minds of the traction men these days; their fear is more apt to be that such a precious boon may yet be denied them. For the shrewdest and most farseeing of these men easily realize that a business which in the past flouted its independence in the face of the nation can hardly be received by that nation with open and welcoming arms simply because it has arrived at days of adversity. It matters not that not one but many traction systems refused to gouge or flout their own particular publics.

As in the steam-railroad situation, the good roads go down with the bad. The average American cannot or will not choose between them, and so indifferently turns his back to all of them. And if he possess a motor car or the opportunity of using a jitney bus he scorns the trolley with its increased fares and its lowered quality of service.

If this were all there were to it this tale would hardly be worth the telling. Unfortunately there is very much more to this extremely complicated traction situation here in the United States to-day. Its ramifications go far and in many diverse directions. They reach into the banks—even into the savings banks and the insurance companies. They touch investment everywhere. Yet this is not all, or even the largest part of the problem.

The Bark Rings of City Growth

IT IS not every man who can have a motor car of his own; not everyone who can command the services of a dependable jitney or motor-bus service. And many hundreds of thousands of Americans grouped in our larger cities remain and must continue to remain in their social and commercial intercourse utterly dependent upon the trolley car. In some of the largest of these communities the very size and the narrowness of their streets preclude any extensive regular use of the motor car, whether privately or publicly owned and operated. Especially is this true of such ancient towns as Boston and New York and Philadelphia, which not only have miles upon miles of narrow and fearfully congested thoroughfares but practically no downtown parking spaces available for the automobiles of their workers.

To cities such as these—and others too—the electric car, whether operated singly or in train multiples upon underground or overhead rapid-transit lines, is as great a necessity as fire protection or water or sewerage, and as a necessity must not only be conserved but operated at the highest degree of possible efficiency. There is no dodging this issue. It may not be pleasant to contemplate giving increased fares or consideration of any sort whatsoever to companies which in the days of their pride and power gave little or no consideration to the communities that they were supposed to serve; yet to deny financial relief invariably means lessened service, which in turn can hardly mean less than a considerable financial loss to the community. It is not a question of the traction man by this time or of the investors behind him—no matter how widely those selfsame investments may be scattered. It is a question of the time and comfort—and pocketbook—of the American community, and so demands attention as a national problem.

Go back with me, if you will for a moment, and consider how most of our big traction systems—particularly those of the larger cities—first came into existence. The rapid development of the electric motor as a cheap and clean and practical method for the propulsion of street cars was responsible for the inception of most of them. The horse-car line had come to the limits of its possibilities. It had enlarged the periphery of the average American town to a radius of three or four miles from its business heart. Beyond that distance—a half hour's ride or more—the average man would not ride regularly in horse cars; and our larger towns—growing continuously all the while—found themselves becoming more and more congested.

The electric car enlarged that periphery. Because of its greater power and speed a man in a half hour might now go five or six or seven miles. Great suburban areas became immediately available for development and the real-estate business began to be a real factor in the average enterprising American town. Indeed one can take almost any of these towns and with a little examination find that it has built itself in three or four great rings, like the bark rings of a tree.

The heart represents convenient walking distance from the center of the community; the first ring that surrounds it, the horse-car distance; the second, trolley distance; and the third and most recent, motor distance. But in each of these instances the time consumed by the average man is hardly more than thirty-five minutes. He is apt to begrudge much more than an hour for daily travel between his home and his place of business.

So it was that the "broomstick trolley," as folks used to like to term it, first worked economic revolution in the land. In some cities the smart managers of the horse-car lines did not hesitate to avail themselves of the new form of traction; in others horse-car lines which were not so smartly managed soon found themselves paralleled by new lines whose cars—cleaner, bigger, swifter and better lighted and heated than theirs—rapidly drew away their traffic. Which meant that in turn even the most conservative and stupid of horse-car lines were forced to adopt electricity as a motive power—at no matter what cost.

In the excitement and confusion of so radical a change in American life the big traction consolidations were born. It was open season for their financial exploitation. The business was young and in its flash era. No one knew just what it cost to operate an electric railroad. Thoughts were not on expenditures but on income. Big money! It was—and still is—a potent phrase. Speculators, the men to whom big money and nothing less is a moving inducement, went into the traction game. They began by buying horse-car lines either directly or by the stuffed-club process of invading and paralleling their territory with trolley roads, and immediately afterward commenced the inevitable process of consolidation.

It was a simple enough process at the o
And those old-time horse-car lines, in
ually owned and individually operated,
tried for a time to hold out against it i
ably found themselves beaten. The universal tra
was the club over public opinion that the street rai
operators used twenty years ago to force their o
ization of street transportation monopolies. In after
they were sick unto death of the universal transfe
all that it implied, but that was when they had beg
count its cost.

In those merry days of twenty or twenty-five year
apparently no one counted costs. Have I not just saic
the business was in the flash period of its exist
Replacements of cars and track and power-house e
ment had not come into the reckoning. The long up
rise of fuel and raw materials and labor had not
begun. One could get all the motormen and condu
that one wanted—and a fine high-grade type they
too—at from eighteen to twenty-three cents an hour

Now these same classes of labor want—and get—a
way from fifty to sixty-eight cents. A trolley car
to-day costs from $10,000 to $15,000 then cost from $
to $4000. And coal! Great Jehoshaphat, don't talk c
the old-timer in the trolley business! He will pull
diagrams by the dozen down from the wall and con
you that all the balm has gone from his Gilead.

Losses on Peak-Load Traffic

IT WAS indeed a merry game in those early days, t
vision and imagination as strong factors and smart y
men and investment capital just clamoring to get in
It made a lot of money not only for itself but for other
while fortunes were reaped in the real-estate busines
which the traction industry never received even a "t
you," even though it alone had made those fortunes
sible. It created summer parks and resorts, which in
days before the coming of the automobile were imme
popular and apparently very profitable. I say "ap
ently" with due purpose, for the business had not yet
sufficiently stabilized and analyzed for its operato
realize that a seasonal, or peak-load traffic which gav
a time many, many passengers but which made these t
few and far between, yet requiring a great deal of tern
and power plant, not only was not profitable but in
end a genuine loss.

I recall quite distinctly the days when the Wall S
operators used to watch weather conditions on the
mer Sabbaths and play B. R. T. up or down as the wea
had showed itself—good or the reverse. These opera
had failed to realize that because of its Coney Island tr
Brooklyn Rapid Transit had been forced to install a qua
of-a-million-dollar terminal plant that stood idle, or p
tically so, on nearly three hundred days out of the y
and that in order to carry its vast Saturday and Sur
overload of three brief summer months it was force
employ great numbers of extra or green motormen
conductors whose careless mistakes in operation usu
cost the company more in damage claims than its er
excess profits of those record days.

Those days are gone. Most of the Luna Parks
sprang up across the country in the wake of the inimit
one upon the sands of Coney have long since closed t
doors. Many White Cities and Electric Parks have pa

...nocuous desuetude and irreparable decay. The ...orar, with its clean-cut appeal to the pleasures of the ...on countryside, helped dim their glory; the motion-...ur theater hurried along their end; the traction com-...es a new generation of hard-fisted economy, criti-...alyzing their close-earned nickels and finding that ...ally profitable traffic was that which flows evenly ...r and winter, day in and day out, themselves com-...the demise.

...etween that day and this—what a financial riot it ...orse-car lines, cable-car lines, suburban railroads, ...roads which were so new that their bright spick-...n cars still reeked with the odor of fresh varnish, ...to the boiling pots of the biggest commercial mart ...eation. The residue was consolidation. Good, bad, ...ent—but consolidation; consolidation which meant ...ble stock-and-bond flotation and distribution to a ...ich clamored even for the opportunity to invest in ...

...nobs clamor no longer. Traction stocks go begging ...omers. The trolley men are out of date and out ...

...remember once again, if you will, that the trolley ...eing out of luck is not the end of the story. If it ...is yarn would be soon told. It is the trolley rider ...lly is getting out of luck and it is with his trouble ...v are chiefly concerned here and now. In the city of ...ork four important cross-town surface lines were ...tely discontinued in the middle of September, even ...g their discontinuance means the absolute discom-...t of many thousands of daily riders who had no ...eans of transportation to and from their work. The ...ministration has submitted a makeshift service of ...busses running at a five-cent fare. But even though ...ld be able to procure enough busses to meet the ...needs of the service, to say nothing of making it ...porting, the fact remains there is no issuance of ...s between these cross-town motor busses and the ...em uptown-and-downtown trunk lines that still ...in operation, so that the average worker from the ...de going to his place in store or shop in midtown ...ttan must actually pay ten cents for the journey. ...was only a few weeks ago that these men were com-...g bitterly at being charged two cents for a transfer ...ion to an originating five-cent fare.

The Breakdown of a Vast Industry

...HAT is what the disintegration of the surface-car sys-...of Manhattan Island already is beginning to mean ...verage New Yorker. The lines under the pressure of ...increasing costs of operation on the one hand and ...ed rate of fare of a nickel on the other—a rate of ...practice actually lowered by the use of the universal ...nsfer—a full decade ago ended the possibility of ...anything like even the lowest dividends upon ...ck issuance. It came quickly to a point where ...ntity of stock issued ceased to come into a reck-...g The surface-car companies of New York could ...er even pay the interest on their mortgage obli-...n, after which came receivership—and disintegra-...

...ember once again, if you will, that in the begin-...his New York system, like the consolidated systems of many and many another metropolitan city in America, had been upbuilt by the bringing together of various separate smaller street-railroad companies. The properties of these companies had been leased for long terms of years, and usually at excessively high rentals, so great were the ambitions and the greed of the men who brought these great consolidations together. A guaranty of ten per cent was as nothing; twenty or twenty-five or even thirty per cent was not out of the question. The rental price was decided upon the value of an individual property to a consolidation, as well as upon the business acumen of the men who controlled it.

But no matter how out of reason were these rentals—and men seemingly did lose their heads and all their business sense in those early days of traction consolidation—the patron was the gainer. Not only was he beginning to ride in clean swift electric cars instead of the unspeakable horse-car horrors of an earlier generation, but instead of having to pay five or six cents for a short trip in each car he boarded he might ride in three or four in succession, anywhere in the larger cities from eighteen to twenty or twenty-two miles, for a single five-cent fare. Those were the days of his prosperity. He built his house in the suburbs and far from the heat and the congestion of the crowded town and visioned an unchanging condition of peace and prosperity—and a universal five-cent fare—for him and his. He dreamed not of these troublous days, with the five-cent fare practically obsolete and costs still mounting so rapidly that the disintegration of many of the big tractions has not only come to pass but the question become acute as to whether or not the individual units which originally went to comprise them can be made to earn their mere operating costs even with considerable fare increases.

What has caused the utter breakdown of this six-billion-dollar transportation industry?

The causes are so many and so varied that such a question cannot be answered in a single moment. The over-capitalization in the organization of so many of the big city tractions, the quality of the personnel, the coming of the automobile, have all been mighty factors. But in my opinion the chief cause of the failure of the electric-railway industry in the United States has been its ludicrous and entirely unscientific basic plan of trying to give the maximum amount of transportation on any railway anywhere for that once universal nickel.

A nickel would carry a man five miles—or more—in a Pacific Coast city, just as it would carry him five miles—or more—in one on the Atlantic Coast. And yet upon the Pacific Coast the traction companies had to pay far more for both labor and equipment and, because of their almost universally steeper grades, to use much more power per passenger to take him home at night, while for their greater task they received only that same standardized nickel that custom had fixed as street railroad fare—North, East, South and West.

North and East and South and West! And no account whatsoever being taken of the fact that when the wages of the platform men were twenty cents an hour in the South they were thirty-five cents in the North. No wonder that the general public gained exaggerated ideas at one time of the wealth or profit of the street-railroad business. If the thirty-five-cent property could pay high rentals and decent dividends in the North, the road in the South—in all probability with no rentals whatsoever to pay—should have been wallowing in wealth, yet seemingly was not.

That universal five-cent fare was, as we already have seen—with the transfers—the price that the big men of early traction paid for the privilege of consolidation. It proved to be a high price indeed. Advancing costs of labor and fuel and raw materials had precious little real or sentimental regard for that arbitrary nickel. They squeezed it harder and harder until, despite the really great economies that had been effected in their operating practice, the traction men finally were forced to seek a higher fare, which was easier said than done, for they had to fight the pressure of public opinion, abetted and encouraged by scheming politics.

Politics remembered. It recalled, for instance, that when in those golden days of apparent superprosperity it had backed the body politic to inquire for a fare based on something less than a nickel, how the traction folk had protested and argued that a fare figured in odd copper cents was quite impractical of collection. That argument in turn has come home to roost uncomfortably upon the roofs of trolley companies seeking increased fares of six or seven or other multiples of odd cents. In their opinion at least the problem of collection of odd pennies has apparently ceased to exist, even though it has become a factor in the demand for the Roosevelt memorial coin of two or two and a half cents.

Rising Costs and Vanishing Profits

WHEN we entered the war the plight of the tractions, which already was most serious, quickly reached an acute stage. Their earlier troubles—the first generous stages of their steadily advancing cost of living, the fair or the unfair competition of the publicly owned jitney and the privately owned automobile—were as nothing compared with those which were about to come upon them. War commandeered steel and copper and rubber, and not only skyrocketed the prices of these essential commodities but made it practically impossible for the traction man to get hold of them in any quantities at any price. Generally speaking, his was not regarded as an essential war industry. He had to take his place in slow line with the manufacturers of pianos and passenger automobiles and phonographs and the like.

It was not altogether a question of price of materials, even though price had ascended to a figure far beyond the flights of former imagination.

Then add to these superincreases in materials, raw and manufactured, fuel and the wage demands of the men. The traction industry found itself in active and seemingly hopeless competition for shop and platform men with shipyards and munition factories and other war-bride industries. In some cases it violated American tradition by placing women on the platforms of its cars. In all cases it was compelled to raise its wage scales again and again—and yet all the while seemingly to no effect. Some of these raises were voluntary. Most of them, however, were set after extended hearings by the National War Labor Board down at Washington.

The electric roads showed, of course, that the payment of the increase that the men demanded—and they were willing to concede the simple justice of most of the early wartime demands of their employees—would drive them into bankruptcy, particularly unless they could be permitted to gain substantial increases in their revenue. To which

(Continued on Page 150)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Trai

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BR

Case No. 7: The Dog Andrew

"Every dog is entitled to one bite."—Unreported opinion of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court.

NOW see here!" shouted Mr. Appleboy, coming out of the boathouse, where he was cleaning his morning's catch of perch, as his neighbor Mr. Tunnygate crashed through the hedge and cut across Appleboy's parched lawn to the beach. "See here, Tunnygate, I won't have you trespassing on my place! I've told you so at least a dozen times! Look at the hole you've made in that hedge, now! Why can't you stay in the path?"

His ordinarily good-natured countenance was suffused with anger and perspiration. His irritation with Mr. Tunnygate had reached the point of explosion. Tunnygate was a thankless friend and he was a great cross to Mr. Appleboy. Aforetime the two had been intimate in the fraternal, taciturn intimacy characteristic of fat men, an attraction perhaps akin to that exerted for one another by celestial bodies of great mass, for it is a fact that stout people do gravitate toward one another—and hang or float in placid juxtaposition, perhaps merely as a physical result of their avoirdupois. So Appleboy and Tunnygate had swum into each other's spheres of influence, either blown by the dallying winds of chance or drawn by some mysterious animal magnetism, and, being both addicted to the delights of the soporific sport sanctified by Izaak Walton, had raised unto themselves portable temples upon the shores of Long Island Sound in that part of the geographical limits of the Greater City known as Throggs Neck.

Every morn during the heat of the summer months Appleboy would rouse Tunnygate or conversely Tunnygate would rouse Appleboy, and each in his own wobbly skiff would row out to the spot which seemed most propitious to the piscatorial art. There, under two green umbrellas, like two fat rajahs in their shaking howdahs upon the backs of two white elephants, the friends would sit in solemn equanimity awaiting the evasive cunner, the vagrant perch or cod or the occasional flirtatious eel. They rarely spoke and when they did the edifice of their conversation—their Tower of Babel, so to speak—was monosyllabic. Thus:

"Huh! Ain't had a bite!"

"Huh!"

"Huh!"

Silence for forty minutes. Then: "Huh! Had a bite?"

"Nope!"

"Huh!"

That was generally the sum total of their interchange. Yet it satisfied them, for their souls were in harmony. To them it was pregnant of unutterable meanings, of philosophic mysteries more subtle than those of the esoterics, of flowers and poetry, of birdsong and twilight, of all the nuances of softly whispered avowals, of the elusive harmonies of love's half-fainting ecstasy.

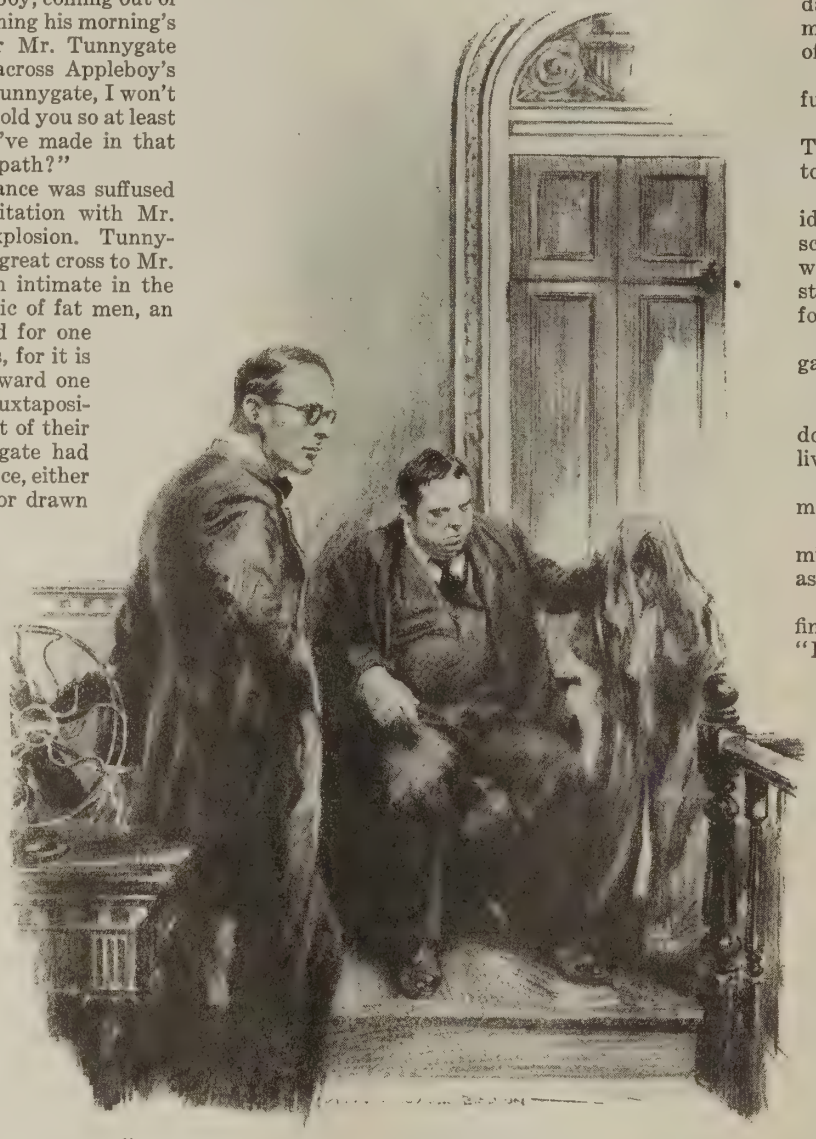
"Huh!"

"Huh!"

And then into this Eden—only not by virtue of the excision of any vertebra such as was originally necessary in the case of Adam—burst woman. There was silence no longer. The air was rent with clamor; for both Appleboy and Tunnygate, within a month of one another, took unto themselves wives. Wives after their own image!

For a while things went well enough; it takes ladies a few weeks to find out each other's weak points. But then the new Mrs. Tunnygate unexpectedly yet undeniably began to exhibit the serpent's tooth, the adder's tongue or the cloven hoof—as the reader's literary traditions may lead him to prefer. For no obvious reason at all she conceived a violent hatred of Mrs. Appleboy, a hatred that waxed all the more virulent on account of its object's innocently obstinate refusal to comprehend or recognize it. Indeed Mrs. Tunnygate found it so difficult to rouse Mrs. Appleboy into a state of belligerency sufficiently interesting that she soon transferred her energies to the more worthy task of making Appleboy's life a burden to him.

To this end she devoted herself with a truly Machiavellian ingenuity, devising all sorts of insults, irritations and annoyances, and adding to the venom of her tongue the inventive cunning of a Malayan witch doctor. The Appleboys' flowerpots mysteriously fell off the piazza, their tholepins disappeared, their milk bottles vanished, Mr. Appleboys' fish lines acquired a habit of derangement equaled only by barbed-wire entanglements, and his clams went bad! But these things might have been borne had it not been for the crowning achievement of her malevolence, the invasion of the Appleboys' cherished lawn, upon which they lavished all that anxious tenderness which otherwise they might have devoted to a child.



"These are They," Mr. Tunnygate Announced Dramatically

It was only about twenty feet by twenty, and it was bordered by a hedge of moth-eaten privet, but anyone who has ever attempted to induce a blade of grass to grow upon a sand dune will fully appreciate the deviltry of Mrs. Tunnygate's malignant mind. Already there was a horrid rent where Tunnygate had floundered through at her suggestion in order to save going round the pathetic grass plot which the Appleboys had struggled to create where Nature had obviously intended a floral vacuum. Undoubtedly it had been the sight of Mrs. Appleboy with her small watering pot patiently encouraging the recalcitrant blades that had suggested the malicious thought to Mrs. Tunnygate that maybe the Appleboys didn't own that far up the beach. They didn't—that was the mockery of it. Like many others they had built their porch on their boundary line, and, as Mrs. Tunnygate pointed out, they were claiming to own something that wasn't theirs. So Tunnygate, in daily obedience to his spouse, forced his way through the hedge to the beach, and daily the wrath of the Appleboys grew until they were driven almost to desperation.

Now when the two former friends sat fishing in their skiffs they either contemptuously ignored one another or, if they "Huh-Huhed!" at all the "Huhs!" resembled the angry growls of infuriated beasts. The worst of it was that the Appleboys couldn't properly do anything about it. Tunnygate had, as Mrs. Tunnygate sneeringly pointed out, a perfect legal right to push his way through the hedge and tramp across the lawn, and she didn't propose to allow the Appleboys to gain any rights by proscription, either. Not much!

Therefore, when Mr. Appleboy addressed to Mr. Tunnygate the remarks with which this story opens, the latter insolently replied in words, form or substance that Mr. Appleboy could go to hell. Moreover, as he went by Mr. Appleboy he took pains to kick a clod of transplanted sea g nurtured by Mrs. Appleboy as darling of her bosom, and designed to give an air of v militude to an otherwise bare and unconvincing su of sand. Mr. Appleboy almost cried with vexation.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, struggling for words to expres full content of his feeling. "Gosh, but you're—mean

He hit it! Curiously enough, that was exactly the w Tunnygate was mean—and his meanness was second to that of the fat hippopotama, his wife.

Then, without knowing why, for he had no formu ideas as to the future, and probably only intended to t scare Tunnygate with vague threats, Appleboy added warn you not to go through that hedge again! U stand—I warn you! And if you do I won't be respon for the consequences!"

He really didn't mean a thing by the words, and Tu gate knew it.

"Huh!" retorted the latter contemptuously. "You

Mr. Appleboy went inside the shack and bange door. Mrs. Appleboy was peeling potatoes in the kit living room.

"I can't stand it!" he cried weakly. "He's dri me wild!"

"Poor lamb!" soothed Mrs. Appleboy, peeling an i minable rind. "Ain't that just a sweetie? Look! It's as long as your arm!"

She held it up dangling between her thumb and finger. Then with a groan she dropped it at his feet. "I know it's a real burden to you, deary!" she sighed.

Suddenly they both bent forward with sta eyes, hypnotized by the peel upon the floor.

Unmistakably it spelt "dog"! They looke one another significantly.

"It is a symbol!" breathed Mrs. Appleboy i awed whisper.

"Whatever it is, it's some grand idea!" exclai her husband. "Do you know anybody who's one? I mean a—a ——"

"I know just what you mean," she agreed. wonder we never thought of it before! But t wouldn't be any use in getting any dog!"

"Oh, no!" he concurred. "We want a re dog!"

"One you know about!" she commented.

"The fact is," said he, rubbing his forehead i they know about 'em they do something to 'em ain't so easy to get the right kind."

"Oh, we'll get one!" she encouraged him. "] Aunt Eliza up to Livornia used to have one made a lot of trouble and they ordered her- selectmen did—to do away with it. But she pretended she had—she didn't really—and I think got him yet."

"Gee!" said Mr. Appleboy tensely. "What sort was

"A bull!" she replied. "With a big white face."

"That's the kind!" he agreed excitedly. "What its name?"

"Andrew," she answered.

"That's a queer name for a dog!" he commented. "I, I don't care what his name is, so long as he's the r kind of dog! Why don't you write to Aunt Eliza to-nigl

"Of course Andrew may be dead," she hazarded. "I do die."

"Oh, I guess Andrew isn't dead!" he said hopefi "That tough kind of dog lasts a long time. What will say to Aunt Eliza?"

Mrs. Appleboy went to the dresser and took a pad pencil from one of the shelves.

"Oh, something like this," she answered, poising pencil over the pad in her lap:

"Dear Aunt Eliza: I hope you are quite well. I sort of lonely living down here on the beach and t are a good many rough characters, so we are looking a dog for companionship and protection. Almost kind of healthy dog would do and you may be sure would have a good home. Hoping to see you soon. Y affectionate niece, Bashemath."

"I hope she'll send us Andrew," said Appleboy vently.

"I guess she will!" nodded Bashemath.

II

"WHAT on earth is that sign?" wrathfully demand Mrs. Tunnygate one morning about a week late she looked across the Appleboys' lawn from her kitc window. "Can you read it, Herman?"

Herman stopped trying to adjust his collar and w out on the piazza.

"Something about 'dog,'" he declared finally.

"Dog!" she exclaimed. "They haven't got a dog!"

'e" he remarked, "that's what the sign says: ar of the dog'! And there's something above it. Oh! rding this property. Trespassing forbidden.'"

'h impudence!" avowed Mrs. Tunnygate. "Did 've know such people! First they try and take land ot belong to them, and then they go and lie about dog. Where are they, anyway?"

haven't seen 'em this morning," he answered. h they've gone away and put up the sign so we g over. Think that'll stop us!"

'at case they've got another think comin'!" she ngrily. "I've a good mind to have you go over up the whole place!"

ull up the hedge?" he concurred eagerly. "Good

et, to Mr. Tunnygate it seemed the supreme oppor- th to distinguish himself in the eyes of his blush- i and to gratify that perverse instinct inherited g cave-dwelling ancestors to destroy utterly—in haps, that they may never seek to avenge them- on us—those whom we have wronged. Accordingly unnygate girded himself with his suspenders, and eam of fiendish exultation in his eye stealthily d from his porch and crossed to the hole in the o one was in sight except two barefooted search- clams a few hundred yards farther up the beach n working in a field half a mile away. The bay ed in the broiling August sun and from a distant ne the rattle and wheeze of locusts. Throggs Neck silence, and utterly silent was the house of .

n air of bravado, but with a slightly accelerated e, Tunnygate thrust himself through the hole in d and looked scornfully about the Appleboy lawn. age worked through his veins. A lawn! What e! What business had these condescending l-ters to presume to improve a perfectly good vich was satisfactory to other folks? He'd show H took a step in the direction of the transplanted s Unexpectedly the door of the Appleboy kitchen l.

ined you!" enunciated Mr. Appleboy with unnat- alness, which with another background might have most anybody as suspicious.

al" returned the startled Tunnygate, forced under cumstances to assume a nonchalance that he did not the feel. "You!"

el" repeated Mr. Appleboy. "Don't ever say 't'

hv!" ejaculated Mr. Tunnygate disdainfully. h remeditation and deliberation, and with undeni- ace aforethought, he kicked the nearest bunch of a several feet in the air. His violence carried gh in the air and he partially lost his equilibrium. taneously a reak shot breath the nd some- li a red-hot rust itself elinto an ex- yender part atomy.

ic! O—o— h yelled in . Oh!"

o e here, w" said Mr. by mildly. o doggy! be!"

Adrew paid tion. He irly affixed f o the base Tunnygate's ay without tion of be- ndiately de- d. And he had d hat place, an, and dis- e himself air of con- e id skill be- f lifelong ene.

h O—o— claimed Tun- t turning id clawing the hedge, i Andrew m. "Oh! !

Tunnygate o the door to see her spouse lumbering up the beach with a white object gyrating in the air behind him.

"What's the matter?" she called out languidly. Then perceiving the matter she hastily followed. The Appleboys were standing on their lawn viewing the whole proceeding with ostentatious indifference.

Up the beach fled Tunnygate, his cries becoming fainter and fainter. The two clam diggers watched him curiously, but made no attempt to go to his assistance. The man in the field leaned luxuriously upon his hoe and surrendered himself to unalloyed delight. Tunnygate was now but a white flicker against the distant sand. His wails had a dying fall: "O—o—oh!"

"Well, we warned him!" remarked Mr. Appleboy to Bashemath with a smile in which, however, lurked a slight trace of apprehension.

"We certainly did!" she replied. Then after a moment she added a trifle anxiously: "I wonder what will happen to Andrew!"

Tunnygate did not return. Neither did Andrew. Secluded in their kitchen-living room the Appleboys heard a motor arrive and through a crack in the door saw it carry Mrs. Tunnygate away bedecked as for some momentous ceremonial. At four o'clock, while Appleboy was digging bait, he observed another motor making its wriggly way along the dunes. It was fitted longitudinally with seats, had a wire grating and was marked "N. Y. P. D." Two policemen in uniform sat in front. Instinctively Appleboy realized that the gods had called him. His heart sank among the clams. Slowly he made his way back to the lawn where the wagon had stopped outside the hedge.

"Hey there!" called out the driver. "Is your name Appleboy?"

Appleboy nodded.

"Put your coat on, then, and come along," directed the other. "I've got a warrant for you."

"Warrant?" stammered Appleboy dizzily.

"What's that?" cried Bashemath, appearing at the door. "Warrant for what?"

The officer slowly descended and handed Appleboy a paper.

"For assault," he replied. "I guess you know what for, all right!"

"We haven't assaulted anybody," protested Mrs. Appleboy heatedly. "Andrew ——"

"You can explain all that to the judge," retorted the cop. "Meantime put on your duds and climb in. If you don't expect to spend the night at the station you'd better bring along the deed of your house so you can give bail."

"But who's the warrant for?" persisted Mrs. Appleboy.

"For Enoch Appleboy," retorted the cop wearily. "Can't you read?"

"But Enoch didn't do a thing!" she declared. "It was Andrew!"

"Who's Andrew?" inquired the officer of the law mistrustfully.

"Andrew's a dog," she explained.

III

"MR. TUTT," announced Tutt, leaning against his senior partner's door jamb with a formal-looking paper in his hand, "I have landed a case that will delight your legal soul."

"Indeed?" queried the elder lawyer. "I have never differentiated between my legal soul and any other I may possess. However, I assume from your remark that we have been retained in a matter presenting some peculiarly absurd, archaic or otherwise interesting doctrine of law?"

"Not directly," responded Tutt. "Though you will doubtless find it entertaining enough; but indirectly—atmospherically, so to speak—it touches upon doctrines of jurisprudence, of religion and of philosophy, replete with historic fascination."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, laying down his stogy. "What kind of a case is it?"

"It's a dog case!" said the junior partner, waving the paper. "The dog bit somebody."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, perceptibly brightening. "Doubtless we shall find a precedent in Oliver Goldsmith's famous elegy:

> *"And in that town a dog was found,*
> *As many dogs there be,*
> *Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,*
> *And curs of low degree."*

"Only," explained Tutt, "in this case, though the man recovered of the bite, the dog refused to die!"

"And so they want to prosecute the dog? It can't be done. An animal hasn't been brought to the bar of justice for several centuries."

"No, no!" interrupted Tutt. "They don't ——"

"There was a case," went on Mr. Tutt reminiscently. "Let me see—at Sauvigny, I think it was—about 1457, when they tried a sow and three pigs for killing a child. The court assigned a lawyer to defend her, but like many assigned counsel he couldn't think of anything to say in her behalf. As regards the little pigs he did enter the plea that no animus was shown, that they had merely followed the example of their mother, and that at worst they were under age and irresponsible. However, the court found them all guilty, and the sow was publicly hanged in the market place."

"What did they do with the three little pigs?" inquired Tutt with some interest.

"They were pardoned on account of their extreme youth," said Mr. Tutt, "and turned loose again—with a warning."

"I'm glad of that!" sighed Tutt. "Is that a real case?"

"Absolutely," replied his partner. "I've read it in the Sauvigny records."

"I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Tutt. "I never knew that animals were ever held personally responsible."

"Why, of course they were!" said Mr. Tutt. "Why shouldn't they be? If animals have souls why shouldn't they be responsible for their acts?"

"But they haven't any souls!" protested Tutt.

"Haven't they now?" remarked the elder lawyer. "I've seen many an old horse that had a great deal more conscience than his master. And on general principles wouldn't it be far more just and humane to have the law deal with a vicious animal that had injured somebody than to leave its punishment to an irresponsible and arbitrary owner who might be guilty of extreme brutality?"

(Continued on Page 185)

"It is a Symbol!" Breathed Mrs. Appleboy in an Awed Whisper

Making the Films Safe for Provincialism—By Rob Wagner

THIS story is what Jim would call "inside stuff." And that is true in more ways than one, for while it will tell some delicious inside secrets, most of the material will come from the dark mysterious bowels of the projection room, than which nothing could be more inside. It is in that cavernous crucible our film classics are smelted for better or worser, the latter condition usually resulting in anticipation of an official ruling from a provincial moralist who can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once.

My office in the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company is just across the hall from the projection room, and I can usually tell by the sounds that percolate through its dark vestibule about what is happening to the film drama that is unwinding before the tired eyes of the editorial staff. If, for instance, I hear nothing but the monotonous click of the projecting machine for an hour or so I know that the big boss is sitting defiantly by wondering how they can cut a picture from that bunch of junk. Then if loud words and an occasional explosion rend the air I am sure the director is trying to save a pet scene from the iconoclastic scissors of the cutter. But when, like this morning, I hear loud guffaws I know that Jim and his co-wits are putting it over their enemies the censors.

"Kittie," said Jim, about ten o'clock, "I'm going in to cut that artist-model story for the Pennsylvania censors and I don't wish to be interrupted, for I have a feeling it will violate about every one of that board's rulings and I've got a fine job."

It was during the following hour that I heard the laughter, and at eleven o'clock Jim and his gang all came out grinning like a lot of naughty schoolboys.

"Well, my dear," said the best film editor in movie land, "what have you been doing while I—poor I—have been in yonder preserving the purity of the great state of Pennsylvania?"

"Nothing," I replied, "except that every time you all laughed I blushed."

"Kittie, you're bright but brutal. You know it isn't always like that when we laugh. This morning, in fact, the question was quite sad. The story proved to be exceedingly chaste and rather dull; but there is a posing scene in it, and you know how dreadfully frightened censors are of looking upon artist's models; and so we were trying to figure how we could save the scene from their gentle scissors. Then all at once came the inspiration. We would drop the main title, 'Why Change Your Clothes?' and substitute—what do you think?—'Innocence,' by gad! The dear, white-souled little girl poses for a statue called 'Innocence.' You see how that will put the censors in a hole, for, my dear, as turrible as these creatures are, even moral monitors don't like to have the purity of their minds questioned."

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE MARY PICKFORD PICTURES CORPORATION

Some Censors Cut This Scene Lest an Accident Befall the Plumbing

Arms' Harms

THUS it was that the rough miners of Pennsylvania, whose delicate æstheticisms are carefully watched over by legalized shepherds, were permitted to look upon the bare arm and shoulder of a hard-working girl, and the only reason they got that much of an eyeful was because the shepherds were outwitted.

A few weeks ago Jim wrote an article for THE POST in which he told how the censors all over the country cut our films into the most curious and diverse shapes, but he recounted only half the story. The other half has to do with the ways the studios meet these censorship problems, and as Jim insists that he shot his wad in that first story it devolves upon his determined little wife to complete the narrative.

Like most men, Jim is a map fiend. His pockets, bureau drawers and automobile cushions are simply bulging with maps. He has maps about everything under the light of the sun. W he goes—by boat, or railw riage—he co maps, and on sorship travels he no sooner got train than he straightway bought for, as he said: "Kittie, if I just city hall, the Superba Theater jail in my mental topography have to ask nothin' of nobody."

His map fiendishness extends his business, and we have on t maps showing the rainfall, sunsh shooting days—the location of ou ters throughout the country, and of multicolored pins that tells at where all our releases are showin the most interesting map to this the one that makes our contine as though it had German measl will presently see why I refrain fr ing them Liberty measles—for it is over with red blotches of various si shapes defining the censorship d

Indigestible Films

THE large pink rectangles and Canada represent the states an inces that are thus encumbered, w little spots are the local districts sc about like inflamed mosquito bites face of Mother Nature. It is p comforting to know that only twenty per cent of our dear country the rash, the other eighty per cen as white and spotless as a health should be. Speaking statistically one-fifth of our population have tas morals so fragile that they require a to prescribe their photo-dramati The four-fifths apparently believe they are quali choose their own. Of course, occasionally the fifths get an indigestible film, but either they th up or, having swallowed it, avoid that brand in the

The joke, however, is on the one-fifth who, wishin sure that we will not corrupt them when they aren' ing, have placed themselves under the doctor's ca they are doomed to a very denatured diet. Wh doctors do not dose at their end we dilute at ours in pation of the watering. A friend from Topeka, v the studio one day, was present when Jim was for Kansas and seeme prised that his state sho getting a different kind than Iowa, for inst enjoyed.

"You see," explaine "we know Kansas' weak and the censor rulings, we released the film in Los Angelenic purity th sors would cut out scenes, which would c bad jump in the story. by anticipating the cu can substitute boiled m the dreaded hops, or a hook the story togethe collateral action or an polated title and thus the continuity. The may be artistically ruine that's Kansas' affair, no I did a lot of supposin story of mine on censo but here's one I overlo Suppose THE SATURDAY NING POST had to print ferent magazine for darned town in the coun well, that about paralle problem."

The enjoyment of a p cal joke is based upo superior feeling of the sp tor over the jokee, the of this particular joke the timid villager who turned over his tastes t eral nice, worthy mora

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY COMPANY

In Many Places This Scene Will be Cut as an Unholy Reminder of an Evil Time Gone By

...reader's enjoyment of the jokes I am about to tell ...depend upon whether he is living under the blushing ...spots on the map or among the shameless majorities ...outside.

...fore I get on with specific instances let me explain ...when Jim wrote that other article he was a traveling ..., to use a more euphonious term, an æsthetic am...ager for the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company, ...it as his duty to represent the studio at all censorship ...s. Thus having for four years studied the local idiocies ...idiosyncrasies of the various censor boards, he was ...ed to Los Angeles to edit the films before release in the ...districts so as to avoid—if possible—the cruel surgery ...the doctors of morality.

...anticipating the strange rulings under the medieval ...tion of censorship, let us first begin with that sup...ed laudable emotion, patriotism. We would turn out ...big feature picture full of flags, battle hokum and ...ent victories with a grand George M. Cohan ...that would make a rough-and-tumble American ...e tingle to its unmanicured finger tips, and then ...could come—Germany? No, by heck, Canada. ...would turn our films down cold because our battle ...weren't whooping it up for the Union Jack. Well, ...do? We ...lose Can...a market, ...couldn't ...make pic...st for her. ...hit upon ...solution ...oling the ...f.

...h Alibi

...IE Front, ...tunately, ...the insig...were lost ...tumult of ...and very ...ple could ...difference ...a Canuck ...mmy, so in ...stories all ...to do was ...double on ...troduction ...te home... This was ...ished by ...l making ...enes first ...l American ...h with the ...s flag, and ...ting the ...alibi the ...its either in ...g or Wis...n In fact, ...d it most

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE METRO PICTURES CORPORATION

On the Stage Nazimova Would be Permitted to Show the Gun She Here Conceals for Fear of Shocking a Rural Censor

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY COMPANY

In Some Places the Clinch is Limited to Two Feet

COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS LASKY COMPANY

The Gun Will be Shot From the Muff

and equipment, using the same personnel.

Sometimes the whole blessed army would shift from one uniform to another six or seven times, most of the day being spent in dressing and undressing. I remember hearing one poor half-frozen extra complain: "I'll lay in a ditch all day bleedin' and dyin' for Uncle Sam, but I don't see why in hell I should have to do it all over again for John Bull."

And woe to the poor assistant director who left the least evidence of Americanism in the Canadian forces—and vice versa! One famous hero of the war had to return from the East all the way to Los Angeles just to kiss the British flag in a local set

convenient to localize our stories close to the Canadian border so that we could shift our action from one to the other side of that imaginary line without violating local color.

Some of our best tales, however, were so uncompromisingly specific that uniforms and equipment for both armies had to be supplied throughout. The awkwardness of this elaborate doubling may be easily guessed. Instead of shooting the American scenes in the morning and the Canadian in the afternoon it was necessary, in order to match the shadows, that the scenes should alternate through the day, which meant alternating uniforms so as to get the picture accepted in Canada.

One of the curious psychological results of the war was the tolerance by many of our sensitive censors to the most blood-curdling scenes, just so long as the villainy was Hunnish.

Ingenuity

YET one of our largest impresarios of cheaper films, in his patriotic zeal went so far over the top in German dastardy that his atrocities were a greater indictment of photo-dramatic art than of Teutonic kultur. So absurdly comic was his emphasis that as works of art his films fell with their own weight among the "white" people; and in the pink districts they were too much even for the German-hating monitors, who lacking a sense of humor cut it to ribbons.

"Pro-German—that's what them censors are!" exclaimed the great artist. "Why, in Ohio they cut out ten thousand dollars' worth of my best atrocities!"

To show the pure patriotic purpose of this naturalized American I must cite his crushing rejoinder to a member of his scenario staff who one day proposed a film version of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

"No!" he roared back. "At a time like this we must all stand shoulders to shoulder mit the President."

But the war furnished a high carnival for the hokum writers. Anything got by if it was hung on or addressed to the Germans. We had a heavy in a film—having nothing to do with the war—who was such a low-down villain we thought we'd have to rewrite his part before the censors would stand for him. But Jim happily hit upon the grand idea of calling him Karl Schwartz, and he went over with an enthusiastic whoop. And speaking of this simple device, Jim once saved a picture from total extinction in a certain town by renaming an unpleasant character "McGuire," that being the name of a fellow the local censor had it in for. It is quite natural in one's national vanity that most meannesses should be hung on foreigners,

(Continued on Page 110)

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

V

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE sun had not yet set on the opening day of Mr. Blurt's studio for the microscopic inspection of female character models when that gentleman, fresh from an afternoon bath and a change into other and smarter clothes, found himself standing, somewhat to his own bewilderment, on the same church steps from which he had passed the Avenue under review during the very first hour of his advent to the metropolis, caught a glimpse of one or two potential goddesses, and ended up by bagging a human hair mattress in the person of Mr. Alexander Sutey as sole recompense for his watchful waiting. But at this moment all the intervening epoch of preparedness was blotted from his thoughts.

"What a day!" he murmured to himself, referring only to the strict union measure of the last eight hours, and wiped his brow, not because it was, but because it ought to be, perspiring from its bulging weight of crowding recollections. His business mind knew down to a jot and a tittle what he had actually done; it now demanded to be shown in three clearly stated dimensions what was the gain to its spiritual complement, that part of Mr. Blurt which had suddenly launched the whole of him into a furious quest for the one woman.

It was easy to line up the facts against the wall and coldbloodedly shoot them down one by one, thus: Early arrival at the studio office; engagement of Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston as stenographer and typist; interview with Miss Mabel Trenton, lady sleuth; interview with Tillie, manikin and reservoir of L. J. Libbey dreams; interview with Alice in hunger; collision with a miniature sphinx in the person of Miss Nameless; lunch for four; discovery of Miss Livingston's adorable nose; crash of the bull; the ensuing battle with misunderstanding Law; the second coming of Joan of Arc and the discovery in rapid and blinding sequence of the light that never was on sea or land playing about Miss Livingston's hair, in her eyes and on her cheeks, as happily as a child at home in its own back yard.

All this sounded as exciting as a five-reel movie with the final emotional close-up still to come; but excitement even in great plenty had no intrinsic bearing on Mr. Blurt's pursuit of heart's desire. He was engaged in a very definite enterprise and the question one part of him now asked insistently of the other was What could it show as the exact measure of accomplishment? Above the level of the flashes that had followed hard after each other throughout the day stood out two high lights: One was the revelation of Miss Livingston; the other the occultation of Miss Nameless.

These two forces by the mere fact of their lingering so long and vividly on his mental horizon declared themselves as the sum total of the day's gain, but even after he had come to that conclusion he was at a loss to determine just how far he had traveled along the road to freedom; he was painfully aware, however, that even thus early in his pilgrimage he had arrived at a fork in the highway, one branch of which tugged him on to further revealing, the other to deeper mystery. So equally was he drawn by these opposing poles of womanly attraction that he was solemnly considering the tossing of a coin to decide between Miss Livingston and Miss Nameless as his immediate objective when chance anticipated itself by drawing his eye to the top of a passing bus.

Behind a cloud of hair and beard stirring majestically to the light airs of the peaceful afternoon sat Mr. Alexander Sutey with three bundles of varying size in his lap and Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston at his side. The two seemed completely unconscious of each other, but the mere fact of their incongruous juxtaposition seemed to Mr. Blurt to form an ample incentive to curiosity irrespective of his natural impulse to follow the quarry which had so opportunely presented him with a full view halloo.

He hailed a passing taxicab, gave its driver surprising but clear instructions to trail the bus with the beard on top, entered and settled back to a well-earned rest, tinged with the mildly exhilarating wine of anticipation. Who and what was Miss Livingston in the hours when she regularly discarded the mask of everyday business stenography? Where did she live, what did she eat, which was the true highway of her heart—the flat and hard road of suppression or the rare outbursts he had witnessed to open country swept by the clean winds of old-fashioned human kindness?

Some of these things he was about to learn, and as he thought upon them his mind grew keen to a power of appreciation of values such as it had never before attained. What was woman? Was she the eternal, one and the same, forever and forever, of popular belief and the oft-printed word; or was she the varying child of each age as it came along, the daughter of individual tradition and circumstance, a free agent sprung clear from the general sea of her sex? Was it possible that there were two species of the genus, both capable of perfect blooms, and that Miss Livingston represented one, Miss Nameless the other? What had the latter party to do with the matter in hand anyway? he asked himself impatiently. He reacted violently and almost with a sense of fear from the uncomfortable admission that it was in the power of any one person to inject five minutes of personal conversation into the remorseless grind of a man's life.

There are few New Yorkers and fewer outsiders who know that five independent white-clapboarded and green-shuttered little houses still exist in the side streets just off the park limits in the New World's greatest city, where they are dreaming away their rural existence under the threatening shadows of stately mansions and towering apartment houses with a quiet air of persistence that would be ridiculous were it not so astoundingly self-complacent. They are located on both the East and the West sides, and so absorbed Mr. Blurt in his absorption failed to notice whether the taxicab he was shadowing turned at Fifty-seventh Street or continued up the Avenue it is impossible to say to which of the enterprising dwellings his chase finally led him.

Suffice it to state that when, having abandoned his cab, he saw Miss Livingston open the little gate of prim white palings, run up sagging steps and rap for admission with an old-fashioned knocker he was so taken aback by the virginal appearance of the house, which seemed to be full of the innocence of Red Riding Hood surrounded by a pack of wolves, that he was brought up all-standing at a distance still comparatively safe from observation, and was only subconsciously aware that Sutey with his parcels followed the girl at a more leisurely pace through the gate which promptly closed behind them.

"Can you beat it?" inquired Mr. Blurt of himself as he stared at the tiny house behind its tinier grass plot.

The longer he gazed the more did he become absorbed in the dwelling, not as a structure appropriate on the stage setting for Way Down East, but as a symbol of quiet and unreasoning permanence in the midst of change.

He walked round the block three times in a maze of heavy pondering, and each time he came in sight of the house it arrested his steps with a jerk; he found that its importance as an edifice became more insignificant with every return, but that as a monument to stark endurance it steadily grew. During his walking, evening had begun to fall, and in accompaniment to darkness the shades on Miss Livingston's dimity-curtained windows had been drawn.

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"How Old are You?" Cried Blurt. "What are You, and Just What Do You Wish From Me?"

HE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VI

RM the moment of his delayed entrance into the M. C. A. auditorium—which, if not exactly rwded, was at least well filled—to the moment ing his own front door at half past eleven, Mr. ved on a plane so far exalted above mary habitat that he was scarcely of any corporeal existence at all. of the gathering had taken his breath d the realization that by one simple opaganda he had caused a hundred men and women to congregate, and even eagerly, to hear his theories ed by other speakers, was the highest had ever known. Alternately he felt like Jefferson, Julius Cæsar, Samuel Gompers and elasco.

d purposely sat in the background, Sylvia's is. He had heard the mayor, not officially but en and a freeholder, open the meeting and turn o Henry Kellogg as moderator. He had ap- Henry, just as everyone else had, and he had pered to Sylvia that she was a prophet and a er and an excellent judge of mob psychology. good thing to have a little mild humor at the prevent any suspicion of politics, and Henry to inject precisely the right note of comrade- the proceedings. He made it clear that he earnest but that it wasn't to get pugnacious about. ery was popular.

gden, who was an expert eaker, had outlined the plan it to his audience, told of poration, which had gone only this morning, and at applications for member- ld be distributed in a few and the ovation that went lm was Wel- s guaranty h high cost of gwas to be e down and d on. Mr. rising to ac- ege cheers, ections from itution, and the meeting g him to be . The meet- 't done it— ags had done dMr. Bowker elected at a eeting of directors at ock, but the was vocifer- suaded of its d judgment tions. Mrs. r having no function, but her lorg- d by cau- ering under bled to read ns of the accredited or- and temporary direc- e club: Ruth Kellogg, Rupert Everson, the r. Sugden, the Bowk- n eight of their best And the stockholders' he said, would be held y afternoon, and all joined to-night would vote. Several of the directors would resign, stockholders would fill cies. Then the direc- d elect the rest of the

"I Want Us to Tell These Impertinent People That if They Do Refuse to Deal With One Single Member of My Club—Our Club—We'll Never Do a Single Penny's Worth of Business With Them Again as Long as We Live!"

ngs had waited until the membership blanks had ributed, and until long queues were forming e platform, and then he had squeezed Sylvia's et's go home," he said hoarsely. "I've had haven't you?"

rved they slipped out into the velvet night; and l blocks neither of them spoke. The occasion was ntous.

"Of course," said Mr. Bangs, "I would like to have had my name mentioned somewhere—or yours."

"That doesn't signify anything," said Sylvia; but he thought he detected the faintest possible overtone of regret in her voice.

"Sort of funny," said Mr. Bangs, "to think it cost us two dollars to hire somebody to stay with the baby just a couple of hours while we were out organizing, isn't it?"

"It cost Helen two and a half—and hers is colored," said Sylvia. "Only it was either that, or stay at home."

"In two months," said Mr. Bangs, "they'll be glad to take whatever we choose to give 'em." He slept less peacefully than common, for he was much excited; and in the morning he was feverish to see what his newspaper said about it. The headlines were promising, and the record of a hundred and seven active members enrolled at the first meeting was better than he had anticipated, but the text of the story itself was rather baffling. It was two full columns, but the reporter who had written it was a master of innuendo. When Mr. Bangs went over to the Eversons' for breakfast he spoke feelingly about it, and glared at the elder Kellogg brat, who was beating an obbligato with a spoon on his plate.

Henry Kellogg laughed outright at him. "Suppose you owned a retail grocery or something yourself, and advertised in the papers regularly—how'd you like to have the club get a big boost on the front page? The papers are noncommittal because they've got to play safe." Henry beamed pridefully at his own offspring, and frowned at Baby Bangs, who was splashing milk on the carpet.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bangs. "There's something in that, too." And presently he picked up the paper again and out of sheer curiosity counted the advertisements of retailers.

He spent the day, as prearranged, with Sugden, and attended the stockholders' meeting, where Ruth and Henry were the only temporary directors to resign. Sugden proposed a nominating committee, which was generally acceptable, and which produced a set of nominations without leaving the room. A council was quickly chosen, and the two vacancies on the directorate were filled. Sugden and the Bowkers were in, Rupert was a director, Ruth and Henry councilors, Mr. Bangs was nowhere. At the directors' meeting, after officers were elected, Mr. Bowker proposed Mr. Bangs for the club's attorney—without fee—and he was loudly acclaimed, but yielded to Sylvia's tacit command, and declined gracefully. He felt that he was too dogmatic about this club, he said, to make a good attorney for it.

When the Journal came out he was still a trifle downcast at the absence of his own name from the lists of the mighty; but during the course of dinner he got a different viewpoint.

"Almost every single tradesman I do business with," said Helen Everson, wide-eyed, "has either been up here to see me to-day, or telephoned! One poor little rabbit I buy eggs from was almost crying! Honestly he was. I've been paying him eighty-eight cents a dozen for eggs too. And he said the club would ruin him. And my vegetable man—why, I never had anybody talk like that to me in my whole life! He just as much as accused me of joining in a conspiracy to rob him!"

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THE GREAT ACCIDEN

XLVI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN Winthrop Chase senior returned to the dining table after telling V. R. Kite that they would expect him at eight o'clock that evening, Wint asked: "Did he say what he wanted?"

Mrs. Chase exclaimed: "I don't think you ought to have let him come, Winthrop. I don't want that man in my house. He ——"

Chase answered Wint: "No. Just said he wanted to see us." He was troubled and he showed it. "What do you think he wants, Wint? Something about Lutcher?"

Wint shook his head. "I think he's going to hit at me somehow. There's been a rumor round town all day. They say he has something ——"

Chase asked quickly: "Has he? Has he got anything on you, Wint?"

"Not that I know of. There's nothing he could get. Nothing to get." He looked at his father in a quick, appealing way. "Dad, I wish you'd just remember that—whatever happens. You know the worst there is to know about me. Anything else is just flat lie."

His father nodded abstractedly. "Of course. But Kite is confoundedly clever. Now I wonder what he's ——"

"What's the Idea? You Turned Me Down Cold, in Public. Now You Come Whining Round"

"I always told you, Wint, that you hadn't any business in politics," Mrs. Chase exclaimed. "I don't think it's decent, the way men talk about each other. Why, Mrs. Hullis told me that Jack Routt is going round saying the most terrible things about you. That you ——"

"I know, mother. That's Jack's idea of a campaign. We'll show him his mistake next Tuesday."

"But he says that you ——"

"Now, mother," her husband interrupted. "Never mind. Wint, did you hear anything definite about Kite? What he's planning?"

Wint hesitated; he had heard something definite; definite but incredible. That which he had heard could not possibly be true; he could not believe it. To tell his father would only disturb the older man; he could not be sure how Chase would react to the report. He held his tongue.

"No, nothing definite," he said.

"If he's coming to see you about it he must have something."

Wint got up from the table. "Well," he said abruptly, "we'll soon know. It's after seven now."

They went into the sitting room to wait; and the waiting was hard. Wint tried to read a paper; his father took a book from the shelves. But Wint's eyes strayed from the printed column. He was in a curiously numb state of mind. This was part hopelessness, part the sheer suspense of waiting. Wint was one of those men who in their moments of greatest passion and excitement become outwardly serene and calm. Their own emotions put a physical inhibition on them so that they are still and do not speak. Once or twice Chase glanced toward his son and saw Wint motionless, apparently absorbed, apparently quite at ease. But actually Wint was stirring to the throbbing of his heart, held still by the very fury of his own dread and anger and suspense.

At fifteen minutes before eight someone knocked on the front door. Wint said, "There he is," and got up and went to the door; but when he opened it Jack Routt stood there. Wint was surprised. He said slowly, "Oh, you, Jack?"

Routt nodded, a little ill at ease. "Is Kite here?" he asked.

"No. He's coming."

Routt smiled ingratiatingly. "I don't know what he wants. He told me to meet him here about eight to have a talk with you."

"Told you to ——"

"Yes. I asked him what he meant; and he said to wait. I supposed he had made arrangements with you."

Wint said dully: "Yes; he has. He's coming." And after a moment he added: "You might as well come in."

Routt grinned. "You're damned cordial," he remarked.

"Oh, that's all right," Wint assured him abstractedly. He was thinking so swiftly that he seemed stupefied. His father came into the hall and Wint said: "Here's Jack Routt. Kite told him to come."

Chase looked at Routt uncertainly; and Routt said: "I'll get out if you say so."

Wint shook his head. "No. Sit down. Go on in."

They went into the sitting room; but before they could sit down someone else knocked. This time it was B. B. Beecham.

He stood in the door when Wint opened it, and smiled and said: "I'm not sure I understood, Wint. V. R. Kite telephoned me there was to be some sort of a conference here about a matter for the good of Hardiston. I thought it curious that the word should come from him."

Wint laughed harshly. "All right, come in," he said. "I don't know any more about it than you do. I suppose Kite thought it would be cheaper to use our house than to hire a hall."

B. B. said simply: "I don't want to inconvenience you."

"Come in," Wint repeated. "I'm up in the air, that's all. Routt's here already. Kite will be along, I suppose."

"Routt?" B. B. echoed in surprise.

"Yes; in there."

Wint and B. B. went into the sitting room, where Chase and Routt were talking awkwardly. After the first greetings no one could think of anything more to say. B. B. broke this silence.

"I saw a robin to-day," he said. "They stay here sometimes right through the winter."

Birds and flowers were B. B.'s hobbies; he knew them all. And other people recognized this interest in him, and shared it. They liked his enthusiasm.

Chase said: "Is that so? I had no idea they stayed. It doesn't seem to me I ever saw one in winter."

"They live in the sheltered places, B. B. "You'll find them in the woods a brushy hollows and round houses where is a good deal of shrubbery. Especially people put out a l suet for them t on."

"Why, ever ought to do t Chase declared quick interest. ought to tell th in the Journal,

B. B. smiled a he was telling just this, every He spoke of othe Chase seemed ested. Routt an said nothing. seemed uncomfo and that was a s thing to see in t sured young Wint's eyes wer ered; he was thi lost in a maze o jectures. Kite w coming any m now.

B. B. was still about birds whe came. Wint hear steps on the w front of the house them come up the There were sever not Kite alone sounds told him He waited, sittin till they knocked front door. Th went out into t and opened the d saw Kite standing his dry little fa umphant, malig rejoicing.

Wint looked at Kite steadily for a moment; an he lifted his eyes and saw, behind Kite, Amos Ca and at one side, Ed Skinner, of the Sun. He had t there were others; but he saw no one else.

Kite stepped inside the door. Skinner and Amos still till Wint asked, "Well—what is it?"

Kite said then, "Come in, Amos. You too, Ed."

Amos, his big head on one side, his eyes squint a friendly way, drawled a question: "How about it, Kite says he's got something to talk over. Asked come along. But I don't allow he's got any right me into your house."

"Come in, Amos. Both of you," Wint said.

And Kite repeated: "Yes, come in. I know wh talking about. This young man isn't likely to object

"All right, Wint?" Amos asked again; and nodded, and Amos lumbered into the hall.

Then Chase came to the door that led from the room into the hall; and at sight of Amos he st very still, with a white face.

Wint crossed to his father's side and told him q "It's all right. Kite brought him. It's all right, d

Chase exclaimed: "How do I know it's all rig don't understand all this mystery. Kite, by what do you use my house for a meeting place? What this, anyway? What is the idea, Kite?"

Kite smiled his dry and mirthless smile; and h mockingly: "Do not fret yourself, Chase. Our c is with this young man, Wint. You shall hear." H stripping off his overcoat in a businesslike way. was Kite's big hour, and he meant to make the m it. He dropped the coat on the seat in the hall Amos and Ed Skinner imitated him.

Kite said briskly, rubbing his hands: "Now where can we have our little talk?"

Chase looked at Wint uncertainly; and Wint, held by that curious inhibition which made his level and low, said quietly: "The sitting room."

There were not chairs enough for them in the s room. Wint went into the dining room for an and found his mother there, putting away the dishes

She asked in a whisper: "Who is it, Wint? Mr. K

Wint nodded: "Yes, mother. Several men. better go upstairs the back way."

He as so steady that she was reassured; he did not m cited or disturbed. Yet there was something about n tit made her think of a hurt and weary little boy; d s laughed softly and put her arm round him and de im kiss her.

He id so, patting her head; and then he said, "There, th Run along."

went out toward the kitchen, and Wint took the r e had come for into the other room. He found ers all sitting down. Amos had slumped into the e and the easiest chair in the room. B. B. sat g in the straightest chair, his round firm hands on his knees. B. B.'s legs were short and chubby; lap was barely big enough to hold his clasped ds Ed Skinner and Chase were on the couch at one e the room. Routt sat on the piano stool, twirling wback and forth through a six-inch arc. Kite, in nner of a presiding officer, had pulled his chair thable in the middle of the room and sat there very thy his head held high in that ridiculous likeness to rly.

Wi set his chair just inside the door and sat down. ar Kite were the only composed persons in the room. B looked acutely embarrassed and uncomfortable, as was angry, Skinner was nervous, Routt's ease s lpably assumed, and Amos was fumbling uncer- nly with his black old pipe. He asked when Wint ne t: "Your mother mind smoke in her sitting room?"

Wi said, "No; go ahead."

He lled his own pipe, and Amos sliced a fill from his g nd deliberately prepared his smoke and lighted it. e emed in no hurry to begin. He had taken a letter w and a slip of paper from his pockets and was study- tim in silence. Wint thought he recognized that c paper—a check. It seemed to him that a cold d lutched his throat. He felt a sick sense of the elsness of it all; a sick despair. Not so much on on account ——

Ki at last looked round the room and said impor- th "Well, gentlemen!"

Wi's father could be still no longer. He cried: "See e, Kite, what's all this tomfoolery? What's this non- se It's an outrage. Be quick or be gone. I've no e waste."

Kite looked at Chase; and then he looked at Wint and asked maliciously: "Do you bid me to be gone too, young man?"

Wint shook his head. "Say what you have to say," he suggested; and there was a great weariness in his voice.

Kite nodded. "I mean to." And to Chase: "You see, the young man understands it is in his interest to handle this thing among ourselves."

"To handle what thing?" Chase demanded.

Kite cleared his throat.

"A matter," he said importantly, "that concerns first of all the good name of Hardiston; a matter that concerns, very intimately, the good name of your son. A matter that will be decisive in the mayoralty campaign now pending. A matter ——" His poise suddenly gave way before the fierce rush of his exultation; and he cried: "A matter that will stop this damned Sunday-school nonsense of denying grown men the right to do as they please! That's what it is. A matter that will show up this young hypocrite in his true light. If I were not merciful I would have spread it before the town before this."

He stopped abruptly, looking from one to the other as though challenging them to deny that he was merciful. No one denied it. B. B. cleared his throat; and the sound was startling in the silence that had followed Kite's words. Amos puffed slowly at his pipe and squinted across the room at Wint. Wint said nothing. He had scarce heard what Kite had said; he was curiously abstracted, as though all this did not concern him. He was like a spectator, looking on.

Chase looked at his son; and there was fear in the man's eyes, for Kite was so terribly confident. Chase looked at his son, expecting Wint to make denial, to defend himself. But Wint said nothing; Wint did not lift his eyes from the floor. He only puffed slowly and indolently at his pipe, moving not at all.

Kite cleared his throat again; and his dry little eyes were gleaming.

"I have given this matter some thought," he said; "some thought since the facts came into my hands. And I must confess at first they seemed incredible. I made investigations, I was forced to believe the whole black story."

He paused again. He wanted someone to question him, but no one spoke. He went on:

"My first impulse was to cry the truth to the whole town, but I held my hand. I went to Columbus for the final proof, got it, and when I came back it was to find that this young man had caused the arrest of one of my friends, Lutcher, on a ridiculous liquor charge. Simply because Radabaugh discovered Lutcher and three others engaged in a game of cards, drinking as they had a right to do.

"I was indignant; but even then I was merciful. I wanted to give this young man a chance; and I went to him and offered him the chance to save himself."

He paused, moved one of his hands as though to brush the possibility aside. "But it is unnecessary for me to tell you his chief trait is a blind and unreasoning stubbornness. It betrayed him on this occasion. He rejected my offer, refused to take the easy way out.

"That was this morning. I considered. My chief concern was for the good name of Hardiston; that such a man should not be chosen mayor. This seemed to me the simplest and least painful way to arrange his withdrawal. So I asked you to come here."

Amos drawled from the depth of his chair: "Did you fetch us here to talk us to death, Kite?"

Kite smiled bitterly. "No, Amos. Be patient."

Chase was watching Wint, still with that desperate hope in his eyes. They were all watching Wint; but Wint was looking at the floor, following with his eyes the pattern in the rug. This was the end. He had just about decided that. There was in him no more will to fight. He had been a good mayor. If they didn't want to reëlect him—that was their affair. He would do no more. He had a sick sense of betrayal. His lips twisted in a bitter little smile.

Kite addressed him directly: "So, young man, we want your withdrawal from the mayoralty race. And this whole matter will end right here."

Wint still did not lift his head. His father thought the boy was ashamed, and his heart was torn.

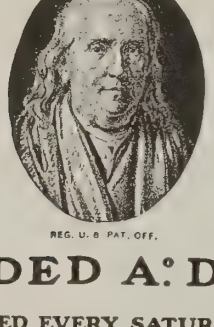
Kite asked sharply: "Come! What do you say?"

Wint looked at Kite then for the first time; looked at him with a slow, steady, incurious gaze that made Kite

(Continued on Page 115)

"Now, Hetty," He Said, "I Have Been Telling Them What You Told Me. They Think I am Lying. Am I Lying?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1919

Demosthenes and Democracy

RUNNING through a list of presidential possibilities the other day, a politician paused at one of the names to observe: "He is a man of wide business experience, of broad sympathies, a splendid executive and thoroughly versed in international affairs, but he wouldn't do, for he can't make a good speech."

That is a fatal handicap under our system of government by conversation. Unless a man has a flutelike larynx, violin-toned vocal cords and a pair of lungs with which he can play The Storm, he cannot hope to get far in our public life. In America a candidate is known by the speeches he makes, by his skill on the oboe, the piccolo, the cymbals, the cowbells and the snare drum; by the runs, trills, warbles, bangs and smashes in his performance; by his skill in juggling the drum sticks, balancing the trombone on his nose and waltzing out on the floor while he plays the bass viol; and above all by the number of words in his system and his ability to talk anything and everybody to death. Few remember the man who sponsors an important bill, but the member who talks for two days and two nights without stopping to gargle his throat is pointed out for years to an admiring gallery.

This will continue until the country wakes up to the fact that the President of the United States is first of all a big business executive; that the members of his cabinet are first of all heads of big business departments; that the members of Congress are first of all business directors, shaping the rules under which we make our daily bread, and that it is up to them to see that the loaf is full weight. When these simple facts are once fully grasped by voters the national Government will be made up of men from all branches of business, instead of being wholly dominated as at present by lawyers, necessary as it is to have a fair proportion of them in lawmaking bodies. We shall then attach more importance to what a candidate has done and can do in business than to the orchestration of his promises. It was a sad day for America when Demosthenes began to practice with his pebble.

Few capable men of practical affairs—farmers, merchants, manufacturers and laborers, as distinguished from labor leaders—can make a speech to which anyone could fox-trot. They have a habit of saying everything they really have to say on a subject in a few terse sentences, thus spoiling a perfectly good speech and saving an exceedingly valuable hour. Speech making has its uses—many of them—and it may be the most harmless of all indoor and outdoor sports, but it does not often expedite the work of the world. "Thinking on his feet" is a phrase that is frequently used when "talking on his feet" is meant.

There is no more reason why we should demand that our governmental executives be orators than that they should be actors or grand-opera singers or banjo players. These are all desirable accomplishments, but they have no direct bearing on taxation, housing, the price of hogs and various other matters that have a very real and intimate relation to our happiness and prosperity. If this seems a sordid view to take of government, we should remember that the price of hogs has some very intricate ramifications that finally affect even the arts and the sciences.

In all other subdivisions of our business—and we use the word in its broad sense—we select men for fitness. A lawyer is chosen to attend to legal affairs; a professor to run a college; a general to lead an army; a manufacturer to head a corporation; nor do we ask them to sing a popular song or to make an impassioned speech on the wrongs of the voter at the hands of the party in power as a test of their fitness. Experience and a practical habit of success are our criteria. But when we want a President for our great national holding company we shy away from the men who by training, experience and habit of mind are best fitted for the job. We look at a candidate's vocal cords instead of his ideas; consider his geographical position before his experience in handling business problems; and count his popularity as more important than his platform. Popularity is a poor test of character. A man who has offended no one has fought no one.

Democracy is being done to death by speech makers. Action is being smothered in oratory. Discussion is degenerating into drivel. As this is written the country is facing the music, listening for some inspired note of leadership to which it can quickstep ahead, but the Silver Cornet Band keeps right on playing In the Sweet By and By with variations, while the very children in the streets are being taught to dance the turkey-Trotzky.

If all this talking and spouting were done to full benches, to an alertly listening and interested House and Senate, it might be justified, but the arguing and speechifying usually goes on to empty seats. It is almost always addressed to men whose positions were taken, whose minds were pretty well made up weeks before. Deliberation on important matters is wise, but not after the possibility of any new light being thrown on them is over. Many able and useful men in national and local government are only half effective by reason of the system and lack of system.

Legislative bodies have been steadily degenerating into debating clubs in which not even the debaters are interested. By the time one of these debauches of speech making is over the public has usually forgotten what it was all about. Nothing would so expedite public business as a rule that every member of a legislative body should sit through every speech made. No one has so little toleration for a bore as his fellow bores.

The man who is responsible for this condition and the only one who can remedy it is the voter. Heretofore the hustings have been a combination of stage and arena, and a speech something to shout over rather than something to think over. The voter has demanded pep, hokum and the emotional appeal instead of a straightforward, common-sense discussion of the real issues—and the demand has created an overplentiful supply. In response to it we have the boy orators, the silver-tongued spellbinders, the one-hundred-and-twenty-four-minute men who can play Home, Sweet Home on their larynxes and who operate with a full set of stops, from the fake vox humana to the bogus thunder, all resulting in the election of conversationalists and government by conversation. It would be well worth the voter's while to secure a stenographic report of one of these political speeches and to read it over in cold blood the morning after—away from the crowd, the cheers and the brass band; to strip it of its adjectives, its flag waving, its sob stuff and its generalities in order to see what it contains of genuine, constructive, unequivocal horse sense.

This plague of oratory has not only kept many of the best men out of politics and befuddled the voters, but it has made hot air the moving force in many fields besides the political one. We pass over the curse of after-n speaking and the rapidly growing habit of "confe r over many things that we are afraid to look squarely eye and settle with one stiff punch. Much of thi s ferring is simply deferring. We doubt whether a conf a of more than a dozen people ever really got any n or decided anything. We refer to the growing ascen n of the blatherskite over all classes of people; to tl s ting up of the soap box in all classes of society.

If one is an orator one must orate; and if one orat o must please; and if one is to please one must agre v his crowd and denounce its adversary; and in denou i an adversary one is often unjust; and injustice for th a of pleasing is demagogism. There is always an und i everywhere, sometimes held down through no fault own, oftener through some lack that no laws or rear g ment of society can help; but no underdog wants to b e that, so he is with anyone who agrees with him ar d nounces whomever he fancies to be the man who is s i on his chest. Many men are willing to cash this wea e into votes and money; so we have the profession of gogism—and it is overcrowded. A rush of words t h head is an almost sure symptom that the demagog about to break out in a red rash of radicalism. T ers have reported that so many men were making spe h on the street corners in Russia that finally there v nobody left for an audience. We have even heard o r crafty engineer who stopped his train on the stepp Siberia and, when the speech makers in the cars r n forward to see what was the matter, began an impass a address from his cab on the wrongs of the prolet a Verbum saphead: Cut it out!

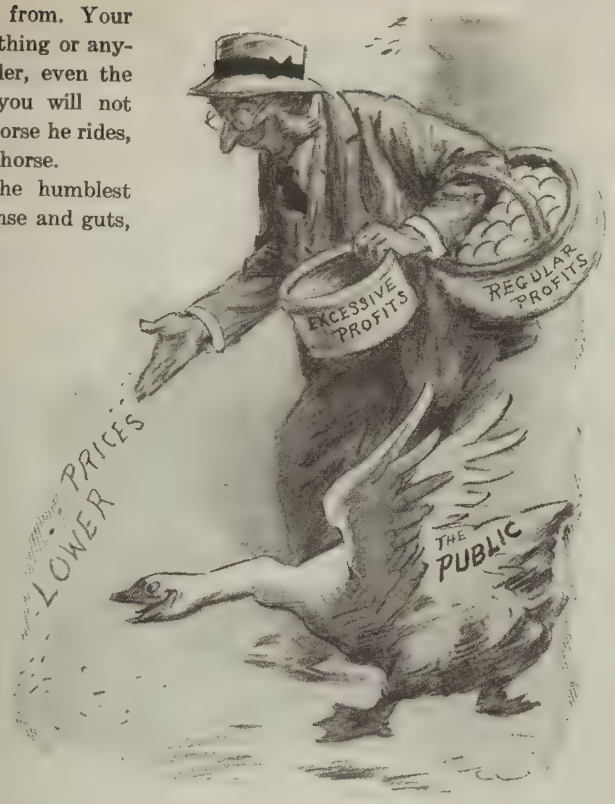
Labor has been the favorite underdog—though it i fact no longer one—of both the politician and the agit o The country has always been disposed to take capit a its worst and labor at its best, with the result that ca has been damned far beyond and labor glorified far a its deserts. The sanest and most industrious men i councils are gradually being displaced by those who a talk loudest and hottest, who will promise the most m for the least work, until labor is in danger of being s from its moorings into the maelstrom of red radicalis

The strikes now under way and under consideratio probably result in a flat increase of from twenty-fi fifty per cent in the cost of living, and they are largel to oratorically faked rather than to actual grieva The radical labor leader who cannot find a grievan t justify his leadership and keep him busy is out of a with work staring him in the face; so he naturally ke full line of grievances in stock for his followers. Any of talk, any sort of a demand, if there is only enough pepper on it, gets over with a yell these days. And th prices go higher with every strike, still the carnival of versation without cloture continues—on the husting i the unions—sound and fury over exploded theories, e rotten economics, over political parties that are begin to call for burial in Arlington Cemetery, so far as clear-cut, convinced declaration of policy and prog of performance on the great issues before us is concer Only men above party, above popular clamor, who not afraid to antagonize this selfish vote and that patriotic voter for the greatest good of the grea number can help the country to-day—and not enoug those men are in office.

It is time for every man to sit down and ask himself w is the one overwhelming and overshadowing issue be the country, whether he is going to play a man's part unselfish patriotic part, or be beguiled by fiddling de gogues or a chance to reap some quick personal vantage. The men who are cashing in on the pres situation are laying up treasure in hell. There is s choice for the devil between the red flag demagogue the black flag profiteer. They are brothers under the s

There is just one big question before us—Democr or Red Autocracy; government by despotic minor above the government or by the law-abiding majority. cannot have that now unless you organize for it, plan it and make all other interests secondary to it. And if do not get it you will not have any interests worth both ing about. Your first concern will be, as in Russia, wh

ıxt meal is coming from. Your
y p.yer will be for anything or any-
ly :at will restore order, even the
n (horseback, and you will not
h ıre what kind of a horse he rides,
vid it is not a hobby horse.
ıust start with the humblest
s ıd elect men of sense and guts,
d s of party and
a lity to imitate the
a (their vocal cords.
no such thing as
ni portant office in
n ent—not even the
ı idency. We must
ndidates cut out
th highfalutin and
in doing stuff about
gra l old parties; this
on of waste and ex-
ag ce that never gets
on deploring; this
gin themselves to all
gli ering generalities
ne olitical firmament
to ıone of the cold
d-ad-butter realities
rth Look every can-
e er as if you were hiring him for your own sacred
nes and judge him by the same standards. Find out
h education and experience have been; how many
wh t kind of jobs he has held; why he was fired;
he he made money and ran a progressive, successful
o if he was slipshod and boneheaded to the point
lu. A man who cannot succeed in private business
ot ıcceed in public, though he finds it easier to bury
lu ers. He simply takes more money from the tax-
s ıd so staves off bankruptcy.
n' be afraid to let the help know where you stand and
yo expect of them. Follow this method right up the
o t Presidency and you will finally have parties that
s ıething, stand for something and will do some-
b ides talk, officered by men of action instead of



conversationalists. The issues before us are clear. The man who says "perhaps" and "if" about everything is not the man for us now. Salvation is by faith, and faith without works is dead, and there are too many dead ones discussing and conferring and speech making over live issues as it is. They will not listen to each other, but they will listen to public opinion. Verbum sap! And that word is being spoken almost daily by men who "can't make a good speech," but who can talk good sense: Americans, get together!

Exchange Distortions

BEFORE the great war broke upon the world it was confidently predicted that such a calamity could not happen because of its prohibitive cost. After the war had actually begun many persons assumed that financial necessities would limit its duration to a few months. Both prophecies proved false, and as a result there was a swing to the other extreme, to the view that financial considerations were of no or only nominal importance. But the disordered and chaotic condition of international trade since the Armistice and the breakdown of currency systems, especially in the defeated countries, proves that financial machinery cannot be abused with impunity.

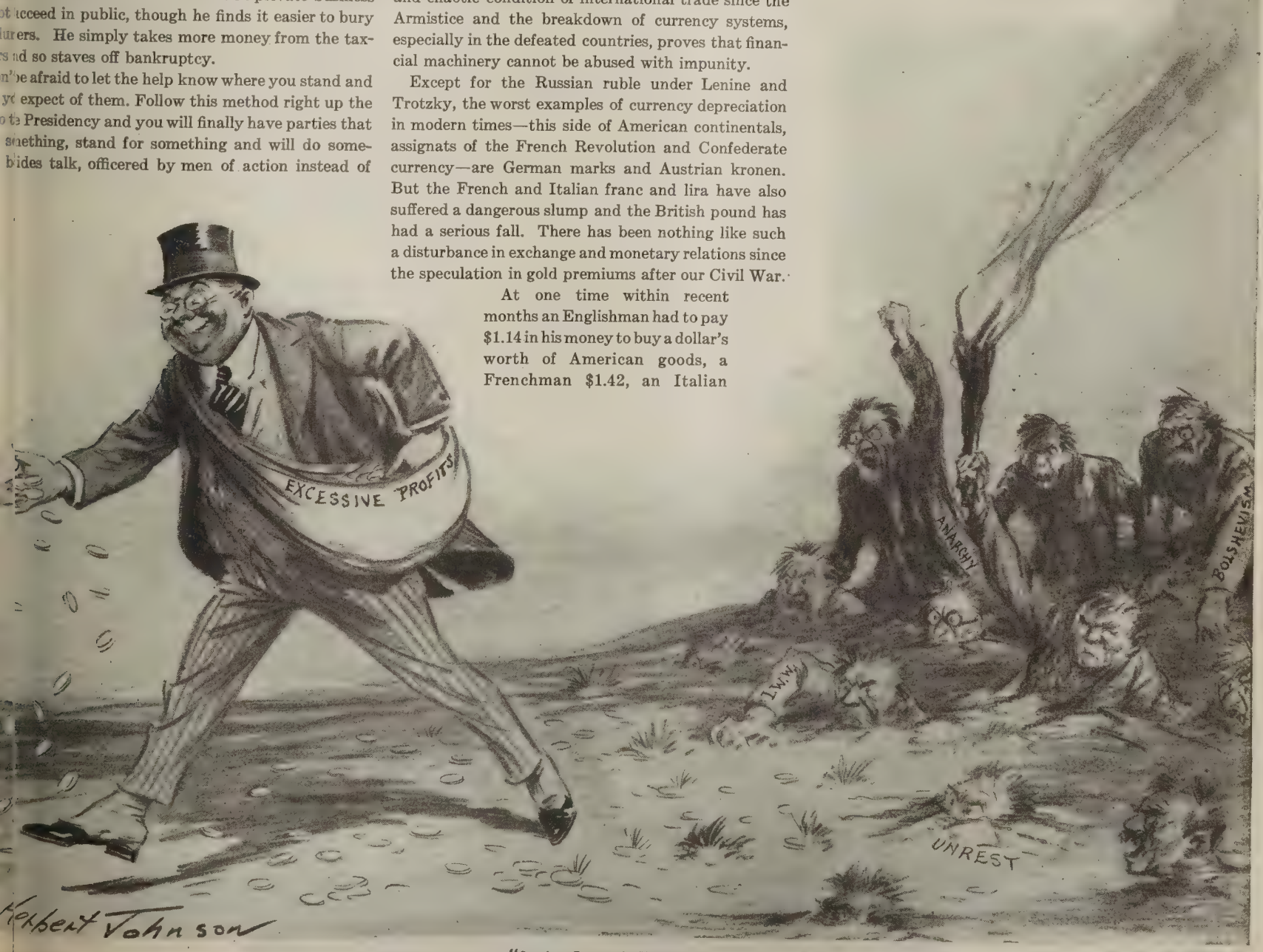
Except for the Russian ruble under Lenine and Trotzky, the worst examples of currency depreciation in modern times—this side of American continentals, assignats of the French Revolution and Confederate currency—are German marks and Austrian kronen. But the French and Italian franc and lira have also suffered a dangerous slump and the British pound has had a serious fall. There has been nothing like such a disturbance in exchange and monetary relations since the speculation in gold premiums after our Civil War.

At one time within recent months an Englishman had to pay $1.14 in his money to buy a dollar's worth of American goods, a Frenchman $1.42, an Italian $1.67, and a German—if he had been buying—$4. Thus, besides having to buy at high prices in this country, a European importer was obliged to make payment in American money which cost him a great premium.

Recently a Belgian firm placed an order in Germany at thirty-five per cent of the nearest American bid, the controlling factor being that Belgian money was worth a premium over German but was at a heavy discount as compared with American dollars. But while American exports are hindered by such perversions of the exchanges, imports from Europe are stimulated. When the Frenchman had to pay $1.42 for a dollar's worth of American goods, the American had to pay only seventy-odd cents for a dollar's worth of French goods.

Then, too, the American who buys European securities, either of governments or private corporations, is likely to make an unusual profit, provided foreign exchange ever returns to normal. For an American investor in buying British Victory bonds does not pay the market price in London, but a price as much lower as English money is lower than American. Likewise the American tourist traveling abroad will find that his American dollars multiply magically when exchanged for foreign monies.

A decrease in our exports, an increase in imports, attractively low prices for foreign securities, the temptation for tourists to go abroad—all these conditions will tend to restore equilibrium in the exchanges, even though we do not extend great credits to European countries. But until there is some approach to equilibrium there will be costly and dangerous disturbance, along with a paradise for the speculator and gambler.



"Sowing Dragon's Teeth"

Checking Up Our Thank Offerin

PRODUCERS' YEAR OF PLENTY BROUGHT NEW PROBLEMS

By Charles Moreau Harger

BACK on the old farm, when father had hauled the last load of wheat to the mill and had closed the bulging barn on the last load of hay, Thanksgiving came with sheer rejoicing for the bounty of Nature. He did not figure the expense of raising the crops or the discount on the grading of his grain. The "lower eighty" may have fallen off slightly in its usual return, but the orchard had borne a generous yield of fruit. On the whole, he looked upon the farm's production and pronounced it good.

This first year of peace has reaped a marvelous bounty of the fields. Gathered into a whole, the soil has given to the people of the United States one of the notable seasons of history. With this has come an unexampled high price level for everything the farmer raised, turning into the banks a swollen tide of deposits. Whatever of storm or drought affected local sections, a broad mantle of plenty has rested on the land and given real cause for thanksgiving.

But the modern producer has kept books. He has translated every bushel and every ton into terms of dollars and cents. Out in the fields he has been riding up and down the brown furrows or wrestling with the sheaves—thinking. He has come to the end of the season with his problem yet unsolved. With varying views are summarized the season's returns. Thorough satisfaction mingles with disappointment, volubly expressed. Partly the latter reaction is temperamental, for often the farmer is disposed to consider that he is getting the worst of every bargain; partly it is due to close figuring and comparison of his anticipations with his accomplishments.

Big Crops and High Costs

FOR one thing he expected this to be a banner year for profits. All last winter as he watched the growing wheat he counted his gains. With a guaranteed price of $2.20 at primary markets and the prospect of a billion-bushel yield, it seemed that he must come into his own. He raised the billion bushels approximately, but the events of summer brought revision of his figures.

Waiting the passage of a shower at a country elevator in the wheat belt last August were a half dozen wheat growers, each having brought a fifty-bushel load of grain to market.

"This is the last of my crop," said one—"eleven hundred bushels off one hundred acres. I'm done—I'll not put in an acre this fall."

"What's the matter with wheat?" I asked.

"Cost me too much to get it. I paid $10 a day for harvest hands—and they were poor hands at that. Then threshing cost $150 a day for the machine, and when I have paid my note at the bank I'll not have good wages for myself left."

"What are you going to do if you don't raise wheat?"

"I'm goin' bummin'. I can earn more money on the railroad or carpentering than I can raising crops. We pay all we get out for wages and I thought this year would be a big money-maker."

The man at the elevator stated his case in extreme terms, but in somewhat similar temper thousands of farmers cast up their crop profits and unite in a demand that there be a return that will give them a definite profit on their crops.

Probably no one factor has been so unpleasant a surprise to the producer during the past season as the skyward trend of labor's demands. For years the hired man has been content to work from sunup to sundown for $25 a month. In rush times extra help could be procured for $2 a day. This year during the wheat harvest workers demanded at first eighty cents an hour, which rose to $1 an hour—a ten-hour day and found[employers balked, but wheat wa[s for cutting; help was scarce. country stations workers waited until they receiv[price—which in some instances reached twelve d[day.

It is true that there was to be considered th[expenses of the family, often not taken into accou[that there is a steady income from by-products [poultry yard and dairy, going far to meet the living [the home.

Yet the farmer stands firm on the proposition [should be assured of a cash balance, over and abo[and shelter, when the season closes.

PHOTO. BY SCHLECHTEN BOZEMAN

The Boom in Farm Lands

THOSE taking the optimistic view have been [efficient management to meet the new conditio[

"It was a good year," said another farmer livin[older settled section. "My wheat was not heav[eighteen bushels to the acre—but I had the help[boys and we neighbors changed work in thresh[all had a fair cost in harvest. My alfalfa brou[a ton—five tons to the acre; butterfat has be[cents a pound—we used to be happy with twenty-tw[I am going to spend the winter [fornia and let the boys run the [

He is lucky to have boys w[stay on the farm, for it is on[complaints of the farm count[the young folks prefer to s[towns—and the town boy w[go to the farm. So many a m[has built up through long y[toil a first-class farm sells o[moves to town, turning the la[to a renter and living on the i[

Perhaps he is influenced [remarkable prices at which selling and thinks he would put his money in Liberty or—as too often happens—b[a speculator in oil stocks or oth[motion schemes which leave hi[the greater part of his saving[One of the marvels of the y[been the land boom. Through [Middle West real estate has be[and resold at prices whic[astonished financiers and doubts as to the reality of the When farms are sold as far [two hundred miles beyond th[souri River for $250 an acre, Iowa and Illinois for $400 an

(Continued on Page 32

"It certainly pays!"

Yes. And just now a handy supply of these wholesome soups pays you at its best.

Think of the appetizing zest they add to your holiday dinners, the inviting relish they give to the cold cuts and left-overs that follow, the ready nourishment they provide between times in the fatiguing days of shopping and "getting ready."

And think of their economy—both in cost and in use. For example—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

We include fifteen different vegetables in this tempting soup, beside barley and macaroni alphabets—all blended in a hearty stock made from selected beef.

The high energy value of this savory soup makes it lessen your need of expensive meats. Its appetizing quality makes all your food do you more good. It saves waste and cooking-cost. And everybody enjoys it every time.

Order a dozen or a case.

21 kinds

"A regular cut-up am I
Which nobody can deny
And cutting the ills
From house-keeping bills
Is the jolliest stunt I try."

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

an acre, it is difficult to understand how the new owners can make interest on their investment if the price level of products returns to the pre-war level, or even near to it.

A questionnaire sent to representative men in every county of Iowa in midsummer brought these estimates: The average price of farm land is $234 an acre, an increase in sixty days of $28 an acre and in five years of $94 an acre. In many instances the increase has been far more than this, and it has not been unusual for speculators to make a profit of $50 an acre in a few weeks. When it is considered that in most instances there was paid down but a small amount to bind the contract, to be completed next March, it beats operating on the stock exchange.

PHOTO. BY NATHAN R. GRAVES, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Take the specific instance of the 240-acre farm near Traer, Iowa, sold to Guy Monroe for $265 an acre; sold again to C. E. Lambert for $275 an acre; sold again to Charles McElihinney for $325 an acre—an advance of $14,400 in less than three months, and the new owner expects to sell it for a yet further advance before the holidays. There was Con Mahoney, who sold his 160-acre farm for $250 an acre, bought it back for $270 an acre, resold it for $425 an acre after taking off the wheat and corn—a profit of $24,800, plus this year's crops, in less than twelve months.

A well-informed Des Moines banker is authority for the statement that the best class of Iowa farms have advanced in selling value $100 an acre since March first, adding:

"I think I am safe in saying that Iowa bankers generally and henceforth will adopt a policy of discouraging the purchase by their patrons of Iowa land at anything above $300 an acre. Deals in farms at fancy prices are flooding into banks these days. The bankers are beginning to worry about the effect. I am not certain that prevailing prices represent actual inflation; neither am I certain that even in these days of high prices Iowa land generally can produce sufficiently to make such investments wise. The movements in farming lands and the great retail trade with it, regardless of high prices, are expressive of the same state of mind, and both get their chief impulse from the fact that Europe is below its normal food production."

Not Enough Land to Go Round

THESE illustrations could be duplicated by the score over a half dozen agricultural states and indicate a speculative movement borne out by further features of the Iowa questionnaire. A summary of the reports gives the proportion of purchasers who expect to make the new farms their homes as 49 per cent; those who expect to hold for permanent investment, 17 per cent; those who buy for speculation, 34 per cent. The speculators include town capitalists, who see a chance to make a profit on a moderate investment, and professional traders, who are operating on a shoe string, trusting to the chance of reselling.

Startling as has been the advance in values, seventy-five per cent of the replies say that yet further increases are probable. In other words, the land boom has not yet spent itself.

Out of this grows an increase in tenantry, already of proportions to bring serious consideration from every Western commonwealth. The tenant is unable to purchase land at present figures; the investor is satisfied to hold the land in expectation of a rise, in the meanwhile obtaining a generous income from his share of the crops or the cash rent. This share has risen with the increased investment until a rental value of $10 to $12 an acre is considered reasonable and it frequently runs to twice or three times that amount where production is liberal and the owner receives a share of the crops delivered at the nearest market. So, farther off is realization of the renter's dream to have a home of his own and more numerous are those who seek land to lease.

"They even wake me up in the night," said a land agent, "to get a first choice when neighborhood gossip spreads the news that there is likely to be a vacancy. One man recently traveled all night from a neighboring county to get a farm that his daughter had telephoned him would be leased next March."

Definite reports of the number of tenants are difficult to obtain except when the decennial census is taken. A recent bulletin of the Kansas State Agricultural College says that in two of the richest counties of the state "fully one-half the farms are operated by tenants." In the state at large 36.8 per cent of the farms are so occupied. In Nebraska a similar condition exists, estimates showing that only 50 per cent of the farms are occupied by their owners. In July, 1919, were checked up the assessors' returns on two townships of Central Kansas. They are rich townships, with some of the best land in the state. It is doubtful if any farm in either could be bought today for $100 an acre. Yet in Jefferson Township the assessor reported that fifty-three owners were operating farms and twenty-four farms were occupied by renters. In Liberty Township, with a large German-American settlement and many families who have lived there since the sixties, there were sixty owners and forty-three renters on 103 farms. In that county agents say that for every rent there were twenty mer the lease.

With the average size of the United States decrease decade ending 1910 from 14 to 138.1 acres and the prop tenants rising from 35.3 pe 37 per cent, the opportunit steadily less for the labore survey of 465 farms in Kans found that rented lands are invariably lower in fertility joining farms tilled by own the report adds, "If the tenant farms decrease fur tenant's problem of making ing operations profitable much more difficult."

When the farmer adds creased value of his real esta other income he finds that he ing financial headway; wh renter he is handicapped, an tem of rural credit material ficial to the man with little means has been devis even under present conditions the tenant often larger income than the owner, because of his smal ment. Both are giving much thought to the matt reduction in the cost of living. Both complain of of implements and household supplies compared w years ago.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," says Mr. Farmer, have to pay twice as much for a mower or a cultiva that my family is charged fifty per cent more for than in 1914—something ought to be done about

War Benefits Felt by Producers

WELL, something was done about it in mid through the activity against the high cost of liv profiteering. Whether the agitation or the appro new crop caused it, corn took a drop of forty cents and cattle and hogs declined four to six cents a p

"This will ruin me," then declared the produc cannot fatten stock and send it to market at these I do not receive enough to pay wages for my labor. not the place to begin cutting down prices."

The agricultural sections, where the interests ducer and consumer are interrelated, are poor pl settle where the change in values should begin. L there is on the part of the business interests a reacti the feeling of the producers who are the basis of the perity. Take the merchant in a farming sectio knows that if his customers are to prosper they mu good prices for their products. If the income of the falls his trade lessens. In consequence there is n enthusiasm for a falling market for the foodstuffs in that community.

Since the beginning of the war the producer has beneficiary of the increased call to America to fe world. When the first offering of Anglo-French bor made, a country banker was approached by one customers, who asked, "Is this bank going to take y

(Continued on Page 166)

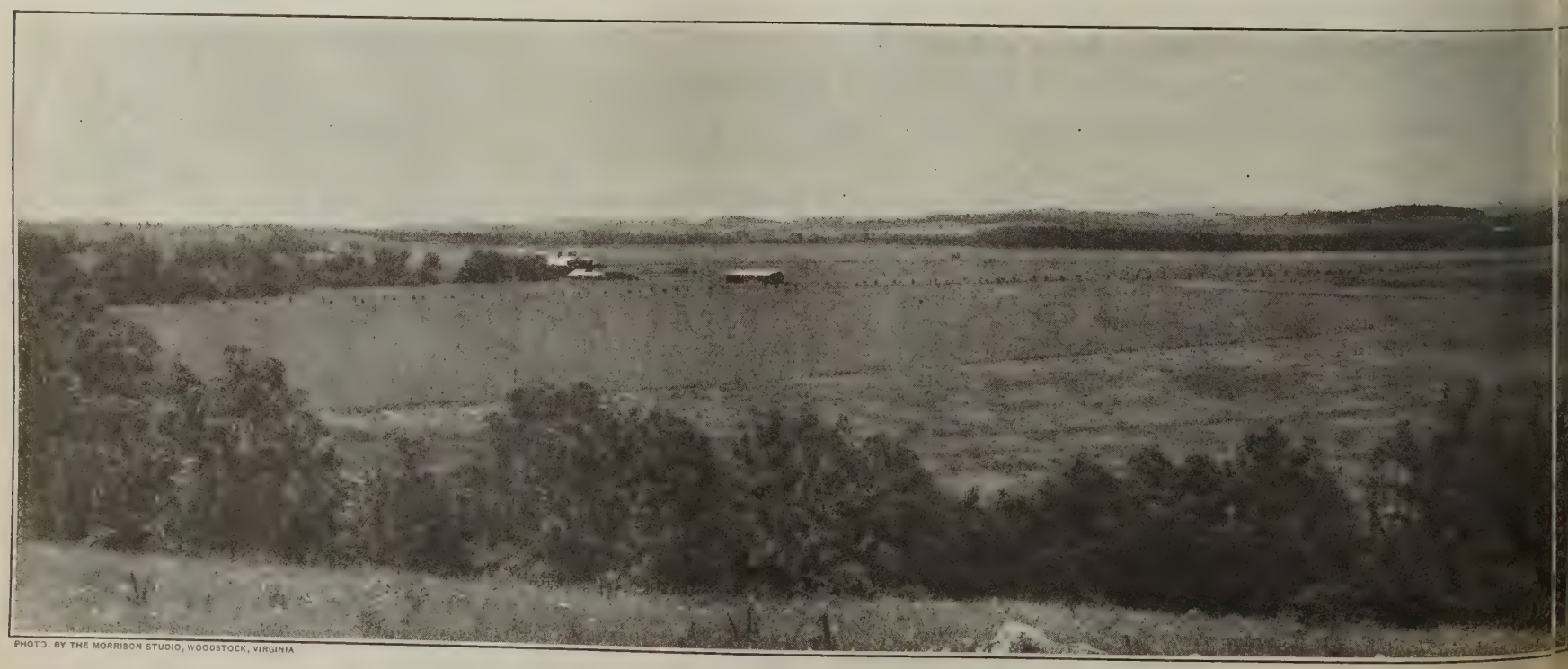


PHOTO. BY THE MORRISON STUDIO, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA

Kansas travels —and talks with New Hampshire

"THEY were right," said Kansas, "when they remarked to me, 'Be sure to have a look at New Hampshire's scenic beauty.' Out Kansas way, you know, we're long on fields but short on forests."

New Hampshire proffered welcome Owl Cigars and made reply:

"Welcome, Western visitor, it's fine to know you now so intimately. I've long sold cotton goods to you and long enjoyed the golden grains you so ably raise. And much oil from your famous fields is used in these Eastern parts. We'll smoke again for good acquaintance and good pleasure's sake."

* * *

YOU'LL FIND dependable citizens of every state enjoying dependable Owl and White Owl Cigars. Experience tells them that they can always count on the unchanging fragrance of Owls. Why don't you try Owl or White Owl and see how much dependable fragrance a nearly $3,000,000 leaf reserve can give cigars?

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If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.
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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

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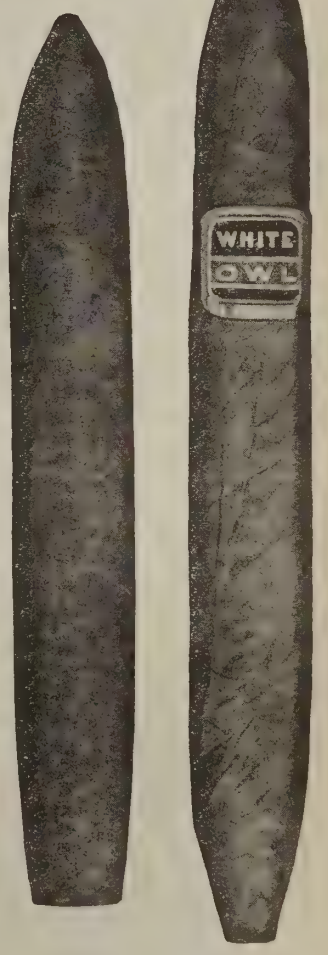
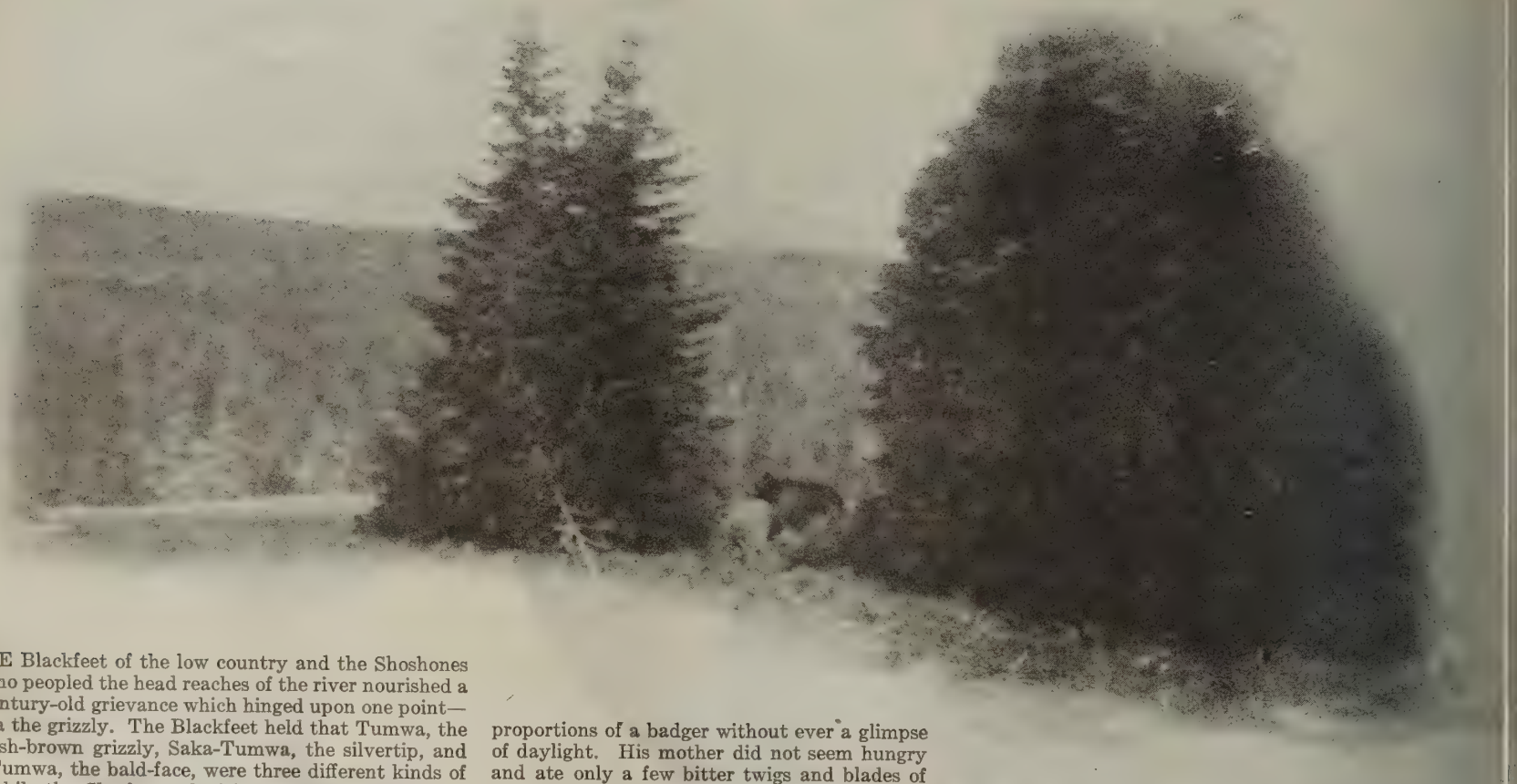


OWL white OWL

THE BALD-FACE—By Hal G. Evar



THE Blackfeet of the low country and the Shoshones who peopled the head reaches of the river nourished a century-old grievance which hinged upon one point—Tumwa the grizzly. The Blackfeet held that Tumwa, the yellowish-brown grizzly, Saka-Tumwa, the silvertip, and Logo-Tumwa, the bald-face, were three different kinds of bear, while the Shoshones had it handed straight down from Manitou, their revered god and ancestor, that they were but three different color phases of the same beast. It was a fact well known to both tribes that when any bear was killed in his winter den it was found that his stomach was shriveled into a solid rubbery knot. Agreed upon the fact, they differed as to the cause.

The Blackfeet insisted that the bear gorged enormously prior to entering the long sleep of hibernation and that the stomach contracted for the purpose of extracting the last ounce of nourishment from the food. Pakatan, head medicine man of the Shoshones, let it be known to his people that the bear fasted for the last few days before denning. The stomach having nothing to keep it distended, the natural consequence was that it shrank.

There was but one way in which to settle this dispute; and in the time-hallowed manner in which all peoples before or since have adjusted their grievances, so the Blackfeet and Shoshones prepared to settle this. They painted for war.

The legends of those who keep no written records but instead pass history from generation to generation by word of mouth are apt to become a trifle distorted as time goes on. The white men knew this and when the last of the Shoshones told the first of the whites that the big tracks had always been seen in the hills since their forefathers first came to the headwaters of the river the white men, knowing that the Shoshones had lived there for perhaps a thousand years, were inclined to doubt. But knowing too that the grizzly lives a long life, perhaps even longer than man, and having themselves seen the great prints, the white men were prepared to admit that the monster silvertip had been leaving his tracks in the hills for some time. In reality he made his first tiny tracks in the melting snowdrifts when he followed his mother from the den on the very spring that the hills first echoed to the war whoops as two mighty nations battled over whether he should later go to sleep with a full stomach or on an empty one.

He was a lone cub and his mother had gone into the winter in good shape. Bears vary greatly in size at maturity—as do men. The Shoshones knew from Manitou that the condition of the she bear when she dens in the fall predetermines the eventual size of the offspring who come forth with her in the spring.

But Logo, the bald-face cub, did not know that the great god Manitou had so prearranged things for him, and if he had known he would have cared but little. It was sufficient for the moment that he could enjoy the delights of the open sidehill after the months in the gloomy hole, its opening blocked by feet of snow, in which he had been born the size of a squirrel and had grown to the proportions of a badger without ever a glimpse of daylight. His mother did not seem hungry and ate only a few bitter twigs and blades of grass before retiring once more to the mouth of the den, where she slept for a day and a night.

Even at this early age Logo gave indisputable evidence of what he would be at maturity. His shoulder blades slid up and down under the loose skin when he walked and gave him a lurching, swaggering air. He had not the timidity of the young of other beasts. In his veins flowed the blood of a thousand generations that had trod the forest ways before the bark of the magazine gun had been heard in the hills—and every living thing had given trail. Only when tired or hungry did he return to his mother to sleep beside her.

A new note roused him from one of these fitful naps. He could not locate its source. It seemed to fill the whole expanse of the hills, borne on every breeze. He sat on his haunches and cocked his head sidewise as he listened to a distant drone that swelled and receded, rose again, but never died.

Far below on the banks of the Stinking Water a thousand savage throats were chanting the birth song. A plaintive wail issued from the tepee of Striking Eagle, chief of all the Shoshones, and the chant rose excitedly. Leonona, squaw of Striking Eagle, had brought forth a child.

There was a strange mark upon the infant's breast. Pakatan was with the child and the chant swelled in volume as the rumor spread that very soon now he would interpret the meaning of this queer sign for his people. There was the silence of death as Pakatan threw back the tepee flap and stood before them. He paused impre
before speaking, then violently struck his breast.

"Mighty warriors of the Shoshones," he then
"Manitou has sent us a proof of his children's wisdo
that of the braggart Blackfeet! Upon the breast
infant chief is a mark the meaning of which is as
you as the trail of the trout in the streams, but to P
it is as plain as the tracks of the bull elk in the snow
mark is the sign of the bear! The grizzly, the bald-fa
the silvertip are cunningly blended in the one sign, p
them to be the same. The son of Striking Eagle sha
sess the qualities of all three. There will be a cub
white face and a pelt of shining silver born of a yel
she grizzly. As surely as the young chief shall live
all men, so shall the cub live to rule all the bears
hills until such time as men with faces as pale as th
head of the bald-face and natures even more fierc
come to the banks of the Stinking Water. The
Striking Eagle will live to know many of the whit
and at last will come one with the courage, streng
beauty of the silvertip and he shall find our maiden
more lovely than his own. His blood will mingl
that of Shoshone chiefs.

"The young chief's reign will accord with that
grizzly king. When the great bear dies, then sha
chieftain be called to Manitou—but not until thre
after the passing of the bear, one day for the grizzl
for the bald-face and one for the silvertip."

Pakatan paused in his flow of barbari
quence. Then:

"Manitou wills that the child be named Tu
Ka-Tin, Three-Bears-In-One, and thus thro
lie in the teeth of the Blackfeet dogs."

The chant rose and swelled in a frenzied t
to the infant chief and the volume of it roll
across the hills. Far up on a spur of the
Mountains, Logo, the bald-face cub, place
forefeet on his sleeping mother and growled
defiantly across her at the sound.

This roused the old bear and she rose an
the den. She returned to it no more, but lin
in the vicinity for some time, eating incre
quantities of grass and bitter twigs each suc
ing day. Then she headed down across the
packed snowdrifts of the spruce slopes towar
lower valleys. At frequent intervals she
her nose and sampled the wind. Logo, emul
her example, also elevated his little muzzle
sniffed. The second day of their forest t
the wind bore an odor that was delicious.
exercise of the past few days had stimula
desire for some other form of nourishme
supplement that furnished by his mother.
grass and bitter twigs had relaxed the old

PHOTO. BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Logo Was Restless and Frequently Moved Out for a Look Round

(Continued on Page 36)

O.K.-Right Through

PEEP into the minds of the members of any organization which standardizes on Systems Bond for forms and letterheads.

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Ask your printer to use this rag-content loft-dried paper on your next order of forms or letterheads. Also he can obtain for you a free copy of our book "Your Letterhead," containing practical hints on design that show what your printer can do for you at little cost.

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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 34)

intestines until she felt capable of relishing solid food. They headed straight into the wind and came at last to the remains of a winterkilled elk and feasted with satisfaction upon this ancient relic.

The old bear's feet were tender from long disuse. She lingered near this first find of the season, bedding down near by and returning frequently to feed.

Logo's education progressed with each new day. He sprang from a race of thinking animals. Combinations of sights, scents and sounds were stored as facts in his busy little brain. Also tastes, for in addition to holding the world's record for sleeping and fasting the bear is the free-for-all champion eater of the universe. His menu is as varied as that of most other animals is limited and as a direct consequence his sense of taste is as sensitive as that of other animals is dull.

Logo's sense of smell was the most highly developed, but the Shoshones had been told by Manitou that this wonderful nose was but for the purpose of detecting new morsels of food to tempt the palate. And Manitou must have spoken truly, for no single new object caught Logo's eye but what he tested its edibility with his nose. The fact that his fare now consisted almost exclusively of meat did not affect his continual sampling of all else. The rich meat was somewhat concentrated, so he ate quantities of elk hair, grass, pine needles and shreds of bark for roughage.

As the wind shifted the old bear changed her bed. Day after day the wind bore straight from the elk to her and kept her informed of all that transpired there. She waddled forth and warned off each new intruder. From this Logo knew that the elk belonged to them. All things moved aside for his mother.

Once sure of this Logo appointed himself custodian and undertook to drive off all comers who would feed there. It was great sport to chase black and brown bears much larger than himself. On the third day the wind spoke of an alien presence and he rushed forth to find a great he grizzly enjoying his first mouthful. He gave one startled grunt and moved off before the cub's puny rush, casting many an apprehensive glance behind him.

Logo swaggered as he returned to his mother, his back roach bristling and a growl rumbling in his throat. He knew now that he was indeed a terrible fellow before whom all other living things gave trail. He had no slightest doubt but that it was his own personal prowess which they feared.

The old bear's stomach was distending rapidly and the net increase in the amount of each succeeding meal was marvelous. At the end of a week the elk was but a pleasant recollection, and Logo followed his mother on in search of more. Her pads had now toughened and she fed but once or twice at a spot. For a month they shifted back and forth, scouring the hills for the remains of the winter-killed and hauling the refrigerated carcasses from the drifts.

In one deep pocket they found the last resting place of a dozen elk. Here for the first time Logo learned that others were sometimes permitted to share the neighborhood of their own choosing.

Two grizzly families fed in the pocket. It surprised him that his mother did not drive them off. Instead, when he showed symptoms of clearing the field himself the old bear flattened him with an admonitory forepaw. The tap was no gentle one, and he desisted, not from fear of the beasts before him but from certain knowledge that he would once more feel the weight of her paw—the one thing on earth he had discovered to be more powerful than himself and consequently the one thing which he respected.

Logo concerned himself with facts alone, the reasons for the facts being immaterial to him. One fact was apparent. His mother did not wish him to drive these others off. He decided to let them stay, but behind this decision was a reservation to the effect that they had best look out for him. The old she grizzlies were inclined to be friendly, and each mother kept a wary eye upon her own offspring lest they precipitate such widespread trouble as to draw their elders into difficulties.

A she grizzly with two cubs fed upon an elk near the one selected by Logo's mother. One was Tumwa, a brownish-yellow cub; the other was Saka, a handsome little silvertip.

In less than an hour after his arrival Logo started off upon one of his rambling excursions. Halfway between the two elk he came face to face with Tumwa exploring among the pine needles between two drifts. Logo looked back to make sure that his mother was not watching him and bore valiantly down on Tumwa.

Logo Started Off Upon One of His Rambling Excursions

Tumwa, having a brother, was already an experienced fighter. Every day he had a number of lively brawls with Saka. A horrible shock of surprise flooded Logo as the brown cub instead of fleeing for his life whirled and met him with tooth and claw. Tumwa cuffed him with his forepaws, trampled him with his hind feet and bit his ear almost simultaneously.

Logo was roughly handled before he recovered sufficiently to protect himself. But he came of a stanch breed and it never once occurred to him to give back an inch. He returned blow for blow, his one consuming desire that of retaliation. They raged all through the timber, cuffing and hugging and slamming against rocks and trees. Their feet churned the surface of the oozing spring drifts to slush which soaked their fur as they rolled in it. Logo grew very tired and would have stopped except that there is no such thing as quit in the composition of a young grizzly, that quality coming only with the experience of age and even then only in the shape of mature judgment.

It was Tumwa who led the way to settlement of the dispute. He too dealt only in facts, and he was well aware of one fact of which Logo was ignorant. This fight differed from Tumwa's daily bouts with Saka only in the one detail that he was somewhat less well acquainted with Logo. It was a positive certainty that when these rows lasted too long his mother intervened. He knew that the time limit had been reached and was apprehensive of feeling a sudden numbing stroke of her paw. She raised her head and looked in his direction—and Tumwa simply ceased hostilities. Logo administered a few finishing cuffs before he discovered that Tumwa was no longer on the warpath.

Tumwa turned over a few pine needles with his forepaw and shoved his nose among them as unconcernedly as if nothing at all had happened. Logo descended from his perch on the drift and buried his nose beside that of Tumwa. He had learned a new fact. Old grizzlies, with the exception of his mother, were perfectly harmless. They knew his prowess and fled from him. With grizzly cubs it was different. They were the only living things with courage to face him. Tumwa was a fighter after his own heart. He decided that the brown cub was a fine fellow—a stanch warrior like himself, and he had great respect for his late antagonist.

They lingered in the pocket for a week and he had frequent bouts with both Saka and Tumwa.

Then he learned still another fact. He saw their mother discipline both cubs. He was forced to revise the fact that big grizzlies were harmless. It was somewhi fusing. Some old bears could inflict harm some young bears, yet all old bears could not harm upon all young bears. This was very c He had no knowledge of relationship upon to base it. There seemed to be no set rule matter. From its very haziness he sensed th was but a part fact. But he stored that part in his keen little brain, even though he cou know that other parts so stored in the would eventually piece out the whole.

At the end of a month carcasses were har find and the straight carrion diet was beginr pall. They varied the menu with the larvæ of under rocks and in rotten logs, tearing the la shreds in their search. They ate bushels o onions and other bulbous roots. Logo nipp many different varieties of tender buds wi same relish as browsing animals such as the and deer. He gorged on green grass and enj as thoroughly as the grazing elk, and no otter streams was more fond of trout than he. They ran the open sidehills and he burrowed tirelessly for a squirrel or a nest of mice.

There was one animal, the porcupine, which he d understand and about which he was therefore curiou spied one of these quill hogs before his mother scen the wind being at her back. When the strange merely squatted down some distance ahead instead ing trail Logo bristled with rage. His mother notic roach rising along his spine and looked up to see w was all about. She gave a startled grunt and as Logo the first forward lunge of his rush she reached out f with her forepaw and scooped him end over end brought up against a tree with a jar which dislodg intent. She repeatedly impressed it upon him that not to molest these animals.

The Shoshones knew far more of the teachings of tou than the white man knows of the workings of N The white men believe that Nature has endowed all animals with an instinctive knowledge which leads th avoid the porcupine. Manitou had let it be known Shoshone that this avoidance comes to pass in the instinctive way in which the scorched papoose drea cook fire in the tepee.

Logo chanced across a porcupine when far fro mother. The menace of her paw was a menace tempo removed. Nevertheless his approach was cautious reached out a tentative forepaw. There was a lightning flip of the murderous tail and Logo fell ward, bouncing about in terrible agony. No less tha score quills were driven solidly home in paw and fo After a few acrobatics occasioned by the first sh surprise and torture he would have attacked agair grizzly tenacity, but his mother arrived in time t courage this.

He pulled out the stubborn quills with his teeth. were broken off and worked deep into the flesh. Aft rage had cooled and his pain grew hot he was consci still another fact—that the porcupine was bad me for small bears. He was very sore for weeks. The c little points worked through and festered under the He walked on but three legs.

During this period their trail once more crossed t Saka and Tumwa. Saka, too, held one foot carefull pended. One side of Tumwa's face was swollen tw natural size. He was gaunt and thin from eating lit save the pain the operation brought him. Both were with instinctive knowledge and porcupine quills.

Logo learned many new and interesting things day, but principally he learned of food. He even ate and mouthfuls of fresh earth and clay. As the s advanced he added every new berry as it appeared a two months he lived on almost an exclusive fruit Wild strawberries, service berries, chokecherries, red berries, gooseberries, currants and the seed pods o wild rose all swelled the list of edibles.

It was in the berry patches that he learned a part fact which dovetailed with another part previously stored awa the hills they had crossed many trails o mals who left a very rank scent. His m had frequently circled spots from which scent came fresh. He had neither sigh sound of these beasts to associate with odor. Therefore while scent was even actual than sight to him, yet it was o part fact until some other sense was a He judged that they must be some new of porcupine from the fact that his m avoided them.

One day he rambled far ahead of his m and this scent came from a berry patch a He approached it and heard their voices, then the beasts themselves—queer two-legged creat They seemed to have no quills. He drew nea a closer inspection. There were dozens of the

PHOTOS. BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

All Old Grizzlies Learn That Men Follow a Trail by Sight, Not by Scent

(Continued on Page 38)

If any one of the several uncommon Hupmobile qualities is especially prized by owners, it undoubtedly is dependability.

The unvarying faithfulness of *The Comfort Car*—its thorough *willingness*—are as well known, we believe, as its extraordinary performance and economy.

The fact that the Hupmobile does return a maximum of good service, for a minimum of care and attention, naturally serves to heighten our owners' feeling of confidence.

(Continued from Page 36)

beasts and they drew aside before him, looking anxiously down the slope into the timber from which he had come. His mother caught the man scent and lumbered forward to join him. They forged straight ahead through the berry patch and the prior occupants gave trail as they advanced.

Logo became conscious of a very curious thing which had never before been called to his attention: It required the coördination of three senses—part facts—to round out the whole—the senses of hearing, sight and smell. But after once being completed things which had previously been merely part facts were now capable of being translated into the whole without coördination. He now had only to catch their trail scent in the timber, hear their voices in the distance or see their upright figures silhouetted on some far-off rim—any one of these without the others to have the knowledge of the whole before him.

The grizzly is a beast of great sagacity, and Logo was capable of associating one known fact with others and thus gaining a third. This process was an unconscious one and therefore hazy, but it was working, nevertheless. His mother avoided the two-legged creatures. When she stumbled full upon them they returned the compliment by avoiding her, and from this Logo came to understand that there was a mutual respect between the Shoshones and his own kind; that they were jointly the rulers of all the hills. Why they should be accorded such sharing of privileges with the grizzly tribe he did not know, but his mother so decreed it.

The Shoshones often noted this cub who followed a yellowish she grizzly, yet whose own fur was dark, almost black, and shot through with long white guard hairs. He had, too, a white face and his belly fur was yellowish. Truly this was the cub of whom Pakatan had spoken.

Late in October Logo lost his ever-present appetite. They were far up on the slope of the Wapiti Divide and the old bear felt less and less inclined to travel. She selected a hollow under the roots of an overblown spruce and deepened it. They evidently sided with the Shoshones in their quarrel, for neither of them touched a morsel of food for several days prior to denning, but instead drank quantities of water, washing their intestines spotlessly clean before retiring to the hole.

Logo was restless and frequently moved out for a look round. This restlessness subsided and he slept while the snow drifted deep across the opening and sealed them in.

The old bear brought forth no cubs that winter. The Shoshones knew from Manitou that a she bear has cubs but every second year and that the young bears follow their mothers both as cubs and yearlings; that it is this fact which leads the unknowing ones—such as the Blackfeet, who speak of yearling bears as big cubs—to believe that she bears produce each year.

Logo spent the following spring and summer much as he had his first, except that in early summer a big he grizzly joined them and traveled with them for two weeks. This old fellow had no love for Logo, nor yet any pronounced dislike. From long experience he had come to look upon a trailing yearling or two as a regularly accepted feature of each succeeding honeymoon.

As the summer waned Logo grew increasingly impatient of his mother's heavy-handed discipline. She seemed not to realize that he was growing up and should therefore be accorded greater privileges; instead she cuffed him soundly and frequently.

When denning time came they were heartily sick of each other and Logo refused to den with her. In any event she would have driven him out if he had so decided. He crawled under a flat slab in a rock slide and let the deep snow form his blanket.

He came forth in the spring a full two weeks before his mother. After the period of relaxing his intestines with grass and stringent twigs he fared forth alone to search for the remains of the winter-killed. At each new find the former proprietor moved off and left him in full charge. Everything was running smoothly, but no more so than he had been led to expect. But at last he learned something decidedly new.

He neared an elk carcass and a great he grizzly fed there. He failed to move off as the young bear approached. It was high time that this big gray beast learned who it was that came. Logo growled a warning, but the old fellow paid no heed. He charged headlong—and the big silver-tip calmly knocked him thirty feet with a sweep of his paw. He knew from long experience that a two-year-old grizzly was not accompanied by a terrible fighting female. Logo rushed again with redoubled fury and again the old bear knocked him end over end. As he prepared for his third attack the big grizzly whirled on him with bared teeth and bristling roach. This young fool who so persistently disturbed his meal should be accorded some drastic lessons in proper conduct.

Fears Nothing on Earth Except a Man With a Gun

The memory of his mother's punishing paw welled up out of the past, coupled with a part fact stored away long ago: Some large grizzlies could inflict hurt upon some young grizzlies. It was sound judgment, not fear, which caused Logo to turn aside in his third rush and keep on going. Many grizzlies have been born with a tinge of yellow in their fur, but no single one with a yellow streak. Logo had merely learned a lesson which all two-year-old grizzlies must learn.

His further schooling followed unpleasantly close upon the first. Two grizzly cubs approached an elk upon which he fed. When he failed to leave both youngsters charged him. Logo sent them sprawling, and their squalls of rage as they bounced valiantly back to the attack roused a very sleepy old she bear some distance away.

Logo had never concerned himself over why big he grizzlies had fled before his tiny rushes when he had been but an insignificant mite of a cub. The answer was now thrust upon him.

A furious fighting avalanche bore down on him. He was juggled horribly from side to side. Savage teeth tore at his neck and great mauling forepaws hammered him. Flashing claws raked him from end to end. Eventually he found all four feet upon the ground at once and fled with the enraged mother in hot pursuit. By virtue of his greater speed he escaped with his life.

Many men have found that a two-year-old bear can run away from their hounds, where an older heavier bear plays out. The Shoshones knew from the wisdom of Manitou that there is a reason why a grizzly is speedier in his youth than at maturity; that lacking this speed all grizzlies would surely die as two-year-olds as a direct consequence of their own indiscretions.

Logo was much battered and he sulked among the rims, rolling in the mud of the elk wallows to keep the flies from his wounds. Here he came face to face with another mud-encrusted figure. Tumwa, too, had been learning things. Later he met Saka similarly plastered with mud.

He rapidly learned the lessons of his own kind, but he was long in learning the lessons of man. He met many Shoshones in the hills and they respected him. In the valley of the Stinking Water the tepees in their villages were as numerous as the burrows of prairie dogs in the foothills. He feared them as little as he did the timid elk and deer. He avoided them less and less as no new reasons occurred to prove their right to share privileges with the bald-face kind. The memory that his mother had usually circled their camps was the one dim restraining touch which held him back from invading their main village with as little impunity as he felt in going among the elk. He had never seen evidence of their quills.

PHOTOS. BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Shoshones Knew That a She Bear Has Cubs But Every Second Year

In his fifth year Logo first learned one of the reaso grizzlies sometimes disliked the man scent. He what appeared to be an unusually solid arrangen windfall logs wedged in between close-growing tr was open at one end and a large piece of meat w pended at the far extremity. He entered and to down. He heard logs sliding solidly into place behi but paid no heed. Not until he turned to leave did cover that his way was blocked. Even then he r round the pen, not fully realizing for some time was really trapped and shut off from t hills. But at last he knew.

The man scent was heavy and he kn for their work.

High above in their hunting camp in th country a band of Shoshones listened bellowing roar as he battled for hour aft at the logs. The bear pens were used ye year and this one had grown old. Wh Shoshones slipped through the trees a they found that a joint had given before his h strength and the bear was gone.

Thereafter Logo despised the man scent and feasible avoided it, not from fear but from a vast di this reeking odor which recalled the hours he had walled in by logs. A new sound was now heard in th a roar which rumbled and echoed among the rims. powder muzzle-loaders—trade guns in the hands warring Blackfeet and Shoshones. At first the so these sounds was unknown to him, but eventually h and associated them and the reek of powder fume the man scent.

As he grew older he increased his range. He l tracks on the Gibbon and the Firehole, the Yello and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake. But always h back to sleep the long sleep in the Wapiti Mountai place of his birth. And as he looked down from the rims he noticed that the tepees in the swarming villa the banks of the Stinking Water grew fewer year b The strange roars in the hills were much more fre sometimes thundering for hours at a time, accom by the savage war whoops of those who bitterly de or contested Logo's right to feed or fast before de

The war parties that followed the game trails t the hills were but half their former size, then but a fo a fraction. In his youth Logo had seen these winding in single file as far as his eye could reac finery of the gayly bedecked warriors glistening li scales of a many-hued serpent twisting its tortuous across the hills. By comparison they now seeme marauding bands, not the assembled fighting streng nation. As these bands wound up some valley or file him in the night Logo noted a giant warrior at thei towering almost a foot above his fellows. Tumwa-K the young ruler of the Shoshones, led the thinning ra battle and all enemies gave trail before his prowess.

The crashing reports grew less frequent, then ver Logo threaded the valley of the Stinking Water thirtieth year and as he passed along the banks he st and stood swaying from side to side as he looked at a few shadowy figures squatting round a fire o opposite shore. The firelight reflected on but a sc tepees on the spot where a thousand lodges had once A mighty warrior stood before the blaze and his boomed across the waters as he sought to infuse h followers with his own never-failing courage. Bu spirit of the tribe was broken and Logo saw no mo parties in the hills. They did not even hunt, but gat about the council fires and made medicine to Ma while the squaws gathered grasshoppers and berrie dried them for winter food. Of them all, only one h for red meat which would put new life and heart and age in the men.

Tumwa-Ka-Tin scoured the hills for meat. His crossed Logo's many times and the big grizzly ca know him—the first man he had s out as an individual, having always classed men as a whole. But alway Shoshone chief had known Logo from bears. As a cub the wise men had po him out as the bear of Pakatan's pro and now that he had attained such there was no doubt upon this point. frequently saw the brawny chief w whole buck or bighorn ram slung acro shoulders. Sometimes they met face t and each veered from his trail to le other pass. And each time Tumwa-K gave the greeting sign used betwee highest chiefs.

Except when mating with some she Logo was fond of company and often eled with other big grizzlies, Saka Tumwa among the rest. There ca day when the three of them wandered u

(Continued on Page 134)

Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage.

Motion pictures have made that thought a fact.

When the olden plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to *imagine* suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance—scenery, climatic conditions, tall forests, salty oceans and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

"The play's the thing" still, but think what has happened to the motion picture theatre also, the comfort of the audience, the luxury of the presentation!

Hardly a community anywhere that lacks a theatre worthy to show Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Hardly a community anywhere that does not know enough to demand them.

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Houdini *in*	"The Grim Game"
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Wallace Reid *in*	"The Lottery Man"
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Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in*	"What Every Woman Learns"
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINES

By Floyd W. Parsons

Affairs and Illumination

A Good Example of Street Lighting in Salt Lake City. Three Luminous Arc Lamps are Placed on Each Post

OUTSIDE of food, water and air, light is perhaps the most important boon to mankind. For hundreds of years the human race has been wrestling with the problem of producing artificial light to banish the hours of darkness Nature throws upon us. Not one person in ten realizes that the science of illumination is one of the rare arts of the present day and that industrial efficiency, health and happiness depend in great measure on our skill in the production and proper utilization of artificial light.

For forty years prior to 1855 the average home procured its light from sperm oil and candles and used 25 candle hours a night, or 9000 per annum, costing $22. Then kerosene was produced for illuminating purposes and for the next ten years people got 50 per cent more light at the same cost. In 1875 gas had been introduced and the average family was using about 35,000 candle hours at an annual cost of $30. Prices were later cut down and families increased their consumption of gas so that the average home consumed 76,000 candle-power hours a year at a cost of less than $30. In 1905 kerosene lamps were fast disappearing, while electricity and the gas mantles were coming in. The average home now used 200,000 candle-power hours of light annually at a total cost of $20. At the present time the maximum daily light requirement of an average American home is 360 candles, or 18 times that of a century ago. The cost now per family for this far greater light is only two-thirds what it was then. Expressed another way, the cost of lighting per unit to-day is less than 3 per cent of what it was in the early days of sperm oil and tallow candles. For one cent in an average community we can now purchase sufficient electricity to operate a 16-candle-power lamp for five hours.

There are upward of twenty-four million homes in the United States. Of these only nine million are lighted by electricity. Last year 180,000,000 incandescent lamps were sold in the country. Of these 89 per cent were tungsten. Ten years ago nearly 93 per cent of all the lamps sold were of the carbon-filament type. Then the average candle power per lamp was 19; to-day it is 52. As a reminder of the amazing growth of things electrical it is interesting to know that in the United States there are now 5543 central-station companies that provide current for 12,859 communities. Of these stations 1411 are hydroelectric in whole or in part. It is estimated that this use of water power saves the nation 20,000,000 tons of coal annually.

But just how are we translating all of this satisfactory growth into a benefit to American industry? In no way more than in the progress of lighting devices and methods. The modern illuminating engineer will tell you that his business is something more than plain engineering. He will explain how his work is closely related to physiology, psychology, ophthalmology, architecture, interior decoration, fixture design and other liberal and fine arts.

Just for example, take the lighting of a theater. In the old days little thought was given to anything except the simple requirement that there be a sufficient volume of light. At present the engineer considers carefully the effect that certain lighting arrangements will have upon the patrons of the theater. He will tell you that there must be a system of lighting that will not prove to be a disturbing influence. The illumination must be such that it will not detract from the pleasure of little visits between the acts; it must take into account the use of opera glasses by the inquisitive ones; it must foster the spell cast upon the audience so they will not realize the sham of it all.

Back of the stage in the dressing rooms the lights must cater to the temperamental eccentricities of the artists. On the stage the effects must be realistic, or the interest and value of a scene are destroyed. Out in front of the theater the lights must attract the passer-by and indicate not only the manager's desire for patronage but also the warm and inviting qualities of the house.

The modern theater manager knows that the success of his performance may be limited by the fatiguing discomfort that results from too great glare due to light sources placed in the range of vision and the resulting depressions of vision caused by viewing objects beyond these sources. The highest efficiencies and the best psychological effects can only be obtained when the architect, the interior decorator and the illuminating engineer properly coöperate. There must be an intelligent selection of tints and colors for reflecting surfaces and general decorations. It is also necessary that consideration be given to the tonic effects of red, the sedative effects of blue and the absorptive qualities in the decorations. The manager would be no more foolish if he placed a poor actor in his cast than if he ignored the delicate problem of theater illumination.

Here in the United States each year 25,000 persons are killed or permanently disabled, 500,000 are seriously injured and more than 1,000,000 are slightly injured. Expressed in dollars alone, this loss is tremendous. Anything that can be done to reduce or eliminate this condition is worthy of careful consideration. Deficient industrial lighting is an important cause of accidents. A majority of our lighting installations in factories, shops and mills are improper and inadequate. This is due primarily to praiseworthy but ill-advised attempts to better the plant illumination on the basis solely of providing a greater candle-power output. The questions of distribution, diffusion and absence of glare are either unknown or not appreciated. As to savings in fuel through the reduction of light, gross ignorance is frequently exhibited. Take the simple case of a landlord who owns an apartment house minus an elevator. On one of the stairways he cuts out a 25-watt lamp that has been burning ten hours a day. This saves him one-eighth of a ton of coal a year, but if

In some supposedly well-lighted works many em are injured, not as a result of insufficient illumina because of poor light distribution. A certain wo was well illuminated by local lights with proper r but the bench cast a shadow and the general illu was not sufficient to offset the shadow. There fo sequence of small accidents due to the toppling partly finished work piled in the shadow. When a g arrangement was installed that eliminated the sha accidents stopped.

In a chemical plant was a passageway that as often traversed and which as a consequence as lighted. A carpenter was called in to do some work. In the passageway a cup had been placed the drip from a slight nitric-acid leak until repairs u effected. The carpenter, assuming that the cup wa to catch oil drip, poured some of the acid on his then rubbed it with his hand. Before neutralizin could be applied the man's hand was badly bu there had been proper illumination the workma have noted that neither the color nor the consis the acid corresponded to that of an oil.

Many workers labor along painfully, not realiz their unusual fatigue comes from glare or light re An investigator noticed that a workman at a s press continually stood at one side of his machi man explained that he could not see in any other The inspector discovered that there was plenty but the man was working on large tinned sheets a in front of his machine a dazzling reflection was toward his eyes. Though the shop foreman was solve the problem by getting a larger tungsten l trouble was easily removed by simply adjusting light so as to change the angle of incident and rays.

Here is a simple statement that would save hun thousands of dollars annually if it was known and by every man in America who runs a shop or bos

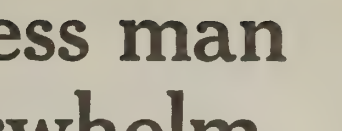
The loss of illumination due to the coating of with dirt may result in a loss of light equal to 60 or more before attention is given to the fact that t cleaning.

It is often possible to reduce the current consum a plant 25 or 50 per cent through the systematic of all reflectors and lighting equipment. By adop simple plan of cleanliness it is often possible not

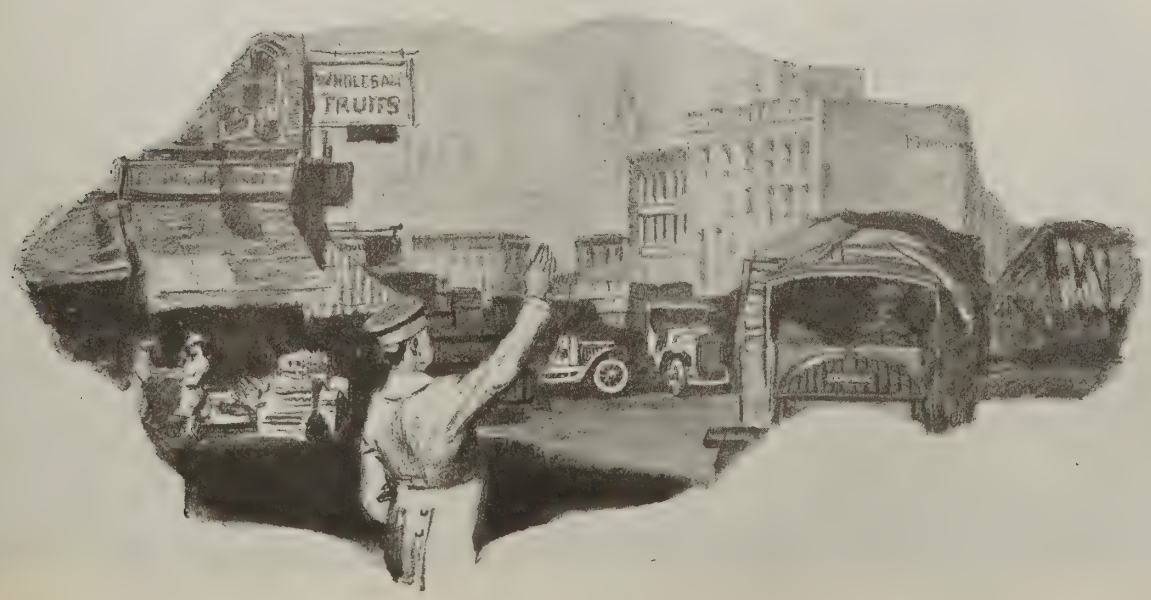
(Continued on Page 42)

THE thing that decides any business man in favor of the Republic, is the overwhelming evidence in its favor. He cannot escape the facts of the wonderful Republic performance, because 60,000 users testify to them. And he knows that these 60,000 owners endorse Republic Trucks only because their service record is unequalled.

REPUBLIC TRUCKS



Republic Motor Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan



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eliminate the need for an additional installation of lamps but it is frequently the case that a company may thus reduce the necessity for using all of those already installed. In some works managers have contended that the cost of systematic cleaning is greater than the benefits derived, but such an argument is too false to deserve serious attention. Lamps that are properly placed can always be reached. If this is impossible it is easy to replace fixed lamps in high places with others that may be lowered.

Ever so many instances are on record showing the direct relation between poor illumination and accidents. One great industrial association made a study of the subject and found that the percentage of accidents in a long list of plants was only a little more than one-half as great during the hours when all the work was done by natural light as during a late-afternoon hour when artificial light was used to supplement natural light. A similar frequency was also noted between the winter days with fewer hours of sunlight and the longer summer days. Another survey proved the greater frequency of accidents in plants where the walls were dark and rough than in similar plants where the walls and ceilings were kept smooth, clean and of light color. In this connection just remember how much easier you got round on a night when the ground was covered with snow. Everything was so plain and the visibility was twice as good as on other nights when the ground was bare and the landscape bleak.

One engineering authority states that his experience in manufacturing plants shows that the installation of scientific systems of illumination will produce the following benefits: There will be 10 per cent more output, 25 per cent less spoilage, 26 per cent fewer accidents and 25 per cent better workmanship. There will also be more light per unit of current consumed, less sickness, decreased labor turnover and—if desired—twenty-four hours' utilization of facilities.

In support of these statements it is interesting to read the report of a large insurance company. In this report the writer says that "A survey of 91,000 accidents from the company's records for the year 1910 shows that 23.8 per cent were due to improper illumination." The author explains that there are now fewer such accidents, due to the progress in illumination, but states that: "There is foundation for the assumption that 18 per cent of our industrial accidents to-day are due to defects in the lighting installation. On that basis the services of 108,000 men for one year are lost annually because of insufficient light."

As to the question, What constitutes good lighting? the best answer may be found in Nature. Light without stint is not the answer. Often the sun's rays are too intense, and here we have an example of light without stint. Experts now concede that the ideal illumination occurs on a cloudy day, when light from the sun must pass through a screen of vapor and clouds before reaching us. So it would seem that Nature herself is at her best when supplying a semidirect form of lighting.

But this is not all. It has been further discovered that not only must the illumination be uniform in diffusion and intensity on adjacent walls as well as on working areas but the light must be of the proper color to suit the purpose for which it is employed. All classes of work do not require the same intensity of lighting. Again, red and yellow light rays have greater penetrating power than blue rays. Consequently in such places as foundries, where there is a heavy, cloudy atmosphere, the red or yellow rays serve best. As for the much-talked-of glare, this is something difficult to define. An automobile headlight at night may be dazzling and hurtful to the eyes. The same light may be operating just as fiercely at noontime, but, when viewed against a background of daylight, may be hard to recognize. Likewise there are conditions in shops where glare is present in sufficient degree to work injury to a workman's eyes, and still the man's mind may not be acutely conscious of any such dazzling light. Someone aptly said that "Just as dirt is matter out of place, glare is light out of place."

A lighting expert called my attention recently to carefully conducted lighting tests at various plants to discover the value of good lighting in definite terms. In an iron-pulley shop the consumption of electricity amounted to 0.27 watt a square foot. The daylight effect, except on one or two machines, was negligible. The windows were few and dirty. A lighting committee took hold. The electrical consumption was increased almost seven times and the average illumination approximately twenty-five times. The new installation consisted of 200-watt reflector-equipped units mounted 10 feet above the floor. The testing engineer's own records showed an average increase in production of 20 per cent. The proprietor's figures indicated an increase of 35 per cent in output.

An interesting case was that in a western machine shop. Here an elaborate test was to be made. A new lighting equipment was put in for one month and a record procured. Then a second and better system of illumination was installed and records of production for a second month were obtained. The testing engineers had planned that during the third month the plant was to revert to the original system of lighting. When this was broached to the management of the operating company the officers flatly refused to go back to the old scheme of illumination, stating that the increase in their production as made possible by the improved lighting was vastly more important than the testing engineer's desire to procure entirely unbiased data. The higher efficiency and production were determined by a study of eight operations. The increase ranged from 8 to 27 per cent, the average being 15 per cent. This test was significant, because the original illumination coming from 100-watt lamps was held to be at least 20 per cent superior to that of industrial lighting generally.

There were many other tests. One was in a shop handling heavy steel parts used in trucks. The improved lighting resulted in a production increase of from 6 to 14 per cent in three operations. The cost of productive intensity was one and one-half per cent of the pay roll. In a carburetor-assembling shop the men had to handle small parts and make delicate adjustments. The management, appreciating the value of good light, had installed an equipment well above the average. However, a new scheme of illumination was put in, and though the test was made just after the signing of the armistice, when company efforts were slackening, the productive intensity of the shop was increased 12 per cent. Because the number of workmen was large and the rate of wage high, the increased production was procured at a cost of only 0.9 per cent addition to the pay roll.

If the statement is true—and excellent authorities say it is—that here in the United States we lose $150,000,000 each year through industrial spoilage, nearly $30,000,000 of which is due to poor lighting, then there is a real need for better illumination in our many factories and m addition, if we are injuring 108,000 workmen a because of deficient light, then surely there is ca urgent remedial measures. The time has come fo banish the accumulated mass of ignorance on a su first importance. A walk down the main street f average town will disclose the horrors of poor light short talk with the average merchant will convi skeptic that even to-day the rank and file of busin entertain only a hazy idea of the value of good lig business. Most merchants and industrial manag tell you that their light bills are already too high, v the same time the lamps that burn above them a and the reflectors black.

For this reason we say: "More power to the illum engineer! May he stop selling merely lamps and and devote his efforts to selling illuminating service

Nine times out of ten the thing a customer is wi pay for is not identical with the thing the salesmar ing to sell. Too many people lose weight trying t cause to a fellow who is perfectly willing to buy ar The coal man tells us how many British therma there are in his particular grade of coal, while he tell us how many loaves of bread we can bake wi pound. The man in the garage tells us his gasolin specific gravity of 68 degrees Baumé, but the t ought to state is how far we can go on a gallon. things we should understand.

We are told that the application throughout A industry of our best present knowledge in the l field would result in a 15 per cent increase in in production. By using our pencil we find that this i is equivalent to the production of an army of a mately 1,500,000 workers who consume neithe clothing nor wealth in any form; an army that p without additional factories or machinery; an arm gives at least two-thirds of its wages to be divided b capital and labor. Surely here is some opportunity, who know will only start a vigorous campaign to se instead of cause; tell us why we should buy s illumination and not so many lamps. What we know is how more and better light will add to our i ual wealth and happiness—how we can work as we night as during the day. The reason we lack natur because the season is so short. Tell us how to flo our ponds and rivers and cut ice at night. Let us kn how to build roads after dark, when traffic is light, big steam shovels and operate our dredges in the after sundown. Perhaps the illuminating engine solve a lot of our puzzling problems. At any r country is ready and willing to be shown how t a double shift and make up our losses incurred in t

Measuring Light-Strength

NOW we have an instrument that should an long-felt want and add largely to the heal efficiency of mankind generally. When we w know how warm or cold is the office or room in wh are sitting w sult a therm The human not always a lible guide temperature. climb a mo or go up in planewecan discover the to which w ascended by at our bar which measu mospheric pr We have rea point in our tific develo where we a to measure pressure, and a hundre things simpl quickly. Ab only deficie have suffered everyday li been an eas convenient for measuri intensity of tificial illumi

A very rec vention is t Dr. Clayto Sharp, who h fected an ing

(Continued Page 44

Night View at the Famous Hog Island Shipyard, Where a System of Floodlighting is in Use

Driver: P. E. Frost, Franklin Dealer, Portland. Observers: W. R. Cutter, Vice-President, J. R. Libbey Co., Department Store, Portland; F. A. Currier, Cumberland Rubber Co., Portland; A. Cole, newspaper representative.

FRANKLIN CAR Reliability and Air-Cooling Superiority Again Demonstrated by a 98.2 Mile Non-Stop Low-Gear Run Ending at the Top of Famous Mount Washington.

On August 17th, a Franklin stock model touring car ran all the way from Portland, Maine, to the top of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire on low gear without a stop. This remarkable feat is the latest public proof of the superiority of Franklin Direct Air Cooling (no water to boil or freeze).

This car, just such a one as thousands of Franklin owners are driving all over the country, carried three official observers besides its driver and averaged 11.1 miles per hour—*on low gear*.

The Franklin had already run ninety miles on low gear without a stop before reaching the base of Mt. Washington—in itself a test never duplicated by other cars.

Then, without halt, came the real task the Franklin had set out to perform—a climb to the top of Mt. Washington, an elevation of 6293 feet.

Road and Weather Conditions Make Feat More Notable

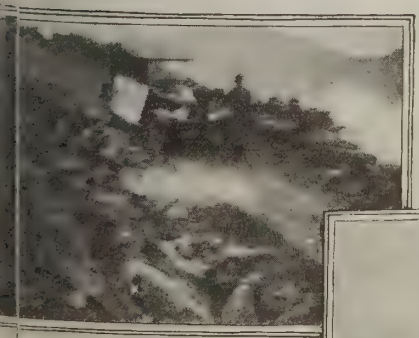
Rain soaked, slippery roads; no chains; no stops permitted—these were the added difficulties to a performance generally considered impossible even under the best conditions. But the Franklin reached the summit, overcoming the final obstacle of a 27% grade, in perfect running shape and returned to Portland the same day.

By official observation, the Franklin did not show the slightest trace of wear and tear or over-heating, its engine performing with absolute regularity on all grades as well as on level going.

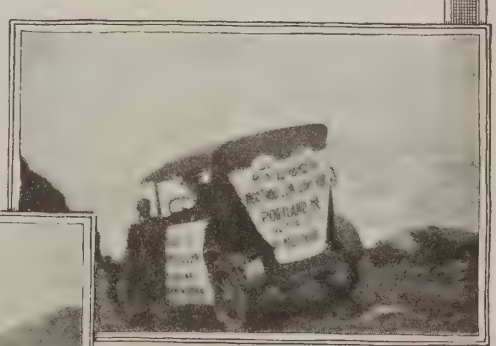
Ability for eighteen years to demonstrate consistently this kind of performance is what has made the Franklin known as the most practical fine car.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.



As no pictures could be taken on the way up without necessitating a stop, these shown were snapped during descent to give an idea of the angles at which the Franklin had to travel. They do not give any idea of the length of the grades. Experienced motorists will appreciate that the return journey was something of a feat in itself.



(Continued from Page 42)

noncomplicated machine which readily measures the illumination intensities of rooms, offices, factories and, in fact, any inclosure that is artificially lighted. The arrangement is not only accurate but is so light and compact that it can be carried anywhere, which quality of portability insures its eventual wide use in one form or another as a common necessity.

The basic principle on which it operates is very simple and may be readily demonstrated by means of a piece of white cardboard containing a small opening over which has been placed a piece of white tissue paper. If the cardboard is held between the eye and a light source the tissue paper spot will appear brighter than the white cardboard. On the other hand, if the spot is viewed with the eye on the same side of the cardboard as the light source the spot will appear darker than the white cardboard. If the illumination on both sides of the cardboard is the same the tissue-paper spot and the cardboard will appear to be of the same brightness.

The above principle is applied in the following way: Instead of cardboard and tissue paper the screen consists of a piece of clear glass on which are two thicknesses of paper, the one which contains the round holes being fairly opaque and the other highly translucent. This screen forms one side of the light box, which is so constructed that the screen is illuminated from within to a much higher intensity at the right end than at the left. The exposed side of the screen is very nearly uniformly lighted, and the round spots appear brighter than the surrounding screen at the right end and darker at the left. It is evident that at the point where the spots change from brighter than their background to darker the illumination on both sides of the screen is—as with the cardboard illustration — approximately the same. When the instrument has once been calibrated the illumination intensity indicated on the screen may be read at a glance.

The human eye is capable of adapting itself to illumination intensities which range from a small fraction of a foot candle to several thousand foot candles in value. At very low intensities the eye does not receive sufficient light to enable it to distinguish details; and at very high values a blinding effect, which also obliterates detail, is experienced. Between these limits there is a wide range of intensities where good vision is possible. Considerations of economy usually limit the intensities employed in artificial lighting to the lower values of this range. So closely is the lower limit approached in general practice that it is necessary in designing a lighting installation to take into consideration such factors as the color of the objects requiring illumination, for objects are only seen by the light which they reflect. Dark objects, of course, require higher intensities than light ones for equally good vision.

For example, a jewelry store in a small town may be brightly lighted at an intensity of 4 foot candles, whereas a jewelry store located on a prominent business street in a large city will require—to be considered well lighted—an intensity of 6 or 8 foot candles. Again, the cloak-and-suit department of a large store will require a higher intensity than will the white-goods department. An industrial plant engaged in rough-box manufacture will be well lighted at an intensity of 3 foot candles; if accurate cabinet work were the product an intensity as high as 6 or 8 foot candles would be desirable.

An auditorium or church will require from 1.5 to 3 foot candles, while the show window in a city store should have from 10 to 50.

A private office will need from 4 to 7, but a drafting room requires from 8 to 12 foot candles. Such fine work as watchmaking, engraving, typesetting and shoemaking should have from 10 to 20 foot candles.

By means of Doctor Sharp's device the school superintendent can tell at a glance whether his classrooms are sufficiently well lighted to meet the requirements laid out by the illuminating engineer. As a result, there will be fewer students going home with a headache. The factory superintendent can estimate at once whether his workrooms and hallways have sufficient light. The office manager can easily determine whether each employee is working under proper conditions. Result—better health, more production, greater safety and increased satisfaction.

Not long ago I heard of a minister who made a great discovery. Some of the male members of his congregation went to sleep in spite of his best efforts at oratory. The women folks stayed awake. The reverend gentleman commenced to search for a possible reason for the phenomenon. A little science was brought to bear on the subject and the conclusion was that the men were lulled into a slumber by a glow of light that had been located above the pulpit. The investigation brought out that the women's hats shaded their eyes, while the bareheaded men were wholly unprotected. At any rate, as the story goes, the misdirected light was eliminated and the masculine members of the congregation are now wakeful and interested listeners to the minister's sermons. I would not be so bold as to state that in all cases it is the intense light and not the sermon that makes the audience sleep, but the thought is worthy of attention on the part of many a doubtful preacher.

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A Street of Gambling Houses in Macao, the Monte Carlo of the Far East

The Metal of Romance

IF I WERE offered my choice between an ounce of silver and an ounce of gold I would lose no time in taking the yellow metal. My net gain by doing so would be something like $19.50. But if some master of magic threatened to change me into one or the other of the two metals I should pray that he make me a unit of silver, so that I might travel to India and the Orient, there to see the continuation of a civilization centuries old. I would become part of the inner life of people who have the mysteries and traditions of thousands of years behind them—nations that prefer the old and the familiar and no more understand the Anglo-Saxon of to-day than he does them.

If I were an ounce of silver I should probably be born in North America, for of the world's total production of the white metal last year, about 77 per cent—138,000,000 ounces—was produced in the United States, Canada and Mexico. After first seeing the light of day the chances would be about seven out of ten that I should finally land in India or China. If in India, I should likely be made into jewelry and would represent a part of the wealth of some native whose earthly possessions would be clearly visible in the form of bracelets, rings or neck ornaments, worn almost continuously for the sake of safety.

"Why not keep their wealth in the form of mon posited in a bank?" you ask. That's a part of the t and will be explained in due time. However, let back to the beginning and try to show how, though the United States control the production of silv world's markets for the white metal are governed hundreds of millions of disciples of Buddhism, Hin and Mohammedanism who live on the other side earth.

Many years ago the price of silver exceeded that o To-day it is the most common of all the precious m The bulk of it does not come from silver mines, bu by-product from gold, copper and lead mines, a few of silver per ton giving the ore a workable value. In past the price of silver was greater than that of gol the ratio of its value to that of the yellow metal st decreased until it reached a point where its value w little more than one-fortieth the value of gold. I the price of silver was 57 cents an ounce; to-day it is Thereby hangs a most human story of war and p a story that renders doubtful the love and loyalty quarter of a billion people in India for the stern sys imperialism that holds them tight; a story that emp the fierce ambitions of the great nations of Europe matter of territorial concessions and trade dominat

Let us start b ting a few basi fixed in our m First, as is ge known, Chin India have a silv for their national tary systems. T the world's prod of silver last ye only 180,00 ounces, the norm duction is 200,0 ounces. Of thi total the Chine approximately 3 000 ounces a and India tak 000,000 ounces. erage years the States uses 2,250,000 ounce ver for coining a sorbs 30,000,000 in the arts. T of the world use 20,000,000 oun making coins a balance goes fo things as jewelr tography, elect ing, markin surgery and hai It is plain, th that the two big of Asia use consi more than one- all the silver pr each year.

When an Ar or an Englishma to China he r against a peculi

ation in respect to money. He finds a people who that gold is a fine metal—but only for use in thei As a result the gold that China imports goes into de and nothing pleases a Chinaman more than to be exhibit a row of teeth luxuriously plastered with gold This is considered a sure sign of substantial prospe

Then the stranger will find that in China there w coins up until twenty years ago. The people mad exchanges by an elaborate system of bookkeeping there are 10 and 20 cent pieces made of silver a kinds of copper coins—one being a small coin kn "cash," and the other a larger coin, or penny, kn "10-cash." The poor people, who constitute the part of the population, use the copper coins almost sively. If something is priced at five cents the pu buys it for "50-cash."

The Mexican silver dollar of course is in use in and has been for about seventy years. However, t Chinese living in the large cities are about th natives who ever use or even see a real silver dolla Mexican dollar represents "1000-cash."

The big unit of money as well as a common weight in China is the tael, which is cast in the sh horseshoe and consists of so many grains of silver, in weight from 480 to 560 grains, according to t ticular Chinese province that happens to issue it lack of uniformity exists all over China and af profitable business in exchange for the foreign b who thrive on the settlements that are made by

on Page 157)

Just arrived- new crop almonds

When you see this message in your grocer's window, you will know that the fresh crop of almonds, which for days past has been traveling by carloads to all corners of America, is ready for your Thanksgiving feast.

Not just almonds—but Blue Diamond Almonds, the finest grown—big, soft-shelled, full-meated, fresh "from the valleys of California."

Use Blue Diamond Almonds as a relish, blanched and salted. Use them in cakes and candies—or right from the shell for munching before, during and after the feast—at Thanksgiving time and all times.

Almonds are best when right from the shell—crack them yourself and get *all* their flavor and goodness.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
A non-profit organization of 3,009 American Citizens

BLUE DIAMOND BRAND *Almonds*

from the Valleys of California

To our friends The Retailers:

If you are not well stocked, call upon your wholesaler at once. The holidays are the natural top-notch selling season for almonds, and this year the demand will be heavier than ever.

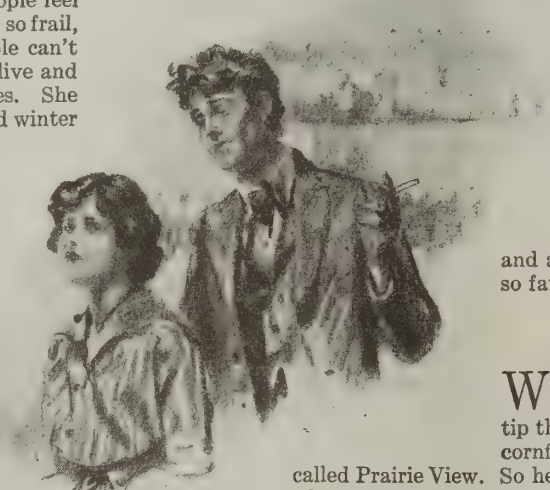
Keep Blue Diamond Almonds out where your customers can see them. Utilize the window-display material enclosed in every bag of nuts, and send at once for the beautiful window sets we will supply as a background for your almond display.

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Mrs. Joe Buey

MRS. JOE BUEY isn't seen in the stores once a month, and then she buys only calico and gingham and muslin which she makes up herself. After she appears on the streets the people feel uncomfortable for days—she looks so frail, overworked and wretched. People can't understand how anyone is able to live and look as bad as Mrs. Joe Buey does. She has worn the same hat summer and winter for years and her appearance gives one the queer feeling of hearing a strange noise and thinking maybe it is a ghost. People know there is no such thing as a ghost, but they used to think there was no such woman as Mrs. Joe Buey.



He Says Kate Brown is as Good-Looking as Mlle. Cavalieri

It is generally said Joe treats her better than their children do. Joe is a teamster and works as steadily as work offers, but when not otherwise engaged he stays round home and helps his wife, which the children never do. The teacher once sent a Buey boy home from school, and next morning the boy's mother appeared, imploring the teacher to take him back. She didn't claim her son had been mistreated; she just asked that he be given another chance, and was such a picture of woe that the teacher relented. When her baby is ill she is so poor that she is compelled to take it to the doctor's office, and Dan Sayer says the most pitiful sight he ever saw is Mrs. Joe Buey carrying her sick baby to the cheapest doctor in town, as she knows she can't get credit anywhere else.

John Davis

A TRAVELING man yesterday gave John Davis, the grocer, a twenty-cent cigar. John Davis has been selling cigars at his grocery store and smoking twenty years—and a good cigar made him sick.

Taylor Ward

IT IS generally said certain mean men in this town should be chased out for the general good; and Taylor Ward says that if the meanest men should be voted on all of us would get votes.

Uncle Jimmy Haskins

WHEN there is anything going on in the surrounding country some of the town men drive out. The habit not only brings trade but extends our acquaintance.

Last week I drove out to attend the golden wedding of Uncle Jimmy Haskins. There were a good many children and grandchildren present, and all the neighbors; and after dinner Uncle Jimmy and his wife told reminiscences.

Mrs. Haskins remembered little but hard work. It seemed wonderful to me that a woman should work as hard as she did, even in the early days, and she made out quite a case, I thought, against her daughters, her daughters-in-law and the other women present.

I suppose Uncle Jimmy worked hard too, but he didn't say much about it. I was struck with the fact that the most remarkable event he could recall in his history was that he once killed a squirrel with a rifle after several other men had fired at it repeatedly. Here was a man seventy-seven years old, yet he had no other adventure worth recalling. Uncle Jimmy has five sons, who are prosperous farmers, and four daughters, who married good men. He is a man of fair intelligence and ability, yet he has nothing to boast of except one lucky shot at a squirrel!

Uncle Jimmy went to work early. I heard him recall that he did farm work when he was six years old and that his father used to complain bitterly that the boy had been a burden until he passed into his seventh year. For seventy-one years therefore he had been going to bed only to be called in the morning to go to work, and nothing remarkable has happened to him except shooting a squirrel.

I have heard it said that every man's life would make a book if candidly written, but probably this is a mistake; certainly Uncle Jimmy's memoirs would be rejected by a publisher. In his day there were bears and deer and buffaloes, but he never killed one. He was once young and rode about looking for adventure, but never found any.

In the early days there were bold and wicked men, but they never disturbed him. For seventy-odd years he has locked his doors and fastened his windows at night, but has never been robbed. In seventy-seven years he has never had an illness worth recalling. The wind and lightning have threatened more than three-quarters of a century without hitting him.

I have been thinking of Uncle Jimmy's humdrum life and am compelled to confess that so far mine has been much like it.

Gus Sanderson

WHEN the railroad decided to extend, Gus Sanderson had a tip that a town was to be built in a cornfield twenty miles west to be called Prairie View. So he went to an ignorant Indian, who didn't know anything, and offered him thirteen thousand dollars for forty acres adjoining the proposed town site. The Indian accepted the offer, and everybody abused Sanderson for cheating a poor Indian. They said Sanderson having had the benefit of public schools and civilization and newspapers was an intelligent and learned man and that therefore he should not have robbed an ignorant Indian who had never had any advantages.

For two or three years Sanderson was held up to public scorn because of the transaction and there was a good deal of talk about his tainted money. One pastor refused to accept a donation from Gus because of the transaction with the Indian, and the pastor was generally praised because he was high-minded.

But the boom at Prairie View did not develop as was expected. The land is not now worth half what Sanderson paid for it. There is now indeed some sympathy for Sanderson and people say it was a shame for a smart Indian to rob a fool white man.

Tom Harrison

OLD Tom Harrison, who was very old, very poor and lately rather weak-minded, died last night. There was not a dissenting voice. We all said, "He's better off."

Usually in case of a death many say, "It's too bad." But the decision was unanimous in old Tom's case.

Judge Terry

WHEN Roscoe Terry, the lawyer, came to town we somehow knew he expected to be called judge, and so he has been known ever since. He is quite old now, somewhat deaf and being cared for by his children. Having long been a widower, he has no wife to talk to and is alone a great deal, so his children pay the hired girl an extra dollar a week to listen to him politely while he settles things and criticizes what he reads. The hired girl is a Swede and doesn't understand half he is saying. A man doesn't care to quit expressing his opinions because he is old. The Swede girl is wise enough not to reply to his arguments, so he soon settles the questions he discusses and goes off to read and find something new to be indignant about.

Kate Brown

WHEN the weather is bad there is no amusement in this town except to listen to George Buck tell about his trip to New York, where he heard the opera and saw nearly everything. He says Kate Brown, who works at the restaurant, is as good-looking as Mlle. Cavalieri, the famous singer.

Old Mr. Neal

PEOPLE probably live as long as they ever did. I believe old Mr. Neal is as old as Methuselah—if he would admit it.

Bill Alvord

EVERY two or three years Bill Alvord returns fro[m] city to permit us to shake his hand and be pro[u]d him because he has a job paying eighty-five dol[lars] month. But we're not so glad to see Bill as he th[ey] After people haven't seen a man for three or four [years] they don't care if they never see him again.

Martha Wendell

BEING an only child, Martha Wendell was notor[iously] spoiled by her parents. She lately married [Tom] Mason, and as Tom comes of an old-fashioned f[amily] where the children were compelled to mind he refus[ed] have a spoiled wife, so he insisted on certain things a [good] wife carried them out. But she did nothing a wife s[hould] not have done. Indeed she became an object less[on] shiftless young married women, since she was useful, [capa]ble and a good wife and home maker.

But I wish you could have heard the fuss the nei[ghbor] women made! They said Tom Mason was a slave [to] though he asked nothing of his wife she should not [have] done, and she confessed to me only lately that she [worships] her husband and is happy. The bride's own mothe[r] her daughter was spoiled and that her husband has [married] a woman of her. But the neighbors are not satisfied

Chris Halleck

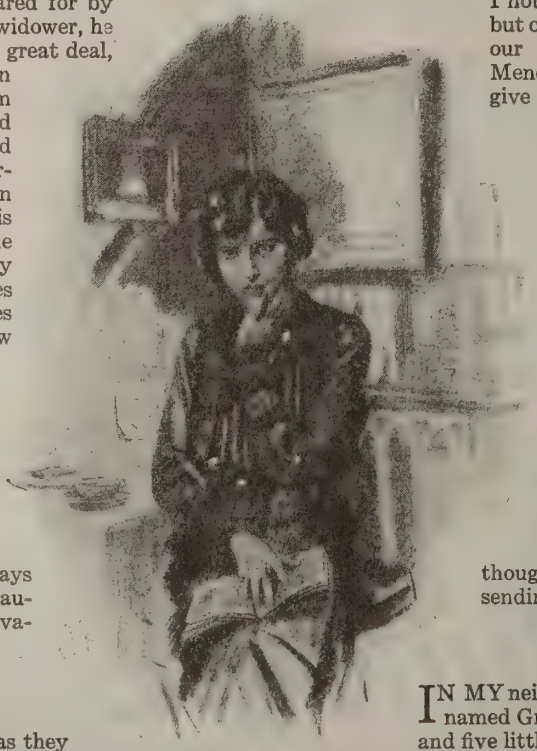
THE women won't believe it, but I once knew a wi[dower] named Chris Halleck who didn't like to marr[y] second time. He did it, but the day of the weddi[ng] looked as though he had been called upon to atte[nd] own funeral. He loved his first wife, but something [kept] him to marry again. Maybe it was the fact that h[is] two little girls he could not properly care for. He [had] housekeepers, but couldn't get on with them and [finally] began going with another woman. He was marrie[d] evening without his little daughters knowing it. Th[en] returned home and spent the night with them. For [hours] he tried to tell them, and was afraid. But along t[oward] morning he screwed up his courage and told them [and] they clung to him and sobbed and the father sobbe[d with] them.

I don't know that a man ever died of a broken h[eart] possibly no woman ever did either—but Chris Hallec[k died] of something very much like it. His marriage pro[ved] be a mistake. His second wife wasn't kind to his [little] girls and Chris couldn't stand that.

Belle Ransom

NOW that I am getting to be an old fellow, I don't [mind] telling about my first love affair. When a [man] young he denies he ever had any love affairs. He s[ays] is still waiting for his ideal. I confess I found mine [long] ago. She was a school-teacher named Belle Ranso[m] the finest woman I had ever [known]. I not only worshiped her in [secret] but openly. But a cloud cam[e over] our happiness—a man [named] Mendenhall. The teacher u[sed to] give me notes to take to Me[ndenhall], hall, and I was torn be[tween] love and duty; I want[ed] money she gave me to [pay] the notes, and I hated [her] it. I redoubled my eff[orts] be nice to her, but Me[ndenhall] hall won. She quit te[aching] school and went awa[y to a] distant town to live. [I have] never seen her since.

They say a man soo[ner or later] gets a love affair, but i[s it] true. Last week a tall [stranger] man called on me and s[aid his] name was Fred Mende[nhall] that his mother was e[lla] Ransom, my former s[chool] teacher, and that sh[e had] asked him to call on [me]. thought it was rather inde[cent] sending her son in to see me.



Martha Wendell Was Notoriously Spoiled by Her Parents

Charley Grover

IN MY neighborhood there lives a [family] named Grover—the mother and [four] and five little children. Whether I [am] my room at work or sitting on the [porch]

(Continued on Page 173)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hugh Wiley *(An Autobiography)*

[OREGON, at the age of nine years, I resolved to be n outcast. Up to that time I had lived with my parents nd other friends, including an insanitary Indian by the an of Joe. This Indian, when not engaged in whittling ed sailboats for me on the banks of the Columbia River, vored at the liquor business as a nonproducer. Joe had ome petition for a while, but just before his funeral he ecame the unchallenged champion of the nonstop whisky rinkers of the great and only West. I liked Joe, especially

(Concluded on Page 133)

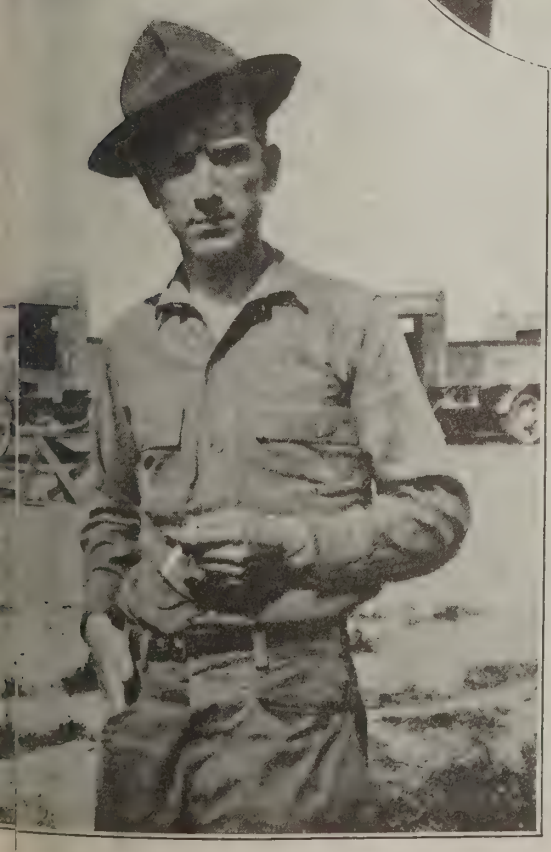
Temple Bailey *(An Autobiography)*

IN MY early writing days a suddenly illumined correspondent wrote, "I understand that Temple Bailey is no oman." In spite of a style which has since been called y itics unmistakably feminine, I was addressed for ea by publishers, editors, and those who knew me only rough my stories, as "Mr. Bailey": a mistake which would ot ave occurred had I used the "Irene Temple" which is y ll name, and which has belonged to more than ne eneration of my family. Yet had my readers no n me always as a woman, I fear that I ig have missed many delightful letters. ie were men who, believing me a man, o without self-consciousness. There r women who, believing me a man, ro with entire self-consciousness. he was one darling old lady who ld f her school-teacher days in Ine sota, and of a little lad whom e d taught: "I can see him ow is he stood in front of my sk n red tippet and red mit- ns with his mischievous eyes eeng mine. My name was ar Blank. The boy's name as emple Bailey. Are you e oy?"

Tre were girls, too, whose ut flamed in every line, and no letters I left unanswered t destroy their belief in a fire ic matched their own. In ad g some of these youthful re s I was assailed at times by a ns of double personality, as if I re ot in the least a sane and rather well-balanced person with a flair for writing romances, but a Byronic masculine who burned midnight oil, and rose and fell to temperamental heights and depths of ecstasy and despair!

I have never burned midnight oil, and I have always envied those who do. I have a feeling that Kipling and Conrad and Wells and Snaith and our own Tarkington and Margaret Deland must have moments when they rise from their beds and dash off masterpieces by candle dips. As for myself, a typewriter and three hours in the morning do the trick. There is never a fine frenzy. I wish there were, and hope for it.

PHOTO. BY H. MARSHALL GARDINER, NANTUCKET, MASS.



For the rest, I love opals, the ocean, orderly living. My political allegiance went to Theodore Roosevelt, and now that he is dead I look for another of his kind to lead me. I like old-fashioned churches and old-fashioned houses. I like up-to-date ideas and new fashions in clothes. I am neither Bolshevik nor Bohemian. Yet a strain of Spanish gypsy blood may account for certain wayfaring moods in which I travel north, south, east and west. I am an American and love mine own people. And since I am of Massachusetts ancestry, of Virginia birth, with years of residence in Washington, and other years of sojourning in New England, the Middle West and on the Coast, I know the lands of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain, of Mary Wilkins, of Thomas Nelson Page. I wish sometimes that I knew only one section that I might make it in a literary sense my own.

May Edginton (and Her Son)
(An Autobiography)

IT'S the most difficult short story to write, this: One is anxious to find a crisp beginning and a sparkling finale—but as yet I only have the beginning, not a very adventurous one at that. The finale is not yet, for which I am thankful, for my feeling is that one will never get enough of life if one lives it every moment.

I was one of a large and jolly family, and didn't think of writing until after I'd slaved really hard for three or four years—beginning before I was eighteen—at teaching. It was hard work for little pay—but mine was not a rich family, and I had to do something or literally pauperize at home. I discovered a facility for writing short stories; I wrote hard; saved a little money; threw up teaching, and came to London to make my way, quite alone, totally ignorant of how to do it or of the ways of a big city.

I am bound to make the disappointing statement, though, that adventure ended where it began. My way was smooth; editors friendly; I discovered in myself another capacity, a business one. I never had an empty pocket; I never starved in a garret. I worked hard; and I began a banking account with a feeling of pride unrivaled by anything since! I played hard. I loved life. I still love it. I love it more and more.

You see there is no story at all!

Nearly seven years ago I married F. E. Baily, the editor and writer; my small son is now four years old. I don't know if the editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are going to publish his picture with mine—but in case they do I want to say firmly that he isn't so hideous as he looks therein!

He didn't like the photographer.

Do believe me; because, as a mother, I am really wonderfully impartial.

THE GENIUS—By Stuart River

Every Morning They Told Him What They Were Going to Do and How They Were Going to Do It

THE little stationery store was sandwiched in between a house of red brick that had been left over from the days when Greenwich Avenue was the promenade of fashion and a butcher shop that carried a side line of fish, oysters and crabs displayed in the window. It was a curious little hole in the wall and it somehow gave the impression that it was trying to hide behind its own newspaper stand, an ambition that was certainly possible, for—low-browed and ages old—the little store was neither prepossessing nor in the least degree aggressive.

After all, and in spite of the gold sign that whined on an iron bar over the door, it was simply a stationery store, where transient trade supplied its wants in unthinking indifference. But then again, it wasn't just an ordinary store, and those customers who came for the second time realized something of this. It was more friendly than just an ordinary store, for there was an air to the little box of a room, an atmosphere that prompted people to hesitate and then, gazing idly about the shelves, decide they needed something else, until they finally left with two or three more purchases than they really wanted.

There was a tangible reason for this, but only a person interested in the whys and wherefores of things would have discovered it. More people came for tobacco than anything else, therefore the tobacco was in the rear instead of by the door, and as a man lit his cigar he found himself staring at the bookshelves. Women came for writing paper and magazines, but to reach them they passed the candy counter. Besides all this, little printed cards drew the observer's attention on, always on and round the room.

So even though the place was a collection of conglomerate odds and ends the stock in trade was not allowed to accumulate dust on the shelves and be forgotten; it was sold. Sometimes slowly, but always surely, a consignment of goods found its way into customers' hands and other goods came to fill the empty places.

This was a principle with Davey Grattan, a belief, and it was as far outside his comprehension that goods could not sell as it was that he might sometime make a mistake and stock the wrong article.

If his shop was in some ways peculiar and out of the ordinary, the man himself was only different from the rest of humanity inasmuch as he was more alive than nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand. He was the spirit of the store, the atmosphere of the little room and the personality that created the lettered cards.

Just now he was standing a little back from the show case, inspecting a newly lettered card that he had only a moment before designed with the aid of a bottle of India ink and a camel's-hair brush. Across the top of the sheet of pasteboard was a staring caption whose evident mission was to catch and, more important still, to hold the attention of the passer-by:

CAN YOUR WIFE SHARPEN A LEAD PENCIL?
YOU KNOW SHE CAN'T!
AND NEITHER CAN ANY OTHER WOMAN!
BUY ONE OF THESE PIN-POINT PENCIL SHARPENERS!
GET IN STRONG WITH THE MISSUS!
15 CENTS!

"That ought to do it," the man said aloud, his head on one side as he continued his study of the poster. "Unless—no, it ought to be the woman's point of view—yes—let's see——"

Taking a new sheet of board he resumed his artistic efforts, tongue between his teeth, head thrown back a little as he worked intently with the brush.

Possibly twenty-five years of age, this young-old man had watched the Village Store grow out of the meek beginning of a news stand on the corner. His face, drawn into hard lines that spoke mutely of a life wherein toil and labor had been uppermost, gave the impression of advanced years, also his shoulders—stooped a little—also his hands. Youth ran riot, however, in his gray eyes that gleamed from under heavy brows, and his mouth, which smiled as easily as Davey breathed.

After a time he stepped back again and viewed this new sign with evident satisfaction. The lettering was a little neater than on the other and he had spaced his words with a trifle more care.

The sign read as follows, and Davey smiled a little as he studied it:

OF COURSE A WOMAN CAN SHARPEN A LEAD PENCIL!
BUT NO WOMAN LIKES TO CUT HER FINGERS!
ONE OF THESE PIN-POINT PENCIL SHARPENERS
WILL DO IT FOR YOU WITHOUT DANGER!
GET ONE FOR
15 CENTS

"That's it," he went on with a laugh. "That'll sell 'em!"

Conviction was dominant in the man's whole being. He knew. This particular article of trade had been an inspiration of several weeks before, and even as he read the announcement in a trade journal he had visualized his campaign of advertising.

"Yes," he decided at last, "it's the woman's point of view first."

Fifteen minutes later the sign had been placed in the front window, a space cleared for a display of pencil sharpeners and Davey stood on the pavement viewing the effect with critical gaze.

"All right," was his verdict. "Now we'll see what happens."

It was more than half an hour before anyone entered the shop. Then a girl with large brown eyes and a dimple in each cheek looked in through the doorway and entered as she caught sight of Davey's head as it poked up over the counter.

"Hello, Julia!" he exclaimed, glancing up and discovering her. "I'm glad you came in. I want to show you something—need your advice."

He led the way outsi… pointed to the adv… ment of the Pin-Point S… ener.

"What do you th… he asked. "Would … make a woman mad?'

"Mad?" the girl rep…

"Sure! You kno… right. First I thoug… saying something like … can't sharpen a lead … if you're a woman, bu… can with one of these … Point Pencil Sharpe… That wouldn't have … would it?"

The man was all int… his idea and the girl wa… him with a curious li… her eyes.

"You see," he wen… giving her no time to ar… "you can't get a p… sore—that's bad; or i… tell a person he can't … thing that's just the … he wants to try an… Understand? Now tha… tells her she can shar… pencil, but it suggests … she might cut her f… Get my idea?"

The girl laughed a… walked back into the …

"What a funny p… you are, Davey!" she … at last, leaning back a… the counter. "Takin… that trouble for a sign … over a pencil sharp… Why didn't you jus… 'Pencil sharpeners, f… cents'? Wouldn't they … sold just as well?"

"Maybe," he retu… thoughtfully. "Yes, I … pose they would. But it wouldn't have worked … principle. Now, in this one ——"

A customer interrupted, and five minutes later wh… was again free Davey's mind had shifted to another … thought.

"There's only one trouble with those pencil sharpe… he explained to Julia, who had picked up a magazin… was idly skimming through the pages. "They're … little things, but there isn't a chance in the world o… selling a person a second one. Now my idea wou… this: You see how the blade is fastened in. You can … it out, but if it were made detachable—put on … screws, you know—you'd have a chance of selling … tomer some extra blades, like safety razors."

"But won't these get dull?" the girl put in, the … amused smile on her lips.

"Ah!" Davey exclaimed. "Of course, but you … raise that doubt in a customer's mind. If the blades … detachable you'd have a selling point. He'd think h… buying something that would last him for the rest … life."

"But good gracious, Davey! They're only fifteen … apiece!"

"Well, yes, but it isn't the price, it's the principle …

"But where does it all lead?" the girl broke out … denly. "You just stay here in this little store and … her voice faltered as she turned her gaze out of the … doorway.

"Yes," he returned slowly, watching her face, … some day ——"

"It's always going to be some day!" Julia cried … tiently. "You're so much interested in advertising, … can't you go out and get a position where you can am… to something, not be just a storekeeper?"

"I know," Davey answered, a little touch of sa… creeping into his voice. "But I'm learning the prin… here, first-hand principles—the reasons, the big answ… it all!"

A pause followed his explanation, but Julia refus… meet his eyes. She only continued to look out of the … way, where the street cars were clanging past and … soiled children were playing on the sidewalk.

"I came in to see you about—about something, Da…," she said at last, turning and facing him. "About … engagement." *(Continued on Page 53)*

(Continued from Page 50)

Je man remained silent, but as he waited a little puzed frown wrinkled his brow.

"don't think I can go on with it!" she blurted out. I n't!"

"ou want to break it off?" Davey asked, his voice hear and dull. "You mean it's all over?"

Vth the girl's nod the lines in Davey's face seemed sud nly to deepen, grow more sharply defined, and the you in his eyes faded like mist before the sun.

"guess I've felt this coming," he said after a long time. "Mybe you didn't know it, but you've been changing tow d me for the last couple of months. I'm awfully sorr Julia—I am. I didn't know how to help matters, o I ast let 'em drift. Yes, I saw it coming all right, but I cou n't help it. I don't blame you. I'm not the sort of man for you, that's all. I'm too old. I've had to work too ard and I don't know how to play."

"ut you could be," Julia exclaimed, "if you'd only take chance and go somewhere out of this store!"

"aybe," Davey answered doubtfully. "But the store s all've got and it's doing pretty well too. Last month I mai he advance in the rent and had some left over to put in t bank. It wasn't much, but it was some." Pausing for moment, he added, "But I understand, Julia. It isn't ny use talking it over. I'm just kind of an old hack and hat you want is some fellow that can give you a good run Maybe you don't know it, but that's what you want You give me the ring back, Julia, and we'll wait a few onths. Maybe I can come round to your point of view and maybe you can come round to mine. Maybe y but time I can let down a bit; things might go better here or something."

Slvly the girl drew a ring set with a pitifully small diamond from her finger and passed it into the man's hand Her mouth trembled a little and as she tried to speak her voice choked with a suspicious huskiness.

"Don't feel too bad about it, Julia," Davey said. "We'll get better in a couple of months. In the meantime may you'll come in to see me?"

"Ertainly I will!" she exclaimed. "And can't we go to a icture show sometimes like we always have?"

"Sure!" was his answer. "We won't be engaged—that's a ely difference."

"Hope you understand, Davey," Julia began after a long pause, but a gesture of one of his big hands interrupted.

"Course I understand. Gee, I'd be a fool if I didn't. Ha you tell me only follows along the line of another mole that I've learned since I've been in this store. Ve person time to make up his mind and he'll usually buy hat you want him to. If you try to force him you gh as well put the goods back in the case. That's it, lia When you make up your mind—in the meantime hope I keep the ring."

He watched her go with a sinking feeling round his heart. Now his figure seemed to have shrunk until his clothes hung from his shoulders in loose folds. The quality of age on his features had heightened and his eyes were dull. Dropping into a chair behind the counter and idly the ring between his finger and thumb, a sigh escaped from his lips, a sigh of intense longing and regret.

Removed from the Village Store by some hundreds of feet the low glass-roofed buildings of the Tanner Manufacturing Company spread like card houses for acre after acre on the outskirts of Hardford. A dozen campaigns of colossal advertising had put them on the map, and for a series of different articles Tanner was a household word in every state in the Union.

Tanner himself was totally unlike what everyone pictured him to be, for he was short, fat and roly-poly, with frank, blue eyes and a babyish mouth that was only guileful as sincere as a twenty-dollar gold piece.

But for all his looks he had been the moving spirit behind the Tanner Manufacturing Company. He had built from a shoe string and a tin can, as he was fond of telling people, and he always leaned back in his chair and put his pudgy finger tips together when he said this, for the visitor—if he was clever enough—saw another story behind the man's words, the story of another struggle.

Instinctively he looked about the office for the men who had helped put the Tanner Manufacturing Company on the road to fame—the assistants who had helped the man sitting in the chair on the other side of the big mahogany desk. And this, though it was never told to visitors, because it was one of the business secrets of the firm, was the unvarnished truth of Mr. Tanner's success, for he had gone to the world with a horseshoe in either pocket and spent his ensuing years in finding other pockets for other horseshoes. Of course the horseshoes weren't real—they were executives. But heavens above, the man seemed to have the very luck of the gods in choosing executives!

Tanner for one. He was the mechanical and technical genius who worked positive miracles in the shops. He had had his finger in this too, but he spent most of his time with his models, for it was his brain that conceived most of the product that was stamped with the Tanner Manufacturing Company's brand. Streeter and little Lathrop were also up on the firing line, with French in the office and taking charge of the credit department. The whole thing was like a football team, working in complete harmony, and the only person about the plant who had no niche of his own, no real work, was Tanner himself.

Of course he showed up in the gilded office every morning about ten o'clock and the rest of the crowd came in and told him what they were going to do and how they were going to do it, but sometimes they forgot and things went along just the same. That was part of the system he had installed, but the system was so completely perfect that he had almost systematized himself out of a job.

Maybe he felt this and maybe this was the reason he took the stand he did about the Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener. Carter and Lathrop and French all said that it wouldn't sell in a thousand years. Browne agreed with them and added that if Mr. Tanner really thought they needed a pencil sharpener he'd get busy and design one. All this touched the old man on the raw, because the Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener was his own particular pet design that he had thought out one night while he was trying to go to sleep.

In the end they couldn't budge him—he simply balked like a mule—and Carter with tears in his eyes spent untold dollars on a stamping machine and reamers. Streeter took on a force to do the packing and shipping and Lathrop added the advertising to that already overburdened department.

Then they all stood round waiting for a good chance to say, "I told you so!"

"It isn't the money he gives a damn about!" Carter exclaimed at French, as though he was at the bottom of the trouble. "It's just because he thinks we've begun to take over too much on our shoulders and he wants to show us that he's still boss round here!"

"Nonsense!" French declared. "He believes in the silly thing! It's the first time he's ever had an idea along the mechanical line, and when Bell talked over his first telephone he couldn't have felt any bigger than the old man does. The mere fact that we're getting out a dozen of the greatest lines in the country doesn't interest him at all. This whole bloomin' plant might have been put up solely to produce Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners; and what's more, he doesn't give a tinker's cuss about anything else. Let him have his head, Carter, something will stop him. At least he can't manufacture 'em and give 'em away."

"I saw Lathrop going in with some boards—looked like charts," Browne put in. "What's that for?"

"Ask Lathrop, if you want to hear something," French laughed. "He worked till one o'clock last night on those charts and he was down here before breakfast to finish them before the old man got here. Lathrop says he's going to swear out a warrant for the old man's arrest."

Lathrop said a great deal more than that, but he was precious careful to keep it under his breath.

"That's all right," Mr. Tanner finally agreed after a close inspection of the boards that had been fastened to the wall of his office. "Now, Lathrop, I'll tell you what I want. A good big map of the United States mounted in a frame, and a lot of white and red-headed pins. When we get an order we'll stick a pin in the town and when we get a repeat order we'll stick a red-headed pin in. What do you think of that idea?"

"But you've got all that," Lathrop objected, "in this chart of the States. You'd only duplicate things with a map!"

Mr. Tanner made a clicking sound with his tongue and looked at Lathrop reproachfully. "You can't see a chart like you can a map!" he exclaimed. "A map's a map and a chart's a chart! That pencil sharpener's a mighty good thing, Lathrop, and I want to watch how it's doing. Get a map, and I'll post it up to date."

Lathrop produced the map as he would have produced the North Pole if Mr. Tanner had asked for it, and the president spent an enjoyable hour and a half sticking the little white-headed pins into the board.

The effect pleased him when he surveyed the result, but also it suddenly dawned on his mind that the pins were unquestionably scattered, so scattered indeed as to be hardly noticeable from where he stood, and he was forced to move closer to realize that any pins at all were fastened in the map.

West of the Mississippi was as devoid of pencil sharpeners as when the red man trailed the bison across the trackless plains. Michigan had one pin. Chicago was represented by two pins, but Mr. Tanner could have passed his hand across the Middle Atlantic States without removing another pin from its hold. The South had done better, here and there the pins raised their white heads from the Cotton Belt until they died a natural death as they struggled in the colder climates. One straggling marker pointed to New York and that was the last until the final pin reared itself from the little black spot of Portland.

Mr. Tanner frowned and reached for the telephone. Getting Lathrop on the wire he instructed him to double the advertising on the Pin Point.

"And produce some results," he added, hanging the receiver on the hook and turning his attention to the board headed, "Order Chart."

Here again the evidence of unused space was strikingly pronounced; in fact, most of it was unused, save where a line of customers' names stretched across perhaps a quarter of the board. Under these "1 gr.," "½ gr.," "¼ gr.," had been inserted, but never by any chance was it more than a gross, and those "1 gr.'s" stood out like beacons on a foggy night.

"Well," Tanner mused aloud, lighting a cigarette and blowing the smoke pensively at the chart, "that bird down in New Orleans ought to do pretty well and that fellow in Dallas—funny about that gross going to Tampa. If Tampa can sell a gross of Pin Points that fellow in New York ought to sell a million. He'll do well—Grattan," Mr. Tanner added, noting the name. "Why, New York ought to be good for a hundred, maybe two hundred, agents. Anyway, we'll see."

They saw. But strangely enough it was not quite in the way Mr. Tanner had dreamed.

In time a few more white pins were added to the map. The West gradually dotted itself here and there and even out on the coast a white head stuck up from the dull pink of California, but thus far Mr. Tanner had looked at the little box of red-headed pins in vain and returned them to the drawer of his desk. Apparently the United States was as completely fed up on pencil sharpeners as though they had been given away with packets of cigarettes for the past hundred years.

"Didn't I tell you?" Carter exclaimed gleefully. "You couldn't give those confounded things away to an Eskimo!"

"One bird sent in a second order," Lathrop put in as he passed through the office. "I just came from in there. You might think the old man had been left a gold mine overnight."

That was the first repeat. The order came from "that fellow Grattan down in New York."

"Well," Mr. Tanner mused, watching the stenographer write "1 gr." in Grattan's square, "of course New York will do well. That's a pretty big town down there—there are a good many people who need pencil sharpeners. Now Chicago'll repeat and then New Orleans and after that ——"

And the man sat on the edge of his desk and stared at the map for the next half hour.

But Chicago failed to repeat, so did New Orleans. Only New York after a few weeks came across again. The third gross, and once more the stenographer wrote "1 gr." under Davey Grattan's name.

Mr. Tanner was worried and when he was worried it usually ended by his taking his place on the edge of Carter's desk. This time it was about again doubling up on the Pin-Point advertising.

"But confound it, boss!" Carter exclaimed after a moment's thought. "The thing isn't practical in the first place."

"What do you mean, isn't practical!" Tanner cried. "You mean the sharpener isn't any good?"

"No—no, I don't mean that," Carter hedged. "But it's too old-fashioned. In this day and age who is going to spend time twisting a pencil into a little chunk of brass! There isn't an office in the country that isn't supplied with a pencil sharpener like that one." He pointed across the room to a shelf. "That thing works with a crank—sharpens a pencil in half a second."

"Yes, and you have to get up and walk all the way over there!" Tanner interrupted. "With the Pin Point ——"

"Fasten it over here, if you want to!" Carter broke in. "Anywhere—the point is you don't have to do the work yourself. Those cost eighty-five cents. Your fifteen-cent article doesn't stand a ghost of a chance. Business men aren't counting pennies in this generation."

"Well," Tanner plugged on doggedly, "there's one man selling 'em—that fellow down in New York. He's just ordered his third gross. If he can sell 'em, why can't anyone else sell 'em?"

"He's probably giving them away as an advertisement. A pencil sharpener with a box of writing paper. But you can make up your mind to one thing, he hasn't sold three gross—that's four hundred and thirty-two—Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners for honest-to-goodness money! If he could do that he wouldn't have to sell pencil sharpeners—he'd be out selling steel bridges!"

"That's a lot of bunk!" Tanner exclaimed, getting down from the desk. "A lot of claptrap bunk!"

And giving Carter a look of utter contempt, he turned and strode heavily into his own office.

In the back of Tanner's head, however, Carter's words stuck fast and took root, and the more he studied the order chart the more he began to wonder and speculate on the ways and means "that fellow Grattan" had used in disposing of those Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners.

"Eighteen and a half Greenwich Avenue," Tanner mused aloud, turning his eyes from the chart and gazing out of the window. "That's down there somewhere in Greenwich Village—Bohemian quarter. I wish to the Lord I knew why that particular spot in the United States was

so badly in need of pencil sharpeners! Bohemians—let's see—artists—but hang it all, there can't be four hundred and thirty-two artists going round with their tongues hanging out for pencil sharpeners! I wonder if that bird could be selling 'em—selling 'em with good old-fashioned salesmanship!"

A half hour longer he remained in his chair, then he rose abruptly and calling his secretary informed her that he was going to take a flying trip down to New York.

"I'll be back to-morrow," he explained, reaching for his hat. "Tell Carter I'm going to try to get him that steel he's been hollerin' about for the past week."

The last Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener of Davey's second gross went to old Mrs. Ripley, who kept a boarding house round on Charles Street.

"I dunno how it is," the old lady mumbled, extracting three nickels from her bag and passing them into Davey's hand, "that I never come to think about a pencil sharpener before.

"Ain't been more'n a week ago that I bought a pencil, then went home an' hacked it all to pieces with a carvin' knife. This'll work, will it?"

Without giving the man time to answer she continued, casting a shrewd look into his face: "They tell me you an' Julia Weaver have broke things off. Too bad, Mr. Grattan!" She paused, her eyes disappeared among the wrinkles of her face and she added: "If you was half as spry in makin' love as you are in makin' folks buy things you'd see with half an eye that she's havin' a fit till she gets that ring back on her finger. Mrs. Calhoun and me was talkin' and ——"

"I don't know," Davey interrupted. "We went to the movies last night and she didn't say anything."

The old lady sniffed her contempt.

"Say anything!" she gasped. "The only way she isn't tellin' you is shoutin' it at you. Land, I don't know what you expect!"

"We didn't exactly break things off—that is, not for good," Davey explained after a moment. "I just wanted to give her a chance to make up her mind."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Mrs. Ripley exploded. "Give her enough time and she'll make up her mind that she don't want you! In my day ——"

A voice from the doorway interrupted and Davey looked over the old lady's head square into the full-moon face of Mr. Robert Tanner.

"I'm looking for Mr. Grattan," began Mr. Tanner. "David Grattan—know him?"

"I'm Mr. Grattan," Davey smiled. "Something I can do for you?"

Mrs. Ripley, instead of taking her departure, bestowed upon the gentleman one careful look of scrutiny. It missed nothing from the top of Tanner's hat to the soles of his shoes, and quite suddenly Mrs. Ripley decided to remain. This was all out of the ordinary, decidedly so, and the old lady moved to one side, taking up her position near the magazine counter, where she picked up a book and stared unseeingly at the cover.

"I want Mr. Grattan, the proprietor of this store," Mr. Tanner persisted, his blue eyes, full as keen as Mrs. Ripley's for all their baby innocence, sweeping the four walls and coming at last to rest on Davey's nose.

"That's me," Davey nodded.

"Oh! Well, I'm Tanner," the other said. "Tanner of the Tanner Manufacturing Company." And he held his hand across the counter.

"Is that so!" Davey exclaimed.

It was maybe five seconds before he said this, but just in time he remembered who the Tanner Manufacturing Company was and what they had to do with the Village Store.

"We're about stocked up on pencil sharpeners," he went on, using his regular editorial "we" as the fat man remained silent. "Got in a shipment from you the other day."

"I didn't come down about that," Mr. Tanner explained. He was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment as he viewed the man before him, for there was nothing in Davey's loose raw-boned figure which seemed to indicate that he had the making of a super-pencil-sharpener salesman. As the last straw Mr. Tanner looked down and caught sight of Davey's big hands as they rested on the counter. "No, I didn't come in to sell you any pencil sharpeners," he continued hesitatingly. "I—I—well, I was just going through—happened along this way."

"Mighty glad to see you!" Davey interrupted heartily. "That's a great little article you people are turning out. Making a good thing of it, I'll say. With millions of women in the country needing 'em, you ought to make a fortune."

"Women?" Mr. Tanner repeated.

"Sure!" Davey always had a way of rushing his words. "Sure, women! That's who I'm selling 'em to. Did you see my sign in the window? Well—say, just take a peek at it. Of course you'll think it's pretty crude—it is, too, but you wouldn't believe how it does the business."

He was out from behind the counter and had Mr. Tanner by the arm.

"One thing I'm going to tell you about," Davey went on as he propelled the fat man through the door, "if you won't think it's too fresh.

"Of course it was your design and maybe you had a reason to make the blades—there, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Tanner stood and read the sign that held a message of hope and sympathy to every woman who had ever struggled with the stub of a lead pencil and an ancient kitchen knife. Possibly he read it several times, certainly he stood there long enough to learn the words by heart, but the expression on his face gave Davey no inkling as to what the man's inner thoughts might be.

"What was it you were going to tell me?" he asked, walking back into the store.

"Oh, yes!" Davey exclaimed, following at Mr. Tanner's heels. "About the blades. I was wondering if you could make them so they'd come out—put 'em on with screws, you know."

"Yes," the other nodded, seeming to find a new interest in Davey's face, "that could be done. But what's the idea?"

"Why, make a repeat proposition," Davey hurried on. "One blade gets dull, change it and get another. It isn't so much the money. It's just one of my principles to bring people back into the store. Think that's a good idea?"

Very slowly Mr. Tanner nodded. His blue eyes were a trifle wider than ordinarily and his mouth had the same expression that it did when Carter came in and fully agreed with him.

"You figure everything that close?" he asked.

"Sure!" Davey laughed. "But you understand, it's only because there's a principle in it—not always the money. I suppose it's more the fun of the thing, just to be sure that you know how the average human will think; and if they think that way, how they'll act."

He laughed again and continued:

"I'm kind-a funny about things like that. Always like to figure 'em out. That sign in the window, for instance. First I had it to read, 'No woman can sharpen a pencil, but she can with one of these Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners!' But that was dead wrong—you see it, don't you?"

"But no woman can sharpen a pencil," Mr. Tanner mused.

"Never argue with a woman!" Davey exclaimed. "Never tell 'em they can't do anything—never tell anyone they can't do anything, but especially a woman, because that's the thing she'll try and do in spite of Billy be damned! See now? Simply a principle! You can apply it to people like you measure off cloth by the yard."

"Who taught you all this?" Mr. Tanner asked. "How'd you learn it?"

"No one," Davey returned, his face suddenly growing serious. "No one but me. Unless the store taught me. It's funny."

"I guess I've heard enough," Mr. Tanner said after a moment. "How much will you take to come up to the Tanner Manufacturing Company and give us the same amount of brain effort that you've expended on this store?"

"How much—what?"

Davey stared.

Mrs. Ripley gripped the magazine a little more firmly and concentrated her attention on the fact that she must not turn round.

"I'll tell you what I came down here for," Mr. Tanner said with a sudden mopping of his face with a handkerchief: "That pencil sharpener is my own idea. It's a good one, too, but somehow it doesn't sell—no repeat business at all—and I want a man to get after it and put it across. There's opportunity up there with us—loads of it. Carter found it, and Carter started with me at thirty-five per the day he got out of college. Do you want to go on keeping this shop more than you want to come to work for me at five thousand a year?"

A long quivering sigh escaped from Mrs. Ripley's lips and both men turned to stare at her where she stood engrossed in the adventures of some queen of the movies.

The old lady's emotion somehow broke the spell of Mr. Tanner's words. It was not that the statement and the amount that he had mentioned were any the less impressive; it was simply that Davey had had that moment in which to collect his scattered faculties, and now he smiled a little as he met the other's eyes.

"That sounds pretty good to me," he said. "Mighty good."

"Call it a deal then," Mr. Tanner answered. "You can hang your hat up with us as soon as you want to." Half turning toward the door he paused and added, "By the way, you're single?

"Good!" he went on as Davey nodded. "I wouldn't want a married man in the job I'm going to hand over to you. Al I'll see that you get a contract and—

"Wait a minute!" Davey inter "I can't take the job then. You s not married now, but I will be befo get up there."

"No," Mr. Tanner said with a s his head, "I couldn't use you as a man. See here! You've made a su this store by putting all you had be You couldn't have done that if you married, and that's the way it is w proposition. You know the old about two masters? That's me! I in it! That's one of my principles!

"Well, I'm sorry," Davey re "I'd like to tackle that job, but—w got a girl I wouldn't give up for you plant! You understand? Hope the hard feelings."

At the doorway Mr. Tanner paus stared at Davey for a full half Once it seemed as though he was point of speaking, but finally with shake of his head he turned and walk

Mrs. Ripley put her magazine do a slam.

"Well!" she exclaimed, facing t as he leaned over the counter, spread apart and chin in the palm hands. "Up to now I always thoug was considerable of a fool, Davey G the way you've gone about makin Weaver your wife, but I listened t that man said to you an' I came rig denly t' the belief that you ain't fool at all. It's been that girl o' yo just as soon as I get a good chan goin' t' tell her so!"

Davey's laugh followed the old la the store, but for a long time after he brooded in silence, absently wat fly that had been caught by a p hanging fly paper. Somehow the sh a little more barren than he had ev it look before; he noticed how th was coming off the wall over the m counter—and after all, what a silly stock in trade he had to sell! Foolis toys and penny candy! Davey sh head and sighed. For the first tim life he had let down and relaxed, caught himself wondering if it was while going on with anything.

The following morning brought the outside world, a mean drizzle fr of a leaden sky, but to the Village well, roses and sunshine, little la brooks and green things shooting u the edge of a meadow were moros things in comparison to the flood of ness that rushed over the young-old Davey Grattan when Julia Weaver through the doorway and demand engagement ring.

"I saw old Mrs. Ripley this mo she sobbed in embarrassed expla "She told me what happened here day afternoon. Oh, Davey! Did yo for me, because you loved me bette you did your principles and the tising?"

"Oh, my Lord!" Davey gasped, at her in astonishment. "You tho was so much interested in selling that I didn't have time to love you that it?"

Julia nodded and buried her face his coat.

"Oh, my Lord!" Davey groaned "And I thought I knew something women!"

He was a messenger boy who h vanced to the age where all messenge seem to stop and he ambled into th with his cap on one side of his head cigarette hanging from the corner mouth.

"Say!" he exclaimed in his peculi guage, grinning as he caught sight of and Julia. "'S this-ah-Mister Grat

Davey stared and nodded, but onl a moment of hesitation.

"Sign 'er," the boy said, and he t yellow envelope and a black-covere up under Davey's nose.

They read the message together- the mature youth appropriated the part of a tray of candy. At the sa stant they caught the big story of s and his laugh mingled with her sudd of happiness.

The telegram was signed "Tanner over this were a few badly typew words that glowed like diamonds sunshine.

"Bring your wife if you have to, Tanner had written. "But get here Still no repeats on Pin-Points!"

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 24)

lurt glanced up and down the deserted blo:, opened the little gate with great care, tipped up the walk, the steps and along he narrow veranda, examining the three inows minutely until at one he was re-ared by the discovery of a triangular ga in the veiling shade. By stooping a itt and placing his eye close to the win-lov ane he obtained a full view of the in-eri', which was illuminated by the soft glo of lamplight.

Directly before him sat Miss Livingston, clad in a big easy-chair which looked like a pic of bygone age, but still possessed mu dignity and strength. She had dis-arid her trim business suit for a soft, vo-luminous negligee that clung to her slim figu in caressing folds, displaying the un-exp ted roundness of her limbs and ex-cing to view the creamy whiteness of her ar arms. Her lips were half parted in a mi of drowsy contentment, the cause of whi was not far to seek.

Behind her stood an active though aged wo an clothed in gray goods of an ancient cut nd long wear, capped with lace, be-spectacled and plying with one hand a ru while across the other she held sus-pended the fragrant loosened flood of Miss Livingston's lovely hair. In the back-ground of this highly intimate scene hov-ered Mr. Alexander Sutey, evidently ill at ease and with good cause, for upon a too-close approach he received a smart slap on the brush, bristles first.

Owing to the loose construction of the double sashes Mr. Blurt could hear the murmuring voices, and by deliberately eavesdropping he managed to catch enough words to run a thread through the conversation. He was largely aided in this reprehensible enterprise by the rumbling remonstrance of Mr. Sutey under punishment.

"Here, you, Anna," he protested, but with surprising meekness, "can't you remember to use the back of the brush? The last time you did that I got took up for fifty dollars."

"Pity you didn't stay took," replied the old lady spiritedly. "You old gallivanting Don Juan-do-weel. Get into the kitchen until you're ready to go home to the wide world. What Miss Phyllis to tell me how the mere sight of you almost led her to the police station."

Sutey mumbled a reply inaudible to Blurt as a wide window on her right was raised his arm quickly as though to ward off a second blow, and retreated through a rear door. For a moment there was silence while the old nurse brushed the long, soothing sweep of a practiced hand, then she asked in a voice which had become all tenderness: "Don't you want to tell, sweetheart?"

There was a long pause before the girl replied: "I don't know. The day has been so long, so long, so crowded, so ——"

"So what, dear?" prompted the gentle voice.

"So uprooting," finished Miss Livingston with sudden rebelliousness in her tone.

As she concentrated her thoughts on the events that had befallen since eight o'clock that morning of this very day her face took on a look of unmasked repose, her eyes narrowed, her brow returned to its free-dom, a tiny frown and a flush of anger tinted her smooth cheeks with a glow that was lighter than their normal color and as forbidding, as though it shared the confusion between warmth and fire.

"Nanna," she said finally, clasping her hands about her crossed knees, bending slightly forward and staring so directly at a little tear in the curtain which was Blurt as a wide window on her right that he started back precipitously before his reason had time to tell him his fears were groundless, "I met a man today—a real man, walking round in a boy's young skin. His eyes were looking for something fine, yet you knew they had seen every little thing there is; his lips didn't let out a single unkind word to anyone, but you knew there's no word they hadn't said. He's dreaming the things I've always believed. He's a good man, Nanna, and just meeting him for a day has frightened me out of myself, shaken me, torn at something that is rooted too deep, down here."

She clutched at her breast with one hand, leaned farther forward, buried her face and burst into tears. Nanna dropped the brush, seated herself on the arm of the big chair, gathered the sobbing form to her breast and rocked it gently to and fro.

"There, there, my own dear," she murmured; "there's no man on earth worth the tears of your lovely eyes. Think no more of him, darling."

"It isn't him that makes me cry," gulped Miss Livingston. "It's myself, the cold shell of me, the heart that rattles round in it when I move."

"There, there, sweetheart," repeated Nanna; "don't you be crying for any man in the world."

The girl released herself, drew sharply erect and threw out her arms in a wide gesture as though she demanded space to stand alone. With her head upthrown, her eyes opened to their fullest, her loose hair cascading over her shoulders and the white column of her throat rising amid its divided golden flood like a pulsing band of light, she presented a picture as lovely and heart-rending as the first apple tree that blooms in the spring.

"You won't believe me," she said, more to herself than to Nanna—"you won't believe that it's myself that made me cry. Oh, Nanna, I am like this house—terribly clean, small, hidden, divided from everything round. My walls are thin, too, and when you rap on them you hear the echoes of all the lives that have gone before. Why, that's what I am, an echo of beliefs and customs, of big tenets and little rules of thumb. I know that outside there's a world of great beginnings, a world of quite new sounds, whose echoes are all ahead, but not for me, Nanna. No power can lead me out into it; I'm this little house, so old behind its fresh white face."

"There, there, sweetheart," repeated the old nurse once more; "don't you be crying for any man."

Miss Livingston surrendered to Nanna's fixed idea with a despairing sigh that broke into a smile as radiant, as all-embracing as it was sudden; she threw her arms round Nanna and hugged her.

"You darling!" she cried with laughter in her eyes. "You saving grace! You incarnate and persisting echo!"

"Here!" answered Nanna. "No calling me out of my name, please, to cheer yourself up! Now let me go. I feel a stepmother's breath between my shoulders; it's that old rapscallion has gone out the back way and left the door open."

Blurt caught the warning in the words, but it came too late; he heard a shuffling step, saw Sutey loom, a darker shadow in the night, fearfully watched him pass and make for the gate. He gave a sigh of relief but swallowed it a little short of completion, for the giant did not leave the yard; he stood leaning against the gatepost, filled his pipe with tantalizing deliberation and lit it.

Blurt flushed red with anger at himself; he was fairly trapped between Miss Livingston and Mr. Sutey, emblems of innocence and disrepute, and felt like a smeared mixture of both. Which should he do, rap on the door as if he had that moment arrived or sneak out, trip up disrepute and make a run for it on the slim chance of escaping recognition in the dark? If he chose the first of these dubious alternatives, what was he to say, how explain his advent at that hidden spot? Hesitation left him but a single course; he tiptoed along the veranda, down the creaking steps and along the walk, stooping over with the intent to grasp Sutey's ankles and yank them from under him.

"Good evening, Mr. Blurt. What are you walking that funny way for?"

Blurt drew erect with a jerk; the shamed glow of his face amounted almost to an illumination, in the light of which he realized that Sutey's before and behind were practically identical, owing to the cloud of hair that completely encircled his head, and that he had been facing him throughout his absurdly stealthy approach.

"Sh-sh! Sutey," he whispered hoarsely. "Come away from here."

He slipped through the gate and hurried toward the Avenue, looking over his shoulder to make sure that his retainer had obeyed orders and was following. Under the screening shadow of a towering apartment house he stopped and waited. Sutey drew near, and by the light of the street lamp the fact that he was in a highly nervous state would have been apparent even to a passer-by; his small eyes shifted this way and that, his whole vast frame seemed to be cringing and wrinkling in an effort to turn into a worm and crawl away. These signs meant much to a man of Mr. Blurt's experience; he instantly divined that Sutey's abnormal self-consciousness had led him to the belief that he himself, not his prowling employer, was appearing in the rôle of culprit.

"What were you doing in that house?" demanded Blurt promptly.

"Nothing," snuffled Sutey.

Mr. Blurt's arms shot forward, his hands grasped great masses of silken beard and held them gently but firmly in response to the fearful tremor that shook Sutey from stem to stern.

"D-d-don't," stuttered the giant.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Sutey," said Blurt, "unless you oblige me to; though I've often wondered how far I could swing a bull by his tail. What relation are you to Anna? Why do you let her spank you?"

"I'm married to her—more or less," grumbled Sutey.

"Just what do you mean by 'more or less'?" demanded Blurt after a weighty pause, to allow himself to absorb the surprising news.

"I go there once in a long while," explained Sutey, "but I used to be there all the time."

"I see," said Blurt. "Now you can explain why you didn't tell me all about Miss Livingston when she first appeared."

"You didn't ask me," complained Mr. Sutey.

"I gather you have known her long and well?"

"Long and well!" repeated Sutey with an unwonted fixed gleam in his eyes. "I've known her ever since before she was born. I've known her three times over—in herself, her mother and her mother's mother."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me there's anything to criticize in Miss Livingston, you old reprobate?" demanded Blurt, his grip tightening.

"Not a single thing," replied Mr. Sutey with impressive emphasis. "Mr. Blurt, she's just something that keeps on happening. There ain't any criticism in saying that, is there?"

To that question Blurt was not prepared to make immediate reply. He released Sutey and stood staring at him for a long moment in silence, as though striving to determine just where in the big cowardly frame was located that germ of originality which spells character whatever the apparent barrenness of its habitat and the immediate surrounding country. The faint indications that Sutey had a philosophy were astounding enough in themselves, but the conviction that no power on earth could dig up that philosophy to the light of day and show it round turned the timid giant into a ninety years' wonder and gave him the rare air of a potential miracle, held perpetually in suspense.

"Sutey," said Mr. Blurt, "I caught sight of you following Miss Livingston, and as it seemed a little strange to me, not knowing the circumstances, I felt bound to investigate. I'm glad you have been able to explain the matter. Go down to the studio to-morrow morning and clean up, but don't let anyone in. I shall probably take a day off."

With those words he turned and walked thoughtfully away. A quite new brand of loneliness assailed him as he realized that casual contacts alone, no matter how inspiriting, are not enough to give man a continuing sensation of participation in the warm Gulf Stream of happy people that weaves its hidden way through the cold wide world.

In spite of the fact that he had done nothing all day but rub up against and into a variety of personalities he was lonesome as never before. It made him angry, and when Mr. Blurt was enraged there were few things he wouldn't do on the mere suspicion of an impulse.

He drew out his watch and saw that it was nearly eight o'clock, climbed into a taxi and told the cabman to stop at the first telephone booth. In a few minutes he had a book and was looking up Miss Nameless' number. He took down the receiver and was feeling for a nickel when it occurred to him that the chances of that particular person's being free for the evening or himself was a shot so long that no gambler even out of his senses would play it. He returned to his cab and gave the Nameless address.

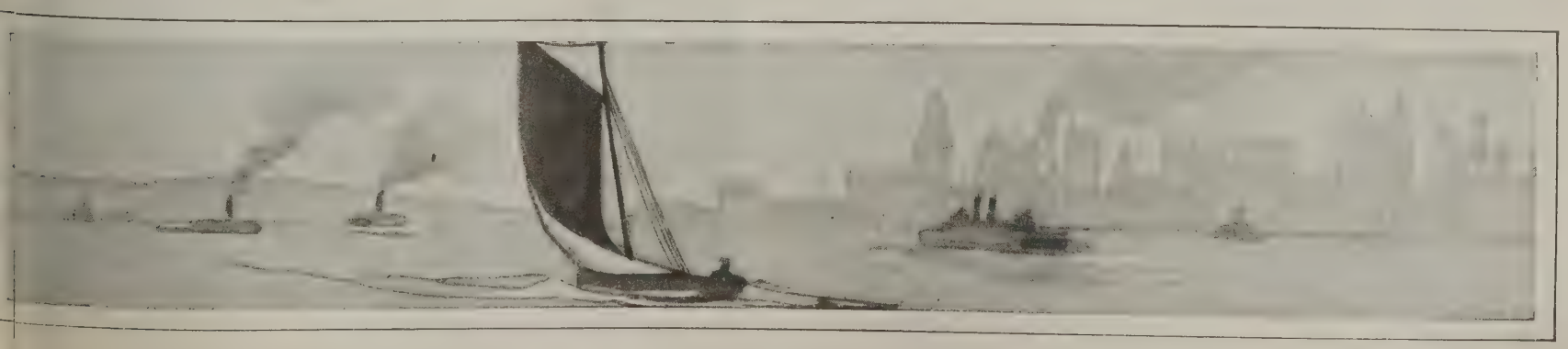
There are some men who meet an all-important minute through pure luck; there are others who are carried to it by a very real force recognized lately and only in the unwritten lexicons of the United States under the term "hunch." Mr. Blurt belonged to the latter category; even without a cab and with his eyes closed the driving power of this vaguely defined inner impetus would have carried him straight to the Nameless door and brought him face to face with an astounded flunky at the very crucial moment when the young lady he sought was about to issue forth with two aunts who didn't like each other to an opera that she herself detested.

"Is Miss Nameless at home?" asked Blurt of two popping eyes mounted on a florid face under a thatch of powdered hair and over an array of nearly bursting buttons.

"Miss Nameless is not at home," replied the butler without the slightest hesitation, staring at Mr. Blurt's natty but anachronous attire.

"Oh, yes, I am!" said a voice from behind his bulging padded shoulders, a voice of a timbre which once heard lingered forever in the treasure house of memory.

The butler stood aside with malicious alacrity, as if to say by that withdrawing gesture of his whole person: "You will



interfere, madam. Well, just see what you've let yourself in for."

"Good evening, Mr. Blurt," said Miss Nameless promptly, holding out her hand to give the hall-mark of welcome to her greeting.

She was wrapped in a cloak of a peculiar blue, striking to the eye, yet as soft as the bowl of heaven on a sunny April morning; behind her stood the aunts, more roughly but no less gorgeously clothed for the transit from hall to limousine, limousine to lobby. Blurt's mind prodded him with the reminder that it had called his attention to the waiting car and that it was not its fault if he was now in for an awkward act of prompt withdrawal. He was seeking desperately for the right word—if there was one for such an unwarranted occasion—when Miss Nameless spoke again, this time to the two aunts.

"I am so sorry," she said, "you will have to go on without me. And please don't send back the car. Will you come this way, Mr. Blurt?"

He thrust hat, stick and gloves into the butler's unnerved hands and bowed low as he passed the elderly ladies, partly out of deference, partly because he feared he might betray his amusement at the way all remonstrance had been left suspended on their severely puckered lips by their niece's summary dismissal and prompt departure from the hall. She had been rude both to him and to her aunts in not offering an introduction, but he recognized in that very rudeness a rapierlike stroke of finesse as swift as it was masterly. She had saved him, the situation and herself.

He followed his guide through a formal drawing-room, a slightly less formal drawing-room and a dining room, in each of which Miss Nameless paused just long enough to give him a chance to glance round and pray that she would go on to a kinder atmosphere. As though in answer to his prayer she opened a door into such a library as is the beating heart of a great house; it was a room crowded with worn books, worn furniture and worn memories of all the ages known to print, a brown room of mellow lights and deep inviting shadows, of smells of old leather, old oak and a pungent wood fire sparsely lighted, for incense, not for warmth.

"My wrap, please," said Miss Nameless, turning her shoulders toward Blurt with that demanding gesture which makes of so slight a service as the lifting of a cloak a symbol of favor and bestows a nuance of intimacy as delicate but as ravishing as the scent of unseen roses blown across a hedge.

Blurt lifted the light burden and for a moment held its softness crushed in his hands and against his chest while he stared spellbound at the beauty his action had disclosed. It was not the large dark eyes that held him, nor the mobile lips, nor the small head poised on slight but exquisitely rounded shoulders, nor the curve of the white bosom, nor yet the dark chalice of the dress in which these charms were cupped. All these things existed not for themselves, not necessarily for Miss Nameless, but as an indivisible whole which breathed to his senses the single word "woman."

Into his trance came the sound of her voice: "Do you think it's too 'Lo! and behold'? My dress, I mean."

Blurt turned to drop the cloak across a chair; even in flippancy, he thought, her voice was not robbed of a certain innate dignity. It still held the power of restraint behind the sound of a distant gong, lightly touched.

"I am afraid I have been rude," he said. "I didn't mean to stare."

"A look like that isn't rudeness," said Miss Nameless as she walked to a couch and sat down.

"What is it then?" asked Blurt, following and turning toward her abruptly. "Adoration?"

"No; oh, no," said Miss Nameless, laughing softly.

Her face sobered. "I'll tell you what it is. Tribute, impersonal homage such as you would give to a masterpiece in marble or in oil. That is all."

Blurt sat down on the couch beside her, clasped his hands between his knees and stared into the dying fire. "You are right," he said after a long pause; "uncannily right. But what do you mean by saying, 'That is all'? A masterpiece is imperishable." He turned to her face. "Do you recognize something within and about you that is undying?"

She met his eager gaze with a look that hesitated between sincerity and trifling, glanced at him mischievously and then with a sweet gravity which brought a peculiar youth to her face as though she had the power to rise at will to the level of truth, where all ages are one and forever young. Slowly she raised her hands to her breast.

"Here," she whispered. "Sometimes."

"How old are you?" cried Blurt, exasperated by the confusion her varying spell had thrown round him. "Why did you come to my place? Why did you go? Why do you see me here? What are you, and just what do you wish from me? Are you woman or maid or—or both? Where is your heart, and to what day do you belong?"

As he shot the string of preposterous questions at her he leaned closer and closer to her face, watching it intently as though he sought solution from its fleeting transitions in expression. She turned her eyes deliberately to his, but some instinct of self-preservation drove him to evade them; he sat back, baffled.

Miss Nameless rose, went swiftly to the wall, pressed a button and flooded the room with light from a ponderous bronze-and-crystal chandelier.

"I wish to give you every advantage," she said in explanation as she turned and walked slowly back to him, stopping as she felt her full figure to have come within the focus of his eyes.

He stared at her unceremoniously, no longer with amaze, but in a purposeful effort at penetration. The slimness of her slippered feet, of her sheer silk-clad ankles; that dark chalice of her dress looking like a pliant wisp of night grown

"Oh, Nanna, I am Like This House—Terribly Clean, Small, Hidden, Divided From Everything Round"

fixed to hold aloft in its gossamer embrace the flushed white dawn of her bosom, her neck and cheeks; above all, her face, now shining as though on the verge of intimate betrayal, now shadowed under the sweep of thoughts that passed like clouds across the infinite spaces of the mind, raised him to the heights of hope for a revelation only to dash him down into despair at the portal of unfathomable mystery.

It was right, he told himself, that words should not issue from such a vision to strive in vain to pin the hovering wings of the unexplainable. In answer to his questions she offered herself—the firm soft texture of her matchless skin to tell her youth; the rapt and luminous stare of the seeker to give reason to any voyage of discovery; the momentary absence of light from her face, that left it a translucent shell to paint in a single stroke withdrawal from any failing tenure, the hunger for some bourne long sought to bid him to her side and then, question to his question: What are you, and just what do you wish from me? Ah, what indeed! Are you woman or maid or both? How often asked, how often wondered! Where is your heart, and to what day do you belong? Silence, long silence of expression, as though in woman eternity can find faint echo!

Such was the nature of the vague, ephemeral, tantalizing yet in a measure soul-satisfying reply that Miss Nameless offered to the sum total of Blurt's rapid-fire series of queries.

It left him dazed, as though he had just walked the dizzy ridge between the wide sunlit valley of infinite revelation and the yawning depths of ultimate denial without toppling into either.

The sensation that now assailed him was one of the pleasurable excitement that is found alone in a feeling of strictly temporary safety; he feared yet he wanted more.

From this point of doubtful vantage his thoughts involuntarily turned back to consideration of Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston as if in the midst of swirling and untried elements his gaze sought to fasten upon some fixed and unalterable landmark in the human stream and steady itself to a safe and sound sense of actual va... Here was no mystery, no will-o'-the- to confuse the eye and reduce grim t through reckless ignoring to the di... sions of a laughingstock. He saw e... clearly, every feature of her, a transpa... cameo cut in perennial ice, standing li... monument of endurance under the ... tection of a distant frozen clime.

What she needed was some hot-bloo... man full of the spirit of rescue and ... sacrifice, content to make it his missio... warm her from her established ways ... into life; but, given that master sol... what would be left at the end of the t... ing? A stream that would flow for a ... while and inevitably freeze up a... produce more ice. This conviction can... Blurt absolutely unsolicited; it sho... him, ran counter to every impulse ... generosity in his very charitable com... tion, gave the lie to his professed hunge... the kind of woman that mother use... make, and opened up a vast field of tot... unexplored speculation as to the e... nature and possibilities of the ete... verities with which he had been so blit... monkeying. But there it stood—n... surmise, but a stark conviction, somet... that you could see and had to bel... whether you liked it or not.

Throughout this lengthy reverie ... Nameless stood apparently immo... Any one of a hundred other wo... would have done the obvious, bro... in upon Blurt's thoughts with some ... ting phrase of personal reminder, rus... in uninvited to battle against som... fluence felt but unseen and unmeasu... to lose the first bout along with con... erable dignity through the panic ... spired by every invisible foe. But ... Nameless had more than cleverne... she was possessed of depth, of that ... relation to great truths which makes s... natures as unfathomable to themselve... to others, yet leads them sure-footed al... the path of knowledge. She knew tha... lence as a power can be broken by a si... weapon.

As diamond alone cuts diamond s... silence its own opponent; to Blurt's ... articulate absorption she opposed an ... mobility which slowly yet steadily mour... to a power of actual eloquence that fin... drew his eyes to her face. In a breath ... moment forgotten was Miss Livings... gone were all abstract considerations ... monuments, ice and forbidding climes. ... by a miraculous and sudden conceptio... beheld in the figure before him an emb... ment of human aspiration, a symbo... happiness not as an attainment but ... continuing pursuit.

"What's in a name?" he cried hoars... reaching out and grasping her slim wri... He felt the pulses in them throb t... quicker beat, leaping to match the p... of his own blood as he drew her with s... pressed and tremulous eagerness to a ... beside him. "You are woman, eter... unconquerable by reason of your un... covered ways, a breathless pilgrim ... without a goal, a little door upon illir... able freedom!"

The flooding words carried her sp... away, led her soul to wandering thro... free spaces and brought to her face t... look, twice fleetingly seen, of endur... youth, of the breath of innocence as a c... tinuing quality destined to thread ... devious way, unbroken by mere ye... through all the course of life. Blurt sta... at her mutely, but in the speaking silenc... self-surrender and unquestioning adorati...

She turned to meet that look, answe... surrender with surrender, gave him ... eyes, open yet guarded as unfathoma... pools beneath the play of all the lights ... shadows of the changing heavens. ... hung above them dizzily as though h... by a mere breath from the long plunge i... their undiscovered depths. Her mo... curved slowly to a smile. "You sav... prisoner," she whispered in reminder.

"He is gone," murmured Blurt, s... gazing into her eyes, "and I am there ... his place, so mean, so small, so ——"

She pressed her lips to his and silen... them. Her kiss was like herself, not o... passionate, not ardent to a single end, b... firm and yet illusive like the unspok... promise in the parting glance of love ... She locked her bare arms about his n... and drew him to her; cheek held close ... burning cheek she whispered, "I love y... I love you because alone of all the men ... the world you are the unknown!"

(THE END)

Sense and Nonsense

...ng of the Wander Lure

...OND the world, around the world,
...mill the seas that bound the world,
...igy peaks that crowned the world
...eTime grew out of Space
...e of men have followed fast,
...w of men as dice they've cast,
...ment thrones and crowns have passed
...a e I called the race.
...th song of summer wind,
...mie sweep of sails;
...th ry of kind to kind,
...e oaring Forties' gales.
...th haze on Tuscan hills,
...ill of Dixie whippoorwills,
...th magic moonlight spills
...ou Loch Lomond dales.

...ith the breeze into the sheets
...gazys from Phœnice;
...ab heard me call his fleets
...d. he knew no peace.
...e I summoned out to war
...th late ships to be won;
...th lonely jungle star
...at eckoned Stanley on.
...th nows on Tibet's slopes,
...ss seaweed on wrecks' ropes,
...corns where the bat tribe gropes,
...e Khinx's chiseled pile;
...urkand, I'm Tokio,
...a nd the Bering Floe,
...ion, Moscow and Rio,
...e Ykon and the Nile.

...de world, around the world,
...e the lips of surf are curled
...henge of the wild is hurled,
...cimed men for my own.
...or I've given gold and fame,
...or black sorrow and worse shame,
...ill-I called them and they came
...a the trail alone.
...re strong than hearth or wife
...d things that endure;
...hew dawn—I am Life—
...e Wander Lure.

—*Steuart M. Emery.*

Wasted Novelists

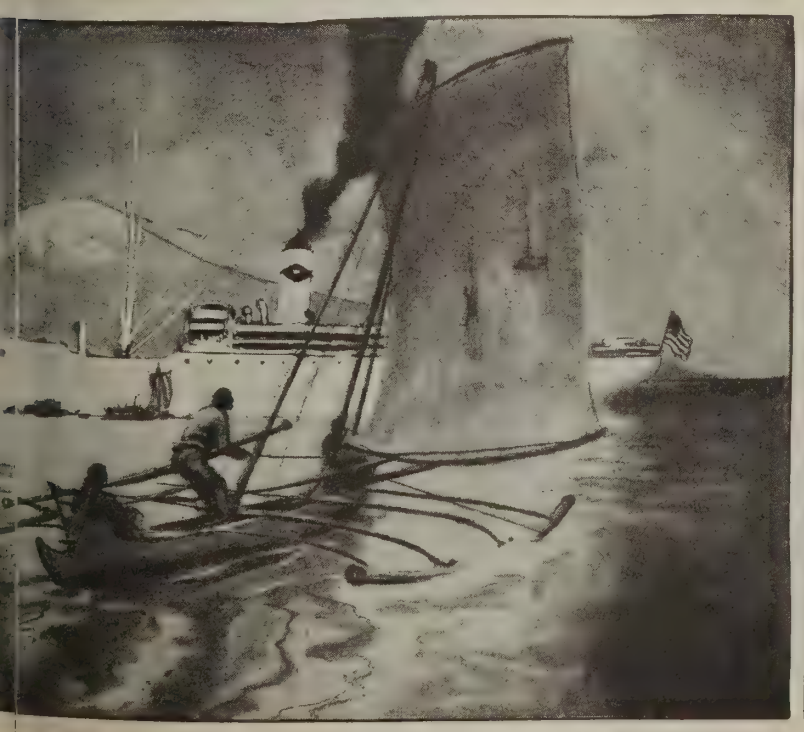
...ng ago we read some essays pur...orng to be scientific and written by ...esr of the science of economics. A ...e in through them like one of the ...ti in Mr. Wagner's operas—namely: ...assive vested interests moving ob...y the background of the market." ...icon that phrase is a masterpiece. ...e ne vast shadowy forms, hear their ...rols and enjoy the same thrill as ...Strlock Holmes creeps through the ...sage. As science the phrase is ...s because there is no fact to which ...esonds.

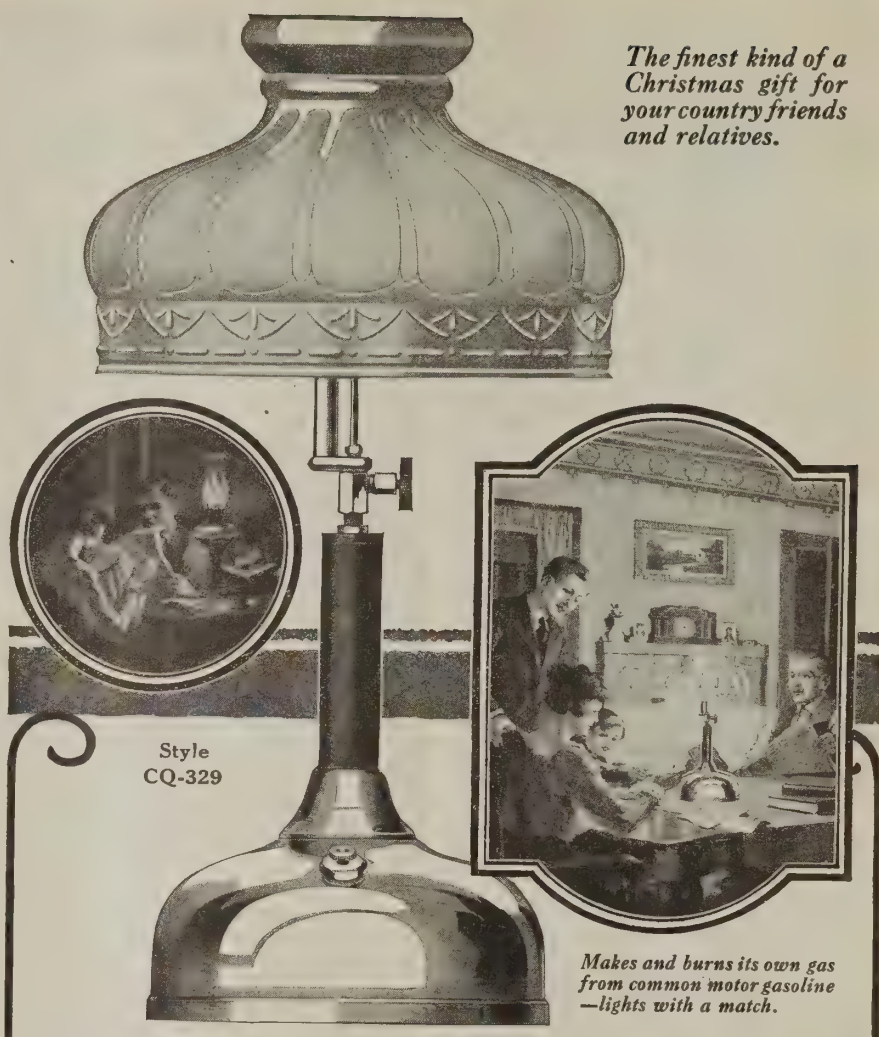
...the stock devices of a certain ...oriction is to regard the capitalistic ...individual ownership of property ...rtf lodge, much like the Masons or ...el ws, to which one gains admission by making an application. When the application is approved and the candidate has taken the prescribed oath of fealty the grips and passwords are imparted to him. In a side room sit the hierarchs who manage the concern—meeting, presumably, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at two and deciding what the capitalistic system shall do. Hierarch A moves that the capitalistic system shall embark in a world war, which is duly debated and a binding vote taken. Hierarch X proposes that no further concessions shall be made to labor and that the capitalistic system shall forthwith proceed to dig its own grave, according to the Marxian prophecy. The motion is carried, whereupon all individual owners of property are irrevocably committed to that program.

One might exactly as well speak of monogamy in like terms, for capitalism is no more a system, in that sense, than monogamy is. Nobody controls it, nobody directs it, nobody leads it. Some bishops have taken strong ground against polygamy and divorce; but nobody thinks of calling them the leaders of monogamy and implying that their opinions are specially binding upon every man who has only one wife or expects to have only one wife. No capitalistic leader's opinions or wishes are any more binding upon other men who are capitalists because they own property or expect to own property or believe in private ownership of property.

To indict the capitalistic system is as easy as, for example, to indict democracy. Anybody can point out scandalous abuses that exist under the democratic system—lynchings, demagoguery, wasteful and inefficient government, incompetent representative bodies, and so on. Thoroughgoing theorists like Lenine undertake to obviate all that by discarding democracy and setting up a dictatorship. To most people the only hope is not in discarding democracy but in improving it. No particular wit is required to get acquainted with a disease. Cave men did that. Finding a genuine remedy is infinitely more difficult.

Fiction masquerading as economic science not only loses the credit it might claim as fiction, but so far as it has any effect at all beyond furnishing a transitory entertainment the effect must obviously be bad. There is a good deal of it afloat nowadays. A word of caution is in order: Startling statements and startling word pictures that pretend to be scientific—that is, to give facts—should be well shaken before they are swallowed. There are plenty of painful and scandalous facts. But painful and scandalous statements or deductions that are not facts are still more plentiful. Try to get the genuine. Check them up by your own experience and information wherever you can. A healthy, critical Missourianism, that demands to be shown, is especially useful just now.





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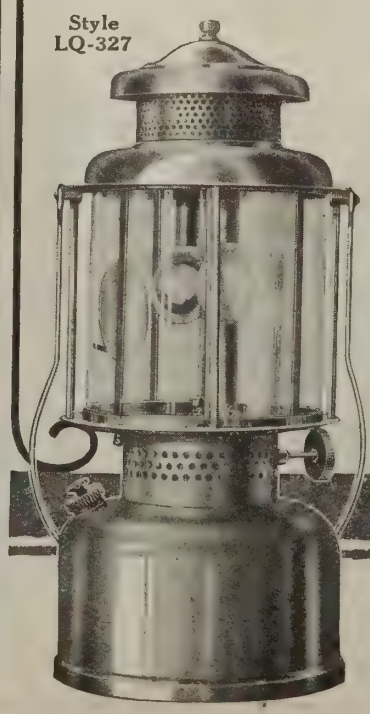

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THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 25)

Henry Kellogg laughed shortly. "I've had a few calls myself to-day. Some of these small dealers round town aren't taking this thing right."

Mr. Bangs addressed himself to Ruth. "Have you been interviewed too?"

"Only twice," she said. "The butcher wanted to know why I'm not satisfied with him, and he couldn't seem to get it through his silly head that I *am*. I couldn't persuade him of the principle. And the other was our coal dealer. Of course we haven't put in our coal order for next winter. It's too early. He—well, he sort of threatened. Not that we need to worry, but he said we're taking an awful chance when we antagonize everybody like this."

"Meaning he'll refuse to sell us? Well, let him," said Mr. Bangs scornfully. "Let him. It's his suicide—not ours."

Nevertheless, he wished that the publicity had been delayed until the club was ready to function. A good field marshal doesn't notify the enemy before an attack over the whole front. Sugden thought that the machinery would be ready in two or three weeks, but during that interval it would still be necessary to deal with the former tradespeople. And some of them might prove crotchety about it. Mr. Bangs had to admit that he couldn't blame them.

As a matter of fact, there was grumbling among the retailers already, and no small amount of heated argument with their customers over the telephone, and a slight advance in prices; but when, on Friday, Sugden announced that he had arranged with Robinson's market, the largest in town, to store for him at a fixed charge two carloads of dry staples, which were sure to be wanted speedily, and could be bought now from a bankrupt wholesaler at a great bargain, a hurricane of protest sprang up on both sides of Main Street and eddied powerfully through the residence section. On Monday the Wellington Retailers' Association sprang into being as a defensive alliance—and the market which was to store goods for the club was denied membership. And almost every local dealer in foodstuffs, including Robinson, had a sale of specials.

"Well," said Sylvia defensively, "the club only talks about twenty per cent, and Robinson's selling cereals at a third off, if you take two cases. And we're trying to save money, aren't we? And our club agreement isn't in force until the club's ready to begin buying, is it?"

Mr. Bangs had to admit that it wasn't, but he thought that Sylvia had transgressed the spirit of the constitution. For himself he saw no harm in buying a few boxes of cigars, ten per cent off and triple certificates besides, making a virtual discount of thirty-four per cent, but that was different. Cigars were luxuries anyway, and food wasn't.

"Robinson's doing the right thing," he said confidently.

"He's modern. Sugden's paying him for storage, and he wants to make a contract with us. He says he can do as well for us as we could for ourselves, if it's a cash proposition instead of credit."

Sylvia's eye wavered unexpectedly. "Ruth's hired a nurse," she said. "Of course that isn't part of the servant problem and she's an awfully nice girl, but she'll have to eat with us. Do you mind so very much?"

"I don't mind anything that'll keep those brats quiet," said Mr. Bangs smartly.

Never before had any single movement got into its stride in Wellington with such alacrity. Sugden announced to the directors that the club would be ready to function on Saturday, and he also reported a total membership of two hundred and seventeen, with ninety nonmembers already put down as privileged buyers. Office space was ready; and a force of clerks, and a dozen telephones, and limitless blank forms and slips.

To deliver orders with special speed—at a slight extra expense—there was a fleet of half a dozen motorcycles with side cars, and two small delivery wagons. And the office adjoined a dilapidated four-story building where imperishable goods were to be carried in stock. Later this would become the Number One Branch of a cooperative department store.

Neat little bronze buttons appeared in coat lapels, and the wearers thereof looked barbers and waiters straight in the eye, and left them tipless and profane. Mr. Bowker laughed lightly at the garage owner who wanted to charge him the list price for a new gasket, and countermanded the order. He could buy it at cost next week. Mrs. Bowker found herself the chatelaine of a province hitherto unclaimed; and for the first time in her life she posed as a civic benefactor. And Mr. Bangs going silently about his business still resented, now and then, the lack of honor in his own country. There were already several little anti-servant eating clubs in his immediate neighborhood, but everybody thought the idea was Ruth Kellogg's. And he was getting very tired of eating every day with two other families. He thought that the other children were teaching Baby Bangs bad manners.

On Friday night three very excited women sat round the Eversons' dining table and wrote out three comprehensive lists. At the same hour downtown in his office Sugden leaned back in his chair and smiled wearily at Mr. Bangs.

"All set!" said Sugden. "Leave go the ropes!"

"Sure?"

"Sure as shooting. I've let contracts for everything I can think of from meat to gasoline. Favored the local crowd as much as possible. Held 'em all up to the last minute, and then jumped. Robinson's Market got the meat contract; they've leased the next building already. Robinson says he netted forty-five hundred dollars last year; I'm practically paying him a salary of forty-five hundred, and getting the meat at cost, and the cost'll be a lot less because he's doubling his business overnight. I've got a year's agreement for green vegetables with a limit of prices on everything direct from the gardeners; the Elite Grocery'll simply clear the stock for us and deliver it for us, and take a flat commission. They yelled hard at first, but it'll save their lives, while some of the others'll bust. And so on right down the line. This is all aiming toward our owning our own stores eventually. Just now we'll only stock what we can't contract to have delivered for us."

"Think we'll really save twenty per cent, Walter?"

Sugden laughed. "I've got advance orders from members that foot up to six thousand dollars, market prices, right now. I figured out what they cost us, just for the fun of it. Forty-two hundred. Overhead's very low. Rebate to members, sixteen per cent on the first bunch of business. His smile presently faded, and his mouth straightened. "There's one thing about it I don't quite like, though. Bowker's been down here twice. He wants me to throw a lot of business to one or two pets of his. His son-in-law, for one."

Mr. Bangs stiffened.

"Well, can you do it?"

"Not at the lowest prices, John. And I tell you frankly there isn't anything in this for me unless I make a mighty good job of it; and if I don't get rock-bottom prices on everything—if I try to please somebody by placing orders out of friendship—you all lose a little."

"Hm!" said Mr. Bangs, looking at the ceiling. "I've been sort of worried about our milkman. He's been so oblig[ing] his milk's so good, I was hoping—"

"Milk's an out-of-town contra[ct]" Sugden. "Best quality, and I'll sa[ve] cents a quart."

"Just for emergency though, [as] you ——"

"Couldn't do a thing," said [Sugden] "This isn't a sympathy propositi[on] war on the cost of living. And we [can't] let it become a League of Notions [or] be trouble."

At home Mr. Bangs told Syl[via] whenever he met that milkman h[e] feel like a defaulter.

"I shan't!" said Sylvia prompt[ly] feel like a liberated slave! Why I found out that the little cheater w[as] it to Ruth for half a cent less!"

It was midafternoon on Saturd[ay] her freedom suffered a totally un[ex]shock. She had forgotten fruit, automatically telephoned her regul[ar] for it.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said. "I [can't] it to you."

"Haven't you got it?"

"Why, yes, but ——"

"Well, please hurry and send [it] then, because we've got four [or] to ——"

"Sorry, ma'am, but I can't [do] nothin'. I belong to the retailers' [asso]tion. I might have waited a week to say this, but I'm sayin' it now."

Sylvia gasped. "You mean yo[u] sell me anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. This here refor[m] cuttin' the underpinnin' out from u[nder] business, and we can't sell nothin' members.

"I'm awful sorry, Mis' Bangs. [You] a good customer—awful good. [We] had no trouble. But we got a pr[int] list of your members, and we simp[ly] have no dealin's with 'em. I'm so[rry] we gotta take steps."

She was so angry that she ran[g] stantly and called a second groc[er] listened and said: "Hold the wir[e]" then shouted: "Hey, Jimmy! B[ring] Elm Street?" At the end of a thirty interval he also informed her that [he] sorry, and she was still pawing the [air] the di[al] when R[uth] logg ca[lled] white an[d] mined.

"Syl[via] just we[nt] the C[lub] Pharm[acy] get som[e] lates. W[hat] you thi[nk] said? T[hen] they'll [be] drugs ar[e] up pr[ice]tions, bu[t] for that—

S y[lvia] laughed [so] cally. "[Oh] know? [What] for it no[w] club's [the] succeed!

"Is it [so] it? Hac[k] better t[han] over? If [you] us really [do] anythin[g] hurry—

"The [ad] we start club was [so] ourse[lves] money a[nd] from [the] sandba[gs] wasn't it

"Butl[er] going to [take] fight—

"Ther[e's] fight!" Sylvia lutely. have the faction being on[e]

(Continued Page)

Alternately He Felt Like Thomas Jefferson, Julius Cæsar, Samuel Gompers and David Belasco

(Continued from Page 62)

fc once, and not just the middle! t's at you've got in your hand?"
Oh! It was on the doorstep. An ad- sennt or ——" Here she broke off ught her breath. "Sylvia!"
ook it from her. It was a printed nent from her baker, and it had been phrased by a lawyer. There ention whatsoever of the retailers' tn; there was simply a bald state- th: Mr. Joseph P. Quilty, Baker, of de ndent judgment, gave notice that d ter Wednesday, two weeks from he ould sell none of his products to me ber of the Wellington Reform n for a period of three months to ne er who, later than that Wednes- res ned from it.
e to women stared fixedly at each
et hee if there's any more out there," Sylvia at length.
ere were seven more, which Ruth had ook d. Six of them were on the walk, ne vas on the lawn; they were all ifferent tradesmen, and in slightly ent anguage, but the meaning was y le same.
thi juncture the Bowker touring car ed the curb, and Mrs. Bowker got lic.
iv, dear. Have you seen any of —t se dodgers?"
making a collection, Mrs. Bowker."
o yu know what I want us to do? I yo to get your husband as quick as ou an, to be sure we're within the I unt us to tell these impertinent t t if they do refuse to deal with gl member of my club—our club— ne r do a single penny's worth of ss ith them again as long as we
ia vinced. Mrs. Bowker was rich n t be as arbitrary as she liked.
t, Irs. Bowker ——"
on' try to argue with me, Sylvia! If ub s a whole won't do it the bridge ill I've seen the others."
. ellogg lifted her eyebrows, but othg.
t, ny dear Mrs. Bowker, isn't that prty far?"
chirman of the board nodded until t threatened to become unstable.
corse it is! So are they. I won't be d by people like that! We're as a they are—stronger. And we zec o stop exactly this sort of thing. u oing to stand by me—you and Kellgg—or aren't you?"
attude was highly suggestive of an tu, and Sylvia, with Mr. Bangs' smund Mr. Sugden's ability to rely l wh her own recent irritation wax- h gain, spoke up bravely, without thught: "Yes, Mrs. Bowker, I am. tcked up for two weeks anyway, all is ble things. We'll stand by you."
od That's all. I may ask you to p us evening. I'll let you know."
pounced upon her touring car and wa, grim and determined. Ruth g th an aimless laugh turned to
ll, see the antistrike strike's begun.
n i Mrs. Bowker's bridge club?"
ves' said Sylvia modestly. "She ur."
continued to smile. She had always h self on being democratic and ddt, and she was very fond of kt at this instant she was another lrs. Bowker was the social dicta- Ve ngton; but Mrs. Bowker was an of le reform club only because Ruth lei Everson had proposed her; Mrs. ld just snubbed her, and Sylvia h bridge club. And Ruth was th Baby Bangs was spoiling the arers of the Kellogg children. And re-sided breakfasts were confusing, Sylvia's last vacation day Baby hs hit Dickie Everson over the th tin elephant; and neither Ruth enad dared to spank him.
oner," said Ruth, "if it wouldn't t e just a privileged nonmember."
a was astounded. "But you've th constitution and agreed to stay ix onths."
gzed at her helplessly. "Sylvia, 've got a thought. It just came to rnute. I wonder if we feel the e en in the unions do—all stirred wably and half scared and awfully —inking we're right, and yet su the other man may be right, d hen just following the leader, blind, because everybody else is. And I don't think she's such an awfully good leader anyway. I wonder."

VII

AT THE end of a month the three families agreed to breakfast independently. No one cared to speak out in plain English, but the fact was that all of them had had enough of constant association, and preferred privacy to economy. So they agreed that the children made breakfast rather too confusing, and that it would be far better not to begin coöperating until after nine o'clock.

As far as the activity of the reform club itself was concerned, however, they were increasingly optimistic. Sugden's tremendous energy had enabled them to snap their fingers at the pugnacious retailers, and they liked the sensation. They had won the first move in the battle for independence.

And at this same juncture they began to realize that in their mutual efforts toward economy and comfort they were doing now what could just as easily have been done years ago, at the expenditure of a little thought and the sacrifice of a little convenience. An hour's concentration on Sunday was enough to plot out the menus for a week ahead, and plot them cleverly; and after that there was nothing to bother about. Sugden's clerical force did all the bothering.

To be sure it was awkward if one discovered at five in the afternoon that an important item for to-day's dinner had been left out of the order given the day before yesterday, but memories improved as time went on, and there was always the exhilarating consciousness of thrift, no matter what happened. And it was delightful to discover what the club could buy at reduced rates, if needs were only anticipated—it could buy at a heavy discount anything from Mr. Bowker's gasket to Rupert Everson's negligée shirts and Henry Kellogg's drawing pencils. One had to wait, of course, but the saving was worth it. More than that, Sugden had made alliances with a score of good shops in New York; and if anyone cared to walk a little out of the beaten track it was possible to get special discounts on articles that the club didn't care to handle, and to charge them through the club too. Why, in the very first month the amount of time saved from wrestling with bank statements and credit slips was enormous.

And then for this particular trio the servant problem was solved too. They reminded themselves of it at frequent intervals, but always out of hearing of the Kellogg nurse.

It was making Elysium, and yet there were drawbacks. Half a dozen of the oldest retailers in Wellington had already gone out of business—shut up shop and quietly drifted out of the town, and Sylvia, innocent of intent, began to feel guilty of result. The call which was made upon her by her quondam grocer was no balm. He came, painfully attired, late one afternoon, and grinned feebly at her.

"Well, I'm leavin', ma'am," he said. "I sold out to Sugden, lock, stock an' barrel, this forenoon. He's gettin' a fine line o' goods at a back-breakin' price. But last month alone I lost all I made last year, and that wasn't nothin' to brag about."

Sylvia murmured something in sympathy. Theory seemed to work out rather cruelly in practice.

"Well, you see it was like this: A grocer don't never make no big wad o' money—he makes it in dibs an' dabs. An' now I was losin' money instead o' makin' it on half the stock I sold. Take sugar. The last time I could buy and sell like I wanted to I bought sugar by the bar'l at nine an' a half, and sold it to you people for fifteen cents. There's a waste of an eighth in every pound. The bag an' the string costs a cent nowadays. The store an' rent an' light an' one thing an' another—well, that costs suthin', and if I charge in my time for waitin' on a customer—charge it, say, at a cent a minute, like a street-car conductor gets, that makes the deal cost me fourteen an' a half cents. An' now I gotta sell it at eleven and a half, like the Food Administration says. An' it's the same way with lots o' things. I lose the pickin's. Is it worth it? No; but if you'd bought your sugar from me the way you do from your club—a lot at a time, and not a little bit, an' not wait till you'd run out, an' then have to have it delivered all alone by itself in an awful hurry—well, that's just an illustration."

Sylvia, against her instinct, wanted to condole with him.

"But—but what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I got a job on the street cars," he said; "an' I took out a privilege in your club. Now I gotta chance to kick when I wanta. I'm in the union, an' if I wanta strike for more pay I c'n strike, an' I'm gonna see my family fed an' took care of, too, I am. I sh'd worry. I'm glad I'm out of it. I'll make more money on the cars, an' not have any risk, neither. Well, I kind of thought I'd come round and see you, that's all. I never had no quarrel with you. But you folks in your club seems to think all the rest of us was gettin' rich off you. Well, we wasn't. We was goin' broker an' broker. Well, I guess that's all. Good day, Mis' Bangs."

She told her husband about it that evening, and he laughed at her canonization of a profiteer. He also quoted the statement of the president of one of the Wellington ice companies, who had declared naïvely that though he could have made a profit on ice at fifty or sixty cents he had charged a dollar so as to teach the public to conserve the supply. During the remainder of the evening he had many interludes of abstraction, nevertheless, and in response to Sylvia's inquiries he told her that all the Wellington stenographers were unionizing and hinting at a seven-hour day.

By this time Sugden's vigorous campaign had drawn to the club four hundred active members, and twice as many associates, and made it a huge and humming solidarity. The retailers had also strengthened their forces, and stood to their guns, refusing to sell a penny's worth of goods to a club member, even in the direst need, so that for insurance, in case of trouble, the directors, who had fixed up an imposing room where they could argue in comfort, were already planning the department store, which should be a model and a monument combined. It looked very much, indeed, as though Wellington were in a fair way to settle its living problem permanently; or at least to prevent a complete victory of the enemy.

At the end of the second month Mr. Bangs bought the small car he had coveted for half a year. Sugden added it to the club order for delivery wagons, and saved him fifty dollars on it.

"We can certainly afford it now," he said to Sylvia. "Our club bills have been six hundred dollars, counting the porch furniture and your dressing table, and that means a hundred and twenty clear savings, in two months, when we get our dividend. The flivver'll pay for itself in a year at that rate. Of course it isn't a car like Henry's, but ——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Sometimes I wonder," he said, "if we aren't seeing almost too much of those people."

Sylvia looked up quickly. "Have you been thinking about that again too?"

"Too?" echoed Mr. Bangs. "You don't mean to say you've thought of it again?"

Sylvia regarded him as though he had discovered a remarkable secret.

"Well, if you're so tired of them when you only see them at dinner maybe you can imagine what it's like for me—every single day."

"But I thought one of you had a vacation every day, in turn."

Sylvia hesitated. "That was the way we started," she owned; "but the one who was supposed to have the vacation felt sort of mean about it, and Ruth's nurse has really been looking after all of the children, so all three of us have helped. It does save a lot of time, and we aren't bothered with servants any more—still it does get sort of tiresome. Lots of the other crowds who got the idea from us gave it up long ago. It's so—sort of public. And—there's something else too. Rupert and Henry are getting awfully Bowker lately. They didn't used to be, at all. Somebody said just yesterday that Mr. Bowker's lining them up to work for him when he wants to be mayor. Rupert's head of the real estate and insurance people, and Henry's awfully important in his lodge. I suppose it *is* catty to say that, isn't it?"

Mr. Bangs sprang to his feet and began pacing the room.

"By George," he said, "these things would go great—simply great—if you could ever break away from the human element! There isn't any servant problem, and we're saving money, and I don't have to fret about your doing all your own work, and yet I'm so sick of eating with Ruth and Helen and Henry and Rupert all the time, I want to heave a soup plate at 'em!" He stopped at her chair. "I'd give most anything if we could get back by ourselves somehow. That's what I married you for. Honestly, do you think they'd be offended if we did?" He interpreted her reaction correctly. "Oh, I wouldn't want you to do all your own work again. Besides, we're saving every month as much as a cook used to cost us. Better wait until I've looked over the accounts, though. I'm a little shy this month. Can't you get somebody to come in by the day, temporarily, to sort of fuss round and look after the baby and all that?"

Sylvia smiled straight up at him. "I'll do that, Bruno—only you'll tell me as soon as it's safe to have a cook, won't you? Only, if we had a cook how could we afford the car?"

"Why, that's easy. Cutting loose from these other people won't cost much more than it does to eat together now. I doubt if there's twenty dollars a month difference. And I buy gas and oil and spare parts from the club anyway, and Sugden saved me fifty dollars on the car itself. But you wait a week, and then we'll see. I'd parley with Ruth and Helen, anyhow."

She evaded a direct response, because she wanted to think it over. She was afraid that Ruth and Helen would be seriously offended indeed, and she hadn't forgotten that the domestic trio was her own suggestion. The food question was less important than the communal housework, and she saw that Ruth and Helen might reproach her for spoiling a very excellent labor-saving device.

"The club must be doing a tremendous business," she said irrelevantly.

"Terrific," said Mr. Bangs. "Sugden's got the proposition right under his thumb. The dealers are scared to death of us. Every few days he buys out some chicken-hearted swindler for next to nothing. He told me yesterday he'd done a gross business, so far, of over two hundred thousand dollars, and there's twenty-two per cent rebate in sight for us this minute."

She was silent while she did mental arithmetic. "What does Mr. Sugden get out of it, then?"

"Two per cent of —— Well, by George!" Mr. Bangs' face was a study. "Well, I'll be —— Why, he gets the excess two per cent, and that'll be something round four thousand dollars; plus ten dollars a member—that's another four thousand. Why, he'll have made eight thousand dollars out of us the first quarter! I hadn't stopped to figure it out before."

They regarded each other steadily. Sylvia drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess he's earned it, hasn't he?"

"That isn't the point!" said Mr. Bangs hotly. "I bet you he'll clear upward of twenty thousand dollars for half a year's work! And we could hire just as good a man for ten! I'm going to speak to Bowker about that, by George! I don't care how much he's saved us. It's too much money to pay him."

He did see Mr. Bowker about it, but Mr. Bowker refused to be excited. Mr. Bangs could hardly believe his ears.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Bowker, "I don't think we ought to begrudge him anything. And as far as economy goes, it's cheaper to hire a crack man at a big salary than a second-class man at a second-class salary. John, what do you think about buying the land the storehouse is on and building us a building right there? We're going to want to carry bigger stocks. It's a little mite out of the way, but it'll be a lot cheaper than if we bought on Main Street, and that's the thing that really matters, anyhow. And we want to make it worth while for us men to go shopping the old-fashioned way and carry things home. We'll mark up the delivery charge a little, and make folks be economical. Now you've got influence with some of the men in your neighborhood; I wish you'd talk it up with 'em. Just so the council will put an outside price on it, and then let us dicker. I haven't sounded the proposition out yet, but I hear the land's on the market. If we're in this thing to save money we're in to save it, and a question like a little convenience don't count for so much. Besides, it's high rents and things that make the retailers charge high prices. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Bangs thought that it was so, and he talked it up. Seven of the councilors were close friends of his, and a dozen were good acquaintances, and all of them promised faithfully to support the resolution to buy the cheaper site.

"But will that be fair to Sugden?" one of them asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bangs, recalling how carefully he himself had worded Sugden's contract. "It's a matter of bookkeeping. His commission's a fixed charge against our operating profit. To build a store may come out of our dividend, but it can't come out of his rakeoff. It's just a question of what's best for us in the long run."

Sylvia also did a little lobbying, and the council advised the directors to buy the land if it could be bought reasonably. At the quarterly meeting Sugden showed a surplus of nearly seventy thousand dollars, which would justify a rebate to active members of nearly twenty-five per cent.

"And if we purchase the land, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Bowker stiffly, "at a fair valuation, we shall still have forty-five thousand dollars left, or a fifteen per cent rebate—which seems to me plenty good enough."

And apparently the board agreed with her, for the resolution went through, together with an authorization for the president to negotiate with architects and builders, for the best interests of the club. But the payment of twelve thousand dollars to Sugden very nearly broke up the meeting; and the attitude of the board toward the managing director wasn't helped by Sugden's protest at the way the board was furnishing its quarters and interfering with his work.

VIII

MR. BANGS came home the following evening deeply pleased with himself, and was hardly able to kiss his wife before he launched his good news.

"Our rebate'll be about a hundred and fifty dollars," he said, "so I ordered some slip covers and a spot light and a rug for the car.

"From Sugden of course. It'll take three or four weeks to get 'em, but I'll get a rebate next quarter on the order, and while I think of it there's no harm in stocking up now on all sorts of stuff for the early winter—stuff that'll keep. That'll boost our next dividend. It's like compound interest, worked backward! . . . Where do we go to-night—Henry's?"

Sylvia laughed excitedly. "Hadn't you noticed, silly? Look in the dining room."

Mr. Bangs looked. The table was set for two. He looked back at Sylvia. "By George!" said Mr. Bangs, softly overwhelmed.

"It wasn't as awkward as we thought, Bruno. They were all just as tired of it as we were, only nobody wanted to be the first to say so. We'd all rather be alone, even if we lose a little by it."

"What a relief—what a relief!" said Mr. Bangs, exhaling luxuriously. "Only we'd better run in and see both of them a second, to-night. I don't want 'em to think anything's gone wrong between us, exactly."

During the dinner he continued to express unbounded relief, and he even claimed once that he had never enjoyed himself so much, and never expected to again. When, after he had helped Sylvia with the dishes, he strolled over to have a friendly word with Rupert Everson, he felt far more friendly than common. The sunshine of peace was breaking through the clouds, even though the servant problem was coming up again and he was extraordinarily short of cash.

Rupert greeted him with effusion. "How's the car running, John?"

"Couldn't be better. Why?"

"I'm thinking of getting one myself." He grinned all over. "I suppose you knew I'm the broker in this club land deal, didn't you?"

"Broker?" Mr. Bangs was momentarily missing. "Oh!" His eyes narrowed. "You don't mean the department-store site?"

"That's what I do! Bowker said as long as some broker had to get a commission on it he wanted it to be me. I tell you I was pleased. Never thought he was that much of a friend of mine. It's the biggest commission I've had in two years. Closed right off the bat too. The club took the owner's first offer."

Mr. Bangs began to glow. Rupert was as innocent as a child, but that rumor of Mr. Bowker's accumulation of henchmen was red-hot. "But look here, Rupert! Do you call that a fair deal for the club? Why should we have to pay you a commission, anyhow?"

"You had to pay it to some broker, didn't you? Why not me?"

"I don't see that for a minute! I don't see why we should pay you ——"

"Why, I've got to live, haven't I?" demanded Rupert, ruffled. "Selling real estate's my business. The club wanted to buy some property I happened to be the agent of. Every agent in town had it. Bowker came to me and ——"

"But you're a director, Rupert, and Bowker shouldn't have come to you."

"And I took mighty good care not to vote on it too! You haven't got me there; not much. And I told the board exactly why I wasn't voting too. It's my regular business, and —— See here, John! Didn't you decline to be attorney for the club? Well, suppose they'd offered you a salary—wouldn't you have thought it over?"

Mr. Bangs cooled a trifle, but still sat on the edge of his chair. "Just the same, it isn't a parallel. The higher the price the club paid, the more your commission! And if your regular business and your club directorship conflicted, you shouldn't have handled this thing at all. And as far as I can make out from what you've said, you didn't even try to get a low price for the club. You let 'em pay the asking price—you said so. And the council distinctly advised us to buy only if the price was reasonable. Who owns it, anyhow?"

"New York parties," said Rupert shortly. "And if the club takes the first price that's offered, because the directors think it was reasonable, that's none of my business, is it? And as long as you're criticizing my way of running my own affairs I'll tell you right here and right now that some few people round here are wondering where you and Sugden get off."

"What?" exploded Mr. Bangs.

Rupert spread his hands in deprecation. "Oh, I don't say I haven't put in a good word for you. But you brought this man Sugden in here, and he's making two or three times as much out of it as he ought to, and you're old friends, and he's not so favorable to Bowker or any of the other officers, and some folks think it wouldn't be anything more than decent gratitude if he slipped you —— Hold on there, John! This isn't my say-so. Only you've been pretty frank in admitting, up to now, how you couldn't afford to own an automobile, and you're accusing me of I don't know what, and I'm simply telling you ——"

Mr. Bangs had risen abruptly, and his shoulders were cast in a military mold. "You bring me any man who's said that and I'll knock his head off! You come over to my house and I'll show you my check stubs. By George! I won't stand for it! If this community's got that sort of crackbrained shrimps in it I'm sorry I live here! Who said it? Name 'em! Name just one of 'em!" He waited, tense. "Go on—tell me just one of 'em, that's all! Who said it?"

Rupert was nervous, but disinclined to betray confidences. He chanced to occupy a rocking-chair, and now he rocked to soothe his nerves.

"Why, I don't remember any particular ——"

"That's damned nonsense, Rupert, and you know it!"

"No, it isn't either. I don't pretend to remember every time I talk with ——"

"Rupert, you're stalling!"

"Oh, no," said Rupert, with somewhat less assurance. "And anyway, I don't think it's quite right for me to repeat ——"

"You thought it was all right to repeat what you did, though. Are you going to tell me who it was—or aren't you?"

"Well," said Rupert, still more feebly, "it wasn't a man; it was a woman."

"Mrs. Bowker!" exploded Mr. Bangs, and turned purple. "Was it?"

"I sort of think," said Rupert apprehensively, "we better change the subject. Don't you think so, too, John?"

"I think I'd better go home before anything happens," said Mr. Bangs through his teeth, and with that he whirled about and stalked dignifiedly out of the house and across the lawn, meeting Sylvia at his own doorstep.

Sylvia, fresh from the Kelloggs', had a choice packet of rumors from yesterday's directors' meeting. Mr. Bowker had already begun to pull the wires which he hoped would land his son-in-law in Sugden's place after the next quarter. The majority of the board was pronouncedly Bowker in sentiment, and Mrs. Bowker was reported to have said that she intended to make a directorship the hall-mark of social prestige. Lukewarm Bowkerites were being conciliated by frequent little favors and, though there was probably nothing to condemn, there was certainly discrimination.

The mayor had hinted, under a thick veil of diplomacy, that the club was likely to prove a strong factor in local politics, that Mr. Bowker would be an able successor to him, and that steps should be taken very soon to prevent an uprising of the plebs who were opposed to reform.

Bowker himself had suggested that the club could do worse than to buy the Evening Herald, now on its last legs, and run it as the official organ of the club. It could carry all club bulletins and market announcements, and ought to make money. All the sources of the club's present supply of goods would have to advertise in it too. Somebody else had pointed out that every banker in Wellington, every lawyer, every city official of importance and e ry tor but one had joined the club, a o that the key to the labor situati r unequivocally in the hands of t torate. The directors had put then lv record as favoring the prompt us every member to aid or comfort, ir ny whatsoever, a striker.

Mr. Bangs groaned aloud. "T going too fast—too fast," he said mustn't do that! There's a doz stores on Main Street now. T healthy. They're running wild That isn't what I meant by co They're aiming at a worse union there is now. Social, political, cial—Bowker acts as though he tin god on wheels. That won't do a minute."

Sylvia handed him the usua bomb:

"But you were the one who w do it, Bruno!"

"That was before I knew how work out," he protested. "And t getting too big, anyhow—too It's getting to be somebody's m use like a steam roller. Well, thing to do, unless we want to inv is to get the petty graft out of it. to cut down the next manager's pe and we've got to have a rule that doesn't buy a cent's worth of from its own members, except of the council. Not the directo council. Bowker doesn't own the

Sylvia was ready with her "I've thought of that too. But w pretty hard to change the constitu

"Maybe we don't have to char ought not to be so awfully hard find a hole in it," said Mr. Ba tentiously, "seeing I wrote it mys

But although it is claimed that i nine cases out of a hundred a la find the flaws in any document he self drawn up, this proved the one in that particular hundred. Twist as he might, Mr. Bangs could di refuge either in the constitution by-laws. And to effect an amen was first requisite to secure a signed by at least a fifth of the me the club. The council must then a by a two-thirds vote, and the direc majority. Mr. Bangs knew that t more than four hundred regular and he rather balked at the pr securing eighty signatures. He ba for several days.

"There's no sense in circulatin tion and getting a lot of people us," he said. "And to get eight you'd have to see almost everybo

"Helen's hired a cook too," sai paying no attention to him. "She sixty-five. There aren't even as town as there used to be three mo And they're coming on a ten-ho ment. And I thought it was un that I was going to have one. This I've got for a helper isn't much."

And a few days later:

"If the club's saving us so muc Bruno, I don't see why I can't hav too."

"Wait till I ask Sugden somethi Mr. Bangs, with furrows on his for

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE NATIONAL CRISIS IN BOSTON

(Continued from Page 7)

ain almost invariably made by both
n ny controversies.
is sumed erroneously that agents
utle organization could obtain for
lic advantages in pay and regula-
Th is not a question of compelling
te employer to surrender a part of
ots
suppose that an official would yield
nts f pay or regulation to the argu-
r reats of an outside organization,
o emen themselves had failed to
sh eir case, would be to mark him
rd and unfit for his position."
ite he warnings and in the face of
er rbidding it and an increase of
nd d dollars in pay, the police went
wi organizing their union. They
thr action by the failure of every
nea s to obtain redress of their griev-
A ocal organization known as the
Sdial Club had been in existence
n ars, but the police had been un-
wi through it improvement in pay
dions. They contended that this
f eir own had fallen under the
ofteadquarters and was impotent
thn. Nor did they succeed much
wi a grievance committee insti-
y e present commission.
s ways been the popular belief
oleman's job is a sinecure—that
it retty soft and easy, with fine
tleo do and plenty of perquisites.
t notion that policemen could
h e grievances calling for drastic
rou d derision everywhere; sym-
or e Boston cops was nonexistent
amg their personal friends. Had
sgested to the average citizen
ssiy they had a strong case and
t reiving fair treatment he would
enooted. The very mention of a
reed easy pickings.

on Hours and Low Pay

s bston learned with a shock and
eehumiliation the police scale of
pifully low and their hours longer
no any class of labor. The mini-
y as round $21 a week and the
m reached the sixth year—$31.
.in policeman had to buy a com-
ifm and equipment, which cost

vaon men worked ninety-eight
wek, the night men did a total of
re hours a week and the day men
1 und seventy-three hours. Pay
tenty-one to twenty-eight cents
—d, of course, any sort of labor
m d higher rates than those now-

oritions in several of the station
erdeplorable. In the dormitories
re sed by two and three men in
n uring a day and night without
nie.
Division Two," declared John F.
, resident of the policemen's
the is but one bathtub for 135
oly four toilets. Bedbugs, rats
r rms of vermin roam at will in
Ne, Thirteen and Eighteen."
ole received no extra pay for
wk. They had to attend every
vat like a parade, band concert
gathering and they wanted that
l n their pay. They also ob-
divering unpaid tax bills when
viously the duty of a civilian em-
nc complained of being forced to
eir. They condemned the condi-
le which civil-service examina-
re held and objected to the
on reserving to himself the right
te man regardless of the showing
co petitive examination.
ara few of the grievances which
aert they could not get re-
Tey were news to Boston and
ts f sympathy for the strikers—
h ever, weakening one iota the
n hat the policemen had no right
e vth the American Federation of
l right either in law or morals
rie. The Hub stands like Gibral-
at sue.
ficer or sergeant of the force
e nion, being ineligible, and
ol eman who followed the crowd
in his judgment and inclination.
re oerced. As always happens,
he lunged aggressive minority
y ompelled the others to fall
in line. I talked with a striking policeman who had been nine years on the force. He did not want to join the union in the first place, but he could not stand the ostracism which "scab" entails for a nonunion man and his wife and children; and though he was opposed to a strike, he could not leave the others in the lurch after they had decided to walk out.

"How many wanted to go on strike? Less than fifty per cent, but a lot were led to vote that way because they didn't want to desert the boys," he said.

Another member of the force, who had been with it so many years that he could have retired on half pay in another seven months, joined the union virtually under compulsion, and once in it had to walk out when ordered. And now in his old age he is out of a job and without means of support. What's more, it is doubtful if he could perform any work but that of a policeman, for when a man has put in many years on a police force he is unfit for most other jobs.

"I didn't join the union at first," he said. "But one day I went into the station house and opposite my name on the bulletin board somebody had written in red ink, 'Scab.' The kids at school yelled it at my children too. What is a man going to do?"

The Trouble-Making Minority

A minority jammed through unionization of the Boston police and a minority forced the strike, whatever the tally of votes may have showed. It is always the case. In New England less than twenty-five per cent of organized labor is radical, according to those who ought to know. The percentage grows the farther west one goes, yet men who have studied the subject doubt whether thirty-three per cent of the total membership of the American Federation of Labor belongs among the radicals; and organized labor constitutes only three per cent—or less—of the population of the United States. In other words, about one per cent of the American people is raising Hades for the other ninety-nine per cent and threatening to overturn the institutions in which they believe. It is the realization of this that makes the average citizen grow hot under the collar and sometimes long for command of a firing squad.

Well, the police formed their union and persuaded practically all the men of the force to join it. Charges were soon filed against nineteen of them.

"At the request of counsel for the men," says a statement from Commissioner Curtis, "I heard the cases myself instead of referring them to a trial board. The facts were undisputed. I found the men guilty and delayed imposing the finding, merely suspending them from duty. I did not discharge them because had I done so I would be without power to reinstate them at any time. Instead of taking the opportunity which was thus open to save their positions the majority of the force deliberately deserted and abandoned their duty and the city which they had sworn to protect."

Threats of a strike if the members of the union under charges should be suspended were freely made before their cases came up for hearing. In view of the gravity of the prospect Mayor Peters appointed a committee to investigate the trouble and act as mediators, and endless negotiation and argument and conferences followed. This committee did their utmost, but to no avail. Their executive committee succeeded in drawing up a plan to which the tacit consent of the policemen was given, but the commissioner could not see his way to accept it. The plan received Mayor Peters' indorsement, and the committee which presented it was composed of well-known Bostonians—James J. Storrow, B. Preston Clarke, George E. Brock, P. A. O'Connell, James J. Phelan, A. C. Ratshesky and F. S. Snyder. Briefly it provided that the policemen should give up affiliation with the American Federation of Labor but maintain a union within the department to deal with questions relating to hours and wages and physical conditions of work; called for an investigation of the police demands and grievances by a committee of three citizens, which should continue to act as a sort of court of arbitration; and stipulated that no member of the force should be discriminated against because of any previous affiliation with the American Federation of Labor—neither should there be any discrimination on the part of the policemen's union against any member of the force because of refusal to join.

The main objection to the plan, of course, was that it gave immunity to the ringleaders in the unionization of the police. Anyhow, the commissioner would not agree to it; the nineteen policemen were suspended; and after taking a vote about fourteen hundred policemen made good their threat to strike.

Everybody knows what happened after that. The spectacle of Boston given over to lawless mobs shook the whole country. President Wilson denounced the strike as a crime against civilization, and Elihu Root told the National Security League: "What does the police strike in Boston mean? It means that the men who have been employed and taken their oaths to maintain order and suppress crime as the servants of all the people are refusing to perform that solemn duty unless they are permitted to become members of a great organization which contains perhaps three per cent of the people. Now, if that is done that is the end—except for a revolution. Government cannot be maintained unless it has the power to use force. If the power to use force passes from the ninety-seven per cent of the whole people of the United States to this organization of three per cent, the ninety-seven per cent are no longer a self-governing people."

The ninety-seven per cent were quick to take alarm—and up to date they give every indication of maintaining self-government! The whole country blazed into resentment. If policemen could join the American Federation of Labor and go on strike, leaving their communities helpless, where would unionization end? The police in a score of cities were watching the outcome. Already many fire departments were affiliated with the American Federation of Labor; what if they should strike too? What of sympathetic strikes? And if the police could owe allegiance to a union, why not the Army? Where would it all end? In soviet government? A night of rioting in Boston woke the United States to the real nature of the menace.

The Governor's Reply

Even labor-union men condemned the walkout. They might uphold the right of the police to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, but when the consequences endangered the safety of their own families and property and threatened to make them jobless through general demoralization of business they realized that it was carrying the thing too far. Tying up the public was one thing; letting anarchy loose was another.

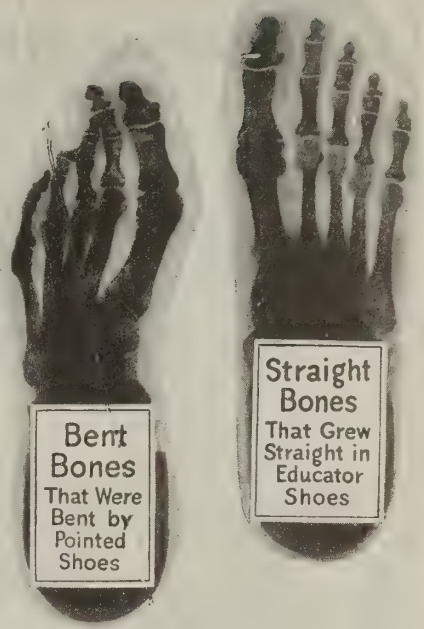
The bulk of organized labor disapproved of the cops' action. Only the newer membership of the unions supported them and favored a sympathetic strike. As a lot of new members had been admitted into the union of the carmen on the elevated a ticklish situation was produced, but aside from this union and the telephone operators, who voted to strike, organized labor blew cold on the proposition.

And what about the federation? Gompers realized immediately that the policemen's case was hopeless and sought to exert pressure to the end that the men might be taken back and all action against them suspended until after the labor conference in Washington in October. To this request Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts made a reply which struck a responsive chord in every corner of America and lifted him into national prominence overnight:

"The right of the police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited. The suggestion of President Wilson to Washington does not apply to Boston. There the police have remained on duty. Here the Policemen's Union left their duty, an action which President Wilson characterized as a crime against civilization.

"Your assertion that the commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity, the criminal element furnished the action. There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.

"You ask that the public safety again be placed in the hands of these same policemen while they continue in disobedience to



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Educators are broad-toed, sensible "civilian" shoes that let the feet grow as they should, and at the same time, give well-bred good looks.

The *whole family* appreciates foot comfort. Why not get them *all* into Educators! When buying, be sure the word EDUCATOR shows on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this mark. It means that behind the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

IF YOU HAVE FEET, READ THIS BOOK

It is called "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Tells things you've never seen in print before. Free. Write for it.

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Service—personal, expert grinding wheel advice.
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DIVISION No. 1 Light Four-wheeled Trailmobiles for use with passenger cars or light trucks, 1,250 lbs., ¾ ton and 1 ton.

DIVISION No. 2 Heavy-duty Four-wheeled Trailmobiles for use with trucks: 1½ tons, non-reversible; 2 tons; 3½ tons; and 5 tons, reversible and non-reversible.

DIVISION No. 3 Semi-Trailmobiles, 2 tons; 3 tons; 5 tons and 7 tons.

THE TRAILMOBILE PROPOSITION is as attractive to the dealer as to the user. Trailmobile dealers are doing an ever-growing profitable business. British and European representation is desired.

THERE are Trailmobiles for the farmer who wishes to haul stock, fruit or produce with his passenger car; for the bottler who uses light trucks; for the lumberman who hauls logs to the mill, or lumber from the yard to the job—for every kind of load that is hauled over the roads.

This 3½-ton four-wheeled reversible Trailmobile hauls logs to the mill of the W. J. Steele Lumber Co., at Martinsville, Ind. It is pulled by a 3½-ton truck.

Results have been extremely satisfactory. The truck now takes twice as large a load at every trip as it formerly did. The equipment cost 50 per cent less and 75 per cent of the operating cost of a second truck is saved.

Heavy duty Trailmobiles have exclusive coupling mechanism which gives them especial advantages in coupling and uncoupling, and in backing.

Write for booklet, "Economy in Hauling."

The Trailmobile Company
503–523 East Fifth Street **Cincinnati, Ohio**

Good roads are preserved by reducing the load carried on each wheel.

the laws of Massachusetts and in their refusal to obey the orders of the police department. Nineteen men have been tried and removed. Others having abandoned their duty, their places have under the law been declared vacant on the opinion of the attorney general. I can suggest no authority outside the courts to take further action.

"I wish to join and assist in taking a broad view of every situation. A grave responsibility rests on all of us. You can depend on me to support you in every legal action and sound policy. I am equally determined to defend the sovereignty of Massachusetts and to maintain the authority and jurisdiction over her public officers, where it has been placed by the constitution and laws of her people."

I asked Governor Coolidge whether he thought the American Federation of Labor had advised or sanctioned the strike.

"The federation has never advised a strike there was no hope of winning," he replied cautiously.

I asked one of their counsel whether he had done so.

"No, I advised against it," Mr. Vahey declared earnestly. "They had already affiliated with the federation before I was called in, but both Feeney and I urged them to give up their membership in it. We told them we could get more for them than they could through the federation. But they stuck. When their leaders were suspended the men had to stand by them."

Mayor Peters had received assurances that ample protection for the city would be available in the event of a police strike. Consequently the tangle was left to the police commissioner, and statements from the department persuaded the public that the situation was well in hand. He had at his disposal all the sergeants and officers of the force; also a hundred men of the Metropolitan Park Police, an organization distinct from the Boston department.

Such was the official force the commissioner could count on and it seemed adequate to him. For the protection of the banking houses and large business establishments of the city bodies of guards had been organized privately and these were supplemented by hundreds of volunteers who offered their services as patrolmen.

In fact big business and the larger mercantile concerns had prepared fairly well for eventualities. But Boston hadn't guessed a tenth of what those eventualities would be.

The police went out before six o'clock on a Tuesday night. Several hours later the scum of South Boston and the West and North End were on a rampage. Scollay Square, the district between Boylston and School streets, all along Washington and Tremont streets, echoed to the crash of glass as the mobs of rowdies and thieves looted where they willed.

The Shop-Window Raiders

A crowd of more than five thousand persons gathered in the vicinity of Broadway in South Boston and when charged by about fifty of the park police met them with a barrage of stones and sticks and bottles and eggs. The rioters rocked the street cars and stoned some loyal patrolmen of D Street station who had declined to go on strike.

Long before midnight the mobs held undisputed possession of the streets. With nobody to hinder, huge bands of hoodlums went prowling through the heart of the city, holding up any unlucky pedestrians who came their way and pillaging stores which caught their fancy. A swift kick on a plate-glass window, then a scramble for the spoils.

"At about twelve-thirty we heard a far-off sound of smashing glass," said a former newspaper editor, who was on guard at a fashionable specialty shop, "like the tinkle of a toy bell. After a while we saw a mass of people swing out of Avery or Mason Street into Tremont. There wasn't any noise. They were walking along at a moderate pace—perhaps two miles an hour—and saying nothing. All of them were young—mere boys—averaging from eighteen to twenty years, I should say. And they were entirely sober. We did not see a single drunk that night. There were no women, but a few waited on the other side of the road, perhaps out of curiosity. A large battered automobile was creeping along close to the curb.

"Suddenly came a crash of glass. They had demolished a window and were going after the stock inside. We could see them surrounding the store and ha in stuff. A taxi or two, devoid o ig numbers, stopped across the roa un inside them got their share o pl Quite a few taxis operated in t f during the night.

"Approaching us, the crow le sidewalk and took to the gutter a l of the road. They slowed dow p and we heard, 'Let 'er go! Le However, no bricks were heave body yelled, 'Whatcha got in y Jack?' for we kept our hands in ets. I answered, 'On your way!' loitering a moment longer someb 'Ah, come on! He looks like a p guy!' And the whole mob drifte

"Later twenty-five or thirty to us in groups of two and three came for one purpose—to ad take our goods out of the win draw the curtains. They said followed the crowd to see the fu

"Back came the battered auton and slowed down in front of 'Say, youse guys can thank Gaw in front of your place when the g

"The crowd acted without an At five in the morning I walked a Washington Street and in the W see the havoc. I found the sa haphazard looting everywhere— battered at this point and anothe much richer in possibilities, What the merchants and financia feared was a quick rough-stuff party of motorists. Cars with were scudding up and down al saw one pass our place five tim ently scouting for chances."

Crap Games on the Con

Crap games started early in t and were in full swing on the of Boston Common before seve Headquarters was on the pa across from the Park Street C famous "Brimstone Corner" of No police or patrols to bother crap shooters displayed a total di the throngs of spectators, and p Big Dick and Little Phœbe ac their needs with the passionate e they would have put into a game back of the garage.

And next day—oh, boy! Bost a wide-open town for gambl shooting everywhere; staid citiz bled over games en route to busi the click of the bones in the lobbi office buildings. There were eve wheels in operation in broad dayl open air. And they were not games by any means. In many a men were shooting for ten dollar

An incident occurred at one of on the Common which is illumi player of the tough-mug variet those guys who talk out of th their mouths—won forty dollar came wishful to retire. Evident cipated trouble in getting away roll, for he pulled a gun, and h money in one hand while he c companions with the weapon, bac away. Once law and order are bro there is no security even for thos the wrecking.

A night of unbridled hoodlu followed by a day of rioting, of thievery, accompanied by co property loss, assaults on womer eral casualties. The losses were aggerated in the press reports and did not exceed fifty thousand d there was no organized looting. youths charged in court with lar shoes had the stolen property on not a pair in the lot.

After grabbing some shoes or s would sell them to another mem mob for twenty-five or fifty cents novel sight was witnessed of rowdi fitting stolen shoes to one anot while they sat on the sidewalk.

Business concerns took steps their places against possible rai shops became veritable arsenals. with barbed-wire entanglements entrances at night; wire and trimmings round the door wer with electricity. Windows wer boarded. Inside a force of gua ready, with a system of alarms d meet any emergency, powerful ar blind any intruders, and rifles, revo riot guns available for instant supplement these defenses they

(Concluded on Page 72)

THE POWER OF WORDS

CONFUCIUS, philosopher, teacher, statesman, gave the world the first known version of the Golden Rule. His medium of expression was not art, architecture, science or ceremony, but words.

This principle by which men must live if they would succeed; by which nations must be guided if they would endure; this first law of all humanly controlled development is most clearly and forcefully set forth in words.

Words give strength and direction to deeds. The destinies of nations hung on the action generated by the words: "They shall not pass."

Words have been a mighty factor in the growth of industry. Words create confidence and desire. They are the point of contact between the mass of the people and the product.

The power of words is multiplied through repetition and magnified through distribution. Words open channels of trade; they make the people of a thousand communities hold in respect the same commodity. These great commercial values bound up in words are the rewards of advertising; for advertising has made an art of fitting words to business needs.

The development of advertising is the result of the last fifty years, which time also represents the age of the house of N. W. AYER & SON.

Many trade names, of more value than the great factories back of them, have been born in our house and established through our efforts. We have turned wares into words which have brought distribution wherever these words have been read. Experience is the basis of our operations.

Our half-century of ceaseless service has gained for us the title of "Advertising Headquarters." Our task is to so use the power of words that we "Make advertising pay the advertiser." This experience is available to organizations wishing to either establish or enlarge their fields of operation.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

"The Thoroughbred"

The spirited air of this *newest* of new dress-overcoats stamps it a thoroughbred from fabric to buttonhole.

It is as slim, trim and well-poised as a blue grass blue-ribboner.

Beauty of shoulder-set—cling of collar—high waist-line and graceful drape mark the new production of

Clothes Young Men Want

Made in the City of New York by

Cohen & Lang

707–709 Broadway, New York City

Write for your dealer's name and a set of Fashion Panel Cards

(Concluded from Page 70)

hose all set. It would have taken trained troops to storm the place.

For several days no goods were displayed in the windows or show cases of the principal stores. Retail trade was paralyzed. Owners of valuables stored them away in vaults or other safe places. It seems remarkable that no really high-priced stuff was looted the first night. Rich furs and dress goods, silks—all manner of articles which would tempt a professional thief with a knowledge of values—escaped. And they grabbed shoes and cheap jewelry and shirts and umbrellas!

Equally remarkable is it that there was no incendiarism—plenty of false alarms, but no fires. Boston began to speculate about a week later on what might have happened had booze been on sale in the city.

It would take too long to tell all that happened before order was restored, but as Bill Hamilton once remarked in an account of proceedings after a bum decision at a prize fight, "pantomime reigned." Besides old families and men and women of culture and breeding, besides safe and sane business men, a conservative professional class, and a labor population which is substantial and self-respecting, Boston possesses in considerable numbers a red-necked type which is always eager for a fight and packs a wallop in either hand. And these gentry had free run of the city.

Things became so bad that troops were called out and the Massachusetts State Guard took over the policing under Brigadier General Samuel D. Parker. The mayor is empowered in case of tumult or riot to take over the police department, which Mr. Peters did on Wednesday morning. He called out that part of the State Guard living within the city limits, but their number being totally inadequate, it became necessary to call all the State Guard throughout the commonwealth. Authority for this action rested in the governor and accordingly Mr. Coolidge took charge of the situation, reinvesting police authority in Commissioner Curtis and instructing him to obey only such orders as the governor might issue.

The State Guard is equivalent to the Home Guards and is composed of men who volunteered for duty to replace the National Guard when it was called into service during the war. Most of them are either above or below draft age or had disabilities which prevented their going into the Army, and they come from all walks of life. You can find wealthy men in the State Guard, and college professors, and boys just beginning to use a safety razor.

These troops were distributed about the city, with a strong force held in reserve for emergency. They patrolled the streets and did guard duty, kept everybody moving, permitted no sidewalk conversations and made scores of arrests. Also they killed a few who resisted the enforcement of law. In spite of their three-speed rifles—you have to cock them three times, but luckily there is no reverse—the State Guard proved themselves efficient troops and handled the troubles firmly.

The Cooper Street Riots

Commissioner Curtis told me that crime dropped fifty per cent below normal as soon as they brought in the soldiers to restore order. And I was able to see for myself the salutary effect the presence of the guard had on soap-box agitators and Bolshevik windjammers. They had been fond of street meetings, but evidently something told them that the time was not propitious for incendiary talk. You couldn't have found a soap-box orator with a search warrant after the troops got on the job.

Soldiers were quartered in Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty. But according to C. H. Eveleth, who was a schoolboy in Boston in 1863, it was not the first time the Cradle had been used for a barracks.

"In July, 1863, at the time of the Cooper Street riots," he states, "the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, a regiment just returned from North Carolina, was quartered in Faneuil Hall for a few days. Police patrolled the streets, while at night Latin School boys watched at the bridges to Charlestown and Cambridge to open the draws if any riotous mob attempted to enter the city. The above is a fact from my personal knowledge.

"The Forty-fourth Regiment quartered in Boylston Hall and with the Forty-fifth were kept to be used in a body if the police could not do the work in the streets. The only fatalities were on Cooper Street, when Major Jones gave the mob grape and satisfaction on their attempting to seize the cannon of the Eleventh Massachusetts Battery, just back from a nine months' tour of duty in Virginia."

Meanwhile amateur traffic cops were working up a perspiration at every busy crossing. How those earnest volunteers did step to it! Being new to traffic regulation, they made ten times more work of their tasks than the experienced policeman, but they handled the streams of traffic somehow and kept things rolling. I saw an aged white-bearded citizen on duty at one crossing, a marine at another, a captain of infantry directing on Tremont Street, an automobile salesmen and other such plutocrats galore. Taken by and large, the citizenry of Boston can always be relied on to show a fine spirit.

Reporters Not Popular

An amusing phase of the strike was the fashion in which the newspapers disappointed the police. The news writers of Boston organized a union, which became affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. In consequence the police fondly believed they would receive the support of the press in their efforts to unionize, little knowing the extent of reportorial influence in a newspaper establishment. And when the Boston papers with practically one voice scored them unmercifully for their action the policemen's chagrin and resentment knew no bounds.

I saw their feeling manifested at a meeting of the "El" men in Fay Hall, called to consider the question of a sympathetic strike. To this the police were invited—the reporters, not. Indeed the gentleman who presided made it plain at the outset that no reporters were wanted. He cautioned everybody to examine everybody else's card and make sure that no ringers or press representatives were present in the gathering. Then somebody in the smoke-filled hall, jammed to the last inch with breathless, coughing, perspiring humanity—some one of the two thousand present raised a yell, "Mister President, there's reporters listening out in the hall!"

"Throw 'em out! Throw 'em downstairs! Shut the door!" cried a babel of voices.

I began to suspect they didn't want me there and my chair in the back part of the hall grew stickily uncomfortable. However, the meeting went on and nobody paid me special attention. In about half an hour the doorkeeper—seized perhaps with a faint recollection of the kind of admission card I had showed—suddenly gave tongue.

"Mister President!" he bellowed.

"What is it?"

"I have reason to b'lieve there's a reporter at the back of this hall."

Frenzied shouts to chuck him out and "Lemme at him" and "Fling the pup out the window"—and I had gone to that meeting with the friendliest sort of feelings! However, though I might be conspicuous at a Newport function, there is nothing in my appearance to make me an outstanding figure in a motormen's gathering, so I let them yell and glare round, and in a minute or two the meeting got back into stride.

That is ever the way. My sympathies are always with the under dog; and often, after thinking over the way wage earners get gouged by profiteers and exploiters, and their real, their terrible grievances, I begin to see red and my heart goes out to the toilers. Then I go mixing with union men and my sympathy is chilled. They won't let outsiders be friendly.

I have in my time attended labor meetings during which they dropped chairs down the fire escapes in the hope of beaning any newspaper reporters who might be lurking about. And I respectfully submit that labor's attitude toward everybody not affiliated with them is marked by too evident hostility. They go on the assumption that the whole world is an enemy and treat the world on that basis. What hope of an amicable settlement of differences so long as this spirit rules?

If it could be banished and the old leather-head type of capitalist and employer painlessly removed by strangling or any equally effective method a long step toward industrial peace would be achieved.

An astonishing thing about labor is its frequent stupidity in bulk. A union man who displays—as an individual—balance and intelligence of a high order will often turn into a shouting, blithering io tense atmosphere of a stormy n permits a brass-lunged orator his living talking claptrap ar nonsense which would daze ev posers of national anthems—he professional agitators to sta into action which his better jud demns. But then, the intellig individual members of a crow higher than their collective i and the noisy ten per cent of m overwhelm the ninety who thin

I recall conversing with a before a meeting some weeks a eminently sound ideas. He th President Wilson ought to hav at home to straighten out ou domestic problems instead of f over in Europe with them Jugg such; and did I know that th lists printed in the newspapers were often higher than the pri could get at the stores? In formed an excellent opinion o ment when the speaker of the up on his hind legs and started my friend went loco.

Of all the old, stale, hell capitalism buncombe I ever speech was about the worst. have appealed to the reason o child of ten. But it went big with and to my unutterable dismay m ance shouted and banged approv as the rest.

After that first night the poli doomed. Aroused public opinio against them. Had every unio decided to go on strike to hel would have lost. Had the who the American Federation of L thrown on their side, they woul been beaten.

No Jobs and No Un

But the federation had no i backing so hopeless a cause. It been suicidal. There was much t eral sympathetic strike—many deal of acrimonious debate, of countercharges—but when the t for action the Central Labor proved the recommendation of tee of seventeen that no gen should be called. Various un financial assistance to the polic President O'Donnell, "for reas the committee does not care to n at this time your committee is make sure of its ground in case to call for a general demonstrati up the police in its fight and c We don't intend to give anybod to say we have not used good ju has been said of the policemen. pect that labor will go out on strike to-morrow morning and rioting. In this they will be dis as the committee and movement law and order, and the committ cided it is necessary to fight like tion, whose representatives spen weeks of the year in preparing to fight us."

Thus did the policemen's str out, flivver, perish as miserabl bitterest critic could have desi now they're out of jobs, withou

Some sentiment has been Boston recently in regard to ta the striking police. The argum vanced that the city needs the men, and since the union is beat of business and the police ha their lesson and now have their punishment of the ringleaders suffice. On the other hand, one Boston and all over the country should be no compromise—that t out the police vacated their jobs ner which prevents their rein under the law and if they were duty what would be their attitu those who had remained faithf posts? What would be their a case of trouble toward those uni had voted them financial help in

Whatever may happen to the they surely started something. else, they now take cold comf claim that their strike brought and better conditions for oth forces—a belated thought, whic occur to them until they needed

Discerning observers class the defeat of the Boston union as a against the radical elements of lab One went to the public—to law

CLANK CLINKSCALES' DUODENUM

(Continued from Page 5)

...s I personally chip in one that I ...an. You might call it patriotism— ...e! But it's worth it to me—in the ...r"

...(out now took two paces to the ...f lower lip grew more infirm. The ...ch grew in his eyes. Yet he persisted ...further.

..."would they run the Government," ...ed as a last appeal to reason, ...out taxes?"

..."their business!" stated Mr. ...as. His duodenum grew worse ...under this man's obstinacy. He ...denough—all he wanted by this ..."what's their business!" he said. ..."business to cut down the high cost ...And it's your business," he stated ...clinton, "to get me the figures to do ...To find out exactly—to a T—a ...istoy which we—can sell goods at ...cost, remember!" he shouted in ...You understand?"

..."r," responded Mr. Grout.

...o turning, he walked backward ...room, his lower lip limp and ...his eyes glued upon his em... ...ch that new unusual light in ...light of one remembering hap... ...r, saner days.

...old Clank Clinkscales rose him... ...ad had a hard day of it. He was ...t. He could feel again that irrita... ...iscomfort in his digestion which ...se—that always followed all un... ...t. His duodenum, he saw, was ...ever.

..."want them," he called after Mr. ...e passed from the office, "next ...time for the annual association ..."

...well-known custom of the Carda... ...ee Millers and Refiners Associa... ...America once a year to meet and ...er at the St. Randolph Hotel in ...or and to discuss, in every friendly ...ntmanly way which would not ...ttan infringement on the Federal ...aist combination, the safeguards ...rts and the self-protection to be ...bout the trade for the ensuing ...nths.

...e inner in January, 1920, at the ...of ne more formal business, the com... ...ot patriotic coöperation reported ...ed resolution upon the Govern... ...ent action affecting the trade as

...ed. This association has aimed to ...overnment in every way, shape and ...ering the recent happily termi... ...ar. And,

...ea The cardamom-seed millers' ...aln on the average, is the lowest ...wh few exceptions, in all Amer... ...ries, amounting to but three and ...nts of the consumer's dollar.

...ea The War Department is now, ...g ne war, disposing of the huge ...of ardamom seeds purchased by it ...thr conditions at prices without ...t present high costs of produc... ...olicy which threatens ruin to the ...ade. Therefore,

...ve, That the United States Gov... ...hrespectfully petitioned to cease, ...ny be, a policy which cannot but ...advantage not only to the miller ...ve, wholesaler and retailer, every ...of cardamom seeds, and ulti... ...mate turn to the great disadvantage ...consumer himself.

...ve That this resolution be spread ...minutes and be called to the at... ...of every senator and representative ...re wherever producers, millers, ...and retailers of cardamom seeds ...elated, in the effort to find a ...for this self-evident injustice to a ...nerican industry.

...hairman of the meeting having ...d his and the suave and experi... ...esident of the association and pre... ...ce of the evening having opened ...ted for discussion, a speaker rose ...enter of the table who was recog... ...the diners with some surprise as ...Clinkscales. It was clear at once, ...those who did not know him personally, that he was not a trained public speaker, yet all eyes were upon him as he passed directly to his main point.

"You're wrong!" stated old Clank Clinkscales without equivocation. "You're all wrong! Your proposition ain't worth a little lady cigarette smoker's damn!"

At this point Mr. Charles Barker, sitting at the left of the president of the association, leaned over, whispering some information, and the latter was seen to give a slight start.

"Not a damn!" reiterated the speaker firmly. "You're going at it all the wrong way—bucking them there in Washington. What'll they do? The first thing they'll do they'll dig up something from the Clayton Act or the Eight-Hour Railroad Law or the Espionage Act of 1861 and put you all in jail for combination in restraint of trade. They'll salt you down legally under the Interstate Commerce Act for less than that—for the rest of your natural lives in jail—and you know it!"

This sentiment was much appreciated by all the diners, but a specially marked snicker of appreciation rose across from the speaker—apparently from a frail, rather pale young man in a new and very elaborate dinner coat.

"Now I've got a proposition—right here," continued old Clank Clinkscales after stopping and apparently observing this young man for the first time, "that's worth ten of that! What you want to do is not fight them. What you want to do is to coöperate with them like I'm going to do. What do they ask you to do?" inquired the speaker. "To cut down the high cost of living, don't they? All right—we'll do it! We'll cut it down for them where it grows! We'll cut down the high cost of taxes!"

"Good idea," interjected the youngish member in the fancy dinner coat across the table, who at a banquet in less temperate days might have been considered somewhat inebriated.

"Now I've got the figures right here," continued the speaker after pausing a moment, marking him down with a cold corner of his eye. "What do they get out of this trade of ours here to waste in Washington? Out of this room right here—in excess-profit taxes alone? Twenty million dollars—you know and I know! Not a cent less! Yes—and more! Where does it go?" asked the speaker still more loudly—"that twenty million dollars and more? God knows! They don't—in Washington. They don't try to, even. You know that. All they want to do is to get in more and more and shovel it out faster and faster. They tell me"—he stopped to interpolate—"those who know, that they've got three bills in Congress—right now, to-day—to put in steam shovels into the Treasury Building to save manual labor for the poor overworked paying clerks in that department!"

"Good old boy!" said the youngish man in the dress suit, now waking up to the occasion. There was an occasional appreciative giggle elsewhere. The speaker, gazing at his unsolicited supporter with a somewhat more baleful look, pursued his argument.

"Three-quarters of it they waste," he stated, again resorting to statistics. "The other quarter—or half, more likely—they spend rushing round the country telling us, lecturing us, instructing us how to do our business. High cost of living! You know what it is! High cost of taxes—that's what it is! That's the whole trouble with the world to-day—taxes and the fellows that are spending them and the ones that are hoping to get them to help them stop having to work. And about two years more of this will bust us all wide open—you and me and everybody—if somebody does not stop it," asserted Clank Clinkscales.

"Taxes!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales. "The high cost of taxes! Somebody's got to start stopping them some time. So why not us—right here, now? I'll tell you one thing," he stated with a marked snort: "they don't get any more out of me unless they operate for them!"

"Some old war horse!" stated the youth in the peaked-lapeled dinner coat with critical admiration. His efforts produced one or two responsive snickers among the younger members of the trade, but there

(Continued on Page 77)

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OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

MADE-TO-MEASURE-CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 75)

re so some grave faces now—including
president of the association and even
re pecially the father of the humorous
ingnan, who was associated with him
siness.

Sothen I've got a new proposition—
sight and sound, and damned neces-
t! They want the high cost of living
e. All right—we'll reduce it for
-not by passing resolutions on gov-
ne sales of old goods. The time's
for that. The time's come now
so stop hollering and take our medi-
-nd give them theirs—if the world's
o live and get well again! Gentle-
"aid old Clank Clinkscales, now in
pressive manner, "what I propose and
see done in this cardamom-seed
a novelty—a new one. I propose,
ere and now, a combination you
eard of, but the one this country
s id has got to have if it is going to
ng and get anywhere—a combina-
restraint of taxes!"

Hray!" cried the voice of the speak-
ong admirer, rising above the general
newhat more restrained laughter
llowed this.

"It'll do for a while!" said the speaker,
dressing his young commentator
tl He was a man of action naturally.
n't care to speak in public anyway.
tl way his duodenum felt now under
i er and the unusual strain of speak-
enough to make any man feel raw—
othing of having that thing opposite
the short-waisted empire-style of
clothes.

Te!" it persisted in crying out. "But
bout us?" it asked brightly. "If
ot pay taxes, huh, where do we get

'll how you damned quick where you
off little Violet Water—you and your
a, too," replied the speaker of the
in with conscious self-repression. "A
me remarks from you and I'll muss
u so your favorite manicurist can't
e e remains look like much of any-
. And your poppa's, too," he added
afterthought.

ere was now a sudden movement on
other side of the table, and the father
e young man, who was associated with
in usiness, was seen to rise. Passing
lyo the side of his son he finally per-
ed im to retire from the room. There
nw a number of other serious faces
g he listeners—especially among the
embers, who remembered Clank
sdes' past record more fully and
e that same light in his eyes before.
n now," said the speaker, "while
e putting little Clara to bed I'll
r proposition to you and I'll make
ef"

vs getting tired of talking to these
e yhow. They didn't seem to want
k n what he said. All right—they
te it or leave it.

s said once before," he continued,
eady's got to stop this thing some-
e! So I propose this: I propose that
20 ne members of the Cardamom Seed
rs nd Refiners Association of America
themselves, here and now, to pay no
al corporation taxes—beyond the
nu required by law; no excess-profit
yhow, and as few others as we can
o and that a committee be appointed
t his thing through; and I put that
fm of a motion."

ir this, Mr. Clinkscales stood wait-
p his feet as if for remarks or a
di of his motion.

o understand you to mean," in-
i e suave and experienced presiding
, Mr. Pritchard, in the absence of a
l, Mr. Clinkscales, that you would
ay any Federal taxes?"

o that you don't have to."

o would you do that?"

y t earning them to pay them out—
eight per cent on your capital any-
Ad less—if we could fix it."

ten, as I understand you," inquired
ha man further, "you would forgo
ov profits in order not to pay the
n ent's taxes?"

ka ly so—all of them, so far as I am
rn l," said Clank Clinkscales, getting
ar more tired of all this unnecessary
qu stioning on a self-evident proposi-

He was getting irritable, he could feel
his duodenum was worrying him
li a dog. And he had a feeling now
he were all against him, no matter
of they talked. "And the sooner you
h said, "the better for all concerned.
It's not only better business in my opinion and better patriotism—it's both in the long run."

"How could the Government operate without taxes?" inquired a member.

"That's their business."

"How would we run—that's the question?" inquired another with a more commercial turn of mind.

"That's our business!" suggested another wit, and there was another slight ecstasy of laughter among the younger set. But many faces of the older men, remembering more clearly Clank Clinkscales' younger days, grew decidedly more serious. The suave chairman, Mr. Pritchard in fact, spoke carefully and seriously on the subject.

"I yield to none," he said, now rising and bowing slightly to Mr. Clinkscales, who had sat down, "in my respect for my old friend, Mr. Clarence J. Clinkscales. He is, as we all know, the grand old man, the nestor of the cardamom-seed trade. He has the full-hearted admiration of all members of this association—for his long-established leadership in our trade, for that enterprise, that iron courage, that initiative, that pioneering pertinacity which has marked in special measure the growth of this great American industry.

"But," he continued, again bowing to the subject of his remarks, "in this particular instance I cannot follow him. I feel that the proposition he advances from a business standpoint is scarcely normal, while from the standpoint of our National Government I could scarcely feel that it would be—as I understand he believes—an evidence of genuine patriotism for us as an association to withhold the taxes—the food of our National Government, so to say, upon which its activities must all be supported. And so ——"

"Question!" cried one of the younger members. "Question!" The resolution of protest was then passed—no one having even seconded the motion of Mr. Clinkscales.

Following this action, Mr. Clinkscales struggled to his feet.

"All right!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "Have it your own way! Have it your own way!" he repeated. "Hell's boiling!" he said suddenly. "If you don't want to come in with me, you don't have to! If you don't want to come along, I'll go alone! And I'll show you something new—and interesting! I'll show you something you never heard about! I'll show you some ruthless patriotism!

"You've heard about ruthless cutthroat competition—in the old days—when chewing tobacco was more stylish than perfumed cigarettes," he said, gazing more and more earnestly at the younger diners; "before we all put on silk socks and hitched up here in this men's sewing circle. Now I'm going to show you something like it—but a little different. I'll show you some old-fashioned competition in a righteous cause. I've done a little on my own hook in the old days," said Clank Clinkscales with dark memories in his voice. "And now, if it's necessary to strangle a few competitors for God and country—you watch me! I'm not like the man who can't do it—if it's absolutely necessary! And to do this right I'll now resign from this association."

"But, Mr. Clinkscales!" cried several of the older members simultaneously. But the speaker was going on.

"But—nothing!" said the excited man. His whole body from his duodenum up seemed to be now in flames. "I'll show you! I'll take a pleasure in doing it—for my own enjoyment! I'd kind of like it. I ain't had any real business excitement, anyhow, for twenty years—since these damned peace conferences began—with all the little pink-toed sons-in-law running them. But now you watch me!"

"But you don't understand, Mr. Clinkscales!" cried several of the members, speaking at once.

"I understand all I need to. I understand that I'm done with this association," said Mr. Clinkscales firmly. "And about the first of next week," he said prophetically, "you'll understand it too!

"And now," he concluded, moving suddenly and upsetting an unusually full glass of water on his trousers doing so, "I wish you good night!"

He then turned and tramped heavily out through the door, an anxious waiter following him, sopping the ice water from his dinner clothing. A deep hush now fell upon the gathering at the annual peace festival of the cardamom-seed trade.

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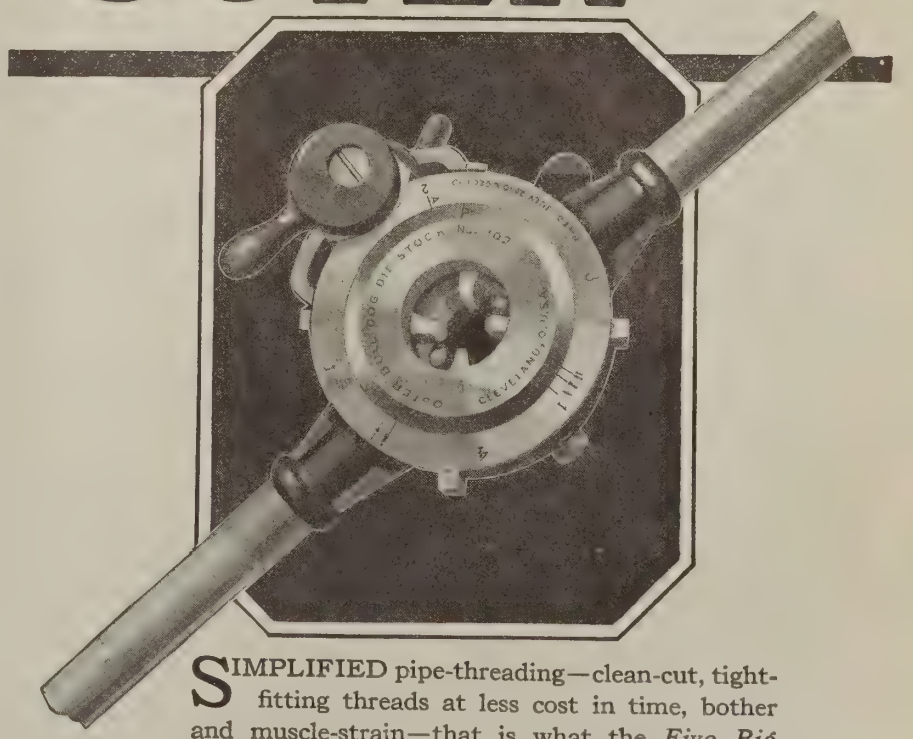

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"You see?" said Mr. Barker sadly, leaning over to the suave and experienced president of the association. "Just what I was afraid of. He's out! He's loose again!"

"All we can do now," said the chairman regretfully, "is to choose a committee to go and visit him."

"You know what it is, don't you?" continued Mr. Barker to the president. "It's this trouble with his digestion he's had this past few years. It drives him about crazy. He don't know what he's doing half the time."

But the president did not answer. He was rising to propose his committee.

At nine o'clock the next morning old Clank Clinkscales was in his office—located in the old-time Swamp wholesale section of lower Manhattan. His voice was curt and his manner businesslike.

"You got them ready?" he inquired of Mr. Grout, who appeared in response to his push button. "My figures?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Grout. His lower lip was not so prominent now. He looked and talked like an old employee whose spirit had been crushed by overwork.

"Give 'em here. I'll look 'em over. That's all!" said Mr. Clinkscales briefly, Mr. Grout then disappearing.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales when he returned a moment later. "No, I don't want to see them!"

"They say they are the committee from the association," returned Mr. Grout, standing steady in spite of weariness.

"All right, show them in!" said his employer with an apparent change of purpose. "I'll see them if they want me to so much."

The committee of two from the Cardamom Seed Millers and Refiners Association then came in.

"Ha! Ha!" cried Mr. Charles Barker, who had been appointed because of his well-known personal relations with Mr. Clinkscales. "Ha! Ha!" he cried at once with a somewhat metallic laugh. "That was a good one you pulled on us last night, Clank—that high-cost-of-taxes stuff! Ha! Ha!"

His laughter was not infectious.

"What ails you?" inquired Clank Clinkscales, regarding him with the steady gaze of a skilled physician at a very sick man. "What are you ha-haing about? You sound like a lovesick jackass full of dandelion greens."

"What do you mean, Clank? What are you after, anyhow?" asked Mr. Barker, ceasing laughing.

"Mean!" exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales. "Haven't I told you enough times yet? I'm cutting out the high cost of taxes—from—the—cardamom—seed—trade," he said distinctly.

"Just what," inquired the other member of the committee, Mr. Pritchard, the skillful president of the Cardamom Seed Millers, "does that mean? What are you preparing to do?"

"That's my business!" answered Mr. Clinkscales definitely. "I gave you your chance to get aboard, didn't I, last night? All right! And you didn't want to! All right! That's your business! But after that what business have you got here?"

"You speak of cutting out the high cost of taxes," returned the president of the association, apparently not hearing his remarks. "I take it by that you mean to cut that out of the price of your goods to the jobber."

"You must be a mind reader," said old Clank Clinkscales unemotionally.

"How much, if I may ask, would that amount to? Or shouldn't I ask that?" inquired the other with no diminution of politeness.

"Certainly, ask ahead," said Mr. Clinkscales openly. "Why not? It will be public property in a day or two. I'm cutting all grades fifteen per cent flat day after to-morrow."

"Fifteen per cent!" exclaimed Mr. Pritchard; and Mr. Barker started nervously from his chair.

"What are you—crazy?" cried Mr. Barker loudly. "You're delirious, Clank! It can't be done!"

"Let me tell you something," said Clank Clinkscales, talking just as loudly. "I go and make you a reasonable, easy proposition—your association—to cut out just the excess-profits taxes over your eight per cent, and you insult me! All right—that's your privilege. It's my privilege to get out of the association and I've done so. Now then, what I'm going to do now is my business—not yours. But I'll tell you this much—as long as you're so anxious to know it. I gave you a chance to cut down your damned taxes—partially. Just the excess-profits tax. Now I'm going to cut them down and I'm going to do a good job. I'm going to cut them to the quick—for God and country!" he said as an afterthought.

"It will ruin you!" said Mr. Pritchard with decision.

"You watch me!" returned the older man.

"And the whole trade, too!" said Mr. Barker with even more feeling in his voice. "You can't do it, Clank—that's all!"

"Don't worry about me! I know what I'm talking about," responded Mr. Clinkscales. "I've got the figures right here."

"It will spell ruin, that's all," remarked the president, "for the cardamom-seed trade."

"All right," said Mr. Clinkscales briefly, "say it does. Now is that all you wanted to know?"

Mr. Barker groaned.

"For God's sake," he said, "Clank, don't do it! You can't!"

"You watch me—you may learn something."

"You wouldn't come back into the association, Clank?" asked Mr. Barker in a wavering voice.

"Not for a million dollars!" said Clank Clinkscales with enthusiasm.

"But," said Mr. Pritchard, starting out again after a time—"aside from that, is it fair—is it right?"

"Is what right?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

"Would you care to take away the revenue of our Government if you could do so? Would it be a practical, businesslike thing to do? Be fair now! Could this country get along without taxes?"

"You've got to think of these things, Clank," said Mr. Barker, again entering the conversation. "You can't let your personal feelings run away with you!"

But Mr. Clinkscales did not reply.

"You're right there!" responded the president with quick approval. "We've all got to do what we can these days. I'm no moralist, but as a practical business man we know there's a duty on all of us—to support our Government."

But still Mr. Clinkscales made no reply.

"There is such a thing as patriotism," said Mr. Barker heartily.

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Pritchard sincerely, "without nonsense."

"There is," repeated Mr. Barker again, in the slight ensuing pause.

"I won't undertake to advise you. But I will say this," said Mr. Pritchard. "You don't want to undertake anything lightly that will tend to cripple the country these days."

"Hell's boiling!" said Mr. Clinkscales, speaking at last and jumping clear of his chair. "There it goes again!"

For a time no one spoke.

"There's another bunch," said Clank Clinkscales at last, apparently talking to himself, "that I'm after!"

"Who? In what way?" inquired the president nervously.

"Patrioteers!" exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales, speaking now with considerable emotion. "These dod-gasted patrioteers! These resolution makers! These sweet-singing compounders of taxes! I believe myself they're worse than the others—the patriotic chipmunks.

"Hell's boiling!" he continued in the others' silence. "I wake up in the night and hear them warble in my dreams. Ain't they noble? Ain't they pure? One hundred and twenty-one per cent pure! All purer than a stone angel in a country graveyard. Don't give me any more of that stuff," he broke off, "that prepaid patriotism! It costs too much! I can't afford it!"

"Costs too much!" exclaimed Mr. Pritchard in unaffected surprise.

"They're worse a thousand times than the politicians, if you ask me—more expensive," Mr. Clinkscales went on explaining, "than the taxes. They come first, before the taxes are taken out, don't they? You know how it is," said the speaker, now talking freely, "in our own line. I don't have to tell you. The first over the top are the excess-profit taxes always—sweetly singing. But before that—years before any taxes come out—all hands have baled out every dollar they know how in their holdbacks and their refunds for unreasonable war work and their withdrawals for desperate depreciation and their special replacement fund for their wives' diamond earrings.

"What is it," inquired Clank Clinkscales heatedly—"all this stuff? It's just compound taxes, that's all—put on top of the others. Taken out of the population in the retail prices. That'll all come out—that'll come out," said the speaker, now smiting with his fist upon the figures prepared for him by his experts, "of the cardamom-seed trade. I've figured all that in my fifteen per cent. We'll squeeze that all out now with the other high cost of taxes, and I'll hear and see and smell no more of that!" cried Mr. Clinkscales, ending with great abruptness.

"No," resumed the speaker, when no one else spoke, "I'm not going into this lightly. No, I've got it all thought out to the last detail."

"Just what," inquired Mr. Barker finally in the succeeding silence, "are you going to do first?"

"The first move," stated Mr. Clinkscales with the apparent relish of an artist for his own work, "will be my Don't Buy Now Campaign."

"Your Don't Buy Now Campaign!" repeated Mr. Pritchard with genuine interest in his voice.

"Hell!" said Mr. Clinkscales harshly. "You don't pretend you don't get that?"

"You refer ——" suggested the president.

"I refer," said Mr. Clinkscales very distinctly, "to the Don't Buy Now Campaign—which is just the opposite of the Buy Now Campaign!" And suddenly, as abruptly as he had started, he now stopped speaking and swung about in his chair.

"That's all," he asserted, "for now! Good-by! Shut the door after you!"

And he was hard at work, apparently on his new campaign, as the committee filed out.

"Gone!" said Mr. Barker to his companion when they reached the street—and he tapped his forehead lightly. "All gone! Crazier than a female socialist!"

"You don't mean that, do you, literally?" inquired Mr. Pritchard solicitously.

"You know what I told you last night," returned Mr. Barker, "about his digestion—that duodenum of his, or whatever you call it; how every so often it gets started on him and drives him frantic. I've always said that some day it would drive him crazy," said Mr. Barker darkly. "He ain't really responsible for what he does in these fits."

"He can do a lot of harm if he starts to," said the president, "outside of the organization."

"He's started all right," said Mr. Barker briefly.

They walked in silence.

"Ain't it the devil," said Mr. Barker sadly then, "to have a whole industry ruined by a damned disease?"

They passed on together in apprehensive silence to their respective business offices, each wondering—anxious naturally concerning the details of this Don't Buy Now Campaign which Mr. Clinkscales was already, at that very moment, pressing forward to begin.

At eleven o'clock on that morning Mr. Henry J. Dingley, the editor of the Cardamom Seed Reporter, the leading journal of that trade, sat in his third-floor office on the edge of the Swamp mercantile district, preparing his weekly summary of market conditions. He was a lean man in loose-hanging clothing, somewhat swollen at the knees. Before becoming proprietor of the Reporter he had been a practical printer, and did much of the work of his office now.

"There has been a firm tendency in all grades through the week," Mr. Dingley wrote rather languidly. "Top-grade seeds, Miller's Favorite Number One ruled very strong. Middling Shorts found ready takers—government sales only slightly interfering; while the visible supply of lower grades down to Number Six Shunts is in constantly decreasing volume. The outlook to-day is undoubtedly for higher ——"

Having written this, Mr. Dingley hastily removed his feet from his desk, dropping his lead pencil as he did so.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Clinkscales!" exclaimed the editor of the Cardamom Seed Reporter warmly.

"I got here," stated the man addressed with characteristic directness, "an ad I want you to run in your paper."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dingley in prompt deference. And Mr. Clinkscales seated himself heavily.

"What's this?" exclaimed the editor after a moment's pause, his voice shaken with genuine emotion.

"A full page, beginning this wek stated Mr. Clinkscales, blowing h no loudly.

"But what is it?" reiterated Mr. I gh a little shrilly.

"Till ordered out," the advertiser l lie "But first—if you please, Mr. fin scales," pleaded the other, "if you to mind! Won't you explain just w it means?"

"Can you read?" inquired the cu m growing somewhat redder. "Or can ro Read it then," he continued.

"'Don't Buy Now!'" read Mr. D le "Exactly!" said Mr. Clinkscales, a the first line across the top t page."

"'Why? Because,'" read the it finally going on.

"That's the second line—like you ot there," said its author.

"'On April first all cardamom-see ro ucts will be down forty per cent to t co sumer,'" continued the reader.

"'Signed, Clarence J. Clinkscales, co cluded that gentleman himself. "T w it is there. Separate—at the bott the page."

And he leaned over, pointing it ou something of the pride of authorship face.

"But—but—" inquired the edit a publisher with obvious nervousness, " o this—just what is your idea, Mr. in scales?" he asked impulsively.

"Ain't it clear enough?" inquire N Clinkscales with some irritation—d ic ing his eyes from the advertising p which he had taken back and was e n ing with care. "Don't it explain its "Well, yes," replied Mr. Dingley a general way—yes! But in de meant."

"I'm starting out with something w stated Mr. Clinkscales, finally de li with some reluctance to explain. Y may have heard of it. I'm out to cu o the high price of taxes in this tra this country."

"I heard something," admitted the t "yes."

"Well, this is a part of it—whe y come in," said his informant with a a accent on the "you."

"I see," said the editor, slightly fli at this statement.

"Yep," the other proceeded with warmth now, expounding his plan. is the first step in the campaign—the Buy Now movement in the card seed trade."

"Don't Buy Now movement!" the i echoed faintly.

"Yep," said its promoter firmly. know all about the Buy Now boys they soaked them all last summer and food and shoes and clothing. them, scare them, scare them—adver sending round word by the salesmen, pering it all round, how they'd be st or freezing to death in the winter. them all rushing in at once—fallin themselves! Then jam on the price them have it!"

"I heard they did that," said the cautiously, "in some industries."

"Yes," said Mr. Clinkscales in a h voice, "and right here in the carda seed trade—and you know it. And I them and you helped them—you papers—taking their ads, holding do your news stuff. Hollering against th cost of living and letting them say they wanted to—not sending out you men to look it up for yourselves."

"We don't admit that," said Mr. Di "Whether you do or not," said Mr. scales somewhat sarcastically, "I probably you know what I mean. took millions, hundreds of millions, b out of this country by it—didn't t he asserted lavishly. "And million billions went out of it, didn't it, int dod-gasted high cost of taxes—for down there in Washington? All then," he said, concluding, "this th mine is just the opposite. This is the Buy Now Campaign I'm bringing Don't Buy Now Till April First."

"But won't this tend ——" said Dingley, and stopped. Though nat a dark, sallow man, he had grown a as ruddy as Mr. Clinkscales during th few minutes.

"Tend?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales waiting for him.

"Won't this freeze the whole carda seed trade—entirely—till April first? quired Mr. Dingley finally.

(Continued on Page 81)

(Continued from Page 78)

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I think so," said Mr. Clinkscales
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"Yes, sir; I see that."

"What's the matter with it then? Ain't it all right?" inquired the head of the house.

"It is, if you say so, chief," said his assistant loyally, and waited for his employer to go on.

"Now then," said the latter, doing so, "what'll we do now?"

"That's what I'm waiting to see, chief," said Mr. Hausinger genially.

"I'll show you," said Mr. Clinkscales, drawing a few of Mr. Grout's financial papers from his inside coat pocket and placing them on the table. "You know the general idea. I spoke to you about it once already. We are going to cut the high cost of taxes out of the cardamom-seed trade."

"Yes, sir."

"Now how much is it?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales, taking up one of his papers. "Forty per cent—just about—the way we figure it," he answered himself in the absence of reply from his employee, "for everything. For we are going to get it all out, you understand," he exclaimed, "every dollar of it now—excess profits, income, any kind of a tax these fellows have to pay; and then—on top of that, you understand—all the compound taxes they make themselves; all these private taxes on taxes—and all the pickings and hidings and bookkeepers' holdbacks we wouldn't have except for these dod-gasted taxes. We are going to clean up the trade, back to the time when we didn't have these damned larcenous Federal taxes. You understand?"

"Yes, sir—yes, chief," said Mr. Hausinger, hitching, however, a little uncertainly in his chair.

"So I put this ad first in here—and the other papers. You see what that does?"

"It seems as if ——" Mr. Hausinger ventured hesitantly.

"It ties them up—that's what it does," said his employer. "The public won't buy—till April first anyway."

"Yes, sir," assented Mr. Hausinger promptly. "I see that."

"I did that because I figured that the stocks in retailers' hands would be about cleared up by that time. Is that right?"

"I should say just about right, chief," answered the other.

"Now then," said old Clank Clinkscales, "I have tied them up. What's our next move? It's this, ain't it? We'll chip in our share of the taxes ourselves. That, I figure it, is about fifteen per cent on our gross."

"How can that be, chief—that's the point," said Mr. Hausinger, "when our net is so small?"

"Easy! Easy!" said his chief confidently. "With the taxes and the compound taxes together—all the hidings and special funds and little bookkeepers' mercies, which Grout and those fellows like him hold up. We'll get fifteen per cent there easy. And we chip it in—for our good—for the trade, for the country. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir; yes, chief," returned Mr. Hausinger promptly. "But ——"

"But what?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

"But how about the rest—the other twenty-five per cent?"

"The jobbers and the retailers have got to ante that. That's their share, the way we figure it. They've all got to chip in like we do on the high cost of their taxes."

"But won't they kick, chief?"

"You bet they'll kick!" said Mr. Clinkscales heartily. "But what good will it do them? They'll all have to ante up their share just the same," said Clank Clinkscales confidently. "Because why? Because I say so! I've got it all worked out to a T. Grout's been on it now for three days. They'll pay—all hands—before they're through. I've got an old-time water-tight conspiracy here that'll work—a good working conspiracy in restraint of taxes."

"I see," said Mr. Hausinger—in the voice of one who still wonders.

"You see now, don't you?" asked Mr. Clinkscales—"as far as the millers and refiners are concerned? That they won't sell much till they come down to meet me at fifteen per cent off?"

"I see that, yes," responded Mr. Hausinger.

"That settles the miller, don't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, take the jobber. He won't sell much now till the retailer gets his shelves cleared out, will he? Not if our advertising is successful—about the drop on April first."

"No, chief."

"So he'll have practically all his present stock on hand April first, then, won't he—bought at the higher prices?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, you see?" asked Clank Clinkscales triumphantly.

"In a way—yes, I do. In a way," said Mr. Hausinger hastily. "In a way—yes." For he could see his employer was going on.

"I'll bust them, every one of them!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "Every man jack—if they don't come across with their share. I'll bust every one!

"For I've got an ambition," said Mr. Clinkscales to his employee confidentially. He was feeling good that morning, and more talkative than usual. "I've got a mark I'm setting for myself in this thing. I want, if I can, to have the influence of this thing reach outside of just our own trade. I want to make the cardamom-seed trade an example to this country."

"Yes, sir; I see, chief," said Mr. Hausinger heartily.

"And now," said Mr. Clinkscales, returning to the present, "let's get down to business. Let's plan about getting out our notices of our cut to the trade."

And they both sat down to work.

"The old man," said Mr. Hausinger to Mr. Grout, following Mr. Clinkscales' departure from the office after a long and exhausting afternoon—"the old man is gone!" said Mr. Hausinger solemnly, and tapped three times with his forefinger against his forehead. "He's gone! That's all! And he's going to rip up and drag down the whole cardamom-seed trade with him."

"He hasn't been right, in my opinion," said Mr. Grout bitterly, "for years!"

He was all worn out nervously himself. He looked like a man with black rings painted round his eyes.

"Mr. Pontifex," announced Mr. Grout to Mr. Clinkscales at his desk at nine-fifteen the next morning.

"Show him in," said Mr. Clinkscales promptly. His voice was vigorous and businesslike. Seeing him, you would not have believed him an invalid. He was the only man in the establishment who did not appear superficially to be worn out.

"How are you, Cornelius?" he said heartily, rising to meet the president of the Cardamom Seed Jobbers' Association. "What you got on your mind?"

"I've come to inquire," said Mr. Pontifex somewhat formally, "what is this thing that's all over the trade that you're going to do?"

"Sit down," said old Clank Clinkscales, "if you want to—and I'll tell you. I'm out," he explained then, "to cut out the high cost of taxes from the cardamom-seed trade—and the country at large," he added. "I'm helping the Government to cut down on the high cost of living in our trade—as an example. And I'm going to do it. I've got it all doped out. I'm forming a conspiracy in restraint of taxes, starting with my own customers first."

"That is to say," remarked Mr. Pontifex—and waited. He was a brisk, businesslike man. Even his waiting was brisk and businesslike.

"That is to say," stated Clank Clinkscales, "nobody will do business in this trade—if I can prevent it—till he cuts out this dod-gasted high cost of taxes."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Pontifex, "that explains your advertising that I've heard about?"

"Exactly! That's my first step," stated Mr. Clinkscales. "The Don't Buy Now campaign. Because on or before April first I'm going to have the prices of all cardamom-seed products to the consumer down forty per cent."

"Then I understand you to say," proceeded Mr. Pontifex with the voice of a man who wishes to be right first of all, "that you propose to cut out the payment of all Federal taxes from this trade?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you estimate these to be forty per cent?"

"Forty per cent—and more—the taxes and compound taxes both together," replied Mr. Clinkscales.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Pontifex crisply. He was a precise man, in a precise blue-serge suit and a blue bow necktie with white round spots which stuck out with mathematical precision from below his unusually hard-looking collar. "Compound taxes—what does that mean to you?"

"It means," said Mr. Clinkscales, "just what it says. All the trimmings and hidings and special funds we all charge on top of taxes that we'd never get if they weren't there. It means the actual cost of these damned monstrous Federal taxes as we work them out in practice."

"Speak for yourself," said Mr. Pontifex severely.

"I'll speak for myself—and for you too—before I'm through," said Mr. Clinkscales, suddenly growing very red. "What I'm doing is this—if you want to know. I'm chipping in fifteen per cent from my taxes—my share, good and plenty! And the rest of you will ante up the remainder!"

"How?" demanded Mr. Pontifex in a hostile voice. "How'll you make us? You show me!"

"All right, I'll show you," said old Clank Clinkscales obligingly. "Take you jobbers. You won't sell much till April first, will you? Not if I keep on advertising."

"Say we don't," replied the leader of the jobbing trade, "for the sake of argument."

"All right," said old Clank Clinkscales, regarding him steadily. "And you won't sell much right off afterward, not unless you take up my proposition—not in competition with my dealers who do anyhow."

"Well," said the hostile Mr. Pontifex sharply, "what is your proposition?"

"I wasn't going to give it out yet," said the other, "but I guess I might as well—as long as the president of the jobbers is right here in person. Now the whole situation in a nutshell is this: You jobbers have got your shelves full of goods bought at the highest after-wartime prices, ain't you? All right. I advertise prices are coming down forty per cent to the consumer April first. All right. They all wait for it. Now then it's April first—the public is all out, suspicious, sore over what I'm advertising to them about the low prices they ought to have."

"An outrageous shame!" interjected Mr. Pontifex sharply.

"Now what'll they do? They won't buy any more than they can help, will they, except from one class of dealers—the ones that can give them the forty per cent off I promised them?"

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Pontifex sharply.

"My dealers—the ones that are coming in with me in my conspiracy in restraint of taxes."

"A lot, they will!" said Mr. Pontifex.

"They will," said Mr. Clinkscales. "And the beauty of that is—for my customers—that they won't have to wait till April first to start either. They can start cutting down the high cost of taxes and selling goods right off—next week. They can begin to sell their goods next week for forty per cent off."

"How?" demanded Mr. Pontifex, evidently disturbed at the idea.

"I'll show you how," said Mr. Clinkscales. "Their shelves to-day are full—my jobbers', like everybody else's—with goods that were bought at the high prices. All right. I go to them and say: 'I sold you those goods. Now any time you come in and join me and cut prices—and chip in your share of the high cost of taxes—just that minute I rebate you fifteen per cent on what you paid me for those goods.

"'Provided,' I say to them," continued Mr. Clinkscales, pushing his stubby finger into his desk, "'you chip in twelve and one-half per cent more—your share of these dod-gasted taxes and compound taxes that we're after.' And they'll do it, too," stated Mr. Clinkscales confidently, "when they know I'm in this thing to stay. They know me and they know I can tie this trade up indefinitely and go right over their heads—if necessary, right down to the retailers.

"And it ain't," said Clank Clinkscales—"I'll tell you this confidentially—it ain't as if I hadn't extended credit to a lot of these fellows either."

At this Mr. Pontifex apparently grew rather red.

"Oh, I've got all the elements of a good, first-class trade conspiracy right here in my hand!" said Mr. Clinkscales almost jovially. "And don't you think otherwise! I'm in this thing—right up to the hilt, and don't you forget it!"

Mr. Pontifex sat motionless for the time being.

"But even at that," said Mr. Pontifex finally—after some reflection.

"Even at what?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

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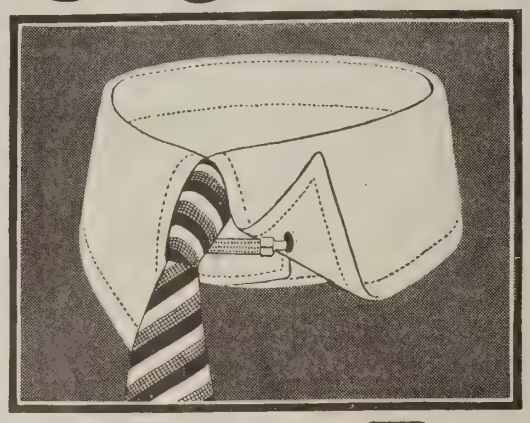
in Lion Soft Collars



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Founded by John V. Steger, 1879.
Factories, Steger, Illinois, where the "Lincoln" and "Dixie" Highways meet

"Twenty-seven and one-half per cent—your fifteen and our twelve and one-half together—isn't forty."

"It will be when I get through with my retailers," asserted Mr. Clinkscales.

But at this Mr. Pontifex laughed a mirthless laugh.

"You'll have a nice time," he said, "cutting any profits out of them. You talk about your high prices—your profiteering by the manufacturer and the jobber. They've got one trick where the retailer has a hundred."

"They'll come in all right, don't fret," said Mr. Clinkscales confidently—"into our little conspiracy. That will be the second of the conditions we'll have in it. Do you suppose," he argued, "if I go to my jobbers and make them my rebate conditional on their selling to what retailers will chip in themselves—that will cut out their taxes, that other twelve and one-half per cent on the retailer's price—do you think for a minute that we'll have any difficulty in bringing in the retailer? You know better'n I do the credit most of them have to have from the jobber.

"And if that don't do," added Clank Clinkscales—"which it will—we'll make doubly sure with our advertising campaign. We'll put this thing through," said Mr. Clinkscales, "if I have to get out myself and sell cardamom seeds at the right price from the tail of a cart. And it ain't," he said threateningly, "as if I hadn't done it before—and couldn't do it again!"

Mr. Pontifex said nothing whatever. His bright eye gazed unfocused in the general direction of Mr. Clinkscales.

"Now then," the latter said briskly, "is there anything else I can do for you? Because if there isn't I've got to get busy. I've got to get out my second notices to the trade—get my second move going in my conspiracy. And lemme tell you something else," said Clank Clinkscales with some warmth: "It's going and it's going big! Not only in the cardamom-seed trade but all over the country, when they see what we do, there'll be conspiracies springing up in restraint of these damned high costs of taxes—following our example. You'll see!

"You're a customer of mine in some lines," he said. "Whenever you want to—when you've made up your mind about coming in—you call me up. I'll be right here on the job. But now," said Mr. Clinkscales, concluding, "you'll have to excuse me. I'm busy."

His visitor got up stiffly. His brisk clear eye was fixed in a rigid stare. His precise chin, fresh and white from the barber's, stood like stone above his mathematically arranged necktie.

"The fact about you is," he said with great distinctness, "your mind is gone. You are a madman," he asserted, "and we shall deal with you as such."

"I'm doing some of this dealing myself," returned old Clank Clinkscales—not rising as his visitor went out.

Mr. Grout and Mr. Hausinger watched him in silence, shaking their heads as he passed through the main office and out into the corridor.

On April 1, 1920, Mr. Clinkscales sat in his private office giving an audience to his old friend and competitor, Mr. Charles Barker. It had been a hard fight, hammer and tongs, day and night for ten weeks. And yet, superficially, Mr. Clinkscales, seated firmly at a right angle to his desk, his feet planted firmly on the floor, never looked less a mental or physical weakling in his life. Outwardly still, neither his mind nor his duodenum seemed ailing.

"I hope you're satisfied with what you've done, Clank," said Mr. Barker.

"I ain't though," answered Mr. Clinkscales briskly. "Not yet."

"For you certainly done it—whatever it was you wanted," continued Mr. Barker. "You certainly knocked the profits out of the cardamom-seed trade."

"I did what I told 'em I'd do, didn't I?" said Mr. Clinkscales in a warmer voice, with a slight intonation of pride. "I took the dod-gasted high cost of taxes out of the cardamom-seed trade!"

"You did," said Mr. Barker sadly—"and the profits too!"

"The compound taxes, you mean—the charges and hold-ups and taxes on taxes you were all getting," said Mr. Clinkscales somewhat more spiritedly. "I guess you ain't suffering yet—not if you've got a competent cost man like my man Grout to make your cost figures for you. I can always trust him for that. He'll always hold out enough to cover me—as he did h Clinkscales added. "You ain't any of you. I know that."

A short silence followed his de

"Look here, Clank," said M finally breaking it, "what were in this thing anyhow? What star

"I owed it to my country, d inquired Mr. Clinkscales in retur relied on my patriotism, didn't help cut the high cost of living? it out where it is—out of the hi taxes. I got up a first-class, copp water-tight conspiracy in restrai And it was a good one, too—a article, if I do say so," stated scales. "A novelty," he added trade conspiracy for God and co heard of in the United States."

Mr. Charles Barker contemp end of his cigar for a short spac

"On the level, Clank," he inqui "what were you after?"

"Was your trade ever in bet compared to other business, to-day?" demanded Mr. Clinks lengingly.

But his friend and competito answer him directly.

"I always knew you were a nu he said, still looking solicitously of his cigar, "but I never did were crazy."

"Crazy!" exclaimed old Cla scales, his voice registering a slig stimulus. "Crazy! Who's crazy? Ain't you seen it yet?" he de "when it's written on everythin the United States in letters ten f all over the world?"

"Seen what?" inquired Mr. looking up finally.

"Chipmunks! Wild men! A

"Seen which?" inquired M again.

"In glasses! Hollering with m night and day!" stated Mr. C now more lively.

His friend gave as yet no surfa tion of understanding.

"They're driving us! They're They've got us—if we don't loo spite of anything we can do!" Mr. Clinkscales, his color and rising simultaneously.

No light of intelligence yet ap his friend's eyes, he proceeded: "A The fellows that never did it, bu all to start with! Rapid-fire exp lows that wrote a book once—or Dod-gasted, four-eyed, cigarett amateurs! The world's alive wit busy as ants in a sugar bowl, round, hollering, waving their

"Amateurs! Fellows that ne anything about anything by eve themselves! They're all the r they, everywhere?" he inquired. makers are running Europe, ain't a loose rein? And Russia, where ways have to send three thousand a mechanic every time the fami machine breaks down, is out tellin to organize a world full of machin organize it right—for all eterni now here comes a fellow," st Clinkscales in a still louder tone, these big writers in England tha ducing a real novelty—an amateu

"Oh, they've got us all!" st Clinkscales. "They are in the After this the world's going to be strictly amateur basis like a gol ment. No one that's ever run anyt apply. When you want an opinio business, get it from anybody but that's been raised in it and run life. He's nothing but a poor lo mutt of a professional. Don't n He's got peaked ears and fur on his said Mr. Clinkscales bitterly, an while Mr. Barker ruminated on h

"They're eating up the worl all," proceeded Mr. Clinkscales, new hitch on his subject. "A Like the plague of locusts on Egyptians! They're under foot— eating, consuming and never pro and teaching everybody else not to just eat! They must be," said M scales, reaching an oratorical heig argument—"the ultimate consume to hear about in the old tariff da old Tom Reed used to tell about— sat in the sun and consumed. they're lighting on America, swarm

"We're to blame," he proceed fellows with money, partly—for i ing this idea here, this amateur id

(Concluded on Page 84)

Coal Saving, Red Hot Radiators

The Valve Should Get the Credit—and Why

EXPERTS tell us that steam heat can be a flexible, heat supplying, noiseless, leakless system calling for no adjustment, doing its work economically—extracting the last unit of heat from every lump of coal burned. But you, perhaps, experience just the opposite—putting up with little or no heat—leaky, "bangy" radiators—burning twelve tons of costly coal in a season while a neighbor uses but seven. There's a big difference between promise and performance.

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HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

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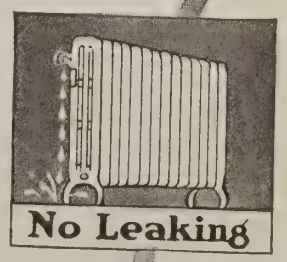

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The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

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130 N. Wells
Street

(Concluded from Page 82)

country, for our share of it. Who was it ran the railroads for us? Lawyers and bankers and bankers' sons-in-law, didn't they? No railroad man, if you could help it. Now who's going to run them? Lawyers and brakemen! But always lawyers—they're trained specially for leadership in our new republic—they're educated specially to make the most noise first. And now they're loose—hollering and talking, the regular lawyers some, but now these new labor lawyers, these labor agitators! They've got the old ones beat a mile. They can holler louder than the old ones—and in thirteen languages.

"Crazy?" shouted Mr. Clinkscales, breathing harder and harder. "Yes, I believe sometimes I am—when I look out round me and see these things hopping up and down, running round and hollering. You wouldn't have believed ten years ago—nor five—that there were such things inhabiting the world, outside of a circus. And the worst of it is, I'm the only one that seems to see them. Nobody else seems to notice anything there but me. And that," stated old Clank Clinkscales, "worries me. That's a bad sign. That's one of the surest signs of insanity there is—when you keep seeing things that nobody else sees. You think after a while maybe they ain't there.

"I said that was the worst," continued Clank Clinkscales, in the absence of comment from Mr. Barker, "but it ain't! There is one thing worse—that makes me worry about myself more. It seemed to me all along lately that everybody in my own business had gone crazy themselves, and that's a bad sign for any man—an awful bad one—when you begin to see that everybody has gone crazy but yourself. I've worried a lot about that.

"But what is this thing that is going on in the United States now?" proceeded the speaker. "Where would all this I'm talking about show first if it was true? Where has it always shown—what's been the special feeding place of amateurs and politicians and government-ownership experts? Taxes, ain't it? Government taxes! Government expenses! That's the place you can watch them always. That's the register. And what were they last year—the government expenses, taxes and deficits together—for the year that started in months after the war ended? Eleven billion dollars! Eleven billion—that's all!"

Mr. Barker, looking, listening, had now let his cigar go out.

"What are taxes anyhow?" the speaker addressing him continued, now turning to economics. "What are government expenses? They're a deficit, ain't they—a deficit from what the Government costs over and above what it earns? Now that's where these new fellows come in. Deficit—that's their long suit. That's where they shine. That's their middle name—Reginald D. Amateur—D. for Deficit! They're the original deficit makers of the world—in everything they touch.

"But that ain't it," stated Mr. Clinkscales, now very red indeed. "That ain't what I'm talking about. That ain't any news to anybody. Everybody's known it and laughed at it up to date. They thought it was their weakness. But it ain't—not by a jugful. Not to-day. It's their strength, the tool they're working with to wreck and smash us all and take over the remains. Taxes! Deficit! General bankruptcy!

"Eleven billions—eleven billion dollars in government expenses—taxes and deficits in this year!" asserted Mr. Clinkscales. "Government expenses—only just one kind, the Federal Government—to say nothing of the billions back in wartimes and the billions coming on next year. You know the way they've been getting them and getting us used to their getting them these past few years? They've been taking over your property and mine in bigger and bigger chunks, ain't they, and calling it taxes? You know what it is, don't you? You know what's coming along next, after it, as a regular system?" asked Mr. Clinkscales in a distinctly warning voice, and paused for a reply.

"No," said Mr. Barker, slightly rousing himself.

"Confiscation!" cried Mr. Clinkscales. "Confiscation—for the deficit makers, for the amateurs and the politicians and the labor lawyers and the fellows that have discovered and are founding the new heaven on earth, where everybody can live along and always get more than they produce. How? By charging off what they don't produce to a government deficit! They've shown a deficit in the railroads and shipyards and wire systems—everything they've touched! And always, every time, every deficit they've made has made them stronger, all over, with the fellows they were paying it out to. And why wouldn't it? Why wouldn't it?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales.

"So now they're popular, naturally. They're on top—with the majority—and they're going to take it all over. So now," said Mr. Clinkscales, "they'll take it all over, and establish a general, permanent, operating deficit for all mankind—everybody producing less than they use up—following the fashion of those well-known mechanical experts who've shown the world how they build up that new industrial paradise in Petrograd. The greatest three-ringed exhibition of peace on earth, good will to man and scientific government by operating deficits since the stars sang together at the beginning of the world and Cain and Abel danced round the first Christmas tree.

"Who'll pay for it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales now. "Who paid it in Russia? Who'll pay it here? Who always pays a deficit? The fellows, whoever they are, who've got something to pay it with, don't they? Who else? From John D. Rockfellow right down to the scrub woman in a black bonnet who goes into the savings bank with a yellow book every Monday. For they're democratic—these deficit makers for the whole people—you've got to admit that. Nobody's dollar is too humble for them to take.

"Crazy?" exclaimed old Clank Clinkscales, taking a fresh and still more enthusiastic start. "Me crazy? When I see these things whirling, jumping, howling all round me—giving plans and specifications of how to make something out of nothing! Crazy? And yet," he said, reconsidering, "they ain't the craziest by any means. They ain't a marker! They're mild cases for the foolish house, compared to us!

"What do we do," asked Mr. Clinkscales, "while this is going on? What have we been doing right here in the cardamom-seed trade? We've been compounding taxes, ain't we? Adding in all the extras we could think of for ourselves? Running up the general deficit for all mankind by adding to it for ourselves all that the minds of bookkeepers could figure and conceive? Eleven billion dollars taxes! It's twenty-two billion easy, when the fellows like us get through compounding it—getting our rake-off, collecting our special taxes on the taxes! And all the time, all round us, all these dod-gasted high priests of confiscation—standing with their knives shining and their mouths watering and their teeth gleaming and their kettles boiling—all ready to pop us into their pot like the cannibals round the old-time missionaries our grandfathers used to feed the South Sea Islands with!

"And these fellows—you and the rest of them in the cardamom-seed trade," cried Mr. Clinkscales, letting a personal note creep into his argument, "are the ones that have been out the past three months calling me crazy!

"Let me tell you something, Charlie," said Mr. Clinkscales with a somewhat lessened volume of sound—"let me tell you something. If this don't stop—unless more businesses take up my idea, unless there's more conspiracies in restraint of taxes springing up round this country soon than there are now, they've got you! They've got you! This country is a goner!"

And Mr. Clinkscales now finally stopped.

"Clank," said Mr. Barker, rousing himself from the hypnotism of Mr. Clinkscales' oratory and relighting his cigar, "you certainly are a nut! And yet," he added—and stopped contemplatively.

"The only way," vociferated Mr. Clinkscales, concluding—"the only way to do for any business man who can see beyond the end of his nose is to stop it—right here and now—unless he prefers a few years' big profits to holding onto his business at all! For the only way to beat these fellows is to beat them at their own game—the way I have here. Cut out the thing they feed on—cut out the taxes! Stop them right here on the spot! Get their job before they get ours, that's all! Hit them first! Serve notice to them in Washington that this thing has got to stop—because we won't pay for it! We won't finance our own funeral!

"That's my idea, anyhow. That's what I've done in the cardamom-seed trade," said Mr. Clinkscales somewhat less passionately. "There's one satisfaction, anyhow," he said now in an increasingly cheerful voice. "They ain't any of them living and fattening on the cardamom-seed trade any more—taking our taxes, spending our money and standing over us telling us how to operate—and that's worth something in itself. It's worth a quarter of a million dollars of any man's money," asserted Mr. Clinkscales liberally, "not to have that squirrel-faced expert—that Doctor Moon thing that was here—over me, telling me all about my own business—at my expense. That's one thing—that's one luxury I'm giving myself out of this," he said with a deep note of personal feeling in his voice. "I put him out of his pain in this line. There's one thing we've hurled back to its laboratory. I haven't seen him round here since we started in cutting down our prices, so I guess maybe we got his job anyhow. That's one great satisfaction, anyhow, to me!" he reasserted.

And just then, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Grout entered the private office, carrying a card.

"Hell's boiling!" cried Mr. Clinkscales violently, reading it. "Speak of the devil! Here he is now!" And then he remembered. "This was the day," he said, "I told him I'd show him what we could do—on April first!"

"I guess I'll be moving along," said Charles Barker.

But Mr. Clinkscales sat waiting, looking very red indeed.

"This is the day, as I recall it," said Doctor Moon, removing one glove and sitting down after greetings had been exchanged, "when you anticipated being able to show me results in the price of cardamom-seed products."

And he smiled rather encouragingly under his large round glasses.

"Oh, yes—yes!" said Mr. Clinkscales, raising himself in his chair with an effort. This man, he saw again, had a strange effect on him; just the sight of him in the room—odd as it might seem—appeared somehow to cause him pain in his duodenum. "I guess I did," he stated with a faint indifference. "I guess you'll find when I show you the figures"—and he reached out his thumb heavily toward his push button to summon Mr. Grout.

"Oh, no, no!" said the other, detaining him. "That will not be necessary. I have not time for that now—and I know all about it already."

"Uh!" said Mr. Clinkscales in something between an interjection and a grunt.

"It was beautiful," asserted Doctor Moon in a voice of genuine satisfaction.

"Beautiful?" repeated Clank Clinkscales, somewhat at a loss.

"What we did, as shown in our seasonal weighted-average chart," explained the scientist.

"Uh!" said Mr. Clinkscales again.

"The price curve," explained Doctor Moon, "from the seasonal weighted averages, telling exactly from the known data of production and demand what the normal price must be, if let alone.

"If left alone!" repeated the speaker very definitely. "Never," he said, "could there be a more beautiful demonstration! For from the very beginning—from the moment trade restriction was withdrawn, almost from the time of my visit here, the prices followed almost identically the course of the ideal seasonal weighted averages upon the chart which we had worked out in advance, thus showing with the nicety of mathematics that abnorm tra interference of every kind whate been removed."

At this Doctor Moon ceased s himself, momentarily fixing his gl Mr. Clinkscales. But Mr. Cli made no reply. It is doubtful if h have done so, for his weakness wa on him—his inability to translate exactly in speech under intense e And he could feel as well the unf irritation to which he was so subje reasserting itself in his nerves and ing and digestion. His duodenum had not been in such shape for m since the last time he had seen t before. So without expressing hi speech, he turned uncomfortably desk chair, waiting for the other to proceed.

"You may have noticed," he sai so, "that I have not been here s first visit. This was it—the reas explained. "For we could follow f chart exactly what was going on. predicted it, in fact. We had show tifically in advance what woul from a free uncoerced price move the cardamom-seed industry. It w tiful!" he said again with convicti ing at Mr. Clinkscales as if to er speech from him.

But the latter said nothing b mere mutter which soon died awa

"And so," continued Doctor Mo "knowing this with scientific cert had no desire to inflict myself on y now, too," he said, starting to pu glove again, "I must leave aln mediately—now that I am here. here in fact between trains, passing to Washington on a very special I'm merely here to-day because I wa and because I wish to thank y sonally for your loyalty, for your ism—your loyal policy, which I k yourself inaugurated in the car seed trade—the policy of rigid r ference with the normal, healthy, course of prices under free and trade conditions."

He stopped for a moment with Mr. Clinkscales seemed to giv curious sound.

"I fear," continued Doctor Mc getting up, when Mr. Clinkscales more, "that I must be going now to catch my train to Washington, a very busy man these days. But to stop just this moment, if no thank you, to felicitate you on w have done—negatively of course, the less effectively—in removing tion and pressure from the cardam industry. On what, perhaps I m he continued, coughing lightly be hand, "we have both done.

"For," he said, now moving to door, "I think possibly you may ested in another phase—another of this success here. Largely be it—because of my success with th industry," he stated now, "the ment has drawn upon my time- itself of my services in a larger fie may be interested to know that, l a result of our work here, I am sta day to act as one of a board of thr will from now on take charge of th grain and flour industry of the States; and possibly later—if w find the time—of that large allied the meat industry.

"I am on my way to Washing added, "for our first meeting n must certainly not miss my train

Saying this, glancing at his w passed hurriedly through the door Mr. Clinkscales standing awkward he had risen.

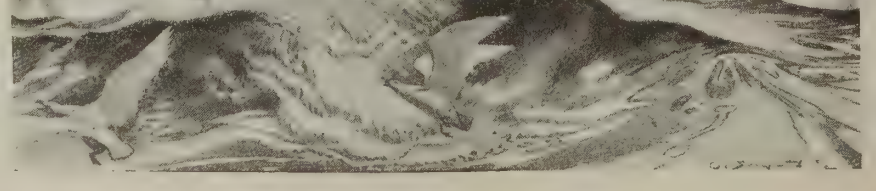
Sinking back after the closing of Mr. Clinkscales remained some scarlet silence in his swivel chair earnestly at the door through which ernment representative had disap apparently endeavoring to regain t of speech.

"They got us!" exclaimed ol Clinkscales finally. "They got country is a goner!"

And reaching out his thumb, h heavily again upon his push butto

"Grout," he said to that sub "find out what time the next tra for Mt. Manitou."

For he was back again where h January. He was in bad shape ag breathing was strained, his face c and it seemed to him as if his d would burst.



FUNNY FINGERS

(Continued from Page 13)

ulia became businesslike. It would be a
asu of satisfaction if she could compel
gratitude of the Cumerfords through
lica on of the talents upon which the
ght daughter of the house had looked
n.
Th robbery took place—when?" she
ed.
La night. We do not know the hour."
An the police—they already have been
d?
Ye' Miss Cumerford spoke slowly.
ey're here now. Because they are here
e ason I am seeking your aid. The
ce-lon't seem to have many ideas."
I wildn't tell them that outright,"
isc Julia. "They may not be tell-
'
Th 're not!" declared Miss Cumer-
vi asperity. "Nor are the private
cti s we have engaged. Will you
e Jiss Sinclair, before they destroy
cles there may be?"
lia glanced at the broad, low-set,
-fa d clock on the mantel of her
g om.
'll e there within the hour—by two
k

s sl went up the gravel walk Miss
lai noted a man carefully placing
e kes over certain spots on the
r ld at the side of the Cumerford
e, he judged correctly that he was
ect g footprints. The window from
h te burglar had dropped was up
t fi e feet. Mounting the box near-
he all the detective was scrutiniz-
he icks as Julia passed across the
of he house to the door and lost
of im.
iss Cumerford received Julia with
ce abashment. She extended her
r her shyly and Julia took it
y, l ping to relieve the evident em-
ssiant.
wi't attempt to apologize ——"
n Miss Cumerford.
Dor —please," interrupted Julia.
I mwhat's happened and what you
I an do."
it ——"
ia nook her head. "Let's stay on
ine basis. Should I perform serv-
ll t in my bill. Sleuthing is out
r lie, of course, but"—she smiled
ly "you must remember that I
n Opportunist and everything that
s t my net is fair taking if I can
t."
ss Cumerford flushed and took the
e : merited. She turned.
on, Miss Sinclair. My father can
nt e situation better than I can."
ia llowed her to the alcove room
e l rary in which Cumerford had
lle ion of antique glass. Another
civ was there with Cumerford.
ea of the sleuth outside was show-
er he window sill as he continued
sp tion of the wall. Julia was
s bout what he expected to find,
he ooked into the room and gave
te nent.
e g in this way, all right. Jumped
I uess, and hauled himself up.
's ratches on the wall where his
o hold."
s cond sleuth wheeled from con-
tio of several vases which appar-
ha been laid aside for some
. His round, plump face lighted.
he bb was done after dark!" he
un d wisely. "Nobody's gonna
c nce like that in daylight."
pa ner nodded. John T. Cumer-
azi from one to the other ap-
gl "What does it matter at
ou the burglary took place?" he
we ily. "I'm not interested in that.
te ted in getting back the articles
er stolen."
re ou are," granted the sleuth at the
w. Ambiguously he answered Cum-
s estion: "You never can tell—it
m e a lotta difference."
n a hrug Miss Cumerford whispered
a.'
r ivate detectives! That conver-
is fair indication of what they have
o r." She presented Julia. "My
ar "—ironically—"two of our pri-
ve igators—Miss Sinclair."
o respect for the feelings of the
s paused to choose her words,
xp ined equivocally: "Miss Sinclair

happened to run out to see me. The robbery interested her, so I brought her in."

The fat-faced detective with deliberation produced half a cigar and bit another inch off it. His fishy eyes sized Julia up.

"This the Miss Sinclair that mixes in jobs like this?" he queried pertly.

"The same," smiled Julia.

The other detective scowled over the window sill. "Never knew an amateur to butt in what didn't muss the cards," he declared at large. The fat head of his partner wagged in agreement.

Julia surveyed them. They bore the stamp of the six-dollar-a-day operative.

"Absurd!" Said Julia Bluntly. "You Don't Get Commissions Like That Once a Year. This Could Not But Stay in Your Mind"

Their antagonism was plain. She need look for no coöperation. Therefore she squelched them.

"Miss Cumerford was trying to be kind—to you," she said softly. "I did not happen to drop in, as she said. I came here expressly to mix in, as you so happily phrased it. I'm mixing from now on."

Cumerford waved down the detective who was about to retort.

"There is room in this investigation for anyone who may be able to lend a hand," he remarked testily. "If Miss Sinclair thinks she can ——"

"All right, all right," grumbled the sleuth, throwing up his hands; "let everybody butt in. But if you want your stuff back tell the amateurs to lay off. This is a regular job and it's gotta be done in a regular way."

"From which," interjected Julia cheerfully, "I gather that you haven't found much to work on. That sets us off about even, doesn't it? You won't mind if I go out and look at the footprints? These may mean something—if you haven't ruined them! I'll see you, Mr. Cumerford, when you are free."

With Miss Cumerford she backed out of the alcove while the two sleuths watched her with what was intended to be scorn. They were not so contemptuous as they made out, however. Police circles had not been blind to the exploits of Julia Sinclair. Though she never had worked against the police but on the contrary had helped them on occasion, the natural jealousy toward anyone who might gain some of the credit for solving a mystery had been created. From the standpoint of the private detective she was an even more unwelcome intruder.

To the two detectives now present she was notably distasteful because she had hit the nail on the head when she declared that they had made no progress. That was true despite the guarded footprints on the lawn and the fact that there were fingerprints on several vases. But the fingerprints were queer and instead of giving promise of a lead that could be followed they seemed only to add another puzzling complication. And the sleuths were fearful that Julia Sinclair in her quick, intuitive way might see the light which, though they put on a mysterious front and posed, they admitted in their hearts they could not see. Moreover, they were peeved because the newspapers would play the story big on account of the nature of the loot and Cumerford's position; and their agency already had been identified publicly as working on the case.

"We might's well quit now, Bill," opined the sleuth on the outside dolefully, resting his chin on the sill. "This dame'll come bustin' in at the wrong time and queer our case."

"Always breaks like that when you get off to a fast start," mendaciously asseverated Bill. He complained again to Cumerford: "Why don't you tell her to lay off?"

Cumerford considered them individually with dissecting eye.

"The thing that outstands to me is that the articles stolen from here are doubtless getting farther and farther away, with consequently lessening chance of recovering them. Get busy or quit—I don't care which. It's none of your business what Miss Sinclair or anyone else does. She is retained by me—so make a foot race of it if you can."

The man dropped from view at the window. Bill of the fat face glared at Cumerford, thought better of it because he liked his six dollars a day, and switched his glare to the several vases that had been set aside. He put on his hat and grabbed up a police department fingerprint index card, on which was a photographic reproduction of the tips of three digits.

"I'll take that." Cumerford reached for the card. "Miss Sinclair may make something of it. If you think you can, get another from the police."

He smiled at the grunt with which the other man departed. Though frankly he was not impressed by his sleuths, John T. Cumerford now could see an even break that he would get back his precious beads. He liked the atmosphere of capability which characterized Julia Sinclair.

Braving the displeasure of the detective who descended from the box beneath the window as she and Miss Cumerford turned the corner of the house Julia removed the coverings and examined the footprints. Not that she knew much about the science of footprints, but it seemed the proper thing to do and in her career as Opportunist she had found the most trivial items, of the intricacies of which she was ignorant, of high advantage. Why, then, if others could read something from these depressions made in the soil by a man in flight shouldn't she possibly see a meaning in them?

While she stood looking quizzically at the imprints, her left brow elevated, the right drawn down in a funny expression, Detective Bill came bustling round and joined his companion with a muttered word. With a sneer for Julia in her apparent perplexity they headed for the gate, but she didn't notice them. She was wrestling with the question of wherein these footprints were different from those which she or any among the thousands you meet in the street would leave.

She sought the opinion of Miss Cumerford.

"What's wrong with these marks?"

"Wrong?" Miss Cumerford laughed. "Nothing, I guess, except that they were made by a person who was wrong. I don't understand. Do you mean there is something peculiar about them?"

"Yes; but I can't decide ——"

Suddenly inspired she stepped onto the thick mold on which De Nutter had alighted and planted her feet firmly. Moving to the walk again she scanned the result with dawning light in her face.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, her eyes jumping from her own to the burglar's footprints.

"What?" Miss Cumerford bent forward. She was disconcerted by Julia's abrupt

(Continued on Page 89)

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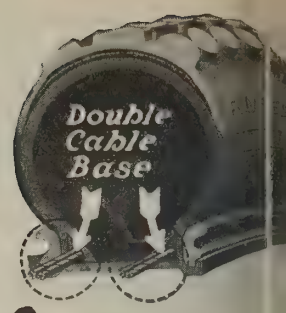

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(Continued from Page 87)

ve ent and the satisfaction it had pro-
ced "I don't see ——"
"Y , you do!" asserted Julia. "He had
hes on his shoes!"
Mis Cumerford was disappointed. She
ticipated the announcement of a
thg discovery. Her tone reflected the
pointment.
"n it seems that we may assume he
seakers," she remarked without fire.
rugged. "Does that help—very
?"
disregarded the query.
sneakers—no! Sneakers," she
cid ed, "have a suggestion of a heel.
ere s none here, and the prints are per-
— s full weight was on them. Notice
r osely these marks conform to the
pe a foot. A shoe of any sort does not
g e that; nor on the other hand is it so
e der the arch. The burglar at least
d inctive in one respect, which may
m not provide a distinguishing mark
th search for him. He"—she pro-
nc it with conviction because apart
n te evidence here before her she felt
it as so—"he wore sandals."
Ugh from above them halted Miss
neord's surprised acquiescence in the
al ity of the deduction. Her father,
in from the window, was nodding
ou ingly.
"Wether you're right or wrong, Miss
lai" he commended, "that's more
n tse—these hammerheads could ar-
atn the hours they fussed over these
ts th measuring rules and foot charts.
w"—the wry face he pulled indi-
d at he was not convinced—"why
ld burglar wear sandals?"
Shelid not pretend omniscience. That
ne except a child should have on
alaway from a beach was beyond her
gin ion—unless one considered certain
e dless fanatical sects, which she did
n is instance.
"I ve no notion why he should," she
ne candidly, "but I'm willing to
r at he did. Perhaps"—both brows
t ove their normal line—"perhaps
anind another clew on which to tie
fa. Is there anything else?"
On this." Cumerford passed down
r ne fingerprint index. "The thief
le half a dozen vases, and this is the
t. he same three prints are on each
e ses."
Involuntarily the expression burst from
a soon as her gaze lighted on the
"What funny fingers!"
"h I thought," said Cumerford
pt. "But what is—funny about
?"
"he are odd, aren't they?" Miss
erford added her puzzled comment
Julia was silent. "I noticed that at
wln I saw the picture, but, as dad
wit is—funny about them?"
Julia Sinclair slanted thoughtfully. Sev-
in s she laid a corresponding number
r wn fingers over the photographic
du ion of the imprints that had been
n le vases.
Mmford drew out her thought.
"Trying to fit your fingers to them, Miss
Sir" he rallied her. "It might
be awkward."
Julia answered him absently with a ques-
tion. "There was no more than these three
?"
Shrewdly he considered her. He
te insight which she already had
ve: "The police—the regular police,
n spoke of that too."
Julia settled her third, fourth and little
fi on the prints. Cumerford smiled as
ec that in replying she took the atti-
he he had made a statement rather
rnark.
"The only way in which one can lift any-
wi only three fingers is to take the
b ween the fingers. This man did
n at; yet he leaves three finger-
— a row, as they would be if his
ha d had closed naturally over the
to ick them up."
Mr. Cumerford edged closer. Her father
f ther out of the window. Julia
l b, her brown eyes quizzically be-
ed
"What that so?" she demanded.
"Mr. Cumerford led her; "and then ——"
er —the Opportunist again was
e- "he did not pick them up!"
"The police were not so liberal in sizing
d urred Cumerford. "Why should
la of all persons, lay hands on any-
ha might take on traces which would
t m?"

Julia voiced the idea that had been shaping while she had contemplated the peculiar circumstance. "It might be his purpose to leave a mark," she suggested.

Cumerford gasped. In spite of the loss which destroyed the completeness of his collection he was almost glad that it had occurred. It was refreshing to see this girl tackle the problem on which the private detectives were submerged. Here was another angle that was new—the possibility that the prints on the vases had been made intentionally to mislead the pursuit. But he did not allow himself to be carried away by such ingenious reasoning.

"Since they say no two fingerprints are alike," he argued, "why should a criminal deliberately leave his? You don't intend to imply that he had some instrument by which he made false prints, do you?"

Julia looked down at the heelless foot tracks before responding. Between these and the prints on the vases, she was convinced, there was a close connection. That is, even as the burglar had been careless—heedless was a better word—in providing those who would hunt him with an outline of his footgear, so had he cared nothing about whether they sought to follow up the clew of the three digits. The brazenness with which these brands appeared was in itself suspicious. The footmarks might have been unavoidable, due to hurry caused by some alarm, some movement of the two servants who had been in the house; but the dangerously incriminating trio of whorls and loops could not be so readily explained. The latter had been avoidable; as witness the fact that there was no impression of thumb or forefinger. Here was the circumstance that set Julia's brain a-working most—the absence of a thumb print, for she could find no justification for the placing of only the third, fourth and little fingers on several objects in the manner in which the vases had been treated.

"Funny fingers!" she had said spontaneously, and the more she thought of it the more apt became the expression. Though one were to discount the nonappearance of a related thumb print by agreeing that the thumb had been covered—and why should a burglar protect the thumb and not the other fingers?—the general form of the prints was peculiar enough to demand attention. That they were so oddly distinctive, too, made them the more tantalizingly baffling.

Julia tried to visualize the person to whom such fingers should belong. In the first place, they were spatulate and short. Of the little one there was only the tip, but of the others there was a clear impression up to and including the bend at the first joint. By this she was enabled to determine the shortness; and further to see the remarkable characteristic of a digit with a top joint as broad as it was long.

"There didn't happen to be an understudy of Sherlock Holmes among the detectives," she smiled, "who could reconstruct the criminal from a measurement of how high he opened the window or anything like that?"

Her tone was frivolous, but Cumerford and his daughter sensed a serious idea behind it.

"No. Are you going to attempt that, Miss Sinclair?"

"I wish I could," she said ruefully, "but I'm afraid I'd go too far." The prospect was intensely irritating. Never had she seen anyone with hands like that. When they waited, expecting her to continue, she voiced the only conception she could conjure to fit such fingers—that of a dwarf—explaining meanwhile her latest observation of the prints.

"But," she hastened to argue against herself as the eyes of her hearers widened, "that is hardly consistent when you take into consideration the size of the feet. About an eight, I fancy, don't you? And small hands seldom go with big feet unless there is a deformity or the person is a freak."

Despite her tentative rejection of her own idea, however, Cumerford was impressed. His voice reflected growing appreciation.

"Come inside, Miss Sinclair, and let's hear the rest of your—your deductions. At this rate I believe we'll ——"

"The deductions seem to be rather moonshiny yet," interrupted Julia, her ready smile breaking. "I don't think the footmarks really can be counted of any value—they're too shapeless. The fingerprints present all there is to go on—their oddity should narrow down the search, but I'm

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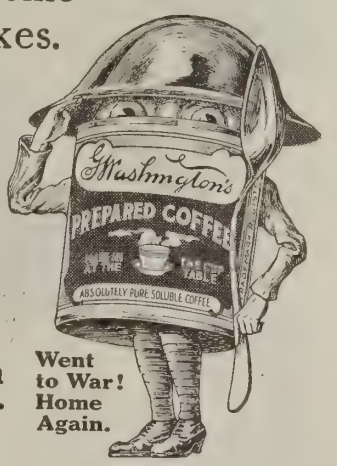

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afraid you'll have to depend upon the police and their wide facilities for checking up. There doesn't appear to be much for my lone hand to do."

"Your lone hand, if you choose to call your head that, has moved farther in the half hour you've been here than the police got in hours," declared Miss Cumerford warmly. She felt cheap over having been offish with Julia, and was heartily glad that Julia had paid her back in kind. Moreover, it pleased her that she was not rebuffed when she slipped her arm into Julia's as they walked round to enter the house. She decided that she distinctly liked the Opportunist.

Julia took up the questioning. She quizzed Cumerford on the history and value of the Egyptian beads, the Hedwig glass and the kohl bottle, and caught him up when he dwelt upon the bit of colored glass which recorded that Queen Hatasu was "beloved of the Goddess Hathor."

"But a unique thing like that is worthless to anyone," she objected. "How could it be disposed of?"

Cumerford wagged his head and grimaced.

"You don't know the collector, Miss Sinclair. There are many among us who would be content to keep it hidden away for their individual gaze alone to feast on. Not all collectors exhibit their treaures, any more than everyone who has money is willing to have that fact known. There are misers in art as well as of gold, who gather rare pieces for none but their own eyes to see."

"Then"—Julia said it in passing, without expectation of striking fire—"then there must be men who would go to extremes to possess the pieces stolen from you—even to burglary."

"By Jove!" Cumerford's fingers snapped as he saw her point, and recollection came to him. Not even while he had been presenting to her the parallel of the misers had a thought of this significant lead recurred to him. "I'm thick-headed," he declared disgustedly, "when I have to be led like a baby to remember that not more than six months ago a persistent proposition was made for me to sell some beads, particularly the Queen Hatasu one, at a high figure." He beamed on Julia, then stabbed a finger at his daughter: "That new roadster you want is yours, Bob," he promised, "as a reward for bringing Miss Sinclair out to clear up this mess."

"I'll order that car to-day," she smiled promptly, and was hugging her dad when Julia tried to cast a damper.

"I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the outcome," said the Opportunist dryly; none the less her eyes were brighter. She had come upon what might well turn out to be a real starting point. "Don't the police know this?"

"Never thought of it till you gave me the cue," returned Cumerford cheerfully. It was not important that the police were ignorant of this detail—his faith was all in Julia Sinclair.

Julia pressed the small feathered hat tighter on her head. Her manner was brisk. She wanted to make good for mixed and, for her, unusual reasons—to get even with this really nice girl who had slurred the Opportunist, and to have the added satisfaction of refusing the check Cumerford would tender.

"Tell me who wanted to buy," she commanded, "and we'll get moving—the sooner the quicker!"

"And I'll go downtown with you and get my roadster," asserted Miss Cumerford gayly. She retarded an impulse to squeeze Julia, fearing the Opportunist might frown on such a sudden outburst of affection. "You'll stop with me a minute and if you like the car, why, then ——" Glancing at her father she stopped in embarrassment.

"Why, then, Bob," he completed for her, "you'll make the order for two."

The dealer who had approached Cumerford with the offer to purchase proved a disappointment to Julia. He was classed among the reputable, but he was bland—too bland for Julia's liking. He could not even remember who had retained him to negotiate with Cumerford.

"Absurd!" said Julia bluntly. "You don't get commissions like that once a year—with such prices for Egyptian beads. This was an unusual transaction which could not but stay in your mind."

The intimation that he was lying did not annoy him. He clasped his fingers before him. In the uncertain light of his shop, with its background of things from other ages fantastic and distorted in the shado seemed to have a setting peculiar suave oiliness.

"Not like that every day," his m continued; "no, madame. But—w many commissions—and, as I said, I remember."

Julia finally gave him up. As she shop she thought she heard a chuck she did. He had been chuckling less steadily, this man, since he ha of the burglary at Cumerford's.

Seeking another avenue over wh begin Julia went from the highest i deeper places of the antique bu scratching at length through Sixt Seventh Avenues and down in the over by Third Avenue. She did no in a day, of course, and the only cons she could gather was that the police ently were making no greater progr

The same reason that had caus Nutter to refrain from engaging a sional burglar dictated Julia's proce had been forced to act himself beca job had demanded expert knowledg restricted her search toward the l of a man versed in antiques who had fingers.

When she had completed the cyc hausted the apparent sources of in tion, a week had passed and she had nothing from the indistinct, mostly and sleek persons who constituted t eral strata of those who dealt in the ures of the past. They were a close-m lot, she found, polite and regretful bu fully clannish—like a Chinaman Italian who witnesses murder com two feet away but has seen nothing questioned five minutes later.

Irritated by this failure to get any admit knowing such a person as Fingers, she was headed across Centra when Miss Cumerford hailed her. T roadster drew up at the side of the dri and Julia stepped over to it.

"Beauty, isn't it!" enthused Miss erford. "I'll never get through ing ——"

"You should be indicted with the we can't catch," said Julia; "indict obtaining goods under false pretense

"No, no!" The owner of the new c splendid confidence. She opened th invitingly to Julia. "You'll get hi a while—I know it. What is new thing?"

"Nothing." Julia refused the inv to ride. "So very little, in fact, th going over to the Metropolitan to h spiration by staring at ancient bea camping among the mummies who g to the time the beads were made."

"What a pessimist!" ejaculated Cumerford with a gesture. She lea Julia and enunciated with perfect s ness: "Why, you can't possibly recover dad's beads. I've ordered yo It'll be here this week!"

Whereat they parted, Julia to g conference with some kings and quee other royalty of early Egypt, Miss C ford to speed home to inform her fath the Opportunist was making great way.

But the kings and queens and lesser of mummydom and an hour amor baubles they had worn and the vase had used gave Julia no help. She co no farther into the riddle of the funny and the man who had worn sandals.

Perhaps it was the sphinxlike sile the mummies that at length set her upon her way; they reminded her antly of the scores of clamlike a dealers she had interrogated. Perh was simply that she got mad on acco her firm belief that the dealer to Cumerford had sent her knew the n whom her quest centered. At any there was a sparkle of determination eye as she stepped smartly out of th seum and boarded a bus on the A Leaving that at Forty-eighth Stree walked westward to his place on Se Avenue. She purposed using thre arrest for complicity as a last des means of gouging information from

How far she would have gone, whet would have availed anything, remai answered. She did not have to go th with her intention. Some of the luck at times had helped her capitalize O tunity came to her aid and saved h trouble.

Inside the doorway of the shop the and De Nutter were standing in whispered conversation. A week h

(Continued on Page 93)

(Continued from Page 90)

sse De Nutter was there to urge that
ive be taken of the plunder, and the
h rned over. He wanted to get rid of
e st.f, but his procurer still was averse to
in charge of it, though to placate De
tte he was willing to pay part of the
ne
ful arrived to catch him in that act.
wa holding the money out to De Nutter
i u ing him earnestly. Hands in pock-
D Nutter was shaking his head—he
s insisting upon finishing the deal and
tin his whole bit.
he suddenness with which her appear-
e attered the tableau brought Julia to
alt. The dealer's mouth closed on the
dl of a word as he saw her, and the cash
n to his pocket like a flash. De Nutter
up became interested in a black mar-
be h that once had graced an Italian
lei
li revised her program. Without im-
ia reason De Nutter compelled her
ce She wanted a glimpse of his hands
wile she addressed the dealer she won-
d w it was to be obtained. She could
o er him to take them from his
ce And—she caught her breath—if
ha funny fingers he assuredly would
ex se them!
is et. She glanced instinctively and
bi the dimness of the light she saw that
ee were ordinary. That is, they were
es, f apparently normal size for a man
s ght, and therefore—therefore might
y ve been the feet that had worn the
al
ce tomed to fast thinking and snap
mt, as her experience had shown her
ne ssary in the harnessing of Oppor-
ty, er intuitive interest now was spurred
sh p glance of warning from the dealer
De Jutter and a wary motion of the
l. From squinting at Julia over his
id De Nutter turned languidly and
d gainst a chipped woman of olden
ce He did not understand this by-
, tt from the dealer's signal for cau-
h did understand that this young
an pelled danger.
, me to ask you about the bronze
I oticed when in the other day," pre-
ati Julia. "The one with the emerald
al the ruby in its upturned front
fe" The dealer lamented his precip-
c cealment of the money, the cessa-
of nversation upon her arrival, but he
pe actuated by the startling thought
sh somehow was on De Nutter's trail.
ul not be helped, though on calmer
gh he realized that had she been
ow g De Nutter she certainly would
av advertised it in this manner. Still,
id not believe her fiction about the
t ough he answered that the bronze
or ale for $800.
'hanks. I might buy it." From the tail
r e she noted that De Nutter had not
ve his hands from his pockets. She
suterfuge. Turning to him she looked
r atch. "What is the right time,
e?
e quiry was pointed directly at De
er ut he did not at once respond. He
oc leep in contemplation of Julia, en-
or g to figure out why the other man
d afraid of her. Her pose, as with
r raised she awaited the informa-
aw kened him. He was stirring while
ad eagerly for the first sight of his
wen inopportunely a three-hundred-
ol grandfather clock boomed three.
"'s right," snapped the dealer, scowl-
ist er at De Nutter. He was anxious
ri of her, that he might explain her
on to De Nutter; and at the same
he ad a semipanicky feeling that De
r ust stay in the background.
in on the further warning De Nutter
l ick into his attitude of loose un-
st ness. He smiled at one corner of
ou but his brows pulled together;
ap ble nervousness of his companion
on gious.
e aler gave her no more chance to
De utter into speech. "Is there any-
el madame wishes to know?"
ot ng."
a uldn't flatter herself that she had
ed im about the object of her pres-
E antagonism advised her to with-
er good sense did likewise. De
r uld not keep his hands hidden
s; f she could not view them now she
la r.
e as one of her moments that called
hy decision. De Nutter undoubtedly
b on guard when he left the shop.

If she attempted to follow him he quite probably would give her the slip. Yet an inner consciousness urged her that the sooner she learned more of him the nearer she would be to the solution of the Cumerford burglary. She had to keep tab on him, and promptly.

"Nothing," she repeated as the silence continued, "except that I've been curious about the ruby in the tiger's paw. Is it intended to represent blood?"

"Perhaps." The dealer peered at her. He suspected a trick, a backfire in the question. "It might mean that."

"I thought so. The tiger just made a killing!" She nodded in sprightly fashion and again sent her words at De Nutter. "I know a man who made a killing recently, though there wasn't any blood in it. A man with—funny fingers!"

De Nutter straightened; his head jerked up an inch. Now it was he who understood the insinuation while the dealer did not. And it struck too close to home. His features tensed with his body. Then he grinned frankly as Julia searched him with her gaze.

"How do you mean—funny?" he asked.

"Oh"—she turned to the door; she had seen enough for the time being, said enough—"they are odd, that's all. Good day."

De Nutter gaped at her retreating figure. His countenance was puzzled, worried; he craned his neck to gain a last view of her as she passed into the street. His hands came from his pockets, to hang limply at his sides.

"Damn!" There was a fervency in the ejaculation that summed up his mingled feelings. "Well?" he demanded. "Where does she come in?"

"She's a snooper! What the hell did she have to show up now for?" The dealer was agitated, querulous. He related Julia's former visit, then flung his arms and turned angrily on De Nutter: "What the hell did you come here for, anyhow? I told you I wouldn't have anything to do with you till the case quieted down. Get out! Get out of here before some other fly cop comes blowing in and gets wise."

The outburst of anger had a contrary effect on De Nutter. He was tickled now, by Julia's remark about funny fingers.

"You're squawking like a dying fish," he sneered. "She may be a fly cop, but believe me she's running wide of the mark like the rest of 'em. And listen"—his voice hardened—"I'll give you just three days more to wind up this deal by paying me and taking over the stuff. If you don't I'll get next to Cumerford on a reward-and-no-questions-asked basis. Think that over and reckon what it'll cost your pocket. I'll come back in three days ready to deliver ——"

"No, no!" The protest was vehement and he clutched De Nutter by the arm. "Don't come here. I'll meet you ——"

"Here!" De Nutter shook him off and moved to the door. "Right here you'll meet me," he emphasized; "and you'll have the cash for me. Yah," he hooted, "you make me sick!"

On the doorstep De Nutter paused. Had he known the identity of Julia, the Opportunist, which the dealer had been unable to supply, he might have regarded her intrusion with some misgiving. As it was he was not alarmed, though for the instant she had jarred him.

Ignoring the dealer, who at his elbow begged that the appointment for three days hence take place elsewhere than at the shop, he leisurely surveyed the street. There was no sign of Julia. He headed across the Avenue and east on Forty-eighth Street.

In the shelter of a neighboring doorway Julia repeated her bargain with a newsboy.

"Here's five dollars for your stock of papers. There'll be five more—maybe ten—when you tell me where he goes, and his name. There he is now. I'll wait for you in that restaurant over there. You understand, don't you? Where he lives, and his name."

The youngster whom she had taken from his post on the corner with promise of the biggest day's pay of his life grinned knowingly.

"Gotcha, lady. It's a dee-voice case, ain't it?"

"Something like that," smiled Julia. "Hurry—he's going. And don't lose him."

She looked thoughtfully at the dealer, who continued to gaze after De Nutter. Even from this distance she could discern that he was uncomfortable by the opening and closing of his hands and his shifting of weight from one foot to the other. She waited until he had retired within his shop,

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IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U.S.A.

Put it up to your dealer thus: say, "I want a pair of Ivory Garters," and he'll hear you the first time.

then went over to the restaurant she had indicated to the boy. It was too bad, of course, that she had not been given a chance to inspect De Nutter's hands, but once she had him placed that failure could be swiftly remedied. She was grateful to the mummies up in the Metropolitan; they deserved the credit for having sent her back to stumble upon the scene to which suspicion had been attached by the dealer's hurry to hide the money—to stumble upon the man in whom, she was sure, the clew of the funny fingers centered.

Three tedious hours later the newsboy, after an argument with a waiter, sidled up to her table in the restaurant. He fulfilled his part of the contract by furnishing De Nutter's name and the address of his studio on Thirty-fourth Street. Whereupon Julia rewarded him with ten more dollars and went to delve again into the shadier ways of those who deal in antiques to find whether the judicious application of additional dollars would open some of the close lips long enough to provide a line on Mr. De Nutter. Before going home she achieved her purpose in a scant and at once hopeful and discouraging degree. She discovered that De Nutter was a free lance and none too scrupulous—that was the hopeful part. But weighing against it was the inability of her informant to recollect anything queer about De Nutter's fingers!

Julia Sinclair stepped from under the cold shower. Eight o'clock was an unusual hour for her to be astir, but she had an elation that this would be a big day, fruitful in her pursuit of De Nutter.

Standing on the pale blue rug she tingled with robust vigorous health as her maid applied the rough towel with exhilarating strokes. Drawing together the robe that was laid over her shoulders she sat down while her feet were being dried.

The wet imprints her feet left on the rug, showing boldly on the blue ground, took her attention. They were reminiscent of a point in her problem on which she had been unable to make progress—the footprints at the Cumerford house which she was so satisfied had no insignificant bearing on the solution of the burglary.

"Felice," she addressed her maid dreamily, "why would a burglar wear sandals?"

Felice had been with her a long time and on occasions had given material aid and suggestions. The question therefore evoked no surprise. While she powdered her mistress' feet Felice pondered.

"I do not know, madame; unless"—she looked up at Julia nodding—"unless it would be so that he might quickly take them off to avoid noise."

Julia's head shook doubtingly. "I thought of that—but why should he put himself at a disadvantage, as he must be in stockinged feet if he had to flee, when he could be just as silent by wearing rubber shoes?"

"This is true, too, madame." With an expressive little gesture Felice pouted, "I do not know." She moved to get Julia's slippers.

Frowning at the wet traces of her own feet on the rug Julia stood up. It was aggravating, the persistent thought that here was a hint that she should be able to read.

Felice set the slippers before her and she tucked her feet into them. A couple of steps away she turned to look again at the wet marks on the rug. She stopped, her eyes puckering. The message was there in double form now if only she could translate it. Beside the dark stains made by the water were other pictures, of the soles of her feet outlined in powder. She kicked off a slipper and studied her upturned foot. It was twice wretched to feel, to know that she was on the threshold yet remained helpless to find the key.

"Madame will wear ——"

"The dark gray serge," answered Julia absently, and went on into her dressing room.

While being groomed Julia wrestled on with an elusive idea. Before her screamed another annoying insinuation—a grotesque little billiken that she treasured as a mascot.

When she was dressed she looked herself over. She glanced out at the sunshine, breaking through a morning haze. She sat down again and stretched out her feet.

"The ties, Felice, please."

"Madame said the boots," murmured Felice, kneeling to unlace the long suèdes.

"I know I did."

Julia checked the irritation in her voice. That she was so dumb she could not grasp a fact that was hammering for acknowledgment was not Felice's fault. Confound this constant association of ideas which refused to associate completely!

Sandaled feet and funny fingers! If the light ever came the two would dovetail perfectly. Between them they would leave no chance for the escape of—De Nutter! If the light ever came—if the light ——"

Julia Sinclair sat upright, her eyes dancing. With rare self-control she contained herself twenty seconds while the second shoe was tied. Felice smiled at madame's hearty laugh; she had feared the inability to find an answer was making madame cross, and crossness always made madame forget her meals and caused Felice concern. Now Felice recognized that the answer had been found as she followed madame into the boudoir and watched her settle at the telephone.

"Police Headquarters," said Julia; and "Inspector Gilbert."

Waiting for the connection she beamed on Felice. "I thought I'd lost the last of my brain," she sighed happily, "but I still have an ounce left. Felice, I —— Hello! Inspector Gilbert? . . . This is Julia Sinclair. . . . Yes. I want you to arrest a man named De Nutter for the Cumerford burglary. . . . I know you're in the Homicide Bureau, but never mind that. . . . Yes, you will! It's police business, isn't it, so what does it matter if homicide isn't involved? I don't want you to turn it over to any other bureau," she asserted determinedly, aware that Gilbert in the end would agree. "Have one of your pet sleuths go get him. Also, I want you to take an art dealer named Aaronberg for complicity. . . . Yes! Get them as fast as you can and let the papers know about it. They played the burglary big, you remember, on account of the antiquity of the Egyptian beads and the glasses stolen. Promise the reporters a crackajack story and"—he laughed at her rub—"tune up the department to blush modestly over another triumph! It will be good—and original, I guess."

She gave the address of De Nutter's studio and that of the antique shop, but she denied him more details. Having worked with Julia Sinclair before he was willing to take her word. Invariably she made good.

"Come out to the Cumerford house with De Nutter and a finger-print man," she concluded. "I'll be waiting. And, oh"—her glee rippled over the phone—"let me know as soon as you land him whether De Nutter has funny fingers! . . . Yes, that's right—funny fingers! . . . Wait!" She had another happy thought: "There are two would-be detectives belonging to the King Agency who've been on the Cumerford case. One is named Bill—you can find who they are. Bring them along too. They predicted I'd come bustin' in at the wrong time an' queer the case. I want them to see how well I do it!"

It discouraged Julia not at all when the police inspector telephoned her at the Cumerford home that De Nutter's fingers appeared to be quite normal.

"You'll be here soon?" she shot back. "No; don't bring Aaronberg. Lock him up. I don't imagine he'll like that and I've a score to even with his tight-mouthed fraternity!"

From Cumerford, and his daughter also, she withheld any disclosure of the arrival at the solution.

"Wait," she said, and warned him that she did not guarantee the recovery of his art gems. "I do guarantee, however, to put the burglar away," she stated. "You'll see him shortly—and I'll duplicate his trick!"

The private detectives reached the house ahead of Inspector Gilbert and his prisoner. Julia received them graciously.

"I'm still butting in," she cooed, "but only for a few minutes more. I'll abandon the case to you then—what's left of it."

Bill and his partner growled. Before they could retort the rest of the party arrived. Julia waved a hand at De Nutter.

"Your burglar, Mr. Cumerford," she asserted placidly.

Bill swirled, took a fast look and snorted.

"I knew it!" he exploded. "Didn't I tell you," he glared at Cumerford, "that this dame would ——"

"Very well; I'll leave him to you," said Julia crisply. "Now put it on him!"

In the silence, while Bill sputtered over the impossibility of carrying out his bluff, De Nutter sized up the situation. He recognized Julia as the girl who had come upon him and the dealer, of whose arrest he had not yet been apprised. He recalled that she then had made obscure reference to a man with funny fingers. If that was all that faced him —— He ceased going alternately hot and cold, and his breathing lengthened to about normal. This bogy about fingers did not frighten him.

"Go ahead—Bill!" chided Julia. "We're all waiting."

Bill refused to go ahead. Without further parley she did so herself. She nodded at De Nutter and produced the Bertillon card bearing the reproduction of the prints found on the vases.

"You don't mind letting us have your finger tips, Mr. De Nutter?"

"Not at all!" He held out his hands. He put aside a desire to be mean and said without evident rancor: "Before we go any farther, though, I give you notice that if you caused my arrest I'll sue you."

"All right; do that." Julia was not concerned. She motioned the finger-print man forward. "An ink impression will do."

Amusement large on his features De Nutter submitted. The roller was passed over his fingers and he set them down firmly on the paper. The result was clear as could be wished.

The inspector and his aid placed De Nutter's prints alongside the original exhibit in the case. The private detectives bent over and sneered. De Nutter merely glanced. Miss Cumerford exclaimed her disappointment.

"Why, they're not the least bit alike!" Even her untrained eye could discern that.

De Nutter sighed patiently.

"You didn't expect they would be?" he remarked politely. He looked disapprovingly at Julia. "I, ah—think something ought to be done to protect the public from such irresponsible happenings as this."

Julia was unflurried. She winked mischievously at the inspector and his faith in her returned. He foresaw trouble for himself if she fell down.

"I didn't expect there would be much resemblance," she admitted cheerfully. She contemplated De Nutter severely, mournfully. "If you hadn't gone too far you'd have got away with it. You shouldn't have worn the sandals!"

Her audience stood round in blank amazement—all except De Nutter. In him she saw an almost imperceptible squaring of the shoulders, a stiffening of the lip, narrowing of the eye.

"This ——"

"Let's cut it short," interrupted Julia. She stepped into the alcove which housed Cumerford's collection and came back with a vase. With a handkerchief she polished the glass and held it inside the linen so her hands did not come into direct contact.

"There can't be any finger prints on that?" she appealed to the expert for confirmation. "No? Wait here, then, and I'll make you some—funny fingers. Bring that please, somebody." She pointed to a deep leather chair and led the man who carried it back into the alcove. Three minutes went by.

"Come in," she called, and they trooped along to find her curled cozily in the chair.

She presented the same vase.

"How about it now?"

His heart pumping hard, his face flushed, De Nutter glowered at her while, taking the vase gingerly, the expert examined it. He still could not comprehend.

"The sandals gave your trick away," she repeated, and as De Nutter framed a retort the verdict was given on the inspection of the vase.

"Six finger prints—in sets of three. And"—the Bertillon man's brows wrinkled in renewed perplexity—"they are cramped like those we got at the start." He referred to the card again. "Cramped and stunted like the others, but they are not the same!"

"Of course not!" Julia laughed deliciously. "How could they be when I didn't commit the burglary?"

She paused to note De Nutter, in whose expression defeat fought with unbelief. He had been proud of how he had covered up his maiden effort at burglary—of how he had provided a false clew. The police had been unable to see through it, yet here was a girl ——

"You can't deny that I made these fresh marks." Julia resumed. "The vase was clean—I was alone. That much is granted. Now compare my fingers with them."

The ink impressions she gave were utterly dissimilar. They were oval, as any well shaped finger tip on a woman. The prints on the vase were squatty.

The inspector said it for everyo ring De Nutter:

"How the devil ——" he began, l more Julia interrupted.

"Look!"

She herself looked downward. F her vision they saw peeping out fro her skirt her right foot—bare!

"Fingers," she elucidated rather essarily, "which aren't fingers bu

Under his breath De Nutter swor ously. He tried to scoff at the re but his words were buried in a g vast amusement from the inspecto

"What a liar they'll say I a cackled, "when I give 'em the story a liar!"

"The senselessness of laying thre like that on a number of objects st at the beginning," Julia explained. and the freakish wearing of sandal a while I got the two facts relat leaving what appeared to be finge he concluded that that would el anyone whose fingers did not mat prints. Which let him out if he cam suspicion! There were only three pri cause the great toe is too much out portion to the others not to be dist and the little toe, aside from probabl crooked by the tapering style of affects, would have destroyed the by making the supposed forefinger of all! As it was, there seemed to pressions of the middle, fourth ar fingers. Is that not so, Mr. De N

De Nutter stood pat. He would nothing—there was always the off that a jury could not be convinced bizarre contention.

"I took the vase in one gloved went on Julia as he remained silent with the other held back the big an toes while I touched the glass wi three others. What's the use in being Mr. De Nutter? The sandals, of were worn so you could get one off to make your blind—isn't that rig would have been better had you sa another half minute." She nodded inspector: "It won't matter if th who saw him leave here can't identi once you print his toes."

De Nutter looked obliquely at spector close beside him. He smiled He affected lightness. "Why bother confirmation, Miss Sinclair, when yo the case built to suit yourself?"

"Aaronberg likely is weeping the story through the bars by now," sai brusquely. "Where's the stuff you s

De Nutter met her gaze evenly. H dered how Betty Winstead would g of it. There was a grain of comfort nothing was said about her. He hop would not be implicated.

"It was clever, wasn't it?" whi Miss Cumerford. It hurt her to s man on the way to prison. "Couldn let him go free, dad?"

The inspector decided that.

"Free, nothing!" he snapped. bird's too darned smart to be r round. Anybody't could dope out a like this is dangerous—real dange His mind went into the groove that b to the policeman. He cast a heavy, ac stare on De Nutter. "How many m these nifty jobs you done?"

Julia halted the degreeing tempo There still was the matter of recoveri loot.

"Don't you want to go through his inspector? You may get a line on th since he won't talk. Now—everybod side till I get my foot clothed again!"

Already Betty Winstead could h imagination the police thumping o door! In panic she bestirred herself. the topmost shelf in her kitchenette board she took down the Hedwig The beads with which the beauti ancient Egypt, including a queen, h decked themselves as much as four sand years ago, and the kohl bottle which a princess had darkened her lu eyes—still were in the tumbler a Nutter had put them.

Snatching up the paper in which sh read with trembling of De Nutter's she wrapped the lot in an ungainly pac With shaking hand she addressed it studio. Veiled and starting at every behind her she sped to the street and to Union Square to send the packa messenger. As a dabbler in crime De N was through for at least the years tha state would exact. Betty Winstead through forever.

DIRECT ACTION

(Continued from Page 9)

ge me away. I was so ashamed. I
ntl to come back. Oh, Mack."
Henever stirred. His eyes were still
nk g in that damnable light.
"Mck!" He could feel her soft arms
nd his shoulders and her breath against
fe.
"Mck, you believe me, don't you?"
"I on't know."
"Ten you're through with me!" She
s lginning to cry. Her body was shak-
a inst his averted shoulder. "You're
oth with me! Oh, Mack! Where
l go?"
e urned and took the naughty peni-
t ild in his arms.
"Yu'll not go anywhere," he said
ghy. "I'll believe you. It's all right.
asdon't cry like that. Stay with me—
hig matters. It's all right."

An now for Amelia's tragic little lo e. Life went lamely with the acgwans out in West Denver. Old . airley died shortly after Amelia's rrge and left a few pieces of involved l ate which Macgowan sold to make t st of a bad bargain. Sextus Mac-va a kind ineffectual soul, kept about n ith the world and managed to put a y dllars into investments. His insur-e laved Amelia and her boy from p ism when he died in 1903. In 1907 ckn Prince, whose own child was then h eleventh year, received a strange ito
His ecretary brought in a card engraved h Macgowan, an ordinary enough ne indeed the lumberman was about e se himself when some vague memory l im that Amelia had a boy in school l at his name was Arthur. There-e avispy handsome lad of sixteen came n showed an adolescent bashfulness h ne announcement that his mother, s. extus Macgowan, was ill and desired se Mr. Prince on a matter of business. s as astonishing enough.
Mac called at the West Denver house t t same afternoon. In the emaciated o-red woman propped up in an inva-s cair he recognized with difficulty the el who had once, for his own good, us to marry him.
Mck," she said with a brave white le as she gave him her hand, "I uln't have sent for you. But you where are certain privileges we inva-enoy over well folks."
I' glad you did," he said clumsily, ug he spoke but the truth. "I have n anted to talk to you."
It about my boy," she persisted in her vice. "Of course I've had to tell him t nonsense. He thinks I'm getting e and I let him think so. But now the to admits—it doesn't matter. But I t tell you about Arthur. He has ke his way through high school and a ually made money. He's running s per agencies all over town. I wanted t study for the ministry, but I can't s eing that his talent is for business. ouse it would be better if he could have lke education. He has already passed ex ninations for Harvard ——"
Wy couldn't we fix it this way?" ken Mack, assuming rather a forced e cheartiness. "It would be nonsense ke him out of college. Suppose I ane him a little money—merely in the n a note. He could pay it back after du ion—any time when he felt able to dlit."
N thank you," snapped the invalid, m ith tightening.
It a purely business proposition, as as am concerned. It would be merely stg a sum of money in Arthur's ater."
I lve decided to develop his character g s own lines," she replied shortly. n ever so grateful to you, Mack. hu is born to be a money-maker. I t im to be a good and useful man, I sure he can do much good if he is h to use wealth properly. And he t egin his education—his business aon ——"
He aused, too weary no doubt to finish ar ment in her son's behalf.
I ould be only too glad to give him ar in my offices," Mack volunteered, r make some sort of reparation, yet eng that the boy would be of little co im.

"I should appreciate it," she declared in her tired voice. "That is what I wanted to ask of you."

"I'll take him on right away. Can he come to me on Monday morning?"

She nodded and gave him a thankful look out of her hollow eyes ere she turned them away, gazing solemnly into space.

Arthur applied for work at the Prince & Co. offices on Monday morning, but his apprenticeship was interrupted by the death of his mother, which occurred at the end of the same week.

II

IT WAS in the winter of 1917 that Macklin Prince's first chickens came home to roost and the bread of charity which he had cast upon the waves floated back to him in an inconvenient form.

The past ten years had fattened him both in body and in fortune. Quite without intent to profiteer or to batten upon the world's calamity he had found the war immensely profitable to him. The building of cantonments and wooden ships, his Pacific Coast interests in the spruce industry, the nation's call for timber everywhere had contributed to his material wealth and complicated his excess-profits tax.

Several years ago Bianca had persuaded him to sell his house on Capitol Hill and to build another and more pretentious home in a plutocratic suburb. The new place was French Gothic in style, quite palatial and divided into rooms which though they flattered his worldly pride always made him feel that he was living in a hotel and only remotely acquainted with the management. Mack Prince had no great natural taste. Modern decorations, tone harmonies, period furniture slightly bored him, yet he endured them and tolerated the expense because they pleased Bianca and gave her something to think about. Like many another man of fiscal genius his beauty sense was limited to an admiration of feminine loveliness; and in Mack's case feminine loveliness still meant Bianca and his daughter Marian.

It was in the evening of December fifteenth. Old Mack had stayed home that night, and for a purpose. Bianca and Marian—the latter having just passed her twenty-first birthday—were away at some sort of Red Cross entertainment. They had urged him to come, too, but he had furnished a ready excuse.

"They say they won't dance, but they will. And if there's anything I like less than dancing it's to watch dancing."

After they had gone he went into his library and selected a book. It was a fine room in which Mack Prince sat and read out of a book expensively bound to match the more or less genuine marvels of his large collection. There were good examples of modern masters hung on the wall above the low carved wainscoting and on top of the long bookcases stood several passable pieces of Chinese porcelain. His hand had fallen upon the Travels of Marco Polo and he set himself to smoking and absorbing the fascinating improbabilities of the quaint Venetian.

But the rich lumberman's mind kept skipping from the glories of the thirteenth century to the problems of the twentieth. Arthur Macgowan had asked for an interview this evening, and Mr. Prince was wondering what it was all about, half guessing and not quite liking the look of it.

Arthur, who was now twenty-six, had more than made good the dying Amelia's prediction. His talents were undoubtedly commercial. Precocious, energetic, serious, he had worked up from nowhere to a place of distinction in the firm. He had been Mack's right-hand man more than three years now; only his ridiculous youth had kept him out of the junior partnership which he was predestined to claim. He had tried to go into the Army directly after the declaration of war, but his poor physique and his usefulness in an essential industry had kept him a civilian. To do Mack justice he would have cheerfully relinquished his lieutenant to the country's service, but he was selfish enough to be glad when the boy decided to stay with the work for which he was so conspicuously fitted.

But the more Mack thought of Arthur's impending call to-night the more unreasonably it disturbed him. He had not the slightest doubt that Arthur would make a good husband for Marian. Had she been another sort of girl he would have presented no obstacles; would, to the contrary, have planned ingenious decoys to bring him into the family. Mack would have preferred a more robust specimen, possibly, to be the father of his grandchildren; but he would have been proud to have some of Arthur's spirit, some of Amelia's to strengthen the generation which was to inherit the Prince fortunes.

A flashing picture came back to him, a vision of the '90's. A girl all pink and white, her bodice cut rather low for the style of that period, was stepping out on a darkened veranda, the light of a ballroom glinting on her little laughing face, music humming round her like swarms of enchanted wings. Bianca! Romance and folly, excitement, misunderstanding, charm, disgust! All these years she had been a gadfly on his brow, an albatross round his neck. He had succeeded in spite of her. His headlong passion had killed the only woman who could have brought him peace, if not happiness.

Marian had grown to be so like her mother that it startled Mack sometimes out of the fat content which later years had brought him. Always charming, always selfish, clattering along with the same adorable foolishness that had come to him from Bianca's lips more than a score of years ago. But what had she to offer a man—a serious ambitious man—further than her superficial allurements?

Mack Prince threw down his book and shook himself out of his disloyal train of thought. After all he was her father.

It was a quarter after nine when a servant brought in Arthur Macgowan. From a raw boy he had grown to be a studious-looking young man, slender of frame, broad of forehead and narrow of chin. His handsome intelligent eyes, which he had inherited from his mother, were somewhat disfigured by amber-rimmed spectacles. Mack's first thought was, "What do the Biancas see in us fellows?"

Arthur took a chair, and as is often the case in such matters the dialogue advanced obliquely toward the subject at issue. They began with the afternoon's news and argued nimbly from the western to the eastern battle front. Arthur took the side of the waiting army at Saloniki; Mack stoutly held, as he always did, that the east should be given up as a bad job and all the force concentrated in France and Flanders. They sauntered away into business problems involved in the wide tragedy, and still amiably they disagreed upon the likelihood of peace within two years or three.

At last a man brought in glasses and a decanter, and after young Macgowan had helped himself Mack laid a plump hand on Arthur's knee and asked directly:

"Artie, what was it you wanted?"

"I guess maybe you know," said the young man, setting down his glass.

"You haven't passed your examinations for the Army?" Mack temporized.

"No. It's about Marian."

"Yes."

"I suppose you've noticed ——"

Young Macgowan hesitated for words, for he was never a fluent talker.

"I sort of thought you were going round a great deal together, if that's what you mean," said Mack by way of helping out.

"I've never taken a fancy to many girls," declared Arthur in his guarded way. "I'm very fond of Marian, Mr. Prince. In love, I should say."

He uttered the last phrase as if he were weighing it in his mind, a habit of his.

"How about Marian?" asked the candidate for father-in-law.

"You mean her attitude toward me?"

"Yes."

"She cares for me, too, I think."

"Hm. You think so."

"Have you any reason to doubt it, Mr. Prince?" inquired Arthur directly.

"No. I just wanted to know. You see she hasn't confided in me."

"I've asked her," confessed Arthur, reddening slightly. "She accepted me, but she wanted me to come round to you. Of course that's the right thing under the circumstances."

"Of course."

Old Mack chewed his cigar and sat looking over the applicant. The two men, facing each other, were a study in both contrast and similarity; Mack Prince, short, red-faced, three-chinned; Arthur Macgowan, slight, delicate, almost professorial in appearance. Yet they were subtly alike in expression. Mack had educated and molded the boy in his policy, which was peaceful assimilation. To the middle-aged man came again a flash of that vision, a tantalizing face framed in ballroom light. Had Arthur but known what was going on in that other mind!

"As a matter of fact," Mack drawled at last, "you and Marian expect me to do one of three things: To say it's a go or to say it isn't or to give some good reason why the match shouldn't be pulled off. Isn't that about it?"

"About."

Arthur's face was solemn, but his eyes smiled inside their shell frames.

"Well, Artie, I don't know of a living soul I'd rather have as a son-in-law—in one sense. You've got all the qualities that ought to make a woman pretty comfortable—happy, maybe. But the older I get the more I'm beginning to realize why our rich girls go round marrying Italian counts and English dukes. It isn't only the title. But these foreign fellows have got something that rich women like—leisure and fancy trimmings."

"Are you thinking of somebody for Marian?" asked Arthur, his pretended coolness poorly hiding his concern.

"Not a darn soul. And if Marian is in love with you, as I guess she is, there's no use throwing obstacles in the way. You're both of age and I have no legal right to interfere."

"I don't think she's the sort who would do anything without your consent," the boy declared eagerly.

"I suppose not." Mack tried hard to make his tone something more than dustily dry. Then he put it more explicitly: "Old-fashioned people call marriage a yoke; and that's about what it is. An elephant and a gazelle are both fine animals and they might care a lot for each other." Then he thought of another simile, one he had borrowed from Bianca: "There are deep-sea fish who might be crazy to play round with flying fish. The trouble is they're built to swim on different levels."

He paused and rubbed his bald spot.

"Artie," he concluded brusquely, "let me talk to Marian and see just how she stands."

Arthur Macgowan went away on this half promise, leaving Mack to resume Marco Polo's adventures in a moonstruck world. Twelve o'clock found him still reading—or facing a page from which he should have gathered much information. Why had he vacillated? Why hadn't he either knocked Cupid on the head or taken him on his knee?

It was after twelve when a feminine clatter was heard in the front of the house. Bianca's high voice could be distinguished from Marian's lower tones. Footsteps were ascending the winding stairs. Mack had slapped together the pages of his book and was thinking of following the bedward recession when Marian, still wearing her furs, appeared smiling at the library door. Mack Prince was again struck by the resemblance—Bianca coming back from her adventure more than twenty years ago, appearing as lovely as a rose between somber curtains!

"Daddy!" cried the girl, and rushed precipitately forward, the furs falling from her young shoulders as she advanced upon him and took her place on an arm of his chair.

She put her cheek against his and passed her hand over his bald spot before she said, "Artie's been here, hasn't he?"

"How did you guess it, Moll?"

"He came over to the benefit. What did you say, dads, to put him in such a funk?"

"I talked sense," he declared good-naturedly. "It often makes people sick."

"We're going to have a house of our own," she pattered on in her irrelevant way; "and after the war is over you'll give us another in New York, won't you, dads? And Artie's so crazy 'bout me! I don't know what I should do without him."

He held her off and looked into eyes so dazzlingly like Bianca's—or like what Bianca's had been in the wild days before she was broken to domestic harness.

"Are you crazy about him?" he asked after a long look.

(Continued on Page 103)

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

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The George W Blabon Company **Established 68 years** **Philadelphia**

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums.

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 99)

"Positively!" she rippled. "I should allydie, dads. And think of having a uscall our own and trips all over the rld and Artie just adoring me all the e.

I e. Artie will adore you whether you rnim or not. After all it isn't a Cook's ou are planning."

Dis!" Her mouth came down to a ly little pout. "You're not going to ec or anything, are you? What's ng You know I've never really picked a body before. What in the world is tter with Artie?"

N hing, darling," he said wearily. sn't about Artie that I was think-

N about me, I hope!"

ose and took a seat across the table m.

Mll," he began, "are you sure you marry him?"

Dls! Don't I know what I want?" Y've seen children cry for dolls and row them out of the window."

Aie isn't a doll. Nobody could call at."

De," he smiled. "What does your say to all this?"

S's positively enthusiastic. You ow peevish she was when I wouldn't old Nat Penniford. Well, this o take that curse off."

k thought as much. Bianca, some- astened, but frivolous to the death, upon Marian's marriage as a shuf- responsibility to some man's shoul-

M dear," he growled, "there's too f this thing going on nowadays."

Merrying, you mean?"

N—unmarrying. A wedding ought to lot more than buying champagne kets for two. When you choose a ou want to be sure he's the one 're going to stick to—just as the r says, 'till death do us part.' You be sure he's going to be first in ind; or next in importance to the rl, anyway. Love, honor and obey old religious rule. It's a hard one thes, but it's the best we've found te. Have you thought of all this?"

I ink so."

e came a light into her pretty face have him a certain hope.

Wl," declared the puzzled father, "if other wants it and Artie wants it you want it ——"

You're just outvoted, old dear!" she d, nd again flew to his arms.

Huey, I wouldn't do anything to stand he way of your happiness. I only te to be sure, that was all."

Ar you're sure now!" she cried rap- usr, kissing him again.

I ink so."

he spake the weak giant, too fond to y hything to the girl who looked so h ce Bianca Melling.

III

MOST as soon as the marriage cere- my was performed Marian decided se preferred New York, and this ic, though it proved inconvenient to husband, exactly suited Mrs. Macklin ce who thereafter spent a great deal r me living in one hotel, then another, h married daughter. As Marian al- truthfully stated the case to Arthur: ight as well be in New York or London ll see of you. If I've got to be a walf the time, old dear, I might as b having as good a time as I can. es east of Oregon, isn't it? And as a you're on the train you might as c e all the way to New York. You t ant me putting on knickerbockers f owing you round the logging camps, ou"

Arthur wanted that, he didn't admit He got himself into the state of mind e e almost admitted that New York ue as near Seattle as Denver. Love st geography. For there was a bit se in what his pretty pleasure- n wife said. Naturally shrewd, u believed in getting his money's h rt of money, and despite the ingeni- x rtions of our boasted metropolis he d elaxation there, during his brief s, squandering for amusement.

t early spring of 1919 there was a y gathering in Chicago. It was a en f business with Prince & Co., and u summoned hurriedly from the , let his wife and his parents-in-law e ew and fashionable Gratz, where the elder Prince had already engaged half a floor and was waiting to pull Arthur into the lawsuit which had been an excuse for the reunion. The case, subject to the law's delay, was postponed two weeks; this gave the Princes and their children more time together than they had enjoyed, perhaps, since the first months of Marian's marriage.

"Banky," said the fat and comfortable Mack one day to his wife, a fashionable-looking person with dyed hair and a skin that was beginning to hang upon the cheeks, due to her willful determination not to become stout—"Banky, what's going on between Artie and Moll?"

"Going on?" she asked, looking up from a gossipy weekly she was studying. "I haven't noticed anything unusual."

"How long have they been quarreling?"

"They've been married two years," she replied, and went on with the only study that could ever hold her for half an hour.

"Who's this fellow, Foxberry?"

"Clem Foxberry?" she inquired, still smiling over some rare bit. "I thought everybody knew him."

"They don't know much good about him," he roared; and Mack was not the roaring kind.

"Mack," she exclaimed, "you ought to take more exercise."

"Foxberry isn't fit to be seen with decent people," he pursued, ignoring her hygienic advice.

"No? Well, he is—with very desirable people. The Anthrop Loages and the Percy Woodbans see a great deal of him."

"Huh. Probably they're not particular."

"Mack! Do you realize who the Loages and the Woodbans are?"

"I know a dog by the dogs he runs with." Mack brought his stubby fist down. "Do you realize that Foxberry has been kicked out of most of his clubs?"

"Why?"

"Not paying his bills and various irregularities."

"It's no disgrace to be poor. Clem hasn't been raised to worship the almighty dollar."

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"And you shouldn't take him seriously. Nobody does."

"I do. I don't say that Moll is doing anything indiscreet, but it looks bad for her to be seen with him so much."

"Other people—real people—don't object to that," she insisted. And she named a long list of persons famous, at least, in the Sunday supplements.

"I don't know anything about society," was Mack's analysis, "but something tells me that decent people are cutting him out, and if they aren't they ought to."

"You don't get the idea at all, Mack," she told him ere resuming her textbook. "You won't ever learn. Probably you can't. People in the world don't have to behave the way they do in the second-rate towns."

"There are a few rules that are good in both Newport and Zululand."

With this Mack stamped away, determined to have a frank conversation with his son-in-law.

When Artie came in that afternoon Mack took him away to a private sitting room where—shall I say it?—they found a bottle, ice in a bowl and two glasses which someone through inadvertence had left sitting there. Arthur Macgowan had grown thin and prematurely old; Mack was always urging him to take a little rest, to lighten the strain somewhere. The eyes behind the shell frames were sunken and weary, there were deep creases running from the corners of his nose to the corners of his mouth. He was already beginning to grow gray. Regarding the young man for whom he felt so deep a responsibility Mack remembered that last picture of Amelia in her wheel chair.

Arthur was nervous and irritable. He began with an attack on the labor conditions which were threatening industry throughout the country.

"Artie, that's not what's worrying you," said Mack after listening quite a while.

"Well, it ought to worry anybody," challenged his son-in-law.

"We've gone through this sort of thing before," said Mack calmly. He might have been referring to labor trouble or matrimonial unrest. "It's Marian that's bothering you, my boy."

"I can settle that, I guess," replied Arthur, his sensitive jaw tightening.

"I know it's none of my business," admitted the elder. "But isn't it? After all I'm her father, and it's partly my fault, because I might have saved you both if I hadn't weakened. The fix you're in, Artie, if I guess the conditions, is a delicate one for any man. It's like meeting a rattlesnake on a closed trail—if you jump he'll bite you, and if you stand still he'll do the same, like as not."

Arthur sat perfectly still, his slender knuckles against his chin.

"Look here, son," said Mac, coming over and putting his arm round the slender shoulders. "You and I have worked together in harness for quite a while. I think we understand each other as well as two men can. The mess we're in is as much mine as yours—won't you help me keep it in the firm?"

"Mr. Mack," said Arthur, melting under the kindness of his patron and friend, "I don't suppose you know how bad it is."

"About Foxberry?" asked Mack, his face growing stern.

Arthur nodded and went on: "I don't think there's any name for that sort of crook. Blackmailer, possibly. He couldn't have worked his game anywhere but in the big society he infests. I haven't been letting his case go, Mr. Mack. He has a system like any other criminal—pretty talk, weeping sympathy, hard-luck story, persecution, a trick of pulling one wire against the other. It seems to get idle women. I don't mean the wrong sort, Mr. Mack—just women with nothing to do but to sympathize and admire his pretty stories. He dazzles 'em with his family connections, he buzzes about blighted ambitions. Great Scott, how they swallow him, hook, line and sinker! Do you know he's accumulated and spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars in bad checks and had every word of it hushed up?"

"Bully!" shouted Mack. "We'll put the rascal in jail."

"Will we?" asked poor Arthur desperately. "Do you realize that he has already stolen thirty thousand dollars from your daughter?"

"What are you talking about?" Mack Prince's fat face grew purple.

"Just what I know. You gave Marian six hundred thousand dollars on the day we were married. There are no strings on the money. Foxberry knows it. He's had her indorse two checks for him already, and when they came back marked N. S. F. she faced the music and said nothing. I don't mean to say there's anything wrong outside her feminine silliness. But he's a hypnotist. He makes people think that black is white."

"Good!" declared Mack with a sort of berserk mirth that bared his big teeth. "He can get from five to twenty years for that."

"Can he?" asked Marian's miserable husband. "Are you willing to air this case in court?"

"Hm." Macklin Prince sat in thought.

"Artie," he said at last, "have you gathered the names of other people he's been operating on?"

Without the least hesitation Macgowan mentioned several sufficiently illustrious to be at once recognized.

"His last job," he said, "was in the Mecklinburg family. Old Mecklinburg has always had more money than position, and he took pains to invite Foxberry into the family. He has a daughter—Antoinette, I think her name is. She was getting a divorce from her husband and she took up with Foxberry, thinking he'd be Number Two. He didn't sign a check in this case. He stole. When they broke ranks and Antoinette was done with him it came out that there was a diamond necklace which Foxberry had taken to be repaired and never returned. They didn't get it back any more than other people have got back the money he's been filching to keep him like a grand duke."

"We can wake her up all right," said Mack confidently as he touched a button and brought in his private secretary.

"Get Gaige Mecklinburg," he commanded, "and make an appointment for me at his office to-morrow morning if possible; if not, as soon as he can see me."

Mack Prince had never met Gaige Mecklinburg before, but when he entered the financier's private office next morning a great fat man with a face all seamed like that of a Chinese god rose and greeted him cordially. Mecklinburg was a size larger in the business world than was Mack Prince, but the Prince name was a sufficient ticket of admission in those days.

"Mr. Mecklinburg," said old Mack, almost without preliminary, "I am looking up the record of a man named Foxberry."

"Which Foxberry?" asked the Chinese god, never a muscle moving in his hard-baked face.

"Clem Foxberry."

"Well, what about him?" The long agate-colored eyes fixed him stonily.

"That's just what I came here to find out. I'm considering—ah—business dealings with him. I understand that you might help me."

"Who sent you?" came thinly from the thick lips.

"My son-in-law," admitted Mack, thinking this might serve as hint enough.

"I see." Mecklinburg's chin wrinkled into a hideously ornamental Chinese design, pulling his great face into a grin. "Well, Mr. Prince, I wouldn't exactly stand sponsor for Mr. Foxberry."

"You've admitted something," declared Mack, unable to restrain a smile at this miser's dole of information. "Now, Mr. Mecklinburg, to be quite frank with you, I have been informed of a case where this Foxberry has given bad checks to the amount of thirty thousand dollars."

"So-o-o?" drawled Mecklinburg. "As little as that? He must be going into the retail."

"The circumstances in this case"—Mack stuck to it, determined not to be roiled—"are such that it might be difficult to prosecute."

"I am not surprised at that. Now what do you want me to do about it?"

"I happen to know that you have had dealings with him."

"Oh. And being unwilling to involve yourself you want me to prosecute him for you?"

"Not exactly that. But if we could combine with others—other people in similar circumstances ——"

"You suggest a syndicate?" The idol's eye stared without the slightest glint. Mack stirred uneasily, feeling like a schoolboy in the presence of his superintendent.

"No, Mr. Prince," declared Mecklinburg finally; "I know of no other people in similar circumstances. In fact, Mr. Prince, much as I should like to help you, I am afraid I know nothing to the discredit of Mr. Foxberry."

"Thank you," said Mack with terrible politeness as he rose to go. "I am sorry to have wasted your time."

"You haven't, Mr. Prince, I assure you," protested Mecklinburg, making an attempt at beaming cordiality. He even went so far as to show his caller to the door.

This short talk assured Mack as well as a full confession would have done that what Artie had said was true. Mecklinburg would sacrifice anything reasonably within his great resources to save his daughter publicity. Upon reflection Mack couldn't blame him; indeed he had gone upon the present campaign with the avowed intention of punishing Foxberry through somebody else.

Next morning he left for New York, having first assured Artie—with an optimism somewhat strained—that the Machiavellian method would work out in the end. He spent four days in the metropolis, and in these days he presented his card at the doors of many prominent men. Some of them were in Europe, others indisposed to see him. The two whom he managed to interview were mental reflections of Mecklinburg, and like reflections, they were colder and less definite.

It was afternoon when he returned to his suite in the Chicago hotel. His women folk were out and his first act was to summon Arthur Macgowan to his private room. Artie's face seemed to have grown thinner during their brief separation; there were red rims round his eyes and he stooped in his walk.

"Well?" asked the son-in-law, throwing himself into a chair.

"It came out just about as you said it would," admitted Mack. "Foxberry has been working the hush system in a vicious circle. He's put a black-hand note into every pocket he's robbed."

"You needn't mind going any further," growled Artie, all hunched in his chair. "I'll settle this myself now."

"How?"

The question was superfluous, for Mack quite understood the look in Artie's eyes.

"I'm a man still, in spite of ——"

Artie checked himself on the point of a criticism unworthy and probably untrue.

(Concluded on Page 106)

Westinghouse

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(Concluded from Page 103)

"Look here, Artie," said Mack. "It's all very well to talk of making a scene and beating the man up. But you've got to consider physical chances. Do you realize that this Foxberry is a sort of hotel bad man?"

"I once saw a little peddler up in Telluride take a bad man's gun away from him and jam the muzzle halfway down his throat."

"Melodrama!" sniffed Mack. "I've just heard stories all over New York about the way Foxberry's tackled heavyweights and cleaned out barrooms without calling in the bouncer. He travels with a physical trainer and keeps in condition for—well, for the very sort of thing you're trying to start."

"Foxberry probably invented these stories himself," declared Artie impatiently. "He's a great novelist, that man."

"Possibly," conceded Mack. "But before we go any further let's consider ways and means. There are two ways open to us now—indirect action and direct action. We haven't tried out the first way yet—not by a long sight. If we sit tight and do a little watchful waiting something's bound to turn up that'll lock him up, and not a word said about Marian's case."

"In a year or two, maybe," objected Arthur.

"Most good jobs take that long at least."

"How about direct action?"

"A fool's method, whichever way you look at it. You can tackle Foxberry, make a mob scene, get well beaten up, both land in jail. Or you can take a shot at him and trust in a sentimental jury to turn you loose. Of course you come from the tall mountains, and that will be meat for the sensational papers. The case will ring round the world and be translated into fourteen different languages, including Finnish, Icelandic and Japanese ——"

"But it will get him in jail—in jail!" Arthur kept repeating, rubbing his whitish hair in a dreamy sort of way. Suddenly he came to his feet.

"I'll try it!" he shouted in a voice which his paternal friend did not like to hear.

"Artie, come out of the loco patch! You're a shrimp—can't you see what the man will do to you?"

"That's it!" The eyes behind the shell rims were flashing with a maniac thought. "Can't you understand? I'm wearing glasses. I'm going to make him hit me first.

"It's a criminal offense to hit a man with glasses. I'm going to make him hit me first. Come on, Mack! Foxberry's downstairs having lunch with a lot of silly fools. Are you with me?"

"Y-yas," drawled his father-in-law. "I'm willing to try anything once."

And together they took the elevator down.

Two physically insignificant men—one short, middle-aged, bald and growing stout; the other youngish, pale, anemic and spectacled—appeared at the Gratz ornamental dining-room door and ignored the head waiter's deep salaam. Quite evidently they were somebody in the world, for numerous captains of waiters joined in the reverence, and diners looked up from their plates to remark upon the rich Mr. Prince and his fortunate son-in-law.

The room was already full to overflowing, and at a table conspicuously centered sat the merry party toward which the head waiter instinctively led the newcomers. The dining room had been watching this well-placed table ever since its occupants filed in and took their seats. There were Percival Senningwell, world-famous and world-condemned amateur automobile racer; the subservient Mr. Pratt Nello and his somewhat vampirish wife; Mrs. Macklin Prince, Mrs. Arthur Macgowan and Mr. Clement Foxberry.

Of course it would be in the society columns next morning that Mr. Foxberry had entertained, and so on. Foxberry was of the type which people follow with cameras and subpœnas. During years of hard practice he had become skillful at facing the former and outfacing the latter. To-day he was brilliant as usual and adroitly flattering, having stimulated his natural talents from a pocket flask which he had christened Eighteenth Amendment.

He was sitting between Mrs. Macgowan and Mrs. Nello, delivering a comic narrative descriptive of a camel race he had once arranged during his travels in the Sudan. Mr. Foxberry had been a great traveler until the war broke out, when he discovered that his peregrinations had unfitted his feet for military service.

"I say, Clem," drawled Percy Senningwell, "who ever taught you to ride a camel?"

"I was born with the talent," declared this man of the world. "The camel, you know, is Nature's walking reservoir ——"

"Stop it!" commanded Percy, holding up his weak little hands. "Next you know you'll be telling us the one out of Noah's almanac about the camel's living forty days without a drink."

"How do they get that way?" giggled Mrs. Nello, who affected slang and made it a point to appreciate everything Percy said.

"Well, this little Sudanese camel ——" Foxberry was beginning his tale anew when somebody laid a hand on his shoulder.

As he turned an annoyed glance the whole table became aware of the intruders.

"Hello, dads!" cried Marian; but neither her father nor her husband granted her the least attention.

Mr. Nello and Mr. Senningwell had come politely to their feet, but there was something about the way the slender Macgowan's hand was pressed against Foxberry's shoulder that kept that astonished gentleman solidly in his seat.

"Won't you join us?" he asked with a coldly patronizing smile.

"I'll join you in hell," declared Artie, speaking close to his ear, but not so closely that the others could not hear.

"Let's make it a party!" Foxberry invited, raising his eyebrows and never relinquishing his smile.

Bianca's sagging cheeks seemed to sag a little more as she looked at Mack with appealing eyes. He thought she said something to him, but his mind was all on Artie's melodrama.

"Foxberry," young Macgowan went on in a tone which had become louder but fearfully matter of fact, "I haven't got any time to joke. I'm here to tell you about yourself."

"Splen-did!" crowed Foxberry, but his voice had become slightly falsetto. The innocent boyish face, which had served him so well in his profession, became clouded, revealing a white scar under the right eye.

"You're a blackmailer in the first place. In the second you're a thief—a common pickpocket. You're a forger and an unwhipped blackguard ——"

"See here, my fellow," broke in the receiver of these compliments as he half rose from his chair, "are you drunk? Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Absolutely!" Artie found himself smiling, a smile which pained him from his mouth to his ears. "I have made a careful investigation."

"Well," drawled Foxberry, turning for applause toward the astonished audience, "if it were summer I would say you were suffering from the heat."

"It's a cool day," Artie pointed out, "and I've got a lot more of the same to tell you if you care to listen."

"Don't trouble," Foxberry was so good as to beg.

"I'll cut it short, then," said Artie. "You've got everything that goes with a thief, a blackmailer and a cad. Of course you're afraid to fight like a man. I thought you'd be a coward when the time came ——"

"I say, my fellow!" Foxberry had risen to his feet and displayed his muscular, tall, graceful figure. "That's something that isn't said, you know."

"Mack!" Mrs. Prince was now calling quite audibly, but Mack stood firm as granite.

"You just heard me say it," came Artie's end of the argument.

David in nearsighted spectacles stood facing Goliath in the presence of the entire dining room. Foxberry's mouth was open, but no sound came.

"Do I need to say anything else?" asked the little champion, rising on his tiptoes in order to bring his nose on a level with that of his tall opponent. "Raise your hands, you cheap bully, and I'll give you the beating you've been looking for."

Foxberry declined the invitation apparently, though his right hand clenched hard. Old Mack, for once in his life a helpless spectator, cringed at the thought of poor Artie's going down, a mangled heap. But when the clenched hand came slowly up it merely rested on the back of a chair and Foxberry spoke, again looking round for feminine approval:

"This isn't the sort of thing to settle before ladies, you know."

"There's plenty of room on the sidewalk," suggested Artie. "Or would the ladies out there bother you?"

They stood just a minute, glaring eye to eye. Foxberry was no match for Artie here, because Artie's spirit was strong and Foxberry's was a poor thing. Finally the tall, well-groomed gentleman turned with a slight bow and, sans apology, started weaving his way among the tables and toward the door. His retreat—for retreat it had obviously become—was curiously lacking in the dignity it strove to maintain. The every movement of his proud back and hurrying legs indicated a nervousness quite alien to the fearless brawler of reputation. Halfway across the dining room he became jammed between two closely crowded chairs. It was an embarrassing halt in the line of evacuation; and during that pause little Artie Macgowan had found an open aisle and was fairly running toward the exit.

By now the whole dining room was in an uproar. Everybody was standing, some of them on chairs, every pair of eyes straining toward the grotesque race. Foxberry, bent on a strategic retreat, had apparently seen nothing of Arthur's strategic advance. It was not until he had gained the doorway that he looked up and beheld his enemy bearing down upon him at an angle.

Then came a decisive blow, one o ridiculously telling blows which ha wrecked a career more than once social history. Artie's leg went ou the suddenness of the leg of an eml jackass. The stroke landed squarel its objective and the elegant Mr. Fo seemed for a moment to be flying t space. Now there are four marble leading from the Gratz dining room foyer; and since man is not construc flying, Mr. Foxberry came down hard floor several feet below. He a with both a thump and a curse.

"The little one kicked him out!" high soprano shrilled through the room. A throng took up the cry an moment the wide space shook with pian laughter.

A house detective, who by some m was near the scene of disturbance, Arthur Macgowan standing alert ov body of his fallen foe. Seeing nothi to do the house detective laid a gentl on the assailant's arm and turning Foxberry scrambling to his feet suavely, "Are you hurt, Mr. Foxberr

"Is that any of your business?" co questioned the picture of bruised ele

"Would you care to prefer charge Foxberry?"

"Who asked you to interfere in thi

Foxberry resumed his flight. His sers had been gashed at the knee, st of his long pompadour had rebelled their patent-leather smoothness and dangling over one eye. He didn't wa his hat, but strode majestically through the swinging doors.

Before a delighted audience could s round the eccentric victor old Mac out and linked his arm in Artie's.

"Let's go for a ride," he whispered as soon as they had ransomed their from the Grecian bandit by the rack went out by an inconspicuous entranc called a taxicab.

All during that terrible triumphal Arthur Macgowan sat silent, his thin sitive hand knuckled against his thin tive chin. Not a word between t Amelia had wanted her boy to grow be a good man; Mack Prince, turnin case over, examining it from every a concluded that Artie had always beh righteously within his lights.

Mack hadn't devised this trip as a cuse for a talk—that time was now Once he leaned over and spatted the y man a rough, hearty manslap on the Artie looked round and smiled w There was more hope in that smile Mack had seen there for weeks and mo

How had they settled anything by ridiculous low-comedy encounter? asked this again and again. The would get into the papers. It would nothing in the telling. Already, so far knew, reporters were pestering Bianca Marian for facts. Mack chewed at a st cigar as they rode mile after mile past lake shore's Italian splendors; now then out of the tail of his eye he rega the boy whom he loved as his own son

Would Artie go back to Marian and give her and be forgiven? The ques puzzled him only a moment, for he thinking of Bianca. He knew what A was thinking and enduring. And men Artie and Mack will forgive a great deal cause they love a great deal.

Social philosophers, I suppose, w label them both innate monogamists.

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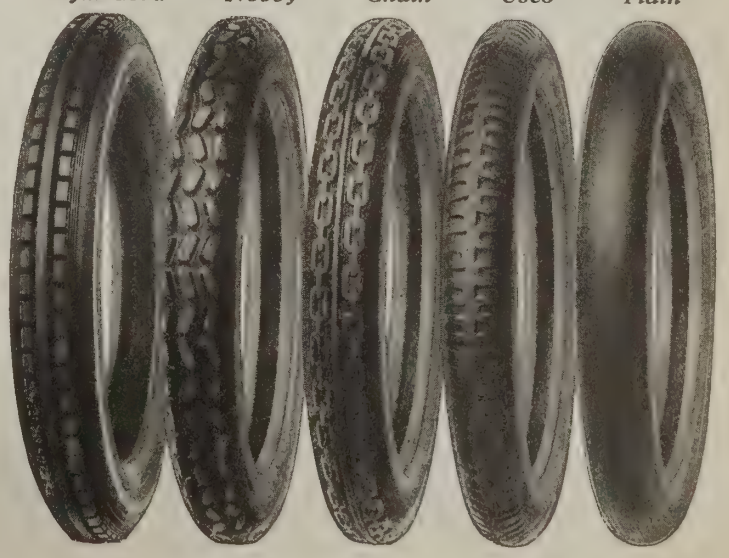

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United States Tires are Good Tires

MAKING THE FILMS SAFE FOR PROVINCIALISM

(Continued from Page 23)

so our villains change with the national barometer. One year it is Japs, the next Germans, with the Mexicans good for any crime *ad infinitum*. However, we have one studio whose films circulate largely below the Rio Grande and it learned long ago that Greaser Pete was not popular in those parts, so in the Spanish titles the wicked pisano is always given an Italian name.

The filming of crime turns up some very curious idiosyncrasies of the censor mind. In some pink districts they will permit the most fascinatingly gruesome murder technic, provided only that the weapons be not visible at the moment of percussion. The plot may be worked out in its most educational detail, showing the purchase of the revolver, target practice on a large anatomical chart of the human plumbing which will register the most vulnerable spot to hit when the villain goes gunning. Then will follow the latest methods in abduction, and when the stage is set for the final meeting we see the villain sneak in, point the gun at the charted spot on the hero, and while we shudderingly watch a close-up of the finger closing down on the trigger—then, then, just as we are about to burst with excitement, darned if the old censor doesn't cut the picture, while the camera anticlimactically panorams round and shows the murderee slowly sinking to the floor!

It seems that the flash of the gun is too vivid for the highly attuned nerves of nice people, who may go right round the corner, if they wish, to view a melodrama where real people shoot actual guns and the flashes are accompanied by the most terrific and nerve-racking explosions. Leaving out the propriety of shooting the gun off, is it fair to refuse relief to our terrible suspense? It is like inviting distinguished guests to witness a hanging at San Quentin and then asking them to turn their heads away just as the gentleman springs the trap.

How do we meet this problem? Very simply. The easiest device is to place a chair, or piece of bric-a-brac, in line with the gun and the camera so that the sensitive spectator cannot see the exploding weapon. The usual method, however, is to cut the action into three parts. First, a long shot showing the fellow aiming at his victim; next, a close-up of the gunner pulling the trigger; and then just as we expect a flash, to cut to the victim receiving the bullet. Thus, without intending such a consequence, the censors drive us to a much more artistic filming of a shooting scene, for the forbidden long shot showing the whole completed action, even though it reveals the flash of the gun, is by no means as vivid as cutting quickly from close-ups of the shooter to the person shot and then to the whole scene.

Handling Poisons With Care

Another strange freak of the human mind is the censorial attitude toward the use of poison. In the Middle Ages poisoning was the fashionable method of murder and suicide; but the ball cartridge, with its deadly certainty, is now the favorite weapon among the destructively élite. Yet for some strange reason the censors regard poisoning as the most seductive course in the whole movie school of crime. And stranger still, it is not the act of poisoning that disturbs their equanimity, but the kind of poison used. They will let us show Romeo tossing off his deadly quaff, but we must not permit a close-up of the bottle lest it tip some susceptible spectator as to its contents so that he will run right off to the chemist's to order a dose for himself. Yet for art's sake we may wish to show the nature of the drug, or our unclassic yokels might think the romantic youth had taken ant paste.

The utterly absurd accusation that such scenes are lessons in crime is seen from the fact that the deadly drugs are known to every man, woman and child in America, only the blind being unfamiliar with the skull and crossbones that illumines the labels on them. I may state publicly and in the plainest English that strychnine and cyanide will cause instant death to man or beast, and that the always-available rat poison will do admirably if some of our household remedies are not accessible. But to repeat these common truths on the screen is regarded as highly immoral and likely to provide rare information to the murderously intent.

The most curious quirk of the whole mental process of the label objectors is the fact that while forbidding a close-up in the drama itself they will permit us to show in a title the same thing. For instance, if we wish to put over a modern society murder, using this archaic method, we register Bert and his wife Bertha at the breakfast table, and while the latter is reading the paper and totally absorbed in the bargain page, Bert may be seen surreptitiously emptying the contents of a small vial into her breakfast food. At this point we cut in with a title saying "Bert is a large stockholder in Greenwood Cemetery." And as we read this gruesome news there slowly dissolves in below the words a large bottle of cyanide of potassium. We may even omit the distress of Bertha after she has taken the dose and cut right to the funeral, and though we have obeyed the law, even a half-wit will know that Bertha's demise was not due to erysipelas.

In a certain crime story the modern Fagin, wishing to show his disciple how to open the safe without leaving the telltale finger prints, said in the title: "Here, this collodium is better than rubber gloves." And the censor cut the word collodion [as being criminally educational, so Jim had the title remade to read: "Here, this is better than rubber gloves." And then he dissolved a picture of a collodion bottle into the lower right-hand corner and it passed without further ado.

Stuff Dreams are Made Of

Though flippantly stated, the Bert-and-Bertha episode contains a very curious psychological complex. Many censors will not let us show the actual thing, but they will permit the registration of the thought of the thing. A censor who will cut out all scenes of drinking or gambling, for instance, will pass a title which says "John was again late for dinner," while down in the corner of said title we may dissolve in a scene showing John lit up like the front of a movie theater, with a bushel of poker chips before him. Thus it is that we are depending more and more upon titles to put over essential information, for if we cannot show the thing itself we can at least let you know our naughty thought.

The classic joke when Weber said to Fields, "Louie, if you knew what I was thinking about you could have me arrested," would have been spoiled in the films, for we would have showed what was in the mind of the comedian, and arrest would not have followed at all.

Besides thoughts, dreams and visions also are joyously passed by the literal-minded realists in the censor bureaus.

"You see, my dear," will say one of these curious persons, "the lady didn't really undress on the beach. The fisherman simply dreamed that she did and we have only seen the dream."

I trust that this reasoning is perfectly clear to the gentle reader.

Quite naturally the Jims of the motion-picture business take advantage of this mental paradox, so when they are in doubt about a scene going over they prepare for the emergency by shooting a few feet which will change the actual scene into somebody's dream of that scene. The distressing details of an actual murder might be cut out, but if one of the characters sees the murder in a vision, why, of course the murder hasn't really happened—the poor boob only thinks it has. Do you get it? When Jim was on the road for the company he saved many scenes by simply changing the title to say that the debacle was only a dream, after all. He has even rescued a whole story by starting it as a dream and having the dreamer wake up at the end of the fifth reel.

The same delicious complex holds true in the showing of nudes. A censor who is outraged at the exhibition of the human form divine will purr pleasurably when God's masterpiece is seen in a dream, with the result that even the classic dancers may be cut entirely or to mere flashes if the dancers are human beings, but Bacchic scenes or Dionysian feasts of the most utter abandon will pass unscissored if the artist chap attends them only through the smoke of his trusty meerschaum. Is it not strange that the nude or seminude reality will be cut, while the vision of the same thing will pass, as they are both rendered objectively in a photograph and were posed for by actual flesh-and-blood maidens who drew vulgar ten-dollar checks for their pulchritudinous display.

Again the size of nudes presents a very delicate task for film editors to determine. Besides distance lending enchantment to the scene it adds modesty to the dryads dancing about the trees, so that long shots of nudity are permissible. But the question is, at what point of the perspective does Eve become a thing of shame? Alas, we have no standards! It all depends upon the astigmatism of the censor.

Though Psyche's wondrous bath may be properly viewed only from the deep perspective of a mile or so, there is still another way we may beat this annoying limitation—a way which as yet has been barely recognized. I refer to the use of soft focus. We find that the censors will stand for a wonderful amount of sin and nudity if only it is astigmatically seen through a haze. Yet there are few directors who have grasped the opportunities of this wonderful technic, and of the few only one or two are using it with understanding and intelligence.

So far soft focus has been used mostly for art effects, whereas it is destined to occupy a large place in the psychological laboratory of the photo drama, as its greatest possibilities lie in portraying the subconscious mind. It much more nearly represents the stuff that dreams are made of than the sharp, hard, detailed focus so dear to the heart of the average director and camera man.

Edgar lies languidly by the seashore dreaming of his lady love and as he registers somnolence we gradually dissolve into the visualized theme of his amorous thoughts. For one short moment—during the process of dissolution—we get the illusive feeling of a vision, but as soon as the new footage sorts itself out and goes merrily on in the same hard treatment as the realism from which it dissolved we have to keep reminding ourselves it is a dream. On the other hand, when the scene starting from Edgar's sharply detailed realism gradually fades into a visualization of his thoughts in soft focus, one immediately senses a difference between the objective world of reality and the dream quality of unreality, for in truth our dreams—at least the memories of them—are always in soft focus. This differentiation will be doubly emphasized when the dream dissolves back into Edgar's sharply detailed objectivity.

Possibilities of the Soft Focus

A very interesting use of this new technic occurred in a picture wherein a girl recovers from a fainting spell and the audience was allowed to share her bewilderment of the objective world about her. When first seen she is lying on the floor, while the details of the room about her are entirely out of focus. As she raises herself to her arm and looks round vague indefinite spots begin to take on the form of familiar furniture, finally resolving themselves into sharp detail as she regains full consciousness.

But more pertinent to this article was another case where a young Armenian girl was being tortured, and as the strokes from the whip fell on her bare back the scene began to fade into soft focus until we saw the final blows blurrily as through tear-dimmed eyes. This was at once an artistic achievement and a successful circumscription of the objection to realistic torture scenes.

Thus we have a double life line by which poor old Art may be dragged up out of her prison and allowed for the moment to have her say, for when the dream and soft focus are both invoked we have met the strongest inhibitions of the censors—to realism and distressing detail. In such scenes we may go to daring limits without giving offense to the most sensitive. The bloodiest kind of murder can thus be softened down to a blur revealing a mere attitude, which will have more dramatic intensity than if we showed the bloody hatchet in all its hideous details.

In Millet's peasant pictures we see with what tremendous effect a painter uses soft focus, and by blurring out nonessentials, such as buttons, buckles and eyelashes, he can concentrate attention on the figure as a whole. The utter hopelessness of he Man With a Hoe is expressed in an atti le just as The Sower represents an attitu of tremendous power. Even Rodin, wo ng in bronze and marble, used a technic or responding to soft focus so as to give m ly the attitude or impression of the figure ad some day we shall have directors wh ill make whole plays in this impressio ic manner. Especially would the works a mystic like Maeterlinck lend themselv to such treatment. We are just beginni to show in the photo drama what the pai rs have taken four hundred years to lear

But let us get back to our censor p o- lems. Certain of these fellows while d v- ing a severe line at the nude will pass e picture if the lady has something on, whe s it is a well-known fact that the r st suggestive appeals are made by a f- dressed figure. A mere garter on a r e will achieve the most direful consequen s. But strangely enough many of the n t puritanical censors will pass nudes if t y have religious significance or form par f a sublime allegory. Statues or monum s also get by almost without exception. E e again we find that curious complex—e thought of the nude may be shown, but t the reality. I cannot resist, however, t ing one of our most delicious secrets—e that I am sure will stimulate the sale f opera glasses among the censorially c scientious. Many of the plastic mo mental nudes passed by the censors ar reality living, breathing women and stone at all!

Flesh-and-Blood Statuary

Only last week we did a most magnific garden scene in the center of which peared a fountain that would have gl dened the æsthetic heart of Louis XIV, the great bowl was supported by th beautiful kneeling figures, while it w surmounted by a Daphne that would ha glorified the name of Praxiteles. Its sh beauty and intent will carry it past t shallowest censorship, yet every one of th figures was a real person. And we did n do this as an impish joke on the censors—was a matter of business.

The cost of such a fountain with scu tured figures adequate to the purpose wou have been prohibitive, whereas the bo standard and the base were easily made that the whitened living figures could wa right into their several places. Of cours such a fountain could be shot only from o direction, for a rear view would have d closed the bent pipes that gave rigidity the bodies, and the alert observer would ha noticed that the water coming from th shell which the topmost figure held alo was supplied from a garden hose that ra up the lady's back and upraised arm.

The travelogue fellows are also great embarrassed in showing strange peoples an customs truthfully. I am sure, for instanc we are all interested in knowing how th Solomon Islanders live, yet the pink di tricts will never know the truth about the sartorial lapses—for, alas, these poor humar are clothed mostly in simple coats of tar and in the long shots these may be mistake for one-piece bathing suits! In the close ups it is necessary to provide panties fo even little cannibal babies lest the roug miners of Pennsylvania see something the hadn't orter.

A lady stood before a wonderful nud figure in the National Gallery in London "Mr. Whistler, don't you think that pic ture is indecent?" she asked.

"No, madam," replied the master; "bu I think your remark is."

The Bible furnishes another refuge from the censors. We have one board that wil not permit the use of the word "damn," but it passes "damned" because of its Biblical flavor. Though these folk will let us allegorically show heaven and hell in all their nakedness, they draw the line at many strange religious rituals. In a well-known picture by one of our greatest stars the little lady playing the part of a young Swedish-American lass prayed for a beau, and to her embarrassment her prayer was answered by a whole regiment of artillerymen. In her home province in Canada the prayer was eliminated because of its shocking impiety.

In many Canadian pink districts divorce is not permitted in the films as "the sacrament of marriage may not be profaned."

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(Scene from "Tom Sawyer")
No man "knew" the cave.

Let him slide. This better Washwear stands the strain

Tom Sawyer Washwear gives to real boys that well-outfitted, neat, tailored appearance which isn't lost even after good hard play.

Tom Sawyer Washwear looks well and "holds" its style because it's so well made from such splendid materials. The cloth is stronger and more lasting. Colorings are rich and even, and can't run or fade. Patterns are new—just what real boys like. Garments are roomy and reinforced where seams come. Able tailoring shows in the fit. Collars "set" properly, sleeves hang the way sleeves should, cuffs fit the wrist. Yokes are double. Waistbands are of sturdy material; buttonholes don't tear out. The good looking buttons are extra strong and sewn on to stay. Quality shows in the belts, ties, braid, trimmings—everything.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck **RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8**
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years **JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9**
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10 **ROMPERS—3 to 8**
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8

See Tom Sawyer Washwear at your dealer's. If he hasn't it yet, we'll tell you of a handy shop.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

ELDER MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY
DALLAS LOS ANGELES

Tom SAWYER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

(Continued from Page 110)

In such cases we must rearrange the relationships so as to omit this sacrilege, often with some very curious consequences to the story, but as the change is for the greater glory the censor's conscience is salved, even though Art is assassinated.

Like most women, I am glad alcohol has gone the way of opium; but one must be temperate even in his temperance, so it will no doubt be of interest to the average reader to see what an excessive use of soft drink is doing to the human bean. Since the curse of likker became generally known the downers of the demon rum have not stopped at driving him out of the real lives of the people, but have been doing it to their reel lives as well. There is something rather superb about utterly forbidding all drink in the films, for it shows a consistency of purpose if not of dramatic values.

When people disbelieve a thing to the extent of almost abolishing their most cherished art we must admit their valorous sincerity. Of course to complete their consistency they ought also to forbid the showing of murders, fires, making love to our neighbors' wives, gold bricking the farmers, spoofing the censors and other villainies, for few people believe in these things either. If they insist upon forbidding the shadows of life they'll have nothing left but the high lights, and their eyes will then become as blurred as their photo-dramatic standards.

Watson, Put Away the Needle!

In one great Middle Western state it is forbidden to show a hypodermic needle lest a peek at the naughty instrument make hopheads out of a robust peasantry. When Jim cuts for Kansas he makes his dope fiends snuff the "snow" artistically up their noses, which really is a much simpler lesson in crime than showing the complexities of the hypodermic syringe, yet the funny censors don't see the point.

Here is another item that will puzzle the sociologist: The only way for a Kansas hotel to maintain its honor and decency is to live right in the heart of the town. A hotel in the suburbs is always open to suspicion, and the farther it goes off into the country the more *outré* becomes its reputation. So true is this in the Sunflower State that a road house is forbidden in the films. In my childhood in Canada I remember charming places up and down the lakes and rivers where we could go for chicken, fish and frog dinners and quite cherish our respectability; and now in California these culinary charms are found all along El Camino Real, competing with the snappy enchiladas served by bright-eyed señoritas. It is true we sometimes dance jazzily at these jolly taverns, but we haven't discovered that their registers were falsified more often than in city hostelries. But it must be different in Kansas. A road house there is an outlawed wanton.

In shooting such scenes nowadays we never allow the word road house in the pictures, which permits us to alibi the location in the title. Of course in innocent states, like Texas, Oregon or North Carolina, we shamelessly call the place a road house, but when we are cutting for Kansas the title will say: "Night found them at Ye Rose Tree Inn in the dear little town of Wa Keeney." Kansas knows full well that nothing could happen at Ye Rose Tree Inn, especially if it was right next to the courthouse in Wa Keeney.

By cutting out rum and road houses Kansas has saved herself from much of the foul work of that old London actor-author, W. Shakspere. I have often wondered what the Sunflower censors would do with some of his tavern scenes. Falstaff, no doubt, would have to alibi his paunch with chocolate parfait, and while you are grinning at Kansas don't be too sure that your own local censor has not become addicted to two-seventy-five per cent buttermilk while he is cutting booze out of the films with his righteous shears.

As I say, there is something heroically sincere about Kansas' objection to all drinking scenes, even though it limits its photo drama to rain water. But what is to be said of places that permit the exhibition of liquor in all its most hideous consequences, provided only that the actual drinking is not shown? A wicked lumberjack may go to the cupboard, bring forth a bottle of red-eye, pour out a glass, raise it to his lips—cut—place glass back on table, then wipe his lips and grunt comfortably. You see, the real immorality of drink is not in looking upon it when it is red but in actually taking it into the system where it is likely to stir up your crime potencies. So in this scene the immorality was cut at the place where the poison was about to pass his lips. Or perhaps—who knows?—it may be that the censors feel that the mere working of the Adam's apple might stimulate thirst in the tummies of their bone-dry spectators.

In a recent photo play by one of our stars the highly moral motive of which showed a young girl's successful struggle against an inherited taste for alcohol, the drinking scenes were cut to smithereens in several districts—to the utter ruination of the picture and the weakening of the moral. But strange as it may seem, in most places where honest liquor drew an "out," a scene in which the beautiful young débutante became quite hilarious on cologne remained in, which would seem to be a most wickedly valuable tip to the alcoholically thirsty in a world so recently gone dry.

Perhaps one of the most absurd and at times annoying censorships comes from the Federal Government, and it is possible only because certain officials cling to the letter of a law the spirit of which no sane person could believe had been violated. I refer to the filming of money.

There may be some sense in forbidding still pictures of greenbacks so that if counterfeiters are found with such plates in their possession conviction can be obtained, but to insist that photographing money in a moving picture could by any chance come under the counterfeiting law has the same effect as silly speed limits that make lawbreakers of even hearse drivers.

Tails, He Wins

To be frankly truthful, few directors pay the slightest attention to this ruling of the Treasury Department, and when we use stage money it is only because we are guarding against theft. Suppose we are on location and the director suddenly says to the hero: "Bill, give the driver a two-bit tip." Do we send back to the studio to get some photographically legal money? Only one guess is allowed. Don Fairfax, who has kicked in more real money to the United States Treasury in the past four years than probably all of its officials combined, got into a fearful row with the department a while ago because he flipped a coin that—to the amusement of the crowd—appeared to be tails on both sides.

I have told how we must use the Biblical form of the thunder word "damn" in certain quarters, but that is quite mild when compared with the fact that the word "shame" is considered morally poisonous in a certain province of Canada. "Sinfully rich" only last week was removed from one of our pictures by a censor who evidently did not believe that one could be rich and sinful at the same time. And my, how the censors shy at the word "mistress"! Even those who have not the slightest objection to showing the relationship grow white round the gills when the lady's real status is thus proclaimed.

Another very amusing cutting decision we have to make in nearly every picture is how long a clinch may last without shocking the unkissed. As a rule, we ourselves cut such amorous scenes far enough to save them from a laugh, for should we show the dear children locked in a snuggley embrace too long some ribald lowbrow in the audience will begin to make funny noises which cause his neighbors to giggle and the sweet sentiment of the clinch will be gone entirely.

There are some censor boards, however, that have established legal lengths for the kiss supreme, these differing largely with the temperaments of the locality. In the warm, sensuous South we may linger longer in the sweet dissolve than in the colder northern climes. A frostbitten celibate of the bleak mining districts will write in the official bulletin: "Reel 2—cut kissing scene to three feet; Reel 5—cut final kiss to two feet before fade out."

The Clock Method

But suppose we really wish to get a humorous effect by having the turtle doves maintain their strangle hold for a long, long time, as doves have been wont to do since the dawn of love. Jim invented a wonderful device: first showing the clinch in a long shot, we notice the timepiece registering ten o'clock; then cutting to a close-up and holding it as long as the censors will stand for, he fades out and then in again, but in this view we see that the clock has advanced an hour. Thus when he finally fades out the spectator leaves the theater wondering just how long their true love will really run.

There are other methods of indicating a time lapse by cutting from the clinch to long collateral action and then back to the clinch. But the clock method is much snappier and gets by all the silly inhibitions of unromantic censors.

In the sprightly game of matching wits with one's natural enemies the wise combatant studies the weakness of his antagonist. Jim found a most interesting crack in the armor of certain Canadian censors. Many of these people are of French extraction, but having lived so long beside their British neighbors they have attained much of their attitude toward vice—so-called. Yet deep in their hearts they have so strong an affection for their mother country that they believe anything coming from Belle France must of necessity be of classic worth. How very, very simple! When Jim is in doubt he labels his story for the province "An adaptation from the French" and over it goes without question.

And this reminds me that in purveying photo-dramatic food for the multitude we are up against strange national and racial prejudices. Because of these prejudices the greatest Japanese actor, whose art is superior higher than mere racial boundary, is forever doomed to play nationalistic rôles with the heroine of his own kind, for the fans will not stand to see a Japanese take a white girl in his embrace. Curiously enough, however, the wife of this great Oriental actor may play opposite a white man, à la Madame Butterfly, without giving the slightest offense. Here again we see a fine example of rooster morality, for roosters are the same the world over.

I cite this Japanese prejudice to show that it is not only the official censors who edit our work but that public censorship is even stronger. But the best part of the people's censorship is that it is fairly well standardized and we soon learn to know their wishes. In one of the greatest tragedies the photo drama has brought forth the director who adapted the story from a well-known English author, has one of the characters killed with a knife rather than by a serpent as in the original story. This was done out of respect for public censorship. In the early days of the pictures the exhibitors soon made us know that their patrons did not care for snakes in the pictures, just since the bombardment within the last six months has said: "My patrons are tired of the war stuff; they want more romance." So it is easy for us to follow the taste of the multitude.

That I may be perfectly fair to the official censor let me state that nearly everybody is more or less censorial, and some are the greatest nuisances we have are right in the lot. The assistant director has notions and the cutter's sweetheart is offended at certain things, but perhaps the most terrifying prohibitionists are the wives of the bosses. Mrs. Emil Gatz has just taken up with some new religion or cult, and you bet we soon learn of it from Mr. Gatz, who thinks that he is free, white and twenty-one; whereas, as a matter of fact, he is not one of these things. And it is in pandering to these silly prejudices, official and unofficial, that we are compelled to water our art and that artists are driven to such hilarious hypocrisies.

Cutting Through All Obstacles

The absurd photo-dramatic cant that is forced upon us is best seen in the film attitude toward feminine virtue. As we cannot be honest and frank about the subject we are driven to all sorts of circumlocution. We would not, for instance, dare to show a simple, Thomas Hardy, rustic courtship resulting disastrously to the maid, because—you see—that would be highly immoral and the maid would have to pay the price. Yet parochial morality demands the ending shall be happy, which is quite impossible as the wages of sin is death.

On the other hand, we may dally along the primrose paths of sin, yet if the maid remains pure the ending is secure and our morality is not outraged. I recall a recent picture that passed nearly every censor board in the country. The girl was innocent—oh, so sweetly, filmily innocent—this happy fact being registered with the best cinema technic by her singing in the church choir, feeding the dickey birds, and by several perfectly beautiful domestic-happiness scenes. But the bucolic purity proclaimed by church bells and apple blossoms soon palled upon the dynamic young miss and she longed for the big city and adventure. So the director told her to throw a peekaboo waist and a hairbrush—the usual film equipment—into a hand bag, and thus provided she started for Gomorrah. Here the director obligingly procured for her a job by simply cutting to it.

In real life people climb over tremendous obstacles to achieve position and fame, but in the films we have only to cut to them—and there they are. During the second reel the young lady learned much about life—how to drink cocktails by making wry faces and shuddering from head to foot until she smilingly reaches the cherry. The wry-face-and-shudder stuff is our favorite way of registering what a terrible thing is liquor

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th tummy of sweet innocence and how
e disapprove of the horrid stuff.
Not we see her salamandering the boss,
nd in the fourth reel she takes to dope;
t ill we are not shocked, for we know
t in the fifth reel Harold will arrive,
s her from the burning, and Myrtle
l saved just as her foot was slipping.
dhough we have taken a most delight-
oyage into the bypaths of sin, our
roine remained pure to the end. And so,
e, we may put over anything so long
rtue is conserved.
Ain, though we may not show the
tully happy arrangement suggested in
stic courtship of Thomas Hardy, we
ayven film the young girl's foot slipping,
oyled she is the innocent victim of a
and dastardly villainy; and though there
ra ly a fifth reel to life the censors com-
l it to add it in the photo drama so that
e raiden will be saved and we will all feel

Last night I went to the opening of a
oo play on the legitimate stage—by one
o leading dramatists—and spent a
ostdelightful evening in the romantic
mosphere of the underworld. Only one
ar ter in the piece—and he disappeared
th first act—was not a crook. Even the
trict attorney threw up his job and in-
lgl in a jail delivery so as to get a good
e acker out to help him on a job. Dur-
g ne three acts the jolly principals
nd to chloroforming, flimflamming,
alg, shooting off guns with horrific
dions, beaning a crooked banker with
alret, and altogether had a rare old
n al time, as in the melodramatic days
h late eighties. Everybody was quite
Ll and felt sloppily sentimental to-
rdhe crooks, for in this case they had
ne their wonderful technic of violence
th noble purpose of helping the poor.

In order to gain our sympathy the author naturally had to make his crooks kind, brave and witty. Who, for instance, wouldn't love a degenerate young yegg girl as bright as this one? When the sentimental judge in his chambers was trying to prove to her that crime didn't pay and she had answered by enumerating several homes and motor cars to her credit and admitted forty-three thousand dollars in the bank, he said with deep feeling: "But weren't you even interested in this holy war of democracy and decency that has just been won?" She replied: "Sure. I gave half of everything I stole to the Y. M. C. A."

Now I recite all this as an expression of freedom on the stage—an art uncensored. Yet in many places it would never be permitted in the films. Talk about a school of crime! At this play every spectator took his A. B. degree; discovered how to drug a victim, to deceive with changing make-up, to avoid telltale thumb prints and other technical achievements of society's moral anarchs. All this crookedness was happily rewarded in the end by a clinching fade-out that would have run over thirty feet of film. Yet the papers record no epidemic of chloroforming and bank breaking.

Ordinarily our villains are wholly wicked and our heroes and heroines wholly good, like the morality plays of the Middle Ages. It is true we occasionally have a villain reform in the fifth reel, but he can't just turn good; he must suffer ere the footage runs out and we can cut to a conversion. Thus we see that under the quaint old institution of censorship the films can never be so artistic as the stage, for with this fear our finest photo-dramatic purposes arrive stillborn.

I was talking with Jim about the problem last night after the show and he was all worked up over it.

"'Tis true, my dear," said he, "that we may conduct a bum school of burglary by drilling safes with egg beaters, but we offer a fine course in philandering—thanks to the monitors. The tragedy of the whole game is not the moralities that are censored but the immoralities we are driven to. A nice, clean-minded fellow like me is much more offended by what the censors pass than what they cut."

The truth of this epigrammatic estimate of Jim's is borne out by the experience of Los Angeles, a city of some six hundred thousand people from every state in the Union, including forty thousand from the highly moralized state of Kansas alone, yet we see the undiluted first runs of all the great studios, and since we gave up our censor board a few years ago not one film has been stopped by the police, nor has any public indignation manifested itself at any parts thereof. In the days of censorship the town was in perpetual turmoil over stupid rulings which were seized upon by pornographic panderers to advertise wares that wouldn't have drawn a corporal's guard without such publicity.

I'll say this much for my sex: It was a woman member of the board who finally spilled the beans—told of the peanut politics, idiotic wranglings and personal ax grindings that went on at their meetings and who finally urged its total abolition.

I have said that fear of the censors edited much of our stuff in advance so that the dwellers in the pink districts get a denatured art even before it arrives for local inspection. But this is mostly the work of the film editors, who cut in advance for the eccentricities of the various localities. The best and most courageous directors long ago gave up paying any attention to the variegated tastes and morals of particular places, and now go ahead and shoot their pictures right at the great majority and let the pink districts do their worst and take the consequences. So if the pink people ever expect to see the best pictures put out by the big responsible studios they will have to climb up out of the Middle Ages and get into the band wagon of artistic freedom.

But if there is still some reader unconvinced that helter-skelter parochial censorship is not a terrific blight upon the pictures and believes that someone ought to give our wares the moral up-and-down, let me relieve his qualms. In New York there is a voluntary, unpaid group of representative men and women of every shaped head indigenous to Gotham, chosen by The Peoples' Institute, who review more than ninety-nine per cent of all films shown in America and who act in an advisory capacity to the producers, and whose opinions are accepted as final with us. This board keeps us in touch with the changing public taste, soft-pedals our excessive enthusiasms and in every way works with us to make the films better. The imprint of The National Board of Review should be guaranty enough that a picture is acceptable.

Of course if you insist that storks bring babies, that strychnine is an unknown poison, that a home can be wrecked on buttermilk, that married folk all stick it out until death them do part and that policemen are intelligent devotees of Melpomene it is your privilege to enforce your notions, but for the love of your fillum favorite don't blame us if your photo plays are just jazz, junk and jabberwock! We'll make a lot better stuff if the busybodies will only lay off and give us a chance.

It is just like a lot of men to go all the way to Flanders to fight for freedom and then come back and vote away their freedom of choice in moving pictures. I once threatened to write a scenario with this pink idiocy as the theme, but what's the use? It would be censored in the places where it would produce the biggest kick.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

st n his chair. And he repeated in a
oice: "You want me to withdraw?"
Exactly. Now!"
Wit shook his head gently. "No," he
d; 'I won't withdraw."
Ki threw up one clenched fist in a furi-
gesture. "If you don't you'll be run
otown!"
'Ta in the fight," said Wint steadily.
spike so low they could scarce hear him.
nn the fight. I'll stay."
'Ten I'll smash you, flat as a pancake!
u oung fool!"
'Ke," Wint murmured gently, "I don't
e damn what you do. I'm in to stay."
Kit banged his fist on the table: "Then
wole story comes out!"
L it come," said Wint.
'Yu mean you want me to tell these
n ere—the black shame."
Ys," Wint assented. "Tell them any-
ng you please."
leowered his eyes again, resumed his
dy f the carpet, puffed at his pipe. Kite
reat the boy's bent head as though he
ldiot believe his eyes or his ears. He
counted so surely on Wint's surrender;
a been so sure that Wint would yield.
u Wint—the fool sat there, passively
rin him; daring him. Kite's face
st with a sudden furious grimace. He
ed back his head. So be it.
le ung defiant eyes round the room; he
aruptly, curtly: "Very well. Here it
This young rip is the father of Hetty
rf's child."
hie was a moment's terrible silence in
rom. Then Jack Routt cried: "Good
d, Kite; that can't be!"
it snapped at him: "Can't be? It is!
e' the very check he gave her to go
y. He shook the slip of paper in the
"What do you say to that?"
I on't believe it," Routt insisted. "I've
wi Wint too long." He got up and
dacross and gripped Wint's shoulder.
ll him it's a damned lie, Wint," he
re

it looked up at Routt with slow steady
; nd Routt after a moment could not
t em. He turned back to Kite, pro-
n Wint's innocence. Their wrangling
es angled in the silence. B. B. pretend-
o to hear, stared straight ahead of him.
Skner twisted uneasily where he sat.
os deep in his chair, was watching
t; and Wint's father was watching
t, bo, watching his son with a desper-
be eching look in his eyes.

Wint did not see; he was looking at the floor; and he was thinking of Hetty. He had not thought of her before; had not thought what this would mean to her. That which had come to her was already guessed at in Hardiston; now everyone would know beyond need of guessing. She would be outcast; no saving her; but one black road ahead. For the thing would be believed; he knew that. People had been ready to believe before this; ready to accept the mere rumor. His own father, his own mother. This had been their first thought when he wished to help Hetty. Joan—she had sought to question him. Yes, they would believe. Everyone.

He was not angry at them for their credulity; he pitied them, that they should now be so malignant and so blind. He was quite calm, not at all sorry for himself. Sorry for them. And most of all he was sorry for Hetty. He had always liked Hetty; a good girl, give her a chance. The stuff of good womanhood in her. Blasted now. He wished he might find a way to help her. Some way.

A word from Kite to Routt cut through his thoughts. "If you won't believe me," Kite exclaimed, "will you believe her?"

"Hetty never said this," Routt protested.

And Kite got up and went swiftly out into the hall, calling over his shoulder: "Just a minute, then."

Everyone looked toward the door, listening. They heard Kite open the front door and call "Lutcher."

A man answered, outside. Kite asked, "Is she there?"

The man said, "Yes."

"Send her in," Kite directed. And they heard the sound of moving feet.

So she had been waiting there all this time with Lutcher. Wint thought she must have been miserably unhappy as she waited. When he heard her step in the hall he looked up and saw her. Her eyes met his for an instant; and Wint was curiously stirred by the pitiful appeal in them, as though she begged him to forgive. Then her eyes left his. She came in and stood just inside the door. Kite said: "Sit down."

He gave her his own chair by the table. The girl moved apathetically across the room and took the chair. Kite looked down at her.

"Now, Hetty," he said in the tone of one who questions a child, "I have been telling them what you told me. They think I am lying. Am I lying?"

She shook her head slowly; and Kite looked from man to man triumphantly.

Routt cried: "Hetty, you don't understand. He said Wint was your—your baby's father? That's not true! It can't be!"

She looked at Routt; and there was a somber light in her eyes. She said in a low steady voice: "Yes. Sure it's true."

Her eyes remained on Routt. He stepped back as though she had struck him. Wint raised his head and looked round the room; saw Amos squinting at his pipe; saw B. B. ill at ease, and Skinner squirming; saw his father white and shaken in his seat.

Then Routt turned to him, exclaiming: "Wint, for God's sake! You heard what she said."

Wint hardly knew himself; he was, suddenly and surprisingly, very calm, and happy with an anguished happiness of renunciation. The old stubborn prideful Wint would have denied, have fought, have sworn. But Wint looked at Hetty; he was terribly sorry for her. He surrendered himself to a great and splendid magnanimity.

"Yes," he told Routt. "I heard."

"But it's a lie!"

Wint got up slowly, looked round the room, studied them all; and he smiled. "Hetty would not lie about me," he said. "She and I have always been friends. We are going to be married, right away."

He held them a moment more with his eyes; they were frozen, every man. And then he looked at Hetty and saw her eyes widen pitifully, and saw her face twist with anguish. And he smiled reassuringly, and he said: "It's all right, Hetty. Truly. Never fear."

While they were still motionless he turned and went quietly into the hall. Muldoon had been dozing under his chair; the dog scrambled up and followed him. Wint got his hat and went out of the house, Muldoon upon his heels.

In the room he had left every man was very still. Only poor Hetty crumpled slowly in her chair; and she dropped her head in her arms upon the table and began to cry with great gasping sobs. And she whispered to herself in a harsh whisper that every man could hear: "Oh, my God!"

XLVII

THERE is a dramatist hidden in every one of us. We like to cast ourselves as heroes, as heroines, as villains of the piece. Make-believe is one of the fundamental instincts. It is human nature to construct a drama about our lives; it is also very human to seize dramatic situations.

There was a good deal of the dramatist in Wint. When he left his home that night, Muldoon at his heels, he was acutely conscious that his life was broken. He had lost everything. He had lost father and mother; and he had lost Joan. They were irrevocably gone. Furthermore, he was beaten in his fight. There could be no question of this. Hardiston would overwhelm him. There was left for him in this world—nothing.

Wint was enough of a boy to take a keen delight in the tragedy of this; he was enough of a boy—or enough of a dramatist, for the two things are in many ways the same—to emphasize his situation, bring out the high lights, vest it in the trappings of drama. He did not think of himself as a hero for having sacrificed everything for Hetty; he did not think of that phase of the situation at all. He had done that because it was the inevitable consequence of events. It was the only thing he could do. He took no credit to himself for the doing. But he did picture himself as broken or destroyed; and as he walked, more or less aimlessly, it was natural that his thoughts should cast back through the months to those other days when he had fallen low. Thus he remembered the Weaver House and Mrs. Moody.

There seemed to him something appropriate and fitting in the idea of returning to the Weaver House this night. He had risen out of it; he would return to it. It was in such surroundings that he belonged now. He turned that way.

It was only nine o'clock in the evening—or perhaps a little later—when Wint left his home. The day had been fine; the night was clear, and there was a moon. It was pleasant to be abroad on such a night. Wint took a leisurely course that brought him through the last fringe of houses above the railroad yards; and he followed the tag end of a street down the hill to the flats covered with slack and cinders. In the light of day this was a hideous place, black and begrimed. But the moon could glorify even this. It painted blue shadows everywhere; it laid streaks of silver light along the rails; it touched a pool of water, a puddle here and there, and under the touch the water became quicksilver, alive and beautiful. A switching engine moved down the yard, and when the fireman twitched open the

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 115)

or to replenish the fires the glare shone
a pe glow upon his figure and back upon
e nder. The long strings of cars, box
rs ith open doors or coal cars loaded
gh, ook on a beauty of their own in the
ght and the winking switch lamps were
e jewels—rubies and emeralds shining in
e non.
He ad to climb between two freight cars
hiway across the yard; and Muldoon
irr d underneath them. Wint grimed
h ds on the cars, and he rubbed them
ger, cleaning them as well as he could
ile e went on. He picked his way across
e t cks, past the roundhouse, where a
on tive slumbered hissingly, and on into
e fr ges of the locality where the Weaver
us awaited him.
It i the custom in Hardiston that when
e non is full, be it cloudy or clear, the
eetlamps are not lighted. Thus the
eetlong which Wint took his way was
inated only by the moon. On either
e t dingy squalid houses stood, with a
lo light from one and another where
se who dwelt there were still awake. A
le ater he passed a store or two and
ne a corner, and so came to the hotel.
Sor thing prompted him to stop out-
e ad look in through the dirty window
ss. It was so light outside and the
in side furnished such a meager illu-
nain that Mrs. Moody saw him at the
ndo; and she took him for some wan-
ering e'er-do-well and came scolding to
do r.
"B off!" she cried, before she saw who
vas "Get away from there!"
Muldoon snarled at her; and Wint said:
uie boy"; and to the woman: "It's
'int Chase."
She ame out and peered up at him; and
sa her horribly even teeth shine like
er etween her cracked old lips.
"Y , is it?" she exclaimed ag-
ssi ly. "Well, and you don't
d t come a snooping round here.
Tre awful folks here. And you
ow . So you can just go along."
He aid: "I came for lodging."
And she backed away.
"D " she asked.
"F lodging," he repeated.
"C ou give me a room?"
"Wat's the matter with you any-
?" she demanded. "You had a
ith your paw again?" She
sll aggressively and suspi-
sion on guard.
She ughed and said whimsically:
"C you wouldn't turn an old
dbut. Let me have a room."
She thawed, became her old,
ful ingratiating self. "Why,
Wy she protested, "you know
Mother Moody never turned a
aay. You come right in now.
Ge ght in where it's warm. Did
sa you'd had a scrap with your
?"
He went before her into the
the squalid hotel. Muldoon
ose to his heels; and Jim,
Moody's dog, growled from
at the table.
"Mrs Moody squalled at him:
"Jim, be still!"
He looked round him; it was curious
how the place so little changed. A train
ne past on the track that flanked the
l. He could almost hear the gurgle of
muddy waters of the creek behind.
Office itself was lighted, as it had
ys been, by a single oil lamp. It did
see to Wint that this lamp had been
he since he was here before. It stood
he square old table in the corner, where
wa benches ran along two sides. The
sle t under this table; and the boy—
sal e boy—was leaning his elbows on
ta e by the lamp and poring with
lon g lips over a tattered paper-
ect ale. This boy's clothes were still
sm ll; his wrists stuck out from his
ves his neck reared itself bare and
it bove the collar of the coat. There
a trange and pitiful atmosphere of
an experience about him.
He was one change in the room, as
saw when he had persuaded Mrs.
Mydy to leave him to his own devices,
she had gone to her chair behind the
counter that had been a bar. This
gave away in the fact that one of the two
checker players was gone. The other
on he wall bench in the corner behind
tab e; the disused checkerboard lay
re im. He was asleep, with sagging
his occupation gone. His white beard was stained an ugly brown below his mouth. Wint wondered if the other old man was dead. Perhaps.

He did not wish to be alone just then; he wanted companionship, friendly and impersonal. So he sat down beside the boy and filled his pipe and lighted it and asked amiably: "What are you reading, son?"

The boy was too absorbed to answer. He brushed at his ear with his hand as though a fly buzzed there, and turned a dog-eared page. But the sound of Wint's voice so near him awoke the old man; he stirred, opened his eyes, looked all about. And he reached across and laid a hand like a claw on Wint's arm.

"Play checkers?" he asked hoarsely. "Play checkers, do you?"

"A little," Wint said.

"I'll play you," the old man challenged. "I'm a good player. I always was. Played all my life. Played every night, right here at this table, with the best player in the county, for seven years." His skinny old hands were feverishly arranging the pieces, while Wint took his place by the board. "I beat him too," the old man boasted. "Beat him lots of times. He'd say so himself. He would, but he had to go and die." There was resentment in his voice, as at a personal wrong. He said curtly:

"Your move," and spoke no more.

"'You Go Where You're Going, You Old Buzzard'"

Wint moved, the old man countered. On Wint's fifth move—he was an indifferent player—the old man cackled gleefully. "That beats you!" he cried. "Heh, heh, heh! That beats you, now."

It did; and Wint lost the next game, and the next, as easily. His success put the old man in the best of humor. He laughed much between games, studying the board with fixed intensity while the play was in progress. Wint watched the old man as much as he watched the board; he studied the old fellow with a curiously wistful eye. This old wreck of manhood had been a boy once; a baby once, in a mother's arms. No doubt she had dreamed dreams for him.

He might be President some day. Might be anything. This is one of the things that makes babies fascinating: their potentialities.

There is no greater gamble than to bring a baby into the world. Wint considered this, thought of Hetty's baby, the baby that had died. As well, perhaps. Otherwise it might have come, some day, to playing checkers in the Weaver House. He put the thought aside abruptly. At least it would have lived. Even this old man had lived. No doubt life had been reasonably sweet to him, till his antagonist died. "Had to go and die."

The old man accused him: "You ain't trying to play, young fellow. Now don't you go easy on me. I'll show you some things." Wint gave more of his attention to the game. He was playing when the door opened and Jack Routt came in. He did not look round till Jack exclaimed behind him: "Wint! I thought you'd be here."

He looked up then and said "Hello, Jack," in a calm voice, and went on with his play.

Routt dropped on the seat beside him and caught his arm.

"Here, Wint," he protested. "I want to talk to you. Where'd you pick up that old duck? Listen. I want to —— Let's go outside."

Wint said: "Wait till we finish the game." The old man seemed unconscious of Routt's presence; and when Routt spoke again Wint bade him be quiet and wait. Only when the game was done did he rise.

To the old man he said: "Thanks. We'll have another game. I'll beat you yet."

The other protested jealously at his going; but Wint said he must. Then to Routt: "Come upstairs."

"Have you got a room?" Routt asked, amazed; and Wint said "Yes." He went toward the stairs, Routt following him. Mrs. Moody had given Wint that same dingy room in which he had spent the night of his election. They went there, and Wint bade Routt sit down. Routt sat on the bed; Wint stood indolently by the door.

Routt exclaimed at once: "Wint, I want you to know this wasn't my doing. You could have knocked me flat. I'm sorry as hell."

"Of course," Wint agreed.

"I want to know if there isn't some way we can fix it up," Routt urged. "There must be something we can do. Some damned thing."

"There's nothing to fix," Wint told him.

"Nothing to fix?" Routt shifted his position, reached into his pocket. "My Lord, but I'm knocked out. Shaky. I've got to have a drink. Mind?"

"Go ahead."

Routt produced a flask. He held it toward Wint. "Have a slug?" Wint shook his head. Routt drank, and again asked: "Sure you won't?"

Wint said: "No."

"If I were in your shoes," said Routt, with the flask still open in his hand, "I'd want to soak myself in it. A good stiff drunk. There are times when nothing else is any good."

"I used to think so," Wint agreed.

Routt took a second drink, wiped his mouth, screwed the cap on the flask and put it in his pocket. "If you want any, say the word," he suggested. "Now, Wint, what are we going to do?"

Wint leaning quietly against the wall stirred a little.

"I'm going to tell you something, Routt," he said.

"Tell me? What?"

"This," Wint went on gently, eyes a little wistful. "This: That I—know you now. At last."

Routt sat for an instant very still; then he got to his feet.

"Wint? What do you mean?"

"I thought you were my—friend," said Wint. "Stuck to that thought. People warned me. Amos, and father, and—Joan. Said you were not—my friend. But I believed you were. I'm not sorry."

"Damn it, I am your friend!"

"I'm not sorry I held to you as long as I could," Wint went on impassively. "It's a good thing to have faith, even in—false friends. But—I know you now, Routt. You've made me drunk, played on the worst in me, slandered me, tricked me, played your part in this black thing tonight."

He hesitated, and Routt started to speak, but Wint cut in: "Are you—responsible for Hetty, Jack?" he asked.

"Am I?" Routt demanded. "Why, damn you, you said yourself ——"

"If I thought you were," Wint told him evenly, "if I thought you had done that to her—she was a nice girl; clean—I think I'd take you by the throat, Routt, and kill you here."

Routt cried angrily: "You're crazy! What the hell? You said yourself that you ——"

"In fact," Wint told him, "unless you go away I am going to hurt you—even now—without being sure. Hurt you as badly as I can."

Routt started to speak; then Wint's eyes caught his and silenced him. He stood for a moment, staring at the other.

And Routt's eyes fell. He looked round gropingly for his hat, and he put it on. He went past Wint at the door; and he went past quickly, as though afraid of what Wint might do.

He went along the hall and down the stairs without speaking again.

Wint, left alone, stood still where he was for a time; then he stirred himself and began to prepare for bed. He moved slowly, indolently; stripped off coat and collar, sat down to unlace his shoes. After a while he crossed and opened the window. He felt somehow infinitely cleaner, healthier, since he had put Jack Routt out of his life.

He felt as though he had washed smears of grime from his hands.

Yet there was a certain loneliness upon him too; for he had lost one whom he had counted a friend.

After a while he went to bed and slept peacefully enough till dawn.

XLVIII

THE crowded events of the evening before had wearied Wint more than he knew; his sleep was dreamless and profound, and he might not have waked till midday if it had not been for Muldoon. The dog slept beside Wint's bed; but at the first glint of day he became restless; and when the sun rose Muldoon got up and walked stiffly across to the open window and propped his feet on the sill and looked out. The slight sound of his nails on the bare floor disturbed Wint and he turned in his sleep; and Muldoon came back to the bed to see what was the matter. Wint's arm was hanging over the side of the bed,

(Continued on Page 121)

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way The Eden washes everything

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You know what the washboard would do to these delicately made garments—tear, wear thin, pull them out of shape. It does exactly the same damage to all other things, only it takes longer to rub holes in a sheet than it does in a georgette blouse.

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(Continued from Page 117)

nd Muldoon licked his master's hand, vhi woke Wint effectually enough.

H opened his eyes and at first he could ot remember where he was. The dingy oor He stared up at the cracked and rokn ceiling. At one place a patch of las r had fallen, leaving the laths bare. t to Wint some little time to recognize his urr ndings. But at last he remembered. Ie t up on the edge of the bed, rum- lin Muldoon's ears with his right hand, nd oked round.

T room contained, besides the bed, chr and a wardrobe. His clothes were n le chair. The sagging doors of the ar obe hung open. There was nothing sic the decrepit thing. His eyes an red toward the mantel. The cracked d irror still hung there. His eyes fell t t floor, and he marked the charred lac near the hearth, burned there that igh of his election, when at sight of his mage in the mirror he had smashed he mp in a fury of shame. He re- en ered that night now; and he smiled lit e whimsically. It seemed his for- ne were always to be bound up with is ingy room.

Muldoon, disturbed by Wint's long len , looked up at his master, and ark l under his breath uneasily. Wint ok he dog's head in both his hands and oo it gently back and forth.

"hat's the matter, pup?" he asked fec onately. "What's on your mind? Wh are you fussing about, anyhow? Wh have you got to fuss about, I'd like kn w? Come!"

Muldoon twisted himself free, and he ard. It was a part of the game. Then flu himself forward and pinned Wint's gh hand and held it, growling. Wint ok him by the scruff of the neck and te the dog onto his lap; and Muldoon's lit body accommodated itself to Wint's lee and he lay there, perfectly contented.

"Ou stuck round, didn't you, boy?" in sked, his voice a little wistful. "The st them didn't give a hoot for Wint; but u tuck round, eh? The rest of them dn care. 'Get out. Good enough for m. That's what they'd say. But not ou; eh, Muldoon? You stuck. Even ck Routt—even Jack only came to offer e booze. And the rest of them didn't mat all. Only you, pup. You and I, w. But we'll show them some things, ?"

Muldoon rolled his eyes up at Wint and id nothing; and Wint lifted the dog om his knees to the bed. "There, take na while I'm dressing," he said. "Then 'll be moving on."

Th dog stayed obediently on the bed; d Wint dressed, moving quietly to and . He did not hurry. He was possessed a easy indolence. There seemed to be th g in the world worth hurrying for. e was not unhappy; he whistled a little he ressed. But once or twice he remem- re that his father had let him go with- t word, and he winced at the thought. d nce or twice he remembered that Id no friend now anywhere, save ul on; and that was not pleasant ne bering. But for the most part he t good face on life.

"After all, pup," he told Muldoon, hin s can't be any worse. So they're un to get better. And we'll just play at unch for all it's worth. Why not? ?"

Muldoon had no objections; he wagged e stump of his tail and opened his jaws d ughed, dog-fashion, tongue hanging ppy. Wint grinned at him and sat wn to tie his shoes.

Sa for collar and coat he was fully ssi when he heard through the open or he voice of someone who had come o e office of the Weaver House down- irs The voice was unmistakable. The wner was Amos; and when Wint liz d this he stood very still, and his e turned a little white. He waited hat moving. There was nothing else do

He heard Amos and someone else com- u the stairs, guided by Mrs. Moody. "Right along here," the old dame was rin "Always the same room. I al- ys give him the best. That's the kind a gentleman he is, when he comes to old otr Moody. Right here, now."

n the doorway she said: "Here's the ngressman to see you, deary."

Sh stood aside to let Amos come in. nt saw that B. B. Beecham was with no on the other's heels. He watched them, steady enough by this time. He wondered what they had come for. To triumph? That would not be like B. B. Nor Amos.

Amos turned and told Mrs. Moody to go.

"And thank you ma'am," he said.

She went away a little reluctantly. She was a curious old woman; she liked to know what went on in her hostelry. But—Amos had, when he chose, a commanding tone.

When she was gone he turned and looked at Wint, head on one side, squinting good-humoredly; and he said, "Well, Wint, how's tricks?"

Wint hesitated; then he said, "Good morning, both of you."

Amos nodded. B. B. said, "Good morning."

Wint looked round at the sparse furnishings of the room.

"You've caught me early," he said. "I'm not dressed yet." And he added: "I can't offer you both a chair, because there's only one chair."

"Me," said Amos, "I'll sit on the bed. B. B., sit down."

Wint remained on his feet. "Well," he asked, a challenge in his voice, "what's on your mind?"

Amos leaned back against the wall and began to fill his pipe.

"Nothing much, Wint," he said slowly. "We come down here principally to shake you by the hand. Don't let me forget t'do it before I go."

His tone was friendly and reassuring. Wint wondered just what he meant.

He smiled a little and said, "All right."

"Thought you might be glad to see your friends," Amos added. And Wint said with lips a little white, "I would be."

"Well," Amos told him, "here's two of us."

Wint looked at the congressman; and he looked at B. B.

B. B. said quietly: "That was a fine thing you did last night, Wint."

Wint flushed, as though he were ashamed of what he had done.

"I don't understand this," he said a little impatiently. "What do you want? Out with it!"

Amos said: "Want to help you, any way we can."

Wint's eyes narrowed; and he flung out a hand. "You're too darned mysterious, Amos."

Amos lighted his pipe. "Well, Wint, I don't aim to be," he declared. "I'm talking straight as I know. B. B. and me are on your side; that's all. We're taking orders from you. We do anything you say."

Wint laughed—a sudden harsh laugh.

"I've heard they give a condemned man anything he wants—the last morning," he exclaimed.

Amos nodded. "Yes, I've heard tell o' that. But what's that got to do with this?"

"Plain enough, I should think."

"You don't count yourself a condemned man, now, do you?"

"I should think so."

Amos shook his head doubtfully. "And here I thought you said last night you didn't aim to quit."

"I don't. But I'll be snowed under—now. Of course."

"Well," said Amos, "that may be so. I ain't sure. Gergue will know, time he's talked round a spell. Prob'ly you are. Are beat. But I've seen men beat before that turned out pretty strong in the end." He added slowly, "Anyway, licked or unlicked, I'm on your side, Wint; and always was."

Wint stared at him with a curious threatening light in his eyes.

"What's the idea? You turned me down cold, in public. Now you come whining round."

"I'm not whining, Wint," said Amos cheerfully. "Do you think I'm whining, B. B.?"

B. B. smiled. "Congressman Caretall has his own methods, Wint. I know he seemed to be against you; but I also know that he's been secretly working for you, that every vote he can swing will go to you. He's been passing that word round for a week."

Wint hesitated, looking from one to the other. "I never caught you in a lie, B. B.," he said.

"It's true enough," the editor told him. "You see"—he looked at Amos, then went on—"you see, your father has no use for Amos. And Amos knew it. He also knew your father could do a good deal to help you win this election. But Chase would not be on your side so long as Amos was with you. Do you see?"

"I see that much," said Wint. He was thinking hard.

"But your father has been working for you since Amos pretended to have turned against you, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose you ever thought of that," B. B. suggested; and Wint drew his hand across his eyes and looked at Amos, and asked huskily: "Is it true, Amos?"

Amos grinned; and he said: "I'm like you. I never knowed B. B. to tell a lie."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You can't keep a secret, Wint. You're too damned honest. Maybe you're too honest for politics. I don't know. Anyhow I couldn't let on to you without your father's seeing it in your eye."

Wint said, grinning a little shakily: "It hurt me a good deal, just the same."

"I guess you'll outgrow that."

"I suppose so."

He said nothing more for a minute; and Amos puffed at his pipe, and B. B. studied Wint, smiling a little at the young man's confusion. Wint was flushed; and he was happier than he had ever expected to be again. These two were true friends, at least. Not all the world had turned its back on him. He crossed abruptly and gripped their hands.

"Why, that's all right," said Amos, marking how Wint was moved. "If you hadn't run away last night before we could move I'd have told you then. I tried to find you, after. But no one seemed to know."

Wint nodded. "I just walked blindly for a while. I could not go home. This was the first place I thought of."

Amos blew a cloud of smoke. "Well, that's all right."

"How did you find out I was here, now?" Wint asked. "Just guess—or what?"

"Jack Routt is—spreading the word," Amos explained. There was a suggestion of something hidden behind his simple statement.

"Routt? Yes; he was here last night," Wint agreed.

"Yes; he said he was."

Wint caught the implication in the congressman's tone and he asked, "What's the matter? What does Routt say?"

"Well, as a matter of fact he says you were down here last night, stewed to the eyes and getting steweder all the time."

Wint's eyes narrowed; then he laughed. "Oh. Says that?"

"Says it frequent and generous."

"He came down last night and suggested that I drown my sorrows," Wint explained. "I ——" He hesitated. "You see, Jack and I—I've always counted him my best friend. But I seemed to see through him last night. I—don't count him my friend any more."

"We-ell," Amos drawled, "I can't say as I blame you for that. I'll say he don't talk friendly about you."

Wint, flushing, asked quickly: "You don't believe what he's saying?"

Amos shook his head. "I know a hangover when I see one; and I know when I don't."

Wint nodded. "I'm not starting in again on the booze at this stage of the game."

"No; I'd guess not."

Wint sat down beside Amos on the tumbled bed. "Now, Amos, let's get down to tacks. I said last night I was going to stick; and I meant it. I mean it all the more now, with you to back me. The thing is ——"

Amos turned his head toward the door. "Someone coming," he said.

Wint heard steps on the stairs, and Mrs. Moody's cheerful harangue. He got up quickly. His father stood in the doorway.

In the long moment of silence that followed the apearance of the elder Chase Wint put his whole heart into the effort to read his father's face. Was there anger there? Or shame? Or bitter reproach? Reason enough, in all conscience, for any one of these emotions. He stared deep into his father's eyes.

The elder Chase came into the room one stiff step; and he looked at Wint and at B. B. and at Amos. His lips twitched a little at sight of Amos, then set firmly together again. That was all.

Wint moved toward him a little.

"Dad!" he said huskily.

His father's eyes searched Wint's. The older man's voice was shaking. He said slowly: "Routt is telling Hardiston you are drunk down here."

Wint nodded. "Yes; I'd heard."

"I heard him telling men this thing."

Wint said nothing; the older man's face lighted fiercely. "I knew he lied, Wint. Oh, I knew he lied!"

Wint flushed with the sudden rush of happiness within him. He looked from his father to Amos.

"Dad," he said, "there's one thing—I know my friends now."

"Routt is no friend."

"I know."

"I always told you."

"Yes."

"He ——"

Wint laughed softly. "Forget Jack Routt, dad. I've other friends. Amos here."

Chase's face hardened; he said without expression: "Amos?"

"He and B. B. came to me when I thought I hadn't a friend in the world. You and Amos have got to make it up, dad. You've got to. Please."

The older man hesitated; then he turned to Amos. "All right," he said. "I—Wint's friends are mine."

Amos got up from the bed and took the other man's hand; and he smiled shrewdly. "I did play you dirty, Chase," he confessed. "I admit it. But doing it—I played a good trick on your son. Didn't I now?"

Chase said slowly: "Yes."

"Wouldn't you rather have him as he stands?" Amos asked. "Wouldn't you rather have him as he stands—than the way he was a year ago?"

"Yes, God knows."

Amos said slowly: "When you're sorest at me—just give me credit for that."

Chase exclaimed swiftly: "It doesn't matter. It's past. Done. All I want is—my boy. You, Wint."

Wint was beginning to believe all was right with the world. He said slowly: "Even—after last night, dad? Hetty ——"

"Yes," said his father.

"Mother?" Wint asked. "She'll—is she unhappy?"

"Why did you go away from us, Wint?" his father asked huskily. "Why did you run away?"

"I thought you wouldn't want me at home."

"We always want you."

B. B. caught Amos Caretall's eye; and he nodded slightly; and Amos understood. He said: "We'll be moving, Wint. See you uptown, by and by."

"Yes, I'll be up," Wint said.

"So long, Chase."

"Good-by," Chase told him quietly.

Amos and B. B. went out, and along the hall, and down the stairs. Wint and his father were left alone. For a little while they did not speak. Then Chase said gently: "Come home to your mother, Wint."

Wint asked: "Even—knowing this? What happened last night? You want me in spite of it?"

"Yes."

"In spite of—what I've done."

Chase threw up his hand. He cried: "Damn it, yes! What do we care? Whatever you do"—his voice broke huskily—"you're always our son!"

Wint could not move for a moment; he was choking. At last he laughed, happily enough; and he touched his father's shoulder with one hand.

"Wait till I put on my collar," he said. "I'll come along."

Muldoon, as though in his dog mind he understood, began to prance and bark about his master as Wint prepared to leave the Moody hostelry behind him. Wint was as happy as the dog. He knew his friends now; knew the loyal ones. And his father and his mother—they loved him.

All was well with the world.

XLIX

WINT and his father walked home in a silence that was little broken; across the railroad yards, up the hill. A new understanding of his father and mother was coming to Wint; some measure of comprehension of the completeness of their love for him. He marked that there had been no reproaches from his father, no questions, no scolding. That which had passed was to be forgotten, was to be ignored. He was their son; nothing else

(Continued on Page 124)

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Firestone

(Continued from Page 121)

mattered in any degree. His father on their homeward way spoke of other matters once or twice. He said the day was fine; he said Mrs. Chase would probably have breakfast waiting. Wint took the older man's lead, ignored what had passed the night before.

When they got to the house his mother met him in the hall, and she put her arms round him and cried on his shoulder and called him her boy. Wint cried, too, and was not ashamed of it. He kept patting her head and saying: "There, mother," in an awkward way. She told him he must never go away from home again. Never; for anything.

He said, "I thought you would want me to go."

But she clasped him close, protesting.

She had breakfast hot upon the stove. The elder Chase had gone uptown as soon as it was day, to try to locate Wint. They ate together; and after that first moment in the hall they did not speak of what had happened at all.

When breakfast was done Wint went into the kitchen with his mother to help with the dishes. She tied an apron round him and laughed at him with a sob in her voice; and Wint laughed with her and joked her, till the sob disappeared. His father looked in on them once or twice, then left them alone together.

Once Wint broke a little silence by saying, his arm round her shoulders: "Mother!"

She looked up at him with quick anxiety; and he said, "I'm sorry, for your sakes."

She said, "You didn't lie, Wint. Any way, you didn't lie. There, dry that plate. So."

He smiled a little, whimsically. After all, he had lied. But they did not care whether it was true or false, these two. He was their son. The thought was glorious. He nursed it, treasured it.

When the work was done and the dishes were being put away they heard a step on the porch outside the kitchen. They both looked that way; and through the window they saw Hetty. She passed the window, knocked on the door.

Wint looked toward his mother; and he saw that she was white as death. But even while he looked at her she touched her mouth with her hand and steadied herself, and went to the door and opened. "Hetty!" she said pleasantly, gently. "Hetty! Well, come in."

The girl came into the kitchen. She was pale but she seemed very sure of herself. She looked from Mrs. Chase to Wint.

"I want to talk to Wint," she said gently.

Mrs. Chase nodded. "You wait here." She went quickly out into the dining room. They heard her speak to her husband. She was back almost at once. "Go into the sitting room," she said. "There's no one there."

Hetty went toward the door; but Wint at first did not stir. He was curiously ashamed to face Hetty. She stopped in the doorway and looked back at him; and he pulled himself together and untied his apron and followed her. In the sitting room she sat down on the couch, and Wint sat by the table. She looked at him steadily, smiled a little.

He said, "Well, Hetty?"

She laughed at him in a tender way. "Oh, you Wint!" she exclaimed, in a fashion that reminded him of the old careless Hetty.

He shifted uneasily. He felt as though he were guilty toward her. There was no accusation in his voice.

She shook a forefinger at him. "What got into you?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell them to go to the devil?"

There was no way to put it into words. He shook his head. "I don't know. It's all right."

"You knocked us flat; the lot of us," she said. "Wint, you pretty near killed me. You darned, decent kid!"

Wint stirred uneasily.

"I thought I'd die," she said. Her voice shook, though she was smiling. "I ——" She laughed. "You ought to have seen the others."

He asked awkwardly, "What happened? I haven't heard."

"Didn't your father ——"

"No. I stayed at the Weaver House last night."

She laughed. "Oh, you! Leave it to you to think of the fool thing to do."

He said soberly, "I was in earnest, Hetty. I meant what I said."

She nodded. "Sure you did! You're just a big enough fool to go through with it too."

"Of course."

"You've got a f-fat chance, Wint," she said; and her voice broke, and she was very near crying through her smiles. "I've waked up now. You've got a fine, fat chance of that!"

"I don't hold it against you," he said. "I'd—be good to you."

"Don't be a nut, darn you! You'll make me cry. I came near crying myself to death last night."

Wint's curiosity was awake. He asked again: "What happened?"

"Why, you knocked us all flat," she said. "I took it out in crying. Routt beat it after you. He was the first to move."

There was a curious hard quality in her voice; and Wint asked, "Was it ——" He bit off the question, furious with himself for asking.

She said slowly: "Never mind. That's past. I thought for a while I'd be better dead; but I know better now. Nothing can kill you unless you want to be killed. Nobody ever fell so hard they couldn't get up. I'm going to get up, Wint, and go right on living."

He told her quickly: "Of course. I'll help. Honestly."

She said fiercely: "You will not! If you think I'm going to let you go through with this ——" She broke off, laughed. "Well, I was telling you what happened. Routt beat it after you. The rest of us sat still, me bawling. Then your father got up and ran out to the front door and out to the street. While he was gone Kite began to stir. I looked at Kite. Believe me, Wint, he was squashed. He hadn't expected you to—do what you did. He looked like a dead man. He stuffed his things into his pocket and pattered out into the hall. Then he came back and he said to me, 'Come, Hetty.'

"I said to him, 'You go where you're going, you old buzzard.' And I went on crying. It felt good.

"I heard Kite go out the front door; and then your father came back. He says: 'He's gone! Wint's gone!'

"Then he looked at me, and I couldn't look at him. And he went out and went upstairs.

"The rest of them went along then. Ed Skinner went first; then B. B. and Amos together. Amos says to me: 'Don't cry so, Hetty. Don't cry so.' I told him to shut up; and he went along. When they were all gone I got myself together and went out. Lutcher and Kite were waiting at the corner. They stopped me; and Kite, he says: 'What are we going to do?'

"I hit him in the face, hard as I could. Lutcher grabbed my arm; and I told him to let go, and he let go. I went on and left them. Went home and cried some more."

She laughed a little. "I'll say I felt like crying, Wint. That was your doing. Darn you!"

He said, "You mustn't feel badly."

"Badly!" she echoed, and her eyes were suddenly hard. "Wint, I could cut out my tongue." She moved abruptly, hid her face. After an instant she turned to him again.

"There's no use in saying I'm sorry. They fed me up to it. Threats and promises. If I'd do it they'd give me—a rat of a man to marry. He said he'd marry me himself. But he'd said that before. He told me himself that he'd marry me if I'd do this. Marry me and take me away. I knew he was a liar, but I thought maybe he'd keep the promise this time. I thought I had to have him, to be able to look people in the eye. Oh, I'm not making excuses, Wint. There isn't any excuse for me."

He said: "It's all right. Please don't feel badly."

"The thing is," she said steadily, "how am I going to make it up to you? What do you want me to do?" He did not answer at once; and she told him humbly, "I'll do anything you say."

He shook his head. "Nothing. I'm willing to go through with it."

She rose to her feet with a swift furious movement.

"Damn you, Wint," she cried chokingly, "don't you say that again! Ain't I sorry enough to suit you? Haven't you poured coals of fire on my head till—till my hair's all singed. Don't rub it in, Wint," she pleaded. "You've made me feel bad enough. I'll say I was ready to quit last night. It wasn't worth a penny to live. Then I thought I might make it up to you. So I—stayed alive. Don't you rub it into me now. Don't you say that again. I tell you, Wint, I went through something last night." Her voice shook, she stretched out her hands to him. "For God's sake, Wint, don't rub it in any more."

There were tears in her eyes, on her cheeks; her face was the face of one in torment. He took her hands; and he said gently, "Please—I didn't mean to make you unhappy. You've—really, you've made me happy. I thought everyone would be against me. But Amos and B. B. came to me, offered me their friendship and their help. And father came to me. I never knew before what friends I had. You've done that for me already."

"I'll bet Routt came to you too!" she said, a terrible scorn in her voice. "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Wint. "He came."

She was frankly crying now, her shoulders shaking, tears streaming down her face. Her lips twisted; she held out her clenched hands. "I'd like to kill him!"

"Don't cry," Wint begged. "Please."

She brushed her arm across her eyes and smiled at him. "All right. Now—what do you want me to do? It's up to you."

"I don't want you to do anything," Wint protested. "It will all come out right in the end."

"I'm not going to stand and wait."

"Please. You'll see."

She stamped her foot fiercely. "I tell you, no! I was the goat yesterday. They made a fool of me. But I've grown up overnight, Wint. This is my day. I'm going to tear things open—wide!"

For all the harshness of her speech there was a strange new gentleness about Hetty; and there was a new strength in her. Wint had never liked her more, respected her more.

He said steadily: "You're wrong, I think. You're excited to-day. I tell you things will turn out better than you think."

The telephone tinkled in the hall; and Wint said, "Wait a minute, will you?" And he went to answer it.

Sam O'Brien, the fat restaurant man, was on the other end of the wire.

He asked, "This Chases' house?"

Wint said, "Yes, this is Wint Chase. That you, Sam?"

O'Brien exclaimed: "Yes, it's me! Say, Wint—you're there, boy! You're a man!"

"Pshaw!"

"Say, Wint," O'Brien cut in, "is Hetty up there? They say at her room she started for there."

Wint glanced toward the door of the sitting room. "Yes," he said.

"Do me a favor?" Sam asked.

"Of course."

"Keep her there till I come?"

"All right," Wint agreed. "What ——"

But Sam had hung up. Wint went back to Hetty. He decided, for no reason in the world, not to tell her what Sam had asked him to do.

She asked as soon as he came into the sitting room: "Who was that? Sam O'Brien?"

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

Wint laughed uneasily and said: "He just wanted to tell me he was on my side."

Hetty nodded. "There's one decent man, Wint." There was a curious warmth in her tone.

"Yes, he is," Wint agreed.

"He's been fine to me," she said a little wistfully. Then she put Sam aside with a movement of her hand. "Well, Wint, you want me to go ahead my own way?"

He hesitated; then he said: "Hetty, you're all right. I don't blame you for anything. But I do want you to forget the whole thing. You'll see it will straighten out. Don't mix things up."

They heard his mother come into the dining room across the hall, and busy herself there; and they kept silent till she went out into the kitchen again. A matter of minutes. Hetty moved once, crossing from her chair to stand beside Wint and touch his shoulder lightly with her hand.

When Mrs. Chase had gone out of hearing she said softly: "I guess there's one person you'd like to have know the straight of this."

Wint's jaw set slowly with something of the old stubbornness; and he said: "No, she doesn't believe in me. She's made no move. I'll not."

She twisted her fingers into his hair and shook him good-naturedly. "You, Wint; you're as stubborn as a mule," she told him. "What would you think of her if she'd come running, when you'd did were going to—marry me? Wh she do? But she knows you're a ar the same. I'll bet she's just waiti

Someone came up on the porch ut and she looked sharply that way a as "Who's that?"

"I'll go," Wint told her; and h ve the front door.

Sam O'Brien was there. He ad pected Sam. But Jack Routt s him, and Wint had not expecte to Routt.

He looked from Sam to th o Routt's collar, he saw, was rump ; there were little beads of perspir o Sam's forehead. Wint hesitated.

Sam said huskily, "I know y want this skunk in your house, Wi is—she here?"

"Yes," Wint told him.

"Well, this thing wants to see h explained. "Speak up, you!" H o at Routt.

Routt said, "Yes." He ran fi round inside his collar.

Wint moved aside. "Come agreed; and they stepped into the

Then Hetty came out of the sittin ro She had heard their voices, heard w said. She stood very still, looking Routt with inscrutable eyes. Rout po from Sam to Wint furtively. T m looked at Hetty; and he moved tow d as though he expected violence. Tw p from where she stood he stopp fidgeted.

At last he said, "Will you marry ?

There was a parrotlike quality voice that made Wint, even in th ment, want to smile.

Hetty did smile; she said quiet suppose Sam brought you here?"

Routt looked at Sam; then he pr a "No. I wanted to come. Honestly

"You never wanted anything h e in your life, Jack," she told him; ar was as much pity as anger in her vo wouldn't marry you—I wouldn't k you—not if you were the last man world!"

No one said anything. They sto w still. Then Routt moved a little; d turned and looked at Sam O'Brien S had his hat in his hand. He droppe t leave his hands free. He opened th r door and stepped outside; and Ro lowed him as though at a word of com a Sam took him by the arm; th closed the door. Wint looked at He

They heard a muffled thudding s d hoarse cry, a scuffle of feet. The fro g banged.

When Wint opened the door Sa w standing on one foot, precariously s and with his handkerchief he was ca u wiping the toe of his right shoe. Rou w not in sight.

Hetty came to the door beside i and Sam looked at her humbly and a "Will you walk along with me?"

Hetty, smiling a little, tenderly, a "You oughtn't to have done that."

"I can clean my shoe," Sam expl a as though that were the only consider "Will you walk along with me?"

She hesitated a moment; then sh a swiftly: "Yes, Sam." And she lool Wint with a quick laughing glance. Sam. I'll walk along with you."

Sam looked at Wint. "We're obliged to you," he said.

Wint nodded. Then Sam and went down to the gate; and Wint wa them go away together.

L

IT WAS well toward dinner time Hetty and Sam O'Brien went awa gether and left Wint. He watched th the corner, and thought Sam was a fellow. And a lucky one too. There fine strength and pride in Hetty. No about it, Sam was lucky.

When they were out of sight Wint into the house. His father had not yet downstairs; Mrs. Chase was still in kitchen. Wint settled himself in the si room and filled his pipe and went ov his thoughts the scenes this room had nessed in twenty-four hours past, looked back at them as though he had an observer. He could not believe he been chief actor in them all. It is per this trait of the human mind which per mankind to rise to emergencies. The e gency does not seem like an emergenc the time. It seems rather like the ordi run of life; it is only in retrospect tha

(Continued on Page 127)

(Continued from Page 124)

realize, and wonder at themselves. res, during these great moments, a saplicity about life. It had been so Vint; it was only now, as he thought er what had taken place, that the of it caught him. And he wond t it all, and most of all he wondered nself.

ather came downstairs after a little nd joined him. The older man made fence to Hetty's having been there; Wit, at first minded to tell the whole o tell his father that Hetty was right the wrong she had done, de on second thought to wait. It de sweeter to anticipate their joy ney should hear the truth. So he h tongue.

a while Mrs. Chase called them to er and they went into the dining gether. Some impulse made Wint h hand lightly on his father's shoul d the older man reached up and Vnt's hand and held it, so that they se the hall with hands clasped, as gh Wint were still a little boy. He suienly very proud of his father, and s ond of him.

e dinner table it was as though in had happened. Mrs. Chase was rfi; she talked amiably of everything e orld except Hetty. Wint and Mr. se nswered her—that is to say, they ruted her with a remark now and —hile they ate.

w only when they both had finished Case looked at his son and said a awardly: "You don't want to for- have a rally arranged for to-night, ?"

exclaimed, "Good Lord; I had for- re not going to give it up?"

it up? No! But I'd forgotten all I'll have to go uptown."

had made some arrangements, ou?"

Hired the Rink. B. B. is going sie. That is, he said he would. And Sam O'Brien to speak, and you that you would."

nk I'd rather not," Chase said, uncomfortably.

asked: "Not deserting me, are

o. I'll be with you. Sitting on the ut—I wouldn't know what to say,

Davy Morgan is going to speak." used back his chair. "I'll go right nd make sure things are all right." as said, "I'm glad you're not giving ll walk up with you, Wint."

other kissed him good-by at the d that was unusual. It was the she gave of what she must have ng. Wint had sometimes thought ly that she was a babbling old never able to keep a thought to . He was learning a new respect for omething more. He had felt that stified in counting on his father oer to stand by him; but he had and been prepared for questions aps reproaches. There were no ; there was never a reproach. It actful to keep silent; and tact is s a shade nobler than loyalty, y another virtue.

ged her close and hard, kissed her len he and his father walked away own, shoulder to shoulder, swing- rothers. They met people. Wint a furtive curiosity in the eyes of y met. But he could bear that. nticipated covert jeers, perhaps be; and his muscles had hardened ught.

ent into the post office together rated there. Wint met Dick and Hoover gripped his hand and is shoulder and told him he was That heartened Wint. On his the post office he encountered te, face to face, in front of the ite dropped his eyes and scuttled like a crab in seaweed. Wint with amusement.

said, "He can't face you."

aughed good-naturedly. "Oh, right. He fights in the only way

Hoover in front of the Journal went in. B. B. was there stok- ecrepit stove, breaking up the als with a bit of wood and pouring oal.

ted Wint smilingly; said, "Good

"Hello, B. B.!" Wint rejoined and sat down. "Still fussing with that stove?"

B. B. amiably enough, said: "Yes. It's a good stove. Perhaps it doesn't look as well as it might; but it heats this office. That's the way with a good many things that don't look very well; they manage to do their work better than the fine-looking things. Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"In other words," Wint agreed, "beauty is only skin deep, even in stoves."

"Well, I'd rather have an ugly stove that would draw and give heat than a fine one that wouldn't," B. B. declared; and Wint said he did not blame him.

B. B. sat down at his desk, working and talking at the same time. This was a way he had; a way he had to have, for there was nearly always someone in the office to talk to him.

Wint said: "I almost forgot about my meeting to-night. Are you still willing to preside?"

B. B. said "Certainly."

"I thought you might have changed your mind."

"No indeed. At the Rink, is it?"

"Yes."

"Who are your speakers?"

"I'm not having any fine talent," Wint said, smiling. "Just a couple of good friends of mine. Sam O'Brien, and Davy Morgan. And if you'd be willing to say something."

"Oh, I always talk when I get a chance like that."

"Sure."

"Is your father going to speak?"

Wint shook his head. "No," he said frankly. "Dad's all right. He's been absolutely fine. But—he says he wouldn't know what to say. He's no speaker, you know."

"I've heard him do very well."

Wint laughed. "You probably wrote those speeches for him yourself." And B. B. good-naturedly acknowledged the corn.

"About half past seven?" Wint asked, as he got up to go; and B. B. agreed to the hour, and said he would be there.

When he had left B. B. Wint telephoned the furnace to make sure of Davy Morgan; and Morgan said energetically that he surely would be on hand.

"I've some few things to say also," he declared. "I can talk when they get me mad, Wint. And I'm mad enough to-day."

Wint said: "All right; go as far as you like. This is a fight. It's no pink tea."

And he dropped in on Sam O'Brien. But Sam was not in the restaurant. His underling told Wint that the fat man had been out all day.

"He went looking for Jack Routt," the man explained.

"He found him," said Wint. "Well, tell Sam I'm counting on him to be at the Rink to-night."

From the restaurant he crossed the street to Dick Hoover's office. Dick and his father were busy, so that Wint was alone for a time. Then he decided people might think he was hiding; so he went downstairs and out to the street again, and went to the barber shop for a haircut.

Jim Radabaugh was there; and Jim shifted the bulge in his cheek and shook hands with Wint and said: "You're there, boss! I'd say you're there."

Marshall, the barber, violated all the traditions of his craft by being a silent man. He said nothing whatever while he trimmed Wint's crisp hair; and Wint was glad of that. He would not hide, but he did not want to talk overmuch. When he came out of the barber shop he saw Amos and Sam O'Brien and Peter Gergue on the other side of the street. They were walking purposefully, coming uptown from the direction of Amos' home. They saw him, and Amos waved his hand in greeting; then Peter spoke to Amos, left the others, and came across to Wint, scratching the back of his head.

Wint said, "Hello, Peter."

Gergue grinned. "Well, Wint, you've started something."

Wint nodded. "I suppose so."

"You've made 'em talk, Wint. That never hurt a bit."

"I think you told me that once before," Wint agreed, laughing.

"Well, and it's so," Gergue insisted. He looked all round, took Wint's arm. "Let's walk along," he suggested.

Amos and Sam had disappeared. Wint said, "I've been looking for Sam. I want to see him."

"What about?"

"He's going to speak at my meeting to-night. At least I want him to."

Gergue chuckled; and he gripped Wint's arm as though he knew a thing or two which he might tell if he chose. "Oh, he'll speak," he said. "Sam'll speak."

"I've counted on him."

"You going to speak, ain't you?" Gergue asked.

"Why, yes. Naturally."

"Fixed you up a speech, have you?"

"Not yet. I'll—just say whatever comes up at the time. Anything ——"

Gergue shook his head. "I tell you, Wint," he said, "you better go on home and write you a speech. A good one, with flowers on it, and all."

"Oh, I don't need to ——"

"I've seen more'n one man get up on his hind legs and go dumb. Good idea to have something on your mind before you get up."

"We-ell, maybe."

"I tell you," Gergue said again, "you go on home and fix up something. Best thing to do."

"I want to see Sam."

"I'll see him."

Wint was more than half persuaded before Peter spoke to him. He had thought of going home; he was tired. He wanted to sleep. He said, "We-ell, all right."

"That's the talk," said Peter. "You go along."

"So long, then."

"Fix you up a good one," Gergue advised him again. "Fix it up, and learn it, and all. You'll maybe be interrupted, you know."

"If there's anyone there to interrupt," Wint said in a tone of doubt; and Gergue cackled.

"Lord, there'll be some folks there! Don't you worry about that. You go home and fix you up a speech. You'll have a crowd."

So Wint went home in midafternoon. He found the house empty. His mother, he thought, was probably next door with Mrs. Hullis. He felt sleepy; and he went to his room and lay down.

His father woke him at last; told him it was supper time.

At supper Chase asked Wint's mother if she were going to Wint's rally. She said: "I don't know. I said to Mrs. Hullis this afternoon that I wanted to go, but I didn't know whether women went. And she said she didn't know either. But I told her I ——"

"You'll have plenty of company," her husband told her. "From what I hear, the whole town is going to be there. Everyone was talking about it this afternoon."

"Then I'm going," she said. "Mrs. Hullis wanted me to go with her; and I ——"

"You go with her," Chase advised. "I'll be on the stage with Wint."

She said, "I'll have to leave the dishes. There won't be ——"

"I'll do them, mother, while you're dressing," Wint told her cheerfully. "Don't worry about that."

"Well, I don't know."

In the end Wint and his father did them together. Wint broke a plate, and Mrs. Chase called downstairs to know what had happened and protested that she ought to come down and do them. But they would not let her. In the end they all started uptown together, Wint and his father, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Hullis, two by two.

It was dark; the early dark of an autumn evening. They met people, or overtook them, or were overtaken by them; and Wint thought there were more people than usual abroad. The moon was bright again this night, bright as it had been the night before, when Wint took his way to the Weaver House. That seemed more like weeks than hours ago.

As they came nearer the Rink they saw more people; and Chase said, "You're certainly going to have a crowd."

Wint nodded. He was beginning to be nervous. He realized that this was going to be hard.

But it was only when they turned the last corner and started down the hill toward the Rink that he realized just how hard it was going to be. It seemed to him all Hardiston was there ahead of him. The crowd clustered in front of the Rink and extended out into the street; and more were coming from each direction. Mrs. Hullis and Mrs. Chase, ahead, were lost in the crowd. Wint stopped; turned to his father.

"We'll cut through the back way," he said.

Chase agreed, and they turned down an alley and came circuitously to the stage door and went in. The minute he got inside the door Wint heard the hum and buzz of many voices. He could see out on the stage, with its stock set of a farmyard scene. There were chairs there, and a table.

Amos, and Sam O'Brien, and B. B. and two or three others were waiting just inside the stage door; and Sam gripped Wint's shoulders and exclaimed:

"Lord, but you give us a scare, Wint! Thought you wasn't coming. I was all set to go fetch you."

"Oh, I was coming, all right," Wint said nervously, one ear attuned to the murmur of the crowd. "Sounds as though there were a lot of people here."

"Every seat, and standing room in the aisles, and half of 'em can't get in."

Wint grinned weakly. "And I suppose they've got every rotten egg in town."

Sam stared; then he howled. "Rotten egg! Oh, Lord, Wint, you'll be the death of me. I'll die a-laughing. Rotten egg!" He turned on Amos. "Wint says rotten egg!" he cried.

Amos looked at Wint in a curious fashion; and he smiled.

"It's half past seven," he said. "No need to make them wait."

(Concluded on Page 131)

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Dr. Scholl's Demonstration

(Concluded from Page 127)

Vin gulped. "All right. I'm as ready w be."

m nodded. "Then it's your move,

. Ecleared his throat. "Very well."

. rned and started toward the stage. shepherded Wint that way. Amos and t'sather came side by side, the others wig. Wint found himself out on the

he lare of the footlights blinded him a oment; but he heard the sudden f etter of handclapping that greeted n. he stir was quickly hushed. His , customed to the footlights, dis- re that the house was banked full of le. Floor and gallery were jammed. ll oys clung to the great beams and rs that crisscrossed to support the me of them seemed right over- . nd everywhere Wint looked people s ring at him. He felt the actual ie weight of all those eyes over- wig him. He felt crushed, helpless; ad curious obsession that he could nce hands or feet. He worked the rs his right hand cautiously, and was re to find that they answered to his . was dazed.

b ame conscious that B. B. was on et his hands clasped in front of him in ar teristic way; there was a little u on his face, and he was speaking in p asant voice. Wint could not catch wo s; his ears were not functioning. se es were numbed by that over- rir sea of faces in front of him.

c ght, presently, a word or two that lle him. ". . . violate the usual ,"B. B. was saying. "The principal er . . . usually last. . . . y waiting. . . . Lengthy intro- n . . . I believe you know him . . ."

h turned to look at Wint; and Wint, ut y panic-stricken, saw the invita- n . B.'s eyes. B. B. wanted him to fit; but he was still tongue-tied and e-st in the face of all those eyes. oo his head weakly. Someone tugged e ow. Sam O'Brien.

n whispered hoarsely, "Get up on fe , boy!"

at ook his head again, trying to find t explain. Then a man yelled, out d ose footlights. Other men yelled. fl shed angrily; his courage came 'hey thought him afraid; baying kedogs. He'd show them all!

st od up and strode forward to the lip of the stage. There was a mo- s ush. He flung out one hand. ple' he began.

. i was as well that Wint had not d me in following Gergue's advice u a good speech; because on that or of his an overwhelming blast of stuck him full in the face. A roar, a bellowing, a whistling, a shrilling. Shouts and screams and cries. He stiffened, furious. They were trying to yell him down. He flung up both hands, shouted at them.

Everyone in the house was up on his or her feet. Someone threw his hat in the air. Order came out of chaos. A terrible rhythmic order. The blare of sound dissolved into beats; they pounded on Wint's ears; he shuddered under the blow of them. His anger gave way to bewilderment. He could not understand. He bent lower to see more clearly the faces of those in the front row, just beyond the footlights. Dick Hoover was there. And Dick was yelling in a fashion fit to split his throat, flinging his fists up toward Wint, shrieking. Beside Dick, Joan. Her face stood out suddenly before Wint's eyes. She was crying—that is to say, tears were streaming down her cheeks. Yet she was happy too; smiling, laughing, calling to him. She was clapping her hands, he saw. Then he discovered that others were clapping their hands while they yelled at him. All of them were clapping their hands.

Utterly bewildered Wint whirled round to look at the men behind him. And there was Amos, both hands upraised, beating time to that appalling roar that swept up from the house before them. Beating time, leading them!

Sam O'Brien and Davy Morgan—they were both yelling—yelling like fools—came swiftly across the stage to where Wint stood. They caught his arms. He struggled with them, not understanding. They swept him off his feet, up in the air, to their shoulders, swung him to face the house.

The noise doubled; then it seemed as though an army of men swarmed upon the stage. So at last Wint understood. They were not trying to yell him down. It is one of the most hopeful facts of life that all mankind is so ready to recognize and to applaud an action which is fine.

Wint was in the hands of his friends. He thought, for a little while, they would kill him.

When it was all over—and this took time, and left Wint sore and stiff from hand-shaking and back slapping—the people began to drift away. And Wint escaped off the stage into one of the compartments that served as green room for theatrical folks. His father was there, and his mother, and Peter and Amos and Sam.

Everyone seemed to be wild with exultation; they continued the celebration there among themselves. And Wint heard how it had been done. Hetty had gone to Amos with the story. To Joan first, Sam told Wint.

"I was with her," the fat man said. "You understand. I was with her."

Wint nodded, gripping Sam's shoulder. "She's fine," he said. "You're lucky. I understand."

And after she had told Amos, Amos arranged the rest, sent Wint home—Gergue was his agent in this—and spread the word through Hardiston. To-night had attested the thoroughness of his work.

Wint found a chance at last to thank Amos. They were a little apart from the others, and they talked it over briefly. Amos, Wint thought, was curiously subdued, curiously sad. He wondered at this. But he understood at the end.

He had said: "Wonder what Routt will say to this anyway? And Kite?"

"You don't have to—worry about Routt," said Amos.

Wint asked quickly, "Why not? Is he—is there something?"

"He took the noon train," said Amos. "And—Agnes went with him. She telephoned to-night. She says they're married."

Wint was so stunned that for a moment he could not speak; he could not move. He managed to grip Amos' hand; tried to say something.

"I've said to myself more than once," Amos told him huskily, "that I wished her mother hadn't 've died."

He began slowly to fill his pipe. Wint thought there was something heroic, splendid about the man. Facing life, driving ahead—and this to think upon. He was sick with sorrow.

Amos was facing the stage; he said slowly, smiling a little, "But forget that. Here's someone coming for you to see her home."

When Wint turned he saw Joan.

LI

THEY walked home slowly, Wint and Joan. The moon was bright upon them; the streets were still filled with the dispersing throng. People spoke to them, then went discreetly on their way and smiled back at the two. Wint and Joan said little, and what they said was of no importance. He told her he had seen her crying.

"I had to," she said; "I was so happy."

"I wasn't happy," Wint declared. "I was scared."

She said she didn't blame him. "It must have been hard to face them all."

He nodded. "I'll tell you; all that noise—it—made me seasick. Something like that."

"I know," she said.

When they were halfway home she told him that Hetty had come to her that morning. Wint looked at her quickly.

"Hetty's all right," he said. "She'll be all right. She's found herself."

Joan nodded. "It's going to be a fight for her."

"She'll win. Sam will help."

"I know. I saw that this morning."

A little later she said: "You—did the right thing. Foolish, maybe. But—it was fine too. Foolish things often are."

Wint shook his head. "But I'd like to pound Routt."

"Don't," she said. "Agnes loves him."

Wint told her then what Amos had told him; and she uttered a low pitiful exclamation.

"But—they may be happy," she thought. "Agnes is good. Loyal—in her way."

"You knew about them?"

"Yes. I've always known. Agnes has talked to me."

"I hope Routt does—settle down."

Joan said thoughtfully: "There is something strong in him. Misdirected, but ——"

"I liked him," Wint agreed. "I can't help it, even now. He was my friend."

"I believe they will come out all right. I feel it."

Wint laughed at her gently. "Intuition?"

"Yes. You men call it a hunch."

Silence again for a while. They came to her house. Wint thought the simple place was beautiful in the moonlight; he wanted desperately to go in.

But there was a curious diffidence upon him, and he stopped at the gate till she said: "Come. It's not cold, to-night. We can sit on the porch."

"You want me?"

"Yes, Wint." Her eyes said more than her words. He opened the gate, and they went up the walk to the house sedately enough, side by side. Anyone might have seen.

The moonlight did not fall upon the porch. There was a shadowed place there. When they came into this shadow Joan stopped and looked at Wint. Her eyes were very dark. Something was pounding in his throat so that he could not speak. He put out one hand in an uncertain fumbling way. Joan looked down at his hand and smiled a little and put her hand in his.

They stood thus for a little, hand in hand, facing each other.

Wint said huskily at last, "I've—tried, Joan."

Her voice was clear and sweet as a bell when she answered.

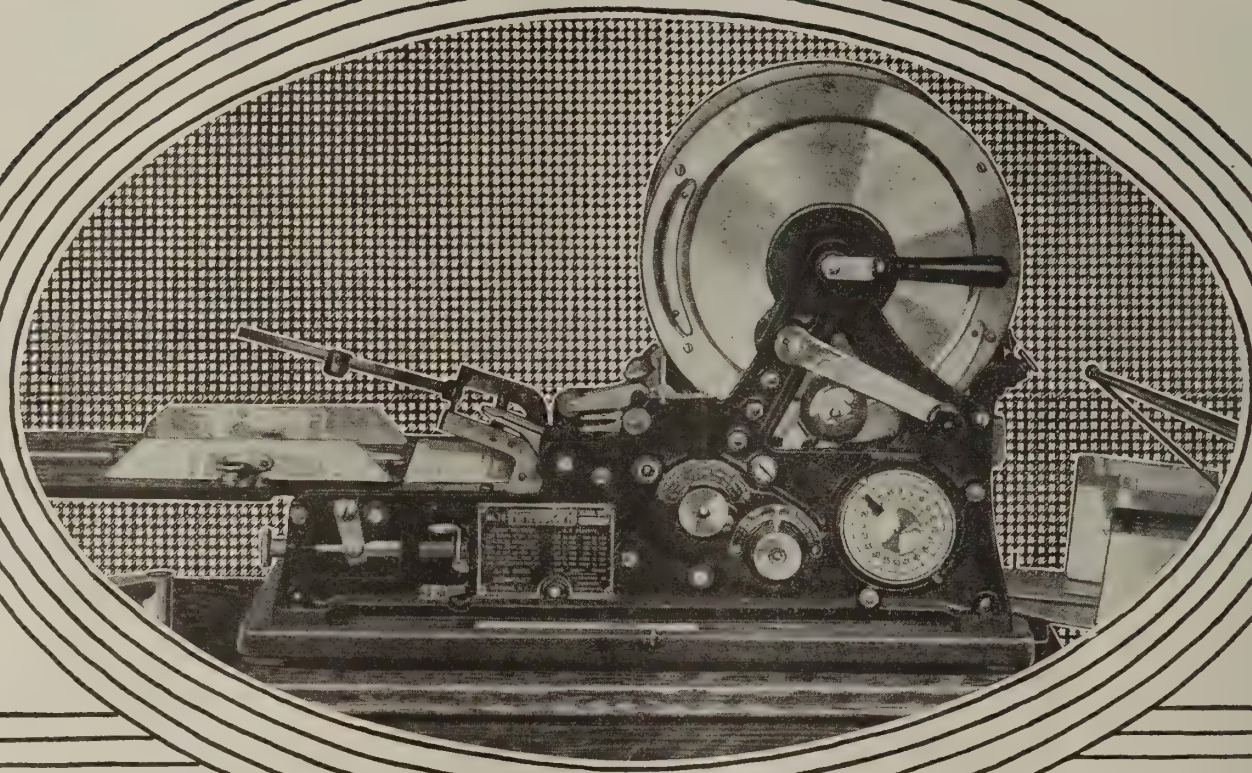
"You've done more than try, Wint," she told him "You've—won."

So, without either of them knowing or caring how it happened, she was in his arms. And he kissed her; and her lips answered his. No cool kiss of a child, this. Months of longing and of yearning spoke through his lips and through hers. Infinite promise of the years to come.

While they sat together on her shadowed porch thereafter they could hear for a long time the murmuring voices of people passing on their homeward way. Some looked toward Joan's house; but they could not see Wint and Joan.

It was as well; for it is the way of Hardiston to talk. The way of a little town.

(THE END)



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EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 49)

Hugh Wiley

en e promised faithfully not to kill me
f wuld buy another boat from him for
o dlars before the saloons closed.
Joe funeral was weird. A stonecutter,
o erried a side line of oratory and cas-
s, did that life was a narrow vale be-
een he peaks of two alternatives, and to
ver way; and everything was pretty
em except the high notes which the
ne player couldn't reach when a bar-
de with whiskers sang "I gather 'um
I ather 'um in," with appropriate
ms.
rolved then to become considerably
cu as soon as possible, but I was only
apprentice outcast until 1899, when I
dea card in the outcasts' union and a
ermanent job on the Mississip' at the age
ften years, two months. I agree that
was ny mistake, but my life had been
ntl quite a lot by a young thing who
d far out of town that the sidewalks
idn make it.
Illiris was muddy, like France, and I
er ad to carry a pair of rubber boots
ea my shoes at the front gate, like
an and love's young dream didn't
ve ny to speak of, either in its stocking
or boots, so in April I signed the pay
an drew twelve dollars for twelve days'
k ear St. Louis before I forgot my
ec heart.
ierned a lot about tobacco that year
bought some light reading matter, in-
in several snappy little tomes by
sn Kant, Darwin, Spencer, Emerson,
al other dust collectors. I studied
Mssissip', human nature, criminal
pcer, astronomy and how to avoid
c, id landed at Chester, Illinois, with
ty dollars, in December. I found a
h ne with my father and mother and
ve to board there until the ice went
n he spring. Room and board were
in luding Saturday bath, but I spent
or ree days a week on the government
, vich was laid up for the winter in
Rier, across from Chester, and often
agl to escape the bath part.
wi during this winter that I almost
beg an outcast. I studied the Roy-
l siness, and the Bohemian trade
ald to me. My hair was wild and free
I ld the necktie and a suit of clothes
e outhern hemisphere was all Bo-
ard up where some paint wasn't dry
l sat down. I had written two or
rems by hand and looked haggard
ccunt of a prominent Adam's apple
h still own. Ah well, the Creator
r committed no pulchritude, February
88 on me in Kentucky.
e pung élite of Chester rounded up a
in teacher from St. Louis and a hall,
ev ybody who amounted to anything
lly started in learning to waltz and
ce at one dollar a night, two nights a
, er the pool room where it was
re young boys were sold whisky; but
sn so, because a chilly friend and I
d he rumor to its lair one cold night
lis overed a wildcat instead of a blind

ti opening night I was all primed up
e st lessons, and when the strains of
t gan to strain I put my cue in the
ar walked upstairs. I knew some
ar-wing steps which I had picked
on the roustabouts on the Lee Line
, d a nonalcoholic war dance which
Je had taught me, and I felt that
effing influence of the gentler or
in sex would give me enough éclat to
y he Bohemian business, including
an and necktie.
hen I entered the ballroom the
o ambition died, for all the male dancers were festooned with natty full-dress clothes like waiters, and kid gloves. The gloves, I afterward learned, were not rented.

"This is too damn bon ton for a river-man." I drifted into the night and landed across the street a block up, where Bill was kicking out a mess of handbills on the old pearl-jobber in his father's newspaper office.

"We could start a magazine like this Fra Hubbard thing, only better," I said. "You draw the pictures and I'll write a feature article, an essay, three poems, and whatever else it needs to make ten cents' worth."

"Have you fifty cents?" he agreed. "What'll we name her?"

"No," I said. "What do you want it for? We'll call 'er—outcast, outcast—call 'er The Pariah."

"Butcher paper f'r the cover. What does 'pariah' mean?"

"Outcast. Get fifty cents from the cash drawer. I've only got thirty and you and me eats at midnight. All Bohemians do."

Bill was O. K. on landscape, and he could put enough raiment on the people in his pictures so you couldn't tell Falstaff from the Hunchback of Notre Dame, but he sure was impressionistic with hands and feet and faces. We got round that though, through the courtesy of a gentleman guest in the Chester penitentiary who loved forgery and tobacco and who put the visible extremities on whatever Bill drew. I wrote an article, an essay, three poems beginning respectively: "Thou who wert," "O Sullen Sea," and "Dew jewels at dawn on the lawn."

The Pariah was launched.

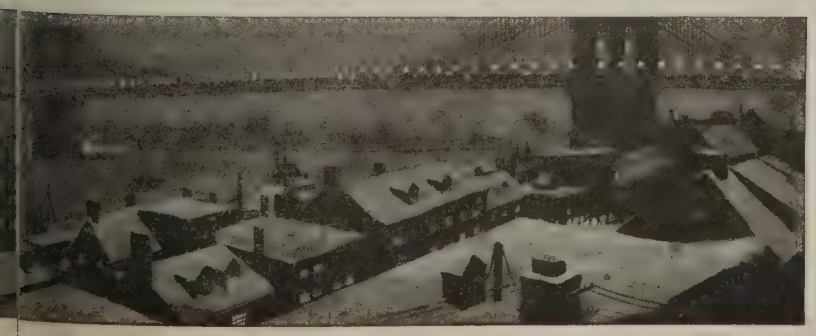
She lived up to her name. Anyhow, it taught me never to fool with literature or writing pieces for the paper. The same parents I mentioned earlier in this treatise entered me in a college contest where you get a misleading diploma stating facts after four years of supreme effort; but I didn't thrive much on a straight educational diet. I escaped to Mexico, beating the gun, and sought the companionship of the native Mexican, or *frijole*, as he is so quaintly termed in the pure Castilian peonese.

Toying with the strenuous life of an engineer and contractor we now build bridges and railroads and power plants for fifteen years in full view of the audience, skipping meanwhile from place to place on a couple of hemispheres, finally landing with two index fingers knee deep in the keyboard of a typewriter having eighty-three characters, some of which are desperate, some public, and some yet to be introduced to the magazine world.

The United States went to war after my first story was published, so I went to France in August, 1917, with the 18th Engineers. I got back to San Francisco just in time to see it go dry. In spite of my old Kentucky home, where the rent is free, I am the most permanent living outcast in San Francisco. The outcast business is all run down now though, compared to what she was twenty years ago—us union outcasts has a hard time with the country so full of I. W. W.'s and Democrats and everything.

Some day I hope to write a story for THE POST worth a nickel, so that the week it is published THE POST will be only four pages thick and I can carry hundreds of sample copies to inflict upon my chance acquaintances.

I am very busy this season eating ripe figs and painting. I am painting a picture just now entitled Boy, How Come? in which I am in the foreground sneering at the president of one of our largest banks, who has just asked me to lend him twenty dollars until the spring checks come in.



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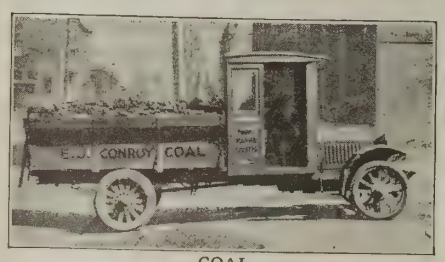

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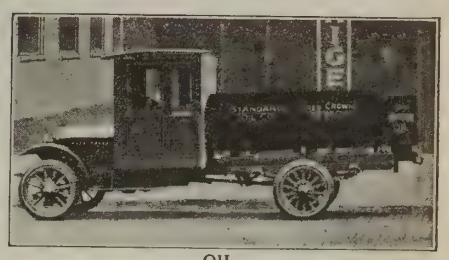

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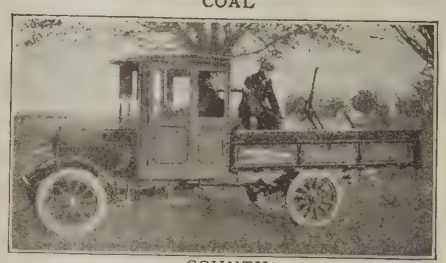
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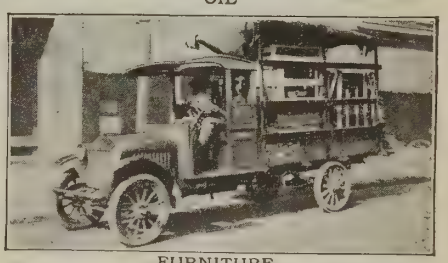
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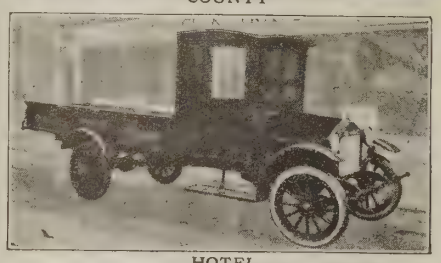
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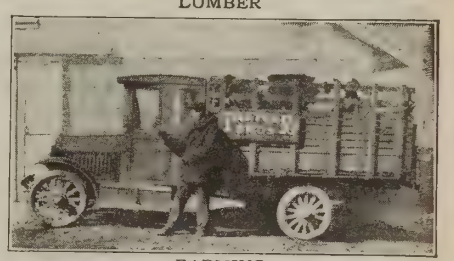
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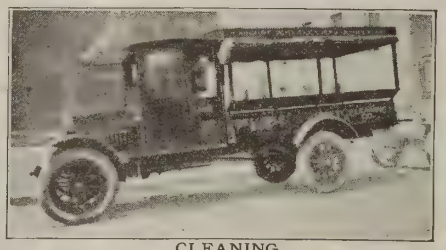
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THE BALD-FACE

(Continued from Page 38)

valley and found but a single tepee to mark the site of a once mighty nation. The white plague had ravaged the villages of Shoshone and Blackfeet alike. The remnants of both tribes had intermingled and now lived in a single village far down in the low country near the edge of the settlements.

These Indians told strange tales to the white men with whom they traded. They spoke of Tumwa-Ka-Tin—Three-Bears-In-One—the ancient chieftain who had stayed behind in the ancestral valley to rule his nation—a nation which now numbered but one lodge, that of his own grandson and his young squaw, the last of the full-blood Shoshones. They told too of a mighty bear, Logo, the grizzly king, whose tracks had been seen on the head reaches of the river since the day of Manitou, which was the beginning of all things.

But Logo knew nothing of all this. He merely knew the actual that unrolled before him from day to day. Long ago a thousand lodges had lined the banks of the river—now there was but one.

For more than a quarter of a century Logo heard no more of the crashing reports. The Shoshone chief was the only man whose trail scent was crossed in the hills. Logo came to accept him as a fixture—as one whose trail he would always cross the same as he would those of Saka, Tumwa and others of his friends. The chief's black hair turned gray, then white, but he carried his head as proudly as before and never once through all the years did he fail to flash Logo the hailing sign of royalty when they met.

Then Logo began to hear the reports once more, but with a sharper, snappier sound—the magazine guns of the whites. These became more frequent as ever-increasing numbers of white men penetrated the hills each year. Logo found the remains of many animals, his own kind among the lot, stripped of their pelts and left behind. He crossed the trail scent of men, but his habits were still the same. Nothing had occurred as yet to show him that he must change his ways.

One day he traveled with the wind at his back and the man scent came from behind him with great persistence. He could not seem to shake it off. He knew it was the body scent which he smelled, but not once did it occur to him that a man would deliberately take up his trail. He crossed an opening in the timber and turned to see a man come from the far edge along his track. Not until within fifty yards did the hunter look up and see the big grizzly standing just within the timber. Instead of retreating he threw something to his shoulder and peered at Logo down the length of it. There was menace in the move and Logo growled a warning.

There came a shattering report and something seemed to tear through his chest with rending pain. Logo rushed him with bellowing fury, but the man stood his ground. Twice more the roar crashed in his ears in rapid succession and each time the tearing pain racked his body. Then Logo struck him down. He seized the limp form by the shoulder and shook it savagely, then fled from the spot.

The man revived and crawled to his camp where he told the tale of the monster silvertip whose tracks measured twelve inches in length and ten and a half across. The hunter swore that his belly fur was yellowish and that his face was white. The Shoshone legend of the grizzly king was verified.

Logo was very sick and near to death. For weeks he stayed in the same down-timbered pocket lest traveling should reopen his wounds.

Logo now realized that he had found a fact which was beyond his comprehension. He had found that men controlled some mysterious force which inflicted hurt at a distance. They did not need actual contact with their enemies as did other animals. Logo was a very intelligent beast. He knew that a new order of things had come to pass; that the grizzly was no longer king.

His wounds were scarcely healed before another man was on his trail. His old dislike of the man scent had been intensified a hundredfold by this latest evidence of their treachery. He avoided the man who trailed him by the simple process of walking faster than the man could follow.

Twice more within a month men tracked him. For the first time in his life he knew vindictiveness. He had fought with other bears, but bore them no malice. When he had killed elk it had been for food. Now a dull rage seemed always with him. There is not a doubt but that many superior animals have pride. The springy stride and high-held head of the dog, transformed into an air of drooping dejection when in disgrace with the master, is evidence of this; the thoroughbred who runs his heart out to be first under the wire. There is that same pride and spirit, the desire to excel, in animals as in man.

Logo experienced a distinct sense of humiliation at being thus deposed as monarch of the hills. His placid good nature curdled under this treatment and he felt a murderous fury when the man scent came strong. And his was the dangerous anger of the powerful good-natured man who is suddenly engulfed in a berserk rage occasioned by some wrongful persecution. He met Saka and Tumwa and sensed in them the same deadly quality which had replaced his own even temper.

Then came the day when he turned on his tormentors. The wind carried the message that a man was on his trail. He turned in his tracks, his hair bristling as the fresh scent steeled his rage. But he knew the danger of the fast-shooting guns. He turned and walked straight ahead past a tangle of down timber, then circled swiftly back and crouched flat ten yards from his trail.

A man came swinging along on his tracks and Logo watched him come. As he drew even with the bear Logo's eagerness betrayed his whereabouts. He chopped his teeth rapidly together before he made his rush and the man whirled instantly and threw his rifle to his shoulder. He had time for but one shot as a towering beast intent upon his death covered the short distance between them. The ball plowed along Logo's jaw, shattering the outer surface of the bone and tearing along his shoulder, but he did not waver a single inch in his rush.

He tore the man down and mauled him. He seized the gun in his teeth and worried it. The barrel was hot from the recent firing and he dropped it and ran on. The pain in his jaw prevented him from eating his fill and he went into the winter in poor shape.

His fame had spread and all men coveted his wonderful pelt. When he came forth in the spring there seemed to be an ever-present menace hanging on his back track in the soft spring drifts. Within a week after coming from the den he was shot at once more. He whirled in a rage and forged down in the direction of the shot. It sounded again and there was a sickening snap and rush of air near his head. He altered his course and fled. He had learned to give trail for the magazine gun.

He found more and more dead animals in the hills and knew that they had been slain by the thundering rifles. He met fewer grizzlies each year and there were many old friends whose trails he no longer crossed. The bald-face tribe was slow to accept the new order of things and learn the lesson of the fast-shooting gun—and their ranks were thinned.

For untold centuries his kind had shared with the Shoshones the joint monarchy over all the hills. Logo still found their old-time hunting camps; their tepee poles, old and brittle, leaned against the lodgepoles in the timber; their old log bear pens still stood in the hills and would stand for a hundred years, but the Shoshones themselves were gone. And now his own kind had reached the beginning of the end.

Down in the lonely tepee Tumwa-Ka-Tin was also feeling the pressure of new conditions. The first of the whites, having small use for involved nomenclature, had arbitrarily rechristened him and called him Three-Bear. They had renamed the Stinking Water, calling it the Shoshone after this last man of the race whom they found living on its shores.

The ways of the white men were not his ways and he was too old to learn. He had steadfastly believed that the Shoshones, who had fled in time of plague, would one day listen to the call of the hills and return. His one hope had been that he would live to see the day when the smoke from a thousand Shoshone wigwams would once more drift above the valley. The white men told him that they would never come—that the last few of them had been confined to a reservation thirty sleeps away and that there they would remain. He felt the full burdens of his years and longed for the day when he could lay them down.

Among the white men who came to the Land of Many Rivers was Jacques Lear. From a long line of French Canadian forbears he had inherited wonderful strength, a stout heart—and little else. He fared down from the North in search of that wonderful place which lies ever just ahead—always just round the bend or over the next divide. Here he found untold variety of game and fur where the animals of the South meet and mingle with those of the North. There are antelope in the flats and white-tail deer in the low cottonwood valleys; elk and blacktail in the hills and bighorn sheep in the peaks. Bears—black, brown and grizzly—find shelter in the timber. Mink and otter follow the streams and there are moose in the beaver swamps of the Yellowstone. Red, cross and silver foxes travel the high divides. Ermine and marten leave their tracks in the timber where the lynx meets the bobcat, his Southern cousin. Badger and swift fox burrow in the bad lands and wolf greets coyote in the foothills. The wolverine of the North feasts on the victims wantonly killed and left behind by the mountain lion, slayer of the South.

And here Jacques Lear found his long-sought paradise of game and fur.

It was now only a question of the one best spot of all this good land in which to settle. He came out upon the snow combs of the Wapiti Mountains and looked down upon the green spring in the lovely valley of the Stinking Water. He plunged down across the white peaks and over the packed drifts of the spruce slopes until he came out at last upon the spring-garbed shores of the stream. Here he drove his ax to the eye in an aspen trunk and strode on, carrying only his rifle and a few of the finest furs of his winter's catch. It was his way of saying that it was to this spot he would return and build his home after trading his furs for supplies in the distant settlements.

A mile below Jacques saw a single tepee standing in a little glade on the banks of the stream. An aged Indian sat before it eying the approaching stranger. He noted Jacques' tall powerful figure and the easy swinging stride which spoke of strength and self-assurance. He called to someone inside and the tepee flap opened as a young girl came out and stood beside him.

"He has come," said Tumwa-Ka-Tin.

"True, father," Jacques smiled. "I have come."

"Are you not Saka-Tumwa, the silvertip?" the aged chief inquired.

"You mistake me, father," Jacques said. "I am called Jacques Lear."

"No matter," said the Indian. "You are the one of whom Pakatan has spoken. Many white men have come and gone, but you have come to stay."

Jacques looked upon the loveliness of the girl and bowed assent.

"Yes," he answered. "I have come to stay. My ax still quivers in an aspen trunk scarce a mile upstream."

"It is well you have come," the old man said. "The white men call me Three-Bear. I am very old. The grass has turned green on more than a hundred springs since that time when Pakatan made his prophecy. This is Meteetse, the daughter of my grandson. She is the last princess of the Shoshones."

Since her earliest infancy Meteetse had heard of Pakatan's saying. Whites had come to the banks of the Stinking Water and gone on, leaving her unmoved. Now she looked upon the comely strength of Jacques and knew that Pakatan had spoken well.

And Jacques, as he resumed his journey to the settlements, marveled at the miracle which had led him to strike his ax at that very spot.

In the settlements he heard of the great bear, Logo, whose pelt all men desired. He heard too the legend at which men laughed—the fable that allowed the Shoshone chief but three days of life after the passing of the grizzly king. But Jacques did not laugh. He knew that he must not kill this bear. In truth it seemed that no man was able to do that. The white men had sought his pelt for thirty years, but he still wore it about in the hills.

Logo had turned his feet to ne tra
He had the sagacity to know that h ts
dangerous and he changed old-est is
customs to meet the new conditio
knew that men watched the carc es
winterkilled elk for grizzlies to fee n
spring. He fed but once at a pl
never returned to it.

All old grizzlies learn what fe ot
animals ever fathom—that men f o
trail by sight, not scent. Logo b e
trail for visibility, crossing bowld fi
and wind-swept ridges where his br
left no sign, or traveled on the pir st
carpet under the trees.

In addition to all this he had lear d
thing which few even of his own ki e
learn until too late. All through t h
men set great traps, the largest m e
grizzly fears nothing on earth excep n
with a gun, relying on his massive s
to handle all other issues. Gifted w
dom in all other things, he is stupi as
traps and will walk into one that an al
the lowest brain power will avoid.

But no trapper looked upon his t
found Logo fastened there. The wh n
had made use of the log pens of t S
shones, repairing and strengthenin he
It was this which made Logo trapwi
a century there had been lying dor n
some cell of the old bear's mind a re
which had quickened to life at onc n
smelling bait in the bear pens of t S
shones; a dread of logs which penn
in and shut him off from the hil
would go near no bait which bore t le
taint of man scent.

Tumwa and Saka were two of the s
his old friends to go. He found Sak
heart of a windfall jam, where
crawled to die with a bullet throu
lungs.

Later he saw Tumwa raging and f n
at the steel thing which clamped h fo
This in turn was toggled to a green g
inches through and twenty feet in ig
Tumwa was past reason and cou
recognize his friend. All things we e
mies in his last extremity. He had w
every living thing over half an acre, e
ing off young trees and biting the bar
others. He roared at Logo in a fre g
hatred and waved the trap in the ai e
ing the log toggle about and smas
against the trees.

As Logo moved on he felt very
It is doubtful if he remembered h fi
tussle with Tumwa a century befo
he did know him for an old-time co s
of years' standing and felt a sense of s
his passing.

The hard life was aging Logo tw e
for each one he lived. He had chan
denning habits with the rest. So
hung always on his trail right up t
ning time. Now he waited for some a
storm and traveled far, the snow b. t
out his tracks, and crawled under a
fall jam in the heavy timber while th
buried him. Early spring thaws freq
drowned him out before he was re
wake. He denned in this manner
fall of the year that Jacques Lear ca
the valley of the Stinking Water.

The Shoshone chief was failing fa
to Jacques he explained the reason fo h

"The great bear rolls restlessly
den," he said. "Logo has not long t
There is an ache in his bones. The w
the white men are not his ways—or
It is well that very soon now the tw
should go back to the old ways toge

And Jacques Lear, who believed
all in prophecies, knew that this one
be fulfilled. The old chief had lon
lieved it. It had been a part of hi
more than a hundred years and whe
the news came to him that Logo w
more, then the very strength of his
would serve to close his eyes and st
heart. This Jacques knew—and so it
proved.

The heart of the aged chief was trot e
The Shoshone who sought a bride fir a
proached the head man of her lodge
presents. The white man's way wa
reverse of this. The head of the
household gave presents to accompan
departing bride. He had little to give.
Meteetse, last princess of the Shoshon
go to her white suitor with no inherit

There was but one way. The white
placed great value upon the pelt o
grizzly king. This pelt should be her d

(Concluded on Page 137)

(Concluded from Page 134)

n e spring he took up Logo's trail. e d Indian knew the habits of the ma of the hills as well as they did ms ves—better, for it is not within the vin e of beasts to know that the living thei daily lives is habit. He unerringly ked he one habit which Logo had failed ait.

n common with all other game but the ep used the low saddles in the ridges en ossing from the head of one stream the next in preference to selecting the ner ocky points.

The dges which separated the tributary eks vept back from the river and flared agai st the base of the main divide at t ngles. Near where each of these ed he parent range a deep notch or hea the crest of the ridge afforded an r ossing.

Bru-Bear selected one of these and tod or a drove of elk to cross. He ope a cow in the very center of the n ine on the crest of the saddle. His em was far greater than that of the tes He took up his vigil and prayed Manitou would send Logo to feed n t elk. Day after day he watched it n te rocky point which commanded o h.

ev eal bears came to feed, but not the h sought. Then at last he was re-lie Logo came from the timber and sec o the elk. He was very tired. If ive the summer through it would surely be his last. He heard a queer droning chant, but could not locate its source. He stood swaying from side to side, his massive head drooping below the hump of his shoulders as he listened to the sound.

Up above a single voice was crooning the death chant. It carried Logo's mind back into the misty past as if he once more lived in the good days of old. For the voice carried the old powerful boom and rang with triumphant certainty.

"Manitou, thy son is coming. Meteetse shall have her inheritance. Logo is about to enter the land of Manitou and in three more days the last chief of the Shoshones will sit round the council fires of his people."

Logo stood in the open lane walled in by heavy timber. He looked a monster as ruggedly hewed as the hills he ranged, king of a vanishing race. The dying sun shone through a notch in the range and cast a searchlight tongue of flame, the tip of it just reaching the bear and turning the white guard hairs of his coat to sparkling silver.

And from the rocky knob above the last chief of the Shoshones was looking down the barrel at the grizzly king. He made the hailing sign of chief to chief, but Logo did not see. Neither did he hear the sharp report. He sank quietly down to rest and as the echoes of the shot roared up against the cliffs and on across the high divide there traveled with the sound the soul of the silvertip.

CANNING OUR VOICES

(Continued from Page 14)

Si ce, please!" from the recorder. He ve the swinging zinc funnel and puts he smaller one in its place. With t re the test is run over and you n wh painful attention, standing close e rn. You note mentally that that w too bright with its flat a-a, it oo eep in the wax for the soft sounds e d after it. That high note came n r being a blast—I was too close. e ext high note I must have cramped pr body muscles as I swayed back, s nds a trifle flat in pitch. All these rs e carefully noted.

sli t shifting of the orchestra's sev-pc tions takes place, for the keen, ic ear of the master recorder has d at the flute was too dull in one , t brass too heavy in another. The tr gives his opinion, and the men hae left the room—showing small est n the first test—are called back. mch talk and banter they climb ar blow a few swirls and quirks on in ruments; the violinist jazzes the ly ou have just been singing and a al nile relieves everybody. We begin

h- say"—from the flute when he ed his introduction—"I did some-fu y." His top note has been a bit y, st like a prima donna with a frog t oat. The cut is stopped. There is oo on the wax for a twelve-inch d, we start again. We swim on:

omnis tu le pays."

g about a third through. The man e nchine holds up his hand. A hole e ax—no good. "A hole" sounds ncus; in reality it is a minute flaw, o seen by the naked eye, but the e s discovered it. Tiny as it is, it ffe the perfection of the record. A wa is put on.

e usicians swirl and toot again t-ndedly. I do a few mi-mi's, or per-eeng the fatal "master" approach-sh a moistening lozenge under my e. have not been nervous so far in eg e. Habit and knowledge that in ob ility it will have to be repeated l tnes have detracted from the sense oo ibility. Now I gird up my loins—pr bably the selling record.

er ct orchestral attack digging out e lence pleases everybody. The in master smiles where he stands n, ready to sway me back should I pull me gently forward should ec that. He gazes impersonally at e s, and I try to keep from thinking na ractive my black tongue—black ch succulent lozenge—must look to I and with my hands on my hips, ge nunciating clearly, every bit of ac trated on making a perfect record. it f phlegm, tiny, unimportant on on rt platform or operatic stage, where one may expectorate comfortably at will, seems to float across my chords. A burning rage seizes me. I look up and shake my head at the leader. He may not even have heard it, but he taps his baton—the orchestra stops. I say: "Isn't that maddening? A miserable frog—I'm so sorry!" No one pays any attention to me. The violinist says to the saxophone player: "You wouldn't move an inch, would you?"

"Well, what can I do?" protests the big Russian loudly. "He"—pointing to the recorder—"told me to stand here and you want me to get out. What can I do?"

He has been called Kerensky, Trotzky and Bolshevik during the course of the war and the latter name has stuck.

"The saxophone," jeers one of the woodwind players, "the joke of the orchestra, the lowest form of musical instrument!"

"Not at all," I take up the cudgels. "It's a marvelous instrument. It just has not been used properly. You will see Richard Strauss or some other tone master will use it some day and make it famous."

"He has already," chimes in the flutist, once a dweller in the Fatherland. "He has used it in quartet form."

"Well, I'm glad somebody likes it," says the huge Russian in a meek voice.

"Just the same you can move back a little," says the recording master, "even if it is wonderful, you big Bolshevik."

"Never mind the Bolsheviki—they're all right," growls the erstwhile smiling Russian. "You'll see in a month or two where they'll be!" His face, beaming good-humoredly the moment before, grows dark and menacing in an instant. A silence falls, an ugly thing has shown its head. The Americans—and strangely enough there are several of them—laugh after an instant.

"That's all right—you'll be in jail," says one of them. But ugly thoughts have been raised—the voice of the discontented foreigner menacing our free land jars in our ears.

They resume their tuning up and trilling while another wax is adjusted. Off we go again. By now a tinge of boredom has crept into everyone at the many repetitions. This is a blessing in disguise, as one is automatically less nervous on account of it and—at last we have made a master.

The almost perfect, careful singing you have done has put your voice in fine condition for the next number and you repeat the whole process. You are tired at the end of a session from standing so long in one spot and from the strain of trying to do your very best. You learn with every recording, and personally I always have a feeling of exultation if the general opinion is that my work has been good, as it is a difficult thing to master.

Sometimes I have made a master record at the second repetition. Sometimes it takes an hour to get one acceptable record.

When you need glasses, it means you need

Shelltex **Shur-on** Glasses

Your favorite optical specialist will fit the right size of the style you select.

Quality Beyond Question

—for more than fifty years

E. KIRSTEIN SONS COMPANY

Manufacturers of ALL Shur-on Optical Products

Established 1864 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SUMMIT
TOWN & COUNTRY
SHEEP-LINED COAT

A common-sense coat with
a proper sense of dignity

It will keep you warm when riding or walking, even on the coldest days.

Keeps the warmth where it is needed and the cold and wind where they belong.

A dressy coat of great utility that can be worn anywhere, any time—in cold weather.

The large fur collar completes a smart-appearing, comfort-giving garment.

The coat illustrated on figure in background is our Summit Town & Country coat, leather lined and with leather sleeves.

The Universal Garment for out o' doors

The most prominent stores sell them.
Write for Style Booklet C-32.

GUITERMAN BROS. SAINT PAUL, U. S. A.
Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing.

I have heard singers laboring for hours to make a certain spot perfect, filling perhaps a whole afternoon, only to find the difficulty unconquerable.

When you buy a perfect record of some favorite singer you may be pretty sure that you may then hear that singer at his best. Rarely will he attain such perfection on the concert or operatic stage.

Voices record very differently, some qualities being too resonant, some not enough so. It is rare indeed to find the perfect recording voice.

A duet or quartet is, of course, even more difficult to make. There are certain horns with two mouths—one for each singer—that are sometimes used for duets, or each singer may have a horn to himself. It's most mysterious and wonderful to me to think that in that tiny groove are recorded the manifold gradations of sound, of tone color, of infinitesimal shadings in quality of perhaps four masculine and feminine voices, not to speak of the various voices of the orchestra.

I find English the most difficult language to record. We have so many impure sounds. Words like "must," "love," "think" are difficult to sustain. You may do as the music-hall singer does and say "theenk" or "laaaav," but it is not elegant. Our way of saying "thu" for "the," for instance, in "Way down upon thu Swanee River," makes a very difficult syllable to record clearly.

The singers of popular hits make their words much more clearly understood than we do, as they sacrifice everything to them. You hear, "Good-by, maw, good-by, paw, Good-by mulie with your old hee-haw," every word staccato and wonderfully distinct. But legato singing is an unexplored territory to them.

If I were to sing *Connais tu le pays* in that manner very little would be thought of my artistic attainments.

To oblige someone I once tried to make a popular record, but I could not bring myself to chop the words as they should be chopped, and so it did not have the proper stamp and was a failure. Some familiar element of style was lacking. I could have given an imitation of a vaudeville singer doing it and have done it fairly well, perhaps, but I did not quite see the sense of that; better leave it to an expert.

Italian, with its smiling vowels, its lovely open finals, its strong clear consonants and general flowing line is much easier to record.

"*Ombra mai fu di vegetabile, cara ed amabile, soave piu.*"

What could be more grateful, purer in sound? The mouth is open naturally, the lips elastic and unstrained, the tongue at rest.

Then German by contrast: Try to spit "*mich beschimpft Dein verdacht*" into the horn. You are all tied up in a second and the wax records an unclean sputtering that has little or no beauty when played in a red-velvet parlor.

French I have always adored singing in any shape or manner. You can polish and purify French to the *n*th degree; you can make it unbelievably elegant, resonant and rich. The slight nasal tone so often required is wonderful for the horn, the variety of tone quality most prepossessing. To me it is a brilliant delight.

Some companies record differen the one I have described. You see anything of the machine or me in some of them. The horn then p through a screen from behind which mysterious sounds. A face appe hole cut in the wall to give you d when to begin or leave off. Perh will have a horizontal bar firmly into the wall in front of you like rack, below the horn. This you m and it certainly is a great help in st one, and in swaying.

On the horn may be pasted a gasping hint from the management: ciate clearly." They hope that move you when nothing else will.

The master you have made is rolled in cotton and put into a m and sent to some mysterious factor good little records are born.

I once had the joy of stamping own records. I saw a square lump stuff like asphalt put between tw of metal. This was then slippe stamping machine and I pulled a l pushed a handle and a record was also saw the black stuff being prepa I suspect that was a secret and better not talk about it.

A master recorder who has reco over the world told me he was once ing in China. They had been wor some time, the Chinese musicians s utter stolidity round him, twang scraping when told to, laying asi instruments in the pauses, all with of interest or spark of enthusiasm singers would record impassively a same dull atmosphere, and the re manager began to grow discourage of the songs were supposed to be co he thought: "Well, they can't be v cessful or at least one musician wou a smile."

At last up stepped a little Orie began to sing. One musician smi other grinned—at last they were al ling, then roaring.

"Aha," thought the manager, "t is really good. At last I have comedian. We must do lots of his so make them especially carefully."

After the session he said to th preter:

"That last fellow was a good one he? He must be very funny to ma laugh so—a really good comedian."

"Oh, no," said the interpreter "they were laughing because he bad!"

At another time the interpreter c him at his request China's most song. A sort of counterpart of Ol Joe or Home Sweet Home, he asked song every grandmother and ever knew. He wanted to record th known melody in all China, and b beloved singer.

The singer arrived, the recording The singer began. He stopped. again, he stopped again. He stumb the musicians after him, he stopp more.

"What's the matter?" queried t would-be recorder of the best-know nese song. "Is he sick?"

"Oh, no," said the interpreter w movable suavity of manner, "h doesn't know the song."

HE SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST

(Continued from Page 17)

...t te white man waved it aside. "You ...it f' me, Lucreshus. It's a good bet ... if lose."

..'sho' gwine be a good bet then, ...

...n taking the chance," reassured ...

...rhus sighed and pocketed the fifty ...rs. He was still sighing regretfully as ...ed the last leg of his journey to ...m am and parked his car on Morris ...e. He turned over to the book- ...e cash received in payment for the ... of ducks, reminded his boss that ...een promised leave for the after- ...n. departed. He made his way to ...lar's Barbecue Lunch Room and ...Parlor, where he inhaled a few ...ndwiches and two steaming cups ...

...e mosphere of the pool room was ...t ith baseball gossip. The long and ...Ld was in conference with Boston ...le, a melancholy gambling agent. It ...pa nt from the conversation that ...was very little Knoxville money in ... Te defeat of the previous day with- ...he elp of the mighty whip of Angel ...hd served to chasten the spirits of ...nville betting fraternity. Lucre- ...t ted unhappily across the smoke- ...om toward Boston Marble, fat ...fingers wound round the fifty ...rs trusted to his care by Mr. Al ...er his one-time employer. Then he ...ate He continued to hesitate, and ...mig he was lost. He lounged back ...e orner and dropped into a wicker ...

...er ll was said and done, Mr. Rossler ...ee a good friend to Lucreshus in the ...wln the little brown boy needed a ... rue, he had shoved off on Lucre- ...a jo that developed into pneumonia, ...e ad also nursed him through the ...s ad defrayed all medical expenses ...he night have deserted him. And it ...n ifernal shame, reflected Lucreshus, ... nehelly th'ow away fifty good hard ...s longin' to his ve'y bestes' white ...

...reaus knew that he ought to obey ...s; xecute his commission and let the ...ss ll where it listeth. But he hadn't ...an More, he knew that Mr. Rossler ... wry liberal individual—terrible in ..., t generous in peace—and he en- ...ed triumphal entry into the booth ... bssler that night after the Knox- ...lea should have bitten much dust ...econd consecutive time. Mr. Rossler ... b downhearted over the loss of his ..., t which psychological moment ...shs would thrust under his nose the ...erd fifty dollars, saying: "See heah ... I done made fo' you by not losin' ...ou ast me to do."

...en-five dollars would be a conserva- ...ee thought Lucreshus—and the die ...ast

...en. ucreshus Mabry and a rather re- ...t nnia Sanders boarded the trolley ...ckood Park at two-thirty that after- ...fifty dollars belonging to Mr. Al ...r ested securely in the pockets of ...a y's new seven-dollar pants. And ...e le apathy of the pretty brown girl ...sie Mr. Mabry's spirits were away ...

...do that he was planning to quaff ...afternoon contained a bitter-sweet ...t. Fortunately there was much ...of he sweet than the bitter. True, ...Nish would not only exhibit his un- ...dekill as a pitcher of baseball but ...also winning a crucial game for the ...wich Zinnia loved. On the other ...wle Angel was winning the game ...he approval of their common lady ...he would be piling money into the ... Lucreshus Mabry. Hence the ...niance of the sweet.

...en he car pulled up before the im- ...e rance of Rickwood Park—home ...ds of the Birmingham Southern ...e am—Lucreshus was glad of the ...eaty which had prompted him to ...asc his box seats at Bud Peagler's.

...g hes had formed before each of the ...widows and the merry clink of silver ...oll s blended harmoniously with the ...chtter of the Afro-American fans. ..., the grand stand was rapidly filling. ...or small section in the general direc- ...f irst base which was reserved for ...pople, the enormous stand was jammed with a press of yellow-to-black humanity. Every notable was there in force: Vanguard Collins; Mr. and Mrs. Cnristopher P. S. Shoots; Mr. and Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts; Luscious Chester; Mrs. Spinola Reed-Chester; Belshazzer Elliott, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise; Mr. and Mrs. Quintus Weefalls; Lawyer Evans Chew; Dr. Vivian Simmons; Mrs. Dr. Elijah Atcherson and husband; Hammond Bias; Jerry Skillet; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gethers; Keefe Gaines; Cupid Baldon; Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring; Acey Upshaw; Ellick Pinckney; Semore Mashby, who had managed to work a pass from someone and then slip by the gate without paying his war tax; Reverend Wesley Luther Thigpen and his contemporary of the First African M. E. Church, the Reverend Plato Tubb; Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton and—of course—Florian Slappey, misogynistically alone.

They were out en masse; the worth while and the worthless, the high and the low, aristocrat and proletarian, the degreed and pedigreed. The grand stand was a riot of vivid coloring—shrieking yellows, gorgeous reds, unctuous lavenders, palpitant purples, staggering blues. On the top row of the grand stand was the orchestra of Professor Alec Champagne, which worked overtime spurting jazzy music into the innocent summer air.

Out on the field the two teams disported themselves idly, languidly dipping after grounders and casually pulling in long flies, product of the fungo-hitters' skill. Then came the regular preliminary practice: an affair of brilliant stops, excessive comedy and rank errors. Team for team, exclusive of the battery superiority, Knoxville and Birmingham seemed a toss-up. But there was no forgetting the battery.

A stentorian-voiced umpire announced the batteries, and at the mention of Angel Nash's name a scream of delight rent the air. That gentleman rose from the dugout and bowed smilingly, showing a wide expanse of shiny white-and-gold teeth. And when he strolled into the box bedlam broke loose, and Lucreshus felicitated himself on the fact that he had not thrown away Mr. Rossler's money by betting it against this hurling phenom. It gave him his opportunity of helping his friend of former days—even against the latter's will.

There was something about Angel Nash as he faced the breast-protected and masked catcher which infused confidence. It was not precisely an indifference to his surroundings. Rather it was a contempt of them. The idea that this team from Knoxville should even presume to send batters up against him seemed amusing to Angel, and he wore a large golden grin. He lobbed three over the pan and signaled the umpire that he was ready.

The first Knoxville batter tapped twice on the rubber with his heavy bat, set himself, swung at two swift ones and then at a dead floater which seemed retarded in the air. He retired in disgust. The second batter swiped at two, concluded that the third would be wasted, discovered very quickly that he had made an error of judgment—and he too sat down. The third met the second ball squarely and slammed it in the general direction of center field. It hit the ground midway between the plate and the pitcher's box and bounced.

There was a resounding smack as ball struck glove and remained there. The batter started frantically for first. Angel Nash regarded the ball in his hand speculatively, allowed the runner a sporting start and then tossed the ball gracefully to the first sacker. Then Birmingham came in.

But Knoxville was on edge. It had played well against the team which had beaten Birmingham and it had no mind to lose two straight games. It played steady businesslike baseball, and the locals were retired in one-two-four order.

For six innings the rival twirlers gave masterly exhibitions. Neither allowed a hit, and only one man reached third. In the last half of the seventh the first batter for Birmingham fanned. Then Angel Nash strolled with rare insouciance to the plate, selected a ball and hit over second for two easy bases. And first among those who leaped up and screamed was Miss Zinnia Sanders.

Lucreshus was financially enthusiastic, but the exhibition on the part of his lady

True Shape

© Drawn by Edw. C. Caswell for T. S. H. Co.

FOR HER absolute hosiery satisfaction has been summed up in *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564

She likes the beautiful, silky texture—the "cross-stitch" in the garter top which prevents runs—the flare top which makes the stocking so comfy where it is often so tight and binding—its shaped and fashioned leg—the narrow, close-fitting foot—and the heels and toes of four-ply yarn.

FOR HIM there is *TRUE SHAPE* No. 152—a fine lustrous silk sock for every occasion—

made from very choice Japanese silk, with strengthened ankle, toe, heel, and sole that defy wear. He can't help liking it.

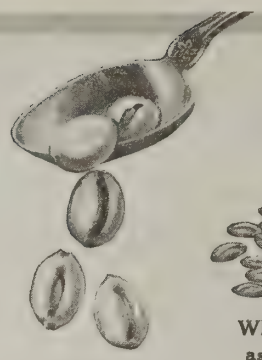
Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair.

TRADE TRUE SHAPE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

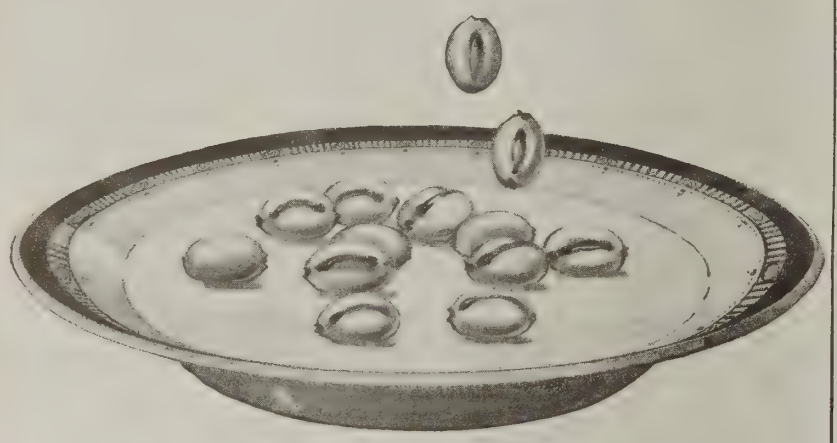
If your dealer does not have *TRUE SHAPE*, we will gladly tell you of one who has.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
Philadelphia

Actual Size
of Puffed Wheat grains is 8 times normal wheat—all due to steam explosion.



Wheat Grains as they grow



Witching Foods

But Also Scientific

These bubble grains—flimsy, flaky, toasted—seem simply tidbits to enjoy.

They seem to breakfast what dessert is to a dinner—a delightful garnish.

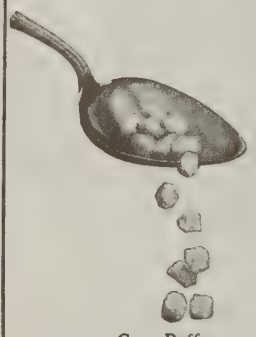
But that's a wrong impression.

Puffed grains were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson—a scientific man. And there's deep reason for them.

To Make Whole Wheat Digest

Take wheat, for instance—a premier grain. Nature stores minerals in the outer coat, and other needed elements. Without them children suffer.

Yet that outer coat, under usual methods, goes largely undigested.

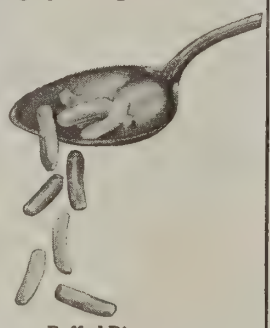


Corn Puffs

Prof. Anderson's method applies to wheat an hour of fearful heat. Then the grains are shot from guns. Thus 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. And every food cell is so blasted that it easily digests.

Thus every atom feeds. This whole-wheat food means whole-wheat nutriment.

So with Puffed Rice—so with Corn Puffs. The food cells are all broken. The result is airy, nut-like globules — fascinating foods. But also foods which yield their precious elements.



Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

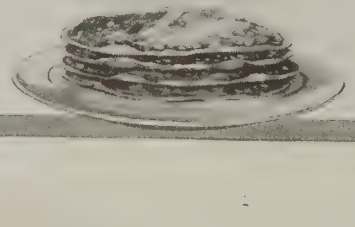
Corn Puffs

Also

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Like Nut-Made Pancakes

Our food experts, after countless tests, have made an ideal pancake mixture. And they mix in it ground Puffed Rice. The result is flaky pancakes and a very nut-like taste. The finest pancakes ever served are made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water.



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friend ruffled his dignity and riled his feelings. He fastened strong fingers about her dimpled arm and caused her to reseat herself with extreme suddenness. She swung on him in fury.

"Take yo' han's off'n me, cullud man!"

"You is makin' a specktickle outen yo'se'f."

"I reckon it's my own specktickle—an' 'sides, 'tain't none of yo' business."

"Folks is lookin' at you."

"They is lookin' at sumthin' when they does."

"You makes me 'shame' of myse'f."

"Well, blame yo' own fat se'f for that."

Lucreshus became aware of the fact that he was pursuing a rather tactless course. "I ain't meant to make you mad."

"Ain't meant ain't ain't did."

"On'y jes' 'causen a man goes an' flukes a two-bagger ——"

"Flukes! Huh! I reckon you could of done it too."

"Ise a business man—not no ball player."

"Pity you is an' pity you ain't. Now you remove yo' han's off'n me an' lemme root liken I likes."

Mr. Angel Nash bowed response to the applause of the stands, kidded with a superior air the shortstop, who was covering the base, and languidly strolled from the sack for a long lead toward third. He noticed vaguely that the coach on the third base line was making grotesque gestures and uttering weird cries, but he didn't bother particularly.

The Knoxville pitcher whirled; the ball shot straight to second and into the waiting hands of the second baseman, who had sneaked up unobserved. And to Angel Nash came the greatest disgrace in baseballdom: He was caught asleep off the base.

His march in from the center of the diamond was not exactly a triumphal procession. And at least one man in the stands was chuckling.

"I reckon, Zinnia, that he is a swell base runner, also pitcher."

Zinnia's nose went high in the air. "You is entitled to yo' own reckons, Mistuh Mabry."

"An' 'tain't no harm to be 'spicuous by yo' rootin', is it?"

"I said it."

"Ve'y well." Lucreshus Mabry rose to his feet and his barytone rolled out across the field and thrummed into the ears of the chagrined Angel Nash: "Some ball player you is—not!"

The ninth inning came and went. In the tenth Knoxville scored and Birmingham managed to even things. The eleventh resulted in two large goose eggs on the scoreboard. But in the first half of the twelfth something happened.

It was plain that the first batter was ball shy. He stood back from the plate and refused to strike at an ice-cream ball which floated up tantalizingly. A chorus of hoots from the stands lent courage and he crowded the plate. And Angel caught the ball which his catcher returned, posed airily, wound up lavishly and let fly.

There was a sharp crack as the ball connected with the crest of the batter's cranium and bounced merrily over the grand stand. The batter looked round, grinned and trotted unconcernedly to first. Angel, hands on hips, shook with laughter. With no one down and a man on first the Knoxville manager sent in a pinch hitter, an enormously large and intransigently black gentleman who swung a Brobdingnagian bat over his shoulder. He had orders to play the hit-and-run game.

Angel chuckled good-naturedly: "Hello, Useless!"

The pinch hitter glared. He stood at the plate.

Suddenly the ball left Angel's hand. It cut the heart of the platter and the umpire announced a strike.

"You is 'lowed to hit at 'em," announced Angel sweetly.

"Shut yo' fool mouth!" grated the batter.

Angel ignoring the man on first wound up deliberately. The ball appeared to leave his hand with terrific speed. The batter swung, spun and almost fell. "Stri-i-ike tuh!" Angel laughed.

"Ain't you learn' to stan' alone yit?"

"Open yo' mouth ag'in an' you is gwine be a angel sho' 'nough!"

Angel speared the return. "Heah you is, Nothin'! Heah's one right over the plate."

"You woul'n't dare!"

"Watch this!" The ball shot in. But just before it reached the plate it broke sharp and wide. The swinging b it by six inches, and there came laughter from the grand stand. ceived his catcher's return and the batter aside.

"Go ast yo' manager ain't he g batter to send up heah."

The giant Knoxvillian starte ingly toward the box, swinging hi swearing elegantly. The adoring s left the face of Angel Nash. quietly fingering the ball.

"Cullud man," he remarked tionally, "my control is good an' is sizzlin'!"

The big man turned sullenly and to his dugout while Angel insp cleats of his shoes. He was as church deacon at an ice-cream f

The next batter up laid a pre down the first-base line, sacrificing ner to second. The man who foll shot one to third and the third sac wild to first, leaving first and th pied, with two men down. The f ville fans awakened and rooted.

The first ball went straight o bat met it squarely. It sailed like to center field. The center fielde himself for the catch. The ball hit hung uncertainly for a moment, oozed over the side.

There was a deep and hollo from the Birmingham stands as ner crossed the pan. That ende ville's scoring for the inning.

But the one-run lead was sufficie Birmingham runner reached sec there he expired. And slowly and the crowd rose to its feet and st the exits.

But Lucreshus Mabry did not ri for a weak remark to Zinnia: pitcher you is lovin'," he made no on the catastrophe.

He couldn't. The disaster beg scription. The ultimate cataclys occurred. With Angel Nash in backed by a superior team, Birm had yet gone down to inglorious It mattered not that the box score that it was Birmingham's game thr that Angel had twirled winning lost only by the combination of a fl an error—the stark fact remain every available cent of cash or cred Lucreshus possessed had been swe by black magic.

And then a poignant memory Lucreshus. It smote him hard an him frequent.

Mr. Al Rossler.

In the pants pocket of Lucreshus reposed fifty dollars belonging to Rossler, which at that moment shou blossomed forth as one hundred. I was the fifty which had been intru Lucreshus to wager for his friend chances of the Knoxville team. found himself hoist by the petar friendly effort to present his friend half-century note and perhaps re substantial honorarium in appreci his superior judgment.

Lucreshus Mabry was rapidly at realization of the fact that he against it about as hard as one color can be and yet continue to exist. E obvious warmth of his lady friend d to assuage the great gob of gri enveloped him. Every nickel he o was likely to own had been swept a the inexcusable bobble of a center

Eventually Lucreshus rose. Zinn his arm tightly. It was patent that stock had risen materially in the fa Nash defeat. But Lucreshus was ously unhappy. He was about as s tively unhappy as it was possible for become. They passed through the stand to the exit gate, the tail ende saddened sorrowful throng of erstwl thusiastic rooters. Near the gate the face to face with Angel Nash.

But it was a different Angel Na Angel stripped of his incomparable an Angel heroically striving to keep appearance which was his by rig which an error had stolen.

Angel bowed. "Evenin', Miss Zi

"Evenin', Mistuh Nash," came t sponse in a tone so cool that it woul mally have brought an access of exu to Lucreshus.

"That was a pow'ful hahd-luck wa'n't it, Miss Zinnia?"

Lucreshus sniffed. "Hahd luck? A man which cain't pitch an' cain bases gittin' to talk 'bouten hahd luc

(Continued on Page 145)

(Continued from Page 142)

ngeglared. "I wa'n't directin' nothin' ou, Mistuh Mabry."
No an' you wa'n't directin' nothin' he ate neither."
Yois gettin' pussonal, Mistuh Mabry."
Yel an' tha's all what I is gettin' after gan you played."
ge turned his attention to the girl
You ain't so' at me, is you, Miss ia?
i is so' sorrier than so'."
The ain't nobody cain't he'p bein' r fa poor fish liken to what you is, uh flash," interjected Lucreshus.
ngeswung upon him. There was an s n on Angel's face that was unmisbly ot of the heavenly regions. "One wc liken to that, Mistuh Mabry, yous gwine to be ain't!"
ervous sized his man up and decided direction assayed about 99% the rt of valor at that exact moment. nad no answer and continued to make He nd his lady friend passed mourn- th ugh the gate and boarded a city- d seball special. In the car Zinnia gle close to him.
Youseems pow'ful depressed, Mistuh
Depressed is happy compared to what
eem like you wouldn't be."
Howcome?"
Wit Mistuh Nash losin' his game that- ."
we rootin' for him to win!" snapped esha.
Knowin' that I was rootin' too?"
Winnin an' baseball don't mix none y nu', Zinnia. One is a pleasure an' er ia business."
Whin one is the business?"
enc fell between them, and Lucremirably passed up his most glorious rtunity for rehabilitation in the eyes la love. It was all that Lucreshus d to retain his veneer of dignity— ligity was Lucreshus' greatest asset. w sad at heart. Mr. Al Rossler ed p about as large as a mountain sfe some as a thundercloud. Thought fir he should have won for his white l was staggering. It was bad enough ve st every cent he possessed, but to ty dollars in the hole in addition) —
conceived wild and futile schemes for wi fifty dollars and turning it over r. Issler. There was no more chance s bng able to raise more than five s an there was of his marrying a tat night. He was buried deep in rth cavity of his own digging and any and painfully aware of the fa wa in a ferment when he left Zi tlyat the door of her own home. He d adly downtown, reflecting upon isa er which had come to him and ng eird and impracticable methods of e. A sudden and informal departure Birmingham was impossible for sev- easns, not the least of which was the ac of funds. He conceived the plan kir himself considerably scarce until re fair should have departed from me for another town, but he knew a too, was not sound. Mr. Rossler kil l and indulgent white gentleman he ot the idea that somebody was t put something over on him. —I creshus shuddered.
cle hed his pudgy fists and shrugged abl shoulders. There was plainly g r him to do but face the music; to Bessemer, turn the fifty dollars co r. Rossler and make a complete sid. He paused. Suppose Mr. Rossoul get the idea that he had wagered on nd was holding out fifty? Well— all hat was the smallest risk he was g.
hor later he alighted from a North nestreet car and made his mournful owrd the glare and glitter of the fai It stood out in blaring colorful st its sodden drabness of the morn-

stret was a blaze of light and thronged bla and white humanity. There is nin about a street fair in the South do more to bridge the social gap tin the races than any other one Cality white folks, laughing-eyed aveng in large joyous parties, rubbed wh their ebony cooks and washer- n. They crowded together at the g booths, chancing their nickels and on andies, live ducks, large and popoll Indian-blanket robes.

The riding concessions were doing a land-office business; one-third of the cars of the Ferris wheel were, for instance, being occupied by jolly care-free white people of the society crowd, who were doing the fair in large groups; the remaining two-thirds filled with their Ethiopian brethren. Ballyhoo men roared the quality of their wares—designating rows of flashily costumed, infinitely bored young ladies as proof of their contention of superiority. It was an anarchy of light, blatant music, high-pitched laughter, racial intermingling, general hilarity—a scene typically Southern and wholly bizarre.

But Lucreshus looked upon the surging laughing crowd, the glaring lights, the wholesome joy—and found little to lift his spirits from the slough into which they had descended. He headed for the concession belonging to Mr. Al Rossler at the far end of the midway, but there was a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm in his gait. He was headed for a conversational guillotine.

But even the worst of things must end eventually, and he came to Mr. Rossler's booth. It was suffering from a complete collapse of enthusiasm. No crowd gathered before the counter eagerly depositing nickels for three chances to duck the sad little negro who sat perched on the seat over the galvanized-iron tub. Lucreshus looked and understood. The person who pays his nickel and hits the target likes to feel that he is bringing distress to the duckee, and the little fellow on the platform could not possibly have looked more woe-begone than he already did had they heaved him into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

But the very dearth of business was disastrous for Lucreshus. Mr. Rossler being sans work found time hanging heavy on his hands and he spotted Lucreshus and summoned that melancholy gentleman to his presence. Mr. Rossler, his prophecy fulfilled, was grinning genially.

"Told you about that Knoxville team, Luke."

"Yassuh—you sho' did."

"I'm surprised it took them twelve innings to do it."

"So is I."

"Broke you, didn't they?"

Lucreshus nodded emphatically. "Broke is rich compared to what I is."

Mr. Rossler laughed. "Your pitcher friend was defeated; that ought to put you in strong with your mutual lady friend."

"I ain't studyin' 'bouten no gals, Mr. Rossler."

"Don't you worry, Luke. I'm fifty dollars ahead of the game, and—you brought my winnings down with you, didn't you?"

Lucreshus gulped, strangled, shivered—and then took the plunge. In frantic, adjectival, apologetic speech he explained to Mr. Rossler that he had known all along that Knoxville didn't have a chance to win and he couldn't bear to see fifty dollars thrown away.

"An' so, boss man, I ain't bet yo' money a-tall!"

"Didn't bet it?"

"Nossuh. Not on Knoxville n'r neither Bummin'ham." He fished the fifty from his pocket. "Heah 'tis, suh, an' Ise sorry that Knoxville won, an' ——"

Mr. Rossler was not precisely angry, but he most decidedly was peeved. It was exactly as though he had had fifty dollars taken from his pocket. He stared at Lucreshus for a few minutes and then commenced to speak.

His speech was more graphic than elegant. He started with the creation and said things which bore directly on the quality of Lucreshus' ancestry from the days of Ham to the present; none of which were exactly laudatory. Pausing only briefly for breath he started in with the forthcoming generations and damned them heartily even unto the days of the millennium. When he paused it was only because he had exhausted his vocabulary of descriptive profanity.

Through it all Lucreshus cowered and trembled. Gone was the exquisite dignity which had won him recognition in Birmingham, and there had crept into his heart a horrible fear, a terror of consequences. Visions of the county jail, known to the negroes as the Big Rock, loomed before him, and he quivered.

"Please, suh, boss man, I di'n't go fo' to do you no dirty trick. Please, suh, don' tell no p'lice 'bouten what I done. Ise gwine save up an' pay you back them fifty dollars an' ——"

"You're not going to do anything of the kind; you're going to take your medicine and you're going to take it now!"

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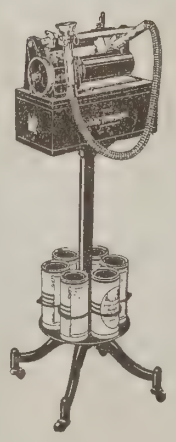

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"Nossuh! Please, suh, I ain't meant to ——"

Mr. Rossler transfixed him with a glare. He looked to the petrified Lucreshus like a man contemplating murder. What the overly ample and entirely elegant colored man did not know was that inside his red-and-white-striped shirt Mr. Al Rossler was laughing!

Mr. Rossler turned away and motioned to the little negro on the platform in the cage. That individual scampered down the ladder and presented himself before his employer.

"You've got a vacation this evening," announced the owner of the concession. "Here's four bits. Have a good time."

Lucreshus stared. A hint of the diabolical punishment in store sent a tremor of apprehension through him. He started to say something but Rossler cut him short and motioned toward the diving seat.

"Get up yonder!"

"B-b-but, boss man ——"

"Take your choice: that or the calaboose ——"

Lucreshus looked at Mr. Rossler, glanced at the seat over the tank of water and envisioned the Big Rock. He adopted the wisest course. He started to remove his coat and hat.

"Keep 'em on!" snapped Mr. Rossler. "You're going to bring me fifty dollars worth of business to make up for the money you failed to win for me. If there's a person on this midway who won't be willing to shell out a quarter for the chance of ducking you, then I'm no showman."

It was a thoroughly pathetic Lucreshus Mabry who again, after the lapse of many years, climbed upon the platform and gazed apprehensively into the yawning tub beneath. True, his plight was not nearly so bad as it might have been, especially since Bessemer, though only thirteen miles removed from Birmingham, is actually as far away as Jersey City is from New York. There was a minimum of chance that his disgrace would become public property to ruin him socially in the city of his choice. It was merely, then, a case of taking his wet and bitter medicine.

The stentorian voice of Mr. Al Rossler bellowed forth in impassioned ballyhoo. A party of white people drifted up, turned away, and then, noticing the sartorial elegance of the figure on the platform, planked down a dime and took six baseballs. Lucreshus braced himself for the sudden giving way of his seat and the plunge into the waters below. But the white men were poor pitchers and he was temporarily safe.

But meanwhile others had come up toward the concession and now a burly brown chap bought three balls and missed with the first two. But his aim was improving. The third ball went straight as an arrow against the target, the trigger gave, the seat ditto. There was a splash, a roar of laughter, and a terrible "Whoosh!" from Mr. Lucreshus Mabry as he became immersed in the icy shallows.

He climbed lumbrously and abjectly back to his seat, acutely conscious of the genuine amusement of Al Rossler and the now thickening crowd of patrons.

Another man tried his aim, and then another and another. The spirit of the thing became infectious and business picked up as fast as Lucreshus could climb from the water to the platform.

And then when he had been ducked a score of times and the numbing ignominy of his position had become bearable by familiarity much of his old professional aplomb returned. He was doused regularly and commenced to take it calmly, acquiring a contemptuous impersonal interest in the crowd which paid well for his discomfiture.

An hour passed; thirty minutes more. It had become a habit by this time. Lucreshus was distant and aloof. His disinterestedness dulled the earnestness of his tormentors and they gradually drifted away, seeking more zestful diversion. Once in a while a new couple ambled up and tried their luck. Lucreshus had become fatly and utterly indifferent. The ordeal was just about finished; his debt paid.

Suddenly he sat up very straight. His eyes seemed about to pop from his head, his jaw sagged and a low groan of unspeakable woe issued from between his lips. His eyes bored into the dusky throng of the midway and met another pair. In the clashing glances there was an admixture of amusement, surprise, fear and joy.

The other pair of eyes belonged to Mr. Angel Nash, pitcher for the Birmingham Colored Baseball Association!

And with Mr. Nash leaning confidi[ly] on his mighty arm was Miss Zinnia Sanc[ers]!

Lucreshus groaned again. The gha[stly] quintessence of disgrace had arrived a[ll] in a bunch. What had before this seemed [like] disaster now appeared bright and che[erful] by contrast. Angel Nash and Zinnia! W[hat] weird caprice of a malevolent fate ha[d] directed them to the Bessemer street fair [Mr.] Mabry did not know. All that he did k[now] was that they were there, that he re[al]nized in his misery that they were co[m]ing toward him, startled surprise in the ey[es] of Miss Zinnia Sanders and unholy gle[e] in those of Mr. Angel Nash.

For one brief instant Lucreshus co[n]sidered flight. Then he reconsidered. [The] damage was done. To him there ca[me] a feeling of morbid satisfaction. He k[new] what he was in for, and he was grimly [de]termined to make the best of it.

But he also knew that all matrim[onial] bets were off. By morning Birming[ham] would seethe with the tale of his degr[a]tion; the dignified Lucreshus Mabry a[r]get for baseballs, a huge human duc[k] three-for-a-nickel street-fair employe[e]. A cloud of grief settled about his shoulde[rs] a damp soggy mantle. He scarcely h[eard] the cheerful greeting of Angel Nash:

"Evenin', Mistuh Mabry."

Angel purchased a quarter's wort[h] balls; fifteen of them. "You ain't n[eed] tol' me you wuk'd heah."

Lucreshus hung his head in shame. [He] heard a low-toned remark made by A[ngel] to Zinnia, and sensed that it was not [com]plimentary to him. Then Angel spoke a[gain]: "How does you prefer to hit that w[ay], Mistuh Mabry, sittin' or lyin'?"

No answer from Lucreshus. His fi[gure] was slumped forward in piteous aband[on] an unkind fate. He awaited the sma[sh] the ball against the target.

Angel Nash took aim. He woun[d up] elaborately. Then he threw. He didn' [put] much speed, but he had plenty of co[ntrol]. The ball hit the target, but there was no [suf]ficient force behind it to release the tri[p]. The next time Angel used more smok[e].

There was a jar, a splash, a gurgle—[and] as Lucreshus emerged from the depth[s] heard the harsh biting laugh of Miss Z[in]nia Sanders.

He took his place doggedly, sull[enly]. Within fifty cents' worth of shots it be[came] plainly evident to him that Mr. Angel [Nash] was an exceedingly good pitcher. Life [was] just one damducking after another; a [re]cession of ups and downs—up on the [p]form, down in the water.

Mr. Nash was in fine fettle. So wa[s the] crowd, which was growing ever d[ens]about him. Lucreshus heard a man i[n the] mob address Angel, who was reveling i[n the] spotlight:

"Ain't you the pitcher on the Bum[ing]ham cullud team?"

"I is."

"Does you know that nigger yond[er]" pointing to Lucreshus.

But it was Zinnia who answered for [her]self and for Angel: "We ain't neither [one] knows him pussonal. I think he useter [play] in Bummin'ham."

Lucreshus gave it up as a bad job. [He] had pronounced the death sentence. [He] had nothing further to lose.

Angel shot one into the canvas. L[ucre]shus raised a sarcastic voice: "Did [you] say you was a pitcher?"

"I did, Mistuh Mabry."

"Then whyn't you pitch? What [you] ain't got is no speed n'r neither no cumi[.]"

"Ain't I? Ain't I jes'? You watch [me], cullud man."

Angel wound up elaborately, and [sud]denly out of the maze of arms shot a [ball], one, a fearfully fast one. It looked li[ke] was going to miss the target by six inc[hes] until it took a sudden break, and Lucr[eshus] kersplashed into the wetness. Zinni[a] the salvo of laughter which rang out [as] unimmersed himself and climbed g[ingerly] upward for another douse.

"Accident," he taunted Angel. "[You] cain't do it ag'in."

But Angel could. And what's mo[re] the point he did, the crowd applauding [and] greeting each precipitation of the p[oor] Mr. Mabry with laughter ever more [up]roarious. As for Al Rossler, he stoo[d] raking in the shekels with an avid ha[nd].

Angel showed every trick in his tw[irling] repertoire.

"Heah you is, Mistuh Mabry—a[nd] one!" Splash! "An' now, Brother L[ucre]shus, a slow out!" Flop! "A li'l insho[t] yo' health!" Slosh!

(Concluded on Page 149)

(Concluded from Page 146)

ucreshus almost glorified his job. A ne dignity sat upon his enormous martyred sh lders.

Huh! Pitcher, you calls yo'se'f, does yo' You ain't no pitcher—you is a farm ha:. You ain't never done nothin', Angel Na:, on'y pitch hay. Lookit what Knox- vill done to you this afternoon." Splash! Lu eshus shook himself and climbed up aga. "Li'l mo' speed, cullud man. You in showed none when you got beat t'-day; se ettin' you ain't got none a-tall!"

'peed?" Angel sneered. "Lis'en heah t a, Lucreshus. Tha's the on'y thing I in got nothin' else but. Try this heah ot curve, fo' instance. One—two ——" Kerop! Angel turned to Zinnia. "Ain't e mthin' to sit on a platform, Miss aners? Ain't he jes'?"

Zinnia laughed loud and ringingly. "You n'd worry 'bouten him. He ain't nothin' n a common lab'rer."

Te fun grew faster and furiouser. If he was any trick in Angel's bag which as ot produced for the edification of the ro no one would have guessed it. The re and delivery, the side-arm heave, the s am ball, the fast-breaking shoot—c did its share to add to the ignominy of e unfortunate on the platform.

B with each splash into the water c shus won new friends in the crowd. Ne emper of the mob veered; it com- en d applauding Lucreshus when Angel sa. And finally, after spending more an wo hours and a half before the stand d ithin two dollars and a half of his ri y capital, Angel Nash and Miss Zin- S nders moved away.

Lu eshus watched their departure apa- ti lly. He had plumbed the nether- st epths of misery and the future was a m of drab inconsequence. He saw Al as walking toward him and heard Al s.'s hearty voice:

'Tat's enough, Luke. You can climb d'

Lu eshus climbed, sore in body and sh l in spirit. Mr. Rossler extended he ing. "Here's a towel. Dry your- o"

The broken Mr. Mabry raised pain-filled s t the man who had caused his multi- in s downfalls.

Tvel!" he scoffed. "I don' want no el I wants a windin' sheet!"

The following day things happened. They pe ed steadily and consistently, and st rted in the third inning.

Du ng the first two innings the mighty g Mr. Angel Nash and his hypnotic e i the box combined to hold the Knox- l ters helpless. But suddenly with- w ning the fireworks started. When st ike cleared away seven Knoxville ne had crossed the platter following co secutive hits. Angel Nash was ge ingloriously from the pitcher's box an ther substituted.

Ig was finished and done for. So was ir ham's colored team. The game d ith a score of eight to one in favor nc ville, and the Tennessee team left el bearing with it much glory and a tu e of coin.

Ge Nash sought out Miss Zinnia San- as he was leaving the grounds. He ar ed with a 100% alibi. But Miss a anders would not listen. Words o thing, facts another. And the we that Angel had pitched two games ri ingham and that Birmingham had ne two games and the series. Angel th t it was his cue for a sudden and le exodus and he exodusted ex- on ly.

It was at night as Zinnia Sanders sat on th veranda gazing yearningly in the di irection of Morris Avenue, upon n row thoroughfare was housed the pr hich Lucreshus Mabry had worked faithfully for many years, a vision turned in at the gate and Zinnia straightened with an accession of tremulous expectancy.

The vision was Lucreshus Mabry. But what a Lucreshus! He wore a new blue serge coat and white serge trousers. His shirt was of the purest robin's-egg-blue silk, his flowing necktie a distilled blue of darker hue. His new shoes were white buckskin, his socks sheer white silk. Upon his head a soft white hat perched at a jaunty angle and he carried in his left hand a pair of white kid gloves and in his right a silver-headed snowy cane. Zinnia rose eagerly to greet him. He paused ostentatiously on the top step. There was a smile on his face—a smile of one who is well contented with the progress of his own particular evolution in the general scheme.

"Where Angel Nash is at, Miss Zinnia?"

"I ain't studyin' 'bouten no sech wuthless, no 'count, unpitchin,' grinnin' ——"

"I gathers, Miss Zinnia, that you disfavors Mistuh Nash at this pretickler momunt?"

She hung her head. "I is well salisfried with my presint comp'ny."

Lucreshus tapped the porch flooring with the tip of his new white cane. "I on'y jes' dropped in fo' a li'l explanationin'," he said slowly, "jes' so they woul'n't be no misunderstandin'. I soht of wan'ed you should understan' that I uses my haid fo' sumthin' mo' than hangin' a hat on.

"Fust off, the reason why I took that job down to the Bessemer Street fair las' night was causen Mistuh Rossler is an ol' frien' of mine, 'countin' I worked fo' him yeahs ago. An' I is always been a man to he'p my frien's out."

"Ain't it the truth?" she interrupted encouragingly.

He continued fixedly: "An' when I had done same he went an' give me this heah swell outfit I is got on jes' to show his gratitood. You might also remember that Mistuh Angel Nash is paid fo' mos' of it.

"An' to continue, lemme state that when Angel Nash stahted pitchin' at me I stahted thinkin' at him. An' I thunk thoughts which was wuth money. I knowed he was gwine pitch against Knoxville t'-day an' I egged him on. An', Miss Zinnia, I knowed that ev'y ball that man pitched at me las' night meant one less ball he could pitch in the game t'-day! 'Cause why? 'Cause them nickel baseballs will ruint a pitcher's arm quicker'n anythin' I knows.

"So when he wan'ed to stop I kept him goin'. An' then I tipped Mr. Rossler off an' he bet six hund'ed dollars on Knoxville to win t'-day, which same it done—easy. He give me two hund'ed dollars fo' my share, not countin' lettin' me off on fifty which I owed him. You see"—reflectively—"I soht of figgered Angel Nash's arm would give plumb out in the fo'th innin'. But he beat my 'ticipations by th'ee singles an' a home run."

Zinnia's eyes were glowing invitingly. "You sho'ly is the thinkines' man, Mistuh Mabry. Ain't you gwine stay an' spen' the evenin' with me?"

Lucreshus shook his head and turned elegantly toward the front gate. He delivered an elaborate bow. "Ise got a 'pawtant 'gagement t'-night with another lady frien', Miss Zinnia. I jes' stopped by to give you a chance to reflec', in the lonesome solisitood of this beautiful evenin', on a few of the hawss laughs you was kin' enough to waff in my direction down to Bessemer las' night when you was in the comp'ny of the mos' easies' mark, the mos' bigges' sucker, the swell-headedes' man which ever 'magined hisse'f a baseball pitcher."

Lucreshus started for the gate. There he turned, hat in hand. "An' b'lieve me, Miss Zinnia," he said impressively, "what I is said is sumthin'!"

And then triumphantly, with his pristine dignity unimpaired, Lucreshus Mabry blended into the darkness.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE TRACTIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

the Washington Government replied—through its War Labor Board—saying in effect:

"No matter what your financial condition may be, your employees are entitled to a fair wage. We are sorry for you, but if the administration of your city or state won't listen to our recommendations for your relief—well, that's your funeral, not ours."

The traction men groaned. How would you like it yourself if a big and all-powerful Federal board had gently but firmly ordered you to raise the pay of your men, all the while recommending that some other board—entirely individual and foreign and with pretty set ideas of its own—raise your rates of fare, while still another Federal board was ordering you to use a poorer grade of coal at a higher price than you had ever paid for the best, and doing no recommending whatsoever, and a third setting your fuel and material shipments back in railroad priority? No matter what had been the sins of your fathers, a pretty generous punishment was being meted out to you. No mistaking that.

And because some of even the most obdurate common councils and public-service commissions finally recognized the real force and fairness of these things fare increases were granted—in 1918 literally by the hundreds.

The pressure for these had begun long before. As far back as 1912 some of the interurban lines in Massachusetts were permitted to increase their fares to six and in a very few instances to seven cents, and for a time gained some slight relief in the situation.

But not for long. For a perfectly simple and natural situation evolved itself as soon as any radical increases in fare were adopted. You may invite a man to ride upon a trolley car or rapid-transit train, but you cannot compel him to—not unless the distance he rides is considerable and there is no other method of transportation available. And even in the crude days before the business had been thoroughly analyzed and understood almost any expert trolley man could tell you that in the long-haul rider was the skim milk of his business. The fellow—lazy or in a hurry—who boarded his car for a mile or less and still paid his nickel uncomplainingly was the real cream of the traffic. In fact it was he who made it possible for the road to carry the long-distance man—an individual loss in practically every instance—and still keep in business.

The Jitney in Newark

With the raise in fare the short-distance rider disappears almost automatically. The additional pennies generally are the factors that make him decide to walk that mile up the street or take a jitney if one be available. The jitney, where it has been established and survived in our American cities, has rarely ever been established upon a scientific transportation basis with proper portions of its revenue set aside for depreciation and renewals, for taxes and street repairs and for accident claims that may be made against it. But it, too, has gone far enough to know that there is no profit in the long-haul rider, and so leaves these to the trolley road while it chooses for itself the short and more profitable routes—routes upon which for a time at least it may carry five-cent riders at seeming profit.

Take Newark, New Jersey, a sizable manufacturing community, where the jitneys not only have obtained a hold but have succeeded in retaining it. Newark's streets even in her downtown sections are unusually wide and so in a sense adapted to this form of transportation. The official figures there show that from May, 1918, when the single consolidated company which operates most of the electric-railroad mileage of New Jersey still had a five-cent fare, until May, 1919, when the trolley system had a seven-cent fare well established, the Newark jitneys showed an increase of traffic of 107 per cent, while the street-car traffic had fallen off seven per cent. In the first six months of 1919 these same jitneys carried 16,000,000 passengers, or about $800,000 worth of business, which otherwise certainly would have gone to the street railroad. As to what the privately owned and operated automobile—not only in Newark but in many and many another American city—has cost the street-railroad company no one can estimate accurately, but any man is privileged to guess.

In Boston, because of the narrow streets and fearful congestion of its metropolitan heart, the competition of the private automobile is slight indeed, while jitneys are entirely out of the question. Inside of a year, beginning August 1, 1918, the Boston Elevated Railway—which holds a monopolistic but withal a very broad-minded control of the street railway as well as the subway and elevated railroads of that town—advanced its fare through three successive stages from five to ten cents, but in that time lost some eighteen per cent of its riders. There was no other method of popular transportation available there, but the thrifty, traditional New England conscience simply refused to pay a dime to ride the half mile from Scollay Square to the North Station or from Tremont Street to the South Station. It preferred, if you please, to wear out its shoe leather.

Here there is the chief problem about fare raising. It is easy to say that—common councils and public service commissions willing—fares may be raised to keep pace with wage increases. But it is not quite so easy to force men and women to ride at increased fares. It begins to look as if at ten cents the limit of increase had not only been reached but passed—and by quite a distance.

The Vanishing Short Rider

The miscellaneous noncompulsory sort of riding has ceased entirely. Women begin to take more to the telephone for their shopping or for chats with their neighbors; folks go less frequently to the movies or if they do go walk longer distances to reach them. The same thing is true of agents and salesmen of every sort.

These things are not theories. They have been proved by careful and searching investigation on the part of traction men who are studying the entire problem upon a broad and scientific basis. And these are the men who say that we can go no further—not at present anyway—in the increase of the flat fares in the cities.

Where then are they to find their relief? It is by no means a certainty that the peak of operating costs has yet been reached. And it must be admitted that there are certain obligations to the honest dollars invested in the traction properties that have been passed by in recent months but that are justly entitled to their delayed reward.

Where are the tractions to find their ultimate relief?

I do not, myself, think that this question is impossible of correct answer. It is a difficult problem, mightily complicated in all its details and ramifications, but still capable of intelligent solution. And in my mind this solution lies in two important things—better operation of the properties and a more intelligent and scientific working out of the fare scales.

Better operation?

A good many trolley executives will raise their hands to the high heavens when they see these two words. Doesn't he know, they will ask, of the steady progress and betterment in electric railroad operation that has been going on for the past twenty years—in fact ever since the electric railroad in America reached its earliest stages of development?

Of course I know. For a half dozen years I was intimately associated with a big traction company which passed through all of the vicissitudes of its kind—and then some more. I saw a vast and uncanny aggregation of horse-car lines and trolleys and elevated roads and cable roads and suburban lines and mule cars thrust willy-nilly into consolidation and from it evolved a six-hundred-mile city railroad that for a few brief years actually earned and paid dividends on its great issues of common stock; and I knew that those dividends could not have been earned if it had not been for uncommonly good operation.

It was common in those days to laugh at "operating a railroad by drafting board." The old rule-of-thumb crowd still existed in goodly numbers. But our road was "operated by drafting board," by hundreds of unsentimental but deadly accurate blueprinted charts on which were recorded by strangely tremulous but highly intelligent lines the rise and fall of power-house cost for each passenger who paid his nickel to ride upon our cars; his proportionate share of the oil that lubricated them, of the pay envelopes of the men who personally operated them—all the rest of the detail. If it had not been for those charts—for the very system that they personified—we should not have been able in a twelvemonth to go into the open market and buy nine turbine generators at a mere half million dollars each, to buy a thousand tons of coal a day for a single power house, to dodge bankruptcy for more than seven days.

We studied the charts and crimped the pennies; we bought new generators because they were more economical than old ones which were far from being worn out, great new cars because it meant that many more nickel passengers might ride behind the pay envelope of a single motorman and in front of that of a single conductor than in the older short-length cars. There was not an hour of the day, and hardly one of the night, when we were not studying economies.

On economies—on the skimping of the outgoing use of the nickel that came into us—our operating officials rose; on their lack of them they fell. We felt that in our day and way we were some little sharks in railroad operation.

And yet as I look back upon those days in the light of these I can see some things in which we failed. I shall not speak of our failure to gain the public confidence—that is too delicate and personal and moot a question. We put in big cars—I think that our road was the first to install a surface car seating forty-eight persons and an elevated train unit seating ninety-six—but we failed apparently to note two things in their use: the pound upon the track and pull upon the power that their very size gave to them.

Last spring I rode upon many trolley cars in London and in Paris, as well as in various other cities of France and of Great Britain. Before I had boarded the first of any of these—it was in Liverpool—I was struck by the fact that it wasted not one possibility of carrying capacity. It utilized its roof for seating purposes, just as I have seen our modern and wonderfully efficient motor busses in New York and Chicago so utilize their roofs.

In other words, in and upon a single-trucked four-wheeled trolley car, such as with us will not seat more than twenty-four at the uttermost, England seated twice that number. To put the thing in another way, she carried one-third the dead weight in car per passenger of that of the average American trolley line and in fully as much comfort and safety. And so for each individual fare she took in she made a great saving over us, not only in the initial investment in the car but in the power required to pull it and in the wear and tear upon the track and its roadbed.

Why Not Double-Deckers

Since I came back to the United States I have asked many trolley operators why such double-decked cars should not be operated here, and have not as yet had a single satisfactory answer to my question.

"Overhead trolley wires," said one man, but the cars upon which I rode from London out to Hampton Court and the other suburbs ran upon overhead trolley wires and in perfect safety.

"Our fearful American winters in the North," hinted another, but apparently failed to realize that the double-decked Fifth Avenue busses in New York and the Michigan Avenue busses in Chicago run each winter through blizzard conditions and have passengers for their roof-garden seats fully three hundred days out of the year.

I think that the real reason for the failure to adopt the double-decker cars in the United States is a purely psychological one—the reluctance of the traction men themselves to adopt a genuinely new thing, chiefly because it is a new thing. It is not so much because of their inherited fondness for bigness, which is quite a truly American trait—we love to prate of our big hotels, our big locomotives, our big skyscrapers—as it is this very element of novelty.

Sometimes we boast also of the appeal of the novel to us. Yet as a people I am beginning to think that in many things we are remarkably conservative, and the traction men are apparently no exception to this statement.

Take the so-called one-man car, w was illustrated in THE SATURDAY EVE POST a few months ago. Obviously would be great economies in its installa yet it has made very slow headway a the land. The reason for this is not ea understand. In other American indus labor-saving money-making appliances been welcomed warmly, and—if fo other reason—installed to meet the gressiveness of competitors. But our s railways have rarely had competitors therefore have shown little real enter in adopting radical improvement; gr timidity in facing both their employee their public.

As everyone knows, it takes two m run the old-style trolley car—one to it, the other to handle its passenger everyone does not know, the largest item in the operation of an electric rai is the wages of its motormen and co tors. It used to be twenty per cent; i is rapidly approaching fifty. It is ob that if this last ratio continues it w practically impossible for the average to continue to operate.

When Prejudice Ruled

Now along comes a scheme for cu down the manual labor in car operati that one man can combine the duti motorman and conductor and handl car himself—quite satisfactorily in all possibly the larger cities; not quite so a car perhaps—all folk are not slaves t doctrine of bigness—but cars seati least thirty-five persons; possibly half as many as that by the use of the d deck. Such cars, even though smaller the popular standard trolley car of to by reason of their great economy in power could be operated upon short tervals, which in turn would mean a net economy still as well as increasin frequency of service.

Did the average traction man jur this chance to give better service public? Honesty compels the answe he did not. The one-man car was first of the necessity of meeting jitney com tion and as a matter of fact for a long was used only in smaller communities the jitney had shown the utter absu of fifteen to thirty minute intervals be cars—in districts where if one misse car he might walk to the far end of th before another overtook him. The towns scorned the idea. Their tr managers said that the day of dinke was gone forever. Indeed it is doub it had not been for the courage and th sight of one of the big operating synd whether there would be a hundred of highly economical cars in service all th across the land to-day.

Here is a typical instance of the wa the idea was received: On a certain system operating local service in a nu of medium-sized towns and cities a interurban a local superintendent p out to his general manager the neces adopting a one-man car of some sort—are a number of different types. Th five years ago, when some of the smal systems were still making money. general manager pursed his lips, knitt brows and exhibited the other conven symptoms of executively deep though then turned down the proposal—col went a step further and told his bo directors that the scheme was no go

In the meantime the years have roll Expenses have gone up enormously a figures replace black upon the fin sheets. The one-man car has been in other small cities and has made That general manager is perplexed. ing taken his stand in regard to the car he does not dare retreat from it cannot acknowledge mistake. If he d directors will begin asking awkward tions and a new man will come to his

Lack of vision! Lack of imagin How often have we found those fine ties lacking in the steam-railroad sit across the land? The tractions seem fer quite as much. Not all of thi course—there are roads like the I Electric out in California, to take a instance out of several, which hardly be fairly charged with lack of either or imagination. But these are in the minority. And there have been fe

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my cases where even if the operating heds have possessed a bit of real foresight it as not been recognized by those who contrled them.

For three years I have been begging my dictors for permission to buy smaller and me economical cars—cars that would be me economical of man power and electric per alike," a smart young traction man in a iddle-sized city told me. "I could have bght them three years ago at a fair pre—real bargains compared with the pres to-day. A local bank stood ready to me the necessary loan on my recommendaon. What did my bosses say to me? Thy said that I was nutty—just that word. Thy told me that what they wanted was ne fares and not another way of spending mey. Then I went back and sat down an waited for the receiver to come. He arned—just sixty days ago."

hen one hears of these instances he wders not that the street-railroad indury in the United States has collapsed ctly but that it held together as long as d.

ne other huge instance of traction stolidy and I am done. This concerns itself wi the all-important question of fares. At he beginning of this article I referred to e universality of the nickel fare in the Uned States—built up without any regai whatsoever for the cost of the service; no it was the alluring bait—along with the ree transfer—by which the traction ma pulators put through their top-heavy corolidations and how in these days it has bec ne the unit by which their torture has bee accomplished. I showed you how the obvus yet entirely unscientific method of rais g the flat fare to keep pace with the nc ase in trolley expenses might and did in away travel; how under such condiio the jitney took the cream short-haul rai or in the cases where there were no tm s people walked—and all because of stpid handling of the fare situation.

"ut we have got to make our income qu our outgo," wearily argues the tracnanager, "or else tear up our rails and cr our cars and quit."

I now that, Mister Traction Manager. al know that in 1918 so many miles of roly lines were torn up that had it not ee for certain extensions to shipyards and the war plants, which were built at the qust of the Federal Government and na ed by it, the total electric-railroad ilege in the land would have been far nar at the end of that year than at the gning. This year probably will see ar more miles torn up—the most of them ghy, for in the main they represent track ratever should have been put down; or newhich can be replaced more profitably motor busses, which is a whole story in sel It is enough to say here and now atthe traction company has been as achard in adopting the motor bus as a rrating factor as its big brother of the ea railroad—which is saying much.

Why Not the Zone Fare?

B, Mister Traction Manager, have you er onsidered the possibility of advancing nares without advancing the flat rate?"

"h, I know," he retorts with manifestaons of great disgust—"the zone fare!"

Wl, why not the zone fare? Is there vting so fundamentally dishonest in the ea iat it is not even worth your fair conlerion? Or are you going to dismiss it, e ie one-man car, without even a fair urn court?

Gloverseas for a moment once again: Great Britain, in Continental Europe, en n far-off Australasia—in fact, practilyeverywhere else except the blessed U S. A.—the policy of making a rider y or the exact quantity of street-car nsortation that he uses, just as he pays s am-railroad transportation or street kicrs or the use of the telephone or pcces and any other commodity whatev, has been so long established that it pa and parcel of the ordinary life of e mmunity. And the trolley car—the mir as they know it overseas—then bene of the largest use to the community. ma wishing to go but three or four ck but who is in a bit of a hurry to acmpsh the distance does not hesitate rent taking a car because of a certain or thrift rebellion at spending ten nts as in Boston to-day—or even six or ercents for so short a ride. He knows t will cost him but two cents—a mere thig—for the convenience given.

In fact, the very theory of the zone fare begins with the thesis that the street railway must be of the very greatest possible use to the public; that it must be in a position to offer its service at an attractive price to every man upon the street—whether he be going four blocks or four miles—and so seek to obtain once again those very short-haul riders who have so recently been weaned away from our American traction lines. These under the zone fares no longer are the sole cream of the business. One of the finest features of the system is that it so equalizes the revenue and the cost for each and every rider that the long-haul man becomes as welcome as the short hauler, which after all is only just and, to my way of thinking, most American.

Yet the zone-fare system is continually assailed as un-American. True it is that to gain any real idea of its working one still has to cross the Atlantic for facts and figures. They are there. Take Aberdeen, Scotland, as a typical example: The annual report of the Corporation Tramways of that city for the year ending May 31, 1918, showed that twenty-five per cent of the riding upon its cars was done by folk who rode six-tenths of a mile or less.

Objections to the System

What Yankee road could begin to show a record such as this? Not even Broadway, New York, with the richest short-haul traffic field in the world as its possibility. The Scotchman is a thrifty soul. Yet Sandy could not withstand the appeal of off-again-on-again traffic for a mere halfpenny. And as for Glasgow, more than sixty-three per cent of its passengers paid the halfpenny which until very recently carried them very nearly a mile and a quarter. Cross the Irish Sea. Consider Belfast. In that old Ulster town even a full penny—two cents of our money—would barely carry a man a full mile. Yet last year fifty per cent of the riders on its tramways system took that penny ride.

Talk about merchandising! Our traction folk have yet to learn its very rudiments. Perhaps it may be that they have lacked the incentive, and perhaps the reason may be this or that or the other thing, but the fact remains that they have made little or no attempt to merchandise their traffic—to create passengers. They made their cars big because that then seemed economy, but I cannot find many instances where they increased their attractiveness to their riders. The fact that most folk, when they trolley, prefer a cross-seated car seemed to weigh as nothing with many traction companies. When the old-time cross-bench open car became obsolete few of them made any effort to replace it with a summer car equal in attractive qualities. And I have yet to find a trolley company which ever invited suggestions from its patrons before it adopted a new type of car or laid out new operating routes. Yet these simple things are the very heart and center of good merchandising.

"The zone fare tends to intensify city congestion," whispers my friend, the civic idealist.

Does it? I will admit that this very problem of congestion is the chief argument that is urged against it, and then I shall call your attention to the fact that Glasgow with a population of 1,100,000 and the cheapest and most complete zone-fare system in the world has mile after mile of tenements, but at that nothing to be compared with the monster tenements of New York—New York with its more than liberal flat fare of five cents still remaining. And that Belfast, which we were a moment ago discussing, is a remarkably well diffused city. But all the arguments that the zone fare is responsible for congestion fall entirely flat when we consider Australia. There the cities are new, well spread out and as suburbanized as any community in America. Yet we find the same high percentages of short riders as in the older European communities.

Yet despite its many manifest economic advantages, the zone system has had scant serious attention in either the United States or Canada. Of course it has not been entirely unknown to our traction operators, but they have been more inclined to laugh at it than to study it. In the beginning they asked why they should go below the universal flat rate of five cents when they were making money—or thought they were making money—at that rate. To divide passengers into various classifications in accordance with the rate of fare that they were paying seemed to them to be a fearfully cumbersome and unnecessary business. Yet I sometimes have thought that the real joke was upon the American trolley operator. For if a more awkward scheme was ever invented than the so-called time-limit transfer I have yet to know of it. It was only workable when the traction companies gave up any thorough auditing of its use as entirely out of the question.

As a matter of fact, the collecting of fare and the auditing of a zone system are not particularly difficult. A well planned suburban road running north from New York City to White Plains has used it since the day of its inception a full dozen years ago. In fact there have been few interurban lines that have not been compelled from the beginning to use it in one form or another. But the plan of the New York, Westchester and Boston was so simple and so complete that one wonders why it was not used more by other roads. A man purchased his ticket on entering the station where he awaited the train for the zone which held his destination and deposited his ticket at the station where he left his train.

By printing the zone tickets in different colors it was a matter of only instant attention for the collector at the final station to make sure that the proper ticket was deposited. And the necessity of having conductors or ticket collectors in crowded high-speed trains was as completely obviated as in the elevated or subway trains of our very largest cities.

Until very recently the managers of the city tractions set their hearts and minds very steadfastly against the coming of the zone plan. Their rapidly growing operating costs, however, and the fact that radical increases in flat fare have driven their profitable short-haul riders away from them are gradually bringing them toward the light.

Milwaukee was one of the very first towns to come toward the European scheme. As far back as 1914 it adopted a rough plan of zone fares, with five cents as a basic fare in the heart of the city. Springfield, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island, followed in its path, and a little while after, Portland, Maine. Yet the plan as adopted in all of these towns was quite far removed from those of the British towns. In no case was the initial fare less than five cents and in one or two cases it was six. There was absolutely no appeal to the short-haul rider, yet a beginning was being made.

Short-Haul Riding

Pittsburgh was the first of our really metropolitan cities to come to the zone fare, even in this crude form. It experimented for a time with raising its flat-rate fare from five cents to six, and experiencing no financial relief finally marked off a single zone of from two and a quarter to two and a half miles from the center of the city. The fare in this inner zone was placed at five cents and in the outer one at the beginning at an additional two cents. After a year's trial the results of this crude and awkward zone system have proved anything but satisfactory. There the short-haul riding has almost entirely disappeared, while the canny Pennsylvanians have developed a habit of walking to the zone limits in order to save the higher fares. Both patrons and the company are disgusted with the plan.

It has been only within the past few weeks that a genuine zone-fare plan has been attempted on any sizable traction line in this country. In the middle of September last the Public Service Railway of New Jersey—one of the very largest of our traction companies, with its 850 miles of line and serving practically all of the cities of that important industrial state—inaugurated a complete zone-fare system with somewhat more excitement and commotion than have been seen since the last of the great Donnybrook fairs. There were riots and near-riots, head smashing and window smashing alike. For a time the company had to cease service on some of its lines. Yet when the tumult and shouting had died it was to be observed that almost all of the trouble had centered in two communities—Kearny and Camden. And practically all the rough-housing was confined to the employees of a single type of industry—shipbuilding—the highest-priced manual labor in America. A sociological problem which I leave to you to figure out.

However, it was a sociological problem that completely floored the traction company. Within a month after its wholesale adoption of the zone-fare plan and under a fearful political pressure at the State Capitol, it announced its withdrawal of the new plan and a return, for the time being at any rate, to its old flat rate in the cities of New Jersey of seven cents with a penny charge for transfers.

The trouble with the Public Service Railway seemed to be that it had not advertised its new plan widely enough. It also now seems to have been extremely ill-advised in attempting to inaugurate so sweeping and so radical a change in American traction practice on its whole great system in a single hour. It would have been far better to have begun with one city, or even with one line or group of lines in one city, and so effected a great change carefully and cautiously and scientifically. Moreover, its method of operation was extremely cumbersome. A person entering the front end of one of its cars was handed a slip by the motorman which indicated the zone wherein he had boarded the conveyance. This slip was the indication to the conductor, whom he paid at leaving the car, of the distance he had traveled.

On the British tramcars and omnibuses the fare system is infinitely simpler. The conductor approaches the passenger soon after he is aboard the car and upon being told where he wishes to alight quickly estimates the required fare and issues a punch check for the trip. The color of this check varies according to the fare paid and number of zones to be traversed. From time to time inspectors board the car or the omnibus and by examining these fare checks quickly discover where any passengers are riding beyond the limits to which they have paid. The system is simplicity itself and has worked these many years.

Boston Transit Facilities

Apparently the Public Service Railway did not have much faith in the honesty either of its employees or its patrons. Its elaborate safeguards to make sure that it got the full amount of each fare coming to it defeated the success of its entire project. Its fares seemingly were not out of complete reason. Three cents was charged for the first mile traversed and two cents for each mile thereafter. Here was an invitation to the short-haul rider of which, in the short month of the operation of the plan, he began to avail himself. He could feel that he is not being overcharged in order that the long-haul man can ride at less than the proper transportation cost. In other words, the traffic equalizes itself and so, despite the seeming utter failure of the zone-fare plan in New Jersey, I still am of the firm opinion that properly inaugurated and operated it will yet be found the only permanent and scientific solution of our vexatious traction problem.

Boston is almost the one town in America where transit facilities have not only kept pace but in many instances gone ahead of its development. It has always had an honestly managed traction company—and one which apparently held no little notion of its service obligations to the public, which is something that a good many American towns have lacked. Its company, however, was no exception to the economics of rising costs balanced against a firmly fixed fare. In fact the very plan and contour of the New England town with its narrow congested streets—one-third of its street-railway trackage is curved, which means a fearful expense in wear and tear and maintenance—have tended to increase rather than to lower traction costs there. Labor costs run high there, too, and the Boston system was almost the first to begin to pay its men sixty-eight cents an hour.

Already I have shown you how in a single year the universal flat fare of that city has been raised in three rapid steps from five to ten cents. That might never have been accomplished so rapidly and so easily if the road had not received direct state aid. When more than a year ago it found itself come from a state of comfortable competency to the very brink of bankruptcy it appealed to the commonwealth of Massachusetts for assistance. And the commonwealth of Massachusetts, moved not at all by the plight of the stockholders of the Boston Elevated Railway but very much moved by the possible future plight of the folk of its largest city, who were utterly dependent upon the service of that railway, came to the assistance of the company. Have we not just said that Boston was far ahead of other American towns in her transit development?

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The state aid in the case of her traction company took the form of the appointment by the governor of five trustees, men of large affairs and vision, who are paid a fair salary to give a considerable portion of their time to the affairs of the road, working a good deal as the executive committee of the board of directors of a large and busy private corporation works. In fact, the functions of these state trustees of the Boston Elevated resemble almost exactly those of a directors' executive committee. They hire and fire the road's officers, arrange for its permanent improvement and by specific legislative enactment are empowered to raise or lower fares as necessity permits or compels and in accordance with a carefully laid-down plan.

In Cleveland some years ago a long conflict between the city officers and the street-railroad company finally resulted in the formulation of a definite plan for sliding fares, which began with a flat three-cent fare and no transfers, raised to a three-cent fare and a one-cent transfer; as a third step to a four-cent fare and no transfer, and so on to a five-cent fare with a one-cent transfer—a limit now practically reached. This is the basic form of the so-called "service-at-cost" plan which to-day enjoys the favor of so many traction executives, but which is open to the very serious objection that it exerts little more than a moral obligation upon them to hold operating costs to the lowest possible figure. The Boston plan was not quite so arbitrary as that of Cleveland. The trustees being state appointees were intrusted with the problem of handling the fare sheets with honor and with due regard not only for the patrons of the road but for its stockholders, whose five per cent dividends are specifically guaranteed by the commonwealth.

It was these same trustees who raised the Boston flat fare in July last to its record of ten cents. But the trustees were powerless to compel the thrifty Bostonese to ride, and, as we have already seen, eighteen per cent of them ceased to ride. Now it is entirely obvious that any condition of affairs that shuts off eighteen per cent of the normal street-car riders of a town from using its transportation facilities is a mighty bad condition of affairs indeed. So Boston already is considering how it can bring these eighteen per cent of riders—in all probability the greater number of them short-haul passengers—back into its trolley cars and rapid-transit trains once again.

From the beginning the Boston traction folk have rather stoutly opposed the zone-fare system—at least as far as it affected their own property. They have argued—and not without reason—that theirs was different from any other rapid-transit system in the world. Its plan of having elevated trains and surface trolleys alike pouring into subways in the heart of the town and being propelled through it at very high speed, they assert, has made the zone plan practically impossible of adoption. Yet to-day some of the wisest of these Boston trolley men have come to see some merit in the zone-fare plan. A scheme already has been worked out in the rough providing for about a three-mile ride from the heart of the town at a six-cent fare, with eight cents charged for the run to the far ends of the system, some seven or eight miles at the utmost. About half the population of metropolitan Boston lives within the six-cent zone, so that the average fare would be approximately seven cents, and the thinking traction men of the town do not now believe that maximum riding can be attained at any fare above that figure.

Future Contingencies

"But suppose that operating costs keep climbing?" you ask. "Would not the irrevocable seven cents be quite as bad as the irrevocable nickel?"

The trolley operators are ready for that question. They assert in the first instance that if they are relieved of the considerable rental of the subways in the heart of the city—for Boston, like New York, builds and owns her rapid-transit routes but leases them to private operation—and atop of that their paying taxes, they can with the six-cent and eight-cent fares at least meet their present operating and fixed charges. If they should fail to meet these, or if wages and other operating costs should continue to rise, the communities should be prepared to assume deficit in their tax budgets.

This as definite policy at least is radical indeed. But the officers of the Boston Elevated, who advocate it, are prepared to defend it. In the beginning they point to the absolute dependence of metropol Boston upon their railroad. A short st of their platform men for a day or two summer all but completely paralyzed life of the community. Boston, like other large city, cannot work with street transportation facilities.

"Therefore," they argue, "the cont ance of these is as important to the lif the city as a continuance of its water su and its fire protection. Street-car ser at a price within the reach of the pock the poorest worker should be as impor to him as pleasure parks, and the should insure his receiving this vital tr portation at a not too exorbitant cost."

Concretely, they believe that the s trustees, in case the imminent neces arises, should be permitted to run a de whose extreme limits should be fixed, at five or six per cent of the gross rece of the property. If this limit was reac further relief would be automatic. order to keep within their income trustees would be forced to reduce serv and the hue and cry that would arise in s a situation would invariably fix a readj ment of finances.

At first glance this plan seems incredi at a second one it begins to seem q workable. It actually improves upon quaintance. It has many elements soundness. True it is that it introduces dangerous principle of singling out a si business and remitting its taxes, but on other hand it does protect the honest lars that took the risk years ago when supplying of rapid transit to Boston almost any other American town was bonanza. It seemingly avoids the w evils of public ownership by still keep the actual operation of the traction sys well away from direct political influenc

Confronted by Extinction

As to what would happen if the gover of Massachusetts were to appoint trus to this and other properties in the comm wealth who were not men of the high cl acter and experience now controlling Bos Elevated, I am not prepared to say. T point fortunately has not yet arisen. M over, the plan does not embrace the z system as thoroughly or as scientifically that of the Public Service Railway of N Jersey. This point the proponents of Boston plan answer by saying that e in its zonal form their scheme w against city congestion as compared w any which would multiply zones and s turn fare costs.

In my own opinion, the entire critic of the zone plan as tending to make congestion is rather far-fetched. I h tried to show how New York with a fare was one of the most congested citie the world and a city like Sydney, stralia—to take a single instance—wit complete zone system, one of the least

On the one hand the tractions are c fronted by extinction through the ste increase of their operating expenses o the slight increases in fare which they h been able to beg out of the hands of no too-willing service commissions and councils. On the other lie these rat certain avenues of relief. Not one of th can be set down as leading to an absol solution of the complicated and perplex problem, but it would seem as if some them should be worthy of at least pass attention, if not a bit of experimental tr

Some of these lead undoubtedly to very borderland of public operation. I as I tried to show you at the outset, t no longer represents the blackness of ut despair to the traction man. Indeed let assure you once again that public operat seems to-day to many of them to be only final, definite and permanent solut of their overwhelming problem. They ready for it at once.

Yet to have the public ownership a operation of our tractions—even the c tractions as distinct from the inter bans—come at once would in my opini be a great economic mistake. Our expe ment in sudden governmental operation all our steam railroads would seem to bid go slowly. Tradition and temperame have not as yet fitted our body politic become expert transportation operato Perhaps in a few years we shall do bett In the meantime it behooves each of to have a more thorough understandi of the entire problem—of its details and difficulties, as well as of the scientific p sibilities for its solution.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 44)

vin in different provinces. This is but ne f many forms of exploitation prac- cec n the Orient.

Bi here is the funny and rather puz- ingsituation that exists: To-day with lve selling at nearly 117 the American is pay 130 United States dollars for a 0-el piece. Several years ago, when lve was lower in price, the tael could be ugt for many less dollars. Now the nman recognizes this fluctuation in st e opposite way from the American or e Englishman. His belief is that the 100- el it is absolutely constant. The thing at tries therefore is gold, so he will say Goi has gone down," while the European American will observe that "Silver has ne p."

It not unusual for two Chinamen to gue or an hour over the details of set- ng transaction involving "5-cash," or -kf cent.

Bu when we consider that the rate of rein the central provinces of China is hes the lowest in the world, averaging me than ten cents a day, it is not sur- sin that the matter of a cent or two is we with such importance.

Speculation in Copper Coins

Hoever, the Japs, though possessing no ea degree of business acumen, often thir wider knowledge of world affairs out over the Chinese. Such an in- ne occurred during the recent war. e pce of copper had climbed to the un- al te of better than 25 cents a pound Th Japs saw an opportunity to do ne ry profitable business in buying up ne copper coins. The whole of China swept clean of these pieces of money, ch he Japs purchased at a ridiculous e. Later the coins were melted and a high prices to the urgent buyers of warring nations.

Ur ng to India, the country is not so rganized as China for the reason that naon and its people are the objects of a gle European ambition. However, Irians are the biggest factor in the r arket and it was their demands dythat sent the price of silver sky- et g in recent years. After the war eethe British needed all the supplies Ilia could send them. The British nded all their gold to provide a re- e i London, so that it was necessary to ne he British purchases in India with r. The people of India in selling their s emanded something more substan- th n the mere issue of government s / Great Britain, and as a conse- ce he British Ambassador in Wash- on ade an appeal to the United States er ent to help relieve the situation. Emergency bill was hurried through gre and in a short while the United es ad supplied India with 350,000,000 es f silver in dollars, while a large re- e the metal was still held in this tr subject to the call of the Indian rnent.

na has this doubling of the price of ne for India and China? First, it rctly enhanced the money reserves th countries. The stock of silver in a estimated to be 600,000,000 ounces. In an silver reserve is placed at 700,- 00 ounces.

or than 540,000,000 ounces of silver ov erted into coin in India during the Three years ago the chief coin of own as the rupee, was worth 33 ile at the present time the rupee th 44 cents. All of this has tended to na and China somewhat from the as ffects of the world-wide increase st The two great silver countries pr fited at the expense of the still ne gold countries.

"What is the lesson in all of this for America?" said I to Srinivas Wagel, silver expert in New York, a native of India and for years a resident of China.

"One thing principally," said he. "We must have a silver exchange here in this country. There has always been a time market for silver in other countries. London, Bombay, Shanghai and Hong-Kong have theirs. New York alone has had no time market at any period. The change in world financial conditions now makes it necessary and inevitable that New York in its own interest fix the price of the metal from day to day. There will be great national gain from getting the miner, smelter, dealer and consumer together, for no one need doubt that in the future silver will play a much larger part in the currency of the world.

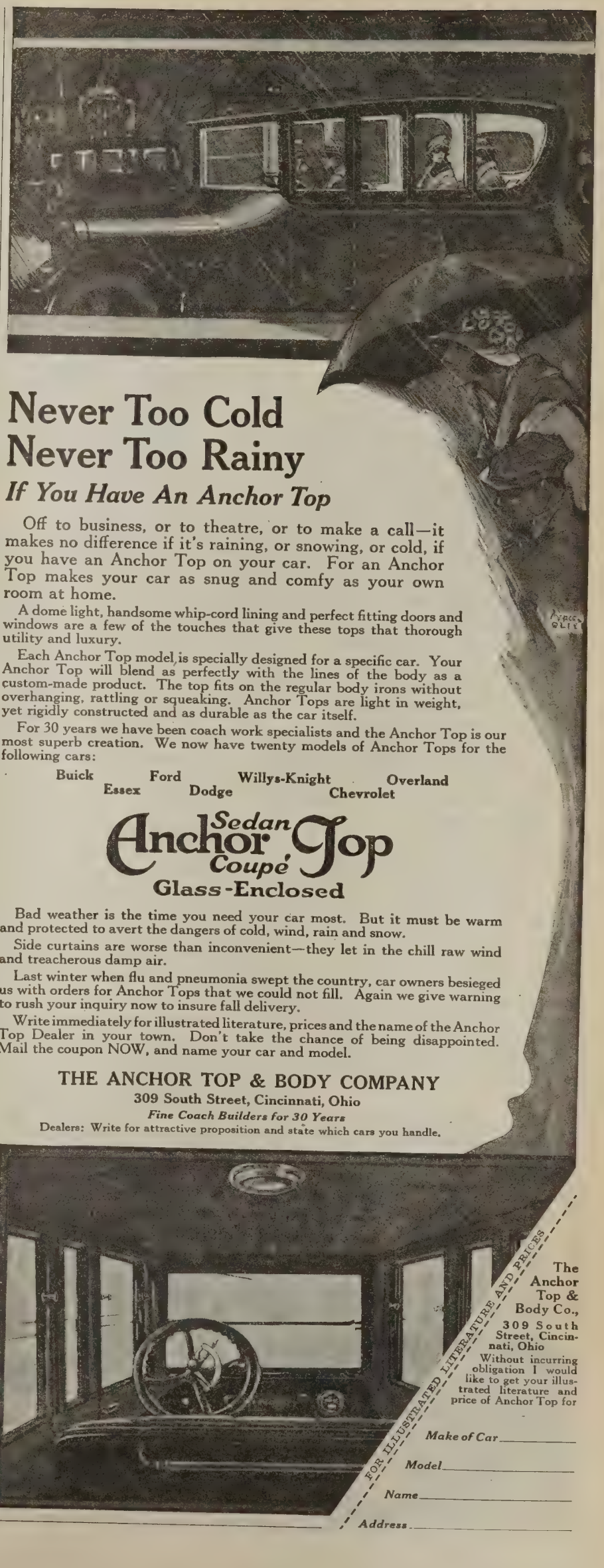
"The United States is not only the chief producer of silver, but controls practically all the silver-producing mines of Canada and Mexico. New York is becoming the financial center of the world. It is as near the silver-consuming centers as London. Due to war finance and the low production of gold, the demand for the white metal in the future will come from all other countries, as well as China and India. Prior to the war practically all of our silver was exported to London, from which center it was distributed throughout the world. For the first time in history we are in direct touch with the consumers in the Far East. Last year our exports to China and India were six times the total of our exports to Great Britain. We are hoping to sell goods in Asia, and let us not forget that though we may sell on a gold basis the Chinese dealer makes his calculation on a silver basis. The American exporter to succeed must follow the silver market just as the Englishman has done. It would be folly to return to the plan of sending our silver to London solely to benefit the shrewd British middlemen who have reaped profit and wielded power through their control of the world's supply of white metal."

India's Lack of Banks

"Why are there so few banks in India and China?" I inquired.

"Because the European nations have discouraged the general establishment of such institutions," replied Mr. Wagel. "In many parts of India and China there isn't a bank within a radius of a hundred miles. The people convert their wealth into silver jewelry, which they can always carry close to them. It is often possible to tell how much a native is worth by the number of bracelets and silver articles the man or woman wears. In China and in India, away from the big cities, the sum of two dollars will easily keep a man and his family in food and clothes for one month. The Chinaman has looked upon the American as his one real friend, for he believes that the citizen of the United States is the only national who has no territorial ambitions in the Orient.

"Concerning India," said Mr. Wagel, "I have little to say. But if you will look back to near the end of the eighteenth century you will find that India was the chief exporting nation of the world. To-day the inhabitants are relatively not so well educated as they were then, for there are few free schools in the land. The people have to pay to learn the alphabet. All of the native sons of India who have taken up permanent residence here in America and are doing their part in the building of this great republic are hoping for a better day when the ancient peoples of Asia shall be afforded such education as will free them from ignorance and superstition which now prevent their rise to a place among the dominant nations of the earth."



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Jim Henry's Column

Let's settle this "rubbing in" question once and for all.

Of course, rubbing in the lather is part of the professional technique of a barber. No layman can do it the same way, any more than he can snap a cloth the way a boot-black does or stretch a mixed drink two feet between shaker and glass. Those things are scenery.

A barber would feel lost if he couldn't flutter those long sensitive fingers lightly across your upper lip. It's part of his art.

But it's also absolutely unscientific.

It is the lather that softens a beard and it's brushing that builds lather—not pounding.

When you rub partially dissolved, ordinary soap into the pores, the friction and the caustic in the soap raise a lot of tiny blood blisters which the razor slices off. Then you complain about your tender skin. Any skin is tender when it's burned raw and then sliced with a razor.

There are over a million and a half of us modern shavers who will tell the world that you don't have to rub in Mennen Shaving Cream to get a perfectly gorgeous shave. And none of us believed it was possible until we tried.

But we did try it. We took half an inch on a wet brush—cold water or hot—and brushed up a thick, fluffy, creamy lather for three full minutes. That one trial convinced us.

A 12 cent demonstrator tube will show you the difference between Mennen's and ordinary shaving soap—a 50 cent, giant size tube will make you forget the other soap altogether.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MUSICAL RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 15)

in blithely beginning his criticisms thus: "Miss Alva Missozza, a newcomer in music, gave a concert yesterday in Bartlett Hall to get the criticisms."

It has been one of the many mysteries that my naturally slow intelligence has failed to comprehend how that man ever escaped with his life.

But it is not the newcomer alone who suffers. Sometimes it is new music played by an old-established artist. There is a story which I have on very reliable authority of a famous pianist who presented an entire program of American compositions in New York last year. The critics without exception, says the source of my authority, were lukewarm and in many cases antagonistic in their comments. The program was repeated in the other Eastern cities with similar results. When it was offered later by that pianist's management to several cities of the Middle West it was promptly declined because of the black eye given it by the New York and Boston critics.

In speaking of it later the pianist is reported to have said: "There can be no real appreciation or growth of American music so long as the Eastern newspaper critics maintain their present attitude of hostility to American composition and their servile idea of the unalterable superiority of Europe."

This is a considerable mouthful, however you take it, and puts a sad amount of responsibility on the Eastern critics. This story, as it has gone the rounds, has stirred up quite a tempest among the ardent champions of American music. Some of them have hotly advocated the suppression and even the deportation of these critics, alleging that their attitude savored of disloyalty. Though it was the misfortune of this meek observer not to hear that program, it occurs to her benighted intelligence that that pianist may have been unfortunate in his choice of American music.

There is a great deal of music making going on lately which attaches to its mediocrity the dignified name American. And perhaps those maligned Eastern critics felt that in order to encourage the good in American composition they did not necessarily have to burst into tears of rapture over the bad. Without wishing at all to appear to contradict flatly that noted pianist, I think it can be stated easily that there is no existent body of men who can kill with their indifference or antagonism that lusty infant, American music. Without wishing to personify a platitude, I should like to point out—as it has been pointed out before *ad nauseam*—that critics of another day were not able to kill the music of Beethoven and Wagner, and it is hardly probable that any modern music analyst can do the real American music any permanent injury.

The Musical Critic Under Fire

Regardless of the enormous influence—perhaps a trifle exaggerated at times—that these doughty wielders of the pen—or perhaps typewriter would be more correct—have in shaping the destinies of the music and musicians of a country, even their bitterest enemies will admit that the way of the traditional transgressor is a lollipop, flower-strewn, Persian-carpeted path lined with dazzling imitation-marble dispensaries of high-powered sirups for the thirsty compared with that tedious road filmed over with the acrid dust of denunciation and harboring the treacherous bombs of spiteful slander that lies crudely cut before the meek reporter of musicians and things musical.

The dramatic editor who reviews with such gusto the latest bedroom farce may attribute that gentle drama, The Blue Bird, to Mr. Shakspere, and yet be allowed to live by his readers. The society editor may describe Mrs. Marblehead's gown as old rose instead of sky-blue purple and get off with the mildest of rebukes. But let the hectored music reporter say that the quality of a favorite singer's voice is round instead of mellow and the editors of his paper will be the recipients of a score of letters from various musical duds stopping their subscriptions on the ground of the abysmal ignorance displayed by the paper's music critic. And they always close their epistles with the profound but virtuous regret that the deplorable lowering of the hitherto high standards of that particular paper has made this letter their painful duty.

Having ambled with a deal of dull verbosity thus far in these touching revelations concerning musicians and their critics, suppose we consider of what the duty of these last-named misunderstood mortals consists. Just why these men—I scarcely believe that certain clever and charming feminine critics will object to the exclusive use of the masculine in this sentence—some of whom have lived their allotted three score and are seeing the additional ten slipping rapidly through their fingers—are sometimes unresponsive, strangely lacking in bubbling enthusiasm over the latest would-be celebrity who may burst with a loud splatter resembling the arrival of an overly mature tomato on their musical horizon. Just why these patient souls, having seen a dozen geniuses blossom and wither, are not so prone to go into ecstasies as some of us would like.

Concerts in Bunches

This has nothing to do with the reviewer in the smaller cities. His lot is a comparatively easy one. Being generally the society or sporting editor in addition to his more æsthetic duties, he is determined to err on the musical safe side and his writings are always in the hyperbolic, entirely gushful vein, and he always makes a tremendous hit. His laudations have turned the feet of more than one sincere soul from the smooth macadamized road lying before the estimable teamster or the autocratic laundress to that shell-torn path which is the lot of the professional musician. But once in a great while one of his innumerable finds registers a sensation to the glory of her country's art, so here's more power to his effusive vocabulary!

But about this duty of the music analysts for the big dailies. Concerts—like measles—come in bunches. It is yet to be discovered by what harmonic thought rhythm, which is said to be the latest phrase for mental telepathy, artists decide to give their concerts not only during the busy season when the opera flourisheth to the devastation of the critic's beauty sleep as well as his mild and amiable disposition, but also at this frenzied time have the consummate gall to bunch them up on pet days—say, Monday or Thursday afternoons. One city got this habit to such an extent that on some Sunday afternoons between the hours of three and five there would be as many as ten concerts in full swing at once.

No one would raise any objection to this bunching of concerts if there were only a merciful definite system of subcritics as they have in most of the big European cities. In this country a critic sometimes delegates a portion of his work to someone else, but it is generally on his own responsibility. In case he persists in doing all of his work himself and by some oversight he does not cover every single one of the scheduled ten concerts, a few days later he receives an indignant letter from the neglected artist demanding the reason for his unpardonable act in ignoring one of the most important musical events of the season.

Take for example a cold December afternoon when the street crossings are carpeted with two or three inches of slushy snow, which has an insinuating habit of spatting up affectionately over one's shoe tops, you may find him with one or two of his fellow martyrs drifting into the hall of their first concert about two-fifty-five. This concert is scheduled for three o'clock. Several of the audience, inveterate concert goers, spy his entrance and point him out with all due elaborateness and certain embarrassingly pertinent remarks. Inevitable as this scrutiny is, he has never grown quite accustomed to it, and squirms, dons what he fondly believes to be an appearance of vast unconsciousness and wonders if his tie is everything a tie should be. For, being human, he has his vanities, conceits and prejudices like the rest of us—that is, he has if he is a successful critic.

He pulls out his watch. A strained, haunted look comes over his face. It is three-five. And this is the first of the possible ten concerts that he must cover in approximately two hours. He turns and looks anxiously at the door. He fidgets round and glares at the stage. Not a sign of life. By the time a large peeve entire world and this particular giver has tarnished his whole outlook other words at exactly three-eighte artist trips out upon the stage.

For the purposes of this chronicle a local pianist who has paid out from to five hundred dollars—depending pretentiousness of her concert—fo appearance to get the notices. Her at is frightfully determined and her dr been designed quite palpably to stun audience is composed principally friends, who may or may not have with the requisite admission fee, a remainder is made up of those wh been admitted on passes. Incidenta habit of papering the house, or the out of free tickets for their concer become so universal among musicia certain disgusted old-timers say tha presume that in time the only way can hope to get a crowd out to his will be to send taxis for his pros audience.

The pianist seats herself and eng a determined combat with the Sonat Minor of Schumann. As usual Mr. mann's sonata comes out with the it—or the worst, depending on whet startled onlooker is viewing the perfo from the æsthetic or the sporting an

In the midst of his marveling unique interpretation which she is ing the sonata the critic absent-mi recognizes her as one of that great of emancipated females who have a career with a capital C and wh taken the place of the simpering, maids of other days who went in for and china painting. The venerable of modern times does not simper painting is decidedly not devoted to But her determined—if sometime taken—musical enthusiasms are al decided stimulus to her city's musi velopment, and acknowledging this critic decides that encouragement s her lot. So as the last chord spatters keyboard he snatches his hat and c hurriedly makes for the door wh following ambiguous lines amble i mind: "Miss Hedda Frost, our well- local pianist, gave to the G-Minor of Schumann an interesting and dis individual interpretation. Her pr which was excellent, was enthusia received by a large audience of wa mirers."

Which goes to show that musica cism, like diplomacy, is a gift.

Too Busy to be Soulful

Promptly at three-twenty-six he with his harassed colleagues at the torium a couple of blocks away, w famous tenor is holding the hearts audience two or three thousand str the hollow of his hand. The critic himself to relax a few moments un spell of that luscious—see later par on the pet adjectives of music c voice and then hastens out to revi latest sensation in the way of fiddle arrives in the midst of the perform a group of pieces culled from the explosive violin literature and notes t fection of the artist's tone, technic, tion and interpretation, but he know for the good of this violinistic marve he must not be let off without a fe chosen raps. So while he is about it notes this artist's playing is cold, th poignant, gripping dramatic flavor th only come from the great and under ing soul is lacking. Just as if any m could make such a sky rocket flig have any time for the luxury of a s

As the critic slips quietly into h the violinist pounces gleefully on those inevitable stunt pieces that so violin literature, and energetically b his knees in perfect time with his p he proceeds to dumfound the audien his digital dexterity. Listening to t burst, your man of the press remembe that famous story of Doctor Johnson while not being a musician in the ac sense of the word, nevertheless had good idea of the sort of music he lik who despised all music devoted to boyant flourish or of the fireworks v and who on hearing a certain violinist of his day play one of thos

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

ec: that have ever been such a vogue
rrd in utter disgust to his neighbor as
e tist completed the performance and
mided to know what all this silly noise
is out. The question somewhat puzzled
e nateur to whom it was addressed, who
ul only hazard that the work must be
ry difficult.

" ifficult!" snorted the learned doctor.
ish to God it had been impossible!"
Al as this present-day musical acrobat
don the last high note our critic flees,
arly echoing the sour indictment of that
is amateur critic.

hree-forty-six he slips into a theater
e a returned-soldier musician is giving
t concert since the war. He has for-
t whether this chap led a band or went
nce to shovel mud, but the critic, who
he had flat feet or was too old to be per-
t to do anything but buy Liberty
n and cheer in the side lines, smiles
tly at this sunburned sadly-out-of-
ce pianist and overlooks every slip
ur note. And later at his trusty type-
te he writes the criticism for this con-
t ut of his own spirited dreams and
ed patriotic desires, and in the pro-
ical parlance it makes this particular
is

'e aps years afterward when the young
il upstarts are conjecturing by what
w process this pianist ever got his
t reputation they could find part of
r nswer in the press comments in the
e sing circular sent out by his mana-
f heading them will be this self-same
ion, naturally with the date carefully
t .

'if -two minutes after three finds our
se ring music commentator listening
n of the principle singers of the Opera
nie yowling through an aria. He
es hat this is the three hundred and
y-eventh principal singer that he has
ieard in the last few seasons and he
ds mildly just how they do it.
eing this lusty vocalist he thrashes
oun the bitter weather and four-one
s m listening to a musical débutante.
s ne it is a girl violinist affecting the
cle bobbed hair that seems to have
n a mania with feminine musicians
lynd which always straggles into their
s le the bangs of an asthmatic poodle
n ey play. She is obviously too nerv-
ed artistically immature for the
eal of the heavy program that some
gu ed, overly ambitious teacher has
t r her. She is an excellent example
ha common American mistake of dub-
g a good student, Artist, and thrusting
n r willing—too pathetically willing—
ilers the heavy, weary burden of the
ur and experienced musician. And
n e inevitable failure comes the care-
u hinking public presents a disgusted,
zle face and makes the absurd hazard
g at genius just isn't in the American
ici as it is in the European.

Mushroom Orchestras

ou critic sighs as he recognizes the dis-
efu task before him. He knows that
ng attribute of youth that is only
fie with eulogy and often does not
l- at even that can do justice to his
ai he realizes that the few lines of
ers criticism, the greatest kindness that
an lo this aspirant, will outweigh all
co nendation and only make for him
w nd bitter enemy. But he is well
re hat if this embryo artist has the
in of true greatness in her, her talent
t glash in the pan, but of the enduring
, tat nothing he could say could dis-
agher. On the contrary it will make
igl the harder until out of the crucible
er disappointments she will bring a
ure and splendid art. But if she is a
cli she has no place in the hard pro-
on hat she has chosen and he is only
yir the good work along.

ontary to popular belief, the average
c is a great sympathy for the young
st ggling artist, even when his per-
an affects the ear as the youthful and
es nt persimmon attacks the teeth;
hen the timid commentator o'
c nsiders it the greater kindness to
th dreams of that same youngster
hi pen. He knows full well the many
fic , the weary hours of tedious prac-
th struggle for the means to study,
na shifts of poverty that are the lot
e erage music student. And he has
in but sympathy for the awkward
ce ho steps out on the stage with that
funny pathetic combination of defiance and fear. But he could talk himself deaf and dumb and hoarse and never be able to convince anyone of that sympathy, for the world at large is firmly convinced that the average music critic spends his time lying in wait for the concerts of musical débutantes in order to pounce upon and devour them with ghoulish glee. To most he is an ogre whose favorite dish is made up of the broken hopes and dreams of novice musicians.

At four-fifteen he is sitting limply and apathetically listening to one of those mushroom orchestras which of recent years have sprung up in such appalling numbers all over the country.

Their avowed and advertised purpose is to bring good music to the unenlightened herd which wanders in the deep ignominy of musical darkness; their sole intent is to educate and uplift the crude artistic ideals of the so-called people.

As the critic watches the fussy wooden-armed conductor leading his misfit orchestra, its violins half a beat ahead of all the other instruments and one lone trombone braying contentedly in the background, cheerfully ignoring its fellows, he understands and sympathizes with the aversion on the part of the general public to the much-lauded classical music. He wonders how many thousand years longer certain alleged musicians, members of the League for Making Great Music Horrible, are going to keep up the pernicious practice of grabbing the public by the nose and forcing down its protesting gullet their miserable caricatures of splendid music in the name of æsthetic uplift, saying the while: "This is great art! Now take it! It's good for you!"

And when they stand back complacently to view the effect of their determined efforts and the disgusted public spews out the nauseous musical mess these pedantic souls are scandalized and fill all the surrounding atmosphere with their wailing about the gross ingratitude and unappreciativeness of the benighted people.

From Bad to Worse

In the midst of this orchestra's mauling of a helpless overture our humble scribbler for the press is obsessed with a burning desire to lead its officious conductor aside and inform him that the American public on which he has fastened the crass libel of a degenerate musical taste can be depended upon to appreciate and understand good music if it is only halfway well performed. He yearns to point out to this smug crusader the instances of great musicians, idolized artists, who have wasted no time worrying about the regeneration of the musical morals of the man in the street, but who, nevertheless, have held in breathless silence and unconsciously brought that notoriously unæsthetic animal very near the stars with their magnificent, virile performance of this same despised classical music.

But naturally our gentle music reviewer does not gratify his desire to tell this industrious conductor a thing or two. Nor does he indulge in any of the above reflections in his subsequent criticism of the merits of this orchestra. If he did its guarantors would pounce upon him and rate him soundly for daring to impede the progress of a great, philanthropic, educational work. He merely writes, "The worthy work of the National Orchestra in giving the best music to the people for a reasonable fee —— Their earnest and conscientious conductor —— The improvement of the string section over their work of last year ——"

And as he writes it he curses his unbreakable habit of easy-going ambiguity.

At his next stop he listens to the concert of a musician who is the saddest musical nut of all. An exotic driveler who raves about her soul, which she insists stands trembling in the presence of the subtle Orientalism of modern music. She is an irritating individual who blinks her eyes rapidly and murmurs in hushed tones of the atmospheric permeation of her subconscious ego by the whole tone scale. She does not mean anything by her garbled phrases, but she fancies she gives out a vast impression of what she dubs æsthetic intellectualism and is serenely unaware that the average critic and the real musician flee from her slobberings over her art as they flee from that other faker—the man who spends his time telling in mawkish detail of his great love, devotion and tenderness for his family.

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Her playing resembles in its frenzy her weird conversation and our critic—filled with utter disgust—finally escapes from the morbid atmosphere of this concert. And after taking in the performances of two débutantes, a composer pianist and a gentle songster who gives as an encore Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord, the weary writer hies himself to his newspaper and endeavors to give in the space of a few hundred words an adequate, accurate, unbiased and fairly truthful account of the abilities of the various artists and the standards of musical performance maintained in those ten or so concerts on which he has passed judgment during the last two hours. It can't be done, but somehow he does it and in your next morning's paper you may find his noble effort carefully concealed between the obituaries and the society notes or a breezy article on how to raise hogs.

The ordinary mortal stands aghast before his heroic accomplishment, but one should not lose sight of the fact that in his apparently impossible and superhuman task he is closely aided and abetted by what are known among the facetious as the pet adjectives of music critics.

The Armory of Adjectives

Now consider "eclectic." According to our favorite dictionary it means briefly, "a choosing; a selecting—from that which is best." That is my idea of the original gay dog among adjectives. It exudes such an atmosphere of sophistication and broad-mindedness. The first time I ever encountered it was in my and its callow youth in things musical. It was included in an ecstatic write-up of a concert I gave in a certain small town before I regretfully came to the conclusion that, regardless of my entirely firm convictions concerning the divine quality of my musical genius, financially at least I had heard the wrong call in the choosing of a profession. I shall never forget the thrill that blasé adjective gave me. There are many examples of that indispensable part of speech—"sheer," for instance; "impeccable," "dulcet," "clean," "glorious," and "luscious," "matchless" and "peerless," but they all fade into insignificance before the gracious majesty of "eclectic." The critics who depend upon "magnificent" and "vibrant" are only ordinary mortals, but the man who can sling "eclecticism" round as carelessly as he would an old pair of shoes deserves nothing but awe-struck reverence from the multitude.

Then there is a good old phrase that always gets a hand. It is the one that qualifies an artist's performance as excellent "for one so young." Think of the deep delight that has given musical débutantes whose years are hesitating round thirty-eight and forty.

The most remarkable thing about these adjectives is that regardless of their inhuman usage they never seem to wear out. They are a direct refutation of that venerable wheeze that familiarity breeds contempt. It thrills a singer just as much as if it were a highly original and bright remark and hadn't been applied to all manner of singers since the Flood to read the morning after her concert that a certain mild-mannered kindly gentleman who writes for the daily press considers in vulgar print that she has a "beautiful voice."

Perhaps the only explanation that can be offered for that singer's naïve delight in that doddering old adjective is that it referred in complimentary terms to the dearest thing in life to her—her work. For regardless of the determination of certain half-baked sophists to label as the great vital motive power in man's existence such high-sounding things as love, ambition, honor or pride, these all become empty phrases when they are lined up alongside a man's work, that marvel which he has conceived in that queer thing he grandiloquently calls his brain and has brought to completion with his own painful efforts.

There is no getting round a man's insufferable pride in his accomplishment, whether it happens to be writing a music critique, singing a song or inventing a formula—or would it be a recipe?—for chewing gum. As long as you say that the performance of that song is beautiful, the criticism well written or the product of the chewing-gum formula—or recipe—is more elastic than any other, no matter in what trite terms you couch your flattery, you always get away with it. But let anyone insinuate that this same man's work, his accomplishment, which is his little god, is not per[fect] thing of beauty, a joy forever a[nd] greatest benefit to mankind that h[as] been discovered—just let anyone [in]ate that this little god might be [a] lopsided or be pigeon-toed, and its [ak]will leave nothing but devastation [in] wake of his righteous rage.

Take for example the sad tale [of] opera star who took umbrage at a sli[ght] remark a certain critic made in [a] guarded moment of this singer's pe[r]ance. On reading this particular cr[i]the singer promptly sat down and [wr]ing the paper through in places w[ith] irate pen put down in exceedingly [ha]language just what he thought [of] critic's mental deficiencies and any [th]trifling personal shortcomings that [ha]pened to recall. He finished the [le]opprobrium, put it in an envelope, st[am]addressed it and confided it with to[tal] faith to the care of the postal servi[ce] due time the critic received it, a[nd] being of the species which is war-wea[ry] therefore cautious, sat down and an[swer] in kind—only perhaps more so. Fro[m] time on the air was filled with scu[rri]remarks, threatening and scandalo[us] sinuations, retorts, slander and the[ats] for a dozen libel suits. The singe[r] thoroughly interested in the proce[ss] retired from his important post, l[eft] dismayed associates in the lurch a[nd] voted himself to the siege. He inform[ed] critic that from that time on he inten[ded] devote his time to "getting that [un]reporter's job."

The furious reviewer of musician[ly] music—being no slacker—accepte[d] challenge and proceeded to get in son[ne]ing strokes himself. The singer's ass[o]pleaded with him, wept and wrung[her] hands, but he was obdurate bef[ore] pleading. The editors of that par[ti]paper remarked *sotto voce* for his ben[efit] the suave and correct editorial idi[om] desist, to remember his dignity, to [re]heart and forget it, to cut it out—an[d] critic was deaf to command. Patr[on] music became hysterically excite[d] wailed about the terrible scandal. It [was] jolly row while it lasted. And the [re]have it. Though one of the comb[at]was a great artist and the other a b[ad] writer, yet because each of them ha[d] to comment adversely on the other's they were reduced to the undignified [le]of two small boys calling names and [ma]ing faces over the back fence. Of co[urse] was the critic's fault. He forgot th[at] sonal feelings have no place in the [life] a lowly music reviewer.

The Real Cause of Troubl

Perhaps the real cause of all the t[ro]that ever follows in the wake of t[he] corder of deeds musical lies in this [fact] that it is his business to analyze [and] write—whether with authority or co[n]ambiguous diplomacy—in a gentle[ma]bling, antiquated literary style or a[ny] brilliant caustic one of the artistic a[c]plishment, that worshiped god, o[r] highly strung, sensitive portion of the l[ar]race, the music makers, who are [the] people the least fitted because of th[eir] nature of their profession to take a[ny] criticism with equanimity.

But the critic who has proved h[im]worthy of that dignified title is able t[o] his own in the face of the threa[ts] storms of denunciatory letters and [he] get a little amusement out of their [ig]spelling and phraseology—neither of [th]belong in the list of accomplishments of the greatest artist, much less the s[ym]fry, who are the ones chiefly addic[ted] letter writing. He has weathered the g[ale] tions of natural-born incurable am[at]who consider great musicianship cons[ist] quoting opus numbers by the yard, [in]ing where every Tom, Dick and Har[ry] musician was born, lived and died a[nd] the choice bits of scandal with wh[ich] may have decorated his life. Regard[ed] the fact that your critic is often far e[n]past his callow youth to know e[no]about music to be able to have forgo[tten] little, he is generally able to hold his [own] the face of even this supreme wi[th]With time he learns discretion in answ[er] back, and with age he develops the [ne]tically impervious hide.

In fact, it might be ventured tha[t] last-named attribute has been the fir[st] most important requirement of any [m]ing reviewer of music since those r[ea]

(Concluded on Page 165)

(Concluded from Page 162)

ys hen the job of music criticism was st ivented by some officious music hound. ner is a story that comes from the dark es music reporting of a furious singer o pon hearing that a critic had ex- ss himself rather forcibly and too h lly concerning certain sins of omis- her singing, declared vehemently was an impious man.

F ," she concluded her lively remarks, ne God has given to a mortal so extraor- n a talent as I possess people ought o r and applaud it as a miracle. It is a to depreciate the gifts of heaven." r that time to this, when modern e threaten to "get his job" your re- e of deeds musical has had imperative his thick protective skin of ab- te ndifference to public vituperation. d i spite of his many and determined ei he remains the most powerful r f all in the molding of the musical ic of his country.

hi is no place for a harangue on the ie necessity of a great sincerity and re able sense of justice in these re- in angels of music. They possess as a a ntirely superhuman sincerity. Not a because they are any more virtuous t rest of us, but because the deadly in of music reviewing makes it much r r them to be sincere, to give an st pontaneous opinion, than to sprain t uns trying to think up a telling and y sincerity.

The Wiles of a Wily Star

f the ancient innuendo that every s his price, no frenzied denying of l er choke it into silence. Each and me a new star comes into fame, d perate years of sacrifice and weary d the world—including the crit- s her reverent homage there will e dark whisperings in the chorus her. Naturally, it is common ege that many a charlatan has risen and that there are those who have t their place for a season, but the la ongers carefully forget to men- t it is generally such a pitifully se on and the final artistic oblivion is n inious. For in the cynical, grin- awdust world of music with its a shams, its intrigues, its meanness s eatness, it is—oddly enough—only a hat endures.

his every critic has his price in so a he responds to the gentle kindly a the wee bit of judicious flattery. h ing been slurred as an ignoramus, g tled musician, a would-be artist n r had a chance and who in ven- e the muse for her scorning of him t mself up officiously to make life a n r her favorites, the average critic n enough to lap up thirstily all the w ds of commendation which may h way.

c ning that typically European cus- t te bestowing of personal gifts—the s rfpin and the useful cuff links— m ic reviewers by grateful or impor- t ists, it is only necessary to state w eed not lose any sleep over the i has wrought in the field of Amer- i ism. It is a crude and vulgarly s rick, even in its subtler forms, n of our music reviewers regard i se suspicion.

re as one hard-headed old chap in li who was determined that no one sa that his critical favors had been w th a neat if not gaudy scarfpin. ea y part of his career a famous and a singer noticed his advent into rl of musical criticism and also that t seem particularly impressed e art. Being wise she did not sit a wrathfully write him that she d "get his job." Instead she sent a nate bejeweled set of cuff links. g he fact that hers was a name to w ith among the laity, that hers n powerful influence in the musi- l nd he was nothing but an impe- s ibbler on one of the lesser dailies, t em back to her by return mail, w with the masculine equivalent of f hioned eternal feminine: "My d s not allow me to accept gifts of f m members of the oppcsite sex."

Several other futile attempts to in the singer apparently gave him h eless and the critic went round u ting himself on having taught r ular artist a thing or two. But i the midst of his self-complacency a would-be pupil descended upon him from a little town some eight hundred miles west. She regarded him with that delightful and rare reverence that is so seldom encountered in American music students, and after saying that this famous singer had heard her sing and had told her that this critic was the only teacher in America for her, she asked him with anxious trembling if he would consider accepting her as a student.

The nonplused music analyst glared at her with an overwhelming desire to wring her neck. He knew that since teaching was his profession he had no sensible reason for refusing her request. He knew, too, how the story of such a refusal would travel and how it would set the clacking tongues to going. So telling the anxious pupil that he must first consult his schedule, the tormented critic went out and bought himself a drink, relieved his feelings in a burst of classic profanity and came back and accepted the girl as a pupil.

From that time on pupils kept bobbing up serenely from all parts of the continent where that distinguished singer might happen to be concertizing. At last, delighted with the success of her strategy, this artist ventured to send him a photograph of herself autographed in the most flattering terms. It was then that the badgered reporter of music gave up the ghost and ceased to struggle.

As much as I should like to make out that all music reporters are maligned saints, candor compels me to state that there are some sadly earthly mortals among them to whom the clink of gold is the sweetest music, ancient or modern, and who will smirk delightedly at the alluring smile.

And one meets them when one is least expecting to. The youngster in his profession, eager for data about various artists and their work, will turn to one of these unctuous old frauds for confirmation of his adverse opinion concerning the artistic abilities of a certain henna-haired, insinuating feminine exponent of music and be amazed to receive a fatuous smile along with his answer: "Oh, but she is a very remarkable artist! You know she is the protégée of Mrs. Moneybags. Haven't you noticed the extreme sensitiveness of her interpretation? And the charm, my dear sir, that charm?"

The One Reliable Method

On the face of it, to become a successful and yet beloved music critic seems an entirely impossible task. But in my deliberate snooping round the corners of music criticism I actually found one music analyst who seemed to have achieved the impossible. Everyone, musician and layman, spoke of him as a man possessing great erudition, sincerity and an enormous sense of justice; who was broad-minded, could not be bought, who had no enemies and who was not—as this eulogistic category would naturally lead one to suppose—dead. On the contrary, he was very much alive, an understanding human sort with his entire share of quaint and foolish prejudices.

No one knew how he maintained his miraculous reputation year in and year out. And for all their cogitating, conjecture and lying awake nights fuming about it, no one got any nearer the explanation. At last someone—no matter who—inadvertently stumbled onto this canny critic's method. I submit it herewith humbly to all aspiring music critics as the only reliable and known method by which one may become a successful and universally beloved critic of the splendid art which had so much to do with putting Orpheus among the notables.

It seems that after wandering from concert to concert, or after a performance of the opera, this worthy gentleman goes to his particular little sanctum in the great building that hides from the world the dark, mysterious machinations of his newspaper and taking out his typewriter, seats himself before that trusty instrument, blindfolds himself and repeats "eeny, meeny, miny, mo," or some jingle, the while he pounds at random on its docile keys to the extent of some few hundred words. When he finishes the masterpiece he hastily signs his initials and turns it in without glancing through it for any errors of spelling, phrasing or punctuation. I would not go so far as to say that the result is literature or that it even makes sense, but it pleases everybody, the layman and the artist as well as his dearly beloved enemies—and what more could a humble music critic ask?

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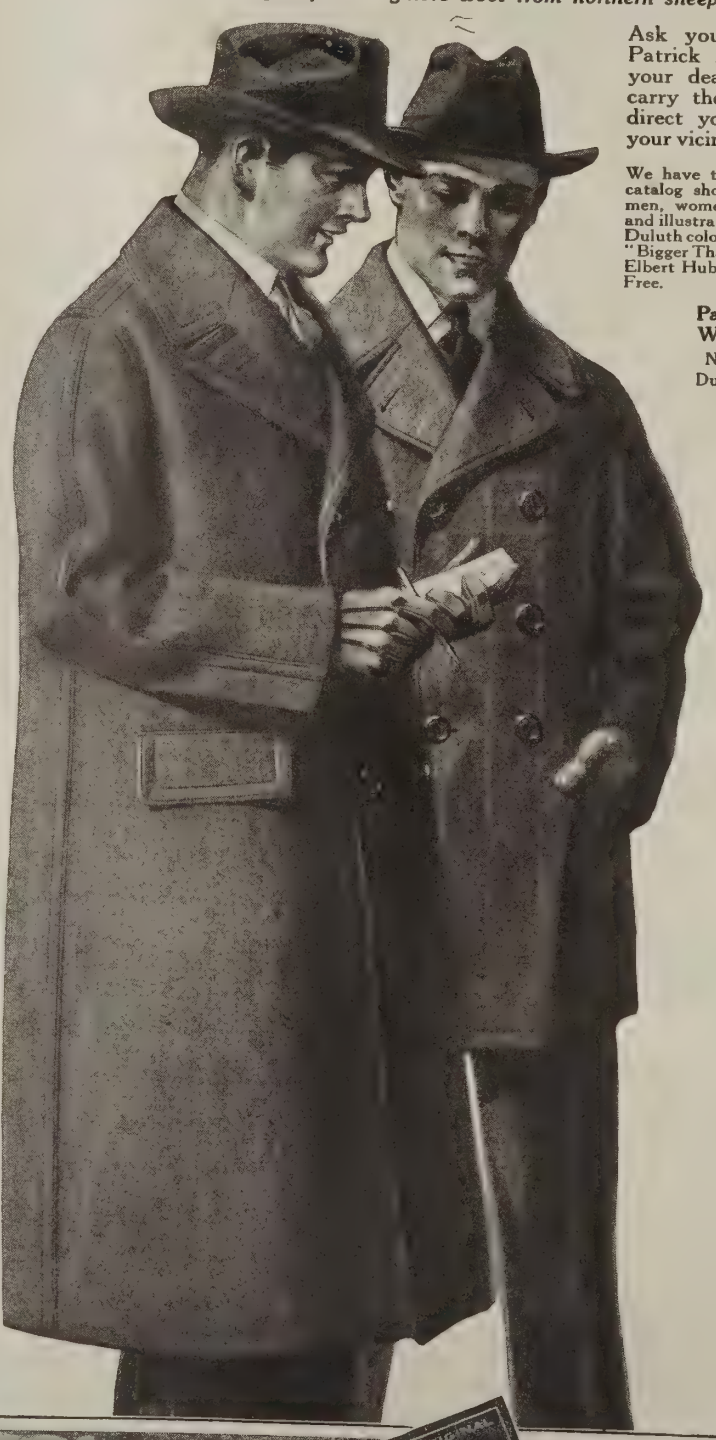

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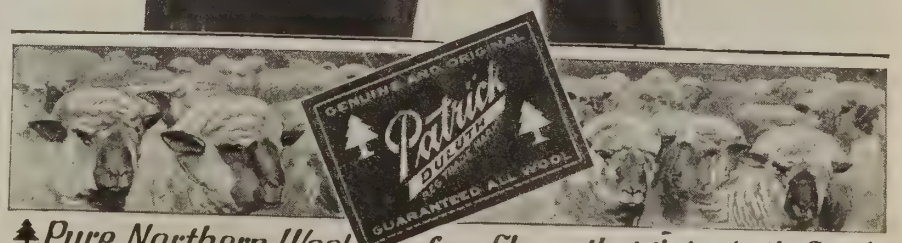

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CHECKING UP OUR THANK OFFERING

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these foreign bonds? Seems to me we should keep our money for home use."

"No," replied the banker, "we are not able to spare the funds for this issue, but you are the one who should buy them. You farmers are receiving all the benefit from the buying of food in this country, and this money is spent with you. If anybody has a duty to perform in helping finance the Allies it is the producer."

This situation continued throughout the war and has lasted over the first year of peace. The producer has profited from the need of the world for food. Perhaps he has recognized it in instances, but many forget just how great has been the reward until they hark back to the prices for products in the early summer of 1914, even making allowances for the labor scarcity of these days.

At the interior primary markets in July, 1914, the merchants paid 16 cents a pound for country butter, 15 cents a dozen for eggs; wheat was 62 cents a bushel, corn 47 cents, hogs 8 cents a pound. In July, 1919, at that same market, the farm wife could bring in butter and get 50 cents a pound, eggs were 42 cents, wheat $2.05, corn $1.97, hogs 22 cents a pound. Alfalfa had risen from $7 to $30 a ton. It is not difficult to understand how the businesslike farmer was able to find a comfortable margin.

While these features of the season's history have been occupying the attention of producers of the year's plenty, there has been no lack of indulgence in the things that make for present-day enjoyment. One of the conspicuous shortages of supplies in the farming sections during the late summer and early autumn was that of motor cars.

"When are you going to get that car I ordered?" has been the greeting the dealers in the country towns met day after day. "I can't wait much longer for it."

For every twelve inhabitants in the Middle Western States is registered a car—almost enough to take the whole population on a joy ride. Dealers are called on for few demonstrations—people order a car as they might order a kitchen range or a sack of sugar. It is not enough for the well-to-do farmer to have one car—he has a second car for the young folks so that he can drive his own undisturbed.

The National Camping Grounds

Last summer a veritable hegira of tourists was seen in the Rocky Mountain resorts. Literally tens of thousands of families drove cheerily up and down the mountain roads and trailed in long processions over the prairies from and to their homes hundreds of miles away. On every vacant lot in the resort sections were scores of cars in which the owners had traveled and beside which they slept under improvised tents. There was an Oklahoma Day, and it seemed that all the state must have quit work and come to the hills. Then there was a Texas Day and another great showing. Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa—the whole Middle West—was there, and at least half the visitors were from the farm. An average of five hundred cars a day for two months passed under the arch spanning one of the highways on the Colorado-Kansas line—and that was but one entrance to the resort country.

And here is the fine aspect of it all: The faithful little flivver or the sturdy touring car, each running board loaded with tent and packs and dish pans and blankets, with bed springs teetering on behind, contains not only the bronzed-faced father and the pink-cheeked mother but every chick and child of the family. The motor car has opened the world to old and young. Pleasuring is a family affair—not as in the old days of special excursions for one or two at a time. Let the farm rest for a month, while the flowing road beckons and hill and valley, camp ground, village and city thoroughfare give their inspiration for the long winter days to come. Never before have the farmer and his family obtained so much from life as to-day; never before has the toil been lightened by so many relieving incidents.

Perhaps the farmer's bookkeeping does not show the great profits of which he dreamed, but into the ledger do not enter the joys attendant on modern poss
He thinks no more of cranking up fo
half across the continent than he
merely of a four-hour ride to the near
None is more free to go and come, a
deserves the new-found pleasure m

The flood of new wealth from th
has overflowed the country towns.
and cramped were they in the ol
Straggling dirt streets with woode
ings and paintless false store fr
town pump, perhaps surmounted by
windmill; unkempt residence thorou
lined with houses of the vintage of
days; the merchants in shirt sleev
ering as they took in produce
changed for it groceries and dry
You remember how pathetic it all

As the farmer prospered, so did t
First the bank erected an artisti
building; then the leading merchan
his emporium and sent to Chic
modern fixtures. The civic club de
paving, and against the objection
knockers the business section was
for traffic. After that, every street
fought for first chance. Telepho
light wires went underground; a c
appeared where once was a choice c
of junked farm machinery; new
buildings, new church structures,
negie library; gayly painted bur
residence streets became vistas
parkings and trees and flowers. Th
lation grew little, but the town ha
shave, haircut and massage and is

Marked Up for Quick Sa

The smaller hamlets where folk
kerosene lamps and looked out
streets were visited by gangs of w
who ran a transmission line from a
electric plant forty miles away. N
is a white way, power for the vacuum
and curling iron and sewing ma
every home. One prairie compa
nishes electric current to fifty-five
another to twenty-six, and rapidly
village acquiring all the comforts
city. Hundreds of farmsteads
have their current supplied by t
transmission lines, and the farm
no advantage her city sister posses
she does not herself enjoy. Sugge
farmer that he give up his motor
tractor and truck, his electric serv
go back to the old days. His reply
some bearing on the matter of hi
progress in these later days. This
time to count his blessings, and pe
will be surprised on taking an inve
find how great is their abundance.

But to go back to the towns.
have no manufactories to bring
business—they live on the surr
country. From it they have obta
wealth enabling them to grow in bea
realize some of their visions. Th
that trade has been constantly im
The customers have been able fr
higher wages or from the price
products to buy more and bette
Perhaps there is something to be
the extravagance that has distur
old-fashioned folk who think tha
thing should be laid up for a rai
The haberdasher who finds that
shirts will not sell at $5 but ar
readily when he marks them at $
$10, and who hurries the sale o
suits by marking them $35, can
something about that. The emplo
ders how his stenographer can affor
stockings and $15 shoes and is
wondering what we are coming
all makes it possible for the merc
transform his store into an up
establishment, and this will remair
the customer wishes later that he h
more economical.

These are not peculiar to th
cities—the tendency reaches down
remotest hamlet and is an indicatio
widespread is the spending fever
times. The past summer and autu
seen no diminution of its trend and
but an interview with the dealer to
the farmer's family is doing its f
There may be those old figures to s
there is no profit in raising crops—
outward signs of prosperity are very

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(Continued from Page 166)

Th complaint of the producer is not on that he is failing to receive what he ns ers is a fair profit, meaning an equable ..rn t for the time he and his family en working in the fields. He sees the n acturer with a fixed price at which ished product is to be sold before the aterial is gathered and the machinery gin to turn. He thinks that he should ve ome assurance that when he has, for ce, borrowed money to buy a hundred nd has fed to them corn and hay and seed meal that will fit them for the rk, he should be certain that he will sufficient return to make his effort ble.

war taught him some of the advan- of unified action. He and his neigh- arned to place their affairs frankly in en, and they compared notes. The xing system taught them that there uch gained in knowing for what he ell the harvested grain—though he ver been satisfied with the figure ished. General price fixing is not at is scheme for the betterment of his on, because he argues that with the matter of common knowledge there dency on the part of labor to base ands accordingly. Rather he wants n the regulation of prices at the ing end, and looks forward to such ation of food raisers as will compel e believes needful to the prosperity arm and ranch.

growth of coöperative organizations en on a remarkable development in t two years. They range from the ialistic experiment of North Dakota anding together of farmers locally elevators and establish community Thousands of these organizations tered throughout the farming states eeds but a united action on the part embers—thus far unaccomplished— e a powerful influence that will af- h politically and economically the life of the nation.

ost-Keeping on the Farm

ng the agitation of early fall regard- h falling prices of beef cattle in the e stock raisers declared that the high- orn and costly pasture used to pre- e animals for market placed the r in a position to lose on his invest- t. This notice appeared in the cattle- 's principal organ in the Middle West: ares you in the face if you do not gether. The cotton planter has sully withstood the attack upon him. r duty by yourself and your neigh- l the livestock market is bound to e So keep your livestock away from kets."

ier words, it was an appeal to the to force higher prices by with- foodstuffs from the market and e consumer to time. This is the sult of the farmer's education in ping.

Is for the first time in history estab- cost system, and the demand that a showing on the right side of the likely to become more insistent as rstands fully just what is his ex- producing the food-stuffs which he nish to the world.

the season's return the producing has without doubt had a comfort- gin, despite the cross currents of sn. But there is always before the he question: "What is to happen ces get back to normal?" On the f the country towns, in the direct- ons of the country banks, in the ger offices and on the trains this always to the fore.

ation the whole much less saving has ce than might have occurred is the let idea. Of course we know there reds of millions of Liberty Bonds bank vaults, in bureau drawers and nder mattresses, forming in a de- nsurance for any period of depres- h may visit later. However, it is y the farm-loan brokers that the a debt has not decreased.

he verage borrower finds that he can s apital profitably," explained one. ows that with the rising price of security is ample. The average rtgage which used to be $2000 is e often $4000 to $10,000. The and banks have asked that their of $10,000 be raised to $25,000 in to are for the larger sums needed to e he land deals. But the loaning agencies are not carried away with enthusiasm over the new values. Regardless of what the price for which land sells, they have a limit on the amount they will loan—ranging from $67.50 an acre in states like Kansas and Nebraska to $100 or perhaps more in states like Iowa and Illinois. Land may bring $300 an acre in the market, but the companies are playing safe. This tends to safeguard the future both for lender and borrower, though the total of the borrowing steadily increases. The Federal land banks have loaned approximately $250,000,000 to nearly 100,000 farmers, while the total farm-mortgage debt of the nation is estimated at $4,000,000,000. But the old-fashioned mortgage that took the homestead has passed—to-day the farm loan simply represents new capital, enabling the producer to extend his operations."

Another outcome of the war training that was as intense in the rural township as in busy city ward was the development of new ideals of community service and helpfulness. Farmers' wives proved among the most faithful workers in the Red Cross.

"It is not difficult for the city woman to spend an hour or two at the Red Cross rooms," was the expression of a farm mother with four children and no help in her home. "She can drive in her car and leave the housework to her maid. We farm women must get the time between clearing away the dinner dishes and preparing supper for a family of five or six persons. We have to care for the milk, look after the poultry yard and mend the children's clothes. It is some task for us to find our hour for the Red Cross—but we find it."

They did, and never was there a chapter that did not receive from the country members every garment assigned. Now with the war over, the same community spirit, not before wakened, remains and the groups thus gathered continue to carry on deeds of helpfulness for their neighborhoods and for any world cause that may appeal.

Growing out of this unity of action and the greater neighborliness developed, country communities find new opportunities for the betterment of living conditions and are making their surroundings give a fuller measure of contentment.

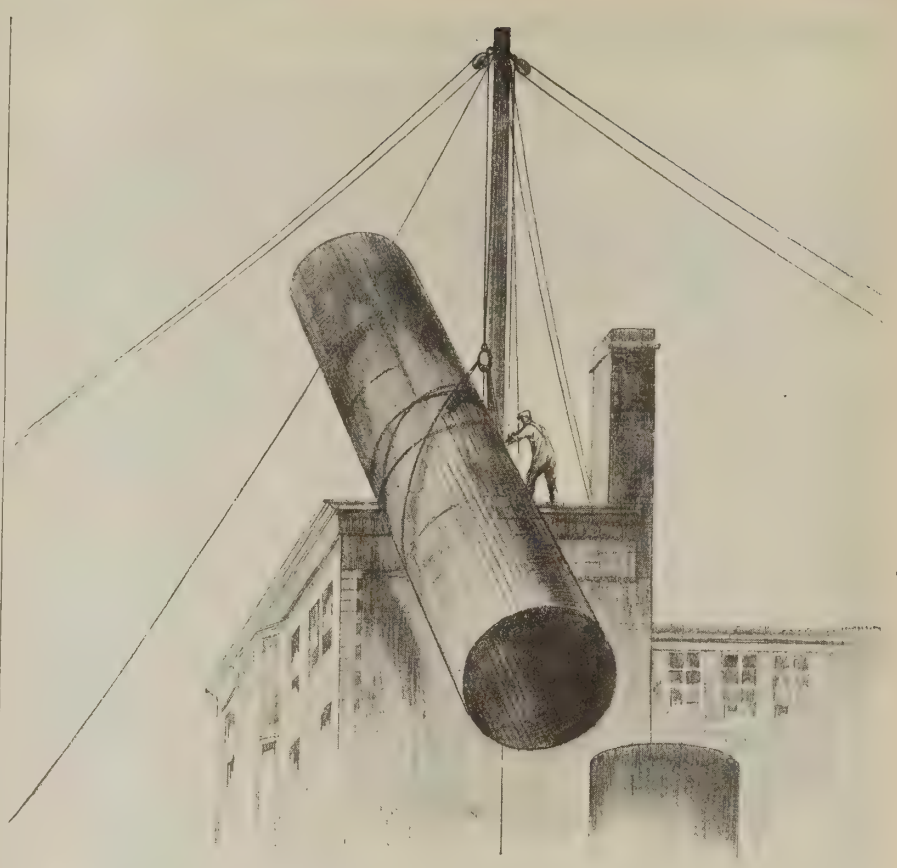
No year's harvest is uniformly pleasing. Here and there are localities and individuals who have failed to receive all the year's richness. But the important thing for the country is that the production of bushels and tons of foodstuffs has been generous. With six million bushels more wheat and three hundred million bushels more corn than in 1918 and practically the five-year average of all other crops we should in this year of peace find encouragement. We have no great surplus with which to feed the world, but there is something, and at least our own people are relieved from the limitations imposed during the days of stress. Progress has been rapid toward a resumption of everyday living.

A Year of Over-Confidence

American agriculture has undoubtedly received an impetus out of war experiences that will hasten its upward progress. The analysis to which its operations were submitted by the Government to determine exactly what we could accomplish for our Allies taught a lesson not to be forgotten. It convinced every producer that he was entitled to a profit, whether in war or peace, and he is now applying the precept. The elimination of reckless waste, the utilization of every possible acre, intensive tillage—all were urged for two years of earnest education. The great wheat acreage of 1919 sown in response to the country's call told of the acceptance of the new order.

Perhaps there has been too much confidence that we shall always ride on a flowing tide of high prices; perhaps there has been undue elation with conditions and a tendency to engage in speculation and spend extravagantly, but at bottom American farm production to-day is progressing toward system and efficiency. This will go far to make the agriculture of the future successful and to establish the farmer on a sound financial basis.

It is not fair to say that the producer is oblivious of the claims of the consumer. The popular idea that the farmer is selfishly caring for his own to the exclusion of those who must buy his products is wrong. Here and there is an utterance of defiance, but on the whole he understands that he must have a market for his production. One fact,



Fixing the Smoke-Stack

Hoisting sections of a steel smoke-stack, hauling giant logs from the forest, conveying slabs of slate from the quarry—thousandfold are the jobs of wire rope.

Wire—it's practically indispensable in industry and home. If it's Wright Wire, then the maximum service and reliability are assured.

Clinton-Wright Wire Company has been manufacturing steel, iron, copper, brass and bronze wire products for more than half a century. Its comprehensive line includes:

EXCELSIOR wire ropes, fence and netting, safety guards for machinery, elevator cabs and cables, window screens, trellises;

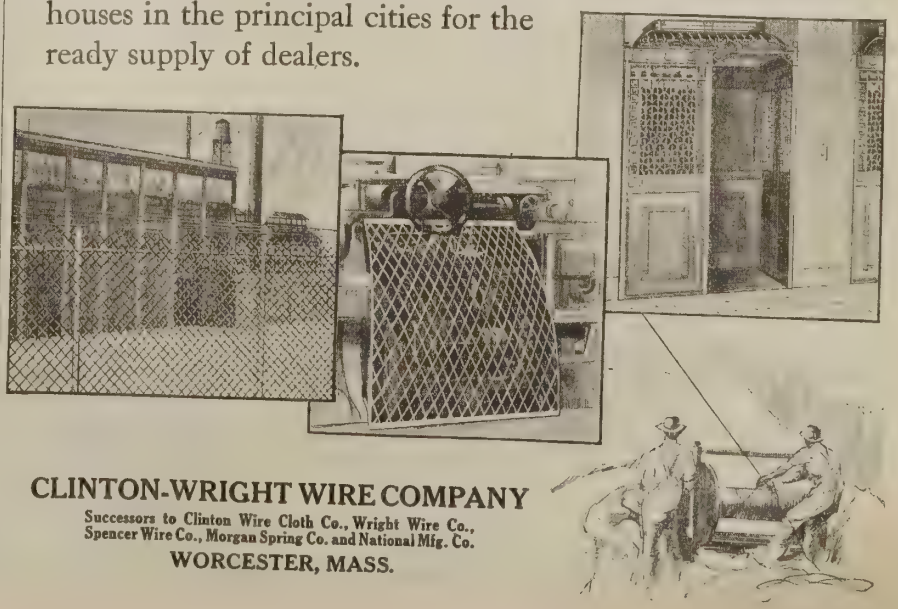
CLINTON wire cloth, welded sheathing for reinforcing plaster or concrete construction, welded wire fabrics, electrically welded wire and perforated metals;

SPENCER wire, cold-rolled strip steel, high-speed drill rods, and formed specialties;

MORGAN springs, special manufacturers' wire, metal stampings, wire nails and wire forms;

NATIONAL wire goods.

The quality of Clinton-Wright Wire Company products is known and appreciated throughout America. Warehouses in the principal cities for the ready supply of dealers.



CLINTON-WRIGHT WIRE COMPANY

Successors to Clinton Wire Cloth Co., Wright Wire Co., Spencer Wire Co., Morgan Spring Co. and National Mfg. Co.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ
Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

FIRST the Spaghetti is made in the spotless home of the 57 Varieties.

It is Heinz Spaghetti.

Then it is cooked in the Heinz kitchens.

The original recipe was Italian but Heinz famous tomato sauce takes the place of the ordinary kind and with it is combined a special cheese of peculiar merit.

The result can only be expressed by the word "Perfection."

Keep the pantry shelves supplied with it, for experience has proved that, once tried, it becomes a permanent addition to the family menu.

It is delicious, nutritive and economical.

Some of the 57 *Varieties*

Vinegars
Tomato Ketchup
Baked Beans
Mince Meat

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

however, should be recognized: He is feeling out his power and year by year is making more advancement in the mysteries of marketing. The politician who thinks that flowery speeches showing love for the farmer without intelligent action will win should revise his opinion. The old-fashioned candidate spent oratorical embellishments railing at "capital" and the "bloated millionaires"—and many rode into place and fame thereby. That day is past. Too many farmers take the daily papers and the magazines; too many of them have been educated at agricultural colleges or universities and are able to analyze matters for themselves.

Last winter internal-revenue officers spent weeks and months in the rural communities struggling with the accounts of farmers who were endeavoring to make an income-tax report that would pass muster. They found that seldom did one have such a systematic statement of his year's operations that he could without help prepare the report. Country bankers gave up valuable hours assisting their customers in the same work. They will have less of it to do next winter—the farmers have kept books this year in preparation for the annual inquisition. They have learned that they are in the same class with the merchant and must know what is their income and expense—something they were never before compelled to record. When they have set it down in black and white with an accuracy that can be sworn to before a notary they are usually surprised at their actual gains. It is one thing to talk on the street corners and quite another to satisfy the internal-revenue collector.

Plenty of farms are failures, but so are plenty of stores and professional establishments. Few of any class have been failures on the rising tide of prices of the p t
years. These closing days of 1919 a es
cially a poor time for judgment in t ag
cultural states, because the wheat h be
rushed to market as fast as the th sh
could finish the fields. When the r wa
could not transport it and the el at
were full it was dumped on the gr nd
mammoth heaps at the stations. m

So the autumn has been a flush
but there are the long months until ot
harvest shall come. Counsel for th t a
saving never had a more eloquent pp
tunity than now. Less than half th po
lation is rural; the other side has m ch
say as to its interests, and the p du
faces the consumer in a tense cont ve
in which neither is willing to give iv
tage. The former is to-day in the s on
position—hence the eagerness wit wh
he seeks to tread the path down t sl
of prices gingerly.

This first year after the world w
been a testing time for all the kn le
acquired when serious thought wa gi
to production problems by producer ad
the government agency.

That it has been graced with th
yields and with high price levels s
sisted the producer in readjusting m
to peace conditions.

In a few months the last of the w re
lations will cease. Wheat will be a in
the world market. The farm will n t
real test of its position and we shall e h
well has been organized the pr uc
system. Certainly it will not agai et
to the haphazardry of former days m
should in the end come to an est is
method that will insure business e
vancement for the producer on w m
all depend.

The Poets' Corne

Snacktime

DAWN was cool and gray with mist, sunlight streaming through,
Sweet with fern and still with shade, field grass drenched with dew;
Rioting of warbler notes, brooksides all atune—
Now it's burned to morning blue, and snacktime comes at noon.

Cicadas in sun-scorched grass echoing your reel,
Green of broad moose-maple leaves in your weighted creel,
Half its cool and spotted freight you'll be needing soon.
Sunlight's found the streamlet bed—and snacktime comes at noon.

Tiny camp fire's smoke thread curled, blue against the green,
Stealing through the sunlit rifts of birch and balsam screen;
One far wood thrush fluting soft—earth can grant no boon
Better than a wayside fire, when snacktime comes at noon.

Bacon sizzling in the pan, coffee fragrance blent
With the breath of brook and fern and sun-warmed hemlock scent;
One small brown and comrade brook through rocky ways acroon—
All the world's a long-loved friend, when snacktime comes at noon.

—*Martha Haskell Clark.*

Prisonered

I WOULD forget old tropic skies,
A dear land I know,
Tall palm trees by a singing sea
Where soft winds blow,
For the memory breaks the heart of me
That longs so much to go.

And I can shut the vision out—
The little bluest bay,
The stately liners anchored there,
The diving boys at play,
And the great sun, the glad sun,
Shining on the day.

The snakelike shore of silvered sand,
The tumbled little town,
The huddled houses blinding white,
With palm-thatched roof, or brown
Or red tiled roofs, beside the streets
That wander up and down.

But I cannot still the olden sound
The pungent winds that blow,
The coolies singing in the dark
Beneath the white stars' glow,
And memory hurts the heart of me
That, prisonered, cannot go.

—*Edmund L*

Heritage

SOMEWHERE hid in my vein is
blood of a lost sea rover,
Who did wild deeds in the Ind s
loved light loves in the South,
Who followed the call of his vagrant
trails of the wide world over,
And fought and slew for a purse
or the touch of a scarlet mouth.

How should I know the Southland
am Northern nourished,
Who beat my wings at the circl
and never have seen the sea?
How should I know forgotten soil
flowers of the dead years flouris
Were it not for him in the starlit
the tales that he tells to me?

For I know the scent of the warm s
faint spices of strange ports bri
The whir of the land crabs scuttli
edge of a fringed lagoon,
Palm trees black on a red-gold sky
molten shore tides swinging,
And the dip of a creeper-tangled
the light of an island moon.
I seem to hear in the quiet the
strange tongues talking,
A woman's laugh at a window—
of steel on steel;
A mule train's clacking footfalls
cobbled gateways walking,
An order slashing the silence—the
a spur-ringed heel.

How know I the jewel madness, I
die without them?
Or feel the lure of a woman—I
woman too?
Or the fierce sweet peace of the men
with the old wild life about them
Or the sea lust driving on and
far horizon's blue?

Somewhere hid in my veins is the
lost sea rover,
Who did wild deeds in the Indies
light loves in the South,
Who followed the call of his vagran
trails of the wide world over,
Who fought and died for a purs
and the touch of a scarlet mouth

—*Martha Haskell*

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 46)

rover children are always in evidence, o they are very active and all through mmer play outdoors barefoot, which regard as a great privilege, except heir mother pesters them about wash- eir feet at night.

ir mother does not believe in letting ildren bother the neighbors, so they ways at home, and other children vith them. They are the most nat- human youngsters I ever knew and, y are healthy, they are noisy from the hey get up in the morning until they bed at night. Because of my open ws I know everything they do or say. I waken in the morning the roar in ove yard is going full tilt, but I only ut it, because I am fond of the Grover n. If I see company arrive at the r home I soon hear one of the chil- ay to the mother: "Where are we to sleep to-night?" And next day I ne of the Grover children put this n: "When are they going home?" Grover child that interests me most rley, seven years old. One morning ced that Charley was in disgrace. other had dressed him in girl's clothes ish him. This kept him in the house while, but soon he didn't mind the ress and played out in the yard, he was forbidden to go. Then his took his clothes off and thought ould keep him in the house, but in a while he was out playing with the hildren, naked.

his time I was much interested in y's crime and made bold to go to the nd ask Mrs. Grover what Charley ne.

ley had told a story. I recom- d to Mrs. Grover that she wash y's mouth with soapsuds and let it hat, but she thought it best to keep y in the house until his father came when a family council would be held harley's fate decided.

Grover told me of Charley's dis- With some other boys he had gone nd in the neighborhood and fallen hen he returned home his mother him how his clothes became wet. en Charley said he was up at his lannah's and in getting a drink out well bucket had accidentally spilled n his clothes.

ley had been warned not to go to nd, and I feared it would go hard m when his father came home. I nown Charley's father all his life, ugh a good, steady man now he was as a boy than Charley is. You ow parents take on about a child s told a story. We all tell them. w we are shocked if children are at it. We say a great big black man liceman will get them.

ed Mrs. Grover to put Charley in rge for half an hour and, as she like the children, she let me have st putting his sister Maggie's dress Then I led him over to my porch ured him.

rley," I said, "I don't think it very to tell a story, since I've told more probably than any other man in ld, unless it is your father, who is home presently to whip you. But a reason why you shouldn't tell nd it is a very important one. Who you?"

ndma Grover," the boy replied.

re you are," I said; "a woman you. And I venture to say that un hour after you told this story e caught."

ey corrected my figures—he was n twenty minutes.

t's the reason why you shouldn't ies—you are always caught and always caught promptly. The with me has possibly been above minutes, but I have always been And it is usually the women who e. Women are more truthful than boys and they seem to take special n catching them in stories. I know n't like to worry your mother by edging you had gone to the pond. don't know knee-deep from over d.

couldn't have been drowned in d if the other boys had thrown you in and sat on you. You knew that, but your mother didn't, so you should have told her the truth. You should always behave as well as possible, since that is really the easiest way, but above everything else don't tell stories. The reason I have already explained—you are always caught. Millions of boys are telling millions of whoppers every day, but every wretch is caught; if not by his grandmother then by his sisters; if not by his sisters, then by some woman in the neighborhood. Young as you are, you must have noticed the pleasure your mother, grandmother, sisters and the neighbor women take in catching you. But you will never know how a woman can actually enjoy herself until you marry and your wife begins catching you. Promise me you will never tell another and I'll do what I can to get you off. I see your father coming home to dinner."

The boy promised, and we went over to his father, whose name is George Washington Grover, but people called him Wash.

"Wash," I said, "our friend Charley is in trouble. The women have caught him in a story and they are waiting for you to whip him. Of course I know you never told one, and I confess I am myself greatly shocked at Charley's conduct. But he has promised me he will never tell another, and if you will let him off this time I'll go on his bond."

"Well," Wash said, "I'll go in and talk to mamma about it."

And he led the boy away. I knew mamma was all right, and in a few minutes Charley appeared in his own clothes.

The advice I gave Charley I give you. Don't tell stories, because the women will always catch you.

Thomas Lane Montgomery

BILL HART is a rich man, largely for the reason that many years ago he got the notion in his head that he wanted more land.

That was his passion—land. He thought of it during the day, dreamed of it at night, and went in debt, paying out as fast as he could; and now he is rich. Bill's neighbor, Thomas Lane Montgomery, also had an ambition many years ago. It was to print a book of poetry. He finally succeeded, but his book was not profitable. A man who bought land in the early days could not avoid becoming rich, but there is no possibility of a man making money by publishing a book of poetry.

Old George Bennett

OLD George Bennett, who had been a local character for years, was found dead this morning in a wretched old house where he has lived alone for a long time.

He had long been separated from his wife and she had made him a good deal of trouble, owing to some flaw in their settlement. She lived in Ohio with their only daughter, and every little while appeared here and started a new suit of some kind against him. And in addition she made the most terrible charges against him, which the neighbors repeated, though they themselves knew nothing against the man. He has never been a burden to anyone. Somehow he has managed to get along. I frequently met him hobbling to and from the shop where he worked at his trade. I inquired among his associates and they all spoke well of him. They gave him work when he was able to do it and said he was a good workman. For two or three years he had been aging rapidly and occasionally been ill. His wife died a year ago, and old George had had peace since then, but with it he had illness, old age and poverty.

But he did not want for anything during his last illness. Six months ago his daughter, who lives in Ohio, came to see him. When she walked into his wretched home I heard he said: "Well, Mary, here's where your father lives."

Just that—no complaint of neglect. And his daughter burst out crying. She had been hearing from her mother that he was rich and would do nothing for them because of meanness.

His daughter was not well off herself, but she did a great deal to make her father more

LEAD
OXIDE
—and why we make our own

One of the processes in oxide making in the Gould Plant. Among all battery makers, only the Gould Storage Battery Company produces its own oxide.

Lead oxide is the basic factor in plate quality. That is why we make our own oxide in our own plant. By being in sole and direct control of the manufacturing processes, a *uniformly* high quality is more certainly obtained than would be the case were the supply secured from outside sources. These processes are necessarily slow, painstaking and costly, but on the other hand, the assurance of uniformity is worth all it costs to the manufacturer who guards jealously the quality of his product. The Gould Oxide Plant makes doubly sure the rugged quality and enduring life of *the Battery with the Dreadnaught Plates.*

Gould STORAGE BATTERY
WITH THE TRADE MARK Dreadnaught PLATES

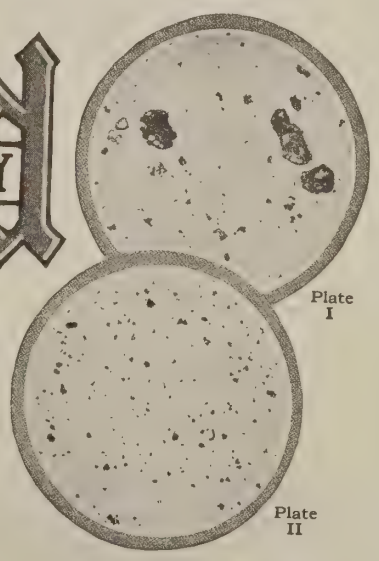


Plate I

Plate II

The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced here by greatly enlarged photo-micrographs, not retouched. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II, which shows Gould-Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

Over 2,000 Sales and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the exactly right type and size for your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company
30 East 42nd Street, New York City
Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Quaker Flour

Made by The Quaker Oats Company

The Story

That Housewives Are Telling

All over America, women are telling women about Quaker Flour.

Their story won a million users before the Flour was advertised.

Today four mills supply the demand, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Quaker cereals, by superlative quality, have won millions of friends the world over.

We decided to make for these quality lovers a Quaker grade of Flour.

So we built a model mill and placed it in charge of scientific millers. A laboratory was built to constantly analyze the Flour, and a bakery to constantly test it.

In this super-grade Flour we decided to use only one-half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest bits.

The result is a unique Flour, remarkably white and fine. It's the finest Flour that science can produce.

Housewives by the legions adopted it at once. And they spread the facts, until that one mill grew to four mills and the users to a million.

Ask your grocer for a sack. If he lacks it, have him get it. See how good a flour can be. You will always use it and get your friends to use it, when you know this Quaker Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills in Akron, O.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use over one-half the wheat kernel.

3266

Quaker Biscuit Flour

We make another flour—this package flour—for dainties. It is made from special wheat in a special way for fine foods. The flour is self-raising and comes packed in sealed round packages with tops. Thus it keeps ever-fresh.

Use this special flour for biscuits, pancakes, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, etc.

Quaker Farina

This is inner wheat—just the choicest half of the wheat kernel—in granulated form. It is fancy farina—the finest grade possible—without a fancy price.

Inner wheat in this granulated form is delightful. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc.

comfortable. And after she went away a number of us sent him all sorts of things and said they came from his daughter Mary. He had become almost blind lately and I pretended to read letters to him from his daughter inclosing money in my care and making suggestions for his comfort. The neighbor men did it, but old George will never know. And the kindness of his daughter Mary always pleased him. The women said they supposed the old wretch should be taken care of in spite of his meanness, but the men contributed without comment of any kind, except that they had known him many years and knew no harm in him.

I shall always think less of gossip because of my acquaintance with old George Bennett.

Glen Barker

SOMETHING must be done about the band. For four years it has been practicing twice a week at the schoolhouse, and at least that often Glen Barker has taken up a collection to pay for new horns, new uniforms, new drums, and so on.

Glen Barker doesn't play in the band. He is the manager and devotes a good deal of time to the position. He never meets a citizen that he doesn't talk band finances and intimate very broadly that the town has no pride and no enterprise. He says the band plays in other neighborhoods and advertises us. His favorite expression is that the band has put this town on the map.

"What?" the manager screams to all of us with pathos in his voice. "Let the band go to pieces?"

Nearly every citizen is a craven coward, he has been abused so much for not doing more for the band; though all of us have done as much as we could afford to keep the organization together.

Last week the band played for the grocers' picnic and those present say its playing reminded them of a charivari. Instead of advertising us it causes us to be made fun of. We have long feared that the band didn't play very well, but it seems it can't play at all. Glen Barker, the manager, said to one critic: "Why, our band has twenty-five men! Mighty few country bands have that many."

To which the critic replied: "The larger a band like yours the worse it is. It wouldn't be near so bad if you had only seven or eight members."

And how Glen Barker, the manager, has pleaded with us to make one more effort to keep the band up to its full membership of twenty-five!

So we must do something about the band; and I am of the opinion that the calamity long dreaded by Glen Barker, the manager, is imminent.

Harvey King

HARVEY KING is hopelessly ruined at the age of thirty-six, though he comes of an excellent family and had every opportunity to become a useful and successful man. He attended school twelve years, but belonged to mandolin clubs and the school fraternities and wasted so much time that he would have been better off had he been learning a trade.

Soon after he became of age he married a good girl and was placed in charge of a profitable business through the influence of relatives, but he soon ruined it by neglect. He was given another chance, but his he not only ruined the business b ne but overdrew his account and as saved from disgrace by his relatio ra a considerable amount of money.

This has been his history ever s ce has been given opportunity aft o tunity and neglected them all.

Had this young man been br gh strictly as a boy he would have co useful man, as his father was. B h reared in the shiftless manner too in this town and his ruin is the r It

He had a very much better ch e the average and has made a failur pe he was not properly controlled a a He did nothing until he was almo o and depended on his father. F ll father died, and the modest fortu h was soon dissipated under the ma ge of an indulgent mother.

Harvey is bitter, but he has no ee victim of the slightest injustice. H h lacked the widest liberty and op tu Indeed he was born with a golde oc his mouth in a golden age. He w l treated—too kindly treated. He a advantage of good schools and a g l He is a wreck to-day because he ra properly brought up as a child.

Vic Walker

IT WAS lately decided that Vi W would be better off in the insan us I happened to be in the court ro n he was brought in and first rea d people thought him crazy. I n e quite so much astonishment as he sp when told that the charge agains i insanity.

"What?" he indignantly sai crazy? Why, I know more tha h of you!"

I suppose we all have that noti or less.

George Coleman

A COMMITTEE of farmers o Deer Creek neighborhood l vestigated the city scales. Th e have been noticing for some time h city scales gave a little better re t they had a load of hogs to sell a scales used by the buyer, so the h investigation in which they invit C Coleman, the mayor, to assist.

But it turned out all right. The e of the committee were fair and a unanimously that the difference w p bly due to optimism.

George Coleman says the man o ates the city scales has no interest of hogs except that he hopes the get as much as possible for it. o liberal in giving his figures; he y farmer a shade the better of it, so u can.

Same way when the farmer ret n his empty wagon. The city sc s makes the wagon weigh as little a o since it costs him nothing to b a fellow.

But it is different, George Cole n with the man who buys the hogs. e the load to weigh as little as pos o the empty wagon to weigh as u possible, and by the time opti s worked four times on one load of h s is a difference in weight that is t by the seller when he compares h tickets.

COMME SI, COMME ÇA

(Continued from Page 11)

"reat Scott!" said Lionel. "Let's get
tf this—what the devil ——"
d he slipped into reverse and took a
olbehind. There were five cars at our
and behind them the motor cop was
rully closing and locking the gate. He
d ome inside and—his duty done—was
ing cap in hand in an attitude of
ence. Ahead throngs of darkly dressed
ns, including Madame Cartiea, who
vore her weeds, and Eloise Dubois,
saucy brunette from my home town,
getting from their cars. But I was
t the moment thinking of my former
as expressed above.
Ot of a motor-hearse a coffin was being
e and people were sobbing and sniffing
er the place. *Sacré bleu*, but it was
y awkward! We got out, as there
seemed nothing else to do, and stood
e apart.
n the services began, the little crowd
nuine friends crowding about the
. Madame Cartiea and her compan-
ere among these and did not perceive
hey were evidently a real part of the
e and we had plainly made a hideous
er. We exchanged a horrified whisper
consulted our watches. Time was fly-
ace and the deceased lady appeared
ve possessed endless virtues upon
her pastor and several friends en-
dwelling at length and with repeti-
onfirmation.
"reat Scott!" whispered Lionel. "Will
never finish?"
eally appeared interminable and there
those five cars between us and the
ery gate.
"y Jove!" said Lionel, suddenly ex-
"There's a chap I know!"
"ho?" said I.
"y dad!" said Lionel. "Over there
g to the man in mourning—see!"
sure enough, there was the Old Boy,
in the bosom of this strange family!
bien, at length this—to us—inex-
bly dull ceremony came to an end,
he crowd began returning to their
ts. I anticipated, of course, that the
would at once be opened and that
eparture would be swift, but begin-
with the hearse each was in turn de-
by the motorcycle officer and
tted to pass only after considerable
ent. Madame Cartiea was still ahead
and we could see her gesture of pro-
to the policeman. The Old Boy had
ied into the family car. I began to
ence a strange sense of excitement
nticipation of something extremely
being imminent, and Lionel, *mon*
elt it too.
"hat the devil do you suppose the row
"e wondered aloud. "Everyone is
cs!"
Were soon put out of suspense as our
ar slid through the gateway.
"lley the car before ye," said the cop.
"It we are not going back to the recep-
-r—wake, my dear chap!" I protested.
"ception, me eye, yer pinched!" re-
he minion of the law.
noyable, n'est pas? Yet true. We were
ly under arrest, as was evident the
t we attempted resistance.
"It we are not even part of this affair!"
ted Lionel.
"r pinched—folley the car ahead!"
ed the officer savagely, and passed
he car behind us.
"y goodness! Do you suppose it was
der and they have only just found
?" said I.
"s something very strange," com-
ted Lionel. "Nothing to do but as we
d. I can't understand any of this—
that the widow has plainly misled us
more."
bien, we kept our place in the pro-
n until the head of it drew up before
courthouse of the little town to which
emetery belonged, where we were told
veral amateur policemen, whose only
ons were badges, to get out and go in-
It was a most amazing sight to see
burners herded in, and my alarm in-
ed steadily. What horrible thing was
to be revealed?
h prisoners, some twenty persons all
cluding the Old Boy and our lady
were herded before a magistrate
long beard, and the officer who had
e gate after standing cap in hand
e body was buried stepped forward.
Carge?" asked the clerk.

"Speedin', your honor," said the cop. "A funeral tearin' through the main street and not a one of thim movin' less than thirty miles an hour!"

Figurez vous our relief at this news. Of course the fellow exaggerated—I had myself noticed the speedometer, and we were making only a little better than twenty-five when we turned in at the cemetery gate. But these crude public officers are always inclined to make a good story. And the relief of paying the small fine which was imposed upon each of us was enormous. I for one was only too glad to pay it and escape. But not so the other members of the cortège. They made a most fearful row before they were through, and Lionel insisted upon remaining to see some of it and to speak with his father. The latter came over presently, in company with the bereaved brother, and we were both presented. Mr. Tungston, for that was the old gentleman's name, shook hands tearfully, and leaned in a broken way on old man McGuire's arm.

"So you are Tom's boy!" said the poor old fellow to Lionel. "I take it as most kind that Tom's boy should trouble to come to poor Arabella's funeral—young fellows don't often think of such things nowadays."

"Ach! Tom's a good boy at the heart of him!" said his father. And Lionel solemnly shook hands and mutely took every bit of credit, the cunning rascal!

"This shocking disturbance is too bad, too bad!" said Mr. Tungston. "I hope I shall see Tom's boy again under pleasanter conditions—I do appreciate a young man coming all this way, I do!"

And with this the Old Boy led him away, and I urged Lionel to take instant advantage of our freedom, as it was getting nearer and nearer to the hour of the auction and we were still miles away. He, however, kept dawdling first to light a cigarette, then to find his gloves, and I became exasperated until I perceived Madame Cartiea approaching.

"How do you do, Mr. Kentt?" she said. "Isn't this terrible? Hello, Mr. McGuire! I didn't realize you people knew the Tungstons."

I made a frantic high sign to keep still, but Lionel didn't see it, being all eyes for the widow.

"We don't know them!" he blurted out before I could stop him. "We are on our way to the Durand sale and this was purely an accident!"

"The Durand sale?" inquired Cartiea. "Not old Chester Durand? Why, I didn't realize he was dead! That ought to be an interesting old house. I believe we'll go along!"

There now! Wasn't that just too annoying? She hadn't even heard of the sale at which we hoped to procure something for her own client, and here that wretched boy had to go and simply hand the thing over to her. *Sacré bleu!* I perceived in a flash that I and I alone had any brains in my establishment and that somehow or other I must rescue us from the situation into which dear Lionel had so thoughtlessly precipitated us.

Grand Dieu, comme je deteste cette femme la! She didn't seem to know I was on earth! In point of fact, Lionel, without even so much as consulting me, invited her to drive with him, and in less time than it takes to tell I found myself relegated to the tonneau of the Roynton and the company of Eloise Dubois. Above the yellow fur about her throat her black eyes snapped and sparkled at me in that dreadful humorous manner of hers that makes me thoroughly uncomfortable. Eloise and I having been at school together, she somehow contrives to make me feel indecently transparent.

"Well," said she as we started off, "*parle vous le Française aujourdui.*"

"Who are these Tungstons?" I inquired, ignoring her gibe. "Not *the* Tungstons?"

"*O là, là! Comme il et droll, cette homme la!*" replied Eloise. "Of course they are the collector Tungstons. That's why we came, for though we have had no personal touch with him, she was a client of ours in a small way. The old fellow is self-made and did a rather poor job, don't you think?"

"Ah!" said I, and lapsed into silence. But I was amazed. Here I had met Silas Tungston, who stood second only to Morganthawl in importance as a buyer of

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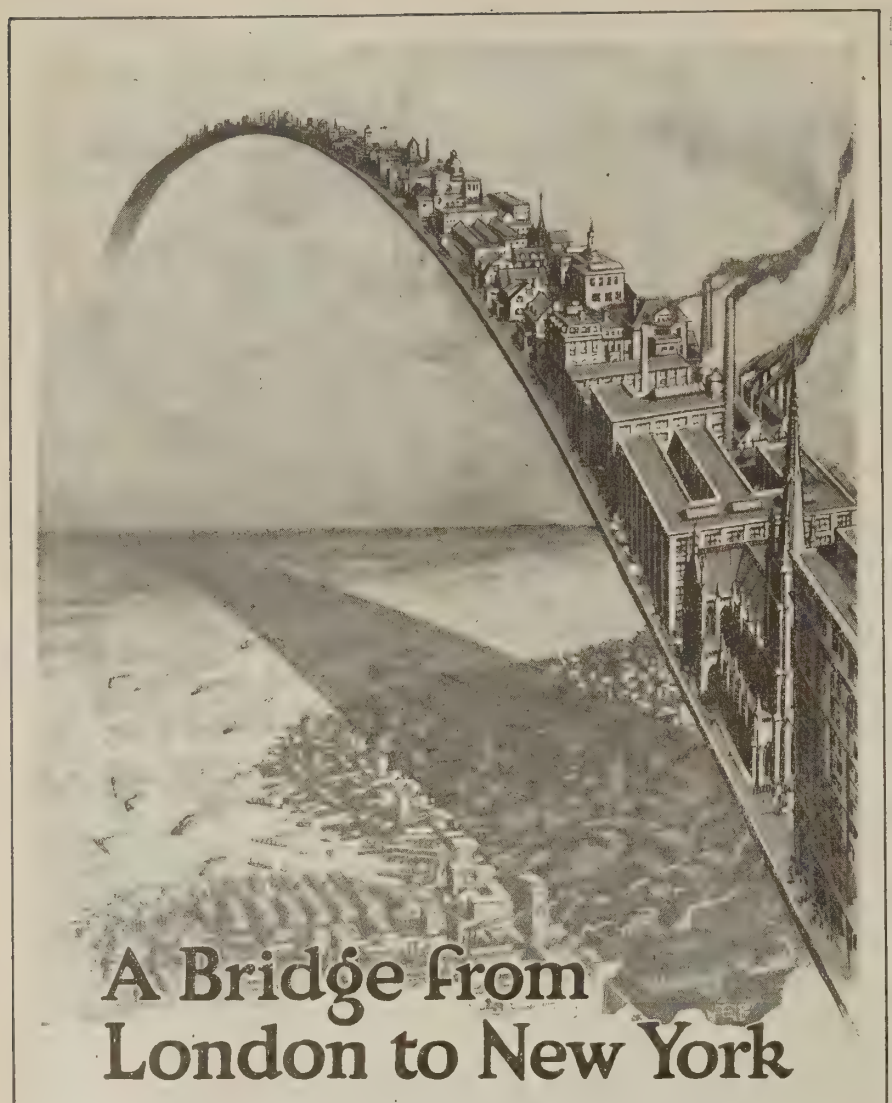

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antiques, and had failed to realize my opportunity of making a good impression. In point of fact, I had been rather distinctly rude, having accounted him merely a troublesome old man who stood in the way of my reaching the Durand sale. No wonder that the remainder of the trip was accomplished under a pall of gloom which was in no way lightened by not being able to avoid seeing what an amusing time Lionel and the widow appeared to be having in the open car ahead. And then at length we drew in sight of the goal of our journey, and I was still utterly at a loss as to how I would proceed in my averting of the very possible cataclysm.

The exterior of the Durand mansion was what I may term typically auctionesque. In point of fact, it was the sort of place that dealers often use as a clearing house for their most unsalable junk by simply piling it all in pellmell, hanging out a red flag and feeding the trash to a fortunately transient public—mostly passing motorists. I had no doubt but that the Durand mansion would eventually be the setting for many such a sale. But at this first and genuine one it presented rather a forlorn, bedraggled appearance, the local auctioneer, a mere vulgar deputy sheriff, or some such low person, being all too evidently devoid of imagination in the setting forth of his wares.

Eh bien! He had no profit to make, so he should fret, as dear Lionel put it. Yet he might have shown a little discrimination in the arrangement of the old duffer's effects. The house was Victorian—or rather, late Grant, to be exact—and there was little in it of value, but any quantity of obsolete trash. *Mais il etait bien conneau* that oft among this so-called self-evident trash treasures have more than once been discovered. And it was in the direction of it that every professional in the crowd immediately turned an unobtrusive attention.

For the dealers were there—Atwood from East Sixtieth Street, Hodlow and Barrows, Joe Tweedhole and that horrid affected Eddie Wolkson of The Bijoutree. In point of fact, it was plain at a glance that this unknown, unadvertised sale in this inconveniently situated corner of the map, where nothing but broken black walnut and tarnished steel-framed mirrors and velvet tidies hand painted in oil were on exhibition, was being attended by every dealer of importance, or his representative, from Washington to Boston. There were practically no small dealers or local treasure seekers. It was a gathering of the clans, the members all furtively watching each other, and the sneaking, underhand things had got there without telling a soul they were coming—ugh! Disgusting, I call that method! I had come, of course, unannounced, but for the special reason of the Sully miniature. And before I had been on the ground fifteen minutes I became convinced, nay I knew that this supposition was what had drawn each and every last one of the others to the spot. I knew, for the very good reason that not a soul mentioned the subject of the miniature. At any other time and place this portrait and the mystery surrounding its whereabouts would have inevitably entered the conversation. But now? Silence! Utter silence! Even Madame Cartiea, to whom the very existence of the sale had been unknown but an hour since, knew of the miniature—that was plain. She made a casual, indirect reference to it as we inspected the broken lots of china in the gloomy dining room.

"There was an Arabella Durand, was there not, Mr. Kentt?" she remarked, holding aloft a perfectly uninteresting kitchen jug and eying it critically.

"Was there?" I replied. And so we deadlocked, each perfectly aware of what was going on in the mind of the other.

But search as I might, peering eagerly if furtively into every draw, every crannie, every vase and whatnot, I could find nothing of the least interest. Nor could I shake off Madame Cartiea, who—contrary to all precedent—clung to my company. And I, usually so anxious that she should—er—that she should—er—well, that she should, was for once anxious to be rid of her. She chatted incessantly in the most friendly fashion, asking my opinion on this or that and positively cooing at times. And had it not been for the fact that occasionally I caught a strange gleam in her eye I would have taken her seriously. It was not until we reached the library that I got the least chance to do any real hunting, and then at last Eloise and Lionel laughingly called her to inspect something in the room beyond and I made a stealthy dive for the l baskets which stood upon the long tabl And there I made a startling discovery.

It was undoubtedly the Sully miniatur Or at least so I had every reason to suppos

Voilà! Let me explain to the uninitiate When, as in the case with old Duran there is no one except a public official dispose of the effects, such papers, lette prints, tokens, and so forth, *les petits chos* in other words, which ordinarily the fami would destroy or divide as mementos of value to outsiders, were simply thrown in baskets or boxes and auctioned off, " is." One thing only is required by the law that is, that no sealed envelopes or box which, of course, might contain treasure, among them. And if any such be discover it is the duty of any person at t sale having such knowledge to tell t auctioneer person before the sale is co cluded. And in my apparently nonchala examination of a basket containing old l ters of no value, a few broken prints a steel engravings, the while my trained a sensative fingers were secretly feeling amo the lower part, I clutched an envelop sealed and patently containing an oblo object about five inches in length and fo in width, carefully packed in an out wrapping of some soft material—possib shredded paper!

Je vous assurez my heart almost ceas action at that moment. Fortunately the was a steel engraving of Lincoln on the t of that basket—not a bad thing, wor perhaps fifty cents to the dealer, as proper framed it might easily fetch ten fifteen dollars from a collector. I rivet my eyes on this the while my soul w positively glued to that miniature. Wh should I do? To announce my discove would create a furore, a panic, and send t price into the thousands, whereas if I we simply to buy in Lot Fifty-two—a bask of old scraps—I might get it for a dollar less! My heart shook at the idea. A ten to one not another soul in the place h found it! It was halfway down the he and it seemed patent that if anyone h examined the basket at all they had ab doned it in disgust before reaching t envelope. Making a bold decision I det mined to keep my mouth shut, and slid t packet a little further into the mass so th it was now three-quarters of the way dow and composing myself as best I could joined the others, as it was almost time f the sale to begin and people were taki their places on the camp chairs in the wi hall.

Oh, mercy! Never shall I forget t strain of that auction! From Number O to Number Fifty-two seemed an age, a once, after Madame Cartiea had absent herself for a short time I slipped awa unable to endure the tension, a entered the library to feel if my treasu was still there. And then, *voluntier*, nearly fainted, for the sealed envelope h been moved! It was no longer where I h placed it but now lay concealed almost the bottom of the pile. Someone else kne Heavens! But who? Madame Cartie Very possibly. I tiptoed back to my se which was across the hall from hers, a sat there in an agony of suspense. soon as the bidding began on that basket would know. And at length after a mirr and a kitchen stove had been disposed the deputy, a countrified person whose sh and tie were in the most abominable tas called "Lot Fifty-two," and the wh gathering—or so I fancied—leaned forwa and held its breath.

The asking started at fifty cents—liber enough—and for a moment nobody bi Then in as indifferent a voice as I cou muster I inquired if there was an engravi of Lincoln on the top of the basket.

"Gent wants ter know is there a pict of Lincoln on the top, Jim," repeated t auctioneer to his assistant.

"Yep!" said the freckle-faced boy.

"Sixty cents," I bid.

"Seventy-five," said Tweedhole quickly too quickly.

"Eighty," said I. Then Cartiea spoke and I knew she knew.

"One dollar!" said she quietly—t quietly.

"One dollar!" said the auctioneer. am bid one dollar."

"One twenty-five!" said I.

"Ten dollars!" squeaked a thin, fooli voice at the rear, and everyone turn round to look. It was Eddie Wolkson The Bijoutree. His face was white a hysterical looking. An audible chan

(Continued on Page 181)

(Continued from Page 178)

n over the crowd. The secret was out, Edie knew it, and we became wolves—
s vely!
"leven dollars!" said Madame Cartiea.
"ifteen!" I bid.
"wenty!" shrieked Eddie.
"wenty-five!" called Cartiea.
"hirty!" said Tweedhole.
d with that the fur began to fly. When
undred dollars had been bid Eddie
d and had to be carried out, his face
olor of his lemon-foulard tie. And
order was restored and the bewildered
neer had resumed the sale, prices
anew. When nearly one thousand
s was reached I laid down. What was
se? Suppose that after all it was not
ully? And then a bright idea flashed
my brain: Let her bid it in and then
hat I knew. In the event of its being
ully the law would require that the
e held over again, and if one must bid
gh, why not bid openly? The auc-
r called:
ine hundred and ninety dollars—I
d nine hundred and ninety."
s was my last bid and nobody stirred.
ntly the purchasers had come to a
ock. Perhaps the idea which occurred
had occurred to them also. It was an
moment.
ne, two, three!" said the auctioneer,
to the little feller in the green suit!"
before I knew it the basket was in
p and Tweedhole was shouting "one
and dollars."
oo late!" said the auctioneer firmly.
Fifty-three, what am I offered?"
aited to hear no more. Trembling so
could scarcely walk, I left the room
my treasure and sequestering myself
nook in the library fished out the
us envelope and without difficulty—
e glue was dry—opened it with shak-
nds. It contained old revenue stamps.
e center was a miniature case. I
d it and found—more old revenue
s!
d paid nine hundred and ninety dol-
a lot of old canceled revenue stamps!
ly feeling came upon me and a hot
of shame.
tomatically I slipped the wretched
back into their container and licked
ue of the flap. Then as I heard foot-
approaching I hastily slipped the evi-
of my chagrin into the depths of the
and sat there desperately striving
sent a calm exterior to the intruder.
Madame Cartiea.
"r. Kentt," she said tremulously, "I
ing to ask you a great great favor.
is something in that basket that I
ave. You know as well as I do what
a miniature. I will not attempt to
se from you the fact that the loss of
ht mean a great deal to one of my
lients. My negligence in not being
ed for this sale is heavy on my con-
e. I have just written you this check
to thousand dollars. Will you take it
—the basket? It's a great favor and
ill not lose by obliging me. Will
a moment—*une petit moment*—I
e blankly at the blue slip of paper
she held toward me. Then I rose and
ted, for I confess to a weak pang of
nction. Still, look how she had
ti me in the past! I steeled myself
cepted.
u know, Madame Cartiea," said I,
the envelope is sealed?" For I wanted
s truthful as possible.
Ilo!" she said briefly.
n she fled with the basket, leaving
e check and an impending fit of
tics, which I muffled in the musty
gs of the library window.
Bien! When I recovered myself I
d that immediate action was neces-
: we might have an unpleasant scene
he widow opened the envelope, even
she had taken it blindly and so, of
, could hardly hold me responsible.
ned at once to the sale and touched
on the arm.
me at once!" I whispered. "Hurry—
ez vous!"
right!" said he, extricating himself
is place after a nod to Eloise. The
was nowhere to be seen.
nother moment we had left the house
re climbing into our roadster.
here is the basket?" demanded Lio-
What was in it?"
tell you later!" I exclaimed. "I
t you not to ask me now. We have
the deal of our lives. But I simply cannot explain until we get to town. Please don't tease me to tell!"

"All right!" agreed Lionel sulkily. "But I think it's mean of you after all that excitement. But tell me one thing—was it the Sully?"

"No!" said I.

"Whew!" said he expressively.

By this time we had left Durand's well behind and were speeding toward town. I heaved a sigh of relief. If I had been forced to tell the dear lad goodness knows but that he might have insisted upon my turning back and restoring the check or some such nonsense.

As we approached the little town where Miss Tungston's funeral had been held Lionel turned in toward that mansion at which on the outward trip Madame Cartiea had asked for directions.

"Do you mind if I stop at the Tungstons' for my dad?" he asked. "I told him we would on the way back and he has waited on. The old bird is a school chum of his and was glad to have him."

"Stop by all means," I replied. "I am only too glad to oblige your dear father and his distinguished friends. But I will wait out in the car if you don't mind. I am sure it would seem indelicate for me to intrude."

"All right, old thing," Lionel agreed, stopping under the magnificent porte-cochère. "I won't be long."

But in this he misled me. He was so long that after a time I became positively alarmed, and had it been any other establishment than the Tungstons' I would have honked for him. As it was, I had begun seriously debating whether or not I should ring and instruct a lackey—I am sure there were lackeys—to inquire for him, when the door at length opened and he reappeared in company with his rotund parent and little old Mr. Tungston—and will you believe it? Emerging from that house of mourning they were laughing! Positively! Lionel carried a small object in one hand and shook his host's cordially with the other. Old man McGuire was beaming on his son and Mr. Tungston patted him on the back.

"My dear boy!" he said earnestly. "I am only too happy to be able to help you. So few young persons trouble with their father's friends nowadays."

Nobody paid the slightest attention to me except to relegate me to the little third seat which sticks out most precariously over the running board. The old boy took my usual place and Lionel sprang to the wheel like a—like a—well, like a lion, and we were off.

"What is it?" I demanded after we got started. "What have you got?"

"I can't possibly tell you until we get to town!" replied Lionel, a peculiar glint in his eye. "So please don't tease me to!"

Çela va sans diere, I shut up after that, and when the seemingly interminable ride was over and we had left Mr. McGuire, Senior, at his hotel, put up the car and so forth and at length reached our gallery it was after five o'clock.

Lionel preceded me to the private office, and shutting out the inquisitive Walker, the second assistant curator, turned on the special lighting, drew up a chair, made me sit in it as though I were a distinguished client and told me to close my eyes.

"What bosh!" said I. But I obeyed him none the less.

"Take a good breath and open them!" said Lionel.

I did so, and there, as charmingly arranged as if I had been Morganthawl himself, lay a miniature case upon a fold of gold brocade. And in the case lay the miniature of a young woman in the period of about 1820. It was exquisite—undoubtedly a masterpiece.

"What——" I began faintly. "What is it?"

"Turn it over, old scout!" said Lionel, gleeful as a boy.

I did so, and there were the words I half hoped to see but scarcely dared to credit:

"Arabella Durand by Thomas Sully, 1822."

The next thing I recall was Lionel holding smelling salts to my nostrils and hearing somebody—possibly myself—murmuring *"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu"* over and over again. It was a full half hour before I had sufficiently recovered to question him. And then I unearthed these astonishing facts. *Le Voild!*

It appears that Lionel, having been questioned by his father and Mr. Tungston as to where he had been, recounted the whole story of the auction and our quest for the Sully miniature—also of our hopes and

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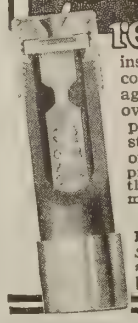

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fears about Morganthawl and what his patronage would mean to us—all, I presume, in that naïve outspoken manner of his, which has so often done us more harm than good. But not so upon this occasion.

"And when I got through," said dear Lionel in telling it, "the old bird, who hadn't let out a peep during the whole time, got up and left the room. When he came back he brought the damn thing with him. 'Young man, I like you,' he said. 'And while I don't think very highly of antiques as a business I'd like to help my old friend's boy along. If selling this will help you, do so. My late sister bought it from old Mr. Durand about twenty years ago and I think she fancied it because of the similarity of the names. Take it—and good luck attend you!'

"That's what he said, he did, God love him!"

"I'll be—be damned!" said I.

"Probably!" said Lionel briefly. "And now out with your own secret, you naughty boy!"

Looking at the miniature lying there safely upon our desk and thinking of Cartiea's check in my pocket, I began to laugh. And then when I could control myself sufficiently I told him of the tremendous joke I had put over on her. I was extremely dramatic in my recital, making it as vivid as possible and not—I trust—without humor.

And I was so absorbed in my story and so immensely amused by it that I really didn't notice Lionel's face until I had quite completed the tale. And then—*nom du nom!* You should have seen it! It was positively livid! I shrank back in my chair and grasped the arms.

"You—you shrimp! You little stinging lizard!" said Tom in a cold, metallic voice that I didn't like in the least. "You young scoundrel! Can you never be decent?"

"I—er—of course it's only a joke!" I said feebly.

"A joke! And equally of course you were not going to cash that check?" he went on, towering above me in the most alarming way. "Well, you bet your sweet life you are not!"

"*Mais certainment!*" I stammered. "I was going to—to—er—return it to-morrow."

"You are going to return it to-night!" said Tom, jamming my hat upon my head with quite unnecessary violence—the great rough thing! Then he caught up the telephone and called Madame Cartiea.

"But you must!" he said. "You must see us! We've got it and are bringing it right over—yes, the Sully. I know you wired him from the auction. Make Mr. Morganthawl wait. We won't be ten minutes!"

"You are not——" I gasped in horror.

"Yes, we are," he snapped, hanging up and putting the miniature into his vest pocket as carelessly as if it had been a spectacle case. "Come on this instant!"

Well, there was no good resisting, and I permitted myself to be dragged across Avenue and shortly thereafter into presence of Madame Cartiea.

To say that the presence was a cold is to put it mildly. She was like a Gr goddess, only blond, and stood like a mar statue or something while Lionel talked

"Madame Cartiea—we have come explain," he began, but she broke in on h

"There can be no explanation," she s quietly. "I made a fool of myself an can take my punishment. I bought t basket with the perfectly clear—though spoken—understanding that it contai the miniature. I even telegraphed for Morganthawl to meet me here. He is this moment in the other room with t basket of worthless papers. I was obli to show it to him and was just about tell him the whole story when your t phone call came. If you have really a thing to say about the Sully, please quick, as he is waiting."

"I have only this to say," replied Lio looking her straight in the eye: "And t is that the sale of it is a commission from Mr. Tungston. As Mr. Morganth is really your client you may consumm the deal, but we want the usual commiss and the mention of our firm name as hav procured the picture—that is business since you insist upon keeping it pu business—Blanche."

She was so astounded that she overloo the last word.

"Then you have actually brought Sully over?" she cried, as nearly disc certed as I ever hope to see her.

"Surely," replied Lionel, producing "And Kentt here has brought back y check."

She took the miniature with a glad li cry, and then before I could get out pocketbook a most amazing thing h pened: The door at the farther end of room burst open and in came Morganth himself in a high state of excitement. hair was rumpled and his collar and askew, tears of gladness were stream down his face—and in his hand was envelope full of old revenue stamps.

"You had them!" he cried to Mad Cartiea. "You had them and you ne told me! You left me alone to disc them! Ah! My friend! My benefactr The beautiful precious stamps that make mine the only perfect collection in world! How much? How much? Th thousand dollars—four thousand? N your own price!"

"Keep that check!" said Lionel, s denly seizing me by the arm. "Come o let's get out of this! I'm going to quit antique business and start a lunatic asyl Eventually I'll get exactly the same entele."

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

'I:he punishment would do any good—
!'agreed Tutt.
'Vll, who knows?" meditated Mr.
.t. "I wonder if it ever does any good?
zybody would have to agree that re-
sibility for one's acts should depend
ne degree of one's intelligence—and
at point of view many of our friends
ely much less responsible than sheep."
Wich, as you so sagely point out,
ilchowever, be a poor reason for letting
ir milies punish them in case they did
ng Just think how such a privilege
ntbe abused! If Uncle John didn't be-
e himself as his nephews thought
nethey could simply set upon him and
.l beat him up."
Y, of course, the law even to-day
gives the right to exercise physical
ipie within the family. Even homi-
is xcusable, under Section 1054 of our
e, hen committed in lawfully correct-
a ild or servant."
T t's a fine relic of barbarism!" re-
ike Tutt. "But the child soon passes
ou that dangerous zone and becomes
ible to be tried for his offenses by a
r chis peers; the animal never does."
Wl, an animal couldn't be tried by a
r ohis peers, anyhow," said Mr. Tutt.
I' seen juries that were more like
nygoats than men!" commentated
. 'I'd like to see some of our clients
l juries of geese or woodchucks."
Tl field of criminal responsibility is the
Mn's Land of the law," mused Mr.
. 'Roughly, mental capacity to un-
tal the nature of one's acts is the test,
it applied arbitrarily in the case of
arbeings and a mere point of time is
n eyond which, irrespective of his
al ntelligence, a man is held account-
fc whatever he does. Of course that
ecttically unsound. The more intelli-
aperson is the more responsible he
idbe held to be and the higher the
itpf conduct demanded of him by his
ws Yet after twenty-one all are held
ll responsible—unless they're actu-
inne. It isn't equity! In theory no
o animal should be subject to the
r discretionary punishment on the
o another—even his own father or
er I've often wondered what earthly
v have to make the animals work
s-to bind them to slavery when we
re slavery as a crime. It would
fy s to see a human being put up and
at uction. Yet we tear the families of
alapart, subject them to lives of toil,
silthem whenever we see fit. We say
io his because their intelligence is
edind they cannot exercise any dis-
nation in their conduct, that they are
vsn the zone of irresponsibility and
vino rights. But I've seen animals
we shrewder than men, and men who
v tly less intelligent than animals."
igt-o!" assented Tutt. "Take
gs for instant. He's no more re-
ib than a chipmunk."
e rtheless, the law has always been
tut," said Mr. Tutt, "and has never
mated between animals any more
t as between men on the ground of
ngdegrees of intelligence. They used
'n all, big and little, wild and do-
cad, mammals and invertebrates."
h,ome!" exclaimed Tutt. "I may
no much law, but ——"
eteen 1120 and 1740 they prose-
inFrance alone no less than ninety-
nials. The last one was a cow."
ow hasn't much intelligence," ob-
'utt.
nchey tried fleas," added Mr. Tutt.
ne have a lot!" commented his
artner. "I knew a flea once,
—"
ne had a regular form of procedure,"
ul Mr. Tutt, brushing the flea
"hich was adhered to with the ut-
emical accuracy. You could try an
dul animal, either in person or by
f you could try a whole family,
herd. If a town was infested by
orxample, they first assigned coun-
n dvocate, he was called—and then
fedlants were summoned three times
yo appear. If they didn't show up
tird and last call they were tried *in*
aand if convicted were ordered out
country before a certain date under
y f being exorcised."
nahappened if they were exorcised,"
T t curiously.

"It depended a good deal on the local power of Satan," answered the old lawyer dryly. "Sometimes they became even more prolific and destructive than they were before, and sometimes they promptly died. All the leeches were prosecuted at Lausanne in 1451. A few selected representatives were brought into court, tried, convicted and ordered to depart within a fixed period. Maybe they didn't fully grasp their obligations or perhaps were just acting contemptuously, but they didn't depart and so were promptly exorcised. Immediately they began to die off and before long there were none left in the country."

"I know some rats and mice I'd like to have exorcised," mused Tutt.

"At Autun in the fifteenth century the rats won their case," said Mr. Tutt.

"Who got 'em off?" asked Tutt.

"M. Chassensée, the advocate appointed to defend them. They had been a great nuisance and were ordered to appear in court. But none of them turned up. Mr. Chassensée therefore argued that a default should not be taken because *all* the rats had been summoned, and some were either so young or so old and decrepit that they needed more time. The court thereupon granted him an extension. However, they didn't arrive on the day set, and this time their lawyer claimed that they were under duress and restrained by bodily fear—of the townspeople's cats. That all these cats, therefore, should first be bound over to keep the peace! The court admitted the reasonableness of this, but the townsfolk refused to be responsible for their cats and the judge dismissed the case!"

"What did Chassensée get out of it?" inquired Tutt.

"There is no record of who paid him or what was his fee."

"He was a pretty slick lawyer," observed Tutt. "Did they ever try birds?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Mr. Tutt. "They tried a cock at Basel in 1474—for the crime of laying an egg."

"Why was that a crime?" asked Tutt. "I should call it a *tour de force*."

"Be that as it may," said his partner, "from a cock's egg is hatched the cockatrice, or basilisk, the glance of whose eye turns the beholder to stone. Therefore they tried the cock, found him guilty and burned him and his egg together at the stake. That is why cocks don't lay eggs now."

"I'm glad to know that," said Tutt. "When did they give up trying animals?"

"Nearly two hundred years ago," answered Mr. Tutt. "But for some time after that they continued to try inanimate objects for causing injury to people. I've heard they tried one of the first locomotives that ran over a man and declared it forfeit to the crown as a deodand."

"I wonder if you couldn't get 'em to try Andrew," hazarded Tutt, "and maybe declare him forfeited to somebody as a deodand."

"Deodand means 'given to God,'" explained Mr. Tutt.

"Well, I'd give Andrew to God—if God would take him," declared Tutt devoutly.

"But who is Andrew?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Andrew is a dog," said Tutt, "who bit one Tunnygate, and now the Grand Jury have indicted not the dog, as it is clear from your historical disquisition they should have done, but the dog's owner, Mr. Enoch Appleboy."

"What for?"

"Assault in the second degree with a dangerous weapon."

"What was the weapon?" inquired Mr. Tutt simply.

"The dog."

"What are you talking about?" cried Mr. Tutt. "What nonsense!"

"Yes, it is nonsense!" agreed Tutt. "But they've done it all the same. Read it for yourself!" And he handed Mr. Tutt the indictment.

"The Grand Jury of the County of New York by this indictment accuse Enoch Appleboy of the crime of assault in the second degree, committed as follows:

"Said Enoch Appleboy, late of the Borough of Bronx, City and County aforesaid, on the 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, at the Borough and County aforesaid, with force and arms in and upon one Herman Tunnygate, in the peace of the

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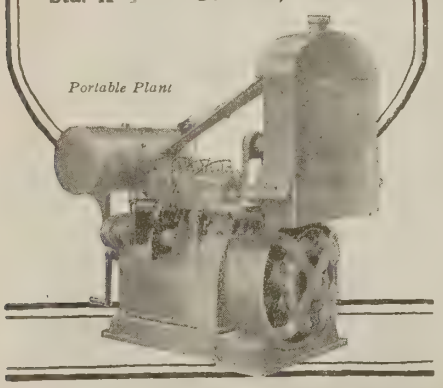

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State and People then and there being, feloniously did willfully and wrongfully make an assault in and upon the legs and body of him the said Herman Tunnygate, by means of a certain dangerous weapon, to wit: one dog, of the form, style and breed known as 'bull,' being of the name of 'Andrew,' then and there being within control of the said Enoch Appleboy, which said dog, being of the name of 'Andrew' the said Enoch Appleboy did then and there feloniously, willfully and wrongfully incite, provoke, and encourage, then and there being, to bite him, the said Herman Tunnygate, by means whereof said dog 'Andrew' did then and there grievously bite the said Herman Tunnygate in and upon the legs and body of him, the said Herman Tunnygate, and the said Enoch Appleboy thus then and there feloniously did willfully and wrongfully cut, tear, lacerate and bruise, and did then and there by the means of the dog 'Andrew' aforesaid feloniously, willfully and wrongfully inflict grievous bodily harm upon the said Herman Tunnygate, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the People of the State of New York and their dignity."

"That," asserted Mr. Tutt, wiping his spectacles, "is a document worthy of preservation in the Congressional Library. Who drew it?"

"Don't know," answered Tutt; "but whoever he was he was a humorist!"

"It's no good. There isn't any allegation of *scienter* in it," affirmed Mr. Tutt.

"What of it? It says he assaulted Tunnygate with a dangerous weapon. You don't have to set forth that he knew it was a dangerous weapon if you assert that he did it willfully. You don't have to allege in an indictment charging an assault with a pistol that the defendant knew it was loaded."

"But a dog is different!" reasoned Mr. Tutt. "A dog is not *per se* a dangerous weapon. Saying so doesn't make it so, and that part of the indictment is bad on its face—unless, to be sure, it means that he hit him with a dead dog, which it is clear from the context that he didn't. The other part—that he set the dog on him—lacks the allegation that the dog was vicious and that Appleboy knew it; in other words an allegation of *scienter*. It ought to read that said Enoch Appleboy 'well knowing that said dog Andrew was a dangerous and ferocious animal and would, if incited, provoked and encouraged, bite the legs and body of him the said Herman—did then and there feloniously, willfully and wrongfully incite, provoke and encourage the said Andrew, and so forth.'"

"I get you!" exclaimed Tutt enthusiastically. "Of course an allegation of *scienter* is necessary! In other words you could demur to the indictment for insufficiency?"

Mr. Tutt nodded.

"But in that case they'd merely go before the Grand Jury and find another—a good one. It's much better to try and knock the case out on the trial once and for all."

"Well, the Appleboys are waiting to see you," said Tutt. "They are in my office. Bonnie Doon got the case for us off his local district leader, who's a member of the same lodge of the Abyssinian Mysteries—Bonnie's been Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Purple Mountain for over a year—and he's pulled in quite a lot of good stuff; not all dog cases either! Appleboy's an Abyssinian too."

"I'll see them," consented Mr. Tutt, "but I'm going to have you try the case. I shall insist upon acting solely in an advisory capacity. Dog trials aren't in my line. There are some things which are *infra dig*—even for Ephraim Tutt."

IV

MR. APPLEBOY sat stolidly at the bar of justice, pale but resolute. Beside him sat Mrs. Appleboy, also pale but even more resolute. A jury had been selected without much manifest attention by Tutt, who had nevertheless managed to slip in an Abyssinian brother on the back row, and an ex-dog fancier for Number Six. Also among those present were a delicatessen man from East Houston Street, a dealer in rubber novelties, a plumber and the editor of Baby's World. The foreman was almost as fat as Mr. Appleboy, but Tutt regarded this as an even break on account of the size of Tunnygate. As Tutt confidently whispered to Mrs. Appleboy, it was as rotten a jury as he could get.

Mrs. Appleboy didn't understand why Tutt should want a rotten jury, but she nevertheless imbibed some vicarious confidence from this statement and squeezed Appleboy's hand encouragingly. For Appleboy, in spite of his apparent calm, was a very much frightened man, and under the creases of his floppy waistcoat his heart was beating like a tom-tom. The penalty for assault in the second degree was ten years in state's prison, and life with Bashemath, even in the vicinity of the Tunnygates, seemed sweet. The thought of breaking stones under the summer sun—it was a peculiarly hot summer—was awful. Ten years! He could never live through it! And yet as his glance fell upon the Tunnygates, arrayed in their best finery and sitting with an air of importance upon the front bench of the court room, he told himself that he would do the whole thing all over again—yes, he would! He had only stood up for his rights, and Tunnygate's blood was upon his own head—or wherever it was. So he squeezed Bashemath's hand tenderly in response.

Upon the bench Judge Witherspoon, assigned from somewhere upstate to help keep down the ever-lengthening criminal calendar of the Metropolitan District, finished the letter he was writing to his wife in Genesee County, sealed it and settled back in his chair. An old war horse of the country bar he had in his time been mixed up in almost every kind of litigation, but as he looked over the indictment he with difficulty repressed a smile. Thirty years ago he'd had a dog case himself; also of the form, style and breed known as bull.

"You may proceed, Mister District Attorney!" he announced, and little Pepperill, the youngest of the D. A.'s staff, just out of the law school, begoggled and with his hair plastered evenly down on either side of his small round head, rose with serious mien, and with a high piping voice opened the prosecution.

It was, he told them, a most unusual and hence most important case. The defendant Appleboy had maliciously procured a savage dog of the most vicious sort and loosed it upon the innocent complainant as he was on his way to work, with the result that the latter had nearly been torn to shreds. It was a horrible, dastardly, incredible, fiendish crime, he would expect them to do their full duty in the premises, and they should hear Mr. Tunnygate's story from his own lips.

Mr. Tunnygate limped with difficulty to the stand, and having been sworn gingerly sat down—partially. Then turning his broadside to the gaping jury he recounted his woes with indignant gasps.

"Have you the trousers which you wore upon that occasion?" inquired Pepperill.

Mr. Tunnygate bowed solemnly and lifted from the floor a paper parcel which he untied and from which he drew what remained of that now historic garment.

"These are they," he announced dramatically.

"I offer them in evidence," exclaimed Pepperill, "and I ask the jury to examine them with great care."

They did so.

Tutt waited until the trousers had been passed from hand to hand and returned to their owner; then, rotund, chipper and birdlike as ever, began his cross-examination much like a woodpecker attacking a stout stump. The witness had been an old friend of Mr. Appleboy's, had he not? Tunnygate admitted it, and Tutt pecked him again. Never had done him any wrong, had he? Nothing in particular. Well, any wrong? Tunnygate hesitated. Why, yes, Appleboy had tried to fence in the public beach that belonged to everybody. Well, did that do the witness any harm? The witness declared that it did; compelled him to go round when he had a right to go across. Oh! Tutt put his head on one side and glanced at the jury. How many feet? About twenty feet. Then Tutt pecked a little harder.

"Didn't you tear a hole in the hedge and stamp down the grass when by taking a few extra steps you could have reached the beach without difficulty?"

"I—I simply tried to remove an illegal obstruction!" declared Tunnygate indignantly.

"Didn't Mr. Appleboy ask you to keep off?"

"Sure—yes!"

"Didn't you obstinately refuse to do so?"

Mr. Pepperill objected to "obstinately" and it was stricken out.

"I wasn't going to stay off where I had a right to go," asserted the witness.

"And didn't you have warning that the dog was there?"

"Look here!" suddenly burst out Tunnygate. "You can't hector me into thing. Appleboy never had a dog be He got a dog just to sick him on me! put up a sign 'Beware of the dog,' bu knew that I'd think it was just a bluf was a plant, that's what it was! And as soon as I got inside the hedge that went for me and nearly tore me to bi was a rotten thing to do and you know

He subsided, panting.

Tutt bowed complacently.

"I move that the witness' remark stricken out on the grounds first, that are unresponsive; second, that they irrelevant, incompetent and immat third, that they contain expressio opinion and hearsay; and fourth, that are abusive and generally improper."

"Strike them out!" directed Judge erspoon. Then he turned to Tunny "The essence of your testimony is tha defendant set a dog on you, is it not? had quarreled with the defendant, whom you had formerly been on fri terms. You entered on premises claim be owned by him, though a sign w you to beware of a dog. The dog att and bit you? That's the case, isn't it

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Had you ever seen that dog before

"No, sir."

"Do you know where he got it?"

"My wife told me ——"

"Never mind what your wife told Do you ——"

"He don't know where the dog came judge!" suddenly called out Mrs. T gate in strident tones from where she w ting. "But I know!" she added venom "That woman of his got it from ——

Judge Witherspoon fixed her coldly an impassive and judicial eye.

"Will you kindly be silent, madam? will no doubt be given an opportun testify as fully as you wish. That is a unless Mr. Tutt has some more questi

Tutt waved the witness from the contemptuously.

"Well, I'd like a chance to test shrilled Mrs. Tunnygate, rising in panoply.

"This way, madam," said the motioning her round the back of the box. And she swept ponderously int offing like a full-rigged bark and ca anchor in the witness chair, her chin and falling upon her heaving bosom li figurehead of a vessel upon a heavy h swell.

Now it has never been satisfactori plained just why the character of an vidual should be in any way ded from such irrelevant attributes as anatomy, bodily structure or the sh the cranium. Perhaps it is not, a reality we discern disposition from thing far more subtle—the tone o voice, the expression of the eyes, the of the face or even from an aura ceived by the senses. However that be, the wisdom of the Constitutional guard guaranteeing that every charged with crime shall be confront the witnesses against him was inst made apparent when Mrs. Tunnygat the stand, for without hearing a word her firmly compressed lips the jury taneously swept her with one co hensive glance and turned away. Stude women, experienced adventurers in mony, these plumbers, bird merc "delicatessens" and the rest looked ceived and comprehended that here w very devil of a woman—a virago, a sh termagant, a natural-born trouble-m and they shivered and thanked Go she was Tunnygate's and not theirs; unformulated sentiment best expres Pope's immortal couplet:

Oh woman, woman! when to ill thy n
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fie

She had said no word. Betwee judge and jury nothing had passed, a through the alpha rays of that myst medium of communication by whi men as men are united where wom concerned, the thought was directly mitted and unanimously acknowledge here for sure was a hell cat!

It was as naught to them that she te to the outrageous illegality of the boy's territorial ambitions, the irasc of the wife, the violent threats of th band; or that Mrs. Appleboy had observed to mail a suspicious letter s before the date of the canine assault. disregarded her. Yet when Tutt

(Continued on Page 189)

(Continued from Page 186)

ss xamination sought to attack her di lity by asking her various pertinent estns they unhesitatingly accepted his plil accusations as true, though under r es of evidence he was bound by her ia.

e 1: "Did you not knock Mrs. lloy's flower pots off the piazza?" he aded significantly.

Never! I never did!" she declared ately.

But they knew in their hearts that she

e 2: "Didn't you steal her milk h?"

What a lie! It's absolutely false!"

e they knew that she did.

e 3: "Didn't you tangle up their ies and take their tholepins?"

Vell, I never! You ought to be ashamed sla lady such questions!"

h found her guilty.

I ove to dismiss, Your Honor," chirped ithely at the conclusion of her testi-y.

e Witherspoon shook his head.

I ant to hear the other side," he re-. "The mere fact that the defendant u a sign warning the public against e may be taken as some evidence that a knowledge of the animal's vicious e ities. I shall let the case go to the uless this evidence is contradicted or ad. Reserve your motion."

Ve well, Your Honor," agreed Tutt, himself upon the abdomen. "I will w your suggestion and call the de-. Mr. Appleboy, take the stand."

r. ppleboy heavily rose and the heart e fat man upon the jury, and par-ar that of the Abyssinian brother e back row, went out to him. For as they had known without being told t new Mrs. Tunnygate was a vixen, nlized that Appleboy was a kind, rtured man—a little soft, perhaps, h clams, but no more dangerous. er, it was plain that he had suffered w, indeed, still suffering, and they pi for him. Appleboy's voice shook solid the rest of his person as he re-te his ancient friendship for Tunny-ar their piscatorial association, their ne matrimonial experiences, the sud-cinge in the temperature of the yf Throggs Neck, the malicious de-tio of their property and the unex-ec ggressions of Tunnygate upon the nd the jury, believing, understood. erlike the sword of Damocles the m voice of Pepperill severed the al tmosphere of amiability: "Where ou get that dog?"

ppleboy looked round helplessly, ss ictured in every feature.

ly wife's aunt lent it to us."

o did she come to lend it to you?" asemath wrote and asked for it."

n Did you know anything about the fe you sent for it?"

our own knowledge?" interjected sh ply.

h, o!" returned Appleboy.

id't you know it was a vicious ?" harply challenged Pepperill.

your own knowledge?" again d 'utt.

l ver seen the dog."

id t your wife tell you about it?"

t rang to his feet, wildly waving his

ject; on the ground that what etween husband and wife upon ject must be regarded as confi-l.

wise rule," said Judge Witherspoon, g. "Excluded."

pell shrugged his shoulders.

wld like to ask a question," inter-d ne editor of Baby's World.

! exclaimed Tutt eagerly.

e tor, who was a fat editor, rose in pa assed manner.

"Mr. Appleboy!" he began.

"Yes, sir!" responded Appleboy.

"I want to get this straight. You and your wife had a row with the Tunnygates. He tried to tear up your front lawn. You warned him off. He kept on doing it. You got a dog and put up a sign and when he disregarded it you sicked the dog on him. Is that right?"

He was manifestly friendly, merely a bit cloudy in the cerebellum. The Abyssinian brother pulled him sharply by the coat tails.

"Sit down," he whispered hoarsely. "You're gumming it all up."

"I didn't sick Andrew on him!" protested Appleboy.

"But I say, why shouldn't he have?" demanded the baby's editor. "That's what anybody would do!"

Pepperill sprang frantically to his feet.

"Oh, I object! This juryman is showing bias. This is entirely improper."

"I am, am I?" sputtered the fat editor angrily. "I'll show you ——"

"You want to be fair, don't you?" whined Pepperill. "I've proved that the Appleboys had no right to hedge in the beach!"

"Oh, pooh!" sneered the Abyssinian, now also getting to his feet. "Supposing they hadn't? Who cares a damn? This man Tunnygate deserved all he's got!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated the judge firmly. "Take your seats or I shall declare a mistrial. Go on, Mr. Tutt. Call your next witness."

"Mrs. Appleboy," called out Tutt, "will you kindly take the chair?" And that good lady, looking as if all her adipose existence had been devoted to the production of the sort of pies that mother used to make, placidly made her way to the witness stand.

"Did you know that Andrew was a vicious dog?" inquired Tutt.

"No!" answered Mrs. Appleboy firmly. "I didn't."

O woman!

"That is all," declared Tutt with a triumphant smile.

"Then," snapped Pepperill, "why did you send for him?"

"I was lonely," answered Bashemath unblushingly.

"Do you mean to tell this jury that you didn't know that that dog was one of the worst biters in Livornia?"

"I do!" she replied. "I only knew Aunt Eliza had a dog. I didn't know anything about the dog personally."

"What did you say to your aunt in your letter?"

"I said I was lonely and wanted protection."

"Didn't you hope the dog would bite Mr. Tunnygate?"

"Why, no!" she declared. "I didn't want him to bite anybody."

At that the delicatessen man poked the plumber in the ribs and they both grinned happily at one another.

Pepperill gave her a last disgusted look and sank back in his seat.

"That is all!" he ejaculated feebly.

"One question, if you please, madam," said Judge Witherspoon. "May I be permitted to"—he coughed as a suppressed snicker ran round the court—"that is—may I not—er —— Oh, look here! How did you happen to have the idea of getting a dog?"

Mrs. Appleboy turned the full moon of her homely countenance upon the court.

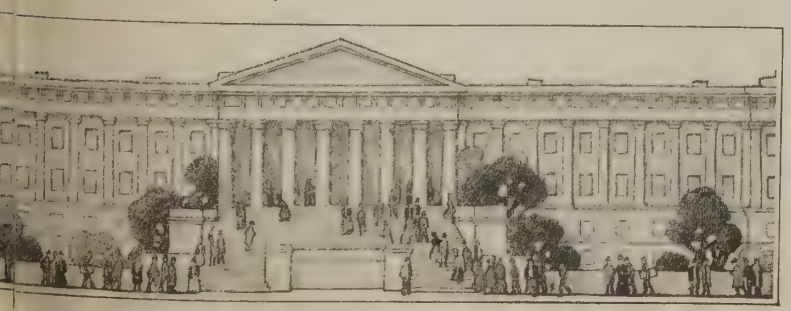
"The potato peel came down that way!" she explained blandly.

"What!" exploded the dealer in rubber novelties.

"The potato peel—it spelled 'dog,'" she repeated artlessly.

"Lord!" deeply suspirated Pepperill. "What a case! Carry me out!"

"Well, Mr. Tutt," said the judge, "now I will hear what you may wish to say upon



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the question of whether this issue should be submitted to the jury. However, I shall rule that the indictment is sufficient."

Tutt elegantly rose.

"Having due respect to Your Honor's ruling as to the sufficiency of the indictment I shall address myself simply to the question of *scienter*. I might, of course, dwell upon the impropriety of charging the defendant with criminal responsibility for the act of another free agent even if that agent be an animal—but I will leave that, if necessary, for the Court of Appeals. If anybody were to be indicted in this case I hold it should have been the dog Andrew. Nay, I do not jest! But I can see by Your Honor's expression that any argument upon that score would be without avail."

"Entirely," remarked Witherspoon. "Kindly go on!"

"Well," continued Tutt, "the law of this matter needs no elucidation. It has been settled since the time of Moses."

"Of whom?" inquired Witherspoon. "You don't need to go back farther than Chief Justice Marshall so far as I am concerned."

Tutt bowed.

"It is an established doctrine of the common law both of England and America that it is wholly proper for one to keep a domestic animal for his use, pleasure or protection, until, as Dykeman, J., says in Muller vs. McKesson, 10 Hun., 45, 'some vicious propensity is developed and brought out to the knowledge of the owner.' Up to that time the man who keeps a dog or other animal cannot be charged with liability for his acts. This has always been the law.

"In the twenty-first chapter of Exodus at the twenty-eighth verse it is written: 'If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.'

"In the old English case of Smith vs. Pehal, 2 Strange, 1264, it was said by the court: 'If a dog has once bit a man, and the owner having notice thereof keeps the dog, and lets him go about or lie at his door, an action will lie against him at the suit of a person who is bit, though it happened by such person's treading on the dog's toes; for it was owing to his not hanging the dog on the first notice. And the safety of the king's subjects ought afterwards to be endangered.' That sound law; but it is equally good law t 'if a person with full knowledge of the propensities of an animal wantonly exc him or voluntarily and unnecessarily himself in the way of such an anima would be adjudged to have brought injury upon himself, and ought not t entitled to recover. In such a case it not be said in a legal sense that the kee of the animal, which is the gravamen o offense, produced the injury.'

"Now in the case at bar, first ther clearly no evidence that this defen knew or ever suspected that the dog And was otherwise than of a mild and g disposition. That is, there is no evid whatever of *scienter*. In fact, excep this single instance there is no evid that Andrew ever bit anybody. T in the word of Holy Writ the defen Appleboy should be quit, and in the guage of our own courts he must be harmless. Secondly, moreover, it app that the complainant deliberately put self in the way of the dog Andrew, afte warning. I move that the jury be dire to return a verdict of not guilty."

"Motion granted," nodded Judge W erspoon, burying his nose in his hanc chief. "I hold that every dog is entitl one bite."

"Gentlemen of the jury," chanted clerk: "How say you? Do you find defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," returned the fore eagerly, amid audible evidences of sati tion from the Abyssinian brother, Baby's World editor and the others. Appleboy clung to Tutt's hand, over by emotion.

"Adjourn court!" ordered the ju Then he beckoned to Mr. Appl "Come up here!" he directed.

Timidly Mr. Appleboy approached dais.

"Don't do it again!" remarked Honor shortly.

"Eh? Beg pardon, Your Hon mean ——"

"I said: 'Don't do it again!'" rep the judge with a twinkle in his eye. lowering his voice he whispered: "Y I come from Livornia, and I've k Andrew for a long time."

As Tutt guided the Appleboys out the corridor the party came face to with Mr. and Mrs. Tunnygate.

"Huh!" sneered Tunnygate.

"Huh!" retorted Appleboy.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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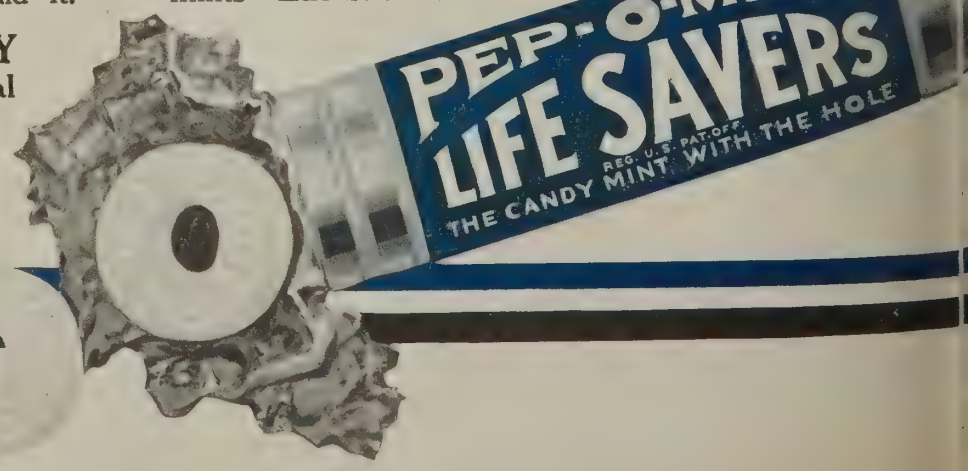

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HE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

Charity Stared at Him From Mocking Gray Eyes. "Your Name is George Washington!" She Said

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

GE of those fairest of English counties which ie ong the Marches of Wales snuggles a village vhse one straggling street is guarded by a n led, scarred and riven oak. Its crown has ge this fifty years; its branches have been d ach generation; its trunk is a hollow playground for village children; but its l ves still come with the spring, and on summer afternoons its mighty shadow s ward the east. It is girdled by a circular bench hardened and weathered by time ai ed in a maze of initials, interlocked hearts and crude monograms.

ie ain road from the little market town of Castle-chepe is in winter a long-drawn di nave whose roof is composed of fairy fanlike tracery of meeting elm branches. mer it is a tunnel of green pierced by twinkling shafts and arrows of dancing he road seems to stop short at the oak tree, but in reality it turns sharp to the flowing the high wall of the great park; and thus the tide of traffic no more la the edge of the village green. Behind the sentinel oak straggles the village , sing sharply halfway along, and bordered by a clear little roadside runnel of ater which murmurs pleasantly in the day and splashes cheerfully in the more ni ht. Children, unworried by wagons, may safely launch paper boats; and cows, pe d by automobiles, may saunter along.

si rs stand on the stone slab which spans the runnel and knock, for the cottage ns re behind and the houses touch the street. Most of these houses were built t oak was young. Their shoulders are bent with age, their diamond leaded a blurred, and their lintels sag with the weight of years. In summer climbing bbm and wistaria hangs in clusters of mauve. In the autumn crimson creepers h timbered walls and overrun the thick patched thatching of the roofs.

e are one hundred and five houses in the parish, including the manor house t great walled park. Of these eighty-one are in the village, and most of the e nestling farmsteads, the largest farm covering nine hundred acres; the s sixty-one acres. There are twelve thousand acres in the parish. All these, o in adjoining parishes, and all the farm buildings belong to the owner of fr s Park. He is Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs, owner of all the houses in the e St. Dyfrigs, except one, and of the advowson of the parish church. To him t the surface of the land, and all the coal and minerals which may be found th lown to the center of the earth, and all the salmon that may be caught in a two-mile stretch of river, and all the air above his land, and all the ether above that through infinite space. He is about to be deprived of one of the immemorial family possessions, perhaps without compensation. The government, finding private ownership of the atmosphere incompatible with the airman's rights, is about to nationalize the empyrean.

On the top of the park wall where the road turns by the oak is perched a gazebo or summerhouse or observation post, from which the lord of the manor may overlook most of his domain. It projects over the road, and from its window in an older day could be handed a letter or a packet to the guard of the passing coach. It commands the length of the village street except when the oak is in full foliage, and it once had a moral significance. It was no frowning tower or overawing fortalice, but it dominated. It looked down on the simple folk of the village, reminding them always of the overlordship of the great house and of the paternal beneficence of the great family.

On a summer's afternoon toward the middle of the nineteenth century it was visited by Lionel Saint John Mildmay Lingard. He had received an anonymous note in a lady's hand telling him that if he came to the oak tree at four o'clock he would see a sight which he would never forget. He came instead to the eyrie on the wall, whence he could see and not be seen. He peered through the lattice and descried beneath the oak a golden-haired lady of fashion—young, pretty, with a deep-hanging chignon, a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, and a sprigged dimity skirt which swayed gracefully above its supporting crinoline.

The lord of the manor grinned and stroked his long spreading whiskers between thumb and finger. This was the most brazen assignation to which he had ever been invited.

"Deuced pretty—yes! Does the little fool really think—— Why, the village is buzzing already! Damme, it's Charity Turle, my cowman's daughter!"

He raised his eyes at the sound of horses' hoofs. Down the road came his younger brother, driving those three matched bays all in a line, bowling along with their high knee action, their heads checked up, that long whip dexterously wreathed, keeping the leader at his pace and in his place.

The lord of the manor grinned. There had been a real bobbery, a thundering row that morning about this tandem team. The order had been given. It must be put down. It was too costly.

"I'll get even," the younger brother had threatened, swearing fierce oaths.

"With your allowance, I hope you mean," the elder had sneered.

The turnpike gate flew wide. The horses pranced through.

"Gad," muttered the connoisseur on the wall. "Roger can drive! The finest whip in England!"

The horses checked beneath the oak. The unseen watcher frowned and bent forward to the lattice. The smart little tiger jumped down and flew to the leader's head. The driver circled his whip thong in artistic double twist about the stock, raised his curved brimmed beaver hat to Mistress Charity Turle, then held out his hand. She climbed the high yellow wheel of the gig, her skirt ballooning wide.

The whip cracked, the little tiger darted for the step behind, the horses pranced.

The girl kissed her hand to the lattice.

"Good-by, brother-in-law!" she cried.

The lord of the manor flung open the shutter. He hurled a name at her, unprintable, infamous.

She kissed her hand again. The gig rocked as the horses pranced away.

The couple returned within the week, the bride waving her marriage certificate. They stayed at the cowman's cottage. Mrs. Roger Lingard, née Turle, climbed a ladder and stuck a small flagstaff into the thatching. On the flag was a boar's head, the crest of the Lingards. She led the willing bridegroom along the seldom used right of way through the park. They sauntered, laughing, hand in hand, flaunting their happiness. The countryside was on the broad grin.

Then they stated their terms. Charity's father, who had of course been served with notice to quit his home, must receive a gift of the cottage. Her husband must have two thousand pounds. These things done he and she would emigrate. They sailed for New York within two weeks on one of those newfangled vessels propelled by steam.

They came back eighteen years later, prosperous, shedding dollars. They were ignored at the manor house, welcomed in the cottage. They spent two thousand dollars in the reconstruction of the latter, and Charity furnished the parlor with beautiful old furniture which would now be priceless. The cottage surpassed every home in the village, even the vicarage.

They disappeared, this time for good. A new generation came. A languishing correspondence between cousins dropped. The three matched bays, the gig, the American Lingards faded into hazy village legend.

In the summer of 1914 a boy of twenty sat beneath the oak and looked about with shining, curious eyes. He had the bright skin of new threshed barley seeds and the golden-brown hair of a ripe wheat field. Eager interest marked his alert face and American accents marked his utterance as he said aloud: "The very spot!"

He was disappointed of course. Imagination transcends the possible and the golden haze of the dreams of youth is always more splendid than the most brilliant sunshine of reality. He had expected a unique unmatchable tree spreading great boughs. He remembered now that even oaks decay. He had thought to find the tree faced by a castle from which upshot a frowning tower. He saw a stone wall surmounted by a queer-looking kind of summerhouse shadowed by a lime tree, which he called a linden. He had pictured a village green covered with emerald grass. This one was brown from summer's sun, bare in spots where children played, and flecked with white feathers from a trespassing flock of geese. Still it was very pretty.

He recalled the family legend as it had come down to him: An oak tree; a castle tower—that was the summerhouse on the wall; three horses all in a line—how could anybody drive a team so harnessed? A toll gate—the gate was gone; but the house was still there, the only one fronting the main road; he knew it because the door projected like a nose, and windows in the nose looked either way. An heiress, beautiful, with golden hair, sacrificing all for love, torn from resisting relatives and their retainers—young Lochinvar over again, except that the bride was not swung lightly to the horse's croup, but lifted to a kind of two-wheeled buggy.

He pictured it all. The bride must have come to the tryst through that old oak door in the wall opposite him; the fight had been fought right here. His great-grandfather had won, single-handed. He thrilled to the story, never suspecting that his great-grandmother, dead years before he was born, had romantically enriched her tale. Her embroidery had the far-off result of making this descendant an exception to the general rule. Every American of British descent possesses an estate in chancery; but he had two.

He had only hours to spare in his short hard-won vacation, but he had solemnly promised his father to hunt up the titles to both the Lingard property and the Turle estate. Now that he was here on the spot he found himself more eager to find cousins than estates. He hoped that the properties would not be in chancery and that relatives would give him the glad hand.

The great oak door in the wall was flung open from within. Young Roger Lingard jumped up and crossed. He saw stretching expanses of velvet green dotted by oaks and elms and chestnuts. Red cattle with white faces browsed, all blocky and square framed and beautifully true to type.

"Hereford pedigree herd," he murmured ecstatically, for he knew about cattle.

"Some place!"

He was moved by the rich ordered beauty of the far-extending park.

Men close by were planting posts and putting up railings. In the distance he saw a gleaming orange-colored object—a girl on horseback, he thought.

Through the Open Door He Saw That the Old Man Had Pried Up a Hearthstone and Was Lifting Another Bag

A man came and curtly demanded what he wanted.

"Do the Turles still live here?" he asked eagerly.

He saw a sudden surly frown, a look that asked if he was perpetrating an offensive joke.

"Buy a guidebook," was the abrupt answer.

Young Lingard, surprised, affronted, stepped back a pace. He almost bumped into an aged man, who shook his head and muttered: "It bain't right; 'tis a right of way." The old man stretched an accusing finger at the workmen, then retreated to the oak, sat and took off his hat. The boy looked across at the thatch of white hair, the long white beard, the large chiseled nose; and he thought that such a noble-looking patriarch might perhaps just remember his great-grandfather.

He was about to go over and ask when an automobile came round the corner and was suddenly checked by the side.

"What a perfectly beautiful old man!" said one lady.

"Perfectly lovely!" the other agreed.

One got out with a camera. "Please turn your head a little. . . . Yes. . . . That's right." Click. "Now just look at me, please." Click. "Splendid!"

These commands had been pleasantly given in a soft voice and with an American inflection. They jarred on the boy. He thought the whole procedure an impertinence and was surprised by the obedience of the old man. He was shocked when the lady crossed with an open purse, astonished when the aged villager touched that saintly halo of reverend hair with his uplifted hand and said, "Thankee kindly, mum."

A girl came riding out of the park. Her foot in the stirrup brushed the boy's sleeve. She was hatless, gloveless, and a tennis racket was clasped under her arm. She wore a brilliant orange-colored sports coat of silk. Her skirt was white and so was the buckskin shoe in the stirrup.

Click.

The girl checked her horse in front of the automobile, turned, and laughingly addressed young Lingard with her racket. The man had so curtly addressed young Lingard came through the door at the imperious summons.

"This lady," the girl said, "has taken a snapshot of me."

"Oh, the nerve of her!" thought young Lingard.

Her pleasant, deep voice was slightly raised. Her manner was undisturbed. She had summoned a servitor as a princess might, to address one of the common people; yet the astonished lady with the camera was obviously a gentlewoman.

The girl moved her horse away and the retainer took her place in front of the car. She turned in the shade of the oak tree and calmly looked on, in the perfected aloofness. Meanwhile two indignant elderly ladies argued with the inflexible man who stood square planted in the middle of the road.

"The camera and your address," he demanded. "I'll destroy this picture and send the camera and the films developed to you."

They protested violently. This was a holdup. It was feudal. It was worse than brigandage. Such an outrage could never happen in the United States. But the man was inexorable. He proposed a compromise. They promised to destroy the picture themselves.

"I am sure you would," said the polite blocker of the way; "but such promise was broken, and I have my orders."

"A fair offer," young Lingard said impulsively. "Let them go."

"And what business is it of yours?"

Lingard leaped. His outstretched hands caught the other's chest and forced backward steps. The chauffeur thrust in his clutch. The car moved. Lingard squared for the inevitable. He was a good boxer, but fifty pounds lighter.

He had shoved the unprepared opponent almost under the horse's feet. He saw above him a bending orange-colored body, a dark angry face, an uplifted tennis racket; but it did not descend on his head.

"Bick, no fighting!" she commanded.

The man fell back, dropping his arms. A tense instant followed. The girl was looking down into the boy's eyes. The clear dark skin of her cheeks

s used underneath with a soft glowing crimson. f head was now smooth, but her dark eyes still me with the passionate anger she had so quickly erl. He waited, his eyes not wavering. He ex- d peech of course. The incident, the exchanged emanded it. But she drew on the curb, the horse dwheeled and walked away.

etainer retreated. As he reëntered the park he his shoulder: "The next time it'll be the pond, ug cockney cooky."

oor in the wall was slammed and bolted from with- Roger Lingard turned, clenching his fists, to find him- ac to face with the white-haired old man, who was

Lingard Saw Above Him a Bending Orange-Colored Body, a Dark Angry Face, an Uplifted Tennis Racket; But it Did Not Descend on His Head

t door with rtd eyes.
t was that n lady?" manded. harp tone ngry boy to recall g wits. n Lingard, the an- thought et it on but she quick and e still as figed lap- ave they p?"
pinted to o. Roger absently, ig of the hich he heard. e to the at down. y heard senile cry old man the de- hat the pened. is right of e patri- steamed. ith were ore the e built." the door h stick. pen!" he be going stichepe." ome in- , William me from . Go home get thy

and laugh- ed.

o man turned, muttering. Roger hurried to him. rl?" the boy asked eagerly. "Did they say that? me Turle?"

a sudden craven fear in the aged blinking eyes, ng cherry stick shake in the gnarled hand, which dn spasms.

eeest a Yankee," the old man quavered.

ied and stumbled away with surprising speed, in anic terror. The boy laughed harshly.

ettles it," he thought. "One branch of the fam- o bat me over the eye with her racket; the other I had smallpox. She thinks she owns the road me to get off it. He scrapes his forelock and ip"

lcered at the bolted door.

ond, huh?" he muttered, glancing about.

e as none in sight, but he had read of duckings in ds covered with green slime.

ney cooky,' huh?"

shed his fists again. He did not know the mean- he top note of contempt was amply conveyed. n't be a cousin," he thought.

ed into the old turnpike house, which bore a n Teas—Mineral Waters. A stout woman whose eo breastpin lay horizontally and undulated and down gave him a glass of milk and gossiped in answer to questions. Her husband's father, had opened the gate to that randem team.

ld man as you was talking to," she said, "is the the cowman's daughter as a Lingard demeaned marrying."

sman, a toucher of the forelock for alms—a is heiress ancestress, the cowman's daughter.

The boy's illusion came crashing. But though the ancestral dream on the maternal side was rudely shattered, on the paternal side it was surpassed by reality. He listened with interest to the story of the splendor of the Lingards.

He left the turnpike house laughing. It was funny. An heiress! How did these stories begin? He thought that he should not tell his father. His father talked a lot about gentle blood on both sides. He had a new sense of vivid curiosity about the Turles as well as the Lingards. The village had been made human to him by this fat woman's voluble, cheerful gossip. He knew now that its name, St. Dyfrigs, rimed not with stiff rigs but with love rigs; and he rolled this softer pronunciation on his tongue.

He sauntered up the street, talking to everybody—to the woman sitting knitting in her doorway, with two children playing in the road; to the wheelwright, who gladly paused for a chat; to the old postmistress, who he did not know was a regulator of village clocks—every day, at four precisely, she removed from her bald head a straw hat to which was pinned a false front, and put on a smooth brown wig; to an aged man on sticks, who stood in the sun warming his old back against a hot stone wall; to a milkmaid, whose rolled-up sleeves disclosed round, sound, wholesome arms; to the road mender, who sliced evenly the turf by the roadside. He absorbed all that they told him, wondering at their frankness, warmed by their cordiality, exhilarated by his secret connection with both hall and village.

He did not know that his smile was sunshine and that the frank and genial comradeship which he felt in his heart was conveyed in his manner; nor had he learned that villagers love to talk to strangers from afar, who will be off in an hour and pass nothing along. Talk relieves monotony. There is the satisfaction of playing cicerone. There is the pleasure of hearing exclamations of surprise and interest. It is the amused and exuberant curiosity of the American tourist which leads cottagers to dwell on scandals in the neighboring great family.

But the boy heard only kindly, almost affectionate words about the Lingards, and wonderful stories of their constant, unremitting generosity. People were less inclined to talk about the Turles. He heard of Tom Turle and Charity—yes, she had his great-grandmother's first name—but there was a cool silence about them.

By the time he had passed the last house and stood on the hilltop he had formed definite impressions. He framed sentences for the night's letter to his father: "The Lingards are the whole bunch here. They have great family pride. There is a young lady, a little younger than I am. She is a wildcat one minute and a beautiful stone image the next. Their estate is like a parlor just dusted. The village is a little heaven. Wages are only $4.76 per week, but everybody seems comfortable. The Lingards are splendid landlords and most generous. The Turles are not so important as you thought. There is a young man a little older than I, and a girl about my age. I have not met the Lingards or the Turles socially. I may not introduce myself perhaps. Things are different here. I have not yet examined the titles to the Lingard estate. There is no Turle estate."

He looked down the steep green hillside at a soft red roof and an old church tower. Summer's full foliage of oak and ash and beech hid all the rest. This disappearing trick seemed to him delightful, and he thought that only an English village could hide away like this. He looked over the checkerboarded countryside, vivid green in irregular squares, with here and there a golden field of ripening grain. It was very pretty, he thought, but too completed and finicky and trim. He wanted real mountains and deep cañons, where slap-dash cataracts suddenly changed their minds and their courses, and carried off trees and danced bowlders about. He craved a general helter-skelter of Nature, which showed that there was still a lot for man to do. That was the way of Nature when one went on vacations in the United States.

He was leaning on a new gate, on the top bar of which the initials G. R. had been burned. A boy came driving a pig and opened the gate.

"What do these initials mean?" he asked, curious about everything.

"The King, sir. This be crownland from that there hedge. T'other side is the squire's." The boy pointed to the great park below, which looked, inside its circling wall, like a giant green gem set in a band of silver. "The squire," he said, "do live there. He have two legs, but he can't walk. His eyes be wide open, but he can't see naught. His lips do move, but he do grunt, no more, and they puts a cloth about his neck and do feed him same as babies is fed. He ——"

But the pig dodged into the opposite hedge, and the boy ran after it.

The astonished listener turned as a young man, powerfully built, broad of chest, came bustling along, swinging a sledge hammer as though it were a cane.

"A beautiful village," said Roger, falling into step.

The young man grinned. "Yes; its face washed, its hair curled, its pinafore starched. Did you smell a pig as you came along?"

The boy laughed and shook his head.

"The pig," said he of the sledge hammer, "is the support of man. He has been since the world began. What about the kitchen leavings and the cabbage stalks and the garden waste, and the fat side hanging from rafters in the kitchen come Christmas time, when the kiddies could do with some rich fat on their bread and the old uns with thick slices that stick to their ribs? But squire says no." He laughed, but his eyes were serious. "He might smell 'em if he chooses to ride through his village.

(Continued on Page 186)

ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION

Is it Not a Delightful ge at Which the Imagin on Rides Freely as it it Even on Trains of Tho e?

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE young man, who often tells me of his high ambitions, begged to be taken across the village street to the railway station for further entertainment. We were fresh from one treat; nothing less than a visit to the jewelry shop where hangs the choice cuckoo clock. We had hoped only to hear it strike twelve, but the kindly owner, perhaps pleased at our notice, had toyed with time like a god and made the thing do twenty-four hours for us. Ninety separate times the hidden bird revealed itself, bowed and was vocal, which seemed enough even for a confirmed cuckoo addict.

Indeed I was afraid one of us would not only become bored before we caught up with time again, but would allow this to be discovered by his generous host. Yet not so. Fain would he have had yet ninety other carols from the patient bird. He lingered before the counter expectantly, even too suggestively, until the secret hope was dashed. Then rather desperately he demanded to know the price of the marvel—and lingered still another moment, gamely dissembling the consternation with which he had been stricken when the proud owner named a certain figure in brutal dollars. For the delectable contrivance was remotely beyond his slender means. But I felt him secretly resolving that come what might he would one day have a cuckoo clock of his own. And I didn't blame him, because—as he has more than once pointed out—how can anyone be sure the bird behind that little flapping wooden door is not a regular bird and may not some day in the course of the hours fly right out and sing a long time?

The Great Men of the Engine

AND so when he now observed the small dingy train that comes down to us from the main line and rests awhile before it goes back, how natural that he should wish to stand beside it and advance his education as a locomotive engineer. Indeed as we crossed the street he confided to me that when he did become an engineer he would have a great deal of money and when he had a great deal of money he would spend it for a cuckoo clock. He debated returning to tell the jeweler this lest meantime some rich person buy the clock, but I dissuaded him, not wishing to build false hopes in the mind of the tradesman.

So we stood presently beside a locomotive that stewed thrillingly in its insides. Free were we to inspect its black wonders, to touch its puissant wheels, to identify bell and whistle and headlight and cowcatcher. And believe it or not, but the engineer himself descended into our very presence with a long-nosed oil can and a bunch of cotton waste and began to annoint and massage his vast treasure, while aloft on his throne lolled the fireman and looked lordly from his casement and ate rare foods from a shining bucket believed to be of silver. It was the first time we had ever been so intimate with a locomotive, the first glimpse we had been vouchsafed of this glorious monster in what might be called a domestic moment. Need I say it was ecstasy to loiter amid the ineffable perfume of soft-coal smoke and sprightly steam, watching a live engineer in blue jumper and overalls at his important ministrations—watching at his midday banquet a live fireman in a badly chosen derby hat, once brown but now enhanced to a royal purple by weathering millenniums?

Again the young man affirmed to me his resolve to become at once a locomotive engineer, doubly firm now because the emoluments would enable one to acquire a certain clock hitherto beyond the reach of any but persons of vast wealth. With one hand on a driving wheel he sacredly promised always to permit all members of his family to ride on his train without price, even in the dining car or out on the back porch where the folding chairs are, and it was further promised that perhaps on occasion I might be let to sit up beside him and watch him engineer. And if he wished to come home for a few days he assured me that they would keep his train for him. He said he would be able to take this train where he liked—to Chicago or San Francisco or Boston or Africa, where desirable wild beasts are; and he would have lots of allowance given to him for his engineering. In short there was now but one life, one career, to be considered.

It has not always been so. There was a time when to be a dentist seemed most lovely, but this has been put away as childish. And there has been strong talk of deep-sea diving. I have been assured that if I would but procure him a diver's suit he would go down on the bottom of the main ocean with a good pincher pick and catch fish. More than once he has declared that this would be his favorite pleasure. And I have had to concede that it sounded attractive. I especially like the pincher pick—it sounds so useful. There has been, too, some talk of a naval career and not a little of aviation, but just now we can see nothing but locomotive engineering as the occupation of delights and rewards. Possibly this ideal may alter—at six one's life work is seldom determined.

But to hear the young man talk now about the life and privileges and supreme importance of a locomotive engineer you might suspect that he had given valued assistance in the preparation of that joyous document named so modestly to us as the Plumb Plan. Indeed there are certain features of that plan which I can with difficulty conceive not t come from his own wi imagining. I am certa would cordially approv proposal to give him the and the track and the and the money paid hi grateful and admiring p gers.

Is it not a delightful a and the age of the Plumb gifted author, that age at the imagination rides fre it lists even on trai thought—when the gritty science of econon seen to be a lovely sch all take and no give? I believe that either of these th would be for a moment disturb a suggestion that the train tracks and depots are not th take—that they are the store of quite other persons. I do n lieve either of them would be al by the prediction that infantile paralysis dustry would waken them from their dre glorious taking. And I affirm confidently t least one of them would noisily rejoice t that cuckoo clocks had been nationalized knows of one he would love to nationalize

As in a Wavy Mirror

BUT in truth I seem unable just now to the young man on the choice of a v better than his own fresh instinct seems t taught him. For of course the old-fashione of this piece is not a very funny joke. Beca one at present would advise anyone for who fare he might feel concerned to choose an fession whatever. And, outside the profe what better career than that of the locom engineer or fireman—even the fireman of ble freight engine?

Could I conscientiously urge the youth in tion to strive for a statesman's laurels when t gineer now receives more pay for his service the average governor of a state? I am not say isn't worth it; undoubtedly there are in ou more highly skilled engineers than there are skilled governors—the standard of effectiveness to be higher. Our engines have to be run ju while our states are lucky to be run even so-s But we are here concerned with what the comin shall do to gain his daily bread and a coat upon to blazon his wound chevrons from the high living.

Why deny that I am puzzled by some asp the problem? When I gulp the headlines of a ing paper nowadays I feel as you feel when you into one of those cheap wavy mirrors—you kn kind. They make you look as if you must be If I now read with understanding, the world common conviction is that the only way to low cost of living is to raise prices. I believe I ar so far. The cost of living is high; wages must be above it. As wages are raised the process wi the effect of a descent in the cost of living. Fa logic apparently. Yet something warns me the catch in it. Stubbornly across my mental scre trudes the image of a running man in the su He is running as fast as he can. He is running ahead of his shadow.

But I remind myself that my vision is probably not
thetic—that a mere literary geisha can hardly from
sie lines so easily probe the mysteries of this mass
y. I tell myself that I would think differently if I had
ec cation of a union-labor leader. And I read on below
a azing headlines to correct—if possible—my own
isreasoning. There I learn that everyone is becoming
ned as fast as he can, and as fast as he becomes
ned he is striking for higher pay to meet the rising
c living—the mysterious figure that mounts so un-
u ably, so perversely, with mounting wages. So it
's so simple as at first I thought it must be, or the
nabor leaders, who are intelligent men, would see it
d
ay, the unionizing and the striking go merrily
-licemen, newspaper writers, school children, the
ce all girls of Leadville, scrub women, comedians,
ers coach drivers, egg candlers, tragedians, aviators,
orces, window washers, light-opera tenors, buttonhole
ers leading ladies, knife grinders, pants pressers,
y en. It is true the latter have not yet struck, but
a ion is threatened from more than one authoritative
ce and had my own life and training fitted me to be
his cloth I suspect their strike would not still be
-lya threat. Why should clergymen stay out of the
m e when the getting is good? We seem, then, to be
on the way to a complete unionism.
It's what I wish to be told—preferably by the wisest
n ader now engaged in leading—is what will happen
. see as plainly as they do that wages are raised and
i ns for certain workers bettered here and there by
es On broad impersonal grounds I applaud the wit
he New Hampshire corn cutters who strike for nine
ra day and win. I applaud the reporters of that
England city who struck the other day. I like their
t; didn't think they had it in them. Thanks to the
ng their union now gives them, some of them may
u out of the class of mere reporters and become book
ws or dramatic critics at a living wage. Possibly a
m even hope to become writers.

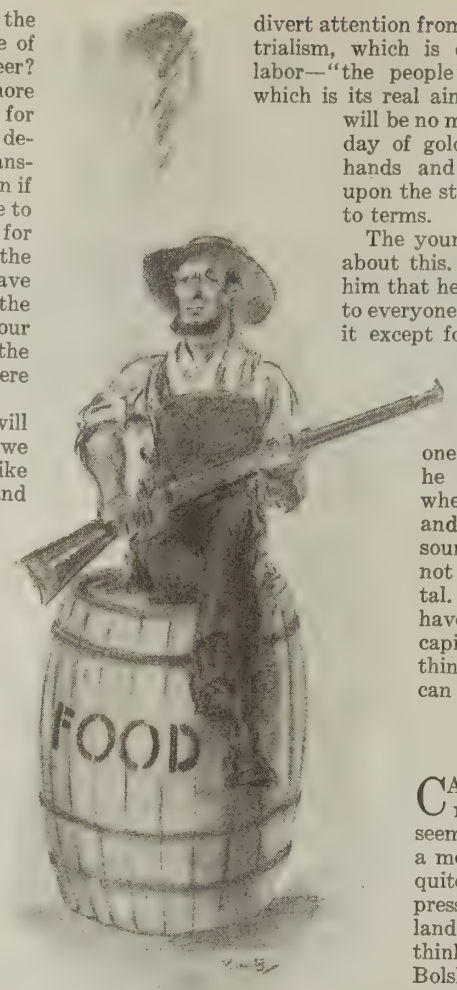
When the Big Union Comes

There is the new actors' union. We all know actors
wh are too good to need the bolstering of any union, but
ne ther hand it must be said of the majority of our
es a all kindness that they do need a union, even as
ament maker needs one, and I rejoice that they now
if I am only sorry their strike broke before certain
ei opponents—the managers—got a fraction of what
o ing to them in the way of punishment for having
se upon a particularly helpless class of only moder-
s lled labor. But again I wish to be told by the
la or leader what will happen when we have all been
ully affiliated.
Thus-far innocent bystander it would seem that
w are all one big union there will be no one left to
gainst. And if it be conceivable that we shall then
neso uncomradely as to strike against ourselves,
what labor leader will then decide when the shoemaker has by strikes raised the price of shoes sufficiently high to the striking engineer? Will the engineer continue to strike for more money to pay the ever-upward price for shoes—which the shoemaker must ever demand because of the mounting price of transportation? Not forgetting the farmer, even if we are not now in Congress and would dare to do so. The farmer, having to pay more for shoes and more for his coat and to ride on the steam cars and to ship his wheat, will have to have more money for his wheat. And the farmer is a mean man to annoy. Under our present wise laws he is free to do things in the way of combination that would get a mere manufacturer into very serious trouble.

So when the big union comes—and who will say it isn't on the way—shall we be where we started? Will the farmer then indeed strike against the engineer and the shoemaker and the rest, or will someone in authority call a truce, and if so, who? Or will the gladsome era of rising wages go on and on? Will it continue to be thought that if wages can only be raised high enough the cost of living will be left far beneath? In short, will it help matters to double the pay of all of us? Am I wrong in suspecting that the cost of living would also be doubled—and not by a miracle or freak of Nature beyond understanding? Would it be like doubling the price of chips in a game of cards called draw poker on the blithe assumption that twice as much money would then be won? And if so, have not expert statisticians demonstrated that—no matter the amount won in a given game—an equal amount is lost?

I am groping, to be sure, but I am curious about the behavior of the big union that will have affiliated us all by next year or the year after. Will it then be a matter of determining if the farmer is more important than the engineer or the steel worker? And would not this be a difficult problem? I can see a pair of hands declining to convey food to the mouth—going out on strike because the hands do all the work and the stomach is a mere fat ultimate consumer producing nothing. And I can see the eyes and the ears and the feet striking in sympathy with the hands to bring that slothful capitalist, the stomach, to terms. But are not these striking members in some measure dependent on the well-being of the stomach? And how long would they exist without the head above them all? I have not specialized in physiology, but one may gather, even from the Sunday editions, that without a nourished head the organism now known to us as human would deteriorate.

A young thinker, who delights to wear a cravat of defiant hue and whose emotions are generous but sometimes curdled, here tells me that I willfully confuse the real issue; that I am—and very probably for reasons not unconnected with the lucre of a venal press—seeking to divert attention from the one great crime of industrialism, which is capital. He says that when labor—"the people"—have taken over capital, which is its real aim and its only recourse, there will be no more strife; then will ensue the day of golden plenty for all, when the hands and the feet through pressure upon the stomach have brought the head to terms.



The Farmer is a Mean Man to Annoy

The young thinker is heatedly certain about this. It is so simply apparent to him that he believes it is simply apparent to everyone else and that no one will deny it except for a price. He declares that even these hirelings would no longer dare deny it if we had here a free press and the right of free speech. It is one of his curdled moments and he points valiantly to Russia, where freedom is now enthroned and capital is no more. And he sounds almost convincing, but not quite—especially about capital. For it does seem to me we have learned from Russia that capital is a peculiarly elusive thing that can be destroyed, but can never be taken over.

Inherent Rights

CAPITAL seems to be so much more than mere money. It seems to have qualities that escape a mere blunt talker. Nor am I quite persuaded about freedom of press and speech in that model land. I suspect this particular thinker could hardly be as anti-Bolshevist in Russia as he is anti-United States here, and get away with it. I doubt if his favorite periodical would flourish happily in Petrograd if it opposed the government there as it opposes the Government here.

Trustworthy reports from that center of enlightened progress indicate that critics of the prevailing régime are dealt with vigorously and without those more or less formal delays of the law guaranteed them under our own despotism. Still he insists that in Russia the people now have their inherent rights. And I cannot deny it; I can only retort that thus far they have not inspired me with envy. There the eyes and ears and hands and feet have struck against the stomach and withered the head—but can they survive the head's loss?

The thinker says that this is pitiful talk and only shows that even if I am not a hired minion of capital I am at least shockingly ignorant, inasmuch as it shows me not to have read Karl Marx, who explained everything clearly, regardless of how things may look in Russia just at this moment. He affirms further that labor has an inherent right to what it produces, which I am not prepared to dispute; I only wish to be assured that labor produces what it says it produces. I gather from this intellectual's handling of the phrase that our railway employees have an inherent right to the railways because they produced them. I also gather that my typewriter may at any moment strike to enforce an inherent right to what it produces. Is not this writing composed of words?

(Concluded on Page 85)

Stubbornly Across My Mental Screen Intrudes the Image of a Running Man in the Sunlight. He is Running to Get Ahead of His Shadow

THE CHANCE

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Stopped and Looked at Her, and the Glasses Fell From His Hand, the Lenses Shattering to Pieces on the Iron Floor

STEELBURG MILLS had a new Old Man; the old Old Man had left, quit, resigned—gone to take a bigger, better job with a bigger, better company. That's what he had said, anyway. They all say that when they leave, quit, resign: "Going to take a bigger, better job with a bigger, better company." Sure! It's surprising, it's really astonishing how many bigger, better jobs with bigger, better companies there are waiting for bigger, better men.

Steelburg Mills was glad the old Old Man had gone. From Dick Sloddy, the pit-cover boy at the bloomer, earning his twelve cents an hour, to Jerry Crane, the assistant roller at the rod mill, dragging down his twelve dollars a day, Steelburg Mills was glad. Perhaps that is why the mills coughed up twenty-eight hundred dollars to buy the departing Old Man a present—because they were glad he was leaving. And perhaps that wasn't the reason. Maybe Lafe Murdock had something to do with it.

Lafe Murdock was assistant general manager at Steelburg Mills. Lafe didn't like old Teller any more than Clancy or Smith or Olinsky did, but to watch him a while you'd think he loved him—always dogging his steps, meeting him at the gate when he would come into the yards, whispering in his ear, taking him by the arm when he was crossing a dangerous spot about the mills, running to meet him with an umbrella when it rained, smoking the same brand of cigars he smoked, looking over his big gray car and keeping it rubbed down and in trim—he was a prize lick-spittle. The way Lafe Murdock hung round and honeyed round the Old Man made everybody tired.

Lafe knew that he wasn't going to be the new Old Man, not if he had been A. G. M. for ten years; ke knew that even the chances for his keeping hold of what he had at Steelburg Mills weren't very fat, with old Teller gone. So with an eye to the future—there might be a place for him with Teller in that bigger, better company—he engineered the raising and the spending of the testimonial fund.

Lafe was necked like a bull, lipped like a horse, browed like a rooster, eyed like a pig, mouthed like a hippo. He wasn't to blame for these physical idiosyncrasies of course, but he was to blame for the two rows of fourteen gold teeth that lighted up the front of his gape. He might have grown a beard, raised a mustache, affected the need of horn-rimmed glasses or worn a stand-up collar, but he didn't—not much! Lafe liked Lafe as he was.

With certain employees about Steelburg Mills Lafe had a way; and with certain other employees there he didn't have a way. It was from the first of these that he pulled the twenty-eight hundred.

He'd go up to Yakabowski, sledging in a slag hole or shoveling in a scale pit or digging in a sewer ditch, and say: "Look here, John, the big boss is going to leave us and we want to make him a little present. How much are you going to give—two dollars, hey?" And Yakabowski, looking up from his work, and catching a glimpse of those fourteen gold teeth, the bull neck, the pig eyes, and so forth, would say promptly: "Oh, shee-ure! Two dollar? Dot's all right, Meester Murdock!" And then he'd start in to cuss away and loaf away five dollars' worth of the company's time because he had to give up nearly a day's pay. Lafe had a way with fellows like Yakabowski.

But when he'd approach Jones, melting steel at the Open Hearth or rolling rods at the rod mill or heating ingots at the rail mill, and attempt to touch him for five dollars, and Jones would look him straight in the pig eyes, unscared by the neck, the lip or the gold teeth, and would bellow out "What's that? Me give my money to buy a present for that old red-necked something-or-other? Not on your life-belt!" Lafe would saunter on. He didn't have a way with fellows like Jones, somehow or other.

But he raised twenty-eight hundred dollars, for Steelburg Mills employs an army of men, and Lafe had a way with a whole lot of them, and he and Benny Bean and Joe Easley constituted the committee that went downtown to buy the present. Present? It was presents. For they found they were unable to spend twenty-eight hundred dollars on one present. So they bought a yellow diamond the size of a pullet's egg, to be set in a tiger's-claw ring, for twelve hundred; a big yellow-diamond shirt stud for five hundred; and then they wore themselves out buying gimcracks, kickshaws and gewgaws with the remaining eleven hundred. But they saved enough from it to purcha old Teller's wife a bunch of flowers so big it require men to carry it.

Lafe engineered the testimonial meeting, too, and ceeded in getting together a fair-sized mob, over i open yard back of the Bessemers, for not only those whom he had a way came but many of those with wh didn't have a way were there also. They didn't wa miss anything good. Lafe made the presentation sp and it was mellow as mush all the way through. Old made a mealy-mouthed rejoinder, thanking the mil their loyalty to him through the many years he had associated with them, wishing them good luck and speed, and promising all of them good jobs if they needed or wanted good jobs. Then Lafe called for cheers, and mighty sneery little cheers they were. which old Teller loaded up his plunder and departed the mob scattered.

Out of sight behind the blast furnaces, Jones, wh heading one division of the dispersing mob, stoppe held up his hand. "Fellers," he said, "I propose thi give three bustin' cheers and a tiger because the old necked something-or-other is gone!"

They gave them, and there was nothing sneery or about them either.

A shipping clerk hurrying by the place at the stopped and with enthusiasm joined in the lung exe after which he hurried on, crossed a depressed track up a long flight of stairs, hastily descended another flight, and rushed into the tin shanty of the stout, stout stock clerk of Susie Blast Furnace, Randolp Jackson, known about the mills only as Tootsy.

"What d'ye know about that, Tootsy?" demande shipping clerk, dropping into a chair by the stock cl desk. "Honest, now, Tootsy, what d'ye know abou Here I've just been over watching Lafe Murdock pr the present to that old stiff of a Teller, and say, it took cabs to haul the junk away! What d'ye know about t Honest—two cabloads! And a bunch of posies fo Teller that Benny Bean and Joe Easley could hardly

ut-eight hundred dollars of us dubs' coin to buy
en for that old pot-bellied crab!
i hd to cough up three plunks myself, and I suppose
taped you for two or three, eh? But what could a
w ? Here comes that Klondike-faced Lafe Murdock
sas: 'Well, how much for the Old Man's present,
? bout three dingers, hey?' And I says: 'Sure, Mr.
dcs, glad to give it. Mr. Teller's been a fine Old
.' What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Got your
k fine-cut with you? Let's have a pinch. What'd
erd if I hadn't coughed? Why, Lafe would have
n on the tramp in no time. When a fellow with Lafe's
gis you a gentle hint that it's time to dig up it's
tdig up. Isn't it so, Tootsy? It's all right enough if
eot a good job and guts, and don't care which way
i blows your hat, and know how to sling the come-

Bixby, over at the Bessemer. Bixby told Lafe
e head in when he went to touch him for a donation.
ell him? I'll say he told him! But Bixby doesn't
y know—he doesn't have to care. And they can't
o lose a man like
But reflect on it,
y-twenty-eight hun-
rries! What d'ye
bout it?
just tell me what
elrinsky ever did for
about this dump,
Lafe Murdock, a
on or so of his neph-
cousins, and some
of big guys that he
croquet with up on
lights? Why, man,
uln't give a fellow a
look—not if it was
ns morning and he'd
h sock up the night
nd got it full. I
Dickey say once
ld go in the cold-
eusiness if he knew
d hire old Tell, for
shave him walk up
dn in the storage
nand wouldn't have
y ice. What d'ye
aut that, Tootsy?
od, eh? Ever hear
t time he drove the
se in the duck race,
ir ribbons for lines,
e ociety stir-off his
avup on the Heights?
'sgood chow for
nttoo; but more of
arn, as Shakspere

eday, isn't it? Take
as of Wally Gay.
s. deucedly clever
H's sharp, he's cute,
ody's damn fool.
d 'eller wouldn't give
n show—I should
t McNutt and De-
dBelmore all spoke
vrd for Wally, and
e langed if Teller
oier him sent down
sc'e hole at the ingot
w:k with old Nicker
clr. Tellerinsky fig-
ot that Nicker and
ere nearly due to
e ail, and then he'd
Vay, the goat, down
aloroken in on the
, ughest job on the
tcake Nicker's and
's places—one man
o, see? What d'ye
hut that, Tootsy?
l ays was the mills'
Ackerman fitted a
t him and every-
od him. Some of
a: Wally Gay's go-
tun over, wake up,
reome of these wi-
isn this plant a jolt
ll ar them. I think
in to work here
Vay was out West,
yc, Tootsy? Prob-
u ever heard much
ni

"Isn't it hot to-day? You see, old Joe Gay, a labor foreman, found Wally in a soap box in a car of pig that was shipped in here—a baby, you know, two or three days old. What d'ye know about it? He took him up to Vinegar Gully, where he lived, adopted him and raised him. He grew up to be the toughest little nut in the Gully. Gosh, they say he was so tough you could have made a straightening maul out of his head. He went to school a little, not much. Old Joe and his wife died when the kid was twelve or fourteen, and he lived up there in their shack after that by himself—does yet. Different from any kid I ever heard about. He worked all over Steelburg Mills—all kinds of jobs. Nearly got killed once at the rod mill.

"Then Ackerman took him and made a roustabout of him. I'll be durned if it wasn't a shame the way Ackerman handled him, but Wally didn't seem to care. I guess I was the first one to discover that Wally wasn't all dub. I found out that he could figure and write like a machine. Honest, Tootsy, the way he could handle the figures and sling a pen with ink on it was a caution—regular wizard. I spoke to Calla Lily, our cultured chief clerk, about giving him a chance in the shipping department, but Calla Lily said he was too coarse, too unrefined. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Wouldn't it give you a pain in the necktie?

"Take me, Tootsy. I've been working for this shebang for eight years and better. Why haven't I got somewhere in that time? Simply because I wasn't refined enough for Calla Lily. And I know the very day I stewed my gosling too. You know, Tootsy, how dirty that part of the yard is where my office stands, and how the dirt and dust is always blowing through the doors and windows? Well, I sent in a requisition one day for a little two-gallon sprinkling can, so that I could sprinkle the floor now and then and lay the dust. Calla Lily turned down the requisition and wouldn't let the storehouse send it over—said he had to keep down expenses. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? Well, one morning I was busy at my desk, and I was shooting some pretty snappy tobacco on the floor—old Slobowsky had forgotten to bring back the cuspidors after sweeping out—when Calla Lily blew in. 'Robert,' he said, 'that is a most reprehensible practice of yours—expectorating on the floor. I shouldn't think you would countenance it.'

"I came back: 'But I sent you a requisition, Mr. Calla, for a sprinkling can to use to settle the dust round here, and you turned the requisition down. I've simply got to keep the dust laid in this dump or I'll choke and not be able to get out the work.'

"Tootsy, I've stood still as a tombstone ever since that day! What d'ye know about it? Just like Wally Gay—no more chance of getting ahead than a jack rabbit with three legs bit off by a bear.

"Well, Wally muled in that scale hole a long time, helping Nicker and Dicker, and one night he got sleepy or sick or something, and he crawled into a box car loaded with wire and went to sleep. Somebody came along, locked the door of the car, and it was shot out to the Midline. Wally didn't get out of it till the car was out in Dakota or Idaho or some place out there. Then a fellow heard him yell, busted open the door and pulled him out, nearly dead from hunger and thirst—all in. What d'ye know about that? This guy was a wheat buyer, owned an elevator or something, and he gave Wally a job. Just as I did, he found out that Wally was there with bells when it came to figures and the pen, and he had him help him out with his own work. Then the guy got sick and Wally did all his clerical work for him. Then the guy died or something, and another wheat gink blew in from Buffalo and offered Wally a job in Buffalo. Wally got on a train and started east, and when he got this far his train was blocked by that big wreck they had up here on the Midline; you remember it, Tootsy—that night Jim Foot got his head cut off. Wally got off the train to take a snoop round, and when he found he was in Steelburg he was tickled silly. He sneaked into the yard, went down to the scale hole and lammed into the work, scaring seven years of growth out of Nicker and Dicker, who thought he was dead; and there he is yet. What d'ye know about that, Tootsy?

"Well, I've got to go—got a raft of work ahead

(Continued on Page 126)

The Madman Leaned Far Out of the Cab and Gazed Down at the Struggling Man on the Chain. "Hi, You!" He Yelled, "How Much for Chance to Get Loose? Two Dollar, Hey?"

THE PROWLING PRODIGA

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Phœbe wuz a feeble baby bee.
Phœbe maybe sting you
Like she done stung me.

HOW come you niggers can't keep step past de office when cap'n looks out de do'?" Sergeant Vitus Marsden, the Military Wildcat of the Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F., preached at his gang on the way to work in the Mauvais railroad yards.

"When I columns you lef', you heads fo' de work an' not to'a'ds de kitchen. Column—lef'! Lef', I says! Lef'! Head dat squad roun', co'p'al! Follow dat mascot!"

The Wildcat's platoon scattered to the four winds of France. "Rally roun' Lily; rally roun' dat mascot!" After five minutes' work the Wildcat accumulated his platoon and headed them toward the scene of the day's work.

"Wuz sweat worth a nickel a quart to-day you niggers makes fo' bits apiece. Ah never seed such slew-foot triflin' outfit. Follow dat mascot—dat's all I tells you!"

"Sergeant, Ise lame. Kin I route step some?"

"Lemme see yo' laig—is you lyin' Ah'll lame you!"

"Kain't see is I; iodine whut de doctor paints me wif don't show. I tells yo' Ise same as a cripple."

"Ceptin' in de appetite. Ah seed you at brekfus'—wuz po'k chops swellin' you couldn't git into a box car."

The marching platoon passed a detail of German prisoners carrying railroad ties. "Rustle dem ties, white boys!" one of the Wildcat's charges called. "How is us gwine to win dis wah if you-all don't he'p us?"

Phœbe wuz a fliah,
Come f'm Ten-o-see.
Phœbe lit a fiah
Where she lit on me.

"Wisht I wuz in Ten-o-see 'stid of in dis wah! Wisht I wuz in heaven."

"Only way you'll git to heaven is wuz heaven a jail an' some white man knowed you like I does."

"Never seed such a lastin' job. Wondeh when de end of de wah'll be, Wil'cat?"

"Front end done been; hind end'll come when ol' Republicans starts winnin'."

"Some Democrats is all right; cap'n's a Democrat."

"How come you-all knows so much 'bout cap'n?"

"I knows. I seed him walk home f'm de banquet 'thout no he'p; rest o' de officers had to be carried. Lootenant's a Republican; had to wateh him an' bed him down like a mule. Cap'n sho' is Democrat; he's outdrunk ev'y officeh what showed up so fah."

"Cap'n sho' kin ca'y his gin ration; sho' kin ca'y a load."

"I'll say he kin; he may be old but he's got kid gloves."

"Detail—'tenshun! Detail—halt! Scatteh out an' see kin yo' earn yo' rations. Tie dat mascot in de vineyard an' leave him eat grapevines."

"Betteh tie him to de track an' see kin a train kill him. He et two pairs of shoes an' de linin' out of a ovehcoat yistiddy. Neveh seed such a goat f'r raiment lunch. Wuz he attached to ol' supply sahgent f'r rations he'd figgeh he'd landed in heaven!"

The platoon languidly began the day's work. The Wildcat figgered a little rest would help him some. He called to a waterboy. "Roust me out afteh Ise laid a couple hours." He coiled himself up in the shade of a pile of lumber and was asleep before his head hit the ground.

No sooner was the Wildcat asleep than several members of his crew gravitated about a push car which stood beside the track. In the group were Cube and the Backslid Baptis', De Witt Massey, The Lizard, Moon Eye, and half a dozen more domino gallopers.

"Us Sho' is Had Plenty, an' Then Some! Lily, You Mascot, See Kin Yo' Laigs Rattle a Gallop. Git Out o' Town. Le's Go!"

"Lemme see de dice; I knows you, Baptis'."

"Seven—li'l lady love—whoof!"

The Wildcat moved uneasily in his sleep.

"Ace an' a dooce; loses nuthin' but yo' money, Moon Eye. Roll 'em!"

The Wildcat sat straight up. In four seconds he had elbowed himself into action. "Gimme dem dice! Gimme dem dice! Shoots ten francs—whuf! Five an' fo' is nine—an' a six-tray. Lay dead. Shoots twenty—fade me is you reckless. Mawnin', seven; I lets it lay. Shoots forty—Lady Luck, I aims to run yo' ragged. Fade me, field han's, fade me! Money, rally roun'! Whuf! Two top sides says 'leven!"

"Ten-shun!"

The captain, fifty feet away, gazed calmly at the group.

"Wildcat, come here!"

"Cap'n, yessuh! Me an' dese boys wuz jes waitin' fo' ——"

"You won't have long to wait for what's coming t Come back to camp. Rest of you boys get to wor

The captain's voice was singin' low like a boiler fore she busts. The Wildcat began to worry about

"Cap'n suh, whut is it whut's comin' Ise ——"

"Shut up before I knock you loose fro ears!"

"Cap'n, yessuh!"

Black clouds obscured the four quadr the Wildcat's horizon. "Cap'n's foamin Lady Luck, whah at is you hid?"

Followed by the drooping Wildcat th tain entered the battalion office and ma way to a smaller room partitioned off corner of it.

"Come in here!"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

Five minutes later the Wildcat d his remains to his quarters and put to bed. "Wuz they one stick o' stov wif my name wrote on it cap'n sho it."

Cinnamon, the captain's striker, a New Orleans boy, drifted in with his "Wil'cat, you likes music; nex' time gits th'oo 'ith you I'll play at yo' fune

"Boy, snatch me Memphis Blue cap'n ain't hurt me none—'ceptin' I b voice yellin' so's he'd think so."

Having accomplished the first succe series of battles with the triflin' Wild captain proceeded to frame an ela series of charges, which his clerk incor in a court-martial.

"What date do you wish t him up?" the clerk asked.

"Right now—this minute—a as I can sign my name. I'll bre nigger of shootin' craps in public him! Send an orderly after hi we'll have his trial now."

Cinnamon, who had drifted office, was dispatched after the cat. "Cap'n says burn a shoe waitin' fo' you in his office."

"Hope he ain't foun' no mor wood—neveh seed such a heavy

Cinnamon laughed derisively. we gits a holiday to-morr'—an' an' marchin' an' ——"

"How come?"

"Funeral p'cession, Wil'c marches slow and you leads."

"Boy, you makes me sick. Wildcat started for his doom.

"'Fo' long you gits some readin' 'Rest from now on.'"

The court-martial was fast b "Guardhouse for three months, three months' pay, reduced fro of sergeant to private, effective t

The Wildcat dragged himself report to the sergeant of the gu

"Cap'n sho' learned to sp piece by heart."

The Wildcat languishing in the house rapidly established himsel mixed company therein. Before been within its walls an hour become the financial center of h world. Prisoners are not supp have money with them, but un

surface discipline the Army is an informal aggre fractured rules and busted regulations, known an looked by the governmentalities who wear the st varnished boots of rank.

Pretty soon the Wildcat became a medium-go guisher. The guardhouse was humid and warm an for three or four hours' work round camp each prisoners had nothing to do but eat and sleep and Cinnamon, observing this, came to envy his assoc

"Cap'n has me draggin' roun' f'm sunup to when hoot," he complained. "Wisht I could git me th'ee whar at ol' Wil'cat is." He analyzed the process b Wildcat had accomplished his nominal punishmen

"Me—Ise neveh knowed Lady Luck to fail announced blandly one evening after supper. dem dice. C'me out heah whah I kin roll 'em wil selected an area of high visibility in front of the b and talked loud. "Shoot five francs."

he ap'n responded under
ed draft. He suddenly ap-
rec in front of Cinnamon.
Bo" he said to his striker,
ni o'clock to-night
e 'll kill you. Re-
o r to the guard-
der arrest."
e hankful Cinna-
pked up his five
s. 'Cap'n, yessuh,"
ic He walked rap-
to ie sentry outside
rudhouse. "Cap'n
s lys Fust Service
ain odehs me re-
he under arrest."
Coloral the guard!"
ery bawled. "Git
e, ly, before I shove
m through you."
I w come you
?" ne Wildcat asked
erg.
fe Wil'cat, I has
dg *avec* ol' Lady
. *Jess pah? Oui,*

s ho' is rollin'
in'mun! Me—
y heah goin' on
eeks mo'. Ol'
iz so bad dis way.
could stay heah
own. Us kin——"
ith Marsden!" The
aheard his name
t the sergeant of
tal, who stood in
oovay.

In the Rays of a Street Lamp the Wildcat Strutted Past His First M. P.

at me." The Wildcat stepped importantly toward
ue of the summons.
egrt at once on parole for duty as personal orderly
e ptain of the First Service Battalion."
innmon, dog-gone you, heah you is—an' Ise perse-
wh yo' job draggin' roun' mawnin' an' night fo'
p' Lady Luck, wuz you a rabbit I'd gallop you to
!"

E. F. was long on moral and physical cleanliness.
may evening the Wildcat was exposed to forty
espreaching, under orders.
onant preacher 'spounded 'bout a boy he called
P'ligal's son," he later explained to Cinnamon.
vz plumb dead f'm his collah o'naments up.
et hucks 'n' fed all de cawn to some hawgs.
I'et me a cawn pone an' could I get me a bar-
d utcher me a hawg and have me some po'k
s' side meat an'
n' pah ribs an' gravy
nillin's an' mebbe
m ham. Wondeh
tne dinneh'll be
"

ebe them hawgs
peied up neah a
—n' watched close.
ortable calls it
' iyou is ketched."
n' been yit—an' I
n to be. Hawgs
ca who owns 'em—
da's boun' to ketch
ylw, come Thanks-
me or mebbe
mh."
esnger interrupted
nersation. "Wil'-
ap says whah in
yu."
Wildcat adapted
cto the tenor of
mons.
p'—whut wuz it,
I vuz hangin' yo'
mphm on de line

l innamon to re-
te cook for K. P.
te captain said.
th sergeant at the
o e this paper."
Wdcat carried the
idgs. "Yo' gits
hurs a day roun'
h. Ise et worse'n
ity, but I depen's
or you, Cinnamon;
'long as you an' me is frien's an' you is he'pin' in de kitchen. Mos' all de time Ise hungry."

"Boy, we eats heavy, *ness pah?*"

"Sho' do. How come you sez *ness pah* all de time?"

"*Ness Pah* is sho't fo' sayin' wuz Lady Luck a bird us has a handful of tail feathers."

In Washington, behind an elaborate mahogany bulwark, a quartermaster colonel calculated an intricate soap problem affecting the epidermis of several million men. "Ultimate strength of three million in the Zone of Advance, Watkins; put down three millions—multiplied by the number of days in two years. Say three million by seven hundred. What does that give you?"

"Twenty-one hundred millions."

"Very good. Say they use an ounce of soap a day—more than that up there where the insects are thickest—means twenty-one hundred million ounces. Get a requisition out covering that at once. Liquid soap—twenty-one hundred million ounces of liquid soap to be shipped immediately to the commander in chief, A. E. F., Hoboken to Cameraux, for distribution from the Mauvais Storage Depot."

"Yassir."

Watkins sought his own refuge and began winding the red tape about the soap. He discovered that the liquid-soap order amounted to more than sixty-five thousand tons of material without considering containers.

"Ten shiploads—sure is a big war."

And on a morning when everybody from the front lines to the base ports in France went hungry at breakfast time because the subs had sunk five or six shiploads of food the first four cargoes of liquid soap sailed from an Atlantic port bound for somewhere in France where the cooties grew wild. An order issued from G. H. Q. covering the theory that cleanliness is next to loaning money to the sentry at the pearly gates.

"Daily bath, hell! If I had water enough for a bath I'd drink it." The A. E. F. was thirsty.

At Mauvais open storage spaces and warehouses rapidly filled with steel drums full of liquid soap. The Fust Service Battalion detailed to unload the trains arriving from the docks near Cameraux sweated and heaved and grunted day after day at its endless task.

"How come so much soap?" Moon Eye complained. "Neveh seed so much soap. Wuz it sorghum sweetenin' they might be some sense to it, but us needs soap 'bout like a cootie needs wings." Moon Eye scratched himself and swung onto another barrel of soap.

Over at the captain's quarters the Wildcat was busy straightening up the site of a poker battle which had waged throughout the night.

Close in his wake followed the goat Lily, nominally mascot of the battalion but in reality the personal protégé of the Wildcat. Lily, munching contentedly on the nine of clubs and a shredded face card, gave forth a plaintive bleat.

"Shut up! No wondeh yo' insides hurts. When you eats th'ee socks and a cigah an' half a deck of cyards yo' has yo' mis'ry comin'. Leggo 'at papeh!"

The Wildcat finished his work and proceeded to the battalion office adjoining the captain's quarters. The room was untenanted at the moment, and while the Wildcat swept the litter that lay about into the dark corners of the room where it might accumulate unnoticed, Lily grazed here and there at will.

"Neveh seed such a ol' goat f'r eatin cigahs. Lay off 'at long one—I aims to smoke 'at cigah myself afteh me an' Cinnamon eats us a li'l' snack." The Wildcat stowed the half-smoked cigar in the left pocket of his shirt and made his way to the kitchen, leaving Lily safely confined behind closed doors. "Stay theh an' walk yo' post whilst I 'cumulates some rations."

Lily walked a staggering post for a few minutes until a neatly cultivated garden of service records attracted her attention. In the midst of the alphabet she found a menu to her taste. She browsed lightly on the documentary evidence covering the military biography of Moon Eye and the Backslid Baptist. Of Vitus Marsden, the Wildcat, she ate all but the two wire staples which bound his folio. She gorged on Cinnamon, Lizard and young Cube Calvin. From the captain's desk she partook of a cellulose dessert

(Continued on Page 173)

"Gimme Dem Dice! Gimme Dem Dice! Lady Luck, I Aims to Run Yo' Ragged"

World Trade and Our Ships

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

FOR more than half a century Great Britain stood as the undisputed mistress of the seas. In all that time her foreign policy has been dominated by the necessities of her merchant marine. Because a coal-burning steamship can rarely go more than five thousand miles without refueling—more frequently not more than four thousand—her imperial policy provided British strongholds—British coaling stations if you please—at intervals the world over of not to exceed four thousand miles. For these she schemed and fought and treated and garrisoned. They formed, in truth, the very foundations of her national prosperity. And because at this late day it was physically and politically impossible for any other nation to gain footholds the world over at four-thousand-mile intervals England's immensely valuable supremacy of the seas seemed, as late as five years ago, to remain forever undisputed. Even the restless and growing commercial genius of Germany could not overcome the political advantage which the long-sighted vision of British commercial ability had taken—some of it more than a century and a half ago.

The average Briton is more than frank about this.

A Merchant Marine With Oil Fuel

"WE SIMPLY are compelled to have the commercial supremacy of the seas," he will tell you, "because with the single exception of Japan we are the one nation that is absolutely dependent upon the lanes of the ocean for our mere sustenance alone. So it is that the moment that supremacy is threatened England's very existence is placed in the balance."

So it was, too, that England in the long ago became a land of seafaring men, that she showed a remarkable facility and progress in the craftsmanship of the sea. And when a little less than sixty years ago our own dominance of the sea began slowly but surely to wane, our far-famed clipper ships to disappear, the yards which had wrought them to fall into decay, Great Britain regained the ocean mastery which we had wrested from her hardly two decades before. She deserved to regain her power, for she it was who first perceived that the commercial ocean carrier of the future was the steamship, and she it was who translated her vision into definite and permanent policy, and changed her imperial foreign policy so as to obtain and hold for herself not merely trading stations but coaling ones.

Now the scale has changed once again. England no longer is the undisputed mistress of the seas. She still has the largest tonnage of merchant marine, but a new fleet born overnight has risen to challenge hers. It already has grown to more than eleven million tons gross, as compared with her registered tonnage of about sixteen millions; and the gap, despite the frantic efforts of Great Britain to get her disorganized labor at hard work again and her shipyards into quantity production once more, is gradually being lessened until the probabilities are that the newcomer—unless the entirely unforeseen shall come to pass—will reach the size of the British merchant marine in another two years or so.

The new fleet to which I refer is ours—the new merchant marine of the United States, born of war emergency, and because of the possibility of future war emergencies to be retained as a permanent and important part of our national establishment.

"But," you interrupt, "how about the coaling stations? Have you not just said that the imperialistic policy of Great Britain for more than half a century past was based upon her necessity of obtaining and protecting her coaling stations? And that so she had succeeded in obtaining a commercial advantage that even the business enterprise of the Germany before the war could not wrest from her?"

I said that very thing, and meant it. But I shall presently show to you how the great commercial advantage that England long ago gained in the establishment of her coaling stations all over the seven seas works no disadvantage to us whatsoever. For our new merchant marine is to be free of coaling stations—forever it is to be hoped. Our American fuel is of a different sort—fluid, flexible, self-feeding. It is oil.

With oil in her bunkers a ship may sail easily ten thousand or twelve thousand miles without refueling. She may sail across the Pacific from San Francisco or the Canal Zone to our Yankee port at Manila without stopping for a moment's worry as to her bunkers. She may cross from New York to the Mediterranean, gath
a few hours in our newest little dot of th
just off the coast of Northern Africa,
go on to Manila without further del
similar purpose. These are performances out of
tion in a coal-burning ship—even of the most mo
the most economical type. They are the perf
that will enable our ships—our new merchant
please remember—to come back; to come back st
due time we shall consider them in considerabl
But first let us give thought to the thing that com
the ships themselves.

"How about those ships anyway," you d
"those wondrous craft that were to come droppin
launchways each calendar day?"

Is American Shipbuilding a Lost A

HERE is a question that creeps up now and
again these days. It has a rather unpleasant
insistence. And one frequently can detect the no
irony in the way in which it is put. Nor does the
of the great war-emergency plan of the Unite
Shipping Board end with anything so delicate
refined as mere irony. Frequently it becomes
brutal.

A man backed me up into the corner of a hotel
few weeks ago and expressed his mind with utter fr

"They're rotten. I know that they are rot
reiterated. "Some of them were so rottenly built
only God's mercy that they did not founder—with
coming within gunshot of a submarine or floating
an even moderate mid-Atlantic gale."

The man in the hotel lobby was right; and als
wrong. Some of the ships were rotten—as muc
imagined, and then probably a good deal more. In
place we had all but ceased to be a nation of ship
The cunning and the great skill in which our gran
had fashioned the clipper ships and swift-sailing bri
seemingly had departed from us forever. We had
at the beginning and learn it all over again. With
world aflame and beseeching us to come to its salv
had to combat ignorant and reluctant labor. No

(Continued on Page 66)

MELANCHOLY MALLARD

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE San Lucas Desert country leaned to the opinion that Bodie Mallard was a trifle underweight intellectually. In Two Buttes, the town of his legion, the opinion was supported in a measure by the outstanding facts of his career there. Even his rival, five or six years before, had been subnormal, in a manner of speaking. He had walked in from Sandoval junction, a distance of seventy-eight miles by the narrow gage. Taken by itself, this fact is inconclusive; when you consider that every superheated foot of that distance was and naked desert you must agree with Two Buttes that there is something missing about a man who will walk when he does not have to. Apparently Bodie had not been under any compulsion, for immediately after his rival—as though to forestall old Phil Nuss, the town [illegible] and a hard man on penniless transients—the [illegible] had gone into Charley Dick's barber shop, bought [illegible] and then engaged Charley to operate it.

The barber was almost tearfully grateful for this quixotic business venture on Mallard's part. Mrs. Charley had been ailing for a long time and badly needed [illegible] to the coast. Probably the barber had conveyed [illegible] information to the newcomer while the latter was [illegible] shaved. Dick was not the complaining sort, but he [illegible] garrulous as any of [illegible] and topics of con[illegible] in Two Buttes [illegible] sometimes limited in [illegible] and number. At [illegible] the deal, which [illegible] had proposed on [illegible] motion and with[illegible] or warning, put [illegible] barber into a con[illegible] of delight bordering [illegible] and Mrs. Dick [illegible] Two Buttes a few days [illegible] a little when [illegible] to say good-by [illegible] you to Mallard. [illegible] gazed at her [illegible].

"There's some mistake [illegible], he said in his melan[illegible] voice. "The shop [illegible] bargain at the price, [illegible] our husband is a [illegible] and at a shave and [illegible] ut, ma'am. Hope [illegible] fine luck. And [illegible] you'll excuse me [illegible]. Got a hen on and [illegible] keep moving."

He was the longest man [illegible] Buttes had ever [illegible] long-legged, long[illegible] long-framed, long[illegible] His movements [illegible] low and taken as [illegible] only after due de[illegible]. Certainly he [illegible] handsome, though [illegible] a certain mark of [illegible] on him. But [illegible] characteristic [illegible] him was his sad[illegible]. He was chronically [illegible]. Even when [illegible] a kind and gener[illegible] he did it ab[illegible], lost in dolor, [illegible] sometimes the recip[illegible] his favors were [illegible] guiled of appreciat[illegible]. Puzzled people [illegible] he did not seem [illegible] with a tragic [illegible] down by some [illegible] sorrow; merely he [illegible] temperamentally [illegible]. If he had [illegible] to his neighbors [illegible] have become a [illegible] since he only reg[illegible] grief he became [illegible]. There was [illegible] flavor about his [illegible].

[illegible] was notable that [illegible] drew children to [illegible] some mothers of [illegible] it was an obstacle to his acquaintance with young women. They thought him a harmless and gloomy fool and very old. He was thirty-two.

Why he chose Two Buttes as his habitat no one ever knew; it is doubtful whether he himself knew. But he stayed. He had no regular employment and yet he was busy. In the background somewhere there was always some project engaging him—he spoke frequently of "having a hen on." But no one fathomed this. The outward and visible signs of his enterprises were strongly confirmative of the first impression people had of him, namely, that he was slightly off, for he went into one venture after another that was foredoomed to leave him profitless. For example, just after Charley Dick bought back the barber shop at a discount Jeff Bridger's partner absconded with the partnership funds and left Jeff high and dry with his teaming contract for the borax company. Bodie Mallard heard of Bridger's trouble and offered to buy the Manson share in the business. Bridger accepted hurriedly before Mallard could change his mind, and this saved the Bridger family from total financial wreck. In time the teaming contract came to a profitable end and Bodie Mallard was compensated for his interest, whereupon it became known that Dixon Steele, owner and editor of the Two Buttes Bugle, always hard pressed for cash but now on the verge of dissolution, had been successful in a two-hour interview with Mallard and that the melancholy man had become part owner and associate editor. Someone remonstrated with him. Mallard heard him through with sorrowful gaze fixed on the floor of the Eagle House porch. Then he said:

"Maybe you're right, neighbor. But I always wanted to own a real paper."

"You got deceived twice in one deal then, Mallard," his counselor snorted. "You've sunk your cash and you ain't connected with a journal that comes anywheres nigh that description."

"You can't tell," Bodie objected sadly. "Maybe all the old horn needs is a little silver lining. I guess she'll blow up a pretty good tune from now on."

Marvelous to relate, the Bugle did indeed sound clearer notes thereafter. The associate editor took no active part in its management, but he was generally in the office, and something about his big drooping frame, his slow, mournful voice and his dry, almost lugubrious comments worked magically on Editor Steele. The Bugle improved from issue to issue both in form and substance. Eventually Bodie Mallard was repaid dollar for dollar and given a double-leaded two-column editorial encomium on the first page besides.

Judge Stillhouse Brown commented on this matter at the evening meeting of the Eagle House porch habitués.

"Time for some other wreck to be washin' up out of the eternity of space for Bodie to salvage now," he concluded.

"Yes," Constable Nuss agreed, "he's fattenin' up to be plucked again."

But Luke Simonson, cashier of the Fay and Stowell Bank, interrupted. "You old leather jaws don't want to go away with the idea that Bodie Mallard is an easy mark. He may be foolish, but you may have noticed that he only backs men that need a chance to make good. If some more of us were built the way he is Two Buttes would be pulling up into notice some day."

"Well, Bodie won't never get to ownin' Borax, Incorporated," Phil Nuss observed.

"He won't," Simonson agreed. "But where he's got the advantage over a lot of you front-porch experts is that he hasn't any ambition to own it. If he would put his money into mortgages and talk nonsense about national politics and spit tobacco juice all over the sidewalk every evening Bodie Mallard would be one of the leading citizens of Two Buttes and well thought of."

"You ain't gettin' personal, are you, Simonson?" Judge Stillhouse Brown rasped, giving his wide hat an angry tilt.

The Man in the Wide Hat Flung Himself on Them. He Was Like an Avalanche. He Smothered Them

"Well, judge," Simonson retorted, "if my powers of description seem to be failing I can mention names."

Whereupon the judge turned his back on the cashier, thus summarily closing the debate.

Gradually Bodie Mallard came to be looked on as a fixture in Two Buttes. For the most part he was dissolved into the atmosphere of the place by reason of his colorless nature, his habitual quiet and calm and his unobtrusive but perpetual sadness. He was not a misanthrope or a hermit. He knew everyone and newcomers usually met him within a few days. One of these, a very sick young man, once told Bodie that the desert country needed organization—suggested a chamber of commerce and trade. Bodie absorbed the suggestion. Presently he passed it on to Cashier Simonson, the Bixel boys, and Moganstern, of the borax company; and when he agreed to finance the institution until it was a going concern they gave it their approval and the chamber became a reality. Bodie fitted up a part of the Bugle offices for headquarters and presently Two Buttes found young Albright, the sick stranger, installed there as secretary and manager. A good deal to the surprise of everybody, including Bodie Mallard probably, the chamber proved a useful institution and Albright a notable addition to the population. Someone tried to compliment Bodie on his astuteness and public spirit.

"Me?" the melancholy man inquired pensively. "Wasn't my scheme. Albright's. Wouldn't have struck me."

"Anyway it was a grand idea," his interlocutor persisted. "You put up the money, Bodie, and you ought to get the credit." This impatiently.

"Credit? No use to me. Have to be going, if you'll excuse me—I've got a hen on. So long!"

Thus always Mallard avoided acceptance of any reward for himself. He had proved several times that he had no wish to make money out of his enterprises; now it seemed that fame had no fascination for him. Then the day came when the powers in the county seat decided that Two Buttes—for political reasons—must have the naming of the next representative for the county in the legislature. The Bixels, leading merchants and cattle men, Moganstern, of the borax company, the La Due boys and some others met the two county-seat men in conference and spent three hours canvassing the field. At the end of that time, with absolute zero marking their progress, Billy La Due yawned and said:

"Well, that checks off everybody in the county but Bodie Mallard."

He had made the remark wearily, being tired of the subject, but before he had spoken the last word he realized that he had said something. The Two Buttes men all sat up.

"By Jupiter," Moganstern cried, "he's just the man!"

"Mallard! Why not?" said Simonson. "He's got sense enough to keep his mouth shut, anyhow."

"That would be a distinct novelty at the capital," Falk Bixel declared. "You can put me down for him."

"Who is this Mallard?" the visiting politicians demanded.

"He's the saddest man in the state," Simonson answered. "Don't ask me what makes him sad, because I don't know. But he is popular and he has more dignity than the undertaker standing on the front steps. He would be a credit to the county."

They agreed on that and the matter was settled. But when a committee went to Bodie's two-room cabin on Arapahoe Street—with most of the citizens of Two Buttes trailing along—to notify him they met with a surprise.

Bodie came out to meet them in his nightshirt, standing beside the prickly-pear bush that grew at his doorstep. He was more long-legged than ever, with his one scanty garment flapping about his thin shanks, and he seemed unusually lugubrious. They told him the news and raised a cheer. He gazed at them sadly. Then he said in his slow, mournful voice:

"Well now, folks, I'm much obliged to Senator Billings and Dix Steele and everybody, but I ain't going to the legislature. 'Tain't in my line. There's a cactus needle in my heel—so I'll say good night."

And without further eloquence he withdrew.

Judge Stillhouse Brown was the first to speak.

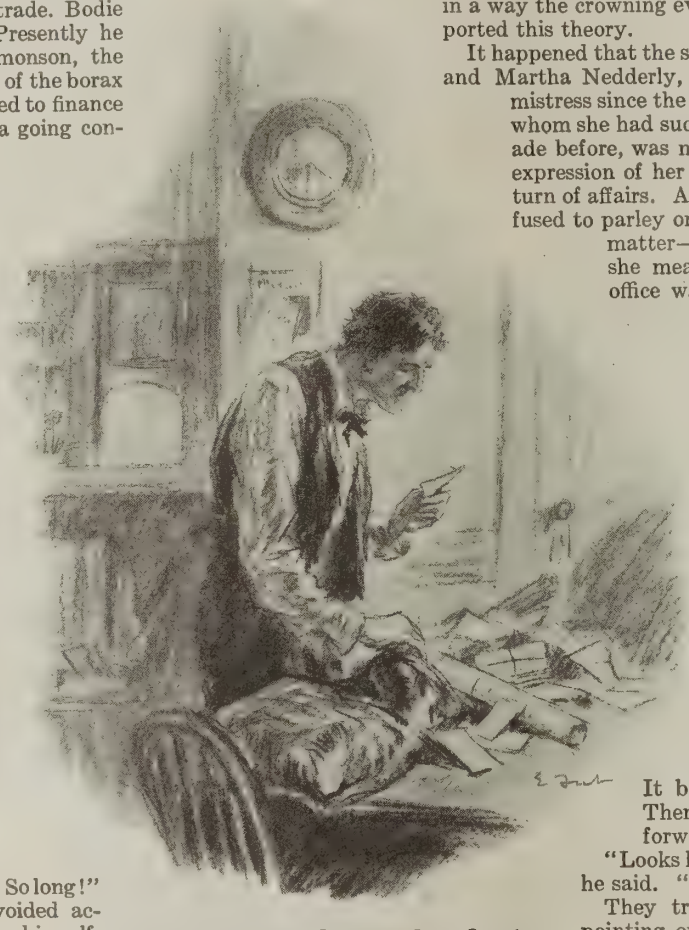
"Why, it ain't in nature not to want to go to the legislature!" he cried. "Drag Bodie out here again and I'll reason with him."

"Shucks, judge," Bert La Due interjected, "you might as well try to reason with a bull calf. Let's go home."

This incident seemed to dispose of the theory that power was what Bodie Mallard craved. The only reasonable assumption as to the motives that prompted him in his social intercourse with his neighbors was that he couldn't be induced to do anything except kindnesses for others.

Unusual as such a course is, Two Buttes began to believe it was Bodie Mallard's. And in a way the crowning event of his career supported this theory.

It happened that the state went Democratic and Martha Nedderly, who had been postmistress since the death of her husband, whom she had succeeded at least a decade before, was moved to resign as an expression of her indignation over this turn of affairs. Also the widow lady refused to parley or temporize about the matter—when she said resign she meant resign. The post office was closed and locked. And then the subject of a fit person for the place became a burning one.



Almost the First Envelope That Caught His Eye Was Addressed to Himself

At first no one would have it. Two Buttes was a ninth-class office, or thereabouts, and the salary attached was negligible. The two mail trains each day were fourteen hours apart, which meant that the postal agent of the community was hard worked as well as underpaid. It began to look serious. Then Bodie Mallard came forward.

"Looks like just what I want," he said. "I'll take it."

They tried to dissuade him, pointing out the obvious disadvantages of the position. Bodie was not to be convinced. And Two Buttes was relieved. Now at last the post office would be swept and mail distributed on time and postal cards would go out when deposited in the bag instead of lying over until such time as the officer in charge could get to read them all. They sighed with satisfaction and gave Bodie their unanimous indorsement. Within a few days his appointment was returned and he took office.

There was no new excitement in Two Buttes for months thereafter—not until Nes Wallace defaulted with a hundred dollars belonging to the narrow gauge and disappeared. This, in fact, was scarcely more than a two hours' sensation, for Nes Wallace had been mouthy, offensive and unpopular. The only person in Two Buttes who did not forget the young freight clerk within a few days was Bodie Mallard, and that because Nes, it proved, had been a very liberal patron of the post-office department. He was one of those youths who answer advertisements for free information. Such always get free information, usually in loads. Nes was no exception. His mail accumulated rapidly. Such of it as he could, Bodie Mallard returned to the senders. But some of it began to pile up under the counter. There it was an eyesore and a nuisance. Bodie could find no rules for his guidance in the premises, so he adopted the eminently safe course of doing nothing. Weeks went by, and months. Occasionally a circular or a booklet would add itself to the collection awaiting communication from Nes Wallace, and meantime the routine of the post office went forward smoothly and Bodie Mallard began to rust in his rut. Then that happened which was destined to happen.

II

ADDRESSED to Nestor J. Wallace, Esq., Two Buttes, there came one day a letter marked "Urgent" in staring red letters.

Postmaster Bodie Mallard picked it up a little crossly, stamped "Not at this address" across the face and threw it over toward the mail bag for return to the sender at such and such a post-office box, Chicago. Early the next morning in placing the empty bag under the letter drop for the day's business Bodie found a letter and envelope lying on the floor. He picked them up. The envelope, which had been mailed unsealed in the first place, probably through carelessness, was the one on which "Urgent" had been so prominently printed. The inclosure—a t written sheet—had slipped out as Bodie had tossed piece over toward the bag on the previous aftern Usually Bodie had no curiosity, but that red-star "Urgent" piqued him. To be brief—no matter what think of his culpability—he succumbed and read. It began:

Dear Sir: The rapid growth of our business in territory compels us to open a detective office there ir diately and we are considering appointing you as man

If you will send us five dollars we will mail you an e gency appointment as one of our detectives and send instructions.

As we have written you before, the public police other officials are very jealous of this agency, therefor must insist that you consider all our negotiations c dential and tell nobody about your appointment.

In the meantime we will expect your favorable actio this matter at once.

Yours very truly,

ROYAL DETECTIVE AGENC

Per J. D. Rath, M

If Bodie had had compunctions about reading anot mail—and he had—he palliated his offense with those lines of the letter. The Royal Detective Agency wa organization for the frustration of crime and the ap hension of criminals—obviously—and conditions such in Two Buttes that an office and a manager the were required immediately. The letter said so. H considered. He had heard that the borax company lost upward of a thousand ore sacks several months be there was that matter of a heifer belonging to the boys; and Bud Heffner had said in Bodie's hearing he himself had recently missed several worn casings a miscellany of tools from his garage. The year befor desert had given up a mystery—the death of a lo prospector, who might have been murdered or who n have died of extreme old age. It was an undeterm question. And in Gould Valley there had certainly two or three fights between the Portuguese and the m over water holes. Bodie had not considered these un nected incidents in this light before, but when all summed up it appeared that the situation might rea ably be called grave.

In such emergency action was called for. But Wallace—irrespective of whether or not he would been the proper person for the management of an ag to deal stringently with the criminal classes—was g where no man knew. The need of an appointment evident—*prima facie*. Bodie pondered the subject all In the evening he sat down, sucking a reluctant pen, composed a letter to the Royal Detective Agency, se forth all the facts and frankly confessing his own de tion in the matter of that violated message ma "Urgent." His effort seemed to him to meet the crisis sent it off special delivery, inclosing a money orde five dollars.

In the course of ten days his answer came. The R was pleased and relieved to hear from Two Buttes. It quite apparent that they were at last in touch with very man for them. They were inclosing Mr. Malla emergency certificate as a detective and his appointn But:

We must call your attention to the fact that this pointment cannot be made permanent until you taken our regular training course and have our dipl This course takes nine weeks at the rate of five doll week. However, in view of your emergency appointr we will make you a special rate of twenty-five dollars if enroll in our unparalleled training department within days.

And trusting to hear from him promptly, they si themselves truly his.

On thinking the thing over Bodie decided that the req was reasonable and mailed the amount demanded u the special offer. His lessons arrived promptly. seemed a trifle sketchy—even to him—but he puzzle way through them faithfully. Before the last of the co instructions reached him there was a new sugge made—namely, that he should equip himself for his with one of the agency's special outfits, comprising nickel-plated revolver, ten dollars; one pair best handcuffs, two dollars and fifty cents; one high-g leather-covered slung shot, one dollar and fifty ce one manual of detective procedure with special appe covering the serving of papers, one dollar; and Royal Detective Agency star, two dollars and fifty ce total, seventeen dollars and fifty cents. For cash immediate order, fifteen dollars. Bodie sent the amour

This equipment came. Bodie had some familiarity revolvers, though not much. His outfit seemed to hi have a tawdry and tinny look that discounted its w materially. Nevertheless, he remembered that in c men might look on these things differently—a sor magnified pea shooter like this .32-caliber revolver, example, might be to them a creditable arm. The h cuffs looked as though a healthy child would injure t beyond hope of repair in play, and the billy, or slung s had a fragile appearance that weakened its claims

dly weapon. On the whole, however, Bodie felt that he
equipped now, even if somewhat inadequately, and
ue on with his course of training, hoping for early
its.

ot ng developing, he wrote at last to the agency ask-
h—in their opinion—he would be in a position to be-
ro. Their reply, prompt and courteous, suggested that
n ten dollars for a special examination as to his
ci s, assuring him that his successful negotiation of
gr le would start him on the way to fame and fortune.
tey recommended his subscription—at ten dollars a
—) the agency's "Service Bureau," a department
h ollected and collated information concerning all
es eported anywhere in the United States where a
was offered for the apprehension of the criminal.
i was delicately hinted, would put Bodie into im-
iat touch with business—it was not unlikely that he
d nd some of the much-wanted fugitives in his very
hood. Bodie sent ten dollars for the special ex-
aon and ten for the service-bureau information.
elt that now a career was opening ahead of him.

e nfamiliar with the matter might have said that he
it—that the preliminaries were now completed.
or would have been mistaken, as it turned out. It
ar I that learning to be a detective in these modern
s as not what it once was. Preparing oneself for
in enterprise of detecting crimes and capturing
ins was much more complex than all that. So far the
ets alone had been disclosed; now the fine points
tbe touched upon and revealed—at an additional
sto the learner. There was, for example, a study of
isy, a course in which would cost twenty dollars; and
curse, without which any detective might find him-
wa ing all his reward money in paying damages for
k. he had made; and finally a course in the science
di; and recording and comparing finger prints—an
ufly essential branch of detective work without
n man could even hope to make a start. Twenty-
dcars would cover this course—if mailed immedi-

Bodie growing a little weary of this perpetual
ml pursuit pricked up his ears now. He had heard
e e of the finger print in the pursuit of the lawless
isaking of this bait was prompt and cheerful.

e araphernalia consisted of an ink pad, a cheap
if ng glass and a set of one hundred cards for regis-
nf prints; also there was a booklet on the subject
g-print taking and its potency in detective work
wi more interesting than instructive. Bodie learned
bur how to make a clean-cut impression of the
fints of his own hands, but it took him many days
vi a system by which he could get what would be
uy indispensable to a detective—the finger prints
e taken without their knowledge. At last, combin-
irs from the booklet and the results of his own
ints, he found that if he could get a little oil
th finger or thumb of an intended victim and
n print from that oiled digit it was easy to bring out the configurations of the mark by dusting lampblack over it and blowing off the superfluous powder. Patiently he set one trap after another, getting the finger prints of half of Two Buttes and giving himself infinite satisfaction with each successful effort. His next step was to lay traps for strangers—though there were but few such passing through the desert town—and he worked out a method at last by which this could be accomplished. Then he began to burn midnight oil in earnest.

For he had discovered, or thought he had, that he could tell a man's occupation or profession or trade from his finger print. This surprising and interesting theory resulted in a similarity he thought he saw between the finger prints of Will Zedd, the hardware man and plumber, and of Bud Heffner, the garage owner. There seemed a resemblance, too, between the lines on the thumb pad of Luke Simonson, of the bank, and of Charley Muir, cashier for the borax company. Something in common he believed he could make out in the prints made by the fingers of Miss Sterner—procured by trick and device—and those made by the hand of old John Nixon. Now Miss Sterner taught the Two Buttes grammar school's lower grades and John Nixon had once been a college professor. The study developed in Bodie Mallard latent tendencies for the fine distinctions, the close scrutiny and the intolerance with undemonstrable conclusions that stir in the minds of true scientists—he became obsessed with his theory. When it did not prove out he went patiently at the task of reconciling contradictions. The two Bixel boys, for example, though partners in merchandising and the cattle business, and as like as two peas to the casual eye, had finger prints widely variant. This seemed to be explained when Bodie learned that Falk Bixel had always been a business man, while his brother Basil had once had leanings toward the arts. And Bodie was triumphant when a Sunday newspaper supplement brought to his eye a finger-print story in which was discussed—with pictures—the thumb prints of famous actresses, all of which seemed somewhat similar and with one of which he found a family likeness in Basil Bixel's print.

After that the mere business of being a detective—or for that matter the mere business of being postmaster at Two Buttes—palled on Bodie Mallard. He was not conscious of the scientific urge; he only knew that he had found something that fascinated him. As a matter of fact, the criminal business in the desert country was exceedingly slack. Criminals appeared to be avoiding the town. The Royal Agency, finding Bodie cooler, began to lose interest in him. Tentative appeals to his cupidity or greed for rewards failed to rouse him. After a general follow-up campaign covering two or three months they dropped him. Bodie did not care. He had decided that they were small potatoes anyway. But he did develop a growing appetite for a field in which to operate with his new pastime. Outside of criminology the subject seemed to have no call. At last he decided to write to two well-known detective agencies asking them what possibilities there were for finger-print experts. His claims for himself were modest; what he wanted was an opportunity to show what he could do.

From the Sterns Agency he heard exactly nothing. But the Pendleton Detective Bureau, famous in four continents, was more responsive. On impressive stationery Bodie received a prompt reply. It was so prompt, so enthusiastic and so encouraging that it would have made a more sophisticated countryman suspicious. Not Bodie. He took at face value the Pendleton letter, which assured him that men of his stripe were very much in demand and that a place would be made for him on the staff at the earliest possible moment. Meantime it urged him to pursue his studies locally and to forward to the offices of the concern any prints he had of Two Buttes people who might be considered in any sense suspicious characters. It even added that the mayor of Two Buttes might himself be the man who was wanted in Canada for counterfeiting Bank of England twenty-pound notes. Bodie studied that suggestion thoughtfully, but saw no guile in it. He only answered, first, that Two Buttes had no mayor; second, that it was exceedingly unlikely that a man as clever as the counterfeiter would waste his talents in so isolated and unpromising a spot as the middle of the San Lucas Desert.

This reply delighted the Pendleton agency—or so it seemed. His keen mind was revealed in his letter, they said. His powers of deduction were unquestionably superior. All he appeared to need was training of a practical nature. If he would be good enough to forward his certificate of graduation from the detective school he had mentioned in his first letter ——

To be brief, someone in the Pendleton Detective Bureau kidded Bodie Mallard into a state bordering on excitement. He lost some of his wonted sadness. He forgot his melancholy. He was even heard to whistle now and again. He whistled very badly—but he whistled. And Two Buttes marveled.

And well they might. Bodie Mallard was becoming a changed man. His career was made for him. He was almost happy. All he awaited now was the chance passing of some desperate criminal, a moment with some internationally famous murderer, the finger print of his own capturing of some notorious desperado—and then, ah, then he would show them!

Judge Stillhouse Brown shook his head sagely at the evening gathering on the Eagle House porch along about that time.

"'Tain't in nature for Bodie Mallard to be so upriz," he said sagely. "Somethin's wrong—you mark my word.

(Continued on Page 141)

In the Morning, Almost Without Words, the Two Started Back Toward Burstow, Driving the Pack Burros Before Them

MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

By Kathleen Howard

HE WAS small and very Jewish in type; his back was bowed in a chronic stoop, though he was young. His eyes were a wonderful translucent green, with their racial hint of tragedy, but his nose was terrific. He had to play the young dashing Barber of Seville, and a lesser man might have been bothered by the handicap of his distinctly typical nose. Not he! He was an Austrian with the traditions of his country's stage and he knew that he could paint it out. Players of his type think you can paint anything out with grease paint. So he blackened the long bulbous tip three-quarters of an inch from the end and went on the stage quite happily, sure that his profile was perfectly Greek, the black nose tip a mere saucy shadow.

Make-up has grown to hold an exaggerated place in the actor's mind. Many of them think a heavy coat will do just what they want it to, if exaggerated enough; and they lose the fine sense of proportion—if indeed they ever possessed it—which tells them just how greatly the distance between themselves and the audience and the brilliant footlights will aid or handicap them in getting the most out of their facial expression. The idea of painting the face is as old as Time. One finds it in all countries—chiefly as an adjunct to beauty. Cleopatra and the Pharaohs certainly used it, the women to enhance the beauty of their skins and accentuate the brightness of their eyes, the men braiding their hair and beards and anointing their faces. There are ancient sheep's-wool wigs in European museums, said to have been worn by Egyptian queens, who perhaps preferred the golden hair of an *ingénue* to their own vampire locks.

The masks of ancient Grecian times were worn to give a desired facial expression and to suggest the passions and emotions of the actor. It was unmistakable to make an entrance wearing a huge mask painted to simulate an enormous grin—the naïve audience at once was in the mood for comedy. Our tragic and comic emblematic masks with their huge gaping mouths are relics of these times.

But the Greeks seem to have used masks only at the time the decadent Roman influence affected their stage. In the beginning of the fourth century the costumes were designed to give great freedom in action. This is shown in the vases and sculpture of the period, also in reading the plays of the fourth and fifth centuries, with their passionate, emotional moments of grief, rage, love, mourning—all the triumphs and despairs to which their art was harnessed.

The high-soled boot, almost like a stilt, was used in the Roman period, as were the huge masks, the chest pads and stomach pads which were all part of the tragic costume worn by the Greeks under the Roman influence.

Joseph Jefferson's Grease Paints

THE Greek theaters were so enormous that neither mask nor make-up could be seen probably and in the huge Athenic theater it can easily be imagined that much of the facial expression must necessarily have been lost.

The Chinese and Japanese also used these masks in their dances in much more recent times, some of the Japanese masks being seven feet in height and ranging from that to the size of the ordinary face mask.

The first actors, we read, to leave off the Grecian masks were some strolling Roman players. Whether because they had their baggage stolen or pawned it or just naturally got tired of lugging them round we do not know. They then concocted dyes and stains from leaves and berries and used these as make-up.

The monks in the Middle Ages used paints of some sort to give a semblance of naturalness to their religious and allegorical plays. These were at best so stilted that they employed all the limited means at their control to aid the illusion.

Shakspere's first interpreters had no make-up to aid them. We read of their attempts to find some practical way of disguising their features, but they were unsuccessful. Even the costumes worn were all of the period and the stage must indeed have been natural to the point of everydayness, but the plays of the young author were distinctly good, and the public seems to have been attracted. To be sure Pepys does say in his immortal diary that he had seen "Midsummer Night's Dream, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." But then he didn't even like Romeo and Juliet, so perhaps he considered Shakspere highbrow.

In Sheridan's time make-up was used by both men and women, the young fops of the court using it freely and the women making the best of what few cosmetics they had. White wigs were very trying unless one was touched up, and a tiny bit of court plaster, black and clinging, cut in shape of a heart, a crescent, a tiny coach-and-four, or even a simple circle, did much to help beauty's eyes flash.

From then on the progress of the art of make-up was very slow. American actors of fifty or sixty years ago had very little means at their command. Burnt paper was rubbed on the face to simulate a beard and burnt cork was the chief stand-by for black. Lines were made by holding a hairpin or some such instrument over a candle to accumulate black enough and then applying it to the eyebrows.

A ball of chalk, a paper of Chinese vermilion, a stick of India ink, were the contents of the actor's make-up box. These he applied with a camel's hair brush or any pet tool of his own inventing. James O'Neil says he first saw grease paints when he was playing with Joseph Jefferson. Someone had sent him a box from Germany, and Jefferson was showing them to the curious company, who were not much impressed. Years later Jefferson said of grease paint, "I never use them—they destroy expression. I had a box long ago, but I threw it away." He used red, black and white, carmine, burnt cork and chalk. He was right, of course; they do detract from facial expression. But the lights have grown in intensity since the great Rip Van Winkle, and we are forced to use something or look like victims of recent illness.

Richard Mansfield was famous for his wonderful make-up and was largely aided by his talent for drawing and painting. It is much easier for the actor who has some skill in that way to paint his face realistically.

Grease paints are said to have been invented in Germany by Carl Baudins, or Baudin, a member of the Leipzig theater and an admitted master of character make-up. At first they were bad for the skin, containing oxide of lead. Now they are made of vegetable dyes and fats and are absolutely harmless. In using them a good rule is to use as little as possible. Some are much more transparent than others, and experience is needed to find out just which ones look dead and which lifelike in surface.

In making up for a small theater one must never forget that the people in the front rows are almost on the stage with one, and therefore the amount used must be small, the art with which it is put on correspondingly great. In our great Metropo Opera House it is almost impossible to use a tle, suggestive make-up. Exaggeration is sary. But it must be gauged to a nicety or its intensity makes it ridiculous. For a burlesque one let one's fancy fly and wallow in broad effects, but then subtlety counts largely, and the further you get from anything typical and obvious the better your w

It is most interesting and helpful to study physiog wherever one finds oneself—in the subway, on corners, in audiences.

If you have a part to create, think yourself into character deeply and see what face and expression u sciously occur to you. Then try to create that with paints. Did you feel that your mouth should be larg loose, make it so; did you feel that the eyes were natu squeezed up at rehearsal, the mouth pinched, make so. The make-up must come from the brain, not the p Study mouths and how feelings shape them—the se mouth, the bad-tempered one, the hundreds of vari Choose the one most suited to the character of the p you must portray.

The contents of a make-up box are infinitely fascina In mine are grease paint sticks, thick and capable loo among them, pale pink, creamy white, white, ye white, sallow, healthy color, middle-age sallow, middl hearty, gypsy, Egyptian, sunburnt—all for foundat I have powders of all these shades and then some m have mixed myself. Personally I never use that d heavy German pink so generally accepted as beautif To me it is utterly dead and disfiguring, and hid change of expression. Then I have trays of lining pai little sticks of gray, of brown, red-brown, blue—light dark—black, scarlet, old red. Artists' stumps are useful for making lines and I always have a supply.

The Box of False Noses

A BLOCK of dry black with a little brush, generally for eyelashes, I use for wrinkles on my hands, as it not rub off. For this I use also the brown in this for metal pencil is full of spirit gum and I stole it when at Covent Garden. It is used for applying false eyeb I have a rabbit's foot for rouge, cakes of which are there. Tightly braided strands of crêpe, in gray, whit brown, are waiting to be unraveled and used for eyeb Beards I suggest on old women with a heavy stick of paint. Scissors, of course, are there, and soft old tow Turkish and plain—sponges for applying liquid mak One dark brown from the stain, one still white fro liquid white for arms and shoulders. I never use the as I don't have to. Little *batons* of lip rouge, scark beauty, dark red for middle age, lie beside a button and nail file. A nongreasy cream for wiping off the before I begin to make-up is beside a tin of luscious creaminess, which I slather on before I go home t move all the paints and stains from my skin. Nose is in a little tin box—a treasured old soft bit with a grains worked out long since has made me many a False noses I keep in a pasteboard box, and the se pairs of specs I use for different periods.

The usual woman opera singer does not need hal equipment, but it has been my luck to play a tremen range of parts and I revel in it. If she is a soprano sh merely need everything to make her beautiful; a usually has the same and ranges from typ dark magnificence to blandness.

The barytone and will need more brains more make-up, for the sometimes swarthy vil or fair heavy fathers are apt to run into diff racial characteristics o ture.

The stage is so n You couldn't be nice i were hideous—all the ence knows that. Su I put on a make-up for I won't turn myself i beauty, because if yo believe me that is nearly so difficult sounds. I'll go throug steps of a rôle I cre last year at the world mière of Puccini's Gi Schichi.

(Continued on Page

Your Headdress Will be Seen From All Angles and Will Undoubtedly be the Most Noticed Part of Your Costume, If You Spend Time and Thought on It

THE HAPPY SPENDERS

By Edward G. Lowry

UNCLE JAMES, who lived down in Gwinnett County, which is a mighty fine county in Georgia named after old Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, discovered just when the Civil War was coming to an end that he didn't have enough money to go down to Augusta and buy a pair of pants and a coat, which he badly needed, but he did have enough to paper his dining room. And after the surrender he did the whole room with Confederate bills. I disclose this bit of family history to show you that this is not the first time prices have been high.

Let us take it for granted that you are interested in the present prices we have to pay for things. One of the reasons why prices are so high is because there are so many people here in this country who do not care whether they cost much or little or whether the quality of what they get is good, bad or indifferent. They do not think of the price; they just buy. They are happy spenders. The busy marts of trade and the retail stores are full of them. Some of them are women and some of them are men. Quite a little while ago I told in the SATURDAY EVENING POST about the plight of the ultimate consumer, who could not buy—though wishful—because his salary had not kept pace in the upward flight of the cost of what he had to buy. His lean pocketbook kept him on the side lines and out of the scramble of purchasers. Though the ultimate consumer was temporarily out of it, all the retail stores everywhere were full of people buying. The whole list of commodities from anchovies to zinc was in demand. In the face of the high prices, and because of them, retail buying was never more brisk and more lavish than it is just now. I went out and got some illustrations and incidents. They were easily found. One town in Connecticut, where numbers of girls were employed in a factory that during the war had been turning out war material, one hundred and fifty girls receiving a weekly wage that averaged about $15 bought fur coats at one fell swoop. They made small cash deposits when they got the coats and agreed to pay a dollar a week. At that rate it will take nearly five years to pay for one of the coats. The buyer apparently figured that it was good business, even if the girls did not complete their payments, to rent the coats at a dollar a week.

They are Making More Money Than They Ever Dreamed of Making Before and They Have Got More Money to Spend

Tangible Symbols of Prosperity

The other day a colored workman, apparently from one of the shipyards near Baltimore, came into a first-class clothery shop in the city and asked to be shown some silk shirts. The clerk showed him the cheapest silk shirts he had in stock. The price, I think, was about $4.50. The colored man scarcely looked at them. He said he wanted better ones. The clerk showed him a shirt that was priced at $9. The man said that he would take a dozen of them and counting out $108 took his parcel under his arm and walked out as if such a transaction was entirely familiar with him.

Early last spring a girl employed in one of the departments in Washington doing temporary war work bought a fur coat for $65, paying for it on the installment plan. The coat is not fully paid for yet. At the end of September she decided that she must have a nice coat for the winter. She chose one—and she only looked at the best—that was priced at $175. She bought it on the installment plan too. She made the first payment she gave the storekeeper a five-dollar Liberty Bond.

A blacksmith in a small West Virginia town came into a store of "gents' furnishing" store and said without preface, "Show me some of your ten-dollar silk shirts." The shopkeeper showed them and plenty of them. In 1913 the highest-priced shirt that he had in his place sold for three dollars. The blacksmith looked over the lot that were displayed for approval until he found ten whose color and design appealed to him. He paid down his hundred dollars and walked out with the shirts under his arm. Neither he nor the shopkeeper saw anything unusual in the transaction.

Now there are two distinct types of these happy spenders. One of them I understand and have every sympathy for. The others have a streak of yellow in them and are ashamed to say they cannot afford to buy. Here are cases. A jeweler told me this story:

"We put a silver set in the window, an old-fashioned sort of thing in one way. It was a silver pitcher, six silver goblets and a silver tray. The whole thing made a complete set. We used to sell a lot of such things, but in the last ten years they have rather gone out of fashion. People don't buy them so much as they used to. One time silver goblets and a silver pitcher were quite the thing. They were used for ice water and lemonade. To own a set was a symbol of being substantial. We had had this set in stock for some time and I put a price of $400 on it.

"The other day a woman came into the store and asked to look at it. She was very simply and plainly dressed. She did not even have on a hat, but wore a shawl over her head. That meant, of course, that her husband was a working man and she was not claiming or reaching for any social standing in the community. But the clerk got the pitcher and the goblets out of the window and showed them to her and was mighty polite about it, too, because you never can tell these days who will buy the most unexpected things. We have been surprised too often.

"The woman looked at the goblets and at the pitcher. She handled them all. I could see that she wanted them and that it was the sort of thing she had wanted a long time. But she went out of the store without buying. She said she wanted to talk to her husband first. She came back after the noon hour and her face was all lighted up.

"'My husband says I can have them,' she told the clerk, and out of her purse she took four hundred dollars and paid for them. We marked the set with her initials and sent it down to her house. I found out that her husband was a first-class riveter and was making probably twenty or thirty dollars a day—maybe more, for all I know."

Now that is the sort of extravagance I can find it in my heart to approve and understand. The woman had wanted in her house some symbol of prosperity, something that was not necessary and that gave her pleasure. A social value attached to the ownership of a silver pitcher and silver goblets that was worth more than she had to pay. She got a deep inward satisfaction out of the mere ownership of such luxuries, and if the worst came to the worst she could always sell them for a little less than she paid for them. The mere silver had a certain substantial value.

But there is another type of spender for whom nothing can be said. The other day in Chicago a doctor on foot was making his way across a downtown traffic-congested street to make a call. He was in a hurry and he was dodging between the trucks and the wagons and the motor cars. The roadway was wet and muddy. A passing truck spattered him from head to heels. He reached the curb and found that he hadn't a handkerchief to wipe the spots off his clothes. He went into a haberdashery store on the corner and asked for a handkerchief. The first one the clerk showed him he liked. It was of generous size and good texture.

The doctor said, "I might as well have a dozen of these. I am always needing handkerchiefs."

Not until the clerk handed him the parcel did he ask, "How much?"

The clerk said, "Thirty-six dollars."

"But," said the doctor, telling this story afterward, "I was game. I never said a word. I took them."

Now, to my way of thinking, he wasn't game at all. He was a plain sucker. He could not afford to pay $36 for a dozen handkerchiefs and he knew it. But he lacked the moral courage to let the clerk know it and to ask for cheaper handkerchiefs. It is that sort of thing that makes panhandlers out of Coal Oil Johnnies.

Two Dollars an Inch on Shoe Prices

A WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, shop merchant said that in 1914 he figured that about ten per cent of his trade could afford and would buy novelty shoes, meaning by novelty shoes, shoes of extreme styles. To-day he says that ninety per cent buy novelty shoes and only ten per cent conservative standard styles. Housemaids, he said, for example, think nothing of paying as much as $18 for a pair of fancy shoes. This dealer has on his shelves now a stock of shoes for women bought in 1914 with tops six inches high and with Cuban heels. He can sell them for from five to eight dollars a pair. These are what he calls conservative shoes. A novelty shoe this season is nine inches in height and costs from twelve dollars upward a pair. Every time a half inch is added to the height of a woman's shoe from one to two dollars is added to the price. But the buyers keep coming.

I sought and found in a representative city of about 200,000 people actual typical cases of what women who work are paying for their clothing. A man who is interested in the subject of promoting thrift sent one of his women employees out to discover from her friends, also working women, the actual cost of the clothes they stood in when they came downtown to work in the morning. She got the figures from eight women. Two of them were teachers, three were stenographers, one was a head stenographer and two were clerks. The result of the investigation was amazing and illuminating. Each of the women questioned told what she had paid for the things she had on at the time. These women had dressed themselves for business at a cost for an outfit ranging from $61.25 to $217.50. The girl who made the least money, a girl at a thousand

(Continued on Page 181)

ROSA ALVARO, ENTRANTE

By Pearl Lenore Curran

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"Give Me the Next, Please! I Can't Let You Go"

TO MAYME LADD the morning had dragged through mechanically, the hours mere incidents of commerce—incidents which had necessitated the insertion of her nervous hands into various qualities of hosiery innumerable times; incidents which claimed her disinterested attention, threatening to sap her remaining strength after a sweltering night at Mrs. Winthrop's home boarding and rooming establishment.

Gwen Applebaum watched her narrowly and quizzically as she Frenched a stray strand of pale hair which had extracted itself from one of the hornlike protuberances at either ear, and chewed ruminatingly a bit of paper, at the same time irritating an elderly patron of Goldman & Co. to exasperation by her air of condescension assumed in answering an inquiry for cotton lisles at thirty-five cents the pair; murmuring as she resumed her chewing and Frenching after the patron's departure: "Don't they know they was a war?"

Her keen eyes soon returned to Mayme. Watching the drawn face with concern she said: "What ails you, Mayme? 'Tain't Peacock, is it? You'd think he owned this dump the way he struts up and down them aisles. He gits my goat. Hand me them eights—and Mayme, wait for me at State Street entrance t'-night. I got that henna Georgette $7.45, and Jim's coming out to take your little Gwen bye-bye. Cheero, kid." Then, addressing a tall spinster: "Three for a dollar-twenty-five. . . . Seconds of course, at that, deary."

The spinster retired, indignant.

"Can you beat it?" asked Gwen. "And me givin' service as is service! Go on, smile, kid! It's grub at 'leven-fifteen, and back at it. What ails ye?"

"Nothing, Gwen; nothing but this," answered Mayme, concluding with a little futile gesture. "And this and this," she went on, snapping three boxes of nine-and-a-halfs one on top of the other by way of emphasis. "There's nothing but this forever. I'm sick of seein' stockin's and thinkin' feet." She turned to hide her trembling lips and her hand shook as she slipped it through the leg of a black silk, extra size, for flaws. "Goldman's God. Anyway he's got my soul. I ain't nothin' but a stockin' box, and when I'm empty y' can find me in the dump. And that's it, Gwen; I'm nearly empty now. I'm all in and there ain't no way out. I know every day by heart and they ain't nothin' more for me to learn."

"Ain't you the morgue, though! Cut that stuff, Mayme, and tuck this under your dome: The world owes you a livin' and all you gotta do is collect. You don't find your little Gwen holdin' private Bullshevik meetin's. No, sir! It's the lively stuff for me.

"Mr. Peacock! Mr. Peacock!" Gwen's voice trailed out siren sweet. "A charge take, Mr. Peacock. O. K. it, will you? Lady's waiting. Thank you, Mr. Peacock. Here's the parcel, ma'am. Sorry to keep you waiting, ma'am."

Mr. Peacock leaned against the counter watching the departure of the charge-take customer with interest. Gwen also watched the somewhat overdeveloped figure make its way through the crowded space between footwear and ladies' undergarments, reflectively, and leaning over addressed Mr. Peacock confidentially: "Do you know who she is?"

Mr. Peacock smiled tolerantly as one might at an inquisitive child, and shook his head in the negative.

Gwen slipped her fingers about her trim belt and went on: "Well, that's Madam Martin. She's a clairvoyant—sees things, you know. I got one of her cards. Fifty cents a see. D'ye believe in fortunes?"

She presented the card to the elegant Mr. Peacock, who looked upon it as one might look upon some unknown monstrosity, and laying it down upon the counter moved toward the direction of another siren voice issuing from the neckwear department. Gwen cast a disgusted look after the vanishing figure and shrugged her well-formed shoulders in a manner that bespoke her total disregard for the fallacies of man, and turning her gaze to the clock's bland face announced that it was her relief and made ready for her departure. She tossed her sales book and black apron under the counter, stopping to slip an arm affectionately about Mayme's thin waist and whisper: "Cheer up, kid. Remember, the world owes you a livin'."

Mayme stood dully looking out upon the seething aisles, making sales mechanically when they presented themselves, but with no show of being conscious of the world about her. The little card which Mr. Peacock had left lying upon the counter gleamed whitely. Her hand idly took it up. With the same dull expression she read upon it:

MADAM M. MARTIN

CLAIRVOYANT

Advice in love and business

Why trust to luck? KNOW the future. Your fortune for 50 cents. Life readings, $2.00

Come to-day

TELLS THE PAST AND FUTURE

"Forward! Forward, please!" The voice of Mr. Peacock. "Miss Ladd, hose."

Mayme slipped the card into her blouse front and moved forward, her hands taking up a stack of boxes and setting them in order as she confronted the customer. Her expression had changed from disinterested tolerance to a semblance of interest. Her cheeks had flushed and there was a certain eagerness in her manner. The very tone of her voice had changed. Even Mr. Peacock noticed it and glanced keenly at her as he delivered to her service a rather confused gentleman who made a purchase of silk hosiery, to be charged and delivered, and who left a card with his address. Mayme copied from the card to her check: "Dr. McDermott Drew, Blank University," and stopped to read in small type: "Chair of Psychology." Thus engaged she was interrupted by the return of Gwen, who hung over her shoulder, reading with interest.

"Chair of Psychology—how do they get that way, Mayme? What's psychology?"

Mayme shrugged and laid the card upon the counter. "I dunno, Gwen, but they say psychology finds the reason of things—the wheels go round."

"Huh, Mayme, they ain't no reason fella buyin' six pairs of three-dollar blac for his ma. That's him. He does it re and there ain't no psychology in that, fer there ai reason; and if psychology's reason it can't be if ther no reason. You're wrong, kid, on psychology. It ai no reason. When you git psychology you're dip read about a girl that had it and thought she was body else and they had to tame her."

Mayme's eyes narrowed as she listened, and made check for two pairs of white lisles for a befrilled mi Gwen reached for a box she asked: "Say, Gwen, w happy?"

"Naw, just dippy, kid. I dunno though; maybe si happy. Lots of folks are that way. If they was sane hang themselves."

Goldman's ground out the remaining hours, lade confused labor; and five-thirty stopped the grind. were covered, stragglers hastened toward the entr the aisles smelled dusty and the empty spaces echoe voices and shuffling feet. Later a long file of emp moved through the exit, passed the inspector and o the sweltering heat. The pavement was scorching a tall walls gave up blasts of fury as the crowd passe the State Street entrance stood Gwen, burdened small parcel which contained the henna Georgette.

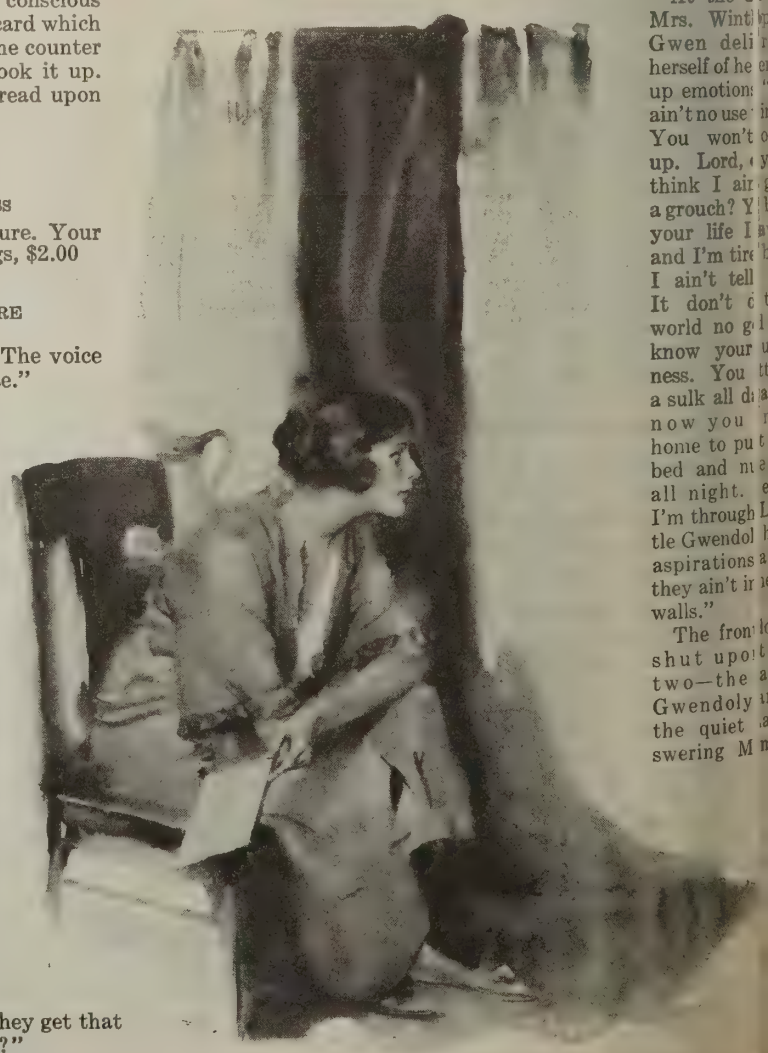
She showed no sign of the day's weariness as she to Mayme, who came uncertainly from the yawning way: "Righto! Chicago, kid! Come on. Jim's con eight, and it's us for the gay white way, eh?"

Mayme shook her head and hung in a withered n to the proffered arm.

"No, Gwen," she said, "I ain't goin'. I got an e ment."

"You're leadin' a double life, woman! No use! to the bad. Listen: I got a deviled crab from Coope a bottle of maraschino cherries. Us for a feed. Ch kid, don't boob the act."

The two made their way to the Elevated station further conversation, sank into a seat and watch dingy hot walls slip by until Thirty-third Street was Gwen led the way out from the station toward Wabas nue. Mayme followed, seeming absorbed in her th



"The World Owes You a Living. All You Got to Do is Collect"

At the d Mrs. Wint Gwen deli herself of he up emotion ain't no use You won't up. Lord, think I air a grouch? Y your life I and I'm tir I ain't tell It don't c world no g know your ness. You a sulk all d now you home to pu bed and n all night. I'm through tle Gwendol aspirations they ain't ir walls."

The fron shut upo two—the Gwendoly the quiet swering M

me later it opened to let forth Jim and Gwen, bent
n igh life; and a little after that it gave up the rather
idigure of Mayme—Mayme with an air of indecision,
cl gave way to one of determination as she walked
s Thirty-third toward Prairie Avenue, following the
ro street to a certain brownstone front upon which
small gilt sign reading: "Madam M. Martin,
r oyant."

[a]am Martin ushered her prospect into a living room
cl was a confusion of movie sets ranging from ancient
t ot corners to drapes and incense burners, with fix-
s om leopard skins to stuffed canaries. The madam
ossessed of an Oriental aura and a State Street
ai lary.

Te minute you rung the bell I felt the vibrations," she
fied, shuddering. "You're psychical, ain't you?"
dh Martin polished her glistening nails upon her palm
clsed her pen-
dies. "My,"
nt on, "the
a ons tells me
r psychical,
ychical. I
ea feeling
. The madam
e to forget
ei for she rip-
ff into a
n cracked
dh gurgle,
o herself,
id at her
and opened
y:, to see the
v stare with
h Mayme was
ng the per-
ne.

Don't be
dleary. It's
dg Water,
e Laughing
ei the dear
ning. She
ts to ——"
ra Martin
ered more
gan: "Me
alk lady,
ady. She
ne lost—
s——" The
ner of the
en trailed off
ing, much
evoice of a
ri quist who
hwling dogs
reets. The
d as brought
nd by an-
iggle and
nd: "Lost
elf herself—
ocveak."

"Señor," Rosa Tiptoed, Whispering, "Rosa Nevair, Nevair Weel Say to You Adios. You Sabe, Señor? Nevair, Nevair!"

acm Martin mopped herself with a heavily scented
lk chief and swayed from side to side. Finally with a
ur sigh she said pantingly: "The conditions is
g Miss, will you have a life reading? You oughta.
t sees for you is worth it."

e ld her hand forth and the shaking hand of Mayme
to dollars therein. "Thanks," said the madam,
ir. "I said right off when I seen you ——" She
pe and hiccuped, then spilled: "Herself, she lost
elf She smiled and went on easily: "Poor Laughing
er She thinks you are lost. She's such a child. Why,
wk she took me and slid down the banister for a
g porter from the Post. Be still, Laffie. After while
ca talk to the paleface.

Sh I trance? All right now, just you be in rappert.
ld my hands and think a question. Don't be
ed. Laughing Water won't hurt you. She loves pale-
" Here the voice again assumed the cracked childish
: Me like lady paleface. She be controllum by big
-ti e-dead Spanish lady, name Rosa, Rosa Al-Al-
ro Rosa Alvaro.

Ro say why you wurra? She say she help paleface
he say what you ask dis medium, nothin' to what
do for you. You get Rosa controllum you. You
ely She lovely. She make you Spanish bootiful.
co e Madam Martin; she develop you strong. You
y lost out youself. You b'lieve Laughing Water?
ha ha! Good-by."

ad m Martin struggled and became her beaming self.
r re mopping she continued: "You know, I don't
v at goes on in a trance. Did she tell you some-
g? Mayme nodded. "You ought to develop, deary,
es oups and groups of 'em round you. You could raise out of your vibrations and be happy. Do you know, deary, that us psychical people are that sensitive that we have to bathe ourselves to get rid of the vibrations; they settles on us like dust, you know. I feel your soul sphere is so high that you suffer. You was born in aqua. That's water, and that's what ails you. I sees the spirit of a beautiful Spanish lady. She says her name is Rosa Alvaro and she was a child of Napolyun Bonypart. She says she has watched over you since you was a child. Rosa says you must follow her to avenge her mother. She make the world acknowledge you. You will be big lady, Laughing Water say."

Mayme sat with her dull eyes staring straight into the shifty ones of Madam Martin. Something in their directness seemed to stop the prophecy and the madam led off in another direction: "Do you want to ask any questions?" she asked.

"Yes," Mayme answered. "Will I succeed?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the madam. "You will, deary. I see you successful, and they tell me you will meet a blond man, changin' your fortune. I sees lace and silk and gold, and sees you laughing. Any other question?"

"No." Mayme had risen, the dullness settling once more upon her.

"You should develop, deary. I ain't nothin' to what you'd be."

Madam Martin was opening the door and the hot street gleamed grayly under the street lights as Mayme descended the stone stairway and walked toward Wabash. She moved listlessly along until she reached Mrs. Winthrop's, climbed the hot stairs, opened the dusty screen, entered the dimly lit, musty, hot hall and climbed the stuffy padded stairs to the second floor. Walking the length of the long hall she opened her own door with its ridiculously large key, lighted the gas and sank into a chair and passed a shaking hand over her dripping brow.

Through the window at the end of the room came the tinny sound of a piano cart playing what sounded a little like Sicilian Rose. Mayme got up wearily and began to undress.

The card bearing Madam Martin's name fluttered to the floor. She stooped and took it up. "Know the future," she read, and smiled wanly, placing the card upon the dresser and slipping into a dull kimono and sitting before the window to listen. Presently she rose, procured a tablet and pencil, reseated herself and wrote with a swift hand upon the white surface: "The world owes you a living. All you got to do is collect."

After sitting for sometime considering the line she got up and pinned it to the frame of the looking-glass, stood for a moment silent, then flung herself across the bed and sobbed brokenly.

II

MAYME LADD boarded a street car at her usual embarking point, one of a crowd of early morning passengers who would start the sleeping heart of the city beating. She was pale and limp and her eyes betrayed sleeplessness. Her thin crêpe blouse clung to her flesh, accentuating her thin lines. She was swept about among the crowding passengers like a bit of waste, for she let them do their will, seeming not aware that she was trampled and swerved about, accepting it without interest as though it was quite to be expected and borne.

"Fare. Fare, you!" Dully she took in the fact that the conductor was addressing her. Then is when it happened.

The small head lifted, disclosing a face that was transformed. The thin lips spread in a timid smile which played over the drawn lines queerly. The eyes, half veiled by their heavy fringed lids, raised lazily to meet the scowl of the conductor.

"Don't take all day, you!" he said.

The veiled eyes opened ever so little wider and bestowed a glance which pleaded confusedly, while Mayme's lips drawled upon a purring voice: "I no spik Inglis, please." The car lurched, sending its passengers together in a mass, eliciting loud expressions of ill will in general. A burly workman rested his weight upon one of Mayme's slender feet. She winced and righted herself, repeating: "I no spik Inglis," and smiling broadly up into the conductor's face.

"Wop," he remarked, forcing a weak grin, then glowering at the offending workman and venting his ire: "Stand offen the lady's feet, you! Don't ye know how to treat a lady?" Then murmuring: "Them wops sure has eyes!

"Thoity-foist!" Kajang, kajang, kajang! The recording bell marked the toll on human baggage.

The remainder of the downtown ride was eventless. Mayme swung to a strap and watched with smoldering interest the effect of the incident. Men put down the shields of their morning papers and stared at her, some even admiringly and interestedly. Women looked kindly at her and smiled. One even made signs in pantomime offering to assist her if needed.

It was done. The first plunge was a success. Mayme's head was lifted and in her eyes shone a gleam of new brightness like a candlelight reflected in the water of a deep well. When the car stopped at Goldman's State Street entrance there emerged a young woman who walked with confidence and who turned and smiled back at the conductor as she sped toward the employees' entrance with alert feet.

The figure which passed the inspector was slightly under average height, of graceful lines though spare. It was Mayme's figure, but in some way changed. The usual air of dejection had given place to an assertive manner. The dark head was carried well up. The lazy eyes held mystery within them, and the long sweep of the black brows beneath the simple coiffure which left the forehead bare added to the face an individual charm. Even in the cavernous interior of the great store the lips still retained their queer calculating smile. Clerks descending from the locker rooms to their various departments exchanged greetings, abbreviated formalities with no real reason or value, a sort of verbal agreement with the day.

(Continued on Page 88)

IN ENEMY COUNTRY

By George Pattullo

APENWEIER, GERMANY. Here we are at last, with a place to sleep. Intended stopping in Offenburg to-night, but on arrival there round eight o'clock discovered that the town was full—not pickled, but crowded. We were told that two thousand refugees arrived in the place to-day from Alsace, part of the large numbers of persons of German extraction and sympathy who have either been expelled by the French or have left from choice or caution.

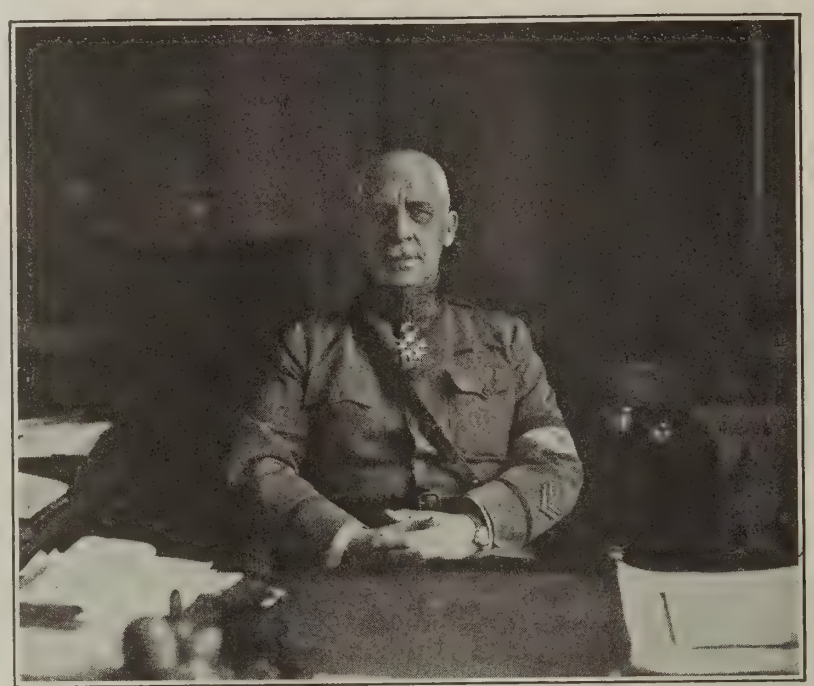
They narrate some harrowing experiences, and many of them looked rather hopeless. Probably half of their stories are lies—you have to take all refugee tales and the yarns returned prisoners tell you with plenty of salt. Nevertheless, it appears as though the French were making newly won territory safe for the future by getting rid of all doubtful elements. And so it goes—seesaw, seesaw!

A gorgeous beauty in a blue uniform and miles of gold braid is downstairs drinking beer. He stared hard at me while my companion and I were eating supper.

"A general?" I whispered.

"Works for the railroad," was the answer. In this country the railroad officials dress like Knights of Pythias on parade.

A young German has been traveling with me through force of circumstances—or design. It may be the latter, for he is pretty keen and so obliging to the stranger within the gates that I cannot understand it, unless he was assigned to watch and ascertain what I wanted by entering Germany at such a time as this.



Brigadier General George H. Harries, Head of American Section of Interallied Commission for the Repatriation of Prisoners of War in Germany

We had a fair supper of cold veal and sausage, potatoes, a salad and *Ersatz* coffee for seven marks each. At the present value of the mark that amounts to forty-two cents, but in the country districts the Germans still estimate the mark at almost its old value, it would appear; so probably the landlord thinks he is getting one dollar and seventy-five cents for each meal.

Politics and the Peace Conference

THE Germans seem to travel about a lot. Every train is crowded. In our compartment seven of us stood up for five hours. Among the passengers was a nun; a young soldier who must have guessed my nationality, for he carefully avoided looking at me; three or four farmers and their women folk; several young girls carrying small milk cans; a Swiss professor; and a Swiss drummer. All the Germans discussed politics and the peace conference. A fat old woman was bitter in her denunciation of the peace.

"Ah, yes, it is the French! I know! I know!" she cried. "They are trying to exterminate us. They need a slap in the face about every fifty years, these French!"

This sentiment met with universal approval. Sounds hopeful for the future, doesn't it? From that she progressed to home politics and in this field encountered opposition. I could not understand more than the drift of what she said, but a young matron, whose appearance suggested a comfortable position in life, hotly disagreed with her, and they argued for an hour. At last she turned to me and demanded my opinion. In vain I shook my head; she persisted, and of course as soon as I opened my mouth they knew I was a foreigner—if they hadn't guessed it before.

"What are you?" she demanded sharply.

"American."

Oo, là, là! The compartment was immediately all agog, but instead of rousing their hostility the information seemed to stir only their curiosity. They pressed round me. What was I doing there?

Luckily my knowledge of German is practically *nil*, so argument was out of the question, and they contented themselves with haranguing me instead, three or four all speaking at the same time. It speedily became apparent that they entertained the most fantastic hopes of the United States. They actually looked to us to save them from the penalty of their crime against the world; also to feed them and lend them financial aid.

The extraordinary selfishness of their viewpoint amazed me. They were so utterly unconscious of it too—but then selfishness always is oblivious. Here are the Germans looking confidently to a nation which they deliberately flouted and outraged, which they drove from a position of neutrality into war, for friendlier treatment and greater benefits than they could reasonably expect from an ally! How do they get that way?

Frankfurt-am-Main—Sometimes I have thought that certain portions of the United States had reached the limit of development. But the surface has barely been scratched. When America's possibilities are developed to the degree reached in the Fatherland, the United States ought to be able to take care of three hundred millions of people. The old prodigality must go, but there would be plenty.

Crops look splendid. And the Germans are working. If they ever heard of a forty-four-hour week in these parts they have forgotten it. We hear of strikes in the coal mines and in factories and on railroads—also of thousands of idlers who prefer to draw government aid instead of looking for jobs, but out in the rural regions they are going at it like ants, whatever the radical elemen the larger cities and industrial centers be doing.

I don't believe these people are so har for materials as they have so loudly claimed. We have seen from the car dows enormous parks of war material idle in the fields—wagons and carts, girders, pig iron, great quantities of lun However, what any observer may see country represents but a flyspeck again empire's needs; so it is possible that a d trous dearth of materials may exist.

However, I hear from every German whom I have talked that Germany enormous stocks of cotton and rubber copper, and so on, in the Americas, whic bought before the United States entere war and will import as soon as the All or Great Britain, as they always say—lif blockade. They made the majority of purchases with a view to using them afte war in their industries, knowing well could not be imported while the British held the seas. They seem to have pla far ahead, these boches, and were alread ganizing for peace competition long b fighting had ceased.

The country has not a run-down loo all. They have kept everything fairly up to the mark—a wonderful achiever considering the drain their war efforts have put upon them. Germany sugge land all set to go and only waiting fo word.

When I crossed the border from Basel they warne to carry plenty of food or I should starve to death bought a bag of sausage and bread and veal sandwi also a few cakes of chocolate. They wouldn't permit carry more than fifty francs—Swiss—out of the cou and I changed my money into marks. Had about a sand marks in each pocket of my trousers and coat vest, for the rate of exchange was three marks for a franc. The Swiss, by the way, hold their money worth more than American and will give less thar francs for a dollar, though in France we are getting francs at this writing.

May Day in Old Heidelberg

LUCKY thing I brought along my own chow, for they discontinued dining cars on the railroads and I sl have had nothing to eat from early morning until la night. A fellow passenger, who spoke English, struck conversation en route to Heidelberg and growing confi tial confessed that he had smuggled in a lot of choc and other contraband stuff in a false cover on his suit The admission made me suspicious. Unless he had w to draw me out along the same line, why should a p stranger tell me something might land him in jail? I su that petty smuggling is fairly eral between Germany and co uous neutral countries.

The guards at the frontie not strike me as being very s Their examination of my lug and papers was cursory—the with the other travelers. One they did search thoroughly, ever. Probably they had re for being dubious of him.

Spent a day in Fribourg. U tunately it rained, but I m round town just the same. Fi university town; students e where, all wearing caps. Foo games advertised, with ridicul small prices of admission—s eleven cents in our money. were putting on opera also.

They told me that the ur sities sent practically all thei dents of military age and younger to the war, which no cessitates completion of a def education. Patriotism among was at fever heat. To-day are bitter and unbeaten in s I have listened to some hair-ra denunciations of the British an French—they laid off the U

Crowd in Front of Morgue

t to spare my feelings. Toward the Italians they exit ontempt; also toward their Turkish allies and in a e degree toward the Austrians.

t ck Heidelberg on May Day, which is the big day of yar for labor in Europe. It corresponds to Labor Day h s. The university was closed. The exterior of the ldgs is very disappointing. From hearing so much of d berg I had foolishly expected some imposing old edifices such as you find at Oxford.

Y ruins of Heidelberg Castle, however, are the most gnicent I ever saw, towering high on a hill and bluff v the town and river. A small party of Germans was gthrough them and I trailed along. The old woman dnstantly spotted me for an American and directed stf her explanations my way—in the usual hope of a eus tip. The Germans did not resent my presence or them in the slightest. They tried to converse in gli and volunteered a lot of information about the n

Vsaw the famous three-hundred-thousand-liter wine k id climbed to the platform on its top. But it was the s l scale on which the castle had been built that fasat l me, even more than the wonderful stone carving l e and figures and gargoyles. Only the shell of the remains; all the rest was destroyed and burned.

Vio did it?" I in-
re
Te French under g ouis XIV," the m guide replied. t is been give and e back and forth, w n the Germans l ench for centua l centuries. Na- eo crushed Prussia, t y fooled him in eorts to destroy m as a military refor all time, and n back with a ng I have a notion y will repeat and t he of these days re will be another coing.

H Heidelberg s eminded me of at n eminent psylost of Princeton e emarked to me bord a steamer.

Te Germans are ngrous because y'e sentimental-," e said. "Sentintists are always ngrous, because y' so apt to run d. You ought to see grip of Germans id he ruins of Heibeg Castle on a onght night—you gh to hear their ch!'" If all sentintists are danger- t bulk of Americans ought to be locked up, for when cores to boiling sentimentality they take the cake.

The were general expectations that May Day would ngerious disturbances throughout Germany, but it m to have passed quietly. What demonstrations took ce ere in marked contrast to the occurrences in Paris, er evere street fighting went on, requiring the employnt f a considerable force of troops.

Falsified Census Figures

HD seen in a newspaper that trouble was anticipated in Heidelberg, where the Socialists had arranged a parade. e erman newspapers make a practice of playing up y a er city as hotbeds of unrest and Bolshevism to give e impression in Allied countries that the peace conditions an plunging the Fatherland into anarchy. But I have tic that no general uprising of the Spartacides ever cur One day it will be Berlin; next week it will be in una; following that, another city far removed. The tbreaks come in rotation; they never seem to flare up nultaneously, as revolutionary movements usually do.

I wnt to get a look at the demonstration in Heidelberg. wa about the tamest affair of its kind it has ever been y fortune to witness.

Th marched with banners and the flag of the new oubic; also a band. Then they gathered in the prinal quare and several orators harangued them from a leoy.

No isorder; no incendiary speeches. It was raining and e case crowd waited patiently in the drizzle while a bull-necked gentleman denounced the blockade, "which is killing our women and children by thousands." He also demanded the immediate return of the German prisoners of war held by the Allies. The demonstrators applauded now and again, but without much show of feeling.

The Germans have scant sympathy for quack political nostrums. Also they require something more substantial from leaders than a repertoire of catch phrases.

The demonstration broke up in good order—or, rather, it simply melted away. It's hard to sustain fervor with the rain dripping sadly on your Sunday clothes and your stomach crying out that it is supper time. So these stout Socialists of Heidelberg drifted off homeward. The crisis of May Day was over.

Every American who has been in Germany since the Armistice is struck by the large numbers of able-bodied men. The Fatherland's losses must have been appalling in the war, and therefore it comes as a surprise to see the high proportion of men of military age in the populations of the smaller cities and towns. France can show nothing to compare with it—poor broken France.

The explanation probably lies in a lie. Evidence accumulates that the Germans deliberately falsified their census returns to deceive other European countries as to their population. Our military experts used to speculate whence came the new reserves Germany was able to put into the field after staggering losses, and our Intelligence Section finally concluded from the information available that Germany's population exceeded by ten millions the figures of the census.

In all the towns occupied by the American Army of Occupation we noticed this discrepancy between official figures and the apparent size of the populations. Places which were credited with four thousand inhabitants were quite as large as communities of six thousand in the United States.

Frankfort, Goethe's birthplace, is a remarkably fine city.

"This place is very American," I remarked to the hotel porter.

He grinned and led me on a trip over the hotel. The elevator was of American manufacture; the chair in the barber shop bore on it, "St. Louis, U. S. A."; and "that telephone and these electric lights, they are all American inventions," he said.

In my wanderings I have seen many articles of unmistakable American manufacture—such as typewriters and office furniture—which bore the stamp of German make. A manufacturer I met in Paris had warned me what to expect.

"They buy lots of things from us, then put their own labels on them and resell them as German articles," he asserted.

At the outbreak of the war Frankfort was one of the principal railroad centers for mobilization of troops on the Western Front. Train after train ran through the city at ten-minute intervals for fifty days, carrying the German hordes which were to fall upon France. Not one accident; never a blockade of traffic, hardly a hitch in handling those millions. And all the while the populace cheering itself hoarse with patriotism and hopes of speedy victory.

"No, they are not cheering now," remarked a merchant sadly as I was buying some collars.

One of the Riots in Front of a Berlin Printing House

A Fairy Tale of Revolution

LEIPZIG. Met with the first signs of hostility from Germans to-day. First a police official bawled me out when I went to register.

"*Was machen Sie hier?*" he kept bellowing, and told me the place for Americans was back in America, and not in Germany. He was a little, straight, alert, cocky fellow with a pompadour—thoroughly representative of the old order—the sort who will strut and lord it over everybody when they have the whip hand, but are humble enough if you are in a position to strike back. He would doubtless be obsequious were he in the occupied area, or even close to it.

Three hoodlums ran after my cab as I was driving out to see the awesome statue in commemoration of the Battle of Leipzig, yelling "Get out," and "*Schweinhund!*" As the driver did not appear to be worried, I judged this was a reception committee and waved acknowledgment. Moreover, they did nothing but shout.

They tell me that Leipzig is a hotbed of Spartacism and was recently in the hands of the revolutionists. They said the same thing in Frankfort.

"But everything seems to be moving along well. Business about as usual and most of the people working?"

"Yes," assented my informant. "But all the working people have arms in their homes. They will behave as long as the authorities do what they want. But if they don't do what they want—pist!" And he waved his hands.

Sounds like a fine fairy tale. Imagine real revolutionists in possession of arms and the power to enforce their will leaving the authorities against whom they had risen still in control!

In spite of this talk that the city is sitting on a volcano which may erupt at any moment, they are holding their celebrated *Messe*, an exhibition to which manufacturers from all over Europe were wont to send their products in peacetime. The fair is a big success this year, with greatly increased exhibits and attendance.

Both here and in Frankfort they had many idle men early in the year. Now the situation has improved and the majority of idlers are those who remain so from choice. Was surprised to learn that many large corporations in Germany continue to pay their employees despite the closing of their plants owing to the lack of raw materials. This has been done for self and national preservation—to head off revolution. How long can they keep it up?

Every afternoon the tea room of this hotel is crowded with well-dressed men and women. They seem to have plenty of money to spend and deny themselves nothing, even at the low purchasing power of the mark. The theaters are open, the opera is on and there are plenty of movie places running to capacity. Heaven forbid that one should judge German tastes by German movies, for what a verdict against America could be brought in that way! But they are inexpressibly boring—morbid, often indecent—given to portraying disease.

These people amuse themselves, though at this very moment their fate as a nation hangs in the balance in Paris. It is the way of life. All you hold dear may be lying dead in the next room, but supper must be got and eaten.

Berlin. Putting up at the Adlon, remarkable just now for the heterogeneous character of its guests. We've got

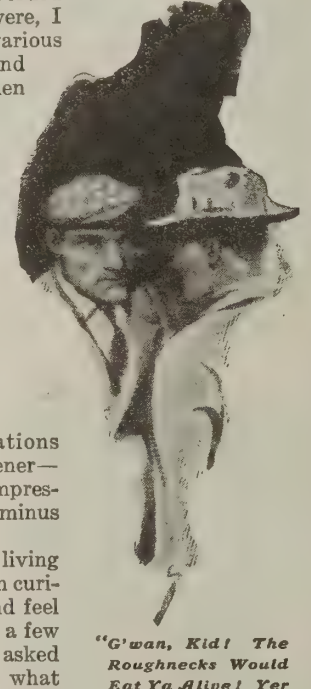
(Continued on Page 116)

THE FIGHTING MACHINE

By John D. Swain

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE recent death of Barnabas Pritchard was practically unnoticed outside of scientific circles. Some thirty of the societies of which he was a member engrossed resolutions, but as Professor Pritchard left no relatives these carefully worded and framed testimonials were, I suppose, hung for a time in various lecture halls, laboratories and committee rooms, and then disappeared to wherever it is such useless lumber goes.



"G'wan, Kid! The Roughnecks Would Eat Ya Alive! Yer No Scrapper"

Pritchard was a great physicist, biologist, chemist and inventor. Many of his contrivances are known to millions of users; but his patents being invariably sold outright few associate his name with any of them. At the time of his death he was at work on a soundless phonograph, whose vibrations were to convey to the listener—to speak loosely—the impression of music or speech, minus the noise.

I find myself the only living being familiar with a certain curious phase of his career, and feel it to be my duty to answer a few of the questions so often asked as to the facts concerning what was known as the Fighting Machine. Pritchard's name was never connected with his activities as a pugilist, and I am aware of the difficulty of persuading his venerable associates in abstruse research that he ever appeared in the squared circle, clad in tights, and wearing five-ounce mitts. Yet he did so, many times!

His motive was the simplest possible. He needed funds, being at the time a poor student paying his way through Harvard. We roomed together, and I alone shared his secret.

Barnabas Pritchard possessed only one natural qualification for the fighting game; and this one would not have led anyone but a scientist to suspect that he could succeed in it. I refer to his remarkable reaction time, as developed during the course in experimental psychology.

Everybody knows the simple apparatus that indicates the speed with which muscle answers mind. An impression is registered by one or more of the senses; the brain decides what action to take in the matter, and by the nervous system moves the necessary muscles, which move the limbs.

For example: Seated with a score of fellow pupils about a long table, each with a finger resting on a registering key, the instructor turned on a series of colored incandescents. When, let us say, a green light followed a blue one each student was to press the key. Invariably Pritchard beat his fellows.

There were of course other and much more elaborate contrivances, demanding more complicated mental processes, more perfect coördination. The result was the same. Pritchard outthought any other man in the class by an average of about one-sixteenth of a second.

In great athletes, as he observed, this ability was almost invariably present. It is found in the sprinter, who beats the pistol; in the tennis champion, who outthinks his opponent and instinctively, as we say, finds himself properly placed to receive his return; and superlatively in the skilled boxer, who meets the lightninglike moves of his assailant without conscious thought or without even being able to tell why he did what he did.

Apart, then, from what athletes call speed Pritchard had no equipment for the ring; nor indeed for any violent sport. He was merely a healthy normal young man, without unusual muscular development on the one hand or physical defect on the other. He never touched alcohol, and I can recall seeing him use tobacco but half a dozen times. One of these occasions, however, was so curious that I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

Of course though nobody ever heard of Barnabas Pritchard as a contender for welterweight honors many thousands of devotees followed the Fighting Machine, from gallery and ringside seats or in the sporting columns. He was the sensation of the day during the brief time he fought. He retired for as elemental a reason as that which led him to the unsavory and uncongenial ring. He patented and sold a few simple inventions, which brought him more money with an outlay of less energy.

He was the coldest man I have ever known; the applause of the pit never moved him in the slightest degree. He was unsocial, phlegmatic, almost inhuman.

You may have seen his Washtub Cultural Course advertised. That alone made him independently rich. There is no occasion when the brain is more vacant, more receptive, the mental pores wider open than when the body is engaged in some monotonous task. A mechanic who all day long performs over and over a few simple manipulations with a lever or a wheel, a washwoman over her tub, a slop-shop tailor, do not have to think about the work in hand. It is done automatically.

Pritchard devised a simple phonographic course for such people, embracing clearly enunciated world's masterpieces, poetry, great musical compositions, practical lectures on elementary history, economics, politics, astronomy. The records were copyrighted, sold at a fine profit, yet at a cost within the means of everyone, and when bought only half a dozen at a time entailed no single great outlay. Upon completing the course a simple written examination was given, and an ornately engrossed diploma sent free. There are thousands of them hanging on sitting-room walls, over cobblers' benches, in dingy sweatshops.

There were other inventions, too many to enumerate, all of them profitable. Pritchard invented one of the first sanitary drinking fountains, the application of the flashlight to the barrel of a pistol, and a simple wooden screw to keep the drop leaves of folding tables always trued up, since he had observed that after a few months these leaves invariably sag. It is Pritchard the Fighting Machine, in the days before his inventive genius had begun to function, that I know most about.

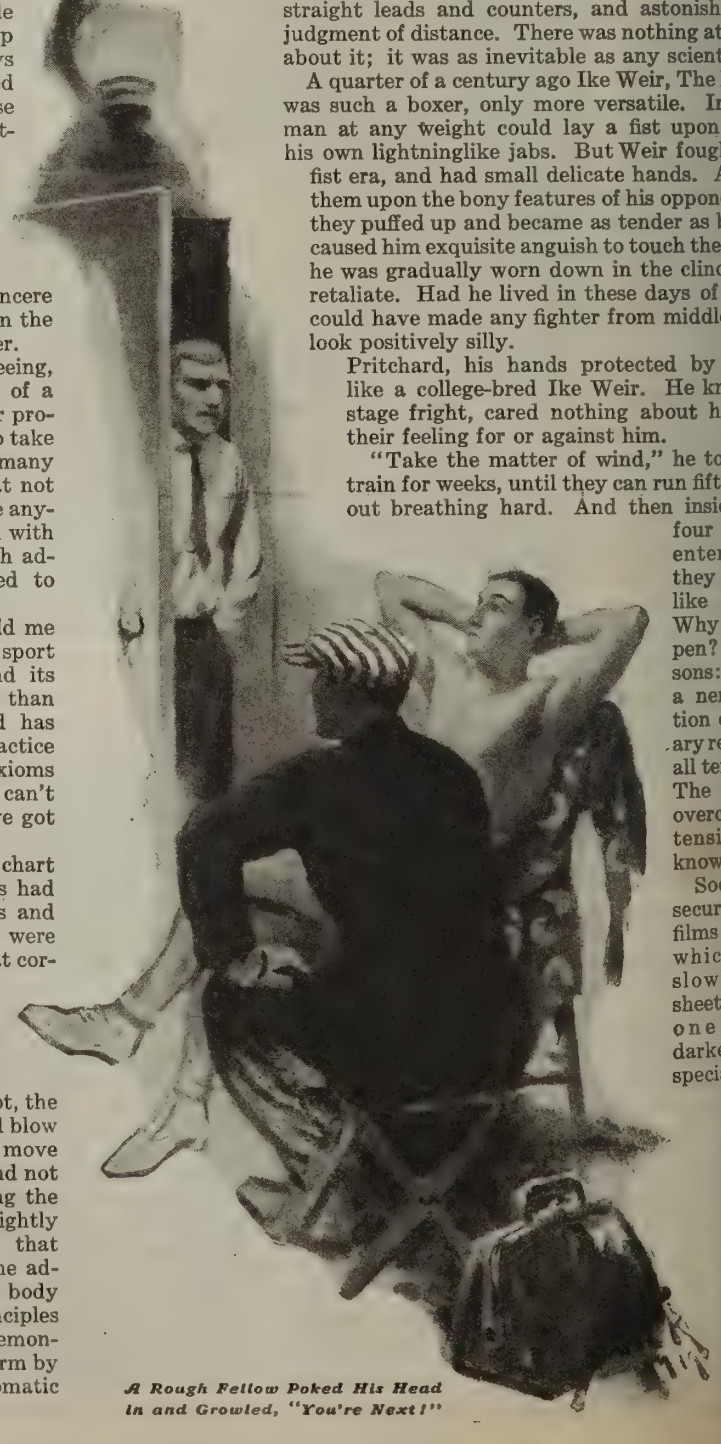
There are at least a dozen trainers who claim they taught him all he knew. They are sincere about it too; and all wrong. In the true sense he never had a trainer.

When he decided—after seeing, quite by chance, a photo film of a championship fight—to go in for professional boxing he proceeded to take half a dozen lessons from as many instructors. I may remark that not one of them considered him to be anything but a joke. He observed with scientific accuracy their uncouth admonitions, and then proceeded to draw up a chart.

"It stands to reason," he told me one night in our room, "that a sport which had its terminology and its traditions well established more than two thousand years ago, and has been in more or less constant practice ever since, must have certain axioms upon which I can safely rely. I can't bother to investigate these; I've got to have some starting point."

He found upon completing his chart that each of his six instructors had his own method, his prejudices and idiosyncrasies. So far apart were they that at first any attempt at correlation seemed hopeless; but Pritchard was able to point out that there were a few basic things upon which they all agreed.

That the weight should be chiefly balanced on the right foot, the left advanced; that when a hard blow is struck the whole body must move simultaneously with the arm and not slightly in advance, telegraphing the intention, as they say—nor slightly after, taking away the force; that the impact is doubled when the adversary is countered as his own body comes in; a few of these principles which Pritchard was able to demonstrate by his chart, and to confirm by further investigations, were axiomatic and unassailable.



A Rough Fellow Poked His Head in and Growled, "You're Next!"

There was a secondary list of rules on which p
cally every professional agreed, and which Prit
also accepted, holding that the exceptions repres
the personal peculiarity of an individual. To ex
what I mean, he found one man who instead of
ing his opponent in the eyes gazed steadily at his feet
promptly rejected this freakish idea, though pointin
to me that it possessed a certain psychological r
since it tended to distract the other fellow's eye.

Having, then, satisfied himself as to the basic prin
of the art of pugilism, he engaged the best man he
find, and insisted that he be perfected in them. For
he permitted himself to do nothing in his short lesso
practice the straight left for the head, with the p
guard. Later he took up footwork, learning ho
move round like a dancer without allowing his f
cross or get tangled up. He never bothered much
swings or hooks, uppercuts or chops.

"It's this way," he explained, drawing rapidly
blackboard with a crumb of chalk: "A straight line
shortest distance between two points; and that hol
time as well as distance."

None of his instructors could evade his straigh
once he had mastered it; his reaction time held j
good on the gymnasium floor as in the laboratory. A
by a sixteenth of a second or so he could beat them
lead. And for the same reason he could avoid thei
blows. Possessing an intelligence far superior to th
his teachers he could read their intentions better in
eyes, and the response of body to will was more p

What I wish to make clear is that he was never a s
boxer, since he had no repertoire of blows. He ha
straight leads and counters, and astonishing spee
judgment of distance. There was nothing at all myst
about it; it was as inevitable as any scientific dedu

A quarter of a century ago Ike Weir, The Belfast S
was such a boxer, only more versatile. In his pri
man at any weight could lay a fist upon him or
his own lightninglike jabs. But Weir fought in the
fist era, and had small delicate hands. After bat
them upon the bony features of his opponent a few
they puffed up and became as tender as boils, so t
caused him exquisite anguish to touch them at all.
he was gradually worn down in the clinches, una
retaliate. Had he lived in these days of soft glo
could have made any fighter from middleweights
look positively silly.

Pritchard, his hands protected by gloves,
like a college-bred Ike Weir. He knew noth
stage fright, cared nothing about his audie
their feeling for or against him.

"Take the matter of wind," he told me.
train for weeks, until they can run fifteen miles
out breathing hard. And then inside of th
four minutes
entering the
they are wh
like an old
Why does thi
pen? For tw
sons: bad ai
a nervous co
tion of the pu
ary region. Th
all tensed and
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know."

Soon after t
secured a lot
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and so fc
action, re
grotesqu

d Pritchard lacked the proper apparatus, but secured k approximation which served his purpose. He spent adeal of time studying pugilists in action, slowed down pnt where he could make accurate time and distance uements. He pointed out to me that without ex- ic they used up a vast amount of unnecessary energy. rparrying a blow," he explained, "all that is neces- ito remember that 'a miss is as good as a mile.' It tnerely as well to evade a blow by a fraction of an s by two feet; it is far better. It conserves energy ileaves one in position to counter. Otherwise you get set again."

aid much attention to this idea, parrying closer and r moving his head just the inch or two necessary the swing or uppercut thrash by or over, throwing ter completely off balance as his terrific lunge met air.

ainy night we were examining the ten-round fight n a great heavyweight champion lost his title.

ish you idarly to ie knock- nch," he which we ingtonow. Ire! Look! negro is it, from n, as it be deliv- He could tionably man out, ow, with- wing back n at all."

elow, seen the con- s, was ly ludi- s Slowly, the great rearm be- straighten the crook e bow. On cine for the e massive pn it con- cits snail- pgress, the an stand- rtionless. til it had d full eight s id he be- o xtend his lt arm to i Inch by ne black nadvanced; in by inch, biously too at other oved to off; and b infinitesi-

derees the champion's head also began to turn aside. Th slow-moving brain has got it at last," commented hd.

ay the lethal glove pressed gently, almost lovingly t unprotected jaw; simultaneously the entire body ec in, the vast dorsal muscles bulging, the weight in from the right foot, its heel in air, to the flat left. e uarding arm was still eight inches behind, and a r luffled expression dawning upon his heavy face the pn began to drift easily backward, his eyes to , s arms to drop. Presently he toppled over, light isedown, and lay crumpled upon the canvas floor. ered preposterous that the blow should have hurt tat we had indeed beheld the mechanics of a knock-

By aking into account the degree to which we have ed own the action, and making a few perfectly simple ula ons, I find that the negro beat him by exactly sixteenth of a second. Or, let us say, the champion sp ding time at the rate of ninety-six million dollars nute. The fight cost him a hundred thousand, you v. Some little spendthrift—what?"

it ard projected the round over again, at normal d; "cranking sixteen," as the camera men say. Seen th fatal blow was so swift that it was difficult to w and it appeared that the attempted parry started lt eously. He repeated it over and over, until my we able to detect the slight difference in starting.

Yo see, it is all a matter of reaction time," he said. he lighting Machine never trained at all. He merely l h usual sane normal life. Always a cold tub on rising, simple and wholesome food in moderation, long walks, and on rainy days half an hour on the gym apparatus. He had followed this routine ever since he matriculated.

His work with boxing instructors was soon completed, because he had, as he said, learned all they could teach him. He never tried to show off before them, and the warmest praise any of them ever vouchsafed was, "Kid, ya got a swell left! If ya had a punch and the old scrappin' instinct I could make a good prelim fighter of ya!"

Therefore, when he approached one of them, a hanger-on at the Armory Club, and requested his influence in getting him a chance in one of the next preliminaries, Muggsy O'Brien gasped in amazed protest:

"G'wan, kid! Them roughnecks would eat ya alive! You've got a nice left, an' handles yer feet swell; but yer no scrapper. Take it from me, an' lay off o' that stuff!"

Pritchard pleasantly insisted, and offered a ten-dollar bill as an inducement to O'Brien to get him matched.

As the Butcher Tore in He Was Met With the Stiffest Punch He Had Yet Received, Square in His Left Eye, With the Added Force of His Own Onrush to Drive it Home

The retired pug was a good-hearted lad, and hated to do it; but the ten dollars intrigued him. It was a shame to take the money, and he loudly and even profanely said so; but he saw the Armory officials, and not without some difficulty arranged to have the unknown put on against Kid Flaherty, who had cleaned up the Boston waterfront and won half a dozen three-round preliminaries already, and was regarded as a comer.

Barnabas Pritchard had borrowed money to take his boxing lessons, and also to rent the fight films. Had the charitable old gentleman who took an interest in his education dreamed of the manner in which his funds had been spent it is probable that he would have sought to have the student interned in a sanitarium.

Now a preliminary bout is a pretty small item in a boxing bill. The loser gets nothing, and the winner rarely more than ten or fifteen dollars, even in a big club. In smaller places he may get as little as five dollars, and take a cruel mauling as well.

I was not present at the début of my friend. Though I thought I knew him pretty intimately, and admired his mentality, to tell the truth I had taken not the slightest stock in his theories about fighting. I even begged him to give up the idea, and went so far as to offer to loan him enough money to relieve him from all financial embarrassment while pursuing his studies.

When he smilingly refused and took the Harvard Square car for Boston in company with the pessimistic O'Brien I sat alone in our room dreading the hour when a clanging ambulance would draw up before our dormitory and the battered remains of my chum would be tenderly borne in.

Instead he ran blithely up the stairs shortly before midnight, and when he entered the room there was not so much as a scratch upon him.

"I stayed on to see the other bouts," he explained. "I got only ten dollars—but it is merely an introduction anyhow. Later on I shall earn plenty!"

He refused to discuss his own bout, pleading the need of sleep because of an early lecture next day; and I was obliged to wait for the morning papers.

He was dismissed with a few lines stating that "The Fighting Machine, as he calls himself, a pale, studious-looking lad, proved too shifty for Kid Flaherty and made that promising North Ender look like a beginner. The Machine had no punch, but won easily on points."

"They were an amazingly clumsy lot," Pritchard commented while we were breakfasting at a little one-arm lunch.

Considering that the bill had included one New England champion and a pair of coming New York lightweights who were hot after the national title I thought this rather harsh criticism.

"By rule of thumb," Pritchard said between mouthfuls of toast, "I estimated that in the main bout alone there was over seven hundred feet of unnecessary ducking and parrying. Their heads were flat, like reptiles', and their reaction times pathetically slow. And the air! Fifteen minutes of it is enough to poison any man. Stirred the foul mess up by waving unsanitary towels. Whisky, onions, tobacco, perspiration, moth balls and bay rum, with a trace of a number of other ingredients! Gasoline, for instance."

About his own work I could not get him to say much of anything.

"It was tiresome. Not so interesting as the punching bag. That at least can be counted on to come back on a straight line, and as fast as you hit it, deducting friction and air pressure. Flaherty was helpless as a child. Strong and willing—but a clumsy moron."

I sat at the ringside the following week, and the week after that, and not being in any sense a fight fan or an expert I can only say that Pritchard moved about the ring with a sort of deadly calm, wasting not an ounce of effort, his attention never distracted by the catcalls and drunken songs from the audience or the devices of his opponents.

He looked weak and pallid under the powerful arc light, as compared with his brawny, hairy-chested, sunburned adversaries; but during all the three rounds his left licked out like the tongue of an anteater, stinging them on nose, eye, mouth, wherever he chose; and their hearty efforts seemed to graze his own face and body each time, but left no mark. He was careful to avoid clinches, in which rough work or a stealthy foul might count against him.

Illness in my family called me home for a couple of months that year, and I forgot about Barnabas Pritchard. On my return I learned that he had won a dozen more preliminaries on points, and had suffered nothing worse than two or three jolts delivered in breakaways.

He occupied quite a little space in the sporting columns now, but could not be said to have earned any popularity with the fraternity of fighters or the audiences which followed them. He despised them, and took no pains to conceal it. He never repaired to any of the sporting bars after a fight, to buy or accept drinks. He refused to be interviewed or to accept a manager or even a handler. He was called a tight wad, and a Willie boy.

(Concluded on Page 72)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Lif

XXI

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THOUGH I had no longer any connection with our Far Eastern affairs after my recall from Tokio in 1899 and could not have any expectation of ever being called upon to return to Japan, I could not help following with deep interest the course of events in that part of the world. The beginning of the year 1902 had been marked by an event the importance of which from the point of view of our interests in the Far East could not possibly be overrated—I mean the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It meant the realization of a political combination the possibility and extremely dangerous character of which I had pointed out in the memorandum I presented to our government in March, 1897, and which elementary prudence should have caused us to have tried to forestall by every means in our power. That such means had been within our reach can hardly be gainsaid.

However, we not only failed to avail ourselves of such means, when literally thrust upon us, but by our nonacceptance of the perfectly fair and advantageous offer made to us by the Japanese Government in March, 1898, we actually did our best to push Japan into the arms of Great Britain. As to the latter power, instead of seeking a friendly understanding which might have eliminated all causes of mutual rivalry and friction in regard to Asiatic affairs, an understanding which presumably would have been welcomed by the British Government at a time when Great Britain had her hands full with the Boer War, we chose to join the ranks of those powers whose senseless and futile animosity found expression in gestures correspondingly ineffectual but nevertheless sorely irritating to a proud and powerful nation.

It is but natural to ask oneself the question: How was it possible that our government should have failed to take advantage of such a manifestly favorable conjuncture of circumstances? To attribute this failure exclusively to the incapacity, the want of foresight or the irresolution of those in whose hands was placed the direction of Russia's foreign policy would not be fair. We must never lose sight of the fact that the government of Russia, though nominally an autocracy, or rather an autocratic bureaucracy, was very far indeed from being invested with that omnipotence which one is wont to associate with the idea of autocracy or tsarism. Besides being—in the words of one of our wittiest statesmen—"a powerless federation of independent departments whose relations to each other were not always friendly or even neutral and sometimes partaking of the character of almost open hostility," our government had to reckon with what was considered to be public opinion.

This element of public opinion was, so to speak, a newcomer in our polity. Up to the end of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I—that is to say, up to the middle of last century—what is commonly understood by the term "public opinion" could hardly be said to have had any existence, let alone influence, in Russia. Every government under the sun, even the most tyrannical, will, of course, always have in its own interest to take into account to some extent what it supposes to be national or popular feeling as far as the drift of such a necessarily vague feeling is capable of being ascertained.

So it also had been in Russia till about the middle of last century, when the educated classes, the so-called intelligentzia, began to acquire some weight in matters of foreign policy which enabled it—mainly through the growing influence of the press and of the more enlightened part of the vast army of the bureaucracy, itself part and parcel of the intelligentzia—to create the illusion of a "public opinion" of Russia, though constituting itself but an infinitesimally thin layer of high-grade civilization floating on the surface of an ocean of more or less uncultured and politically quite inarticulate masses b This public opinion on the whole favored a for or let us call it imperialistic, policy; the grea jority only in regard to the Near East, in conn with the "Great Slav Cause" and stantinople and the Straits, at the time being opposed to all political a tures in the Far East, whereas th treme jingoistic wing of the intellige represented by the most widely nationalist organ of the press, the N Vremia, was wedded to an aggres anti-Japanese policy, as I had oc to convince myself when at our Leg in Tokio in the summer or autur 1898 I received the visit of a repre tive of that paper—a gentleman signed his articles with the pseudon "Sigma," under which name he ha quired quite a notoriety in Japan- blandly told me that he considered he, or rather his paper, was rende most meritorious service to our co by exciting public opinion in F against Japan.

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Manchurian Farmers Driving Their Water Buffalo to Seoul Over the Famous Peking Highway

But all parties were agreed in beli Great Britain to be the arch enemy opposition and antagonism we we countering everywhere, blocking th of our forward policy in the Near E well as in Persia, Central Asia an Far East. Whether it was really sary for our government to take account the vagaries of this so- public opinion to the point of suf itself to be influenced not to take t cisive action one way or the oth quired by the conjuncture of po conditions and clearly indicated b dictates of reason, or whether it wa ply an effect of the natural trend national mentality averse to cle decisive solutions of any problems question which it would be useless t cuss at present. The fact, howev mains that a unique opportunity w slip to render our recently acquired tion in the Far East secure for som at least by a friendly understandin either one or the other of our two

This policy—or rather absence definite policy—might have done well, but only under two conditions: First, if we ha prepared to defend with all the military resources state and against all comers the extremely prec position we had so recently acquired in Manchuria second, if we had been willing to abandon entirel aggressive policy we had been theretofore pursui Korea. Neither of these conditions we were prepa fulfill, as I was soon to find out when, after spen delightful summer in Switzerland, we went to St. P burg before returni my post in Greece.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Seoul, the Capital of Korea

Before proceeding my narrative from point it will be nec to revert to a subje lightly touched upon of the preceding ch of these reminiscen mean the forward we had begun to pur Manchuria as a c quence of the succ intervention of R France and Ger which deprived Jap the principal fruits victory over China this connection it s be kept in view that Lobanoff, our Minis Foreign Affairs, wh taken the initiati bringing about this intervention, was pur but one object, and t purely political namely, the retrocess the Liao-tung Peni with Port Arthur to C his object being to pr

om gaining a permanent foothold on the continent
a contingency which he conceived to be replete
gerous possibilities for Russia as well as for China.
pursuit of this policy Prince Lobanoff had the
upport of his colleague, the Minister of Finance,
and in his turn he supported Witte in the negotia-
ey carried on jointly with Li Hung Chang during
nation festivities in Moscow in May, 1896. But
uch doubt whether he had had any share what-
he conception of the far-reaching plans in regard
huria of his financial colleague to which the con-
—concluded with Li Hung Chang granting us the
prolong our Si-
railroad on Chi-
rritory across
in Manchuria to
ostok—was to
erely as the en-
edge. I rather
hat the entire
r the conception
e vast plans
be allotted to
s well as a large
e responsibility
ultimate failure.
as the subject—
our Manchurian
a fundamental
ement in regard
h became the
the feelings of
toward me of
statesman and
which lasted un-
re brought into
and friendly re-
p as joint plen-
uries for the con-
of peace with
when we were
work in entire
nt and cordial
for what we
knew to be for
s of our country.
r disagreement
some most im-
questions, or I
aps better say,
principles in the
of international
to which he was
rative stranger,
I had made them
y of a lifetime,
sidered myself en-
hold and to ex-
these matters
endent opinion,
much it might
to be in conflict
views and the
of even such a
sitesman as Witte
my eyes.
proceeding now to
exhaustively the
dations which im-
e to take up the
in regard to the
churian question
ave rise to this
ement I must
that until then
met Witte only
hen I had a brief
with him con-
some business of
tion in Serbia,
I was then the
d that I had always avoided seeking his acquaint-
so as not to lay myself open even to the remotest
n of having anything whatever to share with the
is intriguers who were toadying on the then all-
minister. I also feel bound to state that, having
my life in the service of my country abroad, I
d taken any interest in the manifold stories cur-
ut intricate intrigues which were said to surround
e and therefore was totally ignorant of the fact—
I was to learn only much later when I had arrived
at Tokio on my second mission to Japan—that a
lique, having the ear of the sovereign, was engaged
ggle for power against Witte on the battle ground
ar Eastern question and that the position I had
had served to some extent to bring water to the
e clique hostile to him. Of course the knowledge
ter fact, if it had come to me in time, would not have
deterred me from expressing my views with the same unreserved directness, and I mention this circumstance only to show that if Witte at the time suspected me, as seems to have been the case, of having been a party to the intrigues directed against him, he did me a grievous injustice, of which, I think, he became convinced himself when we came to know each other better during the Portsmouth conferences.

The Manchurian question, as far as Russia was concerned, is covered by the general question whether territorial expansion practiced by a strong power at the cost of a weaker one is morally justifiable or not, a question which cannot be answered offhand, nor can it be answered categorically either in one sense or in the other. This is a question which can only be dealt with specifically in each case on its own merits.

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The Crowded Waterfront at Chemulpo, Korea's Principal Seaport

What, for instance, has been the history of the phenomenal growth of these United States but the tale of the gradual expansion of the original thirteen states until they cover now the best part of the North American continent, an expansion achieved originally at the cost of the gradual extermination of the savage aborigines or by treaties with friendly powers, such as the Louisiana Purchase and the purchase of Alaska, or else by conquest, such as the acquisition of Texas, New Mexico and California? But who is there to deny that this expansion, howsoever achieved, has been an unmitigated blessing to all the parts of the continent absorbed into this great Union? Then again, take the British Empire, whose colossal expansion includes now some eight hundred thousand more square miles absorbed as a result of the world war, if the British Prime Minister's recent speech in the House of Commons is correctly reported by the newspapers. But blind prejudice alone, or such international hatred as has been bred by the world war, could deny that absorption in the confines of the British Empire has proved an inestimable boon to the countries and peoples brought under British rule and has powerfully advanced their material and moral welfare. Such of them as India and the former Boer republics have shown their appreciation of the privilege of living under the shelter of the Union Jack by their eagerness in joining the British colonies who were rushing with such enthusiastic unanimity and patriotism to the assistance of their mother country in the hour of her need.

In this connection I remember a conversation I had some thirty years ago on board a Pacific Mail steamer with a fellow passenger who happened to be the head of one of the important German firms at Hong-Kong.

He had been holding forth on the subject of the German colonial policy—of which he was a convinced opponent—and he wound up his discourse by saying that if by any chance Hong-Kong ever became a German colony he would the very next day emigrate and set up his tent in another British one.

Or could there be found anyone willing to deny that the French expansion in Africa and Asia has been of incalculable benefit to the native populations brought under France's sway and has converted such barbaric states as Algeria and Tunis into highly prosperous civilized communities?

When we come now to Russia we find that the colossal dimensions which the Russian Empire had reached before its downfall and suicide through the war and the revolution had been the result of the gradual expansion of its original nucleus, the comparatively small and insignificant Grand Duchy of Moscow. In the course of three centuries this expansion had been going on in three directions—to the west, the south and the east—at the cost of weaker neighbors or savage aborigines, as in Siberia.

The question of Russia's expansion to the west, of its causes, its result and its justification, is a subject which I shall have to treat in another chapter of these reminiscences.

As to our expansion to the south, the expulsion of the Turks from South Russia and the Crimea, of which little need be said, and as to the acquisition of Transcaucasia and such parts of what is known as Armenia which had been under Persian and Turkish rule, every fair-minded judge of historical developments will, I think, agree that the populations thereby brought under Russia's sway have derived from it all the incalculable benefits which a stable and powerful government, guaranteeing law and order and security of life and property, was able to confer on populations torn by perennial sanguinary race feuds or on helpless victims of Persian or Turkish tyranny.

To the beneficent effects of the extension of Russian dominion over Transcaucasia I am in a position to testify

(Continued on Page 154)

THE CROSS PUL

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

THOSE who believed in the famous legend of the lost herd are gone and few men know the truth. History records the fact that when the last big herd of bison moved into the North on the spring migration it never returned. The hide hunters watched in vain for the southward movement in the fall, for it never came. The big gray buffalo wolves, too, had suddenly vanished from the plains. Strange rumors were heard about this mysterious evaporation of the shaggy horde—rumors which gave birth to the fable of the lost herd that would some day come grazing down out of the North.

Not only in legend was it lost, but lost in truth. Rather than once more run the gantlet of the guns along the Arkansas and the Platte the last herd departed from the customs of untold centuries and sought refuge in the hills. It chose the Land of Many Rivers in which to make its final stand.

The snow that falls in one small tangled mass of peaks and valleys feeds the headwaters of a score of rivers. The Wind River and the Grey Bull; the Gibbon and the Fire Hole; the Shoshone, Yellowstone, Green River and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake—each finds its source in one wild whirl of interlacing tributary streams.

Here in the Big Horns the Tetons and the Sunlight Peaks the herd scattered in small bands through the high mountain valleys in one last effort to exist. The bleached white skulls that dot the green meadows on the head reaches of Thoroughfare River and the basins of the Upper Yellowstone mark the spots where they died in the deep snow of the high country while the buffalo hunters of Dodge still waited for the fabled return of the lost herd.

Stockmen grazed their cows on the old range of the bison, pushing farther to the west each year until their cows fed on the first roll of the hills; farther north until they came to a spot where Nature, as if exhausted from piling wonder upon wonder with lavish hand, had left the bad lands of the Little Big Horn and the desolate foothills of the Grey Bull nestled under the very shadow of the Rainbow Peaks.

Then great wolves appeared, coming down out of the hills and taking heavy toll of the cows on the ranges; wolves of a kind the stockmen had never known—larger even than those of Siberia. Ranchers spoke of a new and savage breed. They distorted the word "logo"—the Shoshone Indian name for the bald-face grizzly—to "lobo," meaning grizzly wolf.

The ranchmen organized a war of extermination against this savage lobo tribe, placing an ever-increasing bounty on each one until an even hundred dollars was posted as the price on every scalp.

This created a new occupation for men, and soon the professional wolfer was scouring the brakes of the bad lands with poison, trap and gun for the last few survivors of a vanishing breed.

Old Dad Kinney was a wolfer and he had reason to believe that a single family of lobos were denned somewhere within forty miles of his spring camp. He knew, too, that Clark Moran was in the bad lands on the same quest.

Between them was an agreement whereby Kinney felt there was no possible way for him to lose. If either of them found the den Moran was to have one pup alive and Kinney was to draw the bounty on the rest.

A Sound Floated Up to Him as He Trotted Along a Crest and He Moved to the Edge and Looked Down

Moran seemed more interested in some lost herd that had died fifty years before than in bounty rewards—in some theory that this was not a new species, but an almost forgotten kind that had followed the lost herd into the hills and had now come back to the edge of its old range; that the rare lobo of the present was the buffalo gray of the past.

As Moran and Kinney lay rolled in their blankets ten miles apart, they formed two points of a human triangle of which Ash Brent, far up the slope of the hills, formed the third.

In common with most men who live their lives in the open, Kinney and Moran had come to draw a certain sense of companionship from the night sounds of the hills. But there is one note to which a man may listen for a thousand nights and on the next he will inevitably nestle a trifle closer into his bed roll when it sounds and feel the same chilly prickling of the skin along his spine. The far-off note of a lobo always carries an added ache of loneliness to the man in the open.

A lone lobo raised his voice, and as if connected by a mysterious current the three widely scattered men each felt the same sudden tensing of the muscles and tingling of the skin. In the reaction only did they differ.

While Kinney calculated a probable profit, Brent cursed fretfully at the wolf shiver which shook him at the sound, and Moran smiled over a pet theory of his own. He knew that any beast when angry or alarmed bristles his back hair into a roach along the spine. He felt that this was a heritage handed down to him through a thousand generations from the time when his primitive ancestors, garbed in hair instead of cloth, had bristled with a mixture of rage and fear at each call of their enemy, the wolf; that this sprouting of goose flesh between his own shoulder blades at the lobo call was but the age-old instinct to bristle the hair where hair had ceased to grow.

As always, the dread cry was followed by a vast, tense quiet, as if each dweller of the open hesitated to shatter the silence with his own voice and thus draw particular attention to himself. This was no paltry wolf—no straggler from the north, but an old dog lobo on his home range.

There was an answering call, and both Kinney and Moran raised on their elbows to catch the sound better.

The starting note was a hoarse imitation of her
but seemed to break into the tremolo of the
Both men arrived at almost the same conclusi
in different ways. Kinney linked the strange no
a renegade
sheep dog
seen travelir
the coyote
years before
"That she
half coyote a
dog," he sai
Moran, t
noted the
shrill and al
he experien
wolf shiver f
sound.
"A cross,'
flected. "Pa
ote and par
The lobo d
call often, a
until half a
before dawn
sound come
It wakene
three men, a
prepared his
fast and w
upon his bus
the day.
While K
and Moranr
their tireles
tematic sea
the wolf den
headed his
for a far divi
yond it layth
of Many
where for a h
miles there
human hab
known to m
Brent had
horses pack
with flour a
plies.

Ten days later Moran sat cross-legged on the
with a third-grown wolf pup between his knees. T
pup was wrapped securely in a sack, tied round and
with heavy cord and with only his head protrudin
the roll.

"There goes the rest of your family, pup," said I
"You're an orphan now."

Kinney, leading two pack horses from which dang
remains of the rest of the wolf family, was just diss
ing in the direction of his camp, and the last den of l
the bad lands had fallen victims to the ranchmen's
war.

The father was a mighty lobo, almost a packload
horse; the mother was a half-breed, crossed bet
coyote and a dog. The rifled den had yielded a freal
of pups, as if each clashing strain of ancestry had str
to perpetuate its own. One was a fluffy yellow coyo
two a strange mixture of wolf and dog, and the fourt
blue-gray Scotch sheep dog with shaggy face and
splash on the breast. The one which Moran held b
his knees was pure lobo from tip to tip. Only in his
coyote eyes did a trace of off-color strain crop out.

"You're the prize pup of the lot," said Moran.
about it, old fellow, are you going to make friend
me?"

For answer the lobo pup writhed round in his wra
and made one swift slash at his captor's face.

"You're a game little youngster and as quic
flash," said Moran. "That's what I'll call you—
Come on, Flash, let's be pals."

For more than an hour Moran tried to win the
dence of the lobo pup, rubbing and scratching his ne
head behind the ears where the white fangs could no
his hand, and talking to him in an even, friendly t

Even a very young pup reads the intonations
human voice sufficiently to distinguish between tho
who care for animals and those who don't.

The wolf pup felt the first stirrings of the inner co
the battling for supremacy between the wild blood a
tame—that would influence his every move throu
It was as if the different elements of his ancestr
established cross currents in his veins, exerting a s
cross pull upon each thought and deed.

Tl wolf and coyote in him revolted at the man scent, ie dog strain responded to the friendly voice and ild to the touch of exploring fingers which scratched ck and ears. He lay passive and made no protest at tich.

Atast he felt Moran's hand slip slowly round beneath cin, rubbing his throat and lower jaw. His throat ses contracted at this new move and he withdrew his durtlewise as far as possible within the sheltering roll. e ellow coyote eyes were bright with suspicion; the sive lips writhed up, exposing the ivory fangs of the lf out the yearning of a dog to be loved by man held om sinking them deep in the hand that was now h easy reach—the first compromise between the d nd the tame.

Tl glare gradually died from his eyes, the lips settled w back and covered the fangs, and Moran knew then t e had won.

"Come on, Flash, let's go home," he said.

II

RMON was away and for two days Moran had the rest ranger's cabin on Spring Creek to himself. He n the time trying to wean Flash from his early training duce him to eat by tempting him with morsels of sl meat.

Tl first day the pup shrank away from it; on the next s fed it hungrily, but still refused to eat. He craved it h very fiber of his being, but there was one thing he He must never touch one bite of meat other than t which he himself had freshly killed—and after once vig that he must return to it no more.

his few hunts with his parents they had pulled down ei beef each trip. At first he had seen no reason why ws not allowed to go near other food, but gradually he l en many things which explained it all.

Or night the wind had borne the scent of stale meat, l ith the odor had come a clanking, grinding sound. oote leaped at the end of a chain and ground his teeth i t the steel thing that clamped his foot.

Later they had passed near a steer his father had killed two nights before. Two coyotes lay there dead and bloated, while a third ran in crazy circles and went into a series of horrible convulsions with a rattling cough in his throat before he died. He knew then that it was unsafe even to return to previous kills of their own.

All over the range the wolf family had found tempting bits of meat and fat. Flash had not known that each rider was furnished with strychnine to poison the carcass of every dead steer on the range; that they cut off those bits of meat, filled them with the deadly crystals and scattered them about for the coyotes to pick up.

His parents had known—and a wicked snap had warned the pups away from every such tempting morsel that they found. One of his sisters had broken over and swallowed just one tiny scrap, flattening her ears in anticipation of feeling her mother's teeth at this infraction of the rules. Instead, agony had clutched her from within. The rest of them had watched her die as the mad coyote had.

From these things Flash had come to know that the scent of cold meat meant not food, but death, and that only warm, quivering flesh was safe to eat.

Once more the blood of his ancestors exerted their cross currents in his puppy heart. Hunger and the doglike affection he was beginning to feel for Moran spurred the desire to take the food; wolf suspicion of man and the things he had seen of their works against his kind combined with his dread of the cold-meat scent to hold him back. He compromised by licking the meat Moran held out to him, but refusing to take it in his mouth. Evening of the second day found Moran still patiently tempting him to eat.

A horse clattered into the yard and Ash Brent dismounted before the house. His horse flinched nervously away from him as he stooped to loosen the cinch and Brent jerked savagely on the reins until blood trickled from the ends of the heavy spade bit.

He strode to the door and stood looking in—a big man with a too-small head set low upon wide shoulders. His light eyebrows showed up white against the baked red of his skin and from beneath them a pair of cold blue eyes peered bleakly forth upon the world and saw no good therein.

"Hello, Moran! I want to see Harmon," he said by way of greeting. "Is he anywhere round?"

"I'm looking for him any minute," said Moran. "Come in, Brent. Come in and wait."

The cordiality of the invitation masked Moran's vast dislike of this man—this maltreater of horses and cows. Moran was but a visitor at the ranger's, and Brent's business was with his host, so he could not reveal his real feeling for the man.

But toleration passed for friendship with Brent. Even in this new country peopled by hard men no one of them accorded him a warmer regard than that—and he paid them back in kind.

Rough men whose own hands were by no means light with horses shook their heads, disgusted by each new tale that was heard on the Grey Bull of Brent's frenzied atrocity when roused by some nervous or refractory horse.

"What have you drug in now?" Brent asked as he entered, jerking his thumb at the wolf pup.

"That's my new dog," said Moran. "What do you think of him?"

Brent's mouth expanded in a mirthless grin.

"He's a sulky little brute," he said. "Can't you make him eat?"

"That's intelligence," Moran explained. "His early training taught him not to gulp down everything he sees. I've only had him a day or two. He'll come out of it as soon as confidence in me overcomes that wolf caution of his."

As the two men talked the wolf pup noted their difference of tone. Then, too, they gave off a different scent. Moran's was friendly and quieting, while Brent radiated an atmosphere of cold-blooded cruelty toward every living thing. His only ascendancy over beasts would be the rule of fear.

Flash was already beginning to classify the world of men. Those who do not know speak of animal instinct

(Continued on Page 103)

"There Goes the Rest of Your Family, Pup," Said Moran. "You're an Orphan Now"

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

IX

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SUGDEN, at his desk in the club, which was growing so rapidly that it now occupied three big floors, reported five hundred members instead of four hundred; and a thousand associates; and a gross business that had once run close to $100,000 a week.

"But, of course, the overhead's increasing all the time," said Sugden, "and clerical help costs like fury. And the directors insist on my hiring a lot of people I don't want. You made a bull, John, when you framed your by-laws so I couldn't spend more than a fixed amount for overhead without their permission. They don't give me permission unless I let 'em name the personnel. And I ordered twelve more telephones a month ago, and they haven't come yet, so our delivery cost's getting atrocious."

"Well, what'll the rebate be?"

"Twenty-four per cent, I hoped. But the directors mauled me into some bum contracts, and your friend Kellogg's doing some plans for an eighth-of-a-million-dollar building, and the directors are talking about a building fund, so they may have to cut the actual rebate down to ten."

Mr. Bangs flinched.

"What's the architect's fee, Walter?"

"Oh, he volunteered to cut his rate for the club, but they thought it wasn't fair. Regular fee—five per cent."

Mr. Bangs bottled up his rage, which accrued to him partly because Kellogg was going to earn a fat fee, partly because the club had refused to accept a cut, and principally because Henry hadn't said anything about the windfall—but he reflected that, at the worst, conditions were hardly better than they used to be. He moodily resolved to delay as long as possible the employment of the cook, but Sylvia barely glanced up from her accounts.

"This is funny, Bruno."

"What is?"

"Why, this bunch of bills. Did Mr. Sugden say what our rebate would be? Because if it isn't at least twenty per cent, it's going to cost us just as much a month to live as it did before. And it was taking all your income for us to get along then."

"That's the car," said Mr. Bangs shortly.

"Yes, but I'm not counting the car. And besides, we bought it on what we figured we'd save! And it looks to me as though we'd bought an awful lot of other things out of what we saved. And it was only a hundred and fifty dollars anyway."

Mr. Bangs gritted his teeth. "Still, it's a lot better than being robbed by the retailers. I see another butcher shop closed today. By George! I'm glad of it! With thirty thousand people in Wellington we didn't need half as many shops as we had. The ones that are left will have a decent chance to make some money. Have a good time to-day, honey?"

"Not very."

"Play bridge?"

She looked at him sidewise. "The bridge club's disbanded, Bruno."

"Disbanded!"

Sylvia nodded. "Announced this morning. Oh, Bruno, I'm not going to be silly about it, but honestly it hurts. I didn't mean to tell you at all. Only—only I had a—I heard directly—they're going to play bridge up there just the same, without me. Four tables instead of three, and Ruth and Helen are going. And it's on account of you and Mr. Sugden. The Bowkers are saying that if it hadn't been for your dragging him in we'd been ten thousand dollars better off."

Mr. Bangs went white. Sylvia had never seen him so angry as this, and he frightened her. Yet his voice, when he spoke, was as gentle as though he were calming a child:

"That's coöperation, Sylvia. You and I plan to cut down the high cost of living, get an organization—and what happens? Everybody wants a private graft; everybody wants to use it for some infernal ambition or other. They get to bickering about things that haven't anything to do with the purpose of the club—and then they blame us. The bosses do—the people we know can't. I've been thinking it over. You can't always blame the other fellow for charging you high prices. I haven't noticed any car conductors or telephone operators getting rich. And my stenographer's got the right spirit. Her union wanted more money, but she says she feels she's got a bigger obligation to me, because her living expenses haven't really anything to do with what she's worth to me. They're as much up against it as we are. And simply to get together on coöperative buying isn't a universal panacea either; not unless you work and save. It doesn't settle this thing from our side any more than the unions settle it on the other side. It's a hold-up game. And the bosses get fat whether the members do or not. They can say what they like about us—I'm through."

"Through?" she faltered.

Mr. Bangs gestured forcibly. "Oh, don't get excited about it. We may have to give up the car and the cook both, but what's that in a lifetime?" He took up the restless pacing of the floor that was so familiar to her. "They're going to kill it, Sylvia; they're going to kill it. And it would have worked if they'd only stuck to their knitting and behaved themselves. Oh, when I say I'm through I don't mean that I'm going to kick up any riot. It isn't worth it. I'm not even going to resign. I'm going to work twice as hard and save twice as hard, and I'm going to regard it as my job to try to make the club see daylight. And the main thing they've got to see is that the community isn't just us—it's everybody. And to let the club get a strangle hold on the community is just as bad as to have the unions get it. Worse, maybe. We what we're doing. And the very first thing is politics and society out of it—and that mean Bowkers. This bridge business is Bowker politic it's the most rottenly managed politics I ever hea They figure I'm no use to them—I'm on the other s the fence—and Henry and Rupert are of use. Henr Rupert control some votes. I always knew the Bo were stupid, but this is the worst stupidness I ever h I'll get 'em for that!"

Sylvia started. "You're aiming pretty high, B aren't you?"

"Yes, but I've got to." He thought a moment. too bad we can't count on either the Eversons o Kelloggs, but Bowker's got 'em right where he want he's thrown business their way, and he's done it to d of others who didn't like him before that. And he's a us because he can blame Sugden and me for anythin hasn't been right so far. They think we're the agi against 'em; and they're dead right. Thank the Lor wouldn't let me be an officer! Now, how on earth a going to get 'em out?"

"What's more important, Bruno, is, when can I h cook?"

"Deary, I'm afraid ——"

"But, Bruno, I'm going to have one! If every else can strike I can too. You promised one to me, an going to have her."

"But I can't afford it, Sylvia! And I'm sat with ——"

"Then we can sell the car," she said. "I've stoo just as long as I can. I don't care if you are satisfie not! I'll do housework, and I'll look after baby, bu not a cook and I never was, and that isn't what you m me for, and I won't cook! Now!"

Despairingly he pleaded with her and eventually promised. He would try to see his way clear, withi weeks, to hire a cook, provided that Sylvia would u best efforts in the meantime to help him put in moti

For the force that would eject the Bowkers.

As a matter of fact stronger forces than Mr. Bangs ever summon were already working on that same pro For one thing, rentals on Main Street were slowly down; and club members who owned real estate were astonish discover rentals decr faster than rebates acc For another t the membe had become heavy, and overhead was leaping sky Finally, the was doing so business that vidual orde gan to go as it was virtu impossible t deliveries on and some men claimed that was a differen the quality.

To cap th max, the reta association vided itself several sections began to use s egy.

The grocery tion, for illustra had a small w house of its and began bu coöperatively distributing as fore; and the sections followe example. The prices of almost e common comm dropped appreci Not so mysterio four hundred of associate membe the reform c ceased to deal wit

"If You are Satisfied, I'm Not! I'm Not a Cook and I Never Was, and That isn't What You Married Me for, and I Won't Cook!"

Ad reason enough," said Sugden. "We gave 'em
r cent off, and made a profit. Now that the retailers
buying in bulk they can sell about as cheap as we can.
y Overhead. Why, man, you fellows in the club
ıt twenty-five-per-cent rebate on the gross business,
'vou? And you want it with all sorts of queer games
ıon too. The directors won't let me alone a second.
ll ın individual can take five per cent on his turnover
ake a fat living on it. A mighty fat one. Because
e hire and fire as he pleases, and keep down his over-
d o suit himself. And if they'd got together before
wouldn't have been any need of your club, would
re And one curious factor of it is that this reduction
e il prices doesn't make you any more money but it
e my commission down out of sight. Think it over."
Ve haven't had a strike in Wellington in two months,
uh," said Mr. Bangs.
Tue. People saved money by trading here. And
n that saving and the normal little wage advances
'e had they were fairly well satisfied. And besides,
ıl reason there haven't been any strikes isn't the
-it's because everybody's been waiting to see if the
ould really do anything. But the associates don't
s any more. And their dropping out cuts into our
i pretty deep. Last quarter, you see, we gave them
r cent, and then we made about fourteen on their
ıss."
Mr Bangs drew a long breath. "Walter, I'm going
s you a straight question: How long do you think
ub will keep going after you've gone?"
C, less than a year," said Sugden soberly.
Mr Bangs' jaw sagged. "Is that your honest
in?"
ulen became very serious. "John, these
ers almost never work among people like you.
yalmost always work among working people.
y Because you won't ever stick together.
er I first came here, and somebody asked if a
ke this was practicable, I said yes, if you
kogether. But you don't. You won't. You
s inted off. You play horse with it. Some of
vnt to use it like a raft to float you into
tis. Some of you are trying to make
ıe out of it direct. You won't let it alone.
I you know why the unions are so strong?
ecause no matter what happens they
wenough to stick together. You've
ırd a sort of union, to strike against high
e And then you let your leaders honey-
ıht with side issues. The retailers' asso-
ie will beat the club to a finish. Why? Because
sck to one idea—making a living for its members.
n that over. They won't put up a big building,
n ıembers cashing in on land, on architecture and
stiction, and all the odds and ends. They won't
er fancy jobs for their friends. They'll buy where
y ın buy the cheapest. They'll watch the pennies.
Ad this club hasn't actually saved you people a
e–not really saved it. Why not? Because you've all
ıt the savings—every one of you. Why, John, half
siness is in luxuries. And I checked up last quarter,
fund that in the week after the rebate checks went
tere was a perfect flood of orders for nonessential
g That isn't saving—it's robbing Peter to pay Paul.
u'e done some of it yourself, old man. I know you
e I'm hoping sometime to find a crowd that will
kogether and play the game, but this isn't it.
E the way, Bowker's asked me when the quarterly
tg comes, and I step out, to recommend his son-in-law
r job. I've looked the boy up. He's getting three
usnd a year now. That's part of the answer. I sup-
e ou'll all sit back and let him get away with it, and
n onder why the club's losing efficiency."
Mr Bangs nodded soberly. "You don't have to sell me
t. What would you think of the ethics of my going out
ibry Bowker? Would it injure the club too much?"
ulen grinned and reached into a pigeonhole of his
k. "This is confidential. But since the retailers began
ou as a group, and lowered their prices, these resig-
ios of active members have come in. Twenty-seven.
e layor's one of 'em—he's seen he can't afford to stay
ar longer. It would kill him politically. I rather
ib if they're talking about it, though, outside. Does
t ll you anything?"
Mr Bangs was horrified.
Et—the retailers said they wouldn't trade with any-
ly who ——"
Q, rubbish! That was just for a feeler. They won't
o their own noses. And I'll show you something else.
re a list of clerks and stenos, and so on, I've had to hire
le pressure of one director or another—forty-two of 'em.
e lpt that for a purpose. Just now I can't object too
en ously, because I'm tied up on a contract, and I don't
nto wreck anything, but—notice their salaries? And
e ot one more juicy bit for you. I've been looking
a hance to tell you. That land we bought. Owned by
w ork parties. Yes; two cousins of Bowker's. I had
u h that there was a family party somewhere, so I chased down the title and then the owners. They bought it eighteen months ago for twelve thousand. So when I say you'll last a year, that's liberal. And one last word, whether you decide to do anything about this or not, the retailers are looking for a good lawyer. In view of all the circumstances I don't know why you shouldn't represent them. Do you?"

x

HELEN KELLOGG, whose husband was busily engaged with his drafting, came over with heightened color to talk to Sylvia.

"My dear! The most outrageous thing you ever heard of in all your life!

The Voice Drifted to Them Through the Portal. "Well," Mr. Bowker Was Saying, "There's a Good Dinner Thrown Away on a Couple of Ingrates"

They say Mr. Bowker made a big personal profit on that land deal! I think that's awful, don't you? And there's a terrible squabble going on in the board of directors. It's some of the men against Mrs. Bowker. Somebody said if she couldn't leave her society manner at home they couldn't afford to waste any more time over it. They said if she couldn't remember she was a chairman and not a hostess they'd give it up. And the service is getting something dreadful, isn't it?"

Sylvia agreed disarmingly. "You can't get everything for nothing, you know."

"What puzzles me the most, though, is why we aren't saving any money. I've just been over my bills. Have you?"

Sylvia smiled unseen. "I notice you've got a maid finally."

"Oh, yes. Henry thought we were saving so much we could afford that. But between ourselves, dear, I'm beginning to wonder if the club isn't going to the dogs."

"It was a mistake to plan to build, I think."

"Oh, do you? I don't," said Helen ingenuously. "I think that part of it was perfectly sensible. But all this talk about buying the Herald, and that sort of thing—well, personally, I don't think it's anything but a waste of good money."

Sylvia preferred to be diplomatic about this, but the signs of a club revolution were as clear to her as the signs of her own revolution if she didn't get a cook. It was Mrs. Director Johnson—her husband owned the Herald—who led the agitation to let the building contract—if let to Mr. Councilor Hendrix—only on a cost plus five per cent basis. Mrs. Johnson thought that for Councilor Hendrix to make his usual ten per cent profit on that contract would be positively unfair.

Mrs. Hendrix, however, was quick to point out that Mrs. Johnson's niece, who had married the son of Mrs. Director Vaughn, was assistant secretary of the club, with a salary exactly twice what she had ever earned before. Beyond that, Mr. Vaughn was the local coal magnate, and the club had given him a practical monopoly.

But Mrs. Vaughn minimized this, and retorted that it was very funny that Councilor Hendrix had always been anti-Bowker until Mrs. Hendrix had wormed her way into Mrs. Bowker's bridge club, and it was funnier yet that Councilor Hendrix had got the building contract without competition.

So it always goes when there are more pickers than there are plums.

But all these eruptive disturbances were as nothing when the news leaked out that Mr. Bangs had accepted a retainer from the retailers' association. The council frothed with it, and the directorate boiled, and Mrs. Bowker herself came regally to cross-examine Sylvia and get the facts. To her mystified annoyance Sylvia appeared to see something very ludicrous in the situation. Sylvia and Mr. Bangs had debated lengthily over the expenditure of that retainer, and they had come to a very excellent understanding. For the first time in her married life Sylvia could feel that she was earning her allowance, and not merely parasiting it; and Mr. Bangs could feel that Sylvia was managing the home exactly as she wanted to, and that it was her own fault if she weren't.

"Why, he's a lawyer," said Sylvia, "and that's his regular business, and why shouldn't he have clients?"

"But, my dear girl," said Mrs. Bowker in her most elevated tone, "the purposes of the retailers' association are diametrically opposed to ours!"

"Oh, not at all. They want to cut down costs too."

"Surely, my dear, surely—but suppose there should come a time when Mr. Bangs should have to decide between his client and his club—suppose it came to a question between his fees as a lawyer and his duty to our organization—how could he decide between them? Isn't it rather a risk, my dear? Isn't it rather a risk to allow a personal gain to creep into this?"

Sylvia's laugh was unaffected. "Why, Mrs. Bowker, as far as I can judge, John's about the only man in the club who hasn't made any money out of it; and when this is something entirely separate ——"

"You're quite mistaken, Sylvia."

"Am I? Suppose Mr. Hendrix has to decide between doing us the cheapest possible building, and a little more extravagant one—when he gets a percentage of the cost, no matter what it is?

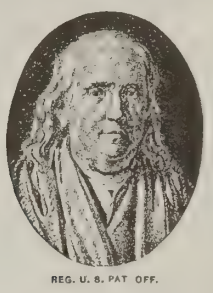
"Suppose Mr. Johnson has to decide between a low price and a high price for the Herald, when he knows the directors voted to buy it, and put a limit price on it before they spoke to him? Is he going to offer to take less than he knows they'll pay? I can't see that John's risking more than anybody else."

Mrs. Bowker played her last card. "But for several years, my dear, Mr. Bangs has had practically no practice. He's managed estates. He hasn't been either a counselor or a pleader. And for him to take, as his very first client, the retailers' association ——"

"John and I have made up our minds," said Sylvia a trifle more recessively, "that the best way for me to live is for John to do a little more work and for me to spend a little less money. And I don't honestly think, Mrs. Bowker, that it concerns much of anybody but John and me."

(Continued on Page 75)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1919

Representatives of Labor?

ONE salient fact stares out in the testimony of the steel-strike leaders before the Senatorial Committee like a searchlight from a black river: These men did not know their own business—from their own standpoint.

Did they know figures about the wages in the steel industry? They did not—and said so. Did they know facts about the actual hours that men worked in the steel industry? They did not. Did they know what percentage of employees—if any—were being physically crushed by overwork, as they freely claimed? They did not.

On the other hand, they knew and talked at length on a variety of things which were dark and sonorous in the telling but which proved on investigation either not to be so or to have nothing whatever to do with their case.

Leave aside the question of right or wrong in the steel strike. Look at it entirely from the standpoint of the striker who wants to win something. What kind of men are these, to hire to represent you and present your case?

The method and character of the representation of labor is much discussed these days. It should be. It is a central point of interest for all parties concerned. But labor for its own self-interest cannot want leaders who have shown the country at large—on their own testimony—that they do not know all the facts about the business under discussion.

The Foundations of Society

G. K. CHESTERTON, discussing Germany's debonair light-mindedness about her treaty engagements at the opening of the war, pointed out that her course of action was worse than war; it was a destruction of civilization. Because one corner stone of man's living in civilized society is the knowledge that the other man's promise will be fulfilled.

Now, we all remember still what we said of Germany; and what we said of her by instinct is exactly what Chesterton remarked of her in somewhat different language. The words we use for the man or woman who deliberately breaks faith are the old short, sharp, ugly words that lie far down at the bottom of the well of speech. "God hates a liar" is an expression of emotion which has been in common use now off and on for fifty to a hundred thousand years. For one of the earliest of our discoveries was that man cannot live in a world populated by liars, because in brief time there would not be any world to live in.

There are powerful influences at work to-day to lead organized labor to break faith habitually. If they cannot bring about this action in a comparatively straightforward way, as Germany did through her own officials, they propose to laborers to slip off in a body and repudiate their own organization. In this way, where they are successful, their efforts will have one practical result—to give labor the reputation of a common liar, which by the unanimous racial testimony of some hundred thousand years means that labor in any organized form will—if this opinion should become universal—be wiped out.

This, however, the promoters of this movement assure us, is just the thing—in fact a matter of principle with them; for their fundamental purpose is to erect a new society, a new social contract on a general wreckage of the good faith of the old.

They will—if they can. And anyone of common sense would know instinctively, even in default of the object lesson now being staged in Russia, just what kind of society it would be. It would have just the same chance of success as a marriage between the defendant and the corespondent in a particularly nasty divorce suit, and for precisely the same reason.

Bonds and Stocks

IT BEGINS to look as if the monopoly of investment favor which stocks have enjoyed in the last three or four years had begun to weaken. An overwhelming desire for shares in enterprises which offered large, if speculative, returns has been the striking feature of the markets. Investors fairly hooted at the idea of buying bonds. What they wanted was large profits.

The high cost of living, the prevailing inflation, proved facile arguments, ready at hand for anyone with the least inclination to speculate.

In a period of feverish activity, of mounting prices for all classes of goods and unheard-of rewards for the successful manufacturer and producer, it was certain that many stocks would pay high dividends. The inevitable consequence was a rush of capital into these shares. Any appetite that remained for fixed-interest-bearing bonds was more than surfeited by the five Liberty Loans. Individual investors and investing institutions, such as insurance companies and savings banks, were obliged to take more than they really wanted of these government issues. Other bonds suffered by neglect, and the Liberties themselves discouraged their most ardent friends by slowly sinking under their own weight.

But now the war is over and the Government no longer drains the money resources of the country. The peak of inflation has quite possibly been reached. Certainly the strain upon the productive energies of the country is already lessened. Tens of thousands of the newly rich will probably seek to invest at least part of their profits in fixed-interest bonds. There will be no more Liberty Loans, and the treasury has reduced the floating supply by nearly a billion dollars through the operation of a sinking fund. Already there has been a considerable advance in the price of all the various issues.

Even if times continue very good indeed, we can hardly look for the excessive profits and dividends of the last few years.

The investor who now has money to put out must consider with great care whether he prefers risk and the continued chance of large profits or certainty and only a moderate income. Does he wish to put all his funds into stock, thereby serving to guarantee some other investor's bonds, or does he prefer to have someone else guarantee him against loss, and enjoy the resulting feeling of security?

The Investor's Melting Tale

I AM THE owner, said the man, of a bond of a great public utility company. I bought it largely because it was offered by the greatest and most reputable security houses in the country—accompanied by a signed report by the corporation's president showing that its earnings would be much more than sufficient to cover my bond's interest. Several hundred, probably several thousand, other people with me contributed the tens of millions needed by the company.

The property did not earn the amount necessary f interest. This is of course sad, said the speaker, in itself. But it is by no means my whole story. The cians in control of the city government are now in a st highly inflamed sympathy for the poor man who patr the public utility—and furnishes, they may assum greatest number of votes in the municipality. The determined that he shall pay no more for his se They have the power to prevent it.

And they point with much pride to the circular made me buy my bond—signed, sealed and delive above stated by me—thus showing the world with ab certainty that they are fully justified in not givir company more income—and that the great fina all know this.

The politicians, if they hold their present positio enough, will certainly bankrupt this property. Th no one in the whole situation who doubts this. is a sad outlook for that company—like, I suppos eral other thousands of its kind throughout the co and incidentally, I may also say, for me!

This saving and investing of money in the U States to-day is a great life, said the investor conch if you don't weaken.

Crusaders of Cleanliness

"THE section I am captain of is not in a very bad tion, but there is room, I think, for a three hu per cent improvement." Thus ardent—or naïve—w report of a high-school student who volunteered his ices as block captain in a permanent campaign to sanitary conditions in New York City's streets. a nation of veritable spotless towns would be ours i every citizen purposed to burnish his particular stree in cleanliness it was thrice nearer heaven.

Residential beauty, of course, is only stone-deep— incidental to the far more important fact that a health is charted largely by the temper of its g Formal public-spirited recognition of that fact was by the Merchants' Association of New York two ago this month, when the leading business men inst their Anti-Litter Bureau.

By means of addresses and literature the bureau e about a thousand assistants from among the city's school pupils, housewives, women's police reserve business houses. Fortified with identification car badges and backed by the city's ordinances to enf if need be—their mission, each of the recruits w pointed captain of the block or square in which he lived. Daily tours of inspection, with polite not householder or storekeeper that the law was being vi in uncovered garbage cans or unswept sidewalks— sixteen commonplace offenses—soon worked towa ding pavements and vacant lots of potential disease

A word of appreciation here for the volunteers. are none of the thrills of crime detection in swooping righteously upon a cat, that having given up grud its ninth ghost has been allowed to lie in state be some billboard or at some alley corner. In seeing removal there is nothing of poetry, but much of hea

The crusaders of cleanliness are supplied with pam printed in three languages, stating the law in the n These they distribute, and when repeated admonitic ignored the captains notify the police officer on post. monses to court have charms when soft words haven'

Any city whose public service commission, for ex contemplates emulation of the Merchants' Asso plan will be interested in the method in which pr is recorded. In the Anti-Litter Bureau's office h large city map over which are scattered pins with gray and white tops. Each pin represents a worker— are four thousand of them now—and his pin tal color from the condition of his district—black if it gray if it is fair and white if it is good. The mark changed to correspond with the monthly reports subt on printed forms by the captains. The map is, the a comprehensive barometer of the city's degree of and-spanness. And the bureau is speeding that mill day when the map will show nothing but white pi

THE SUBMERGED MAJORITY

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

MY NEIGHBOR, Jim Ayers, was telling the other day that when he was a boy living in rural Virginia he started one morning with his brother Dan for a ...l school four miles away. As they walked along, ...ct, they heard a terrifying noise which seemed to ...e om a big woods far off on the right. They were ...le country boys, and having never seen much the ...g rumble in the distance became so unusual that ...termined to go over and see what was going ...ing the risk of being whipped for disobeying ...r.

...ey walked from ten o'clock in the morning ...re in the afternoon, the noise and the roads ...time becoming worse. They were chased by ...g dogs and scratched by briers; they ate raw ...g for dinner and waded streams, but kept on; ...s last they walked into the ...lof Bull Run.

...ve been thinking lately that ...erican people have innocently ...e into a row as unusual and ter...g as those two country boys ...e into nearly sixty years ago. ...rhaps it is only fair to the reader ...y at the beginning that I am ...e a statesman nor a business ...n connected with active affairs ...kind. I am only one of the ...ged majority, having little influence on public ...rs Indeed, for several years I have been in com...tirement on a farm, except for occasional forays ...distant and crowded places. But through my watch ...r from which I observe the busy world, there filters ...cision of newspapers, magazines and books enabling ...coorm opinions without being jostled. I am content ...cept the judgment of you gentlemen still in har... sincerely trust your decisions will be as wise and ...apossible. I am still interested to the extent that ...s pay the regular taxes you assess, as well as my ...oion of the new taxation called Propaganda. In ...ering a tax program a German official was recently ...e as saying: "I am frank to confess that it is ...al" This expression caused a good many Americans ...ri up their ears; they felt a disposition to mark ...sitence in their newspaper for future reference.

...supose every busy man resolves to retire from active ...somewhere round sixty, and live thereafter at ease on ...ay-day money. Few actually do it, as the proper ...ornity does not present itself. So the majority of ...rl men, after many hurried repairs, remain on the ...i competition with 1920 models, and function after ...sbn until the old machine goes to the scrap heap.

Too Many Wheels for the Tinkers

...CUALLY quit active life near my sixtieth birthday, ...te great activity from the age of thirteen, when my ...erplaced me in a printing office and gave me stints ...eorm every day—or take the consequences at night. ...r passed from my father's control I had other ...te, for I lived in the old days of long hours. In my ...lcment on morning papers we began at two P. M., ...we rarely in bed before three the following morning. ...employers and foremen were autocrats in those days; ...e workmen know little of the bosses I was compelled ...atfy in order to hold a job.

...ft I became my own master I found I still had a ...er A family of children growing up, ambition to own ...hne and business, and, most important of all, an ...veopposition; so that until I turned my business over ...yons I was a hard worker. In my day the Old Man ...epected to be ...t do anything ...the shop; and ...g along pretty ...l did a good ...cit.

...the present idle ...rtective time of ...le I observe ...i the evening ...e I visit my ...thr, who lives ...r, e discuss cur...e nts until late. ...rly we were ...l settle world affairs by ...e clock, when he proceeded ...vi the clock in preparation ...bd, and as a hint for me to go; but ...ly much is going on that more time ...equired. From the humblest to the greatest I note a feeling of apprehension. A sound national policy is even more important than a sound individual policy, since a bad national policy may mean final disaster to millions, whereas a bad individual policy may mean only disaster to an individual and his family. Occasionally we have jumped from the fire into the frying pan, but progress in public affairs has been distressingly slow. Individuals have accomplished great results, but en masse the people are lamentably ineffective. Mischievous new thought is being distributed as liberally as a weed throws its seeds to the four winds.

A tinker appeared in a rural community one day, and a clock being given him to mend he worked at it a considerable time, all the while telling how capable he was in fixing things and how fortunate it was he appeared just when he did. When he was ready to go and about to receive his pay the farmer noticed that a wheel had been left out.

The tinker's attention being called to the omission he said cheerily: "Oh, that's all right; that's what's the matter with it."

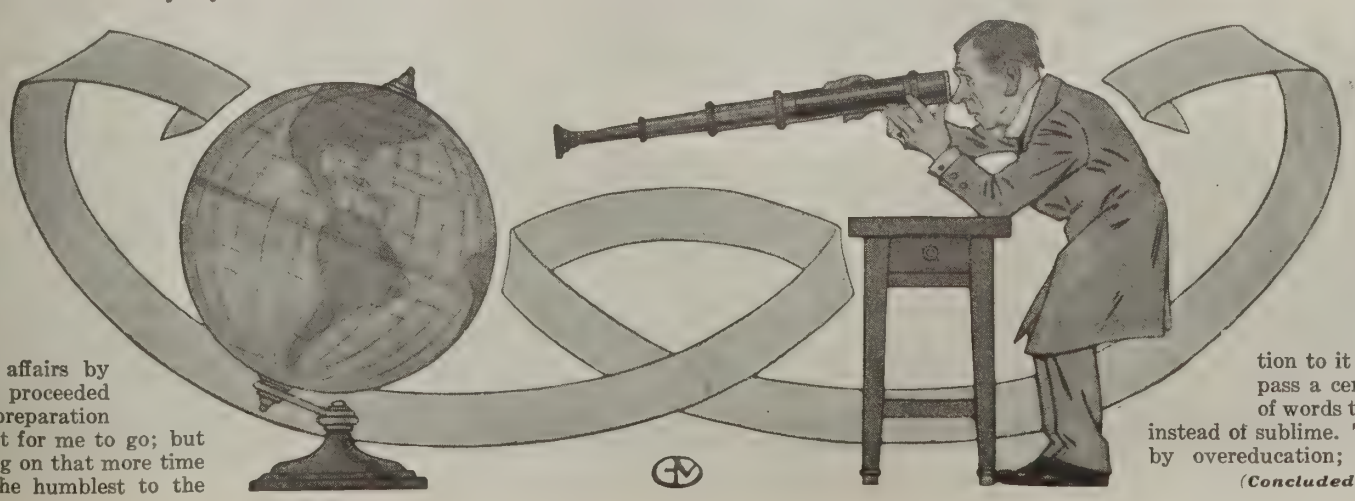
In fixing the country's troubles our national tinkers have left out a wheel here and there, and the machinery no longer functions properly.

People have too much leaning toward the insurgent. I once knew a little girl who when she held her breath and kicked and screamed attracted the attention of the entire neighborhood. Her name was Susie, and when Susie went on the rampage her own mother cried, it was so terrible. And the neighbors said: "There is a good deal to be said on Susie's side!"

But there wasn't; Susie's mother was a fine woman, and Susie certainly the worst child in the neighborhood.

I was much interested the other day in a statement that a famous fast train between two important cities had been taken off.

Passengers complained of discomfort, the wear and tear on the machinery was tremendous, and accidents were very disastrous when they occurred, because of the great speed. So the flyer, a modern accomplishment of which we boasted much, was taken off, and its work is now being accomplished by slower, safer and less expensive trains, with everybody better satisfied.



We might quit with profit, safety and comfort some other too progressive habits.

Our trouble is not lack of good men; I sometimes think the trouble is our leaders are too good, as are our newspapers. We are a nation of Great Hearts, always demanding progress; our Oliver Twists are forever holding conventions, demanding more, and getting it.

Nor do we lack prosperity; it may be that the threat to our government comes from prosperity rather than from lack of it. The sales of automobiles alone are proof sufficient that history has not afforded another people so generally prosperous as we are to-day, though in our gloomy hours we claim to be slaves.

Truly we Americans are singularly blessed by the gods. As H. L. Mencken expresses it:

"To be an American is to be the noblest, the proudest, the grandest mammal that ever hoofed over God's green footstool. Often in the black abysm of the night the thought that I am one awakens me like a blast of trumpets, and I am thrown into a cold sweat by contemplation of the fact. I shall cherish it on the scaffold; it will console me in hell."

But there is no perfection; even an American has his small blemishes, his scarcely discernible weaknesses, his minute traces of folly. And as the children say, "What goes up must come down." There is much in the air now; it is the future and not the present we have to fear.

When I was a young fellow I joined a lodge, and after I had been initiated, with great humiliation to myself and amusement to the others, the Grand Potentate said: "We will now open under the head of the Good of the Order."

That made an impression on me; for the members talked seriously after their fun with me and discussed the general good. May not the American people with profit to themselves hold a session for the Good of the Order, and seriously talk over their affairs, which have certainly become confused?

Philosophy Drowned in Sentiment

I LATELY encountered a striking sentence from Iliya Metchnikof, admittedly a man of great intellect and learning. He belonged to a body of men who forsaking the world gave up the rivalries and personal interests of ordinary men, and sharing their goods and their work lived in austere devotion to the good of humanity. A writer who described the intimate routine of life at the Pasteur Institute compared it with that of a medieval religious community. Iliya Metchnikof was one of the foremost of these; so gentle, so learned, so intelligent that it has been said of him that he is one of half a dozen of the world's greatest men. The opinion of such a man is worth considering. It was Metchnikof who said: "In the course of years philosophy has been drowned in the flood of sentiment and notions, and it has been a great task to restore reason to humanity."

Reason is philosophy, and philosophy is common sense. I know only simple things, and am convinced that others do not know more; if there is truth in the wonderful fancies of which I have heard I must have met with some hint of it in the course of a long and active life. But I know of no really wonderful thing except that we Americans, naturally blessed as no other people ever were, are threatened with disaster.

Every writer and speaker frequently declares: "We are confronted with great problems." I do not believe it; our problems are really simple if we will go about them in a simple way. There were few great problems in the first place, and they have been worked out. Life is not such a complex thing that we must experiment with it forever. The world is full of fine nonsense, and we are paying more attention to it every year. After we pass a certain point in the use of words they become ridiculous instead of sublime. Thousands are injured by overeducation; I have even heard

(Concluded on Page 86)

THE TROUBLE DO

By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE outer door of the dispensary operating room, commonly used for exit purposes only, was forced open from the outside and a moment later a grimy Italian worker was projected into the atmosphere of iodoform by powerful hands.

"There you are, Macaroni," a voice followed the reluctant one—"delivered just as the foreman said. Now tell the doc about it—he ain't a-goin' to hurt yer busted mit."

The door closed briskly and the Italian set his back against it in an attitude of forlorn defense. His right arm was buried under his coat. His eyes, round with fright and moist with pain, swept the operating room. Down the center stretched a row of porcelain basins surmounted by nickeled faucets of strange design. Facing the basins at either side was a long oaken bench divided into a dozen roomy seats by broad flat arms like those of the chairs in a dairy-lunch room. The seats were occupied by workers from many departments of the plant. But the men were not eating. Instead each rested upon the glass-covered arm at his right a bare hand or a bare foot and upon every exposed member there was some indication of what happens when human flesh impedes the movement of revolving or descending steel. The two or three men who made no such display held a piece of cotton to an eye. Both benches were silent. Some of the sitters regarded their injuries fearfully, some stoically and some with a broad grin. The grinning ones were not the freshly damaged, but knowing veterans who had come back for a redressing.

A middle-aged man, roundly plump in a white apron but quick in every action, moved along the rows with an air of simple but positive command. Two male and three female assistants, all similarly aproned, carried out his instructions with nimbleness. Sometimes he applied a salve or whipped a bandage into place himself. His light-blue eyes flitted constantly from the injury to the eyes of his patient.

"Doctor Ethridge," a nurse whispered, "look behind you."

The head of the dispensary turned and gazed at the Italian crouching against the outer door, the right arm still buried in his coat. The physician's smile was of a marvelously softening quality. It could not, however, melt an adamant of ignorance, apprehension and nameless distrust. The Italian responded neither to the smile nor to the gesture inviting him to an unoccupied seat. One of the male assistants took a step forward. He was halted by his chief.

"Don't rush him—it is very important," the chief admonished softly. "That crowd of Italians has been badly treated somewhere. They are so shy the office can't get a line on them. This case may be the open door to an understanding. Go on with your work."

From that moment the Italian, wrestling with things that racked his soul, appeared to have been forgotten.

"You dropped something—a steel wheel with a cogged edge, I should say."

Doctor Ethridge was bending over a lacerated great toe as he spoke.

"A foine guesser yez are—I work in the gear shop," moaned the injured one. "Shure now, Misther Doctor, how many pay days will I be afther missing?"

"You'll be at home only long enough to have the kids get used to you," the physician laughed. "A close shave, but you get off light. Don't worry. I'll phone your foreman to have a pile of gears waiting for you a week from to-day."

"Aw, doctor, bless yer eyes!"

A nurse was whipping a bandage round the toe. Ethridge patted the bare ankle as he glanced once more into the now luminous face. A moment later a Polack with a jagged cut from wrist to knuckles was wincing under the physician's pressure test for fractures.

"Nothing broken," was the cheerful announcement. "You snatched your hand away from that drill just in time to avoid something serious. We'll soon have you as good as new."

The Polack burst forth in his native tongue, causing the man bending over him to beckon one of the nurses.

"Get this for me, Miss Pribo," he begged.

"He wants you to know that he comes
family in Poland," presently the nurse tra
"His people know Paderewski."

"I know Paderewski too!" exclaimed th
cian. "Tell our friend he shall be fixed up
more quickly for that. I'll notify the mutual ben
the workmen's compensation officer myself and l
every cent he is entitled to while his hand is gettin

The translation brought a fresh outburst from
jured man, a shower of gratitude that needed n
preter.

The dispensary head lifted a particle of steel
lathe operator's eye, sent a molder to the next room
an X-ray photograph made of a bruised elbow, and
along to a newcomer with the fingers of his left ha
first-aid bandage that took on a deeper crimson wit
moment.

"Finger tips off?" Ethridge inquired as he prep
bare the hand and motioned to a nurse, who imme
stood by with everything he would need.

"Yes!" the man hissed. "The damned punc
came down on my fingers without my operating it
The company is no better than a murderer for per
a dangerous piece of machinery like that in the pla
make them pay big for this if it takes a lifetime."

The physician studied the speaker's face, the smil
leaving his own. The man was forty-five. There wa
under the skin. His eye was entirely clear. A
worker of many years' experience, the unspoken di
ran, and no liquor back of his accident.

"If what you say is true," the physician anno
"I'll help you make the company pay."

The machinist looked open-mouthed at the man w
deftly caring for his hand.

"You're kidding me!" he cried. "Of course you w
help me fight the company."

"You bet I would," was the reply, "if that punc
came down on you without your setting a foot on the p

Wonder was eclipsing wrath in the machinist's
when a question was put to him in quiet tones:

"Everybody well at home to-day?"

(Continued on Page 34)

"I'm So Glad to See You," She Murmured. "I Guess Providence Must Have Sent You"

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 34)

but he shifted from an asset to a liability like a thrown lever. It was neither just nor practicable to replace him while he was temporarily disqualified. Worker's compensation must be paid him. No one but Ethridge could help the situation. He was expected to get the lever ready for swinging back again in the shortest possible time.

There was one thing common to the injured men who flowed through his door that almost appalled the physician: It was the way they accepted their injuries as inevitable. The workers seemed forever to be getting just what they expected. They were satisfied if it befell at a time when they could bear it with only moderate strain.

"It just happened," was the usual explanation of the man supporting a bleeding hand or a bleeding toe on the arm of his chair. If he showed average intelligence he was in for an argument, no matter what language must be brought into play to correct his point of view.

"Things may seem just to happen," Ethridge would answer, "but you bet they really never do! 'Just happened' means ignorance, lack of attention or interference. Find out for yourself what it means, then this sort of trouble will not come to you again."

In establishing the theory for himself Ethridge followed trails that led immediately below the surface. He slashed and dug his way along and in time he was trembling with the thrill of original discovery. He was uncovering and relating the little known. He was clarifying the mainsprings of accidents.

"Miss Randaw," he shouted one day to the efficient lean linguist who served him as interpreter and office assistant, "call in the whole staff quick—I've got things to tell them!"

For days he had been poring over stacks of carefully filled-in cards—the records of thousands of dispensary cases. When the two doctor assistants and the nurses had surged in like a white wave he said:

"Folks, accidents spring from definite causes. They occur in certain ways and the tide of them actually rises and falls at certain hours. We have been slow to perceive this because the re-dressing cases claim our attention so fully between high tides, but I find I can classify accidents—and therefore predict them—according to the clock.

"Accidents begin when work starts in the morning and occur in steadily increasing numbers until ten, when the morning peak is reached. The early ones are likely to be of the more distressing kind. There is a steady descent from ten to twelve, when the noon whistle brings a halt. The first hour of the afternoon is our most peaceful period. Then mishaps take a fresh start and the cases multiply swiftly until the afternoon peak is reached at three. There is a gradual dropping off then until the whistle at five. I do not mean to say that serious accidents may not and do not occur at any hour, but I am giving you the regular movements of the tides. I want you to observe and talk to your patients. Learn all about these tides. Then we shall find whether it is humanly possible to sweep them back or to ease their flow."

The wherefore of ebb and flood was a mystery quickly cleared by Ethridge for himself. Startling as it seemed, accidents were nearly always traceable to a condition of the victim's thought. A different mental state would have spelled prevention. The more he could have to do in mending men's minds, the Trouble Doc concluded, the less he might have to do in mending their bodies. When matter was set in motion in the form of powerful machinery there could be no diverting or dulling of the intelligence without disastrous results. The heavy accidents of the early morning nearly always befell workers who had come with a load of trouble or care from home. They were under stress or excitement; they did not give their full thought to their machines. After a couple of hours procedure was no longer sufficiently automatic to be safe. The accident came.

About this time other men began to give less thought to what they were doing for quite another reason. They were the men who wanted to rush through the job they were on before they knocked off for dinner. Accidents befell them. The men with gnawing troubles and the men in a sudden rush combined to make that morning peak at ten o'clock. The peaceful period of the early afternoon was attributable to the fact that the workers were moving deliberately and carefully while enjoying their digestion. Then would go through the plant a little fever of hurry up. Mishaps would begin to occur in this corner and that. The climax that came at three reflected the haste that was to make up for too much dallying after a full meal and the human liking to skip along so as to wind up the thing in hand with the close of the day.

One thing puzzled the dispensary head for some time. A tabulation covering months showed a peak of accidents that recurred late every Friday. A good many men ate fish on that day, but Linden fish were fresh and easy of digestion. Finally Ethridge rang the accounting office.

"How do you make up the weekly pay roll for the men on piecework?" he inquired; and the answer came: "On the showing they make when the whistle blows Friday night. Lots of them try to double their week's output that very afternoon."

The puzzle was solved.

Ethridge saw that his first step must be to bridge every chasm to the men. He must win their confidence in a dozen languages. He had realized from the first that, while he was still a doctor with a doctor's right to be trusted, he was also a representative of the company. He was rated as on the employers' side, and suffering workers coming to him often held up an injured hand as though the white bandage of first aid was their flag of truce. He strove with all the resources of great-heartedness to get behind their shields. Some were exceedingly slow to drop their guard—there appeared to be a good deal to be done before the average employer would be on a basis of ready understanding with his men. But the Trouble Doc made progress. Again and again men weak in one way or another responded to tactful offers of assistance, and response, however faint, was all that he required. He did things for workers that no list of a plant physician's duties had ever been known to include. Sometimes he could get at groups of men, as when he helped Ferrani Luigi and as many of his brethren as would follow to take the first awkward steps in things American.

He followed the injured home. It was his duty to do this when necessary, but he went to many a patient physically able to come down in the van. He was about his healing business with little medicine in his methods. He looked into the eyes of wives and children—mute and reserved in the presence of a representative of the employer—and before he left them he had established a smiling basis of coöperation. He had made them unafraid. He pried the shutters off darkened windows. He revolutionized kitchens. He spread the foreign born out into more rooms and more air. Light came into the dull faces of swarthy mothers when they were made to feel that a genial prince of this new overwhelming America recognized their existence—and cared. At his direction they lifted the hand of misgiving from their offspring and let them scamper off to the public school.

Men Ethridge had mended continued to drop into the dispensary. They just looked in to say hello. While saying it they talked in low tones of many things they would have sworn had no relation to the plant. The Trouble Doc was laying a corrective hand upon affairs in homes he had never even seen.

Such activities on the part of the plant physician could not fail to attract attention. Tongues wagged busily. Assuming perhaps that the executive offices were blind, two petty officials waited on Ames and presented an unsolicited account of the strange things that were going on. He thanked them without comment or reply. When they had gone he called for the dispensary reports for many weeks past and studied them with an analytical eye. His conclusions were expressed in a laugh of unmixed satisfaction. The petty officials had missed the great fact that was written across the face of these reports:

Ethridge was taking care of accidents and losses before they occurred.

The Trouble Doc looked out from the dispensary upon what to him was an unending tragedy. He watched two of the best-known lame ducks of the plant get together as regularly as noon came round. Peg Higgins kept the side gate. He sat on a cushioned bench with his primitive wooden leg resting across a soap box and motioned to the visitor to come inside if he had a pass or to visit the office and equip himself if he had none. Three minutes after the midday whistle Peg would be joined by Stub Knowles, who had been Superintendent Conway's messenger ever since the four fingers of his right hand were snipped off at the palm. Both men were under thirty-five. Each was rated as a crackajack when his accident came. Sitting on the ground with their backs against the fence, they loved to companion in misery while they fished their dinner out of pails.

To Ethridge they were a constant reminder of the sprinkling of cripples that extended through the works. The cases of serious maiming were not numerous as matters go in plants where all day long men are using tools of monstrous strength to twist and shape stubborn metals, but they were far too numerous in the eyes of Ethridge, who was working toward a day when maimed men might not be regarded as a natural by-product of operation.

There was never any mistaking the lame ducks of industry, for they made no effort to camouflage a loss with an artificial limb as men so often did in the outside world. The Trouble Doc could understand the difference. Pride moved men in the outer world. In the plant world men judged everything from the standpoint of utility and had not learned the utilitarian value of pride. The plant cripples hung shattered and dragging at the point where the accident mill let them drop. The Trouble Doc was in the business of snatching present and future victims away from that mill. As he sat one day watching the doleful dining of Peg and Stub he was electrified by a thought:

Why not reach into the past and try to commute some of the mill's hideous decrees?

While Higgins and Knowles were sprawled on the ground with their food the next day the Trouble Doc sauntered out of the dispensary and tactfully worked himself into the conversation.

"Say, why don't you boys let me get you some class artificial limbs?" presently he exclaimed as sudden inspiration. "You would look like the fellows then."

"Tin hands and tin legs don't fool anybody bu chopped-up guy who wears them," observed Stub Kn dejectedly.

"You would feel more like the other fellows too Trouble Doc persisted.

Stub held a cup under a faucet, which he worked fully with his right elbow, and brought the one-l man a drink. In exchange Peg handed up a cigare had rolled.

"You mean all right, doctor," Higgins declared be swallows, "but lame ducks are like a lodge. Peopl don't belong just can't understand—that's all."

The Trouble Doc went back to the dispensary pu That afternoon he asked questions of a seasoned fo while extracting a brass splinter from the man's thu

"Yes, a good machinist can lose a finger or a toe an maintain his cutting edge," declared the old boss language of his trade. "But when you take off a han foot you most likely draw the temper of the tool. U you might just as well have scrapped the entire mar

Ethridge made a study of the lame ducks roun plant and came to the conclusion that amputatio deeper into the spirit than it did into the flesh. A ma had paid heavy physical toll to his machine found waiting when he was ready to return to work. He accept a half task and go hobbling about it with the tainty of a backward child. His body had suffered, b thought had suffered more. He was worthless weighed in the hard balances of his own mind.

The Trouble Doc confided to Honey that he was to use every energy and every resource to rejuvenate two broken ones sprawling at the side gate, because succeeded the example would send a current throug spines of all the rest.

Ethridge had to devise a way to get at Stub Kn The maimed messenger served Conway, a grizzled su tendent of one of the shops, a boss of the old school openly condemned the dispensary's methods. Kn Ethridge learned, had been trained as a watchmaker in England, but in his adopted country he had ans the lure of heavier tools and heavier pay and had be one of the cleverest die makers in the plant. A clock dispensary went wrong and Stub consented to look it It stayed wrong with a persistency that kept the chag clock fixer coming back day after day.

Stub was led to reveal the secret of his aversion artificial hand. It would not be his hand. When he in again with a new weight for the clock he foun Trouble Doc messed up with plaster of Paris. H making casts of the hands of workers of various nati ties, he said. Stub was persuaded to permit a cast own good hand to be made to represent the English brightened like a new moon at the thought of a c getting away with a thing like that. That afternoo Trouble Doc and an ingenious worker in the tool who was designer and artisan too, were in absorbed sultation over the cast of Stub's capable but sing shaped paw. You couldn't reverse a cast of a left ha get a cast for a right, the artisan explained, but by cal tion you could work out a right hand that would hav exact shape and characteristics of the other.

A week later Knowles came into the dispensar receive a nickel wrist watch as a reward for fixin clock. He agreed that the watch would be safest o right wrist and held out his stump to have the gift la on. In a twinkling the Trouble Doc had slipped some over the stump itself, had shot the thumb through a and was buckling the strap of the wrist watch to hol contrivance firmly in place.

"Put your left hand on the desk, half closed—ju you held it the day we made the cast," ordered the do

The messenger, not comprehending, obeyed. He fe right arm pushed down—and lo, he was gazing at two h on the desk as alike as a pair of peas! Artifice had s even the color of Nature. There were warts on the hand and there were warts on its mate.

"Wiggle your thumbs!" shouted Ethridge.

A pudgy digit rotated above the curved fingers of hand, giving the astonishing illusion that artifice vanished and that Nature alone remained.

Stub Knowles went all atremble. The doctor eased down into the swivel chair and a voice as of hope i spoke softly into his ear: "Of course there was a way and we have found it. For the present it's our deep se Don't let anything in the world make you tell Peg. are to wear this hand at night in your room until you l to use it well. Train your thumb and you can do anyth By the first of July we'll be ready for everybody to k about the new Robert Knowles."

Then Ethridge went after Higgins. The gatekeeper once been a well-paid man in the scrap house because o ability to appraise and salvage metals. The accident took off half of his leg and three-quarters of his s

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

appeared to have left his obstinacy unimpaired. The Trouble Doc tried to joke his man into line and failed. He angered him to white heat and got nowhere. He tried the spur of ridicule and got only a pitiful outcry. Then he played a chance card and went to see Peg's wife.

Mrs. Higgins was a big-eyed little creature—hardly more than a girl. She had been a bride when the accident came. She left a pile of sewing that did not look like her own to let him in. He told her he was the plant doctor and her friend.

"I'm so glad to see you," she murmured. "I guess Providence must have sent you, because I've got something to tell."

She made several unsuccessful attempts to go on. Then she took hold of his arm and clung to it until she had flooded his sleeve with tears. He withdrew the arm and put it round her trembling form.

The next morning Ethridge went over to Higgins' gate.

"I called on your wife yesterday," he said.

The gatekeeper looked at him in surprise and began to blink hard.

"I hope, doctor, you haven't been rubbing it into that poor little woman that she's married to a mere piece of a man."

"Oh, we had enough to talk about besides you. Do you know what you're going to be before the year is out?"

"Fired?"

"No, a father!"

Peg Higgins, when he could grasp the meaning of the announcement, laid hold of Ethridge's arm—just as his wife had done the afternoon before—with an emotion that was half sheer terror and half a groping desire to find the right way. There was no obstinacy left in him. As his mind cleared he begged to be guided.

The Trouble Doc laid his foundations on cleared ground.

"Yes, I'll tackle an artificial leg," Higgins consented. "I'll do anything to keep that little child from feeling it has a lump on a broomstick for a father."

The two lame ducks continued to meet daily over their dinner pails, each throbbing with his momentous secret and never suspecting that the other might have a secret too. Ethridge let them alone by day, but night after night he labored mightily in teaching first one and then the other to wear and use artificial limbs correctly. They thought he was training their bodies, but he knew that their sweat of agony was restoring their souls.

The morning of July first brought long-to-be-remembered surprises. Pet and Stub were ready to face the world in their new form, and the Trouble Doc arranged matters so that first of all they faced each other. Their glad surprise clinched all that each had done. Then the stream of workers pouring in through the big front gate of the plant found mingling in its midst two men who were strange and yet shockingly familiar. Yesterday they were recognizable as cripples across the yard; to-day it took more than a casual eye to note that the leg of the one and the hand of the other were not the wearers' own. Hundreds called to them and scores slapped them on the back and shook hands. The exclamations of pleasure and incredulity ran up and down the line.

"What's so different about Peg Higgins and Stub Knowles?" one man inquired.

"Why, they've got artificial stuff on, you idiot!" came the answer.

"Of course," said the first man, "but I'm darned if that seems to explain it! Nobody would think of calling 'em lame ducks now!"

The transformation of the gatekeeper and the messenger was a nine days' wonder. There was no doubting its completeness in the eyes of the workers, for the familiar nicknames of the men were dropped. Many persons spoke to the Trouble Doc of what had occurred, and finally he began to hear from those he most hoped would speak. He heard halting words of inquiry from others of the maimed.

After a fortnight in which Knowles did not cease to tread on air he entered Conway's office one morning and picked up the batch of messages waiting in the basket.

"Let 'em lay!" growled the old superintendent. "This order says you are transferred to the meter shop. I'll bless that super over there for stealing my messenger! I s'pose everybody'll be after you, now that you're a two-handed man."

When Knowles reached the office of the meter shop its head greeted him pleasantly, but it was the Trouble Doc who hustled him out into the huge assembly room, stopped at a table between two nimble-fingered journeymen and pushed him into the operator's chair.

"Here's where you work now," said Ethridge briskly. "These fellows on each side will have to dig if they want to keep up."

It was all confusing to the man sitting awkwardly at the table. He reached out and took up a little cogged wheel from a brassy pile. Wheels and light frames made up the other piles. Automatically he brought a couple of the wheels into a frame and the cogs of one engaged the cogs of the other. A light came suddenly into the man's face. He looked up at Ethridge, who waited with the superintendent beside him.

"Yes, you get it," said the Trouble Doc softly. "Meters are just clocks. By noon you'll know all about them."

Knowles said no word, but the sudden illumination of his being shone out through his eyes.

"Sign your slip," said the superintendent. "You are on the pay roll from now."

He laid a card on the table and thrust a fountain pen between the new operator's left forefinger and thumb. Knowles touched the card with the pen, halted, shifted the pen over and with the veins standing out on his forehead wrote his name in rolling but legible letters with his new right hand.

In the meantime Higgins, detained in the office for half an hour by a trivial matter, arrived at the side entrance and found his gate already open. A new keeper sat on the cushioned bench. Higgins stepped round to ask him an indignant question face to face and discovered that the poor usurper was using the old soap box to support a primitive wooden leg exactly like the one he had rested on it two weeks before!

"Hey there! Leave a peg-leg job to a peg-leg man, can't you?"

The shout came from Ethridge, who rolled out of his auto and shut off Higgins' bluster and sputter by rolling him into the car. They whirled off among the broad buildings, stopping at the scrap house, and Ethridge hustled Higgins into the cavernous room where scores of men were using trucks and cranes to pile scrap metal pieces of every shape and size. Higgins noticed presently that Ethridge seemed to be waiting on him.

"Excuse me, doctor," he said with embarrassment, "but if you were just meaning to show me the scrap house I'll say I know it mighty well already. I was working here when my accident came."

"Do I look like a man who had time to carry rubber-neck tourists through the scrap house?" asked the Trouble Doc. "I ran you over here to your new job."

Higgins looked at him dazedly.

"My new job? Why, surely—surely the company doesn't expect me to work in scrap again!"

"It couldn't be any worse than being parked at the side gate telling a lot of idiots to go get a pass, could it?"

Higgins could not hide his panic.

"I know you have made a new man of me, doctor, but how can I handle a truck or a crane?"

"You are a new man all right and each day you'll get to be a better man from now until the big event comes off at your home. I wouldn't be surprised if some day your son stands here looking in this very door and watching his daddy with pride."

"Please, doctor"—Higgins was swallowing hard—"just tell me what it is I'm expected to do!"

"We'll have to leave that to the foreman."

"I wish Jennings was boss here now. I could make him understand."

"Why, isn't Jennings foreman now?"

"He got his leg hurt too, as you ought to remember. So did the boss before him. In the old days I heard many a man say he'd like to be foreman because the work is light, but didn't want the job because the foreman has to stand so close to direct the piling that things are always rolling down on his leg."

"Which leg?"

"Why, whichever leg he keeps next to the pile."

The Trouble Doc rested his hands on the rejuvenated gatekeeper's shoulders.

"Higgins, old boy," he said with that ring of true friendliness in his voice that made men who had suffered want to die for him, "the management knows all this better than you do. They want to reduce the risk of injury. They have appointed you foreman because you know the business and can keep an artificial leg against the slippery old pile."

They stood there among the masses of iron, heedless of the movement and clang, while the Trouble Doc helped his patient, sometimes with silence and sometimes with speech, to make the last fierce grade. Higgins, mounting and struggling to accommodate himself to his changing universe, perceived the opening of great doors where he had glimpsed only a dark and loathsome wall. He knew his exile was ended and that he was sweeping through those doors. He was being born, as it were, a second time. It was being vouchsafed him once more to have part in the world—to be, among men, a man.

"I believe," the Trouble Doc said one day to a small party of plant physicians who had heard of his success and had come to inquire into his methods, "that what we generally mean by human nature is just the raw surface of a fellow. My theory is that if I dig hard enough into any individual sooner or later I'll bump something I can bank on."

What the Trouble Doc stated as his theory was something more—it was his working plan. This explained his almost Joblike patience. He could go on smoothly with a worker who, he knew, was exaggerating an injury or falsifying the manner in which he received it in the hope of a better settlement. He even saw false claims go in without making a move—and then saw them yanked out by the workers themselves. Tunneling hopefully, the Trouble Doc had broken through at last into the claimants' sense of fair play.

He discovered that this sense of fair play was neither national nor racial. In some races it was more deeply covered than in others, but just the same it was universal. He bored with an interpreter into foreigners who were as crooked as their foremen expected them to be, and saw them reverse themselves in the presence of an awakened conscience. In trying to start the mainspring of right action he sometimes needed sledge hammer and machine drill, but often a word or a look or a sick-room visit was the magic drop of oil. Cynical observers wondered how he got away with it.

One night an Italian almost burst his stitches when he shot up in bed, clutched the consoler of his agonies and shouted: "You a-sticka to me, doc! And I a-sticka to you!"

That was how the Trouble Doc got them—he stuck.

Ames stuck too. Back of all the Trouble Doc's undertakings, giving him strength to go on, was the staunch support of the official who had hired him. Alexander Ames was an industrial captain with a vision. He was not talkative, but he was known to have said that the heyday of American industry would come when there was actual understanding and coöperation between the top and the bottom and every middle stratum in plants. He was too wise to direct Ethridge. Having accepted him as the right man, he stood behind him like a brick wall. Ames loved to slip into Ethridge's operating room and watch the absorbing routine, but he never stayed long. He wished to avoid the appearance that the office interfered.

Ames had just left the dispensary one particularly busy morning when the Trouble Doc, bending over a split toe, was aware of the entrance of a bulky man who dropped into a vacant space near the end of the row. The impression gained in a fleeting glance was that the newcomer carried his left hand stiffly in a bandage and that he had a heavy jaw. Ethridge—giving first attention and turning over the patients to his assistants for the finishing touches—reached the end of the row and realized that he had not encountered that jaw. He moved across to the opposite row of injured ones and was conscious that the shifting stranger occupied a place near its middle. He lost run of the coming and going in giving help to a crushed finger and when he swept the row again Heavy Jaw was missing. Presently he knew that the man had gone back to his original seat. Covertly he studied him, noting the large frame, the straight mouth above the jaw, the full mustache that spread across ruddy cheeks, the small deep-set eyes that traveled constantly in search of something or other, and the ears outstanding like a couple of question marks printed in red. He might be of Scotch descent, a dogged fighter and forty-five.

The Trouble Doc kept his back to the mysterious one for half an hour, though aware that nothing whatever was escaping the busy eyes and ears, then turned to him and made several passes above the bar aged hand.

"Hocus-pocus, doodle docus! Now i busted, now it's well!"

He snatched off the wrapping deftly, e posing horny knuckles and horny fingers which there was not a sign of cut or bruis

"A good detective," he remarked with chuckle, "wouldn't have got his banda on backward. Why are you gumshoei the dispensary?"

The exposed one blinked a time or tw but his solemn countenance showed no oth sign of discomfiture.

"To get the straight of something," answered in deep and even tones.

"Weren't you ashamed to mimic t injured?"

"When it's for the cause there's nothi I'm ashamed of."

"I congratulate the cause. Who are you

"Matt McDonald."

"I've heard of you—crackajack in t turbine shop, a leader among the workers

"I'm honored to be president of M chinists' Local 32."

"Gumshoeing the dispensary for t union! I don't suppose we are charged wi anything serious?"

"Running under false pretenses."

"Surely the president of the uni wouldn't listen to such a lie?"

"It didn't sound like a lie."

The Trouble Doc looked hard at h frankly answering accuser. He was nettle but he liked the man.

"My pretenses are to patch up the i jured."

"That's the stall part. Keep a-coming

"Maybe sometimes I patch up the spirits."

"But what does all your patching le to?"

"You mean—increased good feeling?"

"Hell's bells! I mean increased produ tion!"

Ethridge expressed himself in a low lo whistle.

"Are you suspicious," he asked presentl "of anything that can increase production?

"Suspicious of anything that can get su a body hold on the men!"

The Trouble Doc dropped into the se beside his visitor. He was feeling the ting of discovery.

"Every man to his business, Mr. McDo ald. But why should anybody suspect t dispensary's motives?"

The small piercing eyes bored Ethrid steadily.

"It's a fine old game of the employers at last McDonald responded, "setting be traps with some kind of help-the-poo worker stuff for bait, and when they cat a bunch of their employees to use them in counter organization to try to bust t union."

The Trouble Doc came to his feet e citedly. With difficulty he controlled h speech.

"The dispensary a bear trap? I g you!" Then he added: "Can I help yo get more information?"

"I reckon"—McDonald rose also—"I' got more real dope now than is neede To-night I'll pour it into the union."

The big man took a step toward the e trance.

"You mean"—Ethridge was fairl aquiver—"you mean you are going t boycott the dispensary?"

For the first time during the conversa tion a change came into the face of th union official.

"My God, man!" he ejaculated. "I' giving it a straight O. K!"

An hour after the incident the Troubl Doc was scheming to follow up Mat McDonald. Here was a king-pin of a worke who carried the answer to many a questio that was in the doctor's breast. The ma would be invaluable to him in his work once he could get up inside his guard. Ho was he to go after McDonald without rais ing a suspicion that would defeat his end He wrestled with the ticklish problem Coincidence stepped in and solved it.

Ethridge looked up from a patient tw days later to discover that McDonald wa waiting, his left paw in a bandage. Eth ridge burst out laughing and the presiden of the union joined in. Yet this was n laughing matter. The turbine crackajac had suffered an injury which while neithe very serious nor painful meant resting th hand for days.

"It serves me right," said McDonald.

What Ethridge thought was that it bes served him.

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A D I L L A C

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"YOU NEVER CAN TELL —"

By Grace Lovell Bryan

PHOTO. BY ABBE, NEW YORK CITY

A LAZY afternoon sun beat languidly against the many-glassed windows of New York's most popular restaurant. Shopgirls, office boys, those whose lunch hour began at one, clattered noisily in. At a table a little apart from the hurrying throng two girls, smartly gowned, leaned chummily over the clothless table.

"Was it Shakspere," queried Pansy Imogene, small and dark, as she gave her order to the attendant waitress for one chocolate éclair and a dill pickle, "that said 'You never can tell from where you sit what your photograph will resemble'?"

"Search me. I never worked in none of his shows," replied her friend, infinitely blond, also a member of the striking chorus girls; "but ain't it the truth?" She sighed responsively.

Pansy Imogene patted the fetching spirals over her tiny ears.

"That's what Rowena Jones said when they broke the news to her after the wedding," she chuckled.

"What company's she with?" inquired her friend.

"She ain't in the business," returned Pansy Imogene. "She used to work at the Giltmore cigar counter. No, not now. It was her wedding I spoke of."

"Well," exclaimed her friend with some irritation as Pansy Imogene stared past her with a far-away look, "don't start anything you can't finish."

"I won't," said Pansy Imogene; "so listen. Rowena was as cute a kid as you'd see in a Broadway front row—auburn hair, big blue eyes, and one of those re-trousseau noses that always looks appealingly ingénuey. Her mother got her name out of Ivanhoe, a book by General Winfield Scott.

"Her pa kept a drug store independent of the trust, which was some undertaking, so that and the fact that they was six kids in the family didn't enable Rowena to squander any money on twelve-dollar shoes. There wasn't any mortgage on the old homestead to be foreclosed at any minute, because they didn't have any homestead, but where there's a flat there's rent, and what with the H. C. of L. barking continually at the door both ends just about met with no room to lap over. Rowena worked from eight to six at the hotel, and in the summertime when she had a Saturday off she'd retire to the bosom of the notions in some department store for the day in order to grab off the extra cash; and life wasn't one grand sweet song.

"The Giltmore, the place where the idle rich hived, didn't help matters any. Lamping the wealthy go floating past you ordering their maids, driving up in imported cars, and tipping five-dollar bills to a rich waiter, that would 'a' kept the Jones family in butter and eggs for almost a week, dining on lark's tongue and pâté de foie gras while you had prunes and your ma did the family washing, ain't my idea of unadulterated bliss. It would kinda get your nanny to witness a bunch of peacocks—simpering dolls with nobody-home expressions and dames with maps that'd stop a clock—trailing by your humble counter in airy draperies that cost not a cent less than three or four hundred bucks; and you with a gorgeous eleven-fifty dress on marked down from thirteen-seventy-five. Rowena had a pearl ring once that would 'a' been great if the pearl had only been real, but it sure was a pleasure to view 'em as big as peas wound round some fat old dowager's neck that should 'a' been thinking of lilies and requissey in pakay, which thrilling words I copped from a book of poems.

"Rowena would lean over the counter and dream of what she'd do if she had their money; and after she'd installed her parents on the entire top floor of her Fifth Avenue mansion, with chaise longues like she'd read about in magazines, and a butler and their own car to take 'em round in and show 'em the Statue of Liberty and other sights—they having lived in the Bronx all their lives—she'd see herself all dolled up in a gold evening wrap and a tiara, sitting in their box at the opera gazing at the singers through a pearl opera glass, and after it was over turning to her husband, who said 'Home, James,' and was used to it. Then off they'd trot to be taken in hand by her French maid, who wore a classy violet uniform copied from the Vanderbilts, and she'd retire alone—being as that seemed to be a custom with the rich—under a real lace coverlet in a gorgeous ivory bed!

"After which she'd put on her three-ninety-eight-cent hat and trot home to help her mother finish the ironing and put the clothes to soak, her not having been able to do it during the day, being occupied with darning the family socks and making shirts for Tom and Johnny and Willy besides canning a trifle of fifty quarts of fruit to last them over the winter and running down the noon hour to tend store while her husband come back to eat the lunch she'd cooked for him before she went.

"I guess it was about that time that Rowena would 'a' turned Bolsheviki if there had been any money in it. And when her father took to working nights trying to figure out a way to keep from losing his store entirely, since his customers was gradually leaving him for the benefit of cut rates, and the collection of bills grew on the family table—Rowena conceived the idea that there was only one thing for it; she'd have to sacrifice herself on the altar of her parents by marrying one of them billionaires.

"Haven't you seen countless times in the movies where the rich man invariably passed over the girls of fortune who had nothing but looks and class and money and position to their name—in favor of the poor girl with nothing but looks and luck, the P. G. merely happening to come along in time to get run over by the R. M.'s automobile or something like that, making everything beautiful? Well, being as that was the case and Rowena had seen those same pictures her chances looked easy, for here she was in the lap of luxury, so to speak, mingling every day with owners of every kind of fortune from soap to soup. So the next thing to do was to pick one out.

"Being that nobody had ever proposed to her but George Jennings, a poor but honest shipping clerk who called regular twice a week with a ready-made suit on that hung terrible in the back and looked at her with earnest but near-sighted eyes and begged her to be Mrs. Jennings, said business of marriage was what you might call new stuff.

"You know grooming and clothes do make an awful lot of difference in a man; also grammar. Rowena liked George well enough, but when she would contrast him with the men she saw in the daytime he just naturally had to suffer. Besides, the last time George proposed he said: 'Ain't you going to have me nohow?' and the double negative finished him
months to come. Row
was kinda fastidious ab
such things. You know
can't rub against class
polish without getting
tached to some of it;
well, even a mahogany gr
wouldn't look good with
polish.

"Who was she going
take? That was the q
tion, as Hamlet's ghost f
ingly remarked—or ma
it was Ham himself. I
Rowena was pretty, also
fined and good enough
anybody, but so far
hadn't had any attent
from the multis that
could pin down except fr
a few men whose wi
weren't with them; mos
the gilded youth w
brought her stuff treated
as nothing but good-look
machinery of a well-o
hotel run for their bene
Of course there were th
who asked her out i
smirky kind of way t
might have opened the f
chapter to Pitfalls of a
City if she hadn't been w
enough to pass them up.
rest didn't know she was
earth. An English duke v
happened to be favoring
hotel with his presence ev
called her 'my girl,' and
lieve me she give him a l
that oughta blown the gl
right out of his monocle! But outside of such sundry
debasing endearments 'twas all she'd had. In other wor
it looked like a bad location, as they say in the films.

"Her ma says, when she had a chance to sit down, t
the reason she wasn't snapped up by any of the plutocr
was class; that in this country as well as in England,
whom she had read voluminously in the newspapers, cl
was predominant. To them in the upper strata she v
only a servant or—what was far worse—a toy. So, s
she, beware of any man you don't meet in your own hor
says she, for woe is sure to follow. For when a rich m
takes a poor girl out to dinner he means business in
movies, but ruin off stage—and there you are!

"It looked like Opportunity was knocking and all
poor girl could do was let him knock!

"And then one day, attended by a couple of vale
footmen, fourteen trunks and everything but a crov
Charles Vaughn Allenton appeared upon the scene, a
the first afternoon noticed Rowena as a human being. T
long lane had turned.

"Talk about polish—Charles Vaughn fairly glisten
He had interesting gray hair, the skin of a boy of ten, a
clothes—the kind that at first you don't notice. Rowe
always noticed George Jennings' clothes; you could
help it. And if it hadn't been for a bulge under his ey
that wasn't apparent from a distance he'd 'a' been han
some. Right off he bought enough cigarettes to stock
the Army of Occupation. The second day he hung rou
so persistent and respectful and earnest that it was easy
be seen he meant business, and Rowena's heart shou
have given a leap of joy, for here was a rich man su
enough in love, as far as she could diagnose the sympton
ready at any moment to ask her to be his! Well, the ve
next afternoon he asked her out to dinner, gazing at h
with such tender regard and pure emotion that she te
him yes, and beats it with a heavy heart to one of the d
clerks to ask him who the guy is and how much dough
going to buy her. She don't feel the pangs of delight th
she had calculated on when she first thought of giving h
fresh young life for the welfare of her parents. But sh
had made up her mind; besides, it sure looked as if h
father was going to lose his store.

"The clerk when she mentions her intended husban
though not under that title yet, looks at her with infini
pity beneath his wavy and detected-by-everybody-bu
himself toupee.

"'You don't know who he is?'" he asks, almost betra
ing the emotion of surprise.

"'No,' answers Rowena apologetically.

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(Continued from Page 40)

"He is the uncle of Vincent Armour!' he announced grandiously.

"Vincent Armour! Rowena put her hand to her head th stagger that nearly keeled her fair form to the floor. e been reading about the Armour family and especially nt, the heir to the family fortune, since she was knee everybody had who could read.

"Vincent Armour's uncle?' she gasps.

"Yes,' replies the clerk haughtily, having waited on the families in the country. 'He is Charles Vaughn Allen-. The Allentons are almost equally prominent, on the ther's side. Mr. Allenton is a well-known sportsman, mber of the most exclusive clubs, the Met——'

"My Gawd!' interrupts Rowena, kinda delirious. And couldn't be with the chance to marry into the Armour ily? It near knocked her off her pins. 'Vincent Ar-t!' she repeats woozily.

"Young Mr. Armour is now at Hot Sulphur Springs, taining the Gotroxes and the Stuyvesant Finches,' nues the human newspaper, and back she goes to her ner to lean against it for assistance."

Pansy Imogene took a bite of the chocolate éclair and ck dreamily.

"Vincent Armour's married," interposed her friend as waitress poured her tomato soup into a large cup. id all about his wedding. It was a quiet one at the of the bride, then they went to Palm Beach for their moon. Ain't it great to be rich?" she sighed.

"Isn't it?" agreed Pansy Imogene. "Well, Rowena ler wares all afternoon in a kind of daze. Of course hadn't been properly introduced, according to her ideas, which seeing she knew nobody who knew es except to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'It will be right up, ould have been rather difficult. However, reading where that everybody is the master of his ship or hing like that, besides having an ancestor that fought ough the Revolution for representation Rowena de-le that by being very distant and ladylike Charles of couldn't get any wrong ideas. Anyway, he knew ation, which hadn't seemed to make any difference, ng that he loved her for herself alone and was one of Nature's noblemen exactly as she'd seen portrayed films.

"So putting on her best taffeta that she got at a sale on ft Avenue and would have looked ultra if it had only e this year's model, and her last summer's hat—an copy of the one Mrs. Vanastor had worn through the t the week before—Rowena meets him down the e ways, as he had requested in a low and tender all prepared to vamp him in strictly respectable style thonorable intentions; remembering how the duke osed to the poor but beautiful secretary, attracted by the sweet simplicity of her smile, in The Career of terine Bush. Also she was figuring how her name ul look on visiting cards, and wondering if she couldn't e the Armour name somewhere in the middle.

"Charles hands her into his machine, which was lined th glorious blue tapestry and fitted with vanity cases everything but a room and bath, and Rowena sits breathless against the cushions with her red head r a perfect Ferris wheel. Charles looks too classy for r in a brown suit cut beautiful, and a funny kind of pearl in his rich tie, his polish extending even to his linger nails. The car runs along so smooth you can't a sound and Allenton explains that they're driving t Long Island because he knew she'd like being away the noise and crowds of New York restaurants, which s darned-fool thing to tell a girl who'd never seen the of any of them except help-your-selfs.

"Well, they got out at one of those summer hotels with ite porch and little tables with pink shades, and it sure s ovely. The waiters hung round Charles kind of vent, which showed that even there they knew who he s in fact they seemed quite well acquainted. And he de the dinner, and then talks so sweet and loving about r es and the usual stuff she'd heard from George Jen-ng, but told in a different kind of caressing way instead bng blurted out like a witness at a murder trial telling mthing against the defense, which was the way George ecto pull it, being embarrassed.

"After the waiter had eased away their first course nes reaches over and took her hand, and Rowena half u her eyes and waited for him to begin: 'Darling, I v only known you for a short time but do not let the ffence in our stations keep you from bestowing on me u heart and hand.'

"What he said was: 'You're a girl who would appreciate only home, aren't you?'

"Rowena gazes at him modestly and says yes, wishing e ould like his eyes better than she did. But it was ai he was coming to it.

"Have a cocktail?' he says, changing the subject some-ha 'They mix them quite well here, and ——'

"Rowena replies she don't care for any, being taught ffent, and says she thought it was against the law any-ay but Charles only smiles kinda lordly.

"'Not with me,' he returns with aristocratic nonchalance; 'laws are made to be broken. I am the arbiter of my own destiny,' he goes on stiffly.

"Rowena says, 'Oh,' thinking it was easier to arbiter if you had the cash to do it.

"He dallies with some clams and even with the messy way you have to eat 'em he never lost his equilibrium. He sticks his fingers in the finger bowl and wipes them elegantly on the napkin, then leans tenderly toward her.

"'Miss Jones, I want to ask you ——' Rowena drops her eyes soulfully. There was some music playing somewhere and no one on their side of the hotel, which was under a bunch of trees and real secluded, fashionable of course on that account. He seems to be finding it rather difficult, and Rowena thinks that asking a girl to marry you is just as embarrassing whether you're making eighteen per or a million. Mrs. Charles Vaughn Allenton, aunt to Vincent Armour. Gee!

"'Will you, sweetheart,' he begins again, 'will you accept a home from me, and all that goes with it?' And he leans over with kind of a queer look in his eyes.

"A home! Rowena looks away, flustered. He meant one of the many mansions he owned. 'All that goes with it' was the ring and the license and a yacht and a dozen automobiles—one for her mother and another for her dad so they could each ride round alone in case they ever had a fight, which they never had! Then she sighs. Of course, she'll accept; she'll have to. But she has an awful feeling over it, like when you're going into the dentist's chair for a nice extraction.

"But there was the family, and the six kids; so with a kind of lump in her stomach that was foreign to all the charts of anatomy she puts on a faint smile and steels herself to say: 'Yes, Charles, I am yours'; which was the correct way by all the novels to accept a proposal of marriage—when she sees Charles' mouth suddenly open wider than was necessary and his bulging eyes is staring wildly over her head.

"Rowena turns round to where he's looking, and sees a automobile driving up the roadway to the hotel. There's three or four women in the car, all talking elegantly and not looking their way at all, but Charles' nice complexion goes a kind of a pea green and he says under his breath, 'Good God!'—which was anything but refined—and turns his back completely to them and Rowena, and shoves his head 'way down into his collar as far as he can get it until she herself wouldn't recognize him, and stays that way till the party who'd stopped in front of the entrance piled out of the car and flocked into the hotel.

"Rowena surveys him with amazement. Of course it couldn't be his landlady after his board bill, as she had seen happen among the best people in her own set—but maybe one of the women was his cast-off child by a former unfortunate error whom he had refused to acknowledge? But no, they was all too old for that. Charles doesn't speak except to call hurriedly for his check when they hadn't even had the ice cream, and pulls Rowena out to the car, looking backward all the time; and only after they've started on their way back to New York does he resume his social color.

"Then Rowena asks him what the matter was. He turns to her with a gay laugh in which all his assurance and nom de plume had returned and says, 'Why, sweetheart, didn't you understand? I was afraid she'd see me. The tall one is my wife!'

"Can you beat it! Well, believe me, after she could get her breath Rowena tells him what she thinks of him in everything but Chinese—and he asks in a chilly way, like I expect Nero surveyed the early Christian martyrs when they asks him why he was going to throw 'em to the circus lions, what object did she think any man in his position would have entertaining a girl in her position, and says he thought she understood what he was driving at all along. Then he politely takes her home, mad as a hatter.

"Her ma was right! A sadder and a wiser girl, Rowena returns to work the following morning with all her dreams of being related to the Armours in any capacity except as a member of the human family shrunk to the size of a mustard seed. I don't know if you'd call it bitter, 'cause she was too good a kid to get that way, but she felt kinda cheap like you will if you'd been handed a raw deal and gone into it with your eyes apparently open. She tells nobody home about the instance of almost alighting into the apex of the social register, but any duck that dared say anything further than 'How much?' or 'Have you any stamps?' from then on was handed the glassy gaze by a girl whose red head was not colored that way for nothing. All that seemed possible now was marry George; and how would that help the family? Also the debts were piling higher. In other words, it looked like a bad season.

"Her first Saturday off arriving about a week later Rowena prepares to hike for the department store for the usual one-day stipend, when she glimpses in the paper an ad for girls to wear evening gowns at a fashion show at the Brownstone Hotel, for Saturday evening—ten dollars apiece for the job! Rowena sits up, perspiration breaking out all over her fair brow, for aside from the money—which was marvelous—it meant the feel of silk and chiffon and gorgeous clothes! Though she had been viewing the frills and furbelows of the rich with outward scorn ever since her late experience with Charles you can't kill the desire for swell duds that's been planted there since the time of Eve, who didn't start with much but certainly made the most out of what she had; and a chance to wear raiment she could have only by accepting a proposition like Charles Vaughn's was too good to pass up. So she answers the ad and is told to report that night at seven-thirty. After which is plenty of time to hand George the merry yes and make one life happy. It looked as though she might as well.

"She can't eat any supper, and her mother gets worried and wonders how on earth could anything like wearing a few fancy clothes make a girl so excited; and Rowena shows up at seven, which is just as well, for the woman in charge—a nice fat old lady who used to be wardrobe mistress for shows and can't forget it—tries on the different gowns to be worn and gives the best of 'em to Rowena, making the other models almost have epilepsy when they arrive promptly at seven-thirty, as was told; which shows you how punctuality ain't always a howling virtue.

"And oh, those dresses! They'd have made the female angels hang out over the railing up above and wish to the Lord they was still living. Rowena gazes at them enraptured—the dresses, not the angels. Of course she'd seen things like them at the Giltmore, but this was different, and being kinda giddy from not eating any supper and excitement and rouge the old lady insists on putting on her, she walks out for her first appearance in a violet-and-silver creation with her eyes like stars. And say, the applause in consequence beats the other languid, used-to-it models all to smithereens.

"When she finally sweeps into the dressing room in her last gown, an orchid-and-gold dream, the old lady does a pleased giggle and tells her she made a hit, and remembers for fifteen minutes ensuing how Lola De Vere, the dramatic queen she used to work for in the early sixties, attired in just such a gown, captured the Duke de Epicac with it, though only a lowly milliner before she went on the stage; and the duke marries her the next morning—at which last Rowena gives her the icy regard, knowing different.

"Seeing how Rowena hates to part with the dress the old lady tells her if she wants to she can go round through the outer rooms with it on, for fifteen minutes, if she hurries right back and don't try to walk out any side doors with it, as was pulled on her once, because detectives were posted at all the entrances and would catch her in the act. Rowena promises, tickled into the seventh heaven, and dashes out into the hall, where the audience is breaking up and pairing off to look at the exposition of Georgette-crêpe underwear in all its expose. When she meets one of the bell boys walking round paging somebody unintelligibly as usual the haughty gaze she bends on him is like the Queen of Sheba glaring at a common slave. Somehow you feel different when dressed for the part.

"Well, she was gliding about doing an exact imitation of Miss Vanderhoff, the débutante whose mamma gave a recent dinner dance at the Giltmore that cost a mere trifle of fifty-five hundred dollars, and being so extremely *faux pas* that the first thing she knew she ran plumb into a man who was standing just round one of the gold pillars, indulging in a cigarette.

"They both beg pardon at the same time, and then they both laugh and he looks at her, and say, he's got the prettiest smile you ever saw in all your life, and before Rowena can stall it off she gets a jolt round her heart and instantaneously realizes that she's fell in love, it being the same sensation she had once when she first learned to swim and jumped into the water to get it over with. There ain't a doubt—she's IT. Then she sees that he's all dolled up in beautiful evening clothes just like the ones she's become too familiar with at the hotel, and knows he's one of them idle rich that she's sworn never again to give a chance to toy with a poor girl's reputation! Well, her heart simply does a nose dive and lands palpitating. He stands gazing at her as though he liked the view.

"'I beg pardon,' he says in a grand deep voice and another of those smiles—his black hair fairly shone, which worried her worse, reminding her of Allenton. 'Did I hurt you?'

"Gee, but he was handsome. There was nothing for it but give him the icy stare. Never again would she trust another of his hated race. As he'd seen her doing the model stunt and knew what she was, of course the only way was to beat him to it by refusing to give him a chance to follow in Charles' footsteps, which was kinda hard with her heart acting so outrageous against the orchid gown.

"She gazes at him through lowered lids. 'I am afraid,' she replies in the elegant high-bred voice of Mrs. Vanastor, 'that I am the one who committed the *coup d'état*.'

"He laughs friendly like. 'Have you enjoyed the show?' he goes on, kinda tender. 'Being a mere man of course I'm not exactly competent to judge, especially as I got here awfully late.'

"Rowena stared at him. 'Didn't you see the models?' she inquires. (Continued on Page 169)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Ocean Supremacy

WE ALL want prosperity. To get it we must do business, and lots of it. Domestic trade is not enough. America can only continue in power by holding and increasing its foreign business. The United States' trade with foreign nations has reached the enormous total of ten and a half billion dollars a year. The balance in our favor amounts to more than four billion dollars, and on this business we net a handsome profit.

The most important element in the serious problem of building a great foreign trade is the provision of adequate modern port and harbor terminals. There must be no rough spot in the continuous movement of freight from the factory and farm to the hold of the ocean-going steamship in the harbor. In entering the world markets on a large scale we are coming into competition with maritime nations that have devoted generations to the study of ship economies. It is silly to assume that all we have to do is to paint "U. S." on the bows of our ships, run up a Star-Spangled Banner and announce "We're here!"

PHOTO. BY IRVING UNDERHILL, NEW YORK CITY

Present Method of Coaling a Ship With Hand Baskets at Nagasaki, Japan

On investigation, it was found that at New York the average cost of handling a car from the time it landed within the terminal limits of Jersey City until it was delivered to its destination in Brooklyn or Manhattan, including lighterage, was $35. At Chicago the same job cost $10.35; at Binghamton, New York, $1.80; at San Francisco, with a municipally controlled terminal, the cost was $2.50.

The whole nation suffers and pays for the lack of proper terminal facilities in New York. The astonishing thing is that the people of other cities and states have patiently paid the unjust tax on incoming and outgoing commodities, placed for the benefit of a select few.

The city of New York is arranging to spend from $25,000,000 to $100,000,000 for new piers and harbor facilities. Only two out of twelve of the new piers are to exceed 125 feet in width, which is the size of pier established in the olden days of sailing ships. Only two of the piers provide for railroad tracks on the pier proper. Ten of the piers are to be of light one-story construction, precluding the installation—now or later—of overhead traveling cranes and conveyors. The plans of these piers call for foundations to support a one-story building, so there can be no additions of other stories in future years. And this is being done in a country that is now producing wonderful equipment for handling cargo at terminals—equipment that is being supplied in large quantities to other governments and foreign companies that are availing themselves of the benefits afforded by American engineering skill.

Over in England, at the busy city of Manchester, the British have put in a new port costing $80,000,000. At this new terminal ships are unloaded, warehouses filled and trucks and cars loaded by monster cranes. Man power is the scarcest thing on the dock. A single employee operates a huge crane. He wears a belt equipped with electric push buttons, and though he doesn't move more than three or four paces in any direction, still he controls the machinery that carries the goods to all points.

On the antiquated piers in New York, where manual labor is required, it costs more per ton to handle food and merchandise than it costs to transport the same food and merchandise from Chicago to New York. The citizens of New York and of the whole nation pay for the extravagant waste involved.

To say that all American cities are asleep to the opportunities that lie in the mechanical port would be a diversion of fact, for a number of important seaboard communities are attacking the problem in the hope that many of our shortcomings in harbor equipment may be dispelled. As a result there is a likelihood that New York will eventually suffer the loss of business, thus paying the price for her failure to advance with the development of remarkable labor-saving machinery.

American ships operate with wage scales nearly double those paid to the seamen of other countries and our only salvation is to increase efficiency and individual accomplishment beyond anything attained by other nations. That we can do this is borne out by instances of isolated accomplishment in a few industries.

Up on the Great Lakes cargo carriers have been able to transport iron ore for a lower charge than any other tonnage rates in the world. Such results have been made possible by the use of wonderful loading and unloading devices. The time that a ship loses in port is absolute waste. The United States Government learned this truth during the war and in those strenuous days Uncle Sam requisitioned the brains of the nation's leading mechanical experts to solve the problem of rapid ship loading. Much was accomplished, and the Government's Army Supply Base in Brooklyn is a step in the right direction.

The Brooklyn base is the largest capacity freight terminal ever built in an American port. There are two concrete warehouses each larger than any similar structures ever erected. One house has a storage capacity of 144,000 tons; the other warehouse, with a floor area of 2,130,000 square feet, has a storage capacity of 180,000 tons. The car-storage yard in connection with the base has a capacity of 1295 cars, 179 of which can be unloaded at the same time. Rapid freight handling in the terminal depends on the use of group elevators for vertical transmission and of tractors and trailers for horizontal transmission.

The elevators are run without operators, being controlled by a dispatcher at a central station. They are provided with an automatic leveling device, so that when they stop they are level with the floor, which permits trucks to be quickly run and off of the This is the fi time in history a group of ele tors have been by a dispatcher tem. The sche saves the labor 63 men, at the sa time increasing efficiency of the eration. The m pressure of a fi tip on a but starts and stops elevator, opens doors, and ne misses the floor le by more than quarter of an in

These new ar piers have ne been subjected t severe test. H ever, in one 8-h day, a total of 3 tons, or 479 tons hour, were recei into the smaller the two warehou At the same ti the elevators w handling outgo freight, and the t simultaneous mo ment amounted 575 tons an ho This was acco plished with only per cent of the vator capacity. T terminal was signed to have loading capacity 25 tons an hour ship hatch and appears that t result can readily be obtained. In the light of modern p sibilities such an accomplishment is a modest performan but it is far ahead of the practice at most American pie

Let us take, for instance, the task of coaling large stea ers. Over in Japan, at the port of Nagasaki, the Japs han the coal in hand baskets. To bunker 3000 tons of coal t method requires 950 stevedores and operators working hours. Each laborer handles about 314 pounds an ho and the total effort amounts to 19,000 man hours.

To do a similar job in New York with buckets, but loa ing 8000 tons instead of 3000, requires 10 gangs for hours. Each laborer handles 1666 pounds an hour and t total effort is 9600 man hours. But if we coal in New Yo and use eight modern elevators and trimmers we can lo 8000 tons of coal with 96 men in 10 hours. Each man w average 8.33 tons an hour and the total effort will be 9 man hours. Think of that! Only 960 man hours in N York with machines as compared with nearly ten tim that effort in Japan, where the laborers do the task hand and load less than one-half the same tonnage of co

Perhaps the greatest adaptation of machinery to t business of loading a ship is the continuous elevator co veyor for medium-sized packages. When this device operated in conjunction with a modern crane hoist for t heavier freight it affords an appreciable reduction in labo increases the speed of loading from 25 to 75 per cent, sav on electric-current consumption and practically eliminat the damage to goods common in the more primitive met ods of cargo handling.

But loading ships is not the only thing. The job quickly removing the cargo is just as important. Und the old hand-truck system freight could only be stacke to a height of five feet. This caused the introduction stacking machines which now stack freight to a height 15 or 20 feet, thereby trebling or quadrupling the amou of use that can be obtained from the limited floor space of warehouse or pier. The overhead conveyor, though not y installed in many terminals, will soon be considered common necessity in handling cargo for ships. This devi obviates the necessity for wide aisles for the passage trucks and acts as a great aid in stacking.

Down in Beaumont, Texas, there is a port which th natives brag about, and not without reason. In March

(Continued on Page 46)

"encore!"

THAT'S when you appreciate your Pathé Dance Records; when the band stops and you want some more—right away before the spirit of it goes cold. And if it's a Pathé Phonograph, that's just how you get it—right away, at once; no waiting; no needles to be changed.

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Poor Little Butterfly (Lewis-Young-Jerome) Belle Baker, Soprano with Orchestra..... I Love Him (Lew Brown) Belle Baker, Soprano with Orchestra.....	22208
I Used to Call Her Baby (Johnson-Roth-Hess) Billy Murray, Tenor If You Don't Stop Making Eyes at Me (Brennan-Cunningham-Rule) Arthur Fields, Baritone	22197
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To Merchants:— *There is now open, in certain territory of active Pathé demand, a distinctly unusual opportunity for Pathé dealers.*

(Continued from Page 44)

this year the Beaumont terminal established an enviable record in unloading 2040 barrels of asphalt in eight and a half hours. The cargo moved at the rate of four and a half barrels a minute and the total cost for handling the entire shipment of 1,051,500 pounds was $25.16. This accomplishment was due entirely to the very modern mechanical equipment in the Beaumont terminal.

The port of New Orleans is a great receiving station for Central American bananas. This product must be handled with care to avoid bruising the fruit. A careful study of the situation resulted in the installation of endless-belt conveyors, which handle thousands of bunches an hour without injuring a single bunch. The operators have become so proficient in unloading the fruit that within three hours after a banana ship docks in New Orleans all of its cargo is riding north in special trains of refrigerator cars.

The recent talk about New York harbor having reached its limit added considerable impetus to the efforts of other cities to get a share of the export business. That New York's failure is due to antiquated methods rather than to natural limitations is borne out by a Navy Department survey. It was shown that the harbor's dock space amounts to 221,398 feet, while the occupied space is only 77,506 feet. It was further shown that there were 445 berths for ships of average size, of which only 195 were occupied at the time of the survey. This indicates that there is still plenty of room in our big metropolis. The deficiency lies in obsolete equipment.

Galveston lays claim to the honor of being the speediest ship terminal in America. This port uses electric wharf cranes and is able to clear a ship in 24 hours. Seattle on the Pacific, and Norfolk on the Atlantic, are following close in the wake of Galveston. The largest pier in the world is at Seattle. It is 310 feet wide and one-half mile long. It has a berthing capacity of seven large ocean-going vessels. The largest piers on the Atlantic Coast do not exceed 1600 feet in length. However, up to the present time the best examples of how to handle cargo are still found on the Great Lakes. It is possible to load a ton of ore in Duluth, carry it to Conneaut and there unload it, all for the small cost of 50 cents. This is accomplished by ships that are laid up during the four cold months of the year and that pay American wages to seamen and officers. What could we not accomplish if our ocean traffic were as well managed?

Fortunately, many people in the United States have finally learned that the important thing is not the cost of actually operating a ship but rather the cost of keeping the vessel idle. The present high wages alone are a sufficient argument in favor of speedy ship loading. In countries where labor costs are low this reason would not be so valid. Nevertheless, among the more important nations that country which can coal and load its ships the fastest will possess a valuable advantage in the coming race for marine supremacy.

Four Moralities

THE other afternoon I stopped in to see one of my editor friends.

"You're just in time," said he. "I'm expecting an interesting caller. If you can spare a half hour I wish you would sit in on the discussion."

When told that the coming visitor was a famous engineer and author I needed no further urging, and a few minutes later was shaking hands with thecelebrated guest.

Said the editor: "Our loss during the war averaged about $35,000,000 a day. How can we make up this enormous waste? What can the industries of America do to aid in the recovery?"

"You say the war cost us $35,000,000 a day," replied the engineer. "That means a total loss of more than $25,000,000,000 in two years. Let us see how this compares with present preventable losses. The average duration of human life is 51.5 years. Our scientists figure that if we eliminate easily preventable diseases this would be 60 years. If in addition the children we waste in infancy were preserved the nation would have approximately twenty million more healthy grown-ups, each producing at least $3 a day. As a consequence we must assume that low hygiene costs us $60,000,000 each and every twenty-four hours.

"Then there is the matter of a higher education for the average citizen. Mobilization of our Army showed that we had 20 per cent of illiterates. Our annual production is $72,000,000,000 and our per capita wealth is about $2400. Investigators have computed that if we substituted the Russian average of intelligence for our own the annual production in this country would be only $18,000,000,000. Assuming that we wiped out illiteracy and accomplished a substantial betterment in general education our yearly production would be increased at least $20,000,000,000. Therefore our loss from ignorance is $57,000,000 each day and this figure includes due allowance for the unavoidable human element that enters into the problem.

"Experts have made exhaustive studies of the losses due to industrial incompetence and these tabulations show a waste of $50,000,000 a day. Then there is a fourth loss resulting from faulty assignments. Everywhere we find men working on the wrong jobs. Not fifty per cent of the people in the United States really find themselves. A Tennessee mountaineer, unknown even in his own state, turned out to be the greatest individual accomplisher in the whole war. The best figures obtainable place the losses due to wrong assignments in all of our American industries at $20,000,000 a day. Adding all these losses we get the astonishing total of $187,000,000 a day. This is what we pay for our neglect of only four moralities.

"But the story does not end here. The average production of corn of all the farmers in the United States is less than 32 bushels an acre. A boy in a Southern state raised 243 bushels on a single acre. The same thing is true of potatoes, only that the record production is ten times as great as the average output instead of eight times as with corn. The very best cow is worth 300 times as much as the average cow and the highest production of milk from the most valued animal is ten times as much as the nation's average. Likewise our best hens each produce eight times as many eggs as the average individual production of all our hens. Think of the millions in money we would gain by simply doubling the productive capacity of our farms and domestic animals.

"Increased individual productivity is the remedy for most of our present ills. If we go on as at present then our war debts will be with us in generations to come. strange but true that most of us take advice as w physic—to fling it aside the moment the doctor's ba turned. We insist on learning through adversity, and then our remembrance of what we are taught by affli is as fleeting as the rainbow or the echo of the woods. don't think I am assuming to possess a higher degr virtue or sense than other mortals. My doctor advise to go to a dentist three years ago—and I haven't gone

"We are not strenuous enough. Most human b carry low-pressure steam. We work, study and play too little vigor. In the matter of health preservatio exhibit both ignorance and indifference. Always w reaching for reasons to excuse ourselves. Talk o advance of civilization! It has barely commenced. H one citizen in ten has introduced the first fundament system into his everyday life, and our Government spends more money to improve the quality of hogs th does to improve the breed of the nation's infants."

Building for Keeps

THE first time an American travels in Europe astonished by the permanent character of the build There are dozens of blocks with solid rows of brick stone houses without a single structure of wood. result there is less than one-fifth as many serious fir England, France and Holland as there are in the U States. As a people we differ from foreigners in tha view America as a nation, and such things as fire losse abstract matters. We are incurable optimists who lo take chances. We smile on flimsy construction sin conforms with our idea that rapid growth will soon ca the replacement of present buildings with larger ones. citizen who expects to make a million doesn't build hi thousand-dollar home with the expectation that going to live in it always.

This difference in national characteristics between peans and Americans was brought home to me the time I went down into an English mine. My training always been that a coal mine was good for twenty or t years and we built accordingly. Over there the u ground construction was put in to last a century. upkeep was high; theirs was low. We were const battling hazards; their more permanent constructio duced risks. We spent less at the start; they spent later on.

Europe builds for permanence, not because she lumber but because the inhabitants possess a degr carefulness that seems to come only through the pre of generations of necessity. Canada and South Am can lay down timber in Liverpool about as cheap New York, bu British have uses for wood the constructi houses to b Over in France year our troops going throug small village wh fire broke out the American diersstoppedan tinguished flames. Sev papers on this printed an acc of the incident the big lesson i affair was wh overlooked. Th apparatus had been used s 1873, but in spi this long perio disuse it worke isfactorily. It the first fire in village in forty years. Could be duplicated in small Ameri town?

But let us loo the matter fro wholly practical economic poin view. Lumber j nals tell us that's varieties of w particularly in South, are with few years of solute extinct Out in Califo

(Concluded o Page 78)

Coaling the Transport Mount Vernon in the Port of New York

MATTERS OF OPINION

How to Fix Wages

ORE and more frequently wages are being fixed by the desires and wants of the workers rather than by the value or utility of the work performed. It will o to lay this all at the door of organized labor or say t is entirely caused by the monopoly power of unions. h sentiment demands that every worker receive at least cessities of life, and it is being urged that he should not only those necessities of subsistence but also a egree of comfort. There is a growing demand that should provide for an American standard of living. he present time when arbitration boards fix wages variably take into account the standard of living as ained by representative budgets. To-day hundreds dies are being made of family budgets, whereas a ation or two ago no one but the worker himself ed about how much it cost him to live. Minimum- legislation, which is steadily gaining ground, is concerned with assuring the worker enough to live a living wage.

very latest attempt to adjust wages to the cost of by moving them up and down with the index number commodity prices recognizes that a certain fixed mini- should never be cut under.

these tendencies fit in with the growing sense of ss and justice. But there is danger of forgetting that long run wages can hardly exceed a rightful share of int product which capital, brains and labor produce. principle sounds cold and abstract and must be red in every case by considering the human neces- and desires of the worker. Naturally no one knows cy how to apportion the shares to capital, labor and . But many forces are steadily working out a solu- The intelligent employer and the intelligent trade both will do their utmost to arrive at a fair and just on, for certainly ultimate forces will see to it that hole productive system goes to smash unless both il and labor refrain from trying to divide more than produce.

Perhaps in an ideal world each unit of capital and each idual will be rewarded in proportion to the contribu- made to general welfare rather than by the amount of n produced, for wealth and welfare are not always ical. Unfortunately we have not yet learned to are welfare or our various contributions to it. For esent the best way out lies in increasing the produc- of wealth, largely through advance in the technical so that there will be enough and more to go round.

Business English

EXECUTIVES everywhere who employ recent college graduates have an old bone to pick with the colleges. he burden of their complaint is that the long and elabo- English courses now in vogue fail to train young men women to write clear, well-expressed letters and to concise and informative reports.

They declare that the average college man's business ts are vague and slipshod and that his most volumi- reports are apt to convey less specific and essential ation than could be communicated in three minutes ord of mouth.

The literary requirements of business are far from ve. The flowers of rhetoric are neither demanded nor d. We have yet to hear a business man speak glingly of a subordinate's attainments because of his ient knowledge of Spenser's Faerie Queen or because ought that Henry Fielding wrote Roderick Random, re have witnessed more than one apoplectic outburst obscure, muddy-minded office letters and reports.

In detective yarns and mystery stories suspended est is no doubt an admirable quality. But when a pot is so constructed that the Old Man must read to the tim of the twenty-third and last page before he can ver whether the concern is making money or losing it decide whether he should book winter reservations for mself and the girls at Palm Beach or at the poorhouse, ery art is sadly misapplied.

Business English is often spoken of as if it were some at and difficult dialect of our mother tongue requiring s acquisition special teachers whose familiarity with ad had brought them uncanny knowledge of its mysteri- atois. Yet every office boy should know that business ngsh should be the simplest, clearest and least adorned of expression of which the user is capable. The rie est executive would have no cause for complaint if he ou have his office correspondence conducted by the poor ls w tinker who wrote Pilgrim's Progress; and if he ou procure the services of any one of the sober gentle- er who translated the Bible for King James he would be rtunate indeed.

When the colleges have completed their autumn drives for endowment funds and have relieved the more pressing needs of their underpaid professors they will perhaps give ear to the plaints of the employers. For a long time there have been educational radicals in the teaching ranks who have averred as loudly as they dared that the conventional collegiate training in our mother tongue and its noble literature is all wrong. Some of these rash pedagogues would even invert the chronological order of study and proceed from the familiar to the unfamiliar, from the simple to the complex. They would even require students to con their Stevenson and Kipling before Addison; Addison before Shakspere and Shakspere before Chaucer or Beowulf. They would teach the art of letter writing before that of play writing and would turn the good old system topsy-turvy.

Such ideas no doubt are the rankest heresy—and yet in these days of universal change there is no saying that they may not some time be adopted.

Bashful Books Worth Knowing

WRITERS of fiction cannot complain that their work is not taken seriously or that the press of the country is not liberal in the space that it devotes to new novels. The most trivial romance that bears the imprint of a reputable publisher is reviewed in the newspapers from one end of the country to the other, and women's clubs in town and village from ocean to ocean often discuss it as earnestly as London society used to devour the first impressions of a new Waverly or a long-heralded volume of Byron's verse.

Histories, biographies and memoirs of the better sort are also accorded a generous share of free newspaper publicity.

But there is another large class of useful works that is scarcely ever mentioned in the literary columns and of whose very existence the average joy reader is quite unaware.

Books that belong to this family are not are a rule well advertised and the young men and women to whom they are most useful have to ferret them out in the cheaper bookshops of the large cities and the country boys and girls are rarely able to find them at all.

These worthy but bashful books are those that teach trades, handicrafts and the practical arts of everyday life in shop, factory and office.

It is impossible to spend a noon hour in a large bookshop without becoming aware of the vague but insistent demand for these useful and practical works. The prospective customer rarely asks for a specific title or an individual author. He—if it is a he—simply asks for a book on alternating-current dynamos or internal combustion engines; and she—if it is a girl—demands a volume on the care of the sick or practical millinery or the touch system of typewriting. It is rare that these young seekers for information go away empty-handed. Occasionally the bookseller offers a technical work beyond his customer's means—in which case the lad usually lays down a dollar bill and says that he will bring the other two on his next pay day.

There is scarcely a mechanical trade whose principles, technic and practice are not set forth simply and clearly in one or more inexpensive handbooks. The literature that has been built up about the electrical and automobile trades is embarrassing in its richness. Carpentry, woodworking and the building trades have countless representatives. There are books on the use of the steel square which are so exhaustive that a cathedral could be constructed with no other instrument save plumb line and level. The less alluring trades are by no means neglected. Perhaps the young man crossing the bookseller's threshold is helper or apprentice to a wood finisher, a coppersmith, an iron molder, a plumber, a cabinetmaker or a steam fitter and has conceived the idea that a book about his trade would help him to advance in it and would enable him to understand some of the tricks about which his boss is so mysterious.

The young man is quite correct in his supposition, and his visit to the bookshop on his own initiative is strong evidence that he will get ahead. He has hit upon an idea that is so sound that no less a personage than Adam Smith made note of it in the book he published about the time that Thomas Jefferson on this side of the water was writing the Declaration of Independence.

In discussing the British seven-year-apprenticeship system the Father of Political Economy called attention to the needless waste of boys' time and expressed the opinion that a few weeks' instruction would suffice to teach the trade of watchmaker. The suggestion was naturally unpopular among master watchmakers, for under the existing system they not only had the boy's labor free for seven years, but frequently made his parents pay them a premium in cash over and above the youngster's work.

Even in our own day the system of long apprenticeships has a tendency to perpetuate itself, for there is a mean streak in human nature which makes us dislike to see our juniors learn with ease and rapidity that which we ourselves were able to acquire only by the hardest and most laborious toil. Ninety-nine journeymen out of a hundred harbor more or less of this feeling. They are not averse to seeing the young helper sweat over the rudiments of his craft. They have the spirit of the apothecary in one of Captain Marryat's novels who initiated his green assistant into the mysteries of the prescription counter by giving him a small lump of India rubber and bidding him to reduce it to an impalpable powder with pestle and mortar! They dread the up-and-coming lad, who if taught and encouraged would soon outdistance them in the race for advancement.

This is where the technical books come in. They answer questions without evasions and without snubs and care not a whit how fast the learner progresses.

The boys in white collars can make books play quite as important a part in their advancement as their brothers at bench and lathe. The American Library Association has recently published an annotated list of five hundred books on business. There is no phase of legitimate commercial activity that does not possess a literature of its own. For the clerk in the bank or bond house, the export trade, insurance, the real-estate office or trust company there are more specialized books than he could read in ten years.

Consider, for example, the young bank runner's future and how books may mold it. The president of his institution is an elderly man who has been a banker for forty years. The tellers and bookkeepers are almost as old, but the cashier and vice presidents are young men between thirty and forty. What is this boy's future to be? When he is sixty will he do business through a teller's window, or will he rule the best mahogany office behind the marble rail? His use of books will have much to do with the answer to the question. He can keep his job—such as it is—without opening a book. But if he is to win through the gate in the marble rail he must know more about the theory of banking than is ever learned merely by the pursuit of routine office work.

If our young man is to be a really first-class banker he must learn far more than the collateral value of a few hundred stocks and bonds. He must be an economist, a student of natural resources and trade routes; he must understand foreign exchange and the banking and currency systems of a dozen foreign countries; he should know the ins and outs of foreign commerce and politics and acquire an uncanny aptitude for reading more quickly than those about him the barometers of business.

Books are a help to the mastery of all these branches of knowledge. Books and trade journals—plus hard work and lots of it—account for the youthful vice presidents.

The future of American banking is so bright that it is almost dazzling, but its richest rewards will be reserved for the men of the broadest training. The new generation of bankers will be men of far wider intellectual range than those who dominate the average countingroom of to-day. America's new rôle in world finance is daily stiffening the requirements for successful bankership, and yet much of the requisite knowledge is to be had for the seeking and for the determination to master it.

The opportunities for young clerks are so numerous and so alluring that it is not too much to say that with two or three years of persistent out-of-hours study any bright bank runner may learn far more about some one important phase of modern banking than is known to-day by the average American bank president.

What is true of banking is true of a dozen other mercantile pursuits. Books will open the way, but they will not do everything. They will not do the student's thinking for him. Not all the food they furnish will be predigested, but they will supply the needed nourishment and they will help mightily.

Young men and women should seek out these bashful helpers. Publishers' catalogues will assist in tracing them. Intelligent booksellers can give valuable hints; and good-natured librarians—which means practically all librarians—will be glad to do their share.

DUKES AND DIAMONDS

By G. H. FLANDRAU

WHEN the war was over his eminent family were again confronted by the fact of the Honorable Terry. While hostilities were on he had been happily and seemingly healthfully occupied on the Flanders Front and the family had not worried. It was somehow impossible to imagine anything untoward happening to the Honorable Terry. During this time he had done all that was expected of him; and, to the extreme annoyance of his superiors, several things that were not. Indeed, he had narrowly escaped serious trouble because of sundry misguided initiatives which should have resulted in the death of himself and his men, but mercifully didn't.

He came through it all without a scratch, and upon his return his family, who had hoped otherwise, could gather no evidence from his manner, conduct or point of view that he had been saddened or wisened by his experience. On the contrary his attitude was calculated to imply that if there had been a war he himself was not aware of it.

Owing to the inexplicable miscarriage of Fate his older brother, who should have become a peer of England and succeeded to the dukedom of his uncle, and whom Providence had most perfectly formed and fitted for this destiny, had died of pneumonia in a base hospital back of Amiens in 1915. So it now seemed probable that the dignities he would so well have borne were destined to revert to the graceless Terry.

He returned cheerfully to England, assuming as a matter of course that he was to be kept on in the smart regiment to which he belonged—a natural supposition and one which would have been justified if the Honorable Terry had been other than he was. But after a large number of his more pressing debts had been paid by the old duke, and Terry himself seized, almost at the altar, and prevented from wedding a pretty Salvation Army girl to whom he had inadvertently proposed marriage, a serious family council sat on his case and severe measures were decided upon.

"I'd almost rather marry and have a dozen children myself," cried the old duke, reaching for his crutch and shaking it at the assembly, "than have the succession go to that young—that young —— I shan't pay another debt, and, Lucy, if I hear of your doing so I'll cut the entail."

The dukedom of Worretsdown was not a rich one and Lady Lucy, Terry's mother, was almost poor. Besides Terry there were several girls, but they were not yet of an age to make the matches it was highly desirable they should make.

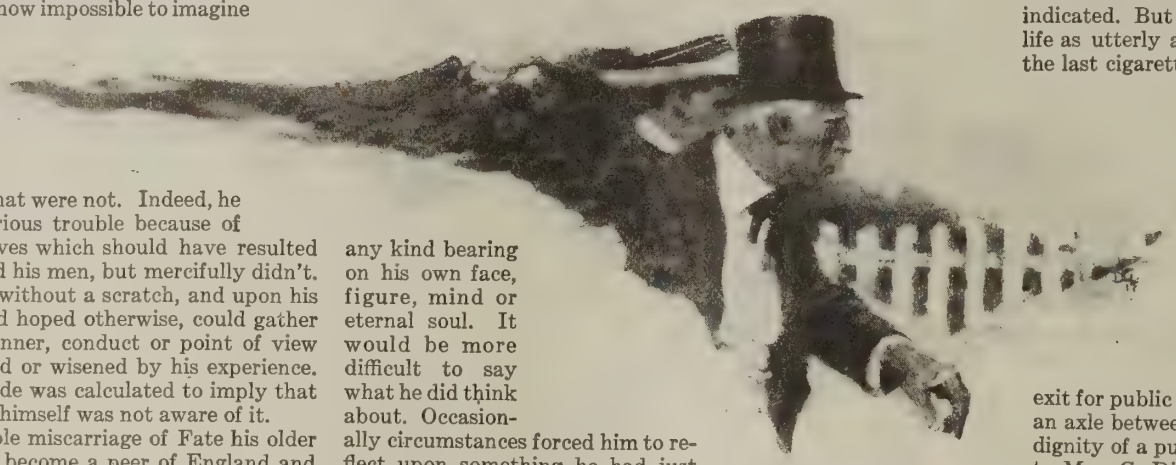
Councils had met before to consider Terry's case, had taken resolutions and issued ultimatums, and they had had precisely no effect whatever on the subsequent proceedings of the young man. In view of these failures an extremely radical decision was come to. Terry, it was decided, must be taken from the surroundings and companions which caused him to behave with such curious, persistent and expensive indiscretion. He must resign from his regiment and he must be sent away.

It was not in the blood of Lady Lucy or the old duke to light on any startling innovation in the disposal of the scapegrace, so the old dodge of the colonies—a few years in a Western Canadian city—was at last decided upon. It was felt that the simple pastoral people by whom he would be surrounded, the vast prairies, the wheat fields, the buffalo—would all do their part in refashioning into a reasonable being the young man who would become the eighth duke of Worretsdown and twelfth Baron Contreville.

His allowance, a small one, was to be entirely dependent upon his remaining in or about the city of Vancouver. If he ventured more than a hundred miles from these precincts it would stop. In view of these commands it is only natural that the Honorable Terry after a few months' sojourn in the charming and remote city on the Pacific Coast—full, the guidebooks say, of old-world charm—should be found one giddy, blue-eyed, pink-and-white morning in the spring of the year occupying a green plush seat in a parlor car rapidly advancing from Boston upon New York.

A look of light-hearted anticipation sat on his brow. His tan tweeds were festive; his long, loosely built body was relaxed. He was blue-eyed and pink and white like the morning, and his ingenuous face with its small curling mustache attracted the eye, openly or furtively, of every female passenger who sat or could arrange to sit where she could see it.

It is improbable that the Honorable Terry knew how engaging was his person. He was not given to reflections of any kind bearing on his own face, figure, mind or eternal soul. It would be more difficult to say what he did think about. Occasionally circumstances forced him to reflect upon something he had just done, but he thought about what he did after it was done—never before, a thing with which the old duke was in the habit of bitterly reproaching him. To-day, until after the train left New Haven, he thought of nothing. Once indeed he did think he would have a lobster and some shad roe for lunch when he got to New York; and again that it was a deucedly odd thing he should be compelled by some inexplicable eccentricity of the American race to drink water with, before and after his meals. But most of the time his level light-blue gaze rested vaguely on nothing and he felt very fit and that was all.



His More Pressing Debts Had Been Paid by the Old Duke

But when the train slid out of the New Haven station one overpowering idea had rushed in to fill the vacuum—which Nature abhors—that had been his mind, and filled it to the complete and hopeless exclusion of any other possible thought.

She came down the aisle with her chin in the air and her lips not smiling but imperceptibly parted as if they had just smiled or were just about to do so. Terry was not imaginative, but he suddenly had a very acute vision of what her smile would be like, and it was almost more than he could bear. And then her eyes, her skin, her nose—tipped up as if she had just sniffed at the mingled scents of gardenias and apple blossoms! It was the face of an angel, a goddess, an enchanting child. As Terry had been decently bred his gaze seemed never to have left the hat-rack at the side end of the car, and yet it is highly probable that she, inspired by a cryptic sense peculiar to pretty girls, was aware that he was aware.

Accompanying the divinity was a being calculated to inspire in properly regulated minds respect if not awe. To minds not properly regulated she might have suggested a well-corseted poodle. But what a poodle, and what corsets! Inconceivable that one should call her short and fat. Rather let it be said that she was not tall and not slender—highly condensed but not slender. And she emphatically was no longer young. But she was not a person to be described negatively. Her clothes, countenance and bearing were positive to the last degree, and when she arranged herself on the seat across the aisle from Terry she seemed already to have relegated the other occupants of the car to their respective and inferior spheres. The wild-rose skin and parted lips took their place facing her—and facing the Honorable Terry.

Towns and telegraph poles, red barns, apple orchards and the Saugatuck River raced past the windows unseen by the blue eyes of the highly nonchalant young man in tweeds, who stared at a pair of wicker suitcases perilously balanced some distance from him, and who saw, by some trick known to youth and love, not the suitcases but the lobe of a small pink ear peeping out from under a wave of golden-brown hair, a bewitching floppy hat and an assortment of eyes and lips that were a menace to the inherited restraint of twelve generations of Norman barons.

The landscape changed. Flat marshes appeared—a glimpse of wide silver where the Sound had wandered inland; gigantic revelations in oils of the progressive stages of a Turkish bath; the names and charms of plays, pills, soups, underwear and soft drinks. Then chimneys, wires, tenements—New York.

In the Honorable Terry's bill case, along with a draft supposedly destined to cover the cost of food, shelter, cigarettes, brandy sodas and caddy fees in Vancouver for the period of three months, was a small calling card with the name of Richard Bateman engraved on one side and the address of a New York club scribbled ac the back. This address it had been Terry's in tion to convey to the first taxi driver on h when he descended from the Boston express, a view to immediate transportation in the direc indicated. But this intention had vanished fro life as utterly as the last puff of blue smoke f the last cigarette he had tossed away before bo ing the eastbound train f Vancouver.

With superb detachment strolled toward the exit in wake of a lissom figure i brown checked skirt and sports jacket, and the con trated magnificence of a s little party in rustling bl taffeta and cocks' plumes. T took their way, fortunately the unformulated determina of the Honorable Terry, to exit for public vehicles. If her car had not bro an axle between Hartford and New Haven the dignity of a public taxi would have been spa to Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott and Mrs. Dilling Pott's niece. But if the axle hadn't broken t would not have boarded a Pullman car at N Haven, and if ——

However, the axle did break and the Honorable Te got into the taxi that was snorting and smelling back of one the aforementioned ladies deigned to enter in vaulted exit of the Grand Central. He dropped a wor explanation into the ear and a pleasantly worth-w bank note into the hand of the breezy individual driv the cab, and the vehicles plunged together into the hubl of the street.

Reassured by the driver's reply to his request—a re to the effect that "That's the best thing I do, mister the Honorable Terry gave his attention exclusively to problem of whether her eyes were black or violet b unaware of time and direction. Then suddenly the t stopped, and the driver twisting round on his seat st his sweaty quizzical face in through the window.

"First stop," he announced, jerking open the door.

Selwyn—Selwyn was the last of a series of names belo ing to the Honorable Terry—got out.

"They went in there," said the driver, indicating entrance a few doors ahead; "one on the corner. T won't be out till day after to-morrow."

"I say! Now what makes you think that, my d fellow?"

"Dressmaker. Give 'em up for lost."

Terry laughed. Odd fellows, these American serva but jolly, quite jolly. The driver volunteered further marks, and as Terry stood leaning nonchalantly on stick, his coat buttoned tightly round his narrow waist, had an air which attracted the eye of a young lady exhil ing a lace machine in the window opposite. She stop operating the machine, puffed her hair out over both e powdered her nose and eyed him expectantly. Her pr arations were, however, without result. He did not l across the street.

After a moment's conversation with the driver strolled toward the corner, dragging his stick, a t plume of cigarette smoke trailing behind him. He had plan. To experience a wish for something was in Honorable Terry's mind to feel that that something qu naturally and rightly must be his, and he was not ab taking steps—physical rather than mental steps, to sure—to obtain it. He experienced a wish just now, acute desire to know the pretty girl he had seen on t train, and he desired it with an intensity with whi he believed, he had hitherto never desired anything. was inconceivable to him that he should let her slip aw into the unknown without a clew at least as to who she w

The open door of the corner shop was flush with t street and he quickened his steps as he passed it. lounge by would, he seemed to feel, be unnecessarily v gar. So he walked briskly, without turning his head—might almost be said without looking in—and yet he ve distinctly saw the entire interior of the showroom, whi was small. What is more, his glance unmistakably e countered the glance of the black—or was it violet-blue? eyes; and he received not a sign; not, heaven forbid, wink; not even a tremor of recognition. Just a litt blank look, too brief almost to be said to have existed, b into which his instinct read hope. He whirled his ca round several times to celebrate, and a flush of pleasa excitement crept into his cheeks.

"Right-o, what? Right-o, right-o, oh, quite," he o served to himself from time to time; and unable to g

(Continued on Page 53)

(Continued from Page 50)

'afrom the magnet in the plaid skirt he soon turned
el and prepared again to pass the delicious tan-
gdoorway. He walked by quickly and shot an
c tible glance into the antechamber. This time he
iempty. He knew they had not left, for their cab
istanding by the curb, the driver nowhere in sight.
aused and looked undecidedly into the shop
which was arranged like the corner of a rakish
There was a drapery of black-and-orange bro-
hinese god, a sable cloak flung over a teakwood
pink satin chemise and some huge cushions of
vet.

was not aware of these objects, nor was the
pent before the window devoted to any particular
thought bearing on further action. It was merely a
ring which he waited for a new impulse to ma-
One did. He felt impelled to enter the shop. It
as been said, empty. A muffled sound of voices
om curtained compartments was distantly to be
d remote footsteps. If there had only been a
with a pretty girl behind it Terry would have
another bank note and his engaging smile, and
ve gone off with a sacred name and address
on his cuff. But there was no counter and no
ty or otherwise; only a few more black velvet
another god, a polar-bear skin and a few chairs.
omething more pertinent to his search caught his
he corner stood a small teakwood table and on the
a mesh bag. He had noticed this bag during the
reposing on the taffeta lap of the superb poodle.
had perpetually slid off, and been as perpetually
to that lap by the lovely gloved fingers of his idol.
heart warmed to it. She had touched it, perhaps
times carried it. He lifted it from the table, and
curred to him that it very probably contained
ss. Just as he was about to open it and investi-
ven more attractive impulse came to life within
y not carry off the bag, and then in the course of a
s take it back to the owners in person, saying he
d it in the street—or some bally excuse like that?
d think up something to say before then. This
o him a triumphant conception. He slipped the
his pocket and walked out of the shop.

excitement he forgot about the taxi and turned
other street. He walked straight ahead for sev-
ks, his fingers caressing the object that until so
been near her, rejoicing in the extreme simplicity
erness of his achievement. Then he felt hungry
ping a cab he got into it and consulted the club
n his bill case. During the short drive he luxuri-
he joy of once more being involved in adventure.
e there was room for nothing but exaltation in his
hen it occurred to him to examine his treasure.
that moment the cab stopped with a jerk and he
d the inspection of the bag until he should be in
u

k Bateman was a young man who knew everybody
to know, did everything he ought to do, played
dge, golf, drove a good car, danced, went to war,
ls in France, took in a few smart parties in Lon-
e home unscathed, and spent every week-end at a
house where the chef was impeccable and the
f the best. He was small, debonair, with a good
od clothes, good features and a ready and infec-
gh.

geted Selwyn with enthusiasm:

e there, Terry, I'm glad to see you! By George,

r-o!" responded Terence. "I say, old bean, do
a rum old party with a pug nose who carries a
bag?"

! Say that over again and pronounce distinctly.
e've got a little drinking to do first. You can tell
ter we get them started."

epaired to Bateman's rooms upstairs, and during
round they reminisced. While Dickie was shaking
econd, however, Selwyn's mind reverted to the
hand. He pulled the bag out of his pocket.

Moses!" exclaimed Bateman. "That's some

who hadn't paid any particular attention to its
appearance, too intent on what it might contain,
hat it was indeed some bag. It was large and
fine gold and platinum mesh arranged in stripes.
e top was a row of snapping white diamonds, and
dable monogram of smaller diamonds was worked
side.

g to deliver it to the young lady yourself?" said
with a friendly wink.

lear chap, that's the whole trouble. I don't know
is."

don't ——"

's what I want to find out." Selwyn sat down,
ing the bag upside down emptied the contents on
. To his amazement three large emerald rings, six
ite pearls and a small gold coin purse scattered
polished wood.

"Well, I'll be—what is this anyway?" Dickie sat down opposite the Honorable Terry and gazed at him curiously.

Terry laughed. "I say—what a lark! She'll be cock-eyed till she gets it back." He opened the coin purse. It contained several twenty-dollar gold pieces and a few quarters. There was no card or address of any kind.

"Now that's what I call very odd," said the young man. "There's no bally card in the thing."

"If it isn't indiscreet," began the other.

"Look here, old man, you know everybody. You ought to know whose bag this is."

"Me!" There was a moment's silence. "Why in thunder—— Where'd you get it anyway?"

"In a shop round about somewhere. I don't know the name of the place."

"In a shop? Did you buy it furnished?"

"What ——"

"Did you buy it full of rings and pearls and twenty-dollar gold pieces?"

"Dear old thing, no! I didn't buy it at all. I picked it up."

"Well," exclaimed Bateman with emphasis, "quite a haul I should say. However, when you get through spoofing me ——"

"But I'm not spoofing you—I never spoof. Awful rotters, those chaps always trying to spoof a fellow—never know what it's jolly well all about. I picked it up, I tell you, in some sort of beastly dressmaking place."

Bateman carefully filled the two glasses and observed in a queer voice, "Have another drink."

They drank.

"It's a fine spring day," observed Dickie cautiously.

"But if there's no address in it," Terry complained, "how the deuce can I take it back?"

"Look here, my friend, do you want me to know about this business or don't you?"

Selwyn's amiable face assumed a puzzled expression.

"I wish you did know something about it. I don't. Don't American ladies carry cards?"

"Suppose we begin at the beginning," said Dickie; and by a series of judicious questions he led the young Englishman back through the events of the morning.

Telling about his adventure revived Terry's spirits, and when he had finished he was once more tingling with pleasant excitement.

For a few moments Dickie made no comment; then he remarked: "As I understood from what you wrote me before you came on, you are not supposed to remove yourself more than one hundred miles from Vancouver while you're on this side?"

"Right."

"If you do, your money will stop and you will be obliged to dig sewers or break rocks for the remainder of your stay in America—that is, if you wish to continue to dine?"

"Right as rain."

"In view of which facts I wrote suggesting that if you contemplated visiting New York you change temporarily your name, New York being keen on swells. Without this precaution every evening edition would be filled with fictitious interviews explaining your views on important questions you've never heard of and photographs of somebody else labeled The Honorable Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn, heir to the dukedom of Worretsdown, and so on. You agreed that it would be wise to take my advice."

"Deuced thoughtful of you, too—upon my word it was."

Dickie sprang to his feet and rammed his fists into his trousers pockets. He took a few turns up and down the room and then, standing still, burst into a joyous laugh.

"I will be damned," he observed. "Can you beat it? No, you cannot. You arrive in New York under an assumed name. You proceed to the shop of one of the most fashionable dressmakers ——"

"How do you know?" interrupted Terry.

"What?"

"That it was a fashionable shop?"

Dickie groaned. "I should have thought from the data that even you—— But never mind. Let us pass on. You go into one of the most fashionable dressmaking shops and steal, in broad daylight, a handful of gold, platinum, diamonds, emeralds, pearls and rubies —— Oh, I know," he said hurriedly; "there were no rubies. I just put that in to make it sound worse. Well, after all this you sit here looking about as worried as a fat bishop with a private income, come to town to preach an Easter sermon."

"A bishop? I say, why should I look like a bishop?"

"You shouldn't—that's just it. I don't want you to, but you do."

"Look here," said Terry irritably, "I ask you to identify a compatriot of yours, a thing, it seems to me, you might easily do, and you go talking about bishops. I don't look like one. Have you ever seen a bishop?"

"Selwyn, my child, my comrade, my humor was ill-timed. I was merely trying to indicate the seriousness of the situation. Never mind about the bishop. The point is, and you seem persistently to ignore it, you have committed a crime. I am unaccustomed to crime and I fear for you, that's all."

Terry laughed. "You're an amusing chap, you know. Upon my word you are, what? Such a bally odd way of putting things."

Dickie regarded him earnestly. "There is no such person," he murmured with conviction. Presently he walked to the window. "The police have not as yet thrown a cordon—I believe that is the word—about the club. They will shortly."

"Black without any beastly brown in them," mused Terry. "I'm fed up on brown eyes. Bit of a bore, brown eyes; too many of 'em."

"If it were not for the sake of Lady Lucy ——" began Bateman. "Now listen, Selwyn: The only hope is that the lady you have robbed will advertise for the bag to be returned for a reward, no questions asked, and that sort of thing, before they have had time to run you down. I hope so. In the meantime you would better give the bag to me—awkward if you were to be taken up with it in your pocket."

"Thanks heaps, my dear chap, but I'd rather like to keep it by me. You see, she picked it up several times. I rather like to think she did that."

Again Bateman said "Well, I'll be ——" But he didn't finish his sentence. Instead he remarked ironically: "All right. Keep your loot. I ought to wash my hands of you, but I won't. When you're run in send round to me and I'll go bail."

Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott had a round face, a small round nose deeply embedded in round cheeks that sagged a trifle, a round mouth and two round choleric eyes that were inclined to bulge. All human beings that belonged in any way to her she enveloped in an active, managing and somewhat injudicious affection. All those who did not were potential enemies, and were regarded as such by Mrs. Dillingsby Pott.

Even before the disappearance of her bag she had been in a ruffled mood. The accident to the axle which had interrupted her journey from Boston to New York was the first annoyance and brought in its train various others. Then Sylvia had been most unsatisfactory at Madame Helen's. She was vague, inclined indeed to be dreamy, and had asked her aunt four times if the latter had noticed a perfectly sweet Englishman on the train. Her aunt had noticed nothing in the train but the heat and cinders, and said as much. She requested Sylvia to stop being silly and to attempt at least to concentrate on the respective possibilities of lace and tulle.

It was due perhaps to these small perturbations that on leaving the showroom to go into the fitter she committed the unusual indiscretion of leaving her bag behind. Superfluous to go into the commotion that took place when it was discovered that the purse had vanished. Madame Helen was alternately prostrated and fiery. She shook the young lady who was supposed to grace the antechamber with her presence continuously from nine until five. The young lady cried and admitted that she had left the room for half a minute to go in search of her lip stick, thinking Madame Helen and the two ladies would be there while she was gone. Several other young ladies, mostly models, cried, too, with a tendency, when they stopped crying, to think that the poor working girl was, as usual, being insulted and ground down.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott requested that the traffic policeman at the nearest corner be sent for at once with a view to the immediate discovery of the bag; but Madame Helen implored her for the sake of the shop's good name not to have in a policeman. Besides, she pointed out, Mrs. Pott, as she herself admitted, did not think that any person employed by Madame Helen had taken the bag. The matter was one for a detective to handle. She herself would be very glad to take up the matter with a detective.

This offer was rejected by Mrs. Dillingsby Pott. Though the honor of Helen's shop was not questioned the criminal carelessness of the place was clearly demonstrated. She proceeded with dignity to her cab and Madame Helen followed her to make a request, namely, that Mrs. Dillingsby Pott out of the kindness of her great heart would give the matter as little publicity as possible. People were unreasonable, and just the rumor that a robbery had been committed in her establishment ——

"Publicity, my good woman, is something I have had, with some difficulty, to avoid all my life," said her patroness. "You may be sure that neither my name nor yours shall be bandied about in the unspeakable press in connection with stolen jewelry. Incidentally, please pay, for me, your young ladies to keep my name out of it, and let it be known that I offer a thousand dollars reward for the bag."

When Madame Helen went back to her shop she kissed the young lady she had offended, observed that Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott made her sick, and shook them up a cocktail all round.

In spite of the vast abundance of her possessions Mrs. Pott was no more willing to part with any one of them than anybody else. The thought of her emerald rings, pearls and handsome bag caused her acute distress. She was indignant, too, and felt that it was most probably the work of some socialist.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," she told Sylvia, "with strikes and the servant question as it is, and now this."

Rather incoherently she telephoned Mr. Dillingsby Pott at his club, and it took him some time to grasp what it was all about. Meanwhile several pots had gone by, he was sure, and he was in a hurry to get back to his game.

"Lost your bag, did you, Martha? . . . What? . . . Stolen; yes, yes; I understand. . . . Well, I'll send someone up right away. . . . Yes, this afternoon, right off. . . . Yes, you'd better stay in till he comes. You tell him all about it."

With that Mr. Pott withdrew from the telephone and returned to the game. On his way back he asked an attendant to telephone over and have a detective sent up to Mrs. Dillingsby Pott.

Dougherty was one of the oldest men on the force. He was not considered brilliant by his associates. A fair routine man, but not brilliant. As there was no one else available when the club secretary telephoned for a detective, and as the former did not give the impression that the occasion was one of any special importance, they put Dougherty on the Pott case.

A routine man was precisely what Dougherty was. He loved formulas, systems, finger prints and crime waves. He had a great respect for smart well-known criminals and looked upon them with the same mixture of interest and awe that some people feel for movie stars and millionaire babies. It was his consuming ambition to capture one of them with his own hands, though he had little real hope of doing so. He ran in nigger crap shooters, pickpockets, dope takers; but in his dreams he hooked the big fellows.

He was a heavy-set man with a bulbous nose, a rather bald head and a soft voice. When a footman admitted him to the marble seclusion of the Pott mansion he was both awed and hopeful. This might be his chance; it looked like a real job to Dougherty. He refused to relinquish his derby hat, as he was using it as a repository for a large, dead, half-chewed cigar, dropped into it when he passed through the wrought-iron portals. And during the interview with Mrs. Dillingsby Pott he held it between his hands like a collection box, jiggling the piece of cigar up and down absent-mindedly from time to time.

He admired Mrs. Pott extremely, and in view of her grandeur felt more than ever convinced that this time he was to be pitted against nothing less than a king of the profession.

Miss Mamie Shannon, who that week was demonstrating a lace machine in the shop window across the street from Madame Helen's, pulled her turban of Oriental brocade well down over one plucked eyebrow, rouged her lips and fastened, according to the mode of the moment, a single imitation sable skin close about her throat. Memories of a rather exciting day fused in her mind with anticipations of what she expected would be a rather agreeable evening. Mamie liked to eat and dance and kid and dance and be told that she was some baby doll and dance and dance and dance. Formerly she had liked to punctuate the evening's pleasures with a few discreetly spaced pink cocktails in tall-stemmed glasses. This was no longer possible and she did not particularly miss them.

She was prompt at the rendezvous, bursting with the news she had to tell Wilcox about the passenger he had deposited near Madame Helen's shop that morning. It was an odd happening all round. She and Wilcox had experienced a sudden attraction for each other at a dance where they had met some months before. It had lasted through that one evening and then they had happened not to see each other again until that very morning.

Wilcox, less preoccupied than his passenger, had soon become aware of the female loveliness so advantageously displayed in the window across the way. Also, the young woman seemed to resemble someone he knew. He regarded her attentively. His scrutiny was observed by the lace maker. She stopped demonstrating, puffed her hair out over her ears and powdered her nose as she had done—though without results—for the Honorable Terry. This time she did not reap indifference. Wilcox descended from his box seat and strolled across the street.

"Gee, it's that little girl I met with Walker and his wife. What was her name, now?" "Some peach; this is luck," and similar phrases said themselves under his breath as he approached the shop.

It was a small arts-and-crafts place—very arts, crafts and handmade, where the uglier crocheting, tatting, weaves and stitches of our Puritan grandmothers are revived and propagated. Wilcox, in whom timidity was not an outstanding feature, jauntily entered the shop and thrust his head between the curtains that draped the back of the show window.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I've been looking for you for three months. How's the Walkers?"

"Why, Mr. Wilcox!" said the young lady, looking extremely surprised.

A majestic woman with hair as black as a beetle and a horn-rimmed pince-nez on a thin hooked nose—not a Semitic nose—bore down upon them. Meanwhile Wilcox went on:

"How are you on the shimmy now, beauty? Good for a bout this evening?"

"What is the meaning of this?" said the black lady with the beak, tapping Wilcox's arm.

Without withdrawing his head from the curtains Wilcox took her hand and squeezed it.

"At seven, then?"

Mamie nodded. "Yes. You must go away now."

Wilcox, emerging, shook the hand he held, formally.

"Pleased to meet you. Yes, I'll be delighted to call again," and leaving the manageress spluttering with rage he strolled into the street.

He settled himself on the front seat of his cab and tilted his cap over his eyes, thinking of the nice little bank note slipped to him at the station by the Honorable Terry. It would help a great deal on the party and he hoped it would be duplicated when the young man had finished with him. Time dragged and it began to seem to him that his fare was taking an unnatural time about whatever he was up to. Wilcox got down, searched, investigated, waited, and was at last forced to the conclusion that he had been abandoned. He was indignant.

"The dirty sucker! He cleared out, by golly, and stood me up for my fare! I'll get him."

His grievance stuck by him all day and he poured it at once into Mamie's sympathetic ear. It wasn't the money—he didn't mind that so much; it was the idea of a by-Jove Englishman putting something like that over on him.

"Well, wait till you hear what I've got to say about your Englishman—only I didn't know he was English," she said. "Say, I've been interviewed by a detective to-day."

Wilcox was interested.

"Detective! Well, I hope it ain't one of those co-respondent stunts you're mixed up in." He winked.

"Smarty," she returned, simpering. "You better not get too smart; you may get mixed up in something yourself, driving crooks round."

"Crooks?"

"Yes, crooks. There was a robbery committed in Helen's place across the street about five minutes after you was talking to me, and I just about saw it done."

"Come off!"

"If you hadn't taken a nap on your front seat you'd have seen it too. I saw that party you drove walk past the shop, look in the door and windows and then dodge inside. In about a minute he dodged out again, puttin' something in his pocket, and sneaked round the corner. I didn't exactly think he was sneakin' then, but now that I look back, and knowin' a purse was stolen ——"

"By gee, is that on the square? How'd you get on to it?"

"Why, a detective came over this afternoon and interviewed me, as I'd been sittin' in full view of Helen's shop all day. He's workin' for the woman whose bag was stolen."

"Who is she?"

"Don't know. He didn't say, of course, and the girls at Helen's won't tell—she don't want anything to get into the papers. And she's offered a thousand dollars' reward for the purse."

"Honest? Say, I could use some of that thousand."

"Well, go to it. You've seen the guy, and the detective ain't. Besides, he don't know he's English—thinks he's a New York crook—one of the regular ones."

Wilcox, practically born and literally brought up on the sidewalks of the Tenderloin, possessed in ways and to an extent he himself did not realize the wisdom peculiar to city pavements.

"Then the detective's a nut," he observed.

"Why?" She was piqued. He was her detective and she was proud of him.

"If he says that fella is a professional crook; because he ain't."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I know. He may have stolen a few gold bags off Helen's, but he's no regular thief. Take it from me."

And in view of the hunting instinct that dwells in every male bosom, and more particularly in view of the thousand-dollar reward, Wilcox resolved to keep an eye peeled for a tall Englishman with pink cheeks who was not a professional crook.

When Dougherty had finished his examination of the premises where the theft had taken place and had interviewed the girl across the street he went off well satisfied, especially satisfied with the interview. He admitted to himself that that interview was a clever stroke. It summed things up very neatly. A man, tall, handsome, even distinguished-looking, arrives in a taxi. He is well-dressed, has a nonchalant, man-of-the-world air—unquestionably, just as Dougherty had thought, he is one of the big boys. He is seen to pass the shop twice, then pause, look through the window and at last, at the exact time the robbery must have taken place, to enter the place. Almost immediately he returns and slides round the nearest corner. It seems to Dougherty a perfectly clear case.

The question is, What criminal corresponds to t accurate description he has obtained of the thief?

Dougherty betook himself to a joint he kn occasionally visited on Fourteenth Street and some near beer. He tipped a wink to the rat who him and told him to bring one for himself.

"Aw, I don't drink that ditch water."

"Well, sit down anyway."

The other looked about nervously.

"Don't be afraid of sitting down with me. None fly fellas's afraid of old Dougherty, not yet a Besides, there's no one round."

The rat sent his shifty glance about the room mo habit than anything else, for the place was emp toward an inner doorway. Then reluctantly he sa

"Say," observed the detective, eying the ugly, utterly unregenerate and unredeemable face him, "I don't envy you your job—both sides of the

"Shut up," whispered the other.

"There's nobody here. Don't sh-h me like t makes me nervous."

"You go to hell," suggested the other, about "What d'ye want to do anyway? Get me in wr good?"

"Sit down! You and me know a couple of thin don't forget it. I'll leave things lay with you the wa is now if you don't get gay."

The young man settled back in his chair s twitching at his nose.

"Now, who's in town?"

The boy, leaning close to Dougherty, spoke soft rapidly.

Suddenly at the mention of a certain name the de experienced a thrill of triumphant certainty.

"It's him!" he said to himself. "Queer I didn't t Nifty Harry before."

But he was careful not to let the boy suspect that any more interest in one name than another. He wish to run the risk of a betrayal. Nifty Harry! Dou recalled him—tall, well-dressed, fine-looking in a wa a small blond mustache and a certain air of breedi

As he left the place he reconstructed the drama morning. Harry, so the rat said, had come into Ne that day by the morning train. He had seen the wo the parlor car—Harry always traveled in style spotted the purse, followed them to the shop and the loot. It was absurdly simple. A dizzying exu laid hold of him. By golly, Dougherty had done it Put something over on one of the big fellows, ma everlasting name and pulled down the reward, would be duly credited to Mrs. Dougherty's account savings bank. Nothing left to do now but get some the job with him and run Nifty Harry to earth.

Sylvia was going to be late to lunch. It was tunate, because her aunt liked meals to be on Besides, Mrs. Hornaday Pott, Mrs. Dillingsby sister-in-law, and her two earnestly uninteresting ters were lunching with them, after which they going to an opera matinée. So Sylvia told Thompk hurry, and when they got into the clearer spaces Forty-seventh Street he shot ahead.

She was much bored. The prospect of lunching wi superb Pott sisters-in-law and the Pott cousins was some. Also the prospect of a Wagnerian matinée w heavily. Meanwhile the canary-colored spring su gilded the day, odors of spring found their way in shining, tan-upholstered, plate-glass cupboard refer as the town car, and Sylvia yearned to be told that sh beautiful and, if possible, to be kissed.

At Fifty-seventh Street they slowed down for a cr and her cousin Dickie Bateman's roadster overtook and slewed round the corner. It rushed eastward and instant had disappeared, but Sylvia's was a seeing ey in that instant she had discerned that Dickie was d and that by his side sat no other than the young En man whose admiration for herself had so greatly enli the journey to New York.

Sylvia was used to admiration, could recognize it folded at a distance of a hundred yards—and neve enough of it. She liked Englishmen and had though one of particularly beguiling appearance. Indeed sh thought of him a good deal since the previous da regretted that they would in all probability never But if he was a friend of her cousin Dick's this proba was greatly diminished. It was awkward that D should not be on speaking terms with Mrs. Dillir Pott—or, rather, that Mrs. Pott should not be on spe terms with Dick, owing to a perverse evening when h tried to persuade her that socialists should not all be up and shot at dawn, a conviction which Mrs. Pott ished determinedly. So he was not in favor. Howeve that could be changed. There must be a way. And b Sylvia sat down to the lunch table she thought she found it.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott and Mrs. Hornaday Pott intimate friends and disliked each other extremely.

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er much time together, perhaps on the assumption that e my in the hand is better than one concealed behind a gengaged in hidden activities. If Martha lost ten uls Jane banted. If Jane dined an ambassador Martha d a prince. It was a tea for a tea and a ball for a ball. set Jane's two plain daughters Martha took to her- e beautiful niece, and knew she had scored.

T rival ladies faced each other at lunch, both short of a, condensed as to figure, with powdered dewlaps, e eyebrows and prominent eyes, intent on the content t dishes offered them. Then into the placid pool of armed neutrality Sylvia cast a small pebble:

"y the way, Aunt Jane, what is the name of that rly smart young Englishman who's visiting Dick nan? They say he's a great swell."

At Jane looked up from the lobster mousse she was g into and regarded Sylvia with surprise.

"eally? I didn't know there was any such person. ctia, you saw Dick on Saturday. Did he say?"

"o, mamma. Dick never does say anything to me."

"ow do you know he's visiting Dick, Sylvia?" said s Dillingsby Pott reflectively.

"eavens, everybody knows. He'll be the rage, I sup- and we'll get so sick of him. The idea of an earl or a ris puts some women off their heads. I think it's ou. By the way, have you and Muggsy decided one out together?"

T great ladies Pott made no further reference to 's pebble, but the ripples eddied across the pool and ld two letters of invitation into Dickie Bateman's r that evening.

During the afternoon Sylvia's Aunt Martha had ob- vd casually, "I suppose, Sylvia"—she sighed—"that is mother's sake I ought to be more lenient with cl Of course he's a dreadful trial, but he's had his sc now. I hope he realizes he's had his lesson."

"n, yes, aunt."

"don't want to let down the bars too suddenly or he y ot realize that he has had his lesson, but we might ri him formally. We might have him Friday night."

"es, aunt."

Fm her writing table Mrs. Pott observed: "Did you r had some man stopping with him, my child?"

"es, aunt."

"ell, he might as well bring him along. We're short m, as usual."

"By the way, Selwyn," remarked Bateman when Terry ml up at his rooms next morning at the hour when a ang gold liquid might be expected to gurgle into a thin med glass, "how are you on dining out Friday?"

"hat's offered?"

Th honorable one bestrode a small chair and tossed his t atly onto a bronze head of Sir Walter Scott.

"tnall dinner party of thirty given by Mrs. Hornaday ttor His Excellency the Honorable Signor Something Cher, ex-prime minister, and a Rumanian princess o—"

"I say, old son," interrupted Terry, "you're not ics?" He looked frightened.

Dkie laughed.

"ell, we've got another chance. Mrs. Dillingsby Pott ilwise gathering about her a few friends." He glanced th note in his hand. "On Friday at eight, an informal n of twenty-eight ——"

"hat the deuce do they come bothering us ——"

"e don't have to go, you know; only it might be ung. Aunt Martha makes—like yourself—rather a elty of pretty women. She can afford to because her n we lamb is prettier than any of them; whereas ar unt Hornaday Pott picks on celebrities and excludes at whenever she can, the little Hornaday Potts having enlightly marred in making."

"I say, are these persons with the astonishing names nations of yours?"

"ey are."

"won't have to remember 'em, will I?"

"uite unnecessary to remember anything except to go hton the cocktails and save it all up for the Burgundy d ampagne. Old C. D. P. has a cellar furnished en- el with museum pieces. The high spots of the last recenturies' vinting, my boy."

When Bateman had been handed the respective missives m his respected aunts the night before he had been ld amused.

"he old bloodhounds! They can scent prey from here Africa. Of course it's Selwyn; but how the deuce ——" And how it had brought Aunt Martha round, and Dickie s ad of that. He liked to be able, when tired of look- g a dreary world, to drop in and rest his eyesight by k g at Sylvia.

"shall accept, then, for self and friend—providing, of ur , that you are still at large by Friday night. No m unications from the police yet?"

"op rotting—it gets on a chap's nerves. Why the ud don't you think of something for a chap to do about 's your bally old town."

"Go on," said Dickie, laughing; "gently shift the responsibility for your grand larceny on my broad back. Have you watched the advertisements?"

"Yes. Not a beastly word in them."

"I wonder why the old bird doesn't advertise. Got a detective on it, I suppose, and they're trying to play some deep game. Oh, well, cheer up. We'll probably hear something extremely unpleasant from it before long. Have another?"

"Cheer-o."

Terry was less blithe about his adventure than he had been. The continued possession of the bag annoyed him. He didn't want it and felt as though someone had mischievously forced it upon him. Besides, he dreamed of the violet-blue eyes—he had decided on violet-blue—and despaired of ever looking into them again.

To cheer him up Bateman arranged a dinner, theater and supper, followed by a little game with some men, who were, he thought, of a temper to dispel the faint gloom that at rare intervals invaded Terry's serenity.

The evening was a perfect success. When Terry wakened the next afternoon he found a message from Bateman saying that he, Dick, was out of town for the day, but would be back in time to pick him up and take him to the dinner.

After breakfast Terry passed into the Avenue for a stroll before teatime. As he was passing a jewelry store it occurred to him that the fastening of the stolen bag had become loosened. He dropped into the store and showed the purse to a clerk.

"You'll have to take it to the repair department, sir." The clerk, who was young and somewhat inexperienced, turned the bag over and over in his hands almost tenderly. "Odd you came to me. I sold it to Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott myself."

Terry's cheek blanched. For a moment he was speechless. After the days of uncertainty to have the owner of the bag revealed to him in this casual fashion was almost more than he could bear.

He cleared his throat and steadying his voice with an effort he said: "Quite right, quite right. Er—by the way, do you happen to have Mrs. Cadwalader—hm"—he had forgotten the rest of her name—"her address about you? The beastly number has slipped my mind."

"Yes indeed, sir. I'll just make a note of it for you." The young clerk produced a beautifully sharpened pencil from his right waistcoat pocket and a cardcase from his left waistcoat pocket. Drawing the sharp pencil point through his own name he turned the card over and with a flourish wrote the name and address of Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott.

"Thanks awfully, old chap; no end obliged."

Terry seized the card and made for the nearest door. He did not connect the name he had just heard with the names of Dickie Bateman's aunts. Most American names struck him as being fabulously odd and he didn't try to remember them. Clutching the card tightly in his hand he rushed to the curb, looking up and down the Avenue for an empty taxi. The traffic was held up for the moment and there were several cabs among the crowd of vehicles. Just then the driver of one of them turned round and Terry signaled to him excitedly. Strangely enough, his excitement seemed to be shared by the man on the box. The policeman released the traffic, but the cab did not start.

At the sight of Terry, whom he recognized instantly, dismay, triumph and panic laid hold of Wilcox. The prize was in sight, but what was he to do? He had a fare, the policeman was waving to him angrily to be gone. He did not dare jump off the box and leave the car and the passenger in the middle of the street. And yet he found himself utterly incapable of driving off and leaving the thousand-dollar reward standing on the curbstone. He compromised. Without actually summoning Selwyn he reached back and opened the cab door. Terry precipitated himself upon the taxi and climbed in. He shouted an address to the driver and had closed the door before he noticed that there was someone else in the cab.

"I say, I beg your pardon. I thought the thing was empty. I'll get down straight off."

"Don't think of it," replied the other passenger. "We're going in the same direction, I believe. If you don't mind there's no reason why we shouldn't share the cab."

"Thanks awfully. Quite sure it's all right?" said Terry.

The other smiled. "Oh, quite."

They glanced at each other for a moment. They were not, generally speaking, unlike in appearance, though a second glance would have revealed a thousand subtle dissimilarities. The stranger was well set up, fair, with a high color and small light mustache. But his clothes fitted too well. His shoes were a trifle pointed; his tie, though correctly subdued as to color, made itself felt in a way the Honorable Terry's did not. His manner, too, was smooth with a blandness that caused the voice of instinct, deep within the Honorable Terry, to murmur "Bounder."

The young man made an occasional remark, to which Selwyn replied civilly. Presently the former tapped on the front window with a light stick he carried.

"I'll be getting off here," he said, taking some bills out of his pocket to pay the driver.

Terry protested, and the stranger tactfully put up his money and thanked the Englishman. He bowed somewhat elaborately, closed the door and disappeared.

"What was the number, now?" questioned Wilcox, turning round and gazing keenly and gloatingly at Selwyn.

"Seven hundred and nine," the latter answered, trying to memorize the name, Mrs. Cadwalader D. Pott. As usual he did not try to formulate a course of action. As usual it would not have occurred to him to try. In lieu of this he experienced a feeling of hurry—as if the house and all it contained might recede like a will-o'-the-wisp before his grasp if he were not quick about it.

He ran up the white marble steps and rang. Almost at once the glass door with its handsome grating of wrought iron swung open, revealing a stout person in black clothes. This individual propelled a rheumy eye over the visitor. It was a knowing eye, however, and as it advanced the butler's haughty face relaxed.

Without waiting for Terry to speak he observed: "The ladies are at home, sir."

Terry followed him into a vast marble hallway and thoughtlessly taking a card from his own case gave it to the man. The card read The Hon. Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn. The butler, with his boiled eyes respectfully gazing at nothing, read the card with deep approval and unctuously withdrew.

Terry rejoiced exceedingly. "The ladies are at home." Ladies—that meant both of them. He was to see her at last. He would look once more into those devastating eyes, upon those parted lips. He would touch her hand perhaps. Mechanically he thrust his own hand into his pocket, seeking the bag. But it was the wrong pocket. Odd—he thought he had put it there. He felt in the other one, and this pocket too was unaccountably empty. Hurriedly he rummaged in all his pockets, slapping them, thrusting his hands over and over again into the same ones. There wasn't the slightest doubt—he did not have the bag.

A feeling of panic overcame him. What on earth could he say to Mrs. Pott—providing she received him? How explain his presence in her house? He had never heard of her or she of him. What possible excuse could he invent for this intrusion? Terry was not good at inventing, and he knew it. Moreover, he admitted to himself that the loss of the bag was a bit thick. It made things awkward, there was no getting away from it. It was inconceivable how he could have lost it. He couldn't have lost it. He had put it in his pocket at the jeweler's and got immediately into the taxi. Then it came to him quite clearly that he had been robbed. That smooth chap in the car was a pickpocket and had neatly transferred the fatal purse from Terry's possession to his own.

An overwhelming desire seized Terry to be gone before he should have to face the owner of the bag. She might be down at any moment now, and he emphatically preferred not to be there when she arrived. He looked about for a way of escape. He dared not try the front door. It might be locked or there might be half a dozen footmen lurking about the hall who would intercept and detain him. Perhaps a window—— But at that moment the approving butler majestically appeared.

"Madame will be down presently. Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"

They walked the length of the black-and-white paved hallway and then Terry was shown into a sort of morning room looking out on a bit of green. The room was filled with flowers, chintz and easy-chairs, and one of the French windows was open. Simpkins the butler pushing his large stomach before him receded slowly and Terry was left alone.

Three steps took him to the window and one stride negotiated the low railing and shallow marble balcony. The yard was surrounded by a high cement wall topped with wicked fragments of broken glass, but luckily the iron door in the wall was ajar and Terry slipped through it into the alley, shutting the door behind him.

A moment later he boarded a Madison Avenue car, southbound. With a somewhat dazed expression he sat down and drawing a fine ribbed handkerchief from his sleeve painstakingly wiped the moisture from his face. It was some moments before he collected himself enough to be visited by any ideas worth recording.

"Terry, old son," he said at last, "you came a bit of a purler just now, you know. You've made a bit of a mess of things, you know. Now why the devil did you send up your calling card, for instance? You know you're messing about with a different name. Then the taxi. When the chap gets fed up on waiting I dare say he'll go to the house and make no end of a row. Confounded bore, losing that purse—just when I was about to see her."

He brooded over this grievance for several blocks and wondered whether she would have come down and what she would have had on. Would she have acknowledged having seen him by a word or a little smile? She was adorable.

Terry ordered a substantial tea at his hotel, and then, unable to think of anything else to do, with Dickie unavailable, went to his room and lay down sulkily.

"I shall have a rotten time waiting till eight o'clock," he said to himself. "Nothing to do but worry my bally head off about that purse. I never wanted the beastly thing."

In a few moments he was asleep.

When his wait began to prolong itself beyond a reasonable time a horrible fear visited Wilcox that he again had been, as he put it to himself, stung. The joy he had felt in stumbling on the man he was looking for had not obscured his caution. He had kept a sharp lookout on the house and all the exits he could discover, so he had every reason to believe his fare was still in the house. Yet, he thought it wise to make sure. Climbing in his turn the marble steps of the Dillingsby Pott mansion he rang the bell. Simpkins, melancholy in his black clothes, with his pot-belly and receding bald forehead, opened the door. On seeing Wilcox his face assumed mechanically a look of hauteur. But Wilcox was not the man to be intimidated by a butler.

"I want to know," said Wilcox, "how much longer that Johnny I brought up here is going to keep me waiting."

Hauteur gave place to perturbation on the countenance before him.

" 'Oo d'ye mean?" he said in a low voice.

"I'm talkin' about the Honorable Lord Lightfinger I let out in front of this house a while ago."

"Lord Lightfinger?" said the other dazedly. "Is 'e a lord?"

"Never mind that. What I want to know is, is he still here and how much longer does he expect me to wait?"

The butler eyed him silently, doubtfully. At last his desire for expression proved too strong for his natural reticence with persons of inferior social scale.

"'E ain't 'ere and God knows where 'e is. I don't."

Simpkins closed his eyes and made a sweeping gesture with his hand as if the recent visitor had soared up a chimney. He sighed deeply and shrugged.

"Say," said Wilcox, restraining himself with difficulty, "this is a matter of dollars and cents with me. He owed me money, that fella. Now where is he? Where'd he get out?"

"Cook thinks over the back fence. The madam is in a boil about it, I can tell you. What she said to me no gentleman would stand, much less an upper servant. I was obliged to give notice."

Wilcox stared at Simpkins without particularly seeing him. He reflected. It was no use bemoaning what had happened or speculating on the behavior of the enigmatic individual he was after. The point was, what to do next.

"Do you know this guy?"

Simpkins wordlessly signified that heaven forbid.

"Well, do you know his name, even?"

"'Is card read," replied the other, lowering his voice to a still more portentous undertone—"'is card read, Hon. Terence Algernon Pigot Bellamy Selwyn."

"Any address?"

"No, but I gather from what I 'eard 'em say before they knew 'e'd cut and run, they thought 'e was someone visitin' Mr. Richard Bateman, 'oo lives at the ——"

"Oh, I know where Dick Bateman lives," said the metropolitan Wilcox. "Well, so long."

Simpkins watched him depart in unrelieved gloom. This had been an evil day for him and he mentally characterized the lady who so unjustly had turned on him, Simpkins, for the extraordinary behavior of her crazy guest, as a 'owling, cankerous she-dervish and 'ell-cat.

However disastrous the day may have been for Simpkins, it had been a glorious one for Dougherty. Early that morning Nifty Harry, who since the day of the robbery had utterly disappeared, had been located in Brooklyn. He had then been tracked to New York. Dougherty himself had got on the trail and had followed him up Fifth Avenue that very afternoon. It had just been a question of stretching out his hand and grasping his prey when someone had blundered. The man driving Dougherty's car had, somewhere along the line, substituted another taxi for the one Nifty Harry was occupying and taken Dougherty and his companion on a wild-goose chase halfway to Yonkers. This had been a bad setback, but Dougherty was by no means discouraged. He scattered a few more men about the Tenderloin, and occupied a strategic position himself. It seemed inevitable that the fish, and a big one at that, should swim into his net during the evening.

If there be anything in the theory of vibrations the perturbed thought waves that converged about the Dillingsby Pott residence that evening must fairly have hummed with violence. There was Mrs. Pott herself, disturbed and annoyed by the unprecedented behavior of her mysterious visitor and her trouble with Simpkins, a butler rather near to her heart; Simpkins vibrating with a sense of unspeakable injury as he moved, a presiding deity, among the napery, silver and flowers; Sylvia, throbbing with expectancy. There were the long-distance waves of Dougherty as he gradually drew his net about the audacious Harry; of Wilcox, shadowing Dickie, trailing his taxi from the club to the hotel where Selwyn was stopping, and then up the Avenue to the very door of the Pott dwelling—Wilcox, with a detective beside him and a warrant for the arrest of the Honorable Terry in his pocket, a little uncertain how to act and palpitating with excitement and the hopes of gaining, the fears of losing the unbelievable sum of one thousand dollars.

Last of all, Terry himself. When he followed Bateman into the familiar black-and-white marble hallway and became appallingly aware that his hostess of the evening, Dickie's cousin, must be the owner of the purse he had taken and would now be incapable of returning, and of the house which he had visited and departed from in a fashion so singularly unrelated to what—conventionally speaking—is done. He had omitted to mention this escapade to Bateman during the drive up the Avenue. His ingenuity was not equal to putting the episode in quite the light in which he would like to have Bateman see it.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott, crowded into a reënforced casing of white satin and steel, stood before a high pink-marble fireplace. Tapestry ladies and gentlemen, mounted on fat horses, followed by thin dogs with thin tails curled in a perfect loop, pursued elusive stags over the wall. The room was not a comfortable one, it opened too widely onto the hall, but the tapestries were so extremely rare, antique and costly that she felt they must at least once in a while be looked at. Dickie Bateman was standing beside his aunt.

"What did you say his name was?" she inquired, regarding Terry with her sharp choleric eyes. "I don't seem to be able to remember anything, I've had such an upsetting day. A dreadful man came to call and then jumped out of a window and ran off!"

"What?"

"Yes, such an extraordinary occurrence. Some person calling himself the Hon. Terence Selwyn."

Dickie blanched.

"Some mad Englishman or other, I expect. At first I thought he might be your friend, before ——"

"Heavens, no!" Dick regarded Terry uneasily.

"That, on top of detectives, and losing my bag at Helen's ——"

She continued to speak, but Dickie no longer heard what she said. A great light had broken on the situation. The rum old party with the pug nose was his Aunt Martha, of course. Who else could she have been; and what other girl than Sylvia would drive a man to such lengths as Terry had gone to? But what had Terry been doing jumping out of windows, and why hadn't he returned the bag if he had really been there?

Just then Simpkins approached ponderously.

"A telephone message, sir. They say it's important."

Dickie followed him from the room.

Selwyn was among the group of people surrounding Mrs. Dillingsby Pott. On the outskirts of the group stood Sylvia, slender in harebell blue, incredibly beautiful, it seemed to Terry. His eyes were on her and an intoxicating warmth stole through his veins, his ears hummed, his head swam. He was about to make his way to her side when Mrs. Dillingsby Pott wanted to know how he liked America.

Before he could reply, however, an unprecedented complication rose.

As has been said, the tapestry room opened widely onto the hall, and at this juncture a commotion, a thing without parallel in the history of the Pott household, rose in the vestibule. Above the hushed and scandalized p tests of two footmen who had been standing there rose voice of Wilcox, loud in defense of the law, and firm w the determination of a man who sees a thousand dolla mere arm's length before him.

"He ain't goin' to get away from me again, I tell y I don't know who he is—he calls himself Selwyn here another name at the hotel—or what he is, but I know stole a gold bag full of money and jewelry ——"

A scandalized silence was upon the tapestry sal Terry's face flushed and he looked anxiously about Bateman. But Dickie had not yet returned from the t phone. The sound of a struggle was taking place, and t Wilcox, with his collar loosened and his coat torn, b into the hall. Acquired momentum carried him to wide doorway of the reception room.

"There he is!" he exclaimed, selecting Terry with accusing forefinger. "I don't want to make a scene, you dodged me twice, you know."

Simpkins, who stood near him, basking in the scene, emboldened at this moment to interrupt.

"'E's the fella that jumped out of the window, ma'a

The footmen had left their posts, too, and were gap curiously. But the kaleidoscopic drama could not l remain at a standstill.

Dougherty arriving at the Pott dwelling and finding front door open entered just as Wilcox was saying accuse you of stealing a purse out of a dressmaking —

"I guess there's some mistake here."

This new voice startled the already bewildered part pants in the scene. Wilcox whirled about and Dough passed him as he entered the room.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I wouldn't have intruded this myself. I don't know"—this with fierce sarcasm—" this amachoor dick is, but he must be crazy."

Wilcox started explosively to speak.

"Ma'am"—Dougherty with complete assurance him off, and pulled a glittering trinket from his pocke "ma'am, is this your bag?"

"Cadwalader!" she cried weakly.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott could cope with any of the thi that were done, but that a scandal and a scene should taking place in her inviolate sanctuary was too much she succumbed and became for the first and last tim clinging vine.

"Is that your purse, Martha?" said Dillingsby P sharply.

"Yes, it is," Sylvia answered for her. "Where did get it?" She had moved across the room and stood n Terry.

Dougherty smiled. "Just where I expected to; in pocket of the smartest crook in New York, ma'am. T call him"—he spoke it unctuously, bursting with prid "they call him Nifty Harry. He's having a cozy suppe the lock-up just about now. I just thought I'd come ro for you to identify the bag."

"Now that's very odd," exclaimed Terry with inter "You see ——" But Sylvia felt impelled to stop h laying her finger on her lips.

"You may have got it off him," exclaimed Wilcox terly, "but this here fella took it, and I can prove it."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Do you know this gentleman is?"

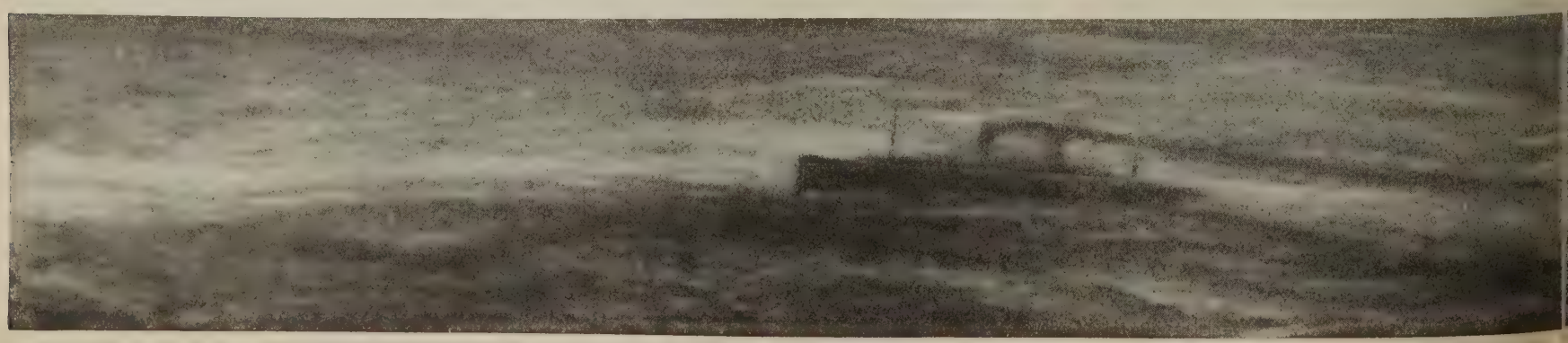
"Do you?" retorted Wilcox. "He's got two names t I know of already."

"And as a matter of fact," observed Dickie Baten jauntily—he had come back unnoticed—"he has just cc into another—name, I mean. Terry, old boy, it's con lences and congratulations too. I've just had it over telephone, a cable sent on from Vancouver. My frier owing to the regrettable decease of an aged person England I have the honor of presenting to you the Duk Worretsdown and Baron Contreville."

Late that evening Terry, weakly reaching for the sipl in his friend's room, observed: "It was a bit of a near th for a moment, Dickie, old son. We were jolly near com a purler. And if you don't mind lending me a bally bl check I'd like to write one out for a thousand dollars."

"In whose favor, if I'm not being indiscreet?"

"I can't let that taxi chap miss the reward, you see. wouldn't be cricket."



Ain't Men So Transparent?

By Everett Rhodes Castle

R. CALPHUS TIDD worked in a very large bank in our thriving metropolis of Bigburg. You will know hus at once. He was a 1902 model done in shiny er-and-salt gray with a steering arrangement that hed to and fro like the tail of the old roan mare. cked door-opening curtains, open plumbing and modern improvements—and mentally he still hard-rubber tires. Calphus was as mid-Victorian pearance as a sepia print of Athlone Castle by light, but in actuality and speech he tried hard to up with the snappy language and happenings of lay.

was a little man with the step and manner of a teacher, but he tried so hard to be brisk and y. Oh, so hard! For let it be known here and now within the withered breast of Calphus Tidd there d a vaulting ambition to show Mrs. Margaret hus Tidd that she had not married a man who in ense of the word could be termed what the boys in oan department were wont to refer to as "a dead " Indeed so great had the longing become that Tidd was gravely considering the necessity of ving away what he had always considered the e requisite of the banking business, throwing it to the four winds, and appearing the next morn- one of those snappy suits where the waistline is up round the armpits by a cute little belt.

was gravely considering it now as he sat clipping ons from a six-inch pile of Clover Hill City six per improvement bonds with a huge pair of scissors adwarfed him in comparison. At first the gleaming of steel clipped away briskly as Mr. Tidd consid- some of the more commonplace aspects of the situ- . For instance, one of those snappy suits cost y—at least—well, anyway thirty dollars. But a had to be up to the minute if he wanted to get in this world. That was why some of the younger of the department had gone over his head and y out of the department. There was Colson fifteen ago—and the coupons he was now clipping ged to Colson. He and Colson had started together, now Colson brought in a half million in bonds at a to put up as collateral. He was the president of the ring house of Colson and Company and people said he was the coming financial man of the town.

en Mr. Tidd smiled rosily. But he had beaten n. He had beaten the financial genius of the town, he proof of the pudding was at the Tidd residence now—probably beating flour into a piece of round for the evening meal, the flour and a certain leger- in of Mrs. Tidd's making it taste exactly like the est tenderloin. And he had taken that away from Jerome K. Colson! He smiled again, and in reliving moment of that triumph his fingers usually so nimble his mind usually so alert passed on to the second on—dated four months hence—and clipped it too ad of passing on to the next bond on the pile.

such fragile hairs as this does the destiny of man sway.

II

TEEN years before our story opens, as Miss Hen- etta Otis of the Bigburg Weekly Study Club would ce it, Mr. Calphus Tidd and Mr. Jerome K. Colson gan as file boys in the Bigburg National Bank. Each been graduated from high school, and in those days ns were rarely graduated before their twentieth birth- . One would think that these two youths coming from ame class in high school, sharing the drudgery of dusty e would cling together in mutual sympathy. But no in the bank were farther apart. When Jerome had cion to speak to Calphus it was with the condescension nar the Tent Maker addressing a rent in the canvas— exactly that.

t that it bothered Calphus—much. In the four years d grown accustomed to the greatness of Jerome K. n. Everyone at North Bigburg High had for that er, and his greatness and priority had become almost tter of course.

the first place he was a handsome boy. His long black lay back in a series of pleasant curly waves. He was all without the thinness of adolescent youth, and as a er he had been reckoned as the greatest thing the l had ever produced. In his junior and senior years d been captain of the football team as well as the r in the musical and dramatic clubs. And he always in funds. Only those who have gone without such things in high school can appreciate the tremendous of that word.

d then there was one more thing—it was the Colson . Gifted with gleaming perfect teeth as a basic ingre- , he had a way of keeping his mouth in a seemingly

There Was Something Regal in the Way He Distributed His Favors—First to One Girl and Then to Another

continuous smile of happy good nature. At all times it was in evidence, and Professor Tweedie even went so far as to refer to it in open class as "the reflection of a limpid soul." But of course on the other hand it was universally known that Tweedie thought there was only one pupil in the school.

Naturally enough, to the girls he represented a figure that took on all the glamour and prestige of a Greek god. And Jerome K. Colson knew it and acted accordingly. He never allowed one girl to monopolize his attentions. There was something positively regal in the way that he distributed his favors—first to one girl and then to another. People beyond the sap age marveled at the charming democracy of a football hero playing no favorites. Of course he did not forget that after all there were social lines—he did not spread his democracy to the point of inviting Ella Rigler, who lived over behind the Fourth Avenue fire station, to any of the affairs. But then of course nobody did—except Calphus, and who minded him?

Calphus had made his first social call in his senior year. As young men go now he was not a sartorial triumph—even as young men went then his little peanut cap resting precariously on the back of his head was not nearly so small and clever as that of Jerome K. Colson or some of the other lights of senior society. Neither were his trousers equipped with half enough peg—ready-to-wear manufacturers didn't believe in using cloth and Calphus couldn't afford Weeks, the tailor on Walnut Street. Necessarily it followed that the tails of his coat didn't begin to flare enough, nor could he have the flaps on his pockets cut in stylish curlicues plastered with buttons. Neither was his manner in the prevailing mode. He did not carry a box of Parson's best under his right arm, and his conversation bordered perilously on the monosyllabic.

But she did not find the fault with all this that some of the other girls might—girls such as Mildred Harmon or Dorothy Hawke. To them Calphus Tidd merely was a shy little youth who persisted in wearing light-colored satin ties. But to Ella, whose mother admitted that she was a trifle large for her age, he spelled opportunity. He called twice a week, varying his light-blue satin with embroidered cornflowers and the light pink plain.

At first Calphus was not irritated at the course the conversation inevitably took—he was merely content to sit and wonder at the figure before him. He was a dweller on the threshold of the big idea. For Ella loved to talk about Jerome K. Colson. She loved to ramble over the happenings of the day.

"Did you notice to-day in study period," she would inquire animatedly, "how he went over an' sat down beside Marjory Herrick? Do you suppose he likes her? An' did you notice the new way he has of brushing his hair—kind of from left to right without a part? Isn't it grand?"

"Uh-huh," said Calphus.

"Anyway, I think he is wonderful."

"Uh-huh."

"He smiled at me so nice on the way to Tweedie's class—honest, the way he is so pleasant to everybody!"

"Uh-huh."

"They say he's going to be one of the big men in town when he gets into business. Professor Tweedie ——"

And so it went on. Naturally when the class came to graduate Jerome K. Colson was valedictorian. Loud were the praises sung in his honor. And for the first time in his friendship with Ella—or his life for that matter—Calphus vaguely resented Jerome K. Colson and his smiling glory.

They were standing in the wings of the auditorium listening to his valedictory address. Miss Rigler was slightly to the fore, her ample arms crushing the roses, that had cost Calphus next to his last quarter to provide, ruthlessly against her bosom in the fervor of her admiration.

"O-o-h, ain't he wonderful!" she thrilled.

It had been growing upon Calphus. He did not like Jerome K. Colson, the idol of North Bigburg High. In point of fact, as his friendship with Miss Rigler progressed the name took on all the subtle irritation of a low fever. It had grown with each visit to the Rigler residence adjacent to the fire barns. Sometimes it almost unbalanced his judgment to the point where he wanted to shout, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why don't you go an' get him?"

He wanted to shout it as he stood there behind her watching his roses being crushed in a silent tribute to the wonderfulness of somebody else. Then with a rush the poisonous words came out:

"Shucks! He ain't so much!"

Miss Rigler turned in shocked surprise.

"Oh, Calphus!" she began.

And then she smiled—smiled as any girl from nine to ninety smiles at the first peep of jealousy. Then she added softly, "But there are others."

A warm glow suffused Calphus. All the way home he dilated on the whopping big business success he was going to be and how as a natural sequence a helpmeet would be ——

He stopped and Miss Ella Rigler did not get him to proceed for four years, and when she did it was because the experience of that night stood her in excellent stead.

We might just as well be plain in this matter of hearts and Clover Hill City six per cent improvement bonds. Miss Ella Rigler had decided deep in her motherly soul that Calphus Tidd was going to be her Calphus and acted accordingly, which to a woman's way of thinking is exactly opposite—if you know what I mean.

Calphus was bashful, though in later years Mrs. Tidd was wont to refer to it as retiring. During the three years Jerome K. Colson progressed to the post of assistant to the vice president who presided over the department, while Calphus climbed from the files to the ledgers. While Calphus was still clinging to his ledgers Jerome K. left the bank to go with the firm of Fraser and Luce, brokers.

"Isn't it funny," said Miss Rigler when Calphus told her lightly, as one successful wishes another the same, "the way Destiny seems to mark some people from the very beginning with the most wonderful gifts?"

"Uh-huh," said Calphus, vaguely irritated.

"Ain't it simply wonderful?"

"Oh, shucks!"

"And he was always so nice too."

Again the words trembled perilously near the end of Calphus' tongue, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why don't you go an' get him?"

Time passed—four years to be exact—and Calphus seemed to take his place as a fixture among the ledgers in the loan department. He was the same Calphus in personality, but he was growing grayer in complexion, toward the pepper-and-salt he had adopted as being of the proper conservatism.

Miss Rigler tried hard. She would often say naïvely, "Gee, but you must get lonesome living in that horrid room all alone!"

Calphus had lived alone since his father died the year before. Calphus said that he did—and said no more.

"Poor boy!" she would purr. "Nobody to take care of him."

"Uh-huh."

"Don't he ever wish ——"

A blush so maidenly, head down.

"Huh?" said Calphus.

That was the way it went. And so it went until the big idea came to Miss Rigler. She accidentally met Jerome K. Colson walking along Capitol Avenue, for all the world like an up-and-doing—and smiling—financier. Miss Rigler rushed over and grasped the up-and-doing Jerome by the hand and squeezed it effusively.

"Oh, dear, isn't it just like the old days," she gushed, "to be shaking hands again?"

Jerome K. Colson said it was—rather abstractedly.

They chatted for a time—animatedly on the part of Miss Rigler, abstractedly on the part of Mr. Colson.

"An' you must just come out an' see me," Miss Rigler finished, "an' we will have a nice long chat about old times."

Mr. Colson said that he would be delighted—sometime.

That evening she was slightly abstracted. Even Calphus noticed it after a time.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

Miss Rigler sighed and her ample bosom heaved.

"It's nothing," she whispered. "Jerome Colson, he—he ——"

For a moment Calphus displayed an ominous silence.

"Well," he inquired finally, "what about—him?"

"He—he ——"

"Yes?" insisted Calphus masterfully.

"He—he asked to come over and see me and—and ——"

To Calphus marriage had always been an abstract proposition based on the day when he would be making plenty of money. To ask such a glorious creature as Ella Rigler to go along on his eighteen dollars a week seemed an idea utterly fantastic. But now the idea became deadly real. There surged up within his breast much the same overpowering that had prompted his outbreak at commencement.

"An' what did you say?" he demanded.

"I—I ——"

"Never mind what you said."

For the first time in all his life Calphus Tidd allowed his voice to rise above an apologetic monotone. In the crisis of his life he shouted in a shrill tenor:

"I don't care what you said! After all these years you an' me, why ——"

Within her soul the sunlight played, but her white brow showed clearly how surprised she was.

"Oh, Calphus," she whispered, "you never said ——"

And then before Calphus could say just exactly what he meant it was all over. He had meant to explain that as soon as he was improved financially he might—but her arms were about his neck and she was calling soft little names that made him blush and stammer.

"Eighteen dollars a week!" he stammered weakly.

"We'll live right here with father and mother," she cooed, and her eyes were as bright as the high lights on the cornflowers that adorned Calphus' satin tie.

We shall touch but lightly on the events and years that followed. After the elder Riglers had passed on to a bourn where fire bells never rang the young couple discovered that instead of a home they owned a first and second mortgage. Interest on these meant practically the equivalent of rent. And Calphus Tidd did not move ahead with the lightning rapidity characteristic of the young financial genius. In point of fact he seemed to lag. Calphus began to grow grayer and more precise. He took more to talking about the past than about the possibilities of the future. And then the soft voice of Mrs. Tidd took on a new form of irritation. Calphus grunted and nodded his head as long as he could. It had started by Mrs. Tidd's seeing Mr. Jerome K. Colson on Capitol Avenue.

"An' he was in the swellest new car! Honest, the brass alone on that car! It was green with a blue line round the top. It certainly must have cost a fortune."

"Zat so?" said Calphus indifferently.

"Success must be a wonderful thing."

"Uh-huh."

"An' to think that I—I had a chance ——"

That got to Calphus. He stirred uneasily and the evening paper twitched in his fingers. He flushed and he rubbed his thinning front hair with his free hand. He felt that he was growing very angry indeed. Then another thought stopped him. After all why should he, Calphus Tidd, be irritated? He had beaten Jerome K. Colson for the hand of Mrs. Tidd in spite of the Colson prosperity—even then transcendent. He had conquered! He softened.

"Aw, shucks!" he said.

But the thing persisted. It actually seemed incredible the number of situations that demanded Mrs. Tidd's mentioning the prosperity of Jerome K. Colson and by sighing inference the chance that Mrs. Tidd had let go by. Often the fateful words trembled on the brink of Calphus' tongue, "Well, if you think he's so darn wonderful, why didn't you take him?" But he stifled them down. What was the use? And then the way she had of sobbing. But the irritation did take one definite step. That was the step that included one of those snappy suits where the waistline is held up round the armpits by a cute little belt. This was to be the first step in the emancipation of Mr. Tidd. Then he was going to cease to be referred to as a has-been. He was going to take his place with the snappiest man in the department. He was going to be ——

He was and he didn't—that is, he didn't until the big idea in turn was visited on him himself, Mr. Tidd.

Mr. Tidd snapped a rubber band about the Clover Hill City six per cent improvement bonds and called the office boy, Raymond.

"Take these coupons over to Colson and Company," he directed, "and give them to Mr. Colson personally."

The boy took the package. Because after all Mr. Tidd wasn't so much in the loan department, he scowled.

"Say," he protested, "how do you get that way? In these big places they never leave you in to the big squeeze."

Mr. Tidd frowned severely.

"Never you mind!" he directed. "You do as you're told!"

"Rats!" said Raymond.

"If you don't," threatened Mr. Tidd, "you may find out how easy it is to have a large customer have you fired."

"Listen, Dandruff," jeered the youth, "how do you get that way?"

"Go!" commanded Mr. Tidd grandly.

Mr. Tidd watched the boy's laggard steps across the room—and there was no grandeur in his eyes. His thin hands grasped the huge gleaming scissors until the knuckles were white.

"Even the office boy thinks I'm a joke!" he whispered to the sheaf of bonds.

He shuffled the papers and glanced nervously at the clock. It was a quarter to five. He looked about the department whence most of the force had departed. Instead of being one of the last to leave he should have been the first. He should have been Force, the head, going out to play golf. Priority entitled him to that. He cleared his desk. A moment later he donned a ragged gray raincoat and a soft cloth fedora. Then he left the bank.

He always walked home, the Tidds now doing light housekeeping in three rooms in an old-fashioned brick house in Prospect Avenue. The rent was less than the interest on the old place behind the fire-engine barns. Their equity of six hundred dollars went into the Texas Gusher Oil Company. In this way Mr. Tidd was certain their old age would be taken care of—the interest amounting to twenty-four per cent a year. But a peculiar thing happened. Shortly after Mr. Tidd purchased the stock the dividend had been taken off temporarily and had never been resumed.

At first the blow had been softened by the hope that the two per cent a month would be resumed shortly. And with the cessation of dividends Mrs. Tidd's enthusiasm had died a quiet death. It had been her sharp eyes which first noticed the opportunities of Texas Gusher, but now she spoke of it as one who had acted against her better judgment.

"If we had only asked Jerome Colson's advice," she often whimpered.

"Oh, rats!" he had said.

"Some men," moralized Mrs. Tidd, "have such better judgment than others."

"It was you ——" Mr. Tidd had started with a rush—and then he stopped. After all he had signed the check for the stock—and after all he —— "Yes, m' dear," he finished weakly.

And Raymond had said, "Listen, Dandruff!"

Reflecting moodily on all this, Mr. Tidd moved slowly along. It was a cold drizzly evening in early November and the thin soles on Mr. Tidd's tan oxfords hugged the damp too close for absolute comfort. Beyond Ninth Street the bright lights of a haberdashery window caught his eye with their warm radiance. Unconscious now of the drizzle, he stood and stared at the center of the window. It was a mixture of light brown and green with the light green in irregular stripings. The waistline was high and the belt had one of those cute gun-metal buckles popularized on trench coats.

To Calphus Tidd, staring through the drizzle, the giddy waistline and gun metal spelled youth and the snappy things that went with progress and pep. It personified there among wild-hued silk shirts and futuristic neckwear the things that he, Calphus Tidd, never had. It visualized for him a picture that was pleasing, a picture that went something like this:

Calphus Tidd strode into the office. Lightly he tossed his hat and raincoat on a hook and made for his desk. He whistled lightly as the office stared. He called sharply for Raymond, and when that youth lingered he spoke sharply, as Force would.

"Get a move on there! What do you think this p is? An institution? Get busy!"

And while the office stared, Raymond did, mouth ag Then in the days that followed a change came over office force. No longer were they laughingly condescend They addressed him with a new note of respect. T asked him for advice—advice which he could give un ingly from his years of experience. They began to use prefix "mister" when addressing him.

And then Force noticed. He called upon him for g ance in a certain matter. Instead of agreeing with Fo idea for the sake of harmony he was firm, he was poli but Force was wrong. Out of his experience he said w He said it in a terse quick way as one whose time is v able, just as Banks, the vice president, might.

With a new note of respect Force agreed. Later called upon him, Tidd, again—and again. A momen matter of policy came up, and Banks, the vice presid was called in. For an hour they chattered back and fo Then Force called for Mr. Tidd. When he had finis explaining Banks broke in.

"Now if we only had a precedent ——" he began.

"You have," snapped Mr. Tidd. "Back in ninety-f a man named Robertson ——"

After he had walked away with the proposition set Banks whispered something else to Force. Later F called him over.

"I think we have been underrating you round h Tidd," he said. "Mr. Banks has suggested that you m across the desk here from me—to act in a sort of an a sory capacity."

A dripping umbrella came out of the semigloom tipped the cloth fedora over one ear. The wet brushed ear and he came back with a start. Then he made the n momentous decision of his banking life. He walked into store and pursued his way straight back to the cloth department.

"I would like to take a look at a suit like the one in window."

"The new Marchfalont model?"

"Er-r, yes," said Mr. Tidd, and blushed.

The clerk was a young man with sleek yellow combed straight back.

"This way," he said.

Mr. Tidd removed the damaged raincoat and the pep and-salt. The clerk held up the new Marchfalont mo Mr. Tidd slipped into it.

"Ain't that classy, Mr.-er-r ——"

"Tidd."

"Just notice"—the young man ran his plump hand Mr. Tidd's spare shoulders—"the fit across the ba Perfect!"

"Er-r, yes," said Mr.Tidd.

The young man decided that he had diagnosed the of Mr. Tidd.

"It makes you look twenty years younger."

Mr. Tidd smiled.

He remembered a story he had read once. It was ab a young man who had bought a dress suit and hov changed his whole life—or was it a movie?

"And that flare to the bottom of the coat—if you beat that for real dash ——"

"That's it," said Mr. Tidd eagerly—"dash."

"Sure!"

Mr. Tidd twisted back and forth before the glass.

"How—how much is it?"

"Thirty-seven-fifty."

With a gulp Mr. Tidd began to remove the fastenin the cute little gun-metal buckle.

"I—I guess I'll look round a little more," he said weal

The clerk had met many such cases, but mostly they been young men.

"I know it's high," he admitted, "but then if you s to consider that your credit is good here and you stretch the payment over a couple of months—in t time it will mean nothing to you."

The silken song of credit made the weekly pay envel nestling within Mr. Tidd's inner vest pocket, fastened the lining with a safety pin, seem almost opulent. Af all, if things went as he planned what would thirty-sev fifty mean to him? With twenty-four dollars in his poc Mr. Tidd held his head up in high hauteur.

"It isn't the money," he began grandly.

"I know," interrupted the clerk to whom the words a the rest of the sentence came quite by rote, "just a te porary need."

"That's just it," Mr. Tidd admitted.

"If you could give me a reference ——"

"Call up the bank." Mr. Tidd said it with the tone one long used to giving gilt-edged references. "May there is someone still about the loan department."

There was. They admitted that Mr. Tidd was in t department and that the voice over the phone was Farther than this they had nothing to say. But the cl was satisfied. He made out a long ticket.

"Could I take them with me?"

(Continued on Page 65)

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erk reflected. This little old man wouldn't care
little things like little wrinkles about the collar—
ould probably turn up the trouser ends anyway.
e'

Tid smiled and waited. A few moments later he
ward the door. At the entrance he halted and
e until the clerk came up. His eyes were filled with
isgivings.

u you don't think it's a little too—too loud?"

r you," said the clerk. "Not for a man of your
' that works in a bank."

ain Mr. Tidd smiled rosily.

o night," he said.

way home in the drizzle he kept smiling over
lerk had said. He was a smart boy—that clerk.
ild Mrs. Tidd say? It was the first time in his
come home with a purchase of any consequence
ne approval of his better half. What would she
a an almost wild feeling of exultation he realized
s part of the new order that he should not care
particle what she said—or did. He began to
He opened the door of the old-fashioned house
as light trembled in the hall with the whistle
lips. He went up the stairs to the second floor
e they had three rooms. The door was ajar and
quietly in, the package held defiantly before him.
the doorway there was something strange. He
across the room before it came to him that he
familiar smell of frying food. The strangeness
de him proceed more slowly. In the doorway to
room he halted. Before him in the gloom sat the
Mrs. Tidd, her very posture spelling tragedy. In
hands she clutched a newspaper.

Tickles!"

Mrs. Tidd's pet name.

id moved forward on tiptoe now. The gloom
lessen his newly found aggressiveness. He held
ge less conspicuously. Almost before her he
h sudden relief. Her eyes were open—but hard.
ickles," said Mr. Tidd, "how could you scare
? For a minute I thought you were dead or
."

gic figure stiffened. It sighed melodramatically.
glanced at the box.

za matter, Tickles?"

is the matter?" With a billowy movement Mrs.
like a huge avenging angel of the gloom. She
ramatically. "Oh, nothing!"

Tickles ——"

!" Mrs. Tidd implored shrilly. "Don't add
to it! Don't turn the knife in the wound. I
living here in a cheap rooming house. I know
est I can ever expect. I know it! Don't taunt
! I know I am going round in clothes not fit for
! I know I can't go anywhere like most women!"

kage slipped out of Mr. Tidd's hands.

ssen!" he began.

!" implored Mrs. Tidd again. "Don't remind
Don't let me remember that I might be riding
tomobiles, with diamonds and dinners at fine
"

sniffle she dropped the paper and moved to the
r

veral minutes Mr. Tidd stared in pained amaze-
n with mechanical neatness he picked up the
newspaper and smoothed it out. For a moment
at the headlines with eyes that saw nothing but a
jumble, then suddenly they focused on a small
n the center of the page.

JEROME K. COLSON ON NATIONAL BOARD

nt Farrell, of the Bigburg National Bank, to-day
d the appointment of Mr. Jerome K. Colson, of
f Colson and Company, bankers, to the director-
l bank to succeed ——

hat would have been an angry snort in a larger
M Tidd tossed the paper to the floor. Then he
upon it, mouthing his rage in little articulate
hen he made for the door that had closed behind
Til. He knew now that he had the courage to shout
e ould hear his voice ringing through the gloom:
, you thought he was so darn wonderful why didn't
k him?" That would settle that.

reached the door and pounded on it. From behind a
l ice quavered, "Oh, go away and leave me!"

dd opened his mouth wrathfully—and then he
again. After a minute he said, "Oh, please,
s"

e tiptoed over to the package, and lifting it care-
it in under the dusty recesses of the old horsehair

III

H morning Mr. Tidd reached the bank five minutes
d he shuffled nervously from the little cloak room
d is desk. Halfway across the room the voice of
ne to him:

"Mr. Banks wants to see you at once."

It was so unusual he stopped and gaped at Force. Some one snickered. A sickening sense of impending disaster swept over him. He tried so hard to be nonchalant as he moved across the room toward the door. In the office of the vice president he found Banks regarding him carefully. Mr. Tidd changed his foot.

"You have been with this institution a long time, haven't you, Mr.—er-r Tidd?"

Mr. Tidd nodded. It was his best at the moment.

"Therefore you know how ticklish a situation it is to have an influential customer condemning us for carelessness—er-r especially if he is also a newly elected director of this institution?"

Mr. Tidd brightened. He understood now. It had been just as he said. Raymond had broken the peculiar but steadfast rule of Jerome K. Colson regarding interest coupons.

"Yes, sir," he assented. "And I told Raymond to be sure and take them to Mr. Colson personally as are his imperative instructions." Mr. Tidd sighed. "But I am afraid the modern youth ——"

Mr. Banks shook his head.

"It wasn't that," he said. "In clipping the bonds the person who did it carelessly clipped one of the coupons dated February first and included it with the others—and I understand—er ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Tidd slowly, "it was me."

"I know it may seem trivial, because the coupon can easily be returned, but Mr. Colson is peculiar—and, after all, carelessness in a bank, Mr. Tidd, is practically criminal—no matter how innocent."

Mr. Tidd made some inarticulate assent.

"In fact," the vice president went on, "I had great difficulty in persuading Mr. Colson not to insist on your discharge and I thought that it might help things along if you went over to his office yourself and brought back the coupon—and er-r explained that you were sure it would never happen again."

Mr. Tidd nodded eagerly.

"I know Mr. Colson. He—we—went to school together."

"Good!" said Mr. Banks. "Mr. Colson is a fine man—and charitable."

Mr. Tidd got his hat and coat and hurried down the lobby to the street. A block farther up Colson and Company had their offices in the Metropolitan Building. He found the offices of the great Jerome agleam with mahogany and green-plush carpet. He gave his name and sat on the edge of a chair. Twenty minutes later he was ushered into the office of the great man.

Jerome K. Colson looked much the same, except perhaps that he was heavier and under his eyes little puffs of flesh had begun to form. But his mouth still gleamed.

"Tidd," he said, "sit down. What can I do for you?"

In a rush of words Mr. Tidd told him. During the recital Mr. Jerome K. Colson watched him closely.

"So," he said, "that was it, eh? Well, listen, Tidd! For old time's sake it will be all right. But listen"—the blue eyes above the little puffs of flesh grew suddenly cold—"if you or any other clerk in the loan department gets careless with my securities—there is going to be trouble."

Mr. Tidd nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Colson," he said.

Mr. Jerome K. Colson watched the thin little figure move toward the door and a slight sneer wreathed his mouth.

"And to think that I might have been just like that—if I hadn't found ——"

IV

CHAPTER FOUR is tragedy pure and simple. Black tragedy that curled its ugly fingers about the little figure of Mr. Tidd almost before he had hung up his little cloth fedora. For hardly had he reached his desk when he discovered that the coupon had been lost! Wildly he clapped his hands against his thin sides; with frantic haste he searched first one pocket and then the other. But nothing availed. The coupon was gone!

He sank into his chair and his thin little face went as white as the papers before him. If Colson had been so unreasonable about the mere clipping of a coupon, what would he say if one was lost? And he had said there would be trouble if—with a tired little sigh he slumped back in his chair.

They could say he was a thief! That he had stolen the money too—to gamble with or something. He—he ——

The rest of the day was a haze. Mechanically he performed the routine tasks. Many times he tried to crowd his courage to the point of going to Banks and telling him. But he never could—he couldn't. He read the evening paper without remembering what he read, dreading to go to bed. When he did, under the acidulous suggestion of Mrs. Tidd, he could do nothing but toss.

Toward morning he sat bolt upright in bed. Why couldn't he have the coupon replaced? Why couldn't he write to the city clerk of Clover Hill City and explain the situation exactly? Surely there must be some way of arranging things of that sort! He sighed and for the first time fell asleep.

The next morning he wrote the letter. It covered three closely written pages and bared the troubled soul of Mr. Tidd to the bone. He mailed it special delivery, giving the number of the bond, which was one hundred and forty-six, and the date of maturity. He added the amount of the bond—five thousand dollars. Then he sat back and waited.

Mr. Calphus Tidd will never forget the agony of the next four days. The way he searched the incoming loan department mail for the letter from the clerk of Clover Hill City, the disappointment of finding—nothing.

And then the letter came. With fingers that trembled nearly beyond control Mr. Tidd fumbled with the flap of the envelope, and even with the letter itself before him the typewritten characters jumped and blurred. When they faded back into position Mr. Tidd read the letter:

Dear Mr. Tidd: We have your letter of the other day in regard to coupon lost from Bond Number 146 for $5000. We of course pay interest on lost coupons, providing a suitable guaranty, or security, is given in case the coupon should be inadvertently paid.

However, we feel that some mistake in the number of your bond must be made as Number 146 Clover Hill City sixes is listed and owned by Mr. Johnson Ames, a well-known citizen of this city.

May we not hear from you further on this?

Sincerely, S. J. RYAN, City Clerk.

Mr. Tidd stared at the letter and then ran an anxious hand over his brow. The bond from which he had clipped the missing coupon was certainly numbered 146 and it certainly was not made out in the name of Mr. Johnson Ames. It was made out in the name of Mr. Jerome K. Colson. He went down into the vault and opened the envelope. There were the bonds—Clover Hill City sixes—and there was Number One Hundred and Forty-six with the February coupon missing. With a troubled shake of his head Mr. Tidd went back upstairs and wrote an answer explaining the situation. He mailed it special delivery.

Late the next afternoon Mr. Tidd startled the office by receiving a telegram. The telegram announced the arrival of the city clerk by an early morning train to investigate what was probably a mistake in numbering. With acute grief Mr. Tidd realized that his further inefficiency was bound to come out; that after fifteen years of faithful service he would probably be kicked out in the street—a pauper.

To his mind a confession to Banks was useless—Colson was the only one who would help. With red eyes he thought of the only way out. He would have to throw himself again on Colson's mercy. He—he—she was right—after all he was nothing but a ——

He stumbled to the cloak room and took down the faded raincoat and the cloth fedora.

"I have to go out for a minute," he told the stenographer.

He had to wait longer in the anteroom of the great man this time, and when he was admitted his troubled eyes saw no kindness in the face of Mr. Colson.

"Well, Tidd?" he asked shortly.

"It's the coupon," began Mr. Tidd slowly. "I lost it."

"You lost it!" With a cry like an angry bull Mr. Jerome K. Colson shook his clenched fist in the face of the shrinking loan clerk. "You old fool! Do you think I am going to stand having my coupons laying about the street for any fool to—to—I'll fix you right now!"

With an angry lunge he grabbed the telephone.

"Get me Mr. Banks at the National!" he shouted.

Trembling like an autumn leaf, Mr. Tidd held out his arms in mute appeal.

"Please don't have me discharged!" he cried. "I didn't take the coupon! You won't lose anything by it! I wrote to the clerk of Clover Hill City and he said ——"

"What did he say?"

The face of the broker had grown suddenly white.

"He said you could get the interest just the same—only—only ——"

"Only what?" whispered Colson.

"There was some mistake in the numbers. The clerk says that Number One-forty-six is owned in Clover City—so he is coming here to make an investigation."

"An investigation!"

It was a gasp, but to Mr. Tidd, merged in the details of trying to save his job, the gasp and the clutching fingers passed unnoticed.

"Yes," he said, "he'll be here to-morrow morning."

Jerome K. Colson stood on his feet teetering to and fro like a drunken man.

"The clerk thinks it's a case of duplication," continued Mr. Tidd innocently. "An' when they go over all the bonds the mistake will be found. But—but what's the matter, Mr. Colson?"

"No—nothing." He reeled toward a door behind the desk. "Will you excuse me for a moment—Mr. Tidd?"

In amazement the befuddled Mr. Tidd watched the figure of the banker through the door and watched it close.

A moment later the room was filled with a deafening report. Clerks ran in; girls screamed and to Mr. Tidd it seemed as if the end of the world had come. In the midst

of it all the telephone on the desk jangled. Dazed, Mr. Tidd removed the receiver and said "Hello."

"This is Banks, Mr. Colson. You were calling me?"

"This is Tidd," a hoarse voice whispered back. "Mr. Colson just killed himself!"

v

CHAPTER FIVE is the kind of chapter that every scribbler of fiction loves to write. It is filled with satisfaction and "I told you so's," and also because it is the last. There are many ways to write it, but none is quite so succinct as the account in the Morning Telegram. For that reason we give it verbatim, but much of the glory is lost because the picture of the suicide, the scene of the suicide and the hero of it all can only be imagined:

BANKER CAUGHT IN SWINDLE KILLS HIMSELF IN OFFICE

Jerome K. Colson, head of the brokerage house of Colson and Company, shot and killed himself late yesterday afternoon when confronted by Mr. Calphus Tidd of the loan department of the Bigburg National Bank.

Investigation this morning by officials of the bank showed that Colson, who purchased the entire issue of many bonds, stipulated in buying the issue that he would have them printed himself, giving as a reason that he was interested in a printing company that specialized in this work. He then had two issues printed bearing the same numbers—in the case of the Clover Hill City bonds, from one to five hundred. He then sold the original issue on the market and after a short time used the other issue as collateral at various banks.

MONEY USED TO SPECULATE

According to reliable information, Mr. Colson had been speculating in the copper market for years—but always supposedly on the winning side. Present revelations show this, however, to be erroneous.

SAY LOSS WILL RUN INTO MILLIONS

Reliable information is that Colson has borrowed more than a million dollars on spurious security.

Colson has moved in the best society and was commonly believed to be a rich and successful broker. He was a member of all the prominent clubs and was a director of four local banks.

BANK CLERK HERO

The man to whom goes the vast credit of unraveling the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on local banks is Mr. Calphus Tidd, an old employee of the Bigburg National, whose investigation led to the fact that there were duplicate bonds. Mr. Tidd's investigation undoubtedly has saved many millions to the local banks, as Colson never used the interest coupons from the bogus bonds but burned them after they were clipped.

Colson began as a clerk in the loan department in this bank and it was undoubtedly here that he worked out the plan to fleece his erstwhile employers.

A detailed account of the events leading to the discovery of the bogus bonds could not be obtained because of the absence of Mr. Tidd, who it was reported was entirely too busy to be interviewed. More details will be announced in later editions.

And Mr. Tidd was entirely too busy to be seen, for ever since the scurry over the death—and the arrival of Banks—he had been hugging to his breast the greatest idea ever conceived by man. Banks had kept him downtown at the best hotel in an effort to keep the bank from any unpleasant notoriety.

The next morning when the books of the city clerk were compared with the collateral at several banks and Mr. Tidd and others knew the biggest part of the truth it had come to him full grown.

At last he could go home and answer Mrs. Tidd! All through the excitement and hurry of the day he had thought about it. Little details crept into his mind a him whistle gleefully. He could keep his feet from running all home. He felt that beneath his fe was nothing but air—and more air

He opened the hall door and crep up the stairs; he opened the outs and tiptoed across the room. T was filled with the appetizing s frying pork. At a tiny range th figure of Mrs. Tidd was busy turni

"Don't!" he shouted with de faction. "Don't turn the knife wound! Don't tell me that I mig been the wife—of a thief!"

For fifteen years he had waited satisfaction of saying a thing li Smiling, he awaited the discomfitu better half.

Mrs. Tidd turned and slowly s her husband.

"So," she said calmly, "you thin smart, don't you? But I knew it time—why did you suppose I didn' him?"

Mr. Tidd's mouth sagged as he into the bedroom. There in the si voiced the wonder of it all in a whisper:

"Crickets, but ain't it wonde way a woman can read a man?"

Then he reached under the lou dragged out a dusty package.

WORLD TRADE AND OUR SHIPS

(Continued from Page 12)

that tens of thousands of rivets were slovenly driven; that in instance after instance wooden pegs were slipped in in place of the rivets, in the hope that no one would see. The wooden ships—the revival of the well-famed handicraft of those same grandfathers—were no more like the carefully fabricated clippers of yesteryear, when each piece of timber and each workman was hand picked, than the hastily made paper-soled cheap shoe of to-day is to be compared with the bench-made article of genuine leather. Built hurriedly, in many cases of the greenest of timber, they sometimes had to be calked a second time before they could be launched.

Nor was all this failure to be charged entirely to labor or raw material. A great shipyard organized with some real degree of efficiency found that all its haste in putting its fabricated steel ships over into the water came to naught when they were held in a long line at its outfitting wharf awaiting their turbine gears. And when some of these came they were so poorly executed as to be useless, so that a vital part of the fitting job had to be done over again.

I have set these things down at the very beginning because there is no desire on the part of any of the many men whom I have met in the offices of the United States Shipping Board to have them hidden. These men have been fully cognizant of all of them; they knew almost in the very hours in which they were being put through, but were forced to keep silence because to have done otherwise would have caused further great delays in a work which already was far too much delayed, and even a poorly wrought ship, brought for the time being to a point of safety, would be able to complete at least two or three round trips to Europe and was better than no ship at all. With the very fate of the war hanging upon the question of the food and men and war supplies across the Atlantic we could not be meticulous about the quality of our ships. Any old ark that could be fairly trusted to negotiate the voyage in a fair degree of safety was a prize and did its full part toward hastening the ending of the war.

With that thing actually accomplished the situation changed quickly—almost overnight. The shipping board abrogated many of its contracts; particularly for the smaller craft both of wood and of steel. Others of this last type were sold, many of them to foreign buyers. In a single $80,000,000 transaction a hundred small steel steamships, practically all of them built in the yards along the Great Lakes, were sold, and nearly as many more small ships, both steel and wood, have been disposed of in smaller lots. But our Uncle Sam is taking very good care not to sell many of his ships of more than 6000 tons burden; absolutely none whatsoever to foreign purchasers. He does not propose to be caught in another war without transport facilities. It would be folly and worse to have built a great armada of merchant ships under stress and strain such as the larger part of our new ships were built under, and then permit them to slip out of our hands into those of potential enemies or even none too friendly neutrals.

What is to be the policy as to the future of our ships?

I think that I have just answered that question—in the main at least. Presently we shall consider it in detail. Before we come to this let us take up, for a paragraph or two, the question which we have just seen—the insistent question that creeps up now and then and again, here and there and everywhere these days:

"Where are those ships that were to come dropping off the launchways each calendar day?"

Some of them—not many, to be sure—were in service before the great day of the signing of the armistice. By that time there were already more than 1300 vessels, large and small, in the hastily resuscitated merchant marine of the United States. Since then the total has grown steadily, despite the selling of the smaller craft, the abrogation of contracts and the very sensible determination of the shipping board to substitute a merchant fleet of a little more than 2300 vessels—but ships of individual efficiency and worth—totaling some 13,600,000 tons dead weight—9,000,000 tons gross—for its original scheme of 3000 ships, of every conceivable type and variety and totaling approximately 16,000,000 tons dead weight.

Mr. Rosseter's Plans

Between the time of the driving of the first rivet in this new American armada—away back in the late summer of 1917—and the time that this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST comes to your eye more than 1500 ships of the United States merchant marine have been launched; which is considerably more than one a day. It is difficult to state the total exactly, it changes so rapidly and so constantly. But it should be enough to state that to-day nearly four ships a day—some thirty a week—are being put into the hands of Mr. John H. Rosseter, director of operations of the shipping board, for immediate use. We have become quite easily the second maritime power in the world, with a total registered tonnage at the present moment of 11,933,000 gross, as compared with Great Britain's 16,345,000 gross tons. And remember if you will it is quite possible that, if our shipping board had stuck by its original program of sixteen million tons of new construction, in a year or two more we might have equaled England's merchant marine, if not actually have passed it in size, which really would have amounted to nothing except bombastic pride and a probable bitter demonstration of the operating difference between a slowly and carefully constructed British ship and a hastily and poorly constructed American one. For, when all is said and done, the average Britisher is from the very center of Missouri when one talks of the excellence of our ships matching the excellence of his; which shows that the shipping board was considerably more than ordinarily wise when it began rejecting mere quantity and demanding more quality.

Given the ships—good ships if you please, good in design and good in construction—the next problem that faces our Uncle Samuel is the all-important one of their operation. That problem he has now been facing—and solving—for some months past. It is a job which from the beginning has been delegated to an experienced man. We have had amateur transportationists in other branches of our great war problem; far too many of them if you please. A man like John H. Rosseter is far removed from the amateur class. As vice president and operating head of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company he has had plenty of hard-headed experience. He has been in the shipping game for thirty-one years and has learned it from the bottom up. There is little about a steamship or its operation that he does not know.

One would scarcely expect a man of Rosseter's experience and hard-headed business sense to advocate a direct government operation of the ships; not in the bureaucratic sense, for instance, in which our post office is operated. Yet no one realizes better than he must and does realize the absolute necessity of our Uncle Samuel's keeping a direct hand upon his ships. Practical and efficient as it might seem to be in these times of peace to intrust their operation to companies of friendly aliens—companies skilled by long experience in the handling of ships—our recent war experience—when we were caught almost without water transport facilities for our Army—should tell us quickly of the potential danger of such a course. The question of registry or of the vessel flying our flag is not even in the consideration. No American with the least bit of red blood in his veins would for a single instant even consider the withdrawal of these symbols of our new power.

There are plenty of foreign owned and directed companies that would quickly concede these two points, however. Many of them would consider the retention of American registry and the flying of the Stars and Stripes very good advertising for the rich American traffic. There is, moreover, plenty of capable and experienced foreign capital that would be glad to organize American lines—American in name and in incorporation and with a fair proportion of bona-fide American citizens upon their directorates and stockholders' lists.

Yet none of these lines need apply to our shipping board. It is looking for private ship operators and needs them very soon; for not only are the completed cargo craft coming from the shipyards at the rate of thirty a week, but the Army and th are beginning to turn over to it the eight German passenger steamers—total tonnage of 370,126 gross to terned here at the beginning of the seized for our transport necessities as we were entered upon the conflict passenger ships—their total tonnag tering a little more than half the German and Austrian cargo and pa ships so seized—range in size from t Wyandotte, formerly the Willehad, tons, up to the great Leviathan, Vaterland, with her huge displacer 54,282 gross tons; in passenger-c capacity from the Black Arrow, o Rhaetia, with accommodations f passengers, up to that same Lev with her accommodations for 3958 gers of all classes and description Leviathan of course carried much m ship's company while in our tr service. Her full complement consi 11,600 enlisted men and 1000 offi addition to her own officers and some 2000 in all. And even this gre was upon one or two occasions consi exceeded.

Consider the Leviathan

If we had no other merchant whatsoever the bequest—if one c term it such—of some 687,000 t German and Austrian shipping—in in this figure of course the exclusively ships of our former enemies—would to scratching our wits how to make use of them. They are no mean Start at the very top of the list an sider the Leviathan. She is the g ship in all the world; so very great that even her very builders wond they had not erred in attempting h struction. For it did seem at the ou if she were to be as great a maritin appointment as that other whale, the Eastern of half a century ago. Buil speed of twenty-four knots an ho barely made seventeen in the five trips she made before the first decla of war overseas and the sincere t which her Hamburg owners paid prowess of the British Navy by int her in the stout shelter of her Ho pier.

Little secret was made of the fact t ever she had finished that third roun from Hamburg she was to have gone into dry dock in her home city for cor reconstruction and repairs; in fact, July day of 1917 that our Navy w sured of its legal rights to take ov German ships which had been interne idle in our waters for nearly three and had taken physical possession Hoboken piers as well as the ships fast to them, the Navy Department neers found many hundreds of feet o per piping lying, disconnected and us

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ld of the Vaterland. A little veloped the fact that this piping had served as a heating system ler water. So inadequate had it this purpose however that the neer on the first trip across to a high dudgeon had ordered the traption ripped out.

is same chief engineer who, while ng taken across New York Har- lis Island for internment, was he high officer of the American rvice if he would make a state- what he had done to wreck the the Vaterland. He was told that ness would not only not harm ould prejudice future events in

hose engines?" he laughed. "I e to. They were ruined before tarted on her first trip out of " And a moment later he will take off my hat to the gineer that can ever make that decent work."

at the chief of the former Vater- od on Ellis Island that he could viathan—his old ship—sail down a bare six weeks later. I hope ok off his hat to her. For a ief—a mere slip of a boy, he as driving her, with a steady at she had never known before; se with the same engines. With ion of the replacement of two y-eight boilers, which had been her deliberately or accidentally, ng, and the substitution of an goodness heating system for the e, she had the same engines that n had so confidently predicted er turn her screws again. She hat trial trip to Guantánamo, back; making her way down ugh until her new Yankee crew aint themselves with her whims silities, but returning for long and under forced draft at ee and three-quarters knots an h was something like the figure ilders originally had promised.

enes for American Ships

ii not do the twenty-three and ers in transport service. That represented a coal extravagance digencies of the situation hardly e But she did her twenty and knots with exquisite regularity, claimed herself the dandiest trans- hat any nation ever had known. es out of transport service once n her old dock at Hoboken being he passenger service for which ginally designed. It was thought that her original fittings would l to her when she again sought traffic. For one thing the ware- hich they were stored burned l progress of the war, and for ey do not represent the type of t is to distinguish even the finest American passenger ships. The teness, the elaborate carvings, kair-stopping and dust-collecting al brocades which are so dear to f the German interior decorator l place in the canons of our own We incline more to the sim- the cleanliness of the English, te of the lightness and the deli- ch of the Gallic mind. And so ion of the cabins of the Levia- ll our other passenger-carrying e light and simple and clean. It ggested that in the case of the the panels of the great cabins erly bore the pictures of strange seas, visions of the Rhine or the wing between terraced and vine- s, be replaced by murals of our ica—the color of the Grand e Washington capitol, the sky w York, the vision of Mount e gentle charm of a New Eng- , Niagara Falls, and other sub- r to these.

hat the suggestion is accepted. othing that will give a traveler, Europe-worn, quite the thrill uld gain at stepping on his home- erican ship at Southampton or or Hamburg—American in every rship, crew, operation—in see- eat scenes of his homeland once hing, unless it is the presence ill of fare of Yankee things to ll recall the day in May when I clambered up on the deck of the Holland steamship Rotterdam in the harbor of Plymouth, England, and finding my way to the breakfast tables in her commodious dining room found them high-laden with great steaming piles of New England wheat cakes and plenty of yellow butter and maple sirup to make them slip down easily. It was a moment of consummate joy.

The outer appearance of these new Yankee liners of ours is to be in full keeping with their interior. The selection of a standard color for so great a fleet was no slight task. Black was the first thought. But no matter how appropriate black may be for ships upon the North Atlantic it has been shown under actual test to raise the temperature of a vessel in tropic seas a full seven degrees. White is too dazzling. Green was considered for a time by the shipping board but was rejected when it was found in use by a privately owned corporation upon the Pacific. A blue-gray color finally was chosen, with smokestacks of buff or gray, surmounted by a double ring of red, white and blue stripes set diagonally upon the stacks—surely a mark of distinction to be seen easily a long way off.

So much for the moment for the mere appearance of these new American passenger liners. Now let us come again closer to the meat of the coconut—the method of their operation. As I have already hinted this is to be accomplished by placing their exact operation in the hands of American steamship companies—100 per cent American, if you please, 100 per cent in ownership and in direction. These companies—it is hardly remotely possible even that any one company would care to undertake carrying conditions so varied as those which must be undertaken by our new merchant marine as a whole—will not buy or even lease the ships outright, but will operate them as agents for our Uncle Sam, probably at a fee of about two and a quarter per cent on the total gross, which in turn will become itself one of the operating costs, along with fuel, pay roll, repairs, wharfage, supplies, and the like. The expenses of solicitation as well as those of the overhead of the operating company will have to come out of its fee.

Here then is an experiment in government ownership, interesting in itself, whether it were to be applied to ships or railroads or the post office. It keeps transportation just a peg outside of bureaucratic inefficiency. It properly makes our Uncle Samuel personally responsible for any large additions in costs which his wage commissions or his groups of busy reformers may develop from time to time, and yet gives him the benefit of the little practical kinks of private business; the selection and rejection of personnel as well as holding it, between times, to the full appreciation of its job, the skill and force and pep of competitive solicitation, the sharpness of marketing—these things our Uncle Sam gains with his very ingenious way of avoiding the pitfalls of actual government operation and still having for himself at a moment's notice his ships when he needs them, which after all is the chief reason for his building and maintaining them. It is interesting work, commercial pioneering, this exploring and laying out new trade routes in every direction across the globe; it is work pregnant with possibilities, but great as these may be they still must remain second to the necessities of our national defense.

The Tourist Rush in 1920

As for the operating company, it gains great experience, with a possible very valuable residue of by-product work, without one cent of risk. If the ships make money Uncle Sam will absorb the profits and count himself mighty lucky indeed. If the ships lose money—which is far more likely at the outset anyway—he will have to make good on the deficit and charge it off to the necessities of national defense. But the operating company will have little cause to worry. And a two and a quarter per cent fee on even a fairly good-sized volume of traffic ought to come to a pretty penny or two.

The statutes under which the shipping board operates already permit it to establish and maintain routes in any direction or to any ports that are not already adequately served by American lines, which in practice permits it to go in several directions.

The most interesting direction to the average American—particularly in this rapidly oncoming year of grace 1920—is toward Europe. There is a little sector in Northern France and in Belgium which in the past five years has become the best-advertised corner of the world; and, in some senses, the least visited. Now the bars are down and both France and Belgium are beseeching Americans to come and see the terrible devastation that the Huns wrought upon them, with a passing thought perhaps that a goodly visitation of American tourist dollars may help their wavering exchanges. In any event I am afraid that it is going to be a hard year for the see-America-first movement. The traffic barometers point toward a tourist movement from the United States into Europe this coming summer that will reach high in excess of even the great peak-load years immediately preceding 1914. The old-line transatlantic companies, despite the great losses that each of them suffered through the war, are making heroic preparations already to meet the superdemands that are going to be placed upon them by midsummer.

Therefore the shipping board is already planning to take three of the larger and swifter of the commandeered German ships—the Leviathan, with her passenger capacity of 3958 persons; the Agamemnon, carrying 2419; and the superbly equipped Mount Vernon, with her accommodations for but 1871 people but almost all of them first-class passengers—in a weekly service between New York and Southampton and Cherbourg. For a similar service between New York and Hamburg or Antwerp, though possibly at a slightly wider interval, the Von Steuben, the George Washington and the America—slightly slower ships but with a great package freight as well as passenger capacity—have been chosen tentatively. And because there is a definite demand for it Mr. Rosseter has promised Queenstown that it may again become a regular port of call, either on the line of the Hamburg boats or of a projected line to the Baltic ports.

With the great ports of Northern Europe reached with service by our own boats those of Southern Europe must come in for proper consideration. A little later there will follow one or several lines to the Mediterranean, to the coast cities of France and Italy and Greece and Turkey and Rumania, with Northern Africa as a further possibility. A line may be established to Spain, and another to the rapidly developing west coast of Africa.

The Corbin Plan Revived

Yet to the average American exporter at the present moment no territory is quite so fascinating as South America. It is well enough, he may argue, that upon the Rosseterian desk the charts may show preferred lines to the Philippines; China, Japan and Siberia in the one direction and the Straits and India and Australia in the other, with even Cape Town as a far more remote possibility. What he really wants to see is far more and bigger ships plying between New York and Baltimore and New Orleans and our other Yankee ports and those of Central and South America. Those ports are not out of Mr. Rosseter's mind for one moment. As vice president of the house of W. R. Grace & Co., he has personally known and studied each of them. And his definite schemes for the operation of our American ships contemplate services from our larger ports of the North Atlantic weekly—semiweekly if necessary—to those of both the east and the west coasts of our southern neighbors.

To accomplish so worldwide and far-flung a scheme of maritime development will require even at the outset far more than the twenty-eight passenger ships which the fortunes of war took from the Germans and delivered into our hands. These are far from perfect ships. The most of them are good ships. Yet they are not the exact kind that we should have built if we had first undertaken the problem of their construction.

A little time ago word emanated from sources close to the then head of the shipping board that the United States was about to begin building at least two great one-thousand-foot quadruple-screw passenger lines that would make the transatlantic run in four days. In connection with these there was talk of the revival of the old scheme which Austin Corbin, the one-time president of the Long Island Railroad, inaugurated more than twenty years ago, for utilizing Fort Pond Bay, close to the extreme easterly end of Long Island, as a huge American passenger port, with direct fast rail connections with New York City, scarcely one hundred miles distant. It would be quite similar to Fishguard, in Wales. That was a pretty scheme—that Montauk Point terminal—but an entirely unnecessary one. Granted that several hours could be saved by turning a fast steamer into Fort Pond Bay and there quickly reloading her passengers, mail and baggage into waiting express trains, over the present rather tedious voyage along the South Shore of Long Island and directly into New York Harbor; the question still remains, if this were worth while why not put these superswift ships into some harbor still farther east, such as Boston or Portland, and save still more time, to say nothing of the expense of constructing brand-new high-speed rail lines to it?

The shrewd shipping men in and round New York laughed when they heard of the one-thousand-foot ships and the revival of the ancient Corbin plan. I think that I can explain why they laughed at the ships. On the vessel which carried me across the Atlantic early in the present year the hard-headed master endeavored to give me some practical ideas of ship economy.

Slow Boats and Big Earnings

"Here we are with this ship," said he, "24,000 tons burden and well-constructed, every inch of her from stem to stern, burning some 350 tons of coal a day and employing some 600 people. Take that magnificent flyer, the S——, of the fine X—— line. She does New York to Liverpool in five days—we take eight or nine sometimes—but she takes more than twice our number of people to operate her and three times the amount of coal. Yet with all her 40,000 tons she carries no more passengers and not quite so much package freight. The X—— line has hard work to pay a two and a half per cent dividend a year. We are paying ten per cent to our stockholders and keeping it up. I think that is the answer. I think that is the reason why our own big new liner, which was commandeered by the British Government when she was awaiting completion in a Belfast yard and sunk by a mine on her fourth trip out from New York, will never be duplicated. Our line is going to build two replicas of this ship. They've good sense, my bosses."

I too think that is the answer. And because of that feeling I have a due sense of gratitude that the new passenger and cargo ships which are actually being built by our shipping board are not whales, but of a size and construction that give them great flexibility and opportunity of service. There are twenty-six of these new craft now under contract and construction—each of them of approximately 16,000 tons gross. Nineteen of these new vessels are 535 feet long and able to maintain seventeen knots an hour. The seven others are slower—about fourteen knots is the best that they will do—but in exchange for speed they give a longer cruising radius: 15,000 miles without a refilling of their bunkers, as against 9500 miles on the part of the faster ships. These last will be designed to carry about 250 first-class passengers, the slower ships only eighty-five.

Yet even these slower, smaller ships have their uses, and very definite uses too. You could not send the Carmania up a narrow twisting river of Siam or of South America; or even the smaller ships such as the old St. Louis or the St. Paul. The Leviathan can never ascend the Schelde to the wharves of Antwerp. Yet there is valuable traffic, and much of it, awaiting American ships in the river landings of far-distant lands and upon the quays of the great Belgian port of Central Europe.

Beyond all these factors too is the underlying one of cost. Because of their labor and fuel conditions the construction prices in British yards already have begun to creep closely alongside those of our own yards. As late as last May Sir Joseph Maclay, the Comptroller of British Shipping, told me that the yards along the Clyde could turn out steel cargo vessels profitably at £24 per ton as against £29 along our Delaware. But that was last May. In the time that has intervened the disparity has decreased. We are now much closer and—this is important to remember—making a much better grade of ships than ever before we have made.

But the fact remains—and remains indisputably—that ship costs have risen tremendously in the past four or five years;

have doubled and nearly tripled. A great supership, like the superb Aquitania, of the Cunard Line, for instance, could not be duplicated to-day for less than $15,000,000. And though the keen-witted British shipping sharps are keenly alive to the possibilities of folks paying de-luxe prices to ride on de-luxe ships, they see nothing in the business with fifteen-million-dollar ships. I think that I can set it down as a fairly safe prophecy that there will be none of these rather extravagant craft built for a number of years to come—on either side of the Atlantic.

In fact, just as the mainstay of the successful railroad is not its showy, high-speed Pullman trains but its grimy and substantial freights, so it is that the mainstay of our oncoming merchant marine is and must remain the cargo ship. The fifty-four new and commandeered passenger ships which the United States Shipping Board has now in definite sight will aggregate only a little more than 750,000 tons gross. The exclusively cargo ships will outnumber these far more than forty to one in number and nearly twenty to one in tonnage.

For these last ships as well as the first traffic must be found—in great and increasing volume, which in turn means solicitation upon a huge scale. Mr. Rosseter's plans for this are definite and comprehensive. In brief, he proposes to utilize the entire widespread organization of our national railroads to gain business for his ships, and he believes that this may easily be accomplished, whether these land carriers remain in the hands of the Federal Government or not.

"Every inland railroad agent in the United States should be a fully constituted agent of its merchant marine," he argues. "In that way and only in that way can these ships be of fullest utility to the American manufacturers and exporters. Suppose, for instance, a tire manufacturer out at Akron, Ohio, wants to send six cases of inner tubes out to-day—two cases, let us say, to Durban, two to Hong-Kong and two to Manila. About the best that he can do under present circumstances is to forward these by rail to a broker in New York and then to trust to the broker's judgment and experience. In the course of time and with ordinary good luck he will be advised of the shipment of the six cases and the name and line of the boat or boats upon which they were exported.

"Now suppose, however, that the railroad agent in Akron had not only the definite sailings and schedules for every United States Shipping Board craft bound from our various coast ports to every corner of the far seas but the through tariffs and the waybills as well. Instead of the maker of tires being more or less at sea in regard to—as a single instance—his cases for Durban, he would be advised by his home-town railroad agency that they would go out of New York on the steamship Algonquin, sailing on the seventh of the following month, and that the rate would be precisely so many dollars and so many cents. Before he left the office he would hold in his hand the through waybill from Akron to Durban, which could be presented at his bank as a preliminary to the drawing of a sight draft upon his customer."

The Wail of the Croakers

The idea seems simplicity itself, most workable at every turn; in fact, so simple and so very practical is it that one must regard it, good as it is, as one of the least of the many operating problems that to-day confront our shipping board. It is in degree in fact even less pressing than the question of personnel for our ships, of finding at the outset seventy thousand men—one-fifth of them officers—for their decks and engine rooms, and each average year some twenty thousand more for the proper renewals of the force.

Those same croakers who said that we could not build good ships in this country and who laughed openly at some of our first pathetic failures under the stress of a great emergency also said that the American boy in this day and generation could not be induced to take to the sea as a profession. They did little credit to the romance and to the idealism of our youth. Richard Henry Dana has hardly ceased to be a best seller. And the enlightened legislation which that great chief of the ordinary seaman, Andrew Furuseth, of San Francisco, has brought about to protect the living conditions as well as the pay envelope of the man upon decks as well as below has been another potent factor. Our new American merchant ships of every type have living quarters for their crews such as hardly would have been available for first-class passengers half a century ago. So do we progress.

And so, too, we shall fill the ranks of our human merchant marine. The great emergency recruiting structure which was built up to a genuine efficiency in our short months of actual warfare is functioning very well indeed as against our peace needs. The boys are coming in in goodly numbers. As the sea called to American boys in the days of our supremacy in sailing ships, so is it calling again to-day. And it is not unheeded.

The supreme, the predominant problem of our merchant marine is, however, as I intimated at the very beginning of this article, that of proper fueling facilities. You will recall that we saw how the foreign policy of Great Britain had been so carefully wrought upon her necessity of keeping coaling stations for her ships the world over at intervals of four thousand miles or less. And because at the beginning no other nation had possessed the vision and the commercial foresight of England no other nation apparently might ever hope even to rival her merchant armadas, for in many sections of the globe she seemingly had preëmpted the only available sites for coaling stations. The other nations were too late.

And so were we too late—for coaling stations. If coal were the only available fuel for our new ships we should find ourselves to-day in a very great impasse. For though England ordinarily is gentle and generous in opening her coaling stations to the uses of the ships of alien flags she reserves for herself—and quite rightly—the privilege of closing them to strange ships should the emergency rise. In fact, at this very moment she is exercising that privilege by shutting off her coaling stations in the North and South Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic to all except British ships. The momentary great shortage of coal overseas is her excuse for this drastic step. It is a most legitimate excuse, but the fact remains that the ships of all neutral nations—save ours—are put at a tremendous disadvantage.

Independence of Coal

It is hard to write of our ships and their future and leave England out of the reckoning. Her influence over all the sea lanes of the world in the past is almost incomprehensible for a layman to understand. It has been said, and truly, that because of her control of two marine factors alone—registration and insurance—she was in practice actually able to say when an American ship should or should not leave one American port for another—New York for Manila or Manila for San Francisco. That in the past she wielded this power judiciously and even generously is not the point. The point is that she held the power and that if it had suited her necessities she would not have hesitated to wield it, even though it might have been death to our own maritime success.

Now at last, and through a combination of circumstances not to be regarded, we are free. The pathways of all the seas are as open to our ships as to those of the Cross of St. George. England may have her coaling stations and hold them to her own exclusive use if she chooses. We no longer are dependent upon them, for our ships are ceasing to be coal-burning ships. Instead of the cumbersome machinery and the great human forces of the stokehole have come tanks and pipes, until with the very twist of the hand, the opening of a cock, a boiler may be fired and fed. Our merchant ships, like those of our Navy, are going to burn oil.

Let me repeat this statement and then add a little to it. Oil as a ship fuel has freed us of the quiet sea domination of our cousins overseas. Not that we should bear them any grudge whatsoever in the matter. On the contrary we should perhaps be thankful that Britain with supreme power in her fingers never used it against us. More too—we should be fair and generous enough ourselves to realize that the commercial interests of the two great English-speaking confederations lie more together than apart. Their political interests are even more in common. And so, having gained our marine independence—apparently for all time—we can well afford to coöperate. Such coöperation, indulged in to a reasonable degree, is, moreover, decidedly to our own commercial advantage. We can be competitors—good competitors, strong competitors—and still not forfeit the right of friendly coöperation.

I have shown you how the bunkering plans for a world-flung armada of peace and war necessitated coaling stations at intervals of not more than four thousand miles. Now let me show how with oil as a marine fuel these can be spread ten thousand miles apart and still enable the merchant ships and the fighting navy of a nation to cover the entire globe—all of its practicable ports—and still compete at great advantage over the best coal-burning merchant fleet in the world.

Here is the new bunkerage map of our shipping board. It wastes neither time nor space upon the fuel facilities of the home ports in the United States because they are so universal. But it does show the stations that are available well away from the home land. We should of course find such a station at the Canal Zone, and at it the indicated distances for through sailings—Colon to New York, 1974 miles; to Newport News, 1776 miles; to Savannah, 1607 miles; to Galveston, 1500 miles; to New Orleans, 1403 miles; in the other direction—Colon to San Francisco, 3290 miles; to Valparaiso, 2661 miles; to Honolulu, 4727 miles. It is in turn 4767 miles from Honolulu to Manila, so that a steamer sailing from the Panama Canal to the Philippines, with bunker capacity in excess of 10,000 miles, would not be forced to stop at Honolulu for refueling, though as a matter of actual practice she probably would want to do so. The journey from either Seattle or San Francisco to Honolulu is of course far less, 2409 miles in the one instance and 2091 miles in the other, so that with a vessel of the larger class the necessity of refueling in the Hawaiian Islands becomes even less, even though she be bound straight through to the Philippines. If, as is the more general practice, she first touched at Japan the problem becomes still easier. Yokohama is 1373 miles nearer Honolulu than is Manila.

It begins to look as if, after twenty-one years of existence as a continued question mark in our national policy, the Philippines at last were to justify their real worth to us. As a strategic point in the operation of an international merchant marine Manila is quite the equal of Hong-Kong, and then somewhat better. Its harbor is not as fog-infested. It is comparatively free from the devastating typhoons that sweep the China Sea at so many seasons of the year. Moreover, under the direction of the shipping board the oil-fueling arrangements at Manila have been made to include not only its own specially reserved piers but by pipe line every other pier in the entire harbor side. No other port in the Far East is so equipped, few others in the entire wide world.

The Bizerta Station

Now to begin to see the fullness of the scheme, begin slowly to swing your library globe. New York to Manila. What an easy voyage it is—under oil. Fuel at the Colon terminal of the canal; fuel again—if you need it—in the lovely harbor of Honolulu; now you are clear and set and bunkerful all the way to that Yankee port of ours among the Philippines. But—suppose you should have set your heart on not changing the main course of your ship and want to come back the other way—the Indian Ocean, up the Red Sea, through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, Gibraltar ——

"Easy enough," interrupts the skipper who wears the natty uniform of the U. S. S. B. "We will fill our tanks chockfull here and refill them at Bizerta. It's only 7615 miles to Bizerta, which gives us bunker room and much to spare. And at Bizerta ——"

Bizerta?

That name has a strangely unfamiliar sound. Back again to your globe or to your Mercator's map. Somehow it is elusive. Your finger does not fall upon it quickly. The skipper comes to your aid.

"In the Mediterranean," he guides you. "It's a tiny island, right off the shore of Northern Africa, opposite the jutting cape of Tunis. There it is, old boy, the newest little corner of the U. S. A., and just where old Stephen Decatur used to sail the Black Coast and yell into its stupid face: 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!'"

There it is indeed, a tiny concess
the French Government to us, bu
mensely valuable one, for Bizerta
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The Advantages of Oi

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government-operated board, seeki
frankly to emulate the successful
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north again.

This is almost literal. With coal-
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can keep the fine coal dust from
down into his rugs and curtains ar
The job may and generally does t
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With an oil-burning ship of e
largest size refueling hardly eve
more than six hours. Granted th
may be a slight odor from the oil its
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plish the entire job. It has been es
that to refuel a ship like the Leviath
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Here we are, then, squarely bro
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radius of a ship without refueling;
vast economy which it works in th
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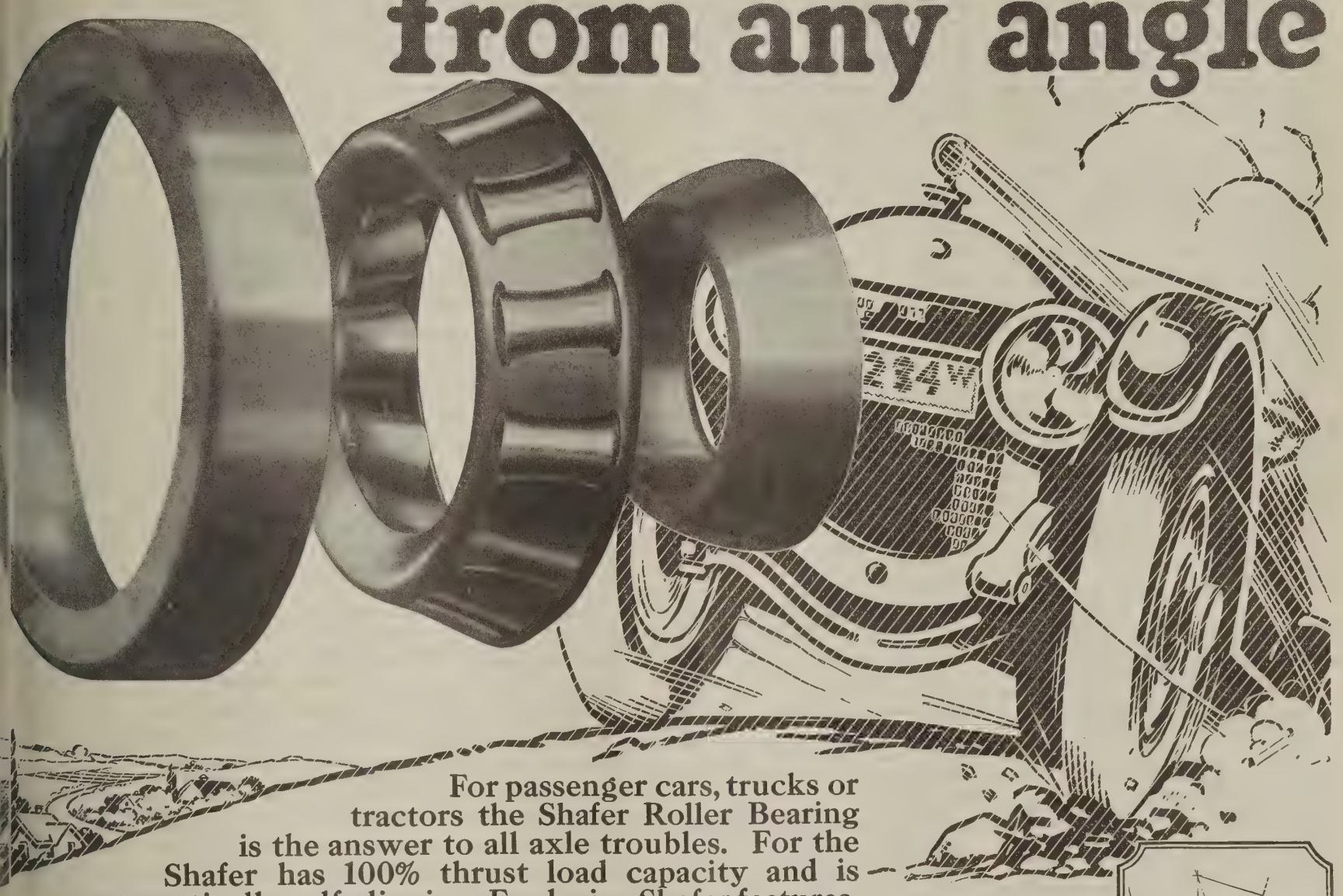
100% Load Capacity from any angle



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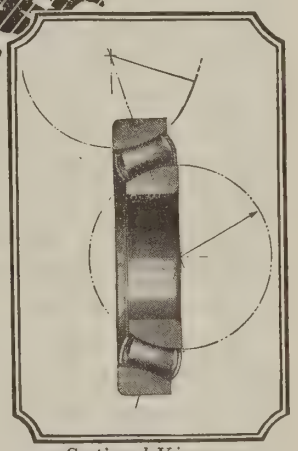
HE side-swipe of a stone in the road, the wrench of a ut or car track, the angular thump where one wheel goes into a hole, the powerful grinding pressure of a rurn, all force upon the axle bearings of your car a strain vhich no ordinary bearing offers lasting resistance.

af Roller Bearings are scientifically built for just such ais. The concave rollers placed at a 20 degree angle against nvex surface of outer race and inner cone, take this oc, regardless of from what direction it comes, upon the full gı of contact surfaces. No cracked, crumbled or chipped rollers, balls, cups or cones, but, instead, perfect performance under any and all conditions of road, load or driving.

Shafer Roller Bearings are automatically self-aligning. The inner race or cone with its sphere section contour fits into concave nest of rollers perfectly. (See sectional drawing.) As they rest in equal contact upon the convexed inner surface of the outer race, the inner cone adapts itself to every deflection. *It cannot be mis-aligned.* It always functions perfectly and is the preferred equipment for all well appointed motor vehicles. ***Write for literature.***



Sectional View—
Note Concave Rollers

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Self Aligning
SHAFER Roller Bearing
100% Load Capacity From Any Angle

THE FIGHTING MACHINE

(Concluded from Page 23)

A few days after my return he was booked for his first semifinal; six rounds against Young Jeffries, a powerful welter who could hit like a middleweight and move with the speed of a bantam. The papers were predicting that Jeffries would show up the dude.

I think, though he would never admit it, that Pritchard underrated his man this time or that his easy victories over a lot of no-account aspirants had given him an exaggerated idea of the purely theoretical side of his avocation. At any rate I am certain that he came very near being knocked cold that night. Young Jeffries was versatile, had had a lot of ring experience, didn't in the least mind Pritchard's pecking away at his bony features, and kept whaling away with both arms, every wallop a potential K. O.

Despite Pritchard's uncanny judgment of distance, his coolness and accuracy, three or four chance clouts landed, and one of them at least partly dazed him. By good luck the round ended there, and Barnabas' clean living, together with a glass of water some friendly ringside sport threw into his face, put him all right for the final session.

Again it was by good luck that one of his piston lefts found and closed the right eye of Young Jeffries, deep in its bony socket like an anthropoid ape's. As he had scored at least ten times to Jeffries' once, and was himself unmarked, save for a redness about the body where the stronger man had roughed it in the clinches, the referee was obliged to raise Barnabas' arm, sorely against his wish, and to an accompaniment of groans and boos from the disgusted fans.

Since my friend's first patent was sold a few weeks after this, insuring him an ample income, to which he added steadily as long as he lived, his career ended with one more fight; and it is of this last match I must write a little more in detail.

His go with Jeffries had taught him the difference between a roustabout and a crafty ring general, and he was quick to profit by it. The purse of two hundred dollars had been a welcome one, and there was five hundred waiting for the winner of the forthcoming contest.

At this time he had no reason to suppose that he would have any other source of income than fighting; and he brought to his go with Butcher Martin every resource of science. The match was at catchweights; it was certain that he would be outweighed by at least ten or twelve pounds, and this would all be solid brawn. Martin had held the New England championship until he could no longer make the weight in his class, and was a hard nut for anyone to crack. He was noted for his ability to get the goat of his opponents.

There must have been four thousand paid admissions that night; and it is a safe bet that three thousand nine hundred of them prayed for the defeat of the Fighting Machine.

I have said that he never had employed a second. This was one reason why he was disliked. It was believed that he was too stingy to pay the few dollars customary; but as he told me he saw no reason for hiring a man to wave a dirty towel in his face between rounds and give him a lot of unsound advice.

To-night for the first time he brought with him an assistant, a little mild-looking chap named Pevey, who was doing exceptional work in physiology at Harvard. I went with them to the box stall of a dressing room, and there witnessed Pevey produce a hypodermic and give Barnabas a shot in the arm when he was clad in his ring tights.

"For heaven's sake, old man," I expostulated, "you're not doping yourself!"

Pritchard smiled faintly.

"It's only adrenaline," he said.

"Never heard of it!"

"You can learn all about it in any medical textbook dealing with the ductless glands. We don't know much about them yet, but we learn something every day. It has recently been discovered that fear produces certain physiological changes due to a stimulation of the adrenal gland. Briefly the process is as follows: The emotion of fear having caused the adrenal gland to excrete its peculiar principle, adrenaline, this produces increased blood pressure, a strong slow pulse, pallor—due to constricted blood vessels—and a great release of sugar from the liver. Thus terrified people often perform what we term prodigies of strength and agility, as do the insane or delirious. The released sugar and the increased blood pressure, together with the steady pulse, which give such tremendous energy, can be artificially produced, without the accompanying panic, by a dose of adrenaline, administered intravenally, subcutaneously or orally. The quickness of the reaction varies in the order given. I have received a subcutaneous injection, which will act a little later, or about the time I step into the ring."

"But—is there no reaction?"

"None save the normal fatigue that follows all violent effort. The effect is, however, brief, and Pevey here has some adrenaline pills in his pocket, which he will administer from time to time as needed during the fight."

The picture of the old-time second with his half lemon, his bucket, sponge and towel flashed across my mind.

"What else do you carry, Pevey?" I asked him.

"A cylinder of oxygen," he chirped. "It will counteract the beastly air he has to breathe. It works harmoniously with adrenaline. Tried them on myself. Felt just like a bally lamb; wanted to gambol, and all that sort of thing. I've got some strychnine too, in thirtieth-grain tablets; but these are only for emergency. And a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"Well," I allowed, "either you'll kill him or he will fight like ——"

The bell interrupted me, announcing the end of the semifinal. A rough fellow knocked on our door, poked his head in and growled, "You're next!"

"How are you feeling, old man?" I asked affectionately, helping Pritchard on with his bath robe, while little Pevey picked up his bottles, pill boxes and oxygen cylinder.

He looked tranquilly at me.

"Why, how should I feel? Very pleased to have five hundred dollars—of course!"

We passed down a corridor, then along a narrow runway banked on either side by sweltering devotees of the historic pastime, through the chairs of the reporters and privileged sports, shirt-sleeved and smoking, and Barnabas climbed up into his corner and sat down on the camp stool. Pevey seated himself fussily below, and I found a chair close by.

One of the methods employed by experienced fighters to get the goat of a novice is to keep him waiting in the ring. That he keeps the thousands of spectators also waiting matters not at all to him.

A beginner sitting alone in the brilliantly lighted square, the focus of observation and comment, wondering why the other man does not show up, is apt to let his imagination run away with him and get all wrought up. Many a fight has been lost thus.

It was evident, as five minutes, and ten, and fifteen passed, that this was just what Butcher Martin was doing. The effect upon our man was simply to bore him. He hated his environment, wanted to get his money and go home.

He had been kept waiting a few moments, before; and had been accustomed to slip a textbook into his bath-robe pocket, in which he browsed unconcernedly until the other man clambered into the ring. To-night his hands fumbled in vain. He had forgotten to bring any reading matter along.

He sat gazing idly about, a strange figure for a prize ring, wearing amber-colored goggles to protect his eyes from the glare. He paid no attention to the coarse badinage, the whistles, stamping feet, shouted wagers that came from all quarters.

I have said that he practically never smoked. Now by some chance feeling absent-mindedly in one of his pockets his fingers touched an old dry cigarette that had lain there possibly for weeks. He drew it out and put it between his lips. He leaned over to where the Telegram reporter was smoking, directly below.

"I beg your pardon, but may I trouble you for a light?"

The man lighted a match and held it up, without comment. Barnabas nodded his thanks, leaned back and inhaled the smoke.

The effect upon the crowd was astonishing. Yells and laughter swept the house, above the general babel. There was not a man present who was not strongly affected by the sight, since it was absolutely unprecedented.

Some regarded it as sheer bravado; others took it as an indication that the match was fixed. The rest were convinced that he was a nut.

At this moment Butcher Martin made his tardily dramatic entrance, and was the most upset of them all. He made certain that his foe was advertising to the crowd that he held Martin cheap. The glare he fixed upon him was positively murderous.

Poor Barnabas was not even aware of what he had done. The act had been purely involuntary; he told me later that his mind had been engaged with the annual parallax, since he was interested about that time in a more accurate measurement of the distance of certain of the fixed stars from our earth.

On the Butcher's entrance, preceded by a hunchback boy—Martin being superstitious—and followed by a small army of handlers, Barnabas threw away the cigarette, from which he had drawn but a whiff or two, removed his amber goggles and rose to his feet.

For a moment, in the center of the ring, the referee rehearsed the conditions under which they were to fight; catchweights, ten rounds, no hitting in the breakaway; and then they returned to their corners and removed their bath robes.

New gloves were laced on. Martin's seconds ostentatiously examined his, and were careful to work back the horsehair padding so as to leave the knuckles as free as possible. Barnabas' mitts were put on without ceremony, and he did not glance at them. The men rose and bowed as they were formally announced, the timekeeper set the automatic gong, and an instant later they were sparring away in the center of the square.

I cannot say whether the adrenaline was working, but certainly Barnabas seemed to have more steam to his jabs than ever before. At the very first crack he drew blood from Butcher Martin's nose, souring an already uncertain disposition.

There followed for three rounds a wild pursuit, with the powerfully muscled Martin never for an instant ceasing to bore in on his slender opponent, to try to work him into a corner, clinch with him, batter him down with blows any one of which, I felt sure, would at the very least break one or more bones.

The little man never permitted him to get him out of position or on the ropes. Always, seemingly by a miracle, and by the narrowest of margins, he slipped away or to one side, without an unnecessary move or an awkward posture.

At the end of each round little Pevey handed up the rubber tube and gave him a definitely measured amount of compound oxygen. While he was taking it Pevey was taking his pulse. At the end of the third round he fed him an adrenaline pill.

The Butcher was puffing when the gong sounded for the beginning of the fourth. He had worked incessantly, and twice as hard because his blows had not landed but had whirled him round out of position. On Barnabas the perspiration had scarcely started. He had emptied his lungs of the foul nicotine-laden air, and refilled them with oxygen purer than the breezes of the mountain or the sea.

Still, as matters stood Martin led, because he had forced the fighting. Now that he was momentarily slowed down Barnabas began pecking away again at his face. His blows carried little force, but they landed clean and straight, and started Martin's nose bleeding again. Also a slight cut was opened over his left eye.

Almost insane with rage and the jeers of the gang—which he heard, though Barnabas did not—he tore in again, before his wind had fairly mended. For the remainder of the round and during all of the fifth he never let up. When the bell sounded his knees were quivering slightly. Barnabas was breathing easily through his nostrils, unmarked, and unmoved. Pevey fed him another pill and doubled his allowance of oxygen. He thrust a clinical thermometer into his mouth, and nodded with satisfaction when he examined it.

"No temperature!" he chirped.

Butcher Martin was obliged to slow up during the sixth. Making no effort to lead he succeeded after a time in clinching; and throwing his entire weight upon Barnabas he leaned his head upon my friend's shoulder, his mouth close to his ear.

From his tobacco-stained teeth [illegible] such a stream of conversational sewa[illegible] I am sure Barnabas was ignorant [illegible] very meaning of most of what he said[illegible] effort to get his goat; but his famil[illegible] was pretty well stripped of branch an[illegible] He looked faintly interested, but n[illegible] noyed. Martin's weight tired him [illegible] ever, and he looked questioningly [illegible] the referee, who seemed in no hurry [illegible] them apart.

As soon as he had done so Ba[illegible] flicked out at once with his left, and[illegible] started Martin's nose. As the B[illegible] tore in he was met with the stiffest [illegible] he had yet received, square in his le[illegible] with the added force of his own on[illegible] drive it home. The eye instantly [illegible] and seemed to puff out like a mush[illegible] The gong sounded, and Martin in h[illegible] would have followed his man and [illegible] him had not the referee thrown h[illegible] upon him and held him back.

Between rounds the Butcher's se[illegible] skillfully fixed him up, stopped his [illegible] bleed once more, and considerably re[illegible] his swollen eye. Even so, when he ca[illegible] for the seventh it was undeniably [illegible] But he seemed to have gotten his s[illegible] wind, and he was as mad as a wild pi[illegible]

But Barnabas now possessed an im[illegible] advantage. With his pecking style h[illegible] like a perfect marksman armed with [illegible] gun against an indifferent performer [illegible] a forty-five. He was obliged, with his [illegible] bore, to find a vital mark. He proc[illegible] to rap the damaged eye a couple of [illegible] more, to make certain that it would [illegible] shut, and then by keeping on the But[illegible] blind side he had him like one gropi[illegible] the dark.

Martin continued to swing as powe[illegible] as ever, but it was much easier to [illegible] his lunges.

It was impossible to talk in the min[illegible] rest, the uproar was so great. The [illegible] had bet heavily on Martin, and had [illegible] given odds on him. They foresaw hi[illegible] tain defeat unless a chance wallop s[illegible] slip past the pale student's defense. [illegible] called on him, each in his own tongu[illegible] deliver that wallop!

In the eighth and last round Barn[illegible] his task cut in half, devoted himself w[illegible] to the one undamaged optic. Martin [illegible] have tin-canned, and saved it, but he [illegible] that as it stood he had lost the batt[illegible] points. His only hope lay in putting [illegible] the sleep punch; and to do this he[illegible] obliged to uncover. Whenever he did [illegible] nabas popped his glove against his [illegible] eye.

If constant dropping will wear a s[illegible] still more will it wear a human eye. B[illegible] the round was half over Butcher M[illegible] was blind. He groped about like a b[illegible] bear, cursing thickly, and making ug[illegible] ineffectual jabs at wherever he fancie[illegible] tormentor might be.

"Oh, boy! Soak him agin in de sm[illegible] lamp!" shrilled a voice.

It was Muggsy O'Brien, who had sec[illegible] for the Fighting Machine his first m[illegible] Barnabas stepped back, dropped his h[illegible] and looked questioningly at the ref[illegible] He abominated the idea of hitting a l[illegible] less victim. The fickle mob now sh[illegible] toward the victor.

"Knock the big stiff out!" it squalle[illegible]

With repugnance Barnabas stepped n[illegible] lessly in and took aim. It is doubtful, [illegible] had Butcher Martin's hands been tie[illegible] hind his back, if he could have knocke[illegible] that iron-jawed veteran; but seeing [illegible] hopelessness of it one of the Butc[illegible] handlers saved him the disgrace by tos[illegible] a sponge into the ring.

An instant later Barnabas' hand was [illegible] up by the referee. It was all over.

"Well, well!" fussed little Pevey w[illegible] we had worked our way back to the dres[illegible] room, "now, I think, you can have [illegible] strychnine tablet!"

Barnabas shook his head impatientl[illegible]

"Don't need it," he said curtly.

"It seems to me, Barney, old chap, [illegible] you are entitled to a little celebration [illegible] night!" I avowed. "It's on me. W[illegible] shall it be?"

Barnabas Pritchard smiled.

"I feel a little devilish myself," he [illegible] mitted. "Let's see—what time is [illegible] Eleven-fifteen? Hm! I have it—the v[illegible] thing! Professor Pickering is giving a[illegible] lustrated lecture on the canals of M[illegible] over at the observatory. Let's go!"

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 29)

Ms. Bowker rose as though impelled n behind. She was a woman of slow ıcons, but she was quite intelligent ɔh to know when she had been told to n her own business.

"here is one thing else," she said, fum- n for her lorgnette. "I have heard in- ely a rumor, which I cannot believe, you and Mr. Bangs are circulating a ion to place the managing director of ub on a small salary, with no commis- n And I want to tell you here and now ıoth Mr. Bowker and I would con- hat as an impertinent and an unwar- l action. As I say, we cannot believe you. Mr. Sugden has done nobly. —"

know he has," said Sylvia, "but he's g us next month, and the next man have to do all Mr. Sugden's work over and he certainly shouldn't get a for the members Mr. Sugden got."

If way to the door Mrs. Bowker re- ered politics, and paused. Her ex- on changed, by degrees and by visible to one of conciliation.

lvia, I don't wish to quarrel with you. you too well. But—I'll confide in Listen to me. The club is hardly d. With proper management it will l every Wellington activity. Next ve should be strong enough to elect ty officials. We want to send our rep- ative to the state legislature. We to establish a state federation of re- clubs, with our own club as the model Vellington as the headquarters. And do this. If we do, some of our mem- swill be nationally important. I've thinking for a long time that you have been a councilor."

Sylvia winced. In this very room she made Mrs. Bowker an officer.

nd—and John?"

ntil we heard that he had taken the ers' association as his clients we were led—at the next meeting of the board— er him a very liberal remuneration to our attorney. It isn't too late, even w-but, of course, he can't represent two different associations. Frankly, my you and your husband have possi- ts of importance in this club. And if r. Bangs should be our legal adviser— when he had made the legal plans for ate organization—you can see for your- f he future in store for him." She re- d Sylvia closely. "Don't do anything my dear. Come up to dine with us rrow evening, and let's talk it over i.bly—for the good of Wellington. ot you?"

Absent-mindedly Sylvia said she would , unless Mr. Bangs had some other gement; but that didn't prevent her securing nine more signatures to her tion that same afternoon. Nor did it nt Mr. Bangs from opening a checking nt of three hundred dollars in Sylvia's n. And when he heard of the invitation it back his head and roared with ster. The Bowkers were actually get- afraid of him.

o?" he said. "I wouldn't miss it for fan!"

It was two o'clock on the following after- o that he telephoned Sylvia in great ement.

"rouble, and lots of it!" he said. "By ege! We've come to a showdown! ht handlers, teamsters, machinists and re-car men have gone out, and the tele- operators are going to quit in an hour. et big order over to Sugden right away! ou l have to walk, I'm afraid. Stock up r wo or three weeks anyway."

Sylvia hurried as best she could, but the ubffices were packed solid when she got ei. Sugden, maddeningly composed, as xplaining just what had happened.

"he associate members have quit in a od They must have seen this coming. he tailers have got big stocks, and they've a a private arrangement with the freight ners to bring in four carloads of stuff te strikers' families won't suffer. We n move a finger. And before the as- ciates quit they bought so much of our rint stock that we're down to almost t ng. . . . No, Mrs. Kellogg, we can't o the strike by cutting off the associates' ivege, because they've already cut it hemselves. They don't want it any o . . . I'm sorry, but the by-laws ro de for filling orders in turn. In a day o we'll be out of almost everything. I'll see what arrangement I can make with the retailers to help us out. That's all I can do. I'm sorry. You'll have to buy wherever you can until we're stocked up again."

It was with deep seriousness, then, that Mr. Bangs and Sylvia went up to dine at the Bowkers'; and there was only one topic of conversation.

"If we had a state organization now," said Mr. Bowker, "we could stop this. We could stamp on it. You can't do much locally. Things are going from bad to worse. I want to call for delegates to a state convention. It's just about time. Tie it up to good government somehow. Everybody always blames the present administration for labor troubles, so we can count on antiadministration support. But we'll win out in Wellington yet. Trust me."

This was a trial fire, but after dinner, while Mrs. Bowker was ostensibly showing Sylvia some new fineries, Mr. Bowker opened with fire for effect.

"John," he said, "the time's come to show our colors. We want you for our attorney. Sugden's through in a month, and I want you to support my candidate for his successor. I want you to stand by me. I want you to go in with me for expansion. I want you to stump the state for our sort of reform. You can have all the prestige I can give you; all the glory."

"And all the brickbats," said Mr. Bangs amusedly.

"There wouldn't be any, John. And, of course, you couldn't represent us unless you had an official connection. We'll make you a director."

He produced four good cigars in an envelope, and offered one to Mr. Bangs.

"No, thanks."

Mr. Bowker's face fell. "Why I bought 'em especially for you. Well, never mind. What do you say, John?"

Mr. Bangs eyed him squarely. "You're quite willing for me to get all the glory, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"So whether the scheme falls down or not I get all the criticism from the retailers all over the state? I'm the man who'll stand out as the one who's trying to put 'em out of business?"

"That won't hurt you any. And I'll make you city counsel, John."

The city counsel was appointed by the mayor, so this was intended to be very subtle.

Mr. Bangs slowly shook his head. "You don't see some of these things clearly, Mr. Bowker, until you've tried 'em. I think I'm seeing clearly. It isn't reform to blackjack the retailer—he isn't responsible. And the manufacturer isn't, either. Or the transportation companies. It's all of us put together. We don't try to understand each other. About all we've done is to start a new kind of fight. And the big question won't be settled until labor can trust capital to play fair, and vice versa, and until all of us learn to economize a little in good times as well as in bad, and until money isn't the only thing in the world we want."

"You're too radical," said Mr. Bowker sourly; and Mr. Bangs, who felt himself to be ultraconservative, looked astonished. "And you're riding to a fall," said Mr. Bowker. "I think you'll find it very much to your advantage to sleep on it."

Mr. Bangs was sorry, but he didn't need to sleep on it.

"I don't like to say so," he said, "but I'm rather opposed to carrying this idea much further anyway."

Mr. Bowker displayed great interest in his cigar. "I'd heard that; I'd heard that. I was hoping it was a false rumor. Well—is it definite in your mind that you're against the present club government?"

Mr. Bangs nodded. "I think it is, Mr. Bowker."

"Then I shall take that, John, as a personal antagonism toward me." This was intended to be a thunderbolt, but it fell harmless.

"That's for you to judge, Mr. Bowker. I haven't said so."

"You're showing it by your actions. And I'll say this: If you're with us you're with us—if you're against us you're against us."

Mr. Bangs actually laughed. "That does sound logical, doesn't it? But I'm not opposing private individuals; I'm opposing individuals who happen to be running the reform club in a way I don't think is very good for the rest of us."

It was from this point forward that the conversation languished. As soon as Sylvia reappeared Mr. Bangs rose and spoke of things to be done at home, and his intonation left no room for doubt.

As the doors closed behind them, and even while Mr. Bangs and Sylvia were exchanging the first glance of mutual hilarity and comprehension, the voice of Mr. Bowker drifted to them through the portal.

"Well," Mr. Bowker was saying, "there's a damn good dinner thrown away on a couple of ingrates."

XI

POLITICAL movements have a habit of collecting, like a snowball rolling down hill; of gathering momentum and bulk, and bursting, whether for good or evil, on a plank which may be fundamentally important, and may be picayune. And the Bowker administration, which had sprung into vibrant being at the will of Sylvia and her two friends, broke apart for the principal reason that Mrs. Bowker, a few days after the railroad strike had waned, and carloads of foodstuffs had come in, gave a large reception and served lobster salad with particularly crisp lettuce.

"Where on earth," asked someone of Helen Everson, "did Mrs. Bowker get this lettuce? The club hasn't had any Boston head for ages."

Helen, who liked to know whatever she wanted to find out, made an inquiry some few minutes later, of the Bowker waitress, who volunteered to ask the Bowker cook, and reported that it came from the Elite Market. The club—through Robinson's Market—had lettuce of its own, and the strike was practically over, and yet Mrs. Bowker continued to buy where she chose instead of through the club.

Within the hour every woman at that tea knew that Mrs. Bowker put Boston head lettuce before club principles, and within twenty-four hours a large number of people were saying that it was a pretty poor example for Mrs. Bowker to set, seeing that half a year ago she had instigated the boycott of local provision dealers, and vowed to boycott them as long as she lived. Simultaneously the story of the twenty-seven resignations went out, and the mayor, who wanted to be a state senator, told a labor meeting exactly why he had resigned.

Thirty women called for the first time upon Sylvia, and asked to sign the petition. In a twinkling there was more opposition than there was administration; and easy-going folk who had discounted the stories of nepotism and discrimination woke to action at the ridiculously lesser evidences of defect. It was remembered that the constitution provided for the recall of officers or directors at the discretion of the council, and there was sudden interest in what was called Mrs. Bowker's hand-picked directorate. The original ownership of the club's realty came out—Mr. Bangs had proof of it in his pocket; and both Henry Kellogg and Rupert Everson fell under grave suspicion, and emerged safely only at the expense of being regarded as dupes. But dupes aroused are lively combatants.

And in the meantime the railroad strike renewed itself, and now that it was fashionable to cast reproach on the Bowkers they were universally reproached for this too.

The Kelloggs spoke bitterly of resigning, but they didn't dare. The blue prints weren't ready, and Henry couldn't afford to lose his time. But Rupert Everson had long since collected his commission, and he told Mr. Bangs, after a touching reconciliation, that he was going to quit to-morrow, and then tell Sam Bowker just what he thought of him.

"Don't!" said Mr. Bangs. "Wait till the end of the quarter. I'm going to need you."

The Bowkers were giving nightly dinners to their wavering proselytes, and forgetting to be parsimonious, but there were some who were brazen enough to decline. Among them the Kelloggs and Eversons, who had been flattered until they had learned that they had been bought. The retailers put familiar names back on their books. Sugden and Mr. Bangs were closeted in many a soft-voiced interview, and when Mrs. Bowker gave a beautiful lawn party to the council there was the strict sex division which Mr. Bangs had once predicted, and only three men came, and they were driven by their wives. Even so, it was held to be an even battle, with the odds on the Bowkers because they still controlled the board.

And Mrs. Bowker, who had learned from one of her satellites what was happening, almost cried.

"I told Mamie to go to Robinson's," she wailed, "but she'd been going to the Elite when the strike was on, and she forgot, and went there again. But I told her to go to Robinson's. I did!"

And the severely retributive part of it was that this was the truth.

XII

ON THE day of the quarterly council meeting the strikes were almost forgotten. Mr. Bangs' petition came in, and was buffeted just once, by a Bowker friend or two; and passed triumphantly. And to the horror and chagrin of all the Bowkerites it carried an entirely unsuspected rider providing that every financial transaction of the club by which any individual member had made a profit should be reported by general bulletin, and a further demand that the directors report at once every such transaction that had taken place.

The directors met on the subsequent evening, and Mr. Bangs came in quietly just as Mrs. Bowker, obviously suffering from nerves, was about to rap for order.

"I'm here," he said, "under authority of a general power of attorney of Rupert Everson."

Mrs. Bowker gasped. "You haven't any right—it isn't in the constitution!"

"No," said Mr. Bangs comfortably, "it isn't, but it's in all the law books, by George!"

He sat down and prepared to listen; he noted with pleasure that the atmosphere was already electric. It was a grim satisfaction to know that though they had deprived him of credit for starting the club they couldn't deny him the credit of being in at the death. The minutes were read and approved, and Sugden's report was ordered.

Sugden stood up. "I'll give you a summary first," he said. "This quarter I handled nearly two million dollars. It's been a terrific mushroom organization—terrific. The difference between market prices and the prices I paid would have been almost four hundred thousand dollars. But—what with retainers to architects, fees for one thing and another, taxes, insurance and a staggering overhead—principally due to incompetent people at high salaries, which naturally drove me to hire competent ones to do their work—and due, finally, to these strikes, when we had to keep running without selling much of anything—our expenses have been just three hundred thousand. That leaves one hundred thousand—or a five per cent rebate, if you vote it." He surveyed his paralyzed hearers, and smiled faintly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you you're not nearly as disappointed as I am. You've saved a little this quarter; but I've made nothing. And as I can speak very plainly to you now, I'm going to say that it's your own fault. Practically every one of you—no, literally every one of you except Mr. Bangs over there—has been after me for one concession or another, ever since we started. I was supposed to be managing director, but each one of you wanted to be that—and all you wanted me to be was office manager. I fought until I saw that it was no use.

"And now the council, in this amendment which comes up to-day, has demanded a list of these personal deals. I hope you'll provide it. But even if you don't you know among yourselves what they are. Deals in land and professional services, contracts with friends and relatives that weren't quite as good as they should have been, jobs for friends and relatives—you know all of it.

"And you also know how you insisted on our filling small rush orders that cost us more to deliver than what we got for them; you know what it cost to furnish this magnificent room, and who made the profit on it; you know where all the leaks were that make the difference in dividend between last quarter and this. And you can't blame it all on the strikes, either, because

(Concluded on Page 77)

Clean As The North Wind

TO YOU employers of America who recognize the vital importance of providing comfortable and sanitary lavatory equipment, who know the value of safeguarding the health of your employees, Northern Fibre Folded Towels will be instantly appealing. Their a to cleanliness is perfect. Made from the best grade northern spruce in a factory that is itself a model cleanliness, nothing could be more sanitary.

Delivered in the most convenient form, folded, a clea towel is offered for each pair of hands—yet the is no waste.

Northern Fibre Folded Towels have a strength of fib that is surprising—cloth-like in their consistency yet soft and ideally absorptive.

Their effect in furthering the morale of your employe is tribute enough in itself of their value.

Monarch Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—One of the hundreds of modern industrial plants that use Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

H. J. Heinz Co., Chicago, Ill.—The Chicago branch of the "57 Varieties" company uses Northern Fibre Folded Towels.

Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.—This great office building of the National Capital uses Northern Fibre Folded Towels throughout.

Special Offer

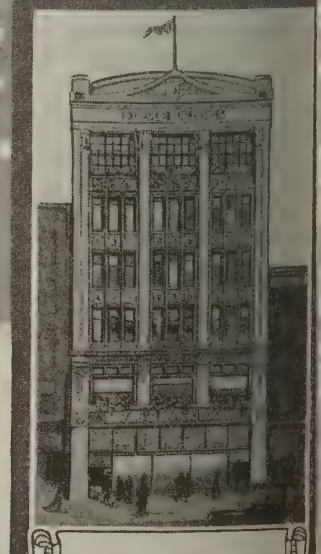
You must use a Northern to fully appreciate its "difference" and superiority. Write us on your business stationery and we will gladly send you, gratis, a neat package of twenty-five Northern Fibre Folded Towels and tell you where to obtain a supply.

Sold only through legitimate trade channels

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
GREEN BAY. WISCONSIN

Also makers of Northern Fibre Tissue for Lavatories

Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., St. Paul, Minn.—A great commercial organization where Northern Fibre Folded Towels have proved their economy.



Devoe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.—Another modern building that is Northern Fibre Folded Towel equipped.

Towel Talk

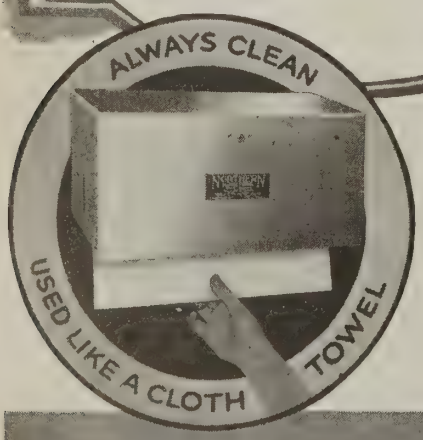
Progressive commercial America long ago discarded the cloth towel as unsanitary and adopted paper towels.

Northern Fibre Folded Towels have come to be recognized as the final word in paper towels.

They are neat, dainty and individual—in entire keeping with the equipment of the most modern lavatory.

They insure comfort and cleanliness to every employee. They prevent the spread of disease through the medium of the wash room.

For factories, offices, public buildings, stores, schools, hotels or any place that towels are used they are ideal.



Northern

TRADE MARK

FIBRE FOLDED TOWELS

(Concluded from Page 75)

merely stopped our work for these last ays. This other condition has run te way through. It may be that after rgone someone will want to make me e at; but, ladies and gentlemen, I want aure you that I have a reputation to ect, and I intend to protect it. This had its origin in a spirit of progress, d 's about to crash in a spirit of hoggish- s Will you now have the report?"

he dead, clammy silence that followed r. Bangs rose, and bowed infinitesimally t chair.

"m out of order and I know I'm out of ," he said, "but it seems to me that s as good a time as any to say my l speech. As attorney for the retailers' s ation I offer to purchase from the l all its office furniture, equipment, s on hand and unexpired contracts for thousand dollars more than the in- n ry cost. That's generous, but the re- l s want the club to get out clear, and, s es, some of those contracts are pretty h ble."

F sat down, and as the dead silence n ued Sugden put a thick, typewritten t nent on Mrs. Bowker's desk, and sat w also.

"lection of a new managing director," i someone almost inaudibly.

"onstitutional amendment first," said r Bangs, not inaudibly at all. "And I g to know—I wrote the darned thing y lf."

F couldn't help smiling at Mr. Bowker's c He knew what Mr. Bowker was think- g. The managing directorship offered no n re for his son-in-law, whether on the d mmission basis or on the new salary p posed. Mr. Bowker had done a lot of s r electioneering for nothing.

Ms. Bowker, by dint of enthusiastic a wing, managed to murmur at least e tle of Mr. Bangs' petition.

That was the impasse. One could intui- r pick out the Bowker faction by their p ssions. They weren't so much awed r gden, who could always be publicly n nced, as they were by the presence of r Bangs. The first part of that petition a 't so dangerous, and most of them felt a he manager should have been salaried; t the rider had claws. To accept it was m mn themselves forever; to reject it a ust a bit worse. And there sat Mr. a s, patiently waiting and listening for e ebate. And who could debate? Who u pose as an innocent, father the n dment, and thereby win the eternal nty of all the other directors, equally v ved? Yet until someone made a o n for or against the amendment no h business was possible. And even o who weren't thoroughly pro-Bowker a almost without exception, managed t jole Sugden into putting a friend or v n the pay roll.

Mr. Bangs nodded to the chair. "I o that the amendment be adopted." e ok out his watch.

Irectors began to whisper excitedly. A o an director—she had chosen the deco- t ns of the room and knew how extrava- a they were—began to sniffle.

"ive—minutes, by George!" said Mr. a s.

Mrs. Bowker's mouth was rigidly set, t her nostrils were tremulous. Mr. o er was wriggling his shoulders spas- o cally and breathing hard. Two women e sniffling now. The whispering trailed t nothingness.

"en minutes, by George!" said Mr. a s. He smiled across at a lady director h was verging on hysteria.

"Mrs. Johnson, why don't you sec- n it?"

Now though Mrs. Johnson's husband w d the Herald, Mr. Johnson had never n ght of selling it to the club until Mr. o ker had approached him with plans n involved a division of spoils. And Mr. o son owed Mr. Bowker's bank a good e of money. Mrs. Johnson felt guilty, u t was reflected and not personal guilt. e ptly she always loathed Mrs. Bowker. And Mrs. Bowker's eyes were a challenge, and a terrible threat.

"S-second it!" said Mrs. Johnson and fumbled for a handkerchief.

"Question!" said Mr. Bangs sharply, and he smiled at several of the directors who he knew were conscience-stricken not because of profits made but because of the influence they had exerted to secure good places for their friends—a fault for which the world would forgive them.

Mrs. Bowker looked despairingly at her husband.

"Those—favor—Aye."

"Aye!" said Mr. Bangs. "Aye," whispered Mrs. Johnson. There was also a faint murmur from the rest, which might have meant almost anything.

"I call for a ballot," said Mr. Bangs. "It's a constitutional provision."

As no one else stirred he tore some strips of paper from a scratch pad and distributed them.

"The secretary can finish the job," he said grimly, and brought out his watch again.

Ten full minutes later the secretary got optical instructions from the chair, and drew a long breath.

"Carried unanimously."

From the background somebody said: "But who's to make up the list?"

"The board will direct the new managing director to do it, I suppose," said Mr. Bangs. "And as nominations are now in order I accede to a request from Mr. Bowker made to me several weeks ago. I nominate Mr. Bowker's son-in-law, Mr. ——"

"No!" said Mr. Bowker feebly. "No! He—wouldn't accept. Not at that salary."

"Then I nominate myself."

"Second!" said Mrs. Johnson bravely.

Mr. Bangs laughed outright at the circle of drawn faces. "Thank you, my friends, but I decline the nomination. And I apologize to—let's see—to six of you; it was sort of mean. Only you've got to elect somebody, you know, at this meeting, and declare a dividend, and attend to miscellaneous business. And I'll be in my office all day to-morrow, and that offer of the retailers' association holds good for forty-eight hours."

He went forward and put two sheets of paper on the chairman's desk.

"To make it sound better, here's Mr. Everson's resignation as director and member, effective—wait until I fill in this blank—at the conclusion of this meeting. Here's my own resignation, effective immediately. And I wish you all a very good afternoon."

Mr. Bangs went out, and nobody tried to stop him.

XIII

IN THE words of the late lamented Speckled Beauty, Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, sometime heavyweight champion of the world, "the bigger they are the harder they fall." And generally the harder they fall the more spectacular the performance, but this was an exception. Mr. and Mrs. Bowker emerging from the directors' meeting went home, and before dinner time had consulted a number of guide books, and decided to spend the remainder of the winter in St. Kitts, where the climate is equable and living cheap. They tried to interest some of their friends also, but the friends were too deeply absorbed in explanations to everybody else to care very much whether the Bowkers went to St. Kitts or to Gehenna. The Bowkers didn't bother to explain. They felt it would be a waste of time.

Six of the directors withstood the storm successfully, and proved that they were chargeable only with friendly influence and had made no personal profit; and men like Henry Kellogg and Rupert Everson, who had at least given value for value, were automatically exonerated. But the nine Bowkerites who completed the directorate, though full of alibi and extenuation, found it difficult to gain hearers. Moreover, they found it difficult to continue their Wellington careers socially, or financially, without putting up bonds, and there was nobody to act as bondsman. And without the Bowker circle society was rather standing on its head.

There was a desultory attempt or two to reorganize the club, but there was no one to manage it. Besides, as Mrs. Johnson put it, even if you really had saved something it was a nuisance to have to do business in such a finicky way, with so many forms and things, and ordering ahead, and all that. It was so much easier to walk into a shop and give an order whenever you wanted to, and have it sent straight home.

So the retailers took over the club property, and—on Mr. Bangs' suggestion—the club presented its land to the Y. M. C. A. for a new building, and Henry Kellogg was to be the architect and Mr. Hendrix the builder, and everyone was as contented as possible.

During those turbulent days everyone seemed to look to Mr. Bangs for inspiration. Committees met at his house, and Sylvia was charming, and bit by bit the story of the inception of the club became common knowledge. And instead of indicting Mr. Bangs for breaking up the organization Wellington seemed to hold that he had wrecked it only to prevent the Bowkers from wrecking it in a far less helpful manner. Mr. Bangs' practice trebled almost overnight, and Sylvia suddenly became an oracle. Having bearded the Bowkers successfully, they all but inherited the den. And it was rumored that they were more prosperous than anyone else on Elm Street.

It was perhaps six months afterward that Rupert Everson came in late one evening and insisted on seeing Mr. Bangs alone.

"John," he said, "you weren't at the ward meeting to-night."

"No—I couldn't get there. Too busy. What happened?"

"They're going to run you for mayor. The ward'll go on a fusion ticket. Even the south end, down by the railroad tracks, wants you. Would you take it?"

Mr. Bangs was no hypocrite. "You bet your life I would!"

"They sort of feel," said Rupert, "that you're about the only man who's seen all four sides of this living proposition, and they think you'll be a good man to handle labor troubles, and try to get a square deal for everybody. I guess it was the way you settled the machinists' strike that did it. What did you do down there, John?"

Mr. Bangs gestured in deprecation. "Why, a couple of manufacturers wanted me to talk to their men, so I simply told 'em the truth. I told 'em that a year ago I felt just as they do now. Couldn't seem to get ahead, everything cost so much. I thought of doubling my fees. And then I decided that wasn't good sense. So I decided to work like hell and not charge any more until I was doing better work.

"So I said to the strikers: 'Fellows,' I said, 'you go back on the job. You and your bosses make a gentlemen's agreement. You agree to stop soldiering, and stop absenteeism, and work like the mischief—and your bosses'll agree to pay you a bonus for increased production. Not a higher wage—but a bonus.' I said: 'What do you fellows want—charity, or to earn your higher pay?' And then I told 'em how I'm running my own house, and they laughed, and then we were ready to bargain. That was about all there was to it. I got the men to agree to work harder and the bosses to go into profit-sharing."

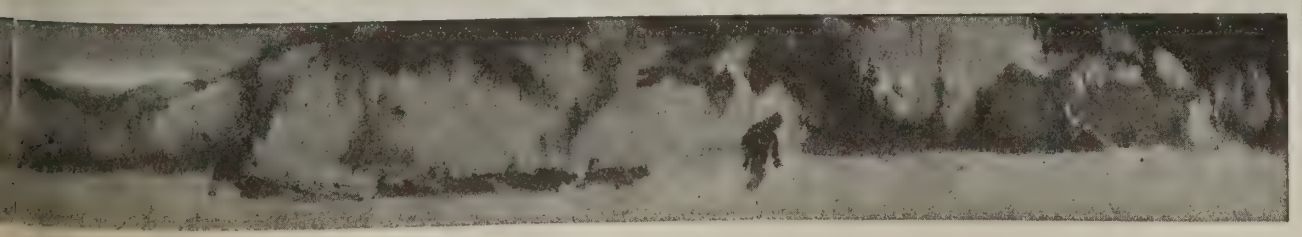
Rupert shook his head. "Wish I could see it that way. Business is rotten, and expenses high, and with all these labor fracases —— Have you got any servants at all now? Has Sylvia got a cook? What does she have to pay her?"

From the doorway Sylvia herself answered: "We give her two hundred and fifty dollars a month to run the house on, and as long as she feeds us decently and keeps things going she can keep all she can save out of it. Nobody minds working hard on a plan like ours—do they, Bruno?"

"My Lord!" gasped Rupert. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"He married it," said Sylvia. "I'm the cook."

(THE END)



December 10th
Last Day!

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Many times in the past few years you have said to yourself, "I *must* get that set of Mark Twain. I don't want my children to grow up without him."

But now the time has come when to-morrow will *not* do as well as today. We not only have to raise the price—we have to close the little payment sale.

Before you see another Mark Twain advertisement you will have missed your last chance to get his imperishable work at a low price.

MARK TWAIN

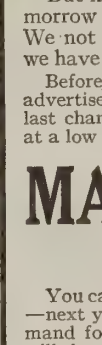
25 Volumes

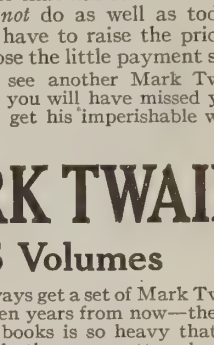
You can always get a set of Mark Twain—next year, ten years from now—the demand for his books is so heavy that we will always make them, no matter what the cost. But we will have to charge a price for them so high that they will become a luxury beyond the reach of most men.

Get your set while the price is low. Get your set now. Go back with Mark Twain and be a boy again.

FREE Paine's Life of Mark Twain

4 Large Vols. Illustrated





Not only does this coupon bring Mark Twain at the low price, but it **brings you absolutely FREE Albert Bigelow Paine's Life of Mark Twain.**

It happens that we have a few sets of the four-volume edition on hand — not enough to dispose of in the usual way—so until the edition is exhausted, we will give you a complete set FREE with your set of Mark Twain.

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The coupon puts you under no obligation. You do not have to think about it until the books are in your home. All that you do by mailing the coupon today is that if you do like the books you get them at the low price.

We take all the chances—you take none. This coupon means money in your pocket—money saved.

Do not wait until next month—next week or tomorrow—today—now is the time.

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Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold with trimmed edges, and Paine's Life of Mark Twain, in 4 volumes bound to match FREE. If not satisfactory I will return them at your expense, otherwise I will send you $1.50 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 18 months. For cash deduct 8% from remittance.

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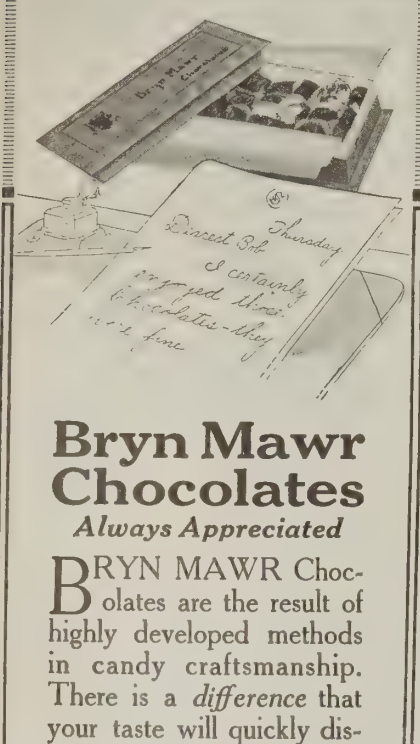

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BRYN MAWR Chocolates are the result of highly developed methods in candy craftsmanship. There is a *difference* that your taste will quickly discover *more enticing.*

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Write for booklet "Styles of the Times."

The Premier—

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 46)

only three rather small groves of the stately redwood trees have been permanently preserved from destruction. As everyone knows, lumber is a most essential natural resource. For hundreds of uses there is no satisfactory substitute for it. Is there not some question therefore as to the advisability of using lumber for exterior purposes in building when clay and other materials—practically unlimited in quantity—are available for the construction of houses that would be more durable, just as beautiful, more economical in the long run and in many cases cheaper in the first cost?

To say that a brick wall is as cheap as a wooden wall is to invite contradiction from many. The lumber people and the brick fraternity have been having a merry time in an animated discussion as to the relative costs of their respective materials. For this reason I have been careful in collecting my figures. Reduced to a lump sum, it appears that with present prices, and assuming that a bricklayer will lay at least 1500 bricks per day—including face bricks—a solid exterior eight-inch brick wall laid in cement mortar, furred, lathed and plastered in a Middle West city will cost $41.31 a hundred square feet. A 2 x 4 stud-frame wall in the same town for 100 square feet will cost $40.90, assuming last August prices for materials. Union-scale wages were used in the computation.

In past years lumber has been cheaper than bricks, but the recent great advance in the prices for all kinds of lumber has radically changed the building situation. Well-informed people maintain that the increasing scarcity of timber will prevent the necessary reductions in prices to permit the building of wooden houses in the future at a lower cost than brick or block. The leading journal of the lumber people says: "That the lumber industry is in a bad economic condition and that a future supply of timber for our wood-using industries is not being provided are two facts beyond doubt."

One thing we must do, and that is use more of the ordinary common bricks for facing as well as for backing up in the construction of walls. This eliminates the extra cost of the high-priced face brick, which adds so largely to the expense of brick buildings. Face bricks now sell at a cost of $25 to $40 a thousand, while the price of common bricks throughout the country ranges from $12 to $18. In many sections the common bricks are suitable for facing and produce effects equally attractive with face bricks. Investigators have found that in practically all states our American clays will burn red, which makes it possible for the manufacturer to produce a range of shades that will give a pleasing effect when properly laid in a wall. Brick producers themselves have been the negligent ones in this matter.

One of the greatest objections to brick houses has been the monotony of long rows of pressed-brick fronts, always of uniform shade. In the future a block of brick houses will show a variety of color, which will be easily possible when brick producers more generally realize the opportunity that lies before them. Though the art of producing a good grade of burned brick dates back to the time of the Babylonians, 3800 years B. C., we are still discovering errors in manufacturing practice that rather encourage the belief that brickmaking is an infant industry.

For some time it has been known that the strength of a brick wall depends not only upon the strength of the individual bricks but also upon the adhesion between the mortar and the brick. The other day the Federal Bureau of Standards stated that the bond depends largely upon the number, size and shape of the pores upon the surface of the brick. The bureau says that the manufacturer by proper control of his process in relation to the consistency of the raw mix and of the pressure used in molding can easily produce pores of such shape as to increase the adhesion of mortar to the brick to a maximum value.

This apparent deficiency in the science of brick manufacture brings up the further criticism that though brick walls are splendid flame barriers, brick buildings are not always fire-resistive structures. Dr. Ira H. Woolson, expert consulting engineer, who has specialized on house construction, says: "I doubt if the average brick building as a whole has a fire resistance of over ten per cent of that of its walls. This is discreditable to our engineering and architectural intelligence. My criticism also applies to hollow tile, stone and concrete buildings. Though brick as a material is specially adapted to withstand flame and high temperature for long periods, the world is full of tottering fire-ruined brick walls, now desolate monuments attesting the fire hazards of buildings improperly constructed.

"The chief structural defect in present-day buildings is the communicating opening. It is these openings that cause the rapid spread of fire. Many so-called fireproof buildings are little more than fire traps. Between March, 1914, and October, 1918, 64 city and town halls in the United States were reported burned. During the same period fires occurred in 37 courthouses, 8 libraries, 8 jails and 15 miscellaneous public buildings. Each was a wayside advertisement testifying to the ignorance or carelessness of the architects and builders. Masonry walls did not protect them.

"The great fire danger in many buildings is from open stairways and open elevator shafts. The number and variety of such communicating channels in most structures would almost lead one to believe that a fire fiend had planned them with diabolical cunning. Open stairways, though built of brick, stone or metal, act as flues to carry the hot products of combustion from one floor to another. Most people do not know that when air is heated to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit or more—which is a temperature quickly reached in most fires—it will ignite instantly everything combustible with which it comes in contact. The actual flames of a fire may extend only a few feet from the point of origin, but the hot smoke and invisible heat waves may easily travel through an incombustible stairway or hallway for 50 or 100 feet and then ignite the whole surface of a wooden door in an instant. At the same time glass door panels and fanlights will collapse by rapid expansion and the intense heat entering the rooms will cause them to burst into flames.

"Only a little more than two years ago in a hotel in Boston a fire started in a bedroom on the third floor. The hot air passed through an open door and up through a stairway and elevator shaft of incombustible construction to the sixth floor and then traveled along the hallway until it found some doors left open by fleeing occupants. These rooms were quickly burned out. At the same time the hot air rushed from the sixth to the eleventh story and burned out a few rooms in the same manner. The intervening floors were very little injured. This action of heated air is common, but a fire is not often extinguished in time to preserve the evidence so well.

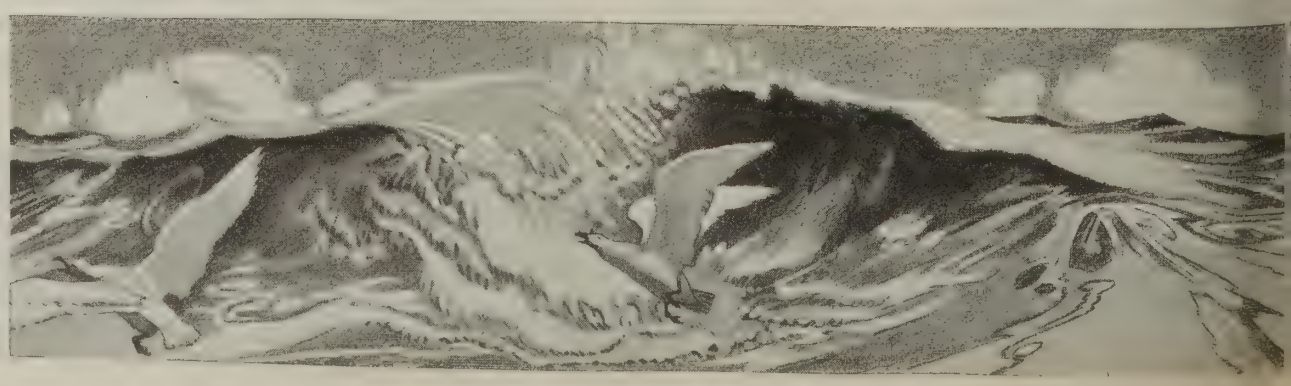
"The remedy is to protect hallw fire-resistive partitions and fire door spective of whether there is any comb material in the hallways or not. Sta and elevator shafts should be com inclosed with fire-resistive material glass doors or windows opening int inclosures from the exterior should l hibited. Similar care should be ex with ventilating ducts. It is sur how small an opening through a w floor will suffice as a gateway for heated air to start a fire on the op side. At Far Rockaway, Long Island entered a concrete building from a joining wooden structure through a inch hole in the concrete party wa then passed to two stories above by a two-inch hole in each concrete where a heater pipe had been remove another place the hot air went thro one-inch hole in the party wall and s to a woodpile. There is abundant that many fires are transmitted th fire-resistive floors and walls by heated air flowing through the small ings round pipes. This occurs even t the opening does not exceed a quar an inch.

"Millions of brick are used each y buildings of simple architecture and est cost. They are undoubtedly less to complete destruction by fire than w buildings, but are by no means as resistive as they should be, nor are th safe as the public is taught to believe.

In the foregoing we have an array tonishing truths. The need appears not only for more brick, tile or stone ings but for the right kind of careful struction. Manufacturers as a rule aloud when anyone criticizes their ticular brand of goods, yet the maj of industries retard their own growt failing to apply the maximum of know to their respective businesses. Just that wooden-shingle roofs are a fire h and you are branded as a meddler legitimate business. But how many ducers of wood shingles are trying t minister a scientific treatment that w make their goods fireproof? The ta certainly not impossible.

Bricks give us a wall that does not to be painted or often repaired. An who doubts its durability need only a look at the Old South Church in B or the Independence Hall group of b ings in Philadelphia. In the old days was some objection to brick houses cause they were damp, but this is no l the case, because modern methods of la bricks with Portland-cement mortar g wall that becomes an absolutely dry impervious shell for a house. Abov else is the fact that this country abo in lands containing clay. Since the material is found in every state it fol that bricks may be manufactured and without expensive transportation. In ing clay from the land no acreage is for the clay pits form convenient dum grounds which all big communities have and which can be soon filled u grade and used for building purp Nothing has thus been lost and our v able timber has been spared for more able and less combustible purposes.

In the meantime if we concede that brick is a splendid building material, w it not be well and timely for the m facturers to give us better bricks of gre variety and shades and temporarily pend the current talk about the firep qualities of brick houses until our const tion practice has been so improved a justify the truth of such assertions?



THE TROUBLE DOC

(Continued from Page 38)

H followed Matt McDonald home and
ır he had invaded a castle whose master
s ayed by two ruling passions—the one
h family, the other for his union. The
et, the floors, the children's clothing
vd the industry of the sinewy, black-
r. little wife. The two boys got off the
e stool to say they hoped only to be
e eir daddy. Ethridge lifted the poorly
n hed three-months-old infant out of
adle and knew that the key to both
ts' hearts was dangling in his hands.
T man's passion for the union was fire-
in his soul. Matt McDonald had
n by serving one after another three
rs of the old school who lumped their
n with their material and cared about
hg except the price metal products
u bring.

'never had a right in my young days,"
d Ethridge. "I was ten years a jour-
un before I had anything but a con-
sn."

A the twig had been bent the tree was
ng. Matt McDonald had found the
the one ring of steel with which the
r could surround himself. Any breach
th ring invited a mortal wound to him-
o his family and to his kind.

T road was easy because of the infant.
e rouble Doc could make babies unfold
e sebuds. While the youngest McDon-
us coming to chirking wholesomeness
nlge was sitting in long evening sessions
h ts father, the president of Machinists'
c 32. When he thought he had a
si stablished the Trouble Doc whispered
t fine things he hoped to accomplish
no the men which would swing from
ss le to probable if McDonald gave his
ɔration. The worker who had given
n is confidence—almost his affection—
rned and stared and evaded committing
nlf by the smallest word. And when
hlge had got at the reason he had
rd something basic about unions.

T things proposed involved changes,
e ore they were fraught with dangers
te union. They would lift the men for-
rto new and better ground, Ethridge
gd. To new ground—that was the thing
at talled McDonald. The leaders held
e ion safe only so long as they felt fa-
li sod beneath their feet. The grass of
w astures was always long and tempt-
g ad the most liquid of quicksands lay
vs at such roots. Yet in his soul
cbnald longed to keep step with Eth-
gs plan.

". would mean bigger production," the
oble Doc declared, "and thus, of course,
ve he worker more money and time."

" sten! It's not just money and time
atnatter," McDonald cried, the world-
d human thirst for self-expression causing
s es to twist and sparkle. "Your plan
g give a guy a little bit more to say."

MDonald helped the Trouble Doc
st by interpreting the vague expression
d vague aspirations of the workers.
hdge glimpsed things that made him
el nat all he had accomplished was the
ert beginning. He saw a way to put his
m ound thousands. He explained his
aro Honey. He made a date to explain it
nes. He did not know things were
p ning which no man could explain.
Ha day there loomed the specter of a
ril.

T Trouble Doc hastened to Ames,
ncighed and explained it thus:

"'s a little bit wages, a little bit hours
d. big bit the plain madness that will
wrs be able to hit plants like a cyclone
th we come to understand that human
irs are human beings and not divided
te terms wage payers and wage earners
tctwo classes of monkeys who must
ris off each others' tails."

Ethridge managed after several attempts
tch McDonald. His union and the
h unions were in joint session and
eeng every day. McDonald was not in
tasing mood. He was about one of the
voreal concerns of his existence. His
ea jaw was iron. His eyes were beads of
ispion. Ethridge touched at parting a
an that was a lump of steel.

O the fourth day there was a deadlock,
n e fifth ultimatums, on the sixth the
egnings of war. Ethridge, finding that
it men dropping out in droves there
en still more accidents than ever, had
ffilty in breaking away from the dis-
enry long enough to catch Ames to
qire the latest news.

"This morning we refused them," said Ames, who was pacing the floor. "They made an impossible offer. Now their agents are all through the shops trying to get every man's promise to walk out. At this moment we hang in the balance. We are licked if the men go out in a body. Without at least five hundred men to do the absolutely necessary things we might as well set the plant on fire."

Ames resumed his walking, banging his fist in his palm.

"So help me, Ethridge, I'd give about everything I own if I could get the workers to agree to arbitration."

"You think," inquired the Trouble Doc, "that arbitration would be the best thing for the company?"

Ames halted and looked at him.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't care a tinker's dam. I know it would be the best thing for the country. I know that every bitter strike is a blow to American industry and puts off by just so much the day when understanding and confidence between employers and employees will make this nation what it ought to be."

Ames had thrown a match into the tinder in Ethridge's bosom. He snatched his hat and shouted: "I'm going to see Matt McDonald!"

As he brushed out the door he heard bitter laughter and Ames' voice—"McDonald! He's the head of the strike committee!"

Ethridge drove swiftly to the cottage far up the hill. Mrs. McDonald, her eyes having now the luster of her black hair, answered his ring. She uttered a strange little cry and as she dissolved out McDonald dissolved into the frame of the door.

"You—you here?" exploded the head of the strike committee. "You double-faced traitor! Some day I'll have time to settle with you for polluting my home with your presence. It's a wonder you didn't murder my baby!"

The words were like shocks from a wire, so heavy that at first the Trouble Doc felt nothing at all. Then he staggered. At length, steadying himself against a post, he uttered the one word: "Explain!"

McDonald—his wrath partly spent in that awful indictment—went on:

"It was a bear trap of course! I was a fool not to know—to be deceived by your rotten slick manner! You were using the dispensary to get a body hold on the men. To think you could nail those five hundred Eyetalians so they've got no mind at all of their own!"

"The dispensary? The Italians? In heaven's name, Matt, what is all this about?"

"It's about the strike that's not going to be won to-night—about the walkout that won't take place because five hundred garlic eaters won't stand by their fellow human beings! And they prove your treachery—they swear they won't budge a step till their Trouble Doc tells them it's the right thing to do!"

The news left the Trouble Doc speechless. He groped forward, his hands stretching outward, as though to plead their own innocence to the eyes of McDonald.

"Git, you skunk!" the big man shouted. "Git, or—or I'll forget about my family and you'll be strangled!"

The Trouble Doc stumbled down the steps and into his car.

It was a strange strike. Some of the workers went out and some of the workers stayed in and the line of battle extended across the town. There were bleatings and beatings, bad blood and bloodshed. What Ethridge called the raw surface of men was smothering all that lay underneath. Whatever caught between the millstones of hatred was broken and ground to powder. The strikers demanded wages and hours and concessions. The company directors, when Ames had converted them to the breadth and wisdom of his view, offered arbitration until they were hoarse.

The Trouble Doc, moved by his indomitable optimism, slighted even the dispensary in his efforts to find what he knew must somewhere exist—a key that could unlock for action the fettered better spirits of men. And when he thought he was beginning to uncover something that Ames and even the others could see, Fate took a hand and ruled him out of the game. As though the destruction that wasteth at noonday had not already brought trouble

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enough, the pestilence that walketh in darkness came nearer and nearer and arrived. The epidemic swept down on the plant and the town.

The Trouble Doc brushed the foe first in the dispensary and was immediately swept to grim battle grounds in homes. For two days he lamented bitterly the coming of this diversion when just ahead might lie fruitage of the things he and Ames had wrested out of dreams, but in a week the strike had fallen back to second place in his thoughts. After all, he was soldier to the welfare of the individual rather than to the differences between men. He closed with the foe in a hand-to-hand struggle for this captive or that one in the No Man's Land along the border between worlds.

Before the epidemic came Matt McDonald and his fellows had felt that the strike was progressing satisfactorily for their side. It was an endurance test and they believed the company would be first to wear out. The flood of reports digested at strike headquarters daily showed that the strikers were holding on like soldiers. In spite of the cajoling of company agents, the pinch of sacrifice and the frailty of human resolve defections had not been more numerous than the company itself was sustaining.

When the epidemic arrived it had to be considered without any sentiment whatever, and the strike committee saw it as a liability and as an asset too. It would weaken the vitality of the strikers and it would put an unexpected strain on the slender strike benefits the men had believed would be sufficient to carry them through. On the other hand the epidemic promised to outdo all the persuasive efforts of the pickets in reducing the total of men remaining at work in the plant below that absolute minimum of five hundred.

McDonald, seeking some true barometer of his cause, turned again and again to Hobson Court. Three-story flats, fashionable in a previous generation, stood shoulder to shoulder about a rectangle where grass could not flourish because of the lawlessness of children's feet. The scores upon scores of flats were occupied almost entirely by Consolidated Motors employees. The denizens of the court, working and thinking and voting in unison, had won their ward its nickname of the Solid Sixth. True to tradition, Hobson Court went solidly on strike. At the outset mass meetings lighted by bonfires were held in the rectangle at night, and the leader of the strike had felt his heart assured and quickened when the shouts of the men wedged against the platform were given shrill echo by the women and children, who waved flags and banners from the windows above their heads.

When the epidemic approached an effort was made to save Hobson Court by isolating it. In less than a week these tactics had failed and the very solidarity of the court rendered it easy prey to the scourge. Immediately the suffering became intense. The strike committee came with every resource at its command to support life and morale. The committee was moved by the extent of the distress, but even in such a situation it could not afford to be swayed by sentiment alone. The members realized that at any stage of the game the collapse of Hobson Court must mean the collapse of the strike.

It was difficult to get doctors for the court, but it was difficult to get them for other sections too. There were not enough doctors to go round. The Trouble Doc followed a stricken worker home from the plant and found himself facing a singular problem. A cry reached him from a dwelling adjoining. It came from the wife and children of a man on strike. He steeled himself and pretended that he did not hear his name called—that he did not see anguished hands pleading through a window pane. He leaped into his auto and ordered the chauffeur to be off. Before the engine could respond he had leaped out again and gone hurrying to the aid of the suffering, regardless of the fact that the head of that house was fighting his company tooth and nail.

The scandal of such conduct was wafted along to the company's office. Ames was told. Ames considered and gave his answer: "Well, let him alone!"

Privation began to bear heavily on families whose heads had not deliberately forsaken their jobs. Disease as well as strike could produce idleness, and idleness—however induced—brought a sure train of woes. The Trouble Doc, combating these woes, found himself facing situations beyond all rule and precedent. He knew now he was going to treat a striker's family whenever necessary, but there were graver questions than that. His first thought was to fall back on Ames; but quickly he realized that it would not be fair—even where there was time—to throw the burden of decision on that overworked official. His service with the Consolidated Motors Company had been almost wholly in the nature of an experiment and he could not shirk, now that the experiment had broadened. He must go on as he had begun—an unfearing pioneer.

Ethridge saw that if he was to steer a wise course he must lift himself above the hatred and distrust that was coloring the vision of nearly everybody about him. He established a rule of conduct and he stuck to it like grim death. He put every proposed undertaking to this test: Is it for the ultimate good of the workers and the ultimate good of the plant? He knew that as often as something inside him gave affirmative answer he was going ahead.

The chief of the accounting department hastened to Ames.

"That doctor is spending something like a thousand dollars a day," he reported, "and he doesn't keep a record of expenditures any more than a rabbit. I can't follow his trail at all except through the bills that come in. Will you please tell me what I'm going to do about that man?"

"I will," Ames replied with the staunch adherence to a policy that made him a great executive. "You're going to let Ethridge alone!"

At the end of six weeks of strike and epidemic combined the breaking point seemed to be near. The company urged arbitration again, but it was a more generous offer this time, for it concluded with the words: "We agree to leave the selection of the arbitrators to the governor of the state."

The company wished to avoid the risk of chaos. The other side, however, read in the offer only a sign that the day was at hand when the company could not maintain that imperative quota of five hundred men. The strikers, milling like a mad herd and not waiting for their leaders to act officially, bellowed back their two-syllabled peace terms: "Give in!"

The governor took a hand. When he had the strike committee facing him in the parlor of Linden's chief hotel he demanded: "Why are you men so set against arbitration?"

McDonald's eyes diminished to pinpoints as he stared into the governor's firm but anxious face.

"Why, it's their game!" he hissed. "How can we trust anything those skunks are willing to let us have, even if they hand it to us on a gold plate?"

The best the governor could get was a promise that the committee in deference to the public welfare would give the offer consideration. They agreed to go into conference and to hand the governor their answer before night. McDonald's associates laughed—albeit a little hysterically—when they confided to strikers waiting in the street that they were going to meet at three o'clock and find a new way to tell the tottering old company to go to hell.

McDonald hurried off. He wanted to be alone and weigh the next step. He saw no possible course but curtly to refuse the enemy's proposal, yet he recognized two considerations that could not be ignored. Consideration Number One was: Would the public misunderstand the answer they were going to formulate for the governor and would public sentiment swing away from their cause? Oh, if only the public understood how you couldn't place any confidence whatever in the motives or promises of deceiving, man-eating employers of labor! Halfway up the hill on his way home the big leader took hold of a picket fence to steady himself. He was trembling as with a chill. For five minutes he had been trying to think of words that could express the depth of his suspicion of the men at the head of the plant.

Before three o'clock all of the strike committee but the chairman were assembled at headquarters. They joked heavily and unnaturally and offered suggestions to the secretary, who was pounding out the first draft of their answer to the governor on a typewriter.

"What's keeping Big Matt, I wonder?" remarked one of the men.

"His wife's still pretty weak," observed another.

"You needn't worry about the ol' leader," volunteered the secretary, giving his index fingers a momentary respite. "In view of the fact that he's going to hand those Con Motors guys their knock-out this afternoon, I sent a flivver up after him."

As a matter of fact Matt McDonald was well on his way to strike headquarters when the battered little motor car met him. He was shuffling along as though an invisible load rested on his shoulders. His mouth was set hard, making his heavy jaw appear heavier still. His eyes, roving and inflamed, were like little coals of fire that glinted in one direction and then in another. He was glad when the car picked him up. He could now go a dozen blocks out of his way and reassure himself as to Consideration Number Two.

A few minutes later the flivver rolled into Hobson Court and McDonald stopped it under a tree where it would attract the least attention. Only a few persons were in sight and most of these were fading into doorways. Deserted and silent as the place was, there was something that spoke out of the bricks and the drooping blades of grass. To some it might have seemed only a great agony, but to McDonald—conscious as well of the agony—it was the voice of a great heroism. These people were the backbone. They had hung on when the weekly strike benefits ran out. They had hung on when the grocers said: "No more credit." Thereafter the strike committee had done what it could in the way of special donations, but none knew better than the committee's head how inadequate these donations were in the face of the need. Consideration Number Two outlined itself thus in his thought: Could he rely on the Hobson Court people to hang on still longer when there was hardly anything to sustain them except the knowledge that if they failed the strike failed too?

Yes, he would rely on these overstrained soldiers of the cause—because he must. Their sufferings—he clutched the sides of the automobile—were the true measure of the company's inhumanity!

A clock somewhere boomed three times. McDonald remembered his appointment and was about to give his driver the word to hurry on when a huge auto truck with a yellow cover whirled into the rectangle and drew to the curb just ahead of his car. The truck did not stop—it merely slowed down.

Through the slits in its enveloping cover poured half a dozen young men, and each man made a line for one of the doorways just back of the sidewalk's edge.

What riveted the watcher's attention was that the arms of the men contained cloth-wrapped objects familiar in t form, while swinging from their fin were baskets and pails. Each man p his load on a doorstep and shot back to slowly but steadily moving truck so the hands of unseen men inside the big might fill his arms again. One mon doorsteps were empty, the next mon they were strangely overflowing.

No doorbell was rung, no signal given; it was simply that six men, abe by other men in the covered van, playing a singular game of deposit depart; and the swiftness of their m ments and the steady rolling along of source of supply forced the conclusion a prime concern of the players was tha one should catch them and that no should know who they were. When had decorated every doorstep on the side the van swung along the north side, when no empty doorstep remained th agile ones began on the doors of the

The game progressed so well tha seemed as though the players—if really wished to cover every door secretly and get away—would score cl But they were yet to reckon with the s ears and sharp eyes of a child. The yo ster heard something that caused hi pull back a curtain and look out. A sq burst from his lips, and from half a d windows drawn faces peered. Vo babbled, doors opened.

In ten seconds the residents were fl ing their doorsteps—at least in so fa there was room to set their feet. Hol Court, stupefied and starving, had wake to find a motley avalanche of hams sides of bacon, bags of flour, pails of and baskets of vegetables and fruits t bling into its doors.

The players of the merry game pitc their final offerings, not onto doorsteps into quivering outstretched arms. T the big truck, its mission completed the last of its crew safely under the yel cover, gathered momentum and whirling and roaring away. Though ca in the act, the visitors still appeared have scored, for their identity remai unrevealed. The court people, recove from the shock of surprise, looked a for their good angel. They discovere man they knew hunched down in a batte automobile and they thanked Matt Donald with a salvo of rickety cheers.

The mistaken outburst brought Big M to his senses. He gave a command to driver and put such force into it that little car went spinning out of the recta on two wheels. McDonald could get a from Hobson Court, but never perh would he get away from a fleeting pict that had burned into his brain. Fate made him a witness to the incredible. thing had occurred when the yellow a truck careened past him in its get-a flight. A rush of air had snatched bac curtain long enough for him to recogniz figure clinging to a stanchion in the v It was the figure of Ethridge, the Trou Doc, who had always maintained t preserving the vitality of the workers everything to do with the good of plant.

The six members of the strike committ waiting at headquarters with the ans to the governor ready for the chairma approval, broke into relieved exclamati at the sound of a heavy tread on the sta When presently they caught a glimpse their leader they rose to their feet as man. Framed in the doorway, where halted, he was a familiar picture of streng but something unfamiliar and startling come into his habitually inexpressive fa Staring at him in silence they reeled w the wine of a fresh assurance. They wo follow this man to hell. He, looking acr the table, saw them as no more th shadows. The eyes of his being were bu with things they could not see. What he witnessed in Hobson Court—the succ ing of his famished people by the enemy was something having no place whate in the world in which he had labored a longed and made his fight. Wherefore had felt himself swept along into a wo that was new. The length and breadth a manner of it were bewildering, but th was one thing that gave him his bearin for it shaped into his vision like a gr square stone. It was a sort of corner sto he saw, of the new world's existence. guy could trust a guy!

"Boys, we're going to arbitrate," muttered. "I've found out somethi It's all right to give the skunks a chance play square!"

ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION

(Concluded from Page 7)

s not the typewriter produced
vrds?
t us try for a closer look at the
ay of plenty which I am assured is
gnd which our unions are striking to
. The clearest vision I can get of it is
eby that delightful Penrod Schofield
ism entitled George Bernard Shaw.
w declares—with that least tinge
gatism now and then salting his
e-that the golden day will come—
n come—when all of us the wide
und are paid an equal wage. It
d—I can't deny that. There would
perty, no unfairness, no oppression;
geer and the farmer paid alike; the
er, the tenor, the doctor; the win-
ier and the architect of the building
g the windows; the actor and the
d; the hotel manager and the ele-
y; the chef and the waiter; the
nd the private. Who could object
the standardized wage were suffi-
igh?
been unable to guess from Mr.
oldly scientific exposition of the
l problem whether he intends the
washer to enjoy an income equal to
r whether he means to be content
wage of the less exigent craft, or
he would lump the two and take
Curiously enough, he has neglected
en us on this point, though his at-
ward his own earnings hitherto
t significantly, for publishers, ed-
theatrical managers unite in testi-
lt he has never shown the slightest
y haste to lower the price of his
itput in behalf of the less peculiarly
So it is likely that instead of ex-
go write a Candida for the price of
g tweedy in a lounge suit he really
is tailor to receive the price of a
l play for a successful suit of
s.
n we shall all have a lot of money;
e shall receive the same amount,
r what we do, we shall all be free
t we most want to do. Three loud
And to think that a mere vegeta-
wright thought it out!

The Ideal Job

ntry for a still closer look. Of course
ll do anything hard or disagreeable
gets the same wage for doing some-
ey and pleasant. For example, the
ave always most wished to do is to
stone wall. You get your pile of
nd some good mortar and you
cord to keep the thing straight,
he stones in a row, chipping nubs
sides and ends to make them fit
ke a jig-sawed picture puzzle, and
e it true with a spirit level and
on you have a lot of wall laid as
hs anything, with neat seams. It's
ng sport.
gine staying at a typewriter, think-
olish words and phrases for a too-
a used public, when you could be out
en doing a thing that would have
n and value! Or imagine being a
t you could be a dancing master or
-he dish washer! Even Mr. Shaw's
ould doubtless be altered for us.
on know what he would rather do
rthing else, but I'm pretty certain
t riting—talking, maybe.
ho would study eight or ten years
r. difficult profession when he could
he same reward without study? So
ld have no more skilled musicians.
y fiddlers but no violinists, plenty
gs but no vocalists, plenty of car-
s but no artists.
f course familiar with that pretty
bout artists living for their art,
g study of them compels the obser-
at few of them do—the most of
ve another incentive. In short,
Ir. Shaw's guidance we should
t be reduced to the lowest possible
o achievement for which the equal
d ould be won—as surely as a union
er does the least possible work that
ar his union wage. But there will be
n said in print about it. For the
en writers' earnings are reduced to
ev of, say, the legal stipend of a
d tates senator, writers are going to
wting and do something agreeable.
pl y, lest my young thinker should
e me more and dispute this picture
. Shaw's off-hand millennium, we have at hand an authentic and illuminating example of it. And I do not mean the ants and the bees, who have carried mere unionism to its ultimate perfection. We had in this hemisphere not so long ago a great nation perfectly socialized and single taxed and equalized and unoppressed. It realized an ideal of socialism so nearly perfect that not the most convinced socialist nowadays can expect the world again to achieve its like.

Mr. Shaw's clause of the equal wage was in full effect; and having an equal wage the people became equal; they had equal opportunities and equal rewards. They had free access to the land and they were not in any way exploited. There was no poverty among them. If the crops in one section failed the government tided its people over with stores saved against that mischance.

It was a land of peace and plenty and joy, and the dark shadow of capitalism had never fallen upon it. So perfectly indeed was socialism here achieved that the people had no need for capital in our sense. In that Arcady was no money or any circulating medium whatever. A certain soft yellow metal they found in abundance, but they made it into vessels for their altars or to attest the merit of their king. For they had a so-called king, but his government was of the least possible restraint commensurate with its function of assigning each man his land and seeing that grain was stored against the bad year.

The Great Self-Swallowing Act

No one ever criticised the government. No young man ever got up and called upon the masses to rise and take what they had an inherent right to take. They already had it; each had an abundance and no one more than another. It was a true Utopia for people who had no wants above animal wants. And it might have survived indefinitely could it have remained wholly isolated. But one day a soldier from the outside named Pizarro came in and stepped on the ant hill. And with the familiar result.

But why should it need to be so for the world at large? Why will it need to be so when soldiers are no more?

Well, there's a reason and I'm rather surprised Mr. Shaw didn't at least set it up—if only to knock it down. But he didn't; either because he couldn't or wouldn't. He doesn't explain how the man who produces much is to be persuaded to raise the wage of the man who produces little, and he appears to ignore almost wilfully the certainty that with equal rewards we should all produce as little as possible, even as did our Peruvians. He even avoids any contact with the certainty that I would continue to reward some laborers higher than I rewarded others; with the certainty—to be concrete—that I would pay more to hear and see a zippy musical comedy with forty beauties under twenty than I would to hear a visiting British poet lecture upon the superiority of British poets. In short, he neglects utterly to point out that an equal wage would result in equal tasks and that a task which all can perform with equal merit will necessarily be a lowly task, as it became in Utopian Peru.

To be quite candid, there are moments when I almost decide to believe that God forbore to make Mr. Shaw as wise as he is witty. Or can the wily casuist have meant neatly to expose the basic fallacy of the socialistic dream? In either case the answer to the Peruvian ant-hill dilemma is the same and it is quite as simple as Mr. Shaw would apparently have us believe the problem of human association to be. It is that Nature runs the open shop—and Nature is still a going concern.

The old-fashioned scientist among other reckless generalizations loved to tell us that Nature cares only for the species and nothing for the individual. That of course was in a day when there were believed to be species—to be hard-and-fast lines between species and genera instead of insensible gradations from one to another. To-day we know that Nature doesn't care a hang for any so-called species whatever, but is concerned solely with the individual and goes steadily on producing—and differentiating—individuals regardless of the circumstance that scientists here and there discern a number of individuals nearly enough alike to be described in a book as a species. Nature's only contact is with the individual, from the fairly simple wood tick to the fairly complex G. B. Shaw, and Nature's only message to the individual is a simple one: Go on being an individual or you will become an ant or a pre-Pizarro Peruvian or a union laborer.

You can survive in that state, to be sure, but you will stop growing as surely as the ants did about eight million years ago and you will be stepped on as carelessly and as devastatingly.

When you join a species or a union or anything of that sort you have given up the fight and I have no further use for you. And the message to all of us on this spinning little ball is: "You could become a successful ant hill if you could quit your individual striving, but you never can quit, because I that make you am now and forever against equal rewards for unequal tasks."

All very well as talk, but what ground has Nature for so arrogant a tone in the face of the world's imminent unionization? Well, I think it is something like this: Our one big union is now engaged in swallowing itself. The tail has entered the mouth and is slowly disappearing before our perturbed gaze. No day passes but some little union joins the big union—the feast of self-destruction proceeds with unction and cheers from the gallery. Presently the big union will have swallowed itself utterly and there won't be any more big union, because it will then have to strike against itself. Having swallowed itself the union will perish in the pangs of a monstrous indigestion. Then again we shall have little unions slowly maturing to strike against the newly non-union world. Again the cycle will commence. But Nature doesn't care about that. She has merely provided that unionism sooner or later defeats itself.

Brawn vs. Brain

And meantime? Well, meantime I look for this to be one of the most interesting worlds now swinging through space. I shall try to watch the spectacle as a confirmed neutral, with impartial cheers for each day's victor. That is, I shall remain as neutral as a man can be expected to remain who has no union to receive him and who for the moment perceives that the unions barred to him are making it harder and harder for him to survive. I shall be fairly neutral, I suppose, until wages and the cost of living mount to a point where both will become prohibitive instead of merely exorbitant. Then I may join the stonemasons' union and strike for still higher wages against other strikers, while the cost of living still unaccountably scoots skyward. But I look for it all to be interesting. It will be interesting to observe how long it will take the striking hands and feet and eyes and ears to learn that they too are a part of the body, nourished by the stomach and under the necessity of direction by the head.

Hence meantime my somewhat embarrassed hesitation in advising the young man who accompanied me into this article about the choice of his life work. He talks occasionally of soldiering, but I have had to advise against that. The wife of a captain in our Army lets me know that her colored maid has lately wedded a stevedore of her race whose pay is twice that of her own husband. Yet her own husband was expensively educated to a difficult profession, while the now-opulent stevedore cost organized society very little to produce.

So I am constrained to advise in favor of those callings that demand brawn rather than brain, and indeed for want of education none other presently will be open. Pretty soon no one will be able to choose a profession, for there will be no teachers left to teach them.

Recalling our old friend the law of supply and demand, how long will there be teachers at two dollars and fifty cents a day when window washers or the followers of twenty other trades get two or three or four times that sum? We are now paying ditch diggers more than college instructors and mechanics and trainmen more than professors. The young man won't need college instructors for a dozen years yet, but will there be any left at twenty cents an hour when doing something a lot simpler—and requiring a much briefer training—brings eighty cents? It would seem not. Even now professors flee their academic shades for real jobs, as do our army and navy officers. No love for teaching or soldiering can long restrain them after the easy discovery that they must eat and clothe their nakedness even as the moneyed motorman. So there will probably be no question of a learned profession.

On the other hand I must conscientiously advise him to find an occupation—if that be possible—not yet unionized, for unionism is an insurance of mediocrity and I would rather like to see him with an incentive to excel, even in such a matter as bricklaying at a dollar and a quarter an hour, that being the figure for which the bricklayer's union is at present striking.

The Open Shop of Nature

I might advise the stage, but I should hate to think he was going to be so bad an actor that he would need the power of a union to get him a fair deal. And if he became a good actor I should hate to think he might have to strike because a lot of *ersatz* actors—who wouldn't be actors at all except for the union—decided to strike for more pay than their individual talents could command, or because the scene shifters were having troubles of their own. Yet just now and for some years to come he will probably have to struggle with the union handicap.

So I am back to the locomotive with him. I think he has all instinctively made a wise choice. Nor is it impossible that I shall eventually be in a position to admire him from time to time as he rolls gorgeously by me in his high-powered vehicle. That is, as a stonemason I may fail to achieve even the moderate union requirements, so I shall then have an arm or a leg subtracted from my person—while there are still surgeons—and procure at some pretty grade crossing the task of waving a red flag on the approach of trains. The pay was forty dollars a month three years ago, but is now a hundred and forty, and the labor is not exhausting.

I had thought of going in for elevating, but I see that the elevator person in the Washington home of the American Federation of Labor had to strike the other day to get his inherent rights, so that seems too uncertain.

Let us all join unions cheerfully while we must. The most of us have already joined and been affiliated, which has come to be a lovely word indeed. And when we have joined it will soon be over, for we shall be speedily unjoined by Nature's neat decree, for her law is strong and works not with petty injunctions. Her reward is to the superior, and in every cell with which she has built man she has implanted a striving for superiority that no union organizer can long stifle. It is only by such individual striving that we are people, so-called, to-day instead of polyps and things of that sort. And only by such striving has there been created that wealth which the people would take over. But for the certainty of superior reward for superior effort there would be no wages to strike for, no strikers, no unions, no labor trouble—as there is none in the beehive.

A bee works for nothing and feeds himself. But Nature has seen to it that we shall not become bees. Nature is the original unbeatable scab. Her open shop can't be closed. This is a good thing to remember when orators of high-muzzle velocity seek to isolate the causative bacteria of unrest. Unrest is Nature's one eternal trump card. We must eternally play against it and eternally lose. It may seem harsh; but, after all, what other way was there to keep the game going?

THE SUBMERGED MAJORITY

(Concluded from Page 31)

worthy fathers express regret that they kept children in college and university too long. It is impossible to acquire too much real knowledge, but much taught now is not knowledge.

Orators talk and writers publish, but it all resolves itself into this: Only a few of those who are industrious and fair fail to succeed, while only a few of those who are unfair, idle and vicious fail to score failure.

Life is not only understandable but reasonably agreeable. Nature knows and tells; nothing need be accepted on blind faith. Fire burns; if by the exercise of care you save your house from the flames you have cheated the devil; if by frugality you save yourself from want you have cheated him; if you are careful of your health and of your conduct you have cheated him. And this is the only sort of cheating that is fair. The good things of life are never so good as they might be, but they are better than the bad.

In the old days of the republic citizens held a town meeting occasionally to discuss public affairs, and thereafter gave their attention in peace to their shops and farms; but in these modern times public affairs are the subject of constant discussion and excitement. Congress is nearly always in session; finally, unless there is improvement, I suppose state legislatures, city councils, boards of county commissioners, of education, and so on, will also be in constant session, to add to the general confusion. Almost every day there is held an important convention of some kind, with exciting speeches and resolutions. Our enterprising newspapers report them, and we spend much time in discussing the news. Those who keep up with daily events these days have not much time left for anything else; and in the end the news is exciting rather than agreeable.

It seems to me that after all private affairs are the great concern. The production and distribution of supplies is the first necessity, and that is what business, or private affairs, amounts to. But business is penalized to keep public affairs going vigorously. The Chicago Tribune estimates that the attendance of an official at one public function cost three million dollars; and of course this tax was paid by farmer, factory owner, workman and operator of transportation line. In addition he devoted considerable time to reading the daily news of the public function, which was spread out over months; and which didn't finally settle anything. Indeed it resulted in a second row as fierce as the first.

A Long, Futile Strife

If we should handle our private affairs sensibly public affairs would be a mere matter of meeting occasionally to cheer a good country. Instead of that we meet frequently to curse it, of which sacrilege we should be ashamed. The truth is we have a good country and a good form of government, but are not making so much of either as we could or should. It is a well-demonstrated fact that if we do as well as we may in the United States we do exceptionally well.

Macaulay, in his History of England, says of a certain memorable strife in that country: "It lasted through four reigns. It had produced seditions, rebellions, battles, impeachments, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. During many years one-half of the energy of England had been employed in counteracting the other half; the people had so successfully impeded each other that the state had been of no account in Europe. Not a single flower of the crown was touched; not a single new right was given the people."

We have not lacked interest in public affairs; there has been no lack of remedies proposed, but they have not been new. Indeed, the promises of modern statesmanship are insignificant compared with the promises made in an older time. It is an old game we are playing, and we get nothing out of it except strife, ill humor, promises, impeachments, steadily increasing taxes and exciting news.

Mr. B——, the modern, promised in case of his election that when men become old they should not be annoyed with poverty. But Mr. M——, the ancient, promised that his followers should not become old, that they should renew their youth, and each be attended by thirty beautiful houris who could not if they tried advance a year in age. Mr. B——, the modern, promised plenty of work; but Mr. M——, the ancient, a man of real imagination, promised his followers perpetual idleness, and banishment of all pain and worry. Another gentleman, whose name I do not recall at the moment, not having at hand the details of that very ancient campaign, promised his adherents a happy hunting ground where game would never become scarce; an elk or lion killed to-day would renew itself during the night and be ready for another chase to-morrow.

Meanwhile we are all becoming more ill-natured than becomes good-humored Americans; if we do not have a care I fear we shall finally fly at each other's throats.

It would be easier for the people to bring about such reform as is possible than it is to endure our present ills; and we know better than we are doing. It is actually easy for the people to win; it is foolish to talk of their being powerless. The great newspapers and politicians are always watching the majority, to meet its favor, whether it is sense or nonsense. The trouble is we are asking too much; a worthy people so successfully impede each other that they get nothing at all from their reform work.

The Mistakes of Majorities

Public affairs are not conducted so intelligently, honestly or economically as they should be; and the fault rests with the people themselves. They are in control, and there is no power recommending the faults of which we complain. We have laws providing every possible public blessing; if any are lacking we are at liberty to enact new ones. In this day and country there is neither king nor aristocracy opposing the fullest justice, equality and opportunity for all. Both the rules and the laws beg the people to improve in all the respects named. We have too much intemperance, idleness, impoliteness and lack of thrift, but there is no law, no public sentiment, favoring either of the bad habits named. So far as civilization is breaking down, it is due to the individual faults of the people; we have every public right we can have.

I believe in any system the people have tried a long time and found most expedient. The plans men have adopted are better than plans they have talked about and neglected to put into effect because of doubt of utility. When the majority makes a mistake it must inevitably correct it; the majority cannot afford to follow a bad plan when a better one may be found, and only does so until the better plan appears and demonstrates itself. There is something wrong with every doctrine the majority does not put into effect. I cannot believe that mankind, after experimenting with life thousands of years, finally adopted the worst system, and steadily refused to put into effect a better. We know our present social system is effective because we have created while living under it a country where there is more liberty and prosperity than ever existed before anywhere, in any other period in the past. The best evidence that we cannot afford to throw away this system to try doubtful experiments is the fact that we have not done so. We do not shoot successful men and divide their property, because there is doubt that it is the best way. We may be willing to do it, but have a suspicion that successful men are after all useful; that it is best in the long run to protect a man in the possession of what he has acquired fairly under the old rules. Every man wants this protection, and grudgingly grants it to others.

I believe in the best workmen being made foremen, superintendents and managers or finally starting a rival business. In every place where men work there are inexperienced workers who need direction in order that they may better learn their trade, and themselves advance. There is the same reason for foremen and superintendents and rules and laws that there is for giving a father authority over his children. Workmen are constantly becoming foremen and employers; children are constantly becoming parents; poor men are constantly becoming rich.

Because a workman is advanced to foreman, superintendent or proprietor he does not lose the manhood which distinguished him as a member of his union; he is no less a man because he is promoted on merit. Promotion does not cause him to lose all sense of right, correct living and justice to his fellow men. We all have some of the capital so generously abused. In a degree we are all capitalists, as we are all citizens. Capital changes owners every decade, almost every year.

The question is often asked: "What is the remedy for human ills?" A frank and truthful answer is: There is no remedy. Certain things are wrong, and nothing can make them right. But natural ills may be modified by industry, temperance, patience and sound principles. Socrates is said to have been the most original thinker of antiquity. Yet what did he think or know that the average man should not think and know at thirty years of age? Socrates was an apostle of plain thinking, of plain common sense, of right conduct for its own sake. Who should not be?

I have harmed myself in being too progressive often enough to know such a thing is possible; and in looking back for the reasons I have found that I neglected old and simple principles I was familiar with. I think that is the trouble with the world to-day; it has rushed into big things without considering that certain little things are in the way to prevent accomplishment.

There is much in print about the best and noblest men who ever lived being reviled, traduced, indicted and executed; but I have never known such a case. The noblest and best men I have ever known have been rewarded. Nicolai Lenine is probably as strong a friend of the new order as can be found, yet in his serious moments he recognizes the truth of the old philosophy. In 1918 he wrote:

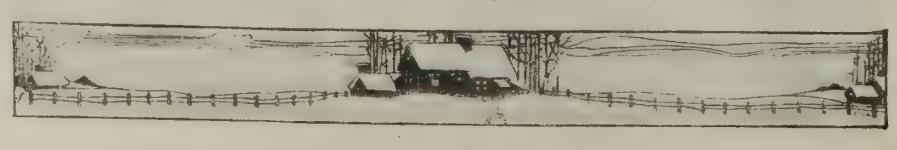
"Keep accurate and conscientious accounts; conduct business economically; do not loaf; do not steal; maintain strict discipline. We must effect a complete change in the mood of the masses and turn them to regular, uninterrupted and disciplined labor. We must purchase the services of a thousand first-class scientists and specialists, and though we pay them a hundred thousand rubles a year they will be cheap at the price."

Here is the chief of sinners acknowledging his wickedness is wrong; here is the leading apostle of the new thought paying tribute to the old religion of common sense. And every other great sinner of the past or present has been forced by the logic of events to recant, and accept the simple principles and lessons of experience.

Success Not Difficult

The best good men can do will not result in prosperity for the shiftless, the impolite, the dishonest, the intemperate or the lazy. Nothing will rid the people of work and unhappiness; the great human betterment so many expect will never be realized. The only improvement we can hope for is for all to do a little better.

Men talk of success as being a tremendously difficult thing, and say that in order to achieve it they must give up the finer feelings, all leisure and enjoyment. Success is actually not difficult; so many dull men have achieved it in this country as to demonstrate that it is easier than failure. Success actually means no more than living life in the easiest and most natural way. The purpose of the man who saves is rarely vicious; it is nearly always commendable. The best we can do is to make the most of whatever talent we draw in the lottery of life. And the poorest of us draw enough in the lottery to take advantage of industry, politeness, temperance and fairness. It is snobbery to pretend that character may not accompany promotion. The talk that the greater the rogue the greater his fortune originated with thieves, and they have failed to make the doctrine good. If you have not succeeded give your son a chance. And he cannot succeed if there are no successful institutions, and no successful men to grow old and require successors.



There is rebellion in every nation, county, city, neighborhood and fam cause of the natural conditions of lif the fire smolders because men have l that playing with fire is dangerous. rebel as I sit before my fire at night ing over my affairs, but return to my next morning, because of the kno that rebellion does not pay; I ma best possible terms with life, take a ping, and in future obey the rules History does not show a single revo that continued without let or hind revolutionists themselves finally adm members of the human race cannot they do nothing but fight each othe

The people have not trusted the simple judgment enough; somethi confused them in considering their affairs. The great questions are not by the geniuses; they are settled, so they can be settled, in the crucible perience, by the real people. The have failed in their big undertaking the submerged majority is now con not only with the right but the duty plying saner methods. Delegate th honest man to manage your affairs w let, hindrance or investigation, and give himself a little the best of it. Ca ness is the besetting sin of all of us; your affairs carefully and you wil many a man from the sin of robbin

A Modern Æsop's Fable

Too many have the foolish hope great reformer will finally come alo rescue them; that a modern statesma find an easier way of living than ha discovered in centuries of honest en in the past.

A modern Æsop relates that a r was once feeding beside the road an ing a fox approach, promptly flew convenient tree.

"Have you heard the great news" fox asked.

The rooster replied he had heard no

"Well," said the fox, "universal has been declared. In future fox play with chickens, and lions with There is to be no more strife in the and no more work or worry. Co down and play with me, and we wil brate the great news."

But the rooster was doubtful, a two argued back and forth. Final fox said: "If you intend to come do play with me and celebrate the un peace you'll have to hurry; I see approaching."

"If universal peace has been decl replied the rooster, "why not remai play with the dog?"

"I am afraid," answered the fox made off, "that that fool dog hasn't the news."

It may be contended by some numerous idle talkers that the fo higher ideals than other foxes; but same the rooster was warranted in suspicious—as was the fox when he dog loping over the hill and rapidly c his way.

There is a certain philosophy kno roosters and foxes; an equal a frankly accepted by the people w sufficient for their needs.

The Rousseau plan, the Marx pla Plumb plan, and a number of other I do not mention because of whol respect for the editor and his readers failed.

The insurgents ask the philosop parents, pastors and teachers: "C save us from unhappiness and work

And the truthful answer is: It c Whereupon the insurgents turn to ne periments, accept any pretty phrase spend a billion in trying it. And a time the old philosophy is better tha new.

Experience is the only reliable guide for thousands of years the best me women have been trying to better tions, with experience as a teacher. losophy, religion, science have done best, and we have the result in the compromise of to-day; which is the we can do with moral conditions. I c have all I want, nor can any man; wisdom of the ages has outlined a promise, and we must respect its limit its rules. All men know more than the ages more than a decade or a cen

HANES

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ELASTIC KNIT

UNDERWEAR

GUARANTEE—We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely —every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Hanes"—the greatest underwear value ever sold at the price!

T the big, *extra*-long-service features of Hanes winter men's Union Suits and Shirts rawers fixed in your mind! Go over the r wear-points brought out in the diagram k shown in the Union Suit above—*guaran*- d unbreakable seams; *guaranteed* tailored a tte that cannot gap; *guaranteed* elastic t rist and ankles; *guaranteed* closed crotch; a *nteed* pearl buttons sewed on to stay; a *nteed* buttonholes that last as long as the m nt!

S ch a wealth of underwear value to spread o any man at the price! If comfort, r h, wear and economy mean much to you w ter underwear, then buy "Hanes"! *Every* r d, *stitch and button is guaranteed!*

You should immediately check up your dealer and get a supply.

Hanes winter weight Union Suits are standard throughout America—*standard* because of extra wear and *standard* because their extra comfort, fit and perfect workmanship make them exceed in real worth any underwear you ever bought at the price!

Your confidence in Hanes Underwear should be based on the fact that every process of manufacture from raw long-staple cotton to the perfected garment is *under direct Hanes supervision in Hanes factories!*

Your choice of Union Suits or Shirts and Drawers is a matter of personal preference.

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All the quality, extra features and perfect workmanship that make Hanes men's Union Suits so universally popular *go right into Hanes Union Suits for Boys!* We have never laid hands on such value in boys' underwear. Fleeciness and warmth, in particular, meet parents' most exacting wishes, plus *reinforced buttonholes* that will not stretch.

These staunch Union Suits stand up against the stiffest wear-service and wash service. The elastic knitting and *reinforced strain points* allow all sorts of work and play freedom. Made in sizes to meet ages between two and sixteen years. Two- to four-year sizes have the drop seat.

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Warning to the Trade

ment offered as "Hanes" is a e unless it bears the Hanes label.

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ROSA ALVARO, ENTRANTE

(Continued from Page 19)

Eight o'clock found the hosiery department ready to cope with the special sale of silk seconds. Gwen had sharpened her pencil and stood licking the lead from her thumb, and with a look of incredulity watching Mayme engaged in a conversation at the end of the counter with Mr. Peacock. Mayme's eyes lowered and raised their lids in the most approved manner of female vamps. Gwen nudged her elbow into the fat side of Gertie Gay, who was to relieve during the rush.

"Get onto Mayme, Gert. Second childhood. Talk about Raffle's cherubs! They ain't got nothing on Mayme. Don't it git you? I left that doll playin' tag with misery last night, and here she is this morning playin' baby vamp to Peacock! I like her nerve—me feedin' her deviled crabs and things to raise her spirits! And Peacock's fallin' for it! Can you beat it?"

"Forward, Miss Applebaum. White balbriggan for the lady." And as Gwen shot a look of indignation toward Mayme's back Mr. Peacock added: "Miss Ladd is engaged."

Gwen slammed a box upon the counter and made the sale, never for a moment taking her eyes from Mayme, taking in the fact that Mr. Peacock's eyes were pointed with interest and that he smiled in an unrestricted manner even when trade had demanded Mayme's attention, and that when this occurred he moved away with a show of annoyance. She also saw with widened eyes that Mr. Peacock actually returned to Mayme after a sale and made a low remark to which she listened disinterestedly, smiling slowly and giving a nod, and Gwen caught the word "perhaps," after which Mr. Peacock turned away to unravel a complication in checks.

Gwen waited until she could confront Mayme in the narrow aisle space, then burst forth with: "Say, looka here, Mayme; I ain't no Cleopatter. You don't catch Gwenny nussin' no snakes. What's your game?"

Mayme narrowed her eyes and returned the gaze unflinchingly. Then dejection seemed to creep over her like a gray mantle. She shrank under the accusing eyes of Gwen and stammered: "I don't know what's the matter. I —— Oh, Gwen, I'm tired of being nothing! I just wish ——" Her lips began to tremble and the lazy eyes were brimmed with tears, which seemed to sift ashes over the brightness, leaving her face dull and expressionless. "Gwen, I can't help bein' alive and feelin'. And it's so easy," she added in a smothered reflective tone.

Gwen was nonplused. She slipped an arm about Mayme's waist and delivered a comforting little squeeze as she whispered: "Well, if you feel that way about it go to it, kid! I'm for you! I don't know your game, but if it helps it's O. K. Lord, Mayme, you got me backed. Workin' your eyes on Peacock! I bet you can't pull it."

The rush hour was on. Women stormed the department, wrangling over stock, colors, numbers, service, addresses, change, checks; crowding the labor with torturous incidents, flaying the spirits of their servitors and leaving them with weary bodies and quivering nerves to complete the day. During the confusion Gwen had forgotten Mayme and Mr. Peacock, and when the gong sounded she hastened through the rushing mob of employees to the elevator. On reaching the seventh floor she procured her tam from the locker and jamming it down over her smooth head hastened back, to descend in the packed car to the main floor and push her way through to the entrance, where she stood humming I'll Say She Does, and swaying to the rhythm. Mayme joined her some minutes later, and something in her pathetic expression called out the latent mother in Gwen, for she grasped the thin arm and snuggled her close to her side.

Waiting for the passing L to cease its clatter she said: "Let's go to a restaurant. I'm not hungry. It's rice pudding and milk for me, but you need a feed. So it's me for the gum diet, hon, and you add this to make it a steak for you." Gwen's hand slipped twenty cents into Mayme's hot fingers.

Once within the clattering lunch room they made little conversation. Both were too far spent to waste energy. Later Gwen stopped with her spoon poised halfway and watched Mayme eat the steak with evident relish.

"You know," she said as she contemplated the spoonful of rice—"you know, Mayme, Jim wants me to go to a masque to-night. It's on a Lake liner leavin' at nine. Let's! They ain't nothin' but sweat here, and you might as well dance yourself to death as sweat yourself to death. They ain't no mourners anyway. I'll match you, Mayme; heads we go."

The coins brought forth were placed and Mayme looked dully down at heads.

"Well, that's settled," said Gwen. "Hurry now, Mayme. Oil up your lamps! Go on, kid, just for to-night. That's what they are for: to light the weary boob upon his way. Fling out the life line, kiddo!"

Mayme rose and followed Gwen through the labyrinth of porcelain-covered tables, thence through the tiled entrance and out into the swarming street. They had walked only a little distance when Mayne placed a shaking hand upon Gwen's arm and said: "Gwen, hold my hand."

"What's the matter, kid? Sick?"

"No, I'm scared," answered Mayme.

"What the—why, you're as white as a sheet! It's the darn heat."

"No, it's not, Gwen. I tell you I'm scared!"

"Well, I'll be; if you ain't the queer one! What of? Have you stole somethin'?"

"No, but I feel queer. I'm scared."

"Oh, cut it, Mayme! You give me the willies. Hurry on, we ain't got time to moon, the boat leavin' at nine."

Mayme nodded and they moved on at a swifter pace, to be immersed in the gray waves of humanity that ceaselessly surged the pavements.

At eight-thirty the upper hallway at Mrs. Winthrop's was graced by the appearance of Miss Gwendolyn Applebaum arrayed in the henna Georgette. Her slippered feet paced off the distance from her own room to the hall room at the rear. She was humming and swinging a small black mask. The transom over the door which marked her destination gleamed its wavering light upon the faded ceiling. Gwen pursed her lips and made a soft whistle, listening for an answer. None came. The hand that swung the mask knocked and descended to turn the knob, at the same time pushing open the door. Upon the threshold her figure hesitated, and the light falling upon her face disclosed consternation. Her lips opened, then snapped shut.

In the center of the room a graceful figure stood—a slender willowy girl whose lazy eyes looked out from beneath their lashes like smoldering embers. The scarlet lips were parted over the gleaming white teeth in a brilliant smile. The dark hair was brought up in a fan-shaped knot, leaving the low brow free and accentuating a certain beauty. A bunch of artificial flowers, scarlet, was caught at the side of the graceful head, one spray falling along the neck's curve. The shoulders were bare; delicate in their modeling, but sinuously expressive. The form was draped in the soft folds of a black crape shawl whose border was an embroidery of brilliant shades and fringe of deep-knotted silk, the whole falling over a close dark shirt. The figure moved forward in greeting, the smile flashing invitingly. Gwen batted her eyes slowly several times, then swallowed as though her words would not come.

"Where's Mayme?" she finally gasped. The figure shrugged its graceful shoulders and shook its head, at the same time turning a face whose expression showed the confused exertion of one who strove to understand, but failed.

"Is she gone?" Gwen's voice caught a little as though she was about to cry, yet her eyes were striving to believe the reflection within them.

"Yeaz, Mees Ladd, she gone," came the answer. The voice was delicious. It trailed over the words, clinging to them in a tantalizing manner.

"Where's she gone?"

The dark head shook its inability to answer.

"Who are you?" Gwen was drawing into the room and closing the door at the same time.

"Rosa. Yeaz"—the little chin raised and lowered in its assertion—"Rosa; Rosa Alvaro."

Gwen reached forward, grasped one of the slender arms and pulling the girl toward her said: "Looka here, Mayme, what're you up to?" Then surveying her from head to toe: "Mayme, you're wonderful! Cut it, though; you scare me."

The lazy eyes glittered and the little figure stood defiant, a swift little hand snapped its thumb and finger beneath the nose of the astonished Gwen. Then the purring voice trailed on: "I dance, see?" and setting the words to action she pirouetted about the room and brought herself with a breathless little gasp up before the henna Georgette and Miss Applebaum. "You no like Rosa?"

Gwen caught the shoulders in her firm grasp and delivered her answer, punctuated by short shakes: "Cut it, I say! Do you hear me, Mayme?"

The proud little shoulders shrunk, the scarlet lips drooped, and with a shiver that sent a tremor through the frail body Mayme flung both arms round the bewildered Gwen's shoulders, sobbing out the words: "I told you I was scared! It's her, Gwen; she's got me! Oh, ain't she wonderful? She lets me outa this." She lifted her head and made a sweeping gesture about the dingy, hot little room with a small limp hand.

Gwen encircled her with both arms and stood for some seconds letting the storm of Mayme's tears break upon her; then in a soothing voice she comforted: "You ain't hurt nobody, hon. Don't cry. Come on. Jim's waitin' downstairs and it's too hot to sit home. Come on; dab your nose and fluff up your feathers and let's interduce Jim to Rosa Alvaro. You look grand. Lord, think of the moon and old Michigan! Come on, hon."

III

THE deck of the Erie was a dizzy swirl of dancers. They jostled one another and swung and swayed. The music floated gayly out over the water, splashed with laughter. Youth forgot weariness and was carried away in the arms of amour. Masks surpliced the grim visage of day, making of life but a game.

The henna Georgette reposed in the arms of a stout Pierrot and Gwen's lips smiled beneath her ruffled mask. Goldman's was forgotten. Her voice was saying: "Ain't it grand, Jim?" when she saw a black domino catch the light figure of Mayme near by and speed away to the strains of the waltz. They stopped to look. There was something in the easy grace of the two that caused a run of comment among the dancers; an abandon, a complete sympathy of movement.

The music stopped, leaving the two near the shadow of the stair. The domino drew the slender figure of Mayme into a close embrace, and his lips hung over one of the pink ears, whispering: "Give me the next, please! I can't let you go."

"Yeaz." It was the Rosa Alvaro voice that answered, and Rosa's lips that flashed temptingly, her white shoulders gleaming against the darkness, and the moonlight marking her graceful lines.

The domino grasped one of Rosa's yielding hands and when the music started detained her, to draw her toward the stairway which led above. Rosa followed. The upper deck was bathed with moonlight. A cool damp breeze blew clinging tendrils about the delicate face. Rosa flung her arms high and pirouetted about.

"Eet ees wonderful, ees eet not, yeaz?"

Her voice left the word with hesitance and the lips remained parted in a smile of sheer delight. She leaned over the boat's rail and peered out into the darkness. The city's lights twinkled mystically. Music surged upon the fitful breeze like little waves, booming in, to recede and die. The black domino leaned closer, gathering one of Rosa's hands within his own.

"I weesh, I weesh I nevair have go back." It was Rosa's voice. "I like—I like I dance, dance with you, always! Is it not so, señor?"

"To-night, and you!" The domino drew a sigh and pressed the little hand over his heart. "You, Rosa. Nothing else matters. We will never return. I have tasted wine and am drunk!"

"Eet is so wonderful, señor. I nevair ask who; and you—are satisfy with just Rosa, leetle Rosa. Yondair, señor—men are not so, yondair. Ah, señor, when I think of yondair, my heart break!" And Rosa's little hand waved toward the twinkling shore.

"Where do you hide yonder?"

The black domino had crushed her to him and stopped her lips with his. Rosa's hands met for an instant round h and she stood listening to his hear with a little writhe she freed her stood panting and frightened, o caught to her throat.

"Where?" his voice demanded.

Rosa shook her head and shrug lazy shoulders.

"Señor," she said, slipping a flow her hair and kissing it, "in Espai far! Look, when we come yondai get, yeaz? Maybe; maybe and not. Eet is better, maybe, señor thees." She handed him the clot "Eet is just so real as Rosa. Take me, señor! Rosa would dance!"

They rushed toward the stair an off into the eddies of the surging The joy spent itself as the Erie dockward. The confusion of de blotted out the happiness. Rosa a shadow waiting for Gwen and Ji ing out into the light with feveris when an arm encircled her and th domino whispered: "Rosa, Rosa! hood slipped from the head an looked up into the face of Mr. Pea

She laughed up into the face an palm over the lips.

"Eet is good-by, señor. Rosa ha to-night. To-morrow she is Good-by."

She was free, running down th Gwen called and caught her arm followed dully, Jim's strong hand until they reached Mrs. Winthrop's. threw open the door of Mayme's h room, fumbled for a match and ligh gas, sinking down upon the bed and off her pumps. She watched Rosa slipped her garments, laying them one reluctantly aside and, after s finished, take up the shawl and ho her breast, her face radiant. He flamed as she looked up, catching t of Gwen bent upon her. Then her let the shawl fall slowly from her a flung herself upon Gwen's bosom, giving forth disjointed utterances:

"I told you I was afraid of her Gwen, I love her! She's everything to be. I can't be nothin'. What's of me? Nobody ever sees me. I te you shan't stop her! She has a Didn't I find her? It don't make no ence. I can slave on, but they touch her, do you hear? It ain't m what used to be me before the world it. She don't know I'm all in. She know it, I tell you! What differenc it make? Nobody cares anyway. L me. Look at me! She's gone. L me, and think about to-morrow!" N was clinging to the shawl and he was deathy. Her chin quivered a suddenly went off into wild sobbing.

Gwen stood awe-stricken, repe "Listen, kid, listen!"

"Get out!" Mayme's voice bro the words. "Get out!" She was sh Gwen toward the door. "She's gon you are one of the reasons!"

The door slammed. Gwen back ward her own, emitting a long whistl saying "Can you beat it!" she peared.

IV

DR. McDERMOTT DREW was placently watching the smoke from his cigar as he listened to the p a female of the species which had cur length upon a divan, displaying to th advantage the well-shaped ankles and ing the slim feet as a sign of comfort, as a cat arches its back preparatory t bing its sides over one's shin.

"Do tell us about it, Mac! It's so ing; secondary personality and all th really look upon you as a sort of w Think of being able to look at peopl dissect them mentally."

Miss Rhader yawned and drew s from her scented cigarette, glancing v scrutinizing air upon her delicate wris hand, then looking at Doctor Drew ously to calculate the effect her in had produced. "Fancy, Flo," she we addressing a pale girl who was aim strumming a ukulele; "fancy. He hy tizes them. Really, Mac, it's posit thrilling! I should jolly well like to specimen of the malady. There's a promise that I shall."

"If the opportunity presents itself I have no objections, Gaddy. But," we

(Continued on Page 91)

(Continued from Page 88)

d:tor, "such cases are far from being
sg. The disorder is so delicate a
ghat it must be handled with great
. bsolute confidence upon the part of
p ient is the first requisite, and com-
e öperation is necessary or there can
oure. Disassociation of personalities
n esults in obsession, and such cases
oltinate, often resulting in the entire
n sion of identity and may even lead
nity. The use of hypnotism and
eion in such cases is invaluable. Psy-
o has made marvelous discoveries
r g the human mind."
Y, my dear Mac," said Miss Rhader,
d nows about as much about it now
t nows about the rear view of the
n. Science has no more settled in-
aon about the human mind than
v. Mackie. It has its perfectly good
r , but doesn't take into considera-
tit while it investigates the mind it
arling a very uncertain quantity. I
eryou that science, your beloved
ic has had many jests perpetrated
er. You needn't explode, Mackie
. A cat may look at a king. Besides,
':ake you seriously. Men are such a
grent lot, and I know women so well!
I wonder if most any charming lady
hi play a very interesting game with
c"
Y are treating a very serious matter,
twhich you know nothing, very
lyGaddy. I don't care to discuss the
ein such a light."
mit, Mac, that I know very little of
ubject, but I do know something of
anature, and my argument is based
iat little. I'm willing to wager you
a lever woman might at least make
gsery complicated for science. Every
a I know has at least three person-
s one she keeps to herself, one she
a to other women, and the last and
zen is the one she shows to men."
oor Drew nodded and taking up a
gar and lighting it he continued
h own point of view: "It would be
as matter to trace the origin of the
suiation, and with this as a basis go
t data, culling out deceptions. Yes,
y dd that the very nature of the de-
o may give a valuable key to the
e nvestigation. You are childish,
dyas usual; and woman-cunning, but
convincing. Run along and play, and
u ould not expose your depth do not
ssuch matters."
cn't mind telling you, Mac, that the
e ning is ghastly to me. The more
nlof it the more horrible the idea of
ri al dissecting room becomes. The
nogical corpse has no more chance
t other kind, but I've more faith in
pity to get even. Come on, Flo, let
reel in his mysteries. We will meet
at he Auditorium at five, Mac. *Au*

e oor swung to and Dr. McDermott
atched it for some moments as he
e to the tick of slipper heels de-
lir the polished stairway.
Id no sooner resumed his cigar than
icentered, curtsied, and offered the
mion: "A lady, sir, would see you,
wld you be so kind, sir. She's no
s, but says 'er name's Gwendolyn
elm, sir. Are ye to home, sir?"
pebaum?" said the doctor inquir-

e sir; she's positive, sir."
hw the lady in."
e sir."
ss Applebaum's entrance into the
otously appointed little living room
ceased the troubled expression upon
outenance of Doctor Drew.
fi ——" he began, going forward to
t hastening Gwen.
pebaum." Supplying the name
ent on: "Doctor Drew, I'm in
kand I've come to you to help me.
re psy-psychologist, ain't you?"
e ewildered doctor nodded and mo-
d ne excited girl to a chair. Gwen
whin it hesitatingly, seeming to be
lo how to begin. Doctor Drew sat
e er and by his attitude invited her
oed.
t'Mayme, Mayme Ladd. You know
Se sells hose at Goldman's."
oc Drew shook his head to denote
hdid not recognize the name.
hs been there for six years. She's
dwn and out for a year, and I been
n her along, gettin' about as much
ir gement as you might get tellin' a
e good story. She's sick—or was."

Gwen hesitated. "You see, we're from the same town. We come here together and it was me that brought us, so it's up to me to see it through. Mayme's got no folks but a aunt that cares about as much about seein' her as some folks would care to see the devil. They ain't no place for her to go. The kid's kinda like me—no use, but gotta go on. She's all I got and there's somethin' dead wrong and I'm scared. She thinks she's someone else."

Doctor Drew sat up with a new interest, interposing the word: "Indeed!"

Gwen nodded and continued, her fingers picking at the beads that embellished the henna Georgette: "She's Rosa Alvaro—whoever that is—and believe me, she's some kid! You got to hand it to her. Ever since the night that Jim—that's my friend—took us to the masque on the Erie she's been cuttin' it high. Jim says she's loons, but I don't believe it. She comes down to the store gray as a tabby, no more pep than a banana skin. Don't see any of us; acts like she's in Germany sellin' American toys. Honest, I don't see how she gets by with it. But wait till she gets home! You never saw the like. Dolls up like a wop and slips out by her lonely. She's too swift for Gwenny, and that's some swift.

"And that ain't the worst. I found chili peppers in her powder box, and garlic skins on the floor, and they's stacks of tamale cans behind the door. You can't handle Rosa Alvaro like you can Mayme Ladd. I tried it and got stung. She's a swell when she's Rosa and a dub when she's Mayme; and bein' a dub I understand dubs. There's a man in it sure. No woman goes nuts any other way. Now there's the dope. What's the cure? If you got one trot it out."

Doctor Drew had absorbed Gwen's story, and through his amusement at its delivery displayed his sympathetic interest.

"You say the young woman was ill? Do I gather from your story the proper inference that she is stronger now?"

"No, but 'tain't Rosa that needs your sympathy. It's Mayme. She ain't sick—that is, she ain't sick of nothin' but livin' our way. Eight to five-thirty, one grind. Five-thirty to eight, one sweat in summer and one freeze in winter. Over and over again it goes. I can kick a livin' out of life; she can't. If there's any reason in psychology I wish you'd turn it on this. Have they found the reason some folks live? I bet they ain't even bothered to try." The great eyes of Gwen were a little misty.

"Seems to me," she went on, "that the way to lots of learnin' is a private elevator to the top floor. Anyway it's somethin' we hear about, but they ain't no free passes to folks like us. They go on learnin' and learnin' while girls and men sweats limp until some mornin' they come down to work and find some kinda wheel's jiffied off with their job. Why don't they help? I mean help livin' things that can hurt and ache? If they spent as much time on humans as they do on wheels and such, I bet they'd find more about what God made people out of. Mayme's sweat limp and I don't know what's happened. Will you help me?"

"Certainly," said Doctor Drew. "The case is most interesting. I shall be glad to give you any assistance within my power. Of course it will be necessary that I interview the young lady. I might say it would be well that you do not mention your visit here. Could you arrange for a meeting so that I may make her acquaintance, so I can form some opinion of the seriousness of the case? Perhaps you are needlessly alarmed. In any case I shall gladly advise you."

"If you want to see Mayme, come to the store, Goldman's, to the hosieries, and look for the deadest girl in sight. That's her. I think you better see her there first; then I can fix it so you can see her at Mrs. Winthrop's on Wabash. Home cooking; there's a joke in that, but you couldn't see it, it's too deep for you."

"Has the young woman," asked the doctor, "given you any explanation for her strange demeanor?"

"No; she won't see me if she can help it, ever since it happened."

"She avoids you, and you have no idea what might have given rise to the condition you mention?"

"No, sir."

"How long has this condition been prevalent?"

"About a month and a half."

"You say she avoids you; is this during the time that she is her normal self or while she is under the delusion?"

"Most of the time lately."

"Does Rosa seem inclined to be confiding?"

"About as confiding as a dummy telephone."

"I see. I shall call to-morrow at the department and endeavor to see the young lady. Miss ——"

"Ladd; Mayme Ladd. I'll tip you off which one she is. I can count on you to set her straight?"

"I shall do all I can in the case. It will all depend upon how Miss Ladd coöperates in the procedure."

Gwen was elated, and upon the assurance of aid was ready to leave.

"It's cooler," she remarked, "and that may help her some. Maybe it's the heat."

"No," said the doctor, "I think your friend is indeed in need of attention, Miss Applebaum; and some subtle suggestion. Good afternoon." Doctor Drew was ushering Gwen to the door of the living room, where she was met by the maid and shown to the outer doorway.

Dr. McDermott Drew watched the henna Georgette upon its way down the street until it turned the corner, then turning from the window he made ready for departure. Leaving the apartment he hastened to meet the appointment for five-thirty at the Auditorium. He came upon the two ladies in the entrance.

"Mac!" It was the voice of Miss Agatha Rhader. "Late as usual. Flo and I were just growing impatient."

"Late, I admit it, Gaddy, but for a serious reason. A case of disassociation has just presented itself. I shall begin its study to-morrow."

"It's a woman, of course?"

"Yes, a woman; a young woman, a salesgirl at Goldman's. She has become possessed of a secondary personality which calls itself Rosa Alvaro. Spanish, I should judge."

"Fiddlesticks!" blurted Agatha. "Imagine a salesgirl with a personality! Mac, you are such an infant, even in a college chair with a big stick called science. Come on!"

V

AT SEVEN-THIRTY the following evening Dr. McDermott Drew was ushered into the stuffy sitting room at Mrs. Winthrop's, where he awaited the appearance of Miss Applebaum, unmindful of the interest he had stimulated within the various regular inhabitants.

The lower floor was filled with a blue smoke issuing from the kitchen and bearing the scent of burning grease. This, with sundry other scents which intermingled, filled the gloom through which the hall light bleared uncertainly, lighting the dingy appointments and adding to the confused outlines a ghastly pallor.

Doctor Drew sat in a leatheret morris chair uneasily, his position commanding a view of the hall and stairway. He watched the ascent or descent of numerous guests with interest. Each time the outer door opened it marked the appearance of a new form upon the scene, and the gust of raw damp air which accompanied the approach bore an additional scent to the already reeking atmosphere—cigarettes, liquor, perfumes of conglomerate mixture, each giving mute evidence of the personality of its bearer.

At eight o'clock the rustle of silk and the stilty tap of slippers followed a heavy scent of sandalwood down the stairway and the hall light fell weakly upon the henna Georgette.

Doctor Drew rose to clasp the proffered hand of Miss Applebaum, bowing and remarking: "Miss Applebaum, I must thank you for bringing to my attention what I believe will prove a very profitable study."

"Then you think Mayme is dippy sure 'nough?" asked Gwen, sinking into the nearest chair and murmuring, "Poor kid!"

Doctor Drew placed his hat carefully upon the table, then sat once more in the leatheret morris chair, proffering further conversation in the form of inquiry: "Have you seen Miss Ladd since your return from employment?" Gwen nodded affirmatively. "Very good." Doctor Drew's tone betrayed pleasure. "I saw Miss Ladd today at the place of her employment. Is she usually so unwilling to enter into conversation? She seemed ill or melancholy."

Gwen nodded and leaning nearer in a confidential manner said in a breathy whisper: "I know. That's it; Mayme's dead, and dyin' more every day. I tell you she's gone. She slinks round the counters to get outa my way like a alley cat prowlin' alleys. She's not eatin' right. Nine dollars per don't feed no Mrs. Astor, but it keeps your wheels oiled if you're a high financier. You can't buy no spangled fans and Spanish lace. No, sir; and you can't pay rent on togs at the costumer's—and that's what she's up to now.

"It was wheats and coffee at eight, plus ham-and at six, and nothin' more than that for three weeks—for this." Gwen's hand slipped lovingly over the beaded bosom of the henna Georgette as her eyes lowered and her lips grew grim.

Doctor Drew sat silent before this confidence. Gwen lifted her head and the old defiance returned.

"There's lots of things the world don't know, ain't they?" she shot forth; then with a little snatch of a laugh: "Pullin' the sob stuff, Gwenny! Naughty, naughty!"

Doctor Drew laughed, though his eyes were curiously lighted and he seemed ill at ease. "You know," went on Gwen, "I watch them dolls at the store that touch goods like they was nasty—you know, the little-finger-in-the-air kind—and I wonder what's in 'em. Every time I hands out a package I says: 'Gwenny, there's a little bit of you tied up in that. They're gettin' you, girl; little by little they're gettin' you.' Did you ever think of that? Well, they wags off with you and leaves you nothin' to remember but a baby-doll stare or a bunch of callin' down. Do you know what I say then? I says: 'Never mind, Gwenny, she's leakin' sawdust.' That's what's in 'em—sawdust. Mayme's handed over the counter about the last of her, and is sellin' off the remnant. I wonder if she's really dippy or just wised up?"

"I think your friend is under quite a serious delusion, Miss Applebaum," said the doctor seriously, "and that a thorough investigation might prove most valuable to science. From what you tell me I perceive the case bears many symptoms of disassociation of personality. You say you saw her this evening. Was she her normal self?"

"Well," answered Gwen, "I went in to hand her some bananas and she was sittin' by the window starin' out. She was cryin', and when I saw her Rosa togs hangin' on the bedpost I wanted to tear 'em to bits. Seemed like I could hear Rosa laugh and drag out the 'yeaz.' I tell you she's starvin' Mayme. Garlic and tamales ain't no fuel to run her. I told Mayme you was comin' to see Rosa. That's honest. I couldn't do her dirt. I says: 'Mayme, Doctor Drew wants to find out the reason of Rosa.' She looks at me keen as a knife and pins me up with her eyes and says: 'What for?'

"'Well, you ain't right,' I told her. 'How do you know?' she says. 'Well, this Rosa stunt is gettin' serious,' I says. 'I don't mind you spiffin' part of the time, but this thing of you shootin' off like a skyrocket when you ain't nothin' but a firecracker,' I says, 'has got to stop.'

"Well, she ups with a corn-sirup laugh and shrugs her shoulders, dancin' off a yard or two of tongue-tied foxtrot. I knew then I was up against it, for Rosa had got in the picture. I can't quite get the dope. I'll go up and get her, but there's no tellin' whether she will fall for you or not. Like as not she will be Rosa and peel off one of them 'Yeazes' and refuse to come down; or I'll find Mayme, white and shakin', and I won't have nerve enough to put her up against it. Anyway, wait, and I'll be back in a minute."

Gwen rustled from the room, tripping up the stairway with the air of one who had never known fatigue; greeting one of the third-floor dwellers with a familiar "Hello, kid," as she passed, and swiftly going the length of the hall above, to stop before Mayme's door and knock. The door was opened and Rosa was revealed, with her back to the light, her shoulders unevenly poised in a graceful manner, smiling out upon the sober face of Gwen.

"Rosa!" said Gwen.

"Yeaz." It was the voice of Rosa Alvaro exhibiting its usual curious inflection. Gwen pushed into the room, drew the lithe figure up to her and faced her about until the gaslight shone upon the lazy eyes.

"Rosa, old kid," she said, "you're up against it. It's you for the wild and fuzzy. Get it? You gotta tell Doctor Drew the truth, and then clear out. You spoil the film. Get me? Come on down and meet the doctor; and no vampin', remember!"

Rosa leaned her slender figure against the door and smiled. Her eyes flashed

(Continued on Page 93)

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AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

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ARMCO IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 91)

gously and she drawled: "Doctair
es-he no like Rosa? No?"
Listen, Mayme. What in God's name
ou? Listen! Don't you know me?
wen; Gwen, honey. Can't you cut
s? Let me go down and tell him it's a
e. I'm scared, hon'."
Ro's eyes smoldered fire. Her lips
ml to burn and when she spoke her
d were dry little things that seemed to
c her lips, for she licked them with her
rl tongue and swallowed as though
s.
Mees Gwain," she said, "to-morrow—
n row comes soon, soon, so soon. Then
sago. To-night, to-night ees Rosa's,
e. Gwain, please, to-night."
You're a thief, you wop! Look at you!
e'd you get them togs? I know.
ye bought 'em: old white-faced
ye. You little sneak! I'll fix you!
, Mayme! You got me nuts too. Here
n ghtin' a joke. You ain't dippy, are
, Mayme? Don't do it, kid. Go on,
out!"
R-rosa"—the drawl was even more
nced—"R-r-osa weel go. She weel
o Doctair Drew. Rosa make ——"
You're dead right you will, kid!"
wn shouted the words, at the same
e making the yielding figure and drag-
g toward the door. Rosa followed
t, even seeming impatient. As she
ve toward the stairway her hands de-
rt sundry little pats of satisfaction
n er raiment and toyed over the sleek
d
n below Gwen pushed Rosa toward
t Drew, who had risen and stood
ing them.
Tis is Rosa, Rosa Alvaro," she began,
n a glance in which she endeavored to
la the situation. Doctor Drew nodded
s iled as Rosa approached him—Rosa
as coyly timid, Rosa who raised her
eng eyes to his appealingly.
I ctair Dr-rew." Rosa's voice was
ezing, and she smiled, veiledly lower-
h lids and coloring.
Siorita Alvaro." Doctor Drew was
ri over Rosa's hand, which lingered
ni his for a moment, then was with-
w as she sank gracefully upon a chair,
ged and proceeded with the conver-
o
Ees so vera gooed, doctair, that you
neee R-r-rosa."
wn sank helplessly into a chair and sat
in as Rosa settled herself in a confident
nr for the interview, preening herself
ailing invitingly at Doctor Drew.
octor was watching intently the ex-
se though veiled aspect of the singu-
y tractive face, not failing to note the
sp ation of the bewildered Gwen.
Co. nodded her head and made a little
cu toward the chandelier, drawling:
ei Gwain, eet ees vera dark, yeaz? Can
dctair have more light?"
Doctor Drew rose and producing a match
te the gas, which light but added to
carm of Rosa. Gwen sat staring at
procedure of incidents as one who
xe upon a dream, turning her head
n osa to Doctor Drew and back again,
tching the eyes of Rosa.
I have met your friend Miss Ladd,
ora Alvaro." Doctor Drew made the
ement, noting carefully its effect upon
a
S." Rosa seemed little interested.
You are very good friends, are you
" questioned the doctor.
Mees Ladd?" Rosa reflected for some
ons and continued: "Mees Ladd ees
s vera, what you call, close to Rosa,
to Drew. Na, na. Mees Ladd ees
t ou call *nada* een my *lengua*. You
, eñor? She no see weeth her eyes."
a ouched hers expressively. "She no
r ad she no feel. Rosa feel, señor.
es add, she cry. Rosa? Na, na! Rosa
e ees Ladd's eyes and they see! She
e lees Ladd's ears and Mees Ladd
r. Rosa take Mees Ladd's heart and
fe. You sabe, señor?" Doctor Drew
de. "Mees Gwain, she no sabe."
a azed between narrow lids at Gwen.
Where is your home, Señorita Alvaro?"
ed he doctor suavely.
Madrid, señor. But eet ees long, long,
t ou call centuries ago, señor. Rosa
ce or Ferdinando. She ees what you
florita. But Rosa, she pay, pay for
b vos she get!" Rosa's hand lifted
d cended over her heart in pantomime
a gger's thrust. From her issued a
e asp. Her eyes protruded and she
k ck helplessly, her head resting upon
her bosom. Doctor Drew was upon his feet and swiftly sprang to the side of Rosa. Gwen stood frightened before the lifeless little figure, mumbling: "My God, doctor! My God, doctor!"

Rosa's eyes fluttered open; her lips laughed; her head tossed and her thumb and finger snapped lightly, and waving the doctor aside and laughing up at the white face of Gwen she continued: "But to-day, señor, Rosa lives! To-day Rosa find what you call a body; not beautiful like Rosa's but"—she made a little deprecatory gesture over the form she now inhabited—"Rosa mak' Mees Ladd beautiful. Rosa look through her eyes and you no see Mees Ladd. Ees eet not so? Yeaz?"

"Lord! The little devil." Gwen broke in, but was silenced by a look from Doctor Drew. Rosa did not heed the remark, but seemed bent upon continuing the conversation.

"Mees Ladd, she vera, vera what you call ambitioned; but for her there is nothing, señor, but days, days, days, all alike. Mees Ladd love Rosa but"—here she leaned closer and whispered—"she jealous." She nodded emphatically and repeated: "Yeaz, jealous."

"No!" Doctor Drew spoke the word with incredulity in its tone.

"I tall you yeaz. She ees jealous of heem!"

Gwen's lips snapped shut and she turned to the doctor, exclaiming: "There! I told you, didn't I? There's a man in it!"

Rosa preened and assumed a look of satisfaction and amusement. "Yeaz," she went on, "she ees jealous of heem. She afraid, señor, afraid he see her and ——" The smiling lips suddenly began to tremble. The bright eyes lost their light. Rosa shrank shivering in a listless little huddle, and Mayme turned hunted eyes upon Gwen, seeming about to rise and flee.

Gwen went toward her and laid an arm about her shoulders, crooning in a soothing voice: "Whatsa matter, hun? Mayme, whatsa matter? Tell Doctor Drew. He's gonna help you. Honest, kid; tell him." Gwen turned her frightened eyes toward the doctor and addressing him, continued: "Now you've seen it. That's it; just like I told you. Can't you do something, doctor?"

The doctor drew a chair to the side of Mayme, took one of her hands and spoke gently: "My dear young lady, your case is most interesting." Mayme would not look at him but buried her head in the folds of the henna Georgette. "You are agitated, Miss Ladd. Compose yourself. Let me assure you that my whole desire is to aid you."

"Agitated nothin'!" Gwen's voice displayed disgust. "She's hungry and wore out, if that's interestin' for you to know. It ain't for me. She can't be bothered no more to-night."

Mayme lifted her head and now looked dully into Doctor Drew's eyes, a pitiful little tortured smile playing over her lips where Rosa's had flashed so brilliantly a moment before.

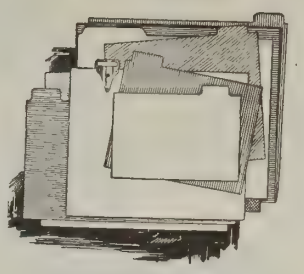
"I'm all right now, Gwen," she said, "only I feel a little queer. I'm sorry, Doctor Drew," she went on, looking down vacantly over Rosa's flaming costume and letting her hands move lovingly over its folds which illy graced the shrunken form.

"You need not explain, Miss Ladd. I fully understand." Doctor Drew's voice held the note of assurance. Mayme lifted her eyes slyly and lowered them, flushing as she did so.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a few questions, Miss Ladd? Tell me, if you will, just how you regard Rosa. Do you feel an affection for her or is the feeling the reverse?"

Gwen remained standing beside Mayme's chair, an arm about her shoulders and her hand patting the folds of Rosa's bodice. Mayme accepted the contact quite unconsciously; her eyes, shielded by their lowered lids, were obstinately kept hidden. She answered the doctor in a dull voice:

"She is wonderful. Can't you see I ain't nothin'? The world's forgot about me long ago. I used to think a few people cared, and fooled myself through the day, then I found out they wasn't no place to hang to. It's like climbin' a treadmill, just up and up, and never any higher. I ain't blamin' Goldman's. They ain't holdin' nobody to sell stuff. I ain't blamin' them, but—you never could understand. I went gray, dull. When you're young the world kids you. When you ain't young and you see the last of the kiddin' days wavin' good-by they



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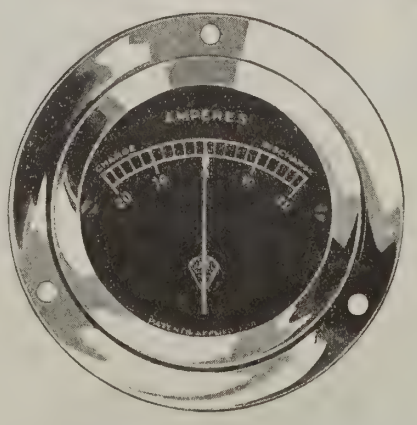

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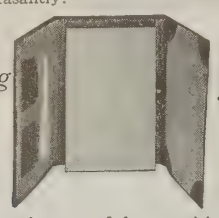

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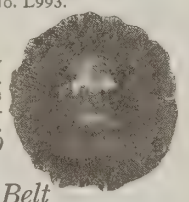

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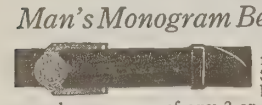

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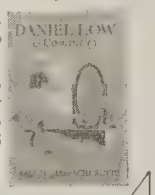

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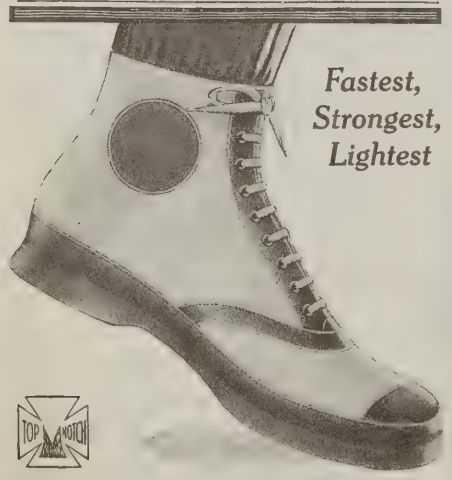

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forget to kid you and—well, just leaves you alone. Then it's—it's"—Mayme's lips trembled—"it's fierce. Half of Chicago's runnin' round in stockin's I sold 'em, and they ain't one that remembers whether I got a harelip or not. I've handed over the counter everything I've got; and I want what it's bought, that's all. If I can't get it Rosa can. I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'm too tired; and if she can enjoy it let her. I don't care." Mayme passed her hand over her brow wearily and repeated "I don't care."

Doctor Drew's face was grave as he watched the weary hand descend and lie helplessly upon the arm of the chair. He let his own touch it and spoke seriously: "If you will allow me, Miss Ladd, I will help you. Of course it will be necessary for me to see you frequently and to have your complete confidence. If you will but trust me I think I may safely say that I can relieve you."

Mayme's eyes were opened swiftly, a challenge within their light. "Relieve me?" she said. "What of?"

"Rosa. I think she would leave you and you might be enabled to live your life out independently."

Mayme's lips curled in a smile that was not pleasant. "You will relieve me, and what will I have left? Independence? What can I do with it? That ain't the cure. Runnin' Rosa off can't change me—much." She hesitated. "She ain't hurtin' me, is she? Ain't I got a right to be what I want to? I tell you Rosa's mine, and I want her!"

Doctor Drew attempted once more to make his appeal. "But, Miss Ladd, you have a most interesting case, which will be very valuable to science, one which may make an important contribution to the data already gathered on the subject. I am very desirous that you will permit me to study your case."

Mayme's eyes were feverishly bright and her answer trembled upon her lips: "Science, science," she said evenly. "I guess they want to empty the box and tag the goods for stock. Well, I don't care. I don't care." She listlessly trailed off the words.

"You will not regret it, Miss Ladd," said the doctor. "Shall I make the first appointment? Say ——"

Gwen walked toward him. "Doctor Drew," she said, "she's goin' to eat; eat for a week, and little Gwenny's goin' to take her in hand. Then if you want to see her, righto! Say, Wednesday; a week from to-night."

Doctor Drew took up his hat and stood looking down upon Mayme's abject form. "I think that will be well, Miss Applebaum," he said in a low voice. "I shall expect you, then, at about eight on next Wednesday evening. Good night, Miss Ladd."

"Good night, señor." It was Rosa's voice which answered, and Rosa who rose alertly from the chair, her eyes veiled and gazing lazily forth. "Good night, señor." Rosa walked several leopardlike paces toward the hallway, shrugging and gracefully inclining in a stately little bow. "Eet ees good that you come. Yeaz."

Doctor Drew bowed his adieu and his eyes betrayed his evident admiration of the little figure before him. "Good night, Señorita Alvaro. Good night."

"Señor," Rosa tiptoed, whispering, "Rosa nevair, nevair weel say to you *adios*. You sabe, señor? Nevair, nevair!"

Doctor Drew smiled and proffered his hand. Rose laid hers within it, then with a little snatch of laughter turned and ran swiftly up the stair, stopping at the topmost step to turn and blow a kiss from her finger tips to the gentleman below.

"Well, what d'you think of that! Can you beat it?" Gwen's face reflected her incredulity and amazement.

"It is serious, Miss Applebaum; quite serious. It is well that you were alarmed and enlisted aid. Miss Ladd does not realize her serious condition. I thank you for bringing the case to my attention. I hope to be able to show you how much. Good night, Miss Applebaum." The doctor was moving toward the door.

Gwen saw him depart, vaguely conscious that she had murmured something by way of a parting remark. After the door had closed she stood gazing up the stairway for some moments, one hand upon the newel post and a foot upon the first step. A dapper youth came down from above.

"Hello, Gwenny," he called; and coming to a stop before her: "What's the matter?"

"Pinch me, Toppy." Gwen proffered an arm. The youth complied. "I'm all there."

Gwen laughed and went slowly up the stairway. At Mayme's door she hesitated, then entered. Mayme sat on the bed, clad in the drab kimono. She turned and greeted Gwen with something of the old affection.

"Come in, Gwenny. Listen, have you got any grub? I'm famished, hon."

"Two pears and a box of crackers, hon. Wait a minute." The door swung open and Gwen sped toward her own room, returning with a bottle of milk added to the articles before mentioned. "Say, kid," she said, "you oughta drink a quart a day. It's fine for you. Listen, hon: What do you think of him? You know: Doctor Drew."

Mayme sat watching the crumbs from her cracker sift down over the drab kimono.

"And they call him smart!" she said, laughing. "Honest, Gwen, he's too easy! Gimme a pear, hon."

Gwen complied, sitting down beside the bed to watch Mayme's enjoyment. "Mayme," she said after long contemplation, "who is he?"

"I can't tell you—yet." Mayme's hesitancy brought another question.

"Will you later?" Mayme nodded. "When?"

"I don't know yet," said Mayme.

"Listen, hon. Don't string me. I gotta go. It's late and to-morrow's lisle sale."

"To-morrow," Mayme repeated the word slowly. "To-morrow's sale day; sure!" Then, wearily: "I don't care. I don't care."

Gwen kissed one of the pale cheeks and whispered: "I wouldn't care, Mayme, but there's just you and me; and it would be just me and Jim if it wasn't just you and me, hon."

Mayme watched her turn the knob of her door and depart, and heard a sleepy voice calling: "Good night, Mayme. Call me when you go in the mornin'. I'll wait till you tell me, hon. Never mind."

Gwen's door shut and Mayme suddenly went to a dresser drawer, taking from its confusion a folded sheet of paper. With it she swiftly crossed the hallway and slipped it beneath Gwen's door and knocked.

When Gwen answered the knock the hall was quiet. She listened and looked up and down its length, but there was nothing but the flicker of the light upon the floor below which showed life. She stepped upon the folded paper and stooped to take it up. Going in to stand by the gas light that she might read the scrawling lines upon it she saw the words: "The world owes you a living. All you got to do is collect."

As she read her eyes opened in a dazed fashion. She read it again, this time aloud, and laying the sheet upon a table she recrossed the hall, calling at Mayme's door softly: "Say, hon, it's all right. You hear? It's all right. 'Night, hon. I'll call you at six."

"Yeaz?" the word came drawling out through the door. "To-mor-r-ra you call? Good night, Mees Gwain."

"Good night, Rosa, old kid. Cheero!"

Gwen's door shut for the second time. Later the darkened transom revealed the release of the henna Georgette, and the tinny tick of an alarm clock marked off night's approaching to-mor-r-ra.

VI

MISS AGATHA RHADER might have furnished in her own person profitable study for a scientist as a complex of personalities. To be sure, her outlook upon life was in her own opinion sane—practical, as she liked to put it; but the practical side of it applied to the world in general, not to Agatha herself. She met the day as a sort of game, never for an instant betraying her next move. In her set men and women played desperately, and Agatha knew how to meet them. She had been watching Doctor Drew with calculating interest. Drew was a man of success and position. Agatha had success, but needed position. The Rhaders had moved into prominence with ease. The world saw Agatha roll about in her limousine and never for one desecrating instant remarked that the power that swept it magnificently by was Rhader's Ratifier, an elixir that had to do with a large field of common complaints.

Agatha had arrived in elegance. Properly turned out at the hands of a finishing establishment she had been accepted as a proper product by society, which petted her accommodatingly in her youth, and found a certain satisfaction in the affectio termed "clever Agatha" now; for, af society recognized its own offspring i Agatha's complexities were her charn might indulge in pet monkeys or any ultra hobby. With society it would nothing; just Agatha. She had gone new thought and had worn it to t She had danced and flirted, had held ing sacred; accepting a new creed as as she might learn the newest step world was a show, and Agatha was bored. What represented her actual ment mentally was not disclosed arguments, which were largely mad stock in trade culled from a rather c perusal of the subject in hand. She talk theosophy from auras to planes; spout on suffrage and other politics polo, neurasthenia. She had gone Red Cross during the war, flitting fr branch to another, garbed in vario coming costumes, until now when all over she had announced that s on the verge of a collapse, and had solace and rest in a personal stu Doctor Drew, whom she had approp

"Really," she had said, "one can tain a perfect poise without a th basis of its psychology."

Thus that dignified science was ad to the depths of Agatha's being, as a to an end.

Doctor Drew had proceeded with periments cautiously, finding in clever and uncertain subject. Agat come regularly to discuss the cas upon this afternoon had arrived carefully and becomingly, perfectl fured, and inclined to be absorbed self and somewhat cynical. She sat b thin ribbons of scented smoke from and listening to Doctor Drew's acc a recent interview with Rosa.

"I have found Miss Ladd very sec for my experiments with Rosa ha trayed a number of facts that she h cealed. Under hypnosis Rosa is ob but childishly trustful, not hesitatin tray Miss Ladd in her evident desir on good terms with me; a sort of as it were, for her own existence. found through Rosa that Miss Ladd leetle book, which she reads. 'E Spaneesh, señor. She learn my leng

"Rosa in this statement betraye Ladd, who declares she knows no S at the same time Rosa did not reali she had betrayed a part of her own Doctor Drew was tracing a diagra a piece of writing paper, a circular o a wheel within a wheel. "This," h tinued, pointing to the smaller circle middle, "is Miss Ladd's consci You will notice, Gaddy, that I have the outer rim, which is to indicate tent of the overlapping of Miss Ladd sciousness with that of Rosa's. arrived definitely at the point of di I can lead Miss Ladd up to a certain and Rosa slips in. It is only by the hypnosis that I can keep the two rated. The personality of Rosa i itself as a protective subterfuge fo Ladd, and the personality of Miss acts in the same capacity for Rosa must realize, Gaddy, that it is very d to make this clear in terms not tech

"I see, Mac. You take the attit humoring the infant. You amuse m whole thing is so transparent. Go o terribly amused, if that comforts you my dear, everyone is talking. Thi person has become the pet and ce social interest. I'll wager you that man's never had such a run on hosier is most unattractive, but a type, fashion, and to possess a secondary p ality lends no end of interest, eve sales person."

Agatha's eyes viewed Doctor Dre rowly as she leaned her perfectly co head against a tapestry the colors of brought into prominence certain shades in Agatha's hair.

Doctor Drew returned the gaze wi disdain, remarking: "I cannot stand, Gaddy, how you can allow y to sink to the common level of gossip. Ladd is far from being unattractiv Rosa is quite charming, a most l trustful soul. The case is pathetic. will women so willingly accuse women?"

"Because, Mac, they are women being women they know their dear s All this of your giving Miss Ladd, th hypnotism, the suggestion for a and Rosa—confiding little Rosa—ret

(Continued on Page 97)

(Continued from Page 94)

rning with the dream as per your
nd—really, Mackie, it's too much!
ou the girl is playing you. I am
e amazingly amused at you, Mackie.
ve a scientific pet and you forget
ets to carry out your own theories."
tha!" Doctor Drew stood before
pudently poised young woman
his face set. "Your studies are at
I cannot countenance such a dis-
regarding so serious a subject. I
ntinue my experiments, gathering
a full report of the case, and at the
ne I shall have relieved a suffering
being. Let me repeat—the case is
even tragic. We shall not discuss
ter further."
a yawned and flicked the ash from
arette, laughing. "As you will,
dear. The mixture is too thick to
a spoon, I see that; but I warn
poor benighted weakling!" Then
hrug which dismissed the subject
ound her long length and assumed
f an ingénue. "I hate discussions,
Come, be nice to me. If I'm go-
arry you, you mustn't irritate me.
I'll run along. There's a dear. I'll
u at the club; and I promise,
to be more considerate of your
science."
r Drew smiled, though his expres-
retained some of the annoyance it
played before the arrogant Agatha
arded her tactless attitude for an
g poise, dropping her air of sophis-
for one of innocence.
de from the apartment to the club
pleted in silence, Doctor Drew
his offended dignity and Miss
absorbed in her own thoughts.
destination reached she broke the
with "Don't be foolish, Mackie.
ve often said you liked a woman
erted her rights. Come out to-night
be nice to you."
r Drew alighted from the sumptu-
and standing beside the open door
tolerantly, placing his hat upon his
he said: "You are an enigma,
To-night, then."
a sank back in the cushions con-
and her lips curled in a satisfied
she watched Doctor Drew enter
and the swinging doors shut him
w. As the car moved forward she
ied, "Poor Mackie, the infant!"

VII

et Gwen at the L station at State
cVan Buren after a day of tedious
Jn was in his khaki and decorations,
in also a broad grin as he found her
erging crowd, and walking forward
as she came to him he grasped one
rm young arms with the greeting:
k kid! Tired? You look kinda
e'
e stood for a moment gazing up at
alwell-knit figure and sighed: "Gee,
look grand! I'm all in. I'll tell
s take the L to Washington Park
e a squint at the lake. Good old
in, Jim. I always summers there!"
ughed, cuddling her closer as they
e the stair up to the station. A
train rumbled in, yawned and swal-
nem. Gwen sank wearily into a
at, with Jim beside her. The cool
t in at the open window. Gwen
her tam and let her head lean
s Jim's arm, which had stolen along
back.
ol, what a day!" she said. "I
e some place where they ain't no
."
atched her lips as she spoke and
er shoulder with one big hand.
don't you quit, hon?" he said.
you goin' on. You know the flat
i-third is waitin' any old time."
con, Jimmy; kid me, I like it."
aking her head and gazing from the
ow contemplatively: "But it can't
n hon, now."
n't see why. Ain't I chief clerk of
hipin' department; and ain't they a
and fifty in it? I guess a little
-om flat on Sixty-third, and a player
erything ain't somethin' nice, eh,
?" Jim was bending over the brown
erly. "Go on, kid; say when," he
ed.
e watched the windows slip past
ed her flying hair. "No, Jimmy,"
. "If it wasn't for Mayme—but
stick!"
t like you, Gwen, but they ain't no
. She's a nut, I tell you. She's got you
hipped. You're pale. We'll get some hot dogs at the White City and take 'em over to the park."

"Oh, Jim, you're wonderful! Get me there quick. There's a moon, and Michigan, and hot dogs! Why, Jimmy, you're a miracle man!"

"Where's Mayme to-night?" asked Jim.

"Over to Doctor Drew's. Do you know, Jimmy, I wonder which one of 'em is the nut. I ain't so sure about Mayme. There's somethin' funny about the way she's turnin' out. Down at the store the bunch is crazy for her. It's 'Miss Ladd, this' and 'Miss Ladd, that' till it gets you sick. Them dames come twitterin' with their lognets tilted and make a fuss over her. She's had a raise. Wilcox sent for her and bragged her up to the skies; scared the kid to death. She thought she was losin' her job when he sent word down from the supe's office. Well, I don't get her dope, but it's workin', and I'm waitin'. Jim, somethin's gonna bust soon, and I wanta be there when it comes off. I been watchin' Doctor Drew and wonderin' what for it takes so long for science to find out things that I knew before he tried to work it out. Jim"—Gwen snuggled her head close to the strong arm—"I'm sure glad you're no psychologist."

The brakes ground and shrieked and the train stopped at the end of the line. Jim hastened to his feet and Gwen placed her tam under one arm and followed. Once without and again descended, they made their way toward the White City, their young faces eager. Gwen swung to Jim's arm as he made the purchase of the hot dogs, popcorn and two cones. They strolled slowly across the park and on reaching the beach found a bench facing their old friend Michigan. The sand was cool. Children laughed and played, running here and there, cooling their pave-heated feet. Gwen sank upon the sand from off the hard bench and holding her arms up let the breeze play over them. Jim removed his coat and sat beside her, letting sand slip through his fingers.

"Listen to the kids," he said. Gwen watched two youngsters rolling over in the sand and laughing musically. "Ain't they cute, hon?" Jim leaned nearer. "Say, Gwen, you ain't treatin' me right. What's the use of me gettin' ahead without you, Gwenny?"

"Not now, Jimmy. Oh, just let me play a little! Ain't it great? But you know, it kinda scares me. Look out there, Jimmy. Just water, water, water. Nothin' else as far as you can see. It's like—like"—Gwen's lips trembled—"like Mayme's life; just gray, Jimmy, that's all; just gray, forever."

"I dunno, kid; yonder's the moon. You never can tell," said Jim.

Gwen's face brightened. "Jimmy, you're a wise one. But goin' back to Mayme, Doctor Drew says it won't take but twicet more comin' till he'll have her straight again. He thinks he's got Rosa backed off, but all I gotta say is the tamale cans is still a-stackin' up. I thought I was onto her, but she plays me. Rosa's too much for me. She shuts me outa the picture and I can't somehow get past her and at Mayme. Well, hon"—Gwen laid her hand over Jim's—"I'm gonna stick till Mayme gets outa this. From what I sees Mayme's learnin', and she ain't gonna be no infant from now on."

Jim stretched his length in the sand, resting his head upon Gwen's knee, looking up to the star-powdered sky. Gwen stroked her hand over his locks slowly as they watched the water play beneath the moon and listened to the wavelets whispering against the breakwater.

"Good old puddle." It was Jim who broke the silence. "Gwenny, let's unchain the dogs." As he spoke he sat up and reached for his coat and taking forth the sandwiches proffered one to Gwen and bit into the other. "I guess you're right, hon, stickin' to Mayme. I like you that way; but, believe me, the flat on Sixty-third listens good to me, and I'm waitin'."

It was late when the two rose and hastened through the chill dampness homeward. The L rattled emptily and the weary occupants slumped in their seats, weakly relaxed in a sort of collapse as though the heat had crushed them and flung them forth, spent. The two descended at Thirty-third and swung over toward Wabash and Mrs. Winthrop's. At the door Gwen turned and laid her hand upon Jim's arm.

"Good night, Jimmy," she said. "Give me a nice brotherly kiss and run along."

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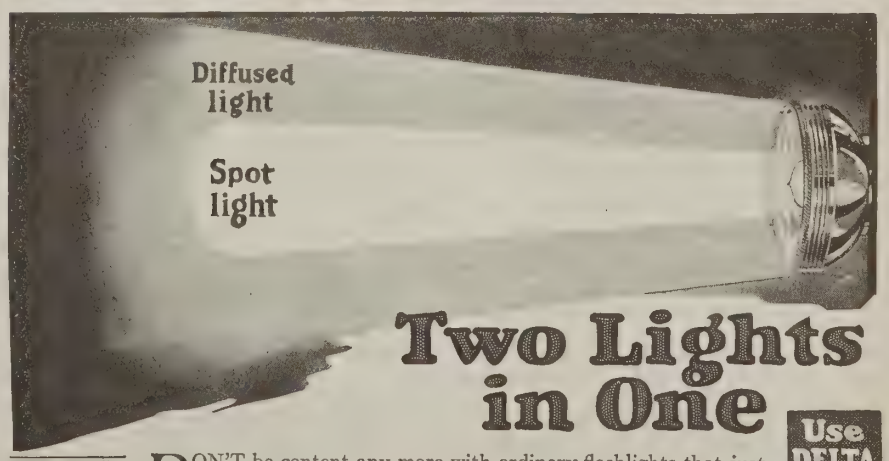

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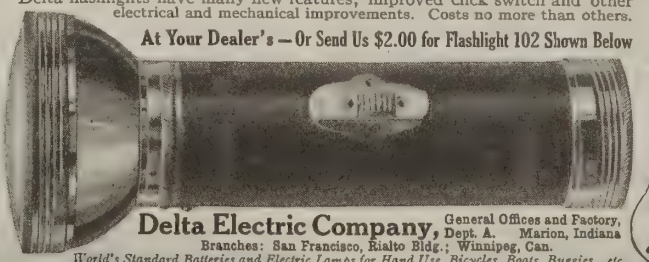

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Branches: San Francisco, Rialto Bldg.; Winnipeg, Can.
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Jim leaned down and kissed her honestly upon the lips. "You ain't doin' me right, kid," he said; and as Gwen looked absently out toward the street light he whispered: "What you thinkin' about, hon?"

"Nothin'," replied Gwen; "only, ain't it funny how long we got along without psychology? I don't know no reason why I like you, Jimmy, and I don't want to. It might not be big enough! 'Night."

"'Night, hon," returned Jim, and Gwen tripped up the stone steps and entered the hallway, standing for a moment in the light and waving as Jim went whistling down the street.

Mayme's light was burning as she reached the hall above, and as she passed Gwen made the accustomed whistle. The door swung open and Mayme's face looked out as her voice answered the whistle: "I been waitin' for you, kid. Come in; I wanta tell you somethin'. Where you been?"

"Out to the park with Jim. Did you go to Doctor Drew's?"

"No. Come on in. Now lay down, hon, and listen."

Gwen sank in a limp huddle upon the bed, saying: "Fire away. I guess it's some new Rosa stunt. Say, Mayme, keep her out to-night; I ain't safe."

Mayme laughed and sat down in the rocker, tucking her feet beneath the drab kimono. She seemed under restraint. Her eyes were frankly open. The lazy light was gone. There was a candor in her expression that had not been present of late. Gwen noticed the change and contemplating the bright face before her ventured the remark: "Ain't struck oil or nothin', have you?"

"Not exactly," said Mayme; "but nearly. It's Rosa."

"Now don't start that stuff, Mayme; I'm sick of it."

"She won't bother you no more," broke in Mayme; "but you gotta help me."

"You ain't murdered her and hid her body? What d'ye mean, help you? Ain't I been helpin' you? Ain't I stickin'? What do you want? Just name it and if I can reach it it's yours, Mayme."

"I'll tell you about it, but don't stop me. To-night—oh, to-night's the most wonderful night in the world, Gwen!"

"I hadn't noticed it, Mayme, old girl. E-e-lucidate, e-e-lucidate. Bring on your big film. I'm tired of readin' your titles."

"It's awful, Gwen. I been a yellow cur; I have."

"That bad?" Gwen sat up to listen. "Well, where's the plot?"

"I'm goin' back to when the bottom dropped out of things for me. You know, Gwen, the days I used to have to get a relief and go up to the rest room and stretch out a hour at a time so I could go back at it? Well, then's when I begun to think how long I could keep it up before it got me down for good, and I woke up that I wasn't livin'; that I'd forgot how, and I tried to perk up, hon, but it got my back to wear high heels and straight fronts, and I couldn't starch up, no way I tried. They had my number—everybody; and it was zero, iced. If it hadn't been for you I'd taken Michigan out."

Gwen reached a detaining hand: "Don't do it, kid. Don't mess up Michigan. Go on."

"I'm tellin' you the truth. That last day I stood behind the counter handlin' trade and I couldn't see 'em. The women looked like grinnin' clowns and every stockin' box was red-hot lead. All I remember seems like a dream, a nightmare. My back ached and my heels punched through to the bone. Oh, how I ached! And they kept comin', grinnin' and callin' for more. And I didn't have no more to give! Do you remember this?" Mayme got up and took from the dresser Madam Martin's card. Gwen looked at it and nodded. "Well, just when I thought I'd go mad and let go, you come along, hon. I remember it like as if I had a good cool drink. You hugged me with one arm and said, 'Cheer up, kid; the world owes you a livin' and all you gotta do is collect.' Remember?"

Gwen nodded as she watched Mayme's bright eyes and motioned her to go on.

"That's what started it. Them words got stuck in my brain and it was too tired to throw 'em out. They kept goin' round and round in a kinda tune, and about the time I had 'em learned and could say 'em and write a check at the same time I went to wait on Doctor Drew, and I found this. Well, I read that line: 'Why trust to luck? Know the future,' and I said to myself: 'Why not?' Then my head kept repeatin' 'Know the future. Why not?' 'Know the future. Why not?' And that idea got to chasin' the other one.

"I don't know how I got through the rest of the day. All I remember is that you took me and fed me and that I wanted to get away from you. You remember you went out with Jim. You wanted me to go and I wouldn't. Well, I had thought it all out to take a trip to Michigan and was goin' to get my hat when this fell on the floor." Mayme motioned toward Madam Martin's card. "And I got to sayin' 'Know the future' again. Well, I started out and I don't know why, but I went straight for Prairie Avenue to Madam Martin's and planked down two dollars for a life readin'.

"She was a fake, but I never can forget her. She told me I was psychical and that I had a control named Rosa Alvaro; that she was Spanish and beautiful and that she could make me beautiful and I would find success. With that I went home, with the name under my hat. Rosa Alvaro. The more I thought about it the more real she got. It kept me awake a long time that night. I could just see her, she seemed to be so near. In the morning I got up worse from no sleep, and I had forgot all about Rosa till the conductor on the surface line gave me some lip and I woke up to find out I didn't have no fare with me. Then's when Rosa come. I just worked her on him. It went off without much of a light and I saw red!

"That was the game, then. Well, if the world owed me a living I was going to collect. I wouldn't present my bill in person, but I'd get the returns just the same. Aw, kid, I didn't mean no harm to nobody, and I ain't done none. I don't think I'd gone on with it, but when we went to the masque on the Erie, I—well"—Mayme hesitated—"well, I just didn't want to be me. I was sick of myself. I wanted to feel, feel like a woman that somebody cared about; not like a alley cat. And that's what done it. I just made Rosa out of a shawl and a bunch of rag flowers, but there was somethin' else in her. It was my fight for life! Every rusty hope in me broke loose. I forgot myself in Rosa and commenced kiddin' the world back!

"And the world liked it, hon; honest it did. I found out that night on the Erie. Oh, hon, after that night nothin' mattered! I come back knowin' that somebody cared. That's what I want to tell you."

Gwen sat wide-eyed, listening. Mayme wiped a tear that trickled over her cheek upon the sleeve of the gray kimono and went on: "That's why I went into you when we got home. I got to thinkin' as we come along: 'She knows and she'll tell.' I oughta knowed you better, kid, but you see I'd have killed you right then rather than give up what I had. Somebody cared! Think of it, hon! Then I remembered that it was Rosa and not me he cared for, and I was scared to let him know that I was Rosa. I've seen him every day since and I never once looked into his eyes, for I knew I couldn't lie with mine if I did. Every day, hon, I've seen him, and to-day I had a charge take to O. K., and I don't know how it happened in the jam of the one-hour rush on seconds, but listen, hon: I went to take my book and I happened to look up and he was lookin' at me, and I just forgot everything. But I hears myself sayin' somethin' I couldn't stop: 'Señor, I think my heart will break.'

"And, hon, he just put his hand on mine and says: 'Rosa, Rosa, my Rosa!' And he knows all about it! We went outa the store together and had supper at the Annex and then we took a moonlight ride on the Erie. And there ain't to be no more Goldman's. He says I gotta stop to-morrow. And, hon, he says he's always loved me! Me! You hear, Gwen! And he knew me all the time that night on the Erie. Ain't it a grand old world?"

The astonished Gwendolyn sat staring into space and repeating in a monotone: "Peacock, Peacock. Can you beat it!"

Mayme shook her arm and said earnestly: "Listen, kid, you got me into this with Doctor Drew, and you gotta tell him. You gotta tell him. Will you?"

Gwen sat stupidly upon the bedside and waved a little gesture of despair as she said weakly: "Listen, Mayme, listen. Lemme get this straight. Peacock? You mean Peacock?" Mayme nodded. "And you're goin' to hook up with him?"

"Yes, hon. To-morrow." Then as Gwen made for the door: "Where you goin'?"

"To bed," said Gwen without stopping. "I gotta date to be married myself; and it's to-morrow."

"You'll tell Doctor Drew?" pleaded Mayme.

"Hang Doctor Drew! I just wanna go to bed and put the clock out on the window jamb with the milk bottles; once, hon, just once! And wake up grinnin' and thinkin' what a good joke life is! Good night!"

The door slammed and Mayme stood watching Rosa's shawl sway in the gust of air the slam had delivered, then with a happy little laugh she took it off the bedpost and wrapped herself within its folds, tossed her head and said aloud: "To-morr-ra; to-morr-ra!"

And Rosa's little thumb and finger snapped lightly as Mayme turned off the gas.

VIII

AGATHA had listened long and patiently to an account of Doctor Drew's experiments with Miss Ladd and Rosa Alvaro. He had concluded with: "I have handled the case slowly, as I wished to make record of valuable data."

"I see, Mac," said Agatha. "You prolonged the agony. Poor butterfly! What an enviable death, to die by inches while science takes notes! How is the young woman? Has Rosa departed or has it been a reluctance to relinquish Rosa that has detained the cure?"

"I try, Agatha, to be patient in the face of your disrespect. Miss Ladd, I think I may safely say, is practically well. Indeed I find Rosa is more unwilling to come. Of late she has not imposed herself at all, and I am expecting Miss Ladd at any time to be quite herself. The case was not serious but has proved very profitable. I now hold a complete record of Rosa's coming and her development; also facts relative to her coming which confirm the basis of the disassociation. I think, Agatha, that Miss Ladd is relieved entirely of the delusion, and I feel that the result of the experiment is most gratifying."

"You think, then, that she is really cured?" questioned Agatha.

"Certainly, I——" The doctor's remark was interrupted by the appearance of the maid, who announced: "A leddy to see you, sir."

"Miss Ladd, I presume," said the doctor. "Show her up. Now, Agatha, you may see for yourself."

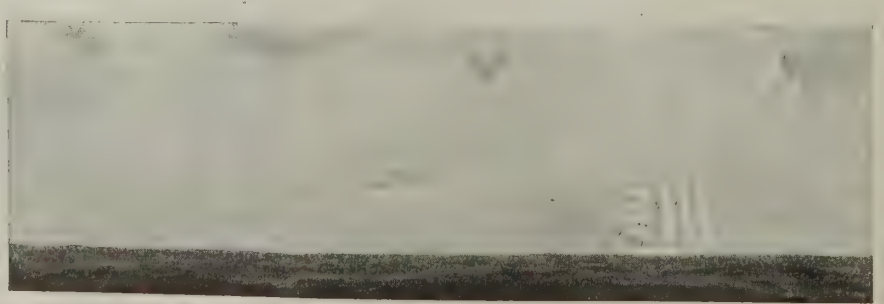
The maid's voice interrupted once more: "Beggin' yer pardon, sir; it's the young one, Miss Applebum, sir, with a gent. Shall I show 'em in, sir?"

Doctor Drew nodded and paced up and down the room in impatient anticipation. He turned as Gwen stepped through the doorway, followed by Jim. "Miss Applebaum," he greeted.

"Deceased." Gwen announced. "Never again! Mrs. James Dolan. This is Jim, doctor. Since this mornin'!"

Jim shifted his weight from one leg to the other uneasily and mumbled: "Please to meecha," accompanied with a feint at a handshake and a salute.

The doctor proffered his congratulations and drew the two into the room, presenting Agatha. "Miss Rhader, let me present Mr. and Mrs. Dolan."



Agatha gaped and viewed the v
much as she might look at animals
zoo, then drawled: "Chawmed."

The doctor motioned his guests
seated. Jim sat uncomfortably on th
of a very slippery leather chair, tw
his overseas cap like a dishcloth. Gw
beside the astonished Agatha and
ingly remarked: "I'm sure glad it's
To this Agatha replied frigidly:
deed!"

Doctor Drew seeing the trend
situation led the conversation out
inquiry: "How is Miss Ladd, Mrs. D
"That's what I came for, Doctor
and I can't be long tellin' you, for th
leaves at eight for the across-lake tri
we go with her. Mayme sent me,
She got cold feet about coming. Y
the whole Rosa business was just th
kid tryin' to have a fling; and me
scared balled things up. She didn't
to go on, but they wasn't nothin'
do, so she just pulled off a movie ree
herself, bein' the star and support
Then I butted in and sicked you on
and she was afraid to own up for fea
cock'd hear of it."

"Peacock?" The bewildered
repeated the name. "Peacock? W
he?"

"He's the fella Mayme marrie
mornin'. Double weddin'. Fanc
what? Hope you won't hold it again
kid, doctor. It was all me, you see
and Jim's gotta hurry. They're wait
us at the dock. Glad I met you,
Ratifier—I mean, Rhader. I remem
bottles! Good-by, Doctor Drew. W
luck. So long!"

Gwen rustled from the room, follow
Jim, leaving the astonished doctor a
dignant Agatha staring at the empty
way.

Finally the doctor turned and annou
"A positive cure!"

"Cure indeed!" scornfully excl
Agatha. "I cannot find that fact
data just recorded. Horrible p
Mackie, you met the clever woma
I win!"

Dr. McDermott Drew did not a
He was busy adding a last section to
tain report for the archives of scienc

"I say I win," insisted Agatha.

"And I announce a cure, Agatha
turned Doctor Drew coolly and final

IX

MICHIGAN lay silvery spread,
ping her white arms about the
she pulled out from the dock and
majestically toward the unmarked s
yond. The smoking city glitter
lights faintly and looked like a heap
ash embering in death.

"E-r-i-e." Mayme read the wor
one of the lifeboats. "Erie. I nev
forget it." Then she leaned over t
watching the water where the grea
marked its path, and beyond the glo
shadow.

A strong arm encircled her and th
of Mr. Peacock whispered: "Sei
Señorita."

"Yeaz, señor."

"To-morrow has come!"

"Yeaz. Look, señor, look yon
One hand made a sweeping gesture t
the fast disappearing shore. "Yon
yesterday, señor. Look, Rosa
nevair forget yesterday. See, to-m
is yondair in the wide open way, seño
go to to-morrow. Ah, señor, shall R
weeth yesterday or stay with to-mo
Speak, señor, speak!"

"Rosa, Rosa, stay forever! Fo
amor mio!"

"*Siempre jamás,*" came the soft a
and Rosa's little head fell confidingly
Mr. Peacock's shoulder.

Below, Gwen nestled close to Jim a
stood watching the city recede.
smiled wistfully and waved her ha
ward it.

"What you wavin' at, kid?" aske

"I dunno, Jimmy. Just wavin
kinda hopin' that somebody that
wavin' at might see."

Then after a long silence she said:
hon, I know what psychology is."

"Well, what is it?" asked Jim
wise grin.

The answer was blotted out by th
ring whistle of the Erie, but as the bi
slipped across the glistening waters s
a trailing stream of smoke, which lif
a cunningly wrought form of a gia
terrogation point upon the sky.

THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 27)

hi referring to the unerring ability of nimals to recognize love, hatred, fear and the emotions in man. Moran's naturalist nd was not satisfied with the vague gen-rality of this term. He knew that this so-alled instinct was in reality the delicately anced senses of hearing and of smell. No an who has lived much and understand-ngly with animals but knows that each has a vocabulary of its own—not that f the spoken word, but of the varying in-ection of tone.

It is this that enables a dog to catch the nortone of hidden hate or fear in the oice which does not reveal it to the duller ense of man.. He checks this with his nose, where is no chance for a mistake. Man's ystem reacts to any emotional strain and ispores betray his state of mind to the ighly sensitive noses of the animal world. Moran knew that it was certain knowl-dge that caused Flash to sidle farther from Brent and closer to himself. With his nose flattened between his paws Flash favored Brent with an unblinking stare from his yellow eyes—eyes as fierce and untamed as those of a hawk. Except in color there was little difference between his eyes and Brent's, and a wave of dislike was exchanged between them with the stare.

Not until Moran went outside to feed the horses in the corral did Flash shift from his position on the floor or remove his eyes from Brent. As Moran left him he moved away from Brent to the full limit of his chain.

Irritated by this move Brent caught the thin near where it was fastened to the leg of the table and drew Flash toward him. The pup braced his feet, but was dragged forward, his toenails scratching for a hold. When within a few feet of Brent his tactics changed and he leaped for the hand, his white teeth clashing shut in two lightning snaps as Brent jerked back. He retreated again to the length of his chain and stood there bristling with rage and fear.

Brent's insane temper flared at the sting where the sharp little teeth had grazed his thumb. He stepped over to the pup, raising an heavy glove and bringing the gauntlet down across his head and ears. Flash tried to fight, but the glove bruised his lips and ears and when he cowered down on the floor, half dazed by the rain of blows, Brent kicked him under the table and went outside.

When the two came in once more Milt Harmon, the ranger, was with them. As the three men talked Flash lay in his corner, his head resting wolf fashion flat between his paws, and regarded their every move.

Harmon did not fit in either of his previous classifications, so he classed him by himself. Here in the room were men who represented each of the three divisions under which he would place all men as he met them: Those he tolerated; those he hated with a savage intensity; and those he loved. His present feeling for Harmon typified his later attitude toward the great majority of men. The mass of them would mean little to him and only a very few individuals would ever interest him sufficiently to be classed with either extreme.

Brent finished his business and Moran stood looking after him as he rode away.

"There goes a beast," he said. "He hasn't one decent softening thought. When you look at that blizzard of a face it forces you to believe all those tales you hear of him."

"They're true," Harmon said. "I saw it once myself. I heard a horse scream, and rode down." The ranger swore softly. "Brent was standing there mouthing the same words over and over again as if his one mad-dog fit had left his mind a blank. 'He struck at me,' he mumbled. 'He struck at me. A horse can't strike at me.' Rode right on past. I knew I'd kill him if I stopped."

"Flash spotted that streak in him the minute he came in," said Moran. "It's harder to fool an animal than a man."

The next morning Moran shot a rabbit, skinned the pelt from it while it was still warm and offered the meat to Flash.

This time he took it. From this small start Moran led him on until in a few days he would take anything he offered. It was the first concession of the wild blood to the tame—the turning of the dog in him to Moran. In order to keep the proper balance he presented his wolf side to all other men and would touch not a single bit of food that came from any other than Moran.

His education along all lines progressed. When Moran took long walks he led Flash with a light chain. Later he unsnapped it from the collar and Flash found himself free to wander round inside the cabin. Moran next tried him in the yard with the chain trailing loose. Flash was glad of this new opportunity to trot round, but it did not occur to him to leave. By gradual degrees Moran removed first the chain and then the collar, but Flash followed him as closely as before. His world revolved round Moran. His greatest moments were those that Moran spent in scratching his neck and ears and rolling him round in rough play. But he would let no other man touch him, moving stiffly away at the first sign of this intent.

Brent stopped at the cabin at infrequent intervals and on these occasions the hate flared to a white heat in Flash. From association he had

"Run, Brent!" Moran Gasped. "Run or He'll Kill You Sure!"

lost his early unreasoning fear of men, but had learned also that he must not turn his teeth against them. He showed his dislike of Brent by watching him suspiciously and bristling his shoulder hair at every move. Never once did he make a sound and this silent, deadly hatred inspired a like feeling in the man.

Twice when Moran was gone Brent kicked Flash the length of his chain when the pup bristled at his approach.

Eventually Moran let Flash follow him on long trips without his chain, trusting that his hold was greater than the call of the free hills to the pup. Flash joyously chased the long-eared jack rabbits of the foothills, but always returned to Moran.

Flash had grown and his was the wolf growth, which lacks the awkwardness seen in growing dogs. In mid-August he attained his sixth month and with it the requisite speed to catch his first jack. Thereafter he hunted them tirelessly, killing for pleasure long after his hunger was appeased. The swift chase, growing in excitement and terminating in the wild thrill of joy with the final snap of jaws upon his prey, matched his supreme moments with Moran—and thus both extremes in him were satisfied.

Horses no longer feared him and fled from the dread wolf scent as at first. From living long in the cabin and round the fire at cooking time he had come to smell much like the dog who leads that life, and the horses accepted him as such. Moran then started breaking him to handle stock. He knew that in trying to teach this art to Flash it meant a two-to-one chance of having to sacrifice a horse.

Flash would take one of three holds upon the first animal that Moran worked him on. He might have inherited the strike of a natural-born heeler from his renegade grandmother and go to the heel of a horse or cow. Otherwise he would lunge for a wolf hold—and a wolf strikes either for the flank, ripping a gash through which the heavy paunch drops out, or slashes each hind leg above the hock in turn, severing the hamstrings of his prey.

Even a lobo, powerful as he is, never strikes for a throat hold until after his meat is down, knowing that the battering hoofs would strike him down or the crazed beast would kneel and crush his life out with its own.

Moran gathered a bunch of a dozen horses and headed them toward Harmon's cabin. He motioned Flash after them.

"Run 'em in, Flash," he said, repeating the motion and the words until Flash understood that Moran really meant that he was to chase those horses. Always he had wanted to leap after every animal he saw, but he had known that these were the property of man and that he must not molest them.

He trotted halfway to the horses, turned and looked back questioningly at Moran. Again came the motion and the words assuring him that this was right, and he swept joyously down upon the bunch.

Moran's anxiety as to which of the three holds Flash would take had been reflected in his voice, and the doubt of what he was to do with the horses other than to chase them round was communicated to Flash.

He ran in on the hindmost horse and made a savage lunge for the flank, but even as he struck he withheld the slash, feeling that this hold might not be right. He dropped back and ran behind the bunch. Moran's horse was running swiftly behind him and once more Moran urged him on.

Flash singled out another horse and lunged for the hamstring—but the doubt roused by the anxiety in Moran's voice still persisted and he withheld the snap of fangs that would have hopelessly crippled one hind leg. While he ran on close behind the bunch, a horse lashed out at him with wicked heels, and even as he ducked the kick Flash knew that he must punish those offending feet. He darted in and nipped the heel.

He heard Moran's wild yell of encouragement. It dispelled all doubt—this was the thing to do.

He darted from horse to horse and his was the strike of the born heeler. Not once did he bite as the hind feet struck the ground, when a kick might have brained him, but timed each nip when the hind legs were outstretched to the fullest extent at the end of a stride. Before Moran could recall him he had scattered the flying horses all over the flat.

Moran patiently rounded them up each time Flash scattered them and at last he understood that Moran wanted them to remain bunched and headed for home. From then on no straggler left the horse herd. If one started Flash was after him at a motion from Moran and before he moved far he was headed back for the bunch.

After a few more lessons he knew what was expected of him and began rapidly to learn all the details of the game.

In this, as in all else, the strange mixed blood cropped out. He loved this work of handling horses and performed it well. The dog in him thrilled at the trust Moran gave to him. But each time he darted to a heel something called to him to lunge at the flank. Instead he struck like a stock dog, but put behind it the drive of the wolf.

Under his management the most confirmed bunch quitter on the range would soon be the best of the lot. No horse or steer would chance those punishing teeth a second time.

Men soon began to speak of him as the best stock dog on the range.

III

NATURALISTS have made only incidental mention of the rare swift fox that inhabits a limited area of the bad lands and cedar brakes along the east slope of the Rockies. Moran had searched long for a den of these little fellows, scarcely larger than a squirrel, but an exact duplicate in miniature of the coyote.

The fur markets listed them as kit fox, but locally all men called them swifts. Aside from the fact that each year a few were caught in coyote traps or with strychnine bait, little was known of them.

To study them better Moran shifted his base camp the following spring, moving his outfit into a log cabin used by the Bar T Ranch for a winter-line camp.

On his first day at the cabin Flash had jumped a pair of these tiny swifts in a near-by gulch. Several times since Moran had seen one running like a vivid yellow streak and he knew the den was somewhere close at hand.

The year-old wolf could not resist the call to match his tremendous speed against that of these pygmy cousins each time he sighted them. This was no part of Moran's plan, and Flash to his everlasting disgust spent much of his time chained to a staple in the cabin wall.

Morning and evening Moran lay concealed on some commanding ridge, sweeping the country with his powerful glasses as he tried to determine the locality where the swift family had their home.

Riders from the Bar T Ranch often dropped by, sometimes stopping to see Moran or lolling sidewise in their saddles to exchange a few words before riding on. Those who came to the cabin when Moran was gone always spoke in friendly tones to Flash, but made no move to touch him.

It was known to them that this great wolf dog with the bright yellow eyes would allow no hand but Moran's to touch him.

Long before they came in sight the thudding hoofs and creak of saddle leather informed Flash of their approach. Then the wind announced their identity to his quivering nose.

Thus it happened that on the morning Brent rode to the cabin Flash was standing tense and rigid, his shoulder hair bristling, even before Brent turned the corner of the corral.

As the man dismounted and strode to the door Flash moved only his eyes as they followed Brent.

Finding that Moran had gone, Brent started back to his horse. In his hand he carried a blacksnake stock whip of plaited rawhide and as he passed Flash he flipped it carelessly at the wolf. Flash snapped at it and the pop lash drew the blood from his lip.

Without a sound he launched himself straight for Brent. His splendid body was three feet in the air when he struck the end of the chain and was jerked flat by his own force. His fangs had gleamed within a foot of the man's face before he was snatched back, and for one brief instant Brent had seen death staring him in the face.

The sudden numbing shock from this unexpected move was followed instantly by a blind rage and he swung the whip again and again. The very intensity of his desire to hurt defeated its own purpose as he lashed out in a frenzy of harmless blows, swinging the pliable whip as he would a club, though the deathly sting of the blacksnake whip is carried only in the back snap of the popper.

Brent's gust of reason-shaking hatred cooled into definite purpose and he stepped back.

"You yellow-eyed devil, I'll start you for hell in slivers the size of a horse hair!" he said.

From long and gloating practice Brent knew himself a master of what he was about to do.

He sent the long lash curving toward Flash and with the sudden backward twist of his wrist the pop lash hissed sharply, then cracked like a rifle as the bare tip reached through the hair and drew blood from the chained wolf dog. His only answer to the deadly hurt was to spring the full length of his chain at Brent.

The man settled to his work. Each report of the whip wrung agony from Flash and brought a thrill of joy to Brent. With the pride of an expert the man chose a fresh spot for each bite of the whip. Once it would strike blood from the knee joint

(Continued on Page 107)

Un-retouched photograph showing a motor truck, completely equipped with Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, which is employed in hauling road construction materials by A. H. Telder at Grand Rapids, Michigan

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 103)

(e hind leg where the hair was short; ex|pluck a patch of skin the size of a m|from the tender flank.

Frning agony racked Flash's frame; hot nes of flame shot through him with re tortured pulse of blood in his veins. senses were beginning to dull under the d and at last the lash cut a half-inch s at the corner of one eye and the flow lod partially obscured his sight.

ent craved audible evidence of pain. the same lash he had often worked e tough hide of a steer until the crazed al bawled. But the glazing yellow of the wolf dog faced him with as y a hatred as before and he surged st the chain which held him back Brent.

"ou big gray devil, I'll make you l " said Brent. "I'll drag a yelp out of u" And he started in again.

Moran came over a ridge two hundred s behind the cabin and saw Brent's g lue roan standing in the yard. As he od the horse jerked his head and sidled f step farther from the house. Again n again he repeated this strange move n Moran stopped to listen. He heard nt hiss followed by a sharp report. r more the horse jerked his head and d stepped. Then came the rattle of a n and a dull thud such as a roped steer es when he strikes the ground. Moran ed running for the house.

"ing for me!" Brent was mumbling. Sg for me! I'll make you sing!"

rough hand seized his collar and he a snatched violently back, dropping the h and reaching for his gun as he fell.

flashed forth as he struck the ground n Moran's boot struck square across his n kles. The gun sailed twenty feet away n Moran ground the hand into the gravel r his heel.

ent wrapped his arms about the tlr's knees, shifted one hand to the belt n literally climbed up Moran against the a of solid blows which rocked his head. Heurched to his feet with his long arms oced round Moran. As they swayed, Man drew up one knee and braced it gnst Brent's chest in an effort to break hhold. The two fell together and rolled nt a deadlock on the ground.

was a silent savage fight. Each man d his breath and spoke no word. Tre was no sound but the shuffle of heavng bodies on the ground, the labored rthing of the two men and the repeated dy slam as the great wolf dog drove tght to the end of his chain.

ach man fought for a hold that would pl the other helpless to the ground. Man writhed on top and freed one hand, lring it full into Brent's upturned face.

hen Brent got his hold. With his right arl clamped round the small of Moran's nek he squeezed down on it with a grip ofleath, while his left arm was doubled irer the other's chin. Slowly, like openn a pair of shears, he lifted the left forear, forcing Moran's head up and back to sno the neck.

Ioran could not break the hold. The ves purpled at his temples as he strained nec and shoulder muscles to resist the teible pressure that was cutting off his wd. Specks danced before his eyes and a nty rattle sounded in his throat.

ix times while the lock held he heard th wicked smash of the wolf against his chin.

lis weight shifted to one side. The two mn turned as one until they rested on thir sides, but the grip still held. Brent arned his back for the final heave that wild snap the neck, but instead his arms flw wide apart and Moran felt the blessed airush back to his lungs.

The slight arching of his back had edged Brnt just one bare inch within the limits ofthe chain and Flash instantly struck jut one inch deep and slashed the full legth of his hip.

The two rose to their knees and Moran bled his fist full against Brent's mouth to dve him back. Brent did not strike, but g ped toward him, trying to regain his hd, and they rolled together in another lck.

Brent used his head and butted Moran inthe face. It was a fast pace and was tring upon both men; the strain of heavin muscles knotted the cords of neck and fce. Their breath sounded in spasmodic gsps.

Fear began to assault Brent from within. The regular deadly slam of the chain vs beginning to shake his nerve. If the wolf would only make a sound! Only growl or rage aloud! Anything but this silent murderous concentration upon one point—to break that chain.

Moran found his chance to writhe on top and force Brent down on his face, stretching him full length, toe locking toe and hands pinioned to his sides, with his forehead pressed down upon Brent's head, jamming his face in the ground.

Both men heard a screech such as a rusty nail makes when drawn from a board and a shape hurtled above them, propelled by the driving force behind its own release. The staple had given way from the wall.

A dog in trying to punish Brent would have fallen in a fighting frenzy upon both men, but Flash would not touch Moran—and Moran was on top.

As he lit sprawling and darted back, one waving foot was all Flash saw of Brent and there was a choked grunt of pain as his long fangs sank through leather and flesh and reached the bones of the foot.

The wolf leaped for the sound of the hated voice.

Moran felt a hot breath fan his cheek and something pressed against his hair as Flash pushed under him and stretched his long jaws as far down each side of Brent's head as he could reach.

There was a sudden scream of mortal agony and fear as he closed the jaws and the savage teeth cut through Brent's scalp and grated along his skull.

As Flash reached under a second time Moran fastened both hands in his heavy collar.

"Run, Brent!" he gasped. "Run or he'll kill you sure!"

Brent scrambled away on hands and knees with Flash after him dragging Moran, and twice more his teeth slashed Brent's legs before he could rise. Then he gained his feet and made a staggering run for his horse with Flash lunging for him and jerking Moran along.

The loss of blood and the long fight to break the chain had weakened Flash by half or Moran could not have stayed with him for a single jump. The wolf dragged him past a hitch post in the yard and with his right hand gripped in the collar Moran reached out his left and made two quick turns of the chain and snubbed him to the post.

The horse flinched away from the smell of blood, but Brent seized the reins and swung to the saddle. He wheeled to run, but pulled and stopped when he saw that Moran had snubbed the wolf.

"That slobbering fiend damn near scalped me!" he raged. "I'll kill him for that, Moran. I'll ——"

Moran waved his arm down the gulch.

"Get started, Brent, before I change my mind and turn him loose on you," he said. "And don't come back!"

After the two had watched Brent out of sight Moran took the wolf's great head between his hands.

"I'm halfway sorry I held you back," he said. "Next time you can have him, Flash."

IV

FOR two weeks Flash had seen no human being but Moran. It was late in June and even in the high passes the snowdrifts had melted down until Moran could put his horses across from one valley to the next all over the Land of Many Rivers. Up in this high country the drifts never entirely disappear.

All through the summer tiny streams trickled from the foot of each miniature glacier that lingered in some sheltered spot and defied the sun to blot out its last few ragged patches before the early-fall snows once more began to build it up.

These were great days for Flash. He had known the stunted cedars of the bad lands, the cottonwoods along the stream beds in the foothills and the willow thickets that marked each side-hill spring, but this was his first trip into the heavily timbered hills themselves.

Now they wandered through solid forests for miles on unending miles; the slopes dense with spruce growth and valleys of stately lodge-pole pines, broken only by the open parks and meadows along the streams or by the bald wind-swept ridges that reared their rocky crests above the trees.

The world of men was far behind them and Flash had Moran to himself. Moran spoke to him as he would have spoken to another man and found a sufficient sense of companionship from the presence of the dog. Often he told him that he was the best stock dog in the world, and though Flash could not understand the words he knew from the inflection that his master spoke in praise.

It was merited praise, for Flash solved the one problem that is always uppermost in the mind of every lonely rambler in the hills—the possible loss of his horses.

The love and understanding between Moran and his horses far surpassed that between most men and their saddle stock, but Moran was also a realist and he endowed no animal with legendary qualities it did not possess.

He knew that when in a strange country a range-bred horse will inevitably make use of every opportunity to break for home—a gelding for the spot where he was born and a mare straight for the range where her first colt was foaled. The fact that he always knew where to find them later had proved small solace upon the several occasions in the past when they had eluded his every precaution and left him on foot in the hills.

But now no worry or listening for a distant horse bell broke his rest at night. Flash knew that Moran wanted the horses kept close at hand and he kept them there. His nose and ears told him things which his master could not know and often at night he raised his head and nosed the air or inclined his ear to catch some sound, then slipped silently away from the sleeping Moran. In the morning the horses were always grazing near.

They saw many animals that Flash had never seen before—droves of cow elk in the valleys and bunches of blacktail does and fawns along the streams, while higher up in the rim-rocked pockets near timber line they met the lords of the same species with their antlers in the velvet. Bighorn rams peered down at them from ledges of the cliffs and their ewes and lambs grazed on the grassy meadows above the timber line.

Moran told Flash why it was that these animals are seldom seen in pairs and how among all the animals of the wild the wolf and his cousins are the only true lovers of the lot; that the males of wolf, fox and coyote are the only ones that help raise their own young and rustle food for the female and the pups.

Moran knew that fatherhood rests very lightly on the antlered tribes and that the bull elk or blacktail buck that remains with the herd and protects his wives and offspring is the hero of legend, not the real animal of the hills, whose wives know him only during the mating moon; that the males of the wandering cat tribes, in common with most of the furry kinds, are even prone to kill their own offspring if they meet before the kits are grown.

Moran told all this to Flash and he listened in dignified silence, drinking in each word without understanding even one. But in his own right Flash already knew these things—and many more which Moran for all his constant research would never know.

As if to make up for the marital shortcomings of other beasts, the wolf lavishes the utmost care upon his mate and pups. Flash combined the love of wolf for mate and the love of dog for man into one of single-hearted devotion to Moran. But even this binding tie did not still the warring cross currents of mixed ancestral blood.

Here, away from the cabin and the works of man, the night sounds seemed to take on a new meaning and as Moran slept Flash lay night after night and listened to their call.

The note of the big gray owls and the quavering howl of the coyotes; the yelping, turkeylike bark of the cow elk and the weird squall of the foxes that traveled the high bald ridges—all these in some way seemed a part of a world which he had known and to which he should belong.

Whispering voices called him and urged him to come. But with it all there was something lacking in the nights—some note for which he seemed to listen, but never heard. At times he felt that if he could but raise his own voice this unknown note for which he longed must surely answer it.

One night when the call grew strong he slipped away and ran for miles. His was not the scrambling gait of the dog, but the swift gliding movement of the wolf. As he ran he learned a new game that seemed in some way associated with the missing sound. After that he played it often when Moran lay asleep in his blankets.

As Flash trotted under the trees it seemed that phantom shapes were trotting with him and that he heard the soft patter of running feet. Some larger shape fled before them and he increased the pace, pressing after it with all his flying speed. He thrilled to the rush of air past his ears as his powerful muscles drove him on. His sole purpose in life was to be first of all the dim forms that traveled with him to reach the fleeing shape ahead.

It always eluded him until one night when he burst from among the trees and sped down a long grassy park. The pattering feet of the shades beside him were as soft and unreal as before, but the shadow out ahead seemed suddenly to take on more concrete form.

He gained on it. The sound of flying hoof beats on the grass and the warm elk scent in the air made the game more real. With a last tremendous spurt he closed with it and while still in the throes of his exalted dream he lunged and struck.

His teeth cut through real flesh and blood and he was thrown end over end on the grass. The dream was gone, but he struck again and the shape fell, both hamstrings cleanly cut. Then he drove at the throat. In less than a minute from the first lunge he was tearing at the warm quivering meat of a dead cow elk. A dream come true in part—he had led a phantom wolf pack to his first real kill.

Often at night Moran noticed his keen interest in every far-off note, and he appeared to nose the air and tilt his ear as if to catch some scent or sound the meaning of which was not clear to him.

Each morning they packed up and wandered on, making a new camp each night. They moved up the Buffalo Fork of the Snake until one evening they stood in Two Ocean Pass. Moran could almost have tossed a chip from either hand, consigning each one to a different sea. They were in the very center of the Land of Many Rivers—the wonder spot of the world—and for fifty miles round there was no evidence of man.

Fifty miles to the south the nearest wagon road skirted the base of the Teton Range; a like distance east of them the Sunlight Gap broke through the Rainbow Peaks to the scattered ranches of the Grey Bull; north they could see the Rampart Pass in a saddle of the Wapiti Mountains, leading down Seclusion Creek to the government trail on the Shoshone, the one dim tentacle of civilization stretching forth into the hills; fifty miles to the west, across Lake Yellowstone, was the Thumb Station on the park road. Between there was not even a path except the network of game trails worn by countless elk and deer.

Moran prodded a white skull from the grass with his toe.

"Here's one of the lost herd, Flash," he said. "This is where they died. Their skulls are scattered through here for a hundred miles. And you come straight down from the buffalo grays that followed them into the hills. You're nearly the last of your line. I doubt if you ever hear that note you listen for every night. I'm afraid the rest of your breed have followed the lost herd, Flash, and have gone this route." And he tapped the skull with his toe.

The whole country here was high, yet the hills were not nearly so lofty as the distant ranges that ringed them in. The bald ridges that branched off from the divide on which they stood were barely above timber line.

That night, as Moran slept, the breezes bore faint vibrations of sound and whiffs of scent that spoke of man to Flash.

He grew restless and uneasy and explored various long ridges trying to find the source of these. Near morning a sound floated up to him as he trotted along a crest and he moved to the edge and looked down. The rim rocks fell sheer away from his feet. From below the scent came strong. He could catch no individual odor—only the combined scent of a number of men, and some way, though there was not a trace of the one scent he hated worst of all, the whole air of the place was suggestive of Brent and he flattened his ears at the thought. These men must be camped in the gulch below.

He trotted back to Moran and looked him over carefully to see that all was right, then found a break and dropped down to the floor of the cañon that ran along the base of that particular ridge. It was a jungle of heavy spruce, but he found no trace of the camp he sought.

(Continued on Page 110)

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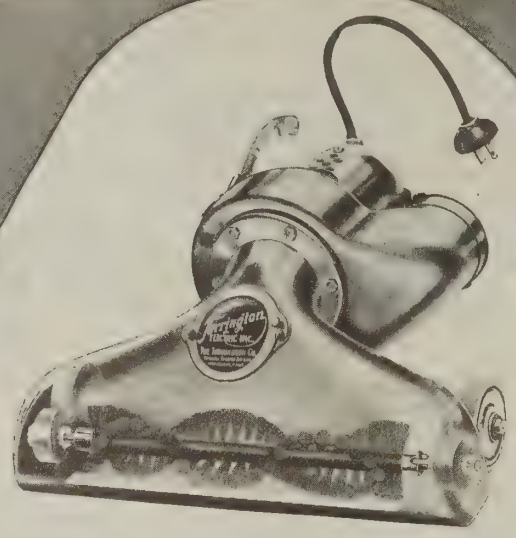

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(Continued from Page 107)

He stopped often and nosed the wind, but it brought no scent. Dawn was beginning to gray off toward the Sunlight Gap when he finally caught a sound, but the sound came from above. They were on the ridge after all, it seemed. He sat down and peered up through the trees at the sheer face of the towering cliff. The drone of voices came plainer now and there was an undertone to it all that he liked as little as he had the scent. But he had no time to figure it out—Moran would be up and round by now—so he hurried back.

Moran noticed that Flash was uneasy. All through the meal and while Moran saddled and packed up Flash made repeated trips to the break and looked first down the gulch, then far out along the ridge.

"What's the matter, boy?" Moran asked. "Is there a grizzly round somewhere? You've seen enough of them by now to know they don't mean any harm to us."

Not until they were half a dozen miles away did the wolf's uneasiness subside. Even then he continued to turn on every commanding point and look back toward their former camp.

Moran finally decided that Flash had pulled down an elk or deer during the night and that a grizzly had happened along and driven him from the kill.

But Moran was wrong.

V

THE Shoshones, who had once peopled the Land of Many Rivers, had called this season the Short Blue Moon. The lordly blacktail bucks were preparing to renew acquaintance with their wives and must beautify themselves accordingly. They had discarded the long faded hair of last year's coat and the new one had not yet deepened into the dark gray of early winter. For one brief span the short new hair was a glistening blue-gray.

Moran pointed across a gulch to where a big buck grazed placidly in a little open park.

"The deer are in the short blue," he said. "This is the best season of all the year, Flash. It'll soon be love-making time for the antlered tribes. Wait until all the old bull elk tune up. We've stayed too long now, but it's worth waiting another week to hear. You've never heard one of those old boys blow off—but you will."

Flash raised his head and listened to a distant call.

There is no animal sound in the world so distinctive—so impossible to describe or imitate—as the clear, silvery bugle of a bull elk.

"There!" Moran exclaimed. "What do you think of that? He's a small one, a five pointer, and he's rushing the season some. He'll prance round the cows now, because he knows the old herd bulls will come down out of their bachelor nooks in a few days and drive him off."

Each day the pealing bugles of the younger bulls grew more insistent. Then there sounded the fuller, rounder notes of the old herd bulls, the big six pointers. Every band of cows now had a tyrannical male who herded them jealously and bugled his defiance to the less fortunate bulls who tried to cut out a few stragglers from his harem.

The blacktail bucks, casual free lovers of the hills, made no pretense of holding their own bunch of does, but kept ever on the move, philandering from one love to the next.

Rams with great curling horns traveled with every bunch of ewes in the rough peaks above the timber line.

One night, when the running season was in full swing, Flash lay listening to the bugling of distant bulls when his nose detected the first sign of the proximity of man since the night at Two Ocean Pass almost three months before.

Twice he trotted a short way into the wind, then came back to Moran.

"You old rascal!" said Moran. "You're planning a midnight raid. After I'm asleep you'll slip away and interrupt the courting of some old bull. You're a queer mixture, Flash, but you're more wolf than dog after all."

Two hours later Flash stood in a little valley across a ridge from where Moran was camped. The wind was heavy with the odor of a dead camp fire and living men. He followed it up the valley until he knew that they were less than a hundred yards away. He shifted back and forth across the wind to catch each different angle from the camp. There was something that was unlike anything he had chanced across before and it roused an intense desire to investigate.

Little by little, shifting silently from tree to tree, he approached to within twenty feet of three sleeping figures. They lay in a little open park with the moonlight streaming down on them.

Flash did not know that when men slept their minds were not at work, but he did know that at such times their scent was negative. He could identify those he had met before, but that was all; he could not classify them with nose and ear as when they thought and spoke.

One of these he knew was Dad Kinney, whom he had often met with Moran. The other was a stranger to him, but neither of them interested him in the least.

The third was of a kind he had never seen. He knew unerringly that this was the female of the species man—the first woman he had known. She radiated vitality and health and a wholesome friendly interest in all things—and from this Flash knew that she was not asleep.

She was lying awake, enjoying the silvery bugle chorus of challenging bulls that came from far and near—in love with the spell of the Short Blue Moon.

Flash was irresistibly drawn to her. He knew she was watching him and he stepped from under the trees into the moonlit open space and stopped.

Then the girl spoke.

"Come here," she said.

At the sound of her voice the two men beyond her opened their eyes instantly, but made no move. Flash knew they were awake.

"Come here," she said again, and extended her hand.

Flash took one more step and for one brief instant his big bushy tail flipped aloft, then dropped again. Inch by inch he edged up to her, keeping a wary eye on the two silent spectators beyond. His nose barely touched the tips of the extended fingers.

The girl reached out still farther and stroked his head.

"Come on up here. Don't be afraid of me—I won't hurt you," she coaxed.

He crept closer, thrilling to the soft touch of her hand. Then he abruptly raised his head and peered across her at the two men as one of them spoke.

"That's the first time he ever let a soul touch him but Moran," Kinney said.

"You know him then?" asked the stranger.

"It's Flash," Kinney answered. "He belongs to Clark Moran. Did it make you nervous to watch a wolf crawl up to her that way?"

"No," said the other man. "A wolf wouldn't come that close to us in a thousand years. Then I saw him swing his brush up in the air when Betty spoke to him. A wolf never cocks his tail up in the air—and I knew he was a dog."

This stranger with the close-clipped gray beard and close-clipped accent of the East evidently knew the animals of the hills.

Their voices had a friendly ring and Flash lay flat beside the girl.

"Who is Moran?" she asked. "I'm going to buy his dog."

Kinney chuckled and shook his head.

"You can't," he said.

"But I want him," she insisted. "Surely he'll sell him at some price."

"Not him," said Kinney. "Moran seems to have enough money of his own to worry along. It don't mean so much to him as Flash. He wouldn't consider any sum."

Kinney gave them a brief history of the wolf.

"Moran's a queer one—and a good one too," he said. "He puts in his time visiting round after first one animal and the next—studying how they act and all. He even claims they talk among themselves in sounds and smells."

"A naturalist," said the girl.

"That's him. He's a naturalist sure enough. He came in through Sunlight Gap and hit this country near three months ago. No one's seen him since. He's camped round here close. But you can't buy Flash, Betty. Moran keeps him for company when he's out alone."

"Then I won't try to buy him," the girl generously decided.

Kinney chuckled as he rolled over and prepared to resume his interrupted slumbers.

The two men slept, but Flash lay motionless beside the girl. Her hand rested on his head and held him. Her regular breathing soon announced that she, too, was asleep.

Flash heard their horses moving round farther up the valley. He slipped away and went up to look them over. One horse was picketed and the rest were grazing near. He went back to the girl. Twice during the night she half woke.

"Flash," she said sleepily each time. "Flash, old fellow, are you still here?" And she stretched out her hand to touch him.

There was something in her voice when she spoke his name that brought a thrill which was second only to his love for Moran. He waited until almost dawn, hoping that she would wake again.

Then he grew nervous—Moran would soon be awake and waiting for him to bring the horses into camp. Half an hour before the first streak of light showed in the east he slipped away under the trees, stopped and looked back, then started for Mo
There was a crisp cool in the air. As
crossed the open places the tall grass
coated white with frost and bent st
under his feet.

He had never been away from Mo
for so long a time, and once free of the s
of the girl his desire to get back to him
see that all was well amounted almos
a panic and he covered the miles with
his speed.

He found Moran already up and light
a fire.

"Where are the horses, Flash!" Mo
greeted. "Go get 'em, boy. Go bring
in." He waved his arm toward a meac
below. "We're going to make an ea
start to-day. It's back to the flats for
Flash. Do you want to go back?"

Late in the afternoon they stopped
the crest of the mighty divide and Mo
turned for one last look at the coun
over which they had wandered alone
the last three months. In a narrow val
below, a file of moving specks caught
eye and he focused his glasses on the sp
Two men were wrangling a string o
dozen pack horses along a game trail. T
cream-colored buckskins and a calico pi
in the outfit identified the string as Bren
Moran knew that the other man would
the same one Brent guided to this coun
for a hunting trip each fall.

"There's Brent, Flash," he said. "They
just coming in, so it's just as well we
going out. You'd stumble across th
camp some night and hell would be to pa
I wouldn't give two cents for Bren
chance to go on living if you found h
curled up some place asleep. That m
with him is a New York lawyer—Luth
Nash. I'd like to have you sniff him ov
and hear his voice. I'm curious to kn
what your verdict would be on Nash."

Every fall Nash came for a two week
trip into the hills with Brent, and Mor
had met him several years before. On o
of Moran's trips to the East Nash h
looked him up—and so far as Moran w
concerned that once had been enough.

Moran's healthy outdoor sense of t
fitness of things had revolted at this mar
mode of life. Human weakness he cou
understand, but not the ugly pervert
pleasures which Nash had reveled i
Even his oaths were not mere profanit
but putrid slime.

"He showed me round one time, Flash
said Moran. "He's one hell of a fellow
that Nash. I like him the same way yo
like stale meat."

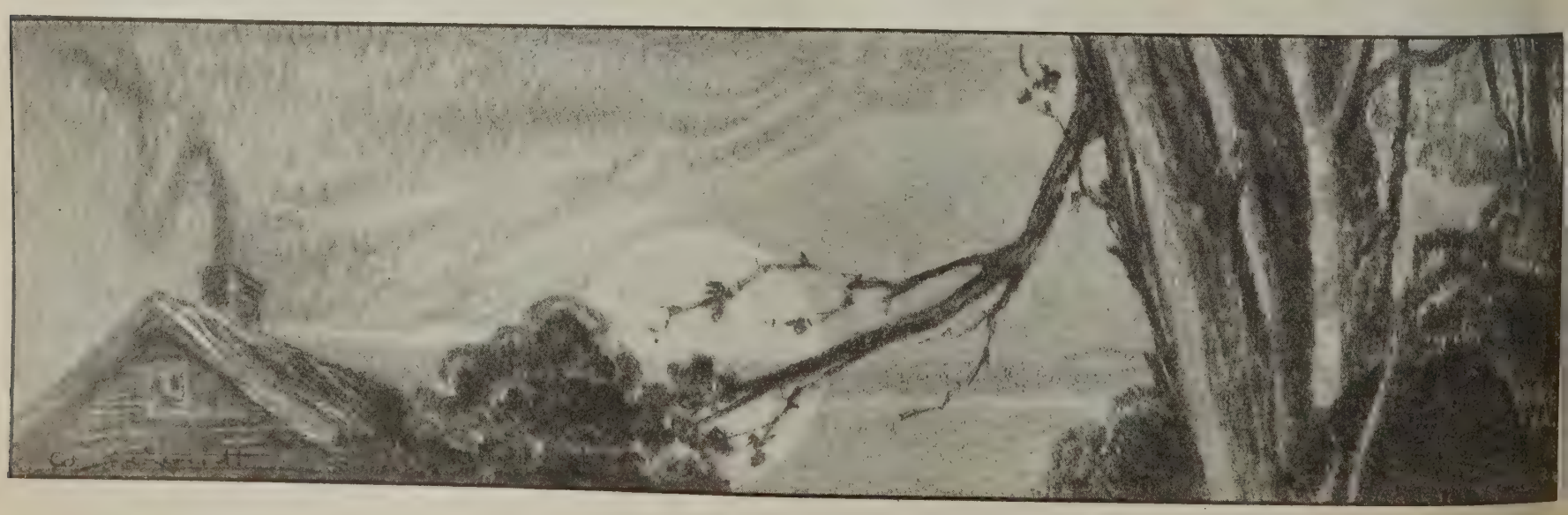
He swept his glasses over the countr
searching the grassy slopes of the peaks
quest of a bunch of mountain shee
Another file of horses showed way off
the right above the timber line, headir
for the Rampart Pass. Three peop
walked behind the pack animals, leadin
their horses up the steep divide.

Moran rested his elbows on a rock t
steady them for a better view. He looke
long before he finally swung to his hors
and headed down the opposite slope.

"One of that outfit was a woman
Flash—a girl," he said after a while
"Now whatever do you suppose she wa
doing way off up in here?"

Far below them they could see tin
green spots that broke the solid brown, c
the foothills; cultivated fields of the squat
ters who were beginning to settle the range

(Continued on Page 114)



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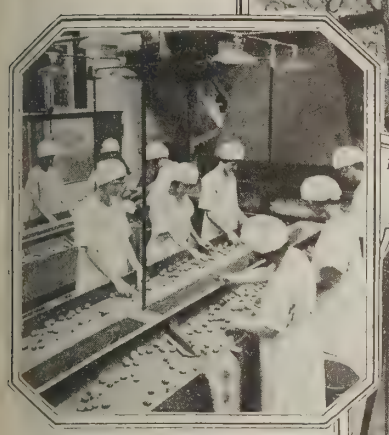

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(Continued from Page 110)

They made camp in a little side-hill meadow.

"I wonder if she was young and pretty?" Moran said as he sat smoking one last pipeful before going to sleep.

"The spell of the Short Blue Moon is working on me, too, Flash," he went on. "After all, a man can live too much alone. All this we've been listening to—that's what it means. The bucks polishing their horns on the trees and all those bugling bulls. That note you listen for every night and don't know what it is. The wolf season doesn't start for a few months yet—when it does come you'll know what all that means. It's the same way with us all—even man. Every living creature needs one thing to round out his life—a mate."

Moran slept and Flash climbed back to the crest of the divide. A light gleamed from a ridge above the valley where Brent's pack outfit had halted late in the afternoon. It swayed back and forth as if suspended in the air. Far off among the bald ridges near Two Ocean Pass Flash could see a tiny point of fire twinkling through the clear air. This too made sweeps to the right and left.

Flash could not read the message, but he watched until the lights disappeared. From below him on one side sounded the wild pealing bugle of an old bull elk and the whistling snort of a blacktail buck; from the other came the occasional stroke of a horse bell. This reminded him of his trust.

He turned his back on the Land of Many Rivers and trotted down the opposite slope to Moran and the world of men.

VI

EVEN though he held himself frigidly aloof from all men, Flash was a prime favorite at the Bar T ranch. He was a changed Flash; his former springy alertness had been replaced by a drooping dispirited air of complete dejection. Moran had gone from his life—and life had lost its tang.

He could not know that Moran would either soon return or send for him; he only knew that he was gone, and the longing for him was like a sickness.

Flash was often missed for a time from the Bar T. Later they found that he had been several times to Harmon's cabin and had spent a few days at Dad Kinney's camp. Thereafter when he was absent they knew he was at one of the places he associated with Moran.

His handling of stock was a marvel of intelligence, but it was a mere mechanical following out of the tasks Moran had taught him, for he now found no joy in the work.

As he sat on a ridge a few hundred yards from the bunk house he distinctly heard someone call his name. He deliberately turned away and trotted off through the darkness. He had investigated every human habitation for miles round, searching vainly for some sign of Moran. Flash was losing hope and with it his allegiance to the world of men. More and more now he listened to the night sounds that called him and he spent much of his time alone in the hills.

He rambled aimlessly on until sometime near daylight, when he curled up on a ridge seventy miles from the Bar T range and slept. The air was crisp and cold. Except for the drifts in the gulches the light fall snows had disappeared from the foothills, but even this early the peaks were one solid glare of white. A stiff breeze rose with the sun and whipped his exposed position, and he started to seek a more sheltered spot.

Below him a rider was gathering some cows from the rough side-hill brakes. As Flash watched, a steer turned and the rider wheeled his horse and plunged across the draw to head him.

Habit was strong in Flash and he dropped swiftly down the slope to head the steer. The instant he appeared the rider jerked his horse back on his haunches and pulled his gun. Flash whirled and snapped at a hot stab of pain which seared across his rump as the report crashed in his ears. He fled and from behind him the sharp reports rang out in quick succession. Spurts of gravel were tossed up about him and there were whining rushes of air close to his head.

Flash knew well the use of firearms. He had often seen Moran and others shoot and after each report there had been a jack rabbit flopping in his death throes or a dying antelope twitching on the ground. He knew that this man, for no reason whatever, had meant to kill him.

Half an hour later as he trotted across a flat there came the sharp crack that a high-velocity rifle ball makes when it passes close to the ear. The distant report reached him as he whirled to run. Four hundred yards away a man leaned against the door of a sod house and emptied his gun at the gray form that was running with incredible speed across the flat.

Flash entered the mouth of a long valley. A horseman was plunging down the right-hand slope to cut him off. He veered to the left and as the furiously running horse pulled in behind him the rider's gun barked six times at the fleeing wolf.

Flash could not know that to all men but those who knew him he was a wolf. He only knew that all men had turned their hands against him and sought his life.

The next man he saw he avoided and when next he bedded down it was on the crest of a knoll that afforded a clear view for miles.

When night came he traveled on, crossing a low range of mountains and descending into the rolling grasslands of the Wind River Valley. Hunger pressed him and he found no living things but cows. The sense of distance from familiar scenes made the Bar T seem so far behind as to be part of another world. The fact that men had so recently turned against him was bitterly uppermost in his mind—and he was hungry.

Men sought his life. And for the first time he turned his teeth against an animal that belonged to men and singled out a steer. His first snap was half-hearted and did not entirely sever the cords of the leg. The steer fled in a panic and the others, crazed by the smell of blood and this silent wolf shape that had appeared among them, crowded round him in a mad stampede. The one taste of warm blood and the clattering roar of hoofs as more scattered cows joined the frantic rush stimulated the wild blood in Flash and he lunged again, this time with all the powerful drive of a killing lobo behind his teeth.

The steer ran on, one hind leg giving under him. Then Flash struck the other leg and the steer went down. Even as he reached the ground a gray shape drove at his throat and slashed it open with savage fangs that cut in like knives.

Flash stood over his kill, listening to the roar of hoofs and the crazed bawling of cows as the stampede gathered numbers and rolled on down the valley—and he was all wolf, a great gray beast of prey with the tame strain submerged beneath the wild.

He roamed the valley for a full week, sleeping by day and killing by night. Then the old longing for Moran reasserted itself and called him back to the Bar T range. He covered the hundred miles in a single night and approached the Bar T buildings cautiously just before dawn. There was a light in the bunk house; the boys were getting up.

Flash drew near, trying to catch the sound of Moran's voice in the murmur that came from the bunk house. A horrible shock of surprise flooded through him and he wheeled to run as a voice spoke seemingly out of the air and called his name. But the voice was friendly and old habit was strong. Flash stopped.

"Hello, Flash!" From his perch on the windmill platform the early riser had seen the dim form slipping toward the house. "You old rascal, where have you been?"

Flash trotted off to the sheltering gloom of the corral and waited, undecided which course to pursue.

When the windmill fan started to turn the bunk-house door opened and the occupants emerged irregularly and started splashing face and hands with the icy water from the tank. Halfway down the ladder the man above stopped to call out that Flash was back and from the group at the tank there rose an immediate chorus of friendly remarks and whistles for the dog.

Flash trotted near them, his muscles bunched for sudden flight at the first hostile move, but he was greeted as an old friend.

During the next week he reconstructed his ideas of men. Twice he was shot at when far from the ranch. He finally knew that he was safe when with the Bar T boys, but that when off his own range men sought his life. He accommodated himself to this. His two stronger strains were balanced by the coyote intelligence, which except for his eyes was his sole inheritance from the little yellow prairie-wolf grandfather.

The reason coyotes are caught in traps while wolves are not is because wolves avoid all man-scent while a coyote believes in himself—he simply cannot resist the call to pit his intelligence against that of man. This curiosity costs many coyote lives, but his kind has survived in numbers on ranges where man has long since exterminated the wolves.

Flash began to lead a strange dual life, which accorded well with his opposing strains of blood and in which his coyote brain stood him in good stead.

Stock dogs were scarce on the range. They did not long survive the poison baits which wolfers laid for coyotes. The Bar T men firmly believed Flash to be the best stock dog in the world. There was talk of taking him to the Frontier Day Fair in the far-off capitol and issuing a free-for-all challenge, backed by a thousand-dollar purse, proclaiming him the wide-open champion of the world. The Bar T owner had made Moran a standing offer of five hundred for the dog.

The stockmen of Wind River had posted a five-hundred-dollar reward for the scalp of the most savage lobo that had ever showed up on the range and who made periodical forays among their cows, killing more than the price on his head in a single week.

Thus each of the two extremes in Flash built up a reputation of its own, for the champion stock dog of the Grey Bull and the famous lobo killer of Wind River were the same.

His absences, which were attributed to wandering round in search of Moran, were now spent in raiding. On these trips he was all wild. He bedded down with the wind at his back and a clear field of view in front. He feared men, not with blind unreasoning terror, but with a certain knowledge of their power for harm.

His coyote intelligence saved him from panicky flights in the open at the first whiff of man scent; instead he would flatten out and let them pass or watch his chance to slip away unseen. Then old habit would cry out for the companionship of man and he would show up innocently at the Bar T ranch.

In the face of all his cleverness the net began to tighten down round Flash after two months of this dual existence.

Dad Kinney shifted his camp to Wind River. Winter had crept down the mountains until it was one rough white mass clear down to the base of the hills. A full half of the time there was a tracking snow in the foothills and with a relay string of grain-fed horses Kinney commenced his tireless hunt for the five-hundred-dollar wolf.

The wolfer knew well the one greatest weakness of his prey—that of gorging on warm meat and bedding down. A swift horse can often wear down an overfed wolf. It is established custom for any rider who sees such a race to throw himself into it and press the wolf with a fresh horse. More of the big gray killers of the open-range country have been relayed to death on a new snow than by all other methods combined.

Day after day Kinney rode steadily on the trail, his sights set for a thousand yards. Flash learned to watch for the tiny speck that always appeared on his back track and gradually enlarged into a rider on his trail. It was only a question of time.

One morning in mid-December Kinney found a steer that had been killed not two hours before and he swung his horse into a steady trail trot on the big tracks in the fresh light snow. Flash had bedded down on a slight rise of ground five miles from his kill. He had feasted heavily and was loath to leave his bed; not until the man was within two miles did he start.

When Kinney saw a dark speck trotting across the white snow two miles away he lifted his sorrel into a keen run and Flash started in on the first lap of the most terrible day of his life. He felt stupid and sluggish, disinclined to travel fast or far, but was forced to keep on and on. He ran in a straightaway toward the base of the Wind River hills seventy miles away. The country was slightly rolling—almost flat. Often he increased his speed and drew away from the man behind. Always his gait slackened when the man was out of sight; then the wiry sorrel would appear over some ridge close behind, running swiftly on his trail. Each time he saw smoke or the low buildings of a ranch ahead he veered slightly to the right or left to miss the spot by at least a mile. After twenty miles, as he passed a ranch he missed the man; it seemed that he h shaken off his hunter at last. He w deathly tired and slowed his pace. A fe miles farther on he sprawled down in t snow on a little swell of ground. It seem but a few short minutes until another hor loomed up on his back track.

Kinney had veered off to the ranch a changed mounts, throwing his saddle the best horse in the corral. This time was a rangy pinto that was running like greyhound on his trail. So the despera race kept up. Another score of miles a Flash had one more brief respite before tough, smooth-running buckskin was aft him.

His powerful muscles seemed to ha lost their spring. His body was a lead weight almost too heavy for his legs. On the one ever-present knowledge that dea lurked close behind forced him to ke ahead. He ran desperately, the mechani driving of his muscles sending him on a on. From the first roll of the Wind Riv hills he looked back. A blocky mounta climbing bay loped away from the ran house a mile below and buckled sturdily his ascent of the hills.

With heaving sides Flash started acro the low divide for home. His brea sounded in leaky gasps; the yellow ey were set and bloodshot and the savage ja dripped froth which spattered back a dried on his breast and sides.

He kept ahead across the spur and dow the other side. Just at dark Kinney qu the trail at the foot of the slope and stopp at a ranch house overnight. The dim susp cion which had haunted his mind all day to the identity of the wolf now crystalliz into a certainty. The size of the tracks; t fact that no man had ever heard this lo howl; the sense of familiarity he had felt each distant glimpse of the big gray sha that had fled before him all that day; t periodical raids dovetailing with certain a sences from home; all these pointed to o thing—Flash.

Five miles away Flash was stretched o in the snow. After raiding all night he h been ruthlessly harried for more than hundred miles, starting when gorged wi meat, a time when a wolf's endurance is its lowest ebb.

Before daylight he started on, headi for the fancied safety of the Bar T. On there he kept his eye on the low ridge h a mile away over which he had come. I wind had sprung up to blot his tracks a late in the afternoon a horse topped t ridge and Kinney came jogging slowly alo to the ranch on the trail of the Wind Riv wolf.

Flash scratched at the bunk-house do and the lone occupant let him in. From t window he watched Kinney ride up, and he entered Flash knew this was the m who had hounded him and his hair bristl as he backed into a corner, his teeth bar savagely.

"Too bad, Flash," Kinney said. "I sorry it's got to be done."

Flash wanted to get out of the bu house, but was kept there until the rest the men came in at dusk.

Kinney's proof was clear. These we hard men. If a friend turned rustler th regretted it—and led his horse under t fatal tree. Flash was a friend, but justi must be done.

The wolf dog listened to his trial. I could not understand the words, but the was menace in the tones and the loo they cast at him. He knew it was co nected with the race, and a chill dread death shook him.

The men drew lots from a hat.

"I'm sorry it fell to me," said one. "I call him outside and get it over with." I slowly pulled his gun and opened the do "Come on, Flash, old fellow," he said.

With one mighty spring Flash clear the open door and was off, a swift gr streak in the moonlight with a gun barki spitefully behind him.

"He's a smart one," said the man wi the gun. "He knew! He almost made it that, but I got him."

The men crowded out of the bunk hous Fifty yards along the trail Flash had l they found where he had fallen and the was blood in the snow.

"We'll find him to-morrow," Kinn said. "He can't travel far."

But in the morning the trail was blott under half a foot of new snow. When Mor notified them to ship the dog to him wo was sent back that Flash was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New December Numbers of Columbia Records

Charles Hackett Sings "O Paradiso" from "L'Africaine"

.s the young naval officer
ı *L'Africaine*, Charles
Iackett, the sensational
ew tenor of the Metro-
olitan Opera Company,
onveys in this solo all of
is ecstasy at the beauty of
ıe new land which he has
iscovered. He sings of
: as a Paradise, and fairly
ıakes you see it.

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Ponselle in Duet With Maurel Sings "Abide With Me"

Rosa Ponselle, great dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in a duet with Barbara Maurel, sings this world-famous sacred song, which many millions love, in a way to make even more millions love it. The solemn, imploring words ring true in their tender, thrilling tones.

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"Danse Bacchanale" by French Symphony

A superb piece of ballet music is this wild Oriental dance from Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah* rendered by the Paris Conservatory Symphony Orchestra. Rapid and fiery, it foreshadows the destruction of the revelers in the Temple of Dagon. Coupled with "Capriccio Espagnol."

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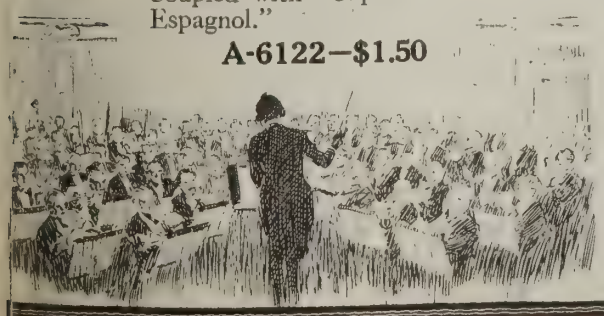

Varied and Vivid Timely Music

Hackett and Ponselle sing for Columbia this month. Al Jolson and Van and Schenck make merry on Columbia Records. Charles Harrison and Barbara Maurel sing Christmas hymns. Sascha Jacobsen plays the violin. The Ted Lewis Jazz Band and five other famous organizations play dances. Read this list:

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Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi Lo Sapete, O Mama, . . . Rosa Ponselle	49570 12-in. Single Disc	$1.50
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They're All Sweeties Van and Schenck **Sweet Kisses** . Van and Schenck	A-2792 10-in.	85c
While Others Are Building Castles in the Air, I'll Build a Cottage for Two . Campbell and Burr **Broken Blossoms** Charles Harrison	A-2793 10-in.	85c
You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me, So Why Do You Want Me Now? . . Irving Kaufman **That's Worth While Waiting For** Irving Kaufman	A-2796 10-in.	85c
Stephanie Gavotte Olga Bibor's Gypsy Orchestra **Don't Be Cross** Olga Bibor's Gypsy Orchestra	E-4404 10-in.	85c
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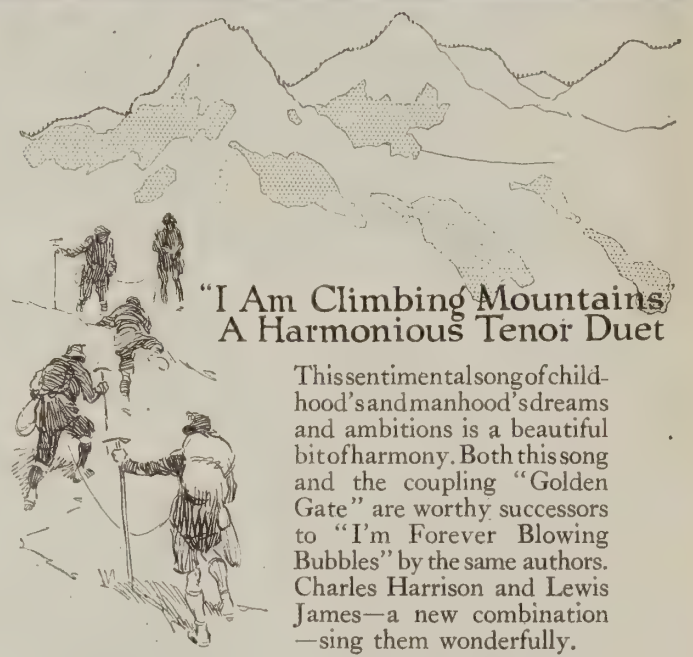

"I Am Climbing Mountains" A Harmonious Tenor Duet

This sentimental song of childhood's and manhood's dreams and ambitions is a beautiful bit of harmony. Both this song and the coupling "Golden Gate" are worthy successors to "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" by the same authors. Charles Harrison and Lewis James—a new combination—sing them wonderfully.

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"Nobody Knows, and Nobody Seems To Care"

Everybody will care a lot for this truly amusing tenor duet by Irving and Jack Kaufman. Lack of "lovin'" is what they lament. Coupled with "I Wanna Go Back to Dear Old Mother's Knee."

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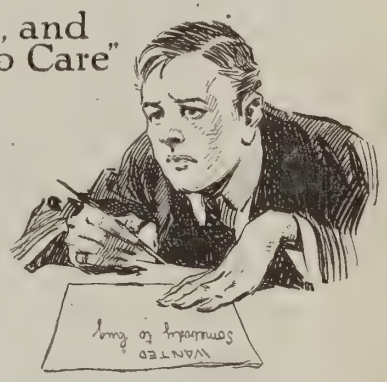

Ted Lewis Jazz Band Makes Its First Record

The feature of New York's *Greenwich Village Follies* and headliner at *Keith's Palace Theater*, the Ted Lewis Jazz Band plays "Blues (My NaughtieSweetieGaveMe)." This frenzied fox-trot gives you an incredibly swift succession of resounding syncopated shocks. Coupled with "India," another fine fox-trot.

A-2798—85c

Columbia Grafonola

IN ENEMY COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

American officers here and also the debonair Count Bernstorff; men and women of rank in Germany and busted refugees from Russia and Austria. Down in the lobby you can see immaculately tailored German officers, rich civilians, flashy war profiteers and women who make their living by their wits. Indeed, the oldest profession in the world is heavily represented. Doubtless a percentage of them are assigned to the job of keeping tab on the Americans.

Was introduced to Sudermann, the great German author—a man of striking appearance, well up in years but extremely vigorous. A mutual acquaintance invited us to dinner. Just my luck that I could not go. There were some happenings in The Song of Songs about which I am curious, having been strictly reared.

Also met the German ace of aces. He frequents this hotel and chums with several Americans. A slip of a boy—shy, almost diffident in manner. It seemed impossible to believe this kid brought down sixty-five Allied planes and led the Richtofen circus after that air fighter's death. Then I caught him sizing me up when he thought I wasn't looking and I changed my idea of him, for never have I seen a keener intensity of glance, where but a moment before had been nothing but mild good nature. He invited several of us to take a flight. No reason why we should not go; no reason why an American should not be courteous to a German of his stamp, for he was a straight, clean fighter.

A number of correspondents had an interview on the peace terms with Scheidemann in Wilhelmstrasse. I went along, not to listen so much as from curiosity to see the members of the government.

We gathered in a room where the cabinet used to meet. On the walls are pictures of the Kaiser and other German war lords. After a few minutes a door opened and the members of the government filed out and passed through our room. I scanned them curiously, paying particular attention to Noske, Minister of Defense. They say he is the iron man of Germany to-day, and he is suspected of being the tool of the reactionaries—the old régime.

None of them was impressive; they all looked like mediocrities, which they probably are. But I have had occasion to note that celebrities are generally commonplace in appearance—or perhaps I should say they resemble any ordinary citizen. When you find distinction of bearing and spirituality of expression, he is usually a clerk in a jewelry establishment or sells lingerie.

As for Scheidemann, he is for all the world like a fatherly Sunday-school superintendent. Nothing about him to suggest force or the capacity to steer a ship of state through troubled waters. The republicans strike me as being hard up for big men.

Noske Gaining Strength

Berlin. The strangest rumors are going the rounds. In certain of the poorer districts of Berlin a report has been spread that two hundred babies have mysteriously disappeared and been made into sausages. It would be laughable if some of the more ignorant did not believe it.

Noske is steadily gaining strength and recruiting his forces. These are the *freiwilligen* troops—volunteers—and as the pay is high and they get the best there is in the way of food the service proves tempting. Before this business is wound up Germany will likely have a formidable army available for emergency.

They will beat the disarmament conditions of peace in some fashion—we all feel confident of that.

The Germans are going in for sports with a vengeance. In their laborious way they seem to have figured out that one of the causes of British and American capacity for fighting lies in the Anglo-Saxon passion for sport. And so to-day they are organizing sports with their customary thoroughness. Instead of gymnasium athletics, to which they have been addicted in the past, they plan to take up football in earnest. Who knows but baseball may one day be their favorite outdoor game, rivaling their indoor sport of beer drinking?

They have horse races at a course near Berlin and big crowds attend. The people are well dressed and appear to have plenty of money for betting. In fact there seems no lack of marks for anything in the way of amusement. The theaters are well patronized. I saw a large audience at the Ice Palace and a show surpassing in gorgeousness of costumes and scenic display anything of a similar nature that you can find in New York. Also the gambling places run to capacity every night. On a lake some miles from Berlin we saw at least a hundred sailboats on Sunday afternoon.

Strange how men and women will persist in diversion on the brink of the abyss. It happened up to the outbreak of the French Revolution—and it is happening here in Germany's darkest hour.

The newspapers assert that a wave of crime is sweeping over the country. That is always one of the aftermaths of war. Crimes of violence and of stealth are more numerous in England and America to-day than for years. Sir Nevil Macready, Chief Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, commenting upon the increase of crimes of violence, attributed it to callousness to taking human life and indifference to one's own safety engendered by war.

"In prewar days," he said, "if a burglar was met on the stairs by a householder in his pajamas his first thought was to escape. But to-day under similar circumstances the thief would probably resort to violence and if necessary to murder." And he added a prediction that there would be an increase of women murders.

"Before the war, when a man quarreled with his wife, he would just clip her under the ear and everything would be all right the next day. But now after four years of life taking he would hit her over the head with an iron bar or anything that happened to be handy and there would be no next day for her."

Scientific Soap-Stealing

I assume Sir Nevil was speaking of the lower orders of English society rather than the landed gentry, but it is an illuminating comment on the spiritual uplift of war.

Several Germans warned me to keep everything securely locked away in traveling round the country if I wished to retain my property. Just for experiment, I left an overcoat hanging in the public hall of the hotel all night in three towns; it was there in the morning.

They have stolen cigarettes and tobacco from my room frequently, and you could not guard a box of chocolates if you put it in the safe! But when people have been denied these luxuries for years one cannot regard it as theft. As for soap, the average German would pilfer it out of your hand while you were taking a bath if he could perform the operation without bringing down punishment.

They have reduced soap stealing to an exact science. I have never lost a whole cake; that would be too crude. But cakes which I left out with a view to seeing what would happen mysteriously shrank to nothing. Each day the thief would shave off a certain amount.

Recently a sensational Berlin newspaper has been raising a howl about German girls loitering round the hotel where the enlisted men of the American mission are quartered. It asserts that hundreds of German girls have so far forgotten their pride and self-respect as to cultivate the Americans in the hope of getting chocolate and soap and money. The doughboys just grin.

Berlin. The American officers on duty here are living in a gilded cage. That is to say, they are surrounded with every comfort and most luxuries are available, but they remain virtually prisoners in their hotels. They are not permitted to go out except on business, and places of amusement are barred to them. The result is that they suffer from lack of exercise and chafe under the restraint.

These measures were taken as a precaution against inflamed public opinion. The American military authorities want no trouble, and something serious might easily occur were our officers and men to wander round at will.

However, some of them do get out now and then in civilian clothes, for the average American can pass very easily in a German crowd when dressed as an ordinary citizen. Cits are scarce. I brought only two suits and went to bed at eight o'clock last night in order that a couple of officers could attend the opera. One of them stands about five feet four inches and had to roll up the trousers and the sleeves of the coat. He looked as though he had just arrived at Ellis Island from Poland. The other is six feet two inches, and being of a fine heroic figure my suit fitted him beautifully.

It's queer to watch a city going quietly about its affairs when such tremendous issues are being decided. Berlin is far from normal, of course, but there is little to be observed in the street crowds, in the shops and restaurants and places of amusement to suggest anything volcanic smouldering under the surface.

The other day I drove through the *Tiergarten.* Hundreds of men and women were riding their horses along the bridle paths, sitting their mounts as only Germans can. Even those horsemen who had learned how to hold the reins correctly rode like sacks of meal. I have often noticed that there seems to be no sympathy between the average German and a horse. I wonder how they get along with mules.

But the point I am trying to make is that the world and his wife were out, sunning themselves in the parks and streets and apparently having a pretty fair time—and the peace terms had just been announced. One would have thought they would have been too stunned to carry on ordinary affairs.

Perhaps the full import of the peace conditions has not yet percolated. Every American here has remarked the peculiar fashion in which Germans react—they are so much slower than other peoples. A couple of hours after receiving such news as the Germans heard a French or American city would be pouring its hundreds of thousands into the streets to mob the representatives of the enemy powers. The flareback would be instantaneous and their fury uncontrollable.

But not a sign so far from the Germans. They are probably thinking it over very carefully and painstakingly, and later they will register some sort of protest. Their psychology is such that I verily believe you could affront the average German on the street, and he would go a couple of blocks or more before awaking to the fact and then come stumping back to demand what you meant by it.

We have remarked an odd thing about many signs in Berlin and other cities. It is a trifle in itself, but we have seen it so often that I am inclined to regard it as significant. Scores of beer gardens and cafés and places of amusement were formerly called Kaiser Wilhelm. Their signs are mostly made of electric bulbs. They have recently altered them to suit the times by removing the word "Kaiser," but they did not obliterate it. Instead they have hung strips of canvas over the "Kaiser" portion. It could be removed in a twinkling. I have counted thirty-two such temporary changes since arrival in Germany. Is this a canny caution, with an eye to eventualities?

Russians Wiped Out by Thousands

Had a long talk with Brigadier General George H. Harries to-night after dinner. He is chief of the Military Mission of the United States and of the American Section of the Interallied Commissions on Repatriation of Prisoners of War in Germany.

It appears that the Germans had more than one million two hundred thousand Russian prisoners in camps and commandos and hired out to landowners, farmers and mines last year. They began to repatriate them immediately after the Armistice, but their methods were ghastly. They sent six or seven trainloads a day to the border and there dumped them. To reach the nearest Russian railroad point the prisoners had to walk sixty kilometers in the bitter cold of midwinter. They carried hardly any food—about three hundred grams of bread per man per day, no proper clothing—and they died like flies.

The Germans did not bother about their fate. They shipped officers back also in large numbers, though well aware of the doom awaiting them. Some were sent into the Ukraine—some up north. The red army grabbed all who came, and massacres ensued. Some of the officers joined the Bolsheviks to save their lives. The majority were shot or hanged. On January fourteenth Harries put his foot down and would not permit further shipments. Not a single officer prisoner has been returned since that date.

More than half a million of these R sians were civilians. When the Ger armies made a clean sweep they brou them along for labor purposes.

In Germany were also ninety thous Rumanians. Only forty thousand h ever been accounted for. Where the maining fifty thousand went is a matte conjecture. 'The theory is that they ished miserably without any records b left. Colonel Lupasco of the Rumar delegation discovered that eighteen la battalions of Rumanians had been org ized for service on the Western Fr None came back.

The *Nachweis* bureau, which kept an dex of prisoners, proved utterly inefficie Their records were worthless to the Al commissions. Prisoners were never re tered at the Front, because they w worked there in contravention to in national law. Consequently all who w killed or died at the Front were bur without identification, and figure among missing.

Also shifting prisoners from one camp another caused endless and inextrica confusion. Perhaps the registers were tra ferred—perhaps not. At any rate, a p oner usually vanished from the reco after his second camp.

General Harries remarked that the Am ican soldier's superstition that his ident tag was unlucky resulted in many Am icans going to their graves unidentified. discovered that the Germans had trea American prisoners better than the oth and could learn of no authentic instance brutality.

The Red Corruption Fund

There remain about three hundred th sand Russians to be repatriated of wh they have record, and "We know there nearly two hundred thousand more sc tered round Germany. That makes hal million all told."

The prison camps have been lightly he As a result thousands of Russians repat ated themselves—beat it. Quite a numb went home and then came sneaking back their prison, where they were sure at le of food, for conditions were so bad Russia that they had no security of life, homes and no means of subsistence. T Germans have employed these return penitents as missionaries to persuade t others in the camps to be patient.

Harries is in possession of informati which proves conclusively that Germa engineered and financed the revolution Russia. They sent Lenine across in a spec train and later Joffe became his ambassac in Berlin. The latter spent forty-two milli rubles in Germany—about twenty-one m lion dollars as the ruble was then value

"We discovered a fund of twenty-t million rubles in Mendelsohn's Bank Berlin," he said; "which was to be check out by the Bolsheviks to start outbreaks prison camps. The Interallied Commissi had checking against this fund stopped. is still stopped."

One of the most murderous of the Ru sian Bolsheviks was Radek, who took pa in the January disorders in Berlin and th fled. In March he returned to Berlin a was living quietly there when the Alli agents discovered his presence and report it to the German authorities. They pi tended incredulity, but were obliged to a on the information and arrest him. struck the Allied officials as queer that t German secret service, which trails eve suspect and about every innocent travel as well, should have been entirely ignora of the presence of so dangerous an agitat as Radek.

The Russian prisoners are a serious pro lem to the Germans. They cannot get r of them quickly and they cannot care f them properly. Moreover they constitu a menace. During the Munich riots Ru sian prisoners who had been released by th reds and clothed in German uniforms toc part in the Spartacide defense of the cit against the government troops.

Later. Berlin has been demonstratin against the peace and I suppose the Ame ican newspapers are flinging big heac across their front pages to paint the pi ture. But the real story is very tame.

The demonstration was called for an arranged precisely as we would plan

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(Continued from Page 116)

rie at home. It did not come fast on
e eels of the peace terms; it was no
oaneous outburst; there was nothing
a ery protest about the affair. The gov-
nent evidently considered that public
nstrations might help their represent-
iv at Versailles and accordingly demon-
aons were held. The Berlin papers
nnced them in advance and more than
t eight hours elapsed from the receipt
tl peace conditions to the mob scenes in
nt den Linden.

I alked over in late afternoon to the big
ue in front of the Reichstag to see the
gt Long lines of marchers were con-
rig there from every street. They
lld quietly, almost in silence, behind
gof the new republic.

Phaps twenty thousand persons gath-
ein the *Platz*. Bismarck in bronze tow-
eabove them. Not far away another
eeng of protestants gathered round the
loal figure of Hindenburg. The march-
: ere fairly well clad. There were men
d omen in about equal numbers and a
i ling of ex-soldiers in their uniforms.
It was about the palest demonstration I
erwitnessed. Various spellbinders ex-
rt l the crowds from vantage points, but
er was little applause, never a sign of
nt. Children played on the gravel
ll or round the fountains which the
nurse did not overlap. Citizens bound
rward paused on the outskirts long
ough to inquire who was doing the wind-
ning, remarked "Is that so?" And
non their way.

It grew so tedious that I returned
ory to the Hotel Adlon. Half an hour
e we heard the murmur of a multitude
Uter den Linden, and there was scurry-
g mong the hotel employees and the
os soldiers on guard, for once during
e arly revolution a mob had invaded
er Adlon's hostelry with a view to
eing the place and he had had a hard
noersuading them that the bust of the
air in the lobby, with its plumed helmet,
sa reality Lohengrin.

The mob—many thousands strong—
arued past the hotel and did some hoot-
g. There was no note of menace in it,
wer, and I saw many a marcher wear-
g half grin as he dutifully booed the
nacans within the hotel. All American
ics were ordered out of the lobby and
rden to issue into the streets. Though
nsure of commendable prudence, this
usl hot resentment among them.

h Should Americans Pussyfoot?

"hy is it we always have to go pussy-
otg for fear it might provoke some-
d?" they asked one another. "The
nican uniform ought to protect a man
y here in the world."

I ave often speculated on that myself
ic this Administration came into office,
r o matter where Americans go they
usneeds walk softly. In Italy, in Ger-
ar, in Mexico, they must take submis-
re what comes to them lest assertion of
eirights should provoke trouble. Brit-
ne may go almost anywhere in the
or without fear of molestation—save in
exo, which is our sphere of influence
d the Monroe Doctrine—because the
or knows that Great Britain will pro-
ct hem with a strong arm so long as they
n their own business and behave them-
lv.

Bu during the past few years Americans
ve earned that they dare not assert their
ddiable rights. Our policy has been to
rr he other cheek. Every pygmy nation
rth knows that now. It will take
an of firm dealing to correct this mis-
ke impression and restore American
esge.

The demonstration did not amount to
y ing until later in the evening. Then
veal thousand, who had returned to con-
egte in front of the hotel, sang patriotic
ng and booed. A friend of mine mingled
th hem in civilian clothes. He told me
at sentiment seemed about equally di-
de on the peace terms, with nearly all
e omen in the crowd denouncing Presi-
en Wilson and America. They were more
m stuous than the males.

"hy don't you smash the windows?
h don't you go and get those baby
lle?" they shouted at their men.

"bout half past eight a German car
ith German driver drove up and Major
ak and a civilian came out of the hotel,"
lid. Jakka is quartermaster of the
mican mission. "Immediately the crowd surged forward and began to hiss and hoot as the major entered the car. A lot of them shouted wildly and women screamed that the pigs of America were living well while their own delegation in Versailles was stoned. Well, sir, it never bothered the major at all. He didn't seem to be conscious of the mob. Stood up very deliberately, stuck his hand in his pocket, drew out a bill which he handed to the door man, returned the latter's salute and drove off. They let him go without disturbance."

After hanging round for a few hours, listening to speakers and arguing in groups, the crowd moved round the corner into Wilhelmstrasse for demonstrations there. My friend went along. He was singing *Deutschland Ueber Alles* as lustily as the others. They had done a deal of singing during the evening, which they varied by howling whenever a slit of light showed in the upper windows of the hotel.

"In one of their quiet spells"—they stood almost without sound for long periods—"a guy yells '*Wilhelmstrasse*,' and the whole bunch turned about and followed him like sheep into the next street."

The German authorities could easily have prevented the demonstration. A platoon of men at the Brandenburg Gate could have turned the procession elsewhere. It had every feature of a frame-up.

Much Noise but Little Violence

What astonished us was the fact that none of them tried to force entrance to the hotel. An American mob would have ruined that place. But the Germans did not resort to any violence, even when an American passed through them. Their only rough tactics that night consisted of knocking a Pole round for a few minutes. He tried to enter the Hotel Adlon, in some manner betrayed his nationality, and they set upon him, but did no real damage. An extraordinary people; they will yell and wave their arms and work themselves up to a white heat, yet such is their respect for law and order that actual physical violence is seldom resorted to.

While Berlin mobs were thus demonstrating, Lieut. William C. Rehn, Jr., of Philadelphia, left the Hotel Adlon as a courier for Hamburg. He was in uniform, but the crowd at the station in Berlin treated him courteously; the railroad officials saluted and all the German passengers were perfectly civil, even showing a desire to engage him in friendly conversation. Which leads me to think that the Berliner's rage was not quite at fever heat.

Frankfurt-an-der-Oder. What is to become of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners still in the hands of the Germans? A considerable percentage cannot return to their own countries because of chaos there; but even assuming that they do return some time, what is to become of them? For most have lost the habit of work.

I have been taking a look round the camp here, where 10,669 Letts, Lithuanians, Tartars, Cossacks, Siberians and Bessarabians are nominally confined. "Nominally," because there are only 4650 of them actually in the camp. The others are in commandos, on farms and in small factories of this district, where they make potato flour, briquettes, sashes and blinds.

Several thousand men were loafing—sunning themselves on the ground or gambling or just lazing round, as they say in Maine. They looked flabby and mean and useless. Nothing on earth demoralizes men so quickly as idleness. Col. E. H. Wagner, U. S. A., the senior Allied officer here, told me that some of the prisoners had not done a stroke of work in four years.

Quite a number of those engaged in outside work did not spend more than a week in the camp after capture but have been living pretty comfortably on farms during the whole of their imprisonment. It is noteworthy that hardly a single Jew is idle. Practically all are out, enjoying the civilian ration and earning the three and one-half marks a day allowed, which is the same rate of pay as German labor draws in this vicinity. Those who stick to the camp improve each shining hour by peddling stuff to the other prisoners.

When the Americans arrived they found the prisoners pale and soft and run down, because no work had been required of them. The Germans never forced the prisoners here to work against their will.

The camp has a fine location—dry and sandy. All the barracks radiate from a watchtower which commands every street. There are machine guns on the tower for use in emergency. The prisoners live in barracks, about a thousand men in each. Partitions separate the tribes and races—a curious plan, according to American ideas. Would the League of Nations approve? But herded together they have race fights.

Each man receives one mark a day for any government work done round camp, and a roster is followed. Also he is required to peel his own potatoes, unload his own coal, make his own bed and help police round his section of barracks.

The Americans have made an attempt to encourage them to self-government, the purpose being educational, and the Russians take to it with the eagerness of children for a new game. However, they are as awkward as children too. Committees for every conceivable thing—having been downtrodden so long they are keen for the chance to exercise a little control.

Likewise having been so long denied free speech, they exercise the right overtime here. Their love of a soap-box meeting amounts to a passion. At any hour of the day you can see a prisoner up on a box haranguing anybody who isn't too lazy to listen to him. None has a clear idea of what Bolshevism is, but most of them can talk socialism.

The central body which directs the interior economy of the camp is known as the Lager committee, but they have scores of other committees too. Last April a prisoner left camp without an *Ausweis*—twenty prisoners are permitted each day to go to town, to picture shows, cafés, and so on—and was arrested. At that time the prisoners were seething with unrest, due to disturbances elsewhere in Germany, and they promptly sent an ultimatum that the camp would be wrecked unless he were released.

A committee waited upon Colonel Wagner to deliver the warning. The guard had been obliged to fire over the heads of the mob, which had handled the guard roughly. The situation looked serious. But the Americans had at hand a weapon much more effective than the machine guns in the watchtower. Colonel Wagner told the committee bluntly that if the prisoners did not submit to the German authority they would lose their supply of beef.

They stared at one another in horror. The strike instantly flivvered. The prisoner under arrest did fourteen days' solitary confinement on bread and water and the mutineers were fined one meal.

Feeding the Prisoners

Upon arrival of the Allied officials at this camp it was discovered that the prisoners were on a purely vegetable diet and three hundred and twenty-five grams of bread a day. That sounds very meager, but it was the civilian ration, and the enemy could hardly be expected to feed idle prisoners better than their own people. However, they managed to give them meat once a week—forty grams on Sunday. This was all the Russians were accustomed to have back home.

They had no fats; the men were fed enough, but not nourished. Consequently they were listless, lethargic. The Americans immediately arranged to give them, in addition to the German ration, one hundred and twenty grams of Argentine canned meat a day, twenty grams of fats and two hundred and seventy-five additional grams of bread. This bread was of German make and very dark, but what the Russians were accustomed all their lives to eat. The Interallied Commission paid for it in good white flour to Germany.

American soldiers supervise distribution of this stuff through channels from the moment of issue until it reaches the Russian stomachs. If they didn't the food would disappear. Each prisoner now gets three meals a day. Added to this are ten grams of tea a week and one hundred and twenty grams of sugar. Tobacco is offered as a reward for good behavior.

They exhibit intense jealousy of the portions served. I saw numerous scales in the barracks which the prisoners had made to weigh the bread and soup. The officials told me that every meal the Russians can be found shaving off thin slices to even up the distribution, and many hot arguments result. These disputes are settled by the decision of the barracks captain.

The Russians are great gamblers. Most of their time is spent in some form of gambling, though the camp provides a reading room, a theater and movie place, the latter being combined with the church. At one end of the church are the altar and pulpit—at the other a stage.

They have small taste for sports and no skill whatever. Teaching the prisoners how to play football and baseball and to box are among the hardest jobs laid on the Americans. A start has been made, but the Russians learn reluctantly. They seem to prefer lying out in the sun or in their bunks. When they do tackle a game they are as clumsy as a bear in a waltz. It is a pity, for the majority are fine, big, husky men.

The barracks are comfortable, all things considered, and are provided with showers, a delousing plant, laundry and hospital. Baths meant nothing in the lives of these Russians, but they are acquiring an interest in them in imitation of the doughboys.

Each cot has a bed bag and two blankets. The prisoners wear uniforms ranging from Russian to English and Italian. They have also fairly good underclothes and shoes. In fact when I saw how well they fared and how much our humanitarian efforts had done for them and then remembered the privations which our troops at the Front had necessarily to endure I grew hot under the collar. We were burning with sympathy for men living in idleness when our own were fighting under immeasurably worse conditions.

Bolshevism Flattened Out

The presence of some women in the camp surprised me. They were brought along with the men when the German armies swept through Russia, cleaning it of both soldiers and civilians as they went. And I saw fully a score of children, some born since arrival of their mothers at the camp.

The prisoners who go out to work have it pretty easy. They live among the civilian population almost as part of it, mix with the Germans, share their amusements and have their love affairs too. There are not a few children of Russian parentage in Frankfurt-an-der-Oder, and numerous applications have been received by the Americans to get them fed.

The German guards are not soldiers but civilians hired to do the work, and they can quit by giving ten days' notice. At one time the camp commandant was elected by the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council and their stamp went on every *Ausweis*; but in the month of May, when the Bolshevik troubles had served their purpose in the peace negotiations—or had failed to serve it—Bolshevism flattened out and a major in the German regular army took command.

Among the Americans on duty at the camp was one of Russian descent whose parents emigrated to the United States shortly before his birth. He gazed at the idle, listless, no-account crowds of prisoners a while and then relieved his mind.

"Just to think," he said, "if I hadn't lived over there I might be on the other side of that fence this very minute, roaring if I didn't get my share of monkey! I wish those guys in Connecticut, where I come from, could see this too!"

Kattowitz, Upper Silesia. There is nothing crushed about the spirit of this portion of Germany. They are burning with patriotism and racial pride. Surrender German territory to Poland? Never! They'd like to see the Allies try it!

For losers they are certainly cocky—but then they don't seem to realize yet that they have been beaten. Much of the old German military arrogance survives in these eastern provinces, for in this direction they achieved their most decisive victories. Indeed the farther east from Berlin one goes the more pronounced the arrogance one finds, the more stubborn the determination not to recognize the facts of their defeat.

"The Allies want to merge a high civilization in a low and it can't be done," is their argument, and when they talk of the Poles it is with a scornful conviction of superiority that finds expression in curt references to them as an inferior breed. A dozen times I have heard Germans of substance and position—even officials of the Foreign Office—refer to the Poles as scavengers.

However, this is typical of the German attitude toward other nationalities. To their way of thinking, they are higher. That opinion of themselves crops out in numberless ways. They give this as their reason for not banning English plays and

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PRINTING PRINTING

What a surprise you would receive if y awoke one morning and missed yo morning newspaper. Arriving at the off you found no letterheads, no circulars booklets, no printed forms of any descr tion. On the way home no evening paper car sign met your gaze. The craving of yo eyes for type would be almost as acute as famished stomach's longing for food.

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This is an important subject. During t war, our government took steps to limit t

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nufacture of paper to standard sizes. Other sociations have tackled the problem with aher varied results. For instance, the Ntional Association of Purchasing Agents, ting with representatives of paper makers, rnters, catalog publishers, hardware, mill, lctrical, engineering, architectural, industrial rd commercial organizations, suggested a Ntional Standard Catalog Size.

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Warren's Cumberland Machine Book
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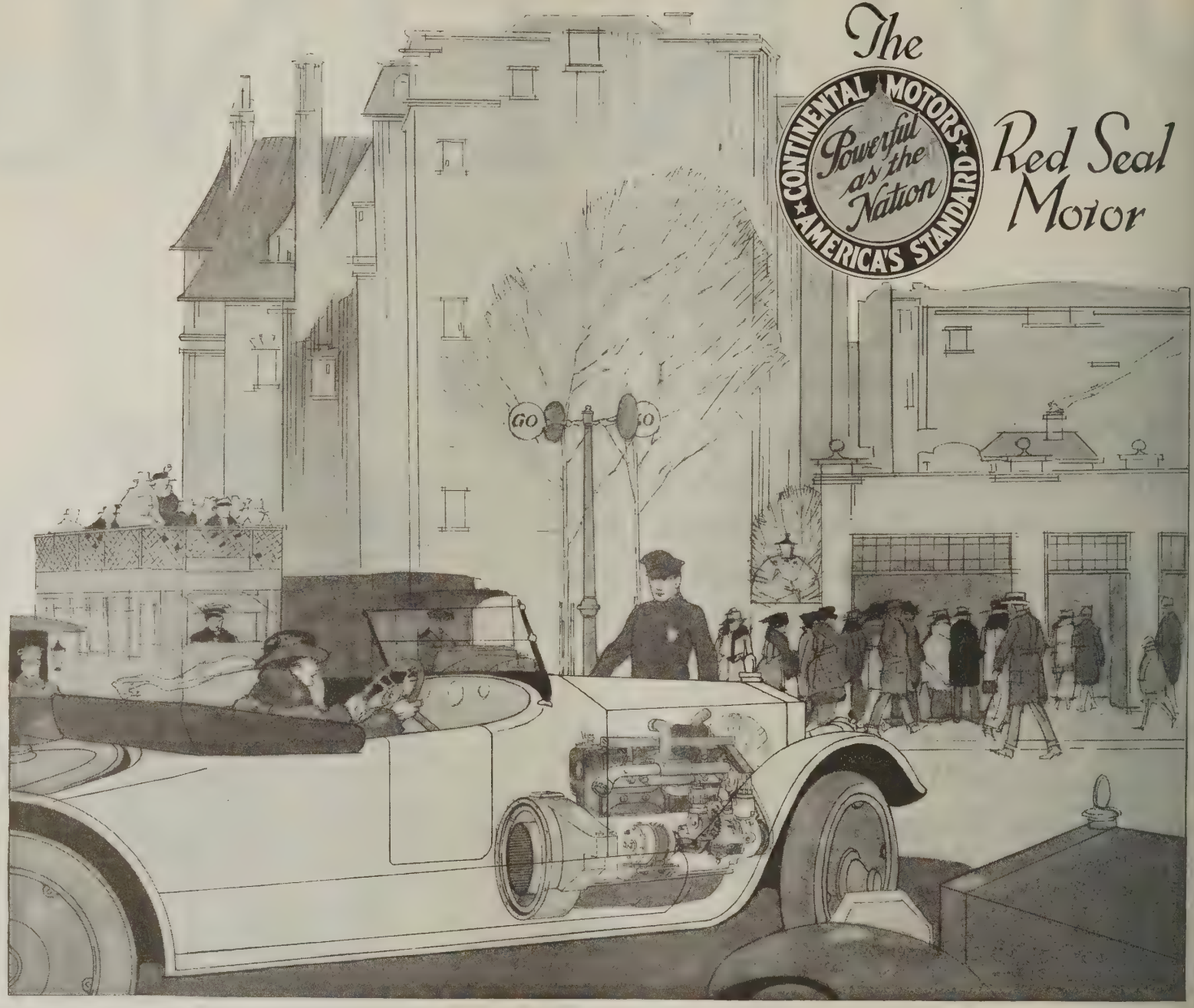

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li and French opera during the war; o or not changing French names of ee and squares.

'ad our enemies did all that. It was lch," they declare.

Silesians had a demonstration here d against the peace terms and the pro- o annex Silesian territory to Poland. w rather remarkable—a spontaneous rst of passion which put to shame the e arefully stimulated protests I saw g in Berlin. Troops paraded through incipal streets and the populace went d They strewed flowers and green n in their path, decorated soldiers and s and guns with flowers and ribbons. troops were A1. Young men for the part—a large number of them mere s excellently equipped and trained as erman soldiers are trained. Their s and the artillery were a revelation to othing about these troops to suggest eated army.

er the busy propagandists who ar- l the trip for the English and Amer- correspondents held a meeting of s ns for our benefit. Present were repre- tatives of every industry and business l cupation in the province—mine own- ad working miners, landed proprietors rm hands, bankers, shopkeepers, rail- managers, railroad employees, law- doctors, peasants, priests and rabbis. even had some Poles among these tants against the peace terms.

Uncle Sam, Financial Angel

Oberbürgermeister of Kattowitz da speech.

'id now," he said, his voice deepening a note of menace, "now for a harsh If this injustice is not righted the s of the German people will follow ica and President Wilson!"

No one of us will lie awake to worry over e outcome of this curse, but as a revela- n Germany's attitude it is significant. e look to America to save them from st punishment of their crimes, and are ready to denounce America the t her efforts fall below their high- ld expectations.

A milar tendency is discernible in prac- al every European country. They ve been encouraged to believe that the ited States will help them realize all ambitions and they confidently look or all necessary credits and food and ther assistance as they may require. dwhenever they are disappointed in eager desire to grab something from neral pot to which they are not en- le they promptly turn against Uncle nd snap at his heels.

I uppose this situation was bound to cu A creditor is never popular, and makes men hate. But after America's irements in the war and her efforts to e peoples in distress, it is rather dis- rging to find that Americans have more dislike than gratitude. Indeed, u expect to see the United States the unpopular great power in the world fo we emerge from this mess.

Weimar. To-day in a session as dull and t-id-dried as any meeting of a county ril for routine business I saw the repre- tatives of the German people give their e to a peace treaty which they firmly ke to mean the virtual enslavement of e ation for two generations. And not a among them struck a high note of tr tism; not one rose above the plane of rt politics. It was as pitiful an exhibi- n s their bitterest enemy could desire. T choice of Weimar for the sittings of e National Assembly strikes the visi- r ith wonderment. What could have or ted the selection? A number of the w apers would have us believe that it ov the new régime's sympathy with e ble aspirations and spirit of broad rnity which emanated from Weimar in e ritings of the immortal Goethe. The pl ation might appeal to a twelve-year- d hild, but is too ingenuous even for o who have been heroically swallow- g ir propaganda for years. Perhaps the sece of agitators had something to do th t, for Weimar claims it has less than ve y Spartacists.

However that may be, the few unruly es they have here nearly played hob. The th rities were taking no chances; they re the whole outfit into jail in order to ah sure of them while the National ssembly was sitting.

But twenty-eight of them contrived to break out the other night and, forming themselves into a raiding party, made an attack on the old castle wherein were housed most of the members of the German Government. It is a huge frowning pile inside the city and the usual precautions had been taken to guard it, including soldiers and machine guns.

In some manner not yet explained the doughty raiders managed to elude the guards and got inside. They penetrated almost to the apartments of the government leaders. Had they taken a turn to the right instead of to the left—so the story goes—they would have bagged most of the cabinet. But they took the wrong turn, brought up at an impasse and were overpowered by the alarmed garrison. It has had one good effect—given the Germans something to laugh at in these dark days.

When Ben Hecht and I arrived in Weimar the town wore such a normal aspect that it was difficult to believe the nation's fate was being decided there. No crowds, no apparent excitement—not even an atmosphere of tension. Citizens were coming and going about their affairs very quietly; the market place was filled with produce and country folk and townspeople; comfortable-looking men and women sat at the tables of the restaurants and sidewalk cafés; idlers sunned themselves on the benches in the squares.

One of the first persons we ran into was Count Bernstorff—well-groomed and suave, but unsmiling. Ben stopped to question him, but I passed on.

At dinner last night we had Erzberger sitting near us. They say he is the brains of the government and is responsible for the formation of a cabinet which will sign the peace. Whatever his ability, he is unquestionably the shrewdest of German politicians, for out of every upheaval and readjustment Erzberger has emerged with a better job. His new post of Minister of Finance is probably the most important in the cabinet.

A smooth, jovial, round-faced, pink-cheeked man who doesn't appear to have suffered from underfeeding, I should say that Erzberger has a fine digestion and a robust conscience, taking things as they come with a light heart. He has a habit of rubbing his hands when he smiles, and he smiles often. Might be a war profiteer from his appearance.

That he is not easily discountenanced he proved at a meeting of the National Assembly which we attended. They were announcing the names of the new cabinet, and when Erzberger's was reached a chorus of jeers and laughter rose from one side of the house. Erzberger, facing the Assembly from the government chairs, beamed at them. The noise continuing, he flapped one hand in good-humored protest, as much as to say: "Here, you guys, cut it out!" And they did.

Making History to Snores

Of an opposite type is Brockdorff-Rantzau, who was in the lobby of the hotel talking to a lady as we came out from dinner. He looks the aristocrat in every line of him. There is a certain spirituality in his finely chiseled features, but it is marred by a suggestion of hauteur, even arrogance, in the poise of the head, and his expression is stern. The impression he conveys is that of a polished diplomat of the old school—the sort of man who might appeal to public opinion when it was necessary, but who deep down in his heart scorns the rabble multitude and the new ideas of popular government.

Never shall I forget the meeting of the National Assembly. It was the most dramatic thing I ever witnessed—simply because it was so routine and prosaic. That sounds like a paradox, but here was an assemblage of a nation's representatives debating whether they would accept the peace, and no apparent excitement, no display of passionate patriotism, hardly a note of protest rising above party politics. Why, two of the representatives of the German press dozed in the gallery not ten feet from me—one of them began to snore! And yet it was one of the great moments in German history.

Everything moved with the precision of a rehearsed performance. The president of the Assembly sat in a high-backed chair on the stage; directly below him the Assembly officials and in two rows below them, facing the house, the members of the cabinet. A gallery and the boxes—for the Assembly met in the municipal theater—were filled with spectators of both sexes.

Though we knew that women had been elected to the Assembly, it nevertheless came as a surprise to see so many sitting in it; for Germany has so long been a country absolutely dominated by men, wherein women played the rôle of *Hausfrauen* and breeders of children—little more than that. We counted quite a number, all dressed in dark sober clothes. They took no part in the debate, and it amused us to hear each speaker begin with *"Meine Herren und Damen"*—gentlemen and ladies—instead of ladies and gentlemen, as in most other lands.

One by one the party leaders stepped to the tiny rostrum and proclaimed where they stood on the peace. Of course they denounced it, but that was merely a matter of form. Everyone knew it would be accepted; everyone could read between the lines of those set speeches: "But we'll have to sign! We'll have to sign!"

Again Politics vs. Patriotism

So there were no great orations delivered that day. It seemed to be each speaker's object to square his party's stand with the public and history—a difficult and thankless task, requiring sorry juggling. Not one of them had in him the sacred fire; not one could rise to Germany's need of a heroic consuming patriotism; not one could strike the deep vibrant note of his country's anguish. In careful bald phrases which left their auditors cold they sought to set their parties right with the nation. They played petty politics when the hour cried out for forgetfulness of everything but Germany's needs and a sublime devotion to them. Had there been in that Assembly one flaming patriot, one great man who could forget his personal fortunes and those of the clique for which he spoke, he could have set the nation ablaze against a peace of might.

It is well for us that there was none—well for all the Allies. For had there been a Mirabeau in Weimar, Germany would probably have risen in irresistible strength behind him. He could have stampeded the Assembly and rallied the dumbly resentful people, for whether they should sign or not sign hung by a hair for days.

Much was expected of Haase, that firebrand of the Socialists, whose clear vision and practical common sense have made him an outstanding figure since the war began. Time and again Haase has risen from his place in the Reichstag to denounce Germany's militarism and the policy of her war lords. At the summit of their victories, when Germany seemed triumphant on every side and men like Erzberger and Dernburg were spouting of terms of peace which would have extended the empire to cover most of the habitable globe and wrung from its enemies an indemnity to cover every cent of her war costs, as well as surrender of fleets, Haase had the courage to sound a warning.

"Yes," he cried in substance, "we have won victories, but we have lost the war. The whole world is arrayed against us. Unless we make peace now in terms which the Allies can accept we will be beaten."

And they howled him down. Flushed by conquest in the East, with Rumania and Russia crushed and Italy at their feet, with smashing triumphs bulletined from the Western Front, Germany was drunk—raving-mad with power. They could see nothing but world domination then, so they yelled "Traitor" at Haase and silenced his lashing tongue.

And now came his day of days. Everything he foretold had come true. All his predictions were now realized a hundredfold; and when the president cried the name of Hugo Haase a stir ran through the Assembly—a murmur of expectancy; men and women squirmed in their seats. It was the little man's hour of triumph and hopes ran high that we would hear a speech such as only Haase can make.

And what happened? Even Hugo Haase, the clearest thinker in the public life of Germany to-day, could not rise to the occasion. All he said amounted to "I told you so." And a ward politician can say that.

An undersized, high-shouldered, almost bent, slight figure, he stepped leisurely to the rostrum after a moment of cheap byplay with another member who had mistaken the call for Haase as his own turn, and faced the Assembly. He leaned his elbows on the rail and regarded them a space. You could feel waves of warm expectancy pouring from the house toward him; the air tingled with pleasurable excitement. Despite his unprepossessing appearance, Haase has a compelling personality, a species of magnetism which draws an audience, whether or not they approve of what he says.

And then he began. In quiet, measured, almost confidential tones he began, and we grew eager; but his voice rose speedily to harshly strident denunciation and he started to lash the government and everybody concerned except his own party. Shaking a finger at the government chairs, he scored point after point with inexorable precision as he reviewed the past.

Nobody could deny the truth of what he said. It was Haase's day of vindication, and he employed it for just that. But the facts spoke loudly enough for themselves, and surely a patriot like Haase might have offered something better in his country's time of stress than "I told you so! I told you so!" But no; he talked of what "our party" had done, seemingly more concerned that his party should emerge with credit from the difficult situation in which it had been placed than for a solution above party fortunes.

Will Kaiserism Survive?

Halfway through his speech the dean of German press representatives was nodding again, worn out by days and nights of staying on the job in Weimar. And men and women were looking at one another in disappointment. Was this the best Germany's leaders could offer in the crisis?

It has been the same with all the prominent men in the new régime. They have exhibited a deplorable lack of greatness. In the caliber of its leaders lies the weakness of the republic. What men among them who can approach in ability the master organizers of kaiserdom? They have failed dismally to measure up to the opportunity. For that reason, among others, I am persuaded that some fine day the old crowd will sweep them all away with "Here, we've had enough of this foolery," and Germany will welcome the coup.

Even so keen and courageous a brain as Maximilian Harden's seems pitifully unable to produce anything but destructive criticism. Indeed Harden, to whom the outside world pinned hopes for Germany's regeneration, long ago lost his hold in the public imagination. They wearied of his constant scolding. When would he have something constructive to offer?

After it was all over we wandered out into the *Platz* where a small crowd waited patiently and in silence for a glimpse of the leaders. And I hired a cab for a ride out to Goethe's garden house.

It seemed good to escape from that atmosphere of petty politics and pygmy men and selfish running for cover to the quiet and peace of the little quaint place in the park where a giant among men had in an older day given with lavish hand to all mankind the products of high thinking and a vision which lifted those who caught it nearer to the Infinite.

When the Western Electric Company Started Fifty Years Ago

MOST modern comforts were unknown a half century ago. To our grandsires the city water supply was the village pump. Urban transportation centered in the "depot hack". And distant journeys were restless adventures on the turnpike stage.

A few folks were just learning the luxury of gas, but most others still read by kerosene lamps or candle light.

In the homes of the "well-to-do" the first tinkle of the electric bell was heard. The telegraph was an expensive means of communication used largely for emergencies. And other signs of the dawn of the electrical age were appearing here and there.

* * * *

Upon such conditions as these does the Western Electric Company look back from its 50th Anniversary.

It began as a small, two-man concern, formed to "carry on trade" in bells, buzzers, telegraph supplies and other electrical inventions as soon as they were perfected. For the Western Electric was then, as well as now, the logical channel through which what was best electrically reached the public.

Evidence of the retention of this leadership is recorded in sales that exceed a half million dollars a day, and a working force of more than 30,000 men and women.

* * * *

The Western Electric Company is both manufacturer and distributor; it is at the same time the world's greatest manufacturer of telephone apparatus and the world's largest distributor of electrical supplies.

Houses well-stocked with standard equipment to meet every electrical need are located in forty-

Western

Everything Electrical Everywhere

two of the principal distributing centers in America, while twenty-one others operate in the capitals of Europe and the Orient.

Thus, when dealing with the Western Electric—whether you buy a push button, lamp, telephone, washing machine, a reel of cable or a train load of several thousand different kinds of electrical supplies—you gain the threefold advantage of high quality merchandise, prompt service and fair prices. And you can use one source of supply for all your electrical needs.

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Japan—Nippon Electric Company, Ltd., Tokyo

England—Western Electric Company, Ltd., London
France—Le Matériel Telephonique, Paris
Holland—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, The Hague
Belgium—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, Antwerp
Italy—Western Electric Italiana, Milan

Norway—Western Electric Company, Ltd., Christiania
Russia—N. C. Heisler & Company, Petrograd
Switzerland—Bell Telephone Manufacturing Company, Berne
South Africa—Western Electric Company, Ltd., Johannesburg

Electric

Everything Electrical Everywhere

THE CHANCE

(Continued from Page 9)

of me. Maybe the new Old Man will be different from Teller. I hope so. They tell me he's as plain as an old felt boot. He was here last week, sizing the dump up. He met Dave Tinker down at the pig machine and asked him for a chew. Dave pulled out a sack of Puddlers' Perfection. It's the punkest junk a man ever tried to masticate, Tootsy—leave it alone!

"'Why, I used Puddlers' Perfection for years,' said the new Old Man, 'and did well on it too. I always knew there was a lot of cigar stubs mixed up in it, but that didn't worry me. Then I got hold of two or three packages that had stubs in them that hadn't even had the smoked ends clipped off, so I quit it. I didn't kick on the snipes, but I did think they ought to clip 'em at least.' He stuffed his trap full, handed back the package to Dave, and went on.

"What d'ye know about that, Tootsy? I believe he'll make a hit. Imagine old Tellerinsky saying a thing like that to Dave Tinker or to me or to you! I hope he makes a clean-up here. I'd just like to see Lafe Murdock get one good bust, blast me if I wouldn't! Maybe a fellow who deserves a show will get it now. You bet, I believe he's going to be all right. Goodlow is his name—comes from Pittsburgh. Well, I've got to lope on. But cogitate on it, Tootsy, cogitate: Twenty-eight hundred bucks out of us suckers' pockets to buy a present for that old fat slob of a Tellerinsky! What d'ye know about that?"

Goodlow's secretary knew that someone had entered his office, had quietly crossed the room, and was now standing before his desk. But he did not look up from the newspaper he was reading. Film News was exceptionally interesting that morning. As secretary to the general manager of Steelburg Mills, Bridges had his troubles, and not the least of them was trying to make people understand that the mills were not open to the public. Here was another petitioner for a pass; he was certain of it, so he kept on reading. He had to say "No, sir!" and "No, madam!" so many times every day that he had come to hate his callers. For people would come to Steelburg, hoping to be permitted to go inside the great steel plant—all sorts and conditions of people, men and women of all ages, of all professions, of all degrees of inquisitiveness and taciturnity, and wisdom and foolishness, and politeness and impoliteness.

Bridges could not understand this crazy desire of people. Why should they want to see the steel mills? He himself could find nothing of interest about them—a place of noise and dirt and smoke and danger; a place of white lakes of bubbling steel, of red pools of molten iron, of glowing stacks of bars and blooms and ingots; a place of grinding wheels and rumbling rolls and thundering engines; a place of grimy, sweaty, hard-faced men. Bah! Why didn't they visit those places where their real interests lay? Lawyers should visit courthouses, school-teachers school buildings, doctors hospitals, bank clerks banks. But no, they all came here, bothering him. Here was another one of them! Let him wait! Let him ——

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you tell me if your company has in its employ a man by the name of Wellington Gay?"

Bridges started, dropped his newspaper and looked up. A pleasant-faced, white-haired old man stood before his desk. Bridges was disturbed; he wished he had looked up at first, for evidently this was not one of his tormentors.

"I cannot answer your question at once," he replied, "but I can find out in a moment or two. Just take a chair, please."

This courteousness with Bridges was something unusual—he was somewhat surprised at it himself. His customary reply to a question such as he had been asked was: "What do you want with him?" But there was something about the mild-mannered old gentleman before him that appealed to him. For one thing he reminded him of a fine old character he had seen on the screen a few nights before. He was sorry he hadn't been exactly polite—he wished to make amends.

He telephoned to Bottman, chief timekeeper for Steelburg Mills. Bottman rose from his chair at his big desk in the time office, looked over a room filled with half a hundred busy timekeepers, brass-check men, calculators, verifiers and stenographers, and shouted: "Anybody got Wellington Gay?" And a pop-eyed young man in a far corner of the room answered at once: "Scale wheeler at the ingot mill. Check Number 6489."

Bottman had a good system. Bottman could in a moment put his finger, as it were, on any one of Steelburg Mills' ten thousand employees.

Bridges turned to the old gentleman. "Yes, we have a man named Wellington Gay. What can I do for you further?"

The old gentleman smiled. "This is indeed good luck," he said. "I was not certain that the man was in Steelburg, but I thought I would ask for him at all of the different establishments, and this is my first inquiry. I wonder if I could see your head man, your general manager or general superintendent."

"You will find him in that room yonder," replied Bridges, pointing to Goodlow's office door. "Go in."

The old man hesitated. "Perhaps I should send in my card. If he is occupied ——"

"Oh, no; that will be all right—he will see you now."

The caller walked into the general manager's office. Bridges looking after him smiled as he thought how different it would have been a short while before, with Teller in there. The door would have been shut; he would have carried the caller's card in and laid it before the general manager; that pompous official would have looked at it, mused over it for several minutes, chewed his cigar savagely, read a letter or two, and then grunted: "Show him in"; or, "Tell him I'll see him in a half hour."

But Goodlow was different. On the first day of his coming he had fastened the door open and said to Bridges: "There's no need of my keeping that door shut if you'll keep your mouth shut—when you happen to overhear something that is said in there, you know. If anybody comes here and asks to see me, shoot him in. You shoot people in and I'll shoot them out. I'm not afraid that I shall be bothered."

Goodlow's caller advanced to the table where Goodlow was seated.

"My name is Spencer," he said, presenting his card. "I am of the firm of Spencer & Banks, Grain Dealers, Buffalo."

"Will you be seated?" Goodlow indicated a chair.

"I am here to try to have an interview with one of your employees, Wellington Gay. I was passing through the city and my interest in the young man is such that I could not go on without attempting to locate him and have a few words with him. In fact, I hope to be able to induce him to go away with me."

"Wellington Gay?" repeated Goodlow. "I never heard of the man. But that is not surprising—we have several thousand men in our employ, and I have been here but a short while. What is he—a foreman of some sort?"

"Oh, I hardly think so; but of course I don't know. He was, when I met him and became acquainted with him—but perhaps you would be interested in learning how I came to know him."

And Randolph Spencer began telling the story of his meeting Wally Gay in the wheat country.

Goodlow had not laid down the cost sheet which he had been studying when Spencer entered his room; he continued to hold it, that he might use it as an instrument for shooting out this caller should his business prove to be of no importance. In that case he would become preoccupied, return to the study of the cost sheet, begin to make notations on it with a pencil, buzz for his secretary, and when Bridges would appear he would say: "Tell Mr. Gonsall or Mr. Baum to fetch me last month's Bessemer records, and send a stenographer in here." The caller would take the hint and go. That was Goodlow's way; it was thus he shot out the unwanted. The great majority of them he did, but now and then there was one who wouldn't take the hint. Once a persistent insurance agent ignored three hints. Then Goodlow buzzed again for Bridges. "Send Mike O'Toole in here to clean out this office," he said. The agent slithered out.

But this morning he did not resume his perusal of the cost sheet. Spencer had talked but a few moments when he threw the paper upon his desk, leaned back in his chair and gave his whole attention to the story his caller was telling. Once he reached into a drawer in the desk behind him and drew out a box of cigars, which he passed to his visitor, lighting one himself.

And once he interrupted Spencer to say: "Will you please repeat that? I cannot understand why I have not heard of this man if he is working here, though, as I have said, I have not been here for any great length of time," he stated, when the story had been told.

"I should have thought some one of the heads of departments would have mentioned him to me, for he must be holding a fairly good position. I don't wonder at your wishing to get hold of him, Mr. Spencer. I hope he doesn't go with you—we need his kind here."

He put his hand beneath the edge of his table top and pressed a buzzer button. Bridges came to the door.

"Find out where Wellington Gay or Wally Gay works."

"He's at the ingot mill, Mr. Goodlow," replied Bridges promptly, and he gave a quiet little chuckle. That ought to make a hit with Goodlow—his having the asked-for information right at the tip of his tongue. But Goodlow spoiled the little triumph.

"Bridges, how do you happen to know that fact?"

"I was locating him for this gentleman a few minutes ago, and Bottman told me he was a scale wheeler."

"A scale wheeler! Telephone to Jaster at the ingot mill, Bridges, and tell him to send the man to my office at once."

Ten minutes later Wally Gay walked into Bridges' office, a trifle nervous, a little scared. Mill workers don't like to be sent for by the Old Man—it too often means trouble. He was dressed in a torn and greasy suit of overalls, his hands were black with grime, and his face streaked with dirt. There was something striking and forceful about Wally Gay's face that the dirt from the mills, with which it was smudged, could not conceal; there was a strength in his brown eyes, and as Bridges looked up from his newspaper his artistic self was startled.

"What a face for the screen!" he murmured.

"Are you Wellington Gay?" he asked. And receiving an affirmative reply he said: "Go in yonder," pointing to the door opening into the general manager's office.

His curiosity was roused. What could Goodlow and the white-haired old gentleman want with this dirty wop? Perhaps he should find out. He quietly crossed his office, took a position close to the open door, where he could hear all that was said in the next room, while apparently busying himself with arranging a shelf of books on the wall. He might be able to get a little tip for a good scenario here. For be it said that Bridges' ambitions did not lie along the lines of iron and steel—he aspired to be a writer of moving-picture plays—he wanted to write a scenario that would sell.

Wally entered Goodlow's office hesitatingly, twisting his little cloth cap about in his hands. Spencer turned, saw him and rose from his chair.

"Hello, there, young man!" he cried.

Wally looked at him for a moment in silence. Then a flush showed through the smudge on his cheeks.

"Oh—good mornin', Mr. Spencer!" he stammered. "No, I reckon we can't shake hands—mine are too dirty." And he stepped back.

"What's a dirty hand? There's plenty of soap and water in the world! Shake hands! And how are you, Mr. Gay?"

"Pretty well; how are you?" And then he rushed on: "Say, Mr. Spencer, I've got the money to pay you back that there twenty-five dollars you let me have to get to Buffalo; and for the ticket too. I've been wantin' to send it to you all the time, but I didn't know where to send it to. I lost that there letter you give me."

Spencer laughed. "And what about the money I owe you?" he said. "I've got over three hundred dollars that belongs to you—the wages due you from John Peterson. I succeeded in collecting it all from Peterson's nephew, after considerable difficulty, and it is now in a Buffalo savings bank. You can have it whenever you want it. How are you getting along here?"

"Gettin' along fine."

"Why didn't you go on to Buffalo after I had started you there?"

"Oh, I got back here to Steelburg always lived here and I liked it he thought I'd stay here."

"Then I suppose you don't care t with me now? That little office mine, that I told you about is empty I haven't yet found the right man t there, unless you'll go. What do you

"No, I like Steelburg; I like the

"What are you doing now?" Goodlow.

"Wheelin' scale at the ingot mil

"How long have you been there?

"Quite a while—two or three y guess."

"You've always lived in Steelbu say?"

"Yes, up in Vinegar Gully."

"Who are your folks? Is your living? What does he do?"

Wally did not reply at once, and an instant a glint of anger showed brown eyes. Then he discovered som in the faces of the two men before hi reassured him.

"I reckon I haven't got no folk said, smiling faintly. "I was a nobod I come here in a car of pig iron. J found me and raised me, and I just growed up in the mills."

Outside the door the eavesdr Bridges clenched his fists, raised t the level of his face and tensed h muscles. "A plot! A plot for a pic he muttered.

"Well, if you don't want to go to to take a position with our firm, Spencer, "I'm sure I wish you succes Shall I send your money to you?"

"Why, no—I guess not. I don't now. You might leave it there in the I'll send for it some day. Much o but I'll stay on here."

"Very well. I was at Wheato through the country thereabouts last I met a Miss Creeth there—Miss Creeth. You remember her, of cours

"Sure, I do!"

"She asked me to give you her k regards, should I meet you. Young I were you I believe I'd write to Creeth. I'm pretty sure she'd be g hear from you. She is going to te Wheaton next winter."

"Aha! Appears the woman!" ch the listening Bridges.

Again a red flush showed benea grime on the cheeks of the young wor and he stirred uneasily and twisted hi cap more tightly.

"I reckon I'd better be gettin' b work," he mumbled.

"All right, Gay; that's all," said low.

Spencer rose and shook hands wit

"Good-by and good luck. Maybe you again some day. Take one of my and whenever you wish me to send y money I'm holding just write to n have taken out what you owed me, s need not worry about that. Write sometime and tell me how you are. take my advice and write to Miss Cr

In the adjoining room Bridges wen ping back to his desk, and he was pe the opening lines of a new photopl Wally passed through his office.

"I like that young fellow," said Sp "I liked him the first time I saw There's something in him. I wish I have him with me; I'd like to watc develop. He's sadly handicapped, true, by his unfortunate bringing up, believe he will overcome that."

"I'll keep an eye on him; I'll see th has given him a chance to get on. mighty glad that I could meet you Spencer, and I'm glad, too, that I le about this man. I am interested alrea him."

Goodlow shook hands with Spenc the latter rose to go, walked with h the door of his office, and then retu to his desk and sat down and picked t cost sheet. But it did not get his atte He sat gazing out of a window, drum the table before him with his finger whistling softly, and he was so occ when Lafayette Murdock walked int office.

"Murdock, what do you know ab young man in the mills by the name of lington Gay?" he asked quickly.

"Wally Gay? Oh, he's a scrubby scroot that works down at the ingot

(Continued on Page 129)

(Continued from Page 126)

ebody's bastard that was shipped in
in a car of pig iron ——"
e broke off suddenly in his speech. He
seen something jump into Goodlow's
; he had sensed some subtle change in
attitude of the man before him that
led him, scared him. He coughed,
ed to speak again, but Goodlow's
is came first:
"Murdock, that's pretty mean talk! It's
, contemptible talk! A scurvier utter-
I never heard from a man of your sup-
d intelligence!" There was a wire edge
oodlow's voice and Murdock winced
cut him. "Hereafter when I wish to
re about an employee of this plant I
not ask you! What do you wish to
e about?"
Murdock finished his business in a very
minutes and hurriedly left the office.
ad not been getting along well with
llow; he was conscious that from the
he had not made a favorable impres-
with him, and now he had stirred his
eeply.
I was in the dining room where the
s of departments met each day for
, a few days later, when Goodlow's
edge voice cut into Murdock again
caused him to wince. The meal was
cigars had been lighted, and the daily
ness meeting was in session. But
llow did not enter upon the regular
ne.
"Gentlemen," he began, "when I came
elburg to take charge of this plant I
med you that I was strictly opposed to
we speak of here as favoritism. I told
that I wanted every man working in
eburg Mills to have a square deal, and
ven opportunity to advance to better
sion and better pay. I told you I
t give a two-penny damn how reli-
you were at your work in the plant, but
you were to leave your churches out-
how much you were inclined to in-
in professions of brotherly love, but
there were to be no lodge meetings in-
the gates; how much you loved your
ons—your cousins, your brothers-in-
your step nephews—but that you were
to slop over about them in these mills.
may have thought at that time that I
simply talking for diversion, making
ersation. Some of you evidently did,
have discovered that in certain de-
rments conditions along the lines of
I have been speaking are about as
n as they could possibly be. Tell me
the men in Steelburg Mills are to get
are deal, how they can hope to get
el, what there is for them to look for-
to if you heads of departments and
foremen under you are to determine a
s fitness and qualifications for some-
better by the church he belongs to,
e lodge button he wears in the lapel of
bat or by the nearness of his kinship
it you. I want you to understand me
istime! There's going to be a sudden
age in these conditions and practices,
cyou and your foremen are going to
that change—either you will or I will!
"here has been brought to my atten-
the case of a young man who has
led here for years, who has given prac-
y his whole life to this company, and
has been a steady, faithful, willing
man. I have learned, too, that this
possesses mental qualifications that
d probably have enabled him to forge
el had he been given a chance. Some
u undoubtedly knew of this fact. But
e is he to-day? Wheeling scale! He
t belong to any church, to any lodge,
e had no family whatsoever—he was
s a nobody, a nobody without a pull.
aps this is why he didn't get on, why
s never given a show. But I may be
g; there may have been good reasons
is failing to advance—he may have
e wholly incompetent. Maybe some of
now.
"Ackerman, I have learned that you
led Wally Gay for several years. Why
e never get any further with you?
h did you hold him down as a rousta-
u?"
Ackerman started and began to squirm
ily in his chair. "Why, I—he never
ld—he never asked—I had no place
—" he began.
"Quite so!" snapped Goodlow. "Your
s were so choked with your cousins and
s and aunts that there was no place
h outsider! Do you hold your family
ons in these mills, Ackerman? If you
been you want to look about for
er picnic grounds this year!

"Jaster, you've kept Wally Gay in that scale hole at the ingot mill for two or three years. Why?"

Jaster dropped his eyes and stared at a pickle on his plate. "Well, Mr. Teller sent him down there and said I was to put him in the scale hole, and I—why, I never thought he ——"

"Exactly! You, Jaster, came from County Clare—or was it bonny Scotland?—or was it lovely Wales? County Clare men—or bonny Scotlanders—or lovely Welsh—they're the men you have been boosting along; not the nobodies from Vinegar Gully!

"Calla, what do you know about Wally Gay? Didn't you get a hint once that he might make a good man in your department?"

Mr. Cecil Calla flicked a fleck of dust from a flawless cuff. "Er—I believe a shipping clerk of mine told me once that this man knew something about figures, but he was, I understood at the time, rather uneducated and somewhat crude and coarse ——"

"Say that again, Calla!" broke in Goodlow. "That's interesting! Crude and coarse! Calla, you ought to get down on your knees every night and thank God there are crude and coarse men! It's a fine lot of silk shirts you'd be wearing if there were no crude and coarse men! If my first boss had been a man like you I might yet be a pig wheeler in a Pittsburgh furnace! Crude and coarse! Rats!"

Mr. Calla passed an immaculate handkerchief over a pink face.

"Manning, could you find a place in the Open Hearth for young Gay?" Goodlow asked, addressing a man seated at the farther end of the table.

"Oh, yes; I've always got a place for a good man."

"Then you may tell Gay to report to Manning at the Open Hearth, Jaster. And, Manning, I want you to forget that I spoke to you for him. Don't consider him a protégé of mine, for he isn't. Give him a chance, that's all I'm asking. If he makes good you'll know what to do; if he fails to qualify let him go. I don't want any one of you to handicap yourself with some inefficient man merely because you think I am interested in him. That is all for to-day."

There was a scraping of chair legs on the floor as chairs were pushed back.

"Did you say something, Murdock?" Goodlow snapped. He was leaning forward, his fingers resting on the table, looking straight at the assistant manager, who had sat by the side of Jaster at the farther side of the table.

"No, I said nothing," replied Murdock, and fourteen flashing gold teeth suddenly disappeared from view.

But he had said something. He had muttered to Jaster: "That's the tommiest tommyrot I ever heard! He's an old woman! You keep right on as you've been doing, Jaster—I'll take care of things!"

It might have been a week or two weeks or three weeks after the long-remembered meeting in the superintendents' lunch room—somebody has tampered with the chronology of the history at this point—when a shipping clerk halted Aquilla Moseley, a steel inspector, as the latter walked through the yards to his office.

"What d'ye know about that, Quill?" he demanded. "Here I've forgotten my plug and you don't chew! Got a stogy in your pocket that I could bite the end off of? Well, Quill, old rooster, it looks like house-cleaning time in the mills, eh? Three of Ackerman's kinsfolk, four of Jaster's and two of Hannigan's have gone out into the cold, cold world, and it is rumored about that a lot more of our bench-warming Willies are in for a bump. What d'ye know about it? Didn't I tell you that Goodlow would make a hit? Hit? Call it a smash! I heard he landed on Lafe Murdock the other day so hard it almost jarred Lafe's fourteen gold teeth loose. Goodlow's secretary told somebody and somebody told Skinny Thudd and Skinny wigwagged the glad news to me. That's good.

"And Wally Gay's gone over to the Open Hearth to learn to make steel. What d'ye know about that, Quill? There's the right place for a fellow to start in at to get to be a steel man. The Bessemer process will be a dead one in a few years, and then the Open Hearth man will be the big cheese in the steel business. And say, Quill, what d'ye think? Calla Lily told me the other day that I am to come over to the main office the first of the month and go on the books! What d'ye know about it? Honestly, I thought I was stuck on this job for the rest of my days. But I'll bet Goodlow had a whole lot to do with it—I wouldn't give Calla Lily credit for anything—not for three cents if I saw him giving four with my own eyes. Well, I've got to keep moving, Quill. I'm breaking in a new man to take my place, and say, Quill, he's a proper dub. Yesterday Lum Moochener told him to go down to the north yard and card out a car of gumgollies, and gave him a car number on a piece of paper, and I'm a sucker, Quill, if he didn't go looking for it! Gone an hour or two and then came back and asked Lum what gumgollies were. And when Lum told him they were mildewed pretzels he said 'Dear me!'—and nearly fainted with humiliation. What d'ye know about that, Quill?"

In the Open Hearth Wally Gay was sledging and carrying and wheeling and shoveling, breaking test pieces of steel and running with them to the laboratory; bringing in to the furnaces back-breaking loads of manganese and spiegeleisen and the various refractories used; spelling the hands, helping them to make bottom, taking hold and tugging with them on a splasher, riding the tapping bar, gasping and cringing before the blistering heat that poured through the hoisted doors of the furnaces; heaving, into the seething white lake within, great bowlders of red hematite and heavy pigs of iron, and then stooping at a peephole to watch them bobbing about in the bubbling bath as bits of cork bob about on agitated water.

Behind the furnaces, too, he worked, sweltering over a tapping hole, digging and gouging in the fused magnesite with which it was plugged until it was broken through, then stepping back to gaze with fascinated eyes at the white torrent bursting through the uncovered aperture, rushing down the long runner and cascading into the set ladle in the pit below with the roar of a hundred waterfalls.

In the pit he labored, fastening the chain hooks to the slag bowls, dumping the ladles, cleaning the molds, setting the overflow pans, and when the tap was made watching Big Mary, the huge electric crane, come slipping out of the overhead gloom, rumbling along the runway, and dropping down her long, slotted and deformed black hands, to seize the brimming bowl of molten steel—seventy tons of it—and go slipping back into the gloom with murmuring motors.

"Isn't it great? Isn't it great?" he would say to himself. And he would chuckle over the good fortune that had come to him when he was shifted here, and he wondered why they had changed him—why they had taken him out of the scale hole and sent him to the Open Hearth. And he would laugh as he recalled the cries of dismay of Nicker and Dicker when he told the old men he was going to leave them; how they raged and swore; how they put on their coats, took their pails, and stamped out of the mill and through the yard, arm in arm, stopping at The Morgue in Vinegar Gully to drown their anger in many a hip-and-a-beer.

"How is that Wally Gay making out, Ed?" Manning asked one of his foremen one day.

The foreman laughed. "I can't figure out whether Wally's case is one of nuts or of overambitious youth. I never saw a hand more willing to do his part and the other fellow's part too, but that kind of a man ——"

"Has he been second-helping yet?"

"Oh, he's done everything there is to be done here; lending a hand, you know; but I haven't had him on a furnace yet."

"You might try him out. Put him on with Red Face; I believe Red Face could get along with him."

The next day Wally went to work with Red Face, a big Pole, a very giant of a man. He was ill-tempered, excitable, quick in quarrel, and in his moments of anger dangerous. Because of his mean and ugly disposition, his quarrelsomeness and his constant petulance it was difficult to find a man who would work with him for any length of time. Sometimes he would show pronounced signs of insanity, and then the workmen on the floor could not be induced to go near him. Had he not been one of the best furnace men in the plant he would have been discharged long before. But now, to the surprise of all, he showed a decided liking for his new helper, and was as quiet and easy-going with him as he was harsh and violent toward others.

Again Wally rejoiced over the good luck that had come to him—he was now on the way to learning the mysteries of steel making, under the tutelage of one of the best of furnace men. And with the same zest and enthusiasm that had always been characteristic of him he entered upon his new job.

It was but a short while before he was watching the roof of the furnace for Red Face, to see that the nipping tongues of flame pouring in through the furnace ports did not touch the brick arches and start "icicles." He was soon learning to read the carbon in the ends of the broken test pieces of steel, with Red Face carefully pointing out to him the different appearances in the grain of the steel, calling his attention to certain worm holes and explaining their significance, and making clear to him the effects of slow cooling and rapid cooling. He was observing the action of the various materials he was throwing into the furnace from time to time, as they went into the bath, and asking innumerable questions. He learned to put a test bar into the bath to try the temperature of the melting steel; how to splash out a puddle hole in the furnace's bottom and how to patch it; how to break down a honeycombed bank and how to rebuild it; how to make up a tapping hole and to mud up a runner; how to reverse and regulate the gas.

The big Pole would chuckle as he watched his helper laboring in his enthusiasm, relieving him of so much of his own work, and something like affection would now and then show in the dull fishy eyes of the giant.

"You watch 'em, Wally! You watch 'em!" he would say. "Some day you get a furnace, you bet! I show you—I show you ever't'ing!"

It was hard labor, that second-helping, exhausting, killing labor, and often after a long twelve-hour stretch, when the work had been unusually severe, he would stumble into his miserable little shack in Vinegar Gully, where he continued to live alone, too tired to prepare himself a meal, too worn out to sleep, and he would throw himself upon his hard cot, to lie there through the long night, gazing at the black ceiling, until the whistle blew again, calling him back to his furnace.

So the winter wore through and the work pulled him down until he was thin and lean. And his face was burned to a fiery red by the fierce heat of the furnace, to which he was always exposed, and the skin on his nose peeled and rolled up into little rolls, like tiny bits of tissue paper; and there were blisters on his legs beneath the thin overalls he wore; and on his breast, where his shirt fell open as he worked, the searing heat had branded a great red wedge.

One day Red Face stopped Manning on the floor and spoke to him. "Boss, I guess dot Wally make one fine furnace man now. Dot Wally is one damn goot feller, boss."

Manning smiled. "All right, Red Face, I'll see about it," he said.

A little while afterward the Pole came to Wally. "Dot Meester Mannin' is ver' fine man, but dot odder feller, dot Lafe boss—poosh! You watch 'em, Wally—some day I get dot feller! She's no goot, dot Lafe boss! You watch 'em!"

The speech disturbed Wally, for he had been noticing for several days that the man was acting queerly. He had had fits of wild, unreasonable anger, and had turned on the other workmen when they approached him and threatened them until they fled from him. Once a craneman had roused him to a state of frenzy by dropping a box of limestone where he did not want it dumped. Screaming and cursing he had seized a sledge, swung it about his head, and hurled it aloft with all his mighty strength at the craneman in his cab. It fell far short of its mark and the craneman had jeered and laughed, exciting and infuriating him still further.

"Next time, Wally, dot feller do dot I go up!" he roared. "I go up, I pitch dot craneman out an' I run dot crane, me! I run dot crane goot!" Some years before he had worked as a craneman, and it was said about the mills that there had never been a more efficient one.

Wally sought his foreman and told him he thought the man was going insane, relating to him what had occurred, what Red Face had threatened to do with the craneman, and speaking about his threat against Murdock. The foreman laughed.

"Oh, he'll be all right in a few days. He has those spells now and then. I've known him for years and he has always been as he

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TIMKEN

DETROIT

The Margin of Safety

Too often there is a mighty small margin of safety in passing a street-car either at a crossing or between crossings where cars are parked along the curb.

How big or how little that margin of safety shall be is largely in your own hands. If automobile drivers do not regard this and exercise care with the ever-increasing number of vehicles on our streets, then the authorities will take it in hand.

There is another margin of safety which should be ample, if life and limb are to be protected, and that is the margin of safety which the manufacturer of your car puts into the axles which have so much to do with the support of the load under all conditions, with safe steering and with reliable and efficient stopping of the car. *In traffic in the rush hours brakes must be absolutely dependable*—pedestrians are careless; they disregard the margin of safety far more often than the average driver, and he must be on the alert ready to stop his car dead in its tracks if need be. And brakes are but one of several axle features that are absolutely essential to safe operation.

After seventeen years of experience in building axles for every size and type of motor vehicles, we are unalterably of the opinion that the axles should be built to outlast every other part of the car or truck. They must have an abundant margin of strength in reserve, so that if some day the unexpected happens, if in the case of one out of every thousand cars a moment occurs, through no fault of the driver, when a sudden and most unusual strain is put upon those axles, they will stand the test.

So we say to the motorist, "Don't take that chance; drive as carefully as you know how, and be sure you buy a car that is built with regard for human safety, beside which every other factor in the designing of an automobile sinks into insignificance."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

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is. Let him have his own way, don't stir him up, and he won't cause any trouble."

It was a week later, and Murdock came walking down the floor one morning, his gold teeth flashing, his little eyes darting to the right and to the left, intent on discovering something about which he could complain. The Pole began to mutter as soon as he caught sight of the assistant manager.

"But what's the matter with him, Red Face?" Wally demanded. "What did he ever do to you?"

"She? Dot feller, she come an' she say: 'Hey, you beeg Polack, how much for mooney for presents for dot beeg boss? Two dollar, hey?' An' I say: 'Sure t'ing, Meester Murdock!' I no can lose my job. I work lak hell for dot two dollar an' she come an' takes 'em for presents for dot beeg boss! You watch 'em, Wally—I get dot feller!"

Wally left the man and walked off. He was afraid of him now—he had never seen him in a state so bad as this. He thought he should warn Murdock but he hesitated, for he knew it would result in the discharging of Red Face. And the foreman might be right—perhaps he would recover from his derangement in a day or two. But the longer he gave thought to the matter the more he felt he should speak to either Murdock or Manning. He went on toward Manning's office, into which he had seen Murdock go. He would tell him, and then suggest that Red Face be given a chance—that he be sent home for a few days. Just outside the office door, where he paused for a moment, he overheard Manning's voice, and then Murdock's.

"I'm going to give Wally Gay a furnace."

"What? That Vinegar Gully mongrel? Say, Manning, why don't you pick out a decent man for a good job like that? Somebody's cast-off, somebody's ——"

An electric crane rolled by overhead, the noise it made drowning out all other sounds thereabout. It passed on and Wally started to move away when he heard Manning say: "I'm not giving the job to your nephew because he's not capable of taking care of it. That's exactly why!"

Again Murdock's loud voice broke out, and the few ugly words Wally caught as he hurried off told him he was still Murdock's subject. He had heard too much. He walked rapidly down the floor, the hot blood of uncontrollable rage rushing through his veins, tugging at his pulses, pounding at his temples, flooding the chambers of his heart till every nerve of his body ached with awful anger. He stopped. He had heard too much. He had heard himself spoken of in words he loathed, in scurrilous, contemptible terms, in terms he had heard no other man use, which he would permit no man to use!

He turned and went back toward Manning's office. He would go in, confront Murdock, make him retract, make him apologize. Failing in that he would fight him then and there!

On the threshold he checked himself. That wouldn't do, in Manning's private office—he must consider Manning. He would wait here, outside the door, and when the man came out he would smash him—a blow, just one, on that protruding jaw, and he would go down! He would leap upon him, stamp upon his ugly face, kick in his flashing gold teeth, make him howl like a beaten dog!

With fists clenched, with muscles taut and corded till they were hard as rods of steel, he stood and waited, ready for that forward lunge. And as the fighter in the ring feels for the foot grip on the resined canvas so he felt for a foot holding on the smooth iron plates on which he stood. His shoes slipped over it, and he stepped quickly to a box of sand that stood by a crane track close by and scooped up a double handful, which he sprinkled over the polished floor. And again he took position and waited.

Behind him he heard a yell, a cry of rage, a maniacal scream. He turned and looked and saw a craneman in a small, speedy electric crane, dumping a box of ore at the side of the big Pole's furnace. He saw the man at the furnace waving his arms and shaking his huge fists, and he heard him yelling and cursing. Then he caught the sound of the jeering laughter of the craneman as he moved his crane away.

Suddenly the maddened furnace man started to run along the floor in the direction taken by the crane overhead. He came to a great steel column, one of the building's supports, to which was fastened an iron ladder. Without pausing or slackening his speed he sprang upon the ladder and ran nimbly up it, hand flying over hand, foot over foot, hands and feet taking the rungs with unerring accuracy. At the ladder's top he climbed to the flat spread of a girder, along which he sped, fifty feet above the glowing furnaces, still following the flying crane.

A hundred pairs of eyes were turned toward the running man. They saw the craneman leaning from his cab and gesturing to his pursuer, and they could see he was laughing. Then they saw the laughter go from his lips and a look of fear succeed it. Near a safety exit from which a stairs led to the outside of the building he brought his crane to a jarring stop, clambered from the cab, and disappeared through the exit. The runner came to the crane, climbed upon one of its girders, rushed across its sixty-foot span and dropped into the cab.

Then he began to race the crane up and down the runway, laughing and chattering in maniacal glee. A foreman had hurried to a telephone to order the electric current shut off, but a storm the previous night had put the plant's telephone system out of commission. A man was started running to the power house, but that building was nearly half a mile distant. Up and down the runway, back and forth went the crane, with its hoist running in and out and with the chains rising and falling, as the mad operator played with the controllers. The sudden startings and stoppings of the machine's motors had set the chains to flying wildly, rattling and clashing against themselves and against the slag pans and ladles and molds in the pit below. To one of the hoist chains a smaller chain had been attached, for moving light loads, a chain of small links, flexible and sinuous. Like the steel cracker of some Gargantua's whip it curved and twisted and snapped at the end of the flying hoist chains.

Murdock coming out of Manning's office and hearing the shouting and the yelling of the workmen, and seeing them staring upward, walked rapidly across the floor, passed between two furnaces, and came out on the tapping platform behind. He arrived there just at the moment the crane passed over that spot, just as the flying chains, describing a long arc, came sweeping past.

With uncanny and devilish accuracy, as though guided by invisible hands, the smaller chain shot out, curved and encircled his body at the waist, and the hook fell over the links, making the loop complete. Jerked from his feet at the same instant the man went swinging out over the pit. An awful cry of terror came from his lips, a louder scream from the maniac in the crane cab.

Then began an exhibition of horror so terrible, so appalling, so sickening that men groaned and hid their faces from the sight, ran from the building and fled away through the yards, trembling, looking back with fearful eyes, aghast at what they had beheld.

Up and down the runway raced the crane, guided by the hand of the madman. In and out ran the hoist with the cable drums spinning, now taking up the cable to which the chains were fastened, now letting it run out. And in long arcs swept the shrieking man with the loop of steel chain about his body, now over and very close to a red pool of molten slag, now above a great-mouthed ladle still aglow from the hot steel it had contained, now high in the air, now all but dragging on the slaggy ground of the pit. And above the noise of the grinding wheels of the crane and the humming of the laboring motors, above the cries of those who remained to watch the fearful sight rang out the frenzied cries of the suspended man and the screaming laughter of the madman.

Wally was standing at the opposite side of the furnace when the chain had looped itself about Murdock's body. Horror-stricken by what he was witnessing he stood for a moment as though paralyzed. Then he acted quickly. Running to the edge of the platform he let himself over it and dropped to the ground below. Rushing across the pit he came to a column to which was fixed a ladder, up which he climbed with all his speed, and reached a girder, the runway for four wheels of the crane. He was now on the same side of the building as the crane cab.

He knew his way up there, knew every foot of the girders and beams, knew where the danger spots were and where the safety platforms and ladders, for many an hour had he spent up there in the long night shifts when, with his own work caught up, he would leave the floor and go above to gaze down on the magnificent sight below—the white smoking rivers pouring out of the furnaces and into the black-mouthed ladles; the great pools and huge bowls of red and yellowish slag with the little blobs of purple and green flames dancing over its crackly scum; the long unbroken line of glowing molds filled with the molten steel, with the sputtering sparks of yellow fluttering about their contracted tops like swarms of golden bees seeking somewhere to alight; the leaping tongues of flame licking the port joints and the furnace doors.

But nothing of all this did he behold now, for his eyes were on the crane ahead of him, and his brain was busy with the plan he had thought out for deceiving the maniac and saving the man dangling at the end of the flying chain. The crane was coming back, it was approaching him—now it was very near.

"Hi! Red Face! Red Face!" he shouted. "Take me in! Take me in with you!" He began to wave his cap and to leap up and down on the safety platform to which he had climbed. "Take me in! Let me go too, Red Face!"

The madman saw him and heard him, and he ran the crane nearer. "Sure! Climb in, Wally!" he yelled. "Hurry up; hurry up!"

Wally climbed to a crane girder, climbed down a short ladder fixed to the side of the cab and slipped in.

"I got 'em, Wally; I got 'em!" gloated the crazed giant. "Watch 'em, Wally! I fix dot feller now!"

"Show me, Red Face, show me how to run the crane!" begged Wally. "You showed me how to make steel, now show me how to run the crane!"

"Sure t'ing, Wally! I show you. Rack 'em out—like dot; rack 'em in—like dot; hoist—so; lower—so. You try."

With trembling hands he took hold of the controller handles and began to turn them, Red Face watching him as though he suspected him, and keeping his own great hands near. If they would only shut off the power!

"Ha, ha, ha! I got 'em, eh, Wally? Dot feller, she say: 'How much for presents for beeg boss? Two dollar, hey?'" The voice of the madman rose to a scream. He leaned far out of the cab and gazed down at the struggling man on the chain. "Hi, you!" he yelled, "how much for chance to get loose? Two dollar, hey?"

Would they never shut off the power? Wally lowered the chains until the trapped man was very close to the ground, but the big man at his side was watching him, and he reached over and threw back the handle.

"Keep 'em up; keep 'em up!" he shouted.

Three hundred feet beyond them a furnace that had been left to itself while its crew watched the tragic scene before them, or fled away in horror, suddenly tapped itself, and its seething flood came tumbling out and pouring into the ladle that had been set some time before. The maniac's laughter was redoubled as he saw what was happening.

"We dip her! We dip dot feller! Maybe we spoil dot heat, eh, Wally? Maybe we give dot heat too much carbon, but we dip her!" He shoved Wally to one side and seized the controller handles.

"Let me, Red Face; let me!" begged Wally, tugging at the handles.

But the madman chuckled.

"No, no, I do dot, Wally—I do dot goot!" The crane leaped forward, running toward the tapping furnace. And again the giant leaned from the cab to shout down: "How much you give for chance? Two dollar, hey?"

Before he could straighten up Wally sprang upon him and sank his fingers into his throat, forcing every atom of his strength into the grip of his hands, hoping and praying he could choke him and prevent him from moving the crane farther. The maniac grunted and began to push back, twisting and struggling. As he did so he unintentionally checked the moving crane, but it continued to creep toward the filling ladle. The man dangling at the chain's end was now on a level with the stream of molten metal—he would strike it where it leaped from the runner's mouth into the ladle.

The madman was gasping for breath under the pressure of the two hands about his throat, but he continued to push steadily back, with the great muscles of his back and arms standing out, through the thin shirt he was wearing, in lumps and cords, a with horror Wally realized that in anot minute or two he would be crushed agai the cab's side. The splash of the steel ca to his ears, and the odor of the yell ocherous smoke floating from the l metal smote his nostrils. Would th never shut off the power? The giant h now worked his elbow up until its po was pressing against his face; his head v being forced back; black spots began dance before his eyes—the light was f ing—it was gone.

With a noise in his throat not unlike t snarl of some angry and hunger-madde beast of prey the madman straightened and reached for the controller handle. the same moment a black and dirty ha came in at the cab window, holding in grasp a heavy iron wrench.

The hand rose, wavered just an insta and the iron tool crashed down upon t head of the madman. An electrician slipp into the cab, stumbled over the ft crumpled-up forms on the floor and seiz the controller handles.

When Wally returned to work a few da later he was given a furnace, the sa furnace where he had been working unc Red Face. And that same day Goodl came through the Open Hearth, we straight to him and shook him by the har

"Gay, that was a magnificently cou geous thing you did up there the oth day," he said.

A flush showed through the dirt a dust that covered the new furnace ma face. "Aw, that wasn't nothin'," he mu bled. And he dropped his blue glasses ov his eyes and went to peer in at a peeph in one of the furnace doors.

A steel melter! A furnace man! A fi helper! He could hardly believe it—it w too good to be true. Now he would som times wake up in the middle of the nigh in his shack in Vinegar Gully, to stare t at the black ceiling and muse over his gre step forward. Why, he was somebo now! He was a steel maker—he was doi big work. Who could sneer at him no call him a wop, a roustabout, an India And he was drawing big money too! I might live in better surroundings now, a wear better clothes. Why not? Why n leave Vinegar Gully? He had begun have a dislike for the place—since he h returned to Steelburg it had never seem the same—and he was not frequenting T Morgue and The Bucket of Blood as i once did. Sometimes he would half resol to buy some books and attempt study, t to acquire that something that he knew h did not possess, that he had failed to secu to himself, that mysterious something th he had found in Peterson, in Spencer, Amy Creeth that made them different fro him, superior to him.

Amy Creeth! It was very pleasant t think of Amy Creeth. He would picture h as he saw her that last time—running alor the station platform, waving her handke chief at him. Then, with humiliation in h soul, he would recall how he had been u able to write a letter for Peterson, but mu ask Amy Creeth to compose it, after whic he would copy it in his perfect manne of writing. Ignorant—he was ignoran Spencer had told him that day in Goodlow office that Amy Creeth would like to hea from him, and advised him to write to he He wished he could—he wanted to tell he how well he was getting on in the world, bu a letter—he couldn't write a letter! H couldn't spell correctly, he couldn't forr sentences as they should be formed, he ha refused to study his English lessons whe he was going to school. What did he kno about writing letters?

Sometimes as he shoveled and sledge and sweat before the hot furnace thes thoughts would recur to him, but they di not dwell long in his mind there before th furnace, for his work demanded his whol attention; and because he gave it tha attention which it demanded, because h found joy in his job, because he believed in his soul that now had he found his life' work, he became a good steel maker.

"My steel!" he would murmur as h gazed at the white cascade at the runner's mouth, taking its leap into the seventy-ton ladle. "My steel!" he would whisper a he watched the steel pourer filling the tal red molds, the mold capper capping them and the narrow-gauge locomotives dragging them away. "My steel!" he would chuckle as he stood in the billet mill, whither he would sometimes run for a few minutes,

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ar saw the ingots coming out of the soak-
n pits, yellowish-white and dripping, saw
hn smashing through the rolls, followed
h bars through the finishing mills, heard
h sheared billets hissing and popping in
h cooling tank, watched them tumbling
n the cars. And he would go through the
n ection yard on his way back to his
u ace and stop there to climb into the
s that held Number Four's steel, and he
v ld run his hands over the smooth sur-
a s of the blue billets, and look critically
t ieir ends for flaws, and gloat over them.
A: when he would catch sight of a switch
n ne moving out of the inspection yard
vi a drag of billet-laden cars he would
a h and tell himself "There goes my
re!" envisioning it scattered among a
h sand shops and forges, fashioned into
t ousand different shapes, handled and
t zed by a thousand people—his steel,
n steel he had made!

ridges, piloting a famous authoress
h ugh the mills one night—she was there
e ing material for her new book—came
n the Open Hearth with his charge. He
s in bad humor. Why did these prying
p le bother him so continuously? The
O Man had asked him to act as guide to
h authoress; it had to be done. And
h e was a new film on at the Saturn
T ater that night! The authoress found
i answers to her questions of little
s tance to her in her search for material;
h was doubtful whether her visit to the
mi would profit her greatly.

s they came upon the floor and stood
e re the long row of furnaces the gray-
a ed lady exclaimed: "Oh, what a mag-
if ent spectacle!"

ridges glanced about him. "Splendid
pi ure for the screen," he observed.

he woman looked at him curiously,
h laughed.

he great open building was flooded
ri that strange, mysterious light that
o es from a mingling of the lights from
ig-powered lamps, molten steel, glowing
la and flaming gas. A thin fog of smoke
n dust drifting over and among the
n aces softened the glare of the light
n streaked it with shifting shades and
h ows, and through it moved the sil-
o tted forms of men at work—going
a and forth and to and fro, stooping and
is g, lifting, carrying, sledging, wheeling,
h eling. Across the floor in front of them
h door of a furnace slipped slowly up-
va, and they shielded their eyes from the
e e white light that poured upon them,
n shrank away from the waves of heat
h suddenly struck against them. Through
h interstices of their fingers they saw a
n step in front of the opened door, very
lo to it. They saw him stand there,
p ing into the furnace, with his arms
r ed before his face. And his garments
i ked. Then he turned away, facing
h , and the door dropped down into
la .

'Why, it's the dirty little wop!" mut-
er Bridges to himself. "The cast-off—
m ody's kid,' he called himself. I began
s nario, playing him up for chief char-
ct; but failed to make it go. I must
u that up; there's good stuff there, I
el ve."

he woman at his side asked him a ques-
io His answer was incoherent and she
va ed away from him, went along the
o and stopped before the bench on
wh Wally Gay was now seated.

hen she came back Bridges was sleep-
n soundly, sitting on a workman's bench,
is ead propped against a locker.

'Wake up," she said, touching his arm.
It is time we were gone; we have been
e three hours."

e leaped to his feet and began to mum-
le apologies, but she stopped him. He
av that her eyes were lustrously bright,
n there was an animation about her face
e id not before noticed.

"ust what I was hoping for!" she ex-
la ed. "Oh, what an experience—and I
es ly missed it! Now I can finish just as
hi dreamed of doing—no, much better!
Th e wonderful eyes! That queer little
m !" She was speaking not to Bridges
bu o herself.

her hotel room—it was after midnight
wh Bridges bade her good night in the
ot 's lobby—she sat down to write, and
wh daylight came she was still writing.
An more than once she had paused to
wh per: "This is my chance, my great
op rtunity! I know it!"

he next day Wally burned a huge pile
of ds and ends in the street in front of his ramshackle cottage in Vinegar Gully, hung a For Sale sign in a window, locked the doors, said good-by to the Gully, and moved his few personal belongings to the Falls House, a poor second-rate hotel, but the best there was in Steelburg. He considered it a continuance of the good luck that had been running with him so long when he was given a room adjoining that of Major Fronk, whom he had known, but never intimately, all his life, whom he had always held in a kind of awe—venerable Major Fronk, whose life pursuits were apparently no more than three: Playing old tunes on his old violin, reading bound volumes of old magazines and breathing anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who had made of Steelburg the ugly, hideous hole of a place it was.

"Ah, Wally, but I'm doosed glad to see you coming up here to live!" was the major's greeting as he met Wally coming out of his room that first evening of his residence at the Falls House. "It's a sad old dump of a place, I know, but it's the best there is, and the best is what you always want to go after, Wally. It was time long ago for you to get out of the Gully. You're making decent money now—you see, I've been keeping tab on you—and you ought to live decently. A man should be just as decent as his income. What you want to do now, Wally, is to tog yourself out in a modest way and slick up a little bit, and you'll feel yourself somebody, which you are if you'll only think it. Thinking oneself somebody helps to make somebodies out of more people than any other thing. You've got to believe in yourself. What do you say we saunter down to Sam Sternberger's and take a look at some of his latest styles in clothes?"

Wally soon found he preferred the atmosphere of the Falls House to that of Vinegar Gully. He found he enjoyed a mild drink in the Falls House bar with the major more than he did an iron cocktail in The Morgue or in The Bucket of Blood with some of the boys. The major's old violin made sweeter music than did the piano at The Bucket of Blood, played by Lum Moochener.

There was something about the music that flowed from the major's violin that puzzled him. He could not understand why he should be so strangely stirred by it. The singing of Bulger the Bat at The Morgue had never stirred him, nor had Lum Moochener's piano. But when the major played There is a Green Hill Far Away a lump floated up into his throat and choked him; and when the old man began on another favorite of his, which he had told Wally was The Serenade, he thought of Amy Creeth and John Peterson and the broad prairies where the wheat rustled. And he felt very lonely then.

Amy Creeth! He was thinking of her often now, for the major liked to play The Serenade, and not infrequently he would ask the old man to play it. And then one evening in the major's room, after the old man had laid his violin aside and he had sat silent for several minutes, picking at the calloused spots in the palms of his hands, he looked up and started to speak, stammered, and was again silent. But there was a friendly smile on the major's face that reassured him, and soon he was telling his old companion about Amy Creeth.

The major's eyes sparkled as he listened, and when Wally had finished his tale he smacked his hands together, got up and paced the floor.

"Wally, you write a letter to that girl—write it at once!" he said decisively. "I'll look over it when you have it ready and lick it into shape for you if it isn't just as it should be. You write that letter."

There was so much of a command in the major's speech that Wally felt he must obey, and he agreed to write the letter. The next day he made a trip into the big city, where he purchased a letter writer's guide. A couple of days later he handed the major a letter to read.

The major put on his spectacles. "Say, did you have this thing engraved?" he inquired as he ran his eye over the sheet. "Wally, you certainly can sling a pen. Ahem! *'Dear Madam.'* What the Sam Hill! I thought you said that you two were sort of chummylike! Well, by Godfrey! Ahem! *'Dear Madam:* Having had for some time a feeling of great admiration ——'

"By all the gods of Greece if he hasn't begun a letter, his first letter, to a girl, his only girl, with a participle!" shouted the irate major. With a snort of disgust he tore the letter across, put the two pieces together and ripped them across again, crumpled the whole in his hand and hurled it to the other side of the room.

"Wally, my son, when you write a letter to a girl don't dawdle with any prefatory claptrap. Never mind about fine phrases; don't bother about any rhetorical tommyrot. Get right into your letter—get yourself into it, get the girl into it. Listen now and give ear, you precious young simp! *'Dear Miss Creeth.'* Do you get that? *'Dear Miss Creeth:* I heard the other day that you are now living in Wheaton. I just wish I could be in Wheaton to-night—I'd hunt you up and say howdy if I got arrested for it. I'd hunt you up and ask you if you remembered the time you tried to get me to go to your Sunday school, the time you and I wrote letters together for John Peterson, and that time we drove across the broad prairies together ——'"

"But we didn't drive across the broad prairies together," interrupted Wally.

"Well, what if you didn't? Say so, anyway. She's probably forgotten, and when she reads it in your letter it will refresh her memory. I was just giving you a sample start-off. Now get busy. But first throw that letter writer's guide out of the window. I know you've got one hidden some place about you."

"All right, major," laughed Wally. "I'll have it ready to-morrow, maybe."

But he didn't have it ready, for the next day a splash of steel burnt his hand and he could not hold a pen. He was rather glad to have an excuse—the major had made the task seem an almost impossible one for him. "Dear Miss Creeth?" He could never bring himself to write that to her—he didn't know her well enough. What would she think of him?

It was the slight burn he had received on his hand that was the cause of his name being brought up in the general manager's office the following day, for Goodlow noticed on his desk among other papers an accident report.

"What's this—has young Gay been injured?" he asked Manning, who had come into his office on business concerning his department.

"Oh, no, a trifling burn—it doesn't amount to anything. By the way, Ed Lister told me yesterday that he is going to leave the mills the first of the year. That is a good way off—nearly six months—but I have already decided that I'll put Wally Gay into Ed's position as assistant foreman. What do you think about it?"

"I approve. But of course, Manning, you are to decide that yourself."

"He has made good, more than good. I consider him one of the best furnace men I have. He is on special steels all the while now."

"I have understood that he is startlingly clever at figures."

"Yes, I have discovered that. He figures out all the charges for his own furnace and I have found out that the foremen frequently consult him when they are puzzled over proportions. Several times he has caught errors in my clerk's calculation, thereby saving himself a lot of extra work. Oh, he'll do—he'll get there."

Outside the door in the next room the listening Bridges struck at the air with a clenched fist. "It's the dirty little wop again! If I could only bring in the woman as she should be brought in! But I'll get it yet—I'll make a go of this one!" He returned to his desk and lifted some production sheets from a number of pages of manuscript which he began reading.

He was busy over this same manuscript a day or two later when Goodlow approached his desk. He had barely time to thrust his papers into a drawer when his employer spoke to him.

"Bridges, you're elected," he said, smiling. "You have some delightful work ahead of you. I imagine you'll jump for joy when I tell you what it is. You've been reading in the papers, of course, about the coming annual convention of the Teachers' League of America, which meets in the big burg next week. The city is going to be overrun with school-teachers from all over the country. The league's secretary has been to see me about their visiting this plant, and from what he said I suppose ninety per cent of them will wish to go through the mills."

"Heaven bless the other ten per cent!" interjected Bridges.

"I knew you'd be glad, Bridges. I don't like to do it, but I've decided to open the gates to them for two days. You and twenty-five or thirty other good-looking young men will act as guides, guards and entertainers to the bunch. I want you to take charge of things. See Calla to-day. He will furnish most of your men. We'll have them here on Thursday and Friday. Fix it up—I haven't time to bother about it."

They came, as Goodlow had said they would—came by the hundreds to look upon the wonders of the steel mills. Bridges had been through one awful day, and the second day was at hand. He had piloted his tenth party of twenty teachers each through the yards and mills, answered a thousand foolish questions, called out a hundred warnings, directed his charges' attention to various details of the work, listened to cries and exclamations, and was weary and disgusted. And now the eleventh party of twenty chattering visitors awaited him at the gate. He sighed resignedly—it had to be done, it was part of his job.

"Follow me, please!" he called. "Keep as close together as you can, and let no one wander away from the party. Don't approach any moving machinery, and please touch nothing. The ladies should be careful that their skirts and coats do not come in contact with railings and floors, as there is a lot of oil and grease scattered about wherever we shall go."

He started off. "It's the same old bunch!" he grumbled. "They'll all ask the same silly questions and make the same silly remarks and have the same silly thrills, and when I have brought them out they won't know any more than they do now!"

"I suppose you have seen all the school-teachers you will care to see for the remainder of your life. I know you are worn out—I can tell it by your eyes."

Bridges started. For some distance he had been walking by the side of a young woman, but he had hardly glanced at her. It was she who had spoken to him. Now he turned and looked at her.

Why, she was pretty! She didn't wear glasses, and the rosy flush of health was in her cheeks. Her tiny ears beneath her rich brown hair were very pink, her lips were full and ruby red, her eyes were beautiful eyes, and her voice was a pleasing voice. Bridges had collected these details in an instant. "She's deucedly attractive, but she hasn't a screen face," he told himself before he replied to her remark.

"Oh, no, miss; I rather enjoy this," he lied pleasantly.

"I am so glad I could get to visit the mills," she went on. "I'm from the West, from the wheat country, and I never saw any of the great industries such as this. All that I know about metal working I learned in Dan Miller's blacksmith shop, watching him shoe a mule or cut a wagon tire. I knew a young man once who had worked in the mills at Steelburg. His name was Gay, Wellington Gay. You don't know whether he is now working here, do you? But of course you wouldn't."

Bridges gasped, then stopped short—stopped so suddenly that somebody behind him bumped into him. "Is—is your name—er—Screech?" he asked as he moved on.

She laughed with great amusement. "Goodness! Am I shouting so loud as that? But the wheels make such a racket! Not Screech, but Creeth. But how do you know—why do you ask?"

He did not reply; they had come into the mills, where conversation was impossible.

"The woman herself appears!" he chuckled. "Now I see it—I'll finish that play! Why couldn't I get it before? I'll bring them together pretty soon! Heavens, what a chance this is for me!"

He moved away from the girl and did not try to speak to her again. But he shortened the route which he had been following that day and the day before, and soon brought his party into the Open Hearth.

A furnace was tapping. He conducted the visitors to a point where they could see the steel pouring out of the furnace into the ladle, where they could see the giant crane lift the brimming ladle from the pit, where they could watch the teeming of the molten metal. And then he led them to the front of the furnace, where a crew of workmen were making ready for the recharge. They saw the men cringing and shrinking before the terrific heat in which they worked, saw them sledging and shoveling and barring, heard them grunt and pant. One of them went closer to the door openings than did the others and stood there examining the bottom of the furnace through the purple-blue glasses he wore, then stooping to peer

(Concluded on Page 138)

Something You Talk About Every Da

David Wark Griffith

SOMETHING that is a part of nearly everyone's daily life! You want to be sure you *talk well* on the subject.

When you say you saw a good motion picture, or a good play, *what do you mean?*

Are you sure your judgment *is good* in this art—so old with the centuries—and changing faster than any other today?

Many persons devote their lives and genius to a study of the good and the bad in plays. There is Amy Leslie, of the Chicago News, probably the most famous woman critic of the drama in the world. She and others of her difficult profession are favored by study, research, and unlimited opportunities for observation, to discriminate with accuracy.

And these trained critics, in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Paris, London, and all large cities, have declared that only four pictures of the tens of thousands made, have universally appealed to the *intelligent* persons of all lands. These four are "*Birth of a Nation*," "*Intolerance*," "*Hearts of the World*" and more recently, "*Broken Blossoms*."

Miss Leslie says that "*Broken Blossoms*" is *an eloquent and decisive flight beyond the spoken drama.*

These are the *only pictures* for which the people of all lands have been willing to pay the *same admission as for the highest class theatrical productions;* standard in the same theaters with the best plays.

It is interesting that Griffith motion pictures were the only entertainment the King and Queen of England saw for two years during the war.

And the very best artists in America have gone again and again to study Griffith Films for their artistic newness that has distinguished them from the beginning.

In a Griffith Film was the first "close-up."

Do you know the meaning of the various terms in common usage regarding motion pictures?

The close-up changed acting as definitely as automobiles changed transportation. It brought the greatest single development in dramatic art.

Before its adoption, players had been photographed from a distance, indulging in most violent gestures to indicate emotion. David Wark Griffith, a young man just entering the study of this art, desired the faces of his players close to the camera so their expression could be effective. His cameraman calmly told him it was folly, an impossibility, scorned by his craft, and that he didn't wish to be a party to such madness.

In a little theater on lower Broadway, New York City, the close-up was first shown. The audience hissed, and shouted, and stamped its feet; and called "*Where are their legs?*—They're cut in two," thinking there was some accident in the projection.

But it changed acting *from false, exaggerated gestures*—ranting—and mugging (overdone facial expression)—to normal, effective, and controlled movements. With this device, the face of a great player reveals such astonishing depths of emotion, *that it seems you look* into *his very soul.* An experienced critic told Mr. Griffith, he often felt he should turn his head aside in embarrassment as though he were looking into the very secret chambers of the player's soul.

With the close-up, art entered the films. But still there was no suspense. One set of characters was shown in complete action, and then the film took up another set of characters. The film was accepting the same limitations as the stage.

Griffith, the restless genius, resented this handicap. He destroyed it by creating "The switch-back." He took several groups through the story, switching from one to another, showing the change that each passing moment brought to all.

That creation was the first great challenge to the stage for supremacy in dramatic art. It revolutionized motion pictures, making them entertainment of such power and mounting interest, that now critics, once so hostile, admit they move and thrill beyond the power of the stage.

But there were other crudities for Griffith to surmount. "Amazing his rivals," as Current Opinion says, by startling them always with greater and greater improvements, he decided to correct the awkward, sudden jumping on and off the screen of the players. Again others had been content to follow the limitations of the stage, and stop the action as crudely as by dropping a heavy curtain.

It was then that Griffith devised the "fade-out," the slow dissolving of the figures as delicate and beautiful as the twilight dies into the night. You have become used to it now, for it is in universal use.

Had Griffith patented these inventions, controlled them for his own productions, or demanded tribute from his imitators, he would have become one of the richest men in the world. Instead he gave these tools freely to his followers, satisfied to be always doing something new, leaving the host in the van behind him, to use what they could as well as they could. generosity alone has permitted motion pictu as an industry and an art, to improve so rapi

Many other things has he done, for insta the mist photography—as beautiful as the a rose petal were used for a lens—which is now coming into common use. As far bac "The Birth of a Nation" Mr. Griffith used perfected it further in more recent films; now that he has brought it to perfection it pears as his gift in the films of those who fol

In other words, *practically all the tools make moving pictures, were the inventio Griffith.* So, whether in the slow, *character velopment* in pastoral stories, the studies in chology, thrilling dramas of life and action, *are safe in praising a Griffith production,* bec the most competent critical brains in the w have praised them.

And when you see the splendid work of pupils and disciples remember the productio the master himself are in the theaters.

In discussing acting, you are safe in sa the acting of the Griffith Players is good. smeary make-up running down their eyes wild, overdone hysteria—only the mirror up to nature according to the scene.

His great pioneering is now bearing f Charles Hanson Towne, poet and edito McClure's Magazine, says Mr. Griffith has mortalized himself by creating the eighth Parker of the Boston Transcript, Rathbu the New York Sun, Percy Hammond of Chicago Tribune, look forward to these pro tions—always different.

To watch the further development *of this art,* you need only watch the *work of Gr the pathfinder,* the creator, and rest assured will see in them today, what you will see ir films of others tomorrow.

Practically all the well known stars trained by Griffith—Mary Pickford, Dou Fairbanks, Norma and Constance Talm Mae Marsh and Lillian and Dorothy Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, and a ho other artists and stars with whom you ar quainted. And most of the special picture the work of splendid directorial talent devel by Mr. Griffith.

Every director, player and artist in all motion picture colonies pay tribute, and g devotees to the shrine, at the *première o Griffith films. To them, it is the fountain of cre genius in this one great American art.*

Mr. Griffith is now at work on a short s series for the regular motion picture thea Perhaps one may please you better than other, but to be abreast of the times, you see them all. And as the New York Tri pleads: "Don't, don't miss Broken Blosso

Warning: All films personally produce Mr. Griffith are marked with the written "Griffith" and the trademark "DG" on titles. Watch for the trademark. Others frauds.

—and Women Were So Scarce That

MARK TWAIN dropped his pick and abandoned a mine that later yielded $200,000 to join a sociable ...nger along the hill trails to Sonora, ...re there was a public holiday to cele...te the arrival of a woman

...THE LAND OF GOLD; AND ...VENTURE AND KNIGHTS OF OLD—'49

...lf million dollars a day they were taking from ...ills at that time—and they abandoned it ...ne afternoon to assemble in a reverent com...ee of welcome and shower gifts of greeting ...e The Unknown One in Petticoats. Legend—...t distressing scrutiny—reports she had a very ...g mole on her left cheek. But ankles so small ...a one enthusiast agreed to give her enough ...gets to surround them with bracelets—to the ...nct annoyance of her husband.

...d other women, whose commerce seems to ...er them to uttermost reaches of the earth, ...coned their favors to the bidding of gold-...s and nuggets.

...A old gentleman who lives on Jack Ass Hill, ...he Bret Harte spun his fiction tales of glory, ...yhe recalls the time when the miners collected ...se that a fellow miner might send to Colorado ...s wife, so anxious were they to see a woman. ...the miner had said his wife was very pretty. ...ough he says she wasn't.

...t there were beautiful women. And the ...e—Spaniards with untamed eyes; young Vir...ns on a long adventure for swiftly seized ...rtunes—convicts, hard devils, from Australia—...ills swarmed with them; and the little ...ws roared with the tide of them.

...wn in the red hills of Sonora, where hangings ...rred at high-noon, like some solemn judicial ...ret for dinnertime, was Bagley's dance hall. ...ce of high spirits and low deeds. Down the ...e hillside, pitted with mines, was a beautiful ...lly where the Tuolumne River roamed, gleam ...nlight on the ripples, the glow of gold ...kling in the sands beneath. Mother of ...r, many fortunes—even now.

...at was where Rosie Nell was entertaining. ...ey's Hotel, she called it, when she sent the ...lar allowance of money to her daughter in ...Boston Boarding School. She liked to call ...daughter Lady Fair—carried an old daguerre...e of Lady Fair in a locket always swinging ...the neck—a beautiful girl, certainly. Face ...er, tight, aristocratic—tall, a sort of a ...s girl—eyes bright and large—curls to her shoulders—and a light graceful step that blessed the health of her clean-cut ancestors.

The men, many of them splendid fellows—west on a wild chase for gold that was so plentiful—called Rosie Nell the queen of Bagley's. They came for rollicking dances, or drinks that drilled away the loneliness in their hearts.

Alvarez the Spaniard used to call frequently. Said he was a cattleman, but that was pleasant fiction. His slender body had the grace of Castile. His hair, middle-parted and straight, was draped in sort of lovelocks, low about his eyes. It was his way—and he was handsome. A slow smile of easy courtesy. Silk brown eyes that roved everywhere but never jumped—that twinkled, smiled, sighed, wooed, challenged and defied—the eloquent eyes of a Spaniard. Spurs chimed at his heels when he wooed the soul of his guitar—in some woman's honor—and they seemed to toll again, like the bells of hate, when he whipped away, after some desperate fray.

Brother in courage to Joaquin Murietta and Tiburcio Vasquez, born to be a darling to women and living to be a dread to men; at least Alvarez was of the stuff of which heroes are made!

Somehow he wasn't attracted by that little Mexican girl down in the old adobe district. Little Flameheart, they called her because she loved Alvarez so much. And she never thought of washing her face as an aid to win him!

But that was the time Rosie Nell's daughter came,—unannounced, unexpected—out of the Boston boarding school, searching for Bagley's Hotel and Mother.

And that afternoon a dreadful thing had happened at Bagley's. Rosie Nell saving her earnings—the women secure and respected by the men—yet jealous of each other—frantic blows—and then a chair was swung.

Rosie Nell, the veteran of so many experiences — accused, mob-frightened — and her daughter within a few miles of the meeting and aglow with the first thrills of romance.

It was that meeting, and what followed that made Alvarez, and Randolph, the boy of the white heart, and the little girl with the washed face, rallying with all their resources even unto life itself, names to live forever on the friendly tongue of Romance in old Sonora.

Many years the story slumbered—when the gold and its mad patrons vanished.

And one day in London, Lloyd George, the famous Britisher, said to his guest: "Mr. Griffith, you have made your Civil War a new and living history to me with 'The Birth of a Nation.' Why don't you bring to the world that old California country, the most romantic in your land—the Bret Harte country?"

So when David Wark Griffith was relieved of his labors in making the war epic, 'Hearts of the World' for the British and French governments, he went to California.

Out to the very banks of the Tuolumne River he went, with Jack Ass Hill just beyond. As the one American who has created, single-handed, the only distinctive American art—motion pictures—he began a picture, for Lloyd George and the World.

With cabin, mine and stage coach trail, he set the scenes again with absolute accuracy to portray the life that is of the past. He took with him many of the most talented members of the Griffith Players: Richard Barthelmess, the Chinaman of "Broken Blossoms," as Alvarez; Ralph Graves as John Randolph, Carol Dempster, former solo star of the Denishawn Dancers, as Lady Fair; Clarine Seymour, the Cutie Beautiful of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," as Little Flameheart; George Fawcett, stage star in "The Great John Ganton," as The Sheriff; Walter Long, who played Gus in "The Birth of a Nation," as Bagley; Adolphe Lestina, who earned fame with E. H. Sothern; Kate Bruce, the mother in "Hearts of the World," and others.

More vivid and as accurate as history, this work of the supreme film genius acquaints you with the geography, the life, the romance, adventure and deeds of love and outlawry of old California as never before has been possible.

It is called

SCARLET DAYS

—a tale of the olden west. It will be released next week in many of the first class theaters.

A. L. Grey, General Manager,
Griffith Productions,
720 Longacre Building,
New York City.

Send for illustrated booklet of the life and work of D. W. Griffith, and the history of motion pictures.

All Griffith films are marked by the initials D. G. and the written name, Griffith. None others genuine.

(Concluded from Page 135)

up at the snow-white roof, shouting out orders to the shovelers and to the men with the bars and the long-handled spoons with which they were working, and then picking up a shovel himself to work with the others, throwing in the finely crushed stone that lay scattered over the standing.

"Lower!" he shouted suddenly, and the three doors dropped down, and there was a rattle and clatter as the men hurled their shovels and bars and spoons to the iron floor and walked away, flipping the sweat from their brows with curved fingers, mopping their streaming faces with their little cloth caps, running their hands through their wet hair as they went.

Bridges touched the girl on the arm and drew her to one side, to a bench that stood near a group of gas valves.

"If you will sit down here," he said—and he reached up and took down a coat that was hanging on a post near the valves and spread it over the black bench—"you will find more of interest, I believe, than you would if you continued with us. We shall be back this way presently."

"Thank you. I should like to stay here."

She sat down on the bench.

The man who had been giving orders at the furnace was walking toward her now, but he was not looking at her—he was peering over the tops of his blue glasses, with his eyes on the gas valves near which she was sitting. His grotesque appearance made her smile. Then he raised his hand and removed the glasses.

An inarticulate murmur broke from her lips as she leaped to her feet. Then she ran forward, crying: "Why—why, Wally—Mr. Gay!"

He stopped and looked at her, and the glasses fell from his hand, the lenses shattering to pieces on the iron floor.

"Amy! You?"

She came to him with her hand outstretched. He raised his own hand and looked at it. It was sweaty and dirty and stained with iron ore. He rubbed it vigorously up and down the leg of his trousers, then shook hands with her.

"Well, how are you, anyhow?" he asked.

"Why—I—I'm so surprised! I'm so glad to see you ——"

"You just set down on that bench, won't you, until I get that there gas to goin' again. I've got to keep the furnace hot, you know," he said.

He went to the valves, opened them, walked back to the furnace, watched the flow of the burning gas through the ports for a moment, and then returned and sat down by her side.

"Well, how are you, anyhow?" he asked again, and there was a tremor in his voice.

"Why, how you're trembling, Wally!" she exclaimed.

"I've been workin' pretty hard, gettin' that heat of steel out," he mumbled.

"And how red your face is! Have you been burned?"

"No, it's the furnace—watchin' the roof and the bath all the time."

"And your hands!"

He turned them up as they lay on his knees, and she reached over and touched the calloused spots in the palms. "Why, they're hard as rocks! And there's an ugly burn!"

"Pooh! That's nothin'."

"Wally, you're working too hard, just as you did for John Peterson."

"I'm workin' hard, all right, but I'm gettin' ahead, Amy. I'm makin' steel now. That's my furnace there, Number Four, the best and fastest furnace in the plant! And that's my steel in that there ladle they're pourin' yonder—seventy tons of it—I made it!" There was a note of pride in his voice that thrilled her.

She asked him questions about his work, and then they began talking about the wheat country where she lived and where he had worked, and he had a hundred questions to ask her—about Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy and old Katy Podkins, and about Peterson's nephew and about the elevator, and about the old horse with which he had made his trips to Wheaton.

Suddenly she cried out: "Oh, dear, here they are coming back! Now I must go, and I don't suppose—I don't suppose I shall see you again! I'm going to start home to-night. My train leaves at ten o'clock. Oh, how I dread that long trip—two days and two nights!"

He got up and went to the gas valves, with which he worked for a minute or two. Then he came back and took his place beside her.

"Couldn't I—couldn't I ——" he began but stopped, confused.

"Why couldn't you come down to the hotel this evening and take me to the train?" she asked quickly.

"I'll come," he replied. He smiled at her in a way that made her cheeks go a rosier red than they were.

"That will be just fine! I'm at the Hotel Weston. Ask for me at the desk and they will telephone to my room. About seven?"

"I'll be there at seven."

"Without fail?"

"Oh, sure!"

"Good-by till then."

Bridges came with his party, and there was a satisfied look on his face—he had not been so cheerful for two days. One of the group, a young woman wearing thick-lensed glasses, looked sharply at Wally as she passed him, and her thin lips were crooked by a sneer as she went on.

Wally continued on with his work, bantered and jollied the remainder of the day by his fellow workmen. But he was unresponsive to their gibes—he seemed not to hear them. Never had he given closer attention to his furnace, never had he kept it hotter, its roof nearer the dripping point, never had he pushed it along at such a rate of melting speed. And that day Number Four broke the record for running time.

An hour before the quitting whistle was due to blow he asked his foreman for permission to leave. Taking his lunch pail he hurried out of the plant and to the Falls House, where he sought out the major and told him what had occurred that day. The major swore joyously, he laughed, he smacked his hands together.

"What luck, Wally! What luck you're running into all the time! Why, this is delightful! Think of that girl coming here and finding you in such a manner! It's romance! It's poetry! Now then, I'm going to dell you up and get you started toward the city. I'm going to be your valet this evening. The first thing on the program is for you to trot downstairs to the barber shop and tell Jimmy Jiggers to give you everything he's got, and to give it to you quick. Hurry up, son; hurry up!"

Wally grinned and obeyed, and while he was gone the old man went into his room and laid out the two suits of clothes he had helped his protégé to purchase, brought out the four new shirts and the two ties and the four pairs of socks and the two pairs of shoes, chuckling over them as he worked with them. And when the younger man came back there was much arguing and disputing and threatening, with the major having his own way and selecting the suit, the shirt, the tie, the socks and the shoes that were to be worn for that wonderful occasion. And he fell to with a zeal unheard of in the major, assisting in the dressing, smoothing out imaginary wrinkles in the new black suit, helping to tie the flowing tie, with his own hands setting the tie pin and adjusting and readjusting it, poking at the cuffs, brushing the shiny shoes, smoothing and creasing the hat. Once he ran into his own room to fetch a box of powder.

"Your face is altogether too red, Wally—I'll touch up the bright spots again. Jimmy Jiggers didn't put enough on." And he dabbed the fiery-red skin, where the furnace heat had touched it, with the white powder.

"Now put on your hat," he ordered. "Put it on straight! That's it! Now keep it on straight—you're not going up to Vinegar Gully! There! By gad, Wally, I'm proud of you! Turn round—so! You'll do. Now then, beat it—get down to the Hotel Weston just as quick as a street car will carry you. And say, son, keep your hands out of your pockets; don't pick your callouses; keep that hat off your ear; and when you talk use a 'g' now and then. Don't say 'goin''—say 'going'; don't say 'walkin''—say 'walking.' Ing! Ing! Ing! Don't forget! Wait a minute—hand me that powder. Golly, Wally, what a beak! Why don't you wear a nose glove of some kind when you're working at that furnace? But she'll think you're blushing. Now, don't forget ——"

There was a knock at the door. The major swung it open. Butch Magee stood there, Butch Magee from the Open Hearth.

"Say, Wally, Manning wants you should come out to-night and work Four," said the messenger, peering into the room and grinning at what he there beheld. "Felding is sick and can't come out, and Four is charged with a special."

The major exploded in awful wrath. He raved, he foamed, he swore, he threatened. "Tell him he won't be there!" he shouted. "Tell him he can't come! Tell him he won't come! And you light out of here, Butch—get out of here quick!" He advanced upon the messenger with clenched fists, and Butch Magee retreated down the hallway, grinning and chuckling.

Wally stood looking at the floor for a moment. Then he walked to the door and stepped out into the hallway.

"Hey, Butch, tell them I'll be down there in ten or fifteen minutes."

The major sat down heavily, folding his arms and saying not a word. In grim silence he watched Wally disrobe, watched him put on his old stained working suit, watched him lay his finery on the bed. Then he rose and went out without a word, and a few moments later from his room floated the strains of The Serenade.

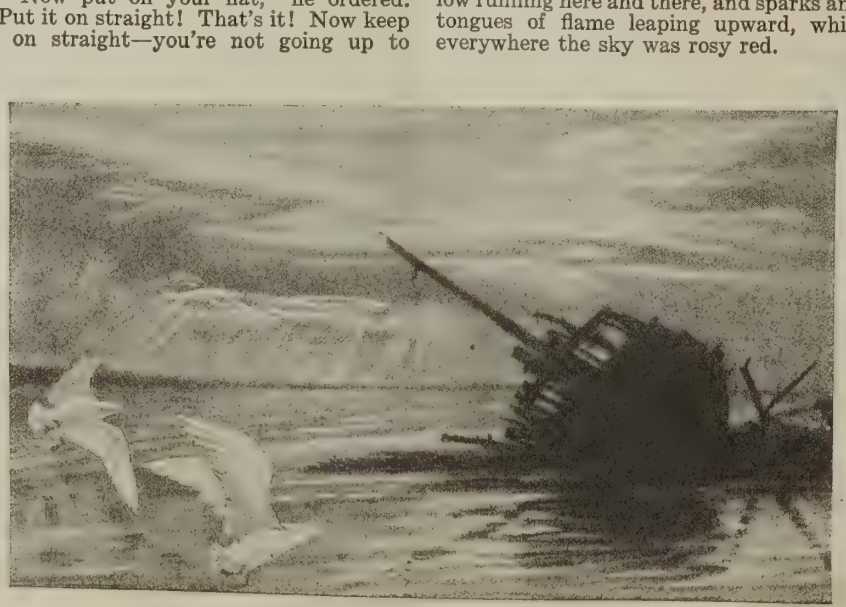
Wally went to the hotel's kitchen, had a pail of lunch packed and trudged off to the mills.

In the Hotel Weston Amy Creeth sat and waited, watching the clock—saw the hands point to seven, to eight, to nine, to nine-thirty. Then she sighed, had her baggage brought out, and departed for the railway station.

"I suppose he doesn't care," she murmured, and she was so silent that her companion, a young woman wearing thick-lensed glasses, became irritated.

"For goodness' sake, Amy, say something!" she complained. "You're as glummy as a mummy! Or are you preoccupied with thinking about that red-faced lout with whom you had such a long tête-à-tête at the steel mills this morning? I wish I hadn't gone there. What a hideous place it was! Why doesn't that porter hurry and make our berths down? Why weren't they ready for us?"

Amy Creeth did not reply. With her face pressed close against the car window she was peering out into the darkness through which the train was now rapidly moving. Soon, by the appearance of hundreds of lights and spots of fire in the blackness in whatever direction she looked, she knew the train was approaching Steelburg. She caught glimpses of towering black stacks, and she saw great clouds of smoke and steam, and there were rivers of red and yellow running here and there, and sparks and tongues of flame leaping upward, while everywhere the sky was rosy red.



The steel mills! She pressed he closer to the window, wondering if were the mills she had visited that mo and in what part of them she had b where it was she had talked with Gay. And as she looked she noti square frame of light up in the side o black building, and just then the hea shoulders of a man moved into and oc the lighted square. What if that Wally Gay! But it couldn't be h would not be working to-night. Bu pose it were he! She glanced a companion and seeing her eyes clos raised her handkerchief and wav dropping it quickly and blushing foolishness. Then her heart gave a for, by the light that streamed out square from behind the man, it seem her—yes, she was certain of it—he wa ing his hand! She watched him another building shut him from her

Up in the Open Hearth, Wally Gay to a window near his furnace and t out his head. He was very hot and tired, and the night air was cool and ant. Down below, just outside the fence where the Midline tracks skirte yards, he saw the lights of a movin senger train. He wondered what tr was. Could it be Amy Creeth's trai might be, it might not be—hundre trains of different roads left the bi over the Midline tracks. But what ence? How could he think of Amy C any more? He had failed to kee appointment with her, and had sent h excuse. What would she think of him might have telephoned to her at least he had not thought of that. Anyway was he? A roughneck, a lowbrow! H not of her class. How did he dare thi such a woman? Still, he wished he have seen her again, could have tol good-by. Maybe she was on that down there. No harm about it, an body would know—and he took o little cloth cap and waved it at the speeding away through the darl waved it until the lights of the last had disappeared.

At that same hour Bridges, in his was feverishly writing the last lines photoplay. Walking up and down his he read the pages of his finished manus chuckling over them, gloating. "It's It's bound to go!" he told himself ove over.

"It's the best—it's really the onl cent bit of work I've ever accompli It will take!" And as he folded the n script and addressed an envelope, and addressed another envelope—this o himself—he muttered: "No use o sending that self-addressed envelope-manuscript is not coming back!" B put it in.

And at that same hour Randolp Jackson, stock clerk at Susie Blast nace, known about the mills only as To who for some reason never determine fallen behind with his work, and was v ing overtime trying to catch up, sat a desk listening to the talk of a sad-f young man who sat near by.

"Yes, Tootsy, I'm back on my ol again, and they've stuck off a lot of work on me. But that's all right—I' a day or two off later on," the sad-f young man was saying. "You see, To I didn't seem to fit in over there at th office. I was a little bit out of my elen I guess—something like a fish in a bin. I made two or three little bulls balled things up a trifle. Under the bush, Tootsy, I made some pretty da big bulls. . . . No, thanks, Tootsy not chewing to-night. But Mr. C treated me mighty white. Mr. Calla is bad sort of scout, Tootsy, and he has a lot of young men on his force. He sa me: 'Robert, if you care to return to old position I shall indeed be glad to you there. You were the best ship clerk I ever had.' Pretty decent of Calla, wasn't it? I'm glad he did t Otherwise I would have had to go ou here on the tramp, letting it be known I was leaving to take a bigger, better with a bigger, better company, as the say when they fall down and get the C Now I am letting it be understood that lungs are weak and the doctor ordered out of the office into the open air. between you and me and the henh door, Tootsy, I simply couldn't cut cheese."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a seri stories about Wally Gay. The next will appe an early issue.

MELANCHOLY MALLARD

(Continued from Page 15)

He had a hen a-settin' for five years, come
ixnow—she's about to hatch or I'm a
Dutch missionary. You'll see if she ain't!
I'll see!"

III

THE Twister—so he was known to his intimates and to certain of the police—of the penitentiary with his plans definitely nclearly worked out to their conclusion. fe had had four years in which to perfect ne—now there remained only their conmination in action. As far as human inenity could contrive, he had anticipated ery contingency, safeguarded every step. e rode into the city on a local train, ing his ticket through to the Central ti on, but dropping off unobtrusively at a ing in the suburbs where all trains e compelled to slow down. From the oit where he alighted to the old room in ird Place was but two short blocks and e vered them without encountering anyn who gave him so much as a glance. He nd Dorgan gone, but he knew where the e was. In his ill-fitting suit of clothes plied him by the state, in his heavy ks creaking of prison and prison ils, and his coarse blue shirt he entered e amiliar place. Everything was there s hand just as had been agreed when Dgan's wife, his sister, had visited him months before.

An hour later he came out, locked the or and hid the key. Presently Dorgan or is wife would come and carry away for esuction every trace of the ex-convict. Meantime the latter was moving confiently out into the street, dressed now in a ui, tailored business suit, with his shoes nid, with a neat broad cap covering his only cut poll, with money in his pocket nd with a heavy suitcase in his hand. A ro-town car line took him to the railroad a on four miles south. There he bought a cket through to Salt Lake, accepting an pr berth with the philosophic observaon that when business compelled a man s across the country on an hour's notice naman must take what accommodations e ould find. Presently he was in his car, uging in the smoking compartment and lling for himself one of those brown-paper garettes which he found he needed rather acv and craved rather extravagantly. n almost as he drew his first deep whiff ne rain began to move westward.

Two hundred miles short of Salt Lake he ft the train at a small junction, caught a ou-bound local; changed again; travled in another direction; and four days fte his discharge from the penitentiary an the bustling, thriving little town of ret Bend—his immediate destination. Without difficulty he rented a room exactly he he had been planning to rent it ever n; he had seen this plant for a robbery—n six years before. His room was in the cnd story of a low frame lodging house. Its windows looked out on the main street te town, and across that street was the a of business of the State Trust and aring Corporation. In his walk from he tation he had gone by its big plate-a windows and had seen with satisfacon that the directors were still postponing he purchase of the new steel-lined vaults e had been quarreling about for years. n the old-fashioned safe still stood there, elback in the room and in full view of no front windows which he remembered well.

The Twister was forty-eight and well circntanced. All he needed was another ften or twenty thousand. With that and is wn accumulation he could settle down n fruit ranch he had decided on, free on suspicion, worry, risk or the need for ni: action and long jumps. He had owed pc:y a definite debt—for being caught at j in Illinois—but now that debt was ai with his four-years-and-three-months ern. This time he would not be caught. hi time he would owe society nothing. e as perfectly frank about it; perfectly us esslike; perfectly confident. And, as he police would have testified sourly, the wter had reasons for his confidence.

His room was a clean, plain, rather pleasnt partment, with a wide, deep-set winovat which he spent much of his time eang papers and magazines. When he laed out, as he did occasionally, he ou see the bank and several of the buildgidown Main Street and he could look up ai Street to where it went over the hill owrd the river and the bottom country. He dined in quiet little restaurants, unnoticed and unnoticing; and he went to bed usually about ten o'clock. After his lights were off he always raised his window sash and curtains—he liked air in his room and, besides, he was often sleepless, and from his unusually high bed he could see the street in front of the bank and all that went on therein.

Lying thus comfortably on his sleepless nights, the Twister became familiar with the following facts—more or less unrelated but of a certain potential import to himself:

That there were two entrances to the bank—one double-doored on Main Street, one a small private entrance on Bates Street, at the rear of the building.

That from the front doors and the plate-glass windows flanking it anyone on the street could see the whole interior of the bank except such as was masked by counters.

That the high, old-fashioned safe stood well to the back of the counting room on a platform and that by night the safe and the rest of the room were lighted by two lamps—an electric bulb over the cashier's cage and a big gas light above and a little in front of the safe.

That a counter used by the bank's trust department ran from a point forward from the rear door across the back of the room almost to the safe, so that by stooping one could creep from that private entrance to a point within a few feet of the safe without exposing himself to the view from the street.

That a night watchman, privately employed, tried the door of the bank at fifteen minutes past the hour every night with mechanical exactness and regularity.

That there was a police telephone box on the pole at the bank corner a few feet from the front door and directly opposite one of the big windows, thus occupying a position from which any person could see the inside of the bank and the face of that big safe.

That two policemen, one having a beat lying to the westward of the bank and the other to the eastward, met each night at the police telephone box and stood there for a few minutes talking and laughing.

That these meetings were not regular or fixed as to most of the night, but that there was one hour at which it was the custom and habit of the two patrolmen to meet without fail. That hour was two o'clock; and immediately after ringing in to the central station they always strolled westward half a block to the Acme All-Night Restaurant, where they regaled themselves—as he discovered by following them one night—on sandwiches, pie and milk, and exchanged rather obvious jokes with the bright-eyed little Greek who was on the morning shift of the place.

To these physical facts the Twister contrived to add others; as, for instance, that the burglar alarm in the bank was connected with the police station and the private watchman's office by only one wire, which wire he located without great difficulty; that the bank carried only comparatively small amounts of currency as a rule, being in a country where gold and silver were most generally used; and that its largest currency budget was in the safe on or about the first of each month, the oil-field employees to the south of Big Bend being paid off in bank notes on the fifth.

It must not be supposed that the Twister was idle all this time. On the contrary he was very busy. A day or so after his arrival he bought a piece of plain oilcloth, two yards in length and fifty-two inches wide, and stretched it on an ingenious frame he carried in his suitcase that could be extended or contracted at his pleasure, like a camera tripod's legs, by the use of set screws. After he had stretched this cloth he turned the reverse side toward himself and placed the frame on end near the window. Then from his suitcase again he brought oils, turpentine, rags, brushes and a square palette, and that evening, much after the fashion of a sign painter, he proceeded to paint a picture—crude but not wholly without merit.

When this picture was completed and dried The Twister folded it up with its frame into a small neat bundle and put this into his suitcase, which contained—among personal articles—many small, dull-finished steel instruments of peculiar shape and unusual character; a small bunch of beautifully executed and neatly arranged keys; several pairs of cheap cotton gloves and a physician's stethoscope—the delicate instrument with which examinations of the heart and lungs are conducted. The Twister glanced over these varied articles thoughtfully, made a trifling rearrangement thereof, and then closed his suitcase with a little sigh and rolled a cigarette.

He had now been in Big Bend for ten days. It was the third of the month in the dark of the moon and the night weather was warm but murky. On the day after the completion of his picture he busied himself with a new enterprise. In an air-tight stove that was in his room he first burned every scrap of paper in the place and several pieces of clothing. With them—which expedited his work—he burned all his paints, oils, brushes, rags and painting appliances. Thereafter he donned a pair of his cheap cotton gloves, took out a bottle of furniture polish he had bought that morning and with a piece of cheese-cloth began going over his room with the most meticulous care. Every piece of furniture and woodwork in the place was wiped clean—nothing was overlooked. He even wiped the stove lightly and with great particularity the stove lifter. After that he burned his oily rag, opened his windows to air the place, took off and burned his cotton gloves, put on another pair, put the half-empty bottle of furniture polish into his coat pocket and went out for a walk. On the walk he threw the bottle of polish into a street drain. Not until this was done did he take off his cotton gloves.

The afternoon was waning before he went to a little out-of-the-way restaurant that he had found and there he ate a satisfactory meal. Thereafter he returned to his room, putting on his gloves as he approached the place and buying an evening paper from the boy at the door. At home once more he made a thoughtful inspection of the apartment, satisfied himself that everything was as it should be, pulled up a chair to the window and sat down to read his paper. At ten o'clock he turned off his lights, raised his curtains and lay down on the bed without undressing.

He dozed off after a time and it was one o'clock when he rose. He did not turn on his lights, finding the darkness cut by rays from the street lamps at Main and Bates Streets, but sat down by the window, took off his gloves for a moment and rolled a cigarette. He lighted the fag cautiously in a corner of the room and smoked it while cupping it carefully between his hands so that its glow would not be seen from the street. Meantime he stared reflectively at the brightly illuminated bank front and interior. At fifteen minutes past one o'clock the watchman passed, trying the bank doors and peering in punctiliously. Half an hour passed, then forty minutes. At five minutes before two the Twister rose, flipped his burned-out cigarette aside, pulled on his cotton gloves, picked up his suitcase and went quietly out of the room. He paused a moment at his own door, was reassured by the stillness of the place, crept down the stairs, took a precautionary peep into the street through the glass of the outside door and let himself into the street. A quick glance showed him the place deserted on every hand save for a policeman, who a block away was just turning up a side street. Boldly then the Twister crossed Main Street and entered Bates, taking from a side pocket in which he had placed them his ring of beautiful keys.

At two minutes before two the Twister had cut the burglar alarm wire and was inside the bank, crouching behind the counter that protected him from view from the front windows. Almost immediately he heard one of the policemen come up with measured footbeat; presently there was the sound of a laugh and some remark, and the second arrived. Their voices came in distinctly to him. He smiled. He had chosen this particularly dangerous hour for his job in the bank on an old theory of his that that hour was really the safest when your enemies are where you can be sure of them. At any other hour they may be far away—but his experience had taught him that they may not be. Now he knew exactly where they were—and what in all human probability they would do next.

They met his expectations. He heard them report in over the police telephone line, slam the box door, exchange a few heavy sentences and move away. He allowed them a full minute in which to go, looked out from behind the end of the counter, found them gone and opened his suitcase. In an incredibly short time he had extended the collapsible frame on which he had painted his crude picture, had crossed the intervening space between the counter end and the safe and had set his picture up there in front of the safe and two feet away from it with the aid of a pair of steel angle braces such as stage hands use in theaters to secure flats of scenery. In the narrow aisle formed between the picture and strong box he put down his opened suitcase. From it he took his stethoscope. Hidden from the street by his painting, he went quite deliberately to work. With the rubber nibs of the stethoscope in his ears and its sounding box pressed gently against the safe door just above the combination knob he began turning that knob very softly and slowly. Three times, after breathless work at the task, he tried the safe-door handle in vain. But on the fourth trial the handle gave. The Twister nodded and opened the safe door.

He tried two or three keys on the inner door, but they failed him. With swift decision he chose a flat steel tool from his case and with his cheap cotton gloves giving his clever hands a ridiculous appearance of awkwardness he inserted the appliance, gave it a quick jab and twist and wrenched the door open. It was only a matter of a moment then for him to force the two large metal-lined boxes within—in a breath the bank's treasure was exposed to his eyes. He wasted no time in gloating—in debating a desire to take it all. Without a thought for the gold and silver he chose the bank notes, taking six thick packages of them and placing them in capacious inner coat and vest pockets. Then he closed the inner safe door on the returned strong boxes; shut the outer door. It jammed for a moment, but he worked patiently. At last it swung home—and he twirled the combination twice. Returning his tools to his suitcase, he straightened, listening.

Footsteps echoed in the street outside. They came nearer—stopped. The door was tried—tried again. The Twister, standing behind his picture, awaited this test of his artistry. What the watchman looked in to see was the well-known face of that old-fashioned safe—just as he had seen it year in and year out for a decade. The artist—concealed behind his work—smiled with a pardonable pride when the watchman's footsteps sounded once again as he moved deliberately away—his picture of the safe front had passed for the real thing; no praise could be higher than that.

A few minutes later, having passed both from the bank and from the town without encountering anyone, the Twister stood on the river bank more than a mile away. His picture frame was in his suitcase with all his tools and his used cotton gloves. Standing in the black shadows of the willows, he disrobed to the skin. His underclothing, his collar and tie, his garters and a clean handkerchief that he found in one hip pocket he put into the suitcase weighted with its steel tools. Removing the bank notes he had got from the safe, he stuffed them uncounted into a wide money belt that was strapped about his waist. Then he rolled in the mud, dragged his clothes there, dirtied his socks and cap, beat his excellent shoes against a rock until they were shapeless and torn and dressed himself. Having finished this task, he closed and locked the suitcase and threw it into the river, where it sank without a sound. He stood a moment checking things up. He could not see his hand before his face, but he knew what he had done. With great deliberation he rolled a cigarette, crept out of the brush and took the river road southward, moving clumsily. As day began to dawn he was revealed—the shabbiest, dirtiest, most ragged and ill-conditioned tramp that ever begged a meal or purloined a ride. He walked in the heavy river-road dust for seven miles until he was gray with it. Shortly after daybreak he picked up a west-bound freight moving warily across the bridge and so was carried out of the Big Bend country and the picture.

IV

BEN PORTERSON, of the Pendleton Detective Bureau, claimed familiar knowledge of more professional crooks than any man in America. He did not pretend

(Continued on Page 144)

An answer to the question of—

Labor Troubles and Production

The Du Pont Chemical Company offers the Petersburg-Hopewe the Industrial District of Virginia, to manufacturers of the wor as a solution of their big problems of production and distributi

Are These Your Problems?

Are excessive power costs or high wage, tax, water and insurance rates cutting down your profits?

Is your production hampered by adverse labor and housing conditions?

Is your business suffering for lack of cheap and adequate transportation facilities?

Are you without room to expand your plant to take care of the increased demand that's coming?

Would a branch factory located at a place of greater strategic value help to solve your marketing problems?

Do you have to fight a hostile local government to prevent harassing restrictions on your business?

Does it require cheaper power and lower factory costs to make your business a greater success?

Do you need greater financial aid for expansion, or the help of technical and traffic experts to work out your particular problems?

Are you looking for a suitable place to begin a manufacturing business?

How Hopewell Solves Them

Steam and electric power, light, heat and air pres below standard prices.

Rail and deep water shipping facilities that are unsurpa in point of service and cost.

Freedom from labor and housing troubles. Houses plentiful, rent is cheap, and living costs are approxima on a pre-war basis.

Factories are already built and splendid sites for buildings.

Abundance of purest water for all domestic and indus purposes at low rates. Best fire protection in the world, consequent low insurance costs.

Climate never too hot or too cold for out of door w Health conditions such as to make Hopewell a pote health resort.

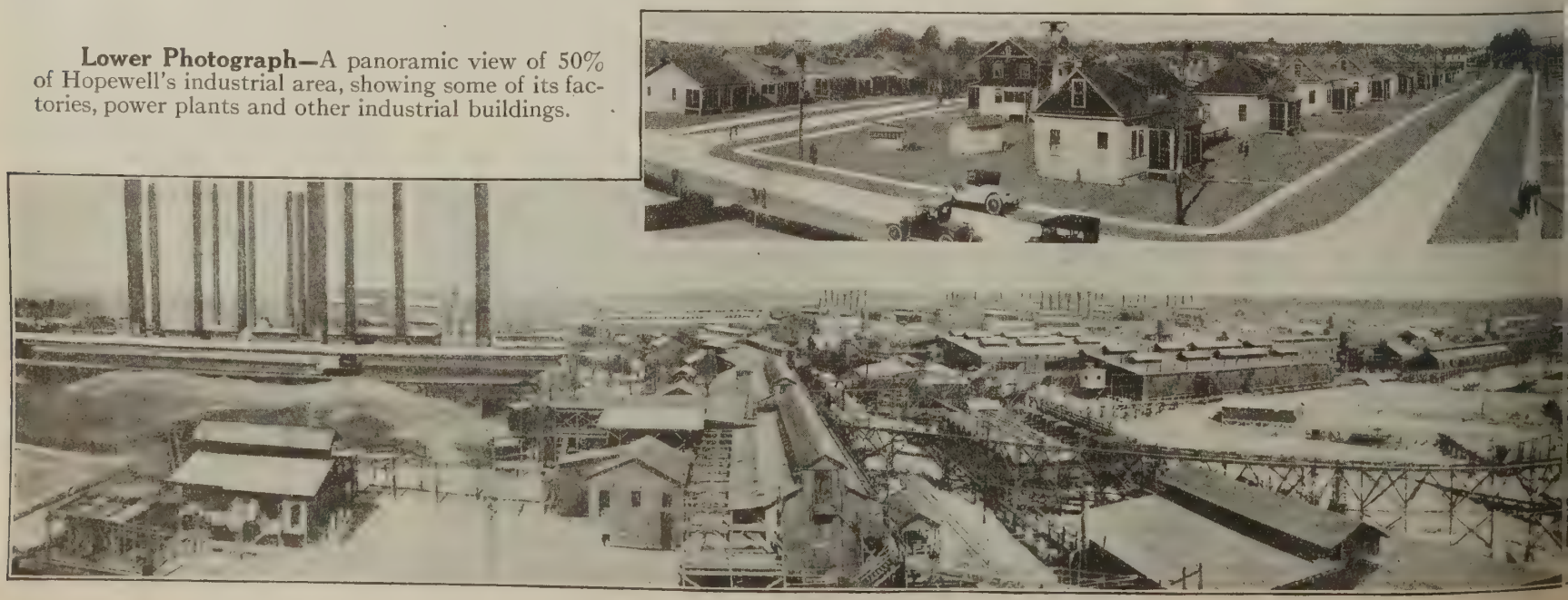
Civic environment that makes Hopewell a good plac live and rear a family.

Adequate financial help to take care of legitimate deve ment or expansion and expert technical advisors and indus engineers to aid in solving your problems.

In short, the essentials to make your business a gre success are at Hopewell.

Hopewell Has No "Housing Problem"

There are hundreds of bungalows, cottages and houses, with lawns and gardens bordering on well-paved streets, as shown in photograph below. These homes, equipped with all modern conveniences, are ready for immediate occupancy by Hopewell work



Lower Photograph—A panoramic view of 50% of Hopewell's industrial area, showing some of its factories, power plants and other industrial buildings.

An answer to the question of—

Factory Costs and Profits

Tidewater Port

This Industrial District is about eighty miles west Norfolk and twenty-three miles south of Richmond at junction of the Appomattox and James rivers,—in ly part of Chesapeake Bay.

It is a railway centre with trunk-line connections points North, West and South. It is a tide- port with steamer connections with trans- tic, South American and coastwise ports. Its ing facilities compare favorably with those of g port cities.

Low Fuel Costs

The Pocahontas and New River coal fields, which ce the best steam coal in the world, lie within a hauling distance and assure a constant supply of riced fuel.

Raw Materials

Hopewell is in the centre of a region rich in natural rces. Iron, manganese and nickel ore mines are ent to the district. Close by lie important deposits ck, tile and pottery clay, mica, soapstone, tita- green sand, shell marls, moulding sand, mineral and Virginia limestone.

Within a radius of fifty miles are produced annually 00,000 feet of timber available for lumber or for and paper making; 25,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of peanut other crops valued at over $5,000,000. Each of products offers opportunities to manufacturers.

Labor Problem

Labor, both skilled and unskilled, male and female, be recruited from the surrounding territory to all needs. Within the space of a few weeks, the Pont Company recruited 30,000 workers. Low costs have kept and should continue to keep at a fair level. Strikes are unknown.

NOTE

As its name implies, the Du Pont Chemical Company is not a real estate concern. We have these factories, factory sites and other buildings—a limited number—which we offer for immediate sale ***direct*** to manufacturers, at attractive terms. We are employing the most powerful and the quickest means of disposing of our peace surplus and of acquainting the public with the opportunities Hopewell offers. It will be a matter of first come first served. Quick action is advisable. Write or wire today for data.

Climate

Hopewell's climatic and general health conditions are unsurpassed. Mean summer temperature is 75° and the mean for the entire year, 58°. Annual rainfall, 46 in. Hopewell is never ice, snow or flood bound, being entirely free from extremes of weather that interfere with business.

Factories and Sites

Hopewell was designed for the production of gun cotton on a colossal scale. In less than a year it rose from a quiet little town to an industrial city of over 40,000 population.

Hopewell now presents opportunities to manufacturers unique in history—factory buildings easily adaptable to many kinds of manufacturing—1200 acres available for factory sites with ***railway sidings already built.***

Great Power Plants

Hopewell has three gigantic and modern power plants; a total capacity of 60,000 h.p., ready to supply manufacturers with steam, electricity, heat, light and air pressure in any quantities at a surprisingly low cost.

Pure Water Plentiful

Water of hygienic purity is drawn from filtration plants with a daily capacity of 50,000,000 gallons—more than enough to supply a city of 500,000.

Best Fire Protection

Fire protection is the same as when the manufacture of gun cotton made extraordinary protection imperative. Maximum fire protection means low insurance.

Homes for 12,000 Workers

Hopewell has cottages, bungalows, apartments and dormitories sufficient to accommodate 12,000 workers. In addition, it has clubs, hotels, churches, schools, commissary operating on a low cost-plus basis, stores, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and all the public utilities and civic improvements that constitute a modern city.

Hopewell is a city without a "housing problem"; a city where profiteering is unknown; a city where, compared with some cities, the workers' fifty cents buys a dollar's worth of goods; a city where living ceases to be a losing struggle. In brief, Hopewell is a city where the average man would like to live and rear his children.

Write or Wire Us!

Our experts—Technical, Industrial, Traffic—will gladly study your specific requirements, investigate your problems of raw materials, manufacturing processes, transportation, and give you an unbiased report as to the adaptability of Hopewell (plant sites, present available equipment, raw materials, etc.) to your special needs. This service is free. It may lead to the solution of your problems. Get in touch with us promptly.

Du Pont Chemical Company

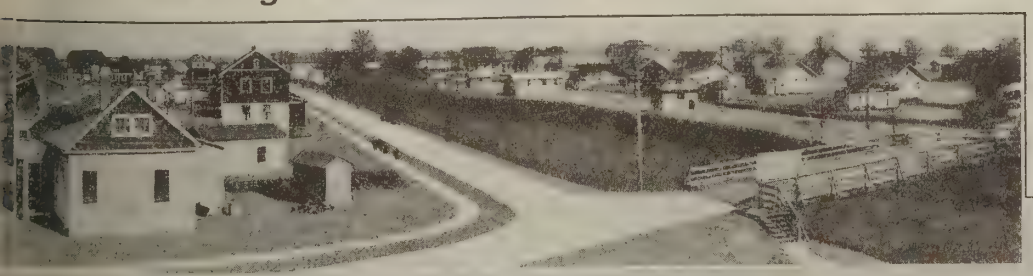
Incorporated

Wilmington, Del.

or the

Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.

A Deep Water Wharf ↓



(Continued from Page 141)

to be a great detective in the sense that he could take a clew and build a case from it or take physical facts and build a clew from them. He was modest about his abilities in investigation and deduction, and there were others who surpassed him in the ability to name a crook from the crook's handiwork. But hand Ben Porterson a slip bearing the identity of a wanted man upon it and give him money and time enough and he would bag that wanted man unless death beat him. The man was doomed, because Porterson would go into his usual haunts, locate some faithless friend or some enemy, employ force, politics, pressure, blackmail or threat, find out his victim's whereabouts and shortly pounce upon him. With his prisoner shackled then Ben would conduct him back to the county seat where his presence in criminal proceedings was demanded and on the way chat reminiscently of the crook's past, of which it often chanced Ben could remember even more than he himself.

Porterson was strictly a specialist, with what might be termed nothing more than an occasional sphere of usefulness. Therefore the Pendleton Bureau—which not only thought highly of Ben but also believed in getting value received for even a good man's services—kept him busy when there was no fresh scent for him to follow as a sort of chief clerk in its correspondence department. There he was a figurehead, however. The brains of the department and the active official in discharging the work thereof was a slight, fair-haired, neat and swiftly moving young woman known as Lucia Galloway. Lucia knew the outside business of the Pendleton Bureau better than anyone in the whole staff, save perhaps old Jerome Pendleton, its head. Because of Lucia the place of chief clerk in this department was a sinecure. Ben Porterson employed his ample leisure therefore in playing practical jokes, sometimes spreading them over two or three continents, just for the sake of handing himself a laugh. Lucia did not approve of some of these jests—such of them as she could were oftentimes curtailed adroitly and their aim defeated, much to Detective Ben Porterson's mystification.

Lucia was beginning to believe that it was about time to assert her censorship again. Partly her feeling was due to the fact that the Big Bend bank robbery was keeping her busy and ought to have been keeping Ben Porterson busy, even though it was not; but mainly she was moved to interfere because she had conceived a warm feeling of interest in Porterson's latest butt. This was a man named Bodie Mallard—postmaster at a small and hitherto unheard-of desert point called the Two Buttes. This Mallard had written in weeks before asking modestly whether the Pendleton Bureau had place for a new man who desired to show what he could do in the finger-print department. Porterson, to whom that first letter had come, had roared with delight and had seized upon this opening for his favorite pursuit with avidity.

One morning when there was a particularly heavy mail and when replies were beginning to pour in from the four quarters of earth reporting no trace of information that would assist the Bureau in identifying or arresting the mysterious man who had robbed the Big Bend bank of $38,000 in currency, Ben Porterson leaned back in his chair, waving a sheet of paper he had just perused and breaking into a shout of glee.

"It's the humpbacked hick again, Lucia!" he cried delightedly. "The bird with the finger-print bug and the towering ambition! Listen to this!"

"Haven't time!" Lucia objected a little tartly, slipping a new sheet into her machine.

"Take it then! This is fat! You can't beat this bird! Hand him a line of chatter about how good he is in his favorite brand of nuttiness and he swells up like a cop after his first pinch. He says ——"

"I don't care what he says, Mr. Porterson. I think it's a crime the way you treat that man."

"Man? Listen, dearie! I can describe this Mallard duck to you so's you can see him without shutting your eyes. A freckle-faced kid, with a big mouth and plenty of use for it, that gets his ideas of detective work from the magazines and his hunch on crime from the movies. He's the kind that sits in the tenth row every time they put on a new show; and when he's off duty delivering the eight letters and two Fireside Friends that come in in the mail he goes out in front and tells the world how good he is. I'm giving this guy what's coming to him."

"I don't think you've got him right at all!" Lucia snapped, jerking her typewriter carriage over crossly. "I'll say he's a man—which is more than I could say about some people I know that aren't as far away as Two Buttes."

"Ouch, there! That's my wife's husband you're jabbing, I'll bet. But here!"

He spread the letter out and read above the clatter of Lucia's machine:

"Gentlemen: If you haven't time to put me on there right now it doesn't matter. But I have been thinking you might send me any news you get about criminals coming this way or some finger prints or descriptions of men you want to locate, because even if Two Buttes is off the map such things have happened as fugitives beating it into our country at times.

"I don't know as I wrote you before that I took a course in detective training. It was in the Royal and not much, I'll say, but even if it isn't in the same class as the Pendleton, I am a two-fisted guy and feel like I might do your business without having to yell for help. So send me anything you would like done, especially in the finger-print line, which I sort of specialize in. Hoping to hear from you,

"Your friend,

"BODIE MALLARD."

Ben Porterson waved the letter aloft.

"Whoops—and three whoops!" he cried. "Come on, Lucia, I'll lay him a line of chatter this time. Take a letter."

Lucia hesitated for just a moment. Then deciding that strategy would be better than defiance, she crossed with her notebook dutifully and pot-hooked Ben Porterson's message.

It began with acknowledgment of Mallard's generous offer of assistance and stated that the offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. In proof thereof the bureau was inclosing circulars concerning criminals very much wanted by the authorities and also a few cards bearing reproductions of finger prints of men who were in particular demand for particularly heinous crimes. Mr. Mallard was urged to do what he could at once and report progress. Lucia sniffed and went back to her typewriter to transcribe. To be more exact, she went back to translate the message from Porterson Chicagoese into intelligible English—also to edit it warily. And meanwhile Porterson, kneeling over a dust-covered file, was exhuming a batch of ancient and worthless advertising matter, reward circulars and finger-print files.

"We've got the duck wabbling!" he cried, purple with his posture and his amusement. "Here's a lot of paper that's been dead almost as long as the men it's about—and here's some finger prints that must have been made when the angels were looking for Cain in the Garden of Eden. Be-lieve me, when the hard-boiled duck of Two Buttes County gets these he'll pinch the village schoolma'am for complicity in the Haymarket riots and next thing we'll hear he'll be wiring that he's got the town constable in the jug for helping to blow up the Maine in '98. Whoops, my lamb! This is going to be good!"

Lucia Galloway was frowning.

"I don't see that this Mr. Mallard has done anything to you," she argued wrathfully. "Lay off him."

"Done anything to me, my dear! Say, hearken to me—he's got me scared for my job, that's what he's done! If the chief ever gets this Mallard in here out I go. Bodie Mallard, the boy terror of Two Buttes Gulch. Well, I should say yes! That's why I'm doing this—I'm jealous. Ho! ho! ho!"

"I believe that you're telling the truth for once."

"Sure I am! I admit it!"

"Mr. Mallard is probably twice the man you are. You make me sick—hanging it on him this way."

"Don't kid yourself, little one. He's a hick with a hump, this bird is. If I thought he was human I'd let him down light; but I know his breed. Come on through with the letter—we'll gaff him while he's breathing hard."

Lucia typed in a rage. Porterson returned to his desk, chuckling and dusting his hands. As he sat down an office boy came in with a special-delivery letter.

"It's from the chief—in Big Bend," the boy volunteered, showing his excitement. "Maybe they've got something."

"Maybe your widowed mother will be walking to the graveyard behind your corpse if you don't clear out of here, young fellow," Porterson responded cheerfully. "Beat it now—I'll read my own mail."

The boy disappeared on wings. Ben Porterson slit the envelope. His interest was as keen as the errand boy's had been, however much he tried to conceal it. As a matter of fact, the whole Pendleton Bureau was on tiptoes. The Big Bend robbery had done it. And the reason lay here: Just when most of the dangerous safe crackers and burglars of the world had been catalogued, identified and safely placed and when it began to appear that nothing new under the sun could be worked out by that branch of the criminal element, along had come some person out of thin air who had robbed the State Trust and Banking Company of Big Bend, under the very noses of two policemen and a night watchman, without leaving a trace or a clew of any sort on which to operate in his pursuit and without dropping anything that could be construed or translated as a hint of his identity. This in itself was unusual but not astounding until the Pendleton Detective Bureau's biggest client took a sudden interest in the matter.

This client was the Federal Casualty and Liability Company. Its officers reasoned more deeply than did the police. The Federal carried most of the burglar protection insurance of the Western and Middle-Western banks of America—in round figures a staggering total of half a billion dollars of it, to be exact. The Big Bend robbery was baffling—apparently its contriver was dangerously and alarmingly clever and daring. If he could walk into Big Bend under the eyes of the authorities and walk out unscathed and apparently unhurried with $38,000, what was to prevent his repeating the performance in other banks, under the same circumstances, month after month indefinitely until the Federal Casualty and Liability Company would be compelled to get some insurance written for itself? The answer from the turmoil made over the matter appeared to be—"Nothing!" At any rate, the alarm of the Federal had communicated itself in terms of the most concentrated and widely organized activity to the Pendleton Detective Bureau. Big Bend had been visited in person by one representative of the firm after another, and finally when the subordinates could find nothing at all the superiors went. Now there were in Big Bend, as Ben Porterson had excellent reason for knowing, no less a party than one comprising Jerome Pendleton, chief of the bureau; E. B., his younger brother; Mortimer Bridge, former Scotland Yard man and the highest-salaried detective in America; and S. S. S. Nairn, the man whom the magazine writers glorified because—they said—he could deduce a complete crime from a spot of blood or describe the scenes of a bomb outrage by examining a piece of cloth torn from the body of one of its victims. These incomparables had been in Big Bend for two weeks without finding anything. They confessed as great confusion of mind as any who had gone before them. But now in the special-delivery letter Ben Porterson held——

Ben momentarily forgot Bodie Mallard, the hick with the hump, and read:

"B. L. P., Chicago Headquarters: Bridge has found a cigarette butt in rooms across the street from the bank that may lead to something. We have a description of the man from the landlady, though a poor one. Inclosed you will find copies we have had made of cigarette-butt print—get on the job with them at once and wire if you can check them up with anything in our records.

"Don't waste time looking up petty-larceny thieves—this fish is a big one.

"Nairn and J. P. are leaving for Chicago in the morning and that will leave you free to get out on the case if you can connect up this print. Federal Company offers $5000 and we double it. If you net this crook one-half the reward is all yours. Hop to it.

"E. B. P."

Ben Porterson dropped the letter and reached for the finger-print copies. There were four of them, photographed on thin paper. He clutched at them, picking up only three. Shouting something unintelligible over his shoulder at Lucia, he dashed from the room and ran toward the bureau of identification. The stenographer concluded that he had directed her to mail his letters, so she crossed to pick them up, carrying the one just written to Bodi lard with her.

Under the two or three she r stamped and sealed up Lucia ca the brief note from the younger Pendl the one that had sent Ben Porterson ing from the room. With growing i she read it through. Then she g down. On Porterson's desk were the old documents he had been prepar send to Bodie Mallard in pursuance stupendous practical joke. Lucia them up impatiently and threw the the wastebasket. Then she saw a graphic copy—marked "Bridge—B.—Big Bend"—of a fingerprint. paused, frowning.

Then quite deliberately she too photograph and put it into the en addressed to Bodie Mallard. On th tom of his letter she wrote in her fine, hand:

"In place of finger prints refer above we are inclosing print found scene of Big Bend bank robbery. Th wanted is a burglar and there is thousand-dollar reward for his Good luck, Mister Man on the Dese

And then, hesitating between the r stamped name of Porterson and no ture at all, Lucia was suddenly seize an irresistible impulse. She bent ov desk, initialed her postscript "L. sealed up the letter and its impude unauthorized addendum and the in Big Bend robbery finger print, ran in hall before she could have time to what she ought to do and mailed the It shot by her in the dark mail chu disappeared.

Lucia caught her breath.

And then, laughing defiantly, she back to find Ben Porterson in an doorway bellowing:

"Got him! Said so all the time. man that turned the Big Bend t Charley Adams, alias the Twister! watch my smoke!"

V

"TEN twos," the man at the w said laconically.

Bodie Mallard reached for the dra

"Nice day," he ventured sadly.

"Yes."

"Not so hot."

"No."

"Hot enough to make stamps though."

"I suppose."

"Put 'em in an envelope for you?

"Go ahead."

Bodie fumbled under the shelf.

"Stranger here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Going through, or stopping?"

"Going through."

Bodie fumbled with the flap of t velope into which he put the ten tw stamps and dropped it.

"Dog-gone it!" he complained lu ously. He stooped to reach for the p "Get clumsier all the time, seems lil

He recovered the envelope and pa over, holding the stranger with his

"Like the country, do you?"

"No. Came on business."

"Going on into Gould Valley?"

"Don't know yet. Maybe."

Then the postmaster uttered an mation with an aggrieved note in it.

"Drat it! I've given you the envelope. Here's your stamps. My take."

The other eyed him suspiciously moment. Then:

"Oh, all right!"

"Hope I'll see you round."

"You may."

"Anything I can do for you any time

"I'll let you know."

"So long."

The other man did not seem to hea walked out. Bodie chuckled.

"Got your finger print, though, bor," he commented half aloud.

He took with him the envelope h handed out first and walked to his where he dusted the surface of the tainer with lampblack.

A sharply delineated finger print ju out at him.

"Dandy!" he ejaculated. "Jim d Hm-m-m!"

He was bending over it, magni glass in hand, when George Munroe prietor of the Eagle House, came in. roe was always jocular.

(Continued on Page 146)

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PRISCILLA DEAN
"I find Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo very beneficial to my hair. It is a fine shampoo."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo."

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

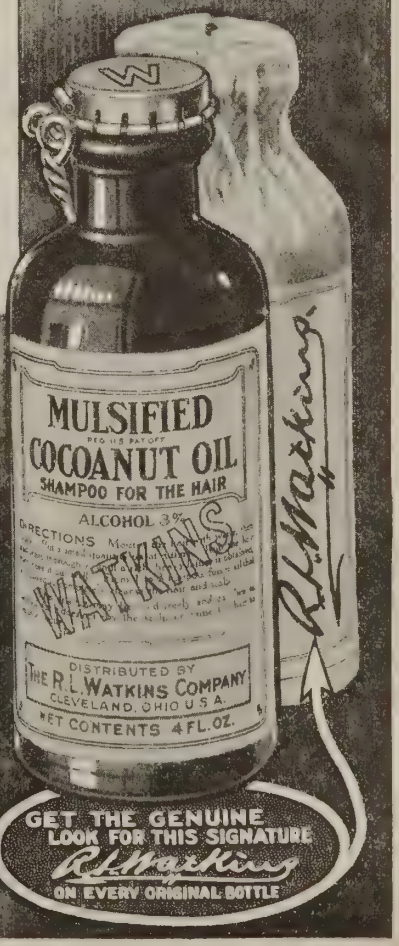
Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

PAULINE FREDERICK
"I find the stimulating after effects of Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo very delightful."

LOUISE HUFF
"If my hair is light and fluffy, it is because I use Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo."

MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used Watkins Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo."



(Continued from Page 144)

"Well, old Hark-to-the-tombs," he opened up in his vigorous manner, "how's stamps to-day? Gone up any?"

"Not in wholesale lots," Bodie responded heavily.

"Not in—haw-haw-haw! I'll take ten cents' wuth then. Any news?"

"Not much. Stranger just in."

"Oh, Mr. Smith? Yes, saw him coming this way a while back. Quiet fellow, Smith—capitalist, they tell me. Looking at borax properties most likely. He don't have much to say round the ho-tel, but I got the idea he just happened through. Said something about missing a train at the junction—cussed, too, pretty neat. Wanted to know if you could make good connections on the narrow gauge south-bound."

"Well, he can't."

"I told him so. But as I said to him—about the only way a fellow can see the world these days is between trains. My uncle Mort, now, was that way. Ever think of that, Bodie?"

"No, can't say I have."

"Wuth thinking about. Uncle Mort was seafaring. Maybe I've told you——"

"Yes, several times."

"Oh, I have, eh? Uh-huh! By the way—Smith get any mail?"

"No."

"Send some off, maybe?"

"No."

"Peculiar fellow, Smith. Wouldn't wonder if he was quite a man in his line. But I don't aim to pry into guests' business at the ho-tel. Better be getting back there too. So long, Bodie."

The postmaster returned to his desk. He picked up his magnifying glass again and frowned over that finger print. It was almost the first time that he had had one belonging to a man he did not know. Occasionally commercial travelers or railroad officials or mining men passed through Two Buttes, but such were known almost as soon as they alighted from their trains. Now Bodie had a print belonging to a man of whom no one knew anything at all. And for once he had a chance to test his theory. If he could determine the man's profession from the configuration of that print and prove it——

The evening mail came in. Bodie rose with a sigh and with that finger print still fixed on his mind and dumped the contents of the bag onto his sorting table. Almost the first envelope that caught his eye was addressed to himself. It was from the Pendleton Bureau. But Bodie was postmaster first—dilettante in science afterward. Faithfully he distributed the mail; with long countenance he delivered it through his wicket. It was several minutes past six before the queue outside was dissipated and he could close his window and give himself up to this letter. He stretched himself before sitting down, picked up the letter deliberately, opened it slowly.

Three seconds later he was at his small safe in the rear of the room, the safe was opened, and he was frantically pawing out his revolver, his star and his handcuffs. He stuffed them all into his pockets and ran. Breathless and perturbed he reached the Eagle House—bolted through the front door.

Proprietor Munroe gazed at him with round eyes.

"What the rinktum-diddle!" he cried. "You look like you'd seen a speerit! Don't know as I ever——"

His words were like a dash of cold water to Bodie Mallard. In his first emergency he had betrayed himself. He settled his collar nervously and drew his face down to its wonted melancholy.

"Oh, I'm all right, Munroe," he answered, trying to control his panting breath. "Just glad to get out and get a spell of air. Smith round?"

"Smith? What about him?"

"Nothing much. Thought I'd look him up."

"What for? Got something for him in the mail?"

"No. Seems to me I've known him somewheres."

"That's funny, Bodie. You didn't say anything about that at noon. Small world, ain't it, though?"

"Yes. I'm not sure, of course—about Smith."

"Well, maybe you have knowed him. My uncle Mort, now, was in Shanghai once—or maybe it was Hong-Kong—anyway, it was one of them Chinese towns—and he looked up from his tea, or whatever it was, and——"

"I remember. You told me that a couple of times, Munroe. How about Smith?"

"Oh, yes—Smith. What'd you want to know about him, Bodie?"

"Happen to know where he is now?"

"Well, right now"—George Munroe snapped his big watch open and studied its face thoughtfully—"right now I'd say he was somewheres between Warm Springs and Sandoval."

"He's what?"

Munroe straightened up with a jerk. Two or three loungers started and looked round, eying Bodie Mallard with gaping mouths. His electrified shout had stricken them dumb. Even the garrulous hotel owner was speechless. Bodie colored and grinned foolishly.

"Excuse me, Munroe," he said with a sepulchral laugh. "I thought Smith was here and you sort of surprised me. When'd he leave? Two o'clock narrow gauge?"

Munroe swallowed.

"Well, Bodie, you certainly did give me a su'prise! Never heard you yell out that way in six years, going on seven. Didn't know you could do it, you might say. Yes, Smith went down on the two o'clock. Got a telegram, I heard tell."

Bodie laughed again—that doleful laugh.

"Don't matter then," he said feebly. "See you to-morrow, like as not, Munroe."

He went out, Munroe and the others following him with their eyes.

"Somethin's wrong with Bodie," the proprietor said solemnly. "Knew that when he came in. Can't be the heat—he's used to that by this time. Wonder if he could have loaned that fellow Smith money. Just like him, that is. But if he had he wouldn't have come round yelling about it. Remember when he got roped in by that slick minister—with his yarn about his wife and children at Manitou Springs? Cleaned out of two hundred, I heard tell. But Bodie didn't yell. And this Smith, now—well, I'm dumbed!"

All Two Buttes was dumbed before the day was over, in a manner of speaking. Bodie Mallard engaged young Tom Heffner and an automobile and began careening through Two Buttes in defiance of all law and custom. In an hour he had engaged Miss Watson, Duke's sister, to take temporary charge of the post office, had paid up all his current bills and ordered his daily supply of milk stopped by the Nielsons until further notice, had waved Two Buttes a saddened farewell and had gone roaring off into the desert.

At Warm Springs he was almost peremptory toward the storekeeper—who was also station agent and lone citizen.

"Anybody get off here this afternoon on the down train, Stringer?" he demanded.

The old man cut himself a piece of black tobacco, inserted it into his mouth, rolled it reflectively, chewed for a moment, spat and then responded:

"Yep. Ladd Adams and his wife. What Ladd thinks he's a-goin' to do with that quarter section of his out by the red butte beats me. I wouldn't give him five dollars for the whole——"

"Nobody else off here then, Stringer?"

"Nope." The Warm Springs autocrat stopped to expectorate, doing it lavishly. "Not to-day. Yesterday there was a couple——"

"All set, Tommy?" Bodie interrupted. His driver nodded.

Stringer rose.

"You ain't goin' through to the junction, air you, Bodie? Well, I declare to David! What's the excitement?"

"Just looking for a friend. So long! Go ahead, Tommy!"

They went off in a cloud of alkali dust, leaving Stringer alone and disgusted. Into Sandoval Junction at midnight Bodie went straight to the station. Milt Ferris, the agent, was pulling on his shoes preparatory to making smooth the progress of the one o'clock overland—Number Twenty-two. He stared at Bodie, standing long framed and sepulchral in the door frame, with open amazement.

"Well, Bodie, what you doing here?"

"Business," Bodie answered as melancholy as ever. "Had a deal on with a man in Two Buttes and he got away before it was finished up. Got to reach him. Anybody get off here to-day—stranger, I mean?"

"From the down train? Two. Drummer from Omaha and a little quiet guy. The little guy went on out."

"West?"

"West. On Number Sixteen."

"When did she leave?"

"Seven-ten."

"That was my man, all right. Fellow named Smith. Forgetful cuss."

The station agent crossed to his door and lighted a lantern. Bodie spoke again.

"He bought a ticket, I suppose."

"Yep. San Berdoo."

"Dog-gone it! Guess I'll have to go on there."

"Must be important, Bodie."

"Is, sort of."

"Big deal?"

"Round ten thousand."

"Gee krikes! I didn't know you were in the land business—or is it a mine?"

"Don't know what you would call it exactly, Milt." Bodie sighed heavily. "Kind of more like renting apartments, I guess—for a long term."

"You old son of a gun! I always heard you had an income somehows. Folks said you had plenty to squander on fool enterprises, anyhow. Apartments, eh? East?"

Bodie scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," he said. "And they're not my apartments." The idea tickled his fancy and he grinned slightly. A grin always looked surprising on Bodie's gaunt face. "I'm just arranging the deal, you might say. Another party has the empty apartment—I'm going to talk Smith into taking it. That's all."

Milt Ferris, puzzling profoundly, moved over to his telegraph key and opened a call for the end of the division. Over his shoulder, while the key clicked loudly in the shadowy room, he said:

"Well, you're certainly the old mum effigy, Bodie. Hope you make a million—that's me. Want me to get you a berth?"

"You might," Bodie said after pondering. "I expect I'll need sleep next few days—better get it while I can."

Tommy Heffner was dismissed presently with orders to return to Two Buttes and say nothing—and with a silver dollar as token of esteem. Presently Number Twenty-two came in, thundering. Bodie Mallard boarded the third car and presently she went westward, roaring. Bodie doubled up his long legs and arms and crowded himself gingerly into his berth, guided by an ungracious and sleepy porter. When he had switched on his berth light and kicked off his boots, Mallard drew a quilt over his long frame and lay back contemplating this unwonted activity of his. Not until then did he have time to remember that letter from Chicago. Something about it had caught his eye at his hurried first reading. He tried to remember what it was. Finally he drew the missive from an inner coat pocket, unfolded it and read:

"In place of finger prints referred to above we are inclosing print found on scene of Big Bend bank robbery. The man wanted is a burglar and there is a ten-thousand-dollar reward for his arrest. Good luck, Mister Man on the Desert! L. G."

Bodie frowned. Who was L. G.? And wasn't that a strikingly unprofessional twist at the end thereof? And wasn't it all in a woman's handwriting? Indubitably. L. G.—Laura, Lizzie, Leila, Lindy—no, not good enough! "Good luck, Mister Man on the Desert!" Why?

Bodie felt his ears burning curiously. His heart beat faster by at least three pulsations to the minute. He closed his eyes, holding the sheet of paper carefully beside him. Here was a new mystery—mystery for a detective. He smiled, and as his mouth relaxed and the smile spread his face lost momentarily its wonted cast of melancholy. Drowsily Mallard tried to bring his mind back to the pursuit of the stranger whose finger print tallied with the one the Pendletons had sent him. He was the man who had robbed the Big Bend bank, was he? That quiet little guy? Where was he now? Whither would this chase lead? And at its end would there be any explanation of the postscript from the Pendleton office? L. G. L. G.

Ten thousand dollars reward! Too much money. And yet with ten thousand dollars a man could buy a little place, build a little home, make it comfortable for a woman—a woman like L. G. perhaps.

Bodie Mallard slept—with a childlike smile on his big homely face.

VI

FRANK E. SMITH, alias Charley Adams, alias F. B. Forbes, alias many other names, but most familiarly known as the Twister, was almost fanatic fident of the infallibility of his pla had operated with precision and ness at Big Bend; they operated for a fortnight of leisurely progr his departure therefrom. Even incident occurred that momentar rupted the calculated plot of his v was not disturbed. Now that he h his getaway from the scene of his b and that without leaving a trac for the most vigilant of pursuer were of no consequence. So he ch itinerary without qualms.

What happened was that at New Mexican railroad junction t er's roaming glance from his car suddenly lighted on the familiar form of a detective he had known very favorably—in Philadelphi named Bowden. Bowden was onto the Twister's train with a he case in his hand. The burglar superstitious, but he did believe was bad luck to travel in the sa with a detective whom he knew on sight would know him. The gathered his belongings together etly left the car—for good.

But five minutes later he found in a regular hornets' nest of offi train robber, whose activities had several Western lines for months, traced to this locality and the cl gathering. The Twister sought office, made a few careless inquirie he could get a narrow gauge out int uninhabited desert country in ten or such a matter and bought a ticke Gould Valley and Eastern on t He was told that by lying over a d town of Two Buttes he could get train northward connecting with S cisco lines or that he could come far as Sandoval Junction and res southwestern trip. The Twister ch Buttes as a very likely place in rest and commune with his soul- communicate with his friend and in-law, Nat Dorgan, on important Thus he became the guest of Geor roe and the Eagle House and flashed across the ken of Bodie Ma

Meantime, however, he had sen to Dorgan which had brought hin arrival at Two Buttes the following telegram:

"Frank Smith, Two Buttes: Yo located by company. Better postpo ments until present flurry passe rettes poor buy. Money forwarded destination eleventh. Dor

The Twister frowned as he re message. The police had picked trail at Big Bend. They had their r The cigarette sentence was a puzzle had something to do with the clew t tripped him. His bank account h sent to the Los Angeles bank pr agreed upon. But in the meantime was necessary. He wired Dorgan i ing him to report any new develo immediately.

Two Buttes knew him—sketchily be judged from Proprietor Munroe ments in the matter—for three day there came a telegram from Dorga read:

"Porterson of P. D. B. Company t compete in your market, but seem having small success. Safe to ship original plan. N.

The Twister laughed quietly.

"That big stiff, Ben Porterson, ha much chance as a dollar in a crap ga mused. "He'll grab off some stool yeggs and razz 'em and betwee they'll turn up all the old roosts an everybody sore—and get nothing. son hasn't got any imagination. Me desert? It wouldn't penetrate with a lifetime and a half. I can move n

As a matter of fact the burglar s Detective Porterson's method accu The big man's success depended tale-bearing of other criminals an despised characters known as stool —inhabitants and familiars of the world who, for a few doses of their h drug, for a bottle of strong drink o hundred dollars will tell anything know or can find out. If they can f nothing—as the Twister well knew will concoct plausible theories as fac this case their activity would result terson's chasing will-o'-the-wisps o mation in the purlieus of the big

(Continued on Page 149)

(Continued from Page 146)

he the Twister had been accustomed to
dout. The infallible plan, built so
ir akingly in those four years of peniten-
r experience, had taken this very fact
o ccount—therefore the Twister in the
ld of the Southwestern deserts.

T tell the truth, however, Dorgan's
rngs worried the burglar. If he had
e going back to his old life of crime he
u have been less careful; would have
oded more on the luck of the reckless
u Now everything in the world was at
k because he was determined to go
a it and he wanted to do it peaceably
l uietly and without having to cover
y acks. Dorgan had access to police
o ation that aforetime had proved ac-
ra. Unquestionably some slip had oc-
r.—the Twister racked his brains to
e ine wherein the impeccable plan
l illen short. He decided finally that
a his cigarette butts had fallen into the
h of the astute dicks of the Pendleton
v e. They might be able to identify
a probably they had done so. After
a nding him was another matter. And
e 'wister had a certain respect for Ben
r son.

"he's hep," he communed sourly, "it's
f a hide out. Damn the cheesy luck!
dhe turning straight too!"

He left Two Buttes at once, determined
m ke connections at Los Angeles with
. ter Dorgan would have waiting for
h ere containing all the news. Out of
h val Junction, roaring westward, he
ga to reconstruct his pet plan. One idea
w n him. He had never been through
e sert before—had avoided it on his
e Western trips, as a matter of fact. But
w e began to be fascinated by it. A man
il lose himself here. With his eye he
r ed the country as they skittered
o h its baking wastes, looking for pos-
le efuge. He got into conversation with
br vn and taciturn mining man in his
s d from him extracted a good deal of
or ation about water holes far from
il ation and visited only by occasional
in incurious desert men, always content
m d their own business. His acquaint-
e hen discoursed on some possibilities
r were in this country for reclamation
a nall way; described isolated spots he
e of where a man who did not mind
el ess could make himself a garden in
w ste.

Th Twister turned this over and over in
m nd. It was what he wanted—a gar-
in the midst of this desolation where he
ul loaf and read a little—as he had
wa wanted to do—and live, and where
w uld not have always to be watch-
in ir pursuers—watching and dodging.
Ma e, he thought, that this idea had
ne occurred to him before. And he
wa such interest that the desert man
di him a rough sketch map, locating one
th articularly adapted to this project.
He the Twister reached Los Angeles he
in Dorgan's news the very worst pos-
le Ben Porterson was headed westward
th another of the Pendleton sleuths.
Te porarily the stuff was off. The best
in lay in hiding out.

Fi days later, outfitted for two months
m re and guided by a grim, scowling,
an old man answering to the name of
Jo my Joe, the Twister was in the midst
th desert north of Barstow, bending a
co toward the oasis the man on the
ma ad described and which Dummy Joe
di ith a snort of scorn that he could find
by. As Joe understood it, this tenderfoot
wa til to prospect for land with a spring
it Joe himself wanted nothing better
mu ch a patron. After months in cities,
an searching for a stake, he was once
re punching it behind heavily packed
co in his own country and with his
ou secured. The partnership was mu-
ll satisfactory. And the silence be-
tw the two silent men was as heavy as
th nd of heat that lay on the land they
ve d.

At the end of a week they had penetrated
th ilderness to its deepest part. They
re ar to the northwest of their point of
en Dummy Joe waved a lean claw
st rd and indicated that they were
no equally distant from another line in
th rection where lay scattered outposts
m n. When the burglar saw the place
wa which his glum guide had been lead-
in he laughed quietly. It was what
he dreamed of finding. A squat line of
is either hand of a wide desert cañon—
ro y a valley—narrowed down to where
ra sverse outcropping of rock formed a
hidden reservoir for winter waters. These waters bubbled and boiled in a clear spring round which lush grass grew, and two or three green though wind-bent trees. Northward the fastnesses of desert mountains, forbidding and deadly, rose as a barrier to travel—southward was the desert over which a man could look until his eyes wearied and still not see the outermost rim. Dummy Joe made camp; drew a crude map of their location and its distant supply points on those two far-away railroad lines. The Twister folded the scrap of paper, put it inside his shirt and then said abruptly:

"I've got what I need now, Joe. Guess you'll be traveling."

The old desert rat started—stared.

"How's that?"

"We're through. You can have one burro and plenty of food to get you back. Then you'll be drifting."

"Hell I will!"

"The hell you will! I don't need you. How much do you want for your work?"

Dummy Joe tried to argue. His castles were falling about his ears. But he found the city man self-reliant, cold, ready with a black automatic gun that seemed hair-triggered. In the end, naming his price and receiving generous payment promptly, he repacked a burro and left—glowering but helpless—over the track they had come.

There began then for the fugitive burglar a life filled with a vast stillness such as he had never imagined—a life of soothing calm and monotony and yet of absorbing interest and occupation. In his clumsy, unlearned way he started to make a clearing round the water hole, to plant some seeds he had brought, to move rocks and form a sort of shelter—half cave, half tent. He gloried in his strength and resourcefulness. He was king of a domain so wide that his eyes ached to contemplate it. He was competent to care for himself, was independent of all mankind, was free from all necessity for watchfulness. It made him laugh aloud to think of the weary round the authorities were going, wherever men of his stripe usually secreted themselves, searching for him—endlessly searching and finding no trace. At times the desert awed him—frightened him a little. But he controlled himself, reasoning that this very awfulness and frightfulness of desolation and magnitude were his salvation—earnests of his permanent security. And so he outfaced fear. When the sun came up in the early morning, leaping out of the horizon and hurling its heat and white light against chill and velvety darkness, this city criminal would stand up naked, with arms outstretched, and feel new strength and a glory of freedom roused and sent pounding through his veins. In a week he was drunk with the desert.

A thin, straight ribbon of smoke, gray against a turquoise sky, brought the fugitive upstanding one morning. He watched it intently, all his senses acute. But when it had disappeared, melting in the fierce sunlight, he laughed at his own surprise and consternation. Nevertheless, he was conscious of it all day and when evening came he began looking off in the expectation of seeing it again. Instead he discovered at last a sort of film of dust—a smudge against the tawny color of the sand. It did not seem either to move or to rise—rather it flattened out and was presently lost. No smoke column rose in its place. After darkness fell he looked in vain for the vivid spark of a fire in the distance. Exhausted by a day of hard work at his water hole that he was gradually enlarging and lining with stones, he ate his hearty simple meal, tidied up and fell at once into a sound sleep, dreamless.

A glare of light wakened him. At first he could not remember where he was—seemed to feel four stone walls crowding in round him once more. Then he sat bolt upright, his hand clutching the stock of his gun.

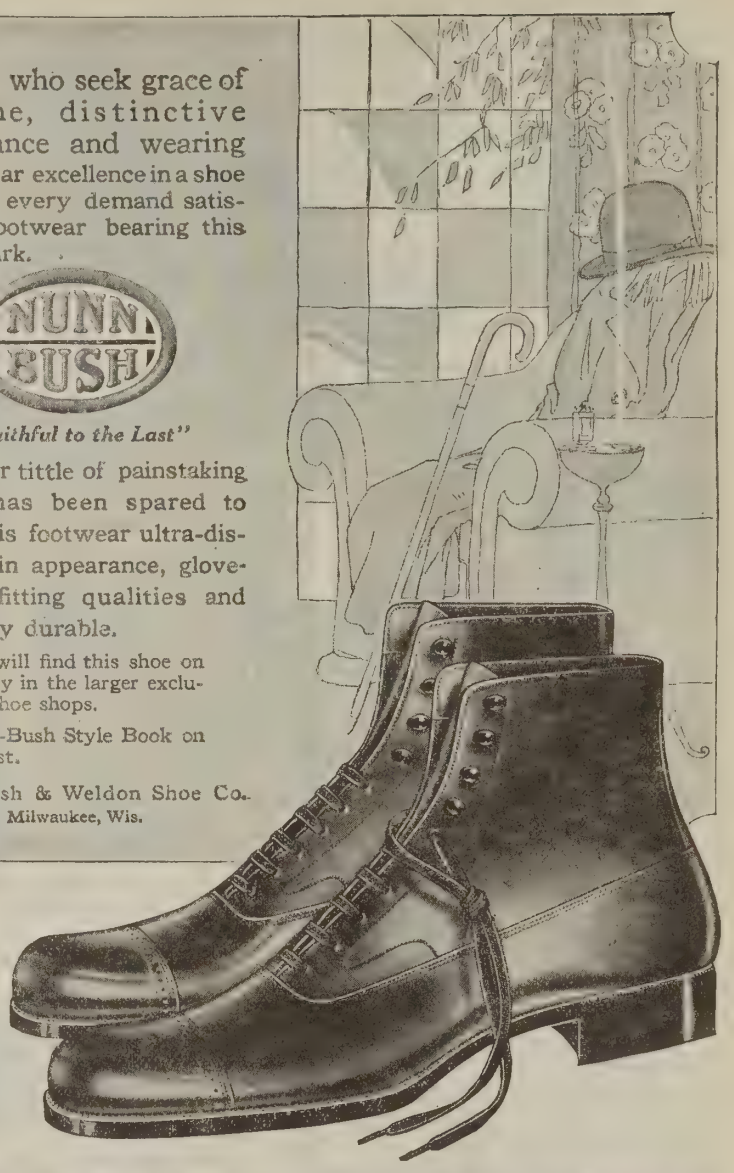
"Who's there?" he demanded harshly.

A slow voice—quiet and almost sorrowful—answered him:

"It's all right, neighbor. Just bedding down."

The fugitive leaned forward from the shelter above his head and then he saw his visitor. The latter had stirred up the fire and was bending over a roll of blankets to spread them out. A tall, gaunt horse was beyond—unsaddled and nosing greedily into grain thrown down on a sack. The city man became suddenly angry—with an unreasonable anger not unmixed with fear.

"What's the idea of horning in here, you?" he demanded. "I don't need company."



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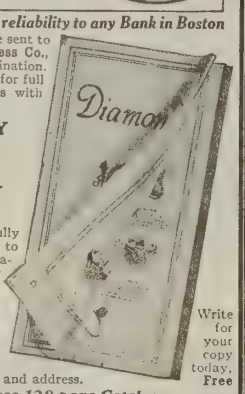

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"No, I supposed not," the newcomer answered in his sad voice. "Kind of guessed that. But I'm here."

"Well, you won't stay."

"No? Think I will. I won't need to keep you up."

The fugitive leaped to his feet, cold with rage.

"You're going on—and you're going on now!" he cried.

The other merely glanced at him without turning. The firelight fell dimly on a big homely countenance that seemed inexpressibly sorrowful.

"That's no way to act, man. You see, it kind of gives you away."

The burglar shifted the heavy gun at his side.

"I count five," he said distinctly, "and if you're still here then I plug you. Now can you understand that?"

"Yes, but that wouldn't help you any. So many people know I came this way and what I came for. I'm not going on—and you don't want to get tangled up for murder too."

There was no question in all this—it was a statement of fact. And what made it almost threatening was its melancholy. This stranger was like the voice of the land. The city man's rage ebbed.

As though against his will he blurted: "What did you come for?"

"For you."

"For me? But I don't know you. What's the game?"

"Oh, you'll know, all right! You see, Smith—if that's your name—the desert is big, but there aren't many people in it. It's just like you wore your right name on your face—out here."

There was something in this declaration that was as cold as the law. The fugitive looked round him—shivered slightly. Then seeing the utter indifference with which he—and his weapon—were accepted, he laughed sourly.

"You act as if you could get me—as if you thought you could."

The newcomer turned from his blankets.

"Why, I've got you! You can see that."

"I can't, though. Here." He stepped forward. "Let's have a look at your map!"

"My map?"

"Your ugly face. What's bothering you, anyhow—you're as sad as a funeral—why, it's the postmaster!"

"Yes. Mallard's my name. Two Buttes."

This time the burglar's laugh was amused—relieved.

"Oh, you're that bird! Seems kind of pitiful for you to get out here—up against me this way. Because you ain't going back, you know."

Bodie Mallard sighed, but there was a heavy smile on his face. He said nothing—went on with his bed-making.

Quick as legerdemain the burglar ran his hands over the narrow hips of the stooping man; continuing his search he embraced Mallard's waist lightly, then his chest. Mallard stood quietly.

"I don't carry them on me," he explained as though answering a question. "Never did carry a gun. It's in my pack with the other things."

"What other things?"

"Handcuffs and my star."

"Oh, you've got a star, have you?"

"Sort of one. Royal Detective Agency. Don't know as you ever heard of it. Kind of a fake outfit, I guess."

The fugitive burglar stepped back, completely nonplused. The child in this big visitor of his amused him, but back of the gawkiness and ineptness and innocence of this great boy there seemed something lurking—menacing. It was like the menace the Twister had felt once or twice from the desert. The desert, too, was ample, generous, unthreatening—and yet intangibly powerful, omniscient and implacable. He felt no fear for himself—knew that he could snuff out the life in that great frame in any instant—but he did feel a mysterious and indefinable nervousness and apprehension. It was quite evident that he was going to have to kill this blundering postmaster. The killing itself was nothing. But killing this overgrown child, who with gun packed in his outfit, with a tin star was playing at being a detective, seemed small game somehow—petty and—and really useless. That is, if it could be avoided. The Twister was baffled.

Bodie Mallard sat down on his spread blankets and began tugging at his shoe laces.

"I'll be turning in, I guess," he remarked as though in apology.

"All right," the burglar said helplessly. "You're tired out, eh?"

"Some. Been on your trail three weeks now. Kept me going pretty lively."

"What started you on my trail, as you call it?" the burglar inquired abruptly. "Some city bull, or something?"

"No. Sort of specialty of mine. Finger prints."

"Oh!"

"You left a cigarette at Big Bend and the Pendleton detectives found a finger print on it. I've got a picture of it in my things. And then the one I got from you on that wrong envelope—the day you bought stamps—ten twos. Maybe you don't remember."

"I don't know what you're talking about, of course."

"All right. It isn't worth arguing. You don't happen to know anybody in the Pendleton Chicago office, do you? A woman, I mean."

"What the devil are you driving at now?"

"Nothing. You wouldn't understand." Mallard went back to his shoe laces with a sigh. Then he asked unexpectedly: "What was it you did in Big Bend? I mean, what kind of a burglary was it?"

The Twister laughed.

"You seem to have that part of it settled—that I'm a burglar. If I was, wouldn't I be a bright guy to cough up? You're a queer fish!"

"I suppose so. But I'm going on the finger prints, remember. They are the same as a confession and a name and all that. And out here—on the desert—bluffing don't get you much. Ever think of that?"

"You're a queer fish, all right. We'll make a deal of some kind in the morning."

"We'll start back in the morning," Bodie Mallard answered calmly.

And he hitched about and was covered to his ears against the sharp bite of the desert air with a lugubrious "Good night."

The Twister did not sleep. He faced a problem new to him—in a country that suddenly oppressed him with its illimitable resources, its inscrutable wisdom of men, its transcendent mystery and its power over them and their affairs and their lives. He could kill the postmaster, or he could surrender to that solemn man and let himself be taken back—fettered with those toy handcuffs. But there was no other alternative. The thought that he had harbored for a moment, to buy off this melancholy Mallard, at once dissolved itself in its own essential absurdity. As well try to bribe the desert. The situation swept the burglar with hot rage and then cold fear. All his training and experience, all his desperation and his low valuation on human life were discounted here. The big child breathing deeply and regularly there in those blankets beyond the fire was not dangerous in himself but for what he represented. He was the force of the desert country—the strength, the patience, the implacability, the serene confidence. In such hands a mere armed man was pitiful—helpless. Suppose he killed the postmaster—what then? Flight or the erection of a barricade for defense here in this wilderness, with a two months' supply of food and a handful of cartridges! Because it was true—what Mallard had said. Many knew that the postmaster had come out here seeking a fugitive. He started with a sudden angry thought. Doubtless Dummy Joe had pointed the road. If Mallard did not go back soon there would be a search. And if Mallard had found him so easily—and there was Dummy Joe to guide others! That was where he had made his mistake—in thinking that in the desert a man would be safe! The place for the city criminal was in the city.

It dawned on him. And a plan began to form slowly in his mind.

In the morning, almost without words, the two started back toward Barstow, driving the pack burros before them, and—on Mallard's insistence—taking turns at riding the tall, gaunt, slow-footed horse.

VII

TO USE her own expression, Lucia Galloway was a very busy young thing. The Pendleton offices had been topsy-turvy for a month and things were getting worse. It all came of the mysterious disappearance, apparently off the very face of the earth, of a little rat of a burglar known to the police as the Twister. Not only was the concentration on this search making loads of work—especially for the correspondence department—but the irascibility of old Jerome Pendleton, the chief, over reau's complete failure had commu itself down the line until nerve fray-edged. For Lucia there had bee mentary relief that morning whe Porterson, the infallible, came in fre the Pacific Coast, reporting all scent and all trails lost. Ben was in the office now—in there for a very b hour, Lucia concluded. Her type smudging the page, and Lucia sna herself, pulling a lock of hair angril her eyes. But that hurt. She ca glimpse of herself in the mirror tu her desk top and laughed with a g

"I thought I didn't have any n she exclaimed, putting herself int porary good humor. And a messen entered. She signed for his telegra slit the envelope. Then read:

"Pendleton Detective Bureau, Chico rive Sante Fé two o'clock with m robbed Big Bend bank. I may have this guy if he tries any more fool Caught him sending telegrams. T trying not to muss him up before him, so please meet train and take him. BODIE MALLA

Lucia Galloway leaped out of he overturning it and squealing so shril two inner doors opened simultan From one issued the chief and a re detective named Ben Porterson; fr other came S. S. S. Nairn, with h hair much tousled and his eyes blo

"What the—what the ——" Per spluttered angrily.

Ben Porterson guffawed, glad of cuse for mirth.

"A mouse!" he cried with "Climb on a chair, Lucia!"

"Mouse!" There was infinite sc Porterson in Lucia's voice. "You'll Look at this! The Twister! Bodi lard! Two o'clock on the Santa Fé! so! I knew it! Oh, you big boob!"

She had passed the telegram to Pendleton and was now teetering down in front of Porterson, her ha her hips and her pumps shuffling lig the floor.

"He wrote me from San Bernardi he was on the trail. That was ten da And I didn't say anything. But you t he was a humpbacked hick! You t so! You—you ——"

Jerome Pendleton's eyes widened extended the message toward Nairn terson crowded in and read over the shoulder. The chief of the burea slack-jawed with amazement.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said slow

"Do you suppose it's correct?" asked.

Porterson snorted.

"Correct? Crazy! A chalk-heade try postmaster—this Mallard! St us! That rube!"

"You're just jealous!" Lucia Ga cried, wheeling on him angrily. true—I know it is! I've been telling a year that Mallard ——"

"Wait a minute!" Jerome Pendle terrupted. "Who is this man M What's this chatter all about? I heard of him before."

"No, you haven't, chief," Lucia re "He wrote in here asking for a job. I postmaster in a little town calle Buttes. It's on the desert. I—I lo up on a map. It's way out at the jur off place."

"I don't care about that," Pen snapped. "Where does he get in on t Bend case?"

Ben Porterson answered lamely: wrote in—said he was a correspon school detective—and asked for in tion about crooks that might come hi I took him for a rube. He is a rube. all I know about him."

"No, it isn't, Ben Porterson!" cried. "You thought you were funn you strung him along. What you wan do was to send him a lot of circulars criminals that had been dead or in th tentiary for years, but I threw them wastebasket. I don't care, either."

"Somebody will be fired in abou other minute," Jerome Pendleton r "How does this lad get in on the Tw case? That's what I want to know."

Lucia colored, but came up bravely

"I kept out a copy of that finger you found in Big Bend and I sent Mallard."

"Oh, so that's where the lost copy Hum-m-m! Go on, Lucia."

(Concluded on Page 153)

(Concluded from Page 150)

"hat's all—only look what's hap-
n!"
"m looking." Pendleton studied the
le am, smiling. "I guess you'd better
t own there at two, Nairn—and you
g take Porterson with you. If he can't
d crook he may be able to protect him
ie some humpbacked hick brings him
. may have to hurt this guy if he tries
y iore foolishness,' the boy says. Prob-
ly ucia's gentleman from the jumping-
ace has had his hands full with the
ier. But if he's got that burglar Mr.
illard can have anything in the shop!
gs all there is to that!"
Nrn went out, followed by Porterson,
ey scoffing. Pendleton himself was
o to close his door. Lucia raised her
ik
" ind if I go to the depot with them,
ie " she asked, coloring.
" ood Lord, no, child!" the big detective
ieshouted. "It's your case. Go on and
a up on it. Go anywhere you please."
A l he closed his door.

A a minute or two before two o'clock a
w ful automobile drew up to the curb
: ide street which the baggage rooms
t big station faced and three young
rn caps alighted. A fourth remained
tl machine, keeping his engine purring.
ehree went into the station by way of
:orn Street and mingled with the
ig crowds. Almost at once they saw
n'orterson and S. S. S. Nairn, whom it
s heir business to know even though
eyhemselves were unknown to the de-
t es.
" ho's the skirt with 'em, Slick?" one of
e uths asked another under his breath.
" on't know. She won't bother none.
tlm damn dicks wasn't here ——"
" ou notice they are here. We got to
vfaster—that's all. The Twister's luck
vas breaks good, Dorgan says. We'll
. Shut your yap now!"
" es, and move on up!" the third put
Here's the rattler!"
Itwas the train for a fact. The three
g forward. One left them and dis-
p red in the direction of the baggage
m. The two who remained worked up
tithey were pressing in on either side
t two detectives. Dorgan would be
t train. His part was to create confu-
noutside the gates—when the moment
r d. They were ready.
Lcia Galloway was tiptoeing as the
ii stopped—straining to see. A word
n Porterson to Nairn conveyed to her
e ct that the party of two, which they
r awaiting, had left the car. She fol-
w their eyes—saw a tall, stooping,
ai faced man with a set of melancholy
a ng him. He was speaking to some
o er man by his side, but Lucia could
t e his companion in the crowd. They
v d slowly down toward the exit.
a igh a momentary gap then she caught
g hof the prisoner—a small, tired-looking
a n a rather worn suit of rough clothes
d ith a cheap cloth cap on the back of
s lad. Even as she looked the little man
d nly whirled about and raised his
n . He was handcuffed, but from some
m e he had procured a short heavy bar,
d nis he clutched desperately. That bar
m up, flashed down—struck the tall
a heavily and caused him to falter in his
r . Lucia screamed out.
Ilitantly there was commotion—shouts,
n ision, commands, running. The two
t tives just before her started forward,
t they stumbled and fell against each other, pressed in and down by two excited young men in caps who plunged up to see. One of the detectives recovered and struck out with an oath, and someone fell back. But in the second thus gained one youth was through the gates, shouting vociferously and drawing part of the incoming crowd toward himself. At the same time a passenger beyond there caught at the tall sunburned man who had been hit and pinioned his arms, yelling something unintelligible. Meantime the handcuffed man had broken asunder the links that held the two steel bracelets together and was running through the crowd round the end of the train and toward the baggage rooms, where a side door was being slowly opened from within. Lucia watched that door, fascinated. When it swung wider she could see another open door beyond—and through that the street and a big automobile. Lucia started that way.

The whole scene was confused to her. She knew that something had gone wrong; that the Twister was escaping. But the thing had happened so suddenly! She cried "Stop him! Stop thief!" without knowing what she was doing.

Then she saw the big man who had been hit with the bar fling out his arms, send spinning the man who checked him and run with great strides toward that side door. The Twister dodged through before him and an effort was made to close the barrier. But the tall man hit it with his shoulder and it went crashing back with a splintering noise. He plunged through. As he did so a revolver barked—once. Lucia gasped. In a breath she had reached an inner side door and was leaping over trunks and baggage—was out on the street.

The little man with his broken-linked handcuffs was leaping for the running board of the automobile with a companion steadying him. The machine started with a violent jerk. But the man in the wide hat who had been struck in the train shed went catapulting after them. He flung himself on them as they tumbled into the tonneau. He was like an avalanche. He smothered them.

One of the fleeing pair fell off into the gutter. Another shot came—very loud and sudden. But the pursuing giant only shook his head. He leaped back from the machine, dangling in his arms a fighting little prisoner from whose wrists broken handcuffs depended. Policemen appeared suddenly—then Nairn and Porterson. Porterson was dragging a white-lipped youth with a low-pulled cap. Nairn ran to the curb and jerked straight the boy who had fallen there and who lay as if stunned. Two officers were on the running board of that fleeing machine—it was being forced in toward an opposite curb.

Lucia ran toward the big man and his armful of prisoner. The former was gazing down, with a slow smile on his homely face, at those broken handcuffs and chuckling a little. She heard him say: "Tin, most likely. Well ——"

Then she caught his arm.

"You're hurt, Mr. Mallard. You're all blood!"

He looked down at her, his homely face, melancholy and solemn, changing ever so slightly and his smile spreading.

"Who are you?" he demanded slowly.

"Look—you're all blood!" Lucia repeated. She wanted to shake him.

But he did not notice.

"It's nothing," he said. "Scratched—that's all. I guess I know you, don't I? You're L. G., aren't you? I don't know what makes me think so—but you are!"

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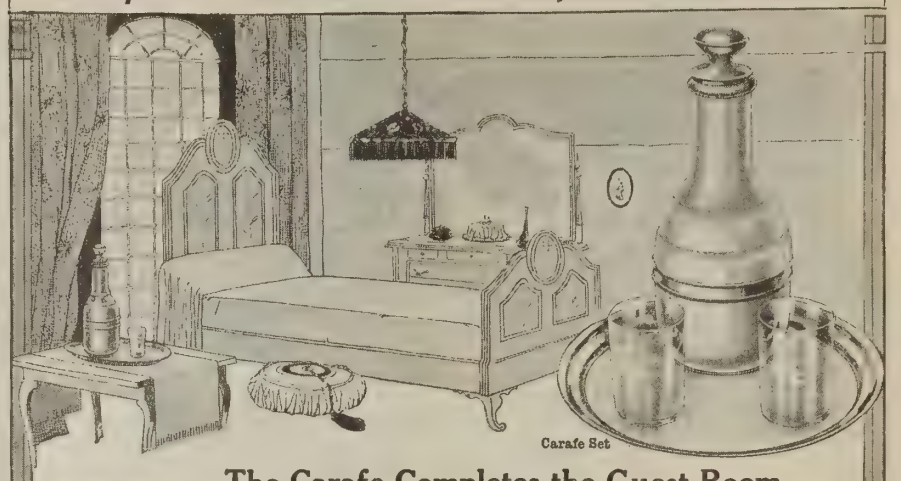

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

from personal experience and observation. It had been my good fortune shortly after having completed my studies at the Imperial Law School to be sent to the Caucasus as an attaché to the chief of the civil administration of Transcaucasia, where I spent half a year and had ample opportunity of gaining a reasoned insight into the condition of things in that outlying dominion of the empire.

Under the wise and enlightened rule of the viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, youngest brother of the Emperor Alexander II, the country had attained the heyday of its prosperity. The hill tribes in the mountain region had all been subdued and pacified, and everywhere in this beautiful land, blessed by Nature with a fine climate, a fertile soil and inexhaustible mineral wealth, reigned law and order; and the perennially warring races—Georgians, Armenians and Tartars—were dwelling side by side in peace and amity, all of them proud of calling themselves Russians.

The viceroy, himself a liberal-minded prince, brought up like his brother, the emperor, under the tuition of one of the most distinguished writers who graced the golden age of our literature, had as a ruler the invaluable assistance of the chief of his civil administration, the Baron Nicolay, descendant of a family of the Alsatian nobility, a branch of which is still flourishing in France, who was in every respect a real statesman in the European sense. Both their names will be forever identified with the memory of the golden age of the Caucasus, now vanished, never to return, engulfed in the awful catastrophe of the Russian Empire, to the bringing about of which the deluded revolutionary sons of the Caucasus have contributed more than their share.

I wonder whether they realize now the whole meaning of the crime they have committed against their own country and people in helping to destroy the only power under whose shelter they had found and could ever hope to find prosperity and security from internecine war and such a fate, too awful to contemplate, as seems to be in store for the pitiable remnants of the unhappy Armenian people, abandoned by all the world to the tender mercies o hereditary enemies and oppressors.

What I have said above about the fits conferred on Transcaucasia by t pansion of Russia in that direction with equal force to our expansion in C Asia and the gradual absorption of th ous khanates whose populations un edly fared better under the sway Russian bureaucracy, whatever its and shortcomings, than they ever did the tyranny of their native rulers. F more, the expansion of the Russian to the east by the gradual absorption whole north of the Asiatic continent simply the creation of a civilized s what had been a gigantic waste merely as hunting ground to roving of savage aborigines.

It could not be gainsaid, I should that the only criterion of the justifiab of expansion as has been practiced times by powerful states at the expe weaker neighbors must necessarily degree of the benefit conferred on t sorbed territories and their popul As to the ways and means employed achievement of such expansion, a can say is that in this respect all exp nations are living in glass houses neighborhood of which indignant throwing is a practice hardly to be mended.

If now we come to examine fro point of view of international m the attempt on our part of expansion direction of Manchuria under the g pacific penetration by railroads, ban so on, as contemplated by Witte, w admit that—this expansion never been carried through to the end and fore not having shown results which have served as a criterion for the mination of the justifiableness of th tempts—no impartial verdict can be in this case and an *a priori* condem would be manifestly unjust.

There was, however, another and more important point of view from the whole matter had to be examine that was the point of view of the vi terests of Russia herself, independen

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Primitive Method of Grinding Corn in Manchuria

(Continued from Page 154)

ght in which her contemplated ex- sh might have been regarded by the si world. In this respect several ques- ns necessarily presented themselves. st ould territorial expansion in the Far t rve any real interest of Russia and nd to any pressing need of the state? o , could the colossal expenditure in- e in the prosecution of our plan of ex- si in Manchuria be justified in the se e of infinitely more pressing needs a ing unsatisfied in Russia proper? r could the plan adopted—industrial mmercial penetration by means of rds, banks, and so on—really secure imate aim of such a policy; that is a the pacific conquest of Manchuria? r, whether we would be justified in ac- ri even the risk of war in the defence in all comers of the vast interests we quired and created in Manchuria; or hether we would be justified in sacri- g them for the sake of avoiding an e conflict with Japan.

The first of these questions I had treated atively in the memorandum I sub- i to the government in 1897 and an- r categorically in the negative. Since however, events had taken a turn c enders it necessary before approach- t examination of the remaining four s ns to revert to the origin of all our s n regard to Manchuria, which date i o the negotiations with Li Hung a at the time of the coronation festivi- i Moscow.

r of the concessions obtained from n on that occasion had been, as men- e in a preceding chapter, the permis- use in case of an emergency the port K o-Chau as a naval base for our fleet t Eastern waters. No one seemed to e tached any particular importance to a rangement, nor does it seem to have n ept secret. At any rate the Emperor l in was aware of it, and having con- e the plan of acquiring Kiao-Chau s as a naval station for his fleet and c pensation for the murder of some n missionaries in the interior of n is said to have asked in a casual way Emperor Nicholas, with whom he had in rview in Russian waters in the sum- 1897, whether he would be willing f go in his favor his priority of the t to the use of that port and suggested t e might acquire instead the use of t rthur, the latter port being in every t tuated more favorably than Kiao- a within easy reach by land from Rus- n ssessions.

Th Emperor Nicholas appears to have e his unreserved consent to this ar- g ment, and the new Minister of For- n ffairs, Count Mouravieff, seeing his n for consolidating his position by a l at diplomatic coup, undertook to l the matter with China. In this he s tirely successful, the result being the e ance at Port Arthur of our Pacific a on under the command of Admiral u ssoff for the purpose of wintering r with the consent of the Chinese Gov- m t. Then followed the conclusion at ri of a convention by which China s to Russia for a period of twenty-five r Port Arthur as a naval port and l e-wan as a port to be open to the com- r of the world, with the adjacent terri- y n the Peninsula of Liao-tong.

All his did not come about without some d iction with the British Government t subject of the future status of l e-wan, leading to *pourparlers* in the r s of which Count Mouravieff had oc- i to display his ignorance of the dif- n between an open port in the sense r ited to this expression in the Far st nd a free port, or porto franco, in the s of freedom from customs duties, e y he brought down upon himself the t unmerited reproach of intentional b-dealing.

In his matter of the projected acquisi- n Port Arthur the emperor had seen t all together and to consult some of m inisters, who, however, proved all p d to it, and among them principally e inister of Finance, Witte, and the n er of the Navy, Admiral Tirtoff, the n l impression being that it was an ad- n ous undertaking which could only d b serious complications with Japan. e ader will remember that in a preced- c apter I have shown, basing my asser- n h documentary evidence which was en n the possession of our foreign de- rt nt, that the Japanese Government el had seized this very opportunity of our acquisition of Port Arthur to show us how such dreaded complications could have been avoided, provided, of course, we had been willing to accept its perfectly fair and reasonable proposal.

However, the general opposition which the plan of the acquisition of Port Arthur had encountered on the part of all the heads of the most important departments of the government did not lay down their arms, as true patriotism would have demanded in the presence of the sovereign's decision and of the fact that this decision had actually been carried out. It took the form of a very lukewarm support of the policy, which by the exercise of the will of the sovereign, to whom alone in an absolute monarchy rightfully belonged the decision in such matters, had become the policy of the state and the nation and therefore could lay an indisputable claim to the unreserved support of those who approved it as well as of those who did not, this being the essential condition of its possible success.

The attitude of the dissenting ministers, aggravated later on by serious dissensions among themselves, sometimes leading to proceedings or abstentions bordering on underhand sabotage, not only constituted a grave embarrassment in the prosecution of the policy determined upon by the sovereign but also was the cause of the emperor's losing faith in his legitimate advisers and the regular organs of the government and ending by placing his trust in irresponsible outsiders whose backstairs influence and interference in the gravest affairs of state was bound to lead to the most disastrous consequences. For one thing, this deplorable state of affairs was perfectly well known and discounted by the Japanese Government and therefore rendered an entirely hopeless task the conduct of negotiations such as I was subsequently intrusted with.

One of the effects of the absence of unity of policy in the activity of our government departments, which made itself felt as soon as we had taken possession of Port Arthur, was the neglect of the naval department to provide at once for the urgently needed deepening of the western basin, in which there would have been ample space for the largest fleet, and for the cutting through of another channel, which would have prevented the bottling up of our fleet in a harbor with a unique and extremely narrow outlet to the open sea. The urgent necessity of such precautionary measures being taken was so self-evident that—as I was told on arrival in Japan—a Dutch firm of contractors and hydraulic engineers had at once come forward with an offer to undertake the needed works on very reasonable conditions of time and cost. Their proposal, however, had not been accepted and nothing further had been heard of the matter.

The explanation of this inactivity may have been that the naval authorities were reluctant to sanction any considerable expenditure for the improvement of a port the choice of which had not met with their approval, and that they were still clinging to the hope of some day being able to secure, after all, Masan-pho as a base for our fleet in Far Eastern waters. The result, however, of their inactivity proved to be one of the contributory causes of our defeat in the war with Japan.

I do not wish to comment adversely on their failure to have transferred our Baltic fleet to the Pacific before it was too late—a measure which if taken at the proper time might have prevented the outbreak of the war, as without the absolute command of the sea military operations on the continent could not have been attempted by Japan. Considerations of our general policy in connection with the state of affairs in Europe and with perhaps obligations undertaken by us in our treaty of alliance with France, of the contents of which I am ignorant, may have been standing in the way and rendered such transfer of the fleet possible only in case of extremity.

In approaching now the subject of the part Witte had played in the conception and direction of our policy in Manchuria, I am bound to say that though subsequently during the Portsmouth conferences we spent several weeks in daily intimate intercourse that particular subject was never discussed between us and that all I shall have to relate here is based merely on facts of common knowledge and such deductions as may logically be drawn therefrom.

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It stands to reason that his opposition to the projected acquisition of Port Arthur was inspired mainly by the purest motives of patriotic apprehension that this adventurous enterprise might lead to an armed conflict with Japan, which—he rightly thought—it was the prime duty of our policy to avoid by any means compatible with Russia's honor and dignity.

His was a constructive and creative mind. By his fostering care and powerful support he had succeeded in creating and developing industries which he intended should raise Russia from the condition of a merely agricultural state to a higher plane of economic development. He had succeeded in placing our monetary system and circulation on a solid gold basis. He had conceived and set in operation a grandiose plan of a pacific conquest of Manchuria by means of industrial and commercial penetration—railroads, banks, and so on—and he knew that the permanence of the success of his life work depended on the maintenance of peace.

What could have been more natural than that he should have looked askance at an enterprise which not only threatened most serious complications in our relations with a powerful neighboring state but also meant the intrusion of an extraneous element into a sphere he had theretofore monopolized as exclusively his own special sphere of interest and activity, where he reigned supreme with the aid of his railroad, his strongly financed Russo-Chinese bank—a hybrid politico-financial institution, which in reality was but a slightly disguised branch of the Russian treasury—and even his own army in the shape of so-called frontier guards, of which he was the commander in chief, in occupation, for its protection, of the strip of land leased to the Eastern Chinese Railroad?

The appearance on the stage of a naval commander in chief at Port Arthur invested with extensive powers and necessarily foreshadowing the advent of more or less considerable military forces required for the defense of the newly acquired, though formally only leased, territory—in other words, the advent of a rival power in a sphere theretofore exclusively his own—could hardly have been welcomed by the still apparently all-powerful Minister of Finance. Nevertheless, determined evidently to make the best of the newly created situation, he applied all his wonted energy to hastening the construction of the branch line from Harbin to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, to the construction of extensive harbor works at the latter port—intended to be made one of the leading commercial ports of the Far East—to the erection of a very large number of model buildings of variegated architecture in the newly laid out, extensively planned town of Ta-lien-wan, or Port Dalny—which means far-away port—as it was renamed. In the midst of all this feverish activity events occurred that brought about a radical change in the situation, which could not but be most unwelcome to Witte, whose plans for the pacific conquest of Manchuria they rudely disturbed.

The so-called Boxer rising in China, the siege of the foreign legations in Peking, the sudden attack on Blagovestchensk on the Amur by Chinese regulars, who bombarded the town from the other side of the river, the massacre of several thousand Chinese inhabitants of that town, who by order of the panic-stricken commander of the small garrison were driven into the river, the subsequent invasion of Northern Manchuria by the troops of General Grodekoff, the governor general of the Amur Province, the further dispatch of large bodies of troops which overran Manchuria and practically achieved by force of arms the conquest of the whole vast region known by that name—all these events created a situation as embarrassing from the point of view of our international relations as it was threatening to the supremacy of Witte in Manchurian affairs, a supremacy which was henceforth bound to be gradually superseded by that of the military element represented on one side by the Minister of War in St. Petersburg, General Kuropatkin, and on the other side by Admiral Alexeieff, commander in chief of the naval as well as of the land forces in the Liaotung Peninsula and of the expeditionary

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Fusan Harbor

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The Entrance to Port Arthur

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Primitive Postal Van in Manchuria

troops sent to Peking to assist in the raising of the siege of the legations.

In this way it came about that Witte found himself engaged in a kind of triangular duel with his rivals in which he had to contend sometimes against one, sometimes against the other, and occasionally against both of them. At the same time, though he had in the person of the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, a perfectly willing and devoted instrument, he was very far from being in a position to direct our foreign policy, as his substitute, Count Lamsdorff, possessed neither the ability nor the personal weight which could have enabled him to influence the decisions of the sovereign in the direction of his patron's wishes.

It might not be improper to introduce here a few remarks in defense of the memory of the late Admiral Alexeieff, who when I left Japan in 1900 was praised in the Far Eastern press as the "empire builder," later was dubbed the "notorious Alexeieff," accused of having brought on the war with Japan, made the scapegoat for all the disaster that overtook us in consequence, and who died in the beginning of 1917, if I am not mistaken, in one of the first weeks of the revolution, at Kislovodskai Caucasus, where he had gone for a

Contrary to the generally accep lief, he was an entirely self-mad born in the Crimea in a moderate to-do family of the local gentry an lieve, of Armenian extraction. Ha relations or protectors whatever great world of St. Petersburg, he o promotion exclusively to his own m early acquired reputation as one ablest and most promising officers navy. As such I had known him i in the early eighties, when he was mand of one of the vessels of our s on the Far Eastern station, and h since kept up friendly relations wi He was a man of great intelligen liberal and well-balanced mind, ar insight and sound judgment in affairs.

As far as I could judge, the praise bestowed upon him as an "empire b was not unmerited, or rather wou been fully merited by him if his c viceroy had not been cut short by t What I can vouch for is that he ha been and in fact never could ha occasion to be mixed up in court i of any kind, least of all with that n clique of lumber-concession adve whose nefarious proceedings on th River played such a conspicuous the development of events leadin the outbreak of the war.

In the Council of the Empire, of w was a life member, he had earn general sympathy and high esteem fellow members by the reserved di his bearing. He remained to the en fully loyal to the sovereign who had him, and though made the victim c kind of calumnious obloquy and ha his possession documentary evidenc entirely exonerated him from all bl never wrote or spoke a single wor own defense.

The great number of troops v thrown into Manchuria during the the Boxer rising—190,000 men, ac to what I was told later on, when in by our military agent—and who ha run the country down to the sea, cupation of Niu-chuang, rumors intended conclusion of a treaty by China was to concede to us the m ment of all custom houses in Man and so forth, did not fail to attra attention of those powers who were hensive of our intention of ultimat nexing the whole country and replac open door by Russian custom hous the application of the Russian high tective and almost prohibitive tariff exclusion of foreign trade.

Whether it was from a desire to diplomatic complications, or because was anxious to have as great a part sible of our regular army of occu removed from a country which he ered as his own special sphere of infl or because the War Department pr not to leave too large a number of under the command of Admiral Al I am unable to say. As a matter o however, the greater number of troops were quietly withdrawn—pa was told, even by sea—so that befo war broke out there were—accord the information that reached me i kio—no more than about 40,000 men regular army, not counting the garri

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

rt Arthur, besides Witte's frontier guards, ually present in Manchuria, scattered er an immense territory about double e size of France. Nevertheless and evi- ently as a result of some insistence by ina, backed by the powers to whom she d pledged herself to provide for the open- g to foreign trade of three places in anchuria—one of them being Mukden the very heart of the country—we cluded a convention with the Peking vernment by which we undertook to hdraw all our troops from Manchuria in ee installments, each step of evacuation be accomplished by a fixed date.

Whether or not this convention was cluded with the knowledge—or rather nivance—of the Minister of War I can- say. It stands to reason, vever, that no more fatal p could possibly have been en, unless we intended to ttle. And even in that case would have been most im- dent to have done so be- e having come to a definite angement with Japan, eguarding at least some of vast interests we had ac- red and created in Man- tria.

Such was the situation as found it when I arrived in Petersburg. It was per- ly plain to me that the anese Government—en- raged by the visible vacil- ons of our government, our voluntarily weakened itary position, disclosing a avering disposition as re- ds the defense of our in- ests, and by the vigorous pport with which the ited States and Great Brit- had joined them in back- up China in her endeavor regain her lost ground in nchuria—would not fail to empt by an energetically nducted diplomatic cam- gn to oust us not only from Kea but from Manchuria well.

s a matter of fact, we had ady been approached by Japanese Government a tentative proposal shadowing their ultimate ntion in this respect, as I to learn later when the stion of my reappoint- nt as Minister to Japan s been definitely settled. hort, our position had be- e one of extreme embar- ament due to the fact that had plunged into a far- hing forward policy in the East, totally oblivious he necessary corollary of er a very large display of e needed in order to sus- it against all comers or s of a friendly understand- with either Great Britain apan.

t this point it will be er to turn to the exam- ion of the remaining four of the five questions out- d above. The reader will ember that the first of e questions had already en answered by me cate- ally in the negative as back as in 1897. Subse- nt events, however, had ed this question from the ground of retical justifiableness to that of prac- ic desirability in view of altered circum- ces brought about mainly through our activities in Manchuria. It was con- ently from this point of view that I to regard the second question—namely, question whether the colossal expendi- incurred in the prosecution of our plan pansion in Manchuria could be justi- to the neglect of infinitely more press- needs which remained unsatisfied in ia proper. For instance, we had been ding hundreds of millions of our treas- funds in providing a foreign country railroads, whilst the most crying un- fied need of our own country was isely the glaring insufficiency of our ad mileage, not to mention the al- total absence of good country roads, eficiency which was most seriously hampering the economic development of our rural population—that is to say, of about eighty per cent of the Russian people. It stands to reason that such a waste of the people's treasure on helping to build up the prosperity of a foreign country would be unpardonable, unless indeed it had been intended as a means to pave the way for that country's ultimate annexation.

And that leads us directly to the consideration of the third question, whether the plan adopted—industrial and commercial penetration by means of railroads, banks, and so on—could really secure the ultimate aim of such a policy; that is to say, the pacific conquest—to use this convenient and popular slogan as a euphemistic circumlocution for annexation—of Manchuria. To this question only one answer could evidently be returned, and that a negative one. We had, as a matter of fact, achieved already the conquest of Manchuria, not indeed by pacific penetration but by the old reliable method of force of arms. It came about in this way: Chinese regular troops had attacked the open town of Blagovestchensk with artillery fire from the other side of the River Amur.

We might have claimed this to have been an unprovoked act of war on the part of China and replied to it by a formal declaration of war, or we might have sought satisfaction by means of diplomacy in the usual way. We did neither. Instead, General Grodekoff, the governor general of the Amur Province, invaded with his troops part of Northern Manchuria and proclaimed its annexation to Russia, so to speak, on his own hook. Further, we poured large numbers of troops into Manchuria, fighting the Chinese regulars wherever we met them, at the same time maintaining the fiction that we were hurrying to the friendly assistance of the Chinese Government in their struggle against the Boxers, and having overrun victoriously the whole country down to the sea we halted at Niu-chuang.

Thus was completed the military conquest of Manchuria. Now we might either have claimed its annexation by right of conquest, or have negotiated with the Chinese Government some such arrangement as that by which Great Britain secured and to this hour maintains her hold on Egypt—to the unquestionable benefit of that country and its people, be it said.

This time again we did neither the one nor the other. Instead, we concluded the above-mentioned convention for the evacuation of Manchuria in three installments at fixed dates, thereby disclosing a weakness and vacillation which could not but be extremely encouraging to our adversaries. At the same time we had thus contracted an obligation which in view of the threatening attitude of Japan and the exposed position of Port Arthur it was plainly impossible to fulfill, as indeed it actually never was, thereby gratuitously earning us the additional reproach of faithlessness and deceit. Still, a way had to be found to extricate us from the embarrassing muddle in which absence of a well-defined policy, dissensions among our leading bureaucrats and consequent vacillations in our political action had landed us.

This led naturally to the examination of the remaining two questions: Whether we would be justified in accepting even the risk of war in the defense against all comers of our newly acquired and created vast interests in Manchuria, or whether we would be justified in sacrificing them for the sake of avoiding an armed conflict with Japan. Neither alternative appeared to me to be acceptable, for the following reasons:

To begin with there could not possibly be any doubt in the mind of even the most superficial observer of Russian conditions that war with Japan would be not only most unpopular but would appear incomprehensible to the overwhelming majority of the masses of the people—that is to say, of the peasantry—for the simple reason that the very existence of such a country and its people could hardly have been known to them except in the vaguest way from mere hearsay. Nor could they be expected to understand why they should be called upon to fight an unknown enemy. The importance of this circumstance could not possibly be overrated, considering the influence it would necessarily have on the morale of the troops in a war with Japan.

I must observe, however, that what I have said here does not apply to the population of Siberia, which being geographically so much nearer to Japan could have an instinctive comprehension of the possible necessity of fighting a neighbor who might have made himself in some way troublesome. I would add in parenthesis that the Siberian troops in the ensuing war actually did show a morale distinctly superior to that of the reserve troops from Russia proper, with whom mainly the war was fought and lost.

Likewise the educated classes—the intelligentzia—were undoubtedly opposed to the idea of a war in the Far East; even the extreme jingoistic press organs, such as the Novoe Vremia, in all their bellicose bluster were probably thinking more of bluffing the Japanese than of preparing public opinion for actual warfare, not realizing all the while that with their pair of deuces they were up against an expert player discreetly smiling behind a full hand of aces.

As for our military authorities, they seemed to be exclusively preoccupied with the idea of the coming war with our western neighbors and were obviously not making any preparations whatever for a possible war with Japan, having even withdrawn the greater part of the troops we had thrown into Manchuria in the year of the Boxer rising and having apparently consented to the conclusion of the convention with China regarding the total evacuation of Manchuria. The naval department had indeed as far back as the year 1897 prepared a program of naval construction to match the program of the Japanese increase of naval armaments, the completion of which latter was scheduled for the beginning of the year 1904, but had not been able to secure from the Ministry of Finance the required appropriation of funds in full, it having been spread over a number of years considerably beyond the term fixed for the completion of the Japanese armaments, evidently in the expectation that the Tokio Government would prove unable financially to fulfill their program as originally laid out.

In this calculation, strangely enough, the fact seems to have been lost sight of that by guaranteeing the interest on the Chinese loan, the proceeds of which were to have been paid over to Japan as compensation for the retrocession of the Liao-tung Peninsula, we had ourselves facilitated the acquisition by the Japanese Government of the funds needed for the completion of their program. Moreover, another and most

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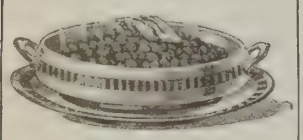

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serious consideration does not seem to have been taken into account at all—namely, the supreme importance of the presence on the spot and in time of a naval force of sufficient strength so as to render the transfer of a Japanese army to the Asiatic continent an enterprise too risky to be contemplated; in other words, so as to serve as the best preventive of a war between Russia and Japan.

That a great statesman such as Witte should have neglected—as he seemingly had—this most important consideration can only be explained by supposing that he was too strongly convinced of the possibility of preventing an outbreak of war with Japan by timely far-reaching concessions to have for a moment even admitted the probability of such an armed conflict and consequently the urgent necessity of military and naval preparations. Besides, we are not a seafaring nation, and a Russian statesman, remembering the fate of our fleets in the Crimean War, when our Black Sea fleet was sunk by ourselves in the roads of Sebastopol and our Baltic fleet never ventured out to sea beyond the shelter of the fortress of Kronstadt, may well be pardoned for not having very clear ideas as to the value of sea power and the way to use it.

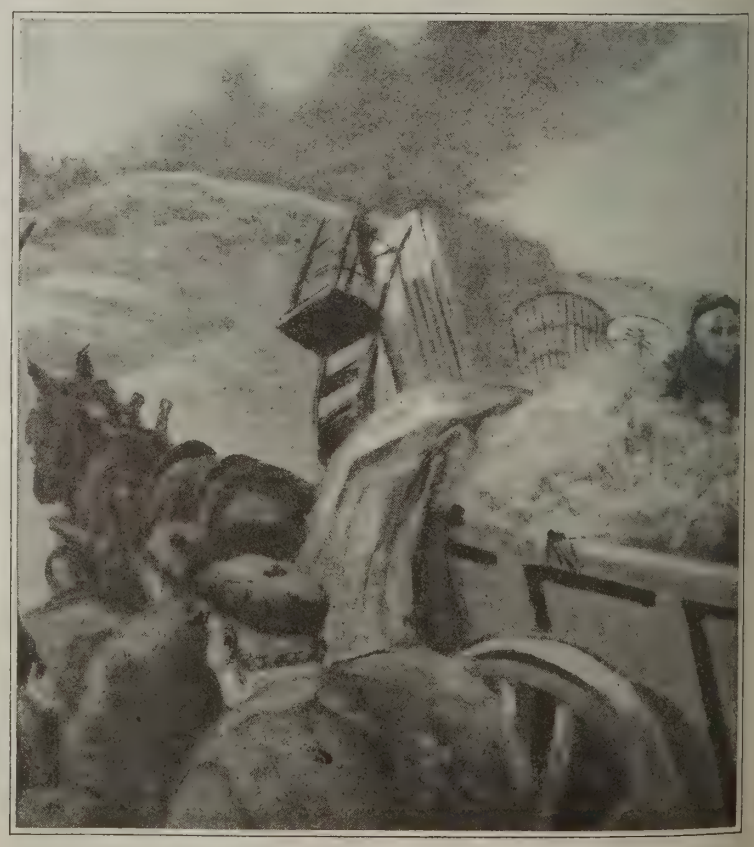
Under these conditions I felt sure that for us to face the risk of war would mean to court disaster. Nor could I contemplate with equanimity the remaining alternative—the sacrifice of our vast interests in Manchuria so recently at such enormous cost and such great risk acquired and created by us, for that would have been the ultimate outcome of an eventual surrender to Japanese exigencies, which would be sure to include the evacuation of Manchuria by our troops; in other words and among other things, the abandonment of Port Arthur in an exposed and utterly defenseless position. Moreover, an unconditional knocking under to Japanese pretensions would have dealt a fatal blow to our prestige; that is to say, to the only—albeit very unsubstantial and precarious—mainstay of our position in the Far East.

It was necessary therefore to find a compromise which would enable us to, so to speak, save our face and at the same time to safeguard at least our most important interests in Manchuria—the possession of Port Arthur and of the railroad we had built at such great cost to the Russian people. In order to reach such a compromise the necessity imposed itself to resign ourselves to certain sacrifices, which after all would be but the not-undeserved penalty we would have to pay for a p pursued with such reckless want of sight and such fateful inconsistency.

The task confronting us was the co iation of both parties—that is to sa Japan as well of the powers whose sup emboldened the Tokio Government to up an attitude decidedly adverse to the Manchurian question.

In regard to Japan we would hav satisfy unreservedly and to the fu extent her pretensions to exclusive dom tion in Korea, which could be don reverting to the offer the Japanese Go ment itself had made to us in M 1898, on the condition, of course, of that ernment's agreeing to leave us an equ unreservedly free hand in Manchuria. conciliation of the other two powers were giving Japan their support in the M churian question would necessarily den of us the renunciation of the plan of pacific conquest of Manchuria in the s of making of that vast country a do reserved for exclusive exploitation by own commerce and industry, and the reserved opening not only of three pl as provided by their convention with C but of the whole country, conditioned upon the establishment of fixed and tirely moderate customs duties—m moderate even than those levied in open ports of China under internati treaties. The interests of these po being mainly—though, of course, not clusively—commercial, these concess accompanied by a frank and open read to agree to any reasonable settlement o vexed question of jurisdiction, might sa them and cause them to desist from gi their support to Japanese pretensior support of which, besides, the Japa Government would no longer stan need if we had succeeded in reachi friendly understanding with them as lined above.

Such were the views I entertained and expressed succinctly in a short me randum presented to the Minister of For Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, at his req after my reappointment as Ministe Japan had taken place. This reapp ment had been facilitated by the fact Mr. Iswolsky had requested for fa reasons to be transferred to some pos Europe, and it had been possible to g his request by appointing him to the m coveted post of Copenhagen, which become vacant through the transfe Count Benckendorff to London as Am sador, vice M. de Staal, who had resig on account of his great age.



MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

(Continued from Page 16)

law the sketch of my costume and was isppointed to find that it was not the a suggestive of comedy, being of dull reish-gray cashmere with a gray and ule short loose jacket, a white nondegt head covering and a white kerchief eunder the chin in the fashion of early ys. Of this latter I was very glad, as it od help me in disguising my youthful irt, a difficult problem for a woman, of hh more anon.

Jiring rehearsals I had found that the dreature I was to portray was avaricious nstupid. The part consisted mostly of oi, with not much to sing, but they were oc holes and I anticipated a thoroughly oc time when once in costume. So I ught out just what I would do at reegals, in the bath-tub—always a good ning environment—and in bed at night. Th I got to my dressing room the morngf my first dress rehearsal I had only rry out my mental picture.

Jenter my dressing room in the cold a light of morning, allowing at least an n and a half for a first tryout of a charet make-up. My dresser has laid everyih ready on my table; in front of me is b mirror surrounded by electric bulbs. I Germany I used to hang sheets round ewalls of my dressing room so that a ays had a sharply defined silhouette ı very side of me. At the Metropolitan nhow I do not feel as frilly as I used to Jrope and the dirty green walls of the o I usually dress in absorb one's reflecon an unpleasant way.

Fashioning a False Nose

Vell, I sit me down, dressed in a loose w, one of several I have of varying eits. First I brush out my hair and a it in two braids, which I then twist t round my head, or I just swirl it osy round with no bumps and pin it ow. The idea is to keep the size of the a as nearly normal as possible and to stbute the increased bulk evenly. Then bid a strip of coarse muslin on the line he the hair grows—this to keep all short ai away from the face and to make a ulation to pin to.

Iake up my nongreasy cream and rub y ice with it. Over my knees lies a soft nish towel on which I wipe my fingers he I want to. Another soft towel rubs f y face. I use a nongreasy cream, beu I am wont to get warmed up in my or and a greasy cream induces perspiraor This is also induced by grease paints, is well to encourage it as little as ssble.

Nw is the time for my false nose tip. ywn nose is short and I regard it merely a nvenient foundation left there by a ny Providence. A peering old woman ou have a peering nose. So I make an qsitive sharp point, standing well out d little up in the air, for this is broad ndy and I need not be too squeamish oo my effects. I knead the putty first tween my fingers, shaping it a little into bad flat diamond with most of the it at the bottom. Then I see that re bit of grease is off my nose, if necesrwarming the inside of the nose putty ake it stick, and then clap it in place. piss it well on, a somewhat painful opatn; then I begin to shape it, dipping y ngers in cold cream so that it shall not ic to them. I elongate the point, watchg carefully in the glass—with an eye to e istance the spectator will be from me. Th it is awful enough I smooth it down tla tiny smear of cold cream, making a erict surface, and blend it into the skin a sides. I must leave the nostrils absote free, for we singers depend on breath, nd hat must never be hampered as the et might hamper his.

Nw I'm ready for my foundation. I kn thick stick of sallow yellow and mark n y cheeks, chin and forehead enough ai to cover the face. This I then rub elin and over the new nose, into the ps everywhere. A pale, hideous person owooks out at me from the mirror, which a t should be.

Ten I take my gray stick and rub an cti's paper stump on it. With this I make hg, or V-shaped line, under each eye, nd outline this in turn farther down the ne. I edge this with white on the upper de Now follow forehead wrinkles and ne isual crow's feet; also I rub a little gray well into the cheek below the cheek bone in a triangular shape to make the cheek appear sunken. A line from the inside corner of the eyes, where our black rings start when we are tired, I pull down almost to the corner of the mouth in an outward sweep. This I shade and blend with the finger tips until it is a shadow, not a line. I make gray beard marks on chin and lower cheeks; then I take up my scarlet with a flash of exultation, for it is to do deadly execution. I make the bags under the eyes scarlet, so that they look like the eyes of an old hound. The nose tip is also scarlet, gradually lessening up its length, and a little red smear under the nose looks like a perpetual cold. Now a huge, floppy red mouth. I use my wettest red for this and exaggerate it, as the stage is to be full of comedians, all with brilliant make-ups, and this red mouth will be my most deadly weapon in the things I have to do. Now the last touches—high-pointed, inquisitive eyebrows and white eyelashes. I bead them as I would with black, only I use melted white instead, for that gives an old peerie look of blinking imbecility.

This is all powdered with sallow yellow-white just before the eyelashes and red mouth are put on. I mark out several front teeth with black paint and my face is ready. My neck is covered so I don't have to make that into an old hag's, but I make one ear very red and pull it out from the straggling gray wig I wear.

The hands are then done with a little brush and some black stuff, or brown, that comes in a cake and has to be wet. I smear this between the fingers and down the backs of the hands to make them long and pointed; and dirty up the wrists a bit, and the knuckles.

A horrid-looking creature I certainly am, but quite simple and effective on the whole.

Often an actor will forget to paint behind his ears when wearing a short wig, and I know of nothing more disillusioning than that bit of unmatching pink. I always admire the two-a-day people who get into a full make-up twice a day with unflagging interest. It must be drudgery.

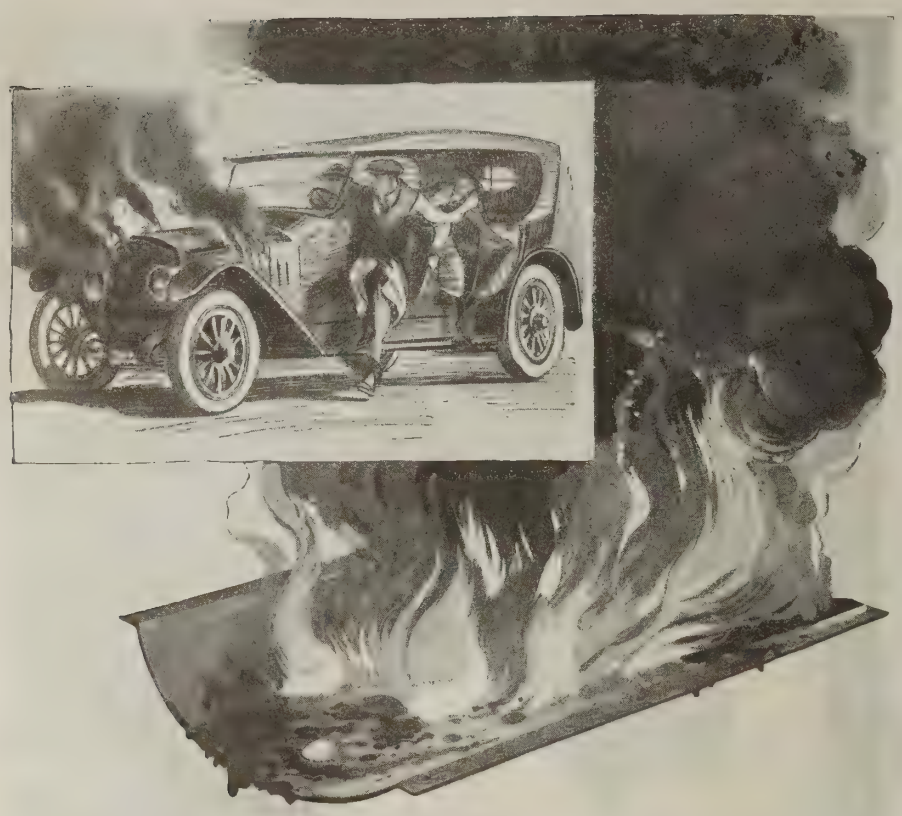
Rouge is vitally important of course, but nothing is more abused. So many chorus beauties take a dark raw-liver-colored red and make themselves impossible hard mouths with it, all pursed up in the middle. A lighter scarlet is much more vivid.

When Youth is Middle Age

The greatest dancers of the Russian ballet used a greenish pallor with not a suspicion of red cheeks in some of their rôles, and cut a vivid scarlet flash of a mouth across it, covering the lips with red well into the corners, creating at once an exotic and fascinating effect. Red on the upper eyelid sometimes adds great brilliancy to the eye, and the ear should be rouged delightfully—pale ears are so unattractive and old. For age it is best to use no rouge. I once attempted an apple-cheeked old peasant woman, but the stage manager mistook my effort for an attempt to be young and beautiful; I had to powder them out. Pale old lips are most important. In fact I always think pallor more naturally old than a mass of wrinkles. They at best are only gray or red-brown lines, but look at any old face—the outstanding feature of it is almost always its pallor.

Almost the most difficult make-up for a young woman to achieve is that of a woman of forty-five or forty-eight, before she is a mass of wrinkles. Just think how subtle and indefinable are the encroachments of age! How are you going to depict them? You must achieve a matron, perhaps handsome, with no haglike accents, comparatively easy to add, but still a possible mother of a girl of eighteen or twenty. Of course gray hair and mature dressing will aid you, but the face itself requires great skill. The nose may be made a trifle sharper by adding a white line down its length and slightly shading the sides; hollows between the eye socket and nose bridge may be made with gray, the curve of the cheek made to appear concave with a rightly placed shadow, and the throat a bit sunken in places. All these things help.

Never use black for your wrinkles. They are rarely if ever black. Just look at them in the next old face you meet. Some people turn the inside of the nostril into a fiery-red cavern. I could never see the sense of



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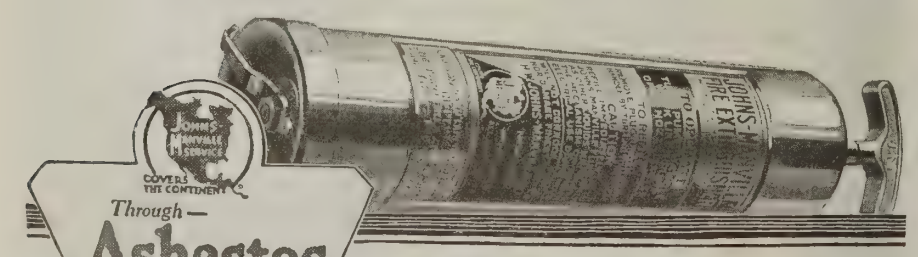

this. It is supposed to give an effect of transparency, I believe, and to lessen the effect of two black shoe buttons, but to me it always looks like a snorting horse.

The scarlet dab at the eye's point is also often overdone into a gob of paint. But it does give fire to the glance when well applied.

How I love the judicious use of blue for the eyelids! Dark for the brunette, light for the blonde, and almost turquoise for the redhead. Infinitely suggestive, languorous or naughty they may be, seductive and fascinating. Someone has said, "If you have only a half hour for make-up spend it on your eyes," and he comes very near being right, especially for the dramatic stage.

I wish we might do what the movie people do, and paint our double chins red, meaning a shadow, or fill up our wrinkles with yellow ocher and look blandly youthful as they do till the dreadful fourteen-foot stare comes.

The Germans had a deadly way of putting red straight across the nose, uniting the cheeks as it were. I fought against this for years, they always assuring me that it added untold beauties of expression.

I once had to take the place of a singer at short notice. She had always worn a false tip to her nose to make it retroussé. I was rather nervous and did not wish any hampering make-up, as I was doing the part wholly without rehearsal. So I replaced the false tip with a gray line drawn sharply across the nose just above the top of the nostrils and reddened the nose tip. The effect from the front was just what the first singer's false nose had made.

Men have a great advantage over the more deadly sex, because they have all sorts of queer hideous arrangements of hair that they may appear to let grow on different humps and hollows of their faces. Personally I have never thought the face just the right place for hair, but apparently others think differently, for "just look at the damned thing."

The range of beards and mustaches is infinite and all-disguising as to color, shape of the tufts, and length. You may turn a mild bleating weakling into a fierce brutal Cossack with no more trouble than cutting off some tightly braided crêpe, fuzzing it out and applying it with spirit gum.

If you are lean and would be fat for the perfect Falstaff you bring your plantation well round under the ears and spread it out as it would be spread if rolls of bulging fat lurked beneath it. From there on up to the eyes you may let your fancy run riot, and a pair of shaggy bunches over the eyes will complete the effect.

A Wandering Chin

Shakspere's bumpkin exclaims immediately—what beard shall he play his character in? He wants to hide behind something—it takes away self-consciousness. We've all seen it in daily life—sternly effective statesmen and monarchs who would probably look like ex-waiters if they were sheared.

It is almost impossible for a woman to disguise her throat. When I first went on the operatic stage my whole appearance was very youthful and I had to play the usual line of elderly women that falls to the possessor of a contralto voice. It was most difficult to overcome the young lines of my throat. My face and hair could be easily aged, but I had to invent a series of neckcloths, kerchiefs, shawls and coifs to make my head sink into my shoulders in the manner in which an elderly woman's usually does, particularly if she is of lowly origin, as most operatic elderlies are.

I've seen comedians who glued big silk chins on, who pasted pink cotton in fluffy mounds on their cheeks, smoothing the surface with some liquid preparation, none of these being particularly successful.

A tragedian in the first theater where I was engaged once played a somber rôle in a heavy putty false chin. Halfway through the chin began to melt off from sheer weight. Agony of mind on the part of the actor, vain turnings of his back to the audience and pressings of the false chin in place. Back to face his audience with one hand nonchalantly pressed to the tip of his chin while he recited his thundering lines. More wabbling of chin, one corner altogether loose, then a crack in the middle. Hasty disappearance of actor and miserable sneaky reappearance—chinless and in his right mind. I suspect he was cured and used more brains and less make-up in after life to get his effects.

I've heard tell of noses tied down with a thread of silk, which is carried round the head, noses tilted up with silken tied to the wig in front—all things might indulge in. One good blast o ful lungs and pop would go the all-im connecting link.

A past master in the art of chan parently the very build of his fra Richard Mansfield. He could g appearance of robust hearty yout did in Prince Carl, as easily as shriv age, as in his decrepit Baron Chevra his arms seemed to have shrunk u sleeves, his legs became stringy, a Ivan the Terrible he looked an en bag of bones. This is art in a very h and I don't pretend to know wha details went to make up the perfect

We all use these means in a greate degree, but here again the actor h at his command to aid him than actress. He may and—whisper—of have false calves to his legs, an times—whispering does no good no slip, right in meeting, and muscl from their bony surroundings at and alarming angles. Otherwise footmen may go very queer in the fore the evening is over.

In one German theater where I gaged we had a comedian with inor long legs. He seemed to be bifur least a foot farther up than the c male. The effect was wonderful in sibilities, and he used to twist his th round from the knees up without mo feet, in a solemn, inquisitive man was really funny. But alas! When to charm those toothpicks could disguised in all their length, and he he never hoped to be loved—no could love a man with such comic le

Make-Up of the Aborigin

I have a large fat stuffing that when I feel I ought to look comfort holstered, and mighty hot it ma This and several odd bits, such as frontal balconies and tummies, I ca as I will, but that embraces almost tire range of a woman's aids in this

It is all a fascinating game. E savages love it, and the aborigin untold shades of meaning in the monial war paints. Indians do things to their faces and bodies wi colorings, and savages of all kinds a or less given to this practice. G arrangements they achieve, startl bizarre, and all very solemn and meaning to the initiated.

I know of nothing more amusing think up a new costume and make work it all out. Too much attention be given the head. Even if your small one and you feel sure it swamped in the general line of the p ance, you can make your bit stand creating an original, historically a head silhouette. Your headdress seen from all angles and will undo be the most noticed part of your c if you spend time and thought on variety is infinite. One otherwise passed actress of our time makes th mistake of almost never wearing a her Shaksperean characters. She w own delightful hair, more or less acc dressed, but one misses the sharply tuated line of head carriage given different typical historical hair dr The variety is great and they all made becoming. Through the adep wigs the contour of the forehead changed and many traits of charac much psychology suggested. For in as Ortrud I wear my red flaming wig high on the forehead, leaving a broa surface exposed. Ortrud was a wo brains, a student of magic arts, and unsuccessful was no frivolous lowbro

When one is creating a new ch anything theatrical and stereotype be avoided. Typical ideas are bet carded if you have the wit to find son more subtle, and never forget th stage lighting may dwarf your mos esting effects.

The stageful of purple-visaged glers that greets me in the third Carmen, when the scene begins with blue light from the footlights, is o horrible than the flattened starin that are thrown into relief by the lighting, which is such a great fav stage managers for scenes of seducti oriental orgies.

But whatever they do to you, m is endlessly fascinating and one of th absorbing branches of theatrical stu

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL——"

(Continued from Page 43)

'Only the one in black and the girl in re'—which wasn't Rowena; she almost jumped. 'I only came,' he went on, 'be-ese friends of mine whom I'm visiting nsted on it. I kept her away, however, ong as I could,' he laughs. Her! Then adds in a serious kind of voice: 'I'm ll, very glad that I didn't miss coming rely!' His eyes were fixed passionately owena, and gee, she felt fluttery! 'Are e staying in town?' he goes on. 'I don't eve we've met.'

And all at once it dawned on her that e taken her for somebody—for a society of the same class as his own! Say, she ly does a flop right then and there at thought of it, until she recollected what al would it do her if he had, because he'd find her out afterward; and then—ol night! But oh, how handsome he s—slim and blue eyes and tall! Class? rles Vaughn wasn't in it with him. He ked like a king. Well, he murmurs some-ng about sitting down, and she went him in a kind of funeral joy and sat on on a tapestried sofa in a little alcove nd a pillar.

'Have we?' he asks when the music ped playing.

'Have we what?' she said, looking at with that gone feeling like when you've without a meal, only there was some-ng delicious about it too.

'Met?' he answered. 'I—if not I think ould be remedied.'

'A society girl! Well, Rowena thought night as well play it out, for one night way, like the fairy story you read where 're changed into princes and queens rn hour or so. Only the waking up d be kind of bad. She tried not to k of that.

'I must, I fear, remain a woman of ery, shrouded in the shadows of ro-ce, living only in the hearts of my cle,' she says to him, quoting the speech ueen Sophia when she bade farewell to oung American who asked her to leave e and country and fly with him.

'e looked kinda surprised. 'But—are opping in town?' he insists.

'Oh, yes,' she returns nonchalantly; 'I stopping.'

'Then isn't there somebody here who ntroduce us?' He starts up but she ed him. There was nobody but the obe mistress; and she wouldn't do.

'I came alone,' she answers in a low but ful tone. 'There is no one. I desire to in incognito. Even my servants I for-d to come with me. My father refuses ow me to go beyond the portals of the e gates. If he knew now he would kill

'e looks kinda funny at her, then smiles grand smile and says chummily: re a darling! But how long are you ' he asks.

'ifteen minutes,' answers Rowena ut thinking.

'e looks astonished.

' mean, I have an engagement that is important,' she adds hastily, 'in fifteen ites.'

'But to-morrow—you must let me see again?' he pleads thrillingly.

' was an awful struggle. But she ght of Charles Vaughn and what would ably follow when this rich man found he was nothing but a cigar-counter

' am going away to-morrow,' she re-haughtily, trying to think of some place.

'Where?' he asks quickly.

'urkey,' returns Rowena, remember-he place where the most popular co came from. 'I mean—Jersey,' rrects drowningly.

'ersey!' he exclaims eagerly. 'Then drive you over in my car!'

'owena put her hand to her throat. , only he wasn't rich or if she were rich ow beautiful life would be! She n't tell him the truth. She thought of aes Vaughn Allenton, Vincent's uncle, e tall one, his wife—and shuddered. ight as well play the thing out; she never see him again.

' am taking a trip to-morrow to some estates on the island,' he was saying. drive you ——'

'm so sorry,' she says firmly, 'but I ake the train. It's of course a special she adds elegantly. Train sounded mmon.

"'A special?' he repeats, astonished. 'What for?'

"'Why, I am taking over—a party that I've adopted from a poor family—and they're going to Jersey—for the air. They have trouble with their lungs,' she hurried on. 'So I engaged a special train in order that they wouldn't be too long on the road.'

"'How far are you going?' he asks.

"'Hoboken,' answers Rowena, being the only place she could think of with him looking at her.

"He smiles as though he couldn't help it, and she at him, then they both laugh at each other—and for a moment there were no crowds nor noise nor chattering women nor orchestras playing jazz; nothing but those two, him with his black hair and her red one, gazing at each other as though they'd found a gold mine that was going to clear up the national debt.

"And then, right over their heads, the chime of a clock penetrates into Rowena's ears and brought her out of her daze with a sickening thud.

"Eleven! She gave a jump. It had been ten-thirty when she'd left the dressing room. She was fifteen minutes late! She sprang up, her face white. Any minute a detective might come darting round the pillar hunting for her and the dress she'd borrowed, and it would be a terrible moment, to say the least. He has jumped up too, and asks her what on earth is the matter? She tells him to cover up, that she just remembered her engagement; and held out her hand, darting scary glances all the time for a cop.

"'Do tell me what's the matter,' he says tenderly, holding her hand longer than he'd ought to.

"'My duenna,' answers Rowena. 'She's after me.'

"'Your what?' he repeats, kinda puzzled. 'But I thought your servants did not ——'

"'I'll have to go,' interrupted Rowena, trying to get her hand away. 'It's eleven o'clock.'

"'But what does that matter?' he returns. 'Cinderella didn't leave until the clock struck twelve. That's who I believe you are.'

"'And you're the prince!' she exclaims, then gets red, remembering that the prince married the girl. He just smiles kind of heavenly and starts to speak. 'I must go,' she says hurriedly. 'Good-by!' and moves away from him.

"'You forgot to drop your slipper,' he says, coming after her. 'Please tell me where you are stopping!'

"'The Giltmore,' she gasps, meaning to say the Ritz. 'The Ritz,' she corrects quickly, feeling as bad at leaving him as though she was assisting in the funeral of her entire family.

"'I'll find you,' he says in a low tone, that she heard, however, above the moan of an orchestra that was just starting up Kiss Me Again.

"She runs round a corner out of sight and hurries for dear life down the corridor in the direction of the dressing room.

"'He'll find me in the kitchen where I'm going back to,' she thinks as she's apologizing to the old lady, who'd been having an awful stew. 'Cinderella!' she almost sobs. And then she remembers she told him about the Giltmore; but he'd never look for her at the cigar counter, that was certain. And she'd read plenty how criminals can hide right in New York and nobody be able to find them, so she feels better and thinks maybe she'll get away with it after all. Womanlike, however, she gets to feeling terrible at the thought of never seeing him again, and between the two she gets into her old duds and starts home with the sensations that king had when they told him to be up early because he was going to have his head cut off the following morning.

"Of all the luck, to fall in love with somebody she couldn't have! Why couldn't it 'a' been George Jennings, who was as steady as old Dobbin even if a little nearsighted and inclined to squint? If only he wasn't rich—but he was, there was no doubt of it. Once bitten, twice shy, as the saying goes, so Rowena trips into her house with a beautiful feeling of renunciation, and gets up the following morning a little white but perfectly resigned to the cruel exigencies of class and class.

"Busily engaged in polishing the glass cases of her counter and thinking how sad life is about ten o'clock that morning, she

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glances without interest in man or beast toward the elevator at a fairly good-looking man dressed in those English tweeds who alights leisurely, followed by a young man in automobile outfit, and Rowena thinks idly that a chauffeur's uniform certainly does look good on a fellow with a figure—when she nearly falls through the glass. It was the prince of the night before! He was a chauffeur.

"Well, she stares at him with her mouth open as he trails along after Tweeds, as handsome as ever, and you can imagine the world went round! All his talk of the night before about driving her in his car and his estates was phony. His friends he was talking about must 'a' been the tweeds—his car was the boss'—his evening clothes he'd borrowed perhaps, just like she had. Of all the ——" And then a wave of joy floods over her as she realizes she's got her wish—he wasn't rich after all!

"The tweeds and him stop a little way across from her and Tweeds says: 'Better stock up the car with smokes,' and waves him over to the cigar counter; and with that he turns and starts straight for Rowena.

"He looks at her, and she begins to laugh, and then as he sees who it is he stands staring at her with his mouth open, and the funniest expression comes over his face.

"'Cinderella,' he says with a kind of gasp, as though he was talking to himself.

"'Prince,' she answers with a gurgle. 'Discovered! Ain't it the limit?' Somehow it was an awful relief not to have to put on, and be able to talk good old United States. She leans over the counter and puts her hand right over his and squeezes it and says, laughing: 'And I thought you was a millionaire!' He laughs, kinda sheepish. 'Honest, I think you look a lot nicer in those clothes than in the soup-and-fish last night,' she goes on chummily, to show him she don't care about him not being what he tried to pretend. 'Who you working for?'

"'A dub of a rich family stopping here,' he says slowly, still gazing at her.

"'You were fooling too,' she giggles. 'Wasn't it a scream?'

"'I thought you were a society girl,' he answers. Rowena laughs; then he begins to laugh too. 'You did talk rather flowery, but I—I've been looking all over the register for you.'

"'Gee, I'm glad you're not a society man,' says Rowena.

"'And I'm glad you're not too,' he says, terrible earnest. 'I'm—glad!'

"'What? A society man?' she answers, feeling heavenly. Then he smiles—and gee, ain't he handsome! All at once Rowena thinks how terrible it would have been if Charles Vaughn's proposal had been on the level.

"'But that gown you wore?' he asks, leaning over the counter. 'It was beautiful.'

"'I was one of the models, silly,' answers Rowena, who couldn't keep from giggling. 'It was loaned to me for fifteen minutes. Where did you cabbage on to that dress suit?'

"'It was loaned to me,' he grins. 'My boss.' Then they both stand, smiling.

"'The Bible says it's harder for a rich man to get into heaven than a camel to pass through a noodle,' says Rowena solemnly as a tall gray-haired man and his wife walked by, attended by bags and bowing attachés.

"He laughs, still keeping his eyes on Rowena.

"'They're blue,' he says forcibly.

"'What? Camels?' queries Rowena, knowing full well what he meant.

"'Your eyes. They're—wonderful!'

"'I don't like rich men,' continues Rowena.

"'Lots of them are regular fellow answers. 'My boss is.'

"'I was thinking of Charles Vaug lenton,' explains Rowena. 'He's V Armour's uncle.'

"'Yes. I've heard though that they get along very well. What about Alle he asks kinda stifflike, letting go her

"'Nothing,' she replies quickly, won't get jealous. 'Only I know whe going when he dies, and if his nephew thing like him, well ——'

"And then somehow she felt she go on and tell him all about her fo tempt and everything, though she exactly know why, unless love ma feel kind of ashamed about it.

"'I went to dinner with him,' s plains. 'You see things are pretty ba the folks—you've no idea how hard are on shoes—and I'm the only o enough to help,' she goes on, find easier when he was holding her ha sympathetic. 'So I thought I'd ha marry a rich man to save the family breaks out laughing. 'But I guess I bother,' she finishes. 'It's an awfu on the disposition.'

"'Princess,' he murmurs tenderly, are we going to have our dinner?'

"'When can you get off?' she r happily.

"'The boss is going out of town the evening to myself.'

"'All right. Five-thirty—out in f she whispers, and he hurries out Tweeds, who Rowena sees is sittin yellow racing car at the curb. He g and drives off.

"That evening sitting in one of th geous jazz palaces that line Broadwa have a grand meal, him in his eve clothes, that look like a million d Then they see a show from the balco then home via the street car and R is perfectly and deliriously happy.

"The next day he's round a lot, t he keeps away from the counter so's be conspicuous, and Rowena take home that night and introduces him family. And say—Rowena's mothe always stood up for George Jennings a liking to him right off and says h nicer manners than any rich man b he's sincere and he'll make a far bett band than any millionaire, and R gets red and he laughs. His own m and father being dead he takes right her ma, who is a swell woman or she wo 'a' been brought up the way she had right then he proposes and begs Row marry him right off 'cause his boss i ing for Palm Beach and he wants t Rowena along. Of course that tak family's breath away, but Rowen sents—you couldn't stop her—and th a quiet wedding at home, and he sur swell in a classy new suit his boss gi for the occasion.

"And off they started on their h moon."

Pansy Imogene paused and toyed a mindedly with the crumbs of th vanished éclairs. The restaurant cro thinning out. At her plate lay her punched at the figure 25. Her frie impatiently waiting.

"Is that all?" she asked as Pansy gene did not continue. Pansy In nodded. "Gee whiz!" exclaimed her scornfully. "Anybody can marry a feur! If she'd got a rich man and h her family, that would 'a' been som to it—but a chauffeur!"

"He wasn't," replied Pansy In with a smile. "Only she didn't know after the wedding and they'd starte private car for their honeymoon. married Vincent Armour!"

THE PROWLING PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 11)

ic once had been the court-martial
ır sheets of the Wildcat and Cinna-
n overing the crime of being publicly
ccered shootin' craps. She drank
it of crimson wine from an ink-well
f und it not pleasing to her taste.
'Ja-a-a!"
'I y, you debbil, come off dat desk!"
e Vildcat returning to the office ac-
nated the mascot. "Wuz cyclones
vr and hair, you is six. Ah'll 'bla-a' you
f chair in a minnit!" The Wildcat
ii tened out the remaining disordered
u ents and dragged Lily to an area
k of the captain's quarters. "Roam
h n' see kin yo' eat ground." He tied
n scot securely and began looking over
c otain's socks.
'S kin I find ol' socks big enough to fit
sho' needs me some socks foh to-
r when I gits cap'n's clo's in Cam'raux
' tailor man."

n irgent demand for gasoline for the
tc Transport Corps in the Zone of Ad-
o sang along the midnight wires.
W have five cargoes of gasoline but
e o containers," wrote the general. He
g r his adjutant.
Sid this wire, rush to G H. Q.: No
t iers for gasoline." The adjutant, a
n not all bone above his collar orna-
it read the message which the general
d l him.
Why not ship some gas in those steel
m that the damned liquid soap came
" e suggested. "The carpenter force
M vais could build a wood tank over-
nt ig enough to hold two or three ship-
ds f that soap and we could move the
f ward in the empty drums."
Gat work! Excellent idea!" the gen-
a roved. "Issue orders at once. That's
t call efficiency. Won't forget that.
Th."
n rder issued twenty minutes later
r ne telephone to Mauvais to con-
c a wood reservoir five hundred feet
g, wo hundred feet wide and ten feet
d, nd to empty the drums of liquid soap
i is reservoir. "Ship empty drums
r line reserve depot, Savoir Docks.
Th
t idnight six thousand men were at
k n the huge wood tank, and by nine
o the next day it was half filled with
li uid soap.
Hspur tracks leading to the great tank
r e river were filled with carloads of
t drums bound for the gasoline reserve
ot
Cnpliment you on the expedient,"
di. H. Q. to the general. The general
o hat the idea originated with his ad-
nl
Meiwhile the ponderous tank of soap
v arm in the afternoon sun and cooled
herost of evening.

t rening the captain of the Fust Serv-
B talion came to his quarters. The
dct was teaching the goat Lily not to
stes.
B7, build me a fire and build it quick."
c otain was cold.
C'n, yessuh."
hWildcat began tying a complicated
t Lily's picket rope, which he hoped
ntndure until his return. The captain
anpening his mail. In the first enve-
v s a bill from a Cameraux tailor. In
s ond was a request from a brother
ein Paris for the loan of twelve hun-
l fincs. In the third was a notification
n 'ashington stating that the captain
b n overpaid seventy-three dollars on
a pay voucher, and that refund must
mae at once.
Il his finance bounced back and hit the
dc. "Are you going to build that fire
re kill you or afterward?" The cap-
r ved easily toward the Wildcat.
ilband the confining knot were sud-
y bandoned. "Cap'n, they ain't no
nkwood heah; nothing 'ceptin' kin-
s. Ise gwine fo' some right now."
hWildcat trotted out of the door, one
on for fire wood and the other looking
t dismal future that promised to be
unss the cap'n's mood changed mighty
le Under a carwheel over on the spur
k ading to the tank of liquid soap the
dc saw a nice piece of two by four.
D wood. Sho' burn noble."
le icked the two by four from where
as vedged under the car wheel. A car

length ahead he saw another similar block, which he retrieved. Three car lengths ahead he saw a third noble-looking block between a car wheel and its supporting rail.

"Th'ee is plenty fo' a start." He kicked the third block loose and started toward the office with it. He had gone only a little way when a noise behind him attracted his attention. He turned and discovered that the string of cars from under which he had removed the blocks was in motion.

"Sho' kin roll easy downhill."

He looked about him. "Mebbe dese heah blocks wuz all de brakes ol' cars had. Mebbe Ise instigated a ruckus. Hope nobody seed me an' tells cap'n."

The Wildcat's second mebbe suffered a rapid transition into reality. Folks had seen him. Hornet railroaders began pouring toward the racing train. Each man ran a little way and then stood fixed, gazing breathlessly at the rattling tornado headed for the soap tank a mile downhill.

The chill rain of evening began to fall as the Wildcat lighted the captain's fire. In the captain's fourth envelope was an invitation from the artillery gang at Sougé to sit the following night in a five-card enterprise wherein a gentleman bets that something he doesn't hold outranks the hand some other gentleman is inflicted with.

' Soon as you get that fire built head for Cameraux on the six-twenty and get my new uniform from Mesuret's tailor shop on Rue Augustine. Here's your pass."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat breathed heavy. Here delivered into his hands was a quick evasion of the heavy swinging club with which Lady Luck was about to caress him. From the distance there came a terrific crash. For five seconds there followed a heavy sustained roar. The captain suddenly abandoned his correspondence.

"What the hell broke loose?"

"'Spec' ol' sergeant's blowed up some stumps, mebbe, cap'n, suh. Mebbe ol' thundeh sto'm bust. Mebbe ——"

The captain had joined in the race toward the site of the soap tank, where twelve heavy freight cars had plowed through a shrieking fabric of splintering timber. When he arrived near the scene the sloping terrain from the tank site to the river was ten feet deep in a dancing foam created by the impact of myriad raindrops mingling with the liquid soap. On the choppy surface of the Rivende there presently rose enough soapsuds to last a million Mondays.

An hour later the Wildcat leading the goat Lily entered Cameraux via the stone bridge that spans the Rivende. The smothery soapsuds blanket was rolling up the river and spreading into the city streets.

An automobile ran into a great bank of foam and died. The driver and his passenger raced on foot from out of the menace of the translucent mass of bubbles.

The Wildcat observing the bubble phenomenon headed for the tailor shop, pausing only to absorb a few slugs of cognac. The goat Lily, which he led beside him, gave a plaintive bleat.

"Is you a mascot you'd betteh begin workin' at it heavy, Lily. Us needs to ketch up now wif Lady Luck—else wese gwine neveh to see 'at woman again."

The Wildcat noticed that the twinkling lights that lined the Intendence revealed a stream of humanity headed in one direction only—away from the river.

At the door of the tailor shop an M. P. hailed the Wildcat. "Boy, halt! What are you doing in town this time of night?"

The Wildcat's heart got up on a trapeze and tried a tail spin. Here then was the hand of the law, closely followed by the law's foot, clad in the new and heavy marching shoe.

"Me? Nuthin'. I never knowed dat ol' railroad train'd run away 'count of a li'l stick o' wood bein' ——"

The M. P. decided the Wildcat had missed his train. "Old bunk! Lemme see your pass."

The Wildcat explored his raiment and finally produced the slip of paper which spelled temporary freedom.

"Ise gwine back—me an' Lily—soon as I 'cumulates cap'n's unifohm f'm ol' tailor man in de sto' right heah."

"Beat it—and lay off the coonyak." The M. P. read the pass and gave the Wildcat a little parting advice.

The Wildcat entered the tailor shop five minutes before closing time. A harelipped

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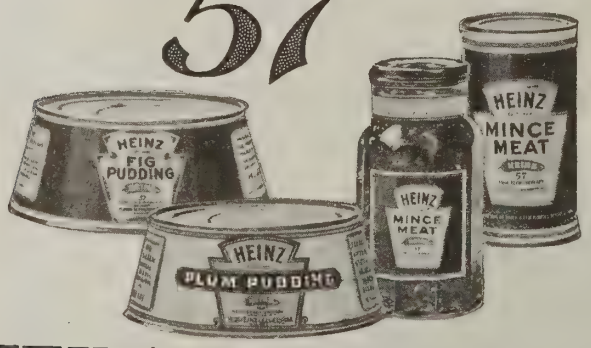

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young clerk struggling with a .22-caliber English vocabulary discovered the motive of the Wildcat's visit and returned presently with a bundle in which an officer's uniform was neatly folded.

"Ett is charged, M'sieur Nagur. *Voilà! 'Revoir.*"

The Wildcat plus the goat Lily entered the night.

"Tell us 'Wallah in de riveh'! Never seed white boys sassy like dese heah French guys is."

The Wildcat started toward the river on his journey home. And there quite suddenly he and Lily reversed the line of march and headed up the street. Approaching them in gentle jumps of a hundred feet was a wall of soap bubbles fifty feet high.

"Neveh seed such heavy drams o' coonyak. Us sho' is had plenty, an' then some! Lily, you mascot, see kin yo' laigs rattle a gallop. Git out o' town. Le's go!"

At the distant crescent avenue that lay about the city the Wildcat paused long enough to take on four more slugs of cognac. The paper covering the uniform, soggy in the rain, burst when it lay between the Wildcat's feet. He picked it up and started out with it. Through the opening in the package the brilliant scarlet of French cavalry breeches assaulted the Wildcat's eyes.

"Lily, us travels! Ise stahted seein' red! Sho' is a bad sign!"

In the obscurity of the great trees that lined the boulevard the Wildcat completed his investigation of the package.

"Eyes tol' me true. Ol' pants sho' is red. Dese is clo's like French cap'ns weahs."

From down the street there came the measured beat of the nine-o'clock guard relief.

"Cap'n kill me sho', does I go back. Ol' M. P. jail me does he ketch me in Cam'raux. Me—I fades out."

The Wildcat emerged from the total eclipse of a wide-spreading tree five minutes later wearing the French uniform, but instead of the bars of a captain's rank there shone the polished stars of a general of the line. On the Wildcat's head was a cap encircled by two wreaths of golden leaves.

"Lily, you follow me. I sho' aims not to lead you—me totin' all dis rank."

In the rays of a street lamp the Wildcat strutted past his first M. P. That young soldier focused his eyes carefully on the glittering insignia and then rendered a strenuous salute.

"First nigger general I ever saw. These Frenchies sure beat hell."

The next M. P. the Wildcat passed came from another part of the United States. He did the best he could to express his sentiments in profane language, neither appropriate nor available for present use, and then swung his club in the darkness at an imaginary adversary.

Meanwhile the Rivende River, the Wildcat's captain and the general were each and severally foaming at the mouth.

General Bore, a party to a session of refined military poker, played his game wisely during the early part of the evening, and then fully alcoholized played not too well. At midnight the members of the party one by one departed through the rain in their respective official conveyances. The general lingered for a final drink at the urgent invitation of his host.

Meanwhile the general's car was lying abandoned in a bank of soap bubbles beside a residence near the river in which the general's chaffeur had discovered a practically flawless feminine pearl.

"No carburetor on earth can mix soapsuds and gas so it'll explode, *mon chérie.* T'ell with th' old bird. Leave him walk home—or fly if his boots is too tight. Drag out another one of them vang blinks whilst I tells you about life in Niagara Falls."

An hour after midnight the general sailed grandly down the street through the rain. Over the shoal places in the sidewalk he backed and filled to steerage way, came about smartly, luffed from the menace of a tree and tacked to the smooth residential cliffs that lined his channel. Softly at times he sang: "Shine on, you dog-gone silv'ry—hic! G'wan, baby. Shine some f'r the love of—hic! Never saw a darker night. Rain on, gentle rainlets. How dry I yam—how driyam—likell I yam. I should—hic!—worry!"

A soldier of the A. E. F. approached. The general stiffened during the second of proximity and snapped a return to the M. P.'s salute.

"Not a globe busted and the dynamo goin' a million—lit up like a dimun' palace."

The M. P., who had laid off of v duration, did some heavy thinkin walked his post.

Pulsing through the night toward base for subs the wireless from Berli an order to the Herr Lieutenant vo "To the Rivende approaches from A a convoy of twelve food ships, six a tion cargoes, four with troops. Pr six sub chasers. Sink the food ship

Eight minutes after the radio had the commander's hands four unders were driving through a choppy sea the mouth of the Rivende. At five in the morning the four submari decks awash, off the mouth of the I Steaming toward their certain fate knot hulls of the great convoy through the phosphorescent sea.

Meanwhile the Wildcat in his general's uniform, closely convoyed the goat, prowled through the my darkness of Cameraux. Approach over a heavy rolling sea, carrying a cargo, sailed the general.

And the enlarging blanket of so bles fifty feet deep bulged from i haustible source in gentle but ir hundred-foot leaps.

Looming out of the night the gen the Wildcat. First the red breeches visible, then the coat with its heav nia. In the wake of the figure Gene saw a ghostly goat. The Wildca blended so perfectly with the shado he appeared to be headless.

General Bore fearing for an inst he was beginning to see things w sured by the gleaming whites of th cat's eyes.

The Wildcat saw the bedraggled and laughed. His mouth opening i crescent gave him the look of a ma throat had been cut considerably m the technic of throat-cutting d General Bore still doubting his ow saluted the French uniform.

"Bon sore, mon général."

"So is mine," the Wildcat replie antly. "Mah bones sho' is sore—likely. Mah feet is wuss though."

General Bore looked puzzled. parley English?" he asked. He kick ways at the goat Lily, to assure hi the mascot's reality. His booted foo heavily on Lily's ribs.

"Lay off dat goat, man! Lily ai nuthin' to you."

Lily, however, made a sudden res She backed off twenty feet and accu a few million slugs of momentu landed on General Bore south of h torial Sam Browne belt. Gener landed somewhere in France. The grabbed the rope which trailed f mascot's collar and together they into the gulf of night.

The general assembled himself to his feet, posing for a moment lik vertisement for a rheumatism cur then he too raced from the scene. toward him was a great black wa slithered as it moved. The wall g in spots like polished flint.

"Whisky since I was twelve," he t "but never another drop if I reg reason!"

The surging wall of bubbles him. He began a wild peal of l which gurgled to silence in the bla bubbles. The general's eyes began t Round him was absolute darkne stumbled over the curb and fel heavily. He had his boots on when

"Never mind the guard," he m "As you were! At—rest!"

He fanned at the breaking bubb or twice like a seal wiggling its flipp fell asleep.

At daybreak came the morning and in half an hour the blanket of which lay over the land and sea more.

The rain clouds retreated bef driving sunshine. In the early li general sat up on the curb. He go feet and started steadily for his re He recalled fragments of the nightr

"That last drink sure raised he getting old. Nigger with his throa and a goat—and the Johnstown floo got to cut it out."

The Wildcat walked boldly to a line near a bathhouse at Cantatric and appropriated therefrom an uniform.

(Continued on Page 177)

(Continued from Page 174)

looks too noble in dese heah red
'tracts folks too much. Lily, us
lesudden. Le's go!"

nder protection of a screen of bub-
ormed by a new gas now being an-
by our chemist the American ships
us and safely entered the Rivende."
err Lieutenant von Stutz dictated a
ram to Berlin and ordered the return
defeated submarine flotilla.

the desk of the general lay two let-
One, from G. H. Q., recited at length
s valid reasons why the general
see fit to accept the Distinguished
e Medal. "For the expedient which
d our Armies to maintain their
transport service when no contain-
gasoline were available, and most
ully for the opportune invention of
bble screen which undoubtedly saved
ships of our last convoy, the Dis-
uished Service Medal is awarded you.
ill please name a date convenient to
lf on which troops may be paraded
eremony during which medal and
will be conferred."
second letter contained a check on a
ork bank. It was from Commander
, U. S. N.:
r agents intercepted radiogram from
tilla to enemy headquarters indicat-
ack upon convoy of food ships which
y entered Rivende safely under cover
bble screen generated at Mauvais
e Depot. The inclosure is from the
and crews of twelve ships concerned,
ll be awarded, at your discretion, to
ividual directly responsible for crea-
screen."
general fixed the date for formally
ing the Distinguished Service Medal
ired his reply to the letter from
Q. covering that subject.
summoned his adjutant and issued
er for an investigation to discover
ividual responsible for the creation
soap-bubble phenomenon.
eat back in his chair and lighted the
nd of a cigarette. "That's that.
ad that flood wasn't a D. T. party.
ad me guessing for a while—never
l about these French drinks and the
whisky you get over here."

ar as Lily was concerned, she was
g a million on a gypsy's career, but
l fourth day of his wandering the
d was ambitious for arrest and a
ture which included rations and a
lace to sleep.
Ein' wild an' free is all right mebbe—
likes mah rations reg'lah. Dis
bn' business suits me 'bout like a
headache suits a woodpeckeh. Us
ations. When does us eat?"
len-eyed M. P. solved the Wildcat's
bln: "Lemme see your pass."
An't got none. Me an' dis mascot——"
What outfit do you belong to?"
Fst Service Battalion—dey's at
is."
One on. Casino f'r yours."
the Casino de Cuivre the Wildcat,
up with a hundred other prisoners,
avily for the first time since he had
Fauvais.
Ftions sho' is noble!" he grunted.
come I crazy enough to leave ol'
noon an' de kitchen stove. Kain't no
kill a boy nohow, an' 'at beats
!."
Kep him," the Wildcat's captain tele-
d in reply to advices concerning his
dial's capture. "Kill him—if you will
me that much. I'll send the charge
tn by mail this afternoon. A. W. O. L.
l part of it. That nigger's good for a
years if he serves time for every-
g against him."
charge sheets missed the afternoon
l account of a strenuous poker game
hose vortex the Wildcat's captain
down immediately after lunch. There-
om one day to another the Wildcat
dully faded from the captain's mind—
when the captain was just on the
f falling asleep at night.
n came a great day, upon which hos-
ceased with the signing of a scrap of
When the news of the Armistice
the ears of the Wildcat's captain
ntleman did some heavy work via
les to Washington. As a result his
was on the first list of the fortunate
signated for immediate return to
ited States. An order issued reliev-
Wildcat's captain from field duty.
It directed him to report to the embarkation officer at Grubert for assignment to the first available steamer sailing for New York.

Deloused, if any, and delighted, the captain languished for long days in the embarkation camp.

"What the hell does 'available steamer' mean?" he demanded one day.

A disappointed and overworked field clerk in the transport office voiced an insubordinate but perfectly accurate reply: "It means that West Point has the right of way. You'll leave here about two months from now. You're a reserve officer, aren't you?"

It was then that the Wildcat's captain began to feel alone and to miss the faithful black hands of his Wildcat servant.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of a perfectly hot day six regiments of the A. E. F. stood at rigid attention while General Bore and a dozen other officers inspected them. Facing the troops and a hundred feet distant from their front ranks there stood massed on the parade ground at Cantatrice a disorganized mob of soldiers and spectators. Prominent in this mob was a group of brunet prisoners from the Casino de Cuivre detailed that morning for the duty of policing the parade ground previous to the inspection and the subsequent ceremony.

The Wildcat standing well in the center of the group of fellow offenders held tightly to the collar of Lily the mascot.

"Turn Lily loose, Wil'cat, and see kin he graze hisself some grass."

"You-all want some grass, Lily?"

The Wildcat released the mascot. For a little while Lily stood still, nibbling delicately at the turf, and then she essayed a short march to the right and left.

An order barked suddenly from the center of the troop formation across the parade ground. Marching importantly down the line followed by a group of perspiring officers came General Bore and three other officers of equal rank. The group halted in the center of the line of troops.

Another series of orders exploded in the heated air and the soldiers did various things with their rifles.

"Attention!"

Some general was speaking. General Bore protruded his chest to receive the medal that testified to his distinguished services.

Everybody stood still when General Bore began to speak.

"I am not unaware," he began—"I am not unaware of the fact that the great honor conferred upon me is but a compliment to every man in my command."

Everybody stood still. Everybody, that is, except Lily. In the mascot's brain there suddenly awakened memories of a midnight kick! Oh, hated voice!

"You have served well and nobly through the long days of this great struggle, and every man of you from the quartermaster corps to the engineers can be proud of the fact. May I not ——"

"Bla-a," Lily interrupted.

"May I not then, as one of the ——"

Lily shifting to the high covered the hundred feet in three seconds. She aimed at the speaker. She followed through and kept her head down, and she made a par.

General Bore absorbed the shock of the mascot's weight, but the point of impact was low—too low to add luster to an overpolished military dignity. The general in revolving touched lightly on the back of his neck. His spurs described concentric silver arcs in the sunlight. The somersault accomplished, he landed heavily on his feet like a Swiss Sweater in the second act. His pose was that of a giraffe gazing deeply into a desert spring.

Presently all except the younger soldiers regained enough self-control to come back to an approximate attention.

Lily escaping cleverly into the crowd became the center of a mob of admiring protectors.

"Rally roun' Lily! Screen dat goat! Save 'at mascot! Rally roun' 'at fo'-legged TNT!"

An elaborate investigation covering the origin of the bubble screen fixed the responsibility upon Vitus Marsden, colored, Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F.

Attached to the original report of the Department of Criminal Investigation was a memorandum from which General Bore discovered that the hero languished for the

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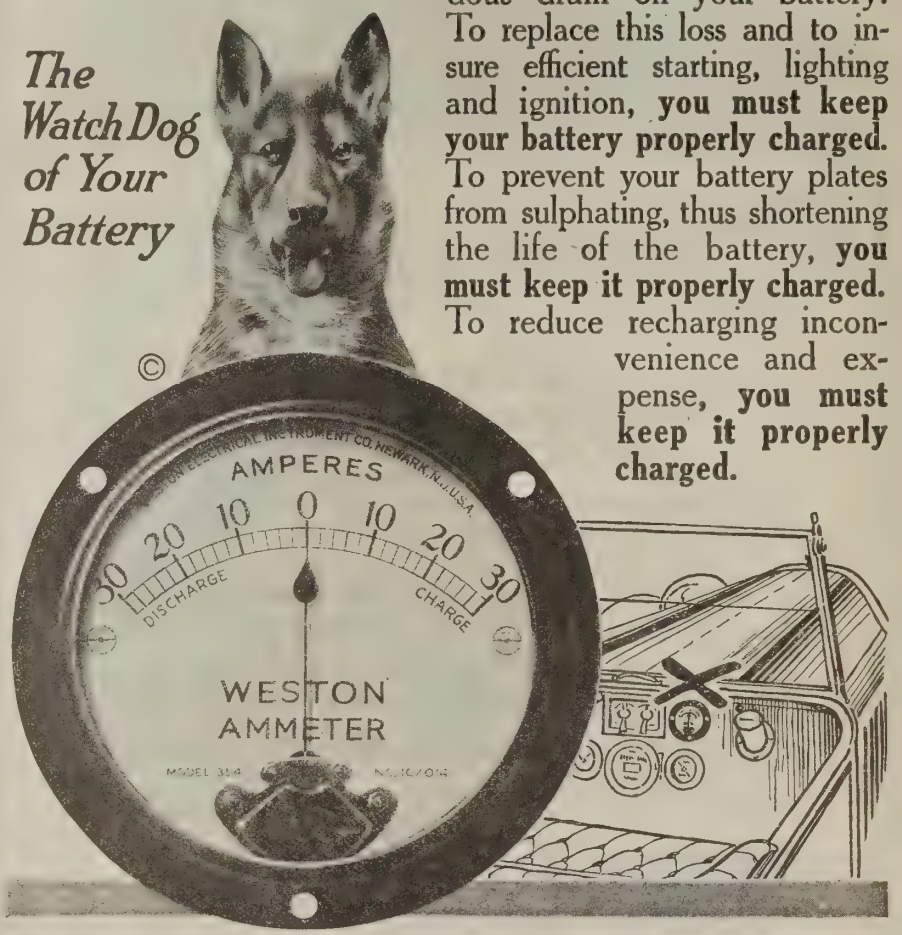
The Watch Dog of Your Battery



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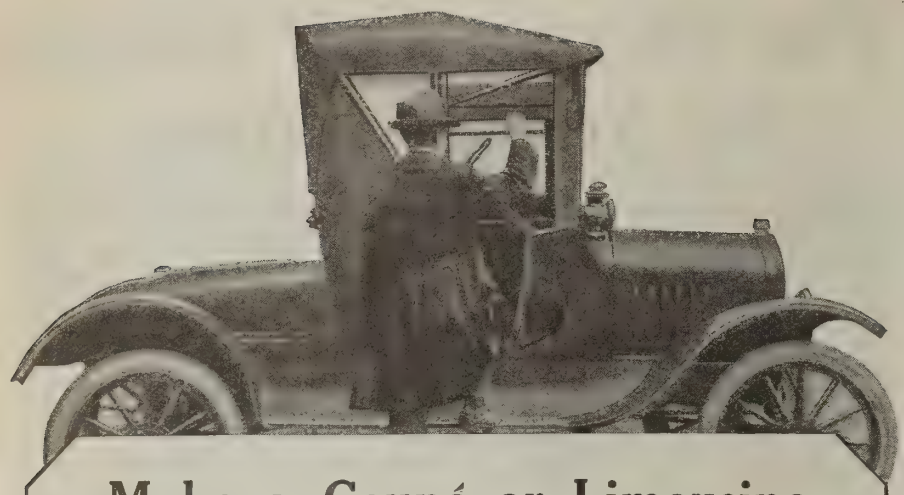

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moment in confinement, paying an indeterminate penalty of servitude for an undiscovered offense.

The general summoned his adjutant.

"Have this man brought in here—Vitus Marsden, private, colored, First Service Battalion. They've got him at the Casino."

The Wildcat left Lily in charge of his fellow prisoners and made his way under guard to the general's headquarters, via the automobile patrol driven by a speed king by the name of Roberts. "'At boy sho' kin ramble!"

"Delivering a prisoner under personal orders of the general," the guard explained to the orderly in the outer office. "Vitus Marsden, the Military Wildcat, they call him."

Presently, alone with the commanding general of the base, the Wildcat began his story:

"'Ceptin' foh galloping a couple o' risk cubes wheneveh Ah craves action Ah's neveh busted no reg'lations fah as Ah knows." The Wildcat could look honest, by straining himself.

"Crapshooter—that's it, is it?"

"Gin'ral, some calls it that."

"Do you ever lose?"

"Gin'ral, hahdly eveh! Boy in Memphis showed me once neveh to ace, dooce o' twelve; ginally Ah 'cumulates strong."

The general gazed out of his window over the roof of a vegetable market for a minute. Then suddenly he gave the Wildcat a match.

"I sentence you to a hundred years in jail," the general said. "Each one of these five cigarettes is ten years—and each one of these ten matches is five years. Your stake is one five-year match. Shoot out your sentence."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Is you'all got de bones?"

The general, it appeared, had no dice in his personal equipment. That fact established the Wildcat felt free in the emergency to fish his pet gallopers out of his left shoe.

"They neveh talks 'less they's on a blanket. Neveh talks on wood."

The general moved back from the center of the rug spread on the floor of his office. "Go to it."

"Whuf! Shoots five yeahs! Fade me, white boy—lemme see, dast you!"

The general kneeling opposite the Wildcat threw a match upon the rug. "Shoot," he said.

"Cubeb babies, whang! Seven, saw de bars! Shoots ten yeahs!"

"Roll 'em." The general threw a cigarette beside the two matches on the rug.

"Jail breakers, speak to me. Ah, nines. Slow death! Five an' fo' Ah craves. Ramble, you rattlin' risks! Whuf! Dey reads six-tray—'at's nine. Ah lets it lay. Shoots twenty yeahs; Mil'tary Wil'cat neveh lost yit. Fade me, white boy, is you crazy?"

"I'm crazy," the general announced. "Let 'm ramble." He threw two cigarettes upon the rug.

"Bam! An' Ah th'ows a six-ace th'oo de ol' jail do'! Shoots it all."

"Forty years," the general said. He ered the bet. "Shoot 'em."

"Fo'ty yeahs!"

The Wildcat hesitated. He picke the dice and rolled them gently betwe perspiring palms.

"Gen'ral, whah at is dis yeah jail?"

"We'll pick a good jail—roll 'em."

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet. Lily—sta me! Li'l' jail bustehs, ramble! W An' Ah reads six-five; 'leven, fr' Lawd. Gin'ral, how much does Ah you yit?"

"Twenty years."

"Shoots twenty yeahs—whuf! Ar th'ows five. Ace an a fo' opens de Whah at, ace-fo', is you? Th'ee an' t Lady Luck. Wham! An' Ah fives!" Wildcat got to his feet. "Gin'ral, sul Ah go now?"

The general sat back in his chair ar garded the Wildcat without answering rang for his adjutant.

"Discharge and immediate transp tion to point of enlistment for this ma has it coming to him."

The general reached into the top d of his desk and brought out a thick pa of bank notes.

"This is a navy prize awarded yo saving a convoy with that soap-b screen. Good work—good-by—good l

Twenty minutes later en route to a barkation camp from the Casino de C the Wildcat, his arm about the ne Lily, the mascot, began to realize the few details of the good luck which had denly hit him.

"Lily, how come?"

Three days later the Wildcat le against the rail of a steamship about t for the U. S. A. Beside him chewing he on an expensive cigar stood Lily. Wildcat's vacant eyes ceased drea suddenly and focused upon a familiar f ascending the stage plank.

"Cap'n, suh," he called, "how com ketched dis boat?"

The Wildcat's former captain look him.

"Boy, what in hell are you doin' h

"Cap'n, Ah's headed home. Lemme yo' coat an' 'at valise. Ah's a casual.'

"So am I," the captain said. Mer of long weeks of waiting in the emb tion camp suddenly settled upon him turned to the Wildcat.

"Come down here and fix up my s room."

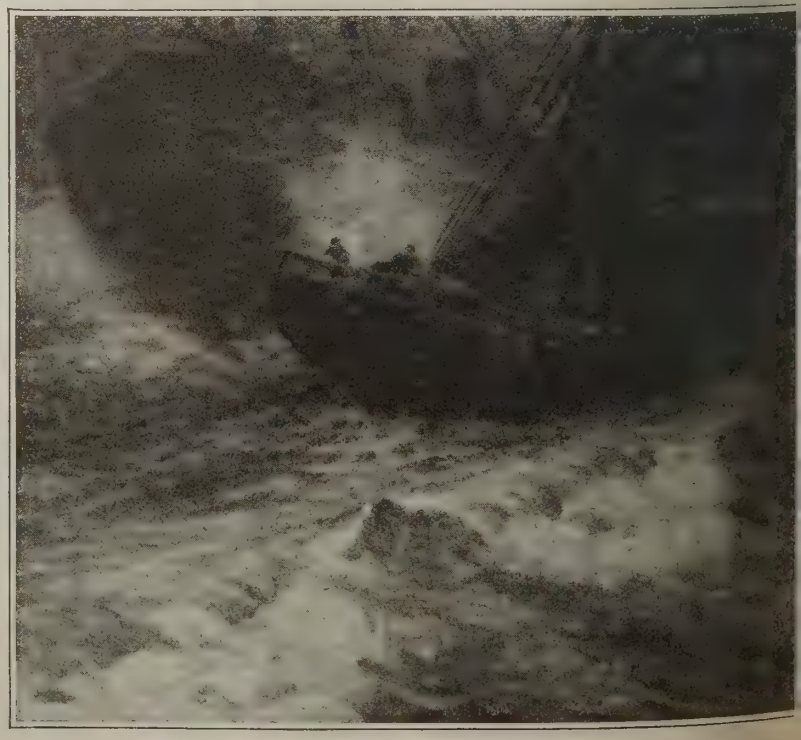
"Cap'n, suh—kin I take keer you home?"

"If you don't," the captain said you don't I aim to kill you whenever time."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat explained it all to Lily mascot:

"Me an' Lady Luck plays de same g 'At's how come us headed home."



THE HAPPY SPENDERS

(Continued from Page 17)

lcars a year, had on the highest-priced elthing. She wore:

Co	$150.00
Drs	35.00
Hts	12.00
Hs	15.00
Stckings	3.00
Gl es	2.50
	$217.50

ne made her own underwear.

stenographer at $1220 a year wore the ehipest outfit. She had on:

Su	$25.00
Shs	17.00
Hs	11.00
Stckings	3.25
Jrerwear	2.75
Gl es	2.25
Ttal	$61.25

teacher making the same salary—$120 a year—had on $180.75 worth of clothes. A stenographer at $1620 a year wore clothes costing her $133.50. The head stenographer at $1800 a year had on $192.55 worth of stuff. Another stenographer at $1400 a year had on clothes that cost $112.40. A clerk at $1120 a year paid $91.50 for what she wore. None of these girls had on stockings that cost less than $2.25 a pair. Most of them were $2.75 to $3.50 a pair. None of them wore a hat that cost less than ten dollars and only one had a hat that cheap. The others paid $15 to $21 for their hats.

What Women's Clothes Cost

When these figures were brought in to the man who had made the inquiry he sent his woman investigator out with these instructions: "Go out and buy yourself an outfit of clothes proper for your daily work. Come in and let me see how you look and tell me what you had to pay." The girl went out and bought these things:

Su	$55.00
Ht	7.50
Blse	3.50
Petcoat	3.00
Jrerwear	5.00
Stckings—lisle	.85
Shs	13.00
Gl es	1.75
Ttal	$89.60

To my friend fixed upon $89.60 as a fair average price for which a working woman in an office can get an outfit. But he was rather unsettled that night in his opinion when he had found a secure standard. He was taking his wife to a movie and telling her of the experiment he had been conducting. She began to mumble and count on her fingers.

"Why," she said, "all the clothes that I have got on only cost $45.50."

So the great question of what a woman's clothes ought to cost is as yet unsettled, but it is perfectly clear that an outfit for a woman working in an office ought not to cost $217.50. It may help you to work out the problem for yourself if I set down here in detail what I have just summarized:

Occupation	Approximate Salary	Amount Spent	
Teacher	$1100	Suit	$45.00
		Shoes	10.00
		Blouse	7.00
		Stockings	2.60
		Gloves	3.00
		Total	$67.60
		Wore last year's hat and petticoat. Made underwear.	
Teacher	$1220	Dress	$35.00
		Wrap	29.50
		Hat	10.00
		Shoes	8.00
		Stockings	2.25
		Gloves	3.00
		Petticoat	8.00
		Underwear (homemade)	13.00
		Total	$108.75
Stenographer	$1620	Suit	$86.00
		Hat	18.00
		Shoes	10.00
		Stockings	2.25
		Underwear	9.00
		Gloves	2.25
		Blouse	7.00
		Total	$134.50
Stenographer	$1220	Suit	$25.00
		Shoes	17.00
		Hat	11.00
		Stockings	3.25
		Underwear	2.75
		Gloves	2.25
		Total	$61.25
Head Stenographer	$1800	Dress	$35.00
		Hat	18.00
		Shoes	16.00
		Stockings	2.00
		Petticoat	6.00
		Underwear	11.75
		Gloves	3.00
		Veil	.80
		Fur	100.00
		Total	$192.55
Stenographer	$1400	Suit	$55.00
		Hat	16.00
		Shoes	9.00
		Stockings	2.25
		Petticoat	6.00
		Underwear	6.45
		Gloves	2.95
		Blouse	5.75
		Total	$103.40
Clerk	$1120	Suit	$50.00
		Hat	15.00
		Waist	8.00
		Underwear	11.50
		Petticoat	5.00
		Hose	2.50
		Oxfords	7.50
		Gloves	1.00
		Total	$100.50
Clerk	$1000	Coat	$150.00
		Dress	35.00
		Shoes	12.00
		Hat	15.00
		Stockings	3.00
		Gloves	2.50
		Total	$217.50
		Made underwear.	

Now, suppose we compare what these girls were actually wearing at work with what working women have agreed is a necessary expenditure for clothes. The highest minimum wage thus far achieved for women through legislation has recently been granted women workers in the District of Columbia. Merchants must pay not less than $16.50 a week to any woman in their employ who has had seven months' experience. The saleswomen in making their fight for an increased wage drew up a budget of their actual necessary expenditures. This was verified and found to be true for the great body of them. This is what they found they must have:

Suit	$35.00
Coat	39.50
Waist	2.00
Hat	5.00
Shoes	10.00
Gloves	2.50
Stockings—lisle	.60
Petticoat	3.95
Underclothes	5.00
Total	$103.55

Who Are the Spenders

These working girls of Washington proposed to have one suit every two years at $35.00 and one coat every two years at $39.50. They allowed for two wash dresses in summer at $8 apiece; two summer skirts at $2.50 each, and a real dress-up dress at $29.50 every two years. This estimate of expenditure is not really an estimate at all but a summary of actual expenditures of girls employed in merchants' shops in Washington.

By the way, when these saleswomen were negotiating with their employers and the Minimum Wage Board one of the girls reminded one of their managers that a few years before she had worked at his store for $3.50 a week and when she asked for $4 was told she could go. She is now being paid more than $25 a week. The incident is indicative—if nothing else.

Now, who are these happy spenders? Where do they come from? Where do they get the money to spend so lightly and without asking prices at a time when most people are undoubtedly pinched? I think I have found out where a good many of them come from. When the war began there came with it a great demand from the European governments at war for all manner of manufactured materials. This demand steadily

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increased. As we went into the war it became insatiate. Every sort of mill and manufactory was going at top speed. Prices for labor went up steadily from the very beginning. Men and women both began to shift from the lower-paid employments to the higher paid. They left clean-handed jobs to take dirty-handed jobs. It was widely remarked upon at the time how clerks in dry-goods stores and insurance offices and haberdashery shops and all sorts of retail stores were leaving their clean, soft-handed fifteen and eighteen dollar a week jobs to go into shipyards and munition factories and what not and do manual labor at from six to ten dollars a day and in some cases even higher.

There was the same shift among women workers. Women who had light, clean-handed jobs—stenographers, clerks in shops and offices, manicurists, hairdressers, beauty-parlor employees, and all that sort of thing—found they could get work in shops and mills where the work was dirty perhaps, but paid double and treble what their old jobs had paid them. They shifted naturally. Then there came to work at the same time literally hundreds of thousands of women who had never worked before, or who had perhaps worked a little bit at odd times to make pin money but who had never fully supported themselves. These women were the wives and sisters of officers and men who went into the Army, or they were women who lived at home and wanted to do something useful during the war, or they found the cost of living going up and did not wish to reduce their domestic standards and so went to work to earn a little money on the side to keep things up as they had been before the war.

The war not only made it respectable for women to work and washed away whatever social differences might have attached in some conservative communities to working women but it made working fashionable for women. They permeated the whole field of industry. I have been going over a rough sort of survey of an inquiry made among several thousand factories and I find that in virtually every one of them the number of female employees has greatly increased. There was a notable jump after the second draft. I believe it is true that hardly an appreciable number of women who went to work during the war have become idlers again since these restless days of so-called peace have come upon us. A dozen women have said to me—women with husbands and comfortable homes—"I will never be idle again. I was never so happy as since I have had a job. I like to have the money to spend and I like the sense of being occupied."

The Shortage of Teachers

So here we have a great number of people, men and women, who have changed the nature of their employment and gone into industry because of the larger wage being paid people who work with their hands. They are everywhere. They are making more money than they ever dreamed of making before, and they have got more money to spend than people who have not been affected so favorably by the changed conditions. In some cases this has tended to work harm to the general social fabric, and in others it has not. I do not apprehend that any great loss would come upon the world if there was a temporary shortage of beauty-parlor specialists and manicurists and haberdashery clerks and ushers in movie-picture houses and lace-and-ribbon sales men and women.

But in one employment at least there is a shortage of competent people which is a matter of concern to all of us—peculiarly so at this juncture.

In going through the records of women who have shifted their employment since the war began and who have gone into munition plants or war work in one of the government departments, I have been struck with the number of school-teachers. There must have been nearly 10,000 in Washington alone, women at work for the War Risk Insurance Bureau, the Housing Corporation, or the Food or Fuel Administration, who quit teaching at six or seven hundred dollars a year and came to Washington to work at from $1000 to $1440 a year. They are working in factories too. Many of them have not gone back to teaching. Some of those in Washington, I found, were taking courses at various colleges there while keeping on with their work for the Government. They were preparing themselves to do better work and get higher pay as teachers when the opportunity offered to go back to tea ing. Meantime they were holding onto higher-paid jobs.

Inquiry discloses that the condition become alarming from the viewpoint those charged with the management school systems all over the country. T National Educational Association dressed an inquiry to every county district superintendent of schools in United States. The information sou included the actual shortage of teachers the opening of schools in September, number of teachers below standard w had been accepted in order that vacan might be filled, the relation of salary creases to the increased cost of livi whether or not the number of teach under twenty-one years of age has creased and whether or not promising you men and women are being attracted teaching as in the past.

The replies already received to this quiry indicate that the total shortage teachers in the United States must about 38,000 and the number of teach below standard approximately 65,000. other words, something more than 100,0 teachers' jobs in the United States either without teachers or else suppli with teachers who are admittedly unqu ified to teach, measured by the standar of the localities in which the schools situated.

A Premium on Handwork

Of 1512 superintendents, 1430 repo that teachers' salaries have not been creased in proportion to the increased c of living and 1267 report that they ha found it necessary to lower the standard qualifications in order to supply teache Virtually all of the superintendents repo that the number of teachers below twent one years of age is increasing. Many repo that their rural schools are being taug largely by young girls without professior training. The average annual salary pa teachers in this country last year w $630.64. No class of workers for the ra ways, not even the section hands, but wh receives from 107 to 500 per cent of the ave age salary paid teachers. Hod carriers ea from one and a half to twice as much; he bakers, carpenters, glaziers and printi machine tenders earn twice as much; wi men, lathers, blacksmiths and machinis earn about two and a half times as muc and bricklayers, plumbers and structu iron workers earn about three times much.

In the present unsettled condition of imperfect world the person who can wo with his hands is for the moment at t top of the heap. The whole world wan material commodities, wants increas production. Money is plentiful—too ple tiful. The general stock of money in th country increased from August 1, 1914, January 1, 1919, from about three a three-quarter billion dollars to a little mo than seven and three-quarter billions, increase of more than 100 per cent. We a lush and dripping with money—at lea some of us are. And those who have want manufactured articles, though v haven't enough to go round.

But this condition, which is necessari only temporary, is no reason for forgetti there are people who earn a living wit their heads, for after all the human bein with minds, the brain workers, have just fied their existence. We cannot entirel eliminate the throbbing old bean, and ce tainly we can't drive all the teachers int making parts for cash registers or addin up columns of figures for the War Ris Insurance Bureau. The generation tha comes on after this war, which has s wrenched and racked the world, will hav its hands full. We who have been throug the war will not be able to complete the jo of reconstruction. The children who a now growing up and in school deserve better fate than to be taught by inexpe rienced, incompetent teachers or go partl unschooled for lack of teachers.

We are talking and working and spend ing money at this minute to Americaniz the United States. We discovered to ou chagrin and amazement when the test c war came how many passengers we wer carrying in the national boat, a great un digested lump and mass of people wh could not read or write or who did no know English and who had not the faintes glimmer of a notion of the spirit and ideal and qualities of our national institutions

(Concluded on Page 185)

(Concluded from Page 182)

yvere not a part of us. They did not
ɔr. They did not feel any responsibil-
fc national welfare. They did a day's
kor a day's pay and let it go at that.
ɪtɪmp is not to be broken up and that
aon is not to be changed save by
cion. With the cost of living what it
ɜve have already found it, we can't
nn and women to do educational work
r hey can't get a living wage out of it.
t ɪs been discovered that the two jobs
n dislike most are domestic service
ɔrking in laundries. When the de-
ɑcame for women workers to replace
ɪ ɪ industry and in all sorts of jobs
ɾɪe war began, among the very first to
n their occupations were the domestic
ɾɪts and the women employed in laun-
ɛs This was true both in England and
h United States; nor have the women
n illing to come back to these jobs since
vɾ ended. There is still a shortage and
ɾɪnd for them even at increased wages.
ɛy lon't like the hours and they don't
·e work and apparently they would
fɛ to do almost anything else. Many
ɛɪɛs and plans have been suggested to
ɛ· the domestic-service situation, but
ɛf them has as yet proved successful
aɪring enough to attract any great
nɪr.

The Berlin Agreement

ɟn the passive domestic servants in
ɾɪny have demanded new working
ɗions. What the German servant is
ɨi· to do and call it a day's work will
ɛɾt the American housewife and fill her
h hopeless longing. The new arrange-
nɪwas reached in a characteristic Ger-
n vay. In Berlin a board has been
ɑtshed, consisting of representatives
husewives' and domestic servants'
ɔɑtions. This board has drawn up a
d· form of domestic-service contract to
sɪɪed by both parties before an engage-
nɪs concluded. The following are the
ɛfɒoints in the model:

t ɪates exactly the kind of work to be
ɪɛthe number of persons in the house-
d he number of rooms, the number of
ɔr in the house, and provides that
ɪɪeration shall include lodging, ade-
ɪt board and a monthly wage of —
rɪ, to be paid on the last day of each
nɪ. For a beginner a minimum wage of
ɪɪrks—$3.57—a month plus 5 marks—
1!-high-cost-of-living bonus is pro-
ɛ These figures are based on the
-ur value of the mark. The domestic
vɪt must be registered with the proper
ɑlsick fund and the legal deductions
sɒe made from the pay for invalidity
ɪ ckness insurance.

T contract specifies in detail whether
sɦg, carpet beating, coal carrying,
ɪcw washing, floor polishing, and so on,
ɛ t be done. Information as to the serv-
ɛ household experience and education
ɪ aining is asked.

Tɦ door of the room assigned to the
vɪt must be provided with a lock and
y, nd the room must have a bed for his
hɛ exclusive use, a window opening into
ɛ uter air, a wardrobe, washing ap-
ɑɪes and a towel. There must also be
ɛɑ for heating the room. Where heat
ɪɪt be provided, another heated room
ɪs be available for the servant during
ɪ ɛ her spare time.

Were there is a bathroom in the house
ɛ ɾrvants must be permitted to use it,
ɛɛe they must be granted time and
ɒɪy to have one bath a week outside.

T daily period during which the servant
ɪs be at call shall be as a rule thirteen
uɪ, of which two hours shall be free for
ɛa and other purposes. After 7 P. M. the
ɾvɪt shall only be liable to perform cur-
ɪtwork, such as getting supper, prepar-
g bdrooms, opening the door, and so on.
ɑsing, ironing and scouring are not to
ɪdertaken after that time. Any work
nɪafter 8 P. M. on account of visitors or
rɪs must be paid for extra, the over-
mɛate to be 50 pfennigs—11.9 cents—an
ɒu for work done up to 10 P. M. and 75
ɛrigs—17.9 cents—an hour for work
ɒn after 10 P. M.

Ii cases of sudden illness of a non-
fɛious nature in the household the
rvɪt must be ready to perform work
ɪtɦe of the regular working hours. The
rvɪt may, however, decline to care for
ɒdttend a person afflicted with an infec-
ɒu disease and to clean the utensils
ɛɪɪred for his care.

The servant shall be given leave every other Sunday after 3 P. M., and each week one free afternoon of at least four hours after 4 P. M. shall be allowed.

The servant shall not leave the house without notifying the employer. Girls under eighteen years of age must return on week days not later than 10 P. M. and Sundays on which they have leave at a time to be agreed upon. For adults the hours of return on week days is left to agreement with the employer.

No deductions shall be made for household utensils accidentally broken.

After one year's service the servant shall be entitled to at least one week's leave with full pay and suitable allowance for board. This leave is to increase by one week for every two years' additional service up to a maximum of three weeks.

Two weeks' notice shall be given on leaving the service or on discharge.

Instead of the service pass book hitherto prescribed, testimonials are to be produced by the servant if required. These shall be returned when the servant begins to work.

If disputes arise while the contract is in force they are to be settled by an arbitration board consisting of an equal number of representatives of housewives and servants.

I ask you, Mrs. American Housewife, wouldn't you like to have a cook and a housemaid and a waitress on those terms?

Here is a curious thing that investigators of the high cost of living have discovered: The average percentage of expenditure for food decreases as the income increases. The percentage of expenditure for rent and for fuel and for light also decreases as the income increases. On the other hand, it has been found that the average percentage of expenditure for clothing and for miscellaneous items increases without exception with the increase of income. The happy spenders are responsible for that. They are going out into the shops and buying not only more clothing and higher-priced clothing but all the little gewgaws and nonessentials that they have always longed for and never been able to buy. They do not spend more money on the table than they have to. They spend a smaller proportion of their income for food than ever before.

The Only Way to Lower Prices

Notwithstanding this decreased proportion of the increased income spent for food, the unemotional Bureau of Labor Statistics notes in its dry-as-dust professional manner: "Much interest has always been displayed in this subject, and since prices have been rising so rapidly this interest has become almost passionate." This Federal agency has recently made and just published the result of an inquiry made in 91 cities throughout the United States to determine the annual average cost of food for families with incomes from $1200 to $1500. It was found to be $511. The largest sum, $624, was spent in Fall River, Mass., and the smallest sum, $427, in Savannah, Ga.

On June 15, 1919, the cost of 22 articles of food was 14 per cent higher than a year ago. The comparison was made on these foodstuffs: Sirloin steak, round steak, rib roast, chuck roast, plate beef, pork chops, bacon, ham, lard, hens, flour, corn meal, eggs, butter, milk, bread, potatoes, sugar, cheese, rice, coffee and tea. Onions and prunes, which were not included in this list, increased 133 per cent and 53 per cent respectively.

It is clear enough that this sort of thing can't go on forever. It must stop somewhere. It is absurd in a great country packed with richness and plenty that we should not have enough for all. We can, if we will only work and save. Normal conditions will return with normal production. Scarcity of commodities caused by underproduction is the opportunity of the profiteer.

Men and women who produce things—food or clothing or furniture or any other necessity—who deliberately restrict their output are punishing themselves and their kind. They make the opening and the opportunity for the profiteer who gouges them. Great prosperity is not a license for extravagance. Until production becomes normal, economy is more necessary now than it was during the war. Don't buy what you can't afford. That is the only way to bring prices down. Stopping work won't get us anywhere. High wages are no help if the cost of living is higher. Work and Save! Don't be a happy spender!

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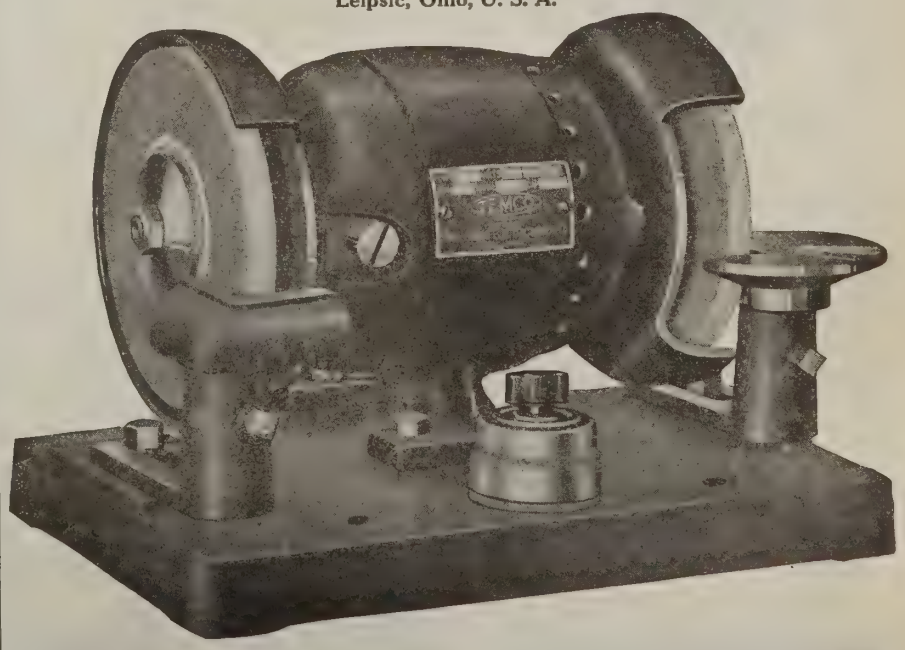

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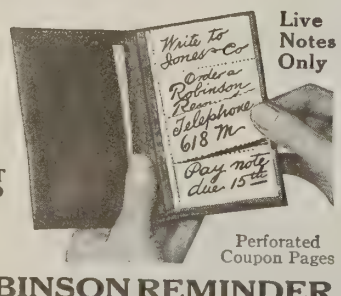

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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 5)

"See those thatchings," he went on; "all dinky and quaint and beautiful and full of mice and worse things, hot in summer, cold in winter, flaring like tinder if a spark drops. See those vines climbing all over, making those houses so smartly pretty and dark and dank and clammy. No slate roof, says squire. No vines cut down, says squire. The village must look pretty to him, and quaint, and old-fashioned, when he chooses to ride through it."

Young Lingard was greatly struck by this new view. He glanced down the street. "It looks too good to be true," he admitted.

"It's sham, humbug!" the young man cried. "That cottage, and that, and that," he pointed, "have been condemned by the sanitary authorities. They're falling to pieces. Their walls reek, but they can't turn the people out on the street and heap their bits of sticks on the roadside, for there's no place for 'em to go. So when the old uns get rheumaticks the squire sends liniment. When the kiddies get sore throat the squire sends a gargle. And these fools are grateful. The women curtsy, the men touch their hats when the squire chooses to ride through his village. Keep wages down. Keep 'em humble. He has 'em in his fist right enough. 'Take my wages or out you go!' And so when the squire rides through his village it is cheap as well as beautiful."

He stopped abruptly in front of a cottage. "No vines there," he said. "A slate roof all dry and tight inside and out. Water piped in from the well; no carrying a hundred yards from a standpipe by the roadside. Two pigs down at the end of the garden behind. Wooden floors; none of your ragged old stone floors in there. New door and window sills, keeping out the drafts."

He flung back his head.

"The man who lives there," he said, "owns his house. He's beholden to none. He can sell his labor where he will. He can buy his own liniment and his own gargles. And he don't touch his hat, and his sister don't drop any curtsies."

Hearing approaching horses they glanced up the street. He of the sledge hammer promptly presented his back to the roadway. "The squire rides through his village," he said.

Young Lingard watched with eager interest. The girl with the racket passed with a casual, unrecognizing glance. The squire, very erect, with a soldier's seat in the saddle, drew up, glancing from the sledge hammer to its holder.

"Turle," he said abruptly, "if you take the usual methods about the right of way you will meet an unusual defense."

The young man wheeled, twirling the hammer as though it was a light shillalah. "Colonel," he answered, "the monks from the abbey made that path in 1312."

But the squire had gone on.

"What is the usual method?" the boy cried, looking with eager eyes after the retreating figures.

"This." Young Turle laughed and patted the sledge hammer. He touched his cap. "That's in a friendly way to a Yankee," he said. Then he bolted into the house.

Young Lingard saw the old man Turle peering from the attic window, anxious-eyed, troubled.

He walked on fast, in hope of another glimpse of his Lingard relatives. The oak door was just opening to them as he came to the tree, and the girl chanced to drop her tennis racket. Roger went over and handed it to her.

"Thank you for not hitting me with it," he heard himself say. He was astonished at his own audacity.

She flushed crimson again, but her voice was cool, her words deliberate. "Would you mind handing it——" She pointed within and rode after her father.

Roger dropped the racket and turned angrily away. "Over home," he thought, "if we're mad we say so, and get it over. Over here they put themselves on ice and you bark your knuckles against the blocks."

Beneath the oak, smoking a brier, sat a graybeard whose kindly face and indolent, drooping shoulders were an invitation to gossip. This village schoolmaster, contented with one hundred and sixty pounds a year, and a garden and small orchard that supplied everything, including strawberries, asparagus and Cox's orange pippins, had but one complaint against life: he had not enough people to talk to. An ardent, inquisitive American boy, attractive of face and very pleasant in manner, had but to say good evening; the fountain spouted and the stream of talk flowed on evenly.

This village, it appeared, not being in the direct road between important centers and being some miles from a sleepy little market town, was almost untouched by the modern spirit.

The great house fathered the lot. A thirty-shilling gift at harvest; as much cider at hay and harvest time as they liked to drink—and some drank two gallons a day; a goose at Michaelmas; a brace of pheasants after a big shoot; rabbits almost all the year round; a hare now and then; coal and blankets at Christmas; a clothing club to which mothers contributed sixpence a week; the amount doubled at Christmas by the Lingards and children's clothes bought wholesale and distributed at cost; rare old port for pallid wives; stout from the grocery for nursing mothers; a midwife from Castlechepe when babies came; a doctor without charge to such as could not pay; wood at will for those who chose to gather; spectacles for astigmatic children and the old.

"Splendid!" the boy cried when the schoolmaster paused for breath. "It's like a fairy tale. They have everything!"

The graybeard nodded. "Everything," he corrected, "except a living wage, modern houses and freedom."

"Mighty important exceptions," said young Lingard, sobered; "but surely all this costs more than a living wage."

The philosophic schoolmaster admitted this, but explained the pleasure of being boss of your own countryside, of playing Lady Bountiful and of receiving gratitude. No Lingard, he said, knocked at a cottage door. They walked straight in. That was one of the traditions. No cottager could continue to live in the village if he did not work for the squire, or on one of the farms rented from the estate, or on the roads in the parish. No cottager or farmer could take in a summer lodger. The Lingards did not want people from the towns roaming about. No girl who had gone wrong could stay or come back; though, to be sure, that had not happened in fifteen years. No farmer could fence with barbed wire; that interfered of course with hunting. Economical as it would be, no farmer wanted to use it. They were a sporting lot and liked to see the hounds coming their way. Foxes got a lot of fowls of course, but housewives seldom sent in a bill to the hunt fund; it wasn't thought exactly sporting. When they did their accounts were promptly settled.

"All this," young Lingard said, "is mighty interesting. It's so different. You've summed everything up for me, all the things I've heard."

"You're going on soon?" the schoolmaster asked, a little perturbed.

"Oh, yes. To Stratford-on-Avon."

"All Americans go there. You mustn't quote anything I say, of course."

"Oh, no!"

The boy eyed the speaker; so free speech was denied too. He looked from artless eyes and asked casually if nobody in the village could be independent. The philosophic schoolmaster, happy in such a listener, fell immediately.

There was a most interesting illustration, he explained, of the effect of economic independence. There was one family that owned its house. The result was freedom in choice of occupation. A young man had been apprenticed and had only jus turned as a highly skilled machine f He was working in Castlechepe on m engines and had been a student of econ in the Oldport night schools, was trades-unionist, a firebrand, bringing ernism to the village and reviving a h tary feud with the great family.

The schoolmaster chuckled and kn out the ashes from his pipe.

"Yet his grandfather takes tips,' boy blurted out.

The schoolmaster stared. "Those of yours see a lot," he said, surprised

"He looks such a fine old man," th stammered.

"He was independent, self-respect said the schoolmaster. "When he go old to work he sunned himself here u this tree and let tourists photograph He never takes tips when villagers about. He never takes more than shillings a week. I've watched him five years. He's an old man with a b his bonnet. He doesn't need that m He doesn't spend it. His grandchil know nothing about it. He pouche Why? Just that sum; just about weekly rent of that house of his."

The schoolmaster meditatively re his pipe. "I've often wondered," he tinued, looking up the street with a spe tive air and smiling. "That family is it is because it has owned the house; what if that foundation is sand? It w be irony."

The schoolmaster chuckled. The began to comprehend.

"He ran away from me," Roger "but he's not afraid of all Americans.

The schoolmaster nodded and stru match, but it burned unnoted, for y Lingard added: "I spoke to him stra I only asked his name. I wonder if afraid of someone from the United S coming to look for him."

"You're a clever people, you Yank the schoolmaster cried, flinging a m from a singed finger.

The boy laughed. "You make it a clear," he said.

The schoolmaster, obviously troul pledged him again to silence, and ask he was staying at the Boar's Head.

Roger heard the name with pleas He fingered the ring he wore, the sole loom that had descended to him. I seal was cut a boar's head, the crest of Lingards.

"Yes, I'm staying there," he said.

"Not a word there," the schoolma cautioned. "Charity Turle is barmaid

"A barmaid?" echoed the astonis boy.

"Yes; and a very good one too, with quick hands and her superior educat She's as ambitious as her brother, and as much of a firebrand in her way—fragette and all that. Oh, they're a pa

A woman bartender—his cousin. W would his father say to that? In his c munity a man who distilled or brewe sold or dispensed alcoholic liquors shunned and despised.

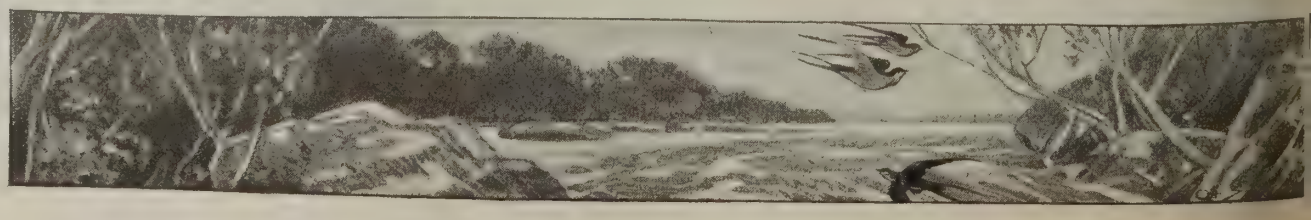
"It's time I went," he said. "D mind if I've guessed too much. Not a w to anybody, I promise. I say, I've enjo your talk. Thank you. Good-by."

He hurried to the motor cycle which stood for hours against the park wall, he saw the racket lying where he flung it.

"A spoiled kid," he thought, and too into the turnpike house. He rushed aw eager to see a barmaid.

The Boar's Head he found was the le ing inn. He pushed his motor cycle bene an arch into a cobbled court in which st enough vehicles to prove that a good ma farmers were making a long day of it town. He entered the hotel through a b door and found a small window like a tic seller's looking into a bar. There was a b maid too. He saw the top of her he

(Continued on Page 189)



(Continued from Page 186)

hr was very fair and thick and
tl She was bending far down. One
vs lifting a bottle from a cupboard,
tlr was lightly rubbing her face. She
e small white cloth into a small open
d white powder which stood on the
heath the counter. He had never,
ought, known a girl who powdered,
vas pleasantly thrilled. It was all
se had expected.
straightened suddenly, but not
enough to catch him watching this
citing secret operation. When his
e again turned toward her she was
r a soda-water bottle with extraor-
yiexterity. She looked just like any girl,
t hat she was more attractive than
ls.
the oak tree over again. Imagina-
transcended possibilities. He had
anticipated mysterious, fascinating
ess, hidden yet obvious, alluring
elling. He had never seen a bar-
He had twice been in refreshment
n railway stations, but had never
l of the girls there except casually as
es.
rned and smiled pleasantly on him.
" she asked.
shed a little, a trifle embarrassed.
looking for the office," he answered.
ught I'd locate here for a day or

niled, then bit the tip of her tongue.
'll give you Room Number Twenty-
" he said. "We get lots of you Amer-
re."
w do you know I am an American so
k" he asked.
Because only Americans 'locate,'" she
d with a laugh. She pulled a hooked
lr that led up the wall. A bell
g. A man came.
Number Twenty-one, boots," she said.
o the gentleman up; or are you going
ic?"
I ought I'd like some supper," Roger
ved.
He glanced at the clock. "There's a
e hote on at half past seven. It's a
te for tea, but you could get some in
ffee room."
A Avonmouth," he answered, laugh-
"got some coffee in a tea room."
All you're lucky not to get a bed in a
ar room," she bantered. "We're al-
t ill up."

II

IT joint's not on yet, sir."
But I can have some supper?"
he waitress, whose large starched bow
a like cherub's wings behind her head,
ed at the clock and showed surprise.
A hick tea, perhaps, sir?" She saw
e did not understand. "A high
" she translated. Still he looked puz-
"A knife-and-fork tea? What you
y sir. Cut for yourself. I'll order the
"

The sideboard was too solid to groan; it
mahogany all through, a survival of
the when the Bristol Channel had al-
st he monopoly of West Indian com-
and mahogany was used as we use
e. t held a great round of boiled beef,
enormous sirloin roast, a ham, a steak-
-kney pie, a saddle of mutton and a
e heese.
Roger Lingard had been in England only
ni hours, but this was his third en-
nter with such an enticing bountiful
ay It pleased the eye, made his mouth
emand gave him a jolly impression of a
l comfortable plenty; but it troubled
. He could not leave any one of these
le ands in the ordered neatness of pre-
in carvers; he could only mangle and
k.
The steak-and-kidney pie saved dignity,
as found succulently satisfactory.
d not know that an Englishman who
ner to order dinner shuddered violently
seeing him drink tea with it. He did not
e tea, but nobody seemed to know
ut coffee.
As he ate he reflected on his busy day.
o girl cousins, peaches for looks—one
ve crimson, the other with cream; one
h p on the bough of a family tree on
er side of an inaccessible wall, the
el- he chuckled as he logically pressed
r taphor—on a plate, all sugared, just
ri to be eaten. The one had welcomed
n th a blow—almost a blow, anyhow;
w meant, if not given. The other,
en y, smiling, had acted as though she
s ally glad to see him. How different
as from room clerks at home. He called her a room clerk now, you perceive; and that is the word that would appear in his letter to his father.

He talked to the waitress, that he might ask about Charity Turle. His ardent interest met more than the usual response to curious American tourists, for youth, simple manners and good looks get results both in bar parlor and coffee room. Miss Turle was very popular. She never put on any airs. She was not likely to do as most of the young ladies behind the bar did—marry a farmer; though she had walked out three or four times with Mr. Ryker, and that was foolishness, for he was really a very jealous gentleman, and of course it was her living to be pleasant to everybody, and it was interfering with her bread and butter for a gentleman to stand there looking glum when she was laughing and talking with other gentlemen, and Miss Turle was not the kind to put up with that for long. Mr. Ryker?

A bell jangled in the hall and called the waitress away. Roger hurried, delayed, hurried again. The moment was approaching. He had a delightful sense of sin. He was about to enter a barroom and face a barmaid. In previous vacations he had no more than tramped over strange states and worked on strange farms. Of cities he knew little, of girls less. He had kissed one in final farewell under an apple tree in a Vermont orchard the summer before; that was the cherished limit of romance. He had hardly seen the inside of a barroom and had never tasted liquor, wine or beer.

At last he folded his table napkin, rose with a slow dignity, descended the stairway with stately deliberation and entered the bar with head held high. His cousin Charity was busy, but she flung a smile and a welcoming nod.

He sat down among farmers at a little table and watched her.

She was alive all over. When a farmer asked for a pint of mild and bitter she pulled one handle of a beer pump and then another, and handed over a shining tankard with creamy foam oozing over. When another asked for Scotch and a split she made a quick move of her hands, and soda-water bottles exploded with cheerful little pops.

"Say when," she would call out as she divided the soda between the two whiskies, and the farmer would lift a finger and she would stop pouring. She had a pleasant, cheerful word for everybody. She collected shillings from some, ninepences from some, tanners from others. When a customer asked for stout she poured the dark-brown liquid with such deft art that only about a third went to foam. Young Lingard had never seen stout and did not know how hard it is to pour on a hot day. Some of the older farmers called her "Missie"; the younger men said "Please, miss"; one said "A horse's neck, Charity"; and another ordered "A gin and peach, please, Miss Turle."

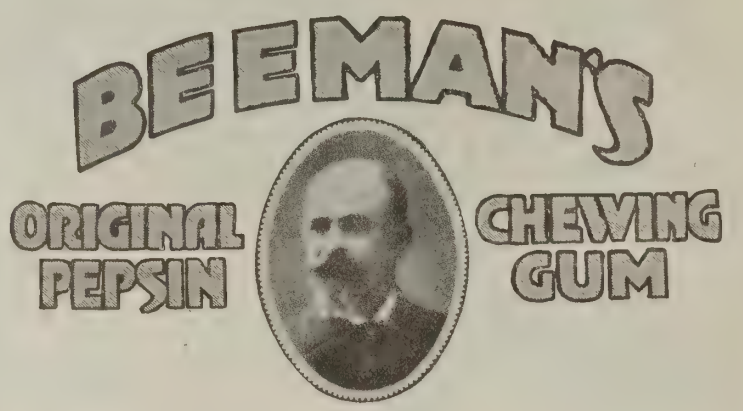
She was taxed to the limit of her unusual abilities, for more came than usual, and men drank more, for war between Austria and Serbia seemed possible. They talked much of this, and of holding on to their wheat, which one thought would surely go as high as a hundred shillings a quarter.

"Here's to a hundred a sack!" another cried, lifting his glass. "I shall sell mine before Christmas," he added. "It'll all be over by then."

Roger thought that Harun-al-Rashid had nothing on him. That Caliph of Bagdad had only looked on at life generally; he had never had a chance, unsuspected and unknown, to talk to his own relations. The boy felt so high an exhilaration that it was attractively expressed in face and manner. Farmers flung a second glance at him; Charity looked his way when the chance offered.

Roger was Number Twenty-one to her; he was determined that that should not last. His name was ready—Kellie Hill. He thus honored his native place in California, Mokelumne Hill; but he made it pronounceable. He thrilled with the sense of utter freedom. The last tie was cut. He vaguely regretted that the bar was so jolly comfortable and snugly respectable that even his father must enjoy it and approve. He was not even shocked when a farmer's wife, telling her husband that the trap was ready, stood at the little window outside and drank a glass of port.

At last Charity was free. He went over and asked for a cigar. She shook her golden head and leaned confidentially forward.



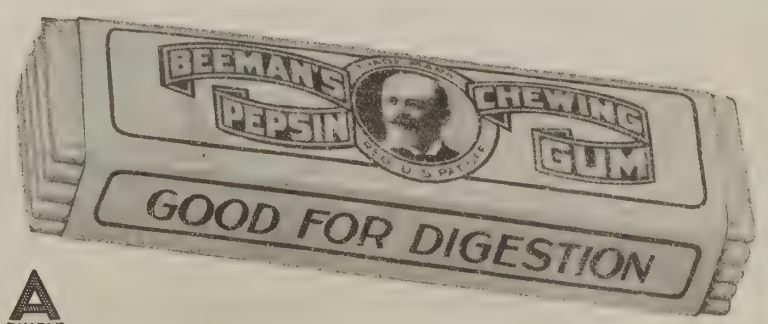
Eat Slowly

IF we would eat our food more slowly, we as a people would have much better digestion.

The way we hurry through our meals and keep our minds on business while we eat, when we should, as a matter of fact, relax, forget our business and pay attention to the proper mastication of our food, results necessarily in the improper mastication of the food with the results that usually follow.

The routine use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal will supply the saliva which has not been provided during the meal, and do much toward aiding digestive troubles and increasing the efficiency of every business man and business woman.

D. E. Beeman



CHICLE

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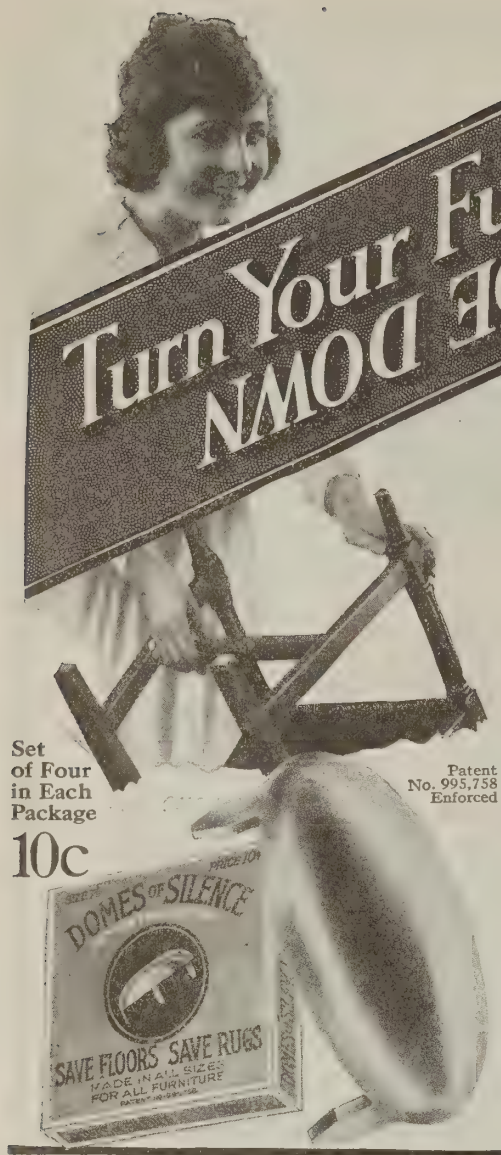

Then—

Look at the bottom of the legs. Are they free to dig into whatever they rest on?

Every time a leg rasps across your floor or ploughs a rug it leaves a scar.

There's not a piece of furniture in your home but will be improved by putting on Domes of Silence.

A few taps of the hammer and they're on to stay.

Each set of four in a neat, colored package, only 10c a set—at hardware and department stores or wherever you see the package.

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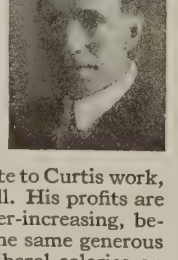
When buying new furniture your dealer will be glad to equip the furniture you buy with Domes of Silence—ask him—that's all.

DOMES *of* SILENCE

"Better Than Casters"

SPARE TIME PROFITS

Throughout the state of Washington Mr. Orville W. Street is known as "Street, the Curtis man." Yet he sells us only his spare hours and devotes to his work of caring for new and renewal subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* only the odd moments that come to him in the course of a busy day. In these extra hours he has built up a reputation and a thriving, profitable subscription business that easily nets him $100.00 A MONTH EXTRA.



Mr. George B. Hunter, across the continent from Mr. Street, is quite as successful. His reputation and his pleasant, profitable business have been built up in Maine. He has only an hour and a half a day to devote to Curtis work, but it pays him well. His profits are permanent and ever-increasing, because he receives the same generous commissions and liberal salaries on renewals that we pay him for new subscriptions. He finds new business easy to get. He, too, counts on his spare-time Curtis work to bring him $100.00 A MONTH EXTRA.

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These are but two of hundreds of our successful spare-time workers. You yourself can do as well. Only one subscription a day will pay you about $13.00 a month; 3 a day, $35.00; 5 a day, $85.00; 10 a day, $215.00; or 2 an hour—which our *most* successful agents can average because of the popularity of our publications—will pay you $100 a week! Clip the Coupon now!

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499 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: I should like to sell you my spare hours. Extra money looks good to me. Please tell me how to get it.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

"They'd all be too dry for you," she said; "and, besides, we can't keep them in condition. Damp one day with the moist weather; dry the next; how can we? Is your room to your liking?"

"Yes, thank you. Of course if you can't recommend them——" He swept his hand largely, brushing inferior cigars into limbo. He had not smoked a dozen in his life.

"No American gentlemen like them," she confessed. "What will you have?" She showed white regular teeth in her cheerful smile.

He was stumped. He did not know what to order.

"We've no ice," Charity said, "and I don't know how to mix one, but if you'd like a dry Martini I'll give you the makings. Come round."

"I can't either," he admitted with honest candor. "I've never even tasted one." He flushed a little as she drew back, put her hands on her hips and stared at him from mocking gray eyes.

"Your name is George Washington!" she exclaimed. She leaned forward and murmured that he was the first of his race to admit that there was anything he could not do.

A man came striding in, turned an emphasized back on young Lingard and said: "Miss Turle, I haven't got but a minute. I'm sorry—beastly luck—it's off for to-morrow afternoon."

The girl stood up straight and looked at this newcomer with combat in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Ryker?" she said.

Roger recognized the back of his antagonist of the morning, and understood that it was aggressively meant for him.

"The colonel's orders."

"But what orders?" she persisted.

Steady glances met, then the man answered slowly: "Some job; he didn't say."

The girl bent down. "Oh, very well," she said from the depths.

The bottle that she had sought flew open with an expressive bang and she poured its gurgling contents into a tall glass. One touch of her hand to a lever, and a tap spouted amber liquid into the tumbler.

"Lemonade and a dash," she said, smiling on Roger Lingard. "You asked for that, didn't you?"

The man turned sharply. The boy as he slowly drank the pleasant mixture looked over the rim. It was so deliberate a performance that a couple of farmers noted this long-drawn, challenging exchange of glances.

Bickley Ryker at length turned a frowning face to the girl, then stalked out of the room.

Young Lingard put down his almost empty glass. "I was thirsty," he said.

Charity Turle looked at him with a slight puzzled frown on her forehead. "You're a stranger here, aren't you?" she asked, a little troubled.

"One day in the place. I wanted to go through that big park. He stopped me."

"Oh!" Her exclamation was sharp.

The boy nodded, interested in her sudden flush, in the quick, angry flicker of her attractive eyes.

"Say," he asked, "isn't there any way I can see that park?"

Charity seemed to be considering this question. "I think I could help you," she said at length. "It's my afternoon off tomorrow. I'm going home that way."

"Fine!" young Lingard cried. "And you'll let me go with you?"

"I'll show you the way," she answered.

A little later he tore himself away to write to his father. In his letter he spoke of the pauper labor of Europe, of paternalism on estates, of the astounding gap between landlord and tenant—in short, he unconsciously quoted the schoolmaster. He incidentally mentioned a Lingard girl and a Turle girl. He had talked to both of them, but had not yet made up his mind to claim relationship; things were different over here.

In the morning at breakfast he found an envelope by his plate, addressed to Number Twenty-one. Two negatives and two prints dropped out. One was of a girl on horseback coming out of a gate and a boy standing just by her side gazing up at her with unbridled admiration. The second was of the girl crashing a tennis racket on the head of the boy.

"Two ladies left it," the waitress explained. "They seen you here last night and said as you would understand and they was much obliged. They've gone on."

"Fine!" Roger exclaimed.

He studied the photographs all t the meal. Serene or angry, Miss was a peach!

He went searching for the county office and ended in a place where from different signs on the outsi peared to be clerk to everything county: Clerk of the Peace, Clerk Board of Guardians, Clerk to the trates, Clerk to the St. Dyfrigs Es the Water Company, to the Bridg pany; he was staggered to learn young man—he could not see the pal—that there was no registra deeds, and that when you bought tate you got a brand-new parchme all the other parchments from su owners back to the time people lea write—a whole trunkful, he gathered times. How to know, then, if peo property to which they had no righ

"Sue them," was the answer. court order to make them disclose t

Treasured hours had been wasted search. He had only twenty-eigh days and he had sixty-one places London on his list, including Cornw Edinburgh. He must leave in the m He had only ten minutes to spare fo ity after an early lunch. He fou alone in the cool shaded bar, where w ing breezes slipped through the shutters and sometimes fluttered the of the great bunch of sweet peas tha on the counter. He saw cigarett bought them as an excuse for his p and looked with significance at t roses in the belt of her long blue apr

She smiled and shook her head, took out a spray of the sweet pe pinned them in his lapel.

"I grew them myself," she said. came suddenly serious. "It isn't q she hesitated—"well, an ordinary wa afternoon."

"I know," he answered, laughing. extraordinary. It's with you."

She flushed a little. "The ri way——" she began.

"I'll be back here at four," he cut hurried away.

As he went up Castlechepe's str saw Miss Lingard in a governess ca side the door of a small store. H mounted from his motorcycle and his hat while she looked at him in ing, incredulous surprise and lift reins as though to drive away.

"Your tennis racket is in the o gate house, Miss Lingard," he said.

She jerked her head in silent, pret thanks. She was wearing a tam-o'-s and the end of it bobbed with her a indignant movement.

"I've got this for you," he con companionably. "It's very good o not so good of me."

She scowled, but he grinned che and handed her one negative and one

"Thank you," she choked, glaring picture, then at him.

He smiled. He thought he saw—he not be sure—a little twitching of that arrogant upper lip. If so it was th shadow of the ghost of a smile. She t picture and the negative into frag and dropped them into the street.

He lifted his hat again and passe thinking what she would look like saw that other picture snugly hidden pocket. He was not going to give th not he. He was going to label it "C Dorothy's welcome" and hang it on h at home. "Cousin Dorothy—Cousin ity." The words beat a rhythm in h It was this cousinship, and his imm departure, that gave him such unexp resource with the two of them. He shy boy masquerading on a wonderfu day; and shyness, too, wore a mask: one girl thought him impertinent, an other considered him a jolly good older than he looked.

At St. Dyfrigs he went straight t home of old William Turle and w right in through the hall into the sitting room. Charity's sweet peas there too, and a strange mixture of soli oak and thin, graceful Chippendale inlaid Sheraton. He was impressed, pl by the room, so cheerful, so richly nished in its jumbled medley. He sca the color prints on the wall, ign that they were now of great value, attracted by their charm. He saw, fra the marriage certificate of Roger Lir and Charity Turle. This was indeed covery. It forged the one link necessa complete the chain. His father had a

(Continued on Page 193)

(ontinued from Page 190)

it certificates of all the American
g and births—"just in case, you
English people were cautious and
enight want proof before giving an
ic welcome; and there were the
i chancery. If he stumbled across
h need only produce his papers and
o ession in his father's name. He
l he certificate—clear, clean, evi-
ider glass since 1845; the marriage
e celebrated in the Church of St.
d Lode, Gloucester.
rd a faint metallic clink and felt
ion of the floor under a heavy,
ct. He saw from startled eyes old
n urle stealing from the room. He
on tiptoe, noting a bag on the
e passed. Through the open door
kitchen he saw that the old man
k up a hearthstone and was lifting
r ag. The boy stepped back to the
om and studied the color prints.
a this bag deposited on the table.
e-then a crash. He turned, to see
b e silk handkerchief lifted from the
n f the eight-day clock had burst,
s the list-slippered feet of the old
e buried in silver coins.
s beest a Lingard?" said William
a er a long exchange of glances.
o ook like my great-grandmother?"
xed.
: but I knew thee'd come one day.
ty papers. Here's thy rent. There's
" Ie shuffled out.
e studied the parchment. It proved
a deed of the house to his great-
m her's father for life, with "re-
e over" to Charity and her children
g Lingard. A second paper con-
i inventory of the furniture, with
a tion that it was the property of
y and unless reclaimed by her should
d i her father's death and the money
o er or to her children.
ly glanced about him, embarrassed,
le That schoolmaster was certainly
d. Charity Lingard had certainly
ring to everything. All this be-
his father. And yet funny; there
o thing in this chancery business;
i s after all, of silver coins begged
o ded by a half-witted old man; of a
h ne. Oh, darn it, why couldn't he
le the poor old chap in peace? Still,
s fraud.
e d man came with another heavy

"H did your father die?" Roger
, ying to speak with a calm dignity.
i ie spring of 1865," William Turle
erl.
n you wrote about it?"
y about him dying."
n got an answer?"
y My sister Charity were dead.
s er husband wrote."
h and you did not remind him of this
"
T is for him to come and get. Thee
c e. There 'tis. Five shillun a week
v ek come next Saturday. Near on
ve and six hundred and fifty pound."
e three thousand dollars; a fortune
s suggling father. And yet ——
e old man came over and peered
hi eyes. "Didee know?" he asked.
e come for it?"
'c'
Dontee turn me out, doantee!" he
, ddenly excited. "'Tis my need to
e as my father done, and 'is father,
m darter-in-law, and she were a Fin-
p ong the Chilver Road, and my son.
r dson were born here—and Charity.
th pride of us Turles as we do own
n se. Take thy money."
M father is alive, uncle," the boy said.
a not say what he will do." His voice
k spite his efforts, for profound feel-
v in the old man's pleading voice.
Th 'll not tell Tom, nor Charity, as the
e not mine?"
N I promise that," Roger said. "I
su my father will not sell the place
e ou are alive. I couldn't make him
r nd in a letter, uncle. Things are
re over there. I'm going back soon."
l ed at the oak table heaped with
l ags. "Put it in a bank," he said.
o now on, you hear, it's rent free, so
n didn't take tips."
o flushed red, for the old man
p to his knees, supplicating. "Leave
to ie here! 'Twill not be long." He
a ost incoherent.
o seized the gnarled, knotted hand
s ported his uncle to a chair. The
e tared vacantly at the coins by the
clock, then sprang to his feet, rushed over, and began to scoop them into one of his great list slippers.

"Good-by, uncle. I'll write to you as soon as I hear."

But old William Turle only shook his head and muttered and feverishly shoveled half crowns. Roger slipped away.

At the hotel Charity was waiting. Ought he to tell her? Was a promise to a cracked old man binding? Would those coins be hidden about again as squirrels hoard nuts? To-night perhaps, after the walk through the park, he would go home with her and see what had happened.

He was proud of Charity as they went up the street together. She was vigorous and vivid, and suppressed excitement made her eyes very bright and flushed her cheeks. She was bound on an adventure. He laughed in her face because she did not suspect that he knew it; and she laughed, too, just from exhilaration; and she bowed and nodded to everybody; yes, everybody: even to the rector, labeled by his clothes. Strange—a barmaid, and everybody smiled on her.

They passed under the ancient arch of the old town gate and soon were skirting the park wall, away from the road, toward the right.

"The main lodge gates are closed," Charity said. "No use trying there."

They were soon among scattered trees—wild cherries and white birches and white poplars, which Roger thought were cottonwoods; and then they came to a fantastic dead ash, murdered fifty years before by goat moths.

"You first," Charity ordered. "I must go slow or I'll tear my dress."

The dead ash limbs made an easy ladder. She was beside him in a moment on the top of the wall. The ground rose inside and the drop was not more than eight feet. "Before you jump," Charity said, "it's fair to tell you ——"

"Come on!" he cried, seizing her hand. They landed together and he would have stumbled to his knees but that Charity held him up.

"Now," she said, "we can go round by the river. The trees will hide us until we get almost to the St. Dyfrigs gate."

He laughed as he looked down over the park with its white road threading the green grass and passing in front of the house. He hummed a bar: "And ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road ——"

The girl's lips parted in a slow smile as her eager eyes questioned.

"Oh, if you're game!" she cried; and they went straight down toward the road.

"It's fair to tell you," he gibed, mimicking her, "that Mr. Bickley Ryker told me that next time it would be the horsepond. If it is ——"

"Did he say that?" she interrupted indignantly.

"More," he said; "he called me a cockney cooky. Now, what's that?"

She looked him up and down with appraising, mirthful eyes. "Shall I tell you?" she asked.

"Please do."

"It's a rotten slander of course—but the uniform did it."

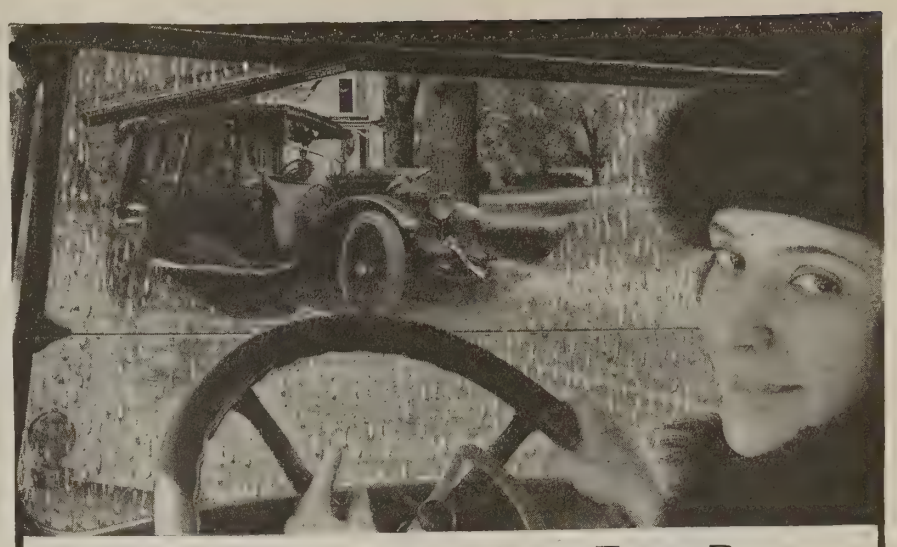
"The uniform?" He looked down at his belted Norfolk jacket, his long woolen stockings. "They told me this was the right rig; 'a proper country kit,' the man said." His manner was rueful. "I worked my way over," he went on, "so that I could buy an autocycle, and I got this suit in Bristol."

"It looks ripping," Charity consoled, "but it's the kind of thing London clerks buy ready made when they go in the country on tourist tickets."

"But why," the vexed Roger asked, "is it so disgraceful to be a London clerk on a vacation?"

"Everybody," Charity explained, "that is anybody in this country knows about the land. Clerks on holidays walk across meadows kept for mowing. They throw stones at pheasants. They mistake sheep paths and rabbit runs for rights of way, and sometimes carry away snares, peg and all, wrapped round their clumsy feet. They fling burning matches in the shade of the hayrick or on dry heather. They walk straight up to a bull and then don't know how to get away from his charge, and perhaps the farmer has to pay damages. They leave the path if it's a right of way and become trespassers."

"As we are now," he interrupted as they stepped onto the road that led to the house.



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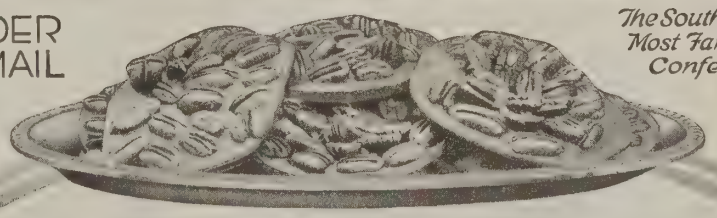
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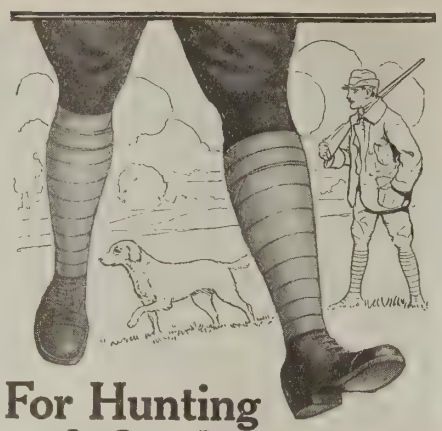

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"Until this instant we were," Charity corrected. "Whether we are now we'll know later." She laughed defiantly and glanced about. No one was in sight.

"Town people," Charity said with an accent of contempt, "call hounds 'dogs,' hunters 'horses,' say 'three' partridges instead of 'one and a half brace,' and 'catch' salmon instead of 'killing' them."

"But I should make worse mistakes than that," Roger said.

"Oh, that's different," she answered him. "We make allowances for Americans."

"You are an aristocrat at heart," he charged, absurdly nettled by what seemed a touch of patronage.

"Now don't get huffy," she soothed. "You look very nice indeed, and Mr. Bick Ryker only wanted to be as beastly rude as he could. He was a soldier, the colonel's orderly in India, and when the colonel had to chuck the army and come home last year he brought Ryker. Like master, like man." She flung up her head. "I'm done with him," she added, two little red spots flaming on her cheeks. "You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—not with me, anyhow."

"That means," Roger said calmly, eying her slantwise, "that Mr. Ryker breaks his engagement with you this afternoon to help the colonel take unusual means to stop usual means."

Charity checked and stared, her pretty lips wide, the tip of her tongue just visible between her teeth.

"And you invite me to see the fun," he went on, chuckling; "and it's mighty kind of you."

"Well!" Charity panted. "Well, I never!" She flushed pink. "It wasn't fair of me," she confessed. "I've tried to tell you—twice, and you wouldn't let me."

"Why tell me what I knew?" he asked. He laughed joyfully at her embarrassment. She had treated him as though he was just a boy. That couldn't get by.

"You caught me on the hop last night," she confessed, "and I was so upset about it all that I just let you walk right into it." She turned. "Let's go back," she pleaded. "I don't know what's going to happen, and I might be letting you into anything."

"The main lodge is closed," he reminded her.

"We'll go the way we came."

"That," he chirruped, "would be trespassing. And now we're on a right of way."

She glanced him over with perplexed admiration. "You are a cool one," she said. "Oh, all right; as long as you understand and don't mind."

And so they walked on side by side in silence for some distance.

"Gee, I don't know myself!" this quiet, studious boy was thinking; and indeed he was right. He stopped in front of the house a hundred yards away. Two vine-covered ells projected toward him, and the afternoon sun shone warmly on the mellowed Elizabethan bricks.

"If I had so wonderful a house I should want people to see it," he said after a long, still scrutiny.

"And what you are doing—standing still and looking," Charity answered—"is one reason why the path is being closed. I stood here last week. They were playing tennis. They laid down their rackets and went inside."

"No?" said the incredulous Roger.

"They did so, and sent a footman—he was a village boy before he went there as page, and very humorous; he said: 'Charity, will you please keep your eyes from trespassing?'"

It so annoyed this democratic American to hear that his cousin was called Charity by a footman that he missed the humor of the servant and the staggering egotism of the master.

"You knock things down when you are opening a right of way," he said as they walked on. "I guess that. And what does the other fellow do?"

"He takes names and addresses and you get a summons, and then if you prove that people have used the path for twenty years you get fined a shilling or so."

"Sounds tame."

"Colonel Lingard is not tame." Charity's eyes darted right and left now, and she scanned distant trees and shrubs. "His mother was French and she took him to France when he was a boy for his holidays. Then he went into Sandhurst, and ever since the army. Now he's had to chuck the army and settle down here. His father, the old squire, has been declared off his head by law, and the colonel is in charge. Now there's the trouble. He doesn't und us, nor we him, and he thinks he ca age his estate as if it was his regime

"I see," Roger said. "I heard him would use unusual methods."

"There's precious little you don't Charity said with frank admiration you don't seem to mind what happe course you won't be in the fight, but

"The fight?" Roger echoed.

"Well, what else can he mean?" battle glint shone in her eye. "He c possibly bring in the police. Even h know better than that. If he doesn' Lingard does, and she wouldn't l She knows."

"But why not the police?" Rog sisted, eager to get at the bottom novel code of etiquette.

"Can't you see?" she demanded. family affair, and no harm done. B has the police that's different. Tom get a month for resisting them. Th countryside would rise and bark colonel like wolves, for all he's g under his thumb. No, it's not sporti may be a tyrant, but he's a sportsm

The macadamized road had ceased house. They were in a beaten path t direct to the distant oaken door. C edged away and they walked close wall. Trees and shrubs protected fairly well from sight. Charity point saw half a dozen men behind some t

"They're on!" she said eagerly. fight right enough!"

Roger chuckled, partly at her pl "Why not outside the park," he "and save that old oak gate?"

"A fight on a public road's not qu thing," she answered as she glided from tree to tree; "and, besides, wouldn't hurt that oak door. He's ing a lot of men from his works. T skilled men, not bunglers. Look! L

He saw the end of a crane proj above the wall.

"They've pushed up a motor cra hand," she said, laughing. "The burning off the hinges with an ace flame and they will lift the door on a and carry it away through Castle streets."

"Come!" the excited Roger said darted forward.

She called, but he would not retur hid behind a tree almost beneath the merhouse on the wall. The great silently, mysteriously, slowly slipped ward from the top. There was a jar chains. The door rose in the air. An ished shout from the defenders within a rush forward; an answering shout without, and an assault en masse, dozen sledge hammers knocked post way and that; then hammers were aside and a dozen were at it, man to hammer and tongs, with bare fists.

Roger, breathing hard, unconsciou the open, was seen by Bickley Ryker charged with a cry: "It's the pond r

Ten seconds told Roger that his ass was no boxer. Ten more told him th reach was the longer by at least two i After that it was no more than stepping, dodging, waiting. The c came inside one minute.

"The pond, huh?" the boy cried delivered his blow. Bick Ryker crash the grass.

Roger was roughly jerked from be He shook himself free, turned and ered a straight punch with all the fo him. He stared. A policeman sat hu up nursing his stomach.

Young Lingard heard a sharp comm "Come up—quick!"

He ran up the steps to the summerl on the wall. The door was opened t and quickly closed behind him. He face to face, not with Charity but Dorothy Lingard.

"What are you doing in this?" sh manded imperiously. She looked int eyes just as she had that morning.

"I was walking through the park, panted.

She stamped her foot and turned to through the lattice. "You've assault constable!" she snapped over her shou

"He should not have been there."

"No more you," she answered ru "You ——" She stopped short. breath came quick. He went to her and looked down.

"Roger's done it!" she exclai "Good old Roger; Tom Turle's d No—yes." She clapped her hands laughed.

(Continued on Page 197)

(Continued from Page 194)

...or on the wall looked down at Roger ...t ground. He was proud of this ...si so good with his fists. Tom was up ...inand they were at it once more. ...e was proud of both cousins.

...olice whistle shrilled. The sound ...e everybody to stone. They stopped ...h were.

...Ad why didn't you think of that be- ...? the girl murmured contemptuously. ...O, the door's going!" She caught ...e; arm in her excitement. He put his ...d ver hers.

...h truck rumbled off amid shouts and ...ir. The whole village was there, ...gled that somebody was doing what ...d ot dare to do.

...h' venerable door, carried away thus ...nniously, looked absurd. The idea ...surd. The victory of Tom Turle ...mplete, humorous. Roger laughed.

...h girl snatched her hand away, flush- ...d:k red all over her face, and glowered ...h: interloper, whom she had forgotten ...e wild excitement.

...I' a tourist," he said meekly; "I was ...ng a quiet day here. I help two ...er an ladies who are held up on the high- ...d id am threatened with a racket and ...n pond. I walk through a park and I ...acked by a madman. And they told ...England was a peaceful country."

...e elieved that she wanted to smile.

...Yu seem," she answered tartly, "to ...e ad it pretty much your way." She ...e down at the policeman and Bickley ...e vigorously searching behind trees ...s ubs. She did smile now. She looked ...e up and down.

...Yu know how to box," she said. "You ...e ght; the policeman should not have ...ere."

...huttered this unwillingly, as though ...nforced the admission. "You must ...t re until dark. You must go straight ...y It'll be prison, you know; thirty ...s least."

...I ould not spare that out of twenty- ...t ays' vacation," Roger answered in ...le alarm. He had no money to spare ...his either. "Thank you for calling me ...ne," he added.

...elaps there was undue warmth in his ...ide. She straightened and looked ...i the eye. "I should not have done it," ...sil with cool indifference, "if you had ...assaulted the constable." She added ...necessary supercilious sentence: "We ...n want tourists to thrust themselves ...o r affairs."

...h tumbled suddenly from her high ...se She looked frightened. Roger fol- ...echer eyes. Her father was standing ...h foot of the stairs. Roger hoped that ...anxiety was about himself; that would ...pleasant. Her murmured words unde- ...e him.

...I ad to see it," she said.

...h fluttered a side glance at Roger. It ...l m plainer than words that if he was ...co ered with her she had more to fear. ...grasped the handle. She understood, ...ted his arm away and put her back ...in the door.

...I' not so afraid as all that," she ...spired. "You shan't surrender while ...re a chance. He may not come up."

...Roger leaped to the opposite shutter and ...le it open. He looked up and down the ...d. No one was in sight. Everybody ...s round the corner.

...N," said Dorothy, springing after ...n. 'It's fifteen feet."

...Bu he was already over the sill. He ...pped into the road and landed on his ...He looked up. She was leaning out. ..."Tank you," she said. The words were ...dl more than whispered and hardly ...re than caught. Then the shutter ...se

...Roger got to Castlechepe in advance of ...report of his dire offense. By midnight he was an innocent pilgrim at Shakspere's shrine at Stratford-upon-Avon. He had passed in the moonlight through part of the Forest of Arden, but as the forest no longer has trees he did not know that, and his thoughts were not of Rosalind but of Charity and Dorothy.

He was incredulous, astounded, indignant when, within a week, war came and caught him penniless; for all his money was in checks of the North German Lloyd Line, and these were waste paper. He rushed to London to find an army of fellow countrymen, placed like himself, storming the embassy. The cables were blocked; even if he could wire, his father had no spare money; and Roger was not one to elbow his way among frantic ladies to the government relief tables.

So, behold Kellie Hill, Canadian and dispatch rider, an enlisted man in the British Army, on his way to France. He called himself a Canadian because he could not be accepted as an American. He called himself Kellie Hill lest his father should trace him quickly and reclaim him as a minor.

For it was not alone an empty purse that drove him to the Front. That peaceful little village must be left in peace. His cousins lived there. Those green acres must be protected. His relatives owned them. The English were his kin. He was glad to fight for them, with them.

III

FOUR years later he came again to St. Dyfrigs. He sat on an unaltered bench beneath an unchanged oak, and drew long, contented sighs. The door into the park was wide open. Cattle grazed inside. The grass was as green as he had left it. Nothing was altered except that no automobiles passed. All was peace and rest. His lazy, pleasant thought ambled inconsequentially from gigs and randems to an oak door on an auto truck; from a fight for an heiress who turned out to be a cowman's daughter to a battle for a right of way; from an older Charity in crinoline to a younger Charity with red roses in her belt, and to a girl leaning out of a window, whispering "Thank you." How far away it all seemed, all equidistant in time—great-grandmother and cousins and tennis racket in air and all; a delightful, restful dream of an incredibly far-away time.

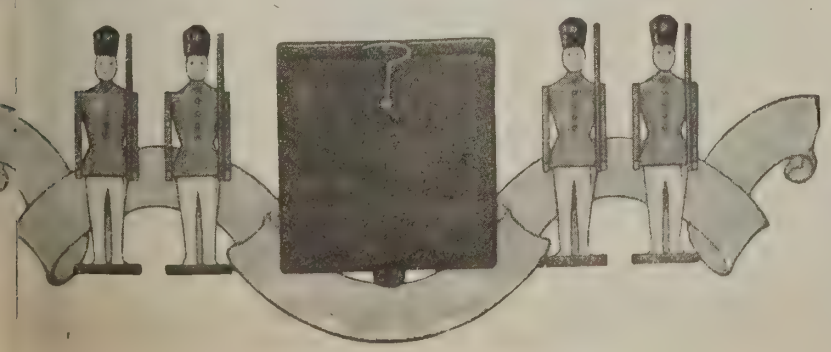
Home. He thought the word, all but felt it, for his father had been dead for some years, and St. Dyfrigs held his only living relatives.

He had come to beg a recognition of those ties of blood which had grappled him with ever-increasing strength through the struggle and the horror of war.

Aristocratic Dorothy might despise his Turle blood, but she would honor his British uniform. Democratic Charity might loathe his Lingard descent, but she would respect his khaki. He was passionately eager for a special individual welcome, for smiles that had a real meaning, for talk that was personal and kindly and cousinly. His craving for women's society was the thirst of a man in a desert.

Millions of young men craved, just as he did. Hundreds of thousands of Britons, lucky to be so near home, came to Blighty on leave and sat happily loafing, blissfully basking in the presence of a girl—even of a sister. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were silently disappointed not because girls were so busy but because in their leisure time these girls were a little tired, had less coquetry than of old, and in their new economic independence and pride of achievement conveyed no subtle old-time pretended conviction of the superiority of man.

Hundreds of thousands of girls on the other hand were silently disappointed that the brothers and lovers and friends would not tell their experiences, would answer



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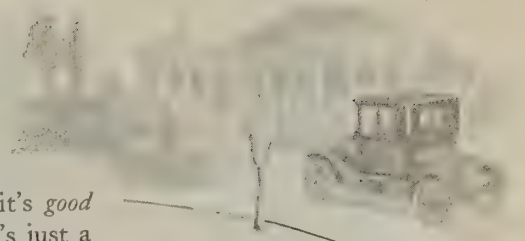

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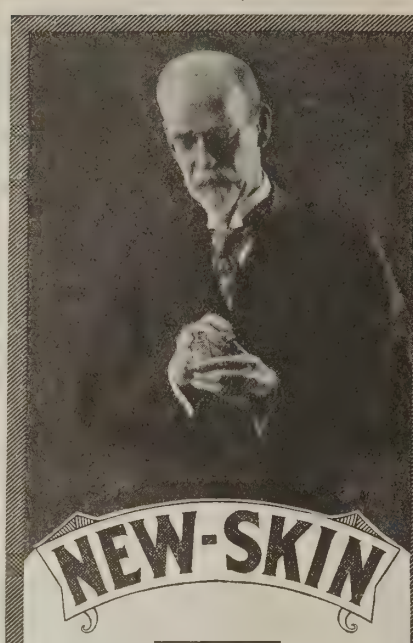

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eager queries in short sentences, and only wanted to forget horrors and filth and to be lazy or absolutely frivolous. The acute sex consciousness of the English was in fact much diminished, to the mystified regret of the men, to the unconscious satisfaction of the women. But things were all right, for all that, and the fourteen days' leave was dreamed over later in the trenches and in the homes of the girls.

But Roger had idled in no such oases in the desert march of war. His leaves had been spent in Paris. The place had been very well, and people had been very kind, but he had been one in a crowd, and everybody had been hurrying and scurrying. So it had come about that every thought of rest and peace and women's smiles had centered in St. Dyfrigs and in Charity and Dorothy. So he had come at last to the seat beneath the oak. Here he was content to sit and bask and wait; for he was a fatalist about the old tree. Everything that had mattered in his other far-away, almost accidental visit had happened beneath its shadow. Everything that had happened beneath its shadow had mattered. Everything that could matter would happen here. So here he sat and dreamed and cherished his pleasant harmless superstition about the friendly old tree.

Roger eyed an approaching boy, the first human being whom he had seen in his hour of waiting. The boy began to whistle a tune. Roger rose and saluted. The boy returned the salute.

"Where did you learn The Star-Spangled Banner?" the delighted Roger called out.

"Teacher learns us for the squire."

That was a fine omen, Roger thought; the finest that could come to him. It was international and national and personal. Americans were Allies now. His cousin was educating the village about it. There would be a welcome for him. He stood at attention as long as he could hear.

An old road mender passed, very old, carrying a besom of twigs bound together. None but the aged could be spared for this labor.

"Is Mr. William Turle alive?" Roger asked him.

"In the churchyard these three years."

"I was afraid so. He was very old. Is Miss Turle here?"

"Aye. She were wounded and come home. She be spry now and farming."

"Wounded? Where?"

"In France. 'Tis my dinner hour."

He would not be stayed.

A little girl came down the street, barefooted, happily strolling in the little runnel of water by the roadside. Roger had chocolates. She ran to the lure. She at his knee and he put an arm round he had round dozens of French child

"You're a home kid," he said.

He had heard dozens of British so talk of their home kids. It was a deli stroke her shock of hair as she sucke chocolate and told him that she ha none for months because soldiers lik took it all. He asked about Miss Lin

"Red Cross," she answered, pointi the park. "It's a 'orspital now." She open his fist and helped herself. He the pressure of her warm grubby har

"Our cross'll be there," she said, po to the center of the green.

"What cross?"

"For our roll of honor. I know it. I say it?"

She stood straight and ran off the r as though she were giving a recitatio

"Abraham Anderson. John A William Clegg. George Daniels—he cousin. William Gladstone Evans. I Lingard the elder—that's Colonel Lin he was drownded going to Egypt. I Lingard the younger. Roger Lingard

"Dead? All dead?"

She nodded as she eyed the closed intently.

"And the old squire too," she "him as was off his head." She pounc his hand, laughing, and secured an sweet.

A long silence, broken only by smacking of her lips; then: "Do you school?"

"Yes; fourth standard."

"And are you learning The Spangled Banner?"

"Yes."

"For the squire?"

"Yes."

"What squire?"

"The new squire. He's an American mother says he haven't any right to and take our land."

Another long silence. She helped h again, but he did not know it.

"Teacher says he was born in the where the oranges used to come from; we don't get no more. They can't find That's funny, ain't it? Daddy calls h low-bred Yankee, but Eunice Mills sa Turles is as good as Lingards."

"Winnie! Winnie!" The cry came the street.

"Mother's calling." She snatched last chocolate and ran.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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November 22, 1919

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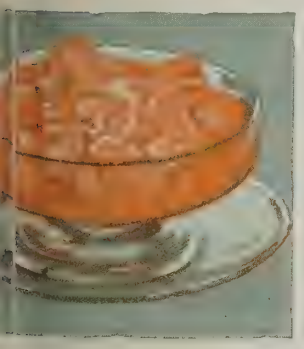
T Baked Orange Custard—a French-Style
d:acy—wholesome too—and easily prepared.

"French-Style" Desserts

Luscious—Economical—Dietetically Correct

Note the Welcome They Receive



ouquick dessert is chopped oranges.

Marie M. Reilly, food expert, says this about an American housewife who might visit France:

"She would note the absence of cake and pastry from the dinner menu and in its place she would find shredded fruit or fresh fruit in baskets.

"The exquisite French cuisine would not permit a heavy dessert of rich ingredients to end a substantial meal.

"Indeed no, for they know too well that the acid fruit is necessary to cut the fats and heavy courses of the menu."

For the same reasons, we in this country are coming more and more to delicious, healthful fruit desserts. We have found that orange desserts, particularly, are luscious, economical and dietetically correct.

No salad is needed with them, for oranges are salad and dessert in one convenient dish. The desserts are easily prepared.

You can help your family to form no better habit than the regular eating of these incomparable "French-Style" desserts.

Send for free book, "Sunkist Recipes," by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. Here are *accurate* recipes, including many salads, tested and proved by Miss Bradley. Every one makes a luscious food.

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Always ask for Sunkist Oranges—sweet, juicy, uniformly good. They are exceptionally tender and practically seedless—ideal for desserts. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. All first class dealers sell them by the box or dozen the year 'round.

e Ivarian Cream—combines the
xc site daintiness with practica-
ffe ng a delightful change from
y sserts.

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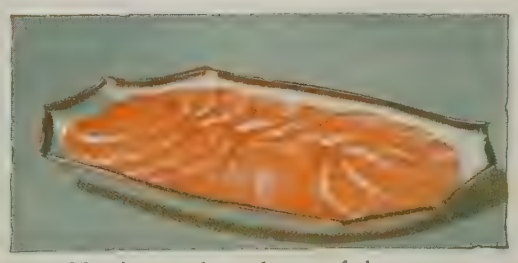

The time-tested complement of the correct meal—sliced oranges always tempt and satisfy.

The following is quoted from the "Keep Well Series," circulated by the Government through the Treasury Department, United States Public Health Service:

"Do you know that bottle babies should have orange juice each day after the first month?"

KODAK —the gift that helps to make her Christmas merry—
then keeps a picture story of the Christmas merriment.

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BIG PEOPLE

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

R. WOLLASTON took some time to read the papers. The emissary from the Navy De- nt sat by the window looking nto the littered and lamp-lit t Her complete immobility sug- e a certain tension, proper g in an underling awaiting a of moment from supreme y. But the inference was it l; the emissary had forgot- papers, forgotten the great d Chief altogether; and her g s, which had been tinged all w n bitterness and with a curi- e itement, too, were a thou- l gues away.

his office she had first come as a messenger. Her instruc- at day did not even include n for an answer. But the rs of much experience, much u labor, had flowed under the e since then. On the bureau r a year ago this girl's name a peared—extremely near the r—as "F. E. Hardy, landsman e nan," a title whose strange i l mysteriousness had in the ng stirred and elated her. e blue sleeve of her smart r bore the rating marks, ob- l new, of a C. P. O. By faith v ks the greenest of the ama- s nographers had made her- r ally speaking, the personal a of the division head, though b ure reasons—possibly con- d with sex antagonism—Lieu- t Charles still let the title rest Esign Frothingham, who, as n Patrick once disrespectfully v l, "wouldn't know a North- e tral if one bit him on the . Such inhibitions meant n to George Wollaston of the d, however, who, prizing exact l ge above rubies, took and u d it where he found it, re- e of badges, ribbons, stars or he effect was the more agree- n hat Mr. Wollaston, in peace w r, was a personage, beyond s and lieutenants. A strik- s ccessful man of business— s rubber manufacturer from a l made money by the dray- M Charles said—here, in his t al year of service, he had t ken place as one of the most e ng and commanding figures ll -a-year Washington. But ng time now he had been n this girl, who came increas- o en to his office for respon- c sultations, quite like an d she was at home in the st resence.

"I Adore Missing the First Few Acts," Noted Ethel as They Rose

s five-thirty o'clock, after hours, and the immense government shack, with its o pasteboard walls and miles of flimsy corridors, was almost empty. Mr. Wollas- a to the end of the long exposition, shuffled the sheets together, said "Hm" u ed back to the beginning again. Chief Yeoman Hardy continued to stare a piles of building débris, sparsely dotted with red lanterns. The quiet had be- l e solitude, and she had had neither solitude nor quiet before, that busy day.

Her gloved fingers touched her breast, and beneath tunic and blouse, close to her heart, she could feel the square of folded paper round which her secret and essential thought had continually fluttered, while head and hands were occupied far otherwise. The paper was a message, from a long way off, a summons completely personal. She had looked at it but once—when she found it lying face-up in her "Incoming" basket at quarter to nine that morning—but the words, few and simple, were well remembered:

Sailing Bordeaux Transylvania twenty-third. Expect leave on arrival. Can you meet me New York?
RUSSELL.

And now, as she sat officially, with expressionless face, her mind was a jumble of acute hidden feeling, of rare nervous anxieties, of complicated, general but profound resentments, and above all of passionate pride in the sender of the summons, who by his exploits and his service stood so newly upon a pedestal, a nimbus about his brow.

"I suppose you wrote this?" said Mr. Wollaston suddenly.

The girl's head turned. Attentiveness and intelligence swam instantly into her eyes, but she did not jump or start.

"Yes. Of course, under Lieutenant Charles' direction."

"It goes pretty far."

"Our position is that American business is entitled to that much relief at least—and the sooner the better."

"That's the argument of course. By the way, my sister and her husband are here from St. Louis—Colonel and Mrs. Burley. I'm having a few people to lunch with them to-morrow at the Shoreham. Will you come?"

"I?"

"Why not?"

At another moment, beyond surprise, the girl must have been flattered at so unprecedented a mark of esteem. Renown apart, it happened that she personally admired Mr. Wollaston; she even feared him a little; by the knowledge of many meetings she liked him very much. But now, looking directly at him, in his prosperity and his ease, she seemed principally aware that the blight was upon him too; the blight that for days past had seemed to lie so heavily upon the contented young officers and yeomen with whom her days went.

Besides, she had a simple rule in regard to all men met in a business way, however distinguished or sedate.

"Thank you, I'm afraid I can't. But it's nice of you to think of it."

To mitigate the baldness of that she added, after a deliberate pause: "You see, I can allow myself only half an hour for lunch. We are frightfully busy just now—busier than ever since the armistice, it seems."

"Too bad. I'm really sorry," said Mr. Wollaston. "My sister's a very nice woman—not a bit like me."

His eyes, which had one day made her think of a granite wall round an institution—it was the occasion when she had learned to fear him a little—dropped to the papers. However, he raised them at once and said without any change of expression:

"You seem a little distrait to-day. Am I right?"

"Distrait? I wasn't conscious of seeming so. May I apologize?"

"In fact the thought crossed my mind the last time you were here—Monday, wasn't it? I hope ——"

"Really this is unpardonable of me. Is Mr. Charles to be told that I'm not proving satisfactory as his representative?"

Disregarding this feminism, the man said straightforwardly, "May I ask if there's anything wrong?"

She was struck with the evidence of an insight, a sympathy even, which in other directions had sometimes seemed to her wanting. But a light showed in her eyes.

"Yes—everything! I will confess. However, an analysis of my sentiments would bore you, I fear. You might even think it womanly!"

Her deceptive vivacity faded a little, despite herself, as she added: "A man just told me that he had had the happiest year of his life—here in Washington."

Mr. Wollaston leaned back a little, with a stare. He was thirteen years older than she and possibly considered that he knew five times as much.

"Am I to understand that you're against people's being happy?"

"Well, I wonder at it, under the circumstances. And that explains me in a way too—briefly. For the more people there are who feel perfectly happy these days the more it appears necessary for others to feel—though not necessarily to seem—what you call distrait. You agree?"

"How can I agree—when I don't understand a little bit? You are absolutely too subtle."

The girl smiled. She was dark, with a colorless skin, and her face in repose looked overserious. But Ensign Dawson, who wrote verse in secret, had likened the effect of her smile to "flinging ope a stained-glass window giving on a golden garden." He had tried over many versions of the concept in his fancy, but this may be accepted as on the whole his final text. The present smile, however, was a feat of character; it was transient and it was not pacific.

"I thought I was childlike in my simplicity. Of course I spoke of the obligation—in honor, if you like, for it's a common cause—from those who give nothing to those who give everything."

"The obligation? To do what?"

"Naturally, to share in their giving, in their suicidal generosity—in the only way we can. Through the understanding—through the feelings."

"But what good does that do?"

"Good?"

"Really, does it help anybody or anything to spend time and energies in lamenting—sentimentalizing perhaps—the unescapable sufferings of war? For that's what I understand you to say? Don't we who stay at home in fact help the sufferers more by plugging to keep the world going somehow—by trying to lay hold of some positive good in the mess—and being happy if we can?"

Her instant feeling was that in that rationalism, harder than a stone and with the fatal smoothness of convenience, the captain of industry had written his own epitaph. Even Lieutenant Charles had his moments when he brandished a slender fist and classically damned the Germans.

The pause was long enough for one to count ten. The petty officer said with quickening breath:

"I spoke of it as an obligation. That isn't right of course. It's an instinctive response. People either feel it or they don't feel it. But of course one gets in the habit of judging people by what they feel or fail to feel under acid tests like this." Having let fall another pause, she resumed in a measured way:

"If I seem abstracted to-day there's a coincidence to account for it perhaps. A few hours before this man told me how happy he was—he's a young man, with all his faculties, doing work as tame as a girl's—I heard that one of our best friends, a soldier, was sailing for home this week. He belongs with another class, with those who've given everything—suffered everything. I'm proud of him, I adore him for what he's done and I—shrink from seeing him."

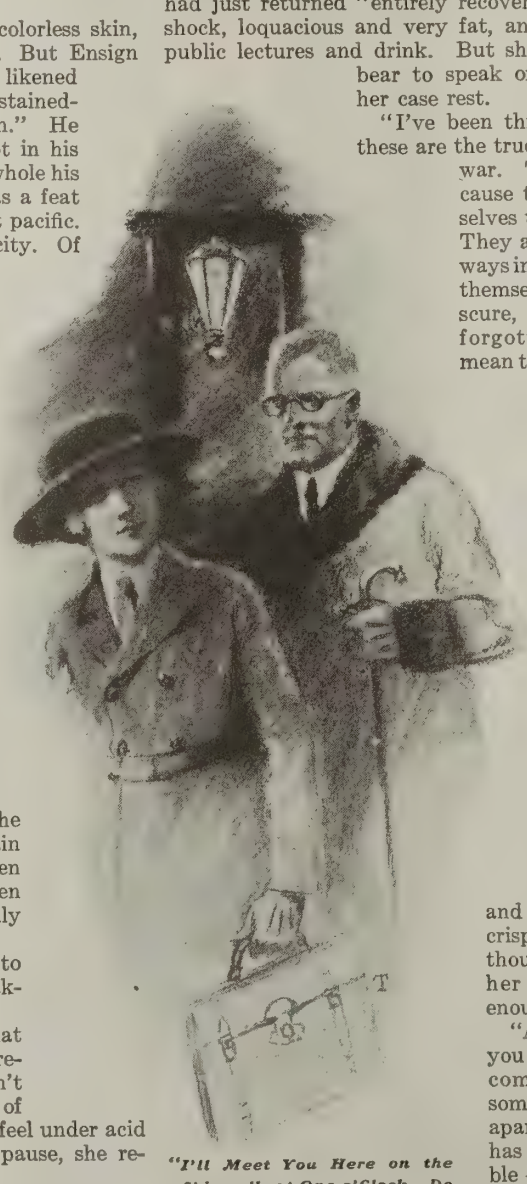
If the Board Chief's gaze now clearly questioned her she was not aware of it, needing no more prompting. Conceivably, since she was a woman, the simple desire to talk about what lay close to her heart was not wholly wanting. Beyond that she was driven by a conscious longing to shake this ease, to pierce this man with a hurting knowledge of those vicarious tragedies which seemed to her latterly to people the world.

"I'm not thinking of his wounds particularly—though as a matter of fact he was wounded twice. Once, the first time, at Soissons—with the bayonet. And then in the Argonne he got three machine-gun bullets in his knee, cleaning out some German nests. He got a citation for that—and was retired. That's why they're letting him come home so soon—they've lamed him. But wounds to the body don't matter so much, do you think? At least they speak for themselves, so the dullest understand. I've been thinking so much lately of those—those deeper hurts which people hardly notice and never praise, of the men who have given us, not their lives but in some way themselves—who have felt everything so intensely that they can never have much interest in anything again. I've known several—rather bad cases lately. But perhaps this does bore you, after all. Perhaps I'm keeping ——"

"You do not bore me—you're not keeping me. I assure you I'm very much interested. Please go on."

Pressing her hand against her breast, where her cablegram lay, the girl spoke movingly—to herself at least—of a friend of hers in Caledonia, Henry Risdale, the promising and once ambitious, who had come home in September with only a finger or two missing, very brown and husky looking, but whom no cajolery or ingenuity had shaken so far in his strange voiceless depression. And then she sketched Major Gunther, who had been meant for a poet and looked so eerily handsome with his suddenly white hair, and who after three months' rocking in a wicker chair on the back porch at home had blown out his brains while the bells were ringing on November eleventh.

She had meant to speak of her brother Frederick, who had just returned "entirely recovered" from a touch of shock, loquacious and very fat, and taken instantly to public lectures and drink. But she found she couldn't bear to speak of Frederick. She let her case rest.



"I'll Meet You Here on the Sidewalk at One o'Clock. Do You Know, I Think You're Doing a Very Nice Thing"

"I've been thinking that men like these are the true tragic heroes of the war. They are heroes because they've ruined themselves to save the rest of us. They are tragic because the ways in which they've ruined themselves are terrible—obscure, unhonored and soon forgotten. Well, I don't mean to forget them. That's the sum of what I am trying to say. I refuse to regard such suffering as—a philosophic abstract. And I'd despise myself if I pretended that it meant or could mean any kind of positive good."

She continued to look down at her interlocked slim hands, disclaiming any excitement, denying by her pose that she had said anything special, or pointed, or personal. Mr. Wollaston's face, strongly and saliently cut under crisp dark hair, wore a thoughtful look. He took her up sympathetically enough:

"And this other friend you mentioned, who's just coming home—you've some reason to think that apart from his wounds he has suffered in less reparable ——"

"Letters show very little of course. I'll know when I see him. But I'll tell you one reason I'm afraid of that: It would be such perfect poetic justice."

"For ——"

"For me. Oh, I don't mean that I ever held the purely heroic view of war—the fife and drum view. I wasn't so silly even then, and that was just at the beginning. He was the first man in our town to go. But I did think," said the girl resolutely, over a mounting inner disturbance—"I did feel that the experience might be—be good for Think! And that's hardly eighteen months ago. known him ever since I was born, you see. We family—are all devoted to him. And still I've criticized him—nagged at him—in one foolish w thought he took life too lightly. I thought he w pleasure-loving—too easy-going. I wanted him to b ous and settled—and old. I was lecturing him up minute he went away."

She stopped short, and as clearly as in a moving p she saw her shaded porch in Caledonia that sultry tember afternoon last year when Lieutenant Mar he then was—had come to say good-by. There in the old canvas swing, brave and handsome in h trappings, telling with endearing boyishness of th friends he had made at the O. T. C., of the farewell and ball at the hotel in Indianapolis. He had been with her since she was sixteen, had twenty times her to marry him. And now he was going away, l ing upon the heroic service which, as it gradually u itself, was to raise him so high in her imaginatio knew she was not to see him again. And still, eve her mind pursued him, running like a common scold smiling ways, his young expressions. A thousand she had remembered, with humiliation, saying t under the shadow of that parting: "Why must you trip the light fantastic, Russell? Can't you ev dance?"

Ah, what wouldn't she give to hear him say th with the old jolly laugh!

"I can understand your feelings, I think," Mr. W ton's calm voice was heard to say. "But after all just a feeling as yet, isn't it—rather than anythi crete? Mayn't we hope that these—quite na anxieties will prove unfounded in this case? I ——

That recalled her quickly enough. From him up present mood the speech resounded like the willful d ation of a hero. Now it was as if she were dete that her warrior should have suffered to the neth for the shame and confusion of all safe stay-at-hor

"That part is mere feeling, if you wish. But another reason, more logical perhaps. It is this: I of common risk the best give the most. It takes a fi to feel things enough to disintegrate—and our frie proved himself that sort. And since I judge everybo by what the war has meant to them, I place at the ot of the scale—the bottom end—those who hav through it without being affected at all and, in fac kept happy. I am angry when I think of them."

Mr. Wollaston's rejoinder to this broad summa partly circumvented. The door of his office had al opened and a Board messenger stood revealed u threshold, a freckled and youthful courier on roller a friendly lad and a stranger to self-doubt.

"Well, boy?"

"Is that Miss Hardy there? Well, Lieutenant says to come back to the office as soon as you get t here. Says he's got work must be got off to-night he's sorry. I think he said that."

"How did you get the message?"

"Didn't you hear your phone ringin' and rin here? Well, I did. So I stops in as I passes an swers it."

Miss Hardy's heart sank a little. It had been a l and she was supposedly bound for "home" and re yond that, the turn that this official interview ha left her deeply unsettled. But she seemed ready it now. She had risen at once, and as the lad rolle down the thin echoing corridor she spoke impersor the recovered voice of the emissary:

"About the memorandum? What may I t Charles?"

The Board Chief, standing, picked up her pap them down again and frowned briefly at the green his desk light.

"It's a first-rate statement. Tell him I app approve. I'll handle it at the board meeting on F

"He will be glad. I know this matter has worr a good deal."

But Mr. Wollaston had his say, his last word, a Courteously walking with her, he opened his door and having opened it, he halted large and firm u sill, the knob retained by a strong hand. So con his girlish colleague, he looked down at her with turbed friendliness and said in quite a soothing wa

"Won't you allow me to say that at least it nev to cross bridges before we come to them? May it that your friend has—after all—got out of his exp exactly those benefits you wished for him? Who kr you say? And in that case, if you will pardon me, I might still claim a positive good—for everybo cerned."

"Your optimism is beautiful," said the petty off

She went away frustrated and angry.

Her resolve was that this subject should be d again with the evidence in; and she anticipated pr then facts concrete enough to shatter this comp forever.

He Had Been in Love With Her Since She Was Sixteen, Had Twenty Times Asked Her to Marry Him

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y-ine years old, had a wife who was independent of
attle too much so, by report—and ambitious above
rumors of wars. Moreover, he had a will like a
eel and ran with great success the most difficult
n that sufficiently difficult department.
enty minutes past seven, when he was dashing
tvard a cherished engagement, his assistant—
ypeaking—said in controlled tones:
pe this out then and sign it for you and get it off
ager before I go. And, by the way, I'd like to have
ut the fifth of January."
ıant Charles, leaping into his overcoat, stood ar-
inidair, as it were. He blinked at her out of china-
y which looked weak but saw everything, and the
n imperturbability on which he prided himself for
et threatened to crack. However, he only said in
iest voice:
long did you think you'd want?"
sistant answered with a frostier calm than she felt
s "I can't tell exactly. Probably only a day—
longer. I thought I'd ask for three days on the
ading that I should be charged with that time,
d use only ——"
s—and again tush! Why, when was I found among
ee parers? The only little point in the thing is,
postpone the happy holiday for, say, a couple of
?'
norry. In this case I have to make my plans to
h—the movements of others."
le young man's character smile took on signifi-

re no doubt it's a m—" he began, but changed his
kerly and concluded—"matter of importance?"
d distantly: "Otherwise naturally I shouldn't
nconveniencing ——"
e no more, Miss Hardy, speak no more! You
'ad a day and you've been here a year. Of course
is yours. One merely indicates what an important
u are aboard this ship, only discloses that your
captain leans on you like a crutch. I can't get
whout you—and I'll put through the papers to-
w Good night!"
fit to his pleasures. Chief Yeoman Hardy, left
wh plenty of work to do, sat staring for at least a
e the point where he had disappeared from view.
pssion as she so gazed was hardly one that a man
ay—at his expense—on the face of a charming girl.
e Lieutenant Charles, having blithely dropped and
y orgotten his remark about being so happy this
cld scarcely have been expected to believe that
o was worn for him.

to weeks the girl's mind moved among nervous
e various and subtle, not all of which by any
d been disclosed to Mr. Wollaston. Within five
es the remeeting the last of the secret anxieties—
lst all the worst of them—faded and vanished.
rs wing of the pendulum was far indeed. At lunch
n he red-letter day, looking and looking over the
t er warrior come home, she was conscious of think-
a these hours must stand as the happiest time of
e.
r, which overthrew empires and set off gigantic
ys s, had silently reached out in remoter ways,
n n obscure details the lives and customs of people
in ortance. This girl from the provinces, typically
or entionally bred, had struck work and taken a
s urney in an upper berth to meet a young man at
n ience in a strange hotel. Two years ago—even a
g this would have seemed to her an inconceivable enterprise. Now the supreme naturalness of the proceeding and the ease of its accomplishment had left her wishing only that she had had a harder thing to do for Russell.

Even the practical arrangements, which had promised to be complicated, had worked out with the smoothest simplicity. The shipping man at the office supplied the most reliable information; she had learned to a minute when the Transylvania was to dock; her telegram from Washington had reached Captain March with marvelous promptness. Before eleven o'clock she had heard his voice on the telephone; before twelve he was with her.

At once her mind, so joyfully released from its hidden burden, could begin the eager exploration of the reacquaintance; and the first all-important observation was followed by hosts of others, supplementary and divers, as an author will jot down footnotes to qualify his finished text.

They had met in the library of the great hotel in which she had rented a cubicle upon the twenty-second floor. Here again fortune smiled upon them. For company in the dim odd trysting place they had only the librarian, who was old and fond of knitting, with a brown mole beside her nose and a small Christian smile, and one yet older lady, sole patron of the books, who slept heavily upon a distant sofa, her fingers clasping a large green volume called How to Develop the Memory. Behind the shelter of a projecting book stack the young people had found seclusion like the privacy of home. And the minutes flew in talk of those little things, personal and impersonal, which seem always to come first into people's minds in times like that, leaving them to marvel afterward what possessed them to waste opportunity so riotously.

Russell was changed of course. He was marked with the symbols of his gallant sacrifice. Most conspicuous was his lameness, which was worse than she had anticipated and which—he mentioned in the most casual debonair way conceivable—was likely to be permanent. But the whole look of the soldier, his changed aspect and bearing, carried the unmistakable souvenirs of service. The handsome face, still bronzed despite the weeks in hospital and thinner than she had last seen it, had noticeably aged. There were new lines about the once boyish mouth. In repose his expression looked to her, in the first sight of it, decidedly sobered; at least it was visibly *settled*. And in his movements and his manner, too, in hardly definable ways, she seemed to be aware of corresponding changes—less sprightliness perhaps, but more maturity, increased poise, the new authority of the ruler of men.

But—she was positive from the beginning—there was no sign here of those profounder changes, subtle and sinister, such as had so moved and shocked her in William Gunther and her poor brother Frederick.

Captain March had twelve hours' leave. He was in luck at that, he said. It developed that he had planned to the last detail how the brief holiday should be spent. No sooner had they met and greeted—or so it seemed to her—than it was time to rush on for luncheon. Actually the forehanded young man had a table engaged, through the offices of his friend Captain Jasper.

Their talk had been so happily normal, her relief so powerful and uplifting, that the soldier's purely physical disability had literally passed from memory. They had sprung up from the cushioned settle between the stacks chattering like two excited children. Once again he—the twice promoted, with the ribbon on his breast—had cried out proudly at the becomingness of her uniform.

"And to be a chief too, Fanny! I simply can't get over it!"

All was merry. And then as he turned to clutch up cap and stick she was struck suddenly and heavily with what she had forgotten; and the simple thought shot her through that Russell—her Russell, the light-footed—might never dance again. The stroke was swift, like a needle in her heart. Her pride in him melted in a rush of tenderness, new in her experience. Half behind his unconscious figure as she was, she slipped her arm through his, brought her other arm to meet it and, folding the khaki sleeve against her breast, had briefly touched it with a cheek as soft as swan's-down.

"Russell—I'm so happy to be with you."

The rare tribute had unsteadied the tall captain. She thought he meant to take her in his arms. And probably that had been his novel aspiration—up to the instant when both became aware of the eye of the librarian, intensely regarding them. But the memory of that moment lingered.

By now, in her reassurance, she was almost ready to draw Russell out a little, to hear from his own lips something of his experience and his exploits. But the fashionable restaurant manifestly was not the background for serious talk. If the girl could have wished for a quieter nook she was more than compensated by her soldier's candid satisfaction in his choice; it was clear that he basked in this smart atmosphere, this agreeable and expensive scene. Having ordered an excellent lunch, which he selected with unexpected skill, he thrust a bill into the palm of his fellow captain of the serving staff and demanded speed, as required by his program.

"We've got exactly one hour, mind! I want everything hurried."

He had his way; sections of the repast began to arrive almost instantly. He attacked them with devastating earnestness. She praised his discrimination as a chooser of delicious things from a bewildering assortment, and the look in his remembered eyes said speakingly that her approbation was the reward he coveted most upon earth.

"I hope I have learned something since—the Palace Hotel, Caledonia! For one thing—well, I spent three days in Paris last year as the guest of Johnson Fielding, 2d. If there's anything Johnson doesn't know about what a chef can do I never found him out—that's all! By the way, he's a wonderful fellow, Fanny. I'm going to visit him at Newport this summer if I can. And when it comes to spending money like a prince—gad, he's as good as a college education!"

"I shouldn't liken your method to a pauper's exactly. I've a notion, Russell, amounting to an icy conviction, that this lovely place is fantastically extravagant."

He laughed winningly and quoted a saying from their childhood days:

"Brush, the best is none too good for you!"

"But what is the best, my dear? I'll tell you: To see you, to talk to you, to listen to you, to have you tell me a thousand things and tell you a thousand back. And we could have that as well at a lunch counter."

"Not on your life! I don't say you wouldn't adorn that setting, but I prefer to see you where you absolutely belong. And then, too, I'll say something is due to an officer in the world's best Army, back after fifteen months!"

"Agreed!"

"But to set your mind at rest, Fanny—I'm just bursting with it! Got three months' pay I haven't had a chance to slice into yet, and then what did Aunt Gertrude do, dear old thing, but come through with a thumping fat check the day I got on the boat!"

The girl laughed delightedly.

"But you'll need it, Russell—you'll need it! Why, you don't even know yet whether you can get your old place back or not! At least—do you?"

He gave her an animated look in which something like exultation warred with something else like surprise.

"My old place! Listen at her! Why, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole! Teller in the Caledonia National Bank! Great heavens, Fanny! You seem to think I've been standing still all this time."

"But—Russell, what *do* you mean?"

(Continued on Page 60)

GERMANY IN TRANSITIO

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

BERLIN was bathed in autumn sunlight. As I walked down Unter den Linden, the main thoroughfare, I felt those mingled emotions that novelists delight to write about. Behind me bulked the Brandenburg Gate, its central arch no longer reserved for the exclusive passage of royalty. At the other end of the long avenue rose the dome of the ugly sprawly palace—once the home of William Hohenzollern—the walls still pock-marked by the machine-gun bullets of the spring revolution.

Watching the crowd that surged back and forth I could not help thinking that these men about me who wore the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross—no male person in Germany seems to have escaped a decoration—and who smoked and talked so amiably were perhaps the same steel-helmeted soldiers in field gray whose shells I dodged a year ago. Furthermore, I mused, the badly dressed women who drank their coffee and chatted volubly in the many pavement cafés were possibly the identical ones who strafed America with every grace before meals. Yet, so far as externals were concerned, normal life had apparently been resumed amid the serenity of this September afternoon.

Suddenly I heard overhead the purr and whir of a Zeppelin motor. Twelve months before this same noise in London or Paris was the prelude to swift destruction, for it invariably announced that the air raider was abroad. Instinctively I turned to cover. Then I realized that the war was over. I looked up and saw a giant airship sailing gracefully over Berlin. It was the Hamburg-American Line Zeppelin starting on its triweekly four-hundred-mile trip to Friedrichshafen, with passengers and freight. After circling a few times it moved off toward the south and was soon lost to sight in the gathering twilight.

That Zeppelin did more than give me a surprise. It showed that Germany, stripped of her shipping at sea, had turned, with peace, to the air to retrieve her lost near-mastery of transportation. More than this, it demonstrated that the defeated and discredited Fatherland will capitalize every last word in science and invention in the effort to achieve a rehabilitation fraught with supreme significance for the whole world. What is true of aviation will be true of many other activities, once the nation has struck its stride. For the moment this seems a remote consummation. The present German hour is dark with a despair that is developing into a menace to international recovery.

Why is Germany's plight of such universal importance? In the answer lies a revelation of conditions as tangled and troubled as ever the war itself disclosed. It would be difficult to find the parallel in all history.

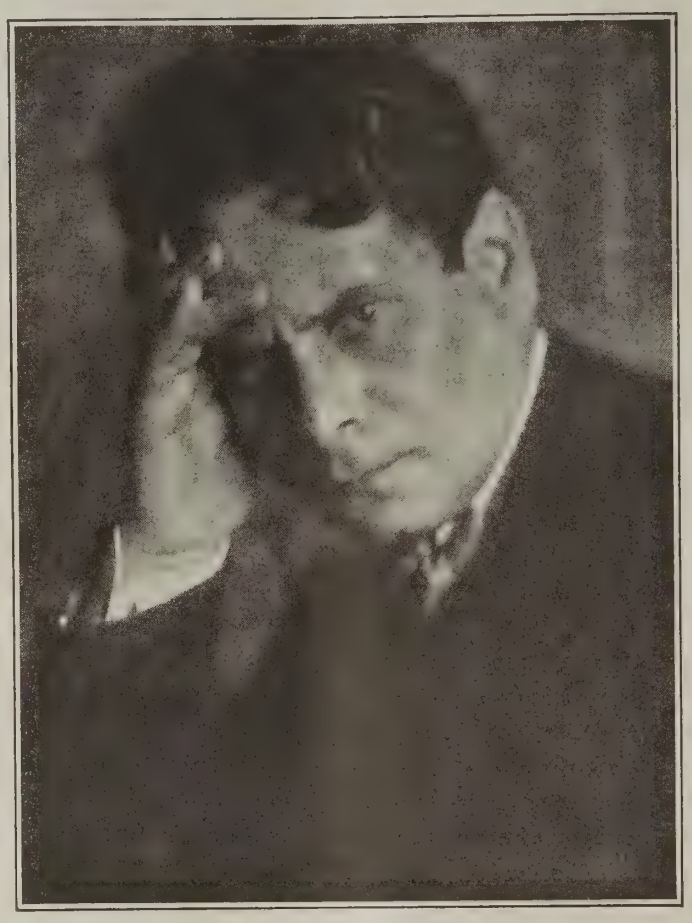
A Menacing Balance of Power

TO VISUALIZE this unprecedented situation and to understand fully the wholly unexpected influence that Germany wields even in her travail we must go back a bit. For at least fifteen years before that fateful August of 1914 she stood up erect and strong, an arrogant empire of blood and iron. Her trade, her science, her resource, her vast and compelling desires—conjured up fear. She beat the big drum in the concert of Powers, and though the note was often discordant it rang out above all the rest. Through her commercial penetration she became the spinal cord of the economic body of Europe, and contributed in addition much sustenance to the world business structure. "What will Germany do next?" was the invariable query.

As we all know, she did aplenty. She plunged a civilization, hypnotized with a mistaken sense of security, into war and for nearly four years dominated its stupendous drama of death. Again she held the calcium.

But war, however long-drawn and hideous, is at worst a temporary thing. Thus in time the greatest of all wars ended, whereupon the optimists said: "At last Germany is eliminated as a factor."

It was dangerous optimism, for the curious reason that Germany, beaten and severed, remains a force to be reckoned with in the eternal struggle to live and labor, which knows neither race, prejudice nor war hang-over. Like the battle of business it is a permanent thing. Men are not compelled to fight every day, but they must be fed three times a day. The irony of fate now dictates that the one-time bulwark reared by Bismarck out of the humiliation of France emerges from the dust of conflict to confute and embarrass its foes and impede the general rehabilitation.



Maximilian Harden

Automatically, and largely because of her former economic prestige, Germany still holds an uncanny balance of power, which if unconserved may yet bring widespread disaster and nullify the costly fruits of Allied victory. In other words, Germany, nemesis of peace before the war, remains a death's-head to economic security now that the war is over. How is this possible?

If you dispassionately analyze Europe as it is to-day you soon find out. Here are the facts: It is exactly a year since the armistice was signed, and peace remains as much a will-o'-the-wisp as in the dark days of 1917. The only difference, in a larger sense, is that the Allies and the Central Powers no longer hurl shot and shell at each other. The poison gas of the battlefield has been succeeded by a deadly distrust and a more destructive inaction that are stifling initiative and sterilizing real recovery.

Following the colossal energy that swept the war to its titanic proportions is a supineness that has become epidemic. No nation is immune from this plague of idleness, and Germany, once the stronghold of thrift and industry, has joined the slackers. Belgium is the only country in Europe that has really settled down to business.

But Germany has gone her enemies one better. She has tasted of the crimson fruits of revolt, and the virus of discontent has entered her system. Nor is this surprising. Kept in practical ignorance of the hopelessness of her national struggle until defeat actually stared her armies in the face she has developed an indifference that borders on abandon to any emergency. A years of overwork and underfeed unrest is as much pathological a wise. But whatever its origin it is there and It is one definite phase of Germany in tran

If the Actionists, alias the Spartacides, just another name for Bolshevists, plu country into another revolution—and it i the possibilities—it will not only mean an Germany but the kindling of a flame t sweep England and the Continent.

Remember in this connection that "rev is the glib word on the tongue of misguided and malcontent everywhere. The brothe anarchy knows no geography. Its symb as red in Italy and France as in Germany sia. One touch of scarlet makes all the rad

A red Germany might mean an alliance Russia. All Europe is on razor edge, and vent of winter, with a world-wide shortag and food—and cold and hunger are the to revolt—will not help to dull it. Once rible tides are loosed, the hordes of hate know one cause, and that cause, destruc Germany goes these next few months, considerable part of Europe go, politic economically.

Germany a Center of Contagi

IT ALL means that if Germany is wipe becomes the plaything of the forces o will come dangerously near being a sort o among the nations, dragging the whole t cash and credit down with her. It is one curb her expansion as it should be curb interests of a permanent peace and as I h pointed out in these columns, but it is a and more serious matter to permit a disin that would work hardship in every direc

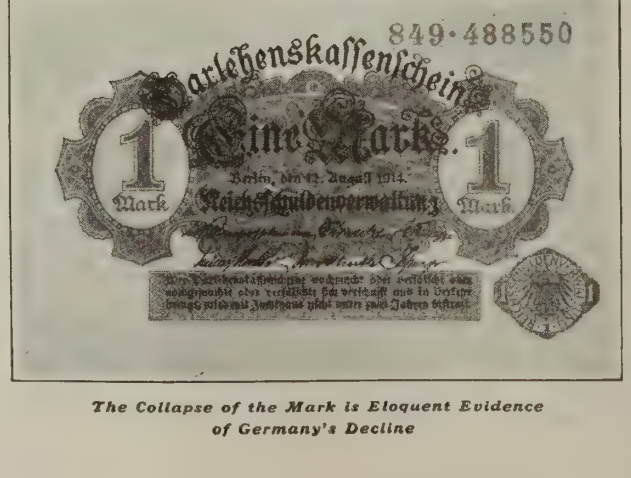
This sounds like strong speech, and it no man can study Europe, and for that r need not leave America, without discove this strike-mad world of ours to-day has not, for at least, been made a better place to live in, de welter of blood and sacrifice that began in 1914.

Germany's political collapse under a reign would upset a large part of the European scheme struction. First, because it would prevent the of the indemnities exacted by her outraged co which are essential to French and Belgian deve second, because she is still technically the spinal I have described. With or without her depar authority she is unfortunately indispensable to prosperity. She is so intimately bound up in mercial fortunes of her neighbors that bankru worse for her mean dislocation of the Entente machine, now in such sad need of renewal and lu

I found convincing evidence of this in the British, French and Belgian commercial travel met throughout Germany and more especially in pied area, who were in hot competition to resume relations with the Germans.

If the Germany that murdered the Lusitania, Britannic, shot Edith Cavell, ravaged Belgium the whole conduct of war a rebuke to humanit isolated entity we should have not the slightest tion about her eclipse. One would even be glad vultures come home to roost. But the lustful that made Europe a shambles happens to be so i related to the universal process of demand ar that she cannot be eliminated. To put it cor Germany to-day is like a rotten apple. Isola shelf she would decompose and cause no dan this procedure, unhappily, is impossible. ically she is in a basket of apples, and her tai remedied at once, is likely to contaminate the

Her importance to-day would never ha fested itself if the rest of the world had turne with a proper frame of mind and the will to w as the war itself smashed all precedent, s aftermath overthrown all calculations. Th location follows every conflict nobody exp upset that has followed the war of wars. A many others I believed, for example, that with a tremendous incentive for recover startle the universe with the swiftness of back. But she, like all the rest of the unive fected with the discontent that is sapping frustrating reconstruction everywhere. I converting the sword into a plowshare E turned from a war of force to a battle of



The Collapse of the Mark is Eloquent Evidence of Germany's Decline

be and dangerous. It all operates to enhance the tragic importance of the beaten Germany.

In short, Germany must be salvaged if we are going to save Europe, and our stake abroad is now so great that we cannot afford to be an inert bystander in this new crisis. The salvation is possible only through work. A busy man has no time to think of mischief. Keep a people fed and busy and you likewise keep them out of trouble, provided, of course, they have no military masters itching for war. Fundamentally the German is a worker, but at the present writ he is without the tools with which to labor. The principal tool that Germany lacks to-day is raw material. If I were asked to state the most pressing need of the Continent to-day I should without hesitation say that it is the necessity of starting the flywheel of industry. Production, the unfailing instrument of regeneration, is as essential to Germany as it is to the rest of the world. Reproduction, once stimulated in Germany, will act as a speeder-up for the nations now involved in industrial turmoil, because it will rob the Bolshevist agitator of his job. Repose in Germany confutes a red alliance with Russia, and this in turn is the primary cause for the unrest that is undermining all constructive endeavor.

At this point the average man will exclaim: "How about the needs of the other European nations, and more especially our Allies and those small but gallant peoples who have passed through darkness to self-determination?"

The more you find the beaten Germany potent even in her downfall. These little nations and their brothers as well can have no prosperity without a real peace, and there can be no real peace until Germany is at work. This peace cannot be accomplished by politics, legislation or revenge. The time has come for frank talk and this talk resolves itself into the statement that American credits for Europe must start with credits for Germany if we are really going to make a start in real rebuilding. This implies neither sentiment nor sympathy. It is plain economic self-preservation.

With this statement of the most outstanding feature in present-day Germany we can proceed with our survey. What is happening behind the frontiers that were so long an impenetrable curtain? What is the German people thinking and doing? Who are the new leaders? What is the American interest in the revolution that has followed revolution?

I went to Germany to find out. I visited the occupied, neutral and free countries. I talked with cabinet ministers, soldiers, captains of industry and plain people. What follows in this and in the succeeding articles is outlined at first hand at a time when the long shadow of war had been lengthened with peace.

Fourteen Points

A NATION in trouble usually faces either a political or an economic crisis. Germany has both, and at the same time. Appraise the situation as a whole and these facts stand out:

FIRST: Germany is not only beaten but knows and admits it.

SECOND: Things are likely to be worse before they get better.

THIRD: Her morals are at lowest ebb. Theft and even murder are as common as the discontent throughout the land.

FOURTH: Despite the depreciation of the mark, food and other prices in Germany are low, and the stocks fairly abundant. On luxury articles are expensive.

FIFTH: The Kaiser illusion is shattered and there is not the slightest chance that a Hohenzollern will ever return to power. A constitutional monarchy, however, is among the possibilities.

SIXTH: Though a large body of intelligent Germans realize less philosophically accept the peace terms a great many people seem to be indifferent to their fate. "Why work for the French?" is their refrain.

SEVENTH: Conscious of the misdeeds of his soldiers and sailors on land and sea the German, with a psychology peculiarly his own, expects the world with which he fought to forget them with the dawn of peace.

EIGHTH: German production is partially paralyzed by reason of insufficient fuel and lack of raw materials. Even the democratization of industry now in process has so far failed to bring the discontented workers back to work, even where work is available.

NINTH: Contrary to widespread belief before the war and since Germany has no large accumulated stores of finished or unfinished materials. Thus she is unable to enter upon any extensive dumping campaign. The Germans are shamming about some of their shortages, notably with iron and steel.

TENTH: The institution of German propaganda is still at work. Its chief object now is to convince visitors to Germany that the country is unable to pay the drastic indemnities and must obtain some modification of the peace terms.

ELEVENTH: Though the utmost friendliness is expressed and displayed toward Americans the man most unpopular in Germany to-day is President Wilson, who is held personally responsible for what the Germans consider national confiscation.

TWELFTH: Germany has had all the war she wants for a long time to come. The great mass of the people feel so beaten, there is such bitter resentment toward militarism, the children are so impoverished from underfeeding, that a long time must elapse before the nation is physically and temperamentally fit again.

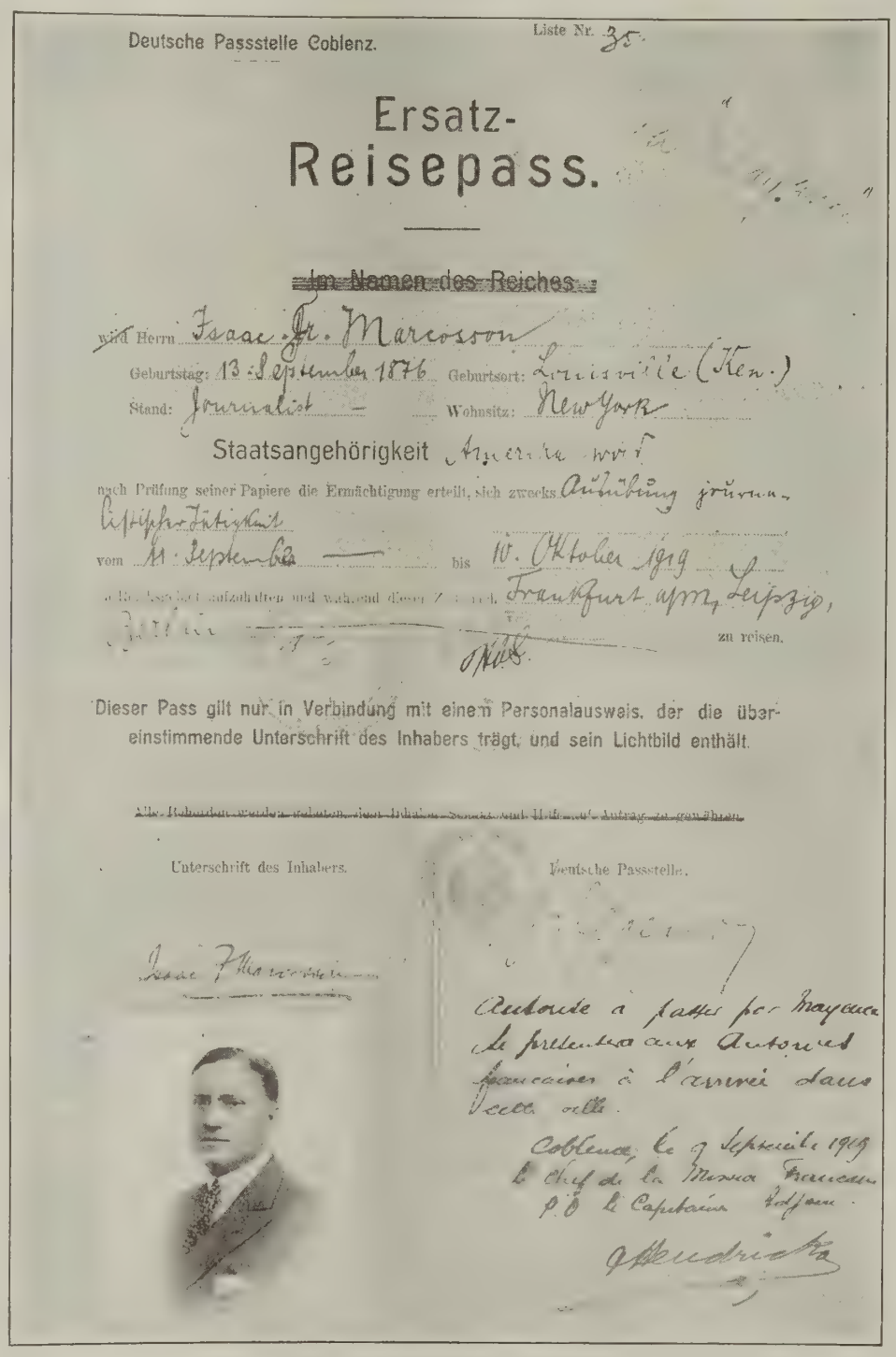
THIRTEENTH: Unless Germany gets credits with which to purchase raw materials her recovery at the moment seems impossible. In this event she will be unable to pay her indemnities and she will come dangerously near bankruptcy, more especially if the mark continues to fall. Just as she is shamming with her shortages, so is she exaggerating her financial needs. Every money demand of hers must be halved.

FOURTEENTH: Given credits, the miasma into which industry is plunged will vanish. Work—the unfailing antidote for all unrest—will succeed discontent, and Germany will surprise the world with her recovery. She has lost none of her skill and efficiency. I doubt if a prosperous Germany will ever again be a war-mad Germany, not merely because the myth of her invincibility is shattered but because the overhead of defeat is too great to risk again. The nation is sapped.

These fourteen points are not based on what Germans told me. The penalty that Germany pays for the crimes of the war is the world's lack of confidence in her utterances. What I have just written is the record of what I have seen.

Before we go into the detailed analysis of the present-day German balance sheet let us first have a look at the country and the people. I thought that my thrills and surprises had ended with the signing of the Armistice, but I was mistaken. The Germany that I peacefully invaded presented a series of dramatic situations almost as impressive as any I had faced through the years of the war.

To begin with, I was no stranger to Germany. I had known her back in those prewar days when the world felt the lure of her opera and cures. Far less pleasant was my vicarious wartime contact. I had looked down into her from Switzerland, gazed at her from across the Dutch frontier, beheld her troops across many a shell-swept No Man's Land. Through all these hazardous years of travel and tumult Germany to me was as a sealed book. Now at last the time had come when the curtain was pulled aside, the iron ring broken, and I stepped into her confines.



Deutsche Passstelle Coblenz. Liste Nr. 35.

Ersatz-
Reisepass.

~~Im Namen des Reiches~~

wird Herrn Isaac Fr. Marcosson

Geburtstag: 13. September 1876 Geburtsort: Louisville (Ken.)

Stand: Journalist Wohnsitz: New York

Staatsangehörigkeit Amerika

nach Prüfung seiner Papiere die Ermächtigung erteilt, sich zwecks Ausübung journa-
listischer Tätigkeit

vom 11. September bis 10. Oktober 1919

über [illegible] und während dieser Zeit nach Frankfurt a/M, Leipzig,

zu reisen.

Dieser Pass gilt nur in Verbindung mit einem Personalauswais, der die übereinstimmende Unterschrift des Inhabers trägt, und sein Lichtbild enthält.

Unterschrift des Inhabers. Deutsche Passstelle.

Isaac Marcosson

Autorisé à faire par voyage
Se présentera aux Autorités
françaises à l'arrivé dans
cette ville.
Coblenz, le 9 Septembre 1919
Le Chef de la Mission Française
p.O. Le Capitaine Hoffmann

Mr. Marcosson's German Passport

Apathy and Depression

OFTEN during the war I wondered just what my first experience in Germany would be. I had ridden on British troop trains marked "On to Berlin," had watched our own soldier-laden cars labeled "The Rhine Limited," and speculated whether I should cross the great German divide with an army of conquest or otherwise. As a matter of fact I rode into Germany late at night in an unromantic first-class coach from Metz, and it was only with the breaking of dawn that I realized my long dream.

An American bugle woke me out of my sleep in a hotel at Coblenz. I stepped out of my window to a balcony and saw the Rhine flowing at my feet. On the footbridge directly opposite marched a company of doughboys, while from the heights of the old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein across the river the Stars and Stripes flashed in the sunlight. It was the new Wacht am Rhein!

The Germany that I found on the eve of the final ratification of the Peace Treaty late in September is in human respects not much different from the Germany of a year ago, stunned by the Armistice. No man can visualize the completeness of the jolt to Germany, however, until he is well within the German confines. This is one reason why the world has been fed up with so much misinformation, written in the main by long-distance observers, about Germany's so-called "victory in defeat." To be sure, she wields the uncanny influence due to her social unrest and her interrelation with the rest of the economic world which I have already described. The great mass of her people, however, are dull with apathy.

The smug cocksureness and self-complacency which in the old days irritated every visitor in Germany are gone. Once inside the country you get a sense of depression that almost amounts to listlessness. This impressed me deeply the moment I began to talk to Germans, whether in Coblenz, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Düsseldorf or Berlin.

(Continued on Page 49)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Tra

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RAL

"Hold Up Your Hands, You! You Do Solemnly Swear That in the Case of The People Against Mock Hen You Will Tell the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth

Case Number Nine: Ways That are Dark

"Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."
Ballad of East and West.

"But the law of the jungle is jungle law only, and the law of the pack is only for the pack."
Other Sayings of Shere Khan.

A HALF turn from the clattering hubbub of Chatham Square and you are in Chinatown, slipping, within ten feet, through an invisible wall, from the glitter of the gin palace and the pawnshop to the sinister shadows of irregular streets and blind alleys, where yellow men pad swiftly along greasy asphalt beneath windows glinting with ivory, bronze and lacquer; through which float the scents of aloes and of incense and all the subtle suggestion of the East.

No one better than the Chink himself realizes the commercial value of the taboo, the bizarre and the unclean. Nightly the rubber-neck car swinging gayly with lanterns stops before the imitation joss house, the spurious opium joint and tortuous passage to the fake fan-tan and faro game, with a farewell call at Hong Joy Fah's Oriental restaurant and the well-stocked novelty store of Wing, Hen & Co. The visitors see what they expect to see, for the Chinaman always gives his public exactly what it wants. But a dollar does not show you Chinatown. To some the ivories will always be but crudely carved bone, the jades the potter's sham, the musk and aloes the product of a soap factory, the joss but a cigar-store Indian, and the Oriental dainties of Hong Fah the scrappings of a Yankee grocery store. Yet behind the shoddy tinsel of Doyers and Pell Streets, as behind Alice's looking-glass, there is another Chinatown—a strange, inhuman, Oriental world, not necessarily of trapdoors and stifled screams, but one moved by influences undreamed of in our banal philosophies. Hearken then to the story of the avenging of Wah Sing.

'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

In the murky cellar of a Pell Street tenement seventeen Chinamen sat cross-legged in a circle round an octagonal teakwood table. To an Occidental they would have appeared to differ in no detail except that of a varying degree of fatness. An oil lamp flickered before a joss near by, and the place reeked with the odor of starch, sweat, tobacco, rice whisky and the incense that rose ceilingward in thin, shaking columns from two bowls of Tibetan soapstone. An obese Chinaman with a walnutlike countenance in which cunning and melancholy were equally commingled was speaking monotonously through long, rat-tailed mustaches, while the others listened with impassive decorum. It was a special meeting of the Hip Leong Tong, held in their private clubrooms at the Great Shanghai Tea Company, and conducted according to rule.

"Therefore," said Wong Get, "as a matter of honor it is necessary that our brother be avenged and that no chances be taken. A much too long time has already elapsed. I have written the letter and will read it."

He fumbled in his sleeve and drew forth a roll of brown paper covered with heavy Chinese characters, unwinding it from a strip of bamboo.

To the Honorable Members of the On Gee Tong: Whereas it has pleased you to take the life of our beloved friend and relative Wah Sing, it is with greatest courtesy and the utmost regret that we inform you that it is necessary for us likewise to remove one of your esteemed society, and that we shall proceed thereto without delay.

Due warning being thus honorably given I subscribe myself with profound appreciation,

For the Hip Leong Tong,
WONG GET.

He ceased reading and there was a perfunctory grunt of approval from round the circle. Then he turned to the official soothsayer and directed him to ascertain whether the time were propitious. The latter tossed into the air a handful of painted ivory sticks, carefully studied their arrangement when fallen, and nodded gravely.

"The omens are favorable, O honorable one!"

"Then there is nothing left but the choice of our representatives," continued Wong Get. "Pass the fateful box, O Fong Hen."

Fong Hen, a slender young Chinaman, the official slipper, or messenger, of the society, rose and, lifting a lacquered gold box from the table, passed it solemnly to each member.

"This time there will be four," said Wong Get.

Each in turn averted his eyes and removed from the box a small sliver of ivory. At the conclusion of the ceremony the four who had drawn red tokens rose. Wong Get addressed them.

"Mock Ding, Mock Hen, Get, Sui Si you it is conf avenge the murder of our brother Wah Sing. F in your purpose!"

And the four answered unemotionally: "Those to it is confided will not fail."

Then pivoting silently upon their heels they pas of the cellar.

Wong Get glanced round the table.

"If there is no further business the society will d after the customary refreshment."

Fong Hen placed thirteen tiny glasses upon th and filled them with rice whisky scented with anise a dash of powdered ginger. At a signal from Wong thirteen Chinamen lifted the glasses and drank.

"The meeting is adjourned," said he.

Eighty years before, in a Cantonese rabbit warr yellow men had fought over a white woman, and killed the other. They had belonged to different so or tongs. The associates of the murdered man had a his death by slitting the throat of one of the mem the other organization, and these in turn had ret thus establishing a vendetta which became part and of the lives of certain families, as naturally and u ably as birth, love and death. As regularly as the they alternated in picking each other off. Branche Hip Leong and On Gee tongs sprang up in San Fr and New York—and the feud was transferred wit to Chatham Square, a feud imposing a sacred obl rooted in blood, honor and religion upon every m who rather than fail to carry it out would have kn yellow silken cord under his left ear and swung gently off a table into eternal sleep.

Young Mock Hen, one of the four avengers, had a distinct place for himself in Chinatown by making ful study of New York psychology. He was a good-l Chink, smooth-faced, tall and supple; and he kne well how to capitalize his attractiveness. By attended Columbia University as a special student plied electricity, keeping a convenient eye meanw three coolies whom he employed to run The College dry on Morningside Heights. By night he vica operated a chop-suey palace on Seventh Avenue, congregated the worst elements of the Forty-second

oadway district. But his heart was in the gambling ich he maintained in Doyers Street, and where anyo knew the knock could have a shell of hop for the ir, once Mock had given him the once-over through le sliding panel.

k was a Christian Chinaman. That is to say, purely siness reasons—for what he got out of it and the g that it gave him—he attended the Rising Star and also frequented Hudson House, the social ent where Miss Fanny Duryea taught him to ng-pong and other exciting parlor games, and read from books adapted to an American child of ten. a great favorite at both places, for he was sweetd and wore an expression of heaven-born inno- He had even been to church with Miss Duryea, arily absenting himself for that purpose of a Sunday g from the steam-heated flat where—unknown to course—he lived with his white wife, Emma Pratt, of highly miscellaneous antecedents.

pt when engaged in transacting legal or other busih the municipal, sociologic or religious world—at times his vocabulary consisted only of the most tary pidgin—Mock spoke a fluent and even ver- English learned at night school. Incidentally he head of the syndicate which controlled and dis- the loo, faro, fan-tan and other gambling privileges atown.

ctive Mooney, of the Second, detailed to make good ; Attorney Peckham's boast that there had never little trouble e foreign ele- nce the admin- n—of which he ornament — to office, saw Lee emerge s doorway in Street just be- ur o'clock the ng Thursday silently along r he shadow of es toward Ah grocery — and y sensed some- eculiar in the walk.

o, Quong!" he terposing him- Where you ?

g paused with pleating gesture dy spread open s.

yourself!" he eblandly. "Me yi'l' glocery."

ney ran his er the rotund isking him for le forty-four.

the love of he exclaimed, open Quong's e. "What sort of d shirt is that?"

g grinned as the detec- ld the suit of l-chain mail vayed heavily s blue blouse shoulders to s.

!" continued a-clothes man. brewin', eh?" hew already mething was he tongs from y-gow, Wing

u: weigh eighty s' he whistled. to see the pill ld go through t was, in fact, al corselet of el mesh, ca- turning an bullet.

ng!" ordered finally. "I 're safe!"

ed back in the of Chatham Square, while Quong resumed his tortoiselike perambulation toward Ah Fong's. Pell and Doyers Streets were deserted save for an Italian woman carrying a baby, and were pervaded by an unnatural and suspicious silence. Most of the shutters on the lower windows were down. Ah Fong's subsequent story of what happened was simple, and briefly to the effect that Quong, having entered his shop and priced various litchi nuts and pickled starfruit, had purchased some powdered lizard and, with the package in his left hand, had opened the door to go out. As he stood there with his right hand upon the knob and facing the afternoon sun four shadows fell aslant the window and a man whom he positively identified as Sui Sing emptied a bag of powder—afterward proved to be red pepper—upon Quong's face; then another, Long Get, made a thrust at him with a knife, the effect of which he did not observe, as almost at the same instant Mock Hen felled him with a blow upon the head with an iron bar, while a fourth, Mock Ding, fired four shots at his crumpling body with a revolver, one of which glanced off and fractured a very costly Chien Lung vase and ruined four boxes of mandarin-blossom tea. In his excitement he ducked behind the counter, and when sufficiently revived he crawled forth to find what had once been Quong lying across the threshold, the murderers gone, and the Italian woman prostrate and shrieking with a hip splintered by a stray bullet. On the sidewalk outside the window lay the remnants of the bag of pepper, a knife broken short off at the handle, a heavy bar of soft iron slightly bent, and a partially emptied forty-four-caliber revolver. Quong's suit of mail had effectually protected him from the knife thrust and the revolver shots, but his skull was crushed beyond repair. Thus was the murder of Wah Sing avenged in due and proper form.

Detective Mooney, distant not more than two hundred feet, rushed back to the corner at the sound of the first shot—just in time to catch a side glimpse of Mock Hen as he raced across Pell Street and disappeared into the cellar of the Great Shanghai Tea Company. The Italian woman was filling the air with her outcries, but the detective did not pause in his hurtling pursuit. He was too late, however. The cellar door withstood all his efforts to break it open.

Bull Neck Burke, the wrestler, who tied Zabisko once on the stage of the old Grand Opera House in 1913, had been promenading with Mollie Malone, of the Champagne Girls and Gay Burlesquers Company. Both heard the fusillade and saw Mock—a streak of flying blue—pass within a few feet of them.

"God!" ejaculated Mollie. "Sure as shootin', that's Mock Hen—and he's murdered somebody!"

"It's Mock all right!" agreed Bull Neck. "That puts us in as witnesses or strike me!" And he looked at his watch—four-one.

"Here, Burke, put your shoulder to this!" shouted Mooney from the cellar steps. "Now then!"

The two of them threw their combined weight against it, the lock flew open and they fell forward into the darkness. Three doors leading in different directions met the glare of Mooney's match. But the fugitive had a start of at least four minutes, which was three and a half more than he required.

Mock Hen took the left-hand of the three doors and crept along a passage opening into an empty opium parlor back of the Hip Leong clubroom.

Diving beneath one of the bunks he inserted his body between the lower planking at the back and the cellar wall, wormed his way some twelve feet, raised a trap and emerged into a tunnel by means of which and others he eventually reached the end of the block and the rooms of his friend Hong Sue.

Here he changed from the Oriental costume according to Chinese etiquette necessary to the homicide, into a nobby suit of American clothes, put on a false mustache, and walked boldly down Park Row, while just behind him Doyers and Pell Streets swarmed with bluecoats and excited citizenry.

Hudson House, the social settlement presided over by Miss Fanny and affected for business reasons by Mock Hen, was a mile and a half away. But Mock took his time. Twenty-five full minutes elapsed before he leisurely climbed the steps and slipped into the big reading room. There was no one there and Mock deftly turned back the hand of the automatic clock over the platform to three-fifty-five. Then he began to whistle. Presently Miss Fanny entered from the rear room, her face lighting with pleasure at the sight of her pet convert.

(Continued on Page 69)

Mr. Tutt Pondered Upon the Matter for About an Inch of Stogy and Then Informed the Committee That the Terms Were Eminently Satisfactory

LET THE SELLER BEWARE

By WILBUR HALL

The President's Answer Always Was That the Profit Sheets Showed Increasing Returns on the Right Side of the Ledger

THERE had been a good deal of talk in the executive offices about appointing a purchasing agent, but the president was lukewarm on the subject. He seemed to be pretty well satisfied with the existing system—which was no system at all, since it comprised a young clerk who filed catalogues and price lists and could sometimes find them when they were wanted—and every department head bought for himself. Some of the younger officials of the concern chafed under this condition, but the president's answer always was that the annual profit sheets showed increasing returns on the right side of the ledger. It was a hard argument to get round.

Then one day the superintendent of operations dropped a bomb in the president's lap and it exploded.

"I came in to tell you," the superintendent said bluntly, "that we're due to shut down the plant about the first of the month."

"We're what?"

"We will have to close up on the first."

"What are you doing—being funny?"

"No, I wish I were. I'm in dead earnest. I've only known it ten minutes myself—but there's no mistake about it now."

The president groaned.

"Another strike, eh? I thought our boys were all satisfied since ——"

"Oh, it isn't a strike, Mr. Baker! It isn't labor trouble or transportation or a shortage of raw materials or a change in our market. When I tell you what it is you'll laugh."

"Laugh about a shutdown? Don't worry! What's the difficulty?"

"Box nails."

"Box—nails?"

"We have just enough on hand to run us ten days."

"But what's that got to do with it? Get out into the market and order some nails!"

"There aren't any in the market. There won't be for two or three weeks."

"Then use some other kind of nails."

"Can't! Our box shooks are cut to take a certain nail—what the trade calls a five-penny cement-coated cooler. Nothing else will do."

"That's easy—get some new box shooks to tide us over."

"That might be done—though it would mean changing all our shipping weights and raise Cain in the transportation department—only there happens to be the stevedores' strike to consider."

"Oh, couldn't get shooks from up the river, eh?"

"That's the answer."

"But good Lord Harry, man! I still don't see why you can't figure out a scheme for beating this emergency!"

The superintendent grinned uncomfortably.

"I've been trying to, chief. The only solution seems to be to buy an entirely new box for our gross-lot cases. If we do that it means changing the size and shape of our containers and cartons. If we do that we've got to abandon our filling machines and fill by hand—which puts the whole factory system on the blink. I know it sounds funny, but without those particular box nails we've got to close down for a while or rebuild the factory."

The president sat digesting this.

"It looks absurd," he agreed finally, "but I can't suggest anything. What I'd like to know is who fell down on the nail orders."

"That," the superintendent of operations replied, "is not my territory. The best I can make out of the mess is that the supply department hesitated a few weeks back about buying nails because the market was high then and there were indications that it might break. When the supply clerks realized that we were getting low the boys tried to cover and found they were too late. There wasn't a nail to be had. If we had had a purchasing department now ——"

"Oh, don't rub it in!" the president interrupted. "I'll have to fight our way through this somehow. As you go ask the treasurer to drop in, will you?"

Frantic telephoning in the next few minutes convinced the two officials that they were blocked in the matter of box nails—and no mistake about it. They brought others into conference—the only brilliant suggestions were an ironical one on the part of the secretary that they ship their product in gunny sacks and an earnest one on the part of the sales manager that they appeal to a man he knew to buy for them.

"Who's this man?" the president demanded sharply.

"Wiley of Sharp Steel."

"A purchasing agent?"

"Assistant to John Greer, the purchasing agent. He's a live young fellow, and Greer is the best purchasing chief in the city—as I have many reasons for knowing."

"See if Wiley will go to lunch with me," the president ordered finally.

And the conference broke up on that.

Wiley proved to be an alert, neat, keen-eyed young citizen with an agreeable smile above a very firm chin and with a quick and accurate way of summing up that made a few words go a long distance.

"I'll admit that it's a hard nut to crack, Mr. Baker," he told the president. "Why haven't you had a purchasing agent long ago?"

"Didn't see the need of one," Baker admitted. "Now I'm beginning to. And if you can pull us out on this nail business I'll want to make you a proposition."

"I'll see what I can do," young Wiley said cautiously.

And at four o'clock that afternoon a heavy truck backed up to the supply department warehouse platform and began unloading five-penny cement-coated box nails. The president was notified, and called Wiley.

"Can you come over at five o'clock?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And by the way, you'd better tell your people that you're going to leave them on the first."

Young Wiley's laugh sounded.

"We'll see that later," h and hung up.

Shortly aft he appeared a shown into th dent's offic latter made generous offer did not hesita

"I'll take one provision you give m authority in partment."

"Certainly! understood. you'll start w on the first. wish you'd t how you mana find nails wh men fell down

"It was The purch agents of th have an asso as you may The secretary pretend to everything ab stocks carried various hous members rep but he is a fair market s When I called and said 'bo he ran over and decide some of th babies that w homeless aft

armistice ought to have what I wanted. One o did—the Nevers Brass Foundry. You might have the town and missed them. As far as that goes, have too. But the association saved us."

The president chuckled.

"You've sold the purchasing-agent idea to me keeps," he said. "I feel better already. Go to it!"

That was the beginning of a new era in the his the company.

At the end of eight months the auditing dep got out a special report on the activities of the pur agent's department that showed that Wiley ha or saved an amount equal to fifteen per cent of t profits of the firm for the preceding year. An were no more awkward hitches due to lack of sup raw materials or needed machinery. The young cials had a chance to say "I told you so," a president had excellent reason for admitting that been wrong. But he had more to learn.

The time came when it was necessary for the c to add four five-ton trucks to its fleet. The preside little about trucks, but he owned and drove a touring car and was an enthusiastic booster for called the purchasing agent in and said so.

"All right," the P. A. said. "What about it?"

"I think," said the president, "that it would p have Mileage trucks. If they are as good as the p cars we couldn't ask for more."

The purchasing agent frowned.

"I'm just beginning to look into the truck q Mr. Baker," he said. "From what I've alread I am inclined toward the Grand. But I'll inv further."

A week later he came back.

"I've decided on the Grand truck," he said.

The president looked up sharply.

"What's the matter with the Mileage?" he den

"Nothing that I know of. But let me tell you came to eliminate it in reaching a decision."

"Go ahead."

"As soon as the truck dealers found we were market they came down on me in swarms. I dis that there were about eighty different motor trucks market. From the catalogues and the selling tal agents they all looked good. But in thinking the over I decided that what we wanted to buy wasn or names or even low first cost—what we want mileage. Service, you understand."

"Go on."

(Continued on Page 54)

SYNDICALISM STRIKES

By L. E. McKenzie

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

IEN the few other Americans in the block are
nad clear through and helplessly afraid, what are
ou going to do? You'll probably do what one
ie did—snap out the lights, bolt the doors, and
ti state police will arrive before the riot breaks
Tith Street, where it began in fifteen languages,
o block and the only business avenue in the town.
e as mad as the other Americans, and just as
l,nless you are one of those foolhardy persons who
bieve anything un-American and Bolshevistic can
ll happen in Donessen, because Donessen is in
ic and oversubscribed all five Liberty Loans.
t"be mad because you're an American and helpless,
nl be afraid because you are sandwiched in between
it uanian Club on one side and the Greco-Italian
the other, with the headquarters of the Croatian
st across the street.
n elplessness comes from knowing that you are only
teen hundred scattered Americans, whereas, hur-
nbilized, imbued with a new kind of class hatred,
rof the law, and so much plastic mud in the hands
hce group of red radicals, are thirteen thousand
ndred foreign-born steel workers, believing that
n your puny fifteen hundred compatriots, assisted
den state police, are all that stands between them
wership—actual ownership!—of the Pennsylvania
setching for three miles along the Monongahela
uind you.
' fairly certain the steel strike can't win. Corpora-
ic ertisements have been hurling that at you in
y ifferent languages until you believe it. But that
go g to make you forget that you watched free-born,
ent sons of the Stars and Stripes cower in cold
nhe safety of their wives and families while past
fnt door flowed a steady stream of Magyar, and
k,and Austrian, and Croatian, and Serbian, and
rn, and Italian, and Greek, and Polish, and Lithu-
:d Russian, and Rumanian and a dozen other in-
icalisms.

Advance Agents of Syndicalism

)IMITTEE of senators came down from Washington
nterviewed a great many "workers"; and it looked
r peaceful as a summer's day, while up a back alley
nsen a hand press was grinding out a flame of red
tn that flared forth in these words:
e Workers Shall Rule. Now is the Time to Throttle
Masters. Stick Together and We Shall Tear Down
vem. The Courts Can't Touch You, for We Will
th Courts.
e Misled
neStool Pi-
cthe Mas-

efore the
ol stood a
es from
ssn, stood
lchem that
bital thugs
gumen had
dwn many
ale citizens
l ood; had
dworking-
n oups into
n and told
tey would
tem; had
nny."
ou knew
nhe month
kthere had
n person
. You knew
h only per-
treatened
merican
es, that
s working-
nabeen fired
l ns, in-
c'ed and
epy two or
e eparate
ls of agita-
r resenting
b age of the
W he bomb-
ids of the
ra archists,

the advance agents of syndicalism speaking to gullible masses of foreigners in their own language, without even the check of an official interpreter.

Further, you saw a parade mob wind its way through the peaceful streets of Donessen, bent on the invasion of another steel community across the river. Over there the burgess had called for volunteers and had prepared fifteen hundred American citizens to resist the breach of state and municipal law prohibiting assemblies of this character in times of disorder.

Yes, the sun shone on a peaceful American community. Nothing could happen in Donessen.

They repeated it over and over again, did American citizens, seeking to reassure themselves against this arrogant demonstration of syndicalist agitators. The parade tramped soundingly past your door and down onto the bridge three blocks away. At the borough limits of the neighboring town you were told that citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors, business men and workingmen—had armed themselves and were stationed on the heights overlooking the river.

Still, it couldn't be. You laughed, and if the laugh trembled a little it was no reflection on your Americanism. Then a shot rang out. Another and another, until the firing had grown into a fusillade. You rushed to the door and you wondered if it would be possible to get your own family to safety somewhere outside this seemingly Russianized zone. The fusillade swelled in volume. There were some who had said this was to be merely a peaceful parade of striking workers, peacefully conducted.

Then the tramp, tramp of five thousand feet on the shaking bridge sounded ominously nearer again. They were returning. What had happened? This: Without apparent reason, other than to demonstrate their power and the intent that might underlie it, members of the parade mob had been amusing themselves by firing on one of the plants of the steel mills where they were employed. Windows were smashed by the volley, that was all. No one was at work in the mills.

At the far side of the bridge a small troop of Pennsylvania state police turned the head of the parade, galloping among the leaders and firing as they came, but pointing their riot guns heavenward. The parade mob turned on itself because it lacked leadership to go ahead. Radical agitators were not there to assume command; they rarely are in evidence when law and order perforce unholsters its weapons. Back came the thwarted strikers through the streets of Donessen, and a muttering, mumbling, guttural mob it was, as it again swung past your door. Riding closely behind were the state police.

One thing that day stood between the American homes of Donessen and the fanning of the spark of disorder into a flame of violence. This was the wholesome respect of the alien for the Pennsylvania state constabulary. "The Cossacks are coming!" was passed along the line of the parade. They call the police that, the term emanating from the group of Russian and Finnish reds with whom the whole effort to disrupt labor organization and law and order in the valley of steel is permeated.

The "Cossacks" were enough to break up the assembly—merely a good handful of them. Representing the best type of Americanism they rode through the polyglot gathering, advising the workers in their own tongues to return to their homes. No person in all that mob—which had within the hour sought a demonstration of force as opposed to American law and order—was molested by any state trooper.

Yet it was of this day's incidents that the senate committee was told "many citizens were shot down in cold blood by brutal thugs and gunmen." It was of these same incidents that the senate committee was told "the men were herded in groups in a building and told if they did not go back to work they would be hanged."

Americanize or Deport

HAD you lived in the midst of the handwriting of class antagonism on the walls of your own supposedly American town, and discovered you stood on the edge of a melting pot that had boiled over with quickly stirred alien prejudice, and had you watched the plant of syndicalism grow and grow until it assumed the proportions of mob spirit, held in check only by the sheer reputation of a trained state constabulary, you to-day would be saying to the senatorial committee: Yes, they must be Americanized—and if you are for the safety of America and American ideals do your Americanizing now—or your deporting, or whatever it is that must be done. And then, not only lop off these limbs of revolution but lay the ax to the root of the tree of syndicalism. Do that now also. And have done with any method that merely checks and does not crush this communistic spirit.

No more peaceful town existed on that ominous morning of the parade. We flung our small-town jests with small-town frankness born of daily contact. Yankee jests with a Yankee zest, the kind that tell we haven't been taking things very seriously since the Armistice was signed and the influenza took its grim toll and passed on.

The most cheerful optimism was abroad, for we thought of these peoples of a score of tongues as our neighbors—more, our friends.

This, mark, was the town that had sent five hundred of its sons—they, too, of the many tongues—across the River Marne and into the Argonne to un-Prussianize Prussianism. If you could know this town and a score of other steel towns like it in this Pittsburgh district where great mills had been booming along at capacity

(Continued on Page 120)

Rip Van Winkle Lands an Orde

By Robert R. Updegraff

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

From Then on it Was a Joke Round the Office That Victor Havelock, Jr., Could Sail and Dine With the President of the C. M. & B., But He Couldn't Sell Him a Pint of Varnish

WHEN Rip Van Winkle rose stiffly, rubbing his eyes after his twenty-year sleep in the Catskill Mountains, and picked up his rusty musket he little thought that he would ever be drafted to help Victor Havelock, Jr., of the Chicago sales office of the Havelock Varnish Company to sell a bill of varnish to a procrastinating prospect. In view of the fact that railroads were not at that time in existence we need feel no surprise that Rip experienced no symptoms of the coming sale as he stumbled agedly toward the village, rubbing his forehead in perplexity as he raised his cracked voice to call his dog. And inasmuch as it is not the present writer's intention to attempt to collaborate with Washington Irving in telling the story of Rip's return to civilization, we may safely leave the old man to make his trembly way back to his old haunts under convoy of Mr. Irving and ourselves take the elevator to the sixth floor of the Monarch Building, Chicago, on the morning of April 16, 1917, the day being Monday.

In the elevator we discover Edward R. Carrington, manager of the Chicago sales department of the Havelock Varnish Company of Boston. As the elevator gate clangs as the car leaves the fifth floor Mr. Carrington—being one of those I-carry-the-office-key-myself managers—reaches into his right-hand front pants pocket for his bunch of keys and deftly selects one of them by feel as he steps out into the marble-walled corridor of the sixth floor. He turns to the left, strides down the corridor with an aggressive swing past five doors bearing the name "Havelock Varnish Company," and stops at the door of Room 614, which bears down in the lower right-hand corner the word "Entrance." Nodding in high good humor to the office boy and the two stenographers who are hovering at the door, he inserts the key, turns it and the door swings open, disclosing the usual Monday-morning scatter of mail on the floor, pushed through the door slot by the letter carrier on his Saturday-afternoon rounds.

Ordinarily Carrington pays no attention to the Monday-morning mail on the floor, leaving it for the office boy to pick up. But this morning his attention is attracted by a certain white envelope, long and narrow, lying over by the water cooler. This he knows at a glance to be the personal stationery of the president of the company and he stoops and picks it up almost involuntarily, for a personal letter from the president is something to sit up about.

He enters his private office. Ripping open the long white envelope before removing his hat, he reads the letter which brings us to the opening of our story:

Boston, April 14, 1917.

Mr. Edward R. Carrington,
Manager Chicago Sales Office,
Havelock Varnish Company,
614 Monarch Building,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Carrington: My son, Victor, Jr., has just completed his four years at Harvard and I now want him to enter our business. During part of each of his vacations he has been working in our laboratories to get an understanding of the chemical end of the business and he is now anxious to learn the selling end, selling being his natural inclination.

It has seemed to be desirable, owing to his relationship to me, not to have him start on either the Boston or the New York sales force, but to send him out to Chicago where he will start among strangers. I suggest that you start him in the railroad department.

Needless to say, Victor will be expected to enter your office on just the same basis as any other new man, and under no circumstances is the fact that he is my son to influence you to show him any special consideration.

He will arrive on the Twentieth Century Tuesday morning.

Yours very truly,

VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

As Carrington finished reading the letter his assistant, Gordon Williams, entered the outer office carrying a suitcase and tennis racket and wearing a week-end coat of tan.

"Oh, say, Gord, look at this," called Carrington as Williams hung up his hat and coat.

"Huh!" grunted Williams when he had finished reading the letter.

"Just our luck, isn't it?" Carrington demanded sourly. "When Boston has anything they don't want they wish it onto us."

"Huh!" grunted Williams again, staring at the letter.

"I've never met this young Harvardite, have you?" asked Carrington.

"Yes," said Williams; "I met him once in the elevator when I was at the home office."

"Well, then you are elected to be a committee of welcome to go over to La Salle Station to meet the Century tomorrow morning with the keys to the city for His Nibs. Take him over to my club. We'll have to put him up there until he gets his bearings. I'll arrange about a room for him when I go to the club for lunch to-day."

Williams stood smoothing back his cherished pompadour, still looking at the letter hard.

"Ye gods!" he blurted finally. "I wonder what the old man's thinking about to suggest putting a new cub into the railroad department."

"I know it!" exclaimed Carrington hotly. "Of all jobs to pick, selling to the railroads is the prize pick. Why, I've been on this territory for eleven years and I don't feel any too comfortable going after railroad business myself! Only an old seasoned technical man like Longstreet ought to be allowed to handle the railroads."

"Well, the old man only suggests that you put this budding graduate into the railroad department."

"Humph!" said Carrington shortly. "If you'd ever worked in the Boston office with the chief you'd as soon think of ignoring one of his suggestions as you would of ignoring the suggestion of a mad bull that you get on the far side of the fence or get gored. That's the worst of it," he continued, throwing open the roll top of his desk with a bang. "The chief sends the kid out here fresh from Harvard, and no matter what happens, as long as we don't kick, the chief will think he's doing fine. And being the boss' son, we don't dare kick on him. So he can just stay on, fattening up on experience on our pay roll and getting us in a mess with the railroad purchasing departments. I tell you, it's just like Boston to wish their lemons onto us."

"Well," said Williams dryly, his face suddenly lighting up with a significant smile, "if he's a lemon we might squeeze him."

"How?"

"Well, there's the C. M for instance. Longstreet else in this office has eve varnish order out of them. regular bears over ther might be a good for some young start on."

In spite of him rington grinned.

"I get you! Af ing on a prospect C. M. & B. fo months the railro the business might so attractive. Th didn't decide tha or some other East would go better complexion, why, a might decide tha on the retail trad be a nice change. added, warming to "we have some lo ritory out throu and the Dakotas long rides betwee that might be developed young college man."

"Exactly!" agreed Williams.

"Well, fix up a desk f Longstreet's office. G won't Longstreet be delighted to ha sales colt running round in his pas

By noon everybody round the of that the chief's son was coming o Chicago office. There was conside citement. More than one ster gum quid was neglected that mor cepting in the case of Martha Scri seemed to be able to chew better when talking Martha who sounded the keynote of the office opin she said: "Well, George Longstreet will give litt Harvard Havelock a nice little post-graduate co will make Harvard seem like a kindergarten."

The main fireworks of the morning were set privacy of Carrington's office with Longstreet as rocket. He'd be blankety blanked if any blanke young cub from Harvard could come out and c prospects, even if he was the president's son. Why why, blankety blank blank!

It was thirty-five minutes before Longstreet near enough to earth even to see any humor in of this new cub calling on the C. M. & B. B when Carrington drew a word picture of young interviewing Maganch, the purchasing agent of t a faint flicker of a smile flitted across Longstre and Carrington knew that the pyrotechnics wer over for the present. In the end Longstreet ha in, of course, for the newcomer was the preside and, father's letter to the contrary notwithstandi dents' sons are presidents' sons.

"Well," asked Carrington as Gordon Williams his office the next morning, where he and Longst having it out for the second time, "did you get h up at the club all nice and cozy? And did he n Harvard banner I got the steward to put up on of his room?"

"Yes—he did not."

"What do you mean? Didn't he arrive?"

"Yes, and he said to tell you that he though mighty fine of you to offer to put him up at your he really believed it would be better for him to for himself from the beginning. He went over small hotel that he knew about and said he'd be in about an hour."

"Humph!" grunted Carrington, glancing ou corner of his eye at Longstreet, who sat sullenly t his loose-leaf price-list book. "He's commendab pendent anyway."

"Snippy, I should say," snapped Longstreet, the fact that Carrington's remark had not been a to him. "Now, looka here, Mr. Carrington; you'v me for nine years and you know I'll stand for a when ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed Carrington. "You me that a dozen times in the last half hour. Bu old boy, he's the president's son and we've got him a chance. Now just lie low and watch a certai Harvard graduate go up against the C. M. & B

aced significantly, "if some young fellow should
cide that the railroad end was a little too stiff a
otion for a greenhorn, why, there's some half-a-day-
ven-towns retail trade that needs developing out
ut Iowa and the Dakotas that might make Boston
ore like home to a Bostonian. Get me?"
orstreet grinned in spite of himself.
even o'clock sharp the elevator gate clanged, steps
dl down the corridor and the door of 614 opened
:ousinesslike swing.
M Carrington, please. Say it is Victor Havelock, Jr.,
oston."
ie outer office there was much covert craning of
o get a squint at the president's son through the
artition that fenced off the reception office. And
and Whitmarsh and Roy Farrell, three stars of the
a) sales force, who had been hanging round the office
oning to give the newcomer the once-over, all sud-
y'ad business that took them out through the recep-
o ce, where they winked at Marjorie Bent as she made
h name slip for the boy to take in to Carrington—a
f unnecessary formality, since the latter had been
in suspense for fifteen minutes trying to think up
cd C. M. & B. type of prospect for the new man to
o against to keep him away from conflict with Long-
t
Hs got nice hair anyway," was the mental comment
Marjorie Bent, who was always more impressed with
t as on top of a man's head than with what was inside.
Sl w him right in," directed Carrington when the boy
ed the slip a minute later.
ie junior Havelock was ushered into the manager's
e ich a buzz of comment ran through the outer office
Carrington hastily closed the door.
t velve the door opened again and both men came
wh their hats on.
Will go over to my club for luncheon," Carrington
sing. "It's quiet there and we can talk without any
rotions. When we come back I'll introduce you to
gs eet and the rest of our family. Now, as I was
y I think perhaps the best prospect for you to
rch first would be the C. M. & B. They ——"
tat was all Marjorie Bent's sharp ears could catch
rche outer office door shut.
vs not until after lunch that the office force and such
ealesmen as happened to be in got a real good look
Victor Havelock, Jr. What they saw was a tall young
th rather wavy brown hair and grayish eyes and
rius face that lit up occasionally with a smile that
e to be about a fifty-fifty mixture of deviltry and
it.
t he luncheon table Carrington had suggested that
as Havelock would prefer to spend a week going the
id with Longstreet and learning the ropes. But to
rington's great relief Havelock had declared that if it
lose all the same he'd rather jump right overboard
g wet all over. In fact he even announced that if
esle to Carrington he would call on the C. M. & B.
ve next morning and try to interest them in Havelock
is
A right, go to it," Carrington had said. Havelock
n'seen the quizzical smile that played round his lips, a
ehat suggested that he was enjoying some very pri-
thoughts that were as amusing as they were private.
n the reason he hadn't seen Carrington's
zal smile was that he had not dared look
ir for fear Carrington would see the smile
t felt must certainly be showing through
ov normally rather owl-like face,
it ad taken him about three sec-
s) see through the C. M. & B.
hen Carrington had first sug-
eth that road as a prospect.
h fact was he knew something
ut he C. M. & B. that Carrington
n'know, or Longstreet either. He
w at the next morning the C. M.
B. would have a new purchasing
nt quietly taken on as assistant to
esent purchasing agent, who
suddenly found it necessary to be
o the city for a spell. What was
re, he new purchasing agent was a friend of
—d in fact been a senior at Harvard during
o n freshman year and had been one of his
i spite of their difference in classes. Further,
w purchasing agent, Arbuckle by name,
d been for the past two years assistant to
p chasing agent of a large Eastern road, had
n is traveling companion on the Twentieth Century
n oston and they had talked over the railroad-varnish
bln at great length and Arbuckle had halfway prom-
t swing some of the C. M. & B. varnish business to
ve ck just as soon as he could arrange it, because he
w rom experience that it was as good as any, if not
te
on more fact young Havelock knew that Carrington
n' though he had always suspected it: The reason that Longstreet had never been able to sell the C. M. & B. was that Maganch, the old purchasing agent, was getting a bit of graft on much of the business he placed. That was why he was to be fired—dropped as quietly as possible—just as soon as they could break Arbuckle in.

II

SHORTLY after ten the next morning Victor Havelock, Jr., stepped into the rickety little elevator, one of the few surviving gas-lighted elevators in Chicago, and was jerked slowly to the fourth floor of the antiquated building housing the C. M. & B. general offices.

Making his way along the gloomy corridor past offices labeled "Supt. of Dining Car Service," "Supt. of Telegraph," "Trainmaster" and "Engineer of Bridges and Trestles," he finally arrived at a door marked "Purchasing Agent." A crudely painted fist pointed to a little window beside the door and under it was a brusque request to "Present your card at the window."

Havelock's visit with his old Harvard friend was pleasant socially, but—as might have been expected—was not productive of an order. At noon Havelock explained to Carrington in a perfectly naïve way and with a sober face that while he hadn't landed an order from the C. M. & B. he did think he was on the right track to get one. And Carrington repeated his words to Longstreet after lunch, causing the latter to laugh outright for the first time in two days.

Meanwhile Carrington turned Havelock loose on another hard nut of a prospect that Longstreet had given up as hopeless long since—the Chicago purchasing agent of a group of small Western interurban trolley companies which pooled their buying.

But if Victor Havelock, Jr., had expected to make rapid headway with the C. M. & B. through his friend Arbuckle he was doomed to rather dismayed disappointment, for after two months, in spite of the fact that the old purchasing agent was still "on a little business trip," Arbuckle found it very difficult to swing the promised varnish business to young Havelock.

For you must know that varnishes and varnishers are fussy things to work with. Arbuckle knew varnish pretty well from the laboratory standpoint, for Havelock had shown him a series of laboratory tests that were startling, but he did not know it from the human-nature standpoint. He had not realized that a harmless order for a new varnish—even though it be a better varnish—might stir up such a commotion in the paint shop that—figuratively speaking—it could be heard in the president's office. And not so figuratively either, for paint-shop strikes have occurred on lesser pretexts.

But he had learned much in his first few weeks on the job and he had sensed even more than he had learned. And so it was that he was afraid to change varnishes too suddenly.

He had therefore hopes but no orders to hand out to his college friend whenever he came round, which was quite often, as he had to report his calls to Carrington and the latter had told him to concentrate pretty much on the C. M. & B. until he had landed their business. It made it rather stupid having but four or five prospects to work on—for that is all Carrington would give him—but he made no comment.

At the end of the first three months two things had happened: Havelock had landed one railroad order, a small one for finishing varnish, and he had been able to show Longstreet a laboratory demonstration that had enabled that clever salesman to bring through several big orders for varnish from hard-nut prospects. The demonstration was one that young Havelock had worked out the previous summer in the factory laboratory, and after Longstreet had sold his first order on the strength of it everybody in the office noticed that he no longer spoke of his understudy as "that Harvard cub." In fact he was known to have referred to him quite respectfully by his name on one or two occasions, which had given the office a distinct shock.

And finally the day came at the end of nearly five months when Longstreet actually asked Havelock to go to Milwaukee with him to a convention of railroad master painters before which he was scheduled to make a talk. He had discovered that young Havelock really knew the chemistry of varnish from C to Y and he wanted him to conduct some experiments for the painters—tests Havelock had worked out himself which demonstrated the qualities of Havelock varnishes as no one else had ever demonstrated them before.

That convention was the beginning of a real friendship between Longstreet and the president's son. For two days they lived and worked together in Milwaukee and when they came back Longstreet insisted that Havelock call with him on some of his big customers and perform some of the same tests. In fact he even suggested to Carrington that he give Havelock two or three other railroad prospects to work on by himself.

To the surprise of the entire office a week later Havelock brought in a good-sized order from one of these roads whose purchasing agent had been only lukewarm on the Havelock line.

Things were in fact beginning to look up a little with "the Harvard cub" and everybody was getting used to the situation when one morning the mail brought a certain white envelope, long and narrow, addressed to Mr. Victor Havelock, Jr. The letter inside was on the president's personal stationery and it read as follows:

Mr. Victor Havelock, Jr.,
Chicago Sales Office,
Havelock Varnish Co.,
614 Monarch Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: According to advices received some months ago our Chicago manager, Mr. Carrington, assigned to you the solicitation of the varnish business of the C. M. & B. Railroad.

Up to date we have received no record of your having procured any business.

The Havelock Company has been built up on aggressive and persistent salesmanship, backed up by good varnishes. The factory is still turning out good varnishes.

Very truly yours,
VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

A pink-sheet carbon copy of this letter went to Carrington as manager of the Chicago office, as was customary with all letters pertaining to sales matters in the territory. Carrington was reading it as Gordon Williams burst into his office full of news.

"Gord, what do you think of this?" Carrington demanded, handing him the pink tissue and not noticing the excitement in his assistant's face. Williams read it and arched his eyebrows when he came to the last sentence.

"Gosh, but the old man hits hard! 'The factory is still turning out good varnishes'!"

"Who Do You Suppose Was Dining With Him? None Other Than the President of the C. M. & B. and Our Young Friend, Victor Havelock, Jr.!"

(Continued on Page 130)

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

When the Horse Doesn't Buck Sufficiently, the Wranglers "Speed Him Up"

IT HAS been rumored persistently that the old West is dead. Out where Bill Cody once rode pony express the automobile average is one car to every thirteen persons. The dance halls of Cripple Creek have become garages and restaurants. On the Sioux reservation most of the braves know the difference between a transmission and a crank-shaft, while Boise, Idaho, is about thirty per cent safer than Broadway. A padlock has been placed on the doors of the Stockade in Butte, leaving only shadows and faded finery to linger in the place where once the days were one wild succession leading up to nights even wilder. The road that long ago brought down the miners from the diggin's at Creede, Silver Plume, Georgetown and Barrow's Point now is an automobile highway broad enough for three machines to pass at once. Up in Wyoming the last of the stage lines has been abandoned; auto busses whirl you through the Yellowstone, stopping now and then to allow you to feed the bears. The only Indian seen on the streets of Denver in the last three months wore his civvies when off duty and his headdress while working. He was advertising a motion-picture show. Atop Mount Lookout tourists from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, to say nothing of Phoenix, Arizona, and Provo, Utah, have nicked and cut the tree which shelters the grave of Buffalo Bill until hardly enough of it is left to sustain life. Yes, the old West is ——

Dead? Perhaps. Dead as far as the outer manifestations are concerned—the lack of transportation, the isolation from the more civilized world, the absence of culture and education and comfort and convenience and all those things which are as easily procurable in Salt Lake as within the sight of Subway kiosks. But certainly not dead as to spirit or dead as concerns the memory of other days—not even approaching death. It is merely in its second childhood. As evidence:

Fifteen thousand persons are packed into an inclosure capable of giving comfort to ten. Before them is a tangled mass of color, of leaping, sprawling horses, of swirling ropes, of dust, horse wranglers surreptitiously biting the ears of their charges when the humane agents aren't watching; men in chaps and clanking spurs and silk shirts that blaze with raucous hues; of high beaver hats creased down the center; of belts carved and monogrammed and plated with silver; of high filigreed boots and leather gauntlets and high-pommeled ridin' saddles; of women in buckskin and cowhide with the hair left on; of excitement and danger and the voice of the roaring announcer:

"Maggie Martin from Poudre River, on Fidgety Ann!"

A rumble from the fifteen thousand. A high-pitched "y-e-e-u-p" of a cowpuncher who arrived at the arena in a sixty-horse-power speedster. A scurrying of figures as the gunny-sack blind is removed from the eyes of Fidgety Ann and the fidgets begin. Five minutes later the ambulance jogs back to

PHOTOS. BY JOSEPH LANGER

The Usual "Review of the Plainsmen"

usual elections, aldermanic squabbles, franchise fi police clean-ups. Then a sort of mental measles break out. The point of infecti little difference. The symptoms a the same.

The staid dealer in coal sudden away his fedora and covers his h a fifteen-inch beaver sombrero; t bump-toed shoes for a pair of boots with three-inch rowels cla hind; his percale shirt become thing of sea-green silk surmoun cerise handkerchief at the neck knot tied at the back. The ba butcher, the street-car conducto terest in the price of clothing an styles. Tailored suits are gone shop windows. In their places v signs in solid-colored shirtings Angora chaps dyed in colors equ in the dreams of a rarebit fiend; filigreed, carved, with silver a mountings; quirts, gauntlets o calfskins, beaver hats, lariats, t cinches, snub ropes—everything t with the West of other days has shoved progress into the back er store where it neither can be thought about. Tom-toms poun gray of dusk and the glint of daw bucks and squaws and papooses the streets, again in their beads, b and vests adorned with elk teet war bonnets of eagle feathers and bustles of turkey tails. Bow-leg punchers, long-armed horse w clattering herds of wild-eyed outla bound for the corrals just outsi

All these things appear overni ing their places as naturally as they never had been away. T municipality has become a co again, to remain a cow town for o garish week. Then it settles ba era of progress, while the epid memories spreads to Cheyenne, T olis, Casper and to Butte, on to ton and Calgary; down to perhaps Tucson, over to Las Ve Sante Fé, then round to Amarill

hdle country, or Bovina or
na thence to Rocky Ford and
nt Vista, with sporadic outbursts
y here along the line that can
a in outlaw horse, a bulldogging
r and the necessary cow-
clrs.

e and there, struggling bravely
nre ends meet, a county fair
e to create interest, or a Chau-
u hangs out its banners and
cs to trade. But woeful is
nless it has as its adjunct the
er roping, the bulldogging
cking-horse contests of a
o frontier day or a stampede.
hese, like the prize pumpkin
East, are the institutions of
Wst. Men—and women—play
eath all year that they may
to deal a new hand with the
ld menace when westernism
to sweep the West. There is
f religious earnestness about
s though progress had been
a whole year in which to glut
ty, that retrogression—if you
the one fevered week by such
—might brighten up things
e next time rolls round.

he is ranch after ranch in Colo-
, Wyoming, Utah and other
of the western West where horses
travel to town. The automobile looks
at. The produce is hauled on heavily
owered trucks and the chuck wagon
o became motorized. But the horses
re just the same, to be taught the
ks of the range as studiously as
g automotive power never had been
nd. Other animals—ragged, unkempt,
oam the ranges from summer to
, not to be approached until the fever
eld West begins to rise and the store-
e are putting red-silk shirts in their
ds.

ay is the ranch owner who can pro-
e outlaw horse with enough devil in
t fight the strongest pair of bowlegs
er cowboy grew! Happier is that
ded cow-punch if he can hang on long
g to send that four-hoofed fiend back
eanch and to oblivion a broken, beaten
g. With the years it has become a pro-
l sort of contest—men and women
tin from month to month, who study
y him and
y the buck-
ce and live
rewards of
eo, if the
bill isn't
than the
oney.

nherein lies
of he reasons
and stands
ked year
ar. It's a
n's game,
ning back
ock, no
whether
by man or
n; their
endeavor
assed in a
m which
of such
sports as
ild horses
a saddle
th only a
ose cinch
ridle; of
ng Texas
rns with
ands; of
and tying
ers; of sit-
r attempt-
it—on the
ne deck of
w animal
sunfishes,
twists,
, bucks,
through

Prairie Rose Henderson Riding a Bucking Horse, Just Following an Accident in a Relay Race

PHOTOS. BY JOSEPH LANGER

War Dancers. Above—Nearing the Finish of a Bulldogging Contest. The Bulldogger Failed to Throw the Steer With His First Leap and Now Must "Wrassle" Him Until He Falls

fences and does its best to commit murder; of Sioux war dances; relay contests where the accident rate runs fifty per cent; of squaw races on barebacked ponies, which always result in fat lobby lady Injuns flopping off their horses all the way round the track, while squawking bucks lasso the recreant mounts and later absent-mindedly rescue their respective wives; of blood and ambulances and broken bones and sprains and wrenched, torn muscles and—the happiest grins that ever came to a human being, even while the doctor hesitates between the bandages and the call for an amputation. That part of it is hard to understand—how on earth men and women can get any pleasure out of being cut and torn and generally hashed up. But they do—more, they thrive on it!

Back in 1912 I stepped from a train in Cheyenne expecting to find the staid capital of Wyoming capitalizing in its ordinary way, and found instead a madhouse of men in red and green chaps, loud shirts, broad hats and shooting irons. A week later I went hazily away with the dazed memory of rocking ambulances and much gore—but with little knowledge of what it was all about. As far as I could see, it was about as near concerted suicide as anything else.

But other rodeos came—here, there and the other place. They were all the same. More cuts, more bruises, more smashed collar bones, more squawking, grunting Indians, more ambulance runs and more grins! Always the same, always the happiness. And then it began to dawn on me that perhaps these people were self-appointed apostles of a day that is gone, striving to the limit of their bone and sinew to keep alive the traditions and the romance of the land where irrigation is running the prairie dog out of business and the motor horn calls more often to its mate than does the coyote. But naturally one couldn't expect the apostle himself to look upon things in that light. He—or she—is only having a good time. To wit: Cal McMillan.

I met Cal in Cheyenne five years ago bending over the water barrel near the judges' stand at Frontier Park. In spite of his spraddled chaps, his sunset shirt, his high-crotched beaver and his stilt-heeled boots with their rusty spurs, there was a memory of having seen the man before in the ordinary clothes of an ordinary citizen. And if I'm not mistaken, I'd seen him at the soda counter of a drug store meekly devouring a pineapple sundae. But now Cal, with the cup poised before his lips, was all that a movie director could wish for.

Far across the inclosure, its edges fringed with thousands of horses and riders, a dozen bechapped wranglers were striving to jam a gunny sack over the eyes of a murderous-looking outlaw which had been pushed, pulled and jerked with

(Continued on Page 114)

CABELL DRIVES THE NAI

By Alice L. Tildesley

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AS SHE stepped out of the low red car Cabell flashed an apprehensive glance at the big apartment house. Fully one-third of its windows glowed cheerfully in the October dusk. It must be later than she had imagined.

"I had a gorgeous time, Mr. Christie," she effused, sparkling up at the driver with what she privately thought a fascinating smile.

"Prove it by coming again."

The idea made Cabell gasp. She dared a "I'll think about it" airily, and ducked the French tam—like those all the girls were wearing—so that she had to look at him sidewise.

"How about to-morrow—same time?"

"Oh—to-morrow?" She began unfastening her gloves. "Why—I don't know. I'll see. Mamma might have something on."

"I'll call you up, then." His strange almond-shaped eyes gave her one of their odd long looks—the kind that made her feel as if she were the heroine of a screen drama.

"We-ell, after nine in the morning. Mamma's gone by that time. She'd die if she knew." Cabell laughed nervously. "Maybe she's home now. I'd better fly." She took a step toward the curving drive, then dashed back to the car. "Wait a minute! My books!" He lifted them by their strap and tossed them to her. His perfect teeth shone whitely in the purpling dark.

"After nine!" he agreed; and added "Good night, little pal!" as she sped up the gravel. She darted into the east entrance and paused before one of the hall mirrors to see how she had looked when they had said good night.

Oh, dear, had that straight piece of hair really straggled like that? The tam should have been pulled farther over the right eye. She rectified these things with a frown and pinned the collar of her fluffy blouse higher in preparation for her mother's critical glance. Then she proceeded to mince to the nearest elevator. Her heels were not so high as she would have liked, but all the girls said she had an elegant walk.

"Good evening, Walker!"

She minced into the elevator with a gay nod. Cabell was always gracious to the employees of the Stratford. She hoped they regarded her as a lovely young princess and dreamed of what they said about her to each other. She would have been genuinely surprised if she had heard what they actually said.

"Doug home yet?"—with a repetition of her fascinating smile.

"Ain't seen him. Your ma's in." Walker stopped the cage and slid back the door with on e movement. "She's waitin' on you-all."

The girl nodded and minced along the corridor. Her mind was working too rapidly to answer. Where should she say she'd been? If she just knew what time it was! All the other girls had wrist watches.

She saw the light above the door and paused with one hand on the knob, her eyes mechanically reading the name plate, "Mrs. Shirley C. Smith," while her brain went on with a plausible story.

When she finally opened the door and stole in, the crowded little living room was empty. She made her way among the big mission chairs to her own tiny room and snapped on the pink-shaded lights. She could hear her mother moving about the next cubicle, but she pretended not to. Why shouldn't mamma say something herself? Cabell put away the tam and hung up the coat of her suit. Mamma hadn't approved of that suit; said it was too old for a schoolgirl. Too old! But Cabell had worn it home, so there could be no question of its going back.

"That you, Cabell?" at last, when the girl was fluffing up her fair hair for the third time.

"Yes, mamma. You home?" with bright surprise.

"Where's Douglas?"

Mother and daughter met in the overfurnished living room, Cabell still wearing the sweet, pleased smile she had put on when she replied to the first query. She did not let it fade, even while she observed that she didn't know a thing about Doug. Hadn't seen him since lit. You know, Doug's class passed out of Miss Malley's room when she went in for lit.

"Nearly seven," commented Mrs. Smith with a glance at her watch. She moved restlessly from the table to the stand where the mail lay, and ran over the letters as she talked. She was used to doing more than one thing at a time. "I have something to say to you. I'll wait for Douglas. No use going over it twice."

"You Let Go of Me This Minute. I'll Get Daddy. I Guess He'd Settle You!"

Cabell sitting on one foot in the farther armchair, thus exhibiting a length of black-silk stocking above the other neat pump, was not interested. It would be some dull business or other, very likely.

"By the way, weren't you rather late yourself?" The mother's brown eyes flashed alertly from the bill before her to her daughter.

"A—little. I was—— Stelle and I ran downtown to the library for a book Miss Malley wanted us to read in lit."

"What book?"

"Oh—something by Balzac. I've got it written down. It wasn't in. And—we went to a picture show." She caught a flyaway lock and began pushing short hairs upward busily. It had come to her as an inspiration, as she would giggle to Stelle to-morrow. "It's Friday, mamma, and we've got all day Saturday to study."

Her mother didn't appear to be listening. She was biting her upper lip and a frown was drawing her brows together. She did not inquire what picture they had seen, though Cabell was quite ready with "Mary Pickford." You could always say she was so cute, and nobody objected to the plot—except herself and Stelle. They preferred films entitled Her Immortal Soul or something about wives or, better still, outcasts. Those advertising "Children under sixteen not admitted" especially attracted them.

Mrs. Smith glanced at her watch agai
said Skelton's bill was outrageous. Bad as d
a débutante to clothe a schoolgirl.

Cabell decided it was no time to tease for
And she wanted a scarf for her dance frock.

Douglas came in—breezed in, he would have sai
was a year younger than his sister, with the sa
hair—except that his was curly—O Injustice!—a
gray eyes looked oddly light in his dark skin.

"Do you know what time it is?" inquired his
He threw his cap into his room with an assump
ease. No; how could he tell time wi
watch?

"It's seven. Wash your face and han
come to the dining room. It will be cl
you dawdle much longer. And—D
Don't just put your hands under the t
wipe the dirt on my towels. The l
can't get it out. Cabell and I will go

She led the way briskly. Cabell fol
wished she wouldn't stalk like that.
so inelegant. She didn't know what
Christie would think!

"'Evening, Mason. Tea, please.
for the children. What's on hand?
Well, bring it—not those fried things.
The rest. . . . And hurry, Mason!"

Cabell took her place at their little
after a pause by another, where sat thre
whom she considered her admirers. S
so fond of admiration. She could ne
enough praise.

"Mamma, I hate cocoa. We're not
Goodness, it's enough to make a cat la
hear you."

Her mother ignored that. "Hope y
Stelle didn't gorge on sundaes and spo
appetites."

"We didn't have a thing."

That was true. It had been too lat
Cabell and Lance Christie got back t
He had wanted her to go to a cunnin
suey place, but she'd refused. She wi
hadn't been necessary to refuse. It
have been the crowning touch.

"You have on too much powder. Y
dip your heads into it. No, other side.
meet me at Skelton's at one, to-morrow
lunch there and you can try on the
coat I had them put aside for you."

"Oh, goodness, mamma, do I have t

"Anything else on?"

"Why—a—Stelle and I sort of t
we'd go to the art museum. We're
to write a theme about statues. . . .
kind of coat is it?"

"Dark blue—rough finish—plush coll
can be buttoned round your ears."
Smith paused to direct Mason. "Very
model."

"I hate girlish models! And I'm
blue. Can't I have black? I saw a g
one in Marcey's window, a tail thing th
over your shoulder and hangs down th
Broadcloth, mamma, with fur that thi

"Ages too old. You'd look like a little old
it. . . . Well, young man, where were you?"

"Washing my hands. Didn't you tell me to?
jerked up his good-looking square chin. His gray ey
a curious defiance, more than half apprehension.

"You know what I mean. . . . No, eat you
It's very good."

"I'm not hungry." But he drew his plate ba
dabbled his spoon in it. His mother waited, brows
and he presently growled: "I was with the bunch."

That this satisfied her amazed her children.
much as an inquiry as to the whereabouts of the
They exchanged meaning glances.

"I have something to say to you both after di
was Mrs. Smith's only remark, and she relapsed in
occupied silence.

Her son and daughter talked intermittently.

"Saw you on Market Street," hazarded the boy.
me there?"

Cabell started. Market Street! Suppose he'd se
with Lance Christie? "Me on Market Street?" sh
aged with wide eyes.

"Yeh. Standing on the corner, yapping at the sce
grinned Doug. Something was evidently off his m

"O-oh! Oh, yes. I was waiting for Stelle. She
a message to one of those funny shops." In reali
had been waiting for Lance Christie. They had t

ler walked along Market. "What were you

ected his salad. "Why—I was just going along.
oney, Cab?"
? Help!"
anything the matter with mom? Safe to make
?
some too, Doug. I'm flat."
mme first chance. I need it. You always get
. . . . Say, mom, can't I have some money?"
that? Why, how much?"
uch can I have?"
or, Douglas? You've overdrawn your allow-

explained that you couldn't see his allowance
telescope. All the other fellows got twice that.
ier's thin lips twitched. "You're treated abom-
r child. How about five dollars?" She rose as
and stalked out, with a brief nod at those
der her eagle eye. Douglas at her elbow coaxed
breath; his heavy lashes dropped over his gray
e might not have to notice his fellow diners.
gged behind, flashing her fascinating smile here

s. Allesby, how lovely to see you down again!
ed you so much! . . . How's the sore arm,
. . So? Keep it up. . . . What a darling
a! Make it yourself? Wish I was smart!"
d the screen door after her exit—said exit being
ed by a brilliant smile thrown over one slim
fully convinced that her going had been like the
. of sunlight from the room.
oot it along!" urged Douglas from the waiting

en, both of you." Mrs. Smith closing the apart-
indicated the mission chairs, but did not seat
I've been going to tell you for some time, but
at any rate I must tell you now. You know
ter—Wallace Brewster?"
ng for governor," said Douglas.

"The one that comes here sometimes?" from Cabell.

"Yes. Well, I'm going—he—that is, we're going to be married." She brought it out with some irritation. She prided herself on always speaking to the point.

Such a thing had never remotely occurred to either. They couldn't quite believe it. Mr. Brewster had called not more than twice—or was it three times?

"Well—when?" gasped Cabell.

"Married! What for?" from Douglas.

"Soon." Their mother had the faintest color in her brown cheeks. "As soon as election's over. About two weeks now."

"But—isn't it sudden?"

"Not so especially sudden. Mr. Brewster and I are old friends. Since before either of you was born. He's been urging this for three years."

"When did he get a chance? He doesn't come here very often."

"He is general counsel for the firm."

That conveyed nothing illuminating. They probably didn't know she had charge of collections for Overbeck & Collins, and went to Brewster's office every Monday.

A storm of questions broke upon her. If Mr. Brewster was elected governor, would they all live in the gubernatorial mansion? Oh, baby! They could come out to school in one of his cars, couldn't they?

"You'd hardly expect the daughter of a governor to hang to a strap! Oh, won't the girls be furious! My, I can't wait to tell them. I wonder if he'll give us each our own car."

"He'll not necessarily give you anything. You mustn't ask for anything. Cabell, put your feet down! In that tight skirt ——"

"Isn't he rich?"

"He has some money. He's been under a great expense in this election and he may not win."

"What'll we do if he doesn't win?" Douglas wanted to know.

"He will go back to the law. He has a house on Pearl Street. We may decide to live there."

"Wouldn't it be maddening if he didn't get in? Oh, mamma, shall we all take his name? Cabell Brewster! That's so much classier than Smith."

"Gee, Cab, course we won't get his name. Don't you know anything?"

Mrs. Smith agreed dispassionately. "You—like him, don't you?" She was self-conscious. She had never discussed emotion with the children.

Oh, sure. He was all right. They didn't know anything about him.

"He's coming to-night. I want you to be nice to him."

Which Cabell considered most unnecessary advice. She intended to be the sweetest little daughter in the world. Mr. Brewster would be utterly captivated and would insist on her presence everywhere, stating he found he made better speeches when he could look down at his golden-haired inspiration. Cabell's idea of a governor was a man who devoted all his time to making speeches. Her mother might come to be a little jealous perhaps. The thought touched the edges of her lips with a smile.

"Won't we need more money if we belong to the governor?" asked Douglas.

"My dear child! What for?"

"Well, it looks funny for a fellow to keep asking the time ——"

"You shall each have a watch for the wedding," promised their mother. "But you're not to mention money to Mr. Brewster. Here's that five, Douglas."

Cabell rushed into eager questions about the wedding. Could she be bridesmaid? Could she have an orchid-colored satin and carry laurel and wear a wreath of galax leaves? Doug would have to give mamma away.

"The wedding will be very informal. It's not necessary for me to be given away at my age. You may have a new frock of course, if you're willing to dress like a schoolgirl and not a grass widow. . . . Wasn't that our bell?"

It was. A moment later Wallace Brewster came in.

Cabell and Douglas surveyed him with new interest. Tall, erect, soldierly, with very thick, very white hair over

(Continued on Page 76)

A Moment Later Wallace Brewster Came In. Cabell and Douglas Surveyed Him With New Interest

The First Lady of Cranberry Is

By Richard Matthews Hallet

TALES, like philosophies, have much to do with causes and effects. Therefore, as a moving cause of this our tale, let it be set down and known for truth that Captain Hat Tyler had been, in tyrannous and unjust wise, relieved of command of her ship, the Minnie Williams. Yet this, the moving cause, was in itself an effect, if I may be believed. Nay, the philosophers asseverate that in a sense truly profound every cause is in some measure the effect of its effect, and every effect the cause of its cause. If there is no effect how could there have been a cause?

Let us look then first at the effect of the effect, and next at the cause of the cause. Certain it is that at the instance of Mr. James Rackby, owner of the Minnie Williams, Mrs. Tyler came ashore one summer's evening, bag and baggage, as those who saw her come affirmed. Outrage was manifest in all her giant frame.

"The gall of the man! The unparalleled gall of him!" she said, sitting in Lena Kidder's bakeshop in her shoregoing hat, and with her skirt of broadcloth rumpled round those massive, slightly bowed, seagoing legs. She was doing justice to a good meal of victuals, which had been placed for her at the table in the front window, where all men might see that no act of Mr. Rackby's, however low, however degraded, could make her lose her appetite by so much as one new potato or one dish of spinach heaped mountain high and drowned in vinegar. As she was free to say, and did say freely, if she had a dollar for every time she had wished that man at the bottom of the sea in the last three or four months she would never have to lift her hand again in the way of work. Mrs. Kidder inquired in her sympathetic tones: "How did he approach the subject, Hat?"

"I guess there wasn't much in the nature of an approach," Mrs. Tyler answered bitterly. "My heavens, if I had run his ship aground, or alienated his affections, or scandalized him in any way, shape or manner, I don't say but what he might have had reason on his side; but nothing of that kind took place. What does he do but just walks himself aboard and says in that nasty voice of his that he guesses he can dispense with my services henceforth."

"He hadn't been drinking, had he, Hat?"

"No, he's too cussed mean to drink," retorted Hat. "Oh, the more I think of it the worse my blood boils! Just you think, for one thing, of his waiting until I had seen my husband off on that coaster going to South America, and then watching his chance and taking it out on an unprotected woman."

"I will bet you can give as good as they send, when it comes to that," spoke up another, a lumpy-jawed man at one of the less well-lighted tables. This was Mr. Patrick Whalen, a pugilist, a one-time state champion in fact, known to fame under the style of the Megunticook Assassin. He was known to Hat of old. Indeed, he still owed her a bill for furniture bought of her when she and Tyler broke up housekeeping to go to sea. This furniture was now, with the rest of his effects, stored on board his scow, or house boat, which was anchored off Cranberry Isle.

"When I want an opinion I'll ask for it, Mr. Whalen," Mrs. Tyler said with cool insolence. Addressing herself exclusively to Mrs. Kidder she continued: "Don't that show what part of a man he is?

"I was combing out my head at the time, and I know I was just dancing, hopping mad enough to have hung him by the neck until dead, with my own hair for a rope, and I told him so too."

"Trust you," muttered the Assassin, falling off a little in politeness.

"You look out, will you, that you don't get a dose of the same medicine," Mrs. Tyler said heavily without looking round. "I said to him: 'Think twice, Mister Man, that's my best advice to you, because if once I set my foot on shore it'll take all the king's horses and all the king's men to get me back again. It's easier to set something going than it is to stop it in this world,' I says."

"I guess you are proof enough of that proposition without looking any farther," said the Assassin, scrouging his neck down into the turtle neck of his red sweater.

Captain Hat Tyler Had Been, in Tyrannous and Unjust Wise, Relieved of Command of Her Ship, the Minnie Williams

"I guess you'll find it so if you go on as you are going," said the sea captain in organ tones. "I have set better men than you are by the ears, in times past. If the time ever comes that I have to stand and deliver every time a string of a man like you opens his head I'll sell out for little or nothing."

"There, there, deary," Mrs. Kidder uttered soothingly. "Well, it'll do you good to stop on terra firma for a little and make up some of the beauty sleep you lost getting up so often in the middle of the winter nights. I don't believe a woman ought to make a practice of going to sea myself. She doesn't get enough electricity into her from the ship's deck."

Hat raised her big fist.

"There's enough electricity left in me to settle that man's hash if I hear he's been talking about me behind my back. And another thing—I'd like to see the man that I would allow to talk twice to me in that strain either. Show him to me, that's all I ask of you."

Her eyes rested on the Assassin, who said satirically: "Ain't that a pretty good imitation of a dog barking twenty miles off?" and went out and slammed the door.

"I'll have him down off his high horse if he isn't careful," said Hat. "What is he trying to get off anyway? He needn't think because he can punch a bagful of wind a little while three times a day that he can lord it over me, because he can't."

"He'll be all right to-morrow," said Lena Kidder. "He got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning, that's all."

"You let him cross me once more in my present mood," said Mrs. Tyler, "and I'll put him where there won't be any call for him to get out of bed at all for some time to come. Champion! I'll champion him!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he was at the bottom of the whole business," said Mrs. Kidder thoughtfully. "I happen to know through Kidder that they were talking the woman question down at the Tall Stove Club the other night, the way the men do eternally when we're not round. It seems they were discussing that case of husband beating they had up in the criminal calendar, and Pat Whalen said we didn't have to look that far away from home for a case of where a woman ha right under her thumb, and looked at Rackby and laugh

"They did, did they?"

"Well, you know how Jim is, weak as water —

"Aha," said Hat with a wicked accent, "so th sum and substance of it, is it? Whalen is one of th that think they wouldn't be ruled by a woman, cause he can handle that spineless creature he's g his own roof, that thinks the sun rises and sets in guess it's about time he was taken in hand."

"He's leaving town, I hear," said Mrs. Kidde wife has already gone on ahead to Roger's Inlet up a sparring partner for him. You know he ha his bouts coming on in a few weeks, if only they over the political hitch. I heard him talking it o Elmer Higgins in here the other day. You know El been mingling with the politicians lately."

Mrs. Tyler fixed her eye on Cranberry Isle, whi kind of mirage usual with it at this time of day, wa a foot or two above the horizon line, and seemed more like a radiant cloud than a substantial island

"I guess that's the first thing that wants ten Lena," she uttered grimly. "A stitch in time save

Let us now notice briefly how it is that an effect a cause in its turn, for in our capacity we are pr to see the world and all its mirages and illusions u form of eternity, to use the words of the illustriou Amsterdam.

Elmer Higgins was keeping bachelor's hous this time, his wife and daughter having gone the city to get together clothes for that youn nuptials. For the most part he got his meals Furlong's. A few nights after the coming as Mrs. Tyler he Neeze, who was a clam chowde his nose:

"How about of short lobste change?"

"How the dan of it?" in his t quired. with a fir dollars a and a ja for consp

defeat the statute a man is put to it to see how he ing out when that he has goods like that on the pre

"There ain't anybody that I know of charged duty of keeping watch but the fish warden," said "and he is asleep most of the time in his wheel ain't he?"

"Still," said Neeze, "where a house is above s it is just as well to steer clear. I did get myself int it appeared like, about three nights back, when t Whalen come in here drunk; and what possessed try to sell me a bag of short lobsters I don't k mistrusted I would get one of these Fail-not-on-yo notes from the county seat if I dickered with an liable to blart as he was in that condition, so down to where he was and I said to him: 'Mr. Whalen, y in no condition to sell lobsters, and you know it as I do—well, almost as well,' I says.

"So he stood thinking on it, and pretty soon 'I'll just dodge in on my way back along, then,' he went, convinced, as I supposed; and thinks I to 'Good riddance, if ever there was one.' I couldn't for a spell on account of that quirk they is in th but my soul, in two shakes of a lamb's tail back h tearing with a crocus bag bulging with them, and i shop with them, and propped them up right wh are sitting, like so much sawdust. I over the c and out through that screen door in less time than to tell, and who should I see but that long fish wheeling his wheelbarrow along, sad. Thinks I: 'Isn now I am in a quandary.' So I hauled that prize into the back shop by the slack of his pants, as n anything, and I out with those shorts onto a pile bish I had in the alley, and slung boards over ther then I back out into the front shop with him, and said to him was aplenty. There he was standin holding onto the door just as a matter of precau same as you have got your arm out to the wall- hooked my foot into that door like a good one, an he went, and the dog on top of him. As a genera if they don't finish me at one slop I can calculate dog coming in.

I see if you'll offer to sell me short lobsters again,' y:o him; but he see who was top dog for once, and ai't in any condition to resent it, and then again the e:ouraged him to go away, too, and that was the saw of him for that time.

I dn't go near those lobsters till night howsomever. I Furlong had known they were in the house she d't have slept no more than if there had been a sowilting under the cellar stairs. 'Murder will out,' ss. But as soon as she was tucked into her downy ht 'em in and cracked 'em and shredded the meats t:t stone jar I got marked 'Leeches' that the apothe- trew away, and I put the shells in the fire, and says rself: 'Now, Mr. Pat Whalen, you ain't done such d ay's business for me after all, as it turns out, and u come round here in a sober frame of mind you'll r pay.'

I didn't think no more of it until next night about n, when I was out here filling the sugar bowls, and r out a splinter here and there, and I looked out er and who should I see but Whalen paddling along e iddle of the street with his eye on my place. Well, wen that he catched my eye he braced up, and come t nd puffed all out, the way that fish they call the sh will puff out and get squintish when you touch ot to it. So when I see he meant business I begun ea little cold, and I dropped the dishrag and sung t he girl: 'You better dust out of here as quick as L d will let you. There's going to be terrible trouble s about a minute.'

S she dusted, and in he boomed. Well, say, the n he set foot inside the door he struck an attitude h says to me: 'My name's Pat Whalen, and I'm r ree years old come August next, and I weigh 195 e ltogether, and I haven't been licked before by any my weight in this state except one or two,' he . Now then,' he says, 'you give me a good licking n ht, mister.'

J derstand, I was looking out at him through that d ole I had cut me in the door, and I was a-quaking a log after a bath, and my heart a-pounding, but n at I could pluck up courage I whisked open the d out I basted like fluging, and up I come inside a s, and my two fists shaking with fear, much as h g, and I hollers out: 'Yes, and I can do it again!' Vait a minute,' he says, hauling off. 'I want to tell t t you done just right, Neeze.'

W l, say, after being screwed up that way in expecta- o a battle royal it was just as if he had throwed so h old water in my face. I went as limp as that d l of dough you see there stretched across the head e sh barrel. Well, to show you how he took the tuck o ne, I had to squat down a minute in a chair and let myself go before I could get recruited up again. S hen I went in and got out his old sooth hat that I b ted his skull with and gave it to him, and when he s squaring accounts he reached in and brought s t shaker out of his pocket, and I begun to see r ell my salt shakers had disappeared to in the

'r a big man, ain't you awful kind of reason- ' says.

I in't the man I was,' he says to me.

A n't you enjoying your religion, or what?' I says.

N eze,' he says, 'I ain't my own man any more, 's he God's truth.'

S hen he begun to draw back one foot to a time, l kind of bashful for him, and when he come a of the door he whispers: 'Any lobsters I bring in the future, drunk or sober, Neeze, it's policy to 'n in if I got any judgment left at all,' he says.

'hat kind of a rigmarole is that for a starter?"

It jest the gospel truth, Neeze," said Elmer, tweak- a air out of his nostril. "It's policy, the way he says. ,.on't you know who the party is that he is acting "

N from Adam," said Neeze promptly.

It Hat Tyler, Neeze."

h fresh color ebbed from Mr. Furlong's face. "You t ay!" he murmured, perfectly appalled. "Just n was beginning to get where I could see daylight a n a few strokes more, and then to fetch up calamity t s. What—what is the arrangement she has made l m, Elmer?"

S 's turned the man bodily out of his scow, in the l ce," answered Elmer, chuckling.

N !" ejaculated Neeze. "Not the champion!"

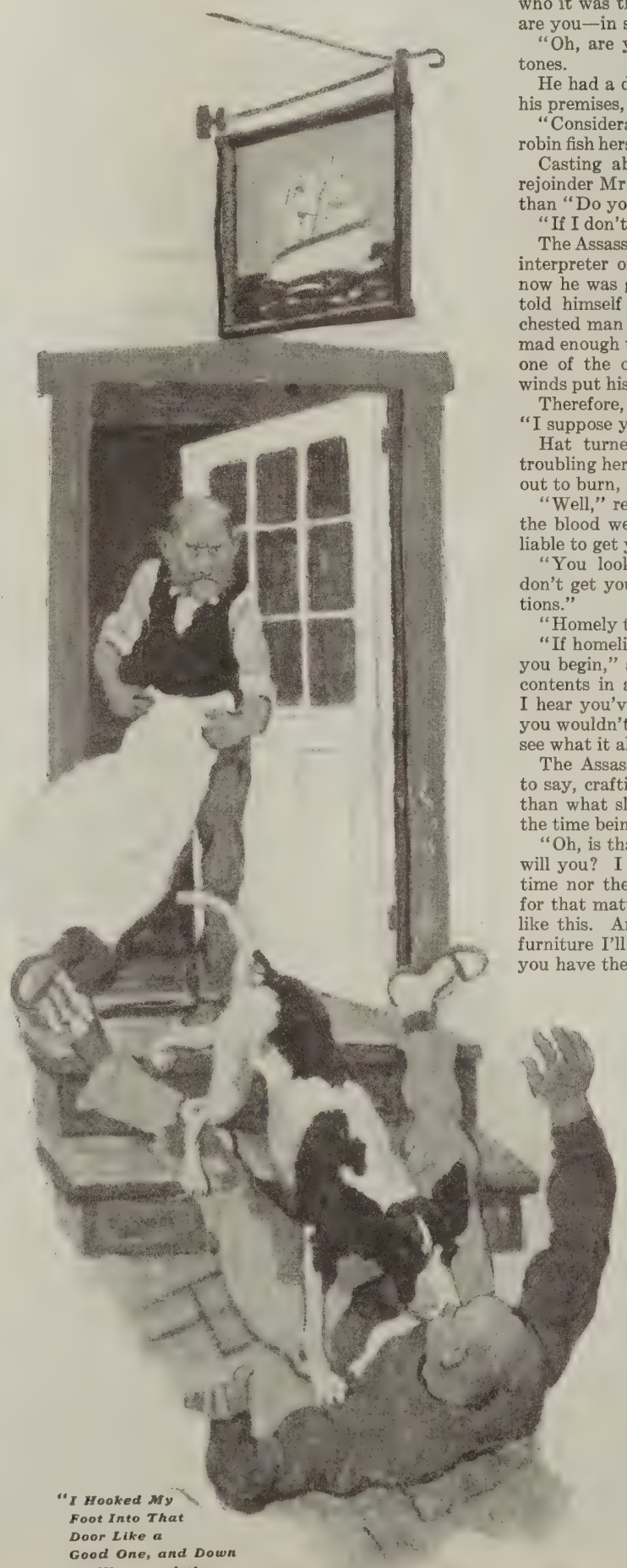
h derstruck, he covered his emotion by cutting his o er a piece of marble cake, first running his chicken- g ather duster lightly over the variegated frosting.

G pel," nodded Elmer. "She told me herself that h all but pitched him off neck and crop, champion o hampion."

A thing never loses in the telling with her," Neeze t d, but it was easy to see that he had no heart to o the likelihood of such news.

n ber truth Elmer's report was very near the truth. A sassin's scow was tied up to the wharf end in the north cove at Cranberry Isle, loaded to the rails with his effects. On the night following Hat's discharge he found himself rowing back from town in a small skiff at about the hour of the sun's setting. On rounding the point it seemed to him that he smelt this smell of mackerel frying at the head of the cove, but he kept on plying his oars. The smell of mackerel increased in his nostrils to such an extent that at length he was moved to slue himself round on the thwart; and to his amazement he saw smoke pouring out of the crooked stack which came up through the roof of the scow's galley. Otherwise his property seemed quite abandoned. It was a fine solid structure, iron bound and ring hung at the four corners, with a rudder as big as a barn door, and lace curtains, somewhat frayed, at the windows of the cabin.

His first thought was that some of the pull-and-be-damned tribe were in there helping themselves in his absence, and he came on, rattling the oars briskly and growing hotter under the collar with each stroke. Siding with the scow he was up onto her deck in jig time, and, indeed, he was halfway down the companionway, which consisted of three worn steps, before he saw anything to give him pause.



"I Hooked My Foot Into That Door Like a Good One, and Down He Went, and the Dog on Top of Him"

Then indeed he paused. At the foot of the companionway he had leaned temporarily one of these long mirrors used by wives, sisters and sweethearts for looking precariously backward down their spines to see if petticoats peep out anywhere, and how skirts are hanging. This was one of the furnishings that Hat had sold him when she broke up, and now what was his amaze to see Hat herself reflected there, standing on that red linoleum of his in her stocking feet, very much down at heel, and with her big toe sticking out. She was frying a fresh mackerel on his stove, as cool as cool.

As soon as she saw, by looking in the mirror herself, who it was that was darkening the door she said: "What are you—in stays, mister?"

"Oh, are you here?" the Assassin said in his politest tones.

He had a dreadful sense of having a difficult woman on his premises, and even on his hands, it might appear.

"Considerably so," said Mrs. Tyler, with a hint of the robin fish herself. "As big as life and two times as natural."

Casting about for something crushing in the way of rejoinder Mr. Whalen could think of nothing better to say than "Do you find everything you want, I wonder?"

"If I don't, I'll ask for it. I've got a tongue in my head."

The Assassin was still satisfied to use the mirror as visual interpreter of these threatening fair proportions, but by now he was getting his second wind in the affair, and he told himself that there was nothing here for a barrel-chested man to be afraid of. All he had to do was to get mad enough to forget that he was dealing with a woman—one of the opposite sex—and throwing chivalry to the winds put his trust in his natural powers.

Therefore, with a retraction of his upper lip he said: "I suppose you think you're here to stay, missis."

Hat turned the mackerel over in the spider before troubling herself to say in answer: "While the lamp holds out to burn, yes."

"Well," rejoined the Assassin, gritting his teeth, while the blood went swarming in his cauliflower ear, "you're liable to get your expectations dashed, young woman."

"You look out, will you," retorted Hat, "that you don't get your brains in the same box with my expectations."

"Homely thing, do a quick job," yelled Whalen.

"If homeliness is any sign of speed you are done before you begin," shrieked Hat, picking up the spider with its contents in a gingery hand. "Well, now you try it on. I hear you've been going round making your brags that you wouldn't be ruled by a woman, and I'm just going to see what it all amounts to."

The Assassin looked out on deck before coming back to say, craftily: "Look here, Hat, that wasn't any more than what slipped out in the course of conversation, for the time being."

"Oh, is that so? Well, you take it out in conversation, will you? I feel quite at home here. This isn't the first time nor the only way I've seen myself in that mirror, for that matter. I haven't always had to tog myself out like this. Any time you see fit to pay me that bill for furniture I'll vacate, but until you do, Mister Man, just you have the goodness to seek other quarters."

"Now just suppose for the sake of argument," said the Assassin in a white fury, "that I don't choose to do anything of the kind."

He let his midriff sink in, and forced up the floating ribs in the general direction of his massive pectorals.

"Just you step your foot round that corner and I'll give you the answer or I'll perish in the attempt—one or the other of the two things," said Mrs. Tyler.

"Well, say, did he round the corner?" inquired Mr. Furlong when Elmer, after enlightening him thus far, addressed himself to his cooling chowder.

"It seems he was afraid of making a move toward having it out with her for fear of breaking that mirror and bringing down seven lean years onto him. He set out to, though, and if it hadn't been that that pesky glass was situated jest where it was he would have pitched into her good. So he jest said: 'You wait till I catch you ashore once,' and off he went and liquored up."

"Ain't it possible, Elmer, he might come off second best ashore?"

"I don't doubt it a mite. I've been shipmates with that woman, and I know

(Contin ted on Page 165)

ANYONE CAN WRITE

By Edith Hulbert Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A BROAD smile illuminated the somewhat heavy features of the president of the Merriweather Music Company, Incorporated, as he pushed a basket of mail across the table to the president of the Verdi Publishing Company, Incorporated.

"Things are coming our way, Basil, old boy," he chuckled; "jumping at us, in fact. Ninety-eight nibbles so far this week, and it's only Wednesday. Forty-four immortal lyrics awaiting your expert editorial criticism, and eleven ——".

"Oh, can the humor, Bill—especially the Basil part of it," interrupted the tall broad-shouldered blond young man who had just entered the private office of the president of the Merriweather Music Company on the eighth floor of one of the older buildings on lower Broadway.

"Don't mind me, old man," he added as he began a hasty examination of the mail before him, which had already been opened. "I'm in a rotten mood this morning, and that fool moniker gets on my nerves. Make it Dick when we're alone, can't you? It's bad enough to figure in a piker's game like this, without posing as the hero of a penny dreadful. Or is it the villain to whom the distressed damsel shrieks 'Oh, Basil! Basil! If you are false to me my life is over'? At any rate his name is Basil—has been for centuries. If I hadn't been asleep when you doped out those form letters you never would have stuck that label on me."

"Sorry it worries you," retorted the other with a grin. "Too late to change it now. Besides, it's there with the atmosphere all right. I call it one of my happiest thoughts. What better bait could there be for the sentimental New England spinster than this paragraph from Form Letter Number Two: 'Your verses appeal to us so strongly that should you decide to enter into an agreement with us we will have them set to music by Mr. Basil Beveridge, the most popular and talented young song writer on our staff. Mr. Beveridge is already well known in musical circles, and the gifted young composer is rapidly making a name for himself in this particular branch of the noble art to which he is devoting his life'?"

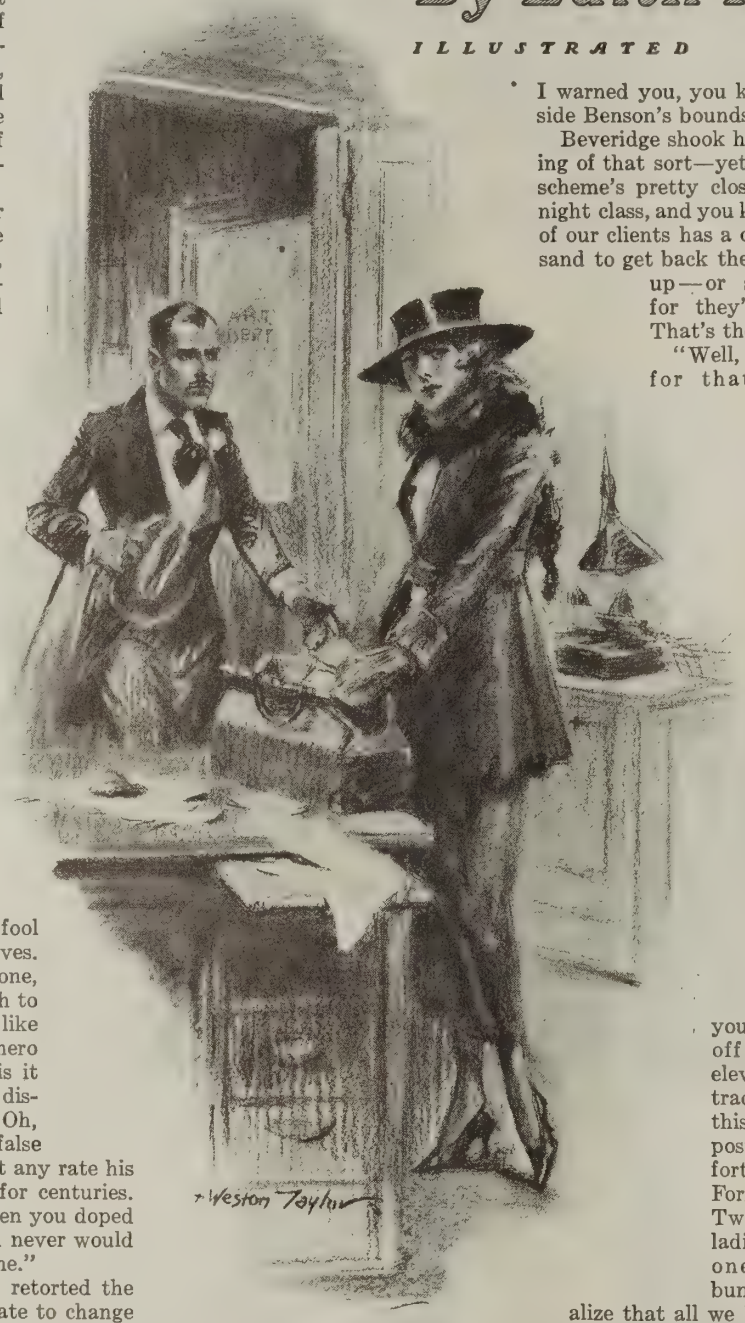
"When it comes to atmosphere," growled Beveridge, glancing up from his task of sorting manuscripts, "if some of these New England spinsters begin to dabble with lawyers and the thing gets into court William Graftleigh won't be such a bad touch of local color for the reporters, will it?"

The president of the Merriweather Music Company laughed a trifle uneasily.

"The blue devils have sure got you this morning, Bassy. New England spinsters with poetic proclivities don't dabble with lawyers. It's most unmaidenly. And let me tell you it would take some little lawyer to get the Merriweather Music Company, if that's what you mean by 'thing,' into any court in this town. Benson, who fixed up our articles of incorporation and contracts, is a regular shark, and we've never sent out a form letter that he hasn't O. K'd. There isn't a legal flaw in the whole outfit. I'd stake my last dollar on that. And we can prove we have kept, to the letter, every promise made to a client."

"'Letter' is good. How about the spirit?"

"That's a matter of personal equation and cuts no ice in business deals. What's eating you anyway, Bassy? Made some slip with the Verdi? Anybody after you?



"Minnie," Stammered Beveridge, "I Know I'm a Cad and a Brute, But There's Something I Must Say to You. I Will Wait for You Downstairs"

I warned you, you know, to keep inside Benson's bounds."

Beveridge shook his head. "Nothing of that sort—yet. But the whole scheme's pretty close to the fly-by-night class, and you know it. Not one of our clients has a chance in a thousand to get back the money he's put up—or she's put up—for they're mostly shes. That's the worst of it."

"Well, who's to blame for that?" demanded Graftleigh. "If the song doesn't go because the verses are bum it's the client's fault, and if the music's punk it's your fault. No use kicking to me. I haven't reneged on my end.

"Gad, Bassy," he went on in a more conciliatory tone, "your grouch has nearly knocked the good news out of my head! This isn't so much of a piker's game as you think. As I started to tell you when you went off at a tangent, eleven signed contracts have come in this week with eleven post-office orders for forty dollars each. Form Letter Number Two surely gets the ladies. There's only one man in the bunch. Do you realize that all we have to do is to keep going at this rate, and in a few months we'll be on Easy Street, with a couple of cars, bigger offices, a hired man to help patch up the lyrics over in Philadelphia in the Verdi place and an office manager for this joint? You can take your temperament out of moth balls then, Bassy, and write the great American opera, and I can be a gentleman once more."

"Sounds good. How do you dope it out?"

"Easy as A B C. It's a little over four months since we opened the offices and started our active campaign. We're on the second week of the fifth month, to be exact, and have managed to cover expenses, including our drawing accounts of twenty-five dollars a week. In fact, we've made out a lot better than ventures of this sort usually do in the beginning. Figuring rent at two hundred dollars; stenographers and office boys two hundred and sixty dollars; lights, telephones and general supplies another hundred dollars; and installments on furniture forty dollars— it takes about six hundred dollars a month to run the two offices. Allowing each of us a salary of two hundred brings the total to a thousand.

"Now then, according to your arrangements with the printer, the total cost of getting out a song is not more than ten dollars, which leaves a margin of thirty dollars on each contract. Ergo, thirty-five contracts a month will keep us solvent, and provide simple food, lodging and car fare. Fifty contracts a month furnish four hundred and fifty dollars in the way of velvet, and seventy-five a month, or about eighteen a week, will give a clean profit of about twelve hundred dollars a month, or fourteen thousand four hundred annually, which, being halved, Bassy old top, is seventy-two hundred. Oh, I know you've heard some of this before. The point in summing it up at this particular moment l the fact mention that eleve tracts dropped in upon us in three days. Seven more i next three will keep us up to our schedule of sevent a month."

Beveridge was silent.

"What's the matter now? Isn't seventy-two hu dollars a year plus a salary of twenty-five hundred e to run a duplex studio; or are these simple calculatio much for the artistic brain?"

"Oh, I suppose I'm making an ass of myself, Bill. in the thing too deep now to pull out, and there's n to do but go ahead and make the best of it."

"Pull out!" echoed Graftleigh. "Who wants t out? Your remarks might have been timely two ago, but just now they're an anachronism. Come he look over the contracts. Miss Middleton has attach proper poem to each one, and you might as well get on the melodies. It won't do to let them stack u they're coming in so fast. Remember we guarantee t mit the manuscript of the music within three weeks the receipt of the contract, and the duplicates have a been signed and sent out."

Beveridge took the papers which Graftleigh held him, dropped into the swivel chair opposite his pa glanced hastily over several sets of verses, only which was typed, selected one for a second readin proceeded to make a series of curves and dashes on a yellow pad. Suddenly he flung his fountain pen o floor and buried his face in his hands.

"It's no use," he groaned; "I can't forget them.

"Forget what?" asked Graftleigh in a tone of surprise.

"These cursed verses. Listen:

"I dreamed last night that you clasped me
Close, close to your throbbing heart.
The love light shone in your eyes,
You vowed that we never shoula part.

"I woke with a sob at the dawning
Of another desolate day.
No voice responds to my call,
My lover is too far away.

"If only once you had kissed me ——"

"Hold!" cried Graftleigh. "That's great stuff, but run it off so fast. Read the first stanza again. R twice.

"Just as I thought!" he exclaimed triumphantly Beveridge had complied with his request. "Fits it to

"Fits what?"

"Why, Annie Laurie, you big stiff. Just change 'r in the fourth line to 'ne'er', and any schoolgirl could off to the old tune. Try it yourself."

"I don't believe any normal human being coul that drivel off to any tune. But I don't get you. Y not suggesting that we should offer Annie Laurie original melody, are you?"

"Not exactly. But there's no harm in borrowin swing of it, and perhaps a phrase or two. It's done time. Why should the theme of every piece of mu absolutely original, any more than the plot of every or every play? Doesn't Kipling explain somewher old Homer got his reputation by dressing up a lot situations? You're not trying to tell me, Bassy, you've been beating our brand-new stuff for each all these weeks? I haven't asked questions, beca thought you didn't want me to butt in on the a end, but you sure need a guardian. What are those glyphics on your pad?"

Beveridge looked a trifle sheepish. "Just sca marks. You see, Bill, when I have this slush in front the only thing I could possibly invent is a new cuss So I block them out and build up the tunes fro skeleton. It's not a very inspiring method, but it best I can do with the sort of rot you've been p over on me."

"I've been putting over on you! Sakes alive m didn't write them. I can't inoculate the entire co with the divine spark. But I've made things as eas can for you by sticking that clause in the contract g our lyric editor authority to 'make any change nece to adapt the song to the requirements of vocalization.' can rewrite every line if you want to. Make them as brow as you please. Only for your own sake I advis not to tamper with them except where the meter repairs. I have a hunch that digging up melodies wil about all your spare time from now on. The lyric yo read doesn't need a thing done to it—has a very d

ho cares about the words anyway? The tune is
hg. What's next?"
Ts gem," said Beveridge.

"*The village band will meet you, Bob,*
When you come home from France.
The prettiest girls will crowd around
To beg you for a dance.

"*But one face will be missing, Bob,*
From those that greet you then.
'Tis vain to seek, you'll never see
Your old sweetheart again."

, I remember that one. I spent about half an hour
er this bunch before you came in."
what classic does this fit?"
an to say you don't know?"
en't thought."
uld auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought
ir?" sang Graftleigh in a small but not unpleasing
'Try it yourself."
, you're right, it does; but I'm not sure that makes
rk any easier."
Dcourse it does—just like following a pattern or
m from a model, or—or—anything like that. Pity I
n a musical education. With my sense of rhythm I'd
it a tune every ten minutes. But I tell you what,
If the Verdi's going to keep step with the Merri-
h you'll have to get wise to the fact that Home,
t lome, Way Down Upon the Swanee River, There'll
lot Time, Comin' Thro' the Rye, Annie Laurie,
ko Me Only With Thine Eyes, the Lost Chord, the
ngong, the Prison
,'h, Promise Me,
nortwo of Sousa's
h will give you
g und plans for
y bloomin' lyric
w ever be written.
'sa case in point
now—the very
tne you come to:

yo you se-end me
ovr-chids,
e violets bloom in
th fields?"

h up!" growled
rige, pointing to
cen transom.
nane outside."
s Mr. Graftleigh
quired a crisp
fnale voice.
M Graftleigh is in
rnce," replied a
ndfemale voice in
oventional mono-
othe well-trained
tey. "Can I do
hig for you?"
m afraid not.
n will Mr. Graft-
l at liberty?"
t s impossible to
I has an impor-
tpointment im-
iaely after the
rnce, and he is
ntown this after-
. f you will state
bsiness I will see
h he can give you
mutes sometime
ven two and
."
M business is
y ersonal."
n sorry, but I
ke your name
r. raftleigh unless
o the nature of
bsiness. He sees
n except by ap-
mnt."
Ga, but Middy's a
'" hispered Graft-
. I'll get her a box
oclates when I go
nd."
s Mr. Beveridge

ne rst female voice
taen on an addi-
l ispness.
M Beveridge?"
se nd female voice
mlified by a note
igl bewilderment.

"Yes; the Mr. Beveridge whose name is mentioned in your contracts."

"Oh, you mean the composer. Mr. Beveridge has no office here."

"Where is his office?"

"Mr. Beveridge has a studio in Philadelphia. It is against our rules to give the addresses of members of our editorial staff, but any letters sent here will be forwarded to him."

"Do you mean to say that I shall have to go to Philadelphia in order to see Mr. Beveridge?"

"I have no knowledge of Mr. Beveridge's engagements, madam, and no authority to arrange any interview for him. As I have already told you, however, any communication ——"

"That will do," interrupted the first female voice disdainfully.

"I didn't come two hundred miles to listen to that sort of twaddle. I have several important appointments myself before my train leaves, and I have wasted all the time I intend to. Young woman, you tell Mr. Graftleigh that Miss Abby Goodell, of Housatonic, wants to see him, and let him know that I'm in a hurry."

"Ye gods, Bassy!" groaned Graftleigh. "That type of woman stops at nothing. She'll be in here in another minute. Middy can't hold her. How about the fire escape?"

"Will you please state your business, madam?" The second female voice retained its professional calm.

There was a moment's silence, followed by a rustling of papers. Graftleigh and Beveridge listened breathlessly.

"Perhaps," said the first female voice dryly, "these documents which I have received from your company will explain it better than I could. . . . No, young woman, I don't propose to let them leave my hands."

"It is not necessary, madam," replied the second female voice stiffly. "I merely wish to see the file number. Thank you. Miss Reynolds."

"Yes, Miss Middleton." The third female voice registered profound respect.

"Bring me the correspondence of File 278 F."

"What's 278 F?" echoed Beveridge in a faint whisper.

"We began with 274 F," explained Graftleigh.

"If you have quite finished," resumed the first female voice after another silence, "perhaps you will ask Mr. Graftleigh to come out and explain why he hasn't complied with the terms of his contract."

"I have charge of the inquiry department, madam," replied Miss Middleton, "and I see nothing in this correspondence to justify your last remark. If you will be a little more explicit, however, I will endeavor to clear up any misunderstanding which may have arisen. Miss Reynolds, will you please get the correspondence of 689 F, 1241 S and 984 B, and take it to Mr. Graftleigh? Ask him if he will please discuss with the directors the matter of special arrangements with those three clients about the introduction of their songs into new Broadway shows. I wish to know whether it will necessitate any change in the royalty rate.

"Now, madam, I am at your service."

Several minutes elapsed, during which the first and second female voices maintained a spirited dialogue. Then Miss Reynolds—tall, slim, pallid, gray-eyed and auburn-haired—entered the private office, closed the door softly behind her, laid some papers on the table before Graftleigh and bestowed an admiring glance on Beveridge.

"Miss Middleton wishes to know ——" she began.

"You do it well, Betty," said Graftleigh, "but can the rest. What's the old bird's kick, anyhow? I don't quite get it."

"The lady claims," replied Miss Reynolds primly, "that she sent you a song early in November, and that she had a letter from you saying it was one of the finest things you ever read, and promising that if she would send you forty dollars you would have appropriate music written for it and have it published for her, and that it would sell all over the country. And she says that she has a signed contract from you which you haven't kept, and she wants her money back."

"Now can you beat that?" ejaculated Graftleigh. "How old is she, Betty? Does she mean mischief?"

"Over fifty, Mr. Graftleigh; and—and—she said something about going for the police."

"Look here, Bassy, that kind always falls for the melancholy, artistic type. You go out and gaze soulfully into her eyes and explain ——"

"Not on your life!" said Beveridge. "Unravel your own tangled web. I don't know a thing about the business end of this proposition."

"Nice helpful partner you are. Perhaps Middleton can get rid of her.

(Continued on Page 102)

It is, of Course, Ridiculous to Suppose That All the Details in Regard to the Melody and Accompaniment Could be Settled at One Conference—or Two—or Three

ONE THOUSAND DIAMETERS

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

If Johnny's Mother Should Read This She Will be Thankful That She Lives in the Present and Not in the Past Era of Medicine

WHEN Johnny Smith came home the other day with his foot cut—he had been running barefoot—Mrs. Smith knew exactly what to do. She washed it thoroughly with soap and water, carefully cleansed the wound of dirt, applied tincture of iodine to it and bound it up with a first-aid dressing. Nothing remarkable about that. Any other sensible woman, especially anyone who has taken Red Cross work, would have done the same thing. But when Mrs. Smith was a child her mother would not have treated an injury in that manner.

Though Mrs. Smith is less than forty, in her childhood they applied flaxseed and bacon rind and other kinds of vegetable or animal poultices to open wounds. And then when pus appeared, as it almost inevitably did, it was called laudable or praiseworthy.

This difference in the treatment of so slight an injury as Johnny's cut is indicative of all the wonderful changes that have occurred in forty years in both medicine and surgery. Forty years ago operation wounds were almost never entirely closed. There was always a drain left in to allow the exit of the inevitable pus. And just as pus was once inevitable but is now considered unnecessary, so it is with many of the diseases that for centuries afflicted mankind. Many of these diseases have become only reminiscences—episodes of history. They no longer appear and fatten and flourish at our expense.

And all these changes have been brought about by one thousand diameters. In other words, it was the perfection of the compound microscope that enabled men to see the minute structure of the body, and by magnifying at least one thousand times, or diameters, to bring within their vision the germ enemies of mankind.

The advances in medical knowledge, though less spectacular, have been as great as those in surgery. Perhaps the most obvious instance of our progress in medicine is the change in our attitude toward malaria. Anyone who has lived in a flat marshy district can recall the sallowness of the older inhabitants. In their early days malaria—chills and fever—was so common an affliction that it was looked upon as a necessity. The drug stores could hardly keep stocked with quinine and calomel. Quinine and whisky went together in people's minds—and into their stomachs also, just like hot cakes and molasses. In fact, many a man met an untimely end because he tried to omit the quinine from the combination.

The Winged Allies of Napoleon

BUT how many of the later generation have that yellow look? No one before the year 1899 knew that the parasites of malaria attacked people from airships—that is, a certain kind of mosquito. Nor did anyone think of carbon oil as a means of prevention. And yet oil, spread upon the breeding places of mosquitoes, has made malaria a thing of the past.

Malaria has been a great scourge of humanity. It has numbered millions among its victims. It has destroyed nations and submerged civilizations. History tells us that the downfall of Greece was due to the attacks of invading barbarians upon a decadent people. But their decadence resulted from an earlier invasion. There had always been marshes and mosquitoes in Greece. In the fifth century B. C. malaria was introduced into the country, and the mosquitoes did the rest. When the barbarian hordes appeared they found the Greeks ripe for the harvest.

The same thing occurred in Rome, but there another disease aided malaria in bringing down the mightiest empire the world had ever seen. It was called the plague, but history is vague as to whether it was smallpox or an epidemic dysentery. Whatever it was, together they wrought the destruction of Rome.

Hannibal brought over from Africa his Carthagenian mercenaries to conquer Rome. He did not accomplish his purpose, but the malaria that his soldiers brought with them finally destroyed the health of the people and made conquest easy for the Goths and Vandals.

Physical deterioration of a people is always followed by mental and moral decay. Wherever in history one comes upon a healthy people, there one finds a people of high intellectual and moral standards. During the centuries that the Moors were in Spain they bore the flag of civilization. When they were compelled to go back to the debilitating climate of Africa their moral and intellectual recession began.

Once malaria won a great victory for Napoleon. In 1809 an expedition set out from Great Britain to capture Antwerp and the French fleet. There was quite a formidable array of ships and soldiers, four hundred and seventy vessels and forty-four thousand men, and there was great anxiety in France. Napoleon, however, knew more about the country than the British, and he counted upon the aid of an ally of which the British were entirely ignorant. He ordered his generals to hold the enemy in check, but not to engage them in a decisive battle. And so the British were held for many days in the swampy region of the River Scheldt. There an ally of the French attacked them from the air. Mosquitoes inoculated them with malaria and the British casualties from this cause alone, in dead and sick, were twenty-seven thousand.

The British expedition was defeated before it could engage the forces of Napoleon. The anopheles mosquito had caused more destruction to the British than Napoleon's army could have done. But no one at that time, or for many years after, knew the part the mosquito played in the campaign. In fact, until 1880 no one had known the cause of malaria, and the mosquito's nefarious business was not discovered until nine years later.

For that matter, it is the same with other diseases. Typhus fever, the bubonic plague, smallpox, tuberculosis—one could go through a whole list—all were known to the ancients; that is, their effects were known and the fact that they are transmissible, but there all knowledge stopped.

Nearly all important discoveries of the causes, modes of transmission and means of prevention have been made within the past forty years. All those previous cent men were helpless against these foes because they not see them. They were fighting in the dark. A concerning the things of which they were ignorant built up superstitions, and doctors cloaked their igno with mystery and mysticism. About all there is le that is our prescription Latin. But the mystery h some, because it inspired Faith and her handmaiden, H which are more potent than all the horrible concoc of the ancients.

With the exception of anatomy and physiology medicine of a little more than one hundred years ag about the same as that of five hundred years B. C. medical knowledge for centuries was at a standstill. I were to compare the prescriptions in the Papyrus E which was written 3500 years ago, with those in me books of the eighteenth century, he would discover str similarities. This is because there was no knowledge causes of disease until the invention of the microscope medicine was lost in the fog of ignorance and s stition.

Suppose Johnny Smith, whose mother treated his sensibly, had lived in the Middle Ages or at any perio to, say, fifty or a hundred years ago. His mother w have sent off posthaste for the nearest surgeon, or l as he was once called. In the meantime she would given Johnny three, five or perhaps ten grains of ca and a dose of oil and would have applied hot vegeta animal poultices. And then the leech would have appe armed with a lancet and another kind of leeches. He w have bled him generously, perhaps more than once the leeches would have drained him still more.

From a book published in 1745 here i cold-blooded narrative of a licensed ass as quoted by Mark Twain. The subje patient, had a headache, that is all:

I, being c Order'd Ven tion in the A the Applicati Leeches to the sels of his No Forehead and Temples, as also to those Behind his and likewise Prescrib'd the Application of Cupping-G with Scarification, to his Back; But Notwithsta these Precautions, he dy'd. If any Surgeon, Skill Arteriotomy had been Present, I should have Order'd Operation.

Leeches, venesection, arteriotomy—all for the pu of separating the victim from his blood! If Joh mother should read this she will be thankful that she in the present and not in the past era of medicir "notwithstanding," Johnny might have "dy'd."

The Awful Prescriptions of Long Ago

FOR centuries roots and herbs were prescribed be of their symbolic forms, and diseases were banish incantations. If Johnny had lived in the seventeenth tury and had chanced to have the whooping coug mother could have found in a standard medical wor following information—archaic spelling omitted:

For whooping cough, pass the child nine times ove under a donkey, from left to right.

Mrs. Smith might have wondered what would hap she got in reverse and passed Johnny from right t But she would not have chanced it—not in those days

While waiting for someone to produce a docile d that would consent to cure Johnny, perhaps Mrs. S idly turned the pages of the medical work. If she di would have been interested in this:

It is said that many have been cured of the fallin by drinking of the powder of dead men's skulles, burn

The author did not say how one can drink a powde he was very particular to mention the kind of a "sk that should be used.

But the skulle must be the skulle of one that hath hanged or slain, and not of one that hath died o sickness.

One can imagine the medical student of those days, with a burning enthusiasm, yet shivering from fear, ing out on a dark, stormy night to obtain the "skull the latest victim of the crossroads gibbet. They considerate enough to hang men—and women, too—a crossroads, which made it easier for the doctors.

(Continued on Page 158)

ATHLETICS FOR COLD CASH

By Bertram Lebhar

(EN the athletic committee of the University of Pennsylvania broke the news o me that I was ineligible for a place on ity football team I felt that I had been dealt rom which I could never recover. I had been ootball for four years. During my senior year at t ecclesiastic college from which I had just been d I was captain and coach of the eleven. I was t ll and tipped the scales at two hundred and three s I held a state championship in weight throwing, n wrestling championship and had broken the s cord in the discus throw. With these recommens felt justified in nursing the ambition to win new e er athletic honors at the big Philadelphia seat of o which I had come to study medicine. The ver- e authorities that I was irrevocably barred from ion in intercollegiate contests under the four- t rule was without exaggeration the cruelest dis- ent I had ever suffered in all my existence.

however, was more than a score of years ago. The I walked up to the cashier's window of one of the ew York banks and made inquiry as to my bal- e amount the smiling cashier mentioned was in s and the first figure was not the youngest member dit family. If I had not already long since forgiven ge athletic committee I should have done so then. ically every dollar I possess and all that I have I owe to their ban of excommunication, which into the field of professional athletics.

s when I say that I was driven into professional- not stating the case quite fairly. Because I had ve in college sports for four years before I came ylvania I was denied an opportunity to compete g games and meets, but of course that did not e to become a professional. I could have con- yself with playing football on the class elevens. I ve looked on while men whom I knew I could nt to the mat for our university in the intercol- restling bouts. I could have paid my way through cal school by doing the hard menial work of a the college basement or by getting a job as a stead of capitalizing my physical strength and oining a professional football team. Thereby I e maintained unsullied my reputation as a gentle- te. My disappointment and bitterness, however, g my athletic ambitions crushed prompted me to fatal plunge. To that extent, at least, the four- t rule—which had just about come into existence ntered the university and of which I was in total —was responsible for the inception of my career I was born on a farm of rich black Illinois mud and was the youngest and least husky of a family of six children—all boys. At the age of fifteen I permanently stopped growing. As at that time, however, I had reached the height of six feet and weighed nearly two hundred pounds, it will be admitted that in my case Nature had done a hurried rather than a niggardly job.

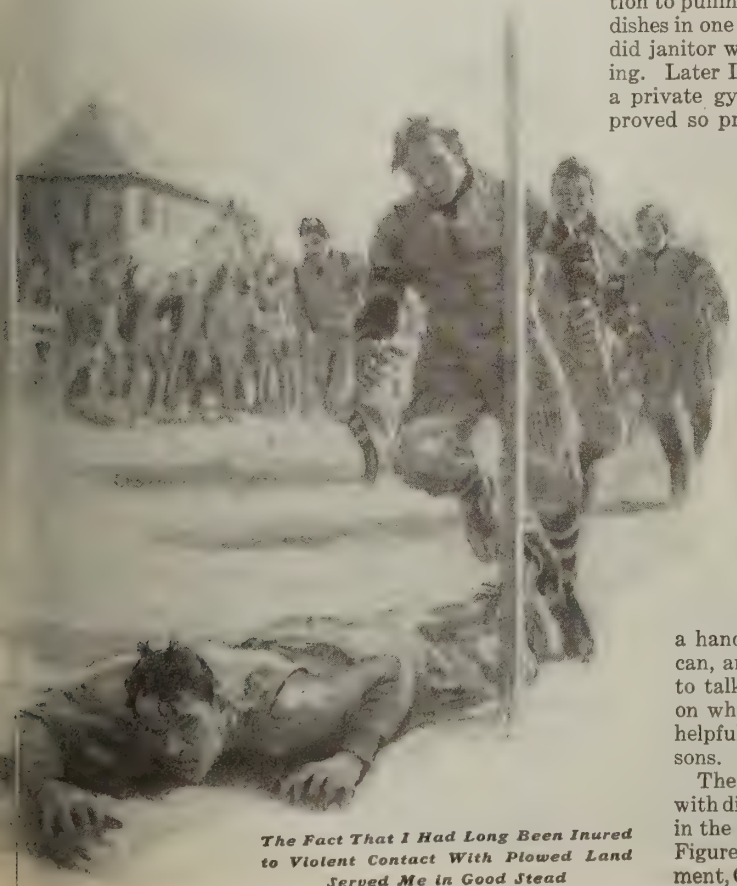
I Went Out With the Scrub Team and Helped Beat the Varsity Eleven

Our father, who was an old-fashioned son of the soil, was fairly prosperous, but he did not believe in a college education. In fact he was not very enthusiastic about any education at all and counted that time lost whose low descending sun did not find us out on the fields keeping up our end of the work with the grown-up men. From the age of nine up to my seventeenth year I went through an endless grind of hard labor. At the end of that period I kicked over the traces and announced that I wanted to be a doctor of medicine and intended to start out immediately for college.

That precipitated a long and violent argument. But a week later I left home—without the paternal blessing—and tramped barefooted eighty-five miles to the town of Greencastle, Indiana, where I applied for admission to the academy of DePauw University.

My total resources consisted of eleven cents in cash, a pair of cotton overalls—which I was wearing—and my Sunday pants, which I carried rolled up in a paper package. However, I succeeded in convincing the school authorities of my ability to work my way through and when the next day I landed a job in the basement of a local department store pulling nails out of packing cases for fifteen cents an hour I was permitted to enroll as a student at the preparatory school.

During my first year at the academy, in addition to pulling nails for my tuition fees, I washed dishes in one of the dormitories for my board and did janitor work at Theologue Hall for my lodging. Later I ran a boarding club and conducted a private gymnasium, and both these ventures proved so profitable that I had no difficulty in financing the remainder of my college course. Moreover, in spite of the demand these outside activities made on my spare time I managed to take a prominent part in the athletic life of the institution without falling behind in my class work. That I did not neglect my studies is evidenced by the fact that though the combined academic and college course was supposed to take seven years I succeeded in getting my bachelor-of-science degree in five years.



The Fact That I Had Long Been Inured to Violent Contact With Plowed Land Served Me in Good Stead

Until my arrival at DePauw I had never seen a football, but I knew a thing or two about boxing and wrestling, particularly the latter. Early in his youth my brother George, who was five years my senior, had come into possession of a handbook on the art of catch-as-catch-can, and almost from the time I was able to talk he had been using me as a model on which to test the practicability of the helpful hints contained in the printed lessons.

The volume was generously illustrated with diagrams in which Figure A was shown in the act of accomplishing the downfall of Figure B. Being of an impulsive temperament, George would pounce on me whenever the spirit moved him and without giving me a word of warning as to his intentions would proceed to put me in the position of Figure B. As these impulses frequently came to him while we were following the horses across a partially plowed field, it was not long before I grew dissatisfied with the rôle of the second letter of the alphabet and in desperation was driven to an intensive study of the counter-holds and defensive tactics described in the book. Eventually there came a day when George ceased to be Figure A. Not only was I able to throw him and our four older brothers in succession, but at the end of my fifteenth year I went on the mat with the champion wrestler of our county and got two falls out of him in seven minutes.

My wrestling experience and the fact that I had long been inured to violent contact with plowed land served me in good stead when I began my football career. During the four years that I played on the college team the newspaper sporting editors paid me the compliment of voting me the best guard in the Central States.

In addition to representing DePauw on the gridiron I held a leading position on the track-and-field teams. In fact, I made such a good record as an all-round athlete that when I was graduated, Fred Stone, physical director of the Chicago Athletic Club, who had refereed the last intercollegiate meet in which I appeared, urged me to come to Chicago and join his club, which was about to meet a picked team of the New York Athletic Club.

When I learned that I was to have a chance to compete with some of the greatest amateurs in America—national champions whose names we had always mentioned with awe and veneration at college—I eagerly accepted the invitation. And such was my scrupulous regard for athletic standards in those days and my horror of the taint of professionalism that I insisted on paying my own fare and other expenses to Chicago, though I should have had no great difficulty in "borrowing" the money.

It was at that dual meet at the Parkside Cricket Grounds that I broke a world's record in the weights. I threw the discus 130 feet, defeating Flanagan, McCracken, Sheldon and other noted weight tossers. I also won second place in the hammer throw, making a toss of 148½ feet; and I put the shot at 43 feet. No less an authority than Mike Murphy, who witnessed my performance with the hammer, predicted that with a year's proper training I should be able to make a throw of 180 feet with ease.

When, therefore, at the end of the following summer I went to the University of Pennsylvania I had rosy dreams of becoming one of the great heroes of intercollegiate sports. To be quite frank, it was not merely a matter of glory with me. I had shrewdly assessed the material value of a national reputation as a college athlete. A young physician with his way to make in the world, I told myself, couldn't have a better asset than a distinguished record as a football player on one of the big varsity elevens or as a star in the track-and-field contests. In building up a practice such fame would count for far more than all the honors

(Continued on Page 134)

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTO

He Looked in Vain for a Relenting Gleam in the Cold, Blue-Gray Eyes. There Was No Smile in Them

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

THE Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs, otherwise Roger Lingard of Chillicothe, Ohio, otherwise Sergeant Kellie Hill, of the British Army, owner of St. Dyfrigs Park, proprietor of St. Dyfrigs village, and possessor of Tydd's farm in Ohio, worked on sharing terms by his friend, Gil Hart, after an hour's melancholy brooding in the gazebo on the wall, rose and stared through the shuttered opening at the chimneys of the great mansion, his mansion. To go there now was to go as a sheriff's deputy with a writ of ejectment against an orphan girl who had lost a father, two brothers and a grandfather within four years.

He turned and looked over the village, his village, and at Turle's cottage, his cottage. Just the same there; and that little home meant as much to Tom Turle and to Charity as the manor house meant to Dorothy. Perhaps it meant more. Their lives had been built on the foundations of that cottage. It would be sacrilege to them that their home should fall back into the great estate and once again be owned by the squire.

The squire! He said the words aloud and broke into a flood of hysterical laughter. He was the squire. He, himself. He looked down at his dusty army boots; at his worn putties; at the old tunic, the sleeves of which did not even bear the chevrons of a sergeant. The squire! He laughed again. If he went back to Chillicothe and told them that, would they touch their hats? Si Hankin and Lem Burgess and Gil Hart would organize a vigilance committee and ride him on a rail, just to teach him manners and wish him luck in his new job.

The laugh did him good. Of course this absurdity could be corrected. He could guess how it had happened. The Lingards had made no wills. Primogeniture would carry the property down to the male heir just as they would have it descend. It would be easy to deed the estate to Dorothy, and the cottage to Tom and Charity. They could not help liking a fellow who promptly did the fair thing like that. He felt that the welcome he craved was doubly assured. His spirits bounded. He smiled when he saw the schoolmaster sitting on the bench beneath the tree.

The old chap was a little grayer, he thought, and a little more hunched, but smoked as comfortably as though all the world was at peace. Roger ran down to tap once more, after four years, the fount of wisdom.

Within three minutes the unrecognized soldier led the talk to the Lingard estate.

"A fine thing," the schoolmaster said. "That is, if the American heir is a true American. In the coming changes we want new democratic ideas. Probably the system of entail will go."

"Entail?" Roger exclaimed. He had not thought of that.

"Yes; the property is entailed. The system has done its work perhaps, but it has had noble results. It has kept estates together, has insured a male as owner, has made him a trustee for future generations, and for his tenants and dependents. Farmers rent their farms cheaper than anywhere in the world. The peasantry of England are the best fed and the best housed of any peasantry in the world. They are kings compared to the small holders of France, who starve on small patches of land, subdivided by equal inheritance."

"The heir should give up his rights," Roger protested.

"He cannot. He cannot break the entail until he has a son who is of age. It takes owner and heir jointly to do that."

The astonished Roger was struck dumb. The schoolmaster refilled his continuous pipe.

"The new owner," the schoolmaster resumed, "is English in blood, and probably has the Anglo-Saxon idea. He will understand that he is but a link in the chain of a system. He will not shirk his responsibilities in the anxious time coming. He will not surrender the birthright of his children."

"But if he does?"

"He cannot, I say. He can't get rid of it."

"But suppose he refuses to turn up or that they don't find him?"

"Chancery, I suppose."

"Miss Lingard wouldn't get it, then?"

"Oh, no. The court might make her an allowance perhaps, but the revenues would pile up and ultimately go to the crown."

"It is very hard on her," Roger protested hotly.

"The right of the male is part of the religion of the upper classes," the schoolmaster explained. "Their women are what they are, sheltered, cultivated, because entail has kept families well-to-do through generations, and provided the money to produce the fine lady—beautiful, exquisite."

"Miss Lingard has done her part with the rest," Roger cried. "I'm sure of that."

"She has done her best," was the reply. "The whole family was a generation behind the time, reactionary, semifeudal, paternal. I am sorry for her of course. I wish her griefs had been lighter. She has borne them well."

The schoolmaster rose. "An American trying to be an Englishman," he said, "is the saddest spectacle on earth. Let us hope this lord of the manor from the United States will remain a true American. He'll have some of the sound blood of the English yeoman, for he is a des on the maternal side of the Turles of this vil is said that he is young. I hope that he is p democratic and unmarried. Then we shall h happy solution. He will marry Miss Lin course." He nodded and ambled away, trailing sm a small tramp steamer burning bad coal.

Roger sat pondering, too dazed for consecutiv too deeply shaken to plan. "A link in a chain trustee for future generations . . . the birthrig children . . . marry Miss Lingard." These recurred in his confused reflections. The chain in was a link was fastened about his neck, he thought felt that it was drawing tighter. What claim had his children on him? That idea was un-American; i make everybody play for safety. If children were course you did your best for them, and educate and placed them as well as you could. What mo they ask? He emphatically refused to consult these children. In the States a man hustled for himself.

If he should say to Gil Hart: "You are a trustee terity," he could just hear Gil Hart's answer: "Ah getting you?" And yet there was something fine a after all. Ancestors had been something to talk ab his father when there was nothing much to do; p had never worried either his father or him; but it to him that in this strange England they were vita This estate, he thought, was not his; rather, he b to it. He was a cipher, an accident, an incident, th not the master. He bent under the weight of an in rial past and an ancient tradition.

It came clearly to him at length that there w things he could not do: He could not slip secretl and leave chaos; he could not, as Roger Linga Dorothy; not yet at any rate. It followed that I continue to be Kellie Hill. Kellie Hill could find o Roger Lingard ought to do and could do.

His course decided, he found himself hungry and The sign still hung over the door of the turnpike Teas—Mineral Waters. As he crossed he recal great horizontal cameo brooch which moved stra and down as the fat, placid lady breathed. He fo there, outwardly just the same, a little stouter p but she was no longer placid.

"Milk?" she snapped at him. Grown-ups ough ashamed to ask for it when there wasn't enough babies.

"I didn't know," he said meekly. "Some bottl onade, please."

She had had none this twelvemonth, she said. Th no sugar for the manufacturer, and all his men h called up anyway. Roger pleaded for tea with h

ng smile. Rationed, she explained; and she could g enough for herself. Bread and cheese? She got wi indignation as she said that she had got just half ul of cheese from the shop in seven weeks. She ecinto a tirade against officers' wives in the village gt all the tea and cheese they wanted from the r canteen in Castlechepe while honest villagers re.

Bad and butter?"

e tared at him. Did he not know that dairymaids fcotten how to churn? She was allowed two ounces eek—tub stuff, salt—and the same of margarine; b h were so bad that she could eat neither, nor fry her. "But them officers' wives, they rolls in fresh er' she added bitterly. "You needn't think as you in tr ches has had all the worries to bear. Where did ne from as you didn't know there is nothing fit for a man to eat as is a bit tasty about her meals?"

e oked at her in wonder. How had she kept her ?

" been stuffed with milk and cream and butter and n a convalescent hospital," he answered humbly. ic't know."

ne here—you!" she commanded abruptly.

e stone-flagged kitchen she put before him a loaf r war bread, a half-pound pat of fresh country but-

a hunk of rich dr cheese and gf cider. "I'm o business this the," she said; f course you g esh from hos- —"

n't eat your e, he protested. ecut a thick bread, put tl butter on his e, and sliced a sous wedge of s

Gon," she com- dl. "I've two ers married to ns and they 't ee their poor h wanting, not n government fd controller. re more where me from."

e tched in. Ah, gd it was! He d questions, but min interest in hrs was that y should not w of her secret ples. She had t more to say t fficers' wives. gthered that e ere great mu- onworks at Cas- hoe, that the e wn had burst ponds, that vil- e ottages and oms had been pd up, and that e as bitter jeal- ecause these rbers could get hich villagers d not get. He n that he could ect to find a e o sleep in the ghorhood, and ed in the end eting about the gals.

e ained a strik- nv fact which rsed on him e eeply the in- ic to Dorothy, ad dental nature h inheritance t impossibility ev ling it. The on, it seemed, s vived his two s nd had seen at was coming, w powerless to a the entail.

The old squire, the stout lady said, was declared silly by the courts. He could not sign any papers.

"Does the village take to the idea of a Yankee squire?" Roger asked.

"Just like I would open my eyes and see a burglar in my room," was the prompt answer.

"But Americans are Allies now. They are fighting with us."

"Do you like that?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, you are the first soldier as haven't said as he'd rather finish the job himself. We've got to take the new squire same as we have a new vicar, and they do say as he's a young man and so there'll be a wedding of course."

"Does the village want that?"

"A Yankee with Turle blood!" she cried with bitter contempt. "And you ask if the village wants it! But it's only fair to Miss Lingard if so be as she will put up with him."

"I ——"

A pig squealed. The stout lady burst into bitter reproaches against a government which had fooled her—intentionally, she believed—about pigs. Back in the spring they had made everybody buy pigs. She had bought one for fifty-six shillings—fifty-six shillings, mind!—and him only a weaner, eight weeks old. And now there was no sharps, nor no grain offal, nor no maize, and she had just bought a sack of what they called pig food which turned out to be just mill sweepings and nothing more, and it worked out at threepence a pound, and there wasn't a pound of fattening in the lot. They would not let her sell the pig, and if they did pigs was half the price.

"Well, there! Hear him—starving. He's got to be fed to the tick or I get notice from him."

The end was that the lord of the manor mixed the meal—and indeed it was pretty poor stuff—and fed the pig, which certainly was not putting on flesh. That was the first service the squire rendered to his tenants.

He walked up through the village, unconsciously pleased by the absence of change, soothed by its restfulness and charmed by its summer beauty. He mechanically recalled one or two faces, but no one remembered him. He had altered in more than stature and breadth. His features were as changed as his speech. He had not definitely planned to stop at the Turle cottage, but its wide-open front door and window beckoned irresistibly.

As he lifted the solid-brass knocker he scented the mass of sweet peas that rested on the window sill, and he thought with a smile of Charity in the bar parlor. What had France and war and wound made of Charity? He thrilled to her cheerful voice as she called "Come in." She no more than glanced when he entered the parlor.

"One minute, please," she said.

Dorothy was there, too, with a vivid red cross across her breast. Roger, startled, embarrassed, fingered his cap and eagerly looked at his two cousins, found so unexpectedly together.

"Now this one, Miss Lingard." Charity put down a paper for signature, and then others—a dozen perhaps.

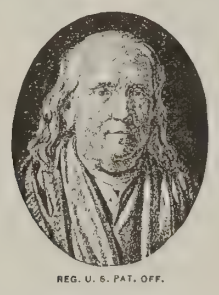
The red cross on the white apron was so vivid that there flitted across Roger's memory a picture in Ivanhoe of a Knight Templar in chain armor with a brilliant cross on his breast. It seemed to him that Dorothy was in armor too. She was immaculate, detached. She was disdainful, he thought, in her pride. He felt it in her manner toward Charity. He could see it in her profile, outlined against the window, especially in her short, curved upper lip. She signed papers with a dashing flourish. He had seen generals at the Front in dugout headquarters sign like that while adjutants sorted and blotted. She was general, Charity adjutant.

His eyes turned to Charity. She wore a shapeless white garment reaching to the tops of heavy muddied boots—a splashed and stained cowman's smock resurrected from the carved old oak chest. Her hand hovered over the papers and pounced swiftly, and sometimes she explained a document or a letter in a curt, precise sentence.

(Continued on Page 86)

"The Only Kiss I Ever Meant Was the One I Gave to You. I Have Never Cried for Any Man But You"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 29, 1919

Joyriding and Jaywalking

A GENTLEMAN who is trying to have his classification under the revenue law changed, with the pious purpose of saving some thousands of the taxes levied on his earnings, observed during the course of a recent discussion: "If the object of government is to make men, then I am in favor of government ownership."

This quotation should be orchestrated for the tuba, with the cymbals crashing in on the last word, where the orator pounds the table. It is typical of this era of Big Talk and small sense, in which everyone is demanding shorter hours except the Big Talkers. They are still asking for "Just one moment more."

The simple and amply proven fact is that government ownership does not make men, and rarely makes money. It makes weaklings, dependents, grafters, bureaucrats, autocrats and deficits. It is the first lesson in Socialism, and Socialism is the first lesson in Bolshevism, and Bolshevism is the last lesson in government. The class graduates from that into Anarchy.

Men are not made by government, but government is made by men. For this reason it is imperfect, inefficient, wasteful and often dishonest. It reflects, and always will, the human weaknesses of those who compose and administer it. If office and the power that goes with it change men, it is rarely for the better. A good man is good in office, but he is at his best in private life. It is harder to prove an alibi there.

Laws are seldom as just as they are intended to be; for they are only as strong as the men who enforce them. The difference between words and deeds finds its clearest example in them. The conduct of the great departments of government, no matter how efficient the theoretical plan under which they are organized, is only as businesslike as the standards of their heads and personnel. There is nothing about a Washington job, beginning with the Presidency and working on down, that changes the character and the competency of the man who fills it, though it may and often does shackle him to outgrown tradition and outworn precedent. A bungling, boneheaded private citizen is not transmuted by election or appointment into a competent public servant, though he is often press-agented as one.

All this, of course, is the obvious; but this is a time to state and restate the obvious, because almost every scheme of world-saving that is receiving consideration ignores the simple and proven facts of life and character. The obvious is too plain, too unexciting, too much like the well-settled middle years of matrimony for a world that wants jazz, hokum and soulmate economics. Oftener than not, the obvious course is the right one. But once that is admitted, a lot of lawyers and deep thinkers will be out of a job.

Government ownership is the college widow with whom they all take up when they begin to yearn for a sympathetic, an understanding companion. The gossip of the campus, the scandals of her past, the flat failure of her attempts to land one of the long line of freshmen with honorable intentions who have fallen for her—are brushed aside as capitalistic lies by the pure young soul who sits beside her in the hammock while she plays the dear old songs on the ukulele. Lots of people are simply holding hands with the past when they think they are looking ahead at the future.

Government ownership cannot make good beside private business because it cannot develop the ablest type of executives, nor attract them from private business. Its final form—Communism—is predicated on supermen in office, and on a superstate that derives its administrators from some Jovian source of supply apart from and above the run of men. It must depend on altruism instead of intelligent selfishness as a motive to attract capable managers, and the supply of altruists who are willing to work twelve hours a day in order that the mass of men may lazy round in the sunshine is strictly limited; in fact, it has been found nonexistent in Russia. There seems to be a high degree both of selfishness and of intelligence on this subject.

The average voter, without stopping to take government apart to see what makes the wheels go round, why it loses time and sometimes stops altogether, ascribes godlike attributes and powers to it. Bill Smith in private life round the corner must prove his claims to superiority by concrete and old-fashioned tests of his honesty and ability, but Bill Jones in Washington and Bill Joneski in Russia can tell him that they have been anointed with a new oil of wisdom, and he believes blindly. It is a great world delusion that the state, composed of fallible men, selected by and imposed on fallible men, possesses attributes of infallibility, virtues that are not inherent in the individual, abilities that in some occult way are brought out and perfected by office holding. Rapidly developing corollaries to these propositions are:

That the labor radical is more disinterested and less greedy for place and power than the politician.

That theorists are less avaricious and more competent to govern than men of practical affairs.

That in some unexplained way revolution changes natural law and human nature, and that Communists can bring commodities out of the air like rabbits from a conjurer's hat.

That altruism should move business and professional men and farmers to work for their own ruin in order to serve the purely selfish ends of labor.

That radicals, agitators and demagogues care less for power and money than the men they are trying to take it away from.

Government ownership, Socialism and Communism are based on a belief that these self-evident falsities are truths. It is not intelligent for the radical labor class to think that all other classes will ruin themselves and then pitch in and work to make life soft for the reds. Men believe many things because someone states them from a soap box or a rostrum, or puts them over in a pamphlet or a book. It never occurs to them to step round the corner and get the facts for themselves. Yet there is full information, fact not theory, on almost every subject under discussion, just round the corner. Take the one that for fifty years has been the most argued over, most written about of all—the liquor question. The mass of views, reviews and counter-views has befuddled everyone who has followed them in an attempt to form an opinion. But any man of average intelligence could have seen the system in operation and have discovered all the good and the bad of it by spending an evening in his club, another at the neighborhood saloon, a third visiting Casey's place near the factory and the barrel house in the slums; by asking a few questions in the office, in the factory, of merchants, and of his friends.

Beneath all the books and befuddling argument few questions are more abstruse than that. Most o will yield to the same simple personal treatment. G ment ownership is an open book to anyone who ha riding on the cars, doing business with the railroa paying taxes—and it has been a failure, though it h the services of practical men whom it could not h retain under permanent government ownership. W are headed for under a neat little plan like Plumb' gers the imagination of those who will have to make deficits. We see no evidence that Plumb and his br hoods are superaltruists or that their standards of theirs and what's the public's are higher—except tha want to be farther above regulation—than those present owners.

We are all more or less government owned, and b we do not like the dose of it that we have already part of the public is clamoring for more, on the theor if one drink turns your stomach a dozen will rest tone. Some want it in one kind of bottle and so another; one group believes in it homeopathicall another demands it in its allopathic and logical form genuine Russian vodka, with Lenine's name blown glass.

Government ownership is not only ownership of m ery, but it is also ownership of men. In its final for not only ownership of the machinery of productio it is ownership of the individual, body and soul. folly to talk of ownership of production, in the se mastery, by all the people. Actual ownership will be in the men who are selected or who, as in Russia, themselves to hold and to manage capital and ind From the very nature of the case this will be a sma autocratic group. Government will own all the cap and they will be government. There will be no except to God or the counter-revolution, and these day altruists do not believe in God and are excee careful about leaving firearms lying round loose which the happy comrades might hurt themselves.

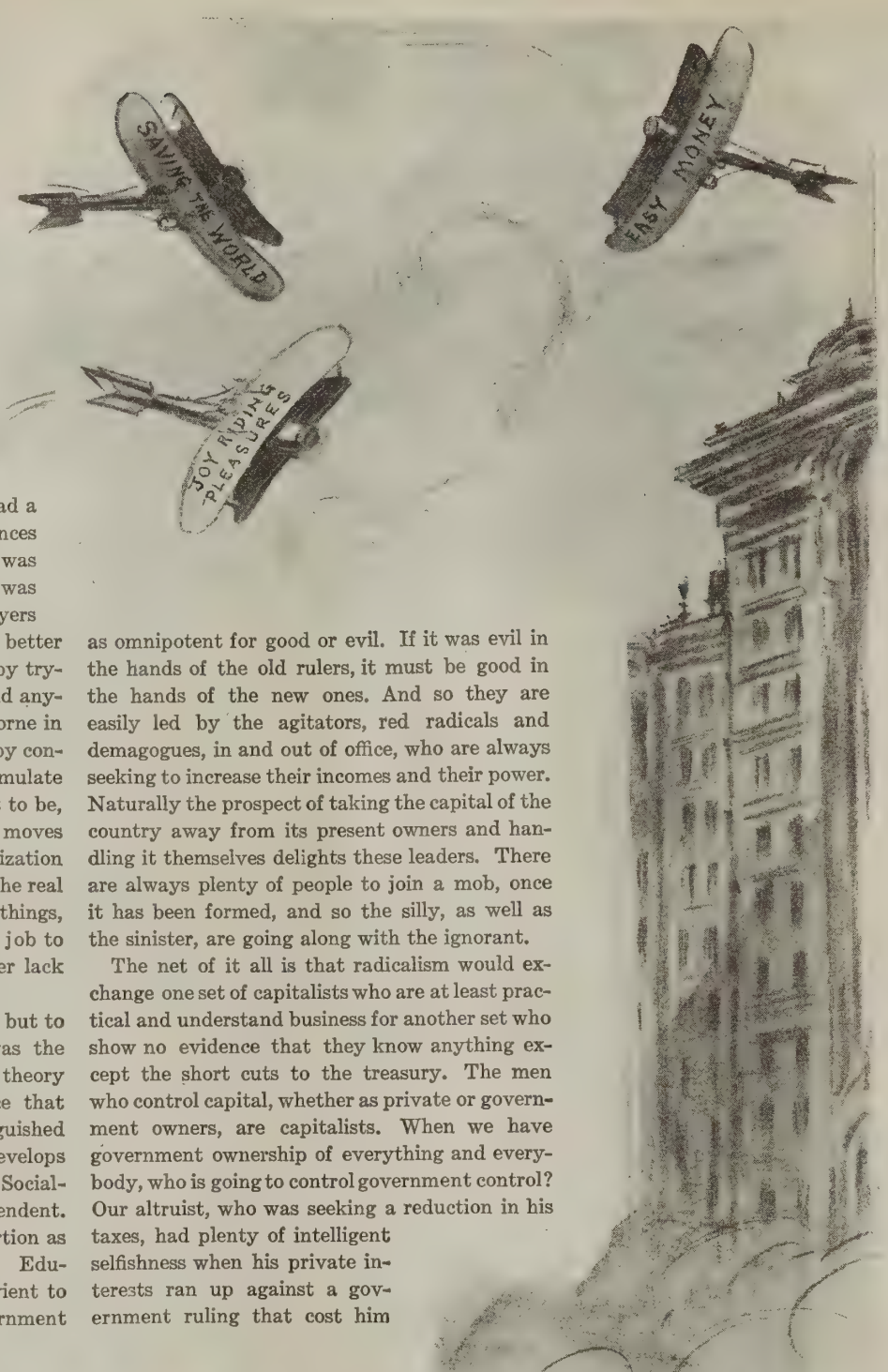
In any form of government we must delegate c powers over our life, liberty and property to some human men at Washington and elsewhere. The few smaller those powers, consistent with equality of tunity, the happier, freer and more prosperous the n Under government ownership we gradually increase powers, but every increase of them means a correspo decrease of the individual's rights and liberty, until ideal state of the reds we are slaves of the machine, wi individuality or opportunity. The choice is betwe dividuals who are outside the government but who government can control, and individuals that ar government and beyond any control.

A government may be ideal in theory, but it is no better than the men who dominate it. The we spots in all administrations have been some of the who have been selected as advisers and execu The weakest of the weak in the present Administ have been the theorists, uplifters and world-savers wh disciples of the new thought in politics. But it wou these men, who have made such a sorry showing, and who profess their delusions without believing in them would be our rulers in the new dawn, as they call thi twilight of civilization.

Until a party goes before the country on a radical form and returns an administration on it, there warrant for thinking that the American people wa expect men to hold office whose views are not in ful mony with their traditional principles of governm Socialists will naturally lend the weight of their influ to forwarding socialistic doctrines even in an indivi istic administration. The country emphatically repud Socialism at the last election.

Government is not what a party stands for historic not what it promised in its platform, but what its m office are doing. It will be radical and socialistic to jus extent that the men in office are radical and socialist compromising with socialistic doctrines.

One hesitates to discourage anything that may to bring factions together and to compromise differe but we doubt whether Big Talks by Big Names wit



nd authority to settle anything will get vire. The things that need doing must be t the Government, not by conferences, and e hopeful signs of an awakening by the inistration and Congress to the need for fi action. The first conference, as was a go conclusion, blew up. Consideration of ctive bargaining should have been preceded ecision as to whether labor considers a ai binding on anyone except the employer. cn before that question was taken up ould have been a clear-cut condemna- o those radical labor leaders who, when e refused the unreasonable, the intol- le and the impossible, threaten strikes e in effect—and, we are afraid, in in- o revolutionary.

he preliminaries settled and red leader- al principles disavowed, labor would have had a netic public behind it when its just grievances lms came up for consideration. There never was n the history of the world when so much was one by progressive and sympathetic employers ri the country to meet every fair demand for better s nd hours, and even to go labor one better by try- o nprove living and working conditions beyond any- at has been asked. It must, however, be borne in at many of these strikes cannot be settled by con- o ; in fact, that concessions will simply stimulate tkes, because they are not what they purport to be, t o obtain fair wages and just conditions, but moves n by red leaders, seeking first the disorganization tln the confiscation of industry. In short, the real t e of these leaders is Communism. These things, v , are squarely up to Congress, and it is its job to h no department of the Government can offer lack giation as an excuse for inaction.

he usiness of government is not to make men, but to r n a chance to make themselves. That was the t which this Government was conceived, the theory vh h it was founded. That was the practice that lced the American pioneer and that distinguished frm the European peasant. Individualism develops e of strong, self-reliant, progressive freemen. Social- s mply a crutch for the half-free, the half-dependent. dnand for it in America has grown in proportion as nmber of unassimilated aliens has increased. Edu- d a belief in the superstate, always subservient to a ays dependent on one, they conceive government as omnipotent for good or evil. If it was evil in the hands of the old rulers, it must be good in the hands of the new ones. And so they are easily led by the agitators, red radicals and demagogues, in and out of office, who are always seeking to increase their incomes and their power. Naturally the prospect of taking the capital of the country away from its present owners and handling it themselves delights these leaders. There are always plenty of people to join a mob, once it has been formed, and so the silly, as well as the sinister, are going along with the ignorant.

The net of it all is that radicalism would exchange one set of capitalists who are at least practical and understand business for another set who show no evidence that they know anything except the short cuts to the treasury. The men who control capital, whether as private or government owners, are capitalists. When we have government ownership of everything and everybody, who is going to control government control? Our altruist, who was seeking a reduction in his taxes, had plenty of intelligent selfishness when his private interests ran up against a government ruling that cost him money. Highbrows as well as lowbrows have a keen sense of their own property rights. Division is only desirable when it is in fact addition. Old John D. Rockefeller, their horrible example—who in truth is not above the suspicion of having more than his share—has done more for humanity with his Rockefeller Institute than all the theories of all the reds, professional and parlor. Incidentally, he gives to society more freely than any of these altruists that it has been our fortune to meet. They all put off the day of division and resent any attempt at direct action on their check books.

From what, then, do they argue to their Utopias? Not from their human nature nor from all human experience, but from some surface in their brains that is too soft to retain the impressions of common sense, but is always receptive to the counsels of vanity and cupidity.

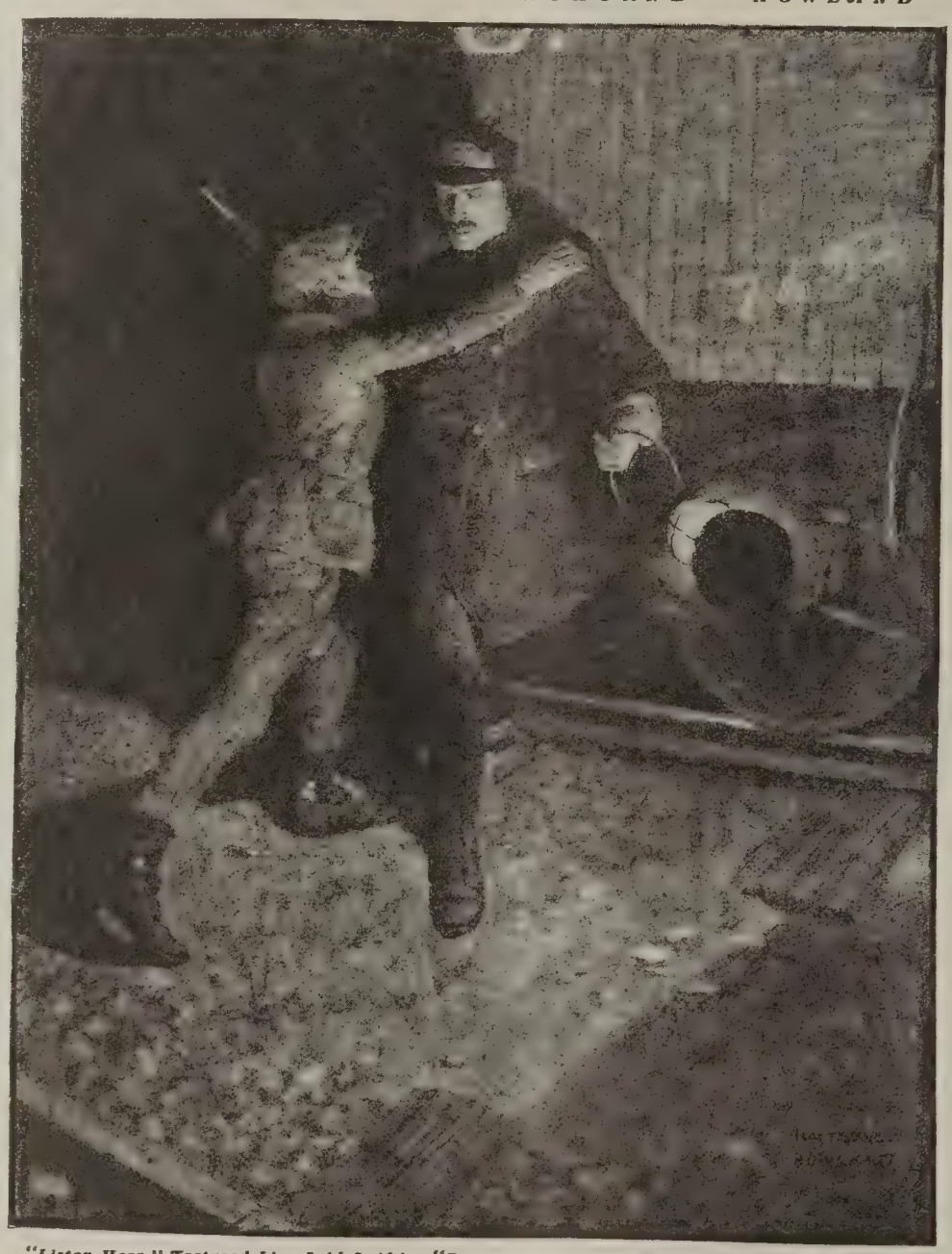
Every hard-headed man—mechanic, farmer, clerk or merchant—who has studied the literature of the red movement knows that it is based on fallacious theories and deliberate, though often clever, misrepresentation of facts and figures. Thousands are at work, tirelessly spreading these lies, but even in the industries where the reds have been most active there has been little organized man-to-man effort to combat them with the truth in terms of cold facts and actual figures. You can deport liars, but you cannot deport their lies. They can only be killed by the truth.

JAYWALKING

THE GAMESTER

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND



"Listen Here," Tortured Lips Said Swiftly. "Forget Your House for a Minute and Stay With Me. You Can Finish Off the Night by a Real Piece of Work for Once in Your Life"

IT WAS raining and coming winter when Bernie Cave let himself painfully down a dingy stairway to North Schwartz Street, Chicago—a narrow bleak building with a drug store on the lower floor, a doctor's office above. Bernie had lain up for fourteen hours in one of the back rooms of the doctor's establishment. The night's lodging had cost him five dollars, but a dream book went with the room. The doctor had supplied it with a hypodermic at five the preceding afternoon. Locking Bernie in he had moved about various other affairs.

The little chap pulled up his coat collar with a crippled movement and stared about vaguely. The only thing he could think of that would help the bitter look of the world just now was a cup of coffee. There was silver enough in his pockets for that. Across in the restaurant he sat hunched over the counter waiting for the coffee to cool. His hand wasn't steady enough to raise it in the saucer. Chuck Cadwell, who had known Bernie over in Michigan, came in and sat down beside him, waiting for the man behind the counter to pass a length away. Chuck was a bartender from Monahan's blind pig across the street. He took in Bernie from the side. What he saw required no words. He expressed it back to the other by the look of his face.

"I followed you in," he said in a low tone. "I saw you sneakin' past, not even looking across the street. I let Monahan take the bar because I wanted to speak to you."

"I'll pay Monahan what I owe him," Bernie remarked.

"That ain't what I'm talking about. Monahan isn't worrying, because he'll take what you owe him out of my wages if you don't pay. I told him I'd stand you a few drinks. I'm not chasing you for that. I'll stand you a few more drinks. What I'm talking about now is Phœbe."

Bernie Cave shrank lower; then colored in a sickly fashion and drank his coffee all at once.

"What do you know—what do you know about her?"

"She's sick," Chuck answered.

"Who told you?"

"Her brother Dave was in Monahan's yesterday."

The truth was Bernie had seen Phœbe's brother enter and had ducked out of the back door.

"He came in just before you went over to the doc's," Chuck added.

"What did he say?"

"Dave's just about as queer as Phœbe is," Cadwell mused. "They're off the same piece. He wasn't sore at you. Wanted to see you, but wasn't sore. Looked kind of tired of it all. Tired about Phœbe, tired of himself. Tired's the word. He's still looking for you—coming back to-day. He said Phœbe was sick—damned sick—only she wants you to know that everything is all right with her, and she knows you'll come back."

"Come back," Bernie repeated. "Does she mean come back to her or come back in the game?"

"I dunno. That's what Dave said, and that Phœbe knowed you'd come back. You don't look this mornin', Bernie, as if you'd ever come back—in the game. The doc's got you going and he can drive faster than you ever did."

Chuck was regarding the small but straight-grained face. It was pale, sickly; it was sharp and wasted, even stunted a little, but with a curious concentration of power somewhere in the nostrils or round the mouth or back of the jaw. The eyes were shadowed and tortured just now, vague with morphine, vague from the hopelessness of the depression that followed the dream book, vague from the hopelessness of resisting the need of morphine when its grip tightened again. That would begin later in the day.

"Still you're looking a little better than when I came in," Chuck added drearily.

Bernie sniffed. A smile of scorn curled his thin mouth. It wasn't for Chuck Cadwell; certainly not for Brother Dave. Bernie was facing the failure in himself. Back of all that was a kind of dead-cool and crawling nausea that had to do with the message from Phœbe.

"Living God," he muttered aloud. "They never do get mad!"

"Who?"

"Phœbe or her brother."

Then Bernie saw how interested Chuck was and became sore at himself for the words.

"I guess you're right about me not coming back," he added quickly; "and yet ——"

The scornful smile flickered again. Cadwell's whole look had changed. Something of awe came into his kindly hardened face. He was remembering what Bernie Cave had been—the best jockey the Middle West ever turned out; for one season, three years ago, the most talked about jockey in the world. Chuck Cadwell couldn't have told what brought the awe back, but it was something that had come just now into Bernie Cave's face between those two looks of scorn—the mounting again, after many days, of an old unwhippable something he had known as a boy; the old look that had made them all back in Leeds think of Bernie Cave as The Gamester.

He had felt himself going back to Phœbe—but that meant going back clean and a winner. He had said that. It would be so. Anything else might happen; he might die in the gutter or in Doc Halsey's back room, but if he went back to Phœbe it was to be clean and a winner. And she had said he would come back. For just a second again the old surge took his heart an died down.

"Thanks, Chuck," he said. coming over pretty soon. I I need another one of these touched the coffee cup—"ar quiet and warm in here."

Chuck was gone. Bernie th over those two moments when power had come back. It was thing that Chuck said about Ph brother that had done it—how Dave was and about his not sore. It seemed to him th would almost die to see her b this minute. They used to be friends as boys, back in the old but never inseparables. Ther been other hotter palships, b agony of longing for Dave no because he was Phœbe's br Chuck Cadwell had made it wo saying they were off the same

The old power that had to him twice while Chuck sat nea not risen often of late. Mos had to use front nowadays. The seemed to work, but it didn't work. Bernie knew that from he stood now. The people point him out as Bernie Cav great and only Bernie, but he as they stared that they were s ing the present from the past, to restore for their own curio hero out of a has-been.

Yet he was only twenty-si right now lighter than most st chasers. Three years ago Blue had fallen upon him on the F course. It had felt as if the field of jumpers had taken a k him as they went over. About e thing that can be broken in a got it. Bernie had lain pract still, in various casts and scaffol ten months—"never to ride ag the papers had said; and the s ing writers hadn't known the w that one young doctor had take on his pain and got him start the dream book.

He wished he had asked C what had happened to Phœb seemed to choke him to say her aloud to anyone else; even to Chuck speak of her was all he stand. It started fresh fogs of s rising up within, and hatre himself, which was bad enoug the time. The truth was, of late Bernie could only with him when the drug worked. That set him f a better world than this, a world managed better. were high lights there, no frost or ache or distance. I like moments of races, moments of ball games and bill and gambling—when he couldn't lose, when the e the game or the end of the race was ordained and sta before his inner eyes as a thing finished in his f though he might be far behind at the time.

This was his own real world, and the drug set him in it in spite of the crippled body. He had known world sometimes when walking and talking with Ph He had known it all the way up as a boy, always in g and fights—the coming of a cool patient invincible c ness and calm that couldn't lose.

They never forgot and never stopped talking abo certain ball game when Leeds, his home town, pl Bostock and was losing. Bernie went in to pitch ir seventh, four runs behind. The light and power st with him for the full three innings—in and out of bat. had held Bostock tight, but that wouldn't have cop Bernie had to win his own game with a hit in the half of the ninth.

Always like that in a field of runners. He could mak mount rise with his own power when the thing was wor just right. He would come up from behind.

In the moment of winning he would hear the crow not before. In the pressure of approach to the climax crowd went out of his consciousness—far back like banks of a lake, and silent. But when he won the cro

(Continued on Page 30)

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

roar always took him—like a shock of falling through air and a breathless joy in his chest and throat.

This was his secret. He couldn't live long without this secret joy. The morphine brought back something like. Everything was perfectly managed in the dream book, but the world was hideously slow when he came back—slow as now, deadly dreary as now, with Chuck staking him to drinks, Dave looking for him, Phœbe sick, gray in the sky, frost in the air, hell loose in the city—strikes and starvation and seething class hatred in the city—Phœbe calling for him to come home, and his old will and pride that never broke yet saying he couldn't go home until he was clean and a winner.

Now something more subtle than a straight thought yanked him erect. It called him to the street to begin over again, begin somewhere at the bottom. It was still only eight in the morning. He wrenched himself past Monahan's, where there was a drink or two, had he cared to begin that way. He passed through several empty squares to Finney Street, where there was a car barn. The company was trying to keep a few cars going against the will of the strikers. Bernie hadn't really thought it out, except that jobs were open for those who cared and dared.

They asked him if he could drive a car. He said he could drive anything. It appears that actual experience was needed for the front end. They took him on for conductor and started his car across the city. What he was really up against broke upon him less than three blocks away from the barn, when passengers were crowding in, and one square-faced, deep-eyed person, dressed as a laborer, passed by his glass coin slot, whispering three words: "You . . . runt!"

The missing word belonged in the center. Also the square-face left a wad of half-chewed tobacco on Bernie's shoulder. Right after that a fight began—bricks and a small riot, shattered windows and a scream or two. The car was derailed. Bernie wasn't hurt, but he was seeing more clearly. The pain of old hurts drummed on. That was always with him, but now shame was ugly in his heart. He knew nothing about the squabble between the men and the company; only knew now that he had butted in, that he was in bad, hurting somebody's chances, going against men.

He dumped his change into the coin slot and slipped out of the crowd when the police got there. The company would think him a coward; the men had already called him a scab. This was no game for him, and he cleared.

"The old town's gone crazy," he muttered as he walked hastily back toward Monahan's.

He would take a drink or two and think out what to do next—just a drink or two and a sandwich, and then go out and try again. Four men were in Monahan's with an hour to spare. Interest pricked up when Chuck Cadwell leaned over to one, whispering that the little man behind the stove was Bernie Cave—the great and only Bernie. Chuck didn't say "What is left of Bernie Cave," but that's what the strangers saw.

A few fast rounds of drinks, before Bernie warmed to show in words a trace of his old color and class. It was past noon and the world had a flow and a grace to it by that time. The little town of Leeds seemed just across the lake, and the steep grade to becoming clean and a winner a mere afternoon's climb. Just as Bernie was telling of a certain trick pulled off one afternoon at Ascot, Phœbe's brother entered the front door.

Bernie heard his own voice going on, a sort of barren light in the place. His own eyes felt dirty as he looked into the clear shining smile that Dave brought. The face was brown and pock-marked, rugged and manful enough, but the eyes had the shine of a child in them. It had always taken Bernie by the throat. It seemed to mean that it was easy to die—something of the look that you remember about children who die young. Phœbe had it. Yet she had a strength that matched his own in most ways, and Dave had never known a sick day in his life, except for the smallpox. Dave's hand was on his arm. They were walking together to the back room.

"I've been looking for you, Bernie. Hoped to get you started yesterday. I want you to hurry back to Phœbe."

"I can't. I can't, Dave."

"Why?"

"You know what I said—that I'd go back right."

"You're right to Phœbe now. You two always needed each other. You didn't mean any more to Phœbe three years ago when they were all talking about you than you do right now. She knows you'll come back, and I know it, but she's sick from waiting."

"I can't, Dave. I can't show up in the old town like this. Phœbe knows I can't."

"Chauvin is back in Bostock for the winter."

"Huh?" came from Bernie.

Dave repeated, adding: "He's wintering a small string in his old stables and he said he'd like to have your eye on some of them; that nobody had an eye like yours for what a yard of fillies might turn into."

"Did Chauvin say that?"

"Yes," Dave answered.

Bernie had done his first riding for Chauvin, an old race-track man with stables formerly at Leeds, as well as Bostock.

"What's the matter with Phœbe?"

Dave turned his slow shining eyes upon him.

"They don't know," he said. "They call it—oh, they call it different things."

"But what do you know it is?"

"It's you, Bernie."

The little man sat back, turning his face from the window.

"You know Phœbe's like that," Dave went on. "I think she needs to take care of you. It would mean as much to Phœbe to take care of you now as all that big year meant to you—before Blue Sage tripped."

Dave's hand rested softly upon Bernie's elbow.

"Why, you've got something—not in one man in a million. Phœbe knows it. I know it. You're different from all of us. You won over all of us, but her—all the way up from a kid. Chauvin knows it. Never mind Leeds, that's only a town. It is only pride that makes you care about a town. But what Phœbe has for you—why, Bernie, she never saw anybody else but you."

Bernie half raised his arm, like one who could hear no more.

"Oh, I'm not going to take you back. I know you want to be alone. I'm going to stay in Chicago for a few days. Pick up a good coat and some things. This you ca me later."

Dave thrust a small roll into Bernie's hand, t away out.

"Besides, you've got most of it coming," he "You staked me once when you were flush."

Dave had made it easy, looking away like that and with strange haste. Bernie hadn't promised anythi was all up to him. There had been times three yea when he had a pocketful of money and had done with it for people, not even remembering the a himself, but Dave wasn't a fellow you could stak forget. There was a twenty, some tens, a five or t the roll—sixty or seventy, by the feel. Bernie pinn ten away in a secret place and left the back room. was gone from the front.

"Just waved and blew out," Chuck whispered.

Bernie passed him a bill. Chuck took it with s rather than satisfaction, shoving the remains back the remark: "Go and get yourself something to eat. a steak into you—then come back before you home."

Bernie resented the word "home" from alien lips made a false move right then, buying a drink for the that had been exploiting him when Dave came in. meant several others before he could escape. No city looked more human in the early dusk. He was warm blur of a barber shop—talk and laughter of about him—holding himself still and steady, an old of Bernie's. Very few had ever seen him rock with

The dark was thick and lights were on when he w the street again. The morning and his hour of stre experience were away back in the past, like some that had happened before the big year. The city cr seemed to be tuned to sanity now, seemed to have s thing to live for—green and red everywhere in t windows, Christmas coming, as if sent for.

He resisted the curious inner call to get the overcoat and continued to look for just the right place for a In some places the benches were all filled, in other man behind the counter didn't look appetizing. It h be just right for Bernie this night. But it didn't worl so—a rank failure, that steak at last. He could have better back in Schwartz Street, across from Monal blind pig.

He was looking for a coat now down among the sec hand stores—a street of low flares and groups of men g ered to centers of restrained harangue. Bernie skirte knots of men. The wind from the lake was keen and nowing, filled with stinging dust. A big man stepped from one of the crowds and caught his shoulder, yan the face up to his own and laughing into it.

"I thought I couldn't mistake you, runt," he said a frosty chuckle.

It was the square-face who had climbed onto his in the morning and left the stain on his shoulder.

Bernie trie break away, the big one him with hand, turnin speak to fri in the crowd.

"Here's on them, fello Give him the over."

Bernie w struck from hind, while square-face his eye. He still as death the manhandli absolutely no sistant. Th hands went o him. Then he carried throug shop to an al and dumped th enjoined to hu back to work.

Bernie craw to his knees, st up, one nur hand gropi frantically un his belt to t place where t one ten had be pinned. Th hadn't fou that. It was s in place. Mo over, they had

(Continued o Page 32)

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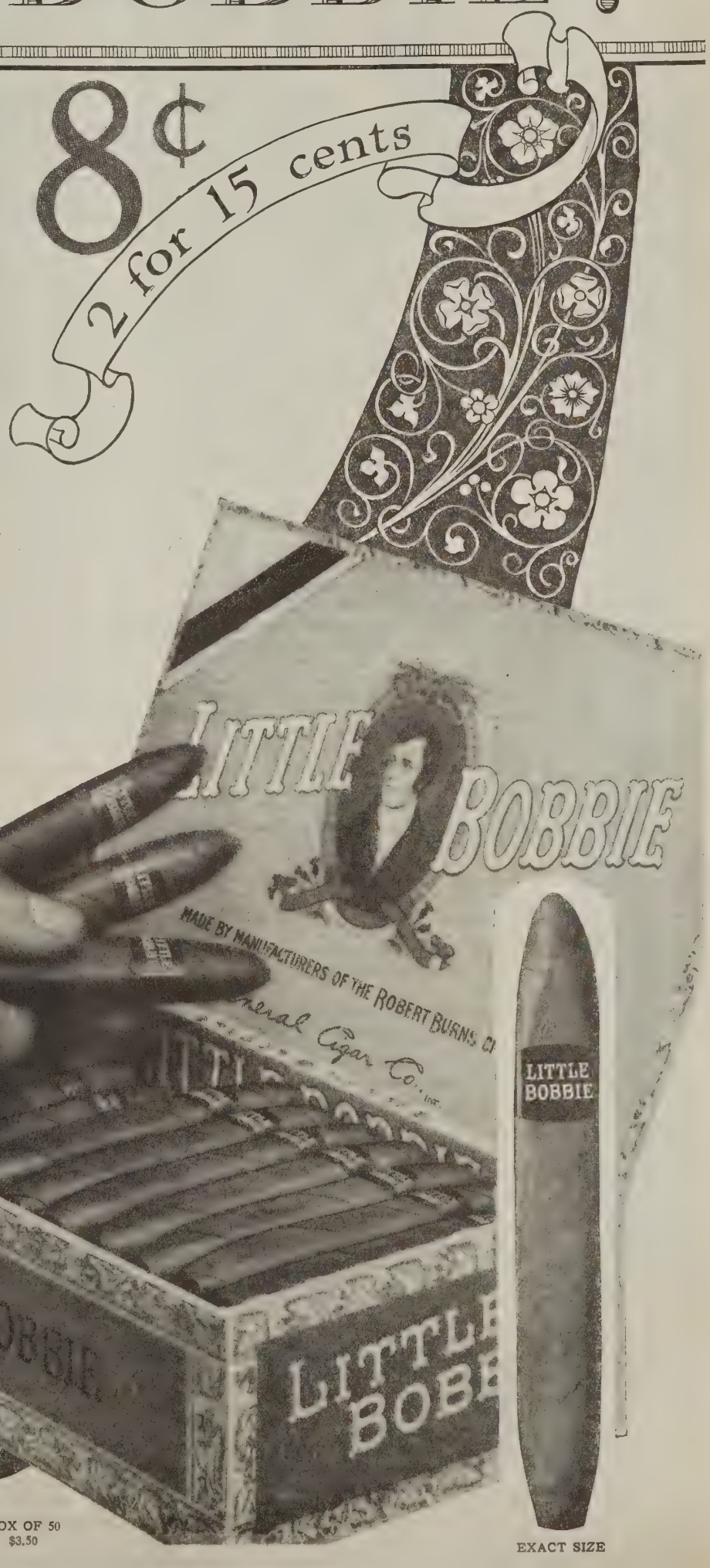

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EXACT SIZE

(Continued from Page 30)

really laid him out, because he had gone limp in their hands from the first blow—taking the beating as he had learned to take a fall as a boy.

He might get the train back to Bostock with this ten. He wouldn't go home; no, he wouldn't go to Leeds like this, but he might go as far as Bostock and report up with Chauvin. The old man would keep his coming a secret until he was ready. He would be near Phœbe then—next town to Phœbe. It sounded like the next room—he had been so long and so far away. Now the picture came to his mind with a kind of crying pang—of going to her from Bostock, if she were in grave danger—hooking up one of Chauvin's fillies and doing that eight miles into Leeds. But Phœbe was in danger now, Dave had said. Something deep inside of Bernie fought that. Dave had said so merely to start him home. Phœbe was only lonesome.

And now as he stumbled his way out of the alley he thought of Doc Halsey and this black day he had just lived—the riot, the beating, the drink dying out, the rotten luck of it all, Phœbe waiting for him, Phœbe just lonesome—over all his vow not to return to her until he could go back in style.

The drug thing that had long been frowning from a distance like a slow storm now broke upon him. He knew just where Doc Halsey would be at this hour. All else slipped away. Half the ten would do! One more night's rest—no pain for hours. His step quickened. He shut out every sound from his ears lest someone call his name; every thought from his mind lest something prevent him from reaching Doc Halsey's upper room.

Men on the street at a distance looked like Dave—looked like Chuck Cadwell. Bernie would duck lest he meet them. They would put him on the train home—to sit in the horror of a chair car for hours—all hell broken loose in his mind. And now the need was riding him right—his steps almost to a run—his dreams forming, focalizing. Doc Halsey never failed. There was always a cot to spare. The smell of drugs in Halsey's back room was the smell of heaven's approach.

"Put me to sleep," Bernie muttered with a sigh. "Give me a good one, doc."

Bernie loved the pierce of the needle and the itching ache of the lump among the scars. He waited for Doc Halsey to go. When the door was shut the long sigh took him. All the weariness of life went out. The cot and the room grew sweet to him as the home of childhood. Pain and failure loosed like temporal things, fell away in the outpouring of that long tired sigh. The unhurt boy lived again in an expansion of warmth and light discord, and division in his body swung into rhythm again.

Then he missed his way for a period and poked and glided like a vagrant dirigible through musty memory grounds and into cross currents of old trials and reckonings. That passed into clear still sailing again. Early summer morning at the end of Main Street in Leeds. He had gone for his mother to Phœbe's house for milk. He had looked in from their kitchen to the breakfast table. There was the warm smell of muffins and coffee. Phœbe was sitting by her father, a mysterious man, always kind. The soft blue shine from her eyes to him had needed no words. Then he was walking back to his own house with the filled pail in the beginnings of the vast warm still summer day—blue gleam from the morning-glories on the fence, and one great cobweb perfect as the dream of creation, every marvel thread ashine with dew.

And now he was the real Bernie Cave, gamester, which is all that trickster is not. All the high moments of games and races he had known massed now into one and were sustained. Each at the time had been merely a flash in which he sat tight in a pinch or made the one exact needed move before one could think, but this was a steady easy holding to his power—the power back of every man if one could only reach it. The badly broken and badly mended body which held him in vices and pains and limitations when awake was only the trailing, dragging ground part now. He was out in the open with Phœbe, and she understood everything now and always—understood beyond the need of words, like the child with softly shining eyes at the breakfast table. And this was a vast warm still and radiant day—a day that was more than day; and horse racing wasn't a yellow-cruel, man-made thing, but horses and men playing together, a wide-open sport of the gods.

The drug was working differently than ever before. It recurred vaguely at first, but again and again that this peace and power and light also concerned the dragging broken thing that bumped the ground—that he must make all this come true down on the ground.

He put the thought away, but it recurred persistently and with cumulative drive—that dreams were all right, but they must belong to the days too. Winning was in the plan, and joy was the proper state of beings, but one must not run away from a sick and hurting body, because running away was running away, no less or more! Phœbe didn't run away, but stayed down and waited. Dave stayed down; Chuck Cadwell stayed down. But he, Bernie Cave, seized every chance to run away. To limp was not to fail, to go slow wasn't to fail—only running away was failure.

And now Bernie's pride world cracked round his ears. He saw for once and all what a mean whelp of a thing it was—holding him off from the very work that would bring him home clean and a winner. All this would look differently to-morrow, but it stayed and lived with him now, forcing him to see it from every angle and making him know that he must carry it with him to the morning and begin at the bottom with it in the new day.

It was cutting in on his night. It was taking the light and ease away. The day thing was rising into the dream book, darkening all the pages. He burned with revolt. Dreams had never failed him before. Hell was loose, indeed, if this kept up—no rest in the day, no rest in the night, no place to turn.

"Go to Phœbe," the voice said quietly within. "Make the dreams come true with her. Come up from behind, Bernie. You can pass the field, one by one. The Gamester isn't dead. He's only handicapped because he was made to come through with full weight! That's you—made to carry full weight and come up from behind!"

A steady rousing challenge. Now Bernie actually felt the heaviness of his body again. It lay like a frozen thing. His mind hardly touched it, but raced away like a steamer's screw out of water. His body was made of ache and inertia, yet he was free of it no longer. The damnable thing that had hurt him so must butt in now and come along, spoiling everything.

He tried to sit up. It was minutes before he could get the thought working in his limbs, yet always back of everything was the cool quiet voice—the old winning voice: "Now's your chance, your last chance. Make it all work out neatly below. That's what dreams are for. Listen well now, because you'll have to work to-morrow, when you can't hear these words. Remember you'll have to put it through alone to-morrow—right down in the beaten track. That's what it means to be a winner, kid."

It was like a conspiracy against him, tightening, tightening, until he could not get away. The Gamester in him was challenged, urged and whipped and lured awake. The pages of the dream book were flying leaves; the force of the drug kicked back to rouse him out of the old easy pastures—to drive him down into the dark and cold.

He sat up at last and got his legs out. He tried to put on his shoes, against waves that broke over upon his mind, putting out every light. He couldn't feel his fingers among the laces. He lurched forward on the floor with a crash. Halsey came. Halsey wanted him to go back to bed, even promised him another shot.

"I want to get out of here!" Bernie mumbled.

"It's only eleven, you fool!"

"I want my shoes."

"Remember, if you get out of here it will cost you another five to get back."

"I've got another five."

Halsey coughed.

"Put on my shoes."

"I can't stay up all night waiting for you to come back."

"I'm not coming back, doc."

His lungs felt all wet inside from the rush of cold air in the streets. Bernie had started home—not to Chauvin—no further waiting or wabble like that—but straight to Leeds, straight to Phœbe's door, to her arms, to learn all there. He was walking to her now, and one way or the other he would never stop until he got there. He had five, but that would not do the whole journey. He would save that for the last end, and trust to steal the first half. He wondered now how he could have thought of staying in secret for a time with Chauvin—with Phœbe ill, Phœbe calling! It was almost as if he had not understood Dave's message until that last moment in Halsey's, when the big change came to his mind.

The first leg of the drive was to the freight yards on the lake. Long stretches of street, he knew nothing, felt nothing except that he was on his way. Then he would see lights and pass corners and feel cold. He was standing still, on pavement, in a blinding light. An auto cut round, the fender grazing his thigh, the driver's curse in his ears.

"Never touched me," Bernie muttered.

It hadn't quickened his pulse. No machine could get him. He was coming up from behind. At intervals the drug still worked with him—reiterating, beating the thing he must do deep upon his mind, working not with dreams but with all the real stuff left in him, against the time presently when he could not hear and feel its admonition.

He was far from Doc Halsey's when he recalled that he had passed Monahan's, where he might have had a drink and borrow a few dollars—enough with the five for a ticket straight to Leeds. Monahan's was open to familiar customers until midnight. Halsey had said it was only eleven. It didn't tempt him now! He would never go back. He was nearer the lake. The cold was keener. His feet were like trucks, and he was feeling the hateful bind of thoughts that belong to the day, never to the dream book. Still deeper within, he knew he must remember the drive—must hold to that down here on the floor of things and st surely give the lie to every objection, every obstr Winning meant that. To remember, when he cou hear and see.

He was down among the cars in the sag of the lak Vast brooding quiet in the place preyed upon him he actually recalled that strike conditions were als the freight yards. He had heard them say in Mon that the big Christmas shipping was hung up; that few passenger trains were running. His mind fa keened under this shock.

Presently the voices of men reached him softly fr right. He moved toward them. One seemed an ol man who had not walked out, the other two appa strike breakers. The old man was talking about livestock farther down the yards, which had to be f watered.

The voices of the three were queer and frightene conspirators in the stillness of a churchyard. An bell sounded far beyond them. It was like a tolling deadly lull. Now a headlight moved slowly round out of the Twelfth Street Station. The old man glan his watch and at the big white approaching lamp.

"That's the Boomerang," he muttered. "She's out on time."

Bernie slipped in between two coal cars and c under the coupling. He knew the Boomerang—the line train between Chicago and Detroit. When the was right they could hear her whistle in Leeds at f the morning, flying by ten miles south of the town couldn't ask what track she was passing out on, b Boomerang belonged. Nothing could stop him now reached a broad open current between the masses of f The passenger was nearer, sliding leisurely out on on of threads of this maze. Bernie stood in the midst open like one in a wide road, standing with arms stop a runaway horse. He heard the big passenger crash over the switches and saw her weave from on to the other, until the straight gleam held along on broken rail. She was near and speeding up. His f hooked the dull brass bar of the blind; the arm s yanked out by the roots, his body flung against the

"Four hours," he gasped.

Slowly the pressures tightened on him now—pre of cold and pain, hail of cinders, some still red, the of smoke. Yet queerly at first because he was on hi his mind trailed back to other times when he had c this train, once or twice in the big year, when he had decently berthed in one of the Pullmans behind; cha at Corson before four in the morning and hanging the little station until six, when the local that to Bostock and Leeds started up country from the mai and often before the big year, with some of the f coming back from Chicago, sitting up in the cha playing cards, saving a flask or two for the long w Corson—days of laugh and violence, of lose and w making ready for this night.

He remembered a story told about Bert Goodr Leeds barber, riding the Boomerang's blind from Ch to Corson. Bert had gone broke in Chicago and c the flyer's front platform somewhere in the yards. he had needed two weeks in bed. Still, the Boom crashed through South Chicago. The city seem stretch round the whole foot of the lake, round the before the throttle opened wide and the big locom raced forward into open country.

They might find him somewhere—shaken off where—but it would be after his lights were out. never let go. The fine red coal cut through and und collar, up his sleeves, into his shoe tops. Cinders fa white against his flesh. Fifty or sixty miles an hour out a windshield, without an overcoat, a steady pepp of fire fragments, in the crush of the icy air. It was icy rush that hurt most. He had to keep his hands the brass not to be shaken off.

If he could have hunched back against the door, c ing his face and hands and ankles, but he had to han Bert Goodrich laid up for two weeks. Bernie rememl laughing at that with the fellows, and somebody's sa that it was more than four hours on the Boomerang laid Bert up, but that was clearer now. He welcome numbness, but it only crept into ankles and wrists.

There was no getting away from a single minute. tried to draw back something of the power that had to him in Halsey's room. He had seen it all clearly there—how to fight it out step by step, how to make work out, down on the floor of things, down on the tr

The laugh and the power were gone now, the reason reality, the whole thing a dope dream, sanity gone from the message Dave had brought, leaving only s ments gone soft. He was looking into Chauvin's hard-l eyes. He had seen Chauvin's thin leathery lip curl a time. The old horseman would sneer at the idea of ta him back. Phœbe wanted him back? He could hol going home, against any force that did not kill or put out—that was done, that was inevitable, but he could hold now to the thought of Phœbe wanting him.

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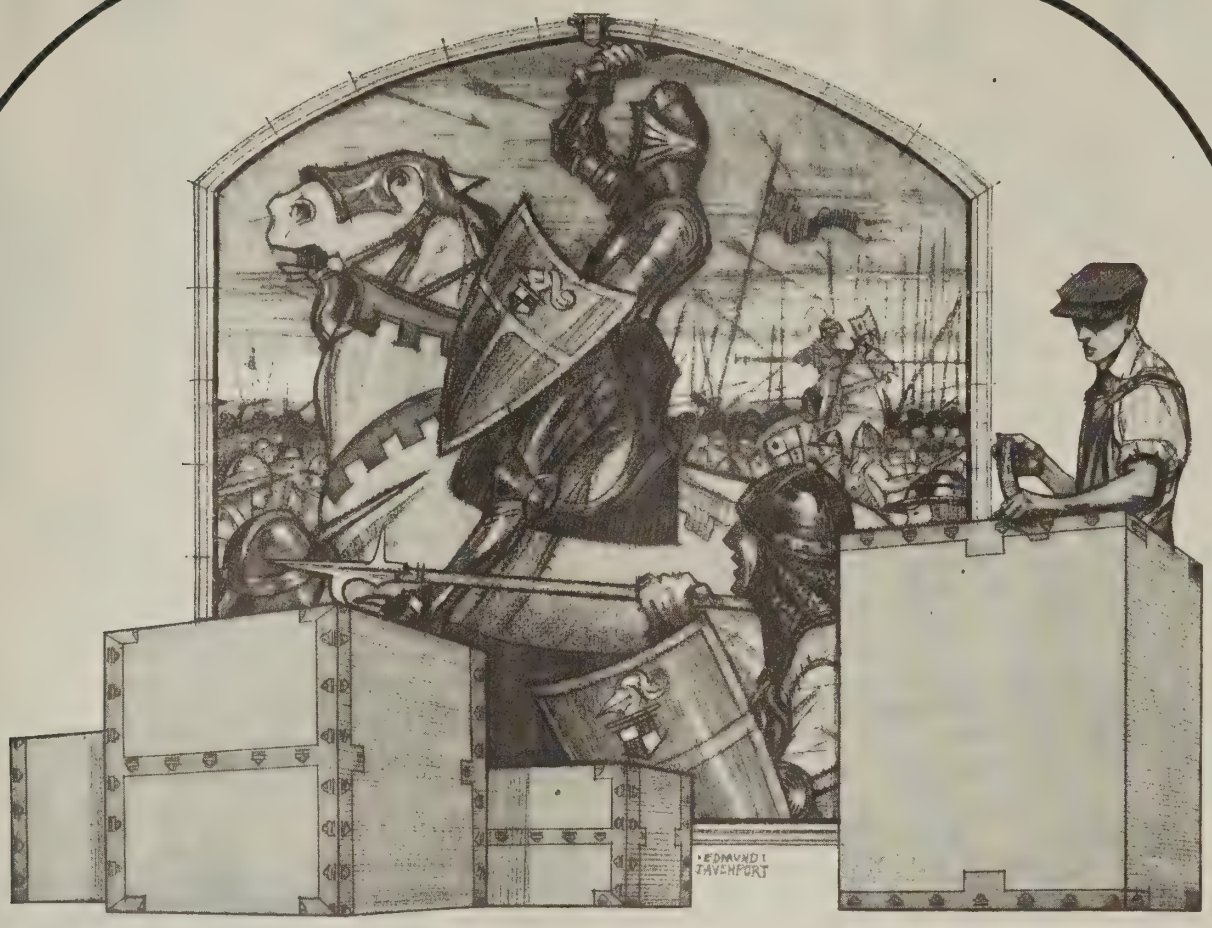

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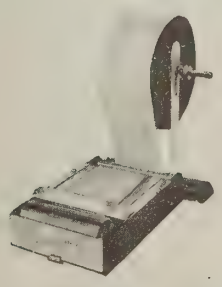
Then every package becomes a travelling advertisement—quickly located at terminals—easily found when lost in transit—safe-guarded against petty thievery. Thieves hesitate to tamper with these unreplaceable private seals. The cost of printing is not great.

Gummed Sealing Tape for Every Packing Purpose

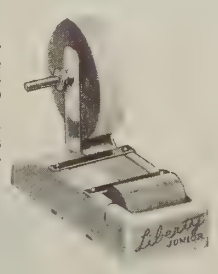
For fibre and corrugated cases we make the heavier Liberty Tape—for use in place of string. In addition to the lighter weight Liberty Tape we manufacture a special sized roll known as Tiedy Tape, containing 250 feet, to be used in the Liberty Junior Moistener.

Write for free tape samples, full information and estimate. Design for your tape in one or two colors furnished without charge or obligation.



The *Liberty Tape Moistener* in your packing department will speed shipments. Compact, simple, easily operated, all-metal. Handles all widths of tapes to 4 inches. Shipped on approval. Price $5.

The *New Liberty Sealer* is a semi-automatic machine for moistening and delivering plain or printed sealing tape. Designed especially for use in retail stores. Price $15.



The *Liberty Junior Moistener*—white porcelain and nickeled brass handles 250 ft. rolls of sealing tape. Makes the advantages and economies of sealing tape available for every store, office and home. $1.50 at stationers' or mailed with 2 rolls of Tiedy Tape for $1.74.

Liberty Line of Tapes and Moisteners

LIBERTY PAPER COMPANY
52 Vanderbilt Avenue New York City

Mills: Bellows Falls, Vt.

Bond Bread GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
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Bond Bread GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

THE CROSS PUL

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

VII

FLASH stood on a divide that overlooked the valley of the Little Big Horn. The Bar T and his past life were a week behind and several hundred miles to the south. The ragged tear across his shoulder had healed and troubled him not at all. He was outlawed by men, but did not care. The one thing that most concerned him now was the insistent desire to hear that missing note for which he had always listened among the sounds of the night.

This was the mating moon of the wolves, but he did not know. He did not realize his craving for that long-sought note.

Then the note came! From far down in the valley there sounded the call. He knew now what it was. The far-off cry was that of a she-wolf questing for a mate.

His whole body thrilled and tingled to the call. He had never used his voice, yet he knew he must reply. He stood erect, his great head stretched forth, but no sound came. The note drifted to him again and he threw all the force of his lungs into one convulsive effort to answer it. For miles and miles across the white hills every living creature held its breath and lonely ranchers far down the valley felt the chill tingle of the wolf shiver as the lobo cry reached their ears.

It started with a deep bass note carrying a full smooth volume, then swept abruptly up into a clear siren peal that rolled on and on until it was tossed and echoed among the rim rocks of the valley.

The dog lobo and the she-wolf from the north circled the edge of the basin until at last they met and stood facing one another across fifty feet of moonlit snow. They approached cautiously.

The she-wolf was suspicious of his scent; it was wolf scent, no doubt of that, but there was a faint trace of the conglomerate odor that marks the domestic dog. She sniffed at him, then snapped and fled.

Her speed was no match for his and he ran easily at her side. When she whirled and slashed at him he eluded her teeth, but did not offer to return the snap. She soon found that he meant no harm to her. He was a massive, splendid figure of the true lobo; a mate to win the savage heart of any lovelorn she-wolf.

At last she stopped and they walked stiffly round until satisfied that all was well. She whined softly and he tried to answer. She seemed to understand the deep rumble which issued from his throat and he leaped about in a frenzy of delight.

She was a slim Northern wolf with a dark strip along her back blending into a soft silver gray on sides and flanks. Half an hour of courtship and the big lobo and the silver she-wolf started for the valley in quest of meat.

Close under the rims they found where a lone steer had left his bed at the lobo call above and started out across the flats.

Always before Flash had felt a furtive sense of wrong when on his raids, but now, with Silver running with him, there was no thought save to kill—kill food for her. She whimpered eagerly, and as he ran swiftly on the warm trail he was all wolf; the yellow eyes were streaked red with the lust to tear down his prey.

They closed in on the steer and pulled him down. Silver raised her voice and gave the summons to the feast, the victorious cry of the wolf who has killed. Once more Flash tried out his voice and the lobo note rang out with hers. From far up the slope of the mountains to the north, as if an echo of their own call cast back to them, there came an answering cry. Then another. Several blended into one—the cry of the pack. They sounded closer and soon were answering from the hills, assuring Flash and Silver that they were coming to the kill.

All up and down the valley ranchers listened to this devils' chorus and planned for ruthless, bloody war as soon as the sun should shine. This was no new thing to them. Each winter when the snow fell heavy in the North there was at least one scattering band of wolves that were lured across the mountains, coming down to the easier killing of the open range.

Two gray shadows came sliding through the night and fell ravenously upon the steer; then two more. Presently there were fourteen wolves tearing at the warm meat. They were gaunt with the pinch of famine and not until the last bone was picked did they quit the feast. As they ate they snarled. Flash had come into his own at last. He imitated these sounds of his kinsfolk and added his snarl to theirs.

There were frequent slashes and snaps, but no resulting fights. They had come in pairs and each one with true wolf constancy was contented with his own. The season of selection had passed its height. Among them were grizzled veterans who bore the marks of recent conflict gained during the savage courting period that had raged all through the North. A little earlier and Flash would have been compelled to defend his right to mate with the silver she-wolf.

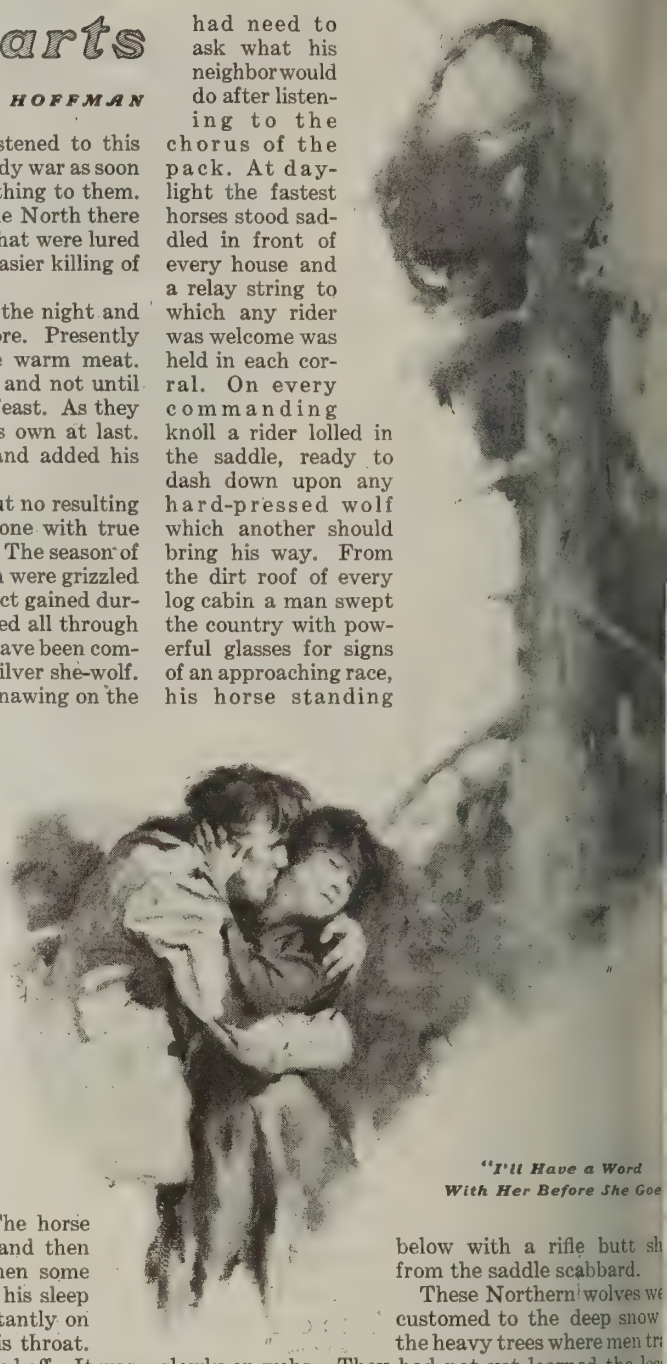
Two hours before dawn the pack left off gnawing on the bones of the steer and trotted slowly away. As he traveled with them the big lobo was four inches taller at the shoulder than the next, looming up by comparison as a giant of his kind. A wolf loses or picks up weight more rapidly than any other animal, and as they moved across the snow they were no longer gaunt. Paunches sagged heavily, low to the ground. After famine they had gorged to repletion. Some of them had not touched food for three days when they came to the kill, yet they had appeared springy and tireless. Now, after feeding, instead of feeling new strength, they were sluggish and lethargic. Ten miles from the steer they sought a knoll and bedded down, each pair choosing quarters of their own a few yards from the rest.

As Flash slept, his dreams dwelt upon a far-off speck on his back track which developed into a horseman on his trail. The horse changed color continuously—first a sorrel and then a tireless buckskin was pressing him. When some near-by wolf clashed his teeth together in his sleep it was a pistol shot to Flash and he was instantly on his feet, the new-found snarl rumbling in his throat.

He nosed Silver into wakefulness and started off. It was agony for her to travel, but she would not be left behind by this magnificent new mate of hers. She followed, and daylight found them resting far up the slope of the hills on a ledge that overlooked the valley.

Flash made out little specks which he knew to be horsemen riding at two-mile intervals along the base of the slope. Out across the valley as far as his telescopic eyes could reach, the tiny specks were moving swiftly across the white snow. The reports of irregular rapid-fire shooting drifted up to him through the clear air.

No ranchman on the Little Big Horn had need to ask what his neighbor would do after listening to the chorus of the pack. At daylight the fastest horses stood saddled in front of every house and a relay string to which any rider was welcome was held in each corral. On every commanding knoll a rider lolled in the saddle, ready to dash down upon any hard-pressed wolf which another should bring his way. From the dirt roof of every log cabin a man swept the country with powerful glasses for signs of an approaching race, his horse standing below with a rifle butt sh from the saddle scabbard.



"I'll Have a Word With Her Before She Goe

These Northern wolves we customed to the deep snow the heavy trees where men tr slowly on webs. They had not yet learned the les the hard-running horses and hard-riding men of the range—and most of them died as they learned.

That night when Flash and Silver made anoth there were but five of the pack who answered the feast.

Flash and Silver left them early and started on. coyote brain warned the lobo of the danger of killi often in one place. For almost two months they war on across several states, seldom killing in the same twice. They followed down the narrow valley of the La Poudre, bedding down each day far back in the

Silver felt great confidence in the judgment of this of hers, yet there were certain habits of his which she never learn to view complacently. Often at night he close to the dwellings of men, even sniffing round corrals and barns. Flash knew that men were powerless in darkness and their eyes very weak at but Silver only knew that the man scent death for wolves and she scrupulously av it. Then, too, meat was meat to Silver Flash killed only beef. His pride had bee charge of handling Moran's horses and nc never would turn his teeth against a horse

The cross currents were still at work in In the old days he had longed for the wild; that he was wild he felt the call to be near man. with Moran his dreams had been of the phantom sha the wolf pack. Now his dreams were all of men. often he was back in the Land of Many Rivers Moran and always in his dreams his former maste associated with the girl. His soft whimpering r Silver. Her irritable nip always brought him back t grim present and he was awake, the cold yellow sweeping the country for sign of his most bitter ene man.

(Continued on Page 36)

His Mistress Seemed to Prefer Meat That Came From the Smaller Species

WE believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Eight years ago we first expressed this conviction.

We were strong and sincere in our belief then. Now, it is shared so widely by others that it has virtually become the general consensus of opinion.

Best in its class is a strong phrase, but—isn't it a fact that you constantly hear it applied to *The Comfort Car?*

(Continued from Page 34)

The last week in February they came to the rough country at the head of Powder River. Silver grew less and less inclined to travel far and panted heavily when she ran. A chinook swept across the hills and this warm wind softened the frozen ground in spots that had blown free of snow. Silver chose a place where the earth was deep and started to excavate. Flash watched her and when she tired and backed from the hole he took her place, tearing at the dirt with his great forepaws and pushing it out behind. He withdrew, shaking the dirt from his coat, and viewed this start of their home with pride.

Silver was very irritable these days, snapping at his approach. He turned his shoulder to her shrewish slashes and stalked stiffly out of reach. One night he came home to find a new scent in the den. Soft snifflings and squeaks issued from the depths of the hole. As he prepared to enter a savage snarl warned him off.

His curiosity was great and he wished to know more of this miracle, but not until the pups were three weeks old did Silver let them come out for a romp on the sunny slope and Flash then saw them for the first time. Every night he had brought meat to the den, and this was the result. He was very much excited as he nosed them over and Silver growled a warning not to be too rough when he rolled them round with his huge forepaws.

He was never allowed to occupy the den, which was just as well, for in any event he could not have been induced to spend a day inside of it. He had seen Moran dig out the swift-fox den on Peace Creek. Once Harmon, the ranger, had found a hole and dropped into it a stick of something with a spluttering fuse attached. Shortly after they ran away, there had sounded a roar as of several guns and Flash had watched Harmon dig out the crushed bodies of a coyote and her pups. So he spent the days alone in the hills and carried food at night.

The snow had melted from the foothills, leaving only the heavy drifts. As soon as the pups could follow they were led forth at night and taught the arts of hunting and the dangers they must avoid. By the middle of April they could cover thirty miles in one night.

VIII

AN HOUR before daylight Flash slipped up to the den. It was cold and silent. At sunrise of the previous day a rider had passed close to the den. Silver had run true to she-wolf form and departed with the pups as soon as he was out of sight. The day had been hot and had diffused and evaporated the scent of her trail. The night frost had finished blotting it out.

Flash had circled for miles in the effort to pick up the scent, but could find no trace of it, and there was no answer to his calls.

Far to the north Silver and the sturdy pups were traveling steadily, headed for the she-wolf's old hunting grounds, from which the winter's famine had driven her. Just at daybreak she turned on the crest of a divide and gazed back along her trail, then loosed one last wail for the mate that never came, and journeyed on to the north.

Flash too was starting for his old home—the Bar T range. The third day he spent on the rim of the Wind River hills, awaiting nightfall before venturing down among the familiar scenes of the Grey Bull. At the upper end of the valley, where it was narrowest, he crossed to the foothills that flanked the other side and started down to the Bar T ranch.

When thirty miles from his destination a point of light in a shallow foothill basin caught his eye. He drew near and partly circled the cabin, undecided whether to go on or not. He did not know this place. Moran had never taken him to Brent's. The lighted window attracted him and he trotted close. Several horses stood saddled in the yard.

Flash slipped to the door and sniffed along the crack. The tobacco smoke drowned the individual scent of each man within, but the general air of the place and the murmur of voices were not to his liking. There was something vaguely and unpleasantly familiar about it all; and suddenly the hair rose along his spine as he recalled the night at Two Ocean Pass when he had searched among the bald ridges and heavy spruce for the phantom camp which he never found—the voices and smells that had reminded him of Brent.

He reared to his great height, rested his forepaws on the window ledge and looked inside.

Three men sat there with Brent. A ragged scar lined the face of one from ear to chin and his stubbly red beard sprouted at eccentric angles along the line of it, lending a sinister twist to his face. Another was a dark, slender-faced man with a hint of the Oriental in look and manner. The head of the third was wide and flat on top, slanting down abruptly to his pointed chin, which gave a foxlike cast to his triangular countenance.

At a sudden move from the man with the scar Flash dropped from the window and as his feet touched the ground the glass crashed above him and there was a jarring report from within. He ran—and behind him the muffled roar sounded twice again.

The man had leaped suddenly to his feet and at the look in his eyes the others dropped flat to the floor as he shot twice across them at the window. Brent swept the from the table, and another from his prone positi through the door, then followed his shot and sprang They scattered through the night and threw themsel upon the ground.

Twenty minutes later Brent's voice broke the sil "What the hell started you off that way, Hanli demanded. "I've made a circle round and there's near."

"He was at the window," Hanlin said. "Ask Didn't Harte open on the door at the same time?"

"Mere presence of mind," a cool voice answer the night. "I didn't see a soul. When you starte ing I took it for granted they had jumped us and the door for a break outside. You're getting spooky

"I saw him, I tell you!" Hanlin snapped. " looking in at us."

"We can easily tell," said Harte. He strode window and sheltered a match with his hand w studied the ground beneath it. The others peere over his shoulder at the big prints in the dust.

"A stray dog," Harte said indifferently. "But dently looked like a marshal to Red."

"He makes a track as big as that beast Clark had," said Brent. He traced a finger along a ridg scalp and swore. "I'd like to have got a chance at t gray brute before the Bar T outfit killed him off."

"It's proof of a low order of mentality to let ha up the system until the fumes go to the head—esp anything so simple as hate for a dog. You had o over him with a man you couldn't afford to have trail; but then you always were more or less of Brent," Harte remarked dispassionately. "Let's

The fourth man had not spoken a word. Once Red Hanlin laughed hoarsely.

"Look at Fox," he said.

Fox Jarrat's triangular face still twitched from the strain and his little wide-set eyes glittered dangero

"Nerves!" said Harte. "Without brains." He a coin in the air, caught it deftly on the muzzle of and balanced it with a steady hand.

"You're a cold-blooded fiend for a fact," Brent g with grudging admiration.

"Warm-blooded," Harte corrected, "but cool-b Let's start. We can ride to the snow line and you br horses back."

They left the cabin, riding single file up a gulch t away into the hills. Ten miles farther down the Gre Flash, too, was heading for the hills.

(Continued on Page 145)

They Had Not Yet Learned the Lesson of the Hard-Running Horses and Hard-Riding Men of the Open Range—and Most of Them Died as They Learned

...ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? . . . By BRIGGS

The Franchise of Romance

IT is not their power of entertaining which is the most astonishing thing about Paramount Artcraft Pictures. It is the thousands of audiences that see them at *the same time*—think of it, the Paramount Artcraft audiences of any one evening would populate half-a-dozen good-sized cities!

Every man, woman and child with eyes to see and mind to wonder, finds endless diversion at all those lucky theatres which have the franchise of romance from Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

We, in our turn, are sensible of our obligations to the occupants of every seat, every day, in every one of these myriad theatres,

—and the way *you* personally feel at the end of any Paramount Artcraft showing at your favorite theatre is the thing that counts.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released to December 1st

Billie Burke *in* "SADIE LOVE"
Irene Castle *in* "THE INVISIBLE BOND"
Marguerite Clark *in* "LUCK IN PAWN"
Ethel Clayton *in* "A SPORTING CHANCE"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "COUNTERFEIT"
Dorothy Gish *in* "TURNING THE TABLES"
D. W. Griffith's Production "SCARLET DAYS"
*Wm. S. Hart *in* "JOHN PETTICOATS"
Houdini *in* "THE GRIM GAME"
Vivian Martin *in* "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
Wallace Reid *in* "THE LOTTERY MAN"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE LIFE LINE"
George Loane Tucker's Production "THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick *in* "IN MIZZOURA"
Bryant Washburn *in* "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love" A Cosmopolitan Production

*Supervision Thomas H. Ince

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "L'APACHE"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in* "23½ HOURS' LEAVE"
Charles Ray *in* "CROOKED STRAIGHT"

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Paramount-Briggs Comedy *one each week*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINES

The Noncoms of Industry

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY WILMER S. RICHTER

ONE widely accepted plan for improving working conditions between management and men is based on the idea that industrial stability is best assured by educating foremen in human relations and also in business economics. The champions of this plan point out that the foreman is the real noncommissioned officer of industry; he is the one person who is in direct contact with the workman and it is from him that the laboring masses obtain their impression of their employer. This being true, the argument is advanced that there can be no labor solution unless the minor executives are first trained by intensive methods. The contention is that every company proposing to adopt some form of industrial democracy should first see that all of its foremen are thoroughly instructed in the primary economics of industrial management. Success is thereby doubly assured.

John Calder is a leader among those one-time managers who have embraced this idea. He contends that there is great peril in permitting vital questions to be fought out between ignorant change on one hand and ignorant opposition to change on the other. As we become better informed we are demanding more and more that all programs of reconstruction be submitted to the test of economic soundness. We can no longer live industrially in isolation. Employers and workmen in one plant and in one industry must fuse their efforts with owners and employees in other industries. There must be a plan that permits of self-expression and self-determination on the part of the workman in everything that touches his industrial interests.

Success can come only through the economies of specialized large-scale production. But to get this very essential result we must first establish a practical and satisfactory form of democracy in industry. We need never expect to get along without a certain amount of economic friction; that is the inevitable price we must pay for a democratic basis of existence, and the cost is not too high. However, the present time is a day of varied and bewildering theories—so numerous and so complex that many executives are uncertain as to just what the average workman does want.

It is a mistake to attribute present unrest in labor circles to the great war. The recent conflict did intensify our problems, but most of the demands now being put forward by employees are based on old claims which heretofore had not been generally recognized and almost never conceded. Workmen now want to be treated as intelligent participators in industry and not merely as the sellers of a commodity. They want to be consulted, to have some things explained to them in the first instance, not merely thrown at them or arbitrarily imposed on them by bulletins or orders to which they were not a party.

Though many employers have comprehended this new attitude of workmen, there are still a host of owners who cling to the ideas of the last century and say: "Can't we do anything we like and adopt whatever methods we choose in handling the things that belong to us?"

The answer is that there is no law forbidding an owner to follow such an independent plan, but if he is wise he will see the folly of playing a lone hand with the interests of others, for no important business to-day is a one-man affair—the public and the state must be considered as well as the management and the men.

Basing his conclusions on studies in hundreds of plants in America and in Europe, Mr. Calder says: "It is absolutely necessary that foremen should bring economic education into their work of governing men. Many concerns have failed to sell company policies to their own foremen. Some of these minor bosses actually know less about industrial relations than many of their own workmen. How can such foremen reconcile labor differences at their inception?

"This is not wholly the fault of the foremen. They are usually selected largely for their technical proficiency in their own particular branch and then are forgotten by the management so far as the engineering of men is concerned. The generous treatment of foremen and the steady drawing out of their capacities for leadership and for interpreting to workmen the policies and ideals of liberal-minded owners is the open secret of some of our most happy and successful businesses.

"Conferences have shown that the workman often entertains fallacies and misconceptions about industry, to which he clings tenaciously and to which many of our foremen, who are frequently the sole source of enlightenment, are not qualified to make an adequate response. Too often during periods of industrial friction foremen are mere onlookers when they might be efficient leaders and molders of thought among the small groups which they supervise.

"Here are a few ideas which guide the average workman in judging his employer:

"He is all for the direct, the concrete and the personal.

"He frequently believes that all his aspirations could easily be satisfied here and now out of present profits and with no more production.

"He often claims that raising the sales price will settle all of his employer's difficulties, reward them both more liberally and possibly reduce the effort demanded of them.

"When the obvious objection to this in its effect on all other trades and commodities is pointed out he says, 'Well, let them pass the raise on also.'

"Not a few workmen act on the convicti
it is a distinct advantage to employment an
to restrict output and that in doing so they
forming a moral duty to themselves and their

Finally, the average wor
little interested in commu
national welfare. Also, t
lic interest as a rule is too
for him to be influenced

"These statements
commonplaces in the in
world, but let me emphas
they are commonplaces t
several thousand foreme
no effective answer. It is
perience that bosses rangi
twenty-five to sixty-five
of age can be sufficientl
cated in a very short t
intensive processes to app
the industrial economi
human engineering of th
and to apply such teachi
enthusiasm in their daily

"Education for leader
handling men and things h
ally been concentrated on
men preparing for the hig
sitions, but the workman
his contacts and has his
ences with the foreman and
his employer accordingly.

"That sounds like goo
Mr. Calder," said I, "b
you tell me in brief jus
explanation you render
foremen you meet in con
concerning the present hig
of-living problem? As I
stand it, the foremen as
have profited far less tha
in recent years. The topic
prices must be a popular o
now with salaried bosses.

"Here is the simple an
said he. "I will divide
four parts:

"Mankind can only hav
it earns. The fifty-fifty
is due chiefly to the scar
goods and services. We
continue our war thrift an
gence until our debts are p

"No juggling or jockey
law, compromise or forc
wages and hours of labo
bring the desired ease and comfort unless it is ass
with greater effort or better directed effort.

"The effects of proposed conscription of wealth can
confined to the rich. They spread everywhere and th
are least able to beat them. Private industry can
produce more goods at less cost than socialized ind

"The laws of economics are as rigid and immutable
laws of physics. It would be just as easy to produc
petual motion as to provide for a community whic
indifferently through the motions of production an
calls upon its government to divide something which
not produced.

"Let me add further that the workman will be con
if he obtains:

Security of employment.
A voice in fixing employment conditions.
A fair share of the profits.
Working hours yielding reasonable leisure.
Prevention of profiteering.
Suitable housing and welfare provision.
Economic instruction.
Opportunity to rise.

"The contented workman will coöperate if there

Elimination of all suspicion of his employer.
Creation of confidence between him and the execu
Recognition of mutual interest in industry.
Creation of machinery for facilitating acquaintan
Absence of all paternalism in industrial relations.

"In conclusion," said Mr. Calder, "let us not
that contentment in the workman is purely relativ
democratic industry and life a healthy discontent
normal attitude of forward-looking people. Hence

(Continued on Page 40)

Sixty thousand Republic Trucks are daily doing not only extraordinary things—but positively *heroic* things, in every conceivable kind of hauling. The volume of proof back of the Republic is greater than any other truck in the world is able to present.

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

REPUBLIC
Yellow Chassis
TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 38)

useless in our day for employers to aim at and plan for a quite docile organization of human units as some have done.

"American and alien alike should be encouraged in self-expression and given sufficient education about the nature of industry to use their self-determination intelligently."

Experiments in Industrial Democracy

WISE business men are no longer devoting their attention to industrial expedients, but are spending thought on the value of certain industrial principles. The causes of business inefficiencies and unrest are deep-seated. Expedients may be popular, but they afford only temporary relief. Every plan worthy of notice must be founded on a sound principle. It is not a question as to whether a method will work for a month or a year, but whether it is permanently valid. The fundamental laws governing humanity are as old as the primary laws in physics or astronomy. The law of gravity is still on the job notwithstanding the fact that the airplane enables man to climb a few miles up into the air. So it is in business: the old natural laws continue to endure, notwithstanding the occasional adoption of freak methods or policies by numerous misguided individuals.

More than thirty years ago there was quite a movement in the leading countries toward the establishment of profit-sharing schemes.

The plan then lost headway and only in recent years has again come up for close attention. It is appropriate therefore at this time to state briefly a few facts relating to employees' profit-sharing plans that are taken from the experience of many industrial concerns. First and foremost is the truth that no profit-sharing scheme can be substituted successfully for a proper and adequate wage-payment system.

A great automobile corporation recently adopted a fifty-fifty profit-sharing plan. The company specified that its permanent capital should get a fixed return of seven and a half per cent. An additional three per cent was charged off for depreciation and one per cent was ordered set aside for a rainy day. Here we had one of the most carefully worked out profit-sharing plans ever devised, yet only one week before the first profits were distributed the company barely averted a serious strike and the workers demanded a twenty-five per cent advance in wages. Only a few weeks later a real strike did occur and conditions generally are not yet settled.

More profit-sharing plans have failed than have succeeded. In most cases where the scheme was discontinued the management claimed that employees were suspicious of the motive behind the plan. They frequently charged the company with falsifying the books, and nearly always in lean years, when no bonuses were distributed, charged the corporation with holding back earnings. In several instances the workers themselves requested higher wages instead of a possible share in the company's profits. Practically always there was a spirit of "gimme mine now."

The Federal Department of Labor in Washington investigated twenty-six cases where profit-sharing policies were abandoned. The reasons given were as follows: In eight cases the plan did not satisfy employees. In five the men went out on strike. In five more the men preferred an increase in pay. In four the plan failed to increase efficiency. In two the scheme benefited undeserving employees. In one case the plan did not tend to increase the stability of the labor force, and in another instance the scheme was discontinued because of the general upward trend of wages and competition. All of which presents the general plan of profit sharing in a rather unfavorable light.

But most of the plans for rewarding employees depend for their success upon investment or thrift features that raise them out of the class of strictly profit-sharing schemes. However, most of such plans have shown a tendency to reduce all workers to a common degree of efficiency based on the productive ability of the weakest. Wise managers now realize that every method of reward for employees to be successful must provide for a proper recognition of individual accomplishment. If adequate wages are paid there is little necessity for profit sharing. Should a company enjoy unusual prosperity there is much to be gained and little to be lost by distributing an unexpected bonus among workers who are already receiving a wage that is just and satisfying.

In recent years we are hearing much about industrial democracy. There are a dozen different ideas concerning the real meaning of the term. One such scheme that is interesting is a plan developed by John Leitch. Various companies have adopted his ideas and report satisfactory results. Here is what the president of one large corporation says of the plan: "We inaugurated industrial democracy in our plant nearly three years ago and it appears to be a solution for most of our labor problems. The scheme we use is modeled after the Federal Constitution of the United States. We have a cabinet composed of the executives of the company, a senate composed of the foremen and heads of departments and a house of representatives elected by the whole body of workers.

"Meetings are held once a week and such questions as wages, hours of work, holidays, quality and quantity of production, sanitation, labor turnover and similar problems are thoroughly discussed by the senate and the house, which meet separately on the company's time. The cabinet has the power of veto, but during the two years or more that industrial democracy has been in operation at our plant it has never exercised this power, there having been no occasion for such action.

"The success of our plan is based upon the confidence and coöperation of the whole body of workers. Our scheme provides for a dividend system by which the company and the employees share fifty-fifty any saving in the cost of production, whether gained through increased output or through a saving in overhead expenses. The dividend is paid every two weeks in a separate envelope marked 'Employee's Dividend.' In two years this biweekly dividend has never been less than six and a half per cent and it has been as high as seventeen and a half per cent. In addition to establishing a happy relationship between management and workers the plan has enabled us to turn out more and better goods. We have been in business for more than half a century and this is the best move we ever made."

The company in question is the largest manufacturing concern of its kind in the world and employs about one thousand men.

The president's story, however, does not complete the picture. Let us get the employees' point of view. One of the company's workers, who is a member of the house of representatives, says: "I have seen this plan of industrial democracy in operation for more than two years and I'm for the scheme, because through it I can always get a square deal. Under the old system a man with cause for dissatisfaction would often keep his grievance to himself, or tell other employees about it. Frequently he would nurse his trouble until it became so large he would finally throw up his job in disgust. But now this does not occur. The worker knows he can carry his grievance up to the big bosses in the cabinet if it should be necessary to go that far to get justice. However, we find that industrial democracy does not permit little troubles to grow up to be big ones. Nowadays at our plant you never hear the foreman urging the men to get on the job. There is no need for it. We all know that by doing our best all the time we are increasing our own dividends. At present when a man knocks off early, comes in late or takes a holiday it is not the boss who wants to know the reason why but the other workers whose dividends he is lowering. In the old days it was every man for himself; now it is all for one and one for all. I have worked here twenty years and never has there been such a general desire to coöperate."

Said another employee: "Our new plan of industrial democracy has proved that many of our men had valuable ideas locked up in their minds. Some of these plans included practical suggestions for bettering the efficiency of machines, but the owners of the ideas in the old days would not divulge their thoughts because they were not sure what reception the management would accord their schemes. To-day we all know that a good idea will not only be welcomed but will be rewarded. As a result we are adding more and more labor-saving machinery which has been invented by the men at the plant. This is lowering costs, increasing production and earning greater dividends for all of us.

"Industrial democracy has given us our say in the management of the plant; it has given us insurance and a lunch room where we can get good meals for twenty cents; it has reduced our working hours per week from fifty-three to forty-eight and is teaching English to our foreigners; last, but not least, it has taught us that the management has worries just the same as we have and that by working and coöperating together we all benefit."

In most profit-sharing plans the workers never seem to understand the inevitable variation in the company's percentage of profit. It is also true that employees see an injustice in their being made to suffer for losses resulting from bad sales, poor financing and unprofitable merchandise investments, all of which are beyond the workers' control. Men who labor want their share of the earnings now; not some day in an indefinite future. When dividends come along with the pay envelope it soon happens that the employee grasps the connection between what he gets and idle machines caused by shirkers or inveterate holiday seekers.

Only the future will tell to what extent industrial democracy can be applied in the nation's business. Certain authorities say that the basic principles can be made to fit any organization. The disturbing question in the minds of many employers is: "Will not such a plan undermine my authority?" In answer to this one manager replies: "In our case industrial democracy has not in the slightest impaired the authority of the employer. On the contrary our authority has been strengthened by reason of the fact that no important action is taken with approval of the employees through their represen As a result of democracy we find that any one of ou ers who is inclined to be troublesome has to reckon w full force of the opinion of his fellow workers, and, me, this is a factor that possesses quite some pers power."

Prices and Prospects

"ENTHUSIASM is the sparkle in the sapphire," famous automobile manufacturer talking to ber of salesmen. "Better methods come when t warms to his men—for then and only then will t warm to the boss. The secret of advertising and goods is a thorough understanding of the action of w call the five senses: Sight, feeling, smell, taste and h To these we really should add a sixth sense, kn equilibrium, or balance. This latter sense depend certain little canals in the ear. Alcohol paralyzes t

"In every advertisement there is a chance to two or more of the six senses. In selling the finishe a prospective customer there is again opportunity as necessity to satisfy requirements.

"When the car is sold the sale is not complete means. In fact the chief transaction has just beg the manufacturer has not supplied quality goods; advertising has deceived; if the salesman has exagg if the car offends—then look out for a little advert your product by the dissatisfied customer. Thou ads he prepares for you will be free of charge, they the most expensive and damaging announcemen ever got out.

"In every business a certain article or product su in so far as it is successfully adapted to the needs o tain class of people. A man who gets a little money tired of walking aspires to own a car and generall the cheapest one made. When he reaches a degree perity which enables him to advance a step higher social scale he chooses a slightly better car. Then h to pass his neighbor on the hills and he gets a machi more power. Now the wife puts a hedge round th yard and buys a phonograph and the family has t car of style and individuality. If he goes on up th again he changes and buys the best motor made.

"Now what has price to do with the advertisi sale of anything? In every city there are three s and distinct merchandising streets: One where pric sole governing factor; the second where both pri quality influence the sale; and a third where styl predominates. Each manufacturer must first of al a class of people to whom he is going to sell an remember that no one concern can sell them all.

"It's a good idea also to know just how large various classes of prospective customers. We hav than one hundred million people in the United Stat last year only 437,036 paid an income tax. A great ity of our six million farmers didn't show up at all. A census informs us that there are 27,304,177 family in the country. Of these, 7,288,000 report an income of $850 or less. There are 15,542,000 with i between $850 and $1500. Only 2,798,000 get from $ $2000 and 1,247,000 have incomes between $20 $3000. Of the remaining families, 157,000 average $5000, while 150,500 get between $5000 and $10,000 121,699 family groups receive an annual income o than $10,000. Such figures indicate the size of fie exists for the sale of articles of different prices.

"Many salesmen complain because they cann every prospect. The real truth is that generally sp six out of ten possible customers are not the right to own the particular car in question. Too many underestimate the importance of concentrating our upon that class to which our merchandise is inten appeal.

"Again let me repeat that price has nothing to d it above a specified class. Here is a cake of a famous soap. How much have I paid for it? A few might be able to answer, but if they had to spend cents more to get this same soap they would gladly The fact is the article does not sell on price alone real salesman to-day talks price last, not first."

Men and Machines

WHILE I was sitting in a corner of the Engineers writing several letters two men occupied the just behind me. Both of them were noted in affa management. One of them was famous as the orig of celebrated factory methods and a leader of mode dustrial thought. What was said was not expres confidence and so I betray no friendship in repea bit of the conversation that passed. The theme w oldest and yet the newest that men discuss—manage

"Do you know," said the elder man, "that our k edge of such things as chemistry and physics is ru away with us? A lot of knowledge of one scienc dangerous thing if not accompanied by equal knov

(Concluded on Page 157)

Pathé
Feature Photoplays

reveal the Progress in Motion Picture Art, an Art which had its Origin with Pathé.

THE first motion picture feature, a scant two hundred feet in length, but truly picturizing a written story and enacted by experienced actors, was made by Charles Pathé over twenty years ago. Never before had a story been put into a motion picture!

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Thus each step in the evolution of the well written, well directed and well acted feature of today was first taken by this great pioneer. And today, as yesterday, Pathé Photoplays present the best in authorship, direction, acting and production.

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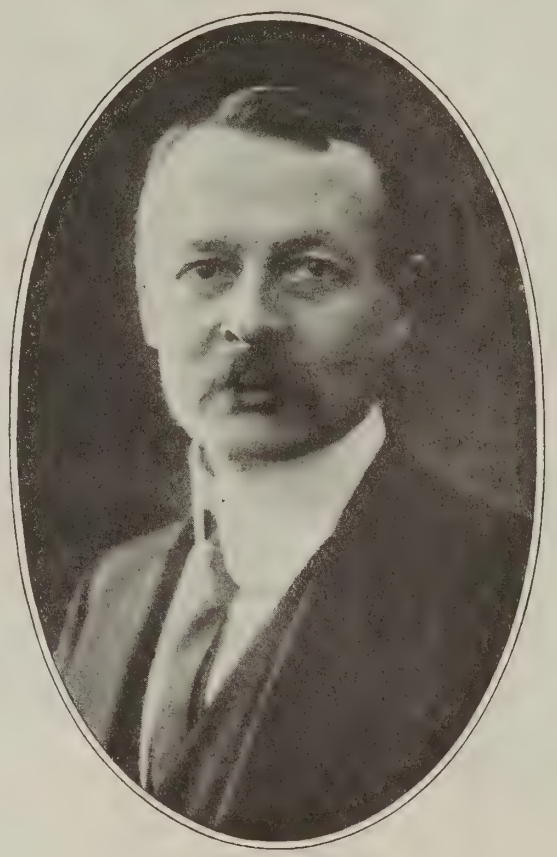

Charles Pathé

Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
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For your entertainment's sake seek the theatre with the Pathé Rooster on its screen!

THE TOTEM—By Thomas Bee

HIS father and stepmother came to meet Jim in Tacoma and bore him homeward in the power boat. This enabled them to land directly at the house on the point outside Seattle without a passage through the city, where three wound stripes and the family's eminence would make things tedious. But all the way up the chilly reach of Puget Sound Mrs. Crossley talked about the new English governess, of his small half sisters, and Jim wondered, shuddering a trifle, if one of her matchmaking fits had seized his father's wife. She was most voluble. Miss Robinson played splendid golf; she was pretty; people who came out to the house for dinner liked her. Jim finally grinned.

"Where did you catch this paragon?"

"Why," said Mrs. Crossley, "we had to advertise. Just by accident she saw the advertisement in the paper. She was staying in Victoria with her uncle, so she came over. She's such a relief after the last one, Jimmy. I'm sure you'll like her. Won't he, dad?"

"He'd ought to," Crossley drawled. "Better put on your coat, brother. This fog's pretty cold for an invalid."

There was a soft mist hanging low on the grim water, hiding the coves of the familiar shore. Jim sighed happily. The mist and the gray swells were as usual. His father seemed little aged in two years, though he had slipped past sixty.

"You haven't done anything to the house while I've been making a fool of myself, have you, dad?"

"Painted your bathroom olive drab, brother. Thought you'd like it. Painted it all myself. Sort of streaky, but it's dry, anyhow. Have a cigar?"

By this offer Jim knew that his father was inwardly jubilant. He expressed joy by offering infamous cigars of a brand sacred to retired sea captains and lumberjacks. Jim blinked into the mist ahead. It was much easier to endure battle and decoration to music than his father's pride.

"I hope I've got some clothes left," he remarked.

The lean boat lunged on through the swells and presently the great mountain showed itself for a moment, distinct as if painted on the colorless sky. Then the launch veered in toward the point of pines and dull turf. Jim saw the totem pole on the rocky beach below the red house and waved his cap to it.

"There's Miss Robinson with the girls on the pier," said his stepmother. "No, don't freeze up, Jimmy. You're always so icy to girls."

Jim resented Miss Robinson. A stranger had no business at the house when he wanted to be alone with his father, but she receded skillfully after introduction and reminded Cora that it might be injudicious to hug a person with such a long hospital record, so he felt grateful.

"Oh, she's all right," Crossley said later in the afternoon, tramping up and down Jim's room with a poisonous cigar. "Pretty nice girl. Had two brothers killed off, she says. She won't gush over you neither. I expect she's from nice people. About this hole in your arm now?"

Seattle sent out emissaries and reporters to question Jim, and his friends bothered him for three days. The lateness of his return gave him a flavor of novelty, he imagined, and Crossley agreed, nodding his cropped white head.

"All the other heroes have gone back to work or they're borrowing money or they've got married and the weather ain't awful good, neither, so people have got to talk. I don't want you working for a long time, though. Mighty restful having you in the house. I'm kind of sick of female society and the gardener's a bullshevik. I expect he'll burn us out some night."

"Oh, about that, dad—have you made or lost? Some of the men in town talk as though they'd been cleaned out."

"Made some and I don't expect Liberty Bonds count for a loss neither. This girl says that lots of the rich English are busted flat these days. By the way, got enough education left to tell what it means when you write 'honorable' front of an Englishman's name?"

"It might mean a lot of things—member of parliament, perhaps, or—let's see—oh, the sons of some of the peers are called the Honorable So-and-So. I think it's the younger sons of an earl or the sons of a viscount—I'm not sure. Why?"

"Been a heap of Englishmen in town lately," said Crossley. "Come on down and caddy for me."

The small colony played golf on the rocky, grass-covered beach below the steep bluff. This was Sunday and people called down from the verandas to them as his father ambled along the makeshift course, playing with a monotonous badness enjoyable to watch and swearing gently. Crossley preferred this retirement to the house in Seattle and Jim thought of the red cottage as home rather than the white limestone modern dwelling used in winter. The point hid the city and the huge pines gave the bungalows an air of absolute shelter. Jim hoped that his father's rheumatism would not return with autumn—he must begin to be careful. After sixty arteries harden. Crossley doubled his bulk over a putt and missed the hole by six inches.

"This is the damfoolest game the Lord ever let folks waste their time over, brother. Miss Robinson says it's Scotch. I thought better of the Scotch. It gets in your system, though. Good for old men, I expect."

Miss Robinson came down the wooden steps that ran obliquely through the brush of the bluff and announced luncheon. The hidden sun touched her hair into color and her tweed skirt blew a little. Jim admired her suddenly. She fitted the rough scene well and she laughed respectfully at his father's last shot.

"Oh, you'd better play with brother here when his arm's limbered up, young woman, then you won't be able to get sniffy about me any more. Got any history knocked into Cora and Grace this morning?"

"I think I've convinced Grace that Queen Elizabeth really existed. But somehow the Tudors seem awfully dead in Seattle."

Jim wondered whether his father knew the difference in English dynasties. He read profusely and sometimes astonished the family with strange bits of knowledge. He did so now. "Used to be a drunken Britisher in Leadville when I was a boy that said he was descended from old Charles First's butler. Acted like it, anyhow. Well, there's another good ball knocked to smithereens. Come along, brother."

"Leadville? The great mining town? What w
doing there?" asked Miss Robinson, and laughed.
never were a miner too?"

"Oh, everyone that was footloose and free
mining back then. I picked up enough to get
Francisco on. I was sixteen. Chopping trees wa
than swinging a pick. Miners are born, not
guess." He looked at his big shapely hands an
his head. "Awful stiff work, mining. I'd a hea
play golf."

Plainly Miss Robinson enjoyed Crossley's
drifting talk about the lumber camps of the Coast
holidays in the old San Francisco.

"My grandfather went there about 1860. He
it very shocking and rowdy, but I fancy he had
good time."

"Well," said Crossley, "it was rowdy all right.
I wasn't there when Miranda and his bunch ran th
Used to kill off twenty or thirty men a week and
tions asked. Some say Miranda was a son
Napoleon, but I guess that's a lie. They hung him
things quieted down. Brother's grandfather hel
him hung. Brother's grandfather was from Bosto
had ideas about morals and things. I expect he
San Francisco was pretty rowdy too. What w
grandfather doing there?"

"Just touristing," Miss Robinson smiled.

Jim's shoulder permitted him to play golf soon
beat Miss Robinson daily before breakfast. Aft
fugitive loves and a passion or two it was startling
that he could regard this girl as peculiarly meant
and Jim was frightened into a childish shy state w
only topic possible was his father.

"It's charming to hear him call you 'brothe
stantly," she said one morning walking to a green.
so American too." They holed in while she still
She continued: "He talked of you incessantly bef
came and he's quite devoted to you. He's ast
really! Is it true that he never went to school?
quite absurd."

She drove off briskly and the ball flickered am
hazard flat rocks, struck one and rapped the bas
totem near the lowest carved head—a bird. Th
to find it and the girl stared up at the thick pole,
and fading. Jim remembered its garish greens
lows. It r
feet.

"I'm q
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that the br
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(Continue
Page 4

"Wouldn't You be Ashamed if You'd Had Told You Since You Were Old Enough to Understand That You Must Make a Good Match?"

"Horse Sense"

g is the searchlight of opportu-affic owners possess it.

truck is easier to manage than power or man power—because it s under your control—doesn't nor talk back.

li; is a need in your business, it's ness to learn why a Traffic will t need.

e old stage-coach compares with rn train for traveling, wagons ns compare with the Traffic hauling.

hauling with Traffic Trucks and alf the cost of hauling with —ou can't make money any easier.

. lies may overshadow truths, outlive them.

isman's greatest asset—the more ed the more money made—a es both.

f: Truck Specifications:

Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; transmission; multiple disc *Bosch magneto;* 4-piece cast ular type radiator; drop forged with *Timken roller bearings; ear axle,* internal gear, roller semi-elliptic front and rear -inch U-channel frame; *Stand-is tires,* 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 3-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length behind driver's seat; oil cup lu-system; chassis painted, striped ished; driver's lazy-back seat s on regular equipment. Pneu-d tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
Factory

ust priced 4,000-lb. capacity in the world. Built of stand-units.

Attention: If you knew the waiting you in your territory, ou lose no time in securing the ntract if available.

Traffic policy to make direct con-sn every city, town and village United States.

oduction for 1920 will be quad-ed will enable us to take care of ditional dealers.

no time to lose.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis) $1395 factory

At Last!

Mr. Coal Dealer—Contractor—Builder—and men in the hauling business:

Here is what you have been waiting for—the Traffic Truck with a dump-body, at a price so low that you no longer have to wait to equip with this labor, time and money saving hauling unit—$1870 complete. (Painted and varnished, cab, hoist, dump-body and chassis, *no extras required.)*

It's another example of the skill and ingenuity of Traffic engineers and designers to furnish cheaper transportation by producing ***the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world*** and equipment in one plant to meet hauling needs efficiently and economically.

Write for catalog today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

(Continued from Page 42)

His stepmother, always sympathetic, took pains to tell him how well Miss Robinson dressed and how good an influence she was proving to the little girls.

"And I'm sure she belongs to a very nice family, Jimmy. She told me that they'd be horrified if they knew she was a governess. She sends all her letters to this uncle in Victoria and they're mailed from there. When she came out to stay with him she found that he really couldn't support her. She's very proud. Dad wants to pay her more, but she says her salary's six times as much as a governess would get in England."

"Oh, that's why she gets those enormous envelopes from Victoria? Her uncle sends her her letters that way. I see. What's her first name?"

"Jane," said Mrs. Crossley. "Isn't that quaint?"

Jim failed to see that it was quaint. He knew that any name would have been equally adorable. His symptoms were rushing on with fearful speed. He could have borne Arabella if that had been her name.

"I think it would be all right to take her to town, don't you? I've known her six weeks and there's a play at the theater to-night—or couldn't we get a box?"

Mr. Crossley formed a white-and-black background for the girl in the box and Seattle bowed civilly. Several young men came to talk to her over his father's shoulder and Jim felt that he might reasonably grow to hate some of his best friends, who came along to supper at the Washington.

"Brother," said his father over a last dreadful cigar, "you won't get very far with that girl if you sit round and just goggle at her. Brace up! She's a human being, isn't she?"

"I didn't think I was showing it as badly as all that, dad?"

"You're as plain as a circus poster. What are you stalling for?"

"Oh," said Jim, "it's the money of course. She hasn't any. I suppose her people are stone broke or she wouldn't be out here. If she gets to like me enough she won't care."

"Hell," yawned his father, "she likes you! What about the money? You kids always worry about little things too much. It ain't such an awful thing to have an income, is it? I expect her folks won't mind at all. She don't talk about them so darned much that it sounds as if she bothered a whole lot what they think. Her mother's dead, she says, and it's always the old women that do the worrying about money. You brace up, brother, or you'll have young Sandon or some of these other pups climbing the fence on you. You're twenty-seven—time you tried matrimony. It's the safest excitement there is, anyway. I hope she won't want to trail off to England to get married. I'm getting too old to like traveling in cold weather."

But Jim was too awed for immediate attack, and if she was friendly it was an ingenious, fenced friendliness with a heart of reserve. She seldom spoke of England, save in some comment on the war. Seattle seemed to interest her.

"I suppose it's insular provincialism and all that, but these cities in Canada and the States, which simply weren't fifty years ago, rather frighten me. It's hard to realize that Seattle's younger than your father. Anything at home is a hundred times as old as any living man. You were born here?"

"No, in California. Dad had a lot of lumber there and I happened in one of the camps—try a brassy on that."

Miss Robinson used a cleek abstractedly. The ball bounded off into Puget Sound and bobbed away on the water, bright this morning under a clear sky. The mountain showed superbly—vast and white. The girl stared at it, flicking the grass with her stick.

"It's quite lovely here and everything's so new. At home one feels that it's all been thought about a million times before. Everything's ticketed with the proper emotion. You can look up a lake in Wordsworth and a ruin in Scott and be quite sure you're feeling the correct thing. I think that's enough golf for this morning, though. There's your father coming down the steps."

Crossley met them at the totem and leaned against it, talking about the radical gardener. He had just found the man burning waste paper in the rose garden.

"I guess he reads all the torn-up letters in the baskets to see if he can find whether I'm oppressing the laboring classes more'n usual. But it ain't good for the roses to have a bonfire in the middle of them. Brother, d'you guess we ought to have the family tree painted up some more?"

He patted the carved eagle's beak and smiled at Jim. Miss Robinson laughed.

"The family tree?"

"Well," said Crossley, "it's all the family tree I've got. Once when brother's mamma was alive we were in New York and she made me have my portrait painted and the fellow that did the work wanted to stick my coat of arms down in the corner—that is, the Crossley coat of arms. I had to laugh!"

Jim knew what was coming and grinned. His father lit a cigarette and went on in the most tranquil drawl:

"You see, my fond parents didn't have any use for me. I guess I was uncomfortable property or something, so they did me up in a red flannel shirt and left me on the doorstep of an orphan asylum back in Crossley, Pennsylvania. Didn't leave any name, neither. Well, the asylum folks called me Walter Johnson until I ran away and took to reading novels when I wasn't milking cows on a farm. So I got to thinking that Walter Johnson was a dumb kind of name and I changed off for Oliver Wilton; but that was too aristocratic for a lumberjack and one time I was down in San Francisco—I was eighteen then—and I saw a packing case marked 'Crossley, Pennsylvania,' so I thought that'd do and I changed to John Crossley. It's a pretty fair name and I've got a kind of claim on it, you see, and anybody can call himself John without breaking the law. There's nothing much in names, is there?"

"Oh, so very little," the girl said softly. "So you don't know anything about your people? That must give you such a—a restful feeling!"

She gazed at Crossley throughout breakfast, and for some days seemed to admire him mutely. Jim wondered if her own home was troubled with intrusive relatives and perhaps too much advice. He fancied a flock of aunts and podgy uncles—possibly clergymen.

"Your father's so perfectly honest," she observed. "I admired him the other morning so much. Most men—most Englishmen—wouldn't tell such a tale. I mean, successful men."

"I don't think many Americans would, either," said Jim. "Dad was trying to see if you'd be shocked, I think. He hates snobs. He likes you awfully, you see? He's very anxious to—to have you for a daughter-in-law—and I am too. I mean—I'm anxious to have him have you for—oh, that's all balled up! Won't you marry me?"

"You did mix things rather," she murmured, looking off at the water. The putter in her brown fingers shook faintly and her gray eyes moistened. "Thank you very much, though. I'm awfully sorry."

A flight of sea gulls dipped down out of the mist and shrieked. Jim's throat stiffened.

"If—if you're bothered about the money end of it, that doesn't matter at all really. I mean, you're frightfully proud, of course. Everyone likes you so much and no one will think about that."

"I'm afraid I have to think about that, Jim. Let's not talk about it. I literally haven't a penny, beyond what your father pays me. And I am—rather proud. Thanks ever so much, though—your shot."

She was unchanged for the rest of the week, but Jim felt that his emotions were advertised whenever she spoke to him or looked his way. Mrs. Crossley gave two dinners and men roamed out to talk business with his father at strange hours. They appeared in droves when it was time for tea in the garden. Clouds of as many as four settled about the table near the high broom hedge and Crossley scowled warnings at his son. Mrs. Crossley let the girl play hostess and Miss Robinson filled the part charmingly without any sign of boredom. She was gay and friendly to all comers and did not flinch when young Sandon, attempting to employ English slang, used the fearful word "bloody."

"The poor child knew no better," she chuckled. "I fancy he's been reading raucous novels. I thought you were about to assault him, Jim."

"I wanted to," said Jim, chewing his lip.

"Oh, come! I helped run a canteen for a bit at Euston Station and I heard some much worse profanity. You never swear before women, do you? That's so very decent of you."

"I'm glad I've some redeeming features."

"You've ever so many. Your nose is delightful, for instance." She pulled a tuft of the morbid-smelling metallic broom toward her and sniffed it. "Almost makes one homesick—for Devon. Broom and—there's your father coming back. He wants to talk to you, and I should write some letters."

Crossley stopped her as they met near the steps of the sprawling cottage. Jim could hear them laughing, then she vanished in the veranda and his father ambled over the turf to take her chair.

"You look as if you'd lost your last friend, brother. That girl ain't gone and refused you, has she?"

"Last Monday," Jim said.

"Oh, well, try her again about Wednesday," Crossley advised. "That'll be ten days—genteel wait."

"I don't see much use," Jim muttered. "It's the money, of course."

"Oh, get out!" Crossley grunted. "She's got too much sense for that truck. There's no use in wanting things you can't get. Maybe she'd like you better poor. She's awful young and I guess she's romantical in the head. Some girls think there's something awful funny and cute about being poor. I should think a dose of governessing'd knock that out of her." But he moved uncomfortably and in a moment asked: "She said it was the money?"

"Yes," Jim said, and burst out: "Oh, I can see how she looks at it! She's poor and she's proud, of course. I dare say her people—her friends rather—would say she'd married for money. I don't blame her for being proud."

"I wouldn't like you to marry a woman that wasn't proud," Crossley remarked. "Women that ain't proud are likely to stop wearing corsets when they lose their and that's awful. But ——"

He sat silent, erect and still in the gay, chintz-chairs. Suddenly Jim saw that he was angry. His eyes glazed and the lines about his mouth deepened.

"Proud, is she? All right! You ask her Wed She'll take you."

"Oh, look here, dad," Jim laughed, "I—I'm not damned good bargain as all that!"

"You shut up!" said his father, flushing. "T woman going ain't worth any more'n a good man. tell Neilsen I'm going in town after dinner and I' the boat ready at eight. Proud? Well, hell!"

Jim was afraid that the old man would show his but Crossley beamed on Miss Robinson at din talked of Victoria, where he owned some property

"We'll all go over some day and call on your What's he doing there? Government?"

"Real estate, poor dear—Gifford Robinson and pany. I think the 'company' is Aunt Eileen. She typist and I'm quite sure she knows more about b than he does. You'd like him, though."

She talked of her uncle during golf Monday and day mornings and it seemed that she must be very him. He had been a great oarsman at Oxford and tain of yeomanry in the South African War.

"He's a dear, big, quiet thing and not at all cleve sure you'd like him."

"He wouldn't resent my being dad's heir, then' smiled.

"Ah, that's not fair, do you think?" She drove ball into the Sound and shrugged. "You're not fair Suppose yourself in my shoes? You took it so nice week and now you're being gloomy about it."

"I thought I was being ironic," said Jim wret "But it isn't fair to tease you."

"It isn't unfair to tease me," she retorted, red swiftly, and before he could make a meaning out of t strolled off toward the steps. Either she was something or it meant nothing, he decided. After had taken the first repulse most tamely. He had not Jim ran after her, but the breakfast gong rattled stepmother was on the veranda watching the girl The little girls were chattering over their grapefru Crossley was already talking to Miss Robinson w entered the dining room.

"I've got a Britisher coming out to dinner to-nigh name's Tellford. He's a banker. Ever hear of him?

"My dealings with bankers are very few a between. No, I don't know of him."

"He's a pretty nice fellow," said Crossley. "(though. He'll talk all night if he gets started."

Jim sat considering her through the flowers. It hardly right to wait until to-morrow morning. He try again after breakfast. He choked in his coff when she looked at him. Mrs. Crossley was reading York paper and chose the dullest sections to repeat Her cheerful, stupid voice filled the meal's pauses.

"What pretty names some of the English families she said. "Maurevarne! How nice that is!"

"Only they probably say it Jones," Crossley "How d'you pronounce that, Miss Robinson?"

"Mavven," she said, and bent her face over her Jim saw that she was pink and wondered if he ha staring too hard, as her shoulders were nervous.

"Such a pity," Mrs. Crossley sighed. "Listen sale of Maurevarne House in North Devonshire ha announced by the Earl of Corways—or do you pro that some other way, Jane?"

"No, Corways is right," Miss Robinson nodded.

"I suppose some profiteer bought it," said C amiably. "You English have the blamedest han for real estate! What's it say about it?"

"One of the most celebrated English country ho Mrs. Crossley read. "Been in the possession of the since 1585. Famous for its gardens and the wor carvings in the great hall. Such a pity! A man Wood's bought it."

"I wish him luck with it," Miss Robinson sni "It's a perfectly poisonous hole! It takes about ment of servants to keep it up. The gardens are deathly, they're so run down, and there's only on in the whole ghastly place. How much did this idi for it?"

"Thirty thousand pounds," said Mrs. Crossley.

"Oh, my word!" gasped the governess. "I wo give sixpence for the thing! Cora, dear, don't, slouch that way!"

"Ever seen the place, Jane?" Crossley asked.

"Oh, yes, once or twice. It's quite handsome if yo fossils and coat armour and bad drains. Personal as soon live in Westminster Abbey. Cora, dear, getting in your brother's coffee."

Decidedly he could not wait for to-morrow mo Jim thought, seeing her color rise and wane. Her eye brilliant as if she might be a little angry for his tam He followed her out of the room presently and up th to the stairs.

(Concluded on Page 46)

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Note the Recipes

Meatless Menu No. 4 This lima bean dish is an excellent meat substitute. Spinach is rich in mineral salts, especially iron. The fruit salad and wafers supply starch, balance the meal and take the place of a dessert.

Lima Bean Croquettes Spinach
Fruit Salad—Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ cup rolled, dried bread crumbs
3 tablespoonfuls milk
1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
Pepper
1 teaspoonful sage
Onion juice

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings, and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes; dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serves about five.

Meatless Menu No. 5 The California lima bean salad is the main dish of this luncheon; rich in protein with mineral salts supplied by the fresh vegetables used in combination. The rice in the soup furnishes the additional starch required and the necessary fat is supplied by the dessert.

Rice Soup
California Lima Bean Salad
Chocolate Blanc Mange

Recipe for Lima Bean Salad

2 cups cooked baby lima beans
1 cup diced celery
2 green peppers
2 or 3 large ripe tomatoes
Onions or chives
Seasonings
French dressing

Mix baby lima beans and celery; add seasonings and onions or chives and marinate with French dressing. Arrange slices of tomato on bed of lettuce, place a ring of pepper on each slice and fill ring with baby lima bean mixture. Serves about four persons.

Meatless Menu No. 3 The cream of lima bean soup makes a complete meal as all food principles are represented. The celery is a relish and supplies mineral salts. Apple tapioca is a simple, easily prepared nutritious dessert.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup—Croutons
Celery
Apple Tapioca Pudding

Recipe for Lima Bean Soup

1 cup dried lima beans
6 cups cold water
1 onion
1 slice carrot
1 cup milk
2 tablespoonfuls fat
2 tablespoonfuls flour
Salt
Pepper

Soak beans over night, Drain, add water, cook until soft and rub through a sieve. Cook onion and carrot in fat, remove vegetables, add flour, seasoning, and bean purée. Add milk, strain and reheat. Serves about five.

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Dept. C. OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

(Concluded from Page 44)

"Look here," he began, "let's have an argument."

"Not just now, Jimmy," she said without turning.

He hurried and caught her on the landing, then saw that her face was wet and her whole body shaking.

"Oh, what's the matter? Please ——"

"Let me alone!" said Miss Robinson, twisting away. "Please, dear, let me alone! I—I'm quite miserable. Please go away!"

His father went to town before noon and Jim tramped up and down the beach, slashing at the turf. He had hurt her somehow. It was sure to be his fault. He had stared all through breakfast. He had not been fair. She did not come to lunch and his sisters played ragtime records on the phonograph all afternoon unrebuked. They were exiled from the dinner table, but Jim did not miss them as she came down in black and her color warmed the living room, made the English banker stare. Jim cornered her in a window niche.

"What did I do? I'm frightfully sorry, whatever it was."

"You didn't do anything. Can't I have nerves and things if I like? What's this man's name?"

"Tellford. He means well. He comes here every fall for some English estate or other. Will you come out in the garden after a while?"

Miss Robinson drew her arm free.

"I might."

Dinner was enlivened by Mr. Tellford's opinion of prohibition and the Russian situation. It seemed that half the Russian princes owed his clients money, and collection was difficult.

"The aristocracy's in hot water, huh?" said Crossley.

"Oh, dear, yes!" Mr. Tellford delved in his stuffed trout and smiled. "Everywhere. The war's quite finished some very old families. Take the Mavvens—you'd pronounce it Maurevarne. They've had to sell Mavven House, you know. It went to a bounder called Wood for thirty thousand pounds. Of course that'll help the earl on a bit, but it's mostly owed. They've nothing left now but the entailed estates in Huntingdonshire."

"The earl ought to go to work," Crossley suggested.

"Too idle," said Mr. Tellford, "and I dare say he's as big a gambler as the rest of them. The Mavvens have always gambled, of course. The late earl didn't. His wife wouldn't let him. Very decent sort of woman. The Mavvens usually marry wasters. That's the way the family started."

"How?" Crossley threw in.

"Oh, there was some wretched girl at Elizabeth's court. I forget the sad details, but the good queen married her off to a Mavven and made him an earl. They all marry money, then get rid of it at once. The late earl married a clergyman's daughter who hadn't a penny, but he was an exception. This chap's his brother—an unutterable ass," Mr. Tellford announced, sipping claret. "Both the last earl's sons were killed—very decent lads, I believe. But it's an endless family and frightfully stiff-necked. There's a perfect army of Mavvens—cousins and second cousins and old women and all utterly useless. They sit about, you know, and the girls all hunt husbands hopefully. One of them married last week. The Honorable Gertrude Mavven, I think it was. She married some lad from Australia, with no end of money, of course."

"Jane, dear," said Mrs. Crossley, "you are not eating anything. Isn't your head better?"

"It's quite all right, thanks. But—you're not quite fair to them, are you?" Miss Robinson fingered her water glass. "After all, it's only been very lately that—that Englishwomen of the—of the Mavven variety have been allowed to do anything but marry money if they could. Of course in these days they could find things to do. It's inexcusable that the men shouldn't do something, I admit."

Tellford considered her for a moment over his claret and shook his head.

"Hereditary conceit and pride. They're good-looking people and they've enough brains to show themselves well. I know some of them by sight, but it's unhealthy to know them better than that, they say—great drain on their friends' resources. They're altogether too proud to pay their notes."

"Let's go back to Russia," said Crossley hastily. "What d'you think did happen to the czar and his folks?"

He talked steadily in his best vein through the rest of dinner and told some astonishing yarns, but Miss Robinson said little and never laughed. She excused herself after dessert and Jim could not find her in the garden—saw the light in her bedroom and hoped that she was not ill. Dinner had been tedious since he sat beside her and it was hard to see her well from an angle. The motor boat carried Mr. Tellford off across the bright water at ten and Jim wished that the mountain had chosen another night to show itself fully, all its snow glistening under the moon. It would be more admirable in her company.

"I'm afraid Jane's feverish," said Mrs. Crossley through a yawn.

"Let her alone," Crossley ordered. "She's got the blues. Better go to bed, brother. You look down in the mouth too."

"What about your going to bed, too, dad? You don't have to sit up all night, either."

"You mind your own concerns, brother, and pike off to bed! You have to get up at six and I don't. To-morrow's Wednesday too," he added coolly, and took his cigar into the veranda.

Jim sat in bed watching the mountain and hoping she would be kind in the morning. The lights from the living-room windows made a blur of glow on the damp lawn until they were put out, and he waited for his father's feet to creak upstairs. But as no sound came he assumed that Crossley had shed his shoes below for the sake of silence and pondered on the old man's pride in him—not quite justified, he thought, though there was not much to be ashamed of up to date. The mountain began to fade upon his eyes and he lay devising speech for to-morrow morning when something clicked against the lock of his door and he heard the handle turn. But nothing followed except a vague noise of garments rustling and after an instant a board of the landing creaked.

Jim jumped out of bed and went swiftly into the hall where the stairs were visible. Whoever it was going down must cross the wide living room, and the safe let into the wall by the fireplace held his stepmother's best pearls. He slipped on the cold treads, and the shadow moving ahead was lost in the black hallway. It might be a servant hunting something left downstairs. He did not wish to shout, and the living-room lights shot up as he came to the heavy tapestry shutting the room in.

"I thought you would," said his father genially. "Sit down and let's talk a bit, Jane. Drop your bag and sit down."

"I've nothing to say," Miss Robinson panted. "Please let me go!"

Jim drew back from the curtain. There was a long crack of light, but the figures did not show.

"Go where? How in time are you going to get to Seattle this hour of night, child? Walk? It's near twelve miles round the bay! Don't be a chucklehead and don't get hysterics, neither! I don't want brother waked up. He's losing sleep enough on your account. Sit down!"

"Oh, why did you do that? I didn't think you could be cruel! Is it my fault? I can't help it, can I? It's unfair!" Her voice swayed into sobs and came clear again. "And poor father was splendid, even if he wasn't clever. He spent years trying to make money. Everyone can't, you know. And Jack and Ronny were the best lads in the world."

"I'm sorry Tellford spoke of your brothers, Jane. I'm damned sorry for that, child. And I hear your dad was all right. But you needed a lesson. I'm not going to have any girl go and get sniffy about marrying brother just because she's a Mavven. You ain't played fair with brother, neither. If you'd come here and said you were the Honorable Jane Mavven—hell of a name!—and turned him down I wouldn't have any kick coming, but you said you were Jane Robinson. You ain't honest! If you're ashamed to be Jane Mavven and work for a living you'd ought to quit being Jane Mavven and be Jane Robinson and stick to it—that's all! Now you go back to bed and don't get sniffy any more or I'll coach some other damned Englishman up on your family tree and you'll have it all over again! I'll be hanged if I see what you've got to be proud of except being a nice kind of girl—and brother's mother was a Trescott from Boston, anyhow."

There was a sound of water spilling and glass smashed on the rug. Crossley grunted.

"There goes that vase he fetched back from Paris for Mrs. Crossley. Mind what you're ——"

"Do you mean to tell me," she stammered, "that you dare—dare think I'm—I'm idiot enough to be proud of—of being a Mavven? Oh, how dare you?"

In the pause Jim rallied. He should interfere. He put a hand on the curtain, then took it back. His father was fighting for him under a mistake, but his father must not know. Crossley chuckled.

"Well, don't look at me like I w tiger, Jane. If that's not what's the m what is?"

"Oh men are horrible!" she cried.

"Sure, we're fierce!" Crossley ag "But you ain't telling me anything. didn't turn brother down on account being a foundling, will you come out bushes and tell me what you did it fo

"How on earth can I marry four m pounds?" she wailed.

"You can't," said Crossley—"at not yet. Jim's only got about five hu thousand of his own and I mean to week or so. Don't you be silly! I'm only person entitled to kick, ain't started looking you up the day we brother'd landed. If I wasn't satisfied, you'd have been hunting another job. You think for a minute I'd have ha round where he could see you if I h thought it was all right? You go to b never heard anything so damfool i life. Can't marry brother because he money! Get out! That's right, sit and let's have some sense."

"How did you find out who I w she demanded.

"Damned gardener throwin' to letters all over the garden. Hono Jane Mavven, care of Gifford Robi Victoria, B. C. That's easy. If you want your folks to know what y doing ——"

"If you knew my people," she "you'd quite understand. The earthly reason they let me come o Uncle Giff was that they thought son would marry me—for the name. He mother's brother and he's just an ord gentleman, you know, and not a walk a walking totem pole like Uncle Rod Oh, wouldn't you be ashamed to r Jim if all you'd had told you since you old enough to understand anything that you must—must make a good m Proud of my people? I loathe the gang! And the minute they knew married well you'd have Ursula and trice and all Uncle Roderick's sons co out on the first liner! The wasters!"

"I'm luckier than you, ain't I?" ley meditated. "I'm safe. I guess h a lot of folks is kind of dangerous. H you better write home that brother's a bank clerk? I don't want a lot of hi Mavvens all over the place—not prices come down."

She giggled and there was an an pause inside the curtains.

"You really are a dear old thing! didn't Jim understand at dinner? I'm at all sure he'll ask me again."

"Oh, shut up!" said Crossley. " ask you about the fifth hole to-m morning. He wouldn't care if you concentrated essence of Mavven. He good to mind junk like that. You go to sister. You won't be fit for anything i morning, and brother hates poor golf. he didn't catch on. And don't yo him about this, either. I couldn't having brother sore at me. You ain' too good for him, neither."

"I know I'm not," she sighed.

Jim blushed and stole off upstai wind his alarm clock.

GERMANY IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 7)

asurprised me most, however, was aness with which the average Ger- mitted defeat. There is a wide- npression that the German does he is licked. Having talked with e of Germans it is almost incon- that any such impression should e forth. I ran the German range berger and Noske, the two strong- most powerful individuals in the nt, down to cabmen and labor- A every stage of this interviewing rnce I got the same reply, which up was: "We are not only beaten y beaten, and all we want is a ce more to lift our heads."

ature stands out: In some re- emocracy—and Germany to-day out as democratic as France was 871 and 1878—is not altogether a ou can, for example, discover an ed chair and not find it marked '—engaged. You can also, and st time, undertake to walk across in a park and not see a signboard e word "*Verboten*"—forbidden— our passage. If you knew Ger- fore the war this state of affairs that a miracle has been wrought. ny's more or less half-baked de- asserts itself in various illuminat- sometimes startling ways. Some go a conference was held at Co- ween an American Intelligence of- representatives of the German military authorities to establish regulations for aliens who pro- visit the unoccupied areas. The representative was an officer in russian Guard, which represented word in German reaction. The e finally resolved itself into the as to whether Americans should hotographs for the *ersatz*—sub- passports, as they are known. The ivil official argued in favor of the hs but the American objected urse, prevailed.

he meeting broke up the German k the American aside and said: d you didn't let that civilian im- hat red tape on you." This, from n officer, shows that in at least ion Germany has seen some light.

Watch Your Baggage

he most astonishing human, or hould say unhuman, revelation in rary Germany is expressed per- e general moral let-down. In the r of German conditions elsewhere icle I said that her morals were at b. This manifests itself in count- y.

illustrate: If you are so foolish as ur shoes outside the door of your hotel in Germany—and it is just the hotels in Berlin as it is of the st*Gasthaus* in Essen—you will be twear in the morning. Likewise, ould leave your bag unlocked in chamber the chances are that you over your socks or underwear n you return. On the wall of el room in Germany is posted the hat the management will not be le for shoes left in the hall or for olen from unlocked bags, closets robes.

here you can see evidence of the rman moral break-up. Putting war lust, superego, and all those ls that tainted Germany before she was in other respects more in- le than many other European . Life and property had certain ich were always respected. Such ; the theft of boots in a hotel was f. In addition to this the average fficial, with the invariable pride lt in his post, especially when he iform, was far from venal.

nearly every person in Germany es you in any way has his price. bribe a hotel clerk to give you a a customs official to pass your pened, subsidize the cabby to the vehicle that was engaged r. So it goes. Money as never he key to all things.

vered this to my cost at Frank- ad a choice in making the trip to ne was a day train that left at nty-five in the morning and ar- the capital at eight-thirty at night—a long, hot, tiresome trip. To take a chance of getting a first-class seat required my presence at the station at six o'clock. This was not inviting. The alternative was the sleeping car—there is only one on the train—which left at nine and arrived in Berlin for breakfast.

When I asked the hotel porter if he could get me a sleeping-car compartment he said that it was not only impossible but that all berths were booked for the next five weeks. I thereupon tried the porter at another large hotel, with the same result. At the sleeping-car offices nothing was to be had. I then began to bargain with the porter at the hotel where I lived. I bid in units of ten marks. At every stage I only got a negative nod of the head.

Travel Demoralized

Finally, when I reached the hundred-mark stage, which I had decided was my limit—and which in American money on that day represented only about four dollars and fifty cents—I realized that I had scored, for the autocrat said: "I may be able to get you a second-class berth."

Needless to say, I spent that night in the sleeper. There were no towels on the train and I had to wipe my face in the morning on the pillow slip. When I remembered the good service and equipment on the German *Schlafwagen*—sleeping car—before the war I realized that here as elsewhere Germany has gone back a great many years.

This episode of the hundred-mark fee for the privilege of buying a second-class berth is typical of what is happening throughout Germany. In Frankfort, for example, the hotel porters have a sort of unwritten agreement by which this natural scarcity of berths and compartments is intensified. There are so many profiteers bulging with wealth in Germany that there is no lack of victims.

The whole railroad situation reflects the moral looseness of the country. A waiter at the Hotel Bristol in Berlin, who had served me in former years at the Carlton Hotel in London, told me this astonishing story:

He was caught in England at the outbreak of the war and interned. A few months after the signing of the armistice he was sent back to Germany with about fifty of his colleagues. All went well with him until he got beyond the German frontier. The baggage of the whole party was checked and placed in the baggage car attached to his train. After they had traveled about fifty miles into Germany the train was stopped by a company of soldiers, who cut off the baggage car. That was the last the waiter or anyone else saw of his luggage. Such brigandage is no uncommon occurrence on the German trains. If you want your baggage carry it along with you where you can see it.

This brings me to still another evidence of the collapse of German order and system. Before the war the German railway service was a model of efficiency. A late train was such an unusual event that it was written up in the newspapers and formed the subject of conversation for a week. A German crowd, whether on the street or in line at a theater box office or a railway ticket window, kept its place with almost military precision. There was never any jostling.

Take a railway journey in Germany to-day, even under the most favorable conditions, and you think that you are full back in a rough-house game of American football or in a starving mob that has just heard the dinner bell. If you want to get a seat on a train that leaves at eight o'clock you are compelled to be in the station at least an hour and a half before the time of departure, and even then you take a long chance with the crowd that has already preceded you by several hours. No seats are reserved. The favorite device of rich Germans to insure a corner in a railway carriage is to hire a man to remain in the station all night. He grabs a place the moment the gates are opened. Clothes, hats, skins are all bruised in the frantic rush to travel.

There are definite reasons for this confusion. So far as traffic is concerned, there is, of course, a shortage of trains. In the second place, internal travel was much restricted during the war and now that the German, who is one of the world's prize travelers, has the opportunity to move about he is doing it with a vengeance, regardless of trouble and inconvenience.

But even this would not explain the absolute disorganization and almost utter disregard of all decency in present-day German crowds. The fundamental cause is that Germany has no tradition of voluntary public service. All the old much-vaunted order, which was nothing more than amiable docility, that you saw in Germany before the war was entirely due to the fact that it was literally pounded into the people. Once there, it was maintained by what was practically armed force, as expressed by imperialism. No matter what any German can say to the contrary, he delighted to be bossed about and kept in his proper place. It was as much a part of his daily life as were his meat and drink.

The whole German idea in this respect was expressed in those three magic words: "*Es ist befohlen*"—it is ordered. And the German's middle name was obedience.

Only the common people have joined the general scramble, however. Your regular army officer or reactionary—and they are synonymous—still sticks to the old habits, as this story will show. At the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, as in many first-class American hotels, there is a separate office for each floor, where the guests leave their keys. One day when I stopped to get my key I found the attendant absent, so I walked behind the counter and took it off the hook. An erect military-looking German whom I saw there then emulated my example.

I asked him in German how long he had been waiting and he replied: "I have been here fifteen minutes."

He did not have the initiative to go round and get his own key, but the moment he saw me do it it gave him an idea. This incident explains the whole German reactionary mind.

Almost overnight the mailed stewardship of public morals and actions ceased. With the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns and the advent of a republican form of government the German suddenly found himself without a master. He was like a trained animal, taught to perform to the lash of a whip, which suddenly lost his trainer and was left to his own resources. Quite naturally he fumbled. The lack of restraint now finds expression in what practically amounts to demoralization. The people themselves must discipline themselves, and it cannot be accomplished in one month or one year.

Putting this demoralization in another way—formerly the German bully was machine-made and was turned out by the government in quantity output. If Germany remains a republic the bullies henceforth will be self-made. In a subsequent article in this series you will see an example of this development as personified by Gustav Noske, the German Minister of Defense.

Germany Changing

Do not get the idea, however, that Germany in transition is a disorganized mass of disillusioned and despondent people. They know that they must live, and in order to live they must carry on with their daily tasks. The German workman—and you will hear much more about him in the next article, which will deal with German industry—does not express the entire mood of the country when he says: "The more I work the more we will have to pay the Allies; therefore, why work at all?" It is the instinct of human nature to want to prosper, and Germany knows deep down in her heart that though prosperity means the payment of indemnities it also spells her own economic salvation.

Hence you find, as one significant illustration of changing Germany, that the small shopkeeper, who was once a business piker and who was more concerned about his midday nap than about opening up a branch office, is waking up. This was first manifested in the occupied area, where the needs of the Allied troops led various enterprising little merchants to expand. In Coblenz I saw many German shoe-shining parlors, an almost unheard-of institution in Germany. Outside these shops you see these signs in English: "Have your shoes shined here" and "This is the best place in Coblenz to have your shoes shined."

This expansion in small business is duplicated in the speech and attitude of the people. The first unoccupied city of importance that I visited was Frankfort, which is just beyond the French lines of occupation. I created something of a sensation as I swept up the main thoroughfare in an American army car driven by a stalwart doughboy. The whole population paused in its labors and travels to gaze at this almost unprecedented spectacle. Except for a few scowls I was regarded with stolid indifference. Soon after the car deposited me at my hotel it started back to Coblenz. Up to this time I had been under the friendly protection of Allied troops up and down the Rhine. Now I was isolated in Frankfort and I believe that at that moment I was the only American in the place. "Alone in Frankfort" summed up my situation.

I knew one man there. He was the brother of a well-known Wall Street broker. I had wired him from Coblenz to obtain a room for me. He did so and it was a real act of mercy because in Frankfort, as in every other German city that I visited, hotels are literally jammed to the roof and the struggle to find a bed is almost as acute as the contest to get a seat on the trains. I often wondered as I watched the long lines waiting for accommodations in German hotels where the mob came from.

The moment I met this Frankfort manufacturer I got a glimpse into the state of mind toward America. It is impossible to get this in the occupied section because the Allied troops are the censors of both speech and action and the tactful thing among the Germans there is to be friendly and speak English if they know how. I marveled therefore just how spoken English would go in free Germany.

English Often Spoken

I said to this Frankfort citizen in German: "Which language shall we speak?"

He at once replied in English: "Let us speak English by all means. This is a free country now and we can do as we please."

The result was that with him and with many of his friends I spoke English, not only in the privacy of their offices but in the public restaurants, where everybody stared at us. Being stared at in Germany is no new sensation. The people there "rubber" more than in any other country, with the possible exception of Holland.

Wherever I went throughout Germany I found that the individual who knew how to speak English sought every opportunity to use it. When I entered a shop to buy something I invariably spoke German. Again and again the response came in English. Curiously enough the German to-day takes a certain pride in knowing how to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He refuses, however, to employ French except when it is absolutely necessary. The one deep and abiding hatred in Germany to-day is for the French.

How much sincerity is attached to the professed friendship for America I cannot say, but I do know that I was treated with courtesy throughout my stay. This was particularly surprising when I discovered in Berlin that a complete record of my war activities with particular reference to my exposures of German economic propaganda in neutral countries was on file in the Foreign Office and that the late government had done me the particular honor of regarding me as a dangerous enemy.

One morning the telephone rang in my room in Berlin. I heard a German voice ask, "Is that Mr. Martinson, of Stockholm?" I replied, "No, this is Mr. Marcosson, of New York." At once the voice changed to English, saying, "I am glad to hear an American speaking." This experience and many other similar ones that I had show one strong tendency in Germany to-day:

Every possible effort is being made to conciliate Americans, for the simple reason that the German realizes that if any nation will help him it is the United States. In order to flatter the American visitor the German tells him that the American doughboy won the war. Of course he tells the Englishman that Haig's forces turned the tide, and when he does chance to have a conversation with a Frenchman he tries to put over the fact that Foch, and Foch alone, made possible the Allied victory. It is just

another phase of the tactics that Germany employed in her former well-organized campaign of world mischief-making.

Speaking of the German's employment of English reminds me of something that happened in Coblenz. When I went to the German passport office to get my permit to travel I spoke German throughout the whole transaction. The man in charge had been a soldier and I felt that he would be more at ease if I spoke his own language. He used a word, however, that I did not understand, whereupon a demure young woman who sat near by suddenly spoke up in English and defined it.

"I see you speak English," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I am a graduate of Wellesley College and I want to get back to America as soon as I can."

Wander round Germany and you have this sort of experience wherever you go. Moreover, practically every waiter who served me—and nearly all had worked in England or America—wanted to go back as soon as possible. "How soon will they let us in?" was asked me a hundred times.

I had some astonishing revelations of the new German attitude, especially toward America. At Frankfort I dined one night with a group of eight business men. They represented a half dozen large interests and as many important communities.

One member of the party, who happens to be the head of a powerful iron and steel group, made this remark: "Economic conditions in Germany could not be worse. Indeed they are so bad that, speaking for myself and my associates, I should be perfectly willing to see Germany become an American colony, provided that we were guaranteed protection against French revenge and rapacity."

Of course it was conversation for my particular benefit and to create a good will for Germany. But it did have the germ of a half truth in it, certainly as illustrating the German feeling about France. These two nations will do business together because they must, but so long as time lasts there will be bitter hatred between them. And France has good reason to hate.

Another phase of the German conciliation with Americans lies in the widespread and absurd explanation as to why we went to war. As usual, the German is trying to do the other fellow's thinking for him. The German believes, astounding as it may seem, that we were grossly deceived about actual conditions by the French and the British—not a flattering commentary on our intelligence.

"But why did you provoke America into going to war?" I asked scores of Germans of all degrees.

Invariably the reply was: "We did not expect America to enter the struggle. The unrestricted submarine campaign was a desperate effort to end the war."

At this point you smile and realize that when it comes to discussing the war with a German you are up against an absolutely hopeless proposition.

The Kaiser Not Quite Friendless

If you can persuade a German to do the well-nigh impossible and be frank, he will tell you that America gave Germany the surprise of the war. The government machine got over the impression that we should be a negligible quantity in the field and that we could not send over a big force and keep it supplied. Château-Thierry, St.-Mihiel and the Argonne smashed this illusion. When it crumpled the German hope of any kind of battle victory was gone.

I heard only one German express the slightest repentance over his nation's misdeeds in the war. When I asked for justification of the Lusitania, of the Sussex, of any one of a hundred horrors, the reply would be: "At that time Germany was suffering from mental illness."

This is as good a place as any to write about the status of reaction, for it is part of what might be called unrepentant Germany. There is still a considerable group of officers and statesmen of that departed day who cling to the delusion that some day they will come back. They are moving about on gum shoes, however. They hire private rooms in the restaurants, put on all their medals and toast the old régime. But that is about as far as they get.

Every once in a while you get some picturesque evidence that discredited as he is the Kaiser still has friends. While I was in Germany the school children in a small town went on a strike because his bust was removed from the chapel.

Though the present government disclaims even the slightest royalist tendencies Count von Bernstorff still has a strong pull at court. His secretary is one of the links between the Foreign Office and the newspaper men at Berlin. Until the present cabinet came into office he was quite a power behind the president's chair.

Writing about the reactionaries reminds me of one of the favorite indoor sports in Germany to-day. It consists of what we in America would call passing the buck. Everybody of importance who had any connection with the Kaiser or the conduct of the war is trying to put the responsibility on some other person's shoulders. Ludendorff is putting it up to Mackensen, and Mackensen in turn is laying it at the door of Hindenburg. In the same way Von Bethmann-Hollweg is laying all the blame on Michaelis or some other victim. It has gone so far that Germans with a sense of humor, if such a state is possible, are asking, "Who will be the next goat?"

The Attitude Toward Mr. Wilson

One of the industrial princes of Germany showed me a letter that he had just received from the Crown Prince. If that exiled expotentate really wrote it he must be given credit for more sense than the world has credited him with. In it he said, among other things: "I told my father after the First Battle of the Marne that the German cause was hopeless, but he would not believe it." Elsewhere in the letter he wrote: "It appeals to my sense of humor to see all our late associates trying to put the blame on someone else."

Be all this as it may the Kaiser business is doomed. Germany may have a military dictatorship or a constitutional monarchy, but so far as a Kaiser is concerned there does not seem to be the slightest chance for a resurrection of an All Highest. I found some sentiment in favor of a regency, if one is ever established, by the Crown Princess Cecilie. One reason is that she is attractive to look at; another is that, having been the wife of the Crown Prince all these years, she is entitled to some compensation for having served such a martyrdom.

Now comes one of the many curious inconsistencies that you encounter in Germany. Though the word "Welcome" is on the doormat and the glad hand is extended to the American generally, President Wilson is to-day the most abused and reviled individual in Germany. This procedure, which involves the abrupt change in national sentiment toward America's chief executive, is an illuminating example of the way the German mind works.

When the Armistice was signed Mr. Wilson was looked upon as little less than a redeemer, for he was hailed as the maker of a new world. The celebrated Fourteen Points hung with German hope. They constituted the creed of regeneration—a second Teutonic Bible.

Mr. Wilson's speeches, published in book form under the title of *Wilson Reden*, sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies. No German household was complete without one. Nearly every business man had the volume on his desk. He did everything but use it as collateral at the bank.

When the Peace Terms crashed into the German consciousness the little red-white-and-blue book that contained the President's utterances suddenly found itself in the wastebasket or on the garbage heap. The President's name became a hissing and a byword. Instead of being hung with hope the Fourteen Points suddenly bristled with hate. To mention them in polite society constituted a breach of etiquette almost as bad as professing love for a Frenchman.

Germany stood appalled and horrified at what she considered a breach of trust. How she got the idea that the President had obligated himself to a peace without fangs I am unable to say. One reason perhaps is that the German, once he sets his mind on having a thing done or convinces himself that a thing should be done, immediately assumes that the performance is either already achieved or in the natural course of events. In this way he deluded himself during the war in thinking the crimes of the German Army and Navy were part of organized and accepted warfare. The very fact that he believed a thing was right made it right in his eyes. He has not changed his mental processes.

But after all is said and done our chief concern in this article is with human interest, so we will move on to Berlin, once the fountainhead of empire. To-day it is merely a city trying to forget the war with every device that money can supply. Here you get the best and the worst of Germany, almost in a single street. Orgy and penury dwell almost side by side. The whole panorama of the nation in evolution is reflected in its life.

As my train slowly passed through Potsdam in the early morning and I got a glimpse of the church where the former Kaiser used to commune with the Deity, whom he claimed as intimate colleague, I thought about my last visit to the capital. It was late in the autumn of 1913 and Germany was at the high tide of her prestige and power. The world was yet to know the madness that lurked behind the Teutonic prosperity. I remembered that one afternoon I journeyed out to the immense Temperhof Field and saw what was perhaps the last great military maneuver before the troops that there marched so proudly plunged the world into horror with their advent into Belgium. On a knoll William Hohenzollern sat astride a milk-white charger, surrounded by his staff. He was then a king who could do no wrong.

Now I returned to that same city after four years of war had ravaged Europe. The name of a German had become synonymous with excess. The once exalted ruler who smilingly reviewed his army was a broken fugitive, shorn of authority, with all civilization clamoring for vengeance upon him. Time indeed had not stood still.

Outwardly Berlin seemed the same community, with its neat clean streets and the linden trees that were once the Kaiser's pride. Gayly dressed women still drove in the Thiergarten; the florists' windows were filled with gorgeous flowers; the jewelry shops glittered with dazzling displays of precious stones; the restaurants were crowded. There was opera every evening; dozens of cabarets contributed to a hectic night life; the town had even turned to boxing matches as its newest fad.

Life apparently moved on apace, just as if these people had not recently emerged from ordeal and suffering. It was only when you saw the mained wreck of a soldier in a doorway begging for alms that you got a hint of the human havoc wrought by the colossal struggle launched in this very environment.

When I went for my first walk, however, and saw the populace at close range I realized that much of the animation and show was a thin veneer. Scrape the surface, and anxiety, even desperation, are revealed. The Berliner is no longer the cocky self-asserting German of five years ago. There is something furtive in his look; even his stomach band has shrunk. Formerly the corpulent German was the rule; now he is the exception.

No More Swanking Officers

One evil is conspicuously absent—you no longer see the swanking monocled officer. In the old days life was one salute after another—a continuous click of heels. When a Prussian officer entered a restaurant he was not only the cynosure of all eyes but got the best table and the quickest service. His glory is dimmed, for he has practically vanished from the map. The officers visible look and conduct themselves like human beings.

Though Berlin is still under martial law you see few soldiers as compared with the immense number you saw before the war. Formerly there was an elaborate guard mount twice a day at the Brandenburg Gate. The only signs of it that remain are the unused gun racks.

No external change in Berlin, however, is more significant than is expressed in the bullet-ridden pile of brick and stone which housed Herr Hohenzollern. Once it was pointed out by the natives with a pride that bordered on piety; to-day you hear it designated by civilian and soldier alike as "the house where William lived." By an odd piece of mockery the balcony on which the former emperor was wont to stand and receive the cheers and plaudits of his subjects is now a shattered wreck. Whether by accident or design it was the particular target of the machine guns during the spring revolution.

Upon inquiry I discovered that practically all the Kaiser's belongings—medals, uniforms, college degrees, unpublished masterpieces and all other—had been removed from the structure and that it is likely to be converted into a museum. The first relic will probably be the battered remains of a misguided and self-hypnotized autocracy.

No less striking in some respects evolution of the famous Brandenbur round which much pageantry ce To-day you can see those once sacre plastered with posters announcing ings of the Independent Socialists, the abdication of the Kaiser the arch was scrupulously reserved fo equipage. A policeman always stoo to keep off the vulgar vehicle. That now wide open and the ice wag the milk cart rattle through with th ease as did the kingly chariot in t gone by.

In connection with the Brand Gate is one impressive piece of iron mediately adjoining it is the ope known as the Pariser Platz. It is on most commanding sites in Berlin. H Kaiser received addresses of welco also greeted his guests with pon splendor. A reformed government told me that so convinced were t mans of an easy triumph in Octobe that the palace authorities had rese the windows in the Platz so that the guests could there review the return victorious armies!

Always a city of statues, two memorials stand out with peculiar these overturning days. One is the bronze figure of Bismarck that h stood in front of the Reichstag B As I looked at it again in the light has happened these past five years dered what the Iron Chancellor wou said to the wrack and ruin of the em reared, and more especially to the imperial coxcomb who brought it Bismarck had no love for William guess is that he would have compres whole opinion in four eloquent wor told you so." He never would have his people into a war against the Instead he would have picked enemies one by one.

Headquarters of Conspira

Within stone's throw of the Bi statue rises the huge wooden fig Hindenburg, reared by a grateful p then in the throes of a temporary re As most people know, it had a usef pose in that it was used as a rallyin to raise war funds. The citizenry nails and then paid for the privilege ing them into the old warrior's bod Allied armies did a better job and them figuratively into his coffin.

The Hindenburg statue has becom a sad spectacle because the pressin of Germany have provided a more p use for the nails, which have all b moved. Hence the immense figur as if it were moth-eaten.

No Berlin experience of mine wa dramatic than my visit to the Office in the Wilhemstrasse. In th gray building the whole devious German world-wide social, econom political penetration was spun. Th banks that stand almost within its were the box offices of Teutonic sa and corruption. All through the wa seen the evidence of its cunning in Switzerland, Holland, Sweden; wherever the German could get h inside the door. Within these wal hatched the conspiracies that Be and Dernberg executed. It was the ing ground of German diplomacy, a meant that its rooms were soundpr its mysteries deep. You had to double password to get in and half a to get out.

A rather strange illustration of t Germany is forgetting her war anim toward the Anglo-Saxon was the pr tion early in October of George B Shaw's play Arms and the Man in I at a little theater in Unter den Lind was given by members of the I literature class in the University of In the audience were a number actors and actresses in the profe company now playing the piece in G at a well-known local theater.

To turn to practical matters, Berl in fact every other city in Germany serious housing problem. During t it was impossible to erect any stru because men and material were mo for the conduct of the conflict. Mea the living needs of the people ha panded. The result of the scarcity of as well as industrial buildings is littl of acute. The value of improved rea soared skyward. In Cologne, Fra

(Continued on Page 53)

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Hamburg, Munich and Dresden
evaluation is four hundred per
rhan it was in 1914.

j Berlin told me that he was
ornment subsidy of one million
e ould erect an apartment house
c of which was only three mil-
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f ne-third. He refused because
ic ty in obtaining raw materials
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: iat Frankfort has established
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y the high cost of living and
b the loss of the bread-winner.
I walked through the poor dis-
B lin and saw an almost endless
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te war the Germans conducted
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o their babies. For once their
l esome truth. There are thou-
children in and about Berlin two
a who have never even tasted
a woman told me that all her
c since the war had been raised
h oup. At the time of my visit
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t ne-fourth of the normal.

e able by-product of these last
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i rate that Germany has ever
I fore the war eight hundred
p irs of tiny hands were added to
l ion every year. This is one
h the war-mad government felt
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u n. There was no worry about
e nval.

(erman Profiteers

ri inal government, however, did
o with overwhelming defeat such
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d g birth rate therefore you see
r e against a recurrence of the
i nanity that drove the old Ger-
s ide. You have only to observe
e dumpy humanity to realize that
r le part of the next generation
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e at and disintegration have left
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a much mistaken they have had
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t ring extremes of life in Berlin
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e y city of importance in Ger-
E rywhere the rich have become
d he poor poorer.

e ite reason for this is that in
y perhaps in no other country
t o war has the evil of the profi-
r ed so mightily. This universal
h n knows no section and whose
s eed, is one aggravating source
w espread Teutonic—indeed the
u pean—discontent. It has made
p n of the revolutionaries much
a it would otherwise have been.
s pial privilege and you get the
e lasses.

e han word for profiteer is *Shieber*.
d leveloped during the war. They
n nse fortunes in munitions and
s reptitiously buying up needful
l cotton and copper in Switzer-
d olland. They were usually in
v the frontier customs officials.
n of this gentry conducted a con-
e usiness in counterfeit ration
S e even went so far as to set up
l sses and turn out Russian and Rumanian bank notes. They hoarded gold and they broke every law in the calendar of self-respect, decency and ordinary patriotism. They waxed fat while Germany hungered.

You can spot the *Shiebers* because they are about the only persons in Germany who have rubber tires on their automobiles. Rubber is worth its weight in gold. The average taxicab has a tire made of steel springs. When you hear a flock of cars thus equipped on a cobbled street it sounds as if a boiler factory was in operation all round you. Incidentally I might add that it costs not less than one hundred and fifty thousand marks a year to run a car.

How do the *Shiebers* get their rubber tires? One unfailing source of illicit supply—whether for sugar, tires, gasoline, silk stockings, silks, French brandy, cigars, cigarettes or fine perfumes—lies in the elaborate system of smuggling which is one of the crying scandals of Germany. French and Belgian luxuries instead of actual necessities are pouring into the country.

The Reds Bid for Ludendorf

The German profiteer balks at no price. He pays five thousand marks for a bottle of brandy, and he would willingly give up fifty thousand for a French frock for his wife or lady love if it were available. He argues that sooner or later confiscation or revolution will get his pile. Most of them have smuggled nest eggs in actual marks out of Germany into Switzerland, Holland or Sweden, so they say, "Why worry?" This is one reason why the mark is down.

The carnival of corrupt extravagance is readily capitalized by the Bolshevist group in Germany in the same way that it is being capitalized by the radicals in England, France and Italy. Every time a *Shieber* is caught with the goods it only adds fuel to the flame of unrest that is sweeping the country. While the profiteers guzzle they simply hasten the red holiday. Communism may be the result.

The revolutionaries are on the job day and night, despite their overthrow last spring. A member of Ludendorf's staff told me that his late chief had been offered five million marks to join the reds. Prussian officers out of a job and who must earn a livelihood are being daily recruited for the Spartacus forces. While I was in Berlin the brother of one of Germany's air aces went over to the reds at a salary of fifty thousand marks a month.

"Where do the Bolshevists in Germany get their money?" you may ask. They get it in precisely the same way that Lenine, Trotzky & Co. get theirs. They make it, and there is no limit to the output of a well-oiled printing press.

Once the reds let loose in Germany there will be no half-hearted business. It is a well-known fact that German Communist murder centers have been organized in Hamburg, Munich, Berlin, Erfurt, Eisenach and Halle. Assassination has become a fine art. It is an interesting commentary on the results of the war that the German radical, who was formerly rather an amiable person, has developed into an extremist who hesitates at nothing. He has his full mate in madness not only throughout Europe but right here in America.

Throughout Germany I found conservative men getting ready for what they considered an inevitable revolution this winter. I noticed, for example, that one man's house was peculiarly bare of furnishings.

When I inquired the reason he replied: "I believe that we are going to have serious uprisings and that some of the cities are likely to be sacked. When the despoilers come they will at least have something to destroy or carry away. I have deposited all my valuables in a safe place in the country."

We now come to the one feature of Germany in transition of largest general interest. Everybody eats, therefore everybody is interested in the cost of living, whether it is in the land of our late antagonists in the field or elsewhere. Food is the universal leveler of all rank.

Immediately after the signing of the Armistice the food scarcity in Germany was acute. Thanks to America the shortage was relieved. When I arrived last September there was apparently an abundance. In Germany as elsewhere you can get what you want to eat if you are willing to pay for it. I discovered this in both the belligerent and neutral countries during the great war. Unfortunately not everyone is able to buy this way. As a consequence there is considerable suffering among the great mass of the German people on account of the excessive rise in the price of commodities. The increase ranges from one hundred to four hundred per cent.

I must confess that when I looked at the menu cards in unoccupied Germany—which is the only place where you can make an adequate measure of actual conditions—I was amazed at the variety and the price. At Frankfort I had an excellent luncheon of meat, vegetables, salad and dessert, with a bottle of mineral water, for forty-five marks. At the rate of exchange that day it represented only about one dollar and fifty cents in American money. When you compare this with our present prices it is almost worth while to take a trip to Germany and save money.

At Frankfort I touched a real German tragedy. It concerns that well-known and time-honored Teutonic institution, the sausage. The lowly frankfurter got its name from Frankfort, yet when I sought to order some in a restaurant there the German who accompanied me said: "I advise you not to eat any sausages. Most of them are made of horse meat and they are unsanitary."

"Where are all the dogs?" I asked.

Whereupon my companion replied, "The edible ones have gone long ago."

Hence it was a case of no frankfurters in Frankfort! It reminded me of war days when I could get no Swiss cheese in Switzerland and no Edam in Holland.

The decline and fall of the sausage is worth more than a passing mention. For hundreds of years the sausage has figured in German song and story. In Konigsberg, for example, at the New Year the butchers presented the bakers with a giant sausage. Back in the year 1558 this annual if unromantic gift was one hundred and fifty feet long and was carried by forty-eight persons. It has almost become a curiosity.

One of the contemporary German jokes about the 1919 sausage runs like this: A man bought a sausage in a Berlin meat shop. The butcher had no paper, so the customer used a subway ticket as a wrapper. When he got home he found he had lost the sausage. It had slipped through the hole punched in the ticket by the train conductor! This is a sample of the German brand of humor, as applied to the *wienerwurst*. Yet it shows that a one-time national staple has ceased to be a bulwark of Fritz's stomach.

The sausage represents only one phase of the food tragedy. Good beer, once the inspiration of German contentment, is as scarce as is morality among the Bolshevists. The beverage that made Munich famous has practically gone out of the market on account of the scarcity of malt and hops. I drank beer only once in Germany, and that was in a restaurant in Berlin. It was bitter stuff and absolutely unlike the beer that one got before the war.

Hotel Living Costs

In Germany as in any other European country during the war food regulations melt under the magic of money. To illustrate: I took three Americans to a fashionable restaurant in Unter den Linden, where I was told that I could get the best food in the city. The menu was elaborate but contained no beef. When I called the waiter's attention to this fact he leaned over and whispered, "Would you like to have some beef?" I said that such was my desire, and he remarked, "It will be all right, but it must be served to you as chicken."

That dinner, which included hors d'œuvres, some filet of sole, steaks *minute*, pastry for two, Mocha coffee and two bottles of German champagne, cost exactly three hundred and forty marks. At the rate of exchange that day, in American money it represented simply, plus a ten per cent tip, about thirteen dollars. Minus the champagne it would have been only two hundred and sixty marks. When you consider that this was for four people it is astonishingly cheap. At this point you must remember, however, that I had a great advantage over the German in buying because I had exchanged American money for marks at the lowest rate of exchange in German history.

The vagaries of the mark, I might add, which will be dealt with in more detail in the next article, constitute one of the real adventures in Germany to-day. When I was across the Rhine it had ebbed to a valuation of a little more than three cents. Before the war it was worth over twenty-three cents. Convert a hundred-dollar bill into German marks and you feel almost like a millionaire.

Bills for food and lodging whose totals startled the Germans, who can think of the mark only at its prewar value, were as jokes to those who use American and British money. My bill for lodging, breakfast and many incidentals, including laundry for nine days, at the Adlon was approximately five hundred marks. Before the war that would have amounted to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. At the rate of exchange when I paid it it was considerably less than twenty dollars. The collapse of the mark is eloquent evidence of Germany's decline.

When you eat table-d'hôte meals in Berlin, Frankfort, Leipsic, Hamburg or Cologne the overhead cost is not excessive, even from the German point of view. You can get, for example, a satisfactory luncheon consisting of soup, fish, meat and dessert for eighteen marks at either the Adlon Hotel or the Hotel Bristol, the two best-known hostelries in Berlin and at the Atlantic Hotel in Hamburg.

The two rarest things in the German bill of fare to-day are butter and milk. I went for six days without butter for breakfast at the Adlon. On the seventh morning my floor waiter showed up all atremble with excitement. When I asked him the cause he replied, "We have butter this morning."

The great scarcity in milk and butter is due to the shortage of livestock. There was a wholesale slaughter during the war to feed the armies, and under the terms of the Peace Treaty Germany has been compelled to hand over one hundred and forty thousand milch cows to the conquerors. The whole milk supply, as I have already intimated, is reduced about three-quarters. What cows remain are improperly nourished, on account of the absence of oil cakes.

Atrocities of Peace

One of the real atrocities of peace in Germany lurks in the coffeepot. Ask for plain coffee in a German restaurant and you are served with a brown mixture that tastes like a cross between gasoline and bilge water. In order to get something that has the faintest semblance to coffee you must demand Mocha, and even then you get a denatured and highly sterilized product.

Do not get the idea from this swift glimpse into the menus of expensive hotels that my experience is the experience of the great mass of the German people. The hotels and restaurants always have first choice of everything. Go into the German households and there you find a stinted diet and a flat pocketbook, because the price of foods in the shops is little short of appalling. A pound of ham costs nine and a half marks, when it is obtainable; a pound of bacon, five marks; a pound of coffee, fourteen marks; while cocoa sells for seventeen marks a pound.

Fuel goes food one better, or, I should say, one worse. The price of coal has increased in some localities twentyfold. At Kiel manufacturers are paying seven hundred marks a ton for coal that early in 1914 brought twenty marks a ton. This is one reason why industry is paralyzed, why homes are cold, and why, with this lack of one of the essentials of life, the German winter will be one of hardship and possibly worse. The German coal output on the day I left was less than forty per cent of the normal. This tells the whole story.

No less prohibitive are the prices of other necessities. A pair of shoes costs from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty marks. An ordinary ready-made shirt that cost ten marks in 1914 now brings eighty marks. Though German wages have gone up they have not risen in proportion to prices, and a mark to the German still represents the prewar value.

Nor must we overlook a humble commodity like soap, which during the war was literally as rare as a jewel and almost as costly. It is still scarce and expensive. In 1917 and 1918 so keen was the demand for soap that men risked their lives and reputations to smuggle a few cakes across the frontier. More than one Allied prisoner of war escaped by bribing his jailers with soap. Very little was manufactured in Germany until recently, on account of the shortage of fats.

I cannot leave this whole problem of food without dealing with a picturesque condition not without its lesson for America. When you receive your bill in a restaurant in Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg or Munich you

will find that ten per cent has been added to the price of what you have consumed or bought. This is the so-called *Trinkgeld*, which is the German word for tip. Since the war the German cooks, waiters and other restaurant servants have formed such an effective organization that they have dictated this compulsory fee. Not only is ten per cent added to your bill in the restaurant but twenty-five per cent is also added to your room account at the hotel, which is supposed to cover the gratuities for valet and chambermaid.

This automatic tipping would be an admirable thing if it ended there, but unfortunately the patron who merely pays his bill, automatic fee included, and leaves the restaurant need not expect gilt-edged service when he returns. According to the rules of the union no waiter or hotel employee has the right to accept a casual or extra fee, but German servants, like all others, are human, and they expect a small gift in addition to the prescribed amount on the bill.

This extra fee, which is added to the bill, is paid to the employees in the shape of an increased wage, and does not go, as the average man would think, into a common pool shared by the help.

The German servant—and by servant I mean all employees of hotels and restaurants—is now the autocrat instead of the meek subservient cog in the work machine that he was before the war. If a waiter, for example, makes himself distasteful or becomes unpopular among his associates they have the right under the new union agreement to demand his dismissal by the employer. No matter how faithful or efficient or popular he may be with the patrons, once the union bans him he must go.

In discussing this situation with me the manager of one of the largest hotels in Berlin said: "The conduct of our establishment, so far as any control of the employees is concerned, has been taken entirely out of our hands. From scullery maid up to our head waiters we must pay the wages prescribed by the union scale and abide by every decision made by our help. A few weeks ago the waiters' committee informed me that one of my oldest waiters must go. When I remonstrated I was told that the whole staff would strike unless I submitted."

The Horrors of Tobacco Famine

Here you get a glimpse of one kind of democratization which is spreading throughout Germany. As never before the worker has a voice in the conduct of all activity that works for a wage. In the hotel organizations, for example, there is a general advisory committee of employees, which consists of a waiter, a porter, a chambermaid and the cook. This body really rules the establishment. In other words, the autocrat has left the breakfast table and sits enthroned in the kitchen.

Closely allied to commodity costs is another really unique situation. I refer to the scarcity of cigars and cigarettes. Germany is suffering from a genuine smoke famine. So keen is the hunger for cigarettes that you can bribe a baron with a package of American army cigarettes. It is no longer necessary to use money to buy your way into the presence of the elect. Hand the watchdog at the door a cigarette and he is your slave for life. The brother of a former member of the German cabinet and himself a financier of high rank asked me if I could sell him two packages of cigarettes. When I made him a present of a packet he said, almost with tears in his eyes: "Command me for any service." A package of cheap British cigarettes, known in the army in France as the "Tommy's delight" and which sells in England for ten cents, brings four marks in Germany. This is typical of all cigarette prices.

Offer a bell boy in a Berlin hotel a piece of money for his service and he will answer, "I would rather have a cigarette." It is hazardous to leave your boots outside your door or your wardrobe unlocked. This invites ordinary theft. The knowledge that you have cigarettes concealed in your room, however, almost marks you for murder.

It is no unusual sight to see a long line of men and women outside a Berlin cigar store waiting for a chance to buy the ration of cigarettes. Like New York and other American cities, Berlin has various chains of cigar stores. One of these groups specializes in cheap goods. Stocks are so low that cigarettes are sold only between nine and ten in the morning. Each customer is allowed only ten cigarettes. Hence the long queues, which begin to form as early as seven o'clock. This regulation is not confined to the cheap shops. On the door of the establishment de luxe of the most expensive tobacconist in Unter den Linden this sign is displayed: "This shop is open only between nine and twelve and three and four o'clock. Cigars and cigarettes are sold only on Saturday between nine and twelve."

Though cigarettes in considerable quantities are made in Germany—the center of the industry is Dresden, where it is controlled by Greeks—the average German prefers a foreign cigarette. Such American and British goods as find their way into the country bring six to eight times the price that they fetch in the United States.

This matter of cigarettes discloses another startling change caused by the war. Before 1914 Germany was essentially a cigar and pipe smoking country. Whenever you saw a portrait of a contented Teuton he was pulling away at a long meerschaum. The war, however, set the German, just as it set the Briton and the Frenchman, to smoking cigarettes. This was natural. Millions of men went into the army. During the long waits in the trenches or behind the lines a short quick smoke became the thing. Men smoked cigarettes who had never touched them before, and they acquired the habit. Last year thirty billion cigarettes were sold in Germany. It is almost double the former consumption.

Good cigars are scarce and costly. Before the war the well-to-do German liked an imported weed, though he did smoke large quantities of Dutch and native cigars. Some cigar prices are almost ridiculous. If you seek a certain premier after-dinner cigar made in Cuba, which sells in the United States for sixty cents, you may possibly be able to get it at a few exclusive restaurants for seventy-five marks. The prewar price in Berlin was four marks.

In one Berlin shop I saw a box of American five-centers that were part of a large consignment of excess A. E. F. Quartermasters' stores sold to the Germans. It still had the American army label on it, which included the army retail price of one dollar for the whole twenty-five. The box was selling in Berlin for exactly fifty marks.

Of course there is still a tremendous consumption of German-made cigars. Most of them come from Hamburg. The native cigar that sold for half a mark or a mark in 1914 now brings six to ten marks, according to size. In connection with these German cigars I can relate rather an interesting incident. I took a German financier to lunch at a well-known restaurant in Berlin. When the coffee was served I handed him an imported cigar. It was out of a box that I had bought in the American canteen at Coblenz.

We talked so long that our cigars were exhausted and I asked the waiter to bring a box of the best German cigars he had. To my astonishment the box he brought was labeled "Graf Bernstorff." On the cover was a picture of Bernstorff, flanked by the German Embassy at Washington on one side and the White House on the other. At the bottom was the reproduction of an American flag. The late German Ambassador to the United States was at least not without honor in his own country because he had had a cigar named for him.

Maximilian Harden

Up to this time I have dealt with Germans in the abstract. Now for the final phase I shall present a concrete personality in Maximilian Harden, the militant journalist whose denunciations of William Hohenzollern landed him in prison on more than one occasion back in the days when lese majesty was full brother to arson or murder in Germany. I felt that any study of the nation in process of evolution would be incomplete without a talk with the most interesting of all contemporary Teutonic figures.

Harden is the editor of Die Zukunft—The Future—a pugnacious weekly which was suppressed a number of times during the war. The son of a Berlin merchant, he became an actor after his graduation from college, and then turned to writing. There are many people in Germany who think that Harden has never ceased to be an actor. In any event, once he dipped his pen into ink he began to write strong stuff. Harden was among the first to get, as we would say in America, the right dope on the former Kaiser. He arraigned him as a weak self-willed near-degenerate, and was immediately put behind the bars for it.

It was Harden who exposed the nefarious ring round the Kaiser, back in the nineties, which led to a whole moral reform at the German court. Largely because of his criticism of the Hohenzollerns there developed a close friendship between the editor and Bismarck. They agreed on one thing, which was that the deposed Emperor was a royal false alarm.

On an afternoon late in September I motored out to the Grunewald, loveliest of all the Berlin suburbs, to have a look at the man who had so long and so consistently defied the imperial lightning. He lives in a neat flower-embowered villa surrounded by trees. In the library, whose walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling, I got my first glimpse of Harden. He is slight and wiry of figure and nervous of movement. His face looks like a cross between an actor and a scholar. His broad and his eyes are deep and He speaks in a low, gentle musical voice.

Though Harden understands English our conversation was entirely in German. With hi many other Germans I demon efficacy of one of the cardinal se in big interviewing, namely, tha always more at ease and im readily when you talk to him i tongue.

I found Harden eager to learn possible about the state of the mind. He not only has a trem miration for President Wilson b himself unreservedly in favor of Nations. He designated it as "a for good, part of the hope of the

Unlike the rest of his countrym is of the opinion that the Versa is a just visitation on Germany the only human being I met with fines of that former empire who regret over the misdeeds of th Army and Navy. He believes th criminals who outraged every cency should be brought to boo list of culprits includes the capt dustry "guilty of attempted des competing wealth."

"How about the trial of the I asked Harden.

"To try the Kaiser now," was "would be a mistake, because simply make a martyr of a rea He feels, however, that "the Gern should not be held responsible for of the military masters who de fooled them."

"Has real democracy come many?" was my next query.

Harden pondered a moment answered, "Not yet, but it is co the present time there are many who want some of the old order some of the new. They cannot cake and eat it too. I believe, that real democracy is bound to

"What has Germany learned war?" I asked.

"That she must think of others of herself," was the swift retort.

When we spoke about the fu tions between the United States many Harden said, "Though hatred must burn itself out I am that in time a new and real relatio develop between the two countr merly Germany ruthlessly culti United States as a weapon aga land. Now she will undertake to America for her own sake."

To summarize the situation in is to say this: The end of the war nation still possessed of a tremer tential strength. A year of ur indecision finds this strength ur but trembling in the balance. radical political upheaval it may into a serious menace to rehabilit permanent peace. Aided but ke drastic stewardship to prevent power, it can be converted into a tive force for world stabilization.

Editor's Note—This is the first of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with in Germany. The next will be devot industrial situation.

LET THE SELLER BEWARE!

(Continued from Page 10)

"So I asked every agent one question—'Have you a list of your trucks that have run more than 100,000 miles?'"

"What did they say?"

The purchasing agent laughed.

"A few of them tried to talk me out of an answer. The big majority of them just walked out and never came back. Of the forty or more who had been trying to sell me eight came through with an answer. Four answered that they had no such list. The other four had a roster of trucks that met the test—the Grand people gave me the names and addresses of more than ninety American firms or individuals owning trucks that had run more than 100,000 miles. Some had gone as high as 300,000."

"Um-m-m! Where did the Mileage get off in this test of yours?"

"To tell you the truth, the Mileage agent was one of those that dropped out without another word."

"Isn't that because they've only been making trucks a few years?"

"Probably. But that doesn't interest us, does it? What we want is a proved truck. My idea is to let the other fellow experiment."

"I don't think it would be an experiment with the Mileage truck," the president said with some asperity. "To be blunt, I'd like to try at least two Mileage trucks."

"Is that an order, Mr. Baker?"

"N-no," the president said hesitatingly. He was unaccustomed to this sort of cheek from subordinates and frankly disliked it. On the other hand he had a good deal of respect for his purchasing agent. At last he added, "No, I won't give you any orders. But I'm stating my preferences to you. We'll let it go at that."

The purchasing agent rose.

"You can depend on my using the best judgment I have, Mr. Baker," he said. "Remember that I'm buying the trucks for the company—not for myself. If we had an engineering expert in my department ——"

"An engineering expert?" the president interrupted testily. "I suppose that's the next thing we'll have to buy you, eh? But what for?"

"Yes, you'll have to come to that," Wiley said, smiling. "And when you have one I'll pass up tests and experiments to him and be able to get you better materials as well as better prices. But as long as we haven't an engineer I'll have to go ahead on judgment. I'll let you know what I find out."

With this information planted to be cultivated later the purchasing agent left. He was in a disagreeable position. He liked the president and the company. But he had been looking for something like this to develop and he rather welcomed the chance to have the thing over with one way or the other. What worried him particularly now was his own mental balance. He knew from experience and the teaching of his former chief, old John Greer of Sharp Steel, that he had not only to resist the appeal the president's wishes made to hi truck matter but he had also to r unconscious tendency in himself being antagonized and doing the an injustice. It would be easy t fluenced toward buying the Mil the fact that the president urg strongly; it would be even easier backward and adopt an unfriendly that had nothing to do with the n the question. As he had ten days i to make up his mind he took on lecture course on mechanics, rea books omnivorously and almost ru eyes pursuing the academics of truck operation. But everything he strengthened his early preference Grand and he decided to order four

Just before the order was to be gi president sent for him and introd salesman.

"This is Mr. Knibbs of the Motor Car Company, Mr. Wiley,"

(Continued on Page 57)

(Continued from Page 54)

e een talking to him about his trucks
h has me more interested than ever."
he purchasing agent looked the presi-
i the eye.
A you buying the trucks then?" he
d
N that's why I called you in. I
g you'd like to get into touch with
K ibbs."
A right, sir. I'll talk to Knibbs."
n he started toward his own office,
r ng to the salesman. The president
n ed.
Y I don't need to go, Wiley," he said.
a a little time to spare and I'd like to
r is truck matter threshed out right
.
il turned round abruptly.
T n let me make the first talk, Mr.
e" he said quietly. "I was going to
K ibbs into my office and tell him that
i 't want his truck. Now I'll have to
h here."
he president bristled.
W at's that?"
I decided that the company can't
d o buy Mileage trucks and I've made
n mind on an order to another firm."
W at kind are you going to buy?" the
i at snapped.
I not ready to tell Mr. Knibbs."
y miled.
G ahead!" the agent said stiffly.
n mind me!"
B I do mind you, Mr. Knibbs. Sup-
p that I were negotiating with you
a other salesman came to me for in-
f on—would you like me to name you
y r line to him? Honestly, now?"
W ll, no," the agent replied after a
n t's hesitation. "I suppose that if
d he would immediately focus on
m nts that would show you where his
k eat mine. And the debate might
l n a lot of information I'd rather he
h ave."
E ctly! I make it a rule, Mr. Baker,"
p rchasing agent said, turning again to
p sident, "never to discuss one agent
h s commodities or his prices or any-
g bout him with a competitor. The
s ow that is my rule and they all like
I gives everybody an even break and
a s complications."
It a good rule, Mr. Wiley," the truck
m n interjected. "And I believe I'm
h way here. If you decide to reopen
t ck question, let me know."
n he walked out.
I ntime the president had been fidget-
i his chair. When the visitor was gone
u ed rather snappishly to Wiley.
Y u'd better clear up this truck ques-
r w," he said rather testily.
I ready, Mr. Baker. I don't find a
l eature about the Mileage to recom-
d t to us—there's the long and short
. 've decided to buy four Grands—in
. e requisition is written and lying on
d k now."
T n you'd better tear it up," the presi-
t id. He was headstrong and a trifle
p y and this flat opposition galled him.
h decided to have you buy four Mile-
t cks, but I will compromise with you
l you take two of each."
N , you won't, Mr. Baker," the pur-
s ng agent said. "You'll accept my
r tion. I will go back and dictate it
n ."
h president stared.
L you mean that, Wiley?" he de-
m d.
I mean just that, Mr. Baker, and I'll
y u why. Don't think that my trouble
w nded vanity or hurt pride, because
a n't any of either commodity in my
c , so far as I know. I think perhaps
' overlooked the importance of some-
t g said to you the first day I was here.
w hen that I wanted full authority in my
d partment. Remember that?"
Y s, perfectly. But you have practi-
c ll authority."
P ctically isn't enough, sir. Let me
s ou what would happen if you or any
a ment head could tell me what to buy
t hat not to buy. Understand, I'm
a open to suggestion and advice. I
d 't retend to know it all. About a great
m things the department heads, or
n me of your employees, can give me
d and spades. But when it comes to
f al decision I'm the lad who has to
k . If you can take details of my work
o my hands, the treasurer can, or the
p or the factory superintendents.
n you see? To-day you are wanting
b trucks—they would want to buy
pencils or account books or tires or cans or machines or something. And pretty soon we would be back where we were before I came—without a purchasing agent except in name. And that's what I meant when I first came here and said that I could be of service to the company if I was given authority and backing."

"But I am merely insisting that we have at least two Mileage trucks in our fleet," the president interjected stubbornly.

"I am certain that you would regret it if we bought them," Wiley said instantly. "And if we could both take the time I could prove it to you. I've been studying nothing but trucks for ten days and I've learned quite a little. But even if I thought there was a chance that the Mileage might prove a good investment for us there is a second and very strong reason why I would resign before accepting dictation from you or any official on such a matter."

"I suppose I might as well have it, young man," the president sighed.

"It is this: If the salesmen found out through one isolated instance that the officials of this company could use their influence on me in buying I wouldn't be worth a clerk's salary to you in a month."

The president leaned forward.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that my principal value lies in my buying advantageously and economically over a long period of time, and that ability rests on my complete independence of all kinds of influences. If you are going to pick out our motor trucks you will be the man the motor truck salesmen will set out to sell. And not only that, but the word will go round and tire men, accessory agents, body builders and others will be trying to get to you. That opens the door. And the same thing applies to every department of the company."

"But I wouldn't let them see me."

"You let Knibbs see you."

"Y-yes, but that was because I was interested in Mileage trucks."

"Quite so—this time. But you would have to convince them all of the fact that this was an exceptional case. And as I said before, you've opened the door now. That, however, is not the principal point. The important thing is that salesmen would lose confidence in me at once, and confidence in me is what I have been trying to build up ever since I've been with you. If they thought I was a figurehead they would treat me as a figurehead—and they would be right." He broke off and studied the president for a moment. "Shall I go and write that resignation now, or do you want to hear something about my methods?"

The president smiled.

"We'll let the resignation go for the present. I'd like to have this thing out."

"So should I." The purchasing agent sat down. "I'm not going into the purchasing process very deeply," he said, "but I want you to understand how important it is to you—not to me—to give me free rein. To begin with, there is no department of your business where the personal equation enters so largely as it does into my work. Under the method John Greer taught me every salesman who hopes to do business with this company thinks of only one man here. That man is the purchasing agent. They have to sell that man and they have to do it on terms and with such treatment of him as to keep him sold. The ones who don't operate that way don't sell anything to us and, what's more, they know there is no use in trying.

"I'm in the market all right, provided they've got what we use, that it comes up to standard quality, at a fair price, promptly and just as it is represented to me. Obviously I can't go out and buy—the salesmen have to come to me. Those salesmen have to interest me and convince me. They know it. If I am a crook they find it out in a week. If I'm bull-headed and ignorant they have to think up tricks for getting round me. If they can flatter me into buying they will do it. If they can frighten me or get me panicky they invent wild tales and come in on the run. In other words, they play me like a fish. If they don't sell me they don't sell the company. So I'm the man the salesmen study.

"That puts a big responsibility on me, as you can see. Perhaps you haven't thought of that before. I know that comparatively few business executives realize the extent to which their buyers must be trusted to get the best results. A good many of them would faint if they knew what was going on in their purchasing departments. But every little while there comes a show-down like this one and then the executive has to learn and to decide for himself which system he is going to follow. The question is: Are you going to have a clerk at the head of my department who is a cog in your machine and nothing more, or are you going to have a real department chief who ranks with the other executives? It isn't a question of honor and glory—not a bit of it. It's a question of cold dollars and cents."

"I think I see what you are driving at now—the matter of initiative."

"Absolutely! The matter of making a job that is worth holding and then getting the right man to hold it. Maybe I'm not the man in this case. But whoever he is, he must have authority to match his responsibility and—and his load, we'll call it. I have to be keen, up on the markets, familiar with conditions in a thousand lines of trade, quick on decisions, watchful, easy to get along with and hard to fool.

"But there is another thing I have to be, and that is honest. If I were crooked I could make ten thousand dollars a month in graft right here under your nose. But how long would my graft last? About one month! Because the moment I began to accept bribes or presents or favors from salesmen this company would begin paying for those favors in hard cash and in poor goods. In the second month, moreover, it would begin to pay in increased prices, because the salesman who bribes a buyer expects to get his bribe back in the form of graft for himself or his firm—with interest. I've been at this work ten years now and the only three crooked purchasing agents I have known in that time are now down and out—ruined. It's worth thinking about—from your point of view."

"That's true," the president agreed. "I can see that. Go on with the lecture."

Wiley smiled.

"I don't mean to make it sound like that," he said. "But I believe it will pay to thresh the whole thing out and give you my angle on it.

"I've said that salesmen, when they think of selling anything to this company, think only of selling it to me. That means that there is an immediate and fairly close connection between the salesmen and myself. Those fellows are human. In the past buying was done in a very slipshod fashion. The successful salesman was the good fellow and mixer, the shrewd and clever man, the bright and compelling talker—or the crook. The sales manager's idea of a good salesman was one who could take a stock of shopworn or inferior goods or a line in which the house was heavy and clean it all out by his slick methods.

"Now that is all being changed—by purchasing agents—by the buyers. It is more true every day that honesty and fair dealing are the best policies in business. The men I do the bulk of my buying from are plain, straightforward, quiet fellows who know they can trust me to keep my word with them, who know what I want in the way of quality and who don't waste any time offering me poor goods or making me high prices. On the other hand, they are the kind of fellows I know I can trust. Mutually we are on this basis—truth telling, fair prices, prompt deliveries and ready accommodation on their side; fair treatment, an even break, prompt payment and friendly interest and appreciation on mine.

"My experience with Sharp Steel taught me a lot about the salesmen one has to avoid. When I came to you I met most of my old acquaintances and a good many new ones. In the last few months I have found only four men I couldn't trust. They don't call any more. But not a single salesman or agent has quit me yet because he couldn't trust me. That's the extent of the human equation in buying. Am I talking too much?"

The president shook his head.

"Go on," he said; "I'm listening."

"I'm about through. I had to lay a foundation, as the lawyers say. If you are willing to concede the correctness of my system you will have to go a step farther and agree that the whole thing falls to the ground if the salesman has reason to believe that I am only a straw man. Once or twice department heads here have tried to order goods or induce me to, but I've put my foot down. They don't try it twice. And now the salesmen never think of trying any other method of selling than the direct one of walking into my office and stating their proposition—showing their goods.

"Can't you see, Mr. Baker, that I must do the buying or else get out? If Knibbs here thought that you were buying trucks instead of me he would not only come to you for business but he would pass the word outside that I was only a straw buyer. If I told Wentworth of the Sellit Paper and Box Company that I would pay only two-fifty a thousand for cartons, his first hunch would be to appeal to you. If he couldn't get you he might try Meekins or Short or some of those fellows in the producing department. And my grip would slip. Now I can say to Wentworth, 'I'll pay two-fifty a thousand for butter cartons and not one penny more. Take it or leave it.' And the chances are that he will take it. But if he thinks a final answer can be got somewhere else he will hedge a while and then slip out to see how best to build a shoofly track round me.

"The whole thing comes down to this—more than anywhere else in your business you can't split authority in buying."

The president leaned back in his swivel-chair.

"I begin to see, Wiley," he said frankly. "And I think we'll buy four Grand trucks. Does that satisfy you?"

Wiley flushed.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Baker," he said. "It isn't for the sake of satisfying me that I want you to pull out on the truck matter. I haven't even touched on the relative merits of the two ——"

The president broke into a laugh.

"No, you haven't," he cried, "and you're not going to! You're too fast a talker for me. Run along and operate your own department in your own way. And when I want your resignation I'll let you know. Good afternoon—and good luck to you!"

So the truck incident was closed—almost. Parenthetically it may be remarked that about a year later the president found on his desk a clipping reporting that the Mileage Motor Car Company had suspended its truck line because they had not been successful in bringing trucks up to the standards they had set and maintained for their passenger vehicles. President Baker smiled a little and sent for the transportation manager.

"Doane," he said, "we bought four Grand trucks about a year ago. I've been wondering lately how they have stood up for you."

The hard-boiled manager grinned.

"I'd hate to have you think I was getting paid for boosting," he said, "but the truth is that those Grands are the best investment we ever made. Only one of the four has ever been in the shop and that one was hit by another car—and dented. All four of them have run round fifteen thousand miles and they look to me to be good for ten years' more service."

"Thanks, Doane," the president said. "That's what I wanted to know."

President Baker picked up the clipping and wrote on the margin, "What's the matter—someone monkeying with your authority again?—J. B. B."

Then he sent it to the purchasing agent's desk. He thought he knew where the clipping had come from—and he was right.

In the meantime, however, many things had happened to increase the president's respect for his buyer. Shortly after the latter's threat to resign he walked into the office of the president with an anxious face and said abruptly, "Chief, do you know that there is a big labor strike coming that may tie us up tight ten days after it starts?"

The president laughed.

"That's a little off your beat, isn't it, Wiley?" he inquired good-naturedly. "What sort of strike are you prophesying?"

"Railroads. It may blow over, but it looks ominous to me now."

"You are making a mountain of trouble out of the molehill of labor agitation, son. If we believed everything we heard ——"

'No, this time it's the real thing."

"What makes you think so?"

"I get it through the purchasing agents' association. I've just heard this morning that the New Iron Works have ordered and stored coke and pig iron enough to run them for three months."

"Well?"

"Who owns the New plants, chief?"

"The Jacksons, I suppose."

"Backed by the railroad. You've guessed that, haven't you?"

"Um-m-m! I see! You think they have been forewarned?"

"I'm sure of it. And I want to stretch my authority a little and buy for a year ahead if necessary."

"A year is a long time, Wiley."

"Not so long, if we are running at full capacity, as a month would be if we were shut down."

"There's something in that."

"And if we were cut off from our raw-material supplies, even for a few days, we should be hamstrung. Another thing that I've figured is that most prices are going to go up—at least they are not going to go down. You know the state of the labor market. Wages are up to stay for the present. Everything in the world of business points to high levels. And so I figure that we couldn't lose much by buying, even if the transportation strike doesn't materialize."

"I'll leave it to you, Wiley," the president said. "But I think you are mistaken about the tie-up."

The purchasing agent went out and took off his coat. In ten minutes his office was humming like a top. Three weeks later a local railroad yard strike began suddenly and spread soon over the whole state. Manufacturers who had been caught napping went into the air. Purchasing agents everywhere began running for cover. Salesmen, jobbers, importers and producers of raw materials had to lock themselves in their offices to keep importunate buyers from mobbing them. The big manufacturing centers of the city were practically paralyzed.

But Purchasing Agent Wiley sat back and smiled at their woe. His own company was running to capacity. On the second day of the strike President Baker returned from a week's inspection trip by auto and the first man he sought was Wiley.

"Well, you were right!" he boomed. "But that doesn't make me feel much better. It was all right to order ahead, but how about deliveries? How long can you keep us going with the supplies on hand?"

Wiley leaned back in his chair.

"At capacity you can run for three months," he said calmly. "At our normal rate of production you could keep going without a pound of essential supplies coming in for five months."

"But, good Lord, man," the president cried, "where are you going to get the raw stuff? Where are our cartons and boxes and containers coming from—not to mention other supplies? How about chemicals? And tins? And the thing that worries me most is fuel oil!"

Wiley still smiled.

"You remember my asking you for more authority a little while back?"

"Of course I do! But that was for long-time contracts—it doesn't help deliveries on those contracts."

"I stretched my authority a little. Maybe I cheated, but I took the chance." He pulled four large photographs from a drawer and laid them out. "Do you recognize those buildings?"

"Yes—the Stone & Garrett warehouses and the one at Mission Street and the Delta. What about 'em?"

"We have a year's lease on these warehouses. For almost a month I've been cramming stuff into them by the carload. That's where our working supplies will come from as long as the strike lasts."

The president dropped into a chair and wiped his forehead.

"Well, son, you do beat time!" he exclaimed admiringly. "But what would you have done if there had been no strike? You would have been stocked up with ——"

"On five minor lines—yes—I would have been stung. But compared with the whole list my losses would have been as a bag of peanuts to a shipload of wheat. Everything I have in those warehouses except the five small lines I mentioned has gone up a few notches since I bought and most everything is still climbing. I was figuring just the other day that I could sell any time now on a rising market and net $25,000 on the deal."

The president shook his head mournfully.

"You youngsters are too fast for me," he complained—"altogether too fast! There's going to be a new president some day soon—the directors will pick up one of you youngsters and I'll be shelved! No, you're too speedy for my time!"

As it turned out the strike was broken in a few days and Wiley did sell a part of his hoarded supplies. But after a conference with the president it was decided to hold most of the materials as a sort of industrial insurance against strikes, tie-ups, disaster and delayed deliveries, and from that time forward there was always a sufficient amount of material on hand to prevent a serious impediment in production in the factory. And the important thing was that not a moment was lost by the company and all its many employees went steadily on with their work at high wages when thousands of others were laid off for a few days or weeks before their employers could readjust themselves to the situation. It was after that experience that President Baker began to refer to the purchasing agent's office as "the heart of the plant." And that, as he always insisted, was exactly what it was.

"Wiley keeps us going—operation, manufacture, raw materials, finished product, sales force and even the executive offices," he would say. "And when the rest of us are marking time or are held up he keeps right on storing up energy for our next spurt. His little office is the heart of the business and when he wants anything I'm going to see that he gets it."

One day at his club a big paper jobber crossed to him, holding out a hand.

"I want to congratulate you on shaking us down last week, Baker," he said laughingly.

"How was that?" the president asked guardedly.

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of what that smart young buyer of yours did to us? It's the talk of Paper Row."

"I'm afraid I've missed something," Baker said.

"Is your house in the habit of buying a hundred thousand dollars' worth of paper without a conference on it?" the jobber asked incredulously.

"We're in the habit of buying about a million dollars' worth of goods a quarter without a conference on anything. Wiley buys for us—*carte blanche*. So you will have to tell me the story."

The jobber sat down.

"I didn't know that any purchasing agent in this city had that sort of authority except John Greer of Sharp Steel. Oh, I remember—your man Wiley came from Sharp, didn't he? Well, that explains that. About the paper—the story is that the six big paper men of this territory had a meeting a while back and talked over prices. We didn't fix them, you understand—just had a sort of gentlemen's agreement about throat cutting."

"I understand," Baker said dryly.

"Well, I don't suppose you believe me, but we'll let that go. At any rate we heard that your man Wiley wanted a big lot of paper. I sent a salesman over to see him and told him to quote our best price as round $115,000. Of course the other five dealers got in with their bids in a hurry. But nothing happened.

"A week went by and I sent our man up again. He asked Wiley what had been done about the paper order and Wiley just looked him in the eye and said, 'I can't tell you much, Summers. But I will say this—your firm is too high!'

"Summers tried to get him to tell him more, but Wiley closed up. The salesman came back and I began to scratch gravel. I concluded that you had got a better bid from some of the other fellows and that made me sore. I figured the job all over again and finally sent Summers back to quote your buyer a price of $100,000 for the order. Wiley shook his head. 'That's still too high, Summers,' he said. Summers asked him if that meant that someone was underbidding us and Wiley refused to talk. To make a long story short, I finally decided that one of our competitors was knifing us and I shaved clear to the bone and offered Wiley the paper for $96,000.

"The deal was closed last week with the People's Paper Mills—at a price round $92,000. Afterward I happened to meet some of the other men in the Big Six. We were all suspicious of each other, but we got to talking things over and presently we found that we had been outbluffed by the best poker player in the city—your man Wiley."

President Baker smiled.

"How do you mean, Nixon?" he asked.

"I mean that Wiley had forced us into showing our hands just by standing pat. We discovered that he had taken our bids as fast as they came in and stuffed them into a drawer. He had kept his mouth shut and waited. Pretty soon our salesmen began to drop in on him one after another, and he told each of them exactly what he had told my man, Summers—'You're too high.' And that's all he would say. Of course each of us thought that the others were cutting prices and each of us edged down a shade. When he had us at bedrock he took the lowest offer. And then he laughed at us—laughed in our faces. I sent our salesman over to ask what the game was and he came back with this message: 'Tell Nixon that I've been suspecting for a year that you jobbers were in a combine and now I know it. Give the Big Six my love!'"

President Baker laughed heartily.

"Busted you wide open!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet you haven't spoken to one another since! And it serves you right! You were busted, weren't you?"

The other man nodded gloomily.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "The combination, or gentlemen's agreement, or whatever you want to call it, is no more. It's defunct, deceased, dead and buried! Each of those other fellows is sure I'm a crook and I know all of them are—and so we've just quit playing in the same back yard. But that buyer of yours must be a wonder. If you ever get through with him, Baker, I wish you'd let me know. I'd like to have him on my payroll."

Later President Baker made an occasion to speak to Wiley about the paper deal. Wiley laughed.

"Oh, I knew they were jockeying with prices somewhere," he said. "The raw-material market, as I get it from trade journals and other sources, has been fluctuating a good deal; but the prices these road agents were asking were too uniform. That made me suspicious and I laid for them. I'm glad they smashed."

The president agreed.

"But won't this incident make hard feelings among the paper salesmen?" he asked. "Will they ever forgive you?"

"Why not?" Wiley demanded promptly. "I'm buying paper and they are trying to sell it. I didn't deceive them, even by implication. The trouble with them was that they were in a crooked deal and their consciences hurt and they suspected one another. As a matter of fact, I've made two stanch friends—the salesman I finally bought from and who had never had such a big order in his life before, and Mr. Nixon's salesman, Summers, because Summers hated the combination and was being kept out of some of his best business by it. Don't worry about paper, Mr. Baker—we've got them eating out of our hands now!"

"You talked to me once about your buying methods, Wiley," the president said. "Tell me what your experience has been lately. I'm interested."

Wiley thought a minute.

"There has been some change in the last year or two," he said then. "Salesmen are getting easier to handle—more reasonable and businesslike and less shrewd and smart. They know me and my ways now. They know my three hard-and-fast rules."

"What are those?"

"One is—give me your best price first. Only in exceptional cases, like that of the paper deal, will I buy from a man who tries me out with a high price and then allows himself to be beaten down."

"I see. But don't they take advantage of that rule to hold you up?"

"Not more than once. I've been trimmed once or twice, but the men who did the trimming don't come back for more business. And one sale doesn't make a salesman."

"There's something in that. Go on."

"Rule two—if you sell me poor goods or fool me on price or quantity or deliveries don't come back into the office."

"That's a good one—if they respect it."

"They do. I'll tell you a story about that in a minute—about soda ash. My third rule is—if you want me for a steady customer convince me that you are a dependable source of supply."

"What does that mean—exactly?"

"This: Every purchasing agent has an ideal—to find sources of supply on which he can depend year in and year out, unfailingly and without interruption or trouble. By that I do not mean only a source of supply that gives us good goods at fair prices; I mean a source that has the organization and machinery and reputation and a tradition that will keep it being dependable continuously. Of course I'm only talking about an ideal condition, because the biggest and strongest concern in the world will have its dependability interrupted once in a while by strikes, transportation troubles, a shortage of raw materials, or something that no human agency can foresee or prevent. Nevertheless there are a large number of big concerns—and an increasingly large number of smaller ones—that depend for their success and standing on keeping the supply coming steadily. That's the first thing the purchasing a asks about.

"There is another factor that enters dependability of supply source. Of c there is fair dealing and good faith—the thing that is often overlooked is in gent business. For instance, there certain national corporation handling g that we need. On one item—somet like fifty thousand dollars' worth a yea us—I have never been able to buy a p from them. That is because what the offering me is very close to what I wa stead of exactly what I want. I've lo the matter up and talked it over wit gineers and they say that the big pany could make a slight change in mixture and meet my specifications out a dollar's expense. Do they d They do not! They have been trying since I've been here to sell me, not by what I want them to do but by arguin out of my position. They have had experts and smooth salesmen up for that purpose than I could give tim They are just determined to convinc that I don't know what I want. That do go. I happen to know what I want, why, and I've demonstrated that I ca the commodity and that it does all mand of it. And yet my friends of th company are still arguing. So far the failed to get anywhere and they are g to continue to fail as long as I keep health."

"But you buy other goods from the

"No, that's the point. In many they have what I want. But I don't sider them a dependable source of su for anything—because they are an telligent source. Consequently I am p diced against all their goods."

The president grunted. "What w you were going to tell about the sales who violated your second rule?"

"Oh—if you double-cross me don't back for more business? That was Fr with his soda ash. Last July I boug small order of soda ash from French Awon Chemical Company. Two mo later French came in and urged me to on a large contract. He said the price going up and that I had better get in I could. The price he named was cents a pound on five hundred barrels.

"I objected that I didn't want that ash—that all I cared to sign up for enough to carry me to the first of the

"'That's all right,' French said, take what you want under this con and we'll take off your hands any you left.'

"I took him at his word and when first of the year came round I still about ninety barrels of soda ash comi me under the contract from the A people. I wrote them, reminding the French's promise and telling them t wanted the contract canceled. My re was that the market had broken in meantime and I could buy cheaper ash. The Awon flatly repudiated Fre agreement, so I took my extra soda paid up and shut up."

"What happened then?"

"What happened in connection with rule is that French came in shortly a ward with a dandy price on chem that we needed, but I wouldn't even li to him.

"He couldn't understand me. 'Do mean to say you'd hold a grudge ov little thing like a hundred barrels of ash?' he asked me.

"'No, French,' I said, 'life is too s to hold a grudge over soda ash in amount at any price. But a grudge cheap bargain for me if it reminds me a man or a company thinks more of a l thing like a hundred barrels of soda than it thinks of its own word.'

"French didn't have another remar make on the subject. As it happens, wasn't the end of the incident either."

"What happened?" the president as

"I put my extra soda ash in storage within a few weeks the market took a den upward slant. I happened to hea the Purchasing Agents' Association ro one day that Morton of the Tinker Can Company wanted soda ash. I told that I might spare him a hundred bar if he would let me know the best pric could get from the salesmen. A day o later he called up to say that French offering him what he needed at th twenty.

"I sold Morton at three-ten, which sha the market close, and French is still won ing what hit him. Some day I'll tell hi

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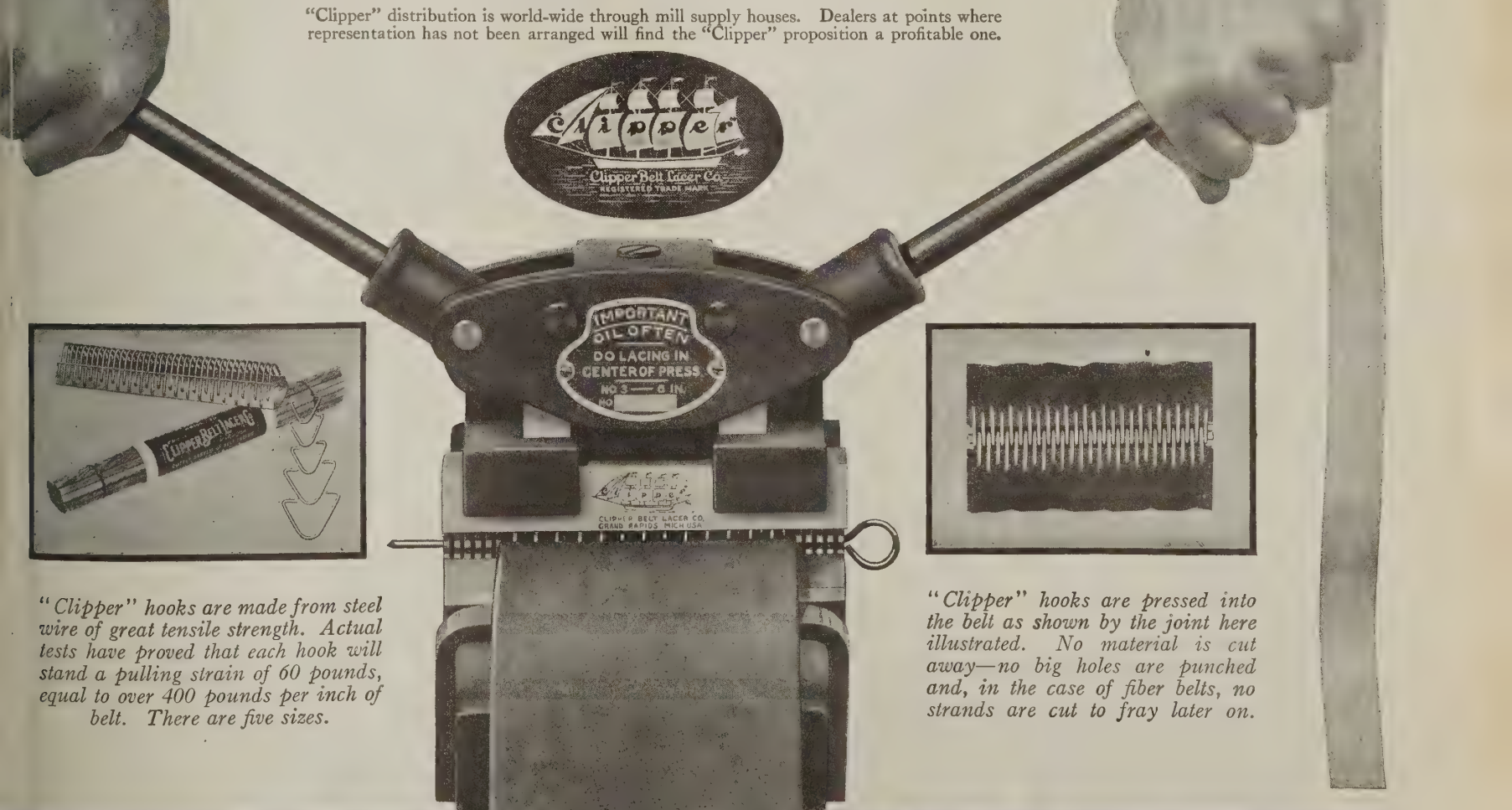

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BIG PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I mean opportunities, openings, chances to do better for myself than I've ever dreamed of doing before. Oh, I've got irons in the fire, don't you worry! Incidentally," he added with marked gratification, "the thing I'm thinking about, the one I think I'll take, will bring me right here to live—in little old New York."

His eyes beamed upon her. She was thrilled with his news.

"Oh, Russell, that makes me happy! You don't know how much I've thought about that—wondered if it was going to be hard for you to ——"

"Not on your life! It's one of the easiest things I do nowadays. Why, Fanny, I'm not quite the callow youth, without influence or position and never knowing where his next dollar was coming from, that told you good-by in 1917. Things have happened to me. You'll see!"

And then, leaning forward under the eye of hovering waiters, he said movingly in a changed tone: "How would—wouldn't you like to live in New York?"

"I? My dear! It's something I've never thought of."

"I'm asking you to think of it now. Fanny, you haven't forgotten the last conversation we had before I went away?"

Coloring, she answered lightly with some loss of ease:

"Women have long memories for some things, they say. Never breathe a word to them that you aren't prepared to stick to! But now—I'm simply dying to hear about your irons in the fire and how you got them and everything!"

He accepted the gentle postponement; glanced at his wrist watch, cautioned the waiter to show more celerity and went on with happy absorption.

"Well, you see, it was bull luck from my standpoint, Fanny, because I hadn't pulled any wires, but just went where they sent me—but the 300th was full of the most wonderful fellows. Everybody used to comment on it. Sons of some of the biggest men in the United States were my messmates—Sterter, Bradford, Fielding, Honeykamp and so on—and everyone a prince. Why, I was about the only officer in the regiment that had less than a million dollars—it's a fact!

"Well, naturally we all got thicker than thieves before we were through and, of course, it was an awfully good thing—a broadening thing—for me. I'd simply never had the chance to associate with men like that before, the life I'd led in Caledonia, and I tell you it was like opening up a new world! And yet at the same time, Fanny, it was like finding myself too. I think you understand what I'm trying to say. And then when I was banged up and got the ribbon—well it looked as if people couldn't do enough for me. It certainly was gratifying the way all my friends stood by me and came right up to the scratch. But the thing that attracts me most—the proposition I was speaking of—comes from Tom Bradford, who's one of the best friends I've got. He's ——"

"Oh, I remember Tom Bradford! You've often mentioned him in your letters."

"Well, you know who he is then—only son of old Joshua himself and a perfectly wonderful fellow. Incidentally Tom has a wad of his own from his grandmother—she was a Hardcastle from Butte. Well, Tom was in my company through it all from the camp days and we took a shine to each other from the start. He and I used to—— Well, for crime's sake! If there isn't General Wattrous! Look, Fanny!"

His stare directed attention to an elderly officer, who with a party of women was just being seated at a flower-decorated table some distance away. Very short in stature, this eye-catching son of Mars could hardly have tipped the beam at less than two hundred pounds. His figure was a hogshead's, his walk a waddle and he had a face that reminded Fanny of nothing so much as a gargoyle painted red. Nor was his case helped in contrast by the fact that the three women who accompanied him were all young, tall and beautiful.

"Russell, I never saw such a little Gila monster!"

Captain March, putting down his napkin, looked mildly shocked.

"Sh! Why, that's the great Wattrous! That's G—20! They call him the brains of the Army."

"Well, I'm glad to know he has brains!"

But the young man said: "I must pay my respects, Fanny—excuse me a minute. I know the old boy personally."

And he went away among the gleaming tables, limping badly without his stick, yet by no means robbed of his lean young grace. Many eyes followed him besides her own.

Fanny watched her soldier come smartly to attention at the elbow of his general. It was noted that the obese hero was in no haste to recognize his caller. When at last he glanced up from the menu he was studying his face wore a visible scowl, which was not observed to soften as the little pig-eyes rested upon Russell. Plain as day that look said over the spaces: "What the devil do you mean by speaking to Me?"

Apparently Russell, handsome and smiling, had to recall himself to the brains of the Army and apparently it took time. At length the old gargoyle was seen to nod a time or two and his look lightened a little—or rather his air of utter loathing relaxed by a mere trifle. Fanny considered that Russell should now have turned on his heel with the coldest dignity. On the contrary he stood there, soldierly and respectful but quite at ease, for several minutes, making a series of obviously amiable remarks in which by polite glances he seemed to include the ladies of the party—to whom he had not been introduced. The general appeared to respond to these civilities almost exclusively by jerking motions of his close-shaven poll. His attention remained with the official in a morning coat who was receiving the noble order.

The chief petty officer was not unfamiliar with the ways and manners of military caste. Still when Russell came back to her, having withdrawn from his respects with unruffled ease and perfect bows, she could not forbear to say, "I never saw anything as rude as that little monstrosity in my life!"

Russell laughed unaffectedly, and yet it was clear that her point of view surprised him too.

"Why, Fanny, that man couldn't be rude to me if he tried. I once heard a colonel say that to be kicked by Old Watty was an honor."

"I don't care! I think he's horrid!"

"He's got a right to be! What he says goes along the Front, let me tell you. Why, you know how it is in the Army, Fanny! The younger men all plume themselves if they have even a speaking acquaintance with any of the general officers, the really big men. It's considered an honor to say how-de-do to them—and incidentally it helps you sometimes, you bet! As a matter of fact, by a stroke of luck I was able to do General Wattrous a mighty good turn once."

"Oh, were you?"

He nodded with a full mouth.

"Found a bed for him one snowy night when his car broke down and when you might say there wasn't any bed. Just back of Dègremont, it was. He remembered about it just as soon as I reminded him of it."

"Dègremont? Wasn't that where you first went into the line, Russell?"

"It was that—just out the night I met Old Watty. Brigaded for three weeks with the British in what they called a quiet sector. Whew!"

Fanny prompted fearfully, and yet eagerly too: "Was it so—so very bad?"

"I'll say it was!" said Russell, and laughed. "Half an hour after we got in the first night my company was gassed all to pieces. Evacuated twenty-two men before morning. Second night the boches pulled a fierce raid to get acquainted—killed seven and grabbed four. Third night they bombarded and charged us three times. Fourth night they gave us large-caliber shells right along from dark to dawn. That's where Fritz Honeykamp got it, poor chap. Lying right next to me in the dugout, he was—head blown right off his shoulders. Jimmy Sterter got a nasty slash that night too. By the way, Bill Jaspar told me that Jimmy's in town with his new wife. I was sort of hoping we might run into them here or somewhere—I'd certainly like you to meet him. He's Sterter Steel, you know—a regular prince and one of my best friends. Rush along the dessert, waiter. My time's short."

Fanny thought his matter-of-factness splendid, and was ready to hear more; nay, she thirsted to hear more. But the talk inevitably slanted into more personal fields and flowed discursively. Bolting his artichoke to make up for lost time, Russell presently recaptured the thread where General Wattrous had broken it.

"It was this way, Fanny—you'll be so interested: You know, they gave me four days' leave last month as soon as I began to hobble round. Well, I have a little influence in the right places, the boys say—my opportunities were pretty good, you see, and I didn't neglect them—so I arranged for Tom Bradford to get leave at the same time. He and I and Harry Brooks went up to Paris together and I'll admit we had a time! Well, you see, Tom would never have had the nerve even to ask for leave, he's had so much, and so he felt awfully grateful to me. Insisted on paying all expenses—wouldn't let me buy a newspaper—and that's another reason I'm so flush to-day!

"Well, one night we got to talking about the future and the boys asked me what I was going to do. I told them I had several irons in the fire—from Jimmy Sterter and Johnson Fielding, for instance—but nothing absolutely definite had materialized so far, so I didn't know. Check, waiter! And then Tom spoke up and said, just as if it was something we'd often discussed: 'That's all settled, Russ. You're coming with Bradford and Vermilye in New York. My old man will fix you up. You leave it to me.' Tell the truth, I had sort of looked for something of the sort and maybe had thrown out a feeler or two, but I hadn't expected it and you could have knocked me down with a salted almond.

"Well then, Fanny, I asked him frankly what kind of position he had in mind, and he said, with my record as a soldier and my bad leg, I had a right to expect something pretty good. Said trust him for that—said he'd write to his father as soon as he got back to billets. Think, Fanny! Bradford and Vermilye!"

"It's glorious!"

"Check, waiter! Yes—right away! And you expected me to go to counting pay rolls again in Caledonia!"

The luncheon was over; they must hurry on upon the soldier's lively schedule. Drawing on her gloves and glancing over the glittering scene, Fanny thought of Washington and reflected that this first leave together was all too short. She also suddenly surprised the dim thought floating somewhere by: "Goodness, what a lot of social activity there is in the Army! I'd no idea!"

But she brushed away that fancy as somehow vaguely disloyal.

"What are we going to see, Russell?"

"Best musical show in town. Almost impossible to get in. Bill Jaspar had to bribe the agency to find me tickets."

The check came on wings. Inadvertently catching sight of the red-ink notation—scrawled in strange, Frenchy, hardly legible figures as it was—Fanny was mildly staggered. The host for his part disdained to glance at the items. On the contrary he won actual gratitude from the blasé waiter and rewarded the coöperating captain with a second bank note, saying carelessly, "Everything was very nice." Then at her round gaze he added gaily:

"It pays, Fanny. Remember, I expect to live in this town. Next time that fellow'll know me. We'll take a taxi."

She had been conscious of grudging to the theater solid hours that might have been spent in a hansom cab or on a bus top or even in the hotel library—just talking and talking. But this, of course, was Russell's day and she was happy in his good pleasure.

The best musical show had run to packed houses all summer and seemed good for another year or two at least. Its title was, Oh, Maria, Why Did You Kiss Him?—and to its composition nine musicians, lyricists and librettists had contributed their hard technique. Moreover the story to begin with—so the program said—had been "adapted from the French of Philippe Nocère." The cast included six beautiful show girls, thirty-two not quite so beautiful damsels of the chorus and twelve chorines for whom beauty would scarcely have been claimed by their own mothers. It also had a prima donna with a piano limb and an interestingly mobile diaphragm, and a comedian who relied largely on humorous paint and facial exploits for his f and demonstrated his success by the show girls twice in each act

Only this morning Fanny ha find her soldier over-sobered an she saw him now in the highest was boyishly pleased by every damsels delighted him; even t in the act in which four of th together, drew a word of cordial infectious laughter rang throug At one point—the scene in wh median, intoxicated upon a pate mistakes the prime minister fo and tries to ride him into th quarters of the palace—he beca vulsed that the great actor him it and remarked to the conduct make me laugh like that, doc. in-law is alive and hearty."

In the darkened house the often at his merry bronzed face. warmed to him.

The last intermission proving conversation about other matte play became possible. Eager t understand everything, to cat on these fifteen months, Fanny talk upon herself, supplying ne tails of her life and work in Was the office routine and Mr. Cha scorn of men who had chosen and kept happy; of the boardin the lonesome evenings and the house, fellow war workers, som went to lengths to escape that ness; of Harold Barstow from Fuel Administration, a nice ma stupid—who usually "took h Sunday afternoons. And Capt listened to everything with interest.

"You'll laugh, Russell, but doing more and more responsib the time. It makes me feel almost as if I were helping a l keeps one up. And personally, of whole experience has been a wo for me. I feel—it seems to m must have gained a lot from then ——"

"Just how do you mean, Fan

"Well," said she, a little en "you see, I'd never worked b anything real; never even thou very much in a—a grown-up had any experience at all. I learned a lot and may be grow wiser. Anyway—for better o sometimes feel that I'm simply the same person I was two year

He looked so unsettled at th sensed a personal implication that she explained at once gentl

"Just as you can never be quit Russell dear, or anybody who been through it—if only in thei

"Oh! I see! Yes, you're r I know I've changed—a lot. I sometimes ——"

A wild blare from the orc nouncing the opening *ensemble* drowned out his words. When fell again, terminating Maria, F with a start that it was five o'cl

Russell's train left at ten-twen expected other leaves; in fact o pital connection was establishe knee duly reëxamined and doc the wounds from the operation yet healed—he hoped to find h to come and go pretty much as But their time of remeeting, whi anticipated with so peculiar a was fast running out, and she w with vague dissatisfactions.

And then as her thought jump to the quiet tête-à-tête over the when at last Russell would reall talk to her, there came a new d and an unlucky one. Emerging ir and jostle of the lobby, they ra a fellow officer of Russell's, a st man with a simple red counte notable vocal cords, who cried starting eyes:

"Jumping Judas! Ethel, he March!"

Fanny's heart instantly sank. enough, just such a contingency across her mind at the lunch t knew who this officer and Ethel out introductions—none other th Sterter of Sterter Steel and his looking young wife—married, F

(Continued on Page 6:

(Continued from Page 60)

nt, since Lieutenant Sterter's return, lied, in October.

h two officers, who had not met since n were obviously delighted to see each r It was only too clear that they l not separate easily. After the first t "When did you get over?" "How h leave you got?" "Where're you i here?" the inevitable question fol- "What're you doing now?" Lieu- n Sterter, having put the query, ed it himself, as it were: "Trotting o e Biltmore for tea. You come right g

N we're going to the Plaza," laughed e with a glance at Fanny. But he o iged to add: "Why don't you come ?"

C't be done—asked you first! You'll s he favor, won't you, Miss Hardy? s you will—make her, Ethel." The g ng-looking girl stated briefly: "Oh, y you will join us," while Mr. Sterter l ard to chuckle to Russell aside: t not say no, old cockalorum! Got t ing werry good for you upstairs."

s so settled, of course. The four g people bowled away together in a n ich—it seemed—the prodigal Ster- k t chartered by the day.

n best that Fanny could say for the r sed square party that followed was i didn't last very long. Oddly the n e of the others seemed to be somehow s e—as if this were generally recog- l s but the necessary dull interlude l uch merrier possibilities.

e sat at a table too small for them r m which—though large—was too l r the people packed into it, and e tea which nobody wanted. For t ly they took tea in the literal sense; r orms eliminated choice and chance, Jamy Sterter cast constant sheep's a more exciting potables beckoning v ry hand. However, hope lurked fi bly in his limpid black eyes; doubt- n inner eye was turned upstairs. To y he seemed an open and sanguine g man, jolly enough, though faintly n to overbearingness when argued . he new wife roused reflections of a r t sort. She was a warm sleek crea- l done in browns—skin, eyes, hair, n —and her manner was marked by a e languid insolence suggesting con- n in a charm, which in fact she did s eously exude. To Fanny's common- s she responded monosyllabically, if l.

n wo men had the conversation vir- y themselves. It consisted chiefly of r iniscence, of brother officers and of s ey had had separately and together r ce. Despite her pleasure in Rus- s joyment of the reunion, Fanny was s y when the moment came for guests l their leave. The Sterters indicated m nent, by unmistakable signs.

s ell walked with her to the elevator. a been agreed that she should have an t rest before dinner, and now he im- s it upon her ardently not to take a t longer.

I te to give you up for a whole hour— c ly as we've had to share our time. 't orget now—seven o'clock exactly! o standing right there by that palm "

a ny smiled and promised, and the lift r away upward. She had meant to d alf of the rest hour in dressing, half r ing to her mother—no less—giving s n the spot, as it were, of Russell's r and her own exploit in journeying n him. Once in her own small eyrie, e r, and the door shut, the girl became c is of an unwonted lassitude. Hav- p ly undressed, she stretched herself h ed for just a minute—with the not q nt result. When she woke, with a r start, it was quarter of seven.

n athed hurriedly, changed into the l evening dress she had brought along t dinner and descended at speed, t ologies on her lip. However, Rus- w not at the meeting place. There n to be thousands of people in the y yer, but the tall figure of her war- w s nowhere among them.

h in a minute or two she descried him y g from the direction of the elevators. n far she saw that his pleasant face c en signs of trouble.

A ully sorry, Fanny—awfully! I can't y ! I just could not get away. The t simply hung round my neck."

I all right, Russell. I was very late "

"But here's the devil of it: The Sterters insist on our dining with them. Just wouldn't hear of anything else. I ——"

"Oh!"

She must have looked very blank at these tidings, for his face took on an access of worriment which immediately softened her.

"I mind it more than you do—I'll bet on that! It simply knocks our day, that's all—it's a nuisance! But, Fanny, what're you going to do? I refused a dozen times point-blank, but it didn't have the least effect. I never saw people so insistent."

Laughing down—not easily—her sense of all but childish disappointment, Fanny became the comforter.

"Why, I think it'll be very nice, Russell. He's so—so jolly. And we'll still have a little time afterward—and more, let's hope, later on when you're out of the hospital."

Russell said gratefully: "You're a brick, Fanny. Nobody could be sweeter. . . . Of course I don't want to offend Jim. He can help me in lots of ways—has helped me in fact. His people own about all of Herkimer, Pennsylvania. They'll be down in a minute."

They found seats in the small alcove which makes an inlet in the thronging lobby and sat down to wait. Undoubtedly Russell was conscious that the Sterters had rather overborne him and that Fanny so understood it. Possibly also there was in his mind her attitude of affectionate disparagement in years gone by—that attitude which—beyond his knowledge—she had so recently deplored to Mr. Wollaston.

Having briefly described his visit in the Sterters' sitting room, he was impelled to explain himself a little further:

"Jim's a wonderful fellow really. But for the fact that we simply haven't got the time to-day I'd be glad of the chance for you to see something of him. You ought to see the fuss they made over him on the other side—whew! Colonels, generals, distinguished visitors, big people in Paris—I tell you everybody was tickled to say they knew Jim Sterter. And still you know, Fanny—well, when it came to getting something you wanted—to putting a thing across—I don't consider Jimmy had anything on me, if I do say it. In fact—well, you see Jim's got a little way with him at times that people don't like. He's a little quarrelsome—sort of truculent, you might call it—especially if he's had a drop too much, and that offends a good many people. I think I can honestly say that while I know most everybody I haven't got a single enemy in the Army. After all, it was I and not Jimmy who was going to be put on the divisional staff. And that was my own ——"

"On the staff? Why, I hadn't heard about that!"

Captain March said with an air of mingled feelings: "I was keeping it as a surprise. Of course—it didn't come off. First I got sent down with this broken knee and then the blooming war ended on me. But I've good reason to think it was practically settled. Colonel Enright was pulling hard for it. He said that while he'd be sorry to lose me I had exactly the right qualifications ——"

"And would you have liked that—being on the staff?"

"I should say so! No more trenches! Like it? Why, I consider it about the softest thing there is in the Army. And besides there's the association with the higher officers—the big men, the picked minds of the Army. Why, socially you're simply in another class!"

He told at some length of his meeting with Capt. Sir Eric Parmlee in the town of Bailleul, and of a good deal that Sir Eric, himself a staff officer, had said on this point. And gradually, as he talked on, the girl's gaze upon his unconscious face became marked by a curious fixity, at once searching and introspective; and her hidden thought turned backward. All at once she had remembered vividly some large words she had used one day in the office of a personage. She became aware that she regretted those phrases. It was clear that she had been rhetorical, overemotional that day, and the memory embarrassed her.

Precisely at that moment Russell—having caught the sudden strains of the dining-room orchestra—touched her abruptly and profoundly by interjecting in his anecdote:

"There's Smiles again, Fanny! Gad, I'd like to trip the light fantastic once more!"

Her heart fluttered within her.

The Sterters did not come down in a minute—or several minutes. In the end Russell had to go up for them. It was after eight when the four young people sat down to dinner.

To one member of the quartet that meal seemed to pass in a kind of cloud. Table talk was copious and lively enough in all conscience, but seldom indeed was it of the sort that you could remember and take home with you, as it were. Reminiscence naturally continued to be the prevailing note; only among the recurring names of officers other names—names feminine and Frenchy—began to drop from the lips of Jimmy Sterter, vastly to the interest of his young wife, whom Fanny—womanlike—had early conceived as having a deteriorating effect upon the whole conversation. Mrs. Sterter still talked exclusively to the men—she had learned to call Russell by his name upstairs, it seemed—but she talked much more than at the tea table. She spoke chiefly in French and her running observations, rarely more than a sentence in length, drew frequent guffaws from her spouse, in which Russell readily joined. She herself produced an odd staccato laugh like a rather pretty bark, which attracted some attention from neighboring tables. As for Jimmy, his rubicund countenance seemed rosier than ever, his manner more jocund. But he was quite severe with the Slovene waiter, whom he addressed as Peanuts, and revealed a desire to talk continuously. Even Russell, after his second ascent to the sitting room, seemed somewhat freer of tongue.

He told the Sterters about Tom Bradford and Bradford and Vermilye, and Jimmy Sterter's interruption was:

"Point is, was he sober at the time? Bet you a dinner at Maxim's he's forgot he ever said it."

"Well, I'll admit he was a bit spiffy," laughed Russell. "We were in Paris, remember—but he won't forget it, not if I know it! In fact I happened to be writing to him on the boat about another matter and I ——"

"What do you care if the rotter backs out? Jumping Judas! You come to me! I'll attend to you—fix you up something better'n you ever had in your life!"

"I'm listening, Jimmy! Who knows but I may call on you?"

"That's right, Fanny—Miss Hardy, I mean," said Jimmy, turning to her with immense gravity and reassurance. "Don't you worry for a minute. Jumping Judas! Rusty March's my friend—my very good friend! I'll never let him lack for a job—no, sir, not as long's my grandfather stands there and waves. D' you get my figure? Comparing my grandfather to The Star-Spangled Banner—understand?"

"I got your figure instantly. And a very ingenious one it is too, in my opinion."

"Think so? Shoo! I think up those little things all the time. No trouble to me—it's a gift. Say, you seen this show the missus and I're going to to-night?"

"Probably not. I've seen very little. And I don't know what you're going to."

"It's called Combien, Yvonne? Name suggest anything to you? Hey?"

"It doesn't seem to at the moment."

"Ho, ho! Just what I thought. The sly rascal's keeping things back from you. I'll make him come through—don't you worry! Listen to him! Bet he's telling Ethel about the time he lunched at the embassy—what'd I tell you? Here, Rusty, you dog, what do you mean not telling Fan—Miss Hardy here—about Mademoiselle Yvonne? Come on now! Come through right on uncle's knee! Feel better when it's off your chest."

The episode was typical. Allusion this time was to a Mademoiselle Dufranc, a girl of excellent family in Sègneville, who, it seemed, had been kind to Russell when he was in hospital the first time—"as she was to everybody," he explained with a pardonable air of annoyance at having to explain at all. Jimmy, however, noisily insisted upon a peccadillo and in this he had the loyal support of his wife, who said in sum: "Tell me all, Russell—I was never shocked yet."

"How about that hot letter she wrote you afterward?" insisted Jimmy. "You know darned well what I mean—meal baissays!" And finally, disgusted with his inability to get a successful rise, he said something *sotto voce* to Ethel in French which threw that amazing young person—she was just nineteen, it seemed—into a fit of strange merriment.

Halfway through the banquet, talk did turn for a moment from the personal to the general. Russell, telling the Sterters about his last leave in Paris and the people he had met there, happened to mention John Ames Fordyce—from his own home state. Fanny, who had known and admired the famous publicist as long as she could remember, was interested at once.

"But I thought he was in Russia."

"Just back from there—got to Paris the day before I saw him. Seems he'd got some sort of appointment with the big conference they're going to have there and ——"

"The Peace Conference? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Yes—yes. He just said the conference, but that must be the one. Said we had our work cut out for us to see that we got what we'd been fighting for—I remember that. Gave us a lot of inside information on the whole situation. This is Dr. Ames Fordyce I'm speaking of, Ethel—probably the greatest living newspaper editor; one of the biggest men in the country. I've known him ever since I was born—great chum of my father's. We ran into him in the Place de l'Opéra ——"

At the first opportunity Fanny said eagerly: "How interesting, Russell! What else did he tell you—about the peace, I mean?"

"Well, let's see. He said he was afraid some of our Allies weren't converted—I think that was the word he used—and were going to try to grab everything they could. Said everything depended on the President standing up for our ideals—otherwise we were in for a lot more wars. That's about the gist of what he said, as I remember. Lots of big people were stopping to speak to him at the time, and tell the truth I didn't listen as hard as I might. As a soldier, I suppose I don't take much stock in the talking end of the game. Well, Harry Brooks told him a story ——"

The eyes of the Sterters had begun to wander, but here young Jimmy bounded noisily back into the conversation:

"Right you are, Rusty! Talk makes me sick. Talk 'bout ideals makes me specially sick. Ugh, ugh!"

Fanny retorted warmly: "But isn't talking about ideals absolutely necessary just now—in fact the most necessary and important thing in the world? You soldiers, who fought to accomplish certain things—you more than anybody else are entitled ——"

"What things're you talking about, Fanny—Miss Hardy, I mean? Jumping Judas! Don't you know what we fought for? Well, I'll tell you. We fought to lick the Germans, and by God, we did it!"

As if pleased by the citation of the Deity, Ethel beat the table with small hands, crying: "Hear, hear! Three rousing cheers for my Jimmy!"

"But licking the Germans won't help very much unless we ——"

"Now listen!" said Jimmy. "Listen while I tell you! All this talk about making the world safe for democracy and bein' sweet to small nations and all that is good enough for bringing sentimental slackers into the war and selling Liberty Bonds, but it never touched the fighting man. No, sir! What holds the fighting man is the sporting end to the business—that he's going to beat up those swine so bad they can never look him in the face again. That's something to bite on, don't you understand? That keys a fellow up in the zero hour when chinnin' about ideals wouldn't help him more than a glass of buttermilk. No, sir! Take it from me—that guff's just for writing chaps and the fellows that just sit round and think while the soldiers're saving humanity!"

Russell, who had been nodding his head up and down, now said: "Hear, hear! And I guess that's about right too."

Surprised and somehow really chagrined, the girl addressed herself to him, in a changed tone:

"Of course I understand, Russell, that a soldier needs every help he can find, just for getting through. But after it's over and the war is won? Just think of what Doctor Fordyce said—more wars unless this one's settled right. You certainly don't want to go through all this again."

"Ha, ha! We should worry about that!" laughed Jimmy. "Don't you fret, Fanny! It'll be the other fellow's turn next time!"

Russell said: "Far as I'm concerned—for one thing, the Army doesn't want cripples. Looks as though I've given about all I've got to give. Why, Colonel Enright said to me ——"

"Don't you fret, Fanny," repeated Jimmy triumphantly. "Rusty and I've talked this

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(Continued from Page 63)

g all over. We've done our bit—and we
s want to hear anything more about
ar long as we live. Just going to give
lves up to enjoying the pleasures of
and by gad, other people think we've
d it, if you don't! Lemme tell you
anecdote to illustrate."

ssell was here detached by Ethel for
f another sort. Jimmy, continuing his
rks in the general tone of a victorious
er, did nothing to charm away the
of indignation he had unwittingly
d in the breast of Fanny Hardy; on
ontrary he managed to increase it
edly. Struck by the repetition of the
, she asked presently, with no special
ation, who Colonel Enright was.
y's more than pink features regis-
surprise.

ook here, old Rusty don't seem to've
you advised about things at all! Why,
ht's our regimental commander—
er-in-law of Mrs. Hickson Smith, as
would say. He's the fellow that got
his cross. You ought to know En-
Must arrange to have you meet him
day."

king no effort to conceal her astonish-
and distaste, the girl said: "Got Rus-
is cross! What on earth do you
? I supposed that Russell got that
mself by what ——"

re he did, Fanny! Everybody knows
Point is, you see, lots of fellows
e crosses by what they do, but every-
can't get 'em, don't you understand?
mping Judas—they wouldn't be any
! So a little friendly word from the
quarter—at the right moment—helps
w like the devil. Get the idea? And
usty always stood in with ——"

t his colonel, the head of the regi-
would hardly have chosen ——"

h, don't plague the men any more
the war, Miss Hardy!" said young
s finished voice. "You're spoiling the
Jimmy, I'm going to tell Rusty my
nny story—do you dare me? Only
ll it in French, Miss Hardy, for it
the least little bit *jeune fille*."

t was quarter past nine when the Ster-
s ft the table for the theater. "I adore
sg the first few acts," noted Ethel
ry, as they rose. Arrangements were
jected for an early remeeting with
sl, which occasion—Jimmy assured
—ould be "a time."

The ultimate departure in the chartered
i was attended with some boisterous-
s. And Jimmy gave the doorman a
p of dollars and called him Peanuts
).

Captain March and Fanny stood in the
refoyer by the revolving doors. In the
mnt of their restored privacy they re-
d each other. His face looked faintly
ged, she thought, but still there was
g in his eyes. And something deep
h the girl seemed determined that he
u be the first to speak.

"Well," said Russell, laughing. "I'm
d ou and Jimmy didn't come to blows!
u ad me pretty nearly nervous there
a inute—he's so touchy at times. But
't e a prince, Fanny? And she's what
al he real thing."

All hope died then in Fanny's heart of
ti anything out of the ruined day.
Le look went away from him and she
d a let-down way: "Is there still
e or a drive, do you think? Or shall
ju sit here till ——"

Re said that by all means they should
ve heir drive—there was still an hour.
su ing their interrupted schedule, the
un pair pushed through the circling
ors hardly a minute behind the Sterters.
The drive was through the shadowy park
On Hundred and Tenth Street and back
the tation at Thirty-second. The night,
arm and singularly mild for January, was
opious; the cab gave a seclusion such
th had not enjoyed before that day.
sse's conception of the moment was
earl loverly. However, the girl proved
resonsive, though in a gentle way too
sua to rouse remark. It was easy to
ver the leads he gave toward their per-
nal elation and the near and distant
tur But she yielded him her hand, not
awil g to establish some connection be-
ween this hour and the gladder time of
eetig in the morning.

They talked a little of Caledonia, of old
end and old times. But it was clear
roun everything they said that his
oug flowed strongly toward the newer
orld and the bright new place he was to take in it. One thought he did give her, however.

"What we were saying at dinner about the war, Fanny—of course Jimmy overdid it, picturing the ideal soldier as just a fighting animal. That certainly isn't my view. Of course a man's got to make himself callous, as far as that goes—it's just like a doctor. If a soldier was all the time thinking about the suffering, the horrors of the thing—all that makes war just a misery and a hell—you can see he wouldn't be good for very much. He's got to be callous and unfeeling and hard or he can't do his job efficiently. Still I don't hold—and never have—that a soldier ought to be just a shooting-and-sticking machine. No, I think he ought to think! I think it's his duty to keep saying to himself: 'Yes, this is an awful mess, but by George, I'm going to get something good out of it!' That's the way I've tried to do. What's the matter? Isn't that right?"

The question, sudden as a pounce, seemed to gather in the girl's thought with a jerk. She said with some effort: "Did I look surprised? I suppose what you said seemed a—a sort of coincidence."

"Coincidence? How d'you mean?"

"Nothing worth talking about. Just that I heard a very able man say the same thing the other day."

"Been over?"

She shook her head.

"He's a civilian doing desk work in Washington."

"I don't know that he's got a right to an opinion, but still—anyway—that's been my principle. And I think I can say with all modesty that I've succeeded too. You remember, you said this afternoon you weren't the same person you were two years ago. Well, I'm not either. I've changed and developed more than I'd have believed possible. You see that, I expect. Don't you, Fanny?"

"You forget—I've hardly seen you at all, thanks to the Sterters. In what way do you notice the change most yourself?"

Captain March answered without hesitation: "In my ability to meet all sorts of people and make an impression on them—to capitalize my abilities, as Sir Eric Parmlee put it, and take what's fairly coming to me. I can see now that was exactly my trouble before. If I met anybody who was rich or important or distinguished I just assumed that he was naturally better than I was and sat back and let him run things. Well, I've learned that doesn't pay. I've learned from association with big people that the world's going to take you at your own valuation, and the way to be important is to act important. Bluff, bluff, bluff! By George, that's what about half of life comes down to, once you see it that way! Why, Fanny, sometimes there in Paris when I was sitting round with colonels and admirals and high commissioners and titled Englishmen I used to snicker to myself and say, 'And this is Russell March of Caledonia!'"

"You've certainly met some unusual people."

"You've said it! And it's done so much for me—that's what I'm trying to say. Yes, turn here, driver—back to the Pennsylvania Station. Why, take it this way, Fanny: Two years ago I was perfectly satisfied to spend my life in Caledonia and if I'd risen to be cashier time I was forty I'd have thought myself mighty successful. Now—well, you know my plans and you heard what Jimmy said at dinner. Highest salary I ever got was two thousand dollars a year—now I expect to be taking down ten thousand dollars within two years at the outside. That's putting it about as concretely as I can, I guess. And then from the living end of it—the social side! Why, Fanny, of course I want to visit Caledonia and see the folks and tell them my experiences—make a few speeches at banquets if they insist—but live there? Why, it's simply not big enough to hold me any more. It's provincial, that's what Caledonia is! It's country! It's small! Just compare Caledonia with this—with what we've been seeing and doing to-day! Compare Jimmy and Ethel Sterter with the boys and girls at a country-club dance!"

He summed up with a pleased laugh: "Oh, I don't feel that these two years—almost—that I gave to my country have been wasted by any means! Lord, the way things were breaking for me these last few months, it was enough to make me sorry the war ended so soon!"

Fanny's face, shaded in the dusky cab, had been turned toward the window and the passing sights. Now her eyes suddenly closed. At the same moment she was moved by an abrupt emotion toward the man beside her, a poignant feeling that was not quite love, and her fingers involuntarily pressed the large hand she held.

He was fresh from profound and terrible experiences. He had been shot, he had been gassed, he had felt the bayonet's deadly bite. He had stood solitary in the last blackness of night and himself spoken the word which took hopeful lads out to inconceivable hazards and frightful ends. Half dead, he had lain in the trap of No Man's Land, a lonely human atom helpless amidst uproars that cracked the skies, watching with half-faded eyes the red sun rise to a dawn which seemed certain to be his last. With cries of senseless rage and triumph he had leaped to grapple with mortal enemies; his hand was dark with the blood of men. He had known fear that froze the spine, joy like the dream of waking up in heaven. For days and weeks on end he had lived and kept his being on the threshold of eternity. And these things he had suffered, not as a log suffers a mill, but as a sentient and causative part of a mighty upheaval in human relationships, a cosharer in conscious, grim, enormous issues such as plumbed men's souls to the uttermost.

Now his voice, speaking on and on, drifted through her thought as from afar:

"Well, Mrs. Ambassador said I was just wasting myself—that was all there was to it. Then she asked me straight out, as I say, if I had ever thought of diplomatic life, and when I said, 'Well, only in the most general way,' she said, 'Well, you think of it in a very particular way.' She said, 'With your abilities, your distinction as a soldier and your social gifts, your game leg and your ribbon, you should go far.'

"By the way, Fanny, lots of people seem to think this leg of mine's going to be a big asset for me—in a commercial way, I mean. Shouldn't be surprised if that was right too. Well, several big people were standing there listening to the whole thing; and Commander Wainwright—the naval attaché, you know, and a great friend of the ambassador's—said, 'Ah, there, Russell! And let me tell you this lady always knows what she's talking about!'"

He stopped short and ejaculated in a new tone: "Oh, Lord, here's the station, Fanny! Our day's over."

The taxi indeed was already turning into the half-lit runway of the vast teeming edifice; rapidly it slanted downward toward the bottom, toward the end, where the waiting redcaps clustered. A flying glance at his watch now advised Russell that it was twenty minutes past ten. He had but five minutes to make his train and his ticket was still unbought.

The moment of parting, coming precipitately as it seemed, was necessarily hurried.

"Aren't you getting out with me?"

"It would be no use, Russell. You'll have to get right on. In fact you've barely ——"

"Afraid you're right. Only wish I could see you off. What time's your train?"

"Twelve-twenty. Plenty of time to get back to the hotel, change and pack up. I thought I'd just keep this taxi."

"That's right. And you don't think you can possibly come up next week-end if I can ——"

"I don't see how I can ask for leave again so ——"

"Then I'll do my best to run over for a day before ——"

"It must be a Sunday! I have to work like mad every other day. And then won't you—oughtn't you to go to Caledonia?"

"The deuce! Yes, yes, of course I must. But I'll fix up something—you see! I'll wire you. Well, good-by! You were so sweet to come up and it's been a wonderful day."

At the last moment, heedless of the horns behind them crying out at this blocking of the procession, the soldier thrust his head back through the window of the cab and caught her hand in a hard grip. Fanny saw that the look on his face was slowly altering, as if a new thought, and an unsettling one, had just touched the edge of his consciousness.

"Fanny, you—you haven't changed toward me while I was away, have you?"

Her heart stirred at the hint of trouble in her lover's voice. But all that she brought herself to say, with the gentle shake of her head, was:

"I feel toward you just as I used to, Russell dear."

Captain March, oddly, seemed satisfied with that.

Chief Yeoman Hardy's absence from the office was but for a single day. Moreover that day was a Saturday, which Ensign Frothingham, for example, scarcely considered as leave at all. Her commendably prompt return for the opening of business on Monday morning evoked guarded enthusiasm from Lieutenant Charles, who showed his appreciation by giving her within the first hour enough work to last the week.

She became intensely busy. It was half past seven before she left the office on Monday evening. On Tuesday and Wednesday she "came back" after dinner by request, and was hard at it both nights until eleven o'clock. On Thursday when she woke—not entirely rested—it was to the prospect of a day stiffer than any that had gone before.

At eight-thirty o'clock that morning, as she hurried officeward with the gathering army of unwounded desk workers, she had an unlooked-for encounter with Mr. Wollaston.

It was a misty raw morning, faintly drizzling and otherwise disagreeable. But Fanny liked the matutinal walk down Seventeenth Street, which was her only exercise and which further never failed to give her a stirring sense of being part of a gigantic whole, a small necessary unit in a thrilling enterprise in coöperation. In addition the moment was favorable for high thinking, and this morning—it seemed—her thoughts were especially preoccupied. She trudged oblivious to her surroundings; took the crossing at H Street in a vein of perilous abstraction. From the rolling stream in the middle of the thoroughfare a car detached itself abruptly, curved sharply and slowed with squealing brakes to the curb not ten feet away. She neither saw nor heard. However, a passenger dismounting from the vehicle took his stand upon the sidewalk directly in front of her. So looking up, the girl ran full upon the gaze of the celebrated Board Chief, discovered in the act of removing his hat.

"Well met!" said he in a friendly tone. "Let me give you a lift down."

The confrontation was sudden and to Fanny considerably disturbing. The moment her eyes rested upon him she knew that, without her realizing it exactly, this man had constantly hovered in the background of her thoughts through these four days. The unexpected sight of him in the flesh proved disconcerting to a hardly explicable degree. She felt the blood rise in her cheeks, and the consciousness of the foolish symptom at once enhanced the cause of it.

Nevertheless, despite these feelings, despite her known preferential attitude toward the walk, it did not seem to occur to her to reject his courteous proffer.

As she seated herself in the beautiful equipage Mr. Wollaston went on, quite like an ordinary person:

"Have you been away? I don't seem to have seen you for some time."

The girl answered with excessive sprightliness:

"Oh, I have been away—that's true—but only for a day, and that was last week! It's just happened we've had nothing to trouble you with, you see, since we settled the awful problems of trade with Mesopotamia! Goodness, what a load that was off Mr. Charles' neck! He was actually worried about it, and admitted it—a perfectly amazing thing, you know, in our office apostle of suppressed emotions!"

"Ah? Well, he'll have Siberia to worry about next, I imagine. Omsk seems to be ripening right along, don't you think? However, I'm glad to have run into you in this way, if only to greet and say good-by. I'm clearing out next week. As you ——"

"Clearing out?"

"Leaving the Board. Rather unexpectedly, or to put it exactly—like a navy memorandum—unexpectedly soon. You ——"

"Ah! I'm sorry—and Mr. Charles will be really upset when he hears. Really you must know that your place here—so far as our office is concerned—can hardly be filled."

If her manner was as matter of fact as his own, that indicated some poise perhaps; if Mr. Charles would be upset when he heard this news, his assistant—morally speaking—was experiencing a sensation not far removed from that while she spoke. Fanny Hardy, in fact, confronted a second discovery. She perceived as if for the first

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time that she had long ago come to think of this man, not as the most stimulating of the war chiefs at all but, in a strange way, as her friend.

"It would be pleasant to cherish a delusion of that sort," said Mr. Wollaston easily, "but I don't. Thank you all the same."

"I am painfully sincere. This is a real blow. But then—I suppose the rubber business simply cannot get along without you any longer?"

"No—n-no. It isn't that exactly. Let's say rather that all things, however agreeable, must have an end. We pass from stage to stage."

"But why did you smile? Was I funny?"

"Did I smile? Then I must have thought that you were funny."

"Well—but won't you throw your mind backward and analyze for me how and why? For my future guidance, since I imagined myself as serious—weighty even?"

"Certainly. You conceive me—if I follow you correctly—as chucking all this interesting work here to rush home and make as many rubber tires as I possibly can, to meet a buoyant market. Humor, they say—or one large section of humor—grows out of the incongruity between somebody's conception of a fact and the fact itself. The fact here is that I sold out all my rubber interests six months ago."

The girl turned in the silently rolling limousine and gave him a stare as straight as a man's.

"But—I didn't know that! Why, you've never hinted at such a thing! I ——"

"It was in the papers, as I remember. However ——"

"But I didn't see it! I didn't know! Why—what made you do it?"

"Very simple. I got an offer—and a pretty good one—for my stock."

But his air of amusement hardly sustained itself under that steadfast scrutiny, and he paid her the compliment of adding almost seriously:

"And then—necessarily—I'd lost some of my personal enthusiasm for making rubber—in April two years ago. No, let me see—I really suppose it was two years before that, or thereabouts. And making money—to look at it that way—is a pretty dry cause when one's heart is gone from the work."

"Yes—yes, of course! But—but this work here? Isn't it—worth while? Hasn't it seemed to you important and—and valuable?"

"Yes, certainly—for the most part. At least it's seemed on the whole the best that I could do. Of course I've had to remember I'm not a young man—fit to shoulder a gun. That's galled at times naturally—but crying over spilt milk never helped anybody yet. Let's see—yours is B Street, isn't it?"

She nodded, and her engrossed gaze, turning from him, lost itself out of the open window through which the thin morning mist, like smoke, perpetually streamed.

"By the way," continued Mr. Wollaston, "I was sorry you couldn't come to lunch that day. As she'd heard something about you—for women naval officers don't grow on every bush, you know—my sister was quite anxious to see you for herself. And I really think you would have enjoyed her. She's what you might call a card."

"Oh, I didn't doubt my enjoyment—and I did appreciate being asked, so much," said Fanny. And, considerably confused, she acknowledged an obligation to explain a little further.

"You see—you understand that—a woman situated as I am here can hardly expect—well, any sort of social life—such as she might have at home."

"No, I don't understand that exactly. It all depends, I should think. However, that is for you to decide, of course. I remember our last talk very well. In fact I've speculated a little. Of course I should like to ask a question or two, but one draws the line at impertinence. We approach our destination, I note. Possibly you won't be coming to the Board again between now and next Wednesday? Then I'd better take this occasion, as the public speakers say, to tell you how much pleasure I've had in our—official relations. Don't tell a soul, but you've been the most uniformly satisfactory coworker I've found in Washington. Yes, tell everybody, for it's simple truth. I can't recall one man here, certainly not one young man, who's brought to his work as much good sense, good judgment and imagination as you have."

She said after a moment, "I—do you really mean that?"

"My dear Miss Hardy, I gave up saying things I didn't mean a long, long time ago. It simply doesn't pay."

"Then," said she, "I'll tell you how much I think of it. I'm going to write it to my father before I sleep to-night."

The speech seemed to please the Board chieftain, but he only said: "Good! For it's very, very true. Well, here we are! And how much longer do you intend to stay a sailor?"

"Oh, indefinitely! I'm one of the bitter enders, I think."

The car had halted before the main entrance of the great new Navy Building into which hundreds and thousands of uniforms—male and female—were pouring for the labors of a new day.

Chief Yeoman Hardy made no instantaneous move to join her thronging work fellows. Indeed, as she saw it, from more than one point of view this conversation was not finished.

"What's rather more important in the history of the world—isn't one to know a little more about your movements? You've only told me that you're leaving the Board—and have given up the rubber business. I'm dying to ask you what you're going to do next."

"I? Why, I'm going immediately into another business. Don't some things go without saying?"

"Well, was I being amusing again? This becomes embarrassing."

"No, I'm the humorist this time. Or so I considered, trying to say what I thought you expected of me."

"Ah, but possibly you don't know what I expected? At least—what is the business? Do tell me!"

"I think I will tell you—as my colleague in a confidential arm of the Government. I'm sailing for Paris Saturday week. The President wants to see me."

"Oh!"

Mr. Wollaston added in an offhand sort of way: "It's a secret as yet—in fact I haven't even said this to my associates on the Board—but I believe he wants me as one of the economic advisers to the commission."

"Oh!"

The confidential colleague, who could sum up a knotty question on a sheet of paper as well as another, was aware of the inadequacy of her rejoinders—she couldn't seem to help it. In truth she was staggered by his revelation; staggered by the simple but brilliant fact that this undemonstrative man, her friend, whom she had attacked with bitterness for insensitiveness to his times, had been moved through these years to overthrow and rebuild the foundations of his life. And she was dazzled by the vista of usefulness and honor which her mind's eye saw opening before him. In her own ears her voice sounded little and mortifyingly flat.

"That's splendid! It's—it's perfectly great! I congratulate you—a thousand times! And of course I won't tell a soul."

"Thank you. It's a chance— a door perhaps. Who knows?"

At that point, with no special aproposness or grace, Miss Hardy made a movement indicating descent from the car. Mr. Wollaston politely preceded her. Facing her for the second time that morning upon a jostling sidewalk, he amiably re control of the conversation.

"I'm not going to tell you good- dislike good-bys on principle, and I I imagine I'll see you again—if not the Board, then somewhere else la It amounts to an intuition."

"I think it is a nice one," saic Hardy.

And then she added hastily, wit a little loss of breath: "But—please your hat. There's something—no, th two things—I want to say."

Having thus committed herself turning back, she glanced away do crowded street and took the plunge for some minutes contemplated, in from which self-control had pressed a But the strain turned her a little wh

"You mentioned the last talk we and in a way you implied a question you were perfectly entitled to ask wanted to tell you that I've remer that talk too—especially in the la days. I remember saying some qui things. I've wanted to say that I'v sorry for them since."

"Really? I don't seem to recal saying anything of that sort."

"If you mean that too I'm ver But I did say them, and I—I abho rhetorical. Of course what matters what people do; it's what it means t as they do it. . . . It seems to m all there is to say."

Mr. Wollaston, who could hardl felt completely enlightened, replied "It is enough, I assure you. And, hardly add, I appreciate your sayi

"And then another thing that per I'm sorry for—that you're leaving s As our work looks now, I'll not be to the Board again."

"Ah! And that's an impasse, as I stand you?"

"Well, I—I wondered—I supp you're going on Wednesday you're busy—and, of course, every bit of yo will be filled till then?"

The Board Chief looked down rather pale petty officer, whose fringed eyes had stirred the fancy of than Ensign Dawson, and an od flitted briefly over his face and was

"Before answering that question ask plainly whether it involves any intentions on your part?"

She managed a smile at that, helped considerably, though not q much as she could have wished.

"Dreadfully serious, I fear yo think! I—you see, I wanted to ask i if you could lunch with me at my c- one day—any day you could come- you went? I—it's considered quit I mean the cafeteria."

"For example—to-day?"

With instantly recovered ease—I shall dumfound a woman?—she an "A perfect example from my po view."

"I was lunching with a fellow- He shall wait. Where and when meet you?"

"Well, I won't ask you to come office. That would seem infra di peace commissioner, don't you think you meet me here on the sidewalk casually—at one o'clock?"

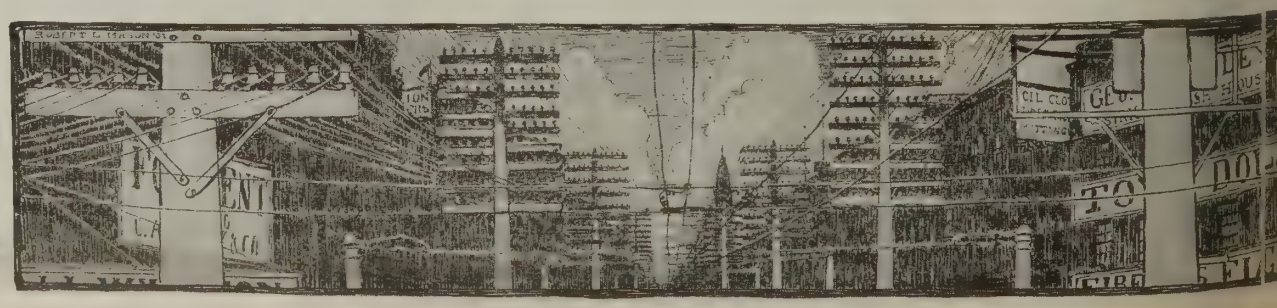
"I'll meet you here on the side one o'clock. I say nothing about t ualness. Do you know, I think doing a very nice thing. *A rivederci*

"*A rivederci*," said Miss Hardy.

The inflowing tide of naval re swallowed her up. Five minutes late tenant Charles gobbled her com She was burdened with many cares. theless, toward eleven o'clock she su the dim thought floating somewhere

"Entertaining big people at a cafe whew! Russell and Jimmy and Ethel have a fit!"

But this time she did not bru thought away.



TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 9)

"ood afternoon, Mock Hen! You are rht-to-day."

Mck took her hand and stroked it af- t nately.

"go Fulton Mark' buy li'l' terrapin. orn on way to see dear Miss Fan'."

T y stood thus for a moment, and while e lid so the clock struck four.

"o now!" said Mock suddenly. "Four k already."

"s early," answered Miss Fanny. 't you stay a little while?"

"go now," he repeated with resolution. d-by, li'l' teacher!"

S watched until his lithe figure passed rgh the door, and presently returned t back room. Mock waited outside t he had disappeared. Then he changed c the clock.

"e've got you, you blarsted heathen!" e Mooney hoarsely as he and two oth- om the Central Office threw them- upon Mock Hen on the landing tle the door of his flat. "Look out, na. Pipe that thing under his arm!"

"s a bloody turtle!" gasped Murtha, ering.

"hat's the matter, boys?" inquired o. "Leggo my arm, can't yer? What'd ant, anyway?"

"e want you, you yellow skunk!" re- rt Mooney. "Open that door! Lively w"

"ure!" answered Mock amiably. "Come i! What's bitin' yer?"

unlocked the door and threw it open. "ake a chair," he invited them. "Have air? You there, Emma?"

Emma Pratt, clad in a wrapper and lying e big double brass bedstead in the rear , raised herself on one elbow.

"ep!" she called through the passage. the bird?"

Mck looked at Murtha, who was carry- e terrapin.

"ure!" he called back. "Sit down, What'd yer want? Can't yer tell a l?"

"e want you for croaking Quong Lee!" ed Mooney. "Where have you been?"

"ulton Market—and Hudson House. here quarter of four. I haven't seen g Lee. Where was he killed?"

Mooney laughed sardonically.

"hat'll do for you, Mock! Your alibi worth a damn this time. I saw you lf."

"ou saw someone else," Mock assured politely. "I haven't been in China- n."

"ay, what yer doin' wit' my Chink?" nded Emma, appearing in the door- "He was sittin' here wit' me all fternoon, until about just before four t him over to Fulton Market to buy a Who's been croaked, eh?"

"w, cut it out, Emma!" replied ney. "That old stuff won't go here. Chink's goin' to the chair. Murtha, through the place while we put Mock e wagon. Hell!" he added under his th. "Won't this make Peckham sick!"

r. Tutt had just finished his morning when Willie informed him that Mr. g Get desired an interview. Though old lawyer did not formally represent Hip Leong Tong he was frequently re- ed by its individual members, who held in high esteem, for they had always d him loyal to their interests and as h a stickler for honor as themselves. eover, between him and Wong Get e existed a curious sympathy as if in e previous state of existence Wong Get nt have been Mr. Tutt, and Mr. Tutt g Get. Perhaps, however, it was merely use both were rather weary, sad and dly wise.

ong Get did not come alone. He was mpanied by two other Hip Leongs, the e forming the law committee appointed etain the best available counsel to de- l Mock Hen. In his expansive frock and bowler hat Wong might easily e excited mirth had it not been for the eme dignity of his demeanor. They e there, he stated, to request Mr. Tutt rotect the interests of Mock Hen, and were prepared to pay a cash retainer sign a written contract binding them- es to a balance—so much if Mock ld be convicted; so much if acquitted; uch if he should die in the course of the l without having been either convicted or acquitted. It was, said Wong Get gently, a matter of grave importance and they would be glad to give Mr. Tutt time to think it over and decide upon his terms. Suppose, then, that they should return at noon? With this understanding, accordingly, they departed.

"There's no point in skinning a Chink just because he is a Chink," said Tutt when his partner had explained the situation to him. "But it isn't the highest-class practice and they ought to pay well."

"What do you call well?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, a thousand dollars down, a couple more if he's convicted, and five altogether if he's acquitted."

"Do you think they can raise that amount of money?"

"I think so," answered Tutt. "It might be a good deal for an individual Chink to cough up on his own account, but this is a coöperative affair. Mock Hen didn't kill Quong Lee to get anything out of it for himself, but to save the face of his society."

"He didn't kill him at all!" declared Mr. Tutt without moving a muscle of his face.

"Well, you know what I mean!" said Tutt.

"He wasn't there," insisted Mr. Tutt. "He was way over in Fulton Market buying a terrapin."

"That is what, if I were district attorney, I should call a Mock Hen with a mock-turtle defense!" grunted Tutt.

Mr. Tutt chuckled.

"I shall have to get that off myself at the beginning of the case, or it might convict him," he remarked. "But he wasn't there—unless the jury find that he was."

"In which case he will—or shall—have been there—whatever the verb is," agreed Tutt. "Anyhow they'll tax every laundry and chop-suey palace from the Bronx to the Battery to pay us."

"I'd hate to take our fee in bird's-nest soup, shark's fin, bamboo-shoots salad and ya ko main," mused Mr. Tutt.

"Or in ivory chopsticks, oolong tea, imitation jade, litchi nuts and preserved leeches!" groaned Tutt. "Be sure and get the thousand down; it may be all the cash we'll ever see!"

Promptly at twelve the law committee of the Hip Leong Tong returned to the office of Tutt & Tutt. With them came a venerable Chinaman in native costume, his wrinkled face as inscrutable as that of a snapping turtle. The others took chairs, but this high dignitary preferred to sit upon his heels on the floor, creating something of the impression of an ancient slant-eyed Buddha. Wong Get translated for his benefit the arrangement proposed by Mr. Tutt, after which there was a long pause while His Eminence remained immovable, without even the flicker of an eyelid. Then he delivered himself in an interminable series of gargles and gurgles, supplemented by a few coughlike hisses, while Wong Get translated with rapid dexterity, running verbally in and out among his words like a carriage dog between the wheels of a vehicle.

It was, declared Buddha, an affair of great moment touching upon and appertaining to the private honor of the Duck, the Wong, the Fong, the Long, the Sui and various other families, both in America and China. The life of one of their members was at stake. Their face required that the proceedings should be as dignified as possible. The price named by Mr. Tutt was quite inadequate.

Mr. Tutt, repressing a smile, offered the box of stogies. What amount, he inquired through Wong Get, would satisfy the face of the Duck family? A somewhat lengthy discussion ensued. Then Buddha rendered his decision.

The honor of the Ducks, Longs and Fongs would not be satisfied unless Mr. Tutt received five thousand dollars down, five more if Mock Hen was convicted, three more if he died before the conclusion of the trial, and twenty thousand if he was acquitted.

Mr. Tutt, assuming an equal impassivity, pondered upon the matter for about an inch of stogy and then informed the committee that the terms were eminently satisfactory. Buddha thereupon removed from the folds of his tunic a gigantic roll of soiled bills of all denominations and carefully counting out five thousand dollars placed it upon the table.

"H'm!" remarked Tutt when he learned of the proceeding. "His face is our fortune!"

"Look here," expostulated District Attorney Peckham in his office to Mr. Tutt a month later. "What's the use of our both wasting a couple of weeks trying a Chinaman who is bound to be convicted? Your time's too valuable for that sort of thing, and so is mine. We've got three white witnesses that saw him do it, and a couple of dozen Chinks besides. He doesn't stand a chance; but just because he is a Chink, and to get the case out of the way, I'll let you plead him to murder in the second degree. What do you say?"

He tried to conceal his anxiety by nervously lighting a cigar. He would have given a year's salary to have Mock Hen safely up the river, even on a conviction for manslaughter in the third, for the newspapers were making his life a burden with their constant references to the seeming inability of the police department and district attorney's office to prevent the recurrence of feud killings in the Chinatown districts. What use was it, they demanded, to maintain the expensive machinery of criminal justice if the tongs went gayly on shooting each other up and incidentally taking the lives of innocent bystanders. What was a district attorney for anyway? Wasn't the law intended to cover Chinamen as much as Italians, Poles, Greeks and niggers? And now that one of these murdering Celestials had been caught red-handed it was up to the D. A. to go to it, convict him, and send him to the chair! They did not express themselves precisely that way, but that was the gist of it. But Peckham knew that it was one thing to catch a Chinaman, even red-handed, and another to convict him. And so did Mr. Tutt.

The old lawyer smiled blandly—after the fashion of the Hip Leong Tong. Of course, he admitted, it would be much simpler to dispose of the case as Mr. Peckham suggested, but his client was insistent upon his innocence and seemed to have an excellent alibi. He regretted, therefore, that he had no choice except to go to trial.

"Then," groaned Peckham, "we may as well take the winter for it. After this there's going to be a closed season on Chinamen in New York City!"

Now though it was true that Mock Hen insisted upon his innocence, he had not insisted upon it to Mr. Tutt, for the latter had not seen him. In fact, the old lawyer, recognizing what the law did not, namely that a system devised for the trial and punishment of Occidentals is totally inadequate to cope with the Oriental, calmly went about his affairs, intrusting to Bonnie Doon the task of interviewing the witnesses furnished by Wong Get. There was but one issue for the jury to pass upon. Quong Lee was dead and his honorable soul was with his illustrious ancestors. He had died from a single blow upon the head, delivered with an iron bar, there present, to be in evidence, marked "Exhibit A." Mock Hen was alleged to have done the deed. Had he? There would be nothing for Mr. Tutt to do but to cross-examine the witnesses and then call such as could testify to Mock's alibi. So he made no preparation at all and dismissed the case from his mind. He had not seen a dozen Chinamen in his life—outside of a laundry.

On the morning set for the trial Mr. Tutt, having been delayed by an accident in the Subway, entered the Criminal Courts Building only a moment or two before the call of the calendar. Somewhat preoccupied, he did not notice the numerous Chinamen who dawdled about the entrance or the half dozen who crowded with him into the elevator, but when Pat the elevator man called, "Second floor!—Part One to your right!—Part Two to the left!" and he stepped out into the marble-floored corridor that ran round the inside of the building, he was confronted with an unusual and somewhat ominous spectacle.

The entire hallway on two sides of the building was lined with Chinamen! They sat there motionless as blue-coated images, faces front, their hands in their laps, their legs crossed beneath them. If anyone appeared in the offing a couple of hundred pairs of glinting eyes shifted automatically and followed him until he disappeared, but otherwise no muscle quivered.

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"Say," growled Hogan, Judge Bender's private attendant, who was the first to run the gantlet, "those Chinks are enough to give anyone the Willies! Their eyes scared me to death, sticking me through the back!"

Even dignified Judge Bender himself as he stalked along the hall, preceded by two police officers, was not immune from a slight feeling of uncanniness, and he instinctively drew his silken robe round his legs that it might not come into contact with those curious slippers with felt soles that protruded across the marble slabs.

"Eyes right!" They had picked him up the instant he stepped out of the private elevator—the four hundred of them. If he turned and looked they were seemingly not watching him, but if he dropped his glance they swung back in a single moment and focused themselves upon him. And every one of them probably had a gun hidden somewhere in his baggy pants! The judge confessed to not liking these foreign homicide cases. You never could tell what might happen or when somebody was going to get the death sign. There was Judge Deasy—he had the whole front of his house blown clean out by a bomb! That had been a close call! And these Chinks—with their secret oaths and rituals—they'd think nothing at all of jabbing a knife into one. He didn't fancy it at all and, as he hurried along, supremely conscious of the deadly cumulative effect of those beady eyes, he fancied it less and less. What was there to prevent one of them from getting right up in court and putting a bullet through one? He shivered, recalling the recent assassination of a judge upon the bench by a Hindu whom he had sentenced. When he reached his robing room he sent for Captain Phelan.

"See here, captain," he directed sharply, "I want you to keep all those Chinamen out in the corridor; understand?"

"I've got to let some of 'em in, judge," urged Phelan. "You've got to have an interpreter—and there's a Chinese lawyer associated with Tutt & Tutt—and of course Mr. O'Brien has to have a couple of 'em so's he'll know what's going on. Y' see, judge, the On Gee Tong is helping the prosecution against the Hip Leongs, so both sides has to be more or less represented."

"Well, make sure none of them is armed," ordered Judge Bender. "I don't like these cases."

Now the judge being recently elected and unfamiliar with the situation did not realize that nothing could have been farther from the Oriental mind or intention than an attack upon the officers engaged in the administration of local justice, whom they regarded merely as nuisances. What these Chinamen supremely desired was to be allowed to settle their own affairs in their own historic and traditional way—the way of the revolver, the silken cord, the knife and the iron bar. Once enmeshed in Anglo-Saxon juridical procedure, to be sure, they were not averse to letting it run its course on the bare chance that it might automatically accomplish their revenge. But they distrusted it, being brought up according to a much more effective system—one which when it wanted to punish anybody simply reached out, grabbed him by the pigtail, yanked him to his knees and sliced off his head. This so-called American justice was all talk—words, words, words! From their point of view judges, jurymen and prosecutors were useless pawns in life's game of chess. Perhaps they are! Who knows!

When Judge Bender entered the court room it was already packed with blue blouses. A special panel of two hundred talesmen filled the first half dozen rows of benches, the others being occupied by witnesses, policemen and the miscellaneous human flotsam and jetsam that always manages somehow or other to find its way to a murder trial. Inside the rail O'Brien, the assistant district attorney, was busy in conversation with three cueless Chinamen in American clothes. At the bar sat Mock Hen with Mr. Tutt beside him, flanked by Wong Get, Tutt, Bonnie Doon and Buddha.

The judge beckoned Mr. Tutt and O'Brien to the front of the bench.

"Is there any chance of disposing of this case by a plea?" he inquired.

O'Brien looked expectantly at Mr. Tutt, who shook his head. The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, how long is it going to take?"

"About six weeks," answered the old lawyer quietly.

"What!" ejaculated judge and prosecutor in unison.

"A day or two less, perhaps," affirmed Mr. Tutt, "but, likely as not, considerably longer."

"I shall cut it down as much as I can," announced the judge, appalled at the prospect. "I shall not permit this trial to be dragged out indefinitely."

"Nothing would please me better, Your Honor," bowed Mr. Tutt with the shadow of a smile. "Shall we proceed to select the jury?"

The accuracy of Mr. Tutt's prophecy as to the probable length of the trial was partially demonstrated when it developed that most of the talesmen had a pronounced antipathy to Chinese murder cases, and a deep-rooted prejudice against the race as a whole. In fact, a certain subconscious influence affecting most of them was formulated by the thirty-ninth talesman to be rejected who, in a moment of resentment, burst forth, "I don't mind trying decent American criminals, but I hold it isn't any part of a citizen's duty to try Chinamen!" and was promptly struck off the jury list.

"I say, chief," disgustedly declared O'Brien to Peckham at the noon recess as they clinked glasses over the bar at Po "you've handed me a ripe, juicy Me all right! I won't be able to get a We've been at it since ten o'clock an haven't lured a single sucker into the b

"What's the matter?" inquired D. A. apprehensively.

"I can't quite make out," answ O'Brien. "But most of 'em seem to a sort of idea that to kill a Chinaman a crime but a virtue!"

"Well, don't tell anybody," whisp Peckham, "but I'm somewhat of that wi thinking myself. Set 'em up again, Jo

However, by invoking utmost celerity a jury at last selected and swo the end of the ninete day of the trial. As a O'Brien confidentially mitted to Peckham it w much! But what could expect of a bunch who willing to swear that hadn't any prejudice ag a Chink and would as acquit him as a white n The truth was that they all gentlemen who, ha lost their jobs, were willi swear to anything that w bring them in two dolla day. The more days the ter! And it is historic that during the sixty- days of Mock Hen's pr cution not one of them tested at being kept a from his wife and chil his business or his plea On the contrary they slumbered peacefully ten until four—and when trial ended, on the whole rather regretted that it over, the only genuine ion regarding the case b that the Chinks were a funny as hell and that Tutt was a bully old boy

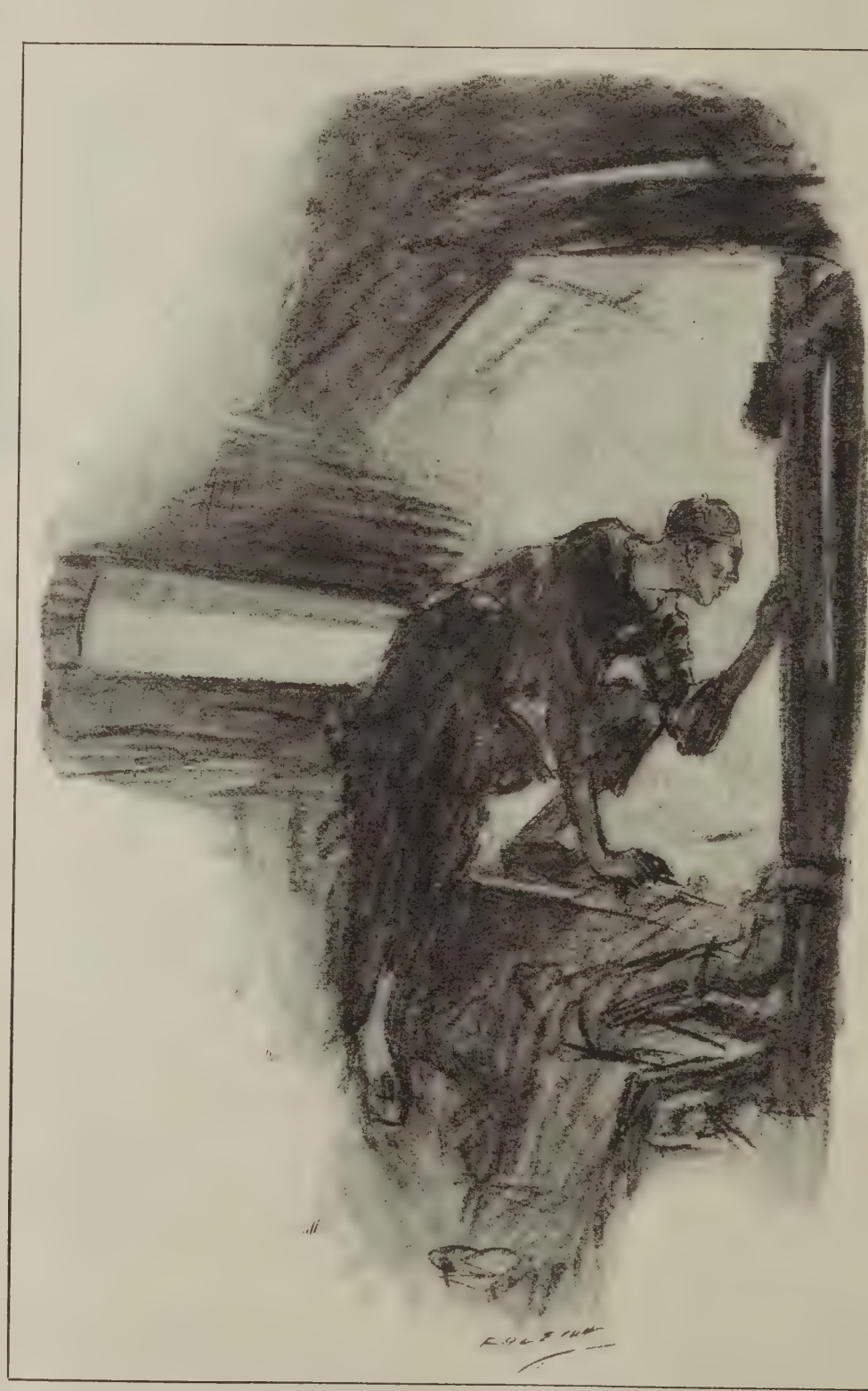
The evidence respecting death of the unfortu Quong Lee made little pression upon them. S ingly they regarded the s much as they did tha Elisha and the bears or and the dragon—as a so apocryphal narrative w they were required to li to, but in no wise boun believe. They were muc terested in Quong's sui chain mail, however, and f time to time awoke to e the various verbal encoun between the judge and Tutt. As factors in the ceedings they did not co except to receive their dollars per diem, board, l ing and hack fare.

The trial of Mock being conducted in a for language the first judi step was the swearing o interpreter. The On C had promptly produced whom O'Brien told the c was a very learned man graduate of the Impe University at Peking, an Son of the Sacred Drag Be that as it may, he was prepossessing in appe ance and Mr. Tutt assu Judge Bender that far fr being what the district torney pretended, the n was a well-known gamb who made his living larg by blackmail. He might a son of a dragon or he mi not; anyway he was a sor Belial. An interpreter v the conduit through which the evidence must pass. If the official w biased or corrupt the testimony would distorted, colored or suppressed.

Now he—Mr. Tutt—had an interpret the well-known Dr. Hong Su, against wh nothing could be said, and upon wh fat head rested no imputation of partia a graduate of Harvard, a writer note, a ——

O'Brien sprang to his feet: "My int preter says your interpreter is an opi smuggler, that he murdered his aunt Hongkong, that he isn't a doctor at

(Continued on Page 73)



Mock Hen Raised a Trap and Emerged Into a Tunnel by Means of Which He Eventually Reached the End of the Block

(Continued from Page 70)

d at he never graduated from anything
e: a chop-suey joint," he interjected.
"is is outrageous!" cried Mr. Tutt,
ply outraged at such language.
"ntlemen! Gentlemen!" groaned
Bender. "What am I to do? I don't
anything about these men. One
k to me about the same as the other.
ourt has no time to inquire into their
e dents. They may both be learned
o:s or they may each be what the
says he is—I don't know. But we've
begin to try this case sometime."
t as finally agreed that in order that
might be no possible question of
t ity there should be two interpreters—
r the prosecution and one for the
e e. Both accordingly were sworn and
st witness, Ah Fong, was called.
k him if he understands the nature of
h," directed O'Brien.
T interpreter for the state turned to
ng and said something sweetly to
multitudinous words.
rantly Doctor Su rose indignantly.
e her interpreter was not putting the
on at all, but telling the witness what
. Moreover, the other interpreter be-
g to the On Gee Tong. He stood wav-
l arms and gobbling like an infuriated
k while his adversary replied in simi-
hion.
is won't do!" snapped the judge.
trial will degenerate into nothing but
a ight if we are not careful." Then a
l idea suggested itself to his Occi-
t mind. "Suppose I appoint an
c umpire to say which of the other
terpreters is correct—and let them
who he shall be?"
Th proposition was received with
n of satisfaction by the two antago-
s who conferred together with aston-
n amiability and almost immediately
d ted into the court room a tall,
a ted Chinaman who they alleged was
ily satisfactory to both of them. He
s cordingly sworn as a third inter-
t and the trial began again. It was
e ed that thereafter there was no dis-
e hatever regarding the accuracy of the
t ony, and as each interpreter was
d r his services at the rate of ten dol-
s day it was rumored that the whole
a had been arranged by agreement be-
e the two societies, which divided the
n, amounting to some eighteen hun-
d llars, between them. But, as O'Brien
e ard asked Peckham, How in thunder
lk you tell?
Th court's troubles had, however, only
ru Ah Fong was a whimsical-looking
s, who gave an impression of desiring
m e himself generally agreeable. He
s, course, the star witness—if a China-
n an ever be a star witness—and pre-
m ly had been carefully schooled as to
manner in which he should give his
t ony. He and he alone had seen the
o l tragedy from beginning to end. He
w if anybody, who would tuck Mock
n mfortably into his coffin.
Th problem of the interpreters having
n olved Fong settled himself comfort-
y the witness chair, crossed his hands
o r is stomach and looked complacently
Mck Hen.
"ll, now let's get along," adjured His
n. "Swear the witness."
M Tutt immediately rose.
"Ithe court please," said he, "I object
th swearing of the witness unless it is
d o appear that he will regard himself
b d by the oath as administered. Now
s an is a Chinaman. I should like to
k n a preliminary question or two."
"at seems fair, Mr. O'Brien," agreed
urt. "Do you see any reason why
utt shouldn't interrogate the wit-
s?"
"(, let me qualify my own witness!"
ord O'Brien fretfully. "Ah Fong, will
a spect the oath to testify truthfully,
b to be administered to you?"
Th interpreter delivered a broadside of
in e at Ah Fong, who listened atten-
el and replied at equal length. Then
e interpreter went at him again, and
air Ah Fong affably responded. It was
er inable.
Th two muttered and chortled at each
he ntil O'Brien, losing patience, jumped
a called out: "What's all this? Can't
a k him a simple question and get a
np answer? This isn't a debating
ie."
Th interpreter held up his hand, indi-
in that the prosecutor should have
ti e.

"*Ah-ya-ya-oo-aroo-yung-ung-loy-a-a-ya oo-chu-a-oy-ah-ohay-tching!*" he concluded.

"*A-yah-oy-a-yoo-oy-ah-chuck-uh-ung-loy-oo-ayah-ayoo-chung-chung-szt-oo-aha-oy-ou-ungaroo-yah-yah-yah!*" replied Ah Fong.

"Thank heaven, that's over!" sighed O'Brien.

The interpreter drew himself up to his full height.

"He says yes," he declared dramatically.

"It's the longest yes I ever heard!" audibly remarked the foreman, who was feeling his oats.

"Does not that satisfy you?" inquired the court of Mr. Tutt.

"I am sorry to say it does not!" replied the latter. "Mr. O'Brien has simply asked whether he will keep his oath. His reply sheds no light on whether his religious belief is such that it would obligate him to respect an oath."

"Well, ask him yourself!" snorted O'Brien.

"Ah Fong, do you believe in any god?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"He says yes," answered the interpreter after the usual interchange.

"What god do you believe in?" persisted Mr. Tutt.

Suddenly Ah Fong made answer without the intervention of the interpreter:

"When I in this country," he replied complacently in English, "I b'lieve Gees Clist; when I in China I b'lieve Chinese god."

"Does Your Honor hold that an obliging acquiescence in local theology constitutes such a religious belief as to make this man's oath sacred?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

The judge smiled.

"I don't see why not!" he declared. "There isn't any precedent so far as I am aware. But he says he believes in the Deity. Isn't that enough?"

"Not unless he believes that the Deity will punish him if he breaks his oath," answered Mr. Tutt. "Let me try him on that?"

"Ah Fong, do you think God will punish you if you tell a lie?"

Fong looked blank. The interpreter fired a few salvos.

"He says it makes a difference the kind of oath."

"Suppose it is a promise to tell the truth?"

"He says what kind of a promise?"

"A promise on the Bible," answered Mr. Tutt patiently.

"He says what god you mean!" countered the interpreter.

"Oh, any god!" roared Mr. Tutt.

The interpreter, after a long parley, made reply.

"Ah Fong says there is no binding oath except on a chicken's head."

Judge Bender, O'Brien and Mr. Tutt gazed at one another helplessly.

"Well, there you are!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Mr. O'Brien's oath wasn't any oath at all! What kind of a chicken's head?"

"A white rooster."

"Quite so!" nodded Mr. Tutt. "Your Honor, I object to this witness being sworn by any oath or in any form except on the head of a white rooster!"

"Well, I don't happen to have a white rooster about me!" remarked O'Brien, while the jury rocked with glee. "Ask him if something else won't do. A big book for instance?"

The interpreter put the question and then shook his head. According to Ah Fong there was no virtue in books whatever, either large or small. On some occasions an oath could be properly taken on a broken plate—also white—but not in murder cases. It was chicken or nothing.

"Are you not willing to waive the formality of an oath, Mr. Tutt?" asked the judge in slight impatience.

"And wave my client into the chair?" demanded the lawyer. "No, sir!"

"I don't see what we can do except to adjourn court until you can procure the necessary poultry," announced Judge Bender. "Even then we can't slaughter them in court. We'll have to find some suitable place!"

"Why not kill one rooster and swear all the witnesses at once?" suggested Mr. Tutt in a moment of inspiration.

"My God, chief!" exclaimed O'Brien at four o'clock. "There ain't a white rooster to be had anywhere! Hens, yes! By the hundred! But roosters are extinct! Tomorrow will be the twenty-first day of this prosecution and not a witness sworn yet."

However, a poultryman was presently discovered who agreed simply for what advertising there was in it to furnish a crate of white roosters, a hatchet and a headsman's block, and to have them in the basement of the building promptly at ten o'clock. Accordingly, at that hour Judge Bender convened Part IX of the General Sessions in the court room and then adjourned downstairs, where all the prospective witnesses for the prosecution were lined up in a body and told to raise their right hands.

Meantime Clerk McGuire was handed the hatchet, and he approached the coop with obvious misgivings. Ah Fong had already given a dubious approval to the sex and quality of the fowls inside and naught remained but to submit the proper oath and remove the head of the unfortunate victim. A large crowd of policemen, witnesses, reporters, loafers, truckmen and others drawn by the unusual character of the proceedings had assembled and now proceeded without the slightest regard for the requirements of judicial dignity to encourage McGuire in his capacity of executioner, by profane shouts and jeers, to do his deadly deed.

But the clerk had had no experience with chickens and in bashfully groping for the selected rooster allowed several other occupants of the crate to escape. Instantly the air was filled with fluttering, squawking fowls while fifty frenzied police officers and Chinamen attempted vainly to reduce them to captivity again. In the midst of the mêlée McGuire caught his rooster, and fearful lest it should escape him managed with truly surprising dexterity to decapitate it. The body, however, had been flopping round spasmodically several seconds upon the floor before he realized that the oath had not been administered, and his voice suddenly rose above the pandemonium in an excited brogue.

"Hold up your hands, you! You do solemnly swear that in the case of The People against Mock Hen you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God!"

But the interpreter was at that moment engaged in clasping to his bosom a struggling rooster and was totally unable to fulfill his functions. Meantime the jury, highly edified at this illustration of the administration of justice, gazed down upon the spectacle from the stairs.

"This farce has gone far enough!" declared Judge Bender disgustedly. "We will return to the court room. Put those roosters back where they belong!"

Once more the participants ascended to Part IX and Ah Fong took his seat in the witness chair. The interpreter's blouse was covered with pinfeathers and one of his thumbs was bleeding profusely.

"Ask the witness if the oath that he has now taken will bind his conscience?" directed the court.

Again the interpreter and Ah Fong held converse.

"He says," translated that official calmly, "that the chicken oath is all right in China, but that it is no good in United States, and that anyway the proper form of words was not used."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated O'Brien. "Where am I?"

"Me tell truth, all light," suddenly announced Ah Fong in English. "Go ahead! Shoot!" And he smiled an inscrutable age-long Oriental smile.

The jury burst into laughter.

"He's stringing you!" the foreman kindly informed O'Brien, who cursed silently.

"Go on, Mister District Attorney, examine the witness," directed the judge. "I shall permit no further variations upon the established forms of procedure."

Then at last and not until then—on the morning of the twenty-first day—did Ah Fong tell his simple story and the jury for the first time learn what it was all about. But by then they had entirely ceased to care, being engrossed in watching Mr. Tutt at his daily amusement of torturing O'Brien into a state of helpless exasperation.

Ah Fong gave his testimony with a clarity of detail that left nothing to be desired, and he was corroborated in most respects by the Italian woman, who identified Mock Hen as the Chinaman with the iron bar. Their evidence was supplemented by that of Bull Neck Burke and Miss Malone, who also were positive that they had seen Mock running from the scene of the murder at exactly four-one o'clock.

Mr. Tutt hardly cross-examined Fong at all, but with Mr. Burke he pursued very different tactics, speedily rousing the wrestler to such a condition of fury that he was hardly articulate, for the old lawyer gently hinted that Mr. Burke was inventing the whole story for the purpose of assisting his friends in the On Gee Tong.

"But I tell yer I don't know no Chinks!" bellowed Burke, looking more like a bull than ever. "This here Mock Hen run right by me. My goil saw him too. I looked at me ticker to get the time!"

"Ah! Then you expected to be a witness for the On Gee Tong!"

"Naw! I tell yer I was walkin' wit' me goil!"

"What is the lady's name?"

"Miss Malone."

"What is her occupation?"

"She's a gay burlesquer."

"A gay burlesquer?"

"Sure—champagne goil and gay burlesquer."

"A champagne girl!"

"Dat what I said."

"You mean that she is upon the stage?"

"Sure—dat's it!"

"Oh!" Mr. Tutt looked relieved.

"What had you and Miss Malone been doing that afternoon?"

"I told yer—walkin'."

Mr. Tutt coughed slightly.

"Is that all?"

"Say, watcha drivin' at?"

Mr. Tutt elevated his bushy eyebrows.

"How do you earn your living?" he demanded, changing his method of attack.

Bull Neck allowed his head to sink still farther into the vast bulk of his immense torso, strangely resembling, in this position, the fabled anthropophagi whose heads are reputed thus to "grow beneath their shoulders."

Then throwing out his jaw he announced proudly between set teeth: "I'm a perfessor of physical sculture!"

The jury sniggered. Mr. Tutt appeared politely puzzled.

"A professor of what?"

"A perfessor of physical sculture!" repeated Bull Neck with great satisfaction.

"Oh! A professor of physical sculpture!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, light breaking over his wrinkled countenance. "And what may that be?"

Bull Neck looked round disgustedly at the jury as if to say: "What ignorance!"

"Trainin' an' developin' prominent people!" he explained.

"Um!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "Who invited you to testify in this case?"

"Mr. Mooney."

"Oh, you're a friend of Mooney's! That is all!"

Now it is apparent from these questions and answers that Mr. Burke had testified to nothing to his discredit and had conducted himself as a gentleman and a sportsman according to his best lights. Yet owing to the subtle suggestions contained in Mr. Tutt's inflections and demeanor the jury leaped unhesitatingly to the conclusion that here was a man so ignorant and debased that if he were not deliberately lying he was being made a cat's-paw by the police in the interest of the On Gee Tong.

Miss Malone fared even worse, for after a preliminary skirmish she flatly refused to give Mr. Tutt or the jury any information whatever regarding her past life, while Mooney, of course, labored from the beginning to the end of his testimony under the curse of being a policeman, one of that class whom most jurymen take pride in saying they hold in natural distrust. In a word, the white witnesses to the dastardly murder of Quong Lee created a general impression of unreliability upon the minds of the jury, who wholly failed to realize the somewhat obvious truth that the witnesses to a crime in Chinatown will naturally if not inevitably be persons who either reside in or frequent that locality.

Twenty-four days had now been consumed in the trial, and as yet no Chinese witnesses except Ah Fong had been called. Now, however, they appeared in cohorts. Though Mooney had sworn that the streets were practically empty at the time of the homicide forty-one Chinese witnesses swore positively that they had been within easy view, claiming variously to have been behind doors, peeking through shutters, at upper windows and even on the roofs. All had identified Mock Hen as the murderer, and none of them had ever heard of either the On Gee or the Hip Leong Tong! Mr. Tutt could not shake them upon cross-examination, and O'Brien began to show signs of renewed confidence. Each testified to substantially the same story and

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they occupied seventeen full days in the telling, so that when the prosecution rested forty-two days had been consumed since the first talesman had been called. The trial had sunk into a dull, unbroken monotony, as Mr. Tutt said, of the "vain repetitions of the heathen." Yet the police and the district attorney had done all that could reasonably have been expected of them. They were simply confronted by the very obvious fact—a condition and not a theory—that the legal processes of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence are of slight avail in dealing with people of another race.

Now it is possible that even had Mr. Tutt put in no defense whatever the jury might have refused to convict, for there was a curious air of unreality surrounding the whole affair. It all seemed somehow as if—assuming that it had ever taken place at all—it had occurred in some other world and in some other age. Perhaps under what might have been practically a direction of the court a verdict of conviction might have been returned—but it is doubtful. The more witnesses testified to exactly the same thing in precisely the same words the less likely it appeared to be.

But Mr. Tutt was taking no chances and, upon the forty-third day of the trial, at a nod from the bench he opened his case. Never had he been more serious; never more persuasive. Abandoning every suggestion of frivolity he weighed the testimony of each white witness and pointed out its obvious lack of probative value. Not one, he said, except the Italian woman, had had more than a fleeting glance of the face of the man now accused of the crime. Such an identification was useless. The Chinamen were patently lying. They had not been there at all! Would any member of the jury hang a dog, even a yellow one, on such testimony? Of course not! Much less a human being. The people had called forty witnesses to prove that Mock Hen had killed Quong Lee. It made no difference. The On Gee could have just as easily produced four hundred. Moreover, Mr. Tutt did a very daring thing. He pronounced all Chinese testimony in an American court of justice as absolutely valueless, and boasted that for every Chinaman who swore Mock Hen was guilty he would bring forward two who would swear him innocent.

The thing was, as he had carefully explained to Bonnie Doon, to prove that Mock was a good Chinaman and, if the jury did not believe that there was any such animal, to convince them that it was possible. His first task, however, was to polish off the Chinese testimony by calling the witnesses who had been secured by Bonnie Doon under the guidance of Wong Get. He admitted afterward that in view of the exclusion law he had not supposed there were so many Chinamen in the United States, for they crowded the corridors and staircases of the Criminal Courts Building, arriving in companies—the Wong family, the Mocks, the Fongs, the Lungs, the Sues, and others of the sacred Hip Sing Society from near at hand and from distant parts—from Brooklyn and Flatbush, from Flushing and Far Rockaway, from Hackensack and Hoboken, from Trenton and Scranton, from Buffalo and Saratoga, from Chicago and St. Louis, and each and every one of them swore positively upon the severed neck of the whitest rooster—the broken fragments of the whitest of porcelain plates—the holiest of books—that he had been present in person at Fulton Market in New York City at precisely four-fifteen o'clock in the afternoon and assisted Mock Hen, the defendant, in selecting and purchasing a terrapin for stew.

Mr. Tutt grinned at the jury and the jury grinned affectionately back at Mr. Tutt. Indeed, after the length of time they had all been together they had almost as much respect for him as for the judge upon the bench. The whole court seemed to be a sort of Tutt Club, of which even O'Brien was a member.

"Now," said Mr. Tutt, "I will call a few witnesses to show you what kind of a man this is whom these highbinders accuse of the crime of murder!"

Mock, rolling his eyes heavenward, assumed an expression of infantile helplessness and trust.

"Don't overdo it!" growled Tutt. "Just look kind of gentle."

So Mock looked as gentle as a sucking dove while two professors from Columbia University, three of his landlords in his more reputable business enterprises, the superintendent of the Rising Sun Mission, four ex-police officers, a fireman, and an investigator from the Society for the Suppression of Sin swore upon Holy Writ and with all sincerity that Mock Hen was not only a person of the most excellent character and reputation but a Christian and a gentleman.

And then Mr. Tutt played his trump card.

"I will call Miss Frances Duryea, of Hudson House," he announced. "Miss Duryea, will you kindly take the witness chair?"

Miss Fanny modestly rose from her seat in the rear of the room and came forward. No one could for an instant doubt the honesty and impartiality of this devoted middle-aged woman, who, surrendering the comforts and luxuries of her home uptown, to which she was well entitled by reason of her age, was devoting herself to a life of service. If a woman like that, thought the jury, was ready to vouch for Mock's good character, why waste any more time on the case? But Miss Fanny was to do much more.

"Miss Duryea," began Mr. Tutt, "do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir; I do," she answered quietly.

"How long have you known him?"

"Six years."

"Do you know his reputation for peace and quiet?"

Miss Fanny half turned to the judge and then faced the jury.

"He is one of the sweetest characters I have ever known," she replied, "and I have known many ——"

"Oh, I object!" interrupted O'Brien. "This lady can't be permitted to testify to anything like that. She must be limited by the rules of evidence!"

With one movement the jury wheeled and glared at him.

"I guess this lady can say anything she wants!" declared the foreman chivalrously.

O'Brien shrank down in his seat. What was the use!

"Go on, please," gently directed Mr. Tutt.

"As I was saying, Mr. Mock Hen is a very remarkable character," responded Miss Fanny. "He is devoted to the mission and to us at the settlement. I would trust him absolutely in regard to anything."

"Thank you," said Mr. Tutt, smiling benignly. "Now, Miss Duryea, did you see Mock Hen at any time on May sixth?"

Instantly the jury showed renewed signs of life. May sixth? That was the day of the murder.

"I did," answered Miss Fanny with conviction. "He came to see me at Hudson House in the afternoon and while we were talking the clock struck four,"

The jury looked at one another and nodded.

"Well, I guess that settles this case!" announced the foreman.

"Right!" echoed a talesman behind him.

"I object!" wailed O'Brien. "This is entirely improper!"

"Quite so!" ruled Judge Bender sternly. "The jurymen will not make any remarks!"

"But, Your Honor—we all agreed at recess there was nothing in this case," announced the foreman. "And now this testimony simply clinches it. Why go on with it?"

"That's so!" ejaculated another. "Let us go, judge."

Mr. Tutt's weather-beaten face was wreathed in smiles.

"Easy, gentlemen!" he cautioned.

The judge shrugged his shoulders, frowning.

"This is very irregular!" he said.

Then he beckoned to O'Brien, and the two whispered together for several minutes, while all over the court room on the part of those who had sat there so patiently for sixty-nine days there was a prolonged and ecstatic wriggling of arms and legs. Instinctively they all knew that the farce was over.

The assistant district attorney returned to his table but did not sit down.

"If the court please," he said rather wearily, "the last witness, Miss Duryea, by her testimony, which I personally am quite ready to accept as truthful, has interjected a reasonable doubt of the defendant's guilt into what otherwise would in my opinion be a case for the jury. If Mock Hen was at Hudson House, nearly two miles from Pell and Doyers Streets, at four o'clock on the afternoon of the homicide, manifestly he could not have been one of the assailants of Quong Lee at one minute past four. I am satisfied that no jury would convict ——"

"Not on your life!" snorted the fore airily.

"—— and I therefore," went on O'B "ask the court to direct an acquittal."

In the grand banquet hall of the Shan and Hongkong American-Chinese Re rant, Ephraim Tutt, draped in a blue darin coat with a tasseled pill box rak upon his old gray head, sat beside Get and Buddha at the head of a long surrounded by three hundred Chinam their richest robes of ceremony. Lan of party-colored glass swaying from rafters shed a strange light upon a cloth marvelously embroidered and with the choicest of Oriental dishes upon the pale faces of the Hip Tong—the Mocks, the Wongs, the and the rest—both those who had tes and also those who had merely been if duty called to do so, all of whom now gathered together to pay honor they felt honor to be due; namely, shrine of Mr. Tutt.

Deft Chinese waiters slipped si from guest to guest with bird's-nest guy soo main, mon goo guy pan, si fin and lung har made of shreds of lo water chestnuts, rice and the suc shoots of the young bamboo, while musicians in a corner sang through noses a syncopated dirge. "Wan ang-ang!" it rose and fell as Mr. Tu neck encircled by a wreath of lilies, es to manipulate a pair of long black sticks. "Wang-ang-ang-ang!" Abou were golden limes, ginger in sirup, nuts, pickled leeches.

Then he felt a touch upon his sh and turned to see Fong Hen, the sl standing beside him. It was the d Fong Hen to drink with each guest— than that, to drink as much as each drank! He gravely offered Mr. T pony of rice brandy. It was not th lava he had anticipated, but a soft, car nectar, fragrant as if distilled from ce flowers of the time of Confucius. slipper swallowed the same quantity gulp, bowed and passed along.

Mr. Tutt vainly tried to grasp th that he was in his own native city o York. Long sleeves covered with re purple dragons hid his arms and hand below the collar a smooth tight surf silk across his breast made access pockets quite impossible. In one of reposed twenty one-thousand-dollar his fee for securing the acquittal of Hen. Yes, he was in New York!

The monotonous wail of the instru the pungency of the incense, the su light, the humid breath of the carried the thoughts of Mr. Tutt far Before him, against the blue misty sur rose the yellow temples of Peking could hear the faint tintinnabulat bells. He was wandering in a gard grant with jasmine blossoms and ac with ancient graven stones and carv statues. The air was sweet. Mr. Tu very tired.

"Let him sleep!" nodded Buddha, conveying to his wrinkled lips a d morsel of guy yemg dun. "Let him He has earned his sleep. He has sav face!"

It was after midnight when Mr. heavily laden with princely gifts of and jade and boxes of priceless emerged from the side door of the Sh and Hongkong American-Chinese taurant. The sky was brilliant with and the sidewalks of Doyers an Streets were crowded with pedes Near by a lantern-bedecked rubbe wagon was in process of unloading it of seekers after the curious and un some. On either side of him walked Get and Buddha. They had hardly r the corner when five shots echoed in succession above the noise of the traff the crowd turned with one accor rushed in the direction from which just come.

Mr. Tutt, startled, stopped and back. Courteously stopped along Get and Buddha. A throng was fas ering in front of the Shanghai and kong Restaurant.

Then Murtha appeared, shoulder way roughly through the mob. Ca sight of Mr. Tutt he paused long to whisper hoarsely in the lawyer "Well, they got Mock Hen! Five in him! But if they were going t in hell couldn't they have done it months ago?"

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STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Dept. Pittsburg, Pa.

CABELL DRIVES THE NAIL

(Continued from Page 17)

a youthful face, keen, rather cold blue eyes that seemed to see farther than eyes are meant to see, and a determined chin.

Cabell hesitated between an ecstatic rush to him, with a lifting of her flowerlike face for a kiss—the expression is hers—and a sweet shyness. Before she could make up her mind he had swung across the room, taken her hand in a hearty grip, said "Well, Cabell?" and turned to the boy. There was no time to say anything.

The man actually seemed interested in Doug, who couldn't do more than half grin and look foolish.

"Murphy's out stumping for me to-night against Clarkson," said the candidate when they were presently all seated. "One of those affairs where the populace asks questions afterward. I'd back Murph' against any man in the world on that. His Irish will make 'em laugh so they'll forget it if he doesn't know the answer. Clarkson's the kind that gets mad. Heard they lined up the Fifth Ward solid for Woodward. Looks a little as though I'd lose in my own county, but Murph' said last week that the northern part of the state was mine sure."

"Pretty even race," commented Mrs. Smith, and they talked of it eagerly, apparently forgetting there were such things as lovely young daughters.

"Who are you running against?" blundered Douglas.

Cabell laughed prettily. She didn't know, either, but it looked awful not to. Mrs. Smith said she must make him read the papers intelligently.

"Christie Woodward. Nice fellow, Doug. Don't know anybody I'd rather see governor—excepting your humble servant—than Chris Woodward. That's what makes beating him so hard. Nothing against him."

"If it were his cousin ——" began Mrs. Smith.

"Oh—Lance Christie! Different as chalk from cheese."

The name brought Cabell from the dreams the dullness of the conversation had evoked.

"Lance Christie!" she repeated involuntarily.

"You know, Cabell. His wife opened the Red Cross rooms."

"I see the young rascal at their headquarters every now and then—Lance, not his wife. . . . I'll take you with me, Doug, one of these days."

"Oh, boy! Can I run the car?"

The shrilling of the telephone bell broke in on Mr. Brewster's easy assent. Cabell and Douglas both leaped to the instrument, and there was a swift altercation before Cabell, who held the receiver, was able to reach the transmitter Douglas clutched, and give a honeyed "Hel-lo-o!" into it.

"Cabell! Douglas, let your sister have it. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Oh!"—a decidedly downward inflection. "Yes, he's here. Doug!"

"I toldja it was my call. . . . 'Lo. Uh-huh!"

The boy turned his back on them and pressed the transmitter close over his lips. He tried to keep his voice low, and his replies unintelligible. One foot beat a nervous tattoo on the floor.

"Both expecting something important," smiled the parent elect.

"They know better. One reason I'm glad is because I'll have more time for them." It wasn't necessary to mention what she was glad about. "I've had to leave them more or less to their own devices these last ten years. Is Stelle going to call up, Cabell?"

"I don't know." It had been fear that Lance Christie would disregard instructions that had sent her scurrying. The uncomfortably keen eyes of Mr. Brewster made her nervous. It seemed as if he must know whom she had expected.

"I got fi' dollars. . . . I can't. . . . Well, I can't. I can't help it. . . . I can't if I can't, can I?" Doug's voice was raised in exasperation, and the bridegroom-to-be removed his regard from the daughter to the son.

"Doug's always needing money," sighed Doug's sister. "What the boy does with it is more than I know." She felt that this was very grown-up. She was rewarded with an electric glance from the keen blue eyes.

"I'll come over." Douglas jammed the receiver back on its hook and dived into his room. His voice came out desperately. "Goin' out, mom."

"No, Douglas."

"Yes'm; I've got to." He appeared with his cap and began to skirt the crowded room toward the outer door.

"I said 'No.'"

"But, mamma, I tell you I got to! I'll be back in a min-nut!" The boy's impatient eyes sought Mr. Brewster's beseechingly. "You make her let me go. You can." His fingers fumbled at the knob of the door.

"What is it—money?"

"Wallace—please. He mustn't take it."

Mr. Brewster smiled at her as he rose. "Leave him to me this time, Shirley. Come out here, Doug. How much?"

Douglas drew a quivering breath. "A hundred; I mean, ninety-five. Mom gave me five." He showed the bill as confirmation. "I can't tell you about it though. I promised. . . . Only I might have to go to jail if I don't get the money."

The man counted out the bills. "Here. Can you settle it for good? And understand! After this—cut that out."

"Oh, it isn't anything you could do twice. It's not gambling or anything. I won't—I mean, I will. Thanks." He started for the elevator.

"But I didn't have to make him tell me about it, Shirley," Wallace Brewster explained later. "One of my men will have the whole thing half an hour after I put him on it. Seems an unfair advantage. I'll let you know. Fine boy. Always wanted one like that. . . . Exactly the kind of mother I fancy, too"—with the shadow of a grin on his very young face.

Cabell said a publicly sweet farewell to her mother next morning, before she rushed back to the apartment and seized the ringing telephone. Doug had gone out an hour ago.

"This is Miss Cabell Smith. . . . Oh, how are you? Why, mamma wants me to lunch with her in town and shop. I'm dining with Mr. Brewster—Wallace Brewster, you know; running for governor?" So casually! "I'm afraid ——"

He was not to be put off like that. The stupendous news of Cabell's coming relationship to Mr. Brewster—she called him "daddy" because it sounded intimate—added to Lance Christie's desire for her society. He persuaded her to give him an hour that morning.

She met him two blocks below the Stratford, her blouse exposing a section of smooth young chest, her nose carefully whitened, her mouth blossoming with a shade of unnatural cerise. She and Stelle had bought the lip sticks weeks ago, but never dared use them. Now Cabell flattered herself she looked sophisticated, charming, quite the rival of the women in Lance's set. She dallied lightly with the idea of learning to smoke cigarettes—the extreme of wickedness.

They swung about the outskirts of the city, stopping once at a station for oil. Lance sent a small boy hustling into a near-by store for hot coffee. It was so much more grown-up to have coffee than chocolate sundae, which was what Cabell really wanted.

Then they began threading the traffic in the narrow Saturday-crowded streets. Lance was to drop Cabell in the neighborhood of Skelton's.

It had been an adventure. Cabell enjoyed exchanging what she thought was clever repartee with a man always described as fast. Besides, wasn't Lance misunderstood? She had suspected it yesterday, from the fact that his one mention of Mrs. Christie had been accompanied by a quick turning away of his head, a swift "I can't talk about her," and a change of the subject.

To-day he got so far as to say that a heaven had opened on his wedding day, but someone pushed the gates shut before he got inside. That sounded touching, even if she wasn't able to puzzle out its meaning. At any rate he hadn't been treated properly.

"I know people say a lot of pretty raw things about me. Well—no doubt some of them are true!" bitterly, with the right curl to his lip.

Cabell sympathized. She was misunderstood too. She forgot to duck the French tam to hide her face when they were caught in the next jam, and so suddenly found herself gazing into a pair of keen cold blue eyes, set in an absurdly youthful face. Her future parent was sitting in a big car with a number of other men. There was no doubt he had recognized her.

Her hands were cold and her throat tight all the way in. What in the world was she going to do? How could she account for it? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

She said good-by without lingering, jumping out of the car and disappearing into Marcey's swinging doors with a mere "'By!" She fairly ran to the waiting room to wash off the cerise and rearrange her blouse.

"What's the use, anyway?" she muttered almost aloud to her reflection. "He'll go and blab and I might as well be dead. Oh, dear!"

She was a little late at Skelton's. Mrs. Smith was already at their usual table, and the first course was being brought in as Cabell hurried from the elevator.

"Missed a car," she murmured breathlessly.

"I tried to reach you all morning both at home and at Stelle's. Stelle said she hadn't see you."

"Why—how funny! I was home. No, I wasn't. I took a walk and—and just before I came down I was at the park looking up that leaf for botany—the one I told you about." Why did she bother to fib? In a few hours the whole thing would be out.

"I wanted you to bring down a piece of that pink chiffon. We might match it in ribbon."

"Oh, mamma, I don't want that baby kind of dress! Why can't I have some style? Goodness, the papers will write up what we wear, I don't care how informal you are. S'pose I want it blazed all over that I had on a kid dress like a sixteen-year-old?"

"You're only seventeen, aren't you?"

"Well, my goodness, there's some difference!"

Her mother smiled. "We'll go to Marcey's and see if they have a little Georgette, then."

Two women took possession of the vacant chairs at their table and private conversation was impossible, even if what they said hadn't put all minor considerations out of Cabell's head.

"If there isn't Mrs. Lance Christie!"

"Lucky she didn't see her husband half an hour ago. Who was that girl?"

"I don't know. Did you see the paint on her lips? Chorus, probably. Shame!"

Cabell kept the tam ducked to shield her hot face. Another day her mother could not have been blind, but now she was apparently deaf also. The girl stole a glance at Lance Christie's wife. Why, she wasn't a bit pretty! She didn't look as if she was anybody.

"I heard that her aunt arranged that wedding," one of Cabell's neighbors confided to the other. "She was brought up in a French convent, and when the Germans began their drive they dragged her—the aunt did, I mean—over here and got her safely married. She had money, and I suppose she was accustomed to the French way of having someone else select the man."

"They say Lance was wild about her."

"Yes, indeed. You know how he is—the newest face. And she was different. Looked like a little nun. Remember?"

Mrs. Smith touched Cabell's sleeve and Cabell gladly got away.

The afternoon was a blur. The only thing that seemed real was the haunting fear of what Mr. Brewster would do about the drive. She couldn't have told whether the frock selected was white or purple; or whether or not they finally decided on the serge coat.

The rush to the Stratford to dress for dinner and the hurry back to the St. Saen Hotel was one mounting agony. She didn't even complain about the satin ribbon her mother insisted on tying on her hair—Cabell's hair.

The candidate for governor was waiting for them in one of the parlors, listening to Doug's chatter as if he liked it. He met them eagerly, and had much to say to Mrs. Smith before he turned to Cabell.

"Cabell! What have you been doing with yourself all day?" His eyes were colder than ever.

Why, she'd been shopping with mamma.

"All day?"

No. They'd lunched together and shopped all afternoon. They'd bought ——

"And this morning?"

She'd had a lot of little things to do and—she'd walked in the park ——

"Cabell missed her car or we'd have had time to see you before you went over to the capitol," put in Mrs. Smith.

"So she missed the car, did she" looked at his future daughter as if h bore to her very soul, and Cabell's over her frightened eyes. He wait after the meal though. Then: and I have something to say to eac Doug can tell you what we've hee all afternoon, Shirley."

Mamma couldn't be in love with or she'd object, and not sit there satisfied. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! lagged to the door of the empty room, feeling none of the thrill tha have been hers last night if he'd sto then for her to enter, in this gallant

A fountain splashed beneath a green lights. Beyond shining desks in orderly rows about the walls. M ster installed her at one and drew u to face her. "Look at me, please were you doing with Lance Christ

Cabell tried to smile. Her finger at the babyish frills on her skirt. a—Lance Christie?"

"You understand what I say, I

"Why, he—I happened to meet he asked me if I'd—I'd ride dow did."

"You knew him?"

"N—yes. I—Stelle had a cou Camberley over last week and— Mr. Christie, and when the three o coming in from the ball game—l pened to get on the same car— met."

"Have you gone driving with fore?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't driving with time. We only—we just ——"

"You needn't trouble to fib. driving with him this morning. know that he is a married man, unsavory reputation?"

"People say things about hi don't have to be true."

"But you admit you know he's m

"Well, can't you speak to a m married? I'd have thought you broader than that. Nowadays y go into retreat if you are marrie a man have a friend ——"

"No. He can't sneak about w cent girl. I'm not telling you anyt You know you're not acting sq you wouldn't hide it. There must thing to you, with that mother. be a sham through and through."

"You've no right to insult m you're bigger and stronger." She that, and it came in pat.

"Aside from his being married the kind of man for you to be s Need I make that plainer? . . . remember this: You are not to to, write to or communicate wi Christie. Is that clear?"

"I don't see that it's your bu

"Whether you see or not is in Kindly note that I'll know it, an really unpleasant if I try." He lo than unpleasant. "There are sch pupils who need it can be watche

She tried weeping and she tried with no impression. His one rem next half hour was to the effe hoped the decent thing in her wo to the top soon. He was a br hoped she could pay him out fo day. How she would enjoy it!

He did not insist on a promise he gave her to understand that from her had no weight.

She couldn't enjoy the play th up the evening. More than couldn't enjoy the mild sensation trance in a family party made. She up with hating Wallace Brewst the knowledge that what she being noted for the papers fail terest her. Some day, possessed defined power over him, she'd mak Brewster beg for mercy, and t laugh, a hollow mirthless laugh a

The lesson at church next mo about one Jael, who rid herself an ple of an enemy by running a na his head. Cabell wished thing simple as that now. She woul minded driving nails all over stepfather.

Stelle walked home with her. more than one thing to comm Cabell, and they lingered on the Douglas came down for his siste

(Continued on Page 79)

(Continued from Page 76)

"amma, did you know why Doug
nd that money?" burst out Cabell
e the two were alone.
"-heard."
"eard that he and his bunch stole the
y's car and smashed it up and had to
y get it fixed or go to jail?" in one
ed, amazed breath.
"mething like that."
"amma! And you don't care? Stelle
die. She saw them smash up. Stole it!"
"r. Brewster took the matter up with
as, Cabell."
e knew—and didn't make a fuss?
el" She couldn't go on. It was too
s. He thought it was all right for
as to run off with a car and nearly go
, but if she rode with a man who took
ful joy in her society —— Yes, that
s nother thing! He was unjust, unfair,
y and a brute.
She threw herself into a mission chair and
ld up the Sunday paper. She prayed
e nail to be delivered into her hand.
e use it. No fear she wouldn't use it.
The sheet she had been staring at became
a once intelligible. There was an article
o the gubernatorial candidates:
"ne entire outcome of the election de-
s on the Camberley County vote. The
who swings Camberley has the state."
the only had the Camberley County
n her possession how gladly she would
nit to Christie Woodward and defeat
e utocratic Brewster! What pleasure
s here in being a governor's daugh-
? He wouldn't let her enjoy it. Any-
y she wanted to hurt him. It ought
t him worse than anything not to
ected. . . . Only she didn't have
ste.
Douglas came in bubbling with excite-
n He and dad had been over to Cam-
l and he'd driven the car. Gee, it was
a They'd had a big mass meeting and
d ld 'em a few. Say, did they know our
rt had a big electric sign on top of
ney's with "Brewster: Prosperity and
a-" on it? You ought to see it flash
:d off! They'd plastered the whole
ry with bills about dad too. And say,
o what kind of stunt Murph was pull-
-morrow night? Going to stand on
the City Hall with a megaphone and
ka speech. Doug was going to go with
nd throw down bombs with campaign
r ure in them. Wasn't that a big little
ea? He'd say it was!
Cabell leaned back in her chair and smiled
cynical smile. She observed that in her
n Woodward would swing Camberley
d nat settled the election.
"it get what you can out of it," she
ved languidly.
Her mother stopped reading, and Doug
ind round.
"ke fun Woodward's got Camberley!
ot it in our pocket right now. Guess
u aven't seen the papers. Gee, that
t sheet! Y'ought to read the Times.
ne you'd get the dope."
"nerace is unusually even," commented
rs Smith. "We can't claim Camberley
t, m afraid."
"ad says the least little thing'll sweep
n ne way. If we knew what they'll do
t big strike we'd have 'em—or if they
t old of our position on the Right of
a Over Public Property Bill! That's a
g ing to Camberley."
"hat is our position?" asked Cabell
gely. She hadn't the ghost of an idea of
n a right of way might be or how it
ul affect an election.
Douglas was vague. He didn't like to
m that he didn't know. But gee, girl,
in we'd let those birds know? Not by a
o lot! Dad can get by without letting
t ything he don't want known.
"r. Brewster isn't dad yet—if ever."
"ire he is. I asked him. He likes it.
Juan call him it if you want. I'm going
ve his little auto for mine, and work
h office when I'm out of school, and lots
ties I'll chauf for him."
"ou're his pet!" flared Cabell, and
rned into her own cubicle. Doug could
ything and have everything. She
uldn't even choose her own friends. She'd
n ver to Stelle's and ——
She escaped without telling more than
e white lie, and minced off down the
rd avenue. High hedges shut in most
t houses on the block, and great trees
o the sidewalks. Leaves drifted down
d rmed crackling piles underfoot. The
tt -sweet smell of frost was in the air.
Cabell snuggled into the new coat, let her
in sink deep into the soft collar and
stepped to a new Marseillaise. Wallace Brewster was the Tyrant and she the Brave. When the election returns were in and the autocrat found himself beaten, and was sunk into his chair, head bowed in inglorious defeat, she would calmly announce that it was to her he owed his bitter failure. It was an evidence of her power. Perhaps after this he'd have pause before he took that high and mighty tone with her. "Have pause"—that was pretty good.

A car stopped gratingly and a voice drawled: "In a dashing rush, little pal?"

She had almost passed him, but she came back at once, the fascinating smile in play, her walk superelegant. "Mr. Christie!"

He took her outstretched hand and kept it, warming it between both of his. "What made you run away from me yesterday?" His voice sounded like a warm sea, lapping her round. "Oh, yes, you did! Afraid to be seen with me by any of these good people?"

She denied that. Heavens!—they all said "Heavens!" in books—did he think she was so narrow? Really, she rather enjoyed shocking these good people. They both intimated that being good was tiresome, provincial and common.

"How about a little spin?"

Oh, no, she couldn't. She was just going to Stelle's and mamma might call up over there and—well, ten minutes, then; not more.

It was not much more, even though in the time it was necessary to confide the hateful story of Wallace Brewster's tyranny, and arrange a method of communication. Letters could be sent through Stelle.

When the car drew up before Stelle's ivy-hung dwelling Cabell was beginning to enjoy her martyrdom. It made her a heroine—a properly persecuted heroine. She considered whether or not it might be even more romantic to have a secret code. You couldn't signal with lights from an apartment window. In the first place the lights weren't movable, and in the next it would be an endless job to count the scores of windows to find hers!

Again that odd long look, that gleam of white teeth in the dark, that "Good night, little pal!" What a lot she had to tell Stelle!

She was halfway up the terrace steps before she recognized the man coming down the flight leading to the ivy-clad porch. She felt, as she told Stelle afterward, "full of frozen screams." The man was Wallace Brewster.

"I told Shir— your mother—I'd call for you. It appears that I'm a bit previous."

She said "Not at all!" with a well-done shrug, and they proceeded to march down the street, shoulder to shoulder. They had reached the avenue before either spoke. Then he said with a frown that was evident even in the dark: "I don't suppose you're actually in love with that—man!" Apparently adjectives failed him.

"In love!" That hadn't occurred to her. She had been taken up with her daring in associating with the notorious Lance Christie, and with the novel position of little pal to a sadly misunderstood soul.

"Not that you know how to love anybody. You're too selfish to be capable of the real thing."

Selfish! The idea! She drew herself up.

"You don't understand!"—pityingly. How could he hope to comprehend the beautiful relations of Lance and herself?

"Don't understand? I understand the sort of man who calls a girl 'pal' because it's a neutral word that means anything and nothing. Ought to be abolished from the language. The use of it stamps a man for what he is. Of course you think he's madly in love with you—the world well lost and all that. That's what you think now. Wait till it's too late. You haven't got the real thing, and you wouldn't know what to do with it if you had."

"Love has nothing to do with it! Old people always think a man can't look at a girl and a girl can't have a man friend unless it's something like that. But we modernists are—are different." She ended weakly, because she wasn't sure of "modernists." She and Stelle had come across it in a magazine.

"Then it won't matter to you if you never see him again," the candidate for state honors observed after a pause, during which Cabell worried over the selection of "modernist." Maybe he was laughing at her.

"It will matter to him!"

"I shan't lose sleep on that account."

They had reached the drive and paused at the gate, Cabell picking at the drying leaves on the spireas, the man boring holes in the gravel with his cane.

"It will mean that a man who might be—be helped, will go straight to the dogs! You don't know what my being nice to him stands for. Just because everybody else gives him a push you want me to throw stones too. You want me to help send him to—hell!"

She half whispered the last word. Her eloquence brought tears to her eyes. He didn't seem impressed.

"I don't care where you send him. Seems to me that's his wife's business anyway. I never had any sympathy for those fellows who had to be coddled along step by step. If he's fond of dogs he'll probably find his way to them without assistance."

"It's a matter between myself and my own conscience"—grandly.

His glance was quizzical. "What a lot of ways there are for convincing ourselves that it's right to do wrong!"

"You're not fair. You let Doug do anything. You let him steal and—and everything!"

"No, I don't. Doug is to earn and pay back every cent. He wants to."

"Oh, yes, Doug is perfection! You want to tyrannize over me, that's all. You want to show you can boss me. Take away my friends and lock me up in schools. You think you'll break my spirit. But you won't! I can write to him. You can't interfere with his mail."

"Perhaps your mother may hit on a plan ——"

"Oh, tell her! I don't expect you to have any honor. Tell her right now. With the whole world against me I won't give him up!"

"Do you know you're very funny, Cabell?"

"Am I? I would be to you. You're the kind who laughs at a broken heart!"—crushingly, as she marched to the entrance, chin held high.

He followed in silence. She couldn't decide whether he was angry or amused, but she wouldn't let him think she cared. She chatted brightly to Walker, to whom her new relationship gave her a real standing at last.

Douglas sprang at them.

"Say, the Times called up, dad. They got to have something from you about the strike. I'll get 'em on the wire. . . . Main Five. . . . Woodward's come out with a string of soft-soap promises that'll haul in votes wholesale. . . . Times? Say, I got Governor Brewster here for you. . . . Yeh; Governor—that's what I said. . . . Here, dad."

Cabell slipped into her own room and locked the door. She'd never lower herself by calling the monster "daddy" now! If he was elected she'd call him "Your Excellency"—like that, distantly. If not she supposed "Mr. Brewster" would have to do. It wasn't so effective.

She wondered what mamma would say about Lance Christie. Old people never understood. They set to work and carefully taught you to be kind to everybody and do unto others and all that, and when it came right down to it they went out of their way to make you stop! Stop doing the very identical things they'd pounded into you all your life!

She took off the stupid girlish challis and put on a negligée. Anybody can look sophisticated in a negligée with her hair down and really nifty slippers—she and Stelle had exchanged birthday presents of slippers allowing the other to choose her own. Let Wallace Brewster demand her in there and he'd see that she wasn't the infant her mother pretended. Of course it would probably shock that lady unconscious.

He didn't demand her. Cabell waited—sometimes high-hearted and defiant, planning to burst into the room with a ringing laugh; sometimes chilly with fear, when the thought of crossing the threshold was a stark impossibility. And nobody disturbed her. The little ivory clock on her dressing table crawled from ten to eleven. She heard doors open and shut and the gradual cessation of voices. And silence.

At length she opened her door. The living room was dark. Doug's room showed no light. Her mother's was also wrapped in gloom.

"Want anything, Cabell?"

"N-no, nothing."

"Do go to bed, child. You can get up early and finish studying."

It was clear he hadn't told. She crept into bed uneasily. He wanted to play with her, like a snake with a charmed bird. Well, he'd discover what kind of partner he had in that game. The thought of the Camberley vote came back temptingly. If she just knew what his position was on that right of way, and what to do with it. . . . Lance! Why didn't she ask Lance? His cousin was the opponent. He ought to know.

She could hardly go to sleep for thinking of it. She'd get Stelle to mail a letter to Lance, telling him to meet her. Let's see: Better not go out in the car. Somebody would be sure to see and tell. Why not have tea together at Serodino's? They had booths like little private rooms and they could go in separately. The very thing!

Wallace Brewster had met his match!

She made the appointment for Tuesday afternoon. She was supposed to be at Stelle's, and Stelle had instructions to say she was there but couldn't come to the phone just now.

"Tell them I've swallowed wrong and can't speak, and I'll call up. Then phone me right away and I'll call from there. I don't know what on earth anybody'd phone for, but they might. If you get Vergil write it out for me. . . . Oh, I'm so excited!"

The loyal Stelle was no less so. "You'll come back here and tell me the whole thing? I can't wait. Goodness, Cabell, aren't you sort of afraid of Lance Christie? He's got such an awful name. My cousin says he don't know whether he ought to have introduced us that day."

Cabell executed her favorite shrug and left.

She was going to be very casual about entering Serodino's—just saunter in as if attracted by something in the window or as if she thought about something else. She practiced sauntering down Fourth Street, with side glances at the window mirrors to observe the effect of Stelle's mother's new hat, which she had confiscated for the meeting. It had a delightful stick-up that added to her height. She bought a spray of scarlet salvia and thrust it into the belt of her suit.

The casual entrance being effected she slipped into the third booth. Three is a symbolic number. Lance Christie hadn't come, but it wasn't time. She took out her vanity case and applied the cerise stick to her lips and the powder to her nose and waited. Still he didn't come.

The waitress asking again for her order awed her into having an éclair. Cabell ate it in a rush. It would look so odd for her to be eating if he came; and it was such a messy thing. She had to fix her lips all over again.

She had made the hour three-thirty. At four-thirty she put on Stelle's mink scarf and fastened her coat. He couldn't have had the letter.

But as she rose she saw the low red car draw up outside and Lance swing across the pavement. He met her with well-simulated amazement.

"If it isn't my little pal! What are you doing here?" taking her back to the booth with an imperious "Waiter, please!" over one shoulder.

He hadn't meant to be late. It was this last violent rush of the election. What would she have? Tea? Tea was all the go on the Continent. He rather liked it. So she had tea and a salad, because salads are more grown-up than ice cream.

It was hard to get started about the revenge. Lance apparently thought her invitation a commendable longing for his society. When she finally came to the point he seemed doubtful.

"We'd like to have the file—we'd finish in a blare of glory. But I believe Woodie will beat Brewster anyway. If you had the papers you could mail 'em to our headquarters to Clarkson. He never lets his conscience overwork. Still, you can't get 'em."

"Where would they be? What would they look like?"

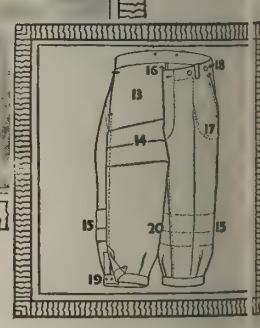
He wasn't clear. There would probably be a private file of papers on the right of way—something definite as to whether Brewster would let the railroads put a spur track over land belonging to the public, thus cutting off teamsters from the river and making boat loading difficult in high water.

"We don't know which way he'll jump. We're pretty sure it's the wrong way politically or he'd have come out with it. We've insinuated, but that doesn't prove anything. The file might be in his private safe."

"His private safe!" It might as well be in the Tower of London.

(Continued on Page 81)

Dubbelbilt Features: 1. "Cravenette" finish. 2. Retains shape. 3. Front won't break. 4. Seams won't rip. 5. Double thickness elbow. 6. Collar hugs neck. 7. Rip-proof pockets. 8. Buttons won't come off. 9. Guaranteed fabrics. 10. Pockets double-sewn.



Dubbelbilt Features: 11. Repair kit. 12. Resists water. 13. Sanitary lining. 14. Double seat. 15. Double thickness knee. 16. Seams won't rip. 17. Double-sewn pockets. 18. Buttons riveted on. 19. "Governor Fasteners" adjust knee straps. 20. Knee rub protection.

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We know, too. That's why Dubbelbilt Clothes are *doubly strong* where strength is needed. Double thickness of cloth at elbow, knee and seat—buttons riveted on—20 distinctive Dubbelbilt, double-wear features, that bring longer service and lessened cost. All backed by our unbreakable guarantee—"*six months' wear without rip, hole or tear—or we will repair garment free.*"

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DROP in at the store where you buy your boy's apparel and ask to see Dubbelbilt Clothes. Notice especially our Walcloth all-wool fabrics—good-looking grays, greens, browns and olive. Blue serges and mixtures, too. All guaranteed fast color.

Look at Dubbelbilt suit No. 7072 at $16.75. It comes in navy blue serge—all wool—Cravenette finished. Has a smartly tailored waist-seam coat with removable belt; full-lined knickers. See picture at bottom of page.

Ask also to see No. 7027—in good-looking long-wear corduroy, Cravenette finished. Similar style features to 7072. Price $14.75.

If your regular store doesn't sell Dubbelbilt Clothes, send us your boy's size and a money order for the amount mentioned and we'll have No. 7072 at $16.75 or No. 7027 at $14.75 delivered *direct*. Get *your* boy into Dubbelbilt Clothes.

DUBBELBILT BOYS'-CLOTHES, INC., BROADWAY AT 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CIT

(Continued from Page 79)

O course we're for the railroads. oc's been counsel for them so long, you w ill didn't know, but she didn't reveal ig rance.

Wy don't you run up to his office and as you were intimate with him before ot e force, and get on the inside?"

es why didn't she hobnob with the rl heads of Europe—what there are of hem?

et the conversation drift to person- es He had a great deal to say about ated past—old stuff, but new to el He'd give a year of his life to be face Cabell with the knowledge that e as nothing to regret.

oyed with her salad, and managed tate that there were dark moments r wn long life best left unmentioned. lock struck five and the streets filled ople. Lights sprang up magically ere. Lance left hurriedly. Before e he bent over her, with that flash of eeth, and she drew away quickly. hed, but he didn't press the point. tayed a moment longer, removing se and wrestling with her gloves. d herself she was a fool to act so. g to her favorite screen dramas s the natural thing for him to do. he to have let him? He'd know now nothing but a school kid.

ouldn't mince along now. She had o Stelle's and home. She squeezed crowded car, and ran up the side o Stelle's. As she dashed along a e out of a hedged-in garden and e with her. They both said: "Oh— o me!" and caught at their hats. It 'a girl at all. It was Mrs. Lance st.

b hered Cabell all the rest of the way. o ed nice, not the way you imagine w se husband isn't appreciated. And o ed as if she'd been educated in a e, too—so sort of fresh and holy.

Me me feel a thousand years old!" ll aid half aloud. It wasn't a com- b feeling. No use saying it's life, and tter. She and Stelle often told one h that, but it didn't help now.

rs Lance had such straight-glancing id she look at Lance that way? A wit over her at the thought of meet- h e eyes if the lady knew. Maybe it a it hard for a girl brought up in a e to understand a man as exotic as e "Exotic"—that was a good word. re lved to look it up to-morrow. Th e must be some good in you some- e For a moment Cabell thought the s ad been spoken aloud. She hesi- the foot of Stelle's steps. "You l all a sham!"

s ned as if not Wallace Brewster but ance Christie was saying it—not e tuously, but pleadingly, as if eager t sentiment be true. Cabell looked t half dozen pinpricks of light in the dy ky. They didn't look like stars to- T They were millions of miles away u eachable. The gray fleece of the ls ould blot them out presently.

el opened the door and dashed out. W t are you mooning about, Cab? ve me mum's hat quick! She's in e We'd better scoot in the side door y can get your things. Nobody's d o, and I'm about to lose my mind n enath problems. We'll have to get fr n Joe Terrill. Do tell me every- g!

el Lance had been very interesting, it as late. Cabell would have to go d ails to-morrow. She put on the ch am and picked up her books.

St e! Oh—Estelle! Is Cabell there? e on the phone for her!" came the Stelle's busy mother.

Ye she's just going. I let 'em think we up here. I've been talking to my- ou loud all afternoon!" giggled Stelle. bl giggled, too, but it didn't sound so y usual.

Ie o? . . . Oh, mamma, I'm just n . . . We were studying and we g math and we forgot the time. . . .

rht away. I've got my things on. " ler face was crimson. Ordinarily wi ld have considered that she had s mething commendable in thus reply- bu not to-night.

m of the stars were gone. No doubt cl ds would smother every one. Poor ! nce, 'way before the war, a girl in on nt may have looked at those s. . . . Five years ago! Cabell had d child. She shrugged again. Had she ever been so innocent as Mrs. Lance Christie looked?

The remembrance of Lance's attempted kiss came back, sending a hot wave over her. Was there any good in her? Was she really a sham? A sham! That was an ugly word.

She hardly noticed Walker. The sickening thought had come to her that it was true. She didn't love Lance Christie—at least, how did you know? Yet she was deliberately taking him from his wife. Probably he was wild about Cabell—wanting to kiss her and all. She'd ruined his life and she didn't want him. She was—as she had suspected, and told Stelle often—cold and heartless, a Cleopatra or George Sand or one of those women who break men's hearts—no, that was the Lorelei. They'd had them—her—in lit last week.

After dinner, while Douglas alternately scowled over his books and brought up various sound reasons why he ought to be campaigning with dad instead, Cabell looked up the Lorelei. Stelle had found the reference and as usual forgotten to note where. Only the poem, copied in Stelle's flowing hand, with the long tails to the y's and wide tops to the t's, rewarded her search:

The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the rocks, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And wonderful melody.
It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranced in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them,
The Lorelei with her song!

It might have been written especially for Cabell—that bit about the golden hair and her singing. She'd always wanted to have her voice cultivated, only mamma was so fussy about her studying anything but lessons. If she couldn't get those half the time what chance was there of doing justice to vocal work, argued Mrs. Smith. As if voice culture was work! Maybe Lance felt that way—you know—wild yearning. It was thrilling to think about.

"Mom, can I go with dad to the labor meeting Thursday night? Can I?"

"Does he want you?" Mrs. Smith didn't look up from the list she was preparing for the wedding announcements.

"Sure. He's going to get in from the north 'long about eight and I got to rush him to the hall. Clarkson had that Quicksilver fellow spillin' it into the labor unions to-day—and gee, if that man wasn't smooth! I shinned up a post and listened on the fire escape. Oh, baby! He got me going so I almost believed him myself. I beat it to dad's office and told him, and dad and Murph got on the job, and boys, oh boys, we've got some hot shot! . . . Why, I ain't hurting your old table!"

"Your shoes are. Put them on the floor. Right down, Douglas! I suppose you may go if dad said so. Cabell, what's Marian Hastings' new address? Oakley or Oakland? . . . Oh, yes! . . . By the way, come to the office after school to-morrow. I'm having some white kid slippers sent in from the wholesale house and you can try them on. Oh, and Cabell! Wallace—dad wants you to have a gift from him—both of you—whatever you want. You may choose it yourself."

"Any mortal thing?"

Her mother nodded abstractedly.

"Then I want earrings—long ones, in jade."

"Cabell! I meant anything in reason."

"Well, I think that's reasonable. Goodness, it's what I want, isn't it? My heart, you'd think I'd asked for poison!"

"Oh, you vamp!"

"Never mind, Douglas. Think it over, Cabell, and select something you can wear. A pretty pin or ring or a girlish necklace."

"Oh—girlish! I'd just as soon not have anything!" Cabell flounced into her room and sulked over the Vergil Stelle had written out wrong. If she couldn't have earrings she'd have a ring with a perfectly e-nor-mous stone—long, you know, reaching to her finger joint. Maybe she ought not to take Wallace Brewster's jewels. He said she was no good—that is, he said there must be some good in her; meant the same thing. Well, he was wrong—right—oh, dear! She couldn't help being fascinating, could she?

A sham! Did Mrs. Lance Christie think so too? What did it matter if she did? She'd have to learn some day that nothing's very nice in this old world. Stelle and Cabell had known that since sophomore year. They frequently shook their heads over it. . . . What on earth made Stelle translate like that? Now you couldn't trust to luck on any of it.

But all through the feverish haste of getting a passable rendering the word "sham" persisted. Maybe it wasn't smart to "embellish the golden truth," as Stelle put it. Sham—sham—sham! In desperation she borrowed Doug's pocket dictionary and hunted the definition.

"A trick, fraud, make-believe, counterfeit." Her cheeks flamed and she lost the place. The word "sincere" leaped at her. That meant "genuine, upright, honest."

Cabell dropped the book with a bang.

Mrs. Smith was guiding her successor through the mazes of the private ledger when Cabell arrived, and merely nodded at the white boxes on her desk, so Cabell made her own selection. They had the sparklingest buckles—they were going to wear buckles again—and white chiffon rosebuds. They were darling.

Her mother absently approved the choice. Her mind was on something else.

"Cabell—let's see: You know where dad's office is?"

"Mr. Brewster, do you mean? In the Cole Block."

"Yes. Do you think you could take a packet to him right away? He left it by mistake and he needs it. He sent a messenger, but goodness knows what has become of him. He must have it at once. You won't stop for anything, will you?"

"Oh, do I have to? Help!"

"Cabell!"

"Well, I'm going. But I'm not crazy about it." Cabell jerked the laces of her school shoes into a knot crossly.

"Give it to dad—nobody else."

"Oh, all right. I'll give it to Mr. Brewster."

Now was the opportunity, wasn't it? She could lose the important packet and get revenged. It would be pleasanter to do something he couldn't trace to her. Her feet found their way to the Cole Block, and presented her at the door of the candidate's suite. It occupied the fourteenth floor—a model in green rugs and shining mahogany, lights dispersed evenly from beautiful hanging bowls, partitions of steel made to resemble mahogany, with frosted glass tops, and men—men at the laden desks, men at the giant filing cabinets, men at the bookcases lining the walls, men at the endless telephones.

One of them came to meet her, and it was suddenly an enchanting adventure. He treated her as she liked being treated, as if she were a visiting princess. He didn't ask who she was. Cabell wondered if he knew from the picture the Sunday papers carried in connection with the announcement of Wallace Brewster's engagement. Or if he'd seen her at the theater Saturday. The simple explanation of her mother's message that Cabell was on her way didn't occur to her.

"Mr. Brewster will see you at once, Miss Smith. Will you come with me?"

Other men glanced up as they passed. That their interest was due more to the fact that their chief was to marry her mother than to her own prettiness didn't dawn on Cabell.

Mr. Brewster was with a long, loose-jointed man who appeared half buried in campaign literature. What Doug called the map of Ireland was on his face. They both showed the effect of too little sleep, too much work and the long strain.

"Draw another five hundred for him, then. He'll have to make a whirlwind dash if he's going to do anything, but every chance is one more. . . . Cabell! Much obliged. Sit down while I look it over. . . . My little girl, Murphy. . . . Believe I can give Quicksilver a knockout if I pull that profit-sharing plan at the mass meeting. . . . That for me?" The candidate yanked an extension phone nearer.

Murphy dragged himself from the lithographs and print and smiled at Cabell. "Hear you're to lead the younger set at the Capital this winter."

"Oh—I don't graduate till June."

"Next year, then. Lucky divils!" He intimated Irishly that her path would be strewn with men's broken hearts.

Cabell blushed and dimpled. She had an answer ready and Murphy's ready

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laugh rose constantly. She felt she was a success. She would be able to conduct a sort of *salon* next winter. Younger set, indeed!

"You're turning the child's head. Don't notice him, Cabell. He's Irish and can't help it. She's a little girl, Murph, and she'll be at school for the next three years." He crossed the room to the safe, whose thick outer doors stood wide open, and thrust a key into the thin inner one.

A totally unnecessary remark, when she was proving herself so irresistible! Her anger rose again, and she moved toward him impulsively. The safe, unlocked, disclosed a row of files below the cash box, each carefully labeled. The third from the right was plainly marked: "Right of Way, Public Landing."

Yes, there it was—and there it was likely to stay.

She watched her future parent put away the packet she had brought, relock the safe, take his hat from a mahogany stand and stride to the door.

"Come, Cabell! Got to talk to Judge Peters about the Cobb case, Murph. You had better get back to headquarters and see what's doing. Afraid Dudley will fall down on us. . . . Oh, the phone! . . . Hello!. . . . Yes, coming. This minute. . . . Come on, quick, before someone else stops us." He hurried them out unceremoniously, one hand on Cabell's shoulder. To help out the picture of devotion Cabell couldn't help looking up at him with the fascinating smile. For two minutes at any rate she'd play the part of lovely pampered daughter to the governor.

They parted at the door of the Cole Block, Mr. Brewster directing that she run right home now and get her lessons. Insulting! If she could just pay him back!

She didn't know afterward how the idea occurred to her. It was suddenly there, full-grown, and she acted on it without waiting for second thought.

She hurried back to the offices they had just left, demanded the secretary to Mr. Brewster, put on the expression of innocence embarrassed—getting to be too well-known among the faculty at school—and said that daddy had sent her back for the papers about the right of way to something or other. They were in his safe, in the third pigeonhole. Could she please have them at once?

A dreadful fear that the safe couldn't be opened in Mr. Brewster's absence died at the alacrity with which the unsuspicious youth unlocked it and found the precious packet.

"Could you put it in a big envelope? And seal it? And hurry! Daddy's waiting."

He could and did. Cabell flashed him her prettiest smile and darted out again. She did not pause at the street door this time. She went at once to the post office to address the sealed envelope.

When she was sitting at the family table that evening the first misgiving smote her. Wouldn't the secretary immediately mention having given her the papers? She put down her fork.

"What is it, Cabell? Isn't your meat well done?"

"No—it's all right."

"Eat it, then. You really must stop stuffing yourself with those abominable sundaes. You and Stelle won't have a complexion between you when you're twenty."

"Gee, I forgot! Stelle told me to be sure and give you this, Cab!" Douglas extended a much-handled envelope. "She's got a new dress or hat or something to show you. . . . If you want me to I'll drive you over there in my car."

He made the offer with elaborate casualness, one eye on his mother.

His sister made no immediate reply. Slitting the grimy envelope had disclosed a second one, inscribed in a masculine hand. What did Lance want?

"You may go over for a little while, Cabell, if you and Stelle have lessons. Douglas will call for you. I shall be at the Metropolitan." Mr. Brewster was speaking there.

Cabell agreed listlessly. Everything depended on what Lance had to say.

What he had to say was not enlightening. He must see Cabell. Could she manage to get out to-morrow night for a ride? It was important. He'd meet her in the park by the fountain. Please come. He was her devoted pal. Oh, she couldn't be bothered with him! Maybe for what she'd done Mr. Brewster could send her to a reform school, and everybody would know it and she'd be disgraced forever! What had made her do such an idiotic thing? She began frantically to think of ways for undoing it.

"Doug," she said when they were seated side by side in the auto, "take me round by the post office." She'd demand the return of the envelope.

"Right. Watch her spin. Say, you know how many miles she can do?"

Cabell didn't, and she didn't listen when she was elaborately told. Her mind was fixed on repairing wrongs. Why had she deliberately gone on proving that her new parent was right about there being no good in her—after she'd admitted to herself that she was a sham? If she ever got this straightened out she'd tell the truth, and let other people's husbands alone, and study her own lessons and—and even wear the terrible girlish models mamma was always picking out!

Followed by Douglas' brotherly "Get a move on! Don't be lollygagging in there all night!" Cabell hurried into the almost deserted post office. Fear and hope lent wings to her feet.

When she came out she walked as if her knees were shaking. They were. Nobody in the post office knew anything about the envelope; nor could they offer suggestions for its return. Cabell gathered that once committed to the charge of Uncle Sam a piece of mail goes on to the bitter end. You can no more take it back than you can tempt the moving finger of Fate to erase what it has written.

"Hey, Cab! Come on, for Pete's sake! You're getting my engine hot."

She came, and sank into the vacant seat without even a fleeting thought of how she was like a crushed flower or a bird with broken wings. The thing was too real for that. She couldn't go to Stelle's. She wanted to go home. She didn't feel well.

She hadn't the heart to quarrel with Douglas about changing her mind or make any reply to his taunt about girls never knowing what they wanted anyway. She could hardly wait to get back to the Stratford to throw herself on her pink-and-white bed to cry. And then she couldn't cry. It was too dreadful for tears.

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror. To-morrow everybody in the world would look at her picture—the horrid one they'd used last Sunday that made her look about twelve!—and say what a shame it was that a girl with such a nice mother was like that. She was a nice mother. She'd earned their living as far back as Cabell could remember—cheerfully, capably and successfully. She never wanted anyone to be sorry for her, though she worked so hard. Sometimes at night too. That winter Doug broke his arm and had to be amused, and mamma came home with something gorgeously interesting every night. That year Cabell was so ill, and mamma had stayed up with her night after night, and gone to work day after day, because so much money was going for doctors and that nurse Cabell was so hateful to. They lived over on State Street then, in a little bit of a flat.

Now for the first time mamma was going to get something out of life. Wallace Brewster wanted to be governor and mamma was to be his lady. And Cabell had deliberately ruined his chances and disgraced the family!

In their funny way she supposed mamma and Mr. Brewster were in love. They never said anything about it—at least not to Cabell. They didn't behave as lovers did in books. Well, after the papers came out to-morrow no doubt all happiness was over forever for them all.

She heard Doug dart in in a tearing hurry, and knew it must be late. Doug had seen mamma coming. Cabell got into her nightdress wearily and put out her light. Then she raised the window, hardly noticing the bitter wind that had risen and blew upon her. Afar off the light in a clock tower shone like a gold star. They put gold stars into service flags when soldiers were dead. But nobody'd want to put any kind of star out for her.

Mr. Brewster did not come up with his fiancée, and Cabell's newborn resolution to tell him what she'd done and give him a chance to kill Clarkson and get the papers back died. She wouldn't have had the courage anyway.

After an apparently endless night the little room grayed into morning.

Cabell was up and dressed before six. She wrapped the despised new coat round her and unbarred the apartment door. The elevators weren't running yet, and she had to use the stairs. When she reached the entrance the janitor told her shortly that the newspapers hadn't come. So she walked up and down the drive, her teeth chattering with something besides the chill of the morning.

How much longer would she be obscure little Cabell Smith, whose only claim to distinction was that her mother was to marry the candidate for governor? How soon would she be pointed out as a traitor to her party's cause, a cheat, a thief and a sham?

A yell burst out down the avenue, the figure of a boy on a bicycle came into view. Presently Cabell and the janitor were disputing over the possession of the package of newspapers on the low step. Cabell took her winnings—the Courier—to the stairs inside.

The headlines chronicled international items, uninteresting to Cabell. There was a column or so devoted to Christie Woodward, but nothing about the right of way or Cabell Smith.

She couldn't understand it.

It was at breakfast, when her mother was commenting anxiously on the girl's heavy eyes and lack of appetite, that the explanation occurred to Cabell. The mail hadn't been delivered in time for this issue. She inquired as offhandedly as possible when the morning papers were printed.

"Gee, some of 'em are on sale at eleven o'clock the night before! Bet they'll hold the presses for what dad's got to say to-night though. They'll get an earful, too, I'll say!"

Reprieve. For how long? Would they give it to an afternoon paper? The Press was for Christie Woodward.

Cabell's Latin teacher sent her home, because she burst into tears when newsboys began shrieking their afternoon editions by the academy. She was advised to go to bed and sleep. Of course she didn't. She bought a Press from the first howling young merchant she met, and searched it, leaning against the iron fence of the school yard. Again not one word. Maybe they were saving it for a later edition.

She bought them as they came out, with the same result.

Doug was too full of the labor mass meeting and his own importance as escort extraordinary to "Governor" Brewster to pay attention to his sister. Mrs. Smith was putting in some extra hours at the office finishing up the transfer of the books. This was her last day; her last happy day, her daughter corrected—but to herself—when she received the message.

She couldn't stay there alone. Nobody could. She'd go mad.

She would go out for a walk. No use going over to Stelle's. Stelle didn't know about it.

Cabell's high heels clicked over the leaf-strewn pavements. It sounded like an army on parade. Was that her Latin teacher coming along the avenue? It was. Nobody could be expected to talk to a Latin teacher to-night.

She ran across the street and entered the winding pathway into the park. She came to an abrupt halt by the fountain. There was the low red car. There was Lance Christie, one foot on its step, the tip of his cigarette glowing in the dusk. She had forgotten all about him.

"Little pal!"

The flash of white teeth again. Only this time they reminded Cabell strangely of the smile of the wolf who tried to double Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

"Oh! I—I didn't know you were here. I mean, I forgot."

"I see you did. What a pretty little thing it is to-night, isn't it?"

"I—can't stay, Mr. Christie. I—I'm in a hurry." She turned to run back along the winding path.

"Coy, to-night? Get my note?" He kept right beside her.

It would never do to drag him out to the horrified gaze of the Latin teacher. Cabell paused under a bare young sycamore.

"Yes. I can't go. Please don't waste any more time on me."

"Waste time! The last thing I'd call it. You know you just want to tease me. You want me to coax you. Well, all right! Come now—I'm dying for your society. You pretty thing, you! Just one little spin. I've something good to tell you." With that odd look from his long eyes.

Cabell caught her breath. "No; I can't. I'm not ever coming again. You don't know me. I'm not nineteen, as I said. I'm seventeen. I've never had any love affairs, either—not all my life. And I never used a lip stick before last ... day, and my mother'd die if she knew ... And I don't know what you're t... about half the time! And—that's a...

She would have run away in earne... time, but he caught and held her.

"You dear — funny — pretty — ... thing!"

"Please let me go."

"Don't you know all this only ... you sweeter than ever? Now I'm go... put you into my car and take you ... long ride."

"No! No, no, I don't want to."

"Oh, yes, you do. You don't know ... you want."

"I do! I do! You let go of m... minute. I'll get daddy. I guess he'd ... you! Don't you dare carry me! ... you dare! I know your wife. Yes, ... and I'll go to her right now. She's ... than you. She's too nice for you. ... I don't care. Laugh! She's a grea... nicer than I am. I wish ——"

He installed her in the car, an... leaped out the other side and fairl... along the wide drive. She could hea... start the car.

You couldn't kidnap a girl in a bi... Of course you couldn't. Even if it w... her fault for being a fool. Why hadn... run the other way, to the haven of a... dalized Latin teacher? There was ... going to be any end to this drive. H... had been going up and down for cen... What a mercy she hadn't worn her ... suit skirt! This childish dress had ... her life.

A man cut across the withering l... a tall thin man. She tried to call, and ... only sob, but he came toward her s... At the same moment the low re... dashed by, its owner bent over the ... The danger was gone.

The thin man lent her his handke... with an Irish grin. It seemed natu... him to be Murphy. He had sense e... not to ask questions. She wept a... more at the thought of what she'd d... him too. He was all wrapped up in d... election. He'd be disappointed and ... thing.

He took her to the door of the el... and stood there until Walker had ... her out of sight. It was so nice of h...

She didn't expect to be able to sle... she was too exhausted to stay awake ... last thing she thought of was whet... not Murphy would come to the C... after —— Why, what was the matte... her? Daddy wasn't going to be e... She'd ruined his chance!

The newspapers were already at th... when she awoke. She took them b... bed with her. They were full of W... Brewster's speech before the labor ... Murphy's good-humored grin was ... dence in the flashlight picture. ... seemed to be other people up for el... to things too.

Down in one corner in a little ... frame was an item to the effect tha... Lance Christie was leaving for Fra... take charge of a French hospital for ... which she had founded.

But there was nothing about the ri... way and the treachery of Cabell Sm...

Cabell was too ill to go to school ... lay on the mission couch, among t... pillows, and was anxiously tended ... mother, whose presence at home on a ... day seemed unnatural. Cabell migh... found it comforting had it not been ... weight on her conscience. The thou... how mamma was going to suffer in ... minutes, or hours, or days, prevente... joy. Douglas making an exuberan... added the final thorn.

"Say, we got the best card in th... to play Sunday. That'll make it jus... for people not to forget before the... Tuesday. Oh, baby! Won't Woo... howl?"

That was why Clarkson was savi... right of way—to use as a trump card ... end. Mr. Brewster's departure last ... to be gone until Sunday night, kep... from discovering the loss. Let's see: ... Sunday night was—was fifty-som... hours. She couldn't go on living lik...

But she did. Seizing each extra ... as it came from the press, reading ... page, flying to the phone at any ring, ... awake at night to go all over the long-... agony of the day.

The Sunday papers were a mass o... tion data, candidates' pictures, artic... and against everything and every n...

(Concluded on Page 85)

(Concluded from Page 82)

a—but nothing on the vital subject.
re saving it for Monday.
. rewster came in late Sunday look-
rly fagged out. He brought a doc-
it him.
d better have him look at Cabell.
ll onsense for her to feel ill and have
n done. Besides, there's some ty-
. Oh, I don't think it is, Shirley, but
s o use letting it go." He actually
worried about her and exasperated
h ician, who couldn't discover any-
ong with his patient.
: don't lie round and get whity-green
ting. She cries at the least thing.
u you've got to fix her up, man.
e going through the strain of the
r—when she's wilted into a rag?"
e the useless doctor had taken his
e candidate brought out a square
ix and laid it in Cabell's lap.
e it's what you want. I had every-
: the store selecting it. Your little
-Stelle, isn't it?—gave me the idea.
e with her on long distance after
other—told me you were ill."
e began to cry again. It was what
a longed for—a wonderful, filmy,
ut scarf, prettier than her dreams.
h e, don't cry. We'll change it if
o right. . . . That'll do, Doug!
s er's not well. . . . Now, now,
li e girl!"
en her sobs Cabell said she liked
r uch, she didn't want it changed—
s eart set on being governor? Be-
I wouldn't be elected, she'd done
h g awful and all the rest of their
h 'd never be able to live it down.
y erical!" commented Mrs. Smith.
o t cry, Cabell. I'm as good a loser
s t man. If I'm not elected I don't
t to blight my life; especially under
r mstances"—with a smile at the
d was to share it. "I've been alone
I as ten. I think I'm going to win,
ll don't—I'll run for President next
n try that!"
: nply wouldn't understand that
c nmitted a crime. She gave up
: tell him.

The last extra, Monday, Cabell, who
n to town for it, leaned against the
f ne Cole Block entrance and drew
h leath. What were they going to do
h e papers then, if they didn't intend
t em in the race?
ry's lanky figure turning in just
s t her scurrying after him. She
t s arm.
u daddy's elected they can't take
u by showing up the right of way,
n e'"
h his teeth are in the job the divil
l an't shake him loose. We'll show
: ght of way ourselves before we're
c wo days."
w so nice of Murphy to answer ques-
w hout asking others. He had a
f grin—not all teeth like—like
p ple.
— Doug—or me—got arrested—
m make any difference to his keeping
n governor?"
s dd some advertising."
w ted to take her home, but before
o l accept the elevator descended
D glas bounded out.
e Murph'! Dad's been howling for
r ne last week. Dudley's gone back
—an't speak to-night—mumps, I
ou'd better beat it upstairs and
ri the swearing. . . . Cab! What
oi here?"
oi home"—miserably.
l n you out if you don't want to go
n e else. I won't have time to dash
e own. Got to get back and lick
w d. Boys, oh, boys, we're going
v some time here to-night! For
s te hustle!"
rry had barely time to voice his
r ets at his ill luck. Doug hurried
w a.
n a'n't got all night. Why don't you
c me when a fellow's rushed to death
y I won't have time to eat at the
' kes Mason a month to bring the
t t a bite at a quick lunch. Gee,
m to-morrow night!"

She gathered that they were to await returns at the Cole Block, with all the important members of "our party," but she didn't thrill at the prospect. Even Mr. Brewster's invitation to Stelle next day to join them for Cabell's sake failed to interest Cabell. She didn't care what she wore!

It was like a party, Stelle said, bubbling with excitement. Douglas was in his element, rushing madly about with telegrams from various parts of the state, taking messages over the private wire, and hanging on the words of the wrought-up enthusiasts who continually dashed in and out. Mrs. Smith sat at the candidate's desk, flushed and smiling and confident. The wives and sisters of other important individuals were there too. Someone had brought in a great blackboard and every few minutes some late returns were posted. They conveyed nothing to Cabell, though everyone apparently knew when to groan and when to give vent to wild applause.

It was near midnight before Murphy came in. Pandemonium reigned outside. Cabell had slipped into an outer office and sat in the darkest corner. She was beyond caring what happened.

"I say, Miss Cabell, we're in! Camberley returns! Woodward's just swamped!"

He was shaking hands with her—both hands—and she was standing. Then she wasn't standing. They were executing a wild little jig of joy.

An outburst of enthusiasm from the rooms beyond indicated the receipt of the report there. Murphy managed an extra leap and a packet fell from his crammed pocket to the floor.

They scrambled for it.

The words "Right of Way—Public Landing," blazed from the manila of the envelope. Cabell screamed.

"What is it? Hurt yourself?"

"No. That. Where—where'd it come from?"

"Come from?"

"Yes. How did you get it? I stole it and sent it to Clarkson." She faced him desperately.

He chuckled at that. "That's how! Well, that's how!" he repeated. "I couldn't imagine when the postman gave it to me for Brewster, while B. was stumping Friday ——"

"Postman gave it to you?"

"Sure. I took his mail for two days—campaign stuff."

"But—the postman?"

"Oh!" His ready laugh rang out. In spite of herself Cabell joined it. "It was returned for postage. You see, you forgot to stamp it."

Her heart was a winged thing, fluttering in her throat.

"Does—daddy know?"

"Brewster? No. I haven't had time to tell him. I was going to put a man on it tomorrow. But now ——" He laughed again.

"You won't tell him?"

"Of course not. You little desperado!"

How lovely of him to think it funny! What a beautiful party they were having! What a wonderful time! She would remember it all the rest of her life.

She kissed her mother and Stelle and the elected candidate fervently, and would have kissed Douglas too if he hadn't avoided her with a "Have a heart! What d'you think I am?"

The whistle on the Leeds Building began blowing deafeningly. The owner was a Brewster man. Everybody sang He's a Jolly Good Fellow without regard for tune or the fact that no one could be heard.

Cabell and Murphy watched the searchlight on the Times Building blazing due north—the signal announced for the election of Brewster. They were both supremely happy.

"Give me first dance at the inaugural ball," he begged. "Though I don't expect to be invited—worse luck!"

She dimpled and promised. She was herself again. She hoped the curl wasn't coming out of her hair and the powder off her nose. . . . He did have the darlingest grin! . . . Yes, she'd give him the first dance at the ball. If he wasn't there she'd sit it out alone and think of him.

She didn't voice her own shrewd suspicion that she wouldn't be there either.

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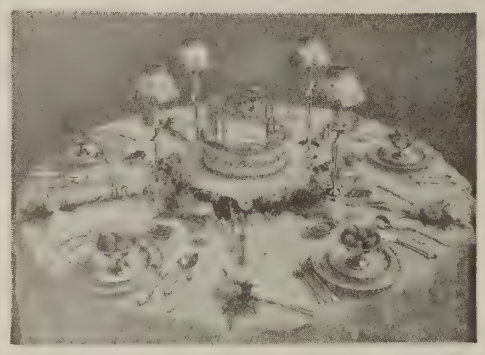

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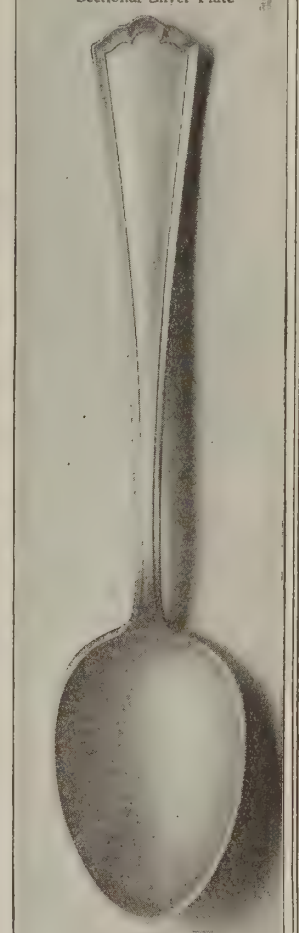

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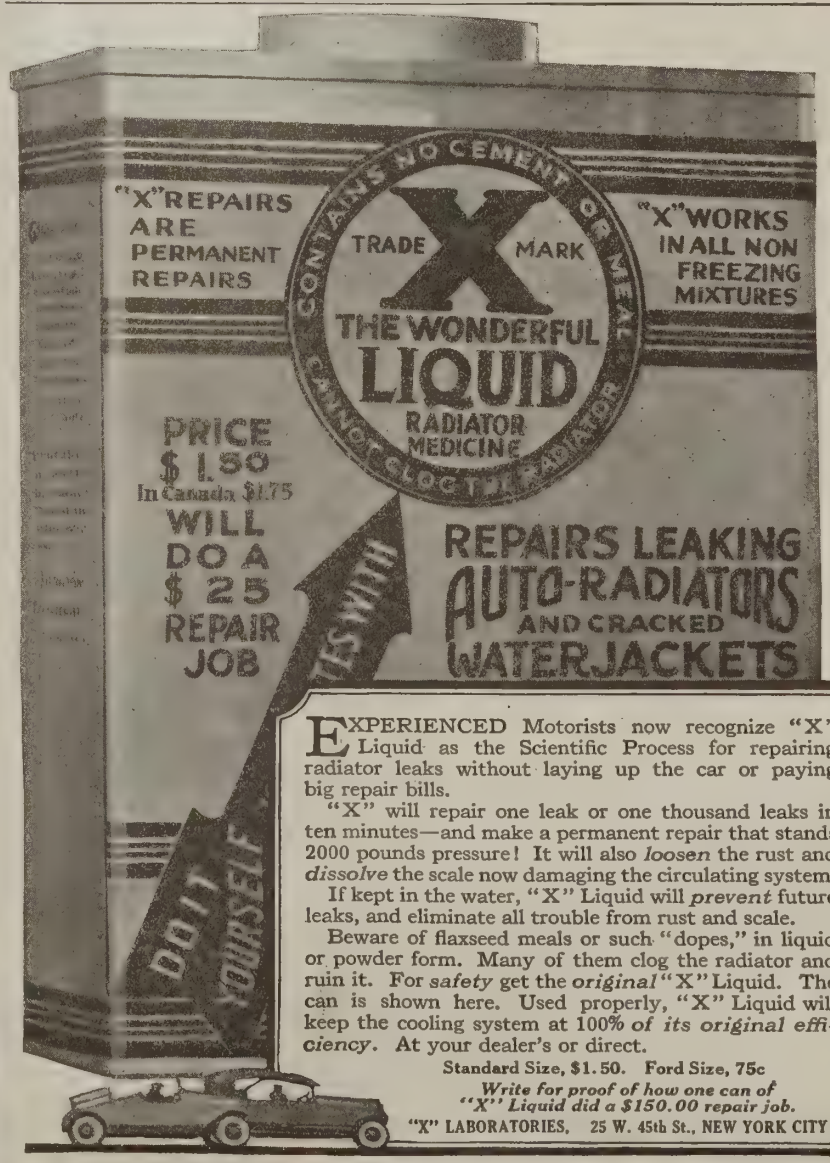

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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sit down," she said.

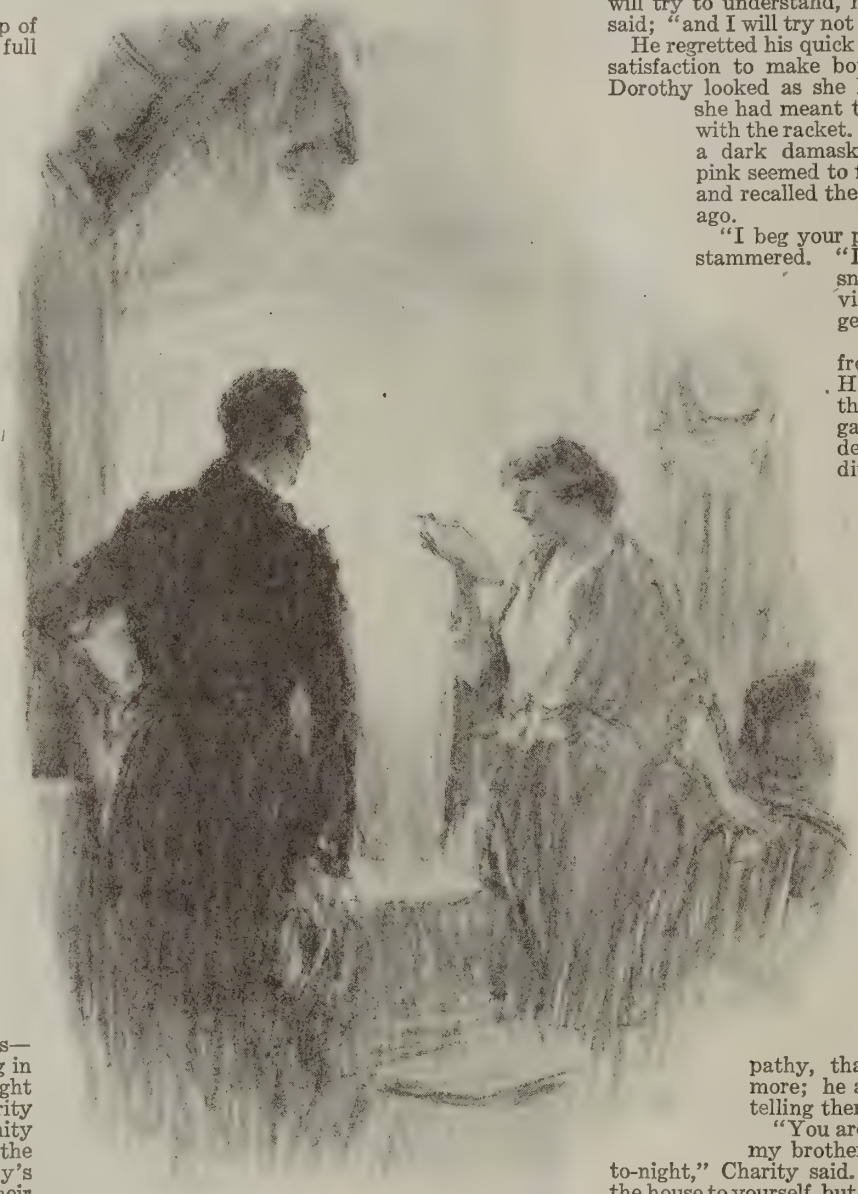
She turned her head and flashed a kindly smile, which was sharply cut off as she resumed her intent, concentrated work. He saw that the chubby pink cheeks had gone. She had cheek bones now, and a skin as brown as his own. Her eyes glowed with health and vitality, but their expression puzzled him. He did not know that they no longer subtly sought his approval. Charity, like all the rest, was busy, and the days in which it had been her natural bent and her occupation to please men had long gone by.

Dorothy paused to sip a cup of tea; and now he could see her full face. It had not changed as had Charity's, for it had not been plump. She was very handsome, a striking brunette, a real brunette with vital crimson hinted at beneath the dark skin. He was surprised at the absence of marks of sorrow. He did not know that one of the sacred hereditary rules of Lingard life was to keep your sorrows for your own room if possible; if not, to your own home.

Roger had thought to find a clinging Charity, troubled by war, anxious about her home, subtly asking sympathy; a broken Dorothy, mourning her dead, crushed by her changed position, needing help; he was relieved.

He was intensely interested to find them so busy, so practical, for snatches of talk showed that they were occupied with estate matters.

Charity's snappy comment about this farm and that farmer made him want to laugh. Her soft attractiveness had certainly gone, but there was something magnificent about her efficiency, her mental and physical quickness, and the grace which her man's coarse dress could not entirely hide. He found laughable the contrast between her fine taffy-colored hair, like a kid's, and the rest of her. How they differed, these two cousins—the dark Dorothy shimmering in the spotless armor of the Knight Templar, the light-haired Charity saved from complete masculinity by the feminine face and the tousled baby hair. Charity's nose—he was always getting their profiles against the window—was not perfect like Dorothy's, but he liked her face the better.



Charity Whipped it Open. She Started, Frowned, Glanced at the Clock, Then Reread the Note

Charity wheeled on him with a sudden question. "What can I do for you?" she asked. She suggested a business man who spares five grudged minutes.

"They said Miss Turle might tell me where I could get a room," he answered submissively.

"We can hardly pack away our own." She eyed the metal letters on his shoulder which named his regiment. "Are your people about here?"

"I saw the place once and liked it," Roger said. "It looks good to a Canadian. I thought ——"

"Oh, Canadian? You haven't got an accent; and you are in the British Army." Her voice was a little softer, and she seemed more interested.

"If you," he answered, "had been nearly four years ——"

"Four years? You enlisted in 1914?"

"In August."

She came toward him. "Have you the Mons ribbon?"

He nodded.

Charity's arm shot out and her hand closed on his. The palm was hard and he felt callous lumps, but he clung to a grasp so firm and friendly.

"He could have one of the groom's rooms over the stables, Charity." Miss Lingard was also inspecting him with appreciation. "I am sure my cook could manage his meals."

Her next words were addressed to him. "We want to do everything we can for Colonials," she said with a smile. "It's nice that you come because you like it here."

"Perhaps we can do better than that, Miss Lingard," Charity said. "What is your name?"

"Sergeant Hill."

"Where are your chevrons?"

"My kit has been lost. I hope it will turn up at Castlechepe. My parade tunic is in it."

"You should get it. You should wear your belt. You should carry the silly little switch cane. There are a lot of officers about here—too many of them—and as most of them have not been to the Front at all they are sticklers for parade dress on the roads." Charity laughed. "From what part of Canada?"

"Vancouver."

"Oh, out there. Have you traveled about? Did you ever go to California? Did you know a place called Moke-lum-ne Hill?"

He did not correct her mispronunciation. He had invented his name from his birthplace, and Mo-kel-um-ne Hill might suggest Kellie Hill to others than himself.

"I do not remember the place," he answered truthfully. He had been taken from there when a baby. He was a little annoyed by the sharp, precise interrogations, and surprised to find that they had got so far in their search for him.

"You forget the absurd distances over there, Charity," Dorothy intervened; "and, besides, the letter said that the whole family had left the place many years ago."

"I'm ridiculous of course. Still, you never know. On leave of course; fourteen days?"

"Three months."

"Three months? But that's sick leave." Charity's voice was soft again. "What's the matter?"

"You were a sergeant major," Roger answered quietly, determined to stop this orderly-room interrogation. "Now you are a doctor."

Surprised, Charity bent back sharply, frowning and looking into his eyes; then she laughed good-humoredly. "Sorry," she said.

But Dorothy still frowned. She spoke in French. "Have a care about these Canadians," she said. "They do not understand our life nor keep their place."

Roger promptly answered in French. "I will try to understand, mademoiselle," he said; "and I will try not to presume."

He regretted his quick retort. It was no satisfaction to make both cousins blush. Dorothy looked as she had looked when she had meant to whack his head with the racket. Her face became a dark damask rose. Charity's pink seemed to flood over the tan and recalled the girl of four years ago.

"I beg your pardon," Dorothy stammered. "I was a beastly snob." She was obviously mortified, genuinely penitent.

Roger liked her from that moment. He proved how thoroughly he forgave her by frankly describing his condition. He was one of the mustard-gassed men who must be lazy for a time lest outraged lungs invite tubercle. He did not say how hard it was to be patient, nor explain that a commission in the United States Army almost certainly awaited his discharge. He found the atmosphere electrically altered. His two cousins seemed now to embody his dreams of the trenches. He was so happy in their kindness, their frank sympathy, that he longed for more; he almost thought of telling them who he was.

"You are very welcome to my brother's room here for to-night," Charity said. "You will have the house to yourself, but I will see that you don't starve."

"Thank you very much, Miss Turle."

Dorothy signed the last letter. She flung down the pen and rose. A memorandum on the table caught her eye. She flushed. "June 11, 1894." She murmured the words, but Roger heard distinctly the date of his birth. What she was thinking of him was evidenced by what she did. A tortoise-shell snuff box inlaid with gold, in which she had brought a ration of granulated sugar for her tea, lay on the table. She snatched it up and slammed it angrily into her hand bag. She did the same with a glass-lined monk's inkpot which had contained a morsel of butter. Ladies were all rifling their drawing-room cabinets in these days and applied their antique rarities to strange uses. She calmed down in one of those swift repressions which Roger had already come to know. She held out her hand with a winning smile.

"If there is anything you need or we can do, Hill, you'll let us know, won't you?"

"I certainly will, Miss Lingard; and I'm very much obliged to you."

He watched her as she passed the window outside, spotless, charming.

He turned to surprise Charity in an intent study of him. Her smile rippled, widened, and ended in an infectious laugh. Recognition was in her eyes. She held out her two hands.

"I knew I had seen you before!" she cried. "It has only just dawned on me. If you fought in the trenches as you did in the park you are hung all over with me[da]l crosses." She held his hand as she [st]udied his face. "You have changed [a]lot." She shrugged her shoulders. "So have [I]. What a mad day it was and how [m]any silly—but still ——"

She laughed again, and so did [he]. She rained questions about his service, his record, but his replies were quiet [and] brief.

"You are like all the rest," [s]he said, "you will not talk about yourself." She eyed him soberly. "It's jolly nice [of] you to come back to us for your leave," [s]he said. "Was it because I plumped you [down] into the middle of our silly little set? You seemed to like it. I have often [thought] of you, and wondered what became [of] you. Why didn't you write? We should [have] written and we should have sent [par]cels. We should have loved it."

"I wish I had," he answered. "I [was] a lot."

She punched a cushion and placed [it] in a Jacobean armchair which had [cross] pillars in the back. He sat down, [not] but protesting.

"I'm no invalid," he said. "I'm not afraid of being one. You have had [a lot] of changes here. I've heard about [the] Lingards."

"Changes? Oh, I should think so." She sat companionably near. "We are too busy to think or brood or be sorry. There's something funny, something absurdly ridiculous in Miss Lingard's position as mine. It's the tie between us. She and I are in the same boat."

"Tell me," Roger pleaded as [she] stopped short. "You make this seem [funny] to me."

"That's just what I want to do," she answered with an earnest sincerity [that] it's so odd. You saw us only one [evening] on opposite sides; and now [we] are us—well—friends, Miss Lingard [and] I. Yes—I'll tell you a bit of family [history]. Everybody knows, I suppose. [We] have no secrets. Except my brother [and] haven't told him."

"Well—in the same boat?"

"A Lingard married a Turle ages [ago]," Charity said, "and they went to the United States. My old grandfather died and found a deed that showed that the [land] really belongs to their heir over there; so does St. Dyfrigs Park and all the [rest] estate here." She paused. The [cross]sion of her level brows relaxed. "It's [all] of Fate," she went on. "Our [name] swallowed up in the estate after a century, and the Turles are no longer lords like the Lingards." Her [voice] rang hollow. "Poor old Tom; he's [my] dad, and I haven't worried him, but I hit him hard. Not the value of coupons, the sentiment. You can't understand, Hill, but it meant a lot to him, and [to]—"

"Oh, but I can understand," Roger [said] earnestly. "That's rough luck. I ——"

"We've had a letter," Charity [inter]rupted; "or Miss Lingard had. The [de]loper has been traced. At least [we] that he was born and is twenty-four [years] old."

"He'll never take the cottage," [Roger] asserted.

"He'll have to," was Charity's [reply]. "Tom accepts nothing from anybody, even if the Yankee should turn out [a] half decent it simply couldn't be done."

"False pride."

Charity shook her tousled head. "The Yankee gets the cottage and the rest when my grandfather died," she declared. "I know Tom."

"But if he turned out to be all right—a friend—a real friend ——"

"We Turles don't accept favors. Miss Lingard is just the same," she added. [She] rose. "She vows she won't even accept [her] usual allowance. That's going to be, of course. It's always done. But she—[her] proud is a weak little word to describe [her]. She never gives in, but—oh, well, [there's] some bitter hours, I'm sure of that."

Roger bent his head, troubled.

"We force fun out of it," she [went] on. "After all, isn't it ridiculous?" She [turned] toward the door. "Yes, Miss Lingard and I are in the same boat. It's floating on the tide, waiting for a young man. He's him of course. We shall pretend to be [afraid] of course. We shall hand him out [to] and—well, I won't say vanish, but hunt up lodgings somewhere. No [one]

(Continued on Page 91)

(Continued from Page 86)

...e farmhouse just above for supper
...ou like. Make yourself at home.
...ber, this house is yours."
...e owned. Yes, the house was his; and
...o remain his. That was the trouble.
...w dismayed by Charity's declaration
...pendence.
...n't be so downhearted, Mr. Hill,
...ause a Yankee's coming to rob your
..." Charity gibed. "After all, there's
...ut."
...at's that?" he asked, so eagerly
...e was amused.
...e's only half a good sort," she said,
...l marry Miss Lingard."
...wouldn't ——"
...course she would! She'd strike me
... I suggested it to her now, but—
...t solves everything, doesn't it?"
... her perhaps; but how does it help
...

...ity shrugged her shoulders. "He
...y cannot marry us both," she
...d.
...might choose you," Roger suggested
...
...ity looked down at her soiled cow-
...smock and put the tip of her red
... between her lips.
...member, the house is yours," she re-
... over her shoulder as she clattered
...

...r, left alone, paced the room in per-
...reflection. It was going to be much
...than he had thought to straighten
...s thing. The grandfather's clock
...six. He gave up planning and ex-
...the house, which he had twice been
...thfully told was his. An hour later
...t among the villagers, to whom he
...is uniform an open passport. Food
...s and officers' wives were their top-
...d he was astonished to remember
...e went into the farmyard at eight
...that a great war was being fought.
...had mentioned it.
...ity, clean, in a blue woolen dress
...big brown linen apron, pleased his
...d her welcome gladdened his heart.
...s very busy. A little girl of sixteen
...r only helper in serving a supper to
...
...in this," Roger said, and he ladled
...stew from a steaming pot.
...aps of rice," Charity murmured.
...s ot rationed."
...put morsels from the scrag end of a
... mutton and mounds of rice in front
...men just in from the fields.
...setting sun shone through the win-
...d along the table, lighting up the
...f the strangest lot of laborers ever
... an English village. A Lapp and a
...tranded seamen, sat side by side.
...ere not allowed to go to sea as they
...not get national credentials, so to-
...hey had wandered to the farms. Two
...soldiers, village boys, home on leave
...lunteers in the fields, sat on either
...a blond Belgian refugee who had once
...rnice moldings and frames in a little
...ear the belfry of Bruges. A sailor
...rittany, with a seaman's pass, walk-
...m London to Swansea and earning
...and a bed on the way, talked in
...to the schoolmaster, who answered
...ndred Welsh tongue. The school-
...st was troubled by the sight of Roger.
...koned and begged that he should
...quoted.
...a clam," Roger said, speaking
...an inadvertently.
...d what is that?"
...bivalve whose lips you cannot open
...jimmy."
...er thought that the tablecloth was a
...tout it was napery all right, only un-
...d. For months no starch had got
...the big towns.
...things were only what they seem,"
...ry said, when at last Roger was eat-
... You can't provide meals when every-
...is camouflaged. Pepper is ground
...and you could eat it by the spoonful.
...sirup or beet root with glucose. But-
...orked up with skim milk and—well,
...n, I should say. Eggs come from
...n they tell us, and they surely taste of
...mai. This mutton was frozen and the
...e look like mutton bones, but your
...t doesn't say it. Got your ration
...k I thought not. Go to the food
...tiller at Castlechepe to-morrow. I'll
...own after supper and make up a bed
...."
...s done," Roger answered. "I put
...ankets in the sun. You needn't
...What food am I entitled to?"

"Two ounces of butter a week, eight ounces of sugar, two of margarine, about twelve ounces of meat, two ounces of tea. Cheese you cannot buy in this neighborhood. Bacon and pork are unrationed, but they're so fat and hard cured you can't eat them. You can get fish once a fortnight. You can get extra as a soldier, but you've been pampered in hospital and won't eat what you can get. You'll end by filling up with dry bread, just like the rest of us."

"But surely—in the country—on a farm ——"

"We stick to the rules here," Charity said. "And don't think I am kicking for myself. I'm only explaining why I can't give you more. There are food hoggers about of course, and some of the farmers do themselves well. But most of us think that is contemptible."

The meal was over by nine o'clock, but it was still light. Charity scoffed at an invitation to a stroll. The Lapp would wash up, but she had plenty to do. Roger made his way to the park.

White-topped stumps dotted the grass as far as he could see and many big trunks lay flat. He knew that his estate had thus been marred by a government imperatively demanding timber, and cursed the Germans as he had not cursed them when going over the top. Their vandal hands stretched everywhere. They had overthrown his oaks and his elms and his beeches even here in this walled-in circle of peace. He encouraged his delightful sensation of ownership. He saw a fractured bole which had been cut to fall wrongly, and he pretended to resolve that he would find out about that. He saw a Hereford heifer with a very young calf at foot and he thought that she ought to be housed; he would see the cowman about that. Turf was encroaching on the road; he must have a word with the gardeners. There were deep ruts; the road must be fresh metaled. He had helped to macadamize more than one road in France and knew much about it, including the English word for the process.

He came at last to the house and stood and looked at it. Four years before—he thought of that—Charity had warned him that to stand and admire was to trespass with the eyes. That he might now freely gaze brought not exultation but humility. Level sun rays on mellow brick façade and vine-covered ells invested the manor house with a haunting beauty. He gazed, drawing long breaths, profoundly moved, profoundly impressed and oppressed by the thought that this wonder of solid beauty and medieval charm was his possessor. It did not belong to him. He belonged to it. He could not sell it. He could not give it away. Those two ells stretching toward him from the main building were arms drawing him, dragging him into a net of laws and customs and traditions that would bind him helplessly.

He did not fear responsibilities, but he had the American individualistic inheritance and training, and he was impatient of hampered and conditioned possessions. Over there if you owned something you owned it. You knew where you were. Because he could not give it to Dorothy he gazed at the sun-warm Elizabethan manor house with a pleasant melancholy resentment.

He started violently, conscious of a voice. A lady stood by his side. He looked into eyes that were so intently fixed as to arouse fear that he might have been talking aloud. He lifted his cap, against all military rules.

"Are you going to St. Dyfrigs," the lady asked, "and could you take a note?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you. Come with me. You were lost. I called. I spoke three times."

"I am sorry."

Her face was a long oval, her heavy hair was iron gray, and her eyes were very large. She had a high distinction of manner and appearance and a throaty, kindly voice.

"Was it the beauty of the house?"

"I feel as if I had been found asleep," Roger said.

"Never mind," she said. "You were not on sentry duty." She glanced at him, smiling, curious.

"We don't have that in Canada." He pointed to the house.

He noted the expected quick change, slight though it was; the expression of the mother country's appreciation of the loyalty of her children, partly genuine, partly wise policy imposed from above and encouraged by newspapers.

"Would you care to see the inside?" she asked.

His response was so eager that the great lady was further pleased with him, and she showed it. She told him to come on Thursday at three.

"Ask for me," she said; "the commandant."

They were close to the front now. Several officers were sitting or lounging about in long comfortable chairs, some drinking after-dinner coffee, some smoking, some chatting and laughing. The commandant led Roger to a man sitting alone, writing in the fading light.

"I've found a messenger for you, colonel," she said.

Roger saluted, though the officer was dressed in white flannels.

"Duchess," the colonel exclaimed in protest, "I did not mean ——"

"I heard you ask. I saw this kind soldier passing. There you are."

"Thursday at three," she said to Roger as she passed on.

"Thank you, duchess."

She smiled. The officer glanced up from his writing. "You should say 'Your Grace,'" Colonel Bickley Ryker corrected.

"I will remember, sir," Roger answered, scanning his old antagonist with interest. Ryker had improved and he had progressed, Roger thought. He looked a keen officer and had the manner of one who thinks and acts quickly. His face was stern, but not repellent as of old, and the sulky look had gone. Roger was glad that Bickley Ryker had won a commission and such good promotion. He must have earned them well.

Roger slipped along and stepped just within the doorway. Thus he crossed the threshold of his house. He saw tall columns and a great stairway, and at its foot stood Dorothy, talking to the duchess.

"Cousin Dorothy belongs here right enough," was his thought. "Do I?" With her haughty head held high and the startling red cross on her breast she looked the Knight Templar at home.

He heard her laugh. It sounded jolly to him. He backed away, smiling.

"Do you know the Home Farm?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel tore up his note and reflected. He was evidently not finding it easy.

"If they've gone to bed wake them up," he said.

Dorothy came out and nodded pleasantly to Roger. "It is you, then, sergeant," she said, smiling. "I thought so." She turned to the colonel. "Sergeant Hill," she informed him, "is to inspect the hospital." She laughed again and shot a glance of amused curiosity at a soldier who had caught the vagrant fancy of a duchess.

The colonel glanced up. "Parade dress," he commanded shortly.

"Yes, sir." Roger had thoroughly learned discipline, respected it, and was never sullen under it. Besides, he honored this man whom he had once thrashed, who must have a fine record, and who had been wounded.

"Are you sure you're quite fit, colonel?" Dorothy asked. "Ought you to go straight away?"

The colonel had finished the second edition of his note. He addressed the envelope.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lingard? I was thinking of the farm. It is overstocked. I am sending a line about it. You asked ——"

"Can't you get a short leave?" she said. "You should have a few days in London."

"I'm on to my job," he answered. "I shall be with my regiment the day after to-morrow."

He thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Never mind the tip, sir," Roger said. "A little courtesy I'm glad to do for you."

The colonel frowned. Dorothy smiled.

"The sergeant," explained the latter, "is a Canadian."

"Even a Canadian," the colonel said as he handed over the letter, "likes a glass of beer or some cigarettes. No? All right, then. I'm much obliged to you."

Roger saluted, and again, defiant of regulations, lifted his cap to Dorothy.

"Don't keep the duchess waiting." She chuckled and Roger went away with that pleasant sound in his ear.

He walked fast, for farmhouse hours were early and it was ten o'clock now. He could just make out that the note was addressed to Charity. Why must a message about an overstocked farm be delivered that night? If the house was closed he resolved to leave the message under the door. If the note was about steers and grass it would keep. If the colonel had lied that was his lookout.

The front of the house was dark. He went through the farmyard. A flood of light poured out of the open kitchen door, but the room was empty. He rapped on the table and presently Charity came.

"A pint here, a quart there—it's maddening!" she cried blithely. "I was just making out the horrid milk accounts. They drive me mad. Now what's gone wrong? Can't you find sheets? Or is it a candle?"

"I went past the hospital," he said. "I was asked to bring this note."

She whipped it open. She started, frowned, glanced at the clock, then reread the note.

"Good night," said Roger. He heard her response as he was ten feet from the door. His word had only then reached her ear.

He sat by the sweet peas in the open window considering this incident. It was good to be thinking out schemes for forcing houses on girls. It was amusing and delightful and sentimental. It was a mighty fine way of resting after doing your part. But the romance paled when another man came into it. Why should he play Harun-al-Rashid and go about secretly among his people to find a way to present Bick Ryker's bride with half a house. Roger grinned and called himself an idiot. His two cousins were in their separate ways more than usually attractive. Dorothy was not engaged, he knew, or the whole confounded village would not be twittering about a marriage with the mysterious heir; but it was almost certain that in these quick, exciting times she was deeply interested in somebody. He resented the conviction. He argued away from it. He was jealous. And Charity? Well, a marriage with Bick Ryker would be fine; a topping couple, hustlers both. But, hang it, inside his skin Ryker was a sullen dog and a bit of a bully! Not good enough for bright, cheerful Charity by a long way. Roger became annoyed, angry. He was jealous.

Charity sped down the street. He could just hear in the utter silence the light patter of her quick feet. He could just see through the darkness that she was dressed in white, and he thought that she wore roses in her belt. He knew now that he had been waiting to see if she went by.

He slipped the window down as silently as such windows will close. He fastened the wooden shutters. He thrust home the great bolts of the front door. Thus he barred out temptation to watch for her return. He went to bed angry with Bick Ryker, annoyed with the man Dorothy was interested in, whoever he might be, and astonished again to remember that in France there was war.

V

CHARITY passed beneath the oak and through the gate into the park. She followed the wall to the left and presently she was face to face with Bickley Ryker.

"I knew you would come," he said.

"You ordered it, colonel." They looked at each other in the fitful moonlight.

"I asked it. You have hardly changed."

"You have, a lot. You look a colonel."

"Hard, you mean?"

"Yes, that—and more." She was studying his face with questioning eyes. "I expected the change." She moved forward and he walked by her side. "Everybody is proud of you," she said. "Everybody is glad that you have got well. You will come back next time a general. Only a bullet can stop you now."

"I am no more than major."

"With temporary rank as lieutenant colonel and actually in command of your regiment."

"You watch closely."

"You would know that I do," she answered. "We watch all who went from here."

They did not speak for a little while. Charity knew what he wanted. She waited for him to ask. She glanced about and stood still. He, too, looked round, and then into her eyes.

"You never answered my telegram," he said.

"No. Explanations were due."

"Couldn't you guess?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I could guess what you did; your reasons too; but not which reason. That is what I want to know."

"You make it hard, Charity."

"Did you make it easy for me?" she retorted with a spirt of flame that died down instantly. "I kissed you here. We sat there on the stone. I put my arms about your neck and cried."

"You were excited, wrought up," he interrupted. His utterance was as cold as

(Continued on Page 95)

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A photograph, taken at the Alamo, showing four busses, completely equipped with Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, which are employed in tourist-carrying service by The Merchants Transfer Company of San Antonio, Texas

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GOODYEAR

MADE IN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 91)

is calm. "War had been on just
nt four hours. I was the first to go.
as the reserves and had to, but you
ge me a hero."
T:t won't do, Colonel Ryker." A
contempt was conveyed in her
r:ce.
Dp the colonel," he said impatiently.
N It stands for something."
was facing him now, quite close, and
w: peering into eyes that met hers
r:ingly. "I have kissed boys," she
; but the only kiss I ever meant was
r I gave to you. I have never cried for
n but you. I was happy that night.
p. I was no hysterical girl mooning
u. You knew that. You know it
e straight."
T: were fond of me," he promptly

nodded. "No more talk, then, about
e ent and being wrought up and war
e s. And you?"
-s fond of you."
A -now we can get on." She tried to
k ith utter quiet, but she could not
e hieve that. "You wrote. I wrote.
n Gallipoli, Basra, France. There was
o sor. We never forgot him. But
re love letters—yours and mine.
u say that they were not?"
T y were love letters," he agreed.
T n your last letter. You asked me
a y you, didn't you?"
d."
A if I had opened that letter, what
d have answered?"
how can I say that, Charity?"
e ut a hand on his arm. "Steady,
l " she said. "Remember, you are
a ing for a gentleman." She could
h he flushed a dull red at that, all
a face pallid from hospital, but his
s ll met hers squarely. "That's no
ti word," she explained. "It's the
t th. It's the key to everything. I
n."
Y would have said yes."
O course. I didn't need to say it. I
a eady said it in twenty ways in
t letters." Her pleasant voice was
l owered, a little roughened, but her
c rol was again perfect. "Your
r n came two days before the letter.
s d almost as soon as I read the wire.
I d been offered a commission. I
h the papers. I saw it gazetted.
r ny hours after you knew about the
n ion did you send that telegram?"
Y d make it hard for me, Charity."
e ughed. He started at its hardness.
di not ask him if he merited considera-
ne simply explained that she had a
n or her questions.
T same day," he admitted.
e rew a long, deep breath. "You
fid of me." She spoke in wonder,
a though addressing him, but as
g her thought escaped her. "A
r pened to you. You got your foot
ne dder. I might hinder your climb-
Y u wired to return your letter un-
e wired the same day. Here it is,
e d—after two years."
t ok it in silence. He was astonished
r ental growth, her clear insight, her
c rol. He had expected a scene,
, eproaches. He had foreseen an
w l hour. He had been prepared to
e, wheedle, perhaps even to threaten.
a been ready to call himself a cad if
s uld prove necessary; to say that
a unworthy of her; to implore her
w ess; to use all the weapons, in fact,
n use in the sex battle when they
t free themselves from a regretted
n ment with a girl of inferior station
e But Charity's dignity and clear
n ad saved him from this. She had
hi as man to man. She understood.
e as looking into his face as though
n ous that he could be aware of her
w , wistful scrutiny. At last she
e.
Y knew, didn't you," she asked,
t should read that letter as clearly
o h my eyes saw it?"
I sn't sure. I thought you might."
Y believed I would do—well, just
t I have done?"
Y throw a fierce light on things,
rit"
ve not begun yet," she flashed.
t u have the letter. You could go
"
is nswer was to seat himself on the
e h which they had sat four years
re She took her place beside him.
W it my birth?" she said.

He considered. "I never thought things out like you do," he answered at length. "I found myself suddenly in the running and—I just shook you off. And that's the God's truth."

"You were a private in the army once, an officer's servant," she said. "What were your people?"

"Like yours," he answered; "peasants."

"That will not matter to you—to a man." She thought for an instant. "Not so long as you learn the manners of the mess. That's what I meant when I said you looked a colonel. You've caught the manner. You've learned a lot besides your military duties, colonel."

"If I thought I had learned half as much as you ——"

"Wasn't it because I had been a barmaid?" she demanded in sharp interruption.

He had taken off his hat. She saw perspiration in beads on his forehead shining in the now fuller moonlight like grotesque little pearls.

"Everything," he answered. "I had my chance. I didn't foresee that it was coming. I didn't expect it. It came. It was the career—or you."

"Had I the education? Had I the manners? Should I make mistakes? Could I dress? Should I meet officers for whom I had mixed whisky-and-sodas? Would their wives be decent to me? You asked yourself those questions?"

"For God's sake, Charity! Why ——"

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"You would not have known, nor noticed, four years ago, so you may have been in doubt: Did you ask yourself if I had a provincial accent?"

He jumped to his feet, galled to the limit of endurance.

"There's nothing to keep you except common decency," Charity said.

He sat down again.

"I thank you for your honesty, Bickley," she went on. "I wanted to find out something. I had to know it. They write, they talk a lot about women's chances, new openings, and all that. Is it rot?"

He was startled, moved by her intensity, by the deep feeling with which she spoke.

"I wanted to know just why you threw me over," she cried. "If I knew exactly, I might alter it. If it is birth and the barmaid, can I live it down? I want to put my foot on the ladder too. I want to climb. Has the war changed women? Will the sort you have a chance to know now give a helping hand? They don't here. Can I climb, Bickley? You have."

A long silence, then: "I have a profession, Charity."

"That means that I cannot."

"Your ambitions are vague."

"I have them, since you killed love in me," she said with a fierce repression. "I'll tell you a secret, Bickley, a woman's secret. There's a class war, they say. They say that labor flames with hatred against capital. Well, there's a deeper hatred than that, more bitter, soundless, never ending. It is the hate of the woman worker for the lady loafer."

"God, but you are bitter!" he said under his breath, but she heard.

"You have made me so," she answered to that. "Ladies work at the hospital. They will, in wartime. Maggie Colling is a V. A. D. there too. They keep her at arm's length. They bar her in a thousand ways, ways a man would not see. Is it the same everywhere? Is it a lie that war has broken down class distinctions? Is it a lie that women are just one woman to another, just friendly, and kind—and equal? Yes, that's it—equal—in France, in London? Is it only here, in this corner, where we are so far away and shut out of everything, that girls like me tear out our hearts against invisible barbed wires? Are women different from men? You were a ranker. That's not remembered now. You are man to man with your brother officers. I'm doing here the work you left. I'm running the Home Farm because there was no one else to do it. I am doing more. I am practically running the estate. Miss Lingard does not understand, cannot learn, and does what I tell her. It's for my country. It's to produce wheat and meat and milk. I was a ranker just like you. I've done good work just like you. I'm a captain here, on this estate. But I'm barred from the officers' mess. Is it the same everywhere?"

A long silence, then he said slowly with a bitterness that equaled hers: "Women never change."

"I was afraid it was all rot," she uttered mournfully. She rose to her feet. "That settles it. When the war ends I am going to the States."

"The same—there." He stood by her side.

"I dare say. But I shall not be the same. I can leave some things behind." They walked slowly along the shadow of the wall. "I am sorry for my outburst, Bickley," she said in a friendly way. "Don't believe everything I said. You've been very decent. You haven't said you were sorry. You haven't said you were unworthy of me. You haven't asked me to forgive you. You've just let me work it off and you've been truthful."

"You forced it," he admitted. "I was ready to play the rotter." An instant's silence, then he added with a convincing sincerity: "I should never have sent the telegram if I had foreseen this night."

"I believe that," Charity quickly accepted. "I'm glad you said it. I've grown too, and you didn't think of that. May I give you one word of warning? It's to spare you."

He stopped with a jerk, his muscles taut.

"If you would rather not ——"

"Go on," he said. His voice was thick.

"You've been in that hospital a month. You came, broken, nervy. You could just hobble about. You were not in her ward, but you were where she was when you could be. Your eyes followed her always when they could. We hear everything in the village, remember. Nobody thought anything of it. You had worshiped her always. You had been her father's orderly, her slave. You asked me to come here tonight. You wanted that letter back. Why, after two years? I can think of only one reason. You are going to-morrow. But before you go you intend to propose to Dorothy Lingard."

She had put her hand on his arm. She could feel that he was trembling. He opened his mouth to speak, but he could utter no word. He had been literally rendered dumb by her extraordinary insight.

"Don't do it, Bickley," she pleaded. "She does not understand. She hardly realizes that her position is altered. She will forget that yours is changed. You will get the humiliation of your life."

He bent his head to her ear. "Too late." His voice was a broken whisper. "I told her to-night—just now. She stared, just stared, and she couldn't speak. When she could she said: 'You—a common soldier!' I caught her by the shoulders. I shook her. I shook her till her teeth chattered. I left her with her hair down and her head on the table, sobbing, sobbing. Perhaps she's there yet."

He turned and strode away.

Charity went home, breathing hard all the way.

VI

SOMETHING hit Roger on the head. He sat upright, to receive a stinging pebble on the cheek. He heard others tinkling on the window panes. He jumped from his bed and looked out. Charity, in a clean cowman's smock, laughed her troubles out in twenty words. Inside as many minutes he was at the farmhouse.

"Take their names and the quantity," Charity ordered.

The ninth cottage at which he ladled out milk was that of Mat Colling. Waiting for a jug he heard the voice of a girl in the kitchen: "And she was crying and crying. I heard her as I passed the door. And then Muriel Ward and I came home together and he passed us, just near the gate. He never seemed to see us, nor said good night nor anything, he was that upset, and we hurried, and then in front going up the street was Charity. And then ——"

But the little girl returned with the quart pitcher.

"Tell your mother," said Roger, "that she must send for the milk after this. We give it out between seven and eight every morning, and five and six every evening. Tell her there is no one to keep accounts any more. She must send the money."

He had said this at every house. He had grasped a situation. He would teach the village efficiency.

When he came to the house of Muriel Ward he heard part of an eager discussion amid the clatter of teacups. "—— found out he was snooping off to a secret meeting with Charity and taxed him, and he just left her crying and went ——"

"'Tis nonsense, Muriel! A Lingard taking up with a Ryker!"

"It is not, mother. He's a colonel now, and grand in his ways and there's two ribbons on his tunic. And what's she now; what's she?"

"'Tis so," came in the voice of Martin Ward. "A landless maid and him His Majesty's officer. 'Tis right."

Roger was at the hospital by nine o'clock, but Colonel Ryker had already gone. He went to the railway station at Castlechepe, but the colonel did not come until the train was approaching. Roger saluted, asked a word in private, and followed the colonel to a deserted end of the platform. He saw wearied eyes and a haggard face.

The colonel appeared to see only clothes, for his first words were: "I said 'Parade dress.'"

The train had stopped. Roger wasted no second of precious time. "I am Roger Lingard," he said. "I have two cousins, orphans. One has no brother. The brother of Miss Turle is in Bagdad. Their affairs are my affairs. After hospital hours last night, village gossip says, you left one crying to go to meet the other."

The surprised and mortified Ryker could with difficulty maintain the dignity of an officer. "I am sorry," he said. "I am deeply sorry. I will write to the commandant. I am greatly to blame."

"Will you ask the duchess to protect Miss Turle as well as Miss Lingard?"

"I owe that to both," was the answer. "I owe nothing to you. You are here under false pretenses."

"For the best of reasons," Roger interrupted. "For the sake of my relatives, not my own. I'd rather you didn't tell, but you must do as you will about that. What are your relations to these two young ladies?"

"None with either," the colonel said as he moved toward the train. "I turned one down; the other turned me down."

He took his seat and looked through the open window. "I am deeply sorry," he repeated. "I will write to-night. I will not give you away." He put his head out of the window, gazing intently. "I've seen you before," he said.

"Four years ago," Roger called out as the train moved. "At the oak door in the park."

The colonel nodded and returned the soldier's salute with a punctilious courtesy.

Roger found his baggage, which included a trunk, procured a ration book from the food office and then went to the Boar's Head for lunch. The contrast with four years before was a shock. The cheerful bar parlor was closed. All the whisky in the country, he was told, had gone to make munitions. All the wines had been sold and there were no ships to bring more. Beer was so scarce that they rationed it at six o'clock every evening, and it was all gone by seven.

An elderly woman waited in the coffee room. She was the mother, she explained, of the girl who had been there in peace times. Her daughter was filling shells at Oldport. The mahogany sideboard was bare. So was the cupboard, it seemed, for all he could get was a slice of ham, so fat that he could not eat it.

The little town had lost all its quiet peace. Its narrow, rambling streets were overcrowded. Officers and soldiers were everywhere, for hundreds of enlisted men of the engineer corps were billeted in huts and working in the great suddenly improvised factory. Roger had to search long for some means of getting his trunk to St. Dyfrigs, for there was nothing to be hired. A kindly farmer finally gave him a lift.

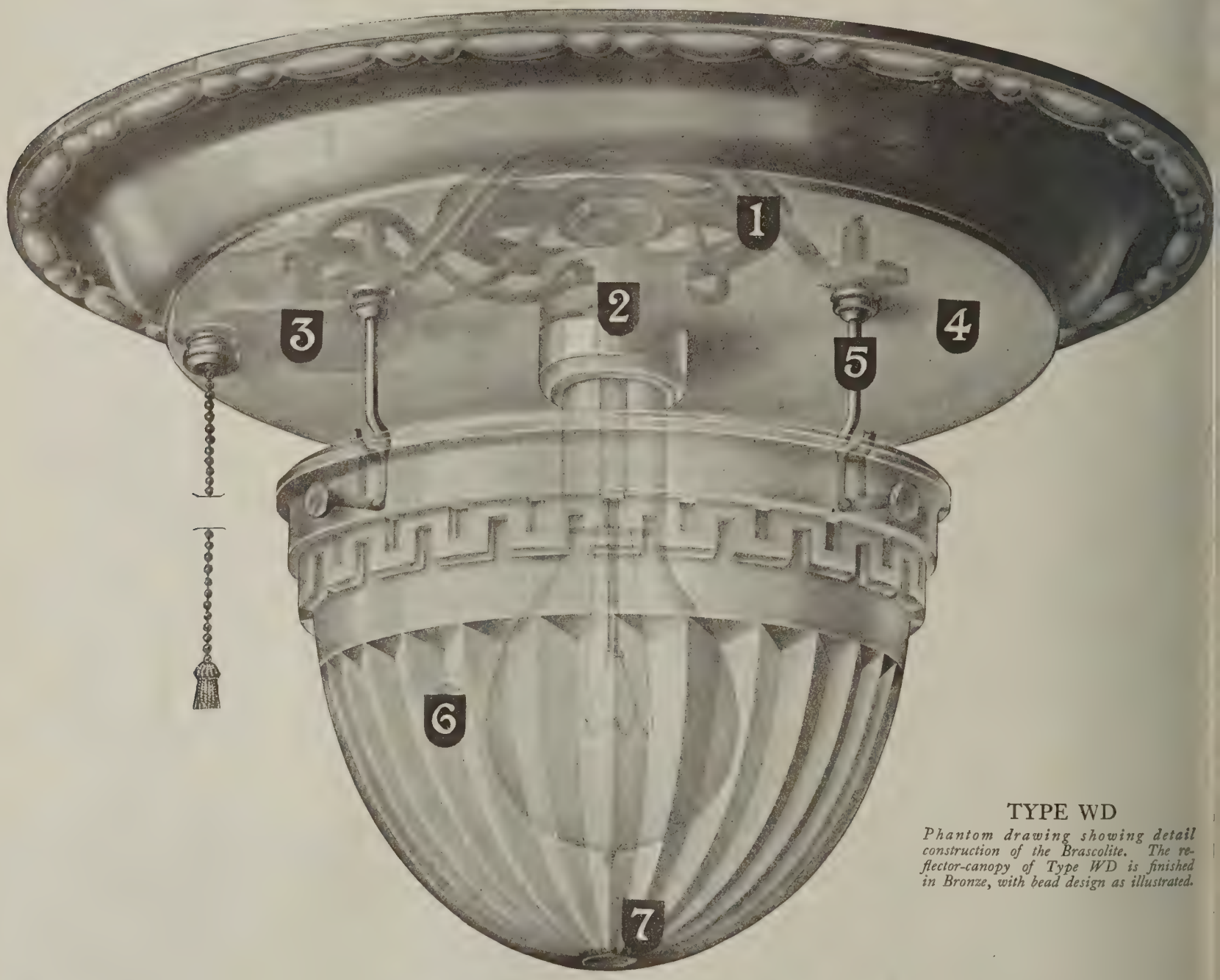
He spent all the afternoon among such of the villagers—and these were only the very old and the mothers of young children—as were not in the fields. He explained his milk scheme a dozen times over, laughed away objections, gleaned information about village needs and hopes, and explained Dorothy's tears and Charity's moonlight walk with the precise knowledge of one who has invented a good working tale. His khaki opened all lips; his companionable, friendly manner opened all hearts; he was accepted without question as one of themselves. Never had landlord such a chance to know his tenants and to make them his friends. After the village, the farm and the farmers; he was eager for that.

He went to the dairy to serve out milk at the appointed hour. Charity, by agreement, was not there. She had laughed in the morning when he had told her of his

(Continued on Page 98)

BRAS

PATENTED



TYPE WD

Phantom drawing showing detail construction of the Brascolite. The reflector-canopy of Type WD is finished in Bronze, with bead design as illustrated.

1 —Brascolite Improved Supporting Tripod—simplest device for attaching to any kind of electric outlet.

2 —Brascolite Socket, made of porcelain with protected terminals—no wire splicing or electric troubles.

3 —Brascolite Pull Switch of new toggle construction in insulating material, 660-watt capacity.

4 —Brascolite Reflecting Plane made of white porcelain on steel—positively will not discolor.

5 —Brascolite Spindles hold reflector-canopy flush with the ceiling and also support the bowl. Adjustable to correctly position the bowl for controlling every ray of light, thus insuring uniform light distribution with maximum efficiency.

6 —Scientific configuration of the white g bowl thoroughly breaks up the int light rays of the Mazda lamp and sof them by diffusion. This principle a made Brascolite the ideal light for health and comfort, exceeding in efficie that of any other light-diffusing fixtur the world.

7 —Ventilation upward through the assures long lamp life and least a u mulation of dust.

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fixture in the world

(Continued from Page 95)

plan, and predicted utter failure. But half the people came, and half those who came brought the money. Empty-handed children, astonished, went away with empty pitchers. Mothers came, angry. They had not a penny in the house.

"I will lend it to you out of my own pocket till to-morrow afternoon," the milkman in khaki said. "It is not fair to Miss Turle to ask her to keep books. You must do your part."

Some came after hours. If they had young children, as a great favor he opened the dairy door. There was an awkward moment with a captain's wife. The soldier was courteous but unyielding. That news spread over the village and did nearly as much to insure the success of the revolutionary scheme as Roger's patience and tact. In this modest manner the Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs began to organize his village.

He was glad to slip away before Charity came. He was so tired out that he did not want her to see him. He ate some dry bread and some canned beef which he had brought from Castlechepe, and tumbled into bed.

At eleven the next morning Charity led him across fields up the hillside. She had heard that the Tudds had empty rooms. If he could get in there he would be more comfortable than at the cottage, where there was no one to look after him. He watched her with sympathy and admiration. If she had been turned down by Bickley Ryker none could have guessed. She seemed to be in the highest spirits. She laughed when a small sheep with a long tail jumped a four-foot hawthorn hedge.

"I told Staines he couldn't keep Welsh sheep from Merioneth in any field," she said, "but he wouldn't listen."

"Patchy," she said of a wheat field. "It's old pasture. Staines couldn't believe he had no rights on his own farm in wartime and he held off plowing up till the magistrates fined him ten pounds. There'll be half a crop here—say fifteen bushels to the acre."

"Not even an American average," Roger said.

"Ours is thirty-two," Charity answered; "but they don't manure properly over there and the heart soon goes out of the land."

"They're beginning to," Roger answered.

A mixed flock of jackdaws and rooks, chattering and cawing, jumped as a unit into the air. Charity chuckled.

"Old Martin farms ninety acres," she said, "and he fought against tractor plows. They're new to us and we had a lot of trouble to get them used. 'I sticks to horses,' old Martin announced, 'so as the rooks'll follow the furrow and eat the wireworms. They're afeard of tractors.'" But Charity added: "His horses didn't stick to him. The army took them, and now he swears by tractors."

She pointed to grazing two-year-olds, crossbred Shorthorns and Herefords. "No linseed or cottonseed cake," she deplored. "We shan't be able to fatten them in the autumn."

"Chaps who have been in Egypt tell me," Roger said, "that they're burning cottonseed there in railroad engines and hotel kitchens."

"Rather funny," Charity exclaimed—"locomotives in Pharaoh's land eating the food of our cattle."

They passed a haystack. "Last year's," Charity explained. "Forty tons, I should think. Manners had to sell stock in the winter for want of keep. He dared not touch that rick. See the label, 'W. D.' That means War Department, and the owner can't touch a wisp."

She pointed to a neat, tiny path through a hole in a hedge. "Badger," she said. "His sett is in the next field but one. I've seen him twice. There are not many about."

She stopped and pointed. Roger saw a hundred yards off a rabbit apparently pursuing one of the weasel tribe in an always-narrowing circle. "It always looks like that," Charity said. "The rabbit is larger and seems to be chasing the stoat." They saw the stoat pounce.

A lapwing rose and wheeled beautifully, uttering mournful cries. Charity scanned the adjoining pasture. "There!" she cried. "There—in a line with that tree, the hen-bird, sidling, slipping away. A second brood, late. Mark her, and see sometime if you can find the nest or the young."

They came to a rough lane. "This will lead you to the farmyard," she explained. "I must go on. If her price for rooms is too high, never mind. There's a fund, you know, for convalescing soldiers."

He told her that he had some money.

She looked at him with kindly eyes. "I ought not to have asked you to deliver that milk," she said. "You look tired still."

"My scheme will work," he predicted confidently.

Charity admitted that she had a faint hope. "See if you can get some butter," she said. "It's against regulations, but there's a little consumptive girl in the village."

"Margie Jenkins," he interrupted. "She's waiting for a government vacancy in a sanatorium."

"You know everybody," she said, smiling. "The Tudds are very well off," she added, "but they work hard and they've lost nearly all their men. If nobody's at home, search the fields."

She went on her way with a gay wave of the hand. He watched her out of sight, relieved to think that Bickley Ryker had never cost her an hour's sleep.

He crossed the farmyard, astonished at the solid stone outbuildings and estimating that the estate—his estate—had put just about five thousand unnecessary dollars in them. He entered through the open scullery door, noted the absence of fire from the kitchen range, and correctly inferred that the family was in the fields. He crossed to the dairy, inspected shelves, lifted lids of crocks, examined the separator, peered into the churn, and finally opened the gauze door of the meat safe. Yes, at last; a quarter pound pat of butter; but it lay on a plate on a tray. This luncheon tray held a small silver pepper pot and a silver saltcellar, some delicate slices of cold lamb, a slice of cheese, a roll baked from pure white flour, some potato salad, a tomato, and vinegar in a cut-glass bottle. A small silver vase held one William Allan Richardson rose, and the tray was covered by a teacloth of fine linen embroidered so exquisitely that Roger noticed the border and touched it with his finger. He frowned angrily. Tudd was well off, and he had heard that Mrs. Tudd had had her own runabout until the authorities cut off gasoline. Why, then, should she do things like this for any of these luxurious boarders who were eating the neighborhood bare?

He eyed the butter indignantly: four ounces, two weeks' legal allowance for one person, all in a lump; villagers were doled out margarine by the grain, and spread it so thin that their children denied that it was there. He frowned at the slices of lamb. To kill lambs was illegal. He peered at the white roll, appetizing, unlawful. Where could fine flour have come from? The cheese was real Cheddar, made of unskimmed milk, he thought; even Caerphilly cheese, of skim milk, he had been told, had been rare for two months in that neighborhood. The tomato was a curiosity. Experts who grew luxuries under glass were fighting now or planting swedes and mangolds. All this was for some useless, ornamental woman. The old wheelwright, by his own computation, had eaten half a pound a day, for forty years, of fine old mellowed Cheddar, ripened on his own shelves. Yesterday he had supped on bread and onions; so he said, at all events.

As Roger went back through the kitchen he cast his eyes to the ceiling. Not a ham, not a side of bacon hung from the black oak beams. Farmers in this 1918 summer of food controllers and rationing were not, so to speak, wearing their hog products on their sleeves. He had been told of one farmer whose locked spare bedroom was like a provision store, and of another whose feathering house was no longer devoted to plucking geese and fowls.

He glanced at the oil stove in the scullery and saw that the oven was still lacking. As a loyal American he was glad that American manufactures were entering distant farmhouses, but regretted that submarines had got the ship that held the ovens. He had been told this in London; here was the proof. He sauntered across the farmyard and made his way round to the front. He was sure that the room had been taken, and that no Tudds were at home; but he was curious to see what manner of person so luxuriously violated a dozen food laws on one lunch tray.

A sudden din and clatter drew him at a run to the open front door, where he saw a frantic colt kicking the hatrack to pieces. He stretched out his leg, clasped the animal's head and wrestled. As the colt's hind heels were high in the air, of course he scored a fall. It toppled, so did he. His head banged a door open. He lay sprawled, panting, almost breathless, half his body in the room, the colt's head beneath him. The colt was helpless. So was he. If he moved, the colt might jump up and kick this room to ruin.

"What shall you do next?"

The startled Roger lifted his head. A girl was standing in the middle of the room—an unreal, unfamiliar kind of girl who provoked instant antagonism. He stared. She was very pretty. She was beautifully dressed. She was beautifully useless. In a farmhouse in this busy time, in a filmy white dress with ruffles and furbelows and silk stockings and high-heeled slippers—oh, but she was decorative, anyway. His stern brow relaxed.

"Well?" she demanded. She came and sat in a chair near him and in two senses looked down on him. Her manner was arrogant and lacked the unobtrusive condescension that most great ladies extended to soldiers. She was not a great lady. She was too young to be that; but she would be, one day. She had the beginnings of the grand manner.

"I beg your pardon," the young man stammered, flushing red. He looked in vain for a relenting gleam in the cold, blue-gray eyes. There was no smile in them. There was on the lips. It was supercilious.

"The mare," he faltered, "must be in the field. If you—if you—would step out of the window and drive her to the door——"

He paused.

"Well?"

"Well, I might push the colt's head out and shut this door, and he wouldn't kick this room to flinders by joining mother through the window."

The girl looked at him, then down at her helpless, high-heeled slippers. His eyes followed hers. The new dark bronze slippers shimmered insolently of luxury. The bronze silk stockings glistened with opulent idleness. They were an insult to this solid, oak-beamed farmhouse. They were a slight to the countryside, where almost every resident gentlewoman and every serving maid was working in a hospital or in the fields.

"I heard the clatter on the stone floor," the girl said. "I opened the door. That frightened the colt. I shut the door again. The hatrack was already in ruins. There was nothing else to break. If you had not come the colt would be in the field now."

He jumped up, fuming, hoping the colt would choose the window. It darted through the front door.

"How simple," the girl remarked dryly.

The colt passed the window kicking high its off hind leg, whose pastern was circled by an absurd frill of gauzy white. Roger hoped and believed that the frill had once been her hat, and he was glad.

It checked at the open gate, wheeled, and jumped exultantly into a bed of glowing French poppies. Roger rushed out and drove it off. He picked up the handful of bent wire and tulle and lace and placed it on the gatepost. Then he shut the gate, himself outside. It was the first time in his life that he had turned his back on a girl or snubbed one; the hat on the post was meant for a snub. He turned away.

"Please bring it," she called. Her voice was very pleasant. It included a softened, husky note which gave it character.

He looked up. She beckoned imperiously. She stood leaning indolently against the casement, luxurious, exquisite. His scowl vanished. He obeyed the summoning finger. Perhaps she would redeem or explain herself. If only she would be one per cent as good as she looked; he smiled as he handed her the shapeless trifle.

"The dustbin for that, I'm afraid," he said, but his manner showed that he was not afraid, but pleased. She glanced up, and the cool eyes nipped his smile.

She was absorbed in the hat; he, in her. She was pale, he saw; but he saw, too, that the healthy, creamy pallor was that of the prehistoric girl who used sunshades and protected her complexion. He noted her hands, delicately white.

He had heard and read that helpless hands had been admired in older days. Yet her fingers were strong, supple and dexterous; they deftly ripped and dissected. In the end he saw her wind about them a strip that even his ignorant eyes recognized as rare lace.

"I didn't know," he said, slightly apologetic.

"I did not expect you to," she a
but the ungracious words were sof
a flickered smile. The smile was
untorn and not for him, but he wa
all the same.

"Would you mind?" She sw
with less arrogant eyes, turnec
pointed to a chair, then stretche
arm toward the lawn.

He picked up the indicated ci
carried it across the sloping law
shade of the stately cedar of Leb
glory of that farmhouse, the solit
of that hilltop, visible and hon
miles about. He carried rugs,
cushions, and disposed them as
rected: the waterproof rug first,
soft Shetland wool, then the fine
embroidered with an indecipherab
gram. The young man felt like
but every time he looked at her he
that he was there. Such is the
beauty over young soldiers who
years have dipped stew out of tin
and yearned indescribably for lo
ments, elegancies of life, and girls.

She tripped across the lawn lik
cess; but she and all her accesso
so unsuited to time and place
thought of a princess in an
pageant. She seated herself on
broidered rug and leaned lazily bac
the heaped-up cushions against t
trunk of the cedar.

"There are cigarettes in the ro
said indifferently as she looked
the far-distant waters.

"Anything else?" he asked ir
rebuke. He might just as well h
pleasant for all that she knew
She only shook her head. An inst
his eyes roved the solid, stolid r
gold mesh-purse, stuffed full, lay o
table. An alligator-skin bag ga
closing gold-stoppered bottles.
high soft leather French shoes la
farmhouse piano. A fawn-color
jacket lined with crimson silk h
flung on the floor. A paper-cove
lay open, face down, on the s
glanced at the title: *Lui et Elle*
were masses of flowers, early pink r
most of them; but a large crude
a bunch of exotic orchids. On
chimneypiece rested a hand-pai
ribboned box of Paris chocolate
a forgotten prohibited luxury;
and-ivory-manicure set; a monog
gold cigarette case and a gold mat

All these things were new.
gleamed. The silver shone. The i
not yet even creamy. The allig
glistened like a fresh-burst chestn
surprised investigator looked in
signs of a man. A honeymoon c
justify but it could explain. He
eagerly curious, thoughtful, d
This prodigality carried a vague
suggestion.

As he stepped out of the windo
on a side table a dish of strawberr
of thick yellow cream and a bowl

This was the final touch for
dairy, empty except for her lunch,
was cream. To eat cream at all wa
the law and defiant of common
Sugar too, a bowlful, two week
allowance at least; mothers in th
could not buy, beg or borrow en
their babies. Strawberries, ahea
local season, he knew. Whose l
been wasted in ripening fruit and
under glass for a healthy, greedy
scowled across at her as a farm
might scowl at a cat discovere
dairy.

She was gazing out over the
valley, unconscious of his disa
scrutiny. Beneath the wide s
cool branches she looked a lov
canopied by a Chinese pagoda.
the detachment of an idol, its im
its insensibility. Sitting there so
cut off by a monstrous egotism
world of suffering and renunciat
froze the eagerly curious watcher.
no wooden head, but she had a
stone; that was his thought as he
to her.

"For you," she said, waving
toward the chair; "and the cigar
He accepted the astonishing i
in silence, grasping the chance t
his flaming curiosity. He was now
watchful hypocrite, brimming w
perfect hypocrisy which can be
only by young people who have
guile in them. She was just close
so that stretched arms could brir

(Continued on Page 102)

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Lewis J. Selznick

(Continued from Page 98)

tips to meet. She shook her head when he held out the resplendent cigarette case; she nestled in the cushions and stared up at cool depths of green.

He watched her through fragrant smoke. His cigarette was decorated by no meretricious blazonry of monogram or gilded crown, but its quality matched that of the gold case. He had not had such a smoke in months.

"I dreamed of a village where they went on just the same old way," she said. "They said it was three miles from a railway, that newspapers never came, that mails were always a day late, that old men basked against sunny walls. Oh, who is the patriarch with the beard of Abraham and the great hairy hands of Esau?"

He told of the old saddler and harness maker. She asked about the gypsy-eyed woman with the nose like a scimitar. A seaman's wife, he told her, from the north. She questioned about others. She had driven through the village yesterday, she told him, and had seen these quaint people. He was astonished by her keen observation, by the sharp vignettes which she cut in words. He asked questions in his turn, cunning, artless, looking at her from ingenuous, candid eyes. She did not seem to evade, though sometimes she ignored. He learned nothing—just nothing.

Two spots of light ran down the tree trunk and made two bright circles in her brown hair like two Australian sovereigns, which are ruddier than English coins. The soldier glanced down the hillside. Five hundred yards away the sun was making molten fire of a cottage window.

"I came to find Sleepy Hollow," she said. "Instead I find a horrid, bustling little town and a village bursting with people. Tell me how it came about."

She had become so much more human that he thought of a child begging fairy tales. She looked just like that to him now. He gave her part of what everybody knew, speaking guardedly about munitions, and she listened with growing interest. She asked about generals and colonels in command at Castlechepe, and the German prisoners and their camp, and how many soldiers there were, and what regiments and battalions were represented. With his jolly smile Roger dodged her queries. It was ridiculous to think her a spy, he thought, but he had learned to be cautious.

She looked over the circled park and spoke of the romantic story of the missing heir. What was the young lady like? Was she as lovely as Mrs. Tudd had said? And that striking girl who wore such a beautifully hand-smocked, weird old garment—was she as clever as she looked? She was in the story somehow, Mrs. Tudd had told her; how?

"How long have you been here?" Roger asked bluntly.

"Since yesterday."

"And where did you see Miss Turle?"

"We passed her in the village."

"You see everything," he said in an awed tone, "even to the stitches in a girl's clothes."

"They don't do such work nowadays," she answered indifferently. "Tell me about her, and the other one."

He sketched his two cousins, painting a picture that interested the girl.

"He should marry her," she said when he had finished.

"Which one?" he asked.

"If Miss Lingard refuses him," she responded, "he is bound to propose to the other."

"You go further than anybody else," was the response.

She dropped that subject and asked him about that pretty girl whose chestnut was so well groomed and who had such a good seat, and he said with censure in his manner that this young lady was one of the swarm.

She lifted level brows in a question.

"Of locusts," he explained, eying her. "They came in the spring. They lighted everywhere, these officers' wives and daughters who ought to have stayed at home. They begged and pushed their way into every farmhouse and cottage. They have lapped up all the milk. They have bought all the bacon. Churns have stopped. Cheese has stopped. Do you see the point? In their own homes, from their own neighbors, the villagers cannot get their usual food. They would not mind if these people worked, but they only make work."

The girl got as red as any ripe cherry on the tree in the orchard beyond her. He could hear her quick breathing, could see her breast storming up and down. He leaned his head back and tried to blow rings of smoke up through layers of horizontal fan foliage. The rings were not round, because his lips twitched. He had never rebuked a girl before like that. He waited to be ordered away, but there was only silence. Well, anyway, he was something more to her now than a wooden soldier guidebook to the neighborhood. He made her blush with shame; and, well, deserved it.

He glanced down suddenly. He surpr vivid, eager eyes as curious as his own, the hitherto indolent figure alertly cur in interrogation as she thrust her head ward in questioning poise. Their gla held. She dissolved into another girl a looked, a girl aloof, indifferent and lo ing. The transformation was quick, b was a glide.

It was no crude clapping on of a m but an apparent inward transition of ing, shown outwardly by a correspon change of face and of attitude.

Tiny arrows of light shot across his and made him blink, then flashed on tree trunk and on her dress.

"What did that?" she asked.

He pointed to the flaming window d the hillside.

"The sun playing tricks," he said. he knew better.

Faint far-away notes from a bugle g him an excuse for rising.

The girl set the soldiers' words to call. She sang softly: "Come to the c house door.

"You have been very interesting," said. "Thank you. You have also been expectedly frank. I will forgive that."

She bent her head in dismissal.

Roger slipped round to the back, s her butter and then went hunting for man—or woman—who was spying on t through a pair of field glasses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANYONE CAN WRITE

(Continued from Page 21)

If she doesn't I'll have to try. But I've no flair with women, Bassy. Betty, tell Miss Middleton that the directors are adjusting that matter now, and will let her know about it. And Betty ——"

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh?"

"Please close the transom from the other side."

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh."

"Hope that will give the old hag a jar. Well, Bassy, we might as well get busy. I've got a new form letter to dope out. Your end of this game is a lead-pipe cinch. I have to do all the dirty work."

"Glad you think so."

Beveridge resumed his examination of manuscripts, and there was silence in the private office until Miss Reynolds reappeared. Her eyes gleamed with excitement not wholly unpleasurable. She left the door slightly ajar.

"Miss Middleton wants to know how soon you can let her know about the royalties," she said. "One of the clients has an appointment for twelve."

"Tell Miss Middleton she shall have the report within five minutes," said Graftleigh, speaking slowly and distinctly. "That is all, Miss Reynolds."

"Well, Bassy, wish me luck," he whispered a moment later. "I've got to make the plunge. That was an S O S call."

Squaring his shoulders he opened the door wide, strode into the outer office, and faced a tall gaunt gray-haired woman with beady black eyes, a Roman nose and a square chin.

"Pardon me just a moment, madam," he said with a low bow which did not soften the expression of withering scorn with which the visitor regarded him. "The directors have decided, Miss Middleton, that our favorable negotiations will not involve any change in the royalty rates originally offered. Now then, madam, won't you be seated?"

He smiled ingratiatingly at the purple plumes that surmounted Miss Goodell's turban, but that lady shook her head.

"Your airs and graces are quite wasted on me, young man," she snapped. "I came here to find out why you have not complied with the terms of your contract, and I don't intend to leave until I do find out, and until my forty dollars is refunded."

"But my dear madam, there must be some mistake. Miss Middleton, have you investigated this lady's claim?"

"There's nothing about me for that young woman to investigate," broke in Miss Goodell; "and I don't propose to be insulted, Mr. Graftleigh, by a man of your character. You signed a solemn contract to furnish first-class music for my song and to put it on the market in consideration of an advance payment of forty dollars. I was fool enough to put up the money, which you have simply pocketed. But don't think you can escape the consequences of your crime."

"You are talking in riddles, madam. Any contract made by the Merriweather Music Company is adhered to in the smallest particular. Miss Middleton, have you the record of this case?"

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh. Everything is quite in order, as I have already explained to the lady. We received the manuscript of her lyric, entitled I Always Knew My Boy Was Not a Coward, on November eighth, wrote a letter on November fifteenth, offering our special contract providing for music to be composed by Mr. Beveridge, and agreeing to refund the regular fee of forty dollars in case the song was not accepted for publication within thirty days after she had O. K'd. the music. We received a contract with her signature and a post-office order for forty dollars on November twenty-first, and forwarded to her on November twenty-fifth a duplicate contract signed by you as president of the company. On December third we sent her the manuscript of the melody and accompaniment for her lyric composed by Mr. Beveridge, and received a letter from her on December tenth, stating that she approved of the music as written, and authorizing us to submit the words and music to publishers in accordance with the terms of the contract. The Verdi Publishing Company notified us on December twenty-seventh that it would bring out the complete number at the earliest possible date, copyrighted in the name of Abby Goodell, and that Miss Goodell would receive a royalty of four cents on each copy sold. We sent a copy of the publisher's letter to Miss Goodell on that same date. On January twenty-fourth we were notified that the Verdi Publishing Company had published the song, and that thirty copies had been forwarded to the author.

"A letter was received from Miss Goodell on February twelfth, stating that she had received no royalties from the sale of her song, and inquiring how many copies had been sold. We replied on the same date, explaining that our connection with the matter ceased with the acceptance of the song for publication, and suggesting that she apply to the Verdi company for any further information desired."

"Quite correct," remarked Miss Goodell sarcastically. "The young woman has already recited it to me. Now perhaps, Mr. Graftleigh, you will be kind enough to listen to my record."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, madam, but I have only a few moments at my disposal."

"A few moments are all I need. After receiving your communication of February twelfth, I wrote three times to the Verdi Publishing Company and finally received a letter from them stating that they made reports to clients only once in six months and that mine was not due until September. What have you to say to that?"

"Officially, madam, I can say nothing as to your arrangements with the Verdi company. As, however, you are one of our clients and have asked for my advice, I don't mind telling you informally that so far as I know the terms offered you by the Verdi company are quite in accordance with the general custom of publishing houses. In fact, I believe some of them make settlements with authors only once a year."

"That may be true, but how do you account for the fact that though my song was published about seven weeks ago it has not been placed on sale anywhere in New York City or Philadelphia?"

"If such is the fact, madam, I could not account for it, as I have no knowledge of the Verdi company's methods of distribution. But are you quite sure you are correct in saying that the song is on sale nowhere in New York or Philadelphia?"

"Sure enough for all practical purposes. I have communicated with thirty-five music dealers and with eight department stores, and every one of them said they had never heard of the song and were sure it was not on any of their publishers' lists. Under the circumstances, Mr. Graftleigh, I must ask you to refund the forty dollars I paid you."

"I am very sorry, madam, that you feel you have not had efficient service from the Verdi company. Spring, you know, is the busiest season of the year with publishers, and then, too, distribution of new publications is seriously handicapped just at present by the freight situation and—er—complications in the post-office department."

"Your apologies do not interest me, Mr. Graftleigh. Kindly return my forty dollars, and you may have my four cents royalty on the first thousand copies sold."

Graftleigh achieved a short laugh. "You are pleased to be humorous, madam. You do not, of course, think that the fee paid to the Merriweather Music Company is in any way contingent upon royalties you may or may not receive from the sale of your song?"

"You certainly agreed to market the song for me."

"We certainly did not." Graftlei manner became a trifle more aloof an spoke more rapidly. "We agreed, in sideration of a payment of forty dollars have an original melody and piano acc paniment prepared for your lyric by Basil Beveridge and to submit the s for your approval within three weeks a the receipt of the fee. We agreed furth submit the completed number as appro by you to music publishers on a roy basis, and we stipulated that you sh not be required to pay any fee to the p lishing company accepting the song, that the song should be copyrighted in y name. Because of the unusual excellenc your song we added a special clause to y contract providing that in the event of failing to secure a publisher's acceptanc the song on a royalty basis of at least t cents on each copy sold, within thirty d after our receipt of the approved ma script of the music, your fee should be turned to you. According to our rec which you have admitted is correct, which is otherwise confirmed by docume in our possession, all the terms of the c tract signed by you as author and by m president of the Merriweather Music C pany have been complied with. In fact, did much better than we promised in curing you a royalty rate of four cents most unusual concession and one we not always able to obtain."

"But this is all on paper," objected M Goodell a little uncertainly. "What dif ence does it make what the royalty rat if the songs are not sold?"

Graftleigh shrugged his shoulders. "T is a chance which publishers and auth always take, but in this case you are so what premature in assuming that y song will not sell. Frequently songs do go well at all for several months and th suddenly become great hits."

"If my song were introduced into sc popular musical comedy wouldn't chances of selling be greater?"

"Very probably they would."

"Why don't you do it then?"

Graftleigh and Miss Middleton exchan glances of shocked surprise.

"You have evidently drawn false c clusions from remarks you have overhe regarding the affairs of some of our o clients. I cannot, of course, discuss matter with you, but I am willing to ass you that any arrangements of the sort mention have been made by our clie themselves. Some songs are specia adapted to the personality of particu stars. I don't say that yours is not. I hope that it is."

(Continued on Page 104)

The New

KISSEL *Custom-Built* Six

4 Passenger Coupe

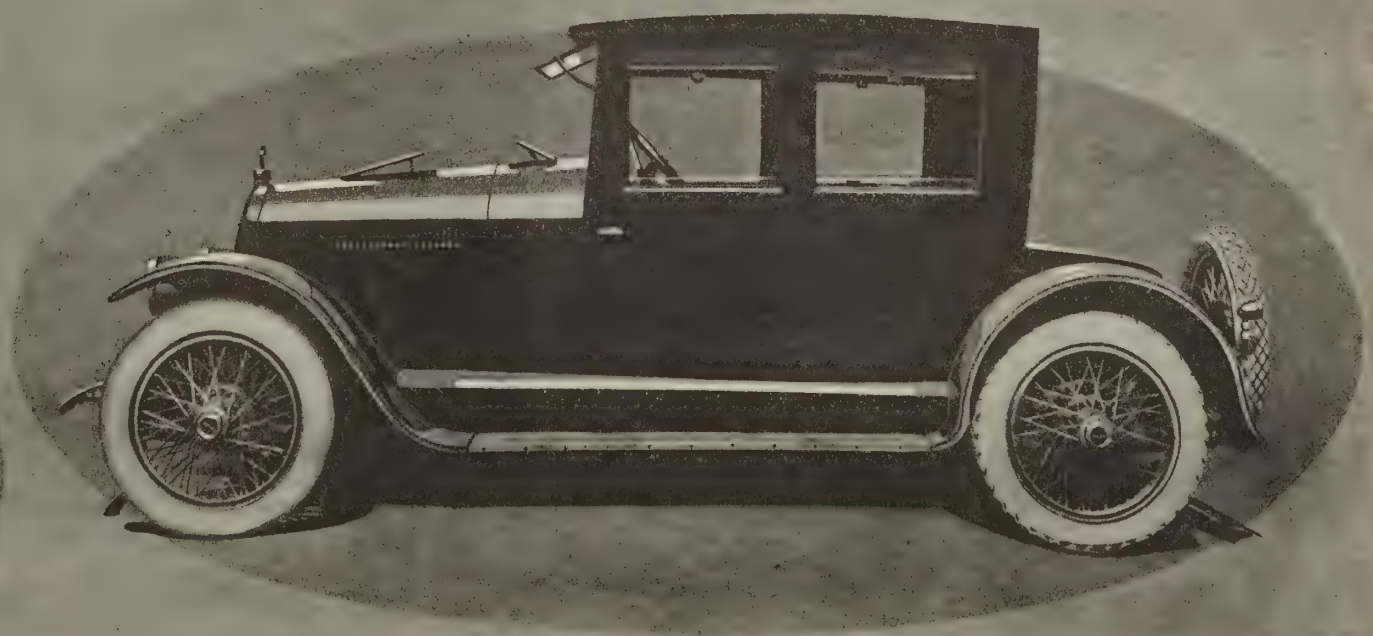
WITH all the deftness of the master designer and builder, there is an exquisite smartness of design and coloring—unexpected refinements and comforts of exclusive origin that reveal a startling individuality.

Mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis, replete with those features that combine efficiency in performance with economy of operation, including the new Kissel custom-built motor.

Literature and specifications on request.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.
Originators of the ALL-YEAR Car

An atmosphere of perfect harmony that exemplifies the exclusive distinction of the made-to-order jobs—characterizes this new Kissel



KISSEL

(Continued from Page 102)

"I don't even get my money back until a thousand copies have been sold," said Miss Goodell after a moment's frowning reflection.

"No, but you have the satisfaction of literary achievement."

"Fudge! How many copies of my song have been printed?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, madam. Doubtless your publisher can tell you."

"Do you mean to say that you do business with these publishers right along, and don't know how many copies of a song they print?"

"My own affairs, madam, are sufficient to occupy my time. The size of editions of songs is a matter which concerns the publisher and the author."

"I am glad you admit it concerns me."

"I am willing to admit anything, madam, that does not involve me in matters which are entirely outside of my jurisdiction and beyond my control."

"This Verdi company is obviously dishonest," declared Miss Goodell, "and I shall hold you responsible for mixing me up with it. Return my forty dollars immediately and get my song back from them within three days or I will have you arrested."

"I will overlook your unwarrantable language, madam, as you are evidently laboring under strong excitement," said Graftleigh with an obvious effort to retain his detached manner; "and I must ask you to excuse me now, as I have an imperative engagement. Miss Middleton, do not hold any further conversation with this lady. If she wishes any additional information in regard to her contract with this company she must take the matter up with our corporation counsel, Mr. Victor Benson. Good morning, madam.

"Water, Bassy!" he moaned a moment later as he sank into the chair opposite Beveridge. "The curse has come upon us. She was too tough a nut for me to crack and I had to send her to Benson. Call him up quick, and ask him to meet me at Deene's for lunch. I'll have to put him wise. And you'd better grab the first train for Philly, Bassy, and coach your people so they won't make any break if the Housatonic poetess descends upon them suddenly. If Benson can't pacify her she's likely to make the Verdi her next stopping place. Well, ta-ta. Make Benson understand it's a must."

Late that afternoon Beveridge, sitting at the rented piano in the little room off the main office of the Verdi Publishing Company, painstakingly evolving original melodies with the aid of two volumes of college songs and a collection of choice selections for banjo and guitar, was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Genevieve Dale, manager of the advertising and circulation departments, and secretary to the president.

"I don't quite understand this telegram, Mr. Beveridge," she said. "It has just come, and it seems to be urgent."

Beveridge paled slightly as he took the yellow slip, but a glance at it reassured him.

VERDI PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Blank Building,
Philadelphia.

Rush Middleton fifty copies Goodell song. Distribute remainder immediately. All well. W. G.

"You remember what I told you about Miss Goodell, don't you, Miss Dale?"

"Oh, perfectly, Mr. Beveridge; and Tommy is packing the music now to take to the express office. But just what do you suppose Mr. Graftleigh means by 'distribute'?"

Beveridge pondered a moment. "How many copies have we left?" he asked.

"Twenty. We sent thirty to the author, you remember."

"Miss Dale, I shall have to ask you to go yourself to four music dealers and persuade them to put five copies each in conspicuous places on their shelves. Offer them any inducement. It is unusual, I know, but ——"

"I quite understand, Mr. Beveridge. I will attend to it at once."

A special-delivery letter came the next evening:

"March 12.

"Dear Bassy: Hope you got wire and that copies of song are on the way. As soon as they arrive, Middleton and Betty will hustle them round to some of the smaller dealers. Betty's red curls ought to put over a few if the kick is too strong on the lyric. Of course the music will pass. Called up Benson just now, and the old bird hasn't been to see him yet, but I gave him the whole tale of woe yesterday, and he says she hasn't a leg to stand on if we prove we've made an honest effort to sell the thing. She seems to be so hot on the trail, however, that perhaps you'd better have a hundred more copies struck off, and when she tackles you, hand her a good one about the first edition being exhausted and the second on the press. You might be able to work off the whole second hundred on her for the dealers in her own home hamlet. Show her a sale record of a dozen or so, and offer her half a dollar in royalties if she doesn't want to wait until September for a settlement.

"Three new contracts came in this morning with money orders. I inclose lyrics. It looks like a ten-strike for us, Bassy, if we don't make any slips. Yours truly is no highbrow, but he's surely all there with the form letters. Might be a good idea to start Betty and Miss Dale distributing some of the stuff we have on file. Comb it over anyway, and shoot on fifty copies of everything that's at all possible. Try to place the other twenty in Philadelphia. As I recall our publications no dealer is likely to accept them through the mails even on a 99 per cent commission basis, but the girls are good-looking enough to get away with some of them. Betty is strong on pathos too.

"That's about all, Bassy. Push your melodies along. Give them either zip or molasses. Don't be too classy, and don't worry. Will keep you advised. BILL."

Beveridge replied at once:

"Dear Bill: Your idea of trying to coax the dealers to take some of the least hopeless of our songs had already occurred to Miss Dale apropos of the Goodell incident, and she has been at work on the proposition all day. She succeeded in distributing half a dozen of them among five small shops on a fifty-fifty basis. One man even promised to push the sale of the Goodell gem with some sort of a sob story. As in each instance the arrangement was made as a personal favor to Miss Dale the outlook for actual business is not encouraging. Our position may be, as you say, slightly improved technically. Hope you have been able to do as well in Manhattan.

"I inclose ten melodies and lyrics which inspired them. Will send the remaining four to-morrow if I can dope them out. Am taking your advice about old favorites, and have impressed Moody and Sankey into the service. DICK."

In the correspondence between the Merriweather Music Company and the Verdi Publishing Company during the next three weeks there was no further mention of the lady from Housatonic nor was any other complaint on the part of a client recorded. Forty money orders had been received with no string attached but a lyric. Graftleigh was jubilant and Beveridge was so busy concocting melodies to fit the various types of meter submitted to him that he had scarcely time to eat or sleep. Immediately after reading his mail on the first Monday in April, however, Beveridge told Miss Dale that he was obliged to go to New York, and might not return until Wednesday.

"I trust there's nothing wrong," observed that astute young woman, noting his frown.

"Oh, no; just a matter of consultation. If you have copied that music I gave you the other day I'll take it with me. And, Miss Dale, be careful not to give any information whatever regarding our methods of business, except that we take no fees from authors and that we accept no lyrics for publication without musical accompaniment. See that Tommy doesn't talk at all."

As soon as he was on the train Beveridge took a bulky letter from his pocket, and his frown deepened as he read:

"April 5.

"Come as soon as you get this, Bassy, and gag Miss Dale and Tommy before you start. Things have looked a bit queer to me for the past ten days, but I didn't want to halt your muse, so keep mum.

"In the first place, our hearing nothing from old Abby has seemed a bit thick to me. She's not the sort to let go quite so easily, and I've had a hunch all along that she's got something up her sleeve. Benson laughs at the idea, but he hasn't seen her.

"Secondly, Middleton has been pestered to death by all sorts of freaks, male and female, old and young, wanting to know the full story of our lives, what we eat for breakfast and how much we pay the office boy. She has managed to keep most of them out of my way, but three or four of them have slipped past her, and I've had a tough time getting rid of them. What worries me most is that none of them seem to be actual clients. Some pretend to be inquiring on behalf of a friend and others are thinking about sending us lyrics later on. One or two look like correspondence-school detectives.

"But the one that really gets me is the Beautiful Girl.

"Bassy, she has been camping on our doorstep for a week. After three séances with Middy and two with me, she brought in that horror I sent you about pansies and broken hearts. Since then she's been here twice a day to find out whether we've received the music for it.

"I hope you've doped out something and that you'll bring it with you. She's crazy to see you. Says she's writing another about red roses and somebody's grave and wants to read it to you herself. I told her you'd be here Monday sure. In heaven's name, take the first train!

"S O S, BILL."

It would have been obvious to the most careless observer that the president of the Merriweather Music Company was troubled. There were dark circles under his eyes, his lips twitched nervously and he started violently at the sound of a telephone bell. Beveridge tried in vain to convince him that his state of mind was probably due to indigestion.

"You're dead right, Bassy," he said despondently. "We're a lot farther within the law than we were the last time you were over. Betty told me this morning that two or three little places on Sixth Avenue have actually sold some of our songs. In fact there is about sixty cents in royalties due to one client, and twenty-seven to another, and if I remember Miss Dale's last report correctly Philadelphia has fallen for seventeen copies of I Always Knew My Boy Was Not a Coward. Benson says that so far as the courts are concerned we're almost pillars of the publishing world. But all the same, Bassy, when I listen to that Russell girl talk about putting her younger sister through college and realize that she's dropped forty dollars of her good money in our till, and plans to separate herself from another forty dollars, I feel like the forty thieves rolled into one."

"Well, I'm ready to quit if you are."

"That's not quite so easy as it sounds, with about fifty songs in the process of publishing, and the money paid in. We can't go back on our contract, you know. Besides, it's a peach of a game if we can only keep personalities out of it. By the way, I dashed off a few lines myself the other day. It's not highbrow, of course, but it has a sort of swing. Listen, and see if you think you could fix up a tune for it:

Be a little kinder to me, honey,
My heart is all aflame with love of you.
Your golden curls have surely set me crazy,
I'm mad about your eyes of sapphire blue.

CHORUS

Don't run away and leave me all alone,
Don't ring off when I get you on the phone.
You know that I adore you.
Don't tell me that I bore you.
You can write your name on everything I own.

Honey, there's a limousine a-waiting,
Upholstered in a spiffy shade of gray,
That will make a swell background for your complexion.
Oh, hurry up and name the happy day.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think this Miss Russell's first name must be Lillian. I'll do my best with a melody after I've seen her, but it wasn't sportsmanlike for you to run in a chorus. Makes twice as much work for me."

"But they go so much better with choruses. All of the hits have ——"

"Hits? Say, look here, Bill, you're not taking yourself seriously, are you? If you are, all I want to say is that as a poet you are a great writer of form letters. Don't weaken!"

The door opened to admit Miss Reynolds. "Miss Russell to see Mr. Beveridge," she announced stiffly.

"Speaking of angels," muttered Graftleigh sheepishly. "See here, Bassy, don't pull any of your sarcasm on her. She's a perfect lady, even if her lyrics don't just appeal to you. Why in thunder didn't she go in the movies or the beautiful model profession? She'd ring the either, but she can't write."

It was quite true that Miss I couldn't write. It was also true th Evening Record cheerfully paid salary that enabled her to live comfo and dress almost fashionably even a war prices. Nature in withholding pen had been otherwise generous. first place, golden-brown hair, sa blue eyes, pink cheeks, slightly ret nose and a confiding smile forme miraculous blend which brings to t face the protective instinct latent in male.

In the second place, she was not with the superfluous sense of humor has been the handicap of so many p ing careers. It did not seem to her least mirth-provoking that the presi the Bronx Theater Club should expr publication her views as to the prope ishment for the Kaiser, nor that column cut of the pretty secretary Housekeepers' League should ado front page of the Record just above a ment of that lady's theories regardi League of Nations.

In the third place, she possessed t of dramatic instinct which, plus the n ability to juggle phrases, would have her a second Laura Jean Libbey. combined with a heaven-sent naiv asking leading questions, not infreq drew from interviewers most unex and valuable revelations.

In the fourth place, though she have Anne Archer's peculiar knack panding a "Yes, I believe in capital p ment," or a "No, I am decidely opp it," into a column and a half of b exposition which a leading club would read with complacency under priate headlines as the product of h brain, she seldom took notes, and hac during her six months' connection the Record been accused of misq anyone.

The city editor called her Minnie, l manner in so doing, though he w under thirty-five, was distinctly fa It may be added that his feelings t her were of the same character. The ing editor had once taken her to with his wife and daughters, an chosen the main dining room of a and exclusive hotel, much to the dis his family, who preferred the Bro cabarets.

During her first month Miss Arc response to a request from the city to show the kid the ropes, invited accompany her on many of her own ments.

"But I really can't do it any mor Edwards," she said at length. " Bolshevist Ball at Dempster Hall th night they cut out three thrilling d went specially to see, just because idiot enough to introduce her to the man of the floor committee; and yes morning the most advanced femi that conference of radicals cast one at Minnie at the press table and pro to make a speech that would hav mild for a Y. W. C. A. secretary. Le of the men play nursery governess while."

The dramatic editor dubbed Mis sell "Edwards' Folly," and the name until one afternoon in March, wh rushed into the city room with hat disheveled hair, red eyes and tear-s cheeks, and went straight to the desk out waiting for the star reporter to his report on the big assignment of th

"She admitted she did it, Mr. Edw gasped Minnie tremulously. "She t all about it! It was her first offens she did it for her child."

The city editor waved away the s porter. "Do you mean she confes he demanded.

The girl nodded. "She was driv it," she began. "Don't you thin could ——"

"Ask Miss Archer to come here," rupted the city editor, turning to an boy, "and see if Mr. Sims is in the a partment. Now then, Minnie, go c you really have the goods on Ethel A we may get out an extra. Anyway I p it up to Mr. Greaves."

Ethel Ardine was a spectacular woman of mysterious antecedents, va suspected of being a German spy an nitely accused of blackmailing a pron millionaire. The jury had disagreed

(Continued on Page 107)

(Continued from Page 104)

trl and the second was now in prog-
ıe defendant had hitherto pre-
d stony silence despite the efforts
re l third-degree experts of the police
tent and the entire metropolitan
l feature writers to make her talk.
hexplained the whole thing to me,
Evards," continued Minnie. "She
minded her of her little sister who
ır she felt I could understand; and
never felt so sorry for anyone in
—
e ity editor patted her shoulder.
to Miss Archer," he said, "and
l ve out a word of the confession.
-ge spread, Miss Archer. The Ar-
r ıan has confessed to Minnie. Let
f m two and a half to three columns.
ıie's stuff in full for the lead, play
ter love as a motive for crime and
i some psychological dope founded
ı wn impressions of the woman dur-
e ial. Don't be too editorial. We'll
t un it as a news story unsigned."
ory was admitted to be the best of
a and the star reporter himself told
ıe was an honor to the staff. Since
l had induced a professional gun-
: eveal the whereabouts of a kid-
ild, had won the confidence of a
ıe about to elope with a pseudo-
ıunt in time for the Record to ex-
h mpostor and restore the romantic
o her irate parents, and had ob-
: exclusive ten-word interview with
a of industry who had never before
tl himself to be quoted.
vening Record as visualized by
e as an organ published solely for
b good, its particular objects being
u tion of the masses and the bring-
ıstice of all malefactors. The
ıethods to be pursued in the attain-
o hese noble ideals were, so far as
ı staff was concerned, any means
t by the esoteric wisdom of Mr.
'c
ully at her chief's bidding would
v essayed the entrance of an in-
al house through a skylight or a
ol Gladly, had he asked it, would
v lonned a blond wig and a vampire
ıin order to mingle freely with
n female gangsters in their subter-
irs and discover their nefarious
ıewhat to her disappointment
h sacrifice was demanded of her.
r ier, to whom she timidly confided
ns to do anything for the paper,
nically and told her that if she
ıed her ideas of newspaper work
h ilms she'd better revise them.
e Record will never require you to
t ng unbecoming a gentlewoman,"
d the feature writer, "and if you
d re to succeed, Miss Russell, why
y learn to write a simple news
"
n let that worry you," said the star
r oothingly when he heard about
ıer's a bit catty at times. You've
ome of the biggest scoops of the
nyone can write. It just takes a
ın to get the swing—that's all."
al?" said Minnie reverently.
nhe foregoing facts it is not to be
e at that when Miss Abby Goodell
h eway to the Record office about a
h after her interview with Graft-
n made known her grievance, the
it', upon deciding that the Mer-
ıe Music Company would bear
g eon, sent for Minnie.
ın I need a disguise if I pretend to
li t?" she asked hopefully after
go his instructions.
ni not," replied Edwards gravely.
wı't even have to change your
o you will need some properties in
y of spring poems. I'll supply

nwho had moved Ethel Ardine to
nemade Lightning Jerry Flynn re-
r at he once knew a girl with that
be eyes, Graftleigh was a simple
tin. Four days after Miss Good-
it to the Record office Edwards was
eson of copies of every one of the
rsher Music Company's form let-
d two contracts—one signed by
ig as president, and by Minnie as
o a lyric entitled Pansies are for
nt the other featuring Jimmy, the
ffi boy, as author of what Graft-
es ibed as the delightfully humor-
se Don't Wiggle Your Eyes That
T days later he had on file a sheaf
s Minnie's round childish hand-
, hich gave him a fairly accurate
conception of the man described by Miss Goodell as a despoiler of widows and orphans.

As for Beveridge, simultaneously with his first glimpse of Minnie in a box-coated blue serge suit and sailor hat which cooperated in subtracting five years from her apparent age, came a regret that he had not had time to get a haircut before leaving Philadelphia. After two minutes' conversation he beheld Graftleigh and himself as confidence men of the lowest type, and Minnie as the innocent victim of their greed for tainted gold. When she rose to go he heard himself begging her to take tea with him that afternoon in some quiet place where they could go over her lyrics together and consult about the accompaniments.

"And honestly, Mr. Edwards," said Minnie the next morning, "I'm sure Mr. Beveridge is perfectly all right. You've no idea how hard he worked revising that first song of mine that begins, 'Pansies purple and golden lay at her throat so fair,' and he's going to show me the music to-morrow. And he advised me not to do anything about getting the second song published until we saw how the other one went. So you see he can't be mixed up in any scheme to get money on false pretenses, Mr. Edwards, and he's so wrapped up in his art!"

"I see," said the city editor. "Did you find out just what his connection is with the Verdi company, and the exact relation of the Verdi to the Merriweather? Try to clear up those two points this evening. I suppose it's all right for you to dine with him. Better insist on one of the big East Side hotels, though, and be sure to get rid of him early. Send the minutes of the meeting to my house by messenger before eleven if you can. Armstrong is going over to Philadelphia in the morning."

It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that all the details in regard to the suitable adaptation of a melody and accompaniment to a lyric could be settled at one conference—or two—or three. As a matter of fact it was ten days after Beveridge's first dinner with Minnie at the Beaumont before the final draft of words and music was pronounced satisfactory by the collaborators.

"If you're quite sure he has left town," said Edwards with a quizzical glance at the girl's flushed cheeks, "you may drop the publishing business for a day or two and start that series of interviews with society women on how they feel about taking up the old life now that the war is over. Get real heart-to-heart talks, with plenty of personality, and Miss Archer will help you to whip it into shape. Try Miss Van Huyden first."

Graftleigh had viewed his partner's marked interest in the new client with growing disfavor and had upon one occasion earnestly but ineffectually voiced his opinion on the subject:

"I don't deny, Bassy, that she's a very beautiful girl. I saw her first, you know. But that only makes her the more dangerous. I don't mind telling you, now that I'm cured, that I had her in mind when I wrote that little lyric of mine. But it's always a mistake to mix sentiment with business. That's why I picked Middy. Faithful, efficient, but not alluring—those are my specifications for female help. As for female clients, Bassy, the less one sees of them the better. Limit your communications to dictation and a rubber-stamp signature. Take it from me, it's the only safe way."

"There's considerable safety also in minding one's own business," retorted Beveridge without looking up from the ruled paper on which he was setting down notes, rests and bars.

Graftleigh sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "I've a hunch there's trouble ahead, but what's coming comes," he muttered fatalistically.

He was accordingly distressed and perturbed but not greatly astonished when Beveridge, the morning after his delayed departure for Philadelphia, reappeared in the president's office of the Merriweather Music Company and after carefully closing the transom announced grimly: "I was served last night with papers in a suit to recover damages for one thousand dollars for not properly carrying out the terms of the Verdi contract with Rachel Arkwright."

"Any particulars?"

"Here's the document," said Beveridge, tossing a folded paper on the table.

Graftleigh examined it hastily. "Yes, I see. Charges misrepresentation, failure to advertise, failure to put on the market, failure to print a reasonable number of copies. Who the devil is Rachel Arkwright?"

"To the best of my knowledge she is the author of some verses entitled Under the Elm by the Brook, which I set to music sometime in November and which the Verdi company published on February second. She lives in Bethlehem."

"Was hers by any chance one of the gems Miss Dale induced some amiable dealers to put on their selling lists?"

"It was not."

"Just our all-fired rotten luck to back the wrong ones! But dry your tears, Bassy. I'll tell Benson to have his Philadelphia man write to her—Hollis, I think his name is—and if she's really peevish you can formally resign all claims to her song and send her the copies you have in the cellar. I'll call up now and see if Benson can eat with us."

"Sorry, but I have an engagement. I'll see you before I go back. Anything you and Benson decide will suit me."

"Still batty over that Russell girl, eh? Something tells me she's no mascot for the Merriweather. Well, don't let her hold you up later than three. I have a date myself. And see here, Bassy, don't make any plans to stop in town overnight. You've got to get home and keep an eye on things."

Beveridge lunched with Minnie at the Brevoort and arranged to run over to New York again on Sunday to show her the proofs of her song. Having been assured by Graftleigh, after the latter's interview with Benson, that the adjustment of the Arkwright matter would be mere child's play he returned to Philadelphia in an optimistic mood. Three days later, however, he dictated a letter that caused the usually placid Miss Dale to frown continuously as she typed it:

"*Dear Bill:* I didn't get to town Sunday as I planned. Went to Bethlehem instead, and I might better have stayed away. Hollis could do nothing with Miss Arkwright. She insisted on pushing the suit, even after he had offered her $100 in addition to absolute ownership of the song. I went to hunt her up at his suggestion. He had some crazy idea that perhaps she didn't like lawyers, and might listen to reason from me. He was wrong. My arguments seemed to have about as much effect on her as a round of cartridges would have on the Rock of Gibraltar.

"I didn't offer her any more money, because Hollis advised against it, though I would willingly have paid another $100 out of my own pocket to get rid of her. She's a lanky drab-colored little thing, about thirty. Says she's a telephone operator. She boards in a little frame house on one of the poorer streets of the town, and doesn't look as if she had $10 to her name. Her lawyer, George Mason, lives in Philadelphia, and has a box of an office on Chestnut Street. Hollis says he's just a kid.

"What do you make of it all? Could you or Benson do anything with this Mason if you came over? Hollis says there's a nigger in the woodpile.

"Yours, R. B."

"Middy," exclaimed Graftleigh, rushing into the outer office less than five minutes after his personal mail had been placed on his desk, "look up the next train to Philadelphia; and, Betty, get Benson on the phone. I'm in a hurry."

Miss Middleton rose and faced her employer. "Don't go to Philadelphia, Mr. Graftleigh," she said.

Graftleigh stared at the girl incredulously. She was paler than usual and her voice trembled slightly, but her eyes met his unflinchingly. "Don't you know," she went on, "that this whole suit's a frame-up? Wouldn't a poor little country hello girl jump at the chance of getting a hundred dollars for a song if she wasn't being paid not to?"

"Where'd you get all that dope and what are you driving at?" demanded Graftleigh angrily. "You seem to know a hell of a lot about my private affairs."

Miss Middleton flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said stiffly. "I considered it my duty to give you some information I had obtained, and I intended to go to your office as soon as I had finished sorting the mail. I see now that I shouldn't have interfered."

"There, there, Middy, don't get huffy," said Graftleigh conciliatingly. "I'm a bit on edge this morning. What is it you've heard?"

Miss Middleton hesitated. "It probably won't do much good to tell you now, except that it may keep you away from Philadelphia. That Rachel Arkwright is merely a blind. The Record is paying all the expenses of her suit and giving her money besides, and has promised to print the song she wrote and her photograph. If you enter the state of Pennsylvania you will be subpœnaed as a witness, and they will get the Merriweather too. Miss Goodell set the Record on your trail, and she would have brought suit herself if she hadn't lived in another state. I don't know how they found Rachel Arkwright, but her song is the only one we have published as yet for a Pennsylvania client, though we have a contract with someone in Scranton. The Record is going to feature the trial and send over one of its best men and Anne Archer, so that even if Miss Arkwright loses the suit the two companies will be put out of business. My sister had the whole story from a friend of hers in Raleigh's. Didn't you know that Raleigh was counsel for the Record? He's the trickiest lawyer in town, and he has charge of the case. Mason is working under his direction."

"That all?" asked Graftleigh as she paused.

"About all."

"What's the rest?"

"I've told you the main facts."

"What's the rest?" reiterated Graftleigh.

"The Russell woman is a Record reporter," replied Miss Middleton in a tone that she strove to make indifferent.

"The Russell woman?" echoed Graftleigh uncomprehendingly. Then he swallowed hard and cleared his throat.

"Thank you, Miss Middleton," he said. "You have been very—er—efficient. Will you kindly call Mr. Beveridge at the Philadelphia office and tell him I am ill? Ask him to come over as soon as possible. Betty, ask Mr. Benson to meet me at Deene's at twelve. I can't see anyone this morning."

"Little rat!" he muttered as he closed the door of his private office; "and it's up to me to put poor Bassy wise."

Just at that time the city editor of the Record was having his first bad quarter of an hour with the usually docile Minnie.

"See here, Minnie," he said, "you're making a bugbear of a very simple matter. I've explained that Mr. Raleigh will see you are subjected to no unpleasantness whatever. All you have to do is to tell the jury just what you've told me, and remember not to reply to any question of the opposing counsel until our man has had a chance to register an objection if he wishes to. You can choose your own hotel and take a girl friend over with you. I'll O. K. any reasonable expense account for the two, and I'll tell our Philadelphia correspondent to look you up. It will be a nice little change for you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards," replied the girl with the baffling obstinacy of the superficially meek, "but I cannot be a witness. I know those lawyers are trying to hurt Mr. Beveridge in some way and I know he wouldn't do anything wrong for the world."

"If he is innocent the truth won't hurt him. All I've asked you to do is to tell the truth."

Minnie shook her head. "I've never been to a trial myself, but I've heard that Mr. Raleigh can make witnesses say anything he wants them to and can make black look like white."

"That's just what you're trying to do, Minnie—make black look like white. This fellow Beveridge is one of the principals in a scheme to defraud innocent persons of their money. Some poor girls actually go in debt to get the forty dollars to send to this fake music company, just as Rachel Arkwright did; and they have as much chance of getting it back as I have of owning the Record."

"If their lyrics become successes they will get their money back all right. It isn't Mr. Beveridge's fault if they are not good."

"Rubbish!" snapped Edwards. "I'm amazed at you, Minnie. Why, on a four-cent royalty basis they'd have to sell a thousand copies of one of those songs to cover the author's fee, and it takes a pretty fair song with some pushing to go as well as that. Now this Verdi company publishes any old thing it's paid for and limits its editions to a hundred copies, part of which it sends to the author, and buries the rest."

(Concluded on Page 111)

The force behind the symbol

BELIEF in the future of the truck as an efficient, economical mode of transportation has long been dominant in the Firestone program.

To instill this belief in the public mind and broaden it in industrial and commercial circles, Firestone inaugurated the "Ship by Truck" movement and contributed the above symbol.

The idea expressed in this emblem, "Ship by Truck," has met with quick acceptance. It symbolizes the vision and business faith of all motor truck interests.

It is a direct notice to all shippers that the truck industry has taken its right place as a big element in transportation.

Guided along sound business lines and placed on a substantial, practical footing, motor truck express lines are now established and operating successfully as allies of the railroads.

Without the motor truck today, the delivery systems of our big cities would break down completely. And in the modern industrial field the motor truck is as essential to production as the plant machinery itself.

"Ship by Truck" is the slogan that has common significance for all these interests and for the public at large. The force behind the symbol is an awakening appreciation in all quarters of the truck's value in solving the nation's problems of distribution.

The Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus, with headquarters at Akron, are in operation in the principal cities, to serve all interests as a clearing house of information and promotion.

Firestone

Engineering and America's Truck Tonnage

Providing the right truck tire and rim equipment for every road and load has been a Firestone responsibility since the first truck was built.

Good roads have been slow to come—but trucking has gone forward regardless.

Firestone, keeping pace with the trucking industry, has solved problem after problem, until trucks are hauling a large proportion of America's tonnage and are strong allies of the railroads in inter-city traffic.

Firestone engineers designed the first truck tire, and from that day to this the history of truck tire progress is Firestone history.

As the truck builders advanced they found Firestone ready, not only with the right tire but the right rim.

Firestone introduced the channel type of tire, the removable type, the cup cushion type, the giant type, the grooved tread type. Firestone was first to build a complete line of truck tires—a type suited to every road, load and condition of service.

Firestone was first to establish adequate truck tire service dealers everywhere; over 700 now serving every trucking center in America.

Firestone was first with the demountable rim, that made giant cords practical and efficient. And Firestone is the only manufacturer that makes the tire and the rim complete.

Firestone engineers were ready, too, for the problem of quick changes for the giant pneumatic tire.

Here they went beyond the tire and rim and designed a feature of wheel construction for truck makers, also a spare tire carrier device that makes one man able to change tires easily regardless of weight.

These examples of Firestone Engineering are vital factors in the success of the "Ship by Truck" movement.

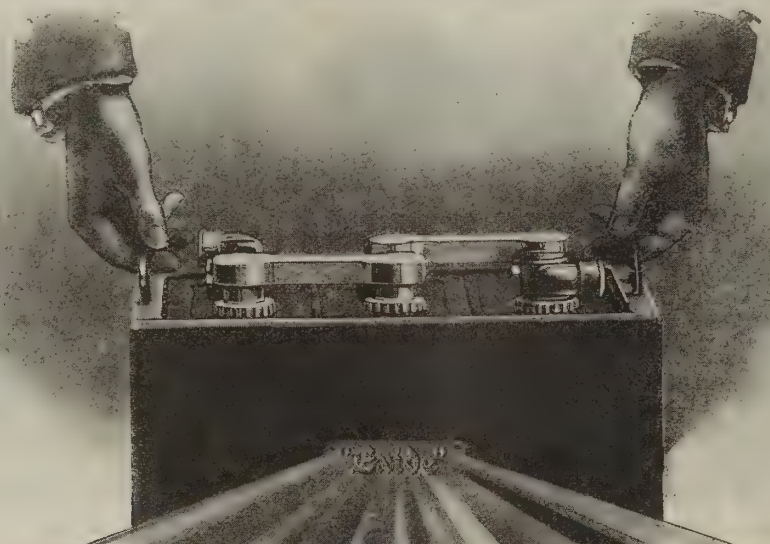
And Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus in large trucking centers are giving daily aid to truck operators of all classes and to shippers.

Today over half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires.

This is the reward of sound engineering; tires, tubes and rims of commercial perfection; service that is intelligent, adequate and on the spot.

There is a Firestone Tire for every load, road and condition of service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.



"Exide"

Exide

This Name is Your Surest Guarantee of All Round Year Round Starting Battery Rightness

You wouldn't buy a house just because it had a strong front door—you wouldn't buy an automobile just because it had extra-heavy wheels.

What you want is inch by inch, detail by detail, *Quality*.

And that is exactly what you *get* in the **"Exide"** Starting and Lighting Battery.

No one part of it has been developed at the expense of any other part. Its handles are just as right as its separators, its straps and connectors just as well made as its plates.

It is a complete starting and lighting battery, as technically and practically correct as thirty-one years' experience in the manufacture of storage batteries for all purposes can make it.

"Exide" *Service is nation wide and as thorough in principle and practice as the* **"Exide"** *Battery. It meets the needs of any make of starting and lighting battery. The address of the station nearest you will be sent on request.*

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The largest manufacturer of storage batteries in the world

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"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK
THIS S

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

(Concluded from Page 107)

't the Verdi company doesn't accept
'oney from authors," persisted Minnie.
'tand corrected, Miss Counsel for the
fuse. The Merriweather company per-
r that agreeable little task. But that's
e detail, as you know. The point is,
'u still refuse to assist the Record in
'ng these swindlers?"
'nie's eyes filled with tears. "I would
'thing for the Record except betray a
"
'ards sighed. "That would make an
'nt caption in Episode Nine of The
'tures of a Girl Reporter, Minnie;
'ur pose isn't bad either. We'll have
'e it a close-up though. I can't give
'y more time this morning. Take a
' and think things over. Remember
'cord is helping Miss Arkwright solely
' good of the community. Come in
'e me late this afternoon—about half
't ve."
'lephone, Miss Russell. Long dis-
'' murmured Jimmy, intercepting her
' progress toward the door. "Don't
'c him," he added sympathetically.
'e just got a grouch on."
'' Minnie's distress was increased
'' than diminished when she recog-
'eBeveridge's voice on the wire. She
't seeing him would only add to the
'xities of a situation already hope-
'y beyond her control. Her decision
' was best to end all was not proof,
'er, against his announcement that
' some wonderful news for her.
'w & Flanger have accepted my
': The Maid of To-morrow. They've
'about six months. I'm to see them
'ternoon. Can't you meet me at
'e's for luncheon at two o'clock? I've
'ing else to tell you too. Mr. Graft-
'h ill, and I have to see him first or I'd
'u to make it earlier."
'I afraid ——" began Minnie tremu-
' But she was not permitted to
'
'Aaid of what? Don't say you can't
'eMinnie. You must come. I'll expect
' two sharp. Good-by."
'vi if one has been pushed by circum-
'' into a position where it is impos-
'e to determine which of two divergent
'would be labeled duty by an ethical
'' and if, therefore, one is inevitably
'rd to be misunderstood by at least
' the very persons for whom she is
'r to make the most heroic sacrifices,
'es no special virtue in spending an
'afternoon cooped up in a boarding-
'sbedroom. Besides, it really wasn't
't Di—er—Mr. Beveridge, to repay all
'kdness by refusing him an interview
'c he so earnestly desired and from
'c one might glean facts that would
'atsh his innocence even in the skeptical
's the city editor.
'nie accordingly spent twice the usual
'e rranging her hair, donned her most
'ute blouse, purchased a bunch of
'epeas to brighten her dark-blue coat
' rived at Eugene's five minutes be-
'e vo. Beveridge was sitting at her
'ore table. He rose and bowed for-
'ly.
'Vell, I've lost my bet," he said sar-
'tilly. "Mr. Graftleigh was sure you
'd come. In fact he staked $10 on it.
'is better judge of women than I am.
'n you be seated?"
'The pink in Minnie's cheeks deepened to
'an. "I don't understand," she fal-
'ed
'Beveridge laughed cynically. "Isn't that
'ére rôle becoming a trifle wearisome?"
'inquired. "At any rate, suppose you
'p for a while. I've ordered grapefruit
' boiled chicken, and I may as well clear
' atmosphere by telling you that I've
't en Mr. Graftleigh, and that I know
'th details of the frame-up from start to
finish. I came here only because I hope you will satisfy my curiosity on one or two points. Does the Record pay you real money for converting yourself into a combination of ferret and vampire or was it simply that I appealed to your sense of humor?"

There is a certain amount of mournful satisfaction to be derived from being called a vampire by a handsome young man. But the phrase "sense of humor" was uttered in a tone that would have indicated to the most casual listener the speaker's absolute contempt for the quality in question. It was obvious that Beveridge was deliberately insulting a poor girl who was facing the loss of her job because she was unwilling to testify against him. Martyrdom in such a cause was not only painful but inglorious. Having explained her point of view in half a dozen passionate and unpunctuated sentences Minnie swept haughtily through the restaurant and out onto the avenue, leaving her accuser a prey to various conflicting emotions, each of which in turn assumed temporary ascendancy over the others.

The ultimate control went to a red and righteous rage against the unscrupulous city editor who had perverted the flowerlike charms of a sweet and innocent child to the despicable uses of the worthless sheet which enslaved him. Suppose he could put both the Verdi company and the Merriweather out of business, and their presidents in jail! Were his power multiplied a thousandfold it should not stand in the way of his hearing a gentleman's opinion of his conduct!

Beveridge accordingly took the most speedy route to the Record office. "I'll get to him if I have to fight his whole staff first," he muttered dramatically as a mild-looking old man in livery disappeared down a long corridor with his card.

Edwards, however, was more than willing to see the defendant in the Arkwright suit.

"Come to cry '*Kamerad*,'" he chuckled. "I suppose Minnie put him on, but I don't believe the kid meant to, at that."

The interview that followed abounded in mutual disillusionments.

To Beveridge's amazement Edwards did not look like a combination of sleuth and brigand, did not chew a cigar, bellow at reporters or strew the floor with pages of rejected copy. The top of his desk was almost bare, his manner impersonal, his smile distinctly boyish. The young men seated at typewriters might from their appearance have been a haphazard collection of college seniors, bank clerks and traveling salesmen, glorified by the splendid presence of a young duke. The last mentioned chanced to be the youngest cub, who received a salary of twenty dollars a week and belonged to three of the most exclusive clubs in town.

Anne Archer was out, so the newspaper atmosphere was furnished entirely by Jimmy, who had the mouth of a cherub, the eyes of a sage, the pallor of a cigarette fiend, and the accent, tousled hair and grimy hands of a street urchin.

One glance at Beveridge compelled Edwards to admit to himself that the president of the Verdi company was neither a typical confidence man nor a pseudo-Greenwich Villager. Of his supposed desire to conciliate the representative of the all-powerful Record there was not the slightest evidence.

"Talks like someone who's had his name spelled wrong," he reflected before he grasped the full significance of the situation.

Then he scowled. It was to be expected, of course, that sentimental complications would rise sometime in connection with an assignment of Minnie's, but it was peculiarly unfortunate that they should be involved in this case.

"It is our policy to expose fraud and to protect its victims whenever we find it possible," he said curtly as Beveridge paused for breath at the end of a scathing arraignment of the methods of yellow journalism. "As for Miss Russell's connection with our investigations, there has never been a moment when she was not under our direct protection."

"Protection!" thundered Beveridge. "Do you call it protection to turn a sweet innocent girl into a spy? To compel her to betray the confidence of her friends? To induce her to trifle with the most sacred ——"

Edwards held up his hand. "If you care to talk for publication," he said quietly, "I will assign a reporter to take the interview. We might be able to use it. If this is merely bluster, however, you are wasting my time and your own. I have no objection to telling you that Miss Arkwright has consulted us regarding her claims against the Verdi Publishing Company, and that we have advised her to push the case."

"I'm all kinds of a fool," snapped Beveridge, "but I have sense enough to know that Miss Arkwright is merely another one of your tools. I don't know what your game is and I don't care. You're out to crush me and you're likely to succeed. I haven't the money to fight you. Do your worst and be ——"

The sentence was never finished, because what he intended to say simply isn't said in the presence of a lady, and at this particular moment Minnie appeared upon the scene. She wore an expression of righteous indignation and carried a small traveling bag. Advancing haughtily to the city desk she placed a letter upon it and without a glance at either of the two men hurried to her own desk and began stuffing books and papers into the bag.

Edwards glanced at the contents of the letter, and the lines about his mouth relaxed. "Wait just a moment, Mr. Beveridge," he said. "It may be possible to make some adjustment of this matter. Suppose you telephone to Mr. Graftleigh and ask him to come over."

"I should like to see that letter first," replied Beveridge grimly.

"Well, I can't show you the letter, but I gather Miss Russell thinks she has discovered some new evidence which might place your conduct in a less unfavorable light. Miss Russell is, I fear, considerably distressed."

Beveridge flushed. "I am obliged to leave at once," he said, "to keep an important appointment uptown, but I will communicate with Mr. Graftleigh, and if he consents to come here I will come with him."

Edwards nodded. "Better make the appointment for five o'clock, and perhaps you will be good enough to tell Miss Russell on your way out that I would like to see her at half past five."

"Minnie," stammered Beveridge, "I know I'm a cad and a brute, but there's something I must say to you. I will wait for you downstairs. You will come, won't you? Don't bother about the desk."

"Very well," assented Minnie with cold dignity.

"Perhaps I'm what the highbrows call a moral imbecile," said Graftleigh some two hours later, "but I must confess I don't get your point of view, Mr. Edwards. You talk as if the Merriweather Music Company and the Verdi were some sort of menace to society. Now I think we're public benefactors. Don't we inspire hundreds of people to develop literary talent they never dreamed they possessed? Don't we give them the satisfaction of seeing their poems published with a fine musical setting? Don't they get through us the chance to make fame and money if their stuff is any good?"

Edwards raised his eyebrows. "I thought we had been over the ground pretty thoroughly, Mr. Graftleigh, but if it isn't clear to you yet that your game is up I will repeat that it can be proved you didn't even make a bluff at putting any of your publications on sale until a little over a month ago, when one of your clients threatened you with arrest, and that no attempt has ever been made to distribute them through the regular channels."

"But," protested Graftleigh, "you didn't give us time. We're a new firm, and naturally the big authors didn't send us even their pot boilers the minute we hung out our sign. We were going to do all the usual stunts of advertising and so forth as soon as we got hold of a song that would justify ——"

"Not good enough, Mr. Graftleigh. If those songs possessed any merit you have been obviously dishonest in not advertising them and placing them on the market. If they are worthless, as undoubtedly ninety-nine per cent of them are, you have been equally dishonest in inducing the authors to pay forty dollars each for their publication. As for the musical settings, they probably would furnish some interesting side lights in court.

"But I don't care to split hairs over moral issues. The matter stands this way: If you will return to clients whose verses you are now holding pending publication their manuscripts and whatever fees they have paid in, and make over to the authors of the songs you have published the full rights to words and music, and wind up the affairs of the two companies as speedily as possible under the supervision of a public accountant, I will advise Miss Arkwright to settle her claims against you for one hundred dollars plus the return of her fee and rights to the words and music of her song. If these terms are satisfactory you might as well go right over to Raleigh's offices and sign the necessary papers. It goes against my conscience to make things so easy for you, for schemers like you should be exposed for the protection of the public. I'm stretching a point, however, for the sake of Mr. Beveridge, who, I understand, hopes soon to arrive on Broadway. It would be a pity to have a promising musical career ruined by one false step. I must warn you, though, that should either of you ever again be involved in a scheme of a similar nature the Record will show no mercy."

"I appreciate your consideration," said Beveridge stiffly.

Graftleigh rose. "Well, sir, I surrender. I'm licked. Don't imagine the lawsuit worries me. No jury would give Rachel Arkwright two dollars damages, but I shrink from the thought of what your sob artists would do to the Merriweather. Come, Bassy, let's go over and sign."

"Perhaps it's just as well," he said confidentially as the partners crossed City Hall Park arm in arm. "We were getting so darn successful that other busybodies would be bound to consider it their duty to investigate our methods, and you wouldn't have time for your end of the business anyway. As for me—I can live comfortably for a while on the job you've landed for me in the Daw & Flanger Press Bureau."

"Is she really going to be married?" asked Miss Archer the next morning when the city editor told her to go on with the series of interviews with prominent society women previously assigned to Minnie.

Edwards nodded. "Fairly decent chap—just sold an opera to Daw & Flanger. But I'm sorry to lose her."

Miss Archer smiled cryptically. "It may be all for the best though," she said thoughtfully. "She seemed a nice enough girl, but she can't write."

"Write!" echoed the star reporter scornfully. "Anyone can write. But Minnie—why, Minnie was almost a journalist."

Reproduced from actual photographs taken at Edison Recording Studios, New York

The blindfolded jury hears Hempel sing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta," while she stands beside the New Edison.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST is the most severe of all musical tests; shutting off a person's sight greatly increases his acuteness of hearing. Yet even the blindfold test has been successfully met by the New Edison.

Frieda Hempel, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, appeared before five of Thomas A. Edison's musical experts to perform the test. She stood beside the New Edison. The blindfolds were adjusted over the eyes of the five men. As shown in the first photograph, Hempel then started to sing. The selection was "Io non sono piu l'Annetta" from the opera "Crispino e la Comare." Suddenly Hempel stopped singing, but the song continued. The New Edison had taken up the song and was singing alone. The five experts, even though their hearing faculties were at highest concentration, were completely unaware that Hempel had ceased and that they were listening only to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice.

Two million people have heard similar tone-tests, publicly given by forty different artists. Five hundred representative newspapers have publicly recorded the fact that no one has been able to distinguish the artist's living art from its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. The proof of this is founded upon scientific fact; it is piled mountain-high. The New Edison brings you all the living artist can bring, excepting his physical presence.

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The NEW

"The Phonograp

Thirty seconds later! Hempel has ceased. The blindfolded jury is not aware that the New Edison is singing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta" alone.

ference!

FRIEDA HEMPEL is called "Hempel of the Voice Supreme." You might think this is because of her technique—so flawless, so superb! Or because of her notes, pure as the chiming of silver bells.

But Hempel is infinitely more than a vocalist. Hear her sing some song she loves, and suddenly you understand what it is that makes her great among the greatest in opera and concert. For you fall under the spell of a mysterious, lifting power—a power which transmutes every note into gold and every bar into angel-music. It is Hempel's sublime artist-soul. Soul is that electric something, that transcendent something, that eternal something, which makes music the mind's solace and inspiration. The soul of music is what Edison has caught and perpetuated in his RE-CREATIONS. That is why he considers the New Edison the greatest of his inventions. That is why the heart of the music-lover responds to a RE-CREATION by the New Edison, even as it responds to the art of the living artist. *Go hear the New Edison. Hear it with your eyes closed, for that is the best way to listen to music. You will feel that the artist himself is standing before you—alive!* Write to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J., for the most interesting phonograph story of the year, "Edison and Music."

EDISON

with a Soul"

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

(Continued from Page 15)

lariats and prods from the chute leading to the corral. Near by a cow-puncher, his hat slanted over one eye, careened awkwardly beneath the weight of a saddle half as big as himself. The operation of saddling up an outlaw in the bucking-horse contest for the championship of the world was on, and Cal watched it eagerly.

"That's ole Tar Baby," he confided as he rubbed a sleeve of that rainbow shirt across his lips. "He ain't ever been rid."

In fact, Tar Baby looked it. Legs wide spread, ears back, lips pulled back from the heavy teeth, Tar Baby gave excellent evidence that he never had been ridden and didn't intend to be. Clustered about him a trio of cowboys swirled their lariats lazily, waiting the inevitable break. It came while Tar Baby caved in the chest of a wrangler, broke two ribs for another and started straight for the ten thousand or so persons packed in the grand stand. The ropes wheezed through the air, cow ponies sat on their haunches and Tar Baby came back to the gunny sack and the saddle again.

With ropes taut they held him, bridled him with a rope snub, put the saddle on his quivering back and cinched it tight. A man in white chaps climbed into the saddle, while the wranglers hung more doggedly than ever to Tar Baby's ears and the gunny sack which still obscured the beast's sight. Cal McMillan, of the kaleidoscopic shirt, cocked his head.

"That's Lee Cunnin'ham! Good boy! Beat me out in the finals last month at Boss Creek, but I'm for him! Swing-g-g-g to 'im, Lee!"

A scampering of horses, wranglers and chaps with cowboys in them. A tawny figure that stood shaking as Lee Cunningham's hat descended sharply on his flank. Then a pitch, a twisting leap and the fight was on. Cal's spurs flashed in the sun.

"Ride 'im, cowboy! Ride 'im!" he roared. "Hook him—that's the boy—hang-g-g to 'im, cowboy! Oh, Gawd!"

Already he was running across the wide field. One great reeling toss and Tar Baby had fallen backward with Cunningham beneath.

Out came the ambulance. The rider was unconscious. Tar Baby, lariated again, was on his feet and fighting his best against the approach of the wranglers. Into the crowd shot Cal McMillan.

"Gimme that hoss!" he shouted. "Gimme that hoss!"

A judge, his forty-five hanging loosely from his hand, clattered up.

"You ain't in this contest!"

"I know I ain't! But that hoss throwed Lee Cunnin'ham!"

"What of it?"

Cal scratched his head. "Well, nothin'—if you put it that way. But I'd shore like to ride him!"

"Shucks! Take him then!"

Cal McMillan grinned like a kid playing hooky. Ten seconds later he was bouncing on Tar Baby's back, while the outlaw bucked and tore about the great inclosure, slammed his way into a crowd of horsemen who could not escape in time, sunfished, reared, bucked, pitched, leaped, jumped, broke through the heavy-planked fence, ran a hundred yards, then stopped, coughing and sweating, subdued at last. Cal, one leg painfully injured in the smash-up at the fence, dropped to the ground, grinned, waved his arms toward the grand stand and ran, limping, for the hospital tent. Cunningham had just regained consciousness and Cal beamed down at him.

"I rid him, Lee!"

"Good medicine!" Cunningham raised far enough from the cot to jab forth a hand. "That's shore good shootin'!"

An hour later both of them—revived, refreshed and bandaged, both foolishly happy and grinning—were entered in another contest. I've seen a hundred Cals and a hundred Cunninghams since then; they're all the same, playing the parts of apostles to something they don't know is dead. Which brings up the tale of Milt Hinkle.

I saw him first in Bovina, Texas, in 1916, a crumpled thing of broken glories and dust-strewn colors as they lugged him off the field to a hospital. Three months later—it was Cheyenne again—a howling, squawking maniac hobbled round the entrants' stand on crutches, roaring his approval of each event and momentarily attempting to stand without his supports. In vain. It was with that bad luck at Bovina hangin' over me. I'm entered in the bulldoggin'!"

"The what?"

"The bulldoggin'!"

Milt said it as innocently as though he were about to play pinochle for the championship of the Bronx. Slow straightened his crippled leg and atter to stand without his crutches, but in Then he grinned.

"I'll use these hosses until I climb the saddle. Then I won't hurt none.

Far away a shot sounded—the c the bulldoggers. Milt hobbled awa grinning.

A man with a broken hip, escaped f hospital, he was going to this: Fr wooden chute a long-horned steer is sh by yelping, screeching cow-punchers. suing him on one side is the bulld while on the other is a second cowbo ing his pony to the limit of its spee lariat in readiness to check the fright maddened beast in case it decides t off the track into the grand stand. and faster the pace becomes, un last—the maximum reached—the a ant cowboy shies his pony to one sid the bulldogger leaps from his saddle, four or five feet through the air, gras steer by its horns, and by his catap speed and weight endeavors to thro animal to the ground with such force i cannot rise. What becomes of the bul ger doesn't seem to enter much int calculations. Sometimes the steer g while the bulldogger doesn't.

And it was into this sort of thing Milt Hinkle, with an unknitted hip hobbling on his new yellow crutches.

The man with the megaphone di esteem the act of sufficient interes announce anything more than the s fact.

"Nex' bulldogger, Milt Hinkle, o vina, Texas!"

Out from the chute came the stee just behind it Milt Hinkle, one foot ing loose from the stirrup. The div Hinkle caught fair. The beast, wit pounds suddenly crashing upon his and neck, stumbled, then turned a plete somersault, taking the crippled puncher with him. A dazed, dusty s in which the steer struggled to its sought to shake loose the arms that hooked about his horns, staggered feet bawling and dragged itself along yards before sinking finally to the gr The red flag dropped—the signal t timers. Milt—dusty, grimy, clothin and face skinned—waved a hand wea the announcement that his work was A couple of lank cow-punchers pulle out from beneath the neck of the ste lugged him off the track grumbling the fact that he had missed the w record by a full sixth of a minute.

Milt was nothing if not enthus With a broken hip as a mascot h counted seriously upon beating a rec six seconds—and the starts the instant the leaves the chute to tinue until the beast is less on the ground. V Padgett, who set record, by the way unconscious when picked him up.

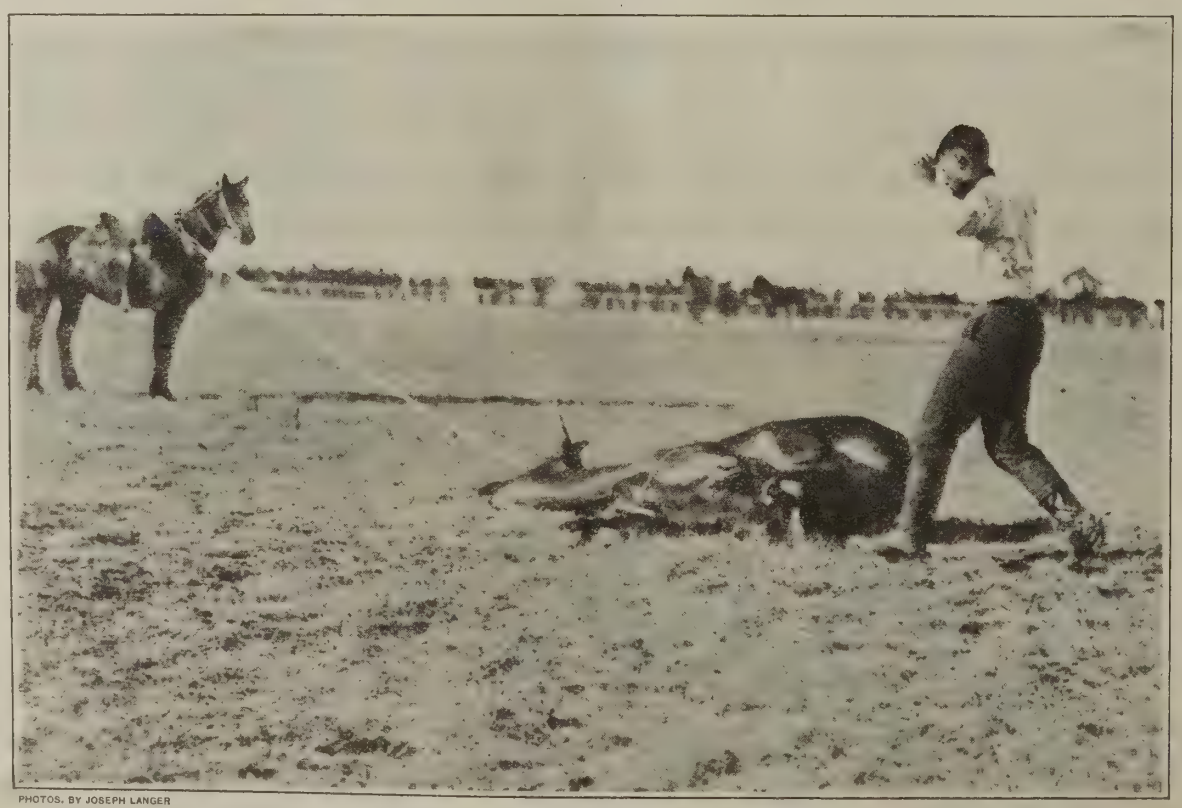
That same afterno vestigating a noisy wr between two starte horseback, who were g ulating heatedly to someone on the grou found the object of it be Milt Hinkle. He w to ride in the wild- race and was plumb gusted because the st were afraid he might his hip again!

And what does the think of all this? Wh Nero think when he his parquet seat in Coliseum? The worl changed very little then. A gasp, here there a scream as a goes through a fen throws its rider, a mass of thousands o sons that they may a better view—then settle to await the e thrill.

Yet it is not h heartedness or cruelty simply the working

(Continued on Page 7

A "Breakaway" by an Outlaw. Above—One of the Reasons for Ambulance Runs. The Horse Has Thrown its Rider and is Trying to Kick Him to Death. But He Won't



PHOTOS. BY JOSEPH LANGER

The Finish of Roping and Hog-Tying a Wild Steer

(Continued from Page 114)

range freak of psychology hich seems to take place the stant the first horse plunges to the arena and the first ild yelp of "Scra-a-a-tch im!" comes from the throat f an excited cowboy. After at a woman who would int at the sight of a bleed- g finger can watch the tram- ling of a wrangler by an out- w horse, scream a few times ith the rest of the excited ass, then thrilling sublimely ok at the program for the ame of the next rider.

Perhaps, too, the knowledge at these suicidal maniacs ut in the arena appear to ke such an extreme delight getting scarred up may ave some effect on the action the sympathies. One feels r worse when a cowgirl fails win a race through some ivial drawback which costs e precious second of victory an when her saddle cinch osens, dumping her off on an ebrow. Someway, there is e settled certainty that after e doctor has sewed up the ceration she'll be back in the ntest ready to ride the worst nfisher in the corral or make r date to dance for the cham- onship of the state at the en-air pavilion in town that night. And e best of it all is that the certainty ually wins.

There is never a rodeo without its acci- nts. The usual average is two a day, or elve to the week—accidents which in- ude everything from a fall off an untamed rro, or Rocky Mountain canary, to the ling up of from six to eight horses in a ppodrome race. As a rodeo fiend I've en some three hundred smash-ups. I've ver seen a man killed or so seriously jured that he didn't bob up grinning at me other wild-west festival before the ason was over. Maybe they're too rd-boiled to be killable. Certain it is at they daily go through experiences at would send the ordinary man to padded cell—and think nothing of it.

One large town—as large towns go in e West—has been holding a Frontier ays Celebration for twenty-nine ars. Inasmuch as many of the rld's championships are fought out this particular place, the casualty te runs at least twenty to the sea- n. That makes a total of three hun- ed and eighty accidents, ranging all e way from broken bones to con- ssions and wholesale lacerations. here has never been a death or a per- anent injury.

Therefore any crowd can be excused r its seeming lack of the realization horror when a maddened buffalo, r instance, being ridden without sad- e or bridle, dumps its would-be con- eror and butts him all over the lot. he crowd knows that while a stretcher ay carry him away a horse will bring m back.

It is a condition which lures and a ndition which has grown throughout e West until it is as much of an in- tution as a national holiday or a anish fiesta. This year the little wn of Rocky Ford, Colorado, held annual watermelon day. Of course ere was the usual stampede, with is result: The census gives the pop- ation of Rocky Ford as slightly more an five thousand and that of the tire state of Colorado as about a llion. During the celebration there re seventy thousand visitors to the ttle town—about one-fourteenth of e population of the whole state! Pen- eton, Oregon, holds annually its Stam- de, one of the big wild-west shows of e Northwest, and has been known to ve more than ten thousand persons tching the events. The population Pendleton is less than five thou- nd. Cheyenne, Wyoming, is very glad have twelve thousand citizens. Its ontier Days Celebration rarely fails bring more than three times that mber from the surrounding country. nsider also Calgary, Thermopolis, ise and the hundred or so other wns in the West that annually re- rt to type and bring back the days when Indians and savages meant some- thing else besides trade-marks for motor- cycles and firearms.

The program? One printing would do for the whole maddened season; the riding of wild burros, a cow-pony race, an Indian race—to say nothing of the inevitable war dances—a squaw race, a Roman standing race, a pony express, or relay race, for men—and one for women—steer roping contests, a wild-horse race, bulldogging, trick-and-fancy riding, wild-steer riding, and the bucking-horse contests. I have never seen a stampede or a rodeo without someone being injured in every event ex- cept the Indian war dances—the most harmless thing of the lot. Nor have I ever seen anyone who showed even the semblance of a streak of yellow. On the other hand ——

It was in 1918 that Prairie Rose Hender- son, bedecked as all cowgirls are bedecked during the days of the contests, decided to win the championship in the women's relay race at Cheyenne. The start was made, the horses thundered round the track and back to the grand stand, where other mounts awaited the contestants. Prairie Rose was on the ground before her horse had been stopped, and uncinch- ing the saddle ran toward her second mount. The animal shied as the cowgirl slammed the saddle on his back. Pre- cious seconds were passing. She couldn't wait to assure herself that the single jerk she had made at the cinch had secured it. A leap and she was on the horse heading it toward the rail. Then ——

The saddle slipped and Prairie Rose with it. Her spurs caught in the stirrup as she sought to leap clear. The horse plunged on, dragging the cowgirl for what seemed to be miles. Then the spur loosed and the girl lay on the track unconscious while the rest of the field galloped over her.

The ambulance clanged for- ward and carried Prairie Rose away. Not long afterward, when the time came for the women's bucking-horse con- test, a figure strangely familiar to the grand stand roamed round the great arena await- ing her mount. The announcer raised his megaphone.

"Prairie Rose is th' nex' rider, on Tango!"

In the intervening time no one had taken the trouble to announce whether Prairie Rose ever again could look at a powder puff. But here she was, back on the field, mounted on a high-pommeled saddle and yelling for the wranglers to pull the blind from the horse's eyes. What is more, she rode Tango, and that night I saw her in a cafe in an evening gown doing a bit of a tango herself.

So it goes. In a similar race a few days later Mamie Stroud's second mount knocked down the cowboy who sought to hold it, smashed against the fence, caught Miss Stroud's right calf and knee between its body and the heavy railing. Muscles and tendons were torn, but Mamie Stroud fin- ished that race. In 1913 in another similar race three women, the Astle sis- ters and one other, were unconscious on the track at the same time, while two cow-punchers, trampled by mad- dened relay horses, were injured and gasping not far away. But the next day they were all back again. Is it any wonder, therefore, that in the sheer admiration of superhuman grit one- fourteenth of a whole state should de- scend upon a town of five thousand?

There's a story for every event. Last summer Walter Stirling, small, almost tow-headed, not too heavy in the shoul- ders and certainly not a superman in appearance, was dragged from be- neath the kicking, struggling forms of six horses where they had piled up on him in a hippodrome race. Someone shoved a bottle of ammonia under his nose and he blinkingly came to con- sciousness, to stare about him and ask, "What's the next event?"

"Steer ropin', Walter," said the pur- veyor of ammonia. Stirling limped off the track, squawking for his lariats.

And steer roping, when a cham- pionship is in the offing, means more than it sounds. The roper pursues a long-horned steer, lariats it by the horns, then swerves his horse in such a fashion that the rope circles the plung- ing animal's hind legs, throwing it to the ground. The roper then leaps from his horse, runs fifty feet or so back to the steer, jumps on it before it can rise, binding the hind legs together, then bringing the rope forward and tying it round the forelegs. And when Stir- ling's turn came the piece of hash meat that had been a man before those six hippodrome horses sat on him wobbled out into the arena, roped his steer, dumped it to the ground, staggered from his horse and hog-tied it—all in thirty-one and a half seconds. The world's record is not much faster.

Here again is an explanation of why there's not a casualty list in the grand stand as well as in the field. Things happen too swiftly to be understood in their full purport until they're all over and the grinning, bandaged ma- niac is back in the game again.

Ordinarily a minute doesn't mean very much, especially if interest is

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Bridling and Saddling a Wild Horse for the Wild-Horse Race

PHOTOS. BY JOSEPH LANGER

Just Before They Rang Up the Ambulance

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making the second hand move faster. Consider then ——

Roy Kivett, of Little Horse Creek, Wyoming, swung his rope at a Wyoming rodeo last summer, watched it travel outward and settle over the horns of a steer. Quickly he veered and scratched his horse into greater speed. The rope caught the hind legs of the steer, threw the beast high into the air, then crashing downward. Kivett leaped from his saddle, the tie rope in his hand. But the horse fluked.

It failed to keep a strain on the lariat, thereby allowing the steer to rise. Kivett raced back to his mount, got on its back, once more plunged the beast to the ground and for the second time leaped from his saddle to hog-tie that longhorn. But bad luck still was with him. The tie rope caught in his spur, making a loop over the pommel of the saddle. The horse, frightened, reared, then began to plunge, while Kivett hung to that tie rope by one foot, and the prostrate steer was dragged fully fifty feet at the end of the lariat. Thus blocked, the horse began to wheel with such swiftness that Kivett was lifted and whirled at the end of the tie rope like a piece of lead on a string. Again and again the horse circled, until watchers grew dizzy from the sight of the spinning man, his arms and legs sprawling, his head bumping against the sun-baked ground with every revolution. At last the horse stopped short and began to kick. Three times he missed Kivett's head only by inches. Then a hoof struck that tie rope and knocked it loose.

Kivett was free. But did he complain of dizziness, spots before the eyes and a general run-down feeling? He did not! Weaving, he gained his feet, grabbed the tie rope, staggered toward the steer and hog-tied it before he sank from exhaustion. And the official time of the whole proceeding was one minute and fifteen seconds!

Harry Walters, in a nice pink shirt, was the other member of the pile-up in the hippodrome race. A horse rolled on one knee and otherwise carved Walters in a fashion usually guaranteed to produce at least two weeks in a hospital. Walters took more time to recover than Kivett. He did hardly anything until the next day. Then with his horse traveling at a gallop he stood on its neck, crawled under its belly, picked silver dollars out of the dust, rode backward, forward and "Andy-over"—this accomplished by vaulting from the ground on one side of the speeding horse to the same ground on the other side—jumped straight out of the saddle, hit the ground behind, grasped the horse's tail and leaped over his back into the saddle again, thereby winning the trick-and-fancy-riding championship of the world. Perhaps the secret after all lies in the fact that you can't kill 'em.

That must be it. At a little one-horse rodeo last year I saw a fifty-four-year-old cow-puncher fight for the chance to ride an outlaw. He broke the record by staying on the horse's back eleven long seconds, then he broke his collar bone in the descent. The next day he was riding again—and not pulling leather either. At the same show a cow-puncher, scarred and battered, his face a mass of bandages and one arm in a sling, waited his chance at a tough bronco. I naturally became sympathetic.

"Get thrown somewhere?"

"Nope." There was a look of sadness in his eyes. "Hit's jest plumb tough luck. I fell offen a cliff last week up by Tufted Buttes. But I reckon it won't stop me from ridin' in this shebang."

It didn't—that is, for a half minute or so. Then he broke the other arm.

How they do it or why they do it is a bit beyond the conception of one who figures his life according to the standards of paved streets and accident insurance. Try to figure it out and you lose your perspective.

The natural conception, for instance, of personified trouble is a wild horse. Yet one of the ordinary events of every Western stampede is a wild-horse race.

Hedged about by cow-punchers and with from one to five lariats on each animal, a herd of from fifteen to thirty horses that never have felt the touch of a saddle are brought into the track at once. Because of the fact that a thin wooden railing forms the only protection and operating under the excuse that it's the last event, anyway, the lower half of the grand stand suddenly decides to go home. But not the cow-punchers, the wranglers and rastlers. With some of the horses lying flat on the track, with others standing on their hind legs and pawing whatever comes close to them, the shouting, laughing Suicide Club manages to put blinds over the bloodshot eyes and snub ropes over the nostrils. Then at a signal saddles are placed on the quivering beasts, cow-punchers boost comrades on the horses' backs and the race is on.

Some of the outlaws merely stand still and buck. The rest run and buck. Some stay on the track. Most of them go through the fence—grand-stand side preferred. Out of it all there are a few that can t to make the distance, bucking and p round the half-mile track, while starting point all hands clear aw casualties to make room for the It is one of the best means ever inve ruin the human constitution—yet everyday event.

And while all this is going on ther of cynicism in the fact that there a one to ten humane agents at work vent any cruelty to the animals. has ever yet thought about protec humans.

And no one ever will so long as t takes its annual week off to revert There are men and women in the W do nothing through the long winter but train for the events of the summ every big ranch each idle hour is s roping or riding or bulldogging so th muscle may be ready for the st frontier or rodeo days. It is to t what the yacht race is to Sir Thon ton, the annual football fight with is to Yale, the world's series to th ball fan.

Out near Cheyenne is a great ranc the owner eyes every applicant f as a horse shark would look upon a ful trade. He is a maker of champ this ranch owner. The name of Irwin is known throughout the W a well-advertised patent medicine. can work for him who can't wrangle rope a steer or ride an outlaw. N Charlie play any favorites, for w measles of memory break out thro West the names of Charlie Irwi daughters are on every program!

SYNDICALISM STRIKES

(Continued from Page 11)

since the Armistice, where wages were much higher than the average in other industries of the nation, you would have sensed that feeling of "nothing can happen" which clung to us up to the final moment of the walkout of five thousand men. Many cannot tell you after all these idle weeks why they walked out, except that somebody promised them they would be freed from the masters and somehow become owners of the mills.

If you had stood with us that morning you could not have pictured that which was to come within the hour, when a babel of languages from those very lands we had saved would sound threateningly through these streets. You could not have realized that Americans were to cower within the shelter of doorways, with the same cold fear on their hearts that has clutched at the souls of the women and children of the Hun-ridden towns of Belgium and Italy and France and Serbia. It could not be; no, impossible, you would have said, here in this great free land that is American—that has boasted of its protection for all peoples. Yet I say to you that it was and it is—a fear that came with the muttering mob of eight thousand or more surging through the streets with menacing gutturals that told of the blood of class hatred burning in their veins, of the roused prejudices and inherited grievances of a score of European countries. Yes, American citizens slunk into doorways or fled unheroically to their homes, to await what might come. That fear, quiescent as I write, with troopers at hand, still rests upon every home in this once carefree, contented community that is in the heart of America. It should not be, of course. But again let me say that it is there. It is not cowardice; it is common sense; the acceptance of conditions as they have come to be.

Lessons of Hatred

Eight thousand menacing marchers. Toilers from the mills; yes, eight thousand of a score of nationalities, who in recent months and years have been blessed for the first time with freedom, high wages and opportunity to become citizens and home owners in a land that has known no class or caste. Eight thousand hate-inspired hearts and souls, the tongues of them loosened and their hands ready to be raised against whom? "The masters"—their employers—their neighbors and their friends. Coats bulging here and there with deadly weapons. Their judgment and their viewpoint warped back to the same plane on which they had stood when famine and misery and oppression crushed their souls and spirits in those European countries from which they came.

Their reason? Nonreason sat upon it all. Blind desire to seize that which belongs to others. Yes, all of that was there, for it had been preached to them in their own tongues. In their own languages it had been spread broadcast that they might read. In a few brief months, despite their prosperity, their high wages, conditions in the mills and in their homes that were a paradise compared to those from which they had fled at home—despite all this, in these few brief months they have been taught that all who are not workers beside them in the mills are their enemies. They have been taught to believe that this is a land of oppression, taught to forget that the men with whom they have toiled have given their time, their money and their thought to making them more secure and more contented. Eight thousand of them swung in that sinuous column down that happy street of early morning, and those same voices that had bandied true Yankee jests spoke in hushed tones of awe, of caution, of fear itself.

That all this was being repeated from American town to American town through the length and breadth of one of the greatest industrial valleys of the nation, on that same morning, is something of which I need not speak. There are others who know, as we to-day know, that all of this and more is true. Potential riot and disorder, disregard of law and the tenets of civilization, have marched past our front door. Our eyes are opened. You who have not seen cannot yet know why and how they are opened to a broad vision of the truth. The serpent of syndicalism has struck. Its fangs are buried deep in this one portion of our industrial life, the steel-producing region of the United States.

Across the face of the steel town bellies the banner of trailing smoke. It is the master purpose of this Monongahela Valley to produce steel. Always steel, more steel, more than the neighboring steel town. Brawn and the skill of brawn alone enter into the production of steel, the kind of muscular effort that in a matter of weeks can be converted into skilled labor. Your roller and your furnace charger are for the purposes of their jobs just so much concentrated energy. Little of the skill and knowledge that attach to many other crafts of labor artistry enter into their work. Given the strength and medium brains, the worker in steel becomes speedily an earner of comparatively high wages.

For that reason it has been possible to assimilate the alien worker in the steel industry more rapidly than in almost any other class of work. He comes, a hardened product, from the mines or the fields of Europe. His sole education has been the doctrine of work, muscular effort, with less call for mental effort than is found in countries other than his own. Thus under the banner of smoke pluming the steel industry of this valley we have gathered from many nations what abroad constitutes unskilled wage earners, and to them has been paid and is being paid to-day more money than skilled American laborers are drawing from a hundred other industries.

Aliens Who Vote

Pay for the laborer in the Donessen mills ranges from $4.62 for ten hours to $8.50 and $10.35, dependent on the department in which he is employed. For wire drawers the scale ranges from $6 to $12 a day, with the pay roll showing the greater proportion of the men earning an average of $10 daily. Mechanics in all departments range in pay from $6 to $10. Rod mill and open-hearth rollers—comprising a class of labor that is practically unskilled and produced after a few months of tutoring—are being paid from $12 to $26. In some exceptional instances the pay ranges higher, and in some rare instances lower. The rod-mill workers are on duty for twelve hours, working every other half hour, a total of six hours actually rolling iron and six hours resting. In the blast furnace the wages range from $6 to $8. The general average of all wages paid, exclusive of officials in the plants but including the clerks in the offices of the Donessen mills, is $7.18. The total pay roll for 4000 employees has for six months averaged $800,000 a month.

Quickly, therefore, the workmen find themselves the possessors of means. The first few hundred dollars are to them a fortune compared to those few dollars of passage money which were eked out sometimes from months and years of toil in their home countries.

At once, the average man would say, they should grasp American opportunity and along with it American principles and ideals. In this town of Donessen there are more than fifteen main groups of foreigners. As one citizen puts it, these groups represent "just little bits of Europe set down in an American town," each independent of the others, each clinging to its native prejudices, customs and attitude toward government and what from childhood they have been taught to regard as the governing classes.

The Croatians remain Croatians. They have their Croatian Beneficial Association, an organization that speaks Croati scribes for Croatian newspapers, nates Croatian pamphlets and whi things that it is and does is still Cro

Over here you have a Polish o tion. This has extended itself eve turned service men of the United Army. A Polish Legion of these been formed by leaders in the Polish To these men are given books in th language, papers in the Polish la They address each other in Polish. enough, unless stirred by revolu agitators, still everything underlyi life in the community is "just a litt Poland."

Through all the various nationalit this clannish spirit, severing each definitely from Americans and thing ican. For the foreigners as a who schools have been established in D The attendance among all the thou workers has been so meager as sca justify the money expended. The language of each particular group is in the home. Thus the children le the language of their alien paren though born in this American to only after long attendance at A public schools that the ideas of written across their childhood beg eradicated—almost never quite re

Americanization for these? Ye have been scores of different mov but nothing that more than touc surface of the problem. Unless e their Americanization apparently tainable. Neither is it only the a few brief months or years who caught and held in the swing of the zation idea. Witness the case of a Croatian.

Andrew was reading his Croatia the other afternoon. He is a likab and speaks English fairly well.

"How is it, Andy," I asked, "t do not read of the papers which are ican?"

"Me no understan'. Me neve read an' write Enlis'."

"How long have you been in thi try, Andy?"

"Me come, yes, thirty-two years said Andy.

"Are you naturalized?"

"Me? No, me never had time. paper to vote."

From an inside pocket Andre duced a tax receipt! Undoubtedly had been a voter. Yes, that is done dreds of non-Americans have vote time to time. Outside of knowing some way they get a few dollars as w

(Continued on Page 123)

(Continued from Page 120)

t ne polls, and that in some way this lets ha into the voting booth, they know ite of the ballot system. Hundreds are ik Andrew. He explained that he could ge all his home news from the Croatian aer, and added that he had a little laghter at home who is learning to read Eglish and that sometimes she reads to hi from the American newspaper.

et Andrew is only one type. There is a rge group, represented among all the nationalities here, of which much capital has been made by agitators as the "workers wl exist in miserable shacks." Certainly he is no dispute about that. They do livin miserable shacks—filthy, insanitary, ovded quarters, wherever they may find pe to shelter their families and all the borders they can induce to share their mserable shacks with them. If you lived directly above a group of foreigners who ex in just that way you would get what wean.

orced into this by wage slavery? No. Neither principle altogether is involved. The banks of Donessen are thousands of dollars accumulated by the workers in the miserable shacks. Living amid squalor, hundreds are the possessors of thousands of dollars. Why? Well, they have one object in view—that time when they can return to their native land and live the remainder of their lives in comparative opulence. And this ambition is passed on to their children.

Since the strike had its advent, one month ago at time of writing, scores of these aliens from the most undesirable homes have acted in on their intentions and their savings. One foreign agent in Donessen can show the sheaf of passports, the bundle of receipts for thousands of good American dollars converted into foreign money. They are of the group now going home; that has invaded to go home from the moment their feet touched these shores; that has lived apart from Americans and American ideals in ideas, for the reason that their hearts have remained a part of Europe.

ases are common of the worker, the unskilled laborer, living amid the filth of his miserable shack, who has exchanged a worn pocketbook for five thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars after a few years under the smoke plume of the steel industry. Americans earning less than half the average wage of the foreigner in the steel mills of Donessen are maintaining comfortable homes and giving their families with every needed advantage. Various forms of Americanization effort have reached out to include the wives of aliens. Each has been repelled or ignored. Little Italy lives within itself, Little Italy to the end, its population decreased from time to time by those who are going back or increased by those who have been induced to come over and share in the freedom and prosperity of America—later themselves to go back.

The Helplessness of the Law

mong these for whom America is a temporary residence has come the agitator of the Finnish reds, the Russian unionists, the I. W. W., the syndicalist, the superanarchist. Is it a strike of labor? Yes, and as such, as an effort at union organization, it is greeted for the most part with neutralition on the part of the American citizen not directly involved.

et—the American in Donessen has had case to think. A few weeks ago the Donessen authorities arrested and jailed fourteen Russians in one house. Literature denouncing the United States Government, calling for "the workers to arise and establish a soviet," was taken on the persons of the Russians.

n the midst of the strike thousands of pamphlets advocating "the dictatorship of the workers, the overthrow of the American Government and the abolishment of all law" were plastered throughout Donessen and other towns of the Monongahela Valley. These came from members of the "Communist Party" in Donessen. Seizure of the industries and ownership of the steel mills when "this revolution" shall have ended are telling strings that have inspired the alien hurt to violence and to "arising against the master class."

gitators come and go. Aliens with hundreds of dollars in savings, with many Liberty Bonds, are being taught to threaten and intimidate Americans who have refused to have further relations with the so-called strike after its revolutionary ideas had breed to the surface. In Donessen and in every steel town of the valley is expressed the opinion among Americans that only drastic measures—summary action on the part of Congress, real power in the hands of the Department of Justice—will end the menace of syndicalism inoculating the souls of the foreign-born and foreign-living residents.

As for the intentions of the agitators, there is this example: Every gun store in the valley was invaded prior to the calling of the strike. Hundreds of weapons were bought before the authorities could stop the sale of firearms to any person not an officer of the law. Thereupon a gun store in Monongahela City was broken open and fifty guns taken. The state police have taken scores of revolvers from the homes of aliens, new shiny weapons all.

These are not the conditions of Donessen alone. Working like unholy leaven throughout the mass of more than 150,000 alien workers in the steel towns of Charleroi, Monessen, Donora, Clairton, Duquesne, Homestead, Braddock, Carnegie, Johnstown, New Castle and others, the one-time much-exploited melting pot has been heated to overflow with the brew of radicalism and anti-American propaganda. There is nothing furtive about it. It is boldly, glaringly, defiantly against all government. As one witness told the senate committee, it is "syndicalist anarchy."

Clergymen have sought to counsel the foreigners against wild theories and blood-spilling teachings, trying to instruct them that these are against all the tenets of the church. One clergyman in Donessen was threatened with the destruction of his home. Leaders among the aliens in the church demanded of the bishop that this clergyman be removed.

Another clergyman of Donessen in a public sermon said this:

"I am not here to defend or condemn either employers or the workingmen, but as your spiritual adviser to call your attention to the right or wrong of your acts. I have watched the movement, read the public sentiment, read the investigation by the senate committee and have thus come to my present convictions.

"If you have taken part in bringing about this strike you must have been either in the right or wrong. There is not any neutral ground. To be in the right you must have a just cause and serious grievances to be corrected.

"Now in all the investigation thus far by the senate committee no evidence has been forthcoming to show either just cause or serious grievances.

"It has been shown that your wages are just, even higher than is paid in any other industry in the world; that the great majority of the men are perfectly satisfied with their wages, their treatment and the hours they work. Hence I am led to conclude that you are in the wrong. Only a small percentage work long hours. Many men are paid on the eight-hour basis, with time and a half for overtime.

"The eight-hour day would be given if the corporation had sufficient men to do so. Why pay time and a half for overtime work if it could be done for straight time? Why, for instance, pay six dollars for the same work that could be done for four dollars? Does this not prove that the eight-hour day would be given if only they had the men?

"The country and the world at large need the production, and that is why you are working more than eight hours. And the men themselves admit they are being paid for it, and want to earn the money. Where, therefore, is any just grievance?"

Andrew is of Croatian origin. The home of Andrew, as he has described it to me, was on a Croatian hillside. He had there his wife and two children. Below in the valley lived the master to whom he was a subservient peasant. His home, his daily life, his family—all were enslaved to the will of the master who lived in the greater house far below the rutted hillside. The daily fare of Andrew's family was black bread and beans. On Sunday there was a bit of soup bone and great feasting on that thick soup of beans, with the ever-present black bread.

Andrew told me this as he stood one evening in an American meat market and purchased a dollar's worth of juicy steak. "Oh, yes," said Andrew, "there is meat every day here in America." There is a plot of garden at Andrew's home, and there is a savings account, besides the five Liberty Bonds.

I cannot tell it in the broken language in which Andrew told it to me shortly before the strike. But he said in effect:

"My boy, he is going to be a great engineer some day. He is going to take up mechanics and I am sending him away to that school where they teach him more. Yes, I earn plenty money now. Sometimes it is that I have four hundred, maybe five hundred dollars in the month."

Pride beamed on the face of Andrew. He spoke in happy accents of his little girl, of the splendid grades she is making in the town school, and how she would never know of the miseries amid which she was born on that Croatian hillside. He told me of his little girl's mastery of the piano, and of her advancement in her drawing lessons. Yes, Andrew has in his home everything that speaks for comfort and even of luxury. For Andrew was a skilled roller in the mills, though he came here with nothing but his two hands four years ago. There was all of contentment about Andrew before the strike.

And it was before the strike, too, that I had reason to ponder upon the satisfied opulence of John. The home of John was in Poland. In Poland he had the dribblings from the table of the master over the land on which he and scores of others like him were permitted to live and toil. He had no country he told me one evening recently, as we sat in the bleachers at the town baseball grounds, where many of his fellow countrymen are players in a home-town league. In his own way he told me how his country had been bandied about between Prussianism and Russianism, how its people had had no voice in their own affairs since his earliest remembrance, and how it took three years of effort to save money enough to come to America.

John laughed as he said: "Yes, this two weeks' pay I save me as much as what it took that two, three years—and see him, my beautiful pipe."

You would have to know John's weakness for fancy pipes to appreciate this. The deftly turned meerschaum bowl and real amber stem he proudly held out to me.

"Why, that's a great pipe, John. Where you get him?" I asked.

"Oh, me buy him down at the city yesterday," said John. "Him cost me fifty dollars."

John's Fifty-Dollar Pipe

And John held the bowl tenderly as he stuffed it with the cheapest and rankest tobacco to be found this side of the cabbage country. I relate this merely as one of many incidents that might be brought out to show how even in the face of the high cost of living the skilled mill workers have been sufficiently, even prodigally, supplied with money through the highest wages ever known in this country.

It was men like John who bought twenty-two mechanical piano players in one day in Donessen; men whose wives buy ninety-dollar suits.

Over there John was the virtual slave of the landowner. His people had no voice whatever in the footballing of their country about between the greater nations. At home in Poland he knew not whether the peasant hut of his parents would be there when he returned from the long hours of toil in the fields.

Eventually there came an evening when it was not, and John does not know just what happened to his parents. But that is another story, John's own story, as there are many such stories among these men in the mills of the Monongahela Valley.

So this is John, of Donessen, this happy, contented, prosperous mill town of yesterday. John told me how when the Spanish influenza spread its ravages across the valley his mill boss and the superintendent

(Concluded on Page 127)

Manufacturers Offered

A Deep Water Port and Railway Centre

NOTE

As its name implies, the Du Pont Chemical Company is not a real estate concern. We have a limited number of Hopewell factories, factory sites and other equipment—our peace surplus—which we offer for immediate sale *direct* to manufacturers at attractive terms. In these announcements we are employing the most powerful and the quickest means for disposing of them—of acquainting the public with the opportunities Hopewell offers. It will be a matter of first come, first served. Quick action is advisable. Write or wire today for data.

In offering DIRECT to manufacturers its peace surplus of factories, factory sites and equipment in the Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial District of Virginia, the Du Pont Chemical Company also is offering a manufacturing location of great strategic value for the shipment of products to domestic and foreign markets.

This District, at the junction of the Appomattox and James Rivers—in reality a part of Chesapeake Bay—has steamer connections with trans-Atlantic, South American and coastwise ports. Products may be loaded on ships at the Hopewell wharf or transported in barges to vessels at Norfolk or Newport News. Vast quantities of war munitions were shipped overseas from Hopewell, and thousands of troops from Camp Lee, in this District, were transported to France.

The District is served by the Norfolk and Western, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line, three great trunk-line roads which, with their connections, give Hopewell manufacturers rail access to all important market centres, North, East, South and West.

The District has many other advantages of commanding impo tance besides transportation. These recommend it as a solution the problems confronting the manufacturer who, because of adve conditions affecting his business, desires a change of plant locatio the manufacturer seeking a site for a branch factory, or the pr spective manufacturer looking for a place to begin business.

Among these advantages are factories and railway sidings alrea built, factory sites affording ample room for expansion, an adequa labor supply and freedom from labor troubles, splendid housi facilities, low-priced and abundant power, water and fuel; nearn to sources of many raw materials used in basic industries, low livi costs to workers and a climate most favorable to industrial activi and health. (See opposite page for specific data.)

These factors enter vitally into the problems of increasing pr duction, keeping down factory costs and raising the margin of profi

Labor and Housing

Labor unrest and labor shortage are the two most serious conditions now affecting industry. Both tend to lower production and boost costs. Hopewell is free from these problems. Its supply of labor, skilled and unskilled, male and female, is sufficient for present and future needs. Living and working conditions are too favorable to breed discontent and strikes.

The Du Pont Company obtained 30,000 workers at Hopewell, and maintained an operative force of 20,000 while the war lasted. Most of these workers were recruited from the surrounding territory of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. So-called "war wages" were not necessary, because of low living costs. While workers received less in wages than at most war industrial centres, their actual savings were higher. Compared with prices in other cities, the Hopewell worker's fifty cents buys a dollar's worth of goods.

The housing problem is so closely allied with the problem of labor that a manufacturer these days must interest himself in what sort of homes are available for his workers. The scarcity of houses and consequent high rents lower the efficiency of lab as well as limit its supply.

No employee can do his or her best work if c stantly worried over where to move or where next month's rent is to come from. Likewise t mental effect of unpleasant home surroundings l sens the efficiency of workers. Happy and conten labor makes for efficient labor.

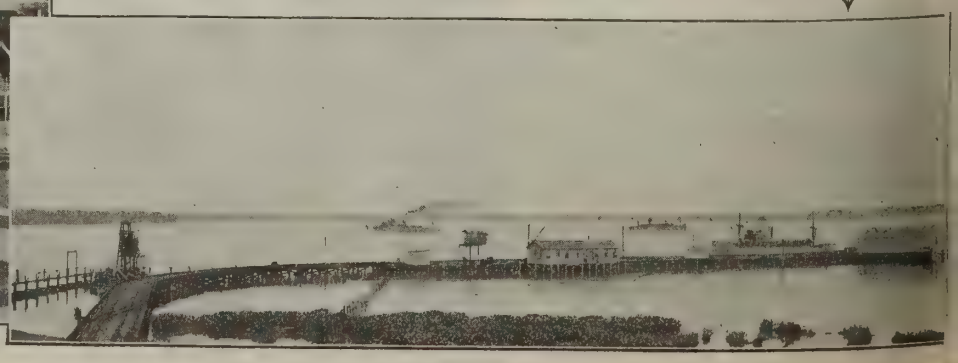
Hopewell has no "housing problem." To acco modate its vast army of workers at Hopewell, t Du Pont Company built hundreds of cottages, bun lows and dormitories. These pretty homes, with law and gardens bordering on well-paved streets, a equipped with electricity and all modern convenienc

For executives there are a large number of attr tive houses on the bluffs, overlooking the James Riv The rents for these are comparatively as low as t workers' houses.

Photograph on lower left—A few of Hopewell's attractive homes overlooking the James River. Similar houses, cottages and bungalows for 12,000 workers are available.

Photograph below—A Hopewell pier extending into the James River. It is lar enough for a number of ships to load and unload at the same time.

A Scene on a Hopewell Deep Water Wharf



Manufacturers Offered A New Gateway to World Markets

Where Hopewell Is

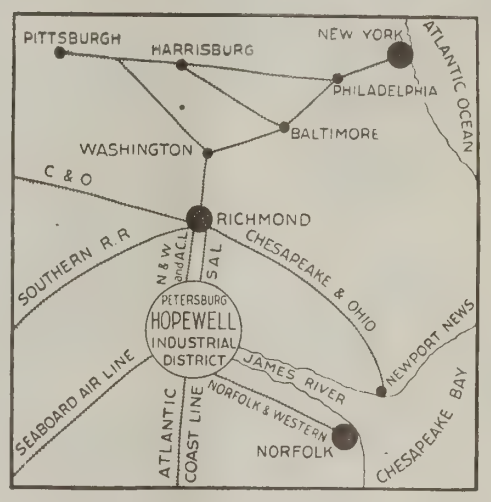
The District is in the Chesapeake Bay area, lying 23 miles south of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and but 80 miles west of Norfolk. The approximate first-class mail time between the District and ten large cities follows:

Washington, D. C., 4 hours 30 minutes; Philadelphia, 7 hours 40 minutes; New York, 9 hours 40 minutes; Pittsburgh, 14 hours; Savannah, 13 hours 22 minutes; Atlanta, 16 hours 37 minutes; Boston, 16 hours 22 minutes; Cleveland, 17 hours 5 minutes; Chicago and St. Louis, 25 hours.

What Hopewell Is

Hopewell, during the war, contained the largest gun cotton plant in America and a population of 40,000. In addition to its manufacturing plants, it has churches, schools, clubs, hotels, theatres, stores, a commissary operating on a cost-plus basis, storage garages, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., electric lights, alleys, sewerage, fire and police protection, and in fact everything that constitutes a modern city.

Hopewell's climatic and health conditions are among the best. It never is ice, snow or flood bound, being free from extremes of weather that interfere with business. The two rivers afford splendid opportunity for fishing and boating, and game is plentiful in the woodlands. Garden and farm products are supplied from the surrounding districts at low cost, and groceries, etc., are sold at the commissary below regular market prices. In brief Hopewell is an ideal place to live and rear a family.



Natural Resources

To manufacturers in certain lines, Hopewell offers preferred opportunity in its nearness to supplies of raw material. Within a radius of fifty miles are produced annually 555,000,000 feet of timber available for lumber or for pulp and paper making; 25,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts and other crops valued at over $5,000,000. Cotton not only is grown in considerable quantity near Hopewell, but the railroads reaching up from the South afford excellent facilities for getting the product from the great cotton belt.

There are also important deposits nearby of brick, tile and pottery clays; shell marls suitable for cement; mica, soapstone, moulding sand, mineral paint and Virginia limestone.

What Hopewell Has

Three modern power plants with a total capacity of 60,000 horsepower—enough to supply steam and electric power, light, heat and air pressure in any desired quantity. Electric power is sold to manufacturers as low as 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

Filtration plant with a daily capacity of 50,000,000 gallons—enough to supply a city of 500,000. Filtered water costs as low as 5 cents per 1000 gallons and unfiltered water 2½ cents.

Houses, cottages, bungalows and dormitories sufficient to accommodate 12,000 additional workers. Rents average between $11 and $15 a month. Attractive homes for executives overlooking the James River at low rentals.

Available factories having floor areas of from 100,000 to 150,000 square feet; 1200 acres suited for factory sites with railroad sidings already built; 20 miles of broad gage and 23 miles of narrow gage.

Average summer temperature 75°; average winter temperature 41°; mean for entire year 58°; annual rainfall 46 inches; snow rarely remains on the ground more than a few hours.

Best fire protection in the world. This means low insurance.

Consult Our Experts—Free

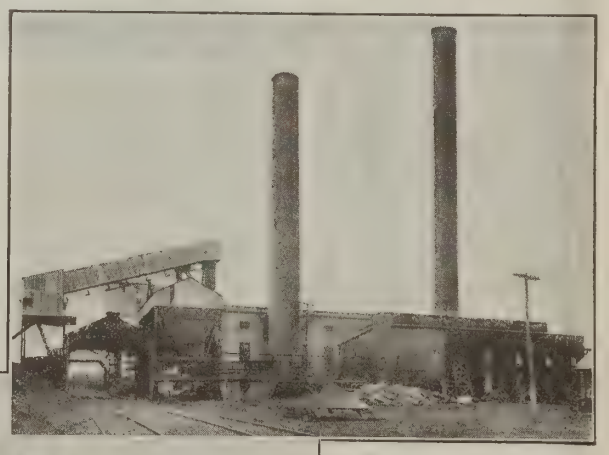
Our experts—Technical, Industrial, Traffic—will gladly study your specific requirements, and investigate your problems of raw materials, manufacturing processes and transportation. They will give you an unbiased report as to the adaptability of Hopewell (plant sites, present available equipment, raw materials, etc.) to your special needs. This service is free. It may lead to the solution of your problems. Get in touch with us promptly, for, as stated in the "Note" on the opposite page, we intend disposing of our surplus quickly.

Du Pont Chemical Company
Incorporated
Wilmington, Delaware

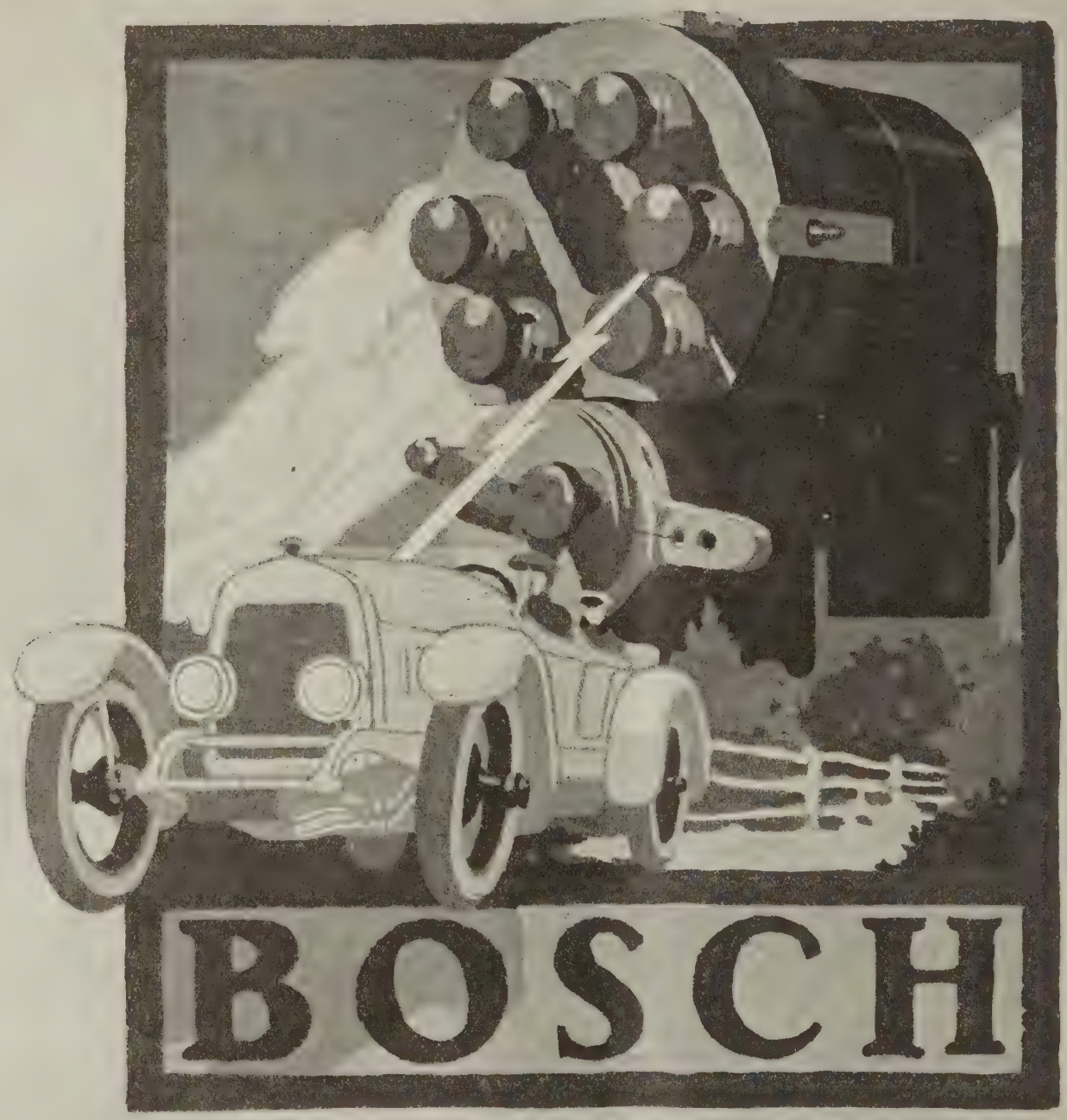
Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.

Photograph on lower right—One of Hopewell's family hotels. ➙

Photograph below—An attractive and commodious club house at Hopewell. ↓



One of the three gigantic power plants at Hopewell having a total h. p. capacity of 60,000



FOR POWER SURETY

There are automobile dealers in New York who add a Bosch Magneto to every car they sell. They know the sales asset that Bosch Equipment gives them. Their customers are glad to pay the added cost because they know that Bosch Magneto Ignition means absolute Ignition satisfaction.

The Automobile you buy can be Bosch Equipped if you insist on it.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. *Branches*—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *300 Service Stations in 300 Cities*

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS · TRACTORS · AIRPLANES · MOTOR CARS · MOTOR BOATS · MOTOR CYCLES · GAS ENGINES

(Concluded from Page 123)

n to his home, and how they had his
ny removed to the bigger city hospital
daw that they had good food and medi-
l ttention; though at that time John
mself had been ill and had not worked
r any weeks, and the money was low in
e family purse.

A home in Poland John was one of the
a little sheep on the hillsides, to be
ntered or driven to toil as it pleased
o of a class greater than he. In Don-
s John is a citizen of the great land, a
n of affairs, the equal of the burgess of
own, the mill boss, the superintendent,
s John has begun to feel—the equal of
e resident himself. When he talked to
e had nothing of complaint to utter.
old me he was being paid the highest
s he had ever received, a wage of $21.80
, for John has learned to direct those
e muscles of his with skilled efficiency.
s John's wage income has risen to above
) a year, and the high cost of living
s not worried him nearly so much as it
s thousands of salaried men with white
ls at office desks. But that aside.

A Heritage of Suspicion

I oint you this town of Donessen. Five
sand merry children play in its broad
y streets of a sunny evening. It boasts
babies to the square inch than any
h town of its size in America. Here,
gh this town celebrated its twentieth
versary only the other day, is a com-
nity of 15,000 souls. Here hundreds of
o ers within the last few years became
pjective or actual home owners and
pherous, contented citizens.

Jan give you first-hand facts to show
e the wages paid the workers of Dones-
have been and are higher than the
rage wages paid in any other industrial
rtunity. The result has been that this
become known as a town of cheerful-
s a town that in the great world out-
rped all other towns of its class in the
ain in oversubscribing Liberty Loans,
e purchase of War Savings Stamps, in
countless other means of helping win
ar. It gave from its 15,000 population
0 ons to actual fighting service.

Donessen, three months ago, was one of
most contented communities in the
ned States. Yes, there were miserable
es here, too, as there are miserable
es everywhere. There need have been
, but wherever apparent poverty or
e of comfort sits on the doorsteps of a
e in Donessen I have investigated and
d that had an income ten times
ter been wished upon that home it
d still have been miserable. There are
e folks like that.

his town has forged ahead among the
ers in the upper Monongahela Valley,
i a promise of becoming one of the first
s of the valley. It is a town that was
oing its millions of dollars' worth of steel
ructs out each year to help meet a world
e and, and in return has lined its pockets
i the gold of high wages. Wages in these
i, to the actual labor in the mills, have
eased since the war more than one hun-
r and thirty per cent, or more than the
o of living itself in the same period.
is the town that through Amer-
ization work in its schools promises in
n her decade if unhampered to turn out
itens of first rank. But all that was
erday, before syndicalism struck.

here came men of poisoned tongues to
essen. At first we smiled and ignored
m. Surely this doctrine of discontent
disordered minds could not find lodg-
t among us. Ah, there we failed to dis-
t the heritage of European blood that
sed in the veins of our aliens. For ages
h ancestors have been oppressed, ground under the heel of a myriad of autocracies flaming their gaunt specters of death across the pock-marked face of Europe. For all that they have become one with us in our industrial life, all the time they have been apart. That is their heritage, and they are blameless. They remember those things to which they were born, and in the memory lie suspicion and ignorance of American ways and life. After all, to them America has been something of a miracle, a mirage of opportunity in which they have not fully believed. It might fade. Oh, yes, the seed of anarchy has been there in some of these souls.

So the idle parasites of syndicalism came with their noise to confuse the workers. They came to create from thin air monstrous wage-slavery systems. Four months ago none of these men believed they were wage slaves. They were satisfied with their jobs, their earnings, their homes. And almost overnight they came to a new viewpoint, perhaps the most dangerous that ever has been arrived at in America.

Yes, the men of sane minds could not and did not believe the ranting, idle noise that had come to confuse the workers. Scarlet revolutionary ideas were being taught and to-day are being taught. The doctrine that the man who works with his hands is alone the wage slave, a downtrodden miserable creature, has been so skillfully injected that these thousands of aliens have forgotten all those things they told me a short time ago. Home, family, savings accounts, comfort and luxuries—none of these mean anything to the syndicalist liars. They have found a fertile field for red revolution and they have propagated their virulent ideas in that field.

The serpent has struck, and a "master class" has been born from among decent, hard-working, lenient employers, business and professional men. The business men of this town of Donessen, the same men who in times of stress have carried these workingmen and their families over the rough places, who have been their friends and neighbors, ready with a helping hand or a dollar in time of misfortune—these men have been openly boycotted by the syndicalist agitators.

Martyrs Without Cause

I am not one of those business men. My own work is such that even red revolution itself would not impair my opportunities. So you, my fellow American, skeptic or believer in these truths I am giving you, can take every word of this as impartial.

Yes, we counted too much on the sanity and the common sense of the aliens. We have seen them, in the name of labor organizations that have repudiated their very syndicalist leaders, fired with blind rage.

Why, I heard the publisher of a labor publication in Pittsburgh, the heart of this district, denounce the red radicals heading all this disorder. I have received at the hands of the Central Labor Union of this Western Pennsylvania a resolution denouncing the syndicalist leaders now striving to put internationalism, lawlessness and mental and social disease on a foundation where they can make these things replace the Government that is American and orderly.

Bloodshed, disorder, martyrism—are sought by these syndicalists, that they may create more empty noise concerning "thugs" employed by the "master class." I have this not from the lips of any employer, not from any boss, but from the lips of John himself. He told me only yesterday, the day before this article is written, that he must become a "marteer." That was his way of pronouncing it.

"A martyr to what, for what, John?" I asked him.

"Oh, a marteer for the cause, for the unions. For the cause it is that I must be arrested, that I must be shot," John explained to me.

"Why, John, no one is going to arrest you or bother you. Why should they?" I asked.

But John has been told he must become a "marteer." It has been preached to him until he believes it. He must do something to be arrested or shot. And the thousands of Johns have been inspired with that idea. For this it is that they have bought weapons, for in this the syndicalists have built their foundation of revolution. If there are no "marteers" there can be no cause. There can be no appeals against constituted law and order. Always the blame must attach to those upholding the law, while they, the lawless, may assault other workingmen, terrorize and boycott business men, as they have done in this once peaceful community of Donessen.

Steadily the conditions under which these men work have been improved. I have studied them, and to-day the worker in the mill is recognized and treated as a human being, aside from his value as a workingman and the high wages he receives. Not only is he safeguarded in the mills but his home life has become a matter of study, and those things that count for better and happier homes have been supplied.

Wanted—A Sense of Humor

Special Americanization schools have been provided for the aliens. Night schools financed by the corporation by which they are employed have been opened. Within the mills themselves classes for the study of the steel industry have been created. These classes have been open to the humblest workingman. In these they are given technical instruction of the industry, an education in practical workmanship that gives every worker, American or foreign-born, full opportunity to improve his position and to advance to the highest possible place in the industry itself.

Under the thralldom of the poisoned tongue there has come complete disregard for these things. Aliens have ignored the night schools and not one in one thousand has shown any disposition to improve his own condition other than in a financial way. The chief aim of each alien is to save and save and save until he has that competence whereby he can return to the land of his fathers.

I sit now where I look at the public park and playgrounds purchased and equipped by the corporation owning these mills. I think of the band that gives its concerts, paid for its time by this same corporation. I am one of the players at the Donessen baseball grounds, laid out and equipped by the corporation. I think of scores of betterments brought about for these men.

The writer, informed by the words of these same workers, tells every American that violence has been and is being inspired by educated propagandists, organizers, expert martyr makers, who must have martyrs properly to spread their poison. When John was told he must become a martyr I thought of the home of John here, and of his home in a Poland of pestilence; and yes, I thought, too, of that fifty-dollar meerschaum pipe, and I wondered if maybe the sense of humor might not eventually save some of these Johns.

But all in all, this is a warning, a red warning if you please. To-day the martyrs are being made. Law and order is being forced to defend itself, and then it in turn is accused of murder and riot. All this is in order that the lying poison of the syndicalists may spread through the root and branch of organized society and wither law, order, decency, the American home and the American Government, to be replaced by the syndicalists backed by the thousands of misled foreigners they have gathered to the cause.

Thus it is we have these once contented aliens, who yesterday breathed gratefulness for the freedom and opportunity of America, to-day spitting venom and hatred for what the syndicalists have taught them are the ruling classes.

This is a warning to America and Americans. The writer tells you that murder is being implanted in the hearts of honest workingmen by disciples of idleness raised in power to the *n*th degree, and that they have so raised themselves on the bowed backs of the aliens, who are my friends, that they may attain the place where they can loot the industrial treasure-houses of the nation, as their teachers, Lenine and Trotzky, have looted the riches of Russia.

They are the students of Marxian doctrines, of the preaching of every creator of turbulence and untruth and chaos. They to-day are gripping the throats of the labor unions of the country. They have placed their fangs in the souls of a million or more of the workers of America, and the poison is spreading. Already they are making impossible adjustment of conditions between capital and labor, that each may be fair with the other.

Underneath, the great heart of America will continue its steady beat and in years to come the poison will be worked out of the national system. But it is to-day that more than half measures are needed to save communities such as this of Donessen.

How will it come out? The property owners of every kind, the heads of industry, the upholders of law and order, the leaders of the nation itself—are being pictured as the unscrupulous enemies of these thousands of aliens.

At first they don't want to believe, but from conditions back of them for generations in their native countries they have known such things there, and finally they believe such things here.

The Contagion of Discontent

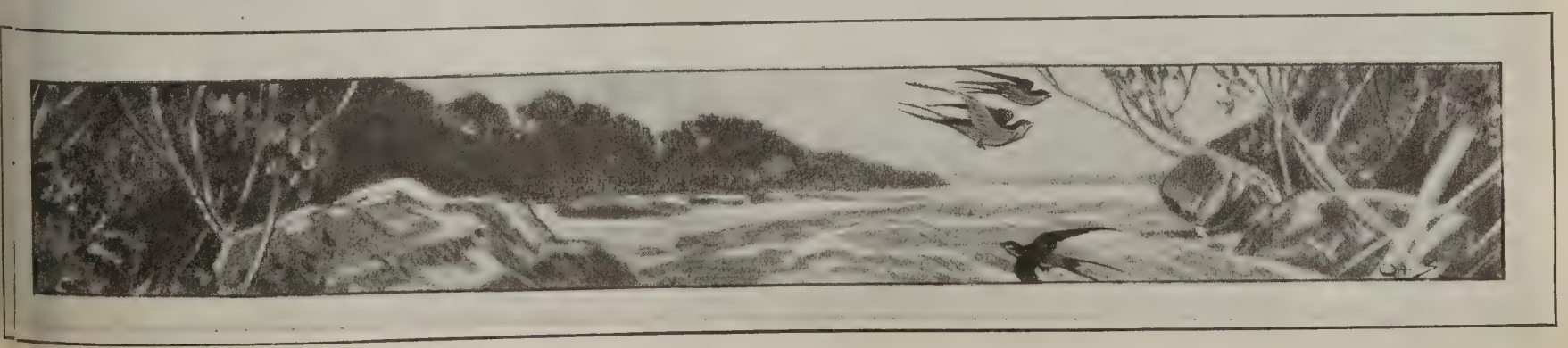
They have more than their skill and muscle could purchase for them anywhere else in the world, but the lust of the syndicalist is upon them. The virus of discontent has worked in the blood.

It is for every American to awaken to this. It is for the executives of all the states to open their ears to that murmuring menace that passed through the streets of Donessen.

Surely it has been preached that conditions of anarchy cannot be repeated in this nation as they have been in Europe. Aliens don't know that. Let me speak for them, as they have told it to me, just as it has been taught to them:

"We, the workers, will lay the foundation. Gradually we will grow in power, until we control the mills, the mines, the railroads. The syndicalist leaders have told us that the cause comes before everything. There is no such thing as honor or law or decency. Employ any methods to win. We are going to do that."

What do the aliens want? They can't tell you. They cannot explain, because it is not of their own desire that they have been taken from their places in the face of world demand and in the midst of prosperity and high wages. It is what the syndicalist leaders want, and these workers are being made the tools to get it. Methods mean nothing to them. Any means justify their end—so have the syndicalist leaders proclaimed. These leaders are in power at this moment. World-wide disorder is spreading, and you, Mister American Citizen, need not think that your home is too remote to be touched by it.



STORAGE
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Willard
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THREAD
W
RUBBER

The Still Better Willard

does away with the most common battery repair expense—re-insulation

YOUR KNOWLEDGE of electricity has made you realize the tremendous importance of insulation. It's just as important *inside* your storage battery as on any of the wires that lead from it to your lights, starting motor and generator.

Inside that battery are the jars in which are sealed up the plates (positive alternating with negative), the battery solution, *and the insulation which separates each positive plate from its negative neighbor.*

In ordinary batteries the first thing to wear out is this insulation. Jars and plates may be still in good condition, but the battery has to be opened and "reinsulated" at considerable expense. After that, no one knows how long it will last. It may be long enough to offset the expense, it may not.

But the invention of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation entirely does away with this most common cause of trouble and expense.

The Still Better Willard does not have to be reinsulated; because it has the durable threaded rubber insulators which last the full lifetime of the battery.

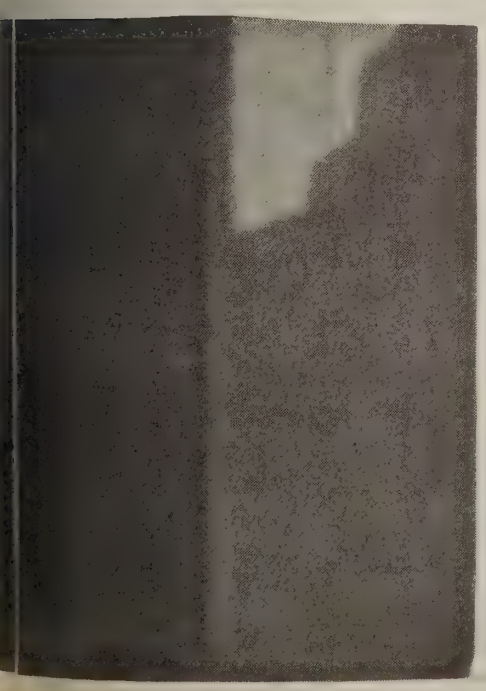
Four years' experience on thousands of cars is daily proving how much Threaded Rubber Insulation means to the car owner in better battery efficiency and fewer battery repairs.

Next time you call, ask us for a fuller explanation of the Still Better Willard.

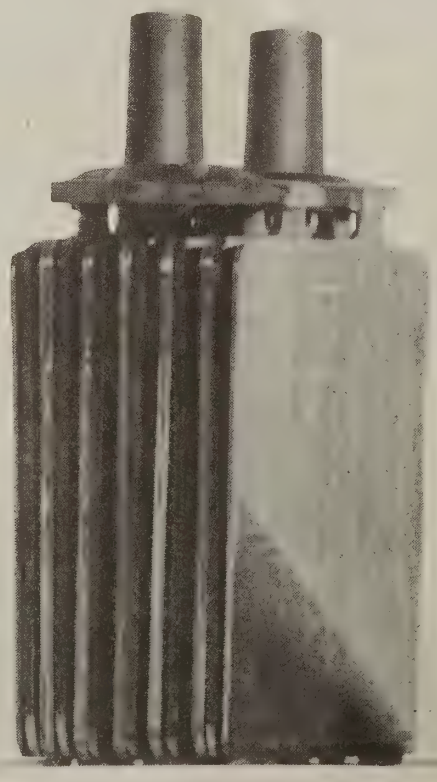
Willard Service.

With Threaded Rubber Insulation

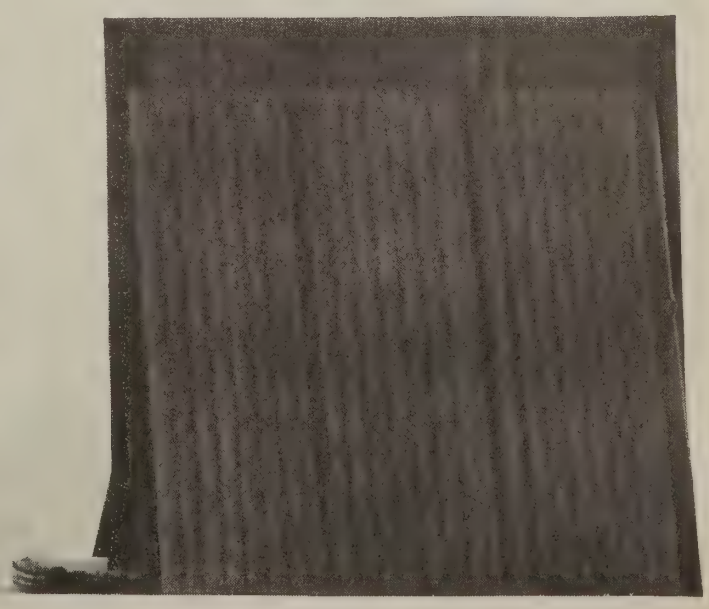
Inside the battery box are the rubber *jars* in which the *elements* and battery solution are sealed, thus constituting a unit which is called a *cell*. This cell is separated and insulated from the other cells in the battery by the *rubber* jar.



Inside the cells are two *groups* of *plates*, one *Positive*, and one *Negative*. These are so put together that they alternate and are insulated—positive from negative—by Threaded Rubber Insulation.



The *insulation* performs the important task of separating each positive plate from its negative neighbor, preventing short circuits which would soon wear out and ruin the battery. The better the insulation, the better the battery.



RIP VAN WINKLE LANDS AN ORDER

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes, he hits hard. But don't you think he's a bit harsh on the boy? No one could pull an order out of the C. M. & B. with a pair of dentist's forceps and the old man knows it darn well. He's so afraid that we fellows out here won't put the screws on the boy hard enough because he is the president's son that he thinks he'll take a turn himself. But he's positively rough. I've a mind to tell the boy not to worry, that we know something about the C. M. & B. that his father doesn't."

"I wouldn't say a thing about it to him," said Williams, smiling shrewdly. "Listen! There's something doing over at the C. M. & B. offices. I heard yesterday afternoon that old Maganch had been fired and a man by the name of Arbuckle, who has been assistant purchasing agent for the past six months, has been made purchasing agent. And what I came in here to tell you was that this new man was pointed out to me in the dining room of the University Club last night, and who do you suppose was dining with him? Why, none other than the president of the C. M. & B. and our young friend, Victor Havelock, Jr.!"

"No!" exclaimed Carrington.

"Yes!"

"Are you sure?"

"Certain!"

"Well, what do you think of that? Now how did the boy ever do it? Why, say, if he should land the varnish business of the C. M. & B. it would be the biggest customer the Chicago office has taken on in two years! Say, tell me, did Victor look like he felt at home with these two fellows—you know, was he real easy and natural, or did he appear as if he was straining himself to look intelligent and all that?"

"If you ask me, he looked as if he felt as easy as an old shoe," replied Williams.

"Well that's got my goat! Wonder how he got in with them? I'm curious to hear what he will have to say about it when he comes in this morning. We'll certainly not say a word to him about the old man's letter. If he can get in with the president of the C. M. & B., why he certainly ought to be a salesman enough to get them to use Havelock goods in their paint shops. We'll just let him fight his own battle."

But when Havelock came in that morning he said nothing about the C. M. & B. or any of its officers. Nor did he mention the letter from his father. He merely left word with the girl at the switchboard that he would call that morning at the offices of the C. M. & B.

The next morning his report slip showing calls made the day before recorded no order from that road, but did mention the fact that C. M. Arbuckle, for some months assistant purchasing agent of the C. M. & B., had been promoted to the position of purchasing agent and that he would follow him up very closely and try to get him to switch to the Havelock line soon. And Carrington wondered. Had any other man on the sales force dined with the purchasing agent and the president of a road of the importance of the C. M. & B. he would have blown about it round the office for a week and his reports would have been full of reference: "Am getting very close to the new purchasing agent. Had dinner with him and the president"—the word "president" would have been underlined—"last night. Am getting close to some big business. Am on the inside track at last."

But there was none of this on Havelock's report the next day, nor the next, nor the next. Indeed Havelock seemed to be paying no special attention to the C. M. & B. with the exception of the regular twice-a-week call that he had persisted in ever since he started after the business. The fact was he was busy in other directions and had of late been developing considerable new business with some other roads, rather to everybody's surprise except Longstreet's.

Finally one Friday afternoon two weeks after the dinner at the University Club reported by Williams, Havelock asked Carrington if he might be away over Saturday, saying he wanted to go to a house party. When Carrington gave his permission he little dreamed that when he picked up his paper Sunday morning he would run across the name of his cub railroad salesman in the list of guests at the week-end house party being held at the home of the president of the C. M. & B. at Lake Forest.

Monday morning the whole office knew it, but when Havelock came in promptly on time as usual not a word did he say of the party.

Carrington could restrain himself no longer.

"Say, Havelock, what's this I saw in the Sunday papers about you being one of the guests at Hayden's house party?" he asked.

"Why, I was there."

"How long have you known the old man, for goodness sake?"

"Oh, three or four months."

"Know him well?"

"Fairly. I've been out to his house a few times before and on a couple of short sails with him on his yacht out on the lake."

"Well for the love of Mike! Why, you almost live with the man, don't you?" Then half in fun and half seriously: "Why don't you sell him some varnish?"

Havelock colored up.

"Do you know, Mr. Carrington, that's just what's worrying me. I know Mr. Hayden and I know Arbuckle, the purchasing agent, but darned if I'm able to sell them any varnish!"

Just then Carrington was called on the phone, and when he had finished and turned to question Havelock the latter was gone.

From then on it was a joke round the office that Victor Havelock, Jr., could sail and dine with the president of the C. M. & B. but he couldn't sell him a pint of varnish. And that joke—at first passed round on the quiet—gradually grew louder and louder until scarcely a day passed that one or two round the place didn't bring it to Havelock's personal attention in some way. In fact, it became extremely embarrassing.

Did he bring in a good order from another railroad someone—even Carrington sometimes—was sure to take all the joy out of it by suggesting as though it were a sudden inspiration: "Oh, by the way, suppose you drop in on the C. M. & B. this afternoon. They use quite a bit of varnish and we've never done any business with them. Understand you know the president pretty well."

Weeks passed and one afternoon toward the middle of October Havelock found himself once more descending in the squeaky elevator of the C. M. & B. office building without the desired order. And this time he was utterly discouraged, for just when things seemed ready to break right for him affairs had taken a new turn. Arbuckle had been rather noncommittal for several visits past, and he had been at a loss to account for it. But this time Arbuckle had opened up and told him what was on his chest.

He said he had been working for months to get the varnish stock in such shape that he could switch to the Havelock line and at the same time he had been quietly doing a little missionary work in the paint shops in favor of Havelock goods. But now that the time seemed nearly ripe he had begun to realize that his very friendship with Havelock made the situation just a bit embarrassing, for if there was one thing the president would not stand for it was letting friendship influence purchasing. Of course ——

Havelock had smiled a melancholy sort of smile as he sat facing the purchasing agent across the latter's big battered desk. And reaching out he had gently taken from Arbuckle's hand the nickel-plated railroad-spike paper weight he had been toying with nervously as he had explained the situation.

"Now just let me have that silver spike and look me in the eyes, old boy," Havelock had said. "What you're trying to tell me in a nice gentle way is that there is no chance of my getting any of the C. M. & B. varnish business because we're old college chums. Isn't that about it? Be brutal."

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly, but you know the chief."

"I do know him, and now that you speak of it I believe you're right. I've been so set on getting an order from the C. M. & B. that I've not seen the situation in its true perspective. No, don't try to let me down easy—I see it all now. I've been making it awfully embarrassing for you and I ought to have known better. The only way we ever could get your business would be for me to drop out and for Longstreet to start calling on you. After a while—a few months, say—perhaps you could give him an order."

He had seen a look of tremendous relief come into Arbuckle's face.

"All right," he had said, rising and holding out his hand to the purchasing agent. "We'll get together evenings, of course, as usual, but you won't see me round the office any more. I'll just hand the C. M. & B. over to Longstreet. As long as the house gets the business it makes no difference who turns it in."

And before Arbuckle could reply Havelock had turned and strode out the door and to the elevator. Arbuckle knew that his friend was lying when he said it made no difference, and Havelock knew it, too, as he descended in the elevator.

The truth was it made all the difference in the world. For him to have to admit defeat and turn the account over to Longstreet to solicit would be bad enough under normal circumstances. But with the whole office jollying him about not getting the business, though he almost slept with the president of the road, was a dozen times worse. And then there was his father's letter. That letter kept running through his mind—"The Havelock Company has been built up on aggressive and persistent salesmanship, backed up by good varnishes. The factory is still turning out good varnishes."

Victor Havelock, Jr., felt heartsick as the elevator creaked down the dingy elevator shaft and came to a palsied stop at the bottom. Well, there was nothing to do but admit defeat. And what a sorry story! Couldn't get the business after working on it for months because he was a college chum of the purchasing agent!

"Of all the booby-prize excuses that's the worst," he muttered to himself as he mounted the elevated railroad stairs. "Won't that sound good to Mr. Carrington and dad? Whew!"

But he knew when he was licked and he was ready to take his licking like a good sport. He would go right to Carrington and admit frankly just what the situation was and ask that the C. M. & B. be turned over to Longstreet and that he be given some other tough prospect—some road whose purchasing agent was not a Harvard man! He knew Carrington would roar. And he knew the rest of the office would think it a scream, all except Longstreet, who—bless his soul—would understand and say nothing, for he and Longstreet were now fast friends.

In fact the whole office force had come to have a warm spot in their hearts for "the Harvard cub," though he did not realize it, because they jollied him so incessantly and unmercifully about the C. M. & B. business.

Reaching the office, he went direct to Carrington's private room and at the latter's request sat down.

"Well," said Carrington, "what's on your mind? Brought us a nice fat order from the C. M. & B?"

Havelock winced and colored.

"No, Mr. Carrington, but I've come in to speak to you about that road. I ——"

The telephone jingled and Carrington reached for the receiver.

"Yes, he's right here. All right, wait a minute. Here, someone wants to speak with you," and he swung the phone round.

Havelock took the proffered receiver.

"Hello! Yes. Oh, yes; no—do you really mean it?"

Down at the C. M. & B. offices Arbuckle was talking in a private booth.

"Listen, Vic, I've thought of a stunt that might work and save your face. Why don't you go right to the president yourself and solicit the C. M. & B. varnish business. I'm perfectly willing to have you go over my head. You could say that owing to the rule that you know exists in the purchasing department that no orders must be placed on a friendship basis you naturally didn't want to embarrass me by soliciting our varnish business. You could give the chief your selling talk, and then if he refers you to me, why of course I can give you an order. See? Yes, it's worth trying. All right; good."

"As I was saying, Mr. Carrington," said Havelock, hanging up the receiver and doing some quick thinking, "I want to speak to you about the C. M. & B. In case we should get a big order—say twenty barrels—could we give them any extra discount?"

"Absolutely not, Victor! We don't sell discounts; we sell varnish. Stick to the list."

"All right," said Havelock. "I'll do my best. I'm hoping," he added, not because he wanted to but because something more seemed to be called for, "to land a order from them soon."

"Fine!" said Carrington with ger enthusiasm, for he really did want t the boy make good. And a dozen t since reading the pink-sheet carbon o senior Havelock's vitriolic letter to hi he had been sorry he ever gave him C. M. & B. assignment.

But the next afternoon when he lef president's office Havelock keenly regr having allowed himself to talk so fool about an order from the C. M. & B., f interview with the president had not exactly satisfactory.

At first it had looked like the plan n work out beautifully. He would call at Hayden's office in a perfectly busine way just as any stranger might. Ha was the type of man who would resent i solicited on the golf links or at his ho the club. He liked young Havelock, w he had met through Arbuckle, becau was intelligent and interesting and h droll sense of humor—was good comp in short. And his sons and daughters Victor so much that no house part cruise seemed complete to them wit the young varnish salesman. But had Havelock taken advantage of friendship to press his business.

However, now that Arbuckle had gested that he go right to the presiden explain the delicacy of the situation solicit the business in a perfectly busi like way, why it seemed as though it to smooth out easily. But it did not. first part was all right; the presider ceived him, listened to his story, exan his varnished panels and watched him his demonstrations.

"All very interesting, Havelock, ver teresting indeed," said the president; you probably realize that changing nishes is a serious matter. Eleven ago our paint-shop force struck we changed varnishes and it took n six months to get the affair straigh out."

Of course Havelock couldn't pipe up tell the president that Arbuckle had care of the human-nature side of the lem and had got the men to a point they would not resent a change. He di feel free to drag Arbuckle into the sol tion at all.

His friendship with the president, with most men would have been a help, was a very serious handicap, he f as he sat looking across the broad covered table at that gentleman, a gressive type with gray hair and a p keen eyes, one of which seemed to "Business is business," and the other brief."

Havelock said as much as he dared the probable ease of switching to his nish and then he felt that he must re case.

"Well," the president had finally "just leave these panels with me an call Mr. Arbuckle in and talk the m over with him—very soon."

"Suppose I drop in on you in a we two, Mr. Hayden, and see how m stand?"

"No," said the president, "I'll writ when I'm ready."

Knowing—as does every salesman—h a prospect's "very soon" may mean time from fifteen minutes to fifteen with the odds about 93 to 7 on th teen years, Havelock felt anything happy as he descended in the squeaky elevator. Yet knowing the preside well as he did, he dared not pres point.

"Very soon!" he muttered. "It'll to be very soon."

"Wha's 'at, Mistah Hav'lock?" old Darky Dan, the elevator man, re ing the omnipresent quill toothpick the corner of his mouth.

Havelock started and then laughed

"Was I talking out loud, Dan? asked.

"Yes, suh, you shuh was. You-all hab fell in lub or else you's got money bank."

There was no enthusiasm in the ha!" with which Havelock responded affair was getting on his nerves. He in his prophetic soul that it would be m before he would hear a word from the dent. And meanwhile the folks a

(Concluded on Page 133)

(Concluded from Page 130)

would continue their irritating ban-
ir Why in the name of all that was
a e in varnish had he had to have the
l ck to go to Harvard with the pur-
as g agent of the C. M. & B.?

III

J STICE to President Hayden it must
b aid that while the elevator was carry-
'tor Havelock, Jr., down that after-
n e had made a note on his memorandum
e or the next morning, "Talk varnish
h rbuckle." But it so happened that
fr o'clock that afternoon it had been
e ary for him to leave for the West for
e ergency conference in connection
h ome labor troubles, and it was sev-
l ays before he returned. Meanwhile
e emorandum slip had been lost and
s oject of varnish had slipped the presi-
t mind.
W ks went by and Victor Havelock, Jr.,
t., some weeks patiently and others
i dly impatiently, depending a good
d n how much jollying he got at the
s about getting an order from the
N & B.
W at could he do? His hands were tied.
H red not go to see the president after
a e had said; and Arbuckle, who was
s npathy for him, dared not bring up
s bject lest it look like collusion.
F lly one morning Havelock found in
m il another long white envelope. Tear-
i iopen he found a carbon copy of the
te his father had previously written
n. Across the top in his father's bold
a were two words: "I repeat." And
r was a bold line drawn under the last
r ce, "The factory is still turning out
p arnishes." That was all, but it made
t, Jr., flush to the roots of his hair.
H put on his hat and left the office lest
n unthinking person get off another
m oke about getting an order from the
N & B. and he should lose his temper.
F alf an hour he rambled aimlessly, his
h 's challenge rankling his soul, until
f nd himself in an unfamiliar section
t city. He simply must get an order
fr he C. M. & B. or throw up his job
h away and admit that he couldn't hold
w a job with the Havelock Varnish
C any.
H looked round him in desperation as
b h searching for an inspiration. Across
t reet was a row of little shops—a bake
p a pawn shop, a delicatessen and an
e ishment whose sign announced, "Cos-
m Made, Sold and Rented." Havelock
fi l in spite of himself at the thought of
d g inspiration in that strange spot. As
t ned to make his way to the nearest
st ion his eye fell on a white wig with a
gl owing beard in the window of the
st ne shop. Hanging with it was a tat-
re suit and leaning in the corner was a
st old musket.
"I p Van Winkle—that's me," said
H ock. "It'll take me twenty years to
fi l bill of varnish to the C. M. & B.," he
ic l himself as he walked off down the
bl c. As he neared the corner he stopped
d nly. Over his face came an odd smile
a flickered uncertainly for a moment and
cr ystallized into a devilish twinkle in
s es.
"W hy not?" he demanded. "If he's a
m I win; if he isn't I lose, but I lose if
d 't. So here goes!"
H crossed the street and entered the
st mer's shop. A little old Hebrew wear-
g black skullcap and a pair of large
bl immed spectacles came ambling out
f ack room in answer to the summons
o e bell which jangled when the door
op ed.
"W hat can I do for you, mister?" he
as .
"C ou can rent me that Rip Van Winkle
st p there in the window for about two
da ."
"F ife dollars," said the Hebrew.

"All right, fife dollars it is," said Havelock, "but hurry up."

Six minutes later Victor Havelock, Jr., left the old Hebrew's shop with a bundle and a rusty musket.

Less than half an hour and a South-Side hack drew up in front of a Loop office building on the top floor of which was the studio of one of Chicago's best photographers.

An hour and fifteen minutes later the same hack drew up in front of the little South-Side costume shop and Victor Havelock, Jr., alighted and entered, returning the rusty musket and the bundle.

All this happened on Wednesday morning. On Friday morning President Hayden of the C. M. & B. R. R. found upon his desk a flat package marked "Personal." Taking out his gold pocket knife he cut the string and unwrapped the package. Between two pieces of corrugated cardboard was something flat wrapped in tissue. He tore off the tissue rather curiously and opened a folder and beheld a striking full-length picture of Rip Van Winkle. In one hand he grasped his rusty musket; in the other he was holding what looked like some sort of an order blank.

Bewildered, the president glanced sharply at the face half hidden in the heavy white whiskers. Where had he seen those eyes before? As he turned the picture to get a better light on it a card dropped out. He stooped and picked it up. There was writing on it:

"A picture of Victor Havelock, Jr., receiving his first order for varnish from the C. M. & B. R. R."

For just a minute that business-is-business, be-brief expression came into the president's eyes. Then he threw back his head and roared, laughed until the clerks in the general passenger agent's office next the president's wondered what had happened to the road's ordinarily austere president. When the roar had subsided to a chuckle the president turned to his bewildered secretary.

"Ask Mr. Arbuckle to step downstairs, please, Bentley."

IV

"MR. ARBUCKLE of the C. M. & B. wants you to call on him right away," said the switchboard operator to Victor Havelock, Jr., that Friday morning when he entered the office at eleven o'clock. At the moment Mr. Carrington happened to be in the outer office.

"Better hurry over, Vic. Maybe he's got a ten-barrel order for you," he said, grinning.

Havelock was too excited to make reply. He hurried out, sped down the corridor and stood impatiently with his thumb glued to the elevator button. Fifteen minutes later he almost literally tumbled out of a taxi in front of the C. M. & B. general offices, handed the bewildered chauffeur a dollar bill and a "keep the change," and hurried into the dingy little elevator.

"Hurry up, Dan! I have an important date with Mr. Arbuckle," he blurted.

As the little car squeaked up the four stories Havelock realized that he was trembling foolishly. He realized also that in the next five minutes his whole future would probably be decided. If he had won out—if the president had fallen for his stunt solicitation—he knew he would stick with his father's company and some day probably occupy his father's position as president. On the other hand, if he had lost he would have to throw up the sponge and start out looking for a new job; to stay would be intolerable.

Two minutes later he stood before Arbuckle.

"Mr. Van Winkle, I believe?" said Arbuckle with a twinkle in his eyes. "Well, Mr. Van Winkle, we have a little varnish order for you." He held out a yellow purchase order.

Havelock looked at it and sank into a chair.

"Arbuckle, old sport," he finally managed to say, "Mr. Van Winkle thanks you and your president and the whole C. M. & B. Railroad from the bottom of his heart." Then, a sudden idea striking him: "Say, will you do me a favor and give me another order for just two more gallons—a gallon of rubbing and a gallon of finishing? I'll tell you why later.

"I want to hurry now and get back to the office before Mr. Carrington goes out to lunch."

Arbuckle good-naturedly instructed his assistant to make out the desired order, signed it and handed it over.

Havelock grasped his hand in a hearty thank-you squeeze and bolted out the door.

Just eighteen minutes later he walked into Carrington's private office.

"Well, did you get your order?" asked Carrington.

"I did," replied Havelock, handing him a yellow C. M. & B. purchase order blank.

Carrington looked at it and burst out laughing.

"That's a hell of an order!" he replied. "Two measly gallons—a gallon of finishing and a gallon of rubbing! That's a good one! Oh, ho, ho, ho! Gordon! Come in here and see the order our president's son has pulled out of the C. M. & B."

"Well," demanded Havelock as Gordon Williams appeared in the doorway, "what do you fellows expect? Don't you suppose a railroad has to give a new varnish a try-out before it buys it by the barrel?"

Williams looked at the two-gallon order and then at Carrington and they both burst into roars of laughter.

"Two measly gallons!" gasped Williams.

"Two measly gallons!" echoed Carrington.

When both men's faces were streaming with tears over the C. M. & B. order, for which he had been working for months, Havelock quietly drew the other purchase order blank from his pocket.

"But Arbuckle said he felt so sure the sample would be all right that he gave me this order." And he handed out the other order.

Both men gasped. Fifty barrels of rubbing varnish and fifty barrels of finishing varnish!

On the following Friday—just a week later—the morning mail contained the following letter to Carrington on the president's private stationery:

My dear Mr. Carrington:

Things are shaping up in such a way that I believe it will be advisable to take my son into the home office as secretary of the company.

I have long had this in mind, but I have considered it proper that he should first prove his ability to make good for the company on his own responsibility out among strangers. I believe you will agree with me that he has demonstrated that he has the sort of qualities that will make him valuable to the business.

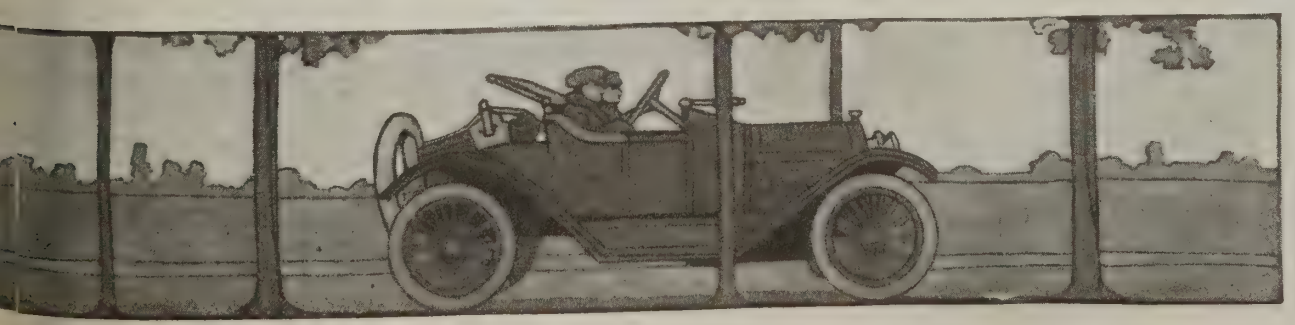
I will ask you therefore to arrange to let him come East as soon as he can conveniently clean up such matters as require his personal attention to close.

Very truly yours,
VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

"Now what do you think of that?" sputtered Carrington, walking into Gordon Williams' office and tossing the letter down in front of him.

"Isn't that just like Boston?" he demanded as Williams finished reading the letter and looked up. "When we get a good thing they always have to come along and grab it away from us!"

"Gosh!" said Williams, leaning back in his chair and smoothing back his cherished pompadour as he always did in time of stress. "Won't Longstreet be sore!"



"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"A few years ago I was making $15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! An opening came and I was promoted—with an increase. A little later another raise came—I could save $25 a month. Then another—I could save $50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department. We have a thousand dollars saved—and there is a real future ahead!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can prepare right at home in spare time for the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Choose your career from this coupon and mark and mail it now.

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BOX 3991, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Rys.	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Sign Painter
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Toolmaker	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENG'R	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Teacher
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ PLUMBING and HEATING	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Spanish
☐ CHEMIST	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ French
☐ Navigation	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian

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Present Occupation _____ 7-25-19
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

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FOLLOW THE ARROW AND
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ATHLETICS FOR COLD CASH

(Continued from Page 23)

I might win in the classrooms of the medical school. To that extent I was confidently and unblushingly expecting to draw dividends on my physical prowess.

On the day I arrived in Philadelphia I had only twenty dollars in my pocket, and I was fully aware that to get through the medical department of the university would require an expenditure of at least one thousand dollars yearly. The discrepancy between my resources and my needs did not cause me any worry, however. Had I not begun my career at DePauw under equally discouraging circumstances? The ease with which I had financed myself through my academic course made me confident that I should have no difficulty in working my way through the medical school. In a big city like Philadelphia there must be lots of lucrative jobs for a chap with a good business head, a bachelor-of-science degree and a pair of strong arms, even if no opportunities were to be found in the college itself.

I paid my registration fee and made an arrangement with the school authorities whereby I was to pay my laboratory and tuition fees in easy installments. When I explained the situation to them they were sympathetic and promised to help me in finding employment.

It was the very next day that I was approached by a little stockily built man, who introduced himself as the manager of the football team of a Pittsburgh athletic club. He had seen my work on the DePauw eleven and had heard of my performances in the weight contests at Chicago. Coming presently to the point, he offered me two hundred dollars a week and expenses to go to Pittsburgh and play guard on his team for seven weeks.

Those were the days when games between first-class professional football teams drew big crowds and earned enormous sums for their promoters. I knew that the players received big salaries, but I was somewhat staggered by the financial inducement he offered me. Nevertheless, I indignantly turned down his offer.

"I play professional football!" I exclaimed. "Say! You've got a nerve to make such a proposition to me!"

"Think it over, young fellow! Think it over!" he rejoined imperturbably. "Fourteen hundred dollars for seven weeks' fun ain't to be sneezed at. You don't have to decide offhand. I can keep the place open for a week. Here's my card. In case you should change your mind you can wire me, collect."

I had no intention of changing my mind, but I put his card in my pocket. A few days later football practice began at the university and I went out with the scrub team and helped beat the varsity eleven. After that game the coach picked me out and had quite a talk with me. His words and manner caused little thrills of joyous anticipation to shoot through me. When he left me I knew that my gridiron future at Pennsy was assured. That is to say, I thought I knew. It wasn't long afterward when my hopes were nipped in the bud by the verdict of the athletics committee pronouncing my doom.

In the midst of my despair my hand suddenly came in contact with the card of that Pittsburgh football manager, and after staring at the bit of pasteboard for a while I began to do some deep thinking. That afternoon I went to the dean of the medical school.

"I want a seven weeks' leave of absence," I told him. "I have a chance to go to Pittsburgh and make some big money—enough to pay my year's expenses and leave a comfortable balance besides."

He looked at me sharply.

"How do you expect to make all that in seven weeks?" he asked. And when I explained a shocked expression came to his features. He was a noted amateur athlete himself and had quite a wide reputation as a boxer.

"Professional football!" he exclaimed deprecatingly. "Are you sure that you want to do it?"

I assured him that I had fully made up my mind. I had thought it all out and had come to the conclusion that the viewpoint that in athletics the words "amateur" and "gentleman" were synonymous was all wrong.

"If I lead a clean moral life and always play the game squarely and honorably shall I be any the less a gentleman because my muscular strength on the football fi a means of paying my way through sch I argued.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What about your class work?" he

"I'll make it up when I come bac you'll grant me the leave of absen guarantee that I won't be behind studies at the end of the term."

Though it was obvious from his dem that he thought I was making a gri mistake, he gave his assent. I telegr immediately to the Pittsburgh man, whether his offer was still open, a ceived a prompt response ordering come on at once and report for pract

Until I went to Pittsburgh I fancie I had played some strenuous footbal ing my four years on the DePauw e Our annual game with Purdue had a been characterized by the local pr pretty near the limit of organized ph violence. But long before my first s as a professional was over I had co regard those contests of my old school as only a shade more boisterous tha dledywinks. My new team mates an men we opposed on the gridiron wer huskiest, stubbornest, most aggr bunch of veterans that I had ever se action, and the fact that they were paid for their services certainly did n tract from the enthusiasm with which bucked the line. Without prejudice I ture to say that our eleven and any the professional teams that were against us could have romped throug best varsity formation Yale or Harvar ever produced.

When I returned to Philadelphia a end of the seven weeks I brought back me three broken spareribs, a split lip check for fourteen hundred dollars s by the president of the club. I too check to a local bank and opened a count. Then I wrote my own check fo hundred dollars to the order of the versity in payment of my tuition fee oratory fees, and so on, and also mad six more checks for smaller amoun defray the cost of my board, lodging, and various other items. They wer first checks I had ever signed, and the and satisfaction I derived from transactions went a long way toward r ciling me to the fact that I was nev wear the varsity letter.

I was still feeling pretty good wh couple of days later I received word I was wanted in the dean's office. I there confidently enough. I recall there was an idea in my mind that the of the medical department might wa have a chat with me about my footba periences in Pittsburgh. But as soon saw his face I sensed that something wrong.

Without any preliminaries he picke a slip of pink paper from his desk.

"I believe this is your handwriting said grimly.

It was the check for five hundred d I had drawn to the order of the unive

"Of course it's mine," I rejoined. "W the matter with it?"

"Nothing much. Only the bank inf me that it is no good," was his sar response. "I thought that perhaps might feel as though you would like to an explanation."

I found out later that the four hundred-dollar check I had received fo services on the Pittsburgh football wasn't worth more than the paper on w it was written. The man whose signa it bore had overdrawn his account an club itself was about to go into the h of a receiver. Not only did I fail to r any money out of my first venture into fessional athletics but I was indebted t amount of $13.80 for protest fees on h checks I had drawn.

I could feel my hair turning gray as flected on the painful position I wa I was penniless, in debt and seven w behind in my studies. At that bitter ment I would have been perfectly willi head a movement to insure the purit American athletics by wiping out fessionalism.

Through a friend I learned of a man was looking for massage treatment. I to see him and managed to convince that I was the chap who had put the

(Continued on Page 137)

(Continued from Page 134)

nsage" in the dictionary. He engaged e ir six treatments a week at two dollars r eatment, and existence began to look lie less stale and unprofitable. Then et over to the Houston Club and found ien young men who were willing to let ive them boxing and wrestling lessons re dollar a lesson. That, of course, ipl considerably in the solution of my o m.

I he meantime I began to cram furiously n esperate attempt to catch up with the r of my class. For the rest of that term ter had more than three hours' sleep . I was at my books until two at d and I was up again at five each morn- . It was a hard grind, but I had the action of keeping my promise to the oy getting through the examinations th safe margin.

A er college closed in the spring I went t o Woodside Park, a big summer- n ment resort, and landed a job on the a force. I got that position on the e th of my reputation as a football y, and when the manager learned that v also a medical student he offered to double by doing duty on the first-aid r This combination brought me fifty l s a week, and as the job lasted right the time school opened again I was le o save nearly five hundred dollars. t this sum and what the boxing and e ing lessons and the massage treat- n brought me I not only succeeded in y g all my debts by the end of the first a ut had enough left over to cover half th expenses of my second year at college. I ust admit that I could probably have d my way through the medical school th it playing any more professional foot- ll nd considering the discouraging ex- ri ce I had met with on my first venture o he branch of sport it might be sup- se that I should have been unwilling to v nything more to do with it, or at all e that I should have balked at signing th another Pittsburgh organization. h in the fall of my second year at Penn- v nia, however, I received an offer from e uquesne Country and Athletic Club Ptsburgh to play guard on their crack v for two hundred and fifty dollars a ell hesitated only long enough to assure vf of the financial soundness of the ib nd its willingness to pay me in cash tl end of each week.

I ent again to the dean and asked for o er leave of absence. I pointed out to n at I had already crossed the athletic it on. The brand of professionalism is n me for the remainder of my days d ven after I left college I could never p to enter the field of amateur sport. e fore, I argued, I might as well turn y sical strength and skill into money. h I began to practice medicine I was e to have a hard struggle for the first w ears and if I could accumulate a few o and dollars as a reserve fund it would d ubtedly be a big help.

H agreed with me, regarding me now, I p se, as beyond redemption, and not l hat year but for the remainder of my li e course I played professional football r e entire season, burning the well- o n midnight oil in order to keep up with y ass work. At the end of my second a t the medical school I had two thou- n dollars in the bank and no bills out- a ing against me.

O the Duquesne eleven I managed to a quite a reputation for myself and the e season I received offers from several h clubs. I signed with the Philadelphia A lub at a salary of three hundred dol- rs week—and it was real money. The l ing year I joined the famous Franklin ty All-Star team at the same figure and c ed an additional five hundred dollars a onus when we won the tournament r e professional championship of Amer- a Madison Square Garden, New York it

A together I not only made enough out a letics while at college to cover all my e ses, but when I was graduated I had a n balance of nine thousand five hundred ll s.

F m a financial standpoint at least it ill e admitted that professionalism cer- ir had not been a bad thing for me. n that my medical education had not ff ed from my work on the gridiron e e evident when I took my degree. h school records of that year will show a I was awarded the Saunders prize of n e hundred dollars gold for proficiency in n e branch of surgery and that my average rating at the final examinations was ninety-two per cent.

What had I lost? Those carpers for purity in American athletics who look upon the professional as little less than a thug will hold that my moral and ethical standards must have been blunted—if not irretrievably shattered—by my long association with the mercenaries of sport, that a fellow cannot go through the mire without getting some of it on him. Let me tell you, however, that my associates in those professional organizations were on the whole as fine a lot of fellows as I could have wished to meet.

"Treat 'em rough" was their slogan when they went into action, and they behaved like Apaches while they were bucking the line. But when they had removed their nose guards nobody would have suspected from their conversation and manners that they were tainted with professionalism. I have known college elevens whose members were not one bit more entitled to the designation of "gentlemen," even if they could boast that they were honest-to-goodness amateurs. As a matter of fact, many of these salaried players were college men who had worn their varsity letter in their day. Some of them—like myself—had frankly gone into the game because of the big money there was in it; others had joined our ranks because they were too fond of the gridiron to give it up permanently when they were graduated and eagerly embraced this opportunity to continue playing first-class football.

So far as that part of my career as a pro which was spent on the football field is concerned, I am quite sure that it did not demoralize me or even have a deleterious effect on my table manners. As for my later experiences as a professional wrestler—well, possibly that—as Mr. Kipling is prone to remark—may be another story. I have met champions, near-champions and would-be champions of catch-as-catch-can who were men of culture, education and integrity, but I will not deny that if after nearly fifteen years of mingling with the mercenaries of the mat I am still able to feel at home in a parlor I owe it more to the durability of the early training I received from my mother than to my more recent environment.

II

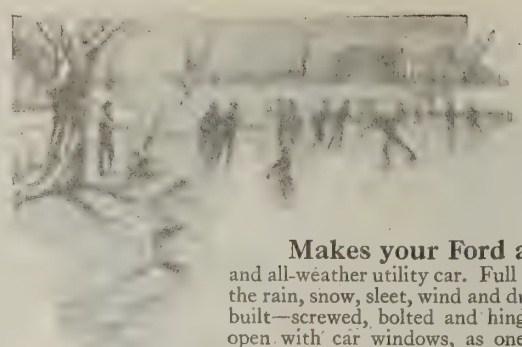
ON THE day that I became legally entitled to attach the letters "M. D." to my name I supposed that I was permanently done with professional sports. Though I had learned from experience that there was big money to be made in the game, I had no desire or intention to follow a football career. After losing my amateur standing athletics had never meant more to me than a means toward an end, and now that I had attained that end I was determined to devote all my time and energies to my chosen profession of medicine.

I went out to the city of Seattle, Washington, opened a bank account there with the comfortable nest egg my athletic activities had enabled me to set aside and hung out my shingle.

I had selected that thriving seaport of the Northwest as the place to make my start on the advice of some of my friends who convinced me that a young physician was likely to find more opportunities in that section of the country than in any of the big Eastern cities. I must confess, however, that my arrival in town did not cause any great excitement among the population. Because I had been a star on some of the big professional football teams of the East, the local newspapers gave me a write-up on their sporting pages, but except for the reporters my waiting room remained for some time barren of visitors. In all probability I should have starved during those first few months if it had not been for my reserve fund.

I had made up my mind, though, not to use up more of my savings than was absolutely necessary to keep me alive, and when the local university offered me the post of physical director and supervisor of its football and other athletics I eagerly accepted. The salary was only fifteen hundred a year, but in those days that was sufficient to keep the wolf a good distance from the door, and as the faculty did not object to my continuing my private practice I considered myself very fortunate in making a connection which not only relieved the strain on my bank account but added considerably to my prestige in the community.

The following year I was offered the position of physical director of the Seattle Athletic Club. This meant an additional



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fifteen hundred a year and would not conflict with my work at the university, so I did not refuse. I resigned both jobs, though, a couple of years later, when my private practice had picked up to such an extent that I felt I could afford to devote all my attention to it. I was still loyal to my chosen profession of medicine, and at that time nothing was further from my thoughts than to permit my proficiency in sports to stand in the way of my career as a physician. I say nothing was further from my thoughts at that time. Later, to be sure, when the belt of the world's wrestling championship was dangled seductively before my eyes and whispers of fame and fortune to be won on the mat tempted me to forget my vows to Æsculapius—but that is jumping several paragraphs ahead of my story.

For the next few years I gave all my time, thoughts and energy to my practice, which in spite of the health-conducing qualities of the Washington climate continued to grow most encouragingly. My balance at the bank increased by leaps and bounds. I made several profitable investments in local real estate and became quite a respected and influential member of the community. Few people in those days would have had the temerity to address me as "Doc." I was "Doctor" in full, even to my most intimate friends. And to add to my state of well-being I had won for a bride the daughter of one of our most prominent citizens.

Then came the great financial panic of the Roosevelt Administration. I found my resources suddenly cut off. The banks were closed down. My patients began to evince an alarming tendency to ignore the please-remit epigram I appended to their monthly statements. Some of my most valuable real-estate holdings were threatened with foreclosure.

When I was physical director of the Seattle Athletic Club I had given a great deal of attention to training the members in the art of wrestling. One evening while I was on the mat with one of my pupils a burly stranger had visited the clubhouse. He was a veteran grappler himself—a professional—and had been one of the trainers of the great Gotch. After standing by watching my work for a while this visitor suddenly began to peel off his clothes, and expressed a desire to try a bout with me.

He was out of training and his features showed signs of recent dissipation, but just the same when I laughingly accepted his challenge I discovered that I had a pretty tough customer to deal with. It took me fifteen minutes and all the tricks I had in my bag to get a fall out of him, and I was on the defensive a great deal of the time. Nevertheless, when he got to his feet my opponent was enthusiastic over my victory.

"This is the first time in my life I have ever met an amateur who could stay with me for fifteen minutes—to say nothing of throwing me!" he declared. "Doc, you've got the goods! You're as strong as Jenkins, as speedy as Gotch and as clever as Farmer Burns. If I know anything about the mat you're the cleverest man of your weight in the country to-day. If you want to become a professional I'll guarantee that after six months under my training you'll be able to beat them all."

Of course I grinned at this extravagant praise, which I attributed to a desire on his part to rehabilitate himself in his own esteem, and I made it clear to him that I had no yearnings in the direction of a professional catch-as-catch-can career. But when, during the financial panic, this man came to my office one day and announced that he had a proposition to make to me I did not refuse to hear what he had to say.

"There's a club in Vancouver, British Columbia, which is looking for a good man to match against Jack Carkeek, the British champion," he began, "and I've picked you as the boy for the job."

I shook my head in emphatic negation. I had heard of Carkeek, of course. His name and achievements had been appearing on the sporting pages of the press for nearly three decades. He had come into the wrestling game from the blacksmith's forge and at one time had held the world's championship. The defeats he had met in the course of his long career on the mat he could count on the fingers of one hand. He had the reputation of being the craftiest and most scientific wrestler in the business, and though he was now past his prime I had serious doubts as to my ability to make any sort of a showing against him. Besides which I had no intention of lowerin dignity as a physician by going int arena as a paid gladiator.

"Come on, Doc—just this once," visitor urged when I voiced these o tions. "From what I've seen of your I'm willing to bet my roll that you ca only stay with Jack for the time limi can pin him to the pad. You've got and strength in your favor, and you clever as he is. The terms are to be, w to take all, and it's a chance for y make some easy money—to say nothi the big rep you'll make for yourself."

The prospect of adding to my reput in the sporting world was not an argu which carried much weight with me, was quite sure that if I did allow mys be persuaded to go into this thing it going to be my first and last appearan the arena as a professional, no matter the outcome. But my tempter's refe to "easy money" did interest me. my bank account tied up—if not v out entirely—by the panic, and my r holdings in jeopardy, a chance to get of some ready cash looked rather goo

"How much do you suppose there w be in it for me?" I found myself aski

"Well, the Vancouver Club is willi give sixty per cent of the gate receip the winner, and the event is sure to a whopping big crowd," my visitor re "Speaking conservatively, Doc, I'd that there ought to be at least three sand dollars to be divided between yo me. As your manager and trainer of c we'd split the purse fifty-fifty."

"Fifteen hundred dollars for a few utes' work!" he went on eloquently. "have to roll a powerful lot of pills, D make that amount in your business. then, of course, there's no limit to the you can gather in by betting on you The Carkeek fans will give odds and ought to make a big clean-up."

I did not bet on myself. In fact, w finally consented to sign the articles I nestly advised all my friends not to v any money on me, for notwithstandin assurances of my manager I was not sanguine as to my prospects of succes would be my first public contest agai professional, and I don't mind admi that I was feeling pretty nervous rig to the moment I stepped into the rin

The match took place three weeks before an audience of more than thousand wrestling fans. When I siz my opponent as we faced each other o padded mat I was mighty glad that stolen time from my medical practi put in several hours of hard training i gymnasium and on the road every d the past three weeks. He was sli shorter than I and appeared a bit m bound, but it was obvious that he w the pink of condition, and he looked p formidable. His self-possessed, conf manner and the cool, appraising w which his hawklike eyes looked me did not add to my peace of mind. I been warned that his strongest poin an unerring and almost uncanny abili find his adversary's weak spot. His m ods were not of the rushing, smashing He preferred to work his man out, loc his vulnerable point and playing pati and persistently on it before he tried fall. It might take him time to dis his opponent's pet weakness, but find would eventually, I was advised, if he given a chance.

I had made up my mind that in my he wasn't going to be given a chance. tended to adopt rushing tactics fro start and to keep him so busy throug that he wouldn't have much time calm and leisurely study of my anato defects. So as soon as the gong sou I sprang out of my corner as though I been shot from a catapult and hurled self on him. In less than a minute we both off our feet and down on our k struggling desperately for position. then I managed to get behind him.

There were no breathing spells in bout, none of the long periods of ina and fiddling that sometimes make wres matches so slow and uninteresting to spectators. It was a hammer-and-t rough-house match from the start to finish, and though in that kind of fast my youth and speed gave me all the vantage, the old boy's cleverness and g ness enabled him to put up a rattling fight.

No sooner was I behind him th started after foot and leg holds. I had

(Continued on Page 141)

(Continued from Page 138)

ll oubled up and then all stretched out a a dozen times, but he always succeeded n ipping out of danger. Once I got a o. crotch hold and lifted him above my e., but I could not down him. At anthr time I had a half nelson and arm hold n im, reinforced with a leg hold, a comirtion which I thought was surely going o nish him, but he disappointed me by lig ing the leg hold, and after a futile tnpt at a spin managed to twist flat. Iwas so fast and cool-headed and kept rking away with such marvelous bursts f rength that pretty soon he had me l zing like the exhaust of a steam engine. esently he stopped playing possum and, ning me napping, took the aggressive u as a flash and succeeded in getting e id me. That brought his friends to ir feet yelling madly. They felt sure n the old lion had wakened and was b t to come into his own. But he wasn't b to keep the position for more than a seconds. By a dexterous twist I turned i on his side and as his feet went up lig ed my arm between them for a crotch o. I lifted him halfway from the mat n then grasped my under arm with the a that was through the crotch. It was adly grip as the arm hold made it imo ble for him to bridge and, though he rgled so gamely that I had to jump him w with all my weight before his massive elders touched, I scored my first fall. Vin I heard it announced that the official n was only eleven minutes and thirty-v seconds I could hardly believe my ears. t emed to me that we had been on the nfor several hours.

'iat first fall did not decide the match. 1 is a best-two-out-of-three contest. But hesecond bout ended in my favor less hi seven minutes after the gong sounded. 'h veteran's forty-five years began to tell n im almost as soon as we had got into cn again, and though he remained game g up to the last moment he was so worn u at the fast pace at which we were batli that when finally I got a half nelson n im and stood him on his head it was ll ver with him. A couple of seconds at the referee's hand was on my shoulder n the shouts of the spectators were hail-ngthe first triumph of my career as a ressional gladiator of the mat.

'hose eighteen minutes and thirty-five eads of wrestling brought me exactly ixen hundred and eighteen dollars, and vuld have received double that amount I adn't agreed to split with my manager. t rtainly did look like an easy way to nae money, but just the same I thought vs through with the game. My highly lad manager and trainer thought difritly, though. He became almost tearful wh I insisted that I would never go on hi nat again as a professional.

You can't quit now, Doc!" he proesd. "You can't possibly do it! Why, oc here! Just run your eye over this elram I received to-night from Gotch's nager! The big fellow is willing to come o battle especially to give you a match."

A match with Gotch!" I gasped. "Suferg cats! You don't—you're not sugeng that I can throw the champion?"

ain't sure that you couldn't do it," wahis flattering response. "But you won't ha to get a fall out of him this time. That vi come later, Doc—after you've had oiderable more experience and training. Th will be a handicap match. We'll make a de bet of five hundred dollars and a ue of seventy-five per cent of the gate reipts that the big fellow can't throw o twice in sixty minutes. That'll mean bnoney. What you've won here to-night wi be chicken feed compared to what you argoing to clean up next time."

felt my resolution weakening. After all I argued with myself, a chap could rele from the game after his second conte just as well as after his first. And wh presently I learned that the other twnty-five per cent of the gate receipts wa to go to the loser, so that even if I lost my five-hundred-dollar side bet with the wod's champion I wasn't likely to be out of ocket, I decided to take a chance.

hus it came about that a few weeks lat the great Gotch and his retinue arrivd in Seattle, and my name was linked wi his in flaring headlines across the front pas of the local newspapers. We hired thopera house for the scene of the contest, an when the box office opened there was su a rush for seats that the first day's adance sales amounted to fifteen hundred dors.

I shall not attempt to give a detailed description of that match here. It is wrestling history that the world's premier heavyweight catch-as-catch-can exponent of that period failed to pin my shoulders to the mat within the time limit. Not only was he unsuccessful in his attempt to throw me twice, but at the end of the hour he was still vainly struggling in an attempt to score the first fall. The referee awarded me the decision and I found myself four thousand dollars richer as a result of that sixty minutes' work.

After the bout the audience called on me for a speech, and I advanced to the footlights and announced that this was positively my last appearance as a professional wrestler. I had met the champion and had proved my ability to stand up against him, and now, I declared with all the eloquence at my command, I was satisfied to settle down permanently to the practice of my beloved profession of medicine and never give another thought to sports of any kind, except possibly as a means of keeping myself in good physical condition.

I fancied I observed cynical smiles on the faces of some of the young men at the reporters' tables as I shouted this statement across the footlights, but on reflection I concluded that I must have been mistaken. Surely the astute gentlemen of the press could be relied on to discern when a fellow was thoroughly in earnest.

A day after the match a well-known sporting man from New York visited me at my office and laid a roll of yellow-backed bills in good United States currency on my desk.

"Count it, Doc," he said. "I think you'll find there's twelve thousand dollars in that wad. I'm offering it to you flat for your signature to a six months' contract."

When I asked him to elucidate, he explained that he wanted me to go back East with him and get in shape to meet Gotch again on even terms for the championship. He did not contemplate sending me against the champion right away. I was to clean up all the other big wrestlers in the country first by way of practice. He said he would have no trouble getting matches and money for me—that twelve-thousand-dollar roll on my desk was only a sort of retaining fee—and with the experience I should get by taking on all comers within the course of the next six months he would guarantee that I should have an absolute cinch in wresting the championship belt from Gotch the next time we came to grips.

I emphatically turned down his offer and sent him away in sorrow. But when presently others began to dangle that championship belt before my eyes and first-rate and second-rate wrestlers all over the country bombarded me with challenges by telegraph, mail and through the columns of the press, denouncing me as yellow when I refused to pick up their gauntlets, I found myself—to my dismay—gradually weakening under the pressure.

It was not only the money now—though the more I looked into that phase of the matter the more convinced I became of the big financial possibilities there were in the game. It was the mat itself that was calling me—beckoning to me with an insistence I could not resist. I had played professional football at college solely for the cold cash. I had wrestled at the Vancouver Club with no other motive than to win sixty per cent of the gate receipts. I had measured my strength and skill against the mighty Gotch with nothing else in view but the dollars and cents the match might bring me. But now there was something else. The championship fever was in my bones. The lust for conquest was raging in my veins. At that moment and for the first time in my life since I had run away from the farm to equip myself for a medical career the laurels that were to be won in the arena of sport meant more to me than any prestige I might win as a physician and surgeon.

So there came a day when I closed my office, put my shingle in storage and went out into the world, an open and avowed professional exponent of the art of catch-as-catch-can. How soon that day came after my speech to the audience at the opera house I am ashamed to tell.

I took on the small fry of the wrestling fraternity first. Their impertinent taunts goaded me into giving them attention. And after I had disposed of them in short order I went after the big fellows.

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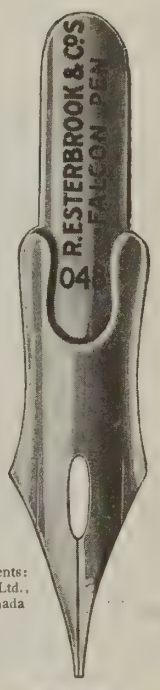

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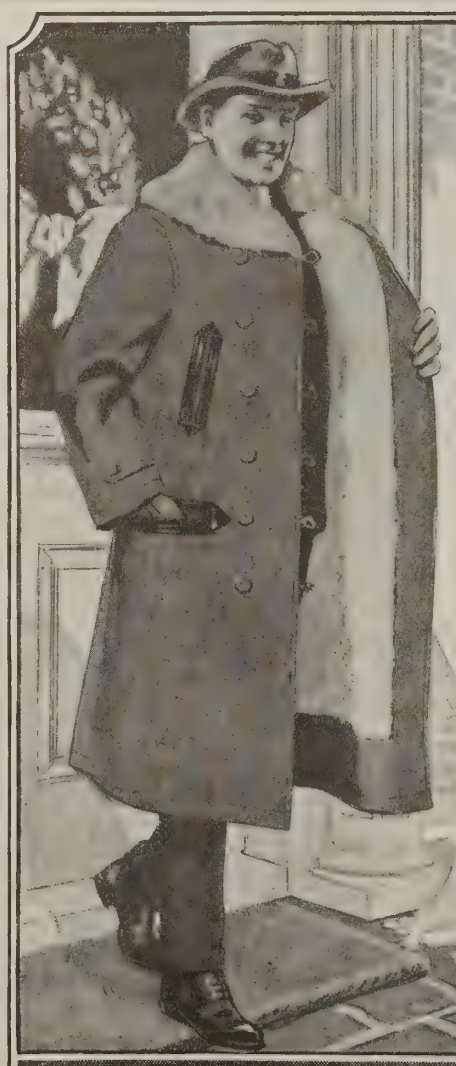

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astride the prostrate forms of Turkish Terrors, Russian Bear-cats, Greek Lions, French Goliaths, Unbeatable Bulgarians, and various other distinguished foreign gentlemen with bulging biceps and unpronounceable patronymics who visited our hospitable shores to demonstrate their more or less invincibility, and I nipped in the bud the ambitions of countless native aspirants to the championship title.

I was never able, though, to realize my own ambition to pin the powerful shoulders of Gotch to the pad. I made three desperate attempts to wrest the title from him, but each time I succumbed to the torture of his famous and deadly toe hold. He, however, was the only man in the game whom I was compelled to acknowledge as my master while I was in my prime, and after his retirement I stood at the very head of my new profession.

It was a profitable business from the money standpoint. Out of my second match with Gotch, though I received only the loser's end, I realized seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. There were few first-class bouts I took part in which did not bring me from five to ten thousand dollars, and even when I appeared in the arena against the second-raters I rarely failed to clean up at least a couple of thousand from the side bets and gate money.

Then in addition to the revenue I derived from my own matches there were other ways of making money. My prestige in the sporting world and my knowledge and experience brought me some lucrative opportunities. Out of the famous match between Gotch and Hackenschmidt, for instance, I made twenty-three thousand dollars. No, I didn't get it by betting on the event—at least not by betting in the ordinary way. Another fellow and I promoted that match, and after doing some shrewd figuring we guaranteed the principals and the club a certain flat sum with the understanding that we were to have all that was taken in above that amount. The gate receipts proved to be far beyond our fondest expectations and there was a surplus of forty-six thousand dollars to be split between my partner and me.

During the latter part of my career I have also received some pretty substantial fees for training and advising other noted wrestlers, and even the sums I have earned by refereeing some of the international tournaments have not been insignificant.

Altogether it is safe to say that I have made at least a quarter of a million dollars out of the gentle art of catch-as-catch-can—and that is a very conservative estimate.

As the man who first persuaded me to become a professional grappler remarked, I would have had to "roll a powerful lot of pills" to accumulate that same amount within fifteen years if I had stuck to my medical practice on the Pacific Coast.

III

WHEN the news that I had definitely forsaken the profession of medicine for a career on the mat first began to circulate throughout the country I received scores of letters from indignant brother physicians whom I had never met, or even heard of, condemning me for my course and telling me in plain unvarnished terms that I ought to be ashamed of myself. Several college professors, too, took the trouble to write to me pathetically and imploringly about the indiscretion of leaving a noble profession even temporarily to follow "the disgraceful career of a professional athlete."

These criticisms sort of got under my skin at first. I was not willing to concede—and even to this day, with a long and plentiful experience back of me, I am prepared to deny emphatically that there is anything disgraceful *per se* about being a professional athlete. But it is a fact that before I had been very long at the wrestling game I began to realize that there were certain disagreeable and sordid fea associated with my new environment I had not wholly foreseen when I tool plunge.

I was inclined to wince, for insta when the writers of the press began to vate the habit of affectionately referri me in their literary masterpieces as Seattle Saw-bones," "The Battling E setter," or "The Grappling Medico. soon got accustomed and calloused to change in my condition, however. fortunately there were other phases o wrestling business to which it was n easy to become reconciled.

Wrestling is the finest sport there when it is clean. It is a regrettable that the game as it is practiced by sor its professional devotees is not al clean. And it is a circumstance still to be deplored that there are a good n people who have been led to believe th is never clean—that every profess wrestler must be a crook and that e big match is a fixed affair.

I ran up against this prejudice rig the start and I have writhed under it or less ever since I have been in the busi On the whole the sporting editors and fans have, perhaps, been more generou me than to some of my probably equ deserving brethren. I have been l enough to win the reputation of al playing the game squarely, and have pointed to as one of the exceptions prove the rule. But just the same t have been whispers and sneers.

When I went up against Gotch fo first time, for example, there were t who insinuated that there was a s understanding—that the champion purposely failed to throw me within time limit with the idea of boosting gate receipts of a second match bet us. And there have been many o occasions when I have been made to s from equally unjust insinuations. I though one has a clear conscience, ex ences of that sort are apt to make a fe realize that there is a disagreeable sid the life of a pro.

There are crooks and fakes in the game, of course. I have seen too muc the seamy side of the business to tr claim that every match has been str on the level. But I do contend that it not by any means deserve the bad r it has been given and that the whole w tling fraternity ought not to be lo on with suspicion just because of the black sheep that are to be found an them.

As for the social side of catch-as-ca can—well, I'll admit that I haven't fo the atmosphere of the business particu elevating. As I remarked earlier in article, I have met and known professi grapplers who were thorough gentlem to use that somewhat overworked wor its general and not in its athletic s But taking my recent associates by large, I don't believe that if I had a s would send him among them to acquir education in manners and deportmen

Still I can't quite agree with my cen ous correspondents of the medical pr sion that I ought to feel ashamed of m for having temporarily forsaken Æsc pius for the padded mat. Suppose I laid aside my surgeon's scalpel to go ou Alaska to dig for gold. Suppose after lapse of fifteen years I had come back i the mines with a quarter of a million lars in precious dust. Should I have condemned because I had chosen to mi with men of rough manners and had obliged to come in contact with a cer amount of dirt in order to acquire treasure?

Is that a logical argument, I wonde can it be true after all, as some of my w relatives seem to apprehend, that my pursuit of athletics for the cold cash dulled my sense of ethical values?

THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 36)

h scent round the cabin had carried nd back to the night at Two Ocean s. This in turn wakened a host of half-gen memories of the Land of Many e. His feet followed the trend of his nd he found himself climbing the nge of the mountains. At first he d without definite purpose, but the to revisit these places gradually in his brain.

h spicy smell of balsam and silver lured him on and he came to the traggling groups of lumber pine. he entered the heavy lodgepole he encountered many drifts of Half a mile of climbing and he the solid, hard-packed drifts of the spruce slopes. Then he angled along e of the range toward a pass that oss it.

jar of hoofs, creaking of saddles and ne of voices reached him from be-d he stopped to listen. It was not hat men rode at night. The horses ed heavily as they bucked the drifts. ll sounds ceased but the undertone es. When the horses started again ent back down the way they had and Flash heard the crunch of snow e men climbed toward him on foot. spring sunshine had packed the ntil it held a man where the sharp and heavier weight of horses would through. Flash waited until they uite close before slipping on ahead. ound the high country under a solid t of white. When he had been here loran there had been little evidence , but the hills had been teeming with ieties of game. This condition was versed. He found no signs of game, ar Two Ocean Pass he crossed many hat had been made by men.

h was not constituted to live happily With Moran he had been content, s life had been full when he traveled ilver. Companionship he must have, of his own kind or that of man.

ept for the big gray owls, there were o sounds to entertain him at night. ole expanse of the hills seemed dead zen and the hollow silence oppressed ith a sense of world-wide emptiness. memories were sooner dimmed than of man. Every vivid instance, each ove and hate had left its imprint and to shape his life, but these did not veal themselves in definite form. ve for Silver and Moran was no a distinct longing for each of them ally, but was manifested only in the te need of companionship in some

therefore lingered near Two Ocean s. The camp was no longer a phantom but very real. He avoided these y day, but when any one of them d to be abroad in the hills at night flanked his trail, testing him with and ear, much as a criminologist have studied his facial characteris-d the shape of his head.

d was scarce and Flash foraged a pre-s living—a scant half portion of his ations. An occasional snowshoe rab-blue grouse was the only living thing find. He grew thin and gaunt, his l pinched up in odd contrast to the hest, and his eyes were sunk in hol-e sockets.

days were warm and by the second in May there were green patches ng through the white in the broad eadows of the Thoroughfare and the llystone, the hardy new grass peeping gh within a few hours after the melt-wn of the drifts. Flash prepared to this country of loneliness and little

left Two Ocean Pass and when he to the confluence of the two rivers he ed up the ridge between them. When lp toward the head he looked far to the main divide. There were brown specks on the white slopes of ampart Pass. They were strung out ttered bands as far as his eye could they were coming his way and Flash to meet them. The famine was n. A few more hours and the Land ny Rivers would once more be the of plenty. The elk herds which win-in the low valleys of the Shoshone coming back to the upland meadows Yellowstone, the summer paradise of k.

Flash met the first few leaders of this migration and pulled down a cow. Great droves streamed down into the bottoms and traveled on toward the Yellowstone. The valley was a veritable thoroughfare for migrating elk—from which fact comes its name.

For a week they came in scattered bands. The big herds that had wintered in Jackson's Hole were now coming from the south and mingling on the meadows with those from the Shoshone.

There was food now in abundance and in a few days Flash regained his usual fullness of form. The meadows and all exposed slopes were bare of snow. The deer had not yet come back. Less averse to the proximity of man, the blacktail bands descended clear to the foothills each spring when the first shoots of green grass sprouted at the roots of the sage. They would follow the grass line up into the hills and not for another month would they cross the divide and join the elk in the Yellowstone meadows. The mountain sheep go up to winter instead of down, grazing on the highest flat tops of the peaks where the savage winds that follow each storm keep the bald ridges scoured free of snow. They now came down for their first nip of green grass and for the first time Flash saw these shy animals in the valleys. But all this was not enough.

He must have company, and here away from Two Ocean Pass there were no men and he could not even experience the vicarious sense of companionship he had drawn from following them at night. He left the green bottoms and traveled up through the spruce. When he came out above timber line he headed straight for the Rampart Pass. He had not left the tree line two hundred yards behind until he crossed a track that angled back down into the timber. The track was many hours old and the scent was faint, but the little that was left filled him with a strange excitement. He knew it for the woman scent.

He had now no clear-cut recollection of the girl he had seen but once, but he turned and followed along on her trail. Dusk was settling over the hills when he started and night shut down round him as he sped through the woods.

The trail led almost straight down and he soon dropped to the lower edge of the snow line. The trail grew steadily warmer and at last he could smell smoke and see the glimmer of a camp fire through the trees. The girl was wrapped in a single blanket and sat leaning back against a tree. Flash circled twice round the fire, his pads making no sound on the pine-straw carpet under the trees. As silently as a shadow he drew near until he stood watching her from a distance of ten feet, breathing deeply each time the shifting breeze carried her scent to him.

A sudden shift of wind drove the campfire smoke straight to him and he sneezed loudly twice. The girl started up in sheer terror at this sound just in time to see a gray shape disappear.

"Flash!" she called after him. "Flash! Come, Flash! Come here!"

Flash halted. It had been long since he had heard anyone speak his name. From centuries of being sheltered and protected by man, brutality and lust to kill have been refined out of civilized woman to an extent that is easily apparent to the animal world, and Flash sensed that he had less to fear from the female of the human species than from the male.

Animal estimates of men are not formed by reasoning but through the composite impression they receive from eye, ear and nose. Of this impression the strongest factor is that of scent. Flash's eyes told him that this girl was the one he had met before. Her tones were familiar, but instead of radiating the bubbling vitality and happiness he associated with her he now sensed an air of weariness and mental depression.

This had the effect of adding a fresh pang to his own loneliness and brought an unexpected whine to his throat. The girl, hearing it, knew he was still near and she resumed her coaxing.

"I knew it must be you," she said. "Come, Flash! Come on up to me, Flash!" she begged.

Ancestral strains waged grim conflict for the possession of his soul. The ancient heritage of dog to be the slave of man clashed with the wolf urge to be away from all this and back to the free hills. Lured on by the

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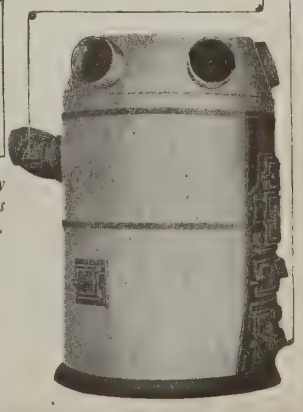

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spell of a woman's voice the spirit of the dog crept forward, dragging with it the protesting flesh of the wolf. Inch by inch he neared her until at last she touched him.

At the touch of her fingers he was once more the dog, the wild in him subservient to the tame, and he fawned upon her, whining with eagerness.

The girl threw her arms about him and drew him close.

"Don't run off like you did that other time!" she begged. "Stay with me, Flash! I couldn't live through another night alone. Stay with me, won't you, Flash?"

The note of appeal in her voice was more urgent than any other sound he had ever heard. His craving for companionship had found an answering need in the girl.

He sensed her helplessness and some vague undertone of fear. The blood of many fighting forbears who had protected man rose to the surface in a feeling of responsibility for the safety of this girl—a desire to fight off that thing she feared.

Even now Flash was not assured that she was the woman he had met before. Not until a measure of her former buoyancy and high spirits returned with her joy at his presence was he sure. Then all three senses coördinated and definitely identified her as the same.

It was long before she slept, and Flash curled close beside her, his newly roused protective instincts fully alert. He growled at each far-off sound. When a cow elk sounded her yelping bark close at hand he rushed out and drove her off, returning proudly to the girl. He knew the elk was as harmless as a mouse and all this was more to assure the girl that nothing could harm her, now that he was with her.

"It won't be so bad if you'll stay with me, Flash," she told him. "The loneliness won't be so heavy that it hurts—like it did before I had you."

Then she slept and the wolf stood guard.

IX

THE girl rested on a rock beside the game trail. A tiny mountain stream rushed past a few feet away. The ground sloped steeply up on either side of the stream bed, matted with a tangled jungle of spruce that was tropical in its density. Great windfalls of down timber were piled about and many trees had not even found space in which to fall, but rested at odd angles against living trunks. A thick carpet of moss covered earth and rocks and clung in frowzy shreds to the trees themselves.

"This seemed the most peaceful, lovely spot on earth when I was here before, Flash." The girl shivered slightly as she glanced round. "It seems dark and gloomy now. I must have been mad to do it. I had to act at once—no time to think; and I was too dazed to think even if I had been granted time. There was no one to advise me, Flash, and I did the best I knew.

"I'm glad we're here at last, Flash." She pointed up the slope. "It's right up there—only a few minutes' climb. It's weakening to live for three days on cold lunch alone, especially on short rations of that. I had to travel light."

She slipped into the harness of the haversack in which she had packed her scanty store of food. The single blanket was rolled sling fashion and she adjusted it across her shoulders and started briskly to climb the slope.

For two hundred yards the ascent was steep. They crawled under and over log jams and threaded their way between close-growing spruce trunks. Then Flash stopped in his tracks.

The ground had flattened into a tiny hollow at the base of the cliffs that towered abruptly up above the trees and defined the limits of the narrow gorge. In the center of this depression a cabin showed among the trees.

His nose had given him no warning of this. Always he knew of the presence of man before drawing near, yet he had come full upon this house. Even now his nose told him that his eyes were wrong. There was not the slightest trace of man scent and his ears caught no single vibration of sound. He had no previous experience to guide him in sizing up a house that had been so long untenanted as to have lost all taint of man. He shrank from approaching this unnatural place. But the girl pressed on and he followed, every hair tingling and each nerve aquiver, his muscles bunched for sudden flight. He was filled with all the apprehensions of a boy who enters at night a house alleged to be haunted.

The girl lifted a heavy wooden latch and entered, but Flash refused to be coaxed inside. He circled the cabin, examining it minutely, shoving his nose hard against the logs and breathing explosively in his effort to solve this strange mystery of the house that held no scent.

It was built of heavy logs. A woodsman could have told at a glance that it had been erected long ago and that only primitive tools had been used in its construction. The door was built of spruce planks slabbed out with an ax and swung on hinges of elk hide nailed on with wooden pegs. The roof was of lodgepole logs five inches through and covered with a foot of dirt.

Satisfied at last that there was no lurking menace about this strange place, Flash went in to the girl.

The fireplace was built of flat stones cemented with clay which had baked hard. The furniture was of rough-hewn pine with legs of seasoned mountain ash driven in two-inch auger holes bored in the planks.

Inside, Flash caught a very faint scent which was not that of man, but was in some vague way suggestive of man. This came from the flour, beans, rice and other food, sealed in almost air-tight cans to protect it from marauding pack rats.

The girl gathered branches and kindled a blaze in the fireplace. From an icy spring at the base of the cliff she carried a small pail of water and started to prepare a meal, cooking over the coals in the fireplace as if over a camp fire in the open. Early dusk was settling in the depths of the cañon and before eating she gathered a great pile of wood.

"That's the only light we'll have, Flash," she told him. "Firelight."

She offered him a share of the meal, but cooked food was not to his liking.

Since finding this lovely goddess the previous night Flash had not once been out of sight of her, but he now felt the pangs of hunger. He scratched at the door and whined, imploring the girl to let him out.

"Where's that man, Moran, who owns you, Flash?" she asked. "He must be here somewhere or you wouldn't be here yourself. If I let you out you'll run away and go back to him. I want you to stay with me until Dad Kinney comes."

Flash scratched and whined again.

"He should be here now," she said. "He'll be here surely in a day or two. Then you can go. You'll stay with me until then, won't you, Flash?"

His whining and scratching became so insistent that at last she walked reluctantly to the door and opened it, leaving it ajar so he could reënter when he wished.

"Don't you desert me, Flash," she admonished him as he slipped out.

Flash dropped swiftly down the slope to the game trail and followed along it toward the mouth of the cañon, his nose uplifted to catch the first scent of meat. Half a mile below, the gorge widened into a narrow park beside the stream. A cow elk was feeding there. She caught a faint whiff of danger and stood rigid. The dread wolf scent suddenly reached her flaring nostrils and she fled—but not in time to escape the shadowy form that drove down upon her from the timber edge with lightning speed.

Back at the cabin the girl, alarmed at his long absence, was whistling and coaxing from the door in the hope that he would hear and come back to her, but there was no answering whine from the inky blackness under the trees, and at last she decided that he had gone back to Moran.

Loneliness clutched her with an icy hand. She sat by the fire, knowing she would not sleep until dawn lifted the shadows from the cañon. The vast silence seemed freighted with unknown dangers. She almost prayed for some sound to break it. Then it came! And her supplication was instantly transformed into an earnest prayer that she might never hear that awful cry again.

She did not know what it was—except that it was made by some terrible beast of prey. It carried to her the same sensation as if she had scratched her finger nails across the rough surface of a sand rock.

It sounded again, this time close at hand, filling the cañon with its volume. The cry was charged with all the aching misery and loneliness of the ages.

A sudden bump at the door startled her horribly. It was followed by an eager whine and a furious scratching. She sprang to the door and let Flash in, barring it shut once more the instant he crossed the sill. The flood of relief that surged through her was like a blessing. She put her arms round the dog.

"Poor Flash!" she said. "Poor Flash! It chased you home. Did it nearly catch you, old boy?"

Flash did not seem troubled. On the contrary he sprawled in front of the fire and blinked contentedly up at her. His mood was mellow, for he had dined well; and his placid calm reassured the girl, for she knew that if danger lurked just outside Flash would be bristling and alert.

She spread her blanket on the bunk and the rough boards felt soft. The last sight that her drowsy eyes rested upon before she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion was the peacefully dozing dog before the fire. It was well for her peace of mind that she did not suspect the truth; that the soul-chilling cry had been his own imploring message to a long-lost mate—the summons to come and feast upon the elk he had torn down with his savage teeth.

She slept on soundly until the dog's restless wanderings about the room roused her to the light of day. Every muscle ached from the night on the hard bunk and her first task after breakfast was to carry spruce boughs to cover the boards.

Early in the afternoon she grew restless from inactivity and wandered down the game trail with Flash. Half a mile down she saw a dead elk in an open park. It had not been there when they came up the previous day. She could see the throat, gashed open by savage teeth, and knew that the elk had been killed by the beast whose cry had chilled her the night before.

She had no further taste for walking and hurried back to the house. Near evening she went to the spring for water. As she knelt to dip it Flash came creeping up from the opposite side. He moved with a stealthy crouch and there was a queer light in the yellow eyes. When within twenty feet he sprang straight toward her.

There was a sudden rushing whir of wings as a blue grouse took flight, only to be struck down by a big paw. The wings drummed on the ground as Flash held the bird down after beheading it with one nip.

For a full ten seconds she could only gaze fascinated by this wild picture, then jumped the spring and ran to him. Flash drew away, fearing he had offended her by this deed, but when she picked up the grouse and turned to him there was no reproach in her voice.

"Oh, Flash, it's a mean trick to steal your dinner!" she said. "But I haven't any meat. Beans and rice and biscuits are so dry, and I do love grouse. Will you share it with me, Flash?"

She carried the bird back to the cabin and dressed it, reserving only the white breast meat for herself and giving the rest to Flash. This female tyranny was no new thing to Flash. Often when with Silver he had killed some small-game animal or bird, only to have Silver deprive him of it.

The next day he foraged near the cabin and killed another grouse. As he pulled off the head and swallowed it a sudden thought struck him and he did not tear at the bird. He had been the main support of his family during the first month after Silver's pups were born, carrying food to the den each night. This wonderful shining goddess who had adopted him had taken his last grouse for her own.

He took the grouse in his mouth and trotted back to the cabin. From past experience with Silver, it seemed perfectly natural to kill and carry his prey to the den of this new companion. When he dropped the grouse before the girl the light in her eyes and thrill of love in her voice repaid him a thousand times.

"Why, Flash! You old darling, you're trying to feed me, aren't you?" she cried. "You're the smartest dog that ever lived. I envy that Moran. I think I'll steal you, Flash."

That night Flash once more scratched to get out. Soon after she heard the dreadful cry of two nights before. She did not know that Flash had pulled down a small yearling elk and that this was his joyful call for her to come and join him at the kill; for now, having killed food for her, his call was meant for her instead of the departed Silver.

Some way he knew that the girl would not come, and after eating his fill he sliced deeply into a hind quarter to tear it off. When he had cut nearly to the bone he seized the foot and wrenched the leg over the back at right angles, throwing the hip socket out of joint. He worked tirelessly, alternately cutting at the ligaments with his teeth and wrenching on the foot with all his strength until it was severed.

It weighed forty pounds, but w heavier load than he had frequently home to Silver and the pups. He lift heavy end and started for the cab foot trailing on the ground beside Every few yards the weight tired hi and he rested, sometimes taking th and dragging the heavy end.

The girl sat in the cabin wonde his long absence, when she heard a iar dragging sound punctuated wit thumps as Flash wrestled the heavy q up the slope from the game trail, jer over and through the windfall jams opened to his scratching and he bac pulling his offering across the sill.

The frayed end of the meat was with dirt and spruce needles and sh back from this gruesome relic. She suspected that Flash had killed this her, but naturally supposed he had f portion of some dead animal and b it in.

Her eyes were bright with tears patted and stroked his head.

"You're a good provider, Flash praised. "You don't want me to sta beans and rice, do you, old boy? The never in this world another dog like

He reveled in the knowledge th lovely mistress was pleased with hi the same time he fully realized her d for this latest contribution. He kne she relished some of the meat h brought. Evidently she did not ca this kind. He was not critical of her She should have the kind she chose.

To his mind the animal world w vided into two classes, as far as foo poses were concerned: The first and the most important included the mea large animals; the second included al animals and birds. Of this division were some few whose meat he did n and which only starvation would driven him to touch.

His mistress seemed to prefer mea came from the smaller species. F next two days he hunted tirelessly had for Silver and the pups. The den be supplied with meat.

The girl was between laughter and at the growing assortment of gar brought to the cabin. Grouse, ra woodchucks, a marten, a pack rat whole family of little striped chipr were included in the list of small cre whose lives were sacrificed through h of her.

His intelligence seemed so nearly h that she hesitated to throw away offerings lest he should take offense. he was off on his hunts she droppe undesirable specimens in deep cra the rock rubble that lay piled at the f the cliff.

In common with the majority human race she grossly underestimate mal powers of scent. Flash could s track made by a grouse two hours A rabbit has a half inch of hair on hi yet Flash could follow the trail one l hard-frozen ground or even on glare easily as a man sees its track in soft

He had no need to go within thirt of the cliff to know accurately the spot in which each one had been dro and just which one it was.

In the old days with Silver he h had buried meat in a score of places the den after the family had feast capacity. That these caches had been reopened mattered not at all. were but reserves against the possible ine which never came.

It now seemed perfectly natural th girl should bury her surplus meat. ever, he preferred dirt to rocks for thi pose, and those of the victims he could a he drew forth and carried to some s his own selection, interring them de the ground and pushing the soft d place, tamping it firmly with his nose.

X

IN THE spring a bear's pelt is in its when the fur of all others slips. Hi has grown thick and silky during the sleep of hibernation. In this high co the bear does not leave his den until s time early in May, but even this is too for men to bring horses across the passes that lead into it.

The girl knew that this fact was mately related to Dad Kinney's The previous fall he had left suppli the cabin, planning to come in on foo collect many prime spring pelts t packed out later when the passes wer

(Continued on Page 149)

(Continued from Page 146)

ow. The days passed and Kinney
ld to come. The girl often talked of
so Flash.
"e should have been here long ago."
c day she repeated this to the dog.
n if he had changed his plans he
ld come the instant my letter reached
m Flash. He's a little late, that's all.
' be here to-morrow sure." And as
cl succeeding night fell without a sign of
ne bravely promised the dog that the
x day he would surely come.
Any doubts had risen in her mind: the
s-le failure of her letter to reach him or
e ance that some mishap had befallen
e ld man on his long trip across the
merous snow combs of the peaks.
S still dreaded the cry that sounded
er few nights in the cañon, but restless-
ss t last forced her away from the cabin
t daytime. She took long tramps with
z, climbing to some commanding
r from which she could scan the sur-
ing country. She explored their own
diate vicinity, but not until a week
e her arrival at the cabin did she ven-
nto new territory.
Th one afternoon she turned down-
ea. The cañon gradually widened
t t shaded into another at right angles
ne below the cabin. Here the two
ns forked into one. The girl climbed
e igh ridge on the opposite side and
kl down upon a still wider valley. A
en storm swept down across the divide
d he sought shelter under an overhang-
ge. The rain fell in torrents and the
h ing flashed and cracked until it
nd to play along the rocks round her.
e Flash shrank from the terrific reports
sthurt his sensitive eardrums and he
rved his head into the folds of her
llg skirt to protect them. She read
s ove as one of fear and it added to her
misgivings.
Sl felt no active fear of the lightning it-
f, ut it shattered the control of over-
ont nerves and she buried her face in
e g's fur and sobbed wildly.
Fsh was strangely affected by her
ei His own plastic nature, subject to all
tse impressions, responded to her emo-
n nd his soul was wrung with misery.
r time he whimpered in sympathy, but
s ood was soon superseded by a desire
cnfort her. He drew away and re-
rd her anxiously, then pawed at the
m which shielded her face. He con-
nd this, his first experience with a
mn in tears, as helplessly as most men
e similar situation.
H wanted to help her—to fight for her,
t e could not fight this intangible en-
y He snarled savagely at imaginary
s, lashing his teeth in vicious snaps. If
e rl had not soon quieted he would
ve lashed away in a frenzy to kill the
t ving thing he met. She regained her
f- ntrol and felt better for having re-
ve the nervous tension of the last few
ys Flash's mood changed with hers. He
o lt better.
Tl steady downpour slackened to a
zz. Heavy gray clouds scudded past,
sc ing the hills beyond and the valley
lo. This in turn changed swiftly to a
nsfog—one of the milk-white mountain
gs which even seasoned hillmen hesi-
te travel when in a strange country.
A the girl started for home the tree
ins loomed vaguely a few feet away.
r l she could see of it, it might have
en forest of stumps, the trunks being
visle at a height of twenty feet. Flash
pt pace before her, heading unerringly
me, and she followed him uncon-
oully, thinking that she chose the route
rs.
Tl fog seemed to deepen and turn to
rp instead of white. With a thrill of
pnension she realized that night was
tlg down over the hills. Before she
ac d the foot of the slope night had
mpeted the swift transformation of the
g hm milky white to oozy black which
uter in until she was unable to see two
et head.
Sh groped forward, feeling her way.
er ind recoiled from the thought of the
leng trip before her; every foot of it
en l fraught with perils. She remem-
re the one horrible night she had spent
on before Flash, like an answer to a
ay, had come to her on the second
gh But then she had had a fire.
T wind was at their backs and not
til they turned into the cañon and
arfl up the game trail did Flash scent
e nace ahead. His hair bristled and he
turned back. But the girl was now sure of her ground and went on. Flash ran round in front of her, pushing to turn her aside. Not until he growled did she understand that there was danger lurking near.

The scent came plain and it was that of man. He could hear voices which the girl could not. A sudden thought assailed her. Flash must have detected the presence of the beast whose chilling cry she had often heard at night, but she hurried on. It was all she knew—to reach the refuge of the cabin at all costs.

Flash knew these scents and voices were those of some of the men who lived near Two Ocean Pass. To him they meant danger, even death, and as he followed her he bristled uneasily. That they meant danger to her he was not so sure. The ways of men with men had always baffled him. Men whom he trusted associated with those he knew to be dangerous in the extreme. Of the way of men with women he knew nothing at all. Perhaps these men who meant death to him would not harm his lovely mistress in the least.

The sounds which he heard so clearly did not reach the girl until she rounded a sudden bend in the cañon. She heard a man's laugh at the same instant that she saw the dim wavering light of a fire gleaming through the fog. It appeared far off, but was in reality only fifty feet. It meant but one thing to her. Kinney had come at last and someone else was with him.

In her relief at escaping the imaginary dangers of the night she hurried toward the very real one at the fire. The voices which covered the sound of her approach ceased suddenly as she appeared like a wraith out of the night. The group of half a dozen men round the fire stared incredulously. She too was startled by the unexpected number and the absence of any familiar face. Kinney was not there.

"I'm lost," she said unsteadily. And she saw the hungry gleam leap into the eyes of one after another of the group. The firelight revealed faces that were hard and desperate.

These men had long been denied the society of women. This appearance among them of a beautiful girl was like the smell of meat to starving beasts of prey. Not a man there but would have murdered his friend in order to own her.

From beyond the circle of light thrown by the fire a pair of yellow eyes watched this tableau. Flash sensed the menace to his goddess, satisfied at last that she was unsafe among these men.

There was one man whose cold brain never failed him in an emergency.

"Where are your friends camped?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, some inner voice prompting her to lie. "But somewhere close. I stayed under a rock—and out of the rain—not far from camp."

As her voice trailed away the man rose.

"I'll take you to them," he offered. "Just come with me."

"Leave it to Harte to think first," said another. He rose also. "I need exercise. I'll just go along with you."

Every last man leaped to his feet and leered at her. These men stood in awe of Harte, but the beauty of the girl had inflamed them beyond caution. One man crowded closer to her.

As he moved a silent shadow out in the fog moved with him, crouching low to the ground.

Harte's own blood pounded hotly from her nearness and he knew that he could not control the lawless impulses of the others, yet his brain functioned as coolly as before.

"Think it over," he advised them calmly. "You know what it will mean to have a fight with a party of hunters in here. In a week we'd have posses scouring this whole country."

"What of it? The Hole is twenty miles from here," said one, his eyes resting hungrily on the girl. "I'l have a word with her before she goes."

He threw his arms round her and as he touched her a demon apparition with flashing eyes and fangs split the curtain of fog and drove straight for his throat. The teeth sank deep in his upraised shoulder and the force of the drive bore him to the ground.

The blank wall of fog had swallowed both the dog and the fleeing girl before a man of them fully realized what had occurred. Before she had run twenty feet up the game trail they were after her. The pupils of their eyes, accustomed to the firelight, were not readily readjusted to the velvety black under the trees and they stumbled blindly.

When the foremost man stretched forth his hand to seize her, something struck his extended arm with such force as almost to shear it off. He tripped and fell.

"The dog!" he screamed. "She's got a dog! Look out for him!"

The next man fell over him and pulled his gun as he scrambled to his feet. He bounded ahead—and teeth with the grip of death clamped his leg from behind and a backward wrench slammed him down across a log. As he fell the red spurt of flame from his gun streaked the night and the man close behind cursed him for a fool for shooting almost point-blank in his face.

Love transcended fear in Flash and in his rage against these men who would harm the girl he conquered his dread of guns. Always it was the man ahead, the one nearest to her, that felt his teeth. Human flesh could not endure against this silent, unseen fiend that slashed them and was gone. By common consent they had all turned back before the boldest had made fifty yards from the fire.

Retreat turned to rout, for Flash followed them back, striking swiftly and leaping away from the shot he feared would follow. They shot blindly after him, endangering their own lives more than his. The last man he heeled as he would a cow and threw him. When they burst into the circle of firelight they found Harte seated on a rock calmly smoking a cigarette.

"You're a bloody-looking crew," he observed. "I'd like to own that dog."

One man extended his left hand exhibiting a ragged flesh wound between thumb and forefinger.

"Some fool shot me," he growled. "It was either Seely or Cole."

Both men profanely denied this charge. Harte laughed scornfully as he looked them over.

"Mistaken identity," he jeered. "Clay Siggens, shot by a pal who mistook him for a dog in the battle of hide and seek."

They scowled down at him.

"I was out with Jarrat and Hanlin this spring," he went on. "Jarrat belongs in a coop for the homicidal insane and Hamlin's a thick-skulled brute—but even so, when it comes to brains they have this layout cheated seven ways from the deuce."

"You wanted the girl yourself," said Cole. "You aimed to take her off somewhere alone."

"What of it?" Harte shrugged. "I wouldn't have made a mess of it. Tie up those rents in your hide and let's go."

"Go!" Cole exclaimed. "Go where?"

"Anywhere," said Harte. "Do you poor brainless apes expect to bed down here and sleep? There's a hunting party of the girl's friends camped round here close. They'll have guides. When they hear the girl's story they'll be looking for us and pick us off like rats as we lay asleep round the fire."

As always, his logic was convincing. They started to apply what rough first aid they could to the deepest cuts. As they moved a beast with dripping jaws circled round and round the fire waiting for one to venture out into the night.

When they left they started downstream in the opposite direction from the girl. Flash let them go and went back to her. He followed her warm trail for almost a mile before he found her stealing cautiously along the game trail.

She believed Flash was dead. She knew he had fought desperately to give her time. He had not come back to her after the shots. It was a stunning shock when, without a sound to warn her, a cold nose was thrust suddenly against her hand. The eager whine which followed told her it was Flash, alive and safe.

She dropped to her knees and threw her arms about him, whispering her gratitude in broken sobs.

She started ahead once more, urged on by the thought that they still followed her. Flash turned from the trail and whined for her to come, and she felt her way through the down timber of the slope and entered the cabin.

As she closed the door behind her the rain began to fall, blotting out whatever trail she might have left. She lay on the bunk, straining to hear any sound of pursuit. She heard nothing but the rain, and near morning she slept from sheer exhaustion. When she opened her eyes it was light. Flash seemed calm and peaceful and she knew from this that the men could not be near. He scratched at the door and she let him out.

Flash started at once for the scene of the fight. He circled cautiously, testing the wind. The rank odor of the drowned camp fire was all that reached him. The rain had washed out all but the faintest trace of human scent.

As he drew near he snarled and bristled his back roach at the smell of blood that haunted the wet spruce needles where he had slashed at them the night before.

He followed their cold trail for a mile, then left it, satisfied that they were far away, and started on a hunt for meat. An hour later he turned up at the cabin carrying a grouse.

The girl would not leave the cabin again, not even descending to the game trail along the stream. The scant store of provisions was running low.

She could not help but associate these men with Dad Kinney's failure to arrive. Her worry over him inspired a like uneasiness about a man she had never seen—Moran, the owner of Flash.

On that other trip when Flash had crept up to her in the moonlit park Kinney had told her that the dog would never leave Moran, yet Flash now stayed with her. Her chief fear had been that Flash would leave her any moment and go back to him. But he had stayed. It now occurred to her that he would not so easily desert the man who had raised him from a pup. Something had happened to Moran. The thought persisted and she often referred to it in her conversations with the dog. The frequent repetition of Moran's name struck some chord of memory in Flash. He had by no means forgotten Moran, but his recollection of him was more of a vague longing than a definite picture.

Man's most dependable sense is his sense of sight, and he carries the memory of absent loved ones by a mental visualization of their faces. Dogs, instead of a mental likeness, retain a mixture of sight, scent and sound, the latter two being the predominating elements of animal memory. It is this which sometimes causes a dog to bark at the approach of his master, whom he can plainly see, but cannot recognize until some familiar scent or sound identifies him.

It was sound—the name of Moran—that stirred Flash. Each recurring time it came from the girl's lips it quickened the half-dormant longing that was in him. And it was sound that one day caused him to drop all else and investigate a distant note with a familiar ring.

He had rambled far up the slope of the main divide where he often hunted. Something beat faintly against his eardrums and he knew it was a far-off sound of man. His ears pricked forward and he moved excitedly from spot to spot. It was a man who whistled, and the air was one of the few little tunes that Moran had whistled endlessly as he wandered alone. Flash started swiftly along the hill in the direction of the sound.

XI

THERE was one man who had given many interesting facts to the world. He had unraveled the half-century-old mystery of the lost herd. All that men knew of the swift fox was through his research. He had definitely linked the buffalo gray with the so-called lobo wolf.

Great beasts had come down out of the North and it was rumored that for the first time moose had been seen in the beaver swamps of the Thoroughfare. This man was now on his way to the Land of Many Rivers to determine whether this new Western moose was a distinct type or merely a detached band strayed down from its Northern range.

Far up Seclusion Creek, Moran lay rolled in his blankets, his head propped up on one elbow as he listened to the night sounds which he loved so well and had not heard for so long a time. A cow elk barked from the timber; from far down the stream came the shrill staccato of a coyote and another answered from above. An owl on the rim rocks overhead hooted his whereabouts to a far-off mate. These sounds, the very essence of loneliness to most men, were the voices of old friends to Moran. He read in them more of primitive love and understanding than of savagery.

There was a sudden hush and for a space of minutes no living creature raised its voice. Moran had heard no sound to indicate the reason for this, but he knew that the wild things of the hills could hear things much too distant to be detected by the ear of man. This sudden suspension of all animal communications, the absolute cessation of every note, meant but one thing to

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Moran. As unerringly as if he himself had heard it, he knew that somewhere a wolf had howled. Yet Moran knew, too, that this high country was not infested with wolves. This one must be a straggler passing through.

Moran had stopped for the night at the lower edge of the snow line, and when he rolled his pack in the morning it took him less than an hour to climb out of the spruce belt above timber line. He worked his way on up the divide and before noon he stood in the Rampart Pass. The serrated masses of the Rainbow Peaks, the ragged saw teeth of the Tetons and the other distant ranges that walled in the Land of Many Rivers showed up in miniature, clear cut and distinct, broken only by the dark rents which marked each wild gorge through which the rivers rushed on their way to the low country.

The south slope of the divide was streaked with brown where the more exposed spots were free of snow. Moran chose a long ridge that swept down far below timber line, its bald crest looming above the trees and splitting the solid green of the spruce belt, and followed it down the far side of the divide.

When well down among the trees three jays flew above him, rending the air with weird squawks. He watched them pitch down into an opening in the timber. An eagle swooped grandly down out of the sky and a string of chattering magpies flitted from tree to tree toward the same spot. Two ravens winged down from a cliff face, one of them croaking hoarsely and the other emitting a series of clear tenor whistles, each note ending with a click as if a sharp rap on the beak had chopped the whistle short.

Moran knew what this feathered conclave presaged. The meat-eating birds of the hills were assembling to the feast. He would find some carcass in the opening, and he turned aside to investigate. The carrion hosts flapped away at his approach, protesting raucously at this interruption of their banquet. Out in the open spot he could see a dead cow elk.

Moran knew there were but three beasts in the hills that could kill an elk—the grizzly, the mountain lion and the wolf. The fact that the elk lay in open country eliminated the first. Few grizzlies are killers, and those that are invariably stalk their prey in dense down-timbered spots. They must creep close enough for a short rush and then tear and hammer down their meat by sheer strength. The mountain lion launches himself for the back, strikes his talons deep through skin and flesh and rides his victim to death, his teeth buried ever deeper in the neck.

As Moran drew near he had no slightest doubt as to the identity of the slayer. The severed hamstrings convicted the wolf.

The birds had hopped about and obliterated most of the other signs. In a spot of moist earth he could make out one track, and whistled in surprise at its size. He wondered if it was possible that one last buffalo gray still lingered in the hills.

He had come down from winter to spring. Here each open spot was green and the drifts lay in only the darkest, most sheltered spots in the timber. As he walked under the trees Moran whistled cheerfully.

He had a sudden feeling that something watched him—followed him. Many times he had tried to analyze this feeling All men who live in the open are familiar with it. They variously speak of it as a feeling or a hunch. Others, slightly more learned, refer to it as intuition or class it as some mysterious subtle sixth sense. Moran strove always for some natural explanation of all things.

Often when hunting or rambling in the hills he had suddenly known that game was near him. He could not tell why he knew. At times he had even known the kind—bear, elk or deer as the case might have been. Later, upon investigation, he frequently found a fresh bear track or the warm bed of some elk or deer if the animal itself was gone. There is a strong odor that lingers for hours about the deserted bed of a large animal, and when very close to it even the nose of man can easily tell the difference between the scent of deer and elk. It was this fact that had first started Moran's mind working along one certain line until he had finally evolved a satisfactory theory of his own.

In the dim ages of the past, man had undoubtedly used his senses of scent and hearing as keenly as the beasts did, else he had not survived. From many centuries of disuse these senses had become dulled, ye still functioned slightly. Some fain or sound, the snapping of a twig or t pad of a distant footfall, too elus make a distinct impression upon th sciousness of modern man, was con cated to some long-dormant brai which now only reacted sluggishly, a warning was manifested by this feeling, hunch or intuition that all h know.

This was Moran's solution, and walked he kept his face straight front, glancing to the right and left out turning his head, seeking ocula of the presence he felt. His patience warded by one brief glimpse of a lon shape that slipped between the trunks a hundred yards up the slo that one instant enabled him to i the animal as belonging to the wolf His thrill of satisfaction was accom by a shock of surprise.

Moran knew that the tales of a who stalk men through the hills or mainly in the too-imaginative mi novices in the woods. Animals th lived in localities little frequented b had sometimes approached him out osity. He had seen deer draw ne stamp excitedly at this strange two- beast—many such evidences as tha to be followed was something entirel To be followed by a wolf, the one cr that avoids man scent like a pestilen almost incredible to Moran. It up the convictions formed by years of

This beast must be a dog. Moran back until he reached a long dri stretched far up the slope along th tered side of a gulch, and started up the track where the wolf had crosse tracks of dogs and wolves are so that even experts cannot always b The wolf track is slightly, almost ceptibly longer than that of some do the large wolfish types of dogs incli to that shape of track.

One thing Moran knew. A wolf's would be evenly spaced and plac directly before the other in a straig and show no trace of the wavering, bling gait of the dog. But some of th ish breeds of dogs inherit this wolf ga the one glimpse had proved that the was of that kind.

Moran found the trail across the true, straight and evenly spaced. was not convinced. A sudden t flitted across his mind.

"Flash!" he called. "Flash! Co of it, you big gray rascal! Come here!"

He knew that Flash's body had been found after the shooting at the ranch. The Wind River wolf had ne appeared on the range and it was pre that Flash was dead. There was chance that he had survived.

Moran called again and again.

Out in the timber Flash thrille trembled. First, the sound of the v then the familiar appearance of the followed and the scent he knew for M now the much-loved voice; all sens dinated and Flash knew that th Moran. He longed to go to him, bu experience had taught him that al even former friends, now sought his

He circled several times clear rou spot where Moran sat on a log. caught occasional glimpses of him t the trees. It was Flash!

Each circle was drawn closer. heard the glad note in Moran's Moran carried no rifle, but there holster at his hip and Flash had lear dread all guns. At last he was i sight, standing rigid fifty yards away an aisle through the trees.

Foot by foot he approached. He w and this was the first sound Mora ever heard from him. When he stood ten feet of Moran his conflicting en were so powerful that he writhed hi from side to side and clashed his t savage snaps to relieve the inner r baring his fangs terribly, but w eagerly at the same time.

When at last Moran touched h doubt was gone. In his frantic abandoned his usual dignity and thr weight upon him so recklessly that braced himself to keep from being thrown.

At the end of an hour Moran star and Flash stayed so close as alm touch him. When they reached where several cañons branched off,

(Continued on Page 153)

(Continued from Page 150)

oed ahead and stood in a break in the
m through which a game trail pitched
ov over the lip of a deep gorge. He
old back expectantly at Moran.
"ou think that's the best one to follow
ov, old boy?" asked Moran. "All right,
s try it." And Moran started along the
a that tacked dizzily down the nose of
eañon. After striking the bottom it fol-
wl a tiny stream that grew steadily
rg, fed by springs and melting drifts.
ft a mile of this Moran noted wolf
as in the trail. It was padded thick
t them.
ou old rascal, you've been holding out
er for a long time," he said.
I sh turned aside and started up
r gh the down timber of the slope.
c n was not surprised. He had a sudden
o that Flash was mated and that he
ou find the den under a windfall or
n g the rocks at the base of the cliff. It
as ate for pups to remain at a den, but
o s sometimes mated late. This was no
a for a wolf den, but it was possible.
I sh watched Moran. The man kept on
i e had not noticed. Flash whined after
m He ran round in front and once more
r d up the slope.
"hat's up there, Flash?" asked Moran.
Wat do you want to show me?"
I smiled as he thought of the con-
e ation his appearance would occasion
s wolf if the den were really there. He
r d and followed Flash up the slope.
I stopped and stared incredulously at
e abin. It was old and moss covered.
n occupant had left no tracks on the
w trail. This must be the refuge of some
er it—some fugitive who avoided men.

XII

WHEN Teton Jackson tore away from
between two guards and threw him-
lf from a moving train he left no trail.
h solated mountain valley in the shadow
e Tetons from which as a boy he had
d s Robin Hood band to prey upon three
as still bore his name, but the world
ev again found a single trace of the man
m lf. The valley of his name was settled
y nchers. Some few of the earlier set-
er remembered him—and kindly, for no
rgling squatter ever had cause to com-
a of his treatment at the hands of
ac on and his men.
Among all the outlaws who escaped dur-
g ie next quarter of a century there were
utlew—perhaps a score—of whom no
a was ever found. In prison circles
inr linked the names of these men to-
et r and there were whispers of some
ne tom rendezvous called The Hole. No
a seemed possessed of knowledge as to
ie hereabouts of this place. Stool pigeons
eal naught but rumors. These rumors
er persistent, and it was recalled that the
a rity of these vanished ones were of the
ru bor type of bandit. At last the au-
ho ties inclined to the belief that some of
ie men were banded together somewhere
ey nd reach of the law.
Moran viewed the cabin these things
it d through his mind. He recalled tales
ha men told of signal lights flashing from
ee to peak. One sportsman, who could
re the wigwag alphabet, claimed to have
au nt a portion of one message. Among
ne words he made out were the names
f o men—the names of two of the most
es erate escaped criminals alive. Moran
is issed these thoughts as absurd—absurd
t ast in so far as they concerned this
ar cular spot. A number of men could
ot help but leave numerous telltale signs
f eir presence. This was the home of
or lone hermit.
Flash preceded him and scratched at the
do. It opened—and the scene was trans-
or ed for Moran. Any man would have
pr ounced the girl's beauty exceptional,
no perhaps Moran's surprise at this vision
n ie door added to his estimate of her.
He was instantly aware that he had never
ee anything so intensely beautiful as the
gir who stood there, vivid and alive, in this
wil setting. She looked up and saw him
an the color fled from her face, leaving it
wh e and drawn.
"I startled you," said Moran. "I'm
sor y."
She gazed at him without a word. Flash
ne ed back to his side, his big tail waving
pr dly. Moran placed his hand on the
do s head and from this move the girl
di ined the man's identity.
"You're Clark Moran," she said. He
no ed, surprised that she should know his
na e.

"Then they didn't kill you after all?"
"No," he smiled. "I'm very much alive."
"Flash brought you here?"
Again he nodded.
"Did they get Dad Kinney—is that the reason he hasn't come?"
"I saw him a few days ago as I came up the Shoshone—stayed at his camp overnight," said Moran. "He's alive and well."
"Then he didn't get my letter," she stated positively.
"Probably not," said Moran. He sensed that there was some connecting link of thought between each disjointed phrase and he tried to understand it all.
"I can get him for you," he offered. "I can make his camp in three days—two days on a forced hike—and have him back here in five—that or any other way in which I can help you."
The reaction to her normal self was swift. It occurred to her that this man was wonderfully self-controlled. He was passing off a strange situation as if it were no unusual thing for him to find a girl in a secret cabin fifty miles from the nearest ranch. Her remarks must have sounded incoherent; she had spoken of things he had no way to know, yet he showed no excitement or curiosity. She liked his level gaze—knew she had nothing to fear from him.
"I'm here alone, waiting for Dad Kinney to come. Please come in," she said. "I'm starting dinner. As I work I'll try to decide how I can take advantage of your offer to help."
Flash prowled continuously between the two, his toenails clicking across the floor as he tried to keep within touching distance of each one. He sensed a certain constraint, an air of strangeness between them, but he was too well pleased at having brought these two together to pay much heed to so trifling a thing as that.
When Moran picked up his ax Flash followed him outside. Moran selected a tall dead pine, sized it up with an appraising eye and notched the trunk.
"We'll cut some regular wood for her, old boy," he said. "She's been burning squaw wood—limbs and scraps. I wish you could talk and tell me what it's all about. She's had something happen which has upset all her little world—and she's run away from it. Her plans didn't work out right and she's had a tough time of it. Who is she, Flash, and how did she happen to know about this place?"
He had carried a dozen armloads of wood before she announced the meal. The shadows were lengthening in the cañon when they had finished and Moran picked up his blanket roll.
"I'll camp somewhere close at hand," he said. "I'll hear you if you call. You can decide in what way I can help you and I'll hear the verdict in the morning."
"Oh, don't go!" she said. "Stay and talk to me. I've been alone too much. There's some horrid beast that screams here in the cañon nearly every night. I want you to tell me what it is."
Their conversation had been a little trite, limited to formal remarks, and Moran now welcomed the opportunity to break the ice by speaking on this familiar topic, which was almost a hobby with him. He opened the door.
"Let's sit here," he said. "The wild things will soon begin to talk. I'll try to interpret their notes as they come. There's probably one man out of ten thousand who really understands half of what he hears in the woods at night."
They sat together on the sill and Moran told her many things. He realized that the girl had stayed there night after night alone, assailed by all the imaginary dangers that besiege the mind of each novice in the hills. He explained away many man-made superstitions surrounding the creatures of the wild. Flash wedged in between them and as they talked he felt the dying out of that strangeness, the lessening of restraint between them.
"It must be a panther, I think," she told Moran. She noted the almost imperceptible shake of his head. "Why not? Don't they live here?" she asked.
"Yes—only they're called lions here," he said. "The panther, puma, cougar and the mountain lion are the same animal, only differently named according to locality. I've known and studied them under all four names. I've lived in hopes—but I've never yet heard a panther scream. I have inquired of scores of reliable, observing men who have spent their lives in the Northwest where the lions range; in the deserts of the Southwest, the range of the

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cougar; the swamp and hardwood country of the Eastern panther; and in Mexico, the home of the puma. A very few of them have told me that once or twice in their lives they had heard a note which they believed to be that of the panther. Even they could not be sure."

Flash suddenly pricked up his ears and attempted to squeeze past. Moran pushed him back as a low wail issued from the timber.

"Flash knew there was a tragedy going on out there. Guess what made that sound," he urged.

"A wildcat," she guessed.

"A rabbit," said Moran. "That was his dying scream of fear. Few know that a rabbit makes a sound. Most men would have guessed as you did. That cottontail was probably struck by a weasel or by an owl."

A weird, unearthly squall floated down from the bald ridge that topped one wall of the cañon.

"There!" said Moran. "Try again."

"A lynx," she said.

"A fox," he corrected. "Long ago some curbstone naturalist who owned a poodle dog announced to the world that the fox note was a yap. They've been yapping ever since. That long-drawn maniac squall is their real note—call it a yap if you like. I rather thought we'd hear a fox and that it would prove to be the sound that had worried you. That wasn't it?"

The girl shook her head.

"Not in the least like that," she said.

"I can't imagine what else it could be."

Moran was puzzled. A sudden thought struck him. He remembered the dead cow elk with the severed hamstrings, recalled the sudden hush and cessation of animal sounds that had occurred as he lay on the far slope of the Wapiti Divide—the silence that had told him of a distant wolf howl. He looked round for Flash, but Flash had squeezed past on the other side of the girl and was gone.

"I think I can make a pretty accurate guess as to the source of that sound," he said. "Our old friend Flash has been out with the wolves and found his voice. If he inherited his father's cry it was the lobo call you heard."

"Flash!" she exclaimed. "Why, Flash couldn't make such a hideous sound! Oh, surely it wasn't Flash!"

"I'm inclined to believe it was," he said. "You see you've had the most dangerous beast in the hills right with you all the time."

"Flash dangerous!" she cried. "Why, he's not dangerous! He's the smartest dog alive."

"And for that very reason he is positively the most dangerous beast within five hundred miles. Flash has all of the killing power of a lobo wolf, but without a wolf's blind fear of man. Flash fears men intelligently, can gauge their power for harm. He knows their tricks. Instead of fleeing in a panic from the first taint of man scent he investigates it. Then he knows! Of course Flash wouldn't attack men indiscriminately—he'd have to be spurred on by some strong dislike of one individual, but if he held a grudge against some man—well I'd hate to be that man and have Flash find me somewhere asleep or traveling through the hills at night."

"It doesn't seem possible that he could harm a man with only his teeth to fight with," she insisted.

"Only his teeth!" Moran exclaimed. "Yes, that's all. You've not the slightest conception of what those teeth of his can do. They cut like knives through the hide muscles and even the hamstring cords on a bull elk. I've known him to kill elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep. Only a few months ago there was a five-hundred-dollar bounty posted for the scalp of the worst lobo that ever struck Wind River. Flash was that wolf. I shouldn't have left him. Ask Kinney. He tracked the Wind River wolf more than a hundred miles on a new snow and found Flash at the end of the trail. You and I are the only ones who know he's alive to-day. What chance would a man have against a killer like that if he didn't have a gun?"

The girl's mind traveled swiftly back to a certain night when she had heard screams and oaths behind her as Flash fought half a dozen men to give her time. She had had a vague idea that his snaps and snarls had retarded them until she was out of hearing. Now for the first time it occurred to her that he had struck them so savagely that they had feared to follow her through the night.

"Would you sell Flash at any price asked.

"No," Moran answered instantly. yours. I lost my title to him when him behind. I knew he would hate it city and I expected to be away but or two. He turned outlaw, was hun over the range. He showed up he attached himself to you. I have no to him. He belongs to you."

The girl held out her hand to him

"Kinney told me that all men like she said. "Now I know why. 'They make 'em any whiter than Clark M was what he told me. I indorse his ment. And I want you to know that sider that the very nicest present had."

"That repays me," he said.

"And thank you for talking to instead of questioning me. Of cour know that I have a definite reason fo here. I'd tell you if I could. I t know now how you can help me if yo If you will stay near here until Dad comes, then send him here to me—i too much to ask?"

"I intended to camp within a few of here," he smiled. "So you're nothing but what I would have done event. Just one question, please?"

She nodded assent.

"If I'm to camp here—how shall dress you? As an aid to conversatio understand."

"I'd rather you didn't know my n she told him frankly. "At least not a One of my reasons for being here is to forget who and what I am until reason things out coolly. That's don't care to hear my name spoke and over again. But as an aid to con tion—Betty is the only part of my I care to hear. You may call me that like."

"Thank you," said Moran. He pic his blanket roll. "I'll bunk just ou

"If it storms come inside," she "Circumstances alter cases and I priggishly conventional, you know. night."

Moran knew that there was no least of coquetry in this permission to u given name. There was some deep- reason why she shrank from hearing t of her name. When he knew that he would know why she was here.

He had scarcely spread his bl when a sudden shiver shook him as rang out from the rims above—th cry, the most chilling sound of all th It was tossed from wall to wall of the its echoes dying slowly away amor peaks as the diminishing ripples caus a thrown rock die out against the far of a quiet pool. Moran heard the gi softly from the cabin.

"Do you still believe Flash could m sound like that?"

"I'm sure of it. That was Flas other."

"It's rather a dreadful sound for s able a dog to make," she said. "Bu that I know it's only Flash I nee shiver when I hear it again."

She heard Moran laugh softly.

"You are mistaken," he said. "I live for a thousand years and hear it night it will always be the same. You not fear it—but the wolf shiver will you each time it sounds."

For the first time since her arrival t failed to bar the door at night, but swinging open—mute evidence of her lute confidence in Moran.

Half an hour later Flash touched M hand with his cold nose, gave one brie and went inside to the girl. He sat her bunk, his chin resting on the edge she stroked his head.

"Flash," she whispered. "Flash, couldn't it have been a man like the o there—like Clark Moran?"

Flash trotted outside and lay Moran.

"You old rascal!" said Moran. look what you've led me into now! lieve I've found her, Flash—I kno Isn't she a little beauty? Don't you tell me you ever saw a woman who compare with her! Any girl I've ever would seem drab and commonplace her. What do you think about it, Fla

Flash only thought that he was contented. Nevertheless, he was re and spent the main part of the nig prowling uneasily back and forth bet Betty and Moran.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

ng other sciences. For example, the owed plainly that we know too much oisons and explosives and too little lemocracy and coöperation. Science ry well, but with an understanding hsical science we must likewise have ledge of political science to control nders we create. Some of our recent ons are marvelous, but they will o be nation destroyers unless we pay ttention to mastering the facts and les of human relationships.

eryone knows that social conditions out the world are not perfect, and fool will argue that they ever will be . However, it is inconceivable that intelligence will fail to reduce the number of human miseries that lict us. The fact that 33 per cent of people who reach the age of 25 die they are 60 is purely a sermon on but a further fact which shows that y 1000 men who reach the voting y 115 are self-supporting at 60, and aining 535 still living are dependent ity or relatives, is a stern condemna- the social system we live under.

er in Egypt 4000 years ago decay of th was as rare as decay of the bones. we can soar through the clouds, but r false teeth. This evolution of our g apparatus is somewhat of a puzzle but the evolution of management he days of serfs and slaves to the e. time is as simple as mush. The is we don't seem to want to under- We see a lightning bug and mistake conflagration. Somebody hollers fire try to dig a well to put out the blaze. e big problem to-day is not equip- r salesmanship, but the fitting to- of boss and worker—employer and ee. The future of all our industries pon the human factor. We can go only upon a new basis of complete ation. Everyone must have his fair f present profits and future oppor- ts. These are fundamentals. Those ny them encourage the preachers of ion and strengthen the hands of vio- licals who would proceed along lines e neither sound nor economic.

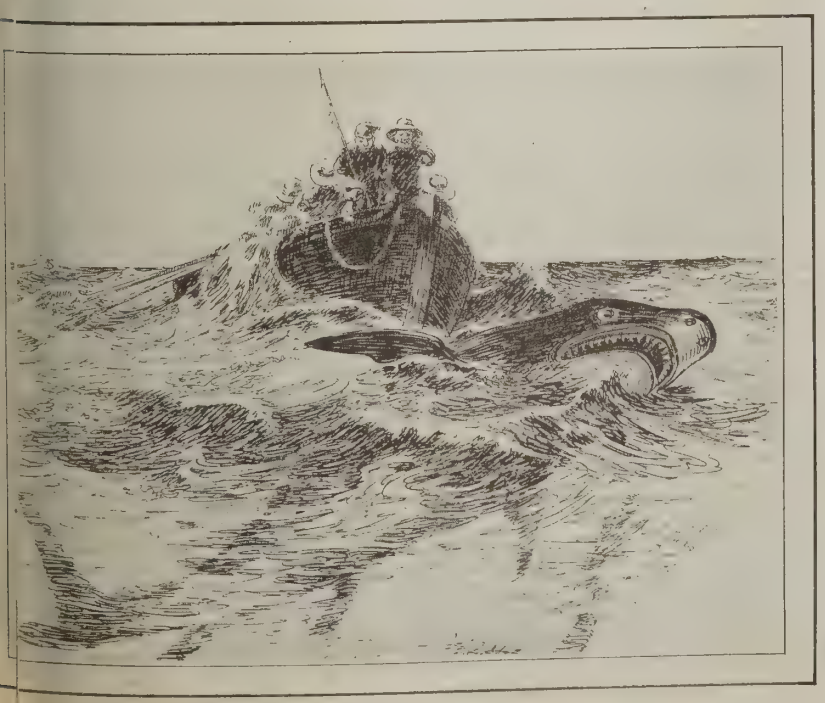
n't mistake my meaning in saying t lesmanship is not so all-important. as well as anyone that you can't you haven't markets, and the big- r market, all things considered, the eime you will work your plant each r. The other day I was talking to a man g a so-called seasonal factory. The oc nature of his business rendered it ct for him to keep his forces together off-season periods. Did he throw up ds? I guess not! He sent a man to tlia, where the seasons are the reverse t we have here. When we are wear- white flannels they are going about r ulsters. My friend is on the right and soon he will be filling Australian uth American orders during his dull . Such foresight counts. But the t mains that the biggest thing is a sensible, just and progressive program of management.

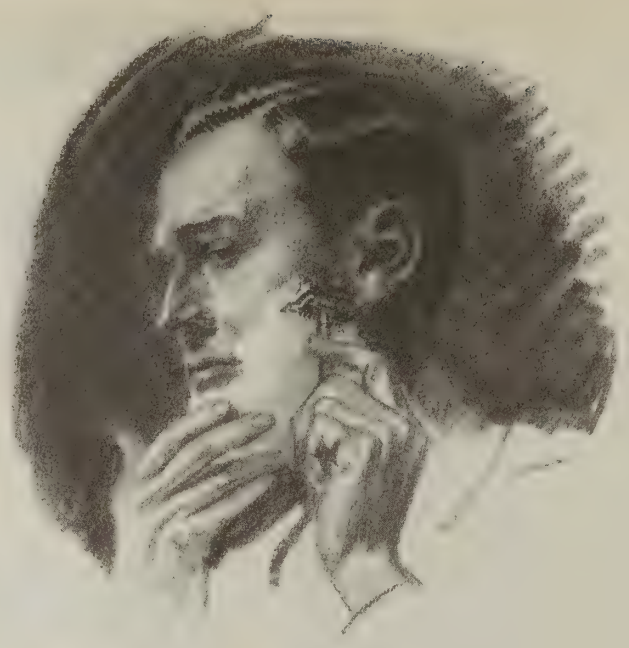
"Just because strikes nearly always were based on wage demands most of us were led to believe that money was really the cause of these labor troubles. Now we know that the dissatisfaction was frequently caused by something else—wages were only a pretext. Strikes are at present taking place in industries where the employees themselves concede that the wages they receive are as high as can be paid. What they now want, and what they have always wanted, is a place in industry equal in dignity to that of the employer. With the introduction of steam the laborer felt that he lost caste, and he now demands that this fancied loss be made good. Only a small percentage of recent industrial plans based solely upon the policy of paying higher wages has increased the worker's interest or lessened his discontent.

"One of the unfortunate things is that our American-born citizens fight shy of the trades. They take to the farms and offices or engage in small individual enterprises. Seldom do you find a native-born son at a machine in a big industrial plant. I do not mean that this kind of work is not done by American citizens; it is, but frequently they do not speak English, and their loyalty though often requisitioned is too commonly of a platonic international character. When the machine itself became the real worker and the man became the assistant to the mechanical device the native American got out. It used to be that we had all-round machinists; one of them could build an entire engine if you gave him the tools and the time. But at present no one man builds even the smallest part of a truck or a tractor; instead of the general worker we have a series of skilled machine assistants.

"When employers commenced to discern that their men were without interest in their work they looked about and made the discovery that though their machines were automatic their factories were not. One friend of mine found that he was hiring 2500 people each year to maintain an average working force of 900. He investigated further and learned that it cost him $85, on an average, to break in each new operator. In other words, his labor turnover was costing his company more than $200,000 annually. Other owners made similar discoveries. Remedies were sought. Some decided to pay their men on the piece basis, rewarding them for what they did, not for the time they worked. Other managements tried to increase the interest of their employees by providing better living conditions. A few evolved stock-purchasing plans and profit-sharing schemes. Some of these plans helped, but all of them together were not a cure-all.

"I am an old-timer in the industrial game and have managed many thousands of men. One thing at least I have learned: There is no worth-while industrial policy to-day but coöperation. No other basis is either sensible or safe."





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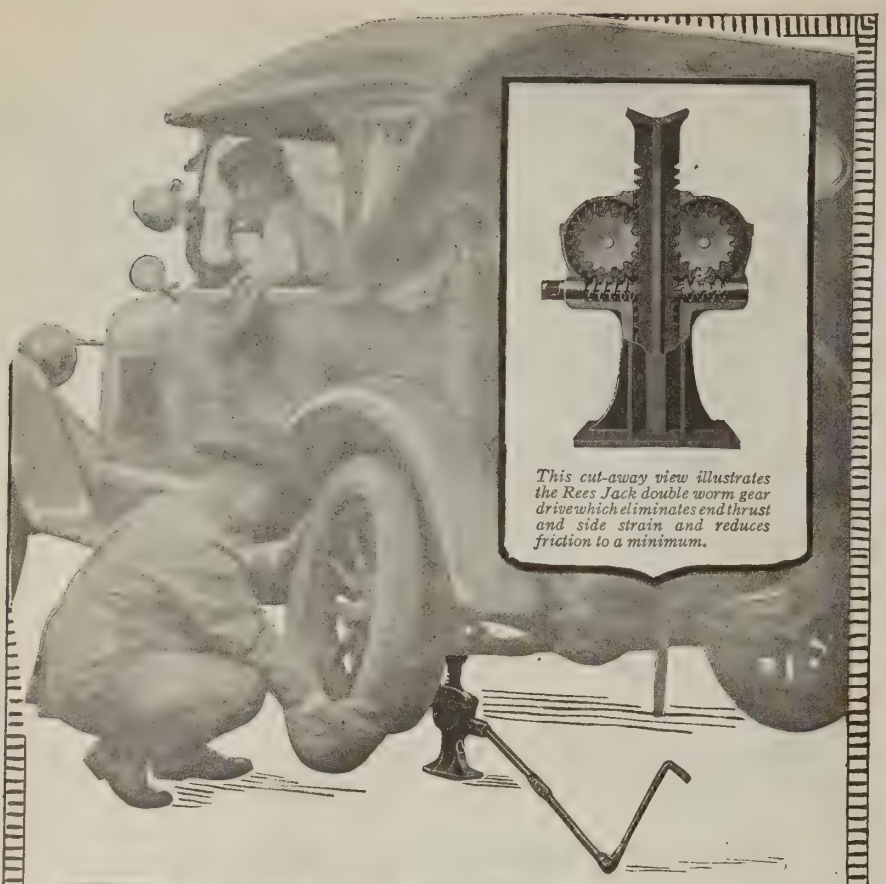

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Manufacturers also of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for motor trucks, railway and industrial uses.

ONE THOUSAND DIAMETER

(Continued from Page 22)

Spiders were good for malaria. If you have had any doubt in your mind as to what spiders are good for, now you know. Most people think spiders are good for eating flies and that flies are good for feeding spiders, but here is a use that perhaps you did not suspect. They are good for malaria. Just how they were taken, whether "drunke" or swallowed whole, was not mentioned, but you may depend upon it, whatever was particularly loathsome was good for something.

"A good pouder for the jaundice is as follows: Take earthworms and cut them small and braye them with a little wyne so that ye may swallow it; drinke same fasting."

The last direction must have been a mistake. It should have been: "Drink the same fast!" It is possible that the doctor himself did the "braying."

And then there were snails. Fine ladies had their footmen gather snails in the garden before breakfast. It had to be before breakfast; after breakfast would not have done. These snails were pounded, shells and all: "To be swallowed for a consumption."

Disease was thought to be a thing, an entity, something that entered into the body and must be driven out again by a remedy stronger than itself. Perhaps this idea had something to do with the size of the prescriptions. Some of them contained more than one hundred ingredients. They were built up by succeeding generations of doctors. Each doctor had to add one drug or more as his contribution to medicine or realize that his life had been wasted. After worrying about it for years, possibly, one day he would exclaim: "Gadzooks," or "I' faith," or "By my halidome, I've got it!" Then he would put into the prescription something more terrible and loathsome than all the rest, and having done so, when his time came he would pass the mess on to his successor before he himself passed on, content that his life had been well spent.

Cure by Royal Touch

Those were fat days for the druggist. In 1676 Dr. Gideon Harvey, physician in ordinary to Charles II, wrote:

"I have oft seen bills of Apothecaries risen to twenty pounds and sometimes thirty pounds in the time of a fortnight. Not long since an Apothecary of our suburbs brought in bills to nine patients for less than three-quarters of a year's physick amounting to fifteen hundred pounds."

That would have been equivalent in purchasing power to about forty thousand dollars at the present day! All of which goes to prove that compared with his ancient prototype the modern druggist is a piker.

And then there was blistering, a favorite method of torture. It was probably the first crude experiment in New Thought treatment. It took the patient's mind off his other troubles. Being so occupied with the new sensation he had no room for the old ones. Sometimes the desperate victim refused.

"You must be blistered or you will die!" said her physician to the Duchess of Marlborough.

"I won't be blistered and I won't die!" said the strong-minded old Sarah, and she kept her word for many years.

Scrofula was called king's evil and was cured by the touch of the king. For hundreds, perhaps thousands of years people had clung to this belief, which was probably fostered by monarchs to strengthen their claims to divine right. Dr. Samuel Johnson was touched by royalty at the age of four, but it did not rid him of his taint. Between May, 1662, and April, 1682, or twenty years, Charles II touched ninety-two thousand one hundred and seventy persons. One day a week, Friday, was given over to this touching ceremony, so he must have averaged a little more than eighty-eight persons at one sitting. On some Fridays, when it was necessary to make up for lost time, he exceeded the speed limit, touching more than two hundred and fifty victims of scrofula. But he himself was touched also, for it was the custom to give to each a small piece of gold, called the "touch coin."

Another favorite was bleeding. This was the first, the middle and the last resort. If the doctor did not know what ailed and mostly he did not—he bled h he did know he bled him anyhow. sultation resulted in more bleeding. the lancet or leeches were used, mos ably both—and often.

Louis XIV was bled generous times for scarlet fever. In 1765 a mob attacked the Duke of Bedford' This probably caused the duchess an hysterical fit, for the next morn doctors bled her. George Selwyn w ing one night at the home of Lord C and fell, striking his head upon a table, causing a wound which bl fusely. When the surgeon came di George down, stanch and dress hi ated wound? No, that would hav too simple and obvious a method f days. He bled him, though Natu doing the same thing herself!

Abominable Prescriptio

Ambroise Paré was a celebrated su his time—earnest, painstaking an fatigable in his search for truth. Bu held her face averted. Paré havin that an Italian surgeon had a wo dressing for wounds determined to secret. He gave up his practice, home and served a two-years' appr ship with the Italian. He says: ' end, thanks to my gifts and my p he gave it to me. Then was I joy my heart made glad that I had lear remedy."

Triumphantly, his soul filled wit enthusiasm, he took it back home w and no doubt used it upon wounds after for the rest of his life. This ma remedy, to learn which he had serv years and given presents and gifts, have been used upon Johnny's foo had lived in those days. It was co of "Young puppies, boiled in oil o and earthworms prepared with Ven pentine."

But most probably the attending s would have used a "sympathetic" p A sympathetic remedy is one that h sympathy. That is, it does not con contact with the wound at all. One r the bandages that have been appli first-aid dressing and dusts them w sympathetic powder, then lays then in a corner cupboard and the wound at once to heal.

You don't believe it? They believ the seventeenth century, as the fol narrative will attest: In 1687 a knight attempted to stop a duel by st in between two adversaries. Like another well-meaning go-between and since he got the worst of it, of receiving a serious sword wound in Then he promptly sought the atten a surgeon, who treated him for som without accomplishing anything. I under the treatment the knight g much worse that he began to fear life; also he began to think that he w getting the right treatment. So he p and discharged this surgeon and ca another.

Under the treatment used by this surgeon the wound began to heal and tually our knight became entirely wel when the second surgeon presented for the treatment the knight refused him, though he had paid without qu the bill of the first surgeon, who h benefited him. Naturally, the secon geon entered suit to recover his fee we should be grateful to the knight obstinacy, because the records of this and especially the judge's charge jury—give us a most interesting acco the medical knowledge of that day.

The judge was one Sir Thomas S Knight, Justice of the Common Bench. If Sir Thomas never did an else in his life, he made his fame imm by his charge to the jury in this cas those days a physician's calling w honorable for him to receive a fee services. He could accept an honora which was whatever the donor wish give, but never a fee. He could no even if the patient refused to pay any But a surgeon's calling was lower tha of a physician, consequently the jud cided in the beginning of the trial th surgeon was entitled to sue. There is ing further in the records to show th

(Continued on Page 161)

(Continued from Page 158)

...ıeon had a single other decision in his ...ar.

...'his being settled to the satisfaction of ...eplaintiff, the case proceeded. All the ...ience having been presented on both ...d and the attorneys for both plaintiff ...defendant having delivered their ad...ses, the judge charged the jury. Re...ing the facts as established, he recited ...the knight had been attended by the ...surgeon, who used one of two approved ...ods of treatment. That is, approved ...he medical profession of that day, ...h of course established them as "the ...d and ordinary practice," according to ... terms. Not improving, the knight ...dismissed the first surgeon and hired ...ner one, "expecting to be treated by ...econd method."

... Thomas goes quite fully into both ...ods of treatment, but the second ...od is interesting, because it is difficult ...elieve that anyone could have had ... in it in any age.

...t is of Roman vitriol, powdered and ... in the sun, and is not applied to the ...d at all. The surgeon procureth ...r or bandage with which the wound ... first bound up, and sprinkleth the ...ler upon the blood which is upon ...garter or bandage. And the patient ...upon feels an intolerable shooting and ...trating torment; but this soon van...h—thenceforth all previous evil symp... departeth; the part recovereth its ...al lively color and manifest incarna...and consolidation ensue. This is by ...an of the sympathy maintained be...n the blood extravasated and that yet ...erved in the veins and of the sovereign ...mic faculty of the vitriol. This is not ...ed to the wound, but is allowed to ... its perfect work apart. The garter is ...away in a cool place."

...ere you are, simple and rational. We ... the authority of Judge Street for it ...it is also effective. But the ignorant, ...snate surgeon would have none of it, ...gh all his professional brethren sanc...d and approved it.

..."low the plaintiff did naught save wash ...tend the wound. He used no sympa...ec powder or ointment."

In the Age of Theory

...), he said that there was no such thing ... magnetical remedy—in spite of his ...ecal brethren. He said that Nature ...d do the work herself if she were let ...e and the wound merely kept clean. ...uhe put himself far beyond the pale of ...erofession when by pure reasoning he ...rast the germ theory.

..."le even hath in his mind some crochet ... pus is engendered by some animal or ...; some bug or grub or beetle or fungus ...le, though he saith he cannot prove the ...ence of such creatures."

... Thomas was facetious there; a bit ...rstic. One can imagine the smiles and ...s on the faces of the court attendants ...the jury. But now his brow darkens ...in sympathy the features of all the ...rnen and the tipstaves grow hard and ...e:

..."t might be well for the plaintiff to take ...ee, lest he be condemned by the Holy ..."ch!"

...Guilty not only of medical iconoclasm ...of religious heresy. Of course the de...sh was for the defendant. The judge ...the surgeon did not deserve a fee any... because by his own admission Nature ...done the healing, and consequently ...ature—not the doctor—should have the ...et.

..."e most interesting part of this record ... that a surgeon in 1687 should have had a ...n theory of his own invention, though ...s were not discovered until after the ...le of the nineteenth century.

...octors were no more ignorant than ... who pursued knowledge by other ...s. If in the seventeenth century the ... was supposed to be the seat of anger, ...pleen the home of envy and the heart ...abitat of love and courage, other scien... believed in the transmutability of ...ls, in the elixir of life, in astrology, in ...c and witchcraft. One year before the ...ding of Harvard College, or in 1635, a ...tific work was published in which gold ...asserted to be a combination of quick...r and sulphur.

The Witch Statutes of the English Penal Code, which were enacted during the reign of Henry VIII in 1542, were not repealed until 1736. Mackey, in his memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, estimates that in Europe during the seventeenth century more than forty thousand persons were condemned and burned at the stake for witchcraft.

The advance of knowledge was retarded not only by the lack of scientific instruments, but very largely because of the haphazard, speculative methods of that day. This is well shown by the following anecdote:

Once King Charles II asked his courtiers "whether a vessel full of water weighs more if a fish is put into it."

This profound question started long and heated arguments lasting weeks. Finally it was decided that a live fish would not increase the weight, but that a dead fish would. This conclusion was reached by the path of speculation. A long time afterward it occurred to someone to find out by putting a fish into a bowl full of water. That was the path of experiment.

The occasional genius who had the temerity to contradict the fathers of medicine met with very little encouragement. Tradition died hard and truth had a difficult time of it.

The great friar, Roger Bacon, is said to have invented spectacles and to have constructed microscopes and telescopes. He was rewarded by ten years' imprisonment.

First Knowledge of Cell Life

Vesalius, the great anatomist, was twenty-eight years old when, after laboring five years, he published his book, The Structure of the Human Body. But he had dared to contradict Galen and he brought down upon his head a storm of indignant protest. In disgust and disappointment he destroyed all his unfinished manuscripts, gave up his studies and left Italy, never to return.

Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1628 and the result was a cataclysm of abuse and ridicule. Medicine was still struggling blindly in the fog of metaphysics. Haller, an eighteenth-century scientist, says in his book on Physiology: "Our body is gradually built up of gelatinous or slimy fluid." And of such "gelatinous and slimy" materials were the theories of medicine built up.

"Up to the year 1830," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Nature had kept over all her inner workshops the forbidding inscription, 'No Admittance!'"

It was in that year that the compound microscope was perfected. Then men began to see for the first time the minute structure of the body and that we are all commonwealths of cells of various kinds and functions.

Virchow, in 1858, went further still. He proved that all forms of life, whether animal or vegetable, are made up of cells. Think of it! Whether germs or Germans, parsnips or potentates, all are single cells or bundles of cells.

The microscope has revealed much more than the minute structure of our bodies. It has given us the germ theory—which is a theory no longer—of the origin of many diseases.

It has disclosed the warfare that is waged continuously within us in the struggle for existence. Now and then in the past a visionary like our surgeon of the seventeenth century hazarded a guess. But until the past four decades each was forced to say with him that he "could not prove the existence of such creatures." Now for the first time in all the centuries we can see our foes, and seeing, we know what weapons to use against them.

Most disease germs belong to the lowest orders of vegetable life. They are infinitesimal, and yet they possess all the properties of the vegetable kingdom.

Being fungi, they grow under the same conditions as others of this group of plants. Needing a soil, they thrive best in poor soil, and their soil is animal tissues broken down by previous illness or any of the many conditions that lessen the resisting power of the body.

In the blood stream float little protoplasmic bodies called white corpuscles, which resemble the gelatinous form of animal life—the amœba that floats in stagnant water. Like the amœba, the white corpuscles have a peculiar power of locomotion which is achieved by projecting a small part of their bodies and gradually pulling the

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rest after it. They can penetrate the walls of the smallest blood vessels, the capillaries, and wherever there is trouble there they congregate in great numbers, because they constitute the army of defense. Between them and disease germs, or bacteria, is waged the ages-old war for supremacy.

Bacteria enter the body by one channel or another, get into the lymph stream, or the blood, and finally into the tissues; or they may gain entrance directly as the result of injury. Their presence sets up an irritation and the intelligence is flashed to the nearest headquarters. At once the local blood stream becomes congested and battalions of the defensive army hasten forth.

What really happened when Johnny cut his foot? It is all an open book now, because the microscope has revealed it many times. Four things occurred in rapid succession—redness, swelling, heat and pain. This combination of events is called inflammation and is usually regarded as a sinister process, though it is really the result of Nature's attempt to guard us against destruction.

Here is the sequence: The injury caused an irritation of the nerves of sensation and they communicated with the nearest nerve substations. From these word went out to send immediate assistance to the frontier. Then the streams that transported the army of defense became dilated, more blood was rushed forward and with it the troops—the white corpuscles. As they approached the spot they left the main current and adhered to the capillary walls. Then gradually they penetrated the walls by that curious power of locomotion which they have and assembled in battle array to repel the invaders.

The redness, swelling and heat then were caused by dilation of the capillaries, exudation of blood and corpuscles into a confined space. The pain was the result of the original injury to the nerves and of the pressure upon them in the swollen tissues.

Wherever an injury occurs to the body, whether there is an invasion of germs or not, the same defensive mechanism is set up. Pain, however, is not so constant or so severe in the interior as upon the surface, because the frontiers are crowded with sensitive sentinels—the nerves of sensation. These may be entirely absent from the inner citadels.

But dirt was introduced into the wound and with it certain bacteria. Johnny's mother removed all she could by scrubbing and she applied iodine to destroy the rest, but obviously she could not destroy them all. The remainder must be attacked by Johnny's defensive army. This fight is called phagocytosis.

The Conquest of Malaria

In such a fight the home-defense soldiers engage in single combat like the knights of old. Meeting a germ enemy, the corpuscle enfolds it just as the amœba surrounds its food and a struggle begins. If the corpuscle is the stronger, the germ is destroyed and digested. But if the latter is especially virulent or our champion weakened by one cause or another, victory goes to the enemy. The germ then begins to subdivide, increasing in numbers until finally the corpuscle disintegrates.

Multiply these single combats, which the microscope has enabled us to witness, by hundreds of thousands and you may understand the battles royal that occur in our bodies when our army is called upon to defend us.

With some of the myriad forms of bacteria we rarely come in contact; with some we are frequently in conflict; and others—like the poor—are always with us. The fact that we have survived implies that we have within us a resisting power that has given us innumerable victories. This resisting power or immunity may readily be broken down by improper living, worry, overwork, undernourishment, insanitary surroundings; by dissipation of any sort, whether mental or physical. When our immunity is weakened the white corpuscles have an unequal fight and the processes of disease make inroads upon our health.

This knowledge of the causes of infectious diseases has enabled us to bring another weapon of defense to bear upon them, because we have learned also their methods of transmission. This weapon is prevention.

Until 1880 malaria was supposed to be caused by a miasma, a vapor rising from swampy ground after sunset. But in that year a French physician, Laveran, found the germ, a low form of animal para But the cause of its transmission, the an eles mosquito, was not discovered for y after. Also the transmitting agent of ye fever was found to be another kind of quito. Since these discoveries destru campaigns against mosquitoes have forward and mankind is free.

One of the plagues sent down Pharaoh as a punishment is suppose have been bubonic plague. It has al ravaged Asia and at times it has swept Europe. A peculiarity of this disease noted as far back as Herodotus. An break was always preceded by a sig epidemic among rats.

Not until the year 1890 was the c found, the bacillus pestis, a small rod-sh vegetable germ. But harder still to cover was the connection between the and the plague. But this is the sequen it: The rat has his own kind of flea. I rat has the plague the fleas become the porary hosts of the germ. After the rat his body becomes too cold to be a hal for the fleas and they seek other scenes pastures new, sometimes human bo The germs of plague are so virulent th is only necessary to crush an infected flea against one's body to acquire the pla And this—to paraphrase a celebr classic—is the sequence of the transmis

This is the germ of bubonic plague.
This is the rat that had the germ of bonic plague.
This is the flea that bit the rat that the germ of bubonic plague.
This is the man who caught the flea bit the rat that had the germ of bub plague.

Simple enough now to exterminate plague by destroying rats!

One by one the lurking places of dis have been disclosed and their strongh stormed and taken.

Give Nature a Chance

For us bubonic plague and typhus f have merely historic interest. Even sm pox has lost its destructive power. T are thousands of doctors in the Un States who have never seen a case. T phoid fever—thanks to sanitary meas and to the use of typhoid vaccine—a ceased to be the menace that it once The mortality from diphtheria is ra reaching the vanishing point. And so might go on enumerating the former mies of mankind that have been quished—until one comes to tuberculi

Will tuberculosis ever be stamped That depends. The difficulty is greate cause the common carrier of the ger man himself. He cannot be destroyed rats and mosquitoes, so he must be tau But with this disease, more perhaps with any other, there is one mitigating Everyone, or almost everyone, has bee conflict with the bacillus tuberculi Having survived to adult life, he repelled—or his defensive forces have pelled for him—many times the onslau of the enemy, and by his victories he acquired an immunity that must be bro down before he is vulnerable. The bre in one's defense may be caused by o disease through no fault of his. But frequently it may rise from improper ing, overwork or dissipation.

And so, due to the microscope, the ca of disease have been discovered and means of prevention disclosed—and all within forty years. But the fact w should especially interest all of us is doctrine of immunity—that we within us certain defensive forces aga these enemies, forces that we can strengt or weaken as we choose. In many c the fight will go for us or against us, pending upon what we do.

A whole epistle upon this subject c be condensed into two words: Live ri Not too hard, not too easy; not too not too slow—temperately, moderat happily.

Bromidic? Surely! But so are all g fundamental truths. Nature is the g preventer, the great restorer—that is, force within us. In that seventeen century trial quoted at considerable le in this article the physician had asse that Nature had done the healing; tha had only kept the wound clean. Judge St remarked with sarcasm but with gre truth than he knew, "Then Nature dese the credit!"

Very well, give Nature the credit! give her a chance!

THE FIRST LADY OF CRANBERRY ISLE

(Continued from Page 19)

wat she is capable of. It will take a better nn than Whalen to cross swords with Hat Ter, once she's cleared for action. He a't got the reach; no, nor he ain't got the c st measurements."

I hear she don't wear no support of any k d."

She don't need no support. Look at t't arm, for one thing. It hangs to her k e, I was going to say, and all clear yel- k fat and muscle larded on all the way d n. Yes, sir, she's got one of those arms t t if there was hair on it, except here and r e a little brine fuzz, you would think a g illa had hold of you, hugging you."

If spots count for anything," said Mr. F long, interested, "she's got more the c mplexion of a leopard. She's got freckles o her shoulders as big round as a quarter o a dollar, my wife tells me. But why is it will you tell me, that somebody has to b n hot water with her the whole blessed t e?"

It's just her way. Hat's real good com- p y when she isn't on the rampage," said E ier thoughtfully. "I know when we u d to go to the same parties—she was an aw ul solid girl even then, but she hadn't b n to sea at that time, and it warn't to b expected she'd have the development sh's got now, with that five-inch chest ex- p sion and the rest of it—well, she'd sit th re taking it all in, and when it come ti e to laugh she'd laugh as hard as any- b y; but how she did it, she'd open her m th wide as she could stretch, and there wuldn't a sound come out of it. She warn't ev r one of these women to go round with a osy smile on their faces the whole time. S didn't say much, but she hit the nail o the head every time."

She's as strong as a seine heaver," said M. Furlong solemnly.

Strong? That woman is as strong as Aum's off ox," replied Elmer. "And she se to it that she stays strong too. It ain't n thing for her to slip off the rocks, nights, an swim three or four times round Cran- b ry Isle for the sheer fun of the thing."

I know Zinie Shadd was telling me how h got an awful start here two or three w ks ago," Neeze contributed. "It seems h was coming in from Halfway Light, and g ng slow on account of some weed being t gled up in his screw. There was a new m on and not much light on the subject, I g her, and Zinie heard this sound like an e aust, and he saw this object going t ough the water, and he thought he was r ning up on a porpoise or a grampus, and h up and stopped the engine dead. And r nt off sure enough he saw this mon- s ous great back shining and curving up th re and breaking the water not a biscuit's t s on his port bow. Well, say, it warn't t he was well past that it come over him in flash that a porpoise or a right whale w ld look *black* going through the water, a then right on top of that he heard Hat c ghing and bellowing back at him: 'n at's right, walk right over me! I would if were you'; and she three miles offshore t n and going out to sea all the time."

She's a heave-jo of a woman if anyone sh ld ask you," was Elmer's last word on th t subject.

Still it seems hard to put an old man li that out of house and home on account o there being a small open account be- t en them," objected Neeze. "Just be- c se he couldn't lay his hands on hard c h at the moment. You take Pat, there's n ney owing him, and then he is liable to w this next fight. A man in business like th t, he is a good deal like a big wheel, I s , and if you leave him to turn it over sl w enough you'll get back ninety-five per c t of what you have out; but if some- b dy comes along and gives it a shove and b ins to roll it downhill there's no stop- p g it at all."

Hat has put her shoulder to that wheel wh a vengeance," said Elmer. "I under- st nd now when he's not drinking to drown th shame he does her errands and helps c round the scow."

Mr. Furlong groaned, for seeing how th t man had sunk so low he was fearful c contingencies yet to come. When once a tone has been dropped in the ocean of c man's troubles the ripples widen to the w rld's end.

I suppose we might as well laugh as c ," he said presently.

Have a laugh now and then, regardless c ll, I say," said Elmer, yawning.

Three days after the evacuation of his scow by Patrick Whalen, the Assassin, his affairs were very much *in statu quo*. Mrs. Tyler, according to all reports, was still holding the fort, putting out her pots, mornings, and hand-lining off the rocks, while Mr. Furlong was still taking her catch from the Assassin's defeated hands, and finding a market for it with fear and trembling. He burned the shells under cover of night as fast as he received them, and shook the meats out, well minced, into the jar marked "Leeches"; but he felt, and with reason, that everything was hanging by a hair.

"Where is Jim Rackby all this time?" inquired Elmer, who was still keeping bachelor's house. "Can't someone prevail on him to have a second thought and get that woman back on the high seas again?"

"As luck will have it, Rackby and I are off the hooks a little, on account of my putting that point," said Mr. Furlong. "I don't know why it is everything has to come all at once. He was my star boarder too. You know he has always been a great hand for coming in with a little something in his hand, like a halibut fin, maybe, and getting me to slip it into the pan for him. That's one of his expressions.

"'Just slip this into the pan, Neeze, and brown it up a little,' he says, like as if it was an accommodation to the fish or sich a matter."

"He's one that he dwells on his food more'n a little too," Elmer said. "Say, he confessed to me once that he wakes up in the night and plans it out what he will eat the next day, meal by meal."

"He studies on it," answered Neeze. "He thinks nothing of coming in here with a codhead to be fricasseed, or more likely a shad to be cooked in pork scraps, and he eats clear down one side of the spine and gives me the other side—to disarm me, see, when that it comes to paying a price."

"I understand he's tighter than a miser's dream of heaven."

"Well, he come that racket once too many times. He creeped in on me the other night with a parcel of tripe, and I soaked it in vinegar, and later I used up six clean napkins pounding it, to get it where a man could edge his tooth into it, and two more napkins for under a hot plate. And say, that old cruiser was wandering round here, foot loose, all the while. I watched him out of the tail of my eye while he was lifting up the lid of the ice chest and cutting himself a little strip of smoked shoulder. I set out to say something then, but I thought better of it.

"Well, say, he was smacking his lips over that good when he see me making an egg batter to fry that tripe in—you know, to get that nice golden brown—and he sings out: 'Hold on there, I didn't mean for you to go to all that trouble on my account.'

"'Trouble?' I says. 'That ain't no trouble at all, Jim; that's what I'm here for.'

"I could tell as well as I wanted to that he was miserable as a dog over it—thinking what it was going to run into in money, see; because outside of half a dozen ships, three and four masted vessels, he ain't got scarcely anything that he can call his own; so to kind of set his mind to rest I said I was making the batter anyway, and it wouldn't use much up on what tripe there was there.

"So then when it come time he skewered a piece of that tripe on the point of his knife and he pushed it across the bottom of the spider, and he says: 'That is yours.'

"'Thank you,' I says. And later I figured up, so much for the biscuits, so much for the tea, so much for attendance and napkins. 'And I match your tripe against my custard pie,' I said to him.

"'Well, say, open his eyes come!

"'Custard pie?' he says. 'What are you giving us? I didn't have a piece of custard pie.'

"'Oh, excuse me,' I says. 'I see you forging into a piece of it a minute ago; but I guess you brought that in your pocket.'

"'Oh, that?' he says. 'That was only gape and swallow. I just cut me a sample sliver to see what it was like.'

"'Oh,' I says. 'Was it good?'

"'Well, yes,' he says. 'I don't know but what it does taste a little moreish.'

"'There's more where that came from,' I says.

"So he shook his head and says: 'I expect enough is as good as a feast. No,' he says, 'I better not humor myself. It might be jest another case of sweet to the mouth, but to the belly bitter.'

"Warn't I mad?

"As it was, I hadn't had it out of my mind for days that that man was at the back of all my troubles; and there I was fresh from Whalen telling me Hat would expect an increase of three cents a pound on the next lot, and as it is she has been sending over counts and shorts galore, regardless, and jamming them right down my throat. The consequence is I've got all haired up, and I don't know half the time whether I'm coming or going.

"'Oh,' I sings out, 'that's what the man said that tried to swallow Hat Tyler whole.'

"'Don't you talk Hat Tyler to me!' he yells. 'I've had enough and to spare of that woman. I'm sick and tired of the very name.'

"'You'll have more to do with her before you're done,' I says. 'You'll make a meal where you was only calculating to take a bite, Mister Gape and Swallow. Wherein,' I says, 'if you would bow the head and put her back on board that ship we could be waving our handkerchiefs to her by this time next week.'

"Say, down come his fist on that table, and up jumps the cruets like a squad of soldiers, and he sings out: 'She'll never walk the deck of my ship again while I am in my right mind!'

"'If that's your story,' I yelled back at him, 'you hunt up a new boarding place, mister, jest as quick as the Lord will let you.'

"So out he bounced, in a regular old-fashioned taking, and I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since."

"It's jest as my daughter says," was Elmer's comment. "Everything is at sixes and sevens with these new ideas about women's places in the sun. It warn't a week ago she said to me: 'Women are going to be the rock men split on if they ain't careful'; and I don't know but what she is right."

"I was reading not long ago," said Mr. Furlong moodily, "that they are gaining up on the men in strength. I been noticing these cases of husband beating, too, every once in so often. Mrs. Kidder was telling me Hat says she can lift a thousand pounds if the weight is set to come on her legs; and I wouldn't doubt it."

"I've seen her come up a short ladder with a cookstove on her back," said Elmer, "and not quiver."

Mr. Furlong only sighed profoundly.

As luck would have it, it was on this very evening that Elmer, returning home, spied Mrs. Tyler fishing for cunners off the end of the Assassin's scow. Since he was keeping bachelor's house he saw no harm in resting on his oars a moment and contemplating that heavy-handed woman as in the days of yore. The tide was at the slack; the sun glared through the pines like a coal through a brazier; and a slight current of air carried him by degrees into the cove where sat his one-time love and skipper, fishing. All circumstances were favorable to the touching of that chord again, which had been broken off so bitterly short so long ago.

"This is jest a sort of a dooryard call, Hat," he said as he was drifting down upon her.

"I understand you are keeping bachelor's house," said the lady without looking away from her line.

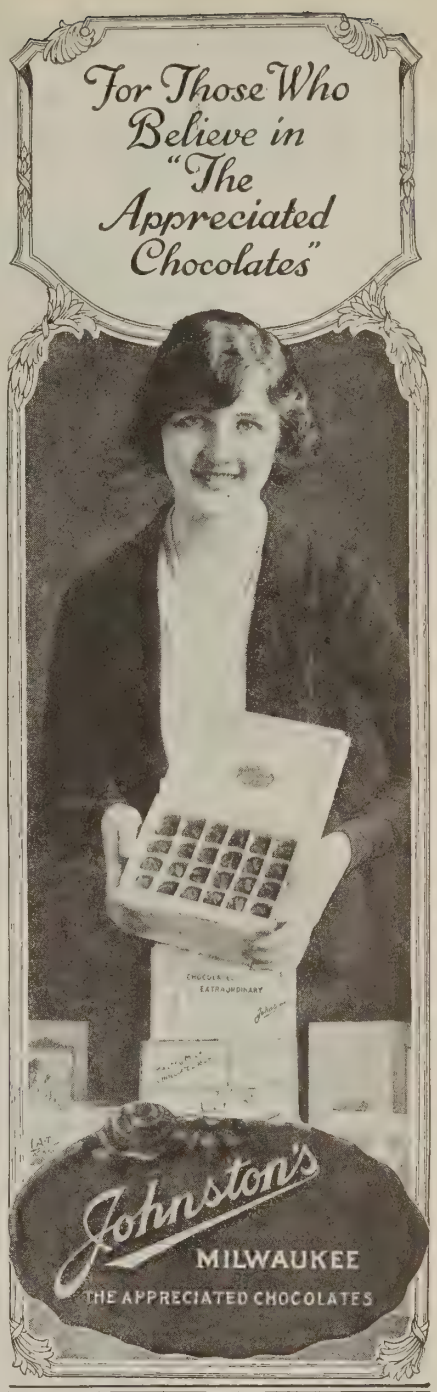
"Yes," Elmer replied. "It feels good, for a change."

Mrs. Tyler indulged in one of her soundless unfathomable laughs.

"I'll bet it does," she said. "Well, Elmer, you've only got yourself to thank. Everything might have been different once upon a time."

"I little expected to see you the first lady of Cranberry Isle at that time," said Elmer, smiling in his turn. "I know that night when you bashed our house in with that ship of yours, and I glimpsed you standing there clad in your unmentionables, I said to myself: 'If anyone had told me in the old days that this was how it was going to be I would have told them they lied when they said it.'"

During this lyric passage Hat had let her line run out, and sat stroking her meaty white forearm, thence letting her fingers wander to a manipulation of the muscles of



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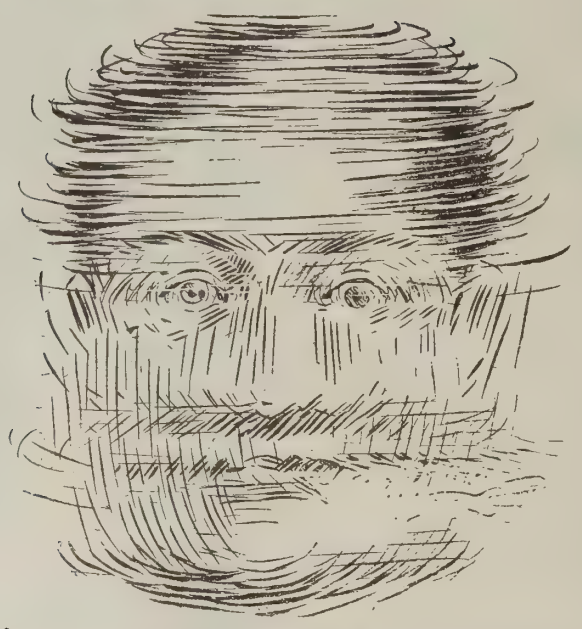

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"You and I could have set the world on fire, Elmer, at one time," she said presently in low tones.

Pleasantly thrilled, Elmer seized the oars, which were sliding out stealthily between the tholepins, and grinned his grin of married-man remoteness.

"Well, the wheel won't turn with the waters that have passed, Hat," he said. To ferry himself over to less questionable ground he immediately continued: "I understand Whalen is going round saying that the littlest man in the world can lick the biggest woman, if he puts his mind on it."

"Talk is cheap," said Hat.

"As a matter of fact," continued Elmer, "I happen to know personally that he would like almighty well to leave town if it was so's't he could. He has got to do something to get over this political hitch before they will allow him to fight."

"Political hitch," repeated Hat ruminantly. "Well, Elmer, you ought to be able to find a solution of that. You are getting to be quite a politician yourself." Her eye beamed, she turned toward him, putting the flat of her hand on the scow's deck. "As a matter of fact," she added, "I am getting sick of this dangling off the end of nowhere myself, and I have just thought of a way to string them all on the same string. Let me whisper in your ear."

Half an hour later Elmer, fully instructed, rowed away from the scow with a rather serious expression, for he had been sent upon an errand. The nature of this errand, or mission, will best appear in its upshot, which was a joint visit by Mr. Rackby and the Assassin to the Sea Grill.

Mr. Furlong, in truth, had not been the only one to suffer from Mrs. Tyler's tactics. By diabolic indirection they had at last struck home at the object of her hatred, and through his most vulnerable point, his stomach. Mr. Rackby was now suffering the torments of the damned. Mr. Furlong was the only man in town who seemed able or willing to cook to dictation. The old cruiser in his exile remembered those delightful hoverings round the stove in the days when he had had the freedom of the shop, those testings and consultations and culinary crises. He remembered how after he had eaten he would sit picking his teeth and humoring his works, for his digestion was perfect, and the pleasure he had in that was second only to that of the actual operation of eating. His hands were then wont to fold themselves over his paunch cherishingly, and he seemed to suspend his being as if a sleepy charm possessed him. Wharf's end was then the thing he sought.

Alas for him, his food no longer sat well on his stomach. He sharked it up as best he could, and boarded round among the different eating places, but all the time he hungered and thirsted like a lost soul for Furlong's cooking. By broken glimpses he had come to understand that Hat Tyler was the foundation of his misery. He felt her walking up his back like a force of Nature. Perhaps she had been less a menace when in harness than when loose, as the current in the wire is more easily fought shy of than the lightning stroke. He would have had her back on the ship a dozen times, but he feared the jeering comments of the Tall Stove Club.

Hence he counted it a piece of great good luck when the Assassin approached him with a proposition the gist of which was to recognize that they, together with Mr. Furlong, were in the same boat, and ought to pull together.

Mr. Furlong looked slant-eyed at them when he saw them coming in; but he allowed them to take chairs, and even, on Mr. Rackby's solicitation, plumbed the depths of the jar marked "Leeches," and came back with two good helpings, for the shipowner confessed to feeling a little sharkish, he knew not why.

"What I am coming at," said the Assassin, putting a luscious naked meat out of the big claw into his mouth—"here are three of us in the same boat, I take it."

He began to chew slowly, as the wheels of an engine start at a scarcely perceptible gait in their first revolution. "You all know how I am situated with regard to Hat Tyler. I owe her money; and where she is concerned I have been stepping along like a cat on a shelf of crockery, but the thing has got to stop."

"I was thinking that same thing," Mr. Furlong.

"I've stood all the nonsense from her inclined to myself," said the shipowner

"Well, those are my sentiments t hair," submitted the Assassin. "I've up with her antics about long enough, I'm going to call a halt. What I am say is we might as well be killed for a shee a goat. My idea is to have a lobster pi off the rocks there, early this evening, f starter, just to get us feeling tuned up, then rush the scow and use the power o to tow it out into the stream. Leave woman on Cranberry, if necessary."

Mr. Furlong paled.

"Isn't a good deal being left to cha on this proposition?" he inquired. course I'm not denying that you may b physical as she is, when it comes that ——"

"You let me alone for that," said Assassin, beetling. "You bring along sters to fortify us, and a little someth for priming, and that'll be all that's quired of you, except I want witnesses t I handle her as a lady should be handle

"She wants to be handled with glove I'm any judge," said Mr. Furlong.

"I'm the best man with four or six ou gloves in this state at the present ment," said the Assassin. "That's point. See? My wife has got span partners for me, and if we can get over political hitch the bout will be pulled early next month."

This proposition was addressed to Furlong at a moment when his moral serves were all but exhausted. He was ing to go to the very edge of things if n be, to get himself out of the clutches of Tyler's embarrassing patronage. As it now, he ran all the risk of being caught w the fruits of Hat's sea labors in his pos sion, and she had run her prices up unti no longer made even the shadow of a pr out of Whalen's deliveries. Furtherm his part would be passive, as the Assa had suggested: a witness, nothing mor

"Hat is one that she can stand a lo grief, though," he suggested dubiously.

"It's well for her she can," replied Assassin.

Early night, therefore, found the th conspirators in the lee of Cranberry I but approaching it from the south s Neeze, reaching into the water at the tai the boat, plucked out, dripping, a cro bagful of lobsters, which he had been tr ing astern.

"Here they are, the beauties," he m mured. "And these are lobsters that lobsters—not that city kind that have have elastics twisted tight round the jc in their claws, you know, to give th that nice look of being right out of water, the way I have seen some of t tribe conjured with in times past."

"There's tricks in all trades," answe the Assassin.

"I expect yours is no exception," Furlong threw out with a searching lo ahead. A little sea beach had rifted here, and a dock was situated at its we ern end.

As he was making fast his painter t cleat here Mr. Rackby said after clear his throat: "What part of the island you say Hat is living on?"

"She's away up at the north cov answered Neeze. "It ain't likely would come through them woods at t time of night to see what was in the win

They stepped ashore rather ginger, notwithstanding. The lobster oven c sisted of two blackened bowlders set a f or two apart and topped by a large squ of sheet iron. A length of stovepipe r at the rear. Mr. Furlong, throwing t crocus bag on the sands, called upon associates to cast about for driftwood wh he started a fire in the oven.

But he had no kindling. Now at the t of the beach and at the center of its stood a row of abandoned little bat houses, six in number, a leftover from t days before the hotel on Cranberry I had burned to ashes. The padlocks h rusted off the doors, and in some cases t staples had even pulled out, and the doc hung warping on their hinges and could n be closed except with difficulty.

Thinking that he would probably fi cast-off wrapping paper in one of the rooms Neeze dodged in at the first do that came to hand and reached out to t wooden seat which he knew to be situat against the backboards. It was as black pitch there, but he was no sooner in th

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(Continued from Page 166)

ld the sensation of being in the iry of a damp body of some descrip- n, and, indeed, divers psychic flashes ored him shortly that a human person- y was lurking at arm's length.

Tlugh thus in a measure forewarned, a azement was none the less genuine to e palm of his hand slide against a d vet round of arm stationary there, l gid as a bar. Appalled, he drew back. e roportions of this arm left him in no it on the score of identity. It was the a d property of the first lady of the r beyond a reasonable doubt. Hat le had manifestly slipped in here at the cision of her evening swim.

Bore he could collect himself so far as c out or let the least syllable escape ne invisible lady contrived to seize r the ear and hiss into it: "You let on t m here and your name is Dennis!"

H found himself outside, on the sands u and shaking like a leaf. At recollec- : the clammy enormousness of that ding divinity Neeze Furlong felt the bumps rising all over his lean frame; dispel this quaking fit he began to ither and yon, gathering wood at dn from the drift line, with his knees ng together. Hat was not, as Elmer ready said, one of these goosy women round acting on some silly impulse, knew that she would be as good as rd.

H anned up a blaze abstractedly, while y and the Assassin were tearing eed from the rocks, which they then n the hot sheet iron in great shining ces. Fine puffs of steam went up. stly Mr. Furlong slid the contents of ocus bag into the bed of crackling shaking the empty bag like a magi- n a magic shore. He then carefully the writhing crustaceans under er thick layer of weed. Now he ed in clams, now another layer of on top of this a dozen ears of smiling bantam corn, and a blanket of weed ll.

N from this dome of wet weed a smell cking rose, the effect of which on Mr. c y was to stir him like a romance. e he knew by that savor in the steam t he lobsters were fairly in the weed he wis watch and sat down beside them, ts was their last bedside. Full twenty ntes must pass before he could rake a the weed and crack his way to the s nce of those steaming mandibles. He lding his watch with the massive ng case sprung open. Glints and as darted from the solid cable that od it to him as his breath went and m and his charm twirled under an agi- epaunch.

Presently Mr. Furlong, who had his head d the sheet-iron cap puffing up the e, eard the hunting case snap to. In- y Rackby seized hold of a clam rake d nt over the mound of weed.

"ve it another ten minutes for good are; what do you say?" said the As- si who began to think of that part of e ogram that followed the meal.

"nsense! These lobsters will never be y etter than they are right now," re- t Rackby, slavering. "I may drop ac of heart failure in the next few nes."

"any a true word is spoken in jest," d Mr. Furlong. His troubled glance n red to the line of bathhouses.

"me, man, don't put a damper on the o party," said the shipowner.

Sking off the other's clutch he stabbed e blackened fringe of weed and aged out a lobster, whose hue had ared from slimy bronze green to that os alluring of vermilions. In all his ery segments, his mandibles, his red tenæ, foot jaws, fish claws, quick claws d mb claws, he was calculated to raise e cure into the seventh heaven.

"hat do you think of him?" cried r. Rackby exultantly, waggling the inning legs. "Just smell that smell. ne never taste so good as when they are ol in the weed here and get that little no taste into them. Fall to, gentlemen. w a brave man that ate the first lob- er hat? But he was performing a serv- e humanity all the same, just as much Columbus was in coming to America. n' that lapping good?"

H had laid one of the giant red mandi- es in a white bowlder and was lifting a ner stone to crack it when his eye en- un red the Assassin's. At once a pre- or ory quiver of mistrust ran through him. The wind was in a new quarter, he perceived. Mr. Whalen's mood of geniality had dropped from him like an outworn garment. His eye smoldered and his jaw was thrust out. Moreover, he had got between Mr. Rackby and the dying fire, and the fact that one of his ears was bigger than the other had never before been quite so disagreeably conspicuous.

"I'm sorry to see, gentlemen," he said in thick tones, "that these are short lobsters."

"Shorts, yes," gasped Rackby. "Did you expect us to bring count lobsters on a frolic of this kind?"

"I don't know whether you know the law on this point," said the pug in still more hostile accents. "Well, anyway, ignorance of it is no excuse, the lawyers say. The penalty is a fine of five dollars for each lobster, and sixty days for conspiracy to defeat the statute."

"Oh, is that all that is bothering you?" said Rackby, relaxing. "Don't worry on that score. There is nobody within five miles of here to raise his voice if we pulled every short out of the ocean."

"Is that so?" queried the Assassin in deadly tones. "As it happens, there is somebody within five feet."

The pallor of Mr. Rackby's face was brought out strongly by its contrast with the color of the huge claw he had just withdrawn from his lips.

"The man must be mad," he said, turning to Furlong, who merely sat back in the sand, clasping his knees and murmuring: "I only wisht I thought so."

"He is out of his head," continued Rackby. "Why, he is in the same boat with the rest of us, for the matter of that. Hasn't he been delivering you shorts himself for days?"

"Where are your witnesses?" inquired the Assassin ironically.

Hat's hand may now be seen in this. Elmer was publicly known to be in good standing among the politicians. At Hat's instance Elmer had represented to the Assassin that if he wanted a license to put on his boxing show he must first do a little sleuthing. The politicians were banded together in an effort to save lobsters of any and all kinds—perhaps through recognition of the fact that they so largely depended upon them for votes. A test case was needed, Elmer had suggested plausibly. He had even pointed out to the Assassin that the lobster party would find Mr. Furlong in a more receptive frame of mind if coupled with a proposition to rush the scow. This astuteness was not Elmer's. It was he who had outlined the frolic and its termination to the Assassin, but it was Hat who had outlined it to Elmer. Hat had even empowered him to hint that she could be moved to let go her hold on the scow by the same benevolent powers who were now at the helm of the ship of state.

"How is this?" whispered Rackby. "You mean to say you have got us out here under false pretenses? What was all that talk about rushing the scow—moonshine? You can't mean that you are just a common spotter?" he concluded, going cold all over. "Why, you have been selling shorts yourself galore."

"Where are your witnesses?" inquired the Assassin once more in blandest accents.

Appalled silence followed. The fire had got down, the moon had slid behind a cloud, darkness had flowed into the little cove, and a swirl of moist steam and live-lobster-laden smoke filtered among the astonished and relaxed limbs of the spotted parties. At this moment, which marked the extreme ebb of their zeal for lobster frolics, all present distinctly heard the snap of a dry stick behind them.

"Did somebody call for witnesses?" cried Hat Tyler, coming forward.

She had stepped out of the bathhouse just as she was, in a blood-colored Adam suit which revealed her menacing proportions as nothing else could. Nor were the fears of the three frolickers assuaged by that single feminine touch of an insertion of narrow orange ribbon at trunk edges and arm outlets and at the deep V on the tanned bosom. She floated over the black drift line at the top of the beach like a thistle in the wind, for as Elmer said she was wonderfully light on her feet for a woman of her measurements. Swimming had done wonders for her in the way of conditioning, and she was now probably near what would be considered a good ringside weight for one of her physique. She had just padding enough to shield the deeper-bedded muscles from bruising and paralyzing contacts.

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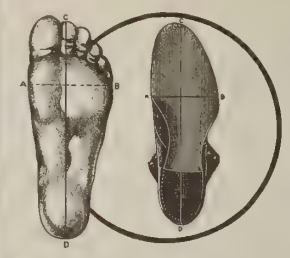

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A spurt of flame, as she drew near, showed the solid pallor of her arms stippled by a dazzling universe of freckles. A perfect spatter of these charming blemishes was visible on those notable deltoids aforecelebrated, for example.

Her knees were as square as a centurion's, and red as coral into the bargain, where she had been hand-lining off the rocks for cod and kneeling on the thwarts of her dory to hand in the fish. On that bathing suit, the color of blood welling from the heart, phosphorescence appeared in millions of tiny silver sparkles as the woolen fabric yielded to that chest expansion, which, according to Elmer, scarcely fell short of five inches. It was at any rate nothing short of phenomenal for a woman, since women are reputed just to sip the air by breathing with the upper lung cells only.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you two grown men are going to stand there gawking, and let yourself be taken up by that looking thing without so much as raising a hand in self-defense?"

Neeze could hardly say, though he wanted to, that the man who had them in charge was the very man they were relying on as a bulwark of defense against her own aggressions because of their daring thus to come poaching on her preserves.

He contented himself with saying: "He's got the goods on us, Hat."

"I'll see if he's got anything on me," said Mrs. Tyler rudely.

She took a step forward. The Assassin, in whose direction she had taken it, could not help looking piously just back of her bare heels at the dents made in the sand.

He moistened his lips and uttered discreetly: "I hope you're not going to make it necessary for me to resort to force, ma'am."

The evening's developments were as unexpected to him as to his associates. He was not at all reassured by hearing Jim Rackby suddenly yell: "You was going to rush the scow, Pat. Rush her now!"

"All right for you," said Hat without turning. "I'll attend to you in a minute, you creature, you! As for you, Pat Whalen, just what are your intentions?"

The Assassin, with an affectation of sangfroid which he was far from feeling, merely said: "That's for me to consider, Mrs. Lady."

"Well, so is that," Hat said, and without shilly-shallying further she poled her left into the cleft of his jaw, and he crashed, after spinning round like a whiffletree. "You've been aching and itching for it, and now you've got it," she cried.

Mr. Furlong, who had been looking through her elbow from behind, could not have told when the blow started, so sudden was it and so nicely calculated. The Assassin, when revived sufficiently to have an opinion, swore that it took its rise right down in her heel calluses. He testified that the sensation he had when he was crowned in that unexpected fashion was more that of being stamped on by a hoof than poled down by a human arm. Springing up like a strong fountain through those swelling calves and those considerable thews and sinews, the blow thence descended through her arm in a fine flashing spray of many-jeweled lights, mingled with phosphoric darts which her rapid breathing had stirred up in the brine-soaked Adam suit.

"I guess that's first blood!" Hat shrieked. She began to shake and shiver with the reaction that will sometimes follow the first heat of battle. She told Lena Kidder later that that man declared to goodness, as soon as he could come to any kind of a realization, that he had been stabbed, and what gave him that notion was blood dripping off his chin, but it seems that was where Hat's engagement diamond had cut him. It was a small stone, but it had been recut and given an up-to-date girdle, and as she said herself it was then for the first time that her satisfaction in it was pure and unadulterated since the distant day when Tyler had first, with might and main, forced it past the second joint of her ring finger.

The Assassin, lying back in the sand, coughed feebly and said: "Ma'am, you certainly do pack a punch in that left hook of yours."

"Do I so?" said Hat satirically.

"Yes, you pushed across a haymaker for fair."

"Well, there's the mate to it, then," Hat retorted, and she brought round her other fist into view, with those mortal great fingers doubled together, and that ring with a cut stone in it, which according to Elmer's version, in speaking of the affair to Pearl on her return, was about the bi of a young toad. "Come on now," she "will it be tame crow or more punishn I warn you, before you start, the man runs foul of me in the frame of mind I now is liable to strain his manifest. I you dare hit me back!" she shrieke the Assassin had begun to dabble i sand with his fingers and make an toward rising. "You good-for-no things, you, are you going to stand c by and see him hit a woman?"

But the Assassin had sunk back supine.

"It might be a different story if I get on my two legs again," he gro "but I can't, and I guess it don't mak difference who knows it."

"He would have," Mr. Furlong to wife afterward, "if only he hadn't got special twist into him falling down th he did, and jest at the time he did. catched him jest right for once, wit foot hooked back of the other."

"The very idea," continued Hat, thumping great man like you coming here and rounding on these defenseles ple with any such bag of tricks as Serve you right if it does get noised a that one weak woman made you me your length. I guess as a champion th ple that back you will find they have b the wrong horse."

"Hat," cried the agonized Ass "you wouldn't have the heart —— A enough to send me to the pleasant like this without you must —— My ens, if a whisper of this gets round never be able to climb through the again."

"It all depends on what are your i tions whether I say nothing and wood," said Mrs. Tyler. "What abo charge you've got against these poor m

"Silent; silent as the grave," whim the Assassin.

Mrs. Tyler said shortly: "I thou would have you laughing on the othe of your face. 'Rush her now,'" s peated, swinging venomously on her f employer. "So that was what you h your sleeve in coming here? If I suffering everything with this thu should be tempted to put a worse cri you than the other one. You're all t with the same brush, every mother's you. As it is, you can pick up your and go home, and let it be known t woman saved your scalp for once."

"Let it be known ——" whis Rackby. "Why, Hat, don't you inte keep faith with Whalen here?"

"I don't know why I should," said "Perhaps you will be so good as to t what I have got to gain by it? As i don't know, I'm sure, which way the t liable to jump."

A diversion was created at this Hat had been sucking for dear life left thumb joint, for, womanlike, sh tucked her thumb into the palm hand before starting that blow, and s now suffering from the shock to the

"I declare, I'm losing myself," she

"Well," Elmer told Pearl in concl his narrative, "according to Neeze' she hadn't any more than got the wor of her mouth than she took a slump down she went among the jellyfis white as plaster. So there those three to slapping her wrists and ankles, an ing her up amidships, to their judg and letting her down again, and the l that, and when that she opened he Rackby says: 'Hat,' he says, 'y amongst friends,' he says.

"'I want to know,' says Hat. 'Hov since?'

"'Jest as soon as you feel able,' he 'you get your things together and go on board the Minnie Williams, and l gones be bygones.'

"So Hat she reached out one of lovely great big arms to Furlong to s her, and she says: 'That's two birds the same stone in one evening, Neeze says. 'And still people talk about w being the weaker vessel. Maybe she i says, 'but she can show some of the clean pair of heels in a pinch, or I mi guess.'"

"The only wonder is you wasn' third bird," said Pearl grimly.

Elmer drew down the lid of one ey there had been a gap in his narrati Pearl.

"That's wherein I say," he concl "that there ain't nothing in this worl is against a full-bodied woman like only she ain't against herself."

THE GAMESTER

(Continued from Page 32)

here had been times when her fidelity
the one sure thing in all the world, but
n had to be somehow high in himself to
v it. He was going home from the ditch,
v fire-scarred and blackened with smoke.
h be would run from him. Chauvin would
ed and look him over. His lip would curl
t hat he saw. Yet Bernie held on to the
ns. Winning meant just that—to re-
mber, when he could not see and hear, to
on past mind panic and body break.
eath was in his feet and hands, but the
was bared to unimaginable suffering.
l the years were facing him now, de-
ding to be squared and straightened
re they sank back, a host of forgotten
nnesses and cruelties running past and
f him now, as if this suffering paid for
n in full and set them free to go. How
h could he stand? A score of old issues
answered in his mind—issues in which
ad actually thought he was right—
now in their true light for the first
—things that Phœbe had said, never
erstood before; things that Phœbe had
red, never understood before.
rind of brakes beneath. The stream of
ing cinders changed to the lights of a
n. Bernie fell forward on his knees to
ground, as he dropped off the dark side
he train. His feet and legs wouldn't
d at first. In the shadow of the freight
he tried to beat some life into his
s in the three minutes of waiting. This
Montgardet—a savage fact to accept.
tgardet was so close to Chicago that
engers coming in from the East began
et their baggage together when the
n was called. There were still two more
es—Winston and Leverette, before Cor-
n.

Four hours," he muttered as he swung
gain, "but one of them's shot to hell."
t Winston a yard man without lantern
ght his leg as he scrambled to the blind
n the dark side. That instant Bernie
w what the blood lust meant — the
ght to kill. All the currents of progress
purpose were stopped, failure and death
s own before his eyes. He was pulled
t to the ground. The Boomerang moved.
had no weapon. Phœbe's white face
in his eyes.

I've got to go. My last five, mister,"
eard himself saying.

e was on again, and heard the words of
yard man, a chuckle about them, asking
v he didn't ride on cushions behind,
v. a five to spare. Then for a few min-
t he was warmer from the dirty heat of
blust in his veins.

They can't stop me," he muttered in
hrush of wind again, knowing now how
le the burn and cold were to him, com-
ed to missing the train.

he second hour finished; the third eter-
y was entered upon. Up into the dreams
e as carried, but the place now was like
ty of empty houses. Down into the
e he dropped, and they were thickly
e nted. Somewhere in here, before Lev-
rette, was the darkest place of the ride,
n Bernie came up from that darkness
h his hands still clutching the brass.
Something new was with him. He was
e keen to the cold and quite as keen
o he torture from the burns, but more
ength was in his limbs, something like
lity in his mind. Something in him
uldn't freeze. As for the hot peppering
m the stack in front, he was coming up
m behind.

e hid more craftily at Leverette, and
w on again for the last quarter. He was
thking of coffee at Corson and buying
y up to Leeds, but the five was gone.
H hardly dared to think of two hours at
Corson, or how to steal his way on a local
in daylight. Pride within him was putting
ut's last fight for life or death. Everyone
knew him from Corson up.

n Michigan now, the Boomerang doing
her best. He had always liked this stretch—
m inside — the fifty-mile-sixty-minute
stretch. Michigan—the old state lying out
stark and white in level frost, and one of
hese sons coming home—hurtling across the
border miles, a lamp in his vitals that
would not blow out.

Brakes again and whistle to stop. This
couldn't be Corson. It had been bitter
long, but not long enough for Corson. The
Boomerang came to a full stop. The engi-
ne stepped down at the right, Bernie off
at the left. Steps on the gravel; the con-
ductor and station agent coming to confer
with the engineer in front. Evidently the Boomerang had been ordered at Leverette to stop here for a telegram. Back from the engine on the far side Bernie heard the low discussion — that the strike situation was acute at Corson, that the Boomerang was to pass through a different part of the yards. The station agent was keenly aware of the crisis. His comments seemed to bother the cogitations of the two old masters. They weren't interested that the station agent hadn't been called to night service for several years.

Bernie whipping his arms in the dark just within vibration of their voices was now quickened by the nicker of a horse in a freight car, still farther from the engine. He spoke softly. The nicker came back to him with a rush, others joining in.

"Thoroughbreds," he muttered. "Thoroughbreds—thirsty and hungry and cold."

"What horses are those?" the conductor now asked.

"Race horses. Been hung up here a day and a half already," the station agent answered.

"They sound hungry — hostler with them?"

"No, the hostler was laid out at Leverette by the strikers, the stock shoved in here—to spoil."

The conductor cursed quietly. "Where are they going?"

"Marked for Chauvin in Bostock."

"The yard boys will get the worst of it for letting animals suffer like that," the conductor remarked; and added to the engineer: "Come on, Horace, we'll go."

Bernie turned from the freight car toward the blind, the protest of Chauvin's horses in his ears.

The train moved and yet Bernie stood between the engine and the stock car as one frozen. The blind meant everything that life meant to one caught in the toils of painful death. Yet the thoroughbreds were calling him. He heard their eager frenzied tramp upon the straw, the sharp crack of hoofs against the side boards. Hung up in the cold a day and a half already!

The brass rail of the blind went by his lifted hand, his knees bent to leap to it, but his feet held. A cry broke forth from his chest. The rest was sealed Pullmans speeding by.

That was the strangest and most perverted moment in Bernie Cave's life. He sank to the ground—beaten by a plan he could not read; utterly balked and thwarted by something more powerful than his own will — the neighing of the runners like voices of demons in his ears. A kind of oblivion rolled over him where he lay. The Boomerang was a mere twanging vibration in the rails when he roused. The little station was black, but he saw a swinging lantern down the path at the left.

He sat up and yelled. The lantern came to a stop. Bernie rose and called again, making for the light.

"Who is it?" a voice asked shakily.

Bernie was too near dead to call from a distance. He went forward at a limping run. The shaky voice said: "Halt!"

"Halt, hell!" Bernie gasped. "I want you."

And now he was looking into a medieval hand gun that shook. It was the station agent going home.

"I dropped off on account of those damned horses—the car for Bostock."

Bernie saw the agent's lower jaw drop and his eyes fill with a kind of insane intentness in the lantern ray.

"What—what are you?" he asked, still staring into the little man's face.

"I'm for Chauvin's horses."

"Did you fall out of the fire pocket?"

"Never mind that," Bernie said quickly. "I was late. I caught the blind at Leverette."

"You came through on the Boomerang without a coat?"

"Carload of young Southern horses," Bernie said quietly. "I traced 'em here. They did up the hostler who shipped with them. I'm here to take his place."

"Can't do anything till morning. Better come with me and get a cup of coffee."

"Nothing like that. Have you got the key to the car?" Bernie asked.

"It's open."

"And you—the town let those ponies stand in the cold and starve?"

"Everything's shot to hell. The town's with the strikers. You can't do nothing till

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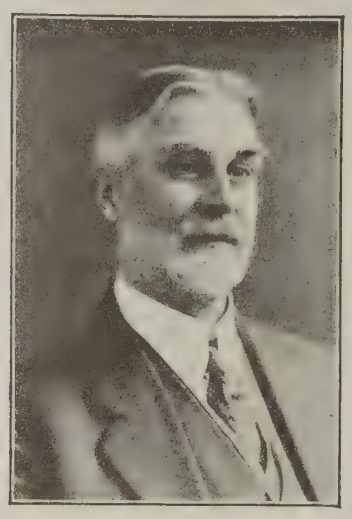

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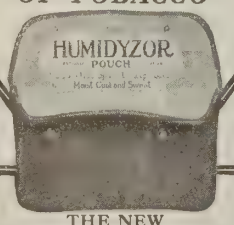

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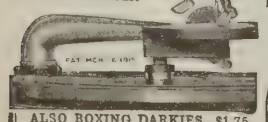

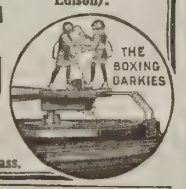

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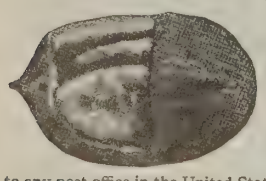

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daylight. Come along to the house with me." Bernie took him by the shoulders. The station agent's face blanched. He was looking into a diminutive death's head with some strange white fire burning far back in the skull. His broad shoulders were shaken by blue and crippled hands.

"Listen here," tortured lips said swiftly. "If I sat down now I'd die. A cup of coffee'd knock me cold. Forget your house for a minute and stay with me. You can finish off the night by a real piece of work for once in your life."

The man's eyes answered with a queer gleam. He saw what Chuck Cadwell had seen in the restaurant in Schwartz Street.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to take the horses out first to water—the nearest water—then to the nearest warm stables. Then I want to send a telegram to Chauvin at Bostock. After that ——"

Bernie's hand fumbled up to his brow. He never could speak the name of Phœbe to a stranger.

"My name is Bernie Cave," he went on. "After the telegram is sent and the horses are watered and fed and stabled I want to be taken home to Leeds. Remember the name?"

"Bernie Cave," the man repeated. "I've heard of you, mister."

Fowler, the station agent, became deeply absorbed as they walked back toward the car. There were sixteen youngsters in shipment—shaking and hungry and athirst. Mostly their blankets were kicked or twisted awry. Some were fighting mad; all were surprised and disappointed with life. Yet the little man went among them, without the lantern, talking, straightening their blankets. Then the agent helped him rig a gangway with heavy work, and watched, fascinated, as he held the light, while Bernie Cave coaxed the first runner down the abrupt grade. The others followed easily enough, but only hypnotism started the procession.

Fowler had had some experience with horses, more or less all his life, but two were all he cared to handle on the road to town, nearly a half mile. Bernie took four halter shanks and got by with it twice. A boy from the town livery stable went back with them to the car on the second trip. By the time the wintry dawn was gray the whole sixteen were slowly warming through, in deep straw and protected stalls. Then Fowler saw the little man glance round, brace himself against a partition and start for the office where the stove was lit and the fur robes were piled.

"No, you don't, Mr. Cave," he said. "You're coming home with me."

The burned and blackened face shook slowly in negative.

"No, I'm going home," he mut- sinking down.

The station agent sent the telegra Chauvin, and a rig was hooked up a stable to take Bernie to Fowler's hou

A little later when a doctor from bent over him the little man rubbe eyes, saying: "No shot, thank you. my shoes. I'm not coming back."

That night a huge man in seal furs to the house of the agent. It was t horseman, Chauvin, who had driven from Bostock. The face on the studied him long before reporting: "I happened before. I had him comi from behind all right, but he wabbl the stretch."

"Didn't look like that from the scope, Bernie," the old man answ "Your win scored clean, my son—fro judge's stand."

The next day the woman came Leeds. She had risen to answer thi Her light step was the rhythm of l Bernie Cave; pain could not live long the touch of her hand. She was a near. Sometimes in lamplight he waken and listen. She was never long ing. She never failed. When gray da or sunlight was in the room he had o stop and listen—presently to hear her During the days when he lost the pu for a moment, and there seemed no r why the needle should not ease part pain, part of the time, she would com sit close. Presently the old twist o mind would straighten out and the cr of the myriad cells would become les portant than to keep the soft shining eyes. He had to figure it out a long when they told him he had been in ler's house for six weeks.

"It only took Bert Goodrich two said, "but he had an overcoat."

On one of the last days at Fow Phœbe whispered: "Oh, Bernie—it steady now, and I love it so!"

"What?"

"What the boys used to call The G ster. I loved it then—those swift-pa moments—but now it comes and stay lives. You're being born all over agai

He did not speak.

"But all the old that I loved so—al is there just the same," she added whisper. So the dream was coming down on the floor of things.

"Chauvin is coming with a machi morrow to take us home," she wen "and it has come so wonderfully t what you said—oh, quite beyond dre

"What, Phœbe?"

"What you said before you went a Don't you remember—just as you le in Leeds—that you would come back and a winner?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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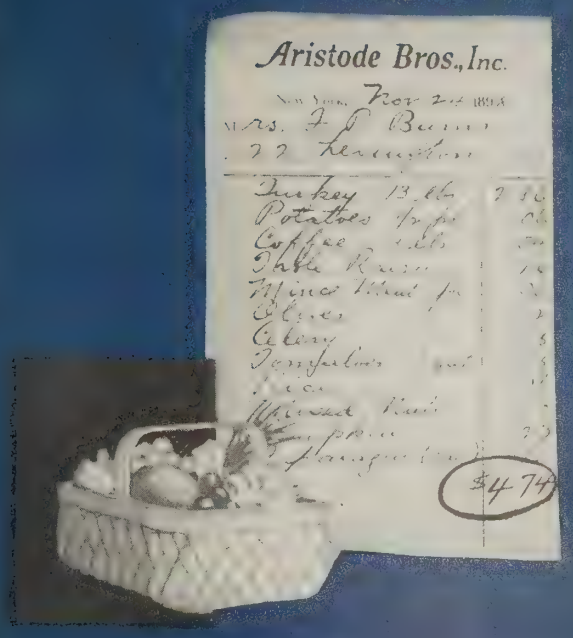
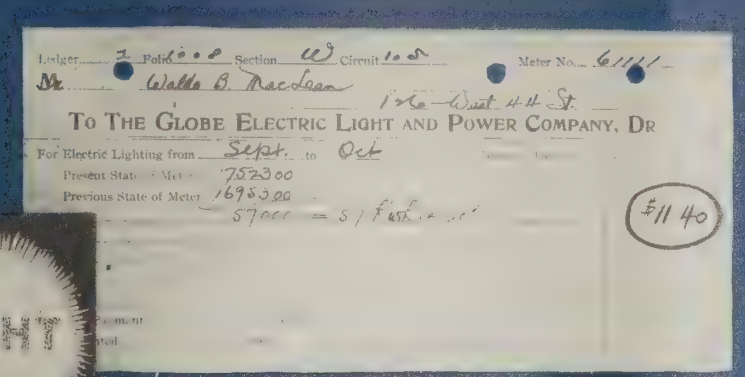
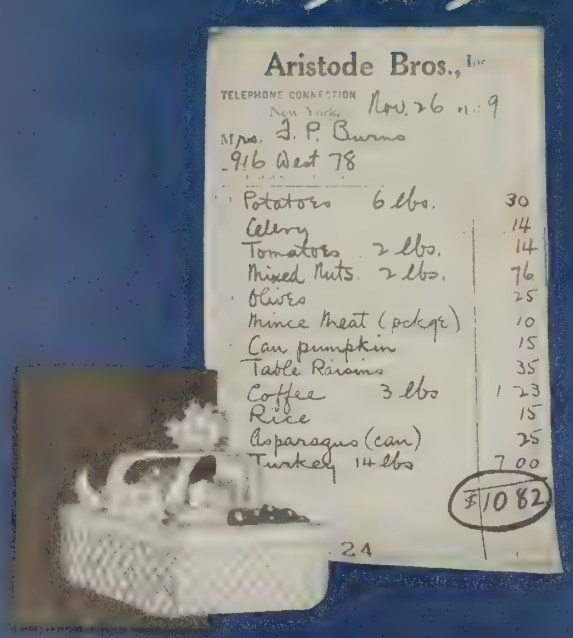
One Reason for Thanksgiving —

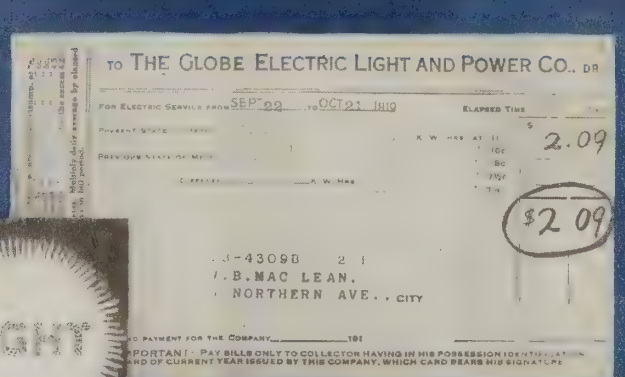
1898





1919





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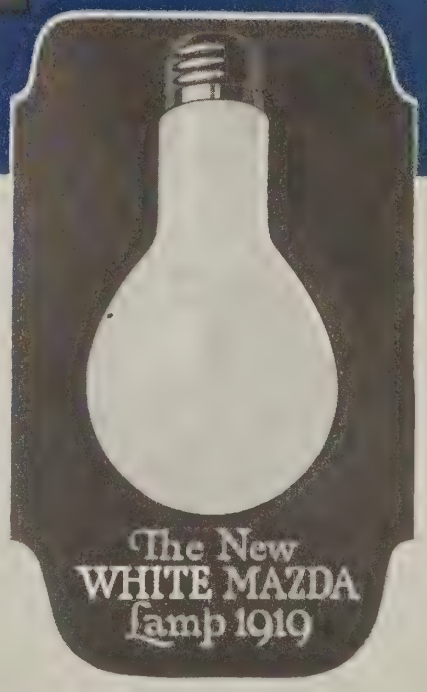

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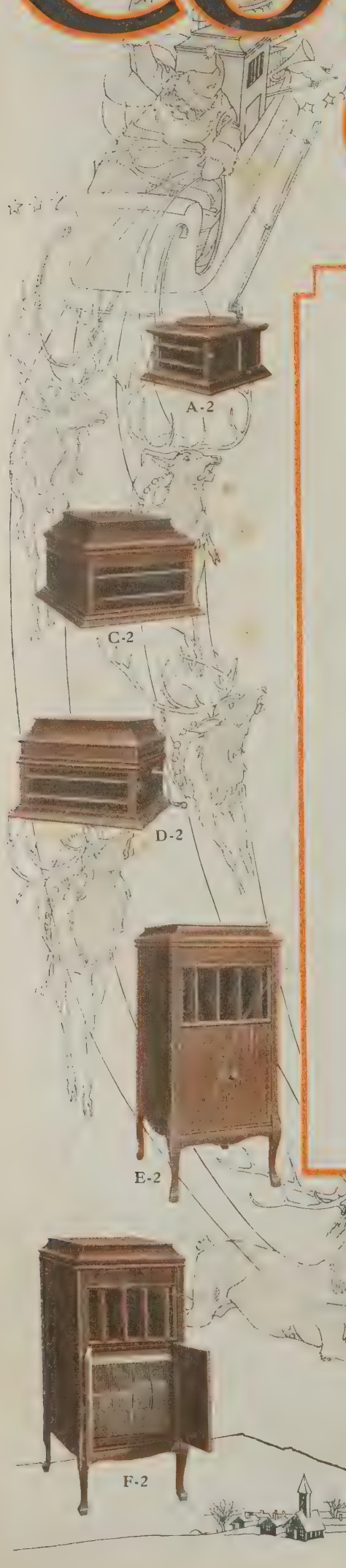

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A

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B

The Oval Case—Unobtrusive in its simplicity, yet striking in its beauty of design, this watch is deservedly popular. Of chased enamel inlaid, and worn on a silk ribbon

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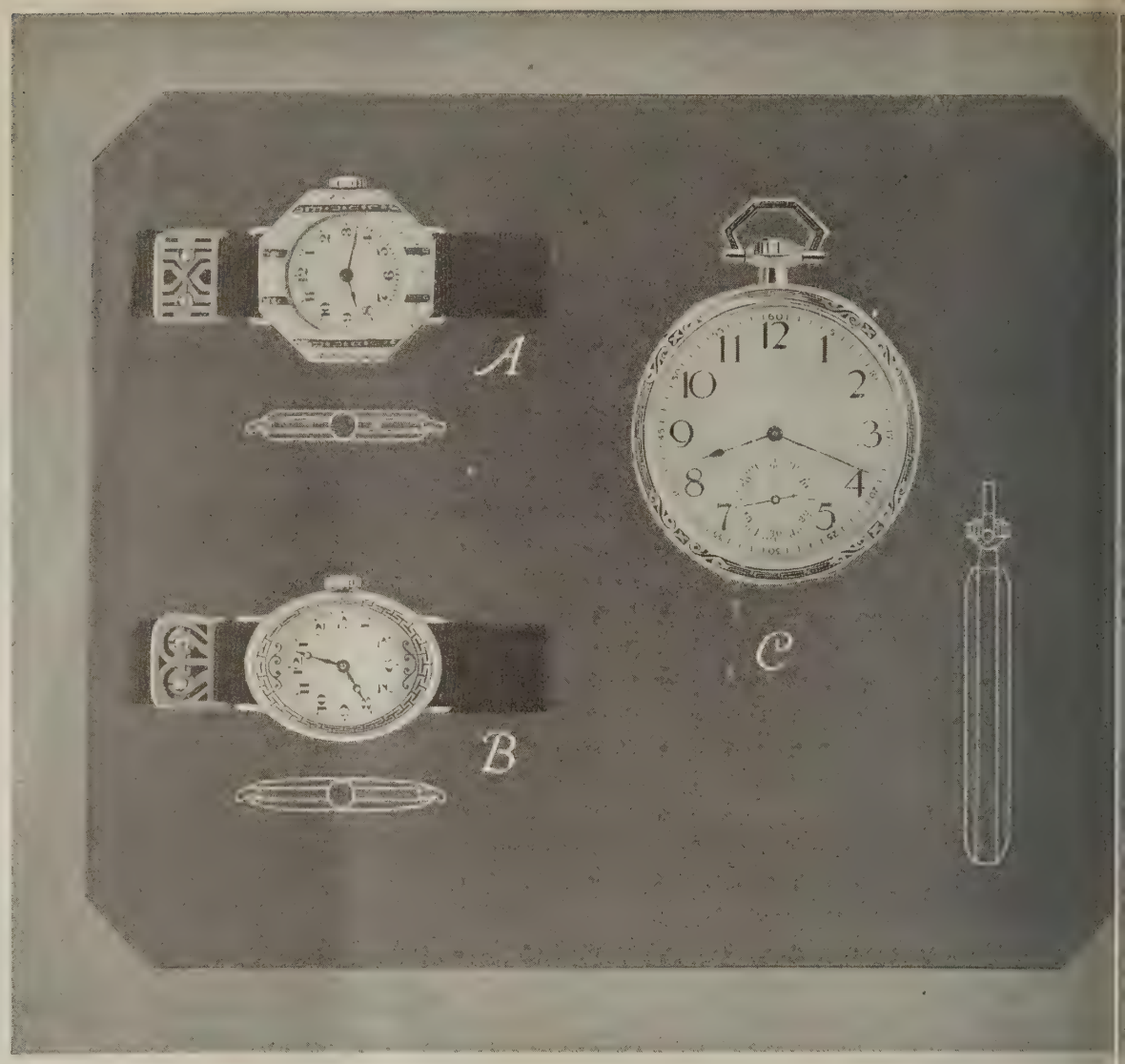
The Bosworth Case—Enamel inlaid on bezel back and bow, this model is a striking illustration of the way Wadsworth has developed the use of artistic decoration



Wadsworth

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ews of a Layman on Bolshevism

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

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The Bolshevik Parade Through the Streets of Budapest, Showing Some of the Decorations Which Cost 18 Million Crowns

author of the rvations that to follow has egnated them as sf a layman not bause he desires sling under false u also because it ti in discussions g roblems that sfuld reveal their a well as their ere. When the r the walking e iscusses social ngeneral or Bol- particular the ru of each tends ik to reveal itself faors of personal n ad in the eval- oflata. The pro- l udent of social psumably lacks t est and ap- s e problems in itte of trained ob- y at any student o is subject.

ayan partakes of ecl characteristics he class. He has inrest and at the mhas not the pro- l ttitude of the st There are two tut study social in professional ca- hese two groups fe ional students che problem from te iewpoints. The economists, proceeding from history and general theory, ga the details of an idea or a movement from above downward. Workers al ervice, many of whom affect scorn of the history and science of economics, d om the particulars of the individual experiences of the working classes. The ulzations of the economists are apt to exert duress upon the facts of new experience. The generalizations of the social-service workers are prone to eventuate in uncontrolled hypotheses. The views of the layman should reflect common sense. And if his opportunities for observation have been large, his views may be expected to evoke a responsive understanding in other laymen, of whom our population is largely composed, and who to-day stand confused before the consideration of elemental problems of conditions of profound unrest with respect to both government and industry. The officials of the American Relief Administration have witnessed hunger, scarcity of coal, disorganization of transportation, depreciation of currency, failure of production, breakdown of distribution and deterioration of the standards of living. These have been daily problems, factors in each step in every program of relief. They have been definite entities, prevalent over large areas and involving the hundred million people that exist in Central Europe between the Baltic and the Black and Adriatic seas. In the east was Russia from which constantly streamed fresh impulses toward communism and Bolshevism. In the west were Germany and the nations of the Entente, not one of which has been able to give to social and industrial unrest in Central Europe an objective because of the conflicting statements that are presented to them. Not only conflicting, but unclear, often bizarre, extreme in one or the other direction and not seldom motivated for propaganda. In addition, we have the parlor Bolshevist and the parlor capitalist, out of whose disputations flows confusion.

The writer lays no claim to being an economist; he has never been accused of being one, and never expects to be so accused. He makes no pretense to familiarity with the principles or practices of social service; he has never lived in a settlement house, a Greenwich Village or an Arden. That he nevertheless has the temerity to present views upon economic subjects now engrossing the attention of the American people is due solely to the fact that circumstances have made it necessary for him to witness and study social unrest in Europe from a practical point of view. The men engaged, under Mr. Herbert Hoover, in the work of the American Relief Administration in Europe have during the last eight months been standing directly in front

IOWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

M Marked With an X is Samuelly Tibor, Who Killed More Pple Than Anybody Else During the Bolshevik Régime

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Snapshot Taken in Budapest During the Bolshevik Revolution

consideration uncolored with political motivation.

Within Central Europe are peoples of different tongues and bloods; but all of them stand upon a higher plane industrially and governmentally than did the people of Russia, and for this reason their experiences in social unrest during the last year should be more comprehensible to us than are the almost inscrutable conditions in Russia. Since the nations of Central Europe have been able to resist the ideas emanating from Russia the reasons for this ought to be of especial importance to us. Never in the world were clear thinking, correct definition of factors and accurate evaluation of data so important as to-day.

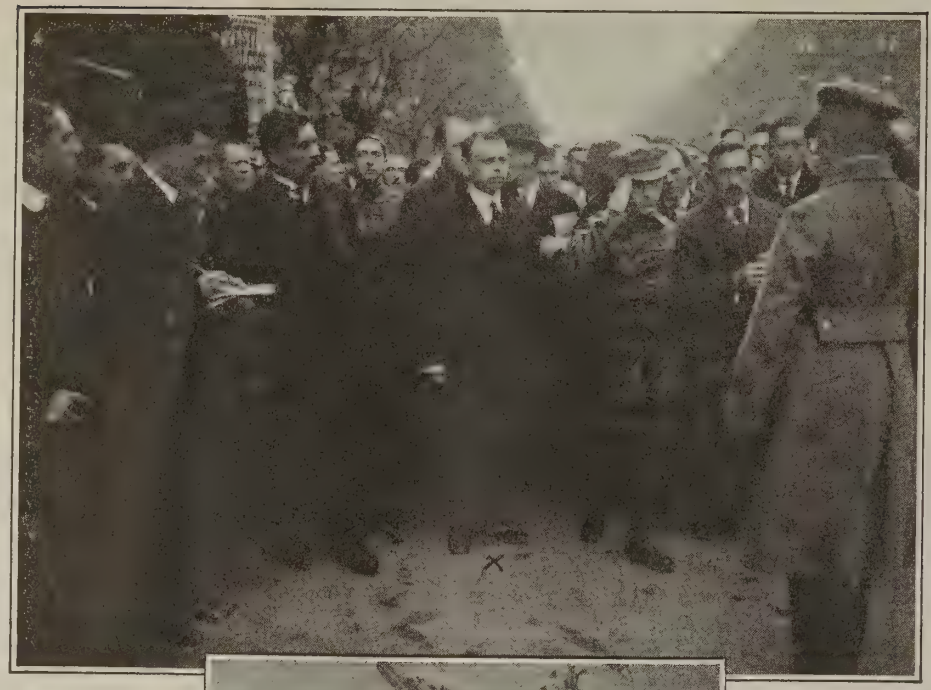
Society evolves in two ways, like living beings: through small progressions and through swift mutations. Fifty years ago it was the belief of biologists that evolution in the animal world was accomplished slowly and almost imperceptibly as the result of the influence of factors of environment. The Mendelian theory has taught us that at times evolution is accomplished through mutations that introduce changes of a radical character.

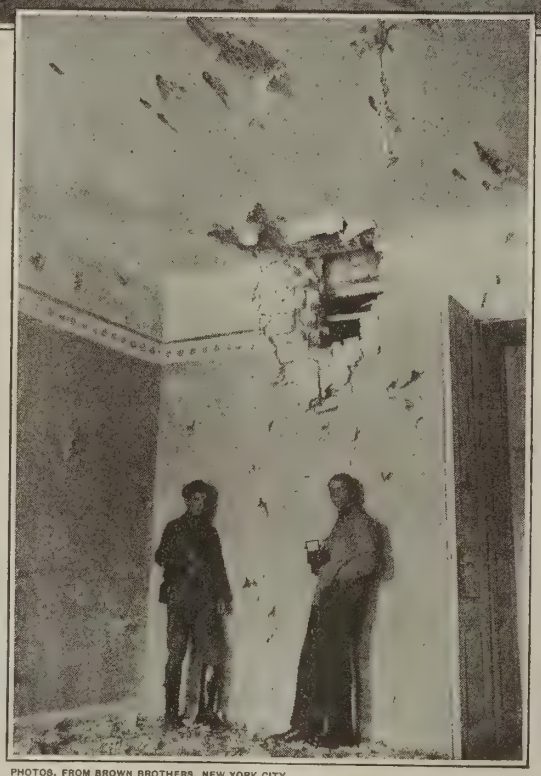
As with evolution, so with history. The last five years have constituted a mutation in human society, with which we can compare, in modern history, only the French Revolution. The play of forces in government and in industry has been upon a scale so enormous as to correspond to a world-wide focusing of thoughts, feelings and energies; with the result of transformations, for weal or woe, of which the dimensions cannot at present be surveyed.

We speak of our American life as being a melting pot for emigrants, in which they are dissolved into the spirit of our life. Europe in the last five years has been a melting pot into which nations have been cast; much fire has been consumed; the contents have boiled over and boiled down; and in the last year have appeared from this saturated solution of experience crystallizations that can be measured. Conditions at present revealing themselves in the United States are the replica of conditions in Europe, in miniature to be sure, but true replica. Assuming our people to be similar to the Europeans, we can analyze our problems through elucidation of their experiences. Granting that our people are different from theirs, from these differences we may hope to predicate reactions peculiar to our characteristics.

The Bankruptcy of Socialism

IT IS permissible to be dogmatic, but it is not permissible to be declamatory. In the discussions of Bolshevism there is on both sides too much of denunciation, too little of definition and evaluation. Words that should express concrete ideas are used too loosely; concepts that are essentially hypothetical are employed too realistically. A survey of the conditions in Germany and Central Europe, contrasted with those in the United Kingdom, Holland, Switzerland, France and Italy on the one hand, and with those in Russia on the other, justifies certain general statements that can be established. It will facilitate discussion to state these at the outset.





PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Interior of a Hotel Bombarded by the Bolsheviks.
Above—Inspection of a Labor Regiment by Bela Kun

The writer has not been in Russia since the war. This may or may not be a misfortune to his discussion. A perusal of the views of those who have been in Russia during the last two years leads to the impression that the shorter the time one is in Russia the more one knows about it, and the longer the time the less one knows about it. The available published data on Russia are to be judged from the standpoint of Russian propaganda in the countries located directly westward. One must also consider the reactions in these countries toward the policies expressed in the Russian Government and organization of society. Russian agitators, and natives in these countries sympathetic to them, have endeavored to introduce communism and Bolshevism into Finland, the East Baltic States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Except for a brief term of control in Bavaria and the East Baltic States and for a four months' control in Hungary, these efforts have resulted in failure. The reasons for the failure in Bavaria and Hungary and for the resistance elsewhere yield points of view toward the actual state of affairs in Russia that are perhaps as valuable as Russia; certainly more tha vey. In the early days of sion for Relief in Belgiu observer from a neutral c a tour of inspection of Be the guidance of a German known as a tour with a wet experiences of visitors into ing the last two years, a would seem to indicate ve same state of affairs. T Russians from within cann wise than colored with thei or antipathies, because t constitutes for each man crisis in his existence.

The conclusions that a r available information is lead to are the following:

The great result of the that have occurred in Russ tral Europe during the las a result seldom fully appr often almost overlooked, struction of feudalism. O many and the East Baltic S the revolution in the term mon expression was not do vestiges of feudalism r influence of this result upon the future develop capitalistic state will constitute a most impor the near future.

Socialism—using this term in its ordin meaning—has passed through insolvency into Its former adherents have given up hopes of tion; all that remains of it as a movement in G land of its greatest development, is a series programs.

Syndicalism Succeeds Socialis

COMMUNISM—using this term in the pc sense, made necessary by the developmer trialism since the time of Marx—is insolve not yet been declared bankrupt by its adherer theless, the day of appearance in the courts of cannot be long delayed.

Sovietism—in the original Russian sense- insolvent nor bankrupt, but represents a theor ment that has never been properly tried out, e the Russian revolution or since that time. soviet form of government is fully maintai hearts and minds of the vast majority of t people. It has also taken a deep hold through Europe and Germany. Between what is calle in Russia to-day and the original theory of the distinction so wide that the resemblance is sca than verbal.

Dictatorship of the proletariat has been a f the standpoint of the proletariat as much a standpoint of society in general.

The last year has witnessed the eclipse o socialism by Latin syndicalism. Few events in of social ideas have taken place in so short a tim so little notice as the substitution of syndicalism ism in the program of the radical laboring classe

(Continued on Page 130)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Pojany Joseph, Kunfi Fymond, Bela Kun

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Commander of the Red Army

THE CASE OF MRS. ALISON

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

TEN years ago, when he was twenty-four he nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now on catching sight of her er what seemed a crowded lifetime, the e back. As far as the eye could discern n dining at the little table over by the wall was ely than the Virginia Henderson of his youth. ld have possessed Major Buchanan to make she had changed? The old man's eyes must The miracle was that she seemed not to have ned by time at all.

ole experience of coming back in just this way ng a time was, so Hugh Mills put it to himself, In the bottom of his heart he really meant but the thought of such a word in connection nself would have been repugnant. His was the vocabulary of large affairs. He had learned to words—because he knew that others weighed us even in his own reflections he had come to nearly as possible only such terms as he might in dictating letters to his secretary.

s trip to Chicago was gratifying. It was gratifyre leisure to turn back for a few weeks after rs of plunging forward. He had always intended the old neighborhood, to see whether the little se on Oakwood Avenue remained standing—it ely old when he was young—and to learn the arious families linked with his chain of early ie Surely some of them there still. Though so happened in the interim , after all, so very long the giant hand of the rests had reached down e clouds, plucked him reasurership of a modest n in his native city, and d him with dazing swift- affluent vice presidency rk.

nat overnight leap his mounted from eight to ve thousand dollars a the time the whole affair d to him fantastic. He made, as they say, overet it had been but a in Soon he had become of the company at forty then president of the anization at seventy-five then a partner in one of ast banking houses in the rt owner in a reservoir hi incessantly poured torof reposterous wealth.

ough Hugh Mills would any circumstances have such a thing to anybody s gratifying to return to me like the poor boy of the hero of an allegory of man whose least opinion important news, and whose ried over and over in cy supplements and uplift in, must, he feared, cause to American youths to whom he was constantly a stimulus to ambition and achievement.

secretly gratifying also to think of rolling into the le Street Station in a private car. The comfort of a e r appealed to him, but the fact that the railroads tourden their swiftest trains with these ponderous ouesses caused him usually to forego them, haste alost always his first consideration.

wer it was not so now. This time he proposed to do pleased. Though the excuse for his trip was the reorati and refinancing of one of Chicago's great publice rporations he counted it in reality a vacation. t is, should wait on other things. He would look friends, visit with them, and perhaps find ways of g mself useful to some of them. Chicago's social ncial leaders had manifested a desire to lionize H detested being lionized, but, after all, these were ci and financial leaders of his old home town.

st of all gratifying—most secretly so—was the that he was young enough, sane enough, new millions to extract from his situation both the ac n and the humor; to be aware not only of the ica on but of the reason for it; to recognize in himcorealed far down below the surface, a kind of boyish vanity. Being essentially a modest man his trifling vanity amused him. Vanity—of all human traits the most ridiculous! What had any person to be vain of? Nothing. Destiny was kind or it was unkind. Now and then by some freak of chance a man would be put into the world endowed with certain gifts; by another freak of chance there would come to him an opportunity to exercise his gifts in a large way; whereupon he would be hailed as a success. In Hugh's own case the gifts and opportunities had not been wanting. Fate had made him the beneficiary of one of her great gilded jokes. So it appeared to him. For in very truth Hugh Mills, so widely quoted as a phenomenally successful self-made man, was inclined to doubt that such a thing as a self-made man of any kind actually existed. Success, he thought, came, in the last analysis, from the same place royal flushes come from.

"That Woman Doesn't Exist Any More. If You're Going to Like Me, Hugh, You Must Like Me as I Am"

II

ARRIVED in Chicago he proceeded to carry out his plans. In the limousine placed at his disposal by a leading financier he drove one afternoon to the old neighborhood, saw the house where he was born, and indulged himself in recollections induced by the scenes of long ago. The names of boys and girls of whom he had not thought in years came back to him as he saw the houses in which they used to live or the sites on which those houses formerly stood. This portion of Chicago was decaying. The apartment buildings which had been erected since his time were cheap ones; small stores had invaded former residential blocks, and what seemed worst of all a moving-picture theater now occupied the ground on which the Hendersons' house used to stand in its old garden. That seemed a desecration. Virginia Henderson's house should have been preserved as a memorial.

If there had been in the life of Hugh Mills any romance aside from that of his rapid rise to fortune it was his attachment for Virginia. Had he loved her fifteen years ago? Perhaps. He had never felt quite certain. At all events his feeling for her had been as near to love as any he had ever known. She had been almost constantly in his mind, and he had dreamed of being married to her, though he never even indirectly suggested such a thought to her. Probably she would not have had him. In any case it was only a thing of which to dream. Marriage was not for him at twenty-five; he had his way to make. It was not for him in the early thirties; he was making his way. And now, with forty looming close at hand, he doubted he should ever marry; for though his way was made other things seemed to interpose. He felt too old, too settled in his far from uncomfortable bachelorhood, to make so radical a change with fitting grace.

One sign of his strength was the ability he had always had to restrain himself from making love. Early in life he had perceived the necessity of doing that, and had made restraint a habit. With Virginia he had sometimes felt his rule in danger; since then he had not wavered. He had never made love seriously to any woman, though his life, being that of a worldly bachelor, had not been without its tendernesses. One or two of these affairs had engrossed a certain side of his nature over considerable periods, and had for a time seemed fairly satisfying, but no woman thus associated with him had been allowed to misapprehend the precise nature of the relationship. He was as careful in his understandings in these situations as in other business. He was considerate, reasonably attentive, very generous, but there was never a moment in which his independence was impaired.

Perhaps indeed it was for the very reason that he had been able to resist asking Virginia to become his wife that there had been that curious close friendship, with so much frankness, between them in the old days. Once she had implied that such was the case, saying that she enjoyed going out with him more than with any other man she knew—"because," she said, "I know you aren't going to get sentimental." To this he had replied lightly that he had always heard that every girl liked to make as many conquests as she could.

"Some girls may," she had answered, "but I don't. I hate it. Do you know what I wish? I wish no man would ever fall in love with me again until the right one comes along and I fall in love with him too. Men act so crazy. They don't ever seem satisfied just to be good friends. It almost always ends in an outburst and they go away hurt or angry. Sometimes I wish I could marry them all, just to keep them from being unhappy. I hate to have people unhappy over me."

In this there was no hidden coquetry. She was like a child, puzzled and distressed. There was always something of the child about her—something as of not comprehending these things. And indeed she did not comprehend them. Her attraction for men was something utterly beyond the bounds of her own understanding or volition. It was a blind automatic force like that of the magnetic pole—the force of all that is tender, gentle, timid, beautiful and sweet in woman, issuing its unconscious call to all that is masculine in man.

For several years after Hugh's departure from Chicago he had exchanged occasional letters with Virginia. Then she wrote of her engagement to Harvey Alison, and a little later Hugh got their wedding cards. He sent them a large silver something, received a cordial letter of thanks from the bride, and for a long time thereafter heard no more of them.

He had known Harvey at public school, high school, and as a young man starting in business. Pictorially at least the match was suitable. They would make a handsome pair—Virginia tall and slender, with dark-brown hair always so soft round her face, and the look of gentleness and sweetness about her mouth and her great calm eyes, which were gray flecked with hazel; Harvey a dark, laughing, fiery fellow with the figure of a Greek athlete and the temperament of an Italian troubadour. He was just the man to have pursued, captivated and conquered such a

tender creature as Virginia, sweeping her off her feet with his intensity. He had the gift for doing that with women; they were drawn to him as men were to Virginia. But they received less mercy—so at least it had been when he was young.

At high school he became known as a fascinator—ardent, inconstant and, curiously, jealous. Faithless himself, he suspected others of being faithless to him. If a sweetheart was utterly devoted he would jilt her the sooner; but when he had done so she must not feel free to become interested in some other youth, even though Harvey had left her for another girl. She must mourn him before the world. Ere he was twenty people spoke of him as wild, and there were in the neighborhood certain straitlaced matrons who would not let their daughters go to parties with him. These were not, however, in the majority. In spite of his obvious faults Harvey's attraction was so great as to overcome the prudent parental scruples of many women old enough to be his mother. It was not that he flirted with them, precisely, but that without deliberate effort he set them dreaming, causing them to think wistfully: "If only I were younger!"

In short, Harvey, like many another creature of impulse, had about him something essentially lovable which caused women young and old to overlook his faults, make excuses for him, worry about him. The very contradictions in his nature were sources of appeal. His spasmodic generosities were the more touching to witness because they were the generosities of a passionately selfish person; his occasional renunciations were pathetic, because renunciation was acute torture to him; his contritions were pitiful, being as violent and as passing as those of a child.

Harvey's charm reached men as well as women; almost everyone liked him. But Harvey Alison as an individual and Harvey Alison as custodian of Virginia's happiness were, in Hugh's eyes, two widely different persons. On hearing of the match he gathered what hope he could from the thought that many another wild young man had settled down under the combination of maturity and matrimony. Harvey must settle down. Unkindness from the man she loved was the last thing that should come to a woman with a nature like Virginia's. It would crush her.

And now Harvey was dead. He had been dead three years. Hugh, out of touch with his early associations, had heard little of the Alisons during their life together, and had not learned of Harvey's death until months after. Driving about the old neighborhood he thought of these things sadly. What changes! Harvey gone, Virginia's house gone, a moving-picture theater—symbol of changefulness—standing where the house had been. What was the world, after all, but a screen over which pictures of places and people passed swiftly and were gone forever?

Round the corner from the gaudy place of entertainment was the house of old Major Buchanan, his father's friend, still alive, still known as an able lawyer. Here at last was something that had not changed; for the major himself was pottering about the front yard just as always on days when he came home early from his office. Nor did he look much older. Nor did his frock coat look any older.

Hugh entered the major's yard with something of the hesitation he used to feel as a boy at approaching this rather stately old figure. As the major glanced up at him he had a sudden feeling that life had turned back twenty-five or thirty years. But he had to introduce himself. That hurt him just a little. And it hurt him also, in some peculiar way, to find that the major, whom he still regarded with a kind of veneration, was disposed to be formal, almost diffident, with him.

Seated on the porch they spoke of the old neighbors. The Baileys had torn down their cottage and built a brick block across the front of their lot. Young Fred Bailey was doing well on the Board of Trade. Gertie Bailey had married and moved to Bloomington. The Wilkinses had gone to Iowa, where Mrs. Wilkins' people came from. Mary Wilkins, though such a good-looking girl, and so well off, had never married; people said it was because of the memory of the young fellow she had been engaged to—the one who was drowned. A great pity. Mary was such a fine girl. The Gleason family had gone to pot. Poor Mrs. Gleason! Her husband killed in a railroad wreck, and her only son, Tom, no earthly good to anybody. Tom's goings on had broken his mother's heart. No one knew what had become of him, though there was a rumor that he was serving a life sentence in New Mexico. The daughter, Minnie, was the only one left. She was working as a clerk in a department store.

Perhaps Hugh knew that Virginia Henderson had married Harvey Alison?

Virginia had been a widow for several years now. Hugh asked if they had been happy.

The old man looked abstractedly across the street, and "hoped so." He hadn't seen much of them. They lived on the North Side. What with the money from her father and Harvey's insurance he understood Virginia was comfortably fixed.

Despite the other's evident desire to be reticent where gossip was concerned Hugh asked a point-blank question: "Did Harvey settle down and behave himself after they married?"

But the major would not be drawn very far.

"I really can't say," he answered. Then, perhaps by way of a hint, he added: "It has been my observation that a young fellow with too much of an eye for the women doesn't get any blinder in that eye as time goes on."

"I Thought What I Wanted to Think—That They Were My Letters to Him—That He Had Cared Enough to Save Them"

"I suppose not," said Hugh.

"Well," said the major philosophically, "he's dead now anyway. *De mortuis* ——"

"I was thinking of Virginia," said Hugh. "I was hoping he hadn't made life hard for her. I thought a great deal of Virginia."

"She was a mighty sweet girl," said the other. "Perhaps you'll be seeing her while you're here?"

"I hope to."

"You'll find her considerably changed." The major sighed.

"I suppose I should have expected that," Hugh returned, echoing the sigh. "Of course we are all growing older."

"Yes. But some change more than others—and in different ways."

This utterance Hugh accepted at the time merely as a general comment upon human mutability. Not until he recalled it some days later did it assume for him a more specific meaning.

Before leaving Hugh mentioned the matter of the public-service corporation and retained the major as his personal counsel. And when the old man showed that he was pleased at this, indicating the fact by using the word "gratified"—Hugh's own word—Hugh understood so perfectly that his own gratification rose up into his eyes, expressing itself there in the form of moisture.

"Here comes another of the old neighborhood boys," said the major at parting, indicating a man on the other side of the street. "You remember Frank Carberry?"

"I should say so! He's grown heavier—a lot heavier. Does he still live in the old house round the corner? I'll have to run in and see him for a minute before I go downtown again."

"Yes. He'll be glad to see you."

"I suppose," said Hugh, "that he's the same old sixpence?"

"No," said the major with a shadowy little smile. "I guess you'll find Frank's changed a little too."

And indeed Frank Carberry had changed. He had been perhaps the most light-hearted boy in all the old neighborhood crowd; Hugh found him now grave, slightly bald, amiable, rather silent and apparently absent-minded. He had the feeling that Frank was glad to see him, was indeed flattered that he had called, yet was so engross thoughts of his own that he was only half awa was going on round him.

As they sat talking in the old Carberry parl depressing black-walnut furniture, its square piano, its long, stiff lace curtains and its se portraits Frank kept looking expectantly o window.

"There's a man coming here to-night," he sai rose to go. "I hoped he'd get here before you ha I'd have liked you to meet him. He'd interest why the man might interest Hugh he did not sa

They stood for a moment the low porch; then drifted down the steps and along the s walk toward Hugh's limousin

At the gate Frank suddenly the first sign of animation seen in him. "Here he comes exclaimed eagerly. "Just wait Hugh. Here's a ma meeting."

Hugh looked at his watch "I'm afraid I must hurry "As it is, I shall be late fo engagement."

"Stop and shake hands Frank urged.

Hugh waited. Certainly nothing very striking in th ance of the stranger who wa near, unless perhaps it wa tume—a black cutaway, da trousers and a black derby parel highly unsuited to t year and to the day's ten In build the man was st slightly below the average he face was smooth, his nose chin heavy. His name pro Fosdick. As Frank introdu offered Hugh a soft hand, in a voice the careful mod which suggested elocutionis indeed glad to make your ance, sir. It is a pleasure to meet any frie valued friend Carberry's."

"It's a great pity you have to go, Hugh," s with great earnestness.

"I'll hope to see you again before I lea

Hugh answered as he stepped into his car.

"What has come over Frank?" he wondered as away. "And what on earth can there be about Fosdick to make him feel that he's particula meeting?"

III

OF ALL Hugh's anticipations in connection visit to Chicago the pleasantest had been tha Virginia again. Through the years he had preser mind the picture of her, changeless. Folly of c time changes everything. Nevertheless he shocked at the major's definite statement tha changed so greatly. He became less eager, now, reluctant, as anyone might be, to supplant so necessary a long-cherished mental image with a r lovely. Not that her appeal to him had ever been of beauty to the eye, but that her physical presen seemed to him a most exquisite projection of her wherefore it was doubly tragic to hear that she Of course he would call upon her before he left That went without saying. But, after all, the special need for haste.

His first week in Chicago slipped by rapidly, was with a press of business and social activi thought of Virginia often. Pretty soon he wo municate with her. There had been interviews in all the newspapers; certainly she had heard town. Yet from day to day he continued to dreading to look upon the wraith of all that she

At last there came an evening when with a pa city's fashionables he motored out to dine in a gr roofed pavilion on the lake shore, near the south of the old World's Fair grounds. Though in fact place was attractive after the fashion of gay c lively European watering places. There was n dancing. And though the green-covered gaming t European casino were conspicuously absent th rumors of a poker game or two upstairs in the livi ments of the clubhouse.

There had been nothing of this kind in Chicago day. People's pleasures had been simpler then. from this place he had picnicked as a child, co with other children on the Cottage Grove Avenu line and walking the remaining mile or two thro and wood. He had seen the dummy line give p cable road, and the cable in turn to the trolley. where fields and woods had been were miles upon city streets, boulevards and parks.

ne at the club had come by motor. Motors were ng and departing constantly—most of them expen- n. People were dressed expensively. They were d drinking expensively. The atmosphere was of metropolitan extravagance and sophistication. n fraction of Hugh's lifetime Chicago had, as it ned from the picnic lunch carried in a shoe box borate, sensuous, costly sort of thing.

Chicago had been changing he too had changed—t forget that. Life had forced sophistication upon s he better for it? Were these people round him it? What had sophistication brought to them? learned to eat more than was good for them, re than was good for them, spend more than was hem; to set too high a value upon luxurious mate- nd to regard as crude the simplicities, the genu- the modesties which their pioneer forefathers dered first essentials of a well-spent life. Their orefathers? Nay, their very fathers and moth- Hv often would the parents of these people, had at table with them, have been shocked at what d? How often, indeed, would these people them- en younger, have been shocked? Nor was the ion, judged by current standards, particularly merely reflected the spirit of the age—the spirit gnizes and accepts a deteriorated social morality, with tolerance, amusement or even, in some cases, admiration, laxities that would have appalled of twenty or thirty years ago.

cago, like many another American metropolis, had nart; and the word "smart" no longer meant sed to mean. Instead of meaning sharp-witted it nt almost the reverse—fashionable. And for the that, fashionable no longer meant what it used For it was fashionable now not only to call a apade, but to show a kind of cynical worldly light- as it were, calling a steam dredge a spade. Scan- commoner in these times, and were, moreover, frivolously discussed. Repeatedly Hugh heard references to the devotion of sundry husbands to ther than their wives, and to the devotion of ives to men other than their husbands.

Hugh reflected on these changes Harvey Alison came this mind. How this ultramodern sophistication ings about! In the light of the point of view he und him Harvey Alison, with his many senti- adventures, had not been a backslider, but a man newhat in advance of his time; for whereas his nces had made him an outstanding figure in the y here, if one might trust one's eyes and ears, was taining many Harvey Alisons.

How Harvey would have enjoyed such a place as this! How perfectly he would have fitted into just this setting. He would have been dining tête-à-tête with a woman of course—like that man at the small table over there in the corner by the wall. Curiously, indeed, it seemed to Hugh that the individual at whom he had chanced to look as he thought of Virginia's dead husband bore a strong resemblance to Harvey. There was his coloring, for instance, and a kind of quick restless eagerness in the attitudes he took as he leaned toward his companion, talking to her.

And then as Hugh in a kind of abstraction gazed at this couple there came to him a great astonishment. For he realized suddenly that his vision had in some mysterious way completely tricked him. The man at whom he had been looking as he thought of Harvey did not, in fact, resemble Harvey in the least. His hair was light, he was rather heavily built, and there was about him nothing either of Harvey's intensity or of his distinction. It was as though Hugh's mental vision of Harvey had been so strong for a moment as to superimpose itself upon the actual picture on his retina. But fantastic as was this illusion he now became aware of something, not in the least an illusion, which made the whole occurrence weirder still. His eyes, engaged with the inexplicable fancy of a likeness where no likeness was, had overlooked the woman at the table—or had, rather, seen her without really seeing her. Until this moment she had been merely a vague woman dressed in white. But now, with a shock that he could feel like a piece of ice slipping slowly down his spine beneath his clothing, it came to him that the woman sitting there was none other than Harvey Alison's widow—that he was looking straight at Virginia Alison herself.

Fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now on catching sight of her again, after what seemed a crowded lifetime, the word came back. As far as the eye could discern she was no less lovely than the Virginia Henderson of his youth. What could have possessed Major Buchanan to make him fancy she had changed? The old man's eyes must be failing. The miracle was that she seemed not to have been touched by time at all.

To make assurance doubly sure he indicated Virginia to Mrs. Bowden, at his right, asking who she was.

"Ah, men always want to know about her! She's a Mrs. Alison—one of our too fascinating widows."

"Virginia Alison?"

"Yes. You know her?"

"I knew her years ago. She was a wonderfully sweet girl."

"I know it."

"You said 'too fascinating,'" he reminded in a tone that asked a question.

"Yes. Too fascinating; and perhaps in a way, too sweet for her own good."

"You make me curious."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Bowden declared, looking at him frankly. "I'm not a gossip, Mr. Mills. I said more than I meant to—more than I should have if I hadn't forgotten for a moment that you are an ex-Chicagoan."

"You didn't reveal much," he reassured her. Then: "I wonder if the man with her is one of the people I was introduced to in the foyer when we came in? There were so many that I ——"

"I don't think so. I don't know who he is."

"Don't know who who is?" broke in their hostess, who, seated at Hugh's left, overheard the last remark.

"The man with Mrs. Alison," the other answered. And she added quickly: "Mrs. Alison is a friend of Mr. Mills."

"Virginia is often with men we don't know," their hostess returned in a voice that was like a shrug of the shoulders. "Where in the world she finds them all is more than I can guess."

"I was saying," Mrs. Bowden continued insistently, "that Mrs. Alison is an old friend of Mr. Mills."

"Indeed? Have you seen her lately?"

"Not in a great many years," he answered. "It was one of the things I was counting on when I came out here this time. She was as lovely a girl as I ever knew."

"She is beautiful," assented Mrs. Bowden.

"Yes," said their hostess, "but ——" And there she stopped.

Hugh felt vaguely irritated.

"If you will excuse me," he said, rising, "I will go over and see if she remembers me."

As he approached her table Virginia looked up, and he knew by her expression that she recognized him. Before he had come within reach she extended her hand, waiting for him to take it.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed. "How nice to see you again!"

She introduced her vis-à-vis, a Mr. Giffin, a dapper man with an obvious kind of handsomeness despite a ruddy adiposity which advertised, even had the surface of the table failed to do so, his too great fondness for food and drink.

"Not the Hugh Mills, surely?" demanded Mr. Giffin skeptically, rising and shaking hands. And on Virginia's amused affirmative: "I'm certainly mighty glad to know you, Mr. Mills. Sit down and join us in a glass of wine. Here, waiter—bring a chair for Mr. Mills."

Though the waiter obeyed promptly Hugh stood hesitant. Full well he knew the Giffin type. It was the type that by wine meant champagne and champagne only; the type that was too profuse with wine, causing one's glass to

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"Oh, I'd be Talked About Anyway," She Said. "But I'm Not Like Lura. I Don't Mind"

The Last Stand of the Giant

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IF BACK yonder in Mesozoic times you had been standing in a redwood forest, which is probably where you would have been standing because redwood forests extended over a great part of what is now North America, Europe and Asia, including the present polar regions—if you had been thus Mesozoically standing in a redwood forest you would have been keenly on your guard, because you would have known that presently a dinosaur might come slithering out at you from behind one of the great trees that surrounded you or a diplodocus emerge from the gloom to rend you.

Or if you perchance are of previously Miocene days and were prowling about among the redwoods you would have been cautious in your prowlings, because your experience would have taught you that at any moment a dinotherium might thunder down upon you through the great aisles of trees to your consequent danger and distress.

But supposing that you are a present-day American citizen taking your dinosaurs in the shape of the high cost of living and your dinotheriums in the general and harassing unrest that prevails, you might conceivably be standing in a redwood forest on the south fork of the Eel River in Humboldt County, California, say, or among the great trees that grow on the flats of Bull Creek; and granting that you come down Miocenely or Mesozoically, you would be standing in surroundings almost identical with those of the former periods. The redwood trees, the deep undergrowth of ferns—everything the same but the dinosaur or the dinotherium; and really when one is among those trees, with a knowledge of the antiquity of them and the descent of them, it doesn't take much imagination to picture a dinosaur popping out at you from the cover of one of those gigantic trunks.

The Fern Growth That Carpets the Ground About Their Immense Boles Typifies Age in Terms of Millions of Years

Answers in Millions

THOSE trees, those redwoods and their brethren, the big trees of the High Sierras, are the oldest living things in the world. They came down through the Tertiary period, clinging sturdily to life all through the geologic changes of the earth, defying the glaciers and the other changes of the world's surface, but gradually retreating, withdrawing, until now all there are of them are in the strip of land three hundred and fifty miles long and twenty miles or so wide that begins where the northwestern corner of California joins with the southwestern corner of Oregon and ends at Monterey Bay; and the greatest stands of them are in Del Norte and Humboldt counties. Also the fern growth that carpets the ground about their immense boles typifies age in terms of millions of years. Ferns reach back to the carboniferous period, and here these two types of early plant life are combined just as they were combined æons ago. The scenery and surroundings are there. Only the dinosaur is missing.

Years mean nothing in terms of the inanimate. How long, for example, did it take Nature to bring about the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado? One scientist says twenty million years, another says twenty-five and another forty—and they may all be right. The point is that except as a basis for sci sertion and dispute the elapse not of consequence. The Grand there, defying age as it typifies whether Nature with an infinit at command wrought it in any number of millions of years ne cerns Nature nor those of the view it, except to add a small fi terest to the spectacle.

It is so with any other inanim It makes no particular differe the viewpoint of its scenic valu Pike's Peak is as old as one claims it is or as young as anot tist proclaims. And so with Nia and Old Faithful and the Yose any other fixed and scenic dem of Nature. How many people Adirondacks because those hill logically as old as—if not older t other rocks on this continent? terest is in the demonstration, duration.

Unadvertised Scene

THE converse is true of the When we see a great tree or growing thing that has the appe having lived long our first qu "How old is it?" This applie There is universal interest in a rian. The reason is simple. We Our concern with other living instant and keen and often syn The fossil remains of a pterod museum would attract only lang tion save from scientists. The of a live one would bring tho the turnstiles.

Thus it would seem that the people would have a high rega great growing things—the big example—a regard and a pride c to their regard for and pride i Falls, the Grand Cañon, the the Rockies, the Yellowstone, G other outstanding features. Th not isn't the fault of the people result of their information—the publicity. They know all about tán, because El Capitán has bee and written about for years and made reasonably easy of acce know little about the redwood until lately not much has been said about the and it has been hard to get to them.

Suppose—to make the distinction clear—that paper readers of the United States should fin breakfast tables or in the afternoon dispatche like this: "Niagara Falls, New York. A compan formed to divert the water now going over the a series of ponds that are to be utilized for the puddle ducks for the market."

PHOTO. BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

ts: "Livingston, Mon- number of enterprising nave bought Old Faith- er and will build a on the spot for the util- f the enormous quanti- t water that the geyser s every hour. It is ex- at all the dirty clothes ited States west of the River will be washed e cheaply than else-

: "Grand Cañon, Ari- recent incorporation in is for the purpose of he cañon walls to ad- who will paint their reon. A large acreage ost picturesque walls secured and many bril- ertisements will soon n them."

the Redwoods

E would be immediate r from the people, not f them but from a good hem. They would pro- st the desecration of ery that belongs to ecially such desecra- ignoble use of these onders for commercial Many of the protes- ht be, it is likely, among icans who have not ara Falls or Old Faith- e Grand Cañon, but ld protest just as vig- because even if they een them and enjoyed y have come to know ough pictures, litera- conversation. When the protest of twenty- rty years ago over the rness Niagara and the that resulted in sav- lisades of the Hudson quarryman, as well as similar crusades when threatened Nature in er most wonderful as- e, there and yonder country, it is not at t to estimate the howl

PHOTO. BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

It Took Fifteen Hundred Years to Grow the Redwood and No Redwood Will Replace It

ld follow the printing of dispatches similar to orth hypothetically. The people have knowledge enic assets of the United States.

ow the matter a bit further, suppose some day apers of the United States printed this dispatch: California. The last remaining redwood forests ldt and Del Norte counties, this state, which are and largest trees in the world, are being felled umbers and worked up into grape stakes, fence railroad ties."

then? Nothing much probably, because that is hat is happening at this present moment, and t so far has been confined largely to the men of California who know of the situation at first hand and know the redwoods also. In reality there is small difference between making duck puddles with Niagara or a laundry out of Old Faithful and cutting these redwoods into grape stakes. One is as ignoble as the other. Indeed, the outrage on the redwoods is the greater, because if the diversion of Niagara is stopped Niagara resumes, and if they take the laundry away from Old Faithful that consistent performer will begin at once to spout again; whereas when a redwood is cut down that ends the matter. It took fifteen hundred years to grow the redwood and no redwood will replace it. And the reason that there is no wide national protest is because the redwoods are but vaguely known to the people for what they are. They are remembered as big trees, but that is about all, and the predestined end of all trees is the sawmill and the lumber yard, or so held to be in common estimation.

Wherefore in order that there may be a wider understanding of just what has been happening in the redwood districts of California and—it is hoped—to help a national movement to save these princely trees, it is my purpose to detail the situation there; and that purpose rests on a double foundation of fact of which the first half is that the redwoods of California, the sequoia sempervirens, and their closely related brethren, the sequoia gigantea, are the oldest living things in the world and thus of the highest animate appeal to all; and the second is that these redwoods are the sole remaining redwoods in the world and that so soon as they are destroyed there never will be others to replace them.

Living Monuments

IT IS true that there are national and state reservations of these trees, principally the sequoia gigantea, or Big Tree, of the High Sierras, and of the redwood, or sequoia sempervirens, in California, adequate as may be for the giganteas but entirely inadequate for the sempervirens. My interest is not with the groups of big fellows in the Sierras but with the forests of the redwoods still remaining in Northwestern California—forests owned by individuals and corporations; forests that have been slaughtered in vast acreage in the past forty years; forests that the forthcoming forty years will destroy entirely unless they are saved from the advance of the lumberman. Forty years more—and probably less than that unless they are preserved—and the oldest living things in the world will have vanished—cut down and cut up for grape stakes, for cigar-box material, for casket boxes, for stakes and shingles and fence posts and railroad ties and for other lumber purposes—sacrificed for commercial uses. There are no more of these trees in the world. There never will be any more. This is the last stand of the giants.

The oldest living things in the world! There are trees in those forests sixty or seventy feet in circumference, towering more than two hundred feet in the air, that have rings at their hearts that mark the year of the birth of Jesus Christ and the beginning of the Christian Era. There are trees, even older, that were sturdy when Cæsar conquered

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FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

It Could Happen Again To-Morro

"I Suppose You're the Young Person That the District Attorney Telephoned Me About an Hour or So Ago. Well, How Can I Serve You?"

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

SORRY, ma'am," said the Pullman conductor, "but there's not a bit of space left in the chair car, nor the sleeper neither."

"I'm sorry too," said the young woman in the tan-colored tailor-mades. She was smartly hatted and smartly spatted; smart all over from toque-tip to toe-tip. "I didn't know until almost the last minute that I'd have to catch this train, and trusted to chance for a seat."

"Yes'm, I see," commiserated the man in blue. "But you know what the rush is this time of year, and right now on top of all that so many of the soldiers getting home from the other side and their folks coming East to meet 'em and everything. I guess though, miss, you won't have much trouble getting accommodated in one of the day coaches."

"I'll try it," she said, "and thank you all the same."

She picked up her hand bag.

"Wait a minute," he suggested. "I'll have my porter carry your valise on up to the other cars."

Men of all stations in life were rather given to offering help to Miss Mildred Smith, the distinguished interior decorator and—on the side—amateur investigator for Uncle Sam with a wartime record for services rendered which many a professional might have envied. Perhaps they were the more ready to offer it since the young woman seemed so rarely to need it.

This man's reward was a brisk little nod.

"Please don't bother," she said. "This bag isn't at all heavy, and I'm used to traveling alone and looking out for myself." She footed it briskly along the platform of the Dobb's Ferry station. At the door of the third coach back from the baggage car a flagman stopped her.

"All full up in here, lady," he told her, "but I think maybe you might find some place to sit in the next car beyond. If you'll just leave your grip here I'll bring it along to you after we pull out."

As she reached the door of the coach ahead the train began to move. This coach was comfortably filled—and more than comfortably filled. Into the aisles projected elbows and feet and at either side doubled rows of backs of heads showed above the red plush seats. She shrugged her shoulders; it meant standing for a while at least; probably someone would be getting off soon—this train was a local, making frequent stops. It was not the train she would have chosen had the choosing been left altogether to her, but Mullinix of the Secret Service, her unofficial chief, had called her away from a furnishing and finishing contract at a millionaire's mansion in the country back of Dobb's Ferry to run up state to Troy, where there had risen a situation which in the opinion of the espionage squad a woman were best fitted to handle, provided only that woman be Miss Mildred Smith. And so on an hour's notice she had dropped her own work and started.

Now, though, near the more distant end of the car she saw a break in one line of heads. Perhaps the gap might mean there would be room for her. She made her way toward the spot, her trim small figure swaying to the motion as the locomotive picked up speed. Drawing nearer, she saw the back of one seat had been turned so that its occupants faced rearward toward her. In this seat, the one farther from her as she went up the aisle, were a man and a woman; in the nearer seat, facing this pair and sitting next the window, was a second woman—a girl rather—all three of them, she deduced from the seating arrangement, being members of the same party. A suitcase rested upon the cushions alongside the younger woman.

"I beg your pardon," said the lone passenger, halting here, "but is this place taken?"

The man's face twisted as though in annoyance. He made an undecided gesture which might be interpreted either as an affirmative or the other thing. "I'm sorry if I am disturbing you," added Miss Smith, "but the car is crowded—every inch of it except this seems to be occupied."

"Oh, I guess it's all right," he said, thou begrudged consent was a sort of indirect in that it was not altogether all right. He half swung the suitcase up into the luggage rack o then tucked in his knees so she might slip into opposite him next the aisle.

"Excuse me," he said a moment later, "but change seats with you if you don't mind."

Her eyebrows went up a trifle.

In her experiences it had not often happened th ingly without reason a male fellow traveler had s that she give him a place commonly regarded a able to his own.

"I do mind, rather," she answered. "Riding b makes me carsick sometimes. Still I will change if you insist on it. I'm the intruder, you know."

"No, no, never mind!" he hastened to say. "I don't make any difference. And there's no i miss—honest now, there ain't."

Miss Smith opened the book she had brought a began to read. She felt that obliquely her enfor panions were studying her—at least two of the The one with whom she shared a seat had not lo way; except to draw in her body a trifle as Miss S down she had made no movement of any sort. she had manifested no interest in the new arrival. ments when her glance did not cross theirs, Mis turning the pages of her book, considered the faced her, subconsciously trying—as was her way praise them for what outwardly they presumab Offhand she decided the man might be the superi of an estate; or then again he might be somebod gardener. He was heavily built and heavily m with a reddish cast to his skin and fat broad han woman alongside him had the look about her of high-class domestic employee, possibly a housek perhaps a seamstress. Miss Smith decided tha exactly a servant she was accustomed to deali

ntand in her own sphere undoubtedly would figure
ompetent and authoritative person.
hd own seat mate she could make out little except
sh was young—young enough to be the daughter of
or n across from her, and yet plainly enough not the
n daughter. Indeed if first impressions counted for
ir she was of a different type and a different fiber
th pair who rode in her company. One somehow felt
h was with them but not of them; that she formed
ie apex of a triangle otherwise harmonious in its
onposition. She was muffled cheek to knees in a
c of blue military cloth which quite hid the out-
fer figure, yet nevertheless revealed that she was
med and of fair height. The flaring collar of the
was upturned, shielding her face almost to the
brows. But out of the tail of her eye Miss Smith
t suggestion of a youthful regular profile and ad-
observed the texture of a mass of thick, fine,
air. Miss Smith was partial to auburn hair; she
if this girl had a coloring to match the rich reddish
t glinted in the smooth coils about her head.
sily the man fumbled in a breast pocket of his
o and found a long malignant-looking cigar. He
d of it and inserted the bitten end in his mouth,
oack and forth between his lips. Before long this
stitute of the confirmed nicotinist for a smoke
atisfy his cravings. He whispered a word to his
ed companion, who nodded, and then with a
apology to Miss Smith for troubling her he
out into the aisle and disappeared in the direction
soker.

One, the woman very soon began to yawn. It was
ged that the stuffy air of the car made her dozy.
her eyes open with an effort, her head lolling in
fer drowsy efforts to hold it straight, yet all the
ring herself after the fashion of one determined
fl asleep.

One spoke in Miss Smith's ear—a low and well-bred
ical voice.

"I your pardon," it said hesitatingly, then stopped.
Smith turned her head toward the speaker and now
st time had a fair chance to look into the face of the voice's owner. She looked and saw the oval of a most comely face, white and drawn as though by exhaustion or by deep sorrow, or perhaps by both. For all their pallor the cheeks were full and smooth; the brow was broad and low; the mouth firm and sweet. From between the tall collars of the cape the throat, partly revealed, rose as a smooth fair column. What made the girl almost beautiful were her eyes—eyes big and brown with a fire in them to suggest the fine high mettle of a resolute character, but out of them there looked—or else the other was woefully wrong—a great grief, a great distress bravely borne. To herself—all in that instant of looking—she said mentally that these were the saddest, most courageous eyes she ever had seen set in a face so young and seemingly bespeaking so healthful a body. For a moment Miss Smith was so held by what she saw that she forgot to speak.

"I beg your pardon," repeated the girl. "I wonder if you would be good enough to bring me a drink of water—if it isn't too much trouble. I'm so thirsty. I can't very well go myself—there are reasons why I can't. And I don't think she"—with a sidelong glance toward the nodding figure opposite—"I don't think she would feel that she could go and leave me."

"Certainly I will," said Miss Smith. "It's not a bit of bother."

"What is it?" The woman had been roused to full wakefulness by the movement of the stranger in rising.

"Please don't move," said Miss Smith. "Your young lady is thirsty and I'm going to bring her a drink of water—that's all."

"It's very good of you, miss," said the elder woman. She reached for her hand bag. "I think I've got a penny here for the cup."

"I've plenty of pennies," said Miss Smith.

At the cooler behind the forward door she filled a paper cup and brought it back to where the two were. To her surprise the elder woman reached for the cup and took it from her and held it to the girl's lips while she drank. With a profound shock of sympathy the realization went through Miss Smith that the girl had not the use of her hands.

Having drunk, the girl settled back in her former posture, her face half turned toward the window and her head drooping as if from weariness. The woman laid the emptied cup aside and at once was dozing off again. The third member of the group sat in pitying wonder. She wondered what affliction had made a cripple of this wholesome-looking bonny creature. She thought of ghastly things she had read concerning the dreadful after effects of infantile paralysis, but rejected the suggestion, because no matter what else of dread and woe the girl's eyes had betrayed the face was too plump and the body, which she could feel touching hers, too firm and well nourished to betoken a present and wasting infirmity. So then it must have been some accident—some maiming mishap which probably had not been of recent occurrence, since nothing else about the girl suggested physical impairment. If this deduction were correct, the wearing of the shrouding blue cape in an atmosphere almost stiflingly close stood explained. It was so worn to hide the injured limbs from view. That, of course, would be the plausible explanation. Yet at the same time an inner consciousness gave Miss Smith a certain and absolute conviction that the specter of fearfulness lurking at the back of those big brown eyes meant more than the ever-present realization of some bodily disfigurement.

Fascinated, she found her eyes searching the shape beside her for a clew to the answer of this lamentable mystery. In her covert scrutiny there was no morbid desire to spy upon another's hidden miseries—our Miss Smith was too well-bred for that—only was there a sudden quickened pity and with that pity a yearning to offer, if opportunity served, any small comfort of act or word which might fitly come her way. As her glance—behind the cover of her reopened book—traveled over the cloaked shape searching for a clew to the secret she saw how that chance promised to serve her ends. The girl was half turned from her, a shoulder pressing against the window ledge; the twist of her body had drawn one front breadth of the cape awry so that no longer did it completely overlap its fellow. In the slight opening thus unwittingly contrived Miss Smith could make out at the wearer's belt line a partly obscured inch or two of what seemed to be a heavy leathern gear, or truss, which so far as the small limits of the exposed area

(Continued on Page 120)

"From This Point on She Steadfastly Declined to Make Answers to the Questions Propounded to Her"

THE AIR CURE—By David Lawren

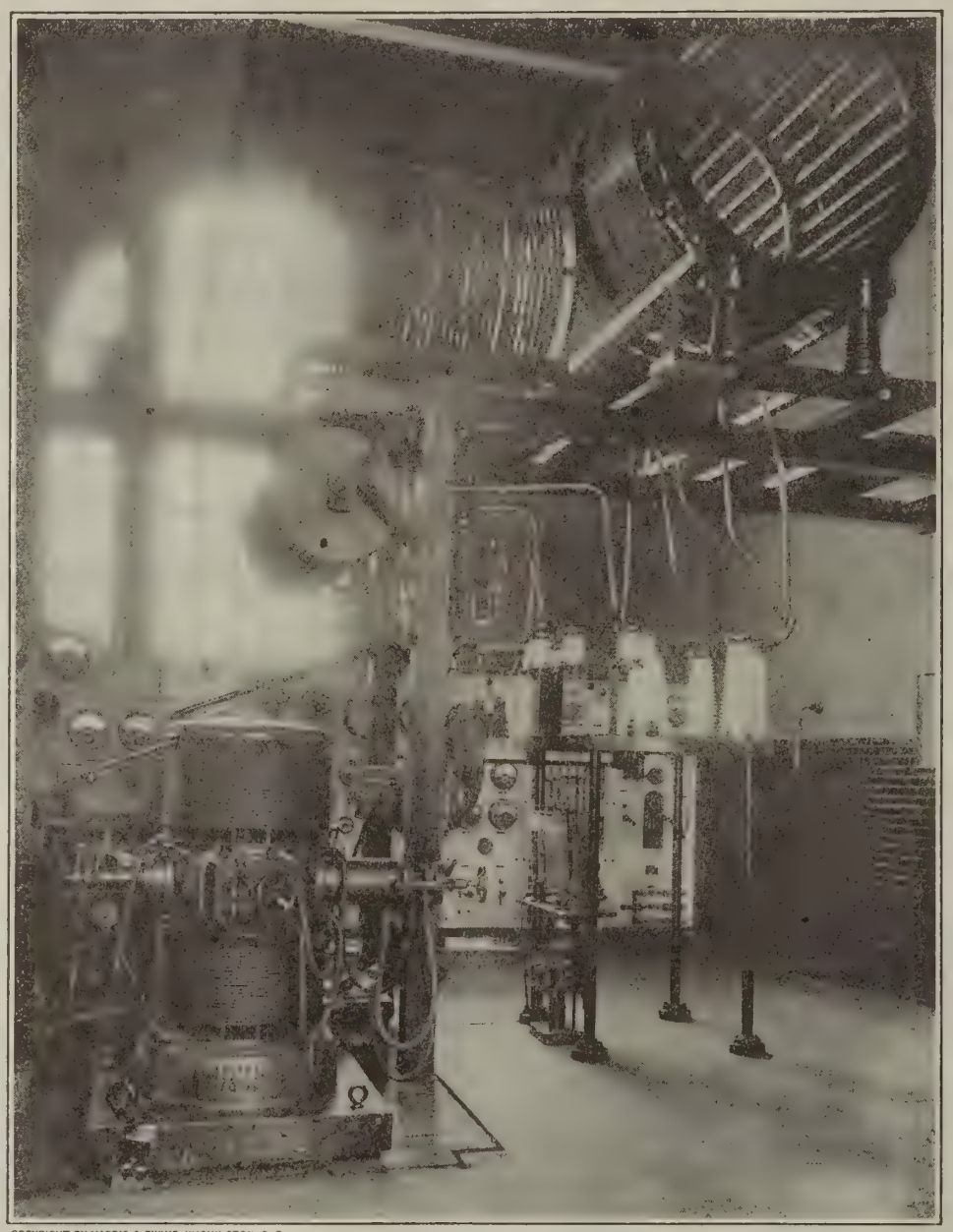
Getting Rid of the War Germs

FIVE years of war, plus a year of peace-making and peace-talking; seven million persons dead; their brain power and productive energy lost forever to the white race; many hundreds of millions of persons alive—but restless; little nations still quarreling; big nations, like Germany and Russia, yet uncertain quantities; everywhere mass unrest, mass impatience. That's the world situation now as we pass from an era of written covenants and peace treaties to an era of unwritten covenants and invisible forces powerful enough to tear asunder human relations and breed dissension again as in the past.

Making peace and keeping peace are two separate and distinct tasks. Statesmen get together in ceremonious conference and make peace. But peoples—tutored and untutored, good elements mixed with bad elements, jingoes and pacifists, selfish beings and persons with a superabundance of national passion have most to do with keeping the peace. And peoples are influenced by what? By the facts or versions of the facts, by appeals to their bias as well as to their sense of anger, by little prejudices as well as big issues. And this is an article about facts—as they sometimes seem and as they sometimes are in international affairs. For leagues of nations may come and leagues may go; peace treaties may be written, debated, ratified and proclaimed; armies may be pooled and navies combined, but there'll always be trouble and always war if some single nation or group of nations starts out looking for trouble.

Plainly the job of the world is to keep exposing the nations who are secretly or otherwise planning or breeding trouble. It's a practical, not a theoretical problem. Statesmen at Paris knew it, but shoved it into the future to take care of itself. Diplomats and government dignitaries the world over know what makes war—and yet they haven't put it into any treaty or covenant. They've provided the machinery for the friendly association of nations to prevent war by discussion. But the machinery—whereby the facts may be obtained soon enough to form an impartial judgment before passion is let loose—is left inevitably to the peoples of the world to work out themselves—the biggest job of all.

This peace business has got complicated by thick volumes of language that mean something or nothing according as there is a desire to do wrong or a desire to do right. Domestic laws, we know, are broken in letter and spirit daily by men who are paid to discover ways of evading them. So long as nations want to break the rules by introducing imaginary or real issues that involve a distrust of one another they will be able to do so in the future just as easily as they have done so in the past—provided the method to show them up is lacking.



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Arc Transmitter. The Latest Type Though a Small One. The Black Upright Thing in the Left Foreground Encloses the Arc. The Large Cylindrical Things at the Top are the Coils by Which the Wave Length is Regulated. The White Insulators Immediately Beneath are the Terminals of Each Coil. By Revolving an Arm Any One or All of the Coils are Thrown Into Operation, Thus Increasing or Decreasing the Wave Length

The World's Great Experiment

REVEALING every secret plot or intrigue that eventually might mean war between any nations or sets of nations will spell success or failure for any combination of powers whether ycleped league of nations, league of victors or anything else.

Two big desires came out of the last war—one to prevent anything like that catastrophe from striking civilization again and the other to form some kind of concert of power big enough to sit on any single power or alliance of powers that might organize for trouble. Many people don't like the way the covenant was written. That's really immaterial. A perfect covenant with an inborn distrust on every side wouldn't work a bit better than an imperfect covenant with an inborn desire to put sympathy and friendship above hate and greed. So it comes back to the conscience of the people everywhere. A crooked government will need watching. Anything that it tries to put over will stand a better chance of being beaten if exposed to all the people, including those who are responsible for the existence of the government in question, than if permitted to plot and plan its intrigue in private and be protected by the old usages of international law providing for secrecy in diplomatic affairs.

Nations are to try an experiment—they are pledging themselves to act together. Can they think together? Can the right sort of appeal be made to the good people in every country to the end that they may guide their government in virtuous instead of vicious paths? Will the people of all the world be permitted to share thoughts, to compare minds, to look into each other's eyes and hearts and penetrate the very souls where the passion of selfishness kindles its flames? Will it be possible to reach to the places and occasions where cupidity lies embryo, where anger, destined to become national wrath, slowly but surely fans the flames of discord? Will the high professions of democracy mean any more under the newly advertised order of peace set up as it is now on the swaying shoulders of an exhausted humanity?

Answer those questions and you have the key to it all, for public opinion is the true sovereign everywhere. And many are the crimes committed in the name of public opinion. The Kaiser felt sure of public opinion. So did Von Tirpitz. So did Napoleon. Control of public opinion is the important factor. What a helpless—but obedient at times—innocent thing can be national opinion, especially in hours of flag-waving patriotism! Everybody denounces national passion—the other fellow's passion—as a silly thing, yet all nations go ahead and practice it. That's why the cancers of war grow in tries where public opinio under lock and latch, wl views of one kind are not exit and only views of the eral design are permitted e

Censorship and propag what they call it in times of propaganda is a peacetim propaganda with all its si sedulous currents carrying and fro, rousing passion, lu to sleep, wakening others steadily day by day pla germs of unrest here, di there, plotting conquest of in the guise of internation ship, secretly hampering, praising, privately cond what a background of int world has known!

There is yet no armist trigue. The same forces tha each other to war can retu to jostle and jab and eve strike each other in angry r stepping on one another's man sits with his feet exten the aisle of a street car thro I pass. I stumble on his f looks up and howls with scorn him and smile we f say, "Excuse me, did I hurt replies smilingly, "Not at nurses a painful ankle.

Nations Always R

BUT it isn't—or rather i been fashionable for nat "Excuse me—I was in th It has been considered unp a hauling down of the nat blem, a surrender of traditi the emotion-stirring epig ever came from the lips of re ancestors are invoked to p apology or expression of re country always right—neve that's the slogan which shouted in Europe, Asia, again and again by parac and multitudes. It has be in flaming letters across pages of newspapers and in parliaments and sen ancient days. And the w fighting on.

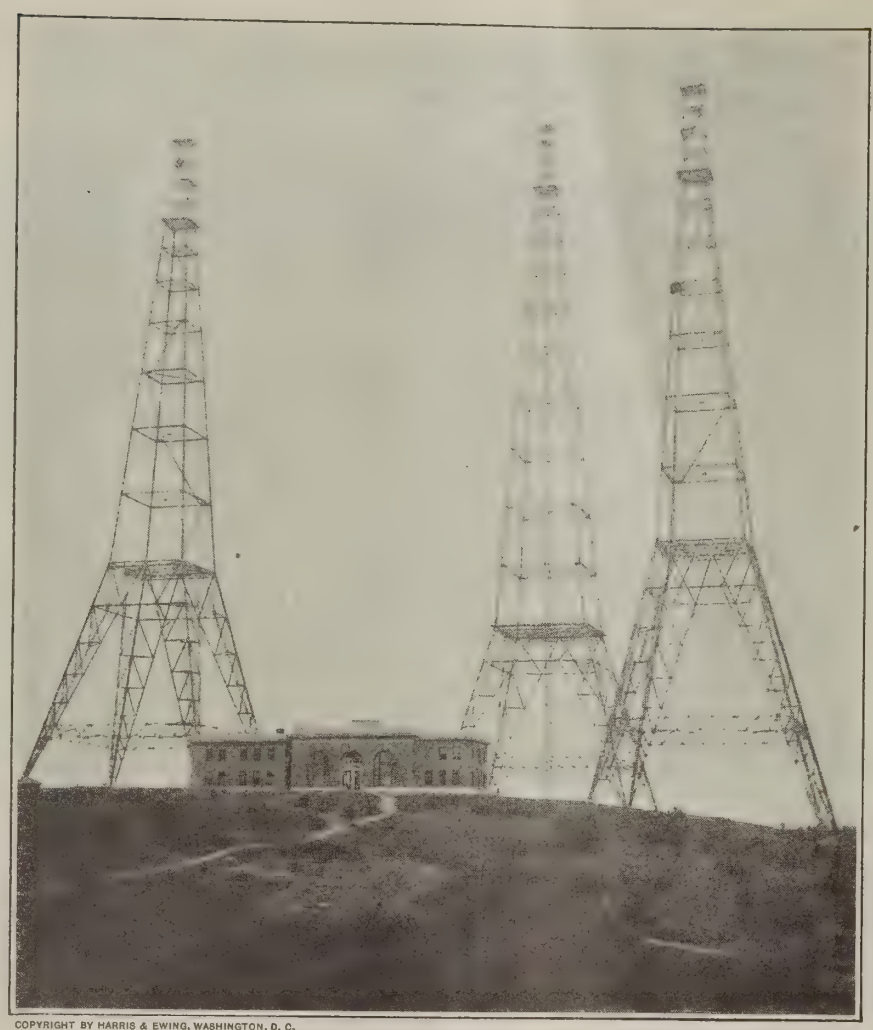
A minority in every gene said the weakness of the its lack of conscience. Reli cation, freedom for the individual, all have been and distributed in an effort to improve the int conscience. There rose a nation with conscien Germany of kaiserism. But did Germany rise Did the child become man overnight or was t twenty years long? Propaganda poisoned Ger benumbed her conscience. Philosophers, profes tarists, kings and counts all played their part in the disease to which ultimately a nation succun

One would expect the world to profit by Gerr son, to hold up propaganda to contempt and n tice it quietly, nourish, stimulate, spread or per in method more insidious than was known to i forebears. Yet Europe is still suffering from propagandism. The United States and the new w also been somewhat infected. And whatever a nations or association of powers is formed to keep will rest alone on the opinions of respective peopl leagues have been planned and even created, o beneath the weight of their own superstructur regulations, principles, charters, doctrines a treaties may be written, but until peoples co them, until nations permit their individual c adopt judicial instead of prejudicial positions wh international fracas is threatened, there will be tion. And an accumulation of friction eventua bloodshed and war. And fights between two nati times draw into the maelstrom a whole contin when a continent fights peoples from other can't travel the seas except at their peril. the whole world enters the arena of "organized s

s avid Lloyd George characterized war
t ie opening session of the Peace Con-
r ce at Paris.
s it is in the depths of the public mind
it the influences in public opinion that
ler please us, that appeal to our moods
n human weaknesses—these must be
ed or released according as they
a it possible for peoples to know each
F and nations to fraternize. And
h better means of communication has
e devised than the cables, telegraph
wireless, which bear the printed word
o continent to continent?
at is the secret of any league of na-
or international coöperation, no
a er what the name or label. It is com-
ication—the simple process of mak-
g two contestants understand each
th, of permitting neutral, impartial
ion to judge accurately just what the
er the other of contending parties
as, indeed just which side is right and
od be supported and which side is
g and should be condemned.
Ies the average American know how
ts his world news? Does he know
asily the news channels of the world
be stopped up and the truth with-
d Does he know how his passions are
d, how his evening or morning news-
p, victimized, too, prints what it
lies to be authentic news but which
pe that dangerous half truth which
s used many a nation to rise almost
t point of war?
Aer all, this matter of communica-
on will bring a great test. If nations
e what they say they will let observ-
s om other countries get a good look
t m and then cable, wireless or tele-
g the truth back home. They will
ac no obstacle, potential or actual, in
e way of correspondents domiciled
rd in times of peace. They will per-
it ee criticism of each other's governments and diplo-
at affairs. And they will forbid the subsidizing by
or otherwise of the news associations, which at the
st ce of governments feed millions of people daily only
e ews about other countries which those governments
thought it wise to permit to be published. Nothing
ul be more searching, nothing touches more closely the
city of nations who proclaim a desire for international
ni and peace than their attitude toward the news that
m in or goes out of their respective borders.

News Agencies and World Opinion

AMINE the systems in the various countries of the
orld in times of peace and see how world opinion is
rolled and how it can be emancipated. No country is
rfit—not even America, though he would be a preju-
ce observer who did not grant immediately that this
ou be a better world many times over if only the
he nations of the world would advance to the stage



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Wireless at Arlington

reached by the press associations of the United States. But the fact that America is fed some news whose reliability is open to question is not altogether due to the press associations or their foreign correspondents who cable extracts from these foreign news agencies to the United States. For how is the average reader of the American newspaper to know how much credibility to attach to the reports of the Exchange Telegraph Company or the Central News of London or the Havas Agency of France or the Stefani Agency of Italy or the official Spanish Agency or the Reuter Agency or the famous Russian news services or the Kokusai of Japan?

Certainly we know how closely the Wolf Agency of Germany, which for years was the semiofficial medium of communication between Germany and the outside world, was inspired directly by the German Government. We know, moreover, how close a supervision the German Government kept over cable messages which came from outside countries to Germany by means of the Wolf Agency. It is the various affiliations of these foreign news associations and their absolute character which are unknown to the average reader of newspapers. He isn't able to distinguish which news service is free from government influence or propaganda. All he knows is that these news-agency reports are the main though not, of course, the only channels of communication between the peoples of the world.

It was because the Associated Press of the United States recognized the possible taint which might attach to some of these foreign agencies that special correspondents, usually of American birth and training, were stationed in the most important capitals of the world. Soon the United Press, a rival American news service, began, too, to place its own correspondents in the foreign field. American newspapers, principally those of New York and Chicago, also sent their own staff men abroad. But what chance have these men or news services anywhere but in America? How can they overcome the widespread impression given by a foreign news agency which deliberately seeks to give a perverted version of the truth? They cannot affect internal opinion in Europe, for the bulk of their dispatches are printed only in America.

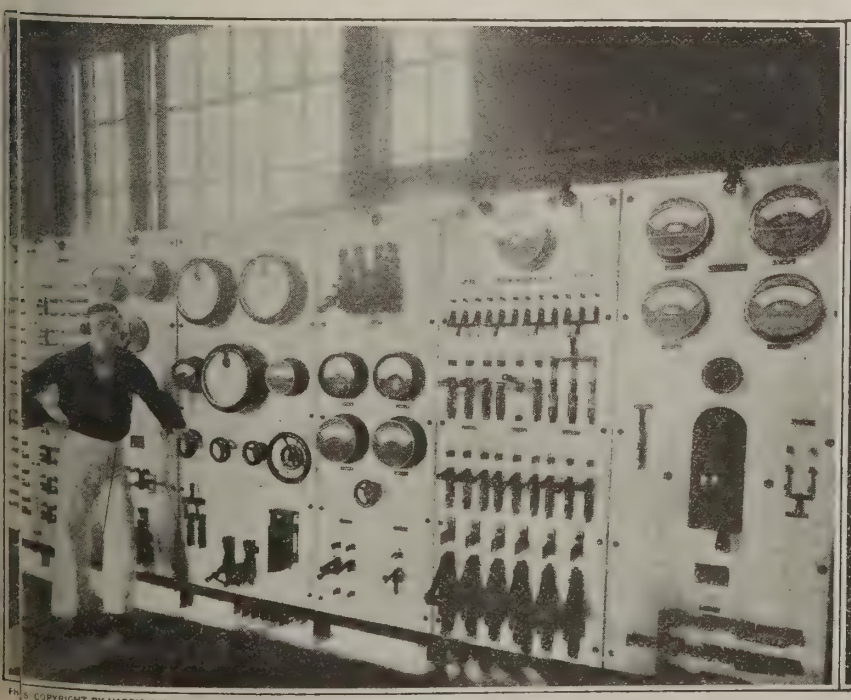
Precedence in News

IT IS a fact, for instance, that the Stefani Agency of Italy is the official news service of that country. The Italian Government controls and manages the telegraph wires. Nobody can file a dispatch over these wires and expect it to be sent ahead of Stefani messages. Thus an officially colored version of any incident could be sent out virtually by the Italian Government before any other correspondent could hope to catch up with the first story. Precedence in news is a powerful advantage.

Again there is a system of preferences. Wires are leased and special facilities of communication given in Europe and Asia to news agencies that are closely affiliated with foreign governments. What a tremendous power to affect public opinion lies in the control of the telegraph wires on the continent of Europe! Imagine the many twists and turns that can be given to news emanating from the little understood Balkan states. One needs to look back only five years to the beginning of the present war to ascertain what the German people were fed by their government anent the Serbian crisis and to see how easily the Teuton militarists manipulated the news situation to conform to their desires and policies.

Free communication, however, between neighboring states of Europe is not alone essential. There must be uninterrupted and unimpaired means of speaking between nations which do not lie adjacent to one another, where other countries intervene. The war showed that both Holland and Switzerland were pivotal points in news

(Continued on Page 138)



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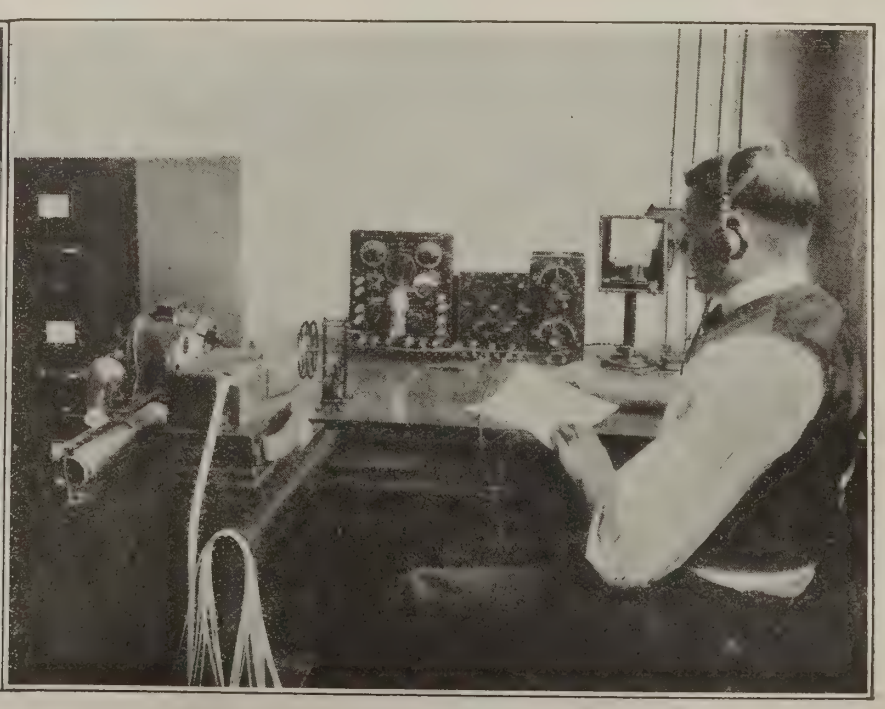
The Switch Board at the Arlington Radio Station

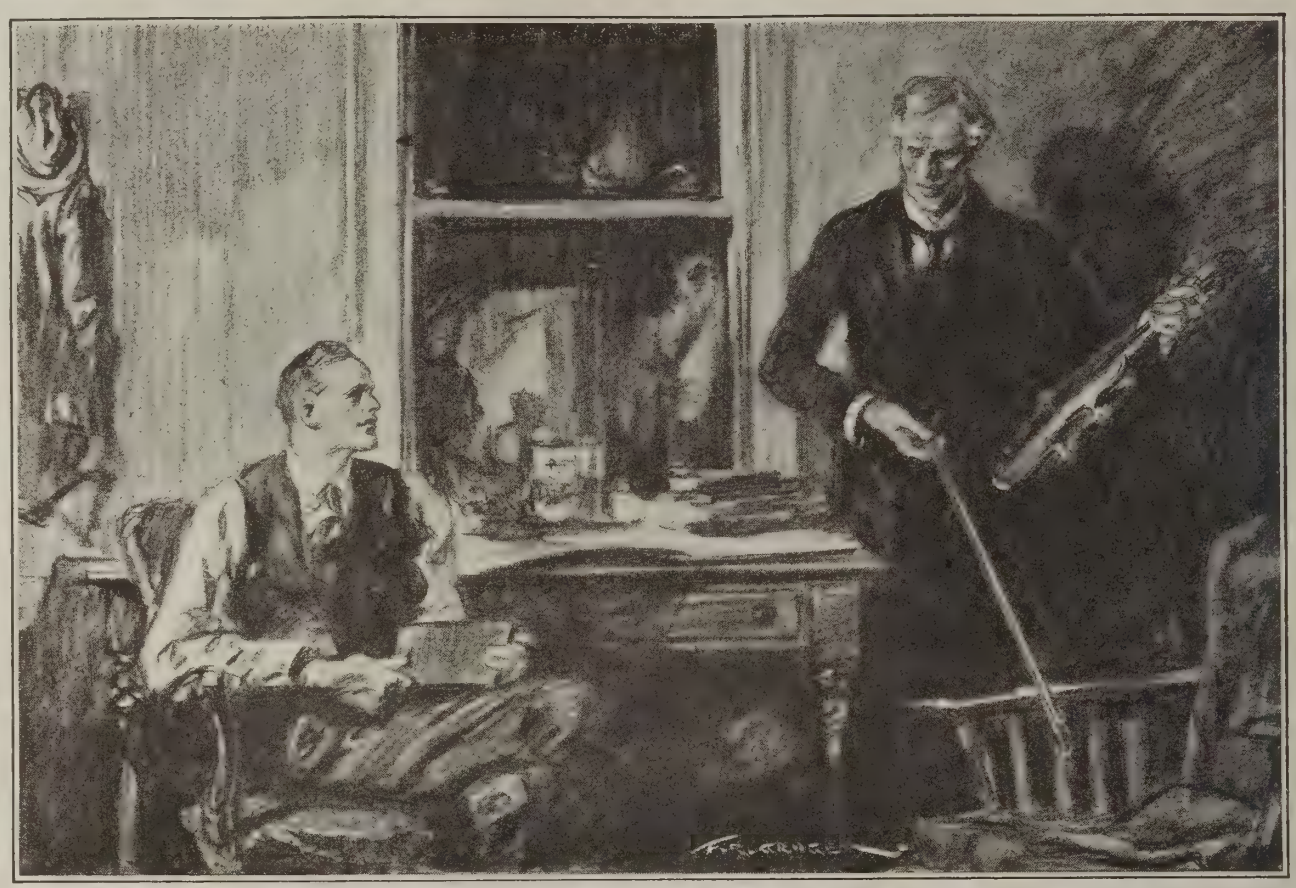


The Automatic Transmitter. The Operator Merely Checks the Accuracy of the Message as it is Ticked Off

WHITE LINES

By HERSCHEL S. HAL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUG



"There's Gratitude for You!" the Major Snapped. "Who Taught You How to Write Letters to a Lady, How to Say the Right Thing, the Catchy Thing, the Thing That Pleases the Feminine Mind?"

HARVEY McNUTT, yardmaster at Steelburg Mills, sat in his office with his feet elevated to the top of his desk, smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes. McNutt occupied this position so frequently and busied himself so persistently with smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes that there were those, many of them, who thought he never did anything else. And going through the yards on their way to and from work and looking in at the window of his office they would say, "Pretty soft! Ain't he got a puddin'? Draggin' down his two fifty a month and doin' nothin' but settin' on the small of his back, smokin' his dudeen and lookin' at his brogans! Pretty soft!"

But if McNutt made a sinecure of his job through a good portion of each day it was because he knew how to handle that job of his. He was taking care of it all the while, working hardest when he appeared to be loafing hardest, taking care of it so efficiently that he had held the position for nearly thirty years, drawing good pay and a secret bonus, and in that time had never once been on the carpet.

McNutt was an old fox, hard to fool and cute at getting out of a trap when he had been caught, for he was fallible and would now and then put his foot in it. He knew what was going on about Steelburg Mills, McNutt did. He knew just how long Number One Battery Boilers could run before they would need coal, though the boiler superintendent had warned him he would have to shut down in thirty minutes if he did not get coal. He knew there were five loaded cars of pig iron at the cupola dock when the Bessemer foreman told him there were but two left. When the Open Hearth began calling wildly for scrap and the blast furnaces for limestone he would shut them up by informing them just what surplus they had on hand. He let the shipping department do the worrying about empties for outside shipment—boxes and flats and gons—for he always had a few extras tucked away in some corner of the yards and when they were actually needed he would produce them.

He was clever, too, at choosing and handling men, McNutt was. In hiring he could nine times out of ten pick the winners—the fellows who wanted to work, could work and would work. He recognized a boomer as far as he could see him, and by some peculiar sixth or seventh sense he picked out the agitators and kickers and soreheads and turned them down before they had finished asking for the job. He had some bad cases of booze on his time book, and one or two of nerves, but he managed them skillfully.

When Pippy Peeler, one of his best switchmen, would report for duty with whisky under his belt and a bottle in each hip pocket McNutt would laugh, take the two bottles, pour out the contents, refill them with cold tea and return them to the man's pockets and get a good day's work out of Pippy.

When Bosco Riley would come to the yardmaster's office diffused with tears McNutt would give the weeper his own handkerchief, lock him in a closet and tell him to cry it out; and then McNutt would go out into the yards and do Bosco's work himself an hour or two until Bosco's eyes were drained dry.

And when Jack-the-Giant-Killer Smith, who suffered from periodical attacks of hives, during which attacks he would run amuck and try to mop up the yards, McNutt would sit down on Jack-the-Giant-Killer so hard that his hives would quit him forthwith—to stay quit for another month.

He wasn't in his office all the time, McNutt wasn't. When a worried conductor of a yard engine would put his head in at the yardmaster's door and hesitatingly announce, "Got a car off the track down in K Yard back of the pig machine and can't get her on. Awful mess there—that water main's burst again. Better send for the wrecking crew, hadn't we?" McNutt would promptly answer, "No—I'll come down!"

And he'd slip on an old suit of overalls and a pair of gum boots and go down to K Yard and crawl under the derailed car and reset the frogs and call for more timbers for blocking and he'd lay a piece of old board here and a chunk of scrap iron there and a billet or two somewhere else, and then he would crawl out and say, "Back her up!" And the car would take the rails. If it wasn't crossways the tracks McNutt wouldn't call for the wrecking crew.

Not at his desk all the time, smoking his pipe and staring at his shoes, was the yardmaster, but because he knew how to handle his job he was there a good part of his time. And he took many a pleasant little nap there, too, with his feet elevated to the level of his head, for McNutt was getting old—and after thirty years on one job that job becomes more or less humdrummy. But he wasn't napping this morning when a shipping clerk opened his door, entered his office and climbed to the top of the table that sat next to his desk. He was trying to figure out how he was going to get that drag of twenty-seven cars of ore in from the Midline and that drag of eighteen cars of billets out to the Transfer and keep things moving with three engines out of commission and in the dummy house.

"What d'ye know about that, Mack?" demanded the shipping clerk. "Here I've just had a letter from my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, you know—and they tell me Uncle Lonnie Dugglebunner is dead. Died in his little J. P. office back of the store—died in his chair at his desk. And dead three days, they say, with people looking in at his window and thinking he was asleep all the time and didn't want to wake him up. What d'ye know about it? Old Doc Black couldn't find out what killed him, and his folks wanted to know, so they sent to Columbus for a specialist and he came and pronounced Uncle Lonnie's death due to his sitting on the small of his back so much with his lower extremities elevated too high. The blood ran out of his feet and legs, you know, and flooded his head, or something like that. What d'ye know about that, Mack? I got to thinking about you sitting here all the time with your feet up ——"

McNutt's feet came down from the top of the desk and struck the floor with a bang.

"Jannie," he called to his clerk, Janus Damrosch, next room, "run out and tell Pippy Peeler to shoot three cars of coke up to Susie Blast Furnace, then to pig the foundry pig machine, eh? Well, you'll see Wally Gay getting thing good out of it. He's making out big over ther Manning, as assistant foreman. And they tell me th Rattlebones Mackenzy, chief engineer for the whole you know, has taken a great shine to Wally—hanging him like a horsefly round a slumbering mule. Com every now and then and gets him over in a corner a a chat with him. What d'ye know about that, Mack Rattlebones is a big man too. He runs all to brai doesn't weigh over ninety pounds.

"It seems that when they were constructing tha furnace over there Wally caught a bad bull somebo made in Rattlebones' office—something about the culations. Oh, Wally's there with chiming bells w comes to figures, Mack! And I was the boy that c ered him—yes, sir, I was the first one in the plant out that Wally Gay had a full bean on him. Wha know about it?

"Funny about Wally, wasn't it—his coming he box car of pig, growing up in the mills, sticking right he getting ahead as he has without any kind of pull, h drag. I'd just like to know where he came from, w him in that car of iron, and why. I've often th Mack, if somebody here had had the foresight to ke number of the car he came in he might be traced —

"Gosh, here comes the Old Man! Psst! Say, M don't want him to catch me loafing in here! Ta cue, Mack!"

The shipping clerk slipped from the table to th and jerked a piece of paper and a pencil from his po

"Take the cue, Mack! Take the cue!" he hissed.

The door opened.

"Yes, Mack, I've got to get three cars of billets s out to-day without fail. Good morning, Mr. Go They're in D Yard, Mack. You'll see that they won't you, Mack? I'm in a rush—so long! T Mack!"

The door slammed behind a hurriedly retreating ping clerk. Goodlow laughed.

"Old stuff, McNutt, old stuff! I've pulled that gag myself many a time in my younger days. I'll b chap wasn't in here to see you about billet shipmen he, now?"

McNutt chuckled.

"No, he was talking about Wally Gay," he said.

"Is that so? Two minds with but a single th That's what I came in here to talk about—Wally G

McNutt looked interested.

"I've been thinking a good deal about that young lately. He is going ahead in his work so rapidly proving himself possessed of so many sterling qualiti I keep wondering who he is and where he came from

and then to go the Midline and in that drag o Then go and tel liday to coke cupolas, ram a c of empties up t rod dock and stick that dr billets in A Yar on the Tran Hello, Bob, w the glad word?

"What d'ye about it, Mack you ever see work going on this old dump there is right I'm busier th mowing mac with the team ning away. I believe I'll eve caught up wit work. Haven' an old plug o quick lying your desk that body dropped there! That' boy!

"What d'ye about it, M There was som in the rumor I that they were

to put up fo new Open-H furnaces back

rchere is good stock in him. Mackenzy as been talking to him ——"

Godlow broke off in his speech and turned h chair to see who had entered the office. ws McNutt's man, Janus Damrosch. The er passed through the room into his own fic but in a moment, just as Goodlow rri back to McNutt, he came quietly back d rent to a high desk in a corner of the fic where he took down a file of orders ni he began looking over.

"ackenzy has been talking to him con-ie bly of late," resumed Goodlow, "and -s told me that the man has a remark-ble athematical mind. He has persuaded mo leave the mills and take a position in e gineering department. That's a wise pv I doubt if Wally realizes what good tne this is, but he will find out soon—if esn't already know. Mackenzy has rti work on the new Open Hearth plant a to build. By the time those fourteen n es are built and in operation a year or so ic Wally will know more about the Open an than most superintendents do. There 'tone Open Hearth superintendent in a ned, McNutt, that ever stuck a test bar o furnace. Manning is an exception—he rki up from the floor."

Godlow's brow went into wrinkles.

'It who is Wally Gay? That's what I'd e know. It's none of my business, of ur and I know it doesn't make a bit of fence who he is, but just the same the re see of him the stronger grows my cu-sit about his origin. You're an old-timer e, McNutt—do you recall when he—when arved?"

'C, to be sure! I remember seeing old Joe y alking up through the yard with the le ox tucked under his arm that had the pyn it."

'Vas any effort ever made to find out where he came n'

'Nt a bit—nobody was interested in him except old e ai he wanted to hold on to him."

'I onder now if anybody kept the number of the car wi h he came?"

'Ys, Joe must have kept it, for Wally knows the num-—nd I can get it."

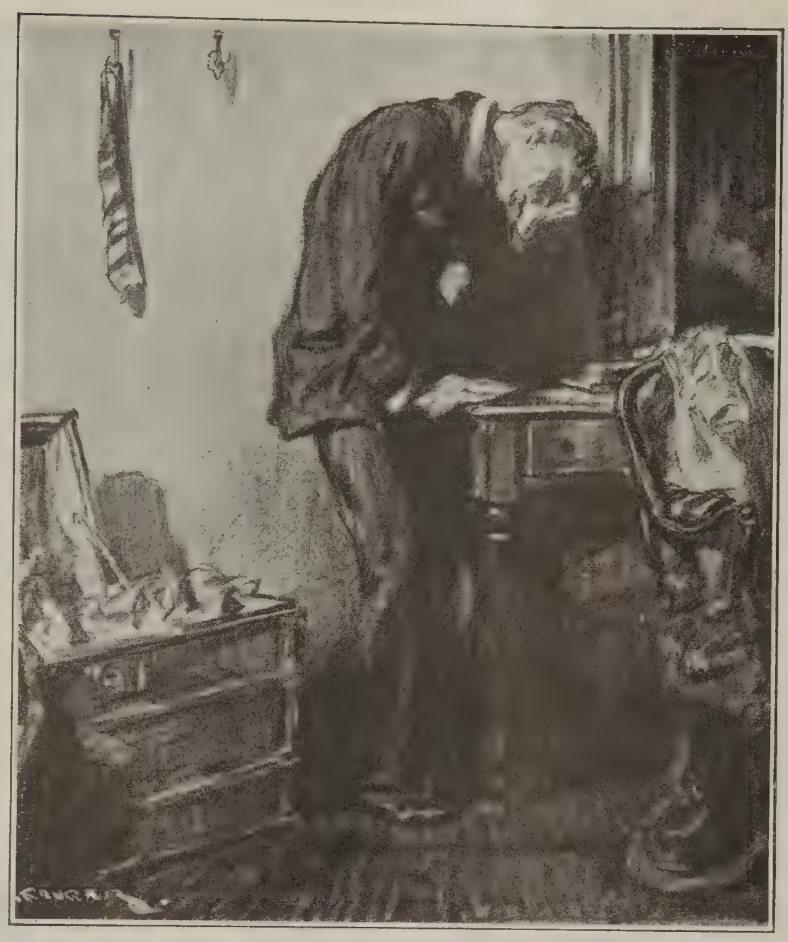
'E? You can? How? Did you keep a record of it?"

'Vy, I made a blue-pencil cross before the car number heard clerk's book that day. Seven or eight years ago, enVally was about eighteen, I think, that same car te back into these yards. Wally ran across it and ne me, asking some questions about it. I was pretty e s once that this was his car, but I couldn't ask him. u now, that subject has always been a ticklish one to ntn to Wally. I went upstairs to the old file room l nted it up. I made a memorandum of it at the e, ut I did not keep it long."

'Spose you could find it again?"

'Ctainly—the files are all there yet, so far as I w

'T car number might—but that wouldn't furnish chnformation, would it? I wonder if it could be ern ned who shipped that car of iron?"



He Must Go Far and Hide Himself, for He Could Not Tell Amy Creeth Who He Was

"The receiving clerk's records would show that. They may be on file in the attic of the laboratory."

"Get me that car number some time, McNutt, will you? And just keep it to yourself that I asked you for it. I wouldn't want it known that I was prying into ——"

He stopped suddenly in his speech and turned his head. McNutt's clerk was standing at the desk in the corner of the room, his back to it, looking at the two men. His mouth had dropped partly open and his face showed he was listening with interest to what was being said.

"Is that all you've got to do?" demanded Goodlow sharply.

The clerk seized a bunch of orders and hurried from the room.

"Who is that pea-eyed yap, McNutt?" asked Goodlow in a nettled tone. "He was taking it all in, wasn't he?"

"My clerk, Jannie Damrosch. I hired him when Calla ditched him some months ago. Makes a clever clerk, but he's awful nosey."

"Well, you just give him a tip that I'll nosey him out of here if he repeats anything he heard us saying! Get me that car number sometime, McNutt, and say nothing about it."

"All right, I'll hunt it up."

Goodlow left the yardmaster's office.

"Hey, Jannie!" called McNutt. And when the clerk appeared he stared at him a full minute before he spoke. "Jannie, hereafter when a man the size of Mr. Goodlow comes into this office I want you to make yourself invisible. And say, young man, you'll last about as long on this job as a snowball in a blast furnace if you repeat anything you overheard us ——"

"I didn't hear anything!"

"You're a liar, Jannie! And if you tell me another as bald as that one I'll can you so quick it'll make your hair curl more than it does now! Go out and tell Jack-the-Giant-Killer to coal the Bessemer and then to give the coke ovens a drag of coal."

Janus Damrosch left the office and McNutt lighted his pipe, elevated his feet to the top of the desk and began staring at the toes of his shoes. He had sat in this position ten minutes or more when the door opened.

"What d'ye know about that, Mack?" demanded a shipping clerk, stepping in. "Pretty dog-gone cute, eh? Flummied the Old Man right, didn't I? But you didn't take the cue as you should, Mack—you're too slow. Where'd you toss that old plug of spit-quick? Just a small munch. Gr-r-r-r! Gosh, isn't that plug dry? And hard too! Gee-whiz! What d'ye know about that, Mack? I've snapped a tooth off! There it is! Well, I'll be dogged! And I paid old Doc Dirty-neck six dollars to cap that tooth less than three months ago! Wouldn't that bump you? What d'ye know about it?

"But I don't think the Old Man would have said anything even if he had caught me loafing here and I hadn't wooled him with that old gag. Dandy fellow, isn't he? You didn't hear about his chasing Tunky Lord out of the yard with a billet hook the other day, did you? Tunky, you know, stands in that little dog cottage at the end of the cooling tank back of the billet mill where the billets run out and keeps them from falling off the conveyor. Well, the Old Man goes by that way and sees Tunky sitting on a nail keg sound asleep with all kinds of billets tumbling off the conveyor for the bohunks to pick up. He climbs up, takes Tunky's hook and does the job while Tunky snoozes. What d'ye know about that, Mack?

"It would have turned out all right, too, but when Tunky ate his lunch that day he had a gallon or so of cold tea left and he set his pail up on a stringer right over where he was working. Well, the jar and vibration of the machinery started the pail to edging off the stringer, edging off, edging off, you know, and all at once down it comes kerflop on the Old Man's coco, tea and all.

"Tunky woke up just as it splashed and Tunky was tickled so that he giggled. That riled the Old Man and he made a wicked lunge at Tunky with the billet hook with crimson in his eyes. They say Tunky went out of there like a paper wad out of a popgun with the Old Man right after him, beat it across the gas house, hurdled a cut of cars and went up that twelve-foot fence back of the bloomer like a cat with nine toes to a foot. He landed on the Mid-line tracks and streaked it and didn't come back to work until to-day. What d'ye know about that, Mack?

(Continued on Page 74)

So He Went Back to Work on the Iron Floor Before the White-Hot Furnace

WE CAN'T AFFORD IT

The Dress Was a Wonderful Success—Quite the Prettiest Dress Bessie Had Ever Owned. Irving Was Beaming

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

I DON'T want to hetz you up, Bessie, but the answer is, you got to put your feet down with Irving. He's got to give you more money." Bessie Apfel looked down at her thus-mentioned pedal extremities where she had them half curled under her on her mother's lavender-satin bed quilt. The expression in her eyes, still dewy with recent tears, was not exactly hopeful. The feet in high-heeled, soft-kid pumps did not look reassuringly capable of solving her problem.

A shaft of September sunlight streaming through the half-curtained window of Mrs. Levinson's big gayly French-cretonned bedroom brought out subtle tones of red in her daughter's fluffy dark hair and lines of gray not at all subtle in her own. No, there was nothing subtle about Mrs. Levinson. What she was she was. A very comely, small-featured, well-corseted, blue-serge-clad matron with a great energy, a great shrewdness and a great kindness inscribed in her still-sparkling black eyes where all who ran might perceive so as to apprehend their significance. The history of her life, complete in two volumes, she carried on her hands—five huge, unimpeachable, blue-white diamond rings to show whither she had risen; and the red, wrinkled, work-roughened skin and knobby knuckles underneath to show whence.

Bessie was a small-scale duplicate of her mother—more subtly presented, more delicately toned. Before her marriage she had always been considered an extraordinarily pretty girl, even in Flatbush, where pretty girls are by no means extraordinary. She had an utterly insignificant nose, the kind of mouth that is more often written of than encountered and an eternal *au secours* crying from the depths of the biggest, brownest, velvetiest eyes imaginable. Her figure might best be described as a small armful.

"It can't go on this way," continued Mrs. Levinson. She was embroidering a sixty-inch luncheon cloth for Bessie, and she jabbed the stiletto violently but skillfully into a potential eyelet. "I wouldn't say if he wasn't making it. But Counselor Goldstein says last year he made out for him the income tax on twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve thou ——"

Bessie sat up incredulously, her five-feet-three sinking deep into the soft lavender comforter.

"Honest! I didn't told you before, because what's the use to hetz you up? I thought maybe with good treatment you'll bring him round. But now I see it's a mistake. You got to put down your feet."

Bessie wriggled one small pump on and off a narrow heel, her expression more utterly *au secours* than ever.

"It's not easy, mamma. I've tried lots of times to reason with him. But you just can't argue with Irving. Either he changes the subject, or he says 'We can't afford it,' and that's all the satisfaction I get."

"If there's anything tighter than a German Jew that's tight I got to meet it yet. Forty dollars a week to give his wife when he's making easy over two hundred! And she stands for it!"

"But, mamma, what can I do? I can't be always fighting, especially over money. I'd rather do without than keep nagging for a thing."

"Sure! Don't I know? And don't he know too? Is he such a damn fool he don't know that rather than fight you'll do without? And rather than you should do without, I'll give?"

"I feel so ashamed—sometimes—to keep taking ——"

"What do you got to feel ashamed? What did papa and I work for all our life, only you should have something? You shouldn't feel ashamed, darling. He should feel ashamed."

There was a little silence while Mrs. Levinson poked little lakes in the linen and then sent her needle traveling dexterously round the shores. I her eyes wander pensively down bordered street. It was one of tho decorated, park-tended, colorfull streets which distinguish Flatbush from other s the borough that are merely Brooklyn. Every the street was the kind which—pictured in a s real-estate booklet—brings a certain look into t the urban householder that bodes ill for the url lord. Every garden showed the loving care of a g of two gardeners, I should say—the Cincotta fifteen dollars a month, gardens tended in summ sodded in spring, furnace and snow shoveling i leaves raked in the fall.

"You know, darling," Mrs. Levinson went on, because I don't want to keep on giving. Wha yours. When I'm gone you get it all. You coul to-day if you need it. All I want is enough I have to beg in my old age my son-in-law for a c I see it's a mistake, giving you. The more you ge the less he bothers himself. And you can't st krenk all the time. I can't understand such a g he know things is gone up?"

"Of course I've told him enough times. But a is 'We can't afford it.'"

"If I knew before you married him he was s d'ye think he'd get my Bessie? Yo! I thought the grandest feller in Noo York."

"He is, mamma—really. In everything but m grand. He isn't a crank. He's satisfied with e I put on the table, so long as it isn't fish or pud doesn't expect me to stick round the house all like some girls have to. We're out every night a all the freedom in the world. He never asks m was or with who. He trusts me absolutely and him. And that's an awful lot, mamma—you kno

"Sure I know it! A woman chaser you cou except you put him in a coffin and nail down

ld age don't cure him. And a card player you could st your lungs out you wouldn't cure him. But a gut! at why I want you should put your feet down, Bessie, it's too late. A gut, if you begin young enough you cure him."

ie sighed.

I be so happy if I didn't have that constant aggrava- out money. You know, with Ruthie growing up d more and more."

u're telling me?"

's so good every other way. You remember when was sick how he rocked her in his arms and made my rest so I could look after her the next day."

sitively! If he wasn't no good I'd tell you to give good kick out. Irving's a good boy. All he needs is a on on his pocketbook. Maybe if you leave him —"

," interposed Bessie hastily, "I couldn't! Oh, no! could! And if I did I'd go right back to him. I'm de that way. I'm different ——"

re! You're made different from every other woman ves her husband. Sure! Well, all right—don't leave ready. But something you got to do. He's got to responsibilities. If he marries a girl from a nice he's got to keep her nice. If he's got children it's got him money. A lot it's my fault, Bessie. He knows n't want for nothing because mamma's always here er hand in the pocket. And that reminds me—I going to tell you. But I should see you smiling again. ed for you a coat to-day by Wolper's—moleskin."

leskin!"

h. I promised you a coat and I told him if he'll come on the price I'll take the moleskin. And tokisch he own, so I give him the order. You had the last time n."

, mamma, it's too wonderful! I don't know how to you! Moleskin! Oh, mamma!"

was on her knees before the rocker, her arms about ther's shoulders and on her face such a look of rap- —well, as can only appear on the face of a pretty o has just been promised a moleskin coat.

, mamma, you're too good to me!"

—th—listen to her! Ain't you good to me too? at my happiness. At the Ladies' Auxiliary everyone used to say to me, 'Levinson, your Bessie is the best-dressed girl in Flatbush.' That's my pleasure. Thanksgiving you'll have the coat. You should wear it in good health. Only I wish your husband was giving it to you. You'd have more satisfaction with it."

A shadow crossed Bessie's face. She got up and stood looking out at the bit of street framed by the window.

"Never mind. Maybe if we'll make a successful operation on his pocketbook before Thanksgiving he'll pay for the coat. Then you could buy for my money instead a lav'leer like Essie's."

"What a chance!" smiled Bessie, waving to Ruthie, who had just roller-skated into view.

"Never mind what a chance! Already while I'm talking I got a grand idea. Ring for Susan and I'll tell you. Don't look so scared! Th' old mamma wouldn't tell you nothing wrong. Even it's funny—positively. Lots of good cures sounds funny, only not for the patient. Oh, Susan, two cups coffee, please! And call Miss Ruthie in. She should have a glass milk."

As she kissed her daughter good-by an hour later Mrs. Levinson warned her:

"Remember, darling, if you bust, hold in your temper—and no tears. Remember, a good cure you couldn't make in a minute. Patience you got to have. If you don't cure him now your whole life you'll have an aggravation with him about the money, so hold in your horses if it takes a year. If he's cured it's worth it, ain't it?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Also, begin it and keep it up! No rachmonis on him! And no crying! Be smart! Remember, a German Jew knows how to get up early in the morning. So his wife got to learn how to stay up the night before."

"Irving," began Bessie innocently, seating herself firmly on his lap in the darkest corner of the screened-in porch of their King's Highway, stucco, one-family, detached house. It was September, but warm enough to be comfortable out of doors. "Irving, do your help downtown keep raising you?"

He jerked away his coat and settled her comfortably on his knee. Her head rested just below his collar bone. He was the kind of big man against whom it is easy to be comfortable. Good looking, too, with clear blue-black eyes and a square blue-black chin. His small ears were set close to his head, on top of which rolled wave on wave of smooth black hair.

"I should say!" he answered, patting her arm. "Every minute another!"

"What do you do?"

"What can I do? I got to give it to them."

"Well, Irving, Annie just raised me five dollars and struck for me to give out the flat wash to the laundry, so I'll have to ask you for some extra money."

"Now looka here, Bessie!" An ominous note crept into Irving Apfel's gentle voice. He was like an organ with one stop marked "Money," and when you pulled out that stop the organ took on a special distinct tone—a closed, wary, defensive tone. "I give you a certain amount to run the house on and you got to get along on it."

"But, Irving, forty dollars isn't enough."

"Forty dollars is a lot of money. That's the trouble with you, Bessie. You wasn't brought up to realize the value of money. And besides we can't afford any more."

"But, dear, what do you want me to do? Annie won't stay for that."

"You couldn't expect me to be worried about every little thing round the house, could you? I give you the money and that's your job—to see you come out on it. I don't bother you every time my help downtown gets a roppel."

"No, you just draw a little more money. I won't bother you with details either, Irving, but I must have more money—prices have gone up so."

"You're telling me? Ain't I sweating blood account of it? You couldn't tell me nothing about prices that I couldn't tell you twice as much."

"I just can't get along any more on forty dollars. I'm sure your business throws off much more than that. I'm coming down sometime and take a look at your books. I think a wife has a right to know how much her husband is making."

"Bessie, you better not begin like that. I don't mix in your business and don't you mix in mine. Frankly, I wouldn't let you see my books. Once you let a woman see how much money you got, and pcht! she's got a use for all of it. No, I know how much I can give you. Something we got to save for sickness or trouble."

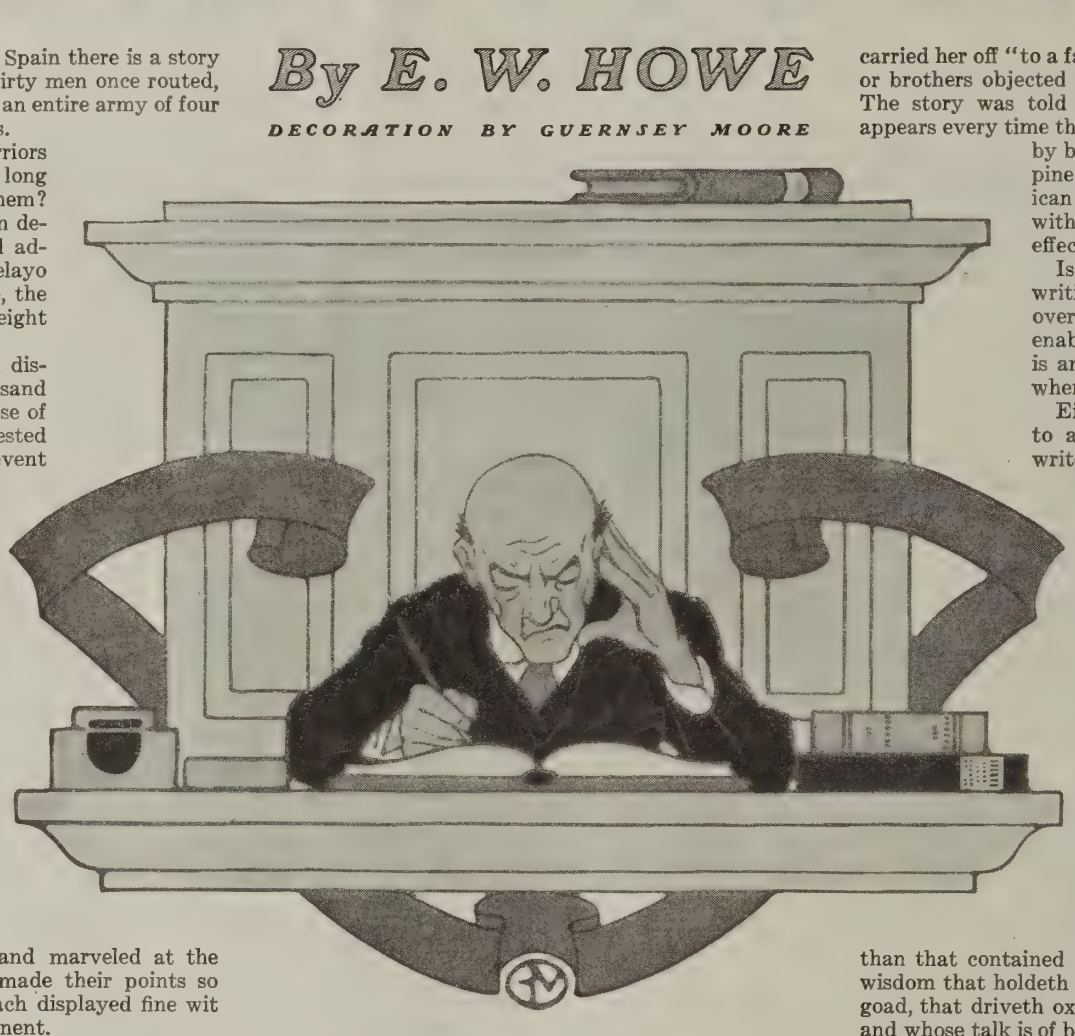
(Continued on Page 61)

"But, Mamma, What Can I Do? I Can't be Always Fighting, Especially Over Money. I'd Rather Do Without Than Keep Nagging for a Thing"

WRITING FOR PRINT

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



IN A WELL-KNOWN history of Spain there is a story to the effect that Pelayo and thirty men once routed, if they did not actually destroy, an entire army of four hundred thousand Moslem besiegers.

If four hundred thousand warriors should quietly lie down in rows, how long would it take thirty men to destroy them? If the story is true that thirty men destroyed four hundred thousand and admitting that each soldier under Pelayo was able to kill an enemy a minute, the carnage lasted nearly thirty days of eight hours each.

At this rate Pelayo's thirty men disposed of only about fourteen thousand of the enemy in a day. At the close of the first day, when Pelayo's men rested from their labors, what was to prevent the enemy, numbering 386,000 armed men, from making off?

I do not know; the books do not say. History is a thing one must have confidence in; to doubt is to be uneducated.

I have lately read books written by first-class men describing a certain period notable in history. One author founded a university; the other taught in one. Both quote authorities in profusion to prove their contentions. And they come to exactly opposite conclusions: One accepts a certain period as the Dark Ages, while the other says that that time was really the Bright Ages—the age of enlightenment and progress. These books were written with great skill. I found them intensely interesting, and marveled at the learning displayed. Both writers made their points so cleverly I was disposed to cheer; each displayed fine wit and sarcasm in referring to his opponent.

There was, in short, genuine literature in both volumes; I was entertained in reading them, but not instructed, for I do not know which author to believe. There are clever writers for print able to riddle anything I accept as history, and plenty of others to prove my beliefs.

Sir Robert Walpole said history must be false. Napoleon Bonaparte asked: "What is history but lies agreed upon?" Frederick the Great confessed he made history to suit himself.

"My plan," he said, "is to first take possession. At a later stage I can always find learned"—writing—"men to prove I was acting within my rights." A noted general of our Civil War refused to write his recollections on the ground that the truth is never believed. "Already," he said, "the history of the war is so full of falsehoods that I give up all hope of telling the truth and being believed."

The Joy of Exaggerating

A FAMOUS artist painted a picture in the dome of a capitol building. In it was shown a man walking and driving a yoke of oxen. Those familiar with real life pointed out that the driver was on the wrong side of the oxen, but the artist refused to change it; he said the picture looked better that way; and being convinced by an expert that the picture looked better because of the error in fact the people accepted it.

If this is not the better way it is the way the world has agreed upon. People will have only the kind of history they want. A gentleman writes of a mistaken belief he entertains and knows millions of others believe as he does. Will he restrain himself? Men write to impress; to impress they must exaggerate.

A New York reformer has established a magazine to advocate that every writer who exaggerates in print be sent to jail. This foolish fellow would destroy literature. We see fact all day in our humdrum lives and want relaxation when the evening paper comes in. We call it "beauty," and find it also at the theater and in the music and lecture hall.

There is not only the joy of exaggerating our favorite doctrine but the joy of exaggerating the defects of the doctrine we oppose. Literature is not a thing like reform, to be worked out, accomplished and put into effect. Writing for print goes on forever, to amuse our leisure hours. Our writing men are virtuoso jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none and must be on every side of every question. The eloquent writer you consider in the wrong does not hesitate to use democracy, human liberty, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and even the blessed Saviour to bolster up his cause. In a monthly publication of some note I lately saw this fine bit of writing:

In the prohibition movement Christianity is facing its most serious menace. Prohibition has such contempt for divine things that it brazenly brands the acts of Christ as criminal. To incorporate such a principle of government in our organic law would be a base betrayal of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Jesus Christ. The fight for true religion and true democracy cannot be won if the battle against prohibition is lost. The outcome of this struggle depends upon whether the American people are worthy of the sacred blood that has been shed, and is still being shed, for their liberties; if we are worthy of the great sacrifices made to establish it.

Noble words well placed, surely; yet it was printed in defense of that famous old rascal, John Barleycorn. I have never read a book or other printed thing wherein the writer did not consider somewhat the prejudices of those who would possibly become his readers.

The gentle art of poetry has also been put to a use which must seem equally strange to a prohibitionist. William Congreve, a poet who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, wrote:

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to Turk or Persian;
Let Mohammedan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damned over teacups and coffee.

Our most vigorous writing for print is supplied by rivals for public favor and the profitable and honorable positions readers have to give out; it is probable that nine of ten discreditable stories told on men originated with rivals and appeared in print. There is good writing about art, the drama, books and music, but the keenest and most enjoyable is found in quarrels over religion, love, politics, business and the real essentials of life. The convictions for witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts, and the vast literature of the affair were almost entirely the result of quarrels between rivals. Gentlemen named Parris and Burroughs were candidates for a position; the position was pastor of a church. Parris was the better writer of the two and secured the conviction and execution of his rival on a charge of witchcraft. Parris was not content with charging Burroughs with witchcraft; he accused him of having killed his first two wives. This charge, say later writing men, was as untrue as the charge that Burroughs rode broomsticks through the air with the weird sisters and read fate in coffee grounds.

The story is often printed that in the days of the Czar of Russia, when an aristocrat saw a pretty peasant girl he carried her off "to a fate worse than death." If her or brothers objected they were sent to Siberia in The story was told during the French Revoluti appears every time there is a considerable row and by both sides. It was told in the pine Islands in the early days of ican occupation. It is a favorite with novelists; Dickens used it with effect in A Tale of Two Cities.

Is it true? I do not know, but writing men and the people love to over it. And it has its practical u enables us to get out the vote whe is an election and fill the depleted when there is a war.

Eight hundred books have been to abuse Friedrich Nietzsche, a writer who unhappily delighted in ness. He used to say that the fools were abusing him he was right, and wrote m ciously than ever. And Nietzsche used the word he meant pretty much ever It does not seem actually pr that eight hundred books ha written to reply to this writ I have seen the statement i and repeat it. Another wil me, and thus the stateme comes history.

Nietzsche's greatest off was that he hated the c people; he said they h sense—an extremely danger sition for a writing man.

There has never been a reference to the common than that contained in Ecclesiasticus: "How can wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their l and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind t furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder. They shall not be sought for in public council, high in the congregation: they shall not sit on the seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment: th not declare justice and judgment; and they shall found where parables are spoken."

Emerson and Ecclesiasticus vs. Nietzs

EMERSON, possibly our best-loved writer, was in speaking of the common people as was Nie but Emerson was a gentleman, which Nietzsche w Emerson spoke plainly to the people for their ow but Nietzsche abused them because he hated the wished them to know it.

Lenine, owner of the present Russian Governm quoted as saying:

"We are the leaders. We must labor and work proletariat, but we are not of them. We cannot li them. Go and give them what you have to give; your lecture; tell them what to do; direct their ments; and then go away.

"The proletariat cannot understand us, but w lead them and win their confidence. The proletaria be gradually introduced to the refinements of the His great-grandson may be born with our tastes a our ambitions."

Emerson and the writer of Ecclesiasticus were no ing to do good, hence the world has not the heart t them. Nietzsche was plainly vicious, and hund good men hurried to attack him. Many of these were almost as clever as Nietzsche himself and pro philosophy, history, logic, that Nietzsche was n wrong but a scoundrel, and crazy. Half these eigh dred books were possibly unnecessary—surely the m man could be properly disposed of in four hundr umes—but millions of worthy people have found c in all of them.

As a follower of the true faith I have always belie Mohammedans the most impudent of all religionists I have found comfort in the statement that their Bi so palpably written by Mohammed, the chief bene of the system, that his revelations concerned th commonplace gossip. A writer I much admire says common gossip in Mecca, the holy city, that one of M med's wives was unfaithful. This distressed Moha as he was becoming old and keenly felt such negl he added a chapter to the Koran declaring to the f that his wife was innocent.

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ON CATCHING COLD

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

TO SPEAK of catching cold is misleading. The fact is, one cannot catch cold if he tries. Cold is the most elusive thing in the world. One may expose himself to all kinds of weather—dry, rainy, freezing, hot—and to several different varieties on the same day, without catching cold.

And then some day when he is totally unaware, when conditions are perhaps not more unfavorable than usual, a cold catches him. Then if he tries to overtake it he will realize how difficult it is to catch. An express train after it has left the station is not harder to overtake than a cold.

Everyone treats a cold with levity—that is, everyone but the victim. He is such a sorry figure that he is an object for the shafts of wit of all his acquaintances. His eyes are watery, his nose is red, he sneezes and blows incessantly and he talks through his nose.

But however humorous his condition may seem to others, the victim is miserable. He has a stuffy, smothered sensation, extreme dryness of the mouth and throat, and extreme moisture of the eyes and nose, which are a complete reversal from the normal conditions. And he has lost his taste for food, his taste for tobacco, even his taste for his friends.

And everyone he meets offers a suggestion as to a cure. If he were to go home at noon and follow all the directions that he has received in a single morning he would be cured—that is, he would never have another cold; nor anything else. But of course he does nothing of the kind. He doesn't even listen to the importunities of officious acquaintances. Indeed he is too miserable to do anything but sweep and sneeze and hack and blow; and shiver with little chills that creep up and down his back; and wonder why he has been so attacked by Fate.

Because everybody, some time or another, has the same experience, and especially because everybody wonders about it all came about, this article is written. It may be of some use to inquire how a cold happens, what it is, and what may be done to avoid it. But of course there is no hope implied or expressed, that after this article is published people will stop having colds. That would be impossible. If by following the precepts here set down one cold alone be made to grow where two grew before, the article's mission will have been fulfilled.

The Different Uses of the Nose

GALEN, whose writings were an authority on medicine for many centuries, said that coryza, or the nasal fluid that always accompanies a cold in the head, was a secretion from the brain. This unique theory was exploded long ago. But the fact is that until a comparatively short time ago, when certain microörganisms that frequent the nose were discovered, very little was known of the cause of the common cold.

Not that bacteria are the only cause. There are other causes, as we shall see, and over some of these we have control. Which, as has been intimated, is the reason for this article.

The nose has three essential functions, which are in order: Olfactory, respiratory and vocal. It is used to smell with, to breathe through, and, with certain accessory chambers, as a sounding box in speaking or singing.

To begin with the function which is of least importance to our present purpose, if it were not for the nose and the accessory chambers the human voice would be dull, dull, without overtones, those vibrant qualities so pleasing to the listening ear—that is, in some voices.

When one has a cold or, rather, when a cold has one, the mucous membrane which lines the nose and the accessory sinuses, as they are called, becomes swollen and the overtones cease. The sound waves, bounding off from the sounding boxes, have their exit through the mouth only. Then one talks through his nose, which is exactly what he does not do. One talks without the help of his nose.

A cold, then, changes the quality of the voice. If that were all one could stand it. But another function of the nose is more essential to enjoyment of life. The nose contains the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve, the nerve of smell. All odors, good or bad, are detected there. This nerve enables us to discriminate not only between that which is pleasing and that which is unpleasant, but it guards us against dangers lurking in the air.

What concerns us most at present is that the sense of smell has a great deal to do with taste. All savors are perceived through the nose. The nerve of taste, distributed over the base of the tongue, enables us to distinguish sweet from sour or bitter, but all the finer shades of flavor are dependent upon smell.

When the mucous membrane lining the nose is swollen the olfactory filaments are pinched and deadened. Then if we shut our eyes we cannot tell soup from soap, which is a great loss and adds tremendously to the discomfort.

But the most important function of the nose is that of respiration. Man was not intended to breathe through his mouth. The nose is the front door of the lungs. And the air stream does not pursue a straight course, but winds deviously through passages, over projecting shelves, and when it reaches the lungs it has changed considerably.

To begin with, atmospheric air is usually too dry. It must be moistened in its passage. Whatever the humidity of the respired air the nose either adds to or subtracts from it moisture, so as to make it right for the lungs. The mucous membrane of the nose supplies to inspired air about a quart of water a day.

And the temperature must be raised. Cold air is injurious to the lungs. In its passage through the nose the temperature must be raised approximately to that of the blood.

Also the air must be filtered, freed from irritating particles of dust and from germs. Very little dirt gets into the lungs of a nose breather; and almost no germs. At the openings, the nostrils, there are hairs to catch the grosser particles of dirt. And farther within the mucous membrane has an outer coat of what is called ciliated epithelium, whose minute cilia wave constantly toward the front door, catching the minutest foreign matter in the air streams and waving it gently but insistently back toward the door through which it entered. Then the mucous membrane itself has what is called an inhibitory action upon inimical germs, rendering them harmless. And so, though innumerable germs get into the nose they do not get very far. They crowd in great numbers in the vestibule. And those that push onward any distance are returned, harmless, to the port of entry.

This is why the nose breather has so much better chance, so much greater expectancy of life and happiness, than the mouth breather. One can realize the tremendous task the nose has to perform if one remembers that about twenty-five hundred gallons of air pass through it—or should pass through it—in twenty-four hours. And it has been estimated that at least fourteen thousand organisms enter the front door during an hour's quiet respiration.

One May Expose Himself to All Kinds of Weather—Dry, Rainy, Freezing, Hot—Without Catching Cold

When one takes cold congestion is the first result. That is, the smallest blood vessels, the capillaries in the mucous membrane, become dilated. There is an unnatural dryness and a feeling of heat. About this time the victim begins to sneeze, because the nerves of sensation are being squeezed. Sneezing is an involuntary expulsive effort, just like coughing, intended to free the air passages of a foreign substance. But when the nerves of sensation are pinched they cannot tell the difference.

The same lack of discrimination is shown by the nerves of the eye. Weeping, except from emotion, is merely a flooding for the purpose of washing out irritating matter. And yet when the mucous membrane lining the eyeball or the lids is congested we cry. As a cold so often affects the eyes as well as the nose, the sufferer will soon begin to weep as well as to blow.

Usually the dry stage does not last very long. Through the capillary walls exude the serum, or watery part of the blood, and white corpuscles, or lymphocytes. This discharge is often acrid and irritating, reddening the nostrils as well as the upper lip. But why enter into harrowing details? Everyone who reads this will become reminiscent and supply the sensations to suit himself.

Some Useless Don'ts

THE nasal passages being naturally narrow and confined—more so in some people than in others—the swollen membranes more or less occlude them if the congestion is great. And this occlusion is completed by the secretions, which become thicker as the cold ripens.

The victim by this time has lost his sense of taste, because he has lost his power to smell. And he probably has a frontal headache, because there are two accessory chambers or sinuses in his forehead which are connected with the nose. The lining of these chambers is likely to become much thickened and to press, one surface upon the other, causing great discomfort.

Also the process may extend in other directions. It may affect the middle ears through the Eustachian tubes, which connect them with the throat. Or it may go down into the larynx and bronchial tubes. In his direction there is no limit until it reaches the air cells of the lungs.

But this hypothetical cold affects, we'll say, only the hypothetical eyes and nose. Just an ordinary cold, without extraordinarily vicious tendencies. Gradually, if let alone—that is, if nothing is done to aggravate it—the symptoms will subside, the nose resume business, and the temper diminish in violence.

Before inquiring into the causes of colds and what may be done to prevent them it might be well to start right by puncturing a few popular delusions concerning causes.

"Be careful not to get wet!" How often that has been said by solicitous wives and mothers. Clouds and rain and fog have little to do with it; or those who live among the clouds, in mountain observatories, would not be almost entirely free from colds.

"Don't get chilled!" One could nearly freeze to death a hundred times and not get a cold. Arctic explorers never do—until they come home.

Exposure to sudden changes of weather has no effect in itself. Those who live outdoors and are subject to rapid changes of temperature and humidity almost never catch cold.

Patients in tuberculosis sanitaria rarely do. But damp houses predispose to colds.

"Getting overheated opens the pores. Don't go outdoors with your pores open!" If one's pores were not open—wide open—one would not live long. The more they are clogged the more likely one is to take cold, and other things.

The truth is that heat, moist or dry, causes hyperæmia—that is, more blood in the capillaries of the surface of the body. This causes the sweat glands to work extra time, and the consequent sweat pours out of the pores. From perspiration—the invisible, intangible breathing through of the moisture—it becomes fluid, or sweat. A sudden chilling, especially if prolonged, will drive the blood inward and it may congest elsewhere.

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ANCESTORS

By HOLWORTHY HAL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PREST

She Had to be Present, But She Told Herself There Was Nothing Her Father Could Do to Prevent Her Mind From Stalking Straight Out of the Room Into the Night and Into a Nirvana of Her Own Imagining

THE first time she eversawhim was at a meeting of Pilgrim Descendants at her father's house, and she could very easily have exclaimed, like the little girl before the hippopotamus' cage: "My! ain't he plain!" He was the invited speaker of the evening and he was a young man of considerable local reputation, but after Barbara had once inspected him she wasn't a bit more eager to hear his speech. His subject was "The Jurisprudence of Plymouth Colony," and he looked as though he knew all about it.

The June night seeped reluctantly through the open windows, bringing with it a beckoning message from the garden outside and the freshly cut lawn and the moonlight. In the semicircle with Barbara there were seven members of the local association; in front of them, as a sort of misplaced keystone to the arch, was the sacred table of her great-great-grandfather; and behind that were seated Barbara's father and Mr. Hawksford. By almost half a century Barbara was the youngest Pilgrim Descendant in the room, but she wasn't gloating over the distinction.

Her father had risen and was beaming at his congregation. Barbara, with a despairing glance at Mr. Hawksford, prepared to shut her ears for another hour. Corporeally she had to be present, but she told herself with grim satisfaction there was nothing her father could do to prevent her mind from stalking straight out of the room into the night and into a Nirvana of her own imagining. Subconsciously, however, she caught a phrase or two of the benign introduction. Her father's vocabulary was excellent. He referred to Mr. Hawksford as a gifted pedagogue, a coruscating legal intelligence and a deft interpreter of abstruse Colonial logicians. The seven associates rustled with expectation. Mr. Hawksford continued to look his part and Barbara continued to loathe him for venturing to exist.

His own voice when he began was astonishingly pleasant, but she thought no more humanely of him on that account, nor did she condescend to listen to his discourse. Turning neither to the right, where sat an aged lady with an ear trumpet, nor to the left, where sat a decrepit gentleman with two canes, she concentrated on a portrait of her great-great-aunt—the one who was said to have been kissed by Lafayette—and dreamed her dreams with abandon. They were dreams so youthful and so spirited that they carried her both in point of altitude and point of time far beyond the plane of Mr. Hawksford's learned speech. She forgot the heavy, moist, sweet atmosphere; she forgot the deadly drone of the earlier business session; she forgot that presently she should have to act as hostess to this antiquated gathering, and pour countless glasses of lemonade for those who would still be arguing about their forbears when they went home. Time ceased to be a standard for her; she was adrift.

All at once she came to herself with a start. For three-quarters of an hour she had been immune to the battering of the speaker's voice against her consciousness; she hadn't even known when he stopped. But now her father was shaking hands with Mr. Hawksford and all about her there was a hum of appreciation. Barbara, brought too abruptly back from her revery, struggled for a mental foothold on the present. She was a little confused and baffled, as though from sudden wakening out of heavy sleep. Her father nodded significantly to her, but her sense of stewardship was numb. Automatically she stood up. In another moment Mr. Hawksford was smiling down at her and she was trying to appear intelligent.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for giving me such a charming picture to look at. Your expression itself was an inspiration, Miss Temple—and you're so unusually young to be interested in genealogy."

While he was saying this he was appreciably less plain, but oh, his tailoring and his haberdashery and his haircut! In her detachment of thought Barbara accidentally blurted out the truth.

"Interested!" she said. "Interested in that stuff!"

Her voice was rather high and very clear, and the Reverend Doctor Temple was almost at Mr. Hawksford's elbow.

"What, what, what?" said Doctor Temple rapidly. "What's all this? What were you talking about, Barbara?"

At the sight of Barbara's confusion and of her father's horror Mr. Hawksford displayed some of the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy and some of the generalship of a politician. He put his hand on the clergyman's arm.

"Miss Temple was confirming your statement that she's an expert genealogist, doctor. We were agreeing on some of my—ah—my particular aversions in the matter of—ah—in the matter of evidence."

"Quite so," said Doctor Temple, beaming upon her. "Quite so. Yes, Barbara has been well grounded—very well grounded. I'm glad you approve of her judgment."

Again he reminded her of her duty by a nod and by using her name with a rising inflection—"Barbara?"

"I have to serve things," she said uncertainly to Mr. Hawksford. The realization of her error was acute and evident, and Mr. Hawksford had plenty of humor and not a little curiosity.

"Wait a second," he said. They were on the threshold of the dining room and several of the members were already helping themselves. "Wait a second, Miss Temple. You and I have something to say to each other."

Conscience-stricken, she didn't dare to look at him.

"Well?"

"Can't we go out on the veranda first? It's too good a night to stay indoors."

"I really—I ought to be seeing to things. I ——"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hawksford. "Look at 'em!"

"I know, but—but don't you want something?"

"Yes," Mr. Hawks still smilin want to ge of doors smoke a cig and talk to I think you it to me."

"I suppo do," she wearily.

Mr. Ha ford was h the side open for After an inst hesitation burned bridges stepped ou the veranda gifted peda followed, in mightily o fresh air an duced his rette case.

"You can why I want talk to you, you?"

Barbara, down to the had no co tion of her attractive She was a little girl, h haired, bl eyed, with longest lash the world ar softest com

ion, and she wore the color which best suited her an material which most appeals to man. It was pink-flo organdie, with a big sash and a big bow, and it was p cally irresistible.

"There's hardly anything I can say, is there? An way you saved the situation when father heard me! mortified enough to—to cry."

"But you don't need to be. Only, I'm curious. Yo most listeners aren't so frank as you are. And it was r startling to have you speak your mind like that when father had just been telling me how passionately de you are to genealogical research."

"Sometimes," she said, "I don't know how I can it. Oh, it makes me perfectly sick to have to sit ther listen to all that—that ——"

"Stuff?" he suggested.

"Yes, stuff!" In an instant her mood altered an was penitent. "Oh, Mr. Hawksford, I don't know makes me talk like this! It's father's one pleasure. glad I can help him. I'll go for weeks without kicking even once. But to-night—won't you please forget e thing I've said? Please? I didn't mean to insult y honestly. I'm so ashamed of myself."

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I didn't want to either."

Barbara gasped. "You didn't?"

Mr. Hawksford laughed.

"When I saw you sitting there—well, you really we inspiration, but I kept wondering and wondering anybody as nice and normal as you looked could st any interest in that sort of thing. So you did startl afterward and I'm glad you did. I've always felt th most cases genealogy's the last refuge of a failure. father's a notable exception. But in the long run it people who've never done anything themselves t modest about. And I couldn't help thinking how ext dinary it was that on a dance night at the Lake Club—

"Oh, don't!" she said with a quick little intake o breath.

Mr. Hawksford took advantage of the moonlight to vey her. They had arrived at a rustic bench in an formed by two huge bushes of bridal wreath and she sunk down upon it absently.

"You're making me feel," he said, "as though partly responsible for your losing a good time."

She turned to face him.

"Why did you come, then, if you didn't want to?"

Mr. Hawksford blew out a tenuous cloud of smoke.

'A man with any sense," he said seriously, "has got to
ige that any special knowledge he may have is a sort of
ru fund for the community.
' happened to know some things that the association
ught it wanted to know. They asked me to come here
speak and I'd have felt like a measly snob if I'd said
,nd it wouldn't have made the slightest difference
hthe people were or what they wanted the information
r I had it and they asked for it and I thought it was
ob to come and give it to them. But that isn't to
hat I shouldn't have had more personal pleasure
rwhere else."
"'et you're willing to accept an invitation and laugh at
erward!" she flashed.
ir tone was belligerent, but Mr. Hawksford seemed to
e the reason for it and the advisability of discount.
' haven't laughed at all—I couldn't. Tell me, aren't
ouincerely proud of being a Pilgrim Descendant?"
"used to be. That was before father got proud enough
for the whole family." This time her intonation was
d with bitterness. "I belong to the association, but I
ng to a lot of things I hadn't any choice in. And I'm
e and sick of it and I don't care who knows it—no, I
n mean that either. I wish you'd go away and let
e one."
M. Hawksford glanced at his watch.
"'s only ten minutes of ten," he said irrelevantly.
Tere was a prolonged hiatus. Barbara stared up at him.
"Whatever do you
?"
M. Hawksford threw
vahis cigarette and mo-
nd toward the road.
"'ve got a little tin car
ehere. The orchestra
e't go home until
e."
"'hy, Mr. Hawks-
rd'
H manner was both
fential and encourag-
g.
"old you I feel partly
possible. You've had a
tte evening, I know.
ellI think maybe we'd
tt run out to the lake
fo it's too late. Don't
u' It might cheer both
us p."
Bbara was electrified.
"G out there now?"
"ertainly! I don't
ne myself, but I can
liv you to your friends
fifen minutes and then
u an get the taste of
igms out of your
ul. Personally I just
der the trees and
ol and look on. I do
ra.er often. Are you
ni;?"
"Wish I could."
"Vell, why can't you?"
caught the meaning of
unce and promptly
e. 'You wait a bit,"
d r. Hawksford. "If
ar ther meant as much
hf of what he said
ou me in his introduc-
n bught to have some
uece with him, and I
a couple of Pilgrims
gome now anyway."
Acrding to his cove-
t id as a result of his
quice Mr. Hawksford
s le within half an
ur deliver Barbara to
fends and especially
ying male symphony
dac blue and white.
en e found a comfort-
e cair overlooking the
a made himself un-
ufdable in it. Through
Finch windows of the
ohse he caught an oc-
ion glimpse of Bar-
a, nd he told himself
t te expression on her
ws worth a great deal
an man's effort. Si-
ta ously he was able
ou up a reminiscence
Ba ara surrounded by

"I've Got a Little Tin Car Over There. The Orchestra Doesn't Go Home Until Twelve"

gray-haired antiquarians, and the contrast was annoying. He had gathered from all that she had said and from some of the things her father had said that ordinarily she was expected to find her sole diversion in the library. Merely to look at her was to know that she couldn't do it. And he was touched that her father had granted the permission so readily—not because the doctor comprehended why Barbara should want any additional revelry to-night, but because it was a chance for her to sit at the feet of the distinguished preceptor and jurist. Mr. Hawksford felt the pathos of the situation just as much for the doctor as he did for the daughter.

He was flattered that she presently sacrificed a dance in order to sit with him, but her altered manner was bewildering. During the process of what he had been taught to call his education Mr. Hawksford had learned a great deal about actions and reactions, psychology and facts, but he had learned nothing about the one great negative combination of all these things—woman.

He had seen Barbara straighten her father's tie before the meeting and seen that she looked almost maternal. Throughout his speech she had successfully imitated an angel in deep thought.

After that she had acted like a spoiled child, and now she was as well poised as any débutante. He was bewildered, but he liked the variety.

"I wish you wouldn't waste time with me," he protested. "I want you to enjoy yourself in your own way."

She gave him a glance which was both teasing and demure.

"I'm going to let you take me home after two more dances," she said, and he had to translate the answer without assistance.

Few girls had betrayed any pleasure in his society, and he was wondering if this one could actually do it or if she were merely grateful. For the remainder of the evening he felt a little less like a he chaperon, but when he drove her back to town he wasn't nearly so fluent as on the outward journey.

She said good night very prettily, and Mr. Hawksford looked as though he were trying to remember something he had long forgotten.

"I do hope you'll come to see us soon," she said.

"I surely will," said Mr. Hawksford. "Surely."

"And you're the—the tactfulest man and the thoughtfulest I ever met in my life. I can't even begin to thank you. Only you must understand—don't you?"

"I think I do," said Mr. Hawksford, and added after a pause: "I think I did."

She was still standing in the doorway as Mr. Hawksford went down the path. She was still standing there with the radiance of the hall light upon her as he climbed into his car. He looked up and waved his hand adventurously and Barbara waved hers. She was exquisitely lovely and exquisitely young and Mr. Hawksford's heart contracted to think of the deficiencies in his education. If a man is really as old as he feels, Mr. Hawksford starting the engine was approximately ninety. But she waved her hand once more, and the grace of the gesture took away two-thirds of his senility and sent him home in his right mind and at his right age—thirty.

The Reverend Doctor Temple, who had once been likened to one of the handsomest individuals in the Frieze of the Prophets, nodded his head in affirmation.

"Yes," he said, "I am sorry for myself. I'm sorry for any man who's lost his purpose in life. They've made me pastor emeritus—I can't preach any more. And I've finished my book. It's probably the last I'll ever do. It's Barbara's ancestry."

"It must have taken you a good many years, doctor," said Mr. Hawksford with commiseration.

The clergyman smiled faintly.

"When you remember that the Pilgrims were twelve generations back and that the total number of ancestors in twelve generations is eight thousand one hundred and ninety-two, and my book isn't merely a family tree but a collection of real biographies of those ancestors—yes, it did take me a good many years. And now I'm—I feel cut adrift. Barbara and I have been working on it together for five years. Before that I collected data for eight or nine."

"And there's nothing else you want to take up?"

"There's nothing that interests me," said Doctor Temple wearily. "That's why I'm so distressed—so apprehensive. There's nothing that seems to interest me. It's the only sort of work I like."

Mr. Hawksford was puzzled.

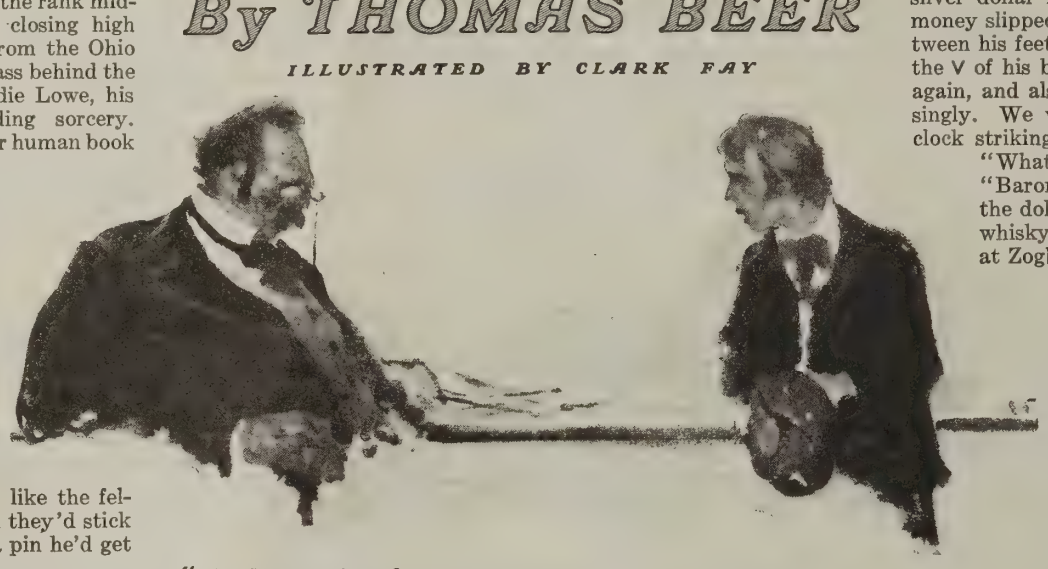
"I shouldn't think you'd be restless; I should think you'd want a rest. Isn't it

(Continued on Page 102)

Zerbetta and the Black Art

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



"This Seems to be a Queer Kind of Boy, Joe, and if I Were You I Wouldn't Have Anything to Do With Him"

IT WAS a fair, cool June day and the rank midland heat, after obliging us by closing high school a week early, was gone from the Ohio plain. We were idling in the long grass behind the courthouse, awaiting noon, and Eddie Lowe, his spectacles glittering, was expounding sorcery. Eddie—perhaps by heredity—was our human book of reference. He was Judge Lowe's child and, except for Bill Ross, the oldest lad in the group.

He talked with the rushing sweep of a disordered alarm clock, staring at the blue-brick jail, where was confined a Bohemian woman accused of poisoning her husband. She had served as the springboard for Eddie's eloquence, and we listened, wriggling our toes in the thick clover, deeply thrilled, though Bill Ross, who was nearly sixteen, found it his duty to scoff now and then.

"Times they'd fix up a wax doll like the fellow they wanted to kill, see? Then they'd stick pins in it and wherever they stuck a pin he'd get sick."

"Get out!" Bill yawned in his capacity of scoffer, rolling over.

"They did, though! I mean," said Eddie, "they did stick the pins in the dolls. I don't mean the fellow'd get sick. Then if they wanted to call up the devil they made a kind of a star business on the floor, with magic letters at the points, an' stood inside of it, and then he'd have to come. Only as long as they stood inside of the star he couldn't get at 'em."

I thought this an attractive pastime. My father was the Presbyterian pastor and I had a natural curiosity about damnation.

"What'd he look like?" I asked.

"Well, sometimes he looked like a regular devil with horns and things and sometimes he looked like a black man and sometimes——"

"I don't believe there is any devil," said Ethan Ross.

This caused a considerable silence. In Zerbetta, Ohio, and in the year 1885, the devil was in good standing. Ethan's opinion, however, had its weight. We fell into argument.

"I tell you there is" and "I tell you there isn't" resounded under the horse chestnuts.

"My grandmamma, she saw him," Karl Gruber asserted, "in Germany, up on a mountain near where she was livin'. That's an awful mountain! All the witches come there once a year for a party—Hexen Sabbat, they call it."

"I think all that stuff about hell is rubbidge," Ethan protested. "A fellow just couldn't be so bad they'd stick him in a fiery furnace an' stew the gizzard out'n him f'rever an' ever. An' I don't believe there is any devil. I'd like to see him, just once!"

"Oh, look out!" cried Peter Vanois and, I think, crossed himself.

Eddie tactfully brought us back to wizards and their habits, and resumed his lecture:

"There was an Italian made a mirror for one of those French queens, so she could see what people she wasn't friendly with were doing whenever she looked in it."

"I'd like to have that," Ethan murmured. "I could see what Colly Sims is doing. I s'pose, if we'd been livin' back then I'd of made a wax doll that looked like Colly an' stuck pins in it, huh?"

"You'd of bought one off a witch," Eddie told him.

The front door of the jail clanged and we watched old Martin O'Shea, the jailer, settle his chair on the grass for a noonday nap. Eddie pulled some blades from his shoe laces and got up.

"Getting near dinner time," he mentioned, blinking about the hot, silent square, which was the heart of the flat, tranquil town and of the rich farming county beyond it.

We all rose, instantly attracted by the thought of food, and loitered across the grass to the low iron rail separating the courthouse yard from the square; and I noticed absently a boy in our customary summer uniform—loose shirt, faded overalls—sitting on this barrier, with just the mental annotation that I did not know him. This was a matter of mark, as a strange lad in Zerbetta was rare, but I was scuffling with Bill Ross and gave the creature no heed. We all stumbled over the rail and had drifted into the unpaved, baking square when Ethan spoke:

"What's that fellow doin'—there, on the fence?"

We turned to stare, and the red-haired boy, one knee swung on the other, was certainly doing something odd, though his brown hands obscured it. To me it seemed that he was petting some small white animal in his lap, but the thing did not move, for presently he took his hands away to light a cigarette. In 1885 we saw cigarettes only as the attribute of villains when the opera house enshrined a touring company. Clearly, I perceived, this was a reckless character.

"Let's go see," said Ethan, and sauntered back.

We followed, curious and excited, like a crowd of puppies that behold a new dog in the street. The leaders of adolescent society marched to inspect an invader.

"That's awful red hair," Peter observed.

It was, and at fourteen I had sense enough to know that its fiery texture was wonderfully lovely. The stranger looked up, smiling amiably, and nodded as our blocked shadow touched his bare feet.

"Who's got a knife?" he demanded in a queerly charming voice, rather husky and drawling, shifting his plaything on his lap.

Ethan fumbled in his breeches and produced a jackknife, which the stranger opened. He dug at one end of the object, humming gently what was—I know now—the Il Bacio waltz. His pendent foot swung in time to the music and he swayed his gay head a little.

"There!" he said at last, and held up a tiny figure for our gaze.

It was—rudely realized—a human being, and not unlike life. Its arms and legs were outspread, the face was dented to suggest features, and the head scratched to resemble hair.

"Golly," Ethan said, "that's dandy!" Then he giggled. "I'll buy it off you."

"What's it made of?" Eddie inquired.

"Candle grease," the artist smiled.

Ethan shuffled eagerly, his gray eyes gleaming.

"I'll give you a quarter for it."

"A dollar," the creator stated.

Bill laughed. We all grinned. In 1885 a dollar was still a noble coin, and it really startled me when Ethan began fumbling in his pockets again. Mr. Ross was the most prosperous farmer in the county and he treated his nine sons with what was held to be a doting generosity, but a dollar for this toy was nonsense. We looked at Ethan just as did Cleopatra's guests when she dissolved the pearl.

"Oh, come off, Bud!" Bill snorted. "Give him a dime."

The red-haired boy chuckled and two threads of smoke trickled up from his nostrils across his black, amused eyes. He was, I thought, very handsome both of face and body. His pointed chin and wide scarlet mouth were faintly girlish, but his chest and legs impressed me favorably. Ethan tossed a silver dollar into his lap and took the doll money slipped, but the stranger caught it nea tween his feet and flipped it up so that it fell the V of his blue shirt. On Bill's request he again, and also made smoke ooze from his singly. We were much entertained and or clock striking twelve recalled us to our sto

"What's your name?" Eddie demanc

"Baron," said the red-haired boy, sp the dollar on his thumb. "Well, who' whisky smash? You can get 'em goc at Zogbaum's in Clarke Street. I'll tr

Bill and Eddie, as seniors, mu our regrets and we filed off, all, rather frightened. Peter an drank wine with their families, Zerbetta whisky was the vice tured rakes.

"That's a queer cuss," Bill m a tone of some envy. "Wonde he lives?"

"Works in the freight yar ably," said Eddie. "He's awf lookin', isn't he?"

"I don't think so," Peter br with amazing violence. "I don' so at all. I think he's nasty. W the world did you give him a dollar for that thing fo You don't want it. Well, so long."

Peter trotted off toward his father's bakery and puzzled in midsquare. I glanced back, but the Bar had disappeared quickly down some alley.

We walked into Poplar Street, leaving Karl at t ber jewelry on the corner, where Prince Bismarck f in the show window, and Eddie turned into Judge front garden, which was considered unworthy of so a person, as it held no cast-iron beasts. Ethan fond little image, chuckling to himself. He was a fanci dreamy lad, an expert liar when necessary, and st as rock. Also he was my dear intimate and my ba well, so I felt obliged to rebuke this astonishing with a circus on the fences.

"'Twas silly to give him a dollar, Bud," Bill "and the baby'll bust it, sure as snakes!"

"I ain't goin' to give it to the baby," Ethan infor

We strolled by the Sims' high pickets and Coll whistled at us from the geranium plot he was w Colly was a big, objectionable whelp and somethi bully. Bill had thrashed him once or twice for an Ethan, but now he sniffed, secure in the presence mother on the veranda.

"Hello, sister!" he said. "Got a new doll?"

"You come up round the corner," Bill invit gently, "and I'll knock your front teeth loose—he

Colly let this civil offer pass and we crossed th way, Ethan chewing his lip. He was very pretty, took quantities of mild crime to offset this defect.

"I hate that son-of-a-gun," he snarled. "I neve thing to him. What's he always pick on me for, hu

"Oh, you let him be, Bud!" Bill said. "He's twi size. I'll look after him."

"I'll do some lookin' too," Ethan muttered.

The Rosses were coming to dinner—it was di 1885—and roving into my front garden just as t rang we scramble my room for a hast I politely waited w guests combed the hair, exa Ethan's chase. he was r ticular his ic rankled doll w worth a It had morous tions. seemed semble Sims in cial vac

"But You Can Bet I'm Goin' to Close Both His Eyes for Him Next Time I Catch Him, That's All"

"Fu ain't it, said, toweling his sunburned neck, "how knows all those crazy things?"

My mother was very fond of Ethan and to him during the meal, but he was dist and ate only two helpings of strawberry cake; and this drowsiness endured all t

e hibition of the revolver lately left me by a military
cl who had visited us, changing posts. I kept it in a
x iled to the stall of our venerable horse, Ahab. Our
tl barn, fronting on Poplar Street, was my reception
on But Ethan sat nursing a bare ankle on the seat
th empty buggy, glaring across the road at the Sims'
rd

"(, quit fussin' about Colly!" Bill ordered. "It's
ne go home, anyway."

Ethan roused from his trance, threw a cushion at Bill,
ss him and insisted on my coming out to supper at the
se arm. I took my fox-terrier pup along for company
th road back. I was naturally sociable and a two-mile
m in solitude was unthinkable. But I started home
ly as Ethan reën-
ed his state of
or directly after
pp, and the clocks
re striking nine as
I med into Pop-
treet again,
sh panting at my
els nd the silence
fit under the
pl so that the
y hime of the
han bells came
y clearly to me
oth the leaves.
15 we had few
laps, but there
s ne set at the
ns gateway, per-
os light troubled
t) my father's
or. I came wearily
wi d its gnat-
ued glimmer,
nd ing if a sponge
h the woodshed
uld be more re-
shg than the dig-
y ca conventional
mission in the
th oom, when
isy began to
in uncomfort-
y.

"Wat's the mat-
wi you?" I said,
I ooped to pat
n, hen went on
o stench of ciga-
tte. The red-
re boy was lean-
a inst the lamp-
st, smoking, and
ald, a little sur-
ee

"Hllo!" he said
enly.

"I dn't see you,"
tuered.

"I st came along.
ok here, Joe, the
rolers are havin'
are down at the
roadhouse. Lots
un Why don't you
me along down
h e?"

No the aban-
ne oundhouse by
e eight yard,
gh floored in,
s public dance
l, id not in very
od odor among
rets. It was
unfl by hired girls
l te less respect-
e fm hands, and
olc lads went
re ey did so carefully. But I was flattered beyond
ec by the invitation, which implied that I was a daring
de ad the stranger's peer. I hunted an adequate excuse
n going and cuffed Frisky to quiet him. He was
ro g about us, barking quite majestically for a small
g al making little dashes at the red-haired boy's legs.

"Sit up, Frisky," I commanded.

"Wy don't you come along down a while?" the red-
rec oy urged, laying a hand on my arm.

"Jo!" called my mother from the porch.

"Wl, I couldn't," I said over Frisky's wrath. "I—I
't ance, anyhow. Good night."

wt up the walk and the porch steps. Frisky stopped
kir and panted again.

"Wat on earth is the matter with the dog, Joe?"

"Oh, he don't like strangers," I answered, gathering him up. "He was barkin' at that fellow."

"What fellow?" said mother. "I didn't see anyone. Joe, your father's gone over to the Sims'. Colly's been taken very badly with some kind of stomach trouble."

"Glad of it!" I snapped, wondering if mother's eyes were failing, though the red-haired boy was gone and nothing showed below the gas lamp save a purple dance of gnats.

"Oh, Joe, you mustn't say that! It's very serious. They have Doctor Lynch and Doctor Blumenthal and—there comes your father now. I hope he's not worse!"

Father hurried over from the Sims' yard and shouted from the gateway, asking if I had come home. As I ran down he pressed a sheet of paper and a dollar bill into my hand.

"Run right down to the telegraph office and send that off, son. It's very important, so rush. They're getting a doctor from Columbus."

I ran, full of importance and pleasantly thrilled, not at all caring whether Colly lived or died, but glad to be mixed in these momentous affairs. The square was almost vacant. There were sounds of lukewarm revelry from some of the lit saloons and several dogs chased Frisky, but nothing stopped my flight to the telegraph office beside Gruber's shop, and the clerk whistled over the message.

"He must be pretty sick. Let's see—you get sixty-five cents back. Say, take a look at Gruber's window if you want to see something."

Gruber's show window was elaborately smashed and I stared at it with the reverence due so complete a ruin. A few angles of jagged glass remained, but the solemn silver candelabra and the trays of gems were covered with a sheet. One of our four policemen, lounging up, bade me be gone.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, recognizing me. "Well, what's got into your friend Karl, cuttin' up this way?"

"What way?"

"Gettin' drunk and bustin' up his pa's window. Pretty goin's on!"

I went home rather dizzy. Karl was the mildest lamb of the male sort in Zerbetta and an outbreak on his part appeared purely miraculous. But, passing the Sims' gate, I heard a woman weeping in a long, shaken note that made my shoulders twitch and I remembered that Colly was, like myself, an only child. Such things work easily on the spirits of fourteen and I was old enough for some general sentiments. I know I slept badly and woke once with the certainty of harassed, excited voices in Poplar Street. In the morning there was a confirmation of more trouble. Father had finished breakfast before I got down, and mother's eyes were red.

"He's at the hospital. Oh, Joe, something so dreadful happened last night!"

"What?" I asked, cheering up on the news of fresh disaster.

"Why—eat your oatmeal before it gets cold—there was a dance at the old roundhouse and a quarrel started about a silly girl who had no business being there and two men were shot and one of them's poor old Mrs. Carter's son, Bob, and he's going to die, I'm afraid."

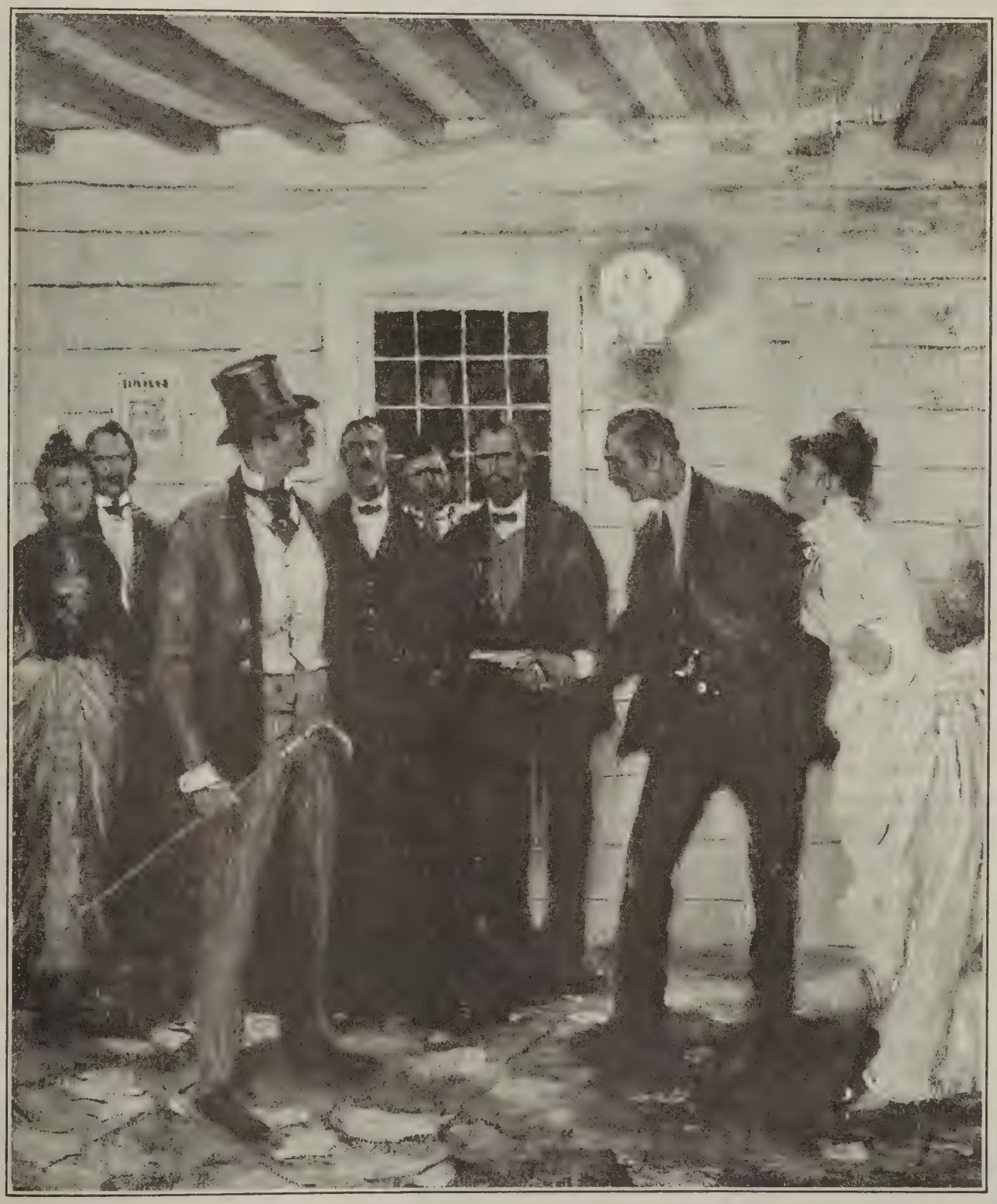
I rose in my chair like a jumping jack and subsided, my scalp tingling. Mother was examining a sugar lump at the moment and my emotions were ignored. She went on:

"It's horrible, Joe! I'm so glad Ralph didn't leave you any cartridges for that pistol. And Colly Sims is worse. You don't look very well, either."

I assured her that my health was superb, but in the sideboard mirror I could perceive that my freckles seemed unnaturally prominent; so I finished breakfast and trotted down to the square for more talk of the tragic occurrences. Knots of active gossip showed along the hitching rails and before the grocer's I met Karl Gruber, a very pale and bedraggled repentant, who winced when I touched his shoulder.

"Don't you do that!" he hissed. "I can't sit down or lean up 'gainst nothin' or go to the circus next week, either! You ain't got any idea how strong pop is, Joe! He's awful strong!"

We sequestered ourselves behind a vinegar barrel and Karl, almost tearful, struggled through a narrative. Briefly, he had been sitting innocuous and meditative on the shop doorstep after supper and the red-haired boy had joined him.



"It's All Unaccountable. They Were Going Out the Door and This Idiot Began Shooting. He Can't Remember Why Now"

(Continued on Page 174)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Tra

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BI

Case Number Eight: In re Misella

IT WAS one of those days when Mr. Tutt was feeling very old. They came much oftener now than they had ten years or so ago, and they brought with them a sense of loneliness that he strove bravely but ineffectually to thrust aside. It was all very well when there were important or difficult cases to try; when excited clients, one after another, compelled his attention with complicated matters so that he had no time to think of himself; or when, like the old war horse that he was, he could snuff the odor of battle and hurl himself into the conflict of the court room; but when the jury terms were over, and the hot, hazy, golden days of midsummer sent all the clients scurrying out of town to the golf greens, to the tennis courts or to the beaches, and there was nothing to do in the office except to prepare cases for trial that might and probably would never be tried, or to study the wretchedly printed advance sheets of the legal reports of the last opinions of the Supreme Court—then indeed Mr. Tutt—except in the evenings, when he buried himself in his library—found very little to give him happiness.

To-day he had been feeling particularly miserable and forgotten. Tutt was off at Nantucket with his wife upon his vacation, though due to return upon the morrow; Scraggs was sojourning at a sanitarium upon one of his periodical cures—paid for by Mr. Tutt out of his privy purse; and as Miss Sondheim had not appeared at the office at all that day there had been nobody left to keep him company but William and Miss Wiggin, who made it her practice never to be away when Mr. Tutt was there.

Mr. Tutt laid down the statement of facts he had been reading in Packinham vs. Packinham, looked at the clock and pressed the bell. It was half past five—a half hour after closing time.

"You need not remain any longer, William," he said. "And please tell Miss Wiggin. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Tutt," answered William. "Sure you don't want anything?"

"Nothing, thank you."

As Mr. Tutt uttered these mendacious words he winced involuntarily. The truth was that he yearned for a great many things that never again would be his, so that at times he felt that his old heart would be torn asunder. No one but himself knew of the existence of this inner shrine or suspected what emotions were harbored there, and it was only when Mr. Tutt was left all alone as he was to-night that he permitted himself the privilege of opening the sanctuary door and going in. Though he had been holding a typewritten document in front of his face for an hour he had not read a single word, for between him and the page a girl's face had interposed itself—a mischievous face, with teasing gray eyes fringed with dark lashes, a saucy pouting mouth, and a low piquant forehead, its temples bordered by waves of dark-brown hair done in the fashion of forty years ago; a proud, self-willed little face in the soft lines of which lurked nevertheless all the tenderness of a woman.

Now having told William to go and assured him that he wanted nothing the face still floated above the desk before him.

Suddenly his grim shaven old lips quivered.

"Florence!" he murmured in a whisper that was almost a sob. "Florence—darling!"

Mr. Tutt stretched out his arms toward the vision, and then buried his face upon them while the tears that gathered in his eyes dropped one by one upon the blotter.

Across the river the sun had hidden itself behind a great mass of leaden clouds bordered with molten gold. Through a thin spot in the arras of the sky a tiny beam worked its way and springing a million miles across infinity rested upon the gray head with a soft caress. Mr. Tutt felt the touch of it and raised his head.

"Florence!" he repeated.

Then he rose slowly to his feet and looked quickly about him as if seeking for something.

Miss Wiggin came quietly from the shadow of the doorway.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

Startled, he turned a drawn face toward her.

"No, my dear!" he answered. "I did not speak." Then he made an effort to pull himself together: "It's been a pretty dull day. What do you say, shall we go somewhere and have dinner and then take in a roof garden?"

"And You Can Invite Anybody You Want, My Dear! I'm Not the Jealous Variety"

Mr. Tompkins the bookseller was just letting down the shutters of his secondhand stall as they went by.

"Good evening, Mr. Tutt!" he called out genially. "I've got a fine first edition of Montaigne in to-day. Would you like to see it?"

"No, thanks," replied the lawyer. "I'm taking a lady out to dinner. If I buy anything it will have to be something very cheap. We shall probably have Montaigne for dessert. What else have you got?"

"Those there are five cents," answered Mr. Tompkins, indicating the shelf in front of Miss Wiggin. "I don't know what they are. I got 'em at a sale in quantity. I took fifty feet at ten cents a foot."

Mr. Tutt was already poking about among the antique leather bindings. Presently he pulled one out and opened it at the flyleaf.

"I'll take this one," said he.

"What on earth have you found?" exclaimed Miss Wiggin. "What do you want of such a dirty old thing?"

It was a small leather volume, half falling to pieces, printed on heavy paper the edges of which were brown with age.

"It will fit my present mood very well," he smiled, and held it up for her inspection.

"'Reflections Upon Death,'" she read. "'By William Dodd, LL.D., Prebendary of Brecon, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty. The Fourth Edition, London. Printed for T. Carvan and F. Newberry at Number 65, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1772.'

"For heaven's sake! laughed. "If you are g take me out to dinner you won't need that!" And snatching it out of his she thrust it into his pocket and pulled him away.

Mr. Tutt never did things by halves, and the prod with which he distributed unexpected bills of large d nations from the pocket baggy trousers among and head waiters inevital sured him the attention prior to the war was ac only to Russian princes the jazz. After the best that a celebrated Bro artist could execute Mis gin found herself being out of the restaurant an a taxicab with all the cer usually attendant upon t parture of royalt not long after s cended to what s to her the height travagance and ity—a table in th row of New York' riotous revue. her first feeling barrassment had off she began to everything very especially as Mr appeared to be l pleased. Flank two large tumble taining a nonal amber fluid whic Wiggin found e ingly refreshing, sat and watched axy of genuinely girls costumed t resent the various which the innoce payer might i after the first of There were Cider and Sarsaparilla, Orangeade and Beer, Grape Juice and Horse's Neck.

"But I didn't know there really was any such t Horse's Neck!" whispered Miss Wiggin delighted mind reverting to the celebrated Horse's Neck-Lallip reorganization case. "I thought it was a joke!"

"It is," grunted Mr. Tutt from behind his stogy gazed at an invertebrate maiden who wiggled her sl shoulders and declared loudly that so long as she shimmy she was entirely satisfied.

Then two solemn but convulsing idiots tried to game of pool with flexible cues and tennis balls, fo vincing scrubwomen from Tipperary danced like colleens, and a truly delightful young lady imperso what she described as a Yiddisha Wampire, mut impressively that oh, she was really terrible! Ther the cowboy humorist with dexterous ease and a runni of up-to-date quips had lassoed and thrown Miss gin's susceptible heart the curtain fell for the interm and dancing from the floor began.

It seemed to her as if she and Mr. Tutt were th ones there who were not tripping along to the cras hesitation of the jazz. The open space in front of the was crowded with dancers, many of whom, it must b fessed, would have been clad more appropriately f bathing beach than the city—had it not been for t midity. Even the waiters seemed to slide along in t the chorus. There was an atmosphere of self-con refined restraint and decorum; of what Mr. Tutt "demurity."

Miss Wiggin was rather surprised, for she had frequ heard such places described as Babylonian slave m and halls of abandoned revelry. Indeed she did not single person who seemed the worse off for liquor, possibly one cheerful gentleman who insisted on da with the Tipperary scrubladies—and she half susp that he was part of the show. But here and there a the throng she glimpsed women the thin lines of who looked hard as flint and in whose eyes shone the des forget. There were others, too, whose faces were n hard but whose hectic anxiety to enjoy themselves be a willingness to pay any price for it.

One girl especially, at a near-by table with a gro elderly jaded men, focused her attention. She was cla

ri gown of scarlet matched by her cheeks. Her eyes
rearge, brown and luminous. With a touch of obvi-
s viltry she had done her hair after the sedate old-
hined manner of nearly half a century ago, and from
e ny ear lobes that peeped out below dangled long
ncnts of milky amethysts. She was a fascinating
ur creature, little more than a child. What was she
inthere? Who were her companions? What motive
d duced her to don clothes that picked her out among
trong like an odalisque at an Oriental feast? No
on was she surrendered by one partner
nhe was claimed by another, but oc-
sionally she seized a moment to snatch a
f om a cigarette or drain a glass of
nagne, and her voice as it floated
os the tables was harsh and excited.
"Por child!" thought Miss Wiggin, her
es stened upon the girl as laughing she
evner arm round the neck of one of her
ompnions and dragged him from his seat.
Wh can her mother be thinking of!
e hardly out of her teens! And with
sc orrid-looking men! Yet there's some-
ng weet about her! Perhaps she's only
d-not really bad!"
Th she observed that Mr. Tutt was also
tcng the girl, with even more than his
nsintentness, and that his eyes were sad.
sctly the girl whirled by, caught the old
y's glance and said something to her
tur. Again they passed, circled the
or nd brought up at their table. An-
enf the men rose, but the girl shook
lad, threw herself into a chair and
k cigarette from one of several cases
er her. Then leaning toward the others
nde some remark evidently regarding
. tt, for the group with one accord
ke across at him significantly. Miss
gg. fancied that she heard the words
ld eezer."

"I Didn't Come Down Here to be Lectured. I Want a Divorce and I'm Willing to Pay for It!"

Suddenly with a reckless laugh the girl poured out a
ss of wine, raised it toward Mr. Tutt, smiled and
ckd it to her lips. One or two of the men did the same.
Tutt's wizened cheeks flushed and a pained look came
o is face as he turned his eyes hastily away.
Mi Wiggin no longer felt any pity for the creature—
hed her. She could have gone over and pulled the
kamethysts from the wretched hussy's ears at this
olce offered to her dear old preceptor. Her own
eek burned as she tried to close her ears to the laughter
m ne other table. Then the lights went down and the
ta shot up, disclosing a group of beautiful young
me in abbreviated garments, who with a great deal of
liaic gesticulation informed everybody that they loved
ra the dickens.
In ne semidarkness she felt a hand upon hers.
"I you mind if we go now?" Mr. Tutt asked her.
ve-some work to do."
Together they rose and threaded their way among the
ble to the door, descended in the elevator and walked in
sne to the Subway, where Mr. Tutt bought her a ticket
l tde her good night.
"I e had a perfectly splendid time," she insisted.
Easy wonderful!"
"Shave I, my dear!" he assured her. "We must have
oth r party soon."

Then he raised his hat and turned west through Twenty-third Street.

"Poor child!" he muttered, using Miss Wiggin's exact words.

He let himself in with his latchkey, fastened the door by means of the chain and locked it, hung his hat on the black-walnut tree at the foot of the stairs and climbed heavily up to his library. The momentary exhilaration caused by giving Miss Wiggin a pleasant evening had subsided. He felt a thousand years old again—a million years! Like the ancient of days! A strange almost uncanny conviction possessed him that he had lived over and over again; and that sometime—that very night perhaps—he would wriggle out of his old frock coat and baggy pantaloons as a moth sheds its chrysalis, and float away into some other form of existence. The spirit world seemed very near somehow—all about him, in fact. There had been something in those brown eyes of the scarlet girl that—— No, he was crazy to think of such a thing! He looked about the library curiously and once he swept the air about him with his hand. Then he sighed and threw himself into his low leather armchair with the sagging seat that nearly touched the floor. In doing so he sat most uncomfortably upon the book he had purchased from Mr. Tompkins—the Reflections Upon Death, by the Rev. William Dodd.

With an ejaculation of annoyance he dragged it forth. What a funny old book it was! Not more than four inches by seven—and utterly disreputable. To whom had it belonged? He looked inside the cover. There was no name; only the place where the owner had dwelt—Lebanon Springs. Mr. Tutt smiled, took out his glasses and wiped them. He loved dearly an old book, particularly now that most of his old friends were gone. Then he rested the little volume on his knee and let it open where it would, which happened to be at Page 59. Mr. Tutt began to read. He had some slight difficulty, for every "s" was printed like an "f," which occasionally made the words seem different from what he expected.

"'Misella was blest, by the great giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance ——'"

Mr. Tutt felt upon the table beside him for a stogy, lit it and settled down snugly in his chair. Misella interested him. He would know more of Misella. Perhaps she would drive the girl in scarlet out of his foolish old mind. And as he read once more he felt as if he had lived many times before, that just as the old world—indeed the whole universe—goes ever whirling round and round upon its axis, so human experience repeats itself over and over again, and that truly there is nothing new under the sun.

It was about eleven o'clock the next morning that William announced Lieutenant Wheelock to see Mr. Tutt—or, if Mr. Tutt was out, anybody of authority who happened to be in.

"Are you Mr. Tutt—the divorce lawyer?" he inquired as William waved him across the threshold.

Mr. Tutt glanced at him through his shaggy eyebrows. "I am Mr. Tutt," he replied with some severity.

Lieutenant Wheelock folded his arms and shifted his position uneasily. He was obviously in that stage of the metamorphosis of the soldier into the civilian when an officer who has applied for discharge finds difficulty in disposing of his extremities in such a way as to indicate both modesty and authority. He was blond, blue-eyed, youthful and worried.

"Er—well—do you—er—handle divorce cases?"

"When we have to," returned Mr. Tutt, slightly relenting. "Will you sit down?"

He indicated the chair for paying clients.

Lieutenant Wheelock subsided obediently and fumbled for a package of cigarettes.

(Continued on Page 161)

With a Reckless Laugh the Girl Raised a Glass Toward Mr. Tutt, Smiled and Touched it to Her Lips

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTO

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

ROGER LINGARD slipped furtively down the hill from the Tudd farm, his guilty back and his parcel concealed by a hedge of hawthorn from the distant but penetrating eyes of this mysterious and now butterless girl; and presently he was close to the cottages. From the open window of one a pair of fiery eyes flamed and glared, disappeared, then came again, roving from side to side, as though some savage, imprisoned tiger were moving a restless head to and fro. He slipped nearer and peered through openings, but found himself too far on one side to see more than the end of the field glasses, which were steady now and held higher, and no doubt were focused on the girl. But butter melts as time flies, so he went off reluctantly across fields, stopping to question an aged laborer who was weeding mangolds. He learned that a Mrs. Williams had lived in that cottage of the two gleaming eyes, that she had a husband in the South Wales Borderers, that she had some children for whom she could not get cheese, and a dozen fowls for which she could not buy poultry food; and that she had suddenly left the day before.

In the village street he saw the gypsy-eyed woman with the nose like a scimitar.

Mrs. Garbutt was drawing a pail of water from a stand-pipe for her cottage twenty yards away. He carried it for her while she talked. Her monthly allotment from the owners of her husband's ship had stopped, she said, and she had not heard for three months. That looked a certainty for torpedoing, but in peacetimes Bill had once been away eleven months and never so much as a letter, let alone a farden. If he really was drownded—three hundred pounds—that was the compensation for a widow. Only the judge wouldn't give no lump sum, never no lump sum, as one might do a bit of good for oneself with—a shop or the like. Dribbles, ten pun praps at a time. The pore 'ad no chancet.

"You wait till you're sure Bill is drowned before you worry about compensation money," said the practical Roger.

"And that's sense too, Mr. Hill," said the sailor's wife or widow, as the case might be. "And it ain't as if I wouldn't rather see Bill than compensation any day."

"I'm sure of that," said Roger, whose long service in the British Army had taught him that frank reference to death and money by the British poor does not necessarily mean heartlessness or avarice. He asked about Mrs. Williams, up the hill, and learned that she had been paid a lot of money to move to her sister "Stelling way" by a man with beautiful hands; Mrs. Williams' own words, Mrs. Garbutt explained; and she sniffed contemptuously as she repeated the unique identification of a newcomer.

Roger went on, thinking that soft white hands suggested a secret-service man. Was this girl on the hilltop a spy, after all? Mysterious, alone, surrounded by evidences of squandered, newly acquired money, she had spy so conspicuously labeled across her crocodile bag that she could not possibly be a spy; but her eager interest in the neighborhood, her indifference to everything else, her cold aloofness were against her. It was raw work, he thought, and yet suspicious because so crude. A spoiled, pampered girl might do dangerous things and pick up valuable knowledge if she was so badly spoilt that no one could take her seriously.

Against that was her fine, natural manner. She was no bought adventuress. If her things were all staring new she was not new to such things. She had lived with gold-stoppered bottles all her life. He tried to place her by her utterance and her accent, and he now saw that there was something vaguely unfamiliar about her speech. In hospital, with his eyes shut, he could definitely assign her social rank to any Englishwoman after hearing twenty words from her. He shook his head. This girl was a gentlewoman, but was she English?

He stopped before a cottage where climbing roses in full bloom gave the final touch of charm to sagging crossbeams and thatched roof. He stepped through the open door and entered the kitchen.

A fragile child of ten, pale, excited, stared at him from eyes that looked enormous. He produced his little pat of butter with a flourish. The child cried "Oh!" and clapped her hands. The mother came in from the scullery, her feet clattering on the uneven floor. She was a tiny woman, with coarse gray hair which cur tightly that it seemed kinky. She moved fierce, repressed energy and was the kind who expect always to explode with a loud bang.

From the Open Window a Pair of Fiery Eyes Flamed and Glared, Disappeared, Then Came Again

"She'll be took to-morrow," sh jerking a thumb at her daughte

"Fine!" Roger said. "She'll back fat and well."

She opened a cupboard doo took out some dark war bread. pointed accusingly at a big swee of apparent butter.

"I don't hold with margarine, with sanatoriums," the mothe sharply.

Roger laughed. "Here I've be stolen butter for you," he said, you had that all the time. Yo bundle of silly, old-fashioned prej Mrs. Jenkins."

"I likes my ways," she answer

"You are a bit set," he "Have you seen Mrs. William to-day—Mrs. Williams, up al mean?"

"She's gone away; gone awa den. Some do say as ——" string of suppositions and theori speculations followed as she cut and spread it for her consu daughter.

Mrs. Jenkins had no knowled new tenant, "one of them o wives," she was sure. "They wo in anywhere these days. We ca as we're safe in our own homes. comes 'ere every day and they sa beautiful the roses is, and would a lodger as would give no trou would I go away and let the 'ou nished, and 'ow they wanted with their 'usbands; and I tell 'e wanted to be with my man too, was fightin' in France as theirs and he was coming 'ome, if so be to come 'ome at all, to the 'ome h away from."

Mrs. Jenkins tossed her head. me," she cried indignantly, "as wo turn out for the sanitary inspecto likely I'd turn out for they? No And if the overseer and the c council couldn't get me out, will Not them! My man," she re shrilly, "is coming 'ome to the 'o he left."

The soldier turned to the little

"They will take you to a gre beautiful house on a hilltop and yo have plenty of milk and crea beef and fresh air. You will ge and have red cheeks for daddy wh comes. So you mustn't mind le mother."

The child nodded and smiled gobbled the bread and butter.

He went to his midday meal, ing sunshine behind. Afterward he wearied out. When he woke he the worn tunic on the floor, the p jacket hanging on the hook, the in which were folded the civvies by a London tailor celebrated i hemispheres. To wear those Lo civilian clothes was to forfeit the f iar friendship of the village an gracious condescension of Dorothy worn they must be, and soon craved equality with her, not affable patronage fro He did not pause to ask why her attitude had sud become, if not galling, at least vexatious; nor did it to him that suggestion is subtle and powerful. When suggestion comes from every side it is bound to ha sults.

When everybody says that an heir ought to a girl that heir must think about it. Roger's th was as yet subconscious, but this indecision about cl shows that it was working to the surface. He di know that it colored all his impressions of her, worki high curiosity about her, and established a sense of s intimate relationship very pleasant to feel without yzing or understanding.

he village, the schoolmaster, the girl on the hill, Crity—all had been unconsciously tilling the field. Tl soil was ready. Roger, unknowing, was thinking wit clothes to wear that he might plant the seed of love in is own heart; and he believed meanwhile that his sole ocern was to learn what to do for the estate and all the ople on it.

e laughed and jumped up. He was thinking of Charity. Tre was one person in the world who would be just the ame, whatever clothes he wore. He sang as he put on the d tunic. Charity was always a cheerful thought. He ould see her soon here in the cottage and he had pre-ared a surprise for her, and a test. And he would see Dorothy too; for the two girls were meeting for a talk bout estate matters. He had business with Dorothy too; ch was why he had decided on the old tunic. That busi-ne must be settled before he introduced complications. He went downstairs, still singing, lighted the fire in the itchen and put on the kettle.

orothy came first. He was instantly aware of a change n er. She glanced and smiled and nodded, no more; hi, preoccupied, she sat at a table and began to open etters. Roger got cups and saucers, only two of each, n watched her side face as he had on the day of his ar-iv. She looked a little tired, he thought, and she did not it quite so erect as usual. That was it, then—weariness. That made her seem so much less detached and far away no doubt. That was probably the reason why he had in-stantly felt a greater kindness in her curt nod, and why she ha seemed for the first time to look at him from the level.

e was all wrong. Each of her shoulders was ignobly ly! by a livid bruise. A soldier in reckless anger had rip ed her with hands of iron and shaken her till her hair ha come down and had shaken still till she had sobbed an cried. Bickley Ryker had understated in his confes-sio to Charity. He had not known, did not know, what ma ial strength he had unleashed in that mad moment. He ad shaken her into hysterics; but he had shaken pride ou of her.

'hat was why Roger immediately sensed a change in her. She had been rudely hurled from a pedestal. She had been tumbled from a platform into the crowd. She was one of the now. The bruises, seen morning, afternoon and nigh, were always reminding her of this. The high-necked dress on the warm summer day was a reminder to Profound humiliation brought humility. She looked at omen in the village whose husbands had been drinkers or uel, and she asked herself if they had ever had, ever worn such marks of shame as hers, and she thought that they could see her bruises through her bodice; or that they were wondering about her dress; or that they had heard rumors perhaps. It had all happened in the hospital. Did they know that the man had followed her to that linen room, where he had no right to come? Had she cried aloud? Had she been met in the corridors, going away? Shrinking inwardly she gazed into eyes to divine what their owners thought or suspected or knew; and there was a novel questing appeal in her glance which brought its inevitable response of human sympathy.

She started when Roger asked her if she could spare a moment. He was by her side and it seemed to her that he was staring right down at her livid shoulders.

"Oh, yes." Her voice almost faltered. She was afraid to look up lest she flushed red. "Please sit down, sergeant."

He drew a chair to the table close by, wondering, pleased at her altered manner.

"I'd like to be some good to somebody," he said, gazing into her eyes. "I can't work in the fields. I can work at a table. Can't I help here?"

Dorothy glanced up at him, appraising, considering.

"We've been trying to get somebody." She hesitated, then added, almost apologetically: "I've tried two girls. They made more work than they saved."

"I can read and write," he said smiling. "I can add and subtract. I can even multiply. I can write a letter that would pass. I'm sure I'd get on with the farmers. They're too busy to come here. Could I see them for you? I should like that."

His engaging, boyish ardor brought a faint smile to Dorothy's lips.

"You seem frightfully keen on it," she said, brightening a little. She glanced at the littered table, then at the wine cooler in the corner stuffed full of neglected papers. "We are in a hideous muddle; there's no getting away from that."

"I know about farming accounts," he cried eagerly. "I'm sure I can fix things up." He bent forward, touched by her lassitude, by her unaccustomed indecision, by her helplessness. "You need me," he added in a low voice; "you know you do." He had forgotten his part for an instant.

She was her old self at this presuming comment from a strange soldier. The invisible barrier was instantly raised. "It's rather confidential," she said coldly.

"My only reference is my army record," he said. That hit the mark.

"I'll try you, sergeant." She spoke as she had heard her father speak when engaging clerks and other underlings. "I paid the girls thirty shillings a week. I will give you two pounds."

"Oh, no. This is volunteer work."

Her back became so stiff that her dress hurt her shoulders. Her supercilious eyes drooped under stress of memories and her intended sharp rejection was softened.

"It is private work," she said. "I could not allow you to do it for nothing."

"It leaves you free for the Red Cross."

Dorothy's strained nerves, on tension from sleepless nights and a great humiliation, snapped at this persistence. She flamed into one of the old-time sudden rages. She looked at him just as she had looked at their first meeting when she had held a threatening tennis racket over his defenseless head.

"I don't want anybody to work for me without payment," she said contemptuously. "Why should I place myself under obligation to a stranger? Any English person would understand that. But you Canadians ——" She stopped short.

"Well, we Canadians?" he questioned calmly.

She only glared at him.

She had no reserves of will to recover and become, as Roger had once written to his father, "a beautiful stone image."

"We Canadians," he said quietly, "are just simple, ordinary human beings. I dare say there are lots of things we don't understand. Perhaps it's just as well. Perhaps some things are not worth understanding."

She had bent forward as he spoke, and was staring into his face. "I've seen you before!" she burst out. "I've ——"

"Yes. In the summer—just before the war."

"The gazebo on the wall!"

He nodded.

She saw the scene. He could read her thought—her father, her two brothers. She burst into wild weeping. Her head fell forward in her hands, her shoulders heaved. Roger jumped to her side, stretched out an arm, drew it back, turned and hastened for Charity. He met her on the doorstep, just entering the house.

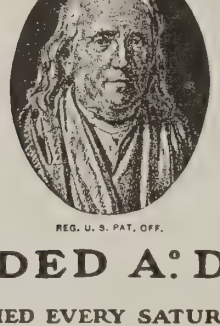
"She's recognized me," he stammered. "She's thought of her father and she's crying in there."

Charity looked with calm scrutiny into his troubled eyes. "It will do her good," she said. "Go away and stay away."

(Continued on Page 108)

"He Understands," Charity Murmured. "He's a Thorough Gentleman—for All He's a Common Soldier"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 6, 1919

Practical Profit Sharing

ALMOST all profit-sharing plans assume that profits are made by two factors—capital and labor. There is, however, a third—the consuming public—and it is even more important than the others.

Good will is the vital asset of every business. In many cases it is practically the whole business. That is the reason why the public cannot long be ignored in any distribution of profits, though just now many men are not only ignoring it but are jeopardizing their future by antagonizing the public, and so dissipating the most important of all their assets. That goes for both capital and labor. Farmer, manufacturer, jobber, retailer and laborer—none can long survive the loss of good will and prosper. Intangible things—character and the confidence it begets; good will and the trade that it brings—are the only solid assets of a business. Good will is created by good treatment, but the public can always take it back.

In almost every profit-sharing scheme it is assumed that if capital gets "theirs" and labor gets "theirs" everyone will be satisfied. But the farmers and the consuming public must also get "theirs" before we can have equitable profit sharing and general satisfaction. Though in a sense they are both capitalists and laborers, it is useless to look for the profiteer among the farmers. They will be found with the public, between the upper and the nether millstones. The really coarse work with their crops begins after they leave their hands. The big profits in foodstuffs have always been made after they left the farms.

Many plans are being proposed to give the public all the profits—plans that run from Marxian Socialism and Bolshevist Communism on down through a hundred variations of these parent theories. Common sense has, however, ventured to doubt—and Russia and Hungary have turned that doubt into certainty—whether under these schemes there would be any profits to divide. The best that these systems can assure is a bread card and a soup kitchen for everyone, but that is not just the American idea of a good thing. We gather from the recent election returns that Massachusetts did not care for its little dose of Bolshevism.

Some of these plans read so beautifully that we are almost persuaded, until the author fits them to live men and actual conditions. Then, like Socialism and Bolshevism, we find that they are in the surf and sending up rockets. For all schemes of world saving are predicated on the existence somewhere of an individualistic state from which practical men, trained and rewarded under the old plan of society, can be called in to make Utopia work. They have had to do this in Russia, and the more of these selfish managers they get and the faster they scrap the new notions and approximate to the old American ideas the better it will work. Extracting gold from sea water, making precious stones synthetically, and Bolshevism are all perfectly feasible in a pamphlet. An inventor's model of a fool idea will often work. It will get up steam on a pint of water and the little wheels will go round and round. Bolshevism—in the brain—is like that. The little wheels go round and round.

Capital and labor have both learned that to get "theirs" they must be possessed of a certain amount of intelligent selfishness; that they must insist on their rights and fight for them if need be; that they cannot exist if they take without question what the other fellow wants to give them, and pay what he asks them. The public, however, has been doing both.

There are three factors in making money as well as in sharing it—earning it in the form of dividends and wages; investing it; and, most important of all, spending it. There is plenty of money-making ability, a fair amount of investment shrewdness, but a widespread lack of intelligence in spending. Otherwise there would be more real profit sharing with the public. Many people are buying only thirty cents' worth with their fifty-cent dollars.

Practical profit sharing demands that capital, after paying fair dividends and good wages, share some of its surplus earnings with the public in the shape of lower prices. That would be equivalent to a level raise in wages for all classes. But after government has done everything that it can do with just laws to insure equitable conditions the adoption and enforcement of this policy must rest with the individual, for it depends finally on personal character and restraint. No matter how good government is, no matter how wise its care of its citizens, there is a fairly definite place and time at which they must be weaned and fend for themselves.

Even the best-intentioned plan or law may back-fire under the test of actual operation, as in the case of the excess-profits section of the revenue act. Intended to take from corporations by taxation a certain portion of their earnings it has in actual operation done nothing of the sort. It has taken the money from the public. Corporations regard the tax as an extra expense incident to their business, add it to their overhead, and the final effect is a consumption tax that raises the cost of living.

Instances of back-firing could be multiplied endlessly. It is recognized as a mistake to encourage people, by giving them a low interest rate, to carry their Liberty Bonds any longer at the bank. As fast as possible they should be forced into the full ownership of those who subscribed for them, in order to hasten the process of deflation.

These campaigns by get-rich-quick concerns, by merchants and even by charities to persuade people to part with their bonds for doubtful and worthless stocks, for expensive luxuries or to help some worthy cause should all be ruthlessly discouraged. They are teaching inexperienced investors to hold the best security in the world lightly, to feel that it can be traded, exchanged or given when one would hesitate to part with cash. If appeals must be made for securities instead of money they should be for Steel preferred, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific and Standard Oil. Liberty Bonds are actually the last stronghold of safe investment and the last security that an investor should let go. Anyone who does anything to weaken this idea in the minds of the public is doing it a great disservice, and also doing his foolish little bit to push up the cost of living.

Big profits and high wages, distributed among people who have heretofore enjoyed small incomes, are prime causes that have increased the cost of living. Despite occasional spectacular exceptions people who have long had good incomes are not reckless spenders. A dollar must bring home a dollar's worth to them or it stays at home. Being used to money means knowing how to use it wisely, and that means intelligent spending.

Foolish spending is largely done by those who are newly rich from dividends or wages. These are the people who do not ask for value or question values. Easy com marks.

A man who has saved and invested over a pe years knows that there are constantly recurring when it is hard to make money and even harder t what he has. In good times he does not spend mo he saves more. New money is constantly seeki owners. Old money is kept in circulation too, productive industry.

Many manufacturers, middlemen and retailers; branches of labor—organized and unorganized—are advantage of the world situation, not only to raise and wages, but in the quality of their goods and s Capital that has assumed the leadership in industr accept the full responsibilities and duties of lead It must set an example as a preliminary to dem that labor too live up to its obligations and responsi It must not deceive itself into believing that beca public has set its face against strikes and demand imperil American institutions it will permit reacti and profiteers to dominate business, once these vita are settled. Capital must not think that because unions have broken their contracts and some uni have been slacking the public will permit unfair n and unjust treatment of labor, once it has come senses. After these bogus strikes are settled and ca getting a square deal from labor the public will b insistent than ever on a square deal for labor by and on a decent regard for the rights of the consu everyone who serves him in any capacity.

Some of capital's price lists, as well as some of its ods, are also coming up for revision. Let no bo imagine that because the public will not permit the r to hold him up it is going to permit him to hold u and the consumer; that because it is against the re for the profiteers.

We have no inside knowledge of the present met big business, but we believe that the public shoul The corporations must satisfy the people that thei and undoubted powers in their own and allied field dustry are being used wisely and that they are not down unfair profits. Every business that is und picion must come clean or be cleaned up.

No one doubts that the great corporations dea basic materials and the necessities of life—in Brother Rockefeller's gasoline—are wonderfully or to do business efficiently and economically, but the as well as labor must share fully in that efficien economy. They owe it to themselves, but even n the public, on whose good will they are finally dep for their very existence, to prove up and set at res periodically recurring attacks on their methods an faith. Size is not sin, but it may be sinful.

A great public responsibility is resting on the sh of the men who are at the head of the great corpo that dominate basic industries. They cannot ev they must measure up to it. By their moderatio fairness, their honesty of purpose, they can confoun critics and rout the reds. Lower prices on the nec of life will set in motion the processes that will ine force down prices all along the line. It takes bi farsighted men, intelligently selfish men to sacrific immediate gains for continuing profit and stabilit there are many such men in American business. Bo and other boneheads have always kept right on tr gouging, grabbing and oppressing until the tumbrel to take them to the guillotine.

Meanwhile, the people can coöperate with inte business, can strengthen clean progressive busines in their policy of decency by spending prudently, b ing wisely, by insisting on full value. Only the foo lavishly, and without asking prices or looking round. carry and cut out the profiteer. Pass the word alon you find a man who is selling close, as volume wi him to sell even closer. Pass the word along wh find a man who is overcharging, as lack of volume w him out of business. Even if you are a profiteer y do not let anyone profiteer on you. That will help and the public will attend to your case in due time. always take back good will.

N corporation is so big and so powerful that it can
fu an accounting of its stewardship to a united public
sind against its just wrath. Enforce practical profit
arg. Let the buyer beware and the seller be careful.
mhing has got to break, and that thing is prices.
fl ed currency and inflated production will bring them
w Hard work, steady saving and close buying is the
dual's part. Close buying, steady saving and hard
rk plus some simple fundamental laws that will regu-
nd control the activities of organized labor and
a zed capital, is government's part. Only more foolish
n he divine-right-of-kings delusion is the one that
ment is above the rules of conduct that bind the
dual; or that it can succeed except by conforming
th principles that bring success in private business.

Nietzsche says that "a strong man can digest his sins."
e erman may, though we have reason to doubt it,
t e American stomach is peculiarly susceptible to in-
gestion. Will Congress please pass the pepsin—and help
Hirst?

Guineapigging

CONSIDER the guineapig. He is cared for tenderly.
All his demands are met, all his wishes are gratified.
Is no need either to toil or to spin. It is true that
guineapig has more spots on him than any other
ature of like size; it is true that he increases and multi-
es with great rapidity. But at that point the guinea-
pig's claims to distinction
se
Heuts no lasting figure in
en Set him down in the
dness and something
s im. He appears to have
n evised expressly to prove
t here is no safety in
mbers and no cinch in lov-
ce.

None takes care of the
n. He lives on his enemies,
d it that reason he is the
g beasts. Take away the
n's enemies, feed him from
pon—and in time your lion
will become a guineapig. No species thrives through having things fixed soft for it.

A gentleman with a large estate several times introduced numbers of English pheasants, which he surrounded with all modern appliances for comfort. But his pheasants walked into swamp cover, where the skunks smilingly awaited them. They roosted low in naked trees, and the owls joyously fell upon them. Something got them. Yet in the near-by fields the hardy native bobwhite more than held his own, though not provided with any cafeteria route. He had learned that it was wise to roost in the open, in a circle, eyes out all round; and when he went to roost, he did not walk, but he flew, breaking his trail so that no scent was left behind him. He worked out all these things unpampered, among his enemies, under the law of hardship, danger and survival.

A well-meaning fish commissioner charters a professional fisherman to catch the whitefish out of a Western river, in order to remove an enemy of the grayling. The two species had lived together for thousands of years, till man began to monkey with Nature. Result, a river almost barren of both whitefish and grayling.

The human species, in Nature's eyes, is no different from any other species. It survives through contest—continual, unceasing contest. The enemies of a species are its best friends. Give a young man a million dollars and nothing else, and you do not purchase success or survival for him. He begins to roost low. Something gets him.

For no species has Nature ever established any golden age free of responsibility and free of work. Neither does she ever contemplate any lump sums in easy survival. No combination of men, whether of one class or of another, can succeed en masse, merely because they are a mass; neither can the one or the other find safety in numbers, except in numbers of the right sort. A half dozen lions, casually joined in a game-stalking trust for one night, will pull down more meat than a million guineapigs, raised under glass, all collectively clamoring that they are downtrod.

Guineapig our oppressed laboring classes; give them all they want and all they will want to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow, and the day after that; lap them in silk and feed them soft and tenderly entreat them; remove all their hardships and all their enemies; solve all their problems for them and encourage them to strike and strike again; teach them scorn of labor for more than five days in a week or five hours in a day or five minutes in an hour—and where does it all come out? Have you one whit bettered them? Not in the least. Upon the contrary you have ruined them and have wiped them out. Something gets them.

The imported laboring man, like the imported pheasant, is having it pretty soft for a time. Something will get him.

The Orator—"He is in Our Path. Let Us Brush Him Aside"

The wise laboring man and the wise labor leader is the one who knows the one safe way into the future. For every troubled laboring man of every class—and we all are laboring men if we ever got anywhere or held anything we got, and we all are troubled to-day—there lies open and at hand the one remedy that has been proved by the centuries. Don't guinea-pig it. Be a man. Go to work.

We'll soon pay our war debt and we'll soon be happy again; business will soon be sound again—if everyone will go to work. This country needs labor. Also, labor needs this country. It is a good country. It was designed for men, not guineapigs. Signs do not lack that the men of this country are beginning to feel a trifle impatient.

OO, LÀ, LÀ!

By GEORGE PATTULL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK F

"Come on, Boys! Git Up! Come to Life There! To-Night's the Night, You Know, Professor. It's Your Treat"

A WONDERFUL thing, m'sieu, is the average American's love for his home town. It is all very well for the outside world to sneer, but the trait is the base upon which many sturdy virtues rest as upon a rock foundation. For what does Thoreau say?—"I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mold under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world."

Which recalls to mind a gentleman from Rhode Island, whom I encountered in Paris, resting his foot sadly on a brass rail.

"Yes," he conceded grudgingly, "it's a right pretty place. But gimme dear ol' Woonsocket every time." His eyes filled with tears; I pressed his hand.

And take the case of M'sieu Will Stuffle, or The Professor, as he came to be called.

His was not so much a love as a passion—but I will tell it all from the beginning.

We were sitting at a table in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens—a couple of American ladies whom we had met in Germany while they were giving entertainments for the Army of Occupation, M'sieu Joe Hicks and myself—basking in the soft sunshine as we idly watched the world go by. It was a mellow July day and our spirits responded jubilantly to Nature's mood and an ingeniously contrived cocktail whose official designation was Crawl-Out-on-Your-Knees. You know it, m'sieu? Next to the Machine-Gun Barrage, I consider this drink the most delectable to be had in France. Moreover, as my partner frequently took occasion to point out, there was no delayed fuse about it, but the action was immediate and satisfying.

"Well," exclaimed Guinevere suddenly, "just look what the cat's brought in! *Oo, là, là!*"

A gentleman was seating himself at the adjoining table—a medium-sized man of comfortable girth and complacent appearance; dressed in dark plain clothes and wearing broad flat shoes, a black-felt hat and a white satin four-in-hand tie.

"Oklahoma," declared my partner. But he was wrong. Hardly had he got oriented when our fellow countryman espied our uniforms and approached.

"Anybody here from Pansyville?" he inquired.

"What sector's that in?" demanded M'sieu Joe.

"It is back in Indiana—in God's country. Ever been there? The garden spot of America and the world, men."

We confessed that this Eden had escaped our notice up to date.

"Stuffle's my name, sir—Will Stuffle—Stuffle's Hardware Emporium. Everybody in Pansyville knows Will Stuffle. If any of you folks should ever drop by that way just ask for Will Stuffle and I'll be pleased to show you round."

There being no alternative we accepted the situation and introduced M'sieu Stuffle to our friends.

"Allow me to present you to Miss Guinevere Hallahan, star of the original Black Crook company, and our dimpled darling on the other side of the table—Miss Ernestine La Rue, who was featured in East Lynne when that production played six consecutive nights in Madison, Wisconsin. Professor Stuffle, ladies!

"And this is my side-kick, Henree Giraud, the champeen cat-heads mixer of the A. E. F. And now what'll it be? Pull up a chair, professor. How about a touch of high explosive?"

"I do not drink, sir."

"Then have a cigar—one of these here side-car smokes."

"Neither do I smoke, sir."

"Oh, I see! None of the smaller vices, hey?"

"Nor the larger, sir," added our new acquaintance sternly.

"Oh, gee! The party's on the blink now," murmured Mademoiselle Guinevere despairingly.

But my partner remained undaunted.

"Well, me and Henree ain't perfect yet, in spite of all Patsy and Jane've done, so if you have no objections we'll just try a li'l snort. Hey, *Kellner*—I mean *garçon*—four more of the same! Say, professor, if you've a mind for a nice soft drink I'd advise you to go up ag'in one of them Machine-Gun Barrages."

The other waved this invitation aside.

"Are you boys on leave?" he queried.

"I'll say so! Ain't we got all the symptoms? And what might your outfit be, professor? You belong to one of the congressional shock divisions?"

"No, sir, I am over here on a special mission to report on conditions in the Army with special reference to our boys' needs in the direction of uplift. As such ——"

"Zowie!" cried M'sieu Joe. "Another joy rider!" T ladies giggled.

"I must protest," the professor said sonorously, "ag the obvious disparagement you intend to convey When you speak with levity of the unselfish labors many high-minded——"

"Oh, shucks! Tell that to a guy from Chicago. W your poison?"

Thus urged, after some hesitation and thought, M Stuffle named a chocolate éclair as his poison.

"May I ask, sir," he inquired in a deep resonant "if you are a married man?"

"What do you want to talk like that for?" ret Mademoiselle La Rue with some heat. "Tryin' to the party! Yes, you are too! Don't you know th been a moratorium declared on husbands?"

"Are you in earnest? Is that official?" I asked eag

"It sure is!" she replied, patting her hair.

"Besides, all bets are off beyond the 3000-mile professor," explained my partner. M'sieu Stuffle nothing, but it was patent that he disapproved of us.

My partner went on, "You never can tell what a m do away from home. Can you, Henree?"

"And you never know how a man'll act with a wom supplemented Mademoiselle Guinevere.

"Nor a woman with a man."

"Well, that's true too," she admitted reluctantly.

"I'm ag'in lettin' the women folk come over he Europe for at least a year," continued my partner i emphasis. "Yes, sir! The Gover'ment shouldn't oug give 'em passports. It ain't fair to the gallant men w fought so hard for the liberty of mankind and Cz slovakia. I shudder to think of what'd happen if al wives and sweethearts should blow into Paree. *Oo, là* The brain reels at the thought."

"You said a mouthful then," remarked Mademo La Rue.

"*Ah, oui!* Us married men've got to stick together, fessor. Yes, sir-ree. Think of the ruckus that'd be if one bird couldn't depend on another to keep his m shut like a gen'l'man. What I aim to do when I fin time is organize a League of Silence.

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"Boy howdy! Often of nights, when I fall to thinkin' about what'd happen to some of my friends if they was to walk five blocks in Paree by the side of their loved ones, I just naturally break out into a cold sweat and wake up in the mornin' with a ragin' fever. It's the obsolete truth."

Of course he was joking, m'sieu. For there are many quiet streets in Paris where one could walk five blocks without meeting a soul.

"Just picture it!" cried Mademoiselle Guinevere, stirred to animation by the idea. "A staid couple walking placidly along the boulevard. Friend wife stops to stare into a shop window; hubby waits for her near the curb with that sublime patience which you've got to be close to him to hear. Suddenly a figure darts from the passing throngs—get this, Henree!—a slight, winsome, girlish form it is.

"She seizes the unsuspecting husband's arm. She squeezes it—like this, Joe. And she proclaims her joy at meeting him again with all the adorable bubbling enthusiasm of her fresh innocent young nature. *Ah, oui!* She grabs his arm and cries—'Oo, my baby boy! When you come to Paris, Henree? Hein? Why you not write to me? Bad, bad, naughty Henree! You buy me a drink now. Yes? No?'

"At this supreme moment the perfect-forty-two partner of his sorrows and mourner at his joys turns from a blameless study of some bead bags in a window. She is sore at a boost in the prices, but she forgets all that in two shakes. For there, right in front of her very eyes a vamp is trying to run off with her man. Oh, wouldn't I love to see it?"

M'sieu Hicks leaned back and laughed uproariously. As for me, I could not find the heart to join in the merriment. For reflect, my friend: How could the unfortunate gentleman explain it? I ask you. What explanation of this deplorable mistake of identity could he offer with any hope of success?

You will agree with me, I know, that such a situation would be embarrassing to a degree.

Would she believe him? I regret to say that I fear she would not. His every passionate denial—all his detailed explanations trailing off to muttered incoherencies—would avail him naught. *Mais non;* he would be done for—cooked—*fini.*

Do you wonder then that I am in sympathy with my partner's suggestion? For I would fain save our wives the pain of such misunderstandings.

"What's the matter, Henree?" demanded my partner. "You look like you smell gas and couldn't locate it."

"Nothing, nothing! I was merely thinking."

"Well, don't let it occur ag'in. Paree is no place for that. It was meant for somethin' different. I tell you, I don't know a place in the whole world where you could ruin your health so agreeable as right here."

"You rung the bell that time, buddy," observed Mademoiselle La Rue.

Meanwhile Professor Stuffle was eating chocolate éclairs. He ate them with prodigious zest and enjoyment. Never have I seen a man so intrigued with confections.

"That's his ninth," whispered Mademoiselle Guinevere in alarm. "For the love of Pete! Say, professor, I don't want to spoil your day, but speaking as man to man, don't you reckon you've had about enough of them things? I had a cousin who et twelve once—and they found he'd let his insurance lapse."

"I suffer no inconvenience," was the placid reply, and he helped himself to another.

Up to now The Professor had been too preoccupied with his appetite to take much part in the conversation, but the edge having been taken off he proceeded to regale us with an account of the attractions of his home town. It might not possess the architectural beauties of more cosmopolitan centers such as Paris and Rome possibly, but as for him, give him the simpler, truer, nobler life. He had been in France only three days, but he wished he was back there right now in dear old Pansyville—he was that lonely.

"Maybe so," agreed M'sieu Joe. "But you don't see nothin' like that in your burg. *Regardez!*"

Indeed they were delicious. Though it is my wont to be carefully unobservant of such things, because Madame Giraud is inclined to be a trifle alert, still I could not but perceive that my partner's judgment was sound. None but a blind man could have been indifferent to such charms in fact, yet this Stuffle person discerned nothing more in the spectacle than an opportunity for a diatribe against the short skirt and other snares of our age. *Mon dieu,* it was irritating, for from that he digressed to the pitfalls that Paris held for incautious feet, and the terrible ways of women in general.

What wickedness he found in everything, did this M'sieu Stuffle! Evils we had never suspected he unearthed! I verily believe he would have draped the Venus de Milo in the Louvre could he have had his way. In vain did we try to steer the conversation into other channels. The Professor had his mind set on vice and could not be diverted into a cheerier vein. He plunged into a recital of things he had heard about French morals, which it certainly

(Continued on Page 67)

no good to hear, nor benefited him in the telling.

"Oh, you wicked old thing!" exclaimed Madem Guinevere. "I wouldn't have a mind like yours fo thing."

"Dad gum! You're a sin killer sure enough, ain't cried my partner. "Did you ever notice, Henree professional reformers think more about naughty ga us birds who ain't got any morals a-tall, you migh 'Pears like they got 'em on the brain. What do y 'em worry you for, ol'-timer? It ain't healthy."

This unexpected view of his attitude gave M'sieu pause.

He betrayed some confusion, and to cover it o more chocolate éclairs.

"Here's where we git rid of this bird," suggest partner in an aside.

"But how?"

"Leave it to me! Well, boys and girls, what's it to be? The professor wants to buy a drink," he ab announced.

M'sieu Stuffle's emotion was painful to witness turned red and started to protest; then thought be it and consulted his watch. Finally he blurted out would just have time to get to the bank before it and fairly bolted down the street.

As for us, we drove the young ladies to their hot they had a performance on that night, and then d what to do next.

"First," said M'sieu Hicks as we went along, "we to git shet of these uniforms. We're at a disadva Any guy can place us with one look; any guy see think he's got the right to come up and brace you you're nothin' but a buck private. Besides, what'd h if we tried to bust into one of these here gilded gin pa They'd call the bouncer or a gold brick. Officers It's got my goat, I tell you! *Ah, oui!*"

"True! And to have more freedom of action we to change our lodgings."

My partner assented.

"Let's send for the burgermeister of this burg a him we want a good billet toot sweet," he sug "And if he don't come across we'll clap a fine on hi

I hastily pointed out that dealing with the gover Paris was quite a different matter from dealing wi mayor of a German village, and M'sieu Hicks ad that my contention seemed reasonable. We repaire

Ah, M'sieu, What a City is Paris! Unbridled Gayety, Laughter, Never a Thought of To-Morrow's Reckoning. Adventures Everywhere; They Come to You Unsought

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THE CROSS PUL

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

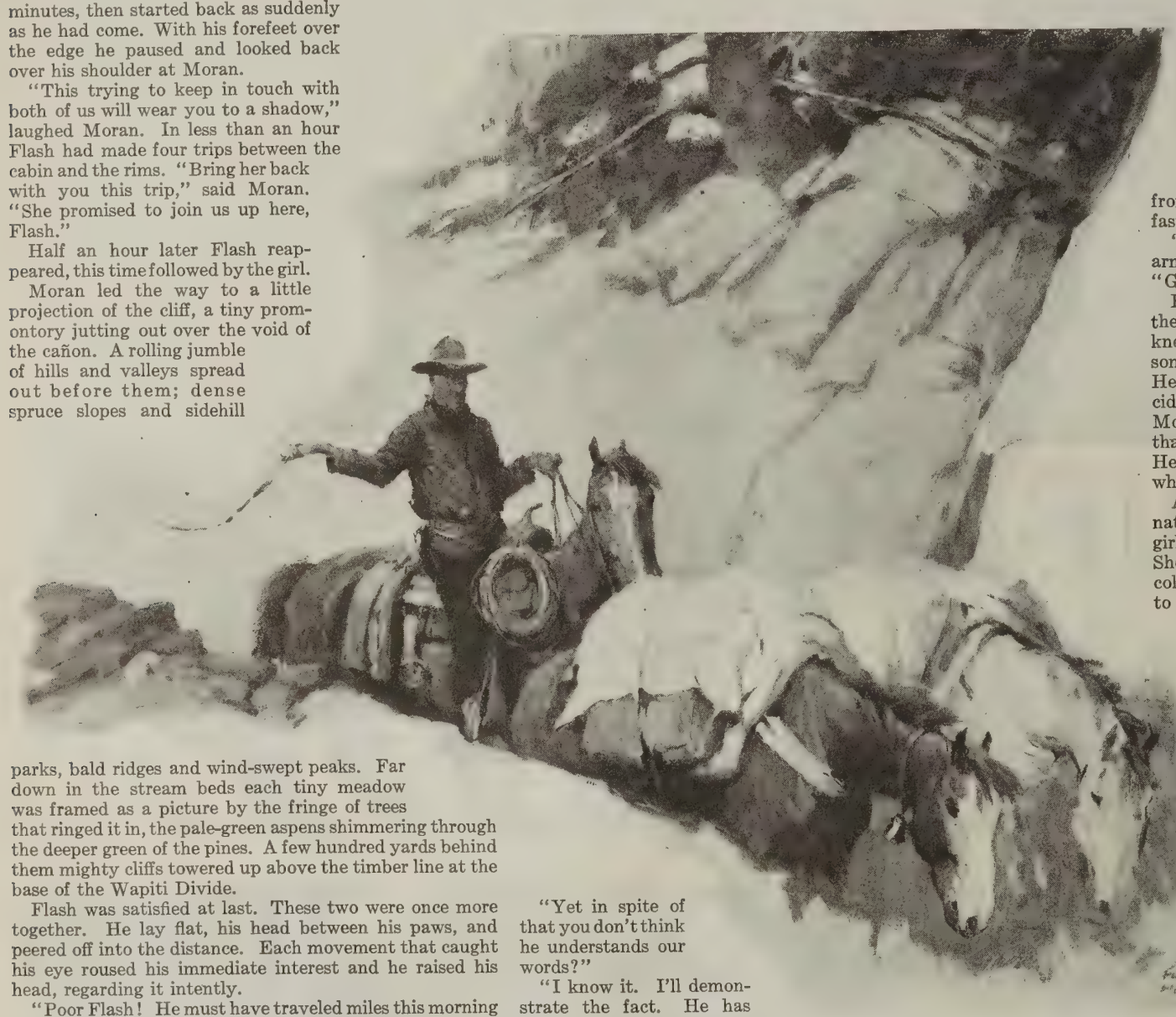
XIII

MORAN sat on a ledge of the rim rocks above the cañon viewing the country with his glasses. Flash appeared suddenly, coming up through a break in the rims. He lingered near Moran for a few minutes, then started back as suddenly as he had come. With his forefeet over the edge he paused and looked back over his shoulder at Moran.

"This trying to keep in touch with both of us will wear you to a shadow," laughed Moran. In less than an hour Flash had made four trips between the cabin and the rims. "Bring her back with you this trip," said Moran. "She promised to join us up here, Flash."

Half an hour later Flash reappeared, this time followed by the girl.

Moran led the way to a little projection of the cliff, a tiny promontory jutting out over the void of the cañon. A rolling jumble of hills and valleys spread out before them; dense spruce slopes and sidehill parks, bald ridges and wind-swept peaks. Far down in the stream beds each tiny meadow was framed as a picture by the fringe of trees that ringed it in, the pale-green aspens shimmering through the deeper green of the pines. A few hundred yards behind them mighty cliffs towered up above the timber line at the base of the Wapiti Divide.



There Sounded the Thud of Hoofs and the Jangle of Equipment as Dad Kinney's Pack Train Came Swinging Up the Trail

Flash was satisfied at last. These two were once more together. He lay flat, his head between his paws, and peered off into the distance. Each movement that caught his eye roused his immediate interest and he raised his head, regarding it intently.

"Poor Flash! He must have traveled miles this morning trying to keep in touch with both of us at the same time," said Betty, leaning to run her fingers through his hair. "Look at his eyes! They're positively human in their intelligence. I believe he knows every word we say. Don't you, Flash?" When she spoke his name Flash wagged his tail. "See!" she cried. "That proves it."

Moran smiled and shook his head.

"You make the common error of going to extremes," he said. "Men either consider that animals have no intelligence at all or credit them with too much. Flash does not understand one word except those sounds which from repetition he has come to associate with certain things. You probably do not understand Siwash or Chinese, yet that is no slur on your intelligence. By the same token it doesn't mean that Flash lacks intelligence because he has only the most limited understanding of what we say. On the contrary I believe him to be the very smartest animal I have ever known."

"So do I," she said. "But you have such an analytical mind that you probably know the cause as well as the fact. Tell me."

"His coyote brain," said Moran. "The coyote is the smartest animal alive, but men have not yet fully wakened to that fact. Men usually get their facts reversed, so it's not strange that they speak knowingly of the cowardly coyote while in reality he's one of the nerviest little rascals that ever breathed. Men can't exterminate them. There are more now than there were ten years ago. They're adaptable. The coyote was once strictly a prairie dweller, but he has increased his range to cover all these Western hills, north to British Columbia and east to Michigan. In a few years' time we'll hear of him ranging in the New England States and beyond the Arctic Circle. Remember that and see how my prophecy works out. Brains have enabled him to increase in the face of conditions which have put a value on his pelt and a price on his head. Flash has that brain."

"Yet in spite of that you don't think he understands our words?"

"I know it. I'll demonstrate the fact. He has heard me call you Betty a dozen times to-day, yet the repetition has been insufficient to cause him to connect that sound with you any more than any other word which I use frequently in speaking to you. On the other hand he does associate the word Moran with me. I'll show you."

He spoke to the dog and Flash looked up at him. Moran spoke the girl's name over and over again. Flash gazed at him, puzzled by this reiteration of the same sound. He inclined his head from side to side, his ears tipped forward alertly as he tried to understand. His attention was entirely centered on Moran and he never once looked at the girl.

"Now you try it," Moran instructed.

She spoke to Flash and as she talked he accorded her the same close attention with which he had favored Moran. Then she spoke Moran's name twice and Flash turned instantly and looked at him.

"It's true!" she cried. "You know so many queer things like that."

"He is physically incapable of speaking the words of men, and that renders him mentally incapable of understanding man's vocabulary except from repetition and association; but he can read tone inflection and know the spirit behind the words. However, he is intelligent enough to learn any trick or work within his physical limitations. Each lesson would have to start from some basic fact which he already knows and be gradually developed from that. For example, we could easily train him to be a liaison courier and to carry messages between us."

"How?" she asked. "Please show me."

"Starting from these few facts: He knows the word 'go' coupled with this motion—the outward swing of my arm. I taught him that in handling horses and cows. His present natural inclination is to travel back and forth between us. We would make use of that. At first he would not know where to go, but he would know that I was him away. From habit he would return to y could send him back to me by coupling the sar and motions with my name. Aside from the he knows my name, he wou rally look for me anyhow. I time he would see a definite behind it all and soon un what we expected of him."

The following few days w ones for Flash. The next Moran fashioned a collar fro hide thong and took Flash s tance from the cabin. He rol from his notebook round the t fastened it with a pin.

"Go, Flash!" he ordered, swi arm and pointing back toward t "Go! Go on, boy! Take it back

Flash bounded away in the di the cabin, stopped and looked b knew that Moran was ordering h somewhere. There were no horse He sat down and watched Mor cided as to what was expected Moran's insistent command ass that he was to go. He knew t He trotted about in eccentric ci whined. At last he started off.

As soon as he lost sight of M natural inclination was to retu girl and he made straight for t She unfastened the slip of paper collar, examined it at length a to Flash in words of praise, acc

Moran's insti
Then she on
fastened the p
collar and poi
the general
taken by Mor

"Go, boy!"
"Go! Moran
Take it to
Flash! Go!"

Flash knew was sending h He knew that of Moran, but was still hazy what was w him. Once merely followe ural inclinatic turned to Mo

Each time t peated they the paper the arrived at eith

amining it and praising Flash, at the same time h note out for him to inspect. After a few trips he was expected of him—traveled between them wi tain knowledge that this was what was meant by mands. However, the reason for this was not him as the mere fact itself. At last the light dawn—slowly at first, then with a sudden full of the truth. This from constant repetition of The paper was each time held out for him to sni it meant nothing to him. Then in a vague way know that it concerned these trips. When eithe Moran picked up a slip of paper Flash was insta knowing he was soon to be started out. He s men had means of communication which were comprehension. This paper was a message— standing between these two delivered through medium.

He had no conception whatever of the writ When the paper was held out to him he invaria with nose instead of eyes. His most dependable that of smell. There must be some scent to this which these two read its significance. For a time longingly at each paper, but its scent told him n at last he gave it up. His was not the mind of mind which ever strives to fathom the very t smack of mystery. There was no particle of us himself over what he knew to be beyond his unde He was content to carry this thing because they

The little nose of the cañon wall, which M picked that first morning, afforded a wonderf over a wide expanse of country and the girl s time there with him.

(Continued on Page 36)

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 34)

Flash knew that a change had come into the relations of these two. That first strangeness had been swept away. He sensed a new sweet current in its place, felt its growth from day to day. He read it in their voices; caught vibrations of which they themselves were unaware.

Life was now bright for Flash. The two extremes in him were satisfied. These two whom he worshiped were together and he could revel in the combined love of both. When that other urge came, when the wolf strain rose rampant and uppermost, he ran with the phantom pack and killed—killed joyously and with no fear of hard-running horses on his trail.

Moran partially understood the conflict of inherited instincts which swayed Flash's every move. As nearly as possible he explained all this to the girl.

"Every action has two sides for him," he told her. "There's a cross pull exerted on every act of his life—the opposite longings of dog and wolf. He has struck the strangest compromise I've ever known. Instead of being a mixture at all times like most crosses of his kind he swings like a pendulum from wild to tame. It is as if the warring strains in Flash had never fused; that he is two distinct animals in one—two spirits that alternate in their rule over the same flesh—one gentle and loving, the other ruthless and savage in the extreme. Do you get what I mean?"

"Yes, it's true," she said. "He's the most loving, most faithful dog I ever knew. That lobo howl he gives when he goes off alone and reverts to the wolf—it's the most savage sound in the world—it fairly drips with death. Those two strains you speak of—instead of flowing in a dull blend each has been strengthened, sharpened by the clash until each extreme has built up a powerful individuality of its own."

"There!" said Moran. "You've analyzed it. Those words are a complete summing up of the soul of Flash—at least as far as mortal mind is capable of understanding the soul of a dog."

Moran handed his glasses to the girl.

"I won't be gone long," he said. "I'm going after something I want you to see. I've had my eye on it for days."

Flash followed him down the game trail into the cañon. Moran stooped occasionally and picked up something which he dropped into his hat. He had long since killed an elk for meat and brought the slender store of canned goods from his cache, but she had craved something fresh—and he was gathering the first of the delicious wild strawberries of the season. Flash scoured the adjacent slopes.

An hour later Moran stopped at the cabin. He washed the tiny red berries in the icy spring and placed them in a tin dish. A can of condensed cream, the one chief treasure of his cache, he slipped into his pocket as he started for the rims. Halfway up Flash joined him, a small striped animal dangling limply from his jaws. He carried it to the point of rocks and deposited it gravely beside the girl.

"Flash, you old sweetheart!" she laughed. "How like a man you are! You woo me with delicacies from the hills as a man would with chocolates, dinners and wine. It's the male instinct to feed the she he loves."

She glanced up and saw Moran. He too had brought her food, and for one brief instant she could not meet his eyes, but looked off across the hills, wondering if he had heard. Then she turned and stretched forth her hand.

"Oh! Give them to me!" she said. "I'm starved for something fresh."

She ate them slowly, lingeringly, and thanked him with each bite. Moran had heard! That note which Flash had so long since detected in his voice was no longer an undertone, but was now so apparent in each word he spoke that the girl could read it and know what it held out to her. She thrilled to it, craved its full expression—and knew that it could never be fulfilled.

They spoke but little. Dusk settled down round them. A soft violet haze drifted across the hills, shaded to purple, and the deeper valleys swam in obscurity below them while the sun still glinted brilliantly from the snow caps of far-off divides. The girl's heart was touched with the shadows, while Moran's was alight with the sparkling reflection from the peaks. At last all was night except one gleaming spot—the blaze of snow on the most lofty point in the Sunlight Peaks.

Then Moran turned and held her close in his arms. She stayed there, clung to him for a long minute. As the last light faded from the distant point she drew away.

"Maybe it was wrong," she said. "But I'm only human. Right or wrong—I had to have my one minute with you. Besides, I wanted you to know. You would rather it that way—once—even though we can't go on wi I've made one big unutterable mistake—the worst can make."

Moran attempted to speak, but she shook her he

"It meant everything at the time. It means a deal now; enough so that I'd do almost anything—bu the thing I did. I couldn't since this has come t Some day I'll tell you what it is—sometime soon, you go. You're so understanding with animals, so tol of their faults, that you may find some extenuation for

"Whatever you have done won't matter a straw said. "I don't even care to know what it is. Y mine by every natural law. And I want you—now

"Not now," she said. "Sometime perhaps. I tell—only hope. But if that time ever comes I prom send for you. Will you be satisfied with that?"

"For now," he assented, "but not for long. The o outstanding fact is that we belong. Nothing, abso not one thing that I can think of can stand for long a that fact. It's a natural law—the most compelling Nature. If there is any man-made convention says it is wrong we'll shatter it."

He swept her to him, held her close, and kisse again. The lobo cry rolled up out of the valley swept past them and clanged against the cliff face bel savage, powerful, exultant.

Moran released her and stepped back.

"I won't do that again, but I wanted you to be You heard that cry. I've never had a mate. I've long years for the right one. You've given me you That's all that matters to me. I've lived so long among wild things that perhaps I've absorbed so their philosophy of life. I'll keep that love you've me. Not one drop shall go to another man until y it. If there's no other way to keep it for ourselves I it as the beast that made that cry would keep it—as would keep his mate!"

XIV

A MAN may learn to stalk and study one anim then hopelessly bungle the matter when he t approach the next, because he is prone to attribu

(Continued on Page 38)

Flash Stood Bristling, Backing Inch by Inch, Impelled Against His Will by the Stern Insistence of His Master's Voice

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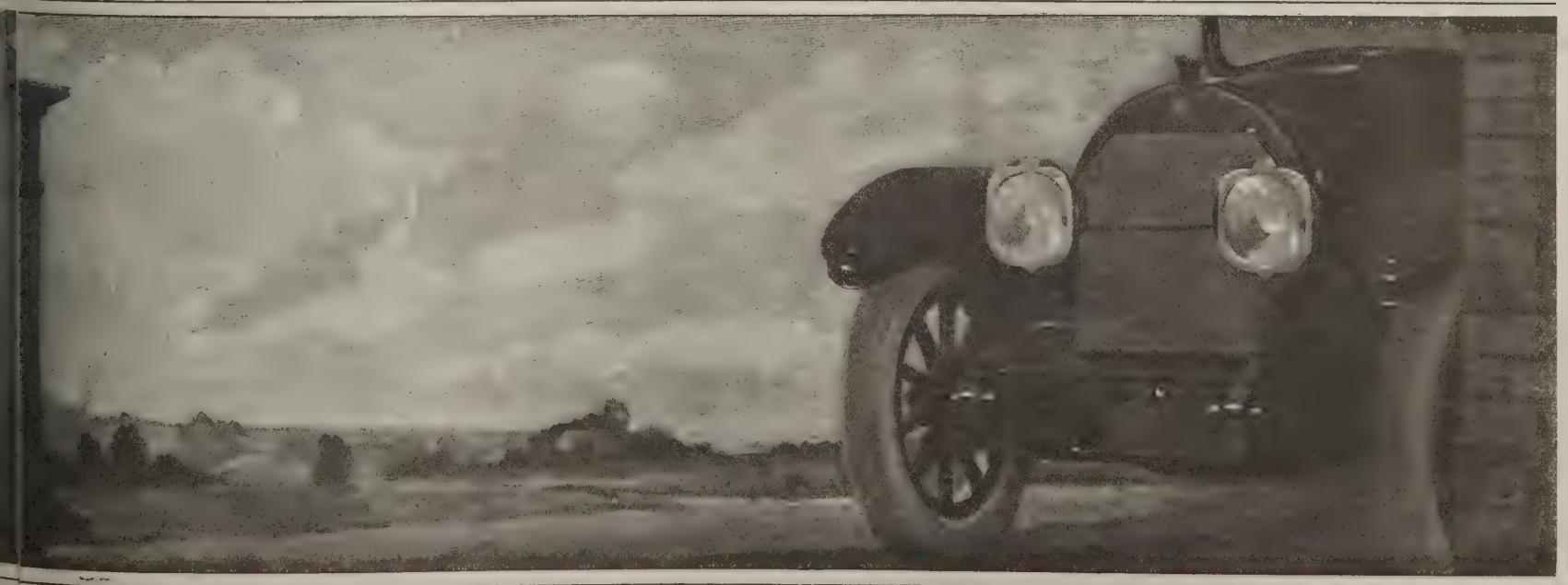


(Continued from Page 36)

same qualities to all. Nature has endowed each species with some peculiarity of its own—some method of protection for itself and young. Both Moran and Flash had learned these things and Moran had told Betty many strange problems which Nature has worked out—things about which few men know the truth.

She lay flat on her favorite point of rocks thinking of what had transpired there the night before. She frequently rested her elbows on the ledge and swept the far hills with Moran's glasses, examining each slope and open park for signs of game. From all those things Moran had told her she now had a keener, more intelligent interest in the animal world. Little ways and habits of each species, formerly meaningless, now carried a greater significance in the light of this new knowledge.

She saw a bunch of cow elk feeding along the edge of an opening in the spruce. She no longer wondered why there was not a single calf with so large a band of cows. She knew that the calves were lying motionless far back in the timber. This was one of the curious things Moran had told her.

For a calf elk gives off no scent. The coyote, the keenest-nosed animal of all the wild, will pass a few feet down wind from a newborn calf and never know; and a coyote can scent a mouse for a hundred yards down wind!

When moving, the lamb of the mountain sheep looms up whitely against the green meadows of his lofty home above timber line, but when the old ewe leaves her offspring she caches him with an eye for details. Even the piercing eye of the circling eagle cannot pick the motionless sleeping lamb from among the white rocks of a bowlder field.

The sun dapples down spottedly through the leaves of the trees and mingles with the spotted coat of the blacktail fawn. In later life this changes with the deer.

Bucks travel much during that season which white men have named Indian Summer and which the Indians know as the season of the Short Blue Moon. A bluish haze hangs in the hills; the sagebrush on the open slopes between the trees takes on a blue-gray tinge—and the new fall coat of the blacktail blends in with the color scheme.

Each animal has some one sense more highly developed than the rest and on this one supersense he mainly relies.

The antelope of the open plains has only fair nose and ears, but wonderful all-seeing eyes. The white hairs on an antelope's rump are stiff and this white patch bristles, each hair standing out, when the animal is alarmed. The sun flashes on this sparkling white field and in a few brief moments every antelope within many miles is made aware that there is danger abroad on the plains from these signals flashed from band to band.

Elk, whose range is both in the timber and on broken slopes which seldom afford a clear field of view, find less use for their eyes. Their vision is very good, but not exceptional. It is an even break whether nose or ears first warn them of approaching enemies.

The bear lives more in the down-timbered gorges and gloomy pockets of the hills. He has nearsighted eyes. If a man stands motionless it is difficult for a bear to distinguish man from stump. He may hear a sound which warns him—but if he catches one least whiff of scent he knows!

Out above the timber line the mountain sheep beds down upon some dizzy pinnacle, sweeps the hills with his telescopic eye and defies his enemies to approach unseen. Scent seems to mean little to him, and sound evidently means nothing at all. Some men claim that the constant falling of storm-loosened rocks among his native peaks has rendered him careless of sound, that each noise is attributed to the clatter of a rolling stone. Others assert that the battering, smashing fights between ram and ram in the running moon shatter the ear-drums and deafen them. Either may be true. The fact remains that the hearing of ewes is better than that of rams.

The girl thought of these things as she located each new kind with the glasses. She saw Flash staring steadily at the face of the cliff behind. Three rams were moving along the sheer wall. It seemed impossible that even a lizard could cling to it. Not even a wolf, lithe and active as he is, can follow the bighorn sheep and it is a question whether even the mountain lion can keep in sight of him at all times. A ram's hind feet are sharp, his front feet larger, each forefoot fitted with two oval, non-skid pads. He can jump ten feet along the sheer face of a cliff and land safely on a projecting nose of rock no larger than a foot across. In this way he tacks fearlessly from ledge to ledge along the dizzy wall of any precipice.

Betty studied these three rams with even more interest than any other animals she had seen. Moran had told her that they were his favorites of all horned game.

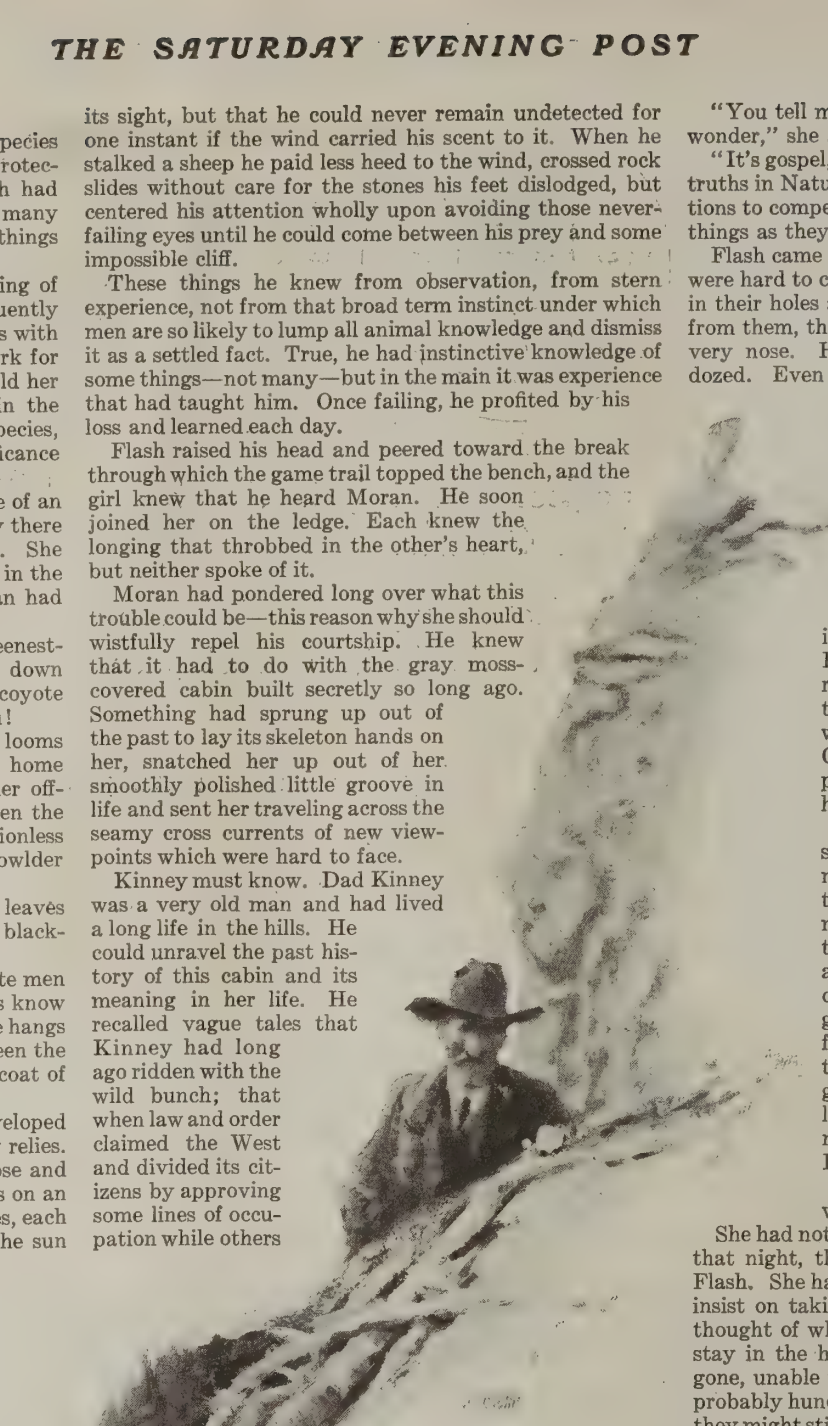
Flash knew all these things; knew that those rams were safe from him—temporarily safe at least. When he stalked his meat he was well aware of the individual abilities of his prey. He would move upwind on an elk, crouching motionless when it looked his way, knowing he might escape its sight, but that he could never remain undetected for one instant if the wind carried his scent to it. When he stalked a sheep he paid less heed to the wind, crossed rock slides without care for the stones his feet dislodged, but centered his attention wholly upon avoiding those never-failing eyes until he could come between his prey and some impossible cliff.

These things he knew from observation, from stern experience, not from that broad term instinct under which men are so likely to lump all animal knowledge and dismiss it as a settled fact. True, he had instinctive knowledge of some things—not many—but in the main it was experience that had taught him. Once failing, he profited by his loss and learned each day.

Flash raised his head and peered toward the break through which the game trail topped the bench, and the girl knew that he heard Moran. He soon joined her on the ledge. Each knew the longing that throbbed in the other's heart, but neither spoke of it.

Moran had pondered long over what this trouble could be—this reason why she should wistfully repel his courtship. He knew that it had to do with the gray moss-covered cabin built secretly so long ago. Something had sprung up out of the past to lay its skeleton hands on her, snatched her up out of her smoothly polished little groove in life and sent her traveling across the seamy cross currents of new viewpoints which were hard to face.

Kinney must know. Dad Kinney was a very old man and had lived a long life in the hills. He could unravel the past history of this cabin and its meaning in her life. He recalled vague tales that Kinney had long ago ridden with the wild bunch; that when law and order claimed the West and divided its citizens by approving some lines of occupation while others were frowned upon Kinney had been one of those to remain outside.



When Within Thirty Feet of the Girl the Man Knelt Behind a Waist-High Mass of Fallen Lodge-Pole Trunks

Flash rose and stretched, yawned widely and trotted off along the rim, turning where the game trail dipped down into the cañon.

"He's off again," Moran observed. "He'll turn wolf again for the next hour or two."

"Would he ever turn all wolf?" she asked. "Leave us and never come back?"

"Not unless he lost us," said Moran. "Then he would. The hold most men have on him is small. He might even leave us for a while in midwinter, the mating time of wolves. It's hard to say."

She turned the glasses on the lower country to search for Flash. Through an opening of the trees she could see the sheen of water, a beaver pond where a colony of them had dammed a stream until the water backed up and flooded a thicket of willows and birch. She saw the ripple as one moved across the pond and she watched him climb out upon the dam. A porcupine waddled across an open park. Then Flash came into the field of her glasses, creeping stealthily across a meadow, his belly close to the grass. He made a sudden mighty leap, then clawed frantically at the ground. Several times he repeated this maneuver.

"Look! Can you see him?" she asked. "What in the world is he doing now?"

"Trying to catch a picket-pin for you," said Moran.

"Picket-pin?" she inquired. "And who is he—this pin?"

"You've seen them," Moran explained. "Those slender little ground squirrels. They balance on their hind feet, standing motionless until they look like a stake an inch through and six inches long. It's hard to distinguish them from the stakes men drive to picket their night horses, then move on and leave them behind, sticking up out of the grass. They're called picket-pin gophers out here, from the fact that each newcomer finds it hard to relinquish the notion that he can walk up and tie his horse to one."

"You tell me so many strange things that I soo wonder," she accused.

"It's gospel," he assured her. "There are so mar truths in Nature that I couldn't begin to think up tions to compete with them. Besides, I want you things as they really are."

Flash came back without his prey. These little s were hard to catch; had an exasperating way of vi in their holes at the very instant his jaws were bu from them, then chattering and scolding from ben very nose. He sprawled contentedly on the r dozed. Even in his sleep the significance of eac penetrated his consciousness. T of their conversation did not him. A red squirrel broke int uble chatter in a tree below One eye flickered open for an closed again. A wheeling hawk s harshly overhead and drew only ing of one ear. Then he was s alert, standing erect on the ed cañon wall, his hair bristling, a l in his throat as he looked off across From far away there had sounded t report of a rifle. He knew that thi the presence of men. His though whirled back to those who lived Ocean Pass; those who had only peared near here, and who once had harm the girl.

"I wonder who that could have said Moran. "Evidently someon meat. I hardly think Kinney cou through Rampart Pass with horses more days. Besides, that was too f the country for him. He'd have almost even with us. Harmon exp come in from the other way. They h gated him to pick the most feasible r forest-service pack trail from the gap through to the lake and blaze a game trails that link up clear throu light Gap should be nearly free of now, so perhaps he has come in. T I'll go down that way and see."

"You mustn't go," she said. "we care who it is?"

She had not told him of the men she had stumbl that night, the men who would have taken he Flash. She had feared that if Moran knew of this insist on taking her out of these hills at once. thought of what awaited her back there—and d stay in the hills. She had thought that those gone, unable to find her hiding place, and that t probably hundreds of miles away. This shot indic they might still be in the hills. She could not risk a between them and Moran.

"Don't try to find out who it was," she urg might turn out to be some stranger—not Ha Kinney at all."

"It wouldn't matter," he said. "Any man in would be glad to give me a part of his food supply variety wouldn't be a bad thing for us."

"I have a perfectly good reason to think that s from someone I don't want you to meet," she "Let's go back to the cabin and I'll tell you what

Flash did not follow them down the trail. He the rim, trotting from one point of vantage to peering across the hills for some sign of the man fired the shot.

XV

WHEN Flash returned to the cabin he did and sprawl before the fire as was his custom. he remained outside, watchful and alert. He ears to catch all sounds and his nose quivered eag sampled each shift of wind under the trees. trotted down to the game trail and followed it a dred yards downstream. He wanted to know the of that shot; to be sure of the exact location of who had fired it. He was well aware that as lon light lasted he was handicapped. He could, of cou a party at long range; sometimes in favorable could approach unseen, but such observations we unsatisfactory. Besides, there was always an el danger in this daylight scouting, the odds heavil him, and he was far too smart to take such chan

"Flash knows that some man is within a few us," said Moran. "That shot has worried hi start off to investigate before long." He called side and closed the door. "Just to keep hi trouble," he explained.

Flash read his purpose and whined uneasily, s at the door. He prowled along the wall, shoving against the cracks where the chinking had drop between the logs as he tried to scent the outside

Moran had made use of a convenient arrang windfall logs some fifty yards from the cabin,

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(Continued from Page 38)

the sloping top with spruce bows and spreading over them the hide of the elk he had killed. An hour after dark he unrolled his blankets in this retreat and lay smoking his pipe and pondering over what the girl had told him. The fact of the men having been in this high country so early in the spring indicated that they might have wintered here. If this was the case they might even now be lingering in the hills—some band of hunted fugitives.

Inside the cabin Flash was waiting. At last the regular breathing of the girl announced to him that she slept. He reared up, placing his forepaws against the wall beside the door. The latch was but a beam, one end working on a wooden pivot and the other fitting down into a slot notched in the wall. Flash lifted the bar with his teeth and gave a backward wrench. The door gave toward him and the clatter of the heavy beam roused the girl.

"Flash!" she called.

But Flash was gone. He was gliding down the slope, a gray shadow slipping through the trees. Without a pause he made straight for the spot where the men had camped on that other night. The vivid memory of the fight in the dripping fog was fresh in his mind and led him to that place as a starting point because he associated it with men.

He circled it swiftly. There was no taint of man. He rambled on, nose uplifted to catch the side currents of air that blew in from each opening gulch. Tiny streams trickled from the larger of these draws; a second creek forged in and the two plunged on together to the Thoroughfare. Still he held to the bottoms until he knew that he was too far west.

A creek flowed in from the south and he turned and followed it upstream. It forked and he chose the eastern branch and eventually came out upon a ridge.

Below him lay another valley, a feather-veined network of streams. The ridge on which he stood swept away, stretching up to the parent divide, myriad cañon heads dropping away from it. Five miles along it, one among hundreds, the cañon which sheltered the cabin headed against this same ridge.

Flash knew the habits of men. They would be camped in the valley below along some one of the stream beds. It was not their custom to camp on ridges or away from water. He stopped, undecided whether to drop down and continue his hunt or to follow the ridge back to the cabin. His was not the mind of man, the mind which reasons out a plan of action and follows it tenaciously to the end; therefore he did not have the continuity of purpose that is solely the heritage of man. Only along certain lines, the few great natural laws that sway the flesh, was he capable of long-sustained concentration. When hunger pressed him he hunted tirelessly for food. When in danger his mind was wholly concerned with escaping it. In the mating moon of his tribe he would listen to its call, the urge of the season keeping ever uppermost in his mind as he searched for a she-wolf with whom to mate; and always there was running like a guiding thread through all other thoughts his great love for Betty and Moran. Every animal act hinges directly upon the first three fundamentals—food to maintain life, caution to retain life, and mating of the sexes to reproduce and perpetuate life. Analysis of any one move will prove it to be actuated by one of these dominating three—that the animal mind does not soar above these primary elements. Added to these, the dog alone of all beasts is given a fourth—his faithful, unwavering allegiance to man.

In all other things Flash was one with all animals—and the majority of men—in that only those things of immediate concern could hold his undivided interest for long; other issues would creep in to detract from the first, to share or overshadow the importance of the original design.

So it was with this. His desire to be near Betty and Moran now seemed paramount. He set off along the ridge toward the cabin; the idea that had urged him from it was still in his mind, but was now relegated to a place of minor importance.

If the men were camped in the opposite valley they were too distant to mean harm to-night. To-morrow could invariably be taken care of when it came. He wanted to be with Moran and the girl right now!

Nevertheless, in following out this latest impulse he achieved the first. He found the trail. Five horses had angled from a cañon and topped the ridge, turning up the country along its crest. Flash followed this trail swiftly. It was warm—scarce an hour old.

When within half a mile of the game trail that led down to his own destination he caught a faint trace of man scent and knew that the men had dismounted. He knew, too, that they had moved on. Any dog can tell the trail scent or the odor left behind by men from the actual body scent itself. Flash sped to the spot, using no caution in his approach.

The two men had lingered for some time, one of them leaning against a single gnarled tree which stood on the ridge. Flash bristled and snarled as he neared it. Old half-dormant hates welled up within him. Flash had lately found all men to be his enemies, and he hated and feared them as a whole without singling out each latest individual who sought his life. That was the wolf in him—the attitude of all wolves toward all men. These hates that now bubbled up in him came from back beyond the days of his running wild in the hills; from the days when he had been more dog than wolf and had formed an individual estimate of each man as he met him.

In those days of his impressionable puppyhood only one man had continuously mistreated him. That man had come to typify all that was mean in the human race and upon him was concentrated the hate roused by the deeds of the many. This had long been passive, but it was there and it flamed with the old intensity at this trace of his old enemy.

The scent came strong and it was clearly, unmistakably that of Brent.

The two men had separated and there was no continuation of Brent's trail. The horses had turned down a cañon that was next to the one which sheltered the cabin and Flash knew that Brent had remounted and gone that way; that where he found the horses he would find Brent.

The other man had gone on along the ridge on foot. If Brent had continued on foot the hate would have urged Flash to follow his trail instead of that of the stranger. Animals deal more with actualities than with probabilities. Flash's brain told him the trail of the horses would lead him to Brent, but the other's trail was actual, warm and fresh under his very nose. Also the stranger's way led nearer to the cabin and so coincided with his wish to return to it—and he chose that way.

If Flash had overtaken him it is possible that from associating him with Brent he might have torn him down without added incentive. However, he did not overtake him, for the man he followed had reached the end of his trail.

Flash reached the game trail which crossed the saddle in the ridge and dipped down the cañon. The man had followed it. Flash increased his speed. When he reached the last break in the rims the man's tracks still led down toward the cabin.

A sound reached Flash, a far faint sound too muffled and indistinct to have reached the ears of man, but which told him many things. He could not catch the words, but he knew the voice. It was her voice and the vibrations were those of deadly fear.

For the first time in his life Flash answered a human voice with the lobo howl.

XVI

THE man had slipped cautiously to the cabin, his feet making no sound on the soft pine-straw carpet and leaf mold on the slope. The door stood open and he peered inside. The last rays of the dying fire threw a fitful illumination across the bunk where the girl lay rolled in her blanket. She was alone and he stepped inside.

At the first footfall she opened her eyes, thinking that for some reason Moran had come to waken her. It might be that Dad Kinney had come at last.

Then she saw that he was neither of these. The man wore Western apparel which was so new as to seem out of place. The broad brim of his hat was stiff and straight, announcing only a few days of wear. Unversed as she was in such matters, she still knew that this was an Eastern man garbed out in new regalia which he deemed suitable for the West. The hat shaded his face, but his presence in the cabin was like a contagion of evil and she knew him—and screamed.

"Clark!" she cried. "Clark Moran! Flash! Flash!"

Then he was beside her, sitting on the edge of the bunk and reaching out to take her in his arms.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," he said. "No one can hear you. A long hunt has ended. We'll have our honeymoon after all—a trifle belated, perhaps, but all the sweeter for that."

She noted the gun swinging at his hip and feared for Moran should she call again. She braced her hands against his chest. The blanket fell back and the man's arms gripped her more convulsively.

He sprang suddenly erect, his face paling as a sudden awful cry rang out in the cañon.

At the first note from the girl Moran had leaped from his blankets, snatching his belt from beneath his rolled coat, which answered for a pillow.

He jerked the heavy automatic from the holster and dropped the belt as he ran. Before the man had recovered from the shock of the lobo howl Moran had him covered from the door.

Dim as the light was, Moran still recognized the handsome, dissipated face of Luther Nash. A cold apprehension clutched him—a sudden thought that Nash was at the bottom of this reason why Betty could not give herself to him; that she might have come under his influence as so many others had before. However, when he spoke there was no sign of these thoughts reflected in his voice.

"All right, Nash, you can start explaining now," he said.

Before Nash could reply a gray shape landed on the sill and made one twelve-foot leap straight for his throat. The man shrank back a step, both arms upflung to protect his face. This backward step and the length of the spring caused Flash to fall short and his teeth only tore one leather sleeve. Before he could spring again, even before his feet were on the floor, Moran's warning thundered in his ears. There was no mistaking cerity of his tone.

"Flash! You Flash! Down!" he roared.

Flash stood bristling in front of Nash, backing inch by inch, impelled against his will by the sistence of his master's voice. He knew that I unhurt, that Moran did not wish him to kill this he knew, too, that the stranger was an enemy to Then he noticed that Moran's gun menaced Nash must intend to kill this man himself. Flash bac to where the girl sat upright on the bunk, her bla close about her. He stood guard there, his hair and his lips drawn back from the dripping fangs first time the girl really knew the absolute sava was part of Flash.

Moran spoke again, his voice as flat as before.

"All right, Nash, you can go on now and s case," he said.

Nash's nerves were twitching from the nearn beast, who seemed eager to try for his throat a he sensed that he had an implacable judge in M strove for self-control.

"Watch that hound," he said hoarsely. "I'm business. She's mine and I've come to take my o

"She may have been yours once," Moran "Whatever she may have been to you is past. Y is smashed. She's mine from now on out."

The girl knew then that he had spoken the tr he had held her in his arms and told her that he w regardless of what had gone before. In that reservations were swept aside.

"How did you guess that you could find h Moran inquired.

"That article in the papers," said Nash. " girl who turned up in a little town at the foot o and bought a blanket, a few articles of underw walking suit. She caught the Shoshone stage, miles below the upper ranger station and dis The Eastern papers took it up—and I knew i charming runaway wife."

Moran turned, and the girl's white face conf truth of this assertion, but her eyes looked un into his.

It was this name, now hers, that she had so d wave of nausea swept him at the thought of her wife of a beast like Nash.

Nash sought to take advantage of this long loo them and his hand stole nearer to the gun at his tensed his muscles for a spring and his snarl warn His gun steadied as his eyes came back to Nas

"Very well, Nash. I've heard you out," he sa can be going now."

"Going! Me?" Nash exclaimed. "Do you you're going to keep my wife here with you?"

"Just that," said Moran. "Your ideas of prop to have undergone a change since last we met. charge of your gun and you can start."

He pulled Nash's gun from its holster and ste He knew that Nash could not have found his into the hills alone.

"Who is with you?" he asked.

"I came alone."

His eyes slipped away from Moran's as he ar

"Then you fired that shot I heard this aft notice considerable elk hair on your clothes. an elk for meat?"

Nash nodded assent and Moran flipped out th of the gun and squinted through the barrel towa snapped it shut and looked at Nash.

"You can trot along back to the men who l elk," he said, motioning to the door.

Nash felt safe since he had been deprived of more secure than while he had worn it. He finger at Moran.

"I'll break you for this, Moran!" he threatene you know there is such a thing as law? You between man and wife."

He turned to the girl.

"You think you tricked me! Remember means when I go! The pretty little story of this to the world."

He waited for her answer, but it did not co turned back to Moran.

"A fine case you'll have! She lied to me—n to get a few proofs that won't matter in the end me—walked to the door with her arm round the damn him, and ran! What do you think the have in store for a pair like you?"

"We'll take a chance," said Moran.

A load seemed lifted from his heart. She h Nash; by his own admission she had beaten h own game, whatever that game had been; she forced to marry him to gain her purpose, then fle and defeated his.

"Nash, there are no courts within a hundred said. "Some day in our own good time we'll co

(Continued on Page 169)

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LIBERTY SIX

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By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Wood for Fuel

IN RECENT years wood has supplied about 15 per cent of the fuel used in the United States. Wherever this common material can be obtained without resort to uneconomical methods of handling and careless methods of cutting the use of wood is most desirable as a means not only of saving coal but of saving railroad cars at a rather critical time. The use of wood, of course, is advocated on the assumption that consumers will do nothing to endanger our future supply of timber.

Especially in rural districts much wood is produced that is unfit for any use other than as fuel. In many woodlands thinnings and improvement cuttings not only do no injury but often act as a stimulus to increased production and improved quality of timber. The preparation of wood for fuel in most localities does not increase the demands on labor, for winter time on our farms is a season when both men and horses are usually idle. Furthermore, it is true that even in this day of supposed conservation there is amazing wood waste at many plants engaged in the manufacture of wood products. A near-by market for wood as fuel would be a decided benefit to all concerned, especially if it is possible to substitute team-hauled wood for rail-hauled coal.

One authority estimates that in seventeen of our Eastern and Central states there is a rural population of twenty million people who use eighteen million tons of coal each year. This investigator believes that the coal consumption referred to can be cut down not less than 3,000,000 tons by using wood. This would release 75,000 railroad cars for other use.

The most reliable estimates appear to indicate the consumption of about 100,000,000 cords of wood for fuel annually in this country. The total value of this wood at present is approximately $350,000,000. The best figures available show more than three billion cords of firewood standing in the United States. The rate of consumption on an average farm is about twelve cords a year. At this rate a majority of our Eastern farms have enough wood available to last them fifty years, during which time there should be ample opportunity for considerable replacement.

Woodcutters are paid from $2.50 to $4 a cord, and a skilled workman should cut two cords of hardwood or from three to four cords of softwood a day. These figures cover the cost of preparing the timber in four-foot lengths. If it is cut sled length more wood can be produced. Ordinary sawing outfits cost from $300 to $600, depending on the horse power and the size of the saw. Many farmers have gasoline or kerosene engines or tractors, and the adding of a small portable saw to their present outfit would not add largely to their initial outlay. As to the expense of hauling wood, the average cost is about 70 cents a cord per mile. Dry wood weighs about 3650 pounds a cord; green wood, 5200 pounds.

Nothing is of greater importance in preparing wood fuel than a proper seasoning of the product. The best time for seasoning is in the late spring and summer. Most kinds of wood require nine or ten months to season thoroughly, but the moisture content of the more common species of woods can be reduced to 30 or 35 per cent in 90 days. Green wood has a heating value of about 80 per cent of that of dry wood. Wood that has been seasoned three months has a fuel value of about 90 per cent of the thoroughly seasoned product.

Docks Illuminated by Floodlighting Projectors

As to burning wood, the matter of adjusting drafts and arranging the grates is not insurmountable. The chief difficulty is likely to rise from the deficient size of the fire box, which trouble can be overcome by cutting the wood into small sticks or blocks. Contrary to popular belief, there are very few coal-burning stoves and furnaces in which wood cannot be burned. The simplest and most effective way to use wood in a coal furnace is to combine it with coal. The wood should be put in first and the coal used to fill the crevices. A coal saving of 30 to 40 per cent can thus be effected. Such a fire needs frequent attention, as it is consumed more rapidly than an all-coal fire.

The composition of dry wood is about as follows: Carbon, 49 per cent; oxygen, 44 per cent; hydrogen, 6 per cent; ash, 1 per cent. A pound of dry wood will give the consumer from 7000 to 9000 British thermal units; a pound of good coal will furnish from 12,000 to 15,000 units. It is therefore evident that dry wood is about 59 per cent as efficient as coal. The heating power of seasoned wood varies in direct ratio to its specific gravity. Water weighs about 62 pounds a cubic foot; dry wood weighs 31 pounds; hence the specific gravity of wood when thoroughly seasoned is about 0.50. The presence of rosin in wood will sometimes increase its fuel value 10 to 12 per cent. A short ton of wood contains about 500 pounds of water, 1480 pounds of wood substance and 20 pounds of ash. Every pound of water combined in wood requires 1108 units of heat to evaporate it. However, the heating power of a given quantity of green wood is not so far below that of the same wood after it has been dried.

Only about 5 per cent of all the wood used as fuel is consumed in the industries, the remaining 95 per cent being burned for domestic purposes. It would be silly to suggest that wood fuel can be utilized fully to remedy the troubles that rise from our periodic coal shortages, but it is no exaggeration to say that the more universal burning of wood would afford untold relief.

There is no certainty that the coal industry will be wholly free of labor troubles in coming months; in fact, the reverse situation appears more likely. Many an industrial plant and many a community could tide over an emergency for a couple of weeks if there were only a neat pile of wood stacked in the back yard. Under good conditions two cords of wood will furnish the heat equivalent of about one ton of coal

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New Se ligh

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matching is necessary, the greatest recent advanc
art of illumination is in the development of the
searchlight. This wonderful new device has come
a war necessity. It is, of course, true that we had
lights before the recent world struggle commenc
the demands of war rushed the perfecting of the
light as years of peace would not have done. The
is: How can we adapt this new machine to our pe
pursuits?

The manager of one great searchlight plant sta
during the intensive manufacture of these light
shop for war purposes his output totaled 2475 searc
representing a total candle power of one hundr
seventy-five billion. If all these lights were rolle
single projector of high-intensity type the one
would have a mirror of 870 inches diameter; it w
quire a current of 87,500 amperes; the beam wo
full sunlight at a distance of one and one-tenth
would give ordinary outdoor daylight at five a
tenths miles; comfortable illumination at thirty-fiv
and sufficient light for rough work at seventy-eigh
If full moonlight is all that is desired the beam wo
this degree of illumination at three hundred a
miles. With these astonishing figures in mind, who
what the range of the coming searchlight will actu

When the war commenced the standard searchli
a sixty-inch affair of no small power. Owing to th
brought about by war emergency we now have
inch searchlight that weighs only one-tenth as
the prewar light. It costs only one-third as
thirteen per cent more powerful, and consists of o
dred parts as against several thousand parts for
design. It is much stronger and can be produce
than one-fourth the time required to produce th
model. Its fabrication has been so simplified
special tools are needed in its manufacture.

Outside the source of light the important featur
modern searchlight is the mirror, or reflecting
which must have a consistent curve, no part of its
departing perceptibly from the optical conditions
When we remember that the light source at the
only a few inches from the mirror, whereas the
the light beam projected may be miles away, it is
seen that we are working on a very short arm of
long lever. It follows that when any light rays a
curately reflected this error is certain to lead to

(Continued on Page 44)

Even to the Hundredth Basting Thread

"MOTHER has an X-Ray eye; she seems to see through the warp and woof of any garment. Sometimes I think she has a personal acquaintance with every basting thread, even to the hundredth," said Constance Ward to the saleswoman who was pointing out the attractions of a wood brown tricotine.

"Your mother, being a judge of good tailoring, will be enthusiastic over this model," replied the saleswoman.

"Constance exaggerates my ability to judge," said her mother, "but I *do* insist upon something more than texture and style. A garment should retain its lines 'after the dew is rubbed off.'"

"Good pressing sells many a suit," agreed the saleswoman. "Then after the look of freshness departs, the collar begins to 'hike' in the back; the lapels lose their shape; the lining sags below the edge of the coat; the sleeves twist every which way."

"I've often had that experience before I learned to look beyond the 'outer skin' of a garment and to think about the workmanship and materials beneath," commented Mrs. Ward.

Turning back the collar of the coat to show the Printzess label, the saleswoman said:

"The great thing in a Printzess garment—the thing that distinguishes it from all others—is the wonderful foundation. It would surprise you to know the hundreds of basting threads and careful shaping necessary to produce the beautiful curve of the bust and the set of the collar. A Printzess always looks well and keeps its shape even after months of wear. I get real joy in recommending them."

Isn't it comforting, when purchasing a coat or suit, to have the assurance that "the hidden things" are as they should be—the material all-wool and scientifically tested, the foundation carefully designed, deftly shaped, stitched and skillfully taped?

You cannot trust your eyes alone for all these things. *But you can trust the Printzess label.* It is a pledge of a great artistic institution that the garment meets the highest standards of quality and of "distinction in dress."

Let us send you the name of the Printzess dealer in your town.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
CLEVELAND
Paris New York

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

MADE IN U.S.A.
Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

You'll brave damp days with new courage, knowing your revers are taped and shaped until they just can't go askew. Plio canvas hasn't a chance to pucker in a Printzess—the quality of the canvas and the stitching make sure of that.

One glories in that snug-fitting collar which, because of its deft shaping, never "hikes." In a Printzess garment, row after row of tiny stitching hold the material and shape-retaining Plio canvas together firmly.

Just "being sure" that the bust line will keep its good-looking curve adds half the joy to a tailored garment. Only in a Printzess will you find Plio canvas—a perfect shape-retaining fabric—and it is taped without stint, to make sure the shape endures.

©The Printz-Biederman Co

(Continued from Page 42)

magnified error at the distant point. The new method of making highly finished metallic mirrors instead of the glass reflectors formerly used is one of the biggest advances in this branch of illumination.

I will not touch on the splendid services rendered by our newly designed war searchlights on the battlefields of France. Let us hope they will never again have to be applied to this type of duty. What we are interested in to-day is just how we can use this perfected device in our various industries. Perhaps the most interesting use to which the wartime searchlight is being put at present is in the effective illumination of airplane landing fields for the Post Office Department's flyers at night as well as for other commercial airmen. The use of high-intensity searchlights for penetrating fog and as guiding beacons for airplanes lost above the clouds is being given considerable attention. Engineers are confident that as a result of their wartime experiences they can develop a searchlight powerful enough to penetrate thick fog, a feat which at present writing has not been wholly successful.

Many plans are under way for a standard method of landing-field illumination in which the searchlight is to be a necessary part. When this is accomplished night flying will be made as safe as flying in the daytime. In addition small searchlights are being produced for installation on the planes themselves.

Among the new peacetime commercial developments of the searchlight is the tower searchlight—a device mounted over an inclosed structure and operated from a point within, the direction being indicated by telephonic communication from patrols outside of different places. In this light the beam follows the movement of a handle in the hands of the operator. This is valuable in protecting large manufacturing plants, railroad yards, and so on, where a powerful light rather than a number of smaller projectors is desirable.

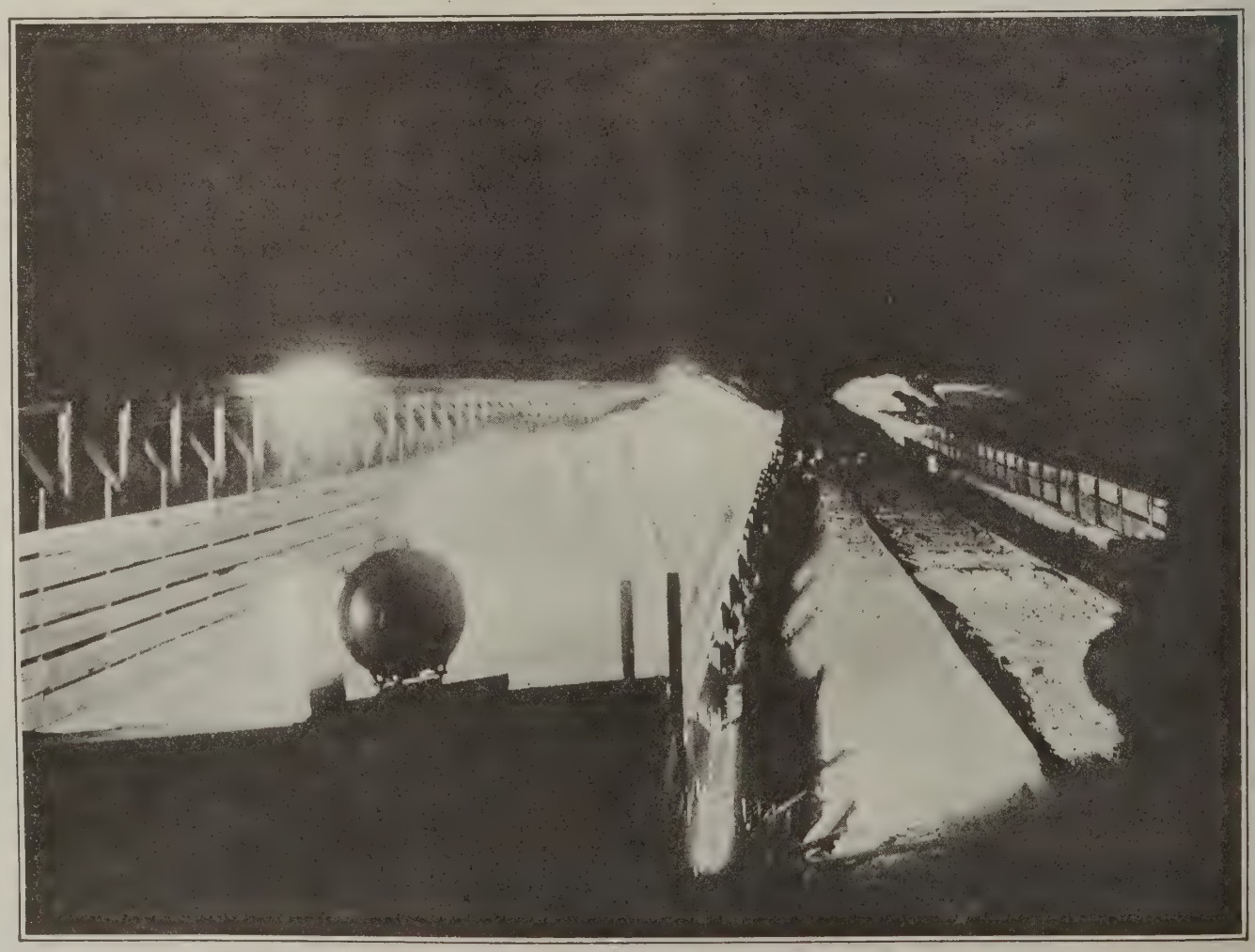
Floodlighting is but another name for searchlighting on a smaller scale. The lessons of the war have taught a wider use of floodlighting for commercial and industrial purposes, especially during the period of strikes and riots through which we now are passing. Industrial plants and workmen must be protected through the night from those who under the cover of darkness seek to destroy. The surrounding fences, the approaching roads and the dark places in the yards must be illuminated to increase the visual distance of the policing force. Well-lighted yards also prevent accidents and tend to increase the speed of transportation.

Contractors are now being called upon to do a large amount of construction work at night, which requires a low-priced and durable floodlighting unit. Floodlighting projectors with their convenient mounting and capability of illuminating large areas are particularly well adapted for this class of work. Many thousands of these projectors are used where night work is being carried on.

Several clubs have already adopted the floodlighting projector for use in night trap shooting, and sportsmen who have participated in meets where this light was used claimed that they made as good scores as they did in the daytime, if not better. For instance, at the Hoosier Classic of the Peru Gun Club, Peru, Indiana, where floodlighting projectors are used for night trap shooting, a new record was made for this nocturnal sport; ninety-nine out of a possible one hundred clay targets were broken.

For lighting winter carnivals, pageants, outdoor expositions, toboggan slides, skating ponds, hockey, curling and skating rinks, the floodlighting projector is particularly useful, because it provides a powerful light and obviates the necessity of numerous poles, which act as dangerous obstructions. As colored gelatin screens can be used in conjunction with the floodlighting projectors spectacular effects can also be obtained.

The recent history of searchlight development teaches forcibly one great truth which I will attempt to interpret by asking a question: What would be the marvelous advancements in present-day methods and arts if all our industries were now subjected to the same concentrated thought that was directed to a few things under the stress of war necessity? The answer to this question will provide hope for those who fear that we have recorded our maximum of progress in most industrial lines.



Illumination of a Freight Yard by Floodlighting

Moisture and Comfort

OF ALL prodigal things Nature is perhaps the most wasteful. People who forever say "Leave it to Nature" are no better than the ones who travel as side partners to a test tube. There are as many nature fakers as there are drug cheats. Fifty years ago we could go out in our back yard, dig a well and get pure water. We can't do that in big towns to-day. Now it is often necessary to lay our pipes forty or fifty miles back into the mountains in order to get an uncontaminated water supply.

Thousands of schools, factories and offices do not need an artificial ventilating system because they contain rooms where the space per occupant is ample, the window area is adequate, there are no excessive noises outside and the surrounding air is sufficiently clean to breathe. Then there are other buildings where the opposite conditions exist. Windows occur only on one side of the rooms, partitions divide the space into small areas where air circulation is impossible, disturbing noises surround the building and the outside air is contaminated by the fumes from near-by industrial plants. In this latter case window ventilation becomes impossible and mechanical means must be adopted.

Air conditions are controlled by the following factors: Dust, bacteria, carbon dioxide, odors, air motion and—last and most important—temperature and humidity. Mechanical ventilation becomes desirable when the space per occupant is less than 800 cubic feet and when the window area is less than 12 per cent of the floor area. The mere act of providing an adequate air supply is only a small part of the ventilating problem. The real job is to get proper distribution of the air, to maintain correct wet-bulb temperatures and eliminate dust, bacteria and odors. To judge air by using a dry-bulb thermometer is wrong, for the dry-bulb temperature does not determine comfort. Furthermore, it is ridiculous to assume that a fa heater connected with a system of ducts provides a p ventilating equipment. Such an installation is sin crude arrangement for blowing heated air into a room.

The average person has not yet grasped the vital i tance of humidity in the air we breathe. For every of temperature and velocity of air motion there is a degree of relative humidity. If the air contains too humidity—moisture—then the rate of heat loss fro body by evaporation becomes too rapid and a sensa chilliness is produced. When there is an excess of hu there is retarded evaporation, which produces a fee nervous irritation and enervation. Authorities slightly in their opinions as to the proper atmos conditions for schools, offices and factories, but the p belief favors a temperature of about 68 degrees relative humidity of 52 per cent. One experienc server advocates the maintenance of a wet-bulb ter ture of not less than 57 degrees. In this connec should be remembered that as the temperature ad above 68 degrees the humidity should be decrease vice versa. In other words, we should keep th balance stable.

One state commission on ventilation found that winter months by reducing the temperature in the classroom from 78 degrees to 68 degrees the capa the children for work was increased 35 per cent. In ing this large temperature reduction the invest increased the humidity in proper proportion and th dren were no less comfortable. During the war, wi had to conserve coal, it was brought home to us f that we should feel warmer at a temperature of 6 degrees with a 50 per cent humidity than we wou much higher temperature with a very low humidity. now, when the war is over, we can still save dollars fuel bills by paying attention to this same idea.

Let us see what happens when we attempt to h to the point of comfort in the winter months. If t side atmosphere is zero and the humidity 50 per c air contains one-quarter grain of moisture a cub and would have to be heated to a temperature of f to 90 degrees to be made comfortable. After being to such a temperature the air would have left a hu of only two per cent, which condition of great would be responsible for the high temperature ne to comfort. The average winter temperature in our l States is about 35 degrees and the humidity about cent. To make this air comfortable we must heat degrees, for in warming it up we decrease the hum about 22 per cent. These examples indicate plair necessary it is to add moisture to our heated indoc the winter time if we would avoid the high tempe that are ne to comfort at the sam so enervat

Physicia that a lack midity in ing and rooms is important that make in these weakening healthfu series of the schoo large city that duri uary and F the percen humidity classrooms from 8 to cent, whic is quite int in view of that the h of the D Sahara is cent. Th of ills that pany such r ditions numerous tion. Thes had mec ventilation humidifi Window tion could been wor might ha better.

(Concluded Page 3

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

Painted by R. K. Ryland for Standard Kid Manufacturing Co.

The LEATHER *for* FASHION *and* EASE

WOMEN used to think that no leather combined fashion and ease in shoes. An ever-increasing number are now learning that Vode Kid is a leather which gives modish comfort to fine footwear.

Vode Kid is found in all the more correct shades. It is a leather suitable for the fashionable lasts. It is light in weight and permits the foot to breathe properly. It is so pliable that it fits snugly over the instep and ankle, making the foot look small and dainty.

There are shoes of Vode Kid suitable for every foot for every occasion. The fashionable comfort of Vode Kid is one of the Vode Goodnesses. Subsequent advertisements will tell you of other Vode Goodnesses. Knowledge of these Vode Goodnesses will give you finer appreciation of the leather necessary to good shoes.

Shoes of Vode Kid may be purchased in Field Mouse and other fashionable colors—Havana Brown, Gray, Tan, Blue, and Black. There is an appropriate shade of Vode Kid for every costume.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

Factories: Wilmington, Delaware

Agencies in all Shoe Centers

THE DOWNFALL OF AN UPLIF

By BOICE DU BOIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT IS to be regretted that the combination title of the Nick Carter period of American belles-lettres is not still in vogue, because it would then be permissible to caption this story as follows: The Downfall of an Uplift; or, Why Diamond Daisy Married Baltus the Bell Hop. Not that she had ever been called by that name, but just to create essential atmosphere and blend in a few colorful hues—and all that.

Of course we have to admit that certain pages relating to the lady's life are missing—the known facts being that she came to New York with a penchant for diamonds and that the ravishing flame of a pure-white stone had the same effect upon her that the sparkle of old wine has upon the bibulous connoisseur. Just once had she tasted the joy of a bejeweled heaven. That was when an infatuated Spaniard—said to be of royal blood—had implored her to marry him and had lavished that which might well have been the half of his kingdom upon her in the form of precious stones.

Nevertheless, somewhere in Spain there resides a Spanish grandee who left the lobe of his right ear in New York and carried away a bit of decoration over his left eye—an adorning slash that Daisy herself had hastily carved in defense of certain well-defined principles she entertained concerning the conduct of any man who might call himself a gentleman.

Daisy's modus operandi in acquiring precious stones was often made the subject of speculative debate by the habitués of Elkanah's wine cellar—a musty brick-vaulted chamber tucked away under a broad stretch of Second Avenue sidewalk.

Even so, not one of the number had ever reduced her method to blue or silver print terms. University Louie—the silk-bearded æsthetic of Second Avenue—had ventured the assertion that her success rested upon her ability to synchronize the psychological moment with the velvet touch. Louie also being musical contended that one's aptitude in any of the fine arts was largely a matter of being able to improvise. A deduction which implied that the nimble fingers capable of drawing harmony from the chromatic scale might with an equal degree of artistry draw a gentleman's stick pin without creating undue discord.

In passing, it should be recorded that Louie himself had been a suitor for Daisy's hand—an ardent, pressing suitor.

Now, upon a given night, as Louie was discoursing with the shady elect at his special table near the monster wine tun in Elkanah's wine cellar, there came one Nathan—straight from Broadway—with an astounding piece of news.

Daisy had married Baltus Van Keuren.

"Isn't He the Stupid Darling?" She Gurgled. "What a Booful Nose Him Has, and Such Silky Ears! Really He is Superb! Where Did You Get Him?"

Ye gods—Baltus the bell hop! So named because of his early career as bell boy in a gone-but-not-forgotten hotel of lower Manhattan.

Could anything have been more shocking? Why, he was the last of the gold-brick gentry—a species that had crawled into the textbooks along with the Aztecs and the dodo birds! True, in his day Baltus had sold enough of these golden units to pave the Bowery. But alas, there were fewer fatted kine roaming the wildwood! In later years he had turned his attention to those exciting contests wherein the horse lends his noble legs in the interest of speculative speed. But of many called chosen, and Baltus generally saw his fonde linger in the byways and the hedges. All th have been winked at, but it was Daisy's sacr

got them at E
She was twenty-ei
tus was forty-sev
was cherubic, chi
He was rotund,
mous and approa
sear and yellow.

Still, after the fi
was over, the con
opinion was that s
have married B
cause of his splen
nature, for the
Baltus was whole
benign.

It usually comm
a point near h
dimples. From
it flirted with th
of his mouth, afte
twinkled for a m
his brown eyes a
drifted in witchi
toward the h
stretches of a bal

During the ea
of the evening at
speculation conce
marriage was rife
each departing
conversation wa
Louie the philos
alone with his
the hours of dark
those in which
shone for the deni
place and the o
Texas were spou
neighborhood of
Square.

At eleven-thi
was preparing
when he was sa
laughing voice
"Louie, congrat

It was Mrs. I
Keuren, with
bridegroom ju
her.

"Were you s
she asked, sink
chair.

"Very much
assure you," rep
flecking the tin
ashes from his
with the grace o
prince.

"We have a
prise for you,
Baltus dear?"

"We sure ha
Baltus, releasin
ing wave.

"What is i
Louie, nervousl
for more ashes
to maintain his
pose.

"We are go
country."

"The devil!"
Louie.

"No—the c
Lima beans! Y
the cottage stu
get it, Louie
through with the gum shoes and the finger prin
Am I right, Baltus?"

"You said it! Us for the sunsets!"

Louie simply stared in astonishment. Wha
mean? What was the compelling motive
change of heart? What strange force had b
upon the mind of the woman? Even as a ma
might have sharpened his pencil over a new
Louie sharpened his wits over the psychologi
he knew was lurking behind this reformation,

(Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 46)

bled with human motives as a cat might toy with se Hence the rapidity with which he eliminated a factor. The weak, good-natured Baltus was eas an effect—not a cause. His admiration for wild have led him to the portals of perdition as he was now willing to venture the imaginary s f a rural paradise. No, it was not Baltus who ught this change. Whatever the cause, Baltus was anchorage. He had become her isle of safety. e new the folly of putting any direct question. ng would have been contrary to the ethics of the which they belonged. As he turned the problem s mind it came to him that the only possible t revolve about some strong incident that had e woman to vital memories of a peaceful past. confirmed this opinion. She had never looked andsome. The harsh lines of her face had sof- ner eyes had lost their furtive, haunted expression. s also a musical note to her laugh; it was no ill and daring.

"brought you the news?" he suddenly asked, ross the table.

news?"

ews from home," replied Louie quietly.

lid you know?" she asked, her startled tones dence of her surprise.

se it is the only thing that would effect this t always brings one of two things—happiness or n."

re clever!" she whispered.

merely shrugged his shoulders and tapped a fresh against the table before lighting it.

ou have not asked me to tell you about it," she

fted his hands with a deprecating gesture.

s none of my business," said he, tilting his chair and exhaling duplicate streams of smoke from ce nostrils.

"et you are the only man who would under- -u and Baltus," she observed.

merely inclined his head in approval.

iss no sob film," she began, "and you won't have the salts. I had my cry last Sunday and it was a trip back home."

e glanced at Baltus.

ead—tell him," he said.

"Not the whole story," she answered, shaking her head. "Some of it stays right here."

She tapped her forehead significantly.

"Start with Ernst," suggested Baltus.

"He means my brother. The boy had been hunting for me ever since he came to New York—two years ago. He found me last Sunday. Heavens, what a shock! He looks like my mother. Once I had it all fixed to go back and see her, but those small towns get you—when anybody comes back like that. So I waited too long—just a few days too long. But honest—I meant to go."

She paused, but neither Baltus nor Louie spoke.

"Nobody gives you credit for remembering, here in New York, but I can see that they were right back there. It all comes back, and I know that I've done the things I should not have done—and all that. But thank the Lord, there are lots of things I have not done, because if I had there wouldn't be any cottage for Baltus or nothing like that! Good old Baltus!"

She reached over and patted his hand.

"But listen, Louie!" she continued. "It wasn't seeing Ernst that did it. There's more than that. He's straight. Living clean and honest—thank heaven for that! It was the news he brought when he told me that dad was gone too. I sure thought that some day I'd go back and see him. Honest I did, Louie. I was going—some day."

Again she paused and the diligent tick of Elkanah's Swiss clock but intensified the silence—a silence that seemed to be in keeping with the wooden smile of the bacchante carved on the head of the big wine tun.

"Now you know why I married Baltus," she concluded. "He's got a heart, Baltus has, and I hope I may die if I ever go back to the old game."

Long after Baltus and his bride had climbed the stone steps leading to the street Louie remained seated at his table. Occasionally his fingers would slip through his black oily locks. Then he would twirl the tips of his silken mustache into points as sharp as a shoemaker's awl. Even as an artist might crowd his pallet with color for the sheer delight of contrast, so Louie was dallying with the impulses of a human soul. For him it was an intellectual feast which the gods had offered for his refreshment. One by one the woman's motives were incised by his cold logic until each had been spitted and grilled. Strange to relate, the analytical mind of Louie found naught but danger for the bride of Baltus. To him the woman's reformation stood for weakness instead of strength. From his point of view she had revealed her vulnerable side. It was sentiment that had broken her will. By sentiment she had reformed—and by sentiment she would return to her former estate. It was inevitable.

The next day Louie received an invitation from Baltus and his bride to dine with them that evening. One other guest had been included—Daisy's brother Ernst.

Louie scrutinized the youth with more than passing interest—a loose-jointed, long-armed boy of nineteen, who wore heavy shell-rimmed glasses through which he examined the world with infantile sobriety. Louie found that he was accepting Ernst at his sister's valuation—inexperienced, unsophisticated and probably honest.

Not until the meal was nearly finished did Louie find the boy of sufficient interest to subject him to the dissecting process he was so fond of performing. His sister had taken advantage of every opportunity to review the incidents of their early life, and like one returning from a far country she roamed familiar paths.

"Do you remember the time you built the coaster?" she asked the youth.

The boy's face lit up with a broad responsive grin as he answered in the affirmative.

Then Daisy turned to Louie.

"It had two seats," she explained, "and I asked Ernst how he came to build it that way. 'So I could have a seat for my friend Willie,' he answered. 'Are you going to let him ride?' I asked. 'Sure,' said Ernst, 'If I let him ride he'll be glad to push me back up hill—I ain't going to do nothing but ride, I ain't!'"

The gleeful boisterous laugh of Ernst at the recollection of Willie's gullibility sent him to Louie's operating table. Here was a subject worthy of his skill. At a more convenient season Ernst was due for the ether.

During the remainder of the evening Louie watched the boy closely, especially when his sister spoke of his business prospects and told of the employer who had been abroad for three months and of Ernst's responsibilities during his absence. Perhaps it was modesty that caused the youth to remain so strangely silent, or, as Louie speculated, it might be due to rural diffidence.

Beyond these minor reflections Louie saw no occasion to venture, and therefore dismissed Ernst and his affairs the moment he took his departure, for Louie seldom cluttered his workshop. The nonessentials were quickly dumped into his mental ash can. Efficiency was no new principle with him. He planned and others ventured.

Ah, But She Was the Haughty Dame—So Exacting and Proud! Nothing Seemed Good Enough for Her

Like an expert fire underwriter he tabulated risks and skillfully compiled his rates and commissions—a specialist who selected territories and prospects for a waiting clientèle; in fact, a counselor who advised the criminal-minded and devised avenues of retreat for those who would speed to parts unknown.

During the week which followed, Louie spent three days out of town and upon his return was informed by Elkanah that Baltus was painfully anxious to see him; in fact, had called three times.

This information had scarcely been received when Baltus slouched to Louie's table, threw himself into a chair and said: "Ernst is crooked."

Louie's thin lips received the soft caress of his moist tongue and his nostrils twitched with houndlike responsiveness.

"The coaster game," he commented. "Who's pushing him uphill now?"

"He's trimmed his boss for five thousand."

"And you want my advice about framing his get-away, is that the idea?"

"No, Daisy and I are standing by him—we are going to make the amount good."

Louie's lip curled in scorn and his dark face reflected cold indifference.

"Then why do you come to me?" he snarled. "What is it you want?"

"You have staked me before. I want you to do it now."

"Why not sacrifice the cottage—the love-dream cottage that goes with the country stuff?"

"We have. It wasn't much—two thousand dollars. That was all we had. Ernst's boss drew on him from Europe for that amount and he didn't have it, so we covered the draft."

"Fine! Then your trouble is over?"

"No, we need three thousand more, and we've got to have it by next Tuesday. The boy trimmed the office accounts for five thousand. The rest of it has got to be there when his boss lands next week."

"You want me to advance three thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"You have as much chance as a snowball in the Sahara—no!"

Baltus listened in silence and now Louie leaned across the table and beat out the words to the tap of his fountain pen:

"Tell Daisy for me, I'm glad the kid went crooked. It will show you fly-by-night reformers that you can't cut with the old game just because you have had a good cry. And as for you—this will be a chance to show what good you are. Your bride will appreciate it, or perhaps"—Louie indulged in a wicked shrug of his thin shoulders—"Daisy herself will decide to rustle for the coin."

Good nature alone might not have restrained Baltus from making just one effort to mar Louie's Oriental beauty, but the rejected suitor's spite pleased him. It took away the sting of his refusal, and tickling mirth was furnishing medicine for Baltus.

"Not a cent!" continued Louie. "You have gone soft—both of you. A fine chance I'd be taking to get anything back. Where do you expect to raise it? From the chickens or the lima beans? Good-by—one of my men is waiting to talk business."

Baltus knew that the interview was over. He might have renewed his appeal, but the man in waiting was one of Louie's agents—a runner who carried Louie's instructions to what was ostensibly a respectable establishment on Fifth Avenue. It was owned by the secretive Louie, though he never went there, and through it he disposed of certain wares and merchandise—especially furs—that came to him through underground channels.

As Baltus climbed from Elkanah's wine cellar to the Second Avenue sidewalk his sketchy grin expanded to a finished smile. He was thinking of the lie he had told Louie—the statement that two thousand dollars was all they had. Thank heaven, there was a Fifth Avenue bank in which five hundred dollars rested to the credit of Baltus Van Keuren! This account to Baltus was a white shirt of respectability—his one clean touch with legitimate finance, and so far as the bank officials knew he might be as honest as an alderman.

"I'll draw three hundred and play the ponies," said Baltus to himself upon reaching the corner. "Something tells me that I'll find a welcome on the mat at Saratoga."

Then he went to his bank—the Paramount Trust Company—and drew the money, as that institution was open for business each Thursday until nine P. M.

The rest of the evening was spent in looking up the wise Oscars who knew the difference between a harness maker's dummy and a real horse. Hence the elimination of all the equine flivvers that were listed for the next day's race. Baltus had also tuned his mind to a point of responsiveness for each and every hunch that might be coaxing for registration. The first one came at one A. M., just as he was boarding his sleeper. He was to ride to Saratoga in the Golden Gate. That was both auspicious and comforting. The second one materialized in the form of a stoop-shouldered porter whose spinal curve suggested the luckiest of all omens—a hump-backed negro. The magic touch cost Baltus one dollar.

Never had the smile of Baltus indulged in a more beatific frolic than when he set out for the track the following morning. Ah, but it was good to be back on the turf! This was the life—pennants fluttering, hackmen joshing and the song of easy money in the air.

Right at the gate Baltus met his friend Coogan—Shorty Coogan, with whom he had served an early apprenticeship on the ice-water squad of a New York hotel back in the eighties.

"What are you playing?" was Coogan's first question.

Baltus drew out the list he had prayed over—one that had been compiled from an age-weight-and-performance dictionary. If that sure-thing combination went wrong, then the moon was liable to slip any minute. It was a list that had been plumb-lined, safety-valved and clocked to a hair. It was cross-gigged and machine-added—and any man who played it would win, even though he lost.

Coogan gave one look.

"A bunch of jingle bells," said he, handing it back.

"What do you mean jingle bells?" asked the injured Baltus.

"Car horses, wooden legs, feed-bag chasers."

"How long you been up here?" questioned Baltus.

"Since Monday, and I know. Listen—how much you got?"

"Three hundred."

"Put it all on Golden Kate."

"Golden Gate!" exclaimed Baltus, his eyes popping.

"No, Kate! Say, she never touches the track all the way round. Most won-der-ful form I ever saw—and say, the little hump-backed coon that rides her is a wizard!"

The ebony jockey with the humpback settled it for Baltus. Never in all his life had there been a hunch like this.

They had to place their money on the jump. Then—zip, they were off!

It was the most spectacular start Baltus had ever witnessed. He howled with joy. There were no words in the English language fit to describe Kate's speed. She was the steam that hits your eye before you hear the whistle. Glory be, Ernst was covered and the money was in the bank! Daisy would love her Baltus for this!

It was a romp to the quarter and at the half it honestly looked foolish to take the money. Then ——

Something happened.

Just what, neither Baltus nor Coogan knew. No one can tell very much about this calamity stuff from the grand stand. One thing was certain, there was trouble in Kate's immediate vicinity—a distressing commotion in which some of her horse friends remained with her in a rough-and-tumble mess of race-track wreckage.

"Well," said Baltus as they came through the gate with some of the mourners, "you got me into this and it is going to set you back some on mileage, as I am broke. You will have to buy me a ticket for New York. I only got twenty cents."

"I was just going to ask you to do as much for me," said Coogan.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are flat?" questioned Baltus.

"I couldn't board a trolley."

Baltus did some quick thinking. If he were able to take the next express the day would be gone by the time he reached the city. At best there were but two days in which to raise three thousand dollars—Saturday and Monday. In addition to this, by every ruling of the unwritten race-track law, it was up to him to stand by the financially busted Coogan.

"Ain't it awful!" wailed Coogan. "I'm goin' right off into a fever—I am. Honest, I'm goose-fleshin' all over. Say—it's terrible, and I'd be all right, I would, if I could once get back to New York."

Baltus made no reply. He was digging into some of the moss-grown corners of his fertile brain. Beating one's way on an express train was more or less small-town stuff. It was like weaving cute little paper baskets in a kindergarten and just about as easy. Something like going back to a game of authors after knowing how to play stud poker. Furthermore, Daisy had made him hold up his right hand and promise that he would square the circle—the crooked old circle in which he had been pattering for years—and dod rag it, the girl had tears in her eyes when she asked him!

At the same time, how was he going to get round some things? There was Ernst, all caked up to the bad. Why, he simply had to get back—that was all there was to it. And Coogan—the big mush—see the boohoo he was pulling. The Salvation Army had it right when they lined up along Times Square on clear nights and sang Rescue the Perishing. Yes, sir, somebody had to play strong-man parts every now and then.

"Come on," said Baltus, "I'll see that you make it."

"Then you got something left?"

"Yes—my nerve."

Upon arriving at the station Baltus gave his instructions to Coogan as follows: "Stand over near that ticket window—innocent like—and spot some gent buying a ticket for New York. Then tag right after him. Fix it so you get into the smoker if you can—right into the same seat with him. We got to work this from the front end. And say—melt that frozen face of yours! You can't do anything with a map of grief on you like that. Now listen, this is important—you got to get the number of that gent's ticket. Tell him you want to look on the back of it and see what it says about excess baggage or something like that. The minute you pipe the figures make for the rear end of the train. Start before the conductor commences to collect his tickets. You will find me waiting in that last coach with a ticket for you."

"With a ticket for me?" gasped Coogan.

"That's what I said! Run along now, little man, but get that number for me or I'll be counting the ties."

As soon as the train drew in they separated—Coogan going forward to the smoker, Baltus boarding the last coach. The first move of the latter was to walk the full length of the aisle; then he wheeled about and retraced his steps. Upon this return trip he cautiously glanced at each hat that held a ticket, and about midway picked out a male passenger who was seated next to the aisle with a bit of pasteboard neatly tucked in his hatband. Baltus saw the words, "New York."

That was good enough for him. The next instant he lost his footing and fell heavily against this particular male passenger. It was a most unfortunate bump for the gentleman's hat, as it rolled into the aisle and under one of the seats.

"Dash me for a clumsy boob!" exclaimed Baltus as he rushed to pick up the hat—brushing it off meanwhile with his sleeve, after which he placed it tenderly upon the man's head. "Stranger, I apologize," said Baltus, flashing his old gold-brick smile.

"Don't mention it—no damage, I can assure you," was the courteous reply.

The next moment Baltus was on his way forward. He met Coogan in the third coach.

"Got that number?" he asked.

"Sure—63487."

"Fine! Here's a ticket for you."

"How did you get it?" asked the mystified Coogan.

"Knocked a gent's hat off and copped the ticket that was sticking in the hatband while I was fumbling for it under a seat. Beat it—here comes the conductor!"

Then Baltus sank into a near-by seat.

"Tickets!" chirped the conductor a moment later.

"You got mine, old top," said Baltus. "I gave it to you in the smoker."

"Look here, my friend, you probably are not aware of it, but in collecting tickets I carefully scrutinize each man that passes me, and I am positive that not a single passenger has done so since we pulled out of Saratoga."

"Well," said Baltus with one of his kindly-old-gentleman smiles, "it just happens that I was fussing with my ticket up there in the smoker before you came along and took it away from me. You know—just amusing myself foolish like; sat there adding up the figures on the blame thing. Don't remember ever having done such a thing before in my life and I call dential that I should remember t on that ticket of mine—63487."

"In that case it will be easy If I have a ticket with that numb your fare is paid."

"Yes, sir," said Baltus meekl sure hate to pay the second time

The conductor rapidly thumbed ets—then thrust one toward Balt

"You win," said he. "There apologize."

Then the conductor passed on a settled down in his seat.

"That's always been my syst mused. "Get 'em apologizin' come easy."

Not until they were under flecked dome of the Grand Central did these two gentlemen of fortu to fraternize. In fact, they were Forty-second Street before Baltus in so much as a single quirk or chu

"You got to hand it to yo Baltus," he observed to Coogan.

"You said it!" exclaimed "Honest, I'm stupefied with ad But say—I want to ask you—doe come to you easy?"

"It's a gift," said Baltus.

"Of course it must be, becaus in reason to suppose that you ca lamp or jump on the rug every want something."

"Oh, I don't know—what do you

"I could eat," said Coogan.

"Come on, I'll buy you a good

A few minutes later they enter taurant which ran from street and took places at a table near

The repast which followed tota dollars and eighty cents.

"How are you going to pay for it Coogan.

"Well, I figure that we will mi the departing guests until we get about four tables of the lady cashi other end. Then you are to do jus you."

"Two cups of coffee," said Balt waiter as they sat down for th time. "Neither one of us is suffer from hunger."

With the last gulp Baltus t Coogan.

"Now for the finish," he w "Come on!"

Stepping up to the cashier's des his check and directly thereafter t out on Forty-third Street.

"That beats me!" exclaimed "How did you do it on twenty c

"That's all I paid—just a chec cups of coffee. I got the one for t lars and eighty cents in my pock now, old pal, I'm going to be as t hen with one eye. So long!"

But alas, Baltus had no soone friend good night than the reactic He was no longer under tension. been fine to play swashbuckling par the applauding Coogan, but now curtain was down and the lights o different. That three thousand where was it to come from? Perha might have relented by this time. rate, why not make one final effor quarter?

If the attempt failed there we methods of raising three thousand ods that were more or less rough, desperation seldom stops to quib financial details.

Twenty minutes later Baltus Elkanah's wine cellar and encou most frigid reception. There was so much as a nod of recognition fro who was seated in his accustome talking to one of his agents. On t before them was a folded sheet paper and upon it there were sev monds.

A significant gesture on the part was enough to cause the agent t apprehensively at Baltus—then wrap up the diamonds and slip t packet into his vest pocket.

The alert mind of Baltus gras situation at once. Louie was stagin his "sales" of spurious diamonds— which involved the fleecing of the rienced, especially credulous wom were transient guests of New York a confidence game in which paste din took the place of green goods and genuine stones were only used for pose of baiting the victim.

Baltus despised the game and who worked it. It was part of Louis

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(Continued from Page 50)

ish a youth like the one now con- with him in some first-class hotel p upon the weakness of certain or canine pets. To have a high- d in constant leash was almost as an introduction in some cases and ; Charles spaniel sprawling at the he young man proclaimed him to of these hotel flossies," as Baltus em.

lly of remaining longer was now o Baltus; he was wasting his time. , upon reaching the street he did anxious to hasten away from the ood.

he reached the corner by a series installments and finally found a concealment in one of the dark —which point of vantage he did quish until Louie's man emerged anah's wine cellar.

Baltus began to stalk the youth ed the packet of real diamonds in ocket. In his heart Baltus knew attempt on his part to get them sult in failure, as he possessed e skill nor the inclination for any- t was rough. However, dire neces- urging him to capitalize his ity.

til his man had reached the glare way and entered one of its most tels did Baltus realize that both tation and the opportunity had way from him. But even so, the g, wobbling Baltus temporized. do no harm to visit the baggage e hotel. One of his cronies from tel days was employed there. A and ends of miscellaneous infor- ncerning the youth with the dog rt come amiss. There was, how- little to glean beyond the fact as stopping there and that each t eight he aired his King Charles

ght the bride of Baltus listened attention to his story, the inci- hich stirred her emotional nature full scope for her one valuable ividid imagination.

," said she, "I did not make any hen I married you, and I'm loving and more every minute. You are I'm glad that you kept your the little chap that is acting as a ue."

I—in a way—but it doesn't get re."

s, it does! Tell me—where can account by to-morrow noon?"

nk—the Paramount Trust Com- Why?"

little nurse is going to furnish the

u crazy?"

over you. Baltus, you are won- ou are my sweet little card index. hat time did you say he gives his ath?"

morning at eight."

we may be able to open that ten o'clock."

u are stacking your wits against cleverest crooks in the country. go Louie spoke of bringing a er on from San Francisco, and is is the man."

gger they are the harder they answered.

you think he will be easy?"

. He will be hard. That is why ."

nearer and laid her hand on his

no matter how much money we Ernst out of his trouble, Louie furnish it all. Tell me again message he sent. Every time an think up something new."

that perhaps you would decide he coin yourself."

just what I am going to do—his

touch of bitterness came into her

we got a wrong start in this and the undertow has caught know why we are still treading to pull Ernst out with us—the e make for the shore. I'll admit not be square to trim Louie, but akes me feel so good that I'm it."

hich brings us to an incident red the following morning on eet just west of Broadway; a dy or tragedy—just as you will— re was a male personage with a King Charles spaniel. He was a Turkish-complexioned-looking youth and was lipping his cigarette with the air of a Hungarian impresario.

It was a damp morning and the sidewalks were sweating at every pore—a lavalike pomade of black ooze.

Almost before the youth was aware of it a fashionably dressed woman sat down by the side of his spaniel and had taken it in her arms.

To the youth she was a vision of rare loveliness—a gracious, charming lady of quality; about the sweetest specimen of female beauty he had seen since leaving San Francisco. She knew a good dog, too, when she saw one. And as for class—why, she let her dress trail right through the mud she was so interested! Didn't seem to care a rap about it either.

"Isn't he the stupid darling?" she gurgled. "What a booful nose him has, and such silky ears! Really he is superb! Where did you get him?"

"Brought him from the Coast," replied the young man.

"He's adorable! So aristocratic, don't you know! Really the most arrogant type of King Charles spaniel I ever saw. But what a shame to let him wet his feet a morning like this!"

Here the lady turned her splendid eyes full on the youth from San Francisco.

"Do me a favor, please! Carry him!"

Then as if taking it for granted that he could not possibly refuse she came close to him and thrust the spaniel in his arms, pressed the little dear against him and actually drew his arm about the animal.

Ah, but it was wonderful to note the flutter of excitement when she suddenly became aware of the liberty she had taken! Just like a timid little country girl. That was all he could think of as she begged his pardon and excused it all by saying that she was passionately fond of animals. Then—like a flash—she was gone.

At that particular moment the young man was not aware of it, but something else had also gone—the diamonds in his vest pocket, for—in the words of Louie—Daisy had synchronized the psychological moment with the velvet touch.

"Well," said Baltus, who had been anxiously waiting her return, "how did you get along?"

"It was almost as easy as selling photographs of a baby parade," she answered.

"For which I am truly thankful," said Baltus, "because something has happened since you have been away.

"Ernst has been here. His employer is liable to arrive any minute, and he is more than anxious to get the money."

"All right—pull down the shade! We will make an appraisement of our assets."

Together they opened the tissue-wrapped packet and examined the diamonds it contained.

"We are stung!" said Baltus. "There is not more than twenty-three hundred dollars' worth of stones here—and we need three thousand."

For several minutes they simply stared at each other. Had all their work gone for naught? Twenty-three hundred added to the two hundred that Baltus still had left in the Paramount Trust Company made a total of twenty-five hundred. They were still short five hundred dollars. Where was it to come from?

Baltus lit his pipe. Daisy stared out into the dismal courtyard adjoining their apartment.

Thus they remained for fully ten minutes. Then Baltus saw the flicker of a smile play over his wife's features. Even as he looked, it expanded. Finally she laughed aloud.

"What is it all about?" asked Baltus.

"I know how I am going to raise the five hundred," she replied.

"How?"

"I would not dare tell you, because if I did you would say no. It is one of those fool ideas that come once in a lifetime—something I must work alone."

A worried look came into Baltus' face.

"Get rid of it!" said his wife. "It will only give you wrinkles, and besides that, you have the wrong thought. Louie is going to furnish this five hundred—nobody else. So cheer up!"

"Louie!"

"Yes, it will be like accepting a wedding present from him—a little gift from Louie to Baltus and his bride. So don't ask any questions now. Let me alone and do just as I request. First of all turn these stones into cash. There are a dozen places where you can do it. Then meet me in front of this bank of yours. I want to open an account there."

The cash returns upon the diamonds, through the medium by which Baltus disposed of them, netted fifty dollars more than he expected. It was therefore possible to open the new account with twenty-three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Introduce me as Mrs. Jarvay," was the request of Daisy upon his arrival at the trust company—"Mrs. Jason Jarvay; it sounds good."

"Just as you say. Come on!" said Baltus, who had regained his usual cheerfulness.

No matter what was behind his wife's great idea, Baltus was thankful that his record with the Paramount Trust Company was clean. All this would help in the introduction of a new account.

As soon as the formalities were over Daisy drew a check for twelve hundred dollars, making it payable to her order—that is, to the order of Mrs. Jason Jarvay. She also took the precaution to suggest that the account was hoary with financial age by numbering the check 5324.

"Now get an automobile," she commanded Baltus—"no rattling taxi, but the classiest baby-blue whizzer you can find, even if you have to go all the way to Times Square for it."

Baltus returned in about ten minutes with a car that looked like a million dollars. It might have rolled right out of a full-page magazine advertisement. Furthermore, it was chauffeured by a real Jap with gold braid on his uniform.

"Some boat!" said Daisy as she climbed in. Then she turned to Baltus, "Meet me at the bank, dear."

It was a blaze of baby-blue glory that shot up Fifth Avenue.

When she emerged from the dream car it was in front of Louie's Fifth Avenue shop—the one he conducted from Elkanah's wine cellar—the highly respectable establishment through which he disposed of goods that reached him through shady channels, especially furs.

Perhaps no more imperious queen of beauty had ever entered Louie's emporium. Ah, but she was the haughty dame—so exacting and proud! Nothing seemed good enough for her. She was in search of a fur-lined garment, but their stock was so depleted—absolutely no variety whatever. Several times she started for the door, but finally the hard-working clerk showed some intelligence and produced one garment that made just a tiny impression, though she stated that she had found one in a department store very much like it for less money. She hardly knew what to do about making a purchase.

The three-hundred-dollar garments were very common. The five-hundred one was by no means what she desired. The seven-hundred-dollar one—well, she would take it. Yes—she would carry it with her as the auto was waiting outside.

"Seven hundred dollars, I think you said," observed Daisy, handing the astonished clerk her twelve-hundred check.

The look of polite horror that came into the clerk's face would be difficult to describe. How could any woman expect to get away with this—a twelve-hundred check from which she expected five hundred dollars in change? It was the most absurd thing that had ever come under his observation, but he must preserve all the polite amenities.

"Is madam known to our credit department?" he blandly asked.

"No, but I am known in every large store in the city—Mrs. Jason Jarvay. Why, I thought everybody knew that name—and my engagements for the morning are very pressing. I need the five hundred dollars for other errands in this neighborhood."

Now came the polite, suave manager. Really the lady could not blame them. They were sorry, but she was not known to their house. It was indeed regrettable. Would she give them the name of any department store they might telephone to, and so on and so on?

Then the lid went off. Never in all her New York experience—so the lady claimed—had she been subjected to such indignity, and now under no circumstance would she think of buying from them. Her credit—to say nothing of her check—was good in a hundred Fifth Avenue stores. They might just as well accuse her of being dishonest. Whereupon, she flounced toward the door. Then ——

She stopped short and smiled—oh, such a superior, sardonic smile!

"I shall not allow myself to be thrown out this way without some vindication. Here—take this check over to the Paramount Trust Company and ask them if it is good."

They would be more than pleased to do a little thing like that. A messenger was dispatched instanter.

During his absence the lady positively refused to be drawn into conversation by the manager. She spent the time in various demonstrations of wrathful indignation—such as tossing her head, tapping her dainty foot on the floor, laughing in scorn. In a few minutes the youth returned.

"It's good," he whispered to the manager. "O. K. in every respect."

The most abject apology on the part of the manager followed, but all to no avail. Under no circumstances would she ever consider either buying from them or recommending any of her wealthy friends to their establishment—then she was gone.

The post-mortem which followed in Louie's emporium will never be forgotten by any of the clerks, and if one of them ever carried word of the affair to Louie he was to be fired on the spot. Zowie! A seven-hundred-dollar sale actually thrown away! It was awful!

Straight to the Paramount Trust Company went Daisy and her baby-blue auto, where Baltus was in waiting.

"I haven't much time for details," said Daisy, "but Louie is going to furnish that money, and everything is moving along fine. The next thing, however, is to withdraw every cent we have here. We will have to tell them that it is an unexpected call to Chicago, or something like that."

Several minutes later they stood on the sidewalk in front of the Paramount Trust Company with twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars stowed away in one of Baltus' pockets. It represented both accounts.

"Now kiss me good-by and wish me good luck. This time you can wait for me at home."

About an hour later—after a ride to Riverside Drive—the baby-blue car slid its insidious way to the curb in front of Louie's Fifth Avenue shop, and this time Daisy entered with a real smile. She had come back to apologize. Really, she had been overhasty, and as a matter of fact the department-store garment was not so good as the one they had shown her. She always tried to be frank and honest concerning these things.

After all, she would take their garment—the one she had looked at for seven hundred dollars.

Ah, but the manager was pleased! He rubbed his hands. He bowed and smiled. Would she like the five hundred dollars change in new bills? And the garment—of course she desired to take it with her? Oh, it was grand to see how low he bowed! Why, he even went straight to the curb and opened the door of the car for her!

Once again the beautiful blue car mingled with the Fifth Avenue traffic, and this time Daisy made a mental calculation—twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars plus five hundred dollars makes three thousand and fifty.

Upon reaching a street located among the Fifties the automobile shot westward to the modest apartment of Baltus and his bride. Before her wraps were removed Baltus was asking a dozen questions.

"It's all right. I've got the five hundred. Has Ernst arrived?"

No sooner had she asked the question than she knew that Baltus was in receipt of some word from him. His face registered excitement and uncertainty.

"I've got another shock for you," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, dropping wearily into a chair. "Don't be afraid to tell me. I'm getting used to them."

"It's about Ernst. He is not coming, but has sent a letter. It came by messenger. Here—read it":

"*Dear Sister:* I made five thousand dollars in the stock market this morning. That story of mine about taking money from my boss was not true. I wanted to raise every cent I could get hold of and I couldn't think of any other way to do it. My chance came this morning and I could not wait for the three thousand dollars you were going to let me have. Ever since I came to New York I have saved my money, and this, with the amount you gave me recently, turned the deal. Cheer up! I'm going to split with you on what I have made.

"In haste,

"ERNST."

"Wouldn't that fracture all your Christian graces?" asked Baltus, grinning at his wife.

"Thank heaven, he is straight—even though he is crooked!" was her reply as she again took up the note.

"He says, 'I made five thousand dollars,'" she continued, "and he is going to split with me. If that boy only knew what I went through to raise this money—and now he says, 'Never mind—I won't need it.' Baltus, I would not go through the agony of this strain a second time for fifty thousand dollars, but I don't suppose that this is a very good time for the emotional stuff, and I might just as well keep my hysterics until the curtain goes down."

"Looks to me as though it was down," said Baltus.

"That is because you are only a man. We are just coming to the climax."

"What do you mean—climax?"

"You will see as soon as Louie arrives."

"You are going to send for him?"

"Certainly. How can we drop the curtain without having Louie on the stage?"

She had taken up the telephone and was calling for Elkanah's wine cellar.

"Who is it?" asked Louie gruffly over the wire.

"It's Daisy. I want to ask you, Louie—can you come up?"

"Oh, Daisy! Certainly, I will be there in twenty minutes."

It was a jaunty, care-free Louie who made his way uptown, not a thing on his mind but anticipation. Perhaps there was a beautiful row on between the new bride and groom; she might have decided to ask his advice. Well, he would see.

And see he did as he entered their apartment! Not discord, but bliss seemed to be in evidence. Baltus was lounging on a couch in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe. Daisy was seated at a table with all kinds of money in front of her.

"Louie," she said, "you have been robbed."

"Not me," said Louie with a resounding laugh that made him shake like a bowl of gelatin.

"Oh, yes, you have! Here is twenty-three hundred and fifty dollars I took from the little San Francisco man at eight o'clock this morning and here is five hundred more they gave me at your Fifth Avenue shop just before noon. They were also kind enough to let me have a garment, worth about seven hundred dollars, which you can take back with you. Louie—there is a good deal more to all this than appears on the surface, but you are hardly the kind of man that would understand. The first part you know all about—that relates to the downfall of an uplift. But this finish—the uplift of a downfall—you would never be able to comprehend. That will be about all, Louie. Oh, yes, there is one thing I forgot: You can frame the twelve-hundred-dollar check that will come back on Monday marked 'No funds.' Keep it as a little souvenir from Baltus and Daisy to Louie."

Louie had a strong constitution could not have stood the strain arteries. He passed through every of temperature that can be registe tween a Turkish bath and a meat-p refrigerator. Bit by bit he grasp situation. Finally admiration to place of consternation and he tur Baltus:

"Your wife is the most wonderful I ever knew, and though I am rich I give every dollar if I could start lif honest foundation with the help of a like Daisy."

Saying which, he shoved the in pile of greenbacks across the table her.

"Every dollar of it goes into t cottage, and my only regret is that y not write over the front door 'A gi Louie to Baltus and his bride.'"

Then the curtain went down climax in which Daisy decided to the emotional stuff.

THE YEAR IN SPORT

By Emerson Hough

THE out-of-door man of America—some five or six millions of him—seems to be asserting himself more and more. Let us not say out-of-door man, but out-of-door person. Men, women and children seem nowadays to take to the open road. The year 1918 was marked with extraordinary changes in game legislation and by a general stiffening up of sentiment in regard to the loss and waste of the sporting resources of America. The current year, 1919, covers another extraordinary epoch. Viewed rather on the demand than the supply side of the balance sheet, we have never had anything like it.

The entire country went out of doors last summer. The new days of peace and the new days of industrial unrest seem to have had an unsettling effect on the people. They did not want to work, they wanted to play—and they did play in greater numbers than ever was the case in our history. The entire country apparently was waiting for something to happen. There was a sort of hurry and strain about it all. None the less, pretty much all America went out of doors, and it seems to be rather a safe proposition that it is going to continue to go out of doors more and more.

In all likelihood the returned soldier had very much to do with this as well as the ending of the war itself. Always after a great war there is a certain change in the life of any people and part of this change nearly always is an unwillingness to settle down at once to the old humdrum of life. Men who have been living out of doors, no matter how uncomfortably, seem to rebel at the thought of going indoors for any steady occupation. There has been no great back-to-the-land movement on the part of our returned soldiers, most of whom seem to want to go back to the cities; but there certainly has been a very pronounced movement back to the open road. The nervous tension of the country is not yet over. However these things may be, no one could have predicted the tremendous sporting traffic for the year of 1919. We are spending our money like drunken sailors, apparently becoming careless about steady and regular work, apparently trying to forget a lot of things. Probably this ought not to be our national attitude, but certainly this has been a national phenomenon for the past six months.

Cars and Trousers Affect Sports

Sport in America has been tremendously modified and tremendously endangered by the swift development of the cheap motor car—always supposing that mere motoring is not itself to be classified as a sport of the field. To an incredible extent the American people went out of doors in motor cars last summer, whether simply for the sake of going somewhere or for the purpose of sport with rod and gun. The average American does not realize with what rapidity the cheap motor car is wiping out American sport with rod and gun. We have never had any agency equally destructive.

Travel in the national parks was heavier during the season of 1919 than had ever before been known. At least I found such to be the case round Yellowstone Park and the adjacent country, where I spent two or three months. Tourists came into Yellowstone Park literally in thousands—a thousand in a day, five thousand in a week, fifty thousand in a season—and a vast percentage of the increase was due to the individually owned car. People came from all over the United States in their own cars—came in flocks and droves. There were like phenomena of enormous outdoor travel in all the sporting regions of the entire country. From more than six million sporting Americans there was formulated a demand for sport, open country, wild life, life under canvas, something to shoot with a gun or something to catch with a rod.

The statisticians estimate that whereas we had five million sportsmen before the war we now have more than six million. These multitudes now begin to organize, begin to mill round, begin to centralize. After a while they may begin to think. Then they may begin to do something. Certainly here is a tremendous and newly recognized factor in American life which will more and more assert itself. It represents a tremendous purchasing power, a tremendous spending power. More and more attempts will be made to commercialize it for these reasons.

America dropped many conventions this year—indeed, stepped out as a new country which none of us has ever known before. Brother came home, glad to hang up his flannel shirt and his military breeches in the family clothes closet. But sister went into the closet and put them on. There was a new woman out of doors this year—thousands and thousands of her; and she did not wear skirts but those other things designated as breeches, trousers or pants. Sister looked upon them and found them good. Everybody looked at sister and found her good. She never was more sensible. She never looked better. She never had so good a time in all her born days as she did this year. Father probably wore his old business suit, but mother and the girls certainly did wear pants and there is no use denying it. They had the time of their young or middle-aged lives. I presume there were millions of pairs of trousers worn by American women this year.

All at once, without any sort of plan or premeditation, two things happened in American outdoor life: Everybody had a car, everybody wore trousers. Skirts almost reached the vanishing point.

With all this sort of thing there was a strange joyousness, a friendliness, a spirit of camaraderie mixed with the eager and restless mood which seemed to drive the people afield. There never was so much democracy in American life as there was in the tourist travel of 1919. Fewer introductions were needed than ever was the case before. Father and mother and the boys and girls were gentle, kindly, courteous, not only with their own family but with others. In some marvelous, miraculous way the old freemasonry of sport extended its confines and opened its doors to everyone.

If you observed the average motor car in Montana, Idaho or Wyoming, at least in the sporting regions of those states, you saw that more than fifty per cent of them showed cane fishing poles carried alongside. These were cars of the flivver type, many owned by local farm people out for vacation after the haying was over. Practically all of the cars in Yellowstone Park had tents, beds and camp outfits hung on to them in some way, shape or manner. Of course a great many jointed fishing rods were carried in the cars which could not be seen like the long cane poles, but it practically was all sporting traffic. The sporting outfit carried by the average car would run somewhere between $250 and $500—perhaps the latter figure would not be too much for the cost. All sorts of appliances for carrying outfits were everywhere in evidence—sideboards and racks built up along the running boards, extension trunk racks behind, folding beds inside, auto tents somehow hung outside—all sorts of schemes to aid in the general purpose of having a good time.

The Whole Ménage on Wheels

The cars came from all over the country. At Yellowstone Park I saw a great many from New York, some from New England, many from every state between, many also from the Pacific Coast. There is a movement now to establish a sort of interpark motor route. I saw cars at Yellowstone which came from Glacier Park and in southern Californian points I saw cars which had been at both those parks. It is nothing now for motorists to make a transcontinental trip, and the national parks no longer depend upon the railroad for their tourists—on the contrary, most of their traffic is motor travel. This of course means the picnic, the life in the open. At Henry Lake, Idaho, I saw one car from Minot, North Dakota, which had father, mother, son and five girls—eight passengers in a seven-passenger car. They had laid a little board across the two drop seats so that they carried three comfortably. They had their entire personal outfit, wardrobe and so on, on the same car, had been gone for a month and expected to stay out for another month, not caring whether school kept or not. They were an example of the great tendency this year. Perhaps we are grasshoppers now when we ought to be crickets, but certainly before we settled down to work this fall most of us cut loose and had one glorious lark. The American public is standing extortion and profiteering, is sidestepping labor troubles, allowing politics to a certain extent to run itself, grinning and bearing the ills which have come in the train of the war. How long this will last no one can tell, but certainly our people have amused themselves this year. They did not confine themselves to books. They went to the movies and they bought gas.

So much for the demand for sporting resources in America to-day. How about the supply for the demand? There the reply is somewhat saddening. Just time when we are getting a splen healthful manifestation of the A disposition for all-round manho womanhood, for a sane insistence o ment as well as work, we are cor with the fact that America of to-da America of yesterday. Six millio want to kill something. The plain there is not so very much left for kill. Six million people want to go the wilderness, but the real truth is have not so very much wilderness what there is passes at a fast pace.

I wish these things were not tru wish that one did not have to c anything but happy days and p for many more happy days, but t way to get these happy days of the to realize soberly their value to can do that only by comparing o conditions with another. It is just mate in sporting writing for the y to treat of game protection and wi conservation as it is to deal in h points in guns and tackle, in ways things and ways of getting to the be killed. There must be a balance the agencies of destruction and conservation. When there is nothi conserve, then we must give up a ideas of sport, as we formerly hav I myself do not think that twen from now we shall have any open s rod and gun in America. The prac may come in half that time, perh fourth that time—things are trave an astonishing rapidity. It is not advice, but it is wise and good a these six million new Americans stock in their sporting resource morrow.

Lately I have been hanging r lower corner of Idaho for some ti ing Henry Lake, Idaho, a sort o point. This lake lies about twen west of Yellowstone Park and it the greatest trout water and on greatest duck waters in America years ago it was fine sporting Last summer it showed sport app the vanishing point. I give tha about three or four years to disap point of much interest to sho anglers.

The past year was one of an dinary drought in overmuch of regions of the West. It was disa the dry farmers, cattle men, sheep hay men. Many thousands of c sheep were shipped out of the states and many more will pe winter because of insufficient food a hard year for livestock and a h for wild game. Last winter wa winter and the elk herd of Yel Park did well, but last summer w poor feed everywhere and at thi no one knows what the condition herd will be when it enters th siege of the winter months on it insufficient winter range. The ge ing in the region was one of app for the game supply next year.

Henry Lake, normally about f by five, had dwindled by a third

(Continued on Page 57)

(Continued from Page 54)

re than a mud hole, the water
n it has ever been in the memory
n This means that the lake will
nost solid this winter, which in
ns that the trout will practically
inated—unless the local ranchers
m at the outlet to raise the water
o at least. There was talk of this
d I heard that a contract had
Undoubtedly in other sporting
e fish life also is in danger over a
area in the West.
is merciless enough, but Nature
wiped out a species. Upon the
man is going on very rapidly to
t the ravages of Nature. For in-
have always regarded the South
he Madison River, which lies
Henry Lake and Yellowstone
he most wholly lovable fly-
eam an angler ever saw. The
n of grayling in this stream
e an extraordinary thing.
our years ago men who had
their ignorance to excuse
d take fifty, sixty, a hundred
a sackful of grayling—in a
at wonderful water. I have
nthing of that slaughter my-
gh I never would fill my
en on days when one could
tch fifty or sixty pounds to
he legal limit in Montana is
unds of trout or grayling a
ost no regard has been paid
here has never been a warden
Sith Fork that I have seen,
have heard that there is a
newhere in that region.
ur the results of this sort of
e n to be apparent. A deep
ol was worn to the banks of
en for miles of its length.
n in from all over the coun-
ol posting was of little or no
t ranchers could not or did
p le people out. It is not true
e was not good fly fishing on
t Fork this summer, but it is
att was nothing compared to
t as two or three years ago.
all I took two baskets of gray-
oing with less than a dozen
in—they run more than a
in verage. On another day I
hal for several hours to take
ndn another I got but two and
four rods from our club got
e grayling in an afternoon. This
ot mean that there were not
ndof grayling taken from that
la summer, but it does mean
er were too many thousands
fro that stream last year. I
ha in two or three years the
Fo: will be gone.

Unpleasant Memories

So:h Fork and Grayling Creek
o le Madison River some dis-
bo: the Madison Cañon. Near
d this cañon some years ago
r cnpany put in a tremendous
om ninety feet in height, which
cel cut off the fish life of the
Ma son from visiting its ancient
ng round. No fish ladder has
en out in. Perhaps one never
p in, though the company
to out in one if the state would
t lw. Meantime one of the
pat tic sights in all sporting
ca is been the sight of hun-
f gd trout wearing themselves
ad bone, swimming up the
of fat dam and trying to jump
ety eet of sheer gray expanse. If
ant o see what civilization means
t tre is your place. Of course the
wil gradually disappear from the
on lver below this dam. A good day
t wer is becoming rarer and rarer.
ve is dam a vast inland lake has
orml in the mountains with a shore
son seventy-one miles. It has been
end is source of fish supply without
ubbr question. All the grayling of
ng eek and the South Fork have
omig up out of this great lake. In
othsthe rainbow and Loch Leven
as ell as the natives, have multi-
and ave reached astonishing size.
aners for some years have been
ng he sport there in the late fall,
e trh about this angling never got
nerly until this year. All at once
stle motorists who comb over the
wes rn country for good fishing

PHOTO. BY MRS. J. ROBINSON

spread abroad the fame of the Madison dam. That ended it.

I visited this extraordinary locality but once and am not sure that I care to do so again, because I like pleasant memories and not ghastly ones. We went to the head of the slack water. A more unsightly region you could not find, unless you sawJackson's Lake below Yellowstone Park, which today is a like abomination of desolation.

The water had been drawn down low in the dam and for miles and miles there lay a vista of muddy banks covered with the white skeletons of dead trees heretofore submerged and now exposed. Out among the little islands of brush were many motor boats and rowboats. I presume there were fifty rods that worked there on that day. There was a row of tents and cottages up on the bank. I presume there were about a dozen motor cars in sight at one time. Every one who could fish at all was catching trout and large trout. I did not have a boat, but fishing from the shore and using rather a long line I got six or eight fine fish—all I wanted. I saw one eight-and-a-half-pound rainbow taken that morning and there were many fish of four and five pounds, though I had nothing over three and a half. I saw one party of three men lift a gunny sack of trout to the trunk rack at the rear of their car and it took all three of them to lift it. Of course the legal daily catch is twenty pounds. I don't think one man in fifty there ever thinks of the legal limit.

I don't suppose half of them had fishing licenses. I heard that two men took four hundred pounds of trout there on one day—they had wires strung full of them along the camp site. The whole thing was a scene of slaughter and I don't care to go there again or to see any place like it again. It was not sport, but butchery. There were men fishing there who were not sportsmen, but butchers in every instinct.

There were many alien anglers at this spot. Indeed I think most of them came from outside of the state or from distant points in the state. There are some local guides now who will bring in people there from Yellowstone Station. I met two or three cars on the road which were inquiring the way to that good fishing of which they had been told at Yellowstone. I was told that for two or three years a certain man has been coming up and camping in that South Fork country just for the sake of this fishing. He usually brings his servants and makes a good camp. He and his people fish every day and each summer kill an enormous amount of grayling and trout. I have not heard that they have exceeded the legal limit. They are only among many others who have hit that stream very hard, and it all shows how far men will go for some fishing. There is no stream which long will endure such disastrous hammering as this stream has had.

It would seem that what with the dam, what with the cheap motor car, what with the great demand for fishing now shown all over the country, these splendid waters would have enough to do to maintain themselves. But this is not quite all. Market fishing was going on along the South Fork with no reference to the daily limit and under a special permit from the fish commissioner of the state of Montana. When I heard this asserted at first I would not believe it, but I found the market fisherman himself and had quite a talk with him. He brought in his fish to Yellowstone from time to time. He told me that he had a permit to catch whitefish only and to sell them. He said he thought this was "some sort of war measure that had sort of held over."

There was, it is true, a sort of hysteria in parts of the West during the war—never countenanced by Mr. Hoover of the Food Administration—which had to do with increasing the food supply by marketing the elk, trout and grayling of Montana and other mountain states. Mr. Hoover was against this, as shown long ago in these columns. I myself am not clear how one man can be legally authorized to catch fish for the market without authorizing everyone who desires to do so. I am going to ask Governor Stewart of Montana to look into this matter, for he is reported to be a very broad-gauge man and with a keen sense of the value of the wilderness resources of his state.

It is a poor man who cannot find arguments for doing what he wants to do. As to taking these whitefish, it is alleged by some that they are too numerous; that they destroy the grayling; that they can be caught without hurting the grayling. This is a part of the usual American policy of monkeying with Nature and knowing more than the God of Nature's creatures what ought to be done for them. Nature never exterminated a species. Man has exterminated many species. Market fishing for whitefish in these streams not only ruins the fly fishing but it will destroy not one but every other species of fish life in these streams. I have never known an exception to the rule that the sale of wild game means the extinction of wild game. All these alibis and excuses mean nothing and come to nothing—the ultimate fact remains the same.

More Wardens Needed

It is said that the whitefish is not a game fish, but this is not a correct statement. It is a game fish and will strike the fly clean and fight hard. On the table the whitefish from a cold stream is as good as the grayling from that stream and I doubt if it can well be distinguished from it. It ought not to be exterminated. As to its getting along with the grayling in the same stream, it always used to do that and it always would if the two were left alone. Nature takes care of her own balance. The proposition to kill off the whitefish in the South Fork is precisely on the same basis as this fool doctrine now being put out as propaganda all over America of killing hawks and crows in order to increase the game supply. Our sportsmen now do kill a great many hawks and crows. They shoot them because they want to kill something, not because they ever will save anything by doing so.

The governor of Montana ought to stop market fishing on the South Fork and on Grayling Creek. I also know that he ought to have a warden every day in the season on the South Fork and especially on that part of the South Fork where the big slaughter of trout will go on next year to an even worse extent than it did this.

These are wholly deplorable individual monkeyings with the august machinery of state governments as well as with the personal predilections of a lot of people. Oh, very well. Perhaps the said monkeying need not always be charged with lack of results. On the contrary, I am not sure but that a few individuals could do—perhaps have done—as much in the way of game preservation as all the sportsman associations of the country, which mostly content themselves with passing resolutions. I might give one little instance of this while on the subject of angling in and round Yellowstone Park.

The Act of Congress creating Yellowstone Park expressly forbids the commercial use of any of its wild life and only another Act of Congress could modify that basic law governing the park. Certainly no official of the Government ever had the slightest authority to modify it by any regulations of his own. In spite of this, for some twelve years the wild trout of Yellowstone Park have been sold on the hotel tables. These trout have been obtained to what extent and with what regularity I do not know, but I do know that market

fishermen have been employed or authorized who have sold trout to the hotels and camps at rates as low as three cents a pound in the rough or four cents a pound dressed.

Some years ago when I went through Yellowstone Park I learned of this practice, which everybody but my crabbed self thought was all right. I made complaint to the director of parks at Washington and was told that the practice had been stopped. It was stopped so far as Shoshone Lake was concerned, but it seems that the practice was not discontinued in Yellowstone Lake or Yellowstone River. It was alleged that a certain amount of market fishing also had been done in the Firehole River. This summer when I was out at the park about the first thing I heard was that the commercial fishing was very good on the Yellowstone River, because on the day before one of the market fishermen had caught a hundred and eighty pounds of trout on the fly. I don't think anything ever grieved me much more than that news, for apparently I had been made a fool of, so to speak.

Still, grief does not necessarily need to take the form of tears. In this case I asked the president of the camping company concession what there was in this rumor. He said that of course he was buying trout for his own tables, because he learned the hotel people were doing it and he had told the park superintendent that he intended to get his as well as everybody else. We then mutually agreed that a state of war existed between him and me, also between the park superintendent and myself. Both of these men were personal friends of mine. The camp president said he would go with me and talk with the market fisherman and we would look into the whole matter. We did this the next day.

This market fishing at the time was going on along the Yellowstone River not far below where it leaves the lake. I talked with the man who was fishing for the camp company, also with the other fisherman, who has been selling fish to the hotels for many years. I found both of these men clean-cut, decent young Americans, perfectly frank about their business and willing to discuss it, though neither of them knew what was my purpose in asking them questions.

The Law in the Case

Both of these men agreed that the fishing was not what it had been when first they began working these waters. Shoshone Lake was agreed to have been exhausted. They both told me that this year, when they traveled round in the bays of Yellowstone Lake, they could not find the trout schools as they used to. They both agreed that it would not pay for them to fish for the hotels and camps more than a year or so longer. The camp fisher showed us his catch for that day—about five times as many fish as any angler on earth would have nerve enough to take and carry home in one day. I don't think it came to more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He told me that he and the other market fisherman used long cane poles but fished with the fly altogether, as that was more destructive. Their favorite fly at the time was the Mormon Girl. Sometimes the Coachman was good, sometimes the Gray Hackle.

I asked these men something about their best catches. The camp man said a hundred and eighty pounds was his best for that month. Two men had taken three thousand pounds of trout in ten days that spring—that was on the spawning beds, of course. The hotel man told me that in one season he and his helper sold to the hotel companies thirty-three thousand eight hundred and forty-five pounds of trout. Both these market fishermen admitted that the trout were becoming scarcer. They both agreed that more than fifty per cent of the trout, perhaps seventy per cent, were affected with the parasite which always has been prevalent in Yellowstone Lake trout. They both agreed that if market fishing were kept up it would clean out the trout some time. They also said that very few of the tourists now got any trout near the camping grounds. They thought that the government hatchery men ought to go along with the market fisherman and strip the spawn from the trout they took in the spring—the native trout are spring spawners.

After my friend of the camp company and I had gone into this matter for a time with these men and the hatchery people he began to look serious. We had heard of many millions of spawn taken and shipped out of the Yellowstone Lake hatchery in earlier years, but the current year had brought out only about two-thirds of a million spawn. We learned something about the importation from the Spearfish, South Dakota, government hatchery and Bozeman, Montana, government hatchery, of alien species, such as the Eastern brook trout, Loch Leven trout and rainbow trout.

We could not discover any very large numbers of spawn or fry being planted in the many streams of Yellowstone Park, though we did hear that a certain amount of spawn annually was devoted to this local purpose—how much we could not learn.

After we had concluded our local interviews I turned to my friend, who had suggested that we go to the bottom of this matter. He was looking pretty grave, especially when I told him that in my belief all of this market fishing had been wholly illegal.

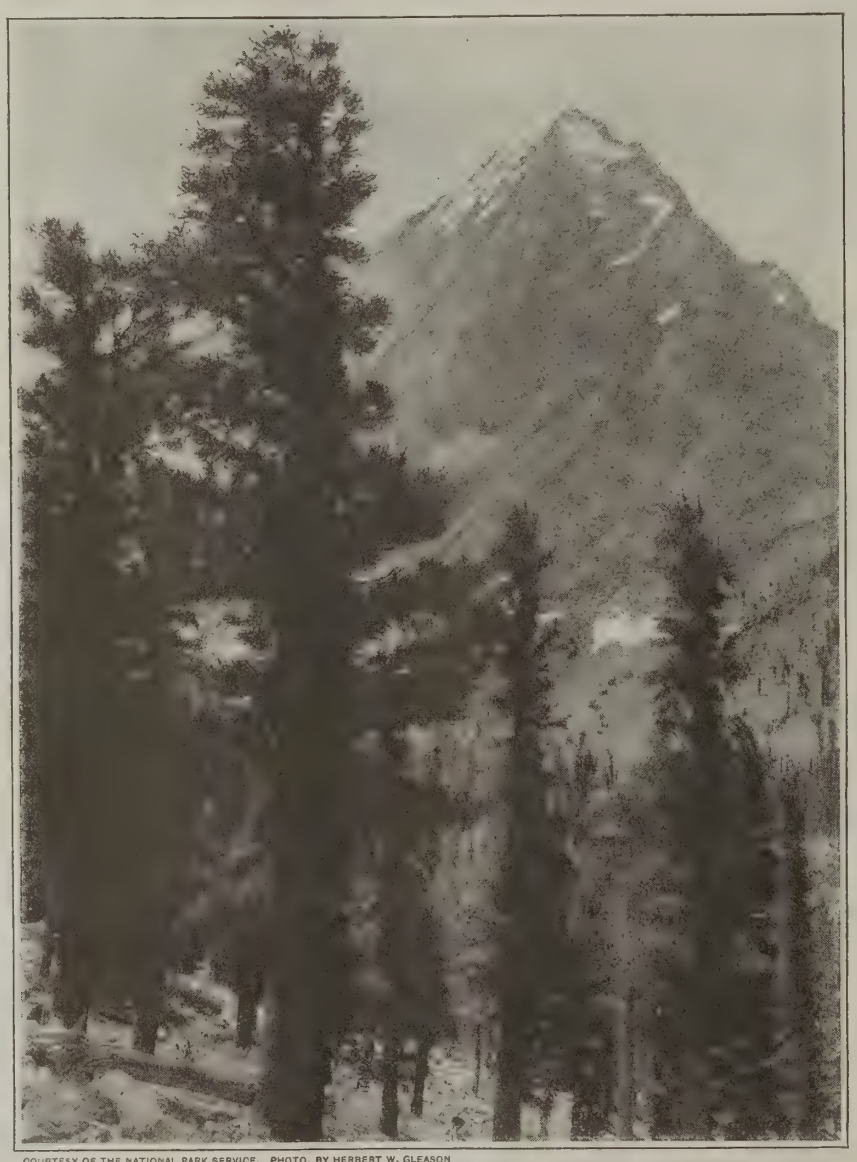
"I'm through!" said he. "No matter what the hotel companies do and no matter what the superintendent says, there will be no more trout sold or bought by the camping company." I have an idea the angler tourists of Yellowstone Park have had little fishing of late and it is plain to see that in another year or so they will have no fishing at all. Yet the very men most interested in the preservation of the park as an attractive place for tourists were unable to grasp these absolutely obvious facts.

They are shining examples of the general American ignorance about the American out-of-doors and I am therefore moved to speak these straightforward words in this place. It is time that all Americans learned something about their own country. Much of that country lies under the roof of the sky and not under any other sort of roof.

To be quite sure of my own position in this matter I conferred with a good corporation and constitutional lawyer. We read over the act of creation of the Yellowstone Park and without hesitation the attorney said that unless modified by later act of Congress the creative act cut off all commercial use of the park whatever. He also said that there was no legal authority for issuing angling permits for sale of fish to any favorite individual, but that all the public alike would be entitled to any gain from such source if it were legal. He stated that in his belief the Department of Justice would be authorized in bringing an injunction against the Interior Department for any act contravening the act of Congress that had created a national park.

It was generally acknowledged by the representative of the United States Fish Commission, as well as others interested in the fish supply of the park, that more attention ought to be paid to stocking the park streams with trout native to that country. Doctor Smith says that something of that kind has been done, but he admits that tourist angling is now almost a thing of the past. Indeed I don't think the streams ever can be stocked in any such way as to supply the demand. On one bridge over the Yellowstone River on one evening thirty-one anglers were counted, all of them patiently waiting for a bite. During the season they are scattered in hundreds all along the streams. Of course once in a while some of them do take fish. I had two very fine baskets of trout—obtained by getting far back from the lines of travel. On the Yellowstone River there is not very much good fishing left—one good hole below Yancey's, one in the cañon below the falls and one not far from the Tower Falls.

On the other side of the park there are some less-visited streams where some of the newly planted trout can now be taken—such as Camp Creek, the stream running through Grizzly Lake. Most of the easily accessible water is practically fished out. There is no question but that the park regulations should limit the daily catch of any man to half a dozen fish, should absolutely cut off all sale of fish and should set on foot the widest possible campaign for planting native trout in the streams. There has been too much of the usual visionary governmental scheming done as



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON

East Vidette and Foxtail Pines, Proposed Roosevelt National Park

to fish and game supply in th favored region, too much of the old ing with Nature. What the auth Washington ought to learn in such is the simple mathematical prop five into two, you can't. This is pl sense. What we need in game prot America is not organization, no control, not scheming and theoriz need just plain horse sense. Tl American people needs that. Five you can't!

It is comforting to turn from th too pleasant matters to others sh fruits of horse sense as applied to supply. We had a long and harc get through the Migratory W Act—indeed just a rumble or so of still is heard in the old spring regions, though the decision Trieber of Arkansas, declaring t strengthened by the Canadian Tre constitutional, has pretty much the last prop from under the spri ers. Judge Trieber, it will be rem was the first judge to declare th McLean Law unconstitutional, famous test case went from his the Supreme Court of the Unite where it still reposes. Meantime, few men have continued to shoot the spring, the great public has its shotgun on the spring flight. T have rejoiced exceedingly.

It will be recalled that last fall 1918—was a distinct anomaly. 1917 was a tremendous duck y showed a great falling off. No find a flight and few districts had shooting. Indeed some of us wonder whether our reform had too late. Happily that does not s the case in the fall of 1919. The reported in mid-October as comin entirely satisfactory numbers. along the Mississippi Valley stat spring the ducks went north rea precedented numbers. Where t tered last year no one seems to k winter was unusually mild in tricts and this fact coupled wit in the feeding grounds no doubt the wide scattering of the flight.

The Joyous Year

It is always to be remembere feeding grounds are growing sc ought not to reason, when we sands of ducks assembled in so few remaining feeding countries, are just as many ducks as there We can never hope for that a surely we are going to have a g more ducks than we had five ye ten years ago.

Every state and the United well ought to cut down the daily For a man to-day to kill twenty- is not really a good thing. The goes out and kills a dozen big n one day has got enough meat fo The chap who catches half a d when he is touring through the c got enough trout for supper f party that night. We have go personal moderation, and that is about it and nothing else will do When we get that new point of when our wiser game laws begi effect, as the Migratory Wild surely has begun to take effec begin to have a more general dist sporting opportunities in Americ

This is not altogether pleasin of course, but it is good horse s what America needs to-day am bitter problems is just horse realization that to-day is not yest that five into two, you can't. If icans can't get that into our hea these sporting catalogues with dreds of pages illustrative o appliances will be waste paper b

Things are moving with t speed to-day and the changes in sport for the last year or two ha rapid and as deplorable as ma other changes affecting the per piness of the average American. set these things right by passing or by forming associations. Eac got to do something and he has g to do it himself and to apply his to himself and not just to the ot This, I think, is a lesson for the which, so far from being rega depressing year, in many ways o called the most buoyant and j we ever have known.

WE CAN'T AFFORD IT

(Continued from Page 17)

u Irving, I thought you were doing
ll'
o usiness is so good that you could
c all the cream and still have it
;mething you got to put back."
urse, but do we have to deny our-
verything? What good is the
y I'm never to have anything out
"
o will have. What d'you think I'm
n for? Only so you and Ruthie
li want ——"
nI do want—lots of things. And
e oo. Now, we only live once,
g —"
ir And if we listen to the women we
te poorhouse. A woman can't un-
ni business. In business you got to
wat's called a budget. A budget
o allow yourself so much for over-
much for living, so much for
thg—all figgered out. That's how
g the profits. But if you begin
n out here fifty dollars and there a
e the end of the year you don't
vere you stand. And before you
i you're bankrupted."
h, rving, you know that what I want
ankrupt you! I want just what it
t run the house and clothe Ruthie
n elf without taking money from
n Surely that won't bankrupt you!"
tired into the silences, but when
oe remained intrenched behind an
neable wall of stillness she girded up
in afresh and went forth to give him
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wit you to give me a hundred dollars
k, she announced with more courage
sh felt, "and—and—a fur coat."
la ed a certain ring of sincerity—of
aility—as though it were a distaste-
ssi she had learned with difficulty
cbled herself to recite. He failed to
e]
ove crazy, Bessie! What d'you
v business is—the Standard Oil?
et! Ain't you got a fur coat?"
t'seven years old, Irving. It's about
o."
aiIrving withdrew into the silences.
agin distastefully she hounded him

Tosee," her tone was full of apology,
av to have something for the winter.
ce; cloth coat costs a fortune this
nd a fur coat, while it's a lot of
y, till it lasts a good many years."
tought your mother was talking
thg about a fur coat for you?"
She-she changed her mind."
Chged her mind? Why?"
he going to get me a lavaliere instead."
Letter better buy you the coat. You
l te it more."
Shewon't. She says it's about time
pa for some of your wife's clothes,
if ou couldn't afford to dress a wife
beter than a servant girl you ——"
Sheays I dress my wife like a serv ——"
Sh- Irving! Don't yell so! Mrs.
elmn is moving her rubber plant, but
nhan excuse to hear what we're talk-
abct. Mamma says she isn't going to
Ruthie or me another thing."
Letter not!"
Thi's just what I told her, Irving. If
's he way she feels about it she
n't uy me a coat. My husband would
me ne." Somehow the latter part of
speh fell short of being as convincing
he st part. Poor Bessie! Just when
shcld have handed him the fountain
an pointed to the dotted line her
t iled her and, "You—you will,
't yu, Irving?" she asked very shakily.
No replied Irving, lifting her from his
andising abruptly. "I told you before,
an afford it!"
nd e strode angrily into the house.
en I saw her come into the living room
r hi he braced himself for a scene. He
ed scene and he would have done
thii in the world to prevent one;
thii except of course—if you gave a
nanmoney every time she wept a little
re ould you land? To his surprise
re s no scene. Quite amicably she
e al sat beside him on the couch.
Irv g," she said, "did you really mean
whe you said you couldn't afford to
w re than forty dollars a week out of
r bsiness?"
Positively!"
Anif you drew out more than that it
uld ankrupt you?"

"I said if you begin drawing out more than you figger in your budget you'll get in deeper and deeper and before you know it you're bankrupted. Sure!"

"Well then ——"

Bessie sighed once, gulped, and if Irving had been gifted with an extra sense he might have heard the splash of the Rubicon.

"Irving, I've been wrong. I didn't realize just how we were fixed. Now I understand. From now on I'm going to be different, Irving. From now on I'm going to save."

For a breath Irving was slightly staggered. For another breath he sought shrewdly the ebony-hued occupant of the woodpile. But at the third breath he fell. He smiled. He was at peace. Over the sore spot of Irving Apfel's life was spread a beneficent ointment.

It was the following night that Bessie met him at the door in a blue-and-white-checked bungalow apron.

"Annie out?" he queried in surprise.

"Annie's gone." And at his astonished look, "Yes, I didn't have the money to raise her. And, anyway, I don't think poor people like us can afford to keep a maid. I can manage fine without her."

He was vaguely troubled. He did not exactly approve of the step, but he said nothing. She must have worked hard, the kid, to fix up supper and all. Potato soup, fish, rice, beans and chocolate pudding. He did not care much for fish and he never ate pudding—but he ate everything.

"We have to have fish sometimes," she explained. "Meat is a luxury these days and poor people like us can't afford luxuries."

He had to laugh. His Bessie—the most spoiled girl in Brooklyn! You could see it was all in the bringing up. Her mother had spoiled her—always giving her everything she wanted. After supper he helped with the dishes.

"We go with the Bendheims to the movies, don't we?"

"I had to call it off," replied Bessie. "We have no one to leave with Ruthie, you know."

"Oh!" said Irving without enthusiasm. Then, struck by a new thought, "Do we have to stay home every night?"

"Oh, no, mamma will come over and stay with Ruthie once every week or so."

"Oh!" said Irving with even less enthusiasm. They were in the habit of spending about six nights a week away from home. On the seventh there was usually company. Irving looked round his cozy living room, a troubled question in his eye. Nothing in the room in any way answered the question. He did not quite know what to do with himself. It was a little too cool to sit outdoors. He had never read a book in his life. He picked up the Millinery Guide and sank down on the loose-cushioned tapestry-upholstered couch. Bessie gave him the fleetingest of kisses on her way to the piano.

For fifteen minutes he sat idly turning the pages of the Millinery Guide. Then he spoke.

"Bessie," he said, "can't you play something else than those scales? It's giving me a headache already."

"I'm sorry." Bessie, reaching up for a volume of *études* was all sweet contrition. "You see, having all the work to do to-day, I didn't get a chance to practice at all. And you wouldn't want me to neglect my music, I know."

She played for two and a half hours, while Irving fell asleep on the tapestry-upholstered couch. At eleven she woke him and they went upstairs. He wound up the alarm clock with just a shade more force than it absolutely required. And when he pulled up the shade he snapped the string. Somehow into the beneficent ointment had crept the inevitable fly.

It was a week later that he really felt compelled to say something to Bessie. He hated to do it, but fish three times in one week! Enough was plenty. And the night before there had been bread pudding—his particular hate.

"Bessie," he began as gently as he could, meaning to lead up to the subject of fish very tactfully, "how comes it we ain't had no chicken since the fall of Jerusalem?"

"Chicken!" Bessie jumped up to clear away the fish plates. "Chicken! Poor people like us can't afford it."

Well, Nobody Had Nothing on Bessie. Women, Girls, Old Men, Young Men—All Paid Her Tribute

"Th—th—listen to her! So poor we ain't that once in a week we can't have a little chicken."

"I should say not! I have my budget all worked out. And you know how it is—you have to stick to your figures. If you begin, a chicken here, a bottle of cream there, you get in deeper and deeper and before you know it—Look!" She set down the crumber and reached him something from behind the clock. "My bank book," she explained. "I opened an account."

"It don't seem possible," remarked her husband. "What come over you?"

"I told you the other night—I hadn't realized before. I have to save. Especially as mamma won't help me out any more."

She set the coffee tray on the table.

"What's for dessert?" inquired Irving.

"Nothing," replied Bessie. "Poor people have to do without desserts."

"Now looka here, Bessie, you could carry a good thing too far! To save a little is good, but to do without food ——"

"Oh, I'll see that you always have plenty of food! I'm only going to cut down on luxuries. You see, I can't spend more on food than my budget allows. I have to save."

"What you got to save for so much? What I give you you can spend."

"I should say not! Don't I have to buy clothes when mine wear out? I can't ask mamma for any more, and I won't ask you for money. I know you give me all you can afford.

"You see," she went on, "if I'm very saving I'll have a new suit by Easter. I'll probably need it pretty bad by then. And meanwhile Ruthie ought to have a coat this winter and I'm saving for that first. When I think about shoes and hats and waists and underwear and everything—gee! I feel tempted to live on oatmeal and dried herring!"

Irving said nothing about the fish. The time did not seem exactly propitious. But while drying the dishes he was rather thoughtful. He did not care for drying dishes—especially fourteen times in two weeks.

Hanging the damp towel over the rack, he inquired suddenly, "Ain't this the night for your mother to mind Ruthie?"

"Mamma isn't coming any more. I had a fight with her."

"What?"

He followed her into the living room, where she switched on the light over the piano.

"I never want to see her again after the things she said to-day about you."

"About me?"

"Uh-huh! She as good as said you were a liar—that you weren't hard up at all. She called you names—stingy and gut and oh, I just can't tell you all! She said you had no right to let me do my own work, because you could easily afford to give me at least a hundred a week."

"She should mind her own business."

"That's what I told her. I was furious. As if you'd let me do my own work if you could afford to pay for a girl—scrubbing floors and ——"

"You shouldn't scrub floors, Bessie, really. You should hire a woman."

"At three-fifty a day? And let my child do without a winter coat to pay for it? I should say not! I'll do my own work until we can afford ——"

Bessie had opened the piano and the rest of the sentence was lost in a noisy attack on C major. Irving started for his hat. "And she even said"—Bessie interrupted C major at the third flight—"that soon you'd begin going out without me and neglecting me."

Irving put his hat back in the closet. A few moments he stood irresolute, his hand on the closet door. Then struck by an idea, he crossed over to the piano.

"Wouldn't nobody—Katzes or nobody come over to-night?"

"No, not a soul."

"Here then"— he laid fifty cents on the mahogany—"go to the movies. You ain't been outside the house in a week." Even he could stand staying home but for the piano.

Bessie fingered the silver meditatively.

"Movies are a luxury," she ventured at length. "Do you really think we can afford ——"

"*Chamme!*" He gave a short laugh. "Fifty cents I can afford!"

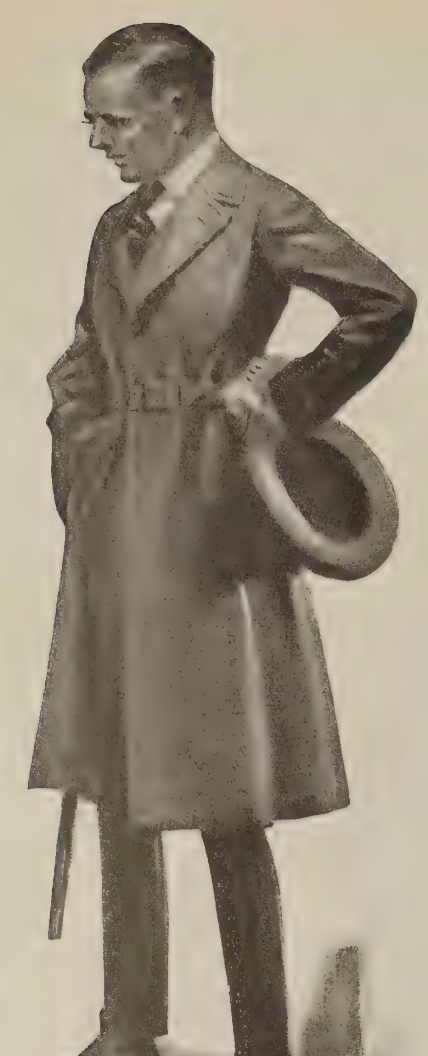
"But your budget. You're sure ——"

"Don't talk nonsensical! Put on your hat!"

In the hall Bessie paused, irresolute.

"I'd rather not," she sighed at length. "I wouldn't enjoy it without you." And she dropped the half dollar into the bank on the mantel.

Somehow that simple act annoyed Irving out of all proportion to its size. Perhaps it was the very smallness of it that irritated.



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CHICAGO

He gives her fifty cents, she should go to the movies. Not alone she don't go, but she pockets yet the fifty cents. It's all right a woman should be saving. But you know there's a limit. Fifty cents it costs you to hear her play for an hour scales. Wouldn't it give you the plotz?

It was the next morning that Irving—having looked under the porch swing and down the steps and behind the rocker began to say unkind things about the newspaper boy.

"Oh," called Bessie from the kitchen, "don't blame the boy, Irv! I cut off the order."

"You ——"

"Yes. You see, it's ten cents a month extra for delivery and that's a dollar-twenty a year. And besides I thought maybe you could pick one up in the train. People are always leaving them round on the seats."

The next day Irving, who was about to take a clean shirt from the drawer, gave an exasperated bark.

"Bessie," he called down the back stairs, "you got to change the laundry! You ought to see what them mommsers done to my shirt!"

"Oh ——" Bessie was making toast. Breakfast had ceased to be a joy to Irving since toast made of stale bread had been substituted for his fresh rolls at the same time that top-of-the-bottle replaced his cream, and eggs vanished almost entirely. "Oh," said Bessie, sending her voice in the general direction of her irate lord, "it's not the laundry! I stopped sending them to the laundry. I'm learning to do them myself."

"But give a look what you done with this!"

"I know, dear, but I'll learn." She came and stood at the foot of the stairs. "Don't you remember when I made my first dress and I cried because it was botched you said it wasn't so bad—I shouldn't get discouraged—any dumb dressmaker could make a dress and a smart girl like me surely could learn? And I did, so I'll learn to press too. Any dumb wash woman can press. Poor people can't afford laundries. Aren't you coming down for breakfast, dear? I have lovely oatmeal, and the toast'll all be cold."

"I be down soon," said Irving in a licked sort of voice.

That same night she told him, "I met Lennie Wolper to-day."

"Yeh? What did he have to say?"

"He wanted to know when I was coming in to order that coat I looked at with mamma last month."

Irving became suddenly and deeply absorbed in the front page of the paper, which he had brought home three days before.

"I explained to him," went on his wife placidly, "that you couldn't afford to buy me a coat."

"What?"

"Well, isn't that the truth?"

"But d'you have to tell him?"

"Well, should I lie? He asked me why didn't I come down and I told him the truth. It's not a disgrace not to be able to afford things, is it? It's more disgrace to pretend that you can. If we're not ashamed to let the neighbors see we can't afford a girl, why should we be ashamed to tell Lennie Wolper we can't afford fur coats?"

"Bessie," said Irving, "it can't cost such a fortune to keep a girl. I maybe could give you the difference Annie raised you."

"I should say not! As long as I'm a poor man's wife I'll do my part."

"Bessie, don't keep throwing in my teeth all the time I'm a schnorrer! I ain't ——"

"People who live on a salary of forty dollars—like we do—are poor people. And poor people don't need servants. And that's all there is to it."

There was quite a cold spell the end of October. Bessie had failed to engage the furnace man—for a reason which Irving was getting just a bit weary of hearing. Irving was annoyed. The girl was getting nutty with her savings. People had to have a little something, at least a little comfort in their own house. He wasn't going to be a furnace man. If she wanted to be so tight let her get up mornings and look after it herself—he wouldn't. But in the end he did, because Bessie was so—well, he might as well call spades shippem—so damn stingy with the coal he couldn't sit in his own parlor without his feet freezing off. Of course she could stand it. She wrapped her feet in a rug and banged the piano so hard it would keep circulation in a mummy. Probably the biggest, fattest fly in Irving's ointment was that same mahogany upright which had so thrilled his soul when Bessie's Uncle Mortie presented it to them as a wedding gift. The dish towel and the coal shovel and fried codfish also in no wise added to the sum of his joys.

With November came the circus. Irving brought home three tickets. Every year it was his custom and pleasure to take his little daughter to the circus. Bessie would dress her in her best, which was very good indeed, and her proud father would take her downtown with him in the morning. How the enthusiastic and no longer young Miss Berger would gush at sight of the little vision! And how Irving would conceal beneath a strictly business air the satisfaction that made his chest to swell and his eyes to kindle! How he would be busy at his desk when Miss Berger kidnaped the wide-eyed little treasure and carried her off into the workroom! How he would frown at his mail as the little ecstatic cries drifted in to him through the open door! How she was growing, *unberufen!* And what a darling she was! She should live in good health. And what eyes she had—*unbeschrieen*, like the mamma's.

At noon Bessie would join them and he would escort them both to lunch before the performance. This year Bessie begged to be excused.

"I'm so tired out—a whole day's rest without Ruthie will do me more good. And Rosie Katz said wouldn't you please take Marjorie? She can't take her, but she'll give me the money for the ticket."

Of course Irving wouldn't say anything. But wasn't it funny for Bessie, when he paid for the tickets, to take the money from Rosie Katz and put it in her bank? Wasn't it funny a girl so fine in other ways could be so small about money?

The Saturday of the circus Marjorie appeared at eight sharp in a beaver-colored coat with nutria trimmings and hat to match. She looked, *unberufen*, like an angel in heaven in that coat and hat. At least so Mrs. Monchik, of The Tots' Shop, said after selling Mrs. Katz the coat. There was another coat of velvet with real beaver. Heaven knows what she would have looked like in that—only it was too much money.

While Marjorie was still turning round for her host's inspection Bessie sent down Ruthie, also hatted and coated and ready. Irving took one look at his daughter.

"Bessie," he called upstairs, "what's the matter with Ruthie?"

"With Ruthie?"

"Yes—her coat! She looks something terrible!"

Bessie came clattering down full of consternation.

"I never saw the child looking like that! What's the matter with her? She looks like a scarecrow!"

"Why, Irving, how can you talk that way about the baby? Maybe she hasn't got a new coat, but that's no reason for calling her names!"

"But look how her arms are hanging out of the sleeves! And her legs are sticking out a mile!"

"Well, she's growing. I can't put weights on her head. It's a little short on her, I admit. But it's not torn or anything."

"Well, I can't take her out looking like such a nebesch—and that's all! Go up and put something else on her."

"She has nothing else. I'm ashamed of you, Irving. To act that way about your child—and such a good child too! I never heard of a father being ashamed of his own child."

"I'm not ashamed of the child. I'm ashamed the way she looks—like such a poorhouse!"

"Well, it's no disgrace to be poor. And certainly the child can't help it if you don't make as much as Mannie Katz."

"Mannie Katz! Ha-ha! The cashier in my bank!"

"Well, he must be making more money than you, anyway, because he gives Rosie sixty a week and his Christmas bonus. If you gave me sixty a week maybe we could af——"

It was about here that the import of the conversation began to take root in the inner brain of Ruthie Apfel, who had been pondering. Of a sudden she set up a wail.

"I want a new coat! I want a new coat! And a hat with fur—like Marjorie's!"

"Hush, mamma's baby! Don't cry! The poor child! It breaks my heart to hear her cry. If we could afford it I'd tell you to stop off at Monchik's on the way in and buy her a coat."

"Where is Monchik's?"

"Ruthie knows. But I wouldn it. We can't af——"

"Bessie, I—I was going to sur I got a big order yesterday. I' good profit on it. The child coul coat—she shouldn't look like a jok

"But, Irving! Your budget!"

"Pff!" He made a magnificen

"Oh, Irving, I'm afraid you're to be extravagant! This coat is out yet."

"She could wear it for school. Ruthie. You show papa the way Monchik's."

"Don't let Mrs. Monchik talk anything expensive, Irving. She sell you a coat like Marjorie's. I Don't let her talk you in. Do yo

"I hear," said Irving, kissing by.

"Get something serviceable, Something not too fancy for poo We don't have to dress our chil Katz's. Don't do anything foolish

"You know me!" said Irving.

She did.

After he had safely turned the c went to the phone. Mrs. Monchik opening the Tots' Shop for the da

"Sure! I understand perfectel remember—the velvet coat with th Don't worry! He wouldn't get av out the coat. I could sell a man easier than a woman. A man is a sell. I got it in the winder alre coat and the hat. And Mrs. A should worry, huh, if he takes alo organdie dress like Marjorie K effsche a hand-embroidered Prin for under, huh, Mrs. Apfel? Don I know your taste—champagne. trust me, Mrs. Apfel.

And Mrs. Apfel did.

The invitation arrived for the ment party of Irving's brother Si Helen Stern, Thanksgiving eve, at

"I'll write Mrs. Stern and exp we can't go," said Bessie.

"How d'ye mean, we can't go?

"How can I go? In a shirt w skirt?"

"Where's your evening dress?"

"That old black one I got t ago?"

"Yeh, that black one you alway so good in."

"It was torn and I made a bat out of it last summer."

"Th—th—you shouldn't have Maybe with a little fixing you co wore it."

"Well, I needed a bathing sui thought this year ——"

"Well, you'll have to get y little evening dress."

"I should say not! What do po need with evening dresses?"

"For my brother's engagement

"For one night I should spend a dollars on an evening dress?"

"It wouldn't need to cost you a dollars. You'll buy a piece goods a a dress. What'll it cost you?"

"It won't cost me anything, Ir cause I need my money for other

"Who's talking your money? goods and I'll give you what you

"It's not only a dress, Irving. and stockings and ——"

"Nu? Does my brother get every day? You could wear t things to the wedding."

"Is it worth while getting bank for one night?"

"*Frisch! Gesund! Meschuge!* D get bankrupt from buying once goods for a dress?"

"Well, fifty dollars here, a there ——"

"Don't talk foolish! Go to-mor get it! You ain't got much time."

The next night he asked her, "W you get the goods for the dress?"

"N—no, Irving. Do you real we can af——"

"Bessie, I don't want to hear from this nonsense. Ain't it eno telling you it's all right? Get it to- Remember, you only got till a we Sunday!"

The next night he asked her agai you get the goods?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, there was only one piece berg's I liked and it was too much

"How much?"

(Concluded on Page 64)

HOOSIER

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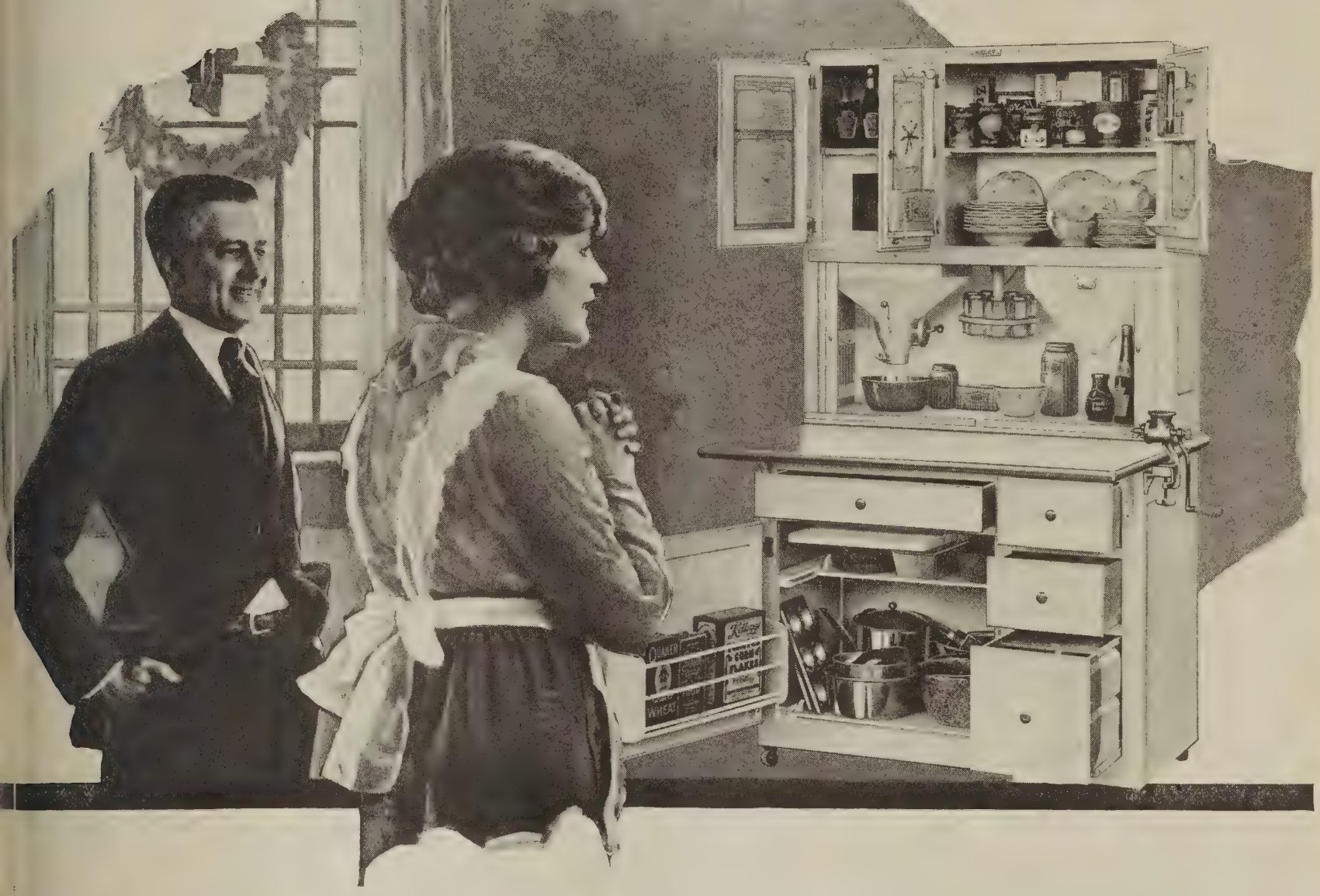

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(Concluded from Page 62)

"Forty dollars. Isn't that ridiculous? And there was nothing else I'd take for a present. You know, I'm not in love with the whole idea. I don't think we can af——"

Irving pulled a roll of money from his pocket.

"Here! I don't want to hear no more! To-morrow you'll get it, if that's the only thing that'll make you happy."

"But shoes ——"

"Shoes too—whatever you need!"

Sunday he asked her, "Well, how's the dress coming along?"

"I didn't start it yet."

"You didn't! When you going to begin?"

"I don't know. I'm sort of scared to cut into it—such dear goods. I might spoil it alone."

"Couldn't you get someone to help you?"

"Well, I don't like to ask mamma. When I had the fight with her about you being stingy she said I'd be asking her before long for help."

"No, don't ask her favors. I'll give you the money. Hire somebody."

Monday night showed no progress. Bessie had been unable to hire anybody—neither did Tuesday. Irving grew excited.

"How you going to get it finished if here it's Tuesday night and you didn't begin it yet? What you going to do?"

"The only one I can think of is Miss Brush. But she's estimate and she gets thirty-five dollars for the needle ——"

"If we got to have it we got to have it. Take her the goods—here's the money!"

"Oh, no, I'll have her send you the bill—in case she needs anything extra for trimming. It seems a shame to spend all that money."

"Don't begin that again!"

"I was going to say—and then wear such a shabby coat!"

"Who'll see the coat? You'll go in quick and check it. We'll get there early and we'll leave late. Nobody'll see the coat."

The dress was a wonderful success—quite the prettiest dress Bessie Apfel had ever owned. Irving was beaming. In spite of the fact that the dress, and so forth, had left him no change out of a century and a quarter he was in high good humor. He liked going out. Especially when his wife looked—*unberufen*.

"And here," remarked said wife, "is a surprise!" And held up for inspection a moleskin coat.

"Wh—wh ——"

"Don't get excited! It isn't mine. Rosie Katz loaned it to me."

"It's an elegant coat."

"You bet! Mannie made some money on the side and blew her. It must have cost at least eight hundred dollars. He must be an awfully smart fellow. Just think of making eight hundred dollars on one deal!"

"Pooh!" began Irving, but thought better of it.

Bessie pirouetted slowly before the forward-tilted mirror of her white-enamel bureau.

"She's a darling to lend it to me. I was over to-day to leave Ruthie there for the night, and when Rosie heard I had to wear my old Hudson seal she offered herself to lend me this. But you know, Irv, she had an altogether wrong idea about you. She thought you were tight—you know, stingy about buying me things.

"Of course I set her right. I explained that we just can't afford to have the things they have, because your business doesn't throw off enough——"

"Looka here, Bessie! You got to learn not to talk about my business!"

"Oh, I didn't, Irving! I didn't say a word about your business. All I said was it didn't throw off enough for us to have the things they have. You give me all you can afford, and if we were to spend more than we do it would hurt the business."

"Bessie!"

"And maybe you'd go bankrupt."

"Bessie, are you crazy? You fool, you ——" He began to pace up and down the bedroom furiously, clenched fist pounding into open palm behind his back. "Don't you know Mannie Katz is the cashier in my bank? Ain't you got nothing in your head but emptiness? How do you think it helps my standing if you go round and telling the world I'm going bankrupt? How do you think I'm going to look when I go to my bank for an accommodation after my wife tells the cashier I'm going bust?"

"Oh, no, Irving; I didn't say you were going bust, because you're not! I'm going to see that you don't. I only said that if you drew out more than the forty dollars a week you give me you'd be bankrupt. You said it yourself. Those were your very ——"

"But what I say to you you don't have to tell Mannie Katz, do you?"

"Oh, we needn't bluff them! Rosie sees the way I do my own work and she knows I haven't had a new rag all season, and Mannie even remarked that I used to dress so well and you must have had a bad year. Well, I didn't want to say that mamma used to buy my clothes—I was ashamed—so I didn't say anything."

"Come on, we'll be late to the engagement." Irving's face was devoid of beam. "Only don't wear that woman's coat."

"You're right, Irving. People would think it was mine and that we were full of money, and I hate bluff." She slipped into her old Hudson seal. "There, that's better! It's more suitable for a poor man's wife. No use giving people the impression you're something you aren't."

"It don't look bad—that coat."

"No, it's not torn or anything. Besides, if I wore it the other people might begin to wonder where we got the money from."

"You ain't going to leave it laying round the room, are you?"

"Oh, no, of course not! Would you mind running over to Rosie's and telling her you don't like me to ——"

"Positively not! I wouldn't go near that—we ain't got time!"

"Maybe just for safety's sake I better wear it."

"Well," replied her husband, "maybe you better."

By the time they reached the Ritz, Irving was beaming 16-k beams all over the place. He did like to go out. Especially an occasion like this—it didn't happen every day—and things had been very quiet for him lately—oh, very quiet!

And as the evening progressed his radiant good humor increased in volume and intensity until not even his brother Sidney—not even the father of the girl—outbeamed him. Well, nobody had nothing on Bessie. You had to give it to that girl—she was a picture, she should live in health. Everybody was talking about her. She was the center of everything. Women, girls, old men, young men—all paid her tribute. How the sight of it all warmed the very cockles of his heart—wherever they are. Look at her over there with old man Kopitz of the Popular Bank, and Professor Abrahams, the great Abrahams from West End Avenue, who had brought her into the world twenty-five years before. Two real somebodies, and how they were enjoying themselves with Bessie. Irving wondered what they were laughing at so much. Vaguely he felt that they were talking about him.

He excused himself from Blossom Stern, who was a nice girl but *miess*, and crossed the room. But just before he reached them, Kopitz's son, Stanley Cobb, had whirled her away in a waltz. The two old men greeted him cordially.

"Well," said old man Kopitz, "I don't have to ask you how things are going. I can see for myself. Your wife looks like the Queen of Jerusalem."

Irving put to shame every incandescent bulb in the place.

"A man must be dragging a bushel of money out of the flower-and-feather business," went on the banker, "to doll a woman up like that these days. How many lofts you got now, Irving?"

"Two," replied Irving modestly, "in the Ganimede Building."

"Two lofts in the Ganimede Building!" The banker shook a white-fringed head from side to side like the figure of the China mandarin on his mother's whatnot. "And I remember when he went peddling for Levy and Gutlohn! It seems like yesterday. Two lofts! But the minute I saw Mrs. Irving looking like a million dollars I knew. I used to think to myself, there's the boy that's the future flower-and-feather king of this country. Now I know it. You're a coming man, Irving. Why don't you drop in and see me some time—at the Popular?"

Somebody claimed his attention and he drifted away. Irving turned his effulgent face toward the doctor.

"Bessie is a good advertisement, isn't she?" remarked the professor.

Irving was too full for words. He merely nodded.

"I tell you, Apfel, it pays a man to keep his wife looking right. No man ever got any further from crying poor. Prosperity makes prosperity. I bet if he hadn't seen Bessie he wouldn't have remembered that he always thought you would be the flower-and-feather king of this country, heh, Apfel?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied the heir apparent.

"Well, I'm glad you're getting along so well, Apfel. And I'm glad to see you're taking such good care of Bessie. She looks fine. Don't let her work too hard. She's inclined to go into things too strong. She'll stand it for a while and then she'll go to pieces all of a sudden. But I don't have to tell you. A man like you wouldn't let a girl like Bessie do a day's work if he had to pawn his shirt to hire someone to help her. We Jewish men know how to take care of our wives, heh, Apfel?"

"Bessie," remarked Irving on the way home in the taxi, "how much costs such a coat?"

"Oh, about eight hundred dollars."

"Bessie, go order one."

"What? You must be crazy, Irving! We can't afford such a thing!"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe it seems like a lot of money, but a fur coat ain't a thing you buy every day."

"Don't be ridiculous, Irving! For a woman who does her own work ——"

"I was going to say, Bessie, you got to get a girl. It ain't right for you to go on working so hard. All of a sudden you'll go to pieces."

"Irving, the engagement must have gone to your head! Do you want to go bankrupt?"

"Don't get excited, I wouldn't go bankrupt! My business is going very good."

"Even if it is, no business is so g you can draw out all the cream."

"Listen, Bessie! We only live on now while we're young ——"

"But, Irving, we have to save! or trouble ——"

"We'll save too."

"Irving, you talk as if your busi the Standard Oil."

He commenced to laugh.

"To hear you talk, Bessie, you'd didn't know what I could take o my own business. Why, Bessie, I I made ——"

There was a little awkward pau Bessie waited expectantly and Irv a little cough.

"I made a lot of money," he co

"Oh," said Bessie, "you thin thing is a lot of money! You thou dollars a week was a lot of mone Mannie Katz ——"

"Hah!" Irving exploded. "Man Why, I make three times what th draws a year."

This time Bessie laughed.

"Oh, Irving! You'd be makin thousand dollars a year!"

"Well?"

There was a little pregnant and then Bessie murmured, "I d lieve it."

"What d'ye mean you don't be D'ye think I'm lying?"

"Oh, no! I mean—you must e taken."

"What d'ye mean mistaken? It books."

"Maybe you made a mistake in it up."

"Say, ain't I got for twenty week a bookkeeper? Ain't ther thing as trial balances and ——"

"Anyway, I can't believe it."

Irving was angry.

"Looka here, Bessie! You'll co office the next time you're downt I'll show you on the books if I'm

"Oh, I didn't mean that! O Irving, you must be joking!"

"I tell you I ain't!"

"The next thing you'll be telli ought to spend a hundred dollars a the house!"

He took it on high.

"From now on I bring you hom dred dollars a week for the house don't want no saving on it neit hear? I'm full up to the neck f saving."

Sometimes when Bessie Apfel c her husband's loft and casts an e over his ledgers, seemingly quite with columns and credits, debits balances, a quizzical look comes eye of the future F. and F. king of Almost he suspects that he has ways underrated her.

Could she really, in spite of *secours* look in her eyes, be so very even smarter than ——

It does not seem possible, and

How was it the very day brother's engagement Mrs. Levin had not shown an orthopedically inside his home in six weeks, smiling as though nothing had h

And that very same day An peared, seemingly untouched by ment sharks in a period of al months in spite of her jewel-like

And once, seeing Ruth start off in her old coat, he wondered wh seemed so awfully short to him b why her arms had seemed to dang potently from the sleeves, whereas did not look so very bad in it.

And at these times he tries to r just how it was he began to let his over his books—a thing he had al approved of. For once you let a w how much money you are mak pcht! She has a use for all of it.

But not Bessie of course. B different. Bessie's fault lay the o Bessie had a tendency to be—wel What a job he had had to make that moleskin coat that was real gain because of Rosie Katz decidi last minute she didn't like it! Bessie looked in it! She did a m Bessie did.

He took pains to explain it to h

"You got to look nice, Bessi perity makes prosperity. If you looking like a schnorrer's wife so body'll have me bankrupted. Yo make a poor face, Bessie. We ca it."

furnishing store and purchased civilutfits—complete from straw hats to oes—and quietly departed the same ng from the billet to which we had assigned to one of the most expensive . The atmosphere of the place apl to our craving for luxury after many months keeping the watch on the . The bridal suite we engaged had been occupied by King Leopold of m—need I say more?

"his is sittin' on the world," chuckled Joe, gazing with the liveliest satisn at the canopied beds, the silken gs and red upholstery. "Not such li'l P. C.—hey, Henree? Nothin' ittin' oriented. I got our lines of unication established too, ol'-timer. ir-ree; went to the bank this mornin' rew beaucoup geld. Fixed it so we go broke no matter what comes off." hat are your plans?"

one a-tall, except I don't aim to miss ," he replied. "A feller's a fool to plans in this burg. Say, ain't it great l these cits ag'in? I'm so sick of I s I never want to see one after we're No uniform for me! I'm ag'in any sm, Henree, that shows at a glance cy where you fit in the scheme of .

"e and you go along and we've got to out our arms salutin' guys who'd be v' for us in civil life, or maybe runnin' evator. And them same birds 've got sto one side for the field officers and ld officers straighten up and try to risk when they spy a brigadier or two comin' along. It's a unnatural sysm, Henree, and beats down your self-pt. Gee! Give me cits every time, nobody knows whether you're a bum a billionaire!"

Th next afternoon we dropped into m's place—to forget the horrors of war Colenz, as M'sieu Hicks expressed it. d here who should we run into but our o iends of the previous day, the lady teainers! They were eating a late n and we joined them at table.

By a natural gravitation my partner ir off with Mlle. Guinevere Hallahan d fell to my lot to talk to Mlle. Ernestine Fe. The arrangement proved fortunate the extreme. Though he barely came up h shoulder, it did not ur M'sieu Hicks' master- sprit and in no time at h was calling Mademoi- lle Guinevere "Girlie" and Li' One"; while I early scered that Mademoiselle ne united rare beauty th exceptional qualities of in and heart.

Sh possessed ole eyes and a wi hing dimple he right cheek, d e displayed swet feminine pelence that ou d all my ivry and tenrns. A fascitir conversaonast also, she listened with pt tention to the account ir capture of German sers.

"She grabbed sixty, hey?" d M'sieu Hicks. "It grows ery time Henree tells it. st was eleven, then ——"

"Nsense! I just know ne is a daredevil," she er pted with a meaning an at Mademoiselle Hallam.

"Aen't you, Henree?"

It ould have sounded like asing to assent, yet to deny e peachment savored of po isy, so I maintained si- nce.

W were getting along mo ly, you may well beeve when my partner came ear spoiling the party by he his tactless banalities.

"What're you lampin' Hene fo?" he demanded loudly. Oo, là, là! Don't you know 's t a wife and a coupla vins Besides, visual sigalins gone out of fashion."

OO, LÀ, LÀ!

(Continued from Page 32)

"I'm not lamping him," retorted Mademoiselle Ernestine.

"Oh, no, you ain't! Maybe you haven't been using them eyes on the poor fish."

"What? Like that? Why, that's the Y. M. C. A. look! We've got orders to do that."

My friend appeared incredulous, then profoundly interested.

"Do tell!" he said. "How come? Tell us about it, Bright Eyes."

And Ernestine, the entertainer, explained as follows: "Our instructions are to look at the men in a manner which will make them think of their wives and sweethearts at home."

M'sieu Hicks exploded in a guffaw and slapped his thigh hilariously.

"Fine! Great! And I'll say this for the way you carry out orders, Bright Eyes—it certainly makes me think of my wife back home. I'll tell the world it does! Every time you turn them lamps on me I think of what'd happen if Patsy was to catch me here, and cold chills run down my back. It's the obsolete truth."

We were passing the time thus innocently and pleasurably when in the doorway appeared the unmistakable form of M'sieu Stuffle. He advanced hesitatingly and made an inquiry of the cashier, who answered with a shake of the head.

"He wants to know if they've got chocolate éclairs," hazarded Girlie.

"Uh-uh! He's tryin' to find out if there's anybody here from Pansyville."

In my opinion the latter supposition was correct, my friend, for The Professor next wandered to the bar and we heard him inquire of the bartender if he had ever been in America.

"Sure! Lived in New York nine years."

"What? You have? Ever been to Indiana?"

We groaned, and at that moment his roving glance rested on us.

My Partner Herded This Menagerie Into the Elevator and Ascended to Our Rooms

"Good day, men!" he cried unctuously, with a beatific smile, and there was nothing to do but make a pretense of welcome.

"What'll you have, professor? Sit down. Put your feet up on the table and give your brain a rest. Hey, George—take the orders, will you? What'll it be—a foaming beaker of lemonade or a flock of éclairs?"

M'sieu Stuffle hesitated, eying the beverages in front of us.

"Try one of these," suggested Mademoiselle Hallahan. "They're real good. Mild, but nourishing."

"What may it be?" he inquired, gazing at the flecked foam on top.

"It's perfectly harmless—yes, indeed. If it wasn't we wouldn't be drinking it—would we, Ernestine? The name of it is 'Holy Joe.'"

"Certainly the name suggests nothing evil in it," commented The Professor doubtfully.

"Of course not," my partner agreed. "It's good for rheumatism; it's the one proved remedy for flu; and it'll mend a broken collar bone. In fact it's good for whatever ails you, professor. *Ah, oui!* Fetch Mr. Stuffle a Holy Joe, George."

"Yes, sir," answered the bartender with alacrity. Presently he brought a long glass filled to the brim with the creamy concoction, and as he set it down, remarked: "That represents the work of one hen for a week, gents."

We watched eagerly. M'sieu Stuffle smacked his lips when he put down the glass, and observed that Holy Joe struck him as a proper and extremely soothing beverage.

You are a man of the world, my friend, and know from what slight beginnings parties start—especially in Paris, where the pursuit of pleasure seems to be the sole aim of existence. Therefore you will not be surprised to learn that from such blameless preliminaries a party began. But perhaps you will experience a measure of incredulity when I inform you that it lasted three nights and two days. *Oui, m'sieu.* We encountered The Professor on a Saturday and we parted from him on Tuesday morn. How little did we know the man! How little had we guessed his lion heart and endurance!

"All the same, it was worth it," asserted M'sieu Hicks. "Because, Henree, this'll be our last chance. By the time we git back to the ol' U. S. the whole blamed country 'll be dry, and the only parties me and you are like to see will be forty-two orgies and other devilments."

Eh, bien! It transpired that The Professor had long been a sufferer from a form of lumbago and Holy Joe proved of distinct benefit. After drinking five, which M'sieu Hicks and I paid for, he announced that he had a fine full feeling, and what did we boys plan to do with the rest of the evening?

We had no plans; in Paris it is better to drift with the tide. So we took the young ladies to dinner at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, and The Professor came along as a matter of course. He ate prodigiously of rare viands such as *langouste* and sole and *poulet de grain*, topped off with a salade and an omelette soufflé, merely remarking that a couple of éclairs and a cup of coffee would be all he required to finish, and that was one thing we had to learn in America—how to cook, but he hadn't found a place in France where you

(Continued on Page 69)

About that half inch-

THE average man never seems to know when he's got enough. I realize it's tempting stuff. That silvery, slippery little roll of Cream is so blamed inviting that it's awfully easy to push out an inch or so onto your brush.

I wish you wouldn't.

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Oh! I know you have the toughest beard your barber ever amputated. Personally, I never met a man above the second year in the high school who wasn't afflicted with a fuzz of extraordinary tenacity. Lucky thing for soap manufacturers that men have always been eager to blame shaving troubles on their beards.

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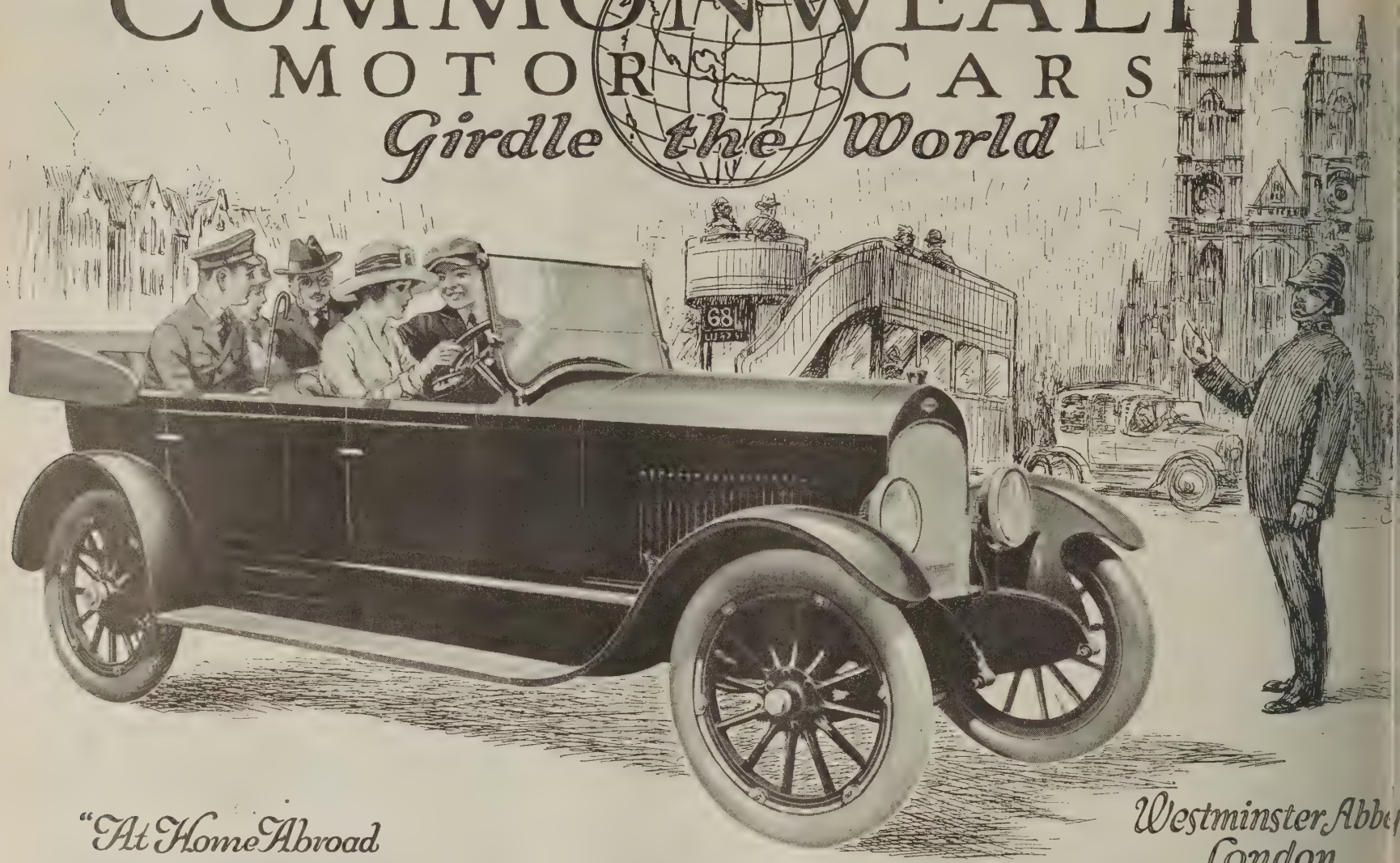

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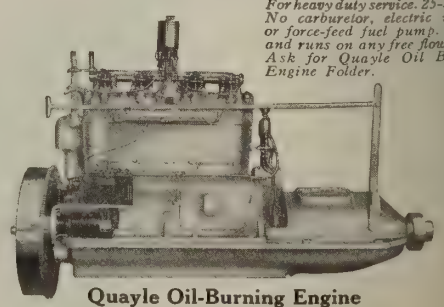

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(Continued from Page 67)

l get ham and eggs like they fried 'em Pasyville.

B this time he had put himself entirely n partner's hands and readily acqui- e in the proposal that we should order sne Château d'Yquem. *Mon dieu,* and d stated not half an hour earlier, had s tuffle, that he had a fine full feeling i ly free from hunger!

Pdon my heat, m'sieu, in speaking of s ut you will understand when I come te nub of the business. For when *ion* was presented my partner waved rly in my direction, because—he an- ed—I was a war profiteer in the mat- an oil well brought in on one of my ties during our absence at the Front. d learned to my bitter chagrin that the u acquaintance of Mesdemoiselles Hal- and La Rue and the infliction of The fsor's presence on the gathering had tue in the neighborhood of ninety dol- -five hundred and sixty-five francs to e ct. Was it not monstrous? And on that a luxury tax of ten per cent! t e wonder at social unrest!

Afterward M'sieu Hicks led me to one e nd said, "Let's shake these fräuleins v Henree. The Professor's just right— azed for the night—and I got an idea ll ep out if we give him a chance."

Accordingly we piled into a taxi, our new n beside the driver, with whom he con- se in broken English under the delusion at e was speaking French, and we went idering down the Champs Elysées to- rc own. Ever and anon M'sieu Stuffle ul lift up his voice in Smiles.

Hing dropped the ladies at their hotel tde the driver make what speed he gl to the Casino de Paris.

"Now, no rough stuff, Henree," he cau- ne. "The last time we was here, pro- so Henree caught a gal tryin' to snake s handkerchief, and when he stopped s slapped him, so he pulled her hair."

"I did nothing of the sort," I protested igantly.

"Anyhow, they throwed us out—said we s abbing the show."

At the Casino we picked up many friends or we had never seen before. It is a nazable thing, that, m'sieu. Time and ain I have marveled over the strange hin in which faces suddenly appear roth the haze at your elbow, which you n recall ever having seen—and yet erc ou are on the most amicable footing. Th Professor was particularly gifted in s espect. Hardly ten minutes had ps before he detected a doughboy from hne town and in no time at all M'sieu iff was assuring him of undying friend- p-all because a casual inquiry as to et r the soldier knew Bill Smith elicited affirmative response. From then on it s merely a question of the population of e ofessor's place of nativity, for it is f kief that he named everybody in the vn

"Did you ever know a feller named Jeff ow? What? You did? Well, well! t r there! Good ol' Jeff! Just like oth rs, me and Jeff." And again—"You n't appen to remember Fred Terryberry o ved on Cedar Street, do you? No! u n't say so! Your mother's cousin? ell, ell! Put her there!"

So went, m'sieu, for upward of an hour. m the astounding feature was that the di knew them all—every one—despite e f t that one of his comrades assured e uan aside that Sol, the big liar, had en been west of Buffalo in his life.

Fr m time to time M'sieu Stuffle would ze bsently at his glass, only to discover at was empty, whereupon he would que the functionary behind the counter mi another Holy Joe. The first time he der d it the marceled minion professed nor ce of any such drink, but on M'sieu ick conferring with him he nodded under- and and performed the proper rites.

A natter that puzzled me was our guest's ser mindedness. He invariably forgot pa for anything he ordered, and on his ten on being drawn to the omission would tra such a lack of comprehension of the int t issue that my partner and I were lig to settle every item in order to roi argument and resultant unpleasant- ss. But this I put down to his unaccus- me ndulgence in the lumbago cure.

"M sieu," whispered the bartender to e, if your friend keeps on with that oof e will be zigzag, *n'est-ce-pas?* Or eck pos-sib-ly. Already has he eaten vel eggs! And cream?" He threw out s hands and shrugged.

"That's nothin'," interjected my partner. "It ain't a circumstance to what he's had. Wait till you see him start on éclairs!"

Twice had we to haul our new-found friend out of private boxes into which he had wandered with the futile notion of watching the performance. The second time, finding him drowsy and reluctant to leave despite the heated protests of several ushers and the occupants of the box, we were compelled to enlist the aid of a strong and resolute American M. P., who removed The Professor by the scruff of the neck.

"If this belongs to you," he said brusquely to us, "take it home! Here, you—put on your hat and beat it! How do you get that way?"

"Holy Joe," murmured M'sieu Stuffle sleepily, and in obedience to the policeman's behest we led him outside and loaded him into a cab.

The soporific effects of the beverage in which he had been indulging were dissipated by the night air, and M'sieu Stuffle revived with astonishing rapidity before we had gone a dozen blocks. By this time I had had quite enough of the party, being a temperate man by nature and training; moreover my partner had developed a perfect mania for passing every expense along to me, asserting—without in the least reassuring me—that we would square up all accounts in the morning. But neither of my companions would hear of it.

"L'Abbaye," bellowed M'sieu Hicks to the driver, and The Professor repeated in a stentorian voice, "L'Abbaye," without knowing whether it was a railroad station or a cemetery.

So we sped to L'Abbaye in Montmartre. In uniform we could never have penetrated the place, men from the ranks being barred admittance lest the officers should be embarrassed by their presence and unable to get any dances with the ladies who frequent it. However, MM. Joe Hicks and Henri Giraud, who would have had to gaze wistfully through the door in their capacity of company cooks, were welcomed with open arms as private citizens of unlimited means, and a singing waiter whisked us to a table.

At this juncture our companion confessed that he could not dance, so we left him eating chocolate éclairs while we sought partners. On our return, judge of our dismay to discover that he had dug up from among the guests an officer from his own home town, whom he dragged to our table for converse anent MM. Bill Smith and Jeff Brown and Fred Terryberry!

Meanwhile we were discovering acquaintances too—among them being the commanding officer of our division! *Oo, là, là!* The instant my partner glimpsed the two stars and the insignia on his arm he hurried to me in a semipanic, carrying the news.

"Let's go!" he whispered. "Let's beat it quick! The Ol' Man's over at that table in the corner and he's half stewed. See him? No! Not there—next to that strawberry blonde with the plastered hair."

"But why should we go? He will never recognize us."

"Don't you ever believe it! Remember the day he bawled me out about our slum cart? Wow! He didn't leave me six inches of hide. No, sir-ree! I'm going to drift right now and let The Professor settle the bill."

But this was not to be thought of for a moment.

"If you do," I admonished, "there will assuredly be a riot and an investigation, for M'sieu Stuffle knows our names and will not hesitate to use them."

My partner unites much shrewdness with common sense and he readily recognized the danger.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll stick. But let's have a snort so I can face the Ol' Man without salutin'."

A curious thing is the habit of discipline. It becomes second nature to a man, growing with the years just as the habit of authority grows in an individual who exercises it for long. Every time I found myself near the general I unconsciously stiffened. Besides, I fancied that he stared curiously at us several times, but that may have been imagination.

You may well believe that I avoided him, giving him all the room he required when dancing. But with M'sieu Hicks it was different. Fortified by the snort aforementioned and driven by that audacity which is an outstanding trait of his character, he approached the general's table and joined easily in the talk. The next thing I knew, there he was, sitting beside the Old Man, clinking glasses and apparently on terms of intimacy. *Mon dieu,* what would the general have said could he have known that it was one of his company cooks who thus made himself agreeable?

"Me and Dave 're goin' to take lunch together to-morrow," he reported presently in an interval when we could find no partners.

"Dave?" I repeated, aghast.

"Sure! His name's Dave. Say, Henree, I've been doin' the Ol' Man an injustice. I always thought he was a gloom, but he's a reg'lar human bein' after all. He says he wants to meet you too. I done told him about the twins and your mine."

"Never!" I said firmly. It did not surprise me that a general should be desirous of meeting the father of two such boys, but I am a man whose identity is not easily concealed or forgotten, and I feared lest he recall my features and status. Moreover I had another reason.

"Never!" I repeated positively.

"Why not?"

"He will try to rank me out of my partner," I rejoined. "I have seen these generals functioning."

"Tell that to a guy from Chicago!" scoffed M'sieu Hicks. "Who wants that gal you got? The Ol' Man ain't in the salvage corps, Henree."

However, I was adamant, so for the remainder of the night my partner herded with our division commander and several English officers whose acquaintance he made, whilst I devoted myself to the truly charming creature it had been my excellent fortune to interest. She confided to me that she was the daughter of a rich banker and wife of the Belgian ambassador to a certain European court, but both father and husband disapproved of her legitimate ambitions to become a great cinema star, and in view of their heartless behavior only two alternatives presented themselves—death or the Folies Bergere. She had happily chosen the latter. I say "happily," for otherwise I would not have made her acquaintance.

Between this lady and me a bond of sympathy was quickly established. She combined exquisite beauty with truly remarkable discernment. Hardly had we known each other ten minutes when she admitted to me that I was different and she liked my eyes. *Voilà, m'sieu!* You are a man of the world and can readily surmise that our friendship ripened fast.

The party waxed merrier as the night wore away. M'sieu Hicks and a huge good-natured English major did a duet, which was loudly applauded, in the course of which the major carried my diminutive friend upon his back. And once The Professor rose solemnly from his place and essayed the shimmy, being incited thereto by assurances that a modern education was incomplete without it.

Alors, we danced all night and it was broad day when we emerged and scuffled for a taxi to take us back to the hotel.

"I ain't going home," announced M'sieu Stuffle doggedly. "I ain't going home. I want to stay with you boys."

Accordingly we bedded him down on a couch in the parlor and all three of us snatched some well-earned repose. On awaking at noon M'sieu Stuffle was inclined to be morose, but on taking some medicine which my partner prescribed he rallied and professed himself ready to face whate'er might betide, or fight his weight in wildcats if desirable. A truly remarkable man, m'sieu—I felt my heart warm to him.

"But I won't go home," he said. "I want to stay here."

"What 're you afraid to go to your own hotel for?" queried M'sieu Joe.

For a while he would not tell us, but finally confessed that the officer from his own home town had basely endeavored to make use of their acquaintance to negotiate a loan of fifty dollars, and he had barely succeeded in putting him off by the plea that he had not the money with him.

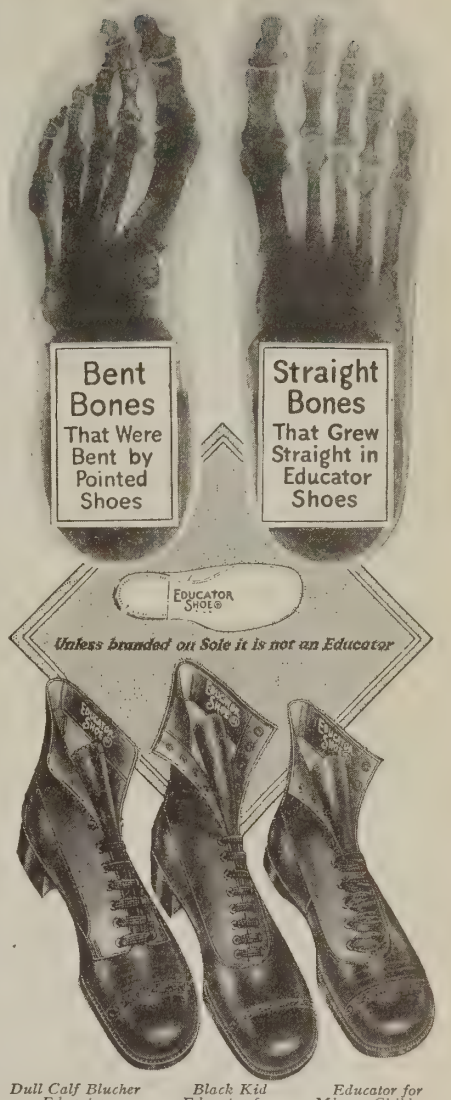
"He said he'd call round to see me this morning," added Stuffle, "so I don't intend to be there."

M'sieu Hicks regarded him thoughtfully.

"I reckon you'd best make that loan, professor," he ventured.

"Make nothing! Why should I? I'm under no obligations to him just because he comes from Pansyville."

"All the same," my partner insisted, "I'd let him have the money. You see, he'll be going back there right soon. And Miz Stuffle—you sit down and send it to him by messenger if you don't aim to go back to your hotel."



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Followed a long and painful silence, whilst our companion considered the proposition from every angle.

Finally the wisdom of the suggestion appealed to his discretion, and with a groan of direst despair he inclosed three hundred francs in an envelope and dispatched it by one of the hotel runners to the lieutenant's address.

Eh bien! We set out for the hotel at which the commanding general of our division was stopping. Only M'sieu Hicks was to dine with him, but Stuffle and I trailed along to render my partner moral support. And, *ma foi*, he needed it, my friend! I'll say he did! For when we called at the appointed hour the Old Man was not in his room; neither had he left any message.

Out of respect for his rank we waited. We waited two hours. At the expiration of that period, when we were reduced to a famished and rebellious condition, the general appeared in the lobby accompanied by an aide.

Up stepped M'sieu Hicks, all smiles, lifting his hat after the Continental fashion. The general stared at him. His round face shone like the setting sun and he was visibly sleepy.

"Take lunch with you? Surely you are mistaken."

"Why, no, general! Don't you remember? We fixed it up last night."

It was obvious that the reference to the previous night did not please the general. He stiffened and said: "Why, man, you're crazy! I never saw you before in my life." And turning on his heel, left my partner very discomfited and crestfallen.

"Never saw me before, hey?" muttered M'sieu Hicks. "Pity he ain't! I've saluted the ol' bird a million times. Let's go, Henree. I aim to make a day of it. What do you say if we hit for the races?"

Nothing loath, the three of us persuaded a taxi driver to drive out to Auteuil, where we found a brilliant assemblage. Among them were numerous Americans, both in uniform and civilian clothes, and M'sieu Stuffle began forthwith a canvass of the crowd in front of the grand stand and round the betting booths to ascertain if perchance there lurked among them anyone from his home town. Yes, my friend, in spite of his unfortunate experience with the lieutenant he persisted in his loyalty and sought broadcast for a fellow human from dear old Pansyville.

I regret to say that he did not succeed. It is true that he struck up a conversation with one of the gambling fraternity who had lived in America and reluctantly confessed to having passed through the town on a fast special, but beyond a cautious admission that possibly the climate of that region was excellent for cattle and grain Stuffle could extract little from this person calculated to forge home ties.

"How about a li'l' flyer, professor?" suggested my partner when we met at the refreshment stand.

"All right," agreed M'sieu Stuffle. "Make mine a Holy Joe, George."

"No, I mean a bet. A bird just told me of a horse in the next race that looks like easy money. Navarre his name is."

"I never gamble," replied our friend virtuously.

After that was it not reasonable to expect that The Professor would eschew betting in any form? But such was not the case. No, he came to us about an hour later holding one of the mutuel tickets in his hand with the information that he had placed a hundred francs on a long shot by the name of Plat du Jour.

"I thought you didn't gamble!"

"I don't," he rejoined stoutly. "This ain't gambling."

"How come?" put in my partner.

"Well, this race is fixed, boys. A man from my home town I met up with in the bar told me about it. He's a brother-in-law of one of the jockeys. And the jockeys have arranged to make a killing with Plat du Jour, so you see it is not gambling. In gambling there enters the element of chance, and this is a sure thing." He beamed at us with supreme satisfaction.

"Professor," said M'sieu Hicks brokenly, grasping him by the hand, "a conscience like yours would be worth a million to me. Put her there!"

Eh bien, Plat du Jour won handily, though the crowd voiced some disapprobation over the fact that to achieve the result two jockeys had almost to pull their mounts to a walk and another seemed desirous of running the other way. However, he won, and Stuffle pocketed twelve hundred francs.

My hopes were high that now he would see his way clear to share in the expense of our adventures, but there I wronged him. Yes, he was not so loose with money. We made a night of it which cost my partner and myself round eleven hundred francs, but so far as I could detect M'sieu Stuffle did not open his wallet. Indeed I did not even see him tip the flunky who fetched his hat at the last cabaret we went to, though he proclaimed that it had been the pleasantest evening of his stay in France, inasmuch as he had encountered three boys from his own home town.

However, as we dashed homeward in the early hours The Professor came out of a reverie during which he had been staring fixedly at the driver's back, and murmured: "You boys have sure been kind to me."

"That's all right, ol'-timer," responded my partner. "We know a good feller when we see one. And to-night we'll give you a chance to git even. No, never mind thanking me. We'll allow you to give the dinner *ce soir*, hey, Henree?" And he clapped our acquaintance on the back.

If The Professor was overcome with a desire to thank him for the opportunity he took a strange method of showing it, for he gulped and his florid visage turned perceptibly pale. But he was a courageous man at bottom, m'sieu, and rallying immediately, contrived a wan smile.

"All right. That's a bargain."

Why go through the recital of the day and night of care-free celebration that followed? Suffice that it was the Fourteenth of July, when all France acclaimed victory and Paris turned her millions into the boulevards and streets for revelry.

By placing ourselves in the Place de la Concorde long before dawn we witnessed the historic parade, in the course of which The Professor went peacefully to sleep wedged between a French market woman with a beard and a lady from the American Red Cross. He did not wake up even when Foch and Joffre rode past on their chargers. And for a few all too brief hours that afternoon we rested our weary limbs in bed. But promptly at six o'clock my partner leaped nimbly out, crying: "Come on, boys! Git up! Do you aim to *schlafen* all day? Come to life there!

"To-night's the night, you know, professor. It's your treat."

Groaning in physical and mental anguish, Stuffle slowly obeyed.

"I ain't feeling well," he ventured feebly. "Maybe I'd best stay in bed."

"You'll feel like a million dollars in a minute, ol'-timer. Hey, François!" he shouted to the hovering *valet de chambre*. "Tell that waiter to rush up three first aids. A gen'l'man's like to die."

They came, and our disconsolate associate took heart.

"Tell you what," he exclaimed confidentially. "I'm getting kind of sick of these places we been eating at, ain't you? I mean to say, they don't give you real food. Now I know a place where you can get gen-u-ine home cooking, so what do you boys say if we go there?"

M'sieu Hicks glanced swiftly at me, but responded with praiseworthy enthusiasm. "Sure! You're the doctor. Lead on! He's goin' to uncover a new chef, Henree."

The Professor informed us as we drove along that this restaurant was a quiet exclusive place which only the bons vivants of Paris knew about—a snug little retreat with a Bohemian flavor, whose food was unsurpassed in the world.

Ma foi, it was exclusive indeed! Three or four mournful guests lurked like ghosts in the gloom of the tiny hole-in-the-wall to which he conducted us. There were splashes of beer on the table and a general cheesiness to the atmosphere—if I may be permitted the expression—extremely trying to a sensitive nature. But Stuffle kept rubbing his hands, assuring us with nervous eagerness how very select and choice the place was.

Despite his encomiums on each dish I could not eat the pale cold corpse of a fish that was laid in front of me, or the gristle which followed, labeled chateaubriand on the menu; and the pommes frites and salad were easily recognizable as left-overs from happier days.

"Ain't it fine?" he demanded, rubbing his hands. "Don't it remind you of home?"

My partner rested a moment from his labors with knife and fork and replied cautiously: "It sure does make me homesick, professor. How come you found this place? Fell off the sidewalk?"

"Just happened to run on it," was the pleased answer. "I have eaten here quite a lot. It's very reasonable too, though the food's so good."

This much will I say for M'sieu Stuffle—he did not exaggerate. The word was well chosen, for the dinner with a bottle of sour red wine amounted to five francs each. And not a meal to which we had entertained him cost us less than fifty francs a head!

"Professor," said M'sieu Hicks, struck by a sudden thought. "It ain't right or fair to let you, a visitor to these shores, entertain us like this. Me and Henree've been here now more'n two years, and though this is only our second trip to Paree it don't seem proper to let you spend your money on us. So I will take the bill off your hands. Hey, madame, gimme *l'addition!* Toot sweet!"

"No, no! I insist," quavered Stuffle tremulously. "Please let me pay."

"Nonsense! That'd be asking too much."

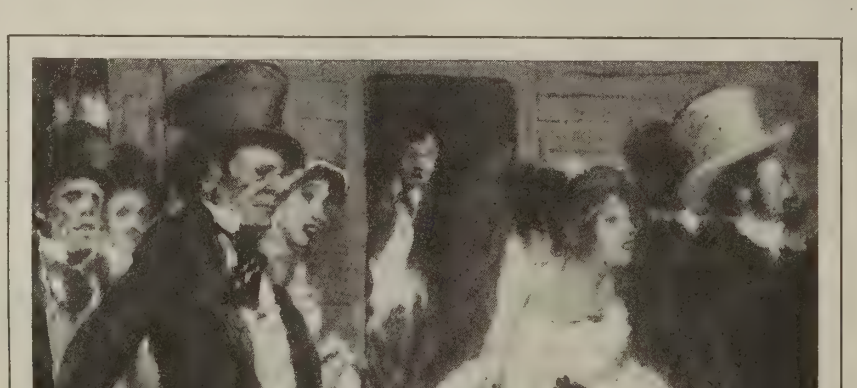
"Well, I tell you what I'll do," exclaimed The Professor in vast relief, "I'll be a sport. Let's match for it."

Of the further events of that night only a confused memory remains. I confess it, m'sieu, for we sallied forth into the heart of the great city, whose blazing streets swarmed with humanity, given over to song and merrymaking and unbridled joy.

In the dense masses of the boulevards M'sieu Stuffle could discover nobody bearing even a faint resemblance to a resident of his own home town, but he picked up numerous other acquaintances. Indeed, yes! Losing him for a brief space, we discerned him at a distance the center of a hilarious ring of French officers and their girls, who danced about The Professor with locked arms. And there was M'sieu Stuffle in the middle performing a hoedown with intense earnestness and vigor under the full glare of an arc light.

His amiable disposition led him into several entanglements. For instance, we had fairly to pry loose from his side a Parisian person wearing a cap, who appeared to us of such a lowbrow type that we suspected he had designs on our companion's pocketbook. Also he bought half a gross of lead pencils from a blind woman, and when we inquired why, insisted that in all his life he had never possessed a pencil at the moment he needed one, and from now to the end of his days he proposed to be well heeled in this respect.

An unfortunate incident rose from this transaction. For the blind lady pursued



M'sieu Stuffle and caught him by the tails, shrilling that she had been rob swindled, cheated. According to her, friend had given her a twenty-franc for which she had counted out chang silver, only to discover its spuriousnes the absence of a watermark the instant held it against the light. However, misunderstanding was smoothed ove my partner presenting her with a gen twenty francs. Stuffle, he would do ing, stoutly maintaining that somebody passed the money on him, and turn a was fair play.

Ah, m'sieu, what a city is Paris on n of gladness! No other people know h celebrate with the same abandon and heartedness. Unbridled gayety, lau and love; never a thought of to-mor reckoning. Adventures everywhere; come to you unsought. The joyous cr mill up and down the boulevards, pac them from wall to wall so that all vehi traffic is suspended. When a daring d ventures in from a side street, scores aboard, or they pick up the car and c it to a place where it will not inconveni them.

They dance, they sing, they hug, play pranks. Ah, those dear Paris Everywhere you meet with merriment light-hearted laughter. All the cafés ablaze and raising prices; all the wa are perspiring. Everybody knows e body else; you are welcome in every party you encounter.

On one point, however, I maintain M'sieu Hicks grossly exaggerates ir story of the night's happenings. He as that I tickled a gendarme on the Boule Haussmann, which I emphatically For where would be the motive, or the s in such a proceeding?

To retaliate in kind, I suggest that inquire who was responsible for the m procession which accompanied us t hotel. *Mais, oui!* Ask M'sieu Hicks Or better still, demand the truth of Ma Patsy. She knows and will be pleas tell.

For when we arrived home, my fr there followed at our heels a mongrel which my partner pronounced to be a fect specimen of the Siberian bee h and a dirty-faced urchin of nine or ten who claimed that M'sieu Joe had ad him, he being a war orphan and desti Also there were unloaded from our t talking parrot, two canaries and a larg lobster.

My partner herded this menagerie the elevator and ascended to our r As for me, I remained below, deb whether to sally out again in search o Professor or leave him to his fate, f had lost him. Yes, in the confusion w become separated, and M'sieu Stuffl not arrive home with us.

Presently my partner reappeared i lobby, leading the youth aforesaid b ear.

"The Professor's upstairs," he annou "Come on up."

"But that child? What are you goi do with him?"

"Oh, I caught him stealing my cigar and he's promised to go home to his pare *Eh bien*, we mounted to our rooms. there at the door stood M'sieu Stuffle, b ing like a summer sun, to welcome us

"The greatest day in my career, bo he declared, shaking us feelingly b hand. "Absolutely! I got only one reg

"What's that, ol'-timer?"

"I ought to've seen Paris before I myself to the Lord."

With that he escorted us into the p with such an air of triumphant secr ness that my curiosity was roused.

"Greatest day in my career!" he repe "Yes, sir. Found another boy from home town. Used to work for old Stone. Know Doc Stone well—just l brothers."

"What? You did? Put her there, fessor!" cried M'sieu Hicks. "I'm for y I am that! Any guy who's as loyal a are is my friend."

"But where did you find this fellow t man?" I demanded.

"Oh, over there"—waving his ha "just happened to bump into him. poor feller had no place to sleep, so I br him along. He's in Henree's room."

Filled with the liveliest misgivin hurried thither.

Indeed The Professor had been r m'sieu! I'll say so! For on his back i bed, sound asleep, lay a large fat co gentleman.

OIL-BURNING SHIPS

EDWARD N. HURLEY, the former chairman of the shipping board, had developed for him an interesting comparison of the performances of two steamships of the same tonnage running between Brazilian ports and New York. The coal-burning ship made the trip in twenty-four days and eight hours; the oil-burning ship precisely the same run and under the same weather conditions in twenty-one days and thirteen hours, averaging a full knot and a half better speed. The slower ship used 5,000 tons of coal, as against 359 tons of oil on the faster ship. The coal burner had nine firemen and trimmers in her boiler room, the oil ship but three. The skipper of the oil burner, who was aware of the competition, took out his pencil and paper at its close and figured out a table after this fashion:

Two days and nineteen hours saved at charter time of $1500 a day	$4,187.50
Additional cargo—300 tons, dead weight, at $17 a ton	5,100.00
Wages, six firemen, at $70.	420.00
Net saving in oil over coal for the trip .	1,840.00
	$11,547.50

This, mind you, was the saving in the operation of two small ships. In great ships the ratio of economy is not only maintained but increased. A 10,000-ton freighter that will burn forty tons of coal a day can be driven easily by thirty-two tons of oil. If she is lucky she can still buy Pocahontas coal at Newport News for five dollars a ton—or probably more, after the soft-coal miners are finished with their newest demands.

And she is in European waters and can burn the coal at any price it will cost her at last twenty dollars a ton. In other words her bunker bill for coal would increase from $200 a day to $800. On the other hand the shipping board guarantees fuel oil prices at each of its bunkering stations to remain unchanged for a full twelve-month, and they are the same to all—to the masters of the ships it has sold or chartered or is operating under the agency plan as well as to the masters of every American craft. The price of $1.88 a barrel which it has announced for the coming year at St. Thomas, is a fair price. It is a good business price, too, for it allows our Mr. Samuel some sixty cents a barrel profit, to meet his expenses of operating the station. He is not in the bunkerage business for his health.

But the skipper's oil at the point where he can buy coal for five dollars a ton will not carry the St. Thomas price—where transportation, by oil tankers, becomes a factor in the price. At the shore he should buy his oil at close to eight dollars a ton—there is in ordinary weight of fuel oil about seven barrels to the ton—which means that his daily fuel bill is about $256. This of itself would seem to represent loss. His gain comes elsewhere. It comes, as we show below, in labor—in enormous labor savings, which increase even ahead of proportion as the ship increases in size. It comes in better speed and in more cargo room. It comes too in a better maintenance of speed. It has been estimated that upon a vessel like the Mauretania, developing 68,000 horse power, at least 10,000 horse power is actually lost during each watch through the necessity of drawing her fires, a performance not necessary with oil-burning boilers. And for such a vessel, now requiring more than 300 firemen and trimmers to keep her up to her great rated speed, seventy-five firemen and trimmers for the oil burners would be more than adequate. The men would in turn have far easier jobs; and one great labor problem would solve itself efficiently and economically.

Wonder not then that the United States Shipping Board has decided to follow the lead of the United States Navy and eliminate completely the coal-burning ships from its future program. With this policy definitely in mind it has established its bunkerage stations—for oil—as we have seen them, all the way to Manila and back again. It is to-day tearing out the elaborate coal-burning arrangements of the great Leviathan and when she next sails through the Narrows she will sail as an oil-burning ship with a tremendous economy of men and fuel and bunker space. And so in turn will come the engine-room revision of the other great ships which formerly flew the flag of Germany. The new ships of the shipping board's program will be equipped with oil burners beneath their boilers, while its experts examine still more carefully into the commercial possibilities of the internal-combustion oil engines of the Diesel and semi-Diesel types.

Oil is king. It may last forever, it may not last more than ten years. No man can tell. There is no accurate or scientific method of telling just how much of this cheap and simple and wonderfully efficient fuel lies beneath the surface of this old earth. But while it comes—and how it does come these years!—we should be indeed fools if we did not take a full commercial advantage of it.

One thing more—a little thing, perhaps, but little things do count. I hope that the shipping board is going to change again the names of our commandeered German ships as it finishes giving them their peacetime fittings and places them in merchant service once again.

Leviathan is a mouthful, Agamemnon a far more difficult one; and what is far worse, neither stands in any sense, near or remote, for anything American.

For years past I have hoped that some man would have the courage—and the patriotism—to erect a great hotel in his home town and name it not after himself or the forgotten or uninteresting name of some Indian chieftain but, in reversion to an ancient custom, the United States Hotel or the American House or even Congress Hall. Those names mean something—or should mean something—to any man with the red blood of the United States in his veins. And so it is that I hope—and have reason to believe that my hope is not a vain one—that these great new ships of ours will bear real American names from start to finish. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is being received with favor by the shipping board, that they be named after the poetic names of the states of the Union: the Bay State, the Golden State, the Keystone State, the Empire State, and the like.

Such a scheme of nomenclature for the swiftest and the finest of our new ships would revive many of the finest traditions and memories of our early merchant marine. And one does not have to have the imagination of a Clark Russell or a Marryat to imagine the thrill that a real American must have to stand upon the curving riverside quay of Antwerp or Bordeaux or Liverpool and there see coming up out of the morning fog to meet him and convey him home the fine big Buckeye State, the Granite State or the Pine Tree or the Lone Star. What feelings that at last our American merchant marine had come into its own!

God speed that day.

The Canal Boats of the Seine

ROMANCE has run with curling sails and dipping ships that leave the land,
But took beneath a Paris bridge, where barks of dreams are manned,
And sigh for all the drowsy boats, no windward tack or lee—
The lazy barges of the Seine that never get to sea.

The Neptune, oh! the paradox, is bound by quays of stone
And travels up and down the stream, but never once alone;
A tug must guide its toddling steps, a little darting tug
The ducks its funnel for a bridge—a skipping water bug.

Perhaps the Bluff has brought to port a cargo rich with gold,
But no, she comes from country lanes with carrots in her hold.
The Phyllis, dainty but in name, of finery bereft,
Is hiding rubbish from a dock the rag pickers have left.

The Tokio will never see the blossoms of Japan,
Nor Zima distant waterways, nor Fez a foreign fan;
Sic is far from seven seas and far the Southern Cross
Fro languid drifting days along canals that gather moss.

The's Ipsy, Va Sans Crainte, Ravanche—they smack of pirates' play,
But never hoist a flag of black, except on washing day.

An apron hanging up to dry, a shirt without a tail—
Can beauty catch elusive winds in such a flimsy sail?

His elbow on the hatchway rail, his whiskered chin agleam,
A boatman eyes the shipping maze across the cluttered stream;

The Help of God he's named his craft, and yet, beset with fears,
He'd rather trust a pilot now who knows a hundred piers.

From Havre with copper, hides and food; Rouen with pulp and coal;
In every boat a cabin aft, with each an entrance hole,
A doll's house for the cabin home and windows hung with lace,
Geraniums and marguerites and now and then a face.

The skipper's wife in stocking feet is slouching in a chair,
Her naked shoulders shining brown beneath her fallen hair;
She grips an old accordion that rasps in crumpled tone,
She squeezes out an idle waltz she heard along the Rhone.

The mattress women sit above along the cobbled roads,
A-stitching beds for landsmen's backs who lie in brick abodes;
An artist with an easel set and brush that travels free
Is painting all the lazy boats that never get to sea.

The boatmen press the tillers hard and glide beyond the piers;
In straining arms and leaning limbs, the grace of gondoliers,
But no horizons wide and wet, no track without a tree—
The lazy barges of the Seine that never get to sea.

—Charles Divine.

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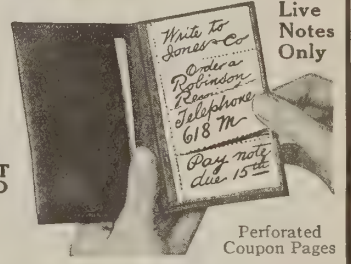

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Size L, 2¾ in. x 3¾ in. (3 coupons to the page) 70c per doz.
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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

WHITE LINES

(Continued from Page 15)

"Say, that tooth hurts some! Well, I've got to be galloping—got a scow of work to unload. Say, Mack, what d'ye know about it? Here old Curly-Locks stops me out in the yard a while ago and wants to know things about Wally Gay."

"Who?" asked McNutt, opening his eyes.

"Curly-Locks—Squint-Lamps—Big-Beak—Fish-Chin—Two-Mugs! Don't you know your own tiger? Your man Friday—old Nosey-Nose."

"Oh, he does, eh? What was he saying?"

"Oh, asking me if I knew who Wally's parents were. I told him to toddle over and frisk Wally for that information. Don't I wish he would? And don't I wish I could be gazing through a knot hole when he did? Oh, no—not a-tall! Well, Mack, what d'ye know about it? I'm off!"

The office door slammed behind the shipping clerk and immediately flew open in front of him.

"Say, Mack, don't forget what I told you about Uncle Lonnie Dugglebunner dying from sitting on the small of his back too much! What d'ye know ——"

The closing door shut half of the question outside.

At twelve o'clock McNutt called his clerk.

"I'm going to lunch and I won't be back for a couple of hours," he said. "I've left some orders here on my desk. Hand them out to the men as they come in."

The clerk after the yardmaster had gone untied a newspaper parcel and hurriedly ate the lunch it contained. Then he took an electric torch and climbed up into the attic where the files of old car records were kept.

"Seven or eight years ago!" he muttered as he flashed the light over the stacks of black and dusty records piled about the walls. "It'll be a job! A chance in a thousand if I find it at all! But that shipping clerk said he was certain it was in June. I'll look over the June records for those two years."

He spent half an hour going over the dusty pages of a huge volume. Another half hour he pored over a second volume. He was about to close the book and give up his search when he noticed a heavy smudgy line following down the margin of the page before the row of car numbers, as though a thick finger, black with dust, had been dragged over the sheet. He followed it to the bottom of the page, found it on the next sheet, turned a page and found it there. And he watched it page after page until it stopped before a blue-pencil cross mark.

"There it is!" he chuckled. "P. G. M. 67677!"

And he took out a notebook from his pocket and copied the number and initials. Then he copied into the book the numbers and initials of the five cars below and of the five cars above P. G. M. 67677. He also set down the year, the month and the day of the month as he read them at the top of the page.

"There may be something in it sometime!" he mumbled. "Good case to work up anyway. It'll be good experience."

He was about to return the book to its place when he stopped, brought it out again, opened it and turned to the page he had just been examining.

"Get the original whenever it is possible," he laughed. "That's what the book says." And he took a penknife from his pocket and carefully cut out the page, which he folded and stowed away in a bill fold. He then put the record back into its place and went down to his desk.

That afternoon he stopped in at the basement of the chemical laboratory, where he visited for a few moments with the janitor, condoling with him over his hard job and low salary and leaving a cigar with him. And the next afternoon he dropped in on the janitor again and left another cigar and a word of cheer. The third afternoon he asked for and received the key to the attic of the building where several tons of old accounting-department records were stored.

He had worked for Chief Clerk Calla for a few months until Mr. Calla had discovered that he was not up to the standard of the class of men he wished to have on his force. His work had been on the receiving-clerk's desk, and the knowledge he had there gained relative to the manner of classifying and tabulating incoming shipments now enabled him to find quickly the information he was seeking.

Back at his desk in the yardmaster's office, he entered this new data in his notebook—"Shipped by Masterson & Kirk from Ferro Junction."

He mused over the entry for some time.

"It's the Stanley Kirk Furnace Company now—Masterson got out a long while ago," he said, talking to himself. "Masterson went into politics. I'll take a run down to Ferro Junction some of these days and look round. It's about ten miles south of here on the R. T. V. Not much of a case, but it will give me some experience."

He put away the notebook and drew a paper-bound volume from a drawer in his desk, the title of which was "How to Become a Detective." He turned to Lesson Ten and began reading.

It was several days afterward that McNutt took a flash light and climbed up into the attic, pulled out an old car-record volume from a great stack and began running over its entries. Page after page he turned until he was almost through the volume. Then he turned back to the front and began anew.

"That's funny!" he muttered. "I'm pretty sure I found it that time somewhere about the middle of the book."

He continued his search, bending over the volume until his back ached and his eyes blurred from the constant searching.

"This is the record—no mistake about that—and it ought to be right about here," he said. "That blue-pencil mark couldn't have faded and that sheet couldn't have worked out and got lost."

But he began looking at the numbers at the tops of the pages. Then he swore. A page was missing! And forcing the book wider open he discovered the cut stub of the missing sheet.

He put the volume back into place and went down to his office, where he lighted his pipe, sat down at his desk, elevated his feet and proceeded to stare at the toes of his shoes. For ten, for fifteen, for twenty minutes he sat immovable. Then he dropped his feet, straightened up in his chair and reached over and drew a block of yellow forms from a pigeonhole, on the top one of which he wrote a line or two.

"Hey, Damrosch!" he called. And when his clerk came he handed him the yellow slip.

"What's this?" asked the clerk as he took the slip.

"That's your card for good behavior. Take it to the time office and Bottman will pay you up to six o'clock this evening."

"Discharged?"

"Canned!"

"What for?"

"Ask yourself—don't ask me!"

"Will—will you give me a recommend?"

"I wouldn't give you a recommend for a job wheeling shale at the brickyards! Get out! And if I thought you had that page you cut out of that record upstairs about you I'd have it if I had to break your neck getting it! But I know you haven't got it on your person. Get out!"

The clerk made no reply, and while he was clearing out his desk preparatory to leaving, McNutt smoked and mused.

"He did it, of course!" he told himself. "Nobody else! But what for? What for? That's what I'd like to know. I wonder if I should tell Wally? Perhaps I should, but I don't like to—I don't like the idea of broaching that subject to him. I guess I won't."

There was no need of his worrying over the question whether Wally Gay should be informed of Damrosch's act—Damrosch himself attended to the conveying of that information and very promptly. For after he had been paid his wages at the time office he walked down through the yards to the site of the new open-hearth plant where work had been begun and where, he was told, Wally Gay was now occupied. He had never seen Wally Gay—he might as well take a look at him.

He found a great army of men at work on the new site, unloading brick and sand and gravel and crushed stone; constructing temporary frame buildings; excavating long trenches and deep pits; mixing concrete and mortar; laying brick and pouring concrete. He stopped near a bed of cement mortar in which a man puddled with a hoe.

"Do you know Wally Gay when you see him?" he asked the mortar mixer.

"Sure! That's him over there by the engineer—the feller with the yeller corduroys on."

Damrosch looked in the direction the man indicated and saw two men standing near a surveyor's instrument. One of them was figuring or writing in a book which he held on the curve of his left arm; the other was intently watching the proceeding. The onlooker was dressed in drab corduroys and the cap he wore was of the same material. His figure was very straight and there was a hint of strength about it and a gracefulness that the ill-fitting suit of coarse cloth could not conceal.

"By George!" muttered Damrosch. "There isn't anything scrubby about his looks!"

The engineer finished his writing or calculation, slipped his book into a wide pocket of his coat and turned to his transit, which he began adjusting and leveling. The young man in drabs picked up a handful of slender pointed iron stakes and a steel tape. Under the direction of the engineer he moved off a hundred feet or so and stopped to set a stake; walked on and set another stake and another, and so approached the spot where Damrosch was standing. The engineer drew his book from his pocket and again busied himself with a pencil. Damrosch walked forward and spoke:

"Are you Wally Gay?"

"Yes."

"Er—how would you like to have me look up something of your early history for you?"

"What?"

Damrosch started. There was something in the voice that hurled the monosyllable at him that disturbed him. A wiser man would have turned and gone away. Damrosch stayed. And again he spoke, though not so confidently:

"Why—er—I'd think it'd be rather awkward not to know something of your own family—who your parents were—to have people speaking of you as—hum—well, you see, Gay, I happened to find out the number of that car you were brought here in and I've learned where the car was shipped from and who shipped it. Now, if I set to work on the case I might discover something that would ——"

He stopped. The feeling of uneasiness that had been growing upon him since that first sharp question now gave way to positive fear, for the iron stakes and the steel tape that Wally held in his hands had fallen clattering to the ground and his eyes were blazing with anger.

"You dirty little slant-eyed skunk!" he shouted. "Who asked you to butt in on my private affairs?"

He raised a clenched fist and took two steps forward. Damrosch took three steps backward, tripped over a bag of cement and splashed full length into the mortar bed.

He scrambled to his feet, grabbed a bedraggled hat, waded out and streamed across the yard toward the gate.

And as he went he was saying to himself, "Now I will! Now I will trace him! I'll block his game! I'll fix him!"

"What's the row?" asked the engineer, coming up.

"Private matter," replied Wally shortly.

The engineer looked at his assistant a moment.

"All right, Wally. Now we'll locate that south pier. Get the rod."

Running lines, driving stakes, checking and rechecking measurements, carrying the transit here and there and helping to set it up; looking over the engineer's shoulder as he worked out his calculations; sitting with him in the little rough frame shack behind the great piles of building materials; talking with him, asking questions, learning, learning, learning—learning facts he had never dreamed of knowing, always buoyed up by that same fervor and enthusiasm that had buoyed him up in whatever work he had undertaken. And when one day Hofer handed him a great sheet of paper thickly covered with figures and said to him carelessly, "Look over my calculations, Wally, and see if I have made any mistakes," he shivered with pleasure. And another day when the engineer sent him out alone to make a measurement he glowed with pride and a mist floated before his eyes just for a moment. Then he laughed and threw the steel tape high into the catching it as it fell.

"Getting on!" he whispered.

The excavations deepened day by and the trenches stretched out to gre and greater lengths; the steam cranes c chugging in over new-laid tracks reached out their black arms over the g holes down in the dirty depths of w men picked and shoveled and blaste clay and sand and rock. And the ma came in with trowels and plumb bobs levels and the crane arms began lowe boxes of brick and huge steel bucket mortar and concrete and the foundat of furnaces and stacks and piers c slowly upward.

With eyes that glistened Wally watc it all, letting no phase of the work, no d of it escape him. And when Hofer was ab for an hour or two, or was busy with s affair of his own, he would hurry out get into the work himself—taking a and helping the mortar mixer mix a of mortar; tugging and lifting and hea with a gang of sailors as they set some h casting in place; climbing down into excavations and dumping a box of san concrete, or carrying bricks to the mas giving a hand to the carpenters pla their concrete forms; assisting the bo makers with their heavy slabs and shee steel.

As though he watched the building o own house he watched the beginning of construction of the new open hearth, more than once his eye caught erro mistakes made by mason or carpenter—he knew how things should be there. had driven the stakes, he had carried tape, he had helped to make the meas ments and the figures were in his head not forgotten. And every day he was ing over the great blue map that lay sp out on Hofer's desk, learning to read understand it, studying its details, m orizing them.

"The best man I ever had for a help Hofer told Mackenzy. "Couldn't get a without him—couldn't possibly get al Don't ask me for him while I'm on job."

"But I'm going to," returned Macke "I'm going to take him into the office week or two."

Hofer begged and pleaded, protested threatened, but to no avail.

"No, I want him. I didn't induce to leave the position he had to work you continuously. He's been out here al long enough. I will give you yo Shofner—Shofner is all right." And M kenzy walked away.

Wally received orders one afternoo report at Mackenzy's office the follo morning. It was the first time he had there. He saw thirty or forty men ben over tables and drawing-boards, busy pencils and pens and rulers. Most of t he noticed were smoking pipes, cigar cigarettes, and most of them were talk and laughing. The racket and din in room was so great that he did not he sad-faced young man of sixteen or se teen summers, seated at a desk near a opening into another room, speakin him. The sad-faced youth left his chair came over to him.

"Who'd you want to see?" he aske

"Mr. Mackenzy sent me word to c here this morning," replied Wally.

"Isn't here yet—neither's Bolling. down over here by my desk—they'l along."

Wally sat down. The young man dro into his chair and at once started to t

"Say, I seen a dandy fillum at the Bi box Theater last night—Custer's l Fight. Believe me, them Indians c ride! They'd hang onto their horses their feet and shoot under their bellies horses' bellies, you know. Gee, it w great show! I seen another peach fillum at the Bi-jow night before last was all right too. Captain Kidd, Pirate. Some picture, kiddo, that was! much?"

"Not much," replied Wally.

"Here's Rattlebones now. That's office there. Go on in."

"Well, you're on hand, I see," was Mkenzy's greeting to Wally as he entered chief engineer's office. "I have thou that I would let you work with Jim Sloan, our print boy, for a few days—th

(Continued on Page 77)

(Continued from Page 74)

: the desk near my office door—
e I'll have Bolling find you a place.
ct and I'll introduce you to the
"

noduced Wally to each of the men
g drafting room, none of whom
h! met before, though some of them
oy sight, having seen them going
he mills. Bolling he had often
h when he was assistant foreman
open hearth and he did not like
found fault with Bolling's perfect
on when he walked; he did not
suggestion, which always came
ien he saw Bolling, of a crowbar
neath the man's coat, lying along
column; and he hated the per-
er that curled the thin lips of the
engineer. None of the draftsmen
terested in him, though one of
illings—remarked: "I believe I
you in the mills."
Sloan conducted him to the file

e I'm glad you've come!" said
'I've got about a million blue
ile. Old Rattlebones has had 'em
tely. Here's the way we do it:
oy these letters and numbers in
vers and then cross index 'em in
. Most of 'em are old prints.
able on in a few minutes—it ain't
Say, I seen a bird of a fillum at the
o Theater last week. Daniel
Davy Crockett. It was all right.
p that print in there! Can't you
4723? It belongs over there! I
her cuckoo of a fillum at the
G.nd—The Belle of Iceland. Be-
sister, there was some scenery
"

s voice rattled on and the filing
its continued steadily. By noon
ead was aching from Jimmy's
attle and from the close atmos-
f e room in which they worked; and
were aching too—aching to move
ih heavy, something weightier than
hisheets of blue paper. But he had
een pleasure in his trifling task
hundred times he had drawn back a
e as thrusting into its drawer to run
e er its myriad white lines, wonder-
ithey meant.
'lprint after dinner," Jimmy an-
dwhen the work was complete.
I'e got a thousand blue prints to
t!
y ent up to the top floor of the
g a great glass-roofed room and
s to work. "What do you want
de" asked Wally.
, st watch me! You'll wise up to
b etty soon and then you can help
on—it ain't nothin'. Say, I seen a
ca fillum not long ago—Hannibal
dp, it was called. Say, it was great!
an up to their stummicks in snow;
an lions, and coons with ivory rings
ir oses; parrots and ostriches and
ome show, I'm here to tell you!"
vrk of printing got under way.
's oice rattled on, but Wally gave
ion to the printing only, watching
ascated eyes and with a pleasurable
me; the tingeing to blue of the white
vich Jimmy would lock in the
s, the sun's rays struck upon it, and
eeing out of the myriads of white
ncigures and words. What a lot he
aring, he thought! What a lot there
or m yet to learn! How ignorant
s! Until to-day he had always be-
th white lines on the blue prints he
een ad been traced there with white
No he watched the sun drawing them
I could read the large blue print
fer office, but that was more like a
the prints were of another kind—
ex, incomprehensible. As he handled
ris clean sheets he wondered if he
e ev come to understand them.
e d Bolling told him he could work
e dc near Billings and Billings would
hir what he was to do. The drafts-
set im to making a telephone roster
e pnt, giving him an old roster for a
e worked rapidly, but carefully
acc ately, and Billings, coming to
ove his shoulder, whistled in surprise.
ay, where did you learn to sling a
l hi that?" he asked. "That's artis-
uff, hat is!"
lly aughed.
h, hat's easy enough! I always liked
ite hd draw."
hat certainly a little bit of all right!
n yi finish we'll check it over and
I'll how you how to trace it."

The tracing was begun. Billings watched with an approving eye.

"You've got a pretty good drag with Rattlebones, haven't you?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know that I have! He told me he thought it would help me if I came here and worked a while."

"Live in Steelburg?"

"Yes."

"Always lived here?"

"All my life."

"Who are your folks? What does your old man do?"

"I haven't got any folks."

"Huh? Haven't any folks? How's that?"

"None of your business!" The words were snapped out in an angry voice.

Billings started back.

"You needn't be so darned crabby about it, need you?"

Wally began to tremble.

"I—I didn't mean to be, but I don't talk about that to anybody."

"Oh, I didn't know! I beg your pardon." And Billings walked away.

Wally came quickly to like Billings and in Billings there developed a high regard for his charge, and what he had looked forward to with dread—breaking in this green man—became a positive pleasure. And when the first intricate tracing was made—his skill and cleverness with the pen had enabled him to come to this phase of the drafting work very soon—and Billings had looked over it and pronounced it "as nifty a job as any I have ever seen," there swept over the pupil that glow of pride, flushing his cheek, causing his pulses to leap; the old glow of pride that had always come to him when he had accomplished something that he felt was worth while.

Under Billings' tutelage he was soon learning to decipher the messages the blue prints carried, and questions fell from his lips thick and fast. To learn, to learn—the desire was ever hot within him—he must learn all that these keen-eyed men bending over their drawing-boards knew, for he had come to realize that here in the drafting room were the beginnings of things in steel. Not an engine, not a motor, not a roll train moved until these men had built it up, torn it down, dissected it piece by piece, tested its every bolt and bearing and casting and forging and had seen it in their minds' eyes doing its work. Not a foundation was laid down that they had not first laid down here; not a furnace was built that they had not first built here; not a stack erected that they had not erected here. Steel could not be made until these men with pens and pencils and rules and scales and protractors had given the word. Here was the beginnings of things in steel! He must learn it all!

The room had learned that he possessed unusual mathematical ability and he was showered with attentions in the shape of requests for aid in checking and figuring stresses and strains and speeds and loads and capacities. Because of his willingness and cheerfulness in performing any kind of task thrust upon him the room good-naturedly named him "the goat," just as the mills had once done. And the room would come to him and slap him on the back and call him a good old scout and then whisper, "Just run your eagle eye over these figures, old socks, and see if I'm right"; or, "Take a slant at this job old Rattlebones has stuck off on me, won't you, and help me out?" Or, "Check up this track curvature for me, young feller—that's the boy!" And never a day went by that some one of the room was not saying with a laugh, "Give it to the goat to do—he eats everything like that!"

Mackenzy was watching him and not infrequently he had him in his office, sounding him, examining him, asking questions, talking with him about different phases of engineering work.

And once or twice each week he would send him with some unimportant message to Hofer, always saying as Wally would start to leave the office: "Look round down there for an hour or two and see how things are going."

And Wally would carry the message to Hofer and talk with him a while about the work and then climb down among the deep-laid foundations and wander through the uncheckered flues and about the clean, dry tunnels and watch the workmen at their tasks and talk with the foremen and give a hand here and there where he saw man power was lacking on some heavy job.

"Big work!" he would whisper to himself. "Big work! I ought to be in it! I must get back—I must do real work!"

One day Mackenzy handed him a thick leather-bound book—it was Michelis' Mathematics and Mechanics.

"Look that over, Wally," he said; "you may find it interesting."

He carried the book to his room at the hotel where he lived and at once buried himself in its pages. Old Major Fronk wandered desolate through the gloomy offices of the Falls House for half the evening, then went to his room, put his violin under his arm and marched in upon the reader.

"What's that you're reading?" he demanded sharply.

"Oh, it's a book about arithmetic and things," replied Wally without looking up.

"It is, eh? Don't you get enough of that sort of stuff through the day at your work but must sit up half the night with it, neglecting me and making me neglect you? Where's that Two Years Before the Mast I gave you to read?"

"I'm almost through that—I'll finish it."

"Oh, you'll finish it, will you? But you toss it aside for some confounded book about arithmetic! What do you think of it?"

"It's fine reading, major, and so is this. Listen to this! It says ——"

"I don't want to hear it!" roared the major. "Young man, you're in a fair way to become a one-ideaed jackass if you're going to keep this up instead of the all-round broad-minded man I hoped to see you develop into. A man can know his work, his profession, from A to Z, Wally, and if that is all he does know he's a dub. When you've finished your day's stunt at those cussed steel mills for heaven's sake leave your work behind!

"Damn the man that's always tooting the whistle after he quits the shop! Take the case of Henry Forster. Henry knew engines, Henry did. He invented engines; he built engines; he lived engines, dreamed engines, got sickly rich on engines. He worked with and talked about engines all day, slept with an engine at night, got up with it in the morning. On all other subjects he was as ignorant as a draggled duck—and proud of his ignorance too! Henry didn't know whether Mark Twain was President Lincoln's Secretary of War or the first governor of Rhode Island—and he didn't care.

"For all Henry knew Charles Dickens might have been a biscuit shooter in a Chicago beanery. For him Rome and Troy were in New York, Carthage in Missouri, Athens in Ohio. His knowledge of history and geography was pretty good there—he knew all those cities well—he'd sold engines in each of them. He thought he was smart—he was an ass! And when he was away from his engines, away from men that could talk engines, he had about as many friends as a flea. When he got old and had to retire from business he couldn't find a congenial soul to hobnob with—he made everybody tired with his engine chatter and they ducked him when they saw him coming. Henry died of lonesomeness."

Wally had laid down his book and was listening to the major's tirade with a smile playing about his lips.

"I've been trying to pound something into your system that you will need all through life, something apart from your work and yet of it too—like oil to machinery. I've taught you to distinguish between a noun and a verb, a conjunction and an adjective; I've whipped you into the habit of hanging on to your 'g's' instead of throwing them away as you used to do; I've been through the United States history with you, through the geography and through a grammar and two or three spellers. You don't need that stuff to make steel, but you need it. And lately I've been trying to rouse in you a desire to read—to read for pure amusement, for entertainment, and here I find you poring over a confounded book on arithmetic! What did you think of Huckleberry Finn?"

"Great stuff, major!"

"Martin Chuzzlewit?"

"Pretty fair, but too many words."

"Pilgrim's Progress?"

"Punk!"

"I agree with you. Well, you finish Two Years Before the Mast and then I'll give you something else. And take that arithmetic back to the office and leave it there! To-morrow evening you can tell me what you found in those fifty pages of Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe that I marked out for you. When did you hear from Amy?"

"Yesterday."

"You did, eh? Hand over the letter."

"Not this time."

"What's that? She's getting mushy, eh? When are you going to reply?"

"I've already wrote—written."

"Want me to look it over and herd up the bulls?"

"No, I guess not."

The major glared.

"There's gratitude for you!" he snapped. "Who taught you how to write letters to a lady, how to say the right thing, the catchy thing, the thing that pleases the feminine mind? How to spell, punctuate, paragraph? I did! And now I'm cast off like an old gum boot with a hole in it! There's gratitude! Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as a young pup in love!"

He tucked his violin under his chin and began to play. Wally's eyes dropped to the open book that lay on his knees. In a moment he had picked it up and was reading eagerly, oblivious of the sobbing notes of the violin.

As the last strains from the instrument died away he cried out: "Listen here, major! It says that the square on the long side of any right-angled triangle ——"

The major snorted loudly, leaped to his feet and stamped out of the room.

Wally read for more than an hour, then sat musing in his chair. He reached into his pocket and took out a letter and drew from the envelope a small snapshot picture. It was a picture of Amy Creeth. He gazed at it several minutes.

"I wonder if she would," he whispered. "I'm getting on, I'm going ahead down there, and the major says I'm improving in my—my manners. But pshaw! I can't think of such a thing—yet. I'm making no money at all now—less than half what I was making before I went into Mackenzy's department."

Then he read the letter through, and he laughed aloud when he had finished it.

"You'll read no more of her letters, old boy!" he muttered, nodding his head in the direction of the major's room.

He took another letter from his pocket and laid it upon the table, drew up a chair, opened a grammar and a dictionary and began poring over the written lines, from time to time consulting one or other of the two books.

"It is all right," he said when he had worked through it to the last line. "And you'll read no more of my letters to her, major!" And again he nodded his head toward the major's room.

He was busy behind a thin partition in the drafting room the next day when he heard Billings on the other side of the partition say: "Look at this, Foster. What do you think of it? Wally Gay's work."

There was a moment's silence, then Foster spoke:

"That boy certainly is there with accurate and neat work. That's a very simple drawing, but the way he has put it up makes it look like something big."

"I'm going to start him on something big to-day and he'll handle it too. Say, Foster, don't you make the break that I did and ask him something about his family or you'll get into trouble as I did. I heard his story the other day. He came to the mills when he was a baby, in a car of pig iron. Nobody knows who ——"

Wally dropped the work with which he was occupied and hurried away, returning to his desk. He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

Was he always to be overhearing allusions made to his obscure birth? Was he ever to be looked upon as an object of curiosity, laughed at and sneered at, as he was certain he was being laughed at and sneered at now by those who knew his history? Would he all his life be beating down the hot anger that would rise within him, choking back the ugly, wicked words that would fly to his lips because someone must wonder who he was, someone must know who he was, someone must ask who he was? Wretched, miserable, unhappy, he dragged through the day, moving in a cloud of gloom, and his face was sad and his eyes were sorrowful. And the room left him alone. Then came night and sleep and morning and the wretchedness and misery and unhappiness were gone, and the sadness from his face and the sorrow from his eyes. And by his old-time smile and his old-time laughter and his old-time enthusiasm the room knew that the old-time Wally Gay was on the job again, and the room came to him and slapped him on the back and called him old scout and said, "Cast your eagle eye over these figures, old

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DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

socks, will you, and see if I'm right?" And, "Take a slant at this exercise teacher gave me and tell me if I'm safe in handing it in!" And, "Peep into this nice little nest of numerals and see if there's a cowbird in it, Wally!"

Mackenzy's health, always poor, was failing rapidly. His little body seemed to be shrinking, shriveling; his sunken eyes went farther into the hollows that held them; his bony hands grew bonier, his stooping form stooped more and more. The room quit speaking of him as Rattlebones and spoke respectfully of him as Mackenzy. Then one day he went away and the room said, "It's a long good-by we've said to him." And Bolling took his place—Bolling with the fine knee action; Bolling with the crowbar hidden beneath his coat, lying along the spinal column; Bolling with the perpetual sneer on the thin lips.

Bolling was not liked by the room and Bolling knew he was not liked by the room, yet did he at once proceed to intensify that dislike by demanding stricter discipline during working hours—less talking and laughing, less visiting from desk to desk, closer attention to the work in hand. And then came his order that smoking was to cease. Six draftsmen's pipes were aglow before the order was cold, and putting on their coats and hats and collecting their instruments, six smokers puffed smokily out of the room.

Their unfinished jobs were divided among the other draftsmen, and Wally now found work assigned to him more difficult than any he had before attempted. And he worked harder, for Bolling did not send him to carry inconsequential messages to Hofer at the new open hearth and tell him to spend an hour there looking about. He was bent over his table and drawing-board the entire day now, studying the mysterious white lines of the blue prints, the white lines that were rapidly losing their mystery for him; or busying himself with protractor and scale and rule on new drawings, with Billings frequently glancing over his work, criticizing, approving, offering suggestions.

But on Sundays he would go down to the great new plant that was slowly taking on form and shape, where a semblance of orderliness was rising out of disorderliness, to wander about its base and empty reaches, deserted of workmen, with crane and engine and motor in repose, resting—it seemed to him—from their Sisyphean labors; to climb down into the holes and pits and excavations and study the heavy masonry, taking the measurement of some wall or arch or pier and checking his finding with the details of the drawing which he had stored away in his mind; to mount to some post of elevation and look along the long line of unfinished furnaces and envision the plant finished, complete and going—the black brimming ladles with the creamy slag slopping over their curving brims, rising silently out of the pits; the squat bowls of red cinder and slag and the glowing molds; the charged furnaces with the yellow flames shooting out of peephole and glory hole and port joint; the vessels of molten pig metal swinging in overhead from the mighty mixers. And as in his mind's eye he beheld the busy scenes to be he fancied he could hear the rumble and jar of the charging cranes; the shriek of the compressed air through the cylinder and outlets as the gas was reversed; the clatter and clash of iron tools thrown about on iron floors; the shouting and laughing, the singing and whistling of the workmen; and steadily, steadily in his ears the bubbling, bubbling, bubbling of the fluid steel in the bath.

"Oh, but it's big work!" he would sigh. "And I'm not in it! I must get back! I must get back!"

He often pondered over his possible return to the open hearth. Was Manning to have charge of the new plant? No one seemed to know—Goodlow was silent as to his plans. If Manning was to be superintendent would he, he wondered, give him his old job back if he should ask for it? There would be two foremen here and two assistants. Perhaps—— But no, he didn't dare think of a foremanship—not yet.

He did not want to go back to the old open hearth. It was a dismal hole, as he saw it now, knowing what the new one was to be. It was old, antiquated, out of date, close and crowded—a man-killer. Why, he would rather be a furnaceman here in the new plant than a foreman in the old—in this splendid plant which he himself had helped create, which he had watched grow and develop from the day the first stake was driven in the soggy clay—that first stake which he had driven with his own hands! Here everything was to be of the latest design. There would be roominess and conveniences and comfort, the furnaces were to be the newest types; they would be larger—there would be big money in one of them. And they would be speedier, too, for all the faults of previous types of furnaces were to be corrected in these. There was the slope—that was the glaring fault in the old furnace; he had studied it all out through his blue glasses when he was a furnaceman. That would be corrected of course.

Billings was at work on the drawing for the new furnace, the improved type that was to be used in the new plant. He had been at work on it for a long while, and Wally was asking innumerable questions, watching every pencil mark made, poring over the drawing at every opportunity he could find. Every detail of the work he considered—knew every line, every curve, every angle, put away in his memory every dimension, could tell without a moment's hesitation—if asked—the thickness of every wall, the curvature of every arch, the reach of every angle, the size of every opening.

"Here, Wally," laughed Billings one day, "take the pencil and finish it up. You know as much about it—or more—than I do."

Coming back from his lunch one day the draftsman found Wally bending over the drawing.

"Haven't you been to lunch yet?" he asked.

"No. Say, Billings, you haven't drawn the port slope right."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, you've made it the same as the slope on the old furnace."

"I know it—I'm copying that part."

"What? But the old furnace is wrong! The port slope is too high!"

"Who said so?"

"I know it! I worked on those furnaces and I know what that port slope does, how it acts. It shoots the flame too much up against the roof and not enough down on the bath."

"Show me what you're talking about," said Billings, bending over the drawing. And he listened carefully as Wally explained his ideas.

"Sounds reasonable enough. I believe you're right, but I'm not a furnaceman—I'm a draftsman and I'm following orders. Why don't you speak to Bolling about it? He'll know."

"I don't believe I'd like to talk to Bolling about it," replied Wally. "Bolling makes me feel cheap. He—— No, I won't say anything to him about it. I could talk to Mr. Mackenzy. Why can't you ask Bolling about it?"

Billings smiled.

"All right, I'll speak to him. I'm not terrified by that terrier."

"Nothing doing, Wally," he announced when he came out of Bolling's office. "He says you're all wrong."

"I'm right!" asserted Wally defiantly. And he firmly believed—he knew he was right. But to prove to himself again that he was right he went into the plant that night and the next, and before the furnace, where he had labored so many long hours—front of old Number Four—he stood for a long time, stooping and peering in at the peep holes, watching through his blue glasses the course followed by the long sheets of flames of blazing superheated gas as they poured through the port openings.

"Of course! I know it!" he muttered each time as he turned away from the furnace. "I'll see Bolling myself to-morrow and tell him. It would be a shame to have all those new furnaces built wrong."

Bolling listened to him coldly, with the perpetual sneer curving his thin lips.

"I fail to see just how you get in on this work, Gay," he said when Wally had finished his argument. "I thought you were tracing a drawing for Eckman."

"Then you don't intend to change the slope?"

Bolling's face flushed with anger.

"I certainly do not! And I suggest to you that you get back to your work."

Over his drawing-board Wally pondered and reflected, not a little on the rebuff he had received from Bolling, but more on means for preventing the building of the slopes as he was convinced they should not be built. If he could talk with Manning—— But Manning had taken a leave of absence for two weeks and had gone out of the state. He might dare speak to Goodlow, but the general manager, he had learned, was out of town. The drawing w completion. Bolling's decision final. Anyway the point must discussed and rediscussed by and Manning and Goodlow—p would have done no good if he c seen Manning or Goodlow.

"What did his nibs say?" aske as he came over to Wally's desk

"He said he wouldn't change i

"Oh, well, I shouldn't lose any it if I were you! Let the big bo worrying over things like tha should we?"

"Yes, that's all right maybe, pect—or I hope to have a job in open hearth some day and I want furnaces built right."

"What's that? You're not goin here and go back to the mills?"

"Yes, I've got to get back to v

"Isn't this work?"

"Not my kind."

"Wally, you're foolish, I say, i here. Why, man, this is right in You fairly eat this kind of work no limit to your chances here!"

"That's big work out there, bigger than this. I want to make

"But the long hours, the hard la

"My muscles ache to be doi thing."

"The class of men with whom to work ——"

"I'm of their class, I guess."

Billings threw up his hands a away, shaking his head.

"You puzzle me, Wally," he can't understand you."

The drawing of the furnace pleted that day, and Billings an spent the two following days goir making certain no error had crept Wally heard Bolling say to Fost may start tracing AZ-2345 t morning, Foster. And push it righ I want to get the blue print out t soon as possible. He's been call already."

That evening as Wally left the saw the drawing lying on Foster's bent over it for a moment.

"It's wrong!" he muttered. going through! It's a shame!"

Major Fronk found him strai communicative that evening. H to the major's questions were ha incoherent. He sat staring at the f feet, showing no interest in any of themes his companion introduc the major snorted and stamped room. His bedtime hour struck not move. Another hour struck, he put on his hat and went out street and walked rapidly away rection of the mills.

He pounded at the basement d great office building until he ha the janitor, to whom he explaine had some work to do in the draft Grumbling, the old man admitted he hurried upstairs to the engine partment's offices.

A single dim light was burni drafting room. He pulled down al dow shades, went to Foster's switched on a cluster of powerf Then with eraser and pencil and r to work on the drawing that lay s on the desk. Painstakingly he la a half hour or more and for a like time he sat looking at the drawin had laid down his pencil. Then turned off the lights, raised the b left the building.

He returned at once to the Fa and went to bed, but he did asleep—he was too excited to sle doubts, too, had already begun to mind. Would the slight change made in the drawing be discover ably not—Bolling was in a hurry print out to Ross, the boss mas had he done right? It was for the was certain of that; yet there w thing wrong about it—that fee sisted, grew stronger. Why, it right and wrong! But results—al would justify his act! So he lay the black ceiling above him, torm doubts and questions until daylig

That morning Bolling sent hi assist Hofer, whose man had gone a few days. Hofer found him quiet. He performed his work wit show of interest or enthusiasm for changed drawing preoccupied his m he was growing more and more un disturbed over his act. Should

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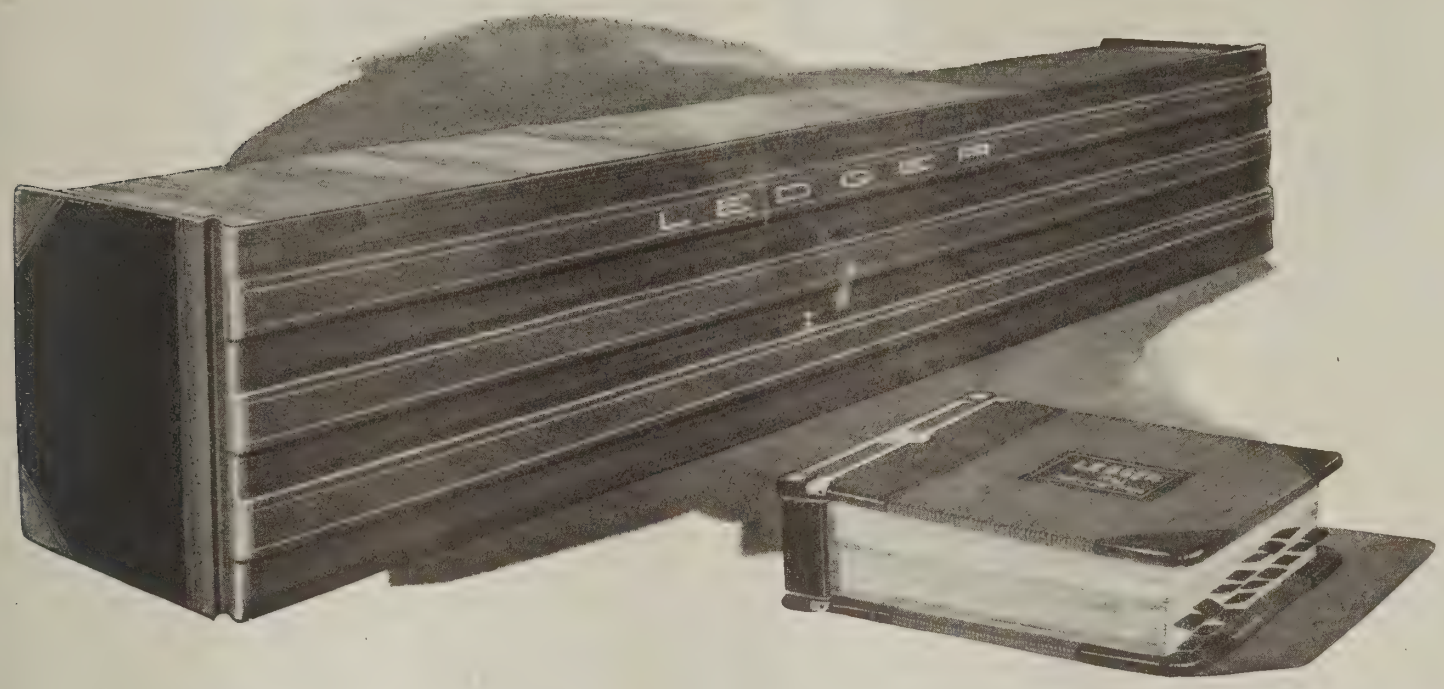

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Bolling and tell him what he had done and let him restore the drawing to its original state before the print had been given to the boss mason? Deep in his heart he felt that he should do that, but equally deep in his heart lay the conviction that it was best the drawing should stand as he had altered it. And again he whispered to himself that while he had done something wrong, yet at the same time he had done something that was right. Let the thing go through!

Hofer's man returned and Wally went back to the drafting room. And that same afternoon he saw Jimmy Sloan carrying an armful of newly printed blue prints into Bolling's office. He knew they were copies of drawing AZ-2345. He laid down his pencil and got down from his stool. He would go in and tell Bolling! Ah, Bolling's sneer, his cutting voice, his biting words—he could see the sneer, he could hear the voice and inwardly he writhed under the cutting words yet to be uttered. Oh, if Mackenzy were only in there!

And as he stood there at his desk, with the conflict raging hot within him, with the impulse to go battling fiercely with the impulse to stay, Bolling came out of his office with one of the prints in his hand and turned toward his desk. Wally gasped. Had he discovered the alteration?

"Where's Jimmy, Gay?" asked Bolling. "Find him and tell him to get a messenger to rush this print out to Ross."

And he tossed the blue print upon Wally's desk.

Wally found Jimmy in the filing room, gave him Bolling's message and returned to his desk. The crisp new paper had unrolled itself and the sketch of the furnace lay before his eyes. He looked at it. The changes he had made that night had carried through—they had not been noticed. There were his figures and lines just as he had written and drawn them. But no—these were not his lines! His lines had been black, these were white! And he seemed to hear a voice repeating to him the thought that was in his brain, "Yes, your lines were black, very black! These are white lines—the sun drew them!" He hastily rolled up the print, slipped a rubber band about it and carried it to Jimmy's desk. Half an hour before quitting time Jimmy came to him.

"Say, Wally, will you give me a hand? I want to move a case of records."

"Yes, I'll go," replied Wally, and he followed the boy into the filing room.

"Say, I seen a humdinger of a fillum at the Bi-jow Theater last night," began Jimmy as they were working the heavy case across the floor. "It was called The Cast-off. Say, you ought to go and see that fillum, Wally. It's a steel-mill fillum. It's about a baby kid that come to the mills in a car of pigiron, and a foreman takes him to raise and he grows up about the mills and does all kind of work—roustabout, you know, and he ——"

His rattle of words ceased suddenly, for Wally's hand had shot out and was clutching the boy's arm.

"Are you trying to get funny with me?" he demanded in a voice shaking with anger.

"Ouch! Le' go my arm, Wally! Le' go!" cried Jimmy.

"Who told you to say all that to me? Who told you?"

"Le' go, Wally! Nobody did! I seen it—I seen it at the Bi-jow! Honest! Le' go!"

Wally loosened his grip on the boy's arm and hurriedly left the room. The clock on the wall near the door of Bolling's office showed it was yet fifteen minutes until quitting time, but he did not wait—he seized his coat and hat and rushed out.

Jimmy Sloan went to Billings, rubbing an aching arm, and told him Wally Gay had gone crazy. And Billings informed Jimmy that Wally Gay, crazy, would have more sense than some sane office boys he had known. And he asked the young man why, for heaven's sake, he didn't buy a razor and start shaving.

Major Fronk, with a broad smile wrinkling his lean face, intercepted Wally in the hallway of the hotel and began a story which he had been wanting to tell all day, but the smile disappeared from the old face as he was brushed aside and Wally hurried on and into his room, slamming the door behind him.

"Something wrong! Something rotten wrong!" muttered the major, and shaking his head he went downstairs to mope about the office and barroom.

In his room Wally threw himself face down upon his bed and lay there very quiet an hour, two hours. Then he rose, left the room and the hotel and took a street car that brought him to the heart of the big city.

There he sought out the Bijou Theater, purchased a ticket and went in. The house was almost filled and the usher conducted him to a chair near the front. The show began just as he was taking his seat.

The title of the play was flashed on the screen and he read it—The Cast-off. Then the name of the author—Harold Bridges, a name that meant nothing to him. He did not associate it with the name of a man named Bridges whom he had sometimes seen in the mills; Goodlow's secretary, he had been told. Some other names were thrown on the screen, but he did not read them. Then pictures.

He saw a gang of foreign laborers unloading cars of pig iron. One of them opened the door of a box car, climbed into it and in a moment came out carrying a rough wooden box in which lay a baby. He saw the foreman of the gang, an old man, bend over the box with the laborers crowding about him, and he saw the old man push them back, pick up the box, put it under his arm and walk away.

He saw a dirty, ragged little boy playing about a dirty, tumble-down hovel in a dirty, wretched alley; saw him fighting with other dirty and ragged children; saw him filching fruit from hucksters' carts, stealing coal from freight cars, tipping beer kegs at the rear of saloons. He saw this boy, grown older, selling papers on the streets, carrying pails of water in the yards of the steel mills, pulling pit covers, raising furnace doors, running tests. And he watched the boy growing up about the steel mills, employed in various capacities, imposed on by older boys, jeered at by gangs of men, worked like a slave at hard, dirty, ugly tasks, until he saw him, a young man, laboring in a dark, dripping tunnel underground with shovel and wheelbarrow.

Then he saw the young man climb into a box car and lie down and fall asleep, and men came and shut and locked the doors of the car, and a locomotive puffed in and hauled the car away. He saw the man in the car trying to force his way out, fighting for his life, falling down in collapse on the rough steel which the car contained.

And so he sat and watched the pictures on the screen with eyes so intensely fixed on them that his eyeballs pained him, with his temples throbbing, with his heart pounding, with his hands gripping so tightly the arms of the chair in which he sat that his muscles hurt—watched the revealing of his own life's history, with the pictures at times following faithfully the facts of that history, at times running at ridiculous variance with them.

And he saw the boy—grown man now—come to his position as a furnaceman; saw him standing before the huge furnace, peering into its white depths; saw a flood of steel cascading from the furnace into the black ladle; saw the ladle swing up out of the pit, its brim laved by the slopping slag.

Then he beheld the girl—that would be Amy, Amy Creeth—come into the open-hearth building, one of a crowd of sight-seers; saw her watching the man at work in front of the furnace, not recognizing him, not knowing who he was; saw a great crane rushing down upon her; saw her start to run, only to stumble and fall directly in the path of the oncoming crane. And the man at the furnace rushed forward, leaped in front of the crane, picked her up and bore her away in his arms.

Another scene, and the two were together. He saw them in each other's arms, saw them plight their troth.

Then came the other man, the man who had been following the girl, wanting her—came to her and whispered to her, and suddenly before his staring eyes appeared on the screen the words, "Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off, a ——"

He saw no more. With a choking sound in his throat he leaped to his feet and stepped into the aisle. A loose chair stood near the front row of seats. He seized it and with all his strength—strength intensified by the passion of the moment—he hurled it at the lurid lines before him. The chair struck the screen and rattled to the floor of the stage.

There was an uproar throughout the house—shouts and murmurs and shuffling of feet and the noise of seats thrown up as people rose to their feet to see what had happened. Down the aisle he strode, his eyes glaring, his hands clenching and unclenching. A house policeman ran forward to stop him and received a shove that sent him staggering backward, and Wally rushed on and through the swinging doors.

Harold Bridges, the author of The Cast-off, was sitting in the rear of the house.

"By George, it's the wop himself!" he exclaimed as Wally passed near him. "Perhaps it is just as well that I am no longer out there at the mills!"

Out in the open air Wally hurried along the street, bareheaded, blind to his surroundings, sick at heart, miserable of soul. The red hand of anger that had gripped him while he sat watching the moving pictures of his life had loosened its clutch as those lurid lines had leaped before his eyes on the screen—"Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off?"—and in its stead black despair had seized him.

For in that little moment there had struck through him the realization that he had not told Amy Creeth—he had not told her he was a cast-off, that he did not know who he was! He had not told her, yet had he dared to think of her, dared to whisper to himself that some day he would ask her to be his wife!

He strode on, seeing nothing but those lurid words that moved before him as he moved, flickering in front of his eyes as they had flickered before them on the screen—"Has he told you who he is? Has he told you he is a cast-off?"

Why hadn't he told her? Why hadn't he told her in one of the many letters he had written to her in the past year and more? Should he tell her now would her first question not be, "Why did you not tell me at first?"

Oh, the misery, the bitterness, the wretchedness of it all!

"Why tell her at all until ——"

He stopped short. Had some one spoken? It was that same voice that had whispered, "Yes, your lines were black, very black! These are white lines—the sun drew them!"

He threw out his arm as though to thrust back the whisperer. A hand seized his arm and jerked it down.

"Say, what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded a harsh voice.

The flickering words disappeared, his vision returned to him and he saw a policeman standing at his side, gazing curiously at him.

"No, I'm not crazy," he replied quietly—"nor drunk. I have just been looking at a moving picture that worked me up a bit. I want to go to Steelburg—I live there, I work there."

"Well, yonder's your car line on that street. Where's your hat?"

"I left it in the theater, I suppose. Maybe I could buy this man's hat for a dollar."

Wally turned to a street loafer who had sidled up to hear the talk.

"Perduce the plunk," said the grinning loafer, and Wally exchanged a dollar for a sadly battered old hat. He hurried to the other street and caught a car.

In his room at the Falls House he set to packing his trunk and valise in furious haste. To get away from Steelburg, away from everybody who knew him, was the thought holding and controlling him now. He would go where nobody knew him, where there would be no one to laugh at him, look curiously at him, ask him questions. To get away! All his life he had seen people looking at him, whispering as he passed, and he knew why they looked and why they whispered. And now somebody had given his story to the theater and he was to be held up to further scorn and ridicule! To get away! He must go far and hide himself, for he could not tell Amy Creeth who he was.

To get away! To-morrow at the mills they would know of his alteration of the drawing, for as he had traveled on the car back to Steelburg there had flashed upon his mind the awful foolishness, the utter ridiculousness, the insanity of his act. Hoping the change would not be noticed! Why, Ross, the boss mason, had built and rebuilt the furnaces of Steelburg Mills for years; he knew them—knew them to the minutest detail; he knew what the new furnace was to be—he had talked it over with Manning and Mackenzy and Goodlow; he knew the port slope of the old furnace was to be copied for the new furnace. Already he had uncovered the error—a half hour after the messenger had handed him the print, no doubt. To-morrow Bolling would accuse him—for whom else could he accuse? And the drafting room would laugh and the mills would hear of it and laugh, a burg would laugh and Bolling wo him out! To get away!

A few things only went into th The rest of his belongings were without semblance of order into th the lid of which he forced down an The books the major had given hi he piled together on a table. From the floor rug he took a roll of bill he picked up his valise and went o

Before the door of the major's stopped. Should he waken him him good-by? He wanted to. fellow! But there would be questi him sleep. He would write him a l tell him everything.

He paid his bill at the desk, a clerk to have his trunk stored for hurried out and took a street brought him to a railway station.

In Chicago he spent two wretche able days in a cheap hotel, trying as to his next step, all the while the depths of despair. Once he w a saloon and ordered a glass of The odor of the liquor as he raised to his lips brought up memories Morgue and The Bucket of Blood gar Gully, and he shuddered. He the glass untasted and went out. not begin that again!

Sometimes there would flash b eyes those lurid words he had see screen—"Has he told you who he would never tell Amy Creeth who What would she—what could she do with him if she knew?

He remembered Ed Hannis. had told him a few months before met Ed Hannis in the mills when working in Indiana. He recalled of the city. On inquiring he fo place was not a great distance from He decided he would go out and Ed. Perhaps he could get a job in where Hannis was employed.

Ed Hannis chuckled when W him his mission.

"I thought you'd get enough burg some time or other. Zowie, a rotten old hole! A job? Easy! hearth man can grab off a job any where they make steel. I'll intro to one of the foremen—he lives hotel."

Wally was told by the foreman report for work the following mor he went to bed at an early hour, to and wonder if this were the thing have done. Toward midnight he dressed himself and sat down at a to stare at the red glare of a doz blast furnaces a half mile dist wouldn't do! Hannis knew his s Hannis would tell that story later. Hannis would talk. It wou

Dawn was breaking and the above the blast furnaces was begi grow dim when he left his room final decision made. He went to office and inquired about trains a hour's time was in Chicago. His s was short; before noon he was o speeding westward.

Amy Creeth laid down the penci using in correcting her pupils' work, which she had taken home and went to answer a knock at the

"Wally!" she cried.

The man before her said nothin reached out his hand and took he ping it quickly. His face was dr haggard; there was no luster in his lips were without a smile. He into the room and dropped weari chair.

"Wally!" she again exclaimed. is it you?"

"Yes, I—I am ——" he stamm stopped.

She was looking at him with parted, with her hands closing closing. Then she fell to trembling moved to a chair and sat down.

"Amy, I'm running away." H was not the voice she had once k him. "I'm running away," he rep

"Running away? From Steelbu asked, laughing nervously.

"Yes, and from—from ——"

"Well, you didn't run away from you? You ran straight to me!"

Again she laughed nervously.

Not a shadow of a smile did he her sally.

"Yes, I am running away from I had to—I had ——"

(Continued on Page 83)

(Continued from Page 80)

'ell me what it is, Wally!" she burst
u "Tell me!"
id he told her; told her the bitterest
uis, it seemed to him—oh, he knew it—
ıe ever man had to tell the woman he
vl; told her with bloodless lips that
uered, in a voice that broke and strug-
le painfully on, and his eyes looked not at
rs he told her.
id from that awful moment in the
ıouse he went back—for he now felt
ıeırge to tell her everything—and told
rf his misdeed in the drafting room. He
l her, too, of that ghostly voice that had
h ered to him of the lines—the 'black
n and the white lines.
'ome day"—he was nearing the end of
ıetelling—"I intended to ask you—
ıae I let you know in some of my letters
ıa I intended to ask you—and I ought
oto have done so, but now I shall never
kyou. And so—I am running away
v you."
I raised his eyes to hers and smiled the
ıe little smile that had made his teach-
s ve him when he was a young rapscal-
orin Sycamore School, the little smile
ıa had helped to make her love him, as
ovit helped to quicken the love for him
ıa was great in her heart.
Se rose and went to him and sat down
ı e arm of his chair, put her arms about
is eck, drew his head to her, laid her
ıe: against his and let it rest there—let
ıt there until she had controlled the
ı: that gathered to her heart, that rose
p to her throat and choked her, that
eld from her eyes, dimming them until
ıe ould not see even the mass of wavy
ar brown hair very close to them. Then
ıe ushed back his head and kissed him
ı e lips.
"here!" she said, rising and standing
efie him. "You say you don't know who
oure! I know! I know who you are!
oare Wellington Gay! I don't want to
ıc any more than that!
"nd now listen to me, Wellington Gay!
oare running away, but you are going
ı c some running back! You are going to
ın ight back to Steelburg and you are
oil to run into that horrid Bolling's
ffi and tell him how you changed his old
ra ng! He will discharge you—I know
e ll! You ought to be discharged! And
ıeyou are going to run to that nice Mr.
Ia ing you have written me so much
bo; and tell him what you did and ask
im for another chance. I know he will
ivyou another chance. You are going
ac to Steelburg, Wally, and do all this,
rer you? And you're going to try to
org completely the other foolishness
ha has been worrying you, aren't you?"
"es!" he cried, springing up. The
ıst was back in his eyes, there was a
us on his cheeks and the old-time smile
la d about his sensitive lips. "Yes, I'm
oin back!"
H seized his hat and started toward the
ıoo
"Wait a minute, Wally!" she cried. "It
sn't train time yet! Sit down! Why, I
var to have a little talk with you!"
Ai she sat down on a sofa and with a
ittl gesture indicated that there was
ooı there for two.

Wen Wally entered the chief engineer's
ffic he started in surprise—Mackenzy,
ot olling, sat at the big desk.
"h, Wally!" said Mackenzy, reaching
ut bony hand. "We were about ready to
ut he detectives on your trail. Where
ıav you been?"
"went away—I have come back. I ex-
pecti to find Mr. Bolling here."
"olling was called to the bedside of a
eri sly ill child and I had to return to
ookafter the work. I shouldn't be here—
ar sick, sick!"
Mckenzy was drooping in his chair.
"came to tell Bolling, but I'll tell you.
alred one of the drawings for the new
ılar before it was traced and printed."
Wlly spoke very quietly.
Mckenzy straightened up quickly and
is ınds went to the handles of his chair.
"ou did what?" he asked sharply.
"altered a drawing—I changed the
ang of the port slope on the new furnace
we re—you are building."
T chief engineer stared at him as
thoıh uncertain whether he had heard
arig.
"ell me about it!" he said shortly.
Wlly told him.
"ep into the other room and tell
Jimy to bring me the print."

The print came and Mackenzy spread the big sheet of white-lined blue paper on his table that stood near his desk and bent over it.

"Show me the change you made."

With a pencil Wally quickly pointed out the changes he had made in the drawing and then he began arguing for his theory, forgetting that he had come there only to make a confession of guilt. He talked as he had never talked before to anyone, pleading for the adoption of his plan, begging for a trial of it on one of the new furnaces at least, checking now and then the rapid rush of words that tumbled from his lips to make a hasty sketch illustrating some point of his argument. And he ended abruptly with the question, "Now don't you believe I'm right, Mr. Mackenzy?"

Mackenzy had not interrupted him once while he talked and he asked no question now. He leaned back in his chair and began rocking to and fro, with his thin bony fingers lacing and unlacing themselves. Finally he spoke.

"I am afraid I shall have to let you go for this."

"Yes, sir—I expected it," returned Wally.

"That you should have done a thing like this surprises me—pains me more than I can say. You did wrong."

"I know it—I knew it then, but if you had been here ——"

Mackenzy interrupted.

"Why did you go away? Because of this?"

"No—that is, not exactly, though I suppose it had something to do with it, too, for I didn't have a moment's peace after I had tampered with the drawing. Something else happened about the same time that upset me and I—well, I just funked—I went to pieces."

"Well, it is not too late to catch the error. Anyway, I think Ross would have discovered it—no doubt he has already. I shall tell Bottman to pay you off. If you wish to apply to the company for work in some other capacity I shall not stand in your way. Good-by."

After Wally had left his office Mackenzy returned to the blue print and pored over it for half an hour. Then he struck it a blow with his open hand, reached for his telephone and called the general manager's office.

Manning was not back from his trip, and for three days Wally sat about the hotel where he lived, reading the books the major gave him, getting out what the major termed "his lessons," listening to the old man's tirades. He had told his companion that he had been discharged from Mackenzy's department for cause and that he might go back to work in the open hearth, but he did not dwell on the subject, and the major, sensing that the young man was passing through a crisis, asked him no questions.

He found Manning in his office one morning and hurriedly told him what had transpired. Manning heard him through without comment or question and without any sign of surprise or interest.

"All I can do now," he said, when Wally had finished, "is to give you a furnace, and it won't be a very good furnace either—Number Eight. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I'll take it!" replied Wally eagerly.

"All right! Come out to-night."

So he went back to work on the iron floor before the white-hot furnace, and the fierce heat pouring through the peepholes in the doors, through which he was constantly peering, burnt his face to a fiery red, and the skin on his nose peeled and rolled up into little rolls like tiny bits of tissue paper, and there were blisters on his legs beneath the thin overalls he wore, and on his great breast where his shirt fell open there was branded a great red wedge. And because of their long period of inactivity his muscles had lost their hardness and the new work hurt them, and sometimes after a severe spell of labor on the furnace, when he had gone outside the building and sat down to rest with the cold wind blowing on him, they seemed to set and become rigid and when he would move again he fancied he could hear them crack.

An old, antiquated type of furnace was Number Eight, the lowest in tonnage, the slowest in running time, the hardest to work of the whole group. He could make no time on it; his tonnage record on the daily production sheet was the worst of all, yet he worked harder than any other furnaceman on the floor. No workman wanted anything to do with Number Eight. Helpers assigned to it quickly asked for a transfer, and not getting it would quit. It was the dread and terror of every open-hearth man who knew it. But never a moment did he shirk his work.

From the square hole in the side of the building out of which he would a hundred times a day thrust his head seeking fresh air he could look across the yards and see the great new plant. It was coming on, coming on rapidly. The fourteen stacks, two hundred feet tall, were climbing upward—some of them were finished and he could see men swinging at ropes' ends along their sides, painting them black, smearing them over until they glistened in the sunlight. He watched a gang of men walking about over the gray roof of the long double-decked building, covering it with red paint. He could see new cranes racing up and down their new runways over the new stock-yards, and where Hofer's shanty had stood he saw a railway track being laid down. And he knew what work was going ahead inside the huge building. The fourteen furnaces were being brought to completion—some of them were finished, he had heard—the roofs on, the ports built, the checker chambers filled, the flues sealed, everything in readiness for making first bottom. When he was on night shift he would see great shafts of light shooting up from the new building and he would hear the sound of laboring engines and motors and the rat-tat-tat of pneumatic hammers and the banging of sledge on chisel and the shouting of men, for now they were working night and day, rushing the plant to completion. And he would turn away from the window with a sigh and go to peer into the dazzling depths of his old worn-out furnace, wishing he could go and walk through that great plant that he had helped to create, and there were moments when the desire became so keen that he suffered positive pain.

One Sunday soon after his return to the floor he had entered the yards and gone to the new plant, but he found a No Admission sign over the gate and the watchman there had denied him entrance and he knew then that he would not be allowed to follow through to its completion the big work which he had helped to start, which he had watched getting under way, which he had thought about and dreamed about for so many days and weeks and months.

There were days when Number Eight furnace became almost unmanageable and he would feel tempted to throw down his tools and quit—when the bath went cold and he must pig it for hours to restore its lost carbon; or, contrariwise, when the charge melted hard and he must heave in box after box of heavy lumps of red ore to absorb the excess carbon; when the checkers choked and the gas would not flow; when his helper proved worthless and he must do two men's work—days when he would creep from the mills to his room and there drop down in physical collapse, too tired to talk, too tired to give ear to the major's chatter, too tired to listen to his music. Then would the old man curse him lovingly and call him kindly harsh names; and tucking his violin under his arm he would go to his own room, where he would stand very close to the wall that separated them and play the tunes he knew Wally loved to hear.

One day as he stood looking out of the square hole in the side of the building he saw a wisp of black smoke float out of the cavernous top of one of the towering stacks—there were fourteen of them finished now and glistening in the sunlight. Then from another and another and another black smoke rolled out.

"They're lighting them up!" he muttered. "They're touching off the oil-soaked wood! Lighting them up! And I'm not there to see it, not there to help!"

And life was gray and unbearably dull for him all that day and the next and the next as he stood at the square hole watching the smoke, now blue, curling up out of the fourteen stacks.

New faces now began to appear along the floor where he worked. Men he did not know stood before the furnaces and threw pig iron and ore and limestone and spar and dolomite into them, and reversed the gas and took tests and broke and examined the fractures, for the old men had gone to the new plant, to better jobs, and outsiders had come in to fill their places. And he had not been shifted from Number Eight!

He thought about this as he stood before his gas valves. Why hadn't he been given a better furnace? Why had outsiders been favored?

"Paying up!" he whispered. And he reversed the gas and went to peer into his furnace.

One night he caught the flare of yellow flames in a dozen places about the big building across the yards. The blue smoke no longer rolled from the tall stacks.

"They've turned on the gas," he told himself.

And he knew that in a few days as the furnaces grew hotter and hotter they would begin making new bottom—scattering the crushed magnesia over the thick magnesite brick flooring of the huge steel pans and waiting until the heat had set it in a solid mass; scattering another layer and fusing that and then another, building up the bottom little by little and layer by layer until it was thick enough to withstand the cutting and gashing and gnawing of the seething lakes of steel that were soon to bubble and roil and tumble about over their surfaces. He wanted to be there to see the work done, to help do it. And he wondered if the gas producers were working with precision and if the new feeding device for the stokers, which Mackenzy had worked out and which he himself had drafted, was proving satisfactory. And the checker chambers! If he could only slip over there and pull a loose brick out of some bulkhead and gaze into the flowing depths of the long gas-choked chamber! He had helped build those chambers—helped Hofer lay out their lines, driven stakes for the excavations, checked their dimensions, helped Foster with the drawings, traced the drawings!

Late one afternoon as he stood looking out of the square hole he saw gray-blue smoke coming from four of the stacks.

"They are charging!" He said the words aloud and something hurt him in the throat as he spoke them. "They are charging! They'll tap steel to-night perhaps—early to-morrow morning sure!"

Coming into the yards next morning he stopped half a dozen workmen going off night shift and asked them if steel had been tapped at the new plant. None could tell him—none seemed interested. Then he met a roundsman and put his question to him. No, they had not tapped—they wouldn't tap until about nine o'clock, the roundsman told him.

He found a cold dead heat in Number Eight, with the night furnaceman raging and swearing, declaring the furnace was hoodooed and asserting that he was through, that he would never work another turn on the furnace.

He set to work with his helper, pigging the cold heat. They pigged steadily for an hour with no results. Then his helper quit—he wasn't going to kill himself, he said. Another helper was sent to the furnace, but the man was half drunk and of no worth whatever, and for another hour Wally worked the obstreperous heat alone, heaving and tugging and lifting until he was bathed in perspiration and weak from weariness. Then the floor foreman came and told him Manning had sent for him.

"He wants to see you over at the new dump," he said. "This man will watch your furnace until you get back."

"It'll need something more than watching," laughed Wally as he started away. "Feed it pig! Feed it pig! I'll never get that heat out when I come back if you don't."

With his clothing black in spots where the perspiration from his body had soaked through it; with his hands covered with the dirt and dust picked up from the iron he had been handling; with his face smudged with grime and crisscrossed with crooked rivulets of dirty sweat; with his blue glasses pushed up over the top of his ragged cloth cap, Wally crossed the yards and climbed the iron stairs to the floor of the new open hearth.

His eyes glistened, his nerves tingled and there was a sharp intake of his breath as he looked at the scene before him—the long line of furnaces, all charged and aglow; the broad and roomy floor, smooth and clean; the heavy electric charging machines rolling along their runways; and the old gang at work before the furnaces, shoveling, barring, breaking tests, heaving in ore and pig, slamming their iron tools down upon the iron floor, yelling and talking and laughing as they labored—the same tough, noisy, good-natured, grouchy gang.

Over the pit he saw the new pouring cranes waiting, waiting for something to do—waiting to perform their first work. They were black and greasy as they had

(Concluded on Page 85)

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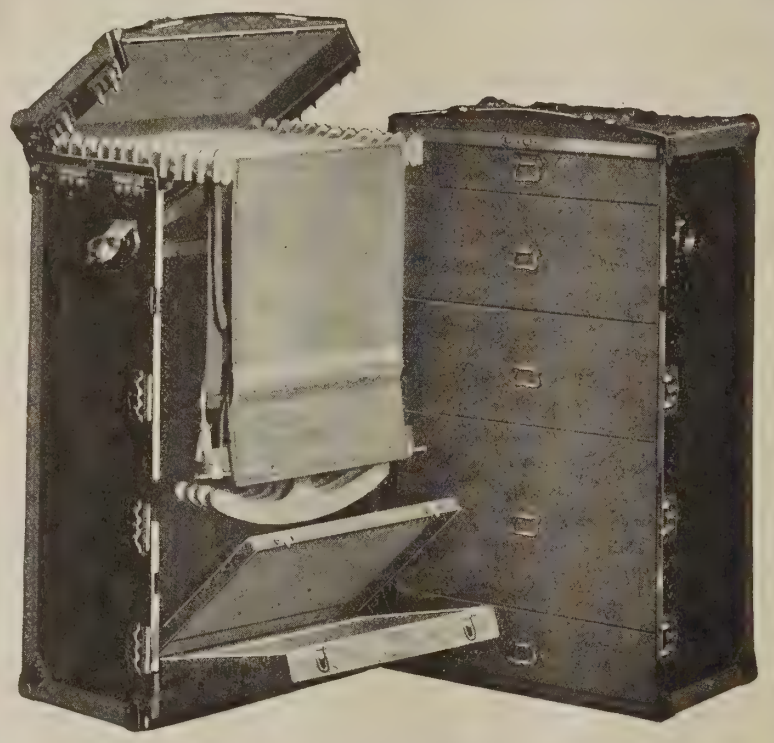

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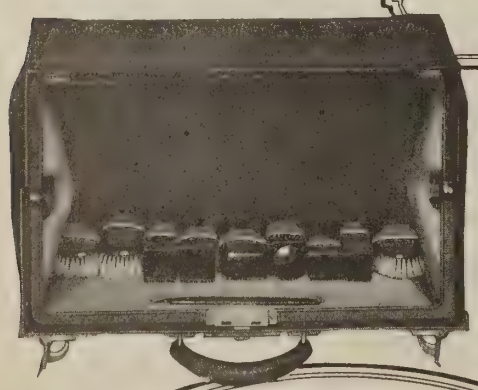

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Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

(Concluded from Page 83)

e the shops and they were very huge and
ɔerful. In their cabs sat the cranemen,
ɯting for something to do. And down in
h pit that was now free of the débris of
l and scrap and broken molds and brick
r bent bars and wrecked buggies that
ɯld soon clutter it he saw the steel pour-
ɯnd their helpers and the mold men and
h cappers and the shovelmen, standing
ɟut in idle groups waiting for some-
hg to do.

n the floor, as his eyes came back to it,
ɴaw a group of men not in workmen's
ɟhes, and they, too, were waiting—wait-
n to see that first heat of steel tapped.
H passed quite near to them, but none of
hn looked at him—he was just a floor-
n—the dirtiest workman of them all. He
ɯ General Manager Goodlow and some
ɒers whom he knew to be higher than
G-dlow. He saw Mackenzy and Bolling.
Bings was there, and Foster and a half
ɗen others from the drafting room who
ɯ worked to make all this possible. He
ɯ Ackerman and McNutt and Jaster and
C a, and he noticed a shipping clerk
wlm he knew talking earnestly with one of
h floormen.

e saw Manning coming toward him.

Hello!" was the superintendent's greet-
ɯ "I thought maybe you'd like to look
hgs over here while they are new. Take
ɜance at the furnace there."

'ally walked to the furnace in front of
hn, dropped his blue glasses over his eyes
ar stooped to peer in at the peepholes. He
ɒied the bubbling white bath for a mo-
n t, then looked at the roof, then turned
to watch the inrushing flames at the port's
ɒning. He started and gave a murmur of
surise. That was his slope! That was his
ɗd, the one he had set down on the draw-
n which he had tampered with! The
gr t wave of flame was pouring down upon
thbath, curving and twisting and playing
ov its agitated surface, and the roof
abve was as smooth and as white and as
ɯarred as is a frost-covered sidewalk of
ɒrk on a winter's morning before men
ɛt upon it. They had adopted his idea for
th furnace!

e turned and looked at Manning. Man-
ni; smiled and pointed to the next fur-
na. Wally went to it and looked in.
Tire again he saw his idea had been fol-
lo d.

They're all alike, Wally," said Man-
ni;, coming to join him. "Mackenzy
ag ed with you after he had studied your
id, though he did not tell you, and he
co/inced the rest of us. There isn't a
bi f doubt that the thing will prove up in
gr t shape. Now come down here—I've
so ething else to show you."

hey went to the farther end of the long
flc.

This is my new office," said Manning,
ɒning the door of a small building and
st ping inside. "What do you think of
it"

Nifty enough," replied Wally, looking
ab t him.

I think so too. In here," and Manning
wɛt to a door opening out of the room in
wlh they stood, "is your office."

My—my what?" stammered Wally.

Your office. Goodlow decided that I
shld have charge of both open hearths
an I've got to have an assistant—a good
on You're to be that assistant."

'ally fell to trembling in every fiber of
hibody and his voice was unsteady as he
spɛe:

But—I—I—— No, no ——"

"Go in and see if it suits you," said Manning, pushing him through the doorway. "If you find that anything is missing let me know and I'll order it. I've got to go down now to Number Six. When you're through looking round come down there—I want you to take out the first heat of steel."

Wally shut the door behind him. The little room in which he stood was very new and very clean and there was a sharp odor of fresh paint and varnish. He saw a shiny new desk and a shiny new table between which stood a shiny new chair. He dropped down into the chair, still trembling. There were pens and pencils and blocks of paper on the desk and on its top stood a row of new leather-bound books. He wheeled his chair about. On the table lay a stack of blue prints. A glance told him the topmost one was the drawing of the furnace—the drawing he had altered. He dropped his arms upon the myriad white lines that covered the big blue sheet, buried his face in them and cried.

"What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly?" demanded a shipping clerk, popping into the office of Hawthorne Jelleby and taking a quick seat on the desk of that busy young man.

Hawthorne Jelleby looked up with a hint of annoyance in his eyes. He was just beginning his day's work.

"What d'ye know about it?" repeated the shipping clerk. "Here I'm more than half an hour late, with nine days' work ahead of me, and one of my helpers off on a picnic to-day! What d'ye know about it? Say, do you remember that chinless lump of human clay that clerked for McNutt a while—old Nosey-Nose? Squint-Lamps, some of the boys called him. Also Big-Beak, Two-Mugs, Curly-Locks. Well, he's learning to be a detective. What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly? He's pulled off two jobs already. Oh, my, yes! He found out who it was that stole Miss Single's hams and sides up in Vinegar Gully—the Belch gang. And he ran to earth the purloiners of the two dozen bull hides the slaughterhouse lost—Bulgarians. What d'ye know about it?

"Got your long-green spit-quick with you? Just a wisp. Great old weed, isn't it? I've got a case now that I'd like to sick Squint-Lamps onto. He'd wear bells if he could solve this one. Here it is.

"I got a letter from my old home town the other day—Honeyburg on the White Fork, you know—and they tell me Milt Vechner is suing Darby Botts for fifteen hundred dollars for alienating his wife's affections. What d'ye know about that, Jellybelly?

"I guess Darby alienated the affections of Missus Vechner all right, for they've both gone over into Troy Township where they are staying with Darby's uncle. But—and here comes the alibi-ish twist. Darby Botts is a paralytic—been paralyzed from the hips down for twenty-five years; couldn't walk a step.

"Question One: How could Darby run away with another man's wife if he couldn't ambulate? But—and now listen carefully, Jellybelly—Darby had a derrick built in the lane in front of his house and whenever he wanted to go anywhere he'd have his horse and buggy brought up to the derrick. Missus Botts would roll him out from the house in a little two-wheeled giglet and derrick him into the buggy. See? What d'ye know about it?

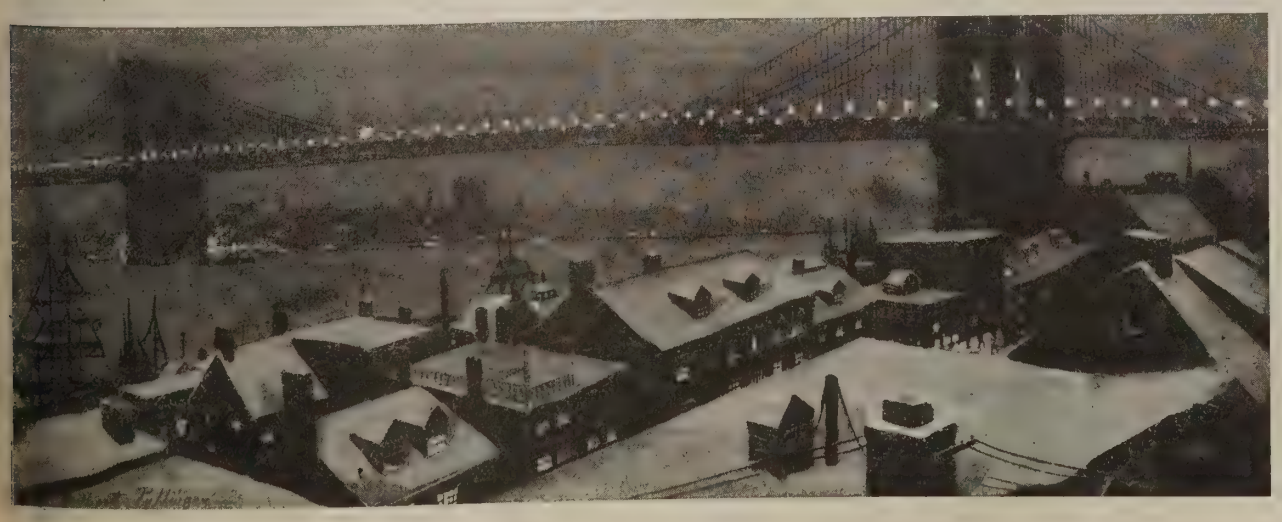
"Now then, Question Two: Who operated that derrick when Darby left home to run away with Milt Vechner's wife? Missus Botts didn't, for she'd gone to Jackson County to visit Darby's mother.

"Question Three: Was it Missus Vechner? If it was Missus Vechner, then follows Question Four: Did Darby Botts steal away Milt Vechner's wife, or did Milt Vechner's wife steal away Missus Darby Botts' husband? Knotty, isn't it? Awfully knotty! What d'ye know about it? It'll all come out in the trial, I suppose, and if it's shown that Missus Vechner did operate the derrick, then you watch for a counter suit by Missus Botts for not less than two thousand. The Honeyburgers are all worked up. I must put Curly-Locks next to it. He might like to go down and gum-shoe things through—just for the experience.

"Well, I must be loping along, Jellybelly—loping along. All kinds of work ahead of me—never will get caught up. What d'ye know about it? A fellow has to plug some here to hold his job, eh? I was chatting with old Major Fronk up at the Falls House last night and he told me that one afternoon some time ago he heard somebody moving about in Wally Gay's room, which is next to his. What d'ye know about that? He thought it was Wally, and then he happened to remember that Wally was working days then. So he goes and opens the door, and who was it snooping about in there but old Nosey-Nose?

"The major jumped him. Nosey-Nose tried to make out he was tanked and had stumbled into the wrong room. But the major slammed him a bump with an umbrella and caught him on the toe of his boot as he went out. When Wally came in he and the major went over everything, but couldn't find anything missing. What d'ye know about it? Now, what did that chinless gink want in there? He wasn't tanked—not a bit of it! He's too stingy to get filled up to the first hoop.

"Well, Wally Gay is certainly cutting the cheese in big slices, isn't he? Assistant superintendent of one of the finest new open hearths in the country! Ruminate on it, Jellybelly, ruminate on it! And only a few years ago he was a roustabout here, cleaning out sewers and cesspools—everybody's goat! And I discovered him! Yes, sir, I was the first one to discover that Wally Gay could work his head—that he wasn't paralyzed from the ears up as Darby Botts is from the hips down. They tell me that Wally put some kind of a new hinky-dinky on those furnaces down there that makes them run like race horses on a gumbo track. Fastest furnaces ever built, I understand. The furnacemen are making more money than they ever made before. They'd do anything for Wally Gay. And you just watch, Jellybelly—and Wally Gay will be superintendent of Number One and Number Two Open Hearths some day just as sure as this long-green spit-quick of yours is hot stuff—and it is! Manning will get Lafe Murdock's job. Funny that Goodlow has left that open so long. Lafe is done—he's in, down and out. That ride the crazy Pole gave him over the pit took all the prance out of him. Nervous wreck. I saw him not so long ago and he was shaking all over, worse than a riddle on a bean fanner. He's changed, too—grown a beard—makes you think of two eyes lamping you out of a brush pile. What d'ye know about it? Aren't the days getting short? And don't they slip by? We're growing old fast, growing old fast, eh? Well, Jellybelly, what d'ye know about it? I must be galloping on—I'm in a hurry."



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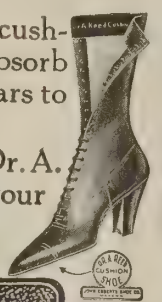

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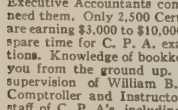

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THE CASE OF MRS. ALISON

(Continued from Page 7)

be refilled whenever high level was lowered by so much as a sip; that flattered crudely, causing one to feel beaten over the head with a club of adulation; that, when it felt it had ingratiated itself, would interject sly inquiries concerning one's opinion of certain speculative stocks; that would later say impressively to its friends: "As Hugh Mills was saying to me the other day ——"

Hugh was not disposed to sit down with Giffin.

But there was Virginia. What a beautiful creature she was! What mystery in those great eyes of hers. She was a girl no longer, but a woman in full bloom. And he was enormously curious about her. What was she like? What had happened to her? Why was she with a man like Giffin? Major Buchanan was right, after all. He had merely misinterpreted the major. Virginia had indeed changed, though outwardly the change was trifling.

"Yes, Hugh," she urged; "do sit down for a little while."

"I'm with some people ——"

"Give me one minute for every year you've been away."

It was her magnetism rather than her words that drew him down into the proffered seat.

"Waiter," commanded Mr. Giffin, as Hugh sat, "bring another quart."

Thinking matters over as he retired that night Hugh realized that, far from being satisfied, his curiosity had but been whetted by his brief visit with Virginia. He found himself full of new and strange impressions of her, but could not at the moment correlate them. She was more alert, more animated than she used to be. She talked more, made more gestures. As a girl she had been placid; now she seemed to be keyed up, restless, gay with a nervous kind of gayety, like a person trying to escape her own thoughts. She had been smoking a cigarette when he went to her table, and when he departed. He had seen few women convey as she did the impression of abandoning themselves so hungrily to the tobacco habit. Sometimes she did not stop smoking even when she talked, but let her cigarette dangle from her lips. So, too, with her champagne; she had not sipped as women usually do, but had drunk freely, like a careless man.

But what most puzzled him perhaps was an indefinable something about her suggesting a thin, hard, crystalline coating, a transparent yet protective armor through which one looked at her.

How much, how little was there left of the Virginia of old—the tender, gentle, sweet Virginia, the girl he used to dream of having some day for his wife? That above all was what he wished to know. And it was with a view to finding out for himself the answer to this question that before leaving her table he had invited her to lunch with him at his hotel upon the morrow.

IV

ON THE morning following that first meeting with her at the club, while Hugh was breakfasting in the hotel dining room at a table overlooking Michigan Avenue, a bellboy brought him Frank Carberry's card. He caused Frank to be shown in at once and offered him breakfast, but Frank declined.

"I breakfasted nearly an hour ago," he said. "I stopped in on my way to the office to speak to you about something. If the matter doesn't interest you I'll be glad if you will say so frankly."

"Certainly. Fire away."

Frank fingered a fork for a moment. Then he asked: "Have you ever looked into psychical matters?"

"Spiritism? Not seriously. I've read a little on the subject here and there, and of course I've seen people fool with ouija boards and try table lifting, and all that."

"But you've never come across a bona-fide medium?"

"No. I've always been inclined to doubt there was such a thing."

"Well, suppose there is. Would the subject interest you?"

"Everyone who thinks at all must have wondered what comes after death—whether there's another world, and whether, granting such a world, there can be communication with it."

"You'd like to know?"

"Of course I would—though, as I said, I'm skeptical about communication."

"I was a skeptic myself until about three years ago," Frank replied.

"You aren't any longer?"

"Investigation has convinced me that there is communication. Philip Fosdick, whom you met as you were leaving my house the other day, is a medium. We have organized a little circle to meet with him once or twice a month for purposes of research."

"Séances, you mean?"

"That's the usual word," Frank replied, "but we try to avoid it because it is so much employed by charlatans."

"But how can one be sure that any supposed medium is not a charlatan?"

"There are scientific tests," said Frank. "In the case of Fosdick, furthermore, he doesn't work for pay. He's a moderately successful business man—real estate. Has a nice home in Woodlawn, a wife and children, and keeps an automobile. We all know him intimately. He's as straight as a string. He doesn't understand the nature of this power he has any more than we do, and when he is in a trance he doesn't know what happens or what he says. We have to tell him afterward. He simply gives us the benefit of this gift to help us with our investigations."

"Does he make you see spirits?"

"No, we don't see them, though sometimes he does. He is a trance medium. He goes into a kind of sleep, and while he is in that sleep his controls enter his body and talk to us. One's an Indian named Black Eagle and the other an old soldier, a Major Thomas, who fought in the Civil War."

He recounted several instances in which, if the facts were as he gave them, Fosdick's supernatural power was strikingly exhibited.

"We are meeting at my house to-night," he said. "I wondered if it would interest you to come?"

Hugh thanked him. "It'd be interesting of course," he said. "But being skeptical, might I not prove objectionable to Mr. Fosdick, or the other members of your group, or perhaps even to the spirits?"

"No," said Frank. "I've already spoken to Fosdick. Skepticism is all right as long as it is open-minded skepticism. You're an experienced investigator in other lines. We can't have too many trained minds working on these questions. If you should be impressed you would be in position to carry on further researches on a scale quite beyond us. And if you were to become convinced of spirit communication you could not only carry on important work, but the prestige of your name, if you would permit its use, would help the general cause."

Hugh smiled faintly. "That is a very remote possibility," he said—"very remote. Suppose, rather, that I fail to be impressed, let alone convinced?"

"Even so," said Frank, "there's no harm done."

Hugh reflected briefly. By a coincidence that evening was the first since his arrival in Chicago for which he had made no engagement. In his mind he had set it apart as the evening on which he should look up Virginia. Now, however, he had already seen her, and would be seeing her again in a short time at luncheon.

"On that basis, then," he answered Frank, "I should like very much to come."

V

IF LIFE had trained Hugh to one thing more than another it was, he thought, to judge of people quickly and accurately. Yet after luncheon that day he was obliged to admit to himself that he had made little progress toward solving the enigma presented by Virginia. Now and then the Virginia of long ago had seemed to be seated there across the table. But she proved elusive. Just when he fancied he had recaptured her her mood would change and she would turn into a woman whom he felt he did not know at all—an erratic creature whose mind went darting off at tangents, who refused to talk seriously about anything, seeming to look at life through cynical and disillusioned eyes.

Could her nature actually have changed to this extent, he wondered, or was it that she chose for some unfathomable reason to assume this character? Hugh attempted in conversing with her to ignore the seeming change, to reject it, to insist upon addressing himself to the Virginia he used to know. At last she let him see that she perceived his effort.

"I hope, Hugh," she said, smiling, "this terrible insistence on solemnity is n fixed habit with you nowadays? Ha something to do with being a man of portance?"

"Nothing whatever," he returned. " not always serious.

"But I can't deny that I have alw been serious about you."

"Please don't be, any more. It's no u

"It would be rather difficult," he s "to give up the habit of twenty years.

"It's not so very difficult to give up habits if you really try," she answ lightly. "I've given up a lot—and g lot of new ones."

"And you are satisfied it was a wise t to do?"

"Certainly."

"In what way?"

"Well, for one thing, I do as I please.

"And what do you please to do?"

"To have a good time. To lead my life."

"I've heard people talk before of lea their own lives," Hugh answered wit half doubtful, half amused shake of head. "Just what does it mean?"

"One thing it means," she answered a short laugh, "is that one gets one talked about."

"Deservedly?"

"That is neither here nor there. The portant fact for you, Hugh, is that you lunching with a woman who is gossi about. But no doubt you are aware of already. Some of the women you kno Chicago are disposed to draw the line at You must understand that I've progre since you knew me. You mustn't look u me any more as a guileless young thin dimity."

"That guileless young thing in din has for a long time occupied a very spe niche in my heart," he answered gravel

"She doesn't exist any more."

"I don't believe it."

"Ask some of the people you were last night."

"I don't need to. I've had glimpse her here to-day. And, anyway, she was lovely a thing to be—extinguished."

"The loveliest things are often the n easily extinguished," she said. "That yo thing in dimity was a fool, Hugh. didn't understand life at all." Then one of her sudden turns of manner added: "But there—that's enough. W will you insist on being solemn?"

"A man must have a little time to m his readjustments," he said. "If I'm learn that you are not you at all it is bo to take a day or two."

"I tell you what I'm going to do," she. "I'm going to give a little party you some night and see if you're always that. I'll just have one other couple—p ple who look at life as I do."

"When?" he asked.

"When do you want it?"

"Soon."

He spoke sincerely. Not only was curiosity concerning her increasing steadi but there was about her now, in place, a seemed, of the youthful charm that he well remembered, a new kind of allurem which though it did not appeal to his high appreciations, was nevertheless beginn to rouse in him an almost savage kind interest.

"Very soon?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"Would to-night be too soon?"

"It wouldn't—not if I were free. But I have an engagement. I can't very w break it. It's a curious sort of engagem with an old friend of yours and mine—Fr Carberry. Could you make it to-morr night, instead?"

"Yes. Call for me at my apartment ab seven. We'll drive out somewhere for d ner." Then: "Tell me about Frank C berry. I haven't seen him to talk to years. And what's curious about the gagement?"

On the point of telling her of Fran call upon him that morning, of their c ference, and of the nature of their enga ment, he stopped. To be sure, Frank h not specifically requested that the matt be kept confidential. Nevertheless, in vi of what he had said Hugh thought he mi perhaps desire it. It would be as well to quite clear upon that point before maki any revelations.

(Continued on Page 89)

(Continued from Page 86)

'h," said Hugh vaguely, "Frank has
ged too. He has changed as much as
have, I think—though apparently in
pposite direction."
'ust what does that mean?"
'e has lost his old, careless, happy-go-
ways entirely. He has turned serious
you've been turning—well ——"
e waited for a moment; then as he
ed no sign of completing the remark
emanded: "While I've been turning
".
've thought better of what I was going
," he answered, smiling a little at her
sity.
ut you admit that I have changed?"
looked steadily into her eyes for an
nt before answering: "I am not yet
sure what the change in you really
nts to, Virginia."
Would you like to know?" she de-
led provocatively.
fore than almost anything."
pressed the lighted end of her half-
ed cigarette against the metal of the
ray, watching it as it became extin-
ed; then as she made ready to rise
table she looked up quickly and spoke.
f you'd really try," she said, "I think
night find out."

VI

E mention Hugh had made, while
nching with Virginia at the hotel, of
thing extraordinary in connection with
gagement for the evening with Frank
erry had not escaped her. On the fol-
g night when he called to take her to
arty she was giving for him she re-
rl to the subject.
' wanted to tell you yesterday," said
ui, "but I wasn't sure Frank would
sme to. Since then he has absolved me
secrecy—though he doesn't wish the
er generally discussed."
ll this mystery suggests that Frank
be running a gambling house," she
playfully.
o. It's much more mysterious than
It's spooks."
ot really?"
es."
h, why didn't you take me? I've
ys wanted to go to a séance."
or two reasons: I had no way of tell-
hat you'd care to go; and I wasn't
ved to bring anyone else."
Harvey went to several," she said.
ere was an old woman over on the West
dthat lots of people went to for a while.
ged him to take me, but he wouldn't."
was the first time she had mentioned
arvey. Hugh tried to lead her to speak
no of him.
Was he impressed?"
ot much."
Vhy wouldn't he take you?"
Harvey hadn't a very high opinion of
feminine mind," she answered. "I
ink he was afraid I might become too
much interested. Of course it is dangerous
for person to do that. I suppose if I really
elved in it I might be trying to get mes-
ages from him." She was silent for a space.
Then she added:
'd like to know whether he is aware of
ertain things. It would be interesting to
know." And after another pause: "Tell
me about it."
Hugh described to her the previous
night's meeting: Half a dozen men seated
in a loose circle round the quaint old parlor
of the Carberry house, with Fosdick at the
head of the room; the lowering of lights and
playing of soft music on the phonograph to
induce a proper frame of mind; the medium's few moments of slumber in his chair, heavy breathing, some paroxysms, then the supposed arrival, in Fosdick's body, of the Indian spirit called Black Eagle. In the rôle of Indian, Fosdick sat cross-legged on the floor, spoke in guttural broken English, and even went so far as to expectorate occasionally upon the rug, with truly aboriginal insouciance. Members of the group addressed the visiting spirit, who answered questions and delivered messages from other spirits alleged to be hovering invisibly round him.

The departure of Black Eagle threw Fosdick again into slumber, whereafter, to the accompaniment of a second fit of shuddering, his body was possessed by the spirit of Major Thomas. In the guise of the major the medium rose and delivered a stupid little lecture on current political conditions, stroking, the while, an invisible beard. His manner, Hugh said, was that of a pompous old-school orator, ponderous, banal and didactic. His speech over, the major answered questions and gave spirit messages, as Black Eagle had done before him.

"Do you take any stock in it?" Virginia asked when she had heard the story.

"No," said Hugh. "The man may be an impostor or he may be self-deceived or self-hypnotized. At all events nothing occurred that seemed to me to justify a belief that the messages were from spirits."

"Did you yourself get any messages?"

"There was a lame attempt to suggest that my father wished to communicate with me. The Major Thomas spirit described his appearance accurately enough, as he used to look, and mentioned his name and mine, but the message he gave was practically nonsense—nothing that father would have said. He said he was happy—most of them said that—and that he was watching over me, and that he was often with me in a large office where I sat alone at a desk and worked. And then he said: 'Tell him not to sell the bonds he is thinking of selling.' Which is especially foolish since I am not at present thinking of selling any bonds whatsoever."

"But he described your father's looks."

"Yes, but several men there knew father. Fosdick may have seen him before he died for all I know. As for his talk about my private office, naturally all the partners in our firm sit in private offices. Moreover, if father could actually communicate with me there are things he could mention that were known only to him and to me—things of which he would undoubtedly wish to speak. And even so, even if a medium were to mention those things, that would not prove that the spirit of my father was present. It might perfectly well be some sort of thought transference from me to the medium.

"During the séance Frank whispered to me asking whether I was impressed. When I told him how I felt he asked the Major Thomas spirit to give me a sign, but the spirit answered in his self-important way: 'Let the stranger in your midst return at some subsequent time when I am in conference with your group, and I may then perhaps see fit to accede to his request.' For my part I should be sorry to believe that the next world could show so little progress over this one as would be indicated by the harboring there of such a tiresome grandiloquent old wind-bag as the major."

"But he said to come back. You're going to, aren't you?"

"I doubt it."

"Oh, do!"

"What do you care?"

"I want to go too."

"I don't think they'd let me take you. There were no ladies there last night. And they're a little afraid of being laughed at."

"I wouldn't laugh. You could fix it. You know you could." She rose, crossed to where he was sitting, and placed her hand upon his shoulder, coaxing: "Please, Hugh!"

It was hard to resist her when she looked like that.

"Oh, well," he replied evasively, "we'll see—we'll see." Then, still looking up at her, strongly aware of her allurement for him, he went on: "After all, what use is there in puzzling about some supposititious world and its inhabitants when there is still so much to be found out about this world and ourselves? Frankly, Virginia, I find it hard to think about spiritism when I'm with you. You've always fascinated me so much more than anything else in the world."

"Always?" she repeated. "Even when we were young?"

"You'd laugh," he said, "if you knew how hard it used to be for me to keep from begging you to marry me."

"No. I wouldn't laugh—not if it is true. I'd more likely weep. If you loved me, Hugh, why didn't you ever say so?"

"I had my way to make," he said. "But even that wouldn't have deterred me, I think, if I hadn't known you didn't want me to."

"But I did want you to."

"You've forgotten," said he. "You used to pat me on the back for being the old reliable who never made love."

"Yes, and pray that you'd stop being like that. And when you went away my heart nearly broke. That's the truth." She sighed, and with a little smile added: "But it's nice to find out—even now; isn't it? There's a little sadness that makes it sweeter." Then with one of her abrupt changes of manner, almost as though she regretted the lapse into the mood of tender reminiscence, she moved away toward the

door, saying: "Come on. The others will be waiting. We'll be late for dinner."

Rising reluctantly he followed.

"Who are the others, and where are we to dine?"

"I thought it would be nice to go to the club again," she answered as they passed into the hall. "I've asked only one other couple—Lura McDonald and Chris DeCamp. Lura, by the way, is a divorcée. She and Chris are inseparable. They've been very nice to me—when lots of other people haven't been. I hope you'll like them."

Stopping a few minutes later at Mrs. McDonald's apartment, they found Mr. DeCamp in the process of making cocktails in a very large shaker—too many cocktails for four. They were served, too, in glasses of unusually liberal dimensions, and both Mrs. McDonald and DeCamp were, in Hugh's opinion, overzealous in the matter of replenishment. When presently they descended in the elevator he was conscious of having drunk more than he had wanted to. Mrs. McDonald, however, evidently felt differently.

"Well, Virginia," she said as they entered the automobile, "I think we've got your party nicely started anyhow."

She was undeniably a striking-looking woman—tall, deep-chested, graceful, full of the suggestion of vitality and strength. Her eyes were large, dark and warm. She looked at one brightly when she spoke, and her vivacity and the expressiveness of her face combined to convey an impression of extreme intelligence. Yet as the evening passed Hugh perceived that this suggestion was almost entirely pictorial, like the false suggestion of thoughtfulness in the beautiful luminous eyes of a cow. Her conversation was, in point of fact, not worth listening to; nevertheless, one was compelled to attend to her when she spoke, even if one did not actually listen, because of that flashing something in her face, because of an air of authority that she undoubtedly possessed, and also because her voice was as strong as her body. She had the attraction for the eye that some blooded animals have, causing us to look at them for the sheer joy of looking. And there was about her, moreover, something that called into play the masculine imagination. A man of experience would know somehow that she was a woman of experience; and many men seeing her would wish her to have been a part of their experience, and they a part of hers.

It was a type not unknown to Hugh, but one to which, unlike most men, he was not particularly susceptible. He had where women were concerned a certain fastidiousness; physical appeal, however great, was not in itself sufficient to exercise on him a very powerful attraction. Hugh neither liked nor disliked Mrs. McDonald, but the more he watched her with DeCamp the less he approved of her as a close friend for Virginia; for, though he would not have admitted it, he had an instinctive feeling that there existed between her and DeCamp more of an understanding than they cared to show. It was not that they were flirtatious or that DeCamp seemed unduly attentive; rather it was the reverse; their manner toward each other exhibited a kind of confident casualness like that of an accustomed married couple. Hugh's impression was not the result of any single piece of evidence, but of a series of slight indications. After dinner, for example, Mrs. McDonald wished to dance, but DeCamp showed, precisely as a husband might have shown it, that he did not wish to. Nor did the illuminating little incident stop there; for there was something very wifelike in the way that she insisted upon his dancing whether he desired to or not, reminding him of other evenings upon which she had let him have his own way, and winding up by telling him that he was getting fat.

"Are they engaged?" Hugh asked Virginia when, like a bored benedict, DeCamp had danced off with Mrs. McDonald.

"I suppose so," she said. "They've been going round like this for a long time."

"Why don't they marry?"

"I don't know. I wish Chris would marry her. I think she'd be happier. People discuss them of course; she pretends not to mind it, but she does. I think that's one reason they like so much to have me with them. It makes parties of four usually, and tends to make the fact that they are always together less conspicuous."

Naïvely she had voiced the very thought that had been forming itself in his own mind. Women of Mrs. McDonald's type and in her equivocal position were, he knew, prone to seek close companionship with finer women, using them as shields to fend off some at least of the poison-pointed social arrows directed at themselves. This process has, however, one important disadvantage—the shield is likely to be marred.

"Where does that leave you?" Hugh could not restrain himself from asking.

"Oh, I'd be talked about anyway," she said. "But I'm not like Lura. I don't mind."

It was incredible to him that she should be sincere in saying such a thing.

"You honestly don't mind?" he demanded, looking fixedly into her eyes.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I do!" he exclaimed almost angrily.

With a little laugh she pushed back her chair and rose from the table. "Do you?" she returned lightly. "All right, then. Come on—let's dance."

During the evening unattached men kept coming to beg dances of Virginia and Mrs. McDonald. Once when Hugh chanced to be alone at the table he caught sight of Mrs. Bowden, by whom he had sat in this same room on the night he had first seen Virginia. His impression concerning Mrs. McDonald was now so strong that, as a member of the party in which she also was, he hesitated to go and speak to Mrs. Bowden. Presently, however, she saw him and bowed so cordially that he felt himself invited to cross over to her.

"I see," she said, giving him her hand, "that the old friendship has been renewed." And when he assented she added: "What a beautiful creature—and how fascinating she can be."

"Yes," he answered. "I have thought more than once of what you said when I asked you who she was. You said, in effect, that she was too fascinating and too sweet for her own good."

"It was not meant unkindly."

"I know it. That is one reason I want to speak to you about it now. I am concerned about her—puzzled by her."

"She is a puzzle to everyone who used to know her," returned Mrs. Bowden. "During the last year or two of her husband's life I saw a good deal of them both. In those days she was utterly unlike her present self. Until his death she must have been quite as you knew her of old. Though there was some talk of his being wild I don't think she ever heard it or, if she did hear it, took any stock in it. And, really, as nearly as a man of his disposition could be devoted to one woman, he was devoted to her. She was always happy. When he died we expected her to be heartbroken. But not at all. It was as though his death unleashed some unsuspected side of her nature. Suddenly she was a different person. And what made it particularly conspicuous was that she wore mourning for just five days and then put it off."

Here was a new face on the matter; one that made it even more baffling than before. In Hugh's speculations he had hitherto always traced the blame to Harvey. He had feared from the first that Harvey would not make her a good husband, and this change in her had come like a confirmation of his fear. He knew that Harvey's influence upon women had been almost invariably detrimental, and he reasoned bitterly that his crowning work was represented in Virginia's deterioration.

Yet now he was informed that Harvey and Virginia had seemed happy in their married life; that the transformation in her had not come until after Harvey's death. What could it mean? What could be the explanation? Utterly at a loss for an answer he found himself filled with a curiosity more poignant than he had ever known.

VII

HARDLY a day passed after that without Hugh's seeing Virginia. Often when he called at her apartment other men dropped in as well, but Lura McDonald was the only woman he ever met there. One evening he found Giffin there when he arrived; at other times he met men who had come to Virginia's table at the club.

Of them all Hugh objected most to Giffin. He drank too much, spoke thickly, took a too familiar tone with Virginia, and once or twice, when she happened to be within reach, laid hands upon her. Though the others were personable enough there was not one among them who showed signs of any real substantiality of character; at best they were a light, sophisticated lot, some of them bachelors, some married men whose wives had not yet returned from summer outings. And though, with the exception of Giffin, Hugh could not definitely resent their manner with her, he nevertheless felt, not without irritation, that her apartment was used by them too much as though it were some cozy, half-questionable little club at which they could stop in, whenever the fancy struck them, to drink highballs, play bridge, dance or, above all, chat with a beautiful, intelligent, careless woman who, as Hugh heard one of them remark, could always be relied upon to meet a man on his own ground. And indeed with all Virginia was hail fellow well met.

Her apartment itself was charming in bijou fashion, with its old French furniture and chintzes, but the atmosphere created there by the easy-going ways of these numerous and too casual men, and her easy-going ways with them, was full of a suggestion which Hugh found distasteful, even painful.

Was there one of them who recognized her fineness—the remains of something noble lying beneath her surface manner like the ruins of a Roman temple under some flamboyant modern structure? Would he himself have suspected buried riches there, he wondered, had he not looked upon the temple in its glory long ago? Assuredly this modern edifice, this side she showed the world, was not without qualities sufficient to engage attention—qualities that might be likened to those of some gay place of refreshment and amusement; some chic pavilion of white stucco, brilliantly lighted and invitingly embellished with flower boxes and striped awnings. Praise heaven he saw more than that! He was, as it were, a devoted archæologist searching below for treasures he knew were there; rewarded now and then by a glimpse of some chaste marble fragment—a broken capital, a bit of cornice, a piece chipped from some sculpture chiseled by a master hand.

Wishing to be alone with her he fell into the way of driving her to dinner at outlying country clubs. Often it would be late when he took her home, but regardless of the hour she would invite him in. This resulted in the establishment by him of ten o'clock as the limiting hour. If they got back to her door by ten he would enter with her and visit for a while before going back to the hotel; if after ten he would leave her at the elevator.

Several times Virginia had protested that this self-imposed restriction was quixotic, but there came at last a night when she made more of the matter. They had driven out beyond Fort Sheridan for dinner, and the hands of the automobile clock pointed to eleven as their car entered the northern end of Lincoln Park. Hugh had been telling her that his business in Chicago was nearly completed; in a few days he would be leaving.

"I shall miss you a great deal," she said.

"And I shall miss you."

"We won't have many more evenings together before you go. And maybe you'll never come back."

"Oh, yes, I will."

"After fifteen more years?" she asked in a tone half humorous, half wistful.

"Much sooner. Now that I've found you again I'll ——"

"Found what's left of me," she put in.

"There's a great deal left. Quite enough to draw me back."

"But not enough to make you break your rule to-night—about coming in for a while?"

"Look at the time," he said.

"What difference does it make?"

"Appearances."

"But I've told you over and over that I care nothing for appearances."

"Well, you ought to. In any event, I care about them for you."

They were passing swiftly down the park's shore drive; the air was cool and fragrant with the night-time scents of shrubbery and flowers; over the lake to the eastward a strip of cloth of gold extended toward the moon.

"I'm not a young girl any more—worse luck," she said. "Other friends of mine call as late as this. Don't be puritanical, Hugh. Come in for a while. If you don't I'll not ask you again."

It was the sort of night on which good rules are likely to be laid aside. When a few minutes later the car drew up before the building in which she lived Hugh entered the elevator after her.

All through this evening his consciousness of her had been peculiarly acute. Her radiance harmonized with that of the night, brilliant and mysterious. To take her latchkey from her hand, unlock the door for her, step with her into the moment of darkness that lay between the threshold and the button that turned on the lamps—these things gave him sensations curious, illusory and charming, an enchanting sense of adventure, of irresponsibility, a brief fantastic feeling of mastery and possession.

He sank contentedly into a deep chintz-covered chair, and with a kind of vague expectancy watched her as she slipped off her light coat, removed her hat, laid it on the top of the small grand piano, and going to the mirror adjusted her hair with many birdlike turns of the head and quick little feminine gestures. She was to the eye like music to the ear. He was bewitched, and knew it. To him she was at once two beings: a creature blended of haunting memory and tempting reality; the girl of long ago tender, sweet, ineffable; the woman of now vivid, restless, rash, much to be desired. Strangely, too, the very things in her which he deplored were sources of attraction to him. Disapproving, he adored. She filled him with disappointment and delight.

He voiced something of his feelings, saying: "I never felt so many different ways about a person as I do about you. I'm almost glad I'm going so soon."

"I'm not," she said, taking her place on the cushioned window seat beside his chair.

"Of course in a way I'm not either. But—well, I'm not accustomed to having a woman so absorb my thoughts. You're a disturbing person."

"How? I haven't meant to be."

"You're like two people at once. Sometimes I think I know you very well; sometimes I think I don't know you at all. For years you've been a kind of religion with me. My first thought in coming to Chicago was that I should see you. I approached you as a man might approach a holy place. But when I found you it was a little bit like finding a cathedral full of marqueraders."

"I should think it would be rather interesting to see a cathedral full of masqueraders," she said.

"It is," he admitted. "It is really more interesting than it would be to find the regular service going on. But at the same time it is shocking. It offends one's sense of the fitness of things. It makes life look suddenly topsy-turvy. Worst of all, perhaps, it outrages one's reverential feeling."

"Why not forget all that and join in the masquerade?" she said. "Why not take things as you find them? You know how it is when you go to look for antique furniture—if you're looking for an old lacquered clock you find a Chippendale footstool; if you're looking for a highboy you find a Sheffield coffee urn. Why not take life in the same way? Isn't that the way to get the happiness out of it? If you go to church to pray and you find a masquerade there—join the masquerade and do your praying another time."

"That seems a simple and quite pagan philosophy," he answered. "But what about trying to stop the masquerade—driving the masqueraders out of the temple—preventing the desecration?"

"But suppose you can't do that? Suppose it's too late? Suppose it is something quite beyond you?"

"One can always try," he said, "even if one is finally thrown out."

"What's the use?"

"It's a fight for one's ideals."

"If one has any."

"You used to have. You must have still."

"I have found ideals the most perishable of commodities," she answered. "They're about as fit to stand the journey through life as Bohemian glass would be for a rough exploring expedition. What's the use in them? Most of them are only illusion anyway."

"Virginia," he exclaimed, rising from his chair, "it maddens me to hear you talking in that way! You're all wrong. Somehow you have got things terribly twisted. Don't you feel it? Don't you know it?" He was standing over her now.

She did not answer his questions, but looking up at him demanded: "Don't you like me as well as you used to?"

It became his turn not to answer.

"That's not the point," he insisted vehemently. "It's a matter of whether you are willing to sacrifice deliberately what is finest in you. Your whole environment, your whole scheme of life is wrong. Do you know how I feel when I'm here? I feel your fascination, but you aren't the woman I came to see. The one I came to see is hidden

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where. I suspect you of trying to keep
ocked up so that no one will find her.
ow and then she manages to steal out
prison and I catch a glimpse of her."
ginia rose and gazed up gravely at

o," she said, "that woman doesn't
any more. There's no use looking for
She's gone—gone for good and all.
're going to like me, Hugh, you must
ne as I am. It's the best I have to
Won't it do?"
r eyes, which by day showed gray
d with hazel, now looked dark and
us. For a moment he stood hesitant,
g into them. After all, as she had
they were not children any more.
were a man and woman who by rea-
like of years and circumstances were
ntable only to themselves. Was there
se in this effort he was making to swim
st the tide and draw her with him—
ally when she made no move to help?
as there not in truth much to be said
ne philosophy of life she had ex-
led—the philosophy of easy ac-
nce, that bids us take things as they
and question not. He was as one who
g water from some cool, refreshing
is offered heady wine.
looked away from her, and as he cast
spell of her eyes he felt his strength
ing. One sign of his strength, of
he had always been proud, was the
to restrain himself from making love.
Virginia in the old days he had some-
felt himself in danger; once or twice
been upon the verge of sinking his
ial ambitions, yielding to love, beg-
er to marry him. But he had sum-
l strength to fight off that romantic
se. Had he done so only to stoop,
later, to this—to the thought of love
t the thought of marriage? If so
had retrograded.
vision of her as a girl, "a sweet young
in dimity," as she had put it, came
ly to him. He saw her sitting on the
of the old house—the house that was
"Men act so crazy," he seemed to
er say again. "They don't ever seem
d just to be good friends." She had
red infinitely pathetic to him as she
nat. Was she the less pathetic now,
her brave airs? She had called forth
otective instinct in him then. Was
s in need of his protection now?
there were other things that she had
"Do you know what I wish? I wish
n would ever fall in love with me
until the right one comes along and
n love with him too."
r a time Harvey had come along.
s unpleasant at this moment, the
t of Harvey. Poor Harvey, all weak-
passion and jealousy! If the spirits
dead did by any chance look back
is world, as Frank Carberry and his
believed, Harvey's lot must be a
ed one indeed.
h these thoughts in his mind Hugh
d himself to look at her once more,
is time there was resolution in his

rginia," he said gravely, "this sort
g will never, never do. It would be
s folly, for us both, to spoil things

ing her hand he lifted it gently to his
hen without another word he turned
t her.

VIII

IE papers in the public-service cor-
pation matter having to be signed late
ay Hugh telephoned Virginia asking
drive down to the hotel and meet him
e for dinner.
t as a principle with him that personal
should never be permitted to obtrude
lves where there was business to be
e yet several times that afternoon he
himself upon the point of dropping
ing, jumping into a taxi and rush-
t to see her, if only for a moment.
e first time in his life he felt, in the
lover's eagerness.
e was waiting for her in the hotel foyer
she came. At the sight of her he
to hear music. Yet being a mature
his first words were of practical

Where would you like to dine?" he

s all one to me."
n't there some place that you like a
etter than the rest?"
e was especially anxious to-night that
uld be pleased with everything. He
they were in New York. There are
certain places in New York which soar to gastronomic heights as yet not quite attained in any other city in the land.

They stood for a moment discussing various possibilities. Suddenly her gaze became fixed.

"Isn't that Frank Carberry over there by the desk?"

Hugh did not turn to see; instead he took her by the arm and started in the direction of the door.

"We'll get into the car," he said, "and then settle where we are to dine."

"But Frank may be here looking for you."

"He is. That's just it."

"But don't you want to see him?"

"Not to-night. I want to see only you to-night."

"But," she urged, pausing near the door, "he might want you to go to a séance."

"That's just what he does want. He's been after me on the phone all day."

"Oh, do talk to him, then!"

"No. Come on. That spiritualistic stuff doesn't interest me."

"It interests me," she said, still holding back. "Besides, I haven't seen Frank in years."

"I know what you're up to," said he. "They don't let women come."

"Then it's high time they did," she persevered. "You go and get Frank and bring him over to me. Let me see if I can't fix it."

"Listen, Virginia. As a matter of fact he left word for me. They're going to have their beastly spook meeting to-night. We don't want to waste time with a thing like that, when I'm going so soon."

"But it's my only chance." She looked up at him with appealing eyes. "Please, Hugh. For me."

"Oh, all right—damn it!"

She smiled at the masculineness of the surrender. They turned and moved back to the foyer, encountering Frank as he was about to leave.

"I was just looking for you, Hugh," he said. "I've been trying to reach you on the phone all day. Didn't you get the message I left?"

"I've been frightfully busy," said Hugh. "I had intended to call you up in the morning."

"But the meeting is to-night."

"I have a dinner engagement—you remember Virginia Alison?"

Virginia greeted him in her most cordial manner. It was pleasant to be greeted in Virginia's most cordial manner. Frank beamed.

"I didn't feel," said he to Hugh, "that the meeting you attended was as interesting as most. That's why I was particularly anxious to get you for to-night. I suppose you'll be leaving the city soon?"

"Yes, in a day or two. It's kind in you to want me, but you see ——"

"Hugh told me of the other meeting," put in Virginia. "I should think it would be enormously interesting! So much so that I shouldn't want our dinner engagement to interfere with his going, if ——"

It was Hugh's turn to interrupt.

"Nonsense!" he said, almost sharply.

"But it's not nonsense," she insisted. "If I were to have such an opportunity as Frank is offering you I should break almost any engagement to go."

Frank was evidently impressed by this avowal.

"The subject appeals to you, then?" he asked her.

"More than I can say."

For a moment he was silent, with the air of one who turns things over in his mind.

"Well, then," he said slowly, "why don't you both come—that is, if you won't mind being the only woman there, Virginia?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in eagerness. "I won't mind at all."

Perceiving that the game was lost, Hugh tried to give in gracefully.

"Stop and dine with us here, Frank," he invited, "and we'll all drive out to your house together, afterward."

"Yes," urged Virginia. "And you can explain things to me a little, so that I'll be better prepared."

While Frank was checking his hat Hugh managed a few words with her.

"You conscienceless little plotter!" he upbraided with reluctant appreciation.

"You were a good boy," she said, "to take it so well."

"I wouldn't have taken it so well," said he, "if this spook meeting were to be the end of our evening. But it's not. I'll let you stay until half past ten at the latest. You can pretend you have a headache—anything. But then we go, though I have to pick you up and carry you off."

"If I thought you'd pick me up and carry me off ——" She did not finish.

"If you don't think so," he returned with an intensity only thinly veiled by his smile, "you might just try it and see."

Though she sensed his emotion she chose to keep her light tone.

"So you've turned cave man?"

"Exactly."

"I wonder," she said, "if the cave men of long ago took the precaution to buy their railroad tickets for some other town before threatening to become violent. It would be interesting to know."

"Probably not," said Hugh. "I understand they believed in what is called direct action. They weren't handicapped by such things as consciences. A conscience is an awful drawback to anyone starting up in the cave-man business. It makes him slow in the get-away. Before he is in position to start any other rough work he has to club his own conscience into insensibility. And if his conscience happens to have considerable vitality, why then ——"

"Then," she finished for him, "it's pretty nearly time to take the train. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Hugh as Frank came toward them, "but until the train does go he is someone to be reckoned with."

All through dinner Frank talked spiritism, led on by Virginia's questions. He explained the leading theories on the subject, and outlined the experience of the little group which for three years had met with Fosdick.

The meal over they entered the car and sped out to the old Oakland neighborhood. Driving with these two friends of his youth through the streets so familiar yet so unfamiliar Hugh felt again the strange emotions he had known at the time of his first excursion thither several weeks earlier, and something told him that Virginia was touched by the experience also, for Oakland was only a little less strange to her now than to him. With Frank it was different; he still lived out here, and having witnessed the changes as they came, one by one, would never know the shock of taking in the total at a single glance.

"Life for us used to be practically included in a square half mile, didn't it?" Virginia said; and as they drove on she began recalling people and events, as Hugh had done before. There was the Burdicks' house, where she had gone to her first party wearing a little velvet dress with a lace collar. And over there the Lymans used to live—what had become of them?—and the Rogerses, next door.

And then of a sudden they all fell silent, and the silence was pregnant and uneasy, for they drove past the frame house where Harvey Alison had lived—the tragic ruin of a home they had all known, deserted now, its porch dropping away, the steps all but gone, the front door roughly boarded up as though in ironical protection of black emptiness within, the shutters sagging and falling apart, revealing windows that seemed to squint like a half-blind man who has lost his glasses.

IX

FOSDICK and the others were already waiting at the Carberry house when they arrived. For a little while there was an attempt at general conversation which reminded Virginia of the kind of conversation that takes place in a room where people are sitting waiting for a funeral service to begin—vacuous and labored talk on any subject but that of which all are thinking.

Presently Fosdick moved to an armchair at the head of the room, between the two front windows, and Frank took a small chair beside him. At this the others moved their seats to make an informal circle.

"I usually sit by him when he's going into a trance," Frank explained, looking at Virginia as he spoke, "because once or twice he has fallen on the floor."

At this Fosdick smiled a vague smile at her as though he expected her to be amused at the thought of his falling on the floor.

The lights were lowered, the soft music turned on. In the dimness she could see the medium close his eyes. For a few minutes he seemed to slumber peacefully. Then he began to twitch, breathing stertorously, and at length, following a slight convulsion, to speak in the broken English of the Indian, Black Eagle.

With the preliminaries she had found herself a little disappointed. The atmosphere had been so absurdly solemn, dull and commonplace. But now though the spirit of Black Eagle made no startling revelations she felt herself participating in the general feeling of impressment. Hugh, she supposed, was sitting back scrutinizing the performance, analyzing, picking it apart; but the others were all of them believers; and truth to tell, the drift of her mind was at first rather with theirs than with Hugh's. That is not to say she was convinced, or had even begun to be convinced, of anything. She was merely interested and nonresistant, like a spectator at a play. The truth or falseness of the thing that she was witnessing did not concern her. Enough that she was entertained.

Matters progressed to-night much as in Hugh's description of the earlier meeting. The manners of Black Eagle were anything but those of the drawing-room. Occupying Fosdick's body and wearing Fosdick's clothes he failed conspicuously to avail himself of Fosdick's pocket handkerchief. He talked of journeys to remote places, measured time by suns, and otherwise indicated that his voice was either that of an Indian or of a reader of Fenimore Cooper.

When the Indian spirit departed Fosdick slumbered, shuddered and became Major Thomas. The major chose to address the little gathering with a formal speech on negro slavery. This over he seated himself again in the armchair, remarking that a great many spirits were crowding round him to-night. Now and then he would make a gesture as of brushing them away; or again he would summon a certain spirit to draw near, and after tilting his head as though to hear better what the spirit said would give the message as Black Eagle had done before.

Nor were the messages delivered through the major of more consequence than those delivered through the Indian. Once, for example, there came a message purporting to be from the deceased uncle of a gentleman in the room. "He wants to know," said Fosdick, still in the rôle of Major Thomas, "if you remember the big apple trees in the yard of the old house at Elgin?" The gentleman replied eagerly that he did remember them. "And he wants to know if you remember the old wooden clock in the kitchen?" the medium continued. A second affirmative having been given, the spirit asked no further questions. "Is there anything else he wishes to say?" queried the gentleman. "No," returned the medium, "that spirit has gone, now. There's a little girl here. What's your name, little girl? . . . She says her name is Mary—no, Maria . . . Whatisit, Maria? . . ." And then some incomprehensible or trivial prattle.

As the novelty wore off and Virginia perceived how uniformly inconsequential were the communications, her critical faculty came more into play. It seemed to her that were the spirits of the dead in fact able to communicate with this world some of their messages at least would be of more importance. Intelligent spirits would know what intelligent persons of this sphere desired to learn of the after life, and would attempt to picture it through the medium in some manner more graphic than that exemplified in the repeated assurances she had heard that "we are happy over here." There would be almost certainly some spirits bent on giving superior guidance to those left behind; or on communicating information of some real importance.

Yet she remembered on the other hand that Frank had taken pains to warn her at dinner not to expect too much. "A great deal of it is manifestly of no consequence," he had said, "but now and then something worth while does come through. We are simply trying to sort the wheat from the chaff—to save whatever is of value, and discard the rest."

The abundance of valueless matter, he had explained, was accounted for in various ways. It was the theory of some persons who had made a study of psychic phenomena that the more advanced spirits "over there" were engaged in engrossing work which removed them from contact with this world; wherefore communication was in the hands of spirits which, being in a period of transition, were closer to their former life. Sometimes, indeed, the messages suggested that "earthbound" spirits played round the medium like so many mischievous boys.

Frank, however, did not believe in this theory. It was his idea that when communication was established through a medium a condition rose that might be likened to some situation in which hundreds of people, all wishing to send telegrams would

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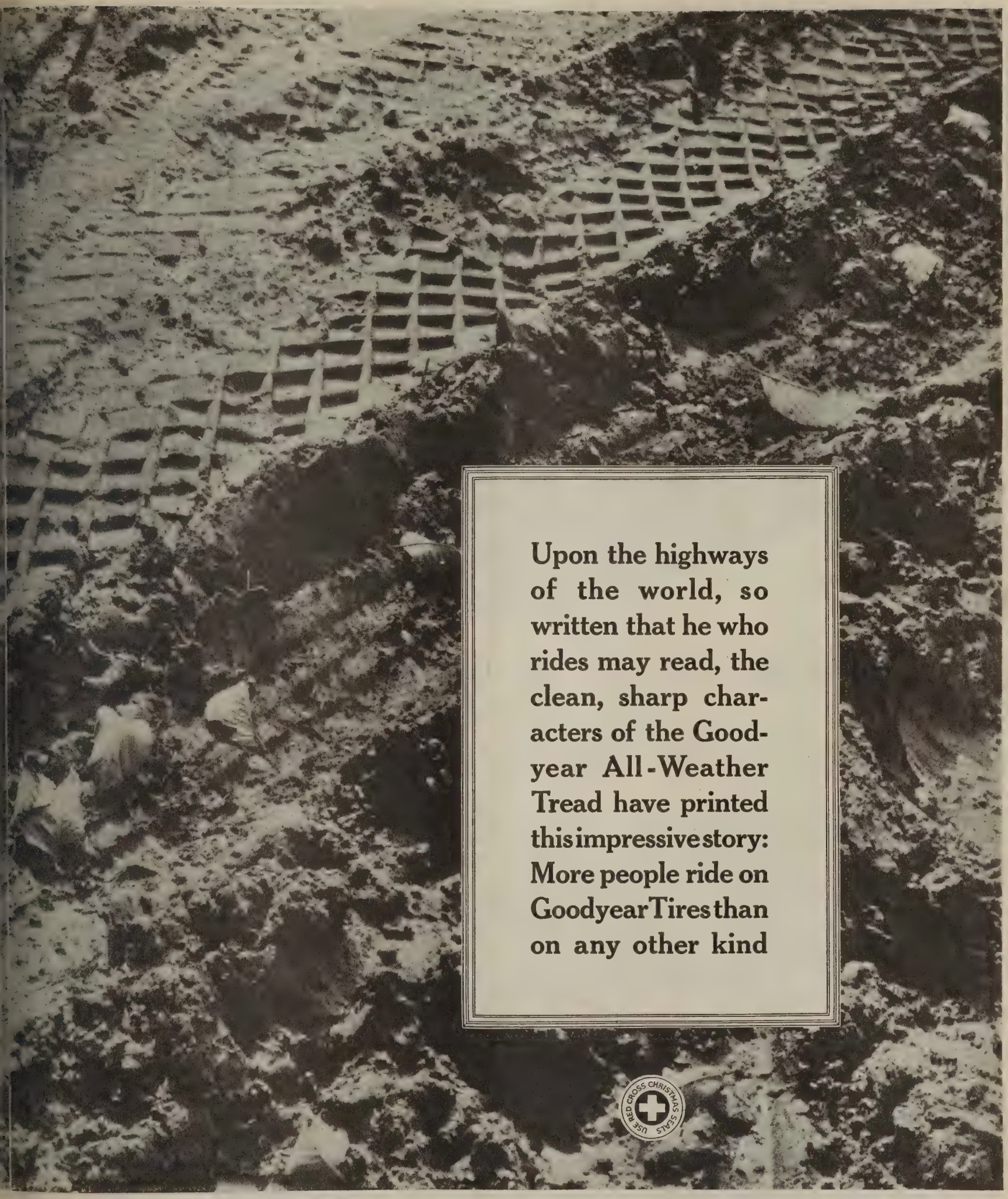
Upon the highways of the world, so written that he who rides may read, the clean, sharp characters of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread have printed this impressive story: More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind
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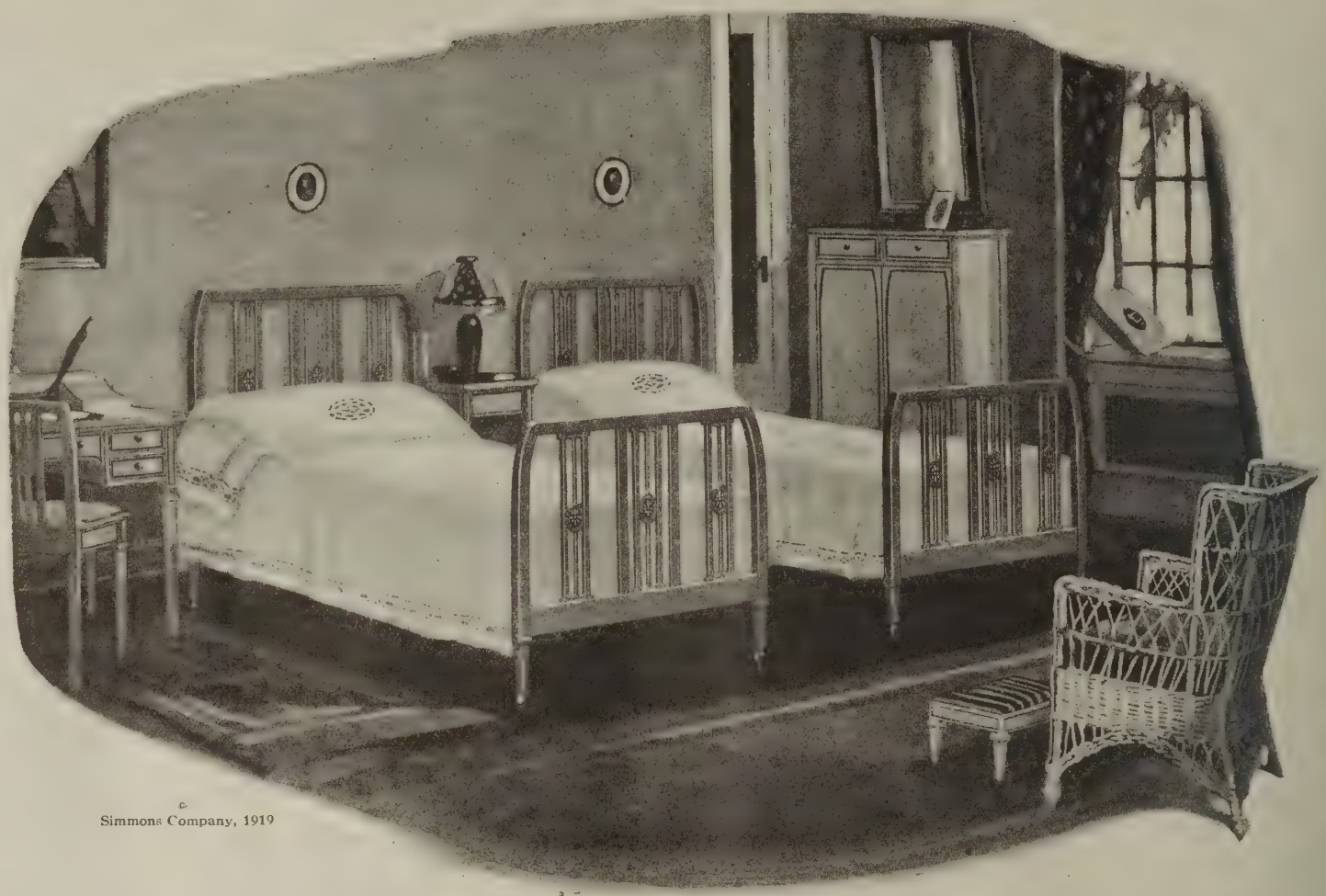

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This new art of design in METAL BEDS

By SIMMONS COMPANY

AS EVERY woman knows, the bedroom is the hardest room in the house to furnish.

The day of the "bedroom set" is past—repetition of design is no longer considered attractive in bedroom furnishings.

In spite of their weak design, old-style metal beds have been accepted because of their undoubted cleanliness.

Nothing much could be done to better the design, because of the limitations of the available tubing, with its seam and rough spots.

Now, at last, Simmons Company has removed these limitations.

It has produced a new seamless tubing, which can be worked freely into the beautiful designs of the artist—providing a smooth, even foundation for the enamel finish.

Your choice of Ivory, Decorative Colors and Hardwood effects.

And if you prefer Brass Beds, you will find also some very beautiful Simmons models in polished and satin finish.

How beautifully adapted to carry out the highest type of design is shown in the "Stuyvesant" (No. 1802)—one of the striking new series of designs recently produced by Simmons Company, now on sale in all the leading stores, in both Twin Bed and Double Width models.

This move towards *true design* in metal beds is an example of Simmons Leadership—the latest chapter in twenty-five years of Simmons effort toward better beds.

The foundation of the whole Simmons program is the principle—*Beds Built for Sleep.*

It was Simmons Company that first saw the need for *quiet beds.* Beds free from squeak, rattle and knock. Beds that invite nerve and muscle to *relax.*

That is the purpose of the Simmons Pressed Steel Corner Locks.

And in Springs—Simmons has perfected two types which yield to every contour of the body, yet support it in every sleeping position.

THE SLUMBER KING—a spring composed of flexible steel strips with spirals of high-test spring wire; so combined that the spring action is equal in all directions. Regular finish, silver gray oxidized—rustproof.

THE MOUNT VERNON—the Simmons improvement on the box spring idea. Finish, oxidized copper—rustproof.

And it is the Simmons Company which has consistently advocated the *Twin Bed* principle.

If you have children in the family, it may interest you to know, too, that Simmons Company has carried out this same sleep idea in a most attractive series of Cribs.

Simmons Beds cost little, if any, more, than the old-style beds.

Prominent merchants everywhere can show you these new Simmons Beds, Brass Beds and Cribs. They are the fastest selling items in the dealer's stock.

If you have any trouble finding them, a post card to us will bring you the names of merchants who can give you what you want.

SIMMONS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

(Concluded from Page 95)

crowding round a single telegraph op- who could not possibly accept all the ges. In their haste most of them lost jwits.

ir opportunity, if any came to them, f the briefest. They uttered what m sentiments entered their minds at stant.

fell to pondering these things. Un- edly Hugh was right: It was worth g once, just to see what a séance was ut it was a thing of which one could tire. Harvey could not have thought of her intelligence if he really feared ight become too deeply interested. had not wanted her to come here. he perhaps feared the same thing? weren't women as well as men invited se meetings? Did most men mistrust minine mind?

nking thus, and giving but half her ion to what was going on, she was n from her abstraction by the sound own name spoken by the medium.

ere is a spirit here who asks for some- med Virginia," he said.

atismyname," she answered quickly. is it?"

e says he has been waiting a long

r what?"

tell you. He wishes to tell you some-

oes he give a name?"

medium was silent for a moment. e he said: "He says: 'I will give a There was a rainstorm once, and lor came out of the cushions in a Is that it? . . . Yes, s that is it. And he asks: 'Does she me?'"

s," Virginia said. "What does he to tell me?"

e says: 'She must change her course. be in torment until she changes her n.'"

oes he mean," she asked after a mo- reflection, "that there is someone— man—whose present course of action sing him to suffer; and that he wants let her know?"

which the medium replied: "He says: hat is it. Virginia understands.'"

oes he know," she asked, "of any rea- why this woman does things that make suffer?"

e says," returned the medium, "'Re- upon the dead is more terrible than ge upon the living.'"

hen it is revenge she seeks?"

s. He keeps saying: 'Tell her pity forgive.'"

"Ask if he knows for what she desires to be revenged?"

"He says: 'The letters,'" the medium replied.

There came a pause which in the half darkness seemed to Hugh perhaps longer than it really was.

Presently Virginia asked: "Is there anything further that he wishes to say?"

"No more," said the medium. "He is gone."

x

SOON after this the visitant Major Thomas bade the company a ceremonious good night, whereupon Fosdick fell into a slumber from which after sundry twitchings of the body he emerged in his own proper person. The lights were then turned up. Hugh's eyes were on Virginia. Though apparently composed she was very pale. She remained only long enough to thank Frank and Fosdick and say good night to the others. Then she and Hugh left.

Alone with him she relaxed. Stepping into the car she dropped down upon the cushions and closed her eyes.

"Oh, Hugh!" she breathed.

Laying his hand gently over hers he found it trembling.

"You aren't faint?"

"No, but—just let me be quiet for a while," she answered brokenly.

When they had driven for a time she withdrew her hand from his; but in the action there was no rebuff. Hugh felt rather that it signified acceptance of a solitude forced upon her by reason of something—he did not know what—that had fallen from the lips of the medium.

Her agitation was manifestly deep. The sight of her distress, the sense of her aloneness in it—moved him profoundly. More than ever before he longed to show her tenderness. Yet something told him that he must not; that the greatest kindness would consist in silence.

It was only when they had crossed the city and were nearing her door that she spoke.

"You'll come in, Hugh?"

It was almost eleven, but he did not refer to the hour now.

"If you're not too tired."

"No. I want to tell you something."

Once more he ascended with her in the elevator, took her latchkey, unlocked the front door for her, and entering turned on the lights; but where before in these circumstances he had felt venturesome and irresponsible he was now full of vague apprehensions and of concern for her.

Having removed her wrap Virginia sank into a chair and stared with dazed, unseeing eyes to where a window curtain was swaying gently in the soft lake breezes. Hugh meanwhile walked up and down the room with slow, measured steps.

"I'm afraid," he said presently, "that I don't quite understand."

"It was Harvey," she declared.

Hugh stopped walking.

"But Harvey's name wasn't mentioned," he said.

"He spoke of a rainstorm and the color coming out of the cushions in a canoe. We were at Lake Geneva the week before he died, and that very thing happened. It was the chill he got that day which brought on pneumonia."

"Still," said Hugh, "there was no reason why he couldn't give his name."

"Yes, there was. He wished me to understand, but not the others. It was just as though he were alive; he wouldn't want to plead to me like that before a roomful of people. It would be too humiliating."

"Was the part about the letters clear to you?"

"Clear!" she repeated. He saw that her hands were clenched tight in her lap.

"Perhaps you'd better not talk about it now," he suggested gently.

"You knew Harvey," she said. "You knew his failings—everybody did. After you went away I realized what you meant to me. It wasn't until you were gone that I knew for sure. I was miserable. I kept hoping you'd come back, but you never did. After a while I saw that I had to work my way out of it somehow. Harvey took me out more and more. I think he suspected what was troubling me. He was always jealous—particularly so of you. After a while he began asking me to marry him. He said he'd never let up—never. And he never did.

"There was a fascination about him. He was so imaginative, impulsive, intense. But I knew his reputation, and even when I began to think myself in love with him I was afraid of marriage because of his inconstancy. I told him that, but he was certain that with me for his wife he'd be a different man. All girls are flattered by that kind of talk. They want to believe it.

"So at last we married. He was as good as his word as far as I knew. After a time I ceased to be afraid about him. And I was proud of him and of my share in making him over.

"His sudden death overwhelmed me. But I knew it was best to keep going, so I began to busy myself at once over the disposition of his personal effects. In the confusion his trunk hadn't been unpacked after our return. The unpacking was one of the tasks left over for me. It was distressing—going over those things that seemed so much a part of him. Then I came across a package of letters. I had been crying and couldn't see clearly. I thought what I wanted to think—that they were my letters to him—that he had cared enough to save them and take them about with him. But they were love letters from another woman, the last ones very recent.

"That day I took off mourning. If he had been alive, if I could have told him I knew, it would have been different. We could have had it out. But there was no way to reach him. So I simply loathed his memory. You've been puzzled about me. Perhaps you aren't so puzzled now."

"Is there any way in which Fosdick or Frank could have known?"

"No. Until to-night, when the medium used the word, I did not myself realize that the thing I had been seeking was revenge. But that was it. Without asking myself why, I set out to be everything Harvey hadn't wanted me to be. He didn't like me to drink or smoke. I drank and smoked. He disapproved of Lura and Chris. I made them my special friends. He loathed Giffin—was jealous of him without cause. So I played round with Giffin. All down the line I got myself in wrong. And I used to hope that wherever Harvey was he knew. Now I'm sure he did know. I've paid him back. The score is settled and I'm through."

"Virginia," said Hugh, "though I can't account for the message I'm not convinced, as you are. But that makes no difference. The point is that, genuine or not, it expresses what Harvey would feel, and want to say, if he could. It's what I've been trying to say. Wherever it came from it was the right message. And you have given the right answer.

"There's only one thing that troubles me now, and that is my share in the blame. I made the great mistake of my life when I let ambition carry me away, leaving you behind. I'll never forgive myself for that. Yet even so, I'll go back with a lighter heart than I have had in years."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow."

"Couldn't you wait a day or two more?"

He stood silent, gazing at her with an intensity that finally compelled her to raise her eyes to his.

"Will you come home with me—if I do?"

She rose and moved toward him.

Fifteen years ago, when he was twenty-four and she nineteen, his word for her was "wonderful." And now, after what seemed a crowded lifetime, it came back—a word of pitiable poverty, he thought, in that supreme glory.

Locate Your New Plan

Where you can get *all* these marked advantages

The Du Pont Company chose Hopewell as a site for its colossal guncotton plant because of its unexcelled advantages with regard to labor, water, fuel, raw materials, climate and transportation.

Our conversion of Hopewell from war to peace industry has released its factories, power plants and other industrial equipment for general manufacturing purposes.

Hopewell, with these advantages—natural and acquired—now presents opportunities to manufacturers and prospective manufacturers which we believe without precedent in industrial history.

The Hopewell factories have floor areas running up to 150,000 square feet and are adaptable to many kinds of manufacturing. They are piped and wired ready to turn on steam or electric power.

For manufacturers preferring to build their own plants, Hopewell has 1200 acres available for sites. Most of these have *railway sidings already built.*

What the Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial District of Virginia Offers

Adequate supply of labor.
Freedom from labor troubles.
Splendid housing facilities.
Excellent rail and deep water transportation.
Low priced steam and electric power.
Abundance of pure water.
Accessible raw materials.
Best steam coal in the world.
Factories already built and available.
Factory sites with railway sidings.
Mild and healthful climate.
Low living cost to workers.
Fire protection without an equal.
Financial help for legitimate development and expansion.
A good place to live and rear a family.

The Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial Dis of which Hopewell is a part, is at the junction Appomattox and James rivers, in reality a pa Chesapeake Bay. It is twenty-three miles sou Richmond and eighty miles west of Norfolk.

The District has splendid rail and deep transportation facilities. Freight rates are a as any on the Atlantic seaboard and give the advantages over Baltimore, Philadelphia and York.

The James River gives Hopewell its deep outlet to the sea. Products may be loade smaller freighters or shipped on barges to l ocean steamers at Norfolk or Newport News.

The District is served by three great trunl roads which, with their connections, give man turers rail access to all important market cen north, east, south and west.

Hopewell has many other features that it not only a good place to do business but a place to live and rear a family.

Hopewell is a city with all the utilities conveniences that constitute a modern municip

It has hundreds of attractive homes, chur schools, clubs, hotels, theatres, stores, commis Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., trolleys, paved streets, electric lights, se and the best fire and police protection in the world.

In short, Hopewell supplies the needs of a manufacturer seeking a favorable place to move his plant; the manufacturer desiring a str location for a branch factory and the prospective manufacturer lookin a suitable locality to begin business.

Adequate financial assistance will be given manufacturers to take of any legitimate requirements for development and expansion.

(See next page)

← One of Hopewell's three modern power plants having a total capacity of 60,000 horse power. They deliver electric and steam power, light and heat at low price.

Photograph in left corner—A James River pier at Hopewell. From here tons of munitions were shipped to Europe.

← **Photograph on left**—A busy wharf scene at Hopewell. Boats are loaded directly from railway cars.

Photograph below—A few of Hopewell's factories now available to manufact These buildings are easily adaptable to the needs of various industries.

(Continued from opposite page)

We have prepared Hopewell for peace industry with as much thoroughness as it was built for war. We have obtained experts of nation-wide reputation to study the specific requirements and problems of various industries and to assist firms who come to Hopewell in getting their business started. These technical experts, after making a thorough study of your problems of labor, raw materials, manufacturing processes, transportation and finance, will give you an unbiased report as to how the resources of Hopewell fit your special needs. This service is without cost to you. We furnish this service in a big way for the same reason that we are advertising in a big way—to do a thorough and prompt job of disposing of our peace surplus and putting Hopewell on a peace basis. Demand is already keen and Hopewell will soon be sold.

Labor

The demand for greater production is becoming more and more insistent. The most serious drawbacks to production now are labor troubles and labor shortage. Many manufacturers are so handicapped in either or both respects as to make changes of plant location imperative.

Hopewell has no labor shortage and it is free from conditions that breed discontent and strikes. Its supply of workers, skilled and unskilled, male and female, is ample for all needs.

The Du Pont Company recruited 30,000 workers from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. These same workers, released from war industries, now are available to Hopewell manufacturers.

Wages

High wages are due largely to high living costs. Hopewell is free from both. So called "war wages" were not paid Hopewell workers. Yet their actual earnings were greater than at most war industry centres.

The region adjacent to the District produces great quantities of garden and farm products. These are supplied to Hopewell consumers at low cost. As the commissary at Hopewell operates on a low cost-plus basis, it is able to sell groceries and other household necessities at considerably below regular retail prices.

The Hopewell worker also benefits in the minimum outlay necessary for rent, heat, light, water, clothing, etc. The mild climate obviates the necessity for heavy clothing and any great amount of heat in houses.

Homes

The housing situation is of paramount importance to a manufacturer in considering a location for his plant. The scarcity of houses and consequent high rents lower the efficiency of labor as well as limit its supply.

Hopewell has no housing problem. It has accommodations at this date for 12,000 additional workers. It has hundreds of attractive cottages, bungalows and apartments for workers with families, and large cheerful dormitories for single men and women. These have lawns and gardens and are equipped with electricity and all modern conveniences. Rents range from $11 to $15 a month.

Power

Non-dependable power is expensive at any price. Hopewell's supply is constant and below standard costs. Three gigantic and modern power houses, having a total capacity of 60,000 horse power, are so connected that one or all can distribute service to any part of the industrial district.

This insures Hopewell manufacturers with a never-failing supply of steam and electric power, heat, light and air pressure. Electricity is furnished as low as 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

Fuel

Hopewell is exceptionally well favored in respect to coal supply. The three greatest tide-water coal carrying roads in the United States—the Norfolk and Western, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Virginian—pass through the District.

The famous Pocahontas and New River coal fields lie within short hauling distances. These are recognized as the best steam coals in America and are considered equal to the celebrated Cardiff coals of Wales.

Water

To industries requiring cheap and abundant pure water, Hopewell offers preferred opportunity. It has a purification plant with a daily capacity of over 50,000,000 gallons—enough to supply a city of 500,000 with all the water needed for industrial and domestic purposes.

The cost to the Hopewell consumer is as low as five cents a thousand gallons for filtered water and 2½ cents for unfiltered.

Climate

Hopewell has a climate most favorable to industrial activity and to health. Out of door work is continued throughout the year, and business is not subject to interruption by extremes of weather. Hopewell is free from the excessive heat that impairs the physical vitality and lowers the efficiency of workers in less favored localities.

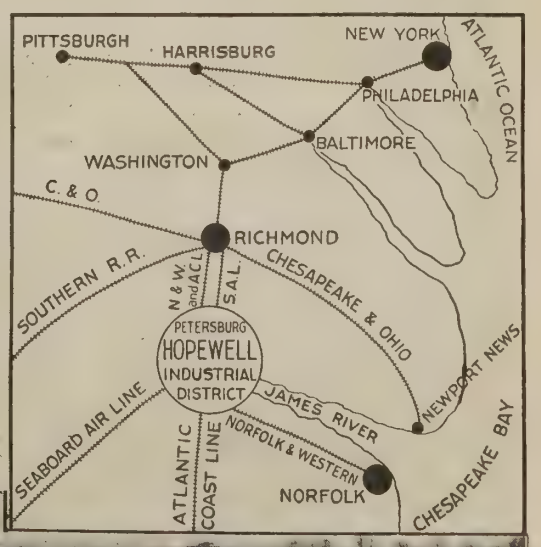
NOTE **The Du Pont Chemical Company, as its name implies, is not a real estate concern. We have this peace surplus equipment, however, which we mean to dispose of in the quickest possible time. It will be a matter of first come first served. Immediate action is advisable. Write or wire today.**

Du Pont Chemical Company

Incorporated

Wilmington, Delaware

Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.



Photograph below—This shows a part of Hopewell's residential area. Note the general attractiveness of the houses and the pretty lawns and well-paved streets surrounding them. There are housing accommodations at Hopewell for 12,000 additional workers.

ANCESTORS

(Continued from Page 21)

a relief to have such a big piece of work off your mind?"

"No, I don't think so—particularly."

"It is to Barbara though."

"No, I don't think so—particularly."

"She's looking better anyway."

"Yes, perhaps she is. But she's mercurial anyway. I doubt if it's due to the book." He shook his head soberly. "On the contrary she was so absorbed in it—you've no idea how absorbed she was in it. She worked as hard as I did. And she's been very active in the Pilgrim Association and the Colonial Society too. I don't know what I'd have done without Barbara."

Mr. Hawksford wanted to retort: "And I don't know what you've done with her," but he controlled himself.

"She's an unusual girl," said Mr. Hawksford with some warmth.

"I always want to be just," said Doctor Temple cautiously. "And I'm sure it's just to say that Barbara is an unusually dutiful child and an unusually intelligent amanuensis. Apart from that I could not truthfully say that she's unusual."

Mr. Hawksford winced.

"You parents look at life through bifocal lenses," he said. "And you're looking at Barbara, who's right in the foreground, through the distance half of them. Why, doctor, she's one in a hundred thousand!"

"I agree with you. I agree with you."

"But you just said ——"

"Perhaps you misunderstood me. I meant that whatever traits she has and what personal appearance and what disposition and what brains are not unusual under the circumstances. Bear in mind her ancestry, Mr. Hawksford. The attributes which you may possibly think are remarkable I consider inevitable. She couldn't possibly have been anything different from what she is."

He was profoundly sincere as he said this and not in the least vainglorious. He felt that he was merely stating a palpable fact, and his simplicity of manner even more than his words gave Mr. Hawksford a new insight into his terrific pride of birth. Later the gifted pedagogue spoke to Barbara about the doctor's singleness of purpose.

"Yes," she said, "he's all broken up about the future. He's been at it for forty years and now he says there isn't anything left for him to do."

"He must have had some very prominent ancestors, I take it."

"Why, no, not at all. That isn't it. His and mother's were all about the same—first farmers and then professional people. They weren't distinguished. What he's so proud of is that they were all nice, honest, ordinary people, without anybody in Congress or anybody in jail, and he isn't so much interested in names and dates as what the people did and what they were in the community."

Mr. Hawksford was at some pains to digest the thought.

"And has he traced every single line back as far as it will go?"

"Every single one."

Mr. Hawksford, familiar with the interminable details of the law, shuddered at the scope of genealogy.

"He's sort of on my mind," he confessed. "I hate to see a man with all his mental energy feel that there is nothing for him to occupy himself with. If there's anything in the world *I* can do ——"

"Well, there is something. He likes you a lot. If you'll just manage to see him often and talk to him, that'll be as much as any of us can do."

"I intend to," said Mr. Hawksford. "And now—to change the subject completely—how about my lesson?"

The lessons were the natural result of Mr. Hawksford's car. Having once taken Barbara to the lake, he had then taken her a second time, and a few evenings later he had proved that all good things go by threes. On the third occasion she had remarked that it was silly for a normal man to refuse to learn to dance, and he had retorted banteringly that his own brains were in his head and not in his feet.

"Why, I could teach you in an hour," she had exclaimed impulsively, and then she had experienced a quick regret, for though Mr. Hawksford was very kind and considerate he was hardly the type of man that promises joy to the instructor.

"I defy you to," he had responded.

Fortunately her father's creed was broad enough to permit of her own indulgence, so that she didn't hesitate to give her pupil his first instruction in the living room.

"Come on then," said Barbara.

"Where do I come to?"

"Come here—you can count, can't you?"

"I can do logarithms in my head if it'll help any."

"Well, it won't! Can you count perfectly regularly—as though we had music?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Hawksford. "Is that all? Why, I play the violin a little myself."

"Splendid! We'll learn the one-step first, because that's the simplest. Ready?"

"Ready!"

His expression was that of a novice swimmer about to attempt his first dive.

"Well, put your arm round me."

Mr. Hawksford blushed, but he resolutely thrust out a long arm and gingerly brought it toward her.

"You'll have to do better than that," said Barbara. "It's awfully hard for a girl to dance with a mushroom. Suppose I stumbled or anything—you'd simply let me break my neck, would you?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Hawksford. "I shouldn't ever let you do that."

"Well, don't act like it then."

Obedient but still florid, he tightened his hold. Her right hand fluttered into his left. Mr. Hawksford swallowed.

"Now," she said, "when I go back with one foot you follow it with your foot and count two-four time. We'll go very slowly for a while—and keep going and don't step on my toes—and that's all there is to it."

"That's quite enough," said Mr. Hawksford breathlessly. "I feel like a baby learning to walk."

His awkwardness was increased by his consciousness of it, and the perspective he had of himself in a pier glass was small encouragement. He couldn't help contrasting himself with the youths he had seen at club dances and the contrast was embarrassing.

"Stop!" said Mr. Hawksford sharply.

"No, go on! You're doing beautifully. Now, one, two ——"

"Stop!" repeated Mr. Hawksford.

They were squarely before the pier glass now and he wanted to study the reflections. Barbara was her own dainty self, and he—could it be that he was the hideously uncouth manikin who bent from the waist like a broken lily and drooped over her? His suit was serviceable but wrinkled—and he suddenly recalled the symphony in dark blue and white. His hair was too low over his forehead and the slight exertion hadn't increased its seductiveness. He looked down at her, unseeing.

"Let her go!" said Mr. Hawksford almost savagely.

"Don't hold me—so tight!" she gasped.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! That better?"

"That's clammy. Now, one, two ——"

Mr. Hawksford tripped over nothing, recovered his balance, bit his lip and went on doggedly. Twice they made the circuit of the room—overturning only one chair. Barbara came to a standstill.

"That's absolutely the best first lesson I ever gave," she said. "I congratulate you."

Mr. Hawksford had blushed to put his arm round her; now he blushed as he removed it.

"Have you given many?"

"Billions," said Barbara, crushing his newborn vanity.

Mr. Hawksford fanned himself with his handkerchief.

"I'm beginning to understand the Chinese idea, though. They want to know what's the use of working so hard yourself when you can pay somebody else to do it and sit and watch."

"Don't you like it?"

"I like some parts of it," he said with utter accuracy. "And it's great exercise—great!"

"It's perfectly true—you're a born dancer. Why haven't you taken it up before?"

Mr. Hawksford pondered.

"I guess I've been too busy. You see, I had to work my way through college and then I worked pretty hard after that, and now I'm practicing and lecturing at the university too."

"There's one thing about you—you're awfully strong. Most beginners are just like jellyfish. Where'd you get all that muscle?"

Mr. Hawksford looked surprisedly at his sleeve.

"Oh, I always was pretty strong! In college I rowed and since then I've gone to a gym and ——"

She had pounced upon his forearm and found it hardly malleable. Her soft fingers made no impression upon it, and Mr. Hawksford was visited by an unaccustomed thrill at the new respect in her voice—respect which had a yolk of admiration in it.

"That's wonderful! Why, you could do anything! Do you?"

Mr. Hawksford laughed.

"Not much now. I'm too busy. All I do is to exercise in the gym and swim a bit. I guess I swim fairly well."

"I wish I could," she said regretfully.

"Can't you?"

"Not at all—not a stroke. I've been trying to learn for years, but I just don't seem to get it."

"It's the easiest thing in the world if you go at it right. I could teach you in ten lessons."

"I defy you to," she challenged him gayly.

Mr. Hawksford didn't smile.

"You take a bathing suit out to the club and tell me what afternoons you can spare and ——"

"But I thought you were so frightfully busy?"

"Er—I probably can't take the time for a regular vacation this summer, so I don't mind taking an afternoon off now and then—and I'd like to balance things."

"Well, see if you can teach me as much in one lesson as I will you. Ready?"

"Impatient," said Mr. Hawksford.

It was in August that Doctor Temple worried himself into bed and stayed there for ten of the sultriest days of the long summer. Mr. Hawksford finally buttonholed the attending physician and demanded a full and explicit diagnosis.

"That man," said the physician, "is in the state of mind of a good many children. Not that he's in his second childhood by any means, but he's got the same difficulties some children have. His mental resources have to be stimulated before he can draw on 'em. He thinks he's come to the end of his rope; he can't think up anything else to do. He's gone dry on that genealogical truck of his and he's written himself out on theology. If he doesn't get an inspiration pretty soon he'll start to crumble. And, by the way, you knocked the only prop he had clear out from under him yourself."

"I did?"

"You certainly did. He was wondering whether he'd begin to write a book about the human soul and he says you spoiled it."

Mr. Hawksford reflected diligently.

"I don't seem to recall—oh, yes, I do too! He asked me if I had any theories about the soul. I said that a man reminded me of a retail grocery store, spick-and-span and shining inside, with neat little packages for everybody to look at; but you never know what sort of store it really is until you go out in back where nobody's supposed to go. And maybe it's just as spick-and-span back there as it was in front; but pretty often it's a glory hole covered with half an inch of dirt and looking like a pigpen. So I said I couldn't see any use in bothering with theory, because you can't ever get a man to take you out in the back room of his soul's grocery store. It's not theory that's wanted—it's example. If the grocer doesn't want to clean up you can't preach him into it. You've got to show him the practical value. And it's the same with souls. Preaching doesn't work these days. Books on theology don't either. We don't want any more theory—we want examples. If you don't believe me, look at the churches."

"I've looked," said the physician. "Well, you squelched him anyway. He told me he couldn't go ahead with it. He said you'd made him so self-conscious about his own soul that he didn't have the heart to write about anybody else's. What he's going to do I don't know, but I do know this—somebody's got to find a job for him or he's going all to pieces by next winter. And as long as you've killed his one poor little budding thought I rather think it's up to you to find him another one."

"So do I," said Mr. Hawksford. "But, good Lord, I can't think of anything!"

It may have been Mr. Hawksford terest in this subject or it may have his abrupt improvement in certain out aspects or it may have been both com which was bringing Barbara a little to him and a little closer to him as A advanced.

Heretofore he had been rather temptuous of men who cared for per appearance; now with the sympho blue and white advancing before hi model he was discovering that pri effective in two directions. And thoug barber is rarely associated with rom it is certain that Mr. Hawksford's b was furthering his cause and tha singeing of the eyebrows was nothin than a stroke of genius. Properly dr and properly trimmed, Mr. Hawk ceased to parade a neutral plainness was still far from handsome, but h infinitely more interesting. The worl a chance to observe that his forehea high and well shaped and that his e after the removal of some of their p tive ambush—were really fine and and convincing. He was suggestive own age instead of ten years more when he was animated his expressio some people—was fascinating.

But of all Barbara's friends he alon seriously concerned about her father predicament. He brought books brought complicated problems in all jects from chess to Christian ethics; by the doctor's bedside and chatte hours. It was sheer altruism, and wh or not it sustained the doctor it h effect on Barbara.

"Anything new?" she would ask hopefully.

"Not a sign," Mr. Hawksford reply, downcast. "I was trying to sti up to write a town history."

"Why, that sounds like it! What say?"

"Said the history of strangers interest him. Then I shot in an idea a church history."

"But he's done that already."

"I didn't know it. Well, what a going to do with him?"

"I wish I knew," she said, very sub "I wish I knew. It used to seem per awful to have to work with him on old books of his and go to those mee It was—oh, you couldn't even imagin awful it was, or the fun I had to mis the bores I had to listen to! But i just start another one somehow, I'd b ing to give up everything! I've been to him—a pig!"

"Yet you've had the only decent mer you've ever had, and you've ear and you needed it. This is the first you've ever been truly young, isn't i"

"That doesn't matter." She reache to touch his hand. "You know I mean."

Mr. Hawksford apparently did.

"I never expected to enjoy any su so much, Barbara."

"Nor I either."

"It's all your doing too."

"Not all. I didn't do anything but you a few simple steps."

"But they let me step into a new s life, Barbara. New friends, new par everything."

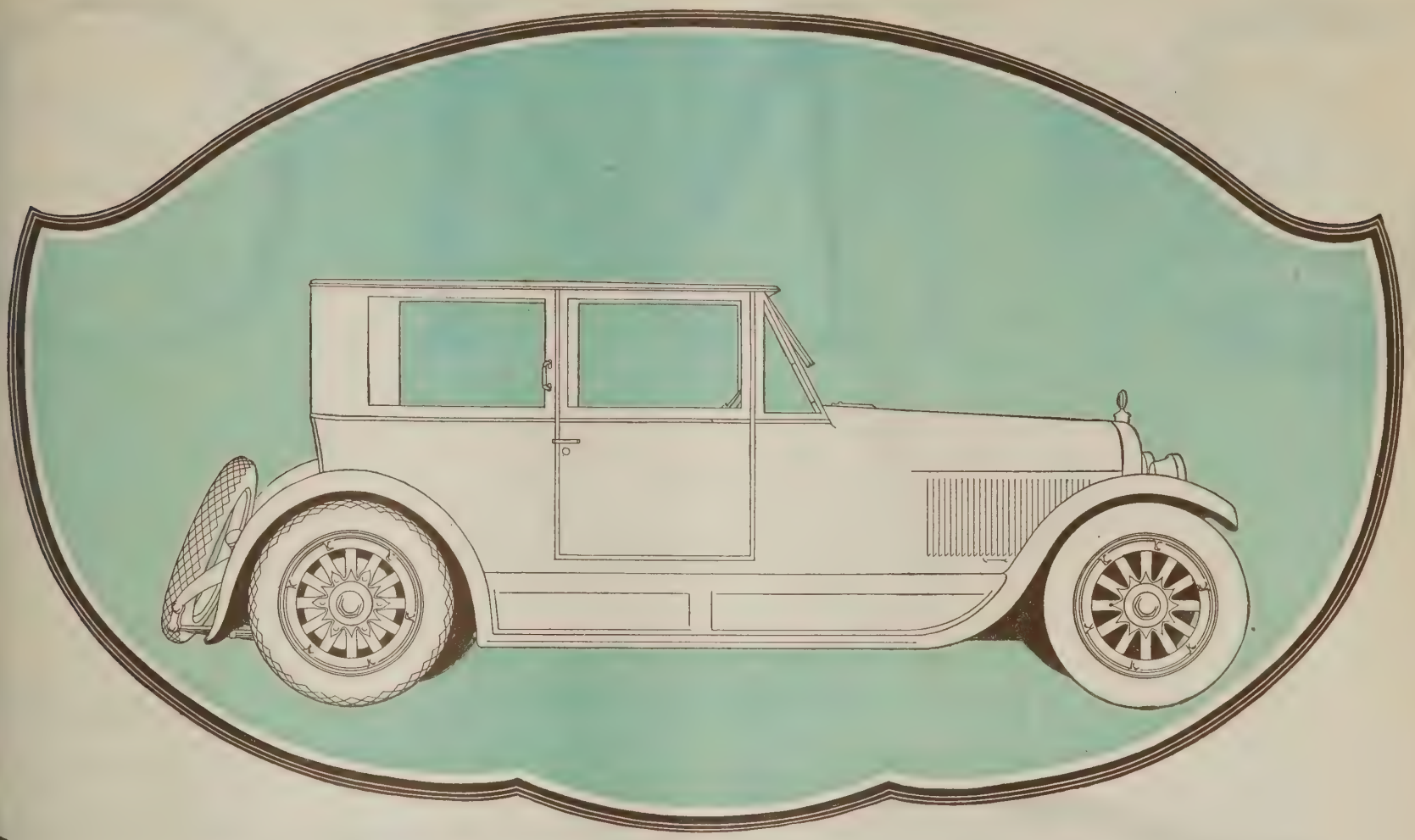
"You've done your own share and too. Don't forget that."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hawksford dening. "You took to it like a duck.

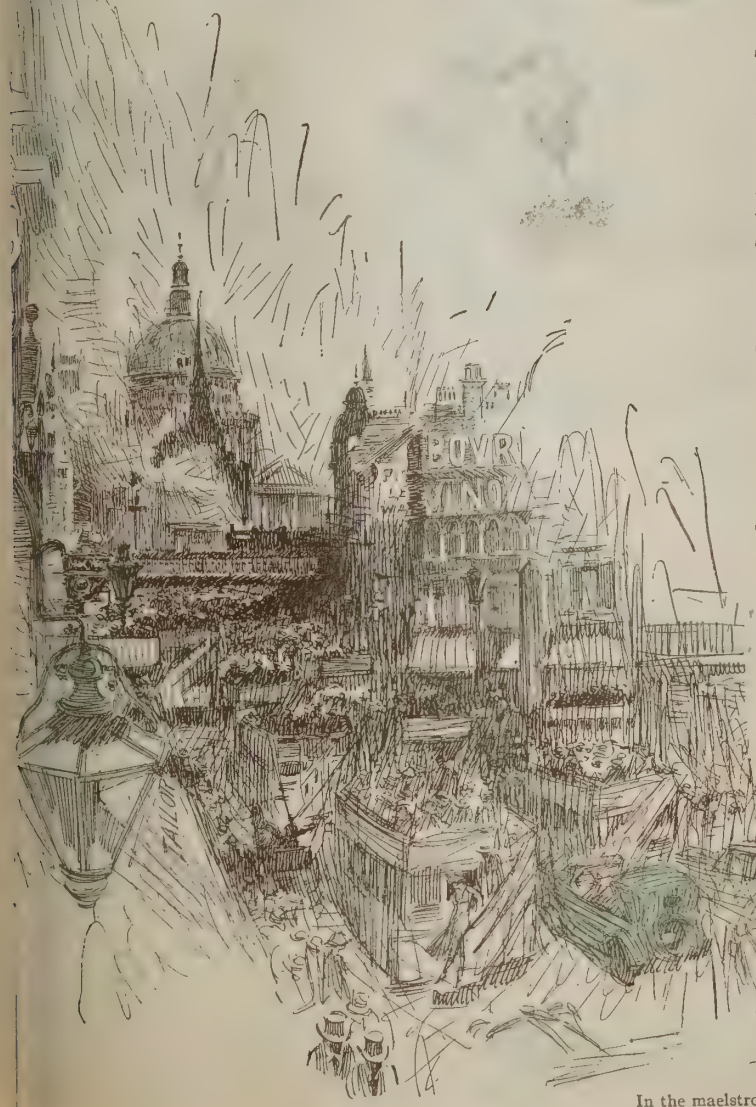
They were interrupted on this part occasion by the same young sympho dark blue and white who had lately assuming—in Mr. Hawksford's mi sinister character, and the tension w pecially great because the symphony pened to be a first-year student in th school. Mr. Hawksford had already s himself to award the symphony next t mark slightly higher than the highe deserved in order that there might aftermath of regret for partiality.

It seemed to Mr. Hawksford tha symphony, strolling up the walk, wa bolic in his perfection. For one thi was markedly handsome to the sight for another his conversation was m and based on lightning repartee. Mor that, he was the local tennis champio his dancing made Mr. Hawksford with envy. Finally, his parents had and the symphony drove a car whose

(Concluded on Page 106)



The JORDAN *Silhouette Brougham*



In the maelstrom of London traffic

The new Silhouette Brougham is a five-passenger enclosed car with more room but more snug than any coupé—most convenient for a busy man or a woman who delights in personally driving a compact car.

Its most inviting interior provides comfortable intimacy and cleanliness with all the advantages of the electric without the limitations.

The light, aluminum body is virtually dust- and rattle-proof, with broad vision—yet it may be opened so as to be practically out-of-doors.

The line of the roof, the delicate angle of the rear quarter, the shape of the doors, the size of the windows and the curve of the fenders reveal the rare good taste of the custom body artisan.

Jordan wind-shields are sloping with a solid lower section completely weather-proof.

The upholstery is of the finest imported character in shades to match the body colors.

The mouldings and hardware in delicate and beautiful designs combine to add beauty to the Jordan models.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INC., *Cleveland*

JORDAN

MO

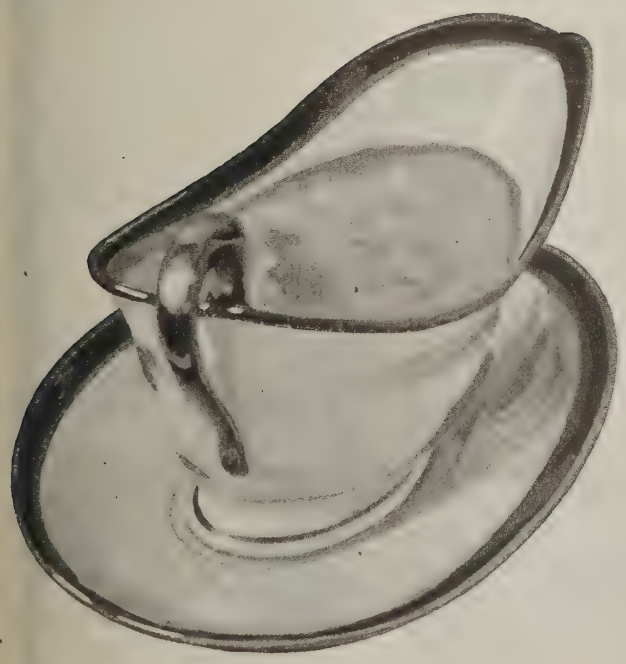
R R I S

Supreme Canned Vegetables

Deliciously tender asparagus, served on toast with your favorite sauce! What's better?

All Morris Supreme Canned Vegetables are delicious. You're sure of the quality when you get the kind packaged under the Morris yellow and black label.

MORRIS & COMPANY



(Concluded from Page 102)

would have bought a carload of the kind of car that Mr. Hawksford drove.

"Hello, Bab!" said the symphony cheerfully. "Good evening, Mr. Hawksford."

Mr. Hawksford managed to achieve a salutation, but it hurt him. He would have preferred the lists and the survival of the fittest.

"Hello, Bob," said Barbara with too much welcome.

Mr. Hawksford reflected grimly that Bab and Bob were names which blended mechanically. His own Christian name was Edwin; no one of his closest friends had ever called him anything but Edwin; and at the moment he was willing to believe that his name might as well be Lucifer for all that anyone cared.

"Going to the water carnival a week from Saturday?"

"Why, if father's well enough."

"Coming with me?"

His smile was a harpoon in Mr. Hawksford's gizzard, and he opened his mouth to interrupt. Too late!

"Why, thank you ever so much, Bob, I'd love to."

The symphony lingered but briefly. After he had gone Mr. Hawksford swung toward Barbara.

"That wasn't fair!" he said, and his tone showed something of his vast disappointment and chagrin.

"What wasn't?"

"To accept an invitation offhand like that before you'd turned me down."

She looked at him under arched eyebrows.

"I'm sorry if you're disappointed, but Bob and I've known each other ever since we were children and I've always played round a lot with him, and—and if you wanted me to go with you why didn't you ask me?"

His profession was founded on logic, but he reserved the privilege of being unreasonable in his private affairs.

"You knew I intended to," he said sternly. "Of course you knew."

"No, I didn't. How could I?"

"You knew," he persisted, and now his subconscious self was coming out to inquire of him why he should injure his own cause by growing angry. It was an emotion exactly contrary to what he knew he ought to display. "You knew, and you let somebody else walk right over me and ——"

"I didn't let him—you did."

"It's the same thing. I was looking forward to taking you to that carnival. I've had it in mind ever since it was announced. I don't think it was nice of you at all to ——"

"And I," said Barbara with much dignity, "don't think it's very nice of you to mention it, even if you don't."

Mr. Hawksford rose and endeavored to smile.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it."

Barbara leaped to her feet.

"Yes, we will too!" she flared. "I don't think you're behaving well at all! You haven't any right to talk to me like that! Just because you're twice as old as I am, that doesn't mean ——"

"I'm not anywhere nearly twice as old as you are," snapped Mr. Hawksford. "I'm eleven years older, since you had your birthday. You're not going to claim you're only eleven, are you?"

"That isn't the point anyway. You said ——"

"You might be a little more accurate without hurting anything though."

"Accurate!" she cried with intense scorn. "That's all you think about—accuracy! It doesn't make any difference to you whether you've hurt my feelings or not—all you think about is your old accuracy! I'd be pretty much ashamed of myself if I were you!"

"That," said Mr. Hawksford, quivering, "sounds very strange—coming from a genealogist. You're supposed to have a reputation for accuracy yourself."

Barbara froze in place. She looked at Mr. Hawksford out of blue eyes which were like the shadow of Arctic ice.

"Now," said Barbara quite simply, "I do hate you."

Mr. Hawksford had delivered many a lecture on the value of court strategy, but he was a rank amateur in the strategy of courting. His face fell and he picked up his hat. He would have been the most dazed and mystified man in the world if he could have been granted a flash of pure intuition at that moment and known that after a few seconds of preliminary he could have kissed her outright and settled matters infinitely beyond the date of the water carnival. But he followed the bachelor's instinct and took a wrathful maiden at her word, which was the worst thing he could possibly have done.

"I'd better go then, Barbara." He looked for a reprieve and took her silence as an indication that she was incapable of giving one. "If that's the case, perhaps I'd better go."

"Just as you like," said Barbara indifferently. "It rests entirely with you."

Mr. Hawksford bowed stiffly from the waist and put on his hat and went down the steps of the veranda, down the walk and climbed into his car. If he had glanced back he would have gained no hope. If he had come back—but Mr. Hawksford was an average man in circumstances like these. He hadn't the faintest conception of the fact that this unhappy scene was bringing them unavoidably together. He thought it was the end of a friendship.

He stayed away from Barbara's house for exactly twenty-four hours; and it does credit to his character that he sank his own inhibitions and risked the chance of Barbara's thinking that he was crawling back to heel, in order to make his customary visit upon her father. It was a difficult visit, but Mr. Hawksford was thinking not of his own troubles but of Doctor Temple's, and the doctor had no suspicion that anything was wrong.

"I do hope I'm going to be up for the September meeting of the Pilgrim Association," said the doctor plaintively. "I haven't missed one in fifteen years. I wish you were eligible for that association, Hawksford. It's one of the most durable satisfactions I have. And the people in it—they're exactly our kind. They've got brains and personality."

"Maybe I am eligible," said Mr. Hawksford cheerfully. "But if I am I don't know it. I don't so much as know my grandmother's maiden name."

"Don't you care?"

"Not a great deal."

"Don't you care who your ancestors were?"

"No more than they probably worried themselves about me—or yours about you."

Doctor Temple sighed profoundly.

"You're a hard man to understand sometimes."

"Possibly because I'm so transparent, doctor."

"No, for a man with as gentle a nature as yours you have a very bad habit of treading on people's toes. I don't believe you even know when you do it. I'm sure you don't. But you do it just the same. Barbara says so too."

"Oh, she does, does she?"

"You've evidently said something recently that's hurt her a good deal worse than your scorn of my—my principal pleasure—just hurt me."

"Oh, that's too bad! I didn't know I'd offended you, doctor."

"That's exactly what I said."

"And as far as offending Barbara ——"

"Listen to me, my son." The doctor sat up straighter. "I've known my daughter fairly well for nineteen years now. In the last half dozen she hasn't to my knowledge cried more than three times. She cried yesterday after you went away. I suppose she'd disown me if she knew I told you. The hardest thing in the world for a man of your intellectual capacity and your temperament is to make a good apology. You haven't actually apologized to me yet, though I know you think you have. It's there in your own mind, but you don't get it out. I sense it, because I'm a man. But if you value Barbara's good opinion I'd advise you to see her as soon as you can conveniently and get it over with."

Mr. Hawksford was crimson.

"I'll throw your words right back in your teeth, doctor. If I offended you I apologize."

"You're forgiven long ago."

"And I do thank you very much for being so good a friend as to tell me that. I'll see Barbara."

"I've always believed," said the doctor gently, "that her good opinion is very well worth while."

"So have I."

His tone caught the doctor's imagination, and he gazed steadily, inquiringly at Mr. Hawksford until the younger man dropped his eyes.

"Is it as important as that to you?"

"It's everything," said Mr. Hawksford under his breath.

The doctor gazed long and searchingly at him and finally with a faint smile, which was meant in benediction and not in humor, lifted his hand in a gesture which was familiar and consoling and required no words to accompany it; after which there was silence between them until Mr. Hawksford felt that it was time for him to go.

It distressed him beyond measure that a telegram summoned him out of town that night for consultation, and he was complex enough to argue that Barbara would indict him for the necessity of going before he had made peace with her. But courage returned to him when he recognized the feasibility of writing her a letter. He knew that he expressed himself more readily with a pen than with his tongue, and the few hundred miles between Barbara and himself provided an excuse which would hardly have been valid while they were in the same town.

Furthermore he was compelled to admit that the seventh draft of his letter was better than the first. It was dignified and it contained a very handsome apology, but two-thirds of it went to explain the urgency of the consultation. This—if he had only known it—was quite as significant as the apology itself.

In response he got a brief note of pardon, not too long and not too lenient to provide any basis for conceit. He could conjure up no excuse for a second letter to Barbara, so that he wrote to the doctor instead; and when the doctor had read it he smiled very quietly to himself and transferred the message to its real addressee. In the course of the week the doctor had two more of these illuminating documents. The final postscript said that Mr. Hawksford would return home on the train arriving at eight-five. Mr. Hawksford knew that Barbara craved to attend the water carnival, and yet didn't like to leave her father unattended. He himself was not the least interested in the carnival; please tell Barbara to go right ahead and Mr. Hawksford would be at the house by eight-thirty prepared to spend the evening with the doctor.

On Saturday night the gifted pedagogue was five good minutes ahead of his schedule. He was admitted by the doctor's housekeeper, who preceded him, not upstairs but to the library. Astonished and relieved, he entered to find the venerable clergyman seated at the sacred desk. Doctor Temple's color was better, his eyes were brighter and he displayed more animation than Mr. Hawksford could remember.

"Well, this is mighty neighborly of you, my boy!"

"Doctor, you're looking great! What's happened?"

The clergyman chuckled in triumph.

"I told you I'd be up for that meeting. It doesn't come for eight or nine days either. Sit down, sit down, won't you? A good trip?"

"Fine, thank you."

"I appreciated your writing me."

"Oh, that was nothing. What's all this? Getting to work on something?"

"Oh, no, no! Association matters." The doctor put on an expression of guileless appeal. "My boy, I do wish you'd tell me all you know about your family. I've set my heart on having you a member of that association. It means more to me than a young man like you can realize. And we need some younger members, too, to keep the interest alive. At least let me hunt back a little and see if there's any use in trying to qualify you."

"Well, I'm here to entertain you, doctor, and if that's what you want you can have it. I can tell you all I know in about four sentences."

"Please do," said the clergyman, squaring away with a very fat fountain pen.

He had apparently pumped Mr. Hawksford dry and he was leisurely assorting his notes when Mr. Hawksford, chancing to look out of the window, saw a well-remembered figure in the dusk of the lawn. Mr. Hawksford's chin went up in an instant.

"Why, isn't that Barbara out there?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Doctor Temple serenely.

"Isn't her—isn't she awfully late in getting started?"

"Why," said Doctor Temple without stress, "I think she decided she didn't care to go. It wouldn't disturb me in the slightest if you went out to say good evening to her, Edwin. I want to sort these notes anyway."

The doctor spoke to a man who was already on his way. Then slowly he rose and went over to the window. He was suffused with guilt, but this particular species of guilt was a strong tonic to him and he absolved himself, because he couldn't hear their voices.

Mr. Hawksford went boldly over the lawn. Barbara, wearing the same pink-flowered organdie gown she had worn at the association meeting, with its same wide sash and seductive big bow, turned sharply at his footsteps.

"Why—why—when did you get here?"

Mr. Hawksford would have been similarly unconscious of publicity if they had stood in the middle of Main Street instead of in the protection of the bridal wreath.

"Why aren't you at that carnival?"

"I—I changed my mind. I suppose I've a right to change my mind if I want to haven't I?"

Mr. Hawksford went a step nearer.

"Why did you change it, Barbara?"

She retreated as far as the hedges would permit and that was a little over a foot.

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

"Just because."

Mr. Hawksford reached out uncertainly and captured one of her hands. In the library window Doctor Temple caught his breath.

"Did you know I was coming to-night?"

"F-father told me how kind you were to offer ——"

"You didn't stay home on my account did you?" He captured the other hand and there was nowhere for her to retreat. She looked up at him and her eyes were very wide and terrified, but far from terrifying Mr. Hawksford. "Did you? Answer me."

"I—won't!" said Barbara.

"You will too! I want you to tell me why you stayed?"

"Well—why, do you think?"

Mr. Hawksford delayed—as all right minded men delay in similar crises—only long enough for the precious moment to engrave itself on his reason.

"I don't think—I know," said Mr. Hawksford in a tone which almost alarmed him by its mastery of the situation. And even if Barbara had tried to resist the sweeping power of his arms, even if she had attempted to struggle free from those flexed muscles even if she had endeavored to escape his lips hunting for hers she would have been powerless. But she didn't.

And as Doctor Temple at the library window saw his daughter's pink organdie crushed and rendered useless for society, until the laundress had taken a hot iron to it by the imperious eagerness of Mr. Hawksford he suddenly choked a little and turned away. And then with an extraordinarily cheerful smile he sat down at the sacred desk again and began to get his notes in order.

On the station platform Mr. Hawksford was delivering baggage checks to the proper official when Doctor Temple's physician hailed him blithely.

"Hello, there, Hawksford! Just back? How are you anyway—and how's Mrs. Hawksford?"

No one could possibly have thought the lawyer plain in any feature as he smiled.

"Just back. Oh, Bab's fine, thank you. How's the doctor?"

"Bully!" said the medical man with enthusiasm. "I was up there this afternoon. Haven't seen him so fit in ten years. And say, when you see what he's doing don't laugh! It hurts his feelings, and besides you might be an ancestor yourself some day. He's got one Pilgrim ancestor for you, but he says so many of your lines are so hard to trace he's got a life job ahead of him. But he says your children have got to have a complete genealogical record. Yes, the doctor's in wonderful shape. You gave him the big idea after all, didn't you? I told you what he needed, Hawksford. Wasn't I right? Wasn't I right?"

Mr. Smith had a horse~

Mr. Brown wanted to buy the horse, but he didn't know much about horses. Mr. Smith said if he didn't like the horse, he would give back Brown's money. But Mr. Brown figured that if the horse were right, Smith would let him try it out first, before he paid for it. So he didn't buy the horse, although he needed it badly.

Our Special Trial Offer

We'll let you prove to yourself, *before you buy it*, that the 1900 Cataract Washer saves time and money, as well as wear and tear on the clothes. The 1900 dealer in your town will demonstrate one in *your home*. After you've seen what it does, start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. But remember the 1900 dealer will demonstrate it first, in your own home.

The Figure 8 Movement

The 1900 Cataract Washer operates on a figure 8 principle, by which the sudsy, cleansing water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement which sends it through them *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer. This is an *exclusive* feature of the 1900 Washer.

The Swinging Reversible Wringer

You can swing the wringer—which works electrically—from the washer over to the rinse water, then to the blue water, and then to the clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch!

No Heavy Cylinders to Lift Out

The gleaming copper tub has no parts to rub against the clothes to cause wear and tear, and no heavy cylinders to lift out and clean after the wash is finished. Delicate waists, fine underwear or even bed and table linen can be washed in the 1900. This means a saving in laundry bills. And you have the comforting knowledge that *your* clothes are not being washed in the same water with *other people's!*

Easy to Operate

Just connect your 1900 with the electric light socket, and pull back the lever. Off it starts, and in less than 10 minutes, out come the clothes white and clean. Costs less than 2 cents an hour to operate, and the tubs come in two sizes, holding the equivalent of 8 and 12 sheets.

1900 WASHER CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office, 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto

900 CATARACT WASHER

The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

The swinging wringer is reversible. No moving of the washer.

Just connect it with the electric light, and pull back the lever.

No heavy cylinders in the tub to lift out and clean. No parts to rub against the clothes.

1900 Washer Company
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Please send me details of your trial offer and name of nearest 1900 dealer.

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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 27)

Charity stood and looked down at the grieving figure through half-closed, speculative eyes. She could forgive the guilty Bickley Ryker. Pride had helped her to that; but the innocent Dorothy—that was a different matter. This girl was the extreme type of all that Charity was in arms against. Since childhood she had personified all that Charity had been taught to challenge. Her unconscious condescension, her persistent, unruffled courtesy, which seemed so natural and spontaneous but was in reality the result of generations of training, had become by degrees almost insupportable to Charity. Her proud dignity had been perceived by Charity to be the result of general admission of her superiority.

When the test of that superiority came, was it proved? Charity had been inwardly contemptuous. The girl had borne her grief well; but so had millions of others borne similar griefs. She nursed, and did all that nursing implied, but volunteer aid nurses were on duty only three half days a week, the convalescing officers who were sent to this hospital were a picked lot, and to Charity it was all rather an elegant social game than a sacrifice.

Charity had seen rough service in France, had been slightly wounded, had come home to real work, indispensable, filling a gap; and vaguely, but eagerly, she had hoped for a change. She had unconsciously expected to find the comradeship of France, the frank, unconscious equality, a handclasp from Dorothy as warm and genial as from the village dwellers. The handclasp had been warm and kindly, but the hand had been stretched down from above; there was always the invisible barrier. Their work threw them much together, but the barrier was never lifted.

Charity was inwardly bitter. Her talk with Bickley Ryker showed that. But she was too busy, too wholesomely exhilarated by hard work well done, and too cheerful hearted, to sulk or brood. But at moments resentment flamed. This was such a moment.

She looked down on the weeping Dorothy with a cold antagonism. This footling girl played at nursing, played at estate management, was always immaculate, and yet fancied herself a real worker. With her nice clean pinny on, and the red cross on her breast, which precisely suited her complexion, she had won Charity's man and then flung him away with an atrocious insult, an insult not alone personal to himself but to the whole British Army. Bickley Ryker was a cold-blooded cad, but he had been no coward when he had shaken this girl. Charity hoped that he had done it well and thoroughly.

It was just as she thought this that Dorothy sat up with a jerk. She saw through streaming, swollen eyes who was beside her. She caught Charity's hands in both hers and pressed them to her burning cheek.

"Charity," she mumbled with a sob.

In an instant Charity had knelt. One arm was about Dorothy, the other pressed Dorothy's head close to her breast.

"There, there," she crooned, and she rocked a little to and fro, and caressed the hot cheek as a mother would a baby's. The sobs became sighs as the head nestled against the cowman's smock.

"He understands," Charity murmured. "He has heard all about it of course. He met me on the doorstep and said he had hoped you wouldn't remember him, but you had, and had thought of them all together that day. He's a thorough gentleman—for all he's a common soldier."

Dorothy sat up and looked at her, but Charity, ashamed that she had planted that last dart, contrived to appear innocent.

Charity laughed. "I saw waffles in France," she said. "They are rather decent crisscrossed cakes that Yankees wolf up. Your cheek is a waffle from the smocking. Buck up, now. Come in the kitchen and we'll douse your head."

Dorothy smiled weakly. Then she flung her arms round Charity's neck and kissed her. There were tears in Charity's eyes as she supported Dorothy to the kitchen.

VIII

MEANWHILE, Roger was lying on a hillside under the shade of a lonely yew tree. How helpless she was, he was thinking, for all her proud bearing; and how utterly alone. What courage, what gallant bravery! No wonder that she had broken down at last, when that scene in the park had been so sharply recalled to her. She was worn out. Her responsibilities were too heavy. Would frankness help her? Should he go to her and declare himself? What comfort could he give? What sympathy would she accept from him? None, of course; he would be to her a cruel intruder. He must stand by—that was all; just stand by and do what he could. But what could that end in?

He raised himself and looked down at the park wall, at the fields stretching far away, at the blue water of the distant Channel; and for all the wide free space he felt himself imprisoned. The walls were intangible, but substantial for all that. He thought of Poe's story of the walls that noiselessly closed little by little each hour; so did these traditions and customs that bound these strange English seem to grasp and clasp him ever the more strongly. These solemn people, these schoolmasters and villagers and everybody, who seemed to know exactly how an heir ought to feel and think and do; who marked out his path for him and were so calmly sure that he would follow it without a kick; that farmer who had said, and seriously too—oh, this was not a joking nation—"We'll break un in, be he never so headstrong a colt."

Were they right in these things that they uttered in their stolid way? He lay back and stared up at the flocculent clouds. There was one unwritten law in the United States, he thought, and everybody could understand that. It meant a snap judgment and a quick trigger finger. Strangely enough, over here they had unwritten laws for everything but that. And how could a stranger know them, or understand how binding they were, or which was the real thing and which only the chatter of villagers?

You perceive the drift of all this perturbed jumble of protesting reflection; and in the end he asked himself the question straight out. Was it up to him to marry Dorothy? Everybody said so. Had anybody said so to her? Was she thinking about it? These things were more practically handled in this country, he understood, than they were in the States. There was nearly always a managing mother in the background, he recalled. In the older stories he had read, now that he thought them over, the daughters had not seemed to know what was going on and had danced into love without realizing that they were marionettes moved by unseen wires. In the newer yarns—some that he had read in hospitals—the girls had not been so bat-eyed and had played up to every move or had done it all for themselves.

Dorothy had nobody to work her oracle. Would she work it for herself? Would she expect the heir to propose? If he could get an answer to that question, that settled it; there was nothing for it but to propose. There was no other way of making things right for her.

The duchess? He remembered that he was to be shown over his own house the next day by the duchess. She would know all the confounded traditions and customs and regulations of this hidebound country. She would have at her finger ends the code of etiquette for miserable heirs who came from foreign lands and had to take over unwelcome estate.

His lips twitched in a smile as he thought of the singular nature of his reflection. It was not himself, it was the estate, which was the bridegroom, he thought, and so he was free to take any viewpoint, to examine from any angle, without vanity, without feeling, like an outsider, and with no want of respect for Dorothy. The property was here. It could not be shifted across the water. He could not, it seemed, pry himself loose from it. He must take it, subject to all its leases and covenants and contracts and easements and foreshore rights and rights of common and estover and all the rest of the legal lingo, and also with all its ghosts, if there were any, and immemorial past, and shadowy customs, and unwritten laws.

If Dorothy was a scheduled heirloom which went with the estate, all right.

He checked on this, suddenly grave. Was she still crying? Had Charity comforted her? Why had Charity taken it so lightly? Charity was as kind as the sun. You felt better when she came into the room. She was a real girl, a real worker.

"Well, soldier, having a siesta?"

Roger no more than opened his eyes. They saw only new chamois leather gloves, staring bright, unnatural things on a pair of hands in that country field. "Yes," he murmured, and drooped his lids.

He had no doubt but that these gloves incased the lily fingers of the spy with the field glasses, but curiosity in that direction was for the moment dead. He was wrought up, though he did not know that, and he was now profoundly serious in considering the grave decision to which he had been inexorably forced. This interruption was intensely distasteful, even though it came, as accent showed, from a fellow countryman. Roger was doubly prejudiced against the interrupter. He was ashamed to know that an American had furtively watched a girl through glasses. She a spy? That pretty dolled-up girl up there on the hilltop? Ridiculous! Even if she was, those glasses were much too large and glaring. It was like shooting a bird of paradise with a seventy-five millimeter.

The wearer of the gloves flung himself down on the ground.

"Perhaps you don't know what siesta means," he said with a nervous laugh meant to be affable.

Roger sensed a note of timidity in the utterance. He depressed his chin slightly to indicate that he did know. He had never learned the blunt English way of driving off intruders. He could not have emulated that icy manner if he would.

"Name, Starlow; from Sheffield. Overworked. Vacation in this dead section."

Roger's languid interest was roused by this obvious lie. No Englishman introduces himself in that direct way. An Englishman would be "taking a holiday in this quiet part." But he only depressed his chin once more.

"Have a cigar?" said the pertinacious Mr. Starlow.

"No, thanks."

The stranger took one from a large case, thereby furnishing further proof of nationality; for an Englishman rarely smokes cigars in the open. He bit off the end: still further proof. He carefully removed a glove to search for matches. Roger yawned and raised himself that he might the better examine that extraordinary hand. It was covered by milk-white skin, as fine and soft as that of a tiny baby. The veins beneath were so conspicuous that they suggested the blue delta of some wide-branching river. The nails were as old as the veins, but delicately trimmed and faintly yellowed like old ivory.

"Shell shock?" the American asked as he scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"No."

"I didn't know but you'd been shocked dumb."

Roger shook his head and raised his eyes to see if the face confirmed the hands, which could belong to only one kind of man—a gambler. He saw a good-looking man of thirty perhaps, with a clear, wholesome skin, reddish hair and evasive blue eyes, which turned away from his scrutiny.

"Discharged?" Roger asked.

"Exempt. Necessary industry."

"British subject?"

The man turned almost frightened eyes on him, then glanced away. "Yes—no," he stammered. "Been in this country some time though. Neat village, this." He puffed out smoke, which rose straight in the still air.

"Very pretty," Roger agreed.

"Nice view; clear to the horizon."

There is one amphibious word in the English language. At sea its accent is on the first syllable. It had just been so pronounced. Roger glanced up. A ship's officer? With those milk-white hands? Impossible. He saw the glove replaced with caressing pressures, such as a lady might employ; yet the man was no dandy. Well set up, he wore a neat tweed suit and fairly stout, well-made shoes; and both were of obvious American make.

"The war has rubbed all the moss off you," the stranger ventured with a glance of calculated approval.

"Was it on?" Roger asked, smiling.

"Bound to be if you were brought up in this little place. It wasn't your fault. How does it feel to come back?"

"Very restful."

"Yes, it's all that and more. Kno everybody round, I s'pose? Notice an changes?"

"A farm," said Roger dryly, "has change hands since the war, and there's mo wheat and less pasture."

The questioner grinned at the recital these mighty alterations, and proceeded o the path which was obviously to lead to th girl on the hilltop.

"They say there's a lot of strange tucked away here somehow."

"Some, besides yourself."

"Others get broke up as well as me, s'pose. I heard it was moss grown and s I said 'That's my place.' I had to hust to get in. I favored that Lebanon farm o the hilltop, but they had just rented out th rooms—to some young lady, they said."

He looked with hopeful interest for th result of this cunning lead, but Roger onl stared at a flying cuckoo which he thoug was a hawk.

"Don't happen to know her perhaps? Mr. Starlow turned his still hopeful eyes o the object of this subtle query.

Roger yawned and rose lazily.

"I thought"—the persistent man got u too—"she mightn't be staying long and could get the rooms."

"Go and ask," was the curt rejoinder.

He caught a quick, indignant frown an saw more sparks in those blue eyes than h had thought could be flashed from the amiable depths, but an obtuse amiabilit quickly masked the outbreak.

"I didn't exactly like to butt in," M Starlow explained.

"You seem to like it sometimes," Roge answered with a curt nod, and he strod off across the field, leaving a flushed an angry man staring after him.

"He's learned to be a detective in a co respondence school," Roger said to himsel and he headed straight for the hilltop. Bu as he walked—too fast, in his vexation, f those outraged lungs—he thought of better plan than to tell the girl that she wa being watched through glasses. He grinne and looked down toward the chimne of Ted Howarth's cottage. But he kept o his straight way through the farmyard an came down by the lane to the side of th garden. She was there beneath th Lebanon as gorgeously decorative as befor sitting motionless, looking down over th valley, her hands folded in her lap, an never a book near—looking, just lookin

His hand lingered on the gate latch as h wondered why he was here, what he wa going to say and what excuse he would giv She repelled him as before by her cold iso lation; she attracted him as before as th one beautiful thing in a drab world of work ers. His curiosity was sharpened by th discovery that she was under the eye of a American watcher, a bungling amateur, to crude to be an official.

A clock in the house struck five. Th girl nodded at each stroke and then burs into a peal of silver laughter, unrestraine infectious. Roger opened the gate; sh was just a girl after all. She turned he head and the laugh fell to gurgles and th gurgles to a chuckle and the chuckle ende in a smile.

"I have come to the right place after all, she called out gayly as he approached. " laugh every time the clock strikes."

He was taken aback by the friendly in timacy of this offhand greeting.

"I'll go and set it an hour ahead righ now," he said as he stretched his arms alon the low branch and looked down at her Over her cushions to-day was thrown blue-silk cover, dotted with Japanese em broidery of butterflies, which seemed t have settled there the instant before.

"No," she said. "Once each sixty min utes is enough."

"But I have only heard it once."

"The clock has a note like a bell," sh answered demurely, glancing up. Her fac was alive, just as it had been in tha instant the day before in which he ha surprised her curious glance, but it expression now was only that of careles friendliness.

"I did not mean the clock."

"Oh, oh—and you don't even know why I laugh."

"I don't care as long as you laugh."

This soldier in his worn jacket, carelessly open, was on the edge, perhaps was ove

(Continued on Page 111)

(Continued from Page 108)

ce, of flirtation, but the girl seemed
much to mind as not to notice. He
te impression that she would have
the joke with anybody who came

at time is it?" she asked.
lanced at his watch. "Why, the
an hour slow," he said.
nodded, and her dancing eyes were
his. "It has not accidentally got-
habit," she said. "I only knew this
on. It's predestined, foreordained.
an hour behind the world. The
says it's unholy and unchristian to
sacred things. So he has refused to
summer time.'"
r's laugh was as round and sound as
s cheerful, and it started hers again.
en," she cried, lifting a
"Even his cows protest.
ow they are an hour behind
est. There they are, on the
The small herd of milkers
l from the belt of larches
and Farmer Tudd was be-
em.
me in to see what time you
r daily paper," Roger said.
smiled as she answered:
Friday." "Oh, yes"—to
redulous look—"they only
e country weekly."
y I arrange ——"
uld you? Could you?"
ily. There's always some-
ming this way every day."
please do!" She smiled
nded as he stepped back.
r swung down the road in
eerful mood and paused for
ly word with Farmer Tudd.
nd 'em in the road, 'arf a
ay," said the farmer, jerk-
nd crossly toward his cows.
man seed 'em and I says:
n I keep up my 'edges? I
t no 'elp.' And he says:
get off light, farmer, only
own a 'ead, most likely, and
hat to a farmer, all being so
se days?' That's it every-
Farmers getting rich. And
ing meal at forty shillings
k, and being robbed of in-
ix."
d luck, farmer. But you've
r rooms well."
y goes with the poultry to
e."
lodded on. Roger glanced
him, then up the hill. He
ee a spot of white against
nder the Lebanon. Then
dly he said softly to himself:
American."
valked slowly beneath the
, asking how he knew this.
ad read Poe over again be-
e trenches he had gained a
t had led him in the trenches
d hours in tracing links in
of thought and in piecing
r those apparently discon-
e flitting reflections that wan-
l vagrants through the mind.
ght it at length. The farmer had
d her words about the cows, but
found the herd in the road—she
en them on it. Americans walk
road, cross oceans on a steamer;
people travel in a steamer and
a road; a preposition proved the
nerican. Was there other proof?
efished in memory for her sentences.
e clock had not accidentally gotten
lt. That was decisive. "Gotten"
st participle is as dead in England as
n" is in both countries.
's like me," Roger said to himself.
e been among the English so long that
nly kept the little American expres-
s.
e as depressed by his new knowledge.
tten censures and antagonisms of
ay were revived. Her slippers and
ckings to-day were mouse-colored.
hite dress in its costly simplicity
all right in his eyes, but it was im-
ute, and no dress for working. The
sant suggestions of a lavish and wan-
lodigality came back to him. She
art, clever; how had he ever doubted
? Her laughter was honest and inno-
. Only a cynic or a fool could think
e sold herself for this glittering stuff
ade a solid farm room look like the
a burglar's fence.
she was an American girl under the
e surveillance of an American man.

"Law is Law," Said Roger Sententiously. "Ignorance is No Excuse. Will You Come With Me Now to the Police at Castlechepe?"

There was no hint, he thought, in the shape of her face or in pronounced cheek bones that she had German blood in her. But there might be; she might have a perverted sense of duty; there were useful things to be found out in this neighborhood. But if so, why should an intelligent girl attract attention to herself by going about with the fixings that were suitable only to the honey-mooning bride of an oil king's son?

"Oh, hang it!" Roger cried aloud.

He had two girls on his hands already. He was appalled to feel a sense of responsibility for a third. Yet feel it he did. She came from God's country; so did he. He stepped out of the larches in time to see a dim figure disappear from an open window. The fellow was at it again—well, it was his last hour with his glasses. They were going where they'd watch more dangerous things than a girl under a Lebanon tree. Roger went on with eyes fixed on the window, but nobody appeared there.

He met Ted Howarth in the road. They had fraternized for ten minutes the night before. In different battalions in different places, but the same experiences; so they were friends with a word. Howarth was a quarryman's son, a giant of twenty-two, with a hand like a steam hammer and weak eyes of watery gray. His fourteen days' leave expired the next morning.

"Off to-night, mate?"

"Yes."

"Three miles to train?"

"Yes."

"And your kit weighs seventy-eight pounds."

The big soldier looked at Roger with envy. "I wish I'd got it too. I'm fed up."

"I'm lucky," Roger admitted. No soldier who had had half of four years ever pretended that he wanted to go back. "What's a pair of good glasses worth over there?"

"Fifteen Bradbury's; or more."

"Righto. I'll hire a trap and drive you in and you shall have a pair of glasses to sell over there." He explained about an alien snooping about and what he thought ought to be done.

"I'm on," Howarth said promptly.

"Then come to my house at ten o'clock to-night in parade dress with your rifle," Roger said, and he turned away to the wheelwright.

"Can't be done," the latter explained. "I can't hire the pony out nights. You see he's too hot to be turned out when he comes in and straw's rationed and I ain't got none to bed him down in the stable."

In the end Roger openly stole a truss of straw from Charity's cherished store at the Home Farm and so was promised the trap.

He was surprised to find Charity bending over the table in her sitting room.

"There," she cried, "I've finished the last one." She licked the gum on the envelope with a tongue as red as that of a wholesome dog: one of Nature's most convincing banners of health. She snatched up a dozen letters. "They had to go to-night; I did them on my own. I hope she'll approve." She laughed. "Her eyes were too red and swollen for the street," she ran on cheerfully. "We sneaked down the garden and she climbed the wall and bolted home by the fields."

"You talk as though you were glad she broke down."

"I am," Charity cried. "It did her a lot of good. Me too. Yes, it was good for us both."

Roger laughed, just because Charity seemed in such unaccountable spirits. She was always bright, but she brimmed over to-night.

"It's a rum thing, Miss Turle," he said, bending forward, "but even in those boots you dance about as though you jolly well enjoyed life, and even in that smock you look mighty pretty."

Charity flushed with frank pleasure at words so spontaneously uttered. Her old occupation had trained her to blunt compliments, and taught her which were sincere.

"I've not been praised for years," she said. "It sounds like a peal of joy bells."

"Hear another," he said, pointing to the letters. "I'm clerk. Miss Lingard takes me on."

"Oh," Charity exclaimed. "Everything? Paying wages, keeping the accounts?"

"Everything." He felt quite safe in saying it. Dorothy would not be round for a couple of days. By that time he would be so firmly intrenched that she could not move him.

"How I hate it," Charity said. "I'm so glad." She looked as if she were going to kiss him. He wished that she would. Rather she than the girl on the hill, he thought in hasty comparison. Charity was as pretty and a heap more useful.

He turned artless eyes on the clock. The moment had come to surprise and test her.

"There's a curious hole in that pedestal door," he said. "Looks like a bullet hole."

"It is," Charity said. "The clock belonged to the vicar a hundred years ago. I've often heard my uncle tell the tale. After dinner and port, the vicar bet he would put a bull's-eye through the pendulum. He listened for the tick, fired on the tick, and won."

Roger opened the door and was examining the brass circle as it swung.

"It's right," he said; "here's the hole, plugged with lead. Hello, what's this?" He had pretended accidentally to knock aside the false bottom. He picked up coins and let them fall in a stream.

"Well, I never!" Charity exclaimed, running to him.

"A hidden hoard!" Roger cried dramatically as he retreated to a seat and watched the excited girl scoop handfuls to the table.

"My uncle!" she gasped.

"My prophetic soul—my uncle!" he echoed, grinning at her surprise. "Yours, now. I have brought you luck. I'm awfully glad."

"How splendid for Tom! Oh, I say, what luck. Yes, you brought it."

"Only half Tom's," he corrected. "Half yours."

"Yes, yes, I suppose it is. Fancy uncle ——"

But she stopped short to scan a slip of yellowed paper. Roger frowned. He had not known of this. "February 8, 1889, five shillings," she read aloud. "February 15, 22, March 1 ——" She glanced at the bottom of the sheet. "Oh," she said, and she repeated it once more; and then she sat down and looked ruefully at the coins.

"It's the Yankee's," she announced after an instant.

Roger muttered a most improper word.

"It's rent," she said. "It's written at the bottom here. 'Total rent due for the year, 13 pounds.' Poor old uncle."

"Rotten nonsense!" Roger exploded. "It's yours—yours and Tom's. He needs it. So do you."

She looked a little surprised.

"Would you take it if ——"

"Take it?" he interrupted hotly. "So quick you'd never see it disappear! Do you want to give everything to the Yankee?"

"I want to give him nothing," she said despondently, "but he's got to have what's his."

"Honesty run mad," he said angrily.

She did not hear him. She was looking out of the window. Suddenly she spoke as to herself. "There's more. There must be. Uncle did not save for one year only. I must search the house."

Roger was rabid now. He sprang in front of her as she jumped up.

"It's not legally his," he protested.

She stared at him. "You take this mightily to heart, sergeant," she said; "more than I do."

"Because I hate to see you making a quixotic fool of yourself."

She considered. "Do you really think there's a doubt?" she asked at length.

"Doubt be hanged! There's none. It's yours."

"I'll ask Lawyer Ball."

"Oh, if you do that—a bare legal right. Lawyers can't see beyond that."

She looked at him with grave disapproval. "I will not ask him," she said coldly. "I know why uncle saved and scraped and what he did it for. What he meant is what I'll do." She looked accusingly at Roger.

He flung up his hands. Not only had his plan utterly failed but he had forfeited Charity's confidence.

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Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"Here It Is"

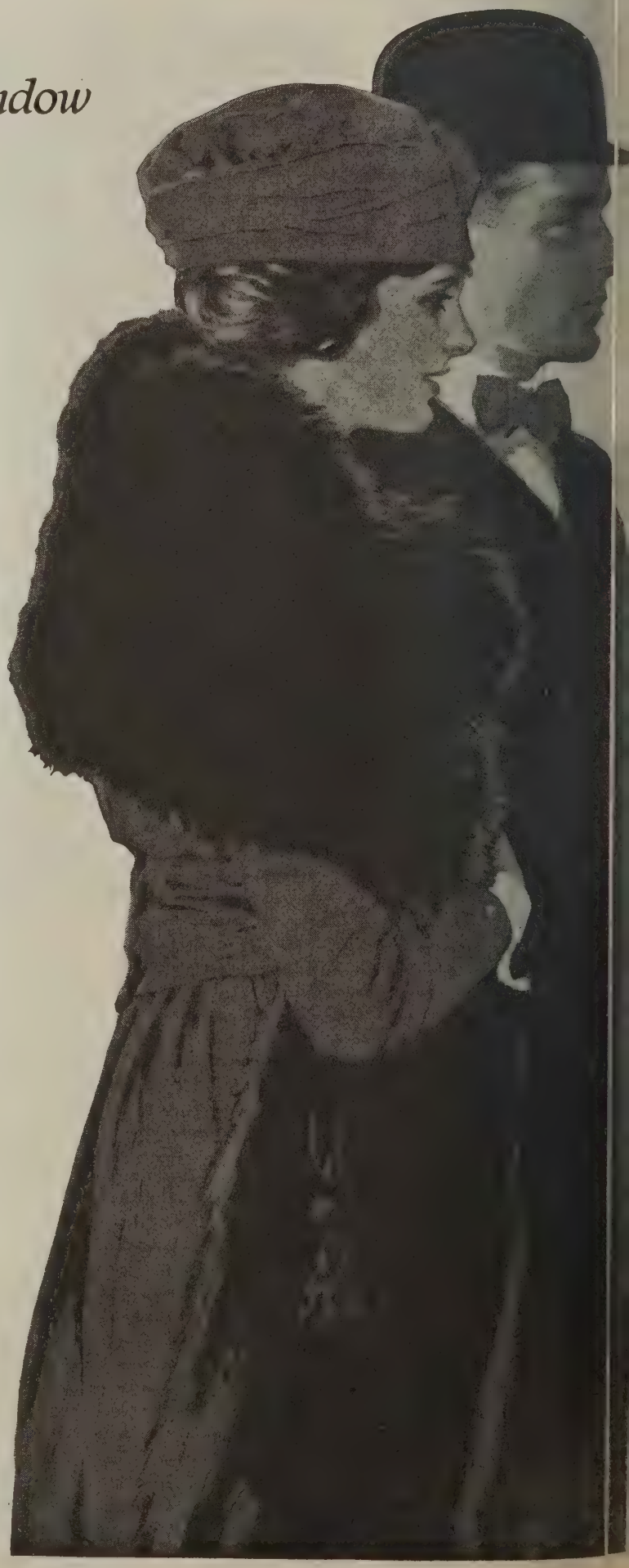
The Message of the Westinghouse Window

HERE'S A WINDOW that answers your questions this Christmas time. It tells you what to buy and where to buy. It shows you the goods. It saves you time and trouble.

In whatever part of the country you may be, you'll doubtless see a window like this during the holiday season, for it is the sign of the Westinghouse dealer.

When you see it, walk in and look over the line of Westinghouse Electric Ware. A few minutes thus spent will tell you far better than any description what handsome, useful and lasting gifts Westinghouse appliances make.

You'll find Westinghouse dealers ready to answer any question and to do any reasonable service.



Some Timely Westinghouse Gift Suggestions

Toaster Stove — A complete table stove that will broil meat, fry eggs, ham or potatoes, make griddle cakes and toast—in short, do the work of a double-burner gas stove. Can be connected to any lamp socket or baseplug.

Turnover Toaster—Makes two pieces of toast at a time and turns it at a touch of a little knob, preventing burning of fingers. Toast is crisp and hot when wanted, and no more need be made than is really desired.

Percolator—Not only convenient but also unusually satisfactory as a means of making good coffee. Begins to operate in less than one minute after current is turned on. Made in 5-cup and 7-cup sizes.

Iron—Eliminates the changing of irons and innumerable steps. Makes possible ironing anywhere there's a lamp socket. Made in three sizes, 3-lb., 6-lb. and 8-lb.

Curling Iron—No woman's dressing table is completely equipped without an electric curling iron. .Requires no flame. Clean and economical.

Sew Motor — A small motor that attaches to any sewing machine and makes treadling unnecessary. Runs a day for a few cents' worth of current.

Warming Pad—A big improvement over the hot-water bottle. No water to leak out or get cold. Heat regulator keeps it constantly warm and makes it entirely safe. Flexible. Made in two sizes.

Polishing and Sharpening Motor—Cleans the silverware in a fraction of the time required by the usual method. Quickly puts a keen edge on the household cutlery and performs other services.

Cozy Glow—A handy little electric heater that directs the warmth right to the spot where it's wanted. Provides instant heat for chilly mornings and evenings.

For those who desire to make more expensive gifts, Westinghouse Automatic Electric Ranges—the last word in range construction—offer a variety of styles. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

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"All right," he said decisively. "I leave this house this minute."

"Leave? Why?" She looked perplexed.

"Because I tell you what the Canadian law is about treasure-trove and you look at me and talk to me as though I was advising you to be a thief. And you say there's more about, and, of course, I'm not to be trusted ——"

Charity laughed. "You are talking like an angry kid," she said. "Now hide that away." She pointed to the heap on the table. "I must run."

She snatched up her letters and bolted. Roger's profound vexation was soothed by Charity's flight. He thought her quick, decided retreat the kindest, most tactful tribute he had ever received. She left him—no more than a stranger—with unknown hoards.

He shoveled the money back into the clock as though it was so much coal. Everything he touched, he thought, stuck to him like burs in California to sheep. Everything went with the estate, it seemed—except Charity. He wished that it was she, not Dorothy; this was a time for girls who laughed, not girls who cried.

He rushed at the work waiting for him, was staggered at the utter confusion and astonished at the magnitude of some figures, especially those covering sales of timber. He worked on and on, forgetting supper, only once permitting an interruption, which cost him five minutes. This came from a thought which knocked at his brain until he heard it. It was the conviction that he must expose all the hoards in the house—four of them. His position was too delicate to permit any tricks. If only he had dug down to the bottom of that pile, found that paper and destroyed it, Charity would have taken her share.

He jumped up at Ted Howarth's knock and glanced incredulously at the clock.

"Sit down. I'll be back in a minute." He handed out cigarettes.

"Strewth," the soldier said, glancing about the comfortable room. When Roger came back he was still swearing blasphemous oaths. That such rooms existed, that a private soldier lived in them, that he himself had to go back to the Front ——

"Whatever you do," Roger admonished, "don't stick him."

"I wish I could stick you," was the morose answer as the bayonet was viciously lunged into the air.

"I know I'm in luck," Roger soothed, buttoning his parade tunic. "And don't talk. Leave that to me. Come along."

It was a cloudy night and so there was only a hint of lingering summer twilight.

"He may not be a spy," Roger said, "and he may have a permit. But I ask you why should you be over there in all the muck and aliens with baby hands should be loafing about your village with field glasses?"

"It's bloody well wrong," Ted growled. This universal English adjective enriched every sentence. It was still a mystery to Roger why half a nation expressed every thought, feeling, emotion, reflection, idea and vision by one word, and equally mysterious that that coarse but unmeaning word should be regarded with such frightened horror by the other half.

The three cottages on the hillside were separated from the village by fields. That made Roger's plans possible. Any disturbance that might bring a commissioned officer on the scene meant failure and trouble for him. There was no fear of policemen. They met at the point beneath the oak tree once in a while—one from Castlechepe, one from Minturn—but Roger had heard that none had been seen in the village since Abel Barnes had hanged himself nine years before.

"Halt!" Sergeant Hill's voice rang through the night with a fiery menace.

As prearranged the rifle butt came to the ground with a rattle of steel. Then the door—no trifling, ready-made thing from Sweden—resounded and shook beneath hammering blows, until flung open from within. "What the hell ——"

Mr. Starlow of Sheffield stood pointing a large army service revolver.

Roger saluted. The soldier presented arms. The threatening pistol wavered and was then pointed downward.

Roger advanced. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said with stern politeness, "but I have come to inspect your permit to have, preserve and maintain field glasses in your possession."

He had often observed the effect of the stolid, unbendable polite English method. He had also noted the value of semilegal jargon. It supported the power of the law by giving impersonality to the law's representative. It transformed the representative into an animated legal paper, without humor, without compassion, impressive, not to be cajoled or tempted or turned aside.

"Permit?" Mr. Starlow uttered in a sharp, questioning accent. "Come in."

"Stand here in the open doorway," Roger ordered, and the soldier's rifle butt clanged on the sill in the spot indicated.

"Permit?" Mr. Starlow said again, laying the pistol gingerly on the bare pine table, on which stood a lamp burning dully.

"If you please."

"I did not know I had to have one." Mr. Starlow's eyes, far from evasive, looked into Roger's with a challenge and his jaws were snapped shut with power.

"You ought to have known. You lived so long in Sheffield, you know."

The eyes drooped for an instant, then shot defiance. "Who are you?" the man asked.

"Sergeant; military police." This lie might mean a court-martial, but Roger dared not hesitate.

"I am a citizen of the United States, an ally," Mr. Starlow explained with repressed indignation.

"Law is law," said Roger sententiously. "Ignorance is no excuse. Will you come with me now to the police at Castlechepe?"

Mr. Starlow stepped back. "Now—to the police?" He was visibly troubled.

"I don't insist. If you give up the glasses ——"

The American turned without a word, climbed a ladderlike flight of stairs, and returned with a fine pair of binoculars.

But Roger was still unsatisfied. "Your permit for the pistol?" he demanded in an implacable voice.

Mr. Starlow's chin protruded, his eyes narrowed, he looked into Roger's face with flaming pugnacity. He was white now, with unmistakable, fearless anger. After a long exchange of glances he pointed with one of the white fingers which had helped to mislead Roger into thinking him a coward.

Roger picked up the weapon. "Thank you," he said courteously. He walked out, followed by his faithful sentinel, who stopped down the road.

"Education and cheek," Howarth muttered. "Cheek and education."

"Well, what of them?"

"If I had 'em I'd be gassed too, and living in a bloody palace that pretends to be a cottage, and collecting glasses and pistols as I fancy."

Later, driving in, he was led to express an opinion on the American. "He took the knock like an Englishman," he said.

"I think so too," Roger agreed, pleased that his fellow countryman had met defeat with reasonable dignity and utter fearlessness. "I like the glasses. Take two pounds cash for 'em?"

The soldier was only too pleased. At the station he shook hands silently and got into the train with a muttered oath. It was a horror to go back, but he would fight none the worse because he returned unwillingly.

They were running three shifts at the munition works and one had just come off duty. The midnight street was thronged. The wheelwright's never-curried pony, alarmed by the bustle and the flares, was too dispirited to show it. He had had no oats for months, and cut-up chaff had more than its share of straw. Civilian ponies, like civilian human beings, must take what they could get.

At the police station Roger handed over with regret a pair of glasses and a pistol on the barrel of which was stamped: "The property of the United States Government."

"An American at St. Dyfrigs didn't know he had to have permits for these," Roger explained to the inspector, "and he thought he had better send them in till he's fixed it all up."

The inspector nodded commendation of this wise and open procedure; but he found that Mr. Starlow was not registered as an alien.

"There's only one alien there," he said as he glanced at his records: "Miss Elliott."

"I know her!" Roger cried. "Let me see, where does she come from?"

The inspector chuckled. "I could tell you how old she is too—but I won't."

He was very affable. That was because the sergeant's Mons ribbon was on the tunic. Princes and peasants honored that when sometimes the greatest glory of all passed unnoticed; for few recognized the rarely seen V. C. ribbon.

"Mr. Starlow only came yesterday," Roger explained. "I dare say he'll turn up to-morrow."

"He should have got permission before he came at all. If his papers are all right ——"

"Yes, you'll look into them of course."

"Of course; and we'll let him off light, seeing that he sent these along."

Roger sang as he drove home, pleased with his busy day. He did not know whether his disposal of the pistol and glasses was due to consideration for himself or for his fellow American. This American was not the kind of man to let the thing drop, so Roger had saved himself, and in doing that had done Starlow a good turn. It would have been unthinkable that he should, without the best of reasons, excite the suspicions of the police against a fellow countryman. Well, it was up to the police now; and there were no glasses to spy on Miss Elliott. He repeated her name several times in a low voice. He tried several Christian names with it. They all sounded well.

At a spot made dark by trees he overtook a shapeless, animated bundle walking heavily along. He pulled up.

"Have a lift?" he asked.

The beast of burden, heavy kit on back, silently unpacked it into the trap and clambered in.

"Leave?" Roger asked.

"Aye."

"Where from?"

"Wypers."

"Live in St. Dyfrigs?"

"Aye."

"Name?"

"William Jones."

"Not Bill Jones, with the pretty missus and—say—the kid, just two weeks old?"

"Aye."

"How long since you've been home?"

"Michaelmas."

"I say—and you'll have your first look at your first child."

"Aye."

"Did you telegraph?"

"Noa."

"You ought, Bill. She won't have anything to eat in the house."

"Cost ninepence."

"Things pretty hot out there?"

"Aye."

"But looking well though; we're getting 'em on the run?"

"Aye."

Then there was silence.

The pony drew up in front of Jones' cottage. It was so low that Roger could lash the closed bedroom window with the whip. The curtain moved before Bill had got all his belongings unloaded. The trap light shone on the door. It opened cautiously, slowly, one inch.

"It's your husband," Roger cried eagerly.

"It's me," said the husband deliberately.

"Yes—yes—I know," came in a tremulous gasp. "But—but ——"

Bill's shoulder heaved against the door, but a foot within was evidently levered against it.

"Bill."

"Aye, Florrie."

"Bill, there's summat I must know."

A silence.

"Bill, art lousy?"

A great gust of laughter from Bill, an open door, clasped arms, a smacking of lips. Roger drove away roaring, to return with a loaf of bread, a can of beef and one of apricots. The baby, sleeping, was lying on the table. The father stood bending, his mouth wide open, his round face flushed. The mother, wrapped in a blanket, her hair down, turned from the fire she was lighting.

"Bill sees as William Louvain is his living image," she said. She turned shining eyes from Roger to father and son.

"William Louvain? Jolly good name. Which do you call him, Mrs. Jones?"

"Louvy, sergeant. But if his father shouldn't never come back again I'd call him Bill of course."

"He'll always be Louvy," Roger said.

He was wrong. The father was killed within a week after his return to the Front.

IX

IN THE library—now called the commandant's room—at the manor house the Duchess of Cloyne sat at a large table signing forms, reports and letters, most of which bore the initials of the highly paid professional matron. At another ta the open window Dorothy Lingar sulting requisitions, was measuring gills precious old brandy from the A nurse, tall and dignified, waiti these supplies, eyed Dorothy with contempt.

Her look expressed no more th universal antagonism of the profe for the amateur. The two trained a nurses at the hospital regarded the teers as an actress regards society girl a morning performance for charity. volunteers had had two years' expe by the way, but the professionals unbent for all that, even to the du That was the way in all the V. A. D pitals.

From the adjoining justice roo called because in an older day Lingar held summary court there—the cl typewriters came and fused with th mur of bees which floated through th windows. The Persian carpet was with the rarer furniture in the conser off the dining room, where the hot-pipes had been kept going to repel until January, when no more fuel wa obtained. The littered table at which thy sat was plain pine from the kitche her chair was a genuine Heppelwhite soft old pigskin chairs had all gone in dead mother's rooms in the second now used as smoking and reading r One of the oak bookcases built in walls held bottles of old wines and b and whisky, which Dorothy hersel brought from the cellars and dispens needed. As the house at least nom belonged to her and had been by he dered to the government, she was, not standing her youth, deputy in the ab of the duchess, and also her own cella Every manservant had gone either t or to national service, and so Dorothy a week dived into subterranean d with a dim lamp and two convale officers.

Until the month before she had h electric torch, but now she could g refills, and must all but feel her way a depleted bins. Sometimes she lau when her helpers, under her dire looted a special precious lot. It was a property by descent, as next of kin sacred custom prescribed that it shou left intact until the heir-at-law should the first chance of taking it over.

Sometimes a captain or lieutenant nel who knew about the United S would joke about dry states and pictu heir as coming with a great thirst to fi empty cellar. Dorothy's position w course known to all her friends and sh they often made a jest of it and ludicr speculated on what kind of man would up and evict her. She retained her h rigidly for her own circle, however, and no cellar books. All these ruby or g mellowed liquids were a silent, unnote to the British Government.

The nurse and the tray gone, Dor dashed off a note to Charity. It tha Charity for her kind sympathy and hel day before, "when I was a bit run dow I crumpled up." It said that Sergeant had no special interest in the village ar claim to be there. It asked that Ch no longer shelter him.

"You will understand," Dorothy w "It annoys me to run against him. H me break down."

Dorothy glanced across at the du as she sealed the envelope, wonderi her grace's odd freakish fancies for C dians, at the things she put up with the lower classes, at her deliberate couragement of the spirit of unrest, a blind indifference to the breaking dow authority. The duke had actually a pated the law about minimum wage farm laborers. He was paying more these people knew how to spend prop and more than farming would st Dorothy honored the duke and lovec duchess, but their acts were incom hensible.

Kindness, fairness, firmness, per even sternness—her father's policy knew; it had always worked. If war bro unrest on a larger scale, so must it b pressed in a larger sterner way. That what the newspaper which she read hi at. That was what her soldier father w have said. He had made only one mis in dealing with his tenants, and that a t that was when he had brought the p into the humiliating incident of the of way. She remembered that because

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ergant Hill had thrust himself in there. w: odd that this soldier should be con-ectl with so many vexatious incidents h life, and it was time that he was ban-ne He was due there in a few minutes. e ould not even condescend to avoid m She bent her aristocratic nose to a w f damask roses and the scent banished n ing thoughts.

T Parfitt, stamping by outside the win-w smiled because she looked so pretty, d en grinned because of what she was in to say to him and what he was going a wer. Parfitt was an ex-footman who r nce with measured tread advanced r the lawn to Charity Turle and told r t to trespass even with her eyes. He s lso an ex-sergeant of sappers and he a neither God, man, the devil, barbed r or young ladies. His genuine regard s former young mistress had once e externally servile, but even then his t ion of her in a tantrum had been the l t of the servants' hall.

Parfitt, two minutes later, was brought t he room by Lady Millicent Barbour, n e of the duchess, and a nursing sister i hospital.

"ere's Tim Parfitt," she cried. "Tim, e see your leg."

Lady Milly was twenty-two, but looked v teen. She was small, fairylike in u, and with the face of a good-natured g She danced to a chair. "Lift it here," e dered.

T planted a large boot on the chair and r up his trousers leg.

"'s as good as a live one," Lady Milly c med; "and your foot can never go s ep. That's a good thing." She felt i es, peered at springs, stepped back d examined the swelling curve of the calf. t urned to the smiling duchess, then o ld across at the frowning Dorothy. Y would look all right in silk stock-g' she said. "Tim, do you remember e ay you were promoted from buttons l ery?"

"ery well, my lady. You stuck a pin i and I jumped."

"hat's so. You'd stand like a statue o You are partly a statue. That's an-h advantage."

'sit quite all right, Parfitt?" the duchess s l with genuine interest. "The socket t s No pain; no friction?"

't's perfect, Your Grace. I had to have s ond operation so's to get more flap, u that came off all right and now I have a o stump."

"erform, Tim," Lady Milly commanded, a she watched him stamp and back and r lly flex his knee and all but pirouette. A nt and niece applauded. "You should o for the Russian ballet," the duchess a smiling.

"No one," cried little Lady Milly with a l like the sound of a fairy horn, "would m that you weren't all there. I don't n in your head, of course, but in your o How did you learn those tango steps?"

"They put me in a garden, my lady," he n ered, "with rocks and little hills ——"

"I know, I know!" she broke in. "Like h imitation landscape in the Zoo for the b s and lions to moon about in. And you u ed and you climbed ——"

"That's it, my lady."

Lady Milly turned to Dorothy. "He w s to see you, Dorothy," she called out; h she danced out of the room.

He was blinking back tears from the e with the impishly curved lids. She w so weary, so tired, and so utterly sick t l these horrible maimings and broken l v. He was the fiftieth—it must be fifty, t least, she thought—to whom she had a d just as she had now, and all of them a answered and acted just as Tim Parfitt a But she knew—she knew. The blind w the worst.

Meanwhile the sergeant sapper had r sed to Dorothy. "Every consideration s l be shown, Parfitt," Dorothy said. "Y ur place is open to you of course. If y find you can't get about as you used to d e'll look up something else."

The tall soldier laughed, to Dorothy's in-te e surprise. The laugh rang naturally, w a tang of real merriment such as no fo man's laugh should hold. He looked d n at her with a glance of good-natured pi ; but she never dreamed of that mean-in

"Do you really think, Miss Lingard, that I'm going to powder my hair and carry tea-tr s out on the lawn? A bull in a china sh p couldn't make the wreck I would in a pantry."

"It was for your sake I spoke, Parfitt," Dorothy said with a cold but patient dignity. She had learned to make reasonable allowance for the strange indiscipline among the lower orders which army discipline had wrought. She studied him with a reflective air. "It is hard for you. You were getting on so well and had such a good manner, and such a thumb for polishing plate. You would have been butler by the time you were thirty. Still, you have your pension; that's something. What can I do for you? Have you thought of anything? Of course I'll do all I can."

"They've taught me boot repairing, thank you, Miss Lingard," he said. "I'm settling down in my father's cottage and I see a good living. It's the old man I wanted to speak about. He's been made secretary of the Agricultural Laborers' Union ——"

"It's you!" Dorothy burst out, flaring instantly at the hated name of this organization. "Your father can hardly read. He may sign his name. No more than that. And you pretend to be a cobbler and live in one of the estate cottages and make bad feeling and spread revolution and Bolshevism, I dare say. So you've come back a firebrand and an agitator, have you? Old Tim Parfitt, secretary!" She repeated the word with such contempt that young Tim reddened.

She did not lower her voice, though she had seen that someone had come in and was talking to the duchess. "Your father's rheumatism prevents his working most of the time. He ——"

"Yes, Miss Lingard," Tim said hotly. "He got that in the service of your family and because the house your family gave him to live in was damp. He should be pensioned. The full workers want the legal money, thirty-six shillings a week and the fifty-four-hour week. I ——"

"You shall not settle on this estate," Dorothy interrupted. "You ——"

Then the duchess came over.

"Pardon, Dorothy," she said. "Spare Parfitt a few minutes. Would you mind, Parfitt? This is Mr. Hill. He has been through it over there too. I promised he should see the house. Will you take him to the show places?"

"Of course, Your Grace." Parfitt eyed the young gentleman in the London-made clothes. "Come along, sir," he said.

Roger followed with a flush on his face. He had bowed to Dorothy and she had only stared at him blankly. Bursting with anger at Parfitt, bewildered by the change in Sergeant Kellie Hill, she had not known what she was doing.

"Parfitt," the duchess called, "bring Mr. Hill back in half an hour, and we'll all have tea in here."

"Yes, Your Grace"; and the door closed behind him.

The duchess laughed in Dorothy's astounded face. "Parfitt," she said, "will run wild in the picture gallery. Fancy the things he will say about your ancestors. Your fault, Dorothy. He went away a pasty, powdered cringer and he's come back a hulking cobbler, and you treat him just the same."

"Should I kiss him?" asked the flaming Dorothy.

"Even that," the duchess answered, "if it makes him your friend. He matters. Shoemakers always matter. My grandfather would never allow one on any of his estates. They sit on their benches and think that they think, and then they talk what they think they think. Parfitt won a decoration. He is mutilated. He's a hero, deserves to be one, is looked up to. The people will listen to him. And you antagonize him."

"I shouldn't wish to seem unsympathetic," Dorothy said slowly, "but a trades union—at St. Dyfrigs." She was a little alarmed at the gravity of the duchess, who generally skimmed lightly over life's thin surfaces.

"Trades union! As if that was all that was coming." The duchess shrugged her shoulders. "There are nobles in Petrograd shoveling dirt whose ancestors for five hundred years never touched hand except to sword. There are ladies in Moscow whose pedigrees are as long as yours or mine, holding twig brooms at street corners."

"But—but—this is England."

"An unknown England. A new England. Nobody knows. Nobody talks in public. Our order went to the guillotine in flocks once. They went gayly, laughing. But they had not our chance to foresee and prepare. We must laugh too. War demands that. But we can laugh last if we will."

The duchess paused to nod and smile through the window. A limping officer was passing, his hand resting lightly on the charming, sloping shoulders of tiny Lady Millicent.

"Milly's at it," the duchess said. "Captain Soames is a good fighter, but bitter as gall. He was a socialistic schoolmaster and fought his way from the ranks. Is he going back to teaching children for half the wages of a riveter in a shipbuilding yard? Not he. There are hundreds like him to lead thousands of the dissatisfied."

Dorothy sat back, looking wide-eyed surprise.

"Is that," she asked, "why Milly's always picking out the outsiders?"

"My poor Dorothy, I've meant this talk for weeks. Everybody is but you. It isn't all self-interest either. Call it an awakened conscience if you like. But that sounds awful cant, doesn't it? Still, here it is. Why did we take so much of the good things, why leave the workers so little? Why did they admit our superiority so willingly? I can't think. We had better manners and we washed all over; that was the only difference. Well, nobody minds dirt now, and manners have gone to the devil. So what has aristocracy left? Brains? The workmen's leaders have those. Education? They have their own colleges. We meet them on level ground. We must bend, bend over like reeds in the Thames when a motor boat swirls the backwash from the banks. We must concede much. We must give before it's taken from us. Land may be nationalized. Who can say with what compensation to owners?"

Dorothy, profoundly impressed, was bending forward, eagerly listening, her eyes fixed on the duchess, her mind intently concentrated. She had never seen the duchess so serious.

"Your men," the duchess resumed in a voice of tenderness, "have all gone. You are alone. There's been nobody to tell you that the world has been turned upside down. The duke wants all the landowners about to understand, to work together. No patronage, no favors, just calm, quiet business relations with farmers and tenants and cottagers and everybody. That's what people want. Equality—that's it in one word. Tim Parfitt and the Canadian are coming to tea with us. That's no folly, Dorothy, and we're not going to overdo it or burlesque it. Treat them as you would Lord Hartoun or Johnny Carruthers; naturally, kindly. Don't wangle. Be it. It comes so easy, once you've made up your mind. I asked them—for you to practice on."

Dorothy burst into laughter almost hysterical. "The footman," she said, "will not sit down; but the Canadian will." She repeated that aggressively: "Oh, yes; the Canadian will."

"What's that about the Canadian?" Lady Milly darted through the window. "Poor Captain Soames couldn't go very far."

"Your shoulders," her aunt said with a smile, "slope such a lot."

Lady Milly looked down at the hock-bottle shoulders of which she was justly proud. "Jealousy!" she cried with a toss of the head.

"Come to tea," Dorothy exclaimed, "with Parfitt and a Canadian sergeant."

Lady Milly shot intelligent sharp glances from her aunt to Dorothy. "So you're on at last," she exclaimed, showing two rows of seed pearls in a pleasant smile. "Nobody ever said you were middle-aged, Dollykins, but everyone knows you live in the Middle Ages. Play up, to cement the empire. I'm a perfect stonemason, I've done so much cementing. And your Canadian is a lovely person. I saw him peep in the front door the other night. He stared as though he was looking down a cathedral nave. Oh, you were there, Dolly. Perhaps it was you. But you're too dark for a stained-glass saint. He saw something, dreamed something, anyhow." Lady Milly weaved back and forth, always on the move, tapping with tiny feet on the floor or with fingers on the table. "I saw him to-day again. He came in, dreaming, dressed like a gentleman, and looking like a poet. You're lucky, Dolly. Tim's amusing, and the Canadian looks interesting."

"Come, then."

"No; on duty. Oh, did you tell her about Adeline?"

Adeline was a married sister of Lady Milly's, a beautiful, solid, stolid Juno, who sometimes achieved miracles of folly in speech, and weighed one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

"We had a meeting at our house about all this, and what to do, and how to do it," Lady Milly ran on. "Auntie made a lovely speech and said 'Lay up your crusts so that after many days they shall return to thee,' or something like that, and Adeline got quite excited—fancy Adeline excited—and she suddenly struck an attitude like Britannia and said that if any proletarian ever tried to take her by force ——"

Dorothy broke again into peals of laughter.

"—— she'd kill herself, Adeline said, and I stood up by her side at my full height and swore they should never take me by force, and Adeline was so pleased she grabbed me and lifted me shoulder high and I cried out no, I would go willingly; and she dropped me bump to the floor and mother laughed so hard the tears streaked her rouge. Remember, Dolly"—the tiny figure straightened and a sudden seriousness came in the twinkling eyes—"the duke expects every girl to do her duty, and the watchword is Man to man."

Then she darted through the window and disappeared.

"Man to man." The duchess repeated the words; then once again. "*Le mot juste*," she exclaimed. "I adopt it. It says everything. That's the attitude, Dorothy. That's your watchword."

The duchess went back to her desk.

Dorothy, frowning, watched the door, fearing to see it open, but prepared for action when it did. Profoundly impressed, she was ready to bend, to bend as did the reeds in the Thames. That image struck hard. She had seen them bow in the swirl of her motor boat till their heads touched the water, serried ranks of them all successively abasing themselves as she rushed by.

But they had recovered. She had often looked back and seen them standing straight, their untroubled heads pointing proudly to the sky. They were strong because they could bend. Aristocracy would bend, too, while these upstart lower classes hustled by.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Fresh from Sunshine and Pure Air

IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 11)

gave hint as to its purpose appeared to engage the forearms like a surgical device, supporting their weight below the bend of the elbows. With quickening and enhanced sympathy the little woman winced.

Then she started, her gaze lifting quickly. Of a sudden she became aware that the girl was regarding her straightforwardly with those haggard eyes.

"Can you tell what the—the trouble is with me?" she asked.

She spoke under her breath, the wraith of a weary little smile about her mouth.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," answered Miss Smith contritely. "But please believe me—it was not mere cheap inquisitiveness that made me look."

"I think I know," said the girl softly. "You were sorry. And it doesn't matter much—your seeing. Somehow I don't mind your seeing."

"But I haven't really seen—I only caught a glimpse. And I'm afraid now that I've been pressing too closely against your side; perhaps giving you pain by touching your arms."

"My arms are not hurting me," said the girl, still with that queer ghost of a smile at her lips. "I've not been hurt or injured in any way."

"Not hurt? Then why ——"

She choked the involuntary question even as she was framing it.

"This—this has been done, I suppose, to keep me from hurting anyone else."

"But—but I don't understand."

"Don't you—yet? Then lift a fold of my wrap—carefully, so no one else can see while you are looking. I'd rather you did," she continued, seeing how Miss Smith hesitated.

"But I am a stranger to you. I don't wish to pry. I ——"

"Please do! Then perhaps you won't be worrying later on about—about me if you know the truth now."

With one hand Miss Smith turned back the edge of the cape, enlarging slightly the opening, and what she saw shocked her more deeply than though she had beheld some hideous mutilation. She saw that about both of the girl's wrists were snugly strapped broad leather bands, designed something after the fashion of the armlets sometimes worn by athletes and artisans, excepting that here the buckle fastenings were set upon the tops of the wrists instead of upon the inner sides; saw, too, that these cuffs were made fast to a wide leather belt, which in an unbroken band encircled the girl's trunk, so that her prisoned forearms were pressed in and confined closely against her body at the line of her waist. Her elbows she might move slightly and her fingers freely; but the hands were held well apart and the fingers in play might touch only the face of the broad girthing, which presumably was made fast by buckles or lacings at her back. As if the better to indicate how firmly she was secured, the wearer of these strange bonds flexed her arm muscles slightly; the result was a little creaking sound as the harness answered the strain. Then the girl relaxed and the sound ended.

"Oh, you poor child!" The gasped exclamation came involuntarily, carrying all the deeper burden of compassion because it was uttered in a half whisper. Quickly she snugged the cloak in to cover the ugly thing she had looked upon. "What have you done that you should be treated so?"

Indignation was in the asking—that and an incredulous disbelief that here had been any wrongdoing.

"It isn't what I've done—exactly. I imagine it is their fear of what they think I might do if my hands were free."

"But where are you going? Where are these people taking you? You're no criminal. I know you're not. You couldn't be!"

"I am being taken to a place up the road to be confined as a dangerous lunatic."

In the accenting of the words was no trace of rebellion or even of self-pity, but merely there was the dead weight and numbness of a hopeless resignation to make the words sound flat and listless.

"I don't believe one word of it!" exclaimed Miss Smith, then broke off short, realizing that the shock of the girl's piteous admission had sent her own voice lifting and that now she had a second listener. The woman diagonally across from her was sitting bolt upright and a pair of small eyes were narrowing upon her in a squint of watchful and hostile suspicion. Instantly she stood up—a small, competent, determined body.

"I'll be back," she stated, disregarding the elder woman and speaking to the younger. "And I'm going to find out more about you, too, before I'm done."

Her step, departing, was brisk and resolute.

In the aisle near the forward door she encountered the flagman.

"There is a man in the smoker I must see at once," she said. "Will you please go in there and find him and tell him I wish—no never mind. I see him coming now."

She went a step or two on to meet the person she sought, halting him in the untenanted space at the end of the coach.

"I want to speak with you, please," she began.

"Well, you'll have to hurry," he told her, "because I'm getting off with my party in less'n five minutes from now. What was it you wanted to say to me?"

"That young girl yonder—I became interested in her. I thought perhaps she had been injured. Then more or less by chance I found out the true facts. I spoke to her; she told me a little about her plight."

"Well, if you've been talking to her what's the big idea in talkin' to me?"

His tone was churlish.

"This isn't mere vulgar curiosity on my part. I have a perfectly proper motive, I think, in inquiring into her case. What is her name?"

"Margaret Vinsolving."

"Spell it for me, please—the last name?"

He spelled it out, and she after him to fix it in her mind.

"Where does she live—I mean where is her home?"

"Village of Pleasantdale, this county," shortly.

"Who are her people?"

"She's got a mother and that's all, far as I know."

"What asylum are you taking her to?"

"No asylum. We're taking her to Doctor Shorter's Sanitarium back of Peekskill two miles—Dr. Clement Shorter, specialist in nervous disorders—he's the head."

"It is a private place then and not a state asylum?"

"You said it."

"You are connected with this Doctor Shorter's place, I assume?"

"Yep."

"In what capacity?"

"Oh, sort of an outside man—look after the grounds and help out generally with the patients and all. And now, say, lady, if that'll satisfy you I guess I better be steppin' along. I got to see about gettin' this here patient and the matron off the train; that's the matron that's settin' with her."

"Just a moment more, please."

She felt in a fob set under the cuff of her left sleeve and brought forth a small gold badge and held it cupped in her gloved hand for him to see. As he bent his head and made out the meaning of the badge the gruff air dropped from him magically.

"Oh, I see!" he said. "Secret Service, eh? All right, ma'am, what more did you want to know? Only I'd ask you speak brisk because there ain't so much time."

"Tell me briefly what you know of that child."

"Not such a lot, excepting she's a dangerous lunatic, having been legally adjudged so yestiddy. And her mother's paying for her keep at a high-class place where she can have special treatment and special care instead of letting her be put away in one of the state asylums. And so I'm taking her there—me and the matron yonder. That's about all, I guess."

"I don't believe it."

"You don't believe what?"

He was beginning to bristle anew.

"Don't believe she is insane at all, much less dangerously so. Why, I've just been talking with her. We exchanged only a few words, but in all that she said she was so perfectly rational, so perfectly sensible. Besides one has only to look at her to feel sure some terrible mistake or some terrible injustice is being done. Surely there is nothing eccentric, nothing erratic about her; now is there? You must have been studying her. Don't you yourself feel that there might have been something wrong about her commitment?"

He shook his head.

"Not a chancet. Everything's been positively regular and aboveboard. You can't railroad folks into Doctor Shorter's place; he's got too high a standing. Shorter takes no chances with anybody."

"But she seemed so absolutely normal in speech, manner—everything. I've seen insane persons before now and ——"

"Excuse me, but about how many have you seen?"

"Not many, I admit, but ——"

"Well, excuse me again, lady, but I thought as much. Well, I have—plenty of 'em I've seen in my time. See 'em every day for the matter of that. Listen to me! For instance, now, we've got a case up there with us now. He's been there goin' on fifteen years; used to be a preacher, highly educated and all that. Look at him and you wouldn't see a thing out of the way with him except that he'd be wearing a strait-jacket. Talk to him for maybe a week and you wouldn't notice a single thing wrong about him. He'd just strike you all along as being one of the nicest, mildest, old Christian gents you ever met up with in your whole life. But get him on a certain subject; just mention a certain word to him and he'd tear your throat out with his bare hands if he could get at you."

"But this poor girl, surely her case is different? Was it really necessary to bind her hands as you've done?"

"Lady, about these here violent ones you can't never tell. Me, I never saw her in my life before I went down after her this morning, and up to now she hasn't made me a mite of trouble. But I had my warning from them that turned her over to me. Anyhow, all I needed was the story of her own mother, as fine a lady as you'd care to see and just about broken-hearted over all this. You'd think from the way she carried on she was the one that was being put away and not the daughter. And yet, what did the mother swear to on her sacred oath? She swore to the daughter's having tried, not once but half a dozen separate times to kill her, till she was afraid for her own life—positively!

"Besides, lady, it's been my experience, and I've had a heap of it, that it's the quiet-acting ones that are apt to strike the quickest and do the most damage when the fit comes on 'em. So taking everything into consideration, I felt like as if I oughter be purty careful handling her on this trip. But she's all right. Probably nobody on this train, outside of you, knows there's anything wrong with her and it was accidental-like, so you tell me, the way you come to find out—you taking that seat alongside her and getting into talk with her whilst I was in yonder smoking. It's better she should be under control thataway than that she should maybe get a spell on her right here in this car or somewheres and me be forced to hold her down by main strength and possibly have to handle her pretty rough. I put it to you now, ain't it? The way she's fixed she can't harm herself nor no one else. You take it from me, lady, that while I've been in this business for so long I don't always get my private feelings harrowed up over the case of a nice-looking young girl like this one is, like an outsider might, still at that I ain't hard-hearted and I ain't aiming to be severe just because I can. But what else is there for me to do except what I'm doing? I ask you. Say, it's funny she talked to you. She ain't said hardly a word to us since she started. Didn't even say nothing when I put the hobbles on her."

"I'm not questioning your judgment," said Miss Smith, "but she is so pitiable! She seemed to me like some dumb, frightened, wild creature caught in a trap. And despite what you say I'm sure she can't be mad. Please, may I speak with her again—if she herself doesn't mind?"

"I'm afeared it's too late," he said not unkindly. "We're slowing down for Peekskill now. I'll have to step lively as it is to get 'em off shipshape. But if you've still got any doubts left in your mind you can look up the court records at White Plains. You'll find everything's been done positively legal and regular. And if you should want to reach me any time to find out how she's getting along or anything like that, why my name is Abram Foley, care of Doctor Shorter."

He cast this farewell information back over his shoulder as he hurried from her.

Half convinced yet doubting stil
filled wholly with an overmastering
Miss Smith stood where she was wh
train jerkily came to a standstill.
she stayed, watching, as the trio q
the car. Past her where she stood th
Foley led the way, burdened wit
heavy suitcase. Next came his c
walking steadily erect, mercifully cl
to her knees in the blue garment; a
matron, in turn behind her, bearing a
bag and an odd parcel or two. Abo
departing group a casual onlooker
have sensed nothing unusual. Bu
Miss Smith, knowing what she did
held a clenched hand to the lump tha
formed in her throat. She was minc
speak in farewell to the prisoner, and
second impulse held her mute.

She fell in behind the three of
though, following as far as the plat
being minded to witness the last visib
of the tragedy upon which she had
bled. Her eyes and her heart went
them as they crossed through the
shed of the station, the man still le
the matron with one hand guiding
unresisting ward toward where a
automobile, a sort of hybrid betw
town car and an ambulance, was dra
on the driveway just beyond the ea
the building. A driver in a gray
opened the door of the car for its occu

Alongside the automobile the girl s
herself round, her head thrown back
felon might face about at the gatew
his prison—for a last view of the free
he was leaving behind. Seemingly the
lant woman misinterpreted this move
as the first indication of a spirit of kin
obstinacy. Alarmed, she caught at th
to restrain her. Her grasp closed upo
shoulder of the cape and as the wre
garment came away in her hand the
oner stood revealed in her bonds—a
graceful figure, for all the disfigureme
the clumsy harness work which fet
her.

An instant later the cape had bee
placed upon her shoulders, hiding her
from curious eyes, but in that same
space of time she must have seen le
from the train, which now again w
motion, the shape of her unknown c
pion, for she nodded her head as thou
gratitude and good-by and her white
suddenly was lighted with what the
senger upon the car platform, seeing
through a sudden mist of tears, thoug
be the bravest, most pitiable smile
ever she had seen.

The train doubled round an al
curve, in the sharpness of its swing al
throwing her off her feet, and when sh
regained her balance and looked agai
station was furlongs behind her, hi
from sight by intervening buildings.

It was that smile of farewell which
as a flux to carry into the recipient's
a resolution already forming. Into t
her emotions were likely to lead her
long and impetuously, but for a way o
them this somewhat unusual young wo
named Smith generally had for her gu
certain clear quality of reasoning, ba
by an intuition which helped her
quently to achieve satisfactory results
it was with her in this instance.

Her share of the business in Troy
pleted, as speedily it was, she staye
Albany for half a day on her way back
called upon the governor. At first sig
liked her, for her good looks, for her
ness, her directness and more than ar
these for the excellent mental poise w
so patently was a part of it. The outc
of her visit to him and his enthusiasti
miration for her was that the dis
attorney of Westchester County sh
thereafter instituted an investigation,
chief fruitage of that investigation b
embodied in a somewhat longish l
from him, which Miss Smith read in
studio apartment one afternoon per
three weeks after the date of her mee
on trainboard with that adjudged ma
the girl Margaret Vinsolving.

To the letter was a polite preamble.
skipped it. We may do well to follow
lead and come to the body of it, which
like this:

"Mrs. Janet Vinsolving is the widow
colonel in our Regular Army. My in
mation is that she is a woman of cul

(Continued on Page 123)

(Continued from Page 120)

refinement. Since the death of her band some eight years ago she has been ding in a small home which she owns in outskirts of Pleasantdale village in this nty. From the fact that she keeps no rants and from other facts brought to I gather that she is in very modest cir- nstances. She has been living quite he except for the daughter, Margaret, is her only child. The daughter was cated in the public schools of the nty. Lately she has been studying ap- d designing with a view to becoming an rior decorator."

Ah, now I know another reason why I drawn to her!" interpolated the reader, aking to herself. With heightened in- st she read on:

On inquiry it appears that among her ner schoolmates and teachers she was ular, though not inclined to make inti- es. She is reputed to have been rather n-tempered, but seemingly throughout childhood and young girlhood there was hing about her conduct or appearance indicate a disordered mind. Indeed e was no suggestion of mental aberra- on her part from any source until in the past month. However, I should that it is rather hard to arrive at any rate estimate of her general behavior reason of the fact that mother and ghter led so secluded a life. They had uaintances in the community, but ap- ently no close friends there or elsewhere.

About four weeks ago, on the twenty- ith of last month to be exact, the her, described to me as being in a state reat distress, visited Justice Cannavan, n sitting in chambers at White Plains, asking for a private interview with i., requested an inquiry into the sanity of girl Margaret, with a view, as she ex- ned, of protecting her own life. Her ghter, she alleged, had without warning eloped a homicidal tendency aimed at applicant.

According to Mrs. Vinsolving, the girl, always theretofore had been a devoted affectionate child, had made at least separate and distinct attempts to kill first by putting poison into her food later by attempting to strangle her at ht in her bed. Next only to a natural re to have her own physical safety in- ed, the mother was apparently inspired a wish to surround the truth regarding beloved child's aberration with as h secrecy as possible. At the same e she realized that a certain amount of licity was inevitable.

Acting under the statutes, the justice ointed two reputable practicing physi- ns of the county, namely Dr. Ernest lt, of Wincorah, and Dr. James P. Mc- re, of Pleasantdale, to sit as a commis- n for the purpose of inquiring into Miss solving's mental state. The mother, exhibiting every evidence of maternal f, appeared before these gentlemen and ated in detail the account of the at- s made upon her, as previously de- bed to His Honor.

The girl was then brought before the mission. It was explained to her that er the law she had the right to demand aring in open court before a jury chosen oass upon her sanity. This she waived, from this point on throughout the in- y she steadfastly declined to make an- rs to the questions propounded to her the members of the commission in an rt to ascertain her mental status, but on the contrary persistently maintained a silence which they interpreted as a phase of insane cunning characteristic of a type of abnormality not often encountered, but in their opinion the more sinister and significant because of its rarity.

"They accordingly drew up a finding setting forth that in their opinion and deliberate judgment the unfortunate young woman was suffering from a progressive and therefore probably incurable form of dementia. The justice immediately signed the necessary orders for her detention and commitment. To save the daughter from being sent to a state institution the mother provided funds sufficient for her care at Doctor Shorter's sanitarium, an establishment of unimpeachable reputation, and she accordingly was taken there in proper custody, as you yourself are aware.

"My information from the sanitarium, which I procured in response to your request, and the governor's instructions to me for a full inquiry into all the circumstances is that since her confinement Miss Vinsolving has been under constant observation. She has been orderly and obedient and except for slightly melancholic tendencies, which might easily be provoked by the nature of her environment, is quite natural in her behavior. I draw the inference, however, that this docility may be merely the forerunner of an outburst at any time.

"Altogether my investigation convinces me that no miscarriage of the law could possibly have occurred in this instance. There is certainly no ground for suspecting that the mother had any ulterior or improper motive in seeking to have her daughter and sole companion deprived of liberty. Neither the mother nor any other person alive can hope to profit in a financial sense by reason of the girl's temporary or permanent detention.

"The girl herself is without means of her own. The mother for her maintenance is largely dependent upon the pension she receives from the United States Government. The girl had no income or estate of her own and no expectancy of any inheritance from any imaginable source other than the small estate she will legally inherit at the death of her mother. Finally I may add that nowhere in the case has there developed any suggestion of a scandal in the life of mother or daughter or of any clandestine love affair on the part of either.

"These briefly are the available facts as compiled by a trustworthy member of my staff, Assistant District Attorney Horace Wilkes, to whom I detailed the duty of making a painstaking inquiry. If I may hereafter be of service to you in this matter or any other matter, kindly command me. I have the honor to be,

"Yours etc., etc."

With a little gesture of despairful resignation Miss Smith laid the letter down. Well, there was nothing more she could do; nothing more to be done. She had come to a blind end. The proof was conclusive of the worst. But in her thoughts, waking and sleeping, persisted the image of that gallant, pathetic little figure which she had seen last at the Peekskill station, bound, helpless, alone and all so courageously facing what to most of us would be worse than death itself. Awake or in sleep she could not get it out of her mind.

At length one night following on a day which for the greater part she had spent in a study of the somewhat curious laws that in New York State—as well as in divers other states of the Union—govern the procedure touching certain classes coming within purview of the code, she awoke in the little hours preceding the dawn to find herself saying aloud: "There's something wrong—there must be—there has to be!"

Until daylight and after she lay there planning a course of action until finally she had it completed. True, it was a grasping at feeble straws, but even so she meant to follow along the only course which seemed open to her.

First she did some long-distance telephoning. Then immediately after breakfast she sent to the garage round the corner for her runabout and in it she rode up through the city and on into Westchester, now beginning to flaunt the circus colors of a gorgeous Indian summer. An hour and a half of steady driving brought her to the village of Pleasantdale. She found it a place well named, seeing that it was tucked down in a cove among the hills between the Hudson on the one side and the Sound on the other.

Following the directions given her by a lone policeman on duty in the tiny public square, she ran two blocks along the main street and drew up where a window sign giving name and hours advertised that James P. McGlore, M. D., here professionally received patients in his office on the lower floor of his place of residence. A maidservant answered the caller's knock, and showing her into a chamber furnished like a parlor which had started out to be a reception room and then had tried—too late—to change back again into a parlor, bade her wait. She did not have long to wait. Almost immediately an inner door opened and in the opening appeared the short and blocky figure of a somewhat elderly, old-fashioned-looking man with a square homely face—a face which instantly she classified as belonging to a rather stupid, very dogmatic and utterly honest man. He had outjutting, belligerent eyebrows and a stubborn underjaw that was badly undershot. He spoke as he entered and his tone was noticeably not cordial.

"The girl tells me your name is Smith. I suppose from that you're the young person that the district attorney telephoned me about an hour or so ago. Well, how can I serve you?"

"Perhaps, doctor, the district attorney told you I had interested myself in the case of the Vinsolving girl—Margaret Vinsolving," she began. "I had intended to call also upon your associate, Doctor Malt, over at Wincorah, but I learn he is away."

"Yes, yes," he said with a sort of hurried petulance. "Know all about that. Malt's like a lot of these young new physicians—always running off on vacations. Mustn't hold me responsible for his absences. Got no time to think about the other fellow. Own affairs are enough—keep me busy. Well, go on, why don't you? You were speaking of the Vinsolving girl. Well, what of her?"

"I was saying that I had interested myself in her case and ——"

He snapped in: "One moment. Let's get this all straightened out before we start. May I inquire if you are closely related to the young person in question?"

"I am not. I never saw her but once."

"Are you by any chance a close friend of the young woman?"

He towered over her, for she was seated and he had not offered to sit down. Indeed throughout the interview he remained standing.

Looking up at him, where he glowered above her, she answered back promptly:

"As I was saying, I never saw her but once—that was on the day she was carried away to be placed in confinement. So I cannot call myself her friend exactly, though I would like to be her friend. It was because of the sympathy which her position—and I might add, her personality—roused in me that I have taken the liberty of coming here to see you about her."

Under his breath he growled and grunted and puffed certain sounds. She caught the purport of at least two of the words.

"Pardon me, doctor," she said briskly, "but I am not an amateur philanthropist. I trust I'm not an amateur anything. I am a business woman earning my own living by my own labors and I pay taxes and for the past year or so I have been a citizen and a voter. Please do not regard me merely as an officious meddler—a busybody with nothing to do except to mind other people's affairs. It was quite by chance that I came upon this poor child and learned something of her unhappy state."

The choleric brows went up like twin stress marks accenting unspoken skepticism.

"A child—of twenty-four?" he commented ironically.

"A child, measured by my age or yours. As I told you, I met her quite accidentally. She appealed to me so—such a plucky, helpless, friendless little thing she seemed with those hideous leather hobbles binding her."

"Do you mean to imply that she was being mistreated by those who had her in charge?"

"No, her escorts—or attendants or warders or guards or whatever one might call them—seemed kindly enough, according to their lights. But she was so quiet, so passive that I ——"

"Well, would you expect anyone who felt a proper sense of responsibility to suffer dangerous maniacs to run at large without restraint or control of any sort upon their limbs and their actions?"

"But, doctor, that is just the point—are you so entirely sure that she is a dangerous maniac? That is what I want to ask you—whether there isn't a possibility, however remote, that a mistake may conceivably have been made? Please don't misunderstand me," she interjected quickly, seeing how he—already stiff and bristly—had at her words stiffened and bristled still more. "I do not mean to intimate that anything unethical has been done. In fact I am quite sure that everything has been quite ethical. And I am not questioning your professional standing or decrying your abilities.

"But as I understand it, neither you nor Doctor Malt is avowedly an alienist. I assume that neither of you has ever specialized in nervous or mental disorders. Such being the case, don't you agree with me—this idea has just occurred to me—that if an alienist, a man especially versed in these things rather than a general practitioner, however experienced and competent, were called in even now ——"

"And you just said you were not reflecting upon my professional abilities!"

His tone was heavily sarcastic.

"Of course I am not! I beg your pardon if my poor choice of language has conveyed any such impression. What I am trying to get at, doctor, in my inexpert way, is that I talked with this girl, and while I exchanged only a few words with her nevertheless what she said—yes, and her bearing as well,

She Rode Through the City and on Into Westchester, Now Beginning to Flaunt the Circus Colors of a Gorgeous Indian Summer

her look, everything about her—impressed me as being entirely rational."

He fixed her with a hostile glare and at her he aimed a blunt gimlet of a forefinger.

"Are you quite sure you are entirely sane yourself?"

"I trust I am fairly normal."

"Got any little funny quirks in your brain? Any little temperamental crotchets in which you differ from the run of people round you? Think now!"

"Well," she confessed, "I don't like cats—I hate cats. And I don't like figured wall paper. And I don't like ——"

"That will be sufficient. Take the first point: You hate cats. On that count alone any confirmed cat lover would regard you as being as crazy as a March hare. But until you start going round trying to kill other people's cats or trying to kill other people who own cats there's probably no danger that anyone will prefer charges of lunacy against you and have you locked up."

She smiled a little in spite of her earnestness.

"Perhaps it is symptomatic of a lesion in my brain that I should be concerning myself in the case of a strange girl whom I have seen but once—is that also in your thoughts, Doctor McGlore?"

"We'll waive that," he said. "For the sake of argument we'll concede that your indicative peculiarities assume a harmless phase at present. But this Vinsolving girl's case is different—hers were not harmless. Her acts were amply conclusive to establish proof of her mental condition."

"From the district attorney's statement to me I rather got the impression that she did not indulge in any abnormal conduct while before you for examination."

"Did he tell you of her blank refusal to answer the simplest of the questions my associate and I put to her?"

"Doctor," she countered, seeking to woo him into a better humor, "would you construe silence on a woman's part as necessarily a mark of insanity? It is a rare thing, I concede. But might it not sometimes be an admirable thing as well?"

But this gruff old man was not to be cajoled into pleasanter channels than the course his mood steered for him.

"We'll waive that too. Anyhow, the mother's evidence was enough."

"But was there anything else other than the mother's unsupported story for you to go on and be guided by?"

"What else was needed?" he retorted angrily. "What motive could the mother have except the motives that were prompted by mother love? That was a devoted, desolated woman if ever I saw one. Look here! A daughter without cause suddenly turns upon her mother and tries to kill her. Well, then, either she's turned criminal or she has gone crazy!

"But why should I go on debating with you a matter which you don't know anything about in the first place and in which you have no call to interfere in the second place?

"I don't want to be sharp with you, young woman, but that's the plain fact. The duty which I undertook under the law and as a reputable physician was not a pleasant one, and it becomes all the less pleasant when an unqualified layman—laywoman if you prefer to phrase it that way—cross-examines me on my judgment."

"Doctor, let me repeat again I have not sought to cross-question you or belittle your knowledge. But you speak of the law. Do you not think it a monstrous thing that two men, even though they be of high standing in their profession as general practitioners, but without special acquaintance with mental derangements—I am not speaking of this particular case now but of hundreds of other cases—do you not think it a wrong thing that two such persons may pass upon a third person's sanity and upon the uncorroborated testimony of some fourth person recommend the confinement of the accused third person in an asylum for the insane?"

"I suppose you know a person so complained of—or accused, as you put it—has the right to a jury trial in open court. This girl that you're so worked up about had that right. She waived it."

"But is a presumably demented person a fit judge of his or her own best course of conduct? In your opinion shouldn't there be other safeguards in their interests to insure against what conceivably might be a terrible error or a terrible injustice?"

He didn't exactly sneer, but he indulged himself in the first cousin of a sneer.

"You've evidently been fortifying yourself to give me a battle—reading up on the subject, eh?"

"I've been reading up on the subject—not, though, for the purpose of entering into a joint debate on the subject with anyone. But, doctor, I have read enough to startle me. I never knew before there were such laws on the statute books. And I have learned about another case, the case of that rich man—a multimillionaire the papers called him, which means I suppose that at least he was well-to-do. You remember about him, I am sure? A commission declared him of unsound mind. He got away to another state where the legal processes of this state could not reach him. The courts of that other state declared him mentally competent and capable of managing his own affairs—and for a period of years he did manage them. Here the other month, under a pledge of safe conduct, he returned to New York on legal business and while he was here he carried his cause to a higher court and that court ruled him to be sane and entitled to his complete freedom of body and action. But for years he had been a pseudofugitive in enforced exile and for years he had carried the stigma of having been adjudged insane. This thing happened, incredible as it sounds. It might happen again to-day or to-morrow. It ——"

"Excuse me for interrupting your flow of eloquence," he said with a labored politeness, "but I thought you came here to discuss the case of a girl named Vinsolving, not the case of a man I never heard of before. Now, at least I'm not going to discuss generalities with you and I'm not going to sit here and join with you in questioning the workings of the law either. The laws are good enough for me as they stand. I'm a law-abiding citizen, not one of these red-eyed socialistic Bolsheviks that are forever trying to tear down things. I believe in taking the laws as I find them. Let well enough alone—that's my motto, young woman. And there are a whole lot more like me in this country."

"Pardon me for breaking in on you, sir," she said, fighting hard to keep her temper, "but neither am I either a socialist or a Bolshevik."

"Then I reckon probably you're one of these rampant suffragists. Anyhow, what's the use of discussing abstracts? If you don't like the law why don't you have it changed?"

"That's one of the very things I hope before long to try to do," she replied.

"It'll keep you pretty busy," he responded with a sniff of profound disapproval. "But then you seem to have a lot of spare time on your hands to spend in crusading round. Well, I haven't. I've got my patients to see to. One of 'em is waiting for me now—if you'll kindly excuse me?"

She rose.

"I'm sorry," she said sincerely, "if either my mission or my language has irritated you. I seem somehow to have defeated the purpose that brought me—I mean a faint hope that perhaps somehow I might help that girl. Something tells me—call it intuition or sentimentality or what you will—but something tells me I must keep on trying to help her. I only wish I could make you share my point of view."

"Well, you can't. Say, see here, why don't you go to see the mother? I judge she might convince you that you are on the wrong tack, even if I can't."

"That's exactly what I mean to do," she declared.

Something inside her brain gave a little jump. It was curious that she had not thought of it before; even more curious that his labored sarcasms had been required to set her on this new trail.

"Well, at that, you'd better think twice before you go," he retorted. "She was a mighty badly broken-up woman the last time I saw her, but even so I judge she's still got spunk enough left in her to resent having an unauthorized and uninvited stranger coming about, seeking to pry into her own private sorrow. But it's your affair, not mine. Besides, judging by everything, you probably don't think my advice is worth much anyhow."

"Oh, yes, but I do—I do indeed! And I thank you for it."

"Don't mention it! And good day!"

The slamming of the inner door behind him made an appropriate exclamation point to punctuate the brevity of his offended and indignant departure. For a moment she felt like laughing outright. Then she felt like crying. Then she did neither. She left.

"Poor, old opinionated, stupid old, conscientious old thing!" she was saying to herself as she let herself, unattended, out of the front door. "And yet I'll wager he would sit up all night and work his fingers to the bone trying to save a life. And when it comes to serving poor people without expecting payment or even asking for it, I know he is a perfect dear. Besides, I should be grateful to him—he gave me an idea. I don't know where he got it from either—I don't believe he ever had so very many of his own."

Again the handy cop in the communal center set her upon her way. But when she came to the destination she sought—a small, rather shabby cottage standing a mile or so westward from the middle of things communal, out in the fringes of the village where outlying homesteads tailed away into avowed farmsteads—the house itself was closed up fast and tight. The shutters all were closely drawn and against the gatepost was fastened a newly painted sign reading: "For Sale or Rent. Apply to Searle, the Up-to-Date Real Estate Man, Next Door to Pythian Hall."

Not quite sure she had stopped at the right place, Miss Smith hailed a man puttering in a chrysanthemum bed in the yard of the adjoining cottage.

"Mrs. Vinsolving?" he said, lifting a tousled head above his palings. "Yessum, she lives there—leastwise she did. She moved away only the day before yesterday. Sort of sudden, I think it must have been. I didn't know she was going till she was gone." He grinned in extenuation of the unaccountable failure of a small-town man to acquaint himself with all available facts regarding a neighbor's private affairs. "But then she never wasn't much of a hand, Mrs. Vinsolving wasn't, for mixing with folks. I'll say she wasn't!"

Back she turned to seek out Searle, he of up-to-date real estate. In a dingy office upstairs over the local harness store a lean and rangy gentleman raised a brindled beard above a roll-top desk and in answer to her first question crisply remarked, "Can't tell."

"But surely if she put her property in your hands for disposal she must have given you some address where you might communicate with her?" pressed Miss Smith.

"Oh, yes, she done that all right, but that ain't the question you ast me first. You ast me if I could tell you where she was—and that I can't do."

"I see. Then I presume she left instructions with you not to give her present whereabouts to anyone?"

"Well, you might figger it out that way and mebbe not so far wrong," said the cryptic Mr. Searle. "But if you think you'd like to buy or rent her place I'm fully empowered to act. Got the keys right here and a car standing outside—take you right on out there in a jiffy if you say the word."

He rose up and followed her halfway down the steps, plainly torn between a desire to make a commission and a regret that under orders from his client he could furnish no details regarding her late movements.

"If you're interested in any other piece of property in this vicinity ——" were the last words she heard floating down the stair well as she passed out upon the uneven sidewalk.

She knew exactly what she meant to do next. At sight of her badge, as shown to him through his wicketed window marked "General Delivery," the village postmaster gave her a number on a side street well uptown in New York, adding: "Going away, Mrs. Vinsolving particularly asked me not to tell anybody where her mail was to be sent on to. Kind of a secretive woman anyhow, she was, and besides she's had some very pressing trouble come on her lately. I presume you've heard something about that matter?"

She nodded.

"I suppose now," went on the postmaster, his features sharpening with curiosity, "that the Federal authorities ain't looking into that particular matter? Not that I care to know myself, but I just thought it wouldn't be any harm to ask."

"No," said Miss Smith, "I merely wanted to see her on a personal matter and I only let you see my credential in order to learn her forwarding address."

Provided with the requisite information, she figured that before night she would interview the widow or know good reasons why. That the other woman had qui her home seemingly in a hurry and t efforts at secrecy gave zest to the quest added a trace of bepuzzlement to it Even so, she did not herself know what meant to say to the woman when she found her in her present abiding plac what questions she would ask. Only knew that an inner prompting stro than any reasoned-out process drove forward upon her vague and blinded sion. Fool's errand it might be—prob was—yet she meant to see it through.

But she had not reckoned upon the tingency that on this fine October foren for the first time since buying his new t ing car, Mr. Moe Goebel, shirt-waist m facturer in a small way in Broome St and head of a family in a large way in One Hundred and Ninety-ninth St would be undertaking to drive the said unaided and untutored by a more ex enced charioteer on a trial spin up Albany Post Road, accompanied—it merely a five-passenger car—only by Rosa Goebel, wife of the above, six Goebels of assorted sizes and ages Mrs. Goebel's unmated sister, Miss F Hirschfeld of Rivington Street. In G Square, Yonkers, about noontime occu a head-on collision, the subsequent upsh of which were variously that divers those figuring in the accident went in following directions:

Miss Smith to a doctor's office near b have a sprained wrist bandaged; and th home in a hired automobile.

Her runabout to a Yonkers repair s and garage.

Mr. Goebel, with lamentations, to office of an attorney making a specialt handling damage suits, thence home train with the seven members of his fa party, all uninjured as to their limbs members but in a highly distracted s nervously.

Mr. Goebel's car to another repair s and garage.

The traffic policeman on duty in G Square to the station house to make a port of the fifth smash-up personally cered by him within eight hours—o Sunday his casualty list would have b longer, but this was a week day, w pleasure travel was less fraught with h way perilousness.

It so happened that Mullinix cam town from Washington next morning following his custom, rang up his unpaid none the less valued aid to inquire whe he might come a-calling. No, he m not, Miss Smith being confined to room with cold compresses on her inj wrist, but he might render a service for if so minded—and he was. To him, t over the wire Miss Smith stated her quirements.

"I want you please to go to this dress"—giving it—"and see whether find there a Mrs. Janet Vinsolving, a wi I rather imagine the place may be a bo ing house, though I won't be sure a that. It will not be necessary for yo see her in person; in fact I'd rather yo not. What I want you to do is to l whether she is still there, and if so how she expects to stay there, and gene anything you can about her moveme She went there only three days ago an asmuch as she has a reputation in former town for keeping very much to self this may be a more difficult job tha sounds. But do the best you can, w you, and then notify me of the result telephone? No, it is a personal affa nothing to do with any of our official un takings. I'll tell you more about it wh see you. I expect I shall be able to rec visitors in a day or two; just now I fe bit shaken up and unstrung. That's and thank you ever so much."

Within an hour he had her on the phone again.

"Hello!" she said. "Yes, this is Smith. Oh, it's you, is it? Well, luck? . . . Oh, so it was a boarding ho after all. . . . And you found her th . . . No? Then where is she? . What? Where did you say? Bellevue! I knew it, I knew it, something told . . . No, no, never mind my ravings! on, please, go on! . . . Yes, all right. then, listen please: You jump in a taxi get here to my apartments as soon as can. I'll be dressed and ready when arrive to go over there with you. . What? . . . Oh, bother the doc

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(Concluded from Page 124)

structions. It's only a sprain anyhow and I
ll perfectly fit by now, honestly I do. . . .
ll you I'd get up out of my dying bed to
. . . . Yes, indeed, it is important—
rich more important than you think!
me on for me, I'll be waiting."

When fifteen minutes later the perplexed
Sullinix halted a taxi at the Deansworth
Sidio Building she was at the curbing, her
lt arm in a sling and her eyes ablaze with
rely controlled emotions. Before he
uld move to get out and help her in she
s already in.

"Bellevue Hospital, psychopathic ward,"
told the driver as she climbed nimbly
ide.

As the taxi started she turned to Mulli-
x, demanding: "Now tell it to me all over
ain. When you are through, then I'll ex-
in to you why I am so interested."

"Well," he said," "there isn't so very
ich to tell. The address you gave me
ned out to be a boarding house just as
u suspected it might—a second-rate
ce but apparently highly respectable,
ot by a Mrs. Sheehan. It's been under
e same management at the same place
a good many years. It wasn't very
ich trouble for me to find out what you
nted to know, because the whole place
s in turmoil after what had happened
st an hour or so before I got there. And
en it developed that I had come to in-
ire about the cause of all the excitement
ery old-lady boarder in the house wanted
tell me about it all at the same time.

"It seems that three days ago this Mrs.
nsolving applied at the place for room
d board. Mrs. Sheehan vaguely remem-
red her as having been her guest for a
ort time ten or twelve years ago. At
at time she was with her husband, Colo-
l Vinsolving, who it appears has since
d, and a daughter about ten years or
elve years of age—a little girl with red
ir, as Mrs. Sheehan recalls. This time,
ough, she came alone, carrying only hand
ggage. Except that she seemed to be
rvous and rather harassed and unhappy
oking, there was nothing noticeably un-
ual about her. Mrs. Sheehan took her in
llingly enough.

"She went straight to her room on the
rd floor and stayed there, having her
als brought up to her. But this morning
rly she went to the landlady and begged
protection, saying she was in fear of her
e. Mrs. Sheehan very naturally inquired
know what was up—and then Mrs. Vin-
ving told her this story:

"She said she had discovered a con-
iracy to murder her, headed by—guess
no? The late Kaiser, no less! She said
at the Kaiser in disguise had escaped
m Holland, leaving behind him in his
ent place of exile over there a double
de up to look like him, and was now in
ling in this country for the sole purpose
having Mrs. Vinsolving assassinated in
venge, because her late husband, while an
icer in the Army, had perfected a poison
s deadlier than any other known, which,
ing kept a secret by this Government
d used against the German army in the
r, had brought about the victory for our
le and led to the overthrow of the Kaiser's
tfit.

"She went on to say she had run away
m some suburban town or other to hide
New York and that was why she had
ken refuge at Mrs. Sheehan's, thinking
e would be in safety. But now she knew
e plotters had tracked her, because she
d just detected that the maid who had
en bringing up her meals to her was really
German agent, and acting under orders from the Kaiser had put poison into her food. All of which naturally surprised Mrs. Sheehan considerably, especially as the accused servant happened to be a perfectly reliable Finnish girl who has been working for Mrs. Sheehan for five years and who had two brothers in the Seventy-seventh Division overseas.

"It didn't take Mrs. Sheehan two minutes—she being a pretty level-headed person evidently—to see what ailed her new boarder. She managed to get Mrs. Vinsolving quieted down and get her back again into her room, and then she called in the policeman on the post and inside of an hour the woman had been smuggled out of the house and was on her way to Bellevue in an ambulance with a doctor and a policeman guarding her. But by that time, of course, the news had leaked out among the other boarders and the whole place was beginning to stew with excitement. It was still stewing when I got there.

"Well, as soon as you told me over the telephone that you were bent and determined on going to Bellevue, though I do not see why you should be in such a hurry about it and taking chances on setting up an inflammation in your injured arm, because even though you do know the poor crazed creature you can't be of any help ——"

"I don't know her. I never saw her in my life."

"Then why ——"

"That part can wait. I'll explain later. You were saying that as soon as you talked with me over the telephone you did something. What was it?"

"Oh, yes, I called up Doctor Steele, chief surgeon in the psychopathic ward, who happens to be a friend of mine and one of us besides"—he tapped the badge he wore under his coat lapel—"and told him I was bringing you down to see this woman, and he volunteered some information of the case in advance of your coming. I've forgotten just what he called the form of insanity which has seized her—it's a jawbreaking Latin name—but anyhow, he said his preliminary diagnosis convinced him that it must have been coming on her for some time; that it was marked by delusions of persecution and by an exaggerated ego, causing its victims to imagine themselves the objects of plots engineered by the most distinguished personages, such as rulers and high dignitaries; and that while in this state a man or a woman suffering from this particular brand of lunacy was apt to shift his or her suspicion from one person to another—first perhaps accusing some perfectly harmless and well-meaning individual, who might be a relative or a near friend, and then nearly always progressing to the point in his or her madness where the charge was directed against some famous character."

"Did you hear anywhere any mention made of a daughter—the red-haired child of twelve years ago?" inquired Miss Smith.

"To be sure I did, but I'd forgotten about her," said Mullinix. "Mrs. Sheehan told me that somewhere in her excited narrative Mrs. Vinsolving did say something about the daughter. As nearly as I can recall, she told Mrs. Sheehan that five or six weeks ago, or some such matter, her daughter had tried to kill her and that she thought then the daughter had gone mad, but that now she knew the girl had joined the Kaiser's gang for pay. I made a mental note of this part of the rigmarole at the time Mrs. Sheehan was repeating it to me, and then it slipped my mind. But now putting that yarn alongside of what Doctor Steele tells me about the symptoms of the disease, I see the connection—first the daughter, then the strange servant girl and finally the Kaiser. But say, I wonder why the daughter hasn't been keeping some sort of a guard over the poor demented creature? What can she have been thinking about herself to let her mother go running footloose round the country, nursing these changing delusions?"

"She couldn't very well help herself," put in Miss Smith. "The daughter is in an asylum—put there five weeks ago on the mother's complaint."

"But heavens alive, how could that have happened?"

"Very easily—under the laws of this state," she answered grimly. Then speaking more quickly: "I've changed my mind about going to Bellevue with you. Please tell the driver to take me to the Grand Central Station. I don't know what train I'm going to catch, except that it's the next one leaving on the Hudson River Division for up state. You go on then, please, to the hospital and find out all you can about this case and call me on the long-distance tonight—no, that won't do either. I don't know where I'll be. I may be in Peekskill or in Albany—I can't say which. I tell you—I'll call you at eight o'clock; that will be better.

"No, no!" she went on impetuously, reading on his face the protest he meant to utter. "My wrist is well bandaged and giving me no pain. I'm thinking now of what a poor brave girl had on both her wrists when last I saw her and of what she must have been enduring since then. I'll explain the biggest chapter of the story to you on the way over before you drop me at the station."

At the Grand Central she left behind a thoroughly astonished gentleman. He was clear on some points which had been puzzling him from time to time during this exceedingly busy morning, but still much mystified to make out the meaning of Miss Smith's farewell remark as he put her aboard her train.

"I only wish one thing," she had said. "I only wish I might take the time to stop at the village of Pleasantdale and break the news to a certain Doctor McGlore who lives there. I trust I am not unduly cattish, but I dearly would love to watch the expression on his face when he heard it. I think I'd do it, too, if I were not starting on the most imperative errand that ever called me in my life."

A week later, to the day, two expected visitors were ushered into the private chamber of the governor at Albany—one of them a small, exceedingly well-groomed and good-looking woman in her thirties, and one a slender pretty girl with big brown eyes and wonderful auburn hair. We know them both—one fairly well, the other slightly.

"Governor," said Miss Smith, "I want the pleasure of introducing to you the gamest girl in the whole world—Margaret Vinsolving."

He took the firm young hand she offered him. "Miss Vinsolving," he said, "in the name of the State of New York and on behalf of it I ask your forgiveness for the great and cruel wrong which unintentionally was done to you."

"And I want to thank you for what you have done for me, sir," she answered him simply.

"Don't thank me," he said. "You know the one to thank. If I had not set the machinery of my office in motion on your behalf within five minutes after your benefactress here reached me the other day I should have deserved impeachment. But I should never have lived to face impeachment. I'm sure the slightest sign of hesitation on my part would have been the signal for your advocate to brain me with my own inkstand." His face sobered. "But, my child, for my own information there are some things I want cleared up. Why in the face of the monstrous charges laid against you did you keep silent—that is one of the things I want to know?"

Before answering, the girl glanced inquiringly at her companion.

"Tell him," counseled Miss Smith.

Steadily the girl made answer.

"When my poor mother accused me of trying to kill her I realized for the first time that her mind had become affected. No one else, though, appeared to suspect the real truth. Perhaps this was because she seemed so normal on every other subject. So I decided to keep silent. I thought that if I were taken away from her for a while possibly the separation and with it the lifting of the imaginary fear of injury at my hands, which had upset her, might help her to regain her reason and no outsider be ever the wiser for it. I am young and strong; I believed I could bear the imprisonment without serious injury to me. I believe yet—for her sake—I could have borne it. And I knew—I realized what would happen to her if she were placed in such surroundings as I have been in and made to pass through such experiences as those through which I have passed. I felt that all hope of a cure for her would then be gone forever. And I love my mother." She faltered, her voice trembling a bit, then added: "That is why I kept silent, sir."

"But, my dear child," he said, "what a wrong thing for you to have done. It was a splendid, chivalrous, gallant sacrifice, but it was wrong. And if you don't mind I'd like to shake hands with you again."

"You see, sir, there was no one with whom I might advise in the emergency that came upon me without warning," she explained. "I had no confidante except my mother, and she—through madness—had turned against me. I had no friend then—I have one now, though."

And she went to Miss Smith and put her head on the elder woman's shoulder.

With her arms about the girl, Miss Smith addressed the governor.

"We are going away a while together for a rest," she told him. "We both need it. And when we come back she is going to join me in my work. Some day Margaret will be a better interior decorator than her teacher can ever hope to be."

"Then from now on, so far as you two are concerned, this ghastly thing should be only an unhappy dream which you'll strive to forget, I'm sure," he said. "It's all over and done with, isn't it?"

"Over and done with for her—yes," said Miss Smith. "But how about your duty as governor? How about my duty as a citizen? Shouldn't we each of us, you in your big way and I in my small way, work to bring about a reform in the statutes under which such errors are possible? Think, governor, of what happened to this child! It may happen again to-day or to-morrow to some other equally innocent sufferer. It might happen to any one of us—to me or to someone dear to you."

"Miss Smith," he stated, "if ever it happens to you I shall take the witness stand on your account and testify to two things: First, that you are the sanest human being in this state; and second, that you certainly do know how to play a hunch when you get one. If I had your intuition, plus my ambition, I wouldn't be governor—I'd be running for president. And I'd win out too!"

In Less than Thirty Minutes

A Record of Speed in Figuring Fire Loss

"IT WAS our first experience with fire, but it didn't catch us unprepared," says L. D. Prough, proprietor of the Chevrolet Branch at Bakersfield, California.

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Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

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Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 4)

the subject of syndicalism was deemed of so little importance that it was not given a place in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Before proceeding with a description and analysis of conditions in the different European countries that the writer believes justify the above conclusions, it is proper to allow the Bolshevik to state his case. It is necessary, in the interest of fairness, to allow the proponents of what its advocates call the new Idea—spelled with a capital I—to state their own case, with their own exaggerations but free of the exaggerations of the opponent. It is also good policy, because in matters of controversy it does no good to put up straw men in order to knock them down. The term Bolshevism, used in the title, is employed in its common American sense of extreme radicalism with respect to industrial and political society—revolution by direct action. Strictly speaking, in Russia the Bolsheviks are a group occupying about the center of the labor movement in the matter of radicalism, with some fifteen or twenty self-constituted parties on either side. At the extreme left are the anarchists, who believe in no government and who have been severely repressed by the Bolsheviks for preaching this heresy. The Menscheviks, at the far right, occupy about the position of traditional German socialists. A Bolshevik in the strict sense means an individual who more or less arbitrarily combines the theory of communism in industry with a theory of the soviet in government. The particular theory of the soviet happens to be the soviet of the proletariat. As will be later elucidated, however, the Bolshevik has changed his spots very deceptively during recent months.

In order to present a statement of the views of the Bolshevik the writer believes it will be more illuminating to offer a personal discussion than a formal statement. In the spring the writer had an interview in one of the cities of Central Europe with the leading Bolshevistic agitator, or, as he termed himself, "the prophet." He was a man of education and refinement. Nothing in his personal appearance suggested the Red. He was living very unostentatiously, and though he possessed abundant funds for purposes of propaganda he was leading anything but a luxurious existence. The interview with this propagandist was apparently provoked entirely by the desire on his part to explain the movement and to dissipate what Bolsheviks regard as a counter propaganda of false statements concerning Russia, the existence of which the writer is not disposed to deny. The interview will be reproduced largely in the form of a Socratic dialogue, in which form it actually occurred.

He began with the statement that their inspiration went back to Karl Marx; that the teachings of Karl Marx had found a renaissance in Lenine; that men like Lassalle, Bebel and the elder Liebknecht were social-democratic politicians and orators, but not communists. Rosa Luxemburg's book on Accumulation of Capital he regarded as a truly Marxian production of high merit; her continuous advocacy of the general strike was, he believed, the factor that held the radical socialists together through the years of prewar prosperity in Germany. For the "International" he expressed scorn.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Man Marked With an X Was the President of the Hungarian Bolshevik Cabinet

The Wage System

"The concepts of society range from the traditional wage system, in which labor is a commodity to be bought and sold in accordance with the law of supply and demand, to the state of pure communism. In the wage system of society labor is classified as a perishable commodity, with the risks in the hands of the owners. Society has attempted to protect itself from the worst evils of the wage system by the passage of laws which, to some extent, have obviated the risks that attend the perishable nature of the commodity—labor—or alleviated the results. Such are laws governing child labor, conditions of housing, ventilation in factories, purity of water, standards of food, protection from dust and noxious vapors, compensation for injury, old-age insurance and fixation of the minimum wage.

"The evils that these devices are designed to correct spring essentially from the wage system. Capitalistic society, moved by humanitarian considerations—in part spontaneous, in part forced—submits to reforms, but endeavors continually to maintain the wage system intact in its essential features while making concessions tending to alleviate the obvious evils. With these movements communists have little sympathy. We do not, of course, oppose such legislation; but we regard it as purely symptomatic treatment of social disease. The fundamental evil lies in the conception that labor is a commodity the price of which is determined by the law of supply and demand.

"Between the modern industrial state, with its numerous protections and safeguards of labor, and the state of communism are a number of gradations that might seem to offer a basis for modifications. Reform is a question of psychology, and many sincere reformers prefer to secure a forty per cent reform at once rather than struggle fruitlessly for years for a ninety per cent reform. These mid-stations between the wage system and communism are not sharply defined; the boundaries overlap. Nevertheless, in the minds of many social reformers they represent tangible propositions for consideration.

"The first stage may be called profit sharing minor. Under such a system manufacturing plants divide profits with their workmen in accordance with an agreed scale. If the workers are strong and industrious and the management wise this results in a high increase of returns to the workmen and yields to the management stability and freedom from strikes. As ordinarily applied it leaves to capital the unearned increment, control of patents, determination of policy and investments and scope of activity. The word 'profit sharing' is, indeed, little more than a camouflage name for high wages.

"The more advanced stage might be termed profit sharing major. Here the workers are actually stockholders, with all the functions of stockholders in the election of directors, voice in the management and participation in unearned increment and control of patents. An illustration of major profit sharing is to be seen in the optical house of Zeiss, in Jena.

"Admirable as profit sharing appears to the workmen in the plants involved, theoretically it represents no improvement over the wage system, because it merely enlarges the group of capitalists. Instead of a president, general manager, five directors and one hundred stockholders, we have the same number of individuals plus one thousand laborers. In your country there is much discussion of the evil of the great packing houses. This evil would not be removed if the packers shared with the laborers; the attitude of the consumer of meat and the producer of animals would remain the same. Profit sharing merely substitutes a large group of petty capitalists for a small group of big capitalists. This is all well enough for the workers in the particular plant; but it is of little importance to society outside of the plant, and especially to the consumer. There can be no consistent bookkeeping from such a viewpoint. Why should the man who kills the pig share in packing-house profits, and not the man who raises the pig?

"The next stage I will call socializat n minor. By this we mean that certain la e industries are nationalized, operated s municipal institutions: railways, coal mir , water works, plants for the manufact e of gas, electricity. Nationalization of su plants has frequently occurred from r - tives outside of communism, because of e importance of uninterrupted operation f public utilities, and in order to remo them from the field of strikes or political - terference. Such nationalization has usua had the result of lowering prices to the co sumer; in the event of accumulation f profits these should be applied to the g ernment budget, with the result of lower taxes.

"The next stage we may term socialis - tion major, which many people confu with communism. This means merely t extension of the principle of nationalizati to industries whose relation to the public not immediate but remote. The war h taught us that banking and the distrib - tion of foodstuffs can be nationalized. B in theory and method of application it mu be limited to such industries as empl skilled laborers. If we were to national all industries where the procedure can technically applied we should divide s ciety, outside of the intellectuals, into fo groups: The nationalized industries, wi their skilled workmen; agriculturists; t large mass of unskilled laborers; and ci servants. It is conceivable under such system that the unskilled workers would no better off than they are to-day."

Rewards of Merit

"We aim to abolish the wage system a private ownership of property. A tr communism means a pooling of effort a a division of the returns. Our opponen have frequently misrepresented our vie by the statement that communism propos merely a pro rata division of national i come into the population, that it takes i account of differences in productive capa ity, and makes no distinction betwe qualities of mind and of hand. This is n true. From Karl Marx down, grading productive capacity has always been re ognized; but this grading must be base on actual production, not upon extern control.

"When once the holding of capital eliminated there will be no difficulty i grading returns in accordance with distin tions of merit. What passes for reward merit in the world to-day is largely due t capitalistic control. Thus most large inst tutions compel all who are engaged in the employ to turn over any discoveries tha may be made; and thus the institutions ar perpetuated through the control of patent This is not reward for discoveries; it merely an expression of the control of cap ital, since the workers are engaged only o the condition that their discoveries rever to the employer.

"Communism is not Bolshevism. Com munism implies a certain theory of indus try; Bolshevism implies also a certain typ of government, dictatorship of the prole tariat. Communistic society could be democracy or a representative form o republican government; or might con ceivably be a monarchy. We Bolshevist believe in the soviet form of local govern ment, drawn from the proletariat. Th highest authority is frankly a dictator, wh derives his power not from the majority o the people but solely from the soviets What form of government is best adapte to carry communism into effect depend upon conditions in the country concerned I see no reason why communism should not be adopted in the United States unde a republican form of government; but tha is impossible in Russia or Germany Whether possible in France I do not know; probably more feasible in England than in France, despite the fact that the formal government of England is a monarchy. When a state swings from capitalism to communism the change in the form of government will be radical in proportion to the extremeness of type replaced; thus absolute monarchy in Russia passes to government by dictatorship and soviet. The monarchy did not pretend to represent more than a small minority; the soviet

(Continued on Page 133)

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Rumanian Soldiers in Budapest

(Continued from Page 130)

es not pretend to represent more than a nall minority. But in a country of liberal stitutions like the United States there is reason why communism could not be troduced without any radical change in vernment."

Q. "If the soviet represents but a small inority, why do you consider it proper for em to have seized the reins of governent?"

A. "Because we desire to realize our olicies. We do not strive for political emocracy, but for industrial and economic quality. There is not a government in urope that represents a majority, except England, France and Switzerland; and en there the governments cannot be said represent popular sentiment except in a rmal sense. Governments usually repre- nt but a minority. Most of the devices of oliticians and lawmakers are made neces- ry by the fact that these are the instru- ents through which a minority rules the eople. When the capitalistic minority ntrols society it suppresses revolt by olice and a standing army. When a viet controls society we do the same thing means of a commission for combating unter-revolution. You call this terror- m; but from the standpoint of the oletariat it is identical with the terrorism the police in a capitalistic state."

Unbridled Terrorism

Q. "Has not the terrorism of Russian olshevism been unbridled, unregulated id revengeful?"

A. "During the first months it was not ossible to control the bitterness of men hose sufferings had been extreme. But tely there are no executions except after ial and conviction. Of course the *de facto* overnment executes those who dispute it y force. The total executions have prob- bly been little over five thousand—not any in such a large transformation."

Q. "This is largely academic and re- inds me of what I used to hear in lectures n Karl Marx when a student in Germany irty years ago. At that time practically ll students of natural science, philosophy nd art pretended to be socialists. It was, owever, merely a form of armchair con- emplation and was never resolved into ction. Now in Central Europe we observe illions of people bent on putting into eality the speculations of two generations go. Why, from your point of view, does war-weary people, instead of seeking eace and the resumption of the life to hich they were accustomed, stir up civil ar and plunge into a type of social or- anization that has never been tried out nd promises to keep the people in turmoil or years?"

A. "Two things determined the people f Russia, and will determine the peoples of entral Europe, to undertake communism, espite the fact that a people wearied by ar and exhausted in material resources ould not hope to achieve communism so asily or successfully as under normal ircumstances. The first fact is lack of onfidence in the previous forms of gov- rnment. Under these circumstances a inority of Bolshevists who believe in ommunism, who know exactly how to go bout obtaining it and who are fanatical in heir faith, are able to lead the majority, imply because the masses have lost faith n past leaders and are open to new leader- hip. This is one reason for the continuous gitation in Germany. The proletariat does ot trust the present men in government nd will try others in the hope of securing mprovement. The second fact is still more mportant and fundamental. The people f these various countries know that their overnments have expended thirty-five or orty per cent of the national wealth in the arrying on of war. The countries are ma- erially destitute; public improvements ave been neglected; the equipment of ransportation has greatly depreciated; he equipment of industries and agriculture as been sacrificed to war; and enormous eplacements will be necessary. If these estorations and the war debts are to be aid for in accordance with the present ractices of capitalistic society they will be aid for by the working classes. In other words, the working classes who fought the war will also pay for it. If the war debts re to be repudiated—as we believe they should be—if industry is to be reorganized nd laws of taxation reformed in order that capital and not labor should bear the bur- den of the war, the time to make the change is now. The working classes feel that communism and communism alone will enable them to escape industrial slavery. The workman of thirty years ago had a relatively small motive for socialism; the workman of to-day has a supreme motive for socialism. Communism is for the proletariat of to-day a life-and-death question. If the victorious Entente is not able to secure from Germany such indemnities as will lift from the proletariat of the United Kingdom, France and Italy a large portion of the war debt and enable the governments of these countries to avoid high taxation of the poor and accomplish a reduction in the cost of living, Bolshevistic agitation will appear in these countries spontaneously and independently of any Russian influence except example. In the final analysis it does not make any difference to the worker whether this war was a capitalistic or a nationalistic war. The worker does not propose to pay for it; and this will prove as true in the countries of the victor as in the countries of the loser."

Q. "Do you think the Russian experiment has been successful enough to induce the proletariat of other countries to plunge into civil war? Do you not realize that the proletariat of other countries know that conditions in Russia to-day in food, clothing, transportation and industries are the worst in the world?"

A. "The proletariat of other nations are not convinced that the Russian experiment is a failure. The working classes know that capital controls the press and that it is to the interest of capital to misrepresent everything in the Russia of to-day. What the workingman does know is that the cost of living is everywhere almost unbearable and that ultimately the cost of the war will be transferred from capital to labor. Of course the banks hold the war bonds; but in the final analysis these bonds will be liquidated with the products of underpaid labor."

Why Bolshevism Failed

Q. "As a matter of fact, do you regard Bolshevism as successful in Russia?"

A. "Only partially; and the reasons for the partial failure are entirely outside of our control. We view the world largely from the standpoint of the consumer, not the producer. Communism and capitalism are merely modes of organization of the industry of the state. Capitalism would have failed in Russia at this time for the same reason that communism has failed; because we have not possessed normal conditions. Russia has been blockaded for two years. We have no cotton, rubber, nickel, tin; we lack many other essential raw materials. Our principal coal mines are in the hands of the enemies of the soviet government. Our railway equipment was ruined by war and could not be restored. Under these circumstances capitalistic industries would have operated no more successfully than communistic industries. We have unemployment because we lack raw material, fuel and transportation. We have suffered heavy reduction in agricultural production for the same reasons; and the distribution of foodstuffs has been enormously disturbed by the lack of coal, locomotives and cars. The government of the late Czar flooded the country with paper money. Kerensky did the same thing. The Germans poured into Russia huge numbers of counterfeit rubles which cannot be detected. The Bolshevists also have been compelled to print paper money. The natural result has been depreciation, though no worse than in Austria and Hungary. So far as our organization was not dependent on factors under the influence of the blockade our administration has been a success. We have better schools than ever under the Czar. We have freedom of public discussions, in contrast with the conditions that obtained under the Czar. The Russian people have acquired a fraternal sentiment, a spirit of independence and self-respect never possessed before. We have got rid of a subsidized church; whatever of religious spirit exists in Russia to-day is sincere and not formal. But of course no nation dependent on the outside world for essential materials can enjoy prosperity or internal peace under military isolation. Take the figures of the import and export trade of Russia before the war. No nation can tolerate total cessation of trade, no matter what the form of government or organization of society."

Q. "But is the blockade alone to blame for the failure of Bolshevism?"

A. "No; frankly, there is a second reason. Brains are required in the running of industry. More brains are required in a transformation from an old to a new régime than in the continuation of the accustomed régime. We have lacked brains in the conduct of affairs in Russia because to a large extent the people of brains did not believe in us and would not work with us. Men skilled in finance, transportation, manufacturing, distribution, engineering and organization would not work with us or assist in solving the complicated problems of the new régime. We were compelled to put inferior men in positions of great importance. Not only did the brains of Russia remain passive; they were often in active opposition. Latterly this has begun to change. Men of large wisdom and experience are now coöperating with the soviets in the conduct of affairs in many directions."

Q. "Am I to understand that these men have become converted to your doctrines and coöperate because they believe in communism?"

A. "No; we do not require, on their part, belief in our doctrine. If an engineer is willing to offer the people of Russia his technical ability for the carrying out of a specific task the soviets accept his coöperation without inquiry into his political convictions."

Q. "Is it true that you have tried to create technically trained men in special schools?"

A. "Yes; but without particular success, because the men of brains would not teach in the schools, and naturally the schools were not good; and in any event it was not possible to train men hurriedly. No; for a decade or two Russia must expect to have her technical work in many lines done by men who are not in sympathy with the soviet government. I suppose it may be called a compromise on both sides."

Q. "How do you pay these men? Are you able to maintain the widely heralded principle of equal wages?"

A. "That was widely heralded by our capitalistic enemies. Communists have never denied that wages must vary with talent. Engineers and other specialists are now receiving high salaries in Russia, as high as ever they received before the war. They receive much higher salaries than the men in the government."

Q. "In other words, you have succeeded in getting them to return to work through the incentive of self-interest in the form of high salaries. Surely this is a compromise with your doctrine."

A. "Yes, that is a compromise. But wise men know that reforms are not to be accomplished in one leap. We believe that the next generation of brains will serve Russia from motives of altruism rather than motives of personal gain."

Small Incentives for Brain Workers

Q. "What do you allow these men of large earning capacity to do with their incomes?

"They must either spend, or hoard, or invest, or send valuables out of Russia. When they die will their children inherit? It seems to me your whole doctrine is tested by the relations of the communistic government to these men."

A. "According to our most moderate convictions inheritance should be limited to a fixed small figure, accumulation of individual property must not exceed a fixed small figure; and of course transfer of resources out of Russia would not be permitted."

Q. "Then it would seem that the only motive that a man of brains has for working for high income is the opportunity of a luxurious life at the moment. In my country we regard it as dangerous for a man to earn a large income and to spend it all in luxurious living. Yet this is the only thing permitted to a man of brains to do with his large income in Russia."

A. "No; he has abundant opportunities for altruistic uses of his income. We grant that the present situation is anomalous and is a compromise; but it is the only thing we can do, in the interim, until we can erect a new intellectual class and attain that development of altruism that will induce men of brains to work for others rather than for self. All over the world exceptional men give their best for nothing. Artists give their works to the people. Physicians make new remedies free to mankind. Scientists have given great discoveries to the world. We are only trying

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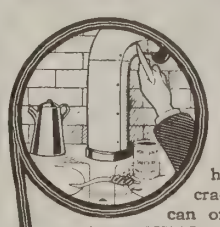

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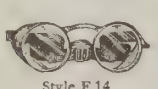
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to have all individuals of exceptional capacity do what a limited number have done in the past."

Q. "What is the most imperative thing for Russia, and for communism in Russia, at the present moment?"

A. "Establishment of peace; lifting of the blockade; and restoration of trade relations with the world."

Q. "Suppose peace were declared tomorrow, would you cease propaganda?"

A. "In an organized manner, at once. But of course socialists all over the world have the right to come to Russia, study our system and return to their homes and attempt to bring it into operation there if they have come to believe in it."

Q. "If the blockade were raised at once what would Russia do?"

A. "Attempt to resume importation and exportation."

Q. "You have announced the repudiation of your national debt, domestic and foreign. Your currency is practically worthless outside your own country. How do you expect to import cotton and rubber, for example, from the United States and the United Kingdom? Do you expect, under the present conditions, to obtain credits outside of Russia?"

A. "The authorities have agreed to recognize the foreign debts under certain conditions. That again is a compromise, but it is a choice of evils. We must import if we are to live. Since we cannot import without obtaining foreign credits and cannot obtain these without guaranties to foreign bondholders, we are compelled to assume this debt."

Q. "Even though you agree to pay your foreign debt, in the present state of your currency and in the demoralization of your country, where do you expect to obtain credits? For illustration again, to buy cotton from the United States and rubber from the United Kingdom? Where will you secure money to purchase locomotives? Even if the foreign seller had faith in your government he would still be compelled to regard Russia, for the time being, as bankrupt."

A. "That is true. And that has driven the soviet authorities to another compromise. In order to secure capital for essential imports we must offer concessions to foreign capitalists, permitting them to develop resources in Russia."

Q. "In other words, the Russian Government will grant foreign capitalists the right to build railroads, to operate mines, to cut down timber, to install power plants—in return for loans?"

A. "Yes; something of that sort."

Principles Compromised

Q. "Since concessions must include not merely such conditions as will cover the abnormal risks of a new business in a foreign country badly demoralized in internal affairs, but also a loan to the government, is it not obvious that no foreign capitalist would engage in such an enterprise unless he were granted monopoly or other exclusive rights and guaranteed a profit large enough to be regarded as compensatory under the circumstances?

"Will not this represent an exploitation unparalleled in the history of the world? Is this not an absolute break with your doctrine?"

A. "No; it is only a temporary compromise to tide us over an impasse, the result of war and not the result of communism in Russia. I am sure it has taken a severe struggle to induce the leaders to agree to this, but there is apparently no other way. Unless there is someone in the outside world who has sufficient faith in us and in communism to extend us credits, then we must pay the price for credits. We appreciate also that capitalists of foreign lands will attempt to use this to break the back of communism."

Q. "Will it not impress the people of Russia as being very remarkable that foreign capitalists are to be permitted to enjoy concessions in the development of Russian resources that are not open to Russian capitalists?"

A. "Yes. But our people will understand that as rapidly as we recover our national funds these will be placed in similar enterprises. The concessions to be granted to foreigners will be limited in time and at their expiration the developments concerned will be nationalized. It is all merely an ad interim makeshift, though confessedly and to our great regret a makeshift of capitalistic design and quality."

Q. "The foreign owners of concessio must of course be allowed to take th profits out of the country, otherwise th would not enter the country. Will the di tinction between what one group of earn can do with their income and another gro with theirs not present an absolute and explicable contradiction? Will the peop of Russia stand for such favoritism for t outsider?"

A. "We shall have to trust to our abili to convince the people that this is merel temporary bridge over the chasm of wa

Q. "You say 'we.' Are you a Russian

A. "No; neither by blood nor natio ality; but that has nothing to do with t situation, since we are all trying to cast nationality and to reorganize Europe the basis of class. We are citizens of larger country."

Q. "You say the Bolshevists are only minority in Russia. Who are the maj ity?"

A. "The people who expect to lose und the system of communism. The proletari minority gains equity; the majority los inequity."

Points of Resistance

Q. "In the conversion of the Russi people to communism what points of r sistance are met?"

A. "There are two especially. The fir is the peasant. The desire to own the lar he tills is instinctive in the peasant. F generations the land problem has been great problem in Russia. It has bee solved, on paper at least, by the division the crown lands and the large estates in nationalized tracts. The peasant's instin for possession of the land is in opposition the communistic idea of nationalization the land. Agricultural products represe the largest single group of products in t nation. Food is the largest single item outlay by the consumer. If peasants wit small holdings are to operate efficientl they must join coöperative societies. The coöperative societies buy agricultural su plies and machinery; they sell the cro and animals; they operate banks in orde to facilitate their transactions. These agr cultural associations can and do becom monopolistic and oppressive; and th burden of their oppression falls on the co sumer in the form of high prices for food stuffs. In principle we see no differenc between the nationalization of the land tha produces wheat and the nationalization the under-the-land that produces coal; i principle we see no difference in extortio in the prices of wheat by landowners an by coöperative societies of peasants. Bu for the present at least it is clear that w cannot maintain nationalization of th land; we cannot deny the peasants' own ership of land. We will limit the size of th holding. We expect to control the co operative societies and their banks, to pre vent a corner in grain and to secure tha even flow to the cities that is indispensabl in the feeding of the industrial classes. Th peasant is an extremely conservative an ignorant individual and education will b required to develop that degree of altruism necessary in a communistic society. Even tually the majority will embrace com munism."

Q. "What is the second point of resist ance?"

A. "The second point of resistance is the instinct of ownership of the home. The family associates ownership of the home with normal family life. The parents wish to accumulate property and transmit it to their children. This is the result of centuries of environment. In theory we would like to have homes owned by the state, to be occupied against a charge just sufficient to cover maintenance. In the cities ownership of huge tenement houses by capitalists has been the source of great oppression of the poor. The opponents of communism have distorted our views so as to make it seem that we wished to abolish all homes and have families live in institutions, the care of the children given over to the state, with the consequent disruption of family ties. This is not our program. We do not seek the socialization of children, which would mean the socialization of sex. The problem of proper housing is very important. In some ways hygienic and æsthetic housing would be advanced by private ownership of the home; in other ways advanced by the socialization of dwellings, certainly in large cities. If a modest limitation is set on the cost of the

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tation the question of nationalization vellings ceases to be one of importance. we must protest against the distortion perversion of our views on family life have been spread broadcast."

"Do you regard Rumania and Serbia elds ripe for Bolshevism?"

"I do not wish to express an opinion."

"Do you regard the situation in aria as an expression of the impulse to munism?"

"No; at least, only in part. The arian situation is very complex. There truly communistic movement, but e is so much else—antagonism to ssia; opposition to the Weimar govern- t; influence of the clerical parties and onal bitterness over the death of ier. Really one cannot judge of the able outcome in Germany because of e confusing factors. Kautsky, Bern- and Auer are able, but not consequent. se, Eisner and Laudauer represent a ement more consequent, but ineffec- because erratic. For Ebert and eidemann we hold only contempt."

"What of German Austria and Hun- ?"

"Vienna is helpless before the Entente, ause of her absolute dependence for d. Vienna is a decadent city and con- s very few people who are willing to ve for an ideal. In Hungary conditions very much influenced by the national- reaction. The Hungarians are proud, ependent and virile. There is a large truly communistic group in Budapest. e feeling in the country is one of great erness over the boundaries. Hungary easily revolt; and of course every olt affords opportunity for revolution, ich in the present circumstances tends ays in the direction of communism and soviet form of government. Bauer is a itor to the masses; but Bela Kun is a e pupil of Lenine."

"How about Poland and Czecho- vakia?"

Ispirations of the New Nations

A. "These are new nations that are king forward and their national aspira- ns run high. Patriotism has always been e illusion through which the capitalistic ss has exerted control over the masses. long as these new countries are appar- tly on the road to success in the estab- lishment of their independence communism ill not make headway there; but if the w governments should not be able to solve eir problems of economics and industry ey will inevitably go Bolshevistic. In r opinion Poland should assume her are of whatever debt the Russian Gov- nment assumes. The same holds true Czechoslovakia. Under these circum- ances the road of the new nations will t be easy. Of special importance for ese states is the reëstablishment of their xtile industries. They face also the im- rtation of new materials; but they pre- mably will be able to secure credit on uch easier terms than Russia. In a cer- in sense these states are to be classed— they class themselves—with the winning de; but if reorganization should appear mpossible, for even a brief space of time, ne consciousness of communism in the oletariat of these states will overcome ne fetish of nationalization, and Bolshe- sm will be the result."

Q. "What do you know of the Industrial Workers of the World of the United States?"

A. "Nothing, except by hearsay. They re individualistic in their methods, and hat leads nowhere."

Q. "You know that in the United States he employer of to-day is the employee of esterday, that the middle class is daily ecruited from the proletariat?"

A. "Only in theory, in the experience of lavic emigrants. But all that means little. Communism is the only equitable system of ociety. The impulse to communism in a articular country depends on the contrast etween those who have and those who lack, those who enjoy and those who suffer. As I understand the situation, each year these contrasts become more marked in your country. If you escape now the fever of European communism, the movement will develop later as spontaneous revolt against the exploitation of the proletariat. We regard the middle class as worse than the so-called upper class, because the latter is a small group of luxurious consumers."

Q. "It seems to me that in your emphasis of the negative side of the social problem—the contrast between luxury and suffering—you fail to measure fully the positive side. The progress of the world from century to century in thought, invention, improvement, development and organization has been the accomplishment of a relatively small number of men. Do you not agree that communism, under any form of government, cannot succeed unless society continues to make comparable progress?"

A. "Yes; and we are convinced that under communism society will make greater progress than under capitalism."

Who Holds the Bag?

Q. "You believe the small number of men upon whom accomplishment largely depends will work as hard without the incentive of a personal relation to their achievements? Will farmers work as hard in order to give to society as to sell to society?"

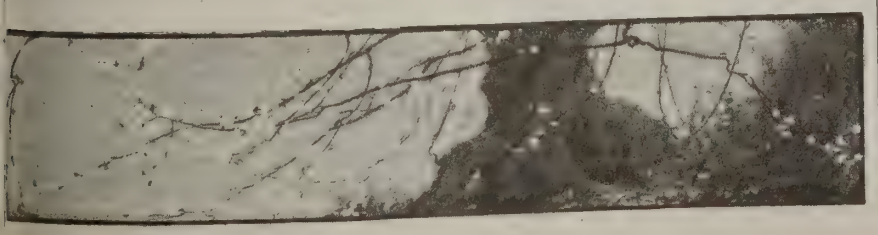
A. "It is all a question of altruism; the love of others must replace the love of self. Christianity has failed because its followers abandoned the communism of Jesus Christ. The sun, the sky, the earth and human effort are the sources of all production. The sun and sky are free, the earth must be made free, and human effort must be consecrated to the welfare of humanity, in the same manner as the sun shines upon all men."

This states the viewpoint. Communism as applied in Russia and Hungary has failed. The Bolshevistic régime engaged in the redistribution of wealth—in accordance with a more or less pro rata division of national wealth and gross income—on the assumption that production would continue as usual and distribution follow as a matter of course. This outcome did not eventuate. The proponents of communism state the view that breakdown of production and disorganization of distribution in Russia and Hungary were due in part to war, in part to shortsighted and inexperienced application of the principles of communism. The opponents of communism state the view that breakdown of production and disorganization of distribution will inevitably follow on communistic redistribution of wealth and standardization of living, given human nature as it is, since the driving forces of individual initiative are eliminated.

The communist is beginning to wonder whether the chances of success for his doctrine have not been nullified in Russia and Hungary by the coexisting experiment of the soviet government. The proponent of sovietism is beginning to wonder whether the workings of the new governmental idea are not crippled by the coexisting experiment in communism. Since they are not necessarily connected, it would have been better for human experience if they had been tried out separately. Communism came primarily from the industrial worker, sovietism from the landed worker. It may not be long before the communist and sovietist will stand facing each other to determine who is holding the bag. But it is already apparent that it is communism that has failed.

It will be best to describe first the march of events in the development of radicalism in European countries since the Russian revolution in the spring of 1917. We shall then be in position to analyze the reasons for the failures to achieve the results so confidently predicted.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early issue.



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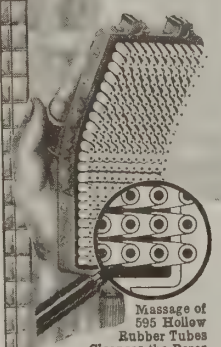

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THE AIR CURE

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communication. So, too, were the Scandinavian states. The representative of a German news agency sitting in the Hague culled from the news reports emanating from Great Britain only those items which he believed or which the German Government believed should be given to the German people. That was wartime, but it is not difficult to exercise in peacetime the same sort of news control in ways more subtle and less clumsy than the censor's blue pencil. The trouble about telegraph and even cable communication heretofore has been that certain countries have controlled both wires and cables and could easily, as a national emergency approached, delete or delay messages passing through their respective domains. And it is precisely in time of emergency or international crisis that the cool and thoughtful flow of public opinion should not be stemmed. It is on such occasions that the war party or the jingoes or the militarists apply themselves to prevent news that might assuage passion from reaching an inflamed people. It is then that an unscrupulous government can distort opinion, bring about war and an era of destruction.

Three years ago something happened in Northern Mexico which might easily have brought about war if the Government of the United States had desired a pretext to conquer Mexico or if our Government had been controlled by militarists of the German type. American forces under General Pershing were on Mexican territory to ward off further border raids and to apprehend Villa if possible. A scouting party of American troops went beyond the Pershing lines, though it had been agreed that no advance was to be made while pending questions were adjusted by diplomatic means. American and Mexican troops engaged in a skirmish at Carrizal and it was claimed in newspaper reports that the American forces were treacherously ambushed.

American public opinion was inflamed. Many people wanted Mexico cleaned up then and there. Irrespective of whether it would have been a good thing either for Mexico or the United States to engage in a war at a time when Germany was doing all in her power to stop the flow of munitions from the United States and divert American attention from possible assistance to the Allies, it so happens that official reports on that Carrizal incident didn't call the affair an ambush. The United States Government endeavored to settle the dispute by means of a joint commission. Was the American Government convinced that the Mexicans started the fight and that the American troops were in nowise to blame? If it had been there might have been a war then and there.

How War Fever Breeds

America and Mexico have many scores to settle, but the Carrizal incident is cited here because many people still believe it was a good excuse for a war with our southern neighbor and that our troops were wholly right. Captain Boyd, who led the American company, was killed. Yet from the pen of another officer, who wrote a report at a time when he thought death was inevitable, enough information came to cast doubt upon the first reports. Many an undisputed case of unprovoked attack on unarmed American citizens resident in Mexico has occurred which under similar circumstances has often been made the basis for military action by other nations. But as for Carrizal itself, could it be called a legitimate cause for war?

There are dozens of Carrizal incidents about which the public in Europe never gets the facts—or gets them when it is too late. Month after month a constant flow of poison from one country to another is propagated by parties interested in fomenting trouble or in attaining political power by proving that the incumbent government is not patriotic or sufficiently alert to the national interest.

Only unbiased, untainted sources of information and a free press in all countries will prevent the sowing of war germs years in advance of the actual conflicts. But so long as governments control news agencies and cable and telegraph lines, so long as by preferential rates and other means of intimidation or interference they can prevent the reports of foreign correspondents and other neutral observers from getting to the outside world as quickly as colored versions seeds of passion will be planted and fever bred.

It is not merely in international politics but in domestic politics as well that the flames of war are kindled. Not many years ago the American people recognized it as an imposition to have advertisements for commercial houses printed in our newspapers as reading notices. Laws were enacted compelling newspapers and magazines to label plainly "Advertisement" all contributions paid for, by persons outside the editorial staff of these publications. Some states required the names of persons or organizations paying for political advertisements, for instance, to be printed along with the contributions. The public refused to be deceived.

But there is no law to-day to prevent the publication of editorials or other matter distributed by a political organization and palmed off by a publication as its own product. Of what possible relation can that be to war? Aren't party organs inevitable and what harm can they do outside the country? Proper questions, these, but if the political parties confined themselves to domestic questions it would make no difference what editorials were printed. But when to gain party advantage the national committees of the two leading political parties in America conduct a propaganda on foreign questions, then it is time for the American reader of newspapers to know whether the editorial opinion he reads was made in Washington or written legitimately by the man who owns the newspapers or by the staff in his employ.

Pernicious Politics

It has become the practice of both the Democrats and the Republicans to send out constantly from their national headquarters reams of editorial material prepared for instant use by the smaller newspapers of the country. The lists are carefully compiled and the Republican National Committee sends out Republican propaganda to Republican organs and the Democratic National Committee sends out its line of policy or attack for publication in a selected list of Democratic newspapers. Many independent publications refuse to receive such material, but nevertheless an altogether astonishing number of newspapers print these canned editorials and news stories.

If the Republican and Democratic National Committees were composed of elder statesmen with a finely balanced sense of international or even national interest they would not find foreign policies or the relations between ourselves and other nations made the butt of attack or defense, as the case may be. But national political committees are not responsible to the people. They are sustained by the financial contributions of sets of men interested in the success of the one or the other political party. Writers are hired to write publicity matter, which is widely distributed. They call it publicity, but it is really propaganda. Examine the printed sheets given out by either of the political committees weekly from their national headquarters and see how many newspapers print the material identically as it is sent out with biased headlines, partisan twist and colored facts. Both sides do it.

But what is the effect on American public opinion if one political party takes it upon itself to spread distrust of Japan, to sow the seeds of hostility just because the head of the other political party happens to be for the time on the other side of the question, attempting to bring about a reconciliation with Japan? What is the effect of Republican defense of Italy's position in Fiume just because the President takes the other view? And what is the effect of a constant apology and defense by the Democrats of everything in the Administration's Mexican policy when American lives and property are woefully disregarded below the Rio Grande?

When political parties endeavor to keep America's viewpoint on foreign questions partisan they consciously or unconsciously spread germs of discord. Yet American political propaganda is tame compared to the methods used by the masters of European intrigue. To upset a ministry, to overthrow a cabinet is the game of the ambitious always, in Europe as well as in

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nerica. If the road to power is to lie rough an appeal to national passion in- national relations will always be kept swing.

Moreover, speeches in the American Con- ess attacking other countries are cabled ross the ocean just as are the outbursts foreign parliaments affecting us. It is ways the opposition to another country's licies that makes more sensational news an agreement. And all too frequently the bles, because of the expensive tolls, carry ly the texts of these bitter partisan out- rsts and rarely an explanation of the ernal politics so that public opinion road is not offended but is able to judge true proportion the value that should be tached to a public speech.

So whatever way we turn we see the rrier to friendship is international com- nication. A little information is better an none, but too often inadequacy of in- mation gives rise to wrong impression d does incalculable harm. Governments sponsive to public opinion timidly take eir cue sometimes from headlines inspired national selfishness. Fragmentary cable spatches have done more to embarrass gotiations between countries which might herwise have led to an amicable and early justment of disputes than can be calcu- ed, for all over the world means of com- unication between peoples have been efully insufficient.

We have advanced beyond the stage at nich a battle is actually fought, as in 1815, ng after peace has been signed. But be- re steamers carrying mails can reach stinations far distant, before newspaper inion of one continent can be fully read d digested by the newspaper commenta- rs of other countries, much that is mis- ding and mischievous has been printed. Anybody who has an intimate knowledge the Department of State of the United ates or the foreign offices abroad will tes- y that diplomacy is concerned almost as equently with the impression created by e press regardless of the facts as it is with e impression actually to be derived from study of all the facts when available. That why so many statesmen have been led to the error of thinking that diplomacy ould be conducted behind closed doors d far from the prying eyes of the press. here are public officials in this country d abroad who would defend censorship en in time of peace if they dared think blic opinion might support them. The ue test of whether secrecy, however, or ankness is the better way to conduct plomatic relations is the amount of harm ne by each. Irritating and malicious as ve been some of the manipulations of plomacy conducted in the open, they are t to be compared with the harm done by e intrigue and connivance in private of dividuals clothed with responsibility. Too ten have the latter been persuaded to put aterial above moral interests in foreign fairs.

The Safe Middle Ground

There is a middle road between the two ethods. Nobody expects two men who ant to arrive at a contract to talk in full ew of competitors. Yet when that con- act is made and is taken back to the spective firms for signature there ought be no hesitancy about showing the docu- ent to everybody who is going to be con- rned in carrying out the pledges or pro- sions of the contract. A reasonable length time for negotiation can be given, pro- ded the ends of justice are not defeated the end by the making of international greements over which the people have no wer of revision or change.

In the long run open diplomacy isn't ing to mean open doors at all councils of reign ministers or ambassadors. Public siness, domestic or foreign, can't be con- ucted on the public highways—for one ing, the noise of the street traffic is dis- ncerting, let alone the crowding of the dely curious. Open diplomacy is going to ean access by the press of one country to e facts about the thought and public fairs of another country and unimpaired eans of communicating these facts to her countries geographically near or far.

But that is only half the problem. Sup- ose everybody in the United States, for stance, fully understands all the details a possible misunderstanding with Japan. verybody in America sees the merit in ur Government's contention. All the facts nd explanations and background are published, so that there is no doubt among us of what the right is.

But how about Japan? In the first place, where do the newspapers of Japan get their information? They maintain Japanese correspondents in New York City. These men cable only a small amount of matter, because tolls are very high—something like a dollar a word. So when a man gets up in Congress and says something very anti-Japanese it's hot stuff, in the parlance of even Japanese scribes. It matters little that someone else gets up in Congress and takes issue with the anti-Japanese speaker. It matters little that the Government itself assures the Japanese Ambassador that the views expressed are not in accord with our own Government's attitude. The fact is that the Japanese press prints the cables of its correspondents and millions of Japanese get their impression of American opinion that way.

I selected Japan as an illustration only because of the geographical distance between the United States and Japan and because of the difference in language between the two peoples. As a matter of fact, what the Japanese correspondents send to their newspapers is very much the same kind of material that is sent by the correspondents of British and French and Italian newspapers—it is the attack, the note of discord, which is recorded, and rarely the note of accord.

The Output of Sensational News

Possibly there is something wrong with the news point of view. For instance, millions of men in our country live happily with their wives—that's not news. A minority in each community do not live happily. Their affairs, especially if they be prominent persons, are recorded in the press. Divorces are news when the principals are prominent. Yet no newspaper thinks it pertinent to record the instances of a happy married life among persons equally as prominent. The same is true of crimes. Many newspapers in Latin-America have imagined that New York City is peopled mostly with gunmen. Long cables had been sent to South America telling of spectacular murders and rows in the metropolis, which gave color to such a supposition. Nobody thought to cable anything about the vast majority of the population who lived in law-abiding happiness.

But supposing the correspondents of foreign newspapers resident in America or the American correspondents resident in Europe were discriminating and did carefully keep in mind the sensibilities of nations; supposing they could somehow squelch the sensational of their number who sometimes set the pace and make it necessary for conservative correspondents to spend their time running down wild rumors and setting at rest doubts and misgivings produced by those sensational stories; supposing the desire existed to keep international relations well balanced in respect of the news—suppose the rule of reason instead of the rule of passion were supreme. Would that solve the situation? Hardly, for it is in the lack of means of communication that the danger lies.

Cable tolls from Europe to America are comparatively low—the press rate is only twelve cents a word from England to the United States, whereas it is more than a dollar a word to countries in the Far East. Both rates are prohibitive. Both rates mean fragmentary news, and that means virtual isolation and stagnation for all those influences in every country which seek to operate against war and in favor of reconciliation and peace.

The wireless, however, may bring us the answer—so may the airship. If dirigibles can cross the ocean in three days they can draw continents together. Three days' delay will not hurt carefully analyzed stories of public sentiment abroad. Editorial opinion will still be unimpaired by a lapse of three days.

And more and more news will be sent through the air by wireless. This will help especially in the Pacific, where the chance of communication by dirigible is still of doubtful efficacy. Wireless across the Pacific will be a tremendous advantage. It may mean the difference between what certain people are constrained to believe is an inevitable conflict with Japan and what certain other people believe can become an inevitable era of peace. Automatic sending devices have been invented making it possible to send many words a minute by wireless—indeed, nearly a hundred. Thousands

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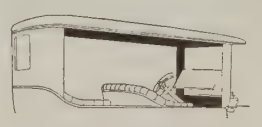

All open—allowing both vision and fresh air. Changed back in a minute.

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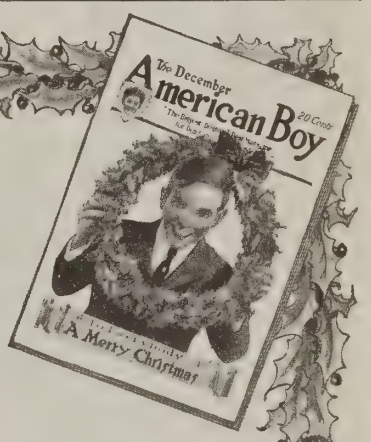

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upon thousands of words of press matter will soon be sent through the air from country to country during the twenty-four hours of the day. Special sending hours will be designated by international agreement. But with a low rate for the press it is certain that throughout the world there will be revolutionary changes in the processes of news communication.

The war proved it. Our own Government, through the Committee on Public Information, sent out daily many thousand words, much of it going by wireless to distant parts of the earth. It was entirely devoted to America's viewpoint in the war and our military and naval preparations. It was an educational campaign carried on through the air. And for the most part the full texts of speeches by President Wilson to Congress or the texts of important announcements by government officials relating to our effort were carried to the four corners of the globe.

When the morale of the French people was sagging it became necessary to send even into France many thousands of words daily about what America was doing. People read about the effort of America from South Africa to South America, to New Zealand and from Japan to India, to Iceland.

Such propaganda could not properly be carried on in time of peace by our Government. Party politics would make it impossible in the first place, and the American people wouldn't stand for it in the second place. But other governments have carried on such propaganda in times of peace, and some of them are continuing to-day the campaign of words they carried on during the recent war.

But this will not long continue. And our own Government, which has ceased to send propaganda abroad, is now debating the question of arranging to throw open its wireless facilities to the press on a commercial basis—that is, government stations will send the press matter submitted to them at rates fixed so low as to be within the reach of all the newspapers hitherto interested in getting foreign cable news and many that on account of the high toll rates have not dared to be interested.

The Government would retain control of the wireless stations, even though it relinquishes control of domestic telegraph, largely because the wireless is an international means of communication affecting the efficiency of our fleets and our national defense and largely because the wireless in most other countries is under government supervision. This is because governments must regulate the use of the air by international agreement and enforce their control and because there is always the possibility that some private companies may easily be controlled by foreign owners and discrimination against American interests thus practiced.

But even questions of supervision have not been finally settled at this writing. Probably the League of Nations, too, will find this as well as the ownership of cables a point to be threshed out before we can be assured of accurate news gathered by correspondents under no influence whatsoever by government intimidation through control of facilities.

Control of public opinion is indeed the big factor in preserving peace. Exposure is the best way to frustrate plots conceived in private. Publicity has killed many a scheme simply by letting the people of the world with conscience know what is up. Literally and figuratively we find the answer in the air—dirigibles, airplanes, wireless—new and cheaper means of communication. There will be peace in the next generation only if to the troubles of the world can be applied constantly, incessantly and without restraint the cure that has been tested inside democratic countries and can work equally as well outside, wherev to be sure, the processes of public opini are permitted to operate at all—name the air cure.

Barney

I KNEW that spring had come to-day. I d
not need the scent
Of leaf smoke hanging keen and sw
above the Weston ways,
Nor reddened catkins carpeting the roa
beneath my feet,
Nor young leaves misted golden-gre
against the warm blue haze.
I did not need the robins' call, nor red-wing
blackbirds' trill,
For sudden through the quiet street an o
tune drifted down.
Beneath the arching maple boughs it linge
lingers still,
For Organ-grinder Barney is back aga
in town.

Not war, nor nations' weal or woe c
change his wonted strain.
Forgotten are his melodies, unknown
younger ears.
But, ah, to me each fleeting May, the old no
come again
Like golden keys to that lost gate that lea
across the years.

"Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, B
Bolt?" croons distant, and I see
The primrose light of springtime dusk
crib pillows cool and sweet,
A robin's drowsy twilight chirp that threa
the blinds to me,
And through the dimly lighted rooms n
mother's tiptoed feet.
"Little Annie Rooney" sings within a gard
old
That shimmers in the summer heat a
hums with droning bees,
All bannered bright with hollyhocks a
strewn with marigold,
Whose bitter perfume drowns the path
every lazy breeze;
I feel the touch of sun-warmed earth, the s
upon my hair—
Ah, thus old Barney weaves his spell b
neath a springtime sky!
And so I stand and smile and dream at ea
familiar air,
Till close there steals on wistful feet t
child that once was I.
She knows so much, that shy, slim child, th
I can never know!
Her ears are tuned to secret things that
can never hear.
But Organ-grinder Barney from the Land
Long Ago
Has put her small brown hand in mine
moment, warm and dear.

Not all the years have brought to me nor a
the years can bring
Can stir my heart to happiness, or hint
paradise,
As when across my windowpane some blu
bird day of spring,
Old Barney wakes the past for me beneat
blurred Maytime skies.
I knew that spring had come to-day. I di
not need the sight
Of gold and purple crocuses that wakene
with the dawn,
Nor marked the scarlet tulips' flaunt, no
looked where overnight
The dandelions' net of gold was flung acros
the lawn.
I did not need the blackbirds' trill nor hee
the robins' call.
I saw a shapeless overcoat and battered ha
of brown,
An ancient organ, full of tunes, time-mellowed
that was all—
And Organ-grinder Barney was bac
again in town.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Story of a Plainsman

ON OCTOBER 1, 1919, at Topeka, Kansas, there passed away one of the best known of the old-time plainsmen now remaining in the public notice—C. J. Jones, usually known as Buffalo Jones. He died at the age of seventy-five, after a life full of varied and interesting experiences.

Jones was born in Illinois in 1844, but spent a good part of his middle life on the plains, where for some years he was engaged in the old-time nefarious business of skin hunting among the buffalo herds. He was a good shot and an energetic business man, though probably he killed no more buffalo than a great many other skin hunters. He always had considerable native ability and considerable facility in publicity matters and was never averse to the limelight. Something of a grandstander, like most of the surviving plainsmen who got into our pictures of late years, he discovered in the early '80's the sudden interest which the Eastern country was taking in its old-time Western men. After that he carefully posed himself where it would do him the most good. Rather a vain man, but always one of tremendous energy and of a wholly independent manner of thought, he achieved a certain place not without merit in the records of American outdoor life.

Early in the '80's Jones conceived the idea of doing something to preserve the species of the American bison, which had done his best to exterminate in his earlier years. Even then he was known as Buffalo Jones, Western Kansas being at that time still a land of nicknames. He organized several expeditions into the Panhandle country, where at that time the last fragment of the southern buffalo herd remained, with the purpose of capturing buffalo calves and establishing a private buffalo herd. I think he made two expeditions before the spring of 1886. At that time he had in captivity about half a dozen head of young buffalo. I went with him into the Panhandle country and the Neutral Strip on his spring calf hunt of 1886. We found the remnants of the buffalo herd on the headwaters of the Canadian and took thirteen calves, of which eleven were brought out to the railroad. On that rather risky hunt I saw enough of Jones to know that he was as good a plainsman and as good a hunter as any of the best. His sense of direction on the plains was perfect and his energy was untiring, while his resourcefulness and independence of mind were always apparent.

This collection was the nucleus of the Jones herd of buffalo, which had a very checkered career. Those were boom times in Kansas and the old plainsman's visionary mind was full of schemes. He was nearly always in debt and nearly always was going to get rich. His hybrid buffalo product of the cross between the buffalo and domestic cattle he called the catalo, and he became more or less famous on this account. Pursued by creditors, he shifted his herd from one place to another and sold it off from time to time. Some specimens went to Europe, some were sold to Salt Lake parks. I heard that he had some out in Redwillow County, Nebraska, at one time. Finally he wrote me that he had sold his entire herd to Charley Allard on the Flathead Indian Reservation.

Allard and Michel Pablo apparently combined their herds, for there were several hundred head offered to the United States Government by Pablo when he concluded he did not want any more wild buffalo. This Government refused to buy the herd. The Canadian Government did buy it and took up to Wainwright in Alberta all the members which it was ever able to round up on Pablo's ranch. There may be a few head of the old Pablo herd left up there yet, for all I know. The Canadian herd now numbers 3500 head and is the largest in the world. Wainwright Park is more than one hundred and sixty square miles in extent. It was left by the Dominion of Canada to preserve beyond question the species of the American buffalo. I have no doubt that there may be in the Canadian herd at least some trace of the blood of the southern herd, where Jones got the calves which made his start toward fame if not toward fortune.

Some years after the Klondike strike Jones undertook to go up into the far north and bring out some musk-ox calves. With only one companion he set out from Great Slave Lake into the lone land. He got his calves—five of them—but the natives killed them one day, refusing to allow them to be taken out of the country.

The wonderful self-reliance of the man may be seen in the fact that he made his musk-ox hunt wholly alone so far as native guiding was concerned, and with only one white companion. He explained to me how he ran by the compass and how he got back to his starting point within two or three miles. It was no wonder to me, for I had seen him hit our camp on the Canadian at night within a mile at the end of a thirty-mile drive across the plains, and only one who has seen the plains at night can know what that means.

Disappointed in bringing out his musk ox, Jones went on down the Mackenzie River in a canoe alone and practically alone ascended the Rat River, crossing the old Klondike portage and descending the Bell and Porcupine Rivers to the Yukon. In 1913 I myself saw his name carved on the Summit Tree at the crest of the most northerly pass in the Rocky Mountains, our trails crossing strangely again. Alone and with almost no financial resources he caught a steamer, went down the Yukon to Nome and then almost perished in the sea voyage to Seattle. When I saw him he said there was nothing he wanted in the world so much as a piece of pie. Though he had failed in his musk-ox undertaking and so probably had lost the money of the backers who had sent him up there, he was not cast down, but was full of more advertising schemes to sell a book which he intended to write telling the story of his life.

Jones turned up as trapper of predatory animals in Yellowstone Park, where he was consulted as an authority on buffalo as well. Again we heard of him lassoing mountain lions along the Colorado River in Arizona. Absolutely fearless and with a native understanding of wild animals such as few men ever possessed, he was always doing some sensational thing.

We next heard of Buffalo Jones with two or three American cowboys in the heart of Africa, where he undertook to take with the lasso all the wild animals which our other great sportsmen had taken with the rifle. He roped lions and all that sort of thing and even anchored a rhinoceros—indeed did all sorts of foolhardy and impossible things. We were now in the moving-picture days, and as Jones even at that time had no great financial resources he had again obtained backers for his African trip. The moving pictures which he brought back from Africa were not the best that have come out of Africa, but they were astonishing, because they showed the use of the American cow horse and the American rope in the hands of American cowboys in Africa. With these pictures—such as they were—and some of his mountain-lion pictures taken in the West, Jones went on the lecture platform and no doubt did fairly well in a financial way for a time. I saw him at that time and he was much the same old Jones. He had been fifty-five years of age when he went into the Arctic country, and he was far past sixty—almost seventy—when he went to Africa. Tall, spare, full of nervous energy, with the small blue eye of the American frontiersman, Jones even then was an extraordinary figure and he surely had led an extraordinary life. Apparently he never cared much for sport—I never knew him to take any interest in fishing or in small game and he would not kill big game at all except to eat. His bent was for taking captive large wild animals. Whether or not he did this for publicity purposes makes no difference—this country never had his equal for big-game hunting with the rope and never will see his like again.

I remember to have seen a photograph of Buffalo Jones, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, all tricked out till fare-ye-well in beaded buckskin shirts. Buffalo Bill, of course, was a showman and there was not so much in his personal life as a frontiersman to win him glory as perhaps generally was believed by the public which gave him the glory. Jones had the showman's instinct also, but achieved less success. He and others cashed in to more or less degree

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There are Twinplex sets galore from which you may choose your gift for him.

And it's time to act now while the full lines are on display—at cutlery, hardware, drug and department stores. A ten years' service guarantee goes with every Twinplex.

Even *new* blades must be stropped. Shaving bends the tiny saw teeth out of alignment in this manner ⌇⌇⌇⌇⌇. Stropping smooths them back like this ⌇⌇⌇⌇⌇,— into a keen cutting edge that glides over the face.

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Twinplex with shaving stick and brush in black flexible leather case. Spaces for razor parts. *Without razor.*
$7.50

Twinplex Stropper

on the curious love of the old wild West which long has been evinced by the American public. Some of these old-time figures faked a little bit now and then, perhaps they were a little bit vain now and then, but after all they were human; and after all some of them were extraordinary human beings at that. My old-time friend, Buffalo Jones, was an extraordinary man. He came out of an extraordinary day that never will be repeated in any portion of the world.

Old Thad Norris

THERE are at least some anglers in the United States who will retain recollection of Old Thad Norris, one of the fathers of fly fishing in America, a great and gentle soul, whose intimate knowledge of the out-of-doors of his time was exceeded by no living man of that day. Old Thad Norris passed away some time since and we read about him now only with the interest which attaches to a semihistorical character. But would you perchance be disposed to believe that so perishable a thing as an artificial fly made by Thad Norris was in existence to-day? It is and I have it, an antique and a "veritable," as the dealers say. Its story is rather curious.

Mr. Charles C. Eliott, of Elgin, Illinois, ties artificial flies himself—once he sent me one which he had made with the few remaining feathers he had of a passenger pigeon—a fly which cannot be duplicated to-day and which I cherish. Last summer he sent me a small salmon fly or sea trout fly, perfectly tied and in perfect condition, with the subscription "Made by Thad Norris." He wrote the following letter of explanation:

"Take down your copy of the American Anglers' Guide by Norris and turn to his article on fly making and his pictures of flies. Compare this fly. You will note that he always made his salmon fly with gut loops and used O'Shaughnessy hooks. I am lucky enough to have a copy of the American Anglers' Guide which was owned by my father, and after carefully looking it over I am satisfied that this is not a bogus product. The proprietor of the store in Philadelphia where I found it told me that Old Thad Norris made this fly and I believe he did.

"At the suggestion of one of my friends last year I went to a restaurant on Walnut Street in Philadelphia for a shore dinner and on leaving the place I noticed this old gun shop. My companion knew the proprietor. I got in conversation with him and asked him if he remembered Thad Norris. This old-time dealer told me that Norris used to come to the store when he himself was a little boy.

"Shortly he spoke up and said: 'I have a fly rod here made by Mr. Norris and also some flies.'

"I asked him how that could be, when Thad Norris had been dead for forty years. He answered that this store—which under another name had long been known in Philadelphia—was always known in that section of Pennsylvania, so that when an old sportsman died his equipment was often sent there to be disposed of. The old Norris rod and flies had been sent in in this way by the estate of an old Pennsylvania sportsman.

"The proprietor dug round among a lot of old envelopes and found some very old flies, some of them made by an old fly maker once in their employ who was named Pat Wardin. There was a little paper marked 'Norris flies.' This fly which I am sending you is one of the lot.

"This old Philadelphia gun store is a curiosity shop for fair. On the second floor there is now a gun shop with modern machinery. On the third floor old Pat Wardin had his shop. Pat died about ten years ago and the shop had been left just as Pat left it, with the dust of years piled on the bench and all the old junk lying round. I am myself a rod maker and this old shop was tremendously interesting to me. There were old brass reels, rod cases, boxes of moth-eaten feathers, a lathe and planes and forms which Wardin had used in his work. In a drawer were pieces of German silver and mandrels which he used in making his ferrules.

"His salmon rods were made in fifteen strips and the enamel was glued inside instead of outside, which is the modern method of six-strip construction. The proprietor told me that Wardin made rods for many of the old-time actors, including George Holland, E. A. Sothern and William Florence. He also sent many rods to England.

"The old proprietor of my antique tackle shop was a taxidermist. There were hundreds of specimens left from mounting which never were called for. In my travels about the United States I look up things that are of interest to an angler. This is by far the most interesting place I have ever discovered and I hope that some time when you are in Philadelphia you also will look it up and get some more information of old-time sport.

"I sent the proprietor of the shop my check, and the Old Thad Norris rod is now in my tackle closet at home, together with one made by H. L. Leonard more than thirty-five years ago and a greenheart done by Scribner, a New Brunswick maker, well known among the old-time anglers who used to fish at the Grand Lakes in Maine. I warn you that should you visit this old shop you will feel like taking a bath and your clothes will need a visit to the cleaner."

Old Man Hawken

WHO was Old Man Hawken? What were his initials? When did he live and when did he die?

These are questions which I wish some one would answer in as great detail as possible.

Of course we have all heard about the famous Hawken rifle made by Hawken, of St. Louis, back in the famous time of Kit Carson and the early plainsmen.

These rifles were famous for their close-shooting qualities and their reliability, and Hawken—little known as he is to-day—is entitled to be called one of the most famous of all the American gunmakers.

We have been talking about the old Philadelphia gun shop and tackle store. Now what old gun store in St. Louis or anywhere else can produce a genuine Hawken rifle? My old friend, Horace Kephart, about as good an outdoor authority as America ever had and, indeed, perhaps the best, once owned a genuine Hawken. He gave it to the Missouri State Historical Society, I think, at about the time he himself was librarian of the old St. Louis Mercantile Library. This is the only genuine Hawken of which I have any knowledge. I have mentioned the famous collection of old-time Kentucky rifles owned by a gentleman in Des Moines, Iowa, but I do not recall that he mentioned a Hawken in the collection.

Now comes a gentleman of Portland, Oregon, who says that he has run across a rifle which he thinks is a Hawken.

His letter does not seem altogether conclusive.

"If you love Kentucky rifles we have something in common," he begins. "You say you would like to hear from a Hawken rifle. I think I have it. About twenty years ago, in Santa Barbara, California, I traded a cheap revolver to a local gunsmith, or rather general tinker, for an old muzzle-loader just so that I might satisfy the craving born of reading the Indian tales and incidentally have a wall ornament. But the gun surely has 'Hawken, St. Louis,' stamped in unmistakable letters on the barrel. The gun is as plain as it could possibly be—no inlays or fancy wood or silver butt plate. But she balances like the wheel of a watch and surely will shoot. It had belonged to a well-known old family in the town where I got it, who were said to have brought it across the plains in 1850. There are also one or two nicks on the barrel and stock which were said to have been received in the Mexican War. I never had any idea that the gun was of any value from any standpoint of history or commerce."

Are there any other Hawkens lying round in the country anywhere and will someone tell us how to know a Hawken when we see it? I am not able to give that information myself.

For instance, here is yet another letter from Ballwin, Missouri.

"I have at my home a rifle handed down from my forefathers. It is, I would judge, about .45 caliber, weighs about ten or twelve pounds, is of the percussion-cap type, has an extended shoulder piece and is inlaid with silver. There is an inscription on the silver plate on the side of the stock, but it has become almost obliterated by use. It has been my opinion for some time that perhaps this might be a Hawken rifle. If you can suggest any way by which I may determine whether or not it is I will appreciate it very much."

THE LAST STAND OF THE GIANTS

(Continued from Page 9)

PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON

Up Eel River From Scotia Bridge, Showing Primitive Forest and Cut-Over Land

ain and trees
were giants
In the Crusades
en. There are
s that were
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kspere was
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of Independ-
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n upon the
h for five, ten,
fen centuries—
now they are
ing grape stakes, fence posts and rail-
l ties of them!

o you know what a grape stake is? It
piece of wood about four feet long, or
, and about three by two inches in size,
pened at one end and used in the vine-
is of California to support the vines.
fence posts are about four inches
are, possibly five, and the railroad ties
ne usual size. The straight grain of the
evood admits of easy and nonwasteful
pting and the wood lasts long against
o These great trees are felled—trees
hundred, eight hundred, a thousand
s old—trees that are contemporaneous
n most of the Christian Era—to be
aed and split into these trivial things.
reover, these are trees that grow no-
re else—the last remaining giants of
r race.

Trees of Ancient Lineage

hey are the most splendid trees of all
world, the survivors of a forestation
harks back to the earliest ages and
covered what are now the polar regions
the temperate regions of North Amer-
Europe and Asia. Their ancestry can
traced for millions of years. Fossils
e been discovered that definitely fix
he trees as having antedated the glacial
od for æons of time. They come down
n the Cretaceous period, through the
tiary formation of our continent. In the
of reptiles, millions of years before man
the higher animals of the present, red-
ds grew in many parts of the world.

he small forests now remaining are prac-
lly identical with the forests through
ch these prehistoric monsters sought
r prey. In California one specimen at
t reached its present place before the
lial period of the earth's formative pro-
es. Since redwoods began to grow the
erican continent has been made and re-
le by the hand
Nature; land
s taken the
be of water and
er the place of
ad. The red-
ds flourished
en the great
untain chains
e thrown up
r stuck to life
antly through
l he mighty con-
sions of Nature
t sculptured
r pressed and
leled the land
o its present
nation.

Extending in
rmous forests
many parts of
the world, they
dually with-
w until in this
iod they took
r final stand—
stand they are
king now—
ng the coast of
ifornia, and
r combating all
forces of Nature
sturdily and successfully they are now being turned into grape stakes! The tragedy of it is infinite, and the pathos.

The present habitat of the redwood is a strip of territory beginning near the southwestern corner of Oregon and extending down the California coast to Monterey Bay, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, with an average width of approximately twenty miles. The main redwood belt begins in Del Norte County, California, on Smith River, and extends southward through Humboldt and Mendocino counties. The tree is at its best and in its primeval state in Humboldt and Del Norte counties, because lumbering operations in those counties are of later date than elsewhere. These are not the only redwoods in California, but the largest and most perfect forestation of them. There are a few in Oregon. Two areas have already been set aside for public parks—the California Redwood Park owned by the state, and the Muir Woods, given by William Kent to the nation.

To the south the Sempervirens Club has reserved a grove of them, and the trees at Santa Cruz are familiar to many tourists. But the redwood has reached its greatest development in the bottom lands of the Smith River in Del Norte County and along the Eel River in Humboldt County. Here these most mighty members of the plant family, these most magnificent of growing things have held to life stubbornly, in all their grandeur and dignity—until man began to make grape stakes of them.

As to the age of them there is varying testimony. It is probable that the bulk of the trees are from four hundred to fifteen hundred years old, but there are numerous trees that equal definitely the age of the other branch of the family, the sequoia gigantea, or Big Tree of the High Sierras. That is to say, it is held that the largest of the redwoods are two thousand years old. There is a natural tendency, of course, to make them older than they are, and trees are commonly pointed out and said to be three and even four thousand years of age; but the best opinion is that the bulk of the adult trees range anywhere from four hundred to fifteen hundred years, with a great number that are indubitably a thousand and twelve hundred years old—old enough to be older than any other growing things in the world.

The size of them varies. They are not so large at base as the sequoia gigantea of greatest circumference. A redwood that is sixty or seventy feet round at its base is a very large redwood, but there are plenty that are forty and fifty and sixty feet round. In height they are mostly between two hundred and three hundred feet, more by far approximating the two-hundred mark than the three-hundred. The tallest tree recorded is, or was—it may have been cut down—three hundred and fifty feet high. Commercially, in the great forests on the bottom lands of the Eel and Smith rivers, where the trees are largely uniform in size, trees that contain from 125,000 to 150,000 feet board measure are not uncommon. There have been instances where two and one half million feet of lumber have been taken from an acre, and one tree, a giant of giants that was slaughtered to make lumber, produced 480,000 feet board measure, not including waste.

The Foresight of Asa Gray

So much for the size and age of them. As to the extinction of them—the fact that there will be no more of them after man has dealt with these—Dr. Asa Gray, the great American botanist, so long ago as 1872 foresaw what was coming and said: "Seedlings of the great trees occur not rarely indeed but in meager proportion to those of associated trees, and small indeed is the chance that any of these will attain to the 'days of the years of their fathers.' Few and evil are the days of the forests likely to be while man, both barbarian and civilized, torments them with fires fatal at once to the seedling and at length to the aged also. The forests of California, proud as the state may be of them, are already scanty and insufficient for her uses. Two lines such as may be drawn with one sweep of the brush over the map would cover them all. The coast redwood, the most important tree in California, though a million times more numerous than its relative in the Sierras, is too good to live long. Such is its value for lumber and its accessibility, that—judging the future by the past—it is not likely in its primeval growth to outlast its rarer fellow species."

The redwood reproduces not only by seedlings but by stump sprouts. The tree has no taproot but a large number of huge lateral roots that lie near the surface of the ground. Sprouts spring from these about the stump and in some instances

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On the South Fork

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make for merchantable lumber. However, a sprout or seedling that began life at the time the first white man saw a redwood would be but a puny tree now compared to the smallest of its adult ancestors, and the process of lumbering practically destroys the chance of reforestation by natural processes.

Following the saw and the ax the men who lumber the redwoods call in fire. The great trees are felled one after another at the place of operation. Then fire is set and the branches and young trees and other hamper burned to facilitate the getting out of the logs. The redwood contains little resin and the bark is almost fireproof. Therefore the fires set to clear away the young trees and burn the branches do small damage to the great trunks. Redwood logs brought to the mills are blackened and charred but not damaged at all for commercial purposes. A district in which the redwoods have been logged is far more desolate than an ordinary logged district, for in addition to the desolation of stumps and shattered branches and the few and poor standing culls forlornly representing what was once a great section of primeval woods the fire has blackened everything, destroyed all the verdure and left its hideous scars upon the stumps. Tenacious as it is of life, the redwood seedling or sprout has small chance of pushing up through the lumbered area.

The redwoods attain their greatest glory on the river bottoms along the Eel River and its confluent creeks in Humboldt County, California, and on the Smith River bottoms to the north. Here are forests of them hundreds of acres in extent that have as yet escaped the saw and the ax of the lumberman, though the advancing destructionists are close upon them now. Last October I went up to Eureka and drove for miles along the south fork of the Eel River and up along Bull Creek. I have seen the big trees in the Sierras and those at Santa Cruz and in the Muir Woods and other forests in other parts of the world, but until I saw these vast forests of them, great stretches of giants standing as they have stood for centuries in their serene and majestic dignity, I fell far short in my realization of the splendor of great growing things.

The groves were the first temples, and since man built cathedrals for man the cathedral impression has been the most common mental reflex in a place like one of these forests. But no cathedral that man could build, or has; no series of pillars or columns, however great; no majesty, dignity or wonder of construction can or ever will even remotely approach the majesty of these redwoods. There are not only tens of trees that have been growing upward toward the sky for from five to fifteen centuries, but hundreds of them, thousands of them. They stand in rank after rank along the bottoms, yards and yards round and towering far into the air. All is solemn and silent. The ferns of their prehistoric association cling about the roots of them and carpet the ground beneath them. The accumulated leafage and desiccated cones that have dropped for centuries make a carpet beneath them as noiseless as wool. There is little bird or animal life.

Private Ownership

The sunlight filters through the thickly interlaced branches and is dissipated into a sort of half twilight that adds to the solemnity and to the impressiveness of the forest. One feels impelled to remove his hat and stand uncovered beneath them. Less than the breadth of a hand across the stump of one of them measures the ordinary span of human life. Some of them were there when Saint Paul sent his epistles to the Corinthians. Many of them were there when Egbert, first king of all England, ascended the throne. Scores of them were there when the Wars of the Roses began, and hundreds when the Spanish Armada sailed. They antedate Columbus, Cortés and Balboa. They were giants when Henry Hudson arrived on the eastern shore. They had looked down on many centuries when Junípero Serra landed at Monterey. And not two miles from where I first had my look at them men whose lifetime will be but an instant compared to theirs were felling them and cutting their great boles into grape stakes. It seems like an obscene grimace at God Almighty.

PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON

The Redwood's Humiliation—to be Split Up Into Grape Stakes

These forests are all privately owned, largely by great lumbering corporations and the remainder by individuals. Redwood, as a lumber, has come into its own within recent years. It is light, soft, straight-grained, not at all tough, but fairly strong and extremely durable. In the early days of California, when there was not much timber for building purposes available, redwood was considered almost worthless because of its lightness, softness and lack of strength. The pioneers in the gold days in California brought lumber round the Horn for houses in San Francisco and Oakland when there were redwood forests at that time within a few miles from them. There is a house still standing in the city of Monterey for which the wood was brought by sea from New York, and there were great belts of redwood just across the bay in and about Santa Cruz. More remarkable than that, there was until a few years ago a house at Trinidad in the center of the greatest redwood forests for which the lumber was brought from the East. Presently the use of redwood lumber began, and the San Francisco that was destroyed by fire was largely built of it. Now the good qualities of the lumber are recognized and quantities of it are produced each year.

Eureka and the other settlements of Northwestern California were without rail-communication with the outside world until a few years ago. Visitors came in by stage from Willits or across the mountains from the valley or by boat up the coast. Nevertheless, the great stands of redwood timber were all located years ago : the work of manufacturing these mig trees into lumber was carried on tensively. One of the finest section the forest on Bull Creek was located the Hon. Joseph W. Fordney of Mi igan, now chairman of the Committe Ways and Means of the House of R resentatives, for example. Fordney, the local tale goes, cruised every i of his three hundred and twenty ac

Big lumbering companies were org ized and acquired tracts that had b individually located and tracts that t located themselves. Great sawmills w set up at Scotia and at other points the redwood demand became enorm Hence as these lumbermen had acqui these tracts of the great trees and invested their money in machinery manufacture them into lumber of v ous kinds, the lumbermen proce about their business methodically with enterprise. The trees were the lawfully acquired, and they began to them down. The original lumbering erations were nearest the lines of tra port, of course, and at the outer edge the forests. A traveler from Willits Eureka on the train passes throug large and desolate acreage that once covered, almost as the bottoms the south fork of the Eel River and al Bull Creek are now covered, with trees oftentimes measured sixty or seventy round their butts. The trees were so la that they were cut sometimes twenty thirty feet above the ground—almost ways at least ten feet. Thus a lumbe redwood country is the most desolate disheartening country imaginable, beca the stumps, sticking high in the air, enormous girth, give tragic testimony the size of the trees that were felled are blackened by the fires that were set clear away the branches and top ham after the trees were felled.

A Unique Highway

Lumbermen knew all about these r wood forests and so did the residents that part of the state, as well as spor men who went there to fish and hu but until the railroad was extended fr Willits to Eureka, which was only a f years ago, the tourist and pleas travel to the redwood country was sm Recently the California state highw system has been extended up the co and through Humboldt County, and forests are now easy of access, not o to the people who want to see the r woods and enjoy them but to the peo who want to use them commercially.

The state highway, following the so fork of the Eel River in Humbo County, runs directly through a p meval redwood forest such as I have inadequately described. These gr trees fringe the road for miles and t tourist can look off into the dim reces of the mighty stand of them or stop a walk among them. No road in this wo has so tremendous a setting, no hig way on this earth traverses a forest li that. The road winds in and throu trees that are a thousand years old. T great trunks of them rise in migh majesty by the side of the travel pat forming a colonnade such as does n exist elsewhere and furnishing vistas b tween and adown its magnificent ais that are unique in all the earth and u paralleled in splendor and glory.

But a highway is not alone for plea ure travel. It has its commercial us Hence when the state road was built t men who owned or had leased tracts this timber that stood along the ro hastened to get their money out of The road gave them facilities for tra port and distribution. It let their m and machinery in and brought their pro uct out. Presently gangs of men beg chopping into these great trees at va ous spots along the highway, and t result was that here and there along t south fork of the Eel, at places neare the railroad, great gashes were ruthless cut into the forest, enormous and state trees were felled, leaving the big ar blackened stumps and the fire-grim area to substitute for what was the mo remarkable scenery of its kind know to man.

I saw two or three of these operatio along the highway not far from Dyervill We arrived at one clearing just as a b

(Concluded on Page 153)

PHOTO. BY FREEMAN ART CO., EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

The Process of Lumbering Practically Destroys the Chance of Reforestation by Natural Processes

(Concluded from Page 150)

od was about to die the death. It n enormous tree, fully a hundred and feet high and forty feet round at the of it. The choppers, as is usually ase, had cut holes in the trunk near round, put horizontals in these holes aid a platform of boards across the ntals. They stood on this platform ere drawing the saw across for the last mes.

ow long before she drops?" we asked

ive minutes," one of the sawyers ed, and we moved to a little rise by de of the road to see the tree fall. The g stopped. The tree began to creak. awyers drove their wedges into the cut, illy directing the fall of the tree to the place desired, and after great groanand swayings the giant toppled over thundered to the ground. Seven ries of the work of Nature thrown by man in an hour or so!

ore grape stakes," said one of the with me.

tainly the grapes of California should e grapes, for the vines that produce are supported by stakes from the ancient and the most lordly trees in world.

came to another clearing, where was suspended. The devastation was ing. The land here slopes up from ad and every tree of consequence had relled and burned. The view down the vista of redwoods had been wonderi the autumn sunlight just before we ed this place, and here there came ideous blot—like a defilement of a lof art, like an obscenity in a sacra- We passed heavy trucks bringing oads of grape stakes. We passed rs where grape stakes and fence posts ilroad ties were piled in vast heaps g shipment. And all of them came hese great trees, all were split in their arts from the magnificent trunks of aged and majestic monarchs.

Nv there is no criticism or blame to be ed to the men who are cutting these and making grape stakes of them; it meant to give the impression that grape stakes are made from them. reat sawmills and finishing mills at g plants produce lumber of all sorts hem, manufacturing it into lumber elties in some cases. The uses of the wod are numerous as its beauties are nold. The men who are or have been tig the trees along the state highway heir money invested in the trees and th plants to manufacture them. It is siss with them, a perfectly legitimate siss conducted in a perfectly legitimate y. The concern that is not because these men tting the trees but beis they have an opporni to cut them. The ien is not in the damage t as been done already the inevitable destruc- f all the redwoods e some means for previg them can be found.

ae the Redwoods

Nurally, as the trees are vely owned, the trees stbe bought from the n ho own them if they tbe saved. It is quite d mirably true that the a umbering companies th country are in comtesympathy with the jecof preserving a certain mi r of the trees, but they nn be altruistic enough ru themselves and their arolders by shutting up siss and not cutting y ore trees. They have ves d their money in the es nd in the plants to nd them, and they are lir to go a long way wa preserving a certain mir of the trees, but nn be expected to retire om usiness without comn tion themselves ca e this is the most gnicent forest in the rld The Federal Govmit or the state of Calrn should have looked t f the preservation of these trees years and years ago. Fully fifty years ago the inevitable destruction that would follow commercial ownership was pointed out, and has been pointed out increasingly since, but neither the Federal Government nor the state of California took steps to preserve the trees, and they came into private control. Wherefore, the only way to save them now is to buy them back from the men who own them.

PHOTO. BY HERBERT W. GLEASON

Forest on the South Fork, Near Mouth of Bull Creek

This was apparent for a long time to a small number of men who knew about the trees, and is increasingly apparent to all men, now that the new highway has made the redwoods accessible. Therefore there has been organized the Save the Redwoods League, with the double object of procuring a belt of the finest redwood trees bordering the new state highway and eventually of obtaining a considerable body of the finest redwoods, probably to the north, for the establishment of a National Redwoods Park. The first half of the plan is the half that is of immediate importance, because the destruction has already begun. It is proposed to procure about twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand acres of primeval redwoods bordering the state highway and along the south part of the Eel River and Bull Creek, south roughly from Dyerville, and for that immediate purpose the Save the Redwoods League is working.

The need was so urgent that citizens of Humboldt County contributed a fund, aided by some public-spirited men outside, of sufficient size to delay operations in places where these operations would be fatal to the completed harmony of the plan; and when I was there in October most of the destruction along the highway had been stopped for the time and the men who owned the lumber were waiting adjustments. These adjustments must take the form of purchase, of course, because the men who are operating are operating either under a contract for the lumber rights or by virtue of their ownership of the land and trees. The great lumbering companies were showing no disposition to be arbitrary in the exercise of their property rights and were waiting the result of the movement and willing to coöperate cordially and helpfully; and the chances seemed good that the plan would work out satisfactorily.

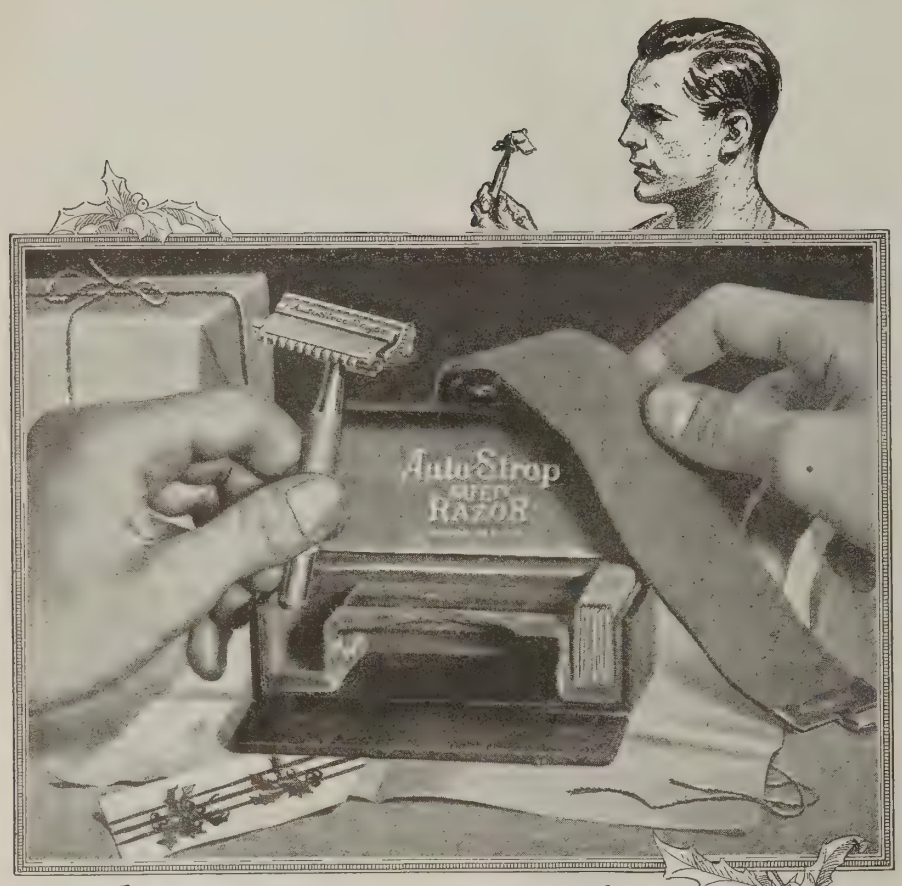
The Men Behind the Movement

However, the few operations already in hand are inconsequential compared to the operations that will be begun in case the plan to save the redwoods fails to work out, because, as I have stated, all the trees—all of them, all the giants in these forests—are privately owned and they all inevitably will be chopped down unless the league to save them procures them.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is president of the Save the Redwoods League, and associated with him are William Kent; Stephen T. Mather, director of National Parks; R. L. Wilbur, president of Stanford University; William E. Colby, president of the Sierra Club; and Dr. John C. Merriam, of the University of California. The league is seeking membership throughout the United States at two dollars each and is hopeful of larger contributions. Sixty thousand dollars were in hand when I was in Humboldt County, half of which was contributed by the citizens and officials of Humboldt County and half by Messrs. Mather and Kent. Quick action is necessary, and the number of trees to be saved will depend on the liberality of contributions and on subsequent action by the state and national governments. Eventually, it is hoped that the Government will be interested and the redwoods preserved by action of Congress.

These are the most splendid, most majestic, most wonderful trees in the world. They are the only trees of their kind in the world. They will all be made into grape stakes, cigar boxes, molding boards, fence posts, shakes, shingles and casket covers unless they are saved from these ignoble ends by the people. The giants are making their last stand up there in California.

These are Trees That Grow Nowhere Else—the Last Remaining Giants of Their Race



What men really want for Christmas

MORNING after morning men everywhere are enduring a needless discomfort—the scrape and smart of fast-dulling razor blades.

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—sharpens itself

WRITING FOR PRINT

(Continued from Page 18)

In Plutarch's Lives we read of a wonderful people known as the Spartans, who lived many years before the Christian Era. Every reader of Plutarch must have remarked that the Spartans seemed to possess every virtue modern people notably lack. Nearly everyone you know, including yourself, is cowardly and dreads pain. The Spartans were all brave and laughed at pain. Nearly every modern mother spoils her children; the Spartans took children when they were six or seven years old and had them reared under competent instructors. Spartan husbands saw their wives only on rare occasions and were, as a result, always lovers. The Spartans didn't eat too much, as we do, but just enough to make them the bravest, strongest and brainiest men in the world. The Spartans did not drink intoxicants, or lie, or gossip; in short, they had so many virtues you will certainly blush when you read about them.

When old Lycurgus, their great man—and who made most of their wonderful laws—realized that death was approaching, owing to old age, he didn't loaf round the house and boast about the good old days; on the contrary, he called the wonderful Spartans about him and said he was going on a journey. He asked them to promise that until his return they would keep his laws. The Spartans gave their word of honor to do as Lycurgus wished, and then he walked away and never came back; he died somewhere, alone, like an old dog. The Spartans thought so much of their honor that they kept the laws of Lycurgus five hundred years, or until the Romans corrupted them.

Is the story a satire, like Gulliver's Travels? Did Plutarch enjoy poking fun at the weaknesses of mankind in general, as Swift enjoyed making fun of the English of his day?

The story is at least a masterpiece and, as such, has a proper place in the world. Millions of good people love it, as millions of others love to laugh at it.

There is a venerable university at Cairo, in Egypt, with seven thousand students and a horde of professors. Its course of study was founded centuries ago, when men knew very much less about natural history than they know now. But these men have never changed and violently oppose truths accepted by half the world. The Cairo professors have written thousands of books to prove that the sun rises in the west; I often think of these learned men taking snuff with each other and laughing at the learned men in my world as ignorant.

And as these Cairo professors believe, so their seven thousand students are taught; and after studying many years these students go out into the world to teach. They meet other teachers and writing men of great education, and clash. Their controversies become literature; mistaken, maybe, but clever, entertaining, witty, and with such profundity as the human mind calls for.

Pulls and Pulpits

Laurence Sterne wrote Tristram Shandy and A Sentimental Journey long ago. Sterne was an English clergyman; whoever reads his history will note the well-known story of an education. Grudging relatives sent him to school, it being thought a sin to fail to stuff the boy's mind with such learning as scholars before him had preserved.

In spite of our present alliance with England, I record my perplexity at one custom of that country: Many times I have read of rich Englishmen having a church to give out, and these are often given to men who have a pull in politics rather than a call from on high, as we Methodists believe to be necessary.

Laurence Sterne was given a church after this fashion; and an unusual pastor he certainly was, to a Methodist. There can be no denying that Sterne, of all writers, is the most permeated with impurity. The writer nearest approaching him in this respect was Swift, also a clergyman of the Church of England. Rabelais was another offender in the class with Sterne and Swift, and he was a priest.

Sterne lived as he wrote. He was always mixed up in a fresh love affair; one of these was so serious that he wrote his own daughter that he thought more of his mistress than of all other women.] leisure he associated with gay dogs were not considered quite respectab

With it all, he was forever writin saying beautiful things. In Paris he pretty girl and at once began preach her about the higher life. Later she on him at his hotel and spent two ho his room. The landlord ordered Ster of the hotel because of the adve This is told in A Sentimental Journ Sterne himself; it is not idle gossip.

Sterne often wept over the sins and of mankind. In his celebrated scene a dead ass and its owner he wrote:

"Shame on the world, said I to m Did we love each other as this poo loved his ass, 'twould be something."

Indignation because we do not lov other more and because we lack uni brotherhood has always been a fa with writing men and readers, thou quarrel rather more now than ever b

Sterne's fine sentiment attracte tremely clever and readable criticism envious rivals. One gentleman, in tal hard poke at Sterne, said he cruell lected his own wife. And readers en that too.

Traill's Life of Sterne

One of the characters in one of St books is such a good man that h leased a tormented fly and put it ou window with the words: "Get thee poor devil! Why should I harm thee? world is surely large enough for the me."

This beautiful thought attracte much admiration that another writing envious of Sterne's enormous popul discovered that it was stolen bodily an old book. Sterne was a famous li thief, his rivals said, his chief pilf being from the gloomy volume kno Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

The world not only benefited by rence Sterne's genius as a writer, but his death we have biographies of h great interest. I do not know who Traill is, or whether he is dead or l but I have read his biography of S with rather more enjoyment than I in Tristram Shandy or A Sentin Journey. Any man's life is interest told with truth and sincerity. An fine sentiment is not mine; almost scribbler in the world's history has s

Traill's biography of Sterne shows on almost every page; there are thou of writers who miss greatness by on breadth of a hair. Traill relates how St father was an army man, condemned the Ulysseslike plaything of adverse at the war office. He had an indefati prolific wife; a succession of weak ar ing children; misfortune in the seas journeyings; misfortune in the mo the weather by sea and by land—unc this combination of hostile chances an ditions was the struggle to be carri The little household was perpetually move—a little household which was a becoming but never remaining bigger tinually increased by births, only reduced again by deaths, until the c between the deadly hardships of trav the fatal fecundity of Mrs. Sterne brought by events to a natural close. biography speaks of the family losin infant at this place and "leaving an behind" on a particular journey, alm if they were so many overlooked or directed pieces of baggage.

All this Traill tells delightfully. Pe he exaggerated, but if he is convicte I shall not complain, since he has ma interesting book.

In the early days of the Republic writers were scarce; it was a favorite of the English that no one read an A ican book, but in the country to-da thousands of clever writers. I find work in every printed thing I pick u every considerable town is a press with some of its members working on and books which frequently succeed. our world depends for its readin weekly papers printed in small towns many of their editors, widely quote good printers as well as good write was lately in a Western town, an editor did not show me his pape showed me specimens of two-color

(Continued on Page 157)

(Continued from Page 154)

rl out on his job press. I thank the shat in present-day literature there is ıly room at the top but also at the tn, where I have always worked.
l those of us at the bottom do not s accept the work of those at the top. g the plain people with whom I ate I hear much grumbling at our famous writers; much of which is ed by the professional literary . We readers are a tremendous , and I wonder writers do not tremble they think of us.
ing long heard of a book called The People, by Feodor Dostoyevsky, I t a copy.
v the book became famous I do not yet we are told that when the author his funeral was a pageant in which sses took part, so tremendous, so irring, so remarkable as to seem a ıot of real life. A hundred thousand sed it; twenty thousand followed ıd so on.
o not believe the story; it is the ige of readers to doubt what they see t if so inclined. The story of Dostoys funeral was certainly exaggerated er writing men. Truth from Russia? ot expect it.
s.mericans pledged to equality, we are itled to a good notice on our final ure for that mysterious bourn from literature says no one returns. And of us receive this attention from wn writers of skill who in these later sure scattered everywhere. I lately ie following in a paper of considerable ution:

Is going left a gap in the ranks. We ell dismayed for a moment; then leaped to his place and repledged realty to the cause for which he had nd died—the freedom of the earth people. Firmly he believed this oe achieved now. Mightily he fought should be. Devoutly he thought we on sight of the Promised Land. Yet elquished without a murmur. And so gentleman; if that word has any eft; if it will connote true delicacy ught and feeling, as well as deport- rare intellectual vigor and daring; scorn of tinsel and pretense; a deep of the heart and mind, profound faith and love. He was a Jew by and had the Jew's natural courthout any of his clannishness. His ot instincts were cosmopolitan. The e game was too small for him. He with high stakes and sought the game life can afford. I imagine him g on the other side as he beholds the gates, his face all aglow, for he did the beautiful. Again I see him, and e has become a question mark. He ck to the judgment bar and asks if are any less fortunate there, and Please place me where I can do some .'

l was this mighty man who, on g heaven, did not wish to rest a day but who still wished to do good? I know; I saw his obituary in a I never heard of him before, but I ouraged that so able an obituary was t of so humble a man.

ompliments for the A. P.

e old days the best writing was found s. Now it is found in magazines and pers. An ancient scribbler was not red a first-class man unless able to is meaning in a mass of beautiful lately men write in the lines, rather etween them. Plain writing has more popular; information, wit, escription; even the sober Associated s contains frequent bits of good .

tely sent out the following, which millions to chuckle:

rling P. Bland, a St. Louis lawyer known in state politics, suffered a own at the hands of Luther Wilf Farmington, Missouri, at the conof a speech Bland made to a jury ivil action tried in St. Francois . He referred to Williams as being and having given false testimony. the court room Williams knocked down. The latter sued for $5000 and $40,000 punitive damages. The e court holds there was ample ation for the assault, and that Bland ntitled to recover."

The Associated Press also occasionally indulges in very good humor. I once saw this under a New York date:

"Visitors to the Central Park Zoo to-day were startled by the strains of weird music coming from the stomach of Zip, the Himalayan bear. He swallowed a mouth organ early this morning. Zip likes the sound, but his keepers fear that he will play himself out."

It is possible, of course, that some of our most readable news is manufactured. Melville E. Stone said a few years ago in the course of an address before a school of journalism: "I once had luncheon with the editor of the Paris Figaro, Gaston Calmette. That day his paper had contained what purported to be a cable message from New York, recounting in thrilling phrase the story of a massacre of a large number of people by Indians on Broadway.

"I asked him why he published so absurd a tale.

"'Ah,' he said, 'there are sixty thousand brainless women in Paris. They read Figaro, and these silly things amuse them.'"

Sixty thousand brainless readers will not be knowingly neglected anywhere, so in almost every publication one picks up will be found several massacres by Indians on Broadway.

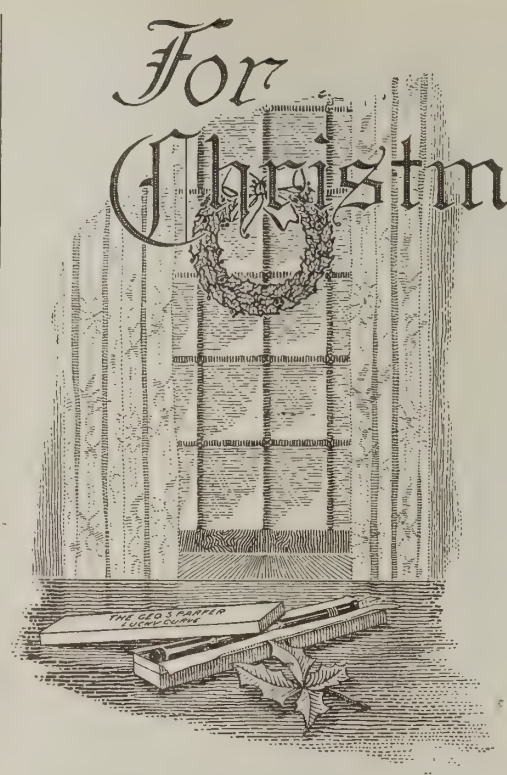
The Longest Novel Known

No one knows what proportion of the people prefer fiction to fact. Arnold Bennett once wrote: "I have frequently noticed that the habitual fiction reader is generally dissatisfied with what he is reading, so much so that one wonders why he puts himself to the trouble of reading it. His general attitude toward fiction may be said to consist of sixty per cent of tired tolerance, thirty per cent of carping, and ten per cent of approval. Why does he not try that other half of the library which is never taken from its shelves? I want to recommend the pursuit of knowledge to the jaded fiction reader; not as a duty to one's self or the world. I do not on this occasion care about the higher welfare of the jaded fiction reader. I approach him on the plane of pleasure, of diversion: I inform him he is missing the real fun."

This is the opinion of but one man; a clever man, it is true, but fiction seems to be the basis of success in publishing and in writing. The publisher of one of the best reviews we have confessed to me lately that his circulation is less than four thousand copies. Two of our fiction magazines apparently substantiate a claim of circulating exceeding two million copies each, and a good many others are hovering near the million mark. I am a reading man, and haunt news stands and bookstores, but nearly every week I see a new fiction publication I had not heard of before. Our most successful publication is offered probably thirty thousand manuscripts a year; a hundred every working day. And most of these offerings are fiction. Probably one in a dozen is accepted.

The fiction writers of to-day have good excuse for the belief that fiction is the great bread winner. Richardson, the first English novelist, started the vogue with Clarissa Harlowe, or The History of a Young Lady, a novel of three thousand pages, in seven volumes. Later the indomitable author, feeling he had not done full justice to the subject, followed with an eighth and a conclusion of twenty-two pages and a further postscript of eighteen. The headings to the chapters would make a tolerably long novel of our time. And throughout the three thousand pages there is only one motif—the attack on Clarissa by Lovelace. Every incident is subordinate to this; you can hardly find a word which has not some direct bearing on the actual crisis.

And there are incidents in this longest novel in the world's history certainly startling enough to interest the jaded reader. Lovelace, the villain, who was a naughty flirt, as a proper villain must be, says he always wears mourning for his discarded victims when they die. And the author takes pains to keep the moral of his book pure. In the preface he says: "But it will be proper to observe, for such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth from the more freely written letters, that the gentlemen, though professed libertines as to the female sex, and making it one of their wicked maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or scoffers."



Two Popular Pens

No. 66 Lady's pen, cap tipped with gold over crown and ring. Can be carried as a pendant—price $3.75.

No. 65 Gentleman's pen, with wide plain gold band for name or initial. $3.50 (clip 25c extra).

There is someone you know who will appreciate this fountain pen

PARKER
LUCKY-CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
FOUNTAIN PENS

20,000 dealers sell Parker Fountain Pens

PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE WISCONSIN
New York Retail and Service Store, Singer Building

You can do as well

No Experience

Mr. E. D. Barensfield of Minnesota, without previous experience, earned $87.50 in his first 15 days of work as our subscription representative. Your profits begin the moment you start work.

Unlimited Profit

Mr. Ellery Mahaffey of Pennsylvania earned $600 in two months. For full-time work many of our representatives earn as much as $5000 a year. Their opportunity is yours!

Unrestricted Territory

Mr. W. C. Cowgill, who lives in a rural district of Oregon, earns $1.50 an hour in his spare time. City workers do as well. We have no "closed" territory.

Permanent Profits

Your earnings are permanent. Every year we pay you for renewals the same salary and commission that we pay for new orders. This feature brought Lloyd Hall of Nebraska $350 a month.

To learn how you can, too—

Write TODAY to
The Curtis Publishing Company
478 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

Seduction tempered by orthodoxy is surely a situation rivaling our modern captains of industry in turning out love stories.

In that day as in this, the love story was a passion with most readers. Macaulay, when in India visiting the governor-general, found "the whole station in a passion of excitement about Clarissa and her misfortunes and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The governor's wife seized the book, the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for his tears."

That eccentric genius Haydon writes in his autobiography: "I read seventeen hours a day at Clarissa, and held the book so long upleaning on my elbows in an armchair that I stopped the circulation and could not move."

The book set all England to sobbing in 1744. And in Clarissa virtue is not rewarded, but hunted down and outraged. So that about the only thing the moderns have accomplished with fiction is to shorten it and add the happy ending. Poetry has suffered enormously with the passage of time, but fiction has grown in favor; the sin hound—the reformer—is not so prime a favorite as is the writer of fiction. One good gentleman has gone so far as to announce his intention of uplifting our cousins, the apes. He believes that the apes, if given the benefit of modern education and environment, might develop into a race that would sow and reap and toil in the mill. In refined young women apes he sees a possible solution of the servant problem; but people do not wait every Thursday for the next move of this good man as they wait for the next move of the villain in the continued story.

Story tellers are not, as a rule, our cleverest men. There are hundreds of unknown general writers in the United States who, were they equally clever in fiction, would be famous and rich.

The Cleverness of Reporters

Among the sophisticated a certain man is said to be the best editorial writer in the United States. His name is not seen in print once a month; other writers are jealous of him; and fiction readers do not care for him. Yet he is able to take events and words and handle them as a great violinist handles the strings and bow of his instrument. It doesn't matter that I am not always in sympathy with him; sometimes I wonder that a man so clever can be so palpably mistaken. But his skill in marshaling arguments, wit, precedent, history attracts my admiration; I applaud as I do at a theatrical or musical performance. He hates certain public men; his skill in belittling them thrills me, though I may personally admire them.

This sort of writing is present in all our reviews and newspapers. Some of the best men write entirely of the drama or of literature, art or music; but whether they write of book or brook unknown to me, I recognize them as masters. These gentlemen never settle anything; indeed, there is more confusion every year about the subjects they discuss, but I find in them the "real fun" Arnold Bennett speaks of. They claim they are trying to benefit me, which I doubt; but they certainly amuse me. One of these unknown geniuses once wrote: "There is no such thing as an independent press; I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper." That is good writing; also a good salary.

Many of the reporters in the big cities, in writing the news, are tremendously clever, and frequently make reputations in the magazines. One of the best bits of writing I have seen in a long time appeared in a Chicago paper, a reference to an event of the day; and the reporter had only a few hours in which to do his work. Writers are now recruited by scouts as are baseball players; but the clever men who play the important positions in the newspaper game are generally unknown, since their batting averages are not generally printed every fall.

Some Famous Faces

Books are not now a popular form of literature; one may get in some of the magazines, for five cents, three times as much reading as the average dollar-and-a-half book contains. A writer once gave a book this magnificent notice: "Like a magnificent Titan he tore up trees, stones, houses, rivers, whole states and hurled them at Olympus"; but though the book was denied the mails—always the most effective advertising—it didn't have a very large sale.

The greatest case of indignation in the history of print in America resulted when a certain man was quoted as saying: "The people be damned!"

Knowing American cowardice, I do not believe any man ever used the awful expression quoted; it was certainly invented by a clever writer to give his patrons opportunity for indignation, which they love dearly.

The old form of propaganda was the oration. In one of Mark Antony's famous forced marches his soldiers encountered great difficulties and grumbled ominously. Thereupon Antony mounted an improvised forum and harangued them. He was an eloquent man, and soon had his men cheering. He told them they were the hope of the country in its hour of peril; that they were the defenders of Roman homes and patriotism; that centuries of creditable Roman history looked down upon them, expecting every man to do his duty. Antony was not actually marching against invaders of Roman territory, but his oratory was not less eloquent because he was hurrying along to meet his mistress.

Our modern propagandists are also clever and powerful, but it is with the pen and not with the spoken word. The days of oratory are numbered; writers for print are the great force now. Whether it is prayer meeting or war, the writing man announces and indorses it, if the attendance is good. Formerly editors were so poor that a favorite jest was that they lived out of their paste pots. To-day they are aristocrats. Go to almost any city, and its tallest building is a publishing plant. A publication, which shall be nameless, since its editor is modest, reaches as many people with each issue as would a hundred thousand orators addressing average audiences in different parts of the country.

Because of the great popularity of al lishing, advertising has become a tre dous force almost within the past de Some of our most widely known nat characters are rarely mentioned in str reading matter; they have become fa in display advertising. "Eventually; not now?" is a good strong expre worthy of a philosopher, and people it everywhere. "There's a reason" i other; both are as popular and wi known as anything lately coined by st man or poet. Both became famou sixteen and eighteen point or displa vertising. I am as familiar with the and history of a certain shoemaker as with those of the President, and I have them only in display advertising.

A picture seen everywhere is of a w who invites ailing ladies to write her receive in reply, free, in plain envelo personal letter containing much goo vice. An enterprising writing man other day printed a picture showing noble woman's grave, and the date o tombstone informed the beholder tha had been dead many years. But her appears daily in display advertising; features of no movie actress are widely known.

Many of the best art pictures I s print are in the display advertising; great agencies have not only writing iuses in their employ but many of the makers of pictures.

Formerly joke books were issue circulate humor; Joe Miller's is a r example. Now every newspaper ha special columns and pages devote jokes, with many sandwiched into news, the editorials, and even the a tisements.

In every editorial office there is a Richard to write philosophy to suit al any taste. It is all laid before the rea opinions and news of all kinds—and free to take his choice.

MSS. Like Fresh Eggs

It is proper that a writer for print sh tremble when he thinks of the people i vast audience. I think most of them trust I have been reasonably timid an tricated myself from critical situations reasonable consideration for all conce In case I have unwittingly roused th dignation so dreaded by writers I sha reply that readers as well as writers faults. Indeed, if this outrageous thin ever been printed or is printed hereaf shall deny it.

Further, I frankly admit writing print is not so good as it should be. easy and even a pleasure to say so; I self am dissatisfied with my own readi

But we all have this remedy if we d like what we see in print: We may att to write better. The old idea that ed do not read manuscripts or consider work unless it comes from a well-kn writer has always been as absurd as th a period of scarcity, a storekeeper will fresh eggs only of favorites. The tru an unknown farmer with fresh eggs w be welcomed by the merchant; and same farmer would be welcomed in magazine office should he appear wi good manuscript.

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 25)

lind if I smoke?" he inquired nerv-
. "Fact is I'm all in the air!"
. Tutt pushed over toward him the
n the desk.
ave a stogy?" he asked more genially.
o, thanks," returned the soldier. "I
orn where they make 'em. Look here,
nuch does it cost to get a divorce?"
. Tutt pursed his lips.
nything from a thousand dollars up
e's immortal soul," he replied enig-
ally.
ell," muttered Lieutenant Wheelock,
ess I can raise a thousand dollars."
looked inquiringly at Mr. Tutt as if
whether the latter regarded the mat-
settled.
f course you can't buy a divorce the
way you would a portable house,"
ined the lawyer. "What do you want
?"
utenant Wheelock paused in lighting
garette.
o I have to go into that with you?"
manded rather resentfully.
ertainly," replied Mr. Tutt. "A di-
concerns the conscience of the court
re lawyers as its officers are strictly
ntable for our clients' good faith.
fore I say again, what do you want
e for?"
itenant Wheelock looked awkwardly
floor.
ell," he hesitated, "the usual reasons,
s."
hat do you call the usual reasons?"
ied Mr. Tutt.
lcompatibility, I suppose. You see,
ce—that is, my wife—I don't know
y what it is—but somehow I don't
ible to give her the things she wants.
kes to be gay and go round to dances
time. It wasn't that way before I
tcross. But I guess she felt lonely,
ne away over there, and that started
. When I got back she had a whole
new friends—men and women both—
as turning night into day. She was
ng lots of money too. Of course she
id enough to see me and all that, but
few days she got going with her old
again. I couldn't stand the price—
sides I could see I wasn't wanted.
s having the time of her life—she's
neteen now—and she's such a stun-
look at—a regular peach ——"
nTutt nodded.
I uppose I was a fool not to assert
e more," said Wheelock, "but I was
icf I came down too hard on her she'd
me. Well"—he laughed grimly—
at what she wants to do now."
Ay other man involved?"
Vheelock shrugged his shoulders.
Tere's a whole gang of middle-aged
nes with money to burn, any one of
nvould take her on. I don't think she
s articularly for any of 'em; anybody
klo who had a big enough roll to buy
wat she wants."
T bad! Too bad!" muttered Mr.
t. 'And I suppose you're not to blame
nway?"
Vhelock flushed.
I on't think I am!" he declared. "I
t straight as a string all the time I was
ss I wrote her right along—sometimes
n le Front under fire. She was pretty
d writing too. That was easy, of
rse" he commented bitterly. "I was
zy to get back to her—couldn't get her
of my mind. Well, as I told you, she
ne at first just as delighted to have me
wi to be with her again; and then her
f inds got hold of her and first sug-
ted cabaret, and then the races, and—
th old story, I guess! She'd learned
to have a good time while I was away,
i st just couldn't give it up."
'Wit did you do?" asked Mr. Tutt
eth
'I stood it as long as I could and then we
l a ene—a regular hurricane. She said
mit lead her own individual life—ex-
ss herself; got it from a bum novelist
rui round with—he's married at that,
i he five children over in Hackensack!
I thought I'd try the old trick of making
jealous. Well, I succeeded all right! I
y d what she was doing—and not half
mu; but the mere sight of me taking
othe girl to a restaurant made her so
ious hat she packed up her things and
ared out."
"On of the war's tragedies we don't
ar sc much about," pondered the lawyer.

"But tell me, what was the earlier history of your married life? Your wife must have been rather inclined to gayety."

Wheelock bit his lips.

"I suppose that's where I was in the wrong," he admitted. "I should have realized that I couldn't make her happy in the first place. You see her mother died when she was just a little girl and her father spoiled her; never made her do anything serious; just had her taught to play on the piano and speak French and doll herself up—and have a good time. He let her go to all the theaters and gave her a motor of her own. I took a chance. I knew I was taking it!"

"How long had you known her?"

"About six weeks. You see I come from Virginia—poor but honest, you know. And I met her while I was at Camp Upton. I guess the uniform caught her. We both thought it was love at first sight."

"Yes?"

"But her father wouldn't stand for it; said I couldn't support her, and anyhow that I was going off and might never come back, and he didn't propose to have a young widow on his hands. Maybe he was wise."

He lit another cigarette.

"So we took the matter out of them—and ran off one Saturday and got married. When she went back home her father wouldn't let her in. Of course it was tough on her—used to all that luxury—to have to live principally on my pay. I don't see how she managed—but she did. She boarded for a couple of months, and then after my regiment was sent across she set up bachelor housekeeping with another girl about her own age. She said she liked it! I didn't care for the sort of girl she picked out. But there you are! Her father gives her something—enough to live on. She spends most of it on clothes."

"Have you got a job?"

"Sure, I have. I'm with good people. They've offered to make me superintendent of the Tannerville factory at three thousand a year. But what's that to her? Can you see her in a small town?"

"So you are going to do what she asks and let her get a divorce?"

"I don't know. That is why I'm here," declared Wheelock. "You understand about these things; I don't. I want to be fair to her. There's a good deal in what she says. I guess our marriage was a mistake. Perhaps the best thing is to undo it. I can manage the thousand."

"How did you happen to come to me?" inquired Mr. Tutt at length.

"One of my friends," replied Wheelock. "He said everybody knew about Tutt & Tutt. I didn't mean to be rude in asking if you were a divorce lawyer. I could see you were a little offended when I came in. I'll do whatever you say."

"Has your wife's father been consulted in regard to this?"

"We don't speak," replied Wheelock shortly.

"What is his name?"

"Cyrus Babson; one of the judges of General Sessions."

Wheelock was looking out of the window watching some stevedores working at a crane along the water front, else he would have seen Mr. Tutt's lank form stiffen and his lips grow tight. Cyrus Babson! The man whom he hated above all other men, the man for whom his own foolish young wife had thrown herself away forty years before—and to whom he had yielded her by a divorce. Cyrus Babson—the man who had later bought a seat upon the bench, but a young man then; rich, unscrupulous, dissolute, who with the gay group of which he was the leader had taught his own Florence the pleasures of a life of luxurious idleness and excitement, and eventually induced her to abandon him. What a strange happening was this—whereby he was called upon involuntarily to aid in breaking the marriage tie of his wife's daughter by her second husband!

Shocked and overwhelmed he found difficulty in controlling himself. Following so closely upon his emotional experience of the afternoon before, the discovery that Florence had a child old enough to be married who had already started to follow in the footsteps of her mother almost deprived him of the power of coherent thought. Yet, was it strange that the daughter should take after the mother? Or that if she were

The Christmas Gift that Never fails to please—

You are trying to decide what you will give the boy or girl for Christmas. Like most of us, you agree with the idea of making practical gifts—gifts that not only please, but are of real service value.

The bicycle is ideal in all these respects. First of all—it means hours and hours of fascinating fun. Every boy or girl loves to ride a bicycle. If they haven't one, they want one.

Each day the bicycle adds exhilarating outdoor exercise,

—quick, easy, inexpensive rides in work or play,

—opportunities for money making as well as money saving,

—elements that help to build health and character.

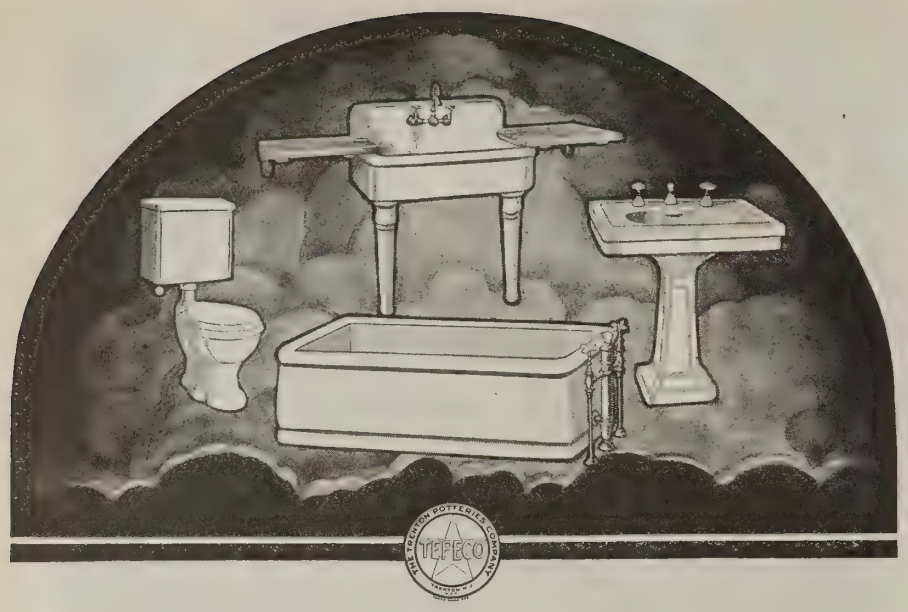
You cannot select a gift that will bring more real pleasure to the boy or girl and do him or her more good. Last year dealers everywhere ran short and could not supply all the bicycles that were wanted for Christmas.

The bicycle is more popular than ever this year.

We advise you to go to your nearest dealer and make your selection of this ideal gift, right away.

The Cycle Trades of America, Inc.

"Ride a Bicycle"



Bathrooms of Character

CHARACTER, in speaking of plumbing fixtures, resolves itself into their degree of endurance. Glaze or enamel (if you wish to call it by that name) when baked on clay, gives a much harder surface than the same glaze baked on other materials. The more intensely you bake, the harder the object. That is why

TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY "TEPECO" ALL-CLAY PLUMBING

is bought by those builders who have looked carefully enough into plumbing materials to realize that "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing means a permanent, care-free, non-repeat investment.

Be it bathroom, toilet, kitchen or laundry, "Tepeco" provides a plumbing fixture gleaming in whiteness, always clean, and from which the residue can be removed with a dampened cloth. Gritty soaps do not scratch the surface — medicine and common acid stains will not adhere. Always bright, rich looking, pride inspiring.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character"

THE
TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.
World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

contemplating a divorce her husband should come to Tutt & Tutt for advice and assistance? Both were in fact perfectly natural. What was she like, this other Florence? Did she have her mother's piquant charm? Her looks? Did she resemble her in aught but her desire for pleasure? Would she toss her young life into the discard as her mother had done?

Mr. Tutt gripped the arms of his swivel chair and endeavored to steady himself. He must prevent this tragedy at any cost. Nothing would come of it but misery—and perhaps death, as it had in the case of the mother, whom Babson had soon abandoned just as she had abandoned Tutt, and who had ended her own life. He must see her—at once, before it was too late! He tried to hide his agitation by lighting a stogy.

Then clearing his throat he said in a low voice, "Would your wife be willing to come down here and see me?"

"I think so," answered Lieutenant Wheelock. "I guess she'd do anything to get her divorce; go to China if she had to. I'll call her up and see."

"Tell her," urged Mr. Tutt, "that it is highly important for me to have a talk with her before proceedings are begun."

Lieutenant Wheelock extinguished his cigarette, reached for his military cap and stood up.

"Is there—do I—owe you anything?"

"Not unless I secure the divorce," returned Mr. Tutt. He held out his hand. "And be sure of this: I'll do the best for you that I can. By the way, you'd be willing to give her another chance, wouldn't you?"

"Well, Mr. Tutt, here we are again!"

Tutt's head appeared in the crack of the door left open by the departing officer almost simultaneously with the latter's exit.

"Oh, hello, Tutt!" returned the senior partner, mastering his excitement as best he could. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Rather! Don't I look it?" demanded Tutt, pulling up his coat sleeve. "And you ought to see my wife! The old girl is as brown as a coffee bean! How's business?"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his shoulders.

"Not any—really! There never is in this 'dead vast and middle' of the year."

"Who was that just went out? He looked like a client."

"A young man who wanted a divorce."

"Well," cried Tutt jovially, "what's the matter with that? Any good divorce case ought to be worth five thousand dollars, and a uniform ought to mean a real snappy one. I've always found that matrimonial actions either paid a lot or they didn't pay anything."

"They never pay," replied Mr. Tutt soberly. "Anyhow, this one belongs to the latter class."

"How do you mean?" asked Tutt.

"There isn't going to be any divorce."

"But I thought you said the young man wanted one," expostulated the junior member.

"But I don't purpose that he shall have it," remarked Mr. Tutt.

"And throw away a fee! Oh!" groaned Tutt with an air of exasperation.

"Come, come!" returned the elder. "Business will pick up. Why, all you have to do is to go out on the street and you bring back a client in each hand."

"What good does it do us if you send 'em away?" protested the other.

"We're not practicing law merely for money!" said Mr. Tutt.

"Well, you may not be, but I am!" retorted Tutt. "Can't you remember how we used to nurse every divorce case along—a thousand dollars cash down, followed by a motion for alimony *pendente lite* and a whacking big counsel fee, then an allowance for counsel in the final decree, and at the end a bill for anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars more!"

"Those were in our young and unregenerate days!" said Mr. Tutt reprovingly.

"'The good old days are past and gone,
We shall not see them more,'"

hummed Tutt with evident regret.

It is a notable fact that hardly any two lawyers will fully agree upon a question of professional ethics. This may be because such questions are practical rather than theoretical and are rarely approached without bias. It takes genuine moral courage to decide a nice question against oneself or one's client when thousands of dollars are involved and when so much can be said upon either side. For the debating of questions with plausibility is the law business, and it is hard to be oblige surrender one's intellect to one's consci when one's livelihood and one's bank count depend upon the first rather tha second. Especially is it ungrateful Lawyer Smith to decline for moral gro to pursue a certain course in a litig which would be manifestly advantag to his client, when if his conduct sh ever be made the subject of criticism h retain Lawyer Jones, who will find no culty in arguing for hours before the A late Division of the Supreme Court writing a voluminous brief upon the ject in his defense, which will per convince the entire bench of the right ness of his intentions. Argue about thing long enough and the main poi usually forgotten. We lawyers ply a gerous trade! There is really so much can be said about anything that in chatter we often mistake a quibble real argument, and vice versa.

Indeed many lawyers lose their po of common-sense reasoning entirely. they make the poorest witnesses ir world—with their inevitable qualifica and reservations—is proverbial. Be every lawyer has two often confli duties—one to the court and the oth his client. And the client's own ide what is right and proper must be give consideration. For the lawyer is no keeper of his client's conscience; and can do is to refuse to act if said client w him to do that which is unprofessi Where the crime lies in the evil inten almost impossible to prove it; and lawyers are difficult persons to catc only we could see into their minds an bare their real thoughts and motives! this consideration might be applie others as well, and it may be a good for the general optimism that there is one All-seeing Eye.

Now a client naturally does not e when he visits a lawyer that the attor going to tell him that he has got wh jolly well deserved and that he had go back home and behave himself in fu When that occurs he is apt to c another lawyer. And as he will a certainly eventually find one who w what he wishes, the first one whom he sults is quite likely to feel that he mi well have the fee as the last—and the takes the case. Then if any trouble out of it we other lawyers are hir demonstrate that it was all quite and correct and ethical, and that i the attorney so far from being adv criticized should be accorded the hi commendation.

It is easy to convince ourselves! I it is usual to find that the attorney criminal case ends not only by claimi client's utter innocence but by declar all sincerity that he is one of the estimable of men—which generally palpably not the case that the jury fin guilty largely on his counsel's own tion. Thus the public have come t lieve—whether rightly or wrongly not pretend to say—that they can rely upon the ingenuity of lawyers t an excuse for anything and a way any obstacle, moral or otherwise. I it may be ventured that clients fully to find in every law office not only a g man so skilled in logic that like Hu he can "harness a team with a chain" and with ease "distinguish divide a hair twixt south and sout side," but one as well who can salve consciences and anoint their moral with all the unction of a devil's adv One does not call in Tutt & Tutt to b that what one proposes is unworthy o state into which God has called one or advised that one's projected course i trary to the code of gentlemen and s men.

Therefore when Mrs. Florence Wh was told by her husband over the tele that Tutt & Tutt wished her to call re ing the proposed dissolution of her ma tie it never occurred to her that they do less than to hand her a decree i diately upon her arrival. At the m the telephone rang she was sitting in he parlor with Mr. Reginald Roberts L the Colophon Club, discussing the pos ties of a fortnight's visit—properly eroned of course—to Mr. Lee's bea Venetian palace at Palmetto Florida. The black-haired Reggie—h sixty-three according to the bapt

(Continued on Page 165)

(Continued from Page 162)

of Grace Church Chantry—was upon the quiet, restful, Arcadian s of what he evidently regarded as e-loud glade," and the component s of the house party.

l you can invite anybody you want, r!" he said, laying a large soft hand rs. "I'm not the jealous variety. what to expect and when to expect you like the place and like me—hen you get your divorce—we'll

ade an attempt to raise her hand to , but she drew it daintily away. It e first time he had deliberately l her, and the contact, though not offensive, was unpleasant; Reggie —too pudgy! He wasn't like the e had known before she was mar- ney had all had strong hard hands ipped. Reggie's were slithy. But want to go South. Everybody else ng—that is, everybody in the rather ous circle in which she danced and cards. Besides, Reggie was going and it wouldn't do to let him get om her. He was her one best bet, she had been warned that he was arrying man.

o was it?" he demanded with n assumption of proprietorship on rn from the telephone.

n."

elock?"

odded. Standing in the doorway of room in her straight simple frock hand upon the portière she looked child—as indeed she was.

l me better, eh?" he inquired.

niled evasively.

n't know that I do!" she retorted

lt did he want?"

asked me to go down to see the r"

l are they?"

somebody 'way down on Broad- she glanced at a scrap of paper in al—"Tutt & Tutt."

laughed Reggie, "they'll take fou all right! Slickest pair in town. , if you are really serious with me their bill—if you promise not to e who's doing it."

h's nice of you!" she answered, a ructantly. Somehow the idea of e actually paying her bills was even dasteful than the touch of his hand. now, I'll take you down there," e "I won't go up of course, but I'll n he taxi. I don't suppose you've e down to a lawyer's office before, y?" he added as an afterthought.

atime Mr. Tutt sat at his desk y awaiting the moment of her l. He had made a heroic and success- fo to conceal from his partner the nexcitement under which he was ng but now he abandoned himself inatience, lighting stogy after stogy tring up and down the room like a amal. Would she come? Women so nreliable! Perhaps she'd changed in already; or recalling her mother's wn first married had gone to some lawyer. He almost cried aloud at the thought. He must see her!

me promptly enough, entering nutes late.

re you Mr. Tutt?" she began with a ly atronizing air, as if she did not wether to class him with a dentist or tecath.

en he drew back in dismay, while a bluh spread slowly over her cheeks its shame touched her hair. To his emit Mr. Tutt recognized the girl in f the night before. The girl who ourd and jeered at him! So this was nce child! A wave of compassion wej his heart. She was his Florence aga!

—I she stammered in abject con- —I had no idea! Oh, what can I

ou don't need to say anything," d M. Tutt. "Please sit down. It was y joy show, wasn't it?"

s to reassured her, but she still kept ves on the floor as she took her seat. out he powder and rouge of the night e sh looked hardly sixteen.

o yc want a divorce?" remarked Mr. awwardly, after a silence during h hi eyes devoured her greedily.

es," she answered. "My marriage a mistake. I guess a lot of war mar- s we. There's no use going on with it." A defiant note had crept into her voice.

"What is the matter?" he asked. Oh, the pity of it! If he could only gain her confidence.

"Didn't my husband tell you?" she demanded. "I supposed he would attend to all the—the disagreeable part. We don't get on, that's all. He's been carrying on and flirting with other women, and I simply won't stand it! Besides, we're not suited to each other. We're not—not ——"

"Congenial?" interpolated the lawyer.

"That's it," she agreed. "We're uncongenial."

She had recovered her self-possession now and her returning confidence rang in her voice.

"That is no ground for divorce in this state," said Mr. Tutt.

"Well, I can go somewhere else and get it, can't I? You can fix it up for me, I suppose?" she retorted. "These things are easy enough. I know a lot of women who had no trouble at all."

"Are they happy?" he inquired softly.

The girl flashed an angry glance at him.

"What has that got to do with it?" she cried. "I didn't come down here to be lectured. I want a divorce and I'm willing to pay for it!"

"I am sorry," he answered humbly. "I didn't mean to lecture. But you should not take such a step too hastily. Your husband seems like a nice young fellow. Besides, he has risked his life for his country. Are you quite sure that the fault is entirely his? And if it were, couldn't you forgive him and start over again?"

An indignant reply had sprung to her lips, but at the gentleness of his voice she repressed it.

"Really! Oh, probably there's fault on both sides."

"Why not try again?"

Their eyes met, his pleading with hers. She wondered that she had not perceived the kindness in his face last evening. But he was really such a funny old man!

"He can't give me the life I want!" she protested. "It's no use! I wasn't made for cooking and scrubbing and having babies. I'm fit for something better. I should suffocate in a country town. I want music and gayety—life!"

"Wasn't life what you were looking for when you married—er—John?"

"Of course."

"And you loved him?"

"I thought I did!"

"Do you care for anyone else?"

"No-o."

Mr. Tutt leaned back and looked down at her with almost paternal affection.

"I'm an old man," he said softly. "And I've seen a good deal of what you call 'life.' But I never knew anybody who found happiness that way."

"You seemed to be trying to yourself last night!" she retorted a little harshly.

"I was trying to forget something!" he answered sadly. "And curiously enough I failed."

He smiled, and something in his face made her drop her eyes and the red rise again to her forehead.

"I'm sorry!" she said.

"Have you consulted your parents?" He hesitated. "Your—mother?"

She did not reply for several seconds, and when she did her voice had lost all its bitterness.

"My mother died when I was five years old. I don't remember her at all."

"Even if—if she were alive," half mused Mr. Tutt, "you might not be willing to be guided by her advice. One of the limitations of human nature is our unwillingness to learn by the experience of others. Each of us believes that he is a unique individual—an exception—to whom ordinary rules do not apply. Whereas if we could only profit by the past—for life repeats itself over and over and over again—we should avoid most of our mistakes."

She listened tolerantly.

"For five thousand years," he went on—"perhaps five hundred thousand—the race has found happiness in only two things—work and love. Each is within everybody's grasp—the poorest as well as the richest. And when we lose the one"—he paused—"we have to find solace in the other."

"Well?" she demanded, "how does that apply to my own case?"

"Don't throw an honest love away!" he begged her. "Most of us—can—only love—once."

He got up and stood looking out of the window with his back toward her.

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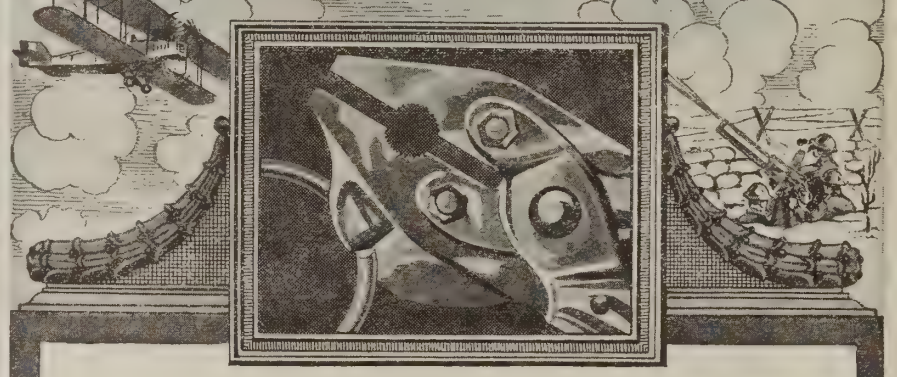

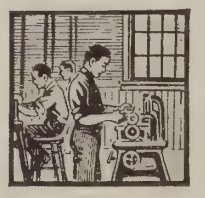

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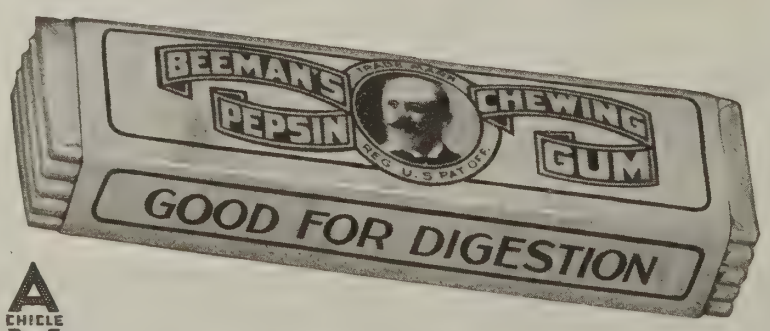

CHICLE

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"I'm afraid," she remarked lightly, "that I'm one of those for whose case there isn't any precedent."

Mr. Tutt put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out of it the small leather-bound volume containing the Reflections Upon Death of the Rev. William Dodd.

"My child," he said very softly, "there is nothing new; not even coincidence. Last night as I walked uptown I picked up this book, haphazard, at a bookstall. It was in my pocket when you saw me at the roof garden. When I went home I opened it and by chance read something which—well, let me read it to you!"

He looked at her inquiringly. She smiled, and he sat down upon the corner of the desk nearest her and began to read:

"'Misella was blest, by the great giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance; the down of the swan was rivalled by her skin; her shape was faultless, her limbs were finished with the most beautiful symmetry; and her voice was musical as the harmony of the lute. She was taught from her cradle to value this fine person; and her fond and overweening parents fed the soothing vanity with every food which their dotage could supply. Her education was perfectly polite, adapted to set off the graces of her frame, little calculated to expand or improve the more valuable beauties of the mind. Her taste for dress was remarkably elegant, her manner of dancing particularly genteel; she excelled much at cards, and few were happier in devising schemes, and engaging parties of pleasure. As her voice was charming in itself, so was it improved by art, and aided by the soft touches of the guitar, which she handled with inimitable grace; preferring it to all other instruments as the attitude in playing upon it is most advantageous for the discovery of a fair lady's gentility.

"'She very early gave her parents a convincing proof of the mistake they had made in her education, and of their unhappiness in neglecting to inculcate the principles of religious duty and conscientious virtue. For in her seventeenth year she married a young officer, of inferior rank, and no fortune, with the entire disapprobation of her parents, nay, and in direct contradiction to their commands. The gaiety of his dress, and the charms of his person, captivated her heart; and, unaccustomed to reason and think, she broke through every obligation to gratify her romantic passion. Accustomed from her cradle to a life of dissipation and pleasure she now indulged the mad propensity with still greater ardour. From one public place to another, during the summer, she led her passive husband; during the winter they lived in all the fatiguing gaiety of town diversions. My reader will not be amazed, if a life of this kind produced no small difficulties in their circumstances. It happened very opportunely, that her husband, in the third year of their marriage, was called abroad to attend his regiment. Pleasure was her passion; she felt therefore little regret at parting with him. Nor did she live, during his absence, like a widowed wife, and separated friend. She followed her diversions with redoubled assiduity; was the life of the ball, the delight of the men, the queen of joy. . . . But her constitution, tender and delicate, was unequal to the toil; her nocturnal revelries extinguished the rose in her cheek. Besides this, with declining health, her character became equivocal; (though it is agreed by all, she was never criminal, in the sense that word is commonly used); but the want of appearances is often as fatal to reputation, as even the want of virtue itself. To exhilarate her spirits she had frequent recourse to improper means; to renovate her beauty she had constant recourse to destructive art ——'"

"Please!" she interrupted—"please don't read any more!"

There were tears in her eyes.

"Misella was a real person," said Mr. Tutt. "Her husband was a soldier in the Seven Years' War. While he was away the wrong sort of people got hold of her and she forgot her real love for him. At any rate she acted as if she had, and it isn't surprising that he resented her conduct."

Neither of them spoke for several seconds. Then the girl looked up at him and asked: "Did you really find that in the book—exactly as you said?"

"Absolutely," he answered. "Would you like to read it yourself?"

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid I'm just like poor M she confessed miserably. "It gi such a strange feeling to know that person has precisely the same exper myself over a hundred and fifty year

"Don't let poor Misella have vain!" he urged. "My dear girl! to an old man who—who can't hel interested in your case. It was a wo thing for you to fall in love with Jo was and is a fine young chap! Bu tunately the war took him away fr and left you open to the wrong influences—influences that have been at work, just as in the case of You shouldn't blame him for tr make you a little jealous. As cabaret life, believe me, there's no it! You can't be always dancing, yo And besides, John isn't going to sta intendent of a local factory. So later he'll be head of the whole wor an office in New York—that is, if the stimulus of you behind him!"

He patted her hand—not at all a fashion of Reggie Lee.

"What do you say? Shall we s John and fix things all up?"

"It wouldn't do any good!" she ar wiping her eyes. "He's had enoug I'd be ashamed to ask him. He want me back!"

"Doesn't he, though?" cried Lie Wheelock, stepping suddenly thro door from Tutt's office, where he h lurking, and seizing the girl in h "I know one thing, and that is yo get away from me again! You're take the eight o'clock train dow Virginny with me—and stay there

She put up her hands and drew head to hers, and in her face wa tenderness of the vision Mr. Tutt the afternoon before, and the same that had struggled through the cl another exactly like it—flashed a sky and through the grimy win Tutt & Tutt. He stood there now them affectionately and made an tary motion as if to place his arr their shoulders. Then he stepped with a sigh took his accustomed se his desk.

Wheelock looked at his watch.

"Hello!" he cried. "It's fo already. You'll have to beat it u you're going to take anything wi

He disengaged himself and be fully over the desk toward Mr. Tu

"I almost forgot—about pay your services," he said. "How m owe you?"

"Well," replied Mr. Tutt ster der those circumstances I am goi you to pay my bill in installments

"Any way you like!" said Whe

"I want a letter every Christm me how you both are."

"I don't understand," stammer lock. "Perhaps you'd better senc bill later."

"There won't be any—excep said."

Wheelock looked at him, puzz

"There's something about all th get," he remarked. "I came to divorce—and I don't get it! The you're a slick article—and you w money! I give it up! You're all how, isn't he, Florence?"

"He is indeed!" she repl enthusiasm. "He's like a sort god-father-in-law!"

"Do I get a kiss from the brid Mr. Tutt with a jocularity un was concealed a terrible dread h request might be refused.

"Why," she answered—"if — she looked at John.

"Sure!" exclaimed her husband the least you can do!"

Very tenderly Mr. Tutt bent pressed his lips to her forehead.

"I've got a taxi waiting," Wheelock as he drew back. "But rather go up in the subway. W mind saving me the trouble of hav one tell the man not to wait?"

Then they shook hands all rou

As they went down in the ele husband said, "That's the queer I ever met!"

And she replied with a reminis "He's a dear old geezer!"

Upstairs Mr. Tutt, feeling ever but happier than he had fo gazed silently at the spot wher stood.

"Florence!" he whispered. Florence!"

THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 40)

e what those courts have to say. In the n ntime if you try just once to enforce r ideas of man-made laws in here I'll rce the law of the hills on you. I hope h's plain—at least it's final. You can t it now."

e strode to the door and stood beside it ing for Nash to pass. He started to p k, but Moran held up his hand and h went out into the night without her word.

stead of turning up the game trail in h direction from which he had come Nash u ed downstream. He would find Brent a ped where the next cañon to the south ed out into the bottoms below the tion of the two small streams. Nash ry of a dozen men within twenty miles would kill a man for a thousand—or alf of that—with as little concern as would feel over shooting down a deer. would start in the morning for the place e these men held out.

ash never knew that immediately after ft the two in the cabin they saved his by a narrow margin. As he passed ugh the door Flash suddenly knew that an was allowing this man to escape. rringly he knew that this was a grave ake and he sought to rectify it. He ed stealthily toward the door. If he had ed it Nash would never have reached nt's camp that night. Betty saw and erstood.

'Flash!" she called. "Flash! Come e!"

or a single second he hesitated and that end gave Moran time to see, and he ed the door shut with his foot as Flash ped for it.

oran sat on the bunk beside the girl. "What was it, Betty?" he asked. What hold did he have to drive you far ugh to marry him?"

"He had wanted me to for years," she ai "I loathed him. Dad was away. Then old me that my father had built this ah more than thirty years ago—told me hand showed the proofs; said he would ish them and the officers would be wait- gwhen dad came home. I lied to him— rcised without ever intending to go hrigh with it. I played for time, but he ai he would turn the proofs over to the awthat day unless I complied at once; he would give them to me if I did."

e produced two papers, yellow with gfrom the crack between the bunk and a and handed them to Moran.

e watched him anxiously, giving fre- ut words of explanation as he sat before heire and studied them.

e was a map without a single written o , merely one small sheet covered with ur lines. Moran oriented it and knew it orhe stream lines of the Land of Many irs. One portion was filled in with tetch of even the smallest tributary re s. In that part there was a single qure dot and from its location Moran nr that it indicated the cabin in which e t.

had been smuggled inside the prison a to another man—a boyhood friend es ortunate in his efforts to evade cap- ur than was the man who drew the map. is release he had found the cabin and oul the letter telling where and under h new name to find his friend—the ied who had changed both name and no of life and whose money had enabled ot to break away from the wild outlaw la of youth. A quarter century later Na had gained knowledge and possession f ese documents while settling up this as estate.

ran away and came out here the min- te e handed them to me," she said. "I wre to Kinney from the train, telling him o eet me here. I mailed another letter, wh n will explain everything to my father wh he gets home."

oran turned to where Flash was sniff- ng t the door.

'm halfway tempted to open the door an et him go," he said. "Nash will never tro le anyone again if Flash gets out of thi house to-night."

e girl shivered slightly.

"Not that way," she said.

lash had noted the papers which Moran he and his hope of escape was renewed. He ad come to look on all papers as mes- sag for him to carry. True, they were bot in the cabin and he did not know whe this message was to go, but that mattered not at all if it only afforded him an opportunity to be free of those four confining walls.

This hope died as Moran tossed both map and letter into the fire. Then Moran crossed to the door, driving a wooden peg behind the bar which wedged it shut.

"Too bad, Flash," he sympathized. "But Betty is right. Your way is my way—but it's not the best."

XVII

A STORM had settled down over the hills, a fine rain falling from leaden skies. Flash had been confined to the cabin for two days and nights. Fearful lest he locate Nash and either kill or be killed himself, Moran had kept him a prisoner. Flash found this extremely irksome. The storm terminated in a downpour of rain; this over, the sun peeped through the rifts and turned the floating fog banks to milky white. The wind which invariably follows each storm in the Western hills sprang up and dispersed the mist. Flash's insistence to be freed now amounted to a clamor. He scratched furiously at the door and chewed at the beam which wedged it shut. His whining was so continuous as to resemble a steady chant of woe. He wished a speedy end put to this imprisonment. He was no indoor dog. Moran opened the door at last and he was free to go.

He was hungry and his first concern was meat. As he topped the ridge above the cabin a luckless bobcat prowled along itfar from any sheltering tree. This hate for the cat tribes was one of the things Flash seemed to know instinctively. There is a long-standing grudge between the dog and cat kind. The enmity between domestic dogs and cats has been handed down from the age-old feud between their wild progenitors. The first cat track which Flash had ever struck he had followed, knowing that he would find a natural enemy at the end of the trail. Nevertheless, though this knowledge had been inherited, it was the knowledge of experience which had finally taught him how to handle cats.

The wind was right and not until he was almost upon it did the big cat know its danger. It was too late to flee and the old tom whirled to face his enemy with tooth and claw, his back arched high. One paw darted forth in a lightning jab for the eyes of the rushing wolf. Flash braced all four feet and halted his drive a yard from his prey. He had killed many cats and previous battles had taught him the slashing qualities of those hooked feet.

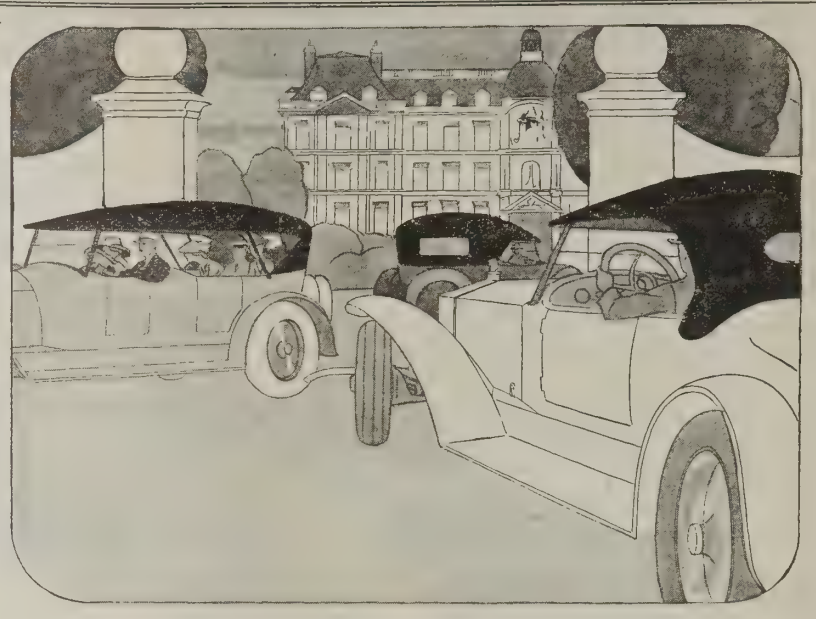
He knew that the instant he launched himself upon the cat it would fall upon its back and rake his flanks and belly with savage strength. Instead he commenced to circle slowly, the cat always facing him. The bobcat does not squall like his domestic cousin, and the snarls which issued from the gaping red mouth of the old tom were short and explosive.

Flash increased his speed, whirling round and round his prey with feint attacks. These amazing tactics were too rapid and bewildering for the lesser brain of the cat and he turned to flee. Even as he turned Flash pounced upon him and clamped his wicked teeth into his neck close behind the ears. As the big cat threw himself on one side to use his claws Flash hopped clear across him the opposite way. Twice more the cat changed sides and twice more Flash hopped, still retaining his crushing grip. His powerful jaws had closed until the long canine teeth pierced through the neck and met. Then Flash gave one savage shake and wrench, dropped his prey and leaped clear.

The bared claws worked convulsively, slashing circles in the air. This subsided to a mere twitching of the muscles and the big round eyes stared in death. Flash tore the skin from the hips and feasted.

By some strange freak the meat of the bobcat or bay lynx is tender, fine fibred and clear, almost as transparent as the breast meat of a quail. However, Flash cared less for this kind than for the heavier red meat of larger game and he did not gorge so much as he would have done if his victim had been an elk or a deer.

The wind rose to a gale, shrieking along the cliffs and moaning in the timber. There came sudden lulls, after which the wind leaped again from some new direction, sometimes completely reversing its course



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GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U.S.A.

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing.

in a space of seconds; gusts drove down from different divides and eddied about the hills, rushing up one cañon while the currents were sucked straight down the next.

Reveling in his freedom, Flash left the cat and rambled on. He chose the ridge which broke away from the parent divide and flanked the north side of the cañon, and followed it to where it ended in a point which fell away abruptly to the narrow floor of the valley at the confluence of the two little streams.

As he stood on the point of this spur there came one of the sudden lulls in the wind. Faint vibrations trembled in his ears—the sound of iron on rocks—and he knew that somewhere far up the slope of the divide a pack outfit was coming down from the Rampart Pass.

He growled uneasily and turned back. When halfway along the rims toward the cabin he stopped in his tracks, every hair stiff and erect along his spine. He had caught the plain scent of a single man; one strong whiff and it was lost in a conflicting rush of air. He knew that scent. It was that of one of the men who had been at Brent's cabin the night he had looked in at the window; one of the three who had come into the hills that same night. Often he had noted his trail among those round the secret camp near Two Ocean Pass. Later he had been among those who had tried to take the girl when she had stumbled across their fire in the black fog.

Flash knew that this man was somewhere close at hand. It was not the trail scent, but the body scent that he had caught. He prowled along the rim, but could not catch the scent again, and he raced for the cabin without another pause.

Moran was sitting on the sill, but Betty was not there. Flash found her warm trail, less than five minutes old, leading along the slope. It soon dipped slantingly toward the stream. The wind was at his back and he could not catch her body scent, and the groaning of the trees under the lash of the gale drowned the sound of her footfalls, but he knew she was close at hand.

There was a second's calm and the wind shifted abruptly, the draft now being sucked up the cañon instead of down. The change in Flash was as startling and abrupt as the change of wind. The dog in search of a loving mistress was transformed into a wolf in search of dangerous prey. He slipped cautiously from one windfall jam to the next. He did not snarl. Snarls would not terrify the enemy he now stalked—would only serve to warn him—and once warned the day was lost for Flash. The thing he now stalked was man.

The wind blew full in his face and carried the tidings that Betty was just ahead through the tangle of down timber—and that near her was the man. A few yards more and he saw her seated on a log near the game trail. Fifty yards above her the man crouched behind a stump.

His actions were furtive. As Flash watched him he moved to a tree a few feet nearer to the girl and stood motionless as she turned and glanced uphill. Flash circled to come in behind him—circled cautiously and with great care to remain unseen. When he had reached his goal the man was halfway to the girl. Experience in stalking all varieties of game helped Flash now—and his coyote brain was working. A full-strain dog would have rushed valiantly at the first sign of menace to the one he loved—and he would have defeated his own purpose as he died. This man wore a gun at each hip and Flash knew well his danger; that his one chance of success was to wait until the man entered cover which was dense enough to screen his own close approach for one desperate spring.

He drew near enough so that he could slip into each bit of cover as the man left it, but still he was not close enough to spring. When within thirty feet of the girl the man knelt behind a waist-high mass of fallen lodge-pole trunks. Forty feet behind him Flash crouched behind a log. It was too far for a single spring, but it was his last hope. When the man started to crawl over or through the logs would be his time to strike. For a space of minutes neither moved, the man seemingly unable to decide on his next step. Then he leaned forward and Flash tensed his muscles for the rush—but both suddenly drew back, each behind his own log screen.

Flash's every sense had been so absorbed by this dangerous stalk as to exclude all else. The man's quick ears caught a sound at the instant Flash caught the scent. A second man turned a bend in the game trail and came steadily on. He was of sl build and erect carriage; his gray was carefully trimmed, announcing th that he had come but recently fro outside world.

This new complication was too mu Flash. The dog in him rose above the and the issue trembled in the bal Only a saving ray of memory out o dim past held him back from followin dog impulse to throw himself upon men and sacrifice himself to warn the This memory was not a distinct recolle of the time he had met this man i moonlit park on the night he had found the girl. His memory was n retentive as that; could not retain f long a time the identity of one who made no very strong impression upo mind. Rather it was a certain hau familiarity about his looks and scent seemed in some vague way to be pleas associated with the girl. Without kno why, he suddenly felt that this man reënforcement instead of an added me

Betty was gazing abstractedly from him and so did not see him un was quite close. Then she looked up saw him and with a little cry she ste into the game trail and threw herself his arms. Flash knew that this grappl not one of battle, no fight to the dea the move would indicate. Men had ways. Betty and this man were frien

As surely as Flash was an except animal the two men so near him exceptional men. Both were cool an sourceful. It would be difficult to su either sufficiently to cause him for o stant to lose his presence of mind. N theless, the man who watched seem lack his usual decisiveness. At last h from behind the log, his right hand dro to the gun at his hip.

Flash rushed without a sound. Th was half drawn when his teeth ripp forearm from elbow to wrist and s solidly against the base of his hand, th falling to the ground.

The force of the rush carried Flash against the log and he rolled half und windfall. Even this sudden shock o prise and pain was insufficient to Harte's lightning brain. His only s was a sharp gasping breath as his left reached for his other gun.

Flash would have surely died as he d back to the attack if the man on the had not gone into action as sudden Harte himself. His eye had caught charging gray streak on the slope and it the man rising from behind the log sprang six feet from the girl, his hand t inside his coat for the gun which was under his left armpit.

Harte's steady nerve did not deser even in the face of this emergency. In of shooting Flash he turned his gun left hand on the man below and cr his crippled right arm to protect his t from the wolf's fierce lunge. Two roared together and even as Flash dro teeth into Harte's shoulder the ma lapsed behind the log. As Flash d away he saw the other man sag limpl crumple down on the trail.

Flash took shelter behind a win Both men lay still and quiet. He Betty sob as she knelt beside the older Then he heard Moran bounding t them, crashing through the underbrus hurdling fallen logs. He moved fa away. He knew that two men were and he could not tell how much of thi wrong and how much was right—c how large a part of it he himself wou held accountable. Men sometimes soned queerly. Flash kept out of sig

Moran found Betty kneeling on the "Where's the other one? Quick said.

"Up there," she answered, pointi the slope. "But he is dead. Don't want you here to help me with my fat

Moran knelt beside her and start unbutton the flannel shirt.

"I'll do all I can," he said.

The other man opened his eyes and s his head.

"Too late, son," he said. "It's ju well this way. Look after her. Kee away from Nash." He smiled at Bett closed his eyes. Out in the timber howled—not his usual note, but a mou dog howl which had never before sou from his throat.

Moran sprang suddenly to his feet voice spoke from among the logs a fe up the slope.

(Continued on Page 173)

(Continued from Page 170)

'I wonder how it happens that a dog ays knows when someone cashes in," i said. Moran found Harte sprawled hind the log.

'You don't know me, Moran," he said. 'm Calvin Harte. It's queer how things rk out sometimes. No man could down so long as I used my brains—but I lost head for the one time in my life, and e I am. I'd seen the girl before. I was t here to get you, and saw her again. went to my head. I hung round ching her, planning to kill you and take for myself. Indecision downed me. It er fails. You lose your decision and you your life."

Who sent you after me?" Moran deanded.

Harte smiled and shook his head.

Even now I can't squeal on my own ad," he said. "I never tried to play both s against the middle, but played only end—the losing end." After a short ince he reverted to his original question. ow is it that a dog can tell when a man ts out?" he asked. "You're a naturalthey tell me, so you should know."

t all seemed an unreal dream to Moran; ty kneeling there with her dead, and this man inquiring on odd subjects as calmly as if he had a hundred years of life ahead instead of seconds. Harte guessed the thought.

"I'd rather die talking than thinking," he said. "That topic will answer as well as any. Can you tell me why it is?"

"It is scent," Moran said, humoring his whim. "A bird dog knows the difference between a dead and a crippled bird. He will point a wounded quail, but step in to retrieve it the instant it dies. There is a difference of scent. It is probably in that same way that a dog knows the instant a man's life goes out."

"Sounds reasonable," said Harte. "Thanks. I rather hope they don't get you, Moran—but they will." He closed his eyes. Once more Flash howled dismally out in the timber and a human soul traveled with the sound.

Moran knew that Calvin Harte was considered the most clever and dangerous criminal at large. As he stood looking down at him he heard Flash growl warningly. There sounded the thud of hoofs and the jangle of equipment as Dad Kinney's pack train came swinging up the trail.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 44)

New York committee investigating ventilation found that the total work of the muscles of cats is reduced about 25 per cent by an atmospheric temperature of 91 degrees and a relative humidity of 90 per cent, as compared with an ideal temperature of 69 degrees and a humidity of 52 per cent. Similar results will be found on an investigation of human beings working in an office or factory. A famous engineer says that there is a seasonal variation in the physical efficiency of workmen. Maximum efficiency occurs in the spring and autumn, while the lowest efficiency comes in midwinter and midsummer. Temperature is the main factor in these variations. The optimum, or most favorable temperature for human efficiency, is 60 degrees. A slightly varying temperature is more stimulating to workmen than one that is uniform; a small decrease in temperature, say, five degrees, has more beneficial effect than a small rise. Efficiency is greatest at the end of a storm or unless so on a very clear day. The ideal climate from an industrial standpoint is somewhere the temperature range varies from 38 to 68 degrees and in which the humidity is uniformly neither high nor low. It is best if there are moderate daily changes in temperature.

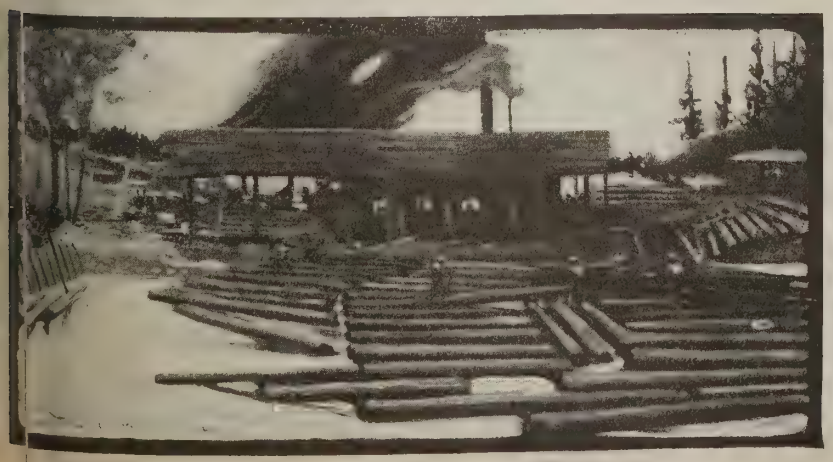
Another fact worth noting is the effect of dry air on the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. The drier the air the more moisture that will be absorbed by this air as we breathe it. The organs of the nose and throat can supply only so much moisture. Beyond this amount they become overworked. Lack of humidity is the chief factor in producing nasal and postnasal catarrh. Dust is a menace, but it is less a cause of nose and throat affections than dry air. Dozens of careful tests are on record and they support the foregoing conclusions. As to the quality of the present-day air in a large city, one examination showed that this air contains 100,000 to 1,500,000 dust particles per cubic foot of air; 100 counts of bacteria per cubic foot and a material percentage of gases. Tests indicate that a proper air washer will remove from 50 to 98 per cent of the floating dust. In various city schools it is not unusual to remove from four to six pails of mud from a single air washer each week. In the matter of gases, the washer will eliminate most of the soluble gases. In Philadelphia one of the grammar schools is located near a large garage. Gases from this garage found their way into the fresh-air intake. A report of the health officer stated that "a sample of the water taken from the air washer was two-thirds dirt and carbon, about 20 per cent oil and a large percentage of gasoline. The gasoline was found to burn freely when a match was applied.

Surely here was a case where mechanical ventilation was desirable and it is not an isolated instance.

An air-washing and humidifying plant for a large school accommodating 1200 pupils or for an industrial plant working a thousand men will cost from $3000 to $5000. Taking actual figures from recent practice, we find that the operating costs of such a plant amount to from 25 to 50 cents a person per year and in this cost is included interest and depreciation on the investment. A considerable reduction is made for the saving in coal resulting from the lower temperatures rendered possible by the humidification of the air. The first cost of such an equipment usually amounts to only one or two per cent of the total cost of the building.

In the matter of schools and industrial buildings the United States just now is facing an alarming deficiency. The number of people that can safely be inclosed in a building depends not so much on floor area as on an adequate volume of fresh air. If we are going to depend on window ventilation we must either stop educating some of our children or double the number of schools. We can't do the latter, so let us not be too quick to condemn mechanical ventilation lest we are throwing aside one of the important remedies for our trouble. From the clothes we wear to the food we eat our lives are artificial. That being the case, we can only go ahead by using artificial methods and devices.

"Back to Nature" sounds fine, but it is only the despairing wail of the fellows who have been outdistanced by the mighty strides of advancing civilization.



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If you're keen to keep the little fellows warm and snug this winter, put them into Hanes Union Suits—the very finest underwear for boys we ever saw near the price. They stand the roughest wear and the hardest wash and give the greatest warmth and comfort. They are practically the same as the men's union suits—all the desired features—with added fleeciness. Don't delay your buying. If your dealer can't supply you write us at once.

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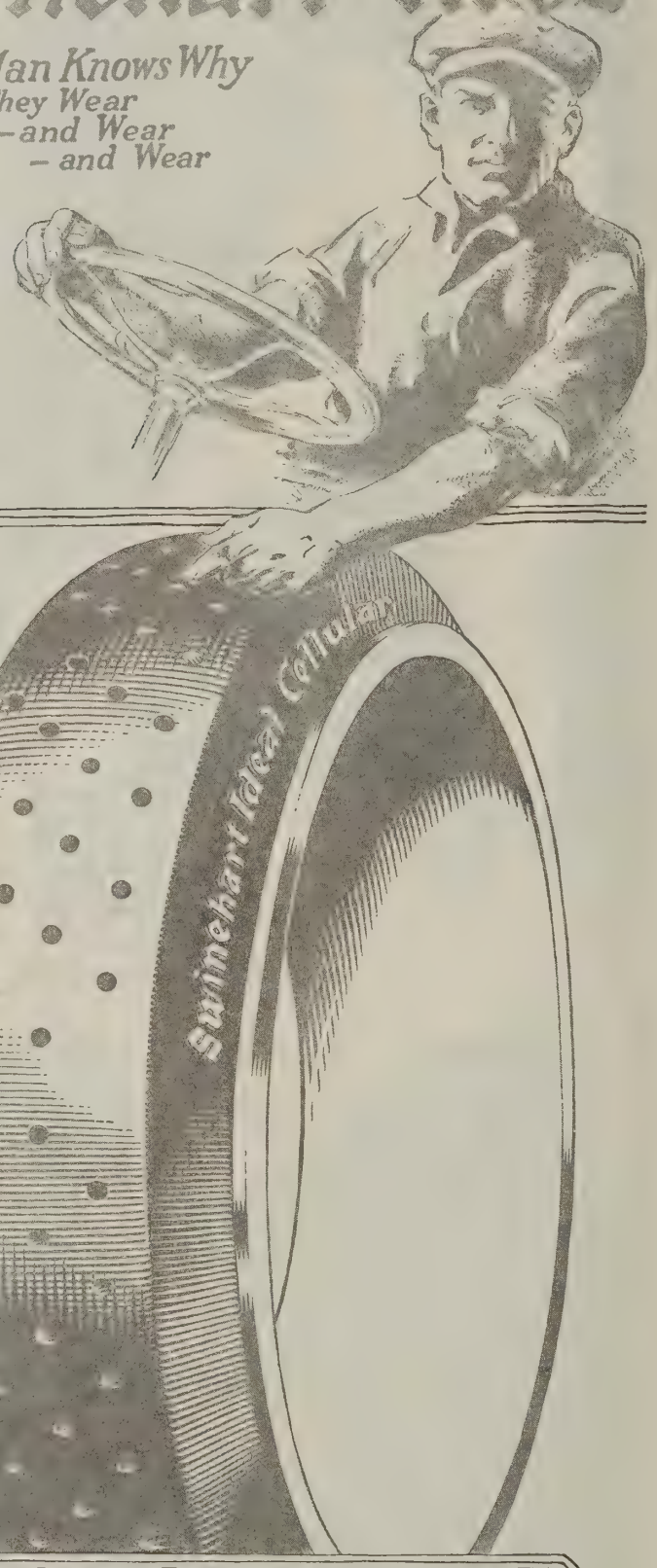
–and Wear
– and Wear



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Dealers to serve you everywhere.

THE SWINEHART TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

ZERBETTA AND THE BLACK ARTS

(Continued from Page 23)

He had been, said Karl, very good company and was carrying a flask of what he called Catawba wine.

"But it wasn't," Karl complained. "It was a lot stronger'n any wine I ever tasted. An' I don't know how I come to bust the window. But you can bet your shirt tail I'm going to close both his eyes for him next time I catch him, that's all. An' pop used a trunk strap!"

That noon old Mrs. Carter's son died in the hospital and, since she was one of those pious, generous creatures who survive somehow in a crass world, the word went heavily from porch to porch along the streets. Father came home silent in the dense, renewed heat, but after a while reported Judge Lowe as much disturbed.

"This silly girl went down there with some boy she'd never seen before. She met him on the street. The judge can't locate him, and he went away and left her before the trouble started, so she asked Bob Carter to take her home. It's all unaccountable. They were going out the door and this drunken idiot, Swenson, began shooting. He can't remember why now. He says someone told him to. It's precious queer."

Zerbetta seethed all afternoon and a doleful procession of ladies arriving at our door, bent on hearing the last terrors of young Carter's end, drove me to open country. The Cochrane River wound in a series of willow-shaded pools past the Ross orchard and I found the Rosses hosts to a dozen lads. News of the deadly dance had spread and I was called on for details. We dangled our legs in the tawny water, chewed licorice and discussed violent death happily.

"Oh, yes," I said, reminded of the lesser event, "and Colly Sims is likely going to die too."

Ethan was wallowing in the shallows at my feet and sat up suddenly.

"Why," said someone, "I saw him yesterday afternoon. Wasn't sick then."

"Well, he was taken sick last night 'long 'bout eight," I related. "It's some kind of bellyache. They've got a doctor down from Columbus, but Mrs. Sims sent out for a dressmaker 'safternoon to make black clothes."

At this moment one of the smaller Ross boys fell off a bough into the river with loud wails and the naked assembly went, laughing, to rescue him, except Ethan, who scrambled out of the water and seized my arm, his eyes glittering.

"You're lyin' about Colly?"

"I am not," I said. "He's havin' convulsions an' things, curls up into knots. Doctor Lynch says he ought to be dead already. It's sort of too bad," I admitted, rather embarrassed by my vague sympathy for Ethan's enemy. Ethan slapped some drops from his leg, frowning at me.

"I hate him like anythin'."

"Well," I argued, "he's the only kid the Simses have got an' ——"

"Oh, I don't want him to die," said Ethan. "But I ain't sorry he's sick!"

He began to hunt for his shirt in the well-mixed wardrobe on the grass, frowning and muttering to himself.

"You say it's his stomach hurtin' him?"

"Yes, but what are you gettin' dressed for? 'Tisn't five o'clock yet."

"Oh, shut your head!" Ethan said brutally and ran off toward the house through the orchard. However, he came back presently and apologized by giving me six cartridges which might fit my revolver. Further, he seduced me into stopping for supper and drove me home in the hot windless night, talking spasmodically.

"I expect it's no fun dyin'," he remarked. "A fellow might go to hell."

"I thought you didn't think there was any hell, Eth?"

"Well, I don't know there is, either," he said fretfully. "But I'd hate gettin' stuck in the same place as Colly Sims. We might get stuck in the same fiery furnace an' he'd hog all the best coals to set on."

He hitched the horse to our lamp-post and came in with me. But father interrupted any preliminary topics by stating that Colly Sims was much improved.

"He began to get better about half past four and they think he'll be all right pretty soon." Ethan gasped then and sat down on the steps. Father pursued the subj by a few timely observations on overeati in summer and put a question:

"By the way, have you children see young fellow with red hair round town? very good-looking boy about sixteen seventeen?"

"There isn't any fellow in town with hair but the O'Sheas," said Ethan, "you wouldn't call them good-lookin'."

"Oh, but of course there is, Eth!" cried. "That fellow that sold you the d yesterday."

"What doll?" asked Ethan in the le speech of mendacity, dropping his fist my shadowed toes. "Doll? What talkin' about?"

I could not imagine why he chose to but I loyally deflected the inquiry and t father I had seen such a person near courthouse.

"Where does he live, son?"

"Dunno," I answered quite truthfully

Father sighed and bade me go tell Ju Lowe all I knew. On the way to the g I reproached Ethan, not that his lying father shocked me, but since I felt that should have warned me.

"Why didn't you say you'd seen hi No harm in seein' him, is there? Wha the matter with you? He didn't do a thin' but sell you a wax doll."

"You shut up about that damn doll!"

"Golly!" I said, hurt and puzzled his unreasonable behavior. "I don't what's the matter. You bought it an' —

"Well, I think he's probably pre tough, Joe, an' I don't want to be mixed with him. An' I don't want to talk ab it, anyhow. So that's all!" He finis with so much venom that I was re crushed, and watched him drive away some awe.

Judge Lowe was a plump, sleepy gen man and not intimidating, but I faced h rather nervously in his library. Eddie gone to visit an aunt in Toledo for a and his absence from the house did not courage me. I reported my meetings w the red-haired boy, and the magistr stroked his white waistcoat ponderously

"H'm," he said. "This seems to b queer kind of boy, Joe, and if I were yo wouldn't have anything to do with him.

"No, sir."

"And you don't know where he live

"No, sir."

"H'm," said the judge. "But he m live somewhere." He consulted a piec note paper, much scribbled, then stare me with an authoritative glitter of the "I'll expect you to tell me if you find where he lives. Good night."

On Eddie's return Saturday I got a ther budget of events domestic:

"Seems this Baron fellow—that's w he said his name was, isn't it?—took t hired girl down to the roundhouse w Bob Carter got shot. Then he was v Karl Gruber when Karl got drunk busted his father's window. Then he one of the O'Shea girls—that sick one, know—about some kind of medicine can take to stop toothache and he got a bottle of it, only it's awful danger kind of stuff to take. Seems if you s taking it you can't stop. But Fa Clancey, the priest, was at the O'Sh and saw the bottle, so they didn't let take any. And there's some more th he's done, but dad wouldn't tell me. it's funny they can't find out where lives, isn't it?"

"Are they goin' to arrest him if t catch him?" I quavered.

"Don't know. Dad didn't say. Oh, y aunt gave me a book!"

It was the Ingoldsby Legends, whi had seen before, and I turned the p without much attention, glancing at old engravings—the Black Dancer bow to Lady Hatton, the penitent Jackda Rheims, the specter trying on Ensign forth's breeches.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"Oh, ghosts and devils mostly! S of it's funny. There's one about a gi stole all a fellow's pants."

"What's this?"

I had found the pentacle, the six-poi star, in The Lay of St. Dunstan, and magic lettering interested me.

(Continued on Page 177)

(Continued from Page 174)

Oh," said the boy, "that's what I was
ng you about the other day. You stood
de it and called up the devil. So long as
stayed inside it he couldn't hurt you."
Folks must have been awful fools to
eve all that stuff," I grunted. "How
d you call up the devil? Just say: 'Hi,
l'?"
Oh, no!" Eddie explained. "He had a
of names. Lucifer, Beelzebub, As-
eus, Belial—names like that. Golly,
it hot, huh?"
was truly stifling. No rain had fallen
week now and the maples were coated
grime. I hated crossing the square on
nds unshod and was almost at the
t of daring convention by resuming
s. Depression had settled on Zerbetta
the wealthy families were talking salt
Ethan had not been to town since the
t of Colly Sims' recovery and I missed
Toward dusk that evening dust rose
all cyclones along Poplar Street, awn-
banged and a few drops of rain de-
led; then the gross heat shut down again
inclosed me like a burning jelly, in
h the gnats swarmed languidly about
amp outside the gate.
railed drearily off to bed and sank into
olate sleep full of indigestible dreams.
before midnight a wild pounding on
rdoor brought me wide awake and
ghtened. Very soon I heard Bill Ross
ng and gabbling in the hall below.
stumbled downstairs just as father lit
as.
ull yourself together, William," he
ternly, "and tell me what's happened!"
le expanding flame showed Bill limp
ast the red wall beneath the picture of
leaving the Last Supper, and his face
ike soiled linen—white smeared with
and dust.
h, I dunno how it happened. Dad
me in with a telegram. Aunt Carrie's
ut in Chicago. An' I walked down to
ation to see if I could get a Cincinnati
, but I couldn't an' I came back by
e Street, an' Fred Orn was comin' out
gbaum's saloon an' he spoke to me,
didn't pay any attention because I
ht he was drunk."
ite right," said father.
ly, I was goin' on an' a fellow came
from somewhere ——"
hat fellow, William?"
dunno. He's a fellow with red hair.
't know his name. So he said, 'Did
ear what Orn called you?' An' he
e. So I got mad an' went back to
Orn was standin' front of Zog-
rs window an' I told him he better
his head shut. An' he slapped my
e. I don't know why I did it, but there
piece of wood lyin' in the gutter, so I
it up an' hit him alongside the head
fell into the window; an' he's dead,
rs."
My poor faculties froze with the last
a. I crouched on the staircase, gulp-
. 'ather folded his dressing gown more
tly about him and took Bill's arm.
Come over to Judge Lowe's, William,"
sa, "and tell him about it."
father had a cool, compelling voice,
don't remember that Bill hesitated.
hen the hall was empty a flood of
emotions, horrible curiosities, bested
wanted to see the dead man and I
d that Bill had killed him. It ap-
re that I was involved in a dream of
ort. Certainly my performance had
l drifting, unreasonable folly of a
n I found myself, sweating with ter-
r out of breath, trotting down Poplar
e to the square, my nightshirt flap-
n my knees and my mouth dry.
h the maples I could see the arc
s igh over the four corners of the con-
s which I must cross, and they seemed
shing eyes above the silent space. My
rried my fright along, with Bill's
y abbling in my ears. The arcs kept
ga, but somehow I saw a figure on the
ydrant by Gruber's and, wonder-
if was a policeman, I slowed.
s the red-haired boy, sitting, easily
ch, most distinct in the unhealthy
, is graceful legs crossed, his ciga-
owing in his mouth. The speed of
y bore me almost abreast of him
h turned his face, smiling as if he ex-
ne. He laughed, and at the sound
s shook.
o, Bud," he said. "Come along
les ——"
ut whirled and ran up the dark street,
in with horror, and did not stop until
safe in bed, suffocating, with the sheets wrapped round my head and wishing that the revolver, with Ethan's fitted cartridges, was at hand instead of lodged in its box by Ahab's stall in the barn. It seemed that the smell of cigarettes filled my room and that the enchanting, evil voice was whispering in the still air.

Hot morning brought better news. Orn had lain stunned in Zogbaum's saloon for two hours, but was now parading the square, loud in admiration of Bill for laying him low with a fragment of rotten rail, which was what Bill's weapon proved to be. He confessed to being decidedly drunk and went round, his head bandaged, to tell the judge his share in the brawl. Mr. Ross drove in with Ethan and took his badly shaken first-born home before church. Ethan stayed to noonday dinner and we maintained a guarded peace.

"This red-haired tramp," said father, "is getting to be a nuisance. He's a genuine trouble maker. The old Puritans would have put him in the stocks. They were very sensible people. I wish we had the stocks."

My mother tartly suggested a horsewhip by way of substitute and Ethan broke silence with an amazing remark:

"Nobody could ever catch him though!"

"Why not?" asked father.

"Well—they couldn't. Please, I'd like some more gravy, Mrs. Henry. It's gettin' awful dark."

The sky was deep in somber clouds, which pressed us down more closely in the horrible heat, and the dining room was shadowy.

"I wish it would rain," sighed mother. "If the air cleared we'd all feel better. It's been a dreadful week. Do see that Ahab has plenty of water, Joe."

Ahab drooped in his stall and I opened the wide doors into Poplar Street for his benefit. Ethan climbed into the vacant buggy and sat there, tortured by a Sunday collar. But he roused when I told him of my exploit. His eyes grew huge.

"Oh, you were an awful fool to do that, Joe! He might of got hold of you!"

"Couldn't hurt me much," I asserted lamely, with a shiver.

"Yes, he could too," said Ethan. "He'd of made you do somethin' like he did Bill and Karl. An' nobody knows where he comes from or where he goes to—goes to. You see, he ain't real."

"You act awful queer, Eth," I muttered, sitting down on the buggy shaft and turning the revolver cylinder with a thumb. "Ain't real? Of course he's real!"

"No, he ain't," Ethan said stubbornly. "He's ——"

Eddie Lowe and Peter Vanois came in from Poplar Street just then with Frisky, who had been chasing the Lowe tomcat. We chattered about the revolver, which neither had seen since the addition of the cartridges. We argued its probable range and the action of the bullets.

"Better keep it in your pocket," Eddie sniffed. "This red-haired fellow'll be getting you in trouble next."

"Oh, stop talkin' about him!" cried Ethan. "I'm tired hearin' about him. It's bad luck anyhow. Talk of the devil an' his imps appear."

"Your temper isn't very good," Eddie retorted. "Better take a rhubarb pill. What did you do with that doll he sold you?"

"You shut up about that doll!" Ethan flamed into a nervous passion and kicked at the dashboard. "That doll! It's got me in trouble enough without you talkin' about it!"

"What kind of trouble?" Peter asked.

"I don't see it's got you into any trouble," Eddie said, rubbing the heat mist from his spectacles. His indifferent voice goaded Ethan into a yell:

"Didn't I pretty near kill Colly Sims?"

Peter flattened himself against the wall and said "Sainte Vierge!" under his breath. Eddie dropped his spectacles and the Ingoldsby Legends.

"Whatever are you talkin' about?" I croaked.

"Well, I did! I wasn't goin' to tell anyone, but I did!" Ethan said in a sort of hysterical chant. "An' it's your fault, anyhow, Eddie! What'd you go an' tell me about stickin' pins in a wax doll that looked like a person you didn't like for? Listen here, as soon as I saw that doll I knew it looked like Colly. So I bought it an' took it home an' after supper I stuck a pin right through its belly, an' right then Colly took sick. An' then next day, when Joe told me Colly was dyin', I went an' took the pin out.

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An' that was half past four on Tuesday an' Colly stopped bein' sick right then! An' didn't I say that I wanted to see the devil, just once? Well, that red-headed fellow's him!"

Straight upon the pronoun an echo of thunder swept down Poplar Street and Ahab neighed in his stall, stamping. We all flinched, and a hot wind seemed to circle through the barn. Peter's fingers fluttered across his breast.

"You're lying," said Eddie, stooping for his book. "You're making it up."

"I hope I die an' go to hell if I am," Ethan groaned, staring into the darkened street. Thunder greeted this appalling attestation and rolled in my ears like the voice of Satan's self. The dense air was choking me. Peter gulped something about rain and ran out. I had no desire to laugh at his flight.

"But it isn't sensible," Eddie protested. "How could sticking a pin in a wax doll kill anybody? It's silly! It isn't reasonable, Eth. He's just some tramp. He couldn't be the devil. There isn't any such thing, I'll bet you."

"But he don't live anywhere, Ed," I maundered. "He just sort of comes round and every time he turns up there's trouble. And the doll did look like Colly, of course it did. I thought so myself."

Eddie laughed, or tried to laugh, but the sound was lost in his throat. Ethan kept staring into Poplar Street.

"You go tell dad that Satan's in town," Eddie said after a moment. "That'd look fine in the Courier, wouldn't it? 'Satan from hell is stopping in Zerbetta for a few days, on business.' That'd be fine!"

"Shut up!" whispered Ethan, moving on the buggy cushions. "He can hear you. He can hear anything."

So strong was fear twisting my soul that, almost expecting to see the red-haired boy on the sill, I turned toward the door, clutching the revolver. Frisky had stopped scratching fleas and was whining drearily in a corner.

"Oh, stuff and rubbish!" said Eddie. "Here, I'll show you two babies if there's any devil."

He began to rummage the Ingoldsby Legends, then squatted on the planks and commenced marking them with a bit of charcoal.

"What are you doin'?" Ethan cried.

"I'll show you in a minute," the skeptic snapped. "You and Joe are a pair of plumb idiots, that's all. Wax dolls!"

He scrawled a rough star, two triangles, one on the other, and consulted his book. I remembered the design and squeaked:

"You look out, Eddie, don't you do nothin' like that!"

Eddie marked the symbols at the corners and stood up. His glasses shimmered blue in the first lightning.

"All right, now," he said. "This is a pentacle. You kids say there's a regular devil and that he put spells on Colly Sims and all. Well, if there is, all I've got to do is stand inside this business and call him and he's got to come. He won't, but I'll show you."

Ethan leaped out of the buggy with a yelp of fright.

"Don't you dare do any such thing, die Lowe! There's been enough tro round here! You stop!"

Eddie planted himself in the cente his device and screwed his eyes shut, m tating.

"Let's see—what are some of his names? Lucifer ——"

"Shut up!" screamed Ethan, bac between the buggy shafts.

"Beelzebub!" cried Eddie against a rattle of thunder, "Prince of Dark Asmodeus—he doesn't seem to be con does he? I guess he's too busy. Belial—

Frisky gave a wild bark. The red-ha boy walked in from Poplar Street, his rette burning in his mouth. Ahab b to kick his stall, and rain like a silver tain hid the maple trees and the Sims' f from my staring eyes. Within the there was a clinging silence.

"Hello!" said the red-haired boy. thought I'd drop in."

Eddie coughed and—I think—his t rattled. I took a terrible step forw drawn by the enchanting voice, ye frightened that my knees shook.

"You get out of here!" shrieked Et "Get out! Go 'way!"

"Yes," I said, "get out! I—we c want you!"

The red-haired boy strolled nearer smiling amiably, and took the ciga from his lips.

"I've got some dice," he said, "an teach you ——"

The revolver exploded in my h straight at his blue shirt, and I reeled against Eddie. A swirl of green smok the tempter, but he spoke through it p antly:

"Better look out, Joe, or you'll somebody. Well, as I was saying ——

I fell on my knees. Suddenly in a hasty voice Ethan spoke:

"Our Father which art'n heaven, lowed be Thy name, Thy ——"

The red-haired boy swung on his and went out into the rain, which hi at once. The smoke rose and van along the ceiling. With a roar, his we flapping, Mr. Sims charged across street.

"What the devil do you mean, Joe H shootin' holes in my awnings!"

"Oh, did you see him?" Eddie bal "Did you see him?"

"See who?"

"The fellow with red hair! He went out!"

"I didn't see a soul! You, Joe, l good mind ——"

But just then I fainted.

My sons, very learned in matters o tell me that revolvers do odd things inexpertly handled. It is quite tru next week a detective came throug betta, hunting a lad escaped from th reformatory, and that all this may hav a bubble swelling in the idle mind of But Ethan won't have a red-haired boy in his Cleveland offices without w by Sunday-school teachers; and Pr Lowe's course in medieval history university is much enlivened by h tures on witchcraft and diabolism.

ON CATCHING COLD

(Continued from Page 19)

And now for the conditions which actually cause colds: First, there are germs. Many are so imbued with the idea of the germ theory that they forget that it takes two to make a bargain. Most germs, all but the most virulent, cannot harm us unless conditions are just right. And for conditions to be right for germs they must be wrong for us. It requires contributory negligence on our part.

Many germs have their habitat in the nose and throat. All of them have long names, but we shall mention only two of them, the *Micrococcus Catarrhalis* and the *Micrococcus Coryzæ*. There are many other varieties, but they need not concern us here. No matter which particular germ or combination of germs, the symptoms are the same, and the inflammatory changes; and their presence accounts for the infectious character of colds.

If one member of a family has a cold the others may be affected subsequently. This is partly at least because the germs are present in great numbers in an active cold. But it may be due also to other conditions in the home, such as dampness, or overheating, or lack of fresh air, to which all the family are subject. But the germs are the operating cause.

Speaking generically then, and not of any particular germ, the germs have been circulating, now in the microcosmic dust of the atmosphere, then entering a human host with the respired air. Anon, overcome by the inhospitable host, gently exhaled back and coughed or sneezed into the circumambient air, they float in the impalpable dust again, suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. One day in this constantly repeated cycle their host is more hospitable. Conditions are not so unfavorable for them and they begin at once to raise the myriads of their kind. Being minute vegetables they multiply by segmentation, flourishing in favorable soil.

Then follow the numerous conditions within that nose and throat; and to the nose the ears, and perhaps the accessory sinuses, which as a group we call a cold.

In the beginning of this article the statement was made that one cannot catch cold if he tries. That is nearly if not quite true. However, if anyone doubts it he may have a little to prove his point if he tries any combination of the following directions for catching cold.

Rules for the Germ Host

They are meant only for those who have no practical noses through which they may daily breathe. Of course one who has anything wrong with his nose to start with, such obstructions or chronic catarrh or nasal disease, has an advantage. He is apt to catch cold on the slightest provocation.

First, choose as a habitation a house that is continuously damp. If that is impracticable, work every day in such a building. Reject all the windows shut, especially at night. Remember that night air is bad for one, and as night air is the only kind one gets at night, keep it out. Use the good day air, or, better, day before yesterday's air. Breathe in lots of dust. Have the floors swept vigorously and often while you are absent. Do not use a vacuum cleaner or any moist method of removing dust. Chase dust as you would pigeons, which rise and circle and light again.

Keep the house hot; plenty of good dry heat. And wear heavy underclothing, flannel, unlike outer garments, cannot be moistened when you get indoors.

Do not bathe frequently; keep the pores of the pores clogged with unremoved waste material.

Eat more than you need. If your appetite fails don't weaken. Try rich sauces and pastries and condiments. And if necessary, or possible these days, take a cocktail or two to stimulate the appetite.

Lose plenty of sleep. Worry will help to; and fatigue, and overwork. Try to do all the unnecessary things you can think of. That may cause mental depression.

Having followed all or part of these directions conscientiously for some time, get your feet soaking wet and do not remove your shoes. Then sit next to the only open window. But open it only a very little, so that there will be a nice strong draft of cold air, preferably on the back of your neck.

You will probably win. In a few minutes or hours you may have a nice cold in the head with all the trimmings.

Sitting in a draft does not always give one a cold by any means, but it may, if one is in the proper condition.

Why are not sudden and extreme changes of temperature necessarily harmful? Because the human body possesses the most wonderful automatic heating apparatus in the world. Men have tried to imitate it in the modern dwelling, but they never have approached and never will approach its perfection. No matter how cold the weather, no matter how great the heat, in which one can live, this self-acting apparatus self-acts, and the bodily temperature does not appreciably change. Cold will chill the surface by contracting the capillaries of the skin, but very soon they will dilate and the surface will be warmed by the increased supply of blood. Heat will cause greater activity of the sweat glands, and evaporating sweat will cool the body.

The Other Was Immune

How then do we circumvent Nature when we sit in a draft? A part of the body, usually a small part, is chilled while the other is not. We give the heating apparatus an almost impossible task—that of keeping a large section of the body under normal conditions and at the same time protecting a small surface against the cold. Even its marvelous mechanism sometimes fails in such circumstances.

But these conditions do not alone produce a cold. There must be something else, a certain lowering of resisting power. Not long ago two people sat and watched a football game through an hour and a half of cold pouring rain. They were soaked to the skin. The next day one of the two had a cold, and of course it was an interesting topic of discussion.

That one said: "You can't tell be that getting wet dod't give you a cold. I certaidly got bide at the gabe!"

The other replied tolerantly: "Yes, my dear, but why didn't I catch cold?"

There you are! There is no argument. Many thousands were soaked and chilled that same afternoon, and it is hardly likely that ten per cent caught cold. First there are the germs, then the exciting cause, and third the lowered resistance.

Constant conflict with bacteria develops an immunity in the individual. This immunity must be destroyed if the germs are to be victorious, unless they overwhelm their victim by force of numbers. This latter is sometimes the case when one comes in hourly contact with them at home, and partly explains the spread of an infectious cold among various members of a family.

If fighting germs increases immunity, so continuous absence from contact with them lessens it. Explorers returning to civilization after prolonged absence are more susceptible than those who have remained at home. Among those who dwell in isolated places an infectious disease introduced from without will spread quickly.

All this is very well and may be of passing interest, but what we want to know is—and this is the meat of this coconut: How can colds be prevented? A large part of the answer is contained in the directions for catching a cold, if they are read with reverse English.

If the nose is not normal it should be put into proper condition. Obstructions should be removed. Operations for removal of obstructions are usually quite simple. Perhaps, when you were young, a playful tap on the nose by a companion threw it off

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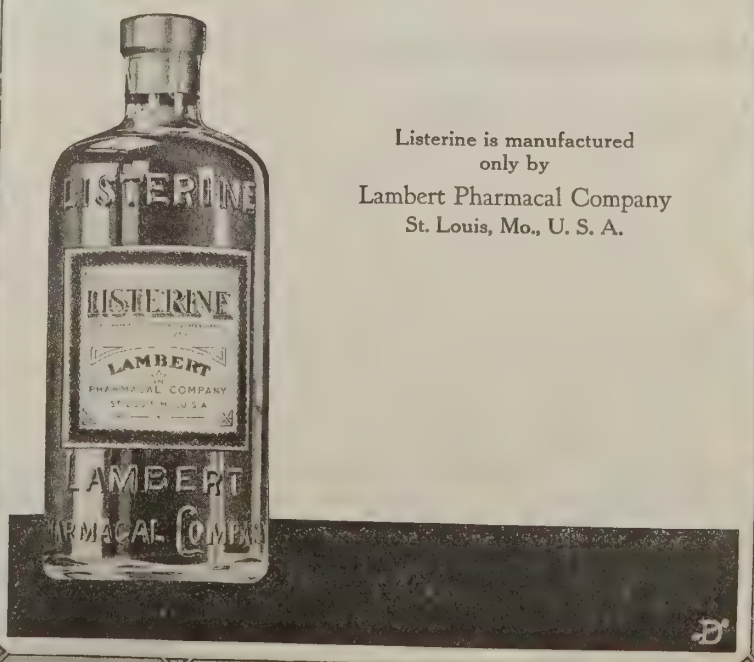

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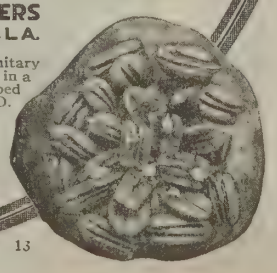

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center, and it never returned. Possibly when too young to recognize the proprieties you were given to sucking your thumb and pressing at the same time with the forefinger of the hand upon that tender nascent organ, the nose, causing a permanent deviation. In other words, the septum, or partition between the nostrils, may lean too much toward one side, obstructing the passage of air. There are many other causes of obstruction than a deviated septum, but this will do as an example.

Chronic catarrhal conditions predispose to colds, and to many other things. Germ growth is favored by poor soil and chronic inflammation makes poor soil.

But given a perfectly good practical nose, how can one keep it, and himself, from the incidence of such accidents as colds?

Fresh air, for one thing. As was said before, patients in tuberculosis sanatoria, who are outdoors practically all the time, are seldom affected. And if the attending physician comes upon one with a cold he says to the patient, "Aha! You've not been getting enough fresh air!" and at once consigns him to a bed in the open.

Open-air games are more healthful than indoor sports or exercise. If one must exercise indoors all the windows should be wide open.

Many use the calendar instead of the thermometer as a guide to clothing. It is as senseless as discarding one's straw hat on September fifteenth, no matter how hot the weather; and far more harmful. Both in the fall and in the spring we wear too much on the warm days, and stew and fret and catch cold without realizing why.

Most of our warm clothing should be removable—that is, removable in the presence of company. Homes and offices and factories are usually up to summer heat in the coldest weather, and yet many people who spend nearly all of the twenty-four hours indoors wear heavy winter underclothing. This superheating of the body lessens the resisting power. Remember, it does not open the pores. One should do that daily by a good bath with soap and warm water, and follow it with a dash of cold water.

The ordinary tubbing which is supposed to be a daily rite of our English cousins is much advocated as a means of hardening oneself. It usually consists of a dash into a tub of ice-cold water, a dash for the towel, and a dash into one's clothes. It is not cleansing and will not open the pores. Take the cold water for dessert, using soap and water as the pièce de résistance.

And do not rub all the outer layers of t skin off with brushes, loofahs and extra dinarily coarse towels. In some countr they wear those outer layers of the skin clothes, and they do not catch cold. Nat intended that the outermost layer, on should be rubbed off by gentle friction.

It may not be necessary, now, to speak alcoholic beverages. But if anyone sho have a little left over in this period drought, here is a recipe for taking a co tail: Spill a little on the tablecloth or do then glance round to see if your hostes looking elsewhere, and throw the rest o the left shoulder, for luck.

Remedies are of some use, but th should be prescribed by a physician for t particular cold they are intended to bani As a rule, however, modern medicine h little to offer, and with two exceptions t granny remedies are best. The first exc tion is the hoary axiom: "Feed a cold a starve a fever." A cold is not, dietetica speaking, voracious. Feed it very lit and it will be much kinder to you. A take a laxative, or two, as atonement past indiscretions.

The other exception is the hot stu room as a means to a cure. Plenty of wa bed clothing, the body entirely immers in coverings if thought necessary, head a all—all except the nose. Keep it out a take in through it all the outdoors you c get. Fresh air is the one essential medici

Having eliminated these two exceptic bring on your granny remedies—the h milk or hot lemonade; the hot salt garg or spray; the quinine, if you like it; a the hot mustard footbath. All of these a kind of bloodletting. They dilate capillaries at the extremities and upon surface of the body elsewhere, and they ca sweating, which is another form of reli

By dilation of the myriads of capilla in the skin they draw away the blood fr the congested area in the nose and thro thereby lessening the inflammatory proc

One who has a severe cold should be to bed—for his own good and that others. Colds are catching if one's cor tion invites them.

Applications to the nose and throat helpful if made by one who knows wha needed and how to apply it. If there complications—that is, if the ears or nuses are affected—competent advice sho be sought to prevent serious trouble.

But whatever you do for a cold do take promiscuous advice. Do not fol all the precepts of kind friends. Or may never have another cold.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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December 6, 1919

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FORTUNE'S DARLING

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

MADAME MEREY'S house at nares the morning as a rule passed ietly. Runa's aunt seldom ap- jared before noon; he himself, in his ords, lay "slug- ed" to make up and for some ter their capture Maharajah's da wreath Dan was had the run of lace, free and from *chota hazri* rlday. The dark le ont shop, or li- became Dan's n; for there he doorrow Madame re's books, write e, ruminate and ok quiet as monk

H sat there one eron reading his when Runa la el entered, fresh me bath, in a yel- lk kimono em- ired with bamboo a and flying birds. n had a letter in n, a face that wl, and legs that aper.

"lad tidings, ny! A year's a!" he cried. Fink! A whole arree, out of har- s. Weatherby says pled it down for *a du bon*, what? nth ago I couldn't or such a thing, dn't take it, and were in the same tome the Maha- ja's checks—our ub pay for getting t crown back from e hamptas. Luck ace, eh? We're h, Danny, and I've t year's leave!"

Twers rose and oc his friend by the n

"Iappy man!" id e. "Congratula- ns!"

Ena looked him idly in the eye, ov d him back into s hair, perched on e lge of a bookcase d became serious.

"I ought to be," pl d Runa. "Yes. should be happy if I thought you were. Things are never complete, are they? Fly in e intment."

Dn watched him with surprise. The youngster's countenance, from being all hi , darkened like an April sky—now rainbow, now gloom.

"Why do you think not?" said Dan. "Honestly, son, I'm very glad indeed. First no good news."

"Nothing, Sir. It is Dreadful. That Poor Child. We are Doing Our Best, But No One Has Seen or Heard of Her"

"You have the American poker face," complained Runa. "It is much overrated. I can read you." He swung his bare feet, and conquered a fit of shyness. "Tell me," he grumbled, "to mind my own affair, if —— Look here. How loathsome to parade good fortune before a friend who—— The devil! You are not happy. Three or four times I have caught you moping like this." Runa waved his hand toward the table, on which Dan's letters lay open. "It's no good. Forgive me. I did not mean to talk so."

A faint smile, passing, made Mr. Towers' lean and freckled face rather pleasant.

"You're right, my boy. I'll tell you."

"No," said Runa. "Not at all. I began wrong. I am not the Paul Pry."

Towers threw at him a tin can of cigarettes, which burst and showered over the bookcase. Runa caught one cigarette out of the air.

"Be quiet, child; let me unburden," said Dan. "It's about a girl."

"Ah, ah." Runa fumbled in the bottom of a square sleeve and assumed great failure of interest. "Then it was nothing. I am relieved."

Towers regarded with amusement this young cynic in his yellow robe.

"Nothing, are they?" he replied. "I'm not so sure. This one's my daughter."

"Really?" said his friend, unmoved. "I thought you were a bachelor."

"So I am." Dan paused for effect. He hoped to see Runa sit bolt upright on his ledge and stare. The youngster did nothing of the kind, but having fished a match box from his sleeve, got a light and began smoking with an air of total indifference. Dan laughed. "No rise out of you, is there? You learned at a bigger college than poker. Well, now you shall hear the whole *sub-chiz*. Leda's a very pretty girl. I call her my daughter, because a fatherly attitude was best for everyone all round."

With few words he told the tragedy of his friend Parimban, a merchant trading in cattle, beeswax and kingfisher feathers at an obscure Malayan village on a mud bank.

This fine old gentleman Towers had left one morning alive and prosperous on board the houseboat where he dwelt; and soon afterward returning by night had found seated as it were in state—dead, amid the wreckage of his great white-and-gold room. A tribe of raiders had burned the village and killed him. Parimban's daughter, Leda by name, Towers had caught hiding in the water between the house and the landing float.

"She and I buried her father's body," said Dan. "By torchlight, under a big pigeon-flower tree full of white blossoms. The boatmen dug his grave with their paddles. I'd always been fond of him, you know, and there stood this girl, horribly young, cut off alone in the world at a whack, and—and mighty pretty. A man couldn't leave her there, could he? No more than a man could carry her round—not in my sort of life? As you say, a bachelor. She was bright as a piece of fire, lively as all get-out, and she ran right into my darned arms for safety. Well. There."

Runa smoked and wriggled his toes.

"Don't argue," he said. "What happened?"

Towers became aware that he had spoken with heat, for so his cheeks told him.

"I dropped her into an orphanage down there, with some pious women. For reasons."

Runa looked up again, suddenly awake.

"You're a good herb, Dan," said he. "Well done. For the time being."

Dan took up one of his letters from the table.

"Just so," he agreed. "Temporary. Hear what the chief woman at the orphanage wrote:

"'*My dear sir:* I acknowledge with great pleasure your ——'

"No. Her first part's all money and compliments. Wait."

He turned the leaf, and chose another passage:

"'. . . So you see, my friend, that your little girl excelled in her studies, above all in languages and music. I regret that my report cannot be entirely favorable, but the truth must be told. Leda's deportment falls below the standard which we endeavor to uphold and which you yourself, my friend, would desire her to attain. In religious duty Leda is regular enough, but so perfunctory that sometimes during moments of discouragement with her I fear the good seed falls on stony ground.'"

"How old?" struck in Runa.

"Too old for them. They stretched the rule to let her in. Maybe nineteen."

"The abandoned wretch!" Runa shrugged his shoulders. "A ripe age, but not perfect in her deportment. Shocking! Go on."

Dan read further: "'Indeed she is something of a firebrand among us, Mr. Towers; a problem. Last week she flew into a rage, struck, shook and severely frightened a girl much larger than herself, whom she called "a nasty pig, full of vile thoughts," with other worse language. Her conduct was the more distressing, that when questioned and given a full opportunity she would say nothing to explain or justify it. The injured girl, who is one of our most docile pupils ——'"

La Flèche kicked up his heels. "And Leda is her name?" he murmured. "I begin to like your daughter, Parimban's daughter."

"'Only yesterday we found her perched astride the wall of the home grounds, like a wild creature, talking to a disreputable young Malay below. This cannot be allowed to go on, Mr. Towers, her example is so ——'"

Dan tossed away that letter and chose another from the table.

"Here's Leda herself," said he. "Remember, she's very young—in a way.

"'. . . For your gray eyes look down on me through the darkness in my sleep, and I wake and lie thinking of you till the fighting cocks crow in Ibrahim's garden. So it was that your eyes did shine on the river where my father lived, when I first loved you. I talk with Ibrahim from the wall also, and he show me his bantam who has beaten twenty and four in the pit without spurs, winning heaps of gold. A lovely bird, brave, polished like copper and emeralds, with a coral-blood crown. He makes me to think of you, so hard and shining.'"

Both men laughed; the reader with constraint, the listener with naughty glee.

"Now you see for yourself."

"I do, I do!" cried Runa. "What was your fatherly attitude? Oh, the liar! I love you, Danny, for the dangers you have passed."

Dan jumped up and after a combat that upset things round the room bent Runa across his knee.

"I'll show you fatherly attitude good and proper!"

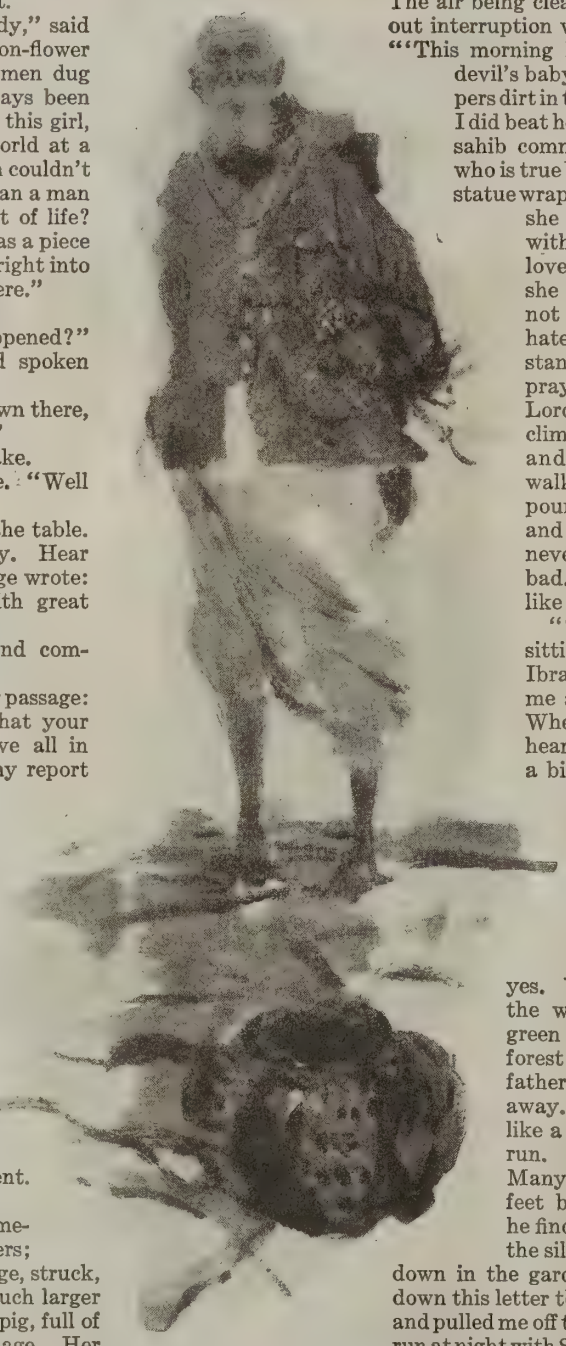
In the midst of a loud spanking Runa pulled his friend's feet from under, so that both men crashed to the floor, wrestling like wildcats.

When later they returned to business they were red-hot, dripping and cheerful.

"Go back to your text, parson," said Runa.

Towers took up his girl's letter again. The air being cleared now he read without interruption what Leda had to say:

"'"This morning I fought with a great devil's baby, a vile one. She whispers dirt in the corner and snickles. I did beat her good. The old mem-sahib commanding of this house, who is true but silly, and cold like a statue wrapped all in clean clothes, she did try to frighten me with the Lord's anger. I love the old mem-sahib; she is dear, only a goose, not knowing love from hate. Unable to understand. She said go and pray. I went. But the Lord was not angry. So I climbed their wall again and sat. No Ibrahim walked at all in his compound. I thought of you and was sorry, because you never love Leda. I am not bad. Why is the world like that?



"I See You Know the Yarn. I Suppose They Stole a Boat and Got Across by Night"

"'"I was thinking and sitting. A boy came into Ibrahim's path and saw me anxiously on the wall. When I knew his face my heart did make hops like a big frog in a little basket, and the tears did come with a cry. Behold he was Sadik, my father's boy, looking thin, older, poor, sick. He said: "Lady, you are the daughter of Parimban!" I said yes. We talk up and down the wall whispering, under green leaf boughs. He said forest people did kill my father, then carry him, Sadik, away. He dwelt with them like a dog, but did live and run. He came to tell me. Many miles, he starving, his feet bleed; but better now he finds me. *Lima rupiah* all the silver I own, I throw him down in the garden. I will throw him down this letter to-morrow. They came and pulled me off the wall. But now I can run at night with Sadik to find you. Then we go together, you and Leda, and overcome the man who made my father die.

"'"The all I tell you, it is true. My heart says a good holy thing, you will not hate this writing girl any more, when I come and find you.

LEDA.'"

There was no more joking or horseplay when Dan had read this letter. The two friends sat looking thoughtfully at each other, like men who heard the truth spoken, believed and were troubled. Runa swung his legs and frowned.

"She means every word. It rings true," he declared. "That girl will run away."

"No," said Dan. "She has."

"What? Gone?"

Towers rose and began pacing the room, hands in pockets, head down.

"Her old mem-sahib sent me a cable. She's gone. I had asked Weatherby to look after my mail, and he wired from Calcutta this morning. She's away. Jumped the orphanage."

"Ah, well!" said Runa. "What do you think of doing?"

His friend continued to march.

"The girl's out, adrift somewhere, with a Malay boy and five Straits dollars. They can't run far. Or if they do ——" Dan sat down again and glowered at his letters. "I hate to consider that 'if.' As you came just now I was thinking. You see, the Maharajah's check falls right in like a godsend. Runa, I guess—well, my mind's made up. The job needs action.

"Hate to say good-by to you and Tante, but these children will have more than a fortnight's start before I get there. Afraid I must leave you this afternoon and go hunt for her."

Runa, who sat on the table playing with a pape nodded slowly like a handsome young toy manda

"Good. I'll come with you and help look."

Dan bounced upon his chair. The youngs spoken as if it were a question of going into the ne after an umbrella. But though lightly made t seemed another godsend. Into this difficulty Rur Runa's trained intelligence would bring a hop Dan by himself was far from cherishing.

"My dear boy, I couldn't think of it," said Tow

"With a year's leave and a barrel of money?" c other. "Bah, what else are they for? It's all made t We go. Ninety bars of gold and dollars manifol sail. Come, Danny, let's dress and pack. As you sa two miscreants will have a fortnight's law of us.

Dan shook his head.

"No. Tush! You want to go have your fling in Along with you! Wanted it for years. You was leave on me? Not much!"

Mr. La Flèche hurled the continent of Europe fire that dieth not, and covered it with brims Gomorrah. He had some gift in language.

"Besides," he continued, "I'm selfish. Think I such a lark? *Lagadigadou!* And then, look: E off the board anyhow, all right. Tante means to c off to l'Ile Maurice with her; and fond as I am of T be damned if I go to Maur —— Psst! Here she i

Footsteps came along the corridor. Runa laid fi lips, wagged a ferocious head at Dan, and hastily m gold silk robe more decent about him. Tante, dr her tight customary black, entered the room smilin

"A fortunate day, is it not?" she chirped. "F I am content with René. His year's leave is well though the poor boy has earned more."

Dan gave Madame Merey his chair, on the which Runa came and leaned. She sat looking by t each young man, her eyes bright, her gnarled and little face puckered into a map of shrewd affection

"I am very well content," she repeated. "Th fits our plans."

Over her head Runa sent Dan a careful wink.

"My dear aunt," he said, "we have other news. not go to Port Louis with you after all, I'm afraid."

Madame Merey tossed up her head and sniffed a in the wind.

"Eh? Why not?" she cried.

Towers feared a family scene.

"I will tell you," said her nephew.

Quietly, with art, Runa began the story of Pari daughter. He had heard it five minutes ago; he well, every circumstance exact as though he had kn a lifetime; and soon, warming toward his work, c the aid of emotion. Towers heard a gorgeous fiery tive unrolling, the tragedy of a heart bleeding, i dusky little shop crammed with books; and to his learned it was his own tragedy, his own heart, Runa with a trembling voice now laid bare for comprehension.

"Look here!" said Dan. "That isn't right. No ing fair."

Madame, who had ceased to frown, laughed o twice and, relaxed in her chair, was now patting hand and nodding at every word.

"*Assez, basté, assez!*" She jumped up to embra as high as she could reach, above his elbow. He black eyes melted and swam in tears. "You are a young man. I wish you the great happiness to ov her, Monsieur Towers; and Runa shall go wit Would to God he might get himself such a girl. I p breakfast."

She ran out of the library. Dan stared after her, t her nephew, the orator.

"You limb!" said he.

Runa smiled.

"I never meant to go to Mauritius anyhow," he r "This was Cambyses' vein, the tyrant's vein. The a man must tell them the truth, the whole truth, the little more than the truth. Eh? Perhaps. Now let u for your Leda. Come upstairs and pack."

II

THEY left Benares with Tante's blessing on their and Tante's keepsakes filling their hands. To she gave, besides one thousand cigarettes, an old k purse fat with sovereigns, like a babe's stocking at mas, and a miniature of his Uncle René the schol Dan, a yellow paper novel, a bag of honey drops, a flask filled with red cordial, and Thomas à Kem French, the tiniest of pocket volumes, beautifully

"That novel is to amuse you in traveling," said "But keep the wise little book, my son Daniel; meet again; but if we do not, read it always for my It is very simple, but very deep."

She walked with them slowly in the heat to the f of the tank, where tamarind boughs hung dow twinkled with myriad play of green shadows and spa water. Madame Merey's face seemed oddly to share contrasts.

d-by, my dears. You are not fools or selfish young
no lecture. Bring back the girl, that is all. I wish
ere two of her, one for each. Good fortune, and
ss you. Eat carefully but well; keep the head cool,
warm."

atched them out of sight. Looking back through
of people, naked brown, white-swathed or saffron-
hey saw her there, a prim little black statue under
arind. As they went round the corner she raised
rs in a quick sign of farewell, then turned away.
did wrong," said Dan.

t till on board the train," replied his friend. "I
ring good-by to her, though she always makes

followed through the lanes their baggage, which
in slow procession above the heads of the crowd.
rattling gharri took them
hat by the bridge, where
ight their train and soon
f undressed, on leather
in a dark compartment.
d passed Moghal Sarai
una, sniffing the breeze of
that came scented with
eds through the wet tat-
anything more to say.
t think me a lying beast,"
out. "Now that we're
urning back, I confess I
to go to l'Ile de France."
s began to express a warm
of double-dealers.
at all! Perfectly sincere.
all!" exclaimed Runa.
on't talk high horse in
her. Listen, have sense.
nt to go with Tante, but
o want much more to go
. I can join her later.
hat is called a compli-
anny. It is necessary to
the compliments. My
friend, as the Chittagong
uid, will refrain his noble
m playing the he-sheep-
abib Jachandar. In fact,

atched the yellow novel
reading it, deaf to all re-
Before long his dark
ied wide and wider, snap-
edly.
laughed.
e this! Oh, give ear!"
e rumbling of the train
a passage that left Dan
detruck. Then both young
ed, rolled with laughter—
tdoor laughter which
unseemly things away in
'You blush! I blush!"
na. "But think! Tante
d it quite solemnly with-
ing a hair; and she is
devout little old dear.
men, I shall die of con-
their pericranicks!"
merrily began the first
journey which Dan had
lt dreaded; they talked
t, and let the burning
by.
Calcutta came the second
day of breathless hurry-
da week's work, gather up
ends and be ready for
h, the Mayam-Ma. They
lo each other during this
an found himself alone
in Calcutta, now in offices,
in bank, now in a shop, and
eespasms jogging along in
emly, keeping good look-
to see that his poor hired
fle did not suffer. With
an management he came to
iv at last all ready, well
e sling time.
w early morning. Hugli
ms in muddy ripples, be-
h nrise reddening with
ke. The Mayam-Ma, a
ky rusty freighter moored
eetwo great iron peg-top
s, y close under the trees
the erdant shore, to which
ste of boats joined her like a
ge, sorderly, full of rivermen yelling and squabbling. She had steam up, her winches trundled, and on one of her pole masts blue peter hung dead as a rag.

Dan studied her build.

"Slower than cold molasses."

All over her bow coolies ran swarming, handling lumps of cargo that rose and sank in the slings. They jabbered and told one another how to do it. Through their confusion rose now and then a dreamy undertone of song: *"Badi, bada; trama, trama, tra-a-a-ma!"* from Malay sailors lifting some heavy burden in unison, without fuss.

Their chant made Towers homesick. Often on many a glaring shore near the equator he had heard this chorus. He would have gone aboard now, to hear it better and watch the *kulassies* work. But as Runa was nowhere in sight he remained waiting.

"There Stood This Girl, Horribly Young, Cut Off Alone in the World—and Mighty Pretty. A Man Couldn't Leave Her There, Could He?"

Under the trees men lay or squatted in bunches gathered to say farewell, blotching the sunny lawn with white, like sheep in a pasture; or at more distance like handfuls of pop corn on a green cloth. Dan walked to and fro among them. Seen at close range they became less pretty—each a group of gossips wrangling or peddlers planning foreign bargains or sorrowful clansmen passing square bottles of bazaar gin from hand to hand and weeping in a cloud of tobacco scented with goor and musk.

Dan had paced several turns, when a voice called him by name.

"Tawah Sahib," it said quietly.

He paused and looked about. Half hidden by a tree, deep among its roots as in an armchair, sat a keen-eyed man all alone.

"It is fate," said this man. He rose nimbly and came forward, keeping the tree trunk between himself and the crowd, like a gentleman who desired to remain private.

"Tawah Sahib." He salaamed in northern fashion, gravely, swiftly. "You remember me."

A tall slender man he was, whose pale brown face, hard and clean-edged as impress on a coin, wore that indescribable trace of delicacy, that faintly overcast light which means conquered suffering. His smile—hovering near the eyes only, nowhere else—conveyed the same significance, a wise good will, too wise to forget pain altogether or neglect a moment's happiness.

"Amra Khan!" said Dan.

The other seemed well pleased.

"Yes, you know me," he answered. "I was thinking of you, sir. Far away. Lost. I looked up. Behold you. Fate. My heart swam. Then I sat and watched you sending your boxes aboard that ship." He glanced toward the Mayam-Ma, a black and rusty wall below their privacy of hanging branches. "I said, in truth Tawah Sahib does not forget."

Towers remembered clearly. This handsome figure, so fierce yet so gentle, was one from the northern hills who had killed a man there—fairly, for bitter good cause—and wandered from home, and been taken captive by La Flèche one night in a ruined fortress called the Red Elephant. Dan recalled the scene—a stifling turret, the abode of owls and scorpions, where by candlelight this Amra Khan, their prisoner, had quietly shown them the agony of his soul.

Afterward, cheating Runa by a trick he was not proud of, Dan had let the manslayer go.

"I sent you to Cattarall Sahib's tea plantation," said Dan. "You were safe with that sahib. Why did you leave?"

"A peddler came there," replied Amra Khan. "A friend of that"—the line of his lips hardened—"that smiler whom I killed. He knew me. I took the road again. My brother is dead now, I am alone, nothing is left in this land for me any more; so take me with you across the black water in your ship."

He made his request with such confidence, the confidence of a child in its father, as Dan hated to destroy.

"Don't see how I can, old scout," he began.

"As your man. I serve you for nothing, to the death!" cried his petitioner. "See. I pay my ship money."

He took Dan's hand and placed it at his girdle, to feel something hard, a money belt, under the thin white cloth.

"So. Take me—master?" he said with a smile. "Truly, it is fate. I think of you, so far away, lost.

(Continued on Page 161)

German Industry From Withi

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

GERMANY'S commercial aggression, stimulated by war lust, plunged the world into turmoil. All future social and political security depends, therefore, upon the morale of the Teutonic revival. If Germany comes back swiftly and with a chip on her shoulder we are booked for more trouble. If she is reasonably slow in rehabilitating herself and accepts defeat philosophically the rest of the universe can beat her to that old eminence from which she once shaped trade destinies.

No man can range Germany to-day without realizing that though the end of the war left her with a tremendous potential strength the dislocation that followed the Armistice—plus the terms of the treaty—has deadened effort, laid an inertia upon the workers, and, worst of all from the German point of view, shattered pride. Added to all this is a strong revolutionary movement that is creating a wide unrest. Moreover, the nation's dye and kindred monopolies are impaired, and the supply of coal and iron, her two principal bargaining assets at home and abroad, is seriously reduced. Henceforth she must make one ton of her natural resources do the work of two.

With all these handicaps, and provided that she politically survives the present winter, which will be the crucial test of her stability, she will undoubtedly make a fairly rapid recovery. I am assuming of course that she will obtain the credits with which to purchase raw materials. She has an enormous incentive to come back, and despite defeat and disillusion still desires a high place among the nations.

Accurate economic investigation in Germany has never been an easy task, for various reasons. Though the German is a prize advertiser of himself and his wares, and is delighted to boost the glories, now departed, of his Fatherland, he is inclined to be secretive about his affairs. German business, like German diplomacy—and before the war they were members of the same club—is a close-mouthed institution. Then, too, I went to Germany at a time when the Teuton was trying to create sympathy for himself and a modification of the treaty terms by making his own case worse than it really was.

In this article an attempt will be made to show German industrial conditions as I found them last September. I made my inquiries with an open mind. This means that I left my strong conviction about a quick national come-back at the frontier. I wanted to get at the actual facts. What follows is a record of what I saw, and also what I heard in conversation with representatives of nearly all phases of German business, from the Rhine to the Spree.

You cannot properly appraise present-day German industry without first knowing its needs and just how it is constituted. The marvel of her prewar expansion becomes evident when you know that her production, consumption and trade generally are more dependent upon foreign countries than are those of any other first-class power. This was anything but an asset before the war. Now, with the world inflamed against her, it does not cease to be a liability.

Poster Advertising the Frankfort Fair

Short-Sighted Business Methods

WHEREAS we obtain foodstuffs, fats, metals and cotton from within, Germany had to import immense quantities of these essentials, and from us. From England and her colonies she obtained wool, rubber, tin, oil; from Russia she got flax, hemp, cereals, timber and pulp; from South America came wheat, hides, tanning materials—to say nothing of the long list of other products which seem trifling but which are necessary for the existence of certain industries. These include, for example, shellac, which is used for gramophone records, from India; camphor, for the production of celluloid, from China and Japan; and pyrites, which is employed in the making of sulphuric acid, from Spain. Germany's position, so far as self-sufficiency is concerned, was strong only in coal, iron, steel, spelter and potash.

Despite this vast marshaling and mobilizing of resources from the uttermost ends of the earth Germany became a world workshop. Her chief asset before the war—and it is no less efficient to-day—was her trained population, which in the last analysis is the strongest bulwark of any nation.

Germany's area is so small that she is, or rather was, composed of two maps—one political and the other economic. The political map was actual Germany, so densely populated that it produced only three-quarters of the foodstuffs needful for the sustenance of the populace. The economic map had its devious ramifications from Berlin to Bagdad. It harnessed the whole world to German need and German ambition. Its pernicious penetration entered the Near East and the Far West. All countries looked alike to a subtle social and economic colonization that but for a war-mad government would have made the now discredited and broken empire a great trade master.

Probe into the structure of the German business that was—this diagnosis is all part of the understanding of contemporary conditions—and you find what seem to be curious contradictions. In spite of the one-time vogue of the cartel and the syndicate there has never been really close teamwork among German producers. The cartel and the syndicate, which planted the German commercial flag wherever the trade winds blew, were offensive and defensive institutions that operated mainly abroad. At home the German fought his next-door neighbor tooth and nail.

Behind this petty trade rivalry lay the fact that contrary to a widespread belief the average German business man is what we would call a piker. Like the average German shopkeeper, who cannot see beyond his front door, his vision was restricted to the confines of his home town. In the same way your German manufacturer—I except men of the Rathenau and Ballin type—was chained to his desk. Before the war, when titles carried immense weight, they had an enormous ambition to become privy councilors or trade councilors. This enabled them to wear a ribbon and be kowtowed to by waiters and porters. But it demonstrated a curious and characteristic kink in the German mind, in that it cared more for a trifling honor bestowed by royalty than for a larger bank account. Hence there will always be a lurking love, deep down in the German system, for the trappings and emoluments of the king business. It is in the blood. Germany is not inherently democratic.

One distinctive feature of the old German commercial organization was the middleman, or the jobber, as we would call him. He not only added to the overhead cost but prevented a direct relation between the manufacturer and the consumer. He mad mysterious and complicate it made him indispensable. close-knit organizations of allied ir intrenched himself so strongly that th awake and progressive manufacturer curb his power before the war he v able to hold his own.

One reason for his deep-seated aut that the average jobber in many financed the manufacturer and abso surplus stock, a service not to be desp give you no better idea of the overla cluttered up the whole jobbing busin say that in the output of a simple t mattress cover exactly one hundred different patterns were put on the n they were all nearly alike. The jobb a stabilizer or a standardizer. As o producer put it to me: "The more ana in production the stronger is the posi jobber and the middleman generally."

All this means that before the war had no efficient industrial coöperatio ardization such as is expressed in the ican trust of the type of the United S Corporation. Notable exceptions exi shape of the Allgemeine Elektrische G and the various combinations of dye ical makers. The rule was a killing co stimulated by personal vanity that maintain the integrity of small perso

The Raw-Stuffs Bureau

INSTEAD of sticking to his knittin visioned German business man bec tician. His first aid was the milit clanking sword. Between them they the country into a suicidal war. An of German industry must include thi to the intriguing captains of capital, notized the Kaiser and his advisers delusion that Germany could co world. I might add that politics has be a part of the business formula in th Germany of to-day.

There is a conviction in many quart quite naturally on the penetration whi the Made-in-Germany stamp whe went, that quantity output was resp all the old prestige. As a matter of fact never engaged in what might be called mass p Her industrial supremacy lay first, in an uncanny substitution; second, in a no less uncanny geni cialization. Her workmen excelled in those pro demanded unusual skill in designing, engineering o

With this prelude we can now make some n what the war did for German industry. As in e country it intensified production and reconciled and competing interests. Though it drained her l and brought disrepute and dishonor upon her h not without its beneficent industrial lesson, as now see, in the shape of some hitherto unwritten war history.

With the outbreak of the war Germany at onc acute problem in the matter of raw materials. She upon the rest of the world for a great part of h and a large part of that world had now taken up t let thrown down by her mailed overlords. The ment of the blockade minimized surreptitious i the needful commodities.

So long as the German legions were smashing through Belgium the War Office in Berlin conte all hostilities would be over in a few months a beaten France, a cowed Russia and an intimidate would be eating out of the Kaiser's hand at just time that Santa Claus would be making his annu ance. But that War Office did not reckon with an civilization. Sober-minded business men did.

In the autumn of 1914 a group of industrial l the type of Walter Rathenau, head of the A Elektrische Gesellschaft, realized that the war w be over so soon as the optimists in Wilhelmstrasse They saw the growing need of raw materials a largely through their efforts that the so-called R Bureau was organized. This corresponded to the W Boards in England and America. It set itself to th task of mobilizing the materials necessary for the of the war and for the maintenance of German

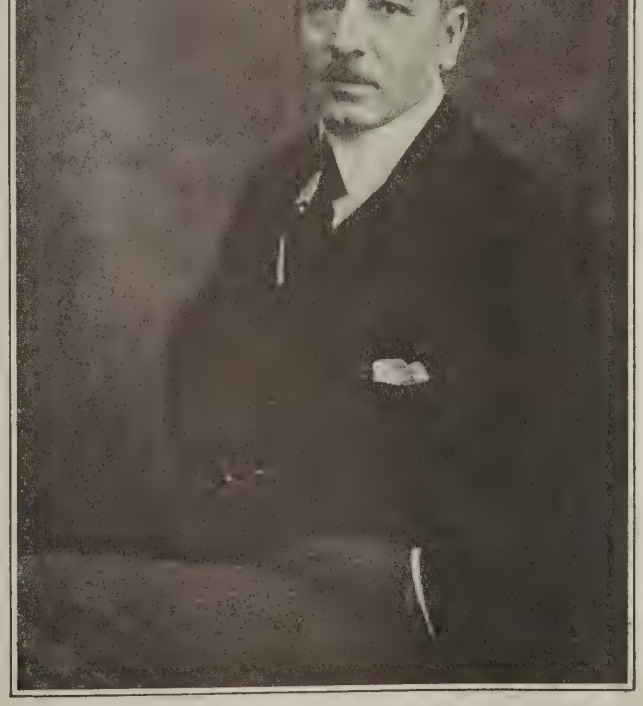
History will dispassionately record that the Army as a physical force performed various de

l purely military point of view were unique in
and operation. This story has already been
But what has not hitherto been recorded is the
incredible narrative, viewed as an achievement,
ermany, hemmed in by the iron ring of the block-
dependent upon the rest of the world for such all-
t articles as cotton, copper and fats, carried on
than four years. Throughout the war I marveled
erformance. To-day, a year after the signing of
stice, the revelation of what was done and how it
nplished is just beginning to trickle out.

aw-stuffs Bureau was given drastic powers of
leer. It seized all stores of copper, tin, cotton,
and fats. This work was expedited in a rather
way. Each industry was compelled to incorporate
ce stock companies for the sole purpose of assem-
distributing these articles. Each newly organized
pany, as it were, was charged with the task of
guilty scrap escape. In the organization of these
w industrial companies you find the first prop of
recovery. The manufacturer, whether of copper
goods, learned during these last harrowing years
able lesson of coöperation. If any one thing will
German recovery it is the work of these war-born
ions, which learned their lessons of get-together
school.

The Control of Basic Materials

Britain and America, the Raw-stuffs Bureau
me a gigantic institution of control, which means
ioned materials to the essential industries. Home
on was the first consideration. At the same time
characteristic tenacity, as I discovered in Switzer-
in Holland during the war, the German made a
allowance for the manufacture of merchandise
s used as propaganda in neutral countries. Thus
man trade flag was kept flying, though it worked
dship on the consumers at home. I had a concrete
on of this in Holland in June, 1918, when I found
commercial travelers selling bicycles and bicycle
ven the German Army itself at that moment was
hese articles. The
tfs Bureau did more
rely mobilize and
aw materials. It
the native produc-
no inconsiderable
Here is an example:
duction of copper
e Mansfeld mines,
ld practically been
ed on account of
ost of exportation,
ved and was a con-
b aid. Coal mines
long been aban-
re revived.
e war lengthened
blockade tightened
-stuffs Bureau be-
ay hands on the
ofs and bells of
the door knobs of
, copper ash grates
otives, the table-
l bed linen of hotels
ences. The whole
was ravaged to
maw of the muni-
ories. But even all
me insufficient as
ears rolled up. The
tfs Bureau then be-
nance mining en-
in Asia Minor and
, and in this way
its copper and
res.
not realize the ex-
hich Germany had
duded until I got
had to eat off a paper tablecloth and use a paper
t the most exclusive and expensive hotel in the
Her shelves and her homes are bare. This is one
reason why German foreign trade will not swing
nce, as some hasty observers in Germany believe,
cause shelves and homes must be renewed first.
ot generally known that but for two inventions
during the early months of the war Germany
t have been able to continue the conflict longer
months. One was the production of nitrate out of
the other was the use of cellulose made of wood
employed as a substitute for cotton linters in the
f powder. These two articles were more potent
strategy of Ludendorff.
nvestigation of the Raw-stuffs Bureau I stumbled
riking piece of information that illuminates the



Hermann Walter, Head of the Largest German Bank

working of the German mind. Nor is it precisely a departure from the even tenor of this tale. I said in the preceding paragraph that but for two inventions Germany would have been unable to carry on the war as long as she did. There was still another cause, due entirely to the understanding of morals, or lack of morals, between Germans.

It is no secret to-day that one reason why the sorely harassed German industries carried on during the last year of the war was that the imperial war wagers permitted them to make huge profits. So long as the money rolled in—it did not matter if it was the inflated circulation that fairly streamed from the presses—the manufacturer was content to accelerate slaughter and add to the misery of his own people. When the uncontrolled industries—and there were precious few—saw what was going on they rebelled, and they had to be taken in out of the wet.

It was not the breakdown of German industry that ended the war. On the day the Armistice was signed the German industrial machine was going at full tilt. It was a dynamo of energy, geared to war. What sounded the doom note of Germany was first, the growth of socialism; second, the unrest born of underfeeding; third, the realization by the soldiers at the Front that they were involved in a hopeless cause. Here in a nutshell you have the whole secret of the collapse. The stagnation that immediately fell upon industrial output was the logical reflex, and it is not yet out of the German system.

Erzberger, Minister of Finance

One phase of the German wartime industrial achievement—and it has a tremendous significance to-day—deserves a chapter all its own. I mean the really remarkable extent to which substitution was carried. *Ersatz* is the German word for substitute, and it became the god that the whole nation worshiped. It dwelt with the people, sleeping and waking. They touched it wherever they turned.

No matter where I wandered during those four years of travail I caught the echo of this German substitution. I saw a few examples of it in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Russia and Switzerland, but not until I got well into Germany did the immensity of its scope dawn on me.

The reader need not be told why Germany had to create substitutes. With no raw materials coming in it simply became a question of how far substitution could be carried. If the war had gone on indefinitely I am quite convinced that the Germans would have found a substitute for everything but human life and sunshine! As it was, their medical experts came dangerously near confuting Nature by prolonging life in many instances. Paraphrasing the well-known German slogan, it was a case of "*Ersatz Uber Alles!*"

I can best illustrate the *Ersatz* performance by enumerating the substitutes made of paper. It was natural for Germany to turn to paper pulp in her hour of need because wood, from which pulp is made, was the one resource that she had in abundance. Forests cover 14,221,172 hectares—a hectare is 2.471 acres—or about a quarter of the whole area of the country.

Merely deciding that paper would be the principal substitute did not solve the problem. A whole industry had to be created, and the German inventive mind, always resourceful, was taxed as never before. Machinery was devised and immense plants were established. The German is long on concentration, and judging from the evidences of his ingenuity that I found he did a thorough job in frustrating the shortage in cotton and wool.

Apparently no article of daily use or wear that employed cotton before the war escaped some kind of substitute. I have before me as I write a man's soft white outer shirt made of paper, which I bought in a Berlin department store for seven marks, which on that day represented exactly twenty-five cents of American money. A year ago the same shirt fetched thirty marks. There is nothing about the garment to make it appear different from the real cotton article except that it is slightly coarser.

I have also on my desk a woman's black stocking made of paper. It is one of a pair that I bought at the same shop for four marks. The war price was eight marks. This stocking is considerably coarser than the shirt. It is evidently intended for summer wear because it is somewhat porous. The woman who sold it to me confided that she had worn them throughout the last two years of the war and that they were good for at least six washings in tepid water. This is true of the laundry feature of most of these washable materials.

The Wonders of Paper Substitutes

IN ORDER to run the whole range of paper substitutes I spent nearly a day in the leading department store in Berlin, which carried a large stock. I went first to the curtain department. I saw bolt after bolt of really attractive goods that resembled chintz. It was printed in gay colors and designs. It looked precisely like the real article that you see in so many American country houses, yet it was made of paper. On the floor I saw scores of rugs made of the same stuff. In the next room I found paper tablecloths that looked so much like linen that it was impossible to tell the difference. Even the silence cloths which are used underneath the tablecloths are made of paper.

Still more surprising was the array of wearing apparel. I saw what women call sports skirts in gay reds and blues, smart-looking tailor-mades in brown and gray that looked like the real thing. Hundreds and hundreds of yards of plaids in black and white, and red and black, suitable for skirts, were unrolled before me. There were men's net undershirts and woman's thin undervests; stockings for both sexes; indeed, nearly every possible commodity that could be imagined or needed.

I can give you no better evidence of the inroads that paper substitutes made than to quote the last two lines of a song sung in the Berlin music halls during the war and since. They are, roughly translated:

When you see sweet Marie dance and caper,
Remember her corset is made out of paper.

Of course there was one excellent reason why substitute articles were popular. The price of cotton or wool goods was so terrific during the war that only the very rich and the profiteers, who were richer, could afford to buy them. The German had to use substitutes or do without.

As soon as the war was over the public began to shy away from the substitute goods, which accounts for the

(Continued on Page 71)

BLUE ICE

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERW

MRS. BENJAMIN JOPP turned decisively into the dignified entrance of Bearne & Co., Jewelers. The store occupied one of the most impressive corners of Fifth Avenue, it was past four in the afternoon, and Mrs. Jopp had to force her way through a solidly flowing throng. She frowned, annoyed, at this, and determined to speak again to her husband about a motor car. He could now easily afford such a luxury—no, necessity. It was absurd for a person who spent a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for her suits to have to walk or even ride on public cars and omnibuses.

At this reflection her narrow tightly gloved hands smoothed her narrow tightly clothed hips. She was tall and slimly graceful; and every detail of her dress, from her correct hat and the sable about her throat to her severe street shoes, was beyond feminine criticism. Mrs. Jopp's face was as smooth as her skirt; there were skillful touches of rouge, a light powdering, while her eyes were frostily blue. From her countenance she might have been twenty-eight or ten years older—there were no indications of either the passage of time or emotions on her rather contracted mouth and artificial color. Indeed her appearance somehow gave the effect of permanence, as if it were made of elements more durable than mere flesh and blood.

She paused in an interior of paneled Circassian walnut treated with gilding and set with small ornamental glass cases, from which came the hard prismatic gleams of jewels and the soft reflection of gold. A discreet seated group were comparing bars of diamonds displayed on a square of dull velvet, and Mrs. Jopp passed them to where a clerk half leaned across a case to meet her wishes.

"It is really too annoying," she said; and in response to a reassuring murmur in Gallic English she laid a guard ring of diamonds on the glass. "You see, another stone is out. Lost this time. The second in a month. I'd very much like to see Mr. Bearne himself. Of course I know it's a small thing, but I am quite a good customer."

"Mr. Bearne is in," the clerk admitted. "If you will wait a moment ——"

He turned and disappeared into the rear of the store. The case under Mrs. Jopp's hand held wrist watches in a bewildering variety of platinum and green and white gems; and drawing the glove from her wrist she complacently compared the watch on her slim arm with those for sale.

Hers was as small as any, thickly crusted with a pattern in diamonds and emeralds.

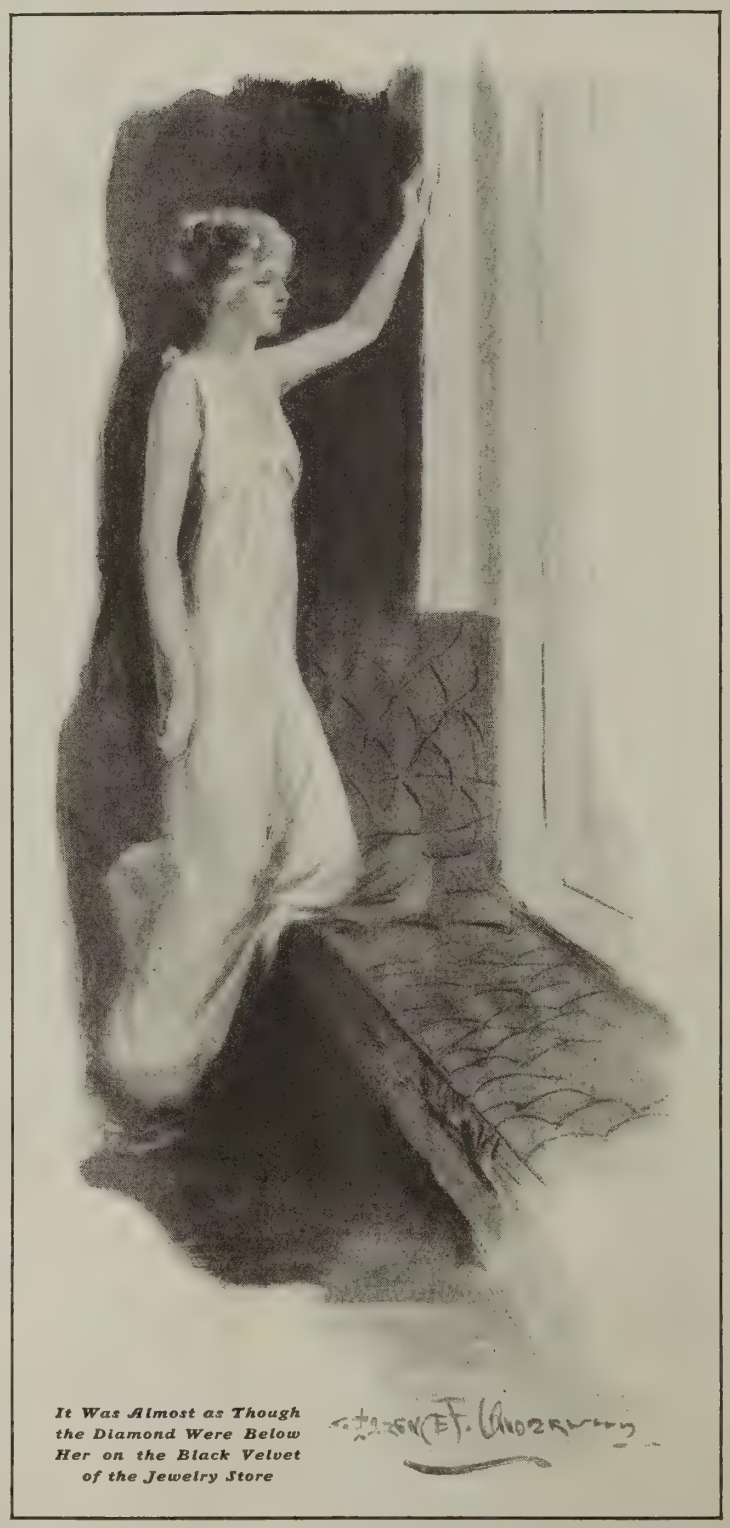
She studied the latter intently, almost hypnotized by the minute splinters of reflected light, and she was startled when the clerk, at her shoulder, told her that Mr. Bearne would see her at once. As she proceeded to the inner office she was conscious of her image moving in side mirrors, and she cast quick satisfied glances at her flawless person. Yet in the presence of Mr. Bearne her displeasure was replaced by an animated cordiality, very much like the sparkling diamonds round her.

"It's extremely nice of you to see me, and about such a trifle. But I am terribly fond of my guard ring; positively I am quite lost without it, and I did ask to see you."

Mr. Bearne, who had risen at her entrance, indicated a chair; and she was conscious of the quiet scrutiny of a heavily built man with a smooth dark face and gravely pleasant manner. He held her ring delicately in an inappropriately strong hand and spoke in a voice pleasant and serious like his being.

"This is a very fragile ring, Mrs. Jopp. You can see that the stones have no protection, the workmanship must be very fine. Miss Baker"—he addressed a woman busy in a safe built like a closet into the wall— "please have the tray of guard rings brought here. Now this," he told Mrs. Jopp when the tray had arrived, "is a great deal more practical." Mr. Bearne indicated a circlet in which the diamonds were protected by platinum bands. He paused while she examined the other ring. Then: "If you like that one as well as your own you may have it in exchange. The stones are larger, and the price has increased since you made your purchase, but we'll overlook that. Nothing more shall be said about it if you are content."

"How generous of you!" Mrs. Jopp exclaimed. "I see exactly what you mean." She slipped the ring on her finger, admiring its flashing superiority to the one she had possessed. An added tinge of color was perceptible on her cheeks and her breathing grew a shade more rapid. "Certainly, I should be delighted," she continued. Then her attention was captured by an unset ruby. "What exquisite depth; absolutely pigeon blood!"



It Was Almost as Though the Diamond Were Below Her on the Black Velvet of the Jewelry Store

The jeweler nodded. "Very exceptional. I just bought it, in that old-fashioned setting. Do you care for beautiful gems?

"Miss Baker," he called again, "bring out the case I was looking at this morning."

The attendant, with a sympathetic smile at Mrs. Jopp, laid a small morocco box on the table.

"These," Mr. Bearne pronounced, "are worth while."

Mrs. Jopp gave a small uncontrollable gasp; she had never dreamed of the existence of such duskily rich black pearls, such utterly green emeralds and carnation rubies, and of such diamonds. He laid one of the latter on her palm, a rose-cut diamond of great size, which seemed to hold the flush of diminutive pink petals.

"Unique," Mr. Bearne told her; "and that emerald—I am convinced there is none better. There"—he dropped into her hand a string of pearls, a creamy cold iridescence at which she shuddered softly—"those, too; a single strand, and short, but worth a million."

The pearls slipped from her fingers and lay filmed in saffron and rose and silvery violet as Mrs. Jopp saw a blue stone set without ornament in a narrow platinum ring.

"Mr. Bearne," she cried, "what is t
enly thing!"

"A blue diamond," he replied, "ar
celebrated jewel. It was at the Paris E
Almost twenty-two carats and splen
isn't it? Marquise."

Mrs. Jopp, with the ring in her ha
contraction at her throat. The diamon
purest and most celestial blue imaginab
the blueness of a flower, of a May sky
fected blue of Mrs. Jopp's eyes. She w
its splendor, as if it had been a spar
found sea reaching to the horizon. S
down, but, fascinated, picked it up aga

"How much is it?" she asked in
oppressed voice.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Bearne r
don't want to sell it. Lovely to have
course it has a price, like everything
hundred and ten thousand dollars, Mr

II

SHE found her husband in their a
when she returned from the jewelers
unexpectedly back from Detroit—one o
tomary trips in the interest of his bus
manufacturing of shoes. Benjamin Jo
middle-aged small man, pervadingly gra
with a noticeable bald spot, exactly
hair, a short mustache, and dressed
utmost care.

His narrow shoes were a glistenin
leather, his watch chain and scarf and
cise, his finger nails highly manicured.

Lost in abstraction at dinner Mrs. Jop
found herself studying the man across
She suddenly realized that after twe
she knew almost nothing about her c
in life. He was, as husbands went, ve
ous, and had a marked pride in seeing
as expensively as possible; he agreed
with her distaste at the thought of child
in New York he invariably took her to th
comedies, the roofs and groves where ref
was mingled with entertainment furn
informally clad symmetrical young wo

But beyond that?

Anita Jopp wondered further, quite
how rich he was. Curiously enough
rupted her speculations by putting int
the wish she had formulated entering
of Bearne & Co.

"Pascall, our Western sales manager,
ding me for not having an automobile.
I've been holding out on you and ough
into the Griffon. I see they got an off
the corner from us on Broadway."

"That would be nice," she replied,
unexpectedly listless manner. All at
wasn't particularly interested in a car.
it would be pleasant. "The crowds on
nue," she proceeded, "pull one abou
fully. I stopped in Bearne's this afte
complain about my guard ring, and I
Bearne himself. He was as polite as
and gave me another ring, more expensive, wi
diamonds, and didn't add any charge."

"That is good business," Mr. Jopp declared
cally. "You go back to a house like that. I us
our firm when I was nothing more than a cl
business, big methods. It wasn't understood the
long while, but they couldn't keep me down.
worked for me. We've done good this year, An
this last trip has consolidated a lot of loose interes
can have a Griffon with real upholstery and a
flowers."

"Ben," she asked, "will we ever be rich?
really?"

As Anita spoke there was a flash, a sparkle of
fore her vision. He leaned back comfortably, cu
end from a large cigar and removing its crimson
paper band.

"Now that is all comparative; according to
are rich already, and according to others we may
worth noticing. But when I think where I w
we've done ——" A smile of complacency tou
lips as he extinguished a match. "Anita," he co
"I got my faults, but I'm a business man; I'm ge
among the barons. Well, yes, perhaps some day
rich enough for anybody to see. It can't be done
merchandising; but in associated interests, loan
hundred chances. They'll come, they'll come."

nly when we're old and won't need much." A omplaint had crept into her voice. Anita Jopp enly restless, potentially disappointed. Her hus- obviously surprised.

's the matter with you!" he exclaimed. "Here ettin' as fine a car as any and trading rings with imself, and still it looks like you ain't fixed in d. Then, too, what do you mean, rich? I'll turn or fifty thousand dollars this year, and it wasn't rs ago, by a damn sight, I was drawing twenty a

beautiful things, Ben," she replied; "and I saw ly jewels to-day."

'—he was palpably annoyed—"there's that bar got on; thirty-nine hundred you paid for that. watch and ——"

noyance was fast increasing to anger. It didn't ; he seemed far away, immaterial; her mind was the memory of the blue diamond on its platinum

d deliberately: "Will we ever be able to pay a and ten thousand dollars for a ring?"

in Jopp gazed at her in an astonishment that igar stationary in midair.

we ever ——" he spluttered, stopped, and then his self-possession. "You must have been look- e crown jewels of Russia. A hundred and ten for a ring! I'll hand it to you, though; you're skate. You said it as easy as if it had been a and ten cents."

that isn't extraordinary," she answered em- . "I had some pearls, a single short string, in , that cost a million or more."

pose you brought them home," he asserted sa- "and a pocketful of those little rings. But I'm end this nonsense. I'm going to step on it right for all; nothing doing with hundred-thousand- rklers and million-dollar pearls. Bearne was a ow 'em to you. Might have known it would woman."

He relighted his cigar and vigorously expelled a cloud of smoke. "I don't want to hear about that again," he added.

Anita was conscious of a strange illusion: It seemed to her that in the smoke of his cigar her husband dissolved from her life, her interests. She regarded him coldly, withdrawn, with eyes as coldly blue as the diamond that had utterly obsessed her. He presented an absurd insignificant figure. And of course he was wrong: she would have the blue diamond of Bearne & Co.

How this was to be accomplished she was at a loss to grasp. Anita Jopp was astonished by the calm finality of her conviction. Already, glancing down at her rather thin white hand, she could see the divine color of the diamond cut marquise. It would make the question of gloves very difficult, and her gowns, particularly those for the evening, would have to be specially considered in relation to such a superb blueness.

Her husband, it developed, had intended to take her to the theater; but her nonsense had spoiled any prospect of a pleasant evening; and he settled irritably in the rigidity of the living room. Anita couldn't recall when they had spent the hours directly after dinner at home; positively Benjamin seemed like a thoroughly uncomfortable casual visitor, a stupid visitor, impolitely silent. She knew him in reality no better than if this were a fact. Then she devoted herself to the planning of how she could accumulate the sum of money necessary to her tyrannical desire.

III

ANITA woke sharply, unpleasantly, in the depths of the night; although it was but September, and warm, a sensation of chilliness oppressed her. She rose in order to close a window, and stood for a moment gazing into the dark chasm of a street marked with blue scintillations of arc lights. It was almost as though the diamond she had seen the day before were below her on the black velvet of the jewelry store.

What a marvelous ring!

It would take her a very long time to get the money necessary for its purchase; and then, once more in bed, she regarded her husband from a fresh angle: She had been silly to upset and antagonize him, when he offered the sole possibility of her owning the blue diamond. Anita recognized the conclusion in his assertion—he would never buy the jewel for her; but different sums might be had from him at different times, and saved.

But this would require a long while, an amount of patience of which suddenly she was stripped. She couldn't wait years. And though Mr. Bearne didn't want to sell the ring, still it had a price—a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Anita Jopp calculated how much she could get together now, how much she might save in twelve months. Ten thousand at most, she decided in connection with the latter; at present she owned some good jewelry. She had seen a ruby Mr. Bearne had bought, and equally he would pay for hers; there was the bar pin, the watch with emeralds, four rings, a pearl-and-diamond pendant, and some other costly trifles. Perhaps he would give her twenty-five thousand dollars for them all. Thirty-five thousand at the end of a year; and she had no such resources after that.

However, with a growing distaste she managed to be specially cordial to her husband through the following week. The Griffon appeared, a small, luxurious, semi-inclosed car with yellow cushions and the carved crystal vase her husband had promised. The chauffeur they engaged was skilled and properly clad in uniform; but after practically her first ride she grew indifferent to the automobile. Her mind was constantly occupied by thoughts, memories of the blue diamond, almost twenty-two carats in weight. She wanted desperately to see it again, slip it on her finger, study the celestial color of its imprisoned light. Once she stopped in Bearne & Co.'s, and after examining at length the show cases with a disturbed heart she asked to speak to Mr. Bearne. He would not be in that morning; and unable to invent a satisfactory pretext for gaining admittance to his very private office she stayed away from the store.

(Continued on Page 87)

Anita Saw on a Stand a Flat Black Ugly Pistol, But of Course He Wouldn't Use it on Her. Still Bearne Said Nothing

How the Biggest Business in th World is Run—By Donald Wilhelm

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Capitol in 1865

AT AN informal gathering in Washington the other evening no less than an ambassador accredited to the United States remarked that there is no major capital city in the world that so little reflects the prevailing stimulus and spirit of the nation that it represents as Washington. "In the diplomatic corps," he said, "we are concerned largely with procedure—each act or expression is a problem in itself—so we feel quite at home in Washington. Your country excels the rest of the world in what you call the science of organization. Your country has greater creative capacity in steel, coal, copper, zinc, lumber, cotton and in many of their manufactured derivatives than all the rest of the world combined; but I frequently find myself amazed that so little of its prevailing power is reflected here in Washington. Architecturally, in spirit and, indeed, I think in fact, your capital city is much like the newer part of Paris, say, with a little of London mixed in, and altogether quite unlike what the visitor to this young country expects."

His Excellency met with amazing agreement. A business man of national consequence smiled and confessed: "Yes, I think most of us who are in business hold one truth to be self-evident."

"And that?" inquired the ambassador.

"Well, Washington hasn't the know-how."

Inaction Hurting the Railroads

PRESSED a little, this business man explained: "I mean that our governmental machine does not often attain the high ratio of achievement to opportunity that we who are the organizers call efficiency."

A Republican senator also present—who does love a baseball game, by the way—genially agreed to all this, adding in great good humor that the fault lies with the present Democratic Administration.

"You must understand, Your Excellency," he explained, "that our Democratic Administrations are like our Washington baseball teams in that they invariably start out like winners and end up—like Washington!"

In New York City, when this remark of the Republican senator was gently broached to Mr. McAdoo, Democrat, the former Secretary of the Treasury, Director General of Railroads, and so on, tenderly intimated that the present Republican Congress is much at fault these days; in fact, he did not care gratuitously to deny that many business men judge the present Republican Congress to be Bolsheviki extraordinary in that it is doing more harm to the railroads and to business generally by doing nothing than the Bolsheviki proper are doing by direct action and everything.

Previously, long before the President's industrial conference, Judge Gary submitted to the writer that it was regrettable, of course, that for so many years capital, labor and the Government constituted an equilateral triangle, with each of these three basic forces at a point equidistant from the others, instead of a circle of promise.

A few doors up Broadway recently, Mr. Schwab, after his personal experience in government affairs as Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, added that in his judgment the sense of competition is the very spirit of America.

"And," he concluded, "it is my opinion that the best and most economical results in American business are not and will not be obtained by government ownership but by individual enterprise and control."

Which remarks ar cially interesting—a them, by the way, C Piez, Mr. Schwab's ate and successor Emergency Fleet Co tion, subscribed—no because they voice t timents of literally m of manufacturers an ness men, but because of those who are o been in favor of g ment ownership of n utilities are coming to doubt the statesm of their leaders wher leaders accept the i of responsibility for d mental inefficiencies i of hammering hon business men usually tinuously and sincer the fact that Wash hasn't the know-how.

We have, thus, th nificant situation: about all the opp and many of the prop of government ownership are agreed on something by the way, lawyers have an axiom that where antag agree there the truth resideth—to wit: That in one n experiment after another as a nation we blink thi that the shibboleth is Washington, that Washingto its machine and men is the touchstone upon which national endeavor must make its mark, and th evidence shows there is something the matter with ington.

But what?

"Politics," easily answers the first man you meet; ing by politics pork barrels, patronage, personal in ence with the bureaus and the departments by legis much more.

An Old Evil Remedied

OTHERS say that the trouble all lies in the absen budget system, with the result that, as Secretary Treasury Glass remarks: "The Government of the U States is like a great company whose operating man publicity managers, sales managers, purchasing d ment—are given carte blanche to make expenditure ceived by them to be in the interest of the developm the business, without consultation with or control of officers of the company who are charged with the bu

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Civil War Group on the War Department Steps

Soldiers Guarding the Old Potomac Bridge

eaining its revenues and borrowing the money to od their deficiencies. Or like a private family in e wife, having charge of the spending part of the business, is given carte blanche to buy houses, automobiles, clothes and food, and to employ as she might find wise, with a view to increasing fort, improving the education, cultivating the al enhancing the prestige and social standing of ly."

nother answers that the trouble all lies in lack

administrative plan of the Government is a cen- of date," it is said. "Therefore spools of red tape, lications of effort and expenditure, conflicts, —a vast demnition total."

nother answers, "Personnel."

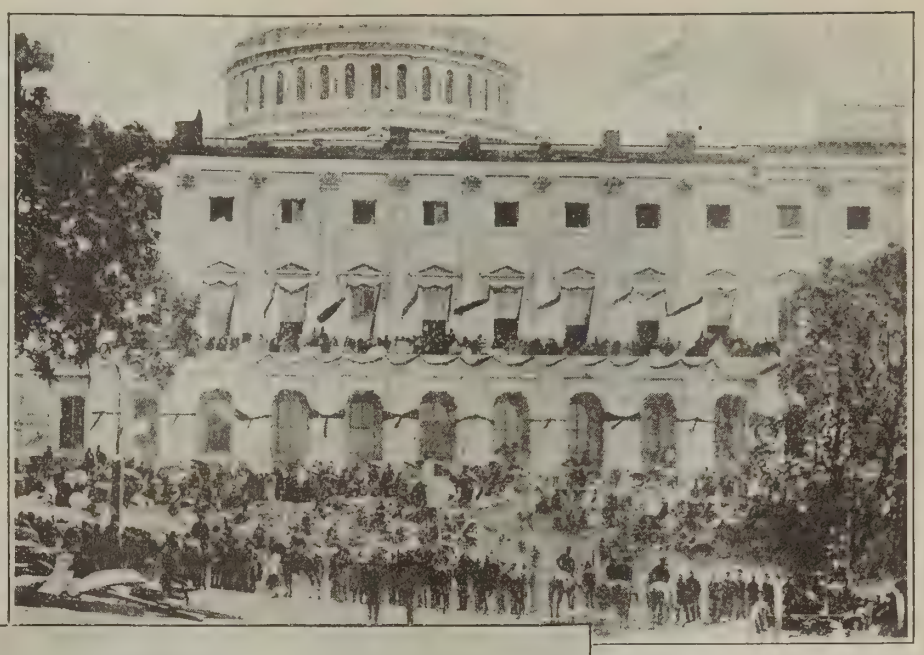
enator Smoot submits on this score: "I have on the floor of the Senate a number of times, and te again, that no friend of mine by my assistance mendation will be given a permanent government in Washington, if he intends to make his calling tion in life a position in one of the departments. overnment worker becomes an absolute machine, only a few years until he loses confidence in his make a living. He ted down in one po- id he spends just mnt of money that from the Govern- the United States, mes a dependent. o say that I have ne good men ruined put into a chair the departments any other way— would have made ks in life, men who ve stood high in fessions."

ugetary Help

rouble," concludes more of the millions mainants, with that hored knack Amer- Englishmen, have rang their Govern- til called upon to d: "is one of morale, eryone knows is, in pups of workers, y eterminable these

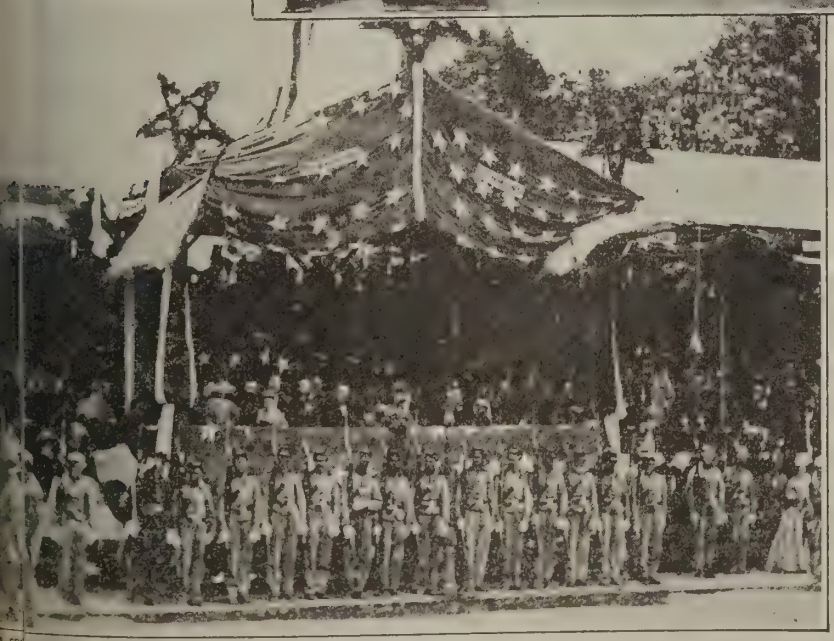
encomes Edwin F. w) was dean of the ar Graduate School siness Administration ced to Washington dector of the Divi- of Planning and Sta- the United States in Board, chairman Ivision of Planning Statistics of the War Industries Board, director of the Bureau of Research and the Bureau of Tabulations and Statistics of the War Trade Board, and director of the Central, or Interdepartmental, Bureau of Planning and Statistics maintained by the President, from his emergency war funds, until the funds ran out. Mr. Gay concludes that just as in the case of a tremendously extended and growing yet sadly run-down corporation there is no panacea for all ills, so there is none in the departmental machine. But instead of throwing up his hands in despair he insists that there is no conclusive reason of organization why Washington cannot readily be made the ideal employment and achievement center.

"Clearly," he says, "a budget plan would help matters immensely. Proper adjustment of salaries from top to bottom would help, in point of the personnel employed and in point of departmental morale. But above all, a central administrative agency, such as corporations employ, devoted to producing and stimulating efficiency, would help. There is now a lack of administrative organization. The biggest executive job in the world isn't organized."



The Capitol Draped in Black and Flag at Half Mast for President Lincoln

Pennsylvania Avenue, 1865. Capitol in Distance



BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

eviewing the Returning Troops in 1865. President Johnson, Grant, Sherman, Garfield and Stanton Can be Seen

In the Fifties

IT IS noticeable that Mr. Gay argues in terms of the American corporation, insisting that the analogy between the government machine and the efficient corporation must be observed if there is to be nothing awry in Washington. He contends—and clearly there is no room for debate on this score—that the American corporation has demonstrated its efficiency. Even in the ultimate test of war it was the likeness to the plan of the American corporation that the French Army resorted to. Likewise the American Expeditionary Force, which fortunately functioned entirely free from interference from the departments—which served merely as switchboards between source and necessity—was planned broadly like a great corporation. General Pershing was simply the chairman of a board of directors, the General Staff of the A. E. F. One of the departments under him, G1, had to do solely with problems of administration; another, G2, with intelligence; another, G3, with operations; the last, G4, with supplies. These were the four subsidiaries, in other words. Their functioning, viewed as organizers view it, was relatively easy: Marshal Foch sent word, say, to General Pershing, to prepare for a selling campaign in a given area at sunrise of a given date. General Pershing then conferred with his board of directors, his staff, gave orders to G3 to go ahead, so informed the other subsidiaries, and on given date, at given hour and minute, the general's selling organization went lustily over the top and sold U. S. to Germany, at par or better.

But General Headquarters in Washington has no such simple and effective plan; that is why stock in the departments is way below par. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a relatively simple and effective plan—in 1850, say, a couple years before the last reclassification of salaries in the departments was made.

"In 1850," remarks Henry Adams, "so in 1860, Washington was the same rude colony camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for workrooms and sloughs for roads." Coming down, in the early morning, from his bedroom in his grandmother's house in F Street and venturing outside into air reeking with the thick odor of catalpa trees he, Adams, found himself on an earth

(Continued on Page 94)

BRONZE BARS

By SINCLAIR LEWI

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAY

"Confidentially, Has Anybody Ever Read All These Funny Rules in the Front of the Book?"

VALORY sits in a cage and looks through bronze bars, and from nine to three he never sees anybody's feet. But he is general adviser to English actors, Greek bootblacks, policemen, and the widows of colonels.

He is senior paying and receiving teller of the Palladium Savings Bank, a small snuffy institution not far from Broadway. He is thirty-three years old. His dark, thin, sulky face is considered romantic by his landlady and sardonic by depositors who watch him scowl over their vanishing accounts. But he is neither romantic nor sardonic. He is as sentimental as a maiden aunt. He sympathizes with the little people among his customers. He sees so many tragic comedies that after banking hours his soul is drained, and whenever he tries to make gallant plans for his own advancement he ends by wilting into a seat at the movies.

Valory is, at our first view of him, as chillingly regular as a clearing-house certificate. From his furnished room, with its matting and its photograph of an undesirable child posed as Cupid, he regularly comes by way of breakfast at the Eats Garden to his cage. He has never experienced wheat fields glaring in the sun, nor a steamer's bridge slanting in a gale. His world is a space six feet by twelve. He knows every inch of it as an ant knows every grain of sand on its hill. For almost ten years he has been profoundly familiar with the watery blue label of this paste pot, with this small brown spot on the side of the coin till. Thirty times a day for three thousand crawling days he has caught this sharp nick on the edge of the elbow desk with the heel of his p: lm, and uttered an abstracted "Ouch!" All his perilous mountains and his climbing seas are in this nick in a slab of oak.

Yet he remains alive. He has never yet carried out his ancient fond desire to assassinate the president of the bank, kick the porter, choke the cat and become a hobo. For he lives in and through the line of people who all day long come past his grille and peer in at him, asking for the means to purchase bread and sorrow and satin slippers.

He lives in them, yet at times he seems to detest them. For his job is not merely to hand out money, but to keep people from wanting it. There are the drunkards who—even since the most important July 1st in history—come unsteadily to the bars, breathe in on him and demand a ten with which to continue their vacation from human cares. If Valory can coax them to go away, they are likely to come in grateful next week and deposit an extra ten.

There are messenger boys who have heard that if you put a dollar in the bank it almost immediately turns into a thousand, and after you get the first thousand you are practically over the difficulties in becoming a Rockefeller. The boys put in a dollar a week for five weeks, and after this large proportion of eternity discover with pain and disillusion that they have only five dollars. What's the use? They come cynically to Valory and try to withdraw it.

Valory viciously dislikes the bland, soft gentlemen with hard-boiled foreheads who do nothing but go about lecturing to young men on optimism and early rising, but when the young depositors need coaching he gives an imitation of the inspiration jobbers. He smiles down on the boys and commends their thrift. He snaps at them that they are nuisances to expect the bank to do all this extra bookkeeping. He tells them not very historical anecdotes about Napoleon and Earl Kitchener. Somehow or other he usually keeps the money in the bank, and once in a dozen times the five dollars grows to a hundred—and once in a dozen, dozen, dozen times the boy is grateful to Valory.

When the scrub women come shuffling in on flapping shoes, when they mumble of sickness and the rent, and want to draw out all they have, Valory begs them to leave in just one dollar. If they leave a dollar they will try again.

Watching them, protecting them against themselves, Valory has almost as much interest in expanding accounts as have the depositors. He knows his people better than their ministers do. They ask him questions about the correct time, hiring cooks, the name of the man who played the crocodile in Peter Pan, and the shortest way of getting to Williamsburg.

Actors send him money from Terre Haute and Spokane, till the summer day when they appear in new, green, high-waisted coats, and begin their tedious season of drawing it out, fifteen dollars a week. Young scared girls starting out as public stenographers talk with him about their balances till the day when they excitedly confide that they're going over to the national bank to open a real drawing account.

He sees a noisy young man, who has been depositing three dollars every other month, suddenly begin to save ten a week. And sometimes there is a girl waiting at the bank door. On the day when the waiting girl's cheeks are pinkest and her fingers most fluttering the depositor draws out most of his account. Then Valory knows that the time for furnishing the new home has come and he shyly cries: "Good luck!"

It must not be supposed that Valory is as constantly in a glow of benevolence as a Dickens Christmas story. There are many days when customers are as stupid to a teller as they are to a bootblack. To the bootblack people are merely tan boots or black oxfords or slimy mud on thick soles. They are equally irritating to Valory on days when his brain is dry and dusty—only he sees them at the other end from the bootblack. According to his experience people not only lack shoes but, to a surprising degree, they lack legs. They are objects with heads, shoulders, and hands designed to stick bank books at him.

On such days he peevishly divides all human beings into three classes: Those who paw at money in a blasé way, those who clutch it betrayingly, and Account 112,761.

Account 112,761 had long been the one person who took the trouble to be frivolous and inspiring and gay and shocking to his professional conservatism. Account 112,-761 was the one person who invariably stood out of the drab, preoccupied line creeping past him. Account 112,761 was the one flower on his dust heap; the one person who understood that he wasn't a mechanical device, an accessory to the adding machine and the change counter. When the others said, "Good morning," they didn't really care a hang whether he was having a good morning or not. But Account 112,761 looked at him quizzically, and made impertinent comments in a voice that suggested drawing-rooms.

Account 112,761 had come in a year before—a girl of perhaps twenty-six; a plain black beaver hat, all lines and no trimmin side rolled u an Austra campaign h high coll small black clasped with mond bar; chamois gl He never wa to describ face; there w irregularit get over, b was conscio the fineness nose and bro

It was the sure lines o wrist, wh ring of de flesh peepe above her tu down glove he best kne remembered everything, and nose, and flippan was accente her nervous throwing her the teller's dow. She human exc tion point.

She dashed at the grille, that first time, poked a rolled wad of bills beneath it, smiled at him, and sugg "Will you take care of all my nice money for me?"

He was thinking how pearl-textured were her ea most concealed beneath her chestnut hair, while he di "You wish to open a new account?"

"No, of course not. I do not wish to leave the m I wish to take it all out and spend it. But as man to do you think I shall save anything if I put my patri in here?"

He tried to look serious and financial, but her lips lifting, and he admitted: "I doubt it. We might tr

"Will you be frightfully disagreeable when I com try to coax some of this away from you?"

"I will!"

"Will you be good for my soul?"

"Certainly. We are a very moral institution."

"Oh, I'm sure of it. The dear old gentleman spe his dotage at the desk beyond the railing looks bishop."

The dear old gentleman, who was the president approximately a hundred and ninety-seven years old had been cursing frightfully for a hundred and ninety He was a pirate and a crank, and one of the most dep ble bankers in New York. He considered Valory a n lin young fool, and Valory considered him ——

Well, Valory leaned his brow against the cold b of the bars and begged: "Won't you go tell him so

The girl's eyelids did not move, but she gave th pression of winking at Valory.

While she was filling out her signature card he co her first deposit. It was four hundred and seven dollars. He made the entry in her virgin bank book shockingly refined thin script. She took the book, t it with restless fingers, airily inquired: "What do with this literature?"

"Bring it in with you when you want to draw posit."

She peered into it, her eyes as curious as those mouse. She murmured: "Confidentially, has an ever read all these funny rules in the front of the bo

"Why you're supposed ——"

"Have you ever?"

"I think —— Why certainly. I must have."

He tried to sound responsible and official. She n grinned at him. She carelessly dropped the bank boo a hand bag and soared out, while he worried abou

"She'll lose that bank book in seven minutes b clock," he said, cynically, solemnly, disapprovingly

He reëxamined her identification card:

NAME: (Miss) Marcella Page
OCCUPATION: None
RESIDENCE: 99,999 West End Avenue

"Who the deuce is she?" he wondered. "Don many accounts from up there. Society, I guess. I

h an allowance. She doesn't know what money is. n ed idler. Ought to detest her. Yet—she's so fr ndlier than some of the haughty waitresses and ni led elevator girls. She —— Yes, ma'am—deposit th t's fine!" His awakening eagerness was lost in o hurried little people as twelve o'clock came and n -time depositors began to gallop in.

rt three o'clock did he return to the thought of Pa ; then merely to sigh: "Wonder if I'll ever see ai? Probably not. Oh, well, thunder ——"

li see her again—at nine-thirty the following morn- he rew out ten dollars; and complained: "I thought er going to keep my money away from my fevered . he idea of my spending all this on a lace dickey!"

h lo you do it then?" he said gruffly.

a econd he was scared, not frightened, but plain, l y cared. Her thin eyebrows went up in peaks, her e ne impersonal, her hands twitched. She snubbed it intensity and dispatch. But she relaxed and : You're quite right. Do keep after me. But—I h dickey. Man, would you have me walking the s clothed and shameless?"

w gone and he was troubled. The girls he knew, the ir back home, the wife of his friend the insurance e in town, did not talk that Y he seemed to feel in Miss fi , sure, penetrating honesty, d ental goodness, which he v caught sight of in their in- t spectability. She was —— io " he snarled. "You'd think v my first day in the cage. n have banked for the star of ll s and the secretary of the , ooning over a pretty girl o "

t, felt, settled it. But in the g, when he took Miss Clara itzbuyer for the glove depart- at olthrop's, to the theater, n it so hard to talk to her e erely listened to the play. Sch eitz had been so interested p ls for a country bank that d ade him eloquent. Now hi was between them, some- ter ous, choking, thick, phan- l a mist and more impassable ar of bronze.

ou 112,761 did not come in we . Then at lunch time she u enly visible in the line, a t b terfly among gray moths, cl rition point among commas att ed periods. A man made for er; a frayed old woman l bk at her uncomfortably. en he had edged up to the w se volleyed at him: "Heav- m y people going out of here mo y, what a good profession g pkets must be. I like your th marble columns are so an dumpy, like cream cheeses. l me have ten of my beauti- ll ar"

w s had not made out a with- d receipt, and for Valory to fill it w ld hold up the line behind He as particular about cus- s w ing their own. He worried he o ght to send her back to the desk—and he also managed to a od second of worried won- to hether he hadn't become s ly ed-taped as the old treas- H felt guilty that he should ern ith newsboys and lenient her. "It's snobbish—unfair— of e," he assured himself— ch g for a slip made it out and ing slid it to her for signature. hat this ten for?" he said usly

at!"

It was a glittering, intoxicating October day when she next appeared, just after the bank had opened. No one was in line, and he cunningly held her there to chatter. This time, it seemed, she wanted fifteen dollars for a dozen bars of soap. The soap was worth all of five dollars, too, she insisted.

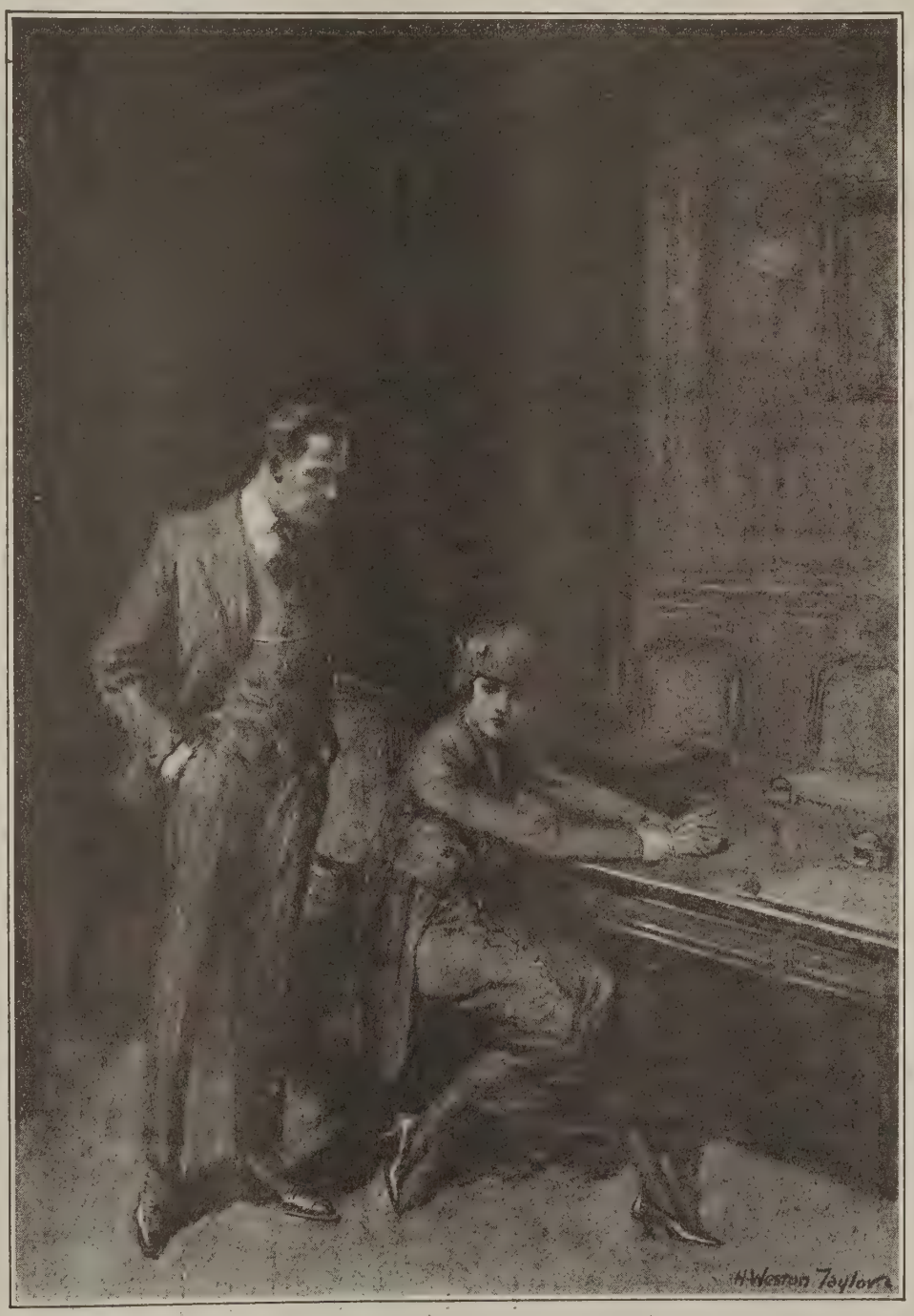
"How can I bully you into keeping up your account? You've drawn thirty-five dollars now, and you haven't deposited a cent. Don't you see that your entire account will soon be gone, at this rate?"

"Oh, no! Not all those beautiful four hundred dollars! The interest ought to cover my tiny drafts. By the way, I do get some interest some day, don't I? I forgot to ask," she said engagingly.

"Oh, Lord yes, but ——"

"Don't sound so abysmal. The voice from the tombs went out when females stopped swooning. It must be dreadful to stay in a bank and have so much integrity and responsibility and everything. I'm glad I'm a butterfly. If I were a cashier—or whatever dreadfully imposing object it is that you are—I'd steal every lovely adorable dollar in sight, and go out on a day like this and blow in the whole thing. Pouf! Like that! Every cent!"

"And then go to jail."



"But it Makes Me Furious to Have Been Treated Like a Child, Fooled, Teased ——"

stad at her hat of that date—a martial affair, d up n front with a flourish of blue plumes.

ut you have a new one on."

es. sn't it nice?" She snapped up the bill he had ed h , tucked it into her pocket. "Is there any way akin me keep this in?"

m ting to make you."

r lip were impudent, her eyes rollicking. "My dear you must bully me.

ou ust say a lot of overwhelming things about how Rot child saves threepence a week by never throw- way h inch of string."

looked helpless, while she nodded and dashed away.

"Oh, of course. Entrancing! Delightful porch climbers and safe blowers for company. They must have such a sense of humor."

"There is nothing humorous about crime."

"There is nothing criminal about humor."

"Then you haven't been to a vaudeville show lately."

"Bless me, the man turns on one! But—don't be discouraged. Keep after me. Poor Marcella, she wants so dreadfully to save money, but the fates are against her. This divine day—the sky over the white stone of the Pennsylvania Station is like tight-drawn blue silk. The sunshine is in all the shop windows—on velvets and polished satinwood and sapphires and sleek black furs. I'm drunk with it. I've simply got to spend money. And—*voilà!*"

As she raced away the cage was tight about him, like a choking collar.

Her voice remained with him, a lyric voice, not mumbling or rasping like most voices, but softly ringing. His cautious diligence seemed folly to him in the memory of her polite impertinence, her cheerful unwisdom. He knew that he was right, and he was not in the least comforted by the knowledge. He went about for hours spiritually washing his hands of her—and not getting her off.

But the Monday after she came in proudly, laid down ten dollars, and boasted: "I did save some! I'm going to make a deposit!"

"That's great!" he shouted.

He was aware that his normally thin voice had risen in such a clamor that the bookkeeper was staring at him, alarmed.

"You are nice," she meditated. "I hoped you would be. You make saving a pleasure. If you hadn't given me lots and lots of praise I should never have tried it again. And yet I suppose people keep bringing you hundreds and hundreds. I suppose you're about as much excited by the sight of ten dollars as a major general is by the sight of a second lieutenant. You have an amiable mind."

She shot out; as always, she left the conversation unfinished, palpitating, flying on by itself.

It occurred to Valory that this was the first time that a depositor had realized that he had any mind whatever. Even when they asked financial advice—which in sumptuous, wholesale amounts they did ask, regarding stock investing, lease breaking, mortgage buying and the price of theater tickets—they poked queries at him as though they were jabbing nickles into a slot.

She thought he had an amiable mind.

It was lucky he wasn't shopping with her. He would uxoriously follow her into every shop and buy everything she liked. But not for long, he wouldn't. He had, these years, saved four thousand, two hundred dollars. Account 112,761 would make that last about one week.

Then he was stern with himself. How unjust he was to this lovely, gentle woman. Here she was saving money, already learning habits of thrift. And he had done it. He, who had never touched her hand, had influenced her.

From Monday morning till two-seven Wednesday afternoon he went about so like a stick of radium that the irritated bookkeeper inquired: "What the devil you looking so virtuous about?"

At two-seven P. M., Wednesday the eighth, Miss Page trotted in, smiled upon him, and caroled: "I think I'll take out that ten dollars I put in, with two more dollars feebly clinging to it."

And this time the money was for tea to three girls at the St. Candido. She volunteered the inspiring tidings. She added: "I'm dreadfully trying. I have no idea of the value of money. I'm a parasite woman, aren't I?"

"You are," he growled.

He deliberately went to the telephone to order the florist to send some tea roses to Miss Clara Schweitz.

But after hours he stopped in the midst of running up items paid out, stalked to the president's desk, borrowed the Social Register, and looked up Page—Marcella. He found her.

Now Valory was not afraid of the Social Register. He had a perfectly good Rhode Island family. He knew a few people in the New York register, and his cousins, the Gingery girls—the wife of the major and the one who married the judge—were very much in the St. Paul register. But he had given some study to his own limitations. He knew that he was not likely ever to be anything more conspicuous than the cashier of the Palladium, or assistant cashier in some big bank downtown. Whereas Miss Page's father —— He looked again. Her father must be dead. But anyway —— Probably a big gun—surgeon, corporation counsel, that sort of thing.

(Continued on Page 112)

HUMANIZING INDUSTRY

By FORREST CRISSEY

This Photograph Shows a Mass Meeting of Strikers in Pennsylvania

OUT at the Canton Sheet Works I encountered a young man of almost boyish appearance who had a word of greeting for almost every workman who came within hailing distance. And it was as often as not that the men hailed him first.

"Who's that chap?" I asked a roller who was standing in line to get into the lunch room. "He seems to be popular out here."

"Him?" came the quick answer. "Well, I'll say first that he's a regular guy. Mighty near the top too. It don't matter what handle you give him he's a hummer of a steel man. But he knows something more than steel—and that's men! We've all seen the time when the man who knew steel from the mine to the finished product was the real thing in steel production. Such a man had the whole equipment for production right in his nut. He was a shark on materials and processes, and that was all that was necessary.

"But even an old-timer has a hunch now that there is something needed besides ore and scrap to get production in the steel business. This other thing is labor.

"This guy knows the thing behind labor—which is human nature—and knows it right down to the ground. We men can talk with him and know that he'll get us the first time. He speaks our lingo and can see things our way. When we want to get a line on where this company stands on anything that we're concerned in you bet we go to him. He'll look at it from our side of the fence and go the limit to get us anything that's fair and right. We figure that he belongs in our crowd about as much as if he wore jumpers and pushed sheets through the rollers along with the rest of the crew.

"If you ask me I'll say he's one of the reasons why the men here believe the company's on the square and trying to do the fair thing for the men. Of course there's others in this company off the same piece with him—but then, this company's different, anyhow. If I wanted to know how he got his slant of human nature I'd ask him—same as I would about anything else. That's one thing about him—you can go to him any time and spring anything that's on your chest—and no comeback."

The Treat-'Em-Rough Method

TAKING the roller's tip I put the question squarely to the young operating official. Here is his answer:

"I got my first lesson along the line of looking at workers of every sort as real human beings in a queer way when I was a boy in high school, and it gave me a jolt that'll last as long as I live. Being right in the heart of the steel country it was natural for me to feel that to become a high boss in a steel mill was about the biggest thing in the world. What helped to give me that feeling was the fact that the best friend our family had was a big man in one of the largest mills. I looked up to him as a kind of king.

"When he discovered that I was really set on becoming a steel man he took me under his wing, and I put in my vacations working directly under him. I was so keen about the business that when I had a holiday from school I'd show up at the mill and ask for something to do just for fun. That tickled him right down to the ground. The result was that before I finished high school I had served my apprenticeship at the mill and had my full papers.

"The Old Man, as we called him, belonged to the old school of steel superintendents. I guess that the motto 'Treat 'Em Rough' must have been put on the boards when he was getting his training—for he sure had it by heart and knew how to put the punch into it. When I speak of the old school I'm not drawing the inference that that style of manhandling has entirely gone out of fashion—for the truth is it hasn't. It's still there, and it's one of the things that make trouble. Now don't get the notion that any mill hand wants his boss to kiss him good morning; but I don't know any of 'em that are exactly hankering to be kicked or knocked stiff. They'd rather be told than biffed.

"But to get back to the story. One day just after I'd been made a straw boss the Old Man called me to help change the top of a blast furnace. That's a job which puts every man right up on his toes, for an idle blast furnace means a cost of almost two dollars a minute. There's no stopping to eat when a furnace is out of commission. Everybody is on the jump until it's working again. Besides, there's a lot of gas about the top of a blast stack, and the men are anxious to get out of it as soon as possible.

"One of the machinist's helpers on the job that day was some sort of a wop called Steve—a good man but about as slow in the uptake as a choked chimney. We were at least a hundred and fifty feet above the ground, on the circular iron stairs that wound up round the stack, and Steve was rolling a cigarette when the Old Man told him to go and get a certain tool. I knew that he wouldn't use it for at least fifteen minutes. Perhaps Steve knew that too. Anyhow, he made the mistake of standing still to finish rolling his cigarette after he had received his orders. That was plumb against all stack-fixing etiquette as taught in the Old Man's training school. And I'll admit that it was exasperating.

"Certainly it was the spark in the powder so far as the Old Man's temper was concerned. He exploded on the instant and biffed Steve on the jaw—a good hard one too. Of course he didn't think the man would go down under the blow—but he did. Went bumping down the stairs—until I made a jump and caught him! It was just in time too. The top of the blast-furnace stack is no place to stage a boxing bout. There's too much atmosphere between the platform and the landing place below.

"As I stopped the man from going over he looked up into my face with an expression like that of a wounded animal that expected to be killed the next instant. We drove right ahead until the top was finished—but the experience gave me such a jolt that I was wabbly on my pins for a long time. Evidently the Old Man was a bit scared for a second or two—but later I couldn't see that it made any particular impression on him. But the experience stuck in my mind. I promised myself that when I got to be boss it would not be that way with me.

"With me that was the beginning of a definite conviction that industry—at least the steel industry—wasn't going at the job of supervising men right; and that it would never get the right twist to it till it treated every man as if he were a human being with feeling, like any white-collared boss. The gratitude of that helper and his attitude toward me went a long way, perhaps, in shaping that conviction.

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an old-time
oughness th
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he was s
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tented. T
that he'd
in the sam
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workman h

"Well, o
Old Chris
of luck—ha
those unac
able menta
that most m
at least o
twice in the
He was m

boring for a big pump into which a sleeve had to be
On that sort of a job the trick is to bore the hole j
enough so that the sleeve can be slipped in. Then th
ing of the sleeve sets it so that it can't budge. It wa
job, but he had done harder ones a hundred times
time, however, he somehow slipped in his calculatio
when the bore was made he found that it was at
sixteenth too large and the sleeve wouldn't stick.

"Now Old Chris knew that to spoil a valuable p
work there in that shop was a capital crime and tha
consideration was given to anyone found guilty
break. He had seen man after man fired on the ins
the course of his experience, for spoiling work of m
value than the piece he had blundered on, which wa
about seventy-five dollars. That was the atmosp
the school of discipline in which he had been train
had seen his long years of service."

Old Chris Gets a Surprise

"AFTER staring at the piece for a few minutes Ol
put on his hat and coat and said to his helper
was too old a man to take the kind of talk that h
others get and then be given his walking papers, so
just going to leave and be done with it. When he f
show up the third day I managed to get the story ou
helper. I told him to see Chris and ask him to co
have a talk with me. The next morning he appea
shamefaced a specimen as I ever saw.

"Somehow the look on his honest old face hit me
hard. I thought of a lot of things as Chris was st
there with his cap in his hand and his head bent for
if I were going to rip out at him and add to his humi
He knew that would be the regulation form and
come to take his medicine. In that instant I recall
he knew more about mechanics than I did—perhap
than I should ever learn. Then I remembered that
fifty-five and I was twenty-three, and his boss. Also
to my mind that he had a family and that it mig
little difficult for him to land a good job again, at hi
he were fired for spoiling work after being in a plac
he had been employed for fifteen years. And all t
I realized that he was a good, substantial man.

"When I stepped forward, took him by the ha
said, 'I'm glad to see you, Chris,' he was all bro
He didn't get over it in a minute either. We had a
man-to-man talk. It did me good as well as him.

"Of course he went straight back to work at his m
He had always been loyal—but from that instant
alty was of the most positive and constructive ty
kept both eyes—and his ears too—open for the
ment. And this without my saying another word
The influence he exerted among the men was wh
and as steady as a compression spring. The men
shop all respected him because he was a skilled ma

ao because he was a square man. He had their con-
in every way and nothing that met with his disap-
got very far. He didn't have to carry tales in order
e right thing and protect the management against
rson or influence that was working against the good
ompany. He just quietly nipped it in the bud by
e of his own influence. In the high-pressure war
at immediately followed I feel morally certain, all
onsidered, Old Chris was worth a hundred dollars a
he company.

This experience did just as much as the other one to
me with the conviction that any employer, or any
tative of an employer, who doesn't believe, heart
l, in the treat-'em-right instead of the treat-'em-
lan of workman supervision is behind the times
up on his job. A lot of other experiences of a piece
se helped to fix my faith firmly in the man-to-man
f treatment—but these two episodes were enough
e on the right track. They were real and were
of the two attitudes between which the modern-
xecutive must take his pick. I hadn't had this
f humanizing industry taught or preached to me;
orked it out for myself from actual experience and
observation.

When the company that I was with got into the shell
bout 1914, I held a good position, especially for a
ellow. The war pressure for high speed and big
uction not only turned the spotlight on the necessity
imulating men to their highest production, but it also
ed the keenest competition in the matter of pro-
s. The head of our works called me in one day and
d that he believed that up in Cleveland they
dge on us in the matter of forgings and that
ld learn something from their shop practice in that
. Certainly there was no disputing the fact that their
on records were to be envied. Personally I was of
ion that the big boss had hit on our own weak
and their strong one."

Leaders in the Industrial Procession

THEREFORE I was told to go and get the informa-
, and choose my own way of getting it. My salary
man went on no matter how insignificant the job
hold in any plant where I secured employment,
limit was placed on my expense account. All that
sked of me was the information wanted. We were all
shells with which to fight the Hun, and in a sense
t a competitive matter—for more munitions were
han everybody in the whole country, working at
it, could turn out. My first job was that of a com-
laborer. I
't any more
stted before
covered some-
in the atmos-
e the place
was different—
ing different
ay I had
the before. It
as I had un-
ctly come
a place about
h I had done a
dd of day-
mir. There
something
f that was
lia—because
d s many of
characteristics
e place that I
figured out as
ide: place of
yment that
d evolved
the in the
re.

Now don't get
ha I say I
d i an ideal
kin atmos-
e. It simply
I found enough
most elements
conditions that
d thought out
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kind of a place
hich to work
ve e a good
n gly of inter-
nd encourage-
t. And the big
g abut it was
fact that these
litions were
not, I soon discovered, accidents due to the individual progressiveness of one or two foremen or superintendents, but they were the results of a consistent company policy. They came down from the top of the organization!

"I knew that I had stumbled upon something so alive that I'd have to stay with it and do what I could to help work it out. Anyhow, I could be where I could watch others do it. This feeling grew as the management shoved me ahead through the line of minor supervisory positions, until I came to one more like that which I held in the company with which I was secretly connected. This brought me to a decision. I felt that I must either fish or cut bait. The result was that I decided to burn my bridges and cast my lot entirely with my new employers, and to do so at a sacrifice of one-half my salary. This was because I wanted to be with a company that was trying to work out a right and progressive human relationship with its men. I was willing to take my chances in getting on in that sort of a company.

"The first thing I did was to break off with the old company and pay them back the money they put into my work as a scout for information. I made it clear that my move was not a matter of money—and proved it by refusing to name a price at which I would go back to them.

"Then I had another nice little cleaning-up job to do—with the company to which I had hired as a laborer in order to get hold of their forging process. Well, I made a clean sweep of the whole situation, put all the cards on the table face up. I told 'em the experiences that had shown me the importance of the man-to-man stuff they were trying to work out with their men and that it was worth more than money to me to get in on it. Naturally they felt that the proof I was giving—in a sacrifice of salary—showed that I was their kind and belonged in their camp. And here I am—with more enthusiasm than when I started.

"Every man here has his own definition of what this spirit here means—my own happens to be something like this: A determination to work out a square and just relationship between the company and its employees as to all the human rights involved. When you call it humanizing industry you hit the nail on the head.

"Now don't imagine that I think we've got a snug little workingman's heaven here or that all our men are coöperative angels. I don't think a man in the whole organization has any such fool notion as that. I'm sorry for him if he has—for his feet are in the clouds, not on the ground, and he's going to get a jolt when he comes down to earth. But I do know that as time goes on a larger percentage of the men are coming to understand and appreciate what we are trying to do. Personally, the prize of far greater pay wouldn't be any temptation for me to pull out and go to some other place where they're still running on the old-school plan under which I got my first training. There are many others here in all ranks of the organization who, I'm sure, feel that way, for they prove their faith by their works, right along regularly.

"Any man who doesn't get more out of his employment than his pay isn't in the right place or else he isn't right himself. The plant that isn't more than a mere place to work to those employed in it is living below its privileges and opportunities. If such a plant isn't behind the industrial procession to-day it sure will be to-morrow, for things are moving faster than employers generally realize in the way of humanizing industry. It seems slow to many who are right up against the problems of that work in a practical way—and perhaps slower still to those who still stick to the old attitude that a man's labor is merely a commodity and that in his employment relationship a worker is to be considered as an animated piece of productive mechanism rather than as a human being with the same set of feelings, needs and natural rights as the foreman, the superintendent, the president and the stockholder."

The morning that the great national strike of steel workers went into effect found every executive of the company saying: "Now comes the test; here is where we find out whether the relationship we've been trying to build up will stand a real strain or is something that we've imagined existed when it wasn't there."

Loyal Workers Refuse to Strike

WELL, they got their answer—there was a complete appearance of the entire working force at the sheet-steel plant in Canton. One hundred per cent on roll call! And this, for various reasons, was the spot where anxiety was most sharply focused. The fact that during the day some of the men were driven away by pickets didn't impress the officials of the company.

The management held that no chances of endangering the men should be taken, and so they decided that a shutdown was in the line of safety first. But every measure taken by this company that touches labor or its conditions is discussed with the men, and nearly seventy per cent of the force came through the picket lines later and heard the officials. Then they passed a motion to return to work the next Saturday night—and passed it unanimously.

One of the workers put this crisp, pointed motion:

"Resolved, That our coworkers at the three other plants of the company located in Cleveland be informed that we are not on a strike at the Canton plant and know of no reason why we should be."

And the motion went through with a whoop. The management hasn't had any serious doubts since then that the bond between them and their men is real; that they have been building a relationship that will stand actual strain and that their six years of effort to get on a man-to-man footing with the company's employees has proved out handsomely already.

When a big strike is on and the approaches to a plant are littered with pickets the air is charged with a voltage that inclines even the visiting stranger to step high, wide and handsome in order not to set off the concealed dynamite with which the situation is planted. The workers themselves, understanding the dangers of such a line-up better than the outsider can possibly comprehend it, are still more alert and on their toes. The temper of the pickets becomes the acute element—the sparking point, so to speak. One of the pickets, at the

(Continued on Page 141)

Another View of the Same Mass Meeting

THE CARELESS WORLD

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS a new world for him, and a new life. Though at this hour of the afternoon the café was but half filled, Eric Copley found its atmosphere alien and disturbing. He had forgotten—rather he had never known—that there were men and women, but especially men, who spent part of the working day sitting round small tables, chatting, laughing, sipping from glasses or cups as if no better use could be made of life's precious moments. With Copley time and money had always been so mercilessly allied. But now that he had more money than he knew what to do with, and also more time, he could not learn how to telescope one into the other. The thought of the three empty months ahead of him came crashing upon him, appalling him. So it was he saw with a confused blending of envy and disapproval that these people of the café squandered time as easily and carelessly as on the seashore you let the sand slip through your fingers. He sighed. How different had been his own schooling!

Then he let his eyes come back to the girl who sat opposite him. All the while, even when he had been most engrossed in the scene round him, he had been terribly conscious of the girl. The consciousness of her ran like an undercurrent through his reflections. What was it Larry Porter had said?

"Look out for Vivian Wellcome. She's dangerous!" Yes, that is what he had said. Exactly that. But what did he mean by it? What did he mean by "dangerous"?

One never knew when to take Larry seriously. He was always light, inconsequential, satiric. Copley often wondered why he and Larry were friends—why Larry was really his one friend. Perhaps there was something in this theory of opposites. How well Larry would fit into this picture of smiling women, tinkling glasses and small chatter, where he, Eric, felt such an interloper! Larry would also know how to talk to this Vivian Wellcome, before whose bright beauty he sat dumb and spellbound.

The entire wall beside which their table was placed was covered with mirrors, and in a mirror Copley studied her covertly. Perhaps Larry had meant that she was dangerous simply because of her beauty. But was she as beautiful as all that? There was a sparkle about her, a quick animation, that was dazzling, but when her face was in repose—as it was now—irregularities showed. Hers at least was not a classic beauty—the nose was too saucily tilted, the lips too generous. But her coloring, a warm cream, a vivid red, was very lovely. And her eyes were as dark as her hair and heavily lashed, so that when she looked down the lashes swept enchantingly her smooth glowing cheek. And when she smiled you forgot to consider whether she was beautiful or not; you were entirely captured by her smile. She smiled as she caught Copley's eyes upon her.

"That isn't playing fair," she said. "You should never appraise a woman's appearance without giving her warning—giving her time to assume her most becoming expression—like this!"

And with that she rested her rounded little chin on one slim hand and threw back her head so that her eyes, half closed, gazed at him, dark blue and slumberous.

"That's the pose I do for Tillie Master's magazine covers."

"Are you a model?" he asked.

"I'm anything—anything that brings in an honest penny."

"Stay Here in New York—I'm Desperate for Some Money. Give Me the Job of Teaching You!"

She looked so charming as she said it that Copley struggled to say something gallant, but failed miserably. He shrugged his shoulders philosophically, however, over his failure. After all she must know sooner or later that he wasn't a ladies' man. And then he found himself speculating as to whether she would ever care to know him better—whether either of them would ever know each other well enough to care what the real man or the real woman was like.

With one of the quick changes of mood which already he recognized as characteristic of her she dropped her hands in her lap, folded them and sat most demurely before him.

"This is all quite new to you, isn't it?" He nodded.

"You see, I've always had to work for a living—every day, every minute. At first I absolutely had to work as constantly as that, and afterward when I no longer had to I found I didn't know how to do anything else but work. I felt I never had time for—this!"

With a blunt and awkward gesture he indicated the careless, idle crowd.

"Then it was so much the nicer of you to let me drag you round here from Mrs. Westbrook's, though it makes me feel as if I were wasting more of your valuable time." But then she shook her head at him. "Ah, but there's an inconsistency! If your time is so valuable, what were you doing at one of Mrs. Westbrook's afternoon teas?"

"Larry Porter took me there. He said I'd die of dry rot if I were just left hanging round. He had an idea I ought to go out and see life, meet people."

"Did you enjoy the sort of life you see and the sort of people you meet at Mrs. Westbrook's?" she asked derisively.

"I felt like a bull in a china shop—only I don't imagine a bull ever felt the incongruity of his position as much as I."

"But if you're always so terrifically busy, why do you need to seek people and life at—at the Mrs. Westbrooks'?"

He hesitated a moment and then said: "But no longer busy."

She looked perplexed.

"I don't know that I understand. Larry told me were something tremendously important with the Street Trust Company."

"Oh, not so important; and if I was something I'm ing now."

"But why?"

"Last week I asked for a leave of absence."

Copley to his surprise found that he was telling girl, whom he had known no longer than two hours, t which he had intended telling no one.

"My doctor has frightened me into thinking I nerves and has ordered me to take three months' res

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, and she said it with sincerity that Copley found himself grateful for the she offered. But suddenly he stiffened. Perhaps thi the way in which she was dangerous—in the ready pathy she offered men—and he wondered to how men bidding for compassion she had said in just that "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Damn Larry Porter, anyway! Why had Larry dro this poison into his mind? But Vivian Wellcome's captured him again despite his suspicions.

"On second thought I don't know why I should feel for you. Three months' rest. It sounds heavenly!"

"Oh, no!" he said quickly.

"Why not?"

"Well, as I said, I've never learned to play lik people round here—like you too, I imagine. I am lutely out of place in this careless of yours. I know nothing but bus I have no other interests. I haven slightest idea what to do with those three months."

Her eyes narrowed.

"And yet you have money enou do anything you wish?"

"Yes—more money than I ever need."

She shrugged her shoulders

"I'm afraid then that I can' you. Why, you could hire body to teach you to play!"

"What an absurd idea!"

"Why is it absurd? It be companionship you were ing—that's all—the companio of someone who could teac how those empty hours of you stand so much in dread best be occupied; who cou struct you in getting the prop of exercise and relaxation for who's threatened with ner walking, riding, golf, tenni sorts of delectable games. It call for someone who could the best plays for you and go them with you—who could pi the best books—books you s know—and either make you them or read them to you; could dine with you in our best re rants and point out the notables wh quent them, or go tearing roun country in a motor with you if yo ferred that, stopping at the most de ful wayside inns for lunch or d Why, it sounds perfectly simple!"

He smiled.

"It sounds perfectly wonderful! almost make it seem possible."

"How much would you pay, O man of money, i could get an instructor of the right sort?"

"I should say it would be worth two or three tho dollars."

They were silent; Vivian Wellcome's eyes were refle once she started to speak, but checked herself with a movement of her lips.

"With money you can do everything," she said earn after the silence. "It opens all doors. It leads e where."

"It can, of course, lead everywhere," he admitte am planning to travel round a bit. I leave for Cali on Tuesday."

"Oh," she said. He fancied there was a sudden, a disappointment in the way she said that "Oh!" a also fancied that she looked suddenly crushed. Her sh ders slumped. Her flair had vanished. After a minu looked at her wrist watch.

ll we go?" she asked.
lled for his check and paid it. In the mirror again
stood up and he helped her on with her jacket, he
w slim and youthful she was in her heavy knitted
f grayish-green tone and her red tam-o'-shanter and
d cheeks. She was a creature flaming with color
. He saw, too, with a little shudder of self-disgust
ge and ponderous he looked beside her—a dark
of a man, ungainly, crude, without the slightest
ge of the careless world in which she dwelt.
her they passed out of the café into the crisp
y air. Dusk had fallen while they sat inside. The
ghts glimmered. Fifth Avenue was filled with a
onium of traffic; the green busses lumbered by;
oiles ripped the night with their horns; and along
ments, headed south, came surging a turgid black
of workers from sweatshop and factory.
! I get you a taxi?" asked Copley.
I live near by."
sitated, and so humble was his look that Vivian
e emerged sufficiently from the dark mood that
ed her to say: "You may walk home with me if
."
ut answering he fell into step beside her. At the
hey stood for a moment waiting for the rush of
abate. As they stood there Copley wondered
he should take her arm as they crossed. Finally
And ridiculous as it may seem he was thrilled with
h of her soft arm, warm within his grasp. He was
with the right he had claimed to steer her through
ers of the traffic.
e they had safely crossed, however, she freed her
n his clasp and walked apart from him, silent,
remote. It seemed to him that she had become
nt girl from the bright creature of the café. He
ct before this mood of hers. He wanted to say
ng things—why, he hardly knew! But he could
nothing. He could not think of a word. Yet
this feeling of sympathy ran a thread of irritation
—so near their moment of parting—she should
this bleak and unresponsive side of her nature.
ince they walked down Eighth Street past the little
et shops and restaurants with grotesque names and
tesque signs. They crossed Sixth Avenue, wading
the black shadows cast by the Elevated. Behind
brick bulk of Jefferson Market Police Court they
a little alley opening abruptly from the cross
. dim little alley which sprang into being between
n the line of buildings, flanked on one side by a
shop and on the other by one in the windows of
few spare wintry blooms showed. At the alley
Vivian Wellcome stopped.

"Here's where I live," she said.

"Here! Where?"

"Halfway down the alley," she smiled morosely at his astonishment. "Don't be so horrified. It's fairly all right. Come on along."

She led him through the break in the line of buildings and down along a narrow and unevenly flagged paving in front of a row of ancient red-brick houses with rusted-iron railings and scraggy trees shooting their bare branches from invisible patches of earth between the railings and the houses.

"It's—it's rather quaint," Copley said finally.

"Yes, quaint is always the word strangers use to conceal their true estimate of Sullivan Place," Vivian said, and added bitterly: "Oh, why can't you people of wealth be frank with us people of poverty? Tell us you loathe the holes we're forced to live in! Let us see your contempt of the makeshifts we're put to to keep up appearances."

"Why, I—I didn't ——" he stammered.

"No, I know you didn't," she said with swift apology, brushing her hand across her eyes. "I guess I'm tired out. The wealthy poseurs I see paraded before me at Mrs. Westbrook's teas always get me that way. That's why I asked you to take me away. You seemed as much out of it there as I was.

"Of course you do need a romantic eye to appreciate Sullivan Place. It really isn't half bad. The houses inside are quite delightful. Why, we even have modern plumbing, but that's a recent improvement. You must see our place some time. Come at five or so and I'll give you a cup of tea. Good night."

She gave him her hand. But before she entered the doorway of the house before which they stood she swung suddenly round and came back to him. She seized his coat lapels and gazed directly into his eyes with a certain urgent appeal in her own.

"Don't go to California!" she said. "Stay here in New York. I'm—I'm desperate for some money. Give me the job of teaching you how to play! Let me be your guide as to how those three empty months can best be filled!"

With that she turned and ran into the house, leaving Eric Copley standing there gazing at a closed door, too amazed, too suddenly stunned with amazement to move.

II

AS A LITTLE later, however, he walked uptown headed toward his apartment in Lexington Avenue he was filled with an unwonted sense of exhilaration. His step was brisker than in many a day. For the first time in weeks he had forgotten temporarily that he had nerves.

He was cursing now the cowardice which had prevented him asking Vivian Wellcome to have dinner with him. At dinner they could have entered more deeply into the delightful intricacies of that preposterous idea of hers. Of course she hadn't been serious, and yet she had seemed so very serious. The memory of her urgent eyes was with him as he walked. Could it be—could it really be possible that she had meant what she said?

Unfortunately this was the one night in the week that Larry always came to dine with him, but the complication could have been rearranged. He could have telephoned Larry. He could have asked Larry to come to-morrow night. He could have done one of a hundred and one things. No, it was his cowardice that had kept him from inviting her. It was this confounded diffidence of his—or was it simply ignorance where women were concerned?

It would be understating the case to say that Eric Copley had never known a woman like Vivian Wellcome, for he had never known any women except one. That one was his mother, and her death had left a gap which had never been filled. Fond as he had been of his mother, devoted as he had been, he wondered now if it were wise to let a mother play such a predominating part in a man's life. One's life should be better balanced, more rounded than when all the affections are centered in one person. Ah, but these were idle speculations now!

But since his mother's death he had found that the waters of loneliness were creeping in each year a little farther upon his isolation. He was not yet thirty-six, and yet he felt sometimes that before he became forty these waters would engulf him. Perhaps it was this which had made him, as he expressed it scoffingly, "a little jumpy." Perhaps the jumpiness was the result of the concentration which he had given to business, a concentration which—or so he thought—was his one escape from the loneliness.

Well, as one result of the concentration here he was, a little past thirty-five and he was rich—richer than he had ever dreamed he would be. But also partly because of that too closely sustained attention to business here he was, too, a victim of nerves cast adrift on the restless waves of time without the slightest idea as to how to combat them.

He reached the modest apartment building in Lexington Avenue where he had lived for the last twelve years and where he had stayed on since his mother's death. He remembered now how magnificent they had thought the apartment when he had first taken it and what an extravagant step it seemed at the time. But the Pine Street Trust Company had given him his first substantial raise both in salary and position, and after much discussion they—his mother and himself—had moved out of the cheap boarding house and here set up a household of their own. They had the comfortable feeling that they were saying farewell then to the severest strictures of poverty—and so they were. Eric himself had no idea, however, what a definite farewell

"What Does it Matter How Old One Is? I Think That Age Should be Measured in Intelligence, Not in Years. I'm Awfully Old in Common Sense"

it was. He had no idea that a dozen years later he would be an important factor in the organization which at that time he held in such awe—that he would arrive at that stage of good fortune when he was to be known in Wall Street as "one of Cortlandt Steel's young men."

He remembered, too, how delighted his mother had been that she was able to take her furniture out of storage, where it had been ever since his father's death had necessitated the breaking up of an earlier household.

In the living room of the apartment the old rosewood parlor set, heavily carved and covered with a dull-red tapestry, still stood as his mother had arranged it. That set had been her proudest possession. It had come from his grandfather or his great-grandfather—he never could remember which—and it was from a period of good taste, which made it valuable. But even in their days of greatest need, and there had been indeed days of very great need, they had clung to it. And in the room where she had placed them still stood the knickknacks of which his mother had been so fond—painted shells, souvenirs of seashore resorts they had visited; little marble statuettes, pudgy and thickset, of Victorian ladies and children with rolling hoops or baskets of marble flowers; dried grasses, dusty and faded, picked from the banks of some forgotten stream; gift books of verses bound in plush or padded leather. Copley did not know that modern taste demanded that all these be swept into the dust heap of oblivion. If he had known, it is doubtful if he would have cared.

He walked through the long, narrow hall of the old-fashioned apartment built on the railroad plan and thrust his head in the kitchen door.

"I'm home, Aunt Martha," he announced.

A rotund and smiling old woman, who beside the one kitchen window was nodding over a book, lifted her dim and affectionate eyes to him. She, too, was a relic of his mother's time. Her face was the color of wax and it was like wax modeled clumsily. It looked as if it had dried from lack of sunshine and air, and it was true Aunt Martha could rarely be persuaded to step outside into a terrifying world of rushing motors and clanging street cars. She had overcome her fear of the telephone sufficiently to order all the household requirements in that way in order to indulge her other and greater fear of the outside world.

"How're you feelin' to-night, Mr. Eric?" she asked.

"First-rate to-night."

It was the answer he invariably gave her—this time it was fairly truthful.

"You ought to get yourself a wife—that's what you ought to do, Mr. Eric, as I've told you a hundred times. Then you wouldn't have none of these nerves the doctor keeps talkin' about. When I was a girl young folks got married early and it kept 'em busy hustlin' and raisin' a family. You didn't hear no talk of nerves in them days, I can tell you."

It was too worn a theory of Aunt Martha's to need argument, so Copley dismissed it smilingly, as he had dismissed it smilingly a hundred times, and said: "Mr. Porter hasn't come yet?"

"No, he'll be late as usual, Mr. Eric. I allus plan to hold back supper half an hour when that young feller's comin'. He's a wild one if ever there was."

"Don't you approve of Mr. Porter, Aunt Martha?"

"He's the kind it don't matter whether you approve of or not. That one could get a smile from anything that wore petticoats, no matter how mad she was at him. I got some of that deviled roast beef he likes for to-night. I hope he ain't so late it gets all dried up on me."

Eric Copley was glad, too, that Larry was coming to-night. The exhilaration, the excitement of the afternoon were still upon him. To-night dining alone would have been particularly a dull affair. And he wanted to talk to Larry about—a sharp frown contracted his brows—he wanted to ask Larry what he meant by his damned gossip about Vivian Wellcome.

In the living room he sat in a huge chair tufted in yellow velvet, which was of no relation to the rosewood set, but belonged to a later and more vulgar generation. Sprawled there with his long legs outstretched, he tried to read the evening paper. But he couldn't read it. His eyes were on the mantel clock—a clock of onyx over whose top bronze horses went forever charging. What was she—Vivian Wellcome—doing at this hour? He tried to visualize her in that dim house in the dim alley, perhaps bending her glossy dark head over some pitifully inadequate meal which she had prepared herself. What a horror it was that a girl like Vivian Wellcome had to put up with such discomforts! What foolish conventionality was it that prevented a man with more money than he knew what to do with giving some of it where his heart demanded it be given?

Copley stirred restlessly. Why didn't Larry come? At least talking to him would be some relief. Eric found himself on edge again. With a sense of irritation he wondered if the jumpiness were returning. He dropped his newspaper and dug his fists violently into his eyes.

And some casual observer seeing Eric Copley at that moment might have compared him to a caged animal, some intense lithe animal, pulsating with warmth and restlessness, caged there in that ridiculously incongruous atmosphere of old furniture, faded and sentimental knickknacks, bound to a past of dead and outworn memories.

At last Larry came.

Larry if possible was to-night more Larrylike than ever. He was ebullient with good spirits. His blue eyes were never clearer. His cheeks were ruddy and his slim, vigorous body was encased in a dinner suit and crisp white linen so that he looked like a young prince of good fortune.

"Another party?" grumbled Eric—he was still irritated at Larry's lateness.

"Not a real party. I'm going to call on Zora Wellcome."

"Zora? Who's Zora?"

"Vivian's little sister, and to my way of thinking little sister has it all over the famous Vivian. I'm going to take Zora to go out and dance somewhere. She dances like a streak. I knew you wouldn't mind if I tore away a little early."

"How do you keep going this way, Larry?"

"One has to keep in step with the procession, Eric, otherwise you soon drop out."

"It's a good thing you're a child of wealth. Otherwise you'd never hold your job with the Pine Street Trust."

"What's the good of having Cortlandt Steel for an uncle if one doesn't take advantage of it? If I had to be, Eric, I'd probably be as industrious and model a young man as yourself. The trouble is you're too model a young man. I wish I could get you to join the procession."

"Why?"

"You're in a rut, my dear man. You shut yourself in this apartment of yours and never go out—except to business. No wonder your nerves are shot to pieces. People think that a chap breaks down because he attempts too much. There's nothing to that. My idea is that a fellow goes to pieces either because he does too little or because he does too much of one thing. Variety, Eric, that's what we need. My philosophy is a belief in the vaudeville of life—a potpourri of everything from a song-and-dance turn to a scrap of grand opera."

"Your philosophy is very different from mine, Larry. At least very different from my recent philosophy. I don't know that I have any philosophy left since—since last week. Why are friends, do you suppose?"

Larry Porter's clear blue eyes became serious.

Presently after a little hesitation he said: "Look, don't ask me to gush, old boy! I can't see any reason why you want my friendship, but I want your—well, because you're my balance wheel. You're an eternal proof that there's a whole lot of decency left in a world gone mad with the craving for new sensations, new follies, new pleasures."

It was not until they were seated at the table and Aunt Martha had served them with some of the mulligatawny soup of which she was so justly proud that Eric ventured to bring in Vivian Wellcome's name again. It was Larry who gave him the opportunity.

"How did you enjoy Mrs. Westbrook's tea?" he asked.

"I was bewildered, Larry. What curious people! Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, that sort of thing is amusing once in a while. I like to hear the lovely ladies in imported gowns and five-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces spout the latest and most radical ideas. Consistency's a jewel and all that, don't you know. But I missed you before the tea-pot even began to simmer. What happened to you?

"Vivian Wellcome had a headache and asked me to take her away. We went to some near-by café and sat and talked."

"Vivian's up to her old tricks, isn't she? I suppose you told her your life's history, Eric. I warned you."

Eric leaned forward, frowning.

"What did you mean when you said that Vivian Wellcome was dangerous?"

(Continued on Page 15)

She Denounced Him and Everything He Stood For; Everything That in Her Poor Befuddled Brain She Thought—Through Him—That America Stood For

BUYING JEWELRY

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

A SOUTHERN city recently decided to do something about profiteering. It is a fast-growing community; new industries have brought people from every section of the country to make the town their home. It is human nature for people to be dissatisfied with any new environment, and the newcomers found a good deal of fault. They were particularly severe with the local storekeepers. Letters began to be written to the newspapers stating that prices were much lower back home where the writer came from; complaints were made that clerks in the local stores were discourteous. One letter suggested that the way to get even with the grafting merchants would be for people to send away to mail-order houses and buy all their goods.

In order to get everybody satisfied and to turn the knockers into boosters the chamber of commerce organized a square-deal committee. This committee was composed of five representative men of the community, who met twice a week to hear complaints. Newspapers and posters invited everyone with grievances to come before the tribunal and state his troubles.

The work of this square-deal committee was so successful that the chamber of commerce wondered why it had not thought of the plan sooner. Five calm business men in session could nearly always convince an indignant person that twenty-five cents is really the price of a linen collar, and that collars had gone up to that figure back home where the person came from. The committee patiently laid figures before indignant citizens to prove that the local shoe stores were no higher priced than shoe stores everywhere else; it showed by actual statistics that ice-cream sodas had gone up to fifteen cents all over the country. And the mere fact that there was someone ready to hear complaints had a soothing effect on people generally.

Fred Repents His Bargain

ONE day a man appeared before the square-deal committee with a real grievance. He had bought a diamond ring at a local jewelry store, paying for the bauble eighty dollars. It was a single stone in a plain gold setting and was intended to be used as an engagement ring. The jeweler had engraved inside without extra charge the inscription: "Fred to Jessie. Love Eternal. Mizpah. 19."

The jeweler making the sale did not have an imposing-looking establishment; it was located on a side street and contained suitcases, revolvers and accordions as well as jewelry. The proprietor did not speak very good English, but he was a strong talker when it came to selling goods. If he had owned a stylish store up in the high-rent district and been able to talk a little more correctly perhaps he would not have made such strong statements. His method of selling was to get excited, talk loud and fast, using both hands, and guarantee that his price was ten per cent lower than any other store in the city. In selling the diamond ring for eighty dollars he even went further than that. He stated that if the same stone could be bought in any other store for less than a hundred dollars he would eat it.

The man who purchased the diamond ring lived in a small town fifty miles from the city and his train did not go out until evening. Having all day with nothing to do he thought he would see how good a bargain he had really got. He picked out a handsome jewelry store in the main business section, which looked solid and dependable on account of its big street clock and mahogany showcases, and walked in to get his diamond valued.

"How much is it worth?" he said to the salesman, handing out the ring in its little plush box.

The salesman was not very cordial; he did not even take the ring out of its case to look at it. "You didn't buy it here, did you?" he asked.

"Why, no; I didn't buy it in this store," replied the owner; "I just brought it in to get you to tell me how much it is worth."

"Oh, I guess it is worth what you paid for it," said the salesman lightly, and turned away to wait on a customer who wanted to get an alarm clock fixed.

This information was not at all satisfactory; the diamond owner wanted definite figures, not generalities. He sought another store, which looked as though it might be an authority on diamonds on account of its imposing window display of rings and la vallières, again producing his purchase and asking a clerk how much it was worth.

His reception here was even less cordial than at the other establishment. "If you wanted to buy a diamond, why didn't you come here in the first place?" the clerk demanded accusingly. "If you want to know whether you got swindled or not go ask some pawnbroker how much he will loan you on it."

Thus advised the diamond owner hunted up a pawnshop, which displayed in its show windows great bargains in unredeemed shotguns, cameras, diamond rings and talking machines. The pawnbroker looked earnestly at the stone through his eyeglass and measured it with a pair of calipers.

"I'll let you have thirty dollars on it," he finally said.

The young man recovered his precious trinket and hurried out of the place. At another pawnshop he was offered a forty-dollar loan, but the pawnbroker assured him that he would lose money unless the young man redeemed it, and the interest would be ten per cent a month.

Round a corner on a quiet street the young man took his ring out of his pocket and looked at it distrustfully. The stone which had appeared so important and desirable when he had bought it seemed small almost to meanness. It had a rough edge; it looked to be a little yellow; he thought he could see a flaw under one of the prongs; even the inscription engraved inside the band seemed foolish. He surely had been swindled. Walking resolutely back to the store where the purchase had been made he thumped the jewel down on the showcase.

"Give me back my eighty dollars," he said aggressively. "You skinned me."

It was an unfortunate approach. The jeweler did not like to be told that he had skinned someone; and besides it would be awkward to give back the money because it had already been paid to an insistent creditor who was threatening to bring suit. He was one of those unhappy business men who go through life only a jump or two ahead of their creditors. His excited method of selling goods was nothing compared with the violent way he acted in refusing to give back money.

"What's the matter with you?" he shrilled. "I sell you a nice ring, which so help me is worth much more than you pay me for it, and in two hours you bring it back and say I skinned you. I guess you think I keep a store just to amuse customers instead of to make an honest living."

"It's a fine honest living you make," retorted the customer sarcastically, "when you sell me a ring for eighty dollars that other jewelry stores won't even look at, and a pawnbroker will only lend forty dollars on."

It would be idle to report verbatim the rest of the proceedings of the business conference. The customer used the word "crook" no less than twelve times, while the merchant's favorite terms were "cheap skate" and "welsher." At length the customer played his trump card.

An Expert Called In

"I SEE by the papers there is a square-deal committee in this town to look out for birds like you," he said, "and I am going to report this swindle right now."

Off he went to make his complaint, and the jeweler went back to his workbench snorting indignantly into the watch he was repairing.

It happened to be the day on which the square-deal committee met, and when the young man stated that he was leaving town on the evening train the committee agreed to take his case up at once. The secretary phoned to the jeweler, who grudgingly agreed to come. He was still of the same mind about refunding money, but decided it would look bad if he refused to appear before a committee of his fellow business men.

The committee found it a hard case to handle. Neither of the two contestants appeared to be able to give unbiased testimony. The jeweler contended loudly that he had given good value and ought not to be worried by a cheap guy who no sooner bought a fine piece of goods than he got cold feet and wanted his money back. The young man kept interrupting the jeweler's testimony with slurring remarks.

He admitted that he had been a fool to buy anything from such a crook, but he intended to have justice. At length the chairman of the committee spoke up.

"We aren't getting anywhere in this matter," he said. "I suggest that we send for someone who is in better position to act as referee than any of us here. Suppose I call in Arthur Bagley."

(Continued on Page 177)

GHOSTS GO WEST

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION KEEN WAGNER

THAT afternoon when I entered the vast dining room of the Hotel Watteau-Victoria the very last person in the world I expected to see was Emily Frear. But as I stood in the doorway I saw her instantly, and the strange thing was that amid all those people and across all those intervening tables she saw me, our eyes meeting in a sudden and disturbing recognition. Then a waiter pounced on me, and by one of those incredible coincidences that can only be ascribed to Fate led me in Emily's direction, though, as a matter of fact, there were a dozen nearer places where he might have put me. But instead, guided by angels or devils—I hardly knew which at the moment—he bustled me toward a table adjoining hers beside the window.

She was alone and I was alone and it was not in human nature—my human nature at least—to sit down within talking distance of a lady I had loved and lost and eat buttered toast and wipe my buttered fingers on a napkin as though there were no such things as aching hearts or bitter, smarting memories. Not to speak to her, I mean, and affect a disdainful silence. No, that was impossible; and to turn and go was equally impossible. It would only justify her two-years-ago rejection by showing myself a boor. Accordingly, after giving my order, I moved over to her table and remarked in a tone I tried to make pleasantly casual: "Why, how do you do? What an unexpected pleasure to find you here!"

She looked up at me with a brilliant smile and put out her hand, murmuring with an enigmatic air which dimpled the corners of her mouth that she was glad I could call it a pleasure. Then indicating the vacant place opposite, she added: "You can join me if you like."

I hesitated. "Doesn't it seem rather a poor place for a burned child?" I said.

"Oh, it won't hurt the child!" she protested. "Besides it would be doing me a favor. I feel conspicuous here alone, and I know it's worrying the head waiter. When you have been driving a flivver all over Europe and sleeping in shell holes one gets out of touch with New York susceptibilities. Do sit down and save my life."

"Well, if you put it like that," I remarked. "What I meant, of course, was that I did not want to intrude myself on you, or anything of that kind, you know. After two years you are quite entitled to regard me as air—if you want to."

"Oh, don't be silly, George!" she exclaimed. "Sit down and turn the light of your countenance on a war-weary little person who is most awfully glad to see you."

"I hope I am not any sillier than usual," I said, sitting down and indicating the change in my circumstances to the waiter. "But I will admit it is a whirling kind of thing to meet you after so long, and you must not blame me if I seem confused and ——"

"Oh, I am whirling too," she interrupted, "and nothing I say for the next ten minutes must be used against me."

We gazed at each other, our eyes and thoughts busy with unsaid questions, and it struck me that even in two years one's memory of a person can become strangely blurred, no matter how passionately one may have loved that person in the past. Of course, in a general way Emily was unchanged; was still the same dark, willowy, slender girl, with the same delicately aquiline profile and the same impulsive, kissable mouth. But what had become curiously blurred to me in our two years' separation was the vividness I now seemed to rediscover; an underlying intensity and fineness; an air too sweet, too gentle to be called aristocratic, and yet which was indefinably highbred.

"I am afraid to offer you a penny for your thoughts, George," she said at last. "Am I as much changed as all that?"

"Do you really care what I think about anything?" I asked. "You never used to, you know." Then ashamed of my rudeness, I went on quickly: "Don't be offended; it sounded more disagreeable than I intended. What was running through my head was that we are both the ghosts of what we once were; that the you of two years ago and the I of two years ago are entirely different people. We think we are the same, but in reality we are not. It is impossible to put ourselves back in the same exact relation."

She laughed, murmuring something about a world war having intervened.

"Nobody can be the same after that," she remarked. "How could they be? We are not only ghosts—you and I—but we are ghosts who have been blown through the roof."

"And now after two years are meeting in midair?" I said.

"And having tea on the way."

We both smiled. I helped myself to some of her strawberry jam and took one of the cold squares of toast.

"I will make it up to you when mine comes," I said. "That aviator will be bringing it in a minute."

"Thank goodness, he is not the kind that drops bombs on your head or those horrible little arrows! You wouldn't be in such a hurry then, would you?"

She shivered as she spoke.

"How hellish it all was, George!" she added.

I nodded, trying to realize the incredibility that Emily had been through such things. The perfection of her tweed tailor-made, the saucy tilt of her very smart hat, her whole indescribable air of elegance and fashion all checked any possible visualization.

"At any rate a woman was free to admit she was afraid," I said. "We poor devils had to pretend we didn't care, and laugh and joke when our teeth were ready to chatter. That bluff at intrepidity, with two hundred shaky young doughboys looking at you—the officer superman, you know—was one of the nightmares of the war. Though don't think I am belittling the women, Emily. Looking back on it, the only really fearless people I can remember were some of those lanky Englishwomen with protruding teeth and ridiculous breeches who always 'Captain, I think I'll chawnce it,' when you to hold them back."

"There is No 'Couldn't' About it When Two People Love Each Other," I Said

Emily smiled as though she seemed to sharh recollection. After a pause, she asked: "Youa a lot of it, I suppose?"

"Was among the first over. Had the misfortune topi up with the Two Hundred and Ninety-first."

"Why misfortune, George?"

I laughed. "I was joking," I said. "The Two Hun-e and Ninety-first was regarded as a crack corps—it wa:h old Sixty-sixth Connecticut—and there were times whe w wished we were less crack, though we were proud of it, you know. Staff officers would say, 'I guess we had bte stiffen the line here with the Two Hundred and Nir-y first,' or tell us cheerfully that we had been pickedc the post of honor. It is a dubious thing to attract n kind of staff attention, and we used to look at one ancie with a sickly grin when these compliments were hare to us."

"But you came back all safe, George," she said. "n I am awfully, awfully glad."

"Thanks, I'm glad too."

"You needn't be horrid about it."

"Oh, I meant it is rather late in the day to be conce e about me, isn't it?"

Emily leaned her cheek on her hand and looked at n s oddly and searchingly that I was uncomfortable. h lights in her golden brown eyes were like specks of s and deliciously ambiguous.

"Ghosts should try to make themselves agreeable," h said. "At least my ghost would like your ghost lots bce if it did."

I abased myself, assuring her that nothing was m precious to my ghost than her ghost's approval. Wil she deign to accept my ghost's humble apologies?

The arrival of the waiter just then with my tea n toast and strawberry jam left her acceptance in sn doubt. But I was vaguely comforted by her solici d about my cream and sugar. Nothing is more warmir t the cockles of a bachelor's heart than to be served l pretty woman. Visions rise before him; charming n tasies; soft, transparent feminine hands permanentlyai in a dreamy paradise.

"I went soon after you did," said Emily, breaking h spell. "I was a *chauffeuse* in the New York Woma F. A. M. K., Number Seventeen."

I pleaded for elucidation. I was so stupid as neve t have heard of the F. A. M. K.

"First Aid Motor Kitchens," she replied. "We r always as close up to the front as we dared—hot soup a all that, you know, for the wounded when they were s brought in."

Visualization again failed me. I am afraid I must lv seemed dreadfully unresponsive, sitting there munc n my toast. Emotion often makes a man ap a bemused and stolid. I sat there like a clod, wil inside a little voice kept repeating: "I went o after you did! I went soon after you did!"

Was there any connec n or was I just a presumptu u damned fool? And n dangers she must have le through! I shuddered.

"Didn't you know I a gone?" she inquired i wounded tone.

I had to admit I had n

"Nor cared specially?" h continued cruelly. "If I a loved a person very m and then had hated he think I should have still e tained some interest in e movements. But then I m a woman. I can't wipe pe l off the slate in that spleni manly way."

"You are awfully unju," I protested. "How was t know you had gone? e sides ——"

"Besides what?"

"I thought ——"

I stopped, fearing to it into words. Then I ner c myself to blurt it out i a sort of rush—in one of those sentences that sound un a to your own ears: "I don't even know that you ar Mrs. Vincent Hall."

Tableau! I guiltily regarding my plate; Emily, v h heightened color and dilating eyes, regarding me.

"am certainly flattered by the extraordinary interest
ook in me," she exclaimed somewhat breathlessly.
ver set up to have a broken heart or a life forever
irl—as you did. Yet I did keep tab on the Two Hun-
and Ninety-first, just to know whether you were
or dead. Even a person who has been a fearful bother
u makes a sort of dent in one's brain—my brain, I
. I should always be interested in the chauffeur who
an over me, you know."
's a woman's privilege to be unreasonable, of course,"
. "My ghost concedes it to you like the little gentle-
ne is. But how was I to know anything, stuck over
practically without
ts or papers. We
a fighting unit and
o bragging to say
! You have wrung
om my modest
—we fit and we fit,
he army post office
really caught up
is. What letters I
t never mentioned
perhaps intention-
or all I know. I
ot the faintest idea
e you were or what
were doing till I
ed in on you here."
hat would sound
t if you hadn't been
seven weeks," she
ed, amiably in-
lous. "Not only
ur battalion come
but there was that
e of you in the
A lot of past his-
an be brought up
e in seven weeks,
e dear."
hostie dear went
with the flu,
i."
u?"
hy, I had hardly
ed off the gang-
before it got me! I
r died of it. Don't
e how shaky I am?
aonly let out yester-
th an awful warn-
keep in the open
d do nothing but
That is why I came
e for tea—because
enly felt so wabbly
to street. I am so
and nervous that
o cents I could
into loud wails at
o misjudged. For
's sake, please talk
mething pleasant
el!"
mething pleas-
she repeated with
l little air. "There
ing pleasant left
world—except real
and white bread
heets."
"d you," I put in.
golden brown eyes opened very wide. "Do I count
attraction? I can hardly believe it when for seven
k——"
"e you still harping on that?"
"ell, I certainly don't wish you to burst into those
ails; but of course I am hurt—never to have asked
ond out in all that time. I'll admit I had a craving
beemembered just a tiny bit."
"Ys," I said vaguely.
The dullness of my tone roused a flash of resentment. I
d t meant it to sound chilling, but it did. Emily
ancl at her gloves, lying on her reticule, and the con-
uae of our tête-à-tête seemed to hang by a hair.
"Te trouble is you wouldn't believe the truth if I told
to ou," I burst out hurriedly. "Things that actuate
opl tremendously are sometimes almost impossible to
t ito words. How can I explain to you in any kind of
ay at you would believe that I—I simply didn't dare
as That instead of indifference it was agonizingly the
herway?
"I ave been grinding with that suppressed question—
at estion I dared not ask—grinding with it for seven
eek in every conscious moment. I am grinding with it
w, you want to know."
"About me?"

My assent was almost inaudible.

"And Vincent?" Her voice, too, sank a little.

"That's what I meant," I said.

She looked out on Fifth Avenue as though in no haste to answer—a little poignantly, I thought, and with a droop of her shoulders that seemed to promise the very answer I had been dreading. It came over me afresh I had never seen her so exquisite; thought with a sort of despair how I had used to hold her in my arms and feel her panting breath against my cheek. Vin could never undo that, whether he were her husband or not—nor could she either. Yet what good was it to me if the memory of

"West Somewhere! Mountains, Plains, Deserts; Spaciousness, Loneliness and Forests and Lakes and Snowy Peaks, With You and Me Gypsying Under the Stars."

it rent me to pieces? There is surely no torment like the recollection of past delights.

"Would you really be sorry to hear I was married, George?" she asked, turning to me again.

"Oh, I don't know!" I exclaimed, goaded to sudden anger by the teasing playfulness of her tone and her more than evident willingness to leave me on tenterhooks. That she could thus make sport of my suffering struck me as abominably heartless.

"And they talk about the *femme incomprise*," she murmured with a little laugh. "Compared to the complicated male we are as simple as simple can be—just little jellyfishes of affection, longing to attach ourselves to the right rock."

It was impossible not to smile at the comparison. Angry as I was, I still retained a sense of humor, and it was touched sardonically by Emily's description of herself.

"Glistening little anemones of love," I remarked, expanding the idea with subdued mockery. "Beautiful, gleaming, glowing things in crystal pools, keeping the honest old rocks in a perpetual twitter."

"Well, we don't want to get stuck to the wrong rock," Emily went on. "That's what makes it such an anxious thing to be a jellyfish—I mean anemone; it sounds nicer—and some of the rocks are so quarrelsome and jealous and faultfinding that what can an anemone do sometimes but let the waves wash her to a new pool?"

"To Vin Hall's, for instance."

"You are just as horrid as ever," she said with a dangerous sweetness. "I was wondering all this time how we could have foozled things so, but now you are making me understand."

Compunction swelled within me. If this was to be our last talk together I did not want it to sink to such depths as these.

"I am sorry, Emily," I said. "It's frightful to think I may be talking to Vin's wife, and I hardly know what I am saying. For God's sake, put me out of my misery!"

"It would be easier if you didn't hate him so much."

"Who? Vin? Of course I hate him."

"And me, too, you mean, *mon cher petit homme?*"

"Oh, no!" I protested. "Exasperation if you like, but not hate. I am not one of those savage egoists who want to harm a woman for throwing them over or being unfaithful to them. With me it is the disillusionment—the sickening disillusionment—of finding an unworthy soul in such a lovely and adorable—envelope. I am saying it badly, of course; it is hard to put such things into words; it is more the sense of an immense depression, of an ——"

"Is it really such a nice envelope as all that?" Emily interrupted with a glance of such undisguised pleasure that my exasperation leaped up afresh. She was mocking me, of course. The corners of her mouth—the honey corners I used to call them in the old days when they were mine to kiss—were trying to hold back a smile.

"And you can laugh!" I exclaimed bitterly. "Laugh over those poor dead ashes that even if they are extinct ought to retain some sacredness! I at least have some reverence for the love we used to have for each other. They are terribly precious ashes to me, Emily."

She gazed at me in chastened tenderness, struggling ineffectually not to smile. I smiled, too, in an embarrassed kind of way, catching in spite of myself the contagion of her merriment. Emily could always do what she liked with me; she had not wholly lost her power even now.

"Don't you realize we were both impossibly young and impossibly silly?" she remarked. "Isn't that a sufficient explanation of the mess we made of it all, without calling each other names? Please don't poke your toe in those poor old ashes and tell me so crossly it was all my fault. Why not remember only the sweetness of it—and try to forget the other? I am ready to forget if you are, George, dear."

But I would not accept this olive branch, suddenly suspecting as I did that it might precede the announcement of her marriage to Vin Hall. I don't know how I got that conviction into my head. Perhaps it was only my jaundiced fancy, but once there it spoiled everything. No olive branch should rob me of my right to feel abused. My rejoinder was as brutal as I could make it.

"You know very well what parted us," I said. "It was your heartlessness and disloyalty; it was your incorrigible vanity and love of admiration; it was your preference for a man who could offer you a splendid establishment and the entrée to Fifth Avenue and Newport. You simply went to the highest bidder—that's all."

(Continued on Page 185)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE reappointment of a diplomatic representative to a post previously occupied by him, in the same capacity and with the same rank, was an occurrence sufficiently unusual to require some explanation. As a matter of fact there had been in our diplomatic history but one or two cases of the kind; for example, the reappointment of Baron—later Count—Brunnow, after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, which he had occupied before the outbreak of the Crimean War, his promotion to the rank of ambassador having taken place only much later. In my case it was not, as in his, a question of choosing the fittest person for renewing friendly relations after a war, but evidently a vague hope that my previous relations with the Japanese Government and my familiarity with political conditions in Japan, acquired during former prolonged sojourns in the country, might be of valuable assistance to me in endeavoring to prevent a threatened rupture, to the avoidance of which both Witte and Count Lamsdorf attached the greatest importance.

They were probably both fortified in this expectation by the knowledge of my previous attitude in regard to Far Eastern affairs, when on the eve of my departure for my first mission to Japan I had not hesitated to oppose in an elaborate memorandum the forward policy which was then in high favor at court. They may have conceived some misgivings as to my fitness for the task they expected me to accomplish when they found that in a new memorandum, which I had presented after my reappointment to Japan had become a fact, I had expressed views unwelcome to them, namely: That I held the scheme of the "pacific conquest" of Manchuria, through "pacific penetration" by means of railroads, banks, and so on, to be impracticable; that therefore the huge expenditure of treasure incurred in the pursuit of such a scheme did not seem to me to have been justifiable; but that now we were bound in duty to defend to the best of our ability the vast interests acquired and created by us in Manchuria at such onerous cost to the state.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Theater Street, Yokohama, Where the Movie Houses are Located

Count Lamsdorf never mentioned the subject to me, but he began showing me a marked coldness, to which, I must say, I did not pay any attention, knowing the peculiarities of his character. He, however, caused to be communicated to me a copy of a memorandum which Witte had had drawn up controverting my arguments, as was but natural under the circumstances. It was only a year later, upon my return to Russia after the outbreak of the war, that I learned that serious endeavors had been unsuccessfully put forward to cause the Emperor to revoke my appointment to Japan and that I had unwittingly incurred the bitter enmity of both these statesmen, a circumstance of which the Japanese were well aware and which did not facilitate the conduct of the negotiations with which I was subsequently intrusted.

Another and a most important circumstance was kept from my knowledge before I started for my mission, though it concerned very closely the question of our relations with Japan. It appears that a new and erratic celestial body in the shape of a minor comet—if I be permitted to use such a simile—had suddenly made its appearance on the horizon and was preparing to invade the planetary system of the legitimate bureaucracy revolving round the throne, obviously threatening to cause most serious perturbations affecting the regular orbits of the major planets. When I was still in St. Petersburg this comet, then a mere nucleus, was not yet visible to the naked eye, and not being on intimate terms with the leading astronomers having charge of the empire's observatory, I was not aware of its near approach to our solar system and was to learn of its presence only on arrival in Tokio, when the new comet's tail had already spread over a wide expanse of the celestial vault, its end resting on the Yalu River dividing Manchuria from Korea.

This mysterious newcomer was none other than that Mr. Bezobrazoff who has become notorious all over the world as one of those who are supposed to have been guilty of having brought on the war with Japan. He has been accused of having been the leader of a gang of greedy adventurers eager to exploit a gigantic timber concession on the Korean bank of the Yalu River, regardless of the danger of an armed collision with Japan, which their doings were bound to provoke. It was rumored that this enterprise was looked upon with great favor in high places and that many influential personages, including some members of the reigning dynasty, had large pecuniary interests in the timber concession and in the hoped-for colossal returns of its successful exploitation. As all these vague rumors have been zealously spread by revolutionists and malcontents of every description and utilized as a handy weapon in the warfare waged against the mon[ch] which ultimately led to the destruction of the[ir] pire and the ruin of the nation, I feel impelli[d] throw such light as my personal knowledg[e] permit on this somewha[t] scure affair, the importa[nce] which has palpably been g[ro]ss exaggerated for purpos[es] propaganda.

To begin with, I am [in a] position to affirm positively [that] the question of the Yalu t[im]b[er] concession was never rais[ed] even alluded to in the cou[rse] the negotiations precedin[g] outbreak of the war, as w[ould] natural, considering that [the] negotiations were dealing [with] momentous questions of [mil]i[tary] cal supremacy, which if s[ol]v[ed] to mutual satisfaction [or] cided by force of arms [would] *eo ipso* have settled all [the] matters of comparative [in]significance. Therefore the [sen]sation of having been di[rect] instrumental in bringing [on] the rupture with Japan, [which] has frequently been br[ought] against the originator and [pro]moters of the Yalu timber [con]cession enterprise, neces[sari]ly falls to the ground. Wh[at] said here, however, is n[ot] any means meant to pa[lli]ate the dangerous and ther[eby] under then existing cir[cum]stances really nefarious [char]acter of that enterprise—au[bj]ect to which I shall ha[ve] revert further on.

As far as the originator [of] far-reaching plans in co[n]nection with the timber conces[sion] Mr. Bezobrazoff, is conce[rned] I cannot speak from per[sonal] knowledge of his person[ality] his character or his pol[itical] aims, as I never met him e[ither] before or after his brief sp[ell] apparently omnipotent i[n]fluence, all manifestation[s] which relate to the time[s] tween my departure from St Petersburg and my return [to] Japan after the outbreak [of] war. As far as my knowl[edge] goes, no breath of scanda[l] ever touched the perfect [in]orability of his character [or] reputation for personal [in]rity. He seems to have [been] one of those idealistic drea[mers] of political dreams who [can]hardly be blamed [for] entertaining seductive th[eo]ries impracticable visions of their country's exaltation [and] aggrandizement.

It appears—if such rumors as reached my ears or [my] return to Russia were to be believed—that he had [sub]mitted to the Emperor a grandiose plan of the acquis[ition] for Russia in the Far East of an empire similar to [Great] Britain's Indian Empire, by a similar process of gra[dual] expansion, begun and effected by an organization fra[med] on the lines of the defunct East India Company, and [the] timber concession on the Yalu, obtained several [years] before that from the Korean Government by a merc[hant] of Vladivostok, was to have served, so to speak, a[s] entering wedge.

The Emperor, seduced perhaps by the patriotic fe[rvor] with which Bezobrazoff may have developed his [argu]ments in favor of a policy that seemed to promise a [great] expansion of territory and a great accretion to the [em]pire's power, which would redound to the glory of [the] reign, was said to have taken up the tempter's idea [with] alacrity and to have given his plans every possible [sup]port, against the advice of all the leading ministers [of] state, with the sole exception of the Minister of the [In]terior, Plehve—a bitter enemy of Witte—who may [have] looked upon possible complications in the Far East [as] useful diversion of public attention from the growing [dis]content and revolutionary unrest at home. Of co[urse]

t realization of Bezobrazoff's scheme could n be undertaken without the command of vy considerable funds. To obtain such funds fm the state treasury was not to be thought o because Witte, as Minister of Finance, uld never have consented to it, though he ry under pressure from above have occa- sially placed at Bezobrazoff's disposal com- patively insignificant sums.

The main financial support had therefore to sought from other sources: voluntary con- utions from the private means of august sonages—and it was rumored that there l been one or two such cases—and princi- y, of course, distribution of shares of the jected enterprise among wealthy society ple belonging to the court circle or others itious of improving their standing in the s of the court by becoming shareholders in enterprise looked upon with favor by the ereign. But it seems to me hardly credible t any one of these possessors of superfluous lth who had placed part of it in shares of obrazoff's enterprise, which presented all l characteristics of a political adventure ner than of a sound financial speculation, ld have counted upon any, let alone colos- returns from investments in such an obvi- ly wildcat scheme. My belief is that these ple were acting either under the influence ome patriotic delusion or from motives of bbish subserviency to a fad which they w to be in momentary favor in high quar- . But they could hardly be said to have rved the obloquy heaped on them as reck- speculators willing to sacrifice their coun- s interests and welfare to their sordid d. It is, however, quite within the bounds ossibility, and in fact likely enough, that r should have become themselves objects xploitation by such shady or merely needy racters as are apt to turn up wherever btful politico-financial schemes seem to r fair chances for easy money to be made.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Tame Pigeons in the Temple

The meteoric appearance in our bureaucratic heaven of a erratic luminary, whose career was as short-lived as it as dazzlingly brilliant, produced nevertheless a most distrous effect by deflecting the orbit of the leading statesman whose firm grasp of the rudder could have steered the ship of state through the breakers, though they were partly of his own creation, into the safe haven of peace. But this is a subject to be touched upon later in connection with the development of events after my arrival in Japan.

Our departure from Europe unavoidably suffered some delay from the necessity partly of preparing for an unexpected new change of residence, partly of combining my plans with those of Mr. Iswolsky, who was under orders not to leave Japan before my arrival. At last, in the beginning of March, we were able to start, and after a delightful passage through the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean we reached our destination on April 12, 1903. Steaming up the Bay of Kobe we found the whole Japanese fleet at anchor in the roadstead. Captain Roussin, our naval agent and an old friend of mine, who had come to meet us, explained that the Japanese fleet had been gathered there for the purpose of being reviewed by the Emperor, who was temporarily in residence at Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, at about an hour's distance by rail from Kobe. He also brought me a letter from Mr. Iswolsky informing me that it had been arranged that we were both to have our audiences with the Emperor at Kioto, for the presentation of our letters, his of recall and mine of credence, and that he was awaiting my arrival at Tokio for the transfer to me of the legation, his family having already left for Kioto.

I thereupon made up my mind to proceed alone to Yokohama and Tokio and to send my family to Kioto, there to await my return. Having seen them off to the station I went with Captain Roussin to pay a visit to the captain of the Askold, one of our fastest cruisers, sent by Admiral Alexieff from Port Arthur to be present at the imperial review. After luncheon the captain took us on shore in his steam cutter and on the way he offered to give me a chance to have a good look at the Japanese fleet, which presented indeed a very imposing sight. While we were creeping along up and down the lines of the fleet at a modest gait of some five or six knots an hour I was much struck by the smart appearance and extraordinary speed of the double-funneled Japanese steam cutters which were flitting to and fro between the ships and the shore. It occurred to me to ask the captain of the Askold what he thought of the Japanese fleet.

He replied that the material part of the Japanese Navy seemed to be excellent indeed, but that he had his doubts as to the personnel's coming up to the mark as regards the handling of their ships. This was the same captain who, little more than a year later, at the time of the ill-fated sortie of our fleet from Port Arthur, was compelled—evidently on account of the not unskillful handling of the Japanese fleet—to seek shelter in a neutral port. It seems to me that undervaluation of the enemy's forces and efficiency, so common at the time among naval as well as military authorities, had not a little to do with, and in fact was one of the main causes of our defeat in the war, just as our supercilious assurance that tiny Japan would never dare to attack the Russian colossus helped to bring it on.

Captain Roussin, however, one of the ablest officers of our navy and a man of great intelligence and sound judgment, who had listened in silence, with a sarcastic smile playing on his lips, to my conversation with the captain of the Askold, did not by any means share the latter's superficial views. What he told me of the organization of the Japanese Navy, the condition of its fighting units and the thorough efficiency of its personnel, together with some unspoken but in his mind palpably entertained misgivings as to the conditions prevailing in our own fleet, gave me food for most serious and very painful reflections in regard

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Temple in Yokohama

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hanging Lanterns in a Tokio Temple

MAD HACK HENDERSON

All Day This Column Plodded Forward Slowly—Not More Than Two and One-Half Miles an Hour, But Forward

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"HIST there! Hist! S-s-s-s-t!" This stream of sibilant warning came unheralded out of the darkness of a desert landscape. "Don't you hist at me, durn you!" protested a voice that affected to scorn precaution and yet was sufficiently muffled that it expressed hot sarcasm without at the same time carrying more than the half dozen paces which separated the second speaker from the first.

The minatory whisperings ceased. For a moment silence—tense, tingling silence—reigned in the swimming dusk of the night. Then a boot heel crunched in gravel, a twig snapped underfoot and the sounds of laborious human breathing were wafted up the side of a barren knoll, proclaiming to the alert watcher upon its top that someone scrambled stealthily up to him. Yet the sentry peered not back in the direction of those stealthy creeping sounds, but forward—southward at a faint, floating, paler patch in the gloom and beyond to where the sable shadows that were Mexico piled themselves higher.

"See anything?" panted a voice from close behind after the lapse of an interval.

"You reckon I got cat eyes?" grouched the sentry.

"Hear anything, Dave?"

"You better b'lieve I heard something, Hack!"

A radiant, whimsical moon chose this moment to wheel out from behind a patch of cloud and flood all the scene with a soft silvery illumination that picked out high spots and threw low ones into contrasting obscurities that were more impenetrable than before. Among other features of the land, effulgent Luna revealed this hillock and upon the top of it two United States cavalrymen armed with saber, rifle and pistol, and with campaign hats upon their heads. Seasoned scouts as they were, expert in the tricks and the treacheries of desert night as of the desert day in this inhospitable area, they were lured into staring curiously upon the pale beauty of the scene, even though realizing that their presence in this exposed spot had suddenly become conspicuous. The air whined above them sharply.

"Umpah!" murmured Hack, and slid downward behind the crest with a suddenness that loosed small avalanches of rolling gravel.

"Wha'd' I tell you?" demanded Dave, duplicating the maneuver.

The crack of a rifle echoed lazily out of the south.

"Bullet got here first," commented Hack. "Must 'a' been a good piece off—half a mile perhaps. Where's 'e, you think? 'Bout on Sentinel Rock, huh?"

"And picked us out here on the knob. Good eyesight, but rotten shootin' as usual."

"It was the flash of the moonlight on our rifle barrels. Durned if this don't get my goatee, bein' sniped at by them spiggoties all the time, and ain't allowed to snipe back. How long is it since one of 'em killed old Snakes right out from under me, the best darn *caballo* a man ever threw a leg over?"

"Yeh," agreed Trooper David Galloway, "and that's what makes patrol work on this sector class as an extra-hazardous occupation. But—snipe back? Why, Hack, I'm surprised at you! That's the sovereign domain of our sister republic, Mexico, over there, with whom and which we are at peace. Ain't you had that mentioned to you a number of times?"

"I ain't a-proposin' to snipe back," argued Hack. "I'm just going over there to Sentinel Rock and gather that bird. I been wanting to get me a Villista for quite some little time anyhow, and now's the chance."

"You'll get you a stretch in Leavenworth's about what you'll get you. Know what they're handing the boys that sets off on one of these little private wars?"

"Any change'd be a relief," affirmed Hack recklessly. "I'm fed up to the back teeth on this patrol stuff and due for a little excitement, Dave, and I'm goin' to crawl out yonder and get it."

"And what does the captain say, Hack?" reminded Dave in tones of gentle chiding. "'Patience, men, patience—and self-control'?"

"Self-control? Sure! I'm not going to kill him. I'm going to bring him in."

"Then you've got to have a whole armful of affidavits to prove that he was sniping. 'This here old Hack Henderson from E Troop,' the court's going to say. 'What's his reputation for truth and veracity?' And they're going to find out that for truth his reputation isn't hardly up to middling, and as for veracity, some says he will and some says he won't, so six months in the guard and two-thirds of your pay took away—that's about where you're going to get off. And it might be Leavenworth. Everybody's so darn touchy about this border thing."

"That good old squarehead, Jorgenson, won't be along here for two hours yet," opined the undeterred Hack, glancing at his wrist but referring to his sergeant. "We can mop off the top of Sentinel Rock and be back here in three-quarters of an hour if you don't mind a little wading. The river's lower'n I ever saw it."

"But suppose there's six men up there instead of one?"

"Villistas? Carranzistas? Make it a whole dozen of 'em, all one kind or half and half, and us two can bring 'em in. I can take care of eleven and a half, Dave, and you're good for half a spig any time you're feelin' fit—you know that, buddy."

"You big blowhard! If it wasn't just to take care of you and bring you back safe and help you lie out of the mess I wouldn't go along at all," professed indignant Trooper Galloway. "Besides, they'll turn him loose with apologies."

"That'll be up to them," declared Hack. "I'll turn him in with his rifle hot in his hand—the man that tried to murder a United States cavalryman on United States soil."

"Yeh!" grunted Dave.

The two men descended the hillock in silence, made sure that their horses were safely tethered, left their sabers upon their saddles—for the saber is a mounted man's weapon if it is anybody's, which begins to be a question—and, rifles in hand, sneaked southward into darkness and uncertainty, crouching low in the mesquite and flitting across sand bars or w- ing shallow currents only at sp s where friendly shadows of towering bl or upturned formations made conce- ment sure.

Sentinel Rock stuck up like a thumb one hundred f t above the surrounding wash on the southern lip of the l o Grande. It was a favorite spot for the lookouts of sm - glers or horse thieves, and such a lookout—when he f t himself safe from discovery or attack—could seldom re t a cowardly shot at the cavalry patrols whose lonely figu s were often visible from it. Access to the summit was b a single rocky path, and this path the two troopers gai and negotiated in absolute silence. At its end they s - prised a fat Mexican engaged in fighting off the chill a boredom of the night by squatting over a tiny fire screened by stones that not a hint of its existence could out to the watchers across the border.

"Hands up, *muchacho!*" announced Hack.

"*Los gringos!*" exclaimed the astonished man, and leap toward his gun, but Dave beat him to the weapon.

"You shot at me, you damn spig!" accused Hack.

"No sabe!" expostulated the fellow with a lip t t pouted sullenly beneath a ragged, drooping mustache.

"You sabe this, all right!" suggested Hack, and sa the muzzle of his rifle an uncomfortable inch into the s t girth of the man. At the same time he motioned that t uplifted hands should be raised higher. They were.

Dave skillfully removed a bandoleer of cartridges t diagonaled the prisoner's chest and souvenired also nasty-looking knife the handle of which protruded from sheath worn inside the fellow's breeches.

"I reckon this guy figured he was some bad *hombr* reflected Hack, and motioned the man down the trail. went, muttering.

All had been so easy that at the bottom of the desce Hack's chest expanded and his egotism preened a feath

"It's just as soft as that," he gloated, recalling Dav Galloway's doubts. "It ain't more than twenty minut till we'll be back to the post."

"Wait till we're back before you hold any victory p rade," twitted Dave. "I don't figure this spig would out here all alone. They're gregarious devils—if y get me."

There was no time to discern whether Hack apprehend his fellow trooper's recourse to the vocabulary of the high learning, for suddenly there came to each a feeling as other persons round them in the darkness which massed the screened foot of the rock. Instinctively the two m halted and commanded their prisoner to do likewise.

"You'll never be back on post," said a voice out of t night, speaking excellent English with a Chihuahua accen

"What the ——" began Hack, and did not finish. A ci cle of dark forms surrounded them. Hack fired from the h and somebody groaned. Dave fired also and strategical stepped behind his prisoner. Other rifles made rema and the prisoner sank suddenly down with a cry of grieve reproach. There was a struggle in the shadows, wit bodies hurling themselves by squads upon the tw troopers.

"Look out, Dave," warned Hack, "they'll be knifin' us!" Dave's only answer was a gurgling sound, for one man t upon his legs, a hard knee was on his belt buckle and lonlike fingers compressed his throat.

"A centipede's got me!" grunted Hack a few seconds er, fighting hard against numberless legs and arms ppling him or pummeling or kicking. "Wonder they n't knife us and be done!"

Dawn crept in softly over a range of black and yellow ls and disclosed the dying embers of a camp fire beside ock in the bottom of a dry gulch—dry except that in the ght excavation at the back of the rock there was moisture the gravel and at its very bottom water gathered slowly, upful at a time. A score of hobbled horses nosed about, king at oozing spots in the creek bottom or browsing the tenderer ends of bushes. About the smoldering were as many sleeping men, mostly barefoot, all ged, a shirt and pants their uniform, with here and there rayed khaki coat with old brass buttons on it. All lay lowed on their saddles, with sombreros protecting their es. Two sentries leaned upon their rifles, smoking arettes meditatively and glancing occasionally at their soners.

Hack lay on his side, hands bound behind him, feet also hed at the ankles, face pitted by the gravel in which his ek had been pillowed, his red hair matted in dried red ins upon his brow and temples. He wakened slowly, fusedly, as one who is bewildered at finding himself re, and flexed his stiffened muscles as his bonds per- ted. His body was full of shooting agonies. There was ontusion on the side of his face where the butt of a gun l kissed him. By a movement that probably only a v-legged cavalryman could have accomplished Hack ieved a sitting posture. With woebegone countenance ned first this way and that, he took in, detail by detail, slumbering group, the hobbled horses, the unfamiliar roundings and the naked ugliness of rocky hills and sand-strewn plain that not even the purple hues of early dawn could soften into beauty. As memory rushed full tide upon him an expression of chagrin added itself to the record already written upon Hack's grotesquely distorted countenance—chagrin and deep humility. But when he noted the sentries watching him with black malevolence in their glances his spirit flamed and his blue eyes glowed at them angrily. Then he smiled disdainfully—at them, at himself and at his plight—and swayed over where Dave, bent like a boomerang, snored on regardless.

"He's beat up some, but his musical organ ain't destroyed," Hack comforted himself. By a two-heeled poke of his lashed legs he managed to kick Dave into wakefulness. The second trooper roused with a sarcastic sneer.

"Yeh!" he recalled, gulping and licking his parched lips into that degree of pliability necessary for conversation. "Yeh! You was the bird that was going to gather that spig and be back on post in three-quarters of an hour!"

"I'll take him back yet," persisted Hack stubbornly. "Which one is he, you reckon?"

"Yeh, you will not" grouched Dave. "For one thing, he isn't here, having been kind of spoiled for prisoner purposes by some of his own friends while I was necessarily using him for a breastwork."

"Then I'll get one in his place," boasted Hack. "I'm not going back there empty-handed, you can betcher life!"

"Shut up, you big bull tosser!" snapped Dave impatiently. "Far as I read the morning communiqué, you're not going back at all. Look at this movie actor bearing down upon us."

Dave's speech had reference to a young man from among the group who slumbered round the fire. At the first sound of conversation from the prisoners he had roused and gazed across at them intently. Now he got to his feet and poised a sombrero bearing much gold cord ostentatiously upon his head. Hack got an eyeful of this personage with a single glance. "Head pirate!" he muttered to Dave. "Classy-looking spig at that!"

The young man's features were regular, attractively oval, and within a day or two had been smooth shaven except for the upper lip. His complexion was swart yellow. His costume was not a uniform, but the short velvet jacket and embroidered trousers of the Mexican gallant, with a wide red sash about his middle, in the knot of which a sheathed knife was thrust, while the holster of an automatic pistol appeared upon his hip as he advanced to a position between the two sentries and stood twirling his mustaches in a pose of picturesque nonchalance.

"*Buenos días,* general!" ventured Hack.

"You are polite," replied the general and produced the makings of a cigarette.

Hack grinned through cracked and bleeding lips as frankly confessing that his was a situation where politeness was indicated, as the doctors say. "What's the idea, not knifing us?"

"We hold you for the ransom," replied the debonair bandit, the light of cunning and cupidity mingling in his eye.

"The ransom?" murmured Hack, a look of surprise speedily giving way to one of amusement. "For the ransom!" And he laughed outright. "Ha, ha—Dave!" And he managed that double-heeled poke at Dave again. "Laugh! Laugh your durn head off! They're holding us for the ransom."

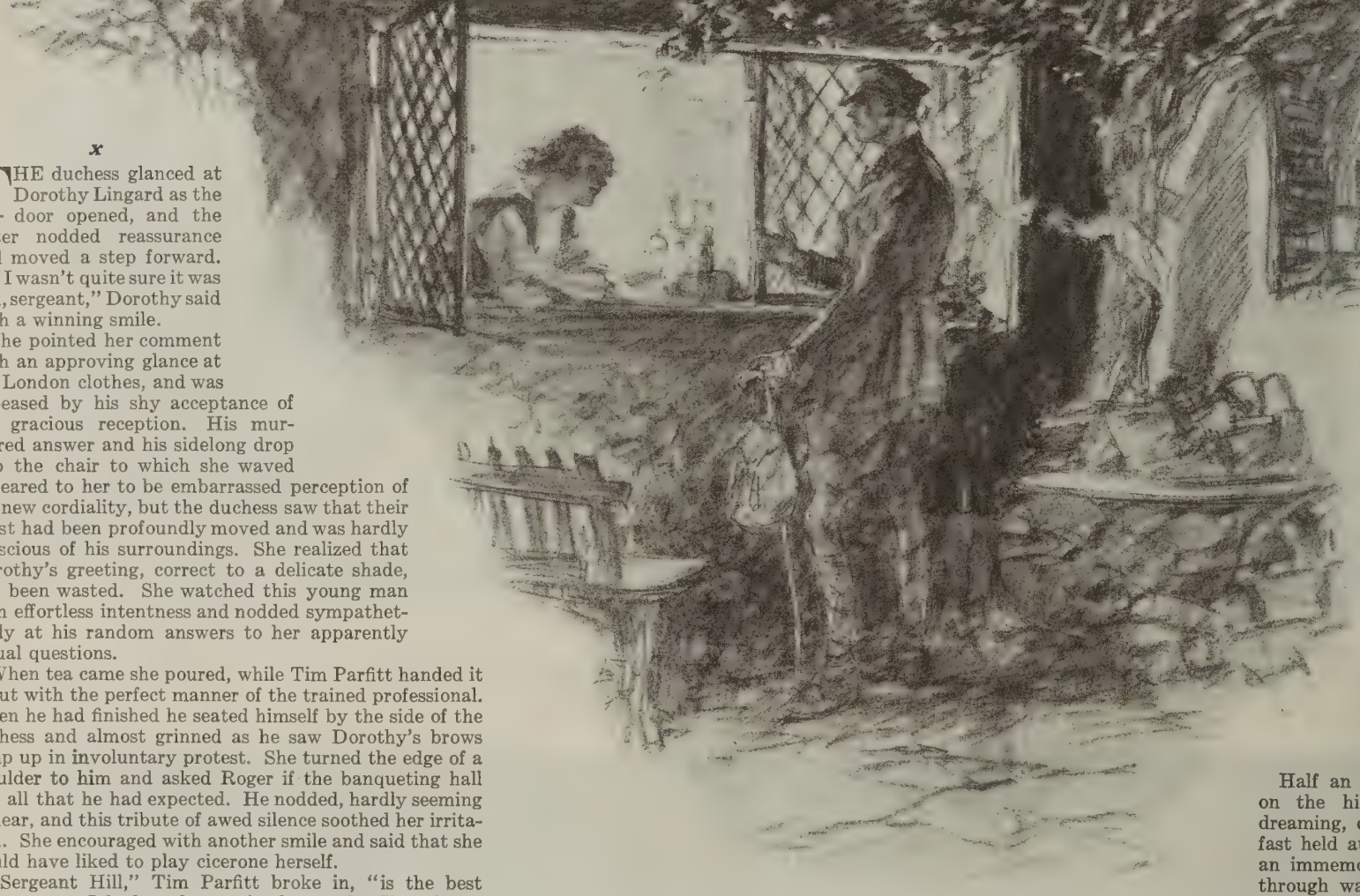
"You find it funny," observed the general, and blew a ring of smoke into the soft morning air, just a shade of resentfulness in his manner.

"You been reading about them two young aviators," explained Hack indulgently. "But you got the wrong kind, general. Take us back and swap us for a boot-looey at the least if you want to get a ransom." The idea was so preposterous that Trooper Henderson went off in laughter again. "What's the quotations on buck privates?" he resumed as if arguing with himself. "Nothing! No quotations! They ain't listed on the board at all. Uncle Sam gets 'em for nothing but wages—and darned little of that.

(Continued on Page 119)

"Thees Man I Know Ver' Well! Juan. Thees Man One Ver' Bad Hombre! He Steal My Father Goat"

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP



"You Were Beastly Rude," Charity Retorted. "Any Yankee Who Comes to This Village Shall Have Butter if I Can Get it for Him; and What More Can I Say Than That?"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

THE duchess glanced at Dorothy Lingard as the door opened, and the latter nodded reassurance and moved a step forward.

"I wasn't quite sure it was you, sergeant," Dorothy said with a winning smile.

She pointed her comment with an approving glance at his London clothes, and was appeased by his shy acceptance of her gracious reception. His murmured answer and his sidelong drop into the chair to which she waved appeared to her to be embarrassed perception of her new cordiality, but the duchess saw that their guest had been profoundly moved and was hardly conscious of his surroundings. She realized that Dorothy's greeting, correct to a delicate shade, had been wasted. She watched this young man with effortless intentness and nodded sympathetically at his random answers to her apparently casual questions.

When tea came she poured, while Tim Parfitt handed it about with the perfect manner of the trained professional. When he had finished he seated himself by the side of the duchess and almost grinned as he saw Dorothy's brows jump up in involuntary protest. She turned the edge of a shoulder to him and asked Roger if the banqueting hall was all that he had expected. He nodded, hardly seeming to hear, and this tribute of awed silence soothed her irritation. She encouraged with another smile and said that she would have liked to play cicerone herself.

"Sergeant Hill," Tim Parfitt broke in, "is the best listener ever I had, and many's the parties I've shown over the house in the old days. The Crécy banneret is gone, I see, Miss Lingard, all but a bit of rag along the staff, and the Agincourt banner is rotting fast."

"It was man to man in those days," the duchess said, looking at Dorothy; "and you Lingards always did your share."

Dorothy sat up straight. "Tim," she cried, "this room was open on show days too. Tell us about it."

Tim grinned with pleasure and rose as easily as if his leg was flesh. "This library," he said, sweeping his arms about, "is remarkable rather for its perfect symmetry than for its dimensions. Its frieze is by an unknown artist of the Stuart period, but the animated figures in low relief will bear close examination. The chimney piece of carved wood is undoubtedly from the hand of Grinling Gibbons himself. The clusters of grapes cut from pearwood are a perfect example of that artist at his best. The leather hangings ——"

Tim stopped short. The hangings had been removed.

"Just pretend they are here," the duchess said, smiling. But Tim could not remember now, and he sat down a little crestfallen.

Dorothy took up the running. "No Lingard," she cried, "ever looked at a book when he could be outdoors; nor read when he could ride. There is one precious lot of volumes in tooled morocco in a glass case, left by some degenerate ancestor; and all the rest are about horses and dogs and hounds and sport. There's Jorrocks, and Whyte-Melville, and Hawley Smart, and that lot over there stretching yards is Nat Gould of course."

"Bravo, Dorothy!" the duchess said, but Roger was in no mood for irreverence, even from the so friendly Dorothy. He had by degrees come to himself, and he now plunged into the practical in order that he might firmly establish himself as volunteer clerk of the estate.

"I went over to the timber camp this morning, Miss Lingard," he said. "I've arranged for all the camp waste. It goes to the pigs at St. Dyfrigs."

"A jolly good idea," she commended. "It will make a lot of difference to the people. Give it to them."

"Oh, no," Roger said. "They should pay the bare cost." He waited for the lifting of the lids which asked what business it was of his; but she only asked why.

"Because every scheme should be self-supporting," he answered.

"St. Dyfrigs Park is not in business," she declared.

"It should be," he answered.

He was astonished and pleased when she promptly agreed.

"Mr. Hill," she explained to the duchess, "is helping Charity Turle and me out with the farm and the accounts."

"Need we worry you about wages, Miss Lingard?" asked the placated Tim, with the first sign of embarrassment which he had shown. "Couldn't I put it all up to Mr. Hill?"

Dorothy flushed a little, looked at Sergeant Kellie Hill, then bent forward toward her one-time footman. "Tim," she said slowly, "you've just seen all those rotting banners. There are nine there. You know that this manor was held direct from the crown and furnished one hundred bowmen at the King's command. Your ancestor was very likely an archer under mine at Crécy and Agincourt. It is so with the tenants and the cottagers. They have been Lingard people since Saxon times. And now you want a business relation, just a cold business relation, and come and go, and wages paid and no more. Perhaps you are right. But I ——" She paused. A lump in the throat obstructed.

"We'll wait, miss," Tim said eagerly. "I can hold them back until the American comes."

The duchess, surprised by Dorothy's prompt and thorough acceptance of advice, and touched by her emotion, promptly intervened. "That idea does you credit, Tim," she said, "but it is not fair to the American or to yourselves. Let him take over a contented estate where everything goes smoothly. You take now what is justly due—that is, the official wages and hours. What do you say to that, Dorothy?"

"Thank you, duchess," Dorothy said quietly. "I can see the old ties broken, Tim, because I must. But I can't do it myself. Yes, if Mr. Hill ——"

"Oh, of course," Roger eagerly exclaimed. "To-morrow, any time, Mr. Parfitt, at the Turle cottage."

The duchess rose.

"Whatever you two arrange," said Dorothy, "will be all right."

Tim went over to her and humbly apologized for having troubled her. The duchess astonished Roger by asking him to Dur Towers for h week-end. h had two ou Canadians ing, she x plained, n none was as for his own pleas on the contrary, h invitation was pa tical. Everyn knew that the ck had bought l:g landed properti Canada. He a eager to learn all a he could from t who knew the co try. Of course R had to accept.

The duchess ca out: "Didn't I e a letter for Ms Turle? Mr. il could take it."

"It's a dead t ter," was Dorot answer.

Half an hour later Roger a on the hilltop, absent-min dreaming, conscious that he a fast held at last in the thral an immemorial past. He wa through waist-high bracken came to a large imbedded r In its shade a girl was diggi fern from the side of a tiny spr and her hands were plast with soft mud. She looked up at him, he dow her. "Miss Elliott!" he said at length, starin her sane and simple white blouse and rough skir

"Sergeant Hill!" she said, on all fours, sta at his civilian clothes.

"You know my name," they remarked together.

"I got yours from the post office," she cried.

"I got yours from the police," he explained.

She rose nimbly at that.

"It's all I got," he hastened to assure her. "T refused your age."

"Your age is five years," she said, gazing at him curiou "When I was that age I believed that a bear might r from any bush, and my eyes were round and scared, like yours."

"A girl behind a rock—just as terrifying."

He drew out his handkerchief and dropped it to the sic the spring, but she continued her steady gaze. It was impertinent, nor did it embarrass him; rather, it seer impersonal to him and unconscious in her; and seeme compel an explanation from him.

"I've seen the past," he said.

"Not your own," she answered, smiling. "It might h shocked you more, but it would have surprised you le

He pointed to the spring and then to her hands, and washed them and dried them on his handkerchief.

"Come here," he said. He led her only a few steps.

"See that house?" he said, pointing to the chimn of St. Dyfrigs Manor House far below. "There's a l there behind—a hall, it seems to me, as big as a field, a older than the other part, with some of the old Sa stones left, and always repaired as it had been built. has no ceiling, but great oak beams, rough hewn, cr high up. See that little knob? They call that a lante It's a tiny tower. It sticks up from the peaked roof. covers what was once a hole open to the sky where smoke rolled out from the big fire in the middle of the h There's a great chimney piece thirty feet high, of sto with Tudor roses cut in it and a boar's head—the crest the Lingards. There are little flags and pennants brou back from the wars by Lingards. Lingards built the h in the time of Edward the Confessor, and they've b there ever since. There's a girl there—the last of English race—and because she's a girl she has to turn o

She must give all this up. She must hand over all this splendid past and slip away ——"

"He's come!" Miss Elliott was excited. She bent forward, poised on tiptoe and looked eagerly at Roger. "Is he married? Or not the right sort? It is hard on her."

Roger stood gazing down at the distant house, and went on speaking almost as though to himself.

"Suppose he came," he said. "She'd marry him, I dare say. That's the English way. She'd be right. She'd be saving a past that belongs to her for herself and her children. But what about him? He would have the American idea, wouldn't he? He might like her a lot; or not. That wouldn't matter. What would matter is how much she liked him. He wouldn't know. He might never know. He'd be sure of only one thing: That she was marrying the property."

"She would marry him," Miss Elliott confirmed. "And you are right, he might never know." She was puzzled, yet moved to sympathy by his profound yet repressed feeling.

"If he came and she did not know who he was," he went on, "she would refuse him, even if she liked him. He would seem to have nothing to offer but himself. That way wouldn't be fair to her."

A smile flickered across Miss Elliott's lips. She bent forward and flung an eager, questioning glance.

"Nor any other fair to you, Roger Lingard," she said softly.

He turned on her with an angry look, which was nevertheless an admission that she had guessed aright. Her eyes drooped. A slow pink stole over her whole face and her neck, and even down the opening of her blouse.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I didn't know. I wasn't sure. I just tried you. And your look answered."

A long silence. Then he said abruptly: "They know down there too." He pointed toward the chimneys. "If I give myself away to you, how much more surely to them? You're straight anyhow. You tell me you know. They're suddenly all honey and sugar. They treat me as an equal, and a duchess asks me to her house. That's crooked."

This sudden conviction that they knew cut him deep.

"I don't believe it," Miss Elliott announced flatly.

The scowl on his face lightened at her confident words. He had no ground for them, but she had to comfort him.

"Would you care ——" she said with a pretty hesitation. "I do not wish to intrude, but if I knew just what happened. . . . You said things to me you couldn't possibly have said to them."

So he told her everything. They strolled back to the rick, on which his handkerchief was drying, and she listened with the eagerness that any girl must give to a story so absorbing. In the end she gave judgment.

"Tim Parfitt's presence settles it," she declared. She was not sure, but Roger was so miserable that she had to say it. "They were kind to two soldiers. They do not know."

He wheeled and looked into her eyes, doubting, questioning. She met his gaze as directly as though she were absolutely certain of the truth of his words. She smiled and nodded reassurance.

"You are fooling them, you know," she reminded him, and she eyed him slantwise with an effort to express reproof. "Any girl would want to pay you out."

"It is not the same thing!" he cried hotly. "I mean only good to her—to everybody. But her pretense not to know me would be a fraud—just that—and would let me out."

Miss Elliott nipped a laugh before it was even a smile. "Let you out of what?" she asked.

Roger flushed and turned away impatiently. "It would," she continued with a not unpleasant note of malice in her voice, "leave you free for Charity. Oh, don't look so angry. It isn't personal; it's the estate."

She teased, but her banter was marked by tact and charged with sympathy. She was extraordinarily exhilarated by her discovery, and frankly showed the pleasure she felt in his confidence. She made him admit that he was glad he had been found out and that it was a relief and a help to talk about it to her. She encouraged him to match himself against the beautiful duchess.

"Five minutes with Her Grace," she said, "will show you. If she does know who you are and if she does plan to marry you to Miss Lingard you should be able to see the trap and keep out of it. The bait—what a shame to call beautiful Miss Lingard bait ——"

Miss Elliott paused, became reflective and gazed into the distance.

"Well?" Roger prompted.

"The bait," she said slowly, "is enticing. Miss Lingard is very attractive, I should say."

"Yes," Roger admitted, eying Miss Elliott's sane and simple dress in a kind of wonder. It changed her so utterly. It inspired confidence; and how greatly it became her!

"But then," she added pensively, "so is Charity, from all accounts."

"Yes," Roger somberly agreed.

She picked up her fern and they walked together toward the house; and Miss Elliott suddenly broke into peals of laughter.

Roger seized a stick and viciously struck the heads off from thistles.

"You are a rose," she murmured as they parted. "Which shall pluck you?"

He strode angrily away.

XI

IN THE absence of all means of conveyance Roger Lingard walked to the home of the Duke and Duchess of Cloyne. With the friendly courtesy of the countryside a girl driving a milk cart gave him a lift of three miles. She had had a dancing school in Bristol, she told him, before the war, but now got up at five every morning, groomed three cart horses, milked two cows, and had gained thirteen pounds in weight. Everybody now had dancing fever in towns, she said, and she could go back and make a lot of money, but she was going to stick it out on the land. Not that she cared a lot for the country, but her boy was not coming back from France to insurance; they were going to be married as soon as peace came, and get a bit of land somehow.

"They all want it," Roger said. "Does he know farming?"

"No," she answered with a proud smile; "but I do."

Roger thought of the bent backs of the French peasants who sweated a living from a few acres, and of the prematurely aged women bowed by ceaseless labor. He looked at the strong supple figure of this girl with the burnt cheeks, and something of his thought must have appeared in his face.

"I know," she said with a sober confidence; "sixteen hours a day for both of us; but he can never sit on a stool again and figure premiums. We choose it."

He shook hands and wished her well when their ways parted, but he shook his head afterward. So many soldiers had land hunger, and in the awful trenches dreamed of farming as a paradise; and they had little capital and no experience. How could his estate help these land-hungry comrades? That was what he was trying to find out.

A rural postgirl with a bag of letters came booming along at a four-and-a-half-mile pace.

"Come along!" she cried, slapping him affably on the shoulder where the metal letters spelled his regiment.

He laughed and marched by her side.

"You're going Dundry Towers way?"

She chuckled with pleasure when he nodded assent, and turned arch bovine eyes on him with all the wheedling power of village coquetry. Some people were in luck's way, she declared; they would get their letters to-day after all. As for her, she couldn't take them. It was five mile out of

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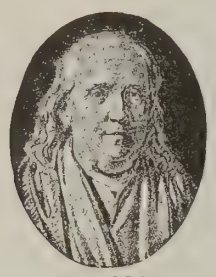
"Five Minutes With Her Grace Will Show You. If She Does Plan to Marry You to Miss Lingard You Should be Able to See the Trap and Get Out of It"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Where Capital is Going

INDUSTRIAL enterprises are raising more new capital through the sale of stocks at the present time than ever before in their history. But the direction which new investment capital takes is highly suggestive. The second greatest industry in the country, railroad transportation, receives practically none of this nourishing flood. Railroads now depend for their very life upon Government's grudging bounty, upon a guaranty over which congressional committees and diverse private interests wrangle endlessly. Like a sick giant, too large and sprawling to be easily moved, the helpless railroad industry is surrounded by scores of vociferous and contradictory advisers, each with a plan to solve the difficulty.

But no plans are needed when it comes to automobiles, rubber, tires, oil, sugar, candy, tobacco, hotels, musical instruments, motion pictures, merchandising and the like. Let concerns in these and kindred fields but offer stock for sale and the public pocketbook is opened wide. Considering only companies of the larger sort, well over a billion dollars of new industrial stocks, both common and preferred, have been disposed of since the beginning of the year. The railroads have been able to sell less than half a billion securities altogether, consisting almost entirely of bonds. New issues of railroad stocks are simply unheard of nowadays. Investors have almost forgotten that such things exist.

Nor are such utilities as street railways much if any better off. The great and essential industry of urban transportation has been so exclusively engaged with earning enough to remain alive that it has given no thought to the expansion which is impossible without new capital. Yet how can other industries prosper if railroads and street-car lines are allowed to starve? Surely the automobile has not yet reached a point where it can wholly displace the railroad. If the stoppage of railroad growth continues the time cannot be far removed when other industries will suddenly and disastrously find themselves in a straitjacket.

Ordinarily a persistently increasing demand is met by an increasing supply. If we take as examples automobiles, musical instruments, sugar, candy and motion pictures, we find that these industries are expanding by leaps and bounds. Consumption increases, but so does production. The tendency is reflected clearly in the new financing, both off and on the New York Stock Exchange, and in the relative activities of the stocks that are listed there. It may shock old-timers to watch speculators madly buying and selling shares in candy, motion-picture and talking-machine companies instead of the former railroad favorites—Reading, Union Pacific, Northwestern, and the like. But such speculation merely indicates the present trend of capital.

Of course capital is going where profits may be had; or where its owners think they may be had. There are no doubt many other reasons for the growth of the various industries previously mentioned—reaction from wartime economy, increasing wealth, rising standards of living, increasing education and what not—but whatever causes explain the growing demand for the products themselves, one factor is common to these concerns that are so popular with the investor: There is no artificial limitation upon their profits; no deadening legislation or regulation to kill the initiative of their managers.

You can tax a man against his will to make up deficits in government-owned or controlled railroads; but you cannot force him to invest his savings in railroads if he does not like the way they are managed or their prospects. Just as long as there remain industries which are free to make profits, all the capital except that supplied by the Government will flow into them. Men may vote for government ownership of railroads and say they believe in it theoretically, but they will silently invest their free capital where there is the least interference and regulation.

If the Government took over and financed every form of industry, then investors would have no choice and the Government would have to supply all capital, either through taxation or the sale of its own bonds. But if the way in which the railroads have been developed and brought up to date under government tutelage is any criterion of the rapidity and efficiency with which all forms of production will be expanded to meet increased consumptive demands under complete government control of industry—then heaven save us from such a fate!

Seeing Red in Print

THE economic salvation of our foreign-labor element, which to industrial harmony bears the analogy of iron filings to the magnet, must rest ultimately upon enlightenment. Ivan the ironworker must be taught to understand that every time he bellows "My rights!" from a corner curbstone in this home of the free and, as he believes, easy he must tacitly add in equitable deference to Brown, the other fellow, "and my duties." Brown, it is true, depends upon Ivan for plumbing fixtures. But just as surely does Ivan depend upon Brown for wage computation—a little factor no less mighty in Ivan's life than is sanitation in Brown's.

And the fact that the ironworkers are unionized and the clerks are not alters their relationship of mutual obligation not a jot.

It may be that Ivan does not comprehend that. Perhaps he has inverted unwittingly that aphorism about "right" and "might." Perhaps, indeed, Ivan's mental processes are even incapable of assimilating the principle, as immutable economically as it is physically, that for every action there is an equal, corresponding and opposite reaction. He might exude the sweat of fear rather than that of oratory if convincingly told that in digging a pirate cache for the gold of his unreasonable demands he is in reality excavating an abysmal pitfall for himself.

Perhaps on only a relative yesterday did he learn to pronounce the sonorous words now so pregnant with meaning for him. And too often, unfortunately, h textbook has been the red-and-yellow rags that in our ow and foreign tongues parade unashamed, wearing th decorous garments of newspapers.

It cannot be gainsaid that the printed word carries wi it, particularly to the benighted, a conviction not alwa justified by fact. In the hands of the self-propagandi a typesetting machine is, like a little knowledge, dange ous. With specious argument and a gullible audien the radical agitator, given access to the type fonts, armed figuratively with the ax of his selfish ambition, be used liberally on the dear old unorganized publi "Off with its head!"

It is from the white-hot pages of the red press that eith in their mother languages or in simple—all too simple English many of our foreign laborers are deriving the eternal verities. With them, seeing verily is believin especially if they see it in print. They are lamentab typocredulous. They cannot be expected to sift the s phistic chaff from the argumentative wheat. The ve oppression elsewhere that has sent them industrial ref gees to our shores bespeaks their lack of education.

Why, then, inasmuch as our gates are paradisaical open to them, shall we not go more energetically abo the business of labeling truth and falsehood clearly f them?

Throughout the war Americanization committees d much to combat pernicious doctrinaires who would ha scattered the bacilli of disaffection over the land. Here present-day unrest is a new stimulus for the efforts of a Americanizers. Recently the Boston Chamber of Cor merce inaugurated an elaborate program for the met morphosis of aliens into citizens. The city was divid into fourteen districts in each of which a committe formed mainly of English-speaking representatives of th various races in the district, is undertaking to canva and convert to Americanism everyone ten years of a or older who cannot speak, read or write English. Cor munity centers, song festivals, mass meetings, week reports and competitive medals, with the invaluable ev ning school, are the means to the end.

During the investigation of conditions among the Pitt burgh steel strikers a member of the Senate Committee Education and Labor startled the newspapers into hea lines by suggesting legislation that would compel alie who are paid in our coin to learn its English equivale for E Pluribus Unum. At a specified time after the i partial hostess of the harbor had welcomed them—t senator mentioned the liberal lapse of five years—no English-speaking aliens would be deported. Why wou not some such a law supply a practical corrective for t situation existent in one steel plant of nearly five tho sand employees where sixty-five per cent of them spe only foreign languages?

It will not be irrelevant here to consider a meth adopted unofficially at Camp Upton, when forty-two rac and creeds were donning khaki, to persuade indiffere foreigners to attend faithfully the English classes. The sessions were not part of the military curriculum and held perforce during free hours—they did not draw wi all the attraction of mess call.

One night a company commander assembled all h non-English-speaking rookies and with an interpreter f each race represented he spoke tersely to this effect: "Th best reason I know why every last man of you shou learn to speak English is that when you reach the Fro your commands will be given in English. If you can understand those commands, if you don't know enough t keep your heads down when you're told to"—he pause impressively—"you'll be killed." Then having waited f the interpreters to overtake him he concluded more to th immediate point: "Furthermore, any man who misses a English class or any part of one hereafter will do K. P duty a week for each offense. And after three offens he'll be court-martialed for insubordination."

This, someone may object, was wartime disciplin high-handed army procedure. Very well—it was kid gloveless. But wasn't it for the soldier's good in the end Maybe it is time in civil life to get off our kid gloves an get down to our knuckles.

Direct Action Versus Inaction

By SHERMAN ROGERS

WITH approximately three hundred strikes in effect throughout the United States and Canada, involving hundreds of thousands of men, and several strikes authorized that would mean actual disaster if carried into effect, the revolutionary movement has reached the stage where it is high time for every liberty-loving American who still believes in the Constitution to consider seriously the present industrial situation.

As miners, longshoremen, machinists, shipbuilders, car workmen and railroad employees have sparred for an opening that would give them an opportunity to deliver a paralyzing blow to American industry the average of employers, bankers and professional men in all walks of life has become highly alarmed over the amazing growth of the revolutionary movement in this country. There is nothing surprising about the success of the extreme radicals to those who have clearly followed the actions of the recognized leaders of the I. W. W. Syndicalist movement since July 1, 1917. There isn't the slightest question regarding the actual disruptive intentions of the crafty unprincipled leaders of the fifteen direct-action factions now struggling for control in the United States. Each one of these revolutionary bodies is striving for the same goal—namely, the dictatorship of the proletariat. Each organization has deep-seated hatred for the other direct-action bodies, so far as its individual affairs are concerned, but shrewd enough to work in the strictest harmony in all their concentrated campaigns on the fancied enemy—Big Business.

The Effect of Imaginary Wrongs

ONE of the most astounding phases of the present revolutionary epidemic is the lamentable lack of interest manifested by patriotic citizens in attempting to solve the underlying causes of the intense discontent and unrest that are sweeping over the entire country, threatening the very foundations of the American social structure. Every American citizen recognizing the responsibilities of citizenship is extremely vigorous in denunciation of the entire revolutionary direct-action movement. Yet before we condemn the rank and file of the militant organization we should take into careful consideration the specific reasons that cause the average workingman to lose his regard for long-cherished American ideals of democracy, to embrace the destructive principles of direct action. In the first place we must recognize the indisputable fact that practically every worker in America is subjected daily to the wild misrepresentations of an army of the most skillfully directed revolutionary agitators that ever fanned the flames of discontent on American soil.

Incredible as it may seem, there is practically no one taking the time or the trouble to contradict the sweeping inflammatory statements made by those provocateurs of unrest. If one word in every ten uttered by them was true no workingman could be blamed for becoming a dyed-in-the-wool revolutionist. If capital was the cold-blooded, merciless, scheming monster pictured by radicals, and if capital as a rule was actually netting the fabulous profits that revolutionary agitators emphatically charge, it would be high time for a change in the industrial system of the United States.

The rank and file of labor are embracing revolutionary doctrines because they have become absolutely convinced that the wages they receive are only a small pittance of the amount they actually earn. Hundreds of workingmen have personally told me that they were making the highest wages they had ever received, and would be perfectly satisfied with their weekly pay envelope if they thought it represented a fair portion of their actual earnings. These same men were openly avowed revolutionists because they said radical organizers had convinced them that they were not receiving more than fifteen per cent of their net earnings.

EXCELSIOR!

In other words, the American laborer is not becoming radical because of an unfavorable existing industrial condition, but for an imaginary grievance that he believes actually exists. Even though he may be entirely wrong in his deductions—and in nine cases out of ten he is—if he actually believes he is being robbed right and left it creates the same feeling of revolt in his breast as if he were in fact being outrageously cheated.

Boring From Within

TO REALIZE the scope and power of the present nation-wide movement to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat it is necessary to outline briefly the activities of its leaders during the past two years. The I. W. W. has existed in its present malignant form since it was organized, in 1904. There has never been anything secret about its avowed intention of overthrowing the present form of government; in fact open rebellion is the essence of the I. W. W. preamble, which has been openly distributed in millions of pamphlets during the past fifteen years and is still being distributed. There had, however, always existed a great deal of controversy between the I. W. W. leaders as to the most effective course to pursue in bringing about their much-heralded revolution.

In 1911 William Z. Foster, who was at that time a very prominent member of the I. W. W. and secretary of the Syndicalist League of North America, emphatically took the stand that the proper method for the I. W. W. to acquire control in the United States was to have its members give up the idea of a dual organization, join the American Federation of Labor, revolutionize that conservative body by boring from within, and thereby gain control of the entire labor movement of America. Foster had been offered the nomination for the office of editor of the

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THE CROSS PUL

XVIII

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

KINNEY and Moran sat on the edge of the rims above the cabin and Flash sprawled near them. He eyed Kinney suspiciously each time he spoke or shifted his position. Ever since finding the girl, Flash's outlook on life had been gradually swinging back to the one he had held before Moran had left him at the Bar T ranch. Since Moran's arrival at the cabin the change had been even more pronounced. Flash himself was unconscious of this change, it being the very natural consequence of his renewed association with man; but it was noticeable to Moran. His attitude toward men was now more that of dog than wolf. He did not fear Kinney, but he resented his presence here, his intrusion into the life that had been so full and complete for Flash before he came.

The one joy Kinney's arrival had brought to him was that Moran's horses accompanied the old man.

These old favorites had thrilled Flash with all the old pride and responsibility of the days long past when he had wrangled them night after night for Moran. Since Kinney had turned them out the evening before Flash had guarded them zealously, holding Kinney's horses along with Moran's on a meadow a mile or more from the cabin. The horses had been tired from the long trip across the Wapiti Divide and had alternately fed and rested quietly without attempting to leave. This had slightly disappointed him, for he craved one of the long chases after the runaways. From where he lay he could see them grazing on the open meadow.

"War Times, Girl! War Times!" He Said. "The Injuns Have Got Their Signal Fires Going All Through the Hills"

Kinney and Moran spoke but little. Both men were thinking of Betty's father, who had so recently found his last resting place near the cabin he had built so long ago. Teton Jackson's secret was buried with him. Aside from these three at the cabin—and Nash—no man had knowledge that this quiet, successful New York business man was the wild rider of the Tetons whose daring had been proverbial almost half a century before. Kinney seemed to know all about the other's past, and Moran once more recalled the rumors which linked the old man beside him with Teton Jackson's band.

"He was my friend," Kinney said after a long and thoughtful silence. "As a boy he was wilder than a hawk—but square. Ideas were different then. All men throwed a pretty wide loop those days. Looking back, I can see that way maybe wasn't the best—but rustling was what you might call a common profession then. Lots of the men who own big outfits in this country to-day started in business years ago with nothing but a long rope and a running iron. Half the countryside stood in with Teton Jackson then. He was just about the king of this whole country. I've heard men link his name along with the riffraff they say is holed up back in here somewheres. That's all wrong. If they're here at all it's because this country affords a thousand natural places where a man can hide away, not because they was connected in any way with him. He wouldn't have let a gang of those petty-larceny murderers light out here at all when he was running things. They're of a different breed from him. Don't make any mistakes, son, in your judgment of that little girl's father. Teton Jackson was a man."

Moran laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"His name doesn't need any defense," he said. "He changed sides when he saw that his former game was wrong. He played that end even better than the first. But I'm glad you told me all this, Dad."

Flash had been gazing steadily in one direction. Moran eventually noted this concentration and turned his eyes in the same direction. The horses were quiet and he knew that it was something else that held the dog's interest for so long.

He looked on beyond the horses, down the valley which widened where each new stream flowed in. Five miles below it opened onto the meadows of the Thoroughfare, one green strip of which was visible. A lazy ribbon of smoke ascended, twisting oddly about as the shifting breezes caught it.

Moran turned his glasses on the spot.

"A camp," he said. "It's behind the point of a s and I can't see the camp itself, but I saw a man h the horses out onto the meadow. It's a big out There were more than thirty horses in the string. go down and see w they are."

"It won't hurt to find out," Kinney agreed.

Moran call Flash and started the camp. Wh they passed t horses Flash lool them over until sa fied that all w there, then follow on after Mor When they nea the other camp was vastly uneas crossing the trail so many men. knew from the f that Moran held the open bottc and used no caut in his approach t he expected to none but frien Hard experience the old days at Bar T had tau Flash many thi He knew that must be with sc man in order to safe from othe When alone all shot at him on sig Therefore he did forge ahead for a view of the cam most dogs wo have done, turned the corne the spur a few behind Moran.

Several men lounged there e them curiously they approach While Moran still fifty yards a one of them ro over and set his against a large bl ened coffeepot, p ing it into the of the smoldering Distances are fa the Western hills the first though that any appro ing stranger sh be fed. The m move had b almost an unconscious one from long experience. The nodded a greeting as Moran came up, and another pulled a tarp from over the remains of their noonday m

"Thanks, boys, but I've fed," Moran declined. He down cross-legged and rolled a cigarette from the mak which one of them offered him.

One of them questioned Moran as to the likelihoo their finding many bear in this locality, and they all cussed that topic with enthusiasm.

"I've always lived in Vermont," said the man who pushed the coffeepot. "I'd like to kill a bear."

Moran glanced at him in surprise. His instinctive m to warm the coffee had identified him with the West. courtesy of an Easterner might have been as instant ous, but it would never have taken just that form. leathery complexions and sun-squinted eyes indicated these men had spent their lives in the open.

This was no sporting camp. Holsters, belts and g were old with wear, as were their clothes. Every sa which straddled a log nearby carried a battered sa scabbard, and the rifle butts which protruded from th were all the same—30–40 carbines. For some re they wished him to believe that their object was so that of hunting bear.

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Good beans every time!

The housewife who wants her beans good every time, serves Campbell's. Their high quality never varies. There are no disappointments when Campbell's come to the table. They are always well-cooked, delicious, wholesome and satisfying. The choice, selected beans are flavored with lean bacon pork and the famous Campbell's tomato sauce—rich and appetizing.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

Moran smiled at them and they knew that here was a man of their own kind; one who knew they lied. But no man volunteered any information as to the real reason of their presence here or inquired the reason for his own.

"Fine dog," said he of the coffeepot, and they turned and looked admiringly at Flash.

"Part wolf—most wolf," he qualified. He stretched forth his hand to Flash. "Come here, boy!" he ordered.

Flash avoided the hand and moved stiffly away.

"He's more or less peculiar and set in his ways," Moran explained. "I raised him and he never lets any man handle him but me."

"He'd soon make up with me," the other persisted. "I'd like to own that dog. I've got a pack horse," he suggested. "He's about as wicked looking as your wolf. He can kick, strike, buck and bite at the same time. But man! He's built! And he sure can tote a pack—weighs eleven hundred lean and was raised in the hills."

"Of Vermont?" Moran mildly queried.

"Bull's-eye!" the would-be Vermonter said regretfully. "Will you swap?"

Moran shook his head.

"He can't be bought," he said.

One of the men leaped suddenly to his feet and crossed to the point of the spur. After looking up the meadow he turned hurriedly to a picketed horse and led him back to the log which held the saddles.

"Horses pulling out?" Moran inquired, as he jerked a saddle from the log and threw it on the horse.

"Out of sight," the other admitted. "I forgot it was my turn to wrangle."

"I'll save you a trip," Moran offered.

He walked with Flash to the point of the hill and pointed up the meadow.

"Horses! Horses!" he said. "Go get 'em, boy! Go bring 'em in!"

He swung his arm and Flash raced away in the direction which he pointed out. There were numerous horse tracks in the meadow, but they all led one way. A quarter of a mile beyond he found many spots where the long grass was mashed flat and he knew that after feeding they had bedded down here for a rest. One broad trail led away from here, heading straight up the meadow, and he followed it.

The men watched until he appeared but a swift-moving speck against the green. The pine-clad hills closed in upon the ever-narrowing valley until the timber pinched out the last slender tongue of open meadow. The speck vanished among the trees.

"There's a game trail there that leads on up the hills," the wrangler commented. "He's on their trail all right. We came in that way and they're taking their back track out. Someone will have to ride herd on those willow tails every living second or they'll leave us all afoot."

Twenty minutes later Moran pointed. The horses fled from the timber and swept straight down the meadow, well bunched and running smoothly. It was a picture which appealed to these men as no other could have done. Each laggard was heeled in turn and each one laid his ears and lashed out with vicious heels as he felt the teeth. As he brought them abreast of the camp Flash veered widely to the right and forged ahead, then inclined toward the leaders and forced them to the left. He held this point of vantage and wheeled them in a circle; then a smaller circle and a smaller until they milled in one spot and at last stood while he sped around them, driving back any bunch quitter who made a break to leave.

The men watched this exhibition and their faces expressed unqualified approval. The alleged Vermonter turned to Moran.

"I've got your number," he said. "You're Clark Moran. I never laid eyes on that dog before to-day, but I've heard many a bunk-house yarn from men who have seen him work. I heard he turned killer on Wind River and that a wolfer trailed him clear back to the Bar T ranch of the Grey Bull and that they shot him there. It's my belief that they didn't shoot deep enough and that he got away. That lobo look; that wolf droop at his hips and that sliding gait of his; those yellow eyes and the way he handles stock.

"You say yourself he's a one-man dog. There's only one like that. I'll bet my spurs he's the champion of the Grey Bull—Flash."

"You've guessed it," said Moran. "Funny how the news filters into an out-of-the-way place like Vermont."

"It is for a fact," the other admitted.

Moran's mind had been working on a solution of the reason for these eight men's presence here under pretense of hunting bear and he thought he had fathomed it at last.

"I'm going to ask you one question, Vermont," he said.

The man answered readily to the name—thus are new nicknames easily acquired in this land of loose nomenclature.

"I'll answer it," he promised.

"I'm no man hunter," said Moran. "But I think I know what you're looking for and there's at least a chance that I can help you find it. You're a marshal, a ranger or a sheriff. Do you mind telling me which one?"

All eyes turned to Vermont for guidance, seeking a c as to how to answer it, and from this Moran knew t Vermont was the man in charge.

Vermont turned back his leather vest and expose marshal's badge.

"U. S.," he said. "I've deputized these other boys.

XIX

HAVING milled the horses to his satisfaction, F came back to camp and sat down close to Mo listening gravely while the men discussed the real pur of their hunt. Moran was no man hunter, as he had Vermont. It was something which ordinarily held appeal for him, this tracking down his fellow men. Moran loved this hundred-mile stretch of wildern almost untouched by the hand of man, in which he spent so many pleasant months in the past few years. was for him the most beautiful land in creation, the wor spot of the world. The fact that it had become the str hold of murderers and thieves was in itself a suffic justification for his helping to stamp them out. Primal it was something more than that, something even dee and stronger—his love for Betty—which had led to commit himself to this course.

Many times a day a wave of pure savagery posse him as he thought of the fate which would have b hers but for Flash. At such times he was filled wit desire to crush and kill that matched the most ruth strain in Flash. He reached out his hand and rested i the dog's head.

"Flash, old boy," he said, "the gulf between us i so very wide after all."

Vermont smiled understandingly.

"Not so very," he agreed. "Take them as a whole, dogs aren't so bad—not much worse than men."

"What was your particular reason for thinking y men were up in here?" Moran inquired. "Merely rumors to that effect?"

"Not altogether," said Vermont. "There's an East man, a lawyer, who is leagued with them. He's been s pected of planning and financing one or two escapes. couldn't be proved. He's too smooth for that. His seem to be in the nature of a percentage rake-off on ev crime. There's no law to prevent his taking money defend these men in the event of their being caught. O or twice a year he takes a hunt—maybe he hunts the s way we are hunting bear. Anyway, this is where he hu Take that along with all those rumors about the gang th holed up in here—well, they sent me in to look for a

(Continued on Page 34)

"I'm No Man Hunter," Said Moran. "But I Think I Know What You're Looking for and There's at Least a Chance That I Can Help You Find It"

Said young Idaho to venerable Vermont:

"HOWD'Y, distant brother, you've sure surprised me some. You know I had a notion that these old-time Eastern States were not so up and coming as they are. But now I find I haven't got a corner on all of Uncle Sam's fine scenery. And they do say Vermont granite builds the biggest monuments all over the U. S. A. Friend Vermont, I apologize, and to prove it offer you this Owl Cigar."

"Accepted," said Vermont. "We'll pledge our friendship with this mighty mellow smoke.

"I'll give you credit, young Western Pioneer, for many things. Your growing mines and agriculture are bound to make you wealthier still. And your Shoshone Falls and splendid mountains will always bring you many Eastern visitors."

* * *

AMONG THE widely different tastes of all the States we found a common one—an uncommon liking for the Owl Cigar. But that's no wonder! What smoker doesn't welcome a mellow fragrance that never changes—that's downright dependable. Of course you know the reason for Owl and White Owl's dependability—the nearly $3,000,000 Owl leaf reserve maintained by the General Cigar Co., Inc.

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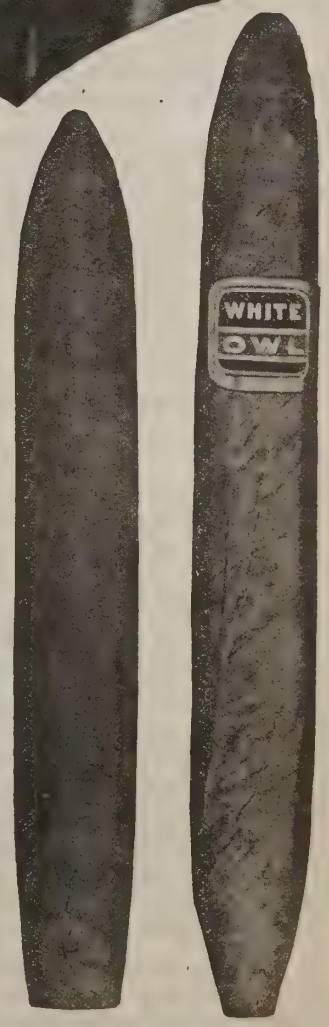


OWL 8c
2 for 15c

white OWL 9c
3 for 25c

(Continued from Page 32)

who is wanted on a Federal charge, with instructions to investigate any others I could find."

"Nash!" Moran exclaimed.

"Absolutely," said Vermont. "That's the man! Even if we'd find him prowling round up here we couldn't touch him. Any man has the right to do that. I've never seen him—wouldn't know him if I did. Would you?"

"I certainly would!" Moran stated. Many things were now quite clear to him. He had wondered how these men who had attacked the girl managed to live through the long winter and spring when the passes were blocked with snow. They could kill enough meat in the fall to last them through—it would freeze and keep—but they would need other things. These were marked men and they could not easily appear in the towns and buy supplies. They could go in and out themselves, revisiting old haunts when the hunt for them had died down. They might raid and rob and get back to the hills unseen, but they could not supply so large a number of men with food except through outside help. Nash's connection with them pointed to the identity of this outside man—Brent. Moran recalled his frequent absences from home, the isolation of his cabin in the little blind basin from which a deep gorge led far back into the hills. A few trips with a pack train in the summer and fall would solve the problem of winter food. He explained this to Vermont.

"Very likely," he returned. "What's your idea of the best way to locate them?"

"Track them down with Flash," said Moran.

"But he's no trail hound," Vermont objected. "Collies, shepherds and the wolf breeds won't hold a trail."

"That's because they're trained for other things," Moran pointed out. "It's harder to teach them to hold a trail than it is to train a hound whose natural inclination already leans that way—but it can be done."

"But it will take a month to train him." Vermont was not convinced.

"Not more than two days," Moran corrected. "Three at the outside. A hound wouldn't do at all. You'll need a silent trailer for this job, a dog broken to track at the end of a leash. One that will lead you up to them without a sound. His actions will tell us when we're close to them—when he catches the body scent ahead. We can start breaking Flash on a friendly trail—yours."

Vermont looked doubtful.

"I know considerable about dogs myself," he said. "I don't relish having that wolf turned loose on any trail of mine. That breed of a dog don't know when to quit."

"One more reason for keeping him in leash," Moran explained. "When we overtake you he'll see that there's no resulting fight. He'll soon learn that we're not following a trail to kill whatever we find at the end of it. He'll get the point after a few tryouts—learn that this tracking of men is only a friendly sport. Then we'll have less trouble handling him when we finally put him on the trail we want."

"It's worth a trial," Vermont decided. He was a man of action. "Let's start right now," he said.

Moran shook his head.

"In the morning," he returned. "I'm going to send him on an errand now and have him guard my horses to-night."

Moran wrote a note on a leaf of his notebook, rolled it round the elk-hide collar and fastened it with a pin. At the first sight of Moran's notebook Flash was alert. He knew what this meant, and with the knowledge came a wave of longing to be with the girl. He moved up to Moran and watched him excitedly.

"Go!" said Moran. "Go!" He waved his arm and Flash was off.

The men watched him turn up a side valley, running at top speed.

"He's an all-round dog," said Vermont.

Flash raced straight to the cabin, stopping but once and that time only to assure himself that the horses were all there. He burst into the cabin with a rush and leaped joyously round the girl. Never since finding her had he been away from her for so long a time. Then, too, there had been a certain strain attached to meeting so many men suddenly. During his outlawry he had been forced to avoid all men; of late he had avoided all but Betty and Moran. Even Kinney's presence was distasteful. He could not drop back into the old ways so completely in so short a time. He was glad to be away from them all and back home alone with her.

Betty read the note and held out her hand to Flash.

"Oh, I wish he hadn't decided to go into this thing," she said. "I'm afraid for him, Flash. I want him to be here with me. I miss him—miss him every living second he's away. It's all true, Flash—every word. I don't mind confessing it so shamelessly to you. How is it all going to come out?"

When Kinney arrived Flash dropped down to look over the horses. He spent most of the night in the cabin, but made frequent trips to make sure of the safety of the stock. Once they left, intending to cross out over the divide, but he drove them back. Half an hour before daylight Betty attached a note to his collar and sent him back to Moran.

"Take care of him, Flash. Bring him back to me. Go, boy! Take it to Moran. Go!"

Flash departed swiftly. When he had neared the other camp he was shy about approaching it. Even though he had been among them the day before, these men might shoot. He circled uphill behind it and slipped down through the timber. Figures moved about in the gray dawn. A fire blazed up. He heard Moran's voice and made a silent dash for him. The first they knew of his presence was when Moran stooped down to take the note. Each man greeted him warmly. It is almost an invariable rule that an indoor man of soft habits has little appreciation for the practical work of the staunch, half-savage breeds of outdoor dogs, while the outdoor man has a corresponding lack of interest in the parlor tricks of indoor dogs. There was not a man in the posse who did not envy Moran's ownership of this great gray wolf dog.

Immediately after breakfast Flash was launched upon his new course in training. Vermont left camp half an hour ahead of Moran, who spent the intervening time reinforcing the dog's collar with a second strip of elk hide. He attached to this a heavy rawhide thong to serve as a leash. Flash did not relish the proceeding in the least and submitted to it only because Moran willed it so. It brought memories of the tedious hours long ago when he had been chained to some one spot or other, unable to chase jacks or otherwise amuse himself.

Moran led him from camp, taking a course diagonal to the one Vermont had chosen. At first they traveled with considerable difficulty. Moran had fastened the thong to his heavy belt, and Flash persistently refused to learn that he could not swing out to the side and pass on the opposite side of a tree. Moran, instead of following round, which appeared the more simple course, pulled Flash back each time to his own side of the tree. This was to teach him more quickly that they must both follow the same course. Flash quite often started off at a tangent to investigate anything that happened to interest him.

A snowshoe hare, whose coat was in the course of transition from the pure white of winter to the dark gray of summer and which was now splotched with maltese and white, leaped from his bed and started away. Flash was after him with one leap which threw him flat at the end of his leash and jerked Moran to his knees, his back jarred by this lurch at his belt. Progress was slow and erratic for the first mile, much easier the second, and from then on they proceeded without difficulty. Flash had learned that it was better for all concerned if he chose the same route as Moran.

Moran commenced circling when three miles from camp. Every few feet he stooped and examined the ground narrowly. He persisted in this course until it was impressed upon Flash that he was searching for something. His ears, eyes and nose informed him that there was nothing of interest in their immediate neighborhood, so he was not much concerned. However, Moran's behavior at last roused his own interest and he watched him curiously, wondering what this thing could be for which Moran sought so long.

They neared a low ridge, the prearranged spot where Moran was to find Vermont's fresh trail. When within a hundred yards of the crest Flash caught the scent and knew one of the men from the camp had passed less than an hour before. He did not in any way connect this with the thing for which Moran still hunted. As they topped the ridge Moran pointed triumphantly at the plain print of a boot in the gravelly soil. Flash sniffed it critically, but it told him nothing which he had not known for the past five minutes. Moran turned down the ridge on the tracks. They were of small consequence to Flash, and it was some time before he fully realized that they interested Moran. Had they been those of a stranger he would have known this sooner, as his own quickened interest would have rendered him more alert. There seemed no good reason why Moran should trail this friend whom he had seen so recently. The one outstanding fact remained that—whatever the reason—Moran was deliberately tracking him.

Once sure of this, Flash began to help, unconsciously at first, then with deliberate intent.

The trail was an easy one for a tracker of Moran's ability, but he lost it intentionally time after time. As he veered away from it and circled to pick it up Flash moved back to it. At first he did this without thought that he was helping Moran. Each time he was lavishly praised. Later he sensed that Moran required his help. He was not surprised that his master seemed to have difficulty in working out this trail. There is one bit of knowledge which comes to but few animals: only the grizzly and a few of the more intelligent dogs who have hunted much with man or have been hunted by him seem to know that man follows a trail not by scent but by the sight of the tracks. All animals know that their back track is a source of menace and they watch it. When followed many of them double and twist, exercising every ingenuity known to them to break their trail. Close study will prove conclusively that they have broken it to confuse the nose, but not the eye. The grizzly and a few renegade dogs have the sagacity to cross territory which leaves no tracks, working for invisibility without regard for scent when trailed by man.

There was no longer the slightest doubt that Moran is following this man. Flash bristled slightly. Only one possible reason occurred to him. Men who were apparently friends one moment sometimes fought the next. Moran had fought with Brent. Flash had seen many sudden quarrels spring up at the Bar T ranch. Even when these disputes had not culminated in a physical clash the voices had frequently been hoarse with anger—much as dogs are prone to snarl, even if there is no resulting fight. Not that Flash retained any precise recollection of every such event, but their cumulative effect had implanted the knowledge that even friends disagreed among themselves.

Moran showed no anger, and this puzzled Flash. In spite of that the longer they followed the trail the more Flash's distrust of the other man deepened. At last he caught the body scent and snarled. They found Vermont seated in the center of an open park, and Flash bristled fiercely. Vermont hailed them joyously and Moran answered him in kind. There seemed to be no hostility between these two, but Flash's doubt still persisted and he walked stiffly as they approached and never once took his eyes from the man they had tracked until Moran sat down a few feet away and rolled a cigarette. Then Flash relaxed and his indifference to Vermont returned.

XX

LATE in the afternoon Kinney rode into camp, leading Moran's favorite saddle horse as the note had asked. He brought also the news that Harmon was camped some five miles east of the cabin. He had seen the pack train winding down a ridge and later had located the horses grazing on a meadow. With the aid of his glasses he had identified them as Harmon's string.

Moran had speculated over the possible number of men they would find when Flash led them to their retreat. There might be many, and it was certain that they were desperate—men who would never surrender. He had made another proposition to Vermont to which he had at last agreed. Harmon's opportune arrival simplified the carrying out of this plan. As a consequence, when Kinney left it was with the promise that he would visit the ranger's camp on the following day. He carried both a letter and a verbal message from Moran. The letter was for the owner of the Bar T ranch, asking for the services of as many men as could be spared for the next two weeks. The verbal message was for Harmon, asking that he undertake the long trip to the Bar T and bring the others back.

Moran knew that both requests would be granted at once. Those men to whom he appealed were friends of long standing. Harmon and the Bar T boys would stay in a separate camp until their help was needed.

Shortly after Kinney's departure Flash grew restless. He longed for the girl and the quiet of the cabin. Moran noticed it and once more sent him off, a note fastened to his collar. Even if he had not, Flash would have soon slipped away.

The following morning he reappeared at the camp at daylight and his training was resumed. After the first experience on the previous day he had tracked Vermont no less than half a dozen additional times—enough so that he was heartily tired of it. This mode of traveling at the end of a leash bored him exceedingly.

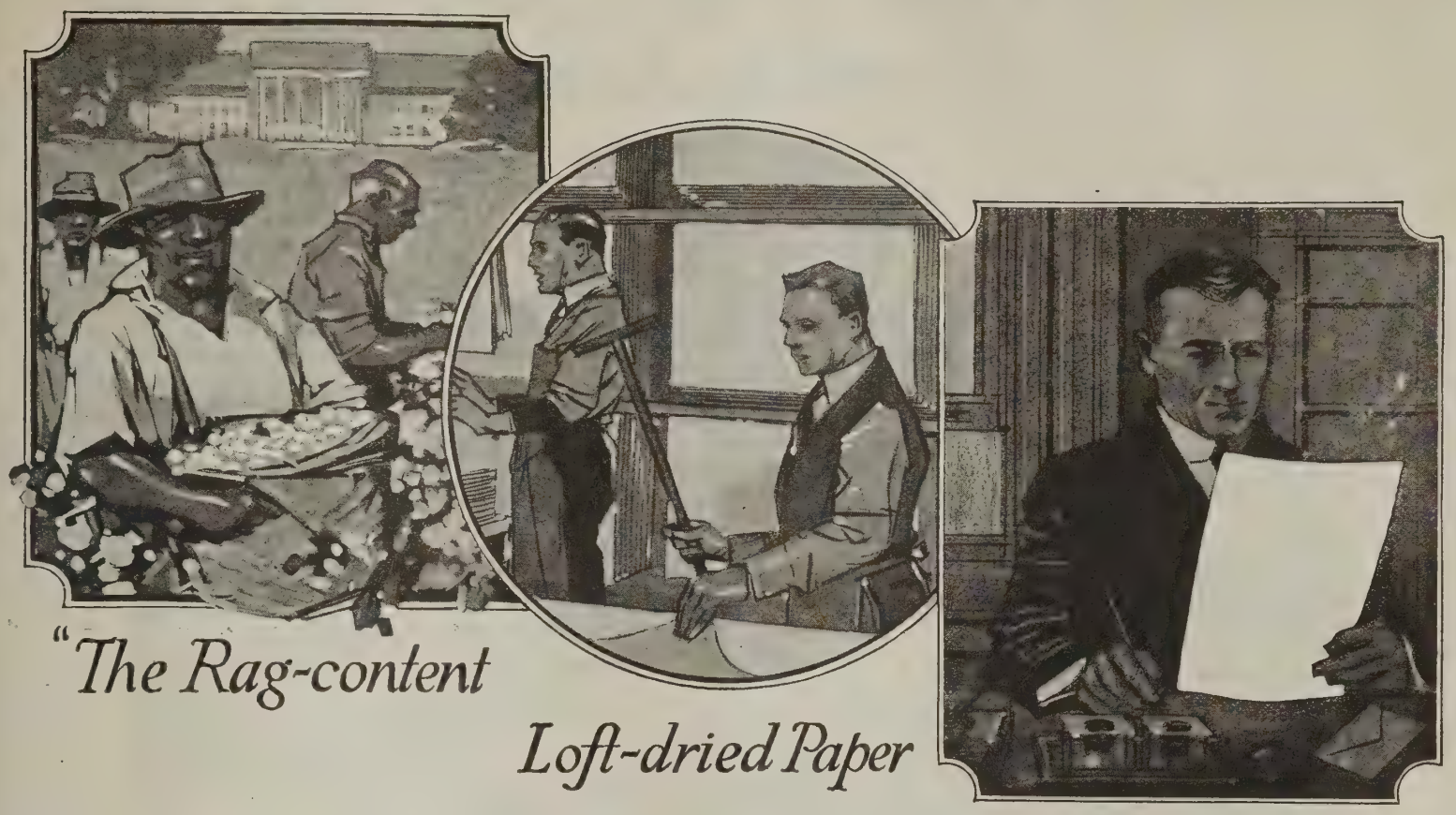
The second day was spent in the same way as the first, except that they tracked many different men. He had now learned what Moran desired, and on each new trail he increased the amount of help until at last he took the lead altogether, following the tracks at the limit of his leash. Every period of trailing was preceded by one of circling and hunting in the timber. These invariably terminated at the trail of some man, and Flash soon discovered that it was for men that Moran was hunting. Once sure of this, he started at the first trace of man scent, tugging at the end of the thong.

Of all the things which Moran had taught him he cared for this the least. Perhaps it was because of the restraining thong. Whatever the reason, he deemed it a vastly stupid game without point or end, this trailing of a man, and finding him only to start out almost at once in search of another. If he had considered only his own inclinations he would have avoided rather than have sought them. He held to this business for the one reason that it pleased Moran, whose praise was so well worth working for. By the end of the second day he would follow any trail on which Moran started him.

The morning of the third day Moran and Vermont rode away from camp shortly after Flash returned from spending the night at the cabin.

Moran knew the country as well as any man and he had gone over it in his mind, first eliminating all places which seemed unsuitable for sheltering the men they sought. Some were discarded for one reason and some for another. The full length of the Wapiti Divide was the first to go. Hunters scoured the Shoshone slope every fall and frequently came across and worked along the near side. If the camp had been there it would have been discovered

(Continued on Page 169)



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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Making Our Rivers Work

ENOUGH hydroelectric energy is running to waste here in the United States to equal the daily labor of 1,800,000,000 men, or thirty times the adult population of the nation." So says Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. If this is the case it is plain evidence that what we need to-day is a wider and more intense application of mechanical methods for doing things.

Though the total industries of the United States use about 180,000,000 horse power annually the manufactories of the country require for motive power about 25,000,000 horse power. Of this amount approximately 18,000,000 horse power has been developed by coal. Conservative estimates indicate that we have at least 40,000,000 water horse power in the United States still undeveloped, or a total greater than the power now employed in all the manufacturing and electric plants in the entire country.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Largest Hydroelectric Development in the World, Located at Keokuk, Iowa, on the Mississippi River

The records show that in producing our bituminous coal we employ about 1.21 men per annum per thousand tons of coal mined. In the transportation of each thousand tons of coal the services of 1.02 men are required to work a year. In handling and firing each thousand tons of coal in our central steam stations we further require the services of half a man, so that the total labor required in the production and consumption of every thousand tons of bituminous coal, on a basis of one year's time, is 2.73 men.

Now practice has shown that in this country a thousand tons of steam coal produce approximately 128 horse power for a year of time. As a consequence it is evident that if we were to develop all our available 40,000,000 water horse power and put the same into service we should do away with the necessity of mining 312,500,000 tons of coal a year. If we carry the thought a little further we discover that in the mining, hauling and utilization of this vast quantity of coal we must employ 853,125 workers of one kind and another. But to operate the 40,000,000 available water horse power we should need only 45,000 men. Therefore we are able to reduce the matter to the substantial fact that the harnessing of all our water power would release more than 800,000 men for other work than mining and handling coal. Stated another way, we may say that for every 49 hydroelectric horse power we develop and utilize, one man is released from a mine, railroad or power plant.

Coal has been our principal source of power, but as the years pass this fuel is rapidly being exhausted. The use of water power, unlike coal, does not reduce the total supply. Engineering knowledge, coupled to a study of Nature's laws, has greatly increased the efficiency that may be had from water-power developments. In earlier days the engineer considered himself lucky if he could succeed in utilizing 35 per cent of the actual power in the minimum flow of a stream. To-day an able engineer using direct-connected hydraulic turbines of modern design can get effective service from 90 per cent of the actual power in the flow of the stream.

The art of using water power, of course, is not new. The Chinese employed crude wheels on the Yellow River, and the Hamites on the Nile three thousand years ago. The power thus generated was used principally for grinding corn. Undershot wheels were used until the middle of the eighteenth century, when John Smeaton showed that if the bucket wheel were changed into an overshot form its efficiency could be nearly doubled—that is, increased from 35 per cent to more than 60 per cent. The overshot wheels were built of great size. One in the Isle of Man built in 1865, and said to be still operating, is 72 feet in diameter and develops 150 horse power. A number of overshot wheels are still being used to furnish power for old mills in New York State. An interesting example of this type of wheel is the Burden water wheel at Troy, New York. It is constructed of iron, and is 60 feet in diameter. It has a horse-power capacity of about 200, and was installed to operate compressed-air blowers in the manufacture of iron.

It might be interesting to people who relish stories of engineering achievement if I stopped here long enough to tell of the use of impulse wheels in India, Egypt and Syria; of how the first radial outward-flow turbine was installed in France in 1827; of the work of Henschel, who built the earliest type of axial-discharge turbine in 1837; of how the city of Lowell and many other New England towns owe their early prosperity very largely to the water-power developments, for cotton manufacturing, on the Merrimac and other rivers; of the development of the mighty power of Niagara Falls, which commenced in 1861; then of how water power was applied for driving dynamos, and finally how, in 1882, the first hydroelectric central station to be built in the United States was erected at Appleton, Wisconsin. However, let us pass over this epoch of engineering romance, retaining only the thought that the earlier peoples of the world seemed content to use a certain type of machine for several thousand years, when suddenly there came an awakening, and now not only does the succeeding generation refuse to copy its forbears but the same generation insists on constant change. In a thousand years hence how will mankind regard the achievements of to-day?

Nothing should give us more satisfaction when we look into the future, bearing in mind the rapid depletion of our coal and oil, than this amazing story of hydroelectric development. Investigators estimate that the total water power of the world represents about 700,000,000 horse power. When the greater part of this is finally developed considerable relief will be afforded to all nations in their fuel demands. Here in the United States even now, assuming that one hydraulic horse power corresponds to an annual coal consumption of eight tons, it follows that our present use of developed water power is saving us about 56,000,000 tons of coal annually. In its distribution our water power seems to have been wisely located by Nature. The Pacific Coast is practically without coal except a little in the state of Washington, yet California contains more water power than any other state.

Aside from the important saving in fuel that results, there are many other good reasons why the people of this country should give careful thought to hydroelectric developments. The loss to the United States each year from floods amounts to several hundred million dollars. Power developments on our inland waterways will materially reduce the number of floods and the damage done. Such developments will greatly benefit many communities by increasing the efficiency of river navigation and by making many streams that are not now navigable into waterways of commercial value. Every dam that is built should be constructed of adequate height to permit of possible hydroelectric development. As an example of how thought may be given to both navigation and power let me cite the case of the hydroelectric development at Keokuk, Iowa. In this instance the Federal Government granted a private company the privilege of constructing a dam clear across the Mississippi River, the result being a huge power development as well as a notable river improvement.

The exercise of proper engineering skill will give us power from the waters of our various canals, and in the case of municipal water-supply systems the opportunity is immense. One of our important cities had to go more than two hundred miles for its water, and decided to utilize the flow of this water for the generation of electric power. As a consequence of this unique scheme it is estimated the sale of the energy produced at the power stations placed along the route of the aqueduct will take care of all the bonds and interest charges on both the water system and the entire hydroelectric installation.

The opportunity for using water power on our farms is also great. Not only can the electricity so generated be easily distributed to scattered buildings, but this practice reduces fire risk in an industry where fire-fighting appliances are limited. In many districts there are small streams whose wasted energy might easily be developed and applied to doing the hard labor on the adjacent farms. A number of individual farmers acting together might find such a venture both possible and profitable, for small water-power plants to-day are relatively inexpensive.

Out in the Far West the mighty rivers are being made to furnish power to irrigate the arid lands of the neighboring plains. One great project in Arizona will open up more than a quarter of a million acres for cultivation and useful production.

Perhaps no greater field for hydroelectric power exists than in connection with the operation of the nation's railroads. Especially is this true in the mountainous regions of our Western States. One authority estimates that 5,000,000 horse power would be required to electrify the 50,000 miles of railroad in these Western States, or less than one fifth of the total hydroelectric power that it is possible to develop in the territory traversed by these railroads. As a start in the right direction one road is operating 440 miles of its main line with power generated in near-by hydroelectric stations.

America's Place in the Air

THE airplane belongs to the United States by right of discovery. Langley perceived the principle of mechanical flight in heavier-than-air machines, and the Wrights demonstrated the practicability of the idea. Congressional indifference and ridicule from a large portion of the

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erican public caused the Wright thers to turn to Europe for sympa- ic support. This gave European ons an early lead over us in avia- . In 1917, when America entered war, we made huge appropriations aircraft in an effort to catch up the rest of the world. Soon we developed a new industry em- ing upward of a half million men. had built a manufacturing organi- on unequaled of its kind in all the d. On that historic day when the gun was fired in France, American lane factories had struck their , and there were 686 more planes ir chief port of embarkation than d be loaded.

hen came the signing of the Armi- . The Government immediately eled contracts for aircraft con- ction amounting to about one on dollars. The supplementary ories—motor, furniture and other ts—reverted at once to their es- shed and profitable lines of busi- . But the bona-fide airplane stry, with $100,000,000 invested, d not get out from under so easily. only thing left for these manufac- rs was to stick to their initial avor, in the hope that commer- aviation would soon become supporting. In the light of pres- vents this appears to have been a false hope. After the ended France continued airplane construction on a war up to March, 1919. Her aircraft industry thus uraged is now in splendid position to go ahead on a e basis. As early as 1917 Great Britain foresaw the ssity of commercial aëronautical development and inted a committee on civil aërial transport. The find- of this committee are now being used as the basis for cial and legislative encouragement to the aircraft le. English production of airplanes was not shut off enly, and even now it is reported that the output is held at 250 machines each month.

he important European nations have recognized the that the airplane industry in each country cannot suc- sully bridge the gap from war to peace without some ure of encouragement. Here in the United States this has not been conceded. The treaty of peace with many denies that country the privilege of constructing raft for six months after the signing of the pact. Under terms of ex- ti legislation in our own ontry the ned States and many will be out the same otion next with the odds ly favoring eutons.

examination ir airplane anies uncov- he following tion: One rn in North- Ohio has ed all work in the course luidation. A many in Mas- usetts em- d 1200 hands ear. At the nt time, be- of no orders, nly employ- e the officers e company. he corporation ding its in- nent dor- awaiting develop- . A large many, with a pilization of $10,000,- operating in Jersey and ork, in No- r, 1918, em- d 15,008 people. The total present force numbers less than 500 persons, 450 of whom are engaged in the final accounting of war contracts. Another big corporation, which operated eight plants and employed 17,850 people in 1918, now has but 760 men on its pay roll. Only two of the eight plants are being operated at all. Of the remaining aircraft companies three are manufacturing other products, two are awaiting developments in the Government's plans and three have already liquidated.

So much for the present demoralized condition of the aircraft industry in America. The question naturally arises: What will be the consequences of our peacetime indifference to this great new art? The German admiral on surrendering his ships to the British commander remarked: "You may throw them all into the scrap heap; the future lies with the submarine and the airplane." Great Britain has expressed her dependence upon the use of aircraft for coast defense. One authority says: "The power of the plane of to-day will compare to that of the future only as a motorcycle compares to the most powerful tank."

PHOTO. BY N. LAZARNICK, NEW YORK

The First United States Air Mail Post Office in This Country, at Queens, Long Island

France has commenced the organization of aërial ports, to establish communication by dirigibles and airplanes between France, North Africa, Dakar and South America, and to operate transversal lines in France running from east to west. State aid will be accorded such enterprises. In Japan an air postal service has been inaugurated between Tokio and Osaka. It is announced from Rome that an aërial mail service has been initiated in the Island of Sardinia. Germany has twelve air routes in operation. On the Berlin-Hamburg route there are four aërial expresses each day, the journey averaging two hours and eleven minutes. All the German lines are operated by the Deutsche Luft Rederie, a combine of various German aëronautical firms. Return tickets are valid for thirty days. The traveling charges are as follows: Berlin-Hamburg, 450 marks one way, or 700 marks for the round trip; Berlin-Breslau, 500 for single passage, 750 for round trip; Berlin-Weimar, 450 single, 700 round trip. A flying kit and motor transport to and from the airdrome are included in the cost of the ticket. The total weight of passenger and luggage is limited, the thin man scoring against the portly passenger. On the Berlin-Weimar route 538 flights were made in a little more than two months. During the same period 262 flights were made between Berlin and Hamburg. Besides passengers, mails and parcels are also carried. Here we have an up-to-the-minute example of German efficiency in bringing about the fusion of all her existing commercial aviation companies. What she is doing could not have been accomplished by individual concerns working alone.

The Teutons are also planning a regular airship service between Berlin, Odense, Copenhagen and Stockholm, with the object of assuming the leading aërial position in Scandinavia, as against British and French rivals. Information comes from Zurich stating that the Krupps, of Essen, have constructed a gas turbine, one of the main advantages of which is to give airplanes an almost noiseless flight. Giant airplanes capable of carrying sixty-four persons have been propelled by the new motor. All of which is interesting in view of the fact that a clause in the peace treaty lays down that no airships shall be kept by Germany.

But Great Britain is the spot on which to focus attention when considering the future development of aviation. The British Government has offered prizes aggregating $340,000 for efficiency and safety in airplanes to be shown in an aircraft safety competition which the government will hold March 1, 1920. All entrants must be British. Great London journals are pushing the game. One paper has offered $50,000 for airplane reliability shown in flights to India. One of the reasons given for this contest is that "the future defense of British India frontiers will rest chiefly in the air." Another paper recently endeavored to show how the airplane can be used in

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PHOTO. BY N. LAZARNICK, NEW YORK

Loading the United States Mail in Airplanes at New York, Bound for Washington, D. C.

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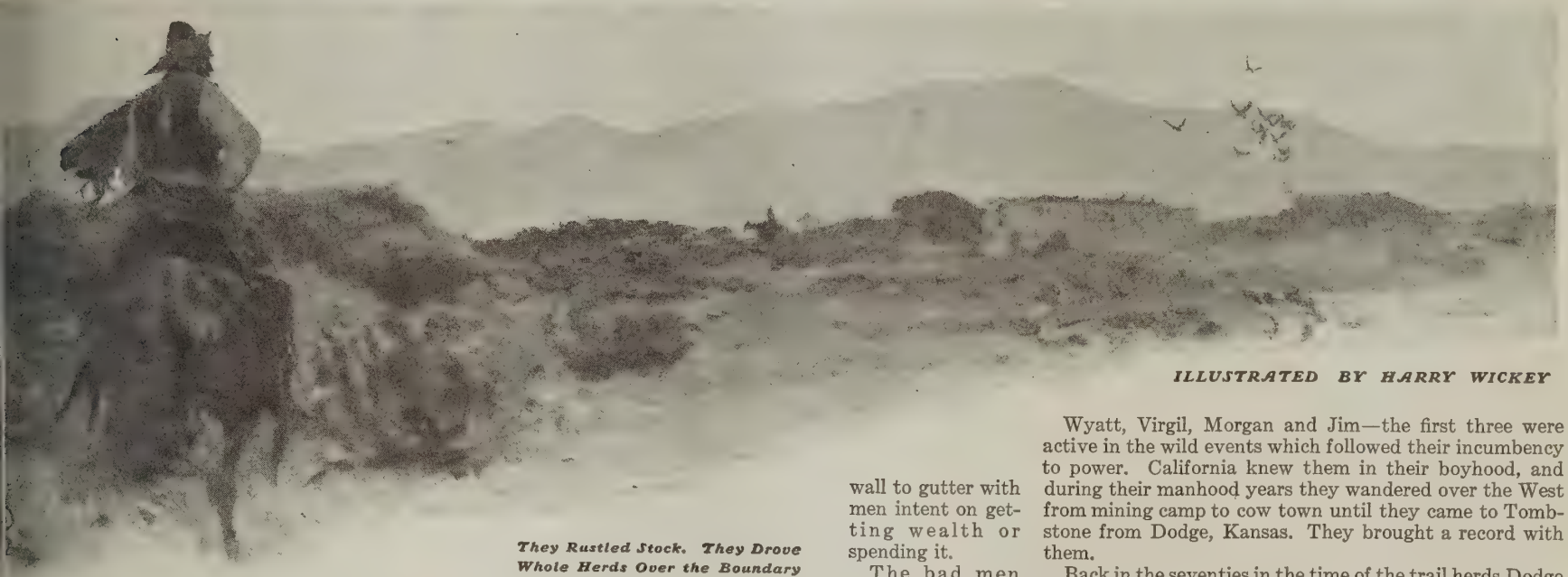
STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

Tombstone's Wild Oats—By Frederick R. Bechdolt



They Rustled Stock. They Drove Whole Herds Over the Boundary

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

THE good old days of Indians and bad men the roar-
g town of Tombstone had a man for breakfast every
orning, and there were mornings when the number
s high as half a dozen.
at is the way the old-timers speak of it, and there is a
pride in their voices when they allude to the subject,
me sort of pride one betrays when he tells of the wild
owed by a gray-haired friend during his lusty youth.
Tombstone has settled down to middle-age conven-
lity and is peaceable enough to-day for any man.
t in the early eighties! Apaches were raiding; claim
ers were battling; road agents were robbing stages;
nen were slaying one another in the streets; and take
gether life was stepping to a lively tune.
Geronimo's naked warriors were industrious. Now they
l steal upon a pair of miners doing assessment work
h sight of town. Now they would bag a teamster on
ad from Tucson; or raid a ranch; or attack the
ers who were laying the water company's pipe line to
Huachucas. Hardly a week passed but a party of
ved horsemen rode out from Tombstone with their
across their saddle bows escorting a wagon which
een sent to bring in the bodies of the latest victims.
he two years following the first rush from Tucson to
h silver district which Ed Schieffelin had discovered
was much claim jumping, and claim jumping in
days always meant shooting. Some properties were
and retaken several times, each occasion being ac-
nied by bloodshed. Surveying parties marched into
othills of the Mule Mountains under escort of com-
i of riflemen; in more than one instance they laid out
ary lines and established corner monuments after
ld battles, each with its own formidable casualty list.
Wat with the murders by the savages and these af-
y-together with such natural hazards of disease and
ent as accompany any new mining camp—the foot-
l graveyard out beyond the north end of the wide main
ewas booming like the town—and now there came a
rotent factor in stimulating mortuary statistics.
Th bad men took possession of Tombstone.
Thy came from all over the West, for railroads and tele-
p lines were bringing a new order of things from the
ssuri to the Rio Grande, and those who would live by
f ty-five hastened to ride away from sight of jails and
ur es, seeking this new haven down by the border.
Or by one they drifted across the flaring southwestern
se —from California, Montana, Colorado, Kansas and
w Mexico—with their grim mouths tight shut against
qistions and their big revolvers dangling beside their
gh The hair of some of them was gray from many
nt and their faces deeply lined, and some were boys
th own on their smooth cheeks. But once his hand
rt moving toward his pistol every man of them was
ad r than a bull rattlesnake.
No an challenged them on their arrival. The town was
b by to heed their presence. The one-story buildings
icl ined the wide streets were packed to the doors with
sto ers; saloons, dance halls and gambling houses
are on through day and night; the stores were open at
hrs. The wide sidewalks under the wooden awnings
ick an the length of every block were crowded from wall to gutter with men intent on getting wealth or spending it.

The bad men mingled with those sidewalk throngs; they dropped into the Bird Cage Opera House, where painted women sang in voices that clanged like brazen gongs; they took their places before the gambling tables of the Crystal Palace, where girls were oftentimes to be found dealing faro; they joined the long lines before the bars and drank the stinging whisky which the wagon trains had brought from Tucson. And they met one another.

It was like the meeting of strange dogs which bristle on sight and often fly at one another's throats to settle the question of supremacy. Their big-caliber revolvers spat streams of fire in the roadways and bellowed in the dance halls. And gradually among the ranks of the survivors there came a gradation in their badness. Several loomed far above the others—Jack Ringold, Frank Stilwell, Zwing Hunt, the Clanton brothers and Billy Grounds. They were he-wolves. And there was Curly Bill, the worst of all. He might be said to rule them.

They settled down to business, which is to say they started to do the best they could for themselves according to their separate capacities for doing evil unto others.

They rustled stock. They drove whole herds over the boundary from Mexico. They pillaged the ranches, which were now coming into the adjacent country—stealing horses, altering brands and slaying whoever interfered with them, all with the boldness of medieval border raiders. They took a hand in the claim jumping. They robbed the stage.

Hardly a day passed without a holdup on the Tucson road—and when the railway went through, on the road to Benson. Shotgun guards and drivers were killed; occasionally a passenger or two got a bullet. And the bad men spent the money quite openly over the bars in Tombstone. The rustlers even fell into the custom of wearing gray-white breeches as a sort of uniform.

One day while he was deputy United States marshal William Breckenbridge got word that Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds were camped in an adobe cabin down at the Stockton ranch. He took three men with him to get the desperadoes. Of the battle that followed the posse's arrival the old-timers give a description, meticulous as to where each man stood and how each shot was fired. Hunt held down one door of the adobe and Grounds the other. The former killed one man and dropped two others badly wounded before the last of these shot him through the lungs. Breckenbridge fought it out with Grounds and, when he finally exterminated the bad man with a charge of buckshot, looked round to find himself the only one of the six left on his feet. The incident slowed up the stage-robbing industry for the time being.

And then Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill. At any rate written history—and some of the old-timers—give him credit for so doing. One or two men of probity state that they have met the old outlaw since that time down in Mexico. But if Wyatt Earp did not do the killing, one thing is sure—the Earp brothers drove Curly Bill out of the country, which amounts to the same and brings a new turn to the story.

From this time the figures of the Earp brothers loom large in the foreground. Whatever else may be said of them, they were bold men and there was something Homeric in their violence.

Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan and Jim—the first three were active in the wild events which followed their incumbency to power. California knew them in their boyhood, and during their manhood years they wandered over the West from mining camp to cow town until they came to Tombstone from Dodge, Kansas. They brought a record with them.

Back in the seventies in the time of the trail herds Dodge was a howling cow town. There was a period of its existence when the punchers used to indulge in the pastime of shooting up the place. But there were a great many of these frolicsome riders and too much wanton revolver shooting is sure to breed trouble if it is combined with hard liquor, gambling and a tough floating population. The prominent business men of Dodge watched the hectic consequences of this lawlessness over their faro layouts with speculative eyes and came to the conclusion that killings were becoming altogether too promiscuous. The town—they said—needed a business administration, and forthwith they selected Bat Masterson as marshal. He established—and enforced—a rule which amounted to this:

If a man pulled his gun he did it at his own peril. Whoever fired a shot within the town limits—whether he did it for sport or murder—faced arrest.

Resistance followed. There were nights when the main street echoed with the roaring of firearms. But by the force of his personality and by his remarkable ability at the quick draw Bat Masterson subdued the rebels. It came about that of what killing was done he did his full share—which greatly diminished the death list.

Wyatt and Virgil Earp succeeded Bat Masterson in this office and carried out their administrations with a boldness which left them famous. With the coroner behind them they were lords of the high justice, the middle and the low—and they sustained their positions by good straight shooting.

At such times as they were not performing their functions as peace officers they were dealing faro, and when the imminence of a less interesting era was made apparent by the dwindling of the trail herds and the increase of dry farmers they left the good old cow town along with many other professional gamblers. They arrived in Tombstone in the days when Curly Bill and his gang were rampant and they went to dealing faro in the Oriental. They found many a friend—and some enemies—from those years in Western Kansas among the more adventurous element in the new town. Former buffalo hunters, teamsters, quiet-spoken gamblers and two-gun men sat before their layouts and talked over bygones with them.

And then came the departure of Curly Bill—for the great hereafter or Mexico.

The community was grateful. And with the gratitude was mingled admiration begotten by Wyatt and Virgil Earp's prowess in such matters. There was an election at about this time. Virgil was chosen town marshal and Wyatt got the appointment of deputy United States marshal soon afterward. Old friends and new rallied round them. Of these were Doc Holliday, a tubercular gunman with the irascible disposition which some invalids own, who had drifted hither from Colorado; the Clanton brothers; Frank Stilwell, who robbed the stage and stole horses for a living; Jack Ringold, a disciple of Curly Bill's; Frank Leslie, a handsome young murderer who wore his hair long and decked himself out in fringed buckskin; these and others like them.

It was a time when the old spoils system was recognized in its pristine simplicity. If you trained with the victorious political faction you either wore a star or had someone who did wear a star backing you. If you trained with the minority you were pretty sure sooner or later to have your

name engrossed on a warrant. In such an era it was as well to vote wisely, else—in the vernacular—you were "short" in your home town, which meant you could not go back there.

How much the Earps knew of what their henchmen did is beyond the telling in this story. An official history of Arizona published under the auspices of the state legislature and written by Major McClintock, an old Westerner, states that first and last they were accused of about fifty per cent of the robberies which took place in the town. It is, however, altogether possible that their cognizance of such matters was no greater than many a city official to-day holds of crimes committed in his bailiwick. When one comes to analyze police politics he finds they have not changed much since the time of the Crusades. Desire for power has always blinded reformers to the misdeeds of their followers. One thing is certain—the Earps did protect their friends and some of those friends were using very much the same methods the Apaches employed in making a living.

To a certain extent this was necessary. What one might call the highly respectable element of the town was busy at its own affairs. Mine owners and merchants were deeply engrossed in getting rich. And unless he liked gun fighting a man would have to be a good deal of a busybody to give the town marshal anything more tangible than his best wishes in the way of support. It was up to that official to look out for himself. At any time when complications followed his attempt to arrest a lawbreaker he could depend upon the average citizen—to get outside the line of fire.

And the gun fighters were eager to get into the game. They were right on hand to make a stand in front of the enemy if need be—but preferably to murder the foe from behind, which was ever the way with the Western bad man.

There were determined men of another breed in Tombstone and the surrounding country, men who had outfought Apaches and desperadoes on many an occasion—dead shots who owned high moral courage; such men as John Slaughter, who had established his ranch down on the Mexican line long before Ed Schiefflin came into the country, and had driven the savages away from his neighborhood. But these old-timers were not enlisted under the Earp banner, and the town's new rulers had only the other element for retainers.

So now Frank Stilwell robbed stages on the Bisbee road until the drivers got to know his voice quite well, and swaggered through the Tombstone dance halls bestowing the rings he had stripped from the fingers of women passengers upon his latest favorite. Ike and Billy Clanton enlarged their herds in the San Pedro Valley with cattle and horses from other men's ranges and sold beef with other men's brands to Tombstone butchers. Frank Leslie slew his victims in the most ignoble fashion and jumped their claims or took unto himself their women. And take it altogether, the whole crew from Doc Holliday on down did what they could to bring popular disfavor upon the heads of the new peace officers. But if their followers were lacking the quality of moral courage, that cannot be said of the Earp brothers. And not long after they took the reins in their strong hands an occasion rose wherein they proved their mettle. Wyatt in particular showed that he was made of stern stuff. It came about as a result of the reforms under the new régime.

After the manner of their Dodge administration the brothers ruled in Tombstone. They forbade the practice of shooting up the town. Who sought to take possession of a dance hall according to the old custom, which consisted of driving out the inmates with drawn revolvers and extinguishing the lights with forty-five-caliber slugs, was forthwith arrested. To ride a horse into a saloon and order drinks for all hands meant jail and a heavy fine. To slay a gambler or make a gun play in a gambling house when luck was running bad resulted in prosecution.

Virgil Earp attended to these matters, and after several incidents wherein he disarmed ugly men whose friends stood by eager to let daylight into the new marshal he owned a certain amount of prestige. It is only fair to remark in passing that he had a disposition—in ticklish cases—to shoot first and ask questions afterward, but that was recognized as an officer's inalienable right in those rude days.

Now this new order of things did not meet universal popular favor in Tombstone. There were always three or four hundred miners off shift on the streets; and while a large percentage of them were peaceable men, there was a boisterous element. This element and the cowboys, h had been in the habit of celebrating their town com g after the good old fashion, felt resentful. An occasi a killing of one of their number with the invariable ver c from a carefully picked coroner's jury—"Met his d th while resisting an officer in performance of his duty— made the resentment general. The miners and cowb y said that Tombstone was being run by a bunch of mur r ers in the interest of the gamblers.

Opposition to the administration began to crystal z Affairs reached the point where in a twentieth-cen r community reformers would be preparing to circulat e call petitions. But in the early eighties they did th g more directly, and instead of the recall they had the sl w down. The recalcitrants eagerly awaited its coming.

It came. And its origin was in Charleston. Charle o was eleven miles across the hills from Tombstone dow b the San Pedro River. There was a mill there and the w boys from the country round came in to spend th i money.

Jim Burnett was justice of the peace. Early in h town's history he had seceded from the county of Pim e cause the supervisors over in Tucson refused to allow i certain fees.

"Hereafter," so he wrote the board, "the justice c in Charleston will look after itself." Which it did.

Once the court dragged Jack Harrer from his h s when that enthusiastic stockman was celebrating hi rival by bombarding the town, and fined the prisoner t head of three-year-old steers. And once—it is a matt o record—a coroner's jury under his instruction rend e the verdict: "Served the Mexican right for gettin i front of the gun."

Things always moved swiftly in Charleston. There s tale of a saloon keeper who buried his wife in the mor g killed a man at high noon and took unto himself a s bride before evening. If that story is not true—and ld timers vouch for it—it is at least indicative of the t n of life in the town. And to Charleston came those o lowers of Curly Bill who did not get on with the E os Several of them became men of influence down here o h San Pedro. Hither flocked those boisterous spirits h

(Continued on Page 45)

"Looks Like We're Up Against it, Kid, But We'll Play it Out S'long as We Got Chips Left"

(Continued from Page 42)

raved more freedom of action on pay day than the mining own afforded.

Guns blazed in Charleston whenever the spirit moved. he young fellow who was ditch tender for the company ad to give up his lantern when he made his nightly trip f inspection, because as surely as that light showed up on e sidehill there was bound to be someone down in the reet who just naturally could not resist taking a shot it.

So while dissatisfaction was crystallizing among the iners in Tombstone, a keen rancor against the Earps was eveloping here in Charleston, which was the state of fairs when Johnny Behind the Deuce brought matters to crisis by killing an engineer from the mill.

Johnny Behind the Deuce was an under-sized, scrawny ecimen of the genus which is popularly known as "tin-orn," a sort of free-lance gambler usually to be found ting in at a poker game. The engineer was a big man d abusive. There was a game in which these two par-icipated, and when he had lost his wages to Johnny ehind the Deuce the engineer sought solace first in tuperation, then in physical maltreatment. Johnny ehind the Deuce shot the engineer.

harleston's constable took the slayer to custody. The rustlers and other iles from Tombstone knew the pris-er for a friend of the Earps, so they cided to lynch him. They sent one their number after a reata for that rpose.

The constable learned what was going . He commandeered a buckboard d a team of mules, put Johnny Behind e Deuce aboard and started the animals the dead run for Tombstone. When the n who had been sent for the reata returned, e rustlers set out after the prisoner and nd they were five minutes too late. They ldled up and started in pursuit. The road und along the lower levels between the thills of the Mule Mountains. There were o or three dry washes to cross, some sharp des to negotiate and several fine stretches t were nearly level—rough road, admir-y suited for making a wild race wilder.

And this was a wild race. The constable l the prisoner were just getting nicely rted when they heard a fusillade of re-ver shots behind them. They glanced r their shoulders and saw more than fifty semen coming on at that gait which is t described in the vernacular as 'rning the wind."

From time to time one of these riders uld lean forward and "throw down" revolver. Then the occupants of buckboard would hear the whine t, forty-five slug and a moment later report of the distant weapon would ch their ears.

The mules heard these things too. What with the noise of the firearms the long whoops of the pursuers y were in a frenzy; they threw their r ears flat back and entered into the it of the occasion by running away. The constable, who was a cool man and od driver, centered his energies on ding them round the turns and let t at that.

low as the miles of tawny landscape ained behind them the two fugitives a that they were being overhauled. the pursuers found that they were ining; their yells came louder down hwind; they roweled their lathered cow ponies n they gained still more on the buckboard.

he constable negotiated the dry wash be-rd Robbers Rock on two wheels, and as the ht vehicle was reeling along the easy grade on hother side the prisoner took another look be-ind. He notified his captor that the wild riders ve not much more than four hundred yards wy. They came to a stretch of level road. The nes were doing a little better now and they lgered down into the next dry wash with an bidon which all but ended matters. The outer wheels ve over the high-cut bank, but by the grace of good ud and marvelous driving the buckboard was kept right id up.

he lynching party had made a short cut and now they ppeared between the rolling hills not more than two hun-ire yards behind. Johnny Behind the Deuce reported the ta of affairs. The constable answered without turning his head.

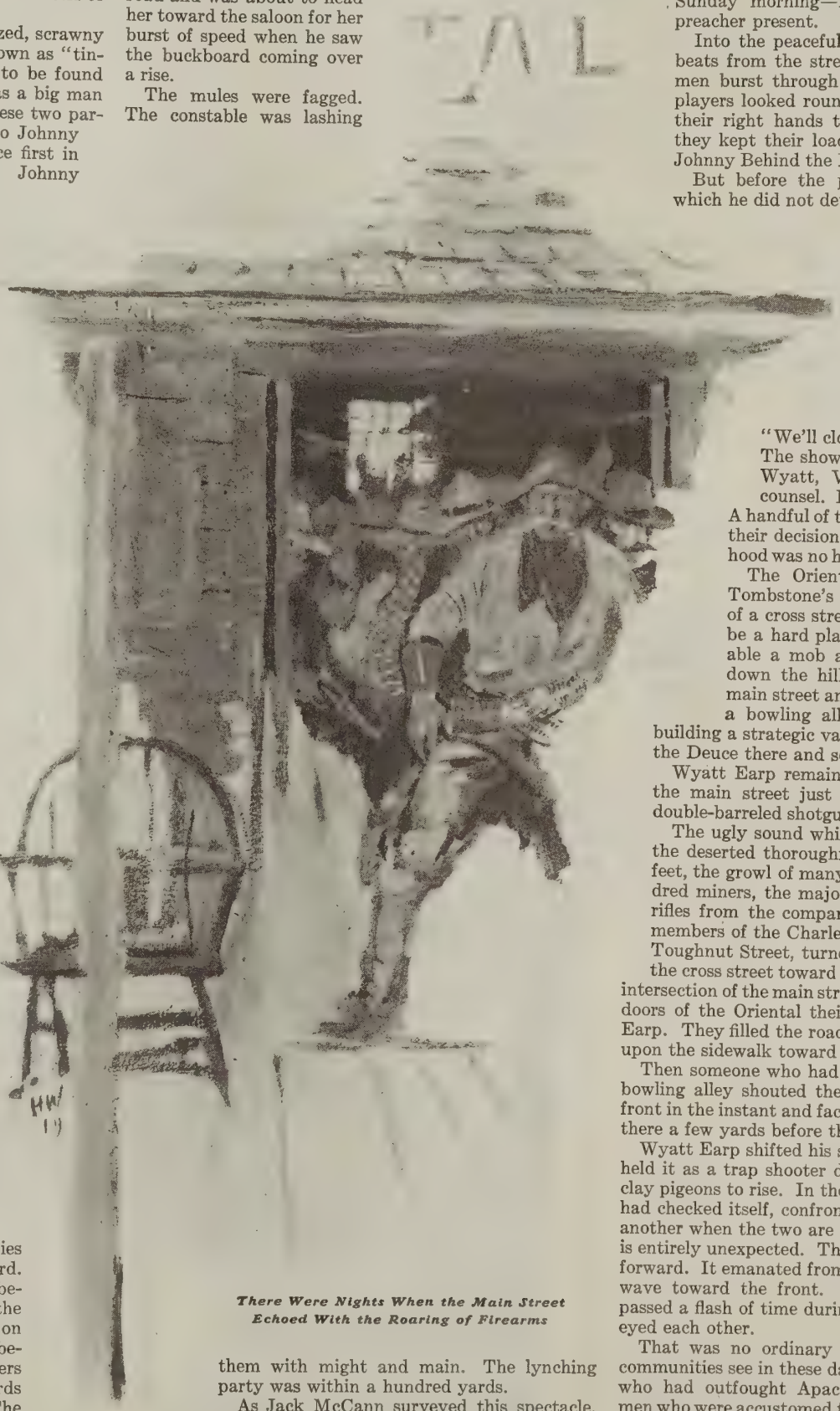
Looks like we're up against it, kid," said he, "but ve play it out s'long as we got chips left."

Three miles outside of Tombstone stood an adobe building wherein a venturesome saloon keeper had installed himself, a barrel of that remarkable whisky known as "Kill Me Quick" and sufficient arms to maintain possession against road agents. The sign on this establishment's front wall said:

LAST CHANCE

It was a lucky chance for Johnny Behind the Deuce. For Jack McCann, who owned a fast mare, was exercising her out here this afternoon preparatory for a race against some cow ponies down on the San Pedro next week. He had trotted her down the road and was about to head her toward the saloon for her burst of speed when he saw the buckboard coming over a rise.

The mules were fagged. The constable was lashing



There Were Nights When the Main Street Echoed With the Roaring of Firearms

them with might and main. The lynching party was within a hundred yards.

As Jack McCann surveyed this spectacle, which was so rapidly approaching him, the constable waved his hand. The situation was too tight to permit wasting time. McCann ranged his mare alongside the buckboard as soon as it drew up, and before the driver had begun to explain he cried: "Jump on, kid!"

Johnny Behind the Deuce leaped on the mare's back. The constable pulled off the road as the lynching party came thundering by with a whoop and halloo. He peered through the dust which the ponies' hoofs had stirred up and saw the mare fading away in the direction of Tombstone with her two riders.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. That hour was the dullest of the twenty-four in the gambling houses, for the evening shift was on its way to work and the day shift had not yet come off. The Earps were dealing faro in the Oriental.

To the onlooker who does not know its hazards faro is a funereal game. The dealer slides one card and then a second from the box. The case keeper moves a button or two on his rack. The dealer in the meantime is paying winners and collecting chips from losers, all with the utmost listlessness. In his high chair above them all the lookout leans back with every external sign of world-weary indifference and the players settle a little lower on their stools. There was about as much animation in the Oriental that afternoon as there is in a country church on a hot Sunday morning—less in fact, for there was no preacher present.

Into the peaceful quiet came the sound of hoof beats from the street. It stopped abruptly. Two men burst through the front door on a run. The players looked round and the faro dealers dropped their right hands toward the open drawers where they kept their loaded pistols. Jack McCann and Johnny Behind the Deuce had arrived.

But before the prisoner finished his story—to which he did not devote more than twenty words or so—a man ran into the Oriental with the tidings that the miners who were coming off shift were arming themselves as fast as they left the cages. The rustlers had ridden up the hill and were gathering reënforcements. Wyatt Earp at once took charge of the affair. He was a medium-sized man with a drooping sandy mustache.

"We'll close up, boys," he said.

The show-down had come.

Wyatt, Virgil, Morgan and Jim took counsel. Doc Holliday advised with them. A handful of their supporters stood by waiting their decision. All others left—the neighborhood was no healthy place for noncombatants.

The Oriental gambling house stood on Tombstone's main street at the intersection of a cross street. Because of its size it would be a hard place to defend against so formidable a mob as this which was now moving down the hill. Several doors north on the main street and on the opposite side there was a bowling alley. Its narrowness gave that building a strategic value. They took Johnny Behind the Deuce there and set guards at both ends.

Wyatt Earp remained alone out in the middle of the main street just below the corner. He held a double-barreled shotgun over the crook of his arm.

The ugly sound which rises from a mob came into the deserted thoroughfare—the swift tramp of many feet, the growl of many voices. More than three hundred miners, the majority of whom were armed with rifles from the company's arsenal, and the fifty-odd members of the Charleston lynching party swept into Toughnut Street, turned the corner and rushed down the cross street toward the Oriental. They reached the intersection of the main street, and as they faced the closed doors of the Oriental their left flank was toward Wyatt Earp. They filled the roadway and the front ranks surged upon the sidewalk toward the gambling house.

Then someone who had seen the prisoner taken to the bowling alley shouted the tidings. The throng changed front in the instant and faced the solitary guard who stood there a few yards before them.

Wyatt Earp shifted his shotgun into his two hands and held it as a trap shooter does when he is waiting for the clay pigeons to rise. In the moment of discovery the mob had checked itself, confronting him as one man confronts another when the two are bitter enemies and the meeting is entirely unexpected. There followed a brief sharp surge forward. It emanated from the rear ranks and moved in a wave toward the front. There it stopped. And there passed a flash of time during which the man and the mob eyed each other.

That was no ordinary lynching party such as some communities see in these days. Its numbers included men who had outfought Apaches, highwaymen and posses; men who were accustomed to killing their fellow beings and inured to facing death. And the hatred of the Earp brothers, which had been brewing during all these months, was white hot now within them.

"Come on!" called Wyatt Earp, and added an epithet.

Above the mass of tossing heads the muzzles of rifles were bobbing up and down. The trampling of their feet and the shuffling of their packed bodies made a dull undernote. Shouts rose from many quarters.

"Go on!"

"Get him!"

"Now, boys!"

Wyatt Earp threw back his head and repeated his challenge.

"Come on!" He flung an oath at them. "Sure you can get me! But"—he gave them the supreme insult of that wild period's profanity—"the first one that makes a move, I'll get him. Who's the man?"

Those who saw him that afternoon say that his face was white—so white that his drooping mustache seemed dark in contrast. His eyes gleamed like ice when the sun is shining on it. And he had the look of a man who has put his life behind him; a man who is waiting for just one thing before he dies—to select the ones whom he will take with him.

The cries behind redoubled and the crowding increased in the rear. Some leaped on the backs of those before them. But the men in the front ranks—some of them were bold men and deadly—withstood the pressure. They held their eyes on that grim white face or watched the two muzzles of that shotgun which he swept back and forth across their gaze with hypnotic effect.

It was a fine large moment. Any one of them could have got him at the first shot. There was no chance of missing, and scores yearned to get him. Undoubtedly he had attained that pitch where he yearned for them to do it. And being thus to all intents a dead man—save only that he retained the faculty of killing—he was mightier than all of them.

The men in the front ranks were dropping back, and as these escaped his presence the others who had become exposed to it struggled against the pressure of their fellows who would keep them in that position. Some of the cooler spirits were beginning to slip away. Now the contagion of indifference spread. The mob was melting.

In the meantime one or two members of the Earp faction had procured a team and wagon. As soon as the lynchers had dispersed they stowed the prisoner into the vehicle. They set out for Tucson with a heavy guard. But there was no pursuit. The reaction which follows perfervid enthusiasm of this sort had settled down upon the miners and cowboys. Johnny Behind the Deuce was tried before the district court and—as was to be expected—he was acquitted.

But now as time went on dissensions came among the followers of the Earp brothers. Jack Ringold fell out with the leaders and took the path of previous exiles to Charleston. This disciple of Curly Bill had a rather formidable following of his own among the rustlers and bad men, and the Earps deemed it worth their while to seek him out. The brothers and Doc Holliday rode over to the neighboring town one morning.

A bridge crossed the San Pedro River and Charleston's main street led away from its farther approach. When the Earp party came to the stream Jack Ringold appeared on the opposite side. Unlike the old Horatius, whose deed we all used to declaim when we were schoolboys, the rebel had no friends to stand on either hand. He was pacing back and forth across the plank roadway with his palms resting on the butts of his two revolvers. But no one could tell what forces might be lying in ambush under the cover of the adobe buildings just behind him. The Earp party halted. Ringold called across to them.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted. "It's fine on this side."

The invitation was too evidently sincere. The invited ones showed good sound sense by turning their horses and riding back to Tombstone.

But Jack Ringold left the shelter of Charleston one day not long afterward and went over toward the Dragoons on some dubious errand or other. At hot noonday he unsaddled his horse and sat down to rest under a tree—and someone shot him down from behind.

For this deed Frank Leslie claimed what he was pleased to term the credit. And though he walked the streets of Tombstone every day while men were discussing the murder, no one ever tried to bring him to account for it—excepting a rustler by the name of Claiborne.

This man, who was a pretty good shot, came to Tombstone with the avowed determination of slaying Leslie, but fell himself in the duel that followed. The affair took place on the same corner where Wyatt Earp had outfaced the mob of miners.

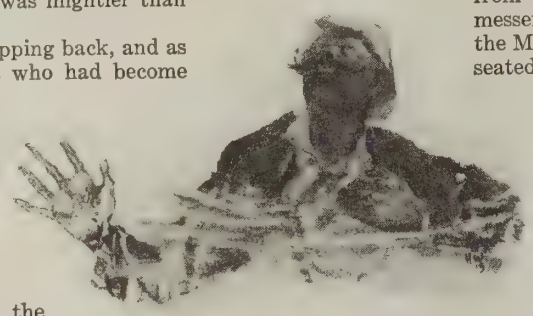
The killing of Jack Ringold, however, left a bad taste in men's mouths, and because they had profited from it the Earps were held responsible by many who had heretofore sided with them. And in the meantime the county of Cochise had been established. Tombstone was made the county seat. Johnny Behan, an old-timer and an Indian fighter, was the first sheriff. He was hostile to the city administration from the beginning. Nor was that all. Lawyers came into the town, and henceforth—provided the dead man's friends had money—killing an opponent no longer settled a dispute. There remained such complications as indictment, sworn testimony and the jury. The good old days were passing.

Sheriff Johnny Behan charged the Earps with participation in robberies and willful cognizance of murders. It was about as far as he did go as a public official. The brothers issued profane and pointed defiance and went on dealing faro. About this time Frank Stilwell quarreled with the Earps and hastily departed from Tombstone. And henceforth until the wind-up of the ugly affairs that followed he remained at large, awaiting his opportunity for revenge.

Sheriff Behan was trying to get some good charge to bring against the brothers, and various lawyers—some of them widely known throughout the Southwest—were anxiously waiting opportunity to appear as special prosecutors, when the Benson stage was held up.

The Benson stage had been robbed often enough before, but this time the crime brought far-reaching consequences. Bud Phillpots was driver and Bob Paul, afterward United States marshal, was shotgun messenger. There was a large currency shipment—some eighty thousand dollars—in the express box. The stage was full inside and one passenger, a Mexican, was riding on top. For some reason or other Bob Paul had taken the reins and Phillpots was sitting in his place. As the vehicle came to the top of a hill the robbers showed themselves.

The old-timers speak of the conduct of the highwaymen with profane contempt, for instead of shooting a horse or two they opened fire on Bud Phillpots, whom they believed from his position to be the messenger. They killed him and the Mexican passenger, who was seated behind him. But the team took fright at the noise and ran away and the eighty thousand dollars went on up the road in a cloud of dust.



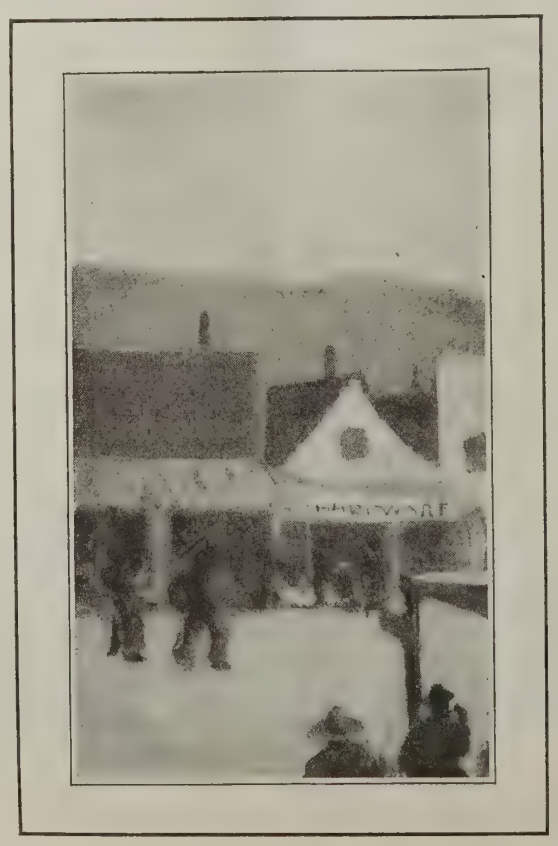
Johnny Behind the Deuce Shot the Engineer

Johnny Behan, the sheriff, said that the Earp brothers sent Doc Holliday out with the Clanton brothers to commit the crime. Ike Clanton said that he was rustling cattle at the time down in Mexico and accused the Earps of sole responsibility. The Earps in turn stated that the Clanton boys were the bandits. And that began the Earp-Clanton feud. It did not last long, but there was plenty happening while it was going on.

The Clanton brothers, Ike and Billy, betook themselves to their ranch down in the San Pedro Valley and gathered their friends round them. Frank and Tom McLowery were prominent among these allies. And now the statement was made in Tombstone that the members of this faction had promised to shoot the Earps on sight.

One October evening Ike Clanton came to town with Tom McLowery, and Virgil Earp arrested the pair on the charge of disturbing the peace. He did it on the main street and disarmed them easily enough. The justice of the peace, whose name was Spicer, fined the prisoners fifty dollars. The next morning these two defendants went to the O. K. corral on Fremont Street, where they had put up their horses the night before, and there they met Billy Clanton and Frank McLowery. All four were leading their ponies out of the gate when Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan Earp, together with Doc Holliday, confronted them.

"Hands up!" Wyatt ordered.



The shooting began at once. Holliday killed Tom M-Lowery, who was unarmed, at the first volley. Bi Clanton fell mortally wounded, but continued shooting to his last gasp. Frank McLowery got a bullet through s pistol hand, but shifted his weapon to the other hand a kept on firing until Morgan Earp, who had fallen wit a ball through his shoulder, killed him from where he l Ike Clanton jumped a high fence and fled. Within a h hour or so Justice of the Peace Spicer held an examinat behind closed doors and exonerated the slayers on ground that they had done the thing in performance their duty as officers.

Friends of the Clantons had money. Someone retain lawyers to assist in prosecuting the Earps. The sheriff s his opportunity and became active getting testimony. A then while the town was seething with gossip concern the coming trial Frank Stilwell stole into Tombstone wit a half-breed and slew Morgan Earp, who was playing liards at the time. The murder accomplished, Stilwell t a fast horse and rode to Tucson. The half-breed fled to Dragoon Mountains. The next day the three surviv Earp brothers and Doc Holliday started to California wh Morgan's body. At dusk that evening the train reac Tucson. Ike Clanton was in the town, out on bail await trial for a stage robbery, and Frank Stilwell was there. was no more than natural that the Earps should kee sharp lookout when the locomotive stopped at the stati

Their vigilance was rewarded. Frank Stilwell came s ping through the shadows just as the train was pulling The passengers in the Pullman were startled by a crack of revolver shots from the rear platform. Directly af ward the Earps came back inside and took their se And Tucson was given something to talk about that e ning by the discovery of Frank Stilwell's body riddled w bullets beside the track.

The Earp party held council in the Pullman and de mined to return to Tombstone. Leaving Virgil to comp the journey with Morgan's body, the two other brot and Doc Holliday left the train at a way station flagged a freight which took them back to Benson. H they procured horses and rode to the town which they ruled ever since the passing of Curly Bill.

Sheriff Johnny Behan received telegraphic advices f Tucson to arrest them. He found the trio some time in afternoon. They had got their effects together and s them ahead on a wagon. They were themselves on ho back, about to set forth for Colorado. Wyatt looked d upon the sheriff as the latter came up.

"Listen!" he said. "Don't you even look as if wanted to arrest us!"

And with that the three rode down the main str They passed the saloons and gambling houses and came flocking from the doors to see them go by. A running walk the horses came on three abreast; the f of the riders were set; their eyes swept the crowds on sidewalks. They went on by. They turned the corner the road that leads to the Dragoons. That was the that Tombstone ever saw of them. They stopped at Spence's ranch, where the half-breed was working had been with Frank Stilwell on the evening of Morg murder, and a cowboy found the man's body the morning. They rode on across wide flats and through g dark mountain ranges, eastward and to the north, they came into Colorado. When the governor of Ariz sent a requisition for them Colorado's executive ref to honor it.

After the departure of these bold men outlawry too a new lease of life in Southeastern Arizona. Cattle rustl stage robbery and murder went on throughout Coc County. But at last the people found a strong ma whom the law stood for something more than a mean personal power. They chose for sheriff John Slaugh who had been waging war for years on his own acc against Apaches and bad men. But the story of ho brought the enforcement of the statutes into Tombs is too long to tell here, though it is a stirring tale and c ful. Tombstone to-day stands just as it was back in t wild days of the early eighties. The buildings are changed. You may see them all and see the streets as t looked when pistols flamed and men died hard out in roadway. But other crowds walk those streets now. sometimes on an evening you will see automobiles g down the block with family parties on their way for a along the Benson road where the Clanton boys, Fr Stilwell, Jack Ringold and the other bad men used to the stages in daytime. On such an evening should travel down that highway you may see the leaping lig a bonfire, round which a group of young people are to ing marshmallows—on the summit of the knoll where Schiefflin hid from the passing Apaches!

Tombstone is peaceable enough to-day for any ma so peaceable that one finds it hard to believe there w time when the town had a man—or more—for break every morning.

Author's Note—It is stated by some excellent authorities tha passing of Curly Bill occurred after the killing of Billy Clanton; that William Breckenbridge—then a deputy sheriff—headed the which killed Zwing Hunt on the day after the Earps departed Tombstone.

Selling the Work Machines Do

AN AMERICAN IDEA IN FOREIGN TRADE

By Charles Randolph Thomas

BEFORE the war Germany s fighting desperately and aggres-ly for the trade of Chile. "While ting there," said Dr. David Kinley, ing president of the University of nois, at a meeting of machinery manufacturers in Chi-o called to investigate foreign commercial possibilities, n American ship came in loaded with American goods. rtly afterward I was told that within a few hours an estigation had been started by German trade represent-es that involved tracing that cargo of goods back to point of manufacture in this country, the cost of king them, freight expense, the points of delivery and individual purchasers. This information was cabled Hamburg."

This was the German cutthroat policy that made enemies. e American method of selling the work of machines kes friends.

can think of no better way of illustrating the methods d in selling the work that machines do than by telling ut the methods of selling something that was dis-tly not a machine.

. few days ago Captain O'Grady, just discharged from Canadian Army after three years of service, came into office, bringing with him a friend who was on his way South America to represent a number of steel manu-urers of Pittsburgh. In the course of our conversation South American engineer told me the following re-kable incident that occurred before the war:

You know the hens of India lay a much larger egg than hens in other parts of the world," he began. "The egg s shipped to India by English exporters were too small it these eggs. German commercial travelers noticed need for egg cups of a larger size and in a few months egg cup trade of India passed into German hands."

he moral is self-evident.

The trouble with American manufacturers," runs the ent bromide—it is hard to tell just when it originated—that they received an order for goods from abroad, got money before they shipped them and immediately ot about them once they were shipped."

What's the use?" said the manufacturers. "We have he business that we want right here at home."

ut now conditions have changed. American manu-aurers are all anxious to enter export fields. During the w American exports increased by leaps and bounds, and problem now is how to hold this trade which actually e into America's lap. How shall we go about it? The rwer is: Use the same business acumen that was used neveloping trade in the United States.

Methods as Important as Goods

LLING service is an American invention used with tell-ng effect by the Germans in developing export trade. It s it so much a question of selling people what they want—s many short-sighted men protest—as it is of selling a eer way of doing their work and the machine that will ethis better result. Of course it is foolish to sell a per-o a thing he cannot use, so if foreign countries need hgs other than are made in this country we shall proceed o make them. The specific problem is to find out the e.s of foreign buyers and supply those needs, using t:dard methods of production at home and literally it g the tool to the job.

me progressive manufacturers have gone a step ner in order to sell the work their machines do. Th story of how Donovan, a road contractor, secured a an road contract in Indiana with the aid of an American nufacturer illustrates the idea. Donovan was not the ctractor's name, nor did the incident take place in hotate of Indiana, but that does not matter.

onovan's construction plant was idle and he was look-nground for new work. One day he met the sales engineer f certain company.

Why don't you bid on some of the Indiana road work?" sld the sales engineer. "I happen to know that so far no many contractors have looked at it."

When is the letting?" inquired Donovan.

A week from to-day," was the reply.

Let's go look at it," said Donovan.

he two men reached the site of the work, went over it oge her, delved into the plant requirements, the force ecired to operate the plant and all the other intricate uestions that rise in contract work. Donovan was after hework to make money and the sales engineer was there o elp him. Incidentally he might sell Donovan some na inery, provided he got the job. But whatever the ou me he wanted to help the contractor make an acqate bid.

While Donovan was arranging for financial backing the sales engineer prepared an estimate of plant requirements, freight, depreciation, overhead and such other things as would assist the contractor in determining just what it would cost to accomplish the work. From this information the contractor prepared his bid. He got the job and the sales engineer sold him the machinery to do the work. This is a case of construction service on the part of the sales engineer which may be defined as selling the work which the machines would do. The big idea back of the service to Donovan must be present in every large commercial transaction abroad.

Last summer two foreign engineers came to this country from Australia to study methods and machinery for building concrete grain elevators. With the assistance of the sales engineers of an American export firm these men made a study of various elevators under construction throughout the country. As a result American methods and machinery are now being used to build what will be the largest grain elevator in Australia, and the first one of concrete.

Some time ago a meeting of manufacturers of heavy machinery was held in Chicago at which methods of training men for selling machinery in foreign countries were discussed. At this meeting S. T. Henry, vice president in charge of sales of the Allied Machinery Company of America, an export organization, told of a conversation which he had with a prominent member of the Yale University Corporation.

The Colleges Waking Up

"WHY can't the universities do something to help us train men for this overseas work?" asked Mr. Henry. "The progressive schools will," replied the financier. "A private investigation I have had made shows that the schools which are closest to American business thought are the Universities of Illinois and Wisconsin and Dartmouth College. You are an enthusiastic University of Illinois man. Go out and sell the idea to the University of Illinois and I'll go up to New Haven and see what can be done there if you succeed."

This meeting in Chicago resulted in the establishment at the University of Illinois of a course of training for men who desire to learn how to sell iron and steel products abroad. The course will include thorough training in at least one foreign language, in engineering and in the principles of commercial transactions. During the summer students will be employed in the factories of various manufacturers, where they will learn all about the machines which they are to sell; also how to erect them and the methods employed in their manufacture. They will have the opportunity to go out on the road with experienced salesmen so that they may obtain practical experience in selling. At the end of their college course they will be sent abroad for a year at the expense of the manufacturers who have endowed fellowships for this purpose. During this year they will work in plants located in the foreign country where they expect to sell machinery. They will study the language and characteristics of the people. They will endeavor to find out local machinery needs and to decide what American machinery can fulfill these needs.

During this training period their movements will be directed by the sales organization which they will join at some later date, or perhaps by some man assigned to that work by the university. This plan is based on considerable experience in handling engineer salesmen in export work. It is believed that in the course of time this country with such training will develop young men who have grasped the basic principles of export selling.

In former years conditions which existed in England and France and Germany were such that all younger sons of prominent families knew that there was but little for them in the home land. They knew that they must go to the colonies or go into foreign service to accomplish anything. This condition has never existed in the United States. Boys growing up here have as an ambition a career in the business world or perhaps a place in professional life. They never think of going outside of their own country. The result is that our young men have never considered seriously a career abroad, while European young men train from early boyhood with a view of taking up some work in the foreign fields. Consequently Europe had and still has many well-trained men to look after foreign trade, which has reached an extremely profitable stage under their direction.

Japan is perhaps the most shining example of the application of this principle of developing men for export work. That precocious nation has already taken remarkable strides toward the goal of commercial success in a short time, and this has been due to the speed with which its people have assimilated foreign ideas and to the intensive and detailed study which they have made of the methods of other nations.

A California lady told me a rather amusing story along this line a short time ago. It seems that she had experienced considerable difficulty in getting a good Japanese servant, but finally she found one named Niue who she thought was a jewel. She remarked to a friend that Niue was a wonder and that whatever she had said about the Japanese before this time she was willing to take back. She said the boy was unassuming, attentive to his work, unobtrusive and interested in every task he had to perform. One day he came to her and announced that he was leaving.

"But why must you go?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I must go," he insisted.

"But Niue, we will pay you as much as you can get anywhere else. Don't leave us on account of wages."

"I must go," he answered firmly. "It is my orders. You do not understand."

"What do you mean by orders?" the woman asked wonderingly.

"I will tell you," he replied. "I am in the government service and am destined to become a teacher of home economics in Japan. I am a university graduate and I might have come to this country as a guest, but I prefer to come and work as a servant because things that go on in the kitchen are quite different from those that go on in the parlor, and you can learn much more of home conditions in America in the kitchen than anywhere else. From here I will go to some other country. Before I get through I will visit all of the civilized countries. But I will send you a good boy in my place as I am sorry to leave. I have enjoyed being with you."

My friend noticed that while Niue was at her house he had many visitors, who did a great deal of kotowing when in his presence and brought him gifts. When the new boy arrived she asked him about Niue.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "Niue is a count in Japan! He is a very big man in his own country."

I do not know what has become of Niue or whether he succeeded in learning all about home conditions in America, but I feel sure that when he returns to Japan he will know much more about them than many Americans who have never been in their kitchens.

We Must Do Likewise

THIS same method has been used with profit by European countries in training men in America. It is a common sight to see young Frenchmen or Englishmen employed in the offices of cotton factors in the South. The cotton trade in this country is one of the largest items of export, and these young men come over from their own countries to learn how raw cotton is handled. They work as bookkeepers or in any minor capacity in the office of the factor and there learn all the details of grading and handling raw cotton, for which their nations spend millions yearly.

This country must do likewise in training some of its young men for export selling. Men sent abroad with the backing of manufacturers in this country will procure jobs in foreign manufacturing plants and commercial houses, where they will learn foreign conditions and methods of doing business. Each night they will write a report of what they have learned during the day and send it to the home office. These reports will form a valuable basis of detailed information for use in handling export business.

I said something about this being an American method used by foreign nations. Competition in domestic trade in this country has been keen, and selling is based upon the knowledge of what the community into which the manufacturer ships the goods needs. It is a common thing for a man to send out a representative to open new territory, as it is called. This involves a study of the people and their particular needs and brings up the question of how the manufacturer's products will satisfy the conditions existing in that section.

Service is a great talking point with our manufacturers. In this country we sell the work that machines do. Abroad we must do the same thing in order to meet competition, and it is necessary to know the job before we can supply the things needed for the job. A very conservative English magazine on economics recently came out with the statement that it is absolutely essential for the future of English

business that greater use be made of labor-saving methods and machines. Export sales during the war have opened the eyes of many American manufacturers and they are not at all willing to let go that which they have already had a bite of.

"The pie tastes good. Let us have another piece, please," they say.

The requirements for a man for an overseas selling post are rigid. The first essential is an unimpeachable character. This seems rather an odd thing to place first, and yet you must remember that in the eyes of the foreign country to which the salesman goes he represents the product he sells. Nothing is known about the size of the plant nor how the product is rated in the home land. It is the personal equation of the salesman—the pleasant and well-informed man who sells the goods. The second requirement for selling iron and steel products is some knowledge of what the Scotsman calls "the wurkin's of machinery." The man must be trained in construction and operating methods and have a good knowledge of fundamental engineering principles. He may be called upon to unpack the machine, to see that it is hauled to the place where it will be used, to erect it, to operate it, to train men to use it, to repair it—in fact, to do anything which emergency requires. And he must be able to do this without spare parts or with parts made by himself on the job.

The third requirement is a knowledge of the language. This is not so essential as the first two qualifications, but a man is badly handicapped without it. In fact, no concern should send a man out who does not know the commercial language of his territory, unless it is impossible to find men who do and who also have qualifications one and two. The fourth requirement is an innate selling sense, and this should be demonstrated before a man is sent into foreign fields. Of the last two, selling experience is more easily gained in the opinion of many. The art of selling is truly a gift, but it is latent in a great many people who do not know they have it.

A man should go to the foreign country to which he is assigned for a period of two years or more. During the first few months he may close a few orders, but he almost certainly will not if he does not know the local language. During this period he is getting acquainted with the people. Men with equipment for such work are hard to find and frequently when they are found they are not willing to stay in the country to which they are assigned. For this reason most large firms are glad to send a married man abroad and to send his wife and children with him. It is a good investment, they have found.

There are, of course, many failures. One important company has found that only two out of five men sent abroad finally develop into high-grade representatives.

The Unit Plant Idea

A NEW idea which has been developed during the war is that of selling complete equipments for doing certain work. For example, all the equipment for a machine shop will be sold, including cranes, lathes, drill presses and all the machines that go to make up a complete shop. For road-building work this will include concrete mixers, shovels, wheelbarrows, engines, track, cars, cranes, steam shovels, wheel scrapers and all the other plant that might possibly be used in building a road. The salesman sells not one of these machines but all of them as a plant, so that one piece of machinery is so coördinated with the rest and the capacities so arranged that they will all work together as a unit. This is the American unit-plant idea which was developed during the war for the purpose of intensive production and which is being used now in selling abroad.

Some of the methods developed for this sort of selling are very interesting. One group of construction and industrial haulage machinery manufacturers, banded together in the common cause for export work, have developed some interesting ideas. A possible candidate for export selling, having been examined carefully with as rigid an examination as that used in the army, both physical and mental, and for his antecedents, is employed in the home office of the joint export department of these manufacturers long enough to absorb the kinks and spirit of the organization. After this he is sent to one of the member manufacturers' plants with instructions to the president of that plant to "Take this man and when he is ready to go abroad send him back to us."

Let us say this plant manufactures hand shovels. The future sales engineer visits the plant, works in the shop, works in the office, talks with the president, foremen and various members of the organization, digs up all the information he can in connection with hand shovels, and later goes out on the road selling hand shovels in company with a star salesman of the company. For six weeks or six months—depending on the man—he studies and absorbs all that he can learn about hand shovels. When the manufacturer feels he is ready to go—that is that he knows enough about hand shovels to be able to sell them without being too dependent on the home office—he is sent back to the general offices for a time and from there he goes on his mission abroad.

Perhaps this man is to be trained to handle other things besides hand shovels. If this is the case he is sent to a steam-shovel factory with the same instructions or to a factory which manufactures industrial tracks or cars or to a factory which manufactures trench excavators or other heavy machinery which he will handle in the foreign fields. There he goes through the same course of training and graduates from the practical courses of instruction which are given him. He learns the selling point of each machine. He learns how it is manufactured, how it operates, what parts need most careful watching, what spare parts are particularly needed abroad and all the other details essential to successful operation of that machine when it is some distance from the point where it is manufactured and from the source of supply of repair parts.

These men are sent out as sales representatives. They may be assigned to an office in some foreign country whose language they speak to sell the different machines, or if they show particular aptitude and have special knowledge of methods and uses of one or two particular machines they may become what is known as traveling specialists and travel round from one country to another giving up-to-date information on their specialties to all the branches in these territories, and keeping the men in the branches alive to their opportunities in these lines. Occasionally one will go with the salesman of a branch to handle a special deal. In case of any unusual conditions involving the use of steam shovels, steam-shovel specialists would be called in by the salesman who handles the whole line. This makes true sales engineers trained from the ground up, and this is the type of man that can successfully sell American machinery abroad in competition with foreign machinery. Such men, as a matter of fact, are selling American methods of getting faster, cheaper and better results. Such methods require American machinery. As export trade grows and many branches are established these American sales engineers become managers of branch offices with many native salesmen working under them.

Modern Construction Work

FOR many years the balance in trade has been against this country, but the enormous exports during the war have developed the opposite conditions. Now the balance of trade is in favor of this country, and this means that foreign countries, instead of settling their bills in this country as formerly by raw material which we ship them, must pay in cash. So if we sell machines abroad we must sell them in competition with machines that are being sold by foreign countries. This means meeting competition, and meeting competition means competent sales representatives. Men who know how to help the customer do his work for less money, in less time and get a better result. With such salesmen American machinery manufacturers need not fear foreign competition.

The modern sales engineer as developed in this country is not of the old checkered-suit variety who has a cigar and a story for everyone he meets. He is a man who knows how work must be done to procure economical results. He knows what his class of machines will do. He knows the job to be done and how best to do it. If his machine is not one that is best suited for that particular job he tries to find a machine that is, or he tries to so arrange the work that his machine will fit; if it doesn't he doesn't want to sell it. He is part engineer, part contractor, part publicity man, part business expert, and with it all has the interest of his client at heart.

The representative of the service department built upon this plan by a concern making concrete mixers in this country never carries a price book with him. He doesn't ache to sell. His job is to make the machine do the work that it is fitted for. Of course if the contractor asks about another machine he will refer him to his own firm, but that isn't his chief interest.

This man went on the job in Pennsylvania to instruct operators for a machine used in building concrete roads. He had been a contractor and engineer before going into the service of the manufacturing company and knew road building from start to finish. He had been in the game himself. While he was there the contractor told him something about the pump he proposed using, explaining in great glee that he had devised a scheme by which he wouldn't have to buy any pumps. The service man showed great interest in the pump arrangement that had been developed and showed so much knowledge of the work to be done that the contractor asked his advice.

As a result of the advice of this man the whole arrangement for supplying water to the work was changed and the contractor was saved quite a large sum of money in the installation of machinery which was of but little interest to the sales engineer. But the service man received his reward. Through the confidence that these men had in him and the real knowledge he had of the problems they were solving he was able to outfit the whole job with the machinery manufactured by his company which would do the work they had in hand.

This is construction service. It is an American idea and it is the plan by which we must sell machinery in foreign fields. The salesmen will know how work should be d and the machines that are needed to do the work. Eu- pean machines are just as much standardized as machi s manufactured in America, and the users of these machi s in many cases know just as little about them when the sa s engineer visits their country as they do of American r- chines. The vital point is that sales engineers who und- stand the work and know how it should be done are able o sell standard machines for turning out the work which e manufactured by their own firms in their native la . American sales engineers will do the same thing.

A captain of an American engineer company, who w s engaged for some months in repairing French roads, co- mented laughingly on the way American hand shov s and steel wheelbarrows were received by the Frenchm n working under him.

"Why, they dropped their heavy wooden wheelbarr s and straight shovels and begged to be allowed to use r tools," he said. "They could do more work with them n less time, and when the work was completed they wan d nothing more than a wheelbarrow or a shovel."

An immense field for the sale of steam shovels exis d in Chile, if some type of shovel or method of operat n could be devised that would meet the conditions exist g in the nitrate fields. An American sales engineer w s assigned to the work of solving the problem by an Am- ican export organization. This engineer spent nearl a year working on this problem, and as a result of his la r American steam shovels are being shipped to the nitr e fields for this work. He solved the problem, altho h other machinery had often been tried unsuccessfully n the past for this work.

Many American banks have established foreign conn- tions and branches within the last two years, but if it ld not been for the war there would have been little busin s in these branches. Realizing this condition of affa , financiers have shown a great interest in the promotion f American machinery in foreign countries. This me s business for their banks. They are not only eager to fina e good propositions for export, but they are much interes d in seeing that the work is carried out and the goods - livered in proper condition. One bank announced tha t was ready to finance anything from a building to a provin .

Just how important it is to follow up a machine and e that it does the work is illustrated by two or three incide s that happened recently. A drag-line scraper was ship d to a South American country, and a letter came b k saying that it was an excellent scraper but they were uns e to use it because certain parts were missing. If there d been a representative on the spot who knew what e missing parts were and who could have cabled for them, e worst thing that could have happened would have bee a little delay. As it was, the machine was shipped b k unused. To avoid this difficulty spare parts are now ship d with machinery going abroad.

The Essentials of Export Trade

A BRANCH office abroad upon receiving a consignmen f concrete mixers found that the inside of the mixers d rusted. They immediately sent back word that the ins e of all mixers sent in the future should be painted, and s was done. It is an unusual practice to paint the inside a concrete mixer, but the intense moisture of an ocean v- age makes this necessary. Proper packing has been gi n attention and American goods are going abroad r v packed so as to conserve ship space and reduce freight d also with regard for the methods of handling at the end f the ocean voyage. Some machines have to be packed r field transport. A concern manufacturing electric glo s receives once every two years an order that reads so - thing like this: "These goods to be packed so that th y can be transported on the backs of elephants for two h - dred miles." This order comes from a rajah of India.

Motion pictures are a most valuable means of dem - strating the work that machines will do. In China no se s are provided in the motion picture theaters.

"They would never leave if they could sit down," - plained a sales representative from China. "As it is, th y do not leave the show until they are so tired they n stand up no longer."

A number of large contracting firms of this country h e opened foreign offices and are engaged on some of the - mense volume of construction work that must be acc - plished before many of the nations of Europe will be re y to open up business as usual. These firms will introd e new methods and machinery and will aid materially n developing our export trade.

Summing up, it may be said that the first essential is o know what is needed. The second essential is to see t t we have representatives of the proper caliber in the fore n fields. The third essential is to follow up the machine d see that it is doing the job it was intended for. The fi l result of this is selling the work that machines do. Th s American idea developed by American engineers will pl e American goods in many markets heretofore untouch d and develop American industry beyond the dreams of m t manufacturers in this country.

DIRECT ACTION VERSUS INACTION

(Continued from Page 29)

ıstrial Worker, the official organ of I. W. W. organization. In writing to Industrial Worker in 1911 he strongly sed giving up the idea of a separate . W. labor party; and later dealing the subject at some length closed with ollowing remarks:

ıt Berlin a few months ago Jouhaux, tary of the C. G. T. [Confédération érale du Travail] in a large public meet- dvised them to give up their attempt eate a new movement and to get into onservative unions, where they could heir influence felt. At Budapest he nded the same advice to the I. W. W. nyself, and I am frank to state that I onvinced that it would be strictly good cs for both movements to adopt it . W. and Syndicalist]. I am satisfied my observations that the only way ıe I. W. W. to have the workers adopt ractice the principles of revolutionary ism . . . is to give up its attempt eate a new labor movement, turn itself propaganda league, get into the organ- labor movement, and by building up r fighting machines within the old ns, even as our French Syndicalist workers have so successfully done theirs."

ster was undoubtedly one of the great- aders in the revolutionary movement vas unquestionably the most effective izer in the entire country. Thousands ardent followers immediately acted suggestion, which had caused a sen- in I. W. W. quarters, and joined va- American Federation of Labor locals. ver, William D. Haywood, the recog- leader of the I. W. W., denounced the f compromising the I. W. W. member- y affiliation with any other labor or- ation.

tators Among the Lumbermen

ywood bitterly fought the idea until ring of 1917. He realized at this time would be necessary to call a paralyz- ike if he was to hold the membership militant I. W. W. together. He d on concentrated action in the Sound lumber district. The writer reman in a Washington logging camp us to and during the great strike that ed three months after Haywood de- to invade the Sound district. The rjacks of the entire Northwest were ing sixty-five per cent higher wages ad ever been paid in any part of the l States for lumber labor, and two s previous to the I. W. W. invasion wasn't a more contented body of ien anywhere in the world. The big, ted, rugged Western lumberjacks he finest body of conscientious big- d workers that I have ever met in dustrial district of the country, and t doubt were as honest and straight- d as any body of men in the world. ly, in the first part of June, 1917, undred and fifty of the brainiest agi- in the country, under the direction I. W. W. head- rs, appeared in st district and d a vigorous ign of agita- five weeks later nted lumber- n the coast dis- ere as scarce as bears in Pan- In the sixteenth the I. W. W. ers had signed e-fourths of the rjacks in the district. They their strike on steenth, and to er amazement dumfounded r operators ally every lum- north of Cow- er walked out. ging operators several months ages entirely reason, due to at shortage of d the urgency diately filling large orders for cantonment construction. The lumberjacks had never asked for a wage increase, but competitive logging superintendents would automatically keep raising wages in vain endeavors to pull men away from other logging concerns. The ruinous wage increases caused numerous small logging concerns to go to the wall, and a vast majority of the larger operators were barely breaking even.

The writer was foreman in one of the largest logging camps in the coast district, and can vouch for the amazing effectiveness of I. W. W. propaganda by both press and personal contact. When the strike was called the workmen in our camp walked out solid. I cornered three of our best workers and demanded an explanation. There was nothing hazy about the answer. They informed me that they had become wholly dissatisfied because they had been convinced by I. W. W. organizers that they were receiving only one-tenth of the amount they actually earned net; that the organizers had proved beyond doubt that when they worked an hour or two in the morning they had earned all they would receive at night after working ten hours. They frankly stated that they had always worked conscientiously and given the company the best that was in them, but emphatically asserted that they didn't have the heart to work ten hours when they knew they were being robbed of at least four-fifths of the amount they actually earned.

Truth Crushed to Earth

I then asked them if they actually believed the wild statements made by the agitators. The spokesman instantly replied: "We certainly do. Why shouldn't we? We have never heard their statements refuted, and generally when people are afraid to contradict damaging charges made against them it is simply because they know they can't contradict them successfully. If these organizations were lying you fellows would have been out with a counter argument long ago. Their statements were clean-cut and in direct contradiction to the beliefs we had always held in regard to the profits we were earning for the company. You have figured us a bunch of dummies and have never taken the time or the trouble to familiarize us with industrial statistics relating to the earnings of the lumber industry. These organizers have taken the trouble and have made the direct charge that lumber labor is only receiving from ten to twenty per cent of the net earnings derived from its labor. The lumber operators have certainly known for weeks that the organizers were making these arguments, and the fact that they haven't made the slightest attempt to disprove their charges convinces us that they are the robbers these men claim they are."

There was a great deal of truth in the speaker's remark that the I. W. W. statements had never been contradicted. When the I. W. W. organizers invaded the camps it was the first time in the life of the lumberjack that anyone had taken the slightest personal interest in his education; the first time anyone had ever quoted his statistics regarding his status in the lumber industry. The arguments put out by the agitators were so magnetic and plausible that they quite naturally greatly interested the workers. I have always considered and still believe that the lumber operators deserve a certain amount of censure for the Northwestern strike, for if they had taken the trouble to familiarize their workmen with actual statistics, as the I. W. W. had taken to familiarize them with distorted misrepresentations, there never would have been a strike in the first place.

This contention was proved to a remarkable degree by the experience of a high-line logging-camp owner in the northern part of the state who was in Seattle when the strike was called. The logger, who had been an old-time lumberjack himself, decided to put all the facts and figures concerning his profits, loss and output squarely up to his men in language that they could understand. He immediately laid all his cards on the table face up, carefully went over every inflammatory argument that had been made by the agitators, and convinced the lumber workers that they had been duped. For nearly ten hours he talked to his crew, methodically going over all his books and canceled checks, until he had conclusively proved to their satisfaction that he was not making more than a legitimate profit. As he nailed each I. W. W. lie with irrefutable facts his large crew of lumberjacks, who had been practically one hundred per cent I. W. W. ten hours before, gave audible proof of their susceptibility to truth.

In the late hours of the evening, after every possible phase of the wholesale misrepresentations of the radical agitators had been fully gone into and disproved, the grizzled camp owner called for a showdown. Every man in his crew discarded his I. W. W. paraphernalia and denounced his former allegiance in no uncertain terms. And the following morning the camp opened up with one hundred per cent of a working force and throughout the long bitterly contested tie-up of the lumber industry there was no break in the ranks of these loyal workers, who had become thoroughly convinced they were receiving a square deal. These sturdy red-blooded lumberjacks not only went back to work in a spirit of hearty coöperation but since July 16, 1917, no agitator has ever been able to stay in the camp overnight without serious consequences to himself.

A Momentous Step

The unprecedented success of the revolutionary campaign in the Northwest convinced the recognized leaders of the radical movement that they could disrupt any industrial center if they could concentrate enough agitators and literature in a given district. Foster's former critics realized that it would be impossible to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat unless they could disrupt and gain control of the American Federation of Labor. The American Federation of Labor believed in contract; its fundamental principle advocated a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and its leaders advocated strict adherence to all agreements entered into. The direct actionists, on the other hand, did not believe in making any agreements with the employer; were wholly against a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, and did not believe in living up to any agreement whatsoever. They had only one object—the overthrow of the present industrial system.

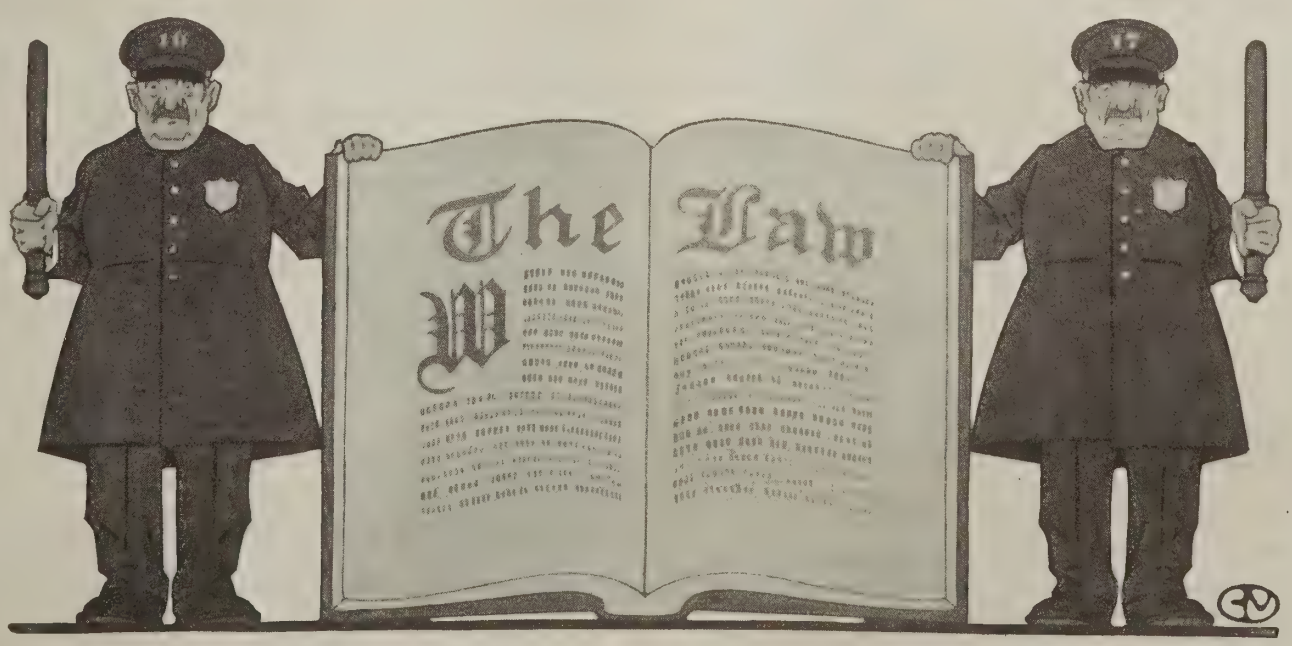
At this juncture the revolutionary organizations took the most momentous step in the history of industrial unionism. They sanctioned an invasion of the American Federation of Labor, casting aside one of the fundamental principles, which decreed that under no circumstances would the I. W. W. carry cards in two organizations. Every member of the various direct-actionist organizations immediately joined the various American Federation of Labor locals, with the avowed intention of gaining control by dominating its councils. They concentrated their entire forces on the Pacific Coast, which later resulted in the Seattle shipyard and general strike. They used the same arguments in the shipyard agitation that they so effectively employed in the woods. The shipyard workers did not strike because their wage was below a living standard but on account of the fact that they had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that they were receiving only a small pittance of their actual net earnings.

Trouble Makers at Work

In February, 1919, revolutionary influence was being felt in practically every A. F. of L. local in the United States. In various industrial centers the agitators had practically acquired control of the machinery of that conservative organization and were calling numerous outlaw strikes in open conflict with the international officers. The revolutionists had perfected one of the most powerful publicity bureaus in the United States. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, circulars, newspapers, magazines and various other periodicals were copiously distributed in every city, village and hamlet in the country.

Their army of skilled agitators permeated practically every industrial plant in the United States and Canada. After the Seattle and Butte disturbances a powerful array of provocateurs of unrest was sent into Western Canada, which resulted in the most paralyzing strike ever called on the American continent. On July first the radicals claimed that twenty per cent of the American Federation of Labor membership had been thoroughly inoculated with the One Big Union idea, and the great number of outlaw strikes called proved that the revolutionists were rapidly gaining control over the conservative leaders of the American Federation of Labor. The recognized leaders of the direct actionists had long advocated directing their concentrated efforts among the longshoremen workers, steel workers, stockyard employees and coal miners. During the past few months every available agitator has been centered on these industries, and the leaders of the great revolutionary movement are very enthusiastic over the headway that has been made.

The writer has spent the last three months in personal contact with coal miners and steel workers in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and stockyard workers in Chicago. In Youngstown, Gary, Cleveland, Hammond and Chicago a veritable army of clever agitators were ceaselessly working both night and day, and every workingman in these districts was constantly subjected to malicious, wildly distorted misrepresentations. Not only were the men subjected to the arguments of the revolutionists on the job and in numerous small



meetings but were followed to their homes and forced to listen to the inflammatory entreaties of these agents of discontent.

The most remarkable phase of the great revolutionary campaign waged in practically every industrial district in the coal and steel fields was the almost inconceivable fact that, though practically every man's mind was being daily poisoned with outrageously false statements that stirred up a feeling of class hatred and rebellion in his heart, I did not encounter a single man on the entire trip making the slightest effort to contradict in any way whatsoever the misrepresentations made on every hand.

It did not seem the least bit surprising to me that tens of thousands of workmen succumbed to the arguments of the revolutionists. On every hand systematic representations were made to the workers that the coal companies and steel operators were earning fabulous profits. The pet argument was the same that was so successfully used in the Northwest lumber strike—namely, that the mill and mine owners were actually earning ten times as much as they were paying out in wages. These statements were delivered in an impressive, convincing manner, and were as a rule backed up with figures in black and white. Quite true, these figures were almost wholly false, but how were the workers to know that? Not being mind readers they naturally accepted the gross misstatements for actual facts.

In the Chicago stockyards agitators were as thick as Texas steers, and a highly concentrated direct-action campaign was waged among the employees of the Big Five during July and August. The writer attended several revolutionary meetings held in the stockyards residence district. It was during one of these meetings that I heard the only contradiction made to statements delivered by an agitator during my past two years' experience in actual contact with labor. There were about one hundred and fifty workmen present, and the speaker was one of the most inflammatory revolutionists I have ever heard. He had his audience so thoroughly excited over his slandering statements that I really believe he could have led them to an actual hanging bee, with the owners of the Big Five as probable victims. He had craftily insinuated that the packers could pay forty or fifty dollars a day and still make millions in profits.

A small, dried-up, unshaven workman stepped up to the speaker as he closed his remarks, and threw a bombshell into the small assemblage when he flatly told the speaker that every statement he had made in his address was pure bunk. The startled audience gasped, and someone in the rear of the hall shouted "Throw him out!" The unshaven individual faced the workmen and told them he had been an employee of a packing house for twenty-eight years; that he had gone down the line with men every time they had called a strike; that he was a union man and lived up to every rule of his labor organization.

He said: "Boys, I'm willing to pack a gun in defense of the rights of the workingman; I am with labor in any legitimate endeavor to better the working conditions in the yards. But I do not believe in resorting to wild-eyed falsifications and stirring up trouble among my fellow workers. The speaker who has just addressed you has not told a single word of truth in his entire talk. His arguments do not hold water, and I'm going to show you just where they leak."

For three-quarters of an hour he carefully though spiritedly answered each misrepresentation made by the agitator.

Scores of questions were hurled at the speaker, who convincingly answered each one of them in a careful, unprejudiced manner. The audience, which had been almost ready to commit murder during the impassioned address of the agitator, was not only convinced of the truth of the second speaker's statements but demonstrated this fact by giving three cheers and a tiger for the packers. One man telling the stark naked truth had made one hundred and fifty loyal, contented men out of one hundred and fifty revolutionists in less than one hour.

The revolutionary movement is making tremendous headway in the United States because it is meeting with practical opposition. While a well-organized, directed army of agitators are ceaseless working, night and day fanning the flame of discontent in the hearts of practical every worker in the country, conservative loyal Americans display a shocking apathy toward this threatening danger. Nearly nine per cent of the workingmen in America are the finest red-blooded, two-fisted producers in the world to-day. These honest workmen are taking part in hundreds of local strikes, because they have been thoroughly convinced by the army of agitators that they are receiving only ten to fifteen per cent of the actual earnings of industry.

So soon as the employers and others make their workers familiar with the true facts which would demonstrate beyond a doubt that capital in general does not net more than ten per cent—industrial conditions in the United States will regain normality. This can be successfully accomplished by employing the same methods in acquainting workingmen with the truth that the radicals use in stirring up discontent. I do not believe there is a single plant in the country that could not muster at least thirty-five per cent of a loyal crew, men who would only too glad to contradict the lying statements of agitators, if they were sufficiently familiar with actual industrial statistics through systematic educational effort.

Sonnets From the Movie Gees

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

Monday

LAST night Bill took me to a movie show.
We go to one at least three times a week
Since Bill got up his nerve and asked to speak
In private to the boss about more dough.
I said to Bill, says I, "Gee, but you're slow!
No fella's raised without he uses cheek.
It never pays nobody to be meek.
Believe me—I'm a workin' girl. I know!"

You see Bill is my steady company.
I guess I should say "was" since last night's row,
As I don't speak to him ner him to me.
Still we've had spats like this one before now.
But I am keepin' up the frozen face
So as to let him know his proper place.

II

THE whole thing happened when I asked to stay
And see the fillum feature once ag'in.
The way Bill scowled you'd thought it was a sin,
My askin' him, and jealous hearted—say!
He'd overheard us talkin' yesterday,
Me and my lady friend—her name is Min—
About this movie actor's eyes and chin,
And how he kisses in the fade-away.

So Bill he says: "Nix on this he-doll stuff!
You women everywhere are all the same.
Give me the sort of gink what's plain and rough,
And not these pretty boys, all sweet and tame.
I'll bet he has a wife and seven kids.
Me fer the street! C'mon! Let's git our lids."

III

GEE, but he cert'n'y got me good and sore.
"Go on," I says, "you're jealous as a cat.
If you don't want to stay—why here's your hat."
Bill glared at me and started fer the door.
He'd never been so imperlite before.
He just walked up the aisle and left me flat.
If he thinks that I'll swaller stuff like that,
Take it from me—he'll have to think some more!

And so I seen that part a second time
Where Walfair Dougreid—I just love his name—
Showed in the last reel when the close-up came
Just how he sleuthed the man what done the crime.
I kinda thought that Bill would wait outside,
But when I looked he'd vamoosed, hair and hide.

IV

Wednesday

IT'S two nights now since Bill and me was out.
Was out is good. Well, honest, I don't care.
I guess that I have lost him now fer fair.
But I should worry; he's gone up the spout.
He always was a crazy sort of trout,
A reg'lar sorehead—grouchy as a bear.
Honest to Pete, I wouldn't even dare
Look at a collar ad with him about.

Min says I'm better off, as I'm inclined
To higher things. Well, there I'll give her right.
Unless a fella's more er less refined,
He jars me somep'n fierce; so it's good night
To Bill Magee as far as I'm concerned.
His sort could never git my feelin's churned.

V

Thursday

TO-DAY while I was lookin' at The Screen—
I had it hid behind the counter, see?
Shoved in beneath the cotton hosiery—
I seen a picture in that magazine
Of Walfair Dougreid in a fillum scene
Took from his latest movie—and, oh gee!
I wish to Gawd I was a movie queen!

Somehow I can't see Bill fer thirty cents.
It's just as well, then, that I've let him go.
There was a time when I was on the fence
And thought I'd marry him, but now I know
Alongside of this Walfair Dougreid lad
Bill's got no show—his case looks mighty bad.

VI

Friday

I'VE stuck his picture in my lookin'-glass.
I see it every time I comb my hair.
It almost makes me want to say a prayer.
I throw it kisses every time I pass.
And even after I turn out the gas
It makes me happy just to know it's there;
And I can only whisper to the air:
"Them eyes! Them lips and teeth! That smile! Some class!

"If I could only be a movie star
And have you look at me and squeeze my hand
Or grab me from the villun's racin' car
And hug me tight—gosh, wouldn't that be grand!
And if for such a part I wouldn't do—
Honest, I'd sell my soul to cook for you!"

VII

MY FIGGER ain't so awful. I've saw worse.
Min says I'd look real swell in evenin' dress.
My face could be improved on some, I guess.
Of course my beauty ain't my fatal curse;
It never landed no one in a hearse.
I wish I had a stand-in with the press.
I think I'd like to play a Red Cross nurse.
I'd never care to be a fillum flirt,
I'd cop a part that's noble through and through.
Them snaky dames that do the heroes dirt
Give me a pain. Such birds ain't worth a sou.
I can't see nothin' in this vampin' stuff,
I only ask to love—and that's enough.

VIII

Wednesday

AIN'T it a funny world? You wish and wish
Fer sirloin steak, and when it comes to you
It's steak left-overs in an Irish stew,
And precious little gravy in the dish.
All this sounds like I've got no more ambish.
I ain't. My hopes is went, gone up the flue,
And all my dreams has melted into goo.
I'll never be another Norma Mish!

Oh, Walfair Dougreid, what them eyes of yours
And smile has done to one poor female's heart!
Such achin' wounds as mine Time never cures.
They ain't no salve'll ever stop their smart.
"And with these words"—I seen that in a book—
I'll tell just how I come to git the hook.

IX

FRIDAY we closed because the boss's dad Cashed in; so we was gave a holladay.
Good things like that don't often come our way.
I couldn't see no use in actin' sad.
With pay like mine, I hadn't oughta had.
The boss won't shed no tears fer me, I'll say,
And how could I help feelin' kinda gay?
All day to loaf in! Would that make you glad?

I dolls up in my best with my new lid,
I looks at Walfair's picture and I sighs:
"Maybe you'd tell me, 'You're a winner, kid,'
If you could reely lamp me with them eyes."
Wishes don't git you nowhere; life is hard!
So thinkin', I walks up the boolyvard.

X

I HADN'T got no distance when I seen
A crowd outside a swell home and a line
Of taxis waitin'. "Hello, this fer mine,"
I says, thinkin' of brides and Lowengreen.
Just then up drives a dark-blue limmyzeen,
And as someone steps backward on my feet
The man who's settin' inside leaves his seat,
Opens the door and jumps from that machine.
Although his face was all messed up with paint,
It didn't fool me fer a cent. I knew
My knees got wabbly. "Gee, I'm faint,"
I says; then, "Steady! This won't"
Fer half a second everything got dim,
And then I come to, as I gasps, "It's him"

XI

SOMEP'N inside of me says, "This Fate."
I pulls myself together. "Do it now"
Them words stood out before my eyes how
Could I push past the crowd and through gate?
"I'll have to look as if I have a date,"
I says, "so's not to start a bloomin'
And then I'll throw that cop a chill
This ain't no time fer me to hesitate."

I give the man in front an elbow-jab.
I says in horty tones, "Please let me
I heard one woman say, "The stuck-up crab,"
Just as I handed her the icy eye.
And though they chucked me quite a bit
They all stood back and give me room to

XII

AND there I was inside of that swell
And Walfair Dougreid and his co
Standin' within a dozen feet of me!
I caught my breath and then I swallered
Maybe I should of sent him in my car
But names don't count—it's pers'nality
Just then a fathead over by a tree,
Dressed up to look as if he was a guard

Calls out to me, "You with the carrot
Who let you out the zoo, I'd like to know
Hey! Beat it, quick! You're messin' up the scene.
We don't need any freaks fer this show!"
And oh, my heart! Right there before crowd,
My Walfair looked at me and laughed out

XIII

Friday

LAST night as I was going out the
At closin' time, feelin' all bruised
Like people say they feel when one's died,
I stops to punch my time, on the main
Who is it I see waitin' by the door,
Lookin' halfway as if he tried to hide
But Bill Magee! At first I sorta
To freeze him out as if I still was sore

Somehow there wasn't any use, fer Bill
Acted like he'd made up his mind to
He just walked on aside of me until
I took his arm—then he says, low and
"Spos'n we walk and talk things over,
And me? I squeezed his arm as I says "

Beauty and the Butterflies

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

DEAR LITTLE JULIA! There is a *naïveté* about Julia, if you know what I mean—a charming ingenuous simplicity that delights and yet saddens one. When Julia looks p at me with that half inquir-g, half wondering, wholly candid pression in her big blue eyes I ways feel a little sorry for her. here is something really pathetic out it. It is such a hard, piti-ss, selfish and designing world, is of ours, and I tremble to ink of the lacerations of soul, e disillusionment in store for e poor girl if she should ever exposed, unshielded, to its de contacts and merciless achinations. I used to have mething of that feeling every ne I happened to call and tice what she had littered round e front porch or her piano or afing dish, and I have reason believe that Julia's fond papa ared my apprehensions to some tent.

"Some of these days one of ose things down there will take vantage of her tender heart d lack of judgment and get r to marry him," he predicted omily one evening as the waiian whine of a maltreated itar penetrated the closed door his cave of refuge.

I agreed that it was to be seri-sly expected. I said that youth d inexperience ——

"Well, I don't know about in-perience," said he.

"That's true," I agreed again, consideration.

"But there's this," he said, ghtening a little. "She is such hild in her regard of them. She ats them all much as she does r own brother—practically. ey get mushy of course, some-nes, but when that happens she lls the bell cord and they get , as Billy puts it. Oh, yes! s! Her mother says that they just so many big brothers to —practically. And they are h incredible young asses too. ike comfort in that. It doesn't m as if any girl in her senses uld pick from that mandolin, ndoline bunch, does it?"

'It never seems so," I replied. 'Still it might be worse, I sup-e. Some handsome devil of a tranger ——" He broke off al chuckled. "I'll have to tell you that joke on Julia." He didn't because we were interrupted by Billy, the son o the house, who had urgent and present need of a small arance on his allowance. My friend naturally demurred.

'You must think I'm easy, my boy," he said.

'Far, oh, very, very far from it, dad," said Billy. "I'm t wrong sex. You know yourself that you wouldn't wat me to plunk down on your knee and rub my cheek ainst yours. That wouldn't get me anywhere but out." E turned to me with a confidential grin. "Julia knows hy to work him, all right, but I'm no blue-eyed vampi-nte, and all I can do is make a simple manly appeal—and g turned down. It seems to me the present generation o athers ain't got no proper paternal feeling whatever."

'he simple manly appeal had the desired effect and By departed happily; but his father started on the sub-je of the boy's reckless extravagance and then switched to his compensating virtues, so that I might never have h rd of the joke on Julia if the young lady had not herself i rmed me.

"They're All Crazy About Him. And You are Going to Like Him Too—Just as Much as You Like Me"

"I suppose he meant my losing my purse, but I don't exactly see any joke about it," said Julia. "Perhaps it's because I haven't any sense of humor. It must be perfectly lovely to have one, I think; men always seem so proud of it, and so superior and amused when they find a person totally devoid. I thought I was just careless and properly punished for my carelessness, but daddy and Billy just howled. Men never lose their purses, do they?"

The blue eyes added: "Tell me the honest truth, please, even if it hurts. It means so much to me, and you see that I am hanging breathless on your reply." Dear little Julia!

I answered that men never did lose their purses—almost never.

Julia nodded soberly. It was what daddy had told her. Daddy said it was so foolish for women to carry their purses in their hands. "But I'm sure I don't see how else they are to carry them, unless they balance them on their heads—or go round with them in their mouths, like Toodles. One couldn't talk then, could one?"

"I believe you could," I told her.

"Do you, really? Toodles always drops what he is carrying when he wants to bark. But of course I wouldn't want to bark, would I? Wouldn't it be funny if I did!"

She laughed. She laughs deliciously, wrinkling her nose and dimpling one cheek—the left one.

"Besides," she continued, "when I have it in my hand I always know it's there; it isn't as if I had it in a pocket, where I'd never be sure that somebody hadn't picked it."

That seemed reasonable.

"But if you carried it in your hand how did you manage to lose it?" I asked.

"I laid it down of course. I was looking at embroideries, and you can't look at embroideries with one hand."

I said I could see that with half an eye.

"Well, I must have left my purse lying on the counter. I didn't find it out until nearly an hour later when I'd got through with my shopping at Benson's—and was in Raxtrell's."

"You didn't buy anything at Benson's then?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed."

"I wanted albatross, you see, and I couldn't get what I wanted at Benson's."

"If you had tried a bird fancier's ——"

"Albatross is a cloth, silly," said Julia. "I had a sample in my purse and when I looked for it I found that I hadn't got the old thing."

"You looked for it in your hand, I suppose, and to your great surprise your hand was empty?"

"Yes," answered Julia simply. "My first thought was that I must have dropped it on the floor, and I was looking for it when a voice at my elbow said, 'I beg your pardon, but have you lost anything?'"

"The voice no doubt thought that you might be admiring the grain of the wood. What sort of a voice was it?"

"It was a very musical voice—rich, deep and penetrating, with an indescribable quality in it—I can't think of the word."

"Liquidity?"

"N-no. A sort of sympathetic timbre. But you don't know what I mean; you are just laughing at me."

"I assure you that I was not. A man's voice or a woman's?"

"A man's voice of course. How could a man speak in a woman's voice? And he was just splendid! Tall and dark and a perfectly darling mustache—one of those dear little-bitty second-lieutenant ones. He had a military bearing too."

I said that I wished that I had been there and Julia said she didn't see why I should.

"He was perfectly respectful," she declared. "Of course I could see that he—— But he was most respectful. I think he said 'madam.'"

"Oh, one of the floorwalkers."

"He was nothing of the kind! Floorwalkers are bald and middle-aged. At Raxtrell's they are. They have some young ones at Benson's. There is one in the ribbon department who is per ——"

"Never mind. What did you do? Did you freeze him?" Of course I know that the idea of Julia freezing anybody is preposterous. "You should have," I said.

"I told him that I had lost my purse and he was very polite and interested. He didn't try to be silly, as some people do. He asked me to describe the purse and looked all round, but we couldn't find it. I told him not to trouble any more as I had most likely left it at Benson's at the embroidery counter, and he kindly offered to walk over there with me."

"Julia," I said severely, "I'm going to speak to your mother and ask her to forbid you to shop by yourself. Talking to a stranger, smiling at him and walking——"

"But I didn't walk with him! I said I wouldn't think of troubling him and I asked the salesperson to show me some albatross, and he bowed and walked away just as nicely as could be. He was just lovely, and I felt as mean as mean, because it looked as if I was trying to snub him. Well, when I had finished looking at the things I wanted to look at I went back to Benson's and—what do you think? They told me that somebody had just called for the purse, describing it exactly, and that they had given it to him. Wasn't that a shame? I suppose that poor young man went back to Raxtrell's to surprise me and couldn't find me, and he may have wandered about the store for hours, looking for me. I felt so sorry for him!"

"Was there much money in your purse?" I asked.

"I don't keep my money in my purse when I go shopping," Julia replied with a faint blush. "Really it was an

awfully shabby old thing. I had wanted a new one for I don't know how long, but daddy refused to buy the one I particularly wanted because he thought what I had was good enough for anybody. You ought to see my new one! Daddy got it for me. I could never have afforded it in the world. It's a little dream! He's the dearest daddy! He knew how awfully I felt about losing the other and he not only got me that gem but he put a twenty-dollar bill in it. I found it when I opened it up, and I was never more surprised in my life. What do you think of that?"

"I think, as you say, that you were very properly punished for your carelessness."

"So do I," said Julia innocently. Then: "Oh, have you seen the new Flemish tea room at Benson's? It's simply heavenly—a dream—and they serve the most wonderful little Belgian cakes with the tea. I'd love to show it to you if I didn't have so many engagements for next week—all but to-morrow afternoon."

"Very well," I acquiesced resignedly; "we'll say to-morrow afternoon then. At what time?"

Instant registration of surprise and delight. "Do you mean that you'll take me to-morrow afternoon? Oh, goody, goody! But I hope you don't think that I was hinting?"

"I don't," I replied. "No hint about it. What time?"

"Let me see: The matinée begins at two o'clock and——"

I bit again. "Oh, are you going to a matinée?"

"No such luck!" Julia sighed. "I was thinking of the time that it would be out; and we don't want a crowd, do we? No, I'd give anything in the wide, wide world to see Tracy Terhune in Bittersweet, but mums won't let me go to a matinée alone, and I've used up all of that bill daddy gave me anyway, and there you are!" She sighed again. "And to-morrow is the last night of Bittersweet!"

"We'll go to the matinée first then, and make an afternoon of it—if your parents will trust you to me."

"He's Sitting at That Table in the Corner, All by His Lonelies. Doesn't He Look Perfectly Silly!"

"You darling! You angel man!" cried Julia. "I'll tell them you've invited me then."

"I'll bear you out until I'm black in the face if they ask me," I told her.

I don't mean to convey the idea that I was a martyr. I found Bittersweet a clever little comedy and Tracy Terhune a cleverish little actor; furthermore it was a joy to watch Julia's whole-souled enjoyment. I don't deny either that I felt no end prideful of my pretty charge and the notice she attracted as we walked from the theater to Benson's. She had on her fetchingest frock and her darlingest hat—in my honor, she assured me—and we must have made a strikingly handsome couple. I only hoped that people wouldn't take her for my daughter. Van Atta passed us on the Avenue and bowed. I knew he wouldn't make any mistake and I knew that he would take the glad tidings on to the club and that I would have to endure some kidding—which I was confident of being able to stand good-naturedly and in a sporting spirit.

The Flemish room was crowded, but we managed to find a table and ordered our cakes and things, and I enjoyed that too. The place was really well done and the pretty women in their bright-hued frocks added not a little to the decorative effect. It was soothing to look round and observe that my little Julia was as smartly turned out as the smartest, and, to my taste at least, prettier than the prettiest. I imagined that she would not be seriously offended if I told her so; and she wasn't. I was in high feather and we chatted with great animation. Still I noticed more than once or twice that Julia's eye was roving and that her attention was not wholly given to me.

"Hasn't he come yet, Julia, my dear?" I asked.

She turned on me that wondering, inquiring, innocent look.

"The flower of the brotherhood," I suggested. "Or aren't they real brothers until they get mushy and you show them where they get off—as Billy puts it?"

Still the earnest, pathetically puzzled expression. Then as it didn't seem as efficacious as usual, a depression not much bigger than a pin's head occurred in Julia's left cheek and gradually deepened as her nose wrinkled and the corners of her mouth twitched upward.

"I ought to have known better than to make you bring me here," she giggled. "Yes, he's sitting at that table in the corner—under the Ypres window, all by his lonelies. Doesn't he look perfectly silly!"

He did. I took a second furtive look at him and recognized young Norman Budlong, the criminal assailant of the Hawaiian guitar, otherwise a nice enough young chap with a good position in his father's bank, and by no means so big a fool as he looked at that moment.

"Give him a nod and a beck and a wreathed smile," I said magnanimously.

"No, let him wait," said Julia scornfully. "He'd only spoil our party, and I'm enjoying it. I really am. I don't know when I've had such a good time—truly! You are perfect! I think you are wonderful!"

I smiled my sardonicalest smile, and then deftly catching young Norman's eye gave him what is known as "the office." He came to us, stumbling and blushing. Julia gave him her hand and a look of absolute surprise.

"Just think of you being here!" she exclaimed.

"The world is an awfully small place after all!" I remarked. "How is the bank, Norman?"

"Still solvent," replied the young man.

"You shouldn't jest on serious subjects," I admonished. "But it certainly looks as if business must be falling off when they let assistant cashiers out for five-o'clock tea."

"It's five-thirty," said Norman.

I was amazed and, remembering an important engagement that I had at that hour, much concerned. Very sorry to leave them, but I knew that I could depend on Norman to see Julia safely to her car. It seemed that I could.

"I'm decidedly easy," I said to myself as I passed the Benson portals and looked about for a taxi. "Decidedly easy. It's a good thing that I am something of a philosopher too."

I was breakfasting the next morning when Mish announced Mr. Francis Thorpe, Jr., and Francis Ju breezed in on the heels of the announcement and gree me with a warmth that was as flattering as it was surpri and I may say, painful. He had been a husky young e and he had grown huskier, and I am charitably incli to suppose that he didn't realize what an infernal gr he had.

"I'm certainly in luck to find you in!" he exclaimed, i honest face glowing with pleasure. "Say, Mr. Hun I've had you on my mind, intending to look you up, e since I've been in this man's town—every single day."

"Let me see; that must be at least two years," I r reflectively, chafing the crushed tendons of my mai right hand. "Seven hundred and thirty days; and I w somewhere about a hundred and forty pounds. I sh say that your mind has been under considerable str Anything else on it, Frank?"

"Oh, I know," he acknowledged. "But one thing another—you know how it is yourself. Gosh, you're l ing great! Why, you aren't so awful much younger t the old gent, are you? Eight or ten years? And you l like a kid to h Nobody wo take you to much over th or thirty-five you'll excuse for being p sonal. Rem ber the time brought me d that split bam and showed how to cast? got that old yet. Used it since, and I'll that I am s little caster, s there's no one here to say Nothing like y fine work; were a wond but I make m of them sit up take notice w I throw out a l Yes, sir, you m a hit with me time. I was j a small kid, b never forgot

"And that you came d with the folk Commenceme Say, the fell were still talk about that jump of yo when I left lege, and show your room Tucker's. Yo one of the tra tions—enshri and all that s of thing."

"Had your breakfast, Frank?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, thanks. I wouldn't have time to eat anot anyway. Fact is, I ought to be at the dull and dea daily grind right this minute, but I wasn't going to put seeing you a second longer. Not if it busted the wh concern. Say, it's good to see you. I don't suppose knew me when I blew in."

"You've grown of course. What do you hear fr home?"

"All well, fit and fine. They all want to be remem— I mean they would if they knew. You ought to run do sometime; they'd be tickled to death if you would. Fat thinks the world of you. Always bragging about Bob Hunter. Mother too."

"She brags of me, does she?"

I remembered Mrs. Thorpe's polite disapproval of m natural enough, no doubt, especially considering tha knew old Frank before she did, and could tell her thi about him.

Young Frank had the grace to be a trifle dashed by question, but he recovered quickly and began to adm my quarters and the view from the east windows and pipe collection and my pictures, all with remarkable thusiasm, and between times he expressed his delight finding me so fit and fine. It seemed to me that he w lingering from the deadly daily grind rather oddly a my curiosity at last got the better of me.

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"And how are you getting along, Frank?" asked.

"Not so well as I deserve, but about as ell as I could expect," he answered.

"Not in any trouble of any kind? I now a man will get into a tight place ometimes and—a little ready money —— don't know how it is with you, but another young friend of mine told me a day r two ago that he found the present gention of fathers unsympathetic in such ases; and if I ——"

"Thanks! I get you, sir," said the young an. "It's perfectly ripping of you and 'm enormously obliged and all that sort f rot; but I haven't even found it necesary to S O S the—father since I've been n my own. I may say I'm on the sweet nny side of Easy Street and looking for suitable permanent residence. Bought to the firm a couple of months ago. No, it was that I'd come to you on the wings f the wind. I wouldn't stall either. I just anted to see you and I thought perhaps you had a blank date some evening I uld get you to improve my social position y eating with me at a public place I ot of."

"Glad to, Frank," I said heartily.

"How about this evening?" he urged, ing me with an anxious eye. "Don't say if you'd rather not—please."

I considered a moment and then thought might as well. I had half promised a an—but I didn't actually promise, and wasn't keen about it. So I arranged to eet my young friend and he went away, ter shaking my hand with great cordialy and at great length; also, at my reest, with consideration for my fingers.

I couldn't help feeling pleased over the cident, and rather ashamed that I had spected Francis Junior of ulterior moves. A fine, clean-cut, upstanding young llow with a grateful recollection of kindss shown to him in his boyhood by his ther's friend. A winning personality too. good deal like old Frank. Of course he ight have looked me up before, but I am thing if not tolerant, and on the whole was pleased.

The jolt came at the dinner. It was a pital dinner, too, and Francis Junior eased me more and more, blending proper ference with just the right degree of good llowship. I gathered that he was a pretty rewd young man of business and that e brokerage firm in which he had an terest valued him. Also that he was a od sportsman and by no means unletred. He had a lively appreciation of a od thing when he heard it too.

"I'm mighty glad I had the nerve to eak in this morning," he said as we ank our coffee. In effect he had said the me thing about a dozen times before. "I pe you'll let me break in on you often."

"As often as you like, my boy," I reponded.

He looked at the tip of his cigarette very ently. "I might as well own up that if hadn't happened to see you yesterday would probably have put off my call a ile longer. Not much longer though. the Flemish room in Benson's, you low. I recognized you the moment I saw u."

"Why didn't you come up and make urself known?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, I was with a—a party, d I—I noticed that there was a young lly with you."

"Strange that you noticed that," I rerked. I turned in my seat. "That man er there must be eating fish. I seem to sell it. Excuse me. You say you noticed t a young lady was with me—and being shful ——"

"I felt a certain delicacy, of course," he id.

"Well, as long as it reminded you of me all right. Where did you get these azing cigarettes? I like them."

"They aren't on the market," he said. hey were given to me by an unproanceable Turk. I don't like the flavor rself and I wish you would allow me to ss them on to you. By the way, that ung lady was a very beautiful young dy. Is she ——"

"She is so considered by excellent dges."

"Is she a relative of yours? I thought aw a slight resemblance."

"A very dear friend merely."

"Merely!" he echoed. "If I had a very r friend like that I'd—I'd—well, I uld deem myself fortunate, to avoid d metaphor. Would you mind telling me the name of this rare and radiant maiden? What do the angels call her for short?"

"I've not the least objection to telling you that," I replied. "She is Mildred Blenkinsop—the Kentucky Blenkinsops, you know. She was visiting some friends of mine here."

"Was?" His face fell.

"She returned to Lexington this morning." I blew a cloud of smoke, shuddered slightly and laid down his cigarette and took one from my own case. "There is rather a disagreeable tang to that tobacco," I said. "It doesn't improve with acquaintance." I thought to myself: "My young friend, I trust that you are still glad beyond words that you broke in on me, and much good may it do you, you impudent, double-dealing, red-headed pup!"

"You couldn't give me her address, could you, Mr. Hunter?" he asked.

I adjusted my eyeglasses very carefully and looked at him. He returned my look with no indication of shame.

"Were you thinking of writing to her?" I asked coolly.

"I have a very particular reason for wanting to know, that I hope to be able to tell you later on," he said. "I hope you will believe that the reason is entirely proper."

"In that case you might try ——" I consulted my notebook. "Yes; Billiter Avenue, Lexington."

He got out his notebook and penciled it down.

"Now let's go to a show somewhere," he proposed with his ingratiating grin and deceptive eagerness of manner.

I didn't want to in the least. I was fed up on shows and things and would have enjoyed a quiet evening at home for once. Nevertheless I called his bluff promptly and we went to a show and—it was a dashed good show. A corker! I'm sadly afraid that Francis Junior found it as entertaining as I did, contrary to my hope and expectation. We parted with great friendliness and he thanked me effusively for giving him the evening.

"I'm going to be your little prize pest from this on and make up for lost time," he said.

"Yes, you will," I retorted sarcastically. "Yes—you—will!" But he was out of hearing when I said it.

On a pleasant sunny afternoon of the ensuing week I ran down to the Teithdale links with Dan Luttrell and found young Norman Budlong sitting apart from the giddy throng on the clubhouse veranda and thinking the long, long thoughts of youth with such concentration that I had to speak to him twice before he looked up, with a lack-luster eye, and acknowledged my greeting. A tall glass of some amber fluid stood, evidently untasted, on the table at his side, his pipe held loosely between his teeth had gone out, his attitude was slumped and his expression dejected. He tried to smile, and perhaps imagined that he had succeeded.

"I'm resting," he replied to my question. "In rotten form anyway, I ought to have brought out a carving knife instead of my clubs. Broke my midiron too—the one Chuck Guthrie gave me—remember it? Oh, I'm sore—sore to the bone."

"I thought something had happened to you," I said. "Well, such is life! One darned disaster after another. But I wouldn't let the midiron enter into my soul if I were you, and as for slicing, you're just a little out of practice. This must be the first time you've been here for a month."

"About that," he admitted gloomily.

"I know I have missed you among the regulars, and it seemed to me odd, in view of your erstwhile enthusiasm for the noble game. Other interests to occupy you, I suppose. Your music?"

"My music? What are you talking about?" he demanded, rather rudely, I thought.

"The Hawaiian guitar," I suggested.

He muttered something with a very savage intonation, and I begged his pardon.

"I'm no—er—stringed-instrument virtuoso, but I know that there are chords that should not be vibrated," I said. "If I have inadvertently touched upon one I can only express my sorrow."

"I suppose she's told you," he growled. "She seems to make quite a confidant of you. I'll tell you one thing though: I don't stand for any kidding." He glared at me.

"Would you mind explaining yourself?" I requested with dignity. "And in a different tone, if you please, Mr. Budlong."

I was able to preserve my gravity as he stammered an apology.

"I was speaking of Julia—Miss Griswold," he went on. "You speaking of the guitar I thought—of course I shouldn't have thought anything of the sort. But since I've mentioned—alluded—— But I guess there isn't any impropriety in my telling you, in confidence, that she"—he gulped—"she has turned me down."

I expressed my astonishment. "Do you mean that you made a formal proposal of marriage which she declined?"

"I don't suppose it was what you would call formal," he answered, "but it was words to that effect. I guess I made myself clear finally—and so did she. Naturally I feel like the dickens about it. I thought perhaps a little golf would keep my mind from dwelling —— Oh, damn!"

"My dear boy, you have my sincere sympathy," I told him. And he had. "I really imagined that you were the favored suitor," I continued.

"So did I, but it was just my imagination," he said.

He gulped again. "She told me she liked me, but not in that way. She was mighty sweet and lovely about it; I'll say that. Awfully sorry—and she had a right to be, if she knew it. I guess I fooled myself though. She doesn't want it to make any difference, but of course that's all rot. She doesn't think it is, but it is. I can't go there and talk to her as if she were my sister. I've got sisters already, and if she heard me talk to them sometimes she wouldn't ask me to. Oh, well! One thing, I'm going to light out of here and let the bank go to thunder. I guess I'll go west—or east. Just so I'm on my way."

"That might help a little," I remarked reflectively. "Absence sometimes does. On the other hand, however, sometimes it doesn't; in which respects it is like sticking round. I hardly know how to advise you, Norman, my boy. There have been cases where a steady and persistent proposer has won the object of his affections after repeated rejections, and others where a similar persistence has obliged the young lady's parents to call upon the police. You understand, do you not, that I have known Julia for quite a long time and enjoy to a certain extent the honor of her confidence? Dear little Julia!"

"I'd appreciate any advice that you feel like giving me, Mr. Hunter," said Norman earnestly. "But please talk seriously."

"Quite so. I was going to say that she is such a child. I dare say that she had no idea you had any other than a warm friendly feeling for her."

"She told me that she hadn't."

"You see! Quite innocent! And in the innocence of her heart she may have unintentionally led you to believe that she might have more than a warm friendly feeling for you. Which she may have, after all. I hope so. Again, it is possible that she distrusts herself, if you know what I mean—undervalues herself, I should say—thinks that some other girl would make you happier than she ever could."

"That's just what she said," the poor fellow informed me.

"At least that indicates a strong interest in your welfare—don't you see that it does? If you consider you will see that she must have a high estimate of your worth, which may burgeon, as it were, into love. I have heard Julia alluded to as a peach. Well, peaches have to ripen. If they are picked too soon the best you can expect from them is a puckered mouth; and you know how it was with little Johnny and his sister Sue. My advice at present is to wait. Try not to let it make any difference. Continue to call occasionally. Take your guitar along if you think it will help. Personally I think it is a detriment, but you are no doubt the best judge. But don't be sentimental. Be bright and gay; mention some of the girls that you both know in an interested sort of a way, one at a time, and ask her, as between brother and sister, what her opinion is of that particular one. Oh, if at any time you feel gloom or sentiment stealing over your soul and can't overcome it grab your hat and beat it, as you boys say, instantly. I think that is about the best I can do for you for the present."

"Thank you," he said gratefully, and brightening perceptibly. "And perhaps you might put in a good word for me in the meantime. I don't think it would be quite decent for me to show up for a week—or a few days anyway."

"I'll say whatever I deem advisable," I promised.

"Julia, my love," I said, regarding her thoughtfully, "were you ever spanked? Seriously and conscientiously paddled by a firm and vigorous hand?"

"Not that I can remember," she answered wonderingly. "Why?"

"I meant of course the kind of paddling that you would remember. Well, perhaps I am ungallant in suggesting that you might be improved in some respects by such a crude method, but I can't help thinking that your parents neglected a Scriptural injunction and a plain duty when they spared the slipper in its application to your case."

"You are very disagreeable and horrid," said she. "I suppose you are an admirer of that old reprobate, Solomon. He was a nice one to instruct parents on the proper bringing up of children! He couldn't have known a tenth part of his own by sight. The idea of deliberately inflicting pain on a poor defenseless child!"

"Not so bad as deliberately inflicting pain on poor defenseless and unoffending young men," I observed sternly. "Tearing their reeking scalps from their quivering heads to deck your belt, wringing their honest palpitating hearts and trampling them beneath your ridiculous French heels; taking away their appetites, robbing them of their sleep and driving them to desperation and golf."

"What are you talking about?"

"Not the least little bit of good, looking at me like that," I told her. "You know all too well what I am talking about."

She looked indignant then. "If Mr. Norman Budlong has been ——"

"Oh, have you got Norman's scalp too?" I laughed very heartily. "Well, he'll grow another in a week. Norman's scalp wounds heal by first intention, as the surgeons say. No, my dear, I was thinking of some of the fine lads like Allen Somers and Dick Wylie, and Harvey Lemoine—young fellows capable of deep feeling and intense suffering.

"There was Roy Bassett too. I think poor Roy's great heart was broken."

"Fiddle!" said Julia. "Perfect nonsense! It wasn't anything of the kind. And, as to Norman ——"

"Why do you do it, Julia?" I remonstrated gravely. "It may be sport to you to lure them on and on and then smilingly watch their agonies when you, so to speak, give them the gaff; but as someone has well and truly said, it's death to them."

"But I don't do it!" she declared. "They do it themselves. I'm not to blame."

"'Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies!'" I quoted, perhaps inaccurately.

"What am I to do with my eyes?" she asked plaintively. "Close them? Sit and receive my callers like this?"

She shut her eyes and folded her hands, setting her lips in a sort of a prim pout. I think that her vision may not have been totally obscured, for the pout quivered suspiciously as I bent forward.

"Oh!" she cried. And then: "You are just as bad as any of them. And I suppose you would blame me for that!"

"I know you were perfectly innocent, my dear," I said. "At the same time I would be just a little more circumspect if I were you."

"I knew it!" said Julia. "Adam! But you don't really and truly think that I try to flirt, do you—lure people on and on, as you said just now? You can't think how it hurts me when you say things like that." She dabbed at her eyes with a lacy mite of a handkerchief, and one would have almost sworn that the handkerchief absorbed moisture. "And I was truly sorry for poor Norman, and it wasn't at all my fault," she concluded.

"I told you that you need not worry about Norman," I said. "He has his heart broken every once in a while, and rather enjoys it for the few days that it takes to heal. Then he sees a new adorable being, and if she has no better taste than to encourage him he begins to moon round her. He hasn't much sense, that chap. Homely young lout too. I wonder you put up with him as long as you did."

"He isn't a lout and he isn't at all homely," said Julia. "I don't believe he ever made love to a girl before, either. I guess I know. If I had shut my eyes when he ——" Julia stopped and blushed. "Well, I guess I can tell," she repeated defiantly.

"Let me see," I murmured. "There was Mabel Annister, and Bess Stratton, and Adelaide Jessop, and—I don't remember all of them. But you watch that poor heart

of his on the rebound and see how soon some sweet girl will get her chance to swat it."

Julia looked half convinced. She nodded. "All right," she said, "I'll watch it."

I was considerably surprised when Mr. Francis Thorpe, Jr., honored me with his second visit. I might have imagined that he came to upbraid me with my perfidy, and the thought that this was his purpose did cross my mind. I reflected, however, that though a letter would take less than two days to reach Lexington, Kentucky, many more days would elapse before the postal authorities abandoned their search for the mythical Mildred Blenkinsop and returned her letter to "sender" with the usual indorsement. Moreover, it was more than likely that "sender" didn't put his name and address on the envelope, in which case the dead-letter office would have to take a whack at it. So I received Francis with an unperturbed spirit, albeit with some curiosity. What the devil did he want this time?

He had brought me a book on Fly-Fishing in Northern Waters. There was the answer. A book as was a book, and written by a gink who knew whereof he burbled. And the plates!

"See here, Mr. Hunter; gladden your unaccustomed eyes with plates that have a positive resemblance in color and form to the objects ostensibly depicted! Wouldn't you call that a miracle? Would you believe it if you didn't see it? Take a cursory slant at that big-mouthed bass! Regard them hackles! That blue-dun is the i-dentical that I used myself at Wauchipee, and I'll say it's as deadly as dynamite."

He glowed with the enthusiasm that I had found so attractive on his first visit. He was the boy I had fished with lang syne, and my heart softened to the glad-handing young fraud in spite of myself. I am an angler inbred, born and bred, and the book was really an unusual book.

"Have you dropped the brokerage and taken the agency for this, Frank?" I asked him. He grinned but said nothing to that. Presently we laid the book down and Frank lit his pipe, at my invitation.

"I had to talk this over with somebody who savvied," he said. "I know just two men who would eat it up, but one of them is in Buenos Aires and the other out on the coast. I don't know who I'm going to get to go along with me when I take my vacation—unless you will take pity on me. Were you ever at Wauchipee?"

He told me about Wauchipee and the fighting fools of trout to be found in that favored region. We settled down and talked of moving incidents of flood and field—principally flood; of rare old crusted guides, of baits and lures, of gut, silk, tinsel and feather, twelve-ounce duck, birch-bark canoes, weights, measures and affidavits thereto. I have seldom enjoyed an evening more, and when Frank got up to go I was amazed at the lateness of the hour.

"There's one consolation, sir," said Frank: "the misty future holds many, many evenings that ain't been touched yet. I told you I was going to be your prize pest. I'm just beginning to prove it."

"I'll try to bear up," I said. "You're forgetting your book, Frank."

"That's your copy," said he. "I've got mine at home, and I've sent one to each of those two men I was telling you about."

This was touching. I thanked him in becoming terms.

"By the way, did you hear from Miss Mildred Blenkinsop?" I asked.

He smiled. "Oh, foxy, foxy!" he said. "And this wise old owl, a wise old bird was he. No, Mr. Hunter, I have not heard from Miss Mildred Blenkinsop. By the way," he added, "do you realize that I could have you shadowed—that I may be having you shadowed even now?"

I suddenly made up my mind. "It isn't necessary," I said. "I think you need to have a little of the self-assurance taken out of you, so if you like I'll take you out some afternoon or evening to call on Miss Julia Griswold."

In one of our heart-to-heart talks Miss Julia Griswold acknowledged that I had been quite right about Norman Budlong.

"He is just as fickle as he can be," she said. "I'm so disappointed in him! I thought he was one of these wonderful—what is it they stamp on your silver manicure things and—and purses? Oh, yes; sterling. One of these sterling characters. But he isn't, one bit. He's just like shifting sand—isn't that what you say? You aren't supposed to build your house on it, because great is the fall thereof. Still, they do at all the beaches. The hotel where we were staying in Florida last year was built right on the sand, and it seemed perfectly solid and I never once thought of being nervous. We had just the dandiest time there. Did I tell you ——"

"About Norman? No, you started to," I said.

"I'm glad, of course, that his life isn't blighted," said Julia. "I don't want to blight anybody's life, I'm sure; but I do think that it shows a deceptive nature—and a frightful nerve—to tell me that I had, and then a few weeks after be all the time maundering about Kate Corwin. It makes one lose one's faith in human nature, don't you think?"

"It is calculated to," I admitted. "But you know I told you he had a butterfly disposition. He may act a little like a chrysalis, but he's really a butterfly."

"I know," agreed Julia. "You told me so and I didn't believe you. I think it is perfectly uncanny the way you read character. You seem to look right into people's hearts and minds and tell exactly what they are and what they are thinking about. It's just wonderful! How did you get to know human nature so well?"

"Experience, my dear; experience," I replied. "Some of it costly, much of it sad. It doesn't afford me any pleasure, though. I often wish that I could regain my youthful trust in my fellow man—the fresh, unsuspecting nature that I once had and that you now have!"

"It's too bad that you can't!" sighed Julia sympathetically. She regarded me with celestial azure compassion. "I can't help believing what people tell me," she went on. "It doesn't seem possible to me that they would try to deceive me—until I find them out. I believe Norman has tried to. There are times when I think that he must have gone to some sophisticated and sadly experienced person for advice and that he is trying in his blundering, stupid way to follow it. Do you think that could be so?"

We looked at each other very seriously for a long moment, and then —— I had to laugh, too, but I confess that it cost me some effort and that my mirthful performance was not nearly equal to Julia's. But I always try to be a good sport.

"I throw up my hands, my dear," I said. "From this minute on I let things take their course. I'm afraid I can't help taking an interest in you, though. It has got to be too much of a habit with me."

"You're a love—a darling love!" said Julia. "Lean back in your chair and close your eyes."

I obeyed.

Dear little Julia!

A little later on my everlasting—interest got the better of me and I asked her how she liked Francis Thorpe, Jr., by this time.

"I don't like him," said Julia. "He's very nice and all that, but he's rather slangy, don't you think? And his red hair is so red! And then he takes things so much for granted; not at all like poor Norman. I think he has had his own way too much. No, I don't think I like him."

"Train him, my dear," I suggested. "Form him. I think there's good stuff in that boy, and by smoothing his rough edges a little you can get him so that he can make some nice girl a very fair husband."

"There you go again!" said Julia.

Every once in a while I would go home and find Francis Thorpe, Jr., settled in the chair that he had chosen for his own, with his feet where they had no right to be and his pipe polluting my sitting room; or he would coax me out to dinner with him or artfully oblige me to take him to the club and give him a postprandial postgraduate course in billiards. And these evenings in his society I am bound to admit I enjoyed. I was gradually losing my suspicion of Mr. Frank's motive in cultivating me; and then I found his infatuation for my dear little Julia very amusing. There was a remarkable thing about that; he never talked of her unless I directly encouraged him to do so. For hours he would converse rationally on any subject that was broached and seem as happy and care free and heart whole as need be, but let me mention Julia, and he was off. Here is a specimen of his rhapsodies, delivered with almost maudlin emotion.

"Before I lamped that little lady I didn't believe in fairies. Will I ever forget that fateful afternoon at Benson's! Say, I fell for her like a hundred-and-fifty-foot smokestack! The way she was looking at you, and the way she laughed! I saw, I heard. A sweet, unspoiled, angelic soul shining through orbs of translucent sapphire—what? Doesn't it strike you that way? And some laugh! Some laugh! Talk about your rippling brooks and little songbirds and flute notes and the music of the spheres, and you might as well include the five-finger exercise and cornet practice in the woodshed! Oh, hush, you Boston symphonies! Julia is going to laugh, and I want to listen to the real thing!

"And there I sat, lashed hand and foot to a cackling cold-storage hen, chemically treated to arrest decay, that ten minutes before I had taken for a real chicken! You don't know her, and I don't suppose you saw her, so I can free my mind. Anyway, by the time I had nerved myself to break away at all costs that Budlong boy busted in and you faded out.

"A fairy! That's what gets a plain, blunt bird like me. If she was a little more like the average mortal creature I might stand some show. If I had your social gift—that smooth, elegant way you have—I'd be easier in my mind and more hopeful; but look at your red-headed young friend! If I had Budlong's good looks it would be something. Sometimes I think I'll have to slaughter Budlong, with every circumstance of revolting brutality. He annoys me seriously. If it wasn't for the S. P. C. A. something would certainly happen to him soon—and may yet. She has such a tender little heart that low forms of existence like him don't repel her the way they should—not by any means."

So it appeared. Norman seemed to be gaining ground and feeling quite a little encouraged.

"I'm quite confident that it's working all right, Mr. Hunter," he told me. "She's beginning to lecture me on my extravagance and my smoking, and that's always a good sign, isn't it? And when I talk about Kate Corwin I can see that she doesn't like it any too well. I keep it up, though. I've sent Kate flowers three times now. If it wasn't for that Thorpe person—she's altogether too tolerant of that rotter. Oh, I'd just as soon tell him. I will, some of these days, if ——"

"Don't tell me, Norman," I said. "Because Frank is a friend of mine, and I no more form intimacies with people of that description than I allow my friends to be traduced in my hearing."

He was properly penitent and owned that there was no basis of fact for his characterization. So I forgave him.

As for Julia, a change was coming over the girl. I first heard of it from her father, who said he couldn't think what was coming over her. According to him Julia "mooned," and varied the "mooning" by "moping." He was afraid that she was sickening for something. As Frank was out of town on a business trip just then I wondered if the moping part might not be attributable to that; but Frank returned, and the symptoms described still continued, according to papa. I noticed myself that she was often strangely pensive and that she sighed a great deal without any apparent reason. So with some diffidence and extreme caution I spoke of Norman.

"Norman really needs somebody to look after him, poor fellow!" said Julia. "His mother doesn't at all understand him, and his sisters—they are dear girls, and I love them—but I can't imagine myself being as indifferent to Billy as they are to Norman. I think they all underestimate him."

At another time and with equal care and delicacy I regretfully referred to Frank's *brusquerie* and lack of repose.

"Don't you think that is rather attractive—and natural?" asked Julia. "I think a man should be a man, and have a dominating personality. Ho-hum!" It was a more elegant sigh than "ho-hum," but—well, something between "heigh-ho" and "ho-hum."

I asked myself if this was self-defense or indecision. Certainly I was no wiser than before; but I felt convinced that the burgeoning process was beginning or well on its way. Julia's feet, reluctant or otherwise, had stepped over the boundary between childhood and womanhood. Her maiden heart was awakening or wide awake if I didn't miss my guess. To whom was it turning? To whom had it turned? Did I say that I had seen her remove something—a thread or lint—from Frank's coat collar?

There was a certain book—The Fa
the Leaf. Anybody may talk about bo
I asked Julia what she thought of it.

"I don't like Elinor," she replied.

"Why?"

"She was so wretchedly shallow. H
tries to make her out a great, noble c
acter, but no girl who was really and t
in love could go on cutting bread
butter the way she did after De Vigna
deserted her. Why didn't she throw
self over the cliff when she had such a
chance? I would. I simply couldn't g
living!"

I never saw Julia so moved.

It was not long after that I found F
in my apartment with the furniture pu
to the wall out of the way and all my fis
tackle, rods, reels, lines and fly books
tered on the floor and spread out on
table. At the moment of my entranc
was busily busking a hook, whipping the
with silk to the bend in a very neat
workmanlike manner. I raised my
brows in a manner and with an expres
that ought to have abashed him—
didn't in the least.

"Will you be kind enough to explain
rather extraordinary proceeding?" I as

He nodded. "Wait until I finish this
the meantime you might look over
list of things that you are going to ne
He indicated the list with another jer
his head. "I thought I might as well
a little and save time," he went on. "Y
probably have quite a few other thing
do—canceling engagements and so for
and we start for Wauchipee by the e
Monday morning train."

"Oh, we do, do we?" I said. "W
makes you think so?"

"I don't think so; I know so," he
plied. "I've made the reservations
arranged everything. There, that's
ished; and now I'll explain."

It took him some time, but the expl
tion was to the general effect that he h
chance of getting away from the grin
a couple of weeks, that he had receiv
letter from old Prosper Bigaud of M
Lacs in the Wauchipee informing him
the prospects for muskellunge were n
rosier; that I needed a change from
hollow, meretricious glitter of society
and deep breaths of the pure uncont
nated air of the wilderness; that he hop
nay, knew that I had a heart and woul
let him go alone, and that in short ev
thing was arranged and there were no
ways about it.

I firmly, resolutely refused to go. I
him in plain unvarnished terms wh
thought of his infernal cheek; I liste
with a cold smile to his graphic accou
a fight to the death with a ferocious six-
muskie; I considered the utter impossib
of breaking all my engagements for the
suing fortnight—and I finally agreed t
Confound him, that's the way he had!

"But I should think that you would
a trifle disquieted at the idea of leavi
certain field of endeavor to an enterpri
and energetic rival," I remarked.

He grinned. "A woman is only a won
but a fishing trip—and with Mr. Bo
Hunter—is another thing yet again,"
answered. Then his manner abru
changed. "Do you really think I'd be
ning any risk?" he asked anxiously. "
know it didn't seem to make any differe
the last time I was away. I though
anything, that she had missed me and
glad to have me back. Don't you think
undiluted dose of Norman might impr
my chances?"

"I wouldn't express an opinion if I
one," I told him.

"When I think of those sweet, dre
brown eyes ——" he began.

"Norman's?"

He looked a little puzzled.

"You said brown eyes."

"Did I?" He laughed with forced he
iness. "Blue of course! Never mind thou
I've thought it over, as you may guess,
I'll take a chance. We go."

Before we went I attended to a comm
sion that I had undertaken for Mrs. St
ley Edmonston—to pass judgment on
alleged Nardon Pénicaud enamel in
fary's department of antiques. Not
absolute judgment, of course, but I kno
little about enamels and I could tell at le
if this was a worthy piece, whether auth
tic or not. I decided that it was, and
on my way out when I came on Norm
Budlong and got the first of the three sho
to be hereinafter mentioned.

(Concluded on Page 65)

(Concluded from Page 62)

Norman was standing before a small tray of large solitaire diamond rings—ladies'—obviously picking and choosing.

Delicacy demanded that I should pass without apprising Norman of my presence. Curiosity or, we'll say, friendly interest proposed that I should slap him gently on the shoulder, which I did. And rich ruby glow forthwith overspread Norman's countenance and extended even to the nape of his neck.

"Oho!" I said coarsely. "This looks vicious!"

My air and tone were jocular, but oddly I did not feel at all so. Quite the contrary. He shook hands with me in much confusion, and then excusing himself for a moment or two turned to the imperturbable salesman. I strolled on, but took occasion to stop near the door and talk for a few minutes with the affable young Bif-fin, by which time Norman had completed his purchase and joined me.

"So it has come to this after all—or am I unduly jumping to conclusions?" I asked as we left the store.

"Yes," he admitted. "I'm a lucky fellow, Mr. Hunter. You are the first one I've told and as it has happened I am glad that you are. But it isn't to be announced until her birthday, next week."

"I congratulate you," I said, and tried to say it genially. "You are fortunate indeed. Julia is the dearest ——"

"It isn't Julia, though," he said. "It's Kate Corwin. You know her, don't you? It's quite natural that you should think it was Julia, but that was just a sort of —— I know she realized it at the time I proposed to her—you remember. She said that some other girl would make me far happier than she ever could. I—you—I think she was right, don't you know. Yes, Julia-Kate and I —— Just last night, you know."

It is time I slapped him on the back with genuine cordiality.

"I'm delighted, my boy!" I told him. "I think you and Kate are exactly suited to one another and you both have my most sincere wishes for your happiness."

So this young man was a butterfly after all—and with a net over him and a pin and a visiting card in immediate prospect! And it naturally followed that friend Frank's path was clear before him. For him were those joyful maiden reveries of my Julia's! I was glad. I realized how much Frank had insinuated himself—no, not insinuated—wormed and shouldered himself into my affections. He was old Frank Thorpe all over again, as I had known him in our more youthful days. The last time I had seen the dear chap I had been rather disappointed with him, to tell the truth. He had grown fat and stodgy—and elderly—as so many of the men I used to know have grown—unaccountably, it seems to me. I suppose that marriage and the cares of a family may account for it, though.

I could have some good news for young Frank now.

On second thought I decided I wouldn't. I would let young Frank remain on the luxurious seat for a couple of weeks longer, since the fishing turned out to be poor I could have a little sport with the young man, stimulating his anxiety. Lovely!

With that purpose formed I set out with Frank for the wild north. We went as far as the railroad was able to take us in justice to stockholders, and then proceeded by stage until the ways grew too watery, after which we embarked—embirchbarked—and finally arrived at Mille Lacs, where old Foster made us welcome.

The fishing was anything but poor. I have a reputation for truthfulness to sustain, so I am not going to attempt to relate the unbelievable. I say nothing of the bass, nothing more than refer to the trout, and will only divulge to those who know me well the length and tonnage of my first muskie and the time it took me to land him. It was the trip of my life, replete with thrills and ecstasy. I let my beard grow, neglected my finger nails for days at a time, ate with instinctive piggishness, smoked Frank's rank tobacco and slept like a baby on lumpy fragrant juniper boughs. Day by day my energy and appetite increased and, as Frank said, the well-known Phœnix had nothing on me in its famous specialty of rejuvenation. If in spite of the absorbing interests of life I sometimes thought of Julia I dismissed the thought. Time enough for that. Frank came pretty close to my idea of a perfect companion and I wasn't going to encourage him to become a lovesick rhapsodizing bore.

So until that last night in camp Julia's name was not mentioned. It was a perfect night, ending a perfect day. Bright starlight, and silent, save for the hiss of a green twig in the fire, the plop of an occasional fish in the broad-bosomed lake before us, the call of some night bird in the woods behind, and Prosper's snores as he lay in the shelter he had fashioned. Frank and I had maintained for some time a silence that was quite unbroken, but at last he took his pipe from his mouth and said with feeling that he hated to go back.

"I know something that might make you glad to," I said. "Not to keep you in suspense, something about Norman Budlong and Julia Griswold. I heard of it just before we left, but I didn't want to spoil your vacation by telling you."

I waited for him to say something. A little gust of wind swept through the wild rice, fanned the coals of our fire to a glow and sent a wreath of acrid smoke into Frank's face. He said "Damn!"

I waited a little longer, chuckling inwardly.

"But of course if you are not interested ——"

He cleared his throat and looked at me with a shamefaced grin.

"Uncle Bob," he said, "I've got some news for you. I feel mean keeping it from you for so long, but—I'm an engaged man. Engaged to be mar-ri-ed, and what do you know about that!"

"Frank!" I exclaimed joyfully. Then recollection of my misunderstanding of a former and similar confidence seized me, and I grew cold with apprehension. "Not to Julia?" I asked breathlessly.

"Oh, no," replied Frank. "Another lady entirely. Julia never cared a hang for me," he went on. "I saw that from the first, and though I was tremendously struck with her I wouldn't want any girl who had the bad taste to prefer another fellow to me. I let on contrariwise to you because—I thought you had it coming to you. You done me a foul wrong, Uncle Bob."

"Don't 'Uncle Bob' me!" I said sharply.

"You thought I was just working you to get solid with the girl, Uncle Bob. Not so! I loved you for yourself alone. But my feelings were hurt and I thought you didn't deserve my entire confidence—see?"

As I vouchsafed no answer he took another tack. "Julia's in love with Norman Budlong," he asserted confidently. "I'm wise to that. I use this bean of mine. It was somebody, it wasn't me, and Norman old chappie and I had frozen the others out. Oh, I noticed it coming all right."

His tragic stupidity angered me and betrayed me into a *bêtise* for which I could have bitten my tongue off. I said: "You ass! Norman Budlong told me just before we left that he was going to marry the Corwin girl. He had just bought the engagement ring."

Frank whistled. "One on me," he said, and then laughed. "I guess I don't know the signs after all. But you don't ask me who I am engaged to."

I didn't care a rap, but I asked him.

"Miss Blenkinsop," he replied. "One of the Kentucky Blenkinsops. She lives at Lexington."

I got up, stalked into the shelter and began to undress. He followed me and squatted on his couch of juniper.

"No, but listen, Uncle Bob, old dear," he persisted as I looked round for something heavy and handy. "I'm giving you this straight. Not Miss Mildred Blenkinsop of Billiter Avenue. I ran down to Lexington to look for Mildred the morning after you gave me the steer, and I couldn't find her. The only Blenkinsop girl I could find was Caroline, and after we got a little acquainted I thought that Caroline was good enough for me. When I got back and saw Julia again to make sure, I decided that I couldn't very well get along without Carrie, and I went down to Lexington again not long ago and told her so. Result, as stated. Have I your felicitations, Uncle Bob?"

"Go to the devil!" And rolling into my blankets I turned my face to the wall.

My heart was heavy for my Julia. Poor child! She had been playing with fire—the divine Promethean element, beneficent, bright and beautiful in one aspect, cruel, greedy and devastating in another, like the treacherous, capricious old gods from whom it was taken. And it had burned her pretty rosy-tipped fingers and seared her kind and loving heart—that too receptive little heart on which nothing but blessings had been invoked since her babyhood!

It wouldn't be an everlasting grief; I knew that; but it would be none the less poignant while it lasted, and in its first rending pangs —— Who knew? I recalled morbidly what she had said of Elinor, Hume's stoical heroine who went on cutting bread and butter. "Why didn't she throw herself over the cliff? . . . I would!" There were no physical cliffs convenient to Julia's domicile, but recklessness and despair can find other heights. And who was it? Somehow I couldn't quite believe that it was Norman. I wouldn't have felt so sorrowful if I had believed that, though Norman was a handsome fellow enough with many social graces and accomplishments, so that he might well fill a maiden's eye and set her adreaming. A bit of an ass in some respects, but if that counted as a disqualification there would be a cut of about ninety per cent of the license clerk's fees. And he was no fool. There is quite a difference between the two things. I remembered that I had once considered Norman more than possible—highly probable and perfectly eligible.

But Frank! Didn't I know Frank and his arts? Wasn't I reconciled to the rascal already? And he had the dominating personality that so many women love; the rugged force and strength particularly attractive to Julia's type—as she had herself confessed. Mere irregularity of feature—even brick-red hair—is no great handicap to such men as Frank Thorpe. I greatly feared that it was Frank, and if so the rude and sudden detachment of the delicate tendrils of affection that she had suffered to cling to him would be painful and their healing comparatively slow.

It was with such sad thoughts that I set out for Fred Griswold's shortly after my return from that memorable fishing trip. It was with a sickening anticipation of an unpleasant task that I approached the parlor, where the butler had told me I would find Julia. I had naturally rehearsed my revelation of Frank's duplicity, and tactfully as I had framed it I could almost see my poor little maid's flower face blanch, her hand fly to her wounded bosom as I told her. The parlor door was slightly open and involuntarily I coughed that subdued and decorous cough that one reserves for solemn occasions—funerals, for instance, just as the parson is turning the leaves to the burial service.

There was an exclamation and a sound of sudden movement—a rustling and a whir as of chair casters. The next moment Julia had me by both hands and was giving me a greeting delightful and delighted. Lord, such a flushed and fervid young woman! Such a radiant, bright-eyed, laughing little lady! And voluble!

"I hardly believed it could be you! How lovely and brown you are! I wish I could tan like that, but I only burn, and have to go round for ages all smeary and smelly with cold cream. You must have had a perfectly wonderful time! I've missed you too. Did you only just this minute get back? You would better say yes! Did you catch a fish—a what-do-you-call-it? Oh, you haven't met Rod—Mr. Murchison, have you?"

I was able to turn to the young man who had bowed as I entered and who now smiled and extended his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hunter?" he said. "I remember very well meeting you some years ago—at Lucerne. Of course you have forgotten me."

No, I hadn't forgotten him. He was a rather spindly youth in the Lucerne days, and he had now filled out and grown a small mustache, but he had features quite easily remembered. His mother was Penelope Disbrow, daughter of Senator Disbrow of belligerent memory, and she was quite a figure in Washington society in the umpties, before she made a runaway match with young Murchison. Murchison was a professor of chemistry or something in a one-horse university somewhere and he afterward invented the what-do-you-call-it process and made two or three millions before he died.

The young man had his father's rather melancholy air, but he was well set-up and exquisitely but not excessively tailored and groomed. I rather liked his looks and his manners.

"Just think of you meeting in Lucerne—you two!" cried Julia. "Isn't it just wonderful how the same people go wandering all over the world and come bump into each other in the most unexpected places! I want to know all about this now—how it happened, and everything. Please!"

Young Murchison and I exchanged smiling glances, and then began our memory tests. When we had exhausted Lucerne and its ghosts of five years agone he rose and murmuring something polite about the length of his call took his leave. Julia was very sweet and cordial to him, I thought.

"And now, Julia ——" I began.

Julia got up quickly from the seat that she had resumed.

"Oh, please excuse me for just a moment; there was something I forgot to tell him."

She tripped from the room, closing the door behind her. In a minute or two—or three or four—she returned, more radiant than ever.

"How do you like him? Isn't he dear?" she asked at once.

"Rod—Mr. Murchison?" I inquired.

She pouted. "Yes, Rod—Mr. Murchison. 'Smarty gave a party and nobody came.' Don't you adore him?"

"I may in time, but you will have to give me more than a couple of weeks," I answered. "Why, I thought him a quite presentable and well-bred young man."

"I should think he was! But don't you love his voice? It's so musical—rich, deep and penetrating. It has a sort of sympathetic timbre, don't you think?"

I knitted my brows. Where had I heard that description of a voice!

"And didn't you think he was quite respectful?" Julia's eyes were fairly dancing.

I admitted that. "A rare quality in the present generation."

"I think he's awfully handsome too. I'm crazy about that dear little-bitty second-lieutenant mustache of his!"

It came on me like a flash. "Julia, you little baggage, do you mean to tell me he is ——"

Julia nodded vigorously. "The young man who found my purse at Benson's. Yes." She laughed and laughed. "Isn't that a lov-er-ly surprise for you? Aren't you astonished? I thought you would be. And, do you know, he won't give me back that purse? Ab-solutely refuses to! Isn't he mean?"

"And this is what happens the moment I turn my back!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, it happened long, long before that," said Julia. "The very next day after you and I went to the matinée I was in Benson's and I saw him wandering about and looking like a lost dog, just as I thought he would be. So I walked round two aisles and accidentally met him."

"And after that you met him again?"

"A few times."

"Clandestinely?"

"I love that darling mid-Victorian word," said Julia. "Yes, we met clandestinely. It was lots of fun, and thrilly and romantic as it could be. Mums and daddy and people have always taken such a frightful interest in the young men who call on me that I got a little weary and decided that I would personally conduct Rodmistermurchison and take the full responsibility."

"But he comes to the house now?"

"He thought he had to see daddy. Do you notice a smudge on the side of my nose—right here?"

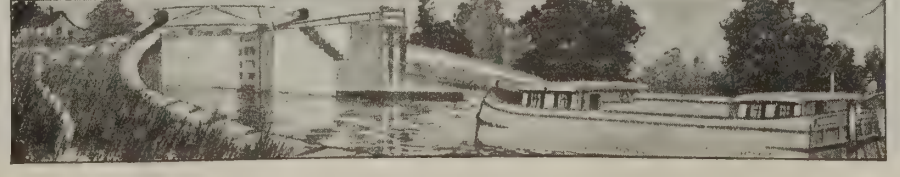
I looked, and then blinked. There was no smudge on Julia's impertinent nose, but there was a blazing diamond on the finger with which she indicated the place to look.

"They're all crazy about him," said Julia. "And you are going to like him too—just as much as you like me."

"That will never be," I said, "but I think, my dear, that I shall have to kiss you and give you my blessing."

"I should hope you would!" said Julia; and she sank to her knees beside my chair and lifted up her face for the benediction.

Dear little Julia!



OUT-OF-DOORS

Old Seth Green

ONE of the earliest fish culturists of the United States and one of the old-time angling authorities was Old Seth Green of beloved memory. He lived in the East for the most part, but his reputation extends all over angling America. Curious how men are remembered. Perhaps the greatest monument this able man left behind him was the artificial fly which bears his name. You may remember it—cinnamon wing and all. At times it is very good for trout, and I have killed many a bass with it myself.

And now comes an angling friend who, it seems, has discovered another Old Seth Green—of at least local fame, who has invented an angling device of more or less nefarious quality and bequeathed it as his own claim to angling remembrance. A little description may serve to show the trouble men will take in trying to circumvent those wise fishes which do not yield themselves readily to the frying pan.

"This is in what is known as the Finger Lake region of Western New York," my informant says. "If you will consult your map you will see that there are several large bodies of water, all running north and south and ranging twenty-five or thirty miles in length down to six or seven miles. Their long, narrow dimensions give them on the map the appearance of the fingers of a hand outspread. There are Seneca, Keuka, Cayuga, Canandaigua, Hemlock, Honeoye, and so on. At this season of the year there are just two varieties of game fish that are taken—wall-eyed pike and lake trout—togue. It seems that some scores of years ago a fisherman named Seth Green, who lived in this district, invented a most barbarous rig but a most effective one for taking both of these species.

"It consists of a stout hand line of oiled silk to which are affixed a lead sinker ranging in weight from ten ounces to a pound and a series of five to seven nine-foot gut leaders affixed at intervals of about twelve feet. This line is coiled in a wooden box about eighteen inches square, with a hinged lid and a galvanized-metal grating with rather fine mesh on which the line reposes. Just above the space occupied by the coiled line is a series of small pigeonholes open at the top in which the lure is deposited as it is reached when the line is coiled into the box. The lure is either a long, slim silver-plated wobbler spoon or a series of three three-hook gangs tied onto a snell, the latter carrying a live minnow.

"I neglected to say that this rig has the most weird system of neck-yoke connections, pin swivels, jeweled bearings, and so on, that you can imagine. I think to rig one up at present prices costs at least ten dollars, with a fair allowance for labor, and if a fellow gets snagged and loses all or most of it he must be a good sport and not kick. It seems to be against the rules of the game for a fellow to follow this style of fishing except in lonesome solitude, so you see the local experts in solemn silence plugging round the lakes, a bight of this line round the right hand, rowing slowly and fishing in one and the same operation. It seems to be entirely peculiar to this region.

"Well, I never yet caught a game fish on a hand line and I don't ever expect to. The thing that gets my goat, however, is this: Anyone who attempts to take these fish with a single rig might just as well be fishing in the Dead Sea."

The device of this latest Seth Green is more complicated than the chugging rig which long has been used for bass fishing on the St. Clair Flats of Michigan, but is not dissimilar in general type. The St. Clair rig consisted of a half-pound sinker dragged on a hand line. A few feet above the sinker a trace was attached to the line and at the end of the trace there was a swivel yoke. At each end of this yoke there was attached a spoon hook, one on a bob line rather longer than the other. As this contrivance stirred up everything on the bottom a fleeing bass might look round and see one of the glittering spoons against which to direct his anger at being disturbed. Anyhow, it used to catch bass. Trolling is the least sportsmanlike form of angling, though quite often very productive and certainly the easiest of all angling to learn. As to these two Seth Greens, the man who is out for sport had better lay his money on the one who has invented the fly and not on our clothesline friend of the New York lakes.

Old-Timer Still Able

ONCE in a while a letter comes from a real old-timer, now living, such as the mail brings from Wyoming. "I don't remember having met you in the West, but I know many of those you write about, also the places and events. I used to roam from Texas to the British possessions and down into old Mexico. I am an old man now, and while I never had a chance to go to school I sure have had a life worth living. I have lived as rough and wild a life as any right and self-respecting man could wish and one that no one now will ever have the chance to duplicate.

"I have lived with Indians and have associated with refined, cultured men and women and specialists of every profession and calling you could think of. Speaking of law, I was a member of the senate of the first legislature of Wyoming. I have eaten the hind quarter of a poisoned coyote and sat at banquets fit for a king.

"I dream of the good old days when we were all free and equal. Only just the other day I paid one of those damned lawyers five hundred dollars for about twenty minutes' work, and another five hundred to a so-called doctor for looking at my old woman a few minutes without even making me a guess as to what was the matter.

"I have a host of friends not only here at home but from one ocean to the other. I am the oldest old-timer in this country and of course should have died long ago according to the rules. But I am still able to take two slugs of good old liquor, four cigars, three meals and a lunch before bed every day. I would like to meet you and swap experiences."

There are few men in my vicinity who are still able to equal the personal record above cited, especially in reference to the two slugs aforesaid. There are chronological reasons having to do with July first of the current year of grace which would dispose a lot of us to swap experiences.

Old Man Temple

ALL the way from Piedras Negras, Mexico, comes yet other reminiscent terial written with the evident impr that there may be an old-timer at eac of the line. Mr. A. D. Temple this time "If I had been born in 1815 I would been able to go to the West when lif worth while. I used to pore over a atlas in my father's study, where the was all marked blank or with such no 'Savage Indians,' 'Great American De 'Buffaloes and Wild Horses,' 'Great Lake,' and so on. It was the fall of before I actually got to the far West the San Joaquin Valley in California were still a few elk left in the tules, nants of the great herds of twenty earlier. Antelope were still easily f there.

"We did not have cowboys in Calif but vaqueros, aristocrats with cap ball six-shooters. Beef was not six pound in those days. Usually a man what meat he needed and left the re the coyotes, but I remember old Col. Montgomery always took the troub skin and quarter any remainder of a cass and hang up the hide and meat the coyotes couldn't reach it. He careful.

"I had companions who knew Joa Murieta, the famous bandit of early fornia, and they said he was still alive prosperous in Sonora. Once Tib Vasquez, another bandit, robbed baugh's Ferry a few miles from whe were herding. The year after at Tres in the Coast Range he robbed and kil deaf-and-dumb man who didn't thro his hands when ordered. Sheriff H Morris at last got him and he was ha in San José. They say his ghost haunt jail yet.

"In San Francisco the Oregon dressed in buckskin from head to foot, drove their cattle from the range righ to Butchertown the other side of Mi Bay. I soon went to Mexico and I met Long-haired Smith, who claime

(Concluded on Page 68)

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have lived among the plains Indians for many years and to have been Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston's scout on the Salt Lake expedition in 1859.

"When I thought of returning to life in the States I found the wild game mostly gone, the land fenced, the fish mostly exterminated by foreigners. The land which my forefathers had stolen or cheated the Indians out of was cut up and sold to a variegated bunch of aliens, most of whom never would be Americans. Yes, if I had been born in 1815 instead of 1855 I would have escaped this age of automobiles, aëroplanes, woman suffrage, prohibition and other blessings.

"Going in for sport down here I saw something about floating bass flies. There was an old bucktail lying round, and with the aid of a piece of cork, a hook and some silk thread I made a fly such as I had seen mentioned. Lord, how the Mexican bass did jump at it! There are five sporting rifles standing in the corner and four fishing rods—one belonging to a boy who died last September in the St. Mihiel salient, a captain. I don't use that rod much.

"To the northwest of us are sparkling streams where the bass strike the year round. The antelope come down in herds to water and in the foothills the mule deer still range in bands. Whitetails are to be found where there are cover and feed, bear and panther haunt the cañons and turkeys and peccaries live in the pecan groves—to say nothing of squirrels and other small game. It is something like Lincoln County, New Mexico, in 1880, when you lived there. The bandits here take the place of the Indians and the bad men of the old days. I have a hunch that if you were here you would feel that you were a young man again and on the frontier."

The Flivver in Sport

"BY THE way, speaking of hunting in Mexico," the same writer adds, "the world certainly do move here in Mexico as well as elsewhere and one proof of it is the new way of hunting the prong-horn antelope. The old-time hunters stalked them, flagged them or lay in wait for them at the water holes, and occasionally the cowboys ran them down and roped them, but it took a good horse and a fancy roper to do it and those killed in that way made but a slight decrease in their numbers. Now long-range finely sighted rifles, steady nerves, keen eyes and a knowledge of the habits of the game one hunts all have been thrown into the discard so far as antelope hunting is concerned on the plains of Coahuila, where this rarest and shyest of American big game still is comparatively abundant.

"Here the veriest dub of a sportsman provided with proper equipment now finds them as easy to bag as cottontails.

"The necessary equipment is a flivver and a double-barrel twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. Any man who with a shotgun can hit a mark as large as a six months' calf at thirty or forty yards is eligible to the post of the hunter. The driver of the car should be both expert and reckless. The game is played best in a borrowed car—borrowed at that from a rich and good-natured owner, for accidents are very apt to happen to the car.

"A few miles back from the Rio Grande on the wide level plains that are characteristic of the region antelope may be found in bands of from two or three up to twenty-five or thirty. When a band is sighted the hunters approach as near as possible without alarming the quarry, which as yet has not learned to recognize a flivver as one of its natural enemies. Their curiosity satisfied, they don't stand on the order of their going but go while the going is good. Then the chase is on.

"An antelope's best speed is thirty-five miles an hour, as the speedometers have proved time and again. Over a smooth track free of holes or obstructions there is nothing especially thrilling in traveling at that rate and to the speed demon it must be positively funereal, but over a prairie, where old buffalo wallows, badger holes and earth cracks are irregularly and impartially distributed, it is quite a different matter. The chance of a smash-up by reason of a broken axle or punctured tire looms up as a possibility at any moment.

"The smaller the band the longer the chase. A solitary old buck antelope may give a run of half an hour or more and then make his escape by picking out country where the flivver has difficulty in following him, whereas a large bunch of bucks, does and fawns are easily overtaken as in their fright they impede progress by crowding together like a flock of sheep. Usually a chase lasts from ten to thirty minutes, and then the poor brutes, exhausted and out of breath, with their tongues hanging out, come almost to a halt and are shot down at short buckshot range.

"In a recent antelope hunt four men left their office at two P. M. in a flivver and were back again at five P. M. with four antelope does piled on the car. They had sighted and followed a bunch of eight, killed four, and a large buck with a broken hind leg swinging and his rear covered with blood, together with three more does, had escaped by the very unusual strategy of running through an island of mesquite brush and prickly pears, where the flivver could not follow them. Two of these gentle hunters had never seen an antelope before in their lives and were it not for their more experienced companions might have had difficulty in distinguishing them from jack rabbits.

"In the timber islands of live oak, mesquite and scrub-oak brush that dot the plains here and there, white-tail deer have their haunts as well as herds of peccaries and droves of wild turkeys, to say nothing of less important small game such as squirrels, rabbits, fox, wildcat, raccoon and opposum, while bobwhites whistle in the cultivated lands and on the antelope range blue quail are to be found miles away from water.

"Many of the timber islands have springs of living water that almost without exception contain large-mouth bass and several varieties of the perch family. The bass rarely run over four pounds and far more of them are under a pound, but they strike at fly, spoon, wooden minnow or live bait. Farther to the southwest, in the western Sierra Madres at 6000 to 9000 feet above sea level, there are streams that contain an abundance of cutthroat trout, but along the Rio Grande they are unknown, though the natives of Texas often call the bass a trout.

"A camping trip in this region does not require the complicated provisions for comfort indispensable to a hunting trip in the North. There is often an interim of four or five months between showers."

That sounds easy. While as yet the unsettled conditions in Mexico disincline American sportsmen to go into that country to any great extent, there is great likelihood that Mexico will come more and more into the hunting plans of American sportsmen. Of late I have heard of more sportsmen going to old Mexico than to Alaska. Lower California is now more or less popular as a big-game country and no mountain-sheep hunter can call his series of heads really complete unless he has killed his Mexican bighorn also. Among several friends of mine who have gone into that country, Col. Dale Bumstead, of Chicago, is the latest to report from Lower California. He got four very good rams on his hunt there in the fall of 1919.

As to this thing of hunting antelope with the motor car, so graphically described by our Mexican sportsman, I confess that is a new thing under the sun for me. It all goes to show the rapidity with which civilized methods are taking the sport out of sport and hastening the end of sport as our fathers knew it. Coursing antelope with greyhounds and coursing white-tailed with greyhounds I have seen prac with some success in Western Kansa in the Indian nations before Oklahom admitted as a state. Wolf hunting was done in many parts of the less s West with and without dogs, usually i winter time, in vehicles drawn by h A sled hunt for coyotes in the winte was a man-size game. It was ma much like this southern antelope hun driver going at full speed across co and endeavoring to cut off the flight wolf.

Not long ago I heard from a frie North Dakota, who told me that they substituted a flivver for the sled in Dakota and got more coyotes than used to. Last fall I also heard of hu coyotes with a car out in Idaho and a fa there told me that he had invented sport—that of shooting jack rabbi night by the lights of the motor c should think that might be possibl cause while driving one night we sa or three jack rabbits, one of them turned white in his winter coat, l along within easy shotgun range of t and apparently confused by the light

The motor car certainly has come sport, not wholly to the advanceme sport itself. It is illegal to shoot fr motor car in Wisconsin, that law h been passed to cut down the destruct ruffed grouse, which were killed in nu along the woods roads by men who h in motor cars and shot the birds o ground. It is also against the law to ducks from a motor boat in Idaho an same is true in other states. These ures are intended to restrict the use in killing game.

It is not likely that they will prove gether efficacious. We seem to lean t doctrine of bringing home the bac matter how we get it and we are on a s for efficiency in sport rather than fo ficiency in the old methods and th weapons of the gentleman afield. I s rather have a son lean to proficiency efficiency in sport, I believe.

An odd phase of life in the open is l ning to attend the use of the motor certain parts of the Western countr the Yellowstone Park the protected have learned that good things to e often carried in motor cars and it re not altogether safe to camp too clo your car in the neighborhood of one hotels where the bears congregate. become quite bold from long feedin petting and quite often take liberties.

A party of friends near one of the recently began feeding chocolates to little bear which was standing near the road. The bear filed no objectio this, except that the chocolates di come fast enough. He climbed up o running board and the girls thought great fun to feed him there. The climbed into the car—which did not so funny.

In one case a friend photographed which was standing close to a car temporarily had been left by its ow A few moments later the bear conc that there was probably something car that he might like, so he tore of the tents and bed rolls from the ning boards of the car and generally through the luggage. It is a very goo in any cabin, tent or camp in this infested district not to take any can anything else to eat into your sle place. The official camping company not allow guests to do cooking in thei tents and in some of the camps gues not allowed even to take cold lunche the tents.

There is a very good reason for th if a bear smells anything he wants to takes a pretty good cabin to keep hi and the ordinary tent with a low wall and a screen door is nothing young life. It is not extraordinary f hotel help to find a bear in their bed at the close of their day's work. The girls lose all fear of the bears which round the kitchen doors and sometim creatures almost make nuisances of selves.

They nearly always look over the cars after dark and any such thing good lot of bacon or a box of candy is or less certain to be discovered. The bears are not dangerous and none has known to injure a person, but any animal is a wild animal and may be dangerous any instant. Such is life open to-day.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. COPYRIGHT BY A. H. BARNES

After Light on the Upper Nisqually Glacier, Mount Rainier National Park

GERMAN INDUSTRY FROM WITHIN

(Continued from Page 7)

tremendous slump in the prices. A woman's plaid coat that cost seventy marks during the war is now to be had for forty-five marks or even less. Tablecloths, curtains, rugs, stockings have been reduced to one-half and in some instances one-fourth of the war prices.

It all results from the simple fact that the moment a man could get the real thing he refused to buy the substitute. Human nature could not do otherwise. Though cotton and wool garments are very scarce throughout Germany and command prohibitive prices the German is almost willing to do without a change in underwear rather than to wear the artificial garment.

Now we come to the most important phase of the whole transaction as affecting the purpose of this article. Though the business in substitutes was one of the national bulwarks during the war it will not be correspondingly useful in German economic rehabilitation. As I have already pointed out, Fritz had to use these make-hifts during the national extremity but he will not buy them now that the real thing is about to be available. Hence, the whole enormous industry created out of war need will practically have to be scrapped with peace, with the possible exception of that part of it which is devoted to artificial silks and nitrates. It means that when real merchandise to wear does begin to pour into Germany, as it inevitably will, it will be snapped up like those proverbial hot cakes that you often read about.

The Textile Industry

Through a somewhat devious path perhaps I have led you to German industry as it is to-day. What is the situation? Is output in process of reorganization? How does business face the twin problems of renewal at home and regeneration abroad? Let us begin with the first and foremost need, which is raw materials. If Germany is denied them by the world with which she fought she lies prostrate and her recovery is impossible. Though she piled up considerable accumulation of cotton in Switzerland during the war, particularly prior to our entrance into the struggle, it was only a drop in the bucket as compared with her needs. When I saw warehouse after warehouse full of German-owned cotton in Basel in the autumn of 1918 I felt that it might swing Germany over the barren stretch that would follow the Armistice. I did not reckon, however, on the completeness with which her shelves and homes had been stripped.

The result is that at the time I visited Germany the cotton textile industry was almost paralyzed by lack of the wherewithal to work. The only way that she can resume this industry in a big way is to obtain credits from foreign sources. During October Germany was able to make some loans in neutral countries. She employed the proceeds for the purchase of American cotton. This is one reason why the price of cotton shot up.

Germany's cry to-day is "More cotton." Though she registered the last word in substitution there is no substitute for a bale of the great American product.

Just how great and costly is this need is comprehended when I say that in 1913 Germany consumed more than one and a half millions of bales. Not only is she without cotton but to buy it at the present rate of exchange will involve an immense financial transaction. In 1913 a thousand bales of cotton sold for 315,000 marks. To-day, with the mark under four cents—its normal value is approximately twenty-three cents—a thousand bales would cost more than five million marks. What is the German manufacturer to do? My task is not to solve this problem but simply to state it. Facts like these indicate the drastic overhead under which German recovery must operate.

In connection with this matter of credits, in relation both to cotton and to other necessities, let me point out a serious obstacle: Knowing the general precariousness of the German industrial situation the few American business men whom I met in Germany told me they were demanding cash for all goods sold there. The Germans are balking at this procedure, first, because they believe they should have long credits; second, because of the low value of the mark. I shall deal with this whole international-credit matter, as affecting Germany, in the next article. I will add here only that the British and the Belgians, who have instituted considerable business negotiations in Germany, are selling on three and six months' credit—some even longer.

In the present extremity—and the performance is typical of what might be called the new spirit of German industry—certain cotton-spinning interests in Saxony are forming a huge syndicate to buy a large quantity of raw cotton and pool it for the general use.

The idea behind the enterprise is that America will be more likely to extend a long credit to a group of manufacturers than to isolated individuals.

In discussing this matter a leading Berlin financier said to me: "I believe that this effort to organize the Saxon cotton spinners into a huge syndicate to make and finance collective purchases, more especially of raw materials in America, will be followed by other industries."

Though the cotton situation is serious it can and will be remedied. With coal it is different. We now come to the most serious breach in that one-time invulnerable German economic wall. Of all the setbacks administered by defeat the worst, in some respects, is evidenced in the shrunken German coal supply. If you are at all familiar with the economics of the great war you know that more important even than powder and shell was the black fuel that man extracts from the bosom of Mother Earth. One night in London, when the Allied fortunes were at their lowest ebb, I heard Lloyd George say with impassioned eloquence, "Coal is life!" He made this utterance at a time when the Welsh coal miners were threatening to go on strike. Had they done so it would have banked the furnaces of the munition factories and cooled the fires of the Grand Fleet.

All through the war coal ruled supreme. The nations that had it were strongly intrenched. It helped to make and unmake alliances. Moreover, it was rationed, and continues to be rationed, like food.

With the war ended coal maintains its uncanny prestige. The nations that fought each other on the field of battle are engaged in a well-nigh equally bitter struggle to obtain the mineral which now spells economic life or death in Europe.

The German Coal Situation

To Germany more than to any other European Power coal means everything, and I will tell you why. First of all, her anthracite is the foundation upon which her whole industry is reared. The extent to which her iron, chemical and refining activities were expanded depended exclusively upon this all-needful product.

But German coal had another equally important value. It was Germany's chief bargaining asset with her neutral neighbors. Switzerland and Holland have native coal to no considerable degree. They have always used German coal, and in exchange for this commodity the Teuton wrung economic concessions that enhanced his trade power. During the war this neutral need of coal was the cudgel that Germany held menacingly over the heads of the luckless little nations that had to have it.

Germany was particularly favored with coal deposits. Her three great producing areas—the Saar Valley, the Ruhr district and Silesia—produced, in 1913, 190,000,000 tons of anthracite, which is employed in industry, and 87,000,000 tons of the so-called brown coal, which also has various uses. The anthracite, however, was the backbone of her coal power.

Throughout the war Germany worked her coal mines to the limit because her immense war machine had to be stoked; and, as I have already indicated, coal helped to carry the whole burden of whatever foreign trade she was able to maintain.

The peace treaty was the first decisive blow at the old German coal power. It practically cut off the whole output of the Saar Valley. Under the terms established at Versailles, Germany must deliver 20,000,000 tons of coal every year—the original amount was 43,000,000 tons—to France. This change, I might add, was made on the understanding that the delivery would begin at once instead of within thirty days after the ratification of the peace treaty. So much for the Saar area, which for all practical purposes—certainly for a considerable time to come—is a distinct negative factor in the German coal situation.

In Upper Silesia, where the sixty-five German mines had a yearly output of nearly fifty million tons of coal, Germany is confronted with political and industrial unrest. If the plebiscite is decided in favor of Poland she loses these mines. The output in this section last September was about sixty per cent of the normal.

Hence the sole remaining undiluted producing field is the Ruhr. In 1914 it turned out 394,000 tons a day. When I was in Germany the output had dwindled to 223,000 tons a day at the pit head. In these figures you see the decline of one vital element of Germany's industrial power. All her skill, ingenuity and resourcefulness will not avail if she has not the fuel with which to drive the flywheel of her industry.

Not only is the area of the German coal supply materially reduced as the result of the war but the productivity of the German miner is likewise lessened. Like his industrial brother throughout the world he has become infected with the virus of idleness. Though at the time I write this article he is working on a seven-hour-a-day schedule a movement has been launched by the coal miners' union to lop off an hour. A six-hour working day in Germany, once the stronghold of almost unshackled output, is merely one of many evidences of the break-up of the ancient Teutonic industrial solidarity.

But the progressive reduction in working hours is only one of the handicaps under which the German coal output labors. Life in the coal belts is literally one strike after another. Thus, Germany is not immune from the universal pest which is impeding production everywhere.

Even if the German coal output were normal at the mines the whole industry is suffering from depletion of equipment and scarcity of rolling stock, due to the inroads of the war. The timbering is in bad shape; the sinking of new shafts has of necessity been delayed. As everyone knows, the turnover in coal depends upon the swiftness with which it is handled. German transportation is far below normal, first, because of the compulsory delivery of a large number of locomotives and cars to the Allies under the conditions of the Armistice; second, because the Germans lost an immense amount of railway equipment in Poland, Bulgaria and Russia.

To sum up this whole matter of German coal output—and no aspect of the whole Teutonic recovery is more important—you find that because of strikes, reduction in

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working hours, deficiency in transportation and general loss of output under the terms of the treaty Germany for a year or two at least can count on a maximum production of only eighty million tons of anthracite a year, which is less than fifty per cent of the prewar output.

What happens? Industry is not the only sufferer. This shortage naturally puts a big dent in the whole German pocketbook. The price of coal throughout the new republic is ten to twenty times the price in 1913, and in some instances considerably more. The worst hardship is imposed on the poorer classes. Germany to-day is up against the same problem which France faced last winter and which confronts all Europe this cold season. At the hotels you will be able to get hot water only once a week, while in the average home suffering must ensue. Cold, like hunger, is no respecter of rank or race, and all Europe, England included, is likely to undergo not only a winter of discontent but likewise a winter of shivers and frost bites.

The Iron Industry

The coal crisis had already registered its effects by the time I reached Germany. Everywhere large factories were shutting down on account of inability to obtain fuel. This was not only true in Upper Silesia but also in Bavaria, Saxony and Thuringia. The most startling evidence of the coal shortage was expressed in the order issued in the first of November, 1918, for the almost total suspension of railway passenger traffic in Germany for ten days. Only the suburban trains in and round Berlin were exempted.

One more angle in the matter of coal remains to be explained, and it bears vitally on German recovery: Holland and Switzerland, unable to get coal from their old source of supply, are turning elsewhere. Switzerland, for example, has made large contracts with Belgium and England, while Holland is already obtaining supplies from America and Belgium. Prominent Dutchmen have formed a company, with a capital stock of two million gulden, to import Belgian coal into their native country. Since June twenty-fifth of this year a special coal train has been in daily operation from Belgium to Holland.

Though the Belgian coal is inferior to the German product it is fuel, and the demand for fuel is so immense that there is no longer any choice.

Stripped of her ability to use coal as a bowbeating or bargaining asset Germany is up against a serious proposition in the neutral countries. Her trade will have to stand on its own bottom and without guile or trickery. If America, or any other honest competitor, gets on the job she can cut the ground from under Germany. I am not sufficiently optimistic to attach excessive faith to American capitalization of the immense world opportunity, however.

It is not among the impossibilities that Germany, once a world's coal mine, will be obliged to import coal. In this event England, well-nigh reduced to the same pass, will almost "carrying coal to Newcastle," will have nothing on her.

Turn from coal to iron and another sad German tale is unfolded. In many respects its much worse than the preceding chapter. Germany still has an immense untapped coal deposit. With iron it is vastly different, for the fields are gone. The peace treaty, in just retribution for war crimes in France and Belgium, wiped out the basis of the whole industry. How much this means is evidenced by the fact that iron plays a most important rôle in the industrial life of a nation. To quote a German authority with whom I discussed this loss: "The iron situation in Germany is one of helplessness and despair."

The iron industry in Germany suffered more under the peace terms than any other. Prior to the war her iron-and-steel development was one of the marvels of modern expansion. Remember, however, that this was almost entirely due to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871. The Lorraine fields, including the famous Briey and Longwy basins, form, with the possible exception of the Lake Superior district, the richest mining area in the world. They are now, happily, restored to France.

I cannot better express the German state of mind with regard to iron and steel than to quote the following extract from a circular issued by the German Iron and Steel Industrial Union while I was in Germany:

"Under the peace terms Germany is reduced to an industrial power of the second class. We lose fifty per cent of our smelters, forty-five per cent of our steel works, forty per cent of our iron works. Our iron production will now be about 5,000,000 tons, as compared with 20,000,000 tons before the war. We cannot satisfy the iron demand of our population for decades to come. In 1913 our iron demand amounted to 275 kilograms per capita; now we cannot furnish even 100 kilograms per capita."

The German Metal Industry Journal, in its August issue, views another result of the breakdown of the iron industry in this way:

"Manufacturers are finding themselves confronted with keen foreign competition, which is already controlling the iron market of Europe. For the stimulation of our trade a decline of prices would be necessary to place us on an equal footing with the foreign manufacturers. Unfortunately the opposite is taking place, prices advancing from day to day. The peace treaty has placed our enemies in a position in which they can fully control our import, and they are taking full advantage of this condition. We fear that our former foes will flood our market in such a way that the reconstruction of our interior industry will be very difficult, and in many cases impossible."

In these circumstances iron and steel have naturally followed coal in price. Pig iron that sold for seventy-five marks a ton before the war now brings four hundred and thirty-nine marks. This tells the whole story.

Industrially Germany is not a nation that will sit with folded hands bemoaning her fate, however great the odds, and they are certainly long in the iron and steel business just now. She has bucked up to the job and her steel output is steadily increasing, though it may never again approach the prewar proportions. Moreover, she is opening up new fields, notably in the region of Hunsrück and Idarwald. They are both rich in iron ore. In addition, Germany has placed a large contract for iron ore with Sweden. Fifty shiploads were expected in November. Another outside source is Spain, though practically the whole Spanish iron output during the war went to England. The Germans, however, expect the Spaniards to resume the prewar relation.

In spite of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine I heard some German steel men consoling themselves with the fact, as they see it, that "the French will be unable to manage their restored mines and will be constrained to call on skilled German directors for aid." They contend that France does not know how to make steel, and maintain further that France has not the right varieties of coking coal, and without coke iron the mines will be next to worthless.

German Monopolies

Here is where the German advantage comes in. Though Germany is now compelled to buy iron ore from France—such is the irony of fate—France must get her coke from Germany, because it will be too expensive to get it from England. If France attempts to raise the price on ores Germany could and probably would raise the price of coke or buy all her ores from Sweden, Spain or Austria. I simply present these facts for what they are worth. At least they show that the German in his fight for economic self-preservation is going to bargain to the *n*th degree.

With this more or less swift appraisal of the raw-materials situation we can now proceed logically to the status of German industry. Let us take up her monopolies first. Perhaps the most familiar is the dye business, about which so much has been written.

If Germany's recovery depends to-day upon dyes she is indeed lost. The inroads made upon her iron and coal are duplicated in the jolt that has been administered to her color production.

Once more you see the German chickens coming home to roost. When the world saw red in 1914 the German dye was preeminent and the secrets seemed for the moment to be locked within Teutonic laboratories. With bribery, coercion, and the employment of her whole ramified secret-service system she had made America, England and France her vassals in these essential adjuncts to textile manufacture and to war. Every dye factory is a potential munitions plant.

With dyes, as with so many other things, Germany overreached herself. She placed an embargo on their export to America, hoping to bring us to terms long before we were in the war. She now realizes the folly and futility of that procedure. The United States, thanks to its Chemical Foundation, which controls all the German dye formulas seized and sold in this country, has created a full-fledged rival to Germany. Practically the same measures have been followed in England, as I have frequently pointed out in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the last three years. France, too, is making her own dyes on a limited scale. The result is that though Germany may always produce certain dyes better than any other country, her monopoly so far as the world is concerned is broken.

If you want to get a line on the state of the German dye business you have only to look at the quotations on the Berlin Bourse. In 1914 the stock of the Elberfeld Dye Works sold for 672 marks a share. On the first of August the same stock was quoted at 297 marks.

No Dyes to Dump

On September twenty-second last Germany had exactly 27,000 tons of dyestuffs on hand. This figure was given to me in Cologne by the dye expert of the Economic Section of the British Army of Occupation, himself a chemist of high rank and reputation. Just how small this is as compared with the old German production can be appreciated only when I say that before the war the output of the largest German dye plant was 1000 tons a month. This disposes of the widely held conviction that Germany had an immense supply of dyes ready to dump upon the world markets with the ratification of the peace treaty. Even this comparatively small store practically ceases to belong to Germany. By the terms of the peace treaty the Allies take fifty per cent of the German stock, and an option on twenty-five per cent of the whole dye output up to 1925. This leaves seventy-five per cent of the German output to be employed at home or exported.

The German dye industry has gotten a blow even worse than this. The twenty million tons of coal that Germany must hand over to France every year not only means a loss of the actual coal but all the coal-tar products of this coal. Dyes are coal-tar products. Of course France can sell Germany these by-products, but it is hardly likely that she will.

Still another serious obstacle in the way of a complete recovery of the German dye industry is the tariff wall raised against the product, both in England and America. England, for example, will not permit the importation of any German colors for ten years except when urgently needed and then only through a special license. An effort is being made to impose the same restriction in the United States. Thus the German dye not only loses some of its old economic value to Germany but ceases to be a political asset.

The ill wind of war and defeat has blown some good to the German dye industry in that it was never more closely united or more highly organized than at the present moment. It has developed what the Germans call a community of interest. It is composed of the old war horses, like the famous Badische, Elberfeld and Hoechst groups, and also the Agfa, which is the huge trust that manufactures films as well as dyes. This chemical combination is another evidence of the spirit of federation and coöperative effort in German industry, born of the war.

Closely allied with dyestuffs is the German chemical industry, which before the war was a world monopoly and one of the most lucrative of imperial activities. The late government lent it all possible assistance, which was of course greatly enhanced during the war.

The combination of a new socialistic government and the peace terms has played havoc with the chemical output.

The situation was expressed to me by a German manufacturer, who said: "Even though we may in time become able to manufacture peacetime quantities, import prohibitions close the door to us in the United States, France and England."

This man touched on one supreme obstacle to a swift German recovery—namely, the restrictions that have been imposed upon the one-time indiscriminate influx of German goods. The control of war days has been succeeded everywhere by a rigid censorship on German goods. The realization of this barrier was like a douse of cold water to German trade lifting its head after the Armistice.

Second only in importance to the dye trust was the equally well-known potash monopoly. This activity has not suffered the same fate as dyestuffs. Though seventeen mines located near Mülhausen, in Alsace, were restored to France by the peace treaty the best beds, which number two hundred, remain in the possession of Germany. They are among the chief industrial assets of the country. The whole enterprise affords one means of stabilizing the exchange with foreign countries, especially with America.

The potash industry represents German industrial organization at its best. It is the one activity that has escaped labor unrest and contributed no recruits to the red guard. In 1910 the government passed a law forcing all the mines into a syndicate, which practically pooled ownership and output. The gross annual business aggregates 400,000,000 marks. Potash was one of the Kaiser's commercial pets, but despite this handicap it has survived and is a real prop to German recovery in more than one way.

Now that the lid is lifting from German business affairs some interesting facts concerning potash are disclosed. The production tables just available show that the outputs in 1913 and 1917 were practically the same. In 1913 German agriculture absorbed only fifty-five per cent of the product, the remainder being used for export. In 1917, however, the German farmer absorbed about eighty-seven per cent of the output. Very little was exported. I might explain here that the potash that we receive in America is mainly the crude salts refined. The German farmer uses the potash in its unrefined state. Up to the time I visited Germany the potash production for 1919 was only about eighty-five per cent of the 1917 output. Because of the coal shortage only a small percentage of this output is being refined. If the labor and coal shortage continues Germany will be compelled to export more and more of the crude mineral.

The Potash Trust

The potash business will serve to indicate prevailing conditions throughout industrial Germany. First and foremost is the fact that on September first the total stock of refined salts—muriate of potash—at all the mines was approximately 35,000 tons, which in comparison with the normal output, as well as the normal demand, must be regarded as quite small. This confirms the statement that I made in the first article of this series, which was that Germany to-day has no immense stocks of any kind to dump upon the world. It is worth remembering.

The potash syndicate is well intrenched financially and is prepared to resume its old prestige. Its financial agent is the Deutsche Bank, which has announced on more than one occasion that the enterprise can get all the accommodation it wants. German bankers with whom I discussed the matter unanimously declared that the potash business was the most substantial commercial institution in Germany at the end of the war and would continue to maintain its lead.

Two other facts in connection with potash shed much light on all German industry. One is the enormous advance in the cost of production. Labor is three to five times higher; coal, six to ten times more expensive; while steel and many other supplies and requirements exceed the prewar prices fifteen to twenty fold. On the other hand, the prices at which refined potash is being offered for export to America range from about double on low-grade crude to almost three times the 1913 price on high-grade refined salts. Right here you have one of the oppressive handicaps that German export faces: With an abnormal overhead cost of production at home she must, for a time at least, sacrifice profit in order to renew her business abroad.

The other illuminating circumstance in potash is perhaps best expressed in what might be called the democratization of the industry. Last April the Constitutional German National Assembly passed a bill socializing the business. Miners, office clerks and other employees now have representation on the board of directors and a voice in the management of the properties. This innovation is more than a theory. One of the German potash kings, a leading

director in the syndicate, gave a dinner last August to which the heads of all the departments, including the miners, were invited. A miner had the seat of honor at the right of the host. If you are familiar with the autocratic, or rather imperialistic, methods which obtained in German industry before the war, when the man who worked with his hands was looked upon as a sort of roughneck and a social leper, you can get some idea of the overwhelming reform that has been achieved in the national industry.

Other German businesses are not so fortunate as potash. Look into toys, for example, in which the country led the world for years, and you discover that not only is there no accumulation of goods ready for export but, due to the tremendous cost of raw materials and high wages, there has been a slump in production. A considerable percentage of German toys was formerly made in the homes of the people. There is such a demand for labor on the outside now that this whole home output is considerably curtailed. Besides, both England and America have established considerable toy industries.

Fats in Serious Shortage

Still another German industrial stronghold which now lies prostrate is the soap factory. The normal annual output before the war was more than 700,000,000 kilograms of soap—in the form of toilet and laundry pieces, soft soap and soap powder. Only 10,000,000 kilograms of this was exported.

Soaps are made from fats, and no shortage in Germany to-day is more acute than in fats. Before the war she had to import 800,000 tons of it. This performance is not only increasingly difficult but abnormally expensive. It all gets down to this situation: For years to come Germany cannot produce the same amount of fats that she produced before the war, and whatever fats are imported must be used for food purposes. Hence she must continue to employ artificial substitutes for soaps. During the war soap was so scarce that the only kind available for the poor people was made of clay.

With manufactured articles that are produced in considerable quantities the situation is not so serious. One reason is that in Germany as elsewhere all mechanical production was greatly stimulated during the war; second, the German workman is among the most skilled in the world; third, the cessation of imports created an automatic demand at home for German-made products of all kinds.

I can illustrate with such commercial necessities as typewriters, cash registers and adding machines. Before the war American makes were more popular in Germany than any other kind and had a big sale. This applied, I might add, to all aids to business. The moment that the American supply was cut off the German reluctantly turned to his own types. The German merchant has now become more accustomed to the German machine than ever before. He not only has it at hand but it is easier to renew and refit it. This matter of replacement of spare parts is a big selling point with the German salesman. Moreover, all agents of American manufactured articles in Germany complained to me of the tremendous difficulty of getting stocks from home.

With the war madness out of her system and the abolition of conscription Germany can now employ her vast munition plants and their hosts of employees for the products of peace. The most conspicuous example of this evolution is the huge Krupps establishment at Essen. The machines that formerly turned out machine guns, rifles, heavy cannon and shell cases are now making adding machines, typewriters, cash registers, lathes, locomotives and railway coaches.

This mention of locomotive manufacture at Krupps reminds me that Germany will have to step lively to resume her old importance as constructor of railway engines. Formerly the Danish railways were among the best customers of the German shops. Within the last four months both the Danish and Norwegian railroads have placed large contracts for locomotives with American firms. It is typical of what is going on in various activities.

One nightmare of German industry to-day is the dread of nationalization. This is most keenly felt by the old Pan-German crowd of reactionaries who waxed fat before the war on special royal privileges. The most illuminating views on this whole subject were expressed recently by President Ebert. His remarks have such international significance that I shall reproduce them here in full:

"Our immediate problem in Germany is not the socialization of industry but its restoration. We have a few industries that have reached the size of a monopoly, mines, and the like, and these we shall nationalize. But in the main the problem is not how to socialize the factories but how to get them going once more—how to obtain the raw material necessary to start the industries up; the next problem is to set the men to work once more in these factories.

"The population has become unstrung and unsettled by the hardships of the war and the blockade. Work, regular employment and adequate living will bring their nerves round to normal again. Then, after production has once more been established and is running safely and profitably, the question of socialization will be timely. With our factories devoid of raw material and our workers idle the question of socialization of industry is academic and out of place.

"We hear talk of Bolshevism in Berlin, but we hear no talk of Bolshevism in Dresden. Why? Because in Saxony the textile industries are able to give employment to the population. The lesson is obvious—work, regular employment, is the greatest antidote to Bolshevism."

We can now examine the tools of German industry, which are the plant and the workman. The wear and tear of war output is more evident in German equipment than in that of any other country. It is largely due to the scarcity of oil during the four years when the country was hemmed in by the iron ring of the blockade and when the German factory had to satisfy all needs. In addition, the return of the machinery stolen in Belgium and France has put a considerable dent in output. So cocksure were the Germans of ultimate triumph that they made this confiscated equipment a part of their national productive machine. Now they are having the pleasant task of sending it back and thus dislocating their industry—or paying for it in their hoarded gold.

They have one advantage: The whole German industrial institution faced peace unscathed. It did not undergo the devastation which was wrought by air raider and long-distance gunner on French and Belgian plants.

It is a pity they did not get a dose of their own medicine.

The German workman presents a curious contradiction in that he has upset all calculations. Throughout the war and for months afterward I contended that the German worker would get back on the job more swiftly than any other. I looked upon him as the real bulwark of a speedy national industrial resurrection. It was a logical conclusion, because the Teuton artisan was always dependable. He worked not less than ten hours a day, sometimes twelve, and was content to receive his eighteen cents an hour. His wants were few and his middle name was Thrift.

Tribute to the Idle

The German workman that I found last September had undergone a change. Instead of the amiable, complacent, industrious cog in the work machine he was a slacker. When he did work he demanded three or four marks an hour; he had put an eight-hour-day law through the Constitutional Assembly and was agitating for even shorter hours.

Reversing the old order of things the German workman to-day holds the balance of power. I heard a prominent Frankfort manufacturer say: "If we can persuade the workers to establish a satisfactory relation with us all will be well." The German horny hand rules the roost.

Since the revolution of last March the government has paid out nearly 5,000,000,000 marks in unemployment doles. In Hamburg alone 70,000 men are receiving this premium on idleness. A census taken in July of a hundred German communities, large and small, showed 487,000 unemployed males.

Physiologically the German workman to-day is not a prepossessing spectacle. Four years of underfeeding and overexertion, whether in the factory or in the trenches, have left an indelible mark. He is nervous, jumpy and apparently indifferent. When he does work his output is curtailed. Most of the ills in this world are due to a physiological condition, largely emanating from the stomach. You can easily trace the disintegration of German industrial morale to this source.

In this temperamental as well as physical break-up lies a definite menace to the German trade recovery. I asked a German workman who was drawing his unemployment wage, and therefore taking a subsidized vacation from labor, why he did not go back to his job, and his reply was: "Why should I work when everything I earn for my employer goes to the French or the Belgians?" Another made this answer: "Why should I work when the harder I work the more my country will have to give to its enemies?"

The inevitable consequence is that German production, whether for home consumption or export, is exactly forty per cent of the normal. The combination of indifference among the workers, shortage of raw materials, increase in wages—which ranges in farm and factory from four hundred to six hundred per cent—is no thrilling incentive to rehabilitation at the moment.

The Split on Emigration

The let-down in the German worker is only one danger to German industry. Emigration is another. Until a few years before the war the exodus out of Germany was tremendous. There were two definite reasons: One was that Germany was overpopulated; the other grew out of the German dream of world conquest, which established the German social and trade colonizer everywhere. These colonizers were the mouthpieces of the deadly propaganda that worked such harm.

To-day the same impelling forces are behind German emigration. Though war ravages and dismemberment have cut the population to 57,000,000 there is still urgent need of weeding out.

Besides, the colonies are gone and conditions at home are so intolerable that hundreds of thousands of Germans want to escape from them.

One section of German sentiment favors an immediate emigration because it is looked upon as a remedy for the labor unrest and because it will help to revive German commercial prestige abroad. The opposition bases its claim in the need at home of every available pair of working hands. Whether Germany, like Italy, will rigidly censor emigration remains to be seen. My personal observation was that every worker who had lived abroad before the war is mighty anxious to get back as soon as possible.

Regardless of any official action in this matter one thing is certain: The German colonization group has lost no time. The German Economic League for Central and South America has already sent out commissioners to investigate conditions. They reported that Cuba, Mexico and the Argentine offered the most fruitful fields for German seeding. One of the observations in Cuba is rather amusing. It suggests that German colonizers now sent out must be veterans of the great war, so that they can back up selling talk with first-hand accounts of experiences at the Front. The hero will be worked for all he is worth. I doubt, however, if submarine captains will form part of the exhibit!

All German emigration authorities agree that, to quote one of their outbursts: "Mexico is the goal for emigration and the ideal land for colonization." A German journal paints a glowing picture of our southern neighbor, as "a country perfectly adapted to Germany's future needs and capable of acting to some extent as a substitute for the colonies lost to us through the war."

It is not difficult to find concrete evidence of German colonization plans in Mexico. Four hundred thousand acres of land have already been secured for irrigation in the state of Sinaloa, where thousands of emigrants are expected to settle. This enterprise has the sponsorship of the League for the Production of German Emigrants, whose headquarters are in Berlin. Its principal agent is the German consul-general at Mexico City.

The first outpost of the new German emigration army for the invasion of South America has already been set up in the territory of Misiones in the Argentine. Fifty German families have settled on concessions averaging a hundred acres each. Arrangements are now being made for five hundred additional families.

No matter whether the German trad colonist locates in Mexico, Cuba, the A gentine or any other place, he is bound t begin his usual campaign of penetratior which bodes good for nobody but himse and his country. He will make the sam effort to establish selfish German interest in America as elsewhere, and the sooner w impose drastic restrictions upon entry t our midst and demand a hundred per cer naturalization of all newcomers the bett off we shall be. We learned to our cost du ing the war that with many Germans th rule was "once a German, always a Ge man." Sabotage and worse resulted. If w are wise we shall profit by our experien and keep the bars up.

No matter what the fate of the new Ge man colonization will be, German busine is still strongly intrenched in the econom bridgeheads that it established before th war and maintained these last four years Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Sweden ar the Argentine. Here are the real wel springs of the Teutonic commercial revival In various articles in THE SATURDAY EVE NING POST I have pointed out the syste and its advantages. They are now beir capitalized to the limit.

Just how highly Germany appraises the neutral outposts is shown by this circum stance. She is moving heaven and earth raise credits for the purchase of raw mat rials. Naturally she turned first to h neighbors who kept out of the war; esp cially to Switzerland, where there is strong pro-German sentiment in the nort The Germans have enormous interests the little Helvetian republic, and Switze land is anxious to shake off these shackle Despite the most attractive offers to bu Germany refused to sell any of her Swi properties, even risking the loss of t sorely needed lines of credit. Hence Berl and Frankfort banks maintain their grip Swiss financial institutions, Munich bre ers retain their ownership of Swiss re taurants, and German capital general remains custodian of huge retail establis ments in Zurich, Basel and elsewhere. Th absorb German goods. To a lesser degr this same thing is going on in Holland a Sweden.

During the war, as I have frequent shown in these columns, Germany esta lished camouflaged factories in the neut states. Their chief purpose was to star "Made in Switzerland," "Made in H land" and "Made in Spain" on the outp of what was really German-made stuff. believed that these institutions would gi her recovery a flying start. The afterma of the war, however, smashed every pred tion because of the general inertia that h fallen upon labor, the excessive cost of r materials and the inability to get the Nevertheless, Germany is a going conce in these neutral countries. Her activity not so hectic as was expected, because s has lost coal as a bartering asset.

A little detail like this, however, does r deter the German commercial travel Encounter him to-day and he talks like circus advance agent advertising the gre est show on earth.

He is booking orders that he knows ca not be filled in any reasonable time, b his main object now is to keep the Germ trade flag flying.

Her Foreign Trade Stunted

Likewise the German is still up to his o time trickery. In France, last October heard of the purchase of a sporting gun a resident of Cambrai. It was stamp with the name of an English maker. Wh the new owner took it apart he fou "Krupp-Essen" engraved on the barr This was an unusually clumsy performan for the German is a past master in clev substitution.

For some years at least German penetr tion will go up against a blank wall in En land, France and Australia. Just how s will make up for these immense losses I a unable to say. Even under the most fav able conditions at least five years mu elapse before her foreign trade begins to anything like normal. You do not appre ate the staggering handicap which revivi German commerce labors under until y know that in 1914 her foreign busin amounted to $5,000,000,000. When I l Germany at the end of September t production for export was less than twen per cent of the normal.

Any estimate of the German foreig trade situation is incomplete without

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brief reference to one of the greatest obstacles to recovery, which is the loss of her mercantile marine. It is easy to ship goods to Switzerland and Holland by land, but without cargo-carrying vessels flying her own flag she is almost impotent. British, French and American steamers will take care of their own national interests first.

I never appreciated the collapse of German shipping until I read, on September thirteenth, in a Berlin newspaper, the first announcement of Hamburg-American Line sailings published since the beginning of the war. It filled merely a fraction of a column and was almost a pitiful exhibition. It stated that steamers of small tonnage were sailing for Dantzic, Norway and Finland, and that fourteen lighters were proceeding to Scandinavian ports and two to Rotterdam. Of that once mighty fleet which proudly sailed the Seven Seas nothing remained, so far as present activity was concerned, but these few insignificant vessels. The sailings that I have just mentioned indicate the trend of German export trade.

Germany's Air Navy

Other steamship sailings that I noted in the same issue included a ship owned by Alfred Lohmann, bound from Hamburg to the Levant. Lohmann, by the way, has an interest for America because he owned the commercial submarine Deutschland, which created a sensation on her arrival at Baltimore during the war.

Another sailing, also indicative of a trend in German export, was the departure of the Steamship Hans from Hamburg for Cuban and Mexican ports. Still another sailing not without significance was that of the Steamship Mulberg from Hamburg for South American ports. This vessel is owned by a Swedish line and its employment for German export trade shows that the Germans will seek to annex neutral shipping as much as possible.

No other one-time German economic asset is quite so demoralized as shipping. The Hamburg-American Line will illustrate. In Berlin I talked with Herr Hopff, who is the chief lieutenant of Privy Councilor Cuno, who succeeded the late Ballin as managing director.

When I asked him about the future of the company he said: "We cannot make any plans until we know just what the allies want. By the terms of the peace treaty Germany must build 200,000 tons of ships a year for five years and turn them over to the conquerors. Of course we shall reorganize, but at the present time we can do little but be patient and wait."

The Hamburg-American Line, however, is not so idle as this statement would indicate. The German has always been an expert capitalizer of the last word in science and invention. Unable to operate shipping on the sea the company has turned to the air. It has made a close alliance with the German Airship Navigation Company. The Hamburg-American Line operates the triweekly Zeppelin line between Berlin and Friedrichshafen, which carries passengers and freight. The gondola accommodates forty people and the fare for the round trip is nine hundred marks, which includes a stop-over at Munich. When I made inquiry about booking a seat on September fifteenth I was told that it was impossible to get any accommodations until the middle of October.

This enterprise has been so successful that only a lack of aircraft has prevented the inauguration of air transportation all over Germany. Among the projects contemplated is a Zeppelin route to Copenhagen and Stockholm, while optimistic Germans believe that the air journey from Hamburg to New York, both for passengers and freight, is among the near possibilities.

The German believes firmly in commercial aviation. The establishment of the Air Service Joint Stock Company, with headquarters at Frankfort, and with a capitalization of 15,000,000 marks, indicates what is likely to happen in a large way. This company is making contracts for an aërial mail service with Cologne as the center. It is proposed to operate from Cologne to Frankfort, Stuttgart, Basel, Hamburg, Berlin and Breslau. About two hundred aëroplanes will be employed and they will also carry passengers.

In connection with aviation I am reminded of an experience that reveals German conditions in a picturesque way. I wanted to get to Hamburg in a hurry and did not like the prospect of rising at dawn and making an eight-hour journey in a crowded stuffy train. You take your life in your hands when you travel on a German train these days. Someone suggested that I go by airplane. I found that scores of German airmen are making a living carrying passengers in their war machines. I made a deal for the round trip for 2000 marks, which then represented only ninety dollars in American money. The project fell through, however, because of the scarcity of fuel.

Germany is compensating herself for another serious war loss. As most people know, she lost her cables at the outset of hostilities in 1914. During the war she was forced to employ wireless to communicate with the outside world. As a result the whole science of wireless has been improved to a tremendous extent. It is too expensive to lay new cables so a plan is now in process of completion to establish a permanent commercial wireless system between Nauen and London and Nauen and New York.

The war was not without its larger benefit to all German industry. Out of ruin has risen a spirit of coöperation which will eventually supersede the old-time cutthroat competition. One example is the recent merger of the electric-lamp branch of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft with that of the Auer Osram, its leading competitor. The announced object of this consolidation was "to strengthen German production against foreign competition, which has become increasingly influential during the war."

The New Film Industry

Germany is entering lines that she practically ignored before the war. Films will illustrate. Prior to 1914 the German motion pictures were crude and clumsy. French and American films had a large vogue. A whole new cinema industry has been developed under the sponsorship of the Agfa, which produces the raw film in immense quantities.

The German film maker is imitating the American in that he is going in for elaborate and spectacular productions. One company has leased the famous Hagenback Zoölogical Gardens at Hamburg. A section of it has been converted into a Japanese city for an elaborate screen presentation of Madame Butterfly. Following the example set in Southern California whole movie cities have been established. At Weissensee, a resort near Berlin, a replica of Florence has been constructed as the setting for a gigantic Italian spectacle.

The development of the film industry on any kind of extended scale will serve a twofold purpose for Germany. One is that it will aid in the general commercial upbuilding; the other is that it will be a factor in her irrepressible propaganda. Every German motion picture that leaves the country will embody some subtle selling point or attempted vindication of the Fatherland. Motion pictures speak a universal language and their educational force has always been recognized by the enterprising Teuton.

Always a prize advertiser the German has turned to constructive publicity with renewed zeal. As most people know, the Leipsic Fair has been for years a semiannual event of considerable importance. Before the war it attracted visitors from all parts of the world and was maintained on a diminished scale throughout the years of agony.

The fair was held as usual early last September. I missed it by a few days but I caught the afterglow. Not only Leipsic but the whole surrounding country was all stirred up over its success, while the German press hailed it as a sign that the nation was far from being economically down and out. There were 8700 exhibitors, or 2000 more than at the last fair, held at Eastertide. The attendance was the largest since the outbreak of the war. Toys, furniture, furs, porcelain, glass, steel, lathes and other machinery furnished the principal exhibits.

One feature was the daily parade of exhibitors. The way the toy section turned out indicates the Teutonic advertising ingenuity. Scores of men and women dressed up as toys and animals. There were huge animated Teddy bears, lions and representatives of all nationalities in costume. Instead of being propelled by machinery the mechanical toys were operated by man power; in other words, a man moved a large reproduction of the type of locomotive used in the nursery. Most significant was the almost complete absence of toy soldiers. The uniform has lost some of its lure in Germany.

The Frankfort Sample Show

The Leipsic Fair is what might be called a selling fair. It is really a huge salesroom in which all wares are German. The Frankfort Fair, or International Sample Show, held from October first to fifteenth last, also a semiannual institution, is an exhibition in which no sales are permitted. It is open to the world.

The revival was a tremendous success. I was in Frankfort a fortnight before the fair opened and already the hotels were jammed in anticipation of the event. Among the nations represented in the exhibits were Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Spain.

The fair was extensively advertised. Wherever I went in Germany I saw posters setting forth its advantages, in German, English and Italian. The use of Italian in these advertisements shows how close is the economic bond between Germany and Italy.

Writing about the Frankfort Fair brings to mind the somewhat interesting fact that this city is rapidly becoming the industrial capital—a sort of national hub. It has always been one of the Teutonic financial strongholds. In its ghetto the first of the Rothschilds hung out his famous sign of the Red Shield. Most of the Jewish international bankers who have become captains in England and America were either born or had their first training in Frankfort.

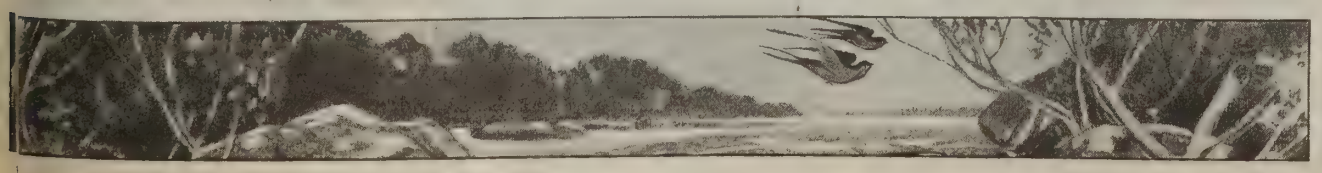
Its leading citizens have just organized The Society for the Advancement of Frankfort, which will perform the functions of a board of trade and a chamber of commerce combined. As Frankfort advances in authority Berlin declines. The moving of the seat of government to Weimar was only one evidence of its decay. Berlin began to lose its glamour the moment William Hohenzollern was put out of commission. During his palmy days all German society, near society and would-be society flocked where it might catch the eye or get the ear of the august monarch. Now it is cheaper and safer to stay at home.

Any study of German industry must include an appraisal of the part Russia will play in the Teutonic rehabilitation. Limitation of space forbids the analysis here of this all-important factor, but it will be dealt with in the next article.

To-day industrial Germany, like social and political Germany, is a bankrupt business in process of slow and difficult reorganization. It has immense assets in the shape of trained hands, latent energy and incentive to prosper. It can pay its obligations if the wherewithal to work in the shape of raw materials is forthcoming. Without work the nation will impede the universal recovery. Her creditors are the Allies, who, like any other creditors' committee, can prevent mismanagement and even speed up reconstruction if they maintain a vigilant stewardship.

In some large respects Germany's plight is no worse than that of her late European antagonists. They, too, are burdened with debt and torn with internal discord. Peace finds them all in the same economic boat.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson, dealing with industrial conditions in Germany. The next will be devoted to the financial situation and Allied penetration.



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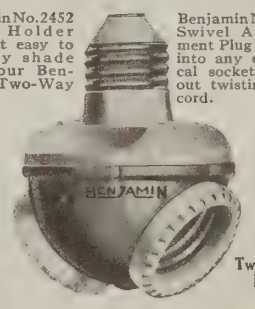

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

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to the possible outcome of an armed conflict with Japan and confirmed me in my conviction of the necessity of straining every nerve in an endeavor to prevent such an eventuality.

On my arrival at Tokio a day or two later I was met by my predecessor, Iswolsky, and we proceeded at once to the formal transfer to me of the legation. Before leaving for Kioto to join his family and to have his farewell audience with the Emperor he naturally acquainted me with all the developments that had taken place during the five weeks that I had been at sea on my way from Europe, and he imparted to me a piece of information of a very startling nature indeed, which had come to him, so to speak, accidentally, a couple of days before my arrival.

A young officer had arrived from Port Arthur on some personal business or for a cure at some of the baths in Japan, and having come to report himself, as in duty bound, to the minister, had, in emptying his bag of news, extracted therefrom a rather alarming tale of the extraordinary doings on the Yalu River of the agents of the timber company. They seemed to have obtained, under the pretext of needed protection, the dispatch to the Yalu of a rather numerous body of troops, who had begun the construction of earthworks which looked very much like future batteries, and so forth. Though quite assured of the credibility of this officer, who had visited the locality in question on his way from Port Arthur to Japan, and entirely sharing my views as to Far Eastern affairs, Iswolsky had refrained from reporting the matter to the government, knowing that I would arrive in a couple of days to take charge of the legation and would then do it myself in the way I should see fit. The whole matter had been as much a matter of surprise to him as it was to me.

Now, the absurdity of a Power like Russia, possessing on its own territory in Europe and Asia an almost untouched forest area of more than two million square miles, needing a timber concession at the faraway mouth of the Yalu River on the Korean-Manchurian frontier, and moreover a timber concession defended by earthworks and Cossacks, was too self-evident not to give rise in the minds of the Japanese people, I will not say to the suspicion, but to the unshakable conviction that we were preparing for some armed aggression against Japanese interests in Korea.

All these provocative proceedings could not but be most welcome to the large and influential party which was in favor of bringing the chronic conflict with Russia to a decisive issue by force of arms, and which would naturally be eager to utilize these proofs of hostile intentions furnished by the prospective enemy himself for the purpose of exciting popular passions to the degree needed in order to secure for such a policy the unanimous support of the nation. It was therefore not to be expected that the government then in power, headed by Count Katsura and Baron Komura, would raise any protest against our proceedings on the Yalu; but these proceedings were nevertheless obviously bound to cut the ground from under my feet in view of the forthcoming negotiations, inasmuch, of course, as our government really wished to bring them to a peaceful termination, as I could have no doubt was their earnest desire. These considerations impelled me to take upon myself the duty of most vigorously protesting against these proceedings in a telegram, the terms of which I am unable to reproduce here, not being at present in possession of my archives, but which I can say were as forcible and categorical as my firm conviction of the necessity of putting a stop to such doings could make them.

My surmise as to the probable attitude in this matter of the Japanese Government proved to be correct. At our frequent interviews the subject was never brought up by Baron Komura, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, nor did he ever allude in even the remotest way to our doings on the Yalu, which continued to go on in spite of my repeated warnings and of which he naturally was fully cognizant; in fact, much more so than I, who was systematically kept in ignorance of developments there.

Having attended to the most pressing business I took the train for Kioto, leaving the legation in charge of the first secretary, Prince Koudacheff, one of the best men and noblest and purest characters I have ever met in my long life, who became one of my dearest friends and who must be well known to many of my American readers, as he accompanied me later to Washington as first secretary and then as counselor of the embassy. I am happy to know that he is at present safe at Peking, where he was appointed as minister by the late imperial government.

On arrival at Kioto I had the honor of presenting my letters of credence to the Emperor, and of being received, with my wife, by the Empress. Both their Majesties honored us by a most gracious reception, expressing their satisfaction at welcoming us back to Japan. The welcome I met with at the hands of the members of the government, as well as of many old-time friends, was just as cordial as in former days. But in the social atmosphere an undercurrent made itself felt, not exactly of hostility or suspicion but rather of apprehensive expectancy. However, the first months after our arrival passed off very peacefully, without any untoward incidents ruffling the surface of things.

There even seemed to be a kind of relapse into former less strained relations when the coming visit of our Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, was announced. He was known to the Japanese—who were always exceedingly well informed on political conditions in Russia—as no friend of Witte's but as being, just as much as that great statesman, utterly opposed to the policy of the Bezobrazoff clique, which was becoming every day more influential. It was perhaps owing to this circumstance, which may have revived the hopes of those statesmen among the genro who favored a friendly understanding with Russia, that the reception extended to the general was marked by the most elaborate courtesy and apparently sincere cordiality. He arrived accompanied by a large and brilliant suite, and the same reserve palace which several years before had sheltered the Grand Duke Cyril had been prepared for his reception and for the accommodation of the numerous officers he had brought with him.

After his audience with the Emperor he was entertained at a state banquet at the palace in the presence of their Majesties, the imperial princes and princesses and the ministers of state. He was shown a review of a brigade of guards, an exhibition drill of the training school for cavalry officers, with whose efficiency and skill in various horseback exercises and stunts he seemed to be much impressed, and so forth. After the usual round of entertainments, when the term fixed for his official stay at Tokio, during which he had had several interviews with some of the leading statesmen of Japan, had expired and he was on the point of starting for Port Arthur to complete his tour of inspection of the troops stationed in the Far East, he received by telegraph from St. Petersburg an intimation that it was the Emperor's wish that he should not arrive at Port Arthur before the arrival of Secretary of State Bezobrazoff, whom he was to meet there for a conference with Admiral Alexieff.

This extraordinary circumstance requires some further explanation, as it placed the general in a most embarrassing situation. It was, of course, impossible for him to prolong his stay in the capital beyond the term originally fixed for his official sojourn, and so he chose to retire to some seaside place not far from Tokio, under the pretext that before continuing his tour of inspection he needed rest, which he expected to find in the pursuit of his favorite sport of fishing. The explanation of this remarkable state of affairs had to be sought for in certain developments which in the meantime had been taking place at St. Petersburg. The rising of the new star, Bezobrazoff, and the growth of his influence at court had been phenomenally rapid; so much so that the Emperor had seen fit to confer on him, though he had no official status in the service, the title of His Majesty's Secretary of State, a purely honorific distinction reserved as a reward of long and distinguished services for a very few only of the highest dignitaries of the state. This unheard-of distinction conferred on an entire outsider placed him in the eyes of the bureaucracy on an exalted pedestal as the latest favorite of the sovereign, and correspondingly increased his influence in the political affairs in which he was empowered to take an active part.

He had determined to start on a personal tour of investigation of the condition of things in the Far East, and at the time of General Kuropatkin's visit in Japan was traveling in almost royal state in a magnificent special train on his way to Port Arthur. The Minister of War being known as an adversary of Bezobrazoff's plans it was apparently apprehended that he might possibly, if he were allowed to reach Port Arthur before Bezobrazoff's arrival, succeed in allying himself with Admiral Alexieff in opposition to the latter's projects and thus encompass their defeat. Hence, evidently, the order which delayed General Kuropatkin's departure from Japan.

In this connection I must mention a circumstance that set me thinking at the time. Among the members of the suite of General Kuropatkin was a staff officer of high rank and certainly one of the ablest in our military service, whom I had known before and whose knowledge of Far Eastern affairs I valued very highly. He came to see me as an old friend on the very day of their arrival, and after some desultory friendly chat he began holding forth on the interesting and important features of the Yalu enterprise as a screen behind which we could in safety mature our political pla in Manchuria; and so on, all in the san order of ideas. The very earnestness wi which he pleaded for a cause of which, must have known, I had declared myself firm and convinced adversary made n suspect that he might have been commi sioned to try to bring me round to t Bezobrazoff clique's views, my oppositi to which they would naturally wish eliminate as a disturbing element capab of obstructing their plans to some exten

So I pretended to take it as a friend attempt on his part at pulling my leg, so speak, and laughingly said that being mere ignoramus in matters of strategy t screen theory was too deep for me. Wh his relations with General Kuropatk were and what the reason was for h presence as one of the members of his sui I did not care to investigate, but it m well be that he had been intrusted with t task of keeping a watchful eye on t general as well as on another adversary the Yalu enterprise.

In the sequel another circumstan made me conceive certain suspicio which, however, were confirmed in a mea ure only much later. In the summer young officer of the guards accompanied his wife arrived at Yokohama for a pr longed stay. His wife was a most charmi and distinguished young woman, belongi to the best society at St. Petersburg, a the young couple were frequent guests our legation. But I never could discov any rational explanation for their arriv and prolonged stay in Japan or what t mysterious business was in which he seem to be engaged, until I found out mu later, after their departure, that he ha pened to be the son of one of the chi promoters of the Yalu enterprise. I ha every reason to suspect that his busine besides perhaps keeping track of the d positions of the Japanese press, consist mainly in watching in the interest of t company my political activity.

I have been dwelling at such length the circumstances related above becau they illustrate the extraordinary muddle which divided counsels at headquarters h reduced our policy in the Far East. Th also throw some light on the manifold di culties of the position in which I fou myself as representative of a government vided against itself; as an agent in disfav with his direct chief and the powerful stat man whose mouthpiece he was; suspect and watched by the rival clique, whc power and influence seemed to be in t ascendant; therefore deprived of any ki of backing and obliged to rely on nothi more substantial than a scrap of paper the shape of my letter of credence, a such modest personal credit as I might able to command.

Such was my position, being accredit to a government perfectly well informed all these circumstances, as a negotiator whom it was expected that he would su ceed in preventing the armed confli toward which the course of even misdirected by erratic policies, w manifestly tending.

In one respect only was I great favored, and that was in the co position of the staff of the legati and of the personnel of the cons lates under my orders. To the p triotism, fidelity and devotion duty and loyalty to their chief all these faithful public servants gives me great satisfaction to be witness on these pages. Of parti ularly valuable assistance to r were the representatives of t navy and army, our naval age Captain—now Admiral—Roussi and our military agent, Colonel Sa oyloff—since deceased—thanks whose extremely efficient a zealous collaboration I was alwa kept most accurately informed regard to all naval and milita affairs in Japan—under the c cumstances a matter of suprer importance.

Not long after the departure General Kuropatkin, with the b ginning of the hot season, we mov for the summer to Nikko, a bea tiful place in a mountainous cou try at a distance of some two hou by rail from Tokio, where I could

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

People Praying Outside of the Palace

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nstant touch with the legation. In olden s, when I first came to Japan, Nikko d be reached only by jinrikisha or on eback, through a grandiose avenue e twenty-eight miles long, of centuries- cryptomeria trees planted in double s leading up to the numerous magnifi- shrines and sepulchers of the shoguns ne Tokugawa dynasty. Nothing could been more impressive—and I can k of it from experience—than a ride ugh this noble avenue, if one would pic- to oneself in one's mind's eye the gor- s processions that in days long gone by t have been wending their way in the le of these majestic trees and all the fas- tingly picturesque life of old Japan in ober dignity not yet ruffled by the ulent vulgarity of modern civilization. can readily understand the feelings which Japanese of the older genera- who had been witnesses of great revolutionary reform, t have been viewing the gradual shing of almost all of the rem- s of a glorious and venerated .

ne of the numberless derelicts ne great upheaval which had ked the fortunes of their class the aged head of the Kanaya ly, who were the owners of the l at Nikko where we had taken our quarters for the summer. ignified old gentleman, with hed courtly manners, he had ently been a samurai of high and had taken to the hotel ness as a means of livelihood. son, who had received a care- education on modern lines, e and wrote English fluently managed the hotel in a very businesslike and at the same gentlemanly way, which ed him a wide popularity in foreign colonies of Tokio and ohama and helped to keep the ly exchequer in a very flour- g condition.

ne Kanaya Hotel stood—or er stands, as I hope it is still e in its old place—by the side mountain brook spanned al- under our windows by the brated sacred red-lacquer ge over which no one is allowed ass except the Emperor. On other side of the rivulet was lge park surrounding the nu- us temples and shrines of the l grounds of the Tokugawa sty. Being greatly interested in Japa- antiquities we were frequent visitors ese sacred grounds and were always r courteously received by the priests permitted to inspect everything we ssed a desire to see.

hile I was idling away my time in Nikko I was well aware that some giations were being carried on behind yack between the Japanese Minister at etersburg, Mr. Kurino, an old friend ine, and Count Lamsdorf, our Min- of Foreign Affairs. In Japan, how- everything seemed to be perfectly h at least on the surface, until two s occurred in Russia which produced pan an impression reflected in a mark- larmist undertone perceptible in the nces of the public press. These s were: The fall from power of Witte nister of Finance, and the creation of iceroyalty of the Far East with Ad- Alexieff as Viceroy.

ng so far away from the center of in- s I could not, of course, be quite cer- as to the immediate cause that had ht about this upheaval in the bureau- at world of St. Petersburg. It might been the return of Bezobrazoff from ur of inspection in the Far East with raging reports regarding the political ion; or it might have been an accre- f his influence due to the newly se- support of some powerful element the ranks of the ruling bureaucracy. atter supposition I thought the more e, as the creation of the viceroyalty and multaneous appointment of a special ittee of Far Eastern Affairs, evidently eled to paralyze the influence of the ter of Foreign Affairs and to obstruct tion, seemed to me to disclose unmis- le traces of the participation of the of someone well versed in the mazes eaucratic intrigue.

owing that Witte's only serious adver- because the only other able personage in the government, was the Minister of the Interior, Plehve, I had the strongest suspicion that he had had a hand in the game that led to the downfall of his all-powerful rival. But this motive of personal rivalry could hardly have been the only one that had caused him to side with the Bezobrazoff clique. As a very intelligent man he could not have failed to realize that our whole Far Eastern policy, of which the Yalu enterprise was one of the most disquieting features, was bound to land us in the end in an armed conflict with Japan. It seemed therefore hardly credible that he should have encouraged such a policy unless he had thought that a bloodletting in the Far East, whatever its outcome, whether victory or defeat, would act as a powerful derivative and prove an effective cure of the revolutionary disease affecting the body politic, for the sanitation of which it was his duty to provide.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

I may have done him an injustice in suspecting him of having been capable of so much Machiavellism, since I could judge only from appearances and such facts as were of public notoriety. I can say, however, that the above explanation of his attitude was pretty generally credited among people who were in a position to know the inside history of this sensational bureaucratic shake-up. Plehve, with whom I had never had any personal contact whatever, never having met him in society, was generally considered to be a man of great ability, firm will and undaunted courage, determined to carry on the war against the revolutionary parties with unrelenting energy to the bitter end. That by them he was held to be a most redoubtable enemy is sufficiently proved by the fact that from the very beginning of his short career as Minister of the Interior he had been by the Social Revolutionary terrorists singled out as a victim of their murderous policy. His assassination was actually encompassed in the first year of the war, under the direction—if rumor is to be believed—of one of the leaders of the Social Revolutionary Party.

Howsoever the fall from power of Witte was brought about, it was plain that it meant the triumph of an uncompromisingly aggressive policy in the Far East. But it was no less plain that the installation of a viceroy of the Far East and the institution of the special Committee of Far Eastern Affairs—both with extensive powers conflicting not only with those of the regular diplomacy but also as between themselves—were bound to complicate to an extraordinary degree and thereby to render impossible a rational conduct of such a policy.

The viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, was raised to a position of semi-independence as commander in chief of all the armed forces, naval as well as military, within the immense territory placed under his supreme authority, which, of course, extended to the civil administration as well. Beyond all this, he was intrusted with the control of diplomatic relations with neighboring countries in the Far East, and the legations at Tokio, Peking and Seoul were to some extent subordinated to his authority and ordered to report to him on such matters. The intention seems to have been to place him in regard to international politics in a position similar to that of the governor-general of Turkestan in his relations with semi-independent native states, such as Bokhara and Afghanistan, an arrangement which, apparently assimilating Japan to these central Asian border states, could not but be extremely galling to Japanese pride.

On the other hand the special Committee of Far Eastern Affairs, under the nominal presidency of the Emperor, was to be the supreme authority over the whole field of our Far Eastern policy. This committee, of which the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War and Marine were ex-officio members, their membership, however, being more or less nominal, was practically directed by one of its appointed members, Rear Admiral Abaza, who enjoyed the Emperor's special confidence. He was an excellent naval officer and a very intelligent man, but, of course, totally inexperienced in the handling of momentous international affairs, and therefore quite incompetent to play the part of the Sovereign's adviser at a critical moment in the country's history; evidently much more so than the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorf, who possessed at least the advantage of a long experience in the formal practice of diplomacy.

Such was the situation as it presented itself in August, 1903, when the Japanese Government, under the supreme guidance of a group of some of the ablest statesmen of the age, who had been the creators of modern Japan and who were untrammeled by any pressure whatsoever from above or from below, began the negotiations which were to lead to the outbreak of the war. Their policy pursued aims at once clearly defined and limited to what at the time was practically attainable and commensurate with the means at their disposal. Their immediate aims were: The ousting of Russia from Korea, and if possible from Manchuria as well, and the establishment of a Japanese protectorate over Korea; wisely leaving for developments in the future all ultimate aims, such as the final annexation of Korea, the gradual absorption of Manchuria and other ambitious plans in regard to China.

They had secured the moral and diplomatic support not only of their ally, Great Britain, but also of the United States by pretending to combat for the cause of the independence and integrity of Korea and China, which were threatened by Russia, and of the open door in Manchuria, which Russia intended to close. They could rely on the complete preparedness of their army and navy. They were already in a fair way, as I found out accidentally, of securing likewise the financial backing of some banking circles in New York. But, most important of all, they could rely on the unanimous enthusiastic support of an intensely patriotic, entirely homogeneous nation instinctively conscious of the real meaning of the impending conflict as a crucial struggle for supremacy.

What, then, had we to oppose to these multiple elements of success on our adversary's side? Total absence of any clearly defined, well thought out aims harmonized with the general political needs and interests of the country, and calculated on the solid basis of available resources. Nothing but vague aspirations after domination and hegemony. Neither clear insight nor firm will at the top. The conduct of our Far Eastern policy divided between three separate authorities, more or less independent of each other and never agreeing completely on anything: The only legitimate one, but the weakest, because almost openly distrusted by the Sovereign—the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the ablest, and by far the most enlightened, but hampered by considerations of loyalty to the Throne—the Viceroy; the strongest, because nearest to the supreme authority—the Committee of Far Eastern Affairs. Irremediable military and naval unpreparedness, because no timely and adequate reënforcements could be forwarded to our army and navy in the Far East without laying us open to the suspicion of deliberately preparing an attack and thereby hastening the outbreak of war. Diplomatic unpreparedness as well, considering that our only ally, France, could not possibly be expected to give us anything but a very lukewarm support, as it was manifestly not to her interest to encourage us to lay fast in the Far East our political interests, let alone our armed forces, which would impair our value as an ally on the field of European politics, and the more so in case of the ever-expected war with Germany. Great Britain and the United States, the two Powers most vitally interested in Far Eastern trade, antagonized by our senseless-dog-in-the-manger policy in Manchuria.

But, worst of all, no comprehension of the meaning of a conflict with Japan could possibly be hoped for from the ignorant and politically quite inarticulate masses of the people, who would be expected to be willing to shed their blood for such a cause; nor was it possible to count on the moral support of the educated classes, who in their overwhelming majority were opposed to any adventurous policy in the Far East, partly because they felt that Russia's real and vital interest was peace, partly because they were wedded to the policy from which they expected the realization of their political dreams in Europe; not to mention the revolutionary parties, who, as always, were merely watching and waiting for an opportunity to overthrow the existing social order, weakened by defeat and consequent popular discontent, for the purpose of founding on its ruins—on the ruins of their country—their socialistic Utopia.

These were the conditions under which we were approaching the crisis in our Far Eastern affairs. There was no need for drawing too heavily on one's imagination in order to predict the outcome of the negotiations just begun, as well as of the war that was to follow, and to foresee that the curtain was going to rise on the first act of what was to be the awful tragedy of a great empire's and a great nation's downfall and ruin.

The negotiations, which were to last more than five months, were initiated by Japan in the beginning of August, 1903, and the Japanese Government naturally intended that they should take place at St. Petersburg. To this, however, Count Lamsdorf at once demurred under various pretexts, such as his impending departure for a somewhat prolonged sojourn abroad with the Emperor or the necessity of constantly referring matters to me, as the person best acquainted with local conditions, and to Admiral Alexieff, as having charge of our Far Eastern interests, and so forth,

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and insisted on the negotiations being conducted at Tokio. In the end the Japanese Government reluctantly consented to this, so that during the last phase of the negotiations I served as the channel through which our government's communications were transmitted to them; the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg continuing in the meanwhile his fruitless pourparlers with Count Lamsdorf, and, I have reason to believe, behind the latter's back with Admiral Abaza.

It would have taken up too much space were I to have attempted to give on these pages a more or less detailed account of these prolonged negotiations, as far as I might have been able to do so from memory, not having in my possession the necessary notes and documents. The reader who should wish to go more deeply into this interesting subject could find in an English edition of an evidently official account of the Russo-Japanese War a presumably complete set of dispatches exchanged between Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Kurino, Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, in the course of these negotiations.

From the perusal of this correspondence it would be seen that, divested of all verbiage and circumlocution, unavoidable in diplomatic fencing, the kernel of the whole matter could be reduced to these simple propositions: The Japanese Government was insisting on Russia's entering into certain engagements in regard to Manchuria by way of exercising pressure on her in order to cause her to acquiesce in Japan's exclusive predominance in Korea; the Russian Government on the other hand was clinging to Russia's pretensions in Korea, presumably in the expectation of causing Japan by this means to withdraw her claim to exact from us engagements in regard to Manchuria. Neither side showing any inclination to recede from the position originally taken up, there was apparently no way out of the impasse thus created. The position of the Japanese Government was, however, much the stronger one, since in their claim to impose on us certain engagements in regard to Manchuria they could rely on the powerful support of Great Britain and the United States, whereas in our pretensions and attempts at interference with Japanese policy in Korea we could not hope for anybody's support, these pretensions being, moreover, quite unjustified, unless we were determined to return to Prince Lobanoff's policy of not allowing Japan to gain any foothold on the Asiatic continent. But in that case we should have tried to secure English and American support for such a policy while it was yet time; that is to say, before the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In view of recent developments English and American statesmen might perhaps ask themselves the question whether in this matter of Far Eastern policy their governments had not all the time been backing the wrong horse.

Besides, I did not quite understand the reason of our government's persistent reluctance to recognize the obvious necessity of abandoning once for all the pursuit of their disastrous Korean policy. It certainly could not have been the wish to safeguard at any cost, even at the risk of war, the interests of the Yalu timber enterprise. There must surely have been a deeper-lying motive for the government's attitude in this momentous matter, influenced, as it evidently was, by the Emperor's personal views and wishes. The Emperor's verbal promise to accept the protectorate over Korea, given to the Korean Ambassador during the coronation festivities at Moscow—to which I had occasion to allude in one of the preceding chapters of these reminiscences—may have had something to do with it. This I am not in a position either to affirm or to deny, as in such of our secret archives as I had access to there was no documentary evidence to be found establishing the fact of such a promise's actually having been made. Such evidence, however, may have existed in the reports of the Korean Ambassador to his government, and having come to the knowledge of the Japanese Government, may have powerfully contributed to maturing their determination to bring the Korean question to a head and to prevent the threatened establishment of a Russian protectorate by assuming the protectorate over Korea themselves.

This secret motive, necessarily carefully concealed from their Western sympathizers, evidently was the mainspring of the Japanese Government's policy. It may well be that a similar secret motive—I mean the desire to redeem a promise made, however inconsiderately and from sheer inexperience, assuming that such a promise had actually been made—was ever present in the Emperor's mind and influenced his actions. There was nothing in this secret motive but what was noble and worthy of a great sovereign—the idea that a sovereign's word once given should never be repudiated.

Unfortunately the young Emperor at his accession to the throne found himself confronted with a most perplexing situation in the Far East. Neither his total inexperience and weak wavering will nor the mental caliber of such pretended statesmen as Mouravieff and Lamsdorf was able to cope with it. Prince Lobanoff had struck out a line of policy which, whether right or wrong, had the unquestionable merits of being clearly defined and of having been inaugurated with firmness and success. Whether his statesmanship would have been clear-sighted enough to overcome his anti-British prejudices—a prerequisite to a successful pursuit of his policy—or whether British statesmen would have been found willing to renounce their inveterate distrust of Russia—these are questions which it would be purposeless to discuss now. Two months after the coronation at Moscow, Prince Lobanoff was dead, and since 1902 Great Britain has been the ally of Japan.

What Russia needed above all was a real statesman at the head of affairs and a firm hand at the helm. Unhappily the only statesman capable of safely steering the ship of the state never fully enjoyed the confidence of the new Sovereign, and now he was shelved from a position of power and influence as Minister of Finance to the merely honorific office of president of the so-called Committee of Ministers—not to be confounded with what in constitutionally governed countries is meant by the term "Council of Ministers" or "Cabinet."

Desultory pourparlers were lagging along in St. Petersburg between Count Lamsdorf and the Japanese Minister without any participation of mine, until at last the Japanese Government, upon the advice of Mr. Kurino, consented in the beginning of September to the transfer of the negotiations to Tokio. Their long hesitation, I had every reason to suppose, had been due in a great measure to their knowledge of the fact that I was not in favor at our Foreign Department and did not enjoy the full confidence of the minister. They therefore very naturally suspected that Count Lamsdorf's insistence on the transfer of the negotiations to Tokio, as well as his constant references in his conversations with the Japanese Minister to the necessity of consulting on every subject either me or the viceroy or both, was nothing but a device to gain time for the completion of our armaments, which it was evidently not to their interest to await.

Their final consent to the transfer of the negotiations may have been due to the discovery that no serious steps were being taken by us to reënforce our troops in Manchuria beyond the dispatch to the Manchurian frontier, and not farther, of a brigade of infantry without even their train, under the specious pretext of a test of the speed with which troops could be transported over the Siberian railroad. Shortly afterward I received the Emperor's command to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Port Arthur if and as soon as the viceroy should see fit to consult me on the subject of the pending negotiations, he being intrusted with the formulation of our counter-proposals to the original Japanese proposals received from Mr. Kurino in the beginning of August.

Toward the end of the month I received the expected invitation from the viceroy, who sent the cruiser Rurik to Nagasaki to be at my disposal. I left Tokio on the twenty-second of September by rail for the southern port, where I embarked on the Rurik and arrived two days later at Port Arthur. In connection with this I must mention a small matter, but nevertheless symptomatic of our state of unpreparedness for anything like war, and consequently of the total absence on our part of any warlike intentions. When we were nearing Port Arthur the captain told me that he had just dispatched a wireless message to the viceroy to inform him, in obedience to his orders, of the hour of our expected arrival in port, as he wished to meet me on landing as an old friend of younger days. When I walked unannounced into Admiral Alexieff's library he was not a little astonished and in
because this message had never
him. Upon immediate inquiry i
reported to him that the wireless ap
at the receiving station was out of o

As I could stay only forty-eight h
Port Arthur we lost no time in pro
to discuss the political situation. I t
viceroy frankly that as far as I coul
the Japanese Government were dete
to secure the exclusive control of Kr
by negotiation if possible; if not, t
force of arms; that they were sure
moral support of the Western Pow
whose benefit they were pretendi
they were defending the independe
integrity of Korea and China again
sian aggression; that we could not p
hope to retain our position in Korea
as in Manchuria; that in my opin
only rational thing we could do now
be to stick to Manchuria and scutt
Korea; that any further shilly-sh
could do no good because the Ja
were afraid we might take advan
any further delay for the purpose c
forcing our army and navy and stret
ing our fortifications, and they were
fore determined to press the matte
issue as soon as possible, so that we
expect any day to find ourselves con
with an ultimatum—sign or fight—o
still, be surprised by a sudden unh
attack which would find us unprep

I do not know whether I succee
convincing him, though I suspect t
was inclined to share my views, but
quite at liberty to act upon them.
tainly felt deeply the grave respon
resting upon him and realized fu
great danger of the exposed posi
which he found himself and wh
would have to defend with entirely
quate forces. He spoke very openly
difficulties he had had to contend
the part of all the departments of t
ernment ever since he had been ra
the exalted position of viceroy, wh
had not only not sought but done
thing he could to escape, and whi
raised against him the usual abunda
of envy, jealousy and antagonism
showed me the text of his telegram
reply to the Emperor's offer of the
viceroy, accompanied by an appeal
patriotism in demanding its acceptan
his reply Admiral Alexieff, in terms
loyal, respectful and earnest, entrea
Emperor not to insist on appointing
a position to which he did not feel
able to do justice. He asked me
thought of it, and I told him frankly
thought he would perhaps have do
ter in his own interest no less than
patriotic point of view if instead of
ing the traditional *nolo episcopari*
expressed his conviction that the
the meaning of which the intended c
of the Viceroyalty of the Far Ea
bound to accentuate, could only b
sued with relative safety if suppor
the actual presence of adequate
that is to say, an army of three h
thousand men and the greater part
best fighting units of the Baltic Fleet
that therefore he entreated the Em
not to insist on burdening him with
sponsibility he could not conscient
undertake.

From what I could see myself duri
two days' stay at Port Arthur I cou
draw any reassuring conclusions as
state of our preparedness for war.
from the state of the fortificatio
which, of course, only a military spe
would have been competent to expr
opinion, there were two glaring d
which could not escape the notice o
the most superficial civilian observer.
were:

First, the very cramped space
able in the eastern basin of the harb
the accommodation of the compara
large fleet, owing to the failure to hav
vided in time for the deepening of th
large western basin, combined wit
absence of an additional outlet to the
sea; and, second, the absence of ade
docking facilities, there being only o
dock, and that of too small dimensio
admit of the introduction of the
fighting units of the fleet. All these d
could easily have been corrected durir
five years that we had been in possess
Port Arthur if the needed works had
taken in hand in time.

I had no time to visit Dalny—for
Ta-lien-wan—the town of picturesqu
las, the creation of Witte, but what

(Concluded on Page 84)

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MILEAGE HOGS

(Concluded from Page 82)

of Port Arthur impressed me greatly at first. There was something in the atmosphere of the place that reminded one of a booming newborn town in the Far West—life and bustle and buoyant activity on all sides, a seemingly great promise for the future; but on reflection one could not help realizing that all this was more or less artificial, born of and fed by the abundant golden stream issuing from our treasury; that is to say, ultimately from the lean purses of a penurious people whose real and crying needs remained unsatisfied.

Our conferences on the subject of the counter proposals to be made to the Japanese Government resulted, as was to be expected under the circumstances, in nothing of any real value. We were maintaining our position originally taken up in regard to the exclusion of all reference to Manchuria from the scope of the projected agreement, and offered some slight concessions in regard to Korea. These counter proposals, when I presented them to the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, were naturally considered unsatisfactory, and so negotiations continued, the Japanese proposals being transmitted always to Count Lamsdorf direct through Mr. Kurino, and our government's counter proposals reaching the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs exclusively through me.

Since my return from Port Arthur I began noticing a marked change in the tone of the Japanese press, whose utterances were usually in harmony with the changing views of the government. In this respect the Japanese press displayed a patriotic and unanimous readiness to take its cue from the government's lead. It also avoided any abusive and offensive expressions, and Russia was hardly ever mentioned by name, but usually as "a certain Power."

There was still another circumstance, at first hardly noticed by me, which made me realize that the strain of the political situation was beginning to tell on the popular mind. That was the fact, of which in the beginning I had not been aware, that unusual precautions were being taken to insure my personal safety. This is how I made the discovery that such was the case: I had all along been in the habit of going every afternoon at about five o'clock to the Tokio Club for a rest after my day's work and a chat or a game of billiards with my Japanese friends. The clubhouse being situated at a distance of about half a mile from our legation, at the bottom of a street bordered on one side by the enormous open parade ground known as Hibiya and on the other by vacant outhouses of former diamios' "yashikis," or palaces, a street in which there was no traffic and hardly any passers-by to be met, I used to go and return from there always on foot. After a while I began to notice a certain number of individuals, always the same, whom I would come across every day and always more or less at the same spots on my way to and from the club. Some were dressed as laborers, some as jinrikisha coolies, some in Japanese costumes with bowler hats, others in foreign clothes, one of them even in a frock coat and silk hat. By and by I began to recognize some of them and pass them by with a smile, to which they would respond with a polite bow and statutory grin of courtesy. When I incidentally mentioned these casual encounters to one of my Japanese friends over a game of pool he laughed and said: "You have been pretty long in finding out that your obsequious friends you meet every day on your way here are all detectives; they are eleven, I can tell you, and all chosen from among the best in the police department, and their duty is to watch over your safety."

While the fruitless negotiations between the two Powers were going on our government had at last bethought itself of the advisability of reënforcing our fleet in the Far East, and a few ships under the command of Rear Admiral Wirenius were on their way to Japan and had, in the beginning of January, 1904, passed the Suez Canal. They had, however, been preceded by two new cruisers originally built at Genoa for the Argentine Government, which the Japanese Government had bought and which were hurrying to Japan under the command of English officers and with English crews. It was plain to me that Japan would not await the arrival of Admiral Wirenius' small squadron before beginning hostilities, as was also the opinion of our naval agent, who was particularly well informed in regard to Japanese preparations for war.

All the doubts I might still have entertained in this regard were set at rest when in the course of one of our frequent and always perfectly calm and scrupulously courteous interviews Baron Komura lost his temper and in reply to a remark of mine that we would not be able to accept a proposal he had just made said: "But we might compel you!" with a look in his eyes which told me as plainly as if he had uttered the words that the final decision had been taken.

There remained only one chance. It was plain that all along there had been grave dissensions between members of the government and the genro as well as among the genro themselves in regard to the momentous question of peace or war, and that there was a strong party which had been holding out to the last for a friendly understanding with Russia. If the final decision in favor of war had already been taken, as I was led to suppose by Baron Komura's attitude, the only possible chance of causing a reversal of this decision would have lain in strengthening the hands of the party which had been standing for a peaceful solution of the crisis, and at the head of which I hoped to find two such powerful statesmen as Marquis Ito and Count Inouye. This could be accomplished only by a complete surrender of our position so obstinately maintained in regard to Korea.

It was an off chance indeed; but it must not be forgotten that though Russia's military weakness was suspected by the Japanese and their confidence in victory was great, still the colossal empire's potential might loomed threateningly large, not having yet been put to the test, and the fate of the whole campaign depended on one slender and uncertain thread—the possibility of securing at the first stroke absolute command of the sea. I determined therefore to make one last attempt at making our government realize the full gravity of the situation, and I dispatched the same evening a telegram to Count Lamsdorf representing to him the absolute necessity of immediately proposing the return to the original offer of the Japanese Government, made in March, 1898, implying the complete surrender of all our pretensions in the Korean question, if we wished to avail ourselves of the only remaining chance of preventing the unquestionably impending outbreak of the war.

No attention was apparently paid to this telegram, as it remained unanswered. After a couple of weeks more of a fruitless exchange of proposals and counter proposals I received, in the afternoon of Saturday, February 6, 1904, a message from Baron Komura requesting me to call at his official residence at four o'clock. He received me with a mien of unusual gravity, which made it plain to me that the fatal hour had struck. After we were seated he proceeded to say that the Japanese Government having come to the conclusion that it would be purposeless to continue long-drawn-out, futile negotiations had determined to break them off, at the same time severing diplomatic relations with Russia; that the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg was at the same hour acquainting the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs with this decision of the Japanese Government; that Mr. Kurino was under orders to depart from Russia at the earliest possible date with the staff of the legation and the consulates; that he was aware that at the moment there was no outgoing steamer available, and that I therefore would be compelled to delay for some days my departure with my family, the staff of the legation and the personnel of the consulates, but that I need have no apprehension on that account as measures would be taken to guarantee our safety.

I rose immediately and said that I regretted to find that our negotiations had come to naught and that the Japanese Government had decided on war. To this he demurred, saying that he had merely announced the rupture of diplomatic relations. Thereupon, after an exchange of formal salutations, I withdrew.

On my return to the legation I was met by our naval attaché with the report that on that very morning of Saturday, the sixth of February, at six A. M., the Japanese fleet had weighed anchor for an unknown destination, divided in two squadrons, one of which was convoying large transports having on board two divisions of troops, evidently destined to be landed on the Korean coast, most probably at some point on the west coast of the peninsula. The other squadron was no less evidently destined to attack our fleet, which was at anchor in the outer roadstead of Port Arthur, a fact which was known to the Japanese.

It became therefore of supreme importance to give the viceroy timely warning of the attack he had to expect. Of course the necessary telegrams were immediately put in cipher and addressed to Port Arthur and St. Petersburg. Equally of course, none of them ever reached their destination, the Japanese Government having naturally suspended for some time the forwarding of any telegrams addressed to foreign countries, as everything depended on the success of this attack, which could succeed only by surprise. It was maddening to realize one's absolute helplessness at this critical moment, which was about to determine more or less irrevocably the fate of the whole campaign.

As a matter of fact, on the following Monday the news was received of the destruction by the Japanese fleet of two of our small cruisers in the roads of Chemulpo; and on Tuesday came the fatal news of the night attack by Japanese torpedo boats on our fleet at Port Arthur and of the putting out of commission of three of our fighting units, the rest having sought shelter in the inner harbor. The reason this attack by surprise could have successfully carried out I learned on return to St. Petersburg. I shall refer in the next chapter of my reminiscences.

The necessity of having to wait five until our departure could be effected an extremely painful one, rendered so by the receipt of this disastrous Every now and then during these excited crowds would collect outside legation compound shouting defiance imprecations, but were always promptly dispersed by the police and troops were guarding us most efficiently.

On the Sunday following my last view with Baron Komura a touching dent took place. My wife was alone drawing-room when the arrival of Grand Mistress of the Empress' court announced. She was an old friend of and she threw herself, weeping, in my arms, saying that she had been commissioned by the Empress to express Her Majesty's profound sorrow at seeing us under such painful circumstances, and she begged my wife to accept from small souvenir in remembrance of our journ in Japan. This souvenir consisted two small flower vases in silver, adorned with the imperial arms. My wife at first a little embarrassed, but, of course cepted this small gift in the spirit in it was offered and asked the Grand tress to transmit to the Empress her thanks for Her Majesty's kind remembrance.

Our departure was finally fixed for eleventh, at eleven P. M. On the morning that day I received a visit of one of my leagues, a very old friend of mine brought me a message from Marquis who regretted that in his official position was impossible for him to come himself bid me good-by, and that he wished know that up to the very last moment had been struggling for the cause of and that he earnestly hoped to see former friendly relations renewed in nearest possible future.

Baron d'Anethan's visit was followed that of Admiral the Viscount Enomoto who had been years ago the first Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, where I had friended him. He was very old, living tired in the country some miles from Tokio and he had risen from a sick bed to come bid me a last farewell before he died.

On the appointed day, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the carriages and who were to take us to the station appeared in the fore court of the legation. We through the streets surrounded squadron of cavalry, every precaution having been taken to guard us from insult molestation. We found the entrance to station surrounded by troops in a circle, no one being allowed to pass except the carriages of official people. On the tion platform the whole diplomatic was awaiting our arrival to bid us good-by—and all the dignitaries of the perial court, with their ladies as well!

Such was the send-off chivalrous gave to the representative of a country which it was at war.

The world seems to have progressed since then!

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear an early issue.

BLUE ICE

(Continued from Page 9)

Her husband was delighted by her armer manner, but it subjected her so uch to his society that she found the pre-nded affection positively nauseating. nita had come to hate him. She loathed e cheap display of obvious feminine arms at the comedies to which he dragged r, until she was invaded by the hope that would become involved in an affair with e of these girls. That, properly handled, ight bring her money; not, she realized, gally; it would have to be cunningly ced out of him, time after time.

Her social existence had always been eager, but it rapidly became entirely pty. She had no wish to chatter th a number of insipid women eaply satisfied with cheap jewelry. r own possessions, which had once en her so much satisfaction, she put tulantly away. They disfigured her than adorned her hands and oat and breast. Ordinary diamonds re colorless, pearls like skimmed lk.

She saw herself at, perhaps, the ater, a matinée; it was during an r'acte, and her hand, with the blue rquise diamond, lay on the plush-ered arm of her seat. Anita saw er women gazing in astonishment l envy at her ring; yet principally wanted it for her own pleasure. t to examine it in the privacy of room would be a delight.

Convinced finally of the hopeless-s of getting anything from her hus-d but insignificant gifts and un-urable caresses she lapsed into a l ignoring of his presence.

"For the love of heaven," he cried, sperated, at the table, "say some-ng! I don't care what, anything!"

She examined him abstractedly; he been drinking, his ordinarily pale was flushed, but his clothes were rise, as usual. There was a flower, ed carnation, in his buttonhole. "he more I do for you the less 're pleased," he continued in ag-rated tones. "You'd think I was krupt instead of moving right g. I certainly got a frost of a e; it makes me cold only to come he door. Every excuse in the d," he muttered. Then he cast a alculating glance at her.

Anita Jopp missed none of this; ably whatever he did away from was cheap, like his presents here. nead of receding from her thoughts blue diamond now filled her wak-hours, her dreams, with its superb kle, its perfect cutting and beauty. a remembered that it was held by w crossed bands fastened at the vl's four points, and that the bands rn were set with small diamonds. xuisite!

He had heard of wives who had ndependent deposit at some bank her; Benjamin Jopp had never ed her this delicate—no, proper—g'd; and she asked, at the door s room, for some money of her w. He turned from a glass, his a partly tied, and frowned in-ny.

"hat's reasonable enough," he ad-itd; "in regular circumstances. I thought of it myself. Might a you to manage better if any-in happened to me. But now—you're eer—I don't know what to say. It's t you haven't been yourself for a oh. God knows you never were a vol-n of affection, but now you are froze up it."

"Will you or will you not let me have an nt of my own?" she demanded.

"will," he answered after a momentary nsideration.

"ive thousand dollars; and if you can ve it so's it makes anything I'll double u do. If you lose it—why, nothing ll e said."

"ou pig," Anita replied deliberately. Y miser."

She moved away from the door and his oced surprise, frigid with resentment, tegation. Studying herself in the mirror e pproved her slim figure, her unlined ce. Perhaps she would get the ring om some other man—from Mr. Bearne. ut calling the latter's calm detachment, s searching scrutiny, she dismissed the jeweler from her hopes. Her husband still offered a better chance than problematic men.

IV

HOWEVER, she had no intention of permitting Benjamin Jopp to forget his offer; and with the five thousand dollars safely deposited and a bank book of her own, she regarded the investment of money with painful interest. There were a surprising number of ways by which an insignificant sum might be turned into a fortune. Anita read of such happy consummations in the daily papers, and there were the most convincing advertisements.

Studying Herself in the Mirror She Approved Her Slim Figure, Her Unlined Face

Oil seemed to be the most promising. There were regions in Texas where immeasurable richness had spouted from the smallest tracts imaginable. And a few of the latter were invariably still unsold. Almost she put her money into oil; but in the end she was afraid of losing it. At the same time Anita discovered that the safe investments offered such a small return that it would take years and years to gain an appreciable sum.

But after all she had five thousand; she had made a step toward the possession of the blue diamond.

There was now practically nothing left of her married life. After the first year it had sunk to a dead unenlivened level; but they had been more or less conscious of each other; while now Benjamin frankly never inhabited the apartment except from superficial convenience; and when he was there she seldom spoke to him. Indeed, she spoke to no one unless under the pressure of direct address or need, and then she replied absent-mindedly, with a slight frown across her eyes, as though she had been interrupted in an important mental consideration.

Anita was intent on the diamond, either revolving plans, fantastic, impossible, persuasive, for its possession, or dwelling on its splendor, its depth of pure color, the beauty of the cutting, the gem's sheer size. As the days passed her need became more urgent—she became parsimonious and saved insignificant dimes and quarters. She wondered coldly how much the automobile would bring if it could be sold without an actual break with her husband; and then in a tyranny of energy like a fever she swept all her jewelry into her hand bag and drove in a restless haste to Bearne & Co.'s.

Mr. Bearne was in and could see her shortly. Nothing in the man or his office had changed; he met her with imperturbable courtesy, a kindliness touched—like a breath of frost on a sunny day—with shrewdness. Anita Jopp was without any embarrassment at her errand and promptly poured out on the table her little glittering heap of expensive stones and metal.

"I want to sell them," she informed him. At this his gaze, brief and keen, swept over her. She smiled in acknowledgment. "No," she replied; "we can still pay the grocer. You could never guess why." Then the surprising impulse to tell him everything mastered her: "I want to buy your blue diamond, the one cut marquise, for a hundred and ten thousand dollars. My husband won't; and, Mr. Bearne, I have to have it! I must!"

He flattened the pile of jewelry with a sensitive finger. "This won't manage it," he told her after a little.

"Of course not, but it will help. There is nothing I will not sell, or do."

Bearne rapidly sorted out the rings and pins, the pendant and watch.

But then instead of naming their value to her he said quietly: "You mustn't do this, Mrs. Jopp. It would only make trouble for you. I'm sure you'd regret it immediately after. Any jewel at the sacrifice you indicate wouldn't be worth owning. You may have heard that there is a fatal quality in exceptional gems, and dismissed it as a romance; but I assure you that it is an absolute fact. I am, if you will allow me to say so, highly experienced in precious things; I have seen what they do—again forgive me—to women. It's even more dangerous for them than for men, because, as you have just shown, with women like yourself there's no simple question of money. What is it?" He opened a questioning hand. "I don't know. But my profession, my observation, has taught me a very sad truth about humanity. This diamond, for example, is one of the loveliest things in existence, unflawed beauty, a piece of heaven, as the Orient would say. It should spread delight if only because it is a perfect thing in a largely imperfect world. Yet I distrust its influence; it goes to the head. Beauty, you see, is rare, like truth, like the bush burning with God on which Moses couldn't bear to look."

Anita listened impatiently, only half hearing, in her eagerness, his words. "Yes, yes," she said, scarcely civil; "but I want to sell my things. How much will you give for them? You, Mr. Bearne, know that they are good."

He shoved the jewelry toward her. "I won't buy them," he told her tranquilly. "That they are good isn't now important."

Anita impatiently gathered the shining trifles. "Very well," she asserted; "someone else will." A sudden fear oppressed her. "You won't refuse to sell the other!" she cried. "You promised and agreed on a price."

"A hundred and ten thousand dollars," he returned equably.

"Perhaps someone else will see it and offer that."

"Perhaps; as I told you, I am not anxious to part with it—safe with me—and it's not on exhibition."

"Mr. Bearne, could I see it?" She clasped her gloved hands tightly under the table.

He hesitated, and then moved to the safe, from which he returned with the small familiar box. The diamond was even more superb than Anita remembered. It slipped over her finger—a blue splendor on the smooth whiteness of her hand. She drew in a deep unsteady breath and her cheeks were hot. Such a fierceness of longing possessed her that her fingers shut convulsively over the ring; she gazed defiantly at Mr. Bearne.

"Do you know," he said unexpectedly, "that you are not unlike my diamond?"

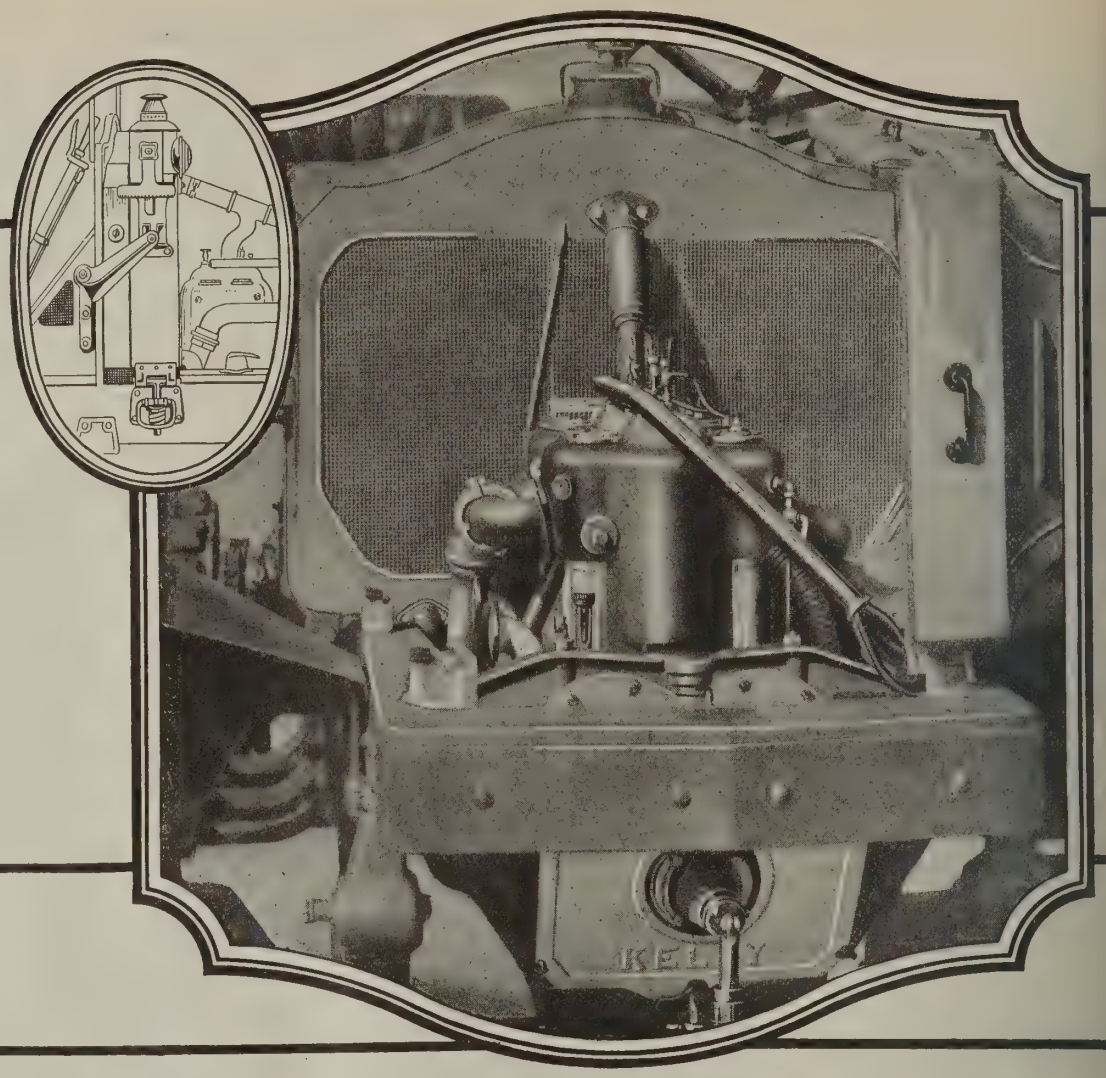
She flashed at him a look of sudden hope, but it died immediately before his aspect of slightly weary wisdom.

"Yet that is ridiculous," he continued, "and most unflattering. Diamonds are quite the hardest substance I know—nothing will cut them but diamonds, they can only be polished with diamond dust."

She was struck by the thought of such a glittering material. Probably it resembled powdered glass. An aimless memory recurred to her of having heard or read that the latter was fatal to the human system.

Anita Jopp drew the ring from her finger, and before she was wholly aware of the impulse dropped it inside the open neck of her dress. She half rose, startled, fearful and defiant. The heavy man across the table sat without a movement, without a sound. Anita saw on a stand a flat black ugly pistol, but of course he wouldn't use it on her. Still Bearne said nothing; but there was a twitch that might have been pain at

(Continued on Page 89)

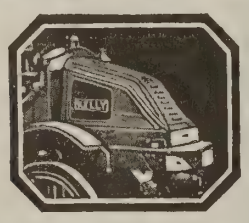


THE large picture shows the location of the Kelly radiator, in back of the engine, and the bumper on the frame which protects them both.

The insert above shows the method of attaching the radiator to the frame and dash by a spring suspension.

Kelly-Springfield Trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon*.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS



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Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

(Continued from Page 87)

firm lips. She had risen, backed automatically toward the door; in an instant would be in the store, the street.
'hen: "Remember that it isn't yours,"
irne said.
is she swiftly and silently withdrew she an impression of a pity marred by tempt.

V

LFE in her room, incredibly possessing the blue diamond, Anita locked the r and stood for a moment shivering excitement. She removed her hat and res; then recovered the ring. Away n the jewelers' it was even more rekable and gave her a delightful pang. ta laid it on her dressing table, and then a pretense of unconcern she picked it On her finger it sparkled in a thousand enly shades—a piece of heaven, it had called by Mr. Bearne.
e sat with her hand in countless different positions; now she was gazing at the absorbed in its serene splendor, now saw it as though by accident. There a stirring in her husband's room; he back, then, from one of the trips that tantly grew more frequent, longer. time sped with disconcerting rapidity. ner would be ready almost immedi-, and she locked the ring from sight. hurt her; she didn't want to be separated from it for a moment. But she in't wear it in her husband's sight—he d question her closely and she could of no plausible explanation.
nfortunately she had spoken to him of a ring; he had scoffed at the price. It mpossible, as well, to pretend that this of less or little value. The amazing ty of its size and color stamped it as rand costly. She realized something of difficulty Mr. Bearne's surprising forance had created for her. There was no city in it—at any minute a policeman t appear, there would be a search and, diamond found, she would go to prison. e jeweler might merely telephone her and; between them they could force o return the ring. She studied Benn Jopp sharply, and was surprised to hat he had changed in appearance. e was no lessening of the care with h he was dressed, the red carnation become a fixture, but his face was hagr leaden. It was evident that he had little sleep through the past nights. e as, too, uneasy under her gaze, and pted a clumsy cheerfulness.
" guess the old man's a little antique ese long swings across the country; step out, stay in the office, and give w talent a chance, eh? But I'm not the daisies yet." His voice grew deen "There is a kick or two left yet. n girls will still talk to me."
Anita Jopp met his remarks with a stony erence. Her only concern was to find r semblance of eating and get back to r oom, the diamond. She hadn't ged her street clothes for dinner; but n the door again fastened, she put on r ewest and most elaborate formal s It was pale green, a cloud of cool ac contrasting with a soft rose girdle, d e blue diamond was magnificent.
It asn't, however, enough for her to en- ; she wanted other women now to r and envy her. She wanted the full ellenged possession of so much loveliss What was Mr. Bearne going to do? ong would he remain quiet, allow her kp the ring? And then she wondered w ng the sentence was for theft. She g hide it, endure prison, and come out ero have the jewel for her own.
She would go away somewhere, perhaps th south of Europe, where, in the quiet- othes, she would be known as the m with the blue diamond.
Pressing it hard against her lips she was rted by the faint salty taste of blood. e m had cut her. Of course, since it s te hardest thing in the world; nothing diamond would cut it, it could only polished with diamond dust.
Thneed to take it out of hiding, to have vi her, a part of her, became imperae; nd in going out for the afternoon she into her bag. The automobile was ngepaired, so she walked the short dis-ce o Fifth Avenue, where she hailed an nibus. Anita sat below. Directly os the narrow aisle were two correctly ss women, and yielding to a sharp ou she took off a glove and artfully exite the ring on her hand. The response s ltantaneous, surpassing her expectaons. One of the women immediately called the attention of the other, and they sat absorbed, entranced by the extraordinary jewel. Anita caught their glances, and at an inviting smile she rose in a sudden terror and stumbled from the omnibus.

She was certain that they were about to question her; and in such a way, she saw, talk would spread. Then she began to understand the singular, yes, unhappy distinction of a great diamond. It resembled the conspicuous isolation of a great man, the target of envy, admiration, cupidity, murder. The latter chilled her with fear; she had not yet hidden the ring, and she saw directed at it the amazed gaze of a doubtful-looking man.

Hurriedly putting the jewel back in her bag she walked hastily up the avenue; but a rapid glance backward caught the man on her heels. It was possible that he was merely progressing in the same direction, yet with a little gasp she turned sharply at Forty-seventh Street and concealed herself in the doorway of a store. He was lost. But there would be others. Had the ring been hers she felt that the sense of dread would have no existence. She could care for it properly then; the entire organization of the city, of society, would be devoted to safeguarding her. Now everything, everyone, was against her; there was literally no security.

This struck at the foundation of her happiness, her joy. And, too, what did Mr. Bearne intend? She recalled his keenness, his own affection for the blue diamond; it was clear that such a man wouldn't tamely be victimized.

Anita woke many times through the night, shaking with nervousness, certain that a hand was on her shoulder, a voice at her ear demanding the ring's return. Through an untasted breakfast in bed, after the maid had been abruptly dismissed, she held the thing of beauty and wept over it. She was actually ill from worry, her face a sight under the paint she viciously applied. The succeeding day and night were worse, unbearable; she saw everywhere the illusion of the jeweler's shadowed searching eyes; Anita shuddered whenever anyone walked up behind her.

In a gust of strangling and contending emotions she wrapped the diamond in a small box and left it for Mr. Bearne, with a clerk in his store, and watched the man disappear with the package in the direction of the proprietor's office.

VI

THAT humiliating act accomplished, Anita was divided between rage at her failure of resolve, of character, really, and an enormously increased necessity for the diamond. She had actually had it in her possession, worn it with her green chiffon, and been privileged to get up at any hour of the night and intoxicate her senses with its blue perfection; she could leave the trivialities of the day for the secret satisfaction of its loveliness. Now the pressure that had forced her to return the ring to Mr. Bearne seemed only fantastic, ridiculously insufficient.

There was, she observed, another change in her husband's attitude and being: the efforts at a facile cheer had given way to a sullen reserve, a taciturnity as decided as her own. Anita hated him absolutely, and the sharpness of perception bred by her feeling made it clear that he hated her as well.

It was, too, evident that his health was being increasingly depleted. He looked quite ghastly. Perhaps —— She fell into a state of musing, with tightly compressed lips and glimmering blue eyes. After all, Mr. Bearne in saying that she resembled his diamond had paid her a very ingenious compliment. Yet he had practically apologized at once, that was because of the hardness of diamonds. Nothing else could cut them, and they could only be polished with diamond dust like powdered glass.

Benjamin Jopp was getting ready to go out to what he had curtly told her was one of his continual business conferences. A door to his room was open, and from where she sat she could see him taking the most absurd pains in his appearance before a mirror. Probably he was lying to her about the business. It was unimportant; no—any pretense was better than the permissible fact. She might yet catch him in a situation from which she could successfully squeeze money—a hundred thousand dollars. She clenched her hands in a gust of fury and hunger and impotence.

October had arrived, with cooler nights, and her husband at the entrance to their

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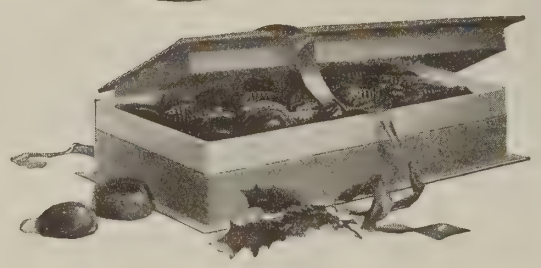

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apartment hastily thrust his arms into a light overcoat. The door closed sharply. Automatically distracted by the noise she saw a long filled envelope lying on the floor. For a while she regarded it indifferently, frowning at her own thoughts; then, in her constant hope of discovering anything whatever to assist her, she moved, stooped and secured the envelope.

At first confused by the formality and mass of the inclosed document she soon realized that it was the life-insurance policy her husband had taken out for her. In a fever of impatience she hastened over its many items and tables until she saw the amount—a hundred thousand dollars.

It was, she knew, quite large, generous; but then she contemptuously remembered that Benjamin Jopp had told her an impressive life insurance was a good business asset and reference. A hundred thousand dollars, and she had at least ten thousand in the bank. That made ——

Her eyebrows gathered in a manner that lined her smooth dryly pink brow and she fell into profound abstraction. Anita remained immobile for a very long while, through which her breathing, undisturbed by any emotion, was regular and slow. Then sharply she rose, put the insurance papers in a drawer of her dressing table and stood gazing curiously at her reflection in the mirror.

Anita's countenance, without the frown, was still unscarred by time; it was smooth, her features were clear, unblurred; if it was no longer quite young neither was it at all middle-aged, relaxed; her throat was firm. Leaning slightly forward, her hands on the glass cover of the table, she continued to study herself. And there were moments when the face looking back at her was that of a total, a terrifying, stranger.

At present her husband was in New York, but that only meant that he appeared in the apartment at odd times. He had stopped giving any explanation of his movements; but suddenly, deserting her supreme indifference she studied his habits. Late on a Thursday afternoon he came in unexpectedly and dropping irritably into a chair declared that he had a headache. He wanted to lose the damned thing, too, because that evening he was expected ——

Anita Jopp quietly walking out to the kitchen lost the end of his remark. She kept two girls; the one for general work had gone out and the other was busy with the preliminaries of dinner.

"Sarah," she said pleasantly, "Mr. Jopp has come in with a headache, neither of us care for dinner, and if you like there is no reason why you shouldn't go out."

The other, it developed, for her part, was instantly aware of the most pressing necessity to be somewhere else; and in a surprisingly short period Anita was alone in the preparation of an informal but inviting repast. Yet this consumed a disproportionate length of time, as much due to long unusually occupied spaces as to her lack of practice in the arrangement of dishes and cutting of bread.

At last the table was spread, with cold chicken, a vegetable salad she had concocted from the ice box, and a neatly piled plate of cinnamon toast.

"Sarah has left something to eat," she announced at the entrance of the room where Benjamin Jopp was sitting. "Not much, but it seems very nice, and cold." He rose, muttering an uncomplimentary phrase about whatever might be on the table.

"And, oh, Benjamin, you dropped an envelope at the door the other night. I found it and put it safely away, but then forgot to tell you." An instant relief was visible on his dull eyes and worn mouth.

"Of course," he observed bitterly, "you didn't open it, and know nothing about the contents."

"That wouldn't be natural," she replied. "It is—is extremely kind of you."

He made no answer to this, but reached nervously for the covered toast. She had put a decanter of whisky by his elbow, and she watched him covertly as he concocted a highball. All at once she understood why he had had the insurance papers in his coat, why he hadn't—the most natural thing in the world—spoken to her about the loss: He intended to rescind the bequest to her. Her entire being hardened into a complete semblance of the blue diamond for which she lusted.

"This toast is gritty," he complained after a gulp of whisky and iced water.

"It must be the sugar," Anita Jopp told him thinly.

"That was a hell of a dinner," he declared in a harsh voice, rising and fumbling in his pocket for the inevitable black "My idea of something to eat is a steak green-turtle soup and all that goes with Gritty," he repeated, "but I'll get something later." The slamming of the door the outer hall seemed far, far away to Her face under its rouge was blanched stood for a moment, and, swaying ported herself by the back of a chair.

Then she proceeded to clear away remaining trace of what there had been eat. She reduced to a clotted cinder remains of the salad and toast, of which had tasted nothing, and washing plate and piece of silver twice she put back in the precise place from which had been taken.

It wasn't, she thought later, that insurance was all that he had to leave they must be almost rich now—but dred thousand dollars, and she had safely at her need, was a concrete fact that she could grasp with satisfaction. It was, Anita told herself price of the blue diamond. How cent the ring had been on her hand marvelously suited her, was hers natural

A restlessness settled on her which it impossible to remain more than minutes in one place, one position moved about constantly; and when went to bed the switching off of the oppressed her with a stabbing fright. ing cold and awake phantoms of former memories and scenes flooded her mind saw her solitary, unsatisfactory girlhood her mother, handsome and petulant selfish, considering children in the light menace to the figure, the cause of thick ankles; she recalled her father, remarkable like Benjamin Jopp. There had been grace when she was fourteen, and parents had separated. She had Anita realized, trusted anyone, given self to a friend. She had known girls, them by their first names and met them the various hotels for lunch preparatory for a matinée, but beyond that ——

They had always been enveloped secret critical envy, mostly of each other dresses and trifles of fur and lace; and the while scheming for the attention men either good-looking or with money spend. Anita wondered what had become of the girls she had known fifteen eighteen years ago. Married, they had lost in the varying possibilities and limitations of their husbands' material resources What, she suddenly thought, sitting in the darkness, would become of her?

It didn't matter; only one thing was importance—the blue diamond. The conviction persisted that sooner or later would have it for her own, publicly forced herself to lie down again, and composed her body into a rigid vain effort sleep. Sometime in the night her husband entered noisily.

He paused at her door, an unsubstantial figure against the light beyond, and said a perturbed manner: "I got a sharp you wouldn't believe, low down like come on me sudden at ——" He stopped abruptly, almost with a groan. "I you!" he cried in a rising fury. "It would mean anything to you if I dropped You're made of ice, that's what you Like the diamonds you'd be willing your soul for—if you had one."

He bent over in an evident paroxysm suffering. How curious that he should have thought of comparing her with monds. She rose.

"Get into bed; you'll be better in morning. It's only that you have drinking; the life you've led. Why you realize that you are not young longer? I can't remember when you been home for an evening. It would be sense to send for a doctor. I tell you be all right to-morrow. Cramps. Men perfect fools about themselves. If have the smallest pain they begin to about dying. Anyhow, I won't listen such language. And if I have been the of a wife you say, have you been any of a husband?"

Her hands pressed against her face like stone, but her cheeks were fiery. little she heard him tossing about on bed, and then she silently closed her and shut out all sound.

But in the morning he was not, as she predicted, better. It was clear that he worse and in a burning fever. The who called at noon was instantly grave telephoned for a nurse, and to Mrs.

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eated the serious word "peritonitis." en he had gone and the nurse arrived, ta questioned the latter about the peri- itis.

)n the fourth day of his illness Benjamin p was dead.

VII

NITA was at the window of her living room perhaps a week after the funeral n a Mr. Niedhart was announced. ough she was unable to place the man was conscious of a familiarity in the ne. He was there, it developed, in the rest of the settlement of her affairs; a ely fat, tall man appropriately garbed what, his uneasy manner indicated, was lemn and painful duty. Primarily he saturated with a conventional senti- tality: he patted her shoulder in the mpaniment of an appeal for her to up. Then he informed her that she ld need an unusual reserve of sympathy he dead.

hat followed came to Anita Jopp in inted periods; but it was finally lved into the knowledge that her hus- d had deceived her. He had not been nected with the manufacturing of shoes wo months past, but had resigned, she ered, at the request of the directors of company. Benjamin Jopp, it was aled ever so reluctantly, interrupted Mr. Niedhart's efforts to support her ssity for fortitude, had been the victim most unhappy infatuation. The sequel rd which her informer hastily floun- d, and which he evidently regarded as paratively unimportant, a relief to both, was that Mr. Jopp had thrown e wide winds every dollar he could put sands on.

"Except the insurance," the fat man d. "You have the protection, the fy of that. A hundred thousand, erly invested, is no mean sum. Six sand or more a year."

e gave a prodigious sigh of relief at discharge of so nasty a responsibility. I as connected with your husband in ness," he informed her. "Ben Jopp a splendid head; and in his time he ed for ten. Pity you had no children."

dded. "Got six myself—two girls ied, and the rest boys; doing splendid Little bit of a wife." He rose, per- d. "Excuse my gabbing right in the of your sorrow. And when you're r, Mrs. Niedhart said she'd love to and see you."

fter she had murmured an indistinct e, interpreted by him as the hallowed ance of shocked grief, and the intoler- ppression of his voice had died away, was filled with a bitter astonishment accident that had left her with almost ely a hundred and ten thousand 's. Her husband, after all, had made ror she had vaguely hoped for; but r than serving her it had perhaps yed her chance of happiness, of pos- g the blue diamond. The money she as Mr.—she forgot his name—had ed out, offered her complete if limited r. Six thousand dollars a year would protect her from the horrors that overtook penniless women.

She was dimly aware that there had been a change lately in the temper of women toward work; many of them were successfully self-supporting, but she had no confidence in her own ability in that direction. She detested drudgery, early rising, any form of cheapness whatever; coarse underclothes, for example, made her ill. Then she knew nothing, nothing in the world; and Anita recognized in a flash of unusual perception she had no stamina. Her nerves, her fiber—were relaxed; for all the apparent firmness of her figure she had no strength. She couldn't really make herself work.

Anita was no longer young—she was thirty-eight rather than in the twenties—and that barred her from such purely decorative employments as the stage. Managers and the audiences of men demanded girls as young as possible, children practically.

However, she told herself, this long painful mental effort was useless; she had an income for life in spite of her husband's sickening waste. She would give up the apartment and go South for the winter. Then her thoughts slowly, slowly returned to the magnificence of the diamond at Bearne & Co.'s; she remembered its heavenly color on her hand, in this room. Anita Jopp gasped at the stabbing force of her longing for it. The ring drew all her energies and desires, it filled her mind with its absolute incomparable blueness; in looking at her hand, the finger that had worn it, waves of physical exhilaration swept over her.

She was oppressed by such a weariness that, careless of its effect on her appearance, she wept. Partly as a result of this her face was, she saw, older, almost faded. There the diamond was superior to her, harder; its beauty was indestructible; it would always be like a flower, like a celestial sky.

The blue diamond was beyond change; however long she lived, if she had the ring it would be an unfailing delight. Against the vision of the jewel rose the specter of poverty, the hideous uncertainty of want, of pressures even worse, without name. This followed her like a shadow cast by the brightness of the other. Into her passion for the ring came a new element of dread—it might easily be that she was losing her sanity. And in support of that the memory she had resolutely put from her life fleetly, grimly, returned.

Anita successfully vanquished it, repeating the serious word "peritonitis." Her husband had killed himself with dissipation; and if that result had been ever so little assisted there was, it turned out, every possible justification. She thought of him without regret.

But in her fear there was no lessening of her need for the ring; no other thought occupied her days and restless nights. She caught its glitter wherever she looked, and compared it with all the jewels she saw on women or in shops. It had become her occupation to enter jewelry stores and ask to see specially fine diamonds; she couldn't of course go to the same places twice; but there was a surprising number of such stores, and the pawnshops were endless.

Under a dull sky November vanished and December advanced; with no clearing of her difficulty. It grew bitterly cold early in the winter. A number of things must be decided at once: the lease of the apartment; the investment of her money, now lying idly at a bank; the problem of the immediate future. Soon some of the money would be gone, more than could be replaced by the bank's rate of interest; she would no longer have a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Her passion for the ring imperceptibly deepened. Yes, the diamond was superior to her, harder; it was mastering her, drawing her closer, closer. Her sleeplessness could no longer be borne. It was horrible and she was a wreck. Perhaps if she actually owned the ring for, say, a month, she would be satisfied. It could always be sold. Mr. Bearne would be glad to have it in his possession again. At this reflection, this chance at least of part happiness, she hurriedly put on her hat and cunningly draped widow's veil. Anita secured her check book and left the apartment.

Slender and erect in her black crêpe she hastened toward Bearne & Co.'s, where, fearing that Mr. Bearne would refuse to see her, she followed at the heels of the clerk who announced her presence. Mr. Bearne was coldly correct. From his manner it appeared that he had never seen her before.

Anita Jopp said with stiff lips: "I came to buy the diamond."

The other made no immediate reply and she added with a sense of choking: "You agreed to sell it. The price, you'll remember, was a hundred and ten thousand dollars."

He nodded. "Miss Baker," he spoke to his assistant.

And there, superbly flashing, it was on Anita's finger. She filled in a check with a hand so frigid that it had no feeling of holding the pen. "You will want to telephone to the bank," she observed. Mr. Bearne rose as she left, and accompanied her to the door, in a deference at least to the amount of the purchase.

"A piece of heaven," he repeated of the ring.

She held the jewel, in its small velvet-and-leather box, rigidly, fearful of its loss. How absurd that had been about ever selling it! Why, the diamond was her life! No one could ever take it from her now. Anita laughed loudly, on the street, in triumph. She must hurry home and put on the dinner dress that looked so well with the ring. Then when it became necessary she would hide the diamond where it could never be found, where they would never, never think of looking. She laughed again at the thought of how upset everyone would be.

It had begun to snow, and her jangling uncontrollable mirth was changed to a frightened gasp at the resemblance of the dry fine white eddies to pounded glass.

RA BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

"He smokes a pipe"

They were talking by telephone:

"I'm afraid I've got to ask him to cash a check. I know his family, but I've never happened to meet him. Tell me what Guthrie's like, won't you?"

"Don't worry about that, but go right ahead and ask him. He's the real stuff. He's considerable of a man in this town, but he smokes a pipe."

"Oh, he smokes a pipe, does he? I get you."

Why is it that when you learn that an eminent citizen smokes a pipe, you know right off that he's probably a regular fellow?

It means that he puts on no lugs.

It means that likely he hasn't room in his make-up for any of those highty-tighty, superior notions that make the snob.

It means that on the other hand he has those natural, genial impulses that help to make a regular fellow.

Now, he doesn't necessarily have those genial impulses entirely because he smokes a pipe.

Others besides pipe-smokers have them.

But so large a number of pipe-smokers *are* good fellows that when you hear, "He smokes a pipe," you just know in advance that you'll probably like that man, not after some hard luck and a few long, hard winters, but right away. Why is it?

Of course, everyone knows that a good smoke after a good meal puts a man into the very friendliest state of mind.

Ask the womenfolks if there's any difference in a man's mood before and after eating and smoking.

A good meal has a lot to do with making a man feel genial—and yet, you'll hear many a frank smoker declare, "Yes, certainly I enjoy my meal, but all the time I'm thinking how good a smoke'll taste afterwards."

And there you are!

All we know is that when a man throws himself back in the big chair and lights up, a big Saint Bernard has nothing on him for benevolence of feelings.

He drops all the petty irritations of the day. He hasn't a trouble in the world provided he's got a pipeful of *his* tobacco.

Just any old kind of smoking tobacco won't do. It has to be just your kind, you know that.

We don't know whether Edgeworth is just your kind or not.

Perhaps.

We should like to find out. If you'll venture a postcard, we'll venture the rest.

Merely send us your name and address together with that of the dealer filling your smoking needs and we will gladly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is compressed into cakes, then cut into thin, moist slices. Take a slice and just rub it up for a moment between the hands. That gives you an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has that rubbing up already done for you. You pour it straight from can to pipe. It packs well and it burns evenly all the way through from top to bottom.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in handy in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples we should like to submit for your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

HOW THE BIGGEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD IS RUN

(Continued from Page 11)

road, or village street, with wheel tracks meandering from the colonnade of the Treasury hard by to the white marble columns and fronts of the Post Office and Patent Office, which faced each other in the distance like Greek temples in the abandoned gravel pits of a deserted Syrian city."

In 1851 the Treasury Department of the United States had exactly 437 employees, including the Secretary of the Treasury, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, and his messenger. There were a few offices—about as much office space as there is on about one-tenth of one floor of the nine-story building now occupied by the Bureau of War Risk, which has nearly fourteen thousand employees and is just one of the fourteen bureaus of the present Treasury Department. Then, the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, received $6000 a year as Secretary of the Interior, for directing a force in Washington of exactly 413 workers, including himself and his messenger, his staff and clerks of sixteen men, nineteen workers in the Indian Office, 102 in the Pension Office, 98 in the Census Office, and others, among whom were the Washington City Guard of three, and three watchmen at the "President's house." The Secretary of War, Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, received $6000. In the Quartermaster's Department of the Army there were, in the War Department in Washington, thirteen employees. The Engineering Department had six; likewise there were six in the Bureau of Topographical Engineering; in the Ordnance Department, nine; in the Subsistence Department, six, including the messenger; in the Pay Department, nine; in the Medical Department, four; and, all told, only seventy, including the Secretary and his staff of sixteen civilians, whose work, with typewriters and modern equipment, probably would be done these days by three or four. In the Navy Department, over which William A. Graham presided at a salary of $6000, there were fifteen civilians in the Secretary's office, nine in the Bureau of Yards and Docks, eleven in the Bureau of Construction and Repair, seven in the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, seven in the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, five in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Total fifty-four, not including the Secretary. Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. He received $6000 a year. His force in Washington consisted, including himself and his messenger, of twenty-seven, allocated as follows: In his office, five, including himself; a chief clerk; in the Diplomatic Bureau, five; in the Consular Bureau, two; in the Home Bureau, three; translator and librarian, one; disbursing agent, one; commission clerk, one; packer, one; messengers, two; superintendent of northeast executive building, one; four watchmen. The Postmaster-General, Nathan K. Hall, of New York, received $6000 for directing a force in Washington of eighty persons, including himself and messenger. The entire force of the Library of Congress consisted of four. The entire force of the Department of Justice consisted of four. The entire force of the whole departmental organization in Washington, including the force at the President's house and President Fillmore himself, amounted to about 1100 men.

PHOTO. BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The White House

Then and Now

Those were the days when the President could whistle out his back window and summon his whole force and call most of them by name. There was an administrative plan, and contact between the Chief Executive and his small official family was understood to be a part of that plan. He could reach out through a window, as it were, to take up any slack, to adjust any inequalities of wage or work. And that was all the more easy to do because Washington was merely a cross-roads as compared to the city now, where legislators gathered in relative oblivion, to lend their aid to the Administration and to help the President adjust, by rule of thumb, any or all of the government agencies. Those were the halcyon days. Since then three changes of vast consequence have occurred:

The Federal organization in Washington has "just growed," on top that old-time plan, until there are all manner of inefficiencies, overlappings, injustices to personnel; until the machine as a whole, for want of someone to true it up continuously, is topheavy, unwieldy, wasteful and neglected. Its functions have increased in complexity and scope almost to infinity. The personnel has increased in number fully a hundredfold, until there are about 125,000 government employees in Washington and 106,000 in the bureaus and departments—more workers than are assembled in one place on one pay roll anywhere in the world, which fact in itself argues for the maximum of administrative efficiency instead of a minimum or none, since it is axiomatic that the larger the organization is the better its plan must be. Now, instead of a little group of mere offices, as standards now hold—not counting the legislative arms of the Congress, nor the judicial arms, with all their reaches and complexities—there are ten major permanent departments, every one of which is far bigger and more complex than the whole government organization was when the basic plan for them was laid down; there are more than 200 bureaus, such as the Bureau of War Risk or the Bureau of the Census; divisions, such as the Division of Railway Mail Service; commissions, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission; boards, such as the Federal Reserve Board; or other entities varying from the Shipping Board to the Office of Adjutant General, which conducted the selective draft.

Every one of these entities, which continuously tend to increase in number, is a problem in itself; there are conflicts, cleavages, complexities, yet neither in the White House nor anywhere else is there a real and complete organization chart; in fact, the Congressional Joint Commission on Reclassification of Salaries has no able to complete one of the War Ri reau alone, so rapidly does it change and organization. These huge ments or bureaus or other entities fact, like foreign governments, eac the other, which fact in itself is pro the time has long since passed President or any one man can attenc overwhelming duties of the White and at the same time constitute hi central bureau of planning such a corporations employ.

Nor can the secretary of the Presi himself accomplish organization n with his left hand while he is requ go the terrific pace that Mr. Tumu instance, must travel, while servi President with his right hand. The the President's secretary has no tin there is no reason to presume that a than half a dozen professional eff engineers technically trained to suc lems would have time to grapple wi an immensity as our government m which is ten times more complicate any ordinary industrial machine, as siders soon discover, because of leg limitations imposed on it. There is son to suppose, even, that all cabine bers are efficiency engineers; nor any to imagine that cabinet meetings with or solve such organization pr The proof is in. As an illustration of recent President, in a cabinet m naïvely inquired in which departm situated a bureau that is much larg was the whole executive machine Fillmore was President.

Washington's Antiquated Mach

It is no wonder, thus, that much potential efficiency of the gover agencies goes by default—for reas the more patent because, since th of the whole machine was laid do technic of organization has gone t its mumps-and-measles stage and h since become an exact science in America, everywhere outside Washi peculiarly excels. One-man busine given way to two-man business; th nership has given way to the unifica partnerships or the corporation; t poration has become the trust—a Government, in its field the great mo wags along with a plan laid down i that to business men are all but prehi

The situation in Washington ha made even more complex than it ord would be by another c Almost as imperceptibly one's body grows, t very essential arms of Sam have been det from the body politic. was a time, in other preceding the Admi tion of President Jo when the head of Unc was in the White his right shoulder w Treasury, his left w held by the State, W Navy departments, a two arms worked co tively down on Capit In recent years the d between the head an became sharply ev largely for reasons compatibility of par the Administration of dent Taft, when he lo trol of Congress. Mr. W by dint of a victorious got those arms, whic as much power as a of directors, back into again. Now again the escaped, but are very withal.

Gradually, too, over space of years, ther come another vital c hand in hand with above, and of growing sequence to Washi Strange as it may seem third change is no mor the efficient perfecti modern means of tra tation and communic and stranger still it han

(Continued on Page

PHOTO. BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Union Station, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 94)

ome the contention that the term of a con-essman should be at least four years in-ead of two. A few generations ago, in short, .e gap between congressmen and their con-ituents was bridged by letter principally; ys instead of hours or minutes were re-uired to transmit impressions to and fro er the reaches of the country; and con-essmen were freer to make the business legislation and study of our national oblems their primary function. That ne has gone. Now, faster than time, rds are sent telltale from Washington to e Pacific Coast, say, and on, round the rld.

The result is that Congress has ceased to a detached and deliberative body of men diously toiling at the tasks of legislation, t a rather fortuitous group who, taken nerally, make legislation distinctly inci-ntal as compared to serving their con-tuents in other ways, having to run so t and so hard and so often in primaries d elections that no time left them in the short ace of a two-year term the infinite study nec-ary to full understanding the intricate government chine. The wise ones ow that. They accept the uation without ponder-the reasons, and do as ll as they can while tak-no chances, lest they up short at election te.

To take a case in point, re is now in official life Washington a former con-ssman who served his rict in Pennsylvania for years and in that time fted and put through of the most effective es of legislation accom-hed in years. He was ently absorbed in the dy of governmental blems from the start.

And," he says, "when ame I was puzzled to that only a few of the tes were visible on the r of the House. The ntstate of Pennsylvania, ch generations before inated legislation, was nsible. New York was ible only in the person ongressman Fitzgerald, gave his state a little or in the picture as a le. New England was lost invisible; most of Southern States. Mis-i, however, and Ten-ee and Illinois were inuously visible. Texas stood out. But it seemed generally, ite the traditional arguments about es' rights, that half a dozen states or ere running the House. I tried to do bit to put Pennsylvania into the pic-. When I went home to my district ought that I received ample recognition my devotion to legislation, until in a t political gathering I discovered, just re losing out at the primaries, that I a not served my constituents individu-ll enough. So I was retired, one more a duck, just when, it seemed to me, I becoming really useful."

PHOTO. BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Washington Monument, White House in Distance. Note All the New Buildings for War Purposes, in Foreground and on Right and Left Sides of Photo

The Need of Competition

Congressmen generally understand that he duty is to their constituents first. Th is why they are so reluctant to give he time required of them to the problems f he District of Columbia, which takes ne time on the floor than the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska, all combined. That is wh they do not, and never will in the ex-stig plan, give sufficient study and service o he Federal Departments. Congress-ne like the rest of us, give their attention o e strictly necessitous things first, one f hich is to shy their castors onto the ot and make a speech now and then to be epnted and used for home consumption. Th are not legislators primarily, and the au is one of plan rather than of person-ell They are, rather, like service stations, lw ys at the old stand, ready to pump gas nqlispense oil."

Before reverting to the organization enidy, as it is set forth by Mr. Gay, much lo the lines advocated by many other experts, it is worth pausing to hear in point the statement of the chief of one of the most important of the Federal Bureaus.

"Not once in a fortnight," he said, "does any member of the House, in which of course all appropriations must originate, come to learn what we are doing in this bureau, with its constantly changing plans; nor what we plan to do. Congress flatters but does not convince me when it presumes that in an hour or two of testimony I can make a year of our problems, which are wholly technical, clear to its appropriation committees. We never get enough money—last year our whole plan was defeated because we got too little—and we always work with a sense that just when we expect it least the ax is apt to fall."

The appropriation committees of both the House and the Senate are amazingly well informed, bureau chiefs almost generally admit, though insisting that with their training, their other functions to perform, and two boards of directors, the House and the Senate to report to, these committees cannot do justice to the tremendous job in hand, especially when there is political cleavage between the Congress and the Administration. Accordingly, Mr. Gay points out, it is impossible for these committees to constitute themselves a satisfactory central administrative or planning agency, even if it be granted they ever were by anyone intended to function as such. And for want of such a central administrative or planning agency, he insists, "the tendency is for any government department or bureau to get into a state of dry rot."

"At periodical intervals, of course," he continues, "either through vigorous action by Congress or because of especially energetic bureau chiefs or secretaries, the bureaus or departments may display new spirit. The war itself had the same effect."

Mr. Gay insists an inadequate plan or inadequate personnel can wreck any organization, but he refuses to admit that the trouble is the personnel, taken individually.

"I have been surprised," he says—and Mr. Taft and many others have testified similarly—"at the number of officials in the departments who are men of the very highest type and experience—diligent, energetic, anxious public officials. In all of the departments and bureaus you can find first-class men, and the majority of the government employees are quite on a par with those in our great corporations. Too many people judge the whole group by contacts with one or two or a few. Then there is another factor in point here: It is difficult now to measure what government employees accomplish. In business you have production as a measurement. You have profit—though as a matter of fact in large organizations other checks have to be employed to measure the work done by individuals or groups, day by day or week by week or month by month. Competitive measurements of many kinds are applied by central agencies to the work done by different subsidiaries or branches or stores or groups. Various means of stimulation aside from such competition are also employed. Due dates, for instance, are set for the completion of tasks by specific groups.

"But few of these measurements as between groups, and few of these means to stimulate achievement and give a sense of accomplishment—are used in the departments; in fact, there is now no agency to put them into effect. The departments generally have furnished no more than annual reports. Some of the bureaus have never furnished reports, even to the secretaries to whom they are directly responsible. Nevertheless, it is clear that every bureau is intended to do something and was established to do something. What is it intended to do? What is it doing? Those questions can be asked, standards can be set up, an efficient central administrative agency can check results, and, in addition to demonstrating those results to the public and to Congress, so Congress and taxpayers can know where their money is going, can afford a sense of accomplishment, and after breaking down barriers between departments and between bureaus employ other methods that have been tested in corporations to stimulate efficiency.

"In the Bureau of War Risk, to illustrate, it is easily possible to set up quantitative measurements of the numbers of letters sent out, say, by individuals, groups, divisions, day by day, with the number of errors made. It is possible to employ such a check on the correspondence handled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. And so on. Then wherever you can fairly apply a common check on two or more bureaus doing similar work you can rouse a sense of competition and of accomplishment. There is not, in fact, a bureau or a division in Washington, or a department, to which various checks and means of stimulation continuously used in corporations cannot be applied. The fault, in short, is one of plan."

Walter S. Gifford, director of the Council of National Defense before and during the war, comptroller and head of the central bureau of planning of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and now one of its vice presidents, repeats that the best personnel cannot function efficiently on an inefficient plan.

After plan, then comes personnel.

Here again the departmental machine is so huge and the complexities are so many one can at best, short of writing a book, merely suggest the picture, after calling to mind again the axiomatic truth in business that the larger an organization is the higher should be the premium upon ability, especially executive and technical ability. Nevertheless, the turnover among cabinet officials has of late been large, as everyone knows, and without exception the reason given has been the inability of cabinet members to make ends meet in Washington. And for good reason the resignations have been just as ominous among the lesser executives, and notably among the technical men.

Thus, in the thirty-fourth annual report of the Geological Survey, issued in 1913, before the prevailing reign of high cost of living, when shoes, for instance, were only two dollars each and a man could afford a vest the director states:

> "In the four and a half years ending in January, 1913, forty-one geologists left the government service for the primary purpose of bettering their financial condition. These men are known to have received salaries outside the public service amounting to an average advance of one hundred and forty-nine per cent, or practically two and a half times the salaries paid by the survey."

Undersalaried

The same director, Dr. George Otis Smith, pointed out in an interview that ever since Charles Willard Hayes, chief oil geologist, left the government service to go into the employ of Pierson Brothers, or the Lord Cowdray oil interests, at more than five times the salary paid him by the Government, and stock as well, many if not most of the exploration executives of these interests—which constitute the Standard Oil Company of England—have been drained out from our government service.

"In fact," he said, "the oil geologists of the survey are receiving outside offers graded by their training in the Federal service. I can make the result clear in the case of thirty of our oil geologists. Of this group, when they had a year's experience with the Government and were receiving an average salary of $1200, five received offers from oil companies at average increases of $1000. Two years later, of the twenty-eight oil geologists of the group remaining, while receiving an average salary of about $1700, ten received outside offers averaging nearly $3500. At the end of five years' service the twenty-two remaining Federal oil geologists averaged $2100, and fourteen of them received offers averaging nearly $4000. The demand increased as the experience of the remaining men increased. Thus of nine men of eight years' experience in the Federal service, with an average wage of $2500, six received outside offers averaging $7000; and the story is completed when five men remaining, when ripened by ten years of Federal experience, whereby they had reached an aggregate pay roll of $13,500, left the government service to receive salaries aggregating $51,500."

Doctor Smith adds that the present large inroad upon the survey's efficiency, which, of course, is just as disastrous in a Federal organization as in a private organization, is in the case of the oil geologists due to the pioneer work of the Federal geologists in applying geologic methods to the search for oil and gas. He adds that the exodus is enhanced by restrictions that hedge government employees, which are especially grievous to men who wish to make the public service their life work; many of which restrictions are of legislative origin—such as extremely limited day-by-day allowances for men on field duty, which results continuously in considerable expenditures of private funds for official

(Continued on Page 103)

Large photograph: Showing a Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire after eighteen months' service on a truck owned by The George Rushton Baking Company, Rosedale, Kansas. Insert: Goodyear-Cord-equipped unit of the Rushton delivery fleet

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GOODYEAR

MADE IN U.S.A.

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xpenses; altogether unnecessary presumpions against personal integrity; and even estrictions upon floor space, whereby scintists and clerks are allowed only seventyve feet of floor space, whereas the tools of working geologist usually are several rge cases of rock specimens, various map ases, bookcases, file cases and desk and rawing table or bench for simple laboraory tests.

"In a highly specialized scientific bu-au," he concludes, "quality of public rvice must depend largely upon training d experience. The compensation offered ust be such as to attract the best men, ost of whom must be products of techni-l or scientific schools, many of whom quire doctor's degrees; and sufficient to old those who prove their aptitude for sciitific work. The fact of seventy-seven signations from the scientific force of the rvey during the past year suggests early the inadequacy of compensation."

Turning to another scientific bureau, hich has already demonstrated its vast efulness especially to business men and anufacturers, Dr. S. W. Stratton, dictor of the Bureau of Standards, sumarizes the plight of the bureau and someing of the philosophy of the situation as llows: "We have had in the bureau dur-g the past year a turnover of one hundred r cent. The general rule is that salaries fered are double those the bureau can y. Fully half of our scientific staff have ne, and anyone can judge what such a ss means to a scientific institution. The iversities and technical schools usually y about a fourth more than we can pay; dustries readily double our salaries. If it re not for the expectation that salaries uld be improved we should have trouble lding any of our technical men."

Turning now to the Department of Agrilture, where bureau chiefs especially are len with great responsibility and usually st call into play high technical, organing and fiscal talents, we find that the cogressional committees—which have solely do with appropriations for this departent except when the appropriations are rt of a deficiency measure—have limited reau chiefs to $5000 for doing work which perience amply shows outside organizatns think worth three or four times as uch. The salaries in the Department of riculture are better, nevertheless, in genal than those paid in some of the older partments; yet the disproportion beteen the quality of the work done, the sponsibilities implied and the results hieved are so great that the men most eded often are found to be leaving the deral service, though the general rule is tt they prefer to remain when rewards e sufficient to afford a living in Washingn. Recently, thus, two valued men, limid to $1200, left to take places outside t Federal service at $2400 and $3000. Wo others left places limited to $1500 for saries of $3600. One receiving $1800 left r a place paying $10,000. One receiving $00 left to receive $4800. One at $3750 t to receive $10,000. One at $3500 left to a ept $6000 plus a bonus. One more left $00 to receive $8000 plus commissions.

The Pay in Patriotism

he head of the Division of Investigatn in the Department of Justice gave up h place, where he was limited to $4000, t accept one in the oil business paying $,000. There are lawyers of more than a rage ability and long familiarity with Fleral policies who receive as little as $00. The United States district attorns, who are charged with great responsibty, who usually must compete with h-paid talents, as in the case of District Aorney Kline, in Chicago, who is charged wh criminal prosecution of the packers, a restricted to $4000 a year. The United Stes Commissioner of Education is limit to $5000; fortunately the present incubent owns a farm. The director of the Bjeau of War Risk, which during the war di a larger insurance business than is usally done by all the private insurance cpanies of the entire world, in addition toother great functions, receives $5000, thugh Secretary Glass points out some of thlesser executives receive far more than thdirector, the Secretary himself having top to New York to "appeal to the patriotm of a man to surrender a salary of $2000 to come here at a salary of $10,000 a ear"; and despite the fact, as he himse explained, Mr. McAdoo at the outset pointed out that the heads of many private companies receive from $50,000 to $90,000 a year, and pleaded for at least $6500 for the director, and appropriate salaries for the specialists under him.

The list of underpaid executives and specialists who receive less than congressmen receive is about as long as the roster. The general run of salaries has been suggested here. Enlarging upon a few specific instances, the better to understand the importance of the work that some of the lesser executives do, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury R. C. Leffingwell points out that during the war the Treasury Department had to plead of private corporations: "We need these men here and you must not take them now." And of the men themselves: "We can't pay you more, even though it costs a fortune to live in Washington these days. You must not go. The Government needs you. It cannot possibly replace you."

PHOTO. BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Bureau of Engraving and Printing

"I came to Washington," Mr. Leffingwell says, "with a prejudice that too many people have, that the government departments are the refuge of loafers who come to Washington from all parts of the country to live in idleness except for a period from ten to four, during which they run a reluctant pen over embossed stationery. But the first thing I discovered was that I didn't know anything about what happens in the government departments. Instead of the situation I imagined, here were men who were working wonderfully well for the merest pittance, according to any standards of living with which I was familiar.

"The chief of the Divisions of Loans and Currency, to illustrate, receives $3500 a year. He has to be a lawyer; he has to be an organizer; he has to be a sound, sagacious, public servant. He is in charge of a great business that has developed out of relative routine. He has charge of the issue and registration, transfer and redemption of the public debt in billions of dollars, and he has also the problem of organizing thousands of employees. All these things involve a knowledge of law, accounting and other problems of the most difficult and technical sort, yet the work, even when conducted during a year and a half of the utmost wartime strain, with an organization expanding day by day and full of people unaccustomed to their work, was carried on so well that to-day you have the amazing fact that the technical, fiscal, accounting and legal problems of these stupendous issues have been solved without loss to the Government and without criticism on the part of bankers or the public.

"When the Army went to France it became necessary to devise a way to pay our men over there. Of course the old practice was to draw checks in dollars on the Treasury and put those checks into the mails. But there was a submarine war and a fair percentage of those checks would have gone down and we would have had more bonds of indemnity and fewer checks paid for a while than was consistent with the proper transaction of the government business; but the more serious objection was that with hundreds of millions of dollars to be sent over there from month to month it would have deranged the foreign exchanges to such an extent that we would not have been able to keep them in order at all and would have had the very painful experience of seeing the dollar at a discount in France while we were lending money to France. Very early in the operation, therefore, the Treasury arranged with the French Government for a supply of francs to be placed at our disposal in France against the payment here of dollars for the requirements of the French Government in diminution of loans from the United States to the French Government.

"In addition to that, it became necessary, in order to avoid building up balances abroad, to change the Army's method of dealing with these things, and instead of having paymasters draw francs on a specified depository, to have them draw francs on the Treasury, in checks payable at specified depositories in France. That was a very intricate operation, involving the reëducation of thousands of army paymasters, who were not accustomed to francs in the first place and who in the second place had built up their accounting system on another plan.

"We looked about for a man to go over there and put the plan into effect, for it was not the kind of thing that could be put into effect by mere letter writing. We took a man from the Treasurer's office. He was receiving $2500 a year. We sent him abroad as the representative of the Treasury of the United States. In six weeks or two months he had that operation in perfect working order and actually released to the Treasury something in the neighborhood of $200,000,000, and this sum might have run up to $500,000,000 or more if the war had continued.

"You will probably remember that when the First Liberty Loan was under discussion there was great apprehension in the banking world about the consequences which would follow from the attempt to pay in such a large sum as two billions of dollars to the Government on one day. The same apprehension rose in connection with the tax payments. There was very considerable agitation about the dangers involved and the expectation that the whole financial structure would be destroyed by the attempt to carry through so large an operation. If a bank in New York decides to buy an issue of bonds, say, of $50,000,000, it is considered a stupendous operation, and days are spent in making ingenious arrangements so that the checks drawn on various accounts are deposited at the same time in order to prevent a money stringency.

"The Secretary of the Treasury announced, in connection with the First Liberty Loan, that proceeds of the loan would be deposited with qualified depository banks and trust companies throughout the United States as nearly as might be in proportion to their subscriptions for themselves and their customers, and called upon the Federal Reserve Banks, as fiscal agents of the Government, to handle that operation, thus making it possible to decentralize the operation. Under that arrangement, which has been continued and enlarged, the treasury bank balances are to-day distributed among 9000 banks and trust companies. The complete success of that operation in the Treasury depended upon a bookkeeper in the Treasurer's office, who was drafted temporarily to my office and put upon the bond roll. Temporarily he received $3500 a year. His salary before was $2500. It is $2500 now."

These illustrations, Mr. Leffingwell insists, are indicative of the responsibilities upon government employees, of the necessity of most of them having long experience in the Federal employ, and of the injustices perpetrated by inadequate salaries—injustices all the more evident for want of any rule by which merit is rewarded in special cases or any rule making for uniformity of salaries for work of similar importance.

Inconsistencies of the Pay Roll

Turning to the rank and file the situation is even worse.

One day during the war, when stenographers were scarce, in large part because the Civil Service Commission has no authority, and no other central agency has, to inquire whether a requisition for a stenographer is warranted or not, a girl stenographer inquired, on the fifth floor of the new Interior Building, for Mr. Mitchell, remarking that she had been assigned as a stenographer to his executive province. She was much surprised when informed by Mr. Mitchell that her salary was to be $300 a year more than she anticipated, but took off her coat and went to work. It then developed in the offices of the Geological Survey that she had reported to the wrong Mr. Mitchell and was working for the Food Administration, part of Mr. Requa's staff being quartered on the fifth floor of the Interior Building, by courtesy of the Geological Survey.

"Most of us old bureau chiefs are panic-stricken," explained one of them when the new bureaus began to spring into existence. "Here we are, tied hand and foot by congressional appropriations, while the new bureaus have lump-sum appropriations and can go as far as they like."

Some of the old bureaus then laid down the policy that none of their employees should go from one department to another at an increase in salary without full approval of the chief. Then the President, upon advice of his Cabinet presumably, laid down the same executive rule. Then Congress, in the Urgent Deficiency Act of October 6, 1916, laid down the law, which is still in force.

Just to illustrate the workings of this law, which is neither the worst nor the best of its kind ever perpetrated by Congress, and at the same time to illustrate a very few of the multitudinous discrepancies between working conditions in one bureau or department and another, let us suppose that you personally have taken the civil-service examination to be an accountant. You passed at the top of the list, and come, moreover, from a state whose quota has not been drawn on. Another boy, from your home town perhaps, passed also, but well down the list in rank. One other fellow, from New York, passes with his head just above deep water. You are appointed at once to the Interior Department at $1200 a year; and needing the money you sign on. A week later the boy from your home town is appointed to the Department of Agriculture at $1600. He commiserates you, and a fortnight later you meet the other fellow, who barely passed his examination, and he remarks: "I'm doing the same work you fellows are doing, at Internal Revenue, and getting experience in tax returns that I can use when I quit. My salary is $2700."

Doesn't your morale then take a slump?

But that isn't the worst; such contrasts, all out of reason, you think, occur on every hand. In the War Department—in fact, in one office—there are, in this day when employment management is a science, nine accountants doing exactly the same kind of work. Their salaries range from $1400 a year to $4000. By common consent the best man in the group is receiving $1600.

"Worse still," says the secretary of the Congressional Commission on Reclassification of Salaries, "are innumerable instances where experienced employees who have been in the government service for years

(Continued on Page 106)

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WARNER
SHAVING BRUSH

(Continued from Page 103)

are working in new bureaus where you find them teaching the technic of government procedure to youngsters who receive salaries far higher than they themselves receive."

Last winter Congress recognized at last that since the only basic attempt to reclassify government salaries was made in 1853, when, as described above, all of the departments then existing could be housed on one floor of one of the 200 bureaus or other entities existing now, it was about time to reclassify salaries again. Congress objected, however, to giving any such prerogative to the President, so the congressional commission was appointed, to be composed of three senators and three congressmen. This commission engaged a group of professional classifiers, sought assignment of other men from the departments and bureaus, and in each bureau encouraged the appointment of a committee of employees to aid in the work. Questionnaires were then sent to all of the 106,000 employees in the province of the commission, which figure has been on the increase steadily, and is now more than 3000 above the figure obtaining at the time the armistice was signed. Former Congressman Edward Keating, of Colorado, a member of the commission, sums up the extended work of the commission to date as follows:

"The spirit for work in the departments is, in my opinion, much exaggerated. My own experience has convinced me that the government clerk is much the same kind of individual, with the same kind of prevailing problems and aptitudes, that you find in our great corporations, and I think he comes mighty near doing as much work and in many instances does it wonderfully well. I insist that the clerk is not to be blamed for the want of modern methods and plans in the departments; nor for conditions that obtained in Washington during the war. They came, mostly women, by the thousand, at the call for help of Uncle Sam. Many were inexperienced, many were school-teachers, many others came to accept jobs at less salary than they had been receiving, and went to work at tasks that were neither vivid nor thrilling, where there was precious little hope of promotion. Many of them went home disgusted after suffering serious physical inconvenience and sometimes severe financial loss.

"There are now about 106,000 government employees in Washington. In addition there are between seven and ten thousand in the navy yard, several hundred in the city post office, and several thousand of military status who are doing the work and receiving pay of civilian Federal employees. I think it is a safe estimate that there are fully 125,000 men and women doing civilian work for the Government in the District of Columbia, nearly all of whom come within our jurisdiction. Uncle Sam, you see, is running a ponderously big business, but he has sorely neglected his employee problems for many, all too many years."

When Merit Meets Politics

"Way back there in the beginning, in the eighties—two generations ago—George William Curtis, Carl Schurz and other leaders started the fight for the merit system in the government departments. Their idea was to get the jobs away from the politicians. For me a very hopeful factor in the situation now is—thanks to the fight that has had cumulative effect in many directions down through the course of the years—politicians are beginning to realize that patronage and interference with the merit plan and its civil-service provisions are more of a liability than an asset. And at that, substantially nothing has been done in the way of thorough civil-service reform for thirty years. In other words, the whole lesson of the new science of employment management—in which everywhere in business and industry great progress has been made, though it has been developed during the last thirty years during the growth of our great corporations—has been lost to the departments. Nevertheless, to my mind there is no reason whatever why Uncle Sam cannot be made the best employer in America.

"From time to time politicians have attacked the Civil Service Commission or by limiting its appropriations or by other means have endeavored to defeat civil-service regulations; for instance, by trying to slip job seekers in without proper examination or by seeking to get them promoted without anything to indicate that they have earned promotion. That evil, however, is gradually being eliminated. Still, there are charges of favoritism in the departments. Many of these charges find source in what is absolutely one of the worst evils—that of having army and navy officers or men doing clerical work or supervising it, with the result that the competent clerk realizes that he can never hope to occupy the principal place in his division or section. Moreover, I'll risk the statement that generally these officers are incompetent, temperamentally and as a result of their training.

"Another factor making for discontent is that new departments and bureaus have been created, and in each instance as a rule new salary standards have been raised, while no changes have been made in the salary standards of the old departments or bureaus. The result is that there are innumerable cases where men and women in one department or bureau receive only half what others, doing the same kind of work, receive just across the hall or across the street. In the Treasury Department, for instance, salaries are notoriously

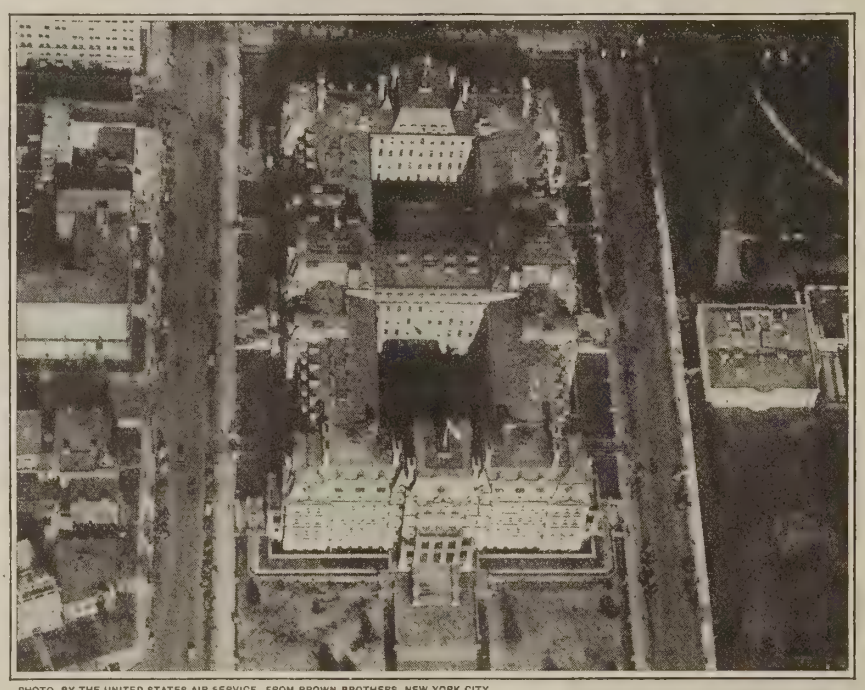

PHOTO. BY THE UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Army and Navy Building

low, and the workers in the old department know that the salaries in the new Bureau of War Risk are much higher, though the standards are lower. Salaries in the Department of Agriculture are much lower than those that were paid by the Food Administration. Salaries paid by the Shipping Board are much higher than those paid in the State Department, and salaries paid by the Railroad Administration are much higher than those paid by the Department of Commerce.

"These inequalities are by no means the product of the war, for the fact is that not since way back in the fifties has even an attempt been made to reclassify clerical help. Then Congress passed a law establishing four grades, with different salaries aside from the grades, beginning at about $900. But after that for years there was no Civil Service Commission and no effort at standardization between departments, for want of any central administrative agency, and all kinds of arrangements were made.

"Very often in order to secure an increase for someone the title of a man or woman was changed. Sometimes a lump sum was appropriated for a designated group of workers. All kinds of subterfuges, in fact, have been resorted to, until the situation as a whole is chaotic past words. There are no standards, really.

"We have been for months trying to make a complete study of the situation and of the jobs, in order to make adequate classifications, so that in all cases men and women doing the same work shall receive the same pay, so that avenues to promotion shall be opened, so that superannuates—of whom there are more than seven thousand in the Washington departments, many of whom have to be helped to their chairs—shall be retired, as in many corporations, on pensions, paid to them for the meritorious service they have rendered Uncle Sam.

"Another cause of discontent and retardation of work in the departments has been the knack Congress has of placing restrictions upon the freedom of Federal employees to move from one bureau or department to another, and from one office, in some cases, to another office in the same bureau or department. The result has been that faithful men and women have been caught in departments where pay is low and promotion slow. Like birds in a cage they aren't able to get out without losing their status in the Civil Service. The result is often bitter complaint that is perfectly justified; or all manner of subterfuges by which workers seek their freedom. To illustrate: In the War Department the adjutant general found difficulty inducing clerks and stenographers to come to it, since the desirable positions were held by commissioned officers. The result was that initial salaries in the adjutant general's office were put a little high; then Congress slipped through a rider on an appropriation bill providing that no one could be transferred from one department to another without permission of his chief until he had served there three years. This was done during the war, and the rule still prevails. You can see what that rule meant to workers in the office of the adjutant general when the war broke out, and new bureaus were formed by the half dozen, not only in the War Department but all along the line, and all of them, in order to get workers at all, had to set salaries higher than those where they were employed.

"Clerks in the various departments generally saw, in the establishment of the new bureaus, the chance they had waited for for years.

"But at once Congress thwarted their transfers by tacking another rider on another appropriation bill providing that no employee could be transferred from one department to another with an increase in salary. Clearly that was unjust to the workers, for many who had served the Government for decades in the hope of getting better salaries or promotion saw young and inexperienced girls brought into the service at salaries much higher than they themselves received. They knew then that they were losing the one chance they had waited for, and it was hard to tell if they ever would have another.

"Worse still, from the point of view of the Government, this policy accounted for much inefficiency during the war. Instead of doing as corporations do, especially when help is exceedingly scarce, there was no central agency to take from well-established bureaus or departments a nucleus of workers round whom new bureaus could be built. Instead, the new bureaus went into the street, as the War Risk Bureau notoriously had to do, and with steadily lowered standards got all manner of workers wholly untrained in the technic of government procedure; and, of course, the Government has its technic exactly as any corporation has.

"The result was needless confusion and in some instances relative or complete disaster. Worse still, in the instances where experienced, competent, faithful old employees were transferred to the new bureaus you had the unprecedented situation of their receiving less usually and certainly no instances more than they received before, which implies that they received less than the new and untrained workers about them. From every approach, thus, a premium was put on inexperience, inefficient, poor work.

"Then, again, there is not in the Washington departments any clear-cut and defined rule for advancement. The rule of seniority does not obtain—in scores of instances new workers are brought into a bureau, to be put into the places which workers had sought for years to fill. Nor does the rule of merit always obtain. Clearly a clerk should not be given an increase in pay or other advancement merely because he has a strong constitution and can outlive the others about him; and clearly every premium should be put on merit and endeavor. The modern theory is that a job well done is worth a certain amount, but no more than a certain amount, and that the young man or woman who goes to work starts at a minimum salary which is steadily increased until he reaches the maximum or qualifies for a better position; that he shall be given a chance to demonstrate himself in different directions until he is placed to the best advantage to himself and his employer, and that, above all else, as surely as initiative is the most precious gift of all, he should never be deadlocked.

Problems of Personnel

"It was resentment against deadlocks as well as against inadequate salaries that led the scientists in the Federal service in Washington to form an organization two years ago, which is steadily growing, and before that encouraged the remarkable growth of Local Number Two of the National Federation of Federal Employes, which local has approximately 40,000 members in Washington and is said to be the largest local in the world. Luther C. Steward, the president of the National Federation, contends, and one must agree with him, that no employee paid with taxpayers' funds should receive more, nor less, than he is worth, and that there is no justification in the world for one person in one organization receiving only half as much as another is receiving for doing precisely the same kind of work.

"The Government should, of course, put a premium on ability by encouraging employees seeking promotion. To that end it should break down the barriers between departments and between bureaus so that promotion should first be intradepartmental and then interdepartmental. In other words, if an employee cannot satisfy his ambitions in one bureau, one department, he not only should be permitted but he should be encouraged to try another. Conversely, if a bureau chief or a department head cannot find the individual he needs in his province he should be permitted and encouraged to look farther. In this way, especially if there were a central agency charged with creating and stimulating efficiency all along the line, the right job and the right man would find one another.

"Then there should be a Federal training school to encourage and equip men and women for Federal work, since there are many phases of it that cannot be learned anywhere else in the world. I can illustrate that need in the case of a young man employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose work requires technical training generally. This young man had experience in a railroad office, passed the civil-service examinations, while with the commission studied law and passed the bar examinations, then the examinations to be an attorney for the commission, where he proved to be so effective that the commission has sought such specially trained men ever since in preference to others.

"Altogether, the personnel problem of the Government is little different, except in size, from that of a great corporation. I believe, therefore, that the recommendations that this commission will soon make to Congress not only will look to reclassification of all Federal employees in Washington, and probably in the country at large; adjustment of salary conditions ar

(Concluded on Page 110)

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(Concluded from Page 106)

provision for a living wage—on the theory that if a man or woman is worth employing at all he or she is worth a living wage—and automatic advancement, but provisions such that when an employee reaches the maximum of one grade he can advance still higher by changing the character of his work. In addition to these provisions it is my personal opinion that the following administrative provisions should be made:

"The establishment of a centralized employment agency, such as corporations have, so that there can be uniformity in hiring.

"A plan, such as efficient corporations have, by which incompetents are dropped promptly instead of being shifted, as is now very often the case, from one bureau or department to another; there would thus be uniformity in firing.

"Superannuates should be honorably discharged on pensions after a specified number of years of service.

"These three provisions would open wide the doors of opportunity to the earnest and ambitious employee, who should be reminded continuously that he can go higher if he works hard and efficiently.

"Then, as a fourth provision, clearly there should be, there must be, if reclassification of employees and salaries is to be of any enduring good, a central administrative organization continuously engaged in administering the new classification. This body must see to it that employees who are on the rolls under certain titles are actually performing the class of work that goes with certain titles. We shall divide all the jobs into classes, and all the jobs in a class will be positions which demand approximately the same duties, carry the same responsibilities and have the same reward. The only difference in reward will be a slight increase granted automatically through a certain number of years for efficient service. If the law is properly enforced by a central administrative agency the department or bureau chief who attempts to evade the law will, of course, be called to account by this body.

"This body established to enforce classification should be a court of last appeal. But there is no reason for or any possibility of its passing on all questions of favoritism or grievance in the bureaus and departments. Many such questions can be settled, as in a few of the bureaus they have in the past been settled, with a great increase in organization efficiency, by organization committees. I do not mean mere grievance committees or welfare committees; I mean, rather, office or bureau or departmental committees, on which employees, by their own vote or by nomination of their chief, shall have proper representation with the administrative forces. These committees should be encouraged, as for instance in one of the most progressive bureaus in the Department of Agriculture they have with excellent results been encouraged, to hear and pass on the many minor grievances that arise, with ultimate appeal to the central body charged with enforcing classification. The mere fact that an employee could appeal against favoritism or other injustice to his local court, and if necessary go higher, would challenge and arrest discrimination. But even more important, such committees can, as one of them most effectually has in the case of the bureau referred to, serve in innumerable ways to make the organization more efficient and more progressive and at the same time serve to give employees the satisfaction of self-expression and a direct interest in organization efficiency, while at the same time greatly relieving a central administrative body from all but the most important problems."

Mr. Good's Ideas

Congressman Good, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations and of the Select Committee on the Budget and author of the bill to provide a national budget and an independent audit of government accounts, believes that not only should matters of personnel and employment be centralized but he sees no reason why, though there is no provision made therefor in the so-called Budget Bill, such matters should not be administered by the Bureau of the Budget or a designated part of it. He insists, in fact, that to place administration of personnel under any other agency or to give it separate entity is clearly to do again exactly what the Bureau of the Budget is in part intended to do—to avoid duplication of plan and function. He pleads for centralization and refinement of functions rather than more duplication and conflict.

The need of eliminating duplication is imperative, he insists, pointing out that there is no conclusive reason under heaven why, during the last fiscal year, for instance, ten different bureaus have collected statistical data about coal consumption, six of which printed their findings; why six bureaus gathered and compiled information about coal exports, three of which published their findings; why nine different Federal agencies, working almost side by side, gathered statistical information about prices, seven of which published their findings; why eight different organizations gathered, as if each were a country unto itself, information about production, and in each case the information if not altogether similar was substantially so. He points out that ten different bureaus collected information about meat, and eight published their findings; and four of the eight were in the Department of Agriculture; that eight different bureaus gathered information on so humble a product as cheese, six publishing their reports; that six bureaus gathered information about the price of cheese, and five published their findings. He sees no reason in the world why, instead of all these various yet similar activities by bureaus existing in the self-same city, along with innumerable other duplications similar in kind, cannot be centralized, in the first place, to the end that millions of dollars might be saved; in the second place, for the convenience of those who want to make use of the information; in the third place, to the end that instead of having, say, ten reports appearing at the end of a year there might be one complete report appearing, say, once a month.

Costly Duplications

He adds, also, that one such monthly report would be of such real value to everyone that without question business men would gladly lend their coöperation, and if necessary Congress could by law compel them, so that the cost of making one frequent and really useful report at frequent intervals could be rigorously reduced to a minimum.

Likewise, he finds another potent argument against duplication in the manner in which during the war—when, by the way, the War Department began by having about 300 separate and in many instances competing purchasing agencies—when the cables at best were cluttered with vitally important messages, three or four agents, sometimes more, from different bureaus or departments, carried on, sometimes in the same country, sometimes even in the same city, without communication with one another, expensive investigations, each sending home to his bureau or department long cabled messages frequently carrying precisely the same information.

"All such duplications," Mr. Good insists, "are inevitable unless there is a central administrative agency to control them, when an organization is as great and as complicated as that of the Government in Washington. Efficiency implies such regulation, such continuous adjustment of plans and personnel. And as I see the situation the Bureau of the Budget is to be the big planning bureau. It must plan and carry out a Federal policy. It must make all the estimates for appropriations. It ought logically to have control and be able to direct the whole machine; otherwise, clearly it can work to no effective end. At its head, in other words, must be the architect of the whole structure, who with his associates directs the building year after year, and if he is not a man with sufficient vision he is not the man for the place. He must make and perfect his own plans and provide his own personnel.

"Congress will create his organization, I trust, and give him the right of way. In the Budget Bill we do not tie the hands of the President in a single particular. We make him, the President, responsible for the budget and give him the machinery by which he can discharge his responsibility. We give him unlimited power. It must necessarily be so, because if we throw round him a plan that is not workable the President could say his hands had been tied by Congress. In the bill, therefore, we let him prepare his own plan. It is specified, however, that certain information must be contained in the budget when it is sent to Congress, such as a plain statement of our national resources, liabilities and appropriation needs; and certainly no one can ever complain that Congress, which is charged by the Constitution with responsibility for appropriations, has circumscribed the duties or the prerogatives of the President unjustifiedly in this regard.

"It is then for the President's organization to arrange the various bureaus and departments and other entities so that there will be no duplication. He can reduce overlapping to a minimum. He can see to it that any information necessary for the Government to have to function in a proper and efficient way can be collected and standardized, gathered at minimum cost, used in an efficient way. The plan after all must be his plan. And, in fact, I do not see how Congress could at this time provide for every detail of a plan that the President would be willing to adopt. That plan likely must be arrived at through discussion by the President and his advisers; it will have to be an evolution and be worked out gradually. And clearly if the President and his Bureau of the Budget find that there are chemists, say, or accountants, in one department or bureau of the same qualifications as those in another department or bureau doing the same work, the President would have authority to adjust conditions uniformly; in fact, he would fall far short of his duty if he did not rearrange salaries, or, if the salaries are fixed by statute, suggest to Congress requisite changes in the law. Certainly many such iniquities or inequalities have grown up in a system that is so unbusinesslike and unscientific that it can only be compared with the family of a man who gives every member a check book with authority to draw checks at will.

"As things now are, here's a department or bureau anxious to grow and develop, the bureau chiefs are proud of their attainments and are anxious to promote meritorious employees, to increase salaries that are not a living wage, and to do other things that corporation heads and other organization heads well know make for efficiency. The estimates for appropriations for such a bureau go to one committee in Congress. The committee may be very liberal, having—as the Committee on Agriculture has, say—only one department to appropriate for. But here's another bureau or department where a similar class of work is done, but its estimates go to a committee that has to do with a great many bureaus and departments. The committee has no standards by which to judge those estimates; it cannot in the nature of things be fully conversant with the endeavors and aims of scores of bureaus, and all manner of inequalities and injustices result. There is no central check on wages and plans, there is no logical allocation of bureaus in departments—usually the bureau has been placed in the department which has first or most insistently advocated the establishment of a new bureau. In short, as soon as you analyze the situation the need, the imperative need, of a central administrative bureau is evident."

Mr. Taft's Testimony

The manifold effectiveness of such a central Bureau of the Budget or similar administrative bureau has been demonstrated in so many directions, in organizations large and small, from the family to the corporation reaching round the world, and the need of such an organization in Washington is so very clear that there is absolutely not one sound argument against the fulfillment of the need.

Senator Medill McCormick, chairman of the Special Committee of the Senate on Budgetary Reform, adds that the United States is practically the only country in the world which has gone along without taking into account the relationship between money raised and money expended.

"No business," he insists, "however large or small, could be conducted successfully along such lines. Personally," he concludes, "I believe in a budget plan with full responsibility on the President"—one happy result of which plan, by the way, would be the end of all manner of intermediate conjecture and conflict and a very desirable elevation in public estimation of Congress, which could, once rid of a thousand and one matters of detail now thrust upon it through want of efficient plan, devote itself—as, for instance, the British Parliament is able to do—to matters of larger moment.

Mr. Taft, also, puts great reliance upon an effective budget plan and is entirely agreed that the burden of its efficiency should rest on the President.

"I tried my hand," he says, "when I was President, without any budget plan, upon the total estimates. I had them all brought before me before they were sent to the Secretary of the Treasury and before they went into the hopper over which I had no control. I just read the riot act to the heads of the departments. I said: 'You've got to cut down, because this total is too large.' I cut the total probably $150,000,000. I thought that was the method of reform, but I survived long enough to find out that was a mistake."

Likewise the remarks of Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, which state is only one of many that are far in advance of the Federal Government administratively, are conclusively in point.

"Our service," he says, "has been vastly improved by the adoption of a budget plan. We were able to abolish 125 boards and commissions and turn their functions over to nine departments. No such thing had been possible before. Then, if a governor worked twenty-four hours a day it was not possible for him to know what was going on or what was being done by those 125 separate agencies. By having them properly organized into nine departments, with the heads of those departments in office in the capitol building where the governor can be in daily touch with them, whenever a question rises decision can be made at once, and the whole executive machine is made more pliable, more economical, vastly more efficient."

A Matter of Morale

And, after all, efficiency is concerned with principles and their application to specific problems of plan, of personnel, of morale. All large employers know that considerable groups of workers are apt to be overborne by a faulty plan and by inertia, which, like a disease, is catching. Employers recognize this fact as axiomatic, and proceed, when necessary, to its cure. Thus, to illustrate: When a few years back the United States Steel Corporation added to its subsidiaries one that was so flat on its back that the heights of success looked to it far away, a new manager took hold—took the same plant problem, the same plant, the same plan, the same personnel, even the very secretary of his predecessor, concluded that the whole trouble was as plain as the side of a barn—largely one of morale—and began by word and example to preach about the same evangel as Sir Lynden Macassey, director of British shipyard labor, preached during the war: "There are the three P's—Peace, Pulling-together, Production. They make the fourth—Prosperity, for you, your employers, your country." Then in one year, by just such principles of planning and of employment management as the alert business world employs, results on the credit side began to show.

Principles of plan, of personnel, being principles, are of course not debatable. One principle of modern industrial or commercial science is, incidentally, that any community surrounding and dependent upon any organization for its existence and for its livelihood reflects the prevailing spirit of its central loyalty. Therefore, it is in point here to conjecture that the reason that the city of Washington is so often remarked to lack the push, punch, pep and point of the typical American city is largely the reflection of the spirit prevailing in the bureaus and the departments. The city itself is the child of the government machine.

The Washingtonian, the most overlegislated of all Americans, knows that.

Washington, in short, like the huge machine of which it is a part, is topheavy. It is full of resentment; very tired and weary of it all. It is no wonder, thus, that the Washingtonian seems addicted to procedure.

No wonder that His Excellency, the ambassador quoted at the beginning of this article, remarks that he is concerned to find himself in the most unrepresentative of all the great capitals of the world; no wonder that Democrats and senators, congressmen and Republicans, proponents of and opponents to government ownership—all agree that "There is something the matter with Washington."

And the remedies?

"The remedies," say the experts, "are as evident as the side of a barn."

And so the country hopes.

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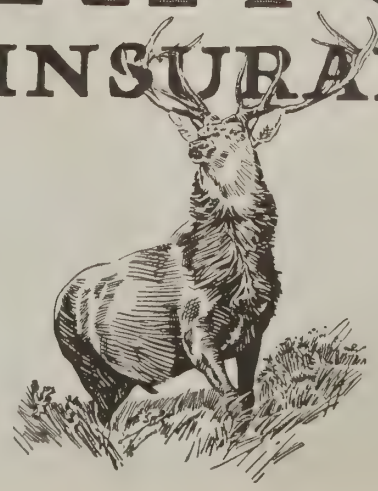

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BRONZE BARS

(Continued from Page 13)

He sighed and went back to his adding machine. He yanked the receipts furiously from the spindle. He glanced over at the dignified ledger and told it bluntly that it looked like a butter tub. When the junior teller came festively up and inquired, "What's eating you? Great short arm jab you got on the machine," Valory said, "Don't be vulgar," which was an entirely new form of repartee in the Palladium cage.

Through the winter Miss Page burst into view at least once a week and conversationally abstracted money from her balance. She observed that she had heard George M. Cohan was going to stage the ride of the Valkyries in a blimp. She confided that the real news of the day wasn't the peace conference, but the fact that since she had grown a bang she could wear a hair net without chopping her forehead in two. She asked his advice about selling a couple of shares of an industrial which she owned. She confessed her limited Manhattan life by snorting about a departing depositor: "What a terrible walking stick that poor dear man is carrying! He must come from out West—Buffalo or some place."

But he realized—he who had listened to confidential people, to boasters and drunkards and the women who weep always—that she talked a great deal about herself without telling anything; that she was more reticent than the merchants who growled "G' mornen'." He never dared, for all his desire to coax her into thrift, to bully her. It was only with whimsical despair that he wailed, "What's this for this time?" when she came in and flippantly drew ten or fifteen or twenty-five.

Twice she said that it was for shoes. Once for an evening petticoat. Once imitation pearls. Once for another hat. And that time he noticed that she already had a new hat—a baskety kind of thing with a white satin facing. He begged her not to waste her money. What on earth did she need a new hat for when she had this triumph?

She remarked: "Do you like it? So glad." She took her money, grinned and departed—flippant, alert, clean, provoking and distracting and gayly aloof.

In July her account was down to seventeen dollars.

And she was not aloof or flippant on the July noon when she entered the bank and, instead of rushing into line, stood back till his window was clear. Her lips were white and tight across her teeth; between her eyes a wrinkle came and went, came and went, while her brows twitched. She rushed to him when he was free, laid her bank book down carefully, begged: "Will you please let me know whether I have any interest coming?"

Normally, interest would have been computed for her at the bookkeeper's window, but Valory himself took the book back, hustled the process through. She had never had the interest entered. While he waited Valory looked down the length of the cage and saw her standing rigid, tapping the counter.

"There is five dollars and eighteen cents," he told her hopefully.

"Oh!" she wailed.

A bulbous, short, pushing man, a prosperous and unlovely person from the garment trades, had fallen in behind Miss Page and was making sounds of haste.

"Is there some place—may I speak to you a moment?" Miss Page begged.

"Certainly. Come down to the Liberty Loan window." To the impatient one Valory suggested: "Would you mind going to the other teller?"

From the Liberty Loan window he looked owlishly, while he ached at hearing her sure quick voice break under doubt, at seeing the stain of sorrow on anything so bright and unscarred. She clutched the edge of the counter with both hands, her thumbs beneath. Valory noticed that her gloves were not so sleek as formerly. There was a distinct darn in one chamois finger.

She was hesitating. "I've heard—I'm a ghastly dub about money matters, and I don't own any real estate or anything, but I've heard something about the possibility of borrowing money from banks. Especially if you're a regular customer. And I have been frightfully regular, haven't I? You don't know how hard I've tried to heed your suggestions about saving. But—— I must take out the twenty-two that is coming to me and I should like to borrow fifty more."

"Why—why——" He could not tell her that her perfect lack of security would not greatly appeal to a conscientious bank examiner. He fenced. "Of course it would be a pleasure, but—— Please let me be frank with you. It's on your behalf. I've ventured to take a good deal of interest in your account. Frankly, why don't you try to get along without this? I know that a—a—well, a pretty girl of your type loves clothes, but honestly—and you are a very honest person—won't you admit that if you go and spend this loan for clothes and hats and stuff, the way you have——"

"I need this money to send my mother to the hospital. I'll need some more later for the nurse."

"Oh, I'm—I'm—I'm dreadfully sorry. B-but surely you have other funds? It's just that I don't like to see you in debt."

"What makes you think I have other funds?"

"Why, a person who gets all these expensive hats and——"

She laughed. She said rapidly, looking straight at him: "My dear man, I haven't had a new hat since last October. I haven't had one on my head except this one I'm wearing." She touched it with a tapping finger—and it was another new one, a close-fitting toque blurred with dark blue tulle.

"B-but——"

"This is the same black beaver I had last fall. Seven times now I've retrimmed it or faced it, and this last time I had to cut the brim off, it was getting so wabbly. Heavens, if I had actually bought a new hat—well, my kind costs shamefully more than the benign ten dollars that I've been optimistically giving you as the price. And I haven't had a pair of shoes since—no matter. My father died and—well, mother and I moved to two rooms, and I deposited the four hundred dollars of family wealth, and got a job in a real-estate office at nine dollars a week. All these frivolous teas at the Ritz I've been drawing money for have been rent and porridge at home. I don't like to whine, but—may I have the fifty now? I—I rather need it."

She drooped suddenly, as though she had been on the witness stand under desperate strain. Her hands feebly flopped down out of sight beneath the counter. She went on with difficulty: "Must I tell all this to the president of the bank or someone, too?"

"No, oh no, I'll take care of it," he assured her. "Please wait here." He turned his back, rushed to a ledger, pretended to examine it while he thought.

The Palladium Savings Bank had a considerably smaller fund for unsecured personal loans to Account 112,761 than it had for the purchase of mouse traps. But Valory wanted her to have the loan more than he had wanted anything in his life. She was his life. In lending to her he was lending to himself, to a larger self than he had ever known. She was the one thing above and beyond making marks in books. And he believed her story.

He'd lend it himself. He had over four thousand dollars saved, and he could think of no use for it so deeply pleasurable as lending it to her.

He made up fifty from his own pocket and funds hastily and severely solicited from the assistant bookkeeper and the junior teller. He brought it back and casually shoved it under the grating, droning: "Do you wish the balance of your account, too, Miss Page?"

"Yes, please. But don't I have to sign something? A note or whatever they call it?"

"Oh, of course, of course. But—uh—the personal-loan blanks happen to be out of print. Just write me a personal I. O. U. on the back of a deposit slip—that will be perfectly legal."

As she gave him the I. O. U., made out in her trim, smart, nervous script, she murmured: "You have been very kind. I was so afraid I'd have to be catechized about my religion, politics, and favorite filling for éclairs."

Now in his good works and assistance to the poor Valory had been a perfectly pure and noble young man. He hadn't performed them for praise. But when he received the praise it made him hungry. His fingers tightened, his biceps crept across the bone with his shrugging desire to yank the bars apart, come out into the open, seize the hand of this girl whom he had never met without the bronze grille between them. He tried to say something arresting, and wanly stammered: "It's—glad to be able to do anything."

"Damn it, I sound like a scared bus boy," he reflected.

"You have taken care of me. I'm not sure, but I think you're the one person who has kept me going in this world of business. It hasn't been so awfully easy. I was pretty soft. And the absurd pride that made me fib to you—oh, it doesn't matter. Thank you. Good-by."

Two weeks later she returned for another loan—of a hundred—and got it. Valory was not such a hero that he didn't secretly hope she would not keep this up, but his only protest was a suave: "I hope you can soon start saving again."

"Yes, I think I can. I'm not going to borrow to pay the surgeon. I'll pay him two dollars a week. I'm to be raised to eighteen a week before long. I'm learning real estate."

"How did your mother's operation come out? Is she well?"

"I hope so. She was very sweet. I hope she gets the happiness she earned. She died on the operating table."

Miss Page had said it quietly, without tremor, but she turned quickly, was gone.

He was conscious that the bookkeeper and the junior teller were staring at him while he stood at the empty Liberty Loan window. He was conscious that he was shocking them by violating the etiquette of the bank—dreaming while the irritated junior teller had to take care of all the customers. But he did not care that he had become queer to them.

He was stormed and betrayed by an immensity of thoughts. His mind was like scarlet and golden scrolls on a fabric of black velvet. It was like fireworks, red streaks and saffron zigzags and a pattering of colored sparks against a sky of starless jet. And the sable background of his mind was the thought of death. It gave dignity and vastness to what had been a kindly romance. Suddenly he was not a capable young man whose day's grind had been diverted by courtesy to a pretty girl. He perceived thoughts and emotions so large that he could not encompass them. He had in the raw tragedy of Miss Page touched all the terror and glory of life. He had in his sorrow for her lost for a moment his neat propriety and tasted the strong salt savor of danger. He could fight for her now.

While he returned to his window, while he smoothly took in money and glanced at bank books, he was devastated by a thousand thoughts of her. Could he send her flowers? Would they be banal? Weren't there books to give to people in grief? Could he write to her? Only, what could he say? And—where did she live? Cynically, even in the tumult of his adoration, he jibed at himself that he could be certain of one thing—if she moved she'd never remember to change her address at the bank.

After hours he took the subway and, telling himself he wasn't going to do anything of the sort, he went up to West End Avenue. Halfway down the block from Broadway he stopped, stood with his watch in his right hand, his left tapping his chin. This was entirely for the benefit of a group of small boys with two balls and a hoop stick and a dog, assembled on a high stoop. Having tacitly established in the eyes of all whom it might concern the theory that he wasn't really insane, but had recalled an engagement, he turned round, and stalked toward Broadway somewhat more rapidly than he had just come from Broadway.

But he hadn't recalled an engagement. He had asked himself what he would do if he did find that her address was unchanged. What would he say to the maid or to the elevator attendant? That it was a fine day, and he was just asking for exercise? And then turn round and go away? Certainly he could not go up and call on her. Suppose Miss Page was in. Suppose she stared at him and demanded: "Yes, what is it?"

What was it, anyway? What could he say?

Wherefore, keeping clear of West End Avenue, he walked for a hundred blocks, and contented himself with a conversation with Miss Page. She stood before his window at the bank and admitted that he had helped her to bear the heavy hours. He thanked her modestly and explained how near to him were her financial interests——

"Oh, the devil! That's probably just about the sort of thing I would say," Valory snarled aloud, standing by the rail of the Riverside Drive bridge, glaring at the Fort Lee ferryhouse below, the trucks like beetles, the river and the glowing brown cliffs across. "Why, it's perfectly simple. All I have to do is to come right out and ask her if I may call. I'll do it! Gee—I—hope—I—will! It won't take any more nerve than facing a machine gun or asking the Old Man for a raise!"

She did not appear at the bank for two weeks. Then she stood in line, smiling at him between the shoulders of two men ahead of her, so that Valory gave one customer fifty cents too much and the next three dollars too little, and heard a great deal about it—from the latter customer.

She thrust ten dollars at him. "There's the first payment on the loans."

A slaty lean man with a slaty lean umbrella was behind her, but Valory kept her while he put his lips close to the bars and murmured: "Look here. Aren't you saving too much? With paying the surgeon in installments and all——"

"No, really. I'm enjoying it. A sort of spiritual adventure, a new power, finding how many things I can do without."

She was slipping away. He snapped at her: "Here now! Wait! There's no need of paying us till you get the surgeon paid. I won't have you. M-miss Page, what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

Her lips widened in two distinct motions of growing friendly amusement till their sharp clean points were overshadowed by rounded wrinkles. "You're worse than a lawyer or a father confessor."

"I want to be. I'm worried about you," he grumbled.

"It's nice of you. But I must do my job." This last she said over her shoulder. Instantly she was hidden by the impatient form of the man with the umbrella, who was piping, in the voice which his umbrella would have had if it had spoken: "Hustle this through, will you?"

Valory thought how pleasant it would be to pop his fingers through the bars and pull the man's nose. He thought it so intently that it was three minutes before he realized that he had not asked Miss Page if he might call. Then it occurred to him that she might have answered: "But why should you?"

What was the answer to that?

He was smothering in the cage. He was at once drowsy and angry. He had to get out of this, to fight somebody. Years might go by while he tried, in moments which he merely caught by the skirts from behind the grille, to impress her as a human being. She probably thought of him as she did of the ticket chopper whom she saw at the subway station every morning, or as she thought of her nail scissors! He pulled at his collar, he clenched his fist, even while he was saying colorlessly to a woman who was looking at him with bored, ignoring impersonality: "Yes, ma'am, seven tens and a five."

After dinner, when he was passing a Forty-second Street theater, he had the most curious psychic experience of his life. He was suddenly sure that Miss Page was in there in the audience. Her presence came out to him, penetrating curtains and walls as a fire shines through a dark and plaited hedge. He quietly asked the box office for a seat in the front row of the balcony—and did not get it. He stalked a speculator to the corner of Seventh Avenue, was shown into the back room of a shoe-shining hall of mirrors, and got his ticket for two dollars more than the marked price. He paid it stoically. But when he flopped into his seat, the pit dim beneath him, he was trembling. He heard nothing of the first act. The instant the lights went up he was bending over the rail, hastily glancing along row on row. Then he examined all of the balcony; made himself a little conspicuous—he who hated conspicuousness—by leaning out to look up at the first row of the gallery.

Gradually, incredulously, he owned that he could not see her. His remarkable psychic revelation had been plain and simple madness.

He grouchily turned his attention to the play. Fortunately it was an easy piece to

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ollow. It belonged to the great New York chool of drama. No remarkable intelli-ence was required to watch the pleasant ound gentleman with the bald head pop nder beds and into box couches. Valory etrayed the fact that for all his admirable ppearance of maturity and trustworthi-ess in the bank, he was still young. When e caught himself laughing he stopped, and ith all the beautiful plaintiveness of a reshman he reproached: "You're a fine iver, you are! Laughing at a cheap farce ke this!"

Walking to his room near Gramercy ark, Valory longed for the noisy absurdity the farce. The city, his city, which he ad found a diverting background, was an, grim, gray. The street was an echoing nptiness, a trap lined with ambushes.

He sullenly got ready for bed in his still om. He poked contemptuously at the ecial editions on his center table—the big ok on decorative textiles, with colored ates; the handsome souvenir of the ndredth anniversary of the Fort Vincent ational Bank. Till to-night he had ad-ired the air they gave his room. They had ted the curse of the landlady's blotchy hographs. Sleepily he wondered why ey now seemed so depressing.

The instant he had turned out the light d somersaulted into bed he was flamingly ake.

"Now I know," he worried. "Those oks aren't human. There's nothing man about me. The bookkeeper, with s family and his flivver in Yonkers, he's t much of an accountant, but oh, he's ing! And I! The years sneak in on . I'll be bald before I know it. Death ll come—before I ever live."

Frightened, he watched the darkness kin-e and glow and revolve in dizzy whorls. folded his pillow four different ways. He oked it over his head. He furiously slapped e flap of it out of his eyes, slammed it on e floor. He turned over and over, and ed to lie quiet, and gave it up.

He sought to defend himself: "I'm a od banker. And I've helped a lot of ople to build up accounts. I've been nest with them. But—no, it isn't ough. I haven't gambled with life. I've ver gone to any man or woman and said: ere's my heart and soul and honor. Take m and kick them—or make me happy.'" Then: "Hang it, lying here worrying e a schoolboy!"

He burst from bed, swiftly dressed him-, let himself out of the lower hall, strode an all-night lunch room on Fourth Ave-e. He ate two bowls of crackers and k, and ardently discussed prize fighting h two men in overalls. He knew noth-r whatever about prize fighting, and the n in overalls were not particularly inter-ng persons, but Valory coaxed them, ltered them, listened to them, tried to p them, tried to postpone the hour when should again be dismayingly alone. But ly deserted him. He sought to continue conversation with the cook, but the l of the night lunch was contemptuous ate conversationalists. So Valory sat nt in a light yellow oak chair, with a ad arm used as table, while he smoked stared at an electric fan, a collection of niature boxes of breakfast food on a ble shelf, a huge bowl of crumbly loaves ugar, and a sign insinuating: "Try our ial Denver sandwich on toast, 20c."

When the cook began to look belligerent ind a pile of sandwiches in oiled paper, Valory rose in a genteel and disarming nner, said that it was a damp night, and t away. But as he came out on the et he found himself happy. Without ing known that he was thinking about t he had thought out his problem. He had dmitted that he was frankly in love with Marcella Page. He had decided that he was not going to stay back of the bars and let her slip away. He knew now, with a certainty quite different from his previous bravado in imaginary addresses, that he was going to ask her to let him call.

He felt extremely heroic and competent.

The next morning he said to the junior teller, "Son, aren't you ever going to get a new zero key in your adding machine?" and he said it so masterfully that the other teller was impressed, and sighed: "You're right. I've got to 'tend to that."

Only—Miss Page did not come that day. Nor did he see her for two and a half weeks. And after the two and a half weeks his vacation time arrived, and he reluctantly left for New Hampshire. He thought about her through a fortnight of fishing and apple sauce. He came to know her and to know himself.

On the Monday of his return he entered the bank briskly. The junior teller gaped at him, and the bookkeeper rushed over to grunt: "Say, the president wants to see you. Bad! What the deuce you been doing?"

"Doing?"

"Them was the word I denunciated."

"Don't know what you mean."

"Well, I don't know what's up, but the Old Man comes in here roaring like a World's Series after a three-bagger and wants to know your vacation address, and then he says: 'No, I'll wait till he comes back, but by the gods ——' Oh, he was sore as a crab!"

Ten minutes later the junior teller informed him: "Say, the president wants to see you about something."

Ten minutes after that the porter-guard whispered through the bars: "Say, Mr. Valory, the Old Man was peeved at you for something while you was away. Don't know what it was."

The president came in at half past ten. As he passed Valory's window he glared. But not for half an hour did he summon Valory to his desk, behind the railing at the back of the bank. Then, with booming mock courtesy, he begged: "Do have a chair. I want to have a conference with you. It's a pleasure to know that we have a financial genius and an intellectual giant in this humble institution."

"I don't quite get you, sir."

"Ye don't, heh? You will! But first perhaps you'd like to give me a little advice about some investment that I might make a million out of. I have no doubt you're an expert on Pretty Polly Oil Stock and that class of sound ventures. Or do you confine your genius as an innovator to banking methods?"

"I'm sorry, chief, but I don't understand."

"Ye don't, heh? Then will you kindly tell me since when savings banks in the sovereign commonwealth of New York have been permitted to invest in the unsecured personal notes of pretty girls?"

"Oh! Oh, that. Well, of course that wasn't ——"

"Don't tell me what it wa'n't. I know what it wa'n't. In all my years of banking, since I started in sweeping floors in a bank upstate, I've never had such a scene. Here comes her Royal Highness, and she wants to see the Honorable Mr. Valory and oh, no, the other boys wouldn't do at all, she must see me if the great Mr. Valory wa'n't home. And she looks me over —— Well now, without prejudice, I must admit that I haven't felt comfortable in these congress shoes since the day she looked them over. Well, she allows she'll take out another loan for fifty, and this would be the last. I didn't seem to catch the idee, and she condescended to explain that the bank, through our Mr. Valory, had loaned her a hundred and fifty dollars. Oh, no, certainly not; 'twa'n't a personal loan by Mr. Valory. The idee! I tried to explain the law of savings-bank investments, but she wouldn't listen. Now was she crazy, or was I, or are you?"

Valory explained.

"Well," the president puffed, "it's beyond me. Of course, it's a case for a commission in lunacy, and we certainly will have it understood that it's never to happen again. Cat's sake, think of what would happen if every loafer in town learned we were making personal loans to everybody that cared to come in and apply! But still, I don't suppose it was criminal. Hm. Curious. Sort of the opposite of embezzlement—giving funds to the bank. You don't care to buy us a new tile floor too, do you? Well, one good thing—I'm glad to learn you're making so much money you can throw it away. That means you won't ever need another raise."

Valory looked coldly upon his chief. For once, with Miss Page behind him, he was not embarrassed by the ancient roarer.

"On the contrary, it means that I'll need one right now to keep up the good work. I want to stay here, but I found a wonderful location for a country bank in New Hampshire ——"

"Then ye better take it, I guess!"

"No, sir, it isn't that, but—I may get married."

"Oh, well, I'll talk to the directors. Mind you, though, don't go getting false notions. I'm not saying but that I may advise them against it. New bank! Huh! Absurd. Leaving a sound, conservative institution like —— If you must get ideas and notions, why don't you try to work out some schemes to get a little new business for us?"

"Have."

"Oh, ye have, heh? Since when?"

Valory's new schemes had been conceived and developed during the time the president had taken in sneering "Since when?" and patting his whiskers as though he were congratulating them on having said it. But it was in the authoritative manner of one who has revolved his problem for years that Valory whipped out: "How about sending a man round to the biggest offices near here on pay day? And maybe some East River factories? To accept deposits on the spot? Lots of clerks would put in something every week if they didn't have to take the trouble of going to the bank."

"Huh. Well, it might be worth thinking of. We'll talk about it."

Valory paraded back to the cage. Twice during the day the junior teller was distinctly polite to him, and once the assistant bookkeeper asked his advice about writing movie scenarios. He became agreeably superior, and he thought up sixteen distinct ways of promoting the Palladium Bank. But at two-thirty-three his new dignity collapsed into gasping apologies. For at that time he looked up from counting bills to discover Miss Page standing at his window, glowering.

"I want to see you alone," she said impolitely.

"What was it?" he begged.

"Alone and at once, if I may, please."

"Y-yes. Please come this way."

While the junior teller, the accounting department, the president, the treasurer, the porter and two depositors watched his feeble progress, he got through the cage—his knees perfectly worthless for walking—and led her back to the directors' room. In his nervous progress he wanted to turn back to look at her, but he kept on.

The directors' room was dim—and he wanted to see! He yanked up a shade and light so thick with dust that it glistened like honey crept across the long rosewood table, the cobalt blue of the carpet, the deep crimson and black and rusty brown in the portraits of ex-presidents of the bank. He turned toward her and for the first time he saw her without bronze bars between them. She was more slight and tired than, in the spell of her frivolity, he had ever realized.

She was staring at him in turn. For a second a smile rose to the surface of her anger. But it sank, and she flung at him:

"I couldn't make much out of the explanations of your fussy old president, but I've finally thought it out. The loans you made me were personal loans advanced by yourself."

"Yes."

"Why did you do it? I'm not a charity patient."

"Why shouldn't I? I'd have charged you the same percentage as the bank would."

"But it makes me furious to have been treated like a child, fooled, teased ——"

He sat on the edge of the directors' table, looking at her in the ooze of thick sunshine, amid the richness of tapestries and dark wood. He said casually: "I never realized you wore pumps. I never could see from the cage. When you turned away I could only see your heels."

"For that matter, my dear man, I never realized you wore shoes at all. I'm relieved to find that you have legs too. I thought you were a statue bust."

"I'm not. I'm practically human. But I will admit that taking care of you is the first amusing thing I've done in years. I don't apologize for having fooled you. In fact, I'm going to continue it. You will be sick of this city struggle in less than a year. You're not trained for it. You need care."

"But"—angrily—"does it occur to you that I may already have a number of charming young males desirous of caring for me?"

"No, I sha'n't let it occur to me. Did it ever occur to you that I was a human being? The only trouble with a young woman of your kind—I suppose you're what's called 'a well-bred girl'—your chief fault is that you can't conceive that people you meet in business may function almost like the people whose families you know."

"No, that isn't true. I've wondered about you—as a person—with your funny, dark, sophisticated face, there in the cage, like a poet behind bars."

"Honestly?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Miss Page! Are you engaged to be married? I mean, very fatally and unavoidably engaged?"

"I'm—I really don't see why I should tell you. Please let's return to the business ——"

"Are you? Oh, I know how unimportant I have been to you ——"

"Oh, please, please, please don't bully me! Can't you see I'm trying to be sane? You—you've been only too ridiculously important to me!"

She walked swiftly to him, held out her hand as she went on: "I think you're trying to tell me you like me, and I think I'm glad. You see, the day you gave me the second loan, for a hundred—well, I hadn't eaten but one meal in forty-eight hours, and I was going quietly back home to kill myself if I didn't get the money. You reached out from the bars and gave me back my life."

Then she was in the seat vacuously occupied at directors' meetings by J. Swann Ebenflicker; her face was on her arms, and she was crying, while he shyly stroked her hair.

She raised her head to say furiously: "I never thought I'd fall so low in egotism that I'd be grateful. Thank heaven I'll get over it. In fact, right now let me say that I never have liked your collars."

"Please come out and help me buy some you do like," he said meekly.

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CONSTRUCTED ON THE

MAD HACK HENDERSON

(Continued from Page 25)

"Look at Dave and me, general! We're
pretty pair to ransom now, ain't we? My
air is red—his is white. I'm good-lookin'
e'll admit, but I got freckles all over me
ike a speckled heifer, while Dave has al-
most got a harelip. The Army wouldn't
ansom us. They wouldn't bother. They'd
ust mark us two ciphers missing. Our
utfit's wagging right along without us al-
eady—right along. Fifteen minutes and
's roll call. 'Privates Galloway and Hen-
erson absent and unaccounted for,' says the
op. 'Noted,' says the cap. 'Fall out for
reakfast,' says the top, and the incident is
losed—unless we turn up. In that case we
'oth draw a court."

The general appeared to weigh this argu-
ent and to be somewhat impressed by it,
hereupon he looked disappointed but
rightened up with: "But your mamma?
our papa?" with the accent that way on
e last syllable, suggested the thrifty
andit hopefully.

"My pa and ma are sure going to feel
ighty bad about me," confessed Hack,
but they're poor. Ransom? Say, in these
d H. C. L. days they're keepin' busy ran-
ming my little brothers and sisters from
d Mister Wolf."

Again the general looked disappointed.

"Nop!" urged Hack, taking courage.
You got the wrong pair, general, but you
on't need to go to the bother of taking us
ack. Just turn us loose and we'll be willin'
go back ourselves, and no questions
ked."

A curl of scorn came to the proud thin
. The bland eyes narrowed fiercely and
owed with a bitter hatred that had been
nningly concealed there all the time.

"Loose!" he snarled. "Turn loose! You
vade my country! You kill two my men!
your Army—if somebody does not ran-
m you, we pick out you eyes, we cut off
ju hands and you feet—then you can
alk back, as you say!"

The hard eyes glittered with an ecstasy of
uel joy at the picture of two men walking
ck across leagues of desert, sightless,
otless, handless, and he laughed quite as
ausedly as Hack had laughed a few mo-
ents before.

"God!" groaned Dave. "My flesh is
awling already, Hack! Talk to him
etty. Don't mad him any more."

"That's the trouble," deduced Hack. "I
len talking to him too pretty."

He feigned a frown and manifested a
ld spirit.

"Hop to it, partner!" he said, "but if
er you so much as touch a hair of the
ad of an American soldier you know
at that'll get you! They'll hunt you
umb to Panama!"

But the general laughed outright at
ts—laughed till tears overflowed his eyes.

"Somebody killed two captains down by
rrizal—or was one a lieutenant?—and
thing happened to the killers," taunted
e young gallant when he could get his
eath.

"What answer you got for that, huh?"
rmured the pessimistic Dave.

"I haven't got none," growled Hack.
"d like, by heck, to know who has."

But the laughter died out of the eyes of
e Mexican chieftain. In its place ap-
ared a covetous gleam. He moistened
a eager lip and it was plain that greater
en than thirst for a blood vengeance was
h lust for money.

"The Army will not ransom you? The
ther and mother will not ransom you?
Maybe then you got sweetheart?"

The intimation was unescapable.

"Sweetheart? You bet!" boasted Hack,
spirits rising at a piquant memory. "But
s, she hasn't got no money at all! She
h n't got shoes on her feet even! But she's
sne looker," he drooled vainly, "even if
sl is as poor as dirt and herds her old
nn's goats. Chona Machado—you know
h?"

Perhaps the general started at the name,
al perhaps the sight of that egged the
d ing Hack on to sillier vauntings.

"She has got them soft dark eyes that
ju grab onto your soul like fishhooks.
Sh's got long black eyebrows and there's
sne peach color on her cheeks that comes
ou through all her tan, and lips that are
re like the red of a California cherry. And
teh? General, you never saw anything
wite till you saw those teeth of Chona's."

"And does she love you? A gringo?"
sried the general incredulously, artfully.

"Like a world on fire!" boasted Hack. "Say, if she knew ——"

"She shall know!" laughed the general in exulting cadences that suggested the malicious cachinnations of a jackal. "She shall know."

The dark eyes kindled again with the fire of cold cruelty. Hack's face suddenly paled.

"You fool!" growled Dave. "Now you've dragged her into it!"

"I never thought about that," admitted Hack, and trembled from head to foot.

The bandit leader walked over and roused three or four of the sleeping men and appeared to give quick excitable instructions, at the meaning of which the troopers could only guess.

"You done it all right," reproached Dave, "with that darned loose wabbling tongue of yours," as he saw three men making for their horses. "They're going for that girl. They'll bring her here and show you before your own eyes what's coming to a *paisano* skirt that has a gringo for a sweetheart. Lovely people, ain't they?"

Trooper Henderson was depressed and silent, watching moodily the preparations of these three men for instant departure.

"Dave," he muttered presently, "we got to get loose! We got to get horses! We got to get back to old man Machado's wikiup before these dinges get there theirselves."

"Swell chance!" opined Dave. "Do we get any breakfast, I inquire? I smell *frijoles* that's been parked somewhere in those embers ever since we camped and it looks like this *mestizo* here is getting ready to make tortillas. If they would give us anything to eat they'd probably untie our hands to eat it with."

"They would, I reckon. And by the time my hands was free a few minutes my feet'd be accidentally free, and if we could beat a couple of these *hombres* to their rifles ——"

"We had rifles last night."

"Yeh—we did! But it was night and we run into 'em sudden."

But in so far as these two young men entertained any hope that their captors might remember them at breakfast time they were doomed to disappointment. The camp roused, stretched itself, breakfasted, gathered in its mounts and prepared to move, but it gave the prisoners neither food nor drink. The only attention paid to them was when a pair of *paisanos* approached, looked their shoes over, removed them and donned them with grunts of satisfaction.

Yet the band did not move, even though it had been ready since sunup, even to mounting each prisoner barebacked and tying his feet beneath his horse's belly. The young man of the pretty clothes whom Dave had dubbed the picture actor and whom Hack still diplomatically addressed as "general" held his command *in situ*, kept a watchful eye to the northward and from time to time sent an observer to a near-by eminence.

"What's the idea, Hack, you reckon?" speculated Dave, whose bruised face was gradually screwing up to protect his eyes from the increasing sunlight, for both the men had been hatless since the encounter which had resulted in their capture.

"Why, if they're still tied to this notion of a ransom they must have sent word over somehow to the captain and they probably've got pickets out to see what sort of a rise they get—whether it's the old paymaster coming with a jingle in his saddlebags, or whether it's the captain coming with the whole blame troop, Rio Grande or no Rio Grande."

"If it is the troop," moaned Dave, "they'd be pulling a boner, for these pirates would just split our throats and depart."

"I'd feel kind of proud, at that, to think they come after us," said Hack humbly, wistfully.

"Which do you figure?"

Dave could be pessimistic, but he could not be philosophically hopeless.

"I wisht I figured either one, but I don't. Fact is I been thinking about Chona. It wasn't such a sucker play to bring that girl into the game. She's got just Indian enough in her to be cunning. I'm beginning to pin my hopes to her."

Trooper David Galloway groaned.

"They might as well back us up against the wall right now for any faith I've got in that little squaw!"

A snarl broke out of Hack's parched throat.

"Who you calling a squaw?" he demanded. "If I wasn't tied on this cayuse I'd knock you off of that one—if you wasn't tied on."

"Buddy," placated Dave, "I will not take advantage of your hopeless position. I will withdraw the objectionable language. Chona is not a squaw. She is an Indian maiden and her name is Laughing Water."

"She's not all Indian. She ain't even hardly fifty-fifty," argued Hack. "In fact, she's the big half Spanish."

"And the worst half—if you ask me."

"I don't ask you, and there's no worst half to that dusky little queen, I'm telling you. She's smart. She'll be too darned cute for 'em."

"My tongue's getting too thick for conversation," said Dave, by way of getting away from an idea so unpromising that it was distasteful.

"I would give my next furlough for three drops of water," admitted Hack.

A man cantered up and reported something to the general. The general heard him out, waved him back, took position at the head of his small command and led it out of the gulch at that little dog trot at which the *paisano* likes to ride. Sometimes this trot was quickened to a gallop, sometimes it was slowed to a walk; but the movement continued with minor halts till well past noon, when camp was made at a ruined corral with crumbling walls of adobe buildings about and a well at which both man and beast took water thirstily.

When the prisoners were finally untied from their horses each risked a shot by plunging headlong at the tree-hollowed trough in which the horses drank. But instead of shooting, the Mexicans only laughed at their antics as with hands still lashed behind them they plunged their faces into the water, sucked it over swollen tongues into parched throats and occasionally threw their heads back like birds to let the cooling fluid trickle down the outside of their necks as well as inside, but only to bury their faces in the water once more.

"Wait a bit now," commanded Hack when he had drunk one-fourth as much as he wanted and judged that Dave must have done about the same, "or we'll kill our fool selves. They let us drink now; they'll let us drink again after a while."

On arrival at the corral a scrawny steer had run away from the watering trough and it now came hopefully back, but only to meet a rifle shot that brought it down kicking. While some men attacked the carcass with their knives others were making a fire, and presently a Mexican mulligan was concocting in a huge simmering pot that appeared to be all that remained of whatever culinary utensils had once abounded at the place.

"Maybe we eat," said Dave, sitting back upon his heels and sniffing hopefully in the direction of the fire.

But again hope was dissected from their bosoms. The Mexicans were apparently incapable of such charitable intentions toward temporary prisoners who would either be ransomed or executed within the compass of a few hours. If they were ransomed their comrades would feed them; if they were not, what matter a few pangs of hunger more or less? Such, no doubt, the *peon* ratiocination.

The prisoners were not even permitted to lie upon their sides as in the night, but at a terse order from the general were lashed to two of the four well posts. But to accomplish this the hands, bound behind the back till wrists were swollen and shoulders and elbows ached, were untied and lashed straight down beside the bodies. This in itself was some relief, but the effect did not last long. Slowly the sun wheeled westward, its afternoon rays burning into their unprotected faces.

"It's hot—hotter than the hinges of hell," complained Hack.

"I'll say it is!" concurred Dave.

Flies and smaller insects attacked in swarms their battered features. In vain they twisted their necks and distorted their lips, seeking to blast these winged tormentors away with breaths.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Hack. "I'm getting all flyblown."

"Don't mention it!" withered Dave.

"But I'm standing on an ant's nest too," detailed Hack. "They're crawling up my legs! They're biting me! They're eating me alive!"

"What are ants?" inquired Dave pettishly. "There's a yellow jacket setting down on the bridge of my nose."

For another hour the men turned and fidgeted.

"Ain't this hell?" inquired Hack.

"I'll say it is!" concurred Dave, which was two concurrences in two hours, a record for a man like him, who was constitutionally in the objective case.

"*Agua! Agua!*" Hack demanded when a man came to the well and drank.

Dave twisted his neck and looked at Hack critically—pityingly almost. Hack had got a terrible crack on the head with a rifle or pistol butt. His voice sounded strange and queer. It was just possible that the heat and the suffering and the blow were going to old Hack's head a trifle.

"You'll never get it, buddy, asking that-a-way," chided Dave, but chided gently.

"Darned if I'll whine for it!" broke out Hack in his natural voice once more. "I'm a U. S. soldier, I am!"

"That's right too," agreed Dave again with a glance of admiration at his tormented pal. "Let's don't forget that, Hack, no matter what happens!"

"You better believe!" announced Trooper Henderson stoutly, but in a minute he was rather off again, tossing restlessly in his bonds, muttering and then staring excitedly dead in front of him, eyes set on distance. Did he see a dust cloud out there, or did he not? Was it a mirage? He made out plainly as many as four troops of cavalry advancing on a wide front—colors flying, captains at the head of their troops, lieutenants leading their platoons, sergeants and corporals with an eye on their squads—in as perfect a formation as if they were on parade at the cavalry school in Fort Riley. The long line came on at the trot. It lengthened till it filled the whole horizon. Hack's pain-tortured soul had never before caught the full grandeur of the cavalry maneuver.

The horses broke into a gallop. More magnificent still! They moved across the desert with a kind of flowing motion. His vision became marvelously acute. He saw the animals plainly, the play of their shoulder muscles, the sweep of their legs, the nice precision with which they planted their feet. He noted the suppleness of their wonderful riders, the trim of their shoulders, the set of their faces, the lifting of their sabers; and then he saw them quicken their speed from the gallop to the charge. Sabers flashed in air! A chorus of mad yells broke out! They—they were charging—charging to rescue him and old Dave here! A sense of great dignity came over Hack—a sense of power and greatness and self-importance. He was the ambassador of a great country—the greatest country in the world. His comrades would come on. They would wrap the Stars and Stripes about him. They would say to these bandits, "Shoot if you dare!"

An ant bit him and he came out of it with a jerk. He was still hanging to the old well post. The dust at which he had been looking was the smoke of the fire. Round it the Mexicans sat in a wide circle sucking bones vociferously.

"Reckon they'll come after us?" inquired Dave, bringing up that subject whereupon he had speculated once before.

"N-n-naw!" said Hack stoutly.

"Down Brownsville way, when a private went across and only after mescal and the spigs grabbed him a young lieutenant swam over and brought him back."

"And the young lieutenant drew a court, too, if you happen to mind."

Dave tossed impatiently in his bonds, making the old well frame rattle.

Hack felt his mind putting slowly out to sea once more, when it was recalled sharply as the camp became suddenly filled with the sound of trotting horses that broke into the gallop preparatory to the usual Mexican flourish in coming to a halt with sliding haunches. But this flourish took place behind the ruined wall where the general—having eaten first and off the tenderest morsels of the stew—had for some time been wrapped in the unconscious refreshment of his afternoon siesta. Yet Hack and Dave were accorded immediate hint of what went on behind there by the shrill protesting voice of a woman uttering herself in high denunciatory key. This time it was

(Continued on Page 122)

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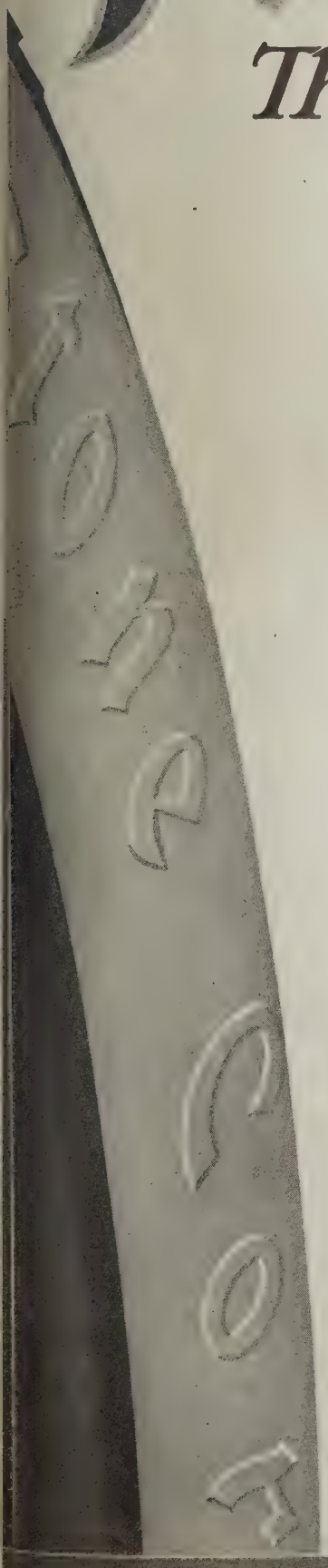

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(Continued from Page 119)

Hack's well post that creaked as his wearied body, sagging in its bonds, abruptly straightened up.

"Chona!" he murmured, and stood blinking.

The language in which she spoke was to the troopers the familiar but little-comprehended tongue of Northern Mexico, yet the tone of it, the flood of speech in scalding geyser jets, in phrases that cracked and blistered like the lash of a whip, was perfectly intelligible, and it told of a female spirit rampant, of a woman who refused to be awed or cowed by whatever outrage had been put upon her.

Hack listened with a smile.

"By golly!" he croaked excitedly. "Ain't she giving him down the country?"

They could hear the general's attempted interjections also, at first hot and angry, then growing more and more deprecatory, until at last they were almost apologetic, but Chona's wrath surged on.

"Gosh!" breathed Dave in stupid wonder. "She's getting the picture actor's goat!"

"Goat herding is her profession," chuckled Hack. "Bet she's telling him he better go a little slow shanghaiing two cavalrymen like this," he exulted, and began recklessly to prophesy. "Bet she talks us loose in five minutes! Bet we're setting right over there eating tortillas in ten minutes from now! Bet we're on horseback and started for home inside of half an hour!"

"You got your hope with you, all right!" withered Dave.

Abruptly this colloquy behind the wall ceased and the general hove in sight, escorting Chona. As the two prisoners were prepared to observe, she looked rather than the hapless captive the indignant and offended queen—aye, every inch a queen, though there were not many of the inches! Clothing she wore. It was sufficient but unimportant—sun-scorched, desert-faded, brush-torn stuffs that clung unostentatiously, subdued entirely by the personality of the girl which stood out compellingly. The lithe shapeliness of her figure, the suggestion of quick, animal-like strength, the sway of the hips, the flirt of the coquette in the switch of her shoulders, the feline grace of every movement, the regal head pose and the hot smoldering eyes as she continued to breathe out resentment at the indignities these bandits had put upon her—those were the things of which one took account. Her small bosom heaved violently, while the play of her dilated nostrils told yet more clearly how her proud spirit chafed. She did not call the leader "general" either, but addressed him as Juan and denominated him *renegado*, whereat he laughed superciliously.

"Some little she-devil, I'll say!" declared Dave, who was looking on Hack's lady love for the first time.

"She's a queen!" murmured Hack reverently.

Though the girl was walking straight at the prisoners, her eyes were still upon the general, whose expression after the last change in mood when she called him *renegado* might be described as a landscape of smiling impudence, with thunderheads appearing over the tops of the hills.

"She's riding her high horse too far. That guy's stood about enough," perceived Dave.

"Shut up!" retorted the admiration-blinded Hack. "Can't you see she's got his little nanny and it's bleatin' something frightful?"

But now the girl seemed to become aware of the prisoners and at a dozen paces halted abruptly.

"Aha!" she exclaimed with a little gasp as of satisfaction at seeing the men of this uniform in the hands of her own countrymen; and there was every sign of a quick rising hatred in the steely gaze of the eye and the tightening of the upper lip. She started forward again slowly, but with that feline, resilient stride which suggested the stalking movements of an animal, and her features grew hard, her gaze intense as she drew boldly near to the distance of a yard and peered first into the face of Dave.

"Thees man I nev' saw before," she announced in tones of tense deliberation and in English, as for the prisoner's benefit, though speaking with a pronounced accent. Then she turned to Hack, started, drew back and stared again at the man who peered at her out of a lugubriously disfigured countenance with a look of adoration and wistfulness mingled in his blue eyes. The girl drew herself up straight.

"But thees man"—and her voice rose almost to a shriek—"thees man I know ver' well! Juan," she shrilled, "I mak meestak to be mad weeth you! Thees man"—and she confronted poor Hack once more, face quivering with anger—"thees man one ver' bad *hombre!* He steal my father goat. He mak mud my father water hole! He mak eensult to me weeth hees lofe!"

She screamed out the last indictment like a wild woman and flew into an ungovernable rage. She thrust out a hissing tongue at the hapless trooper, then literally gnashed upon him with her teeth. She slapped him violently first upon one cheek and then upon the other. Finally like an aborigine she spat vindictively in his face and went raging back to the general with "Juan, I could kees you for tak thees man preesoner! You keel heem, Juan! No—you burn heem! Tie to the wall, then mak brush fire at hees foot! You burn heem slow so he can know that he cannot mak eensult with his lofe to the daughter of Jesus Machado!"

Her pose was leopardlike and her eyes, intense, eager, blazing, were fixed in pleading upon the face of the Mexican chief. But the young hidalgo was not to be rushed off his feet. When Chona had begun to rage at the prisoner Juan had looked surprised and then had laughed. When she slapped poor old Hack and spat upon him he had laughed uproariously. Now that she demanded to have him burned, this man whom he held for a precious ransom, he ceased to laugh but smiled patronizingly and chuckled, rolling a cigarette, unyielding but immensely entertained.

"No?" said the girl with sudden change of tempo. "No? You weel not avenge eensult to me? To Chona Machado? Then I will avenge it myself."

Insane with sudden fury, she snatched at the knife in the knot of the general's sash. When he evaded her she turned and leaped for a rifle in the hands of the guard. When they barred her from this she dashed upon Hack with her bare hands, nails hooked like talons.

But the general's patience was exhausted. He had planned an exquisite bit of torture for a pair of lovers and found instead that a gringo soldier had told him a boastful lie, the result of which had been to encumber his camp with a desert termagant who was impossible. Himself he seized the frenzied girl by the wrist and dragged her back, squalling. By his command her horse was brought and the escort who had come in with her flung the girl into the saddle, raging at the general all the while, demanding sometimes in English, sometimes in Mexican, the slow, sure death of Trooper Hack. With two *hombres* practically holding her in the saddle, she was ridden out of the camp, hurling maledictions on Hack to the last, with Juan—after enjoying her baffled rage—finally lifting his hands above his lowered head and shaking them loosely from the wrist as indicating that he considered his camp well rid of an unendurable person.

"Now then, what you got to say?" muttered Dave fiercely.

"Nothin'," said the humbled and astounded Hack.

"And you call her your sweetheart, huh?"

"Gosh!" mumbled Hack thickly with a profound sigh. "Me and her had some few little words night before last, but shucks—I never meant nothing like this!"

"You can't trust 'em, none of 'em—regular bobcats," condoled Dave, really feeling sorry for Hack now that a broken heart was added to his other troubles. "But the question is, old-timer, what are we up against next?"

Hack was up against the personal anger of General Juan for one thing.

"Gringo," he said, advancing and staring at Trooper Henderson, "don't lie to me again!"

Then he lifted his hand and slapped Hack first on one cheek and then upon the other, just as Chona had done—but her slaps were only stinging. The general's blows were head rocking and caused little jets of crimson to issue here and there from fractured surfaces upon the prisoner's face. The sight of the starting streams appeared to excite the general still more, but his passion was broken in upon by the sound of hoof beats, and a galloping messenger entered the camp.

Juan listened to this man's report with clouding brow and a nasty drawing away of the corners of the lower lip from his yellow teeth. He uttered two short exclamatory sentences, and lo, half a dozen men leaped at once upon Hack and Dave, loosing their bonds and then literally tearing their uniforms from their bodies. The two pairs of trousers and the two tunics, stained with drippings from their mauled faces, were made into a package. Upon this package Juan fastened some kind of written message. Meanwhile the courier had refreshed himself with food from the pot by the dying fire and exchanged his jaded mount for a rested one. As this man dropped over the rise to the north the sun sank slowly behind the western range.

"The end of a perfect day," groaned Dave.

"That's his second bluff to the captain," speculated Hack, unheeding David's sarcasm and thinking of the messenger. "Instead of sending our ears, the general's sent back our uniforms. Hello, we're going to move!"

The camp was indeed breaking up. The hobbled horses were being gathered in and men were mounting. Wearing their O. D. shirts now as outside garments, reënforced beneath by those thin issue undergarments provided by a thoughtful Government for life upon the border, where it may be hot as Hades at noonday and cold as Baffin Bay at midnight, Hack and Dave, hatless, shoeless and famished, looking like two caricatures of men, were invited once more to bestride their bareback steeds.

"Oh, Lord, but this *caballo's* spine is notchy!" groaned Hack. "It's like riding one of them old alligator saws tooth side up." While he complained his feet were being tied beneath the animal's belly, and as this process went on the two men who had ridden out with Chona returned. It was clear they had gone only a mile or two with her before that indignant young woman decided to consider herself lucky to escape further consideration of the bandits and became tractable enough to consent to strike out alone across the sandy waste to her father's home and his goats.

"Where do we go from here?" peeved Dave, completely gone in pessimism.

He got no answer, but they went—furiously. It appeared that General Juan was in a nasty mood. That message from the outside which had evoked his defiance had also disquieted him.

"The boys are coming out after us, is what I figure," theorized Hack, "and young velvet breeches is riding like Old Nick to get out of reach."

Night had fallen, but presently the moon was up and made their direction clear. It was south-southwest they rode. League after league of the desert was reeled off behind them. Then they were in mountains and at length they stopped—in a deep cañon which the rays of the moon could penetrate but dimly until bright Luna rose higher in the heavens. A faint glimmer in the darkness betrayed the presence of a pool of water and there were the ghostly shadows of walls about, yet half a dozen years of internecine strife had left their mark upon them also and they were but ruined walls.

With entry into this secluded spot a feeling of security seemed to pervade the entire troop. Horses and men were utterly fagged after this long pounding ride of twenty miles or more which had been made through darkness almost without a stop. Men slid from their saddles, slid their saddles from their horses and sank to sleep almost where the saddles fell. There was no pretense even at a guard upon the prisoners. They were merely bound hand and foot with extra care and dumped over like barley sacks. But each was feverish from famine and the small irritation of minor but open and undressed wounds that had been stung and poisoned by the noxious insects of the day. Hence they moaned and muttered in their sleep. Yet the sonorous slumberers all round were undisturbed by mutterings and moanings any more than by that shadowy shape that one-half hour after the camp had stilled appeared in the midst of them and began with slow soft footsteps to be very busy, moving hither and yon among the sleepers, bending low beside each one, searching their bodies over, sometimes even turning them as they drowsed.

Last of all this shadow came to the prisoners—and first of these to Hack. Hack—slumbering restlessly, half in his delirium, which was more pronounced than Dave's, for he had that ringing crack of the rifle butt upon his head to contend with—wakened at the touch to make out a small head and shoulders bending over him.

"*Querido! Querido!*" a voice whisper softly.

For a moment Hack thought that dreamed, but when he obeyed the impul to reach up and grasp this figure he fou to his surprise that he could do so. H hands were free and their fingers clos upon the shoulders of a woman.

"Chona!" he breathed softly, wonde ingly.

"*Querido mío! Querido mío!*" croon the girl, caressing him softly with her ha and printing tender kisses on his bruis face. "Mak not one so leetle noise."

But Hack, mind still slightly off its b ance, could not resist a gloating chuckle.

"You damn she-cat!" he gurgled. "Y fooled hell outa me!"

The girl clapped a hand over his lips.

"Sh-h-h! I fool hell outa them too." A she nodded at the stertorous sleepe round, who, unconsciously accustomed n to moanings from the prisoners, were qui undisturbed by these low-voiced murmu ings. "Wak you partner!"

Dave, without being aware that his fe and hands had been unbound while slept, had stretched into the sounder co fort this permitted and slept more deepl Hack worked him into consciousness a made him understand what had happene

"Here!" whispered Chona, and hu over the shoulders of each two bandole of cartridges so that they crossed upon t breast and looked like the regalia of a c ored lodge. "Now tak you guns!"

She thrust into the hands of each a rif and they saw that her small breast also w double crossed with cartridge belts a that she, too, bore a rifle.

"Thees way! Hol' my han' and mak n one so leetle noise with your foots," the g commanded, and led them softly witho the circle of the camp, the two steppi warily, and fearful lest in the filteri shadow light some rousing sleeper shou discern their escape. But no bandit wake and the girl conducted them for one hu dred yards down the narrow cañon, th stopped, and ignoring Dave entirely thre her arms about Hack and looked up wi rapture into his face, her head thrown bac her smiling features illumined by the moo

"You theenk I'm smart some?" she d manded, childishly pleased with her explo

"I sure do, queen!" averred Ha proudly.

"I'm smart some more than that yet she laughed softly. "*Tres caballos alli!*"

She pointed to where the shadows three tethered horses appeared behind t shelving bank.

"Dog-gone! You brought horses?"

"No, I peek out their horses."

"Gosh, but you are smart!"

"I'm smarter some more than that shrugged the girl, so happy at Hack's a miration that she could barely refrain fro laughing aloud, and produced from behi a rock an old canvas sack and a cantee The sack contained cold tortillas and mea The canteen was full. The men slosh water from it into their mouths and throa and then wolfed down the food.

"I feel like a human being again," a mitted Dave.

It was the first word he had spoken.

"But how the hell ——" began Hac and suddenly his mind was opened to t mystery of it all.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Chona softl "When my escorts are return I snik ba slow. I see Juan break camp; I get t meat and tortillas from what they lea and all night I ride not ver' far behind."

"You can't never tell nothin' about 'e at all," conceded Dave, deeply impresse looking at Hack but speaking of Chona.

The girl was urging them toward t horses, but Hack's food had gone to h head. He was feeling refreshed an stronger, but his delirium had returned.

"I'm going back and get me a spig," h boasted thickly.

"You darn fool!" exploded Dave.

But Chona marked her lover's wil strange manner understandingly.

"I'm going back and get their guns—something!" persisted Hack.

A radiant smile lighted Chona's feature and drove away concern.

"I'm hid their guns already," she e plained. "Their peestol, knife—every thing. Not for one month can they fin them eef they look all time."

Hack stood a moment dumfounde "You stripped 'em, little pal?"

"*Seguro!*" answered the girl with shrug, and again turned toward the horse

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But Hack still stood, amazement and admiration at and for the girl mingled with self-reproach upon his distraught countenance.

"I didn't get myself loose—a girl did it," he murmured accusingly. "I didn't disarm that bunch—a girl did it! Well, I'm double dod-gasted! Then"—with an air of profound conviction—"I'm going back and herd every darn one of 'em on foot ahead of us like cattle, plumb back to our own outfit."

Dave gazed a moment at that stubborn, deranged expression, then turned and looked at Chona.

"He's gone bug-house! Loco! You sabe?"

Chona nodded comprehension. Anxiously she dragged Hack toward a horse.

"Be darned if I will!" he snapped irritably. "I'm going back and get 'em! It ain't more than forty miles to the border. We can walk 'em in in two days."

"Loco! Plumb loco!" bemoaned Dave.

"*Querido mío! Querido mío!*" crooned the girl, a note of fright in her voice.

Dave laid a coaxing hand upon his comrade's shoulder. "It's been tough, old pal, but we're ——"

Hack flung him off roughly. "I'm a U. S. soldier, I am!" he declared, remembering all his grievances. "They sniped at me, beat me, stripped me, starved me! I'm not goin' sneaking back to our outfit with a story of what happened to me! I'm going under escort, I am, by the men that took me away!"

This was not demented man's talk exactly, but it was under the circumstances a demented idea, for while they had escaped and had mounts and Chona with the unerring Indian instinct would guide them back if no mishap occurred, mishap was liable to occur. Suppose they encountered any one of the roving bands of Carranzista or Villista soldiery which infested the district? The two Americans would put up a fight, but they must in the end fall or be captured, while Chona would fare less fortunately than she had in the camp of Juan.

Yet what could one do under circumstances like this with a brave madman but humor him, or, if the situation be critical enough, obey him? And the situation was critical. Besides, the madman with all his stubbornness was very canny. He did not venture on rousing the camp in the darkness, but daylight found "General" Hack Henderson sitting on his horse in the midst of the sleeping troop, bleary-eyed, muttering but determined. Trooper Dave was also mounted by his side. Chona was nowhere in sight.

With a harsh shout Hack brought the general and his band into wakefulness. There were a rubbing of eyes, a chorus of angry grunts and exclamations of dismay, a hasty reaching for weapons that produced a series of disconcerting discoveries resulting in complete bewilderment, during which state a line of seventeen helpless Mexicans, standing at a distance of three feet from each other, was created in the spot where the camp had been and dressed in column where, at a single unauthorized movement, Hack's rifle could cut the rash person down. Hack might be an unerring shot or he might not be, but nobody, it appeared, cared to make the experiment which would determine this fact; not even Juan, whom Hack had ordered to the rear of the column, nearest to himself.

It was Juan's hands therefore that Dave first bound behind him, making a corking good job of it. Juan protested haughtily, proudly, but unsuccessfully. A general? A hidalgo? Such treatment! It was outrageous! But Dave with sections from their own reatas was moving from man to man, binding as he went.

"And, believe me, I cinched 'em tight!" he declared, coming back to mount again. When from between the animal's ears he saw how helplessly meek this line of captives looked he turned to Hack and conceded: "You ain't so darned loco at that!"

Hack muttered at him angrily out of those narrowed, bloodshot eyes. His face was swollen with bruises and insect bites till it looked like a huge pumpkin with slits in it, and a kind of moroseness had come upon him.

For an hour he did not speak, then suddenly blurted, "There's one thing I forgot," and rode along the column deliberately, sweeping off every tall hat. To the resulting growl he answered: "You damn *hombres* rode me two days without a hat. Now I'll walk you a couple that way."

All day this column plodded forward slowly—not more than two and one-half miles an hour, but forward. Hack's delirium grew more pronounced. He muttered continually, at times talked wildly, boastfully. But his canniness, his ferocity, never deserted him. With bowed heads and weary legs the prisoners shuffled along and as they shuffled began to moan: "*Agua! Agua!*"

"Water? Blast you!"

Hack rode along the line, taking an ostentatious drink from the upturned gushing canteen Chona's thoughtfulness had provided. "Water! Ha, ha! You rode me twenty-four hours without water! I'll walk you twenty-four without it!"

And Dave, knowing well enough that this insane freak of Hack's exposed them doubly—yes, trebly—to the dangers that infested the way ahead, nevertheless not only stuck loyally by his mad-mullah buddy but obeyed him unquestioningly. One reason for this, however, was that Hack's tactics were excellent. For instance, Chona had not disappeared so completely as it seemed. She was merely scouting on ahead, keeping well out of sight of the marching prisoners, who tramped sullenly with eyes upon the ground. Had one of General Juan's dispatch riders appeared upon that trail it is likely Chona would have dropped into ambush, and she might have let fly a bullet that would have given him something else to think about for a time. But none did appear. This perhaps was because Chona, framed for an instant on a crest where prearrangement had taught the eye of mad Hack Henderson to look, made a human semaphore of herself and was gone. When the column reached in due course this rise Trooper Hack turned his squad of prisoners due northward, off the beaten track, through a crack of the mountains and out upon the flat of the desert.

When night came on Hack ordered a halt and his prisoners dropped in their tracks. General Juan protested bitterly that his feet and hands should be untied.

"You kept mine tied two nights," said Hack. "This is only your first one."

Juan clamored also for food.

"Yeh!" remembered Hack. "You gave me and my buddy a lot of grub, didn't you now?" Before Juan's eyes he and Dave ate the last of that with which Chona had supplied them.

Then while Dave stood guard Hack rode off into the dusk for a trysting with Chona. It seemed that she could make this old desert produce many things. She had water and in an undiscernible crack of the rocks a fire over which a young jack rabbit was broiling. Here she bathed Hack's wounds, cleansed them, squeezed into them the juice of a strange-looking plant that burned like flame, but a flame that presently went out and left a delicious sense of healing behind. Chona had also brewed in a small silver cup that she slung about her neck like an ornament a concoction that she gave him to drink, and when he went back to the prisoners his fever was down, facial swellings had begun to depart and his delirium was almost gone.

But he still clung to his one idea. He made Dave lie down and sleep while he kept guard; yet as he guarded he thought more of Chona, curled up yonder like a fox in the nest her saddle blanket made in the rocks, than he did about getting back to his outfit. When half the night was gone—and he determined this by his own watch which Dave had salvaged that morning from the wrist of a peon—he called that faithful ally to stand his trick and laid himself down to sleep.

Morning found him much refreshed. One would have said he was not mad at all any more, unless it was because he took two extra canteens of water—now mysteriously at their dry camp—and himself went along the line of the prisoners standing shackled and in column ready for the resumption of the march.

"Up! Up!" he commanded as to an elephant into whose mouth one is about to throw a handful of oats, and when the men threw back their heads with parched mouths open wide he poured into each a dash of water, laughing as the prisoners lapped and gurgled, much as they had laughed when he and Dave two days before had plunged their faces into the horse trough.

And all day once more the file of prisoners, which must have looked from a distance like a gray caterpillar with two horsemen attached behind, inched slowly northward. Here and there, both to eastward and westward, appeared clouds of dust upon the horizon, clouds that told where parties of horsemen moved, but the canniness of Hack led him carefully to avoid all these. His walking horses raised no dust; he hoped to creep by unobserved. Yon might be Carranzistas — they might be Villistas. In either case they were parties he did not wish to meet.

But at noon—or perhaps it was afternoon, though the sun still shone brightest—there appeared upon a rise to the left, not dust but a squad of horsemen halted. Hack looked at them long. They were a good two miles away, but in that clear atmosphere they loomed so plain, so still, so statuesque that they were picturelike. Hack feared that he was seeing things again. He would not risk Dave's scorn at calling his attention to a mirage—Dave who drowsed in his saddle. Abruptly the squad moved—or did it fade out slowly like a dissolving view? Anyway, it was gone and, anyway, the careful Hack veered his marching squad more toward the right.

But a few minutes later another squad or the same one appeared upon the rise to the right. Hack rubbed his eyes and veered the march to the left again. This squad, however, did not disappear. It came straight on, moving at a trot, and the formation was familiar. A great lump came into Hack's throat. He turned and prodded Dave into wakefulness.

"Look! Is it, or ain't it?"

"Goshamighty!" exclaimed Dave. "Yonder!" And he pointed dead ahead. "Yonder!"

Why, certainly there was a second squad, and—and a third! Hack's eyes became strangely blurred. The desert foreground was full of trotting horses.

"There's a troop of 'em at least!" stammered Dave.

Four men—a major and his aide, a captain and his orderly—detached themselves from the general equestrian pageant, rode forward at a gallop and halted to survey this curious procession of the bound, sweating, trudging Mexicans, with—goading them forward—two men on horses, strangely clad, but who sat their saddles like cavalrymen and whose right hands came smartly up in salute.

"Who are you?" demanded the major sharply, as majors always demand things.

"Privates Henderson and Galloway, Troop E, sir."

"For the love of the Lord! And who are these people?"

"They kidnapped us and held us for ransom, sir," answered Hack, and hesitated a moment between leaving Chona out of the story—and thus pretending to be a better man than he was—and bringing her in and having some of these brown cattle in front of him, just plain devils on the hoof that they were, exact a cruel vengeance upon her later. "But—but we kind of dehorsed 'em and brought 'em in, sir."

The major grunted unbelievingly, but the light of pride was in his eye.

"Of course it would have been Troop E men that pulled that stunt," chuckled the captain proudly, and there was Hack's and Dave's troop commander beaming on them.

"Troopers Henderson and Galloway," hailed the major, "I congratulate you. You have borne yourselves like true soldiers—like cavalrymen. I shall see that this exploit is suitably recognized. Advance with your prisoners!"

At such words from a major, Trooper Henderson's throat was all constricted—he was feeling weak and all mussed up in his emotions.

"They—they did come after us," he stammered, turning to Dave.

"Why, of course, we came after you!" exclaimed the captain, who had ridden closer. "The major turned the whole squadron out. Come after you?" The captain was a little outraged. "Why, what do you think we would do? For three days we have been conducting an unofficial invasion. We've been combing every mile of a strip forty miles wide and a hundred miles long. How we ever missed you this long—but, say, haven't—haven't you seen troops moving all day?"

"I saw dust, but I was afraid of it," admitted Hack. "I didn't know whose dust it was."

As they moved slowly toward the border, gradually the most of Troop E was gathered in and followed the two scantily garmented cavalrymen and their prisoners into camp with the entire aggregation—in defiance of discipline—whistling Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! Even the major and the captain were whistling.

"Well, pal, you got your escort all right," remembered Dave.

"Yes, but I'm miserable," confessed Hack, and bestowed upon his friend a look that Trooper Galloway understood.

"Don't be!" counseled Dave. "The only man that could tell 'em the truth about the start of our little invasion is the guy that sniped at you, and it ain't our fault if his own friends bumped him off, is it?"

The significance of that hesitation before the last two words was not lost upon Hack, and yet Dave had not plumbed him with complete accuracy.

"But you know we're not the kind of heroes they're making out—because we can't tell about Chona."

"Hack," said Dave solemnly as his mind sketched over the entire adventure, "at that, you're some hero, I'll say!"

Trooper Henderson noted the utter absence of cynicism in this statement of his buddy's and was moved by it.

The post surgeon washed and sterilized the two troopers' facial contusions. They were bathed and fed and put to rest upon the softest beds in the camp. They slept soundly. So—after three days of strenuous going—did everyone else, saving only those whom duty compelled to be awake, and it would seem that possibly one of these nodded slightly, for when morning came, lo, the bull pen which contained the prisoners was empty of their leader, General Juan. But the investigation which resulted was so ostentatiously clamorous, yet actually so lightly pursued, that it might have been inferred that the escape of the entire band would not have been regarded as an especial calamity. The fact was that in the present state of things upon the border prisoners were rather a complication. There was an understanding current that the patrol officer who sent too many embarrassments of that sort up to division headquarters—each one of which might lead to fresh international complications—would find himself frowned upon.

But there was one man who worried nothing about international complications. He believed in them. This was Trooper Hack Henderson. He roused in the morning to take breakfast and learned with some disgust that his prize prisoner had escaped, but he drowsed off to sleep again immediately. All day he slept and ate at intervals. About sunset it appeared that Nature's balance was somewhat restored. He rose, treated himself to a shave that for obvious reasons had to be very carefully conducted, and then—being somewhat privileged under the circumstances—discharged himself from the hospital.

The long dusk was over. The brilliant moon was mounting and Trooper Hack, spick-and-span in the uniform that perforce was new from top to toe, sauntered out—out into the silvery radiance of yon complacent swimming luminary, out into the desert and down to a familiar spot by the river. There Chona met him.

"*Querido mío!*" she exclaimed, embracing him rapturously, then holding him off to admire. "Ah! They geeve you much honor, what?"

"*Mucho,*" smiled Hack. "But say, General Juan vamoosed! What do you know about that now?"

"I'm know all about it," smiled the dusky minx with a shrug of her small shoulders.

"No?"—incredulously. "You darn little she-cat!"

"Juan is my brother," Chona explained. "He been ver' bad to my father and ver' bad to his own countree. But ——"

"But why the Sam Hill then," demanded the astounded Hack, "did you let me tie him and march him and bring him in? He'll kill you if he finds it out."

"You weel not tell heem, *querido?*" inquired Chona with sauce piquant in her inflection and a pert maneuvering of the upper lip. "I deed that to punish heem and so—so your *capitán* would geeve you much honor. Did he geeve you much honor?" she queried again naïvely.

"Much honor," admitted Hack. "But you ——"

"And you, when you marry me, weel you not geeve me much honor?"

And this is why Trooper Hack Henderson looks anxiously forward to the day of his discharge. He has it figured out that there is money in goat farming and has been known to creep off and spend hours alone in a pup tent drawing pictures of bungalows in the sand.

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A pair of these beautiful Auto Boots will protect milady's feet from cold, rain, snow, slush and chilly winds, wherever she may go in winter. They take the place of arctics and are very much more stylish and shapely.

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BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

The Auto Boot is made by the manufacturers of the famous Top Notch rubbers. These rubbers are different from ordinary rubbers. They are as dressy and trim-looking as the very latest styles in shoes.

And as for wear—these light, graceful rubbers are far more durable than heavy, clumsy ones. Every vital point of wear is reinforced and they have patented "heels that last as long as the soles."

There's a Top Notch dealer in almost every town or city who can show you the Auto Boot and Top Notch rubbers. Write for the name of the dealer in your town and for our attractive Booklet C.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Beacon Falls, Conn., Dept. C

New York Boston Chicago Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 27)

her way and she had fourteen mile to do anyway; and there was a dance in the schoolroom that night and she wasn't going to miss that. Her boy was home on leave and he was coming to dinner at her house, and of course the soldier would deliver the letters. They wouldn't take him a foot out of his way, not a foot.

"Of course," Roger said. "Give them to me and go on. I can't stick this pace."

She looked him over, surprised. "Did you get it?" she asked.

"Yes, gassed."

"So was Jim, last year," she grinned. "Three months blighty. I was parlormaid at the vicarage then."

"Parlormaid?" he repeated incredulously.

"'I must take what I can get,' Miss Vaughan said," the girl repeated cheerfully; "but there was not enough to eat and so I chucked it. D'ye see that oak? Look. You put your hand in the hole, and there's nine letters. Then you go up the lane to the right."

"When did you leave them?"

"Some yesterday, some the day before." She tossed her head at his surprise, and laughed. "You can tell 'em if you like. If the post office sacks me I can go into munitions at Castlechepe at thribble the wages, only my mother's poorly and wants me home. I say, will you have the price of a Woodbine?"

Roger declined the proffered tuppence to buy cigarettes, and followed in the wake of this rushing postgirl hurrying to her soldier lover. Two letters in the oak, he found by the postmark, had been five days here. As he delivered the nine, one by one, at lonely wayside cottages he apologized for the delay; but he found everybody thankful to get them at all.

He learned with amusement that this artless village letter carrier had sent him two miles out of his way. He might have kept straight on to the front door of Dundry Towers. Now he was approaching the place from the back by way of the kennels and the home farm. Foxhounds? Oh, yes; rough kennels knocked together for the best drafts from the pack which His Grace had broken up in the shires when he had sold his estate there. Roger went along a lonely path beneath cluster pines to the sound of baying hounds and finally turned the corner of a small rough structure of concrete. A white-haired old man stared moodily through the bars at the hounds, whose paws were on the sill, their heads close together, their sterns waving like snakes. The man turned.

"Eight couples," he said mournfully without greeting. "Fifty-one couples on the 30th July, 1914."

He took bits of dog biscuit from the sagging pocket of his old tweed coat and gave one to each hound.

He was a tall spare man of nearly seventy. His rugged wizened face, irregular in shape, told of dry humor. His eyes, set slantwise, were the kind that glint with a mellowed cynicism on an inferior world. But his relaxed figure was almost drooping, the lines of the face were flaccid, and the eyes were slack; a melancholy figure of dignity, who soliloquized in jerky sentences of the lost glories of the pack.

"Cinnabar—Cinnamon—a great hound, that."

A hound puppy came lumbering round the corner. As it slobbered with ungainly antics at his feet he studied its points with an absorbed interest, and his dull eyes brightened as he evidently approved.

"Out of Lady Margaret by Cinnabar," he said, glancing at Roger with an expression of satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," Roger answered. He wished to be in kindly sympathy so he added: "Looks a promising dog."

The old gentleman turned on him with the expression of one who has cast pearls before swine. Roger knew that he had failed in the language of sport, and made a vow that he would never volunteer another sentence about sporting matters to an Englishman. He was made to feel that he had lost caste.

The kennelman, a burly, red-haired figure in a white-duck overall, approached.

"Jenkins," the old man demanded, "did Martock walk this puppy?"

The rough red face showed embarrassment. "He wouldn't walk it, Your Grace."

The duke straightened and looked incredulous astonishment.

"It be so, Your Grace. He said as he hadn't nobody to look after it and nought to feed it with."

The duke bowed his head and walked away. For a tenant farmer to refuse to care for a puppy till it was old enough to join the pack was an unprecedented slight to a landlord.

"Times is changed," the kennelman said to Roger. "No wonder the old un's heart's broke. And mine too, what with finding dead 'osses and oatmeal for 'em."

He jerked a mighty thumb toward the hounds, and then advanced respectfully as the duke reappeared.

"Stayin' at the house?" the old man asked.

"Yes, sir," Roger answered, and accepted the proffered hand. "I'm Sergeant Hill."

"Up stairs or down?" the duke asked as they trotted off side by side.

"Perhaps down," the astonished Roger replied, stifling laughter. "I don't know."

"Most of you chaps prefer the servants' hall," the duke said. He politely added: "I shall lose the pleasure of seein' you at dinner. Interestin' old place. A pocket manor, they call it. Too big for a farmhouse, too small for a country house. It has its powderin' closet where they used to powder the wigs, and—er—er—other things. It's a dower house. Two of my grandaunts lived to be ninety. One had this place, another a huntin' box in Scotland. They put all England between 'em, but they quarreled by letter."

He was trying very hard to be a courteous host, Roger thought. He seemed dazed all the time, and sometimes when Roger addressed a polite question he did not seem to hear. He paused on a hilltop and looked at a circular quarter acre of tree stumps. He put a hand on Roger's shoulder and leaned as though the support was grateful. "Dundry Roundtop," he said. "See it once for twenty miles round. I had 'em set out when my son was born; a round top on every estate I own. Lord Dundry will be eighteen next October. Not one of 'em left—not one of the hilltop coverts I planted. Spruces mostly, you see, and just the right age and size for pit props. All gone to the coal pits—some to Scotland, some to Staffordshire, some to the South Wales Field. They had to go; government sent girls and Canadian timbermen. Fine fellows, those timbermen; they beat my own woodmen. They sang as they cut."

The old man straightened and hummed the refrain of one of their songs, nodding to Roger. Then he fell into moody silence as he swept his eye over the bare hilltop and passed on. He stopped beneath a great elm whose spreading boughs, Roger saw with surprise, were supported by heavy iron chains which hung amid the foliage like a giant's necklace.

"Favorite tree of mine," the old man explained. "I never lived here till now, but I came as a boy for summer holidays. Elms are dangerous in old age. Branches drop without warnin'. Couldn't bear to lose it, so had 'em chained. Twenty-five years ago. That's left anyhow." He saluted the old elm as he passed. "Left because it was old and rotten," he said. "Men the same way, some of us; old and useless; and left."

"You have that, sir," Roger said, pointing to a great oak.

The old man nodded. "They came for it," he said. "They wanted a sound oak trunk, growing alone in deep clay soil. This tree was sixteen feet round five feet from the ground, and sound to the heart. But its acorns are sessile, and the wood of the sessiliferous is not quite so tough as Pedunculata. So they left me that. War feeds on the best, my boy. It gulps youth and strength and all that is perfect, and it leaves the old to mourn."

They were near the house now. An aged brindled mastiff, limping rheumatically, came to heel with drooping head, stiffly wagging his wearied tail.

"Four of his descendants are in France doin' their bit," the duke said.

"Perhaps I've seen one," Roger cried eagerly; "in the summer of 1916, near Hooge. He found two wounded in my platoon. I saw him at work. It was fine."

"Do you hear that, Ranger?" the duke said, pausing; and the old tail flicked a wag. "What was the dog like?"

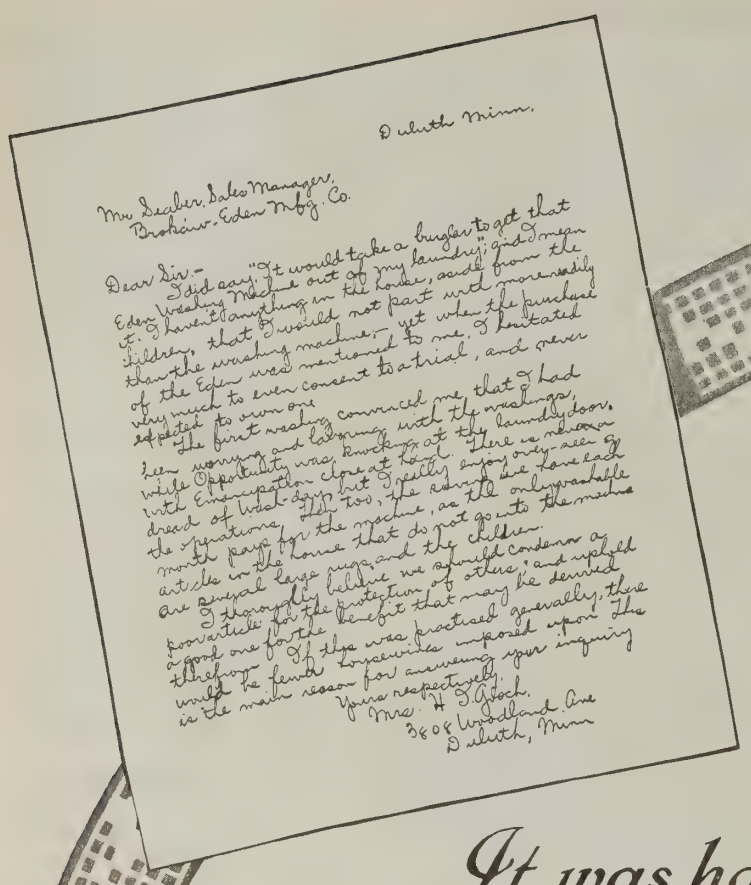
Roger had no trained eye for form. He could not accurately describe this dog. The duke drew back and politely hoped that he would enjoy his stay.

Roger walked on alone, thinking of the jolly jovial tales he had heard of this old duke, who was personally unknown at St. Dyfrigs and who was assumed still to be the gallant sportsman of a generation before. The ax of war had cut down more than trees on this grand seignior's estates. Roger was full of pity, yet asked himself why. No son had been lost; there had been no anxiety about sons at the Front; why should he feel so sorry for an old gentleman who mourned over hounds and trees? Yet sorry he was.

He had spent some weeks as a convalescent in one of the most grandiose of ducal palaces, and so was no stranger to their splendor; but he was not now surprised when he came to the front of the house to find Dundry Towers a simpler mansion than St. Dyfrigs Manor. Its plain stone front and five gabled roofs gave it a look as of five joined houses, and its front windows all looked out on twenty acres of nearly ripened oats; for the park-like pastures about it had been plowed up and planted to rotation crops. There were circuits in the furrows round stumps which marked where trees had been cut down. He sat on one of these stumps and brushed his dusty shoes and khaki trousers with a handkerchief. The old khaki solved all difficulties. He was a private soldier, and nothing could be expected of such a visitor in the way of fancy dress. He had never owned evening clothes.

(Continued on Page 131)

She Got Round a Curve on One Wheel, and Then Seesawing Gently Brought the Horse to a Trot


Duluth Minn.

Mr. Decker, Sales Manager,
Brokaw-Eden Mfg. Co.

Dear Sir:-
I did say "It would take a burglar to get that Eden Washing Machine out of my laundry," and I mean it. I have tried anything in the lookout, aside from the Eden, that I would not part with more readily than the washing machine,- yet when the purchase of the Eden was mentioned to me, I hesitated very much to even consent to a trial, and never expected to own one.
The first washing convinced me that I had been worrying and laboring with the washings, with Opportunity was knocking at the laundry door, with Emancipation close at hand. There is no more dread of Wash-day, but I gladly enjoy only-seen of the signatures. Now, too, the children are love each much pains for the machine, as it is the only washable article in the home that do not go into the Eden. I thoroughly believe we should condemn a are equal large rugs and blankets!
I thoroughly believe we should condemn a form article for the benefit of others, and upheld a good one for the benefit that may be derived therefrom. If this was practised generally, there would be fewer boycotts imposed upon the is the main reason for answering your inquiry
Yours respectfully,
Mrs. H. L. Block.
3608 Woodland Ave
Duluth, Minn

I don't see how I ever got along without it

It was hard to believe that a washing machine could do up my nice things as well as I could do them up by hand until I took advantage of the offer of a free trial, and saw the Eden wash my own soiled things in my very own home—not only my most delicate garments, but even rag rugs and blankets!

". . . . . *Now*—how I am regretting the hours I spent in doing that distasteful, unnecessary Monday task!—and how I am regretting the loss of many fine things that I innocently wore out on the rub-board—things that might yet have been good had I known how gently and carefully the Eden washes without rubbing or pulling or wearing thin! Washes just by sousing up and down in warm soap suds exactly in the same way that I used to cleanse my delicate silks and laces before I understood the science of Eden washing.

"I chose the Eden above all other washing machines because it is so easy to operate!—There are no confusing and dangerous belts or bicycle chains in which things can become caught and injured, and I know that Billy is perfectly safe when he plays about the floor under and around the Eden. It is operated by gears like an automobile—all enclosed and packed in hard grease, so I *never* have to bother with oiling. And then, too, there are eight whole years of success—of perfect service and of improvements behind the Eden machine, and I know that I am not taking a chance in buying it.

". . . . . but the most wonderful part about the Eden is that it pays its own cost out of the money it saves on laundry bills—and, as for *time!*—well, I now have my whole washing on the line by nine o'clock, whereas it used to take me until noon when washing with the rub-board. Oh, I *don't* see how I ever got along without it!—and I don't see how any woman can neglect to accept the free trial which doesn't in the least obligate one to buy or even cost a cent, yet which gives her such a new vision of the actual joy that can be gotten out of washday when the laundry is 'Edenized'."

Send for "An Eden in the Home," a beautifully illustrated booklet that will give you a great many helpful suggestions on that important problem of home washing.

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New York
St. Louis *Denver* *San Francisco*
Factories at Lowell, Mass., and Alton, Ill.

The Eden

(Continued from Page 127)

He ranged himself for the coming meeting with the duchess. He was sorry that he was suspicious; it seemed so ungracious and ungrateful; yet he could not escape the conviction that Bickley Ryker had written about him. The duchess had not been clever; she had changed too quickly. Dorothy had overplayed her new part too. Their plan was too obvious. He was probably to be led to the feet of Dorothy, and she would accept him for himself alone—a beautiful disinterested romance—and be overwhelmed by joyous surprise when he confessed that he was the disguised prince.

This was Miss Elliott's reading of the future on the Friday; for he had seen her again and she had again teased him about his extraordinary position, and absolutely refused to be serious. He was no match for a duchess, she had flatly declared; how could the training of the trenches equip him for a battle with a charming woman of the world? Miss Elliott's bright shafts had sunk just deep enough to put him on his mettle, so he was approaching Her Grace in no spirit of a lamb led to the slaughter.

"Are you always dreaming, Roger Lingard?"

He jumped to his feet, startled, to see the duchess standing before him. She extended her hand, smiling.

Her welcome thrilled him; it was so kind, so genuine, so simple. Her extraordinary eyes, large, limpid, seemed transparent. These eyes as a matter of fact had made much trouble for Her Grace in younger days, for they expressed more emotions than any human being could possibly feel, and shot out lambent beams when no fire was behind them. It seemed to Roger that she looked at him as an adorable, beautiful, youthful mother might.

"I'm ashamed," he said.

She would not let him withdraw his hand. "Of dreaming again? But you have earned the right to dream."

He hung his head. "I distrusted you," he said. "I thought you didn't mean to tell me that you knew who I was."

She smiled. "Come in," she said.

She preceded him with rapid elastic steps. He looked at her youthful figure and made contrasts. He glanced round. The old duke was not in sight.

He entered a house adored by antiquaries, but he did not know that. It had been newly furnished in the time of George the Second. Nothing had been added, nothing taken away; it was the perfect example of a period house. He thought it heavy and somber, but it accurately told the story of a nation's development at a fixed time.

She led him through dark winding halls to the kitchen. "Our three maids are in the wheat with sickles," she said. "They are cutting swaths so that the reaper can start Monday. Jameson—poor old man—is on missing. A telegram this morning, a grandson killed; he's gone home to his old wife. So there's no butler."

She reached forward toward the range, but he was before her. He lifted the heavy kettle and poured boiling water into a can.

"Not a bathroom in the house," the duchess said. "The duke would never allow the old place to be cut about for pipes. You walked. I thought you might have to. Sure you're strong enough to carry that one flight? This way."

He followed up the servants' stairway to a sun-flooded room so large that the stolid four-poster bed seemed small. Bread and cheese, a jug of cider and six great peaches stood on a table.

"A bath, a snack, a nap," the duchess ordered. "Find me on the ground floor on the sunshiny side at three o'clock. We must have a talk before the others come, Roger."

She was away before he could thank her for that friendly use of the first name, which he had not heard in more than four years. He flung off his knapsack, basked in luxury for three hours, and proved himself a true American by eating every peach. Americans will never learn that the delicious hothouse or sun-wall fruits of England are morsels to be sampled, not products to be consumed. There were six more on his table the next morning; and he never knew that he had eaten every peach from one tree.

He went to the sunshiny room with an inward sense of proud elation. Ancestral hands might clasp and grasp, but there were high compensations. To be accepted immediately, to be received with such friendly simplicity by this charming lady, was happiness to the lonely Roger. She looked up from a busy table when he entered the sunny black-oak room.

"Rested? . . . Find everything you wanted? . . . That's good. Now sit down there and tell me why you came into your own like this."

He felt guilty, such was the effect of those accusing eyes. "Accident, duchess. I came first as a boy on vacation, a tenth cousin on a lark. I was feeling my way, but the police chased me and I had to go. I came back again and sat beneath the oak, and a little girl told me that I was the squire of St. Dyfrigs."

"You didn't know before that?"

"Not an idea. I was dazed. I couldn't face Miss Lingard."

"Say Dorothy," she ordered. "You're cousins."

"Then I found I was learning, learning heaps, that a landowner ought to know and couldn't know unless he went round and picked up things."

"As one of the people," the duchess cried. "Yes, yes! And as a soldier too; you were in the ranks and would know what they think. A great chance; the only landowner in all the country who knows. But haven't you learned enough?"

"Not half enough," he responded promptly; "and I am beginning to get things into order." He laughed. "The milk round is regulated. The pigs are fed. The newspapers arrive at seven in the morning instead of at noon. I met the workmen yesterday and followed your lead about wages. Next come the tenant farmers. When I know what they think I shall know what's best to be done."

The duchess' wonderful eyes expressed admiration. She sighed. "We are at sea," she murmured. "We want to learn, if it is not too late." She shrugged her shoulders and moved her hand as though to wave away care. She smiled. "Is it fair to Dorothy?" she asked with a caressing intonation on the name.

"Doesn't she know?" he asked eagerly.

The duchess shook her head. "I had a most extraordinary letter from Colonel Ryker. Look." She took up many pages from the table.

"It is certainly long," Roger said dryly.

The duchess glanced through them, searching for some wanted words. A great tenderness was expressed in her eyes, for this frank and impassioned letter had profoundly moved her. The blunt stern soldier shot through and through with love and remorse had confessed himself as none would unless going to probable death. The duchess' heart had beat fast as she had read, and she had sighed as she had thought of her elderly duke, and of the fiery boy whom she had loved and had had years ago to send away because he was poor.

"'Sergeant Kellie Hill,'" she read aloud, "'claims to be Roger Lingard. Though I told him I wouldn't give him away the deception is not fair to Miss Lingard. She has the first claim on us all. Please use this knowledge as seems best to you. I have no proof of his claim, but I feel certain that he believes in it.'"

The duchess' lips curved to a smile as she looked at Roger. "And so, as the head of the house, you went to Colonel Ryker to call him to account?" Roger reddened under her teasing scrutiny. "Ryker," she continued, "has done rather a fine thing, don't you think? He was never in the running of course; but a man who writes a letter like that will never believe himself out of it. Yet he puts himself out of it. His own act, his atonement a chivalrous deed, Roger."

"Why?" Roger asked defiantly.

"Oh, if you don't see." The duchess' eyes could not twinkle, but they expressed what a twinkle would.

"Must I?" he asked bluntly.

She laughed outright. "The question is, Will she?" She answered her own question: "I think she will. You are personally eligible beyond our wildest hopes," she continued with remorseless candor. "You are a figure of romance, the kind of romance that Dorothy adores. A fighter, in it from the first. I ——"

"You English," Roger burst out hotly, "don't care a hang about a human being! You only care about estates. You put me in the inventory as though I were a statue in the banqueting hall. You don't know anything about me, and yet you throw Dorothy to me as though she were a bedroom bolster." He jumped up and walked frowning about the room.

The duchess only laughed. "War brings frankness," she said. "You are eligible. That is the starting point. When the time comes inquiries will be made. Don't deny that you were nearly bowled over when you were introduced to your stately old hall. I watched you. It's worth having and cherishing, isn't it? Well, it's there and it's cherished because your ancestors were what you are—a link in a chain."

"A link!" Roger exclaimed violently, pausing in his stride. "I hate the word! I'm me. I'm what I make of myself. My house is what I build. I'm not just another stone."

"Sit down," the duchess cheerfully commanded. "No one can compel you, you know. Talk about yourself, do you mind?"

With an ardent interest that made him eagerly responsive she led him to tell of his old home life, of his father, of his plans and his hopes.

She made him her adorer in that hour. He did not perceive toward the end how deftly she brought the conversation back to Dorothy and how she drew from him his innermost thoughts.

She summed up his intentions, with laughter near her lips and a wistful romance shining from her eyes.

"If Kellie Hill can win her Roger Lingard will marry her?" she asked.

"That's it," Roger answered.

The duchess looked down, considered, then said: "I will help you. I will say to her as chance offers that you are of good family and well off. I will give you every chance to meet on equal grounds."

"Thank you, duchess; but won't she suspect?"

"Why should she? The duke and I have many friendly associations with soldiers, especially with Canadians."

The duke came in. He greeted Roger with a kindly courtesy, and only after half an hour recalled that they had met before. He was brighter, more collected in his wife's presence, drawing vitality from her superabundance. Two Canadian officers, week-enders, drifted in from a long walk. Lady Millicent danced in with a friend, Miss Charteris, who, as Lady Milly explained, was twice her weight, double her height, and half her years. These exaggerated comparisons made for laughter.

The duchess with a quiet persistence kept the talk on Canada, making friends with these officers while she drew facts from them. When the maids from the fields came with tea it was to a comfortable and cheerful party where everybody was at ease. Roger saw that the duchess was everything and did everything in this family, but that she deferred to her husband with a touching persistency. This bewildered old nobleman staring out from the past on a world which he knew not, was shielded on every hand by the firm and dexterous hand of his able and energetic wife.

The next day after church, to which they all went, Roger had another talk with the duchess, astonishingly frank on her part. This was due to her illusion that Roger's unique opportunity for learning the minds of the soldiers made him a prophet of the future. Though untitled Roger belonged to her own class. He was descended from a longer line than her own, and though he did not know it he was a member of one of those few families of landed gentry which pride themselves on the honors and dignities which their ancestors have refused. His Americanism gave him an unbiased view; she had taken a strong liking to him and she trusted him; and she was in profound distress of mind.

She had in fact with characteristic decision boldly chosen for the future; for the future belonged to her son, the darling of her heart, who must be surrendered to war in a few months, when he would be eighteen years of age. But in breaking with the past she had broken the aged duke. That unforeseen result of her policy caused daily sorrow, remorse, uncertainty of purpose and grasping at straws. She ceaselessly sought in all directions for information and advice which should fortify her convictions and justify her course. She had sold the Scotch properties, the principal estate in Lincolnshire, the hunting box in the shires, and two large properties in the southern counties. Land was bringing astonishing prices, though nobody knew why. The duke stripped of his acres and of his ancestral homes had had more money in bank than the richest of his forefathers. All this, through trusted agents, had been invested in lands of Western Canada.

"We understand land and land only," the duchess said to Roger. "The future belongs to the American continent. I have transferred my son's interests to Canada. He will hold a principality there."

She straightened shoulders bent for an instant as though weighted by too heavy a burden. Her thought was: "I have transplanted my son, but I have uprooted my husband."

"Will you go? Will the duke go?" asked Roger, surprised.

"Perhaps. There will be no finality to the demands of labor here. One concession given, another is demanded. Land may be taken from us. Coal royalties too. Over there there is land enough for everybody for a generation. What are our men saying in the trenches? The Canadians too; what are they thinking?"

"Of mud and dirt, and the coming rest behind the lines, and when they are going over the top—of the present moment only," Roger answered. "In the convalescent homes it's different."

The duchess lifted her eyes in a question. Roger thought them at that moment the saddest eyes he had seen in the whole wartime.

"Hundreds of thousands of men have read about luxury and jolly splendid comfort," Roger explained. "They've seen it through windows perhaps or when doors opened as they passed. But they've never felt it, never tasted it, never been lapped in it—till now."

"Ah!" The duchess bent forward. "I never thought of that. We have treated them too well." Instantly she was ashamed of her comment. "We could not do less for them," she cried, and she meant it; "but we must pay for feeding tame lions with too much red meat."

Roger was silent. This class antagonism, then, of which he had heard so much and seen so much among his comrades, was matched by class fear on the other side. "You are British," he had said, "you are a nation, an empire. Why split into layers?" He said the same now.

"My class," the duchess answered, "made the nation, the empire. Education and intellect, which in the long run must always rule, first raised my class. If it goes down another will rise in its place. Most of us would give up titles without much regret. All of us would give workers a far greater share of the profits of work. All we ask is peace and security and part of our present fortunes. Shall we be allowed these?"

"I'm not afraid of revolution nor of confiscation in this country nor in the United States," Roger answered confidently.

He could not understand why the sad eyes looked sadder still. She was thinking that if he was right she had sacrificed her husband for nothing.

Lady Millicent came dancing in. "Uncle is waiting for his walk with you, aunty," she cried. She turned to Roger. "I'll show you the decoy pool," she said. "It's a bit broken down, but I can explain how they used to catch wild duck with dogs. The dogs didn't really chase them of course. The ducks thought they chased the dog—just curiosity, you see, and there was a net at the end of it. Come, if you care to."

As they walked along a squared border of trimmed yews, Lady Milly became vivaciously reflective. "The ducks and the dogs are like us people now," she opined, holding her head sidewise and looking up at Roger. "We're frightened of each other and curious, and don't really know which is chasing the other. And it doesn't make any difference in the end anyhow. The ducks get fast in a net, and the decoy-pool man chains up the dog. The decoy man is always silent and stealthy and mysterious, like Fate. He is Fate. And you and I are dog or duck, it doesn't matter which. It's the net or the chain."

"You," said smiling Roger, "are a duck."

"Then," Lady Millicent answered, "you are leading me into a net."

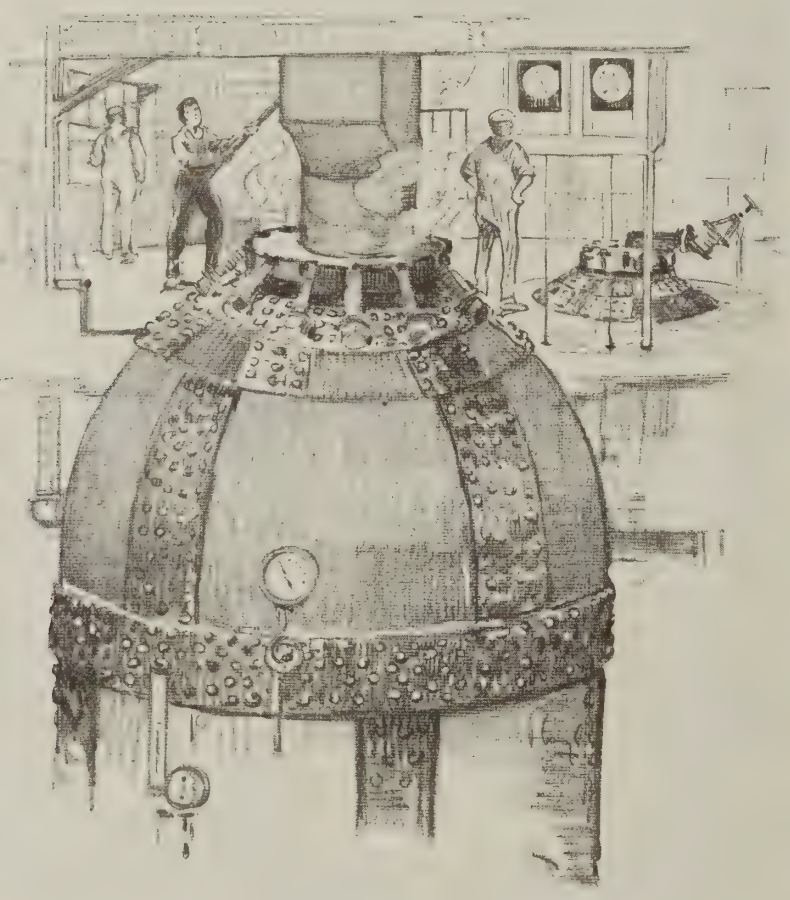
Roger by the silent secluded pool thought of the duchess, and his thought was that which he had had for the duke. Why was he so sorry for these people, who were only mourning for lost splendors while millions were mourning for lost lives?

XII

"A DEAR boy, that Kellie Hill," the duchess said casually to Dorothy in the course of the succeeding week. "He's of English descent and his people are in Landed Gentry. I think that he must be very well off from the way he talks. He has done well too. He has two decorations. He would not say what they are. I am curious. Can you make him talk?"

Thus simply was it accomplished, and when Roger next met Dorothy he divined

(Continued on Page 134)



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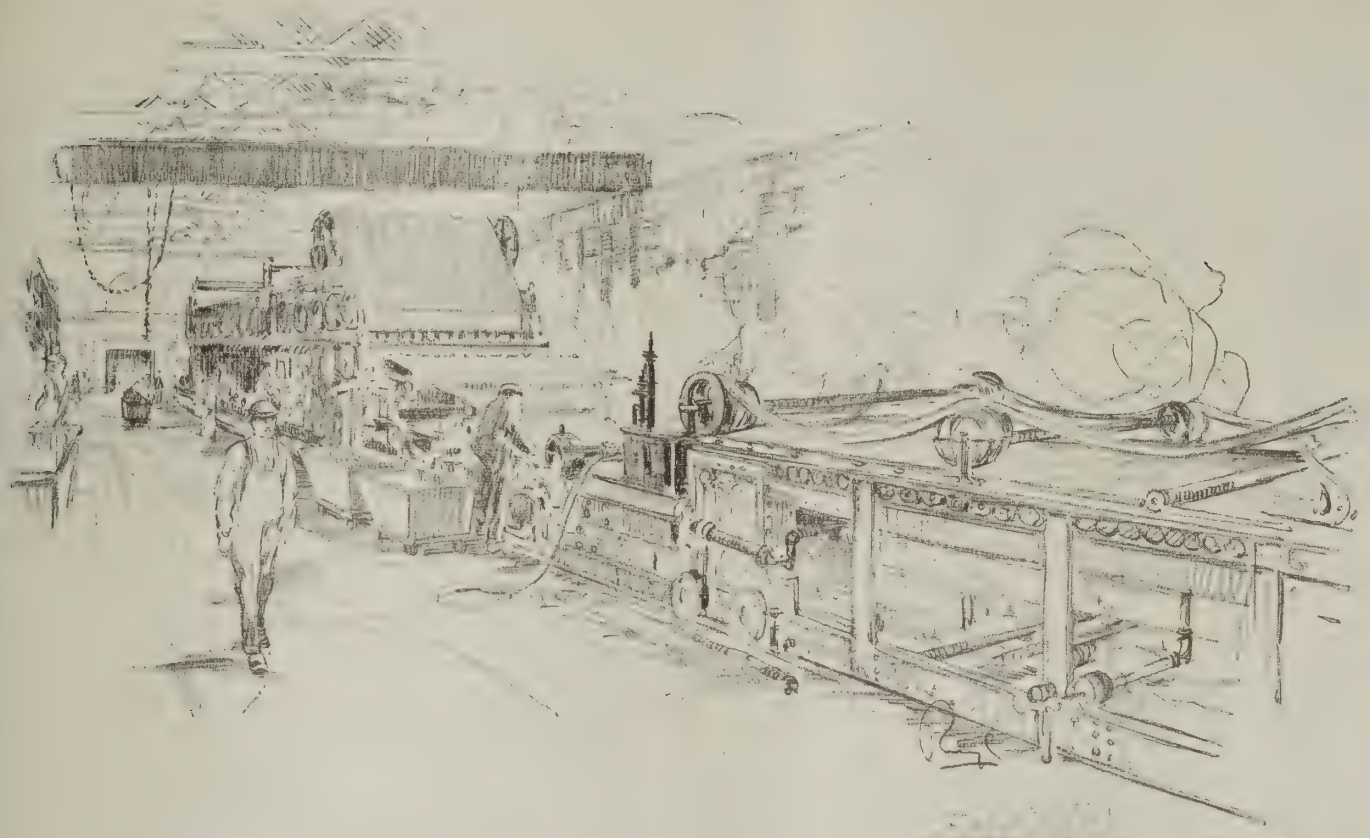

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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 131)

from her companionable friendly manner that Her Grace had established him as a social equal. He ventured comments about the heir, about her position and about her future. As he was really deeply sorry for her and as a decision of immense importance to him hung on her answer, his sincerity and his sympathy were marked.

She answered with simple frankness. She talked about the home with the same sudden flame of emotion as had marked her talk to Tim Parfitt about the people; she could not bear the thought of a stranger at St. Dyfrigs, could not face the prospect of banishment. Yet go she would and must. She would not stay as an ordinary dweller in the countryside in which she had once been queen.

That clinched Roger's decision. In that moment he began to woo her. He began in a spirit of optimism which was personal, national and international. All Britain was in better spirits and the suffocating cloud of depression that had hung over the first half of 1918 had been dissipated. Foch's great counter attack was brilliantly proceeding, a million American soldiers had been officially announced as in France and they had already made their mark at Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel.

Roger's pride in his country and his people burned the more fiercely because its light must be concealed. From a distance he wistfully regarded his one fellow countryman in the place; but he could not fraternize with this mysterious white-handed Mr. Starlow, who hung aimlessly about and clumsily watched the girl on the hilltop.

One hot August day walking a lane he saw those absurd immaculate chamois skin gloves—the man must put on a clean pair each morning, he thought—resting on the top bars of a gate. A pair of hands, bare and brown, were beside them, and these belonged to Charity. The two were standing side by side just within the field, shoulders all but touching. Charity's cheery laugh rang out as he came abreast. He would have passed with a bow, but she summoned him.

"You two have met, I hear," Charity cried, her eyes twinkling with fun. "I've just been explaining that you are not a military policeman."

The two crossed glances, but Mr. Starlow's look was not hostile.

"I figure," he said gravely, "that you were a Britisher doing right by your Empire, but you did me a good turn too; a mighty good turn. I had meant to report myself as an alien the next morning. If you had said anything against me there was a heap of trouble coming to me. These confounded regulations! But never mind. You were fair if you were suspicious. You Britishers stand stiff on your rules, but you are blamed fair."

"We try to be," Roger said with dignity, and passed on.

That night he warned Charity against strangers with milky hands who came slyly into villages and watched honest people work.

"You were beastly rude," she retorted. "Any Yankee who comes to this village now shall have butter if I can get it for him; and what more can I say than that?"

Charity was a figure of radiant sun-browned health and in high spirits, for luck and energy had dominated her harvest. Intermittent rains had delayed hauling the damp shooks, but she had watched the skies and pounced on every dry hour. Reaped oats on a neighboring farm were almost beginning to sprout, but hers were under cover of an iron-roofed Dutch barn.

Her success was partly due to the devotion of her motley band of workers. These did not measure hours on the Home Farm, and even the German prisoners condescended to move quickly. These came in a big lorry every morning from Castlechepe and worked in a band under the closed eyes of two guards who dozed all day in the shade of the hedge. That firebrand, Tim Parfitt, regularly after tea left his little cobbler's stall and gave a hand till suppertime, at nine.

Charity found—as everybody found in the English villages toward the end of the war—that personal popularity was far more valuable than money. Short-handed blacksmiths repaired her machines the next day. Some farmers waited six weeks. The wheelwright would postpone any job to hers. The watchmaker in Castlechepe sent her watch back in three weeks. Watches of others had lain four months untouched in his safe. She got a tractor within one month and successfully plowed with it the next day. Some farmers never got theirs at all that season, and those who received them late often found that the stones in the ground broke the coulters of the plows. But the county expert gave Charity a whole day and taught her how to set the shares to suit her land, so that her accidents were few. Mean or grouchy or overbearing farmers paid heavily for their reputation. They had a heartbreaking job and gathered sprouting wheat in late October with government-supplied and inefficient labor.

Among his incessant activities Roger gave time and thought to falsifying estate accounts. He had been thrown more or less into contact with the Castlechepe solicitor to the estate. But the old lawyer was senile and the two junior partners were serving; hence it was only by accident that Roger received useful guidance. He learned that personal property accruing before the old squire had died went to Dorothy as next of kin, but that real property came to him as heir-at-law. Now a standing tree is real property but a cut tree is personal. Roger laboriously antedated the felling of a large covert of ash stoles, of one entire beech wood and of two thousand cubic feet of oak. By this means he built up a nest egg for Dorothy of nine thousand pounds, which apparently belonged to her in her own right. But no sooner was this egg placed in the nest than it was smashed. The government woke up and began to ask about estate duties. Most of this ready money had to be promptly paid over.

"I can't do anything!" the helpless Roger cried in despair. "Hoards of silver for Charity; no good. Pouched money for trees stolen from myself; no good. I shall be buried under a mountain of silver and gold, and Charity and Dorothy will never sneak a dollar from the heap."

He did what he pleased with the estate. Dorothy, hating details, did not care what happened to a stranger's property. Charity was too busy with the harvest. Dorothy signed checks placed before her, without a question. Such of these as were for wages Roger banked in a separate account and took the amount from the silver hoards. Thus by degrees he lessened these. He put so many Georgian half crowns in circulation as to astonish numismatists and bring a paragraph in the county paper.

On every possible point he pretended to defer to Dorothy. So he met her at least three times a week on matters of the estate. He was often asked for Sundays to Dundry Towers, and Dorothy was nearly always of the party. The duchess pretended that his help was necessary in connection with the books of the hospital; so there again he met Dorothy.

The duchess' fears about the future—an idolizing love for a son had made a coward of a woman who was brave to the core of her soul—had profoundly impressed Dorothy, had altered her outlook on life and changed her external manner. She was not allowed to relapse or to forget.

"One is a die-hard or one is not," was a saying of the duchess. "The die-hards will fight the rabble and lose everything. The wise will bend and save something. The fools who are one thing one day and the other the next will go down."

Now young people who begin daily to study the thoughts and interests of other people may begin from selfish motives, but will end in imbibing great lessons. Dorothy began to be interested in human beings. Her hard shell of egotism, already cracked by grief and war, now gaped and was sadly rent. She was more humble, more kindly, more gentle. She was soon on such friendly terms with Roger that they could violently quarrel on occasion; but these were honest squabbles between equals. The worst of these came on a day when he drove her to Dundry Towers in a borrowed trap of shameless decrepitude pulled by a young horse hardly broken. Dorothy criticized the position of his elbows, the slant of his forearm, his way of holding the reins, and the angle at which he held the whip.

"You English drive like grooms," he said tartly, much annoyed.

"And you Canadians behave like them," retorted rude Dorothy.

"Drive yourself!" he hissed bitterly, and handed over the reins.

She looked a sportsman, he thought as he eyed her sidewise from beneath clouded brows. She was at her best whenever she was doing anything out of doors—playing tennis, riding, driving.

He relented quickly, but she began to instruct with cutting malice.

"This rein between the first and second fingers."

And then the horse went down on his knees, to Dorothy's anger and confusion; but quickly recovered.

"Yes," Roger said silkenly. "Go on. Where do you put the other rein?"

Only once before had he seen so deep a crimson beneath her clear dark skin. That was when she had threatened him with her tennis racket. He took the snapshot of that scene from his pocket.

"You look like that now, Dorothy," he said. He had never called her Dorothy before.

She glanced—and flamed. The way she showed the flame was to bring the whip down smartly across the horse's back. The horse bolted. The trap swung and skidded. Roger set his teeth, clenched his hands and watched for a sign that his greater strength would be welcome. Her slender arms were extended, her fingers firmly flexed round the reins, her back was straight, her feet pressed against the dashboard. She got round a curve on one wheel, and then see-sawing gently brought the horse to a trot.

"Fine," he breathed.

She looked ahead in stony silence.

"I carried it all through the war," he murmured.

But she would not ask him why. She was as friendly as ever before the drive was finished, but she made no reference to the picture. He called her Dorothy once again and she responded as though accustomed to the familiar address. If she knew that he had a special interest in her she gave no sign of her knowledge. Her attitude perplexed him.

The duchess had her solution. "She has had a most unpleasant experience with Colonel Ryker," she said. "She will keep all men at arm's length until that memory has gone."

The duchess gave Roger advice with much charm and delicacy and humor. She was fascinating when she forgot to fear the future for her boy, and she found jolly fun in this wooing. She was not of the tribe of born matchmakers, she declared, but she really hoped that Dorothy would stay at St. Dyfrigs, and there was only one way toward that end. She played her part with consideration and faithfully kept her promise of secrecy as to Roger's identity.

But Roger had another counselor. Miss Elliott had come so intimately into this affair, was so frankly interested in it, and so sympathetically tactful about it that Roger told her of every step he took. She never went back to that bizarre and luxurious dress which had so repelled him, and her manner and her thought seemed to have been changed with her costumes. He tried in vain to get an explanation for an alteration so startling, but Miss Elliott would not talk about herself. He believed that the simpler girl was the real girl, and he enjoyed learning from her about the wonders of cryptograms and the mysteries of English girls. She talked ferns and Dorothy and the future of the estate with equal enthusiasm and absorption. Her Americanism gave great weight to her views. Roger felt the tie of a common nationality, even though she was from Massachusetts and he from the middle West. He knew that she understood his resolve not to be married as an adjunct to an estate, and that she did not find it romantic and ridiculous. He was sure that the duchess thought it both.

Miss Elliott sometimes startled him with her highly original theories. "I have been reading up your family," she said one day. "I've been picking up trifles about Miss Lingard. They've always been doers of things, blunt and straight and outdoors, fighters with their hands, not with their heads. They stole three of their brides in one century. Elopements, rows, hurly-burly, duels. There's your clew. There's the reason you seem to stand still with her. Your American methods are too subtle. She doesn't understand."

Roger contemplated with pleasure the reflective face of Miss Elliott, now wholesomely brown.

"I call her Dorothy," he answered. "I show her the photograph of her ——"

"Which you carried next your heart all through the war," interrupted Miss Elliott. "And you show her in a hundred ways that you are her slave. She's used to slaves." She hesitated for an instant, then: "She wants a master; not a slave."

Miss Elliott resumed the potting of her fern. They were in the potting shed behind the garden of the farmhouse on the hilltop and the setting sun was pouring on h from a level west. There was a pleasa smell of wholesome fresh mold about t place and little breezes sometimes play with Miss Elliott's brown and no long absolutely tidy hair.

"You talk to her," she resumed, as t fern was adjusted to her apparent satisfa tion, "as you would to an American gi don't you?"

"Well," Roger answered meditativel "I've never drawn the national line that know of."

Miss Elliott smiled and overturned t fern. "American girls are supposed to on a pedestal, aren't they?" she questione refilling her pot.

"We look up to you, of course," he r sponded; and she glanced up at his mi chievous accent on the pronoun.

"You're doing a lot for her," she sa slowly. "She thinks it is for her, anyho Is she grateful? Or are you just one of t army that have been fetching and carryi for her since she was born? She unde stands being on a pedestal to that kin But to her mate? Well, is that the Linga way? Lingard men, and husbands of Li gard women—they're the ones who ha been up aloft; not the women."

"Me? On a pedestal?" Roger laughe "Climb," she said. "Climb right up h shoulders roughly!" She turned and sto up straight and looked at Roger. "Do believe I'm criticizing her. I hate to spe such tired words as 'stone age' and 'prim tive women,' but if such things will keep existing you must tell about them as be you can, mustn't you? She's that kind."

Miss Elliott caressed her fern with delicate brush of the finger and stood bac examining it. "Her friends," she adde "have been the heavy-dragoon kind wi records for big game." She turned as t sun dipped behind the hills. "She wan the strong arm," were her last words Roger that day, delivered over her shoulde

Roger strolled down the hill thinki what a sunny picture Miss Elliott ma when the rays were falling like that on h She was very clever too. She seemed know more about Lingards than he d himself, and could draw practical concl sions from her knowledge. Most peop never got brainwork so far as that. It d not matter that she was ridiculously wron She had an intelligent theory anyway, ev if it would not work. It had been trie Bickley Ryker had tested it.

Roger smiled, contrasting the counsel his two advisers. The duchess told him be patient and move slowly until Dorot forgot that she had received primiti treatment. Miss Elliott told him to prompt and primitive. There was no re need of an umpire, for the facts had ready decided against Miss Elliott; sti it would be interesting to have Charity opinion. He wanted a talk with Charit that was all. Both had been so busy th they had only met at hurried farmhou meals for weeks. But he found that sh had gone over to the hospital.

Charity had received a note from t duchess asking if she could come and ta about a projected sale of work in the pa ish. The sale was for the fund for we coming returning soldiers when peace shou come, and perhaps as the harvest w over Charity would have enough leisu to take a stall. Charity thrilled as sh read. This was high social promotion. Sh left supper to her helper, bathed wi leisurely delight, dressed underneath in h most cherished linen and outside in a ne white coat and skirt of prewar serge wit out a thread of cotton in it. Only she cou have got such a fabric and the friend storekeeper in Castlechepe had searche for it for two months.

As she dressed she thought with pleasu of the duchess' call some weeks before, call made, as the duchess had openly sai to show appreciation of her hard clev work on the farm. If she had known th it was due to Bickley Ryker she would n have valued it less. After all, she wou have admitted, it was a decent thought i him to obtain such powerful support fo her against village gossip. She thought, h him as she passed the spot in the par where they had last met. She was gla that all had happened as it had. He dreams were now of a future in the Unite States and vaguely in the vision loomed th figure of Kellie Hill.

She had hardly been conscious of he growing interest in this friendly clev soldier until she had seen him snatche

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suddenly from her and lifted into spheres inaccessible to her. She had heard the rumor too—everybody had—that he was of good family and rich. But he had never altered one jot toward her, and she did not undervalue either her personal attractions or her abilities. She knew that her face was now baked to a dull red, too bucolic for beauty, but she was well aware that this was a badge of honor in the eyes of Kellie Hill. She knew that her hair was a little bleached and robbed of luster, but she could not stop to cover it every time she was called out of doors. Kellie Hill admired her energy and her efficiency. He turned to her, to her alone, for practical advice. He followed it too, nearly always. She knew what weight he gave to Dorothy's words. Of course he had to pretend to consult the nominal mistress of the estate. That he was more and more with Dorothy never troubled Charity. Her theories of equality were fondly cherished, but some things are stronger than theories. Charity would have wished to strike anybody who said that Dorothy would make a *mésalliance* in marrying Kellie Hill, but that would precisely be Charity's secret unacknowledged thought.

Another unacknowledged conviction was that Kellie Hill belonged to her own class. He had neither the language nor the ideas nor the manners of aristocracy. That gift—if gift it be—of friendly, cordial condescension was not his. He was just friendly, just the same to everybody, and you could see that he did not think that anybody was above him or below him. That was partly personal, partly Canada, Charity thought; and it was one of Kellie Hill's greatest attractions. If they were all like him over there life was sweeter and better and more human.

So Charity went to the duchess in happy mood. The duchess would have a stall, and Dorothy would have a stall, and she would have a stall; and Kellie Hill would be here; and he would see her among these great people—holding her own, she hoped.

The duchess was no hypocrite in her cordial greeting. She was not a hypocrite to anybody. Every human being has to be pleasant oftentimes to unpleasant people when self or other interest demands it, and the duchess, fighting for her son, showered many a smile that would have been withheld before August, 1914. But she had a high admiration for Charity's work and genuinely liked this "unfortunately over-educated girl who cannot marry in her own station and cannot hope to marry outside it."

The details of the sale were adjusted and Charity's enthusiastic and capable help secured. She was placed on the committee and given a prominent part. She was delighted but did not say half that she felt. She knew that she would give as much as she got.

"And now there's another little matter, Miss Turle," the duchess said. "It's confidential. It's quite between you and me. You've been kind to all the soldiers who have come back. You've been specially kind to that interesting Canadian servant."

The duchess' great eyes were fixed with intle invitation on Charity's face. They earned nothing, saw nothing, but natural surprise.

"I'm glad I took him in," Charity said. "He's the most useful person in the village."

"So I hear. I've got to know him very well and like him very much." The duchess nodded and smiled significantly. "All of us feel—I am sure you do—a kind of responsibility for Miss Lingard." The duchess again saw nothing but surprise. The village girl was her match. Charity never so much as dropped her lids.

"Oh, yes," she agreed, and waited. But she knew now and braced herself.

"Mr. Hill is greatly interested in her," the duchess said. "Have you noticed it?"

"How should I, Your Grace? I am out in the fields."

"If every woman were like you ——" the duchess praised. "It is so," she went on. "Mr. Hill very properly has spoken to me."

"Oh." It was the one unguarded instant, but astonishment was natural.

"Yes, he has acted well. It is not what we should once have thought of for Dorothy, of course. But her position is greatly altered and you know chances for marriage are few now. He seems to be eligible, but I can learn little about him. You have seen a good deal of him, seen him under all conditions. What do you think of him?"

Charity well knew that her opinion did not count at all, nevertheless she answered: "He is all right, Your Grace."

"It is a relief to hear that you agree with my opinion of him," the duchess said. "He is an enterprising young man and hard hit. About her—well, she's interested, I think. It would be a great thing if she could be safely sheltered in the upturning that's coming."

Charity bowed assent and rose to her feet.

"You and she are very friendly, Dorothy tells me. Don't hint this to her. I have broken a confidence, but I know I can trust you."

"Oh, yes, of course."

The duchess smiled and held out her hand. "Speed his wooing," she said. "Strange times, Charity. We must move with them."

"Or away from them," Charity responded, showing her strong white teeth in a smile as cheery as the duchess'.

"No aëroplanes fly to Mars. Thank you so much for your promised help. Good night."

When she was gone the duchess' thoughts ran thus: "My warning was not needed. Still it is just as well. Straight girl, that; but not emotional. Oh, no."

Charity raced home by the more distant main lodge. She did not wish to pass the spot at which she last parted from Bickley Ryker. Some words came recurrently, fitting in with the rhythm of her quickened steps. These were "The second time the second man."

When she came to her cottage she looked into the open window. Round the lamp so many moths circled that she could see them, and Kellie Hill sat there in his shirt sleeves poring over accounts.

On the table in the farmhouse kitchen lay a letter from her brother Tom, postmarked London. She tore it open with eager hands. It told her that he was on the way from Egypt to France, that he had three days' leave, but that he could not possibly come down to her. She would understand. He was engaged to a Red Cross nurse; and the nurse was in London.

This was the heavier blow of the two which had been dealt to her that night. The low-ceiled room stifled her. She went out and round to the lawn and sat on the garden seat beneath the old oak. A full moon had risen and was flooding the place with a soft ethereal light. Such cloudless golden nights are rare in England and proportionately powerful in their effect on imagination, but Charity was insensible to external influences.

She thought only of Tom, adored since babyhood—companion, tormentor, protector, bully. Sharp memories came of one trifling incident and another. They brought no tears. She only sat and stared wide-eyed, seeing Tom, only Tom. He had dismissed her from his life curtly. He had not even suggested that she should come to London for one hour, for one meal. He was going to France, to the dangerous Front, where the casualties among engineers were disproportionately heavy; and he had not asked her to come.

A soft familiar whistle told her that Sergeant Kellie Hill was near.

"Charity," he called out to her as he crossed the lawn, "you look like a statue cast in silver." He sat beside her as one sure of his welcome. "I went to post and saw the light of your open door," he explained. "A wonder of a night, isn't it?"

"A wonder," she agreed.

A long silence came. It seemed to Roger that to speak would be to profane sacred mysteries of a silent temple. Vague thoughts and fancies flitted through his brain and came and went like idle harmless little clouds in the sky. He thought of a girl under a Lebanon cedar, costumed like a gorgeous idol, and how beautiful and right she would look if she were here now dressed just that way. He thought of Dorothy and her orange-colored coat, and how it would gleam if she were here and how the moonlight would make a halo round her dark head. He thought of his father and of a red sash his father had worn when grand marshal of a Fourth-of-July procession. Incidents marked by bright colors were recalled—a dozen of them. He thought of Charity slipping past one night with red roses in her belt, flying to a meeting with Bickley Ryker.

He flung off the spell of the night.

"Charity," he said.

He saw her startled movement, the swift surprised turn of her head.

"Complimentary! You forgot I was here. What were you dreaming of?"

"I'm past dreaming, sergeant."

"That's fine!" he congratulated. "Too practical for dreams. So here's a practical question for you. If you were walking along a road and a man dashed up and lassoed you and dragged you to the church and married you, would you love him the more because he loved you that way?"

Charity's subdued laugh sounded natural.

"Men have their little pleasant tricks," she said, "and women put up with them."

"But I am serious, Charity. Are you for the strong-arm methods?" He had to explain his meaning. "On the other side we plead. Here, they say, we should command."

Charity, having the key, unlocked his meaning. She rallied to guard her secret.

"If you've found an English girl, sergeant," she said, "shall I tell you how to win her?"

"I wasn't exactly personal," Roger answered. "Still, I'm curious."

"If she's country —— Is she country?" She bantered with a smiling face.

"When I find her I'll tell you. But suppose she is country."

"Then get your sport right."

"By jove!" Roger exclaimed. Charity had given, as always, useful information.

"Cram on the sporting books at the manor," she continued. "Get your terms right."

It was simple to Charity to give this advice. Dorothy had told her with contempt that Sergeant Hill drove like a yokel and rode like a stockbroker. "He has a good seat and a light hand," Charity had answered. "That's so," Dorothy had admitted, "but he doesn't know what to do with the curb rein."

"That's a mighty fine idea," Roger said gratefully. "I'll read up and when I meet her I'll know whether a heron's nest is called a nest or some other confounded thing; whether wild geese flock or herd; and what foxes really do when they run to earth."

"That's it," Charity assented. "Have you ever shot a grizzly?"

"My father once thought one came near his camp."

"Quite enough to build on," Charity advised. "You were only nine and couldn't hold the heavy rifle barrel straight, but you rested it on a notched stick and got him through the heart. Let it come out naturally. Force questions about it. Be shy, but get it out. And the tigers?"

"None; only pumas. Rocky Mountain lions."

"Splendid! Call them that and tell how they died. You harpoon big fish over there, I've read."

"But, Charity, I've been farming and going through college."

"Never mind. Keep all the useful acts dark. Tell how you've killed things."

Charity rose.

"You're a mighty good sort, Charity," said Roger.

"Thanks, Kellie Hill. Good night."

He heard her cheerful laugh as she closed the kitchen door.

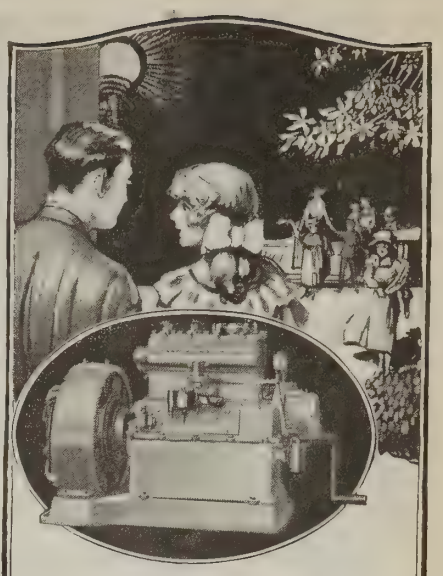
Charity broke down that night, but no one knew that. Roger was delighted and amused. The duchess and Miss Elliott, knowing all the circumstances, had not helped him a bit. Charity, knowing nothing, had given wise and clever advice; and she was not a society girl either.

The bazaar was ultimately held, but Charity was too busy, it seemed, to take part.

XIII

THE weeks went by and everybody knew but Dorothy—if indeed she was as innocent as she appeared to be—that Kellie Hill was greatly interested in her. They were spending a week-end at Dundry Towers in November and Roger made up his mind that the time had come to propose. He asked Dorothy on the Sunday afternoon to go with him for a walk.

She was in extraordinary spirits, proved by her bright eyes, her lively color and her gayety of manner. Everybody was brighter as things had gone so well on the Western Front, but a national awakening to hope could not account for all Dorothy's vivacious charm. Roger went by her side feeling for the first time that she was responsive to his mood in the way in which he had long wished and hoped to see her. He led her toward the decoy pool, not alone because he had crammed on a volume about such pools but also because it was



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lonely and isolated there. She turned dancing eyes on him and demanded with a laugh to know what he had been saying to Haynes at Cromleigh Farm.

"I am tired of farms," Roger answered. "Isn't this just a heavenly spot?"

"Haynes came fiercely," said Dorothy. "He says you told him it would add one-fourth to the acreage of Nine Elm Valley if the nine farms were thrown into one, all the hedges cut down, all the fields turned into a big prairie. You must not frighten the farmers to death, Kellie."

They had come naturally to first names now and were as easy and unrestrained in their friendship as two young people could be. "How silent it is." Roger's voice was significantly hushed.

"It may be, but I am not," Dorothy said demurely, eying him slantwise. "Haynes' people have had Cromleigh for centuries, for all they're on a yearly tenancy. There's a new estate owner coming who won't understand these things. Our farmers are unsettled and afraid, and you must go and talk rot to them about economic production just at this time."

"Look!" Roger cried. "Widgeon, I think."

"And Smaley, on the ridge," Dorothy continued, never even glancing at the ducks among the distant reeds. "You told him there were too many middle-size farms in the country; that it must be big farms, thousands of acres; or small holdings, thirty to sixty acres. Now Smaley farms three hundred."

"My head is buzzing with these things, Dorothy. Please give me a rest."

"A rest?" She laughed. "When you have scared the whole countryside into fits with your Canadian ideas about increased production and efficiency. Williams came running, too, begging for the first chance to buy his farm if there is to be any selling. You've sent an icy blast into a beehive and there's a lot of buzzing."

"I only asked questions," Roger protested. "Something's got to be done after the war. I —— But oh, hang it, let it drop! Here's belated sunshine straggling along in November, Dorothy."

She appeared to notice no peculiar note in this appealing utterance of her name.

"How can I let you go on running wild?" she asked. "I think every farmsteading in the valley is centuries old. The houses are so quaint they make picture postcards; or did before the war. The same family has held the same farm for at least three generations in every case. They love their homes as much as I do mine." Her voice came near to faltering. "Keep your Canadian ideas for Canada," she commanded. "Land over there is soil and the wheat it grows. Here it is human hearts and lives and homes."

"Don't I know? Haven't I found that out?" he answered, moved by the feeling in her voice. "It's like vivisection to modernize this country."

Roger had learned what few people ever know—that even in these days agriculture is the chief industry of England. He was sure that England is the most beautiful country in the world, the most homelike and comfortable, with its short distances, its low hills, its beautiful roads, its green pastures. A smiling peaceful land even now after four years of war. But he knew that its beauty was uneconomic, that it was far behind Denmark or Germany in wheat or meat production per acre, that it was a garden spot because owners did not own land as a business but as a social advantage and as a pleasure, and that farm rents did not net more than three per cent a year. He was sure that much of this would be changed, that ugly brick houses would take the place of the picturesque old structures of the villages, that companies or individuals would farm on a larger scale, that government would compulsorily take land for small holdings for returned soldiers, that taxation and death duties would inevitably break up many large estates.

He had held the view—he still held it—that efficiency and maximum production were necessary for the world and the nation, and desirable for himself. But he had ceased weeks ago to have any desire to be in the van of this coming progress. He had been dismayed to discover the sorrow and misery that radical measures would bring. He had been startled to learn that many of these farmers, all of whom held on yearly tenancies, had hereditary ties with their farms and held themselves as firmly fixed as the landlord himself. Wherever he turned he found himself hampered.

"Quiet!" Roger said softly as they cam in view of the pool. He glanced about t discern the direction of the wind. "Pe haps we can see some."

He caught Dorothy's hand, as thoug concerted progress would be more silen They tiptoed to the high fence and peepe through the small openings left for th purpose. They saw half a dozen mallard and some widgeon within twenty yard and they thrilled with pleasure, as mos people will at close sight of unsuspectin wary wild birds basking and preening an sunning themselves.

But a dying wasp—there had come slight frost the night before—crawling u Dorothy's low shoe stung her on th ankle. She bent suddenly, and from th neck of her blouse fell several sheets paper. A puff of wind caught then swirled them about and lifted one over th fence. There was splashing and dashin inside as the ducks rose; and scurryin outside as Dorothy chased fugitive page Roger ran round to the pipe and retrieve the one from the water. As he fished it ou he saw three words in a large hand: "M darling Dolly."

He dried the wet page in his handkerchi and delivered it with a question: "Doe that make up the lot?" He met Dorothy glance with an innocent look which h thought well achieved.

"That's the lot, thank you." Sh laughed gayly, though her cheeks wer crimson. "Wild duck," she said as the turned, "don't get letters, I suppose. Ho frightened they were. I suppose they're a miles away by now. Did you see that ma lard sprawled on the bank, stretching hin self? Didn't he look jolly comfortable an as though he were enjoying himself? Wha is wild celery? A man told me—oh, wha was it?—that canvasbacks are not reall terrapin unless they eat wild celery. Tha doesn't sound right, but he said anywa that he was in some city in South Americ where they know how to eat and serv some kind of fish on a plank ——"

So Dorothy ran on, rattled, hardly know ing what she was saying; and that did no matter, for Roger did not know eithe When Dorothy's conversation was checke by want of breath he began on farms an the regeneration of agriculture and sai bitterly that she had proved to him tha farmers must not be disturbed; yet som thing must be done. The only fair thin was for the landlords to set the example sacrifice. To satisfy the land hunger returning soldiers parks ought to be broke up into small holdings.

He was staggered when Dorothy agree that that was a very good idea.

"St. Dyfrigs manor house would still h imposing," he went on, "even if it had onl twenty acres about it."

Dorothy came to life at that. She aske him what he was saying, and he repeate the vandal words. She stood amaze glaring at him; but having come to life sh could feel pain.

"Something's stung me," she crie remembering.

"Me too," thought Roger.

They went on in silence.

That night Roger told the duchess tha he accepted defeat. Her disappointmen was a genuine tribute to him, but her ple that he be not so easily discouraged me with no response. "I have come as close t a refusal as I need to," he answered.

There could be no one else, she told hin and hinted that his wooing, though charm ing, had perhaps lacked ardor.

"Oh," Roger cried, "you told me to g slow." The duchess' smile was not easil to be understood, but it may be inferre from her abstention from consolation tha she did not think that he needed it.

The next day Roger was surprised t receive a call from Col. Bickley Ryker, wh explained that he had been sent officiall from France to London and had secured day's leave. He looked imposing, Roge thought, and seemed specially satisfied wit himself. His manner held a new suggestio of quiet dignity, and Roger jumped to a impossible conclusion: This man was th writer of the page that had swirled to th ducks. So it proved. Roger was gravel informed of a correspondence with Doroth which had ended in an engagement. Wha proposals was he prepared to put forward What settlement would he make on Mis Lingard?

Roger's swift thought flew to Miss Elliott "Strong-arm methods." What a wonde she was!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HUMANIZING INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 15)

time when the strike was at its most acute stage, at least in Canton, made this admission to a little group of workers in the plant where every shop has a signboard reading, "More Than a Place to Work":

"There ought to be some way so that you men could work without any hindrance—for you've got it different from the rest of us; you're treated fair and you've got some say about working conditions, wages and all that sort of thing. But nobody has figured out a way to make the exception that you're entitled to have made, and so you and your company have to suffer."

This admission, on the part of a picket for the union strikers, made to men who had refused to strike and had voted to go back to work, is about as significant a testimonial as could be asked for by the management, which has put in six years of consistent effort to the end of establishing this bond of confidence and coöperation between its men and itself.

"If you want," said an official of the company, "to get a line on the degree and quality of loyalty that the policy of this company has produced, why don't you attend the meeting that will be held in the assembly room of the Canton plant tomorrow? Its purpose is to determine whether our plant will be reopened and, if so, when. The representation will be general—rollers, open-hearth men, laborers, foremen and superintendents will attend. Though our men have already gone on record, without a dissenting vote, that they have no reason for striking and that they wish to go back to work, the big national steel strike has been in force for some time and the men have been subjected to a lot of outside pressure. Therefore, it is impossible to predict what that meeting will develop. Certainly it will not be a cut-and-dried affair. For one thing, it will show you the freedom with which our men speak their minds to the executive officials of the company. It will be worth while for you to attend, I think."

It was—and no mistake! The hall was well filled with a mixture of men in mill shirts and in white collars. Entire lack of formality was the keynote of the gathering. After the youthful general superintendent had stated the purpose of the meeting he remarked: "Slim, what do the men of your gang say?"

"They want to work, all right," responded Slim; "but some of 'em are a little leery about the pickets."

"And you, Chuck?"

"Same here." And as he swept a hand over his bald head he added: "The idea of havin' them chaps bounce a brick on top of this unprotected dome of mine don't have any charms for me."

Ideas That Spread

"Don't let that bother you, Chuck," quickly retorted a husky roller. "You can't dent solid ivory!" And the crowd laughed.

"How about your gang, Tiny?" inquired the leader of the meeting.

"We're tired of this thing an' we want to work," answered a man of immense stature. "We're satisfied an' we don't think them pickets want t'start anything. We've heard some talk and it looks as if they weren't having an easy time to get men to picket this place."

Then someone made a motion that the plant be opened at a certain date and hour. It was seconded and the leader called for discussion.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed a two-fisted roller. "Let's go! We've got no kick here excepting that we're being out of work. My next pay check's all shot to pieces an' I'm fer getting busy. The sooner we start the better it suits me."

The motion to resume work carried without a dissenting vote. The plant opened as per schedule with one hundred per cent appearance of the men! There was no need to talk with men about their attitude toward the company—but I did so as they lingered in the assembly hall. To the man who had commented on the sievelike condition of his pay check I put the question: "How do you like this company and its plan of dealing with its men?"

"If I told you that everything's all O. K. and everybody as satisfied as an angel I'd be lying. It ain't. But this company is trying to do the fair thing by us—and it's doing it as fast as it can find out what ought to be done. The older men know this and the newer ones are learning it fast. Yes, sir; the company treats us square—like men, I'll say."

This same man, I learned later, had reported for duty right along—pickets or no pickets! And had put in his time doing some salvage work that he figured would save the company a bit of money and could be done to an advantage during the shutdown.

One of the foremen at the sheet steel came from another plant in the same manufacturing district, and came because he believed that the company was trying to do something for its men and to do it on the right basis. Not long after he had made the change his old superintendent at the place he had left called him on the telephone and remarked: "Say, Bill, what's all this man-to-man bunk that your company's trying to put over?"

"It's the right dope, I'll say," cheerfully answered the foreman.

"Well," snapped his former superintendent, "it ain't the right dope for us over here—not a little bit! Your men are talking that stuff with our boys and it's got 'em all churned up. If you've got t'feed your men that bunk can't you keep 'em from passing it on to our boys?"

"Don't see how I can," responded Bill. "One of the things we believe in over here is that every man on the pay roll, from top to bottom, is a human being with a full set of human rights, and one of them rights is to tell his friends how he likes the treatment he gets from the company and the management. Besides, we couldn't stop it if we tried. About the only way that I can see for you, Jim, is for your company to get busy along the same lines. That would stop your men from quitting and coming over here for jobs. And take it from me, it's the only thing that will! Better think that over and see what you can do about it."

The Real Goods

It isn't necessary to go out to the open hearths, the rolling machines or the presses to find concrete examples of how the new spirit works. In some plants, where the management is attempting to do something for the workers, the effort is mainly directed toward the men wearing mill shirts, and those wearing white collars are given scant consideration. Generally this is a symptom indicating a desire for the pacifying results of contentment rather than a real recognition of the rights and necessities of the workers, a sincere human feeling that they have not had all that was coming to them as economic partners in the big job of production—especially in the way of treatment. But in the plant under consideration the attitude of the company isn't just a policy play and its administration isn't merely the act of attempting to administer a dose of industrial soothing sirup where the pressure of unrest appears to be most acute.

Stopping just inside the gate of the works I paid a visit to the chief engineer, a keen young cosmopolitan born in England, cradled in Australia, reared in Tasmania, and educated in almost every other quarter of the globe—with a finish as an eighteen-carat American citizen. When he was out of earshot one of his draftsmen admitted—with the same positiveness of conviction that your favorite prima donna admits she can sing—that this man-to-man stuff is the real goods and no bunk, and that it's making converts among the mill hands and also among the wearers of white collars. Here's the way he feels about it:

"I hadn't been here two weeks before I knew that there was something the matter with me. Kept feeling worse day after day. But a man with no money and a wife and five kids can't stop to be sick—especially when he's just started on a new job. He's got to keep going just as long as he can push himself to it. In any other place where I had worked it would have put me in bad to be taken sick on the third week of my employment.

"Reasoning on that basis I came to the office when I was wabbly, but thought I could get past without having the chief notice my trouble. However, nothing much gets past him. He told me that I was to go home first, and then to the hospital if it was found that, as he believed, I needed an operation. And I wasn't to give a thought

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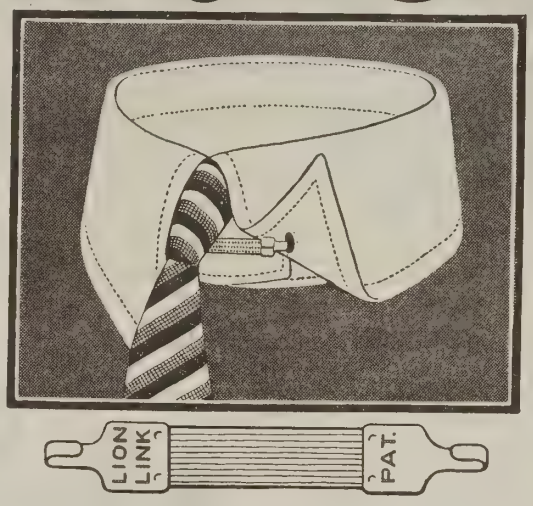

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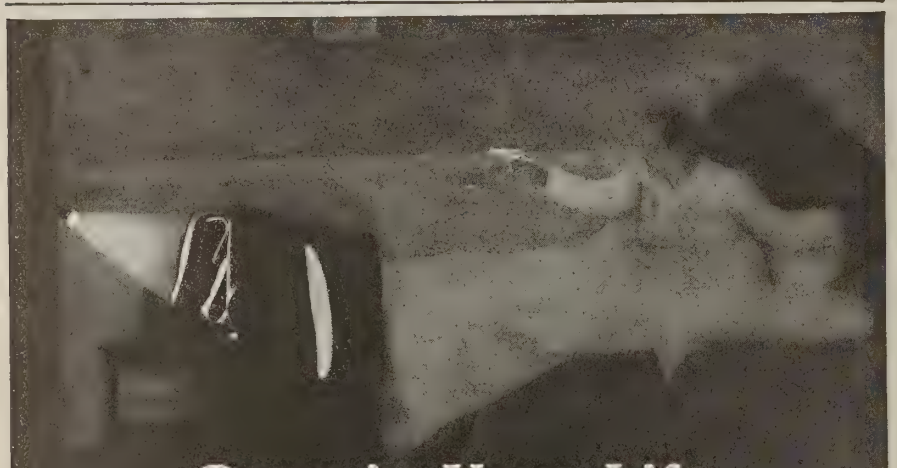

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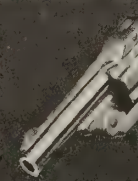

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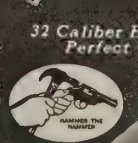

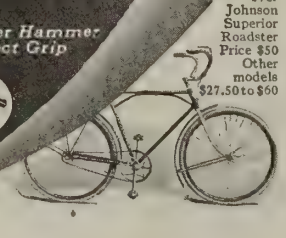

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to my work, my pay or my position. Those details would be all taken care of for me. And they were. He did things for me that I'm not telling about. I'm here to say that I never had anything like that happen to me before in any place I've worked in!

"Perhaps you've heard the expression round here, 'It isn't what you do but the way you do it that counts.' I didn't get the real meaning of that saying until I had my hospital experience. But I understand it now—and no blue print required, either! And I'm here to stay just as long as I'm wanted."

Sometimes relatively small straws show the course of the current. The chief engineer has a keen eye for these indications, and when everything was ready to change over the assembling room he saw a chance to make a test of the attitude of the men and find out to what extent they were willing to sacrifice their own convenience in order to do the company a good turn. He realized that Sunday is a star day in the worker's calendar and that it is not easily sacrificed.

"What do you say, men," he put the question—"could we change over the assembling room on Sunday so as not to interfere with production?"

"You're right we can!" came the quick response. "We'll be on hand. Then work will not be set back a single hour."

The cheerfulness with which this suggestion was accepted made a decided impression on the chief engineer.

"That showed me," he remarked, "the spirit of the men quite as convincingly as some far more important matter might. It simply couldn't have happened in any plant where the old-style relations between men and management exist."

There's a man in the employ of the company whose title is assistant to the first vice president or something equally formidable. Really he is chief mixer, but the only title that any of the men call him by is Charlie. And he's Charlie to every man in every shop of the whole company who has been in the employ of the concern long enough to brush up against this man from headquarters two or three times. All that the workers know or care as to his official status is that he's the humanest thing on two legs, that he speaks their language, and that he is their friend at court when it comes to getting something across the big council table in the directors' room at the central office of the corporation.

One day when Charlie was going through a certain shop he noticed that an Italian had his hand bandaged. Instantly he crossed the room and remarked: "Hello, Tony. What's happened to you?"

"Cut. Sharp piece steel," responded the grinning Tony; and added: "Better now."

Just then, as he turned to go, a rich African voice from behind the friendly Charlie said: "Ah done got hurted too!"

The Craving for Fellowship

"That experience," commented Mr. Woodward, "might appear trivial and meaningless to anybody else, but it meant a lot to me. It told me that this human treatment, this man-to-man contact, is what men crave. There was considerable of it long ago when employer and employee worked in the same shop and perhaps at the same bench—but since the expansion of industry it has become conspicuously lacking, as a rule. I didn't talk with that injured man simply because it was my business to do everything possible to build an intimate relationship between the workers and the management of this company. The Italian knew that my sympathy was honest, and so did the negro.

"Lots of employers, superintendents and foremen are afraid to show their honest feelings toward the men who work for them. Their hearts are really all right—but they have the false notion that if they did put their friendly feeling into acts they would be misunderstood and suspected. Perhaps they would in some cases—but they'd live through the experience, and it is certainly up to every man in a position of authority in industry to do everything possible to break down the wall of distrust and misunderstanding that has been built up by the old system in the past. It's the job of the hour, and those who are sincere and can see what is before us will have to open the eyes and force the hands of those whose vision is bounded by the dimensions of a dividend check.

"We have gone far enough right here to find out that a right man-to-man attitude on the part of the company and its representatives has not failed to get a reaction in kind from the men. That has been proved a thousand times and in a wide variety of ways until it has been drilled into us that every move we make in the right direction is bound to be met by the men. Not all of the men are in full accord with the effort we are making to establish a friendly, intimate and honestly coöperative human relationship between the management and the men, but that we could not expect.

"This is inevitable because the working force naturally includes quite a number of new men who have had no experience with this sort of thing but have always worked in the atmosphere of the old system, which took relatively small account of them as human beings.

"We are bound to have this contingent of new recruits with us to some extent always. Again, some men who have risen to places of authority but have been trained in the old autocratic school of management appear to be wholly unable to see its defects or to adapt themselves to the new attitude. But cases of this sort are surprisingly rare, and they will, I think, take care of themselves. When there is plenty of work everywhere a man is not likely to stick in a place where the general atmosphere of company policy is not to his liking. He'll go where he can find a congenial atmosphere and where he is in sympathy with the dominating spirit and purpose of the institution."

A Sure Cure for Cynics

Certain distinctive expressions seem to be natural coinage of the consistent attempt which this company is making to get on a man-to-man basis with its workers. And these phrases, I find, have a meaning of their own. "What do you think of it?" is one of them. After I had heard this question repeatedly passed between superintendents, foremen and other executives and men in their shops or gangs I mentioned it to one of the higher officials of the company.

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose it does seem a little odd to an outsider. But it expresses the spirit of the thing we're trying to do about as well as anything you could hit on. In the first place it is, on the face of it, a confession of the fact that a foreman or a superintendent hasn't a monopoly—simply by virtue of his position—of a knowledge of how to do things to best advantage or of sound practical judgment either; it's an admission of the possibility that a workman might have just as good and valuable an idea as the man supposed to supervise him. In the next place, that inference is always wholesome because it puts the two on a proper footing.

"I learned the value of that attitude early, when I was a foreman and when we had just started out to get this thing across. There was one man in my shop who made it clear in a silent, sullen way that he had about as much faith in this man-to-man stuff as he had in the divine right of kings. He could ooze cynicism at every pore and not say a word.

"Being one of the best workmen in the place and a steady man of good character and past middle age, he exerted a strong influence on the other men. Well, one day I was puzzled about a certain shop change that I had in mind and I knew Old Tommy's ideas on it ought to be sound—if I could only get them out of him. Then, too, I'll admit that I was anxious to break down the barriers that this man had thrown up against me. That would be about as valuable a thing as I could try to accomplish at the moment.

"So, in a casual sort of way, I stopped at his machine and said: 'You're a lot older man than I am and you've had a heap more of practical experience. I'd like to have a little advice. What do you think of this idea?' And then I put the whole plan before him in detail. That settled him. He was with us from that minute. And I don't mind confessing that it put a little additional pep into my own faith—for his suggestions were sound and helpful. I wouldn't strike the phrase, 'What do you think of it?' out of our shop vocabulary on any consideration. It's a friend maker among the men every time. Of course, it wouldn't amount to anything if the attitude of the man using it was not sincere. If it didn't reflect the real sentiment of the company it would be so much bunk—but it

(Continued on Page 145)

(Continued from Page 142)

is in strict keeping and sympathy with this attitude and spirit of the company and so it gets across every time.

"And this suggests another expression that you may hear in almost every official meeting of any kind. That is: 'It isn't what you do so much as how you do it.' That saying certainly is gospel truth. We've found it so from the start. Suppose, for example, that the directors of some other company decided that they were up against it with their help and that it would be a safety-first move to try out this company's way of treating employees. They might come here and get a diagram in detail of everything we have done, try faithfully to follow our plan, and fail completely in the attempt. In short, they would do the things that have been done here—but in the wrong way. 'Can happen,' as the Chinaman said. What's more, it's mighty likely to happen unless those attempting it are just as sincere and determined as are the men at the head of the company that they will find a better footing of understanding and coöperation with their men because it's the square thing to do and not simply because they want to take out a little insurance against strikes and don't give a rap about it excepting that the cost isn't too high.

"To my notion any company starting in on that idea and on that alone is going to fall down on the job. What's worse, it is bound to make the going harder for those companies and executives whose attitude is sincere to the core and who actually feel that the men are entitled to a lot more in the line of man-to-man treatment than they have been getting in the past."

If any man familiar with traditional relations between bosses and workers in the steel industry can visualize a roller asking the superintendent of his department to give him a ride home in a high-power car, and incidentally to haul a dozen heavy packages of groceries, he has a livelier imagination than I have. But this is precisely what happened at the door of the coöperative store just inside the main gate of the sheet steel plant.

Homer White, an upstanding American from the heating gang, came out of the store with his arms stacked high with parcels, took a quick glance over the line of automobiles parked back of the office, and seeing his superintendent about to get into his car called out: "Want to give me a lift? I've got a full hand to-day."

The American Way

"Sure. Pile in," was the reply. "What's the matter with that bug you drive? Out of commission, eh? Why don't you blow yourself, Homer, to a real car?"

The next day a man in his gang remarked: "You've sure got your nerve—askin' a superintendent t' tote you and your stuff. He ain't drivin' a delivery wagon, is he?"

"He was that time," retorted the unabashed heater. "Now, why shouldn't I ask him? I'd ask you, wouldn't I, if you had a machine and was drivin' a block from my house?"

Then turning to the visiting stranger the heater explained: "When my part of town was undeveloped I was lucky enough to get a place of my own on a street that's been built up since with fine houses. My neighbors are managers, superintendents, foremen and men with lots more money, most of 'em, than I've got. In this plant they drill it into you that we're all on a man-to-man footing. I believe they mean it—and I think the way that superintendent took me up when I asked for a lift proves it, so far as he's concerned, anyhow.

"I wouldn't intentionally crowd myself on any executive. If I make a little more free with 'em than some do—especially those that weren't born in this country—it's because I think I understand better what the company is trying to do and the kind of a comeback they want to have from the men. My folks have been good, straight American stock from way back, and I had two years in the Ohio State University before I learned my trade. I've got five children, and the thing we're living for is to give 'em all a good education.

"The oldest daughter is about ready to go to college and I can see that the next few years ahead of us are going to call for a lot of money. When the girls go away to college they're going to go decently. Of course, everything has been frightfully high in the past five years—but I've made good money and salted a fair share of it down in the savings bank and in Liberty Bonds to take care of the girls' education. Almost every man on the pay roll could have done the same thing if he'd looked at it as I did.

"Of course there's a man now and then who has a run of real hard luck, when it seems as if everything was set to put him into a hole. But our benefit association is made for men of that sort—and it certainly does ease their hard luck to beat the band. This company did a good job on the benefit association. It takes a lot of worry off the minds of the men when things seem to run against them and they get out of luck.

"What I started to say, however, was this: When a man finds a company like this, that treats him white and is making an honest stab at working with 'em, it looks to me that he ought to stick on the job and do what he can to turn out stuff and help things along. That's the way I feel. I'm tired of this shutdown on account of the strike. Though I've worked some it has shot holes in my pay check. My checking account is getting so low that if this thing lasts much longer I'll have to draw on my savings account. But you bet I'm not going to touch that till I'm pushed to it. Tapping a savings account ain't the thing to do—an' it's bad medicine for a man to find out that it can be done too."

Shop scraps and feuds are constant and costly interrupters of production. The reader will naturally wish to know if this troublesome matter comes within the zone of influence of the man-to-man movement. The answer is: Decidedly it does. Here is a typical experience: In a shop in the parent plant at Cleveland a foreman and his assistant fell out over the handling of a job. They went at it in traditional steel-mill form, and not only exhausted all the epithets of vigorous open-hearth parentage—but did their best to provide the hospital surgeon with two interesting cases.

The Peacemaker at Work

But an official of the company, who knew them both, happened along and separated them. Then he let each man talk himself out along the line of his grievance. As he had expected, he found that the trouble had started in a petty personal misunderstanding. Instantly he decided that he faced a problem in plain human nature—something not covered by the rules or findings of any efficiency expert.

"I talked to those men separately," relates that official; "and got down to brass tacks too. There wasn't a touch of the official attitude in my remarks or tone. I got on equal footing with them right at the jump and held it all the way through.

"Finally I brought them together—and I'll admit that I was anxious about the result. The first thing the foreman did was to pull a stogy out of his pocket and say: 'Have a stogy, Tony?'

"And Tony came back with a grin and the rejoinder: 'Put it there, Jim.'

"That was all. But the kind of thing we're trying to put across won out. It not only saved a troublesome feud and made friends of two bitter enemies, but it also made those two men strong supporters of the very spirit that had prompted me to try to straighten out the trouble on a right human basis instead of dismissing one of the men or transferring him to another department."

Just how does this humanizing stuff work out in actual practice? Well, here's an instance of how it got across in one case that seems to be typical. It's no secret in industrial circles, as has been intimated before, that the foreman is generally the last man in the organization to fall for anything that doesn't jibe with his traditions of stiff and stern authority. He's strong on discipline as a rule, and one of his chief concerns is to drill into the heads of the men under him that he's boss—their boss—and that he isn't anything else on earth to them.

But there's a foreman at the sheet steel who believes in the idea that every worker is a human being and entitled to be treated as such. And he also holds the shrewd notion that a foreman can do more than almost anybody else to make this idea work—because the foreman happens to be the point of contact between management and the wage worker. If he is a nonconductor, the new spirit of coöperation is going to have a hard time to reach the man on the job.

Answering the telephone early one morning a troubled and tremulous voice explained to this foreman that Joe's wife was speaking and that "Joe, he much seek but no stay home."

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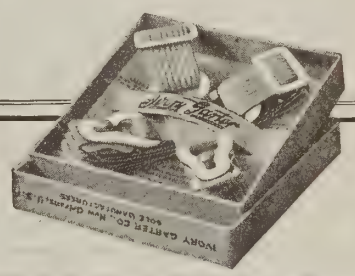

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Tell us the work you do, enclosing 15 cents, and we will mail you full-length samples worth double the money. Also write for free booklet—"Finding Your Pencil."

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"You tell him to stay home," answered the foreman. "Sit on him if you have to, but don't let him come to work."

Later in the day Joe and his wife were astonished to receive a call from the foreman! He hadn't sent a visiting nurse or a welfare man; he had come himself—and to tell them that Joe wasn't to come back to the shop until he was really able to work. And they had a talk that made the big dark eyes of Joe's wife glow with joy.

Months later Joe was offered a job in another plant at higher wages. When he told his foreman about it the latter asked: "Going to take it?"

"Oh, hell, no," laughed Joe. "My woman she no let me work for any other boss. She think you damn fine man!"

Occasionally a man has to have a little hard experience in order to get the right viewpoint on the "More than a place to work" slogan. About a year ago a roller joined the force, and when he saw one of the signs bearing that legend he sounded a snort of derision.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "I can't see that stuff! I never fed steel into rollers in any shop that wasn't just a place to work—an' a damn hard one too! An' I don't expect t' find one, either, till I pass through purgatory. That kind of bunk makes me sick. I don't think I'm goin' t' like this place."

And he didn't. He stayed long enough to buy an automobile and pay for it, and to buy a home and make several substantial payments on that. Then he looked at the shop slogan one morning when things had gone wrong at home, and saw red. Instantly he decided that he wasn't going to work any longer where he had to see that thing staring at him from every wall. So he threw down his tools, walked out and found another job in a neighboring plant. After the men there went out on the strike a former gang mate overtook him.

"Want a lift, Bill? What you done with your car?"

"Sold it," answered Bill as he climbed into his friend's machine. "Had to. Good thing I did, with this strike on. You see it was a choice between the home and the car. Couldn't keep 'em both. So I decided to hang onto the home.

"Oh, everything's gone wrong since I left your place. Them signs over there made me mad. But I've had enough to convince me there's something to that stuff. I guess I'd learn t' like it if I was back with you again. I could take off my hat to one of them signs now and not have to hurt my feelin's much."

A Changed Man

To get in on the profit-sharing plan of the company a man must be a member of the Senior or the Junior Organization. Various considerations determine the question of a man's eligibility to membership, but the main ones are tenure of service and established loyalty, ability and character. In one of the shops is a man who has seen long service, is loyal and a capable worker, but who had reached the decision—not unknown among wage workers—that the world was against him, that capital was down on him and that he couldn't get a fair shake.

"This man," relates his superintendent, "was a valuable man, but he carried a confirmed grouch against the world in general. He couldn't get ahead, and something was the matter with the system of things that didn't allow him to do that. This didn't make him an agreeable working companion or a very helpful influence in the organization. Something needed to be done to jolt him into a right way of thinking, and I decided it was well worth while to attempt the job.

"So I had several talks with him about the advantages of belonging to our Junior Organization. He debated and delayed. At the eleventh hour, however, he decided that he wanted to get in. Then I had some trouble in getting him past. His qualifications were not entirely clear and there were several hitches in getting him through. Having his share of human nature he became eager for acceptance as soon as he learned the difficulties I was having; but finally I was able to put his appointment across.

"I shall never forget the day following the distribution of the first profit-sharing dividend in which he participated. He came to me and said: 'Henry, you can't know what this means to me. It's the biggest thing that ever happened to me. When I handed it to my wife she stared at it and finally asked me what it was. Did it belong to me? And was it the same as money? She just talked all night about it. She could hardly believe that I could actually get more than three hundred and fifty dollars, all in a lump, from the company without a mortgage attached.'

"Well, that dividend check made a new man of John. The whole world looked different to him right away. It put him across and gave him the right viewpoint. He thinks the attitude of the company is the best in the world. He's bought a place and is paying for it gradually, and his influence among the men is not only wholesome but positive and helpful."

Employee representation in the company has one point of difference from that in most companies in which workers are provided with a means of having a say in matters relating to wages and working conditions; any representation on the part of the management is by invitation from the Employee Representatives. At one of the early meetings of the Employee Representatives a motion was made to invite the superintendents to come in.

"What's the use of that?" inquired one member. "Don't we all know that we can't get anywhere or work out anything worth while unless the department heads are in on the discussions? Just give 'em to understand that they're in on this thing as a matter of course, and because it wouldn't be good sense for 'em not to be."

This sentiment carried. But they didn't take quite the same view regarding the presence of foremen. When the Employee Representatives want to talk things over with a foreman he gets a special invitation to the meeting.

Aliens Barred

One of the striking features of employee representation in this company is its entire lack of formality or anything like guidance from company headquarters. Its history as an organization can be told in almost a sentence: The Mutual Benefit Association suggested that employee representation would be a good thing, and the company responded: "Go ahead and work out your own plan."

This was done, with the result that there are about one hundred representatives sitting for a constituency of some three thousand employees.

Thus far, in the course of nearly six years, there has not been a single instance in which the Employee Representatives and the management have disagreed on any matter of importance—and about everything vital to the success of the company is considered meat for discussion in the employee meetings—from the discharge of a mill hand to the building of a thirty-thousand-dollar restaurant for the men.

Like the United States Senate the body of Employee Representatives is a law unto itself and the judge of the qualifications and election of its members. It has decreed that no man who is not an American citizen or who has not made every effort to become one can sit in its councils.

Approximately one man in four on the pay roll is a member of the Juniors, or the Junior Pool, as the organization is often called. Election to this body is virtually a decoration for conspicuous merit and carries with it substantial returns in the form of profit-share dividend checks. The production record of every candidate for membership in this organization is examined as critically as is the family tree of an applicant for membership in the Sons of the American Revolution. He must qualify strong as a producer or he can't get past.

Other prime qualifications are tenure of service, loyalty and sympathy with the company spirit. The Juniors and the company, sitting together, are the judges of their qualifications. A candidate who has had long service with the company is presumed to be in sympathy with its employment attitude. But no man who hasn't imbibed at least a little of the idea that the owners, the management and the men are pulling together in triple harness can afford to be optimistic about his election to the Juniors.

In other words, membership in the Junior Pool is something to work for—a distinct incentive to make a high score of individual production, to watchfulness for the company's interest, to long-continued service and to marked sympathy with the man-to-man kind of coöperation that has made the company a leader in this line.

(Concluded on Page 149)

(Concluded from Page 146)

"Extra pay for extra effort" is a phrase with which every employee of this company is familiar—for it goes at face value. This is a form of profit sharing in which all may participate—and it gets into the regular fortnightly pay envelope.

"We keep," declares an official of the company, "very careful and complete records of individual production—and also we keep mighty close tab on those records. After all is said and done, production is the real end and object of industry, and the producer is the man to be rewarded. We aim to let no man who pushes his production above the common level escape without his reward for that extra effort. Part of this task of keeping tab on this extra production is reduced to a system and is virtually automatic. But part of it has to be handled as a human problem—for remember, please, that our standard is extra pay for extra effort.

"More than one man has found a substantial addition to his pay check because of his thoughtfulness or his ingenuity in saving the company from loss or outlay. That extra effort would not show up on his regular production cards—but there are ways by which to see that he does not miss his reward for using his head for the benefit of the company. Every person on our supervisory force is keyed up to keep definite track of these things. And the workers are shown just how much the company has benefited and the kind of split which it makes with the individual responsible for that benefit.

"The pay of the workers is increased many thousands of dollars a year by this extra-pay-for-extra-effort policy."

A word about the Mutual Benefit Association of employees is important. According to its by-laws the object and purpose of this association shall be to procure and maintain life insurance for the members; to provide benefit in case of sickness or accident not occurring in the course of employment, and to provide benefit for the first week of disability in occupational accident; to promote the general well-being of its members; to furnish aid and assistance to its members in the purchase and establishment of homes; to engage in coöperative enterprises; and to do all other things that will aid and assist its members.

Association Rules

At a glance it will be seen that this foundation is broad enough to furnish a basis for almost any activity that appears to promise aid and assistance of any sort to the employees.

The dues are one dollar a month, and the initiation fee is one dollar. The benefit clauses are as follows:

"While disabled by accident not compensable under the Workmen's Compensation Act of Ohio the benefit shall be ten dollars a week after the first week, not to exceed twenty-six weeks for any one disability.

"A benefit of ten dollars a week for the first week of any accident for which accident the member is entitled to payment under the Workingmen's Compensation Act of Ohio."

The sickness benefit is ten dollars a week with a limit of twenty-six weeks for payment on any one sickness. In case of the death of the wife of a member he receives one hundred dollars, and in case of the death of a dependent child he receives fifty dollars. The life-insurance clause reads as follows:

"A policy of one thousand dollars upon each member of the association, with an addition of one hundred dollars life insurance for each year of continuous employment that the member has had with the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company or any other subsidiary companies up to and including twenty years of such employment, and with the further addition also of one hundred dollars life insurance for each minor child of each member not exceeding ten minor children.

"The maximum amount of life insurance that the association will carry on any one member shall not exceed four thousand dollars."

Recognition and development of the self-respect of the worker is the keynote and objective of the attitude and activities of this company in its campaign to do its utmost to humanize industry within its own banks.

This statement, I think, pitches the key to the whole effort of the company to make every one of its plants more than a mere place in which to work. You cannot talk for five minutes with the president, either of his vice presidents or any of their associates without getting this viewpoint—and getting it strong too!

In a recent talk the vice president said substantially this:

"Our thinking brought this management to some very definite conclusions as to its own responsibility and obligations. We see management as that element of industry which takes one man's money, another man's brain, another man's skill and brawn, and uses these elements for the production of profit. But the responsibility of management does not stop there. Management, to perform its true and full function, must go further than this and arrange for the proper and just distribution of the profit produced among individuals responsible for its production. This means that the capital in any particular business and the labor in that business are partners in an effort to accomplish the same results. Both are dependent upon the profit results of that particular business for their livelihood and accumulation against future needs.

"It is the responsibility of management to take of the resources of both—to take money from the man who has money to invest, to take energy from the man who has energy, and to employ this combination to produce profit. How, then, can management escape the responsibility of pointing out to both their dependence upon and their responsibility to each other? And if properly presented, how can they fail to recognize this dependence and this responsibility to each other?"

Mistakes of Management

"In the earlier days ownership and management were represented in one individual. When the corporation was born management was vested in a separate individual. It became a distinct function in business operation. Quite naturally management became a servant of ownership, with a sense of responsibility to ownership exclusively. With ownership and management as one, ownership had direct contact with labor. With management interjected between ownership and labor it constituted the only source through which ownership could be informed of the attitude or demand of labor. But management was dependent for its job upon ownership, or at least thought it was, and ownership demanded dividends, and management's ability to hold its job became dependent upon ability to produce them.

"Through this development of circumstances, through the failure of management to recognize its responsibility to labor equally with capital, a proper consideration of labor's attitude toward the business was largely overlooked in the transition. Management employed every known means to develop cost-saving and profit-producing mechanical method. Management acted with unquestioned intelligence in the matter of the analysis of production as it affects the engineering, mechanical and scientific problem. But has management acted with the same degree of intelligence in the analysis and development of the human element, without which, in the final reckoning, there will be no progress and no profit? It is generally admitted that it has not."

A Splendid Response

"Labor doesn't want pity or kindness. It need not ask them. It has two strong arms with which to earn all that it requires of the world's success if it gets justice and a square deal. It does not want things to be given it because employers are kind, and if it did it would not represent, as it does, the potential power for industrial progress that is to be found in the human element if properly treated with and properly directed. Have we found labor unreasonable when we have made a consistent and conscientious effort to recognize its self-respect and to develop it by treating every workman as a human being?

"We have not. Our workmen have responded splendidly to this attitude, and personally I am convinced that more than ninety-five per cent of our employees believe that this company is sincere and earnest in its attempt to give them a square deal in every respect both as to treatment and a just and fair division of the profits which their labor, in combination with capital and management, produces."

The perfect nursery floor

IN THE NURSERY the child is "monarch of all he surveys" and in the exercise of his royal prerogatives he is none too easy on the furnishings of his kingdom. So the nursery floor-covering must be of a toughness and durability to withstand the happy savageries of youth. To parents who recognize this fact the perfect floor is a Blabon floor. Not only is it durable, but it cannot absorb dust or dirt; and things spilled or dropped upon it are easily removed.

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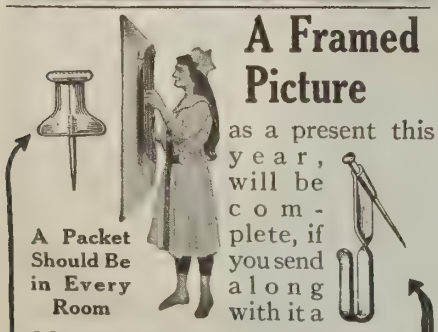

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THE CARELESS WORLD

(Continued from Page 18)

Larry Porter studied Eric a moment before answering; on his lips was a faint smile, but his eyes were not smiling.

"Are you really interested in Vivian Wellcome?" he asked at last.

"I—I like her immensely, Larry."

"You didn't lose much time, did you?"

"You're evading the question. What did you mean when you said she was dangerous?"

"If you're really interested in her I won't tell you."

Eric's fist came down on the table.

"You must tell me!"

Larry shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, rather than row with you, old man—it isn't, of course, quite the nice thing to discuss a woman this way. I regret that I ever said anything to you about Vivian Wellcome. After all, I said it jokingly. If it had ever occurred to me that you really would become interested I never should have said it." Suddenly he smiled that charming smile of his, which he knew well enough often gained him his way, and said pleadingly: "Oh, let me off the grill, Eric!"

"No!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness of Eric's "No!"

"I said Vivian was dangerous simply because she's an opportunist."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She has the reputation of letting nothing stand in her way when she has a definite object in view."

Eric drew a great breath of relief. He had expected to hear—what hadn't he expected to hear?

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Isn't that enough? I am trying to tell you as gently as possible, old man, that Vivian Wellcome is a woman without scruples."

"You simply are succeeding in telling me, after all your hints and innuendoes, that she does not consider anybody when she wants to achieve her purpose. That's a very modern method of getting ahead, Larry. It's often practiced."

"Vivian will make you her tool, Eric, and when she is finished with you—throw the tool away."

"That's not so bad when you'd rather be used than idle, Larry, and don't expect payment of any kind."

"Good heavens, man, Vivian must have cast a spell over you!"

Eric did not answer. The urgency of Vivian's appeal came back to him. He saw her again as she stood there, her fingers clutching his coat lapels as she confessed that she was desperate—desperate for some money. What did he care about the purpose for which she wanted the money? He had it to give. He might be a fool, but he was willing to play the part. He was going into this with his eyes open. He had everything to win and nothing to lose. Bah, what difference did a few thousand make to him—to him who had more money than he knew what to do with! And besides all this, deep within him ran a secret faith in the girl, a faith that was as staunch as it was sudden. There was such a thing as being too sophisticated. Larry could scoff and believe the worst of people. But he, Eric, wanted to believe the best of people. People very often were what you expected them to be. Expect them to be rotters and they were rotters. Expect them to be decent and very often they were decent. But he did not let Larry know any of these thoughts that were whirling through his head. This matter was between Vivian and himself.

"And yet disapproving as you do of Vivian Wellcome," he said at last, "you go to call upon her sister."

"Oh, Zora's quite a different person from Vivian," said Larry, and after a minute he asked: "So you're not going to let what I said influence you?"

"No," said Eric brusquely.

He sank back into his own meditations. He was thinking that in the morning he must remember to cancel his reservations to California. Of a sudden he had been convinced that Vivian Wellcome was serious in the plan she had proposed—that preposterous plan to teach him how to live. Well, if she was serious so was he. He had come to a decision.

III

IN THE following afternoon Eric Copley found himself wandering toward Sullivan Place. He had not intended to go there so soon. He thought it would be altogether more advisable to delay his visit for a day or two. Yet here he stood the very next afternoon after meeting Vivian Wellcome, perched upon her doorstep like any lovesick adolescent youth.

There was no visible doorbell connected with this ancient house. The white door, however, had a brass knocker, and so he knocked and knocked again. There was no answer. He pushed open the door. A hubbub of voices assaulted him. The voices came from the second story and he followed them. Tacked on a door beside the landing he found a card which read: "Miss Vivian Wellcome. Miss Zora Wellcome. If not at home please leave packages with janitress at Number Six."

But someone most vociferously was at home. Eric's knock at this door was more successful. It swung open—and there was Vivian herself. He saw that her blue-black eyes were distinctly elated at the sight of him, but she dropped her lashes over them as if she resented their betrayal of her elation. She held forth her hand.

"Mr. Copley!" she exclaimed. "How nice of you! There's a mob here, but that doesn't matter. Come in."

The room he entered was not large, and he had a confused sense that it was jammed with people—especially women. There were one or two men, but they seemed to remain like dark shadows in the background. Women floated like large and gorgeous birds round him. Women's voices, excited, chattering, smote his ears. To him who had always been a hermit the effect was stupefying. He sought refuge on the edge of a couch in a far corner.

Vivian Wellcome shoved a cup of tea and a plate of sirupy cakes into his hand and, leaning close to him, said: "Don't let this frighten you away. I'll send them all home soon. We must have a little chat together before you go."

His eyes followed her as she moved away. She wore a dark-red gown that emphasized the creamy warmth of her complexion. The gown hung loose except at the waist, where it was girdled with golden cords, and it was heavily embroidered with vivid greens and yellows. A strange and bizarre gown, thought Eric, but it became her wonderfully. From the rounded neck her slim throat rose and her dark hair was wound tightly round her small head. Every little while she turned from the group that surrounded her to give him a reassuring smile.

The stifled feeling began to leave him; he began to emerge from that confusion of people and voices. He was conscious that a young girl sat beside him and was eying him gravely.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he answered.

"I'm Zora Wellcome, and you're Eric Copley, aren't you? I've been hearing a lot about you since yesterday. Viv talked about you incessantly and then Larry last night talked some more."

He saw that Zora Wellcome had the dark hair of her sister, but unlike her sister's it had a gleam of russet where the light fell. Her eyes were dark, too, but Vivian's were blue-black and Zora's violet. She was dressed in a dull-white silk of heavily corded weave and her small feet were incased in bronze slippers that matched the gleaming lights in her hair. She lacked Vivian's animation. She seemed like a preternaturally solemn and wise child as she sat there gazing at him with wide eyes, which seemed to be asking of the world a perpetual and unanswerable question. There was no diffidence, no hesitation in that glance of hers, and strange to say he who was always diffident before women felt no embarrassment before this solemn young person.

"You're awfully young, aren't you?" he asked.

She stirred impatiently.

"I wish people wouldn't keep asking me that silly question. What does it matter how old one is? I always think that age should be measured in intelligence, not in years. I'm—I'm awfully old in common sense. I've always had to look after Viv. Viv's so flighty. And as a matter of fact, I'm not so awfully young in years. I'm twenty-three."

"You don't seem eighteen."

Zora Wellcome did not reply to that. She seemed to think it did not deserve a reply.

The people in the room were swept by a new gale of discussion. They swayed over their teacups like ponderous blossoms. Eric heard one woman proclaim loudly: "There's no reason why we can't produce it in April. The old feeling about spring ending the season is gone. It's ridiculous to think of waiting until next autumn." And he heard Vivian agree with clasped hands and that eager smile of hers: "You're right, Vera. You're absolutely right!"

Eric turned to the girl, who sitting beside him regarded that eddy of chatter with her grave, aloof eyes.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"Oh, they're talking about the opening of the new Alley Playhouse. Isn't it incredible, the fuss they make? Why don't they just open it—and have done with it?"

Eric smiled.

"I'm exceedingly ignorant. I'm afraid you'll have to explain. What is the new Alley Playhouse?"

She turned her large eyes upon him.

"It's rather nice to find someone who doesn't know about it—for the last six months I've heard little else. The new Alley Playhouse is one of those little art theaters that are springing up like mushrooms. Viv and some others have raised the money to build it by gouging all their rich friends and it's to be finished in April. You know the type of theater I mean, don't you? The type where they're supposed to do things too good for Broadway and the commercial theater generally. Of course it's all rot. Once in a while a little theater will produce something that's frightfully good and perhaps a bit—well, too 'arty' for Broadway, but most of the stuff they do is a pretentious sort of drivel that is absolutely lacking in any connection with real life. How can you expect modern Americans to be interested in some wan reflection of the Byzantine period—rather some present-day minor poet's idea of what the Byzantine period was like?"

"You say your sister is interested in this playhouse?"

"Viv's gone mad on the subject. She's always wanted to be an actress and she has talent. Viv's really a wonder at it! But somehow or other she's just foozled round and never got anywhere. Now she's mixed up with this new Alley crowd. They'll give her a good chance if the thing amounts to anything. They're planning to put on Carlo Bennett's Dark Desires, and though the play's a bit foolish it gives Viv a marvelous opportunity to emote. She takes the part of a Russian immigrant girl who's not found America the promised land—anything but! There's one speech that in itself will make Viv if she ever gets the chance to do it."

"And what do you do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" And for the first time her tranquil gaze was a little troubled. "I don't suppose I'll ever amount to anything. During the war I was a nurse in a hospital, but now I simply look after Viv and this apartment of ours and—and everything. I don't know but what I'd have a chance in the movies if Viv ever settled down. I've been in a picture or two and they tell me I photograph well, but I—I don't know."

"What do you want to do?"

She stared straight ahead of her and he saw with a little tug at his heart that there was a certain wistfulness, a touch of pathos, in her attitude.

"Oh, I just want to live and travel and understand things," she said presently. "I suppose I am a bit young and foolish when you come right down to facts."

They were silent—silent together in that whirl of noise. Eric found himself drawn to the child. How young she was and how engaging in her frankness and her ingenuous knowledge of her world and the people in it! He sat looking at her as she gazed, as if from a distance, at Vivian and her friends. How straight was her nose, how candid her gaze, how firm her chin! And there was, too, a repose about her, a steadiness—he did not know how else to express it—that was very alluring. Suddenly she turned and looked at him earnestly, but there was a little tremor in her voice.

"I oughtn't to speak about this, but I'm going to," she said. "Larry's terribly afraid Viv is going to do you. Larry seems to think that you need protection—that you've seen so little of women and have so much faith in them that if you're disillusioned

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ou'll be hurt horribly. Oh, I know that arry's a silly old thing! He considers himelf so worldly-wise that he gets into the ost frightful mental muddles about peole. He doesn't approve of Viv. Now Viv's ll right. She just lets her enthusiasms run way with her. Viv told me she might get lot of money from you for the new Alley layhouse."

"For the new Alley Playhouse?" he asked astonishment.

"Well, I don't know what the excuse is, ut that's really what it's for. If you make ny bargain with Viv see that you know the xact terms, won't you? If you know what ou're doing you can't be so terribly hurt."

"Your sister offers to teach me how to ve through three months that promised be—rather awful months."

"Yes, I remember now. She did tell me omething about it. I'm—I'm sorry you're ot well. You look strong."

"It's my nerves."

"I can't see why Viv's offer isn't a good argain for you, despite all Larry's worries. iv can keep you busy all right. If she does, at's worth what you pay her, isn't it?"

"Yes—fully worth it."

Zora smiled and sighed simultaneously. "Well, that's that!" she said.

The talk round them had subsided in adually receding waves. Eric glanced up om his absorption in the conversation ith Zora to find that the room was almost nptied of its fluttering visitors. At the oor Vivian was saying good-by to the st one or two. Presently she came floatg toward them, her hands extended, her ead thrown back so that her eyes, half osed, gazed dark and slumberous at Eric.

"Thank heavens, they're gone!" she exaimed, and gave Eric her hands. "Now t me tell you again how glad I am you ame."

She took a low wicker chair beside the pen fireplace and letting herself droop in depths, said: "That sort of thing tires e so. I'm going to relax for a minute if ou don't mind, Mr. Copley."

"You love that sort of thing, Viv," said ora derisively.

"Now, Zora, don't be a little beast! ake some fresh tea for Mr. Copley and yself, won't you? And then clear out. e and I want to have a talk together."

Zora rose obediently in her slim young ace, but before she finally left the room e stood at the back of Vivian's chair and ve Eric her full gaze. She was grave ough, but there was also a slight flicker amusement in that steady scrutiny. It as as if she said to Eric: "Now, remember at I told you about Viv. Don't fall for r poses. We know what she's up to, you d I, don't we?"

A moment later, however, Eric had fortten Vivian's young sister. It was Vivian rself who claimed all his devotion. Lying ere in the wicker chair, she placed her nds interlocked behind her head and de sleeves of her bizarre dark-red dress ll back, revealing the round smooth arms. er eyes were closed and the lashes veiled e glow of her cheeks.

Again Eric felt dumb and spellbound bere her beauty.

He forced his eyes away from her and sidied the room. It had been so crowded th people before that it was impossible to e it, but now he noticed with surprise what charming room it was. No one standg outside in the alley could have guessed at this ancient house could harbor such room. Bookshelves, painted white and fed with a miscellaneous assortment of oks, of pamphlets, of bound plays, lined o of the walls. Against one other wall s the luxurious couch, covered with nge velvet, on which he sat. There were lv chairs of wicker stained black here and ere, and a tall lamp was beside the desk—amp with a blue-parchment shade painted th weird flying birds of brilliant color. gs of subdued tones covered the varnished floor. Over the mantel hung a long rror with a heavy gilt frame and beneath e mantel crackled a cannel-coal fire. Eric iled at the memory of his worries of the ght before, when he had pictured Vivian ellcome harassed by poverty, bending her rely dark head over some meager supper in some bare room—and here the background was splendidly fit for her beauty, f her barbarous gown and the necklace of ue which hung round her slender throat.

He saw when his gaze returned to her at her eyes were upon him and he wonred if she had guessed his thoughts, for e said: "But I was serious last night."

"You don't look so desperately hard-up for money."

She smiled lazily with a glint of white teeth.

"Oh, of course I was overacting a bit, but I am desperate."

"This room ——"

"You mustn't judge by this room. I'll be honest with you. I don't need the money for myself—that is, I don't need it for actual living expenses or anything like that. I need it for something just as important. I—I need it desperately to further my greatest ambition."

"You need it for your toy theater."

She frowned.

"How did you know that? Zora's been gossiping again, hasn't she?"

He immediately regretted his betrayal of Zora's confidence, but the regret came too late. He decided to use Larry Porter as a scapegoat—Larry deserved something for his meddling.

"Larry, too, said something."

"Oh, Larry hates me," said Vivian carelessly, and she shrugged her shoulders. "Then you're afraid to give me the job as your teacher?"

"No, but I don't know just what you're going to teach me."

"To live!" she cried, one hand held high in a mockingly dramatic gesture.

"But what are your terms?"

"You said it would be worth two or three thousand dollars if you could get someone to teach you how to enjoy those three idle months."

"Yes."

"I'll engage to do it for—well, say three thousand dollars. I outlined yesterday in the café what might be done. I'll give you several days a week of instruction. In New York, I dare say, is the opportunity for almost every form of entertainment and instruction. Here is everything that makes life worth the living if you know how to go about finding it and have sufficient money to pay for it when you do find it. I know where to find it. You have the money. Voilà! I'll ride horseback with you in the park. I'll motor with you. I'll teach you golf. I'll give you lessons in bridge. I'll select the best plays for you to see and the best books for you to read. I'll give you all those pleasures and entertainments that your years of business have robbed you of. I'll enable you to fill every minute of those three months with something that will be worth while either mentally or physically. As I go on I am dazzled at the opportunity I am offering you. If I continue I shall feel obliged to raise the instruction fee. You'd better close the bargain now. What do you say?"

"Of course I say yes!" he exclaimed—at the moment, so irresistible was she in her animation, he felt that he would pay the three thousand dollars for one week of her companionship.

But suddenly she was serious. She abandoned her lounging careless attitude and sat upright, gazing at him, her chin cupped in her hand.

"There is, however, one stipulation in this contract," she said, "to which you must agree."

"And that is?"

"That you must always look upon me as your good comrade—nothing more."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You must not fall in love with me. You must never even let the thought of that enter your mind."

"Well, I'll try."

"It's a bargain then?"

"It's a bargain."

She jumped to her feet briskly and, snapping her fingers, whirled gayly round the room.

"Then—then my dearest ambition is bound to be realized!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "And you—you're a darling! We'll start the first lesson Monday morning."

IV

THERE was a touch of spring in the April day; the blue of the sky was a pale blue but an intense one and puffy little clouds sailed slowly along before a soft breeze. In all the world that morning the bridle path in Central Park seemed the nicest place to be. Vivian and Eric cantered along slowly, their horses side by side.

"You're getting to be quite a decent rider, Eric," said Vivian, turning to smile at him. "At first I thought you would be hopeless."

He did not answer; he was very content to amble along silent in the warm sunshine and gaze at Vivian; the spring seemed to be

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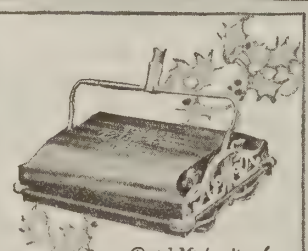

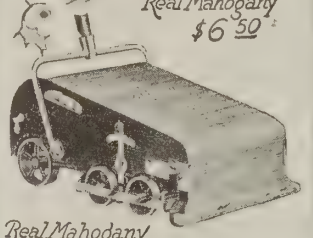

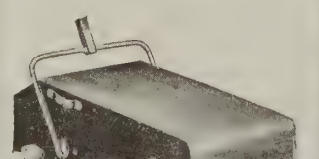

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in his blood this morning; he had never felt so lazily sluggish, so lazily content, in all his life. Nerves, it seemed to him at the moment, were for him a thing of the past.

He was not a hopeless rider any longer, but what a perfect rider was Vivian. Her body seemed to move in unison with each movement of her animal. She knew how to ride beautifully just as she knew how to do everything beautifully—everything that had been so long denied him and that now during these past two months he had just begun laboriously to learn. This morning Vivian looked particularly well. She had greeted him in a new green riding habit of some rough texture, shaggy and mannish. She wore a green felt hat secured beneath her chin by a wide black elastic band. Her boots were of polished russet and from beneath the collar of her white shirt waist peeped a scarf of golden russet. She looked like some sublimated version of Robin Hood in that green-and-russet outfit.

"Haven't you a new suit?" he asked presently.

She pouted at him rosily.

"I've been waiting hours for you to notice it."

"It seems to me, Vivian, you're spending all your—your salary on clothes."

"Well, half the fun of this is dressing properly, Eric. I didn't agree to teach you to dress, but I've a mind to include that in the curriculum. I don't want you to wear that shabby blue suit of yours any more. Where do you get your clothes anyway?"

"I've always gone to a little tailor's in Lexington Avenue."

"You'll have to drop the little tailor then, old dear. You must get your sporting things at Constant Bly's and you'll have to go to Bradbury Brothers' for your other stuff. You can't be a man of the world unless you look like one."

"I don't know that I want to be a man of the world."

She leaned over and gave the flanks of his mare a smart tap with her riding crop. The mare wakened from her amiable somnolence and indignantly leaped forward. For a few minutes she gave Eric all he could do to maintain his seat.

Presently Vivian, her eyes flashing, her teeth glinting, caught up with him.

"Why did you do that?" he demanded, when once more they rode side by side at a sober pace.

"For your disobedience. If I want you to become a man of the world, Eric, you must become a man of the world."

"I can never become a man of your world, Vivian."

"Why, isn't my world your world?"

"Mine is a humdrum affair of business, work—little else; yours is a glittering place where people live from day to day, joyously, carelessly, doing as they please with no thought of the morrow."

"Stuff and nonsense, Eric! I've already shown you to some small extent that you, too, can be joyous and careless. You're no longer the grim old owl you used to be. You're becoming more human every day."

"I dare say you could make me anything you wanted to make me, Vivian," he said a little huskily.

"Now, Eric, remember your promise!" she said, and she turned her eyes away from the expression in his and frowned.

"It is not always possible to fulfill promises, even when they're made with the best intentions," he said.

"If you persist there is only unhappiness in store for you."

"Why?"

"I shan't get married—not to you or anyone for years and years. I have other plans for myself, plans that have been a part of me ever since I was a child and that are just on the eve of fulfillment now. I warned you, Eric. I—I didn't want to make you unhappy."

After a pause she said in a lighter tone: "How are you getting on with The Brothers Karamazov?"

"Not at all. I wish you wouldn't make me read those Russian novels."

"There you go again! One can't be cultured without knowing the Russians."

"You might start my culture with something easier."

"Well, I'll relent. Finish The Brothers and next week I'll let you read a detective story or something romantic by Richard Harding Davis or Robert Louis Stevenson."

They passed beneath a rustic bridge overhung with the withered vines of another year, but the vines stirred murmuringly in the sunshine as if expectant of their new blossoming. From beneath the shadow of the bridge they came forth in a blaze of sunshine upon a lake. Its waters reflected the blue of the sky and in the blue, whipping it to white, some hardy ducks were making a great commotion as if they, too, felt the coming of the spring and had become a little mad because of it.

"Let's leave our horses at the boathouse," suggested Vivian, and mischief danced in her eyes. "Let's go out on the lake. You haven't had a rowing lesson as yet."

"I don't want a rowing lesson."

"Eric, you're the most unruly scholar I've ever had. Well, I don't suppose one can hire rowboats in April. Let's turn back then."

"Are you going to have lunch with me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My dear Eric, I had lunch with you yesterday and the day before and the day before that. I didn't agree to give you all my time, and I'm sorry to say that I shall be able to give you less than ever."

"Why?"

"The rehearsals of Dark Desires will be on in dead earnest."

"I've discovered an amusing Greek restaurant in West Forty-something Street which will provide you with the proper environment to give me a lecture on classic sculpture."

"I'm glad that at last you are discovering something for yourself, but the Greek restaurant will hold till another day."

"Shall I call for you in the motor after lunch and take you up to Greenwich for dinner?"

"Certainly not! We have to see The Wild Duck to-night and we'd never get back from Greenwich in time."

"What's The Wild Duck?"

"My dear Eric, I explained to you yesterday that it's one of Ibsen's masterpieces."

"Do I have to see another Ibsen play?"

"You have to see all that are produced during the three months that I'm your instructor in things that are worth while."

"Can't we go to see The Rose Lady to-night just for a change?"

"What's the Rose Lady?"

"It's the musical-comedy hit of the season."

"Eric, your taste is execrable. Where did you hear all this about The Rose Lady?"

"From Larry."

"Larry would know about such things."

"Can't my execrable taste be indulged just to-night, Vivian?"

She thought for a moment.

"Yes, let's go there then. But be a good thing and finish The Brothers Karamazov this afternoon and call for me at seven."

"We're to have dinner together then?" he cried jubilantly.

"Yes, we shall have a very expensive dinner together. I'm going to make you pay for your folly in wanting to see such a thing as The Rose Lady."

They left the horses at the stable in West Fifty-eighth Street. Eric's new Sunset roadster — purchased according to Vivian's instructions—awaited him outside the building, but Vivian waved him away.

"You're not to take me home, Eric. I'll jump in a taxi at the Circle. Until this evening ——"

Eric drove the Sunset toward the apartment in Lexington Avenue with his hands on the wheel but his thoughts in heaven. He wondered if his physical appearance had changed as much as his mental state. What a glorious old world it was anyway. And a profound feeling of gratefulness toward Vivian flooded him. She wouldn't let him be sentimental. Not for an instant would she let him be sentimental. But pshaw, this was a pose of hers that wouldn't last! Meanwhile Vivian had indeed shown him that life was worth the living and that idle time could be made time replete with all sorts of beguiling affairs. He even liked secretly some of the culture which Vivian fed him, though he would never admit it to her.

"After all, there's something to these Russians," he admitted to himself. "It's strange and distant from our healthy American point of view, but it's their life, I suppose. And that fellow Ibsen has something on the ball. He knows how to get you in his own peculiar fashion."

Absorbed in his own thoughts, he desultorily guided the sturdy little Sunset through the traffic of Fifth Avenue. A policeman shouted at him. The new and glittering fender of the Sunset encountered the front wheel of a car bound uptown. But these trifles did not bother Eric. He continued serenely on his way. Nothing bothered him to-day.

He placed the Sunset in its home in a cross street near Lexington Avenue and walked to his apartment.

"Got any lunch for me, Aunt Martha?" he asked.

Aunt Martha's dim and affectionate eyes surveyed him admiringly, though she grumbled: "It's about time you had a meal to home. I ain't seen you for lunch or dinner for a week. I never thought, Mr. Eric, you'd become a gadabout like this."

"Hasn't it done me good?"

"You look grand, Mr. Eric. I'm thinking you ought to get back to work. It don't do a young feller good havin' too much time for loafin'."

After lunch Eric consulted his schedule.

The schedule had been sent him by Vivian the first week the lessons began. It was sprawled in her loose writing across the two pages of a letterhead and it was tacked on the door of the living room. It read:

TO BE RIGOROUSLY FOLLOWED:

8 . . . . . Get up, shave, take a cold bath, dress.
8:30 . . . Breakfast.
8:30–9 . . Read the newspaper intelligently—skip stocks and bonds, concentrate on political news, international relations, industrial relations, dramatic and book reviews, sporting events.
9–9:45 . . A brisk walk.
9:45 . . . Dress for ride in park.
10–11:30 . Ride in park.
11:30–12:30 Rest and relaxation.
12:30–2 . . Lunch with some pleasant people—preferably Vivian Wellcome.
2–4 . . . . Read some worth-while book selected by Vivian Wellcome.
4–6 . . . . Something like a walk, a concert, tea with some interesting people.
6–7 . . . . Rest and dress for dinner.
7–8:30 . . Dinner with some intelligent people—preferably Vivian Wellcome.
8:30–11 . . Some worth-while play or opera or concert with somebody who can point out the merits of the performance—preferably Miss Wellcome.
12 Sharp . Bed.

Well, the schedule had been more or less rigorously followed and it had given Eric the most intoxicating two months he had known. Vivian Wellcome had been corking. She had lived up to her bargain magnificently and earned every cent he had paid her. What a fool was Larry with his babble about "dangerous," and his forebodings. Two of the three months had gone—but one was left! Eric sighed. Then he must return to his own workaday world.

He ran his index finger over the schedule—"2–4. Read some worth-while book." He remembered his promise to Vivian and settled himself in the huge yellow chair with The Brothers Karamazov in his hands.

That evening, however, when Eric appeared at Vivian's apartment in Sullivan Place it was not Vivian who received him, but Zora.

"I'm here in place of Viv," she said apologetically, her grave eyes searching his. "Viv told me to explain. There was a hurry call for a rehearsal of Dark Desires. I suppose she's told you they've been rehearsing in a haphazard way for the last two weeks, but now they've got to work much harder. It opens, you know, a week from Monday."

"That means I won't see much of Vivian for the next ten days, doesn't it?"

"It means you won't see much of her for longer than that. If the play gets over it will keep Vivian busy, of course, every night, with matinées twice a week. Your three months are almost up anyway, aren't they, Eric. You're looking particularly fit to go back to work."

"I have three weeks more."

"Perhaps you'd better engage a new instructor for those three weeks."

"Yes, but ——"

He stopped abruptly, so abruptly that Zora scrutinized him inquiringly and after a moment's reflection said: "Have you paid Viv the entire three thousand for the three months?"

He did not answer.

"Don't try to be so noble and screen Viv," she said presently. "Your silence means you have paid Viv the entire amount, doesn't it? But after all Viv's been fairly decent about her bargain."

"She's been wonderful!"

"She's been much better than I ever thought she'd be," admitted Zora. "I suppose Viv got you to pay her in advance because she's broke. She's had a beautiful time splurging with the money you gave her, but she has spent most of it on that darned new Alley Playhouse."

They sat silent. The talk with Zora had emphasized to Eric how soon he was to lose Vivian's companionship—sooner even than he had expected. It made him a little sick at heart. Presently Zora broke into his thoughts:

"You don't seem to be enthusiastic about me as a substitute for Viv. She told me I was to take her place as your companion at dinner and the theater to-night. I was crazy to see The Rose Lady, but if you don't want to go now ——"

"Of course I want to go," he said a little heavily.

Zora threw a cape of some vivid Persian silk over her dress of yellow. The fur collar of the cape was drawn round her head so that the fur blended with her dark hair—the dark hair with a gleam of russet.

"Let's go then," she said quickly. Her eyes were sullen.

They went to the Baronet for dinner, and—as everybody knows—the Baronet that season was just the place to go for dinner. But there, seated side by side, on the cushioned seat against the tapestried wall, with the music murmuring a plaintive waltz from behind some palms and with a rosy radiance falling over the naked shoulders of women, the sharply contrasted black and white of men, the dazzling white of the tablecloths, the shimmer of crystal and silver—even there amid this enchantment—the pall of silence remained hanging over Zora and Eric. By now Eric knew just what to order for Vivian, but he had no idea what to order for Zora. She seemed such a child to him. He stole a glance at her as she sat there, her face half turned from him, her chin cupped in her hand. Her dress was a primrose yellow and it was cut modestly low; round her slender throat was the jade necklace he had once seen Vivian wear. In that pale yellow, that dark green, she looked indeed like some faint delicate blossom of early spring. Her eyes were graver than ever and her straight brows were wrinkled as if she found the question that life presented quite, quite unanswerable.

"What shall I order for you?" he asked at last. "Consommé, a chicken salad, a café parfait?"

She turned upon him resentfully.

"Why not some milk and gruel and cambric tea?" she asked indignantly. "I wish you'd stop treating me as if I were a child. I want a cocktail first—a very stiff dry Martini—and then I want some oysters and some steak and mushrooms and potatoes Lorette and something very rich and indigestible for dessert. I won't have you baby me, Eric."

Her indignation was so fervid that he couldn't help laughing, but Zora could not be restored so easily to good humor. She drank her very stiff dry Martini at a single gulp and made vicious little stabs at the steak and mushrooms.

At the end of the meal when she was sipping her black coffee from its tiny cup she gazed at Eric over the rim and said: "I broke an engagement with Larry to go out with you to-night."

"I'm sorry."

"That's not the thing for you to say."

"Why did you do it?"

"I thought if Viv wouldn't live up to her bargain with you I'd live up to it for her, but you're—you're horrid to me. Are you in love with Viv?"

Her audacity took his breath away, but at last he answered: "Vivian has forbidden me to fall in love with her."

"As if that would make any difference!" she said scornfully. "But even if you are in love with Viv you might be nice to me."

"Aren't you in love with Larry?"

"Certainly not."

"Larry's awfully fond of you."

"Yes, I know it and in a way I'm sorry. I like Larry, but he's too silly. Besides I know Larry through and through. There's no mystery left."

They were silent again and the silence seemed to enwrap them for the rest of the evening. Even The Rose Lady could not dispel that silence. Its lilting melodies and flaming colors, its droll comedians and flashing choruses beat powerlessly against the somber walls of their own thoughts.

V

VIVIAN telephoned Eric the next morning. "I'm awfully sorry about last night," she began breathlessly. "You understand, don't you? Zora says she

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xplained it to you. And she said she also old you that I'd be too busy to continue he lessons for a time."

"But when can I see you, Vivian?"

"Soon. I'll have lunch or dinner with ou. This rehearsal stuff is nerve-racking, ric. I know that you'll think I'm a fright-il quitter, not fulfilling my contract with ou, but this opportunity in Dark Desires eans so much to me. It means every-ing. It's the chance I've been awaiting r years.

"How much longer am I supposed to give ou lessons? It's about three weeks, isn't ? Why not let Zora take my place and ntinue the lessons for those three weeks? ora would love to do it, but she has a wild ea you dislike her."

"Dislike her?"

"Yes, isn't it absurd! But, Eric, you've en so splendid. You're looking so well. our nerves are cured completely, aren't ey? Don't drop back into a rut—even ter you return to business. Go on with ur riding and motoring, your reading and alking. And let Zora be your companion r a time instead of me."

"Then I won't see any more of you, vian?"

"Don't be an old idiot, Eric! Of course u'll see more of me. I'll just be messed up for a while with these rehearsals."

"Well, of course, I'd rather have Zora an no one."

Vivian laughed.

"That's not a nice way of putting it, but ll tell Zora in another and a better way."

So for a week it was Zora who went riding d walking with Eric; who went to lunch d dinner and the theater with him. But t ngs did not seem the same as when Vivian s his companion. Vivian was always r, sparkling. She dashed through every-t ng with the greatest zest. She proclaimed h equal enthusiasm a view in the park or a hapter in a book. And her enthusiasm s contagious. Zora on the other hand s silent. She kept her eyes away from Eric. She went through the routine of nts as if it were her duty—nothing re—a duty that was difficult of perform-e but that somehow must be done.

t was only once that Eric saw Zora erge from this dark shell of restraint. Hand Zora, Larry and a friend of Zora's—Mdred Cavendish—went to the theater. Aer the theater they went to a roof. Zora n Larry danced together and Eric looked ufrom his table to see Zora laughing and wrling in Larry's arms. Her face was lht. She wore a white-net dress on which ic rosebuds were embroidered and her kts flew like a cloud about her while her ite feet twinkled. She was like a butter-ly that has emerged from its chrysalis. And shey danced close to the table at which eat Eric could see Larry's eyes as he ad into Zora's. There was a pleading in his eyes. Eric turned his own gaze wy. Somehow within him he felt a little ag. That was youth, that magic some-hg which Zora and Larry had—youth th he had missed, youth which no lessons o d ever teach.

hen the dance was over and Larry and o returned to the table Zora sat quiet gn, reserved, wrapped once more in her lok of silence. It was only once that she a d out into vehemence. They had been o concert together that night and he was a ng her before the door of the house in u van Place.

ddenly after their formal good nights ried out: "I can't go on with it any ner, Eric!"

"Why?" he asked, too dismayed to say o.

"Because—oh, because I hate you!"

I seized her hands, but she tore them w and ran into the house.

VI

O MONDAY, so the newspaper notices nd the billboards in the vicinity of ashington Square announced, Dark De-re was to be produced at the new Alley la ouse. On Friday morning Vivian ga called Eric on the telephone. He did ot ecognize her voice at first; it seemed d n with tears.

"ric, I must see you this morning," she id "Can't you come down here to the pa ment at once?"

"es, of course. What's the trouble, iv n?"

"ll tell you all about it when you get ow here."

Pe April sunlight filtered through the m ley and into the dim house in Sullivan Place. A bar of it lay across Vivian's face as she sat in one of the low wicker chairs opposite Eric and she shifted her chair impatiently, but he had seen in that clear light how worn she looked, how dark were the circles beneath her eyes.

"Vivian, you're tiring yourself out in these damn rehearsals," Eric said. "It's I this time who will have to prescribe a series of lessons for your health and well-being."

She smiled wanly.

"I am overdoing it. Sometimes I get terribly wearied of the whole thing. Sometimes I—I wish I had the ambitions of the usual woman instead of this insane desire of mine to be an actress. How restful it would be simply to love someone, marry, forget everything else."

Eric flushed. His breath caught in his throat. Leaning forward, he seized Vivian's hand, which hung lax beside her chair—seized it and tried to awaken it to some response.

"Marry me, Vivian," he said.

"You're a faithful old darling, Eric, and I've treated you shabbily."

"I love you, Vivian."

"I almost love you, Eric, but not—not quite enough."

"That may come later—after we're married."

She shook her head.

"No, Eric, I can't take a chance—not while this ambition of mine is unsatisfied. I'd never be content. I'd be a creature of vain regrets, always mooning round and making you unhappy. I'd make a rotten wife."

He increased the pressure of his hand upon hers as if he would force his will upon her despite herself.

"I'll take you on any terms, Vivian."

She winced beneath that grip of his.

"On any terms, Eric?"

"On any terms at all, my dear."

After a pause she said: "Listen to me then, Eric. Dark Desires may not be produced Monday night. The great ambition of my life after coming almost within my grasp may never be satisfied. We're broke. We can't produce it. The scenery's ready, but we can't pay for it and they won't deliver it without payment. Oh, I imagine they know how desperately we've been trying to raise money. Why, we haven't even enough money to pay the printer for the tickets. You are our last resort—my last resort. Give me three thousand dollars—and if the play's a failure I'll marry you. If it's a success I won't. That's a paradoxical offer, isn't it? You'll be gambling against your own interests. But I never never shall be satisfied until I've had at least one chance to prove I can act, Eric. Will you accept these terms?"

"Yes."

"Eric, you're such a darling you make me despise myself."

He grumbled something deep within his throat.

New life reanimated Vivian; new light entered her eyes.

"Let's run round to the theater," she said. "I want to tell them we're saved."

VII

ON MONDAY night half an hour late the new Alley Playhouse opened with Dark Desires and with Vivian Wellcome in the part of the Russian immigrant girl, Natacha. Eric sat alone in a seat in the third row of the orchestra with one vacant seat beside him. Except for that one vacant seat the theater was crowded. Fortunately for Dark Desires the season was late and no other play was opening that night. All those strange people who make it their chief aim in life to attend first nights had journeyed downtown to this outlandish district to see—perhaps to ridicule—this attempt of the highbrows to produce plays of their own in a theater of their own.

Eric, it seemed to him, had never been so nervous in his life. The people round him, shifting in their seats, impatient at the delay, scoffing already at the temerity of the highbrows, the pretty little theater with its cream-colored walls relieved simply by medallions of bright color and exotic design—all this was a blur to him.

But somehow through his confusion he sensed the hostility of the audience and he was indignant. His own feelings were in a state of the utmost bewilderment. He wanted the play to fail, for if it failed Vivian had promised to marry him. He wanted it to succeed, because he realized what its success meant to the author, the actors, to all the people who had put their faith and their money in this new experiment in the drama which they at least thought meant the beginnings of great things. He didn't know what he wanted.

A gong sounded; the audience settled down into a hush of attention; into the vacant seat beside Eric slipped Zora, quite pale, her lips set. She shoved an icy little hand into his and said: "You've got to hold my hand, Eric, whether you want to or not. I've just left Viv. She looks lovely, but she's mad with fright."

The curtain rose. It revealed the bare room of an East Side tenement; on a rumpled bed lay a boy, pallid and worn as if with illness. There was a knock on the door and an old man entered. In entering he stumbled inadvertently over a chair. Someone in the audience tittered. Others tittered. A suppressed wave of merriment swept the house.

Eric thought afterward that from that one moment the play was doomed. The old man's stumble had condemned it. It seemed to him that the feelings of the audience played upon him as if he were an instrument. He could tell they were restless. Programs rustled. People coughed. There was some disturbing noise at the rear of the theater which seemed to claim more interest than anything that happened on the stage. But suddenly the theater was whipped into attention.

It was Natacha, the Russian girl, who had entered. And Natacha was Vivian. At first Eric could not believe it was she. He could not believe that she possessed this passion, this energy which seemed to be smothered, held in leash, indicated only by certain low notes in her voice. He could feel every eye in the theater upon her; he could sense that upon that one figure on the stage every person in the audience was intent. Yet in that first act she had but little to do.

The curtain fell amidst silence.

Zora pulled her hand from his. She was sunk deep down in her seat. She gave Eric a pallid glance.

"It's a failure!" she said. "Run out in the lobby, Eric, and find out what people are saying."

Eric ran out into the lobby. He stood close to three men who were in earnest conversation. They were discussing, he found, the probability of a rise in the stock of Jackson Oil Preferred.

He moved away to hear one gilded youth shout to another, "How do you like the play?"

"Rotten so far," came the answer.

Eric stood at one side and lighted a cigarette. He saw Larry Porter separate from a group of men and rush toward him. Larry's clear blue eyes were clouded; he frowned.

"Zora's with you, isn't she?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I begged her to go with me to-night, Eric, but she insisted on going with you."

He gazed at Eric with his clouded blue eyes, started to say something, gulped, said nothing and abruptly turned away. Eric crept back to his seat.

"What did you hear?" asked Zora.

"Nothing!"

The curtain rose on the second act. Again Zora slipped her hand in his and he felt the weight of her shoulder against his. She seemed to be trying to gain strength from him. She had gone absolutely limp with the nervous tension.

During the second act there was the same lack of attention, the same noise, the same coughing. But again the entrance of Vivian galvanized the audience into interest. She wore a red shawl over a black dress. Her face was dead white. Her lips were as red as the shawl and her hair as black as the dress. She turned on the man who had exploited her. She denounced him. She denounced him and everything he stood for; everything that in her poor befuddled brain she thought—through him—that America stood for. She was the personification of fiery protest. Eric realized that this was her great speech of which Zora had told him.

And when the speech was finished and she had sunk to her knees sobbing the audience broke into its first spontaneous applause. The applause was deafening.

But it came too late. The play was a failure. Vivian Wellcome, however, was a success. Eric realized dimly that there were complications in his problem—complications of which he had never dreamed.

After the play he waited outside while the crowd drifted away in taxicabs, in limousines, on foot. Zora had gone round to the stage entrance to see Vivian. Presently she returned.

"Viv won't see you to-night," she said gently. "She's all in. They know back there that the play didn't get over. They're heartbroken. Viv doesn't know yet that she herself made a hit. I have to go back to her, Eric."

Eric wandered home alone. A wet fog had come in from the ocean. Everything was blurred, indistinct. And, he thought, so his emotions were blurred, indistinct. The play had failed. Vivian had promised to marry him if it failed, but he experienced no sense of rejoicing, none even of hope. Somehow to-night Vivian seemed to have moved far away from him. It was not of the Vivian he knew that he thought, the gay comrade of many joyous hours, but of the girl on the stage who in a poor and indifferent play had awakened the audience to the utmost enthusiasm. This new Vivian had become remote, inaccessible. It was as if she had flown away, up and up, completely out of the circle of his own life. It was Zora who remained near to him—Zora, her little cold hand within his. Just before he fell asleep it was Zora's violet eyes that gazed into his—Zora's eyes, grave and questioning.

The next morning's newspapers confirmed the play's failure. The Star said, "Another dreary bit of attempted realism." The Graphic said, "Some vivid moments, but on the whole dull and uninspired." Both the Star and the Graphic, however, ended up by mentioning Vivian Wellcome with enthusiasm. And the usually cynical critic of the Planet wrote, "The one redeeming feature of the performance was Miss Vivian Wellcome. Whatever the mysterious thing is that makes an actor—personality, magnetism, call it what you will—Miss Wellcome has it. Her début last night marks the advent of a star of the first magnitude. Undoubtedly one of the astute commercial managers, whom these little theater people affect so much to despise, will snatch up Miss Wellcome and put her in a play worthy of her gorgeous talents."

At eleven Eric telephoned Vivian, but Zora answered.

"Viv can't be disturbed," she said. "She didn't sleep all night. I wouldn't advise you to see her until to-morrow, Eric. Come down and take her out to lunch. I'll make the appointment for you."

So Eric walked round the corner to a florist's shop and sent to Sullivan Place orchids and violets and pink rosebuds. Then as well as he could he awaited the morrow—the morrow which was to settle his fate.

VIII

ZORA had arranged that Eric and Vivian were to have luncheon at the café where they had gone to sit and talk after their first meeting at Mrs. Westbrook's tea. Upstairs near a news stand crowded with books and chocolates and papers Eric waited. Vivian was three-quarters of an hour late. She gave him her hand apathetically. He saw that she was tired and she was also very nervous. For the first time since he had known her she seemed afraid of him.

They descended the stairs and sat in the room where mirrors covered the walls, but instead of the lounging afternoon crowd the room was filled with brisk business men of the neighborhood, talking loudly and bolting down their food in hurried gulps.

Vivian pulled off her white gloves and laid her slim hands, bare of rings, upon the table. She was dressed in some tan substance, filmy and diaphanous, and at her waist were his violets and one pink rose. She had on a wide black hat and he had the strange fancy that she wore that large hat so that it would shadow her face as she talked to him. And she talked of many things in a feverish staccato way—a new novel that was attracting wide attention, a strike that was convulsing a neighboring city, but presently she dropped this feverish manner and said simply: "Well, Eric, Dark Desires is a failure. Are you going to hold me to my promise?"

So this is the way she puts it, thought Eric; and he knew, as he had known all along, that there was little hope for him. He wondered idly if he could force Vivian to keep to her promise, but he had no idea of forcing her. The very suggestion of that was repugnant to him.

At last he said: "You speak as if you wished to be released from your promise, Vivian. What has happened?"

"I have an offer from Winthrop Grey to appear in one of his productions this fall."

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"Is that why you want to be released?"

"No—oh, no, Eric! It isn't that! It's—it's because I can't marry you. It would be the utmost folly."

"As my wife you would be free to do as you pleased, Vivian."

She gave a hopeless little gesture with her hands.

"Eric, I—I can't."

He turned his eyes away from her.

"I have no desire to force you, Vivian."

"I—I don't know what's wrong with me, Eric. I can't help acting in this vile way. I'm so sorry for your sake, dear, that I'm not another sort of woman without the poison of this ambition in my blood. Do you regret ever meeting me?"

"No."

She smiled falteringly.

"At least I've done you some good. You seem well now. You know more of the world. You know—all sorts of things you didn't know before."

"Yes."

"And I'll never forget what you've done for me, Eric. After all, it is to you that I owe my real opportunity—my opportunity to appear in one of Winthrop Grey's productions. After a while, of course, I shall be able to pay back that money I borrowed."

"Don't let the money worry you for a moment, Vivian."

"Eric, you're too—too decent. I imagine I'd feel better if you'd strike me, or something of the sort. But you can see my point of view, can't you? It would be madness to keep my promise, feeling as I do. I should never have made that offer except that I was insane at the moment and didn't know what I was doing. Can't we still be friends?"

"Yes, I suppose we can, Vivian."

The lunch continued to arrive, while they sat there choking over their food. There was African melon and brook trout and guinea hen and a salad with a marvelous dressing, but no matter how you looked at it it was a most miserable lunch. Both Eric and Vivian were glad when it was over.

IX

DARK DESIRES had gone; the new Alley Playhouse, after its brief opening, was closed for the summer; the newspapers in those curious little notes which are read so avidly by men and women interested in theatrical affairs had announced that Vivian Wellcome would appear in the autumn in a new play by Stanley West under the direction of the renowned Winthrop Grey.

One afternoon in May Eric sat in the living room of his apartment in Lexington Avenue. Some measure of equanimity had been restored to him—a surprising measure of equanimity. He had taken the broken interests of his life as Vivian Wellcome had left them and patched them together as well as he could. And after all he had made a fairly good job of it.

He thought with grim humor that he should be suffering from a broken heart and blighted life, but nothing of the kind seemed to trouble him.

And that morning his doctor had told him he could go back to the Pine Street Trust Company whenever he wished.

"I don't know what has happened to you," said the doctor, eying him shrewdly, "but something quite evidently has taken your mind off yourself. Certainly your nerves are all right."

"I've learned how to live during the past three months."

"Indeed!" said the doctor.

"Yes, I've learned the pleasure that can be gained from books, plays, exercise—all sorts of things."

"H'm," said the doctor. "Who is the woman in the case?"

"The woman in the case refused to marry me."

"You seem to bear up remarkably well under the blow," said the doctor skeptically.

"Yes," said Eric, and he smiled.

"Perhaps there was more than one woman in the case," said the doctor.

That afternoon in the apartment in Lexington Avenue May sunlight flooded the room in which Eric sat. It betrayed glaringly the worn tapestry covering of the rosewood furniture; it made the knick-knacks seem singularly futile and dusty; it made shabby the memories of the past in which until three months ago Eric had always lived—and he stirred restlessly and thought that he'd have to move away from Lexington Avenue, surround himself wit an atmosphere brighter, more cheerfu more in keeping with the new life he de manded, more suitable to the new man h hoped he had become. He was in th midst of these reflections when there was knock at the door. Eric opened it an there stood Larry.

Larry sauntered over to the mantel an leaned against it, his hands thrust into hi pockets. He looked so earnestly at Eri he had so evidently come for a purpos that at last Eric asked bluntly:

"What's the idea, Larry? What's brough you?"

"I've come for two very similar reason Eric. I've come because I'm a fool and be cause you're a fool."

"That's rather a sweeping charge. Wh am I a fool?"

"Let me tell you first why I am, Eri It's because I'm here at all. It's becaus I've let Zora send me as her ambassado when—when the appointment will prob ably end all my hopes where Zora is con cerned."

"Zora! Why did she send you?"

"That brings me to why you're a foo Eric—you who because you are blinded b Vivian have overlooked Zora."

"I haven't overlooked her! It's th memory of Zora's kindness that has helpe me since Vivian—well, that has helped m tremendously. Where is Zora? I'll go t her now."

"There's no need to go to her. She waiting below. I'll fetch her."

Larry went out of the room, out of th apartment, while Eric waited, his pulse racing, his mind in a turmoil. Presentl Zora entered alone.

"Hello, Eric," she said.

"Hello, Zora."

She crossed to the huge yellow chair an seated herself, and Eric thought he ha never seen her look so lovely. Her cheek were flushed with rosy color and her eye grave and questioning, were sparkling wit excitement.

She looked at Eric with that direct brav gaze of hers.

"Eric, I'm not going to have you shu me out of your life in this way," she sai "You haven't been down to see me sinc your row with Vivian."

"I didn't row with Vivian."

"Well, you haven't been down since tha luncheon with Viv—row or no row."

"Your world is so different from min Zora. I made a stab at getting into you careless happy world, but I failed."

"My world isn't Vivian's, Eric. I'v always had to drudge along in the hum drum, workaday, common-sense world- just as you have."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let me take Viv's plac I want you to let me go on riding and wall ing, going to theaters and concerts—a sorts of things—with you."

"I'm returning to business next week.

"As if that made any difference! Eri don't—don't give up everything! Do le me take Viv's place, won't you?"

His voice was a little breathless.

"I wonder if you know what you're say ing, Zora?"

"Yes, I know."

"You don't know just what Viv mean to me for a time. You don't know her las promise to me—a promise that was broken?

Her gaze did not falter.

"Yes, I know of that too."

"You don't mean that you want to tak Vivian's place in that way?"

Zora stood upright; she stretched he slender arms lazily; she laughed happily.

"Well, we don't have to go into that jus yet, you silly old darling," she said. "Le me start taking Viv's place at an earlie stage in your friendship with her than that Let's—let's go riding in the park togethe to-morrow morning."

It was not until late in the followin autumn that Vivian Wellcome made he first Broadway appearance in Constance by Stanley West, and justified in ever way the critics who had first acclaimed he in Dark Desires.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Copley sat in th third row of the orchestra. Mrs. Cople just before the curtain rose thrust her littl icy-cold hand into Mr. Copley's.

"You've got to hold my hand whethe you want to or not, Eric," she said.

But it seemed he wanted to—very much After all, that was excusable under the cir cumstances. They had been married onl a month or two.

FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 5)

look up. Lo, you are here so close. My orn brother is dead. You come now again s my brother. But I serve you, I am your ian."

Dan shook his head.

"Sorry. There are reasons why not."

Amra Khan had another reason why.

"This day the peddler passed me on the ay of walking," he declared simply. "They iall not take me again. Not alive."

Whether fate or chance, Towers consid-ed, it seemed his portion in life always to snarled about with other men's dis-esses. This fugitive meant what he said. ere, by all likelihood, was life or death; easy matter to turn the back and walk vay from. In perplexity Dan remained oking at the smoke and dazzle beyond eir tree, where boats joggled, straining in e muddy current. He gave a start. Just low, with his back turned, stood a trim ung European directing a file of head-rdened coolies. It was Runa.

"Quick! Farther behind," Dan whis-red.

Slipping round the tree trunk he and nra Khan stood hidden again for the oment.

"You saw? That was La Flèche Sahib, o caught you before. He sails with me. o you understand?"

The northerner folded his hands before n, hung his head and sighed, like a man o has met some trivial disappointment.

"I understand," he murmured at last, zing as if the grass underfoot were very tant. "Well. When the dark comes my dy shall float down the river. Part of , following you so far, brother. The il—that may go faster than your black p. Who knows?" He looked up, smiling oughtfully. "It is no man's fault. Sa-l m, sahib. Farewell, my brother."

He was turning to go when Dan caught n by the sleeve.

"Hold on. Stay where you are. Don't La Flèche see you. Eyes in the back of head. You wait right here for me."

So saying Towers went down to the terside and touched Runa's arm.

"Aha, Danny!" cried his friend, turning. ll ready for sea? What cheer, mate? Aast, belay, pass the earing, bring her to t with the mainbrace. Yarely, good ils, yarely!"

The youngster was in high spirits and nderful fine clothes. He jerked up his istband like a Pinafore sailor, and tched the movement of hornpipe.

"Look here." Dan repressed him with hvy hand. "Listen. I've engaged a serv-a.. Minute ago. How to get him on ard? Quick. Yarely yourself."

Runa changed at a flash from nonsense to cil clear business.

"Good idea. Don't get left behind, lugh." His brown eyes snapped twice al saw the course of action. Pulling out h chit pad he wrote and tore off a leaf. " ere. Carry your boy to that chap. He ows me. He'll put you through. Catch m gharri, next road; can't have left yet. O hai!" he added as Dan was bounding ay. "Wait, and save time." Runa scribbled again and ripped off a second e. "For the medico. He knows me. Yi'll find him examining coolies, the Elanus, just upstream there. Take him fir, in your way. *Juldi*, old son. Don't be eft."

With a sense of treachery Dan hopped rn river bank to grass and, passing the re where his criminal sat lurking faith-fuy, beckoned. Soon afterward two con-spirators hailed Runa's departing cab, into w ch one flung himself, while the other nunted behind.

Half an hour had passed, the sunrise st amed level through the garden groves, wn a gloomy master, halting beneath trs that hid the Mayam-Ma, gave in-st iction to a new and adoring servant.

"I've lied aplenty for you," he grumbled. "Now here. I go ahead. You watch till yo see La Flèche Sahib and me go out of sight. He's leaning on the rail there, aft. I'll take him into my cabin and keep him bus, lying some more. Then you climb aboard at the forward ladder—foreside, understand?—and go curl up among the *nakar-chaukar*. Show your papers to any officer who asks. They're all straight, you're my servant. But don't show your fa for two days. Is that clear?"

Amra Khan bowed.

"Brother, it —— Master, it is clear."

Dan went down to Hugli side in a bad temper. This mess, he thought, made a pretty beginning. He cursed the whole affair.

"Behind Runa's back, and him helping me!"

This black-and-tan hooker, more rust than metal, was no good. He climbed her motley side without enthusiasm.

"Rotten!" he told himself, on deck. "Why should a man have to lie all the time? Rotten! Helping a murderer out of the country, putting Runa wrong as wrong can be ——"

He grunted and walked away aft, his eyes fixed upon the dark green trees and their shadows infolding sunny pools of turf. Underfoot the Mayam-Ma suddenly trembled with a deep seagoing bass vibration, her first whistle.

"Humph!" Dan's face cleared somewhat, for the good sound broke and blew away all shore vapors of ill humor. "Well. Enough. Call it a finish," he thought. "Anyhow, better than to have the man's body floating after us to-night. Boh! A goblin idea. I couldn't stand that all my life."

And then Mr. Towers grinned.

"Come to think, it's funny," he mused. "Wonder if Runa saw us?"

III

RUNA'S cabin, a white-painted iron cubicle, glowed like a furnace with new-risen sunlight and heat. He stood there, the coolest thing on board, making all snug for sea. As Dan stepped in from deck over the high threshold he looked up, gave a nod, then continued to follow his method: pajamas in the berth, deck shoes underneath, clean linen on a hook, matches beside the imprisoned water bottle.

"A good start," he said, well pleased. "I call this the pink of readiness. Perfect."

Dan, curious to know how a real man-hunter would set about the catching of a runaway girl, studied this perfection. On the floor lay a small wicker trunk, open, bulging with new white clothes; a case of Scotch liquor bearing the name of some hoary king; a cheap guitar; Jane Austen's complete novels lashed together with a flame-colored necktie; many packs of playing cards; two boxes of cigars; and a glossy green oilcloth wallet fatly stuffed with what might be documents.

"Looks like a rebus," quoth Dan.

"It is. A *tutissimus* rebus," retorted Runa. "All secure-o, and they all have their uses."

Indeed their uses appeared on the voyage. One night while the ship went gliding through starlight Dan and Runa sat aft by a lantern, the only passengers, under an awning which fluttered in the soft cool draft of ocean air and made, with the throb of the engines, a quiet, continual unrest amid great silence. Here the captain joined them—a stout square man, gray at the temples, trim-bearded, short of speech, whose eyes declared him a good listener. Dan felt that he was weighing them as a pair of young fools, and would soon get up, say so, and walk off. Instead, when he opened his mouth half an hour later, it was to a purpose quite different.

"*Mari sini!*" The captain hailed some lurker in the darkness. "*Tigah stengah.*"

The lurker silently vanished and reappeared—a withered old Javanese man in a beautiful skirt, who bore a tray with glasses, ice, and a bottle of Runa's majestical Scotch.

"Awfully good of you chaps," growled the captain, "to bring me anything like this. All those cigars too."

He spoke with great gloom, and eyed them reproachfully.

"You used to sing." It was Runa whom he accused of this past folly. "Wish we had an instrument on board. No such thing. I never learned."

"Wait a bit, Captain Cole."

Runa slid out of his chair and away. Soon afterward along the deck sounded the hum-thrum of a guitar, well played, and light words of song:

En revenant de Saint Alban,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant—
Et ne vous zeste, ziste, zeste,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

"Ha!" The captain leaned back with a contented sigh and nodded grimly at Dan: "Something like!"

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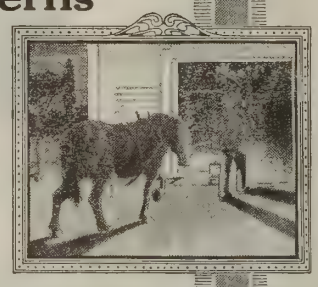

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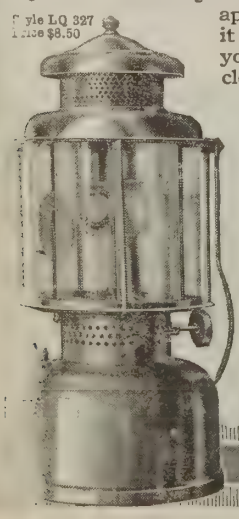

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Runa danced into his chair again, playing and singing still:

J'y ai rencontré un marchand:
Que vendez-vous là, le Marchand?
Et ne vous zeste, ziste, zeste,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

A simple concert it was that began so, with the Vender of Hearts. Runa had no great voice, only a pleasant; but he kept tune and time, used lively expression, and beat old noise out of his guitar. Dan was enthralled. The captain lay smoking, and said nothing more than "Give us another." Yet to see him, a square hard figure in white uniform, listening mournfully, against a background of white rails and mysterious darkness; and then to see Runa lolling and strumming like a troubadour—it made one think of Saul and David.

"Give us Richmond Hill." Runa gave it. "Now sing us that thing out of Tom Jones." Runa sang it. "Do you know I've Loved Her Ever Since She Was a Baby?" Runa did, and became a sorrowful silly old man. Then he made them laugh; and then at last wandering into a minor prelude and coaxing the guitar to sound like a queer harp he wailed something very ancient and desertlike that hovered on the verge of tears.

"By George, that's Welsh pennillion!" said Captain Cole.

"No. A Morocco piece," explained the minstrel, "about a woman at a well."

"I know better than what that comes to."

"You are mistaken, sir. It is Moroccan."

The daughters of music were brought low. Hot argument broke out, which ended only when the captain's boy, a polished young Chinaman, came with a message of business.

"Good night." The captain rose and added grumpily: "You're dead wrong. Maskee, fun anyhow. Good singin's the only thing worth a damn in this world. Suppose that's why I never hear any. And shore people can go every night, and don't know good from bad. Heaven sends chestnuts ——"

He rolled away forward, grumbling. Later, as the two friends lay on deck in pajamas, ready for sleep, La Flèche reviewed the captain's life—a good old stoic, this Cole, who maintained his own family and a sister's in Devon or Cornwall, never spent a pice on himself, never got home, had a thin time in general, and one grand passion, music.

"You can see, for he liked mine," said Runa.

Every night aboard the little freighter passed thus with song and guitar. Every day the skipper came to be with his passengers. They were not a lively company; for hours together in the moist heat of the Bay of Bengal the three men lay side by side dozing over a volume of Jane Austen or woke to squabble about her characters.

"That Parson Collins," the captain observed, "he's not storybook. He lived. How do I know? Because I can tell you what Collins did afterward. He settled down and begot nine-tenths of the parsons nowadays."

Dan objected to this critique.

"I've known lots of good ones; better than us."

"Name some!" cried the captain warmly. "You can't, no more than the schoolboy could when they asked him for five wild animals of Africa. 'Four lions and a giraffe,' says he. You can't. They're all Collinses, Rev. Collins' grandsons."

This wrangling might lead nowhere or anywhere—to deeds of missionaries, heroic or not; to big game hunted in strange places; to the dinner plates of the Bible Hotel; to the man who lost the Queen of Madagascar's crown jewels; or return from all four quarters of the world to Miss Austen's sailors. They had good talk on the Mayam-Ma as she churned along the glowing dark blue gulf. Time slid by happily.

Dan's conscience pricked him less and less about the fugitive manslayer on board. It had been lulled asleep, when one day at breakfast, happening to turn, he found Amra Khan like a shadow behind his chair, erect but easy.

"Ah? The new boy?" asked Runa.

Amra Khan smiled, bowed and set down his master's curry.

Towers, the abettor of crime, lay low and said nothing. He waited in his guilt.

"Very well arranged, Danny," sighed his friend. "The high seas, and not under British register. Well done. We may need a murderer before we're through." And he fell to humming: "'It sometimes is a use ful thing to be an orphan boy.'"

Dan studied Runa's dark eyes. Alway large, they were now as guileless and limpi as a rabbit's. They told him only on thing, but that clearer than words: H should never know whether or not Run had spied his doings on Hugli bank.

Nor did the question ever come up be tween them; unless Runa had it in min when that night, as he was falling asleep, h called across the deck, with a yawn: "Wha a good old son you are, Daniel. *Bon soir.*

At all events Amra Khan came and wen a free man, serving them both like god without a word; and for some reason the two had become better friends even tha before.

As for the skipper, they called him Ol King Cole to his face now. He seemed t like it; for he gave Dan a copy of Robinso Crusoe all in ruin and filled with manu script notes.

Sunrise next day saw the Mayam-M creeping to anchorage at the port wher they would leave her. Shoal water, pal blue and oily soft, covered an ancien silted harbor with morning light that grey and glimmered for half a mile, to end at last border of night which was the land Coconut palms slashed the top of this bor der; a gray beach underlined it, broke midway by a handful of dark old build ings—Portuguese, Dutch, English—heav ily confronting the aërial sea, while at th left and right one by one the yellow nativ huts peeped through solemn greenery Alone, her engines quiet, the ship lay a though hushed by a spell, by that earl morning enchantment in which brigh mystical freshness blends with a hauntin sense of the world's old age. No life ap peared anywhere on shore. The town asleep, looked like a place abandoned cen turies ago or just created by magic and no yet peopled.

"Almost pretty," said the captain "They look best from the sea. Stinkin little mess."

He leaned on the rail between his friends elbow to elbow, and thought aloud.

"Nothing good ever happened there." So saying the bearded stoic gave them gruffly but well, the annals of that port fo fifteen years and more. "I suppose you'r looking after somebody, La Flèche," he con cluded. "You always are. None of m affair, but I can't understand what els you'd want to land here for."

"Suppose I am?" asked Runa. "Who' the best one to answer questions? Who' high man ashore?"

Captain Cole immediately roused.

"Keep away from him! The cocka lorum!" he cried. "Silly old snob, encum bered this place for years, because nowher else would tolerate him."

"He collects postage stamps," Dan ven tured. "And talks about Lord Dundrear of Great Dismal Park or something."

The captain beamed on Dan.

"Some happy day you write his epitaph will you?" he urged. "You've the facts Why, that old fungus—you know, with lot of the finest white British men on God' footstool scattered all round, and then hin stuck —— Drives me wild." The captain bestowed a grimace on the land. "Can' tell how many blue beans make five Don't you go near him. Try young Cot ford, or Grice, if they're not off up country All the youngsters are keen as mustard fine lads."

While they talked motions of life ap peared under the green shadow of the town Boats came stealing from mirrored fores out upon mirrored sky, boats pushed for ward by men who stood at the oars and who wore brown skirts dabbled with Malay red. They drew near in silence, to cluste round the ladder foot, each rower looking up with heavy-lidded eyes from under a motley headkerchief tied with prick-eared corners. Now and then one spoke in a musical voice some few quiet words that seemed part of the morning stillness.

"If you lived ashore there," said Runa, "and wanted to run away without leaving a trace, how should you ——"

"Couldn't be done," replied Old King Cole. He led the way to breakfast, a hot-weather picnic on deck, and said no more until they sat over their rice and fruit and tea. "Of course anything can be done, but you or I'd find it devilish hard."

"If we were natives?"

"Oh! Horse of another color." The captain thought again. "We might sneak off by boat up or down coast; we might take

(Continued on Page 165)

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road across country; either way dozens persons would know all about you. The ple country's open house; everybody s or hears what everybody does. But lays don't tell what they know. It's ir olo custom, and a good one, to keep eyepiece open and the mouthpiece shut. we might get clean away."

The sun was risen and figures of men red along the distant bund as Towers La Flèche went down the ladder to their t. The Mayam-Ma's rusty wall dwindled ind them. Her captain had become a te speck under the awning, when he ened to have an afterthought. They rd him shout, but whatever the message could not catch it. Across the water e only a meaningless fragment: "Horse ler!"

una frowned at this puzzle, then igged it away. "Who's he calling es now?"

an did not even consider it, but sat king how he himself, alone, might er have come to know that taciturn per, that sea anchorite; how easily a had played and sung their way into idship.

The boat came broadside to a flight of e stairs, cup-worn by bare feet, shaded a vast old tree. Buffalo carts and ese rickshas waited under masses of lge and dangling air roots. La Flèche ed first, and stood still in the crowd. seemed to be thinking with his nose, a dog.

How different!" He sniffed and looked, ed and sniffed. "I'd forgotten. It ls new, queer."

They left their baggage, proudly guarded Amra Khan, at the rambling old hotel among tropical garden shrubbery, and to save time parted on different errs. Runa sat busy with his green oth wallet, pulling from it letters of duction. Dan climbed into a ricksha went bobbing down the red laterite a that wound through a tunnel of trees ne water. Where town and jungle met alted his coolie, got down afoot and on by himself in the leafy maze, ding, and wondering at his thoughts. sunlight poured low through the w bars of betel grove or wing-tipped aows of bamboo. An old bell rang near ith a sweet woodland tone. All things as they had been. There stood the yellow walls, mottled with brown s; there above them the bell tower cross rising from a bosom of mango s; here the heavy garden gate, iron-d, under the text of Roman letters ng on the masonry:

Dm pater meus et mater mea derelin-t me, sed Jehova recipiet me.

Nthing had changed. When the bell d young voices began lifting a hymn orus. It was like the repetition of a en—all as before, yet all faded and llw with a sense of loss. Here in their house the children of the dead stayed dang. But Leda was gone.

He knocked at the garden gate, and was rised to find his heart beating more idly than it had been. The wicket ed, and once more a brown-eyed rm, her forehead hidden by stiff white e peeped at him through the hole.

"ome in, sir." She knew him, and ug the gate open.

A moment afterward he stood again in e ure, cool white cell of an office, with the ohairs, the table, the same dracæna upding its green leaves in a brass pot, the morderly murmur of young girls' voices peting their lesson beyond a corridor or ier.

Then a woman entered the room quietly. ws Leda's "old mem-sahib command-'of that house. The curves of her white mle shaded a face always pale and seebut Dan foresaw in one look what she s bout to say.

"o news then of Leda, I suppose, 'n?"

The pale sister shook her head.

"othing, sir. It is dreadful. That poor il We are doing our best, but no one s en or heard of her."

They sat down; and once again Dan felt conviction that the walls of this white l ad overheard many such echoes of ma care.

It was noon before he came back to the te There by the public *pahit* table in e ont veranda was Runa, gayly mixing nd bitters for a circle of shavenacd strangers, Sumatra Dutchmen, no he appeared to have known all his life. They were being very genial in Deli fashion. But at sight of Dan the youngster begged pardon, dropped all, politely disengaged and flitted away.

Outside their room, where Amra Khan squatted fiercely whitening a row of boots, Runa turned and waited for his friend.

"No Leda?" he asked.

"No. You?"

"Not a word," confessed Runa. "Those chaps the captain recommended are all away. Your old nawab, the stamp collector up there, mooned over some documents and told me we'd spelled her name wrong. Ought to have an "h" on the end of it. Leda with an h. Comfort to be correct, eh?"

Dan was not in the humor for trifling.

"Drawn blank," he declared bitterly. "Hate to think what may be happening to her. I was a fool bringing you all this way."

Runa smiled like a man who was far from being discouraged.

"There, there! Come have tiffin," said he. "We're only begun. And don't undervalue my services. The ground smelled good this morning. I smelled something."

IV

THEY ate their curry and sambal, served by cool China boys, in a long room filled with greenish twilight, the reflection of gardens blazing beneath a sun straight overhead. Both Dan and Runa sat thoughtful, eating as in duty bound, without appetite. Now and again during tiffin the room grew black, the world outside their open windows became a silver-gray mesh mixed with smoke driven upward from splashing paths. Burst after burst of rain came and went quickly, flinging down its last drops big and bright as coins, leaving behind it the glitter of wet foliage, the trickle of rivulets, the smell of warm grass and earth that have drunk their fill.

"There it is again!" La Flèche roused. "The smell of the equator. I was telling you about it."

"Yes, you were talking some kind o' poetry," said Dan.

His friend sat up and made objection.

"My boy, I was talking the best of prose!" he declared. "Why do you always take me figuratively, when I am the literal man, me? It is my misfortune; I can only state facts. To say I smell something means I do, just that; nothing more. You are the poet and romancer. *Moi, j'aime beaucoup les réalistes,* and I believe in the facts, Danny—the soil; the good, warm, dark, growing earth, our Mother Tellus. When in trouble go and smell the earth, my boy. It recomforts. Go to the native source!"

Dan hearkened rather sourly to this creed.

"Well, then, Monsieur Prosateur, what did you smell?"

Runa cocked his head and sniffed again, thinking with his nose like a dog.

"The smell of *duniah Malayu,*" he answered dreamily. "Green and moist and moldy, hot, and like old camphorwood. I smelled that. It smelled of Penang, years ago. And that put one Ibrahim of Penang into my head. He sold horses. And that, again, made it clear what the captain was trying to yell after us. Not 'horse stealer,' as we thought. No, no. Horse dealer. Perfectly clear now."

La Flèche grinned as if his brown eyes had pierced through all difficulty.

"I remember such a name," Dan admitted. "It used to bob up all through the Maharajah's bills. He got his knife into old H. H. of Mayaganj good and bounteous for horseflesh."

"Right. He did," said Runa. "To the hilt. Always does."

"That gets us no for'arder."

"You're tired, Dan, and disappointed. Let's take our nap, then a walk. We're going forward better than you suppose. This very afternoon we shall pick up the scent or I'm not a hound of the Lord. 'Here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,' eh? But have a sleep first."

They had it—the deep afternoon slumber of the line, which stuns like the blow of a mallet, and leaves one to wake, heavy-eyed, world-weary and dazed. After their bath and coffee the two friends languidly began a ramble that seemed to Dan quite aimless. The midday rain had drenched all things, washed them clean. Overhead the dark green trees held sparkles and points of wetness; the gaudy brick-rubble road, winding now along the seashore, now between heavy-streamered plantain hedges,

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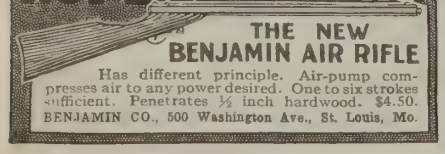

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gave out as it dried a warm vapor, not seen but felt, the living breath of languor. Such a walk men in their sleep might take, or lotus-eaters. All the way was dreamy and moist, a somber forest where this gay road went wandering.

"Why," said Dan, "it's no good to come here again."

They were approaching the house of dead men's children, and stood at a fork within sight of bell tower and cross.

"I went there this morning. Leda's gone; that is all they know. I told you."

Runa gave a wicked chuckle.

"O hot and violent guardian," said he, "you did. That's why I ain't taking you there. Not again. Not once."

He chose the road that forked inland, away to the right behind the orphanage, through plantain, areca, red and blue hedge flowers, plaited bamboo fences and the stucco walls of Chinese millionaires, whose ideographs adorned many a gate pillar.

"What else did you learn from the sisters? Nothing?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "Except the same old fact—she was a firebrand while she stayed. The girls called her Lidah Pahit."

"The Bitter Tongue!" Runa laughed. "Did they really? I like your ward's character more and more. To get off like this, not a trace. By the way, did you or somebody tell me she's pretty?"

"Fairly so." Dan was tired of this question.

"Well, well," sighed Runa. "It helps."

At the most imposing gateway of all, which bore no name or sign, he paused, then turned and entered. As they walked up a neat garden driveway horses met them, filing past in slow procession—big Walers, little sandalwoods, and beautiful half-bred Arabs, each led importantly by a Malay groom. Having admired this review the friends went on. Before them, covered with sick-magenta masses of bougainville, rose a noble house, on the steps of which many lounging servants jumped to attention. Runa led the way past all this, round the house, into a garden. Here through flame-of-the-forest boughs they caught a side view of some paddock filled with mares and colts; beyond, a gleaming backwater, sky blue, dotted with stakes and fishing boats; and directly before them the yellow walls of what had been Leda's prison.

"That's where she sat up aloft to conspire with her father's boy," said Runa. "Always go to the scene of action and the native source."

Dan remained skeptical.

"If this is her Ibrahim's place," he grumbled, "we're wasting time. Ibrahim told them he knows nothing about her."

"Told them? Told whom?"

"The nunnery gang," said Dan.

"Bah! He shall sing us a different tune," retorted Runa, "or I'll know the reason. We are not nuns. No. Why do you murmur like a child of Israel in the wilderness? There's Ibrahim now, her friend, with his prize bantam which resembles you."

In a garden path by the wall a man came strolling, plainly the lord of that estate. He halted and listened.

"Hai, old chanter! Still alive? Dan, this is Ibrahim of Penang. What he's doing here I don't know. Retired from the world, you saintly mender of crocks? How are you?"

The man greeted La Flèche with a smile and a motion between bow and salaam. He might have been anything, this Ibrahim—Malay, Kabulese or sunburnt English jockey withered with age. He wore a blue-and-saffron sarong, a Norfolk jacket of brown holland, no shoes, no hat; and he coddled under one arm a burnished gamecock. To see his visitors better he raised his head slightly backward, and peered at them from under lids which, heavy and wrinkled like his fighting cock's, drooped halfway down over the eyeball, as if he had ptosis.

"Ah," he sighed. "I am glad."

Runa went straight to business.

"Where's that girl," he asked, "who sat on the wall and bounded away through your garden?"

The horse dealer gave up struggling with his eyelids against the sunset, and lowered his head.

"You, too? I don't know," he replied, stroking the gorgeous little bird under his arm. "How should I? Everybody walks through here when a man's not home. I've been away, up in Mosul, till a month ago. Muckhole of a town nowadays, Mosul. Couldn't buy a horse you'd be found dead with at a pig fair in Mecca! And then the devilish storks keep you awake half the night clappin' their bills; every house top goin' it, clackety-clack, all along the river, like so many dhobi men whackin' your clothes to pieces on the rocks. Last time you catch me goin' to Mosul for gee-gees."

Ibrahim delivered his opinion mildly, and waited. He stood blinking, the image of a bored and outworn sportsman.

"Yes. Foreign travel broadens the mind," rejoined Runa. "But that's not what I asked you. How about this girl who bolted? She ran away with a boy named Sadik, right down that wall, right where we stand."

Ibrahim shifted the gamecock under his other elbow.

"So they all tell it," he answered. "She and one Sadik. I see you know the yarn. A handsome young budmash. She took to him like neat-ile to leather, and—hrree! They're off! Happy somewhere. I suppose they stole a boat and got across by night."

He pointed with his chin toward where the inlet water burned blue under the trees. Dan, highly incensed, would have begun to defend his ward's character. Runa only grinned.

"And the owner of the boat said nothing?" he jeered. "Kept his mouth shut and went and built another! Does a little journey to Mosul soften the brain? You used to tell better ones, dad."

The young man added something, quiet and short, in a tongue unknown to Dan.

"So don't try it," he concluded. "And this is Tawah Sahib, the girl's new father."

With that an odd thing happened. The horse dealer showed his first interest in Runa's companion, turning his head and glancing; his weary eyelids fluttered up, let, as it were, one burning shaft escape, and fluttered down again. From before unsuspected depths of humor and dark shrewdness a curtain had lifted and dropped.

"Come into the house, then," sighed Ibrahim.

He led them silently through the garden, upstairs, by a rear veranda, into a great disorderly room hung with fiery-colored pictures of horses. Here, having set the gamecock on the floor he waved his guests into long chairs, clapped his hands, gave an order to the servant who appeared, and began upheaving masses of documents in a table drawer. Not until the servant had come and gone, leaving a tray of sandwiches and tall iced drinks, did Ibrahim speak again.

"The girl left this for you, Tawah Sahib. She had no time to seal, but I did not read it."

With the most polite of gestures he gave Dan a small folded paper, then turned his back, and was lost in contemplation of the bantam strutting about the floor.

Dan opened and read a note written in Leda's boyish hand:

"We go now to where the man is who killed my father. Ibrahim lends us money and horses. We go to-night. This must be done first. When finished, then I come to find you. Your LEDA."

Without comment Towers handed this message to Runa.

"Horses and money?" His friend sat open-mouthed, staring in wonder at Ibrahim's back. "You?"

Their host gave them one of his blind veiled looks.

"Yes. Four or five hundred dollars," he answered. "And three good men I could trust, and an old woman for cook and ayah to the girl. I horsed 'em a couple of stages on the road up there."

He waved his hand toward a window, through which the backwater gleamed, now darkening.

"You are surprised?"

"I am," said Runa. It was true. Dan had never seen him so taken aback. "What security?"

The wrinkled eyelids quivered as though to smile. "None, sir. For old times' sake. I let her hide here two days and fit out. Parimban was a good friend of mine."

Dan might have jumped up and wrung the horse coper's hand, this news was all so welcome; but Runa made a wry mouth to check him.

"Indeed, father? I never heard that. But, of course, in your life you made so many, many friends."

Ibrahim took station deliberately under the highest picture on his wall. Bending back like a stargazer he worshiped the c- ored plate of a race horse whose long bar tiny head, bootblack polish, and mani rider in thunder-and-lightning sleeves o- did both Nature and art.

"Well," said he, "it's not long mon I had great respect for Parimban. If y think of going up that way you're welco to any of my cattle as far as the road goe

Late at night, long after dinner, s visitors went home in a carriage driven fast and manned by splendid grooms.

The lamps, with a warm dull smoo- traveling glow, lighted the red road bord before them, the endless theatric tunne leaves.

They passed now under great ma branches, rustling softly, where the ho jibbed at a scarecrow hanging like a d man; now along blackness, filled w stars and sampan lanterns, which was sea; again by a kampong, houses asleep, leaning pillars of a coconut gr a few low bonfires garnet-colored on ground, and in their spicy smoke of bu coir, buffaloes that stood like long-hor monsters carved from slate.

Dan was enjoying this homeward dri He said so.

He praised his friend for an even crowned with success. But Runa lay d among the cushions and answered nev word, as though tired or offended.

The carriage brought them to their veranda, their lighted door, across wh Amra Khan lay sleeping.

They had undressed and were perc on their bedsides before La Flèche wo speak again.

He sat cooling his feet on the tiled fl frowning at Dan across the room, wagging his head morosely.

"I can't make it out!" he snar "Never was a thing to stump mortal m like this. I'm beaten, Danny."

The youngster fairly gritted his te

"Why? All's well so far," said Tow "You picked up her footprints. Old I him treated us handsomely. And n than us, for he gave Leda ——"

"Yah! That's it!" Runa slid off bed and shook his fists. Then he w skating thoughtfully over the tiles. "Th the riddle.

"Suppose you took a tin watch," said—"a busted tin watch that never go, to a Chinese pawnbroker. Suppose pawnbroker gave you a lakh of rupees fo a fleet of steamships, ten wives and father's coffin; with an invitation to again and cart off a hogshead of diamo What should you call that? Sindbad Sailor—the fairy Peribanou?"

Runa stood still and rubbed his ear w his knuckles.

"Man, it would be everyday busines savings-bank performance, to this of o Here's a born rascal, Ibrahim—I like h but I know him; he'd pick the kohl ou his mother's eyes—has turned over hor men, an old lady for duenna, four or hundred dollars! Four or five. Eh, careless one! Never counting it! Tur 'em over to what? A girl who jumps i his compound and tells him she's runn away!"

Runa skated back over the tiles, h ming Les Patineurs, and made a face at lamp as he blew it out.

"The thing will not wash. A g respect for her father? A great Patat great Patata!"

Dan heard him crawl under his mosq curtain and lie down; but not to rest, by and by he struck a match and lighte cigarette.

The spark of it was busy.

"No," sighed Runa. "No, no. This of yours, she cannot be earthly. A creat to make the brain reel. A witch, a dry Your Leda has got the black magic. blinds me. I cannot see."

Afterward, when Dan thought sound asleep, he muttered again.

"No. She is too strong. Overcoming old devil like Ibrahim of Penang. Tha deep darkness. Are you awake, my chil

"Yes!" groaned Towers. "What now

"Nothing," said Runa. "It is the b vacation we ever made. But what co she promise Ibrahim? What can he exp from her? The Shylock and the pre child."

"Oh, go to sleep!"

"I can't."

From their doorway the steady breath of Amra Khan, outcast man killer, them a good example.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 34)

ne one of these. One after another the etches of gently rolling, easily accessible ntry were discarded. The open meadows ng the river bottoms were crossed off the of possibilities. The occasional parties hunters which penetrated this deep into hills usually followed these easier lines travel.

Of the places which remained he chose roughest spots as the most likely possi- ties. Among these was the divide ween the Thoroughfare and the Yellow- ne. Bridger Lake nestled on the flat at confluence of the two streams and ind it Hawk's Rest, the point of the iding range, swept up from its very ks, rising hundreds of feet in rugged fs.

ll of the first day was spent in exploring one ridge. Flash found no taint of n scent and neither man found any ly traces. Before they had covered half it Moran was positive they would not lit here. Flash's keen senses would have ected some sign of any large number of n. Nevertheless, to make absolutely e they pushed on, peering down into ry rim-rocked pocket which fell away n either side. Night found them far k where this short divide joined the s of the parent range.

he Yellowstone breaks into a dozen ller streams at its very head and these e up into the hills, draining the fan- ped basin in which the river heads. following two days they worked round rugged basin, but still without success. y discovered many old signs of man—a p or two of paper, the ashes of two small and a dozen dim heel prints made y in the spring when the earth was soft spongy from melting drifts. Both w that these had been left by the men sought. No others came to this high ntry so early in the spring. These men ld wander all over the hills for nine ths in the year. Only when the passes e clear and infrequent pack parties e in were they forced to withdraw to r main retreat. Even then they could el about in twos and threes with little ce of being seen and even less of being gnized.

very night Flash went back to the cabin every morning Betty sent him back to an. They were now far from home and hround trip was a long one, but it meant ardship for Flash as the two men pro- eled slowly by day, covering only eight s on the average.

he fourth morning of the hunt they e camp at the head of the Yellowstone rode downstream. Their intention was o ork the divide between that stream and h Buffalo Fork of the Snake. Pacific k flows from Two Ocean Pass to the ke, while Atlantic Creek drains the posite slope to the Yellowstone, joining me ten miles from the head of the r. They rode down to the junction and ed up Atlantic Creek to follow the e trails up to the crest of the divide. y left their horses in the heavy timber e the mouth of the creek, which was e five miles nearer their base of supplies h the spot where they had camped the ious night.

well-worn game trail led up the creek the broad meadows of the Yellow- ne. Here, too, were many signs of man evidence that horses had often traveled his trail. They had gone but a few s upstream when Flash's uneasiness noticed by Moran. Flash knew well t lay ahead. Moran studied his actions ly. Flash gave no sign of having dis- red any definite scent or sound, but his eral air was one of caring little for the e where Moran was leading him. From hi Moran decided that Flash had detected e lingering taint of man among these signs; that it caused him uneasiness, t though he knew that the men them- el s had gone.

ut it was not this. Once more Flash handicapped by the animal habit of ering more what his senses told him than f lying on what he knew. He needed or thing actual, something of the present or municated to his brain over the paths f s senses rather than that which was to d in his mind from the past. He knew he amp was ahead. He had been there ay times. From this he felt uneasiness. Bu there was nothing definite, no real ce or sound to prove to him that the danger was still there. Being an animal, he needed the present corroboration of his physical senses to be sure of the menace which his mind told him lay ahead. Man, on the contrary, would have relied upon what he had previously discovered and which his reasoning mind assured him would be the same as in the past.

Moran watched him closely. When less than a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the creek Flash stopped abruptly, his hair bristling. A snarl rumbled in his thoat. He had caught the trail scent of a man he knew. Moran turned and nodded to Vermont.

"He's caught a trail scent," he said. "He would be more excited if he smelled the man himself."

Vermont assented, knowing this was true. They went ahead, hunting carefully for a sign. Flash noted these movements and immediately associated them with Moran's actions during his two days of training. This was grasped the more readily from the fact that Moran still kept him leashed, yet he made no move to help. Those other trails which Moran had sought had been made by friends. This man he knew for an enemy. He was one of those who had been round the fire that night. Flash had driven his teeth into him at least twice during the fight. Now that the actual scent was there he had no further doubt. True the scent was cold, having been left the night before, but it was leading toward the secret camp.

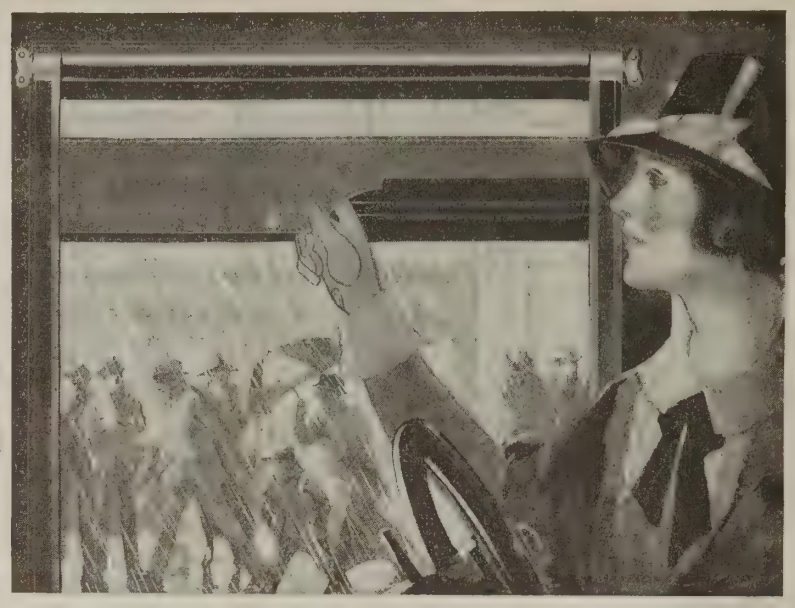
Even though he did not consciously help Moran, he located the trail for him. As they neared it his anxiety for closer inspection caused him to strain at the end of his leash, and Moran followed. Flash held his nose low to the ground as he reached it, breathing deep of the hated scent. Moran discovered one or two faint prints on the hard-packed game trail. The man had come in from a side gulch and turned upstream on the main path.

The valley was deep and gloomy. The little side streams which branched in were walled with frowning cliffs. There were a score of such, any one of which would have served as an ideal hiding place for the gang they sought. Both men knew that from now on the way was fraught with danger. While the outlaws had never molested parties who hunted here, through fear of calling attention to their presence in the hills, any one of them would undoubtedly shoot on sight the first man who either by accident or design discovered their chosen hiding place. Moran motioned to Vermont to drop back and follow along behind. The marshal knew the reason for this—that it would be a useless sacrifice for both to stay with Flash. He would gladly have taken the lead, but he knew that the dog would not work for him. He shook his head regretfully and allowed Moran to proceed alone. He followed at a distance of a hundred yards.

When Flash realized that Moran was following the trail he was filled with doubt. This man was the girl's enemy—therefore he was also Moran's. If his master elected to play the foolish game of tracking him it must be through a mistake of identity whereby Moran believed he was following a friend. Flash held the trail merely from the habit of submitting to Moran's will, but he held it reluctantly.

He presently detected that Moran was working this trail in a different manner from the way he had worked the previous ones. He made frequent stops and stood motionless while he peered ahead through the trees. Several times he reached back and loosened the automatic in its holster. Flash caught glimpses of Vermont moving noiselessly along behind. He carried a rifle with his thumb on the hammer. Never once did he cross one of the little open glades in the timber until after Moran had disappeared among the trees on the opposite side. Flash had many times seen Moran stalk game. He was stalking now. Flash knew the truth at last. They were deliberately hunting down this man. A savage thrill surged through him with the knowledge, but his uneasiness also increased.

Additional trails joined in from every branching cañon. The main path flashed a multitude of messages. These varying bits of scent were as plain to his quivering nose as the crazy colors of a patchwork quilt are plain to the eye of man. True, the majority of these scents were old, none of



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them made since the previous day, but he knew the perils of the spot to which they led.

Both men, too, had noted all these things. The trail up the main creek was worn broad and deep. Those that joined in from tributary cañons were too well traveled to have been worn by the feet of the few animals who would be apt to live in so restricted a space. The scarcity of game signs indicated that the country had been hunted thoroughly and often. Every open glade showed evidence of having been closely pastured year after year by many horses. Moran judged these to be the tracks of Brent's string, left during his many visits to this spot with a pack train loaded with supplies.

Flash's actions suddenly changed. As they neared the mouth of a cañon which opened from their left the wind brought him the scent of the men themselves. They were still far away, but the air was heavily laden with their conglomerate odor. He shrank from entering this place in the light of day, but Moran proceeded no farther. He had found what he sought—all that he could find in this way. He knew that Flash had caught the body scent. The men were there. It would be suicidal for the two of them to enter that gloomy cañon alone. In addition their closer approach might serve to warn the men they hunted.

The entrance to the cañon was narrow—scarcely fifty yards across—and the mouth of it was flanked by towering cliffs. The broad trail turned into it, though only a dim path followed on up the bottoms of the main creek. Just outside the cañon mouth was an opening which would have been the usual grassy park except that each succeeding spring the floods from melting drifts turned the rivulet which drained it to a raging torrent which boiled out of its banks and swept the flat. These freshets were freighted with débris and rocks. The lighter driftwood was carried on, but the stones were deposited when the force which carried them was dissipated by spreading over the flat. This had formed a rock bar, thrown fanwise from the mouth of the gorge. Behind it, just within the grim walls, the timber grew again—standing dense and tall.

The two men retraced their steps. Flash could not understand this sudden change of front, but he knew it for the better course. No good could result from penetrating this dim cañon in the light of day.

They rode down the Yellowstone to its junction with the Thoroughfare and up the latter stream to camp.

"To-morrow we can locate the head of that cañon," Vermont said as they rode. "But before we go prowling along the rims I want to go back to camp and tell the boys where that place is. There's always a chance that they may spot us just a second or two before we spot them. That gulch is probably rim-rocked the full length, so there's no trail out except at the head, but we want to be sure. Then when the Bar T men come we can close in on them from both ways at once."

The message which Flash bore to Betty that night carried the news of the find. She was not in the cabin when Flash arrived, but he followed her warm trail up to where she sat with Kinney on the point of rocks.

It was too dark to read it without the aid of the matches which Kinney shielded with his hands. She found its text disquieting and she feared terribly for Moran. Its effect upon the old man beside her was exactly the opposite. He looked back over the better part of a century of strenuous life and found that his most pleasant memories were those of the wildest days. He knew he could not stay out of the fight.

"Hell will break loose in these hills in a day or two," he prophesied, and the girl detected an eager note in the old man's voice.

A dim glow showed through the trees on the point of the spur which hid the marshal's camp. A bright blaze danced in a meadow just across the ridge from it and Kinney knew that Harmon had just arrived with the Bar T men. Another tiny point of light caught his eye; up among the bald ridges near Two Ocean Pass it dipped and swayed. A few brief flashes answered it from away off toward the Sunlight Gap. Kinney dropped his arm across the girl's shoulders.

"War times, girl! War times!" he said. "The Injuns have got their signal fires going all through the hills."

XXI

THE first faint streaks of gray lightened the sky above the eastern peaks and the marshal's men rose—and found old Dad Kinney seated on a log. He called Mora aside.

"I left Flash with her," he said. "So I'm going to mix into this deal mysel Nash was the man that sent Harte out to d his killing. Teton Jackson was my frien I crave just one good look at Nash som where within three hundred yards befo I die."

A relic of early days swung at his hi The gun which had answered in the pa was good enough for him now. It w the frontier model, the murderous blac powder forty-five of the seventies.

A horse neighed from the meadows ar another answered from the hills. T minutes later Harmon rode up to the fir

It was Vermont's plan to locate the tra at the head of the cañon that day ar attack from both ends the next. Day w just breaking when the ranger, the marsha Kinney and Moran put their horses into steady trail trot down the Thoroughfa bottoms. Harmon's horses snorted ar shied away from the timber edge as Fla joined them a hundred yards from cam Betty had known that no one could slip u behind Moran during the fight if Flash w with him; that Flash would fight like fiend for him if occasion rose, and she ha sent the dog in spite of Kinney's instru tions to the contrary.

They left their horses in a wooded bas and started up the slope of the divide foot. The country was a veritable maze bald ridges and intersecting cañons. It w noon when they stood at the head of t gorge they sought. A faint trail led from

"That's all we need to know," said Ve mont. "Let's get back before they spot prowling round up here."

The cañon widened rapidly, then na rowed down again. As the men start back they kept well away from the edge avoid sky-lining themselves on the rim At the widest part of the cañon Fla slipped toward the edge. Moran w watching him. Flash crouched flat a fe feet from the brink and looked across at t opposite cliff five hundred yards awa During the days he had run wild up here had often come to this point, the one pla from which he could see the secret cam Moran saw the hair fluff up along his nec His ears were tipped sharply forward.

"Flash sees them!" said Moran.

The four men lay prone and crawled to Flash from behind. Kinney cautious pushed two stones near the edge and looke through the crack between. The othe followed his example and after the fir glance no one of them had a single doub as to the whereabouts of the long-rumore Hole.

The far wall of the cañon rose sheer ar straight for half of its height. From th point to the top a crescent-shaped depre sion was nicked out of it. The floor of th dent was almost flat, forming a bench several acres in extent. It was covere with a dense growth of spruce. The e circling walls which rose above it were glassy smooth as the rims which fell awa from its lower edge.

It seemed that there could be no poss ble way of entering this pocket in the cli but the hill-trained eyes of the four me detected a trail at once. A faint strea angled across the face of the wall, appearin above the trees farther down the cañon an inclining up toward the corner of t wooded bench set back in the cliff. At tha distance it looked to be but a faulted vei but these men knew it for a ledge whic traversed the face of the rock, undoubtedl wide enough to permit the passing of me and possibly affording a foothold for the horses as well. Somewhere in that pocke were the cabins which sheltered the me they sought.

As they watched, a string of horses ap peared on the lower end of the ledge an moved in single file across the face of th cliff. They counted fifteen. A single ma rode the last horse and urged the others or

"I don't know the man, but the horse are Brent's," said Moran.

"Then we'll bag him, too," Vermont pre dicted. "To-morrow morning's sunrise wi see the end of the hunt."

Old Dad Kinney shook his head.

"That will be just too late," he said "They're pulling out. You'll have t strike to-night. I know the signs."

He spoke with a conviction which im pressed his friends. This old strategist o the hills had pieced his bits of knowledg together and arrived at a conclusion of h own. The outlaws had retired to the

(Continued on Page 173)

(Continued from Page 170)

hidden retreat as soon as the marshal's posse had come in. They had undoubtedly spied upon his camp with glasses from some commanding point.

Moran had discovered at once that Vermont's party was no camp of hunters and he had known them for what they were. The men they trailed were no less keen. The signs which Moran had found the previous day had indicated that Brent usually held his horses on Atlantic Creek when here on his frequent trips. This time he had departed from the custom through fear that their presence would betray the spot. Instead he had held them in some distant pocket of the hills where their discovery would mean nothing at all. Except from urgent reasons he would not now have sent them back. In all probability some of the band had seen Harmon coming in the night before at the head of a dozen men. The signal flashes had been the call for Brent.

"They're afraid the hunt will get too hot for them," Kinney said. "They've got saddles cached up there. They could make thirty miles if they rode all night. Then they could scatter, each man for himself, until the hunt died down. Better get your men here to-night."

The four men drew back from the rims. Vermont was a man of quick decisions and he recognized the logic of Kinney's words. They had no time to waste.

"We can't take that chance," he said. "But we'll have to work fast to block them in to-night. Harmon's men will have the longest trip, so I'll bring my boys to cover the upper end and work down the trail on foot. Harmon should be able to reach the mouth of the cañon an hour or two after dark by riding hard. You two stay here to watch which way they go if they leave before we get back. Then join Harmon's men to-night. They can hardly miss that broad trail up the creek."

Time was precious. Kinney and Moran watched the other two go back the way they had come.

When the marshal and the ranger reached their horses they rode together until late in the afternoon. Then Harmon turned up a creek which branched from the Thoroughfare in the direction of his own camp. Both horses were tired, but the distance was now short and neither man spared his mount. Vermont reached his destination first. Half an hour later the Bar T foreman saw Harmon's horse swing round a bend. The horse was lathered and running hard. The foreman spoke to the man who had been detailed to wrangle the horses for the day.

"Run 'em in!" he said. The wrangler mounted and whirled up the valley.

"Every man throw his saddle on a horse!" the foreman ordered. "One of you pitch up a fresh horse for Harmon. We're about to make a ride."

Ten minutes later Harmon and the twelve Bar T men were pouring down the valley. Just before dusk they turned into the bottoms of the Thoroughfare. Harmon noted drifts and grass and dirt loosened by the feet of running horses.

"The marshal's men are ahead of us," he said, "and going strong."

Back on the rims Kinney and Moran watched the trail which angled down the cliff until too dark to see. Three men had gone up to the pocket during the day, but not one had left it.

With the coming of dusk Flash felt the restless urge to be off; to get back to Betty and the cabin which was home to him. Moran wrote a brief note in the waning light, promising to return to the cabin the following day.

"I want to see her even more than you do, old boy," Moran said to Flash. "Go!" Flash darted away into the gathering dusk.

Not until night obscured even the outlines of the opposite rims did the two men quit their post. When they left they did not return to their horses, but made a wide detour which would bring them out near the mouth of Atlantic Creek. They threaded their way along the dividing ridges between the many yawning cañons and eventually came out upon one long spur which led in their chosen direction.

When halfway along its course both men stopped with one accord as a voice spoke to them out of the night. Moran knew the voice. It was that of Nash. Forty feet from them a figure loomed on the brink of the rims, hazy and indistinct except for the sharp silhouette of the broad-brimmed hat. Moran involuntarily closed his fingers on Kinney's arm.

"Nash!" he whispered.

"Brent! Is that you Brent?" Nash called huskily. "I tried to locate you and lost the way. I left the horses down in the bottoms and climbed this point to try to flash a signal to you." The voice trailed away. When it came again it held a note of fear: "Why don't you answer? I took the wrong trail, I guess."

Moran felt Kinney gently disengaging his arm and drawing away from him.

"All right, Nash," Kinney said soothingly. "You're going to get started on the right trail at last."

The roar of Kinney's gun crashed in Moran's ears. The figure on the rims tossed up its arms and swayed for a single second, then disappeared. A sound floated up to the men on the ridge—the sound of a heavy body crashing through the spruce trees hundreds of feet below.

Without a word they resumed their way, working down the point of the spur. Once in the bottoms they turned into the mouth of Atlantic Creek and took the broad trail which followed it. When they reached the rocky bar they removed their boots and crossed it without a sound, resuming their footgear as soon as they reached the far side. It had been prearranged between them to wait just within the mouth of the cañon for Harmon's arrival with the men from the Bar T. They moved cautiously ahead for a hundred yards. Then Moran touched Kinney's arm and they stopped. It was inky black between the towering walls of the gorge. They sat down cross-legged on the ground. Before they were well seated a horse gave a whistling snort of surprise from the brush nearby. Out in the darkness a man cursed fretfully.

"The horses are getting spooky," he said. "It's blacker than hell in here. Let's have a light."

A second man gave a grunt of assent and they moved toward Kinney and Moran.

Both rose silently and drew back flat against the base of the cliff. A match flared up near them, glowing pinkly through the fingers which shielded it and throwing a dim light across an unshaved face. Kinney stretched his hands up along the wall and felt the edge of a break a few inches above his head. He gripped it with his fingers, placed his foot on a projecting point of rock and drew himself up. He swept one arm out to determine its width and leaned down to touch Moran. It was only an irregularity in the cliff, a little shelf some two feet wide. The two men were breaking dry sticks for their fire and under cover of this noise Kinney and Moran mounted the shelf and lay flat upon it, screened by the low-hanging branches of a spruce.

A blaze sprang up within fifty feet of them. As its brilliance increased they could see that it had been kindled in the center of a small open glade only a few feet across. The branches of the surrounding spruce almost met above it, roofing it in. Several men rode down the gorge, tied their horses among the trees and joined the first two at the fire. The newcomers were scarcely seated when more arrived. They came in straggling groups of twos and threes until there were fifteen men round the fire. Every word of theirs reached Kinney and Moran.

They discussed the possibility of the posse finding their retreat. All were agreed that their present plan was best—to ride all night and scatter through the hills in little groups, returning to the Hole once more as soon as the hunt died down. They now only waited for Brent and Nash to come before starting on their night-long ride. The two men on the shelf heard things which turned their blood to ice. Both had taken it for granted that Nash and Brent had planned to leave by themselves a few hours earlier than the rest; that Nash had lost the way, which accounted for his unexpected appearance on the ridge. They had guessed as much from his speech.

The things they now heard forced them to put a different, more sinister interpretation upon the few words he had spoken prior to Kinney's shot. Brent had been bribed to go to the cabin for the purpose of killing Moran and bringing the girl to Nash. Nash was to take the horses and wait for Brent a few miles from the spot, leading a third horse for her. Several of the men laughed at his timidity—his sending another instead of doing the thing himself.

Moran reconstructed his ideas of the reason for Nash's sudden appearance on the rims. The harrowing picture was plain to the last detail. Naturally, they had avoided

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the bottoms on their way to the cabin, but had held to the hills instead. Nash, a novice in the woods, had been confused by these unfamiliar trails and failed to make the appointed spot by dark. Already far from it, he had blundered on in the wrong direction until at last some landmark which he knew informed him that he was nearer the spot from which he had started than the one where they were to meet. He had climbed the ridge to flash a signal of his whereabouts to Brent. Moran could see it all. Nash now lay dead in the bottom of some obscure cañon and Betty was somewhere off there in the hills with Brent. It was not a pretty picture.

Moran's hands were clenched and beads of moisture rolled down his face as he realized his helplessness. He silently cursed himself for entering into this hunt at all—cursed Harmon and Vermont for idling on the way and Kinney for leaving her alone. There was not a chance of his getting away to hunt for her. If he was killed in the attempt she was lost. By sheer force of will he fought off the impulse to make a run for it, and he strained his ears to catch some distant sound which spoke of approaching help.

The horses stamped fretfully back in the timber beyond the circle of firelight that danced in the little opening and threw fantastic shadows on the trees that fringed it. The hard faces and varied attire of the men completed a wild picture which held no appeal for the two men on the shelf.

Moran's one devout hope was that they would go and leave him free to hunt for her. Kinney viewed it more coolly and in a different light. If these men should make an all-night ride and scatter in some distant spot Brent would follow with the girl. If they made a move to leave before help came it would be far better to scatter them here.

They were growing restless. Nash and Brent were long overdue. It was evident that they would soon start without them. Seely yawned and stretched. He spoke of Harte and wondered why he had never returned.

They did not know of the double killing at the cabin. Their words were conclusive proof that they had not even known of its existence until Nash had described its location to Harte. They did not know of Kinney's arrival or that Moran had not been staying there of late.

Nash had undoubtedly taken it for granted that conditions there would be the same—that Brent would find Moran and Betty there alone.

Siggens, Fox Jarrat and Cole rose to their feet. Their impatience was reflected a thousandfold in Moran. The men moved restlessly about the fire. Hanlin paced back and forth.

"Oh hell! Let's go!" he said. "Brent will know where to look for us."

Kinney had risen to his knees. The branches which had shielded them in such friendly fashion seemed now only to hamper him as he peered down the barrel of the big revolver at the men round the fire. He shook his head and lowered the gun as he leaned over to Moran.

"Watch your chance to slip away and look for her," he whispered. "Good luck, son!"

The old man dropped from the ledge and began to shoot.

The next second Moran stood beside him, the sharp crack of his automatic alternating with the terrific roar of the black-powder forty-five.

Siggens and Cole sank down beside the fire. Jarrat took three jerky steps and collapsed. Hanlin reached for his gun, but his fingers fell away from it. The murderous fury of his face faded to a look of blank surprise. He placed his hand over his heart, turned on his heel and pitched down upon his face.

The rest were leaping for the shelter of the trees as the thought flashed into every mind that they had been ambushed and surprised. Their frantic horses reared and plunged as they sought to untie them with one hand while with the other they shot back across the open space. The flashes of their guns showed in red splashes among the purple shadows under the trees and the balls flattened with a nasty splintering of rock against the cliff back of Kinney and Moran.

One horse, unmanageable from fright, stampeded with his rider into the firelit opening, Seely shooting as he came. Kinney was cramming fresh shells into the revolver. Moran steadily fired his last cartridge and the horse swerved. Seely sagged limply in the saddle and slipped to the ground as the horse plunged back among the trees.

Every man thought the marshal's posse was upon them. As each one succeeded in mounting he crashed away through the brush.

There was a sudden sound of drumming hoofs, which increased to a clattering roar as a dozen hard-running horses struck the rock bar coming in. With exulting yells the Bar T men flung from their saddles and blocked the mouth of the gorge.

Some few of the outlaws whirled their horses and headed up the cañon, only to turn back again as the marshal's posse opened on them with a deadly hail of rifle fire. Every sound of their progress drew an answer from some fast-shooting rifle. The fight shifted from a general engagement to scattered individual duels and the gun flashes cut vivid crimson streaks through the night.

Moran slipped toward the mouth of the cañon, keeping close to the wall. He reached it safely and mounted the first Bar T horse he found. One of his own friends emptied his gun at him as he clattered across the rock bar. He headed the horse down the trail and urged him on. His one idea was to get to the cabin with all possible speed. For the first time he thought of Flash. If he found him at the cabin he could put him on Brent's trail. Then suddenly he had the one single comforting thought which had come to him since hearing of Nash's devilish plans.

When he recalled having dispatched Flash to her at dusk he fervently blessed the inspiration which had led him to train Flash in this work of carrying messages. If Flash reached the cabin and found her gone he would take her trail. Moran knew his terrible fighting qualities when roused. If he suspected that Brent meant to harm her, there would be a savage fight and she might escape under cover of his attack. If only he learned this in time—discerned the man's intentions before Brent had time to see him and use his gun.

The horse that Moran rode stumbled under him, recovered his balance and staggered on. Moran guessed the truth and dismounted. The horse stood with drooping head, and the light of a match revealed a red stream bubbling from his flank with each labored breath. One of the shots fired at Moran as he crossed the bar had found the horse.

The firing had long since ceased and he knew the outlaws had been killed to a man. He made a rapid calculation of distances, determining whether to keep on and go to his own horse or to turn back for another. He drew his gun and inserted a fresh clip of shells. As he led the horse aside so its body would not obstruct the trail Moran prayed that Flash had found the girl.

But Flash had not.

He had reached the cabin only to find that she had left it long before. Her cold trail mingled with that of Brent. The hair along Flash's spine stood straight and stiff and he snarled deep in his throat. Without an instant's hesitation he swept away on the trail, and as he ran there seemed to be two of him—two spirits urging the same flesh along on this double trail left by the one he loved the best and the one he hated the most of all those on earth. The dog strove to overtake the girl and protect her with his love; the wolf hungered to reach Brent and fall upon him with murderous hate. So often in the past one extreme had been swayed from its course by the opposing force of the other. Now for the first time in his life both combined to drive him on and on over the trail from which nothing but death could shake him.

Their course led along the ridge which stretched to the low divide between the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone. It was rougher but much shorter and more direct than the longer trail through the bottoms by way of the forks. On the divide they had stopped long—until Brent was satisfied that Nash was lost. But Flash did not stop, and he found the trail much warmer as he plunged down the far slope. The roar of the fight at the cañon thundered in his ears as he ran. It had ceased when he reached the bottoms. The two he followed had forded the Yellowstone and the trail led straight away to the mouth of Atlantic Creek. It was warm and still slippery from the water which dripped from their soggy clothing.

While still a mile from the mouth Flash heard a single shot from a short distance up the creek—the shot which ended the misery of Moran's wounded horse. It was followed by a sound which turned Flash to a raging fiend.

Half a mile inside the mouth of the creek Brent had stopped at the outbreak of the fight ahead. He had turned back when the shooting ceased. The sound Flash heard was Betty's cry for help sent out to the man who had fired that last single shot. There was no second cry, for Brent clamped his hand on her mouth. But one had been enough, and both Moran and Flash were leaping toward the sound.

Flash swept on with every ounce of his terrific speed, knowing that he followed this trail to kill. He ran now with the froth slobbering from his fangs and spattering back on his silky coat. The yellow eyes were streaked with red. His whole heart was driving him with the seething lust to sink his teeth into the man who had caused that cry.

The body scent came from just ahead. Then he saw Brent coming toward him down the trail, his left hand clamped on the girl's wrist as he pulled her after him.

Brent half turned, reaching for his gun as he heard Moran bounding down the trail behind him.

Then a dim shadow drove at him and savage teeth slashed at the arm which held the girl. The instant his grip relaxed she tore away and fled. Moran almost ran over her as he turned a bend, but checked his rush and caught her, holding her close in his arms.

Brent's gun spoke once and the flame scorched Flash as he sprang the second time. Then his teeth closed on the hand and crunched the bones as he tore the gun away. Brent was a powerful man. He lunged and struck, kicked terribly with his heavy boots. His head struck a dead limb and with one wrench he tore it from the tree. It whistled through the air as he whirled it round and struck again and again. He screamed like a fighting animal as he sought to drive off this thing which had pounced on him out of the night.

The fight was short. Brent lurched to his knees, and before he could rise again the teeth which had torn the life from many a tough bull elk closed on the soft throat of a man.

There was no sound under the trees.

Then a cry filled the valley and echoed among the rims—the savage, triumphant cry of the killing wolf.

XXII

THOSE who dwelt in the fashionable suburb which nestled under the bluff were far from suspecting the origin of the big gray dog who had lived among them for so many years. It was generally conceded that he sprang from some gentle breed of dogs—from some strain which never barked or snapped. It was inconceivable that he would ever bite.

A new snow had fallen and the suburbanites looked from their windows upon a familiar scene. The big gray dog was racing over the winding drives with his peculiar sliding gait.

He drew a sled, and the six-year-old boy who rode it was making the air ring with shouted commands. No one who beheld the sight suspected the grim conflict which tore the soul of Flash. How could they know that this was the season—the running moon of the wolves?

When night fell Flash slipped away and ran for miles over the hardwood hills. The phantom pack ran with him, but there was no real kill at the end of the chase.

It was one of those still nights that come at this time of year. No slightest breeze rustled the branches. The mercury did not vary a fraction of a degree; cold enough that the leaves beneath the snow were not even moist from its melting; warm enough so that no crust formed on top. All Nature seemed suspended — trying to decide whether there would be a thaw or a drop to bitter cold.

Flash came out upon the bluffs which overlooked the town, standing erect, his great head stretched forth in a straight line with his back, and howled.

The suburban dwellers endeavored to explain the queer thrill the sound had given them.

Of them all only two knew the truth. Clark Moran and his wife knew that it was the wolf shiver which shook them; that the cry had been the call of the last buffalo gray for his mate—a cry that would never be answered.

(THE END)

BUYING JEWELRY

(Continued from Page 19)

The others thought the suggestion a good one. Arthur Bagley was the most successful jeweler in the community, director in a bank, and had been president of the chamber of commerce; he ought to be able to tell whether or not profiteering had been going on in their midst. He arrived a few minutes after the phone call had been made, and the case was explained to him.

"What we really want of you, Mr. Bagley," said the chairman, "is that you shall tell the committee if you think this young man has been overcharged. He says he suspects that the diamond is not perfect. He also states that he could borrow on the stone only half the amount he paid for it. That does not seem right to me; I have always understood that diamonds could be realized on at any time."

The big jeweler looked critically at the ring which had been bought so buoyantly only a few hours before and engraved with so much sentiment, only to fall to its present discredited position where nobody seemed to want it.

"If you really want me to straighten out this matter," Bagley said, "I am afraid I shall have to deliver a kind of a lecture on the jewelry business in general. Any objections? All right.

"We jewelers are in kind of a peculiar position. We are merchants in that we have to pay rent and clerk hire just the same as any other storekeepers, but we don't have a thing to sell that people cannot get along without. Perhaps collar buttons and alarm clocks might be classed as necessities, but a man can wear a bone collar button if he is not proud; and he can on a pinch get up in the morning by the six-o'clock whistle if he hasn't the price of the clock.

"Not only do we deal exclusively in luxuries but nearly everything we sell is intended as a gift. When a baby is born people come into the jewelry store to buy presents for it, and the presents are continued up to the time of that baby's own golden wedding. The jewelry store has come to be the sentimental headquarters of the community. Probably that is the reason certain myths have grown up about the business.

"One of the most common myths is the belief that you can buy a diamond and then go right out and sell it for about what it costs you. Maybe the jewelers themselves have encouraged that belief a little when in the heat and excitement of landing a good sale. But anyone who knows anything about business must realize that there is nothing in the world which will surely bring a hundred cents on the dollar at any minute. You hear a lot of people complaining that their Liberty Bonds can't be sold for as much as they paid for them; but to me it is a wonderful thing that a hundred-dollar bond can be cashed in any village in the country any day in the week for a dollar or no less than it cost. Suppose you go out to-day and buy the best piece of business property in this city. Can you be sure of getting your money out of it to-morrow? You cannot. And if you want to borrow money on it your bank is limited by law to lending you only half its appraised value."

Nothing Quite Perfect

"Now to get back to diamonds. The young man here thinks he was swindled because he could pawn his purchase for only about half what he paid for it. A diamond is only merchandise the same as a suit of clothes or a lumber wagon; and no one would expect to pawn those things for even half what they cost. He went round to jewelry stores and got discouraged because no one would tell him how much his stone was really worth. Maybe they might have been more polite about it; but really no jeweler can afford to pay Main Street rents for the purpose of maintaining a free information bureau.

"The young man says he thinks the stone is imperfect. Of course it is. I believe a good many jewelers get excited when they are trying to sell diamonds and talk about certain stones as being absolutely perfect. That is sort of playing fast and loose with the language because there isn't any absolutely perfect diamonds any more than there are absolutely perfect men, women or Boston-terrier dogs. If you live long enough with a person you will learn that he isn't absolutely perfect; and if you get a strong-enough magnifying glass you can find some tiny imperfection in the best diamond ever mined.

"Now if you want to know my opinion of this particular case I would say that the young man got fair value for his money; the jeweler probably made twenty dollars on the sale, which is a legitimate profit. But I would add that it is poor business for a person to buy something and then run round town trying to find out whether he has been swindled or not. If he hasn't confidence in a business establishment it is a good idea not to buy from it."

The square-deal committee unanimously decided that no business ethics had been violated and advised the young man to shake hands with the merchant; this formality was effected with mutual apologies and expressions of personal esteem, the two going away together as friends.

Half an hour later Arthur Bagley was called from his private office to the front of his store; it was the young man of the diamond ring who wanted to see him. He laid a ring in a little plush box before the jeweler.

"Listen, Mr. Bagley," he said. "I went back to that jewelry store and swapped the ring I had for a bigger one. I paid him forty dollars difference. I wish you would look at it and tell me whether I got stung or not."

Any young man who is on the verge of getting engaged to be married should walk downtown and look in the jewelry-store windows before entirely committing himself. It will also be prudent to find out just what the young lady's ideas are as to what constitutes a proper-sized diamond ring. The stone which used to be in the jewelers' show window labeled "Blue White Gem, ½ Carat, $100," now has a different card, which reads thus: "Guaranteed Value. ½ Carat Beauty, Only $255."

Why Blame the Jewelers?

Jewelers are coming in for a share of condemnation on account of the high prices demanded for diamonds. The young man who wakes up some morning to the realization that he spoke the fateful words the night before draws his hundred dollars out of the bank and goes among the jewelry stores to buy the engagement ring. He is shocked to learn how small a stone his hundred dollars will buy. Surely no girl of spirit will be satisfied with a quarter-carat diamond in a plain gold setting. And worse still, he finds that to be thoroughly up to date the stone must be set in a mounting of carved platinum with tiny diamonds peeping out of all available spaces. Such a setting alone costs far more than the hundred dollars which he confidently drew out of the bank.

Diamonds are high; they cost three times as much as they did ten years ago. But so far as can be ascertained there is no profiteering. The demand is large and the supply very limited. Practically all the diamonds nowadays come from the South African mines, and these mines are vastly less productive than they were a few years ago. Soil that used to yield ten carats of rough diamonds to the ton now produces less than a carat. And prospecting for diamonds is expensive business, because it means the sinking of a shaft two to three thousand feet deep, with the chance of finding nothing at the end of the journey.

Though the African mines are controlled by a London syndicate that city is not the diamond headquarters of the world. The rough stones are brought to London and from there distributed to the diamond cutters of Amsterdam and Antwerp.

It is to those two cities that the American importers go for their supplies, and at present they are having a hard time getting what they need. A few days ago the writer was shown a cablegram from the buyer for a big New York importer. He had been in Europe more than a month, prepared to pay cash for half a million dollars' worth of diamonds; the cable was to inform the house that he had managed to buy eighty thousand dollars' worth of goods, which were being shipped on a steamer leaving that day.

Another thing which makes it harder on the young man trying to buy an engagement ring is the tendency to cut diamonds in queer shapes and thus increase the price per carat. The small-town man wandering

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along State Street or Fifth Avenue, stopping to look at the jewelry-store windows, will be impressed with the fact that half of the diamonds on display are square cut or pear-shaped or cut pointed at both ends. There does not seem to be any particular reason for this eccentricity of cutting except the fact that the rich want their possessions to be different. Cutting a diamond into an odd shape does not increase its brilliancy but it does make it two or three times as costly. But think of the embarrassment that is going to ensue when girls all over the country learn that the good old round-cut diamonds are no longer the latest. What is the forty-dollar-a-week man going to do when his fiancée says artlessly that she is crazy to have a square-cut diamond for her engagement ring, and he learns that such stones cost fifteen hundred dollars a carat?

Most people do not know it, but diamonds are not the most expensive gems; pearls and emeralds both have diamonds beaten when it comes to cost. An emerald holds the world's championship, a six-carat stone recently having been sold in New York for twenty thousand dollars a carat.

We read in the newspapers about the big prices at which pieces of jewelry are sold in some of the large city establishments and think it must take some kind of supersalesmanship to slip over a pearl necklace at a hundred thousand or a pear-shaped diamond pendant at twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. A salesman in one of the Fifth Avenue stores who frequently does such things recently talked to the writer and said there was nothing to it; that the big sales come easier than the little ones.

The store in which this man works is one of those places where a dignified doorman in livery stands out front and shows in customers, who are called "clients." The show windows never have more than two or three pieces of jewelry on display at a time; a couple of diamond bracelets and a star sapphire dinner ring are considered quite a reckless exhibit. You have to get inside to realize how much jewelry there is in the world. The little gilt showcases are crowded with articles priced from a thousand dollars upward. You do not see any gold jewelry. Gold is not expensive enough for the clients of this store; everything is platinum.

Big Sales Easiest

"I haven't always worked on Fifth Avenue," said this salesman. "I learned the business in a small Kansas town in a jewelry establishment which occupied one side of a drug store. There was a workbench at the front window where I learned to fix watches and clocks under the instructions of the proprietor; in dull times we did not scorn to repair umbrellas and sewing machines. Our whole stock was contained in two showcases; and believe me it took some ability to make sales out of the selections we carried! If you can show a customer a hundred solid-gold watches he almost has to buy one; but when you have got about five it takes hard work.

"A few days ago I sold a young man six diamond-ornamented cigarette cases at fourteen hundred dollars apiece to be given the ushers at his wedding. It required no salesmanship at all; price was no object and as soon as I showed him something that pleased him he decided in a moment. I remember once back in Kansas there was going to be a society wedding in our town; a young fellow who worked in the bank was to wed the daughter of his boss. Ordinarily our weddings were held in the parlor of the bride's home but this young lady had been away to boarding school and learned that the correct thing was a church wedding with bridesmaids, ushers, and so on.

"Someone had told the young man that he was expected to give the ushers a scarfpin apiece to pay them for their services, and he came to see me about getting the jewelry. Three dollars apiece for the scarfpins was his limit, and naturally he expected something pretty nifty at that figure. He couldn't be suited from the selection we had in stock and so I sent away to wholesale houses in Kansas City and St. Louis for samples, but even then he wasn't satisfied; they didn't look enough for his money. He wrote for mail-order catalogues, and I had to argue a long time to convince him that he should not send his money out of town because he would probably be president of the bank some day and he ought to have the good will of all the local merchants.

"Eventually I landed his twelve dollars. We had in the store some red imitation stones each about the size of a five-carat diamond, which I mounted up in gold-filled scarfpin settings. He liked the idea immensely and said it was some class to have jewelry made to order instead of buying ready-made stuff. On the night of the wedding the four ushers wearing the scarfpins looked like railroad brakemen with red lanterns.

"The reason it is harder to make a small sale than a big one is this: The man with a little money probably has just as good taste as the millionaire, but the articles he can get for his money look pretty meager. One day recently I made two sales—a la vallière for eighteen thousand dollars, and a ring for ninety dollars. The la vallière customer was a downtown manufacturer who hurriedly stopped in the store on the way home from his office; I was the salesman nearest the front door at the moment.

"'To-morrow is my wife's birthday,' he said, 'and I want to take her a nice present. She has got most everything I can think of. What can you suggest?'

"The la vallière lay in the show case between us, a beautiful thing of lacy platinum work from which was suspended a ten-carat pear-shaped diamond, blue-white and sparkling."

The Preacher's Ring

"'Of course your wife has other la vallières,' I said, laying the piece before him, 'but here is one that can't be duplicated. That pear-shaped stone is one of the finest we have ever had in stock.'

"'By golly, it is pretty!' he exclaimed. 'How much is it worth?'

"I told him. He is a man accustomed to make quick decisions; checking out large sums of money is everyday business with him.

"'All right,' he said, 'I'll take it. If my wife doesn't like it she can exchange it for something else.'

"While I wrapped up the purchase he made out a check for the amount, and within ten minutes from the time he came in the front door he was gone again. I hadn't used any particular kind of salesmanship. The article sold itself; I merely introduced it to a man who had money enough to buy it.

"But the ring which I sold that same day for ninety dollars was a different matter. He was a young preacher who came in, and told me that he would like to look at something nice in an engagement ring for about that price. He confided to me that he had hoped to spend a hundred dollars for the ring but on account of the church being a little behind in his salary he could not quite make it. He added that he had looked at some other stores but preferred to buy it at our establishment because his mother's engagement ring had come from there, thirty years before.

"I was sort of up against it. Ninety dollars was a lot of money to him and I knew he would expect to get a good big stone for that amount. He could get a more showy article for the price at some other store, because we handle only the finer grades. He had the same tastes as the man who had just bought the eighteen-thousand-dollar necklace, but only ninety dollars to spend. I got out our more modest articles and tried to interest him in them, but his mind would wabble and his eyes wander over to the show cases where the expensive things were kept. I could see that he was mentally comparing the modest articles I showed him with the showy bargains he had seen in the windows of cheap stores.

"My only chance was to talk quality and the reputation of the house. I quit trying to sell him for the moment and began to talk of other things; I invited him to look round the store and showed him a couple of pearl necklaces valued at sixty thousand dollars apiece. I wanted to impress on his mind the idea that a store which was in the habit of making sixty-thousand-dollar sales ought to be a safe place in which to spend ninety dollars. I suggested that the young lady would be pleased to have her ring come in a box bearing the name of a house which had stood high in the trade for more than sixty years. Then I got right down to business.

"'Here is a nice ring for ninety dollars,' I said. 'You can get one for the same money at some other store which will make twice as big a flash. But please remember this: We do not make any more profit than

(Concluded on Page 181)

(Concluded from Page 178)

the store handling cheaper goods. We give you your money's worth in quality instead of quantity. Anything we sell you is sure to be in good taste. And it will have an added value in the young lady's eyes because it comes from this store.'

"'I made the sale. And it certainly took more skill to make it than was necessary in slipping over the eighteen-thousand-dollar necklace. If you ask me what is the secret of selling very expensive articles I would say there isn't any. But there is one thing to remember—don't get stage fright.

"When I first came to work on Fifth Avenue I would get nervous and self-conscious whenever I tried to sell something valued at several thousand dollars. I had a feeling that I ought to do or say something specially impressive; I simply couldn't act natural when I faced a customer across the counter with a thirty-thousand-dollar necklace between us. It was our shrewd old Irish head porter who gave the best advice, and it applies to all sorts of high-priced selling whether the merchandise be jewelry or real estate, paintings, legal opinions or automobiles.

"'They ain't no call for you to get scared,' he said, 'just because you happen to be showing that millionaire stuff in the front show case. The people who buy it are just like you and me, only with more money. When you lay out a twenty-thousand-dollar piece, just pretend to yourself that it's only twenty dollars. Then you'll talk about it natural and effective.'"

Whenever there is excitement going on the jewelry business is good. When America got into the war, jewelers—along with other venders of luxuries—prepared to trim their sails and get along as best they could until the war was over. But more business was done in jewelry stores during 1918 than any year on record. This did not apply only to munition and cantonment towns, but everywhere throughout the country.

The big business, however, was not along usual lines. Silverware was one of the slow items. There was no formal entertaining which called for elaborate table silver; there were no society weddings where each invited guest must send a silver berry spoon, mayonnaise set or sandwich tray. The manager of one of the largest jewelry establishments on the Pacific Coast, which specializes in fine table silver, told the writer that during our participation in the war their sales of silverware were less than one-fifth of normal. Trade in silverware was about as active as that in men's evening clothes; a prominent Los Angeles clothing merchant told the writer that he had just two full-dress suits during our year and a half of war; and they were bought by Mexicans.

But it was not considered unpatriotic to make gifts for personal adornment even in wartime; and never before in the history of the country were so many sales made of rings and la vallières, solid-gold mesh bags, platinum wrist watches, bar pins and lingerie clasps. There was a sense of danger; men had a more protective feeling toward their womenfolks and spent money to show how much they thought of them.

Diamonds in the Oil Towns

At present the diamond business is liveliest in the oil towns of North Texas. No larger stones can be seen in the show windows of Fifth Avenue than are displayed by the dealers of small Texas places which were hardly on the map a year ago. And these dealers do not merely keep big diamonds; they sell them. The man who has suddenly got rich on oil usually wants to buy an automobile and a large diamond ring as soon as possible; he may have to wait a little while for the delivery of the car, but he can go right out and have the ring on his finger in twenty minutes.

A Texas jeweler told the writer that a man recently came into his store and asked to see a nice ring; the one shown him was a thousand dollars. The customer admired it, asked if the stone was perfect, and then said he would buy it if the jeweler would sell it on time.

Never having seen the gentleman before, the jeweler naturally stated that his terms were strictly cash. Then the stranger made another proposition.

"I'm an oil-stock salesman," he said, "and I figure that I can do more business if I am fixed up to look sort of prosperous and lucky. A nice two-carat diamond don't hurt anybody's appearance. I tell you what I'll do—you just lease me that stone and I'm willing to pay you fifty dollars a month rent for it."

One of the jeweler's greatest trials these days is his watch-repair department. Some morning you drop your watch on the cement floor and it annoyingly stops. You shake it with a circular motion and tap it gently against the wall a few times, but it stubbornly refuses to go. It will not start even after you have poked the balance wheel with a toothpick. Then you take the watch to your favorite jewelry store and hand it to the man who sits at the workbench at the front window. You tell him the timepiece has unaccountably stopped running but you don't think there is anything much the matter with it, and he will please fix it so you can have it to-day at lunch time.

If he is a good-natured watchmaker he will merely smile at your absurdity; but in case he is one of those whose nerves have become frazzled by long contact with an unreasonable public he will snap out that yours is not the only watch he has to fix. He tells you that maybe it will be ready in about five weeks. If you don't want to leave it that long you can try some other place, but they are all in the same boat. Of course some blacksmith who calls himself a watchmaker might promise it sooner, but you don't want to have your watch ruined, do you? No, he can't lend you a watch while he is fixing yours.

There are simply not enough watchmakers to go round. Formerly there were three sources from which the jewelry stores got their watch repairers—from Germany, from Switzerland, and from home-town boys who had a talent for mechanics and who were willing to work under some good watchmaker and learn the trade. All three of these sources are pretty well dried up.

The Lure of Gasoline

These boys used to be glad of a chance to start in at three dollars a week so as to be able to learn the trade. Now an offer of ten dollars a week for the same job fails to attract a single boy. The writer has heard so many complaints from jewelry-store proprietors about the impossibility of getting apprentices that he has recently been investigating the causes. All the evidence points to the automobile as the guilty party.

The boy who likes to fuss round machinery finds it more agreeable to take a job in a garage than a jewelry store. It is a freer and more exciting life; he doesn't have to bother about keeping clean, and there is always the chance of running a car somewhere, along with his other duties.

A few weeks ago the writer was on a trip and had occasion to go from Chicago to a small town in Southern Michigan. Evidently the chamber of commerce in that town does not have much influence with the management of the Michigan Central Railroad, because the only trains stopping there were some extremely local locals. A study of the time-tables proved that the best way to get to the town was to take a fast train to a larger place and go the rest of the way in an automobile.

Getting off the train, the writer inquired for a garage and was directed across the square to a large frame building whose sign advertised auto repairs and service cars, but underneath could still be seen the painted-over words, "Livery and Sale Stable." The price named for the trip was satisfactory. Then the writer inquired when the start could be made.

"You can start right now," replied the garage man. "Here, Joe," he called out, "jump in the little car and drive this gentleman and his wife over to Decatur."

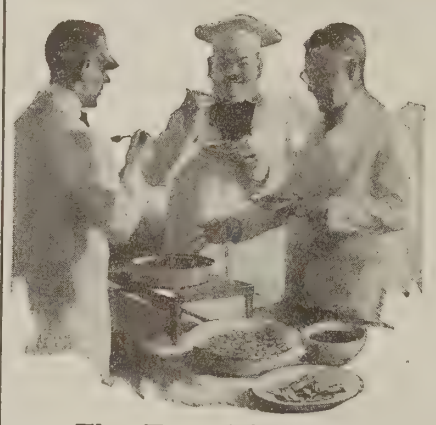
Joe was a bright-faced infant of about sixteen, who was tinkering round the place, and he joyfully dropped his wrench and pliers on the floor at the sound of his master's voice. In three minutes we were out of town flying along a bumpy road, Joe happily indifferent as to the number of times his passengers' heads hit the ceiling.

He was just the type of boy whom we used to see working round the home-town jewelry store and learning the watchmaker trade. Between bumps he confided the fact that he is crazy about machinery and would rather fix things than eat. But can you imagine him working in any jewelry store after tasting the informal garage life where his mechanical labors are likely to be interrupted any minute by orders to run a gentleman and his wife over to Decatur or somewhere?

The idea is unthinkable.

Man Style

We Study His Likes in Van Camp's



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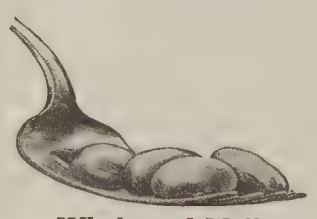

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And we bake the beans with a matchless sauce, so that every atom shares its tang and zest.

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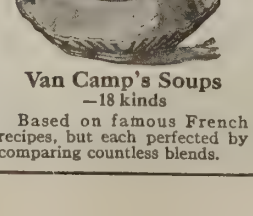

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—18 kinds

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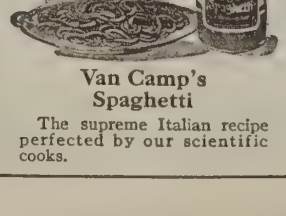

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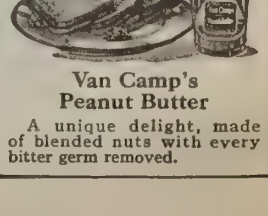

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 39)

everyday business. An officer of the publishing company was sent by plane on a visit to local firms in many important industrial areas. He was expected to prove the immediate utility and great advantage of the airplane in extending and accelerating the journeys of commercial travelers.

British engineers are also giving a maximum of thought to the mechanical side of aviation. One English firm has submitted a scheme to the British Government which calls for the immediate construction of giant commercial airships of steel, equipped with dining, smoking and sleeping cabins, and having a carrying capacity of 70 tons, a gas capacity of 3,500,000 cubic feet and a nonstop radius of 6000 miles. Another firm, at Wolverhampton, England, has concluded tests on what is said to be the largest airplane engine in the world. This new machine has twelve cylinders, is of 1000 nominal horse power, and weighs less than two pounds per horse power. Many other instances might be cited to show the interest and activity of the British people in commercial aviation.

And this progress is not only on paper. An English seaplane recently completed a successful Scandinavian flight covering 2450 sea miles in 40 hours and 40 minutes. Passengers can now travel by air from London to Paris for $75. Arrangements are being completed for ocean liners from America to be met regularly by airplanes at English and French ports, so that business men may lose no time in their journeys to London. A large British combine is attempting to inaugurate a world-embracing plan for passenger airship transportation. Routes have been planned so that no important city will be more than ten days' journey from London. The various flights will occupy the following periods of time: London to New York, 60 hours; San Francisco, 108 hours; Cairo, 36 hours; Perth, Australia, 168 hours; and Cape Town, South Africa, 6350 miles, 132 hours. The trip to Cape Town will include a twelve-hour stop at Nairobi, in British East Africa. The journey to New York will be via Lisbon and the Azores, while the flight to South America will be via Sierra Leone.

It is pointed out that though the speed of large airships is slower than airplanes it is five times faster than that of the average ocean liner, and a nonstop flight up to 10,000 miles is possible. The proposed fares from London will be: To Cape Town, $876; to Australia, $696; to New York, $243. The New York charge is approximately eight cents a mile. Mail will be carried for six cents an ounce. The engineers' estimates specify a carrying capacity of fifteen tons of passengers and mails for each airship.

In the matter of handling mail by aërial service the British are setting other nations a fast pace. On March first a daily service was established between England and Cologne. Four planes carried a total of twenty-five bags daily. At the present time the service is running at the rate of about 16,000 bags annually. Correspondence leaving Cologne one morning is delivered to all parts of England and Wales from Folkestone by the first delivery on the following morning.

British scientists and engineers are also devoting much thought to the future laws that will govern aviation throughout the world. As many people know, the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference in Paris, on September tenth, formally approved the proposal that there be a convention relating to international air navigation. This document is regarded as a charter for civil aviation throughout the world, and deals with such subjects as air sovereignty, space above territory and territorial waters, nationality of aircraft, and so on. When this convention is called let no one doubt that the representatives of Great Britain will be on hand with real ideas.

For example, Lord Montagu recently discussed world air routes and their regulation. He said: "We should separate the air into five levels. The first 2000 feet should be free except for private purposes or purposes of landing; the next 2000 feet for slower commercial planes; the space from 4000 to 6000 feet should be reserved for swifter commercial planes, while in the level from 6000 to 10,000 feet the official planes should travel." He proposes that the heights above 10,000 feet should be international, and that all planes flying below 8000 feet should be silenced. Ten years ago such talk would have sounded like Chapter One from a juvenile dream book, but to-day we read the words without wonder.

In the great English universities of Cambridge and London they have established chairs of aëronautics. Here in the United States the aircraft industry is being permitted to drop back to a place of no importance. The few men in America who thoroughly comprehend the serious dangers of our present course seem to have raised their voices in vain. John D. Ryan, former director of the Bureau of Aircraft Production, says: "I should think it would be plain to anybody that in the necessity for the defense of a country like ours, with a great coast line, an extensive aircraft program is a desirable thing. I think the science of aviation should be encouraged in every possible way. I would have an academy of aviation, just as we have a military academy at West Point and a naval academy at Annapolis. I would educate the boys of this country in aviation from the time they are boys. In a few years, if an enemy fleet attempted to reach our shores, it would be unable to get any nearer than three or four hundred miles from our coast line. I feel that it is a mistake to permit the brains collected into the aircraft organization during the war to be scattered to the far ends of our country. I think the great aircraft organizations gotten together during hostilities should not be dissipated and the trained personnel distributed among a hundred other branches of industrial life. Through such action the country is left without the benefits of all we learned."

Eleven years ago the United States Army selected three young officers and sent them to Fort Myer, Virginia, where Wilbur Wright taught them how to fly. One of these men was B. D. Foulois. When the United States went to war Foulois was advanced to the rank of brigadier general and was sent to France as Chief of Air Service for the American Expeditionary Forces. It was he who was charged with preparing the so-called $640,000,000 aviation bill. Now that the war is over General Foulois is again a major, but his reduction in rank has in no way curtailed his aircraft knowledge or decreased the vigor of his ideas, as certain congressional committees have recently discovered.

Said Major Foulois:

"Every military power in the world today except our own appreciates the fact that the military use of aircraft has heretofore been almost entirely defensive. The offensive use of these machines is only just beginning. We are the only military power that is not concentrating all of its aërial activities under one control and putting great energy into the development of large types of aircraft for commercial use in time of peace, knowing full well that each of these large types of flying machines can be converted into a military weapon within forty-eight hours in time of war."

Major Foulois states that "The duties involved in operating the army air service are ninety per cent technical, mechanical and industrial, and only ten per cent military. For this reason the service cannot be intelligently governed by officers who have only a knowledge of military problems. The military aviator even in time of peace is constantly performing his duty under the threat of death if he makes a mistake in the operation of his machine. Flying is more than a theory to such men, and as a matter of mere self-preservation they demand that the laws and regulations proposed for the government of our air service shall be prepared by authorities who are thoroughly familiar with the business at hand."

The future of aviation in this country depends upon the wisdom and energy with which we develop the art along civil and commercial lines. The military use of aircraft is important, but it must now be given secondary consideration. Europe has not yet recovered from the horrors of war, but the nations over there are devoting real energy to the development of an aircraft industry. Here in this country we are fast losing all the position and prestige we gained. In a succeeding article I shall carry this discussion further and include some of the immediate remedies proposed.

GHOSTS GO WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

"What a diagnosis!" she exclaimed, coloring to the ears and with a palpable effort at self-control. Yet she was much less angry than I could have anticipated, as though my jerky nerves and evident disability had excited her commiseration.

"It makes me gladder than ever to have such a nice envelope," she went on, her voice breaking a little. "That all those very obnoxious qualities are inside and not outside, you know. Really, George, it does me good to hear you talk like that, and I am not sarcastic when I say I am hugely obliged. You have given me just what I needed—a bracing shower of ice water when I was slumping into sentimentality and regrets. I have cried so many nights, blaming myself, when I see now that it was fifty-fifty right along, as business men say—and maybe sixty-forty, with you at the big end. I had forgotten what a pig you could be. Many thanks, indeed, George, for bringing it back to me in such a wealth of recollection."

"Yet you must admit we were awfully happy till Vin came bursting in on us in his Bear Cat," I said. "Looking back on it, I see it in the foreground of everything—with its bright red upholstery and big tilted wheel and slanting seats you had almost to lie down in. It was my evil genius all right, that infernal Bear Cat, and it started you off in your headlong irritation with Vin. He was good-looking and fashionable and had heaps of money and there was a wonderful kind of go and rightness about him that took girls by storm—one kind of girls by daytime and another kind by night, and all liking him for being fast and rich; and it didn't take me long to see what I was up against, with you everlastingly beside him in that Bear cat and putting me off with fibs so as to play out with him. Imagine what hell it was for me—looking on and watching you make sure of Vin before giving me my walking papers!"

I had pierced her armor at last; her bosom rose and fell in unmistakable agitation; her eyes moistened. She made a little appeal of her hand for me to stop, as though she could not trust her voice. When after a moment she found it, it was scarcely above a whisper and so uncertain and quivering that her words came in little gasps.

"I don't think I was as bad as that, George," she said. "I really wasn't as bad as that. Vin did dazzle me. I will admit it—he rather swept me off my feet. Call it infatuation—anything you like. But you were to blame, too, helping it on as you did by being so grumpy and acting as though I were a puppy on a string who could be jerked into good behavior. If you had been kinder, tenderer, more considerate, I—I might have got safely over it."

"And what a humiliating position for me while you were getting over it!" I cried out, emphasizing her phrase with a stinging bitterness. "And you would have despised me if I had—utterly despised me—as I would have despised myself. You blame me for being a man, for snarling and fighting when somebody tried to take away my girl."

"You needn't have made detestable scenes in public," she retorted. "You needn't have been so rude and intolerable. And you certainly didn't need to have flirted so outrageously with Mrs. Sinclair all—and sat out with her in corners."

"What else could I do?" I demanded. "I couldn't sit there like an old lady with folded hands and a lace cap, could I? Naturally I turned to the nearest woman that seemed to like me and made a dead set at her. If it hurt you, so much the better. I'm glad it hurt you."

But it didn't," she replied. "That was where you were so horribly stupid—choosing such a nasty little underbred cat to spite me with. If it had been Tessie Dermit or Irene Wells I should not have minded so much; at any rate, it would not have been a slap in the face; but that common, little baby-vamp person with her shattering laugh and odious archness, who fawned on anything in trousers and who somebody said ought to write a book called Laps I Have Sat On—why, anybody who liked her simply ended himself with me and jumped over a precipice!"

It was you who threw me over that precipice," I protested. "And it was Peggy Sinclair who caught me in a blanket and saved me from being dashed to pieces. But what is the good of squabbling about it, Emily? Nothing would have made any difference to you, whatever you may say now—and you would have married Vin just the same."

"I didn't marry Vin!" she exclaimed.

I stared at her in stupefaction and so indescribably moved, so indescribably relieved, elated and I don't know what all that my head seemed to go round and round.

"You didn't?" I repeated, still unable to believe my ears.

"No, I cut it all and went to France," she said.

"And Vin? What did he do?"

"Oh, volunteered!"

"Overseas too?"

"No, they kept him in Washington as an expert on foreign exchange in the Treasury Department."

I was feeling so happy that I laughed louder than I ought. Vin posing as an expert and nicely poked out of harm's way while helping to guide our national finances! I was convulsed.

"Vin might know the exact amount of champagne it takes to drown a chorus girl in," I said. "But I can't conceive him to be any other kind of an expert, unless it is his profound knowledge of unessential industries."

But if I had expected Emily to laugh I was mistaken. Her look was full of disdain as she returned: "How typically bourgeois of you to say that—how typically, incurably bourgeois! Anybody a little higher than you are in the social scale is, of course, a coward and a slacker. That is how people like you struggle to keep their self-esteem, I suppose. But far be it from me to rob you of anything so comforting."

I ought to have restrained myself, but instead I went on from bad to worse. I never had had any self-control when Vin was the subject under discussion. I had quarreled with Emily about him from the very first day he had entered our lives; and here I was, quarreling again and evidently mortally wounding her. But Vin was my red rag, and once it was waved before me I was lost to all reason.

"It may be bourgeois," I said. "It may be the proof of my middle-classness and all the rest of it—but really I haven't any patience with the fellows who held down their desks with their spurs. I never had much opinion of Vin, but I did think he was more of a man than that."

"He went where they put him," she returned.

"Well, I didn't go where they put me," I exclaimed. "I was offered an assignment to the Bureau of Engraving with the rank of captain, having been so long with the Cosmos Bank Note Company that I had a claim to be regarded as an expert too. But that wasn't my idea of a world war—checking off bales of Liberty Bonds in a nice office full of pretty stenographers. Instead I went to France as a private in the Sixty-sixth Connecticut."

"And what exactly does that prove?"

Her tone was so contemptuous that I winced.

"I didn't mean to throw bouquets at myself," I said apologetically. "All I meant was that there were far too many young men in Washington doing old men's work and making themselves as small and inconspicuous as possible."

Emily gave me the impression of already regretting her sharp replies. When she spoke again it was in a softened sort of way, as though mutely begging my pardon for her previous warmth.

"He chafed dreadfully under it," she said. "Everything you say sounds like quotations from his own letters."

"Letters?" I repeated.

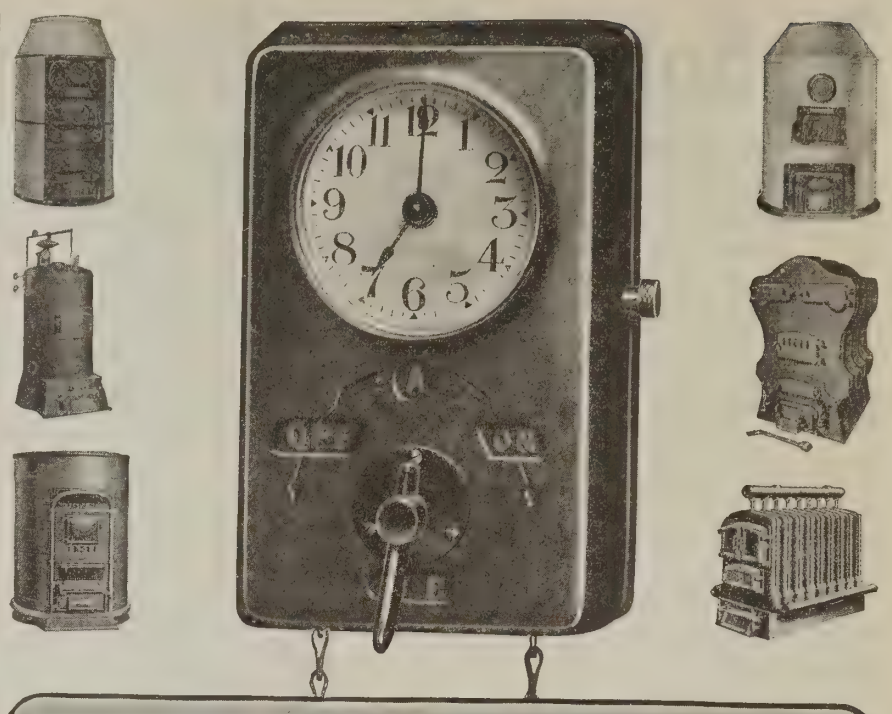
The implication that things were not all over between them struck unpleasantly on my attention. Had I taken it too readily for granted that there had been a break? I was more than troubled.

"To me—in France, I mean," she explained.

My gaze was still so questioning that she could not well stop there. But I had a sense of her reluctance, of her indecision. It was after quite a pause that she murmured: "Of course we were engaged."

"Were?" I cried out. The precise tense meant everything to me and the suspense was unbearable.

"Are—I ought to have said," she replied. "In fact, we are going to be married



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the day after to-morrow in the Church of the Heavenly Rest."

I was so overcome that I could do nothing but sit there silent—in trembling speechlessness. Why had she not told me sooner? Why had she enmeshed me again, led me on and on—as I seemed to see it now in the retrospect—only to strike me down so pitilessly? The cruelty of it, the calculation of it was almost unbelievable. She had driven a knife through my heart, and in her pale lovely face I seemed to see a gleam of triumph. Unstrung as I was by the flu, it was all I could do not to make a ridiculous exhibition of myself.

"You surprise me," I said, attempting to make my voice sound natural and failing abjectly. It was as unreal as that of a ventriloquist's doll.

"You surprise me," she returned, delicately accentuating the last word. "How was I to dream you still—cared?"

"You must pardon a poor devil just getting over the flu," I said, evading any admission. "I am in a state when I am ready to blubber over the merest trifle."

"Is that what you would call my marrying Vin?"

I think she regretted her tone of raillery before she had finished the sentence. At any rate she hurriedly added, with a warmth and tenderness that were in no little contrast to it: "Dear old boy, you have always meant a tremendous lot to me, even if we didn't hit it off. You know that, don't you?"

"I am afraid I don't know anything—except that you are going to marry Vin on Thursday," I said dismally, "though it is awfully sweet of you to say that. Please don't think I am spurning my little crumb."

"Every word of it is true," she went on. "And it isn't a poor little crumb at all, but a great big piece of cake with icing on it and filled with spices and citron peel and ——"

"Yes, I know that kind of cake," I interrupted. "It is cut by a young lady in orange blossoms, and silly girls sleep with pieces of it under their pillows and ——"

It was an ill-judged remark and it was just as well I stopped in the middle of it. Emily's distress was apparent—as apparent as her relief when I broke off.

Ignoring it altogether, she continued: "I mean that there has always been a little corner of my heart that nobody has ever taken from you—or ever will, George, dear. And the old feeling came back in such a rush—meeting you again and all that, you know—that I am still glowing and trembling with the recollection of it. And you mustn't think I meant a quarter of the horrid things I said, because I didn't. I was simply trying to protect myself from—from ——"

She stopped, smiling at me rather mistily, while I smiled, too, in dawning understanding. Her air was so melting, her voice so soft, her eyes on mine were so luminously tender that I had a sudden feeling I might snatch her from Vin then and there and keep her always. If only we had been alone! If only I might have infolded her in my arms and passionately extorted her surrender!

But between us was that tablecloth—as wide as an ocean; about us was that roomful of people chattering and drinking tea; outside was Fifth Avenue crowding the tops of green busses and staring idly down on us. The moment called for solitude—solitude *à deux;* for green trees and babbling brooks—and there was no solitude; no trees, no brooks. There was nothing for it but to utter my thoughts aloud; to win by tongue if not by ardor and kisses and the magic flame of sex. But words were a wretched substitute—my words. In about six I had shivered the spell like a soap bubble.

"No, no, no!" she cried out with a vehemence that stopped my lips like a blow.

"I didn't mean that at all. It was just sentimental ghost talk and I never dreamed you would take it seriously; it was just the past giving a little wiggle before dying dead—a final tear of sentiment over the might have been! But the day after to-morrow I am going to marry Vincent Hall. Don't have the faintest doubt about that, dear boy."

I stared forlornly at the table. What an ass I had made of myself, to be sure!

"After all, love of a man's life is a thing apart," said Emily after a pause and in a way she intended to be comforting. "It may be a hackneyed quotation, but it has always seemed to me to cover the entire subject. Let's talk of the things apart instead of fretting the poor ghosts and waking them out of their sound sleep. Now cheer up and tell me what you did over there and how you liked it and how it liked you. Come on, George, please do; I really would like to know. It was a pretty big jump from private to captain, wasn't it?"

"All I saw was mud and blood," I said in unrelieved gloom. "And I am so sick of both I never want to talk of the war again."

"And what about the spiritual regeneration they talk so much about?" she asked. "Have you felt it at all—the wonderful uplifting and all that?"

"Have you?" I inquired.

She shook her head.

"Personally I think I have degenerated," she remarked reflectively. "I am lots more selfish and reckless and self-centered and greedy. It is not only realizing the uncertainty of life and how you must grab at everything nice while you can—but I have come back in a kind of rebellion at all the shams and restrictions that hem us in over here; the things that shut happiness out and unhappiness in, with everybody calling it duty and all that. I am determined to be happy; nobody shall stop me—Mrs. Grundy or anybody. Who thought of Mrs. Grundy when the star shells were bursting? I know I didn't and I never will again."

"I suppose it is the realization of one's own insignificance," I said, tacitly agreeing with her though not a little astounded at the frankness of her confession. The Emily I remembered had been very alive to the conventionalities and never broke them without inordinate precautions and bushels of fibs.

"Isn't it more than that?" she asked. "Even the most insignificant people can be slavishly acquiescent to the social system. My maid is the most correct person I ever knew."

"The point is that they are not insignificant to themselves," I remarked, becoming interested for the first time. "Look at me, for instance. All my life I have been one of perhaps a hundred people—relations, friends, acquaintances, employers and fellow employees—a compact little group that made up in the aggregate what I called the world. And in that world I was an important person; I was George Landsell; and the Cosmos Bank Note Company, where I worked, bounded my horizon like Mount Everest. Then suddenly I was packed into a transport and sent across with eighty thousand other atoms in dozens of other transports. Their smoke rimmed the sky; my education in insignificance was beginning; I said to myself: 'There must be two thousand George Landsells on every one of those boats and none of them in thought and feeling very different from myself.' Then in France I became one of three million Americans, one of ten million Allied soldiers, one of twenty million combatants—a speck of dust on the floor of the world. How am I ever to feel important again?"

"You can't, of course," assented Emily. "It's utterly impossible."

Then she repeated my phrase—"A speck of dust on the floor of the world"—as though it gave her an extraordinary pleasure.

"That was awfully well said," she remarked. "I guess that was what I meant all the time but hadn't seen it in the clear, brilliant way you have. And it is such a comfort to think I haven't degenerated; that it was just the growing pains of an enlarging mind."

Her laughter seemed to bring with it a fresh access of accord. Happiness enveloped us again—unreasoning, unjustified—but somehow all about us like an invisible cloud.

"Go on—tell me more," she said with a pretty insistence that was very flattering. "You cannot imagine how you are thrilling me."

"Then I had better stop right now."

"No, no—please!"

"Perhaps there isn't anything more."

"Yes, there is—I can see it in your face."

"But I am embarrassed by so much commendation."

"Don't be silly, for I really mean it! It gives me such a strange feeling to have my own ideas handed back to me ever so much improved and more—more coherent."

"Then I will tell you about my second great discovery," I began with a diffidence not unnatural under the circumstances and acutely aware that Emily was hanging on my lips. Her own were parted a little, and

(Continued on Page 189)

(Continued from Page 186)

er expression was vivaciously expectant. low captivating she was in that rôle of ager listener; playfully respectful, playlly humble and with such a laughing ght in her eyes.

"Staring's rude," she said as my hesitaon lengthened.

"But you are so adorable," I protested. Did anybody ever tell you that you had ie most kissable little nose and the sweett, prettiest mouth in the world, and e sauciest little chin and a complexion ——"

"Yes, some of those Y secretaries did," e interrupted, "and dozens and dozens *liaison* officers and a whole English divinal staff and anybody who helped me th a tire or lent me some grease. Now at you have been reassured, won't you ease go on with the second great discovery? It would interest me lots more."

"I am afraid it won't," I said. "I have efaced and preambled so much that I r it will fall rather flat. This business of ing an oracle is terribly trying."

"It wouldn't be if you were talking to a n," she remarked. "It is just because u put me in the kitten class and are aid of putting any strain on my kitten nd. Yet talking to a girl seriously is intely more of a compliment than what u think are compliments. It excites the tten mind; raises her in her kitten selfeem; it makes her want to jump into ur lap and purr. Speak to me as though ad whiskers and a bald head—and I'll e you forever."

"I will try," I said, smiling. "Well, my covery—my second discovery—was to l out how tolerable life could be under most horrifying conditions; how quickly eed one got used to anything and made self comfortable. I looked back at mye in the rocket's red glare, so to speak, saw myself as I had been before—l ging frantically to my step on the social ier, clinging to my job as though it were only one in the world, clinging to every eful social connection and making such nxious business of life as though there an abyss at my feet that I might ble into unless I strained every nerve he breaking point. Yet what abyss d compare to lying for days in a muddy ich turnip field—with a gnawing stomc incessant rain, incessant lice, incessant ch and occasionally the sight of people knew quite well rising in midair in fragts of arms and legs? Why, great heavn the worst that can happen to you here miss a meal or two, to have to pawn watch—that's our abyss, you know!"

paused, enjoying Emily's absorption. e could be nothing more flattering than absorbed look; it was so rapt, so inective, as though she had been paralg my thoughts with her own in a ge doubling of response.

"I am almost ashamed to say how unI have come back," I resumed. w scornful of bugaboos that once filled ith such real terror—ashamed, I mean, I could ever have allowed them to y me. And it is not aggressive indenence; I don't mean that at all—that , uncouth Americanism that enjoys g people to go to hell. It is rather that l to be afraid of life and now I am not; I see life now as a great adventure in the vicissitudes are as likely to be able as the successes. That is my on to the war—a love of life that ermit no hampering repression; that ly puts happiness before everything the world."

Emily stretched out her hand, clasping and giving it an ecstatic squeeze.

"I too!" she exclaimed. "There's the I was born again also—in a mudhole ince." Then with mounting color she withdrew her hand, though not before a dozen people had regarded us with amazement—adding breathlessly: "You have carried me off my feet; I am tingling all over with it and with the way you said it too—the intrepid way! It—it makes all the others seem such insipid little mannikins. If I shut my eyes I daren't think what might happen."

"Shut them and see," I suggested, unmindful of the contradiction of the phrase until after I had said it. But she was too intent to notice such a trifle.

"It isn't as though I hadn't loved you once," she murmured. "That's what makes it all so fascinatingly dangerous. We can't start over again like ordinary people; we are like a divorced couple meeting again and—taking up things where they left off. If I invited you to come and see me, you would want to kiss me and ——"

"Sure to," I said. "I am more crazily in love with you than ever, and if you gave me an inch I would take miles and miles and miles."

She sighed.

"The trouble is that you are so much nicer than you used to be," she said. "There is something wonderfully appealing and manly about you that you never had before. That doesn't seem quite fair, does it? Coming back a million times nicer and making my heart go pit-a-pat in such a jumble of regrets and misgivings and longings and aches and elations and self-reproaches and self-justifications, and now making them all ten times worse—or better, or more agonizing, or more exquisite by saying that you still care."

"You care too. You could not have said it plainer, only you can't bring yourself to admit it."

"Admit it!" she repeated in a little gust of passion. "With my trousseau spread over the whole house and the maids running up with wedding presents! I couldn't admit it if I wanted to—I simply couldn't!"

There was anguish in that last word. It came from her like a cry—an exclamation of despairing helplessness.

"There is no 'couldn't' about it when two people love each other," I said.

With a broad sweeping gesture of my hand I waved away that trousseau—waved away those wedding presents.

"Would you mind pushing away the Church of the Heavenly Rest as well?" she said wistfully. "And Bishop Trotwell rushing up from Florida in papa's private car and that enlarged choir with opera singers and all those hundreds and hundreds of invitations and my poor little heartbroken mother and my outraged father and the very last speck of decency and self-respect I am possessed of?"

"All gone," I exclaimed with another vigorous wave of my hand. "When two people love each other ——"

"And the poor maids of honor who have been killing themselves to get their dresses ready?" continued Emily, interrupting me again and wholly ignoring the two people who loved each other. "Think of their disappointment at losing their sapphire bar pins! Think of what it has cost them for dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, lingerie! Not one of them would ever speak to me again."

I waved away the maids of honor; waved away their disappointment, their sapphire bar pins, their dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, lingerie.

"When two people love each other ——"

"And the chatter, hullaballoo and general pandemonium," Emily went on in a crescendo of protest. "The sneers and hubbub; the innuendoes in the vile society papers; the surmises, rumors and malice—all as evil as low people can make them? No big red paw can sidewipe all that, George Landsell!"

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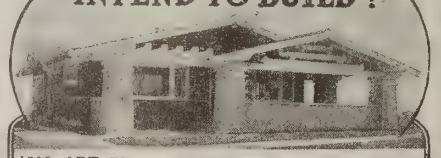

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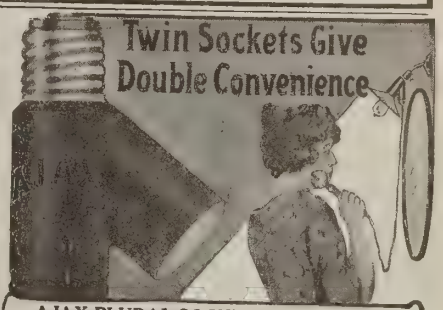

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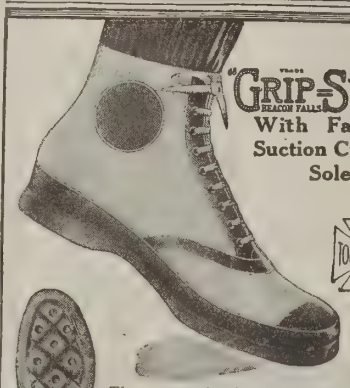

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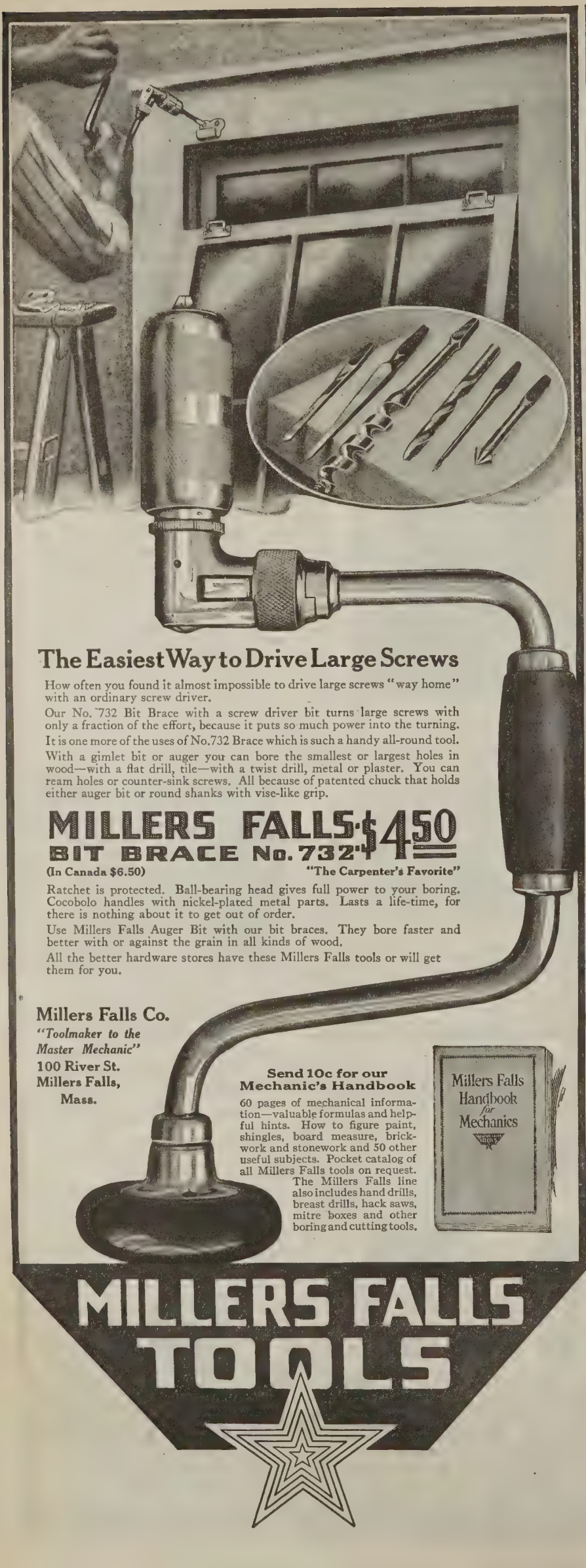

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As I was about to speak again she stopped me imperiously:

"No, no, it's impossible! It's a fairy tale! It can't be thought of! Vin would die of mortification."

"I wouldn't mind if he did!" I exclaimed, noticing what a belated appearance he had made in the discussion and considering it to be not without significance. "He never gave my mortification a thought when he took you away from me. Let him die if he insists on it."

"He would be horribly humiliated—unspeakably humiliated even if you are so horrid about it."

"Wouldn't he rather be that for a very short while than find out he had married a girl who loved somebody else?"

Emily made no reply, seeming not to hear me and leaning her head against her hand as though in a silent turmoil of indecision.

She had never appeared lovelier to me than at that moment, when all was in suspense, and I drank in the perfection of her graceful, slender young womanhood with a poignant delight. Yet I had to think too—plan wildly and desperately how to snatch her away before she could return home. If she escaped me now I had the conviction I should lose her forever.

"I am shocked at myself," she said at last, looking up and smiling at me in a sort of humorous distress that was not without a hint of an underlying sincerity. "Yes, shocked through and through, for it is awful to analyze oneself and find nothing at bottom but a self-willed, self-centered, utterly selfish, piggy little ego who wants what it wants when it wants it, you know. Really, George, I don't seem to have any loyalty or honor or conscience or anything—not a single one of those beautiful qualities it cost such thousands and thousands to veneer me with at Lyndmere. Why, if I as much as touch them with my little finger off they rub like face powder! It's just the colonel's lady all over again, I am afraid, and Ju——"

It took me an instant to understand the allusion and the blush that accompanied it before it was half said. As it dawned on me her eyes closed.

"They are shut!" she cried out. "Look, look, George—they're shut!"

I glanced quickly at my wrist. It was six minutes past five. It was not too late; it could still be done; I had fifty-four minutes to hurry it through, rush it through, if only Emily ——

"Listen with all your kitten mind!" I exclaimed. "Listen like that bald-headed man with whiskers!"

"I'm listening," she said.

"Pay the bill and wait for me at the ladies' entrance," I went on in such a fever of urgency that Emily's expression changed to one of startled surprise; her lips parted; she became as breathless as I was.

"I'll go and ring up the Titwillow agency at Broadway and Fiftieth Street," I continued. "They have a baby racer there I saw yesterday and nearly bought—a dandy little car of its kind, with a special underslung body and wire wheels, two of them spares.

"I'll order it held and tell them to fill it up with oil and gas and have it ready to start at the throw of the switch. Then you and I will sub it down to the City Hall and get married by one of those marrying aldermen. Yes, married—married! And then back to the agency, into our car, some clothes at your house, some at mine, and—off, off, off!"

"Where?"

"To paradise!"

"Where's paradise, George?"

"West somewhere! Mountains, plains, deserts; spaciousness, loneliness and forests and lakes and snowy peaks, with you and me gypsying under the stars."

Emily made no reply. Pale and apparently lost in a sort of dream, she slowly—very slowly—drew on her gloves. I watched her with a darkening face, fearing the worst. Any hope I might have had died within me.

"Will you answer one question?" she asked at last.

I murmured an inarticulate assent. The uncertainty was maddening. The waiter to whom I had signaled was advancing toward us. Was he to add the constraint of his presence to an eternal farewell?

"I want to know how much you really cared for her," Emily went on as though there were no such things as clocks or aldermen off duty at six or underslung Titwillow racers champing at the bit.

"Who?" I demanded without the slightest comprehension of what she meant.

"Peggy Sinclair."

"Not a damn!" I cried out explosively. "She was no more to me than that chair. I don't know where she is or what has become of her; she was nothing to me at all—nor I to her."

"On your soul and honor, George? Cross your heart and ——"

"Yes, yes! I would swear it on a million Bibles."

She gave a happy little laugh.

"All right, you can run along and order the car," she said, "and you will find me at the ladies' entrance, waiting for my stars."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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"Budding" is the process of "grafting" a bud from one tree—generally some specially thin-shelled, perfected variety—on the stump of a young native (wild) seedling. The bud sprouts and develops into the trunk of the tree, and the walnuts it bears are of the same fine quality and flavor as those produced by the mother tree from which the bud was taken.

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GOOD OLD AMERICA!

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

REN'T you sorry," somebody asked me the other day, "to come back to America? Don't we e awfully crude to you? Isn't ever there more subtle, suave polished, more intellectual, artistic and picturesque, deeply spiritual? Isn't e more of a sheen, a gleam on -ou know what I mean—over here? Wouldn't you—frankly, all patriotism —wouldn't you rather live ethere in that refined, sensitmosphere where your soul s chance to breathe, surned by beautiful architecreminders of a noble and jtic past, than live over here t midst of all this howling, tnt, vulgar, polyglot mob of olters that we call America?"

le first time that question s ut to me was a few days e ny return to New York, by y f military transport, from es I had been in Europe two ge-long years as a correrent of THE SATURDAY EVEPOST. The year before that, I had served as a volunteer ss aid in a hospital for the n, when every ward in the d as flooded with the victims t Verdun offensive, then at ght. In March, 1917, I rehome, but in July I again e for France—this time as E POST'S correspondent—in ke of our first little Army.

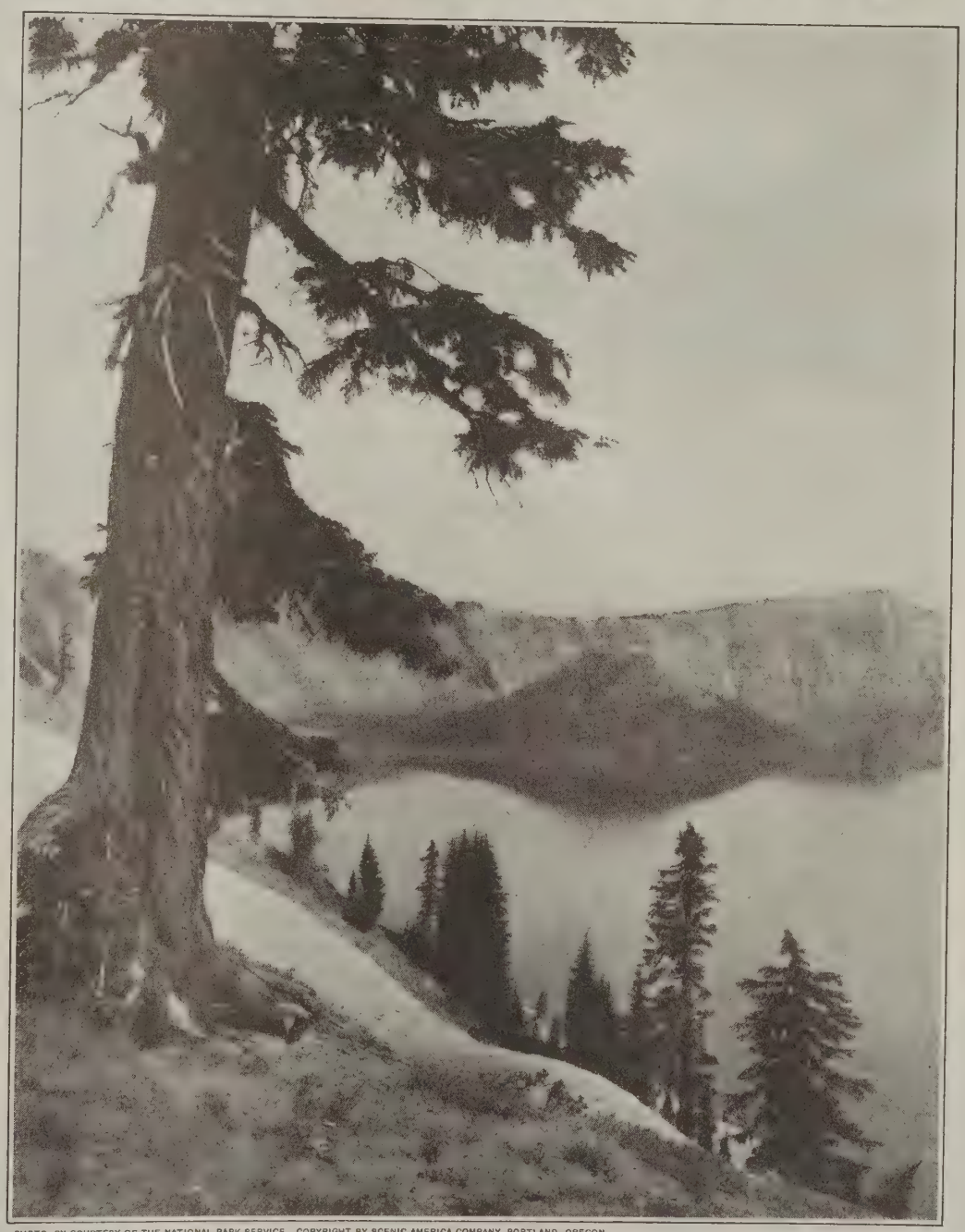
The Hard Trail

N after that I was plunged ito war—war as it really is, a it is figured out to be by anchair experts in the rear; a t is figured out by the genstaff sitting back at G. H. Q.; en as it is figured out at sor divisional or brigade darters; but war as it was ay fought by the poilu and mmy and the doughboy on the line; war, the ack, dark, bloody elements of ct-the incompetency; the sophes; the red tape and s nefficiency, with fatal res-the public never gets to e correspondents being muzzled by the censor, lest it should hurt the country's al

tched the training of our troops over in Lorraine; I saw develop the Red Cross, YM. C. A., and the rise of that quiet, unspectacular yet tremendously effective anation, the Service of Supply, which spread its mighty network over France to f the fighting forces. I was in Italy just after the disaster at Caporette, when German parliamentarians down in Rome fought on the floor of the senate to secure ful peace. I was at Verdun in April, 1918, shortly after the Germans had smashed British line, when French and American troops were being rushed from their own to the storm center, and the roads were alive with guns and men pushing forward, perate fleeing refugees.

e I was on the Château-Thierry Front during that long month of June when the id not yet know it was saved, when our troops were so pressed they had no time even to bury their dead. And all that final strenuous summer I gravitated between the various fronts and rears.

After the Armistice I took the long hard trail into the devastated regions of Northern France, Belgium, and over into Germany, through the Belgian, British, American and French zones of military occupation, in order to observe what were the effects of war upon the civilians of those countries. I visited hospitals, soup kitchens, bread lines, clinics and homes, saw starving, rickety, malnourished, tuberculous children; and I gathered up enough first-hand material, concrete instances of sheer human misery and hopeless woe, to fill a volume that would make the devil himself shed tears.



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Wizard Island, From Crater Lake Lodge

Game and Candle

IN ORDER to round out the circle of my civilian investigations I decided to go over into Poland and obtain a glimpse of starvation conditions in Prussia and the Near East. Accordingly I began to interview men returned from those parts—Red Cross, army, and Hoover food delegates—and to collect their reports.

In the end, however, the physical hardships of such an undertaking daunted me. With the after-war train service in Europe blown from hell to breakfast—to use a military term; with recurrent spells of influenza—for among my army experiences I had taken a whirl at pneumonia and influenza, not to mention c-ti-s, along with the rest of the boys—it seemed to me that the game was not worth the candle. I knew those people over there in Poland were starving—starving also thousands in that big, vague hinterland the names of whose towns nobody can pronounce. All I had to do to satisfy myself of their condition was to take a cab to the Gare du Nord and board a train. But my heart failed me. I was sick of the whole ghastly, oppressive, putrid business called war—and war's putrid aftermath. It stank in my nostrils. I wanted to go home. No doughboy longed more fervently to view once more the Statue of Liberty—and view it from the landward side. No Moslem muttering prayers ever turned his face more devoutly toward the sacred city than I turned mine toward the west.

And every time during those two years that I waxed profane over the inanimate cussedness and pure futility of the French telephone I would say softly to my soul: "Good old America!" Every time I went up against that grandest little old bureaucracy on earth, the French Government, and was handed round on an honorable silver salver from department to department, bureau to bureau, monsieur to monsieur, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, until every faintest hope was crushed—and then went off and did the thing whatever it was off my own bat, I would croon to myself: "Good old America!"

Every time I saw a little French peasant maid, with frozen blue hands, raw and bleeding from washing linen down on her knees at an ice-cold stream in midwinter; every

time I saw a rheumy, blear-eyed old dame looking a million and fifty years instead of her rightful fifty, because she had not only kept the house, and borne the children, and woven the linen, and fashioned the clothes, and done the cooking and the washing and the ironing and the preserving, and fed the beasts, and lugged the water from the village fountain—but also she had gone forth to plow and sow and harvest the fields, hitched in beside the patient ox, and had even got down on her knees to tickle with her gnarled fingers the roots of each individual plantlet to make it grow; every time I asked for a bath and discovered there was not such a thing as a bathtub in the whole countryside and was handed a jug of tepid fluid insufficient to bathe an infant two spans long; every time I saw mothers feeding their babies wine; every time I stayed in a dank, moldering old château and slept in a dank, moldering old chamber, insinuating my shuddering and reluctant form into the clammy cocoon of a bed, I murmured with chattering teeth:

"Oh, good old America! Oh, fabulous, incredible, comfortable, clean, sanitary, modern, functioning, get-there America!"

A Bad Piece of Going—Fiddle Creek, Alberta

Live Abroad and Learn America

THAT phrase, as time went on, became to me a sort of staff and scrip. It held me up, sustained and comforted. Good old America! In the midst of the tangle, desolation, cynicism and inactivity which tightened in a sinister coil round Europe in the feverish months following the armistice, when the precepts of justice and fraternal brotherhood gave way to those of grab, when the labor of the Continent began to show dangerous signs of drifting into Bolshevism, the thought of America—the fundamental prosperity of its workers, the progress they had made by slow but sure legislation, fighting their battles not with the bomb and the machine gun but through trade unions and state and Federal legislation—was like a glowing fire in a comfortable room which one enters out of the bleak harshness of the storm. It was not, you understand, that America possessed this or that attribute of cleanliness, or sanitation, or efficiency of functioning in the public services, or better labor conditions—but that all these things and a thousand others besides were but the outward and visible signs of something inner and invisible, something profound and simple and fine, which I did not attempt to analyze but which I invoked whenever I murmured to myself:

"Good old America!"

To those who have not lived consecutive months on the Continent during the recent upheaval this feeling of warmth and tenderness toward America may seem incomprehensible. The stay-at-homes of the war, those whom hard duty kept over here close to the seamy side of our own Government, [illegible] apt to see only [illegible] shortcomings, [illegible] defects. It tak[illegible] course of instr[illegible] tion of one, t[illegible] three years on [illegible] other side of [illegible] water, matricu[illegible] ing not as a t[illegible] ist but as a b[illegible] ness man or an[illegible] ficial or a mem[illegible] of a commiss[illegible] trying to get so[illegible] thing done, in [illegible] der to see [illegible] America stack[illegible] alongside ot[illegible] countries in [illegible] big fundame[illegible] essentials wh[illegible] govern our ev[illegible] day lives.

Home

THESE t[illegible] things the[illegible] gladness and [illegible] lief—were [illegible] chief emotions [illegible] returning to Am[illegible] ica after an [illegible] sence of pra[illegible] cally three ye[illegible] A lot of little [illegible] tures were etc[illegible] on my hea[illegible] pictures so p[illegible] ful, so hopeles[illegible] somber tha[illegible] could not get a [illegible] from them. T[illegible] strayed into [illegible] dreams. So w[illegible] I set foot on the dock at Hoboken I mentally shook my[illegible] and said: "Now cut all that gloomy stuff out! Forge[illegible] You're in America."

And then almost the first question which met me [illegible] "Didn't you just hate to come back to America?"

At first I was astounded by the sheer foolishnes[illegible] the query. Didn't America, then, know what Europe [illegible] like? And for reply I gave a laugh. Properly speaki[illegible] was not a real laugh. It was what is popularly term[illegible] horse laugh—though I never saw a horse give one. [illegible] a vulgar, unrefined, hybrid sort of laugh ranging betwe[illegible] snort and a hee-haw, and is employed to convey sc[illegible] derision, contempt. I realized at the time that as a [illegible] plete reply my rejoinder was not altogether adequate [illegible] was like those futurist pictures—it left too much to [illegible] imagination.

It needed an explanatory title.

Later a Western man, a demobilized captain whom I [illegible] out in the Rockies in that wild, ragged big-game cou[illegible]

(Continued on Page 114)

Adventures in Automobumming

Gasoline Gypsies—By Sinclair Lewis

Crossing a Virginia River

THE good old days, when the happy citizenry were ot annoyed by bathtubs, telephones or having enough o eat, any lad could get a deal of innocent pleasure, ef e he settled down to growing the rest of his beard, ut f becoming a pirate and collecting pieces of eight, ning monasteries and torturing old women. Nowadays, tn writers assure us, there is no chance for a man with uge and imagination to go freely roving the world.

Yt the coming of the gasoline motor, whether in a ver with a delivery-wagon body or in a tranquil twelve, as brought back the age of joyous piracy, with the im- ele advantage that you do not have to associate with res who have the absent-minded habit of cutting your rt. The long-distance motor tourist, swooping down a rlcrew hill into a shining white town of which he has vr heard, sliding along a ridge with the fields to west- ar droning in blue shadows, picking up a wayfarer with nr dialect and a new world of interests, is adventurous ıy heaving brigantine wallowing all day through a:eless seas. He is far more independent—he doesn't v to stay on that uncomfortable and highly undepend- lemedium, the ocean, which is so notoriously ill-suited vlking back after the ship gets wrecked.

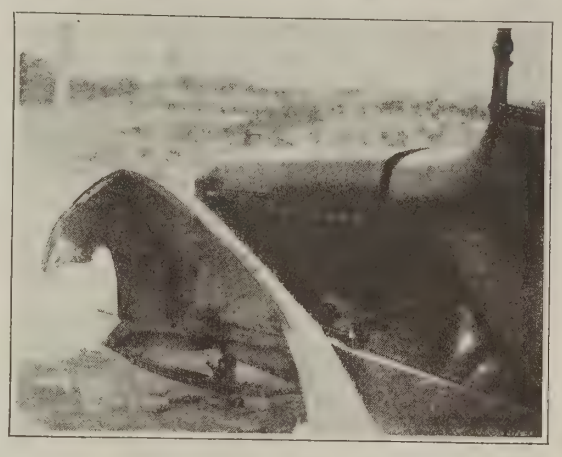
O: on the ribbed prairies a lone car really looks like a af on the circle of the ocean. And as to the practical le f piracy—if the driver doesn't care to attend to that n lf he can have it satisfactorily performed by mechan- , otel keepers and lunch-room cooks along the way.

Making the Get Away Snappy

HEY who have escaped the touring habit usually ask wat is necessary for a long trip. Must they take tents, il of extra casings, a seven-foot atlas, a grand piano and ra ıum cleaner? Must they be combinations of avia- s, leep-sea divers and Dan'l Boones to essay a whole e ındred miles from home?

Tly may take all the equipment they desire, but the t that a respectable citizen with a second-hand flivver, o as never driven any car for more than a hundred le: can start on twenty minutes' notice—ten for his fe , buy a hairnet, ten to tell the maid what she mustn't t: baby do—and with safety and not much trouble e om Miami to Seattle. He will find repair men every e iles most of the distance; lingerie can be washed in dle brooks; and from corner to corner of the country rough trails with markers on telephone poles at er turn.

If e wants to camp no one will examine him for in- it All school-teachers expect to have to crawl wn rolls of red comforters and piles of frying pans er they reach their school yards; and any modern m would feel lonely if he didn't glance out of the



What the Other Fellow Did to Us

peacock room in the morning and see on the front steps a car that was a combination dining room, nursery and xylophone.

But the motor trip is to be considered not merely as a vacation but as a duty for all conscientious citizens, for there is nothing which so swiftly and painlessly reduces swellings of the head.

The average citizen never thinks he is an average citizen. Whether he is an insurance man, a fishmonger, a writer of fiction or a trick balloonist, he believes that he is extremely necessary to his business and to his home. He knows at least two people who ask his advice and he expects the corner bootblack to call him "Boss." His grocer remembers his favorite brand of tomatoes and the washerwoman is still grateful because of the derby hat he gave her husband year before last. But when he clears the boundary of his county, when he bustles into an unfamiliar garage ten miles away and snaps at the foreman that he wants his differential filled with grease, and he wants it quick, he discovers that news doesn't travel so fast as people say it does—this scoundrel hasn't yet heard the news about Mr. Average Citizen's importance. And after five days out, when the grease has mined into the backs of his hands and his last clean shirt isn't clean, he will be meek when the hoboes along the road grunt at him: "Hey, Billy, gimme a match! Where'd yuh steal de road louse?"

At first he won't like it. He will take hours and hours in telling his wife—sitting beside him and unable to escape without kicking off the switch and crawling out over six suitcases on the running board—that, outside of their home town, people have no friendliness. But after ten days he will revel in being part of the land, of long roads and quiet fields and sloping lovely hills and placid people content to

A Southern Ferry Where You Help the Ferryman to Pole Your Way Across the Yellow Stream

Southern Rocky Road and a Crossing

live alone. He will stop worrying about the indubitable ways in which his assistant can ruin his business. He will recover from his ancient irritation about his neighbor's early rising guinea hens. He may even partially forget that a man of his dignity has to act to his own small universe as the representative and image of the Almighty. And when he comes back all men will wonder at his jolly, whimsical modesty—for minutes and minutes they will.

You Aren't a Personage, After All

I HAD a new car once and a new overcoat, and by request I wasn't wearing the comfortable shoes, but the good-looking ones. I was driving from New York to Chicago with a personage. He was a war correspondent just back from Russia. He had once made love to an Italian princess and he possesses—almost free of debt—an acre of ground near New York, which is the same as owning all of Siberia. We gave ourselves a rating of about ninety h. p. and we looked with pity on all cars which were muddy. Of course we had been through a little mud ourselves and since noon we had washed our hands only when filling the radiator—a heathen custom which consists in spilling half of a can of water on your trousers and the other half on the hood. But nobody could notice those blots on us—no, not possibly.

We came with languid distinction into a small hotel in Ohio. The war correspondent condescended to the landlady in his best Yale and Piccadilly voice: "May we have dinner here?"

She looked us all over. I was prepared to tell her, when she asked, that the new overcoat hadn't really cost a hundred. She smiled gently. She piped: "You boys driving cars through from the factory, or are you private chauffeurs?"

We ate dinner—which wasn't dinner, but supper—with reticence, and we addressed the waitress in tones of humility, and when she snapped at the war correspondent "Tea or coffee, Joe?" he stretched out his paws and purred. We went out and looked, not at the newness and stream-lineness of the car but at the mud that clotted the wheels and the general sloppiness of the suitcases in the back; and our hearts were God's little gardens and we completely ceased thinking that we were persons of interest.

And we remained so, because on the next day a peculiarly smeary and recently immigrated Greek bootblack demanded of us, "You fellow drive a truck t'rough?" We knew he was flattering us. He really thought that we were driving a garbage wagon.

On another trip my wife and I were heading westward through a sagebrush desert. As it was after six we were discussing the one subject of real importance to the universe—would we get a decent dinner, and a mattress which

What We Did to the Other Fellow

wasn't a clay model of the Rocky Mountains, scale one inch to the mile? We stopped a flivver to ask about the hotels ahead.

It was the dirtiest flivver we had yet seen. The hood was so thick with dust-caked grease that it seemed to be cased in gray alpaca. The casings were channeled to the bone. On the running board rode a trunk covered with the flowered-and-stippled tin which, in 1870, was regarded as especially suited to travel and in the tonneau was a rusty stove with frayed gunny sacking thrown over it. The man wore a blue denim shirt, a black felt hat and either he was unable to grow a beard or he had not shaved since starting from Vladivostok. His wife had a visored-and-puckered motor bonnet with eruptions of green veiling.

We stopped and spoke to them gently. We probably had a lot of satisfaction out of being superior and kindly. The vicar's wife permanently relieving poverty by distributing a potato every Whitsuntide had nothing on us for sweetness to the worthy poor.

Many a Wallet is Misjudged

IT IS true that we were driving a flivver ourselves that trip. But you know how it is. Your flivver is different from all other flivvers. It is smarter and racier and sportier and a lot more powerful. The only reason you have so much difficulty in picking it out from the others at the parking space is because you have dust in your eyes.

So from our sultan of the sand we pleasantly inquired: "What kind of hotel is there in the next town?"

The man smiled with the good fellowship of the road and shouted: "Pretty good place." His wife whispered something to him. He stopped. He glanced us over. He scratched his head and went on doubtfully: "I don't know as you'll want to stay there though. It's goldarned expensive."

"How expensive?"

Pityingly—"They want seventy-five cents a night for a room for two!"

As we drove on ——

Oh, Burns wouldn't have asked for that giftie of seeing ourselves as others see us if he had ever taken a long motor run. It's valuable for the soul, but it's extremely injurious to the faculty for talking haughtily to office boys and roaring at old bookkeepers. Especially hard on this form of self-ecstasy is contact with strange garage men along the way.

Garage men are—to one who has just taken a tour—not merely topics of discussion, like matrimony or Lloyd George. They are principles of ethics, like prohibition or the rise in copper.

I have asserted that practically any driver can stand a four-thousand-mile trip. But I must admit that the autohobo should be prepared for these inescapable calamities:

Every third man of whom you ask a direction will say: "Well, I'm a stranger here myself."

The right rear spring will break just after nightfall, when you leave the macadam and hit ten miles of what the man in the last town called "A short stretch of dirt road—might be just a leetle muddy now."

Every day at ten and eleven-thirty A. M., two-sixteen, five-twenty and eleven-fifty-six P. M. you will remember that you mustn't forget to replace the grease cup that has jarred off—and when you get back home it will still be missing.

There is no use of looking to see if the tail-light bulb is burned out. It is.

There is always a better road than the one on the map and if you follow the farmer's advice and take it you will always get lost.

Your partner doesn't want to hear the detailed story of your breakdown—he's waiting to tell you his.

And last and more funereally certain, the garage man will act almost as though he thought you were a fool. There is an interesting psychological reason for that. He does think so.

I have met several hundred apparently sane Sunday-afternoon motorists who think they know something about cars. One of them devoted two hours of an invitation drive to repeating clever things he had said to garage men. That is the new way in which citizens give themselves private welcome-home parades. Lunch-club conversationalists no longer tell how they caught the big bass or licked the impudent cabman, but how sarcastic they were to the repair man and how superiorly they "taught the fellow a few things about mechanics."

After I had enviously drunk in this amateur's knowledge for two hours he stopped, because the car had sighed gently and stopped also. He listened to the silence, he moistened his finger and held it up to see which way the wind was blowing, he tapped the end of his nose, he took my pliers out of the door pocket and clicked them a few times, he cleaned the glass of the ammeter, then announced: "Trouble is, the engine wasn't

A Tennessee Tollgate

getting adequate cooling. I've been noticing all along that the fan belt was loose."

I was grateful. How, I queried, did one tighten the fan belt?

He accumulated a collection of pretzel wrenches, a tire tool, a copper gasket for a cylinder and a Guide to Southern Arkansas; and he attacked the hole in which the fan belt lived. He got the cover off with the loss of only one bolt and jabbed at the belt with his finger. He smiled and vouchsafed—he is a master of vouchsafing—"It ought to be all right now. Start the motor."

I did—and it didn't. It stopped.

"I'd better go down to the next farmhouse and phone for a repair man," I muttered—it's a wise man who knows when to be discouraged.

But he wasn't in the least discouraged. He looked patronizingly at the scenery—there always is so much scenery on practically all sides when you are stuck on the road. He learnedly tapped the cover of the oil well—it hasn't worked right since. He scraped a little grease off a brass box down there beside the motor which is either the generator, the starter or the insurance policy. He brightened up and said curtly: "The real trouble is in the muffler. It's choked up. Ever had it cleaned out?"

It was an hour later that I telephoned for a garage man. He came out and yawned and inquired: "Why didn't you hook this wire onto the coil? It jarred off. I don't see how you guys could help noticing it."

My friend did not boast about his knowledge of mechanics again—not for minutes and minutes.

You will see a great deal of garage men, no matter how much your wife thinks you know. Of course you may have luck—I know an amateur who drove seventeen hundred miles over corduroy and cut-over roads north and west of Lake Superior without a single puncture, without once having to look at his motor. But again—you may be certain of one axiom of repairs: There's always something new that can happen to a car. Whenever you wait in suspense for something you will probably go on for a thousand miles untouched; and whenever you feel that nothing can happen the bearings are just then burning out.

You will discover that seventy per cent of garage employees are honest and capable and that thirty per cent of them ought to be—and recently have been—digging ditches. On the whole, if the typical small American town were all of it as well built and as competent as its tapestry brick garage no one would want to go to the celestial regions—we should be too comfortable here.

In the days of the stage coach returned travelers must have remembered mountains, but to-day it is garage men who punctuate recollections of the voyage. And they differ far more than mountains, all of which have an unimaginative way of sticking up in the air rather like chicken croquettes.

In my own experience there was the garage foreman in the Pennsylvania town near the Alleghanies who patiently soldered a horribly gouged radiator so honestly that it did not leak for twelve thousand miles. He is being advertised gratis by hundreds of drivers from Chambersburg to Zanesville. There is the repair man in St. Paul who is his own boss and staff. He takes in only one car at a time and before he lets it go he tunes it up with all the affection and eagerness of an owner. People drive thirty and forty miles to beg him to repair their machines. Men like him inspire the autohobo.

But then again—there are garage men who inspire the awed beholder only to direct action. There was the pleasant open-faced youth in the Middle Western town. His car was bucking. Every time it reached twenty-five miles an hour it imitated the heroic steed of the courier in the Civil War play. Its forefeet shot out in one last mighty leap, its satiny skin shivered convulsively, it whinnied, its noble heart throbbed in almost human response to the despairing cry of "For the union, Nero! We are Sheridan's last hope"—and then it fell dead.

Yes, Something Was Wrong

I WAS tired of this dramatic performance after about the fourth matinée. I stopped in the next town, though it consisted entirely of a body of unequipped garages surrounded by near-beer signs. I picked out the largest shop—the one that had the free air, only the pump did not happen to be working to-day.

After the garage man had changed two flivver tires and replaced a broken unbreakable spark plug and telephoned to a girl named Lissenkid, he operated on me. He was sophisticated, he was all of seventeen and he must have learned motor repairing by jerking soda.

Four times I took him joy-riding the length of Main Street—both blocks. The first time he said that the trouble was that I "gave the boat too much juice, why 'n'ell don't you retard the spark?" The fourth time, after Nero had done her celebrated death act in front of cheering

Middle Western Mud

tators gathered at the Boston Drug Store and Silos, expert admitted that there was something the matter. e had me stop where the largest possible number of his irers could watch him. He yanked open the hood in authoritative manner garage men have when they 't know what is the trouble. He looked up and smiled onfidently that I was comforted. Maybe I'd go racing ll of ten miles farther that day.

You know," he informed me, "there's a lot of these ge men that are hicks just off the farm—never had experience except tinkering with their tin Lizzies. y're so darn ignorant about ignition that if anything ens they'll always say it's the carburetor. But this it is the carburetor, sure enough. It needs adjusting."

y carburetor had recently and extensively been ad- d by the service station at the state agency, by a neapolis dramatic critic and by the mop salesman who courting our Swedish maid. But I let him adjust it more, while at his snappy orders I patiently started notor and did perfectly meaningless things with the throttle and the spark lever. I was so glad that he 't the sort who always said it was the carburetor that reed with him that "the boat sounds a lot peppier " I paid him fifty cents and went on my way. thin half a mile Nero began to die just as regularly painfully as before. All on my own hook I decided her—or his—engine was overheated. That's always e explanation, because it rarely means anything and n't hurt anyone's religious prejudices. It's like cli- . Any remarkable climate can be explained by one ree things: Either it's the Gulf Stream or it's the dity or it's a lie.

hen I tried to start the engine again Nero looked me with those great beautiful chestnut eyes and ed without even kicking.

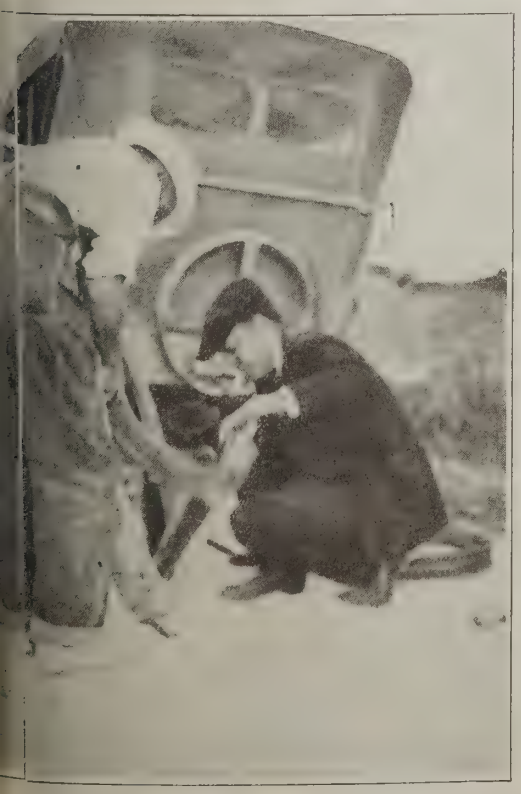
er re-re-readjusting the carburetor I telephoned to the same small town—but to the rival garage. rose youth came out, looked learnedly into the outor—and adjusted the carburetor. Then he said dn't know what the matter was, except that there something wrong with the carburetor. Either it he needle valve or the float. He might try taking oat back to town and varnishing it.

Laying Off the Persecuted Carburetor

SGGESTED that it would be safer if he varnished needle valve. I persuaded him to haul me ten miles a larger town. That was a wonderful drive. No- djusted the carburetor during the whole ten miles. larger town the garage man discovered that a wire g into the coil was broken. Half an hour later I oing on—after the mechanic had adjusted the retor back to where it had been when I had started. orose youth who had hauled me into town looked as I left him he sighed: "Well, that fellow did n to run onto the real trouble. But just the same, I could of varnished the carburetor float."

Id you ever varnish one?"

no, but I've heard it was a swell thing to do. Gee, to try it once! But somehow I can't get none of darn hicks in my town to let me try it."



My Rescuer Did the Whole Thing

I like to think of the young man in Southern Indiana who on a Sunday afternoon, when I had two simultaneous punctures and only one spare and the garage man in the next town was alone at his shop and unable to drive out in the country, volunteered to help me. He was practically a professional, he said. He knew more 'bout changing casings than any repair man for fourteen miles round.

It took us an hour. Aside from my jacking up the car, removing the two rims, prying the rims open, yanking off the casings, putting in the new tubes, getting the casings back and doing a quarter of the hand pumping—in the August sun and dust—my rescuer did the whole thing. The small items mentioned, along with the general blue-printing and management, fell to me.

"How much'll it be?" I inquired at the end. I felt proud and generous. I was willing to give him a quarter.

"We'el, let's see—'n'our, say 'n'our and a quarter—I guess it's worth about two dollars."

But the worst garage man I ever encountered was the night attendant at a back-alley shop in a small city in Ohio. I had had a long and bumpy day's ride. I slid into the city so tired that it was hard to climb out of the seat. I weaved into the office of the largest hotel, feebly registered and inquired for the nearest garage.

All I wanted from that garage was the privilege of paying fifty cents to a dollar for enough space in which to leave the car till morning and the boon of wearily driving my car into one of the many empty stalls without

Judging by Photographs of the Scene, it is Not Possible to Look Dignified

troubling the attendant. I rumbled drowsily in and waited for the attendant to tell me where he wanted me to put the car. He was working on a local machine. He didn't lift his head. He was a thick-shouldered, fist-jawed, red-eyed, blackly unshaven man, and he was growling at the customer: "Why the devil don't you take off your kid gloves and put a little oil in her now and then?" He said it in a voice like an emery wheel, and the local motorist, instead of going right out and organizing a lynching party of his neighbors, took it meekly.

I called to the garage man: "Where shall I put my car?"

He ignored me. He got into the other car and drove it outside under an arc light.

Three times he came back into the garage for tools; three times I asked him which stall I should take. Though he passed me, not ten feet away, he ignored me still. I was to wait till he had time to say the five words I wanted.

I crawled out of the car, wabbled outside and demanded: "Would it hurt you to answer me? Do you want this car in here to-night or don't you?"

He was not accustomed to such impudence from low customers. He found time to speak for the first time. He bellowed: "I don't care a damn whether you put your improperly descended car in or not. See? Get the hell out of here."

If I had been built like Jim Jeffries I should have given him the one logical answer, the one answer he could have understood. But he could have beaten me

The Followers of Dowie Still Exist in Zion City, But There is a Garage

with his little finger—and he was waiting and hoping for that pleasure. I backed my car out, so tired and furious that my foot was trembling on the clutch, and in my blindness I almost hit the fender of a car parked across the street.

My friend had his chance—and he had plenty of time for ardent speech now, though he had not finished the repairing. He came over bawling that he'd show me—he'd get me—deliberately smashing people's cars—tryin' to, anyway—he'd see I was pinched—he'd take my number.

And I had no gun with me!

He bellowed so that half a dozen firemen came out of the near-by fire house and looked on mildly. He made much of flashing an electric torch over my number plate, of pretending to note down my number on a stray and excessively dirty repair-order blank. I hoped that he would really summon a policeman. He didn't.

The Blacklist of Autohobodom

I GOT the car to the street beside the hotel—where I left it all night—and I started on the trail. I knew that the night attendant could not be the owner of the place. Even the surliest owners do not take quite so much pains to escape being paid for unused space. I found that the owner was also the proprietor of a not-very-savory cigar stand and pool room. Of course he personally could not stay at his garage—he had to show off his checked vest and his skill at pool.

I told my story. He grunted: "Fellow hadn't ought to talked to you like that. Probably drunk again. Guess I'll have to speak to him about it."

It wasn't till I reached New York that I got even. I ought to pretend that I was merely looking for justice and protection to fellow motorists who might make the error of stopping at that hotel and being sent to that garage, but I wasn't. I was looking for homicide and satisfaction. I gave up my first earnest idea of going back there with a four-wheel-drive, two-ton prize fighter as passenger and returning to the garage at night. In New York I called on an official of the automobile association, and gave him the name of the Ohio town, the hotel and the garage.

"I've heard other complaints about that town—and there's good towns ten or fifteen miles on either side of it. I'll see that all tourists are advised to keep right on through it hereafter," said the official.

I wonder how many thousands of dollars the hotels and restaurants and garages of that town, good and bad, have lost in the two years since then? I wonder why the good ones tolerate and share the blame of the bad ones? I wonder why the owner hadn't the honesty to close the garage at night if the only attendant he could offer the public was a drunken thug?

It is unfortunate that trouble is more dramatic than happiness; that an autohobo better remembers the few garage men who have been hogs than the hundreds who have made motoring agreeable by competent repairs, by looking cheerful as they turned the handle of the gasoline pump or by giving road directions. But even if they are forgotten, the competent garage man may be glad to know that they are not being evilly gossiped about by thousands of motorists; that they haven't active enemies

(Continued on Page 138)

CURTAIN!

By RITA WEIMA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCH

JOHN SHAKSPERE'S son remarked once in a play he lightly invited us to take As You Like It that all the world's a stage. He told us that men and women have their exits and their entrances, that one man in his time plays many parts. But John Shakspere's son did not refer to the acts that make up this drama of living. The first act of introduction, the second of conflict, the third of revelation, the fourth of readjustment. Not that all lives can be so simply subdivided. To some dramas there are ten or twelve scenes, swift changing, tense, terrifying. But whether few or many, live in acts we do—each with its conflict, its climax, each beginning a new problem, a new turn, a new development, until the final curtain is rung down that leaves the house of life in darkness.

Partly because of this and partly because Nancy Bradshaw's story is essentially of the theater, it seems but natural so to divide the telling of it.

The first scenes had been that old familiar struggle of the young girl trying to convince Broadway managers that even though she has had her theatrical training somewhere in Idaho she really can act. She had encountered and combated the habitual have-to-show-me look until one day in Jerry Coghlan's office, while the latter regarded her over horn-rimmed specs, she gave him a disarming smile and said quietly: "Yes, Mr. Coghlan, I know you're from Missouri, but how can I show you unless you give me a chance?"

Coghlan being Irish had tossed back his head with a roar of approval and given her what she asked. He had never regretted it.

Nancy possessed two qualities that register with an audience more quickly than genius—charm and personality. I might better say personality alone, because that includes charm, doesn't it? By the time she had reached the place of leading woman and the age of twenty-six, she had a following any older and more experienced actress might well have envied. She was never idle. When Coghlan, who had her under contract, was unable to find a play or part for her he loaned her to other managers, who featured their good fortune in advance notices and electrics.

Nancy had what Broadway calls class. She was supple and slender with an airy slimness that seemed more spiritual than of the body. She could curl up in a couch corner with childlike grace or stand tense and supplicating or sway with emotion, but whatever she did one felt the spirit ruling the flesh. She had heavy gold hair that fell in deep sweeping waves over ears and forehead, and the brows that mounted above gold-brown eyes were straight and black as were the lashes shading them. Her mouth, a bit too large for beauty, had a fascinating upcurve when she smiled, but in repose was strangely firm and chiseled. One found oneself puzzling as to whether it belonged in a face whose charm lay in the fact that its actual features eluded one. I've called her eyes gold brown. They weren't always. At times across the footlights they looked green, at others hazel, and often in some scene of fury they went burning black.

Audiences loved her in all her moods—the matinée girls because she might have been one of them, older women because she might have been their daughter, young men because she was so much a girl they wondered how much a woman she might be, and old men because for a fleeting moment she gave them back their youth.

It looked pretty much as if Nancy's drama of living were to flow smoothly to its final scene with no more conflict than a pastoral comedy. And then she met Richard Cunningham. She had seen him once when lunching at the Claridge with Ted Thorne, author of the play in which she was rehearsing. Thorne had returned the nod of a man several tables away and Nancy asked who he was.

The young playwright's eyes snapped as he answered: "You too, eh? Never saw a woman yet who didn't want to know Dick Cunningham."

"Oh, I don't want to know him," Nancy defended herself. "I just want to know about him."

"Amounts to the same thing, my dear. Well, when the papers speak of Cunningham they call him a clubman—whatever that may mean—and turfman. He keeps a string of blooded horses at his place on Long Island that are the envy of exhibitors all over the country. He has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. He's second vice president of a railroad or two, is a regular first nighter, has more money than any one woman could spend and no one woman has so far succeeded in annexing it. Men like him and women feel toward him much as they do toward original sin—they love and fear him at the same time."

"Thank you." Nancy imitated his crisp tone. "After that I really don't think I care to know him."

"You will—sooner or later," drawled Thorne.

Nancy turned indifferently from the object of discussion, but in that one short glance she could have told you exactly what he looked like. Ted Thorne in a way was right. Cunningham was one of those men whom women sense the instant they enter a room, not so much for height, big

Lilla Watched and Listened, Much as She Watched and Absorbed Every Word at Rehearsals

shoulders and powerful dark head as for a certain dynamic force that stimulates fear and curiosity at once. In Cæsar's day he might have been a Mark Antony, but I doubt whether Cleopatra could ever have persuaded him to abandon his armies for her dear sake. More likely the devastating Egyptian would have descended from her throne, laid her dainty olive hand in his and followed whither he led.

For a man with manifold interests, Cunningham had few hobbies—two, to be exact—his horses and the theater. Actors, managers, dramatists, press agents, all the busy bees in that hive of Broadway, knew him—some by sight only, others well enough to call him by his given name. No first night was complete without him. His familiar shoulders swung down the aisle at eight-thirty sharp, hand stretched here and there in greeting.

It was said his love of the theater far exceeded his interest in women. In the same way, though in lesser degree, they were necessary to his happiness—for amusement. They entertained him. But as the play is done in a few hours and one seeks new diversion, so they had a way of revealing themselves to him that after a short period became a bore. He grew to know them too well—and the glamour was gone. To-morrow another play! To-morrow ——

And then he met Nancy Bradshaw.

It happened the opening night of Thorne's comedy, just at the time that Coghlan surprised Nancy by elevating her to stardom.

What a difference one little preposition makes! Stepping out of a taxi dripping rain at the stage entrance, Nancy heard a shriek and saw her colored maid drop a hat box on the wet pavement to point wildly at the electric sign outside the Coghlan Theater.

Instead of "The Gamester With Nancy Bradshaw," she read, "Nancy Bradshaw in The Gamester."

It blinked and smiled at her, that dazzling announcement, and she closed her eyes in ecstasy that hurt. When she opened them shameless tears were streaming down her cheeks and a prayer was in her heart. Coghlan was waiting at the door of her dressing room. She rushed at him and—arms flung recklessly about his neck—wept into the stiff white collar that held up his double chin.

"You deserve it, little girl," he told her, his own eyes a bit moist. "You deserve it. Never asked for it. Never nagged me for anyt
Just worked like hell—and wa
How old are you, kid?"

Nancy looked up.

"T—twenty-three—for pub
tion."

"But on the level?"

"Almost twenty-eight."

"Well, by the time you're th
three you'll be the greatest ac
in the country. Take it from
Jerry Coghlan knows what
talking about."

With his prophecy singing i
ears, Nancy made her bow to
York as a star. The audience
with her from the first, sharin
joy, her triumph, eyes shining
hers, tears flowing when hers
She took it all modestly enc
even dragging the leading ma
to take the curtains with her. W
finally they brought her out
she stood a bit left center, and
could plainly see her whole
shake, her lips tremble like
unaccustomed schoolgirl's.

It was at this moment th
man with towering shoulders
the stride of authority left his seat and
for the lobby. There he cornered Cog
and without preamble made his point.

"Jerry," he said as they shook h
"present me to Miss Bradshaw, will y
"Sure!" said Jerry proudly, and
brought about the climax to the first a
Nancy's life drama.

Cunningham wanted to give a supper party that n
But she told him friends were entertaining her and Th
at the Biltmore. He calmly followed them and with
other men managed to procure a table near theirs i
crowded Cascades. Cunningham could procure any
anywhere.

Nancy saw him instantly and wished he hadn't
Not that he gave any sign of deliberate interest in
In fact, one would have said he did not know she was t
His eyes—noncommittal steel-colored eyes they were
sort that read without permitting themselves to be re
scanned the menu and, supper ordered, turned thei
attention to his companions. But his presence
Nancy self-conscious—probably, she concluded, be
of what Ted Thorne had told her.

As they recognized her, men sauntered from va
parts of the room, white mustache to beardless y
clamoring congratulations, a group surging round
enthusiastically. And beside that sweet intoxicati
dreams realized the tall crystal of champagne befor
was as plain water to the fountain of eternal youth.
drank in every word, hearing the same repeated
times.

When Thorne managed to break through the circle
her and spin into a one-step, those they passed nu
each other, pointing her out.

About the graceful figure in cloudy silver, with light
tumbling over dark eyes and lips curving in lau
filmed the aura of the theater, fairyland of illusion
one magic world that makes children of us all.

She caught Cunningham watching her as they
back to the table, watching her with an unlighted
rette between his lips and round them rather a pu
look, as if he might be asking himself some questio
could not answer.

"So you've met," whispered Ted, as Nancy retu
his bow over the plumes of her black-feather fan.

"Yes, to-night. J. C. brought him back." And a
casually: "He's asked me to make up my own part,
supper some night. Will you come?"

"I will that!" rejoined Thorne. "But before it hap
I'll ask you to marry me."

"Don't be a goose, Ted," she laughed—and wond
why a frown replaced for a flash the twinkle in the s
eyes behind Thorne's glasses. They smiled again a
raised his champagne.

"Here's to you, Nancy girl—and the future! May
a knockout for you always!"

Cunningham, however, did not wait for the date
had set. The following night he sent word to the the
inviting her to ride next day. He had his horses in t
for the show and wanted her to try his pet stallion.
messenger would wait for an answer.

There was a tone of assumption in the brief note
Nancy resented. She couldn't tell exactly where or

vas, but she had a feeling that though couched in terms nvitation it had been written with the assurance that would not refuse. At first she was tempted to do so, anxiety to see his horses—at least that explanation she e herself—made her compromise by writing that he ght ring her apartment in the morning.

By the time he called up she had on her habit, and half hour later glided uptown in his car. Through the park, ly purring as it sped over the smooth roads, it veered t and out at a street in the Sixties and pulled up before it appeared to be a two-story house. Potted dwarf stood at either side of the big arched door, which was a level with the street. Above it across the front were e windows, each with its green window box from which trailed over the dull-red brick. A saucy little building vas, in the midst of drab flat houses, like a French quise dropped by mistake into a New England village. ancy gazed, puzzled and a bit curious. Then the y iron-hinged door was drawn back and she stepped the unmistakable pungent odor of the stable.

unningham came to meet her. In his riding togs he ed even more the embodiment of strength than the t before. His hands tingling with vitality sent a glow ugh hers as he held them an instant, then led the way rd the rear. The floor was covered with a sort of porous er that gave to the step, and Nancy felt an absurd nation to bound into the air as she walked. Along the were cases filled with blue, red and yellow ribbons, rosette with its streamers as dear to the sportsman it had been pinned upon him instead of an equine sentative. Prints of blue ribboners with famous ys up hung between the cases. Several of the origi- stamped at that moment in the stalls downstairs. ningham helped her down the run.

want you to meet my best friends," he said, stopping e the nearest stall. "Permit me—Lord Chesterfield!" th approved good manners his lordship settled his t nose in her outstretched hand.

'ha'med, m'lord," she smiled, and her wondering eyes the length of the place.

was daintily white as a woman's boudoir, each stall red in brilliant blue and bearing its occupant's gram in the same color. A border of blue ran round hite walls. Even the buckets and feed boxes white, with horses' painted on them.

Tere was a rush forward ager heads poked out (nningham went down ne. Satin bodies agered, priming elves for approval. o wonder they're nfriends," Nancy ered. "You treat nso well."

'Do you think friend- p as to be won that y" he put in quickly.

'o, it's usually e first and earned erard."

'Tat's not friend- p u're speaking of."

Th look he bent on as disconcerting, fancy turned to va groom who was di two horses, sad- d, ward the run.

A w moments later y rung through the e oorway into the .un sunshine. ch had never ridden b academy horses, t sense of the fine fit animal under ith his rearing d id shining coat, le er blood dance. in along the bridle h as like soaring ve vard on Pegasus. tr was in the air, in ey , in the crack of vel nder their horses' . he man beside her his nount, a bay of six- n hds, as if part of it. m cular hands barely che the reins.

"H did you know that de" she asked.

"I alled seeing your tur in riding habit in of he magazines."

"But that doesn't prove anything. It's an actress' privilege to be photographed in habit, even if she wouldn't go near enough to a real horse to feed him a lump of sugar."

He laughed, looked down at her slim, straight body in its tan coat, at the graceful limbs swung across her mount, at her glossy-gold hair and the light of the sun in her eyes.

"Well, I should have known you did, anyway. There's nothing vital you couldn't do."

He put it not as a question but directly, as if giving her the information—and she found no answer. This man left her strangely speechless. For no reason at all her cheeks went red with a deeper flush than the exercise had brought to them.

She said little during the two hours of their ride. He told her of the fascination the theater had for him, and then her eyes shone through their black lashes and she told him it was her life. She loved it not as an artist loves his work but with the passion one gives a human thing.

"That's why you've made good," he answered promptly. "Because you've given yourself completely." He paused, then with the usual startling abruptness: "Do you know, I had an actual sense of pride up there in the Cascades watching that crowd swarm round you. Odd, that, isn't it, in a man who had just met you?"

"Yes."

She did not meet the gaze she knew was turned on her.

When they dismounted and he was handing her into the car he bent down and into his noncommittal eyes came a warmth that enveloped her like a flame.

"And to think that I flipped a coin last night whether to go to the show or go to see you!"

She rode with him each day after that. He arranged it as a matter of course. He had a direct way of taking things into his own hands, just as he had a direct way of looking and speaking. Often it made her gasp, but at the same time possessed the attraction male dominance always holds for the primitive in woman. Particularly to the woman who has fought her own battles is there something hypnotic in having decision taken out of her hands.

At the end of two weeks she called his horses by name; had fed them more sugar than was good for them; had dined and danced with him at various hotels; and knew, though to herself she denied it, that tongues quick to wag were busy with their names—Nancy Bradshaw, popular star, and Dick Cunningham, who in the eyes of the world could, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still. Recklessly she let him sweep her along as one rises airplaning into the clouds. Recklessly she allowed her name to be linked with his, proud of his pride in her, glad that he seemed to enjoy the attention they attracted.

When his friends, men who made the nation's pulse throb, stopped at their table in a restaurant or, as was frequently the case, joined them at his invitation and gave to Nancy the homage a charming actress always receives from men a bit jaded, Cunningham's probing glance warmed and a smile softened his sharp, determined mouth.

He sent her flowers and books as a matter of course and surrounded her wherever they went with an atmosphere of unconscious luxury that was like a narcotic.

And finally at the house of the fir trees, instead of that diamond-lighted district bounded by the Forties, he gave the supper party they had planned the night of their meeting. Ted Thorne was there, and Lilla Grant, ingénue of the company, a sinuous little thing with pert nose, full oriental lips and eyes that might have come from Egypt. Ever since learning of their acquaintance she had begged Nancy to let her meet Cunningham.

"She'll get there, that kid," Jerry Coghlan had once remarked. "Don't know yet whether her name used to be O'Shaughnessy or Rabinowitz. But take it from me, she'll make her mark—mebbe because it used to be both."

Lights shone in the upper windows of the little house as the four stepped from the car, not the brilliant light of electricity but one gentle and golden. They went up the flight of steps leading from the stable and Cunningham opened a door at one side of the narrow hall.

"Make yourselves at home," he told the girls. "I'll send a maid."

The door gave onto a room done in gray and rose, with enameled dressing table and pier glass, and rose-brocade chairs, divan and hangings. Nancy had seen the unique apartment above the stable one morning when Cunningham took her through, but never at night with soft lights on.

A froufrou of cloak fell from Lilla's bare shoulders, and taking the center of the floor she gazed round with glistening eyes.

"What a duck you were to ask me!" she cried. "I've been just crazy to see this place." Nancy turned.

"You've heard of it?"

"Heard of it! My dear, there have been some parties given here!"

A surge of indignation swept the swift color into Nancy's cheeks. The insinuating tone more than the words themselves angered her.

"Don't talk like that," she said, eyes flashing black as they sometimes did in a big scene.

Lilla looked up wickedly.

"Crazy about him, aren't you?"

The color went, leaving her white.

"Of course not."

"Well, don't let him know it—that's all I have to say."

She powdered her nose, head perked to one side, guided a brush over hair dense-dark as velvet, added a touch of mascaro to her lashes, and turning to the maid, who had just come in, asked whether her dress was hooked all the way up the back.

"I do envy you, Nancy," she frowned, taking in the other girl's graceful figure in swathing black satin, relieved only by a splash of green fan. "One of these days soon I'm going to have a maid and not break my neck gathering myself together after the show."

They went out as the men emerged from a smoking room across the hall. Lilla linked her arm in Cunningham's.

"Do you live in this heavenly place?" she asked.

"No, but I like to have people here—the people I like, I should say.

"I Do Envy You, Nancy. One of These Days I'm Going to Have a Maid and Not Break My Neck Gathering Myself Together After the Show"

That's why I fixed up the second floor—for parties like this one. There's a fully equipped kitchen at the back. And here's my banquet hall."

He opened double doors at the end of the short corridor and they entered the room of the three windows. They might have been entering an Italian villa. Paneled oak stretched straight to the ceiling. At either end yawned a marble fireplace with logs sputtering the faint scent of fir. A refectory table, with a couch the color of purple grapes backed against it, fronted one, while drawn close to the other stood two old Medici chairs. On both mantels and on smaller tables were candlesticks with thick yellow candles, and the silver set for supper on the long table gleamed under the glow of branching candelabra.

Cunningham watched Nancy's face as she paused in the doorway. Her eyes had dreams in them.

"You like it with the lights on?"

"It's beautiful—like a castle in the air."

"Makes a great stage setting for you," he whispered. "I'll want you here all the time now."

A manservant passed cigarettes. They sat and chatted while they waited for the other guests—Mr. and Mrs. Courtleigh Bishop and a boxful of Cunningham's friends, who were coming in from the opera. Nancy was in a chair by the fire; Lilla nested in the couch depths, her somber gaze, lidded as if heavy with secrets, following Cunningham; and Thorne springing up every now and then to wander about the room, examining its treasures.

Lilla watched and listened to the others, much as she watched and absorbed every word of the stage director at rehearsals. She had advanced by wits rather than wit, and was clever enough to know the value of silence. Only when Cunningham brought her the spray of orchids he had supplied for each of the women did she look up from under drooped lids.

"You do everything just right," she murmured, pinning them into the orange chiffon at her waist, "and I guess never anything wrong."

There was a dare in her somnolent eyes—an obvious dare to which several weeks ago Cunningham would probably have responded. Now he smiled down amusedly at the round soft form sunk in the couch cushions and went back to Nancy. The somnolent eyes went after him.

They persuaded Thorne, who unlike a number of writer men hated to talk about himself, to tell the plot of his new play.

"I've tackled a big problem," he said—"the woman's rights in love."

"You've tackled the universe," came from Cunningham. "Fifty years ago it could have been summed up in one beautiful word, 'submission.' To-day ——"

He flung up his hands. Nancy smiled. "And you're just the type a submissive woman would bore to death."

"Don't you believe it!" chimed in Lilla. "He's apt to fall for some baby doll who'll tell him what a great big wonderful man he is and do exactly what he tells her—when he's round."

"You don't subscribe to the fifty-fifty theory then, old man?" asked Thorne when the laugh died down.

"No, I believe in ninety-nine-one. At least women can make it that if they know how to handle us. Just as Miss Grant says, we're nothing but a bunch of boobs."

"That's what you like to make us think," Nancy corrected, "and the unfortunate part of it is we want to deceive ourselves just as much as you want to deceive us."

Cunningham blew a ring of feathery cigarette smoke and studied her through it.

"I didn't know you were such a cynic."

"Did you think that years of dealing with theatrical managers had taught me nothing?" she laughed.

At twelve Mrs. Bishop bubbled in, commandeering a group of light-voiced women and husky-voiced men. She apologized for being late and wailed at the length of Russian opera.

"Courty can sleep through it all," she sighed, "but the noise keeps me awake."

She caught Nancy by both hands, drawing her out of the chair.

"I've been so anxious to know you, my dear. I begged Dicky to bring you to see me, but he said you were the mountain—Mohammed would have to come to you."

All through the elaborate supper they gushed over her with just that touch of patronage position assured permits itself toward those of the stage. But though conversation was light and general and Cunningham the perfect host he might have been alone with the young star, so completely did his eyes disregard the others. They seemed to encompass her, to send their gaze round her like a cloak. She felt it unmistakably and a glow radiated from her eyes and voice, from her whole body.

When the dregs of crême de menthe and Benedictine had settled in little green and gold pools at the bottom of cordial glasses, and candle flames gleamed faint blue in the dripping tallow, when laughing voices mellowed into distance and cars had slid off into darkness, two figures stood at the curb in front of the little house. The door swung slowly shut behind them. The woman looked up, the man down, and there flashed between them that secret look of understanding that can pass only when words no longer have value.

The last car drove up. He helped her in. The door slammed. Without a word he took her to him. Just as his gaze had encompassed her, so his arms inclosed her now. Her lips trembled against his. For a moment, endless because of all time, there was silence—that intense beating silence that chokes. Then his voice came with a ring of triumph.

"You know I want you!" And he waited for no answer. "You knew I wanted you that night we met!"

"Yes—I knew."

"You're the first woman I've ever wanted—for my wife."

The word danced into the soft gloom of night merging into day, out across the wraithlike park, up to the sky where pale stars spelled it before her. "His wife! His wife!"

She murmured it and he bent closer.

"Mine! Nancy, you don't know how much it's meant, seeing them gather round you and knowing that you were going to belong to me."

Their lips met again. At the moment she took no count of the assurance that had brooked no denial. She only throbbed to the strength of him and smiled into the eyes so close to hers.

The car sped past shadowy trees, past lamps paled against the rising dawn, through a world unreal not because light had not yet come but because these two were in a world apart. They spoke low, as lovers will though no one is there to hear, in short phrases, saying little yet so much, she seeking to hold this wonder thing that had come to her, he with the claim of the possessor.

"Why do you love me, Dick?" came finally the eternal question.

And then he told her the tale men have told women for centuries and will continue to tell them as long as the world shall last: "I love you because you're different. There's no one like you."

"How—different?"

"Why analyze it? You're you, complete, apa wonderful!"

"But what attracted you—first? What made yo want me?"

"Well, seeing you there in the center of that stage a first-night audience wearing out its hands, you looke beautiful and frightened—give you my word I wante go up then and there and take you in my arms."

"It was the glamour of the stage then?"

"No, you're not the first actress I've known, dear. you're the only one in town that scandal has n touched."

She drew back a bit.

"That's not fair, Dick. We're a much-talked-of fession, but half the stories you hear aren't true."

In the semigloom of the car she did not see the s play about his knowing lips.

"What does it matter?" was his reply. "You're in theater, yet not of it—sought after, made much of, unspoiled. And I've won you—for myself."

"Yes, you've won me."

He drew her close.

"How much do you love me?"

"Before all the world."

She closed her eyes as if to shut out all other vision.

"I'm going to take you to Hawaii," he whispe "That's the land of lovers, green lapping waters purple hills and palm trees with music in them."

"You've been there?"

"Yes. Then to China and Japan, and if you like, I We'll make it a year."

She opened her eyes slowly and into them came a ra amusement.

"You mustn't take me too far away, for too long, o fickle public will forget me."

"They're going to."

"Going to?"

"Yes. I'm a jealous brute. You've got to belong t exclusively."

"Dick"—she pulled away then, groping dazedly fo silent second—"Dick, you don't mean—you can't r you want me to give up the stage?"

"Yes."

She stared at him, stared unbelieving, but his face r only a blur against the darkness. As the car rolled o the park it rolled out of Eden.

"But—but it's my career—my life!"

"I'll make a new career—a new life for you."

"But it's the biggest, the best part of me."

"The new life will be all of you."

"No—no! I couldn't—I couldn't

He caught the hands that were r to push him from her, caught the both of his. "I want you for self. I'm not satisfied with pa your time."

"But, Dick, can't see ——"

"Can't you see that i remain on the stage evenings and part of days will go to the pu I'll still be going r alone—just as I am nov you're my wife you've g take your place."

"But I can do that cept for a few hours. I you say I'm different. me stay different."

"You'll always be But look at it sensibly.

Cunningham's wife ing her living—why a joke!"

He smiled.

"Everyone w know—it's not a que of money."

"Then why do it? Give someon a chance—someone who needs it.

She shook her head.

"But it's my life," she repe desperately. "And now, when su has just come ——"

"You said 'before all the wor while ago."

"Yes, yes, and I meant it. I do love before everything. You know that. Y swept me off my feet. I can't reason." then her hands came together and she cried "Oh, why did this have to happen—why?"

"It had to happen!" he repeated huskil

"Why couldn't you have cared for som in your own set?"

"I've told you."

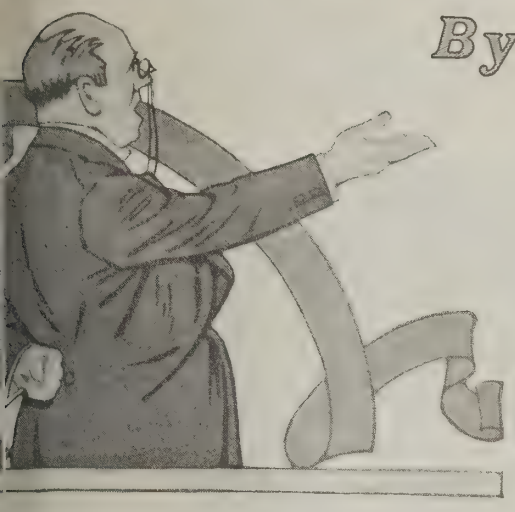
"Now I've Gone Back to It. I've Gone Back to the Thing That Made You Love Me. And I've Gone—to Stay"

(Continued on Page 130)

WANTED: TIGHTWADS

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



ND still another thing that contributes to the high cost of living is the high cost of government. For this, you and Congress and the executive departments at Washington are responsible. You more than body else, for it is your money that is being wasted and an stop it. In its simplest terms the procedure is this: o earn the money, Congress takes it away from you in form of taxes, and then Congress and the executive rtments spend it. A great part of it is wasted. This ablished, conceded, confessed and acknowledged by ress and by the executive officers of the Government. ld fast to this thought: It is your money, that you earned in your business, on your farm or by the labor our hands, that is being expended and wasted at ington. Every cent that is extravagantly or needs expended by the Government you could have in your et to meet the increased cost of food, lodging and ting, doctors' bills and amusements—or to put away save against a rainy day—if you only demanded minedly and unitedly that governmental extravan should cease.

I an tell you some of the conditions of governmental eling and how your money is chucked about, and I can ll ou how you can stop it. The power is yours, and t you exercise it waste and extravagance will not stop. Fm Lynchburg, Virginia, there comes a man of uncerin middle age, with kinky hair and shrewd, humorous ce whose chief feature is a strong beaked nose set a little r He was born in Lynchburg and educated in the hls there and in the newspaper business. He owns rning and an afternoon newspaper. His neighbors ught enough of him to keep him in Congress for seven- years and, as this is written, Governor Davis of Virnia has offered him the United States Senatorship ed by the death of Senator Martin. President Wilson ught enough of him to make him Secretary of the eury. I think enough of him to summon him as a witss o testify to you about how your money is spent. s me is Carter Glass. His job is to devise ways and a to get money from you to pay the expenses of the vnment. At this juncture in our delayed march wd the millennium that job is no cinch, for every year w Congress and the executive departments spend more on than Mr. Glass is raising by borrowing and by taxan. The Government is living beyond its income. When u t that your bank or the merchants from whom you y a credit haul you up short, and that is just what u just do with your agents and representatives who nge for you the affairs of the Government.

All Sense of Values Lost

Now let us have Mr. Glass tell us what he knows and inks about it all. I will let him repeat to you what he ld group of congressmen the other day. He was asking r a budget; for an ordered plan, system, arrangement, her, that would enable everyone concerned to know st what was the income of the Government and what was necessary outgo. It will be money in your pocket to ed hat he says:

"A sense of values seems to have departed from among he departments, bureaus and boards, all inspired a udable enthusiasm for their work, but some by a less udable instinct to magnify its importance, bombard the mmittees of Congress with projects, some more or less eritious, some of no merit whatever, but all conceived su me indifference to the facts that the great business Gernment is being run at a loss and that each one of ese rojects increases the deficit of the Government and nse ently the burden to be thrown upon the great body of people, whether the deficit be met by increasing taxes or by floating additional loans. For no fallacy is more grotesque than the assumption that by issuing bonds or notes or certificates of indebtedness now we may pass on to future generations the burden of our own extravagance. The burden of these issues will have to be met to-day, not only in the interest and sinking-fund charges added to an already heavy load, but in the expansion of credit which is inevitable as a result of the issue of such securities, constituting as they do a prime basis for additional credit in the hands of the holders, whoever they may be. I shall not elaborate upon that point, but I want to say to you in all solemnity that a hundred million American people will pay for the extravagance of the Government, whether that extravagance finds its incidence in governmental waste or in the desire to accomplish real or fancied benefits for a portion of the community.

"Let us now get back to bedrock. Let us remember that there can be no spending by the Government without paying by the Government, and that the Government cannot pay except out of the pockets of the people. Let us remember, too, that in the last analysis taxes and the cost of government loans are borne by one hundred million people. The burden of taxation, the burden of credit expansion is inevitably shifted to the whole people of the United States. Some methods of finance are better than others. Some taxes are less readily adapted to being shifted from the backs of the original taxpayers, presumably better able to bear them, to the backs of the people as a whole; but in the long run the burden of governmental waste and extravagance falls more heavily upon the poor than upon the well-to-do and more heavily upon the well-to-do than upon the rich. By graduated income taxes we tend to mitigate this consequence, but we cannot wholly avoid it. Let us not fail to remember that the Government of the United States is simply a name for the people of the United States and that all of the people of the United States will pay in inverse order to their ability for extravagances of the Government perpetrated in the interest of a portion of the people or a section of the country.

"You, I am sure, have learned as well as I by long service in Congress that the instincts and enthusiasms of departments, bureaus and boards find support in the committee of Congress appointed to have charge of their particular affairs. As a result we find that governmental expenditure initiated in a department of the Government charged with the specific business of creating an army, or of creating a navy, or of creating a merchant marine, or of stimulating commerce, or of protecting labor, or of aiding the development of agriculture is submitted to the Congress without consultation with or approval by the finance officer of the Government, the Secretary of the Treasury, who serves merely as a messenger, and whose office is charged with the heavy burden of finding financial means in loans and taxes to meet expenditures, and when it reaches Congress is referred to the corresponding committees of the Congress whose specific function is also to see to the development of the Army, the Navy, the merchant marine, and so on. And the Congress passes upon all of these projects—good, bad and indifferent—without a report from the Committee on Ways and Means or the Committee on Finance, the committees of Congress which share with the Secretary of the Treasury the heavy burden of finance.

"It undoubtedly is true that oftener than otherwise the sum of department estimates is greater than allowed by the committees of Congress. I have heard it said that this is invariably so. I expect that estimates are frequently contrived with a confident expectation of such a fate. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that each jurisdictional committee deals with estimates in a singularly sympathetic spirit that would not be manifested by a budgetary official charged with the responsibility of advising the Congress as to the levying of taxes as well as with the responsibility of collecting the money of which appropriations are made. Moreover, it will not be denied that these various jurisdictional committees, acting separately and without complete information concerning the activities of one another, accentuate the importance of the departments, bureaus and boards which they respectively have under their care.

"This would not be so if appropriations were made by a single committee any more than would the initial estimates be allowed so far to exceed the probable revenues if the finance minister of the Government were given power to assemble, review and alter them before transmitting them to Congress. Extravagance of executive departments

and bureaus would then by be appreciably restrained. I think it amazing that under such a system the Congress has done so well for so long a time; but I feel constrained to warn you, in view of the greatly expanded activities of the Government and the extraordinary financial burdens which the country must endure, that it would be hazardous to continue on the old way of transacting the public business.

"The Government of the United States is like a great company whose operating managers, publicity managers, sales managers, purchasing department are given carte blanche to make expenditures conceived by them to be in the interest of the development of the business, without consultation with or control of those officers of the company who are charged with the business of ascertaining its revenues and borrowing the money to make good their deficiencies.

"Or again, the Government of the United States is like a private family in which the wife, having charge of the spending part of the family's business, is given carte blanche to buy houses, yachts, automobiles, clothes and food, and to employ servants, as she might find wise, with a view to increasing the comfort, improving the education, cultivating the taste and enhancing the prestige and social standing of the family; and the husband's sole business is to see that there is money in the bank to meet her checks as they are presented."

Prodigality and Parsimony

"IT IS literally true that the Secretary of the Treasury under existing law and practice is unable to obtain from any department of the Government an accurate or approximately accurate estimate of its expenditures for a few weeks in advance, not to say months or years. He must be guided not by information furnished by them but by his own shrewd guess as a result of putting together an infinite number of little facts and figures. . . . It is an intolerable thing that such conditions should exist and that the welfare and economic life of the American people should be at the hazard of such things as these.

"The Congress votes with a lavish hand stupendous sums conceived in a magnificent spirit of generosity with a view to the enhancement of the prestige of the nation or for the benefit of this or that element in the community. This it does upon the advice of the committee of Congress charged with the business of caring for such special interests. Then, speaking through the great Committee on Appropriations, it pursues a policy of constriction with relation to the expenditures of some of the departments of the Government which makes it impossible for those departments to conduct the vast affairs imposed upon them with efficiency and economy. The Government of the United States to-day is spending hundreds of millions of dollars, even billions of dollars, for armies, for navies, for merchant fleets and other magnificent activities and at the same time refusing a living wage to the faithful clerks and employees in departments of the Government charged with the stupendous responsibility of transacting these vast affairs honestly, expeditiously and economically.

"While you discuss budget plans and audit plans the Congress withholds the necessary funds to erect an adequate vault for the protection of the vast gold store of the United States. It withholds the necessary appropriation to enable the Treasury of the United States to count Federal Reserve Bank notes and national-bank notes turned in for redemption, with the result that the Treasury is unable to take credit for those notes and is obliged to

(Continued on Page 153)

COPPER DAN IMBIBES

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

COPPER DAN was drunk. You perceive at once that I am writing a narrative of the long long ago. No one ever gets drunk any more. The very significance of the word is perishing from our fair, pure land. The dictionaries published before July 1, 1919, define the obsolete participle "drunk" as "in a condition of abnormal mentality produced by alcohol."

Yes, my readers, human beings used once to take and actually to like that curious drug, alcohol. Persons under its influence were described as intoxicated, or drunk, when they were not, in the quaint language of a vanished generation characterized as stewed, framed, lit up, paralyzed, ossified or boiled. To draw again upon the vocabulary of primitive America, Copper Dan was carrying an obvious, obtrusive, ostentatious jag.

Not that this condition of Copper Dan wakened more than a passing, languid interest in Coronado Camp. It happened every three weeks or so. Only one person in the diggings had ever taken enough scientific interest in Copper Dan and his jags to watch his symptoms when stimulated by the drug, alcohol. Whereas Dan was usually morose, surly and quarrelsome when jagged, pickled, steamed or pie-eyed—I am airing my knowledge of obsolete synonyms—he was to-night bright and even merry. And in the days when our ancestors indulged that reprehensible habit it used to be observed by the sober that the same man developed generally the same type of jag—as weeping, laughing, fighting or marrying.

One person alone, I have said—and he a bartender, specialist in alcoholic symptoms. As Copper Dan strode almost steadily up to the bar of the Arizona House and loudly called all hands on deck for a drink, Cornelius Cotter, alias Connie the bartender, remembered the time three weeks ago when Dan for his own safety had been forcibly ejected from the Arizona House because he was about to carry a drunken argument too far. He noted at once this new mood of expansive joy and shot a glance at Tom Curley, who sat alone at a table in the corner languidly shuffling and reshuffling a pack of cards.

There Tom Curley had sat all that Saturday evening—as many evenings before—avoiding the temptations of the gambling room next door and almost equally the nearer temptation of the bar. He had been a long time in Coronado Camp as time went there. Six months before he had arrived and set up his livery stable, whereas the oldest inhabitant had nested on those hills only a year and a half before—so rapidly had the diggings been discovered, populated and exploited. A silent individual but pleasant, this Tom Curley; the kind of man who talks little, listens much and yet seems always to contribute to the conversation. He rose presently and sidled toward the bar.

Let us for the moment leave Copper Dan in dalliance with the obsolete drug and consider another citizen of Coronado Camp at that moment drifting on a current of destiny through the Saturday-night merriment of Main Street. When I say drifting, I mean it both literally and figuratively. Through all his thirty-one years of abundant life Jim Hanford had drifted. At the age of nineteen he had drifted from his father's farm in Ohio to the old frontier of the West. He had drifted into a Nebraska quarter section, and during the second season, when rains were few and grasshoppers plenty, drifted out again. With the money which a railroad paid him for his embryo farm, he had drifted into the cattle business in Montana and followed that game through several changes of location and ownership to take a half interest in a crossroads store. From that, being of an adventurous and speculative nature, he had drifted into mining, made his small stake in the Idaho gold diggings, lost most of it in Utah silver, recovered a little by a town-site deal and finally, after half a dozen similar adventures, drifted to Coronado Camp, where on the second great discovery he had bought his Cleveland Belle claim.

This prospect theoretically lay on the great galena lode, which the great Martin W. Force, new potentate of the camp, had already tapped. Sinking in his own desultory fashion and with the help of a faithful if somewhat leisurely Swede, he had gone down ninety feet and seen no gleam of galena. Now Jim Hanford was nearing the end of his resources. Martin W. Force, he well knew, would buy out his claim, as he was already buying speculatively other claims along the theoretical line of the lode. One of Martin W.'s omnipresent agents had already whispered an offer of ten thousand dollars.

That night as he wandered from shrine to shrine of the gods of joy, from group to group of revelers, neither buying nor accepting drinks, he found himself gnawed with the desire to let go and chuck it all. He laid all this to his bad luck with the Cleveland Belle. He did not know, being unaccustomed to search his own soul, that what troubled him was the need for change. During six whole months he had been tied to the Cleveland Belle, which was a long time for Jim Hanford to stick to anything.

Had you asked him, Jim Hanford would have told you that he had known his troubles and sorrows in his life of the old West. In reality his troubles with grasshoppers, droughts, unfruitful claims and bad speculations had rolled off his free-and-open nature like water off a duck's back. He had never yet received that jolt which puts steel into a man. Nevertheless, as he wandered that night, observing all things and participating in none, his brown eye, usually so roving and merry, grew at times dull and morose and his wide, humorous mouth, usually the nest of cheerful smiles, drooped at the corners. Though none knew it, least of all the careless and unanalytical Jim, he was that night ripe for the plucking.

Return we now to the Arizona House and to Copper Dan. He is swaying a little, so that at intervals he lightly bumps bar. After two three vain effo he has clamped permanent fo hold upon brass rail and remarking; "'em up fu Connie. Goin plen'y morewhe this comes fro

As he said Dan plunk down a twen dollar gold pi upon the b Connie the b tender, hav arrayed a row glasses, was at moment sett behind them, heavy artillery hind the infan an alignment bottles hold those brown, ber and wa white varieties alcohol affec byourforefath When from scattered b blingsCopperI came out w this stateme the stolid bl countenance Connie the b tender ag turned tow Tom Curley, linedup at Cop Dan's elbow

"Oh, it's You, Connie!" Bob Exclaimed. "You Poor Pizen Fool, You Ought to be Carryin' Lights on a Night Like This!"

side the bar. He caught Tom's eye, lifted a bottle for instant and with his bar towel wiped the spot where it stood. Tom Curley gave him a quick glance, which conveyed that he perfectly understood this signal.

"Your health!" said Copper Dan thickly, expressing himself in one of those nonsensical phrases which ancestors employed when they administered to themselves the drug, alcohol. Copper Dan parted his abundant mustache—shaped like a sea lion's or like John A. Logan's—to insert the edge of a glass. He owed his nickname to color of that mustache and to the further fact that he emigrated to Coronado Camp from the copper belt.

Among the loafers who had responded to the invitation the half dozen less polite, having drunk, were turning away when Tom Curley said: "Have another on me!"

"Tha's right!" said Copper Dan, slapping him heavily on the back. "Good old Tom Curley! Never ran away from a drink in's life."

"Well," said Tom Curley, "I've had a piece of luck lately and I feel like celebrating. Must have had some luck yourself, Dan."

"Luck!" replied Copper Dan. "Luck! The good Mary G. ——"

At this point he seemed to pull himself together and an expression of deep cunning crossed his somewhat heavy features. "I sh'd say so!" he finished.

Connie the bartender had set out the second round now and the row of loafers had returned to the bar. When everyone had said, "Your health, Tom," or "Here's how," had tilted glasses and set them down, Tom Curley remained at the bar, his steady rail foot beside the unsteady one of Copper Dan.

"I believe in passing my luck round," said Tom Curley. "Yes, sir, and I've just had it, Dan. That there Mountain Maid claim of mine has panned out. We've busted into the galena. Look here!" Tom produced from the pocket of his old brown coat a piece of glittering rock. "Fifty to the ton she assays and gets richer as you go in."

"Galena!" snorted Copper Dan. "Say, what's galena? When you git carbonates you want to talk!"

Copper Dan reached to his own pocket. In the palm of his somewhat shaky hand lay a heap of black sandy dirt. Tom Curley whistled.

You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom. He inspected
cally the black sand. "Don't look so all-fired rich to
" he said.
Rich!" replied Copper Dan. "Tha's all right about
Tha's all right, you becher life!"
One of your claims, I suppose," said Tom, employing
ery. All the camp knew that Copper Dan had only
claim—his cherished Mary G.
Tha's all righty whose claim," answered Dan, again
ning his expression of deep cunning.
ne door to the next room opened, letting in with a rush
babel of tongues, the click of chips, the ripple of a
playing on the loud pedal the Blue Danube waltz.
r, the night bartender, entered in his street clothes,
ed for his familiar place behind the bar. Connie
cepted him at that head of the bar farthest from
er Dan and Tom Curley.
You ain't due on until nine," said Connie in a low
, but not too suspiciously low. "Could you take
shift now and let me off? I'll owe you a half an hour
"
ar regarded him with a shrewd eye and "Sure!" he

hen three minutes later Connie, arrayed in street
es, slipped out of the barroom, Tom Curley gave him
d Copper Dan's back one quick approving glance
ointed with a slight gesture to the floor as though
g, "We stay here—see?"
the rough board sidewalk outside, the newborn city
d and drifted. Coronado Camp, cocked up among
aks, still fifty miles from that point where construc-
angs wrestled with rocks, snowslides and altitude to
forward a railroad, had as yet no gas plant. Lamps
ain Street therefore were there none, but they were
eeded, for to both sides saloons, dance halls, gambling
s, illuminated with all the brilliance there is in kero-
threw avenues of light from uncurtained windows
the worn sidewalks and the muddy wagonway.
and out of these belts passed a thick crowd which
the sidewalks and spilled out onto the road—a mas-
crowd, roughly but richly dressed, cowhide boots
ting oddly with diamond studs, diamond rings with
blue flannel shirts. Here and there a woman slipped
through the press or leaned on the arm of an escort.
ethey, too, were much bediamonded and always much
d. Almost like a uniform they wore sealskin coats,

for though it was late summer the night nevertheless came with a little tang from the perpetual snows above.

Main Street quivered with pleasant sounds—loud pianos and raucous violins rendering Strauss waltzes, shuffling, dancing feet, open-mouthed clatter of cheerful male voices and occasionally a loud whoop from some person overstimulated by that now obsolete drug, alcohol. Above stars and planets, as though intensified by the reflected light of the snow, shone like burnished moons.

Connie the bartender stood for a moment regarding the crowd which passed through his own belt of light. A miner presented a familiar face.

"Hey!" Connie hailed him. "Seen anythin' of Martin W. this evening?"

"He's hitting it up in the Bella Union," replied the miner briefly as he followed his own holiday impulses into the Arizona House.

At the Bella Union Martin W. was engaged in pursuing his favorite form of recreation. He sat at a selected table near the platform from which a piano, a violin and a cornet discoursed noisy music. To this accompaniment heavy boots and agile, thievish, tinsel slippers thumped or tinkled. Before him was a quart bottle of champagne and beside it a pile of corks. By counting these corks when the evening had passed Martin W. kept track of the bill.

He was a little slim man with a burned, aquiline, smooth-shaven face from which peered two small eyes, shrewd yet somehow with an effect of weakness. He was dressed in a manner which in a citizen less prominent might have brought him condemnation as a dude. His glove-fitting navy-blue suit was finished with needle-pointed patent-leather shoes and a red tie, which under a turndown collar ran through a ring set with a ruby, a diamond and a sapphire—all enormous. His hand as he lightly raised a champagne glass to his lips flashed a five-carat diamond ring. Against an unoccupied chair leaned his agate-headed cane. A watch chain heavy enough to haul logs curved from pocket to pocket across his abdomen, and from its mathematical center hung a three-ounce gold nugget.

Martin W. Force was at that passing moment in its dazzling history the great man of the camp and he dressed the part. Horatio Turner, he who first discovered and exploited these diggings, had gone on with his clean-up to cities where he was to build opera houses, found banks and dally with the greater strategies of the mining game. Into his place by a stroke of luck and many strokes of shrewdness had slipped this supreme if not wholly ethical gambler with life, Martin W. Force; and playing his string to the end as gamblers must he was at this moment striving for still greater financial eminence.

When Connie the bartender approached him the latest group of his guests had drunk and drifted on. He sat for the moment alone. Connie sidled up.

"Boss," he said in a low confidential tone, "looks like Copper Dan Schultz had struck it in his Mary G. claim. He's loaded to-night. It's a happy drunk and he's making a play with carbonate specimens. Won't say for sure he has—but there you are!"

The shrewd eye of Martin W. threw a quick glint.

"Got him nailed down?" he asked.

"Cert!" replied Connie. "Tom Curley's entertaining him in the Arizona House. He'll hold him until ——"

"Sure it's real carbonates?" interrupted Martin W.

"That was the play he made—a handful of carbonate specimens," said Connie the bartender.

The financial power of Coronado Camp and his agent in the business of acquiring claims needed between them no more than the one word "carbonates" to establish a business understanding. For the silver-bearing lead-carbonate bodies of that camp lay as though Chronos, maker of worlds, had been drunk of joking when he poured them into the hills. Not the most expert mining engineer could trace in them reason or system. When it was a question of carbonates, you dug and struck it or dug and did not strike it. And when you did strike it, it became a question not of richness but of quantity. Those carbonates simply could not assay low.

Martin W. toyed with a pile of champagne corks and considered.

"It's that hollow under the Red Leg, ain't it?" he asked. "Looks as likely as any. What's Copper Dan's force?"

"Nobody but him and a couple of hobos," replied Connie. "Hobos are probably hitting it up too."

"Well, chase yourself and take a look!" ordered Martin W. "And say," he added as Connie turned away, "tell Tom Curley not to get him too biled. I'll be at the Maison Riche any time you want me to-night."

Ten minutes later Connie the bartender in Tom Curley's fastest rig—a buckboard and a team of lean American horses with a touch of trotting blood—was traveling at

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A Half Hour or So Before He Had Ridden Down Main Street and Turned Into California Avenue, Mounted on a Likely Looking Horse and Going Strong

This to be Said for the Turk

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

Turkish Armenian Refugees in Russian Armenia. No Shelter But the Trees

SINCE I came out of Armenia I have been asked a great many times whether or not I share the view that after all there is something to be said for the Turk. I do not. At least I can think of nothing that can be said for him in connection with the thing he has done to the 'Armenians. Yet when I reached Paris on my return journey I found that in Peace Conference circles a good deal was being said. There was something in the Peace Conference atmosphere—or procedures?—that engendered cynicism. It was said that in attempting to annihilate the Armenian race the Turk had embarked upon a commendable enterprise and had fallen down on the job.

"Trouble with the Turk is, he is not thorough enough!"

This one was almost sure to hear whenever and wherever the Armenian situation came up for discussion, and with all its offensive brutality it never failed to raise a laugh that was indicative of much with regard to the trend of popular thought. The Armenians are on everybody's conscience—there can be no doubt about that. But on the other hand they are on a good many minds, principally because of their political relationship to the Near Eastern muddle. And that relationship is not satisfactory to anyone concerned. Allied aggression in the Turkish Empire would be much easier if the Armenian complication were eliminated. The Armenians are a liability and not an asset. Otherwise nobody would ever have suggested that the United States be held responsible for them. They are listed, along with a number of other peoples, under the head of "White Men's Burden." But it is safe to say that there are few other burdens on the list that are not able to pay quite handsomely for being toted.

A Cheap Witticism Silenced

THE men and women who live and work in Armenia—and they are Americans mostly—do not think politically as a rule. This I discovered—and it was a pleasing surprise. They almost never talk politics; they express only humanitarian hopes, and I wonder if anyone knowing the kind of work they have to do could bring himself to utter the cheap witticism, "The trouble with the Turk is that he is not thorough enough!"

I went hungry in Armenia and I associate remembered pangs of my own with all my recollections of the terrible land. I had plenty of food with me, but for days on end I could not eat. It was a physical impossibility. And I came to a point, too, when to look upon the things that had to be looked upon set my heart to quaking in a horror difficult to describe.

A Kurd Beauty

Mr. Harrison A. Maynard, who in the Caucasian section is treasurer of the Committee for Relief in the Near East, wrote a brief account of conditions in Russian Armenia to committee headquarters in New York and closed his communication with the arrestingly simple statement: "It makes one sort of crazy to see such things!"

That impressed me particularly, because I knew just what he meant. I smiled in appreciation and said to myself, "Does it not?" And he might have added with truth that everyone who works in direct contact with the Armenians as they are to-day runs a risk of losing his mind, though I suppose one's sensibilities would become blunted by degrees.

I met a young British officer who certainly had gone mad—or was going mad. He figures in the story of my adventure, so when I come to him presently you will realize as I did that he was a tragedy. He laughed at everything, with a dry hard look in his troubled eyes. He was overworked in such work as no man was ever before called upon to do.

The pitiful hundreds seemed to me to be constantly weeping. Not profoundly, as in grief, but whimperingly, appealingly, as in unbearable physical distress. A terrible population! Unspeakably filthy and tatterdemalion throngs; shelterless, death-stricken throngs milling from place to place; children crying aloud; women sobbing in broken inarticulate lamentation; men utterly hopeless and reduced to staggering weakness, heedless of the tears rolling down their dirt-streaked faces. As a picture of the Armenians most in evidence in Armenia I can think of nothing better than this, unless I turn to other kinds of mobs: Large numbers here and there,

Turks Join the March From Kars

wide-eyed, eager, hands stretched in wolfish suppl tion; teeth bared in a gha grin that had long since ce to be a smile—an emaci skin-stretched grin, fixed uncontrollable.

Is it any wonder that I c not swallow my food? I th it to the children in the raven hordes and started small r The children fought toge snarled and clawed at one other for small bites of army cuit or morsels of bully

Incredible Condition

AND then I was told that n of them were so starved a solid food was likely to kill t instantly. This was too ter true, yet in the whole length breadth of the land there not one ounce of food of kind necessary for such c At Kars I saw one man die bread in his teeth. And if will consent to look with upon a too awful thing I will that he showed evidence of ing eaten too much grass. Ev body was eating grass. poor overwrought young of laughed and said the man probably got hold of some sonous weeds. "Ought to known how to pick his gr he said. "Ought to have kn what was what."

I felt sorrier for him than for the dead Armenian. Armenian would have died anyhow and I should thought little enough about it except for the fact tha died under my very eyes. All round were dozens of ot dead or dying. The toll in that town that day was sa have been more than one hundred.

I had no desire to go to Armenia. I was quite willi take anybody's word for it that conditions there were as bad as bad could be and that it was our plain duty on with the job of alleviating them as rapidly as poss I listened to the stories that were told and they trou me greatly, but I had no desire to see any of the things were described as being so frightful. I now wonder a utter inadequacy of every description I ever read or he

Mr. Howard Heinz, of Pittsburgh, who was Mr. Hoo representative in the Near East, with headquarter Constantinople, did not believe what he was told. thought—i subconsci kind of way haps, but nitely enoug he expresse to me—tha world was b victimized the propa dists. He c not believe such thi could hap He modifie his accept of it the t mony even o own field op tives. He sending flou to Batum i great quant as could handled at time, and in back of his m he had a c headed busi man's idea the stories heard w highly colo to say the le exaggerated

wn up in lurid lights for the benefit of people as are philanthropically in- ed only when their emotions are en- d and have been violently played n. He decided eventually, when the s of immediate business began to ease little, to make an investigation on wn account. He decided to go up into enia and see for himself what things like. He went up into Armenia. He ned to Constantinople—and I need at only one thing he said. He said it and over again. He hurried away to within a week in order that he might t there—over and over again.

Merciful God! It's all true! Nobody ever told the whole truth! Nobody l!"

was shaken to his foundations if a man was, and it was no fault of his the cynics in Paris continued to ac- the Turks of a lack of thoroughness. nsisted that I must go to Armenia. "ou will be sorry all your life that did go," he said. "What you will ill make scars on you that you will never get rid But nevertheless you must go. It is a duty."

anted to be off down through Asia Minor and Pales- I wanted to see what the French and the Italians and reeks and the British were doing in a dismembered ot yet definitely parceled-out Turkish Empire; how opulations involved were behaving themselves. I was o much interested in present starving masses as in warring factions and the preparations that are being for clashes in the years to come.

first and continuing interest in Armenia was in con- on with the proposal that my country should become nsible for the future of the Armenians within a certain ssible and wholly undeveloped region that was being ed out as Armenian territory. My Americanism and lf-interest as an American rose in protest against this ter my return from Armenia I wrote what I thought it at once, though I was at the time profoundly l by the fearfulness of the things I had just seen.

rful! Awful! Horrible! Unbelievable! I can see these pages are to be sprinkled with such adjectives e I exercise considerable self-restraint.

cepted and expressed a belief I found to be quite al that with regard to territorial extension the Arme- n should be as modest as possible in order that they t not burden their weak shoulders with an overload responsibility, and I said in substance that we surely go ahead and see them through economically without ong ourselves to the dangers involved in active partic- ti in European political arrangements that could be e on nothing even remotely resembling American oles. An Armenian, who—to judge by the quality haracter of his communication—must be a very rous alien, wrote length and to hat I was several ent kinds of a l-hearted and wrong- dl slave of some- ger other or some- y whose interests I gaged in boosting onuch per boost.

Tartars at Kars. Above—The Turks Moving Everything Out of Kars

suppose, that he did not picture me as a cheap slave—"liberally no doubt" for exercising my singular ability to misrepresent noble suffering peoples. He failed to say just what it was I had written that riled him so, but if I am not mistaken he belongs to the interests that wish to stretch Armenia all the way across Asia Minor and fence its Turk-infested borders with American troops.

Though it may not be necessary, I shall say that I am not in chains of any kind and that I am not pro any territory grabber whatsoever. I am against them all. Having seen Armenia I would have my people go into the wretched country at whatever cost in mere money, take it by the scruff of its neck and set it on its feet. But I should want this done as quickly as possible; I should undertake nothing in the way of a continuing obligation; and if a single American life were sacrificed in the enterprise I should consider it a cost too great.

Yet we are sacrificing American lives even now. When I was in Erivan a fine American woman died of typhus. An infected louse crawled on her from someone she was engaged in helping and she died—an unregarded heroine. Others will die—many will die—but if any American is ever called upon to die in Armenia or any other country in warfare against anything but human suffering and degradation, dirt, disease and the conditions that make for social chaos I should want desperately to take a thousand worthless lives for his—as many American lives as may be necessary perhaps for the establishment of peace, prosperity and happiness among the peoples of the earth, but not one for the establishment of bases for future wars such as are being established throughout Southeastern Europe and in Asia Minor to-day. Am I not hard-hearted? And yet how my hard heart aches for the suffering half of the Armenian people!

What I wanted to know was how an ordinary traveler was to get to Armenia. Mr. Heinz was not able to enlighten me on this point. As a high government official he was entitled to transportation on an American naval yacht and a train of his own into the interior and was therefore enabled to escape a good many of the difficulties of the trip. But not so an ordinary traveler. And at that I cannot think it is particularly important how I managed. In connection with the managing I remember a week of tremendous effort to get a little definite information, during which I came to the conclusion that nobody knew anything and that for a grand hurrah of complete disorganization Constantinople under the direction of inter-allied high commissions beat anything topside of the globe we inhabit. There were American food ships running up to Batum now and then, but the next one was caught somewhere down near the entrance to the Dardanelles with something amiss in her machinery and was not likely to get up to Constantinople for goodness could only guess how long. No use depending on her.

Getting Into Armenia

THERE was nothing else available and it looked to me as though Caucasia was about as isolated as a region well could be. I went through all kinds of inquiry and uncertainty—in all the Entente languages—fatiguing explanation and renewed assurances of distinguished consideration, bother and bluff, hope and discouragement. Then I learned that the British were sending a troopship to Batum on a hurry-up call to bring away a lot of malcontents who had had enough of it. After which everything was quite smooth and easy. The British authorities not only put me aboard their trooper but they gathered up everybody else who was waiting in Constantinople for transportation to Batum.

As regards the malcontents, the British occupied Transcaucasia with men from the Saloniki Front who had been away from Blighty the better part of three years and who, having done what they believed to be their full duty, were somewhat overripe for release. I shall not forget the first of these men I encountered. His astounding unpleasantness made a lasting impression on me. He was driving the truck that came down to the dock at Batum to meet us.

A young captain of artillery, also from the Saloniki section and also disgruntled but in a polite and reasonable kind of way, was going up to Tiflis on intelligence service and had received instructions to see me through. He had wired ahead for some kind of motor transportation to get us from the dock to the railway station and that was how came the little truck was there. With

(Continued on Page 71)

The Cost

E INTIMATED lat I had sold my o something or ere. He did not say h, or to whom, but ested dire agen- of far-reaching un- tuusness with a dly that made me d if I had not in- erently stirred up the Dashnak- ton's most valuable chen. That secret et of too-often- lessable Armenians contributed its full re to the activities l monstrations t hve turned much mpathy for Armenia o evil speculation.

He referred to my ker and to those ere paying me erly no doubt"—ught to be grateful, I

PHOTO. BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Better Class Refugees in Russian Armenia

The Sins of Saint Anthony

By CHARLES COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE decline and fall of Anthony Osgood was the amazement of the summer at the Fairmoor Country Club, which was not altogether inexperienced in such moral catastrophes. The shock was not concentrated there, either. It thrilled and alarmed nearly every home of more than ten-thousand-dollars-a-year income in the semisuburban city to which Fairmoor is tributary. Yes, when Anthony fell, Evanston, Illinois, where many good Chicagoans go when they get through work, was shaken to its foundations and the family skeletons danced in their closets satirically.

Anthony's facile descent toward Avernus began the night when he sat drearily and alone on the Fairmoor veranda, his feet on the rail, a scowl on his brow and an ache in his heart, staring forlornly out over the eighteenth hole. He should have seen in the long summer twilight a landscape of shadowy enchantment—soft dusky groves framing a noble fairway that dipped down to meet a splash of water hazard silvered by the moon. He should have seen all this and been glad he was alive, but he did not. He saw nothing but the desolation of a life without love.

For he had just been turned adrift—painfully, finally, irrevocably—by Persis Meade, in whom he thought he had found his heart's desire, while the younger set of Fairmoor danced blithely in the pavilion. There he sat, all of Persis' girlish loveliness, which was dark haired, creamy skinned and demure, troubling his imagination; there he held solitary inquest over his dead romance. She had responded to him once and they had had their idyllic moments. But now! His agonies of disappointment, his convulsions of tortured pride, his chills of self-pity alternating with fevers of rage, are too harrowing a subject upon which to dwell. He was a man with a broken heart. Let him be spared too searching an analysis.

"Poor Tony!"

Something soft, white and fragrant dropped into a chair beside him and spoke with smiling tenderness.

"You're taking it hard as usual, aren't you?"

Anthony dropped his feet to the floor with a gloomy, aggressive thud and turned toward his visitor in unconcealed irritation. He wanted to be left alone to lick his wounds. When he saw who it was, however, he became a little less hostile.

"Oh, it's you!" he growled. "How did you know about it?"

"Yes, it's only me—Valeria," she answered sweetly. "Everyone knows about it, Tony. Everyone's talking about it and saying how sorry for you they are and laughing—as usual. There's something occult in the way these things get about."

No one but Valeria Vincent would have taken the liberty of speaking to Anthony about his tragedy in the first hour of its bitterness. But she was a privileged character. She was Fairmoor's youngest, prettiest and brightest widow, who had kept the charming slenderness of her maidenhood and improved upon its whimsical gayety. Valeria had a successful way of rushing in where other angels might well fear to tread—and she knew Anthony from olden times. Better than himself she knew Anthony.

"Even Persis is enjoying it," she observed cheerfully. "She is reveling in the admiring attentions of that ex-aviator who seems to have been your death knell."

"That sealskin-haired air lizard!" Anthony exploded. "She told me she was going to marry him as soon as he asked her! Well, I wish her luck."

"Tell the truth, Tony," she admonished.

"I hope she chokes!"

"That's better. Be a man, Tony. Be a rough, tough cave man. Don't be a noble soul as usual. So you haven't decided to be her good and constant friend, her faithful Dobbin, forever more, and sit with them by the fireside through the winter evenings playing with their children?"

Anthony snarled a vicious "No."

"Nice Tony! You're growing up. But you were that way with me, Tony—remember? Only the children didn't happen to come into the picture."

"Oh, well, you—Valeria—you were different," he answered more amiably. "Besides, that was a long time ago. It didn't mean so much then."

"Oh, didn't it?" she purred. "Thank you for reminding me how long ago it was. We were both twenty, weren't we, Tony? And you were my devoted slave. Such letters you used to write to me! I think I have some of them still. You should have gone in for literature instead of architecture, I believe. And then you went off to Boston Tech and I became an unexpected bride—a bartered bride, I suppose you thought. What did you do when you got my letter saying I was going to marry John Vincent?"

Persis' Sweet Alarm at This Declaration Was Wasted on a Desert Wire. Anthony Had Rung Off

"I don't remember. Got drunk, I suppose."

"Tony!" In mock horror.

"But not very drunk, I think."

"I'd like to show you the letter you wrote in answer. But we stayed friends. You're a dear, sweet soul, Tony. Shall I hold your hand to comfort you?"

But Anthony shrank away from the solace of feminine contact.

"Hating all women now, aren't you? Well, that's a good sign. Then after me there was Joyce Martin, and she blighted your life—and you've played golf with her ever since. Two years later Christine Reynolds led you on and tossed you off—and you've been pally with her and her husband up to date. Who was it next? Oh, yes, Felicia Colburn! A very serious case. Stunning girl, Felicia. Now the mother of handsome twins greatly admired by a certain Anthony Osgood. Then, just before Persis, there was Lucy Linn. We all thought you would certainly marry Lucy—or she would marry you. You seemed made for each other. What happened? I've always wondered."

Anthony laughed. It was an honest, human laugh. The fiend in his bosom seemed to have been exorcised by this review of his sentimental past.

"Patriotism impelled her to become the war godmother of a homesick jackie up at the Great Lakes station. She got engaged to him by correspondence. *C'est la guerre!*"

"That was a blow, Tony! You, a lieutenant in the camouflage department, jilted for a mere gob! But of course he went away to sea. Why didn't sweep her off her feet again?"

"I tried to, but it didn't work. Lucy h mania for the navy. An ensign got her."

"Oh, yes, I remember! Truly, Tony, yours is a long, story. I don't know what we are going to do about You seem to be a predestined bachelor."

"See here, Valeria," Anthony burst out, "be seriou a while and tell me what is the matter with me! Am homely to be faced across the breakfast table for life? when I think of the chimpanzees some of my old girls married. Am I a bad meal ticket? Well, I'm not the C of Monte Cristo or an oil-lands millionaire, but I do pr well, Valeria. Am I a rotten love-maker? I've certa had a lot of practice. Do I look as if there was a stra insanity in my family? Have I got a mean disposit Am I cross-eyed, splay-footed or otherwise physically fective?

"Tell me, as a woman of experience, why these th have to happen to me when the rest of mankind se to go round picking up the wives they want without slightest effort! Tell me and put me out of my mise

At this abject appeal Valeria made a series of little ing sounds with her tongue, symbolizing regret.

"You must be feeling very badly, Tony," she mured.

Anthony moaned that perhaps there was a upon him.

"Don't be romantic! Let me think. Perhaps you being spared and chastened for some high purpose. there must be another reason. No one else but could take such chances and still remain at larg have it! You—you ——"

She hesitated.

"Let the blow fall!" he urged.

"Well, here you are, thirty years old. You're great match, financially or socially, though you're enough. You're a pleasant companion to play r with, but there's nothing positively brilliant about You went to war and only got as far as Camp Cu You're not a hero. When you enter a room no ever says 'Here comes the great Tony Osgood.' Y not a scream or a hit or a sensation or the life o party. You're just average, Tony."

"Meaning, I take it, that I'm an inoffensive ki dub? All right, I am. I admit it. No one ever more like a dub than I do at the present minute. that's no reason. The beaming, happily married I know are ninety-nine per cent dub. Any dub ca married. That's axiomatic."

"True, O Tony. I was merely sketching in the ground of your portrait. Now I come to the high You're—you're too pure."

"I am what?" he roared.

"You're too noble, too sanctified, too virtuous. have a perfectly visible halo. You are, I said, too p

Anthony broke out into ironic laughter that starte echo down the glen by the moonstruck river. It w jeering, almost a diabolic laugh, and it annoyed Val She shook a reproving finger at him.

"I know what you mean by laughing at me like a ena," she retorted. "You are gloating over your s past. You would like to tell me about all the hor things you have done, but you don't dare to. Yet doesn't make any difference. You may not have lived a plaster saint. In Chicago you may drape the night scarlet curtains occasionally. But, Tony, you are n devil in your own home town."

Anthony chuckled rakishly.

"So I'm too pure, am I?"

"Yes, you are, you indecent wretch! You don't un stand at all what I mean. I have watched you at romances, and don't forget that we, too, lived in Ar once. The objects of your adoration are always enshr in stars, Tony. And you bow down and worship wi meek and holy expression on your unemotional cou nance. You go Galahading when you should be galliv ing. You haven't got much of a sense of humor and w you're in love you lose it entirely. You're always cha rainbows. You're a poor, silly, Early-Victorian ide and the wilder the girls get in this crazy age the tamer become.

"No woman could endure a lifetime of your high-mi saintly kind of love. I doubt if anyone could tolera single day and night of it. There's no thrill to you, To not a single thrill. There's nothing but mush."

"See here, this is going too far!" Anthony remonstr with an edge of wrath on his voice.

"Have I made you angry? I'm glad of it. Now ar you sorry you laughed at me? I'm going back to da No, you can't come with me. Be brave, Tony, and t be a brother to Persis—as usual!"

With this Valeria vanished in a dainty flutter toward the oing sounds of the wry-necked saxophone. Anthony ore under his breath, lighted a fresh cigar and resumed lonely vigil over the eighteenth hole. Mad ideas were thing through his brain. Presently when Persis Meade, iant with the pleasures of the dance, came philander- by with her air lizard Anthony rose and went out the parking place to find his car as if he were going battle.

n crises like this character is made or shattered. hony's was destroyed. He would show her—meaning eria! He would show them—meaning Valeria and sis! He would show all of them—meaning Joyce and istine and Felicia and Lucy!

II

P TO that time Anthony Osgood had been thoroughly unadventurous on the surface which he presented to native city. He had conformed to his environment; nston had set its placid seal upon him. Under the l of the genius of the place he had become correct, ined and apprehensive of public opinion. He firmly ved in being the kind of young man to whom suspi- s mothers would be glad to intrust their frolicsome ghters. He followed an artistic profession, but he ifested no more temperament than a time-table. His d was ordered by the eight-fifty-seven and the five- y-six. Ecclesiastical architecture was his specialty and ultivated it on the practical side by diligent church- g. He could be clubby with clergymen of every de- ination, but when the nineteenth hole crowd at moor began to tell Rabelaisian stories he listened with- laughter.

e was aware that the new age had brought a wild rtow into the life of the community where he vege- l; he could feel the cabaret fever pulsing through the ay night dancing parties at Fairmoor; but he depre- l these symptoms of the dominion of the flesh. He to dance, but when an ardent débutante tried the gle-hold and cheek-by-jowl technic of Terpsichore im he wondered what her mother was saying and ing.

course, like most of Evanston, he took his physical into the wilderness of Chicago every morning. One ng a bachelor friend seeking adventure had invited o dine with a pair of chorus girls. He had accepted, e assumed an incognito for the occasion. He believed in such matters one could not be too careful. The escapade—if it became an escapade, which it didn't—might be wafted by Dame Rumor, he thought, to the fair ear of Persis—or perhaps it was Lucy or Felicia—and would wound the sensibilities of that beatified young person who had a claim on his undivided attention. Which was typical of Anthony.

But the night when Valeria Vincent had told him the burning truth he said farewell to the influences of elms and ivy, of shady lawns with children playing on them, of bourgeois respectability, domestic virtue, the Woman's Club and the memory of Frances Willard. Valeria did to his code of life what the Germans did to Louvain: he straightway consecrated himself to ruin.

The next day he went to his bank and sold two thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, taking a Bolshevist joy in the thought that by so doing he was shaking the pillars of the nation.

This cash fund was to be devoted to revolt—to his own personal, single-handed assault upon the citadel of decent conduct. Even in depravity, it would appear, Anthony was methodical.

A few days later on a languid Sabbath morning Anthony, unable to break an old habit, sat in the library of the College Club, where he lived, improving his mind with the Atlantic Monthly. His studies were interrupted by a call to the telephone.

"Oh, Tony, I'm so sorry!"

It was the birdlike voice of Persis.

"Sorry about what?"

"You must be brave, dear Tony! I didn't think it meant so much to you!"

"What meant so much?"

"What I told you."

"When?"

"The other night at Fairmoor. Don't go to pieces, Tony! I am worried about you. I've heard how you drove up to the club in a taxi at four o'clock in the morning and didn't have your key, or couldn't use it, and made an awful racket until some one let you in—and about those awful men you had with you, whom you insisted on inviting in until the club watchman threatened to arrest them."

"You heard an earful! Did they tell you I had to be helped upstairs?"

"Yes, Tony! Do be a good child! Can't I do anything to help you?"

"Yes, you can do this: Tell your friends that the two men who came out with me and were treated so inhospitably by the watchman—who, as chairman of the house committee, I have just fired—were a pickpocket and a gunman for a labor union. I met them at a low dance hall and they're both good friends of mine. They didn't come out to rob the club, as the watchman seemed to suspect. I brought them out to show them my collection of naughty Japanese prints. Does that shock you? Wouldn't you like to see the prints yourself?"

"Tony, you've gone mad!"

"I'm the maddest thing in Evanston! You can say, also, that I had to be helped upstairs because I had been clawed on the ankle by a vampire."

Persis' sweet alarm at this declaration was wasted on a desert wire. Anthony had rung off.

III

THE story of Anthony's nocturnal eccentricity in questionable company, which had been more or less truthfully reported to Persis, was talked about freely at Fairmoor, but no great importance was attached to it. Everyone agreed that it was merely a case of Anthony drowning his sorrows—surprising, to be sure, in such an impeccable character but normal enough for the rest of mankind. Even Persis soon forgot her attack of conscience, though she could not explain away the wild tone of Anthony's telephone talk. She wondered if he really had a collection of naughty Japanese prints—and she asked all her friends about them. Anthony, in short, began to intrigue her.

At the next Friday dancing party, however, the change in Anthony became manifest to his world. He arrived as the proud possessor of Freya Svendson, and his ballroom demeanor was that of a man who has achieved his destiny. He posed abundantly in attitudes that seemed to say alternately "See what I brought in" and "I can't help it—it's a gift!"

If Freya Svendson had come in through the window in the form of an exploding hand grenade she hardly could have caused more excitement at Fairmoor. She was easily identifiable. She had sung small rôles with the Chicago Opera Company the winter before—sung them with the voice of a crow and the physical appeal of an unashamed barbarian. She was now doing the same thing in the summer-opera season at Ravinia. There was absolutely no reason for her appearance in grand opera unless her singing was to be regarded as comic relief—no reason, that is, except the inevitable one. But even this standard answer to artistic riddles could not be stated for Freya in terms of the personal equation.

Freya was a mystery. She was also a kind of obsession. Whenever anyone saw her, he or she couldn't stop talking about her for weeks.

She was very young and made like a Valkyrie. Her hair was tawny and so were her eyes. There were plenty of athletic types among the women of Fairmoor, but she towered over them like a goddess. Her face had a striking peasant beauty, carnal in every feature, and her figure was that of heroic animal youth vigorously sculptured.

(Continued on Page 127)

If Freya Svendson Had Come in Through the Window in the Form of an Exploding Hand Grenade She Hardly Could Have Caused More Excitement at Fairmoor

Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

Russian Radicalism—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE first revolution in Russia, in March, 1917, was a political revolution. The second revolution, in November, 1917, was an economic, a social revolution. The same sequence has occurred in Germany and in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The German revolution in November, 1918, was a political revolution. The numerous uprisings of the Spartacists, that only in Munich attained the dignity of a revolution, had an economic basis. The November revolution in Austria-Hungary was purely political. Following the elimination of the Hapsburg government the empire broke into six fragments, which, with pre-existing territory belonging to surrounding states, formed six fairly homogeneous nationalistic states: Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The second revolution in Hungary, in March, 1919, was a social revolution.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Village in Central Russia

Attempts to provoke a social revolution in Austria failed, partly by reason of the temperament of the people, partly because of the influence of the missions conducting relief in Austria under the direction of the Supreme Economic Council of Paris. The constitutional monarchies in Rumania and the kingdom of the S. H. S. were able, with the guidance of coalition cabinets and under the inspiration of new-found nationalism, to resist successfully the impulses toward revolution that proceeded from Russia. The new republics in Poland and Czechoslovakia were also able to resist further revolution, again largely through the strength of new-found nationalism. Political revolution occurred in Bulgaria, but the presence of the Army of Occupation prevented a social revolution.

The Inevitable Sequence

IN GREECE the party of Venizelos has been so completely in control of the situation that any revolution against the figurehead monarch was abandoned, in the face of the prosperity that came to Greece after the Armistice. Finland first achieved freedom from Russia, then succumbed to internal Bolshevistic revolution, only to have the conservative spirit of the nation reassert itself in the casting out of the reds, followed by the erection of a more or less stable white government, which has been recognized by the United States and her Allies.

Despite prosperity as a result of geographical position during the war there was great social unrest in Switzerland, Denmark, Holland and Sweden. Had the Bolshevistic wing of German socialism secured control of the government in Germany in any one of the numerous attempts at revolution during the first four months of the present year there is little doubt that these four nations would have been plunged into revolution.

This, therefore, was the sequence of events in each country, in meaning if not in incident: The first revolution brought change of government; the second revolution brought change in the organization of industrial society; the third step in the inevitable sequence is reversion of the economic revolution. This has already been accomplished in Germany and Hungary and is in course of realization in Russia.

It is impossible for Americans to visualize the conditions in Russia. Even Americans who had traveled

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Type of Home and People in Northern Russia. Above—Winnowing Wheat

in Russia extensively befo the war, were familiar wi her forms of governme and society, conversa with the characteristics the people, and enjoyed o portunities for first-ha acquaintanceship with t mixed Oriental-Occident features of Russian life find it very difficult to a alyze development sin 1914.

Propaganda

AMERICAN, English a French men of bu ness—mostly engineers, ganizers and administrat in large Russian indu tries—who remained Russia through the peri of active participation the great war, through t Kerensky régime, and varying periods of time si the establishment of t present government, bring out relatively clear-cut often somewhat conflicting statements of conditions. W these must be contrasted the descriptions of Germans similar type who left Russia on the declaration of w in August, 1914, but returned after the treaty of Bre Litovsk. Numerous missions visited Russia during 19 and 1918, but there has been little direct or indirect c tact during 1919. On the other hand, from wit outward there has been since November, 1917, steadily increasing stream of propaganda, extendi in all directions and to great distances, purporting present the case of Russia to the proletariat of the Central Powers, to the peoples of the Allied and sociated governments and to the neutral natio This propaganda has been carried on partly in pri partly through the spoken word of Russians who ha come out and of non-Russians who have gone in observe and come out to report. The publications the present Russian Government addressed to its o people are now available to a certain extent. T larger extent in Germany, to a lesser extent in E land, France and in this country, translations available of important governmental documen manifestoes, programs, transactions of congress minutes of political meetings and decisions of higher bodies of the government. From this all can obtain a rough panoramic picture that is inconsistent with our conception of the Russian peo before the war. Of all nations of the world, cept the Chinese, Rus is the least articulate a speaks with the feebl tongue.

Of the population Russia at the outbreak the war, 185,000,0 some 155,000,000, eighty-five per cent, w agrarian, including this term the inhabita of towns that were pur agricultural in their tivities. Russia w therefore, an overwhel ingly agrarian state, land having the heavi urban population. R sia was a collection of lated Slavic tribes, wh centralization was complished under bureaucracy that rep sented the church a the czar; there was cohesion of a unifyi spirit of nationalis Divided into aristocra middle class or bou geoisie, and worki class, really proletari nine-tenths belong

he submerged working masses not over one per cent be-ged to the aristocracy, leav-a heterogeneous middle class was quite as agrarian as in-rial in interests.

he government of the czar very bad. There was little onal liberty, no freedom of ch or of the press. The gov-nent from top to bottom was rated with corruption, in-petent in administration and id of social conscience. Vio-ns of law—whether classed rimes against the political nization, the social fabric, church or property—were shed with hideous severity. secret police were on every t, in every home, in every stry. Labor was shamelessly rpaid; the standards of life e poorer classes in country city were wretched past de-tion. Though the country man rich, land rich and l rich, nine-tenths of the le were submerged in poverty, degradation and ring, though in the purely animal sense the e were warmly housed and adequately fed.

norant and superstitious, the masses still re-d, generation after generation, elemental traits wer, goodness and idealism that were very kable, under the total circumstances of their Almost animalistic in mentality, the Russian pass in a moment from the naïveté of a child to rocity of a beast. The systematic cultivation of olism, encouraged by the state monopoly of spir-id resulted in a lamentable physical deterioration aturally virile race.

ough Russia had great scientists she had no pub-nitation. The great musicians, painters and t's of Russia drew from the unhappiness of her e the elemental material that gave to their cre-their greatest qualities; but they gave little Russian people—they gave to the world and to ture. It is not an accident that the Russian munists have made daily use of the Marxian expres-'dictatorship of the proletariat"; because of all sian peoples Russia possessed a proletariat that rponds to the definition of Marx.

Foreign Control of Manufactures

necessary to recognize two streams in the develop-nt of events in Russia since the declaration of the war. From the agrarian stream proceeded the soviet; the industrial em, commu-n The different tns and reac-sof agriculture ban industry ntrol develop-tin the future. ustry, in the d n economic eof the word, i Russia before ur practically hands of for-el. The capital rtly foreign. gineers, man-s, rganizers and nistrators were e foreigners. il American duers, like the ge Sewing Ma-e ompany, the er an Radiator mpny and the ernational Har-ter ompany, had e ants in Rus-Labor was cheap nufacturing anitions of the ld were coming the view that it better to estab-plats in Russia ing Russian imported basic erials, manufac-e with Russian

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Beggars at Fair. Good Bolsheviki Now Above—A Farm Wagon on a Military Road

labor articles for the Russian trade than to ship in finished articles from abroad. But whether the plant was foreign or Russian, the men in control of operations were largely foreigners. A large percentage of these foreigners were Germans; certainly they exceeded in number any other nationality, and probably exceeded them all. These foreign men in control of operations were efficient in their operations downward—that is, in the actual running of the plants. Upward, in their relations to finance and government, they were often the victims of exploitation.

All over the world Russian buyers played fast and furious with graft in placing contracts. Dishonesty in business was almost a byword in the country, except in the dealings of the foreign experts who gave to Russia the larger part of the efficiency that she possessed. When the great war broke out these engineers, managers, organizers and administrators began to leave Russia. The Germans naturally had to leave. The British, French and Americans were gradually withdrawn as industry in Russia declined and as their services at home became more imperatively needed. The British and French representatives were withdrawn relatively early; the Americans remained longer. But within the last year practically all the Americans have left the country.

Now these men were the brains of Russian industry; through them alone Russian labor found an effective application. They understood costs of production. They were able to adapt their processes in distribution to the exigencies of Russian transportation.

Industry Shot to Pieces

THEY understood the market requirements of each section of the huge country. And they were experts in credits and finance. Having largely created these Russian industries, when they left Russia the efficient management of the great industries almost disappeared. Coincident with this inevitable deterioration in the civilian industries the government undertook a huge program of manufacture of implements of war, and the best brains that Russia possessed were placed in war work. The deterioration of the civilian industries was continuous and progressive. Lacking external control, graft raged more riotously than ever, in both civilian and military industries; corruption became the rule rather than the exception, applied to quantity and quality of output as well as to price.

This deterioration found its most severe expression in the operations of railways and mines and in the manufacture of agricultural implements. The railway equipment was largely of foreign model and the upkeep was principally in the hands of foreign experts. The mines were dependent upon foreign equipment to an appalling extent. The efficient instruments of agriculture were to a goodly extent manufactured in Russia by American plants. There were, however, large German plants in Russia; and they imported also finished implements, principally from Germany, Austria-Hungary and the United States. With each month importations dwindled and manufacturing receded. Primarily as the expression of the incapacity of the Russian people, the machine equipment of the nation has progressively deteriorated since 1914.

The government of Kerensky failed to effect any improvement. Under the government of Lenine and Trotzky the deterioration has been still further aggravated. One must be fair on this point—the communistic government did not ruin the industries of Russia, these had been previously incapacitated by incompetent management; but the communistic government

(Continued on Page 62)

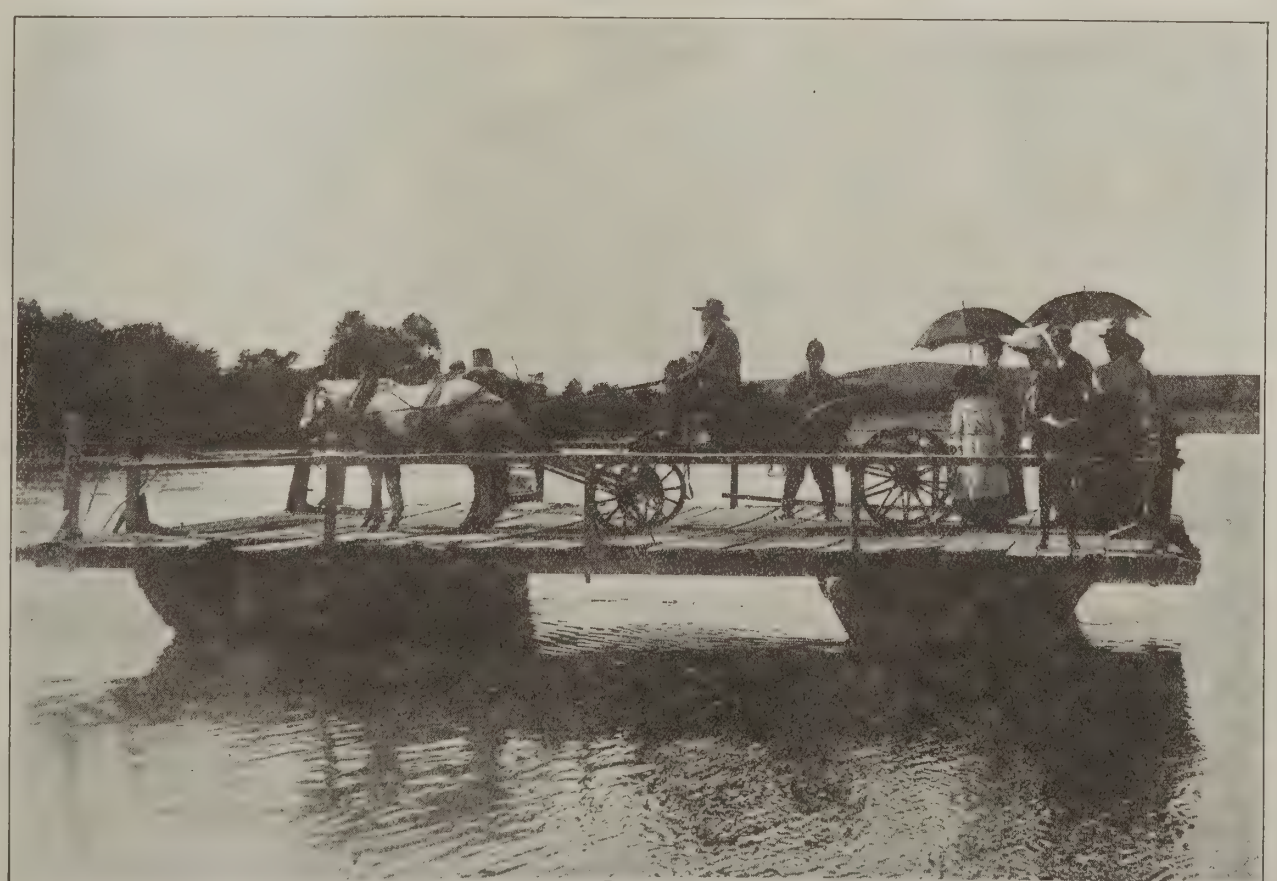


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Crossing the River at Nikolskoe, Siberia

BRAWN VERSUS BRAIN

By Albert W. Atwood

A COLLEGE professor once gave his class a hypothetical question, as the lawyers say, in the problem of wages. He asked what would happen if business ability became very common while at the same time the human race so deteriorated in physique that only a few men remained capable of holding a plow and handling a pick.

"As in the days of Achilles the huge warrior was the admired hero," said the professor in answer to his own question, "so in a society where common labor was scarce the much envied person would be the brawny workman. He would be highly paid . . . and that which is scarce and paid for at a high rate commands general esteem. No doubt the muscular laborer would look down with contempt on the rest of mankind; precisely as the capitalist business man regards with contempt the day laborer. Social lines would be turned topsy-turvy."

We haven't quite reached that stage. Business ability has not become a drug upon the market, and muscle is still fairly common. But freight engineers in numerous cases are getting larger wages than the salaries paid to the governors of thirteen states. Thousands of clergymen receive less than day laborers or window cleaners. Assistant secretaries of state receive no more than skillful machinists.

After seven years of university education and the grueling examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, instructors in universities often draw down the same wage as the men who rake leaves and remove ashes on the campus. The pay of these instructors in one of the largest and richest universities in the country is less than that of motormen, though the latter learn their trade in a few weeks or months. When this great and famous university promotes its instructors after perhaps years of service to the rank of assistant professor it pays them almost exactly the standard wage of carpenters, and when the highest peak of the profession, full professorship, is reached, the pay just about equals that of a locomotive engineer.

In an Illinois coal town miners averaged $217.78 a month recently and the fifteen teachers in the schools were paid $55 a month each. In Philadelphia one boarding-house keeper who preferred to cater to school-teachers had to give them up and take laborers because the teachers could not afford the price of her board.

The manager of an employment bureau for soldiers, sailors and marines received two phone requests within a few minutes of each other, one for laborers at $37.20 a week and the other for a college professor of mathematics at $1000 a year, or $19.23 a week.

It Can Never Profit the State to Underpay its Own Workers, for They are the Guardians and Protectors of the Whole People

We Laugh Because It's True

GRAVEDIGGERS in New York recently struck for a higher wage, though they had been getting more than many elderly bookkeepers in the same city had ever received. But why multiply instances? One need but read the want columns in the daily papers to collect a whole arsenal of such cases. One may read of such instances as that of the schoolboy who was so defective mentally that he was forced to leave school and at once secured a job which paid only a dollar a year less than was received by the school-teachers who tried to instruct him. Or if you prefer to observe the social revolution more gayly you can do it through the humorous weeklies, where a typical joke reads like this:

EMPLOYER: For this job you've got to know French and Spanish, and the pay is eighteen dollars a week.

APPLICANT: Lord, mister, I ain't got no edication; I'm after a job in the yards.

EMPLOYER: See the yard boss. We'll start you at forty.

What we apparently observe all about us is that brawn and no training enjoy greater rewards than brain and years of training. Literally of course the mere possession of an average strong physique does not enable a laborer to earn big money right at the start. He must have some training and apprenticeship. In a few exceptional cases this is very long indeed, almost as long as that of the college professor. Perhaps the longest is that of the locomotive engineer.

But in the vast majority of wage-earning occupations the period of preparation is a mere nothing as compared with that of those who follow so-called brain occupations. Often it is only a few months; in numerous cases only a few weeks. Certainly it is true that strong men learned to drive rivets in ships in a few weeks or months, thereby earning wages of $60 a week and more. A glass manufacturer recently stated that he had men who were earning $100 a week, and that their trade could be learned in three weeks. Probably his statement is one-sided and prejudiced, but at least it reflects general tendencies.

Apparently the intellectual leaders of society—professors, teachers, clergymen and all manner of technicians—are falling far behind in the money race as compared with wage earners. More than that, the physical supports of society—the policemen, firemen, army and navy officers and government and municipal employees generally—these also are falling far behind.

How long, it may be asked, can power, prestige and dignity run counter to financial status? How long will it be before the flannel shirt rather than the white collar becomes the badge of social position? Will not the job instead of the position admit one to society? Can professors who receive less than cotton-mill help continue to impress high standards of culture if they lose their relative social standing? Will men toil and study to become authorities on water supply and electrical systems if they are paid less than coal miners?

For if the professor and technician cannot afford automobiles and servants and the wage earner can and in time does learn to buy and hire these luxuries the social differences and distinctions seem bound slowly to shift.

It is true of course that there many reasons, many explanations for curious and spectacular discrepan in pay cited in the first few p graphs of this article. That a loco tive engineer receives slightly n than a governor may prove of co that the governor receives too li But that is by no means the w story.

There are many thousands of in every state who would actually a salary to be made governor bec of the prestige, power, position, in ence and connections afforded.

But we can throw aside all these treme cases and still find ourselve the midst of great changes. One of assistants in a soldiers, sailors and rines' reëmployment bureau, which found positions for nearly 25,000 told me before discussing the subje this article that he had in his busi lifetime placed 75,000 men—35, in the last few years.

Curiosities of Wage Scales

"WHEN I started in business 1908," he said, "bookkeepers to be really good to get $75 a mo and a machinist had to be good make $20 to $22 a week, working f two hours. That is, the pay was al exactly the same, the machinist re ing only a trifle more.

"Now the bookkeeper receives $ week, and the machinist ninety cent hour, which is $40 a week if there i overtime. But he gets time and a for overtime, and double pay on day. If he works overtime to any tent he makes a good deal more t $40 a week. But that is not the w comparison, for the bookkeeper p ably gets nothing for overtime. failure to pay salaried workers for o time is a great abuse and becomi more serious problem every day."

"But doesn't the bookkeeper ha far better chance of promotion than machinist?" I asked.

"That is the common idea," was reply; "and the employer excuses failure to pay a decent salary to bookkeeper by always impressing u him the big business viewpoint, by ing to teach him his connection with the man ahea him whom he is going to succeed. But the fact is the machinist has just as good, in some respects a be chance to go ahead. He is in direct line for toolma and the toolmaker is in direct line for foreman.

"Employers come to us even now with the high co living and try to get clerks for $14 and $16 a week, tho we can get $18 a week for any boy to learn the rubber- business, and the shipyards pay forty cents an hou learners.

"One of my friends, a prosperous business man, k telling me that I am doing a bad work because I will place anyone at less than $18 a week. 'What are we d ing to?' exclaims this man, who believes I am addin social unrest by refusing to place men at small wages.

"There are commercial concerns in this city where must be a crackajack penman to earn $18 a week. Th are bookkeepers fifty-eight years old sitting on high st still getting $25 a week. One of the largest concerns in country recently offered $25 a week to a man thirty- years old with nine years' experience to be assistant t credit manager."

All the teachings both of common sense and of econo would lead us to expect that too great a shift in the fi cial status of, let us say, college professors and win cleaners will tend in time to right itself. Let us supp that college instructors continue to receive $1200 a y and window cleaners push their wages up to $100 a Will not the ranks of professors be thinned out and thos window cleaners enlarged? In time there would not enough candidates for professors and too many for win cleaners. Then the financial compensation would ad itself accordingly.

Such contrasts are extreme and impossible. I con them up merely to raise the question as pointedly as possi

ctual practice there is already a considerable shift from ical to manual work under way, as shown by the reëm- ment of service men. More than 1300 men who were ks before they entered service have consented, in onse to the suggestion of the reëmployment committee ew York City, to change over to manual labor. Young ice men came into the bureau and when asked what r previous occupation had been, replied "Clerical." y were directed to a vocational counselor, who as likely ot suddenly felt of their muscle.

Say, buddy," remarked the vocational counselor, u're a husky young fellow, all right. Why don't you to the shipyards or the glass works? We've got some on pictures of those lines right here. You'll enjoy see- hem anyway, even if you don't go into the works, and u do go in you'll be earning from $40 to $60 a week re long."

the 1300 clerks who fell for this argument many have me machinist specialists, lathe workers, electricians, workers on telephone installation, jewelry, flat silver, the like.

he soldier had been a professor of mechanical engineer- efore the war, on a salary of $2400 a year. He was per- ed to take a position as supervisor—a sort of under rintendent—in a shipyard, where he will receive from) to $1.40 an hour and much more for overtime.

big husky Irishman, twenty-nine years of age, had a bookkeeper. He had taken an accounting and cial course in an Irish college, but the best bookkeep- ob he could get as he left the service was for $25 a .

was persuaded to go into a shipyard, where he will ve fully as much as an apprentice as he would as a keeper, and probably $60 a week after he learns the , which will not be more than three months at the most. e boy announced that he hoped to sell gas engines some nd said that he knew gas engines and mighty little He was readily persuaded to take a job in the factory automobile company. When the arrangement had made he said: "That's all right. My father says workers are underpaid fools." It later proved that his r was a man worth three-quarters of a million dollars.

More Jobs Than Soldiers to Fill Them

HE newspapers and even more in conversation one ds and hears much in the way of complaint at the up- ttitude of ex-service men when they apply for jobs. are said to be unreasonable in their demands, reject- l working conditions that fall short of perfection.

hy, they won't take a job now," said one disgusted siessman, "unless it's on the same block where they live." ts of course a well-known fact that many young officers, eally, have had an awful comedown since they left the ve. This has been even more true in England than e Many majors and lieutenant colonels attained their ions in the British Army through being promoted on ld. The casu- ie were greater ually than in our , and many of srelatively high cs had been in h humble walks if before the war. a rate they had nwage earners. avorite story Great Britain a months ago had dwith the waiter a afé who made otly bow to an eully consider- stomer, and nated in a low ce as the cus- ne handed him a d started to ve "Three weeks a eutenant colo- ow a waiter." In England and an many officers ve ad to go back rel ively humble cu ations. The ne true here to les extent. But e oblem is ren- red nore difficult th fact that of- ers leaving the vi often over- e eir executive ilit They feel at ecause they ve ndled men in military life they can run a factory. Disillusion has awaited many of them.

While older professional men, such as physicians and lawyers, often gave up good practices to enter the service, and find that they must make a sacrifice to get back into their professions, the real problem is with the younger officers, especially with young men who had graduated from college just about the time they entered service. These boys now feel in many cases that they cannot take anything less than $3000 or $4000 a year to start with.

It is natural of course that men should expect to better their positions in life after serving their country, and especially after having held responsible positions. But employers are rare who will pay such salaries to men whose only business experience has been as second lieutenants. The adjustment between the natural desire to pave the way for service men and the hard facts of the market is a delicate one. But it is only fair to say that much of the criticism of service men for their refusal to accept many of the jobs or positions offered to them is wholly unfounded. There is an entirely natural explanation of the attitude of these men toward the average opening which they refuse.

At the reëmployment bureau in New York City there has never been a time when available jobs did not exceed by three to four thousand the number of applicants. This is what has given rise to the widespread criticism of the supposed unreasonableness of the service men. But the character of these jobs is very significant. Many are poorly paid clerical positions where the salary is too low to live on. More important, however, is the fact that there is always a surplus of jobs at cleaning windows, cutting grass, tending furnaces and the like. But these are pieces of work which the great majority of men simply will not take because they are blind-alley jobs without any future.

"A man with brains, who has been in an occupation where brains are essential or who has had anything from a high-school education up, can be persuaded to go into manual labor if you show him where he is going to make big money at it in the future," is the way Major Warren Bigelow and his assistants in charge of the New York reëmployment bureau put the case.

"Men who have had a high-school education simply will not cut grass, tend furnaces, clean windows or do any of these other common garden variety of jobs. They can be persuaded to sacrifice the æsthetic, to take the cash and let the credit go, as Omar said, if you can show them where there is real money at the end, such as riveting in the shipyards or toolmaking."

At another reëmployment bureau in the same city, run by the Knights of Columbus, it was said that a tendency for former clerks and accountants to go into manual work was plainly discernible. Many instances were cited, one case being that of an applicant who had no money and only the shabbiest of old service clothes. He said he had been an accountant, but at first was not believed because of his uncouth appearance. His beautiful penmanship, however, proved the truth of at least part of his story. He had no desire to go back into clerical work and was readily persuaded to take a job in a printing office involving manual work.

As I entered this labor hut of the Knights of Columbus I noticed an especially large crowd of men surrounding a table. Most of them looked like manual workers and had been such before the war. But quite a few were clerks. These men were being employed by a manufacturer of phonographs for factory work. The day before ninety had been accepted, and fifty up to noon of the day that I visited the place. The representative of the employer was very frank in relating the drawbacks of the work as well as its advantages.

"You have to work in a room which is hot all the time," he said. "We have two thousand fans to keep it as cool as possible, but it's round eighty degrees. You have to pay your own fare up there"—fifty miles away—"and we pay you nothing until you have worked a week. That is, we hold back the first week's pay. Also it will cost you $3 a week in advance to get a bedroom. But you don't need any previous experience, and we pay you forty cents an hour while you are learning. I learned in three days. Of course a few people never do get onto it, but the average time is only ten days. Then we put you on piecework."

Piece Workers Decline to be Foremen

"WHEN you get on piecework you can earn from $5 to $10 a day. A great many of the workers make from $6 to $7 a day. That is fairly common. One man worked last Sunday and made $25, at the double-time rate for Sunday work."

"Is there any future in this work?" I asked as more and more applicants gathered round and listened to our conversation.

"We can't get people to take foremen's jobs," was the reply. "The faster ones make so much on piecework that they don't want to become foremen on salaries."

"But is the work regular?" I persisted. "Aren't there any slack seasons and unemployment?"

"We have never had any yet, and there won't be as long as people buy phonographs and records, and the Du Ponts and Rockefellers continue to invest their money."

But as far as can be learned the shift from clerical to manual labor is mostly confined to men who are out of jobs, to service men. There are not many evidences of a change among workers who are already placed. Certainly the defection of a few thousand clerks in the largest city in the country is hardly going to starve the clerical occupations in the metropolis enough to push salaries upward. After all it is only a drop in the ocean. Indeed, the plain fact is that as yet there is no noticeable rush of men from professional and clerical life over into manual work. The black-coated salariat is not pouring into the ranks of the proletariat by any means.

During the war a few professors and clergymen worked as common laborers in the shipyards, and the newspapers made a big feature of it. Photographs were published in the Sunday papers of a distinguished preacher standing in a shipyard with a pick in his hand.

It is true also that a few society women in New Haven worked in munition works, and the local papers expanded the incident in a breathless manner. Patriotism led quite a number of persons temporarily out of theirnormalgrooves. Efforts were made likewise in several localities to force men out of women's jobs and into men's jobs.

"Many men are still tearing ribbons in a dry-goods store who ought to be pulling a bell cord over the back of a mule," said Cliff Williams, in charge of the labor recruiting work in several Southern states.

But the war did not last long enough

(Continued on Page 165)

DRAWN BY CHARLES MARSENS, JR

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

"Not So Loud," She Continued. "The Fog Carries Sound, and You Never Know Who's Behind the Hedge"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIV

COLONEL RYKER, bolt upright, square-shouldered, stern-lipped, a martinet, looked through stony eyes at the head of the house of Lingard and imperturbably waited to hear what dot his fiancée was to receive. Roger, owllike, solemn, wished to bellow laughter at a scene which seemed incredibly a burlesque. Dorothy's guardian. And a marriage portion not asked but demanded. He bristled with antagonism and wished to challenge the successful wooer on every ground, including that of birth. He had a strong but not unbiased conviction that Bickley Ryker was mercenary and that he would not make Dorothy happy. The situation was the more ridiculous for the reason that Roger was in khaki, had begun the interview with a respectful salute, and was plainly expected to remember that he was a private addressing a colonel.

"When I left here before," Colonel Ryker explained, "I told you that Miss Lingard and I hadn't hit it off."

"That," Roger answered dryly, "puts it mildly."

"People gossiped and exaggerated," the colonel said. He explained that there had been a bit of scene, that letters of apology had crossed. "Dorothy slanged the army," he said, "and, like a good sportsman, wrote to say she was sorry. I had slanged her, and I wrote. That's the way the letters began. We've understood each other these two weeks now. I've not seen her yet; I shan't see her if you don't do the proper thing."

Roger bent forward and stared incredulously into the stern, steady eyes. "You'd throw her over if I didn't make her an allowance?"

He rapped out the words sharply.

Colonel Ryker shook his head. "She wouldn't call it that," he said. "She'd say I was playing straight. We couldn't live on my pay. If you don't do the usual thing I shall have to write and tell her, and of course she'd call it off. She'd have to."

"But you say she's fond of you?" said the surprised Roger.

"She is, and I of her. But my position and hers have got to be kept up. When peace comes I may revert as low as captain. We couldn't do on the salary."

"Suppose," the curious Roger said, "that I take the American view and refuse any allowance, do you really mean that you'd go away without seeing her?"

"The only fair thing," the colonel said. "It would upset her no end if we met. It wouldn't be easy for me. It's on the cards that we might lose our heads."

The colonel paused. He came so near to showing emotion that Roger became slightly more sympathetic.

"That's the truth," Ryker resumed. "I can't trust myself, and if she was equally weak we might do the impossible romantic and go off and get married. That would be taking advantage of her."

Roger conceived further respect for this imperturbable suitor, who no doubt was playing the game according to the English rules.

"In the States we take a chance," he said.

"You can lose your place in the line over there, and come back. Not here. I'm a soldier, nothing else. I am of humble birth. She couldn't marry me if I gave up the army when peace comes, and tried to make money. She'd lose her friends. She'd lose her caste. My uniform redeems my birth. I must stick to soldiering, and she must have a marriage settlement."

"Even love," Roger said, "goes by rule in this country."

"We think ours the better way," the colonel rejoined. "Over there if you care for a girl you and she gamble with fate. If you fail she pays the price, not you. She breaks her heart over petty economies, and her back over servant's work."

"We work together—and win," Roger cried indignantly.

"Have it your way," the colonel answered. "Over here it's different."

Roger was struck by a bright idea. "Suppose I were to ask you and Dorothy to manage the property," he suggested. "I want to live over there, not here. We could fix up terms." He was pleased. Dorothy would still be mistress of St. Dyfrigs. "What would be your policy?"

"Not yours," the uncompromising Ryker answered. "I've heard of your concessions. You're on the wrong tack. You don't see that this lawless spirit will die away as times get settled. The man who holds the whip hand now will be the man who holds it then." The colonel bent forward and snapped his jaws hard together twice before resuming. "I should drive every dissatis man off the estate—farmer, farm laborer, tager, no matter who. I should show them t there is one landed proprietor in the cour who is ready to stand by his rights. You pour oil flames. I should turn on the cold water of common sen The colonel's lips set sternly in a hard straight line.

"You are more Tory than the duke," was the surpri Roger's comment.

"The duke," the colonel retorted, shrugging his squ shoulders, "is managed by a frightened lady. In the l run the British people will stand by authority and look to their superiors."

"Of whom," Roger asked, "you are one?"

"Of whom," the unmoved colonel answered, "I am War has given me my chance. His Majesty's commiss and my marriage fix my standing."

"It seems to me," Roger said bluntly, "that you marrying for position and money."

The colonel shot a significant glance and bowed col

"Please say it out," Roger politely begged.

"If you care to hear it," was the response. "I expec of course to have to put up with a lot. You Yankees a crude people, who fancy yourselves so much that you spise customs different from your own. Not one of ever comes to Europe to see what he can learn."

"Every Britisher," Roger interrupted sarcastica "who ever went to the United States went to learn course!"

"The older and more polished civilization," the col responded, "does not go to the younger to be instruct A mother does not visit the nursery to learn."

"Nevertheless, wisdom has been known to fall from lips of children," Roger said with perfect good humor. had an odd respect for this man who came to ask for mo and yet declined to bend one inch to get it.

"Anyhow," the colonel pursued, "I couldn't accept y suggestion. Dorothy cannot stay here. She would coldly treated by some of her friends who would not acc me. In India, for instance, I am a soldier only. Eve body will know that I am the son of a cottager, but I sh have an established standing."

Roger nodded. "What would the usual thing be?" asked.

'Any solicitor accustomed to family matters," the colo- explained, "would tell you that you should settle a usand pounds a year on trustees for Dorothy's benefit. u would be one trustee. The lawyer might be another. e sum would be paid to her, and on her death the princi- would be divided equally among her children as soon he youngest should reach the age of twenty-one."

You look far ahead."

Better that than to look behind with regret."

All right," Roger agreed. "I'll do what you want."

Thank you," the colonel said, rising. "I hoped you ld do the fair thing."

oger smiled at thanks so casual. "I will see Dorothy," aid. "I will do what she wants. It will rest with her— with Miss Turle."

he colonel looked as much surprised as he could. He been so strenuously checking emotion through years der to get the correct manner that he had in part lost power to feel.

You told me that you had turned Miss Turle down," er reminded him. "If you treated her unfairly ——"

It is not usual to to the lady in e matters." Colo- Ryker had the pa- manner of one explains to a child. ere is nothing t Miss Turle to in or to regret. e was a mutual est. Conditions ged. The incident losed."

little girl came a telegram. It or- Sergeant Kellie to report in Lon- he next morning al medical exam- tion in connection his application scharge from the th Army.

've a lot of things s to, colonel," he "I accept your about Miss Turle, rse, and shall not to her. When I back I will see hy. I congratu- ou."

hank you. Good rning." The colonel ued. Roger re- the salute and i away to an ap- ment with John it of the Elvers.

forceful and ec- farmer gathered April from an of the Severn incredible crop of which are baby te size of worms. e on the beach lightly pressed into s they were er sought for as a cy by all the y about, and s highly appre- ecs had been the er lampreys which ding John. The ilty's operations e estuary had pposed to inter- wh the spring run heels, and Farmer thdemanded the o the estate in nuting a claim for pensation.

But hen Roger ar- d t the isolated mhouse he found t o er things than s sorbed the ner attention. An om ile was leaving farmyard. It bore ee adies waving e flgs and a large ca which said ote or Pritchard."

In the middle of the farmyard burned a huge bonfire, consuming a solid old cellar door. Farmer John Smith stood with folded arms watching the flames as a high priest might stand watching a funeral pyre. The attitude of this broad-shouldered John Bull, his set face, his absorption, were indications which made approach seem intrusion on some sacrificial rite; so Roger sidled round behind a hayrick and came plump on Miss Elliott. She put a finger to her lips and looked at him from eyes of laughter.

"His wife's first vote under the new law," she murmured. "The Liberals have come for her and she's gone with them. He's Tory, and he's gone mad, simply mad. His language!" Miss Elliott's tone expressed awe and condemnation; yet her eyes expressed admiration.

"Dorothy's engaged," was his hardly apposite answer.

Miss Elliott's little start and tiny frown preceded a smile. "My sincerest congratulations," she said.

"Why congratulate me?" he murmured.

He could distinctly hear her sharp intaken breath. She bent forward and searched his eyes. He tried to look like a sphinx and felt unaccountably happy.

"Not—not ——"

"Yes, he. You are a seeress. You are a prophet. I'm no Lingard. I'm degenerate. I could not go after her with an ax, and so I have lost her. Yes, it's Colonel Ryker."

Miss Elliott was unable to hide the fact that she breathed with difficulty. She even put her hand over her heart and Roger promptly seized it. She took his in a friendly grasp.

"You have played the game," she commended, speaking a little jerkily, "and now—now you are free for the real girl, for Charity."

A crash from the fire, a cry from the farmer, a running to the rick and a stamping on ignited hay. Roger's arm was seized by a great hand and he was led to the bonfire. The lintels had burned through, the door was warping and the old hinges were red hot.

"Fifty year ago," Farmer Smith bellowed, "my father laid down some '51 port. The day before I come of age he wanted to get some and decant it and they said as my mother had the keys to the cellar and was gone to the vicarage for a meeting. He had the cellar door—look, there's what's left of it—dug out, postesses and all, and put in a wagon; and he sent it to the vicarage. 'Tell Mrs. Smith,' says he, 'you've got the keys and here's the door for you likewise.'"

The farmer paused and gazed mournfully on the burning symbol of bygone mastery.

"We kept the door in the shed ever since," he went on dejectedly, "and rainy days I rubbed it over with linseed oil, and when I was married I took the missus there and told her the tale, and she was a little blue-eyed girl then, and she put her arm through mine and she says: 'John, you must always keep the cellar key yourself,' and I says: 'That's the talk, lass.'" The farmer wheeled and spurned with his boot the burning door. "And now," he cried with a sudden change of manner, "she's got the damned vote, and she's gone and voted Liberal!"

He turned to the house, hesitated, came back. "There's three bottles left," he said. "It's got to be finished to-day. You're welcome to help."

"Steady on," the tactless Roger pleaded. "It's no crime to vote Liberal."

Farmer Smith glared at him, turned away and stamped into the kitchen. The sound of crashing bolts rent the air. The port was to be drunk alone, and the wife to be locked out.

Roger hurried back to the rick. Miss Elliott's head was projected round its corner and her face was all laughter. "I came to beg a glass of milk as I was passing," she explained, "and stumbled on this scene. Alas for the departed glory of man." They walked together out of the farmyard in silence. A November mist rolling from the river behind clammily surrounded them and gave them a sense as of isolation from all the world.

(Continued on Page 89)

"The Hull Just Seemed to Fall in Two Parts by the Bridge. I Fell Right Into the Opening"

FORTUNE'S DARLING

V

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Driven Through What Had Been Their Bed, Quivering, Stuck the Long Blade of a Spear

AT DAWN a high tandem cart with two cobs jumping and jingling awaited Dan Towers and Runa La Flèche in the garden by their veranda. Some liveried shadow drove it, a man from the Ibrahim stables. And as it clattered off carrying them through dead streets a wagon driven by another shadow of Ibrahim's followed, with Amra Khan cross-legged on a peak of baggage. They went spanking out from town; hoofs and harness chain made music along a road concealed by bluish vapor. It was passing music, unregarded, for the rest of the world lay abed.

"We can understand how she got so clear away," said Dan.

"How, yes," his friend, wrapped to the chin against morning mist, replied fretfully. "We do not understand the why."

Cockcrow rang through the woods, a succession of bantams far off repeating their high, thin challenge. Now and again the cart whirled past a village—thatched boxes on the clean-trod floor of a grove—where some old man who could not sleep wandered alone, smoking tobacco and considering the dawn. At sunrise Ibrahim's horses forded a little brown river like a narrow pond shut in by forest. Afterward came green leaves by the mile, thick, dark, motionless, covering a road which had become plain earth and which the sun, though piercing hot, rarely shone upon or even blurred with patterns of brightness. The cobs began to sweat. Amra Khan's wagon overtook them and followed close at an easy jog.

"Not far to the wilds," declared Runa. He had thrown off his wrappings of care, and lolled barefoot, very cheerful, in helmet, shirt and trousers. "With the rotten cities behind, one is free."

Indeed they now passed fewer and fewer dwellings, farther apart, more humble. The last and greatest kampong, a mere lane of tawny bamboo houses peeping from ladders through betel and plantain ambush, disgorged men, girls, naked children, who swarmed down to admire Ibrahim's horseflesh, and were herded by a lanky Sikh, the tallest man in town, his red turban quietly presiding over all. Even this crowd gathered only to flee at once; for here the noonday rain broke, turned the woods black as night, filled the road with blinding spray and drove everybody to shelter.

Our travelers took refuge in the headman's house and, lying on his slippery splint floor, heard him drone out his griefs: how the last durian fruit crop had been plentiful, the love scandals therefore abundant, and feuds grown worse daily; how a certain Romeo, climbing another man's ladder by moonlight, had his fingers chopped off on the topmost rung.

"And her husband is not satisfied yet, tuan," complained the graybeard. "There is no end to my troubles, keeping the peace."

Runa condoled with him.

"Do you see many shooting parties go by, like ours today, father?"

"Oh, no, tuan. This is not the hill Orang Datang! We are jungle. No one comes."

"I heard men talk of a rich mem-sahib," said Runa, "who lately came this way with her people to shoot wild beasts."

The headman showed mild interest.

"No such lady has passed, sir," he replied. "I would know."

Then Leda had gone through by night, thought Dan; and somehow it troubled him, this proof of her secret haste.

Underneath the floor, among the horses, Amra Khan's voice flowed on, modestly chatting with the Sikh policeman.

After this nooning came a drive through wet forest till sunset; a picnic dinner by lantern light under trees; a long sleep in a house of green thatch hastily built; another start at dawn; a second day's journey like the first, and at sunset again a halt by a broad and muddy stream.

Here they found a small ferry that looked older than Noah's Ark, some huts clustered about her landing place, a few tilled fields, and a last lone policeman stalking his beat on the verge of wilderness. A tall, bearded, hawk-nosed man, he somberly greeted the travelers and fixed his dark eyes on their servant. Amra Khan, sliding off the wagon, returned his stare. The two circled near each other like dogs bristling for a fight.

"Look out. Trouble!" said Runa quietly, and jumped to the ground.

The hawk-nosed man scowled and murmured something. Amra Khan did likewise. Then suddenly, instead of flying at each other's throats, they seemed to strike an eternal friendship and began to talk as if they would go on forever.

"He is of my country, sirs," said Amra Khan, grinning over his shoulder. "But there was no feud."

The red-turbaned one saluted them proudly. The village and all within it, said he, belonged to these vicars of the Lord. He scattered commands among the bystanders, who, rushing to obey, had horses out and carts unloaded in a trice. That night Runa and Dan owned the best house by the ferry, and as they dropped asleep could hear two northern exiles talking without pause, their quiet voices coming and going from end to end of a starlit path beside the river.

Next morning Ibrahim's lordly drivers turned back for home. Each impeticosed a private fee without objection, but laughed to scorn all offer of regular payment.

"No, tuan," they crooned, gathering their reins. "Are you not our master's friends? He takes no money from you. It is an order."

The tandem trotted off into the woods, the wagon lumbered after and vanished, leaving Runa dumfounded.

"Ibrahim's moonstruck," he swo
"Fey. In his dotage. I believe Mo
did soften his brain. What has this
of yours put on the old scoundrel? A
they called her Lidah Pahit, the Bit
Tongue!"

He went down to the river bank sh
ing his head. Aboard that roofless Noa
Ark, the ferry, Amra Khan's fellow co
tryman stood in command of everythi
He crossed with them the fog that c
ered the river, saw their baggage unload
and ushered them grandly to a native c
with four ponies, hired overnight.

"*Sub tiyar hai.*" Leaning on the fr
wheel the policeman smiled favorably
the travelers took their places. "G
shooting, gentlemen. May you eat *ga*
beef!"

The cart rattled uphill over rocks
freshet gravel into misty green bamb
Upward and upward the ponies tugg
round many a turn, continually climbi
The smoke of the river grew thin, drif
down in streamers that clung to ev
leaf, and sank below. Ferns choked
narrowing road. Heavy timber rose
both sides toward the morning sky—
trees and straight, their boughs hung w
orchids like birds' nests full of flowers

"I have never done such a thing,"
clared Runa, while he and Dan clim
on foot to ease the ponies. "Our jo
the secret of Polichinelle. Everyb
knows more than we do."

"Why?" said Towers.

"That hillman's joke about young he
meat. Rather broad, but *il était fin.*
least we're on the right track."

All day with this vague assurance t
climbed higher and higher, till over
treetops they could see, as from a pr
pice among billows of dark leaves,
country they had left behind and belo
a green map unrolled in the sunshine,
dered with the azure of the western
At last their tough hill ponies brou
them to where the road ended, cut s
off by a chasm of rock, deep dow
which a river foamed and whisp
among evening shadow. This gulf
crossed on a dizzy footbridge of black r
which swung like a hammock. The
day and the next after they followe
string of bearers downhill through
petual twilight in a forest which a
slanted lower grew sopping wet.
travelers' clothes hung heavy and drip
Leeches tormented them; the path ra
nothing, left them smothered in jun
and they were glad when by chance they could follo
broad lane where an elephant had crashed through, lea
trampled wreckage, wilted boughs and huge footprint

They were filing through a more open region of wo
into which the sun beat fiercely, when Dan caught R
by the arm and pointed forward.

"Thought it was a jack-fruit," said he; "but the t
dodged. There! See it?"

From behind a tree trunk something round and b
popped into view. Next moment it was gone. When t
reached the tree they found nothing there.

"Again!" cried Runa, peering ahead.

From another tree, not far distant, bobbed anothe
the same round silhouette.

"Gone again," said La Flèche. "A man."

"*Nanti s'ikit!*" Dan hailed. "We are friends! Wa

Twice more the thing ducked and vanished. At la
stayed motionless, and as they drew close it reve
human features—a scrubby head of hair, a brown f
doubtful watching eyes.

"We are friends," Dan repeated.

The lurker slipped out and met them, cringing am
the leaves. An old man in a breech clout, with
withered like a baked apple's, he leaned on a bam
staff. Round his neck by a thong he wore a greasy l
box of brown wood, in his hair a tuft of white kapok fl

"Sirs, I am lining bees, that is all," he explained hum
with a toothless grin. "The light falls bad. I could
be certain. I thought you were Nata Kasuma's men."

His eyes, keen, slow, and cunning with a light of
innocent craftiness, roamed while he spoke and seeme
see everything yet nothing.

A beeswax hunter," said Dan. "Where is your
ge?"
he old man waved his staff roundabout.
I am of the woods, tuan," he replied. "My name is
ldin. I have no home. The village nearest you is Nata
uma's."
Can you take us there?"
he beeswax gatherer weighed this question with care.
eyes flitted from Dan to Runa, from Amra Khan to
bearers, from them to the dirt, in which with leathery
he drew a thoughtful design. He looked shrewder
the occasion demanded; too shrewd, almost silly.
I can, tuan. After dark."
Why not before?"
laddin turning his back on the servants whispered to
and Runa: "Send them away."
Go forward to the big rock yonder," commanded La
he, "and rest."
he bearers obeyed and marched on. Aladdin watched
well out of earshot.
Because I fear Nata Kasuma," he murmured at last.
m poor and weak. Nata Kasuma is all-powerful. You
riends to the great white lady who came?"
he two companions exchanged a glance.
Yes," they answered. "What of her?"
laddin completed the drawing with his toes and
ied it.
She met me here in the jungle," said he. "O beautiful
kind of heart! I will take you to her house, then.
in the dark. Nata Kasuma must not see me or know.
say he is her enemy; there will be a killing."
was no habit of Runa's to give outward sign of care;
is lighter emotions, whimsical joy or anger or impu-
e, came quickly to surface, not any of the deeper. He
ys burned his own smoke. But now he turned upon
, for the moment, a face careworn, grave, almost
ooding.
Secret of Polichinelle again," he said. "I don't like
Dan. We're not reaching her a day too early. Let's
to heaven ——"
e broke off and, shrugging his shoulders, began to
ution the bee hunter. It proved useless. Old Aladdin's
righted eyes grew dull and blank; he took refuge in darkest ignorance. On only two points had he a faint clearness. Was it far to this village? No, not far. Why then wait till nightfall before entering it? They must; men were not to see him, Aladdin, going to the great white lady's house. The rest was a silence that threatened to become surly.

Late afternoon found them advancing, therefore, at Aladdin's pace. Limping on spindle shanks, a naked old figure of mystery, he squinted far ahead, mumbled a handful of tobacco that Dan had given him, and said nothing. Through country more and more open he led the way, where sunset shadows poured downward before them and filled every sloping glade with a torrent of green-gold splendor and undulating darkness.

All this was gone, the sun below tree tops, when they came to Aladdin's camp. A hut among saplings, it looked down from the crest of a low hill to where some strip of water glimmered and dissolved in bottomless twilight.

"We wait here," sighed the beeswax gatherer.

"Well and good, Master Ready-to-Halt," said Dan. "Where's your kampong?"

"Across the valley below. Not dark enough. We wait."

Sitting before the hut in a litter of petroleum tins, old Chinese jars and potsherds, they ate their supper. Twice Aladdin spoke, but only to condemn the beeswax trade and to curse a Luk-Chin merchant, thief and idolater.

"What in the world's coming there?" Dan suddenly asked.

Over the ground of this hill platform toward them a small object fluttered and staggered; some wounded fowl, perhaps. It dropped, rose, tumbled on, dropped again, lay kicking feebly, rose again, and so drew near in the dusk.

"Who did that?" Dan jumped on foot. "Who did it, you?"

"Ah!" cried Runa, like one in pain.

Both men had seen such things done before by Bengalis to crows.

This which arrived and fell, gasping, had been a gamecock. Now, with bill cut off, unable to eat or drink, it was a poor feathered body of death in life. Having struggled as near as it could come it lay and stared at them, hopeless, yet imploring mankind to help.

"A pet of mine," sighed Aladdin. "The crowing annoyed Nata Kasuma. He grew angry. No one must touch until it starves."

While he spoke out flew Dan's revolver. One good merciful shot ended the dumb agony. The bird lay still on the ground.

"Oh!" squealed Aladdin in a fright. "We have broken Nata Kasuma's order!"

Towers flickered out the cartridge shell and put his weapon away. His face was pale.

"To hell with his orders!" he cried. "Lucky for the beast he ain't here himself."

From where the coolies, apart, squatted round their supper came stalking Amra Khan to learn what had been shot.

"Is it permitted to ask?"

Runa explained in few words.

"Don't tell our bearers," said Dan.

The northern gentleman bowed to his master.

"It is well done," he affirmed. "I say nothing."

He retired to his post, and stood there presiding over the servants' mess, aloof and gravely watchful.

This episode caused more delay, for Aladdin sat terrified and refused to move.

"I cannot show you the way now," he mourned. "You have made a great enemy for me. Leave me behind; go down, tuan. Look, there is the kampong."

A few lamps blinked in the valley below.

"You will find her house. I dare not come with you now."

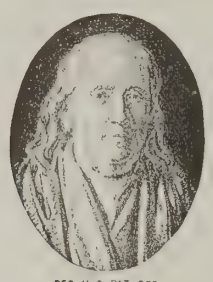
The lamps went out; it was late starlight before the old man would hear persuasion or take a bribe. At last very unwillingly he scrambled down the hill, and followed only by the two white men and Amra Khan—for he would have no bearers tagging after—took a level path which curved roundabout in the dark. With many pauses to listen, many whispered warnings, many sighs, Aladdin brought them to a place blacker than the surrounding night, floored with earth beaten smooth by bare feet. The village, if this might be one, lay asleep or empty. Nothing moved here; there was no sound.

Aladdin twitched Runa by the sleeve.

(Continued on Page 75)

"Banged Him Round the Posts and Then Choked Him," Said Amra Khan. "Too Hard. But in the Dark You Couldn't Tell——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1919

Little Brighteyes

RECONSTRUCTION is a big vague word that the world has been mouthing in a big vague way. It has become so important a problem that no one smaller than a Statesman dare touch it—and nothing smaller than a nation is a proper subject for it. In short, it is so big and so important that little except some deep thinking and tall talking has been done about it. As in the case of the Singer Building, people do not look at the bricks in it but at the mass of it.

During the war and right after, the world was of the opinion that with the signing of an armistice everyone would immediately begin Reconstruction, though almost everyone used the word in a different sense. Some European countries thought that it meant making a big touch on America; some Americans thought that it meant making big loans to Europe that would finance undertakings from which they would derive large profits; and a lot of women thought that it meant rebuilding the houses of the peasants and distributing charity picturesquely. The reds, of course, have all along interpreted Reconstruction in terms of destruction.

Few saw that it meant first of all that everyone had to get down to hard, productive work, and that loans were only for the purpose of putting everyone back on the job of earning a living.

The cessation of hostilities found the people lined up at the tape, waiting for the word to go, they knew not exactly where; to do something, they knew not exactly what. As this is written the world is still waiting for the word to go. The Statesmen, who are the official custodians of Reconstruction, have been gathered round political ouija boards, receiving messages from Machiavelli, Talleyrand, Metternich and Bismarck, in a conscientious effort to overlook nothing that will make trouble later.

Meanwhile the Deep Thinkers have been holding parlor sessions nightly, listening to spooky Bolshevistic rappings about the economic hereafter, until between the Statesmen and the Deep Thinkers half the people have been confirmed in a belief that Reconstruction is something that is going to be done for them, instead of something that they must do for themselves. This is of a piece with the current nonsense that is being proclaimed by pseudo-scientists, and others who are only pseudos, to the effect that we can fathom the mysteries of the Almighty and communicate with the dead through Little Brighteyes, the Indian Control.

Little Brighteyes is a busy little person these days, for she is not only supplying the pseudos with their data on the hereafter but she is furnishing the Deep Thinkers with their economic theories, and a large part of the population with their views on work, hours, play and profits. She is a cheery little optimist, for though the spirits who speak through her are hazy as to particulars they are always "very, very happy." Viewed dispassionately the Little Brighteyes school of economics, as it is practically exemplified in Russia, is the logical complement to her spiritual activities. It has enormously increased the number of people "over there" who can tell us through her that they are "very, very happy," and the number of people over here who are very, very unhappy.

In its present state of mind the world will believe anything except facts, do anything except work—and Little Brighteyes is its high priestess. The three wise men of the ages, Solomon, Franklin and Lincoln, speak a half-forgotten language. But they said everything that there is to say about Reconstruction. The world needs not only their homely common sense but a taste of Solomon's rod. Children are spoiled and a lot of their elders are spoiling—and despoiling.

Reconstruction is a problem of individuals before it is one of nations; of character before it is one of credits. Crooked thinking begets crooked ethics and crooked business, until finally we have a nation on the loose.

Destruction is impersonal. Statesmen destroy a country and stand from under. Mobs destroy a city and melt away. Reconstruction is personal. Not Statesmen, nor mobs, will reconstruct the world, but the individual. When enough men think right as individuals, cities, states and countries will begin to think right. In the very act of preparing for it Reconstruction will be accomplished.

The world was not made in a day and it will not be made over in one, except for the worse. Reconstruction is a long, hard, personal job. Sooner or later it must be taken in hand—and the later the harder. Whether you are one of Lenine's dupes, hearing through fair-haired Olga, his Tartar Control, of the glories of his promised land; or one of the parlor Bolsheviks' simpletons, drinking in from Little Brighteyes the details of their pink paradise, sooner or later you must come out of the influence and get down to work—and the sooner the easier.

The basic proposition on which all theories of Reconstruction must rest can be summed up in a sentence: If it takes eight, nine or ten hours of steady work to make the food and the goods necessary to the support of an average family the time is coming when those who are working six and seven hours, or not at all, must work ten, twelve and fourteen hours or starve. For beyond the day-to-day requirements of the world there must be a certain dependable surplus, and the loafers on the job, and those who will not take a job, have already consumed that surplus in many countries and have gnawed it down to the danger point in others. In a few months Bela Kun and his crowd blew in the little surplus of Hungary, and it will take years to rebuild it. These new inheritors of the kingdoms of earth are spendthrifts and they have met a quick and inevitable bankruptcy. A national bank roll has precisely the same limitations as a personal one.

One of the amusing developments in Russia is the way in which Lenine is throwing overboard, one by one, the principles for which the Revolution stood. Working hours are being lengthened to ten, twelve and fourteen a day, the right to strike is being denied, and skilled managers are being employed at enormous salaries to run the industries. The new political autocracy makes the old one look benevolent, while beside the new industrial autocracy our Steel Trust is shockingly radical—and Judge Gary almost red. Fair-haired Olga has, we fear, rung in a confederate and a wireless telephone on the earnest little circle of Deep Thinkers in her parlor.

The real problems of Reconstruction are in your factory, your office, your block, your home, and probably in your wife, your children and yourself. If you do not find them there you are a very unusual man with an almost too perfect family. The Statesmen cannot tell you half so much about these problems in their speeches as you can find out in a first-hand survey of your neighborhood.

In our own survey we talked, among others, to employment manager of a large manufacturing conc From two to three hundred applicants for positions through his department every day. Your first conclu is, of course, that there is a surplus of labor; but, on contrary, there are good openings in almost every dep ment of this business, both office and factory. M competent men and women are needed everywhere. particular manager had just finished interviewing hundred sixteen-year-old girls in an effort to find one would start as an office girl at ten dollars a week, with prospect of early promotion to clerical work. He c not find one among them who would take the place, because they were qualified for something better, because they wanted something better in spite of t lack of qualifications.

High pay for skill and intelligence is the best sp money in a business. But during the war there was competition between our governmental activities private enterprise for any kind of labor and extravag wages and salaries were paid to the unskilled and unintelligent. Peacetime industry cannot afford th salaries except to people who know their business or willing to learn it. Neither can it afford the tremend labor turnover that results from employing these restl careless, slacking incompetents.

Before the war applicants for a position usually as two questions: Can I get a job? and What chance h I to work up? They are still asking two questions: W do you pay? and What are the hours? These are b perfectly proper questions and the answers are import to the applicant, but as they are put to-day the attit of the beginner to his work is crystallized in them. is not only asking How much can I get? but How li can I give in return for it? And that is just what this c of employees give.

A boy of eighteen, with a grammar-school educati without training and experience except as a shell pas during the last six months of the war, applied to this ployment manager for a place in which he would h had steady work, a chance to learn a skilled and hig paid trade, with promotion to anything higher for wh he could fit himself.

His first and only question about the place was: "W do you pay?"

"Twenty dollars a week to start with," was the answ

"It isn't cigarette money," returned the youth as passed out.

This boy, with overtime, had made sixty dollars a w as a shell passer. He has been loafing since the day of armistice, waiting for someone to hire an uneducat inexperienced, unskilled and unwilling boy at sixty doll a week. That is bogey with him.

Later in the day a young girl, with six months' traini in a business "college" on top of a grammar-school ed cation, and with six months' experience as a stenograph in a government job on top of all that, applied for a po tion. On trial she proved to be under the rather sim requirements of the place.

"What do you pay?" was her first and only questi

"We start this grade of stenographers at eighte dollars a week," was the answer.

"I didn't come here to be insulted," retorted the g as she flounced out.

There are thirty-five and forty and fifty dollar a we secretaries in this company, and women executives w have come up from the ranks and are earning from fi to eight thousand dollars a year, but they are women w know how to spell, who are trained, efficient and are n afraid to work—who are, in fact, rather fond of their wor There are men in the same company who started in anything and for anything they could get, who are maki from five to twenty-five thousand a year, but they work hard to fit themselves for the better jobs. As almost ar of the young disciples of Little Brighteyes will tell yo "That sort of stuff don't go any more; it's too slow."

But it will, children, because in the end it has got to g or the world has got to go hungry—and when a showdow and a shakedown come it is the incompetents who will g hungry first and stay hungry longest.

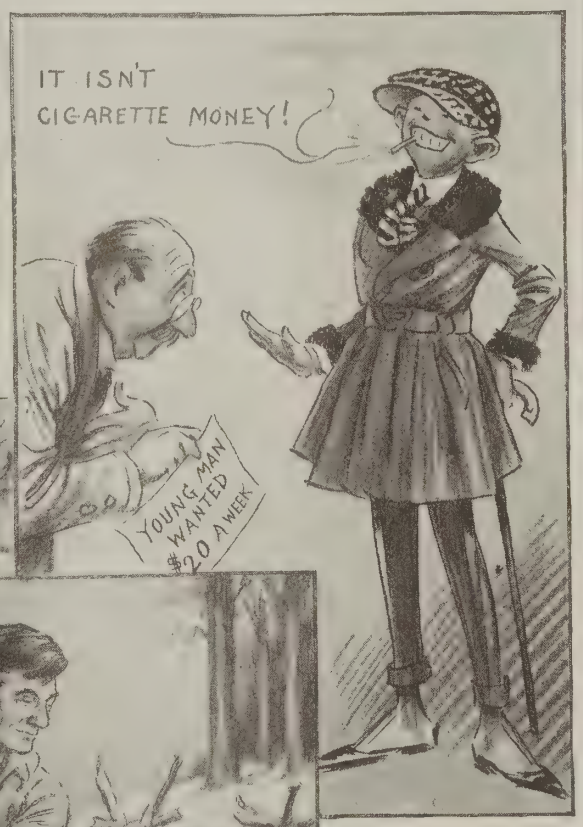
you will look round you will find that Little Bright- is talking to a mob of this half-grown, half-baked wholly incompetent labor in terms of the undeserved unearned wages that they received under stress of litions that obtained when four million he-men went to fight. Though we were told that the returned ier would be the great problem of Reconstruction, he would come home restless, lawless and unfitted work, it is the stay-at-homes, who profited in big es through his withdrawal from industry, and not the er, who are the Reconstruction problem. With only normal exceptions to be found in any large body of the soldier is settling right down to business and ing an eye on would-be disturbers of the peace.

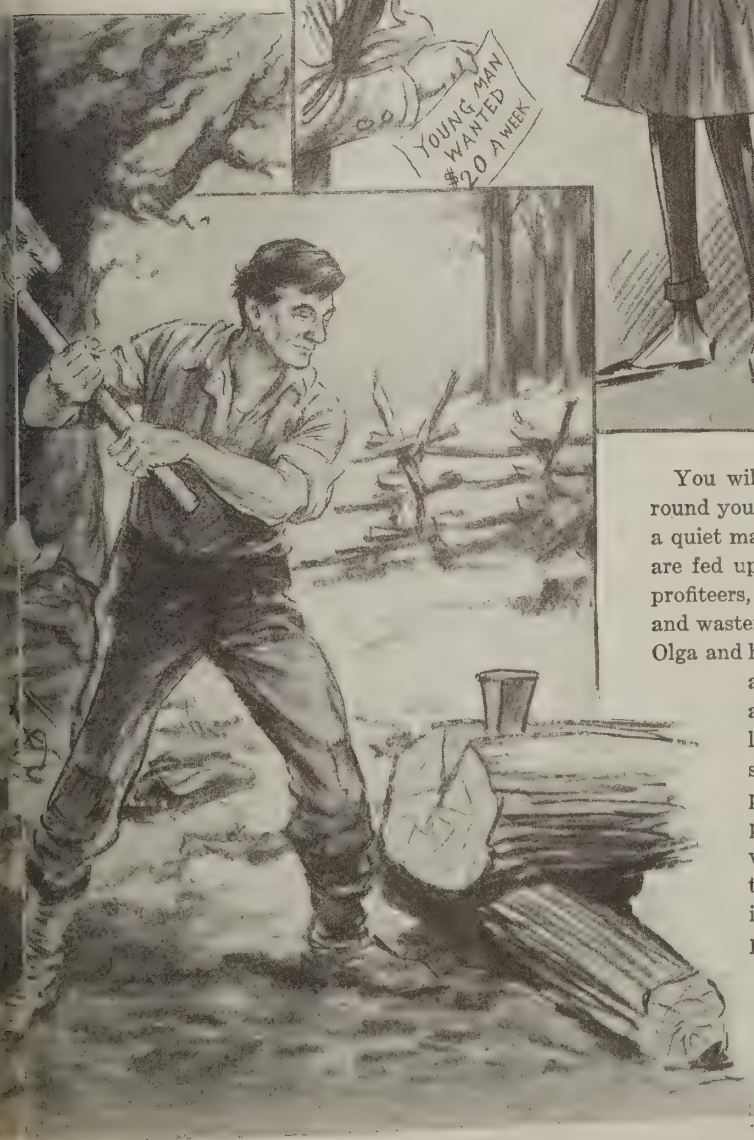
ven people who work for work's sake want all the ey that they are worth, and properly insist on getting No wise employer objects to paying a high price for and competence and ambition, but this flood of mar-school kids, without practical experience—who st have had six months in a business college—with eternal What do you pay? and What are the s? make even the mildest boss yearn to spank them to send them home to learn something, if only decent ners.

he old breed of Americans were seasoned oak and ory. They learned in a long hard school, and they d up under fire and lasted under strain. There is a admixture of the kiln- il in the present genera- and judging by the rience of the employ- manager—and it is r typical—the coming ration runs strongly to ood.

hese experiences of the oyment manager sim- ydicate the beginning of crail. Follow it through neighborhood and into your own house and you will have a fairly comprehensive idea of the first and most pressing problems of Reconstruction.

Too many youngsters want to begin at the top, to cut out all the intermediate steps; too many grown-ups want to make five years' profits in one. The boy wants the good job without learning the poorer one; he demands the wages of skill for his capital of ignorance. The young girl wants to be the confidential secretary of the boss before she has learned how to spell; she expects to draw down the pay of experience while still a blundering amateur. Many young men are slow to marry because they do not care to share with anyone, least of all a wife. Many young women do not care to marry unless they can start in where their mothers left off, and have a "suitable establishment." They do not want to work for anyone, least of all a husband. But what can we expect so long as their elders, and presumably their betters, set them an example of grab, of ignoble ambitions, of competitive living? Reconstruction for them must come from above, by precept and example, from parents and employers; but the precept that one hears oftenest is, "Get it while the getting is good." While this continues true of the exemplars, it need surprise no one that the new children's crusade is for cash!





You will find all this and more in looking round your neighborhood, but you will also find a quiet majority of sane, sensible Americans who are fed up on reds, professional and parlor; on profiteers, big and little; on incompetents, loafers and wasters of all sexes and ages; on fair-haired Olga and her cussedness and on Little Brighteyes and her foolishness. They want to see a little deportation that will deport, a little Reconstruction that will reconstruct and a whole lot less of this prodigal spending. Once a program of personal Reconstruction gets under way—and there are signs that the country is waking up to its importance—there is no knowing where it will stop. The old parties might profitably spend a little time searching their souls. If they do not, they will wake up some fine morning between now and the next election and find a new party, armed with a search warrant, at the front door of the Capitol.

Poisoned Springs

NOW comes a progressive medical examiner with the novel proposal that life-insurance companies supplement the chest tapping and heart listening that form a large part of the physical test for applicants for policies by demanding X-ray pictures of the teeth!

This suggestion is not nearly so far-fetched or overdrawn as it may at first sight appear. Physicians know the dangers that lurk in the minute poison centers that are liable to exist about the roots of the teeth, especially dead teeth. They know that these tiny pestholes are like so many minute springs that unceasingly seep liquid poison into an otherwise wholesome blood stream and cause rheumatic conditions, kidney troubles, neuralgia, iritis with subsequent loss of sight, general debility and an evil host of other maladies.

Knowing these things, doctors have yearly become more and more insistent that their patients go to the dentist and the X-ray man for examinations that will assist in arriving at a positive and clean-cut diagnosis. To the lay mind the connection between a bad tooth and a stiff knee is so remote and inconceivable that medical men too often find themselves laughed at and their advice unheeded until alarming symptoms have become apparent.

Your dentist can tell you whether or not an X-ray examination is worth while; and knowing your mouth he can indicate with considerable precision where localized infection should be looked for.

The detection and location of these poison centers by means of the X-ray is not only certain but simple, painless and not very expensive. Fifteen minutes in the office of the X-ray man—or Roentgenologist, as some of them call themselves—should suffice. With the results of your visit in his hands, your dentist will know precisely and without any guesswork what ought to be done to rid you promptly and positively of a hidden menace to health and life.

The relief that follows expert attention to these tiny poison pockets is often almost spectacular in its swiftness and completeness.

THUMB MINUS BARLOW

Dawson Sat Up at Once, But Toilfully on Account of His Bruised Stiffness; and Having Got Hold of Her Hand, He Began Talking to Her Gently Out of a Full Heart

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

YOU had only to see her to know what she was—a truck driver. Her business with Davis of the legal and claims department, as some of us overheard, was to let him know that she would "like it, please, twenty dollar damage." He, a self-important young man, owlish and severe, almost impressive with his big horn-rimmed spectacles, had condescended to inquire what he could do for her and then had gone right on penciling memoranda along a page half filled with his small, pinched, hasty, concise handwriting.

That she was comically mangling the English language was doubtless understood by the claimant, that blue-eyed Amazon with yellow hair, greasy overalls and vast earnestness. Possibly, too, she may have been aware of covert winks and smiles passing about among office employees. But with the stubborn determination of her race she ignored all ridicule.

We saw her deliberately draw off a greasy gauntlet and watched her rub her forehead with the back of her hand in an effort to get hold of the right words for making the Tri-City Traction Company understand what a remarkable cat Whitefoot had been. It was true that she had paid nothing for the animal; true, likewise, that one might have thought him nothing better than a big, sorrel-striped, mongrel-bred, ordinary cat. But he was like no other. He would eat lettuce, he would open the screen door for himself, he never chased chickens and—and ——

"We need him, dose cat," said Hilga Nelson.

One merit was emphasized above others. Every morning he used to go along with her to the trolley line when she went away to work. In that he was like a dog—affectionate. Painstakingly the girl related that there had been a hole between the tracks—an animal hole of some kind or other. Maybe a meadow mouse lived there, or a snake. Whitefoot watched the hole.

"Yes, sir," the girl asserted, "he scrooch down; he watch dose hole. Someding run out, car come 'long, cat yump. Car no strike whistle or blow gong."

While titters of merriment sounded all over the office the cheeks of the girl paled, then flamed brighter than ever.

"My language—sometime—get balled up," she needlessly stammered, and managed to smile a little. She made it clear, however, that Whitefoot had been hunting. "Dat's it—hunting," she insisted. "Not watch car—watch animal and yump to catch someding."

"And caught his death o' cold," humorously muttered one of the clerks.

The girl moistened her lips, stood silent for a time, then once more insisted, "So, please, twenty dollar—twenty dollar damage."

While she waited, mutely patient, to see how her demand was to be met, she stood with folded arms, immobile as if she were something of heroic proportions hewn out massively from a weathered block of Norwegian pine—a figure uncouth, strong, dignified, symbolical of toil.

She listened without a sign to all the glib talk of our young Homer Davis, who tried to make her understand how very unreasonable was her claim of twenty dollars. Cats, he told her, are not killed by a trolley car. They are nimble and quick; they get out of the way. The swiftest automobile, going at top speed, cannot run over a cat. Dogs or other animals—yes, but not a cat.

At the close of his shrewd, logical and persuasive endeavors Hilga Nelson deliberately unfolded her powerful arms and she said to the young man with the deepest modulation of her contralto voice, "Ay yust tale yo' wan ding—we got to haf dose twenty dollar damage. Yes, sir. Got to!"

Then a dry heavy sound whacked loud. A fist had fallen. It smote the solid wood of Davis' desk with jarring emphasis like the stroke of a bronze hammer. But the voice of the girl remained singularly quiet.

"Got to!" she repeated.

All of us gave a start. Davis jerked back in his swivel chair. In his astonished discomfiture he must have regarded it as distinctly fortunate that one of the accredited shock absorbers of our department should have brought his professional jauntiness and ever-ready smile into the office during this very stressful moment. It was Dawson who had come in—Fifty-Dollar Dawson—and to him as a deliverer Davis turned with an air of absurd helplessness, also with a sly wink.

"Here he is now—our claim agent," the lawyer announced in suave conciliation. "He is to be instructed at once in regard to this matter, and you may depend upon it, madam, that the company will do what is right."

None too well satisfied apparently with this assurance, the girl looked at the two men, glanced at the clock, thrust her hand into the greasy gauntlet and withdrew.

After she had gone out, followed by the appraising stare of Dawson, we presently heard him observe, "Not a bad looker, even in that get-up. Some chick!"

Now it may be that employees have been jealous of our colleague's high-salaried efficiency, and such a prejudice might account in a measure for our dislike of him. Yet I recall that at the very moment of my introduction to Dawson I said to myself before I knew anything about the fellow: "One shakes hands with such a m once—never twice, if it can be avoided."

Is it merely contact with a flabby palm w occasions such an antipathy? Or does one fe moral shrinking, as if the thing clasped were not me repulsive in its softness, but bloodless and crafty?

Instinctive mistrust he seemed to rouse, whether touched him or merely saw him about, yet I con that nothing in the least predatory was ever suggested his mild manners, his fictitious geniality or his persis smile.

For the most part my acquaintanceship with him merely that of business association and propinquity. he should ever have talked to me about his boyhood not know, but I remember his saying that as a young in frail health after scarlet fever he had been deaf f term of years. When able to go back to school agai was much older than others of his class. Dummy Daw they called him. I have a vision of the lad, tall and gaw slow to learn, taunted, suspicious, resentful, sullen, grieved by injustice and permanently embittered.

Whether this will adequately explain the pride he t in the meanness of his maturity I do not pretend say. I only know that he was called Fifty-Dollar Daw for having settled many a death claim at that fig One such triumph resulted from the sudden demise trackman.

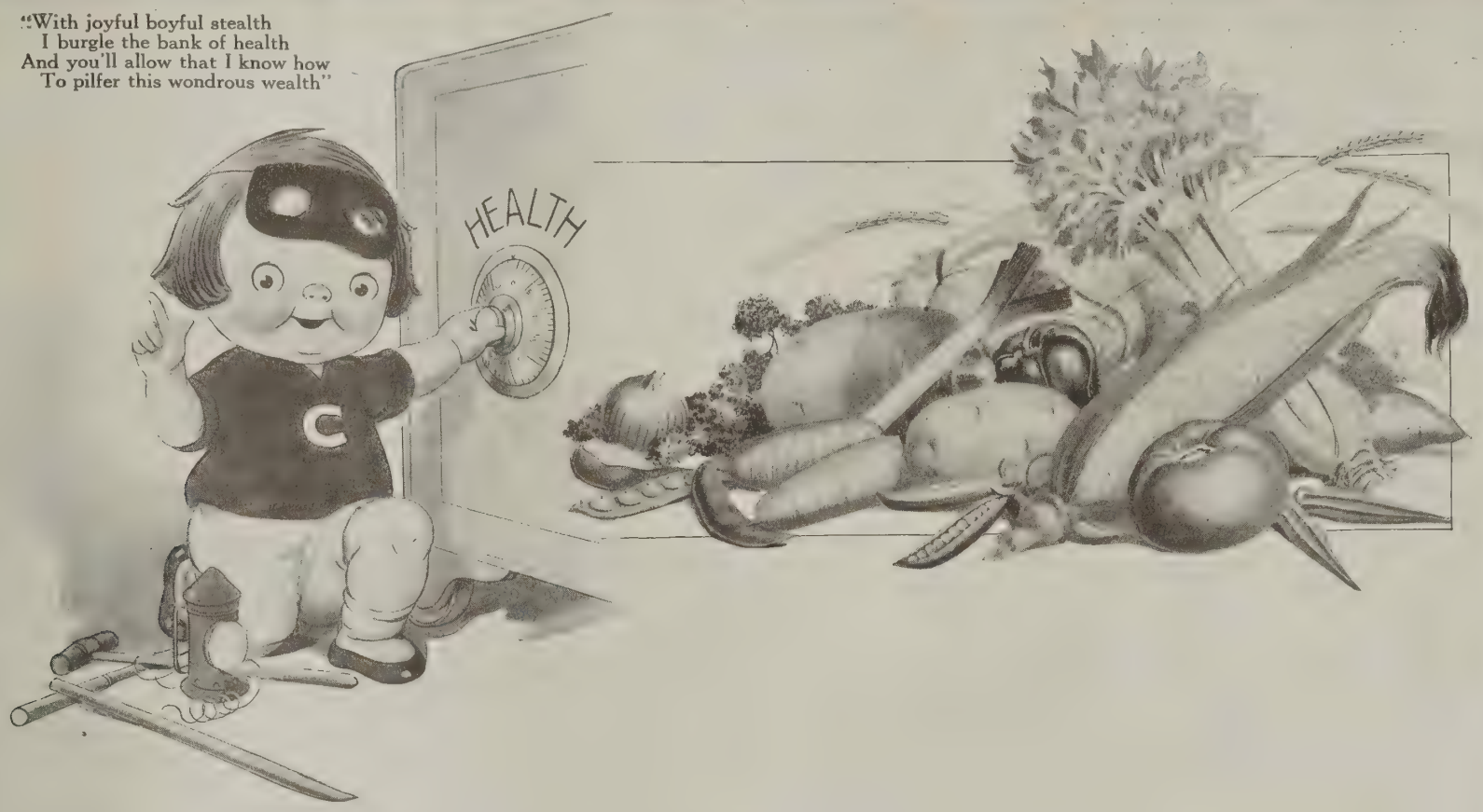
"Didn't hear the car. Thick cap down over his e Got smashed last January," so the claim agent told and added, well pleased with his skill in effecting a set ment: "Suited the dago's old girl first rate to have company pay his funeral expenses. Masses to be s candles to be burned, all manner of pious formalitie and none of it costing her anything, not a cent!"

Creases deepened about Dawson's mouth.

"In such a case," he went on, "you want to show r feeling. I spoke of the earrings poor Tony wore—s nice little gold earrings! But they don't help any, s things, to hear a trolley car coming. She said that true. *Madre di Cristo*, but that was true! And then had a crying fit!"

Past achievements, however, were not to save Daw the bother of "taking a run out there" to see about a d cat. From the letter written to the traction company understood that there were two claimants—Hilga, Nel for one; and for the other, some person with a scraw signature which appeared to be Thumb Minus Barl The two had signed the unanswered communication wh reported and asked damages for the taking off of unfortunate Whitefoot.

(Continued on Page 30)



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Campbell's Vegetable Soup

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Body-building elements of vital value are supplied by this tempting soup. And the whole family enjoys it every time.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

"We like it, please," the letter announced, "when you pay twenty dollar, thank you, because pet cat haf unfairly get killed on account of car no was whistling or strike gong, contrary to law."

Possibly to make plain the fact that the Nelsons were a reputable family with no nonsense about them, the sender of the letter had naïvely added in a postscript, "I, Hilga, drive truck for Crown Oil Company ever sense my brother Nels he go for a soldier, because he no try to keep out of it."

Over this bit of information Dawson cackled into his dry and crepitant little laugh. Then he said to the filing clerk, who had given him the letter, "So we owe it to the young lady, eh, on patriotic grounds to pay twenty dollars for a dead cat, seeing that 'brudder Nels no ask to keep out of it'?"

Snapping shut the clasp of a leather portfolio, the claim agent added, "If she's trucking for the Crown people that means she's there with the strong-arm stuff. Juggles those four-hundred-pound playthings — oil drums, you know."

Not realizing that in handling weighty oil containers it is dexterity that counts far more than physical strength, Dawson's curiosity about the girl whom he had appraised as "some chick" was much enhanced. A special interest had long been his in what he called "the buxom kind." It was known for a fact that the walls of his bachelor apartment were cluttered with a display of the sort admired as buxom. What photographs there were, what half-tone engravings and colored prints of chorus girls, gymnasts, divers, rope walkers, dancers and so-called artists' models in unblushing poses wholly ungarmented!

Once he showed me the autographed picture of the fair contortionist, Dainty Daisy.

"A swell looker, ain't she?" he asked, and added with evident regret:

"Wasted a lot o'money on her. Once I got her a ring—engagement ring—costly too. Diamond in it as big as a boil."

She might, he told me, she really might have wanted to settle down to home life.

Hardly possible though. He didn't believe she would ever be able to put it over. That Dawson's predilection for a Dainty Daisy could have anything whatever to do with prospects domestic—how very astonishing!

It was easy to understand, however, that it would be something besides a business consideration that caused him to time his call at an hour late in the afternoon, when he supposed Hilga Nelson would be getting home after her day's toil. From the address given him he assumed that she lived in a district of the South Side chiefly tenanted by packing-house workers and people employed at the stockyards. But it was quite beyond the last row of begrimed cottages, away out yonder where the open country begins, that he came to his objective point—a slate-gray dwelling two blocks eastward from the trolley line, with door and windows standing open to the good warm air of springtime.

An orange glow the sunset had imparted to the sash curtains, idly wafting in and out as if they were delicate golden fleeces languidly stirred by an arrant puff of breeze. While drawing near the door he heard a crispy stir as of starched linen. There were two brief swishes hastily accomplished and then a chuckle resounded from the interior of the house.

"Oh, thought it was somebody else!" a feeble masculine voice saluted, and added in explanation—with another chuckle, "First off, thinks I, it's Hilga. But I see now—come in, come in."

Unable at first to see much in the darkened room, Dawson made out an armchair, an uncouth head against pillows and a pair of eyes looking at him, and then someone propped himself up on a broomstick cane.

"Thought she was goin' to ketch me again without my pillers," he added with a shamefaced laugh when—having shaken hands with the visitor—he laboriously eased himself down between the wide wooden arms of his seat. "Before she leaves of a mornin' gets me all trussed up. Wants me comfortable. But Lord, I gotta have some hardness. Wait till she's gone, then chuck the pillers. Bad for my spine, she says. Got to have cushions—doctor's orders. Goes on the prod, Hilga does, and lights into me if I get ketched without my pillers."

The claim agent consulted the signatures of her communication as he inquired, "Are you Mr.—Mr. ——?" He held the sheet of paper slanted to the light to puzzle out again the scribbled name. "Are you Thumb Minus Barlow?"

"I put that in—the Minus.

"My own idea. Sounds more reasonabler and gets at the facts. But the boys of course and in general everybody what knows me up yonder in the range country makes it just Thumb Barlow."

Said Dawson, "You're a stockman, I presume."

"Correct."

Barlow held up a pale emaciated right hand which lacked the member whose absence—as he thought—entitled him to the Minus, in order to "get at the facts."

"Awful onreasonable," he avowed, "to nick a body with the wrong kind of a nickname. You stand for it of course if they get it wrong. You gotta stand for it. But you don't need to encourage it, do you?"

"I see," Dawson replied.

"No, you don't—and same here. I don't see what makes folks so onreasonable. Call me Thumb when I got no thumb. Nick name don't belong. No sense to it. Ought to be modified and come at the facts. Not bad though in some ways. Short."

Dawson shifted impatiently in his chair, uncrossing his legs and crossing them again, and with some brusqueness interposed a question. Was Miss Hilga Nelson at home?

No answer.

The fancy of the stockman, as is so often the case with sick people, held obstinately to the point he wanted to consider and discuss—the absolute unreasonableness of the misnomer.

"Round up. Outlaw steer. Wouldn't stick with the herd," he explained in the fragmentary way he had of talking. "Critter kept chasin' hisself back on the range. Stump Mills busted a rope fetchin' him back. Next Slim Carrol took a try. Couldn't make the riffle. Horse bad gored. Then me—my turn. Would 'a' been all right, too, only I fouls my rope. Off goes that white-faced steer again head down and tail a-flyin', hittin' it up like a four-legged bat out o' hell.

"I gets down and gives a good look round where the prairie was tore up considerable with hoofs. Finds what I was lookin' for, gives her a shove in my vest pocket and gets to town a few hours later with cigarette papers stuck on and a handkerchief twisted tight to stop the juicin'.

"'Doc,' says I, turnin' out the thumb from my vest pocket, 'seems like my rope got fouled on me. So this here—that's how it come—got yanked clean off.' And doc says, 'Huh!' says doc, and brisked up, opening his tool case and gettin' water into a basin. Doc Weaver—that's who it was. Got a wart on his chin.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Har, Now," Said the Stranger, and Petulantly Fluttered a Document in Front of Him. "Yo' Get Him to Sign One Like Dis Har. An' Dis One You Want Him an' Me to Sign"

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With STAGGARD *Studs*

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The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 30)

All right though. First rate surgical man. And doc says—where was I at? Oh, yes—doc says he'd fix me up. Put on a dressin' right off and afterward he'd have to treat it.

"'Treat it? Treat hell!' says I. 'What I want is to get that thumb growed back on again!'

"And it was doc—man of fifty, blue eyes, wart on his chin—it was doc, near as I can figger it—and no way to act—doc started folks a-callin' me Thumb Barlow."

Dawson cleared his throat.

"Miss Nelson?" he pointedly suggested.

"Know her? Friend of hers?" the stockman inquired with avid interest.

"Wouldn't say that. I've seen her, but not acquainted."

"Seen her how? What kind o' togs?"

"In her working clothes."

"Then you ain't seen her—not really. She in them clothes—that's only a masquerade of Hilga. Thought mebbe you used to board at Mrs. Dugan's."

"Miss Nelson worked there?"

"That's it—pie artist. Waited table, too, but all the bear track and sinkers was made by Hilga."

"I suppose you mean doughnuts and biscuits."

"When it comes to biscuit shootin'—say, Sampson! Ain't nobody can bake no hot bread no lighter nowhere than what Hilga can. But it ain't what she can do as a kitchen mechanic that gets folks goin' south and warmin' up. No, it's what she is. You wouldn't try to get too numerous with her. Nobody would, not even the brashest kind of a travelin' man. You wouldn't call her Miss Nelson. Too stand-offish that is; nor yet again you don't call her just Hilga. That's too near. But it's smiles and 'Good mornin', Miss Hilga,' from everybody when she comes totin' in the hot cakes and sirup at breakfast time."

"Respect," said Dawson.

"That's it; now you're tootin'. Me and Cam and Tuck—us boys always et there at Mrs. Dugan's and roomed there, too, when we come in with a shipment o' stock. Get business off our hands and stick in town a few days. See the sights. Spend. Enjoy. Paint up. That fall when I hurt myself it was the barber shop for the three of us right prompt as soon as we got through down in the yards. Haircut, singe, shampoo, tonic, shine, nails fixed, shave, massage—everything—and wishin' there was more. So clean when we got done and bathed and prettified and sweet that it would be worth five dollars of any man's money just to step up and smell us. Know what it was all about, don't you? Hilga. Wanted to show up genteel and parlorfied and do some spendin' on Hilga if she'd let us."

Dawson shifted chairs, for the one he had impatiently occupied was rather unsteady, the back having come unglued. Reseating himself with the smug self-satisfied manner habitual with him, first spreading open the tails of his coat and afterward pulling up his creased gray trouser legs, he inquired, mindful of the errand that had brought him here, "Do you know, I wonder, who I am?"

"Somebody to talk to," Barlow replied, and smiled, but it was a spoiled smile, for the muscles on the left side of his pallid face did not move at all. And yet the clear cordial look of the smiling brown eyes was not at all spoiled. One could see that company was welcome.

Dawson briefly introduced his mission.

"Claim adjuster," he announced. "Traction company."

"And a lawyer, too?" the stockman inquired with a certain eagerness.

Yes, the visitor was of the legal profession.

"Then you ought to be all right," Barlow surmised—"all right as a talker. Smooth and persuadin' like these fellers what sells oil stock. And that's what I want. Need somebody like that worst way. Might not be quite in your line. Seems like a preacher's job really. But I tried him and he fell down on it. Same with Hilga's brother. Tried him and he couldn't cut no ice neither. But you, mebbe—worth tryin'. Pay lib'ral if you pull down the bacon."

"What," Dawson languidly inquired as he wiped his spectacles with a silk handkerchief after fogging them with his breath—"what is the bacon?"

"It—well—a long story. A mouthful and then some. Not quite up to it right now."

"Some other time perhaps," the claim agent hastened to interpose, glad to escape from the possibility of a long winded discourse. Meanwhile he was thinking, "Queer duffer. Fearfully thin and wasted, yet somehow rugged. Deep hollows above his temples. Feeble, but still so very much alive. Sheer nerve, no doubt."

At the sound of an approaching tram with its grind and growl of wheels and the scrape of its trolley Dawson questioned in jerky restlessness, "Will she be on that car?"

"Maybe."

"You mean, it's time for her to be coming along?"

"I'll say it is!"

The ardor of the stockman's tone let one understand how never-ending were the hours that had to be got through every day until Hilga Nelson should finally return from her work. He chuckled as he added, "If she was to show up at the door and take a look in and see you here, do you know what? She'd come red in the face—red as sumac after frost. Funny for her to be like that—ashamed to be seen here at the house in her men's clothes, her overalls. About her work, that's different. Don't mind it then. Ain't thinkin' about her looks. But here right off must get washed up, get into a dress, get her hair done nice and a ribbon in it. That's her. That's Hilga and that's what fetched us boys.

It Was Impossible for Him Long to Remain Silent With Anyone Present Who Would Listen to What He Had to Tell of Hilga Nelson

"Always at Mrs. Dugan's like that—neat and fresh in her gingham dresses. A home body. We'd rag her sometimes and have her say tongue twisters. 'Dree dousan' dree hunder and dirty-dree'—that's the best she could get it. And all color up and hang her head on one side and smile, bashful as a kid, but not mindin' if we laughed. Knowed we was plum mellow about her. Couldn't help knowin'."

"I see," Dawson observed, and he really did see that despite the coarsening influence of hard toil she liked to keep herself modestly feminine. Must get into a dress first thing and have a ribbon in her hair. Well, well!

"Blue-checked gingham or pink," said Barlow. "Or—of a Sunday—a white dress. Hair like a harvest field—a good rich color. One big thick braid down her back. No style. Not carin' a cuss about style."

After a pause he said, "Shucks! Hear me a-goin' on as if you didn't know!"

"I don't," said the claim agent. Having passed to the window, he pushed up the shade and stood gazing out.

"Yes, I remember now. You said so—not acquainted. Only seems like I got it into my head that the whole world ought to know Hilga and be friends with her."

"And you?" Dawson inquired, tapping with his p nailed fingers on the window pane. "A relative of her

"Not my fault if I ain't. Tried to be. Lord knows I And now, if you're a good talker—there it is! That's bacon you're to pull down. For she, Hilga, ain't on marry."

Dawson noted a crooked one-sided grin on the st man's face.

"When I got smashed up," Barlow went on, "and a-takin' care of me there at Mrs. Dugan's I come a near cashin' in—so near that the landlady took my p away. Bad luck, you know, for anybody to croak on piller. Well, and it peeved Hilga right smart for m lose my piller that-a-way. So she waltzes out and hunt this house and gets ready to move Doc wanted me sent to a hosp She wouldn't hear to it. Her bro was in a hospital once when he l his foot. Bad grub. Had him i room with too many others. Yes, kept his bed clothes tucked in tight. Enough of hospitals for Hi I shouldn't go there."

The caller listened badly; he f eted; he appeared so little intere that Barlow stopped talking. For w one rather prides himself on his gif gab and is in truth accounted an e tive spinner of yarns about camp he is not likely to be at all encoura by such a bored look as Dawson taken on.

"You didn't, then, go to the pital?" the claim agent inquired languid politeness.

Barlow shook his head; and o questions following, he answered t with concise brevity. Yet the p was brought out in any case that a his injury, "when his head got t up a little so that he could t straight," he had talked over the s ation with Hilga's brother and v the Swedish minister. It appears a satisfactory consultation had l lowed. They were told that they c communicate with the bank w Barlow had been transacting busi for a term of years; that they c also write to merchants of the cou seat. Yes, "to get a line on me," he expressed it. He would hav established that there was not against him and that he was financi sound. Dawson's inquiries fin elicited the assertion:

"If they found me O. K. and ev thing as stated, why, then, marri would be the thing, wouldn't it? thought it would and the preac thought it would, but not Hi Should say not! Cried and went on. W did I take her for? Was she out after money? Is that how I had her sized up?

Barlow was silent for a time, and t ventured the assertion that it does beat how the best intentions in the world sometimes get a man into hot water clean to his ears. He lit a cigarette, irrita speared a smoke ring with his finger and t let out a grunt.

"It all comes down to this—she hadn't picked me f husband. Not carin' a tinker's cuss whether I had a h o' stock on the range or a shirt on my back. No, sir, t wasn't it! I tell you what was it. She found out that it over her that I got smashed. And that bein' so, she gered that she ought to take care o' me."

Mild interest Dawson showed in desiring to be told what way it had been over her that Barlow had b injured, but the stockman's thoughts were centered upon that point but upon something else.

"She'd do the same, I reckon, for either of the ot boys, if it was one of them instead of me that got all bus up. Likes us all, for once when she needed help we chip in, the three of us, and she—mighty grateful. Do forget a good turn. Didn't amount to much, what we d only she don't forget it. That's what she's like."

It appears that the methodical course taken with i brother and the Swedish minister had not pleased her a that she had even been terribly cut up about his g intentions. Barlow now confessed that maybe he h "gone at it wrong." His promptness in striving to t mere benevolence into a matrimonial achievement and most unsentimental procedure in taking everything granted had resulted in a painful outcome.

"Cried!" Barlow exclaimed. "Yes, she did. And I here to tell you that I don't ever again want to

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AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

Hilga Nelson cry—not never! So awful quiet about it. No gulps or sobs. Held back everything except the tears. If only she would let loose! The miserablest thing is for a woman to cry and not let loose."

His voice scarcely made itself heard as he deliberately added: "When she was crying like that—guess what? She bends down quick and kisses me on the forehead and says she—hum, never mind about that. Good words, though—good kind words. Some Swedish words, too, and I don't sabby what they were, but I know they were nice words."

He took a deep breath and expelled it in a prolonged sigh—a sigh over the mystery that women are. Afterward while staring long at the wall his hand presently went up and touched wonderingly the place where the girl's mouth had been pressed to his forehead.

"The only one," he whispered. "The only kiss I ever got from Hilga."

Constraint came to both men, a long awkward interval of embarrassment, as if each had been made aware of a deep masculine tenderness which he would fain keep not merely hidden, but smothered. Dawson even yawned affectedly to show indifference, and he inquired with a bored tone, "Who were they—the other two?"

"Oh, they? Same as me, a pair of junipers from the short-grass country. We used to think, Cam and me, that Tuck Whalen was her favorite. Undersized, is Tuck. Short neck. Head twisted a little to one side. A sawed-off thick man. Jolly though. Funnin' all the while. Not much of a drinker, but when the state went dry he got a good start. Come wabbly one night to Mrs. Dugan's. Found the staircase all right, but didn't like to go up. It jumped so. He's used to pitchin' hosses full o' frisk and frolic, but a staircase that pitches won't do. Said it was dangerous, so he wouldn't go up, not whatsoever! Wouldn't try. Stretched hisself on the floor in the hall. Hilga found him there and h'isted him off to his room. Then she—this was before the war—she rousted out her brother and gets little ol' Tuck put to bed."

In the shadow the eyes of Barlow smiled, but not brightly. They were dull, tired eyes, for he was taxing his strength too much and yet could not stop talking. After an interval of rest he added, "They got to be a sweet pair o' pansy blossoms over Hilga—them two. One time Cam—right name Campbell—goes to the highfalutinest store in town and fetches back everywhich kind of silk junk with lace on it. 'Langeree' is the name it goes by. So skimp and thin would take a carload lot to pad a crutch for a lame louse."

He tried to describe what it was like, this "langeree." He said there was the pink kind that goes by the name of Teddy Bear and another pink kind that goes by the name of Billie Burke and yet another pink kind—be damned if he could remember what it was called, but Cam had found out that they were the kind that are to be "climbed into before you pile into bed."

Barlow scratched himself behind the ear as he murmured, "Tuck and me, we hardly liked to look at that stuff. Made us ashamed, that's what—made us ashamed to look at anything so naked."

It appears that Tuck in particular had been scandalized, and yet could see nothing amiss in the gift he had bought for Hilga—a pair of garters, blue-satin garters.

"Had buckles on 'em," said Barlow. "Buckles sixteen-carat gold. 'There now,' says Tuck, 'when I spends for Hilga I spends modest.'"

Barlow explained that he had to talk his durndest "to get them boys talked out o' that onrespectable junk." He had explained to them "very earnest" that Hilga was a lady. But Tuck had avowed—horribly stubborn, this Tuck—that he was as knowing as the next man about ways polite.

"The ladier they are," said he, "the more they wants sixteen-carat gold on their garters."

His intended gift, he insisted, was all right. Useful too. He peevishly asserted that "a lady, same as anybody else, has got to have somethin' to snub up her socks with. They have to be kept up, don't they? Sure they do!"

Eventually, however, both he and the buyer of the pink things had allowed themselves to be convinced that their costly presents would possibly be not well received by Hilga Nelson. Barlow even undertook the humiliating commission of returning the garters to the jeweler and recovering the money his friend had paid for them, but as for returning "that nakedness and facin' the lady clerk with it—no, sir! Let Cam tote it back his own self!"

Hearing this assertion made with head-wagging seriousness, Dawson emitted a brief chuckle. It was the first indication that he had been really entertained by Barlow's detailed recital, a narrative which was now rapidly brought to its point of culmination.

"Take that stuff back? Sure I didn't want to! And Cam didn't. Said it sweated him a lot and made him feel foolish to do that tradin' and be hanged if he wanted to undo it. Some sight, I'll bet it was, to see him buyin' them Billie Burkes and things! He would be lookin' awful stern and trying not to fidget and actin' as if he didn't see the saleslady gettin' her head turned round so he wouldn't ketch her laughin'."

With the definite conclusion that propriety demanded something else as a gift to Hilga, he bundled up everything, muddling with the strings, and finally started out with the parcels under his arm. Barlow called after him to inquire whether he had decided to return his purchases, and with that Campbell growled very huffily, "Hell, no! I'm going to hunt up a vamp and unload. That's me!"

This had appealed to him as much the easier course, but it did not prove so.

"Comes late to Mrs. Dugan's next afternoon," Barlow explained, "and et no supper. Victuals didn't agree with him. Looked fresh though. Had been steamin' hisself in a Turkish bath. Wouldn't talk. When we got up to his room with him he wouldn't say aye, yes nor no. Tuck had got hold of some corn liquor—four dollars a half pint—but Cam he wouldn't even wet up. He'd get out his toothbrush from his vest pocket, and his comb, and go wash his teeth every little while and slick up and sit down disgusted and scrape away at his finger nails. A pretty leather-hided cuss is Cam, generally speakin', and no morals to hurt. But somehow Hilga—a man likes to feel clean when he's round where Hilga is."

"I know," said Dawson, but he was thinking of the contortionist girl, not the least of whose charms was that she permitted herself no grossness of manner or vulgarities of speech.

After a time Barlow informatively asserted, "Oldest of four children, was Hilga. Parents dead. Her brother and her two sisters—mothered 'em, sent 'em to school. Awful cut up when the flu took the girls and the war took her brother. He's over there in that sauerkraut country—Army of Occupation. Well, and us boys when we come to town cheer her up and make her laugh, and she somehow wants to look after us and watch out for us. Has to mother somebody. It's her nature. Lord," he exclaimed suddenly, "ain't she comin' yet? Do take another squint down to the car line."

Laggardly, with a great show of indifference, Dawson went to the window.

"No," he said, "only some children passing, and an old woman with a basket on her arm."

Barlow shifted in his chair in an effort to find a more comfortable position; then he rolled a cigarette, neglected to light it and for some time remained with eyes closed. Doubtless he had tired himself out with talking so much. Yet it was impossible for him long to remain silent with any one present who would listen to what he had to tell of Hilga Nelson.

"We was about ready to leave town," he presently went on, rather wearily and with his eyes still closed. "So Tuck he braced hisself and took another whirl to see whether Hilga wouldn't let him take her to a show. Up to then she'd turned us all down. Shows—pouf! No time for shows. Cared about as much for shows as a coon for a coyote camp meetin'. But this time—yes—only not with Tuck alone. The three of us could take her to a ten-cent movie. Forty cents, that was the limit. We could spend forty cents on her, us sons o' guns, with our pockets all mumps with money. Lord a'mighty, cash for a whole trainload o' cattle no more good to us than if we was ol' Mr. Robinson Crookshank on his desert island of Sahara."

Dawson all at once began to laugh, but silently, for he was one of those men in whom robust and wholesome merriment seems never to have been born. Cynical sniggers were commonly the best he could achieve. But the fun of those three fantastic lovers and their enormous disgust over being allowed to spend, all told, but forty cents had finally warmed that chilled heart of his which had never really found its way to good refreshing gayety and full-lunged honest mirth. He sat down suddenly, all doubled up, but like the crying of Hilga Nelson his laughter was a soundless thing.

"Well, and did you take her, you three, to the picture show?"

"No, we—that is—hum! Foolishness! A silly thing. If we had played poker to decide it that would have been—Tuck wanted us to ride. Do some rough ridin'. That's it. A contest. Winner to take Hilga to the movie. There, that's how we was to pick the lucky juniper. Down in the yards four horses that nobody—hum! Wish they had all been butchered for dog meat! Outlaw stock. Kept for brash boys who come to town and swell round and make out that they're world beaters as busters. A bad idee, Tuck had—I'll say it was! For take Cam—he's really there, Cam is. Can crawl anything and stay—anything that strikes and bites and aviates on four hoofs. Didn't he carry off honors once on Pioneer Day in Cheyenne? Yes, he did. But the buckskin he straddled down in the yards—shucks! Cam throwed off on us. Didn't try to ride. All gummed up with remorse—that's why. Wouldn't win, 'cause he didn't think he was worthy after the vampin' he'd let hisself in for. Come my turn second. Subsequent proceedin's mainly, far as I knowed, was Hilga askin' the doctor very quiet, 'Hev he broke his back?'

"Found out afterward that when the ambulance landed me at Mrs. Dugan's Hilga wouldn't have me took to no hospital. Landlady herself wasn't so very pleased, the boys said, to have me in the house; but whether she wanted me or not, that's where I got laid up—all on account of Hilga. She wouldn't have it no other way. The boys they wired for Doc Weaver to come on. For a starter they gets me a mob of local surgeons and such. Awful talented too. I never see no doctors no more talented. If I was John D. Rockyfeller hisself they couldn't use up no more talent on what they charged me. Felt safer to have Doc Weaver show up. He couldn't—that's true—couldn't get my thumb growed back. All right though. Got a wart on his chin."

Dawson did not smile. He gave the injured man a steady look, not at all entering into the spirit of making nonsense of calamity. Out of the conscious silence that had come upon him he murmured coldly, "So—so here you are."

"What's left of me. A piece of a man."

"You don't have to stay in bed. You can even stand up. Don't the doctors hold out any encouragement?"

"In time; that's so, they agree that in time—be myself again, entire and complete. She pulled me through, Hilga did. Been lookin' after me from the first day till now. Done enough. Ain't right for me to be here any more. It's imposin' on her. What fun has she had with me on her hands? No dances, no young fellers, no good times. Jest hard work—and me. Gets finished up with lookin' after her own folks and then what? Then it's me. And now that I'm able I better clear out. Lay up a while longer at some institution somewheres, then get back to the ranch, get clean away and give Hilga some chance to be a girl."

Dawson consulted his watch, for he had a dinner appointment. A long while he looked at the timepiece and then looked at the shiny tips of his patent-leather shoes. By and by he said with the utmost deliberation, "Maybe you're what she needs. Maybe she—cares."

"Sure she does. It's the thanks she feels—she's grateful. For us boys, Tuck and Cam and me, when her sisters was downed with the flu—doctors' bills, medicine, nurses, all that—we paid it. And she don't somehow—she won't never forget it. But now she can let up on bein' grateful. I've had enough. I don't like it. Ain't what I want, not a-tall."

"It's more than thanks," Dawson asserted. "Must be that she—cares." To say simply, "She loves you," was something he could not bring himself to speak, for the word "love" belonged to his vocabulary for fleering and jeering purposes solely, and what it implied of reverence and loyalty and honest sentiment he was now combating with all the skepticism of his hurt soul. He struggled not to believe that the girl in greasy overalls, that rather comical creature, could be anything like the wonder that three rough men had made of her. Bu there is that in a man, in the meanest ma culine heart, which makes him want have faith in the beauty of womanhood he would like to have faith in God.

Yet Dawson had but to perceive a grov ing softness in himself to grow suspicio of it, to deny everything and so get back his normal state of mind. He had cor here on business, the company's business that absurd twenty-dollar claim about dead cat. Bluntly the agent spoke of t animal—regrettable accident. Furriers, believed, pay something for a commo feline pelt in good condition. Now if Mi Nelson cared to accept two dollars ——

With portfolio across his knees an fountain pen in hand Dawson began to fi in a legal blank, a waiver of the twent dollar claim, which he expected the stoc man to sign.

Meanwhile, as Barlow thought of t unfortunate Whitefoot he sighed deepl

"A good cat," he declared. "Was for fack. And got to be right friendly with m Would fetch me in a mouse same as if I w a kitten; yes, sir, and hang round and pu and rub agin me and act awful proud. I take the mouse. Then I'd tell Hilga s ought to be accommodatin', same as m I wasn't out for mice and she wasn't out f money, but she ought to take some, eve if she had to take me too. Didn't make m so oneasy at first, us livin' here, for h brother, you see, was livin' here with u But he's gone now and been gone for ov a year and I ain't bedfast no more. I'm u and round and gettin' stronger every da And first we know, if I don't clear out Hil will be gettin' her name drug in the mir Reverend Swanson don't like it. He don call no more. And members from t Swedish church don't call. So you see ho it is. She's located bad, ain't she?"

Barlow sat scowling at the puzzle li had become for him and for Hilga, and doubt the puzzle wearied him even mo than the fatigue of so much talking, for h eyelids drooped and his head also droope and presently began to nod. He had go to sleep.

Should he be wakened and be brought discuss the silly claim about the dead ca Dawson turned this question over in h mind and got up and trod quietly from o end of the room to the other. And as h went he cast resentful sidewise glances the sleeper. It was the rancor of envy. envied that man's spirit—the spirit th could be generous and laugh and be stron even while the poor body was the wretche thing it had become. So when Barlo roused presently out of his brief nap t claim agent said at once, "Here is a waiv I'd like to have you sign. The compar allows two dollars for the dead cat."

"Why two dollars? Why not twelve twenty-two or two hundred and two?" t stockman inquired, and added with fina ity, "Hilga wants twenty."

"Oh, come now," said Dawson. "Yo must see how absurd is such a claim."

"Maybe it is. Maybe by rights the clai ought to be five hundred. If you was sh up here and wantin' company and ha something alive to come in and be frien with you, would that be worth twent dollars to you? Hey, would it? Mayb they ain't no sum big enough to pay f such free gifts as kindness and friendshi and the comforts and goodness that com unasked. Ever know anybody working an harder than the Red Cross nurses worke in French hospitals? Money couldn't bu that service, could it? No, and money can pay—not really—for what that cat was t Hilga and me. We needed that cat."

"That may be. I don't deny it. But, Dawson stubbornly insisted, "twenty do lars can't be allowed."

"Can't, eh?"

"Really cannot."

"How much can?"

"Two dollars."

"Two?"

"That's it."

"Two hell! Twenty or nothin'."

"Then it will be nothing."

"So, that's what you're like! And m a-thinkin' all along that you was somebod Told you all that about Hilga to get you o my side and help me out if you would t make her see things straight—I mean abou her and me. That's what I was comin' a But now I see where I've fetched up. Yo got no influence—can't have—not by n means. You ain't built right.

"Well, shove me your paper. I'll sig whatever it is. I'll sign, and then for God

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Future of Air Travel

By Floyd W. Parsons

WHAT are the possibilities of the airplane as a common carrier? That is one question uppermost in the minds of the thinkers in all nations. Railroad men are also wondering just what effect the development of aviation will have on the future operation of our great steam and electric transportation systems.

In many parts of the world the question is one of national moment. Years ago the Dutch led the world in maritime trade. This was due largely to the fact that the Netherlands possessed great natural waterways that gave the Dutch control over a large part of the commerce of the interior of Europe. Now comes the airplane as a commercial carrier and Holland is disturbed concerning the maintenance of her position in the world's trade. In order to avoid defeat through the development of a great new art the Netherlands Government has been quick to adapt her plans to the new order. The first aëronautical exposition to be held in Europe after the war took place in Amsterdam. The Dutch are frank in their avowal that they intend to institute aërial communication with Java and their other colonies, making international arrangement for the establishment of the necessary stopping points, or airship stations, en route.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE MANUFACTURERS' AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Interior View of One of the Newest Types of Passenger Airplanes

The people of Holland are looking forward to the time when the airplane will reshape the transportation of Europe; when Germany will no longer have to use Dutch or Belgian seaports; when airplanes and aërial terminals will be the all-governing factors. They have set out to establish leadership on the Continent in commercial aëronautics. The present understanding is that the Dutch will coöperate with the British and use British aërodromes in the routes to the East.

Has commercial aviation arrived? Has the art of flying proved its utility and practicability? The battle plane of the great war is already obsolete. What, then, is the future of our plans for national defense? Is there a balanced relationship between commercial and military aëronautics? If there is, have we recognized the condition here in America? The report of the British Parliamentary Committee on Civil Aërial Transport issued recently said: "Cost what it may, this country—Great Britain—must lead the world in civil aërial transport."

It is ever true that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Air routes will always be the shortest highways of travel. The airplane is the swiftest means of transport. To-day these ships of the air are expensive, and as a consequence for the moment their use must be confined to cases where the demand for speed is sufficient to offset the expense. The demand of the present era is for the reduction of time; this alone insures the airplane an immediate service in the carriage of passengers and small and valuable freight. The transcontinental race showed that the United States can be crossed from ocean to ocean twice via the air in 50 hours' flying time—an average in excess of 100 miles an hour for the entire distance. This achievement also called attention to the fact that fleets of battle planes could be shifted from coast to coast for aërial defense in two and a half to three days.

The United States is a great natural field for the airplane, because as a people we are always in a hurry and we live in a country where great distances are the common thing. As individuals the airplane appeals to us; as a nation we show mild indifference. Last summer aërial taxi lines sprang up throughout the country. These pioneers in aviation found that passengers could be carried for a dollar a minute, or a dollar a mile, whichever basis was desired. Most of these lines are still in operation, except at northern points where summer travel has waned. The chief difficulty has been that most of the companies have lacked proper landing-field facilities.

Aërial transport has been in operation in the following places: New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, various points in Florida, Albany, Schenectady, Providence, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dayton, many points in Texas, Omaha; Grand Island, Nebraska; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Riverside, California; and San Diego.

The taxi company which controls most of the taxi service in Chicago has purchased fifty planes for operation between Chicago and certain famous vacation resorts and to provide service for business men who wish to complete a day at their desks in Chicago before overtaking by airplane the Twentieth Century Limited, which train left Chicago hours earlier. A number of rich men now use their own planes for travel back and forth between the town and the country. The general manager of a Middle-Western airplane company frequently comes to New York on business via the air. Out in Seattle recently a busy man on an important mission failed to catch a steamer that had sailed. He phoned an airplane company and was told that they could start in thirty minutes to overtake the ship. The seaplane overhauled the water craft, alighted on the surface of the sea and the transfer of passenger from aircraft to vessel was made by boat.

Perhaps the most convincing illustration of the value of the airplane in business is the air mail service between New York and Washington. I am told that this aërial service will be extended to San Francisco by next May if funds are forthcoming. By spring fourteen cargo mail ships of two and three motors will be in operation between New York and Chicago. These ships will carry from 2000 to 3000 pounds useful load—that is, mail. Even now between Washington and New York and New York and Chicago eight planes are in the air daily, each carrying up to 450 pounds of first-class letter mail. Delivery is advanced to all points from sixteen to twenty-four hours, because distribution may be made at terminals instead of in railway cars en route. I am informed that airplane mail is cheaper than that by rail, and the Post Office Department expects to save hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly when the big ships are in operation.

At a recent conference in Cleveland it was stated by the chairman of the aviation committee of the Chamber of Commerce that an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Cleveland banks to get the New York Central Railroad Company to adjust its New York train schedule so as to save a banking hour for Cleveland. Now comes the airplane and traverses the 410 miles in four and a half to five hours as against thirteen to seventeen hours by train. This has convinced Omaha bankers that literally thousands of dollars in interest can be saved by the transportation by air of negotiable papers and so on. On this assumption the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, through its representative at the Cleveland meeting, appealed to Otto Praeger, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, for a rapid extension of the aërial mail.

Airplanes have been used to beat the telegraph and cable. Reports of great length, which would have congested the wires for days, have been transported within a few hours. Nothing can exceed the speed of a telegraphed word, but it requires a good deal of time to wire many thousands of words. A scheme is being worked out for the combination of train mail, aëro post and telegraph for the speedier transmission of messages. This plan originated in England. On example of time economy occurred th day of the Willard-Dempsey figh when New York and San Francis papers carried the films of the bout b airplane. The San Francisco paper saved 24 hours over train time.

Forest-fire patrols are in operatio in California and Oregon, where mil lions of dollars' worth of timber hav been saved. One airplane has spotte as many as forty fires in one day, locat ing them at a distance of twenty-fiv or thirty miles to within half a mile the exact spot. The plans for next yea call for air patrols throughout th entire Northwest and the radio tele phone will be used to report conflagra tions. Maps made from photograph taken from the air are absolutely ac curate. The lens records details tha would otherwise go unnoted. In coas and geodetic surveys the airplane i fast proving its worth.

Bird's-eye-view lithographs are no out of date. The present vogue is ai plane pictures. Certain large rea estate and financial concerns in Ne York City are sending their photog raphers up in airplanes when wid views of newly developed plots are de sired. Down in Cuba one large mahog any company dealing only in the fine wood recently purchased a number training-type planes for use in timbe spotting. This was found to be the quickest method locating the most desirable trees. Many of our war plane that were used last year for coast defense are now bein employed as a coast patrol for life-saving purposes.

A large mining company operating in Canada ha located ore at the summit of a mountain which cannot b safely reached even by pack horses. Up to the presen time the precious ore has been carried out by men. No the mining company sees in the airplane a solution for it difficulties. A survey is being made preliminary to th construction of a landing field on the summit and a num ber of planes will be used to carry in a ten-stamp mill an later to carry the output of the plant from the mine t tidewater. A number of mining companies having prop erties located in isolated mountainous regions of th United States and Mexico are planning a like utilizatio of the airplane for transport purposes.

It is conservatively estimated that no fewer than 60 airplanes are privately owned by residents of the Unite States. In addition more than 3000 training land an water craft are rapidly being sold by the Government a prices considerably below the cost of production. Man of these latter planes are going to Western ranchers and o operators in the Southwest. In most of these out-of-the way regions there is poor rail transportation and thi condition affords the airplane a splendid chance. Numer ous companies having industrial operations at points dis tant from the main lines of travel are finding that th airplane is an admirable carrier of pay rolls from near-b cities to the outlying plants. The chance of a hold-up i the air is less than it is on the ground.

One of our leading aviation authorities is of the opinio that the chief need of the moment is for a Federal bureau of aëronautics that could provide the research worl necessary for the development of planes and motors. Thi technical branch could operate for the Army, Navy, posta service and other governmental departments, as well a for manufacturers. This same engineer predicts that th water flying machine will be used more generally in th near future than the land machine. He bases his view o the fact that just now the water is most available for land ing places. Airplanes are being made weatherproof to day and a man living near a body of water could easil moor his flying boat off shore. He says that cheap plane will arrive just as soon as a sufficient demand is develope so that the manufacturers can start quantity productio and build stock planes instead of constructing each ma chine according to new and individual specifications.

During the war the comfort and convenience of aircraft passengers were subordinated to the speed and mobility o the plane itself. To-day in the construction of commercia machines the aëronautical engineer is giving much thought to the ease and contentment of the public who will trave by air. In basic principles of design the coming com mercial planes will not be changed materially. Just as the

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Hits from Broadway on Pathé Records

A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody, *from Ziegfeld Follies of* 1919. .Sam Ash, Tenor Dear Heart.....Turner Roe, Baritone	22219
There's a Lot of Blue-Eyed Marys Down in Maryland..Arthur Fields, Baritone Pretty Little Rainbow....Orpheus Trio	22215
Saxophone Blues, Ernest Hare, Baritone (Saxophone passage by Rudy Wiedoeft) They're All Sweeties, Billy Murray, Tenor	22213
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Christmas Eve in The Toy Shop, Russel Hunting and Sterling Trio 'Twas The Night Before Christmas, Russel Hunting	22191
When the Preacher Makes You Mine, One Step.....Tuxedo Syncopators Buddha, Fox Trot..Tuxedo Syncopators	22209
Tulip Time, Fox Trot, *from Ziegfeld Follies of* 1919, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra Cairo, One Step, Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra	22211
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(Continued from Page 36)

trend of automobile development has been in refinement, elimination of unnecessary parts, increased safety and durability and foolproof operation, so will the airplane be developed along the same lines of greater reliability, lower first cost and a reduced operating expense.

I asked one of our most noted authorities for his viewpoint on the future of aviation and got this reply: "Coming developments will produce extremely high speeds in the air together with low landing speeds so that a machine can be landed in small spaces on average ground. Also with a given expenditure of power and given operation expense heavier loads will be carried. Machines will be fitted with brakes to arrest momentum when landing on aërodromes. Planes will be so stable that they will practically be able to take care of themselves in flight. Control mechanism will be so refined that practically no exertion will be required to operate them.

"It has already been shown that with intelligent use the depreciation of the airplane is not excessive, and the new commercial designs, barring unfortunate crashes, will show just as little depreciation as the modern motor truck. The greatest present weakness lies in a lack of suitable and accurate navigating instruments. The experiences of the last year have shown that planes are capable of withstanding the rigors and difficulties of flight in heavy rain and snowstorms. The permanence and regularity of any air service therefore will rest solely on the speedy development of these navigation instruments.

"As to the mechanical efficiency of the aircraft power plant, we have found that aëronautical motors require less than one-half of a pound of fuel used for each horse power developed, whereas the average auto engine, and more particularly the motor-truck engine, usually requires about seven-tenths of a pound of fuel for each horse power developed. The best opinion at present appears to point to the desirability of the medium-sized cargo plane as best for commercial work. In other words, 600 to 800 horse power would represent the total power plant and the high speed would be in the neighborhood of 126 miles an hour maximum and 105 miles an hour as the commercial speed. The landing speed of each machine will undoubtedly be brought as low as 37 miles an hour. Between stations these planes would be able to maintain a schedule of speed of at least 90 miles an hour under all air conditions. The chief use of the airplane in the immediate future will be for carrying small and valuable parcels.

"And right here let us not forget that the airship possesses one great superiority over all common carriers which must resort to indirect sinuous routes; it has that great advantage known as the economy of the straight line. The possibilities of the use of the highways of the air are only commencing to be imagined."

Rubber! Rubber!

NOT long ago in conversation with a friend the talk drifted to the question of human observation. Said he, "Of all the traits we possess, the one showing the greatest deficiency is our lack of common everyday perception. We notice things without recording a definite impression. For example," he continued, "how many steps are there leading up from the pavement to the ground floor of the club where you lunch each day?"

I replied that I might guess, but I couldn't be sure.

"There you are," said he. "You have entered that building several thousand times and you don't know."

This same lack of close attention runs through the whole of our lives. We have come to accept things as they are, seldom questioning the why and wherefore of our most intimate associations. I saw a statement the other day that rubber was the fifth necessity of life, and as I picked up a rubber band to snap it round a package of letters I wondered if that declaration could possibly be true. Later, on the street, as the thousands of automobiles and motor trucks rushed along, I began to picture a world without rubber and many of the doubts concerning the truth of the assertion were swept out of my mind.

"If rubber is so important," thought I, "just where do we as a nation line up in the world's business in this essential material?"

Looking back hastily to the beginning, the answer appears to be about as follows:

Rubber was first discovered by the Indians living on the banks of the Amazon in Brazil. They called the substance cahuchu and used it to make pouches, shoes and to a very limited extent rainproof clothes. Columbus, on his second voyage of discovery, tells of having seen the natives of Haiti playing with balls which bounced amazingly. These balls—as he afterward learned—were made from the gum of some tree. In 1772 the English scientist, Priestley, found that the strange material would remove pencil marks from paper, which accounts for the present name—"rubber."

Following the investigations of Priestley, a fellow named Mackintosh discovered that if a piece of cloth was covered with rubber the material so treated would be waterproof. But the rubber-treated cloth was sticky, so Mackintosh finally found a way out of his difficulty by laying the sticky sides of two pieces of cloth together. This discovery gave birth to the handsome raincoats of to-day.

Next in order came a young chemist named Charles Goodyear, who was working with one of the companies that had been organized to manufacture mackintosh coats. This young man, like many other great inventors, passed through days of sore tribulation. He made failure after failure until at last his friends had all disappeared and he was thrown in prison for failure to pay his debts. One day in the spring of 1839, in a little house in Woburn, Mass., Goodyear started to expound the virtues of his discovery before a few indifferent listeners. In his hand he held a mass of his compound of sulphur and gum, and becoming excited dropped the mixture or ball onto a red-hot stove that stood beside him. On quickly recovering the mass he found that the hot stove had charred but not melted the compound. He was amazed by the fact that red-hot iron had not melted India rubber and in a few days he had completed further investigations that led to the discovery of vulcanization.

Up to this time all the rubber was called Pará rubber, named from the town of Pará in Brazil, from which place all the rubber was shipped. In certain other parts of the world, however, various kinds of tropical trees, shrubs and vines later were found to yield rubber, but none of these species seemed able to produce a product equal to that coming from the wild trees in Brazil. Furthermore the Brazilian trees were possessed of a rare and distinct virtue in that they would heal quickly and go on growing after they had been cut and bled of their precious juice known as latex. Experiments in transplanting were started, therefore, and it was discovered that under proper conditions the wild Hevea trees of South America could be made to thrive in other countries. As a result, and notwithstanding the fact that there are several hundred thousand square miles of forest—principally wild rubber—in l the bulk of the rubber production to-day comes fr cultivated Hevea trees on the comparatively new p tions in Asia, Africa and India, as well as in South A To be exact, the wild trees of Brazil now produce 33,000 tons of rubber annually, while the plantati Africa and the Far East show a yearly product approximately 240,000 tons. It was no longer ag 1907 when the plantations of Asia and Africa wer ducing less than 1000 tons a year.

Down in Brazil the rubber gatherer, or seringueir follows the ancient practice of pouring the latex paddle, or stick, which he holds over a hot fire. Th is rotated as the pouring continues and the latex i dened into a big rough ball, or biscuit, weighing about pounds. Plantation rubber is not smoked, but is t with an acid—lime juice is commonly used—which the milky fluid to coagulate, and the rubber separate the water, forming into a soft, spongy mass, or b which eventually finds its way to the factory manufacturer.

From the time the crude biscuit of rubber reach factory the person of greatest importance in the rem operation is the chemist. Pure rubber merely vulc would lack durability, so the staff of chemical e employed by the manufacturing concern has to dec certain treatments, where mixtures are added to p grades of rubber having the desired qualities for the work in hand. An entirely different compound wo used in making tires from what would be emplo making bands or belts. If the tires on your auto stand up well under rough wear you can thank the c for having produced the right kind of compound.

Speaking of tires for automobiles and trucks bring story of marvelous achievement. It is of course tru the growth of tire output in this country runs paralle the increasing use of the automobile for business and ure. In 1913 the motor vehicle registration in the U States amounted to 1,254,971 cars. In 1918 there 6,146,617 motor vehicles registered. Allowing fiv per car per year, the annual consumption has grow better than six million to nearly 31,000,000 tires. average of $25 per tire the value of the total tire prod at the present time is in the neighborhood of $800,0 annually. In 1917 approximately 75 per cent of th ber consumed in the United States was used for tir tire sundries. Though the greater volume of increa been in pneumatic tires under six inches, the greate of increase has been in solid and large pneumatic ti trucks. Assuming twenty pounds of rubber as an a per car for regular equipment and one-fourth of that for one spare per car, it is evident that 153,665,425 p of rubber was being used last year in American ti ings alone, an amount equal to nearly 40 per cent United States crude-rubber imports for the fiscal ended June 30, 1918. Though our tire exports a large in comparison with what we consume ourselves have increased 254 per cent since 1913.

We Americans are people to boast of our pendence, but the mo delve into matters the we discover that the is inhabited by other who have brains money. The rubbe dustry is another bu that brings this fact Conservative estimat this year indicate th plantations of the Fa will produce 84 per c the world's supply of rubber.

Of this total plant output the British co will turn out app mately 80 per cent, or 68 per cent of the production of the wo

It is further true more than 66 per ce all rubber plantation situated in British col so that Great Britain cises political as we financial control ove supply of this very portant raw material the British acreage than eight hundred sand acres lie in the erated Malay States. to the British, the D are the big holders of ber lands. Their prin plantations are in Sum

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Natives Collecting the Latex or Milk From the Rubber Trees in a Plantation in the Far East

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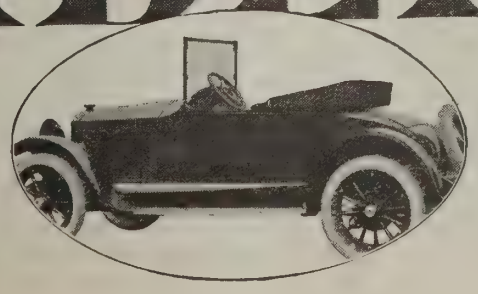

THE CLINK OF THE SPURS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

HERE—stop that! Ain't you got any sense at all?" "Why, what have I been doin', Chet?" Young Cliff Willett turned from his dishwiping and regarded his partner with surprise in his honest eyes. Old Chet Johnson was glaring at him like an infuriated animal. "Seems to me I been wipin' the dishes and 'tendin' to my own business same as usual. What have I been doin'?"

"What you been doin'?" old Chet flared at his partner. "You been singin', that's what you been doin'! You're always singin' in the morning—and anybody with brains knows that singin' in the morning is bad luck!"

"Aw, shucks!" Willett was flushed and manifestly he was struggling to keep control of his temper, but his voice was conciliatory. "You oughtn't to be so superstitious!"

"I ain't superstitious!" old Chet shot back, tremulous with the intensity of his unreasonable rage. "You hear me? I ain't superstitious!"

"Well, anyway, it seems to me that it's a little thing to get mad about."

"Who's mad?" demanded Johnson, his voice continuing to rise. "Who do you reckon's mad?"

"Why, you are!"

"You're a liar!" said old Chet bluntly, and waited, head thrust forward, red eyes hot with smoldering hate.

There was a convulsive twitching of the younger partner's big muscles and Willett made a slight involuntary movement forward.

But the next instant he caught himself and smiled, though his lips were white.

"Aw, shucks!" he said again. "What's the use of quarrelin' like a couple of yearlin's? Pardners oughtn't to quarrel."

"I ain't quarrelin'!" burst out Johnson. "I'm a peaceable man! But when a man's got a damn fool for a pardner ——"

"Here!" Young Willett's voice was still steady, but a different ring had come into it. "That'll be plenty! I know you're not exactly yourself, Chet, but no man can rub it in on me! You've gone the limit—and it ain't exactly safe for any man to go an inch beyond the limit with me unless he wants to get his nose knocked clear up into his cowlick! You think it over before you talk to me again!"

The Sudden Question Struck Chet Like a Blow Over the Heart. It Seemed That Every Fiber in His Being Was Betraying Him to the Keen Old Eyes of Tally Potter

Old Chet glared at the six feet of young manhood standing straight and steady in the middle of the floor. He muttered something under his breath and turned back to the stove. He was boiling a pot of beans for the noon meal. Cliff watched him for a minute or two and then gradually the flush cleared from the young man's face and he smiled.

"Aw, say, Chet," he said, "cheer up! I know we been gettin' on each other's nerves, cooped up in this little shack together ever since the first of November, but let's forget it. Spring's nearly here. First hard ride we make will clear up our livers and then we'll be good friends again."

He waited. There was no answer. Old Chet still stood motionless by the stove, intent apparently upon the beans.

"Ain't mad yet, are you, Chet?"

Still no answer.

The young man hung the dishcloth upon its nail and moved across to the door, his spurs clinking upon the floor as he went. He wore the spurs all the time, laying them off only as one lays aside his boots when he goes to bed, for the spurs had become a habit with the young cattleman. For some minutes he stood looking across the wide, deep cañon to the high slope of old Chanowah Mountain, a mile away across the river. The snow line was creeping toward the summit of old Chanowah, for though it was only the first of March there had been nearly two weeks of warm rains which had taken away all the snow from the lower altitudes.

Along the wooded slope of Chanowah Mountain moist little fog blobs moved sluggishly, unable to rise to the higher atmosphere and take on the dignity of clouds. Young Willett observed these with the understanding eye of the mountaineer as they crawled along, white lumps of foam against the dark green of the wet hillsides.

"Goin' to be some more rain, Chet," he called cheerfully, "by the look of the butter flecks driftin' along the ridges over yonder."

No answer. Johnson still stood with his strange gaze upon the pot of beans.

Low down under the scattered fog blobs a tiny wisp of vapor, thinner and bluer than the fog heaps, drifted up from Chook's Bar. Young Willett contemplated it wistfully.

"The Ellery folks are just gettin' breakfast," he observed, "judgin' by the smoke."

"Shut that door!" old Chet flamed at him with animal violence.

"Aw, say, Chet ——"

Old Chet Johnson's nerves snapped like a b string. He snatched the bean pot from the s and hurled it insanely at his partner. The st ing kettle hit the side of the door, smashed li bombshell and filled the air boiling beans and fragmen the faithful old utensil. Willett jumped outside, but soon enough to avoid the e burst. The door slammed hind him and he stood in the mountain air, mopping soup from his face and neck wondering if he would get blisters out of the business. listened. Inside the cabin Chet was raging like a crazy Cliff hung about the door few minutes, undecided. ently he grinned uneasily.

"Aw, say," he mutte "what's the use? Chet himself or he wouldn't act way. So why should I go in there and maybe start more trouble? I'll talk it with him to-night after cooled off. Right now I'll g and saddle old Jaybird and a little ride. Do me and bird a lot of good."

The young man walked out to the stable, his spurs clinking upon the frozen gro for the sun had not yet risen enough to slant down upon western slope where the c stood. All about was the p ise of an early spring: the s of the awakening earth, th tangible feel in the air of growing things getting read burst through the ground. the nearer hillsides the b was beginning to lift itself a after the long months lying upon the earth with five fe snow weighing it down. Wi saddled his horse and rode to the cabin for his slicker, w hung in the covered vera He tied the slicker to the sa and mounted. As he was a to ride away Chet Johr opened the door.

"What d'ye say we bust u he said without other pream His eyes avoided Cliff's eye

"Why, Chet—why, I—" the young man's gaze was fu consternation. "What's matter? Ain't I been a g pardner?"

Johnson did not answer. still stood motionless, his on the ground.

"I've tried," went on young man. "Didn't I n you through a bad spell of mountain fever? Paid all expenses myself too. Glad to do it—for my pardn

He waited again. A covert sneer appeared about Chet's mouth, but the man continued silent.

"For the matter of that," went on Willett, resentm rising within him—"for the matter of that, you go admit that this is my business—lock, stock and bar I thought you'd make a good pardner, so I took you with the understanding that after five years you wer own half of the cattle. After five years—remember been livin' up to my part of the contract. I been doin' share of the ridin' for two years. And for the last months I been takin' things from you I wouldn't h stood from any other livin' man! I don't know what's matter with you, Chet. But if you ain't satisfied h why yonder's the same trail you came in on! You carryin' your blankets then and you seemed mighty g of the chance to come in with me. You're free to cut l any time you like. More'n that, I'll pay you the s wages for the last two years that I'd have paid any ot rider."

He waited, his face flushed and his lips white, for injustice of his partner's behavior was hurting him kee

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son did not change his motionless attitude, and when st he spoke his words seemed entirely irrelevant.

Where you goin'?" he asked abruptly.

thought I'd go down to the summer camp and ride the fish-dam cabin. From there I'll come back over Silver Springs glade. I'm takin' a salt bag along. I e I'll find the cattle round Silver somewhere, and if 're there I'll salt 'em."

Not goin' down to Ellery's?" Johnson's eyes were still ie ground.

ain't aimin' to go to Ellery's. It'll take me too far of my way."

thout another word Johnson went inside the cabin hut the door. Willett sat in the saddle irresolute for a moments, staring at the closed door, a nameless fear ning to whisper about his heart. Was Chet going ? Then he touched the horse with a spur and jogged down the slope toward the river.

e fog blobs were growing larger now and they dragged ily through the treetops beyond the cañon. In the es that seamed the vast slope from top to bottom lingered heavily. Willett cast an eye up to the south- and noted a filmy haze that was crawling over the of Chanowah Mountain.

Goin' to storm sure!" he said. "Jaybird, it'll storm e night, and if we go clear round by the fish-dam cabin back by Silver Springs glade we'll be lucky to get back without a fine wettin'. I'd give a good deal to know 's the matter with Chet. He's been actin' queer for g time now. I—I wish I'd known him a little better e I took him in with me. And I wish we had our ership down in black and white. Not a scratch of between us! That ain't business. Why, if he wanted could claim half the cattle right now—and I couldn't that he wasn't entitled to 'em! No sir, that ain't sess! I always was easy, I reckon. But he seemed ght when he came here couple of years ago. Aw, s! Of course he's all right! Just got a long grouch aybe. Shut up for five or six months with a big kid ene—it's got him runnin' in circles. Sure Chet's all ! Come on, Jaybird, let's kick a few rocks about! haze slidin' up over Chanowah means business."

Nevertheless, when he reached the point where the trail forked, one branch going on down to the summer camp and the other bending to the right and leading to the Ellery cabin on Chook's Bar, the young man stopped and wavered, for he had not seen little Jennie Ellery for a week. But the wind had freshened suddenly and it now blew chilly upon his cheek. He threw a glance up toward the southwest and sighed.

"We can't risk it, Jaybird," he said. "We'd lose two hours and two hours would throw us way after night. It won't be any fun travelin' that ridge trail in the dark with a storm blowin' across the hills."

Resolutely he turned his horse into the trail leading down to the summer camp, singing softly to himself. But the song soon died on his lips, for try as he might he could not get his mind away from the disquieting episode of the morning. The quarrel was but the culmination of a series of petty bickerings, always started by old Chet and dating back some three or four months to an evening when the older partner had hinted strongly that he was entitled to an even share in the cattle business, ignoring the arrangement by which young Willett had first admitted him to a tentative partnership. Willett knew but little about the man, though when he first came to the Chanowah, Johnson had been jolly, good-natured apparently, and very companionable. Willett had a good start in the cattle business at that time. Moreover, he stood well with the service men and to stand well with the service men means a great deal to a man when he is running cattle on the forest reserve.

"I'm worried," said Willett again, rousing from his deep meditation. "Seems like I can't figure it out plain and easy. Either Chet's goin' crazy or else ——"

He was not singing when he dropped down and took the up-river trail.

Something along the trail caught his eye and he stopped his horse, leaned over and studied the ground attentively.

"What d'ye make of it, Jaybird?" he asked. "Fresh too—not an hour old."

II

FOR an hour after Cliff Willett's departure old Chet Johnson moved about the little cabin muttering under his breath. When a mountain man begins to talk to himself it is time for people to watch him. He tidied up the kitchen, working in a mechanical manner, muttering always. From time to time he would stop and stand motionless, his red eyes staring at the floor.

His housework done, Johnson took his heavy rifle from the deer-horn rack above the fireplace and set about oiling and cleaning it with meticulous care. This accomplished, he filled the magazine with cartridges and tested the sights minutely. The man had a skill with the rifle that was almost uncanny. To such a man the care of his rifle means more than the care of his own body. While he worked over the gun old Chet talked incoherently to himself. His eyes were inflamed and sullen and the hair growing low upon his forehead twitched convulsively up and down like the low brow of an angry gorilla.

When at last he was quite ready Johnson took the rifle and left the cabin, locking the door behind him by means of a bar which slid across the door inside the building and was operated by a lever outside. The location of this lever was known only to Chet and Cliff. He cast a slow look about him, then set out toward Silver Springs glade. But he did not travel by way of the trail. Instead he kept to the deep forest, where the carpet of pine needles left no footprints visible behind him. He was hardly half a mile on his way when it began to rain. He looked across to the southwest and for the first time noted the ominous weather signs which until now he had been too infuriated to observe.

"Ought to have my slicker," he muttered. "Goin' to get my rifle all wet!" He stopped, hesitated, then went on.

"Bad luck to go back!" he said. "Cliff'd say that was superstitious too. But any fool knows it's bad luck to go back after you're started."

It was three miles across the mountains to the Silver Springs glade. From the dense thicket of young firs where the man hid himself he could look down across the glade, a naked space of perhaps three acres—moist, springy ground where soon the new flowers would be spreading a carpet in yellow and blue and white. At the lower edge he could glimpse the waters of the little creek, where the trail crossed among the alder bushes. Beyond the creek was the forest—massed green of firs, the bare branches of leafless oaks showing among the evergreens. Over in that direction sounded the tinkle of three bells. Chet listened.

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"I Don't Know What's the Matter With You, Chet. But If You Ain't Satisfied Here, Yonder's the Same Trail You Came In On! You're Free to Cut Loose Any Time You Like"

HUDSON SUPER SIX

All Seek What Hudson Controls in the Super-Six

It is Freedom from Vibration—Greater Endurance, 72% More Power and Mechanical Simplicity. No Other Car Can Use it. So Hudson Holds Records None Have Equalled

Consider what led to the Super-Six.

It was vibration, which limits a motor's power and quickly undermines its endurance.

Engineers worked for years to solve that problem. Some added cylinders and increased weight.

But without more cylinders or weight, Hudson engineers discovered the principle that added 72% to power and increased endurance to limits unmatched in any motor, as proved in countless official records.

So nearly did they reach the ideal, that were it not for the Hudson patent we believe all fine car makers must surely adopt the Super-Six.

But as Hudson has the sole right to it, the Super-Six is the largest selling fine car in the world. It has held that leadership for four years, because men know no other type has shown such proofs of supremacy.

In this Particular, too, It Has No Rival

All Hudson records were made by early model Super-Sixes. The stock car one hour and 100 mile records, with top and windshield up, and carrying passengers; the stock chassis twenty-four hour record, which in traveling 1819 miles was 347 miles better than the best previous performance, were established in its first year. And it was a touring car of the earliest Super-Six type which made the record 7,000 mile double trans-continental run between San Francisco and New York in 10 days 21 hours.

Hudson records in mountain climbing, like the race up Pike's Peak, and in winning the American Speedway championship were all established with early Super-Six specials.

Those records still belong to Hudson. And yet such advancement has been made in the present Super-Six we have no doubt it could easily excel those performances.

But since those early Hudson records established the endurance we sought to prove and are way beyond the best attempts of rivals, we two years ago withdrew from contest work.

Note How its Improvement Came About

Every speed and endurance test taught ways to make a better Super-Six. And as the number of users increased, they added to our knowledge. So before the present Hudson was ready, 60,000 owners of earlier models had done their part in its development.

Every detail has been brought up to the standard of the Super-Six motor. The endurance of the motor has been built into every part of the car. In this new model we have attained a completeness in mechanical perfection that makes Hudson unrivaled in quality.

Naturally Such a Car Is Always in Demand

The qualities distinctive to the Super-Six are obtainable only in Hudson. Consequently buyers who want such a great car have but the one choice.

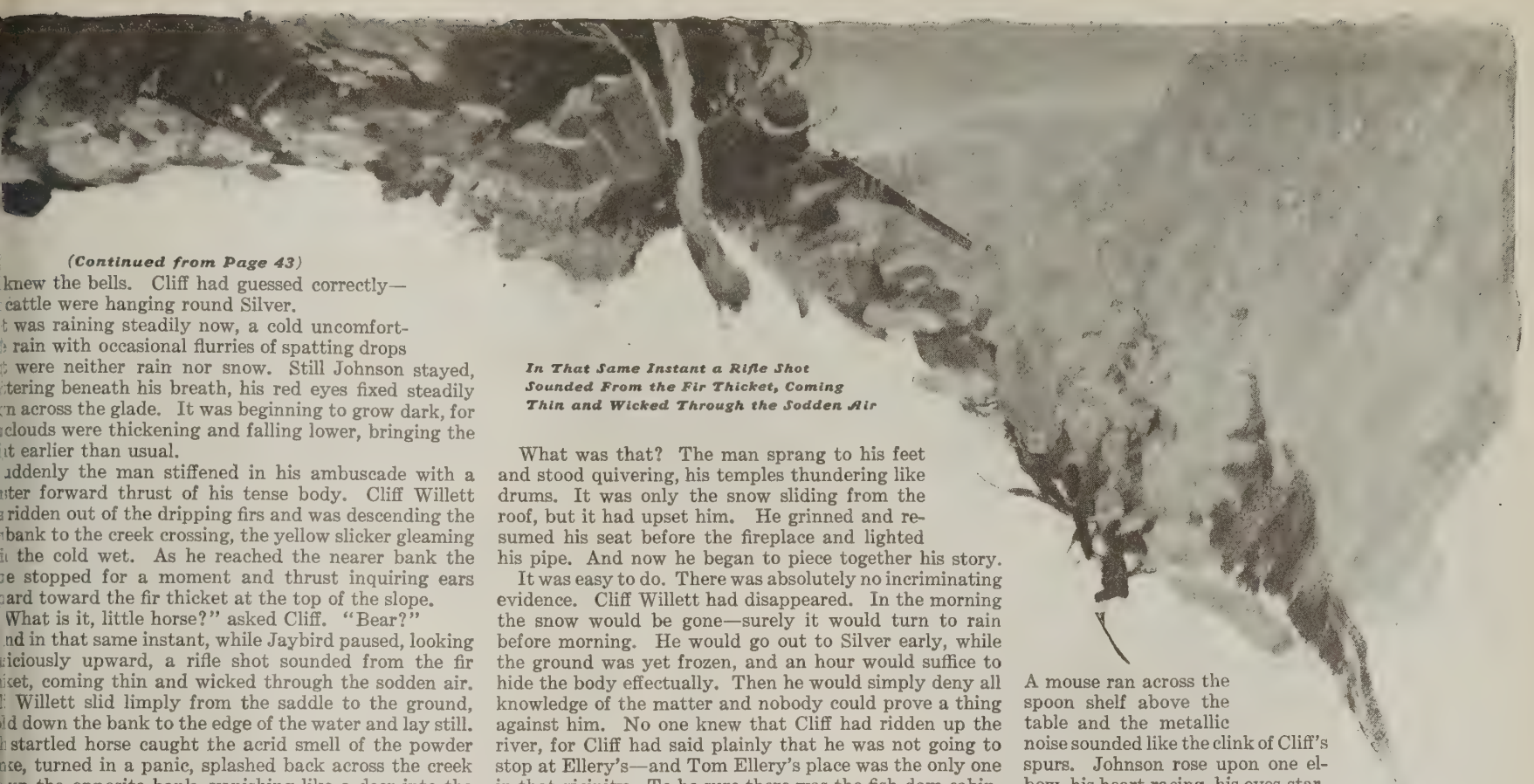
Everyone knows how Hudson owners prize their cars. It accounts for the high second hand value of Hudsons. The Super-Six retains its mechanical efficiency through so much hard service, and its models, being usually the forecast of what will later be standard with other makers, make it first choice in that market.

Thousands have waited months to get delivery of certain models.

So you would be wise to order your Hudson now.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(2011)



In That Same Instant a Rifle Shot Sounded From the Fir Thicket, Coming Thin and Wicked Through the Sodden Air

(Continued from Page 43)

knew the bells. Cliff had guessed correctly—cattle were hanging round Silver.

t was raining steadily now, a cold uncomfort- rain with occasional flurries of spatting drops were neither rain nor snow. Still Johnson stayed, ttering beneath his breath, his red eyes fixed steadily n across the glade. It was beginning to grow dark, for clouds were thickening and falling lower, bringing the t earlier than usual.

ddenly the man stiffened in his ambuscade with a ter forward thrust of his tense body. Cliff Willett ridden out of the dripping firs and was descending the bank to the creek crossing, the yellow slicker gleaming the cold wet. As he reached the nearer bank the e stopped for a moment and thrust inquiring ears ard toward the fir thicket at the top of the slope.

What is it, little horse?" asked Cliff. "Bear?"

nd in that same instant, while Jaybird paused, looking iciously upward, a rifle shot sounded from the fir ket, coming thin and wicked through the sodden air. Willett slid limply from the saddle to the ground, ld down the bank to the edge of the water and lay still. startled horse caught the acrid smell of the powder se, turned in a panic, splashed back across the creek up the opposite bank, vanishing like a deer into the rt from which he had just come.

l in that one awful instant. Chet Johnson crouched is ambush, straining his congested eyes down the ened slope, his breath whistling in his throat. The ol thickened with incredible swiftness and the air filled cenly with snow. In a few moments the man could no r see the still figure sprawled pathetically at the edge te creek.

ght in the trail! The body lay right in the trail! It be moved and hidden! Johnson sprang to his feet cook a step forward, then shrank back, breathing con-lvely. For now that the form no longer moved—now a the mysterious something was gone, the something had made it a sentient thing—Johnson was afraid of t was horrible in its stillness. Like a ghost! The ulerer's instincts were primitive and he was controlled ca savage by his fear of the unknown. But It must be den.

Resolutely he strode forward to the edge of the thicket once more he shrank back, a fresh horror flooding his ily soul. Already the ground was white! His tracks uld show, advertising his guilt to the world! And then denly he was as much afraid of that white silent glade t was of the white silent body, lost now in the darkness which he knew was there! Abruptly he turned, left ambush and vanished in the thick woods, running. He illeft no tracks, for under the dense tree tops the snow adot yet begun to reach the ground.

Chet Johnson's nerves were somewhat quieter when at st e sat alone by the open fireplace, listening to the soft adad of the heavy snowflakes beating upon the little now. And yet he was haunted by a certain feeling of ne iness. Before setting out on his enterprise it had ered a very simple matter—no hazard at all. Why, he e of a hundred places out in those hills where a body ig; be buried with the chances a thousand to one that it would be discovered! But who would have dreamed a snow flurry would have whitened the glade three inutes after the shot was fired? There was something o it that made it seem almost humanly prearranged, ad e did not like it. He had struck his victim down—d he snowstorm had put its hand across his kill, shut-ngum away from it more surely than iron bars, for he ad ot dared set a foot upon that pure white field!

He cleaned his rifle carefully, wiping away every trace of noisture from the barrel, inside and out, oiling the gun ghly afterward and then hanging it upon the deer-horn ack above the fireplace. He was triumphantly gratified to nd hat he had not pumped the empty shell out me-hanically as he usually would have done. That shell, he effected, might have betrayed him had he left it in his mush. What luck! He threw it into the fireplace. In he orning he would shovel out the ashes and fling them into he brush. A burned shell never would betray him.

How still it was! In the silence he could seem to hear Cliff walking about the room singing to himself, his spurs link clinking upon the floor. Somehow he could not think of Cliff without hearing the clink of Cliff's spurs. How still it was! And the ghostly pad-pad of the snow at the window ——

What was that? The man sprang to his feet and stood quivering, his temples thundering like drums. It was only the snow sliding from the roof, but it had upset him. He grinned and resumed his seat before the fireplace and lighted his pipe. And now he began to piece together his story.

It was easy to do. There was absolutely no incriminating evidence. Cliff Willett had disappeared. In the morning the snow would be gone—surely it would turn to rain before morning. He would go out to Silver early, while the ground was yet frozen, and an hour would suffice to hide the body effectually. Then he would simply deny all knowledge of the matter and nobody could prove a thing against him. No one knew that Cliff had ridden up the river, for Cliff had said plainly that he was not going to stop at Ellery's—and Tom Ellery's place was the only one in that vicinity. To be sure there was the fish-dam cabin, but it was never occupied except in the summer, when the forest rangers used it as a rest camp on their way up and down the river. Yes, he was quite safe.

The telephone rang—three sharp rings. It was his call. Johnson turned and stared back fearfully at the dark corner behind the door where the telephone was. A coat hung beside it with a battered old hat hanging upon the same nail. Coat and hat were Cliff's. Seen in the half light of the dark corner they reminded him startlingly of his dead partner.

Presently the call was repeated—three sharp rings. Old Chet got to his feet and nerved himself. What was there to shake him? The telephone rang frequently every day. It was a common thing for the dwellers in the forest reserve to visit with one another over the service telephone, which had a box in the house of nearly every settler for fifty miles round. He swaggered back, but his hand trembled as he took down the receiver.

"Hello!" he said gruffly.

"Hello!" replied the wire. "Tom Ellery speakin'. This you, Chet?"

"Yes. Hello, Tom!"

"Say, Chet, tell Cliff to come to the phone, will you?"

Something rose and clutched at old Chet's throat, but he beat it down again.

"Cliff ain't here any more," he said. "Cliff's gone."

"Gone? When? Where?"

"This afternoon." Johnson's faculties were alive now; he was talking for his life. He was alert to keep intact the fabric of his carefully planned story. "I don't know where he went," he said. "He's been talkin' of leavin' for a long time, so this afternoon we settled up and Cliff just naturally piled on his horse and lit out."

"Well, well!" There was a short silence, and when Ellery spoke again Johnson could detect amazement, perplexity and genuine regret in his tone. But no suspicion! Chet exulted, for there was no suspicion! Ellery believed!

"Say," Ellery said, "I'm sorry. I—I liked Cliff. But it sure looks like he'd have come down and said good-by—say, I'm sorry! We been mighty good friends. Nice boy, wasn't he, Chet?"

"Sure was!" said the murderer. "I was mighty sorry to see Cliff go, but ——"

The coat hanging at his elbow touched his hand and he flung it aside as though it had been a snake, uttering a hoarse noise half cry, half execration.

"What'd you say?" asked Ellery.

"Nothing!" Johnson struggled and held his voice steady. "I just coughed. Got a little cold."

"Well, good night, Chet."

"Good night, Tom."

Johnson walked unsteadily back to his chair. He glanced at the dollar clock tick-tocking cheerfully upon the smoky mantel. It was bedtime. He turned down his blankets and undressed. When he blew out the light the fire made writhing shadows on the wall. He crawled into the bed and drew the warm blankets comfortably up to his chin and prepared to sleep.

Pad-pad, pad-pad—the snowflakes beating at the window sounded like ghostly hands rapping for admittance. A mouse ran across the spoon shelf above the table and the metallic noise sounded like the clink of Cliff's spurs. Johnson rose upon one elbow, his heart racing, his eyes staring over the head of the bed. Then he lay down again and chuckled.

"Ellery believed it!" His great hairy hands relaxed. "I'm all safe! Safe as a church!"

He closed his eyes, determined to sleep. Somehow he could not sleep. Somehow or other his mind kept going back over the route under the deep firs, back to the ambuscade in the thicket. Through his closed lids he could still look down across the whitened glade and see an indistinct shape lying there. Cliff was not lying warm and comfortable in bed to-night. For an hour he lay there trying to compel sleep. In the end he rose, dressed and lighted the lamp. The fire had gone out and he rebuilt it. But even the cheerful crackling of the fire could not keep his mind from going back through the high firs. Bit by bit it traversed that lonely stretch of gloomy woods. And inevitably it ended at the fir thicket, to peer again down the slope of the white glade to where It lay. It was not remorse that caused the man's obsession—it was fear.

Toward morning the soft pad-pad of the snow at the window became a torture. He could not stop it and he could not forget it. Had it been a louder noise he could have ignored it. But whenever he seemed about to doze off in his chair that soft insistent beating at the window always brought him back. He went to the cupboard and brought out the whisky jug.

When day broke it was still snowing. Johnson could eat no breakfast, for his mind still insisted on retracing that dark journey under the trees. He tried reading, but with no success. He went out to the shed and chopped wood. Once he attempted to whistle and stopped in a panic when he found himself whistling the tune of the song that Cliff sang just before their last quarrel. And then his mind went back under the firs. It was as though it had worn a groove there—a black groove.

The day passed with the same monotonous beating at the window. By day the noise seemed innocent enough, the sound to which he had been listening at intervals all the long winter that he and Cliff had been storm bound together. But when night came again it changed mysteriously and became once more the ghostly pad-pad, pad-pad of a cold hand rapping for admittance. Johnson was drinking steadily, but the whisky did not make him drunk. Instead it seemed to key his mind to a keener dread. The evening was like an eternity, and when at last Chet went to bed his muscles twitched and jerked convulsively. He had eaten nothing since yesterday, for he could not keep his mind from going back through the black groove to look down at It lying there in the middle of the trail. All this night he lay awake, the whisky jug sitting within easy reach of his hand. And all that night continued the breathless pad-pad of the snowflakes beating at the window.

The second morning dawned clear. Johnson went to the door and looked out. The encircling mountains were white with a universal whiteness which was unbroken save for one gray patch on the lofty side of Yola Bola Peak, where a great rock scar fell sheer on the giant's side, a steep precipice to which no snow could cling. Otherwise the whole world was pure white—and silent. Johnson went inside and closed the door to shut the whiteness out.

Cliff Willett Had Ridden Out of the Dripping Firs to the Creek Crossing, the Yellow Slicker Gleaming With the Cold Wet

It was growing dark when Johnson heard steps coming round the house. His scalp prickled and a cold terror crept about his heart. But what had he to be afraid of? It was not yet pitch dark and the ghostly pad-pad had ceased. He drank from the jug and when a knock sounded he went boldly to the door and pulled it open. The visitor was old Tally Potter. He had a heavy string of traps over his shoulder and he seemed very tired.

"'Lo, Chet!" he grinned.

"Hello, Tally!" The perspiration stood out on the murderer's forehead with the revulsion. He had not been expecting anyone so innocuous as old Tally Potter. Added to his relief, however, was a new dread: Had Tally come in over the Silver Springs trail? If so, had he found It lying there under the snow? "Come in!" he said mechanically, for the old man still waited.

"One hell of a storm for March!" wheezed Tally, stumbling into the cabin and stamping the snow from his boots upon the hearth. "Nearly got the ole man, Chet! I been trappin' over in the Tehama Mountains and when it started snowin' day before yesterday I said to myself I bet you it's goin' to be a reg'lar whale of a storm! So I lit out, for my grub was too low to risk bein' snow-bound for maybe two or three weeks. But I busted a snowshoe before I was ten miles out and I've had to come all the way walkin' in snow up to my knees. I'm gettin' too old for that kind of stuff, Chet. I reckon I'll have to go down in the valley and get me a job as watchman or something.

"I used to be a policeman," he said wistfully. "I ought to make a fine watchman, for they said I was one of the best policemen they ever had in San Francisco. Where's Cliff?"

The sudden question struck Chet like a blow over the heart. He had been expecting it, yet when it came he was all unprepared. He tried to hold his poise, but it was hard to do, for his mind had slipped suddenly back into the black groove.

"Cliff's gone," he said.

To him it seemed that every fiber in his being was betraying him, yelling to the keen old eyes of Tally Potter that here lied a murderer.

"When did he leave?"

"Day before yesterday—just before the storm broke." Johnson had told the story to Ellery easily. He found it harder to tell it the second time and the phenomenon worried him. Why, it ought to grow easier with every repetition! "He just got tired of the place and beat it."

"Aw, say—I'm mighty sorry! Cliff's a fine young feller and he was always good to the old man.

"Many's the fine feed he's spread for me on that very table. That was long before you came here, Chet. Why, seems like Cliff's my own son! Why—why—durned if I can hardly believe it! Did he say where he was goin'?"

"No, just said he was tired of the place, so we settled up and he beat it."

"Walkin'?"

"No—he rode his horse."

"Rode ole Jaybird? Well, he wouldn't part with Jaybird, that's a cinch. He was always good to horses and things. Sold you his interest in the cattle, I reckon?"

"Sure! I own all the business now."

"Didn't have no row, did you?"

"Oh, no; we parted the best of friends."

And again it seemed to Chet that his very inmost hidden soul was shrieking his guilt to the childish eyes of old Tally Potter. His heart stood still, then raced again, and like a runaway thing his mind went back into the black groove.

"Have a drink, Tally!" he said desperately.

"I dassent, Chet. It's hell on my rheumatism."

"Well, then, here's how!"

"Drink hearty!"

Tally waited and watched while Chet drank.

A spring slipped in the wheezy old clock. There was a musical jingle and Johnson started violently. He caught Tally's eye and grinned.

"I been drinkin' too much," he said. "Least little thing scares me."

"Not much else to do but drink," said old Tally, grinning too. "Not till the snow leaves. Say, when that clock jingled like that, why for a second I was sure it was Cliff. Remember how his spurs always jingled when he walked? Say, I'm sorry Cliff's gone. I'm lonesome for him somehow. Place don't seem the same. But I reckon he's gone for good. Well, if my rheumatism bothers me much more I reckon I won't be long behind him. These here hills ain't got no mercy on a feeble man, Chet."

"That's right, Tally."

"If I could just get me a job as a watchman or something"—again the note of pathetic wistfulness was in the old trapper's voice—"I reckon I'd be plumb happy. Well, I got to be goin'. I reckon I'll stop at Tom Ellery's and rest up for a day or two. That trip in from the Tehama hills has just about found my limit."

He picked up his bundle of traps, flung them over his shoulder and stumped painfully to the door. Chet went with him. The old man stepped out into the snow. For a moment he stood and looked abroad at the world, a white glory, strange in the weird snow light, dropping away into mysterious depths there, heaving into the sky yonder, white as frozen moonlight—and just as cold.

"Like a white cloak on a wrinkled old woman," cackled old Tally, his childish old eyes regarding the other man's strained face. "Covers up all the wrinkles—but we know they're there, don't we? Well, so long, Chet."

"So long!"

Old Tally Potter trudged wearily down the trail toward the river. Johnson watched him go and gradually his panic left him. It was succeeded by another feeling of relief. Old Tally had not doubted his story! It had not even occurred to the old man to doubt! Say, it was a good story! Most natural thing in the world for a young man to grow tired of the monotony of the hills and beat it. Sure, he was safe! Safe as a church!

But It was lying out yonder under the snow! And only the best of luck had sent old Tally over the hills instead of along the Silver Springs trail! Whoever would have dreamed of old Tally coming across from the Tehama hills? Why, he thought he had heard that Tally was stopping down at the Watts ranger station. Strange that he hadn't heard about the old man going over into Tehama. News like that nearly always travels round. Oh, well, it was a very narrow escape, but it was an escape!

He looked over to the left where the high fir trees loomed into the sky, their heavy tops bending with their crowns of white, crusted snow. And as he looked his mind got away again and raced off along the black groove. Shuddering, he closed the door and went back to the whisky jug.

And still it was nothing of remorse, but fear. Fear of the Thing that lay out yonder, guarded by the white field—right in the middle of the trail!

III

THE worst-wrecked nerves will rally again and again if given sleep once in a while. They cannot, however, go on indefinitely. Even with sleep the limit finally arrives and then they collapse and refuse to rally. But when to mental torture is added insomnia and the loss of all ability to eat, the breaking point comes swiftly. A constant diet of alcohol hastens the end.

About midnight following old Tally Potter's visit warm showers came across the mountains from the sea and settled the snow. Along toward morning the sky cleared again, this time permanently, and it turned cold, freezing t surface of the sn into a hard cru The sun came and the crust thawed immediately. that day the air was balmy with the po tive feel of spring. Day after day th conditions continued.

On the evening of the fifth day after t tragedy Johnson began to hear stran noises. At first he attributed them to overwrought imagination, but by and by was borne in upon him that they were re Desperately he strove to account for th along natural lines, but only partially su ceeded. However, the beginning of final collapse did not occur until the nig of the telephone horror. Johnson's mi was now hopelessly in the black groo He had even forgotten the elaborate sto with which he was to avert suspicio Twice he wandered into the woods, a when he came out of his abstraction he w frozen with horror to find that his feet h led him halfway to Silver Springs glad Both times he had turned and fled back the cabin, reckless of the tracks he mad his cunning wholly forgotten.

Johnson was lying in his bed, staring the ceiling, the whisky jug close beside t bed. The lamp had burned low and t chimney was black. The evil light it ma but intensified the gloominess of the cabi Everything was still—absolutely still. could hear the stillness.

Suddenly the telephone rang—thr short sharp rings. It was his call, but lay still and shuddered, for he had a pr sentiment that the message would be sinister one. He hoped the call would n be repeated, but presently it came agai Then silence. He lifted himself and peer above his blankets at the telephone in dark corner back behind the door. seemed to be waiting, the nickeled be resembling two great malevolent ey watching him out of the half light of t corner. Again the thing rang—and waite

Johnson got slowly out of bed, shiverin with the chill and the jump of his shak nerves. He drank from the jug and a proached the telephone, taking down t receiver with a palsied hand.

"Hello!" he mumbled, his lips blue.

"Chet!" a voice shrieked in his ea "Chet ——"

It was the voice of Cliff Willett! The could be no doubt—it was Cliff's voic screaming as though in awful agony. Joh son dropped the receiver and stagger back, goggling at the telephone with t vacuous stare of a paralytic. Slowly made his way back, walking half crouche his hands groping mechanically for the be his fixed eyes never leaving the telephon The thing's malevolent eyes stared ba and from the dropped receiver the ravin continued, unintelligible but more horrib still as they guttered and shrieked insi the instrument. Johnson uttered a hoar yell, plunged insanely into bed and gathere the blankets about his ears. But he coul not shut out the sounds entirely. The they ceased abruptly, but the man's fasc nated gaze watched the motionless r ceiver steadily, vacantly, until morning.

It was nearly a week after the telephon incident when down at his cabin To Ellery was awakened by the shrilling of h telephone. He crawled sleepily out of bed glancing at the clock as he lighted th lamp.

"Midnight!" he muttered to himsel "Now who in Sam Hill is calling me a midnight? Hello!"

"That you, Tom?" came back, the wir jangling with the shriek. Come up—com up! Tom——"

And then followed a jumble of incoher encies out of which the amazed Ellery coul make nothing. Presently he hung up th receiver and dressed hurriedly.

"Jennie!" he called.

A door opened and Jennie Ellery ap peared, wrapped in a dressing gown. He young face was drawn and white as though from years of suffering.

"What is it, daddy?" she asked. "I something wrong?"

"I think so," said Ellery, hurrying int his coat. "Chet Johnson just called ——"

"Was it something about—about Cliff?" asked the girl with desperate eagerness.

"No—I don't think so. Chet seemed t be in mortal terror as well as I could gathe from the tone of his voice. But I couldn make sense of what he said—only that h wanted me to come up. Tally Potter's a

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(Concluded from Page 46)

e fish-dam cabin. You call Tally while I idle up. Tell him to come up to Chet's). I've got a hunch there's big trouble some kind up there."

Ellery ran out and saddled his horse. As rode past the house Jennie appeared in e doorway.

'Tally doesn't answer, daddy," she led.

'I don't understand it," said Ellery. 'ally's a mighty light sleeper. Maybe s out with his traps—no, not at mid-ht. Well, I haven't time to wait to ire it out. Try him again, Jennie, and n go back to bed."

'All right, daddy. And be sure to tele-one if it's anything about Cliff," she led as Ellery vanished up the trail.

t was very dark, for there now was no on. Nor was there any snow to lighten night. The warm days had cleared the und and now only a few scattered drifts nained lying in the shaded ravines on the th slopes.

ll was silent about the little cabin when ery rode up and dismounted. The little ndow on the north side showed that the erior was dimly lighted. Otherwise re was no sign of life. Ellery was a ctical, cheerful mountaineer with not grain of superstition in his make-up. Nevertheless, there was something about lonely little cabin that sent a cold wave his spine and prickling along his scalp. paused just outside the door and called. re was no answer. Inside the cabin the nce was like the silence of a tomb.

Hello, Chet!" Ellery called again. his is Tom Ellery!"

nd then presently Johnson's voice came k, strained and unnatural, half muffled though coming from beneath piled lkets:

Come in, Tom! Come—wait!"

here came a sound as of feet thumping n the floor and scuffling across the on. The bar slid back inside and the r swung open. Ellery went in and nson pulled the heavy bar across the r again, his clawing fingers working n frenzied haste. The door barred, he ged across the room and into bed, ing bloodshot, terrified eyes upon the phone. From the telephone they darted he window, from the window to the r and then back to the telephone. They e the eyes of a cornered rat.

What's the matter, Chet?" asked the er. Johnson's gaze had suddenly fixed f upon the door, where it remained, ious, unwavering.

It's coming!" he whispered, though his did not for an instant leave the door. held his breath and listened.

Did you hear anything, Tom?" he pered again, then held his breath and ned.

Crazy as a loon!" thought Ellery. For devil—crazy with the solitude! I don't hear anything!" he said aloud fully. "Buck up, old-timer—you dreamin'!"

t the cheerful words went over the 's head unheeded.

First was over the telephone." Chet speaking in the low droning monotone sleepwalker, though his eyes were now of intelligence and terror. "It called p!" He capitalized "It." "I knew voice. It was dead—but It called me me and begged me for God's sake ——"

e held his breath and listened. Again lly felt his stout nerves quiver and a cold wave prickled along his scalp. muffled the telephone," the man said, speaking in the level dead monotone of sepwalker, "and It couldn't call me n. But It began to tap on my win-—three taps. My telephone call, you ! Over and over and over—three ap! It'd stop and I'd think It had gone . Then It'd begin all over again—aptap, tap, over and over and over—tap, aptap! Sometimes It'd tap on the roof, utenerally It was at the window.

And then the clink of the spurs! I for-o tell you that these tappings always ed with the clink of the spurs. They'd up the hill or else down from the ds—clink, clink, clink—spurs! Dead 's spurs! And then the tap, tap, tap—all' me to the telephone! But I wouldn't o the telephone.

t looked in the window once, a white ace—the light was bad but I saw It! I aw It, I tell you!" The man's voice rose denly to a scream, then fell with un-ny abruptness to the deadly monotone. All every night since then, Tom—every night It has come up to the door with Its spurs clinkin' on the frozen ground—always the clink of the spurs first. Then tap, tap, tap—listen!"

"Aw, hell, old-timer!" broke in Ellery with a rough heartiness he was far from feeling, for fear is contagious. "Just a wood rat prowlin' round up in the attic—that's what you been hearin', Chet! There ain't any such things as spooks!"

"I saw It!" It was as though Ellery had never spoken. "And I heard It—over the telephone! It was Cliff Willett's voice and the spurs was Cliff's spurs! I ain't slept for nearly two weeks, Tom! Nor I ain't had hardly anything to eat. I been lyin' here listenin' for Cliff Willett's spurs and hearin' Cliff Willett callin' me to the telephone!"

"Well, say," broke in Ellery again, "what if Cliff did call you up? Cliff ain't goin' to hurt you, is he? What you so afraid of him for?"

"Because I killed him. I thought I told you that. He's layin' down at the edge of Silver Creek glade—right in the middle of the trail! I shot him the evening it began to storm. Here It comes, Tom!"

The man's face purpled and his vacuous eyes fixed themselves upon the door. Ellery listened, and now the cold wave froze him immobile and the hair stood up on his scalp, for he heard It too! A mysterious, musical clink, clink, clink of spurs and the half-muffled thump of feet approaching the cabin over the frozen ground. They were Cliff's spurs—he could have sworn to it! The steps seemed to hesitate before the cabin, then slowly they passed round the corner and stopped.

For nearly a minute there was silence. Johnson's eyes were apoplectic as he strained them at the door and the breath labored in his throat like a death rattle.

"Look!" he panted hoarsely. "It's comin' in!"

Ellery caught a cry of terror in his own constricted throat, for operated by the mysterious hand outside the bar was moving slowly from before the door! Slowly, noiselessly, drawn by the Thing out in the night, the bar slid back and stopped. Chet's head fell back upon the pillow. The eyes continued to glare at the door with the vacant look which is the expression of horror that has gone beyond all human apprehension. But the man was unconscious.

For fully five minutes Ellery sat motionless, his own eyes staring fearfully at the door. His ear caught a slight clink of the spurs and his glance shifted to the window. He seemed to see indistinctly a face outside, and his hand slid swiftly to his belt.

"Don't shoot, Tom—it's me!" came from outside the window.

The door opened and old Tally Potter came clinking in, wearing Cliff Willett's spurs.

"You old hellion!" said Ellery, white and trembling. "Was it you?"

"Sure!" grinned old Tally, highly flattered.

"All the time?"

"Sure!" Old Tally grinned wider and worried off a chew of tobacco. "Confessed, didn't he?" with a jerk of his head toward the bed.

"To shootin' Cliff? Yes!"

"I thought I heard him. Well, I'll just telephone the sheriff."

The old man toddled spryly across to the telephone.

"That you, Jim?" he asked presently. "Say, I got a fellow for you. Shot Cliff Willett. You'll be glad to get him! Hey? All right. I'll meet you at Ellery's. Aw, I'm too busy to tell you now. I'll tell you when I see you at Ellery's. G'by, Jim."

Down at Ellery's cabin old Tally Potter had just finished getting supper when Sheriff Jim Eckart came in. It had been a long ride and the sheriff was hungry and chilled.

"Where's Tom?" he asked as he sat down at the table.

"He's up at the cabin, guardin' the prisoner," said old Tally, pouring the coffee.

"Where's Jennie?"

"In there."

Tally indicated a door leading off the kitchen.

"Go ahead now! Tell us all about it!" commanded the sheriff. Old Tally grinned proudly and sat down opposite.

"I gave him the third degree!" he said.

"The third degree?"

"Sure! I used to be a policeman, Jim." Again the note of wistfulness. "I was a good one, too—and I learned a lot of things. So—well, I reckon I better begin at the beginning.

"The day Cliff was shot I went up to the cabin at the fish dam, plannin' to stay there a couple of weeks and do a little late trappin' and maybe spear a few spring salmon. About an hour before sundown Cliff Willett came ridin' along. I told him it was goin' to storm and asked him to stay all night, but he said no, he'd breeze along.

"I was just gettin' ready to go to bed when I heard a horse come tearin' up. It stopped and I went out. It was Cliff's Jaybird horse and after I got the lantern I found blood on the saddle. I knew then that Cliff had been hurt some way, so I climbed on top of Jaybird and went back. I found poor Cliff layin' at the foot of Silver Springs glade with his feet in the water."

"Dead?"

"Hell, no! But there was a neat furrow plowed along the top of his skelp. He was just comin' out of it when I found him. I got him back to the cabin—and one whale of a job it was, too, believe me! The night was dark and it snowed and Jaybird was nervous and scared to death—and me with a half-dead man layin' across the saddle. Well, I got him bedded down all nice and comfortable and then I sat down and lit my pipe and started to figure it out. I used to be a policeman, you know, and I figured it out clean as a hound's tooth.

"I never liked this Chet Johnson. His eyes were too red and his hair growed too low down on his forehead. It wiggled up and down when he was mad—like a gorilla's. I'd seen him somewhere, too, or else I'd seen his picture. I've felt that ever since the man came to the Chanowah, but I couldn't place him—not for the life of me. But I knew he was a bad one.

"While I was thinking it out Cliff began to talk—delirious, you know. He began to beg Chet to be a good feller. He said over and over that all he wanted was for them to go on being good pardners and that at the end of the five years they'd go share and share alike. And every once in a while he'd scream 'Chet! For God's sake ——'

"And then I knew they'd had some sort of a row. It wasn't hard after that to figure that old Chet had sneaked across and ambushed the boy on the Silver Glade.

"Well, there it was. I was pretty certain, but I had to be sure. Next day Cliff was ravin' and I had my hands full. But the day after that he fell asleep. I gave him an opiate to help keep him that way, then I took a bunch of traps, circled round over the mountains and came up to Chet's cabin from the east. I told him I'd been trappin' in the Tehama hills. When I asked him about Cliff, why, he said Cliff had left. Said he had bought Cliff out.

"That settled it, for of course it was a lie. I went back to the fish dam and thought some more. 'If I tell the Ellerys,' I thought to myself, 'they'll spill the beans. If Cliff dies that skunk up there will get the cattle, for there ain't any evidence against him.' You see I thought Cliff was goin' to die. Looked a heap that way.

"So the only way was to get a confession out of Johnson. I thought a lot and after a while it came to me. I remembered that Chet was superstitious. I knew he thought Cliff was dead and layin' over there under the snow. I knew he'd be afraid to cross the snow to hide the body, for his tracks would give him away. I planned to scare him into a confession. It was a long shot, but I figured that if the snow stayed on long enough I had a chance.

"So after Cliff got a little better I went up to Chet's regular every evenin'. Along about the third visit I had him all tuned up, for Cliff was delirious that evenin' and I called Chet to the phone and let him hear some of it. I reckon it stirred him up quite considerable.

"Jim, I want to tell you it wasn't good for my rheumatism climbin' up there over the snow crust every night and tap-tappin' on Chet's window! But she worked—Lord a'mighty, how she worked! And that last night"—old Tally paused to indulge a fit of cackling laughter—"Cliff was better and I worked out of him the secret of the slidin' bar. And when I pulled that bar back after clink-clinkin' them spurs all over the place, when I pulled that bar back I reckon poor Tom Ellery was scared as bad as old Chet Johnson. But anyway he'd heard Chet's confession—and so it was worth it. But that's the way I worked the third degree, Jim!"

The sheriff had forgotten his supper. Open-mouthed, he stared across the table at the old trapper.

"You're sure Cliff's alive?" he asked.

"And kickin'!" said old Tally.

"And how soon will this Johnson be able to travel?"

"Oh, in a couple of days—soon's he's able to eat a little. And say, Jim, last night when I looked at him layin' on the bed I remembered. He's the feller that robbed the First National Bank, down at Coliso in '94!

"It came to me all of a sudden. I'd seen his picture when I was a policeman. There was a reward of two thousand dollars offered by the Bankers' Association for him. I reckon the offer still stands!"

For several minutes the sheriff stared as though dazed. When he spoke there was a note of unbounded respect in his voice.

"Tally," he said, "all these years this county has thought you a joke. You ain't. Tally, you're—you're a ring-tailed squealer! And say, I ain't told anybody yet, but I'm going to tell you. My term of office is up next month. I ain't going to run for sheriff again. I want to build a hotel and settle down. That is, if I can get hold of about a thousand dollars. Now, I'm going to back you for sheriff, Tally! I can't tell the county about how you worked your third degree—you ain't an officer and it wouldn't be according to Hoyle. It might even make trouble. But never mind. The news'll leak out! I'll see that it leaks out! And, Tally, when the boys hear about you and your third degree, why, they'll elect you sheriff for life!"

For a long time poor old Tally sat stunned. The realization of a lifetime of wistful ambition! The slow tears started down his wrinkled old cheeks and he stretched his gnarled paw across the table.

"The two thousand dollars reward—it's all yours, Jim!" he said tremulously. "Build two hotels!"

"Where's Cliff?" inquired Eckart presently. Old Tally tiptoed across the floor and opened a door very softly. One short glimpse the sheriff had of Cliff Willett lying in bed. Jennie Ellery sat with his head in her lap, a look of wonderful happiness transfiguring her face. Softly old Tally closed the door and tiptoed back to his chair.

"Well," he grinned happily, "maybe my third degree wasn't exactly accordin' to Hoyle, Jim, but she got results! You get your hotel, I get to be sheriff and Chet Johnson gets what's comin' to him!"

"And from the looks of things," grinned the delighted sheriff, "Cliff Willett gets a new pardner that'll stick to him till hell quits smokin'!"

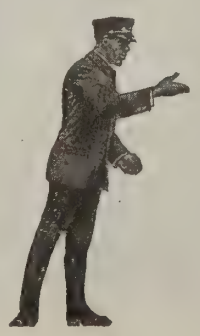
Old Tally Potter slipped a hand back to his hip pocket and pulled out a flask of dark rich fluid.

"I wouldn't drink with Chet Johnson the other evenin'," he grinned, "because it was bad for my rheumatism. But it never yet hurt my rheumatism to drink with an old friend!"

He handed the bottle across the table.

"Here's how!" said the sheriff, and closed his eyes for a long beautiful season. He handed the bottle back.

"Happy days!" sighed old Tally, and did likewise.



GETTING YOUR GASOLINE

The Motor Cars Will be Kept Running

By LESTER B. COLBY

WHEN the gasoline's gone! There are some among us, dismal men, who fear its early end. They picture our motor cars dead, our tractors rusting in the fields, our ships turning backward to the use of coal. They even see the revisitation upon us of the hansom cab with its oat-burning motor and its gallon hatted chauffeur. An earth returned to type!

Some dozen times in recent weeks some man, ordinarily level-headed, has come to me to seek my knowledge upon the subject. I am beginning to think that gasoline is about the most talked-of topic of the day. So when my worried brothers ask me if gasoline is to follow the bison, the great auk and the goose step, and how then we should ride and reap and sow, I speak to them:

The motor is going to run. We have plenty of gasoline. We shall have plenty of gasoline for many years to come. Yet even if there should be no gasoline the motor cars would still move. For haven't we our straw stacks, our forests, cornstalks, fish, mustard weeds, sawdust, sugar, molasses, our Rocky Mountains, coal measures and apple orchards?

New Possibilities

MOTORS can be made to run on the forces impounded in any of these. They ran thus in some instances during the great war. Canadians distilled a near-gasoline that did the business from waste straw piles. Greeks ran motor cars on a liquid distilled from forest trees. The Danes and Norwegians found that an internal-combustion engine could be made to go on fish oil.

In Australia, when the gasoline pinch came, the people there learned that alcohol made from sugar and molasses would do, not exceptionally well but in a way. Remember the explosion of a tank of molasses in Boston a year or so ago? It burst with a fatal bang. Nature had distilled in the tank a sort of saccharine gasoline.

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Harnessing a Texas Gusher

The Turks moved motor cars on mustard oil. An airplane recently flew from Chicago to New York, carrying mail, without gasoline. For the present these facts are interesting but not important.

We have a hundred billion barrels or so of crude oil, potential gasoline, locked in the vaults of shale in our western mountains. It is waiting only for us to turn the key. Utah and Colorado hold vast storehouses of it; 3,600,000,000,000 gallons, or about eighty-eight billion barrels, of it, according to some of our government statisticians.

There are some petroleum experts who think we may have to turn seriously to these deposits in, say, twenty-five years. But they base their predictions upon the estimated yield and life of the present known fields.

These men do not take into consideration the possibilities of new fields at home or in Central or South America or perhaps of discoveries in Mexico; of the results of coming deep tests in Canada, Alaska and Siberia. And Siberia, sir; what do you know of Siberia?

Out there, yonder, lies an almost unexplored basin, twice the size of the United States, reeking with better indications of oil than some of our richest fields in America ever revealed to the wildcatting pioneers.

There are burning gas wells in Siberia, and formations whispering of oil. In one far valley beyond oceans of tundra lies a great lake which probably no white man has ever seen. The Mongol nomads who come out of that land say that it is a lake of some strange black oil that has no fish or life in it at all and that it "stinks to heaven." All this great valley is untouched, primeval. No man has ever drilled for petroleum there. We find wells in India, still good, which have given up oil for centuries; and there are other wells, along the Caspian Sea, in the Baku country—oil wells and gas wells—where the fire worshipers bowed in homage before the days of Babylon and back beyond the fame of Zoroaster; wells that to-day are turning out liquid power.

A patriarch of the Bible once set himself up in power by pouring water on wood and making it burn. With something akin to glee some modern hard-headed scientists have discovered that on his back forty, in the Holy Land, gasoline-producing oil can now be found.

A well yielding 1200 barrels a day was drilled in our own aged eastern fields only a few weeks ago at about the time the oil folk of Pennsylvania were celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the bringing in of the first commercial oil well in the United States by E. L. Drake. Wells in that region fifty years old are still producing.

Then why should we fear that we are dragging at the dregs? Three years ago, after twenty years of continuous drilling, there were not more than 8000 acres of "proven" oil lands in Texas. Suddenly Ranger is found. A tank station on a railroad through a hungry desert becomes a city. Paupers beco millionaires; the alm starving buy motor c and bonds and build skyscr ers. Then Burkburnett a Desdemona—and millions acres become oil bearing or great value as potential pet leum fields!

There are running in t United States to-day more th 5,000,000 motor vehicles of kinds—launches, motor boa innumerable engines. In th years, our automotive engine tell us, the 7,000,000 of n year will jump to 15,000,0 motor cars and trucks. Stat tics compiled last summer es mated that there were th 1,384,250 motor cars in all t rest of the world. America the greatest user of gasoli driven cars; by far the greate

In spite of the enormous crease in gasoline engines t storages this year are incre ing, thanks to the new fie discovered. We started N vember with 600,000,000 g lons of gasoline above grou and manufactured. This 250,000,000 gallons more th we had accumulated at thesa time one year ago. We m come out in the spring wi 1,000,000,000 gallons.

Blue-Black Prediction

STORAGE usually goes fast in the winter. This quite a change from that ti of gasolineless Sundays still fresh in our memory.

It may be interesting to nc also that of the 514,919,358 g lons of gasoline on hand t first of last August a total 154,954,793 had gone into st age on the Atlantic seaboa Another 129,640,278 gallo was in Texas, close to seaboa This left something like 23 324,000 gallons in storage all the rest of the country.

Government statisticians n long ago figured out that Ame ica's petroleum will be e hausted in about sixteen yea Every so often figures like the bob up, usually from Washin ton, to throw a scare into t country and the industries.

Yet in the midst of the blue-black prognostatio comes steadily the discovery of new underground stor houses. Recently a fresh field was uncovered in Nort ern Louisiana, unsuspected by the statisticians. Wells a coming in fast there, several a week, each making 10,000 24,000 barrels a day.

We are adding to our yield of petroleum about 20,000,0 barrels of production a year. In 1909 the production of t country was 183,000,000 barrels. This year the productio promises 370,000,000 barrels at a conservative estimate this is written.

The vanishing of petroleum, stated without undue opt mism, is far off. There isn't much to the theory. After while we are certain to produce 500,000,000 barrels in year, and maybe 600,000,000. It might not be wild to sa a billion barrels.

All the older fields are being drilled over. Hithert undiscovered sands are being found. New methods an better machinery make this possible. We are going deepe Recently two wells were struck at a depth of more tha 4600 feet—one in Texas and the other in California. W are just beginning to realize the possibilities of deepe drilling. It used to be that almost all our oil was found i Pennsylvania. Then came the Ohio, Indiana and Illino fields. Finally the drilling went over the river, and we ha the midcontinent fields—Kansas and Oklahoma.

(Continued on Page 53)

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Spindletop was found in Texas less than twenty years go. A hunter found an oil seepage in California. The akeview Number One, great Pacific Coast gusher, made 000,000 barrels in a year and broke the nation's oil arket.

It was good for almost 100,000 barrels a day when it as flush.

In Mexico there are wells credited with more than 0,000 barrels a day when not pinched down. There are e famous Casiano and Cerro Azul wells, reputed to have me in with a capacity round 240,000 barrels a day, and w, after years of flowing, apparently in their prime.

Oil has had its ups and downs. Pennsylvania produced 00 barrels of it in 1859 which sold for $20 a barrel. A w years later the same oil sold for ten cents a barrel. -day it is worth $4.50. There was a time in Texas when indletop oil could be bought in lots of a thousand barrels three cents a barrel.

Burkburnett oil to-day is quoted at $2 to $2.25. It is rth it. But many small producers there, lacking facil- ies to dispose of it, have sold it for $1 a barrel in recent nths; or were ready to if you would come and get it.

Stuff With a Kick in It

THERE is a difference in the gasoline content of oil. Some Gulf Coast oils carry not more than 1.5 % of gasoline. In yoming it may run from 40 to 50%. Various other fields ne in somewhere between. Mexican oil, as a rule, has en considered of little value for gasoline. Yet improved thods, including the cracking processes employed, are t making it a factor in the gasoline market. The present tput of Mexico depends almost entirely on tank ships, as ss the output of the Burkburnett district, running round 000 barrels a day in recent months, on tank cars and pe-line facilities.

Given means of marketing, the Burkburnett distribu- n might easily be doubled; probably trebled. Desde- na and Northern Louisiana are shackled for lack of ilities. The yield in the United States, had there been uipment for taking the oil away from the fields, might ily have reached the 400,000,000 mark this year instead a measly million barrels a day.

Gasoline give out? In my mind we are just beginning to it. Let them make their cars, these motor manu- turers.

For years scientists, chemists and automotive engineers, seeing and fearsome, have been seeking a substitute for oline. They believe that in spite of the present abun- ice and the plenty assured for years to come the law of rthematics is sure to prevail in the end. One cannot p subtracting forever.

They have found quite a few substitutes. That is comforting information. But to date, oilmen claim, nothing has been found which combines the various qualities, counting both efficiency and cost, of gasoline. Perhaps the most promising understudy of gasoline to-day is the benzol blend. The possibilities of benzol were revealed largely as one of the results of the war. Benzol, a by-product in the manufacture of coke from coal, was used in the manufacture of our late friend and ally, TNT, and other explosives. There is a mighty wallop in that stuff. The Government had brought the benzol business up to a high standard of efficiency in the making of munitions at the time the Prussian Guard caved in.

It was found that benzol, about the outkickingest liquid fuel that had ever been found, could be made surprisingly cheap. Then why not dekick it a bit and use it for a gasoline substitute?

Straight benzol, it was found, had such a glorious wallop that it meant the early demise and destruction of anything but a jamb-up motor engine. When it explodes it lets go all at once. The theory of the best motor fuel is that it should burn with a series of explosions. That gives an ever-growing power down the entire length of the piston stroke.

The theory continues: A quick snappy flash is desired in an engine going at intense speed, as an airplane motor or a racing car. A slower machine may work better with a gasoline or spirit with longer time between the flash and end point. This means the interval, measured in degrees of heat, between the starting of the explosion and the time when all the fuel is burned. So now benzol is being mixed with California naphthas, Oklahoma distillates and other petroleum fractions, and is being sold as fuel for motor cars.

The petroleum industry is carrying on in this work. Motorists are buying it in cities throughout the country, mostly under local trade names. The sellers claim for these products certain virtues. Among them are less carbon and greater mileage. Adherents of straight gasoline, however, are yet to be convinced.

Benzol is getting to be a large-size business. I saw the other day a contract by which one company agreed to sell to one buyer 1,700,000 gallons of benzol before July 1, 1920. The holder of this contract told me that a single great steel company at Gary, Indiana, turning to peace-work, had continued to make 1,250,000 gallons of benzol each month. This is manufactured as a by-product of the coke needed for the great furnaces of the plant. The war taught the company much about it.

"I have a suspicion," said my informant, "that this stuff can be made as a by-product for not much more than a nickel a gallon. I'm pretty confident that it costs only a few cents. It has been selling readily at eighteen cents a gallon and up. A number of pretty well established oil companies have been buying it. They have taken it in quantities up to 1,000,000 gallons at a time. I guess they don't drink it, so I think they are blending it into gasolines. I'm told that some of our pretty well known brands run five per cent benzol."

Mind, the speaker was a benzol enthusiast.

He added: "And it's a good blend too. Benzol tends to cut the carbon out of motors. Run a couple of gallons of pure benzol through a dirty motor and then look inside. It'll shine like nickel plate. Benzol is a powerful solvent. It cuts the carbon and dirt.

"Some oilmen have been quietly blending it into gasoline for the last two years, without the gasoline user knowing anything about it. Another thing—benzol is manufactured in and near the big cities, in the centers of population and in the midst of commercial life."

The Possibilities of Benzol

"BENZOL is manufactured close to consumption. The questions of freight mileage, transportation delays and length of time between order and delivery are cut to a minimum. Usually, in the past, those who have sold gasoline have done a hand-to-mouth business.

"There's a steady flow into and out of the filling stations. Benzol as a motor fuel, blended with various petroleum fractions, is destined to cut a big figure in the motor-fuel industry from now on."

And here may come another surprise to the readin public. Several millions of gallons of gasoline—not syn thetic but a real gasoline—burned in our motors in the last six years was not refined from crude oil at all. It has been made from natural gas. Almost all natural gas holds gasoline in suspension as air holds moisture. This gasoline, invisible, can be taken out and returned to a liquid. It is rather interesting.

The business came into existence in 1911 and became commercially important at once. In 1911 the quantity thus produced totaled 7,425,839 gallons.

The industry has grown so enormously that in 1917 not less than 217,884,000 gallons were manufactured, according to official report. An oilman told me recently that he believed close to a half billion gallons—not far from 12,000,000 barrels—will come from that source this year. California alone is reported to be making 70,000 gallons of this gasoline a day.

The petroleum industry recognizes this substance as casing-head gasoline. It is produced by either of two processes, known as the absorption and compression methods. It gets its name from the fact that this gas has always been given off in greater or lesser quantity from the top, or "head," of oil-well casings.

PHOTO. BY F. G. ALLEN

The Skyline at Goose Creek, Texas

Often in drilling oil fields great gas pressure is met. Many wells have been reported making 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 cubic feet a day. Once a gasser was generally looked upon as a tragedy. Now it is generally considered a mint. For years the waste of gas was enormous. Gas wells were often abandoned and left to drench the atmosphere. One well, in Alberta Province, Canada, estimated to have given off 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day, burned for years unchecked.

There are two kinds of natural gas recognized. One is called wet gas and the other dry gas. The wet gas has a greater gasoline content and figured first for its possibilities, the compression method being used. Later came the absorption method and the use of the dry gas. It is not uncommon for even the dry gas to deliver a gallon of casing-head gasoline to a thousand cubic feet. Methods of recovery have been reduced to such a science that even a trace of gasoline can be taken out.

Another important fact in the handling of gas commercially is that after the gasoline has been removed the gas can still be piped to gas users. The removal of the gasoline, it is contended, does very little damage to the value of the gas as a fuel. Lawmakers and oilmen have battled more or less over the question but the gasoline makers apparently have proved their point.

Casing-head gasoline is not generally used straight as a motor fuel. It goes into blends, as does benzol. The reason is that it is trickier than the regular gasoline made from crude oil. It is more dangerous to handle.

Many of the accidents attributed by the newspapers to gasoline should in justice have been laid to casing-head gasoline. Because of its highly volatile nature and cranky disposition it is more likely to escape unless it is held in strong and perfect containers.

Freaks of Gasoline

There is on record an instance where a leaky tank car containing several thousands of gallons of casing-head gasoline standing under a burning Oklahoma sun gave off quantities of gas. Now gasoline gas is heavier than air. An open jar of gasoline left on a table in a room will give off an invisible stream of gas that will sink to the floor and run along it. It may find its way into some depression or the basement, and there lie—unless it is carried away by an air current or maybe an explosion. So invisible streams and detached balls of gas flowed or rolled through the town, propelled by a gentle wind. A man on his way home stopped to light a cigar. There was a flash. Some of it was wafted into a kitchen through an open window or door. The blast practically wrecked the house.

There were twenty or more explosions in the town that day before the source of the series of tragedies was revealed. Some lives were lost and a number of persons were taken to hospitals.

But the oilman, increasingly scientific in his work, has learned how to handle even these more dangerous gasolines, and to-day it is bundled about almost harmlessly and handled as so much ice or milk, due to precautionary measures. However, lest familiarity breed contempt, the Government and manufacturers are continuously carrying on inspections and issuing warnings and perfecting their protective devices.

From a great waste of natural gas has come a production of casing-head gasoline which has saved us more than once from an acute gasoline crisis in this country. To-day the oil operator welcomes a good flow of gas only second to a gusher oil well.

When we approach the subject of petroleum refining we put foot upon an abyss swinging out over mystery. No man knows what petroleum is. Its origin is in darkness. No man knows how it came into existence or from what it is made. As with electricity, we have merely learned some of the things that can be done with it.

One famed editorial writer recently discoursing upon it announced that it comes from the pollen of a prehistoric fern. Oilmen smiled at this and chemists chuckled. Some believe it of mineral origin. The courts recognize it as such. Others think it comes from vegetable matter; still others, animal.

They agree that it has been distilled or evolved from—something. It is probably as good a guess as any other to say that it is the result of heat, pressure and years without end upon everything that the world contains or ever contained out of which grease or oil or any other similar substance could be squeezed or fried.

It has been subjected to enormous pressures and inconceivably intense heat, deep down in the earth for millions of years. Maybe it is being made every day.

One of the oddest parts of the story of petroleum, when we stop to think of it, is the fact that its value was so recently recognized. Another mystery is how crude oil, one substance, can give off or be separated from so many diversified and useful substances.

The gasoline in your motor is highly explosive. The lubricant you use in your engine, the most unburnable and endurable oil known to man, comes out of the same hole and the same barrel. The paraffin wax that mother uses to seal her jellies, road oil, asphalt, dyes and tars, a synthetic hard rubber, imitation turpentine and stuff that may pass for linseed oil—are from petroleum. A bad taste added, it can become the baby's castor oil. It has been used in embalming. It greases every high-speed wheel that moves. Every vehicle of trade or commerce would go dead without it. All these are by-products of your gasoline. It is Nature's gift that our gasoline, as it increases, automatically quickens the production of the lubricants for the machines using the power.

There is a powerful romance in lubrication and I could tell more of it were not this article intended to be centered upon gasoline and those things which are being trained for gasoline's understudy to-day. The refining of petroleum employs a maze of intricate machinery for the application of known forces.

The modern oil refinery consists of a baffling and interwoven system of pipes. Some run along the ground, others are under ground, still more twist and turn through the air. Each has its individual use. There are boilers and stills and agitators and buildings and tanks and groups of buildings and tanks. There are valves and bends and turns innumerable. But in all this chaos there is simplicity and order. Pure petroleum is made up of carbon and hydrogen atoms. The different substances, such as gasoline and kerosene, which come from this oil, are the same elements in chemical combinations.

Sitting on Dynamite

Refining consists primarily of distillation. In distilling the various groups they are merely separated without changing the molecules themselves. But the science of refining gasoline is now carried further, as the result of recent processes developed. Molecules, it has been discovered, can be broken up into smaller molecules. This is called cracking. By changing the molecular characteristics of the product in hand, controlling it and forcing new combinations of hydrogen and carbon, much of our kerosene and distillates can be turned into gasoline. Gasoline is produced where it isn't. Chemists have written long articles upon this. It has revolutionized the gasoline industry.

The separation of crude oil into its general groups is in itself comparatively simple. For example—suppose that the desire is to assemble products having boiling points ranging from 100 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the oil is slowly raised until it reaches 400 degrees, and all the vapor given off is piped into one receptacle. When the temperature rises above that point the receptacle is closed, and the other vapors pass off into other receptacles. This is the general procedure in getting benzene, gasoline, naphthas, and so on.

The more volatile passes off first, as anyone can easily understand. Mix alcohol and water and heat slowly. The alcohol vaporizes before the water.

Gasoline in the making is washed with water. This may sound startling, yet it is simple. Water is heavier than gasoline. It is piped into the top of a tank of gasoline and filters through it, settling to the bottom. As much water is drawn off at the bottom as is put in at the top, and there you are. The water goes into a funnel-shaped base to make the process easier. The farmer sometimes uses the same principle in drawing off the skim milk after the cream has risen to the top in tall slim cans.

Sulphuric acid is used to bleach y gasoline, and afterward the acid is tal out. Caustic soda is used to counteract presence of the acid. It is also filte through fuller's earth. We are fussy w our gasoline. We like it water white.

After the fuller's earth has absorbed impurities from the gasoline these s stances are burned out of it. The earth used again—over and over almost with end. There is more to getting gasoline t backing up to a filling station. It's a and an elaborate business.

When you fill your gasoline tank do ever stop to think of the tremendous ex sive force you are tucking under the ta your car or under the seat where you si if you happen to own that other sort? gallons of gasoline, with the air mixt correct, has an explosive power equival to 836 pounds of dynamite.

How would you feel carrying that m dynamite round with you? Moreo gasoline is a more fickle explosive t dynamite. Many more things can hap to it to make it let go.

Dynamite, generally speaking, is ploded by another explosion. Above, was mentioned that gasoline can become invisible stream of gas, highly explosi that may run along the floor. Strike a in a shoe against a piece of metal, mayb nailhead in the floor, and cause a spa Gasoline vapor can be ignited by the h from the sun. Refuse or old rags satura with it have caused what is known spontaneous combustion.

Gasoline is forever throwing off a hig explosive vapor even at low temperatu It isn't a good thing to monkey with. you can throw a lighted cigar into a tub it and it will put out the fire in the cigar

Ten gallons of gasoline will gener 16,000 cubic feet of gas. When ignited t again expands to 4000 times this space. is this force for expansion that we harn in our motor engines. Most of the po er of gasoline is lost in the explosi We use only a fraction of it.

If we could get a hundred per c efficiency out of our motors we could r all day for a few pennies. But man does know how to turn that trick yet.

Though we speak of the tremendous plosive nature of gasoline and sum up enormous quantities used, we hear of co paratively few accidents from it. It seldom out of control. That's the reas This is due to a pretty certain understa ing of its nature.

We'll have close to a billion gallons o ready for use when spring breaks. A bill gallons will run our motor cars a heap miles, bring a lot of produce to our cit and break a big stretch of ground for n summer's crops.

And now, in the end, I will let you in a professional secret, so that all may kn it: The country to-day uses more gasol than do our cities. The rural population the bigger buyer. Land, what a char has come over the land!

OUT-OF-DOORS

All About Furs

AS TO lovely woman, female of the human species, it certainly may be said of her that in many ways she is more merciless and more thoughtless than the male. All hunting and fishing may be called bad enough, and no sort of sport very well stands analysis, when it comes to that; but trapping is the worst of all, and all trapping is done for women. These tender-hearted members of our race are wiping out species after species of small animals and making life a nightmare or a tragedy for everything that wears fur.

It was bad enough when women only wore furs during the winter time, but now they wear furs all summer as well. It is a poor sort of shopgirl these days who cannot show you a fox skin across her shoulders in July. Perhaps she pays ten dollars for it. It is sort of red and sort of gray and sort of mangy looking. She looks with envy at her swell sister who goes by with a shiny black neck scarf made out of a single black fox skin; or one almost as good out of a silver-gray fox, or one not quite so good of a blue fox, or one not quite so expensive of cross fox, or one not quite so good of plain red fox. When you get so far down as the last, the trapper who once exulted when he got five dollars for a red fox skin now maybe will get twenty-five or thirty-five dollars for a good pelt. Lynx skins have brought thirty dollars or better in the raw. Muskrats sold within the year for one dollar, two dollars, three dollars for good dark skins. This year Idaho coyote hides sold for twenty-five dollars apiece. Once they were worthless.

Sables have no price. I once bought a lot of Hudson Bay sables, well matched, and had made up a stole and muff for a certain person. I recall that the economical procedure set the family back just $428. The other day in a fur store I was told that it could not be reproduced for $3000. Money does not get you much these days. Shop early and avoid the price.

The fur farmer is beginning to come into notice. Dark foxes for breeding purposes have advanced 80 per cent. In 1915 a pair of silver-gray foxes might bring from $800 up to $1500 a pair. To-day they are reported in demand at $2000 a pair and may bring $3000 next year. Fur prices in the last market, that of 1919, reached figures hitherto unknown. Fur farms alone in 1918 produced $400,000 worth of fox fur. In the last great fur auction at St. Louis there were sold $25,000 worth of skins of house cats. To-day Alaska seal, genuine, is almost priceless. The former $100 coat of "Hudson Bay seal," which really was dyed muskrat, to-day may run up to $500 or more if you like. There is another sort of seal made out of rabbit skins, not very durable, though it will hang together long enough to be called fur and so can be sold. You can buy a simple cloth coat now, with collar and sleeves trimmed with perishable squirrel fur dyed black, for as low as $325 if you are careful.

Trapping this winter will be very profitable and very generally practiced. If you are able to shoot your neighbor's dog and dye him you may turn a very pretty penny; and his cat certainly will be good for four bits anyway, maybe a dollar if black. These perquisites of village life may be extended if you live on a farm or near a bit of wood and water. Rats, skunks, mink and an occasional fox still may be found in almost every state of the Union. How they have learned wisdom enough to escape mankind so long is one of Nature's marvels. Many a farmer's boy this winter will be able to count his trapping gains in hundreds dollars at the current prices of fur. much of the profit of the trapping deper on the care of the pelts it may be well repeat the advice about skinning, and so which earlier has found publication in th columns. One of the sportsmen's journa The Michigan Sportsman, covers the matt very well:

"Casing means peeling the skin off who open skinning means ripping the skin do the belly. Hides which should be cas are: mink, marten, weasel, opossum, fo fisher, skunk, civet, muskrat, wildcat, ott lynx, wolf and wolverine. Open skinni should be used with coon, badger, beav bear and cougar. Fox, lynx, fisher, wo marten, wolverine and wildcat ought to turned fur side out for shipping, before th get too dry, according to some fur buye Other cased skins should be left with t skin side out."

The method of baling employed by t Hudson Bay Company in the Far Nor does not seem to favor the turning of ma ten skins at least—I have seen hundreds bales of marten with the flesh side out. good grader would turn back the root of t

(Concluded on Page 56)

"Vitanola"-ize the Christmas Spirit

SENTIMENT is the supreme quality of the human heart—the great liberator of our sweetest emotions and kindliest impulses. To give a VITANOLA is to give wisely and well, for a gift of this marvelously toned phonograph constitutes the finest expression of the Yuletide sentiment.

Conditions and environment create our desires, and whether it be the vibrant appeal of a great singer, a martial march that spurred "our boys" on to victory, or the soft cadences of a sweet old cello, perfect tonal reproduction is the vital requisite in a mechanical instrument.

The scientifically constructed Octagonal Reproducer and Duplex Tone-Arm enable the VITANOLA to play ALL records, and the consummate beauty and purity of its tone can best be judged by actual comparison. Have your dealer play the same record on another machine—then on the VITANOLA and draw your own conclusions. The "natural as life" quality of VITANOLA sound reproduction places it in a class by itself.

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VITANOLA

Plays ALL Records - Natural as Life

(Concluded from Page 54)

tail only enough to see the shade of the fur there—that would show him the grading color of the skin. Of course the clear white of the flesh side would show that the skin was prime. A yellowish skin is never prime.

Our sporting journal adds advice to trappers on how to take off the skin:

"To case a skin, cut from the root of the tail down the inside of each hind leg to the foot. Then pull the skin carefully over body and head. The tail should be skinned and the bone removed, except for muskrat and opossum. These two can be cut off, as they are worthless. Skinning is made easier by suspending the carcass from something, doing this by means of a strong cord tied around the hind legs. Draw the skin from the front legs. Cut off the ears, downward toward the head. Cut the skin loose about the nose and eyes.

"In using the open method, cut from point of jaw to vent, also down back hind legs and inside of front legs. Lynx, mountain lion, bear, which are valuable for rugs or mounting, should be skinned on the legs clear to the toes, leaving the claws attached. Smaller animals, valuable only as furs, may have the legs cut off.

"Be sure to clean every bit of flesh and fat from the skins, using extreme care to avoid cutting. When the skins are on the stretchers, put them in a cool, dry place—never in the sun or near a fire. Dry them just enough to prevent shrinking and wrinkling. If you find that a skin has become too dry to turn, soften a little with a damp cloth. But be sure to let the dampened spots dry out before shipping."

The commercial totals of the fur trade are not generally known to the public, but they run very large, and they prove in one more regard the truth that America is the greatest producer in the world of most of the things which the world must have or thinks it must have. For a long time it was supposed that no sealskin could be dyed anywhere but in London, and that nothing else could be dyed any color unless with some dye made in Germany. We had begun to change some of those things before the war began, and the war itself finished the work. We can dye silks, cotton goods and furs in America to-day.

The great fur markets of the world formerly were in Europe—Nijni-Novgorod, the Leipsic fair, the great London auctions. The latter city long was the center of the world's fur trade, but the war upset that as it did so many other things. A combination of fur companies saw the opportunity for America and set on foot the big St. Louis Fur Exchange, now known as the International. St. Louis for a long time had run London a close heat, and to-day London is far in the rear of St. Louis. The latter city to-day is the fur capital of the world, far more indisputably such than it was a hundred years ago when the wild-fur companies of the frontier were bringing their beaver bales down the Missouri River.

In the early fur-trade days St. Louis dealt in beaver fur principally. To-day she buys any and all sorts of furs in any and all corners of the world. Early in September of 1919 there were five hundred buyers at the opening sale of the International Fur Exchange. This sale lasted some ten days and it is stated that a total of one and one-quarter billion—not million but billion—pelts were sold. The United States Government was on hand, an assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce supervising the sale of Alaska sealskins. There were buyers from Russia, France, Japan, China, Australia, England, Sweden, Denmark, Argentina, Siberia and Canada, as well as from every state of the Union.

So far from dealing in beaver peltry alone, there were seventy-five different sorts of fur handled in the last St. Louis sale. There were nine thousand Russian sables—beautiful little skins of dark soft fur, with the long hairs just tipped with white, not so big as your two hands if they were spread out. Some of them brought a thousand dollars apiece and even more, if we are to believe the impartial press. Of the northern American sables, commonly called Hudson Bay sables, there were eleven thousand pieces. America can dress and dye even these fine furs for Europeans now. Of course you know that a great many dark sables which seem perfectly matched are blended, or just brushed with color to bring them all the same tone. It is the dark, natural, matched furs in sables which cut most deeply into the weekly pay envelope of the laboring man. That is why there is so much unrest among the laboring classes. In the future we must expect strikes unless we can raise wages to a point more proportionate to the price of natural matched sables.

In the great St. Louis sale last fall Siberia sent in a million and a half of squirrels and pretty nearly a quarter million ermine. I tried to buy Russian ermine skins myself some years ago at two dollars each, but I am incurious about the price to-day. Japan, which you would think was pretty much trapped to a finish, sent over a hundred thousand mink, ten thousand marten and forty-five thousand fox, according to reports.

The Japanese furs don't run very dark as a class and usually grade below the North American fur of the upper latitudes.

Australia sent in a half million pounds of rabbit skins and New Zealand a hundred thousand pounds, not to mention wallaby and opossum. The American furs went high—skunk, mink, marten, otter, beaver, wolf, raccoon and the several varieties of fox, from silver fox down. There were nine thousand Alaska sealskins offered on the first day, when two and a half million pelts were put up at auction. It is stated that the returns of the International for the ten-day sale ran more than fifteen million dollars. If I were a muskrat I should try to get myself deported from the United States while still on the hoof.

But if you want real boom figures, such as might dispose a mining-stock promoter to go into fur farming, you must turn to the early history of the silver-fox industry. It sounds like the old Dutch tulip craze or the South Sea Island bubble. I am again indebted to the Michigan Sportsman for a résumé of the silver-fox boom figures, for which I cannot personally vouch.

"In the year 1910 the world was startled by the report that a man by the name of Dalton, who lived at Tignish, Prince Edward Island, made a million dollars breeding black foxes, starting two score years ago with two black foxes. The inhabitants of Prince Edward Island went wild with the news; they bought and sold foxes, and fortunes were made in a month, Dalton selling his property and twenty-five pairs of foxes for $600,000. Unborn litters of fox pups were sold at from $10,000 to $15,000 a pair. The government took an active interest in the business, which then developed into a remarkable industry of over 300 ranches, spread all over the island and the Dominion of Canada. The various fox companies paid dividends in 1913 of $4,500,000, about an average of 60% on all the capital invested in foxes, some compan paying as high as 400%; a big majority the companies being capitalized on the ba of the pelts sold by Dalton in 1910. Twent four foxes sold for $33,264 in March, 19 These pelts were taken off foxes raised fo dozen years, the Daltons having previou kept the fact that they were raising fo successfully in captivity a secret.

"The stampede that followed after t year 1910 was enormous. The supply w unequal to the demand, and prices silver-fox pups rose from $5000 to $18,0 or $20,000; and in one instance in the p motion of the Dalton Company $25,0 was the average price paid on twenty-f pairs. Another company paid as high $32,500 for a pair of breeders. Speculati lasted till the war, which cut off the Eur pean demand and silver-fox furs dropp 50%. Consequently the demand for silv foxes for breeding purposes ceased. Ov capitalized companies were unable to p dividends on the watered stock and ma of the ranches with inferior foxes l heavily. But despite the era of ov capitalized and wildcat speculation, t business of raising silver and black foxes captivity is spreading all over the worl A number of ranches have been establish through the United States and also Norway and Japan. The basis of the bus ness has gotten down to terra firma, or t value of the fur.

"In sixty-two years the Hudson B Company sold 47,700 wild silvers, which they received an average of $145. a skin. Charles Dalton sold from ranch-bred foxes in fourteen years 203 silv skins at an average of $778. The f breeds once a year—in February March—and has an average of four to t litter.

"Pups remain with the mother for eig weeks and are then weaned. Usually t young breed the first year. If they don breed the second year, they are pelted t third winter. Pelts develop and prime about the middle of December.

"The silver fox stands captivity well an thrives in this climate, shedding his o coat when warm weather approaches, an a new coat is grown for the winter. Sin the war the American market has absorbe the entire production of silver-fox fur Skins have averaged in this country in t last twelve years $600."

The Man That Was a Multitude

By ALFRED NOYES

AS I CAME up to London to buy my love a ring
I passed by a tavern where the painted women sing.
Each of 'em was jigging on a greasy fiddler's knee,
And they cackled at the red rose my true love gave to me;
Singing:
"Come and see the silly clown that wears a red rose.
Roses are green now, as everybody knows."

They cackled—how they cackled—crying everything was new.
The old truths were all false, the new lies were true.
By play, by book, by poem, it was easier to say
A new thing, a false thing, than walk the stricter way.
Singing:
"It was hard, hard to climb, when only truth was true;
But all may violently run, down into the new."

As I came home by Arundel the wind blew off the sea;
It brought the almond scent of gorse, and there she came to me,
My true love with the young light that gloried in her eyes,
And my soul rose like a giant to the ancient ordered skies,
Laughing:
"Let 'em take their green rose and pickle it in hell,
For I have seen the red rose that blows by Arundel."

My soul rose like a giant and oh, but it was sweet
To tumble all its passion like a wave at her feet;
To leave their tricks behind me, and to find myself again
Walking in the clean sun along a Sussex lane,
Singing:
"Let 'em hymn their new love that veers with heat and cold,
But I will sing the true love that never shall grow old."

Then, as we walked together, I was quietly aware
Of a mighty throng around us in the hawthorn-scented air,
And I knew it was the simple folk that wait and listen long
Ere the soul that makes a nation can unite them in a song.
Then:
"Back," they sang, "to London town; and we will march with you;
Because we like the red rose that Eden Garden knew."

But Satan had a vision five and thirty years ago
When England lost the great songs and dwarfs began to grow.
He whistled imps of envy up, from all the nooks at night,
And set 'em to the new trick of proving black is white.
Crying:
"Come, my 'intellectuals,' trample on the dead.
Trample truth into the dust, and throne yourself instead."

And so we found 'em boasting: "We have mingled earth and sea,
We have planted tare and hemlock where the harvest used to be,
We have broken all the borders, we have neither chart nor plan."
Then they saw the throng approaching, and behold it was a Man,
Chuckling:
"England waits and suffers long, as nations often do.
But the Man that is a Multitude has come to answer you."

His head was in the heavens, though his feet were in the clay.
He rose against the smoke of stars we call the Milky Way.
Three hundred thousand oak trees had furnished forth his staff;
And he waved his club above them, as a child might, with a laugh,
Saying:
"You have sung a strange song, in God's good land!
Who shall deliver you or save you from my hand?"

Oh, you have sung a new song, but I will sing an old,
And it shall shine like rubies, and it shall ring like gold!
And you have sung the little songs of mating flea and flea;
But I will sing the great song that thunders like the sea;
Roaring:
"You have sung the red grass, and hymned the purple cow,
And you have asked for justice! Will yo kneel and have it now?"

"We're only intellectuals," a tiny fiddle squeaked.
"It's not on such as us, you know, that judg ment should be wreaked.
Why, even Mr. Trotzky says we've hardl helped at all!
We only scratched the mortar out. W didn't smash the wall.
No! No!
We only said that freedom meant a worl devoid of law.
We only made Almighty God a little les than Shaw!"

The Man that was a Multitude, he droppe his mighty staff.
"Why, damn your little eyes," he said, "I'm only going to laugh."
Then, once, and twice, he guffawed, as o Sussex plowman might,
And the fiddlers and their fancies flew like feathers through the night,
Whimpering:
"Is it a Victorian ghost? Someone that we know?
Ecclefechan Tom himself could hardly treat us so!"

As I came home by Arundel my true love walked with me,
And the man that was a Multitude was singing like the sea:
"Oh, they have sung their green rose, and pickled it in hell!
But we will sing the red rose that Adam used to smell.
And
They have sung the new love that veers with heat and cold;
But we will sing the true love that never shall grow old."

Try Raisin Bread Toasted

—A happy discovery; elected by epicures

ORDINARY toast has long been popular. Extraordinary toast now claims your vote. It is Raisin Bread Toast. You can have it at home at any time. Simply order California Raisin Bread from your grocer or baker.

A Delicious Specialty

Toasted Raisin Bread came quite by accident (so one story goes):

A San Francisco restaurateur, seeking new features for a discriminating clientele, entered on his breakfast menu: "Raisin Bread Toasted." And San Franciscans, exacting epicures, adopted it instantly. Today and every day you can see Toasted Raisin Bread served at the Golden Gate's fashionable eating places.

You, too, should know the goodness of Raisin Bread Toasted.

Put Raisin Bread on Your Grocery Memo

See that California Raisin Bread is ordered from grocery or bakery. Have it fresh at the evening meal. Then have it toasted at the morrow's breakfast.

Simple Toasting Directions

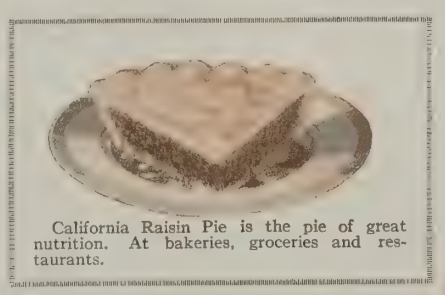
Please use these hints and thus enhance your delight in Toasted Raisin Bread:

Cut the bread in thin slices. Use a knife sharp enough to cut straight through the plump, juicy raisins. Then toast the slices over quick, intense heat. You will relish the delicate aroma of toasting fruit and milled wheat.

Try it once, and you, like thousands of others, will have it every morning.

SUN-MAID Raisins

Three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins: Sun-Maid SEEDED *(seeds removed);* Sun-Maid SEEDLESS *(grown without seeds);* Sun-Maid CLUSTERS *(on the stem).*



California Raisin Pie is the pie of great nutrition. At bakeries, groceries and restaurants.

Ask for Raisin Candy at your candy shop

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California

A Business Man for President

By a Veteran Political Writer

We need a business man for President.—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, October 4, 1919.

WE CERTAINLY do. George Washington, considered by historians and analytical publicists the world over to have been the greatest President of the country, was a planter; a business man, pure and simple. He was also a land surveyor, but the basis of his great characteristics was that he was a sound, conscientious, honorable business man always. His right-hand man and chief adviser, Alexander Hamilton, started life as a clerk in a shop and felt that his early business career had been a wonderful advantage to him in public life. Washington is spoken of as the greatest President of the United States probably because he had to hew his own way. He had no precedent to guide him in shaping the young republic except his own sound business sense and knowledge of men. He had no precedents, little or no fundamental law, to shape the young republic's dealings with foreign nations, but he ran the Government as a business concern and not as a side show for politicians.

Why shouldn't the brains, the initiative, the patriotism and the sheer executive ability that are given to a modern business career in America be impersonated in the White House in the presidential term that begins in March, 1921? Sweeping over the country is a demand that a business man shall be nominated for President next year.

The Roll of the Signers

Of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States nineteen have been lawyers; the remaining eight are officially designated as follows: Statesmen, 3; soldiers, 2; planter, 1; public official, 1; farmer, 1.

Their fathers were as follows: Farmers, 9; planters, 5; merchants, 3; clergymen, 3; lawyers, 2; statesman, 1; jurist, 1; sexton and constable, 1; tanner, 1; iron manufacturer, 1.

A like preponderance of lawyers has prevailed in all the Cabinets as has prevailed in the Presidency.

The vocations or professions of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were:

John Adams	Lawyer
Samuel Adams	Merchant
Josiah Bartlett	Physician
Carter Braxton	Planter
Charles Carroll	Lawyer
Samuel Chase	Lawyer
Abraham Clark	Lawyer
George Clymer	Merchant
William Ellery	Lawyer
William Floyd	Farmer
Benjamin Franklin	Printer
Elbridge Gerry	Merchant
Button Gwinnett	Merchant
Lyman Hall	Physician
John Hancock	Merchant
Benjamin Harrison	Farmer
John Hart	Farmer
Joseph Hewes	Lawyer
Thomas Heyward, Jr.	Lawyer
William Hooper	Lawyer
Stephen Hopkins	Farmer
Francis Hopkinson	Lawyer
Samuel Huntington	Lawyer
Thomas Jefferson	Lawyer
Francis Lightfoot Lee	Farmer
Richard Henry Lee	Soldier
Francis Lewis	Merchant
Philip Livingston	Merchant
Thomas Lynch, Jr.	Lawyer
Thomas McKean	Lawyer
Arthur Middleton	Lawyer
Lewis Morris	Farmer
Robert Morris	Merchant
John Morton	Surveyor
Thomas Nelson, Jr.	Statesman
William Paca	Lawyer
Robert Treat Paine	Lawyer
John Penn	Lawyer
George Read	Lawyer
Cæsar Rodney	General
George Ross	Lawyer
Benjamin Rush	Physician
Edward Rutledge	Lawyer
Roger Sherman	Shoemaker
James Smith	Lawyer
Richard Stockton	Lawyer
Thomas Stone	Lawyer
George Taylor	Physician

DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

Matthew Thornton	Physician
George Walton	Lawyer
William Whipple	Sailor
William Williams	Statesman
James Wilson	Lawyer
John Witherspoon	Minister
Oliver Wolcott	Physician
George Wythe	Lawyer

The above table shows that 26 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, or 46%, were lawyers.

Of the 430 members of the present House of Representatives, 258, or 60%, are lawyers.

In the present United States Senate, 63 of the 96 members, or about 66%, are lawyers.

The proportion of lawyers in the legislature of the state of New York for 1919 and 1920 is as follows: In the Senate—26 of the 51 members, or 51%, are lawyers; in the Assembly—47 of the 150 members, or 31%, are lawyers.

The legislature of the state of Massachusetts contains the following number of lawyers: 13 of the 38 members of the Senate are lawyers, or 34%; 51 of the 240 members of the House are lawyers, or 21%.

The same proportion of lawyers prevails in nearly all other state legislatures.

Here is a list of the English premiers for the last forty years:

DATE APPOINTED	NAME	VOCATION
April 28, 1880	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
June 24, 1885	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
February 6, 1886	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
August 3, 1886	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
August 18, 1892	W. E. Gladstone	Statesman
March 3, 1894	Lord Rosebery	Statesman
July 2, 1895	Lord Salisbury	Statesman
July 12, 1902	Arthur J. Balfour	Statesman
December 5, 1905	Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman	Statesman
April 8, 1908	H. H. Asquith	Lawyer
December 7, 1916	Lloyd George	Lawyer

Here is a list of the French Presidents for the last fifty years:

Thiers	Historian and statesman.
MacMahon	Marshal of France.
Grévy	Lawyer.
Carnot	Engineer.
Casimir Périer	Statesman.
Félix Faure	Manufacturer.
Loubet	Lawyer.
Fallières	Lawyer.
Poincaré	Lawyer and man of letters.

The task of running a government is similar to that of running any large business corporation. There must be an efficiency system if any government or business concern is to prosper. The late United States Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, stated in 1909 that he could save the United States $300,000,000 annually if permitted to run it on a business basis. If this statement was true a decade ago it is doubly true to-day.

The demand for a business man for President was undoubtedly stimulated by the very great efficiency with which the dollar-a-year men performed their service in Washington during the great international war. Up to that time the politicians had made a mess of it, and the bureaucrats helped along the mess. As a matter of fact, many believe that the business men and the workmen of the United States, England and France—plus, of course, the great bravery and patriotism of the soldiers and the efficiency of their generals—won the international war. But without these business men and without these workmen the soldiers would not have had the tools to win the war; and the politicians and bureaucrats of England, the United States and France were a deterrent rather than a progressive element in the mighty struggle. And where would our soldier boys have been without our farmers?

Go where you will, people are talking this way and thinking this way, and the people are becoming very tired of professional politicians and of sleazy bureaucrats. The time has come for the business men to have their chance to carry into the unexampled opportunities of the new era for America the energy, the acumen, the directing capacity they put behind the performance of our Army in the field and our Navy on the sea.

A business man would have gone a long way toward preventing the frightful waste of millions and billions in the United States, England and France during the war and afterward. The men of genius and the men of money, those who prepare new agencies of life and those who accumulate and save money for the great enterprises and great public works—these are the peculiar and inestimable leaders of the world.

At the bottom of all is always the question of character as well as of talent. A fellow who is practicing arts of deception may last a little while, but he cannot last long. The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual, it is moral. It is in the character, and people believe in him because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so.

The Business Men of '96

Important business interests of the country, manufacturing, commercial and financial, should prepare to participate actively in all stages of the present political, industrial and social situation. They should take control out of the hands of the politicians, amateur and professional, and vest it in leaders who are closer in touch with what is popularly termed the "business interests," which include the workman and the farmer. It was in 1896 that the business men combined to combat free silver. Many recall how the business men of those days stood shoulder to shoulder against this heresy.

This country could not have grown and prospered and become the great nation it has unless the vast majority of our business men had been men of integrity and fair dealing and keen discernment; for it stands to reason that a dishonest nation cannot long prosper, and to believe anything else is to believe in the absurd.

Many of our professional politicians and professional labor leaders attack the capitalistic system. I am astonished to see how people are afraid to defend the capitalist system. The politicians are afraid, the newspapers are afraid, and they prefer to give the thing the go-by. As a matter of fact the capitalist system is capable of sustained and searching defense; in fact, it is the only system that has ever been devised for regulating the economic relations between man and man, and for appraising the value of services which men render to each other or extract from each other—the only system apart from slavery. But if the capitalist system is to be successfully defended it can be defended only by showing

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that there is a moral basis for property, and you will not establish a moral basis for property or obtain conviction from the masses of the people unless you are able at the same time to make just laws regulating and bringing up-to-date the condition under which property is acquired and enjoyed, and to correct by taxation the evils of unmerited acquisition or indolent enjoyment. The country is suffering from the curse of politics. It has been suffering from the curse of politics for many years.

What the country needs is an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of a President for one term—six years—and we need a business man to start off the new era. We do not want Presidents who from the first hour of their inauguration start the machinery a-going for a second term. We want congressmen and United States senators who are not always looking for reëlection; whose uppermost thought is not reëlection. We want city, state and national legislators who are thinking of the country at large—how it is to be benefited and progressed. There is altogether too much politics in the country. Everything is politics. Everything is subordinated to political schemes, and it is the greatest wonder in the world under our system of politics that the nation has progressed as it has.

We are a commercial and agricultural country and we need a business man in the White House, business men in the cabinet; and we need farmers in the Cabinet, labor men in the Cabinet; farmers and labor men and business men in all legislatures—city, state and national. There are too many professional politicians who think of nothing but themselves, and there are too many lawyers whose practical knowledge of business methods is limited or whose entire knowledge of business methods has been gained from their association with business men as clients. In other words, these lawyers are but proxy business men, just as the sea lawyers of England and the soldier lawyers of England, France and the United States were but proxy business men, having gained their little knowledge of business by association with business men; and it is an accepted axiom that you cannot transfer absolute, positive or practical knowledge from one class of men to another class of men.

Uncle Joe's Riddle

Labor unions must be made responsible bodies. There isn't an industry in the United States that is not held responsible to the laws of the country. Capital is regulated and held responsible. The only class of citizens not responsible to anybody on the face of the earth in the United States Government is the so-called working class—those who belong to the unions. This is an absurd part of our Government. Not only must labor unions be held responsible but all granges and farmers' unions must be held responsible for their activities—if they become illegal. Any other course is class legislation of the worst order, for which professional politicians are responsible; professional politicians are that kind of congressmen of whom ex-Speaker Cannon used to make mention—cowardly congressmen. To Mr. Cannon is ascribed that old story:

'Who or what is more cowardly than a congressman?"

'Dunno."

'Two congressmen."

The only practical way to stop the menace of class tyranny in this country is by prompt and courageous opposition. This may be speaking out in meeting, but it is what the people are thinking and talking about, and in the long run public opinion will assert itself and have its way.

In the closing days of his Administration President Taft secured an appropriation of $100,000 to enable him to appoint an economy and efficiency commission, with Doctor Cleveland at its head, President Goodnow, Mr. Willoughby, Mr. Chance and one or two others as members, who did a great deal of work in their report in favor of a budget, all of which Mr. Taft transmitted to Congress and urged upon the consideration of Congress with a view to securing a reform in the financial methods of the Government. Congress refused Mr. Taft additional appropriations which were needed to complete the work, and President Wilson's Administration would not hear of the budget system. Now the present Congress is forwarding a movement for a budget and the material that President Taft's economy and efficiency commission prepared is right at its hand. No country in the world has been without a budget system except the United States—and who is responsible for that situation? The politicians—the politicians in the cities, in the states and in the nation, who desire first, last and all the time to keep control of the appropriations for municipal, state and national expenditures. Why did they wish to keep control of these expenditures? What was their motive in this matter? The answer is, and this answer cannot be disputed—financial and political graft. That is the answer, and the only answer.

There is no desire to criticize the lawyers who have had such a pronounced dominance in the affairs of the nation from its organization, but many believe that business men could have done better and that our nation would have been much further along as a nation if a larger number of business men had had a hand in its affairs.

Lawyers are prone to delays. "The law's delays" has been an axiom and a maxim for centuries. The sea lawyers of the British Admiralty prevented preparedness. The soldier lawyers of the United States prevented preparedness. The lawyers in the Cabinet at Washington, in Downing Street and in the French Administration were responsible for the delays in preparedness for the war. Then, too, lawyers have a passion for legislation, and they apparently believe that a new law will cure any and all troubles incident to human life. How profound that passion is can be gathered from a comparison of the bills introduced into and passed by the English Parliament and by our national Senate and House. At Westminster, during the ten years ending with 1909, there were introduced and considered 6251 measures, of which 3882 became law; at Washington during the same period there were considered 146,471 different bills, of which no less than 16,000 became law. In forty-two state legislatures in session in 1913 there were introduced 1395 bills affecting the operation of our railroads alone. This was almost five times as many as were introduced in the legislatures of 1912, and three times as many as those introduced in the year 1911; and since that time the passion for legislation on the part of lawyers has been the uppermost desire; they are always grinding out new laws.

There are too many laws in the country, and if all of them were put in operation they would bankrupt cities, states and the entire national government. The fewer laws the better.

The sentiment for a business man for President does not include the type who did not know the name of the greatest traitor since Judas Iscariot's time; nor a business man of the type, a communicant of Henry Ward Beecher's church, who years ago extolled the talents of Shakspere as "a writer for the Dublin press"; but the situation requires one of our keenest business men who has the qualifications to carry out the late Senator Aldrich's statement that if business men had control they could save the Government $300,000,000 a year.

The Veto of the Bureaucrats

It is one thing to say that a business man should be nominated for President, and it is quite another thing to be able to accomplish that purpose. The very natural and sequential question is, would the political organizations of the two great parties permit a business man to be nominated for President? It is well known that political organizations are dominated for the most part by those dependent almost entirely upon political movements for a livelihood; in other words, the political organizations of the country are controlled by professional politicians, who in turn are affiliated to a very large extent with labor-union leaders. Not only are the primaries, municipal, state and national, controlled by the politicians, but so also are the Presidential-preference primaries.

The characteristics, the training and the environment of a business man are directly the reverse of those of a politician or of the political leader who dominates a political organization. The country is very sick of politicians, whatever label they wear. It no longer believes in them and no longer trusts them. It is tired of the old tricks and the old deals.

Not only would the politicians object to a business man for President, but so also would the bureaucrats object to a business man for President. A bureaucrat lives on delay, on procrastination, on red tape; he cannot act straight because he cannot think straight; he cannot act quickly because he cannot think quickly; he cannot decide quickly because he has no brains for quick decision. He would be frightened out of his senses if he permitted a quick decision on any given matter. He would be out of his element, out of his official breath. His whole life is of the drear, gray life of ineptitude. A bureaucrat would be paralyzed, stifled, asphyxiated over the decision, the alertness, the promptitude of action of a business man in the White House. A bureaucrat, just like a professional politician, does not understand the soul of the mighty institutions of our country. Both know that our people are generous, and hourly, daily, weekly, monthly and yearly these bureaucrats and politicians play on the generosity of our people. Meantime, through the graft of the politicians and the sorry inefficiency of the bureaucrats, the taxes of the people are piled up and piled up.

One cannot deny the odium which attaches to the word "bureaucracy" throughout the entire world. The chief complaints against bureaucracy are red tape, inelasticity, lack of enterprise, inefficiency and non-economical working. The same odium attaches to the word "politician," only that odium implies direct business inefficiency if not worse.

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El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park

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CHICAGO

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

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and Java. American interests control about one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of developed and undeveloped rubber lands in Sumatra, and the Japs are rapidly getting into the business, having already acquired nearly one hundred thousand acres of rubber land in the state of Johore in the Malay Peninsula.

The rubber tree grows best in rich, damp soil and in countries where the temperature is eighty-nine to ninety-four degrees at noontime and not less than seventy-four degrees at night and where there is a rainy season for five or six months in the year. The only place on American soil where conditions have been found favorable to the growing of rubber is in the Philippines. Several hundred tons are now produced yearly in Mindanao, but this small output would only last a large American plant for a day or two.

The failure to grow rubber in the Philippines is due to an insufficient supply of cheap labor—our Government forbids the importation of Chinese coolies—and government restriction limiting to 2500 acres the amount of land which corporations can own.

These two conditions have discouraged the investment of American capital.

In the days prior to the war the greater part of the rubber output from the Eastern plantations was shipped to London, where it was sold at auction. This practice was changed by the depredations of the German submarines and Singapore replaced London as the world's rubber center. To-day all large dealers buy at Singapore, and the rubber comes to us via the Pacific in Japanese tonnage. It is possible, however, that when conditions return to normal London will again become the big rubber market, because of the fact that most of the plantation owners have their central offices in London.

In certain ways, particularly in regard to market value, rubber is in a class pretty much by itself. Of all the raw materials consumed by modern industry crude rubber is about the only important staple that has not advanced in price in recent years. This is true in spite of the fact that the world's rubber consumption has increased about 300 per cent in less than eight years. The difficulty has been that notwithstanding the amazing growth in the uses of rubber the plantations have grown even faster and production has outstripped consumption. Even to-day there is a surplus of rubber which cannot find a ready market in our industrial life. This is an unfortunate situation for the producers, but the best outlook indicates that when Germany and other nations that have not been getting rubber once more enter the market the business of producing this material will become more profitable. Before the war Germany consumed about 15 per cent of the world's production and the Teutons led the world in the manufacture of rubber toys, hard-rubber goods, ocean cables and rubber packings.

The rubber industry is a secretive business. It is a business of individuality and initiative because there are infinite opportunities for the chemist to use hundreds of different formulas in scores of different ways. In this country alone it is a business that furnishes employment and livelihood for a million people. I am told that there are 12,000 vulcanizers in the United States who are kept busy repairing and retreading tires. There is also that branch of the business that is engaged in reclaiming used rubber. Recent figures show that the American production of reclaimed rubber exceeds in pounds our total importations of crude rubber.

India rubber has the unique faculty of amalgamating itself with countless varieties of other materials. For instance, a compound of asbestos and rubber will make a splendid steam packing and will produce a brake lining that is superior to any ductile metal. Certain materials added to rubber will make it as hard as stone; a certain other few will make it as soft as velvet, while some substances develop the rubber into a product that is as unstretchable as horsehide. For every thousand pounds of rubber that go into American factories finished products come out that weigh from four to ten times as much as the original rubber that entered the plant.

Henry C. Pearson, editor of The India Rubber World, sees the day when "you can take the milk of a rubber tree, convert it into an elastic resin, then bake this resin with sulphur and turn the product into rosewood, walnut, mahogany and ebony of the finest sort." He says: "Any rare wood can thus be simulated. It will not warp or check and it will not absorb moisture. Its sawdust and chips can be molded again into the first shape. Even the boards once out of use can be ground up and used again and again."

Whether such dreams materialize or not, rubber is sure to become one of the mightiest essentials in the life of civilized man. Already it can be fashioned into products that are stronger than iron, more lasting than wood or stone and more flexible than leather. We consume about 75 per cent of the world's production of the substance, and control less than 5 per cent of the sources of supply. And though true, such a thought doesn't make the happiest kind of an ending to a story.

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

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has displayed during the past two years no talent in reorganization adequate to the situation or reflecting evidence of even nominal competency. The communists have had a better chance to restore production and distribution than had the two previous governments. Under czarism there was mobilization of males between the ages of eighteen and forty-three; naturally this left few men to work. Under Kerensky there was still the great war, and the size of the army was little less than under the czar. Kerensky had therefore no opportunity for industrial organization. But the Bolshevik government has had only petty war for nearly two years; it has had the great man power of Russia available for use in the reorganization and reconstruction of industry. The progressive deterioration during 1918 and 1919 speaks therefore much more strongly against the efficiency of the present régime than did the failure of the two previous governments. The incompetency of the people is shared by the government; and when an incompetent government assumes a competence in the people that does not exist it adds blunder to incompetence.

Much more important, both in the past and for the future, though much less conspicuous, have been the developments in agriculture. In prewar Russia the lands were divided into five groups of holdings:

The lands of the crown.

The lands of the church.

The large holdings of the aristocrats and middle class—gentry.

The lands of the commune.

The lands of the peasants.

For generations the land problem has been the one problem of Russia. The members of the royal families held huge tracts, some of which were devoted entirely to sports and other pleasures, many of which, however, were farmed under managers who were tyrannical, exacting and brutal. The extent of the holdings of land by the church may be illustrated in the statement that since the revolution more than four hundred million acres of land previously held by the church have been conveyed to the state. The holdings of wealthy landlords of the middle class and of aristocrats below the plane of titles were large and comprehended a great deal of the very best land of Russia. These lands were in a relative sense efficiently farmed, though the peasant labor employed to farm them was illy requited and often brutally abused. The holdings of individual peasants were small in number and insignificant in area before the emancipation of the serfs in 1863, and have increased but slowly since.

The mir was the governing body of the old commune. The communal soviet had a certain amount of land directly under its jurisdiction. The amount of land was in some localities considerable, in others inconsiderable; and it was usually land of poor grade. These holdings of communal land were in the Russian system used as a stop-gap. The peasants were assigned the use of certain of the communal lands, just enough to give them a certain individual interest but not enough to enable them to be self-supporting. They were thus compelled to give a portion of their time to landlords with large holdings; and under these circumstances they were exploited in the most shameful manner.

In three facts lay almost the entire consciousness of the Russian peasant: Firstly, that there was an organization springing from his own class, a soviet, that had control of a certain amount of land and would assign land to him; secondly, that landholders controlled a great deal more land and were in a position to exploit his labor; thirdly, that the government of the czar limited the function of the soviet to purely local things, such as the distribution of the land of the mir. From these three facts the Russian peasant has for decades formulated for the distant future a policy as ardently desired as it seems distant, in which the soviet should be the type of the larger government of the society in which the peasants should own the land.

The peasants were emancipated in 1863, at which time more than half of them were serfs. A system of distribution of land was at that time adopted, intended ostensibly to enable the peasant to become a freeholder. Allocations were made upon a large scale, but the system was so manipulated that the payments and taxes were grossly excessive. When the peasant rented land from the landholder—as he often did, especially for pasture—he was charged a ruinous rate; when he worked for the landholder as tenant or laborer he was ground into the soil. The pawnbroker of the slums had nothing on the Russian landholder. Under these circumstances the results of the emancipation were but slowly realized in the elevation of the peasant. The peasant holdings were usually small, rarely over eleven acres in European Russia—thirty-five to forty acres were required to support a family of six—and thus the peasant was compelled to work for the landholder in a peonage that was little better than his previous serfdom.

Each year millions of men wandered westward from the farms of Russia, seeking work. A substantial portion of the farm work of Germany before the war was done by Russian workmen. In 1906 an imperial ukase was issued, confirmed by the Duma two years later, that accomplished a reform in the laws so that the peasant could become a freeholder with less of extortion than had been previously inflicted upon him. This reform passes under the name of Stolypin, and really made effective for the first time the emancipation of 1863, and permitted the peasant to become a landowner without exploitation. But it came too late to appease the peasant, who has been waiting for his "day." In 1905 a quarter of the land was nominally in the hands of peasants, the communal lands amounted to thirty-five per cent, while the state and church held forty per cent. During the following ten years only two and a half million peasants sought and obtained possession of land. All that had been accomplished the peasants regarded as only a beginning; they wanted all lands divided in fee simple.

An indication of the condition of the peasant freeholders is afforded in the statement that at the time of the outbreak of the great war peasants were in arrears for taxes to an extent of more than one hundred million dollars in European Russia. Of the lands made available to them when serfdom was abolished the peasants have redeemed less than three hundred million acres, scarcely more than two acres per capita of the peasant class. In some years the number of peasants who deserted their holdings was almost as large as the number that made new filings.

Different and better conditions prevailed in Siberia, where the land was always nationalized, the state and crown holding ninety-eight per cent of the land. The state lands were communal, the allotment to each peasant much larger than in European Russia—often more than a hundred

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acres to a family—and the conditions of payment less oppressive. The technic of farming was more highly developed in Siberia than in European Russia.

For the peasant nothing will replace private ownership of the land, nothing else can compensate for the serfdom; the history of cruelty and poverty finds its final expression in an imperative demand for ownership. The peasant had fifty years of communism of land before the revolution; he knows that he wants a private ownership. In the revolution of 1905 the peasant was impatient of communism, and spoke only of ownership of land.

There was always a strong strain of primitive coöperation in Russia. In the cities workmen often lived in artels that were not unlike fraternity houses in our colleges. There were also trade artels for both producers and consumers. On the land were coöperative societies and banks. These were sometimes largely dominated by large landholders, but the peasants participated and in Siberia often controlled the organizations. The coöperative societies purchased machinery, bags, seed, fertilizer, hardware, corrugated iron and what not else. They sometimes marketed the grain and usually marketed hides and furs. The banks were only in part truly coöperative, they were quasigovernmental, resembling our farm-loan-bank funds. These coöperative associations were more highly developed in Siberia than in European Russia. The total number of agricultural agencies and coöperative societies in 1914 was more than 25,000, nearly all of which had been founded since 1890.

Though coöperative associations tended to elevate the plane of operations in agriculture Russian farming stood upon a low level. Intensive and diversified agriculture was unknown in Russia prior to 1890. The soil had been badly depleted by lack of fertilizer and infrequent rotation, methods were antiquated, cultivation was superficial and labor was inefficient. The peasant freeholder lived on the verge of want. The large landholder made money by merciless exploitation of the renter and laborer. The crop yields were low; and, though land rich, Russia was paradoxically though also land poor.

These were the results, the last vestiges of feudalism. These conditions the peasants wanted wiped out by the revolution. For them there could be no compromise between feudalism and peasant ownership, between slaveholding on land and capitalism in land.

And yet the peasants accepted in 1917 a system that on paper denied them ownership of the land. A young woman testifying in Washington before a committee of the Senate said that she could see no difference between owning a piece of land and having the use of a piece of land, just as she could see no difference between owning her hat and having the use of it. This statement illustrates lack of appreciation of the individual relationship between the cultivator and his land that goes back to the beginnings of agriculture.

The Succession of Events

It is important to get clear the succession of events in these revolutions. First rises a overwhelming wave of revulsion of popular feeling, often associated with failure of the food supply in large cities; or as in Germany with disillusionment of defeat. Inaugurated by mutiny against officers, revolt of the military forces follows; the government falls, forced by its own cabinet to retire in the face of the pressure of public opinion. Thereupon a provisional government rises, organized by the most prominent socialists, with tendencies for coalition with other effective parties. The legislative body is retained. The provisional government and the legislative body then plan to call a national congress to decide on the new form of government. Thereupon promptly appear soldiers, sailors and workmen's soviets that oppose the formation of new government by national assembly called by the provisional government. The soviets struggle for power by direct action. They succeeded in Russia and Hungary; failed in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. In each country the soldiers, sailors and workmen's councils represented a union of communism with the idea of soviet. In each instance the observer is led to wonder whether the provisional government could not have avoided communism if it had accepted soviet government.

When in March, 1917, the provisional government replaced czarism this change did not come from the spirit of the people. The revolution changed the form of government, but not to a marked extent. It was an external militaristic government, that intended to undertake reforms of a moderate socialist type, using the Duma as the instrument. Kerensky put out the nobility, but he retained the bourgeoisie bureaucracy, because they knew their job. Knowing their job, but being out of sympathy with the provisional government, they sabotaged. The political revolution destroyed czarism, a governmental organization with a thousand ramifications; and replaced it with a paper organism composed of the Duma and a provisional government, these to be in turn replaced by an organization to be selected and installed by an all-Russian assembly. This was all on paper. The leaders had no contact with anything outside of the intellectual classes and the ten per cent of bourgeoisie. It is generally agreed that Kerensky was an incompetent dreamer; but it is also clear that he had no contact with or appreciation of the Russian masses.

The first workmen's councils in Russia were formed during the abortive revolution in 1905, Trotzky being the head of the one in St. Petersburg. During the ten years that followed, these councils of workers secretly solicited coöperation with the peasant soviets, who gladly accepted the affiliation in the interest of mutual strength. The old mir of the Russian commune was like a New England town meeting, and of about the same age in history. Both sexes participated. The mir allocated the communal lands, cared for the roads and waterways, organized the primitive sanitation, arranged the local taxes and bore the burden of the indigent. With it operated the local courts of the volost, administering the simple law between peasants, maintaining public order, enforcing the religious ordinances and settling civil suits.

The Soviet System

The functions of the mir and volost were purely local; one commune could not combine with another. The policy of the czar was to repress the communal mir, or the later soviet, and restrict it to the simplest local function. The peasants were always trying to expand it. When the pressure of czarism disappeared, while the provisional government was taking over the rule of the city, the soviet simply expanded in the country and almost automatically took over all the functions of government.

As then developed, the soviet was geographical and resembled a combination of New England town meeting with the commission form of government. Illustrated by application to our unit the operations would run as follows: All men and women in a township vote to select a soviet. At the meeting of the township soviet a certain number of members, according to population, are elected as delegates to the county soviet. A council is elected to run the township. The county soviet, consisting of the representatives of the township soviets, meets and elects representatives to the state soviet and also selects a council for administration of the affairs of the county. Cities above a certain size have an urban soviet, like a commission form of municipal government. The representatives of the county soviets form the state soviet, this elects representatives to the national soviet and names a council to conduct the affairs of the state. The national soviet selects a cabinet or commissary to administer the affairs of the nation, under direct legislation of the national soviet.

Whether a single head or a supreme council be selected by the national soviet is a matter of no consequence in the theory of the scheme. Provision is made for the creation of courts, that are presumably appointed by soviets of different grade for courts of the different orders of dignity. Under such a scheme the direct expansion of the primitive soviet would represent a form of pure democracy, without conflict between legislative and executive. Such a scheme of democratic government gets rid of primaries, general elections, partisan organizations and representation by professional politicians. Such was the dream of the Russian soviet, and this was the course of developments directly after the fall of the government of the czar. As a matter of fact, wire pulling occurred in the mir, just as was to have been expected, since human nature is everywhere the same. The communal lands were not all of equal quality, and favoritism was displayed in the allocations. When the lands of the crown and large estates came to be allocated to peasants in 1918, violent controversies occurred between peasants, based upon favoritism in the soviet administration of the land, animals and machinery. And the present status represents largely solution by force; the peasants with force secured through manipulation of the soviet what they wanted or seized it.

The positions of the peasants and of the industrial workers in Russia were apparently compromises on both sides from the beginning of the revolution. The city worker needed the support of the peasant in order to secure communism. The peasant needed the support of the city worker in order to secure soviet government. In order to be relieved of the last vestige of feudalism, the last oppressive landlord, the last exploitation, the peasant was for the time being glad to accept the idea of communism of the land so long as the government was a soviet and the peasant controlled the soviet.

The urban worker was willing to accept a soviet government, in which he would have only a numerically minor representation, so long as the factories, mines and other industries were communized and the middle class excluded from participation in the soviet.

Manipulators of the People

Each must have realized that eventually, with the opening of Russia to import and export trade with the world, the program that expressed the interests of the industrial worker and of the peasant must inevitably come into conflict. But for the present, Russia being walled in, the day of conflict could be deferred, because the present alliance between the two groups has brought so much that was desired by each. The peasant lives on the land that the communist says belongs to the state. So long as the communism of the state does not come into conflict with the sense of possession that the peasant feels in his land, equipment and produce, does not control his market or his prices—well and good. But when industrialism and agriculture again become normal in operations the conflict of interests will appear.

This simple and primitive conception of the soviet was radically changed by Lenine and his associates, who introduced a motivated procedure. Instead of the soviet being geographical it was made occupational. The middle class was excluded, all who do not work were excluded—the classification of what is work has been changed from time to time, and no longer means menial work with the hands. Suffrage is for both sexes. The soviets were grouped into occupations. This really represented a suffrage of the proletariat. As the soviets up to the all-Russian congress, from which the central executive and the commissaries are drawn, consisted entirely of proletariat, there was and is in Russia a dictatorship of the proletariat—so long as the peasant allows himself to be classified as a communist instead of a capitalist. The word "Bolsheviki" means majority. The system of soviet, like any political system, is easily capable of corruption. With the modifications introduced by Lenine and Trotzky the system was raised to the *n*th power as a political machine. Lenine and Trotzky are not the expressions of the opinions of the Russian people; they are the manipulators of the Russian people. Within a year they developed a political machine that for autocracy and arbitrariness exceeds anything ever dreamed of by a ward heeler, and one that lends itself to infinite variety of corruption.

Kerensky and the Duma invoked in August, 1917, an all-Russian conference to determine the future form of government. This contained more than fifteen hundred delegates, of which some three hundred had been banded by Lenine and Trotzky and their associates under the union of soviet and communism. This faction was not only the largest single faction—it had a concrete policy. The rest were engaged in the manufacture of phrases or busy in the search for devices for saving the situation by compromise. Kerensky and Korniloff had a row, which represented essentially a rallying of the cadets—bourgeoisie—to oppose the moderate socialism of Kerensky. This led to civil war, which came to nothing because the fighting forces of both

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groups were controlled by the soviet faction. The cadet guards placed in the capital and in Moscow by the all-Russian congress were displaced in the same manner as the armies of the contending parties had been pacified. After the humiliating surrender of Korniloff, Kerensky remained nominally as head of the provisional government.

In the meantime the party of Lenine and Trotzky had converted a majority of the members of the all-Russian conference to their policy. This policy was nothing more or less than an implication contained in the words: "All power to the soviet." It was not a platform of principles but a declaration of method. It appealed at once to the peasant and to the industrial worker. The Mensheviki wanted all classes to be represented in the government; but the influence of the other party was dominant and the idea of complete control by proletariat soviet, with the elimination of the middle class, prevailed.

At the same time the communists labored with the soldiers to convince them that the war with Germany was a purely capitalistic war and should be abandoned. At this point the Bolsheviki first came into conflict with the nations opposed to Germany in the war. When the conversion of the soldiers to pacifism and the conversion of the all-Russian congress to the idea of the soviet was completed the party of Lenine and Trotzky overthrew the provisional government by direct force—little was required early in November—and thereupon called together the second all-Russian congress or soviet to form a new government on the principle of all power to the soviet, with communism in industry as represented by turning factories and plants over to the workmen and the transfer to the state of all lands of the crown, the church and the landed proprietors.

The System of Government

At the meeting of the second national soviet Lenine, Trotzky and the other leaders were elected to their positions as commissaries. The present government represents a direct continuation, with some elaboration, by the action of successive all-Russian soviets. So soon as the new government was established steps were taken to make peace with Germany, and after much bickering and bullying the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed in March, 1918, under protest against the terms of oppression and exploitation contained therein. Since that time Russia has been continuously engaged in civil war because of opposition in different parts of Russia to the government and policy of the present régime.

The present constitution of Russia was adopted by the fifth all-Russian congress in July, 1918. The present system of government is as follows: The election to soviets is on the basis of population. In the cities are soviets of the several occupations—mill workers, printers, carpenters, and so on—the factory, not the trade, being the unit. In the country districts are the provincial soviets. The delegates selected from the numerous urban and rural soviets meet thrice yearly as the all-Russian soviet, with some eleven hundred members. The last congress presented a dozen parties of socialists, the Bolsheviks being in the majority, followed by the social revolutionists, the other groups being small. The anarchists form a very small party. The Bolsheviks controlled more than seven hundred votes in this congress. From the congress is chosen the central executive of two hundred members. This committee names the eighteen commissaries, who correspond to ministers of cabinet. The commissaries agree on policy, they divide the administrative work of government and have in their departments final authority and responsibility. Since suffrage is limited by occupation this is not a democracy or a representative form of government. When the peasant insists upon ownership of land the government will not represent more than fifteen per cent of Russia. The peasant holds the future.

From many sources in Russia one hears the statement that the masses tolerate Bolshevism because of their faith in the soviet form of government.

Ten sections of Russia—leaving Siberia out of consideration—have split off from Russia and established independent governments—all classified as republic and anti-Bolshevik—which appeal for recognition as de facto and de jure governments. These are Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Georgia, Azerbaijan, North Caucasia, White Russia and the Ukraine. Poland and Finland were early given recognition. Bessarabia and Bukowina have joined, or been joined to, Rumania. These states are all on the defensive against Bolshevik Russia. On the defensive means military watchful waiting, and military offensive. The attitude of the Bolshevik régime toward these seceders from Russia cannot be forecast, though it is doubtful if the professed policy of self-determination would be followed with respect to them. In addition there is active civil war, conducted by the forces under Denikin in the south, under Kolchak in the east and under Judenich in the northwest, having the common purpose of extinction of Bolshevism through external military pressure. Whether they aim at extinction of the soviet form of government as well as extinction of communism is not clear, and this is a point of vital importance to the mass of Russians fighting within the cordon. The population of Bolshevik Russia is supposed to be about seventy-five millions, though this figure assumes an arbitrary distribution of war losses.

The best information as to economic conditions in Russia is obtained from Americans who have long lived in Russia—engaged in business enterprise or management of industrial plants—who have personally not been disturbed by the revolutionary government and who have gradually come out because they have grown tired of unsatisfactory conditions of life. They state that communism is a failure and explain the reasons for it. The writer has not found them embittered and they will return to Russia as soon as communism is replaced by capitalism, irrespective of the form of government. The neutral nations, especially Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, have maintained fairly close contact with Russia, and the information available in these countries corroborates that obtained from Americans. Information brought out by writers who have made hasty trips into Russia for purposes of propaganda, for or against the present régime, is usually so devoid of data and so obviously motivated as to be of little value. Americans who have looked over Russia since the advent of the soviet government belong to one of three groups: Those who have talked with Lenine, those to whom Lenine has talked and those who have talked to him.

All land has been nominally transferred to the state. The peasants occupy the land, in accordance with what may be termed a modus vivendi in each commune, often attended with great bitterness. They regard the land, animals and machinery as belonging to them, but are deferring distribution and division until they again have a government that recognizes individual ownership. As the result of this indecision acreage under cultivation is everywhere much below normal.

Condition of the Railways

All municipal real estate has been taken over by the government and the administration, or maladministration, vested in housing committees. Previous owners receive no preference in housing over the proletariat, except that they must pay rent—the collection of rent is an automatic charge against the bank account—while the proletariat pay rent or not in accordance with their employment or their influence. In those cities in which refugees were collected there has been great congestion. Within the last year the populations of the large cities have fallen steadily, since the hungry unemployed masses return to the communes in which they have connections. When these urban workers and their dependents return to the land they subsist on out-of-work stipends, but constitute still a burden to the country districts; and this back-to-the-land movement has frequently culminated in riots, since the peasants do not consider that these city people have any rights to the land or on it.

The majority of manufacturing plants have been seized and private manufacturing is now practically forbidden, more than two hundred lines having been taken over. Under the guidance of the Supreme Economic Council centers or alliances are created, such as the textile center, the copper alliance. These formulate the regulations for operation of the plants. These are largely paper organizations, since most of the plants are closed. The previous owners and whatever experts are left were impressed to remain in the plants at salaries that were low. Latterly, salaries for managers and experts have been raised, until they are now as high as or higher—in figures—than the prewar level. The bank accounts are seized and the proceeds applied by the center or the shop council to the running of the plant. Wages are high—in figures—hours of work low, and the deficits are charged to the bank account. When the bank account is exhausted, additional credits—in figures—are extended by the bank. The overhead is very heavy, the output is light, and the depreciation of equipment progressive. Many plants have been closed through dissipation of assets. Latterly, in some important industries the communistic government has resorted to so-called capitalistic methods—wage by the piece, bonus for overtime and repression of strikes by military force.

The railways are in very bad condition. The Russian managers usually remained as conscripted state employees. Wages are high—in figures—rates high, hours of work low, and expenses greatly exceed earnings. Rates are eight to ten times as high as before the war. Drawbar-pull per mile has fallen progressively, likewise axles moving per mile and load per axle, while coal and wage per ton have greatly increased. The physical deterioration continues progressively. The service of to-day is not more than a quarter the prewar volume and not more than one-half the volume during the régime of the provisional government. Service, apart from military considerations, is fixed by the political influence of the traveling public, not by the needs of industries according to relative importance.

Foreign commerce is a state monopoly. Domestic commerce is under the control of a series of committees that coöperate with committees in manufacturing, transportation, banking and consumption. But there is very little domestic commerce; it is limited to foodstuffs and a few manufactured articles, badly distributed. Many of the old coöperative societies are functioning, since the government was wise enough not to touch them. Trading being a state function no taxes can be raised from this source.

Nationalized Industries

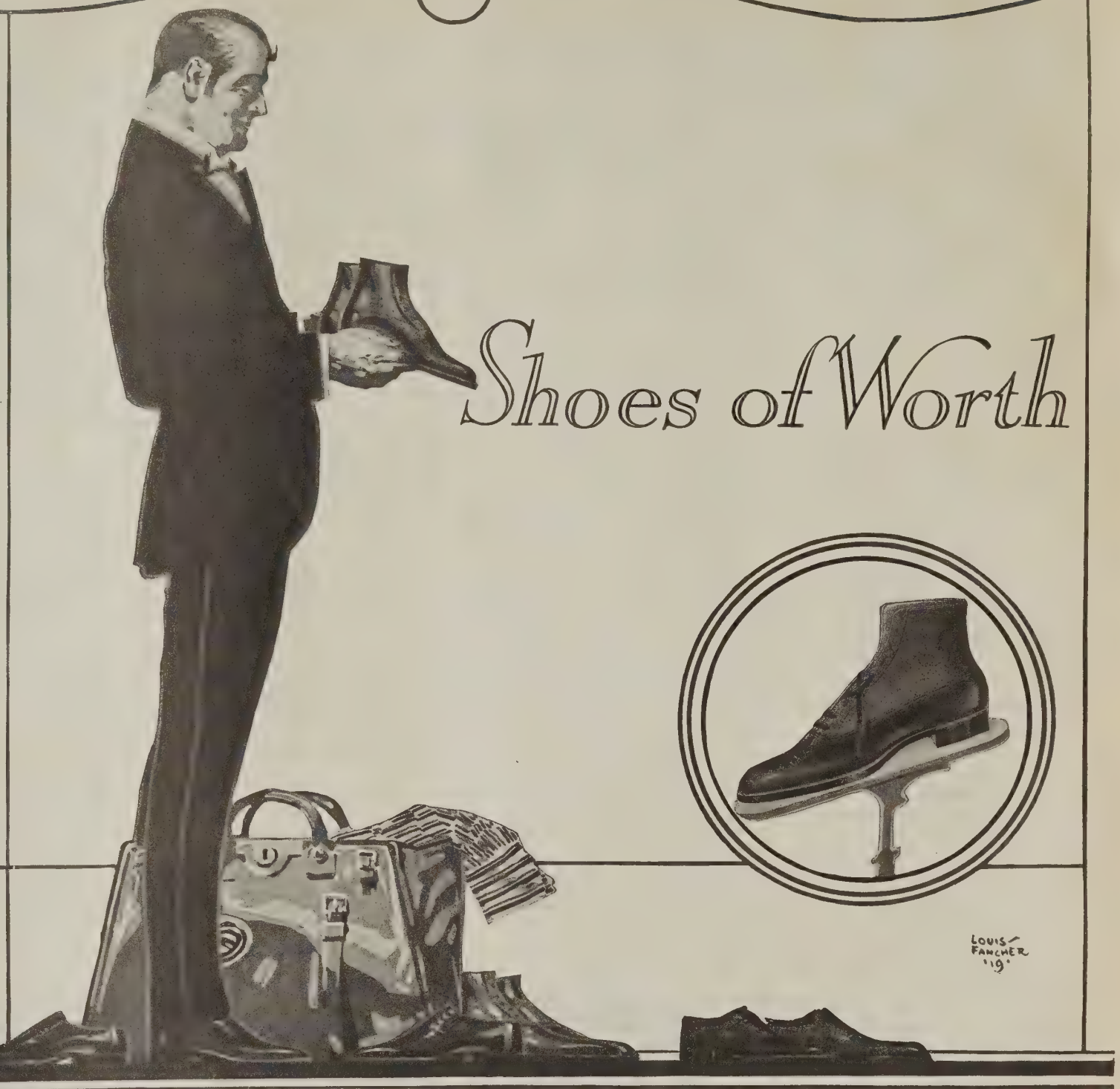
All urban banks are nationalized, having been made branches of the Peoples' Bank, managers, cashiers and directors remaining in compulsory service. The function of the bank is to advance money to the nationalized industries out of the previous deposits of these industries; when these are exhausted the bank borrows money from the state and lends to the industries. Perfectly simple! Banks may only finance industries, they may not deal in securities or exchange or make loans for personal use against personal valuables. Securities not registered are invalidated. Private accounts may be drawn against by depositors for fixed minimum sums monthly. When the bank account is exhausted the Peoples' Bank does not borrow from the state and advance it to the depositor whose account has been exhausted by expropriation. All domestic and foreign loans, except the soviet liberty loan, have been repudiated.

The banks of the agricultural coöperative societies have usually not been taken over or interfered with, as the government feared the peasant. Foreign banks have not been molested unless their nations have been blockading Russia; but they may do no business, since foreign trade is a state function, facilities of exchange are not available and loans to industries and to individuals are not allowed.

The production of basic materials has fallen to a low level. Russia has copper, nickel, lead, platinum, gold, iron, petroleum, oils, hides, wool, linen, cotton and grain as basic material. Some of these are under anti-Bolshevistic control; but no matter how located, production has decreased enormously, though not on account of scarcity of labor. Prices are very high, multiples of prewar prices.

The press has been nationalized. This means the suppression of all public expressions opposed to Bolshevism. Advertising has also been nationalized. This means the suppression of all individualism in the sale of commodities. Never in the world was the press so completely subservient to political domination as to-day in Russia.

(Concluded on Page 68)



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THE Nettleton SHOE

(Concluded from Page 66)

So long as Russia was still at war with the Central Powers the Allied and associated governments flirted with the government of Lenine and Trotzky. The military authorities of the Allied and associated powers wished to prevent the Central Powers from securing foodstuffs, animals and raw materials from Russia. A particular wing in each country opposed to Germany was anxious that revolutionary Russia should inoculate mutiny into the armies of the Central Powers, believing that a revolutionary Germany was less to be feared than a militaristic Germany. After the signing of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk the Allied and associated governments continued their efforts to prevent the Central Powers from securing food supplies, animals and raw materials from Russia, and the country was placed under nominal blockade.

With the signature of the armistice with Germany, Russia ceased to be regarded as a member of the Entente and was strictly blockaded by the Entente. This blockade, in which the Government of the United States has participated, is a blockade in fact if not in theory. There has been no declaration of war against Bolshevistic Russia by any one of the Allied and associated powers. In addition to blockade against Russia military intervention of Bolshevik Russia on behalf of anti-Bolshevik Russia was undertaken by the Entente and the United States. This was done on the principle that we were still in alliance with Russia, that the real Russia—as represented by the anti-Bolshevik majority in the entire country; militarily by the forces of Kolchak, Denikin and Judenich—is engaged in an internal contest with an insurgent minority, the Bolsheviks, and that we owe it to an allied Russia and to the world to aid in the overthrow of the insurgent forces.

The Two Sides of the Question

The Supreme Economic Council of the Allied and associated governments has invited Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Finland, Spain, Chile, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela to join in a blockade of Bolshevik Russia by refusal to clear vessels bound for her ports or grant facilities for export of goods, by withholding of passports, by withdrawal of credits and commercial relations and by stoppage of all communications. Continuation of economic pressure is held to be the most effective weapon for restoration of a majority government in Russia.

In olden days a government was recognized when de facto, without question of internal situation. President Wilson broke with this tradition when he refused to recognize a president in Mexico on the ground that the change of government had been accomplished by murder. Throughout the great war and during the Armistice the Allied and associated powers have refused to deal with governments that do not represent the will of the majority of the people. The forces of military intervention have been withdrawn or are being withdrawn except in the case of Siberia. Anti-Bolshevik Russia is being supplied with foodstuffs, military equipment and implements of war, while Bolshevik Russia is being blockaded. The complete blockade is based upon the idea that only in this way can military supplies be excluded from Bolshevik Russia. This state of affairs has provoked violent protests from the Bolshevik government as being illegal under international law, inhuman in its results upon the people of Russia, and deceitful in its relation to the peoples of the blockading countries.

In the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Italy are groups that protest against the blockade of Russia. Radicals want the communistic experiment tried out without prejudice or interference. Pacifists want Russia and every other country let alone. Believers in self-determination of nations insist that the Russians should be permitted to manage their own affairs. Pro-Germans profess to see in the continued blockade of Russia a masked stab at the future Germany. Naval authorities object, because this kind of blockade is muddling the definition of "legal and effective blockade." Tradesmen protest because they wish to get into Russia while she is down and attempt to exploit her. Finally, a considerable and influential group are opposed to the blockade because they believe the final result will be to the disadvantage of orderly government in Russia and tend to perpetuate the control of the Bolshevik. It is urged that a punitive blockade will constitute a bad precedent; and that it is a violation of the dictum of Burke that one cannot indict a nation. Labor organizations in the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Italy have protested against the blockade because they profess to see in it a suppression of a labor movement. And liberal papers are strongly inclined to view Kolchak, Denikin and Judenich as reactionary parties, who if successful would return a czarism to power, quite in contradiction of the ideals for which we entered the war against Germany.

The proponents of the blockade state that Russians are divided into two camps: The split-off portion—from which ten independent states have been formed—and anti-Bolshevik Russia, containing a hundred million people; and Bolshevik Russia, which contains but seventy-five millions. The governments and the individual citizens of the Allied and associated powers have prior to and during the war made heavy loans to Russia, which loans have been repudiated by the Bolshevik government. These loans represent in large part savings of the common people—in France especially, of peasants—and cannot be disregarded. All properties of citizens of the Allied and associated powers located in Russia have been confiscated by the Bolshevik government. The Bolshevik government of Russia has openly set forth a program of crusade throughout the world designed to destroy the type of government which the present governments of the Allied and associated powers represent. The Bolshevik government has repeatedly proved itself unworthy of trust, has double-crossed both sides and both ways, and stops at no means calculated to destroy every other type of government than its own. Under these circumstances the Allied and associated powers regard a blockade of Russia, in fact if not on paper, as an act of self-defense on the one hand and as correct public policy for the world on the other.

There is truth on both sides. It is unfortunate that public opinion in the United States and the countries of the Entente has been so prejudiced that anyone who disbelieves in the blockade of Russia is denounced as a Bolshevik. Many careful students of affairs in Europe believe that the blockade against Russia has improved the internal position of Bolshevism. Men like General Smuts doubt whether it has been in the interest of correct public policy in the world. We must not disregard the fact that the continued blockade of Bolshevik Russia is, in a certain way, of the same kind as the blockade of Germany after the Armistice. This, at first regarded as advantageous, gradually fell into disrepute and was abandoned as superfluous from the standpoint of the control of Germany and injurious from the standpoint of the Entente.

Four Possible Policies

Four lines of policy toward Bolshevik Russia have been and are open:

Military intervention—which was a mistake for the simple reason, in itself adequate, that intervention could not be successful. It could not be successful for the same reason that Napoleon could not reach Moscow, because General Winter was chief of the Russian staff. It could not be successful for reasons of finance, because nobody in the world except the United States had the money necessary to pay for it. It could not be successful because the soldiers of the intervening armies looked upon intervention as anything but a crusade; and the day has passed when officers can order soldiers to advance into an unknown land for an unknown reason. The Bolsheviks have declared themselves ready to send military aid into any country where the proletariat, in revolution, are trying to establish Bolshevism; but they object to intervention into their affairs.

Refusal of recognition of Bolshevik government and blockade of the territory controlled by them—which is the present position of the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Rumania, Greece, the S. H. S., Poland, Czechoslovakia and Finland.

Refusal of recognition of the Bolshevik government but noninterference with freedom of civilian trade—which is the position of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and will be the position of Germany, Austria and Hungary when the treaties of peace are ratified. Though the citizens of the named countries are permitted to trade with citizens of Russia, so far as their governments are concerned, Scandinavians cannot trade with Russia because they cannot break the British cordon by methods of diplomacy or by force. Citizens of the United States cannot trade with citizens of Bolshevik Russia because the facilities of exportation are withheld by the Government.

Recognition of the Bolshevik government as the de facto government of Russia, with complete freedom of trade, intercourse and communications—which has been accorded to Bolshevik Russia by no nation.

In the modest opinion of the writer the third course represents the proper course from the standpoint of extermination of communism. The blockade of Bolshevik Russia is not merely the blockade of the Bolshevik, it is the blockade of the non-Bolshevik, who is injured worse than the Bolshevik. The blockade has the undoubted effect of rousing nationalistic feeling that is utilized by the Bolshevistic régime. So long as the country is under blockade counter-revolution of the anti-Bolshevik factors is by the very fact of blockade made more difficult. There can be no doubt that blockade of Hungary during the rule of Bela Kun roused and maintained a nationalistic reaction among the non-Bolshevistic Hungarians that was utilized by Bela Kun in the campaigns against the Slovakians and the Rumanians. There is no doubt that the revolt of the trade-unions—the moderate socialists among the working classes—was postponed by the blockade, because the misguided nationalism of the blockaded Hungarians was rallied to the support of Bela Kun. The idea that the blockade tends to make the experiment of communism less successful is the opposite of the truth; lowering of the blockade would jeopardize communism. Under the blockade communism, like the rate of exchange, is protected; with free commerce communism would reveal its inability to deliver the goods, just as the exchange rate sinks to bed rock.

A Blockade of Incapacity

The propaganda of the Bolshevik contends that the blockade has prevented the success of communism because it has prevented them from securing the commodities and materials with which they could have demonstrated the correctness of their theory. It is assumed that if the blockade were raised material importations could occur and in this view the blockading nations concur. Now this is just the point of error. If the blockade against Russia were raised importations in material amounts would not occur from any country; and the public in Russia would realize the impotence of communism in the commerce of the world. This was the same fear felt by nationalists in the United Kingdom, France and Italy—that if the blockade of Germany were raised directly following the Armistice she would import huge masses of raw materials and get the jump on the manufacturers and tradesmen of the other nations. There was also a military reason for maintaining the blockade, in that it was a cheap and effective method of control of Germany until she had accepted the treaty of peace. But the real reason was fear of huge German importations that would not only secure the earliest market for German manufacturers but would drive up the prices to every importing nation.

When finally it became clear that the continued blockade of the Central Powers was injuring the Central Powers almost as badly as the war did, and injuring the blockading nations, directly and indirectly, almost as much as it injured Germany, the blockade was raised. Did the much-feared importations into Germany occur? Nothing of the sort. With the mark at four cents there could be nothing more than nominal importation into Germany for the time being. The citizens of a state cannot import because they wish to import. Imports must be paid for with gold, commodities, securities, bills of exchange or credits. If the nation does not possess these it is blockaded by internal incapacity, and a military blockade can do it little or no further injury.

Now this was and is the exact situation of Russia—she has no facilities of exchange. She has no gold; no commodities except wheat—no transportation for that; no securities; no bills of exchange; no credits. If the Russians had these we may be sure that the traders of Scandinavia—yes, the traders of England and of the United States—would have slipped through the blockade long ago.

The raising of the blockade would have had two results on the peasant class, in whose hands lies the future of Russia: When no manufactured goods passed into Russia through the open door the peasant would have realized that communism had destroyed the standing of the credit of Russia in foreign markets and the raising of the blockade would have offered to the peasant a potential market for the sale of grain. Despite limitation of railway transportation he would have demanded facilities for shipment outward of grain, in order to secure with this grain commodities that he could not buy in Russia and that the Bolshevik government could not secure through the central importing agency. Refusal of the Bolshevik government to accord to the peasant facilities for exportation of grain would have roused a revolt against Bolshevism in the peasant class. Removal of the blockade would mean compelling the communist and the peasant to lay their cards on the table; and the result would have been to the injury of Bolshevism.

No Compromise Permissible

The writer does not believe that the blockade has seriously hampered communism, which was paralyzed by its own incapacity. He cannot resist the conviction that continuance of the blockade has delayed the counterrevolution against communism that must come from the peasant class, irrespective of the reactions of the middle class, when the normal play of economic forces in Russia is again possible. We shall not resume until we resume. And Russia cannot resume until we resume. And there will be no peace in Europe until there is peace in Russia.

No compromise can be made with the Bolshevistic government, however. Recognition of it as the de facto government cannot be accorded. The régime of Bolshevism is pledged to its adherents in Russia and in every country of the world to strive ceaselessly in every country to remove by direct action—revolution by force—every other form of government. It cannot make a pledge to respect the form of government in the countries that might recognize it, any more than a crusader could have made the pledge to make friends with the Mohammedan; any more than a missionary can promise not to convert the heathen. From the point of view of the communist it is the first duty of the Bolshevist to undermine every other form of government; and all means to this end—including violation of pledge not to do this—are regarded as proper. In fidelity to himself the Bolshevist must stab with the left hand while shaking hands with the right.

The present Russian Government made an agreement to discontinue propaganda in Germany; it was violated as soon as it was made. The government cannot pretend to control individual Bolshevists, and it could not wish to do so if it were possible. So long as Bolshevism is Bolshevism it must continuously and fanatically, by fair means and foul, without regard to any rule of word or conduct, plot against, corrupt and undermine every other form of government. Therefore it cannot hope for recognition from other governments.

The total result: Scarcity of food, so profound as to be equivalent to semi-starvation; breakdown of transportation; unemployment upon a stupendous scale, with paper-money stipends for the out-of-work; lack of the common necessities of life; heavy increase in the death rate. The Bolshevists are offering to compromise with almost every point in the theory of communism in order to extricate the country from the abyss of want. They plead in extenuation of the débâcle that the Russia of 1917 was not the time, place or conditions under which to test communism—which they discover two years too late. We must try to measure the extent to which Bolshevism is responsible for these conditions of deterioration. But first let us regard the situation westward of Russia, where the seed of Bolshevism made a different growth from that in Russia. Of especial interest is the influence of Teutonism and Bolshevism upon each other.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor. The next will appear in an early issue.

THIS TO BE SAID FOR THE TURK

(Continued from Page 15)

ndy batman to help us—a batman in British Army being what a striker is in American Army, a personal orderly—ot our duffel down over the side and the truck before our fellow passengers ound to observing us and working up ons of our seeming disinclination to e common cause with them in their sity to take things easy. But it was ny fault. I was obeying the captain's s. I had to.

e intended to get on what was referred the military special from Batum to . According to rumor, which we were ed to regard as information, this train o leave at a certain hour and we had about fifty minutes' leeway. What all manner of things to attend to in ay of baggage, passports, special per- official instructions, reservations, and , we were compelled to hurry. I helped ow the boxes, food hampers, bags, les, guns, saddles, the captain's sad- cocker spaniel and what not on the . The captain found a place for him- n the midst of them and I climbed up side the driver. Had the driver been lending a helping hand? He had He had been sitting all the while be- his wheel paying no attention to any- He was the glummest little lad I had un across and he vouchsafed never a until we had passed out through the ard gates and were bumping along he rough wet cobbles of the bund. It aining of course. Batum is reputed to e rainiest place on earth. There are living inhabitants who remember days going by without rain—but not . Then without so much as a prelimi- sigh the boy spoke.

ell," he said, "how long do you think ing to be now before I get out of this?" mphasized the "now."

ut of what?" I asked.

is hole!"

ou mean Batum?"

mean Batum!"

ow long have you been here?"

ree months."

at isn't long."

h, it ain't, eh? Well, I was nearly years at Salonique"—they all say eek—"an' I ain't been home since ring o' 1916!" Clearly a case of fed- s.

at," said I, "sounds to me like pretty rounds for a grouch. Are there many here who te way you ut it?"

nwther!" eplied. all do. dn't join life, you and we're n a rotten . Three without Salonique blenough, t to be d down ole like !' He evi- was con- d that n was a

sd some- n about ad expect- ery man o his duty about how dle ought e his rec- o service, harmor of ent was etrable. g owered igt ahead love his le e-bang trck at a ks pace le rough agged day re- dess of er anger or ort. he military ia sounded good to me and I thought I was in great luck. Wherever they go in the world the British "do themselves rather well," as they say, and I could not think of a British military special as anything but a fairly first-class train. I had visions of sleeping cars, comfortable coaches and cleanliness—especially cleanliness. My eternally hopeful disposition was leading me, as usual, up to a sudden wakening.

When we reached the station—a little two-by-four yellow brick building set in the midst of a network of tracks and a mushroom growth of oil tanks—we found that the military special had not been made up and that for all anybody knew to the contrary it might not be. We stacked our belongings on the graveled platform where the softly descending rain could soak into them, and in my mackintosh and never-mind hat I mounted guard over them while the captain went to interview the railway transport officer—the railway transport officer being the important person known throughout British operations the world over as the R. T. O.

Pretty soon they began to shunt cars round and within the course of an hour or so they had a train ready. It was not a military special; it was an extra special and it belonged to us. It was made up of the best rolling stock in the yards, one old Bolsheviked weather-beaten coach and two or three little box cars. The engine—an ancient slim-bodied model with a bell-top smokestack—had an anxious look and made sorrowful dying-away noises like a long thin man with nervous prostration.

On the Way to Tiflis

"The saints preserve us!" said I to myself—and with the Caucasian Mountains rimming our eastern horizon in snow-capped grandeur, their tremendous grades to be got over somehow! "Can we ever make it with that outfit?"

By this time the other passengers had arrived on the scene. They, too, were bent on catching the military special, but, failing that, they had assurances of a regular train that would leave Batum about four in the afternoon. Their use of the word "regular" proved them to be incorrigible optimists. There was no regularity anywhere or in anything. It was the first time I had ever seen the British letting things slide. The secret of their success as colonizers and in getting along in unregenerate lands lies in their ability to tauten things up and to institute orderly processes in the conduct of everyday affairs. But that they were not interested in the Caucasus was plainly evident.

The other passengers were all Americans. They were a party of investigators and a relief mission. Wherever you go in Europe or Asia these days you find American investigators and relief missions, and there are some unkind critics who like to refer to them as joy-ride parties. Such persons think primarily of what fun it must be to go galumphing all over the earth with all expenses paid and no questions asked, but I can testify that if anyone in either of these parties was out joy-riding he was on the way to being sufficiently punished for it.

The investigators were two eminent clergymen of New York. They were associated with the American Relief Committee and were out to gather the kind of information that might serve to convince the American public that it has an important and necessary work to go on with. They had with them only two young men, a secretary and an interpreter.

The other party was headed by Mr. Yarrow, who was going out to direct the operations of the American Relief Committee. Since the beginning of the Armistice relief measures had been carried out in a more or less haphazard fashion, not because the workers were unmethodical or inefficient but because the disorganization of all facilities in the regions to be reached was complete and overwhelming. Mr. Yarrow, who is a trained organizer of relief enterprises, was put in charge and the idea was to coördinate all effort under his direction and get down to business in a businesslike way. He had with him a considerable company of workers, including doctors, pharmacists, sanitarians, clerks and a half dozen girls. Perhaps I should say women. Anyhow they were all young and good-looking and I thought they were splendid. They were regular girls—trained, clean-cut and wholesome in the best American-girl sense. They were all college graduates and modern to beat the band, and in their neat belted-in blue uniforms they offered a contrast to the populations they had come to serve that was nothing short of amazing. I thought if they did nothing but just parade round as examples of what self-respecting women can be like in a well-organized and rightly conducted country they would be doing a great service. I met some of them afterward in the worst holes of horror on the face of the earth and in those places it seemed to me actually that each of them walked in an aura of radiance. And don't think that this is extravagant language. It is not in the least. It is the truth I am telling you.

Our special train would have been all right if it had been clean. But it was not clean. In fact it was unspeakably filthy—at least the coach was. The upholstery had been ripped off the seats and there were insects in every crack and crevice. The windows and transoms were all broken and the doors would not close. The girls and I took possession of it and each in her little corner did what she could to make it habitable, but we came to the conclusion that the men were better off than we. They unpacked their camping outfits, eminent clergymen and all, and went to housekeeping in the box cars. We passed through a driving rainstorm on the way across the great plain that lies between the coast and the mountains and we were like chickens under the drip of the eaves of a chicken coop. You know how chickens huddle and how wet they get. Well, we were like that because there was no way to keep the rain from pouring in from every side. And all the while the men in their rain-tight box cars were as snug as you please.

A Storm in the Caucasus

The storm was a storm to be remembered. The sun shining through a sparkling, slanting, gusty downpour; forked lightning cutting gashes in a far-away dense blue; a wide plain bright with the glistening yellow of wild forsythia, lashed, trampled on, buffeted and caressed by an erratic wonderful wind; and the majesty of the mountains in a strangely illumined and rain-washed distance. I had been intending for many years to make this trip in order that I might see the mountains of the Caucasus and I was interested to find that I had an almost true vision of their magnificence. I had dreamed rightly of their appalling remoteness; their rugged sublimity; the great gashes in them filled with purple shadows; their snowy peaks. The whole country is one vast spectacle.

We climbed up over the mountains in the night—very slowly and with our engine loudly protesting and giving up in despair every once in a while—and arrived in Tiflis about one o'clock the following day. It was about two hundred miles, but we made it in twenty-five hours and thought we were doing very well indeed. Then I was again confronted by the question, How does an ordinary traveler get into Armenia? Getting to Tiflis was only so far so good. An engine and some box cars were available for the investigators and I might have joined them. But I was going farther afield than they—at least I thought I was—and besides I wanted to make my observations entirely unhampered by considerations that had to do with organized

DRAWN BY W. D. WHITE

(Continued on Page 73)

Buy American-Made Toys

TOY M'F'RS. U.S.A. AMERICAN TOYS

Patronize the toy store that displays these signs

SANTA CLAUS—the good American that he is—this year has turned to Uncle Sam for his toys. In fact the pair of them have been working together for months and months for our American kiddies.

They have planned and arranged and built really wonderful things. They are original—there is a host of new toy ideas.

They are conceived and built by American men and women—they are not the thoughts or work of foreign countries.

American-made toys are best for the children because each toy is perfect. The design is right, the craftsmanship is careful—there are more to pick and choose from. They are educational—they are amusing.

This Christmas make children happier with American-made toys.

This season—this coming New Year—resolve to support American industries—to protect American trade.

Patronize the toy store that shows the circle of Uncle Sam and the laughing, happy children. You will find there the greatest assortment of Christmas and all-year-round toys—the best ones, too.

This space is contributed to the cause of American industries by the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A. Flatiron Building, New York

(Continued from Page 71)

philanthropy. From what I had heard I thought it not improbable that I should be impelled to join the anvil chorus and hammer sparks out of the philanthropists. At the moment they were under a fire of criticism from all sides and were being blamed for nearly everything from boundary disputes, political disagreements, official graft and transportation difficulties to starvation, massacre and the weather, and I thought I might not be able to escape a conviction that they ought all to be hanged. In any case I was unofficial and therefore wholly dependent on the courtesy of the British authorities. I was the first unofficial person who had arrived in the Caucasus since before the war and if the Britishers had cared to do so they easily could have made it impossible for me to move in any direction.

But they had no such wish, and if I had been a sufficiently numerous person they would have had me moving in every direction at once. My time was somewhat limited, yet I had a wholly unformed plan to go all over Russian Armenia, across to Baku, up the great Russian military road to Vladikavkaz and to minor points here and there in pursuit of local spirit. Beach, the chief of the Intelligence Service, was my old friend Colonel Beach of the Intelligence Service in Mesopotamia. He was on General Maude's staff in Bagdad when I was out there in 1917, and in my last memory of him I had a vision of his white head uplifted in the ranks of soldiers—officers and men—standing by the open grave of the great army commander on a gray day away out in a boundless desert. "Well, bless my soul!"

That was what he said to me by way of greeting and that was the way of it. He was glad to see me. Surely he was. Anybody is glad to see anybody in the far-away places these days, especially if a body is reasonably friendly or fairly reasonable in a friendly sort of way.

"Bless my soul! Here you are away out here in Tiflis."

"But it isn't nearly as away out as Bagdad."

"Oh, yes it is. It's the farthest away place in the world."

"Is that the way you feel about it? Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just is, that's all. Wait until you've been here a while and have got our sense of detachment and desertion and you'll understand."

What did I want to do? First I wanted to go down into Armenia. From Constantinople you go up into Armenia; from Tiflis you go down into Armenia; it is merely a matter of geographical outlook.

A Chance to Get to Erivan

I wanted to go down into Armenia, did

Yes, please, and was there anything in the way of a moderately clean railway carriage that I might have?

Railway carriage? Good heavens! I could have the whole execrable railroad and all its indescribable works! But carriage? Did I expect anything that might justly be referred to as a carriage? Well, I didn't know. What was there? Oh, there were a few old coaches of sorts that the Bolsheviki and the warring elements had ripped all to pieces and three or four battered-up little private cars that used to belong to railway inspectors and such persons when the world was orderly. He would try to get one of the private cars for me if he could, but he was afraid they were all in use. There were missions of one kind and another roving about. Some Italian officers had just come in to look things over with a view to relieving the British of responsibility in the Caucasus and a train or two had been put at their disposal, and besides the food and relief organizations were using nearly every serviceable engine in the country for distributing flour.

"Otherwise I am welcome to the whole execrable railroad and all its indescribable works!" He laughed and scratched his head.

"I see where I am in for a nice long walk," said I.

"By Jove, no! I know what we'll do. We'll get you a coach of some sort and attach you to the army commander's train."

"The army commander?"

"Yes, General Corey. He's just arrived to take command and is going on a tour of inspection starting at noon to-morrow. Can you be ready at that time?"

"I think so, but what will General Corey say?"

"We won't ask him. We'll just tell him. He won't mind. Trouble is he'll have to drop you at Erivan because he's going on down into Persia."

"And having been dropped at Erivan, how do I get back?"

"Oh, don't let that worry you. We won't just drop you there and leave you. You'll get back right enough."

And thus were the hazy arrangements made. The next thing was to procure an interpreter. I was in luck. Mr. Moore, our Peace Conference representative in Tiflis, had two young men on his staff who had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to get down into Armenia in order that they might make a first-hand report of political conditions in the embryonic republic and Mr. Moore was pleased to have them go with me. They were young Mr. Norman Whitehouse and Mr. Kachidoorian, an American of Armenian nativity.

Our car was the funniest thing I ever saw. When I had looked it over I sat down and giggled in sorrowful glee. It was weird. But it was the best that could be found. It was Russian in its dimensions and Bolsheviki in its condition. It was so enormous that when it was attached to General Corey's neat little special it looked positively dangerous. Could such a very small train wag such a trailer? The trailer looked as though it were after the very small train with a fixed intention of running it down and annihilating it. And it had the appearance of being a veteran of innumerable conflicts. Its windows were nearly all broken. Some of them had unpainted pine strips—like bandages on honorable wounds—nailed unevenly across them on the outside.

Germans Popular in Georgia

General Corey looked at it and smiled a wry smile, but he didn't say anything except that he hoped I would be comfortable. If he had said "Take that hideous monstrosity off my train" I should have felt that he was entirely justified. It robbed his train of all its dignity. And do not forget that he was out to impress the natives with the majesty and decorum of British power.

Speaking of the majesty and decorum of British power, the British for some reason or other were very unpopular in Georgia. I do not know why, but they themselves realized that they were and wondered about it. They were not conscious of having wronged the Georgians in any way. They were slacking on the job of imposing their particular brand of law and order and were making it particularly plain that their one desire was to see law and order established by whatever power might be able to do it with a minimum of opposition on the part of the population concerned. In London and Paris they may have been swapping interests with others to the detriment of the Georgians, but certainly in Georgia an attempt was being made to conciliate all parties and to make the best of a bad business for everybody involved. The truth is that during their occupation of the Caucasus the Germans had cleverly won the Georgian heart and the Georgian heart was hot against those who had turned the Germans out. One saw the unmistakable influence of the most successful variety of Teutonic propaganda.

Just as we were about to pull out some ruffians on the station platform started a riot by attacking a British officer. And attacking a British officer is a thing which may not be done where the British are in control. A few shots were fired—in the air apparently—and the Englishman, unhurt but somewhat messed up and very indignant, was thrown off the platform onto the railway tracks. A big, angry-looking crowd gathered quickly—as crowds do—and it looked as though we were in for a bit of serious trouble. A hurry call was sent in to a near-by Ghurka garrison, and in less time than it takes to write it about twenty little Ghurkas were hot-footing it to the scene. They came up the short hill road which connects the station with the town at a fast run but in perfect alignment, and I thought it a quite wonderful thing to see.

The excitement was intense and I expected to witness a desperate little battle filled with blood and terror and be compelled maybe to crawl under a seat in order to escape flying bullets. I was leaning out of a window of my unique conveyance to watch it all. And what happened? Just nothing at all. The mob saw the Ghurkas coming and melted away. It was said that the Georgians had more respect for the

Whitman's

the candy for Christmas!

We suggest especially:

THE SAMPLER—America's most famous box of chocolates and confections. Selections from ten leading Whitman packages in a quaint package peculiarly appropriate for gift purposes.

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NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—A favorite package. Each piece a Whitman's achievement. Give it to those who are fond of nuts deliciously coated in rich chocolate.

PINK OF PERFECTION—Chocolates or confections (two assortments) in an old-rose, pink and gold package that appeals to dainty women. The sweets are in little pink trays.

LIBRARY PACKAGE—For the connoisseur in sweets and books. Chocolates in a bronze-green box containing also a standard work of literature attractively bound. An unusual gift.

SUPER-EXTRA CHOCOLATES (or confections). Famous for three quarters of a century.

Make it a point of your holiday shopping to really get acquainted with the varied stock of the Whitman agency nearest you, (usually the best drug store).

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

THEIR simple distinctiveness and smart lines make these shoes instantly appealing to men of discriminating taste in dress.

They are essentially serviceable without sacrificing anything in gracefulness or refinement of design. Their supple, easy fit bespeaks the master boot maker.

You will find this shoe on display at the largest, exclusive boot shops.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

"Faithful to the Last"

Ghurkas than for any other representatives of authority they had to contend with. The Ghurkas—the finest little fighters in the Indian army—like to get close up and use their knives; and the Georgians, while most of them carry knives—wicked-looking weapons they are too—have no taste for such warfare.

I think I was shaking a little when I pulled my head in and went back to the compartment I had selected for myself. We got under way and I thought I would sit down for a while and watch the scenery go by. But there was very little in the way of scenery for the moment. It was all rather flat and monotonous. We were moving out across a great plateau. And besides there was luncheon to prepare for the boys. And after luncheon and the washing-up process there was the everlasting journal to be written. Journals are a nuisance. And they are always unsatisfactory afterward. My journal of this trip is filled with emotion and exclamation points, but is minus almost the imaginable sum total in the way of mere information. My mind seems to have paused in astonishment and stayed paused. And no wonder! It seems to have registered nothing but pictures. And such pictures!

We traveled all afternoon and all night and arrived at Alexandropol early the following morning. From there we went straight on to Kars, which is three or four hours farther down the railroad. The country through which we were by that time beginning to pass was a picture of complete desolation. Not a desert land but a land denuded; a land of hideous human suffering and degradation. It was a green land and magnificent. It rolled off in vast undulations to mountainous horizons that seemed farther away somehow than any horizons I had ever seen. It was spectacular, but it was unfriendly. It was as though it had rejected human kind. Away off in deep valleys here and there were terrible huddled villages of mud huts. I had a strong field glass that brought them close and I could see people moving listlessly about. But not an animal anywhere! Not an acre of ground under the plow; not a sign of cultivation; not a sign of human industry! There were no villages along the railroad. They all stood off at a respectful distance, and I remembered that it was an old Russian policy to build railroads in such a way as to avoid contact with settled communities. The railroads of Russia seem not to have been built for the general good. They seem to have been intended more to serve military ends, and their civilizing and broadening influence on the populations was not a thing desired.

Nothing to Eat But Grass

Everywhere in the fields there were people down on their knees searching for grasses to eat, though I do not know why I should use the word "fields." It is a word which has a homey sound. It is associated in one's mind with pictures of plenty and scenes of sowing and reaping. There were no fields—only tremendous hill slopes and limitless open country. And "people down on their knees eating grass." I put that in quotation marks because it is a phrase that had been dinned into my mind in the stories I had heard and my mind had rejected it. I did not believe there were people anywhere down on their knees eating grass. I thought it very likely that starving persons might go out and gather grasses and greens of various sorts to be prepared for food, but that men, women and children should gather like cattle in herds to graze, this I did not believe—not until I saw it.

Those near the railroad lifted their heads and gazed at our train as it rushed past, and I caught glimpses of terrible faces. An old man sitting at the top of an embankment waved a handful of grass at me where I stood at the car window, then threw his head back and laughed a maniacal laugh. I began then to feel the cold chills with which I was to shiver for days on end. And there were times when I forgot every word in my language except the one word "Horrible."

I think I worried my two boys because every once in a while I simply had to cry. I couldn't help it. They tried to keep me from seeing some of the too awful things. Like protecting brothers they would get on either side of me and say, "Don't look!" And I had to remind them that I had come to Armenia for no other purpose than to see things as they were and that, however weak-minded I might appear to be, they must not treat me as though I were a molly-coddle. They were wonderful companions for such a trip and I think of them with tremendous gratitude. Mr. Whitehouse was just typically American and his thoughtful kindness where a woman was concerned was to be taken for granted. But the peculiarly American attitude of Mr. Kachidoorian surprised me. Having been born in Cilicia, he is a hyphenated American, but he is about as one hundred per cent as any foreign-born American ever gets to be. He got his excellent education in the United States and as a civil engineer has assisted in some important American building enterprises. He joined an engineers' corps and went to war as an American and when the war was over he was sent at his own request as an interpreter with the American mission that was to deal with the future of his people. He intended to give up his dreams of success and a comfortable life in the United States and devote himself to the economic development of the new state of Armenia. He thought that in view of the fact that his people were beggars at America's gates, imploring the American people to give and give and to keep on giving for their present and future benefit, it behooved all right-minded Armenian-Americans to give also and to the limit of their ability. That seemed to me to be the right spirit. It is shared by a good many high-class Armenians, but it is not by any means universal among them.

Let George Do It

Though that may be all right. If certain tendencies continue to develop among certain elements in our midst and we keep on heading in the right direction a time may come when Americans—not hyphenates only, but hundred per centers and first families as well—will be starving en masse as people are starving now in the vastly productive country of Russia, and I cannot think that in such an event such Americans as might be safely stowed away with sufficient means to maintain themselves in Brazil, let us say, or in Japan or the South Sea Islands or where not would all come forward and denude themselves for the benefit of their suffering compatriots. So we need not be too critical of others. It all comes back to the first law and the first law is humanity's anchor to windward in these days.

So far as I have been able to observe, the Armenians in the United States are chiefly engaged in selling Oriental rugs for more than they are worth, but, of course, I know that here and there are to be found groups of Armenian immigrants who as citizen material are as promising as need be. Then, too, there are successful men and a few who are eminent—scientists of one kind and another and men of letters. If they would all get together and volunteer to make the same sacrifice they expect American men to make in behalf of their homeland the idea of an American mandatory in Armenia would be a different idea altogether from what it is now. It seems to me it would be a grand thing for the United States to support her adopted sons in any wish they might have to go back and lift the mortgage off the old home, so to speak. But most of those who are capable of valuable service have smelled the fleshpots and they know very well that this particular smell is not among the smells they left behind them. Except for a couple of doctors my young interpreter is the only Armenian I have ever encountered who was ready to make the big sacrifice.

I met the most prominent Armenian in England. That is, the most prominent Armenian who makes his home in England. I met him in Paris. He is a naturalized Englishman and has Anglicized his name, and though he was born somewhere out in the shadow of Mount Ararat he looks for all the world like an English country gentleman and speaks English with a Piccadilly accent. He was going on to me about the wrongs of Armenia and about how it was the duty of the United States to go into the country, right those wrongs and erect a stable and prosperous state for the ancient and gloriously martyred race. He was all in favor of an American mandate and was representing that idea at the Peace Conference.

I said to him, and I was gazing at his pearl-gray spats when I said it: "And you, are you intending under an American mandate to go out to Armenia and devote your fortune and the rest of your life to the regeneration of your people?"

He indicated by gesture and uplifted eyebrows that he regarded this as an impudent question. He brushed a crumb off his black silk vest and pulled at the perfect crease in his gray-striped trousers. It was tea time in the most fashionable hotel in Paris and he was all dressed up.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand," he said. "I wish to do all I can for the Armenians, but I think perhaps I can serve them better where I am."

I thought to myself that that was what everyone was likely to think who knows what life amounts to in Armenia, but I said, "You may be right." I had just come from the amazing land and the contrast between him and those he was engaged in serving at such a comfortable distance was so great that he annoyed me. Then when I learned that his chief object in life was to get Armenia extended all the way across Asia Minor to include Mediterranean ports I was sure he had interests to serve that had little or nothing to do with a mere fraternal interest in his people.

As a consequence of this digression I hope you have not forgotten where we were. We were rolling on down toward Kars. When we pulled into the station the sun was shining for a brief interval. It had been raining for days and wherever one looked one saw nothing but misery and mud. Between the railroad tracks—and the number of them indicated the importance of Kars as a one-time railway terminal—were unsightly pools and puddles through which many human scarecrows trudged back and forth heedless of all else save the fact that a train had come in. They were a multiple Lazarus and the train was the rich man's table. They were begging for crumbs. Wherever a face appeared at a car window they would rush in groups—eager, their hands outstretched, their teeth bared, their eyes alight with feverish hope. And I began to hear for the first time the whining, indescribable phrase that sounded to me like "O-na-ne!" "O-na-ne! O-na-ne!" It was so feebly, so plaintively murmured. "O-na-ne!" They all were saying "O-na-ne!"

I asked Mr. Kachidoorian what it meant and he said the nearest equivalent he could think of was "Oh, my soul!"

But it meant more than that. It was a prayer for mercy.

When I looked out on the station platform my heart contracted with a shock and I turned away, saying to myself: "Oh, no! It cannot be! It just is not possible under God's heaven that such things can be!"

Harrowing Sights at Kars

The platform was dry and the sun of a summer's noontime shone white and warm upon it. It was a flagstone platform, very long and generously broad. The station—sufficiently well-built and ornamented to make one think that there might have been days when the people of Kars had local pride—was not very greatly damaged, though it was windowless and doorless. But the throng! I wish I could describe the throng! I can write down words and they may convey something, but there was a something not conveyable in words; a degradation too deep; a hopelessness too utter; a hovering whimper that seemed to rise mostly from the hunger-stretched lips of childhood.

Get that starvation grin! It is the most awful thing! Most of the children were hideous little skeletons with puffed-out purple bellies, and there were many women swollen with starvation dropsy, who not being able to walk alone had to lean on the shoulders of emaciated men—husbands, fathers, brothers.

Everywhere there were family groups lying prone on the flagstones drying their filthy rags in the sun, while all round the walls of the station were groups of men, gaunt, hollow-eyed and dirt-encrusted. They were not begging, these men; they were paying very little attention to anything. They stood stoop-shouldered and inert, each man's thoughts, as it seemed to me, turned in upon himself and his own too terrible fate.

Look at it! Is it not an amazing picture? They had not come down to the station to see the general's train come in. They were there because a station is a place to go away from. They were homeless and aimless, merely waiting for something to take them somewhere else where there might be food.

Beyond the station, spreading out in a cuplike valley and climbing curiously gaunt hill slopes, lay the town, a mass of shattered masonry and fire-blackened ruins. On th highest hill crest was an ancient citad whose majestic walls and towers seemed t have grown from the rocks on which the were built—a thing of beauty dominatir desolation.

The general had a very proud Punja guard, a dozen very tall and stalwart In dians in immaculate khaki with high kha turbans adding to their stature, and in stantly upon our arrival they were on dut with shouldered rifles and bayonets fixe pacing with measured military tread u and down the platform. They paid as muc attention to the people as they would hav paid to so many invisible insects. And ho careful the people were to keep themselv at a respectful distance. They might surg in eager groups toward car windows to be but when the guard passed they fell bac It was a curious contrast between rig order and irredeemable chaos.

On the Heels of the Turks

I had just time to register all this in m mind to be forever remembered when th R. T. O. came aboard. He came with kind of headlong eagerness quite unlik anything in the usual British manner an eagerly he shook hands with us. He was handsome youth and as well turned out a to uniform as he would have been on parad in Pall Mall. But I thought he was intox cated. I put him down in my mind a being plain drunk and wondered how h dared to get himself in such a conditio when the army commander was due t arrive. But the first complaint he mad was that the supply department was sting with its whisky. He had not had a drin for more than three weeks and it was h honest opinion that if ever a man needed drink he did. He had been living on bull beef and army biscuits washed down with particularly offensive brand of bottle water. He called it stinking stuff and sug posed it might be good for his health, bu that was all that could be said for it.

Did we have any whisky? No, we wer sorry, we had no whisky. Well, did we hav anything sweet? He had been out of suga for two weeks and was getting so he wake himself up in the middle of the night dream ing of sugar. Yes, we could help him ou with sweets; and I immediately opened tin of chocolates which he proceeded to div into. And while he munched the candie and made his complaints he laughed—h laughed at everything. And it was not th kind of laugh that one could join in. I made cold chills creep over me and if I ha been alone I should have been afraid of hin

Only about three weeks before, the Turk were driven out of Kars and when the went they completed the destruction of th town and carried with them every ounce o food they could lay their hands on an practically every movable article. Ther had been flocks and herds and grain in th district; nothing was left; and the onl animals to be seen were a few prowlin pariah dogs that were said to be makin themselves useful as —— No, one must no write a thing like that!

Our sadly unnerved young friend ha come into Kars on the first train as railwa transport officer and had been there eve since. Up at Alexandropol and in the dis tricts round about was a great multitude o refugees who had fled from Kars and fron the territory between Kars and Erzerun during the Turkish operations, and the wanted now above all things to get back t their homes. It was an unreasonable wish—or rather it was unreasoning. But nobod could control them. They were like loos cattle on a stampede, and as soon as the heard the Turks were gone they started t move. Empty-handed, they plunged int an empty land and the R. T. O. said he ha passed through Kars as many as sixty thou sand of them in two weeks! Truth is, there could be no policy with regard to them there could be no fixed plan for their orderly rehabilitation, because no power had defi nite authority to deal with them.

The R. T. O. had been working twenty hours a day—"and the idiotic creature dying like flies!" he said. "Dozens of them dead or dying, roll off every train tha comes in. And they have to be got rid o somehow. Rotten job, I call it! And none of them can work. They're jolly well too far gone to work. All they can think of is getting something to eat and all that mos of them can do is to lift their hands to thei mouths with the little bit of bread we can provide for them. They eat bread and

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salad—salad without dressing—just plain, ordinary, everyday grass."

"Have you bread enough for all of them?" I asked.

The question seemed to strike him as being very funny.

He laughed long and loudly and finally said, "Of course not!"

"But what do they do?"

"They die of course! What else should they do? Die like flies—and have to be got rid of—have to be got rid of!"

"Why do you run trains for them? Wouldn't they be much better off if they were concentrated farther up the railroad where they would be in easier reach of relief?"

"Run trains for them? Who runs trains for them? They just swarm all over everything on wheels and there's no gettin' 'em off! Cunnin' devils they are too. They kick and scream and the women and kids all cry if you try to pull 'em off. So the best thing is just to let 'em alone—let 'em ride—let 'em die! If we didn't let 'em ride they'd walk. Most of 'em walk anyhow. They come straggling in by the hundreds every hour and the road between here and Alexandropol is strewn with dead."

"Isn't that an exaggeration?"

"Exaggeration! Exaggeration! Oh, I say! See here now, if you can exaggerate the actual fact you've got some imagination—some imagination!"

I invited him to come back to supper and promised to give him some hot corned-beef hash and some canned pears and fruit cake. He stopped laughing and regarded me seriously as though he were wondering whether or not it was safe to believe in Santa Claus. He was like that, yet strangely enough in the presence of the army commander and his superior officers on the train he was as correct and decorous as anyone. This was automatic reaction to military discipline, nothing else.

Meanwhile the general had been receiving deputations in his neat little official car forward, while a half dozen soldiers doing orderly service on the train were engaged in getting his automobile down off the little flat car which carried it. He had to go off on an inspection trip that would take him into outlying districts and he asked us if we would get for him a few details with regard to the economic situation in the town. Economic situation? Town? Well, look at it! I should have written it down simply as utter ruin and complete emptiness and let it go at that. But there might be some details. Yes, we would get the details.

A Starving Man's Death

But first we would have a little luncheon. We would open a can of corned beef and have some corned-beef sandwiches. We had some loaves of bread that we had bought with us from Tiflis. I went back into our car to make the necessary preparations and was instantly assailed by the hungry crowd in the pools and puddles on the other side of the train. And then it was that the man died. He was so movingly awful in his too evident anguish that I leaned away out of the car window, thrust thravening others aside and placed a piece of read in his hands. Standing where he was, he wolfed it. I was not watching him, but when I heard a terrible whining cry I looked again. He staggered away a few paces and crumpled up in the mud. The others regarded him dazedly for a few moments, then went their searching ways murmuring, "O-na-ne! O-na-ne!"

After a while we started out to discover things for ourselves—to get the details. My plan was to locate at once the representatives of the American Relief Committee and find out what was being done. Then we learned that there were no Americans. No Americans? No, there had been one man for a few days, but he went back to Alexandropol. One man! Only one man! I could not believe it. But there was a place of some sort, was there not—a headquarters of American relief? Oh, yes, there was a headquarters, and the man we were questioning said he would go with us and show us the way.

It was a slow business, walking. We had to pick our way carefully over ruins and rubbish, through unspeakable filth and foul stinking quagmires. I caught occasional glimpses into tumble-down courtyards and the things I saw turned me sick. I thought I had seen complete degradation before in my life, but I never had.

When we got up into the town we came upon a mob of a seemingly better class than the one we had left behind at the station. There were several hundred men, women and children surging and clamoring round the door of a low half-ruined building. Mr. Kachidoorian asked one of the men what the row was about, and was told that they were getting government bread. They were among the few who still had a little money left and were able to buy bread. But there was only a limited quantity for sale; there was not enough to go round and each one was frantic with fear lest he should not be able to get his small allowance.

En route to relief headquarters we stopped to pay our respects to the general. I have no idea what he was general of. There were no troops in evidence, but he was the general just the same, a proud if somewhat unkempt Armenian in a nondescript uniform with a long saber dangling at his heels. When the British drove the Turks out of Kars they turned the administration of the civil affairs of the district over to the government of the Armenian Republic, and there was not only a general but a governor as well. The governor was a fine-looking old white-haired gentleman, who was neatly uniformed and well groomed. He sat at a bare desk in an empty room and had a tragic look about him that was most impressive. He said there was enough flour for two more days. The baking was being done under his direction and he was baking just so much bread every day and no more. He knew if he used up every ounce of flour he had in one day he would not have bread enough to go round, so for those who could buy there would be the meager ration for two days.

Ripe for a Cholera Epidemic

After that? Well, he didn't know, but he must harden his heart. More flour must be bought somehow, somewhere, and as many as could be saved must be saved, but thousands must die. There could be no free distribution by the government because there was nothing to distribute. There was no help for it. I told him that a cargo of flour was being unloaded at Batum the day I arrived.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but there is no knowing when any of it will reach us. The Georgians and the Tartars want it as much as we. The Georgians hold up the trains at the borders; the Tartars raid them in the mountains. We are shut in, surrounded by enemies. And then we have no fuel. You can see for yourself that there is not a tree within a hundred miles, and there is no coal. We are burning the timbers of the houses and everything we can get hold of, hoping that sufficient relief may come. But it can't last long. And there are so many who are sick."

"Have you any drugs?" I asked.

"You may believe me, madame," he replied, "in this district there is not so much as a quinine pill that I know of. I have just sent a man to Tiflis to buy drugs, but I'm afraid he will return empty-handed. I don't know if there are any to be bought. The Americans at Alexandropol have a small supply—but very small; not sufficient for their needs. There is already a great deal of typhus and we are facing an almost inevitable cholera epidemic. If the cholera comes I think the work of the Turk will be nearly finished. At least another half million are ripe for such a reaping—starved—worn out with hardship—unresisting!"

As I talked with him I began to feel a great resentment and to ask unanswerable questions. Why did the authorities permit the movement of the people into the districts where there was no food? Why were they not concentrated at the most convenient point on the railroad and fed systematically? And why was relief so slow in arriving? I could not believe that any effort of any kind had been made to save the situation, yet I knew that the American people had given millions of dollars for that very purpose. What had become of the money? And where were the workers? Were they all just traveling round investigating or sitting in offices keeping books and making reports? What had the Americans been doing during the eight months since the armistice began?

I had to see worse places than Kars before I began to realize that such resentful questioning was not justified. The truth was that the American relief organization was doing a gigantic work, but the further truth was that there were not enough workers. The awful migration down through Kars had been in progress, as I have said, only about three weeks and there was no way on earth to control it. Then, too, sixty thousand people were not so many; there was a refugee population in the country of nearly half a million. The ideal plan was to concentrate the women and children in camps for this winter and send an advance guard of men back into Turkish Armenia with building materials, farm implements and seed grain. But this was talked about only as an ideal, not as a possibility. In any case Turkish Armenia was still occupied by the Turks and it was said that a large Turkish army was in process of mobilization at Erzerum. Nobody knew what might happen. It was a hopeless situation, and as regards the prospect of peace and the resettlement of the peoples it has grown steadily worse.

We went on to American relief headquarters. And oh—really, you know! But don't forget that I saw right results later on. This was a new situation for the relief organization. It was an avalanche of woe. The house was in fairly good condition—one of the few in the town left practically undamaged—and it was large enough to accommodate a great many refugees. The office contained one wholly unfurnished desk and two wooden chairs. Its high windows stared at one, curtainless and unclean; its rough wood floor had been swept with a muddy broom; its walls were stained and unsightly.

We were met and welcomed by an Armenian doctor, who was in temporary charge of the place. He was a graduate of Harvard University and had practiced medicine somewhere in New England—I have forgotten where. He told me, but I have forgotten. My mind was not registering such details; it was busy trying to associate him with Harvard. He was dirty beyond belief. Even his face was dirty—dirt-encrusted—and to shake hands with him heartily and naturally was a test of one's self-control. His hands—well, you see, there was no soap—absolutely none; no fuel with which to produce hot water. What could a man do?

He wore a conventional black frock suit that somehow made the filthy rags of his compatriots look clean and touchable. He was like one of ourselves sunk to the lowest depths. He had gone back years ago, was practicing medicine in Turkish Armenia and prospering, but he got caught in the terrible drive against his people and fled with other refugees to Russian Armenia. He had been through the whole great tragedy. He belonged to the group that moved northeastward from Erzerum and Kars; he was carried with the surging throng back to Kars—and there he was. An American relief officer found him and put him in charge of the hastily established headquarters while he hurried back to Alexandropol to get help and accumulate some supplies. The poor man was almost childish in his pride of responsibility and if he had been just a little bit brisk one might have hoped for his redemption. But he whined.

The Hungry and Destitute

He took us first out into a courtyard that was filled with women and children; there were no men there; only hundreds of women and children, and they were standing in a wide-curving line round the courtyard walls waiting for some bread that was to be given to them. The relief organization was selling flour to the government as the only possible plan at the time and was buying bread to give to the destitute. But as I have said a good many times, there was not enough! There was only a little and it had to be eked out. The women and children were nearly all crying and they were nearly all living skeletons—or else puffed up with starvation dropsy. When they saw me the low whimper rose to a wail and they stretched forth their hands—"O-na-ne! O-na-ne!" They surged forward to pick at me with their awful hands and to fall at my feet.

Then I began to cry and my two boys got on either side of me and said: "Oh, don't look at that! Come on away!"

The doctor wanted to show us the hospital. It was not exactly a hospital, he said, but it would be as soon as the Americans arrived with the necessary supplies. In the meantime they had been building some wooden bedsteads and had got out of a deserted military barracks some old iron beds that were better than nothing. But they had no bedding of any kind; no blankets, no sheets, no mattresses, nothing—absolutely nothing!

The sick in their unbelievable rags were lying round on the floors—bundles of unimaginable wretchedness. The doctor was not doing anything at all for them. What could he do? He had not so much as a single ounce of medicine of any kind. He said if he only had a little soap and hot water he might clean them up—and that would have been doing a very great deal. I looked at him and wondered that his mind still clung to conceptions of cleanliness.

The little people were more pitiable than the adults. They were in what was referred to as the children's wing. There were a good many of them and among them they had a fine collection of communicable diseases. There was no attempt at segregation. Why should there be? One laughed like the mad lieutenant at the mere thought of it. It was so much better that the children should die. There was more typhus than anything else, but there was tuberculosis also in its several manifestations, and numerous untouchable skin and scalp infections. The ward, if I may call it that, had in it not one stick of furniture of any kind and the children were all lying on the dusty and rubbish-strewn floor with nothing under them and no covering save the rags they wore. A little dying person in a corner seemed not to bother anyone much. He was breathing his last. The doctor was very sorry, but what could he do? There was nobody in attendance—not anybody at all. But oh, the Americans were coming! That was what they said. Look at it!

Relief on the Way

In the late afternoon it began to rain—the usual slow cold drizzle that was to turn into a downpour—and we got back to our car wet and deeply depressed. Though I remember now with a smile that, comfortless as our old coach was, it looked then, somehow, clean and strangely homelike. The proud Punjabis had moved into raincoats and were still on duty, pacing up and down the platform, and the general's neat little train still had its air of orderliness and authority. The general had not yet returned from his inspection trip. He had invited me to dine with him, but I had declined, because I had invited the R. T. O. to dine with me. I wanted to buck him up, if I could, with some hot corned-beef hash and canned pears. Also I had one lone bottle of port wine—labeled "medicinal"—and I intended that he should drink it.

I went to our little commissary compartment, lighted the Tommy cooker, got busy with a can opener and all that sort of thing, and then by chance I glanced out of the window. The body of the man was still there. The rain was soaking into it. The whimpering throng had sought shelter in the station and in the near-by ruins at the edge of the town.

I shall not tell the story of the evening. There was much wild talk—with the lieutenant's too evident madness making it hectic—criticism of the authorities and their methods of procedure. But it did no good. It didn't get us anywhere.

I went to bed finally and tried to sleep, but I made a poor job of it. It stopped raining after a while and then outside in the dark there was an incessant movement—stealthy footfalls, sniff-sniffs and low animal growls, bare feet in the mud. The steady tramp of the big Indians on the platform was a reassuring sound. Toward morning I did fall asleep and was thankful when I waked up to find that we were under way. We were moving out across the magnificent country. The mountains on the far horizons were black against the first yellow flame of an Asiatic sunrise. It was too early for the people to be out looking for grasses to eat. We went back to Alexandropol and there I learned that two of the workers who had come into Tiflis with Mr. Yarrow were on the way to Kars. They would take the thing in hand. But only two? It seemed to me that there should have been—well, more than two.

And that is as far as I can get now. This must be a continued story. There are worse places than Kars to visit—and better places. There is marvelous Mount Ararat to see; its legends to think of. And there is the Grand Katholikos of the Gregorian Church to call on in the oldest monastery on earth, a monastery which stands just off from the curiously simple cathedral that according to the genuine belief of the people was founded by Christ himself. One gets a strange insight into the Armenian martyrdom. But that must do for another time.

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FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 25)

"Her house, tuan." He seemed to point with a shadowy arm. "The first. Above."

He was gone like a breath.

Above, pierced by a chink or two of stars, loomed only taller blackness. Runa was for climbing toward this, but Dan withheld him.

"Wait. We don't know." Dan lighted a lantern. "Too far from home, boy. These folks may have bamboo spikes in their ground. Don't want one to run up into the calf of your leg."

The lantern—as at the bottom of a pit—lighted steep walls of branches. They stood under a craggy hill covered with trees. A house of attap shone dull yellow overhead, like a great bird cage hung among leaves. Its ladder slanted down to their feet.

Dan hailed this dwelling quietly, first in Malay, then in English. He got no answer.

"Leda!" he called. "Leda!"

After waiting Towers took up a stone and rapped with it on the ladder.

"Nobody."

He climbed a few rungs, called her name again, then holding the lantern above him went up. Runa and Amra Khan swarmed after.

"Huh! She's been here." They heard him laugh oddly. "A good old Europe hairpin on the floor. It's her house all right. Or was."

The three men looked about a clean bare room of basketwork. It was quite empty.

"I wonder"—Dan picked off the floor her hairpin and fingered it while he thought aloud—"I wonder if we're too late."

Runa's hand on his shoulder roused him from unprofitable musing.

"We're dog-tired. Sleep here anyhow, Danny; and view the place by daylight. Come. Sleep."

Amra Khan smiled and nodded wisely down at them like a handsome young god who knew all the sorrows of this world.

"Sleep is best." So saying he went and lay across the open door.

Dan turned down the wick of his lantern and left it burning low, for night lamp, at the foot of the center post. Soon afterward he and his friend were stretched on the cool ribs of the floor, side by side in a corner. Heat, universal stillness, a gurgle of water running somewhere behind the house and the ticking of their watches kept them awake, then lulled them.

How long he had slept Dan could not tell or, at the first start, where he was. He found himself sitting upright, blinking at a lantern and two sleepers. Then he remembered; he knew what had wakened him. Something was climbing or crawling underneath the house.

He did not stop to reason about it. Dan knew some customs of that land.

He laid his palm on Runa's forehead.

The youngster's eyes opened calmly, bright with intelligence, broad awake and ready.

"Roll over to the door," Dan whispered in his ear. "Man under the house. Roll quiet."

They reached Amra Khan's feet, and stood up without a sound.

Nothing happened. They remained for some time listening, heads inclined, best ear foremost. Dan began to think some nightmare had played him a joke. He would have said so, but just then came a loud crackle, the noise of dry wood splitting and splintering.

In that corner which they had deserted a narrow bright thing flashed up through the floor. It wriggled and vanished. A man grunted. As he did so there was another crackle, a second flash.

Driven through what had been their bed, quivering, stuck the long blade of a spear.

VI

"AH, *tête de pied!*" cried Runa. "You would spit us like a pair of larks?"

Pistol in hand he aimed to fire through the floor.

Quick as these two stabs from under the house had come, something else was quicker. The friends had not touched Amra Khan, who lay sleeping calmly behind them. Now, as Runa spoke, even while the spear blade waggled back and forth, growing shorter, wrenching downward again out of sight, Amra Khan woke. All in one bounce he gave a look, understood and acted. Scorning ladders Amra Khan shot feet foremost off the threshold and dropped.

It was a tall jump, but they heard him take ground as lightly as a cat. Before the spear point vanished he seemed to be underneath the house.

"Don't fire!" Dan had only time to catch Runa's arm.

Smashing and bumping noises broke out below. The house again and again shook upon its stilts. Then somebody groaned.

Meanwhile the two friends plunged for their lantern, got it and ran back toward the threshold to jump. Amra Khan's voice checked them.

"Tawah Sahib, please open the back door," it said quietly. "Here is a man hurt."

The house was only in part a tree dwelling, for though its front hung lashed to branches and trunks high off the ground its rear wall sat close to the hill. Runa took down a heavy rattan bar from the back door, which he swung open. The lantern light poured forth on a curtain of green leaves. Presently they parted, rustling. In walked Amra Khan, who carried what looked like a dead man, a body with loose arms and legs.

"There was only one of them." He dumped his load on the floor as though it were a bag of rice. "Very sick, your spear-wallah."

A pleasant smile lighted the northerner's face. His combat under the house had greatly refreshed him. Taking the lantern he stepped again into the leaves, among which, near by, his shadow appeared for a moment bending down. When he returned he brought a coconut-shell cup that dripped with water.

"A spring behind the house," he declared. "I stepped in it and found it."

Amra Khan offered the cup to his masters, and when they declined he took a drink himself.

"Good water." He smacked his lips. "Hill water."

Not until then, and like one stooping to a trifle that might be forgotten if postponed longer, did he squat with lantern and cup beside the body on the floor. It was a dark, heavy, muscular fellow who sprawled there, covered with blood from eyes to breech clout.

"All from his nose," said Amra Khan. "Banged him round the posts and then choked him. Too hard. But in the dark you couldn't tell how many ——"

He emptied his cup over the bloody face, went out for more water, sluiced his captive well, took a handful of leaves and began to scrub. He worked with rough good humor, cleaning man and floor alike, but somewhat favoring the floor.

"Give him this." Runa offered a flask of brandy.

"Too good for him, sir," chuckled Amra Khan.

"We wish to hear him talk," said Runa. "Dose him."

Yet when at last the battered spearman opened his eyes and sat propped in a corner he had no desire to talk. An ugly stupid evil-doer, he nursed his throat, snuffed loudly through a broken nose and glowered.

"Who sent you here?"

The ruffian considered his hands.

"Yes. They are red in spots. It is all your own. You thought it would be ours running down the spear. No such luck. Who sent you?"

His thick lips parted as if beginning a reply, but not a word came. This murderer had undergone terrible handling, which left him stunned; he sat in expectation of death; with every movement, every working of his coarse features, every wild-beast turn and shift of the eyes he betrayed fear and pain. Yet something overpowered even these emotions. The splintered floor in the corner opposite, the bare walls, his captors' faces—to each object and person he gave an edgewise glance that rested nowhere.

"Surprise! That's it!" said La Flèche, interpreting. "The chap never heard of us before. Expected somebody else. Who, Danny? Can you guess? We'll try."

With that Runa pounced down like a nighthawk and roared in the stranger's face: "Nata Kasuma sent you! Eh? Nata Kasuma!"

The name had power.

"*Tida*, tuan!" Their prisoner blenched, with wide eyes and uplifted hand ruining the falsehood while he spoke it. "*Tramungarti!* No, sir. I do not understand."

Runa, laughing, twiddled the finger of scorn.

"Your teeth are loose in the socket, m friend," he said, "thanks to our broth Amra Khan. Tut, tut. You can't hold your lies any more. Come, tell me. W was it you meant to kill?"

The rascal grinned sourly at them.

"Wise men, learn for yourselves."

He slumped down, folded his arms a closed his eyes, a burly image of the sul done in bronze. No man could fetch a other word out of him. Both Dan a Runa tried to do so many times, not wit out skill, but in vain. He kept his b mouth tight as Iago's, and feigned sleep.

"More afraid of his boss," Towers co cluded, "than he is of us."

Runa, turning disdainfully away, agree "The just word, you have said it. Pa Obscene night fowl, he knows we do n torture."

The capture of this dark brute, t scrubbing, revival and examination h been rapid and orderly in detail, but as whole process longer than it seeme Glancing from the ladder head Dan saw astonishment a world of daylight. With their lantern burned owlishly. Without pink-and-white mist rolled among sp kling tree-top islands; over these curv Aladdin's hill, tinged with sunrise agai clear heaven; while at the right, beyon wall of branches rising parallel with t door frame, vague luminous space foret some low-lying open region, valley or pla The peach-blossom mist covered all e below, and drifted halfway up the ladd

"Thought 'twas midnight," said D marveling at the sudden loveliness.

"Only man is vile." Runa stood behi him with a hand on his back. "The dav eh? Bath of the spirit, purer than Gang Dawn. Alba."

The youngster began humming a so

La nuech vai e'l jorns ve
Ab clar cel e sere
E l'alba no's rete
Ans ven belh' e complia!

Amra Khan cut this troubadour short. He had come and gone through back door, busy with discoveries.

"Bath ready, sirs," he proclaimed.

Among the hillside leaves, in a pe house of thatch, he had found a gr brown water jar. Leaving his masters th to splash themselves he guarded their p oner. When they returned, clean, c dressed and ready for breakfast, he news to tell them.

"A man came out of the fog," said "A little man, who spoke to this house a rat squeaking. I looked down. The saw me and ran away. That thing"—A Khan pointed at him who lay sulking in corner—"that thing wished to call answer. I stopped his mouth."

La Flèche gave a nod, well pleased, sat down with Dan to a meager sprea victuals on the floor.

"You see, my boy? They're sendin inquire. A good sign." Runa took finger tips a ball of cold rice, which popped into his mouth and munched tentedly. "A good omen that your L must be alive. Where, we cannot tell. they saw our light in her house; they a spear underneath, what? *Les ver nards*, a spear intended for her. There Leda is on earth. Be cheerful, Dar She is alive, she is not dead, and waitin be thy bride!"

"Maybe you're right," Dan repl "Plausible. But we're all in the dark."

"You mean the dawn," said Runa. " dayspring. We begin to guess. Before we shall see face to face. It is now a question of waiting at home to rec callers. They will come."

Faith soon had its reward; for the friends had only begun smoking breakfast when they heard voices and f steps draw near. La Flèche dodged a from the door, stole to a chink in the wo wall, stood peeping down and beckc Towers to join him. The mist was g they saw. Before their house lay a w land path mottled with sunrise and flic ing bamboo shadow, through which car little procession of bright-kilted men.

"Argo!" called a deep hoarse v "Argo!"

Runa turned from the chink tow Amra Khan.

"See to your prisoner!" he his "Don't let him speak, this Argo!"

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Amra Khan ducked into the corner and squatted, his hands ready for another choking. The captive opened his mouth, stared in fright, but durst not answer to his name.

The deep voice hailed again.

"Argo!" It was the leader of the kilted men who spoke—a fat giant, splendidly dressed, who bore himself like one with authority.

"Humph!" he growled after listening. "Wait here."

His retinue gathered and sat down in a semicircle before the house. Waddling, yet light of foot, he approached the ladder.

"Back," whispered Runa, and pulled Dan away with him to stand by the center post. "We have the upper hand. Be polite to him."

Ladder and house quaked as the fat man came climbing.

Dan could not but admire his friend's management. True, they now held an advantage, for when over the threshold rose a pair of large brown hands grappling, and then their visitor's countenance, they had nothing to do but observe him.

"Tuan *ampun!* I did not know!"

Under a beautiful black-and-white turban embroidered with gold the face on their doorsill, heavy-jowled, dark, broad, stared in wonder.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," it said. "A mistake. I trespass."

It made as though to sink; but meantime the big eyes took a rolling view about the floor, searched every corner, flashed once when they met the spearman's, then looked up, crafty and composed.

"Sir, we are the trespassers." Runa bowed. "Will you come in? Have we the honor to welcome the headman?"

Though taken unawares, caught awkwardly, his chin at the feet of strangers who dashed a great surprise full in his face, the man kept no small measure of dignity. He smiled with grim amusement.

"Yes, I am Nata Kasuma," said he.

Up into the house, nimbly as a sailor he swung his monstrous bulk. A gross fat man, he seemed to crowd the room, to stuff it with barbaric color. His skirt blazed in zigzags of Malay red; his silken jacket, thrown open on a chest all hanging in folds of dark flesh, glistened like a peacock with changeable luster; and the button of his betel purse, a gold knob larger than a plum, caught the sunlight winking as he bowed. The usual compliments passed. Nata Kasuma bestowed his gravely, in a deep voice that seemed entangled among the rattles of his throat. Not till he had deigned to squat before a ceremonial feast of tea, jam, pilot bread and tobacco did he let his entertainers pass from courteous formula and indirection to plain speaking.

"We came late into your village last night, sir," began Runa mildly. "A hunting party, as you see. Our bearers went astray behind somewhere. We found this house empty and took refuge. If we have given offense or caused any damage ——"

Their guest lifted one fat hand in deprecation.

"No, no, gentlemen," he murmured. "A happiness to our poor village. You slept well?"

Runa used flowers of metaphor to express how tranquil had been the night.

"Except once, a trifle." With the same quiet voice he glided into business. "We are ignorant. Is it old custom in your town to drive spears through the floor where travelers lie sleeping? A—a precaution?"

Nata Kasuma dropped spoon and jam pot.

"What!" he cried. "What kind of talk?"

Consternation overspread his face, then gloom, then anger. If acting, this great man acted thoroughly; he sat still, yet magnified himself, darkening and expanding like a thundercloud.

Are you serious? In my village? Impossible! Who would do such a thing here?"

Runa tossed a command over his shoulder:

"Go fetch the tool, Amra Khan."

Their servant went lounging through the back door, disappeared among sunny leaves, and came back. The tool he brought was an old hardwood shaft, handmade, half-polished, with a blade longer than a man's forearm.

"Here, sahib."

Runa thanked him, took the spear and stood up.

"This," he continued languidly, "was poked through there." As a teacher doing task work at a blackboard he pointed toward one corner of the room. "By him." He swung the weapon toward the next corner and the wretch who was penned in it, feigning sleep no more, but frozen upright. "Is he one of your night watchmen?"

Nata Kasuma turned on his haunches like a toad.

"A man of mine? No!" he croaked. "I never saw him before. Some wild pig out of the woods. I will punish him, gentlemen."

The wild pig fell forward on his knees and groaned.

Runa, crossing his elbows, leaned on the spear and winked at Dan. His face, tired but shining, was very droll.

"My father," said he, "I am glad. This man was none of yours, I knew. Therefore we shall keep him and punish him ourselves."

Their brilliant guest sat glowering.

"Try the jam again, sir," Dan begged. "Has it gone wrong?"

Nata Kasuma dug into the pot and lapped the spoon clean.

"Excellent," he declared. "Sweeter than the heart of ananas. I was annoyed on your account. But all that is past."

The talk turned upon shooting and fishing.

VII

THE sun climbed high before Nata Kasuma took his leave. He took it kindly, a grave but smiling friend, and at the foot of the ladder gave bow for bow.

"I am glad to meet hunting gentlemen." The fat chief tossed his gold-and-silk betel bag into the hands of one who waited for it. "When you're rested let me know, and I'll furnish all the guides you need to go on with. Just call."

Along the clean path he went rolling, a tun of man dressed gayly as a woman. His flock of servants trailed after. Dan and Runa, following to where the path bent round a headland of trees, watched them out of sight. The village hung aloft, one vertical front of branches where yellow huts, yellow bamboo stairways mounted and crossed in relief like some tall Chinese carving. Nata Kasuma with his troop entered the largest and lowermost house under the hill.

"Fat hen starver!" said Dan. "And you made me do the polite—to him!"

"Never mind. We took the odd trick," replied Runa. "That game's played, and now it's *vaquer à nos affaires*, my boy."

They returned to the house and skipped up the ladder.

"We'll take Amra Khan into our counsel," La Flèche declared. "Fairer to him, and it may prevent mistakes. Also, three heads better than two."

He beckoned this third head, who left the prisoner and joined them by the door. Dan spoke first:

"Amra Khan, we are well pleased with you. I talk openly. We brought you as a servant into this place, which is dark and dangerous. Now we lead you no farther blindfold. You are free to go back if you choose—we'll give you money and a couple of bearers—or to stay here in danger at your own risk."

Amra Khan's reply was not long: "Share food, share fighting."

"Very well." Runa accepted the maxim. "One thing more you should understand: We are looking for a mem-sahib, a great lady."

"Great and young," said Amra Khan with a demure smile. "The skin of her face and hands like a plank of sandalwood. I know."

"The devil you do!" cried Runa. "How?"

"My friend the policeman at the ferry saw her. Same horses we had; Ibrahim's."

Runa sat beaming at the speaker.

"A chap after my own heart, this," he told Dan. "Knows how to speak and how to keep still." He turned again toward Amra Khan. "You are right; the lady is beautiful and very young. Brave, also, for she traveled here to find the man who killed her father. That spear last night was meant for her."

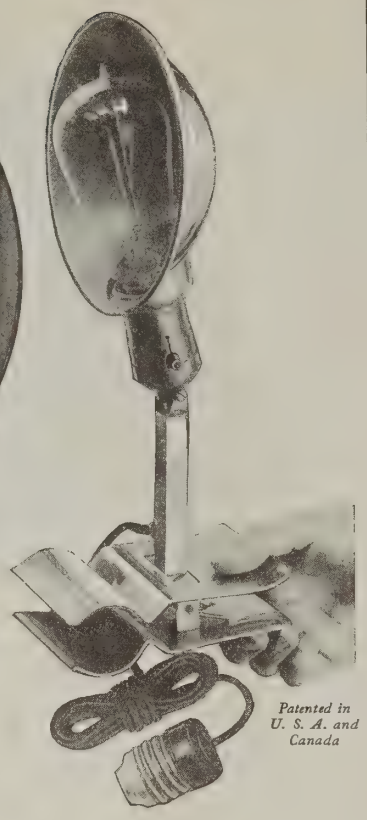
Their servant's dark eyes opened wide and shone.

"There will be, then," he said mildly, "a large debt to pay."

He asked no questions, but sat thinking with an air of content.

"And now," proposed Runa, "for the thumbscrew and the rack."

The man in the corner had been studying them as a wounded creature long past hope



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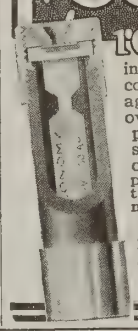

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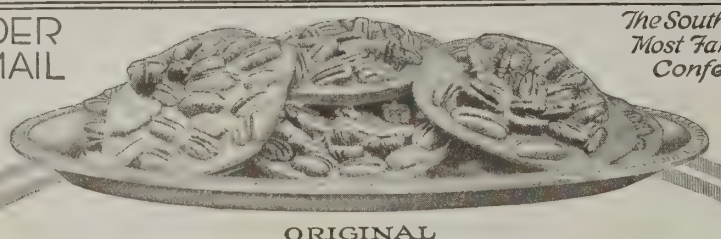

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studies the trapper whose next movement may be the final blow.

"Well, Argo, my friend," began La Flèche, "you heard your master disown you? A wild pig of the woods. He gave you to us to kill."

The wretch would not stir.

"Go on. Finish," he croaked. "I have had enough of living."

"Have you any family?" asked Runa.

"Bah! No."

"Suppose we did not finish?" Runa's voice and look were inscrutable. "Suppose you told us everything about last night, and we gave you a good breakfast and let you go?"

Some change crept into the man's face, but only for a moment.

"Huh! No good!" he grunted. "Let me go? Go where? Into Nata Kasuma's hands again. They are worse than yours, young man. We live here by lapping his great toe. I am sick of it."

Argo spat at the world, then rolled over and hid his face. Runa jumped to his feet and pulled Dan up after him.

"Amra Khan," said he, "let this man have all our food and all the brandy. Stuff his carcass." Then going to where Argo lay, the youngster bent down and spoke as bitterly as a friend giving advice: "You slave to a fat idiot! Tell us all you know, the truth, and we'll carry you off where men never heard of Nata Kasuma, into the woods, down to the sea! Yes, and let you go with money in a bag. Eat your breakfast, think, be sensible; fear nothing, so long as you tell us the truth. Come, Danny, let's take a smoke."

For half an hour the two friends waited, lying among green rattans above the house, watching and hearing the bright runlet that emptied the spring. Then Amra Khan beckoned them down indoors.

"He will talk."

"You're a good medico, Runa," said Dan.

Food and strong liquor indeed had worked mightily to cure this pessimist, this rejected Argo. He sat in his corner like a man willing to try the scheme of things again.

"She left three days ago." His words came in a rush. "The truth, I am telling it. She went away. Nata Kasuma said she was a young devil woman. Last night we saw a lamp in these her windows. 'She is come again, bringing the Red Dog's Children,' said Nata Kasuma. 'Go strike.' What else could a man like me do, sirs? I came and struck. That is all."

He rose, made a profound *sembah* to his judges and squatted again.

"Where is she?" Dan inquired. "Where had she gone?"

"To raise the Red Dog's Children against us," replied Argo. "So Nata Kasuma thought—or said. It may be. Their camp was half a day's journey behind our hill. She went to them; I know that much."

Already confused by a night and a morning of unaccountable surprises, the culprit now remained lost forever in amazement. His guilt, the value of his excuse, the very question of his reward or punishment, life or death signified nothing whatever to these mad white men. Like hunters who should leave a buffalo to chase a hare they swerved from the main course and pounced on trifles. Argo sat staring. Their eyes were bright, their tongues busy, their faces eager. They gave commands to the servant, that terror, that hard-handed breaker of heads, who smiled, vanished down the ladder and was heard running off. What were they going to do? With these scatterbrains a man could never understand much.

He understood even less when, about noon, he found himself leading them, the breaker of heads and a file of bearers uphill past the house.

"Straight to those Red Dog people," said Dan. "The shortest line you know. And go quickly."

A scramble among tree trunks brought them to a steep hidden way, no path indeed, but slits and rifts and burrows in foliage twisting upward. Over green slants of moss, under bamboo, corded vines and hanging ferns, along rock walls that burnt the fingers the little expedition climbed and crawled. It was heavy, breathless work on all fours. Dan under the guide's heels kept him going like a frightened spider. And when, their cheeks dripping, their blurred eyes stinging with sweat, they stood and panted on the hilltop it was only to grin dizzily at one another, to draw breath choked with the scent of hot leaves, to hear round about them the dry scurry of lizards and to go plunging down the farther slope.

All afternoon they threaded the dark green forest twilight in what might have been a valley, but appeared boundless, obscure, the bottom in a sea of leaves. The air, which had no life or stir in it, felt thunderous. They heard echoes of their own movements, like ghostly footsteps coming to meet them. Deceived by these they halted and gave ear. Insects hummed.

"*Le Bois des Pas Perdus.* One hears them."

Runa whispered this fancy. All the men had taken to whispering. Stillness, monotony, gloom and the dead air oppressed them.

"Dan, the bearers can't keep this pace up. They'll crack, poor devils."

Argo, in the lead, turned and made a sign of caution.

"Let them stop," he breathed. "We are near. These people do not like strangers. Quietly."

The bearers lay down to wait. Argo, followed by the two friends and Amra Khan, went on as though stalking game in doubtful wind. He paused again and again to listen, but there was only the hum of insects, broken once by a gibbon's plaintive call, far off. At last he halted, bent down and in a dodging fashion peered through a screen of undergrowth.

"Here was their camp. They are gone, sirs."

Beyond the screen appeared an open ground, no clearing made by man, but a hole in the verdure, a circular shaft pillared round with tall trunks and roofed with darkness. Entering this the four men stood dwarfed as in a rotunda.

"They are hard to find," whispered Argo. "They move always. Like ghosts and devils. Orang-utan."

He scowled at the place round about. A few bundles of wilted leaves, a broken red pot and camp-fire ashes lay on the trodden floor; and somehow these traces of human kind rendered the place more desolate even than the surrounding forest.

"Eh? What's that?" Runa puckered his nose and sniffed.

The gloom, charged with potential thunder, had in it some current rather of pressure than of air, that drifted changing. Along its unseen layers came perfume. Dan caught a whiff of smoke that passed, that came again, like incense; yet bitter sweet, and like incense only as wild honey resembles honey of the hive.

The friends looked strangely on each other. This was the last smell in the world for a man to encounter here. Runa's eyes opened wide, staring dark unbelief. Then he made a frightful grimace and swore.

"Oh, yes, of course! We are in church," he hissed. "Incense? We have lost our minds, Danny. It is not a forest, it is a church! Or else your girl has brought her convent with her?"

Argo the guide showed no surprise, however, but gave a smothered grunt, left off scowling, beckoned and went forward. Across the deserted ring, between two trees, he slipped once more into the bush. His masters and Amra Khan, in single file, slipped after him. There was no path, only a crooked series of gaps in foliage, as before. The smell of incense became stronger.

Ahead, suddenly, voices murmured. Soon afterward Argo dropped to the ground, began crawling, and made a sign that the others should do likewise. Then on their bellies they reached the edge of another grove, a second dome.

It was larger than the first, darker, and full of men. So much Dan saw while choosing a peep hole among stems of grass under a bough that swept the ground.

"How now?" whispered Runa. "Who are they? What natives?"

Silent and motionless, forming a great ring, stood forest men who wore garments not of the usual colors but of striped black and white. They faced the center, where on a flat slab like a tombstone lay an egg-shaped rock larger than a football. Near it rose a stone pillar or stump, wreathed with green sago-palm leaves. On the ground burnt a little fire, of which the smoke trailed low and blurred all things in sweet-smelling haze. An old man stood before the fire. He was speaking. Dan could see his lips move but not hear the words.

"Natives of nowhere," said Dan in Runa's ear. He recognized now the pungent fume of gum benzoin. "Java incense. They're wanderers. I knew 'em in ——"

(Continued on Page 84)

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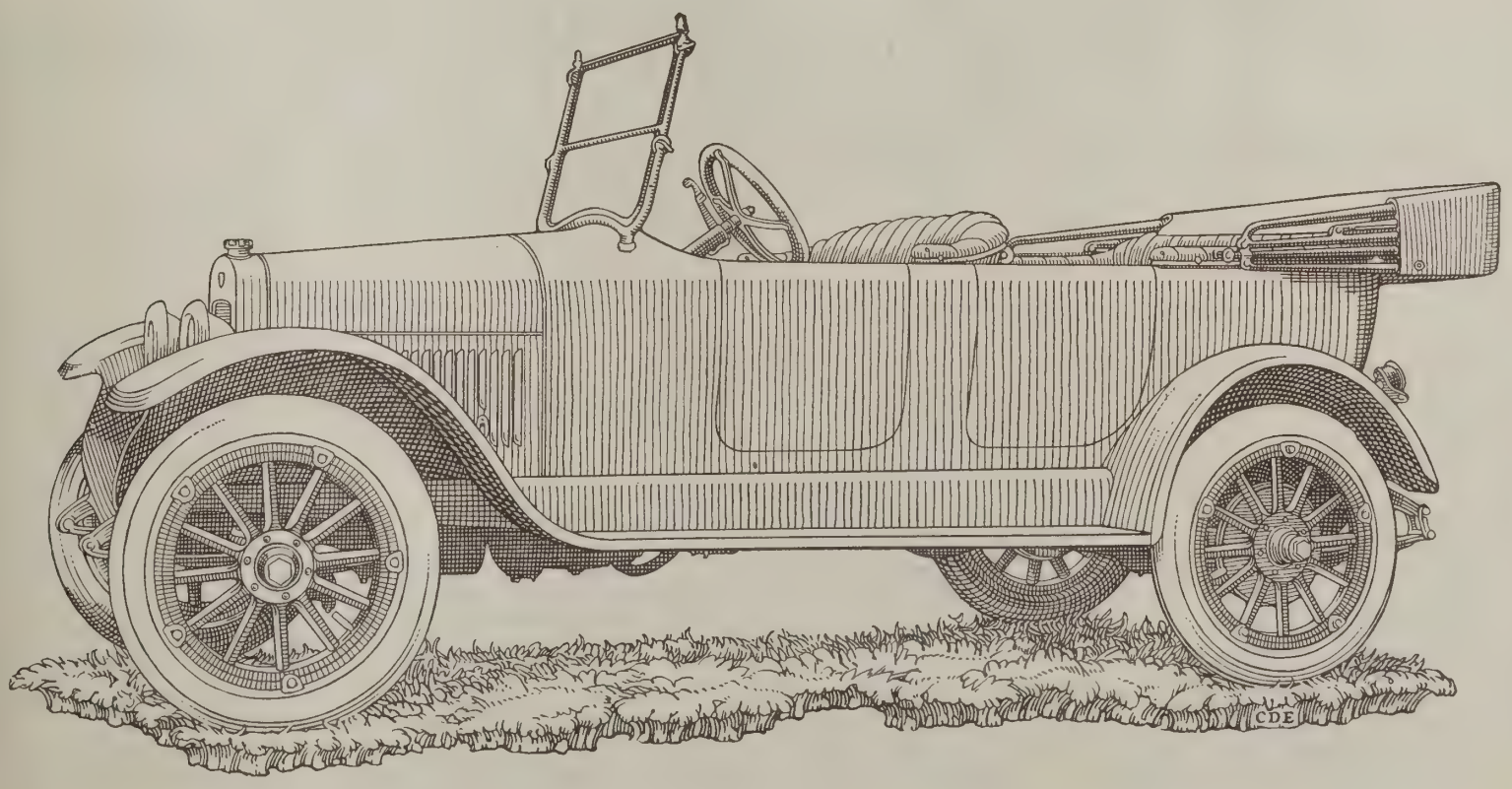


(Continued from Page 82)

But Runa had already answered his own question. He gave an impatient nod.

"Yes, yes. Shut it. Children of the old princess. Be quiet. Don't spoil this. It's very ancient. Be still." In the next breath he disobeyed his own command.

"Look, look!" Runa bounded to hands and knees, pointing, and nearly speaking aloud. "There she is!"

The smoke of burning styrax had grown thin, left the dark woodland twilight clear. Dan looked and saw Parimban's daughter Leda. Dressed in white, with a white helmet, she stood across the circle from him, alone, opposite the old priest or chieftain, who had just ended his murmurs. In one hand she held green leaves, which, coming forward, she laid upon the other leaves of the wreath; then bent to sprinkle something on the fire, which flared and sent up new smoke thickly; and then retired. Her features Dan could not see for the dusk and men's heads in the way; but he followed every movement and rejoiced once more to watch her infinite grace and dignity. The sight was like home to him.

He would have risen, perhaps called out; but Runa clapped him across the loins and pressed him down to earth.

"Don't move!" Runa's arm was trembling. "Oh, Dan, my boy! Pallas Athene!"

They must have spoken or struggled too noisily after all. A black-and-white-gowned figure turned to look in their direction. It did not matter; for in a moment the whole darkening scene was blotted out. As if this ritual, whatever it was, had called down fire, the long-threatening thunder burst in a roar that shook the valley, wind overturned the treetops, and lightning poured through in sheet after sheet of crackling blue flame.

Then a rush of water extinguished every light in the world.

Feet pattered, voices called, white shapes flitted past through splashing darkness.

When Towers could see again there lay before him a pond filled with upward-spurting drops. A stump rose in the middle of it, and an egg-shaped stone glistened there like a bubble of dark glass. These, pond and all, faded from view as he looked.

Runa was laughing and talking nonsense.

"Pretty? Fairly pretty? Oh, son' Daniel, you have no gift of speech!"

VIII

DARKNESS of the storm became darkness of night. Rain, wind and thunder were gone suddenly as they had come. The elements, exploded in one blast, now seemed to fuse and create a stillness even more powerful. Sounds of water dripping marked the process; but these grew irregular, diminished, spread away and died in whispers and stealthy departing stirs under the forest.

"No good standing here." Runa flapped his wet clothes like a drowned bogle. "We'll catch nothing but chills, ague, dengue, sprew, quotidian tertian, frog warts, duck feet and premature baldness. Let us move. *Allons.* Circulate."

In his way he spoke good sense. Dan roused, and grew conscious that his own white drill was clinging to him heavy and cold, like wet rubber.

"We can't find her now."

"Lucky to find cover," said his friend, "and something dry. Lucky to find ourselves. Wait for daylight."

With Argo leading they wandered back over the way they had come. It was a dismal wandering. They slipped on mud, bumped against tree trunks or stumbling toward what seemed open darkness were swallowed headforemost and doused in masses of bush. A hundred nameless obstacles they broke through or trampled down; sometimes they fell like dominoes in a row; sometimes lost all contact and stood hailing one another, near at hand yet parted by invisible nets, black tangles where no man could advance or retreat. Presently Argo began to call upon the evil one—"Sehtan, Sehtan! Sehtan's cage of devils!"—crooning as though to invoke the powers of darkness. It was plain he had gone astray, given up, and begun cursing the world again. Rank herbs bruised underfoot sickened the air with a smell as of thoroughwort and ginger.

Amra Khan spoke: "A light."

Some reddish glow tinged the leaves before them. It swelled and brightened as they went forward, until meeting once more they could see a fire under the trees, and by its flickering could count noses.

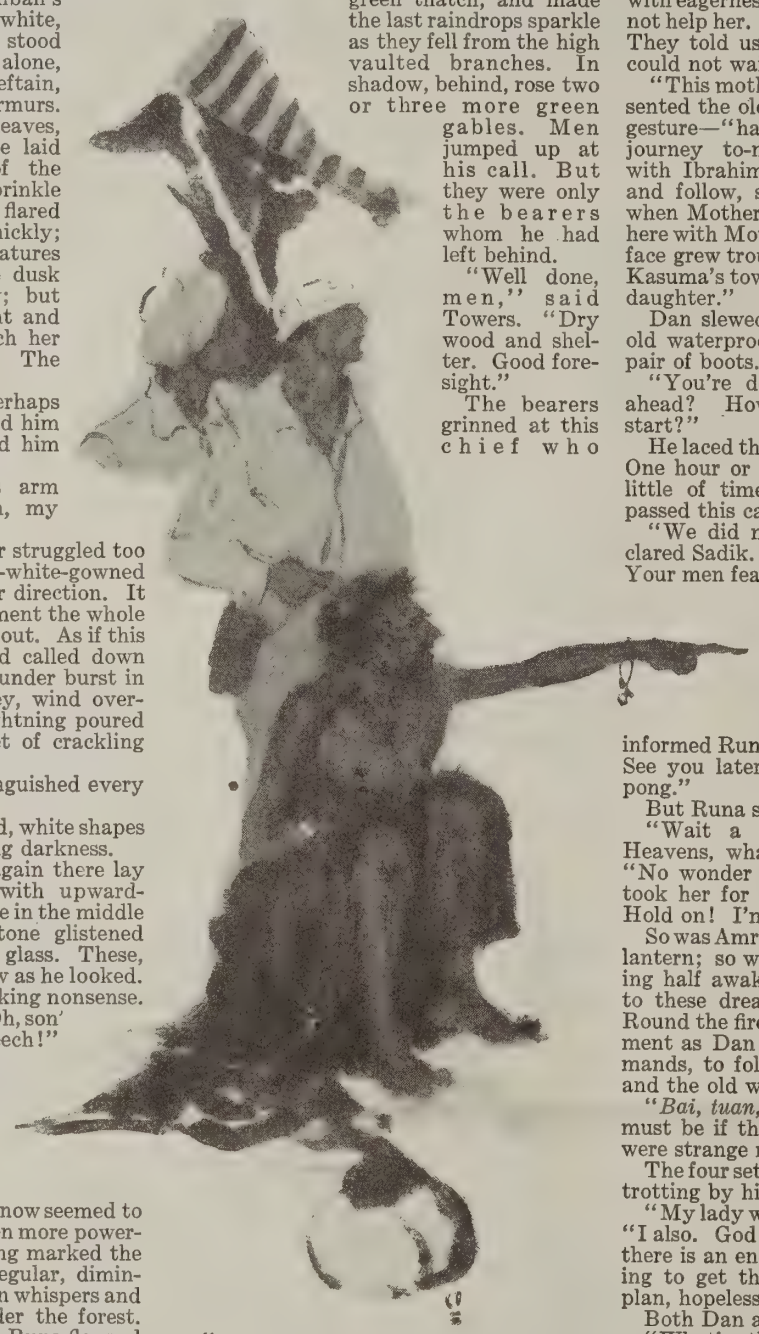
"We're all here," said Dan. "May be her camp." He went for it straightway, letting the others follow as they chose.

"*Ko hai!*" he shouted.

This fire was a disappointment. It burned before a roof, or open tabernacle, of green thatch, and made the last raindrops sparkle as they fell from the high vaulted branches. In shadow, behind, rose two or three more green gables. Men jumped up at his call. But they were only the bearers whom he had left behind.

"Well done, men," said Towers. "Dry wood and shelter. Good foresight."

The bearers grinned at this chief who always praised the right kind of work. He entered the hut, to strip and dress by firelight, in public, for there were no walls. Runa joined him.



"Across the Valley Below. Not Dark Enough. We Wait"

"We can't do more to-day." Runa peeled off wet boots, groaning. "I heard once of a thing called sleep. For the sake of novelty let us try it after dinner."

They were to have no such luck, for when they had put on dry clothes, and sat eating, a shadow cut off the ruddy glow that poured under the eaves. They looked up, and against the fire saw Amra Khan's silhouette bending toward them.

"Strangers, for Tawah Sahib."

"Bring them in," said Dan.

Two short figures followed the tall one. Ducking under the blades of thatch they ranged themselves where the bonfire disclosed their faces. An old Malay woman neatly dressed in a red-and-yellow skirt and a tunic fastened by a gilt *krosang* breastpin bowed her head, which was sleek with oil. Though haggard and worn she had prepared herself for this audience. Beside her a flat-nosed thick-lipped youth in motley trousers and silver-buttoned mess jacket smiled lovingly at Dan, and made great salutation.

His eyes glittered like jet.

"Why, you are Sadik!" Towers exclaimed.

It was Parimban's boy, the faithful, with whom Leda had conspired when she sat in disgrace on the orphanage wall.

He laughed outright with glee, then checked himself and straightened his face in decorum.

"I am Sadik, tuan."

Dan forgot that he was tired. "Where's your mistress?"

"She has gone back to Nata Kasuma's kampong, sir," replied the youngster. His voice was low and musical, but quavered with eagerness. "These forest people would not help her. The thunder was a bad omen. They told us to wait another week. She could not wait.

"This mother Dewi, her nurse"—he presented the old woman in a courtly passing gesture—"had no more strength for the journey to-night. My mistress went on with Ibrahim's men. We two shall rest and follow, she said, in the morning or when Mother Dewi can. Therefore I stay here with Mother Dewi." The imp's broad face grew troubled. "It is bad, sir. Nata Kasuma's town is no place for my master's daughter."

Dan slewed round on the floor, got his old waterproof bag and drew out a fresh pair of boots.

"You're dead right. How far is she ahead? How long ago did your lady start?"

He laced the boots while Sadik answered. One hour or two hours—the boy thought little of time—had gone by since Leda passed this camp fire.

"We did not know it was yours," declared Sadik. "Or she would have stayed. Your men feared her and said nothing."

Dan got into coat and helmet.

"Oh, these bearers!" he growled. "Plumb fools! Bring a lantern, Amra Khan, and tell Argo he's wanted. I'm off to overtake her," he informed Runa. "You have your sleep out. See you later, back here or at the kampong."

But Runa sat dressing himself in haste.

"Wait a bit, Danny. I'm coming. Heavens, what a woman!" he muttered. "No wonder the bearers kept still; they took her for a wood sprite, poor fellows. Hold on! I'm ready."

So was Amra Khan, with staff and lighted lantern; so was their prisoner Argo, blinking half awake, tired, surly, but obedient to these dread masters who never slept. Round the fire the bearers gaped in amazement as Dan gave them his parting commands, to follow at daybreak with Sadik and the old woman.

"*Bai, tuan,*" they murmured. Right it must be if their chief said so; but these were strange matters, wild night walkings.

The four set out. Dan found young Sadik trotting by his side.

"My lady will rejoice now," said the boy. "I also. God is great. You come to her, so there is an end. Good. She will stop trying to get that treasure. It was a mad plan, hopeless. I told her so."

Both Dan and Runa halted.

"What's this?" they asked. "What treasure?"

Sadik stared up at them.

"You did not know?" he whispered. "Why, hers—her father's. We came here hunting that.

"Two great sacks of silver. My lord Parimban kept them in his houseboat, so those men killed my lord and carried them away, the night of the burning. How could his daughter travel to find you, sir, without money, when we thought you were across the sea, far off in the windward countries? To-night you come. All is well. I am no longer afraid."

Towers took the lantern, and raising it looked at this boy. A grave delight overspread the flat impish face, the black eyes twinkled. Plainly, Sadik was telling the truth.

"You're a pretty decent kid," said Towers. "Now skip back to camp and Mother Dewi. We'll do all the rest."

The youngster made a deep graceful bow and scampered away. For a moment the fire sharply outlined the prick-eared shadow of his turban dodging among vertical black bars and leafy network. Then he vanished completely into the night. Dan gave the lantern to Argo and waved his hand impatiently forward.

"Let's get on."

Their night march began in silence. Except for Amra Khan, who stepped out like a creature made of stuff more tireless than bone or muscle, they tramped on and c heavy-footed, slow, clogged and bedevil with sleep. Again and again the lante bearer stopped dead in his tracks, with ch on breast and eyes tight shut. Dan, l own legs foundering, remorsefully prodd the man awake, kept him going, a struggled after, harassed by a dull sense hurry, the reason for which he sometim forgot, sometimes remembered with ang and dismay. Even Runa had lost his tongu and came dragging along dispirited. On he spoke:

"Bags of silver, eh? Lagadigadou! V know why old Ibrahim opened his heart generous!"

His words, his laugh sounded like ba bling in a dream.

The steady jog and sway of lantern ligh the batlike flutter of darkness spotted wi leaves, continually changing yet repeati the same fantasy, had a power of hypn tism. The ground began to rise; the pat if this drowsy cavern were a path, to wi and stagger. They were climbing a h now, which was unbearable. About mi night it might have been when, witho order given or word spoken, the travele sat down on the ground. With lante between toes, head dropped on knees, Ar began at once to snore.

"The poor brute's had a cruel twent four hours," said Dan. "We'd better——"

He did not finish that speech.

When he finally woke it was to fi the neck of a water bottle stuck betwe his teeth.

"Drink," said the voice of Amra Kha "More. It is good. I made it. You w feel proud as Banker Seth. Ho, ho! Agai Now we are right."

The draught tasted like cold tea, ve strong, drugged with a sirup too thick ar perfumed.

Dan choked over it, then sat up, wi awake, his head clear, his limbs ready f action as though he had thrown off hea wrappings.

"*Abe wabe main!*" laughed Amra Kha Runa likewise rejuvenated sat mockin him.

"What kind of poison was that?" Da cried. "How much time have we lost?"

"Honeydew," sighed Runa. "Be stil wait; let it run down into your toe Quarter of an hour, not more."

Tall, slender, peaceful, Amra Kha loomed above them like a benignant your slave of the lamp.

"We overtake your lady soon," he d clared. "All too soon. It is not far." H shook his head mournfully. "Before w come to her let me speak, for my heart divided.

"This day I have seen her. Brother how shall I choose between you, two me but always a pair, like my hands? It is hard thing that I have to say."

The two friends looked up, wonderin the man's words, his tone, conveyed s much grief.

"Say on," advised Runa.

Amra Khan bowed.

"My debts are to you both, but my firs debt to Tawah Sahib," he continued. "speak now, in time. When you fight eac other for this lady I fight on the side Tawah Sahib."

His hearers burst out laughing with gre good humor; then seriously told him the was no danger of any feud; then laughe again, enjoying what he said as men enjo the wisdom of a child. He did not laugh wit them. His tawny handsome face wore look of composure, though drawn thin wit fatigue or pain.

"I have known the beauty of woman. I is soft, yes, but it cuts very sharp," sai Amra Khan quietly. "It cut my father stone house in two. The tongue is soft als but goes on biting after the hardest teet have crumbled."

Under the fringe of leaf points and dus round his turban he appeared to be smi ing—an odd smile, gentle, sorrowful. I passed. He bent over the lantern, rappe his knuckles on Argo's head, and making a old Eastern pun cried: "Wake, son of camel!"

The sleeper lifted a bleary face and foo ish open mouth, into which Amra Kha promptly rammed his water bottle, a though dosing a horse.

By and by they stumbled uphill onc more, winding in and out through countles dreary leaves and slack ratline creepers.

"Very well," said Amra Khan. "Wha comes of itself, let it come."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 23)

"How did you find out?" Miss Elliott asked in a voice of mystery. It was mysterious because it was so low and so guarded.

"He came and demanded an allowance for her."

"Not so loud," she continued. "The fog carries sound, and you never know who's behind the hedge."

"You can hardly see the road." With bated breath he casually mentioned this obvious fact, and then put his hand through Miss Elliott's arm, bent until his chin was tickled by her fur collar and his lips were close to her ear. "You never spoke to her. You never saw her. And yet you read her. How?"

His awe-struck voice made Miss Elliott smile. "I studied the family. She happened to be true to type, that's all. Now you're not. Don't dream of trying the family method on Charity. You've been civilized. Please don't club Charity Turle. Just be sweet and nice to her."

"Nobody but you," he protested, "says that Charity goes with the estate."

Miss Elliott drew a little away from his closer pressure. "You know she does," she answered. "She's the one I've been sorry for. She's just as hard hit as the others by your coming. It was picturesque and romantic and all that sort of thing to give Dorothy a chance to live with you in your drafty old house. It may be prosaic common sense to marry Charity."

"Charity's hair is romantic," Roger murmured in her ear.

"Ah," Miss Elliott cried, "you love her! I hoped so. Her hair is lovely. You have stolen her cottage. A nurse has stolen her brother. You are robbing her of her poor old uncle's savings. But, if you love her ——"

"I do not," he denied.

"You must; or why was your pursuit of Dorothy so calm and methodical? She got even, all right. She hid Colonel Ryker behind you. She corresponded and no one guessed, because you were always near her. What loads of trouble that saved her. I am sure the duchess would have moved heaven and earth to prevent the engagement. A little sly, that!"

Miss Elliott spoke with considerable warmth.

Roger chuckled. "I escaped," he confessed. "That's the main thing, the only thing."

"Did you want to, so badly?" she asked.

"I did not know how badly until I escaped."

"You hide it too well." Miss Elliott shook her head. "You are splendid, but you know you cannot conceal from me what you are suffering."

Roger laughed.

"Please don't," she pleaded. "It isn't necessary. Pride is all right, but too much of it is not friendly to me. You say you don't love Charity. You are cool toward her at this moment. That's only because you've lost the other half."

"The other half?" questioned the mystified Roger.

"Why, don't you see?" Miss Elliott explained: "You loved them both. The contrast: one dark, one light; one elegant and dainty, the other a real worker. Each made you fonder of the other. You see it now, don't you?"

"Much too involved for me," he answered. "All news to me."

Miss Elliott gently insisted that she knew better than he. "It would have had one strange result," she said sagely. "If you had married Dorothy you would have fallen deeply in love with Charity. Now that Dorothy is taken from you you might gradually come to look on Charity as a sister if you were not going to play the game."

"Look here," Roger said. "How much of all this nonsense is nonsense?"

Miss Elliott showed patient resignation at being misunderstood. She meant every word she had said, she declared, and she made it quite clear that she thought it up to Roger to propose to Charity. Charity might resent so sudden a transfer of affection perhaps, but that was for her to say for herself. It could easily be explained. Dorothy had first claim; Charity, fair-minded, would admit that.

They emerged from the fog on a hilltop, and looked down on a valley of mist.

"The Second Night They Got It. She Was Picked Up Insensible From its Ruins"

"It all seems clear now, doesn't it?" Miss Elliott asked.

Roger eyed her with a lowering brow, but his scrutiny was accepted with a calm confidence. "My head," he said, "is still in a fog."

"So long," she observed cheerfully, "as your heart is right ——"

"Oh, mine's all right," he broke in. "It's yours that's doubtful."

Miss Elliott laughed. "Charity is the pearl of the country," she declared, "and I am not hard-hearted if I insist that you ought to propose to her."

"You mean that?" he said, glowering.

Miss Elliott nodded with a grave face.

"Very well," he decided. "I must go to London to-night. I've just time to settle it first. I am going straight to her."

"My best wishes go with you." She smiled on him and stood watching as he strode down into the fog on the other side of the hill. She could just see that he turned, and she waved him friendly good luck.

Roger asked himself how far it was fair to couple a proposal with a request to be refused. Of course Charity was the best of friends and would be glad to do him a good turn. Dear old Charity wouldn't mind refusing him and even giving him a certificate that she had done so if he asked it. And yet—well, it wasn't so easy after all. No girl would exactly like to be proposed to by command of another girl, and no girl would choose to be —— Well, to be what? A stepping-stone to another, that was it. The truth was out. Roger quickened his footsteps. "Mary!" He murmured the name. He had learned only a week before that it belonged to Miss Elliott. And that was about all that he had learned about her. But he knew all that he wanted to know, all the same.

At the cottage he was annoyed to find Mr. Starlow awaiting him. They had met so often in the village street and in the lanes that they had come to exchange always curt but courteous greetings; but Roger had never forgotten that early, mysterious mania for spying of which Starlow appeared to have been partially cured by the confiscation of his field glasses. That nervous timidity which once had characterized the American had so completely vanished that it seemed to Roger that to-day his demeanor was almost threatening. His blue eyes were stern and cold, and his firm chin was thrust out almost pugnaciously beneath lips compressed into a rigid straight line. His hands were bare to-day, and Roger noted that their one-time startling whiteness had been somewhat modified, and that they looked capable at least of carrying a small parcel.

"Sergeant Hill," said Mr. Starlow in a cool, hard drawl, "it's just been told me that you are courting Miss Lingard."

The startled Roger flung back his head, and stared speechless at the impassive Mr. Starlow.

"I am an American citizen," the latter announced without apparent relevance.

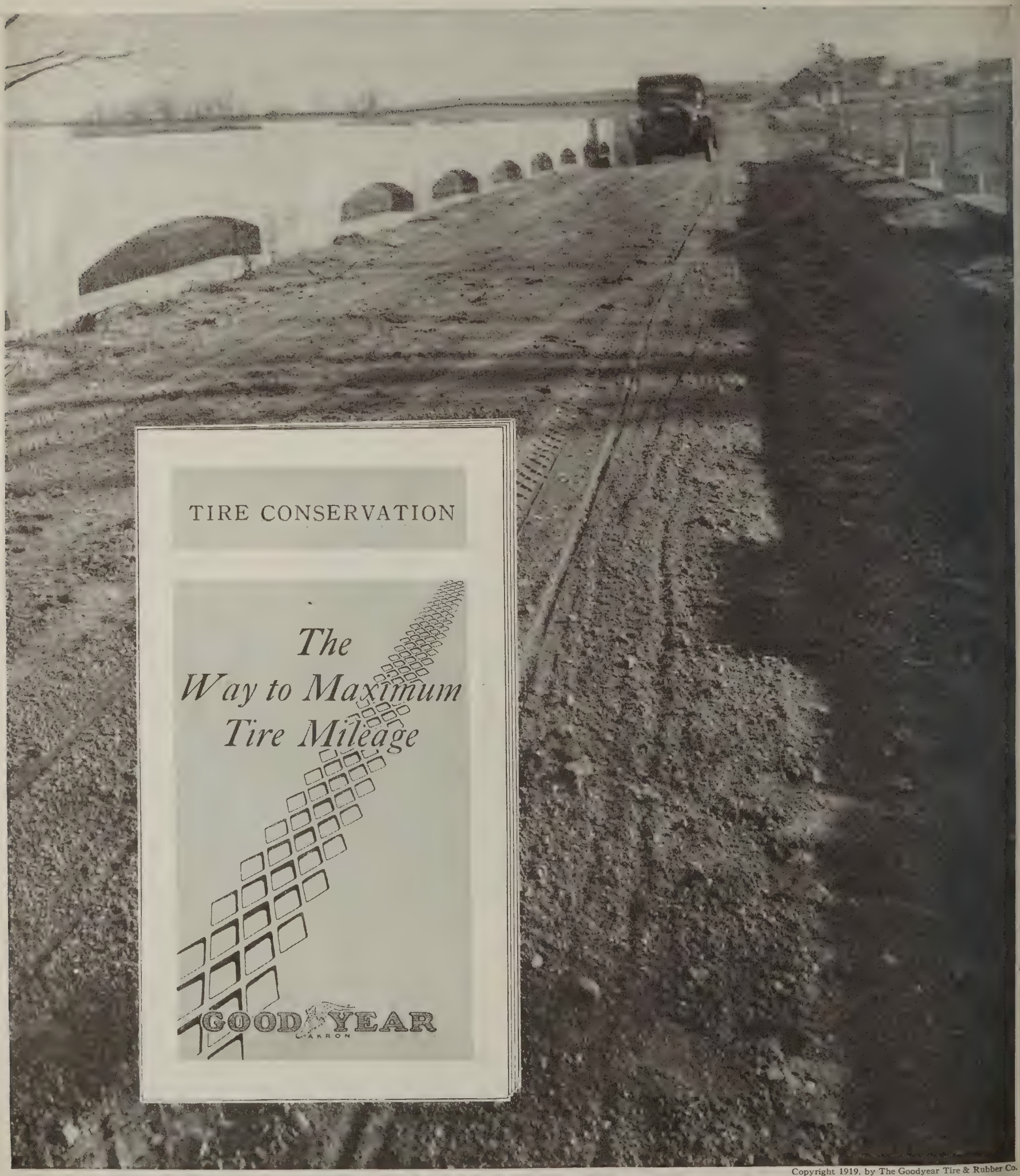
"I am glad you're sure of it," was the quick retort. "You weren't once, you know."

Roger glanced at the clock. The wheelwright's trap would shortly be due to take him to the station, and he had hoped to see Charity first; but an interview which opened as did this one was hardly to be shirked.

Starlow's brows met in a deep frown. "I'm what I say I am," he answered, biting off his words in crisp anger. "Everybody knows it too. What do they know about you? A stranger—a private one day, a sergeant the next, a civilian the next. You worm your way into the friendship of the village. You get a foothold. You work your way into managing an estate that's going adrift. You push yourself into big houses. A duchess picks you up because you are good looking and have a glib tongue. The rest follow like a flock of sheep."

"Please sit down," Roger interposed with an immense excess of politeness. "This gets interesting. I have still ten minutes." His face was white and his eyes glittered. He seated himself, but his opponent flushed the redder and spoke in such hot anger that he could hardly be understood.

(Continued on Page 93)



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The Way to Maximum Tire Mileage

IN Boston, the Creed-Kellogg Company recently figured their Goodyear tire costs per mile and found them to be remarkably low. This they attribute not only to the toughness of Goodyear Tires, but also to the willing and expert service of a Goodyear Service Station Dealer. In a letter from the Creed-Kellogg Company, their Mr. Howard mentions that this service, which included a systematic free inspection of their tires, covering tread cuts, proper inflation, front wheel alignment, and so on, "has been of great benefit to us in securing more mileage." Go regularly to the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer and ask for this sort of mile-saving Goodyear Inspection Service.

THE largest single group of tire users in the world agree that the first step on the way to maximum tire mileage is a set of Goodyear Tires.

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Our agreement with this is seen in Goodyear's sincere attempt, through the medium of its Service Stations and its Tire Savers, to further tire saving in every possible way.

In furtherance of this plan we list below the commonest of tire and tube injuries and the ways that you can use to correct them, to get maximum Goodyear tire mileage.

◊ ◊ ◊

TRUING UP WHEELS. Bumping into curbs, turning out into gutters and similar strains are likely to cause *mis-alignment* of front wheels. They travel then with a grinding action that wears down the rubber tread rapidly.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station Dealer to test your wheels for alignment. This may save you thousands of tire miles.

◊ ◊ ◊

TREAD CUTS. Not even the Goodyear All-Weather Tread can absolutely protect tires from *tread cuts*. For scraps of metal, glass, switch points, will cut the toughest treads when squarely struck.

When tread cuts first appear, fill them with Goodyear tire putty and cement; prevent the small cuts from becoming large.

◊ ◊ ◊

UNDER-INFLATION. Don't run your tires in a soft under-inflated condition. *Under-inflation* probably ruins more tires than any other one thing.

Test your tire pressure with your inflation gauge regularly, at least once each week. Keep the pressure up.

◊ ◊ ◊

FABRIC BREAKS. Hitting stones and ruts and bumps in the road, while running at high speed, may cause *fabric breaks*. These grow in size; the tube is pinched and a blowout results. This blowout may not occur until weeks after the fabric is broken.

Use a Goodyear inside protection patch over a fabric break before it has an opportunity to grow. Use the same patch without cement as an emergency repair after a blowout, and use a Goodyear Strap-on Boot on the outside of tire over injury. See your Goodyear Dealer about a vulcanized repair.

CARE OF TUBES. Take care of your tubes. Keep the wheel rim free from rust; keep the inside of casing clean; use enough, not too much, talc; keep the valves clean and tight; keep the air pressure up. Carry spare tubes in Goodyear tube bags; don't allow them to be injured by tools.

It is easy to repair tube injuries with a Goodyear Tube Repair Kit, or Goodyear Self-Cure Patches. Keep a Kit or a small box of Patches in your car.

◊ ◊ ◊

OTHER INJURIES. Chains improperly applied, or kept on after the necessity has passed, cause tire injuries. Driving in car tracks grinds off the side of the tread, and may break the side wall fabric. Unequally adjusted brakes cause rear tires to be worn in spots. When the rubber tread is soaked in oil it soon rots.

It is practically impossible to repair these injuries at home. See your Goodyear Service Station Dealer; ask his advice about a vulcanized repair.

◊ ◊ ◊

Use Goodyear Tires and Tubes. Keep Goodyear Tire Savers in your car. Get them at the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer's. Ask him for the Goodyear Lessons on tire care. Go regularly for helpful advice and tire inspections. This is the way to maximum tire mileage.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Offices Throughout the World

TIRE SAVERS

HEBE

Pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

2 cups tomatoes
2 teaspoonfuls sugar
¼ teaspoon soda
2 cups HEBE diluted with two cups water
2 tablespoons butter
Dash of Onion salt
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Scald HEBE, cook tomatoes with sugar about fifteen minutes, melt butter, rub in flour and add HEBE gradually until all is boiling. Force tomatoes through fine sieve. Combine mixture and add seasoning. This will serve six persons.

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Chicago **THE HEBE COMPANY** Seattle

(Continued from Page 89)

"It don't go with me," Starlow spluttered. "This frozen English way don't do with you Canadians. You've got to be born with it to get away with it. You are in the chilled-meat car and the ice has given out. You may catch the ladies with your smooth tongue, but not Starlow. Oh, no, not Starlow." He shook his head till Roger thought he must shake it off.

"Let it all come out, Mr. Starlow," Roger said with a maddening smile. "You've been storing it up, I see, since I was compelled to take away your pistol and glasses. Pour it out. It will relieve you."

Starlow passed his hand over his forehead and regained some degree of self-control.

"I demand it," he said a little less offensively. "I demand to know if you are courting Miss Lingard." He bent over until his face was within two feet of Roger's, and his fingers straightened and closed and clenched with such force that Roger actually saw the delicate skin on the back of one hand part in a long thin line.

"Don't be a fool," the latter cried sharply. "I took your pistol, and you can't fight with your fists." He pointed to the hand.

The American glanced at the broken skin. "No," he muttered. "I couldn't make good." He sat down reluctantly. "I'm sorry," he said sullenly. "I lost my temper."

Roger nodded. "Why? I have only five minutes."

"About Miss Lingard?"

"I am very curious," Roger said slowly. "I can't think how an American, a stranger, should become Miss Lingard's guardian."

"I haven't handled this right," was Starlow's ingenuous but surly admission. "I am Miss Elliott's guardian."

Roger rose to his feet at these unexpected words. He looked in silence into the eyes of Mr. Starlow, and gravely shook his head. "We cannot discuss all the ladies in the neighborhood in succession," he said with insolent disdain. He turned toward the door. Mr. Starlow bounded up and stood in front of him.

"I am American," Starlow cried. "So is she. She is alone here. She has no one to take her part. I make myself her guardian. Do you hear? I, myself. I've seen you going there, day after day, time after time. And now I'm told you're courting Miss Lingard. Sir, I demand your intentions."

Roger was instantly appeased. Mr. Starlow's methods were bungling, and his manner was offensive, but a chivalrous American idea appeared to guide his action.

"I am Roger Lingard," Roger abruptly announced.

"The missing heir?"

"The missing heir."

"Say, there's been considerable sleuthing for you. What's the idea?" Starlow was eying him with an intent curiosity.

"Some little things to settle up first. You see now that I am an American citizen just the same as you, and just as much entitled as you to appoint myself the guardian of any American young lady. So," Roger smiled pleasantly into the face of Mr. Starlow, "you're satisfied, I hope."

"Pretty near," the other agreed; "but not quite. There's two young ladies, you know."

"One is my cousin," Roger explained; "and she has not the slightest intention of marrying me."

Starlow pondered on this and looked into blank eyes with an amiable grin. "Eight bells and all's well," he cried with an accent of great relief. "Now the lady is off my mind, and you being what you are, you can do something for me if you will." He bit off the end of a black cigar and lighted it up. "She was 3174.6 net tons," he said, "and I was master. She was flying the Stars and Stripes and requisitioned by the Army, working Suicide Lane."

"Suicide Lane?" Roger repeated, questioning.

"Yes, from the Bristol Channel to Brest with coal for the A. E. F. There were thirty-five American steamers at one time carrying coal for our locomotives and bunkers in France. On the morning of the seventh of May I was sitting at breakfast in the cabin. It was a bright sunshiny day and I was on the land side of the convoy, twenty-seven ships in all, just off Newquay in Cornwall, not five miles away. I was putting my fork in my mouth with a piece of salted herring on it when I looked through the porthole. A torpedo was coming, aimed straight at my eye. It seemed ten feet away. There was a yell from the deck. I rushed to the bridge. Nothing happened. The blamed thing, the lookout said, seemed to stop dead. Whether it sank or was diverted we never knew. A second got us. We saw it but we couldn't dodge it. It wasn't a question of getting into boats. The hull just seemed to fall in two parts by the bridge. I fell right into the opening, and I heard the deck jam together again over my head. The next thing I knew I was lying on the beach at Newquay without any skin on either hand—steamed off, somehow, somewhere, as I fell through some broken steam pipes. Within an hour they had me in hospital, and they gave me the new treatment, stuff that made a skin and let a new skin grow underneath. No pain to speak of; oh, wonderful! Then it was here for the hands to harden. I couldn't touch anything for weeks without gloves."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Roger asked apologetically.

"Some little things to settle up first," said Captain Starlow with a grin.

"Any lives lost?"

"A Portuguese fireman, no more. Now I've never sailed blue waters before. I don't know any country but my own. I don't understand the customs here. My father lives in Minnesota. I just want you to look me up. I want you to cable my father. I'm asking you to fix yourself at my expense, so as you can say, 'Starlow is all right. He's got ten thousand dollars stowed away. He's going back in as captain as soon as may be, at two-fifty per month, plus fifty per cent bonus.' "

Roger's growing interest in this conversation was suddenly fanned into a burning flame. "Sounds like you're going to be married," he said.

"You've guessed it." Mr. Starlow's dignified reticence was dropped as a warm cloak falls in the sunshine. "I've got the prize young lady of two worlds," he cried with a proud laugh. "She don't ask about me. She trusts me. But I want her to know. I want her to know through you. She trusts you."

"Ah! Then ——"

"Yes. You couldn't make a mistake. There is only one young lady in the country that measures up to the description."

"Put it there!" Roger cried, stretching out the hand of warm congratulation. "Miss Turle will have some money to put with yours."

"That," Captain Starlow indignantly exclaimed, "cuts no ice."

"Of course it does. I am her cousin, remember. Charity will have this house for her life. I can't give it to her, for the law doesn't allow it. She will have five hundred pounds a year for her life, and the principal will be divided among her children when they come of age."

He knew exactly what to say, Bickley Ryker had taught him that. But Captain Starlow haughtily proclaimed himself fully capable of taking care of his own family, and announced that he accepted no charity with Charity.

Roger laughed and said that was her business.

"It's the custom of the country," he explained, "and you can't prevent her following it." He glanced at the big clock. "I'm off for London," he cried gayly, "and I've one or two things to see to first."

He shook hands again most warmly. "I wish you both every happiness," he said. "Write the addresses. I'll cable."

He ran out, jumped into the waiting trap and just caught the train. From Gloucester he wired a mysterious message to Miss Elliott. "The third time's lucky," was all he said.

XV

DOROTHY LINGARD stood in the gazebo on the wall and sometimes peered through the jalousies down toward Castlechepe, and sometimes up the village street through the leafless branches of the old oak, and sometimes toward the east, where the road still followed the park wall. A hard frost followed by a high wind had prematurely stripped even the oak trees, and the Lingard estate stretched visibly before her in every direction. In an ordinary time those unscreened fields would have delighted Dorothy, whose pleasures were winter pleasures, and to whom open country meant better fox-hunting; but to-day she thought neither of estates nor of horses nor of hounds. Bickley Ryker was to come to her at the hospital at four o'clock, and he must almost certainly pass this way. She was passionately curious. She was sick with fear. The pupils of her eyes were distended, and her breath came and went in gasps which formed cloudlets of white mist in the frosty air. She had thrown him over. For less, far less provocation than that he had once roughly shaken her.

As she flitted from lattice to lattice tensely watching, shivering notwithstanding her heavy furs but not knowing that she was cold, her distracted, disconnected thought sought in vain for the secret of the domination of his passionate, masterful letters. He had said in his first letter to her that he was sorry he had lost his temper and forgotten himself, but he had also said he had great provocation. Her first little note to him had crossed his letter to her. In the note she had expressed humble apologies for insulting the soldiers, and she had been silent about the chastisement she had received. His letter, little humble though it was, had thrilled her; a real love letter, a passionate outpouring dashed off behind the trenches without restraint of thought or word; a letter unjustified by his relations with her, but more than justified by the conditions under which it was written.

So the correspondence had begun. Quickly kindled by his ardor her answers had become love letters. A gallant officer in hourly peril, far away, dim, shadowy, thinking always of her, writing daily to her; a daring correspondent, master of vivid words, baring his heart to her, careless of reticences, forgetting censorships; she had read with a high emotion that he was coming to her.

As the day approached the rapture of romance steadily declined, until at last she saw Colonel Bickley Ryker amid his old surroundings as her father's one-time orderly, and her personal slave and attendant. He had polished her shoes many a time. He had fetched and carried for her. Once in a rage she had struck him in the face with her riding whip. He had saluted, and she had burst into tears and begged his pardon. He had ridden behind her as groom and been ordered abruptly about by her friends. If these memories had thrust themselves in they had been burned in the flame of his letters; but now they would obtrude and would not down.

It was on the morning of his coming that she casually learned that he had corresponded with Charity Turle. This had proved the climax. Charity, like himself, was a descendant of churls. The lady of the manor might even be the successor of the village girl in the affections of Bickley Ryker. She had dashed off a note in which she had said that it was all a mistake and that she trusted to him to return her letters and forget her. Panic-stricken she had prepared for immediate flight, sure of effective protection with the duchess, who would greatly disapprove a marriage with Bickley Ryker. But intense curiosity and thrilling fear held her fast and led her well in advance of the appointed hour to the summerhouse on the wall.

When she had seen him pass and repass after reading the note which he would find at the hospital, she would fly across fields to Minturn, borrow a trap, and drive by byways to Dundry Towers. She wondered as she stood restless sentry in the gazebo what business called him to the village, and why he had written that he must go there first and could not come direct to her from the train. Was it to bid farewell to Charity? What was the expression that people used? She recalled it. Was he going to square the cottager's daughter before his engagement to the lady of the manor was announced? That was the usual thing, she understood, if entanglements existed. Dorothy's fine nostrils quivered with disdain.

She heard a trap approaching. Kellie Hill was passing; another of these strange war products, forced on her by topsy-turvy conditions and the duchess' support. This impertinent Canadian had tried to make serious love to her, and a wasp's sting had spared him a scathing rebuke for his presumption. Had he read the page he had rescued from the decoy pool? Of course. Did he know who wrote it? Probably. That was another reason for hating him. He was the only one who would know that she had gone mad for two months and fancied herself in love with Bickley Ryker. Always interfering, always witness of her moments of temper or weakness, Kellie Hill was detestable. There was no good in anybody for Dorothy in that hour. An automobile stopped beneath the oak tree and Bickley Ryker got out. Her straining eyes peered through the lattice, and her lids were pressed together until she was looking between narrow slits. She admitted his fine bearing, his soldierly carriage; these were now defects to her, for they were the results of his training as a private soldier. He did not look the gentleman, she told herself; he looked only the professional soldier. He glanced up at the oak. Dorothy drew back. She had glimpsed his face. It was radiant, triumphant, its habitual hard expression softened, its smile that of a happy man. She pressed her hand hard over her heart. It seemed that he must hear its beating as he came through the open door in the wall and passed almost beneath her. She followed that erect back with straining eyes until it was lost to sight behind an evergreen tree. More frightened now than ever she put her hand on the knob, resolved on instant flight; but she could not go. A maddening morbid interest, a passionate trembling curiosity, held her. She stood, bending forward, her eyes fixed on the spot at which he must reappear. Yet he could not come for nearly half an hour.

After a time the doctor's automobile came from Castlechepe and deposited Charity Turle beneath the oak. It was not then to bid farewell to Charity that Bickley Ryker had come first to the village. Dorothy would have been more angry could she have known that after seeing Roger Lingard he had motored to a village miles away to spend ten minutes with an old aunt, who was bedridden, who received an old-age pension, and to whom kind poor neighbors often sent in a plate of food from their own sparsely furnished tables.

"Thank you, doctor," Charity's clear voice rang through the frosty air.

"Always glad to give you a lift," the doctor said as he went on. "You make me feel brighter."

Dorothy's lips curled. Her rival? Perhaps. Charity was overdressed for her position. Barmaids in hotels came into some contact with ladies and so learned how to wear their clothes. Dorothy looked Charity over from bitter eyes, hoping to detect the loose end that invariably marked the villager who tried to ape her betters, and she was angry that she could not find it. Charity's fur-trimmed coat was London made, and the fur was real, and Charity's hat was offensively becoming. Dorothy had plenty of time for a minute examination, for the unsuspecting object of her inspection sat beneath the oak tree. For Charity to idle thus on a cold November day was unaccountable, but presently the explanation arrived, for the mysterious American with the white hands came swinging down the street. "An assignation."

The offensive word was murmured contemptuously and an ugly curl came again to the lips as Dorothy saw his face. It held the expression which had dignified and softened that of Bickley Ryker.

"News!" Mr. Starlow called out. "A bunch of it in ten words. What price? What price?"

Charity chided with uplifted finger and a shake of the head. "I don't buy with my eyes shut," she said, smiling.

She moved a little and Mr. Starlow sat very close to her.

"It'll make your mouth open," he said as he put his slowly darkening hand over hers and clasped it.

He looked up and down the road and everywhere but at the silent summerhouse on the wall, then he put his head close to Charity's. "Will you pay?" he murmured.

Dorothy could not hear, but it was sufficiently clear that he was bartering for a kiss. Lovers, and so desperately bucolic that they followed the rustic custom; they spooned beneath the oak. Such was Dorothy's contemptuous thought. Sitting there, so close together, was public notice to the village. It was equivalent to a paragraph in the Morning Post, which cost a guinea, and would ceremoniously read: "A marriage has been arranged," and so on.

Dorothy watched Charity edge away, shaking her head, saw the humility of the baffled lover, and noted his quick acceptance of defeat. Dorothy snorted slightly, elegantly, still it was a snort. Bickley Ryker would not be so easily stopped. These Americans were milksops; Canadians too; Kellie Hill had not once scared her. He had just followed her like a dog. Bickley Ryker would have led. She turned and watched the way whence he must come. She was in a tremor of fear which exquisitely exhilarated her. If he found her anything might happen. He might even kill her. She dwelt on that thought with a quivering delight.

(Continued on Page 96)

AMERICAN CHAIN

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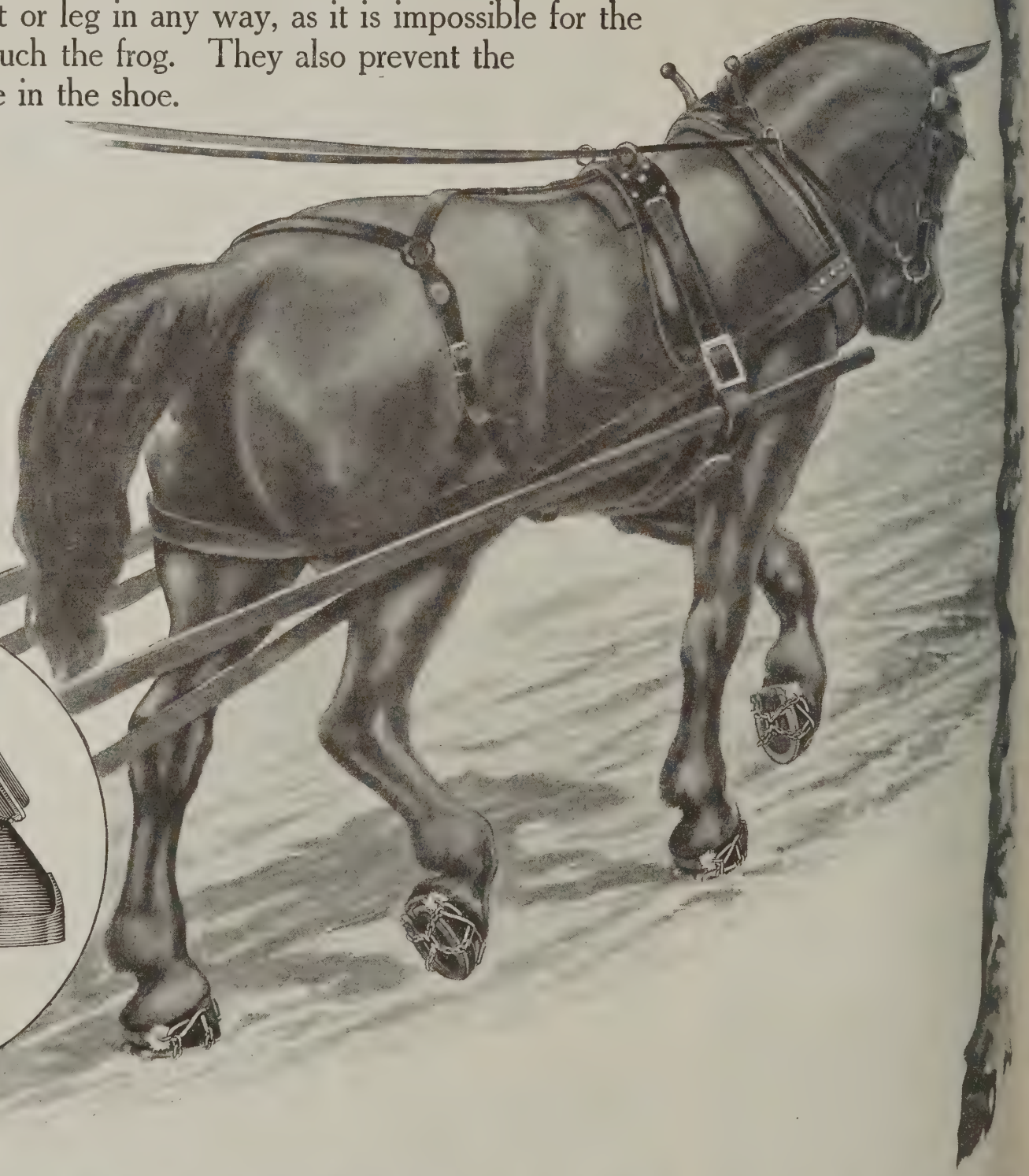

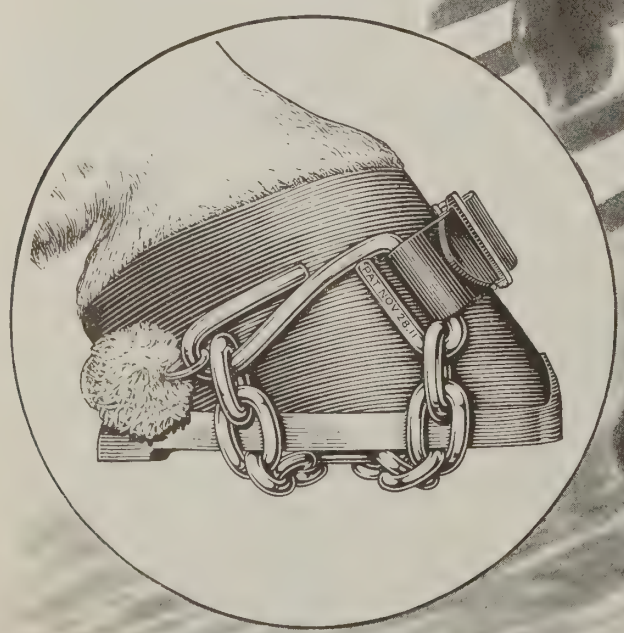

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(Continued from Page 93)

Meanwhile, as she watched, Mr. Starlow, unrewarded, parted with the news which was to make Charity's mouth open. It did, but not in his sense. When Charity heard that Kellie Hill was the missing Lingard she poured out scathing adjectives. Such deceit was mean, sneaking, lowbred, absolutely rotten, contemptible.

"Steady, steady," Starlow said. "What harm did he do? None. What good? A lot. And why was he hiding his name? Give a guess?"

"Did he tell you?" Charity asked coolly.

"No, I'm guessing too. I guess that he had a pretty fine idea. He was giving the Lingard girl her chance, and she didn't take it, so now he comes out in the open. That's the angle I see it from. Yesterday he was after her. To-day he's not."

"She's refused him?" Charity exclaimed sharply. "And he was never in love with her?" Charity's voice was a trifle shrill.

"You've got it," Mr. Starlow agreed.

She turned troubled eyes on him, then she looked this way and that, and seeing nobody leaned her head forward. "Your news is worth two," she said. "Here's one on account." She made a round O of her red inviting lips and Mr. Starlow kissed her with ardent respect.

"You do love me a little? Just a little?" said happy Starlow in a tremulous voice.

"I warned you that you must teach me that," Charity answered as she drew away.

"But you are beginning to learn?"

"There is plenty of time. I like you. We shall get on awfully well together. You shall take me to the States as soon as this war is over, and I'll run a farm, and you'll run a ship."

"You English," Mr. Starlow said with a sigh as he clasped her hand, "are awful restrained."

"We don't bubble over easily," was Charity's answer, "but we play the game."

"You do that," he rejoined. "He wanted that you should have some money from him every year. I told him my wife should be beholden to no man."

Mr. Starlow heard with surprise that he must not refuse. A marriage settlement was a wedding present, Charity explained, and could be accepted from any relative, however distant.

"I shall not come to you empty-handed," she said, and she glanced at him with a kind of pitiful apology which a lover could not be expected to recognize or understand. "I will make you happy," she murmured with a timidity in her utterance quite unusual there; and she let him take another kiss. Then they rose and strolled up the street together.

Dorothy saw Bickley Ryker coming. He was striding along at a great pace, and as he came nearer she saw that his hands were clenched and that an edge of paper projected from one fist. She thought that was her letter. His head was held as high as before, and his shoulders were braced as squarely. And now she could see his face. She had imagined ravages there. A set jaw and eyes sternly fixed on distance; a face of stone with cruel lines; no more, but enough to increase her fear. She quaked, but her trembling fingers, apparently against her will, clutched the hasp. She flung the shutter wide with a bang, and stood motionless looking down on him, outwardly composed, steady, apparently contemptuously fearless.

He glanced and bounded up the steps.

"He will kill me," she thought, and she stood unmoved as he rammed a shoulder at the door and smashed the bolt from rotting wood. She turned like an automaton as he stood before her, and faced him with wide, unwinking eyes whose dilated pupils gave dim vision. He raised his hands. She did not flinch. But they clasped her waist. He drew her to him, held her stifling, and pressed his lips to hers. Her lids dropped. She lay unresisting in his arms.

At length he held her away from him. Her eyes fluttered open.

"No more jokes like that!" he said. His voice was husky. His arms were trembling. She did not answer, and he shook her gently. "No more!" he said with a harsh emphasis.

"No; I am sorry," she murmured.

"Do you love me?" he demanded.

Again no answer. Again he crushed her to him and again once more he asked.

"Yes, yes," she whispered.

He set her down, not too gently, on the seat.

"Look at me," he ordered, and she obeyed. "You were ashamed of me," he said, "when it came to the meeting. Is that it?"

She drew a deep sigh as one waking might, and seemed to find it hard to focus him with her eyes. She nodded assent.

"But you love me, and couldn't let me pass, and opened the shutter."

She shook her head. "I—I—wanted to see what you would do," she said, sitting more upright and coming more to herself.

The answer was so odd, so unexpected that he burst into a harsh laugh. It relieved the tension. Both came slightly nearer normal.

"Now you know," he said. "You're just a kid suffering from war strain, and other strains. Did you know that Kellie Hill was your Cousin Roger?"

"I hate him. No. I don't care who he is."

He bent over her. "If you throw me over and marry him I will kill you. Do you believe that?"

She smiled. "I love you, Bick," she murmured.

He sat by her and put an arm about her and pressed her head to his shoulder. She rested contented, peaceful.

Meanwhile Charity and her lover had found Mary Elliott in the kitchen of the home farm. Captain Starlow with a look of guilt bowed with profound respect. To the salutation Miss Elliott paid no attention whatever. She ignored him. There was exchange of cool greetings with Charity. The two women had hardly met and now each was wondering what the other was to Roger Lingard, and each was fearful lest the other should know of that curiosity. Miss Elliott had made one of her very occasional descents into the village in search of butter—at least she told herself that she sought butter, but her real quest was knowledge of Charity's answer to Roger Lingard's proposal. No one could look so sober as this girl looked, she decided, after having had such a proposal.

Charity was fair about butter, and permitted no personal prejudice to interfere with her distribution of the prized commodity. She would spare Miss Elliott half a pound, she said. When she returned from the dairy she found that Captain Starlow had slipped away, and she came to a sudden decision. If he could not stand up for himself it must be her task to protect him. She wanted a quarrel, anyhow. Everything had gone wrong with her, and she was intensely prejudiced against this aloof and secluded Miss Elliott, who had come into the neighborhood dressed like an actress, had never done a stroke of work, and who made no advances to the village.

"One and threppence, please," she said, handing over the butter. "Why don't you speak to Captain Starlow?"

This blunt question was put aggressively. Miss Elliott's only answer was a slight lifting of her delicate straight brows, and a flash from her surprised eyes. She turned to go.

"I will have an answer," said downright Charity, who stood nearer to the door, her fine shoulders squared and her flaxen head flung back.

Mary Elliott, perplexed, said quietly: "I do not know him. Will you let me pass, please?"

Charity stood like a rock. Miss Elliott fastidiously swept her handkerchief over a chair and sat down. This white handkerchief so used was a red rag to a proud housekeeper. Charity's brown cheeks flushed and the light of battle shone in her eyes.

Mary sat as she had when Roger had thought of her as a stone image. She had the gift of a statuesque immobility; not that of Dorothy, who was obviously always flaming within when she sat so still—but rather that of a dreamer who glides into another world until the trifling vexations of this shall have adjusted themselves.

All the bitter disappointments and disillusions of Charity had come to a climax this day. She recalled the incidental gossip about the visits of Kellie Hill to Farmer Tudd's house. This gossip had a new meaning now that she knew that Kellie Hill had never been in love with Dorothy. She saw in Mary Elliott her successful rival, and she recognized in that rival's calm dignity a class sign. This American girl belonged to the order that she hated and was going to America to escape from; they had them over there, too, then. They had these women who would not fight it out with you, but just shut up inside themselves and let you storm yourself out, and then marched away as though they had won the battle. Mary Elliott was a type to her, just as Dorothy had been and was; and she was the more resentful against the individual and the type because she knew in her heart that Starlow recognized the type and bowed before the individual. He had tamely submitted to this girl's insolent ignoring of him. He had slunk away. To Charity it seemed like desertion of her.

She leaned back against the spotless kitchen table and caught its edges with a hand on either side. Her new engagement ring was conspicuous through no intention of hers. Her stare at her visitor could only be described as rude, but she was no longer repelled by icy dignity.

"If you have a special interest in Captain Starlow, Miss Turle," said Mary Elliott, "I shall be glad to explain." Miss Elliott's voice was soft and her sudden smile extraordinarily cheerful. She looked with an inviting cordiality into Charity's hard eyes.

"We are engaged." Charity's manner was curt, but she was already relenting.

"I hope you will be very happy, Miss Turle." The blithe voice rang out like a bell and it seemed to Charity that this odd girl appeared in an instant to have dropped some years.

"Thank you." Charity accepted these good wishes without enthusiasm.

"There's been a misunderstanding," Mary said. "I thought for a long time that Captain Starlow was watching me. He seemed to be following me about." She burst out into one of those catching laughs that Roger so loved to hear. "He had somebody more interesting to follow," she added. "I suppose that I was nervous and that he and I liked the same walks."

"No." Charity slipped off her cloak. "Loose yours, Miss Elliott, or take it off." The kitchen fire was hot, and the encircling settle shut off all drafts. "He did watch you, and he did follow you. When I got to know him well he had to explain that of course."

"Of course," Mary assented.

She was curious, but only slightly curious. Charity was engaged, that was enough for one day. Roger had played the game through. He had won by losing two girls. It shall be frankly admitted that Miss Elliott in that exhilarated moment said to herself: "It's my turn now."

"Captain Starlow was not trained for a watchdog or a guardian." Charity smiled as she seated herself in front of the fire. She amused herself by unfolding her little story by degrees, warmed by the engaging manner of her visitor, and fighting against a bitter undercurrent of antagonism. If Roger Lingard was interested in this girl why should she, Charity, play the jealous fool and perhaps expose a secret which must now be guarded with a double care? Charity had no thought of disloyalty toward Captain Starlow.

She told how he had been torpedoed and sent here to recuperate, and the vigor and detail of her story brought it all out with a vivid sharpness. She was quietly proud as she proved Starlow one who acted the man when the need came, and she was gratified by the quick perception of her listener. Mary Elliott approved her man.

The kettle boiled. Charity sprang up and proceeded to make some tea. As she measured out the spoonfuls of the stuff which was called tea in that hour of the war she mentioned casually the name of the steamer. "The Mary E.," she said. Miss Elliott turned quickly, her brows lifted in surprise.

"Yes," Charity said; "named after you. The pride of your uncle's fleet."

She ran to the china closet for the cups, and she chuckled as she heard Miss Elliott's following laughter. Oversensitive Charity, acutely sensitive to shades of manner, always eagerly responsive to camaraderie from the cultivated or even from those who could have been and were not, was glad to have opened friendly relations with the reticent girl of the hilltop.

"I read the rest," Mary cried. "My dear fussy old uncle. He said 'Rest at St. Dyfrigs. Miss Elliott will be there. Keep an eye on her.'"

"The very words," Charity said. The two looked at each other, commiserating man for his abysmal stupidity. "Captain Starlow took his orders as he would take a command to keep an eye on the binnacle." Eying Mary she added slowly: "He kept a log of your doings and sent it off weekly."

An exchange of glances, a moment's silence, broken by Charity.

"I stopped it," she confessed, "some weeks ago. I convinced him that you were able to take care of yourself. It was hard. He knew his duty to his owner, he said. I answered that you were not a ship, that you were sailing a straight course, anyhow, and that it was enough for him to watch me. He had to choose. It was love before duty, he said, and walked with me instead of following you."

"You have the sea words pat," Mary commented, a little dryly.

"I know Captain Starlow rather well," Charity said crisply. She had not been able to resist narrating her part in freeing this girl from espionage. It was the impulse of the momentary mood which had forced her to remind weeping Dorothy of the latter's insult to the soldiery. The never-dying bitterness that she was of simple birth was always welling up. "I hope you will forgive him."

"Oh, yes, of course."

It was more pleasantly said than would have been the case if Charity had not been engaged. Nothing else mattered. The two parted shortly. Mary had the butter and the precious knowledge. Charity had a heavy heart and a joyous smile for Captain Starlow when he came that afternoon.

XVI

"THERE!" Roger cried to the porter at the London railway station.

The demobilized porter moved as fast as his healed wound permitted—a tendon was stiff—and took the suitcase of an elderly gentlemen from a taxi. He led this white-mustached colonel of the American Red Cross in Roger's wake, and when the latter halted by a compartment in the train, the unsuspecting colonel was deposited there. Thus it was that by slight diplomacy Roger traveled down with Mary Elliott's uncle.

At the American Officers' Club at Chesterfield House, to which he had been invited by Captain Silas Hankin, of Chillicothe, Ohio, Roger had the night before heard this colonel addressed as Elliott. All Elliotts being dear to him he had listened as and when he could, had caught reference to "my niece Mary," and had heard the train time fixed for the surprise visit to her.

The train was starting as the colonel vociferously demanded American papers, but the girl on the platform shook her head. She had sold out. This was no accident, as Roger had bought the lot. He produced three, offering a choice. The colonel, pleased, nodded thanks to the kind young stranger and selected his favorite journal. He commented as he read, and was further pleased by the deferential acquiescences of this highly intelligent young man. He was excited by a hot newspaper attack on shipowners as profiteers.

"Venomous ignorance!" he snapped, to which Roger assented with a nod. The colonel angrily stroked his stiff white mustache. "My company owned seven large cargo boats," he said. "Four under the British flag were requisitioned by the British Government, three by the American Government. We had no control of them, and nothing to say about them, except to send them when we were told, and furnish the crews. All torpedoed. The lot. Of course they were insured at current values. Of course we got over twice what they cost us. We couldn't replace them. There were no ships for sale. So our doubled capital is in Liberty Bonds, and we have profited greatly by submarine attacks. Could we help it?"

"How could you?" Roger said sympathetically.

"We couldn't, except by refusing to take the money, and why should we make presents to underwriters? All the same—all the same"—the colonel slapped his knee in irritation—"it's a disgusting business."

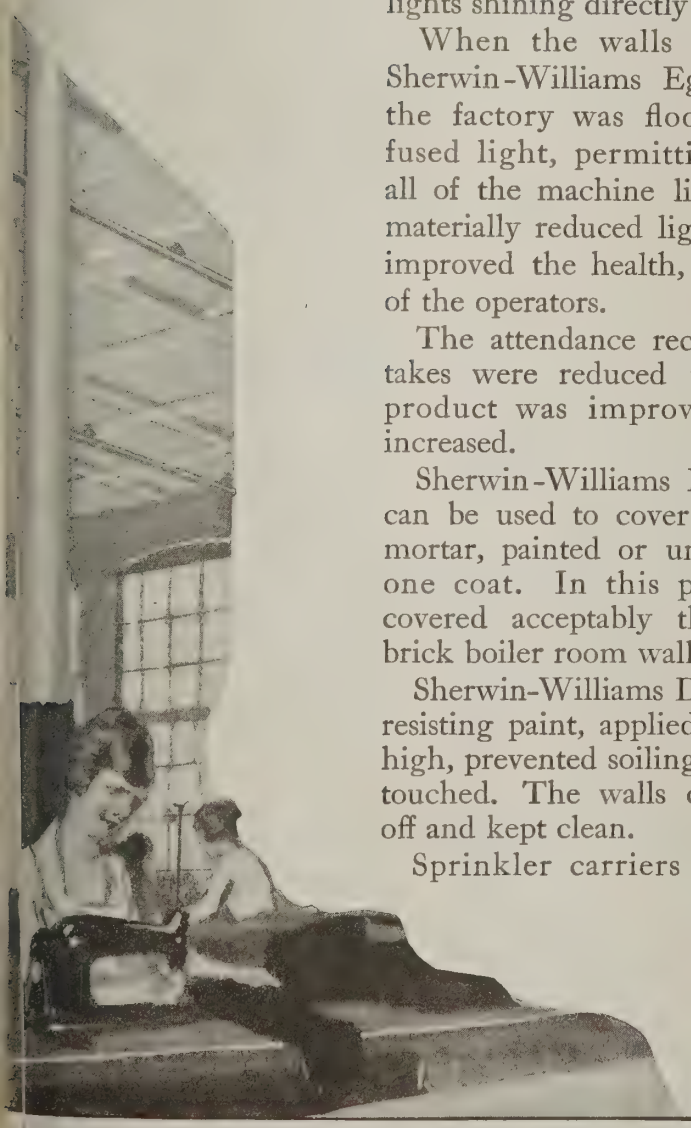
He resumed his reading with a frown. He was a man who had had one of those round, rosy comfortable faces which cheer all to look on except the utter failures and the incurably envious. The face was thinner now and somewhat lined, and the once placid eyes looked strained. The one-time genial calm of prosperity, good digestion and alienation from all petty worries and annoying contacts had given place to a testy skin-deep irritation. Thousands of dollar-a-year men like this one were about doing serious work, honorably performed.

Roger's good luck held. The colonel's cigar case, gently jolted by train movement from the pocket of the heavy overcoat lying on the seat, fell softly to the floor. Roger kicked it under the seat. Presently there was a great searching of pockets. The fuming colonel finally accepted a perfecto, and puffed with astonishment and pleasure.

(Continued on Page 100)

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

Flooding a Factory with soft daylight by means of paint



IN a factory at Newburgh, N. Y., making cotton fabric materials, the operators formerly worked at machines with electric lights shining directly on their needles.

When the walls were painted with Sherwin-Williams Eggshell Mill White, the factory was flooded with soft, diffused light, permitting the removal of all of the machine lights. This not only materially reduced lighting costs, but also improved the health, spirits and efficiency of the operators.

The attendance record was better, mistakes were reduced to a minimum, the product was improved and production increased.

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(Continued from Page 96)

He could not know that Roger had specially stocked a case at the club in preparation for just such a happy contingency as had occurred.

Roger became egotistical. He talked about himself as he had never talked before. He even allowed himself to be persuaded to show his two decorations, the Croix de Guerre with two palm leaves, and the Russian Order of St. George. He reminded the profoundly interested colonel that for political effect a Russian regiment had been sent to the French Front by way of Vladivostok and the Suez Canal; and told how his platoon had been serving on the left of this regiment, and how a chance had come to him to bring in a wounded Russian captain.

"A stroke of luck," he explained. "The Russian commanding officer had authority to decorate, and the wounded man was his aide. So I got overpaid for rather a small thing."

He told how an American boy had happened to join the British Army and gain an estate in England. He had a high wall round it, he said, which was neither useful nor ornamental. He was going to pull down the wall and use the stone toward the construction of thirty houses, each with thirty acres of land. He was going to sell these small farms, he explained, on long-term credits to thirty selected British demobilized privates who had had experience of farming. That would be his contribution toward satisfying the land hunger of the returning soldiery.

Roger's story, badly told, would have interested anybody from its nature; but it lost nothing as it fell ingenuously from the artless lips of a young man determined to make a deep impression on the unsuspecting uncle of Mary Elliott. The colonel's liking for this young American squire who smoked such excellent cigars was openly expressed. When Roger, about ten o'clock—the train had started at half past six—unveiled a lunch basket and displayed a whole chicken and some sliced ham and other things the colonel's liking developed almost into affection. He had breakfasted on coffee and two-day-old bread. Having just arrived from France he did not know enough about food conditions in England to realize that this opportune raven which had brought him meat had achieved a wonderful deed. Only a young man in love would have condescended to such depths of bribery and cajolery as those to which Roger had fallen. The two gnawed half chickens with eager appetites, and the colonel grew confidential.

With a second cigar after lunch his talk became cordially intimate, and finally touched the only topic which interested Roger.

Roger appeared to consider when he heard the name of Miss Ellictt. "I am sure," he said at length, "that I have met her. Isn't she staying at one of my farms?"

"Has she quite recovered?" the colonel asked anxiously.

"Recovered?" A note of surprise marked the accent with which Roger repeated the word.

"They called her the Night-Bombing Cereus," the colonel said with a grim smile. "Five shells in six months on her hospitals. Does she seem all right? Does she look well?"

"Five times?"

"Yes, and the least of them took the front off the hut. Does she show it still?"

"She seemed in perfect health the last time I saw her."

Roger's voice was a trifle shaky. Five times! Shells!

The colonel's anxiety removed, he asked himself audibly and testily what the devil she was staying down there so long for. "You met Miss Elliott at the Duchess of Cloyne's, I suppose?" he questioned.

"No," Roger answered; "casually, that's all. I had to visit the farmer sometimes, and I sometimes saw Miss Elliott."

"She is not a good correspondent," her uncle complained. "And I've missed half her letters, anyhow. Do you know the duchess?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm going there. She was good enough to ask me, though I've never met her. We have friends in common, and they sent me letters for my niece to her."

"Please tell me what happened."

The colonel explained how she had gone in 1915 to the French, armed with a perfect knowledge of their language and a year's technical training as a nurse; how she had been sent right to the Front; how she had been for a time liaison officer between the French and English hospital services; how she had gone back to nursing.

"In March," said the colonel, "she was sent suddenly to a *poste de secours* east of Amiens, a most unusual thing, for the French keep men only at these front stations. The aide majeur and the sous-aide were killed the first night, and her hut was wrecked. Two more such night attacks from invisible skies in two weeks. Then they sent her as *infirmière principale* to Montdidier, and they got her there too. That finished her for the time. They sent her to the Riviera. She basked, as she says, at the Hotel Lamartine, in Nice. She pulled herself together in three months and then went to Nancy, glad to be with Americans. She was head nurse in an evacuation hospital. The second night they got it. She was picked up insensible from its ruins. They put her in the hospital train and she never recovered consciousness in the twenty-four hours to Paris. When I got to her in Neuilly she insisted on coming to a certain fixed preordained farmhouse in Monmouthshire. She had nursed a boy from that house, she said, and he had described his home as a lonely hilltop where larks sang and lapwings whirled. She said these words over and over, and cried. So I wrote to his parents. They were grateful. It was quickly arranged. She was not fit to travel alone, but there was nobody to send."

A long silence followed. Roger seemed to be dozing. He was in reality shocked dumb. He heard the shells bursting, and he saw Mary Elliott picked up unconscious. He knew now why she had wished to escape all reference to war, why at first she had seemed so isolated and indifferent. He thought himself witless not to have guessed, and was ashamed that he had presumed to censure her. When at last the colonel spoke again he heard with indifference the news that peace was in sight, that it might come at any moment.

"I left Paris day before yesterday," the colonel said, "and I have it on high authority."

Roger nodded mechanically. He had heard many things on high authority. He was not impressed.

"Miss Elliott," he said, "has not said a word about herself."

"I had to pledge the farmer to secrecy," the colonel rejoined. "She had the French Cross, you know, and was made a lot of. She was afraid of being lionized."

"She escaped that all right."

The colonel nodded. "I know. One of my captains was convalescing at St. Dyfrigs and he mentioned her name now and again. He doesn't now. I can't understand it."

"Starlow," Roger dryly said, "is going to marry a connection of mine." He handed over another cigar, and the colonel chuckled between puffs.

"I understand now," he said.

He listened, pleased, to a panegyric of Charity Turle. Roger was so eloquent about her that they had almost reached Castlechepe before the subject was closed. He was relieved to learn that the colonel was going on to the next station, which was nearer to Dundry Towers. That opened a chance to warn Mary to expect a visitor, and an opportunity for a talk on another matter vastly more important.

"You've made this journey mighty pleasant, Mr. Lingard," the colonel said as they parted at the station. "I shall never be able to repay you."

"I'm not so sure about that," was Roger's enigmatic exit speech.

Half an hour later, rushing to Mary Elliott, he was stayed at the St. Dyfrigs post office by an apparition. The postmistress, without straw bonnet or false front, her hairless head round and yellow like some Dutch cheeses, swayed and swung her hands and gibbered.

"Peace!" She got the word out and sank to the floor. Roger jumped over her prone body and caught the swinging receiver. The news was official: "An armistice."

He ran down the village street shouting: "Peace! Peace!"

The houses shot their inmates out. Even the old schoolmaster ran. Roger from the bench beneath the oak told them. It was right. It was true. It had come from government. They stood, silent, staring, dazed; not a sound; not a movement. Then Charity's voice rang out, clear, strong. But they never finished the first bar of God Save the King. The women were crying too hard, the men breathing too thickly.

"It's come at last!" Roger said. "It's here. The killing is over. They asked it. They had to ask it. We've won! We've won! We've got ——"

He could not go on. Tamsa James had edged away. She was a widow and her only son had been killed four days before. The little crowd turned, following his eyes. Charity and Nancy Baines went after her and put their arms about her. She straightened at their touch.

"Your son's safe, Nancy," Tamsa said. "I'm glad for ye." She came back with head high held.

"At the hall to-night," Roger cried. "We'll have something doing there."

They cheered and they roared and presently these cheers were for the new squire. Wooden-legged Tim Parfitt and the philosophic schoolmaster were the first to seize him. He was shouldered and carried round and round the oak tree. When he recovered his senses, so to speak, after this gratifying manhandling, the children stood in a row:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light?

They sang a stanza through, and then they clasped hands—children and mothers, and the old and the young and the rheumatic and the cripples—and danced in a circle round the tree and round Roger. But he leaped down and joined them. He was of them, not above them; and besides, as one of them the tears would not show so plainly.

He dropped out abruptly and ran up the street. Peace! And Mary Elliott did not know. Over the stile and up the field and into the larch belt; and then he saw her coming, running down the road.

"Is it peace?" she called.

He stood breathless trying to answer, but he could only nod. He opened his arms and she ran straight into them. He held her fast. Her head nestled back. She rested, panting, her loosened hair hanging over his arm, her eyes closed. His lips touched her forehead, then her lips, but they could not linger; each was still striving for breath. She broke away and stood looking at him from eyes like stars.

"Go to your people," she said jerkily. "You belong to them to-day."

"To-night," he said, moving toward her; but she shook her head. "At the hall."

"Yes—yes! I'll come. I'm of your people now. Go—now."

He could not go. She would not let him come. He stood, chained, exalted, moved to uttermost depths. She backed away, slowly, reluctantly, looking into his eyes all the while, turned at last and sped away up the hill. Her step lagged with her will. She wheeled and waved him to his duty.

When she had vanished Roger drew a deep breath and looked about him as one who wakes from a dream. Afterward in memory he could count the naked larch trunks in the little belt, so sharp was their outline to his quickened senses.

To-night; she was coming to-night. The great hall was to open its portals to peace and to her. That the joy hour of the world should be his also, his special and intimate hour, seemed no wonderful coincidence to him. It was only right that she should come to him amid the splendors of a universal rejoicing, and that peace should come to the world in his moment of exalted glory. He went down through the village feeling sorry for those who could celebrate no more than a cessation of war.

Everyone he met was shy and embarrassed. Some little girls curtsied. Some boys lifted their hats. Elder girls, singing, dropped their voices at his approach. Shouting lads skulked away as he came. He would have none of this. He laughed and talked and joked just as he had when he was Kellie Hill. But for that moment on the hillside he could not everywhere have broken down that wall of class so suddenly erected; but he was keyed to irresistible powers. His happy magnetism brought answering freedom of speech and manner.

By the time he reached the oak tree he had learned that that night was to be a welcome to him as well as to peace. Charity, elastic, charmingly towheaded, excited, rushed by, pausing only to warn him that he was not to be allowed in the hall until eight o'clock.

"My dear Charity, it's peace, not me."

She glanced at him oddly, and flushed.

"You are not exactly a dove of peace," she said, "but we're pretending that for to-night." She bustled off, hunting food for the great supper.

"Lucky Starlow, happy Charity," Roger thought.

Lady Milly Barbour, a fairy swathed i furs, danced up to him in the park an kissed him three times—for Kellie Hill, fo Roger Lingard and for peace.

"Aunty's taken charge and we sha stagger you and the rest of humanity to night," she cried. She hurried away t search country-house attics for bunting an decorations.

At his manor house the duchess astor ished him anew by her buoyant youth an the happy light in her beautiful eyes. He son was safe. She, too, ordered him away

"Come in your parade dress," she com manded, "with your ribbons. Have you speech ready. Have you seen Dorothy?

"Not since I've been Roger Lingard."

"Be patient with her, Roger. Thin what this night must mean to her. Is i true—Ryker?"

He nodded.

"Stop it," she pleaded. "Refuse a settle ment."

"She wants it."

"She wants the bridle. Man to man—t escape a precipice; that didn't mean t clasp a yokel's hand and jump over wit him. Lingard women never did know whe to stop. Protect her, Roger."

"If she says she loves him, duchess ——

"Oh, your sentimental American ideas Run away."

Roger hurried to Lebanon Farm, out touch for the first time with the lovel duchess. She had spoken treason to love i the hour in which it had come to him. Hi eager footsteps hesitated as he scanned th stolid front of the house. Things were di ferent now. Invisible sentinels guarded th portals. He swung round to the back. I peace or war, in love or out of it, a farm house kitchen door is never barred. ruddy fire roared and the sound of th churn came from the dairy. Presently h heard Mary's step on the stone hall floo

She hesitated for an instant in the doo way, glancing reproach; but her eye dropped and she flushed beautifully as h stepped toward her, holding out his arm.

"You should not," she murmured, "bu since you have ——" She lifted a finger t her lips and bent her head, listening. "It one step from the churn to the door," sh warned. A smile flickered as he droppe disappointed arms and retreated a step.

"Mary," he whispered, "I forgot all ran to tell you. I love you."

"I—knew—that."

"And to ask if you love me."

"You—knew—that."

He clasped her. The churn stopped shor He leaped backward. The churn resume

"And to tell you that your uncle can down with me. He is wandering abou Dundry. There's nobody there to receiv him."

"Oh—I'll go."

"We'll go," he corrected eagerly, unfol ing his great plan. "They've barred m from my own hall till to-night. It's a bi welcome to me. You must be in it. Yo must share it. It's for peace and you an me."

Mary's eyes widened. He heard h sharp little inspired breath of delight.

"Oh, my dear, my dear! That hall. Ma I? Could I?"

His arms were almost about her wais A heavy footstep sounded without. It wa only a cow in the farmyard, but the widt of the table was between them before the knew that.

"I think," Mary said with a suppresse laugh, "that you and I could catch th pony." She nodded toward the dairy. "; she knows she'll come and help. Wait i the barn."

He slipped out one way, Mary tiptoe the other. She came to him soon, hatte and cloaked.

"At last," he thought, but a hen cackle madly and a dog came jumping with wil barking.

"A farmyard," said Mary demurely, "; a noisy place."

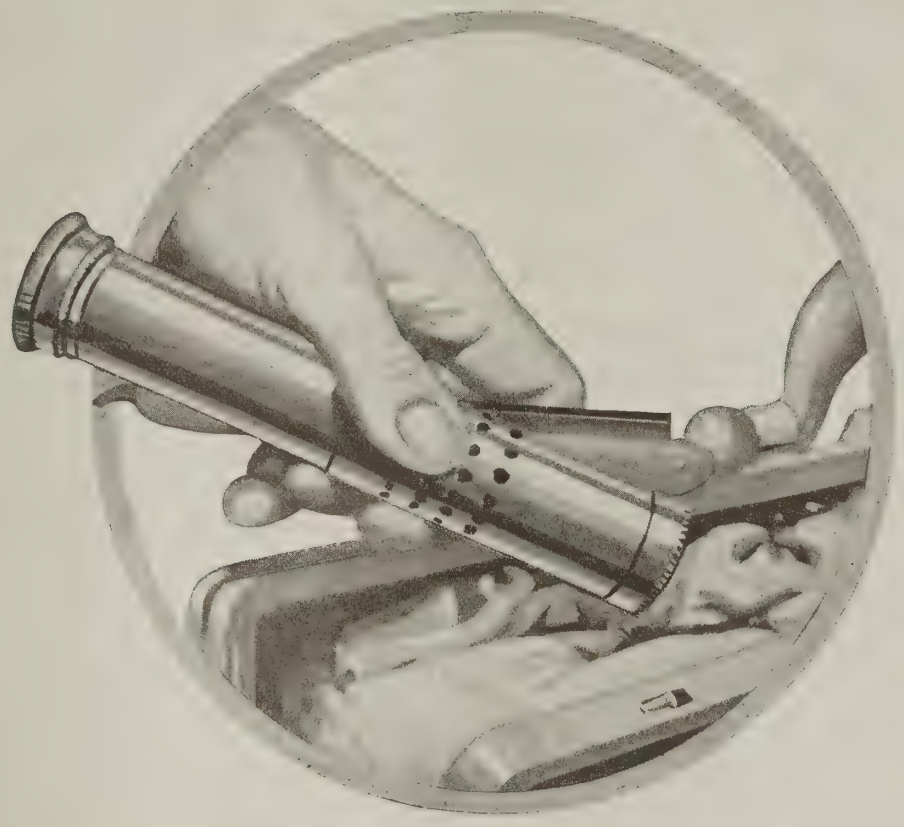
They caught the pony and got away un detected; not that detection matterec but neither wanted to be interrupted b any third person in the world.

"And all the time you've had a letter c introduction to the duchess," Roger said a they drove down Rodney Hill.

Mary laughed.

"If I had crossed fields in French boot with heels three inches high," she said "and jumped stiles in narrow skirts wit eleven lace flounces, and frightened cow with a red sunshade with a jeweled handle and carried my letter in a gold purse an

(Concluded on Page 102)



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WARNER
SHAVING BRUSH

(Concluded from Page 100)

nally got to her with my damp hair hang-
g limp beneath a hundred-dollar Paris
at—she would have thought just what
ou did."

"I—I? What did I think?"

"A soldier came over a hill," she said,
ftly mocking. "He was a hero. He was
ery neat and full of courage. He marched
battle. He overthrew the colt and
umbled into a den of thieves, all heaped
p with glittering knicknacks. And there
the den was a ——"

"Fairy princess."

Mary shook her head. "A mysterious
rbidding young person, all spangled and
essed up."

"Dolled up. Deliciously scented and
eautiful."

"Beautiful, but dangerous."

"Cold, heartless."

"Pardon me," Mary chided, "this is my
ory. And he could not make her out and
thought her deep and crafty, and a—a
enace—yes, a menace to society. And
e girl was mad clear through at his—
ıstere scrutiny. That's rather good. That
escribes it. And at being caught like that,
l dolled up and exquisitely scented! So
e made up her mind to be as disagreeable
she could, and make him fetch and carry,
ıd give him a chance to see the worst of
er, and then to make him like her just as
e was, without any explanations at all,
ıd be sorry he had not understood her at
e very first glance, notwithstanding all
e shining gold things and the shimmering
othes and the French high-heeled slippers
hich he specially detested."

"Oh, oh," Roger cried, "you loved me at
rst sight!"

"I could not say that was not true,
oger," she admitted with a frankness
hich thrilled him. "At any rate, I never
mplained that you stole my butter.

"He tried to probe her soul," she con-
nued. "He asked direct questions, indi-
ct questions, tried everything."

"And learned nothing."

"And all because her kit had been
mbed to shreds and she was taken to
aris with nothing except what she was
ing in, and a new outfit was wished on
er while she was dazed and half conscious,
y a rich and silly old uncle. Oh, Roger,
y dear Roger, what they did to him,
ose people in the Rue de la Paix! And
e commissions those salesgirls got out of
poor old Red Cross colonel! *'Très chic, onsieur,* just the thing for negligée in the
ountry.' And they would hand him a
lood-red tea gown embroidered with gold
ars. And I too ill to know or care; and
hen I opened my trunks here ——"

Mary threw up her hands. "I was going to
ide in the house till I could get some re-
pectable things made. And of course you
ust force my door and bring a colt into
y room and make yourself generally
ffensive. And oh, Roger, I love you!"

Roger glanced about. Some sheep wan-
ered along.

"Where there are sheep there's a shep-
erd," Mary warned sententiously. Then
e said for the second time that she
as sorry to have neglected the duchess.
What will she think of me?" she asked
egretfully.

"You soon had new clothes," Roger said.
Why?"

"Oh, of course you'd ask that. And why
idn't I mix in with the village? And why
as I a shameless idler while everybody
lse worked? And why did I stay here so
ng? Well"—she hesitated for an instant
nd flushed a little—"life was so exciting."

"Exciting?" echoed Roger, smiling.

"Yes. You see—I never knew when you
ere coming."

"You darling!"

"And then suddenly," she gibed softly,
uoting his oft-uttered lamentations, "I
earned that you were the slave of an immemorial past, the inheritor of an ancient tradition, a trustee for posterity, a link in a chain."

Roger laughed. "I don't care now," he said.

"That made life a whirlwind. Then"—her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"one afternoon I was potting ferns and telling you how to win Dorothy. And I knew ——" Her eyes told him but he pressed for words. "I knew that I—that I—wanted to be a scheduled heirloom and go with the estate to the heir. That made life a cyclone."

"An heirloom—you!" he repeated with a mock scornful laugh.

"You had just said it," she reminded him. "You said it of Dorothy—and I envied her."

"But you sent me to her."

"Ah!" She actually paled under strain of recollected anxiety. "It wasn't easy. And to Charity too." She put a hand on his and he felt that it trembled. "I am silly, Roger. I was angry with them because they were so blind as not to choose you." Her little laugh quavered into a sigh. "Each time I was sure I had lost you. But now I'm rewarded." Her voice rang with sudden joy. "I was tempted, dear," she owned. "Perhaps you did not owe it to them. I told myself that you did not, sometimes. I thought—I hoped—that you liked me best. I had my pirate moods. If you had come to me when my heart was flying the black flag I should have tried to capture you. No quarter for them. But now I'm so happy." She drew a deep breath. "It's so wonderful and sweet to have a clear conscience—and to have you."

When a lover hears admissions such as these, where are words for answer? He worships in humility, in dazed wonder that he should be thus exalted.

A bump, a high lifted near wheel—the pair looked into each other's eyes and broke into peals of laughter. Pony and cart were on the grass by the lane side, the pony contentedly browsing, the cart perilously tilted. They glanced backward and ahead and into the fields; but there was none to see how love had nearly spilt them in a lane.

"Roger!" The staccato intonation was one of distress.

Roger had a vagrant recollection of Dorothy stung by a wasp and felt a fleeting furtive inclination to laugh anew. Such tricks the mind plays in supreme moments.

"Oh, it's Dorothy's night," Mary wailed. Her under lip quivered in a manner which would have been thought impossible by those who had seen her under fire.

The eager lover instantly saw her drift. "She has Ryker," he said vehemently. "He'll be sure to come."

She shook her head. "Her only chance to be queen of a Lingard festival—her last chance—Roger." Her tone was piteous. "I can't go. No, I shan't see you come into your own. . . . No, no, I say. Please don't tempt me. Let us end it beautifully for her, dear. . . . You know better. If the bride goes the cousin is not even a dimmed star; she's quenched. To have shared it with you ——" The words trailed to a sigh.

Eloquent appeals, stormy reproaches, finally masterful commands; then she laughed.

"We are a couple of kids," she said. "There'll be the wedding to console me. Dorothy's night is to-night. Oh, do you think I could go and not be at your side? Would you mind much if I asked you to walk back alone—now? We might meet my uncle. He may drive over. He can't be trusted. He's a dear, but he would ask everybody about you, and his kind old eyes would glisten, and he would talk about his little girl, and if you reminded him that I had seen active service and he hadn't he'd say: 'Bless you, yes, but that doesn't make her a judge of men. Women must be sheltered.'"

Her mimicry was so ludicrously perfect that Roger had to laugh. He got down without protest. She was so generously right that he could but yield.

"The proudest and happiest girl in the country will be there only in spirit," Mary said as she leaned over the side of the trap and looked love into his eyes. Her last words were: "Make a lot of Dorothy."

That night an astonished Mrs. Tudd heard with dismay that Mary was not going to the great celebration.

"But your uncle, miss," she protested. "He left word as he would meet you there. He came from Dundry by train just to go there."

"Serves me right," Mary said, "for keeping away from them all."

"And who'd a better right to a long real rest?"

"I've not shared their troubles. I cannot share their pleasures. I should be cold-shouldered."

"There's one shoulder ——" Mrs. Tudd began.

"Oh, of course, uncle ——"

"Uncle!" Mrs. Tudd repeated disdainfully, but Mary had disappeared.

Later Mary heard from Mrs. Tudd of a pointed door in a tower, of a corkscrew stairway which led to the hidden forgotten minstrel gallery, perched high at the east end of the hall. Mary leaped for the dresser which held the despised French gowns, and sniffed with joy the faint scent of their violet sachets.

At eight o'clock three old fiddlers struck up a tune. It welcomed Mary in her ghostly gallery as well as what Tim Parfitt called the march of the élite. The notes of The Conquering Hero were lost in a cheer from a hundred throats which reverberated and echoed from the wide walls and timbered roof. The Duke of Cloyne and Charity Turle—Mary leaned forward, not believing, yet so it was—led the entering procession, and next came the lovely duchess on the arm of Colonel Elliott.

Mary's eyes shone as she shouted with the crowd below. "Roger has broken the slate," she murmured, by which she meant that he had smashed the table of precedence into fragments; and so he had, after a fierce fight with that democratic aristocrat, Tim the Cobbler, ex-footman and master of ceremonies. Fifty couples, including all the convalescent officers, all the nurses, people from neighboring estates, officers from Castlechepe, their wives and daughters; they filed in and formed a lane, clear across the hall to the red-carpeted dais on which stood two gilded chairs like thrones with arms which ended in ferocious carved and gilded boar heads.

At Roger's entry the cheering was frantic. He stood bewildered, embarrassed. Mary's heart bounded. "Poor Roger!" She smiled as the calm Dorothy steered him along the living lane. She knew that Dorothy was doing this by the position of her elbow. "She does it better than I could," Mary thought. "And she looks like a princess."

Mary laughed out loud—there was none to hear—as Roger obviously shied at the dais and the thrones, and she clapped softly as Dorothy seated herself, clasped her hands lightly in her lap and graciously surveyed the throng.

"Oh, splendid!" she said under her breath.

Dorothy understood ceremonial. In her heart Mary felt that it was a little overdone for the changed times, but the flame of self-renunciation burned so fiercely that it made ashes of criticism. She followed Roger's eyes as he looked at the decorations on the grim walls. She saw him turn to Dorothy and obviously draw her attention to the great stone chimneypiece.

Mary was sure that he was speaking of the American flag which floated on one side. She rose and saluted it, and the Union Jack, and the banner which bore the red boar's head on a white ground. She thrilled with pleasure before this sanguinary oriflamme of the house of Lingard which conspicuously hung among the faded rotting bannerets of Crécy and Poitiers and Navarre. She dropped into medieval musings and pictured Roger in shining armor looking up at her from below as she bent far over and flung a love guerdon from the minstrel gallery to his feet.

The glamour quickly faded. Her knight was now in khaki, mud-covered, haggard, spent; and she was in nurse's dress, bending over him. She opened her eyes and looked down over the floor with a new vision. It was very pretty and she was very glad for Roger, but it was pageantry, after all. No one had come there in eager loyalty to swear fealty or to pledge services to a new lord.

"And who thought they had?" She laughed at herself and watched them all presented by Tim Parfitt one by one, the oldest tenant first, then other yeomen farmers and their wives, the schoolmaster—without his pipe—cottagers, laborers, the postmistress in her wig, and last of all the fat lady from the turnpike house with her great cameo breastpin. Mary drew a deep breath of pleasure when Roger stepped down from the dais and met them all from a level floor. It seemed pathetic to her that Dorothy sat still and shook hands from an elevation. Roger understood; it was a reception, no more, and he was the guest of the evening; Dorothy would never understand.

She was glad to see how attentive he was to Dorothy and how careful he was that she should have all that was due, and more. When dancing began she smiled. Roger wanted to enjoy himself. Dorothy evidently wished to be stately. The couple disappeared beneath the gallery and Mary turned her eyes to her uncle, who was gallantly dancing with Lady Milly. She saw him stand still and look down in surprise at the upturned fairylike face. She could not guess that he had said with labored unconsciousness: "Captain Starlow has written sometimes of a soldier named Kellie Hill. Is he here?" Mary wondered why the couple sat down and what interesting story Lady Milly was telling.

A voice—Roger's; Mary made a leap for the door and gained the landing as Roger and Dorothy entered the gallery from the other side. She had not known that a second stairway ascended direct from the hall. She corkscrewed upward, careless of dust, feeling her way. She could hear their voices, but not their words. Five minutes passed—the time seemed thrice as long—and then they came out below her.

"Yes," Dorothy was saying, "I shall marry him. He's very exciting. I hate him when he's away, and when he's here I am so afraid of him that I love him."

She heard Roger descend, sniffing, sniffing all the way, and Mary was quite sure that he was not weeping over Dorothy's perplexing ideal of love. She went back to her seat with a heart beating fast. She hoped that her scent had betrayed her.

When five minutes later she heard sly muffled footsteps she pretended absorbed interest in the scene before her. When a pair of hands were softly pressed over her eyes she did not start. When an unnaturally gasped-out word "Guess!" was hissed into her ear she swallowed a lump and forced a broken murmur: "I can't think."

When her eyes were released she did not open them. When her head was slowly drawn back and an arm encircled her neck she nestled. When a pair of lips were pressed on hers she had no measure for time.

Roger took for all that he had missed that day.

(THE END)

COPPER DAN IMBIBES

(Continued from Page 13)

furious pace northward into the hills. he Bob, hostler and confidential man at irley's Maud S. stables, was driving. Twenty minutes later, having found the ary G. untenanted and unguarded, Con-, armed with a .45 revolver and a dark ntern, was being lowered in a mine cket to the bottom of the fifty-foot shaft. b the hostler waited, alert for every vement in the dark chaos of shaft uses which fringed the hills. But no one ved except a watchman patrolling his at along the dump of the Red Leg a arter of a mile above. Then he was iled softly from below, and gently—so as t to exaggerate its creakings—he wound the winch. Connie and the cket emerged.

"It's dead true!" whispered nnie as he stepped out. "Get em horses started and pound 'em the back."

But as they rounded a turn of e road below the Red Leg two nterns flashed from a growth of ub pine, two figures stepped out o the road and a voice exclaimed rply, "Halt!"

Bob the hostler, seeming to make uick calculation—as men must eds do in that period of the est—that footpads do not carry nterns, pulled his two champing ys to their haunches. The lantern at revealed the bearded face and gleaming official badge of Lute comber, head mine guard at the d Leg and adjoining Force prop-ies, himself a coagent with Connie he purchase of many a promising im.

'Oh, it's you, Connie!" he ex-imed. "You poor pizen fool, ı ought to be carryin' lights on ight like this!"

'What's the matter?" inquired nnie shortly and in a tone of ir-ıtion.

'Ore stealin's the matter!" re-d Lute. "That's what's the tter! Four sacks from ——"

'Well, keep your troubles to urself! Iain't stealin' ore," re-d Connie. "Pound your mules the back, Bob—wait a minute ugh!" He leaned over and pped his voice to a confidential e. "For the sake of Moses, e," he said, "put one of your on guard at the Mary G. per Dan has struck it and no-y's at home. I've been down a look myself."

ute whistled.

'Meanin'?" he inquired.

Meanin'," replied Connie, "he nks he's keepin' it all to himself r he's gettin' drunk at the Ari-a House. It's to-night or never Martin W."

'You don't say so!" began Lute. t the rest of that sentence was on the nipping mountain breeze ob, responsive to Connie's com-nds, plied the whip.

nd now through the abundant, aboyant, bubbling life of Coro-o Camp, newly rich and madly ding, three or four currents lestiny were flowing together. ly were to meet before the int was done and thereafter ything was to move with the ainty of a Greek tragedy—or edy.

rom the hills came Connie the bar-er and Bob the hostler, driving their board like mad. Down Main Street ro the Bella Union to the Maison Riche rle Martin W. Force, the observed of l observers. Behind his back old settlers ve nudging tenderfeet and newcomers n exclaiming, "That's him!" From the abling room to the bar of the Arizona se moved Tom Curley and Copper a, already established in a warm alco-ol friendship.

om Curley seemed to be doing his job ve even artistically. According to in-tions his man appeared to be drunk ut not too drunk—just up to the proper, ay, talkative, expansive edge.

nally Jim Hanford, soldier of indiffer-nt fortune, was drifting from resort to st in the general direction of the Arizona se. A roving eye had this Jim Hanford, expressing the flaw in an otherwise commendable character. But that eye by now was growing set, morose. He had simply been doing one and the same thing too long for the general health of his soul.

And under the hills—but the hills always keep their secrets.

Now, Connie sat in the star apartment of the Maison Riche in close consultation with Martin W. Force. Spilled out on the black walnut of the center table was a little heap of carbonate ore, which as they pawed it over ran under their fingers like sand.

"Make your play for him now, boss," said Connie, "before he sobers up. He knows well as anything that the Red Leg was capitalized for three million and he knows carbonates. Got to be done to-night."

"Boss," He Said in a Low Confidential Tone, "Looks Like Copper Dan Schultz Had Struck it in His Mary G. Claim. He's Loaded To-night"

"I guess you're right," mused Martin W. "Sure his title's clear?"

"Dead sure," replied Connie. "How much ready cash you got in there?" He jerked his thumb toward the open door of the adjoining room, where the light from the doors of a stove illuminated a small iron safe.

"Could scratch up between thirty and forty thousand," said Martin W.

"Anything looks good to them," said Connie in the tone of a specialist diagnosing a case, "when they're loaded—especially if it's ready money. Part of it in gold? All right. That helps!"

"Of course I don't show my hand," said Martin W.

"Of course you don't," said Connie. "Drunk or sober, if he smells you in this he'll want millions. I buy it and transfer. Usual arrangement. 'T won't appear I'm your agent."

"O. K.," said Martin W. Force. "Where are you going to take him for your little operation?"

"Better get another room on this floor," said Connie. "Tom Curley and I will want to be close to you and the stuff."

"Cut your wolf loose," said Martin W., thoughtfully fondling his red necktie.

Shortly thereafter a confidential bell boy from the Maison Riche plucked Tom Curley by the sleeve as he stood at the bar of the Arizona House and handed him a note.

After a discreet pause Tom said to the exultant Copper Dan, who was ordering another round of drinks, "Lil game goin' on up to the Maison Riche. Private room! Frien' o' mine. Come on!"

An observer might have noticed that the speech of Tom Curley when he talked a few minutes before to the bell boy had been exact, incisive, and that now it was thick, uncertain.

"Whoa, Emma!" replied Copper Dan cheerfully.

"Back up an' take fresh start! Lucky to-night! I'd 'a' busted faro bank if you lemme. Bring on your lil game!"

Babbling hints that his luck had turned in every direction, Copper Dan weaved along beside his new-made friend into the web spun by Connie the bartender.

After a genial quarrel over the stakes, which Copper Dan wanted to make inordinately high, they settled down happily, expansively, to the game. Dan, as Connie the bartender did not fail to note, was growing uncertain in his movements and hazy in his mind.

In the course of this preliminary passage Connie was the winner, and Dan, betting recklessly, correspondingly lost.

"Looks like your luck was turning," remarked Connie the bartender as he gathered in the cards for a fresh deal. "You've been talking a heap about your luck."

"'S' all right about my luck," said Copper Dan in the raucous gargling voice of the drunken. "Can't change my luck with a lil card or two. Nossir! Luck's here, all righty!"

"Well," said Connie, "you've been hinting and suggesting about your luck all this evenin'. If you think you're lucky after this here exhibition of poker you've got to prove it to me."

"That's right," babbled Tom Curley. His voice was thick, where Copper Dan's had a gargling effect. "Come across now! Show us!"

An expression of triumph mixed with cunning illuminated the features of Copper Dan.

"I can't show you, can't I? Betcher bottom dollar I'll show you!"

After three or four vain stabs Copper Dan's right hand reached to the depths of his pocket and out came his handful of black dirt.

"What's that—bird shot?" inquired Connie.

"Richest lil old bird shot you ever did see!" said Copper Dan—"carbonate bird shot out of the good ol' Mary G."

"Lucky old horse!" exclaimed Tom Curley. "Good ol' Dan! Struck it myself las' week, Dan. Put it there!"

But Connie was poking the specimen with his finger critically.

"Well," he said, "there's carbonates and again there's other carbonates. And there's veins and there's also pockets."

"This ain't no pocket," replied Copper Dan, speaking more clearly as though argument had pulled him back to sobriety. "An' she assays—you bet she assays!"

"Have another drink," said Connie, pouring the appropriate libation from a brown bottle.

Tom Curley, leaning back in his chair, caught Connie's eye and with an infinitesimal gesture indicated the cards. As Connie jerked them accurately, professionally round the table he noted with the eye of experience that Copper Dan's jag was entering upon another phase. He was growing sleepy. As he reached for his hand his head jerked forward in a quick nod. Connie was unlearned in science; he had never heard of hypnotic suggestion. But he was a practical psychologist and he knew from long experience with several crooked trades that the moment when he begins to go to sleep is the moment when a drunkard is often wax in your hands.

"Dan," he said softly and in a monotone, "I'm thinking of buying out your Mary G."

Copper Dan pulled himself with a jerk out of sleep and stared vacantly.

"Hell you are!" he said, and his eyes began gently to close again.

"If you'll take a chance."

Upon this Dan's eyes slowly opened.

"I'm the boy that ain't afraid," said Copper Dan.

"Always takin' chances—good old sport!" exclaimed Tom Curley, keeping up the impersonation, though Dan's condition rendered such a course unnecessary.

Connie the bartender rose softly as Dan's eyes drooped again. He passed through the door into the hall. Tom Curley sat immobile, his hand on his cards. A minute later Copper Dan jerked awake.

"Why ain't we playin poker?" he asked.

"Because you're sellin the Mary G. claim to Connie," replied Tom Curley.

(Continued on Page 108)

Dear Emerson — We're yours Exclusively

(Important Announcement: Arthur Fields, and "Irving and Jack Kaufman" have signed contracts which guarantee to the Emerson Phonograph Company exclusive right to their services in recording song-hits.)

Arthur Fields

Kaufman Bros.
(IRVING *and* JACK)

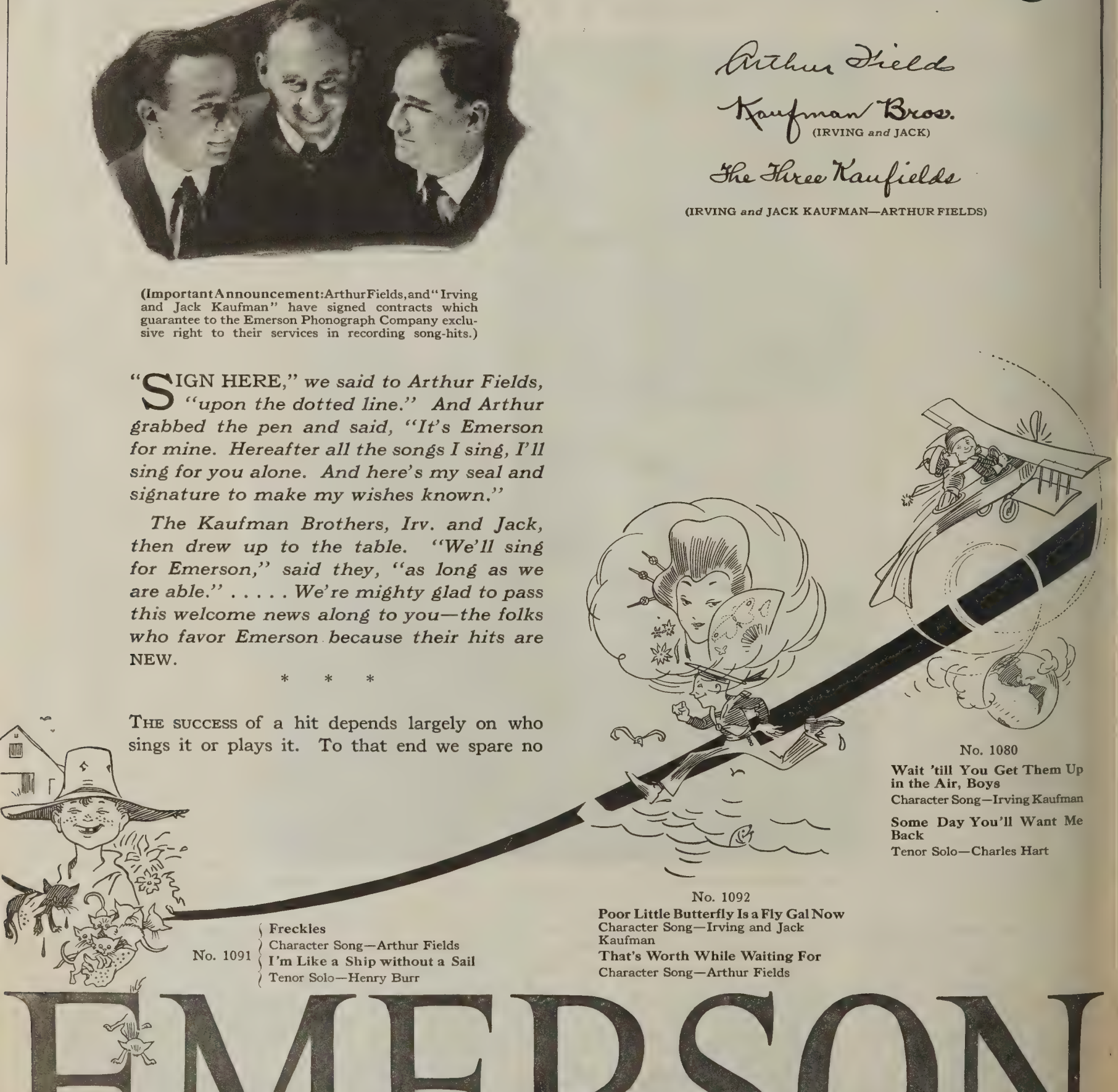
The Three Kaufields
(IRVING *and* JACK KAUFMAN—ARTHUR FIELDS)

"SIGN HERE," *we said to Arthur Fields, "upon the dotted line." And Arthur grabbed the pen and said, "It's Emerson for mine. Hereafter all the songs I sing, I'll sing for you alone. And here's my seal and signature to make my wishes known."*

The Kaufman Brothers, Irv. and Jack, then drew up to the table. "We'll sing for Emerson," said they, "as long as we are able." . . . . . We're mighty glad to pass this welcome news along to you—the folks who favor Emerson because their hits are NEW.

* * *

THE SUCCESS of a hit depends largely on who sings it or plays it. To that end we spare no

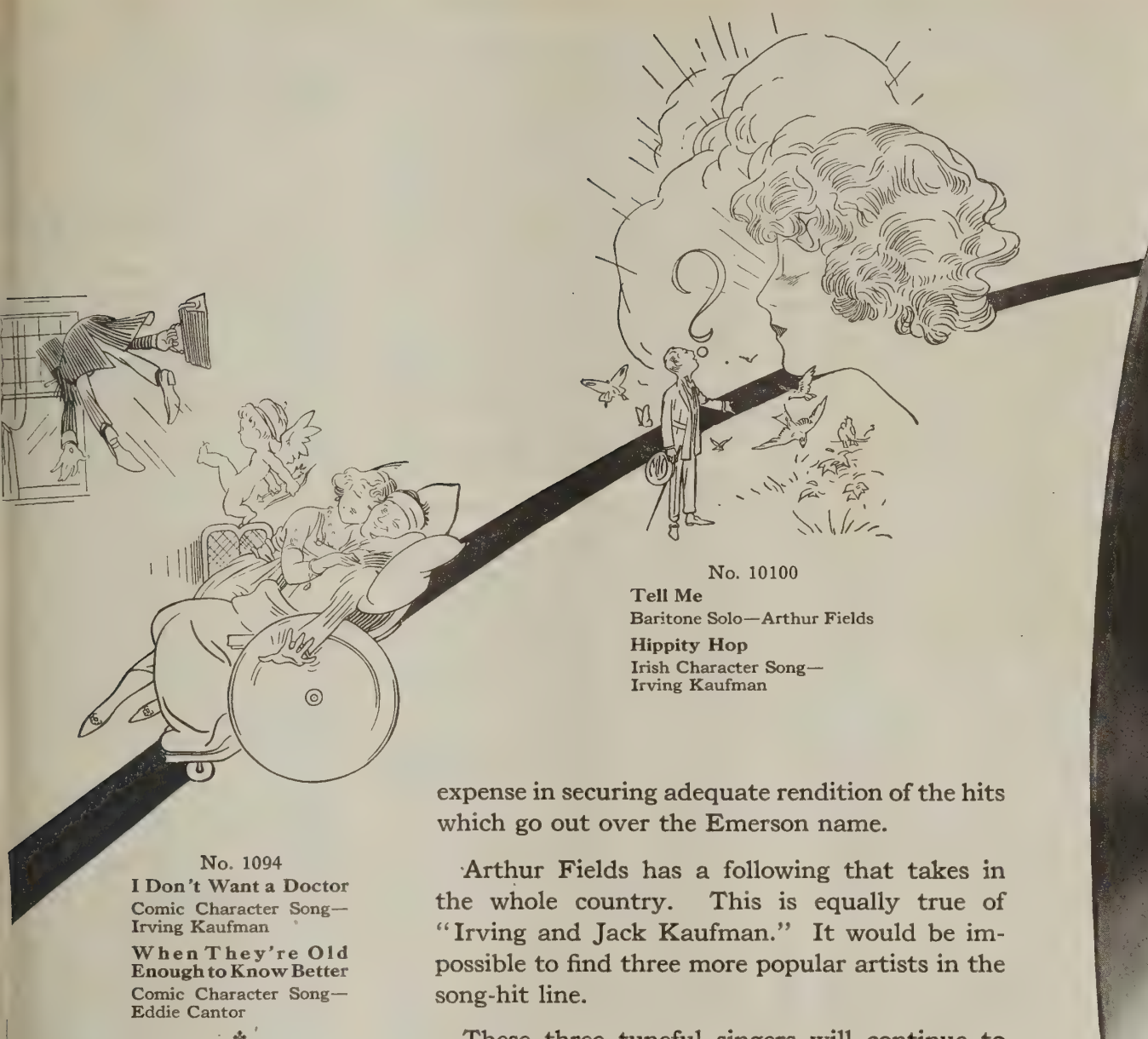


No. 1091
Freckles
Character Song—Arthur Fields
I'm Like a Ship without a Sail
Tenor Solo—Henry Burr

No. 1092
Poor Little Butterfly Is a Fly Gal Now
Character Song—Irving and Jack Kaufman
That's Worth While Waiting For
Character Song—Arthur Fields

No. 1080
Wait 'till You Get Them Up in the Air, Boys
Character Song—Irving Kaufman
Some Day You'll Want Me Back
Tenor Solo—Charles Hart

EMERSON



No. 10100
Tell Me
Baritone Solo—Arthur Fields
Hippity Hop
Irish Character Song—
Irving Kaufman

No. 1094
I Don't Want a Doctor
Comic Character Song—
Irving Kaufman
When They're Old Enough to Know Better
Comic Character Song—
Eddie Cantor

✣

No. 1093
There's a Lot of Blue-Eyed Marys
Character Duet—Irving and Jack Kaufman
I Cannot Believe I Lost You
Tenor Solo—
Pinckney

✣

No. 1060
In Miami
Male Trio—The Three Kaufields
I Wanna Go Back
Tenor and Baritone Duet—
Irving and Jack Kaufman

expense in securing adequate rendition of the hits which go out over the Emerson name.

Arthur Fields has a following that takes in the whole country. This is equally true of "Irving and Jack Kaufman." It would be impossible to find three more popular artists in the song-hit line.

These three tuneful singers will continue to record the big hits of the day, weaving into the records they make, in their own well-known, delightfully individual ways, the original material for which they are so famous.

Not far from you is an Emerson dealer. This dealer is a good man to know. His stock of popular hits—both song-hits and dance-hits—is up-to-date, and he is always glad to play for you any selections which you may wish to hear. We cordially invite you to hear at your earliest opportunity, these new Emerson song-hits by Arthur Fields, "Irving and Jack Kaufman" and "The Three Kaufields."

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO., INC.
Makers of Large-Size Gold Seal Records.

Also records in foreign languages.

The new Emerson Records "Measure up"—full 10-inch diameter. A big money's-worth—a big Music's-worth!"

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RECORDS

(Continued from Page 105)

"Did I say I'd sell Mary G.?" inquired Copper Dan sleepily, casually.

"You sure did!" replied Tom.

Copper Dan's eyes fluttered asleep, then momentarily awake as Connie the bartender entered with two buckskin bags and a roll of bills.

He emptied the bags on the table. Clattering twenty-dollar gold pieces ran in a yellow flood, curved on their own edges in glittering circles. He slipped the rubber elastic from the roll of bills, made green and yellow patches with them on the turkey-red cloth of the table. Dan's eyes, remaining open as though with effort, dully regarded this display of wealth.

"Sellin' out for all that money?" he asked.

"Sure you are!" replied Connie.

"Dunno I ought to sell," said Copper Dan. "Wanna go to sleep now."

"You said you would," expostulated Tom Curley softly. He had now dropped the impersonation. "Be a good sport."

"Count it, Tom," said Copper Dan, his eyes drooping again.

Tom Curley made heavy clattering business of pawing over the gold.

"More than thirty thousand dollars," he announced.

"'Zat enough?" inquired Copper Dan, waking almost painfully.

"It's what you said you'd take," replied Connie. "You're square, Dan."

"A' right—shovel the money over me," muttered Dan. He tried to laugh at his own joke, but brought out only a weak uncertain chuckle.

Connie waited no longer. From the top bureau drawer, where they had been awaiting this moment, he produced pen, ink and two legal instruments of transfer filled in, all but the signature.

By them, in consideration of thirty-one thousand dollars duly in hand paid, the party of the first part gave to Cornelius J. Cotter, party of the second part, and to his heirs and assigns forever, all claim to the Mary G.

Copper Dan, gently shaken into wakefulness, was allowed to make experiments in handwriting on a blank sheet of paper before he affixed his signature. Considering his condition, the signatures to both papers were remarkably steady. By the time Tom Curley had signed as witness Dan had gone finally, definitely to sleep. His arms on the table, his head on his arms, he was snoring heavily.

Leaving Tom Curley on guard, Connie went downstairs to the hotel office and procured a room on the same floor. To it they carried Copper Dan, now inert, floppy. They deposited him on the bed, put beside him his money and his duplicate deed of transfer and gently closed the door upon him. When they returned to the room where Copper Dan had played his little game, Martin W. Force was awaiting them. He was smiling almost genially—and Martin W. seldom smiled.

"Well, you landed!" said Martin W.

"I ain't sure, boss," said Connie as one deprecating praise, "but we could 'a' got it a lot cheaper. Bet I could 'a' made it for ten thousand."

"That's all right, boys," said Martin W. generously. "A likely figure is better. If he wants to fight in the courts he'll put up a howl that he was drunk when he did it. Heap of good that will do him. But anyhow thirty-one thousand will look better than ten thousand. Even if it's a pocket it's probably worth more than that net. If it's a big body of ore—well, you remember the Red Leg."

"I'll fix up the transfer later," said Connie the bartender.

"That's all right," responded Martin W. easily. "Tom, you just drive up and see the claim is watched to-night. And tell the day-shift boss at the Red Leg for me, when he comes on in the morning, to put a force to work on her—heeled.

"Connie, you stick round town. If Copper Dan shows any leaning toward gun plays when he sobers up, you two fellows may have to lay low for a while. Call me if anything new comes up."

So Martin W. and his triumphant lieutenants parted company for the night. His stolid blond countenance entirely unilluminated by the joy which shone within, Connie strolled back to the Arizona House. Midnight was approaching, but Main Street still ran full. Saturday night was rising to its diapason, its climax.

And lo, as Connie stood before his own bar indulging in pleasant conversation, there appeared at the street door Lute Macomber, night guard at the Red Leg, walking at a tense gait which betrayed nervous excitement. He saw Connie and strolled to his side.

"Quick, Connie!" he began, then checked himself. "Get to a private room, quick!" he added in a lower tone.

No sooner had the door shut on the babble of the Arizona House bar than Lute Macomber burst out: "Where's Copper Dan?"

"Rolled and trimmed—sleeping it off in the Maison Riche. But I landed him!" added Connie, a momentary expression of triumph lighting up his countenance, usually so stolid. "Put your peepers on this!"

He drew out the bill of sale of the Mary G.

Unaccountably the sight sent Lute back against the wall as though someone had struck him in the face. Unaccountably he burst out: "There go both our jobs, you damn—you damn tenderfoot!"

"What's eatin' you?" inquired Connie calmly if a little apprehensively.

"Salt!" cried Lute, raising his voice and then lowering it in the interest of secrecy. "You don't know salt when you see it! You've loaded Martin W. with a salted mine!"

Connie stood, his eyes staring, his mouth open, as Lute went on: "Salted with the ore he stole from the Red Leg—this here Copper Dan. When I put the guard on the Mary G. I found a piece of one of our Red Leg sacks stickin' out of the dump. I had the boys lower me to take a look. There was our four sacks of carbonates—the ones that was stole from us last night—spread all over the bottom. I scraped through to rock in two minutes. Salted his mine, this Copper Dan, with the ore he forked from the Red Leg. You mean to say you went down and examined it? Where do you come from—the East?"

Connie's face resumed its stolid clifflike expression. His emotion seemed now to take him in the legs. He sank slowly into a chair, then suddenly bounced upright.

"Come on!" he cried. "Got your gat? Come on!"

"Where now—to another little pasear in the loco weed?" inquired Lute sarcastically.

"To the Maison Riche. I left him dead biled in Room 46 with the money—thirty-one thousand. Before he wakes up ——"

"Thirty-one thousand!" said the cynical Lute. "I'm betting he's about as much drunk as you are wise. We won't neither of us dare to stay in this man's camp after Martin W. gets onto this," he added pessimistically. Nevertheless, he shifted his side arm to a convenient position for rapid operations and followed.

As they entered the Maison Riche the night clerk, standing behind his little quarter circle of a desk, crooked his finger gently at Connie and Lute, who sidled over to the desk.

"Say, Connie," remarked the night clerk, "I thought your friend in Room 46 was dead biled. You said so when ——"

"Well, ain't he?" inquired Connie impatiently.

"He wasn't when he went out of here about a half an hour ago," said the night clerk. "He was all dressed and walkin' straight. Thought you'd like to know," he added with an understanding glance.

Lute grunted under his breath. Connie kept his stolidity of expression. He even controlled his voice as he asked, "Was he carryin' anythin'?"

"Yes, something or other," said the night clerk carelessly. "Didn't much notice what."

Connie and Lute managed to stroll with a casual pace until they reached the street. Once outside, they hurried through the crowd asking of every acquaintance the one question: "Have you seen Copper Dan Schultz?"

Copper Dan had been seen. A half hour or so before he had ridden down Main Street and turned into California Avenue, mounted on a likely looking horse and going strong. At this point Lute Macomber parted with Connie the bartender and with hope.

"You can't start a posse after him until daylight," he said, "even if Martin W. wants to let the law in on the joke, which he won't. And he's got the hull Rocky Mount'ins to hide in! I'm goin' to pack my few simple belongings before Martin W. gets onto this," he added sardonically. "The Dos Vacas zinc belt for mine. As for you—it takes a considerable of a damn fool to be buncoed by a salted claim, but a bartender who don't know a drunk when he ain't drunk ——"

The back of Lute Macomber as he moved away in a general northerly direction expressed weariness with all life.

Drooping a little in his walk but still maintaining his clifflike expression of countenance, Connie the bartender strolled back to the Arizona House. He had no special reason for this course. He sought his accustomed haunt, because in the present dreadful crisis he had nothing else to do. So hazily he followed fate to that familiar barroom, screen for his true vocation in Coronado Camp.

And now Jim Hanford, floating on the surface of his own current of fate from saloon to dance hall to variety theater, had arrived at the Arizona House.

By the far corner of the bar stood a novelty—a marvelous mechanical music box full of bells and and tin bugles and tiny drums which, when you cranked it up, rendered The Carnival of Venice with orchestral accompaniment.

As Connie strolled past the mild innocent brown eye of Jim Hanford caught him in its range.

"It's sure pretty music," remarked Jim Hanford pleasantly.

"It sure is," replied Connie carelessly.

He was strolling on, when he paused so suddenly that one foot remained poised. At the same instant a thoughtful expression crossed the open countenance of Jim Hanford. Both had been struck, if not with the same idea, at least with kindred ideas.

"Here," said the flash of Jim Hanford's mind, "is the man who tried to buy my Cleveland Belle claim for Martin W. Force."

The idea which sprang into Connie the bartender's mind was not so well formulated. It was merely the germ of a dazzling, attractive scheme—an escape from his present quandary.

The two men found themselves looking at one another over their shoulders.

"What say to a little drink?" asked Connie pleasantly.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Jim, in the accepted formula.

"S'pose we have it in the private room," said Connie.

"Suit yourself," said Jim—nothing at the moment suited him better.

Connie ordered a whisky, which when it came he merely touched to his lips; and Jim a beer. Then—for he had little time to lose—Connie broached the subject nearest the hearts of both men.

"Struck it yet in your Cleveland Belle?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Jim. "Ain't deep enough yet."

Both men paused on the same unexpressed idea. Then Jim, the livelier character and the less patient, burst out with it.

"I been thinkin' about that proposition you made me for the Cleveland Belle," he said.

Though Connie's heart gave a thump, his face assumed merely an expression of boredom.

"Oh, that!" he said. "That's off, I guess. Martin W. Force ain't biddin' on galena now. I was gettin' it for him."

"I guessed Martin W. was in it somewhere," said Jim—"usually is."

"Can't see why he called it off," remarked Connie casually, "except he was stretchin' too far and wanted to let go on something. Always believed myself that your Cleveland Belle was right on the lode and as likely to hit it as any prospect up on Sacramento Hill."

"Think so myself," said Jim, "or I wouldn't be strainin' my back every day workin' it."

"You didn't know, did you, that I'd busted with Martin W.?" pursued Connie the bartender.

"Nope," said Jim, opening wide his brown eyes. "I never rightly knew you was j'ined to him. Only had my suspicions."

"Most people didn't. Well, I have clean split out with him. I'm rustling for myself in this here minin' game and thinkin' about quittin' the bar. How you fixed financially?" he asked, suddenly shifting the point of attack.

Jim Hanford, a poor, inexpert bargainer, considered for a moment. Obviously the thing to do in selling a piece of property was to assume great prosperity and therefore indifference. On the other hand, Connie might be about to offer a grubstake. And he was broke—clean broke. His board was in arrears. The last of his ready money had gone to pay the wages of the faithful Swede who spelled him in workin the Cleveland Belle. Truth conquered.

"I ain't fixed at all, to put the matte blunt and truthful," he said.

"I kind of thought that was the way sh shaped up," said Connie. "You wouldn' entertain a mine-swapping proposition would you?"

"Maybe—if it looked good and there wa boot or something to go on with," replie Jim.

The imp of restlessness was stirrin within him; he had to restrain his voic "Something new—new!" the exultant im was whispering.

"Jim," said Connie, "galena ain't a poo man's proposition. Galena has got to b drove for and developed. The stuff for poor man is carbonates. Suppose you d strike galena—what happens then? Yo sell out to some syndicate for a tenth o what it's worth. Suppose they give yo some stock in the concern. You can' beat that Wall Street game. They'll ge it back from you, if not one way the another. But carbonates is another matte Carbonates is like striking coined money You could scoop out carbonates with you Swede and a spoon."

"Guess that's so," replied Jim Hanford "but what's the object of this little college bred lecture on mining?"

"Object's this," said Connie, growin crisp, succinct as he came near the point "I've got Copper Dan Schultz's Mary G up in the carbonate belt right under th Red Leg. And there's a pocket in sight I bought it outright, speculating. Only pocket—yet. But this came out of it." H produced the handful of black sand fron the salted bottom of the Mary G., whic had already that night been through s many strange adventures. "Assays two fifty a ton."

"Why ain't you holdin' on?" asked Jim forcing himself to a skeptical attitude.

"Well," said Connie, "sometimes think I will. Of course I will if I can' trade for a proposition I like better. Bu here's the way it frames: When Coppe Dan Schultz scratches into that pocket h offers me a chance to buy—just as soon a he finds it is only a pocket. I look into th whole proposition. There ain't any thirt thousand in sight, nor yet any ten thou sand. But it may be the first of a string o pockets, or it may even be a loose out cropping of a big body like the Red Leg So to-night I do business with Copper Dan And thirty-one thousand I pay him for th claim. Maybe he wouldn't have let go a that if he hadn't needed the money jus like you do now. It's a chance and I' rather take a chance on strikin' galena—the main lode—with your Cleveland Belle If I do I can get backing. You can't.

"Now," pursued Connie, "let's look a this proposition from your angle. You'r takin' a chance at the Cleveland Belle an you'd be takin' a chance on the Mary G But the Mary G. is a poor man's chance You can scoop out those there carbonate and sell 'em like they was so much ready money. There's your stake to go on—several thousand dollars' worth of stake."

Connie stopped to let this sink in.

After only a moment's pause Jim answered, "All right—I'll go up and look into that proposition in the morning."

Connie in spite of himself took one short quick breath—almost a gasp. Here came the delicate and difficult part of the operation. His man was plainly impressed. But if he himself was going to exchange the salted Mary G. for the speculative Cleveland Belle and thus restore himself to the graces of an injured Martin W. he must do it now—in that very room—before garish day revealed the truth. His mind working like a flash, he determined to experiment with drawing in the bait a little.

"Examination nothin'!" he said. "I've trusted you and you trust me. You take her to-night sight unseen, or you don't take her at all. Sight unseen! Before morning I may just as likely change my mind."

What happened next was the most delightfully surprising event in the eventful career of Cornelius Cotter, bartender and secret agent in the mining game. It was as though one had started to fish and before his fly struck the water a five-pound trout had leaped into the boat. He had expected an all-night fight of wits. But what did he know of that restless imp whispering in the brain of Jim Hanford? How was he to tell that to-night of all nights Jim was ready for anything that involved change? For

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Jim had dropped his hand with a heavy thud on the table.

"All right—I take you," he said.

As, giving his man no chance to change his mind, Connie the bartender moved away to seek his private stock of legal blanks, he had to control the jerking in the muscles of his legs.

Next morning Martin W. Force was called as usual at ten o'clock. The confidential bell boy of the Maison Riche, who always performed this ceremony, handed him a long thick envelope.

"The clerk said this was something left for you special," he said as he raised the curtains.

Giving vent to a series of yawns, Martin W. opened the envelope. One of his yawns died midcourse as he beheld a transfer of the Cleveland Belle claim from Cornelius J. Cotter to Martin W. Force. He opened out two other enclosures similarly shaped. They were respectively a duplicate of the transfer of the Mary G. mine from the same Cornelius J. Cotter to James Hanford and a transfer of the Cleveland Belle from James Hanford to Cornelius J. Cotter.

While he adjusted his mind to these strange transactions, he saw that he had overlooked a note scratched in lead pencil on a billhead of the Arizona House. It read:

"*Dear Boss:* The Mary g was salted, but Lute Macomber found it out after we closed our deal and you ought to do the square thing by him. Copper Dan wasn't loaded and he got away with the stuff. He salted it himself with ore from the Red Leg but i made it all rite. I shoved off the Mary g on Jim Hanford for the Cleveland Bell that you always wanted site unseen. We don't know the Mary g is salted & he thinks i bout the claim for myself so it's me he will try to shoot so i'm making myself scarce until it blos over. Adress general delivery Cedar Camp where i'll be unless he sends i went ther in that case i will give you new adress. Im sorry but you always wanted the Cleveland Bell & anyhow it is better than a salted proposition. I remain.

"yours truly

Burn this." "YOU KNOW WHO."

Somewhere behind Connie there was undoubtedly slave ancestry. Faithless to all the world besides, he was unquestioningly faithful to the boss.

"Hell!" ejaculated Martin W. when he took all this in. But as he pulled off his hard-edged silk nightshirt and set himself to dress, the knots which Connie's letter had tied in his forehead began to untie themselves. In that place and in those times men played the whole game of life as they played roulette, and like a true gambler he fixed his mind not upon the stake he had lost but upon that present turn of the wheel which might bring fortune.

"I always wanted the Cleveland Belle—Connie was right," he reflected. "Bet she's on the lode. Better rush a force to work on it right away."

Then he chuckled aloud to think of the resourcefulness, the utter slickness of Connie the bartender.

"Must do the right thing by Connie when this blows over," he thought.

By eleven o'clock that morning Jim Hanford had charged into the Arizona House—"a-rarin' and a-snortin'," said one of the beholders—on the trail of Connie the bartender. All day he pursued this fruitless quest and in his wanderings he talked so much that by night the entire camp, including the astute editor of the Times-Bugle, knew all about the duplicity of Connie.

Jim loudly proclaimed his intention of making Connie useless for anything but a colander. It is doubtful nevertheless if Jim would have done any shooting. In the first place, he was talking too much, which is always a bearish symptom. In the second place, Jim was of an open and generous nature to which blood and slaughter were naturally alien. But according to the ethics of the time and place Jim must at least make a respectable bluff at his intention of shooting in order to maintain his standing with the community—just as a dog with no real intention of biting feels that he must conscientiously bark at you when you come up the front walk.

Toward evening, when he had talked his throat hoarse and his nerves weak, Jim Hanford met before the Bella Union Lute Macomber, the mine guard, and received a little friendly advice. Lute was in a relieved frame of mind. He had learned—without learning exactly why—that his oversight in letting Copper Dan steal four sacks of ore from the Red Leg had been forgiven of the mighty Martin W., and this plaint of Jim Hanford's made it all clear.

"Well, what you kickin' about?" inquired Lute. "You traded a prospect for a prospect, didn't you? Nothin' in sight yet in the Cleveland Belle and nothin' in the Mary G. Ain't you as likely to strike pay dirt in one as in the other? Why don't you go ahead and sink her?"

"Where will I get the money?" asked Jim. "If the world was up for ten cents——"

"What's the matter," interrupted Lute, "with the salt—those carbonates in the bottom of your shaft that was used in these deceivin' and illegal operations?"

"You're forgetting," replied Jim Hanford. "They were stolen."

"Stolen on me from the Red Leg," agreed Lute. "But I'm willing to forget 'em. So will Martin W. be willing if I mention the matter to him. You've been cold decked and nobody's going to be hard on you. Sell 'em. There's ready money for a start."

At the time Jim only snorted and resumed in a hoarse voice a description of the rough but thorough dissection he intended to perform upon the person of Cornelius Cotter, bartender. But as he plodded home that night to his boarding house the advice struck in. Why not? It was a new venture!

When he woke next morning, however, the memory of his wrongs had returned. It grew and sharpened when he opened the Times-Bugle. There on the front page and treated in a humorous spirit was the story of his adventure in mine swapping. Following the custom of a region where it was always open season for editors, the Times-Bugle used no names, but all the world would know.

Again that day Jim wandered, talking to whoever would listen, displaying the large revolver with which he intended to eliminate Connie the bartender. Considering the tone of that article in the Bugle, everyone was sympathetic. By night indeed Jim had worked up a kind of melancholy satisfaction in his own martyrdom.

However, when on the next day and the next Jim continued to tell his troubles, public opinion changed. Men who had already heard the story three times found excuses to shut off conversation and go elsewhere. On the next repetition they began to laugh. The climax came in the crowded barroom of the Bella Union. As Jim entered someone cried from the rail: "Cheese it, fellers, here comes Old Salty!"

A roar went up which shook the clapboards of the Bella Union.

Purple in the face, Jim turned and started home. And now his rage settled down to a cold deadly fury—a mood which surprised even himself. Silently he entered the common bunk room of the miners' boarding house where he slept, silently he undressed; silently he lay awake staring up into the darkness. Somewhere in the cold depressing midnight hours he spoke at last, causing the man in the bunk above to turn over and grunt.

"I'll show 'em!" he said.

At dawn he was up and out on the trail of the faithful Swede whom, together with a fellow countryman, he lured away at the shaft mouth from a steady job on the Red Leg. They took possession of the Mary G. with all its physical properties as legally transferred by Connie the bartender. By noon they had scooped up the four sacks of carbonates which Copper Dan had used to salt the mine and had sold them to an itinerant ore buyer.

The Swedes, inspired by a week's pay in advance and promise of a quarter share between them should they strike anything, fell to in their own quietly methodical fashion. Jim Hanford worked in a blaze of energy, taking out his rage on the drill heads. The night life of Coronado Camp knew him no more.

Passers-by used sometimes to see him by the winch when he was spelling the Swedes below. Among them were those who threw out remarks about salt. Jim Hanford merely turned upon such an eye grown cold and dangerous, but he said nothing. The small boys of Sacramento Hill caught the joke and—as small boys will—rubbed it in. They would stand upon the rocks above the hollow and call in concert, "Old Salty! Old Salty!" Instead of following established precedent and driving them away with stones Jim merely gave them that same cold glint and went on working. Soon even the small boys lost interest in this sport. Careless, easy-going, prosperous Coronado Camp went on to other things and forgot the joke on Jim Hanford.

Forgot until one afternoon in September when the shrill wind from the peaks presaged early snows, when the roads were alive with struggling freighters jerking enthusiasm into their six-mule teams in order to get up the winter supplies before the snows rendered the passes impassable. Late on a brisk windy afternoon in this season Tom Curley entered the Arizona House bar and confronted Oscar—day bartender now, vice Connie resigned.

"Say," he said, "Old Salty—that there Jim Hanford—has come to life again. He's seekin' and searchin' for Connie like he did when he was first done. Don't seem exactly to be biled, but he's actin' funny. Look out he don't take you for Connie and bore you two or three times for luck."

Scarcely had he delivered this warning when Jim Hanford himself burst through the door. Tom Curley dropped back to a strategic position at the end of the bar and let his right hand flutter carelessly to that pocket where he kept his side arm.

Oscar looked over his man expertly, critically, as bartenders had a way of doing in the days when our ancestors took the obsolete drug, alcohol. Jim's movements were sharp, even aggressive. Jim's brown eyes were preternaturally bright.

"Have you heard anything from Connie?" he asked in a very clear brisk tone.

Oscar slipped his hand unostentatiously to that shelf under the bar where he kept his own weapon. But he spoke in a friendly tone of jesting conciliation:

"Still yellin' about Connie? Thought you'd loosened up on your idea of killin' him."

"Killin' him!" exclaimed Jim. "Killin' him?"

He reached with both hands to the pockets of his rough frieze coat, causing both Tom and Oscar to thrust nervous thumbs onto the hammers of their guns. However, when Jim's hands came out of his pockets they held not weapons but black dirt. This with the motion of a sower he strewed along the surface of the bar.

"Silver-bearin' lead carbonates," said Jim. "The Mary G.'s richer than Jay Gould! Broke into 'em last night. Bored ten feet and they're still there! If you're hidin' Connie, produce him! Kill him! I want to kiss him!"

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GOOD OLD AMERICA!

(Continued from Page 4)

round Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, expressed my laugh in words. An Eastern lady tourist, a romantic, sentimental creature summering on a dude ranch, asked him the same question which had been put to me: Did he not like Europe better than America? Wasn't it more picturesque, refined—more livable, don't you know? All those darling old peasant women out in a field of poppies garnering the grain! It made the landscape so romantic—like What's-his-name's picture of the Angelus! And had he seen the little girls and boys of Belgium harnessed to carts with those big furry dogs, their sabots clattering on the cobbles, their cheeks rosy with cold, and running with all their might to keep up with the dog? So quaint! Did he now really and truly prefer to live in grubby, prosaic America? Thus the tourist lady of the dude ranch.

The man, seventy-four inches of Western sunburned brawn, laconic, humorous, stood looking down on her much as a big benevolent Saint Bernard looks down on a lady's tiny, yapping wrist-watch pet. After the Armistice he had helped to convoy the Polish troops in France across Prussia to Poland, and he had confided to me some of the sights he had seen in that gaunt, famine-smitten hinterland. They were not pretty—those tales. He stood looking down on the lady with a puzzled frown; then he looked off at the encircling mountains, stark granite shafts and peaks and pinnacles, painted with the first snow of the season; then he looked at me, got no help, and suddenly he gave the whole proposition up, jerked out a brief "Oh—hell!" and walked away.

PHOTO. BY E. BROWN

Rafting Timber for Bridges at Edmonton

The dude-ranch lady was shocked and aggrieved. I hastened to explain.

What the Ranchman Meant

"He really didn't mean hell, you know—at least, he didn't mean at all what you mean by hell. He meant something quite different—far worse perhaps—but not a bit what you think hell means. You see, his mind is still full of pictures—dark pictures, ugly, harsh, terrible pictures of damnable things the people, and especially the poor people, have had to suffer and endure. He told me that what hit him worst was the stony resignation of them all. They starved and curled up on the roads and died without a word. He said he never realized that life could be so rotten bad. It got him to thinking about governments. For he could see that it was not just their present plight—but they'd been harassed and pressed down for centuries. And then he came back to this big, free western land out here, where there's work and hardship aplenty, and yet people have a chance to kick out for themselves and to climb, the little fellow as well as the big fellow, and salt down something for their old age.

"And so I suppose the thought of comparing those old countries, where the poor have had no chance for ages, with America, where many a mechanic pulls down forty to fifty dollars a week, and sports a flivver, and sends his kids to college, and buys Liberty Bonds, made him sort of sick. Put it this way: Your question made him see the big gulf of difference which yawns between the continents of Europe and America in the matter of the prosperity of the masses, even in the way the masses think and act; and in order to answer your question and express his sentiments adequately on the subject it would require a corps of stenographers working day and night shifts for months, and an Encyclopædia Britannica, and the eloquence of Macaulay and Burke and Abraham Lincoln all rolled into one, and he saw that wasn't practicable. So he just washed out the whole proposition, question and answer, with a simple 'Oh—hell!' After all it was not his job, you see."

I do not know whether the estimable lady of the dude ranch ever did see. I fancy not. In mental caliber she was a popgun, a pea shooter; and he was a French seventy-five. Their ammunition was not interchangeable. Since then that question in varying form has been put to me a number of times, and now I am going to answer it. This article, therefore, is to be considered as an elucidation of my Western friend's brief but comprehensive summary of the situation. It is a free translation of his "Oh—hell!"

When after an absence of two consecutive years I returned I was prepared to find my country prosperous. In Europe I had become accustomed—but never reconciled—to paying Klondike prices for food, clothes, lodgings and labor, and then having paid these top prices to have fobbed off on me cheap and inferior grades of all those things, with the justification that it was the result of the war. And in the large, that justification held good.

I was accustomed, too, to labor troubles. I do not like the tone of Europe concerning labor. All work and no pay makes Jack a mad boy. And in Europe Jack has been underpaid for centuries. Accordingly he is mad clean through and through. In Europe labor has some ancient wrongs as well as modern ones, and these wrongs have envenomed its point of view—and, above all, its method of procedure. That I am going to speak of later.

In America before the war, that now dim, almost prehistoric period of world peace, we had, I recalled, a fair degree of prosperity, and workers of all grades seemed fairly content. The I. W. W.'s, an outlaw roving bunch, kicking round Western mining towns, who took their politics and their murders neat, had not much more than appeared over the horizon of our world. Socialists, professors of economics and parlor dilettantes had thumbed over this literature of unashamed violence which outlined a new code of ethics and honor, and judged that it came out of Europe. In those days—to revert once more to the terminology of my Eastern friend—there were a helluva lot of things that we didn't know about Europe; and as a result of this abysmal ignorance, to a certain élite class, the European brand on anything, from wine, women and song to parlor politics and philosophy, at once made that thing fashionable, distingué, chic. These dilettantes in life, seekers after strange gods, toyed with the ideas of sabotage and a bloody class revolution as a child toys with a loaded revolver, fearful yet fascinated. They got an emotional kick out of such dalliance.

Aside from the I. W. W.'s and the parlor revolutionists there was still another class who were hell-bent for destruction. These were the immigrants from Russia and militaristic Germany and Southeastern Europe generally. Now these people in their own lands had something to rebel about. They had bad government; a bad government, rigid, insusceptible of change or improvement by the people—that is, by themselves. The old defects and cruelties of custom had solidified into institutions, and these institutions bound them in as if they were in an iron cage. Then thousands and tens of thousands of them migrated to America, and their old rebellious habits of mind migrated with them, and kept right on functioning.

Conditions in this new country were totally different; poor people like themselves by dint of industry and perseverance and intelligence could climb to prosperity, and they did; they became bankers, famous cigarette makers, moving-picture kings, millionaire manufacturers. Their sons and daughters went to the public schools and colleges. Food was plentiful. Streets were clean. State and Federal legislation in many cases protected them against unjust exploitation. Labor itself was organized and the principle of collective bargaining was sweeping like a big, slow wave over the country, and wages and living conditions were being constantly ameliorated.

And yet, despite all these indubitable signs of a new order—a free country, bigger opportunity, suppleness of government and pressure of public opinion, all of which elements worked to their advantage—these tragic, gloomy immigrants, pessimistic and thwarted souls, steeped for generations in bitterness and hate, could not see that circumstances had altered. They had come out of the land of limitation and darkness but the eyes of their souls were still in the dark.

I remember a small group of this particular type whose meetings I occasionally frequented. How hard and fierce and fanatically passionate they were—and how narrow! How determined not to yield a single inch to that old archenemy of theirs—the Government! What dark and sinister prophecies they made when this country should go down in bloody revolution! With hands upraised, speaking in English so broken as to be scarce recognizable, and reverting at the height of their dark ecstasy and passion to their own native tongue, how they derided scorned and condemned any one of their number who would timidly rise to suggest that such and such a social condition might be ameliorated by law—if only they would all work together to effect the change! How they hissed him.

"Opportunist!" was the epithet they had for this feeble-minded renegade, and they hurled it at him like a hand grenade. The first time I heard this term of opprobrium it was uttered in such a stern, passionate tone of denunciation that I jumped to the conclusion that it must be a state's-prison offense at least. An opportunist must be a monster of such frightful mien that he ought not to be permitted to live and pollute the air—that much was clear. Later I discovered that it merely meant appealing for remedy to the law. The feeble-minded renegade, it appeared, simply wanted to establish free milk stations for babies in the congested districts of New York during the summer. But the apostles of revolution hooted at the idea. 'Twas just such half-baked bourgeois stuff, they declared, that made them everlastingly tired. It showed, they held, a peanut-sized brain. Their platform was this:

Sinister Connivers

"The American Government is rotten at its core. Don't try to help it. Hands off. Let the whole rotten fabric fall to pieces from interior decay. The more you patch it up the more you stave off the inevitable dissolution. Let the end come and come swiftly. Hasten it if you can. What matter a few thousand babies? The world is full of babies!" Thus the fanatic apostles of the gospel of despair. They wanted to roll up the entire civilization of earth in a fiery scroll of flame.

But taken altogether America did not bother much over all these sinister connivers. They were no more than a few fleas on a healthy dog. When I came home, with the taste of war and Europe still fresh in my mouth—it's not a taste I can recommend—I immediately started to make

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the grand tour to see what America was like. America versus Europe—I wanted to savor the contrast. I savored it. Let me say in a word what were my first impressions. Though I was prepared for good times, fat times, I was nevertheless astounded at the abundant, reckless, improvident prosperity I saw round me on every side; people in all walks of life, high and low, workers and idlers, spending money by the bucketful, throwing it about like confetti at a fair; buying at top prices the most expensive, de-luxe commodities in the shops; the highroads of the country choked with automobiles until the dust darkened the sky—automobiles owned not only by the rich but by the plumber and the carpenter and the roller in the steel mills. If paralyzed, famine-menaced Europe could see our automobile-gorged roads—see the hundreds of thousands of merry little joy-livvers owned by our workers! The peasants would be justified in their rooted belief that all Americans are multimillionaires.

I noted scores of midwestern towns. Cars were parked in every available space along the principal streets. There were garages on every block. In certain midwestern sections it is estimated that there is an automobile to every five individuals—not to every five families, mark!—and in some areas the proportion rises until there is a machine to every two and a half persons. Magnificent heavy motor trucks thunder along the country roads, carrying fruit and produce ten, twenty miles to the railroad centers. On the Continent they still use the clumsy two-wheeled cart hauled by an ancient swayback mare. In this country in rural districts women and children pile into their cars at dusk and drive fifteen miles into town to the movies. On the Continent there are no such places of popular amusements, save in the larger cities. In the small villages and hamlets there is absolutely no form of public evening entertainment—and no time for it. The citizens are tired. They go to bed with the chickens.

"My customers won't buy anything but the best class of fancy goods," declared a department-store owner to me out in a small town in Wyoming. "They want the highest-priced stuff we've got; and they don't squeal on the price either. They haul out a wad of bills big as a bolster, peel off a few layers and lay them down on the counter, and then they look round to see if there's anything else they can spend money on. You ought just to sit there a while and watch 'em come in."

A Mad Orgy of Spending

I did. I sat there for more than an hour waiting for an eastbound train. And all that time I never heard a customer ask for the less expensive article. It was invariably: "Is that the best you've got?" Filthy lucre was nothing in their young lives! I recalled how the French peasants haggle and beat down prices, finger the goods to test its serviceableness, and fight for every sou. Was I in another world? Which was better: A necessity that stern that peasants became avaricious, trying to wrest a livelihood from their toil—or a prosperity so ample that people lost all sense of proportion or restraint?

"That's a fine, durable piece of goods, Mrs. B——" said the clerk in my hearing. "It's guaranteed to wear."

"Oh, my goodness!" was the laughing retort. "That's no recommendation to me. I don't want to hanging round forever. Show me some stuff that'll wear out."

It was the same thing in the trains. Travelers were clamoring for drawing-rooms and private compartments—the same class who before the war used to grimace at the cost of an upper berth. The dining cars were filled to repletion with those who in the not too remote past used to carry a humble cold snack along. One night in the diner there sat opposite me a large robust lady in black who consumed three dollars and eighty-five cents' worth of nourishment and then tipped the waiter a dollar. And when ladies take to tipping waiters with dollar bills I know they've got prosperity, for their ordinary sky limit is a quarter.

Changing connections in Montana one night I discovered that not a single berth in that long overland train was vacant, though I had telegraphed for reservations two days ahead. I drifted out into the vestibule, where stood another traveler out of luck. We exchanged condolences.

"And what's more," he added, "I'll not only have to sit up all night on this train but I'll have to sit up all the next night out on a park bench after I arrive."

"Why? Is it Pioneer Week in your town?"

"No, but all the world's on the move these days. Looks like a migration. You can't get a bed to sleep in at any of the hotels in this region unless you wire two or three days ahead. But I should worry!"

He laughed and held up a fat little black order book.

"You'd think pipe organs—fifty to seventy-five thousand-dollar pipe organs—would be pretty medium hard things to sell out in this roughneck country? Well, how many orders do you think I nailed on my last trip?"

"Pipe organs!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Who buys pipe organs out here? The churches? The West must have got religion since I left."

"It's the motion-picture theaters. They're the churches that catch the populace today. They're building a new string of them throughout the Northwest. And, of course, they all want music. Well, in the good old simple days a fiddle or a ukulele could get by, and a stringed orchestra was considered mighty nifty. But no more. Nix on that cheap stuff! The people won't stand for anything less than the best. Their taste in music has been so educated by the phonograph that they know all the high-grade operas same as they say the peasants down in Italy do. The movie theaters had to get into line with this big, upward world movement of giving the people the best. So when one theater bought a pipe organ all the others had to buy one, too, or else close their doors."

It was the same tale everywhere I traveled. People with nickelodeon pocketbooks before the war were now earning enough to pay for pipe-organ music. Big fellows and little fellows, too, were wading deep into larger propositions than they had ever tackled before. The whole atmosphere crackled with optimistic enterprise. They wanted money to develop more power, to extend their plants, to stretch out, amplify. I listened to the talk, lost in astonishment. How far was all this from bleak, war-worn, hungry, desperate old Europe, just struggling to her knees! How unreal, legendary, seemed those tales of bitter want and discontent which on the other side have become so commonplace that they no longer stir the jaded emotions.

But after my first astonishment I experienced relief.

"At least," I said to myself, "I've got away from the grief, the gloom, the hopeless cynicism of soul which prevails on the other side. Hooray for America! It's an island of optimism in an ocean of despair. This war has not gored us in the vitals as it has gored France, Belgium, England, Italy, Germany and Russia, and left us with our internal economic systems in an eviscerated mess. Financially and industrially Europe is on the toboggan slide crying for help. But America is practically uninjured, untouched. And we're young. We're healthy. We're free. There's no old oppression or festering antagonism to breed hatred in our blood. And so why shouldn't we have automobiles—if we earn them—and go to organ recitals, buy the best food and clothes and entertainment, fling the money round a bit and drive dull care away?"

The Get-Rich-Quick Spirit

Thus I argued, feeling, nevertheless, all the while that in all this loose and easy spending there was a certain instability, a certain blindness, a certain reckless indifference to or ignoring of our responsibilities—those plain humdrum responsibilities which make us self-respecting at home and win us power and admiration abroad. Perhaps it may seem no great matter either for a youthful individual or for a youthful nation to indulge in foolish frivolities, spend his patrimony in riotous living, spree round with the boys like a regular feller, and go in generally for a semi-intoxicated expensive expansiveness.

Perhaps for just once in a way that is not going to damage fatally either a youth or a nation which is sound of wind and limb—unless indeed during that period of loose irresponsibility he meanders off the broad highroad and lands in a slough or walks over the edge of a precipice.

It is this irresponsibility which chiefly strikes the stranger in America to-day. We are wrapped up, every one of us—capital and labor, rich man and poor man—in our own individual self-advantage; in driving the shrewdest bargain that we can get away with, irrespective of the other fellow, the public or the world at large. We're drunk with money, power. All the good old adages of wisdom, such as "Slow but sure," "Rome wasn't built in a day," "Many a mickle makes a muckle," we have tossed overboard as unnecessary ballast. And sound as we are intrinsically—and just how sound that soundness is it takes a three years' residence in Europe to appraise properly—nevertheless, such a selfish, irresponsible, spendthrift policy of exploitation on the part of all groups alike is bound to tell. The body politic or the body economic or the body industrial is bound to buckle and crack wherever the strain is greatest.

And just where is the point of greatest strain at the present moment? Undeniably it is in the relationship between the employer and the worker. Each party to the conflict—if we admit the truth candidly—is trying to win the balance of power. Each side is out for himself—and devil take the public. Each side charges the other side with insincerity, bad faith. Neither side is one whit more moral or virtuous or unselfish than the other side. For there are good capitalists and bad arbitrary capitalists, good workers and bad workers, and good, justifiable strikes and bad, outlaw strikes.

But, intrinsically, it is a line-up of power—naked power. And power in itself is neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral. Like electricity or water power, it all depends on what is done with it. If, let us say for the sake of example, the power of capital is employed to exploit this country, gut its natural resources in the shortest possible time, at the lowest possible cost of production, just for the sake of amassing more millions or of satisfying a lust for power or the intoxication that swinging such stupendous propositions brings—then that power is being used in a vicious direction and should be curbed. Or if the power of industry is used to gain economic control of the country for the benefit of one particular group alone, and to pull down the present Government, which aims to sustain the just demands of all groups—then that power is being used in a vicious direction, and should be curbed.

Neither the arm power of industry nor the money and brain power of capital is perfect, sacrosanct or infallible. Both are at bottom driven by the same primitive urge: Self-interest, a bigger place in the sun. Both need a lot of watching. Both have certain inalienable rights—and with those rights go certain inalienable responsibilities. Both sides do a powerful lot of yelling about their rights; but I have yet to hear since my return either side rise up in meeting and testify how he meant to tackle his responsibilities. Both sides are deaf mutes when it comes to that angle of the theme. And that significant deaf-and-dumb attitude on the question of responsibility is the nigger in the woodpile in both camps. Speak up, honorable gentlemen who represent workers, and likewise honorable gentlemen who represent employers! Bury the hatchet of your differences—your just and inalienable rights—and let us hear you orate for a while on your just and inalienable responsibilities. Chin music on such a subject would seem beautiful as the fabled divine harmony of the spheres to the invisible third party to the contract—that poor, meek, long-suffering contingent, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the struggle, which is called the general public.

Said the manager of a big furniture store in New York to me this summer, when I complained of three consecutive increases in the price of an article inside of three consecutive months: "Yes, that's right. We've raised three times. You see, we've just had one continuous strike after another of late, and we've given the men what they wanted each time. Had to. And we don't care. We just clamp the extra pay onto the general public."

A good old scout, that General Public! I hope your heart and liver and lungs and bank account are O. K., *mon cher*

(Continued on Page 120)

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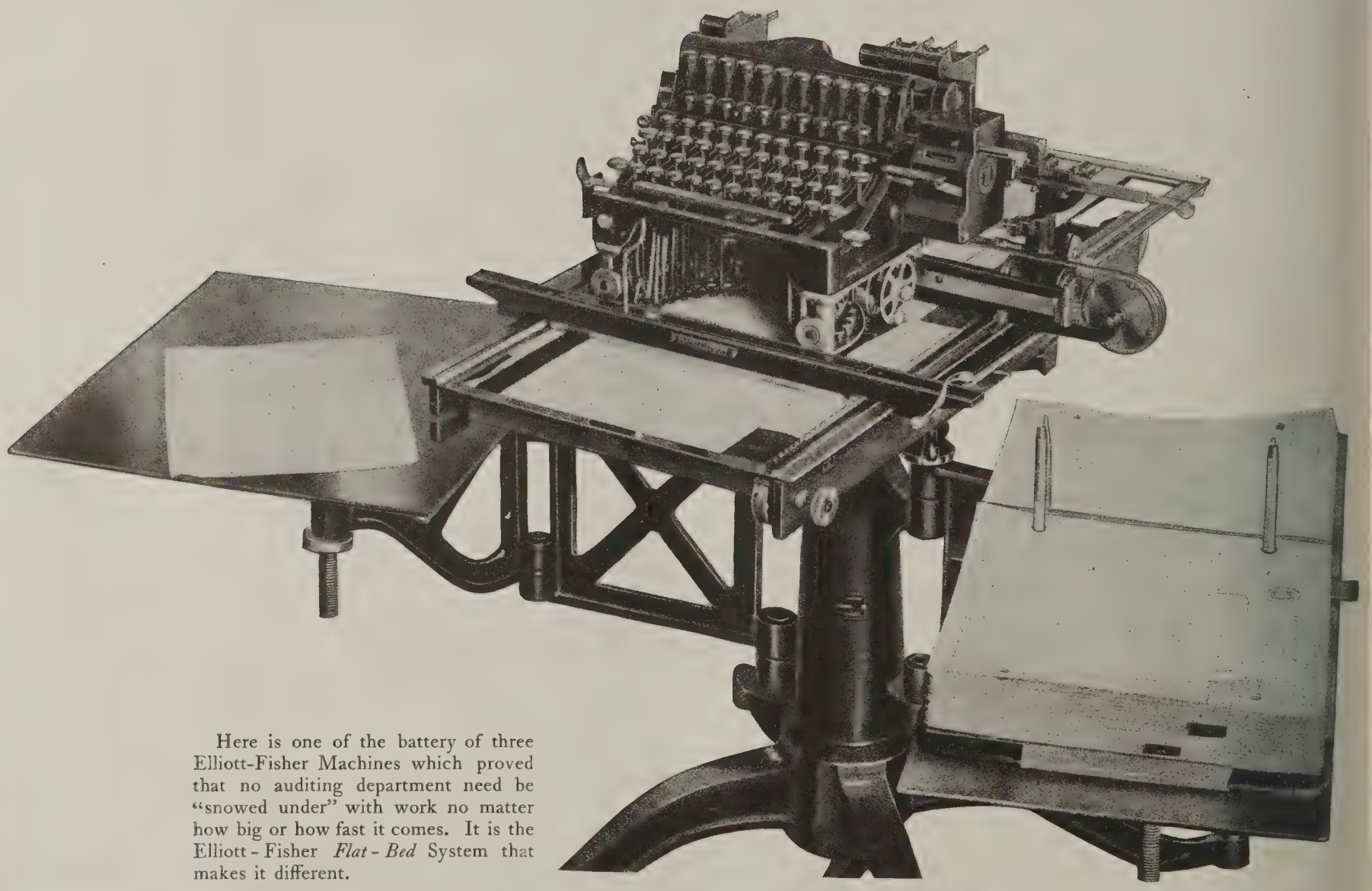

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(Continued from Page 117)

énéral, to stand all this pressure. 's giving some of us double pneu- onia of the pocketbook.

What struck me upon my return as the artificial or imported grounds some of our industrial troubles. or the logical, fundamental causes industrial unrest may be boiled own to the following: Scarcity of od; scarcity of man power; scarcity money; scarcity of industrial plants. In addition, a overnment may be so autocratic, gid and oppressive that the people ay suffer chronically from a combi- ation of the above causes, as was the se of the Italians under their petty inces, the French before the Revo- tion, and the Russians under the ar.

But these fundamental causes of nrest do not exist in America. Some them do still exist in Europe. And order to expose the roots of this bject, which touches us all so osely, I am going to outline some the problems of the workers in urope, so that we may see how funda- entally different is our problem here, and ow ideas and methods, the evolution of itter ages, which are the weapons the uropean workers have forged to fight eir battles with, are not the weapons eeded in our republic.

To begin with France: For four years rance has been the cockpit of the world, nd she shows it. She possesses practically l the fundamental grounds of complaint hich I named above as valid causes of dustrial unrest. Her raw man power has een killed or hopelessly maimed to the xtent of two million lives. A large propor- on of her mines and factories have been ut out of commission by Germany. Her oal supply is scarce. She has no raw aterials. And the value of the franc has llen so low that her capitalists may not uy in the markets of the world except t a ruinous rate of exchange.

Causes of Discontent

All these factors react directly and dis- strously upon the workers, the peasant rmers, the miners and demobilized sol- iers seeking a job. No jobs. Nothing oing. Or jobs which are all work and no ay. Last spring the French Government ound itself so impoverished, so pressed by ultitudinous demands that it could not rnish seed for the peasant farmers in the orthern devastated regions to put in their rops. And had not American philanthropic ocieties come to his aid old Jacques onhomme would have been forced to sit nd twiddle his thumbs while the pre- ious spring season rolled by. Now there is ttle danger of Bonhomme's becoming a olshevist. He is far too hard-headed, ndustrious and conserv- tive.

And yet he has some just rievances. Last spring I sed to see him upon the nowy roads, rheumatic, all oo thinly clad, often limp- ng from some old wound, ramping ten, fifteen, wenty kilometers to the earest commune center to btain seed for his little arm. And when he arrived he odds were fifty-fifty hat the Red Cross helper ould say: "Sorry, mon- ieur. Nothing left. You'll ave to come back another lay." Nothing for it, then, ut to tramp the long way ack, and repeat the pro- ess—with the same chance ll luck—upon another day. These and a thousand other rritations of like nature had o embittered Bonhomme's spirit and outraged his sense f justice that if you talked with him he would declare savagely that he'd turn socialist for half a sou! Join those lazy rascals of syndi- calists in town, who wanted to tear down the govern- ment because they were too lazy to work! One gnarled old ex-poilu, who had tramped ten kilometers for seed, only to be disappointed in the end, broke down and

PHOTO. BY E. C. BARNES

wept—those hard, scant tears of middle age—as he poured out to me the tale of his wrongs.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he cried. "In America, that country so rich as I have heard, your Government does not serve a poor honest man thus!"

Why did not the French Government help? Because it was already overburdened; because it was otherwise engaged. But at bottom, in hard reality, it was because the peasant's time and the peasant's life have always been cheap in France.

And that brings me to the French Government, which is a factor in the present unrest. The French have had four revolutions, all of them bloody, and still their form of government is not so supple, so independent, so truly and essentially democratic as that of England, which has won her victories not by the guillotine and street barricades but by hammering away on her reform bills. One reason for this is that though the French as a race are beyond peradventure the most original thinkers on the face of the globe, and have been the pioneers, the trail blazers in the realms of pure science, philosophy, art and theories of government, yet when it comes to the laborious practical application of these same principles to the prosaic problems of everyday life, your average Frenchman is not there. It's the idea which intrigues him, and not the practical application thereof.

A French soldier, telephonist at one of their advance listening posts during the war, told me that he and his comrades would rig up the most elaborate and perfect secret-code system of telephoning so that the Hun in his advanced listening gallery might not understand the orders.

"But," he laughed, "we never used the code after we made it; or we used it just long enough to see if it would work. After that we lapsed into French again!"

The fun was in creating the code. And that in a nutshell is the chief difference between the French and the American points of view. The Frenchman demands: "Explain to me the philosophy of the idea." The American says: "Hang the philosophy. Let's see how the darn thing works. Could I use it in my business?" The Frenchman does not think of proving up and cashing in on his ideas. He keeps them in one compartment and his practical conduct of life in another, with water-tight bulkheads in between. Mentally he is the biggest, boldest adventurer that ever sailed the unknown, uncharted seas of thought. Practically he is bound by conventions, ancestral traditions and hoary old customs which clothe him and cling to him as ivy clings to a moldering old wall. He thinks in the future but he walks in the past.

The French Government is a practical demonstration of this. It is a bureaucracy, comparable to Dickens' famous Circumlocution Office, where nothing gets done; where petty, officious—and the more petty the more officious—clerks fiddle and tinker about all day endeavoring to make their particular department even more action-proof. Woe betide a proposition or a mission if it gets becalmed in one of those small Sargasso Seas! Not that the clerks take no cognizance of your request—taking cognizance is the very best thing they do. But that's as far as it goes. Every week comes a polite little note saying: "Madame, we have had the honor to receive your communication relative to so-and-so, and we wish to assure you that your request is under consideration. Receive, madame, the expression of our distinguished sentiments."

Every week a note just like that. Week after week. No action. Just cognizance. Upon one occasion, when I had put in a request for permission to make a trip in the French military zone, those letters kept on arriving long after I had made the trip—which I achieved by private influence—returned to Paris, written it up and sent the article back to America. Finally I went down to the office.

"Look here," I said, "I want you to kill that request to go to X."

"Oh, that's all right," beamed the clerk. "Mademoiselle's case marches. It marches very well."

"But I don't want to go now."

"Patience, mademoiselle. Consider. Yours is not the only demand in this office."

"But, listen—I don't want to go! I don't want to go because I've already gone."

"*Comment?* Mademoiselle has gone—without permission?"

"No. Monsieur Tel-et-Tel gave me a letter to your chief."

At once he was all discreet smirks and smiles.

"Oho! Mademoiselle has friends. But that's another pair of gloves."

And he bowed me to the door as if I were Louise de La Vallière. A two-franc piece accidentally dropped into an accidentally adjacent palm made him thereafter my particular cognizance man.

Adventures in Red Tape Jungles

But without influence a poor person might importune those bureaus for years without avail. A brave, self-supporting little French widow whose two sons were at the war put in a request for a weekly allotment with which to send parcels of food to her sons at the Front. In 1914 she put in that request, and at irregular intervals, thereafter, when she could find time she repaired to the bureau, sat long hours in the frigid anteroom, and if by good luck she achieved the inner sanctum a clerk would take down her complete case afresh, look up her *dossier* in a vast dusty pile, return and report ambiguously: "Madame, your case is under consideration. It marches."

"And—and when will it be acted on, monsieur?" poor, affrighted little Madame Friant would stammer, urged on by stark need.

Now such a question in a Circumlocution Office is regarded as the height of bad form, because it makes a subtle accusation of—well, procrastination. And the clerk would swell up majestically and thunder: "Madame, I have told you that your case is under consideration. Do you think that France has nothing to do but to look after your petty affairs?"

Whereupon the poor little suppliant would shrink up and evaporate noiselessly from the presence of the law, not to return again until a certain specter wolf of need would begin quietly to dog her footsteps and push her into that bureau again. But one day Madame Friant appeared at my door in a mixture of laughter and tears.

"What do you think has happened?" she cried. "Something very amusing—very bizarre. This morning in my mail was a fine big envelope—oh, very imposing, august. And up in one corner the inscription: *Ministère de la Guerre.* And my concierge said as she handed me the letter: 'Aha, petite Friant! You're somebody. You're in government circles. The Minister of War writes to you. *C'est chic, ça!*' Well, mademoiselle, I kept wondering what was in that letter all during breakfast, for if you will believe me I had not the courage to break the seal. At length I opened it. And what do you think was

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Soft Water
and Your Bill for Wearing Apparel

Above—A blouse washed in hard water. Note its grayness, caused by the insoluble scum that hard water leaves. Below—A similar blouse laundered in soft water. Observe its complete cleanliness.

The sum you pay annually for wearing apparel is determined by a number of factors—your own tastes, the quality of the purchases you make, the wear you give them, the frequency with which you buy, and *water*.

Of these, water is one of the most important. If soft water is employed in the washing of your things, they will wear much longer than will be so if hard water is used. It is for this reason that modern laundries employ soft water in their laundering work.

Most water is hard. The hardness of this average water is about ten degrees. If soap is added to this water, an insoluble scum is produced—it is this scum, usually, and not soil from the body, which makes that familiar "ring" that forms in the bathtub.

When clothes are washed in hard water, this scum fills the pores in the weave and gives fabrics a gray hue. To remove this coating, the laundress must use a very large quantity of soda, and rub more vigorously than is good for the clothes—your bills for what you wear are increased.

A chemist, Dr. Robert Gans, discovered that if hard water is filtered in a special way it can be made just as soft as rainwater. Modern laundries accordingly use this Gans method to make their own "rainwater."

Things washed in the filtered water become clean quickly with the help of a minimum amount of soap and a simple process of sousing and rinsing—apparel lasts longer and your bills for what you wear are lessened.

In modern laundries as many as 600 gallons of this velvety water play over your clothes during every washing. Water that is discolored is drawn off and pure is added as many as from nine to twelve times while washing is in progress.

This soft water laundering process is only one of the many helps that modern laundries have evolved for the benefit of the housewife.

If you would be free from the labor of washday, send your family bundle to one of the modern laundries in your city.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

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side? 'Twas this: 'Madame, with respect o your request for a weekly allotment we ave the honor to inform you that the ffair is under consideration. Receive, adame,' and so on. That was all. After our years! Oh, mademoiselle, is not life izarre? And, at bottom, not amusing."

Journalists and army officers and mem-ers of missions learned during the course the war that if they wished to accom-lish their duty before time commingled ith eternity they should avoid that front oor of the bureau, which was the entrance the dead Sargasso Sea, and try the side rear entrance with letters or influence.

Now this practice of getting action, not straight-ahead government procedure ut by subtle side-door intrigue, has its ots in something very deep in the French adition. For in the days of the empire hen the plainest human rights were only rivileges, bestowed or withheld by whim, at was the way they did things—by urrying favor with the mother of the king, with his mistress, or with his favorite ime minister. Weren't they quaint! So is penchant for intrigue and the patron-ge of the high is not just a picturesque eakness of the people. They practice at system because they always practiced —because in former times it was the sole ad to achievement. And now that their ings and princes have departed via My ady Guillotine to the pale Elysian Fields e people go on practicing it because it has ecome a tradition. It is in their blood and e marrow of their bones.

One cannot turn an empire—and espe-ally a rotten empire—into a first-class epublic overnight. And France was an mpire for many centuries, with a rigid aste system, an aristocracy that was prac-cally a cult, with a fixed gulf between a entleman and a peasant as deep as that hich separated Lazarus in heaven from ives down in hell; and even now there ill exists in the people, in their instinct nd habits of thought—and particularly in eir modes of action—many remnants of mpire days. They have what might be olloquially termed an empire hang-over. his accounts to a large extent for their undabout modes of government.

It accounts also for the kind of organiza-on the industrial workers have evolved r themselves in France. What I am try-g to show is that a form of government r of a labor organization does not spring, erfect and full-grown, like Minerva, out f the heads of a few geniuses—or lunatics. is a slow growth, and depends for devel-pment on the kind of conditions that sur-und it—just as the flow of a river cutting s way to the sea depends on the topogra-hy and the geologic character of the land.

Vestiges of Bourbonism

So much for the roundabout government f France and the empire hang-over. his hang-over also exhibits itself in an ntagonism, often covered but for all that nning very deep, which exists between e worker and those who in the old days ere the rulers and made the law. Let me ive some examples of what I mean. In e spring of 1918, when it was thought in aris that the Germans might capture the ity, an elderly Frenchwoman, owner of one f the most beautiful châteaux in the en-irons of Paris, began to store her furniture. s it consisted of rare museum pieces, ex-uisite in workmanship and design, this as not surprising. I went to see her.

"But why are you storing all these lovely ld things?" I asked. "Do you really think he Germans will break through in this irection and sack the place?"

"Ah, you mistake me!" she replied uickly. "It's not the boches I fear—in he event of their victory. It's the French nob. I've good reason to fear them," she dded with a gleam of passion. "They illed most of my ancestors."

This little old aristocrat of an ancient régime had a terror of the French populace uch as is said to have haunted Napoleon. observed the working of this antagonism pon another occasion. The American Red Cross had rented a farm in France for the reëducation of French *mutilés*, and were performing an excellent service. The ex-poilus, most of them of peasant ancestry, were picking up their broken lives, learning new improved farming methods under an agricultural expert—and naturally they blessed the name of America, which they never uttered save in accents of tenderness and naïve pride.

Grand Rapids of the Athabasca

Now the Frenchwoman from whom the Red Cross rented the land refused to permit the poilus—most of them still laboriously hopping about on one leg—to take a cross-cut through a vacant field, thereby forcing upon them a detour of more than a kilometer. And by every petty avaricious method that she could devise she poured forth her hatred upon those wrecks of men. Her favorite phrase was: *"Vive la guerre! Nous aurons moins de petits propriétaires.* (Long live the war! We shall have fewer small holdings.)"

An Echo of the Old Days

The brutality of this remark, uttered to men who had given the members of their bodies to save their country, served to light up as with a vivid sword flash of lightning those dark cruel old days when the small peasant landholders were at the mercy of the aristocrat overlord; and such remarks were not the exception but the rule. This old lady was but a left-over from the days of the empire. The rest of her crop—together with many noble and good—were wiped out during the Revolution.

I shall cite one more instance of the under-current of antagonism. It was during the strike in Paris of the workers in the subway—a strike which presently ex-tended to the busses and surface trams, until the city was tied up in a double bow-knot. Only the taxi men stayed out—and they reaped a golden harvest. During this season of distress the fares going in a simi-lar direction often doubled up, two, three and even four customers using one cab. And at the crowded railway stations it happened not infrequently, after you suc-ceeded in obtaining a taxi, for a stranger to approach and demand: "Madame—a thousand pardons!—but does your road lie in my direction? Will you permit me to share your cab?" And in the emergency, unless you were a churlish carl, you usually consented.

One night during this strike I arrived in Paris after dark. A somber drizzle had set in. The big open square before the station was deserted, not a single taxicab in sight. Only one ancient ramshackle horse cab, its somnolent white-hatted *cocher* wrapped in his great cape, remained on the rank. I gave him a hail. But just at that moment a woman with a black sateen apron and bearing a basket of vegetables jostled me out of the way and sprang into the cab. Thinking the rudeness was accidental I approached.

"Madame," I said, "will you permit me to share your carriage—if our roads lie together? It rains, and as you see there are no cabs."

For answer she leaned far out so that I could clearly distinguish the little mustache on her upper lip as she shook a brawny fist under my nose.

"Aha, you dirty aristocrats!" she cried. "'Tis your turn now to walk—and we—we, the people—we ride!"

It seemed to me as if I had suddenly been shot back a whole century.

"But I'm not an aristocrat!" I protested. "I'm an American."

My villainous accent convinced her. She dropped the menacing fist, moved over her basket, reached down for my bag, and said kindly: "Mount! Mount, madame. The night is bad."

I got in meekly, wondering if the days of the Commune had returned, and this harsh-featured lady were one of those grim dames who used to sit and knit under the shadow of the guillotine. It turned out that she was the wife of a prosperous baker over by the Batignolles. Nor would she even permit me to pay my share for the cab when she discovered that I was not her hereditary foe!

Talk Louder Than Action

All this discussion of ancient antagonisms might seem beside the point were it not that in this article we are looking at sources, roots, from which forms of govern-ment and organizations of industry have sprung. They will grow straight up, these forms, like a tree in the open free air, if allowed; but if thwarted and suppressed they will still find a way; they will grow—but they will grow twisted, flat along the ground or tortured into all sorts of mon-strous, grotesque and illegitimate shapes. Now there is in the blood of the French a penchant, a leaning toward direct action, action outside the law—action even against the law, to pull down and destroy the law. This tendency has its source in that an-cient grudge against the cursed aristocrats, who made and executed the laws of which the people bore the brunt.

Try as we may, we cannot get away from our ancestors. The dead do not die. They still live inside us. And so the French industrial movement, when it came into being, followed the traditional line of least resistance in outlining a platform, a pol-icy, which stood for direct action rather than indirect action; which stood for ac-tivities outside or even against the existing form of government.

This theory of industrial labor is called syndicalism. Syndicalism, the simon-pure article, aims to abolish the present repub-lican form of government and to set up in its place a government for and by the in-dustrial workers—in effect, an autocracy controlled by a single class. It is in sym-pathy with the Third Internationale—the present Russian soviet government under the control of the Bolshevists, where such overthrow has already taken place.

That is the pure theory. But in actual practice—and in practice, as I have already pointed out, France is extremely conserva-tive—the whole movement is not so radical as one might suspect. That is to say, the French do not act so loudly as they talk. And the Confédération Générale du Tra-vail—the C. G. T., as it is popularly termed—which is the official organization representing the industrial workers, num-bers among its leaders many sane and mod-erate men. Even with four revolutions behind it in history, to pave the way, the organization is not so all-fired revolution-ary. Perhaps I should better say, because of the four revolutions behind it it is not so revolutionary. For in those four revolu-tions, bloody and agonizing, France did not accomplish for her people so much as England has accomplished without a revo-lution under a monarchy. It begins to look as if there might be something the matter with this weapon of bloody revolution.

A Victory for Law and Order

As a matter of fact there are among the leaders of the industrial movement in France men who are Moderates, Liberals, Socialists, as well as members of the ex-treme left wing who favor the soviet brand of autocracy. But this extreme left wing of revolutionary radicals do not rule the move-ment. They are in the minority. Also, as an element of moderation, is to be added the fact that France has just been through one terrible war. She has had enough blood-shed for a while. The mind of the poilu balks at the thought of more blood. He wants his working conditions bettered, to be sure, but not by means of the bayonet and the barricade. And so the C. G. T. slowly but definitely is altering its course, turning its face away from revolution and embarking upon the course of settling its problems by means of the law. It is the crisis, the crossroads of the whole French industrial movement.

For France to embrace sovietism is for her to return to the terrible days of the Commune. And accordingly, when re-cently the workers won the eight-hour day, not by violence but by legislative action by the French Parliament, it was a defeat for Bolshevism and a victory for the law. This, when one considers the stern industrial problem which confronts France to-day, is a far greater triumph than we in America can conceive. To turn away from direct action when direct action is in your blood, to decide to put grievances up to the law for adjustment when suspicion of the law is your heritage—that kind of action reveals better than anything else the real stamina in France beneath all her fret and foam.

Doubtless the coming elections in France at which the demobilized soldiers vote will tend to ease still further the tension. For the present administration, never strong, which has been in power since 1914, has become afflicted, as one of its own leaders declared in the Chamber of Deputies, with senile paralysis from all the stresses and strains it has endured. Certainly fresh blood in the government to handle all the gigantic post-war problems will be a gain not only to the workers but to the nation as a whole.

To capitulate briefly the labor situation in France: First of all, the country has real grounds for industrial unrest. These are the loss of her man power, of her mines and factories, the scarcity of raw materials with the consequent high cost of living and the depression in the value of the franc. In addition to these physical external grounds of unrest she has a hereditary trend toward revolution, an ancient grudge—dwindling

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Fits Any Ice Box

(Continued from Page 122)

ut not dead—against aristocrats, which rudge extends to the law. In that environ- ent, with that historic background, has ome into being the organization of indus- rial workers—the C. G. T.—with a bent oward action outside of and against the xisting form of government. But that ent the moderates and the constructive eaders of the government have thus far ombated successfully, and the general rift of the movement shows definite signs f turning its back on revolution and of itching up with the principle of threshing ut its problems by law.

If I have sketched the conditions in rance rather than those of other countries n the Continent it is because France is to astern and Southeastern Europe, indus- rially and economically, what America is o France—an upheld radiant lamp illumi- ating the dark, a torch guiding the way. utside of France living conditions for ie workers grow worse and worse. Here ctual starvation lifts its gaunt specter ead. In Belgium hundreds of thousands f workers, refugees in France and England uring the war, returned after the Armistice o their native land. They returned to a aggering high cost of living, to a stag- ering low standard of wages, bankrupt mployers, and a deficit all along the line. here's real cause of unrest for you! Noth- ng artificial about that; nothing faked. 's the empty stomach that makes your ue radical; and the empty stomachs in urope would make the American working- an look like a caricature of Taft.

Full Stomachs and Empty Heads

"Madame," said a woman one day, halt- ng me on a street in Brussels, "for the sake f humanity, and because you are a woman, op and listen to me." I listened. "I ame down here from Charleroi, where my ree children are, to see if I could get re- ef from the committee. But the head of ie committee whom I must see, she is not town, and they told me to wait. But I ave waited two days—and still she does ot return. And now I have spent all that have, and I have no way to return to my ildren in Charleroi. The committee tell e to wait. But I have no money to wait— nd I have no money to return! I ask yself: 'What are my children doing?' adame, I think I am about to go mad!" I poured some money into her hand and e ran off, sobbing, toward the station.

"Do you suppose she was a fraud?" I sked a Brussels member of the relief com- ittee the next day.

"Alas, no," she replied. "Our poor coun- y is full to overflowing with just such ases of desperate need."

As a contrast to the above, the other day here defiled past my window in New York Russian Bolshevist parade—afterward ispersed by the police. The paraders, I bserved, were comfortably clad, with sturdy shoes and warm suits. Their faces were not gaunt or pinched. No abdominal emptiness here. The vacuum was above the collar bone.

So much for the general labor situation abroad. England I have not dealt with—but England is in the same boat with France in regard to losses of men, money and ships. But England is going after the problem in a broad, human way. She is threshing out her problems by means of government committees and arbitration boards, compromising, yielding or standing firm as the individual situation may dictate. This sort of political game England plays much better than we do. Her labor leaders are better trained and disciplined in statesmanship. Her workers are more homogeneous and solid and there are fewer alien races to handle. In addition, she is attacking the question—by all odds the biggest question of our day—not by French or Italian or Russian methods but in accordance with her own psychology, with the instincts and traditions and historical background of the English-speaking race. She is bringing to it the best brains of the country. And England's best brains are hard to beat.

The Acid Test

The acid test of any form of government is what it does in the way of general education, general opportunity, and in lifting the standards of living not for the few, the élite, but for the great masses of the people; in providing for these not only means to obtain food, clothes, shelter and decent hours of labor but also in fostering individual independence, individual intelligence, individual spirituality. It was these latter qualities which Germany left out of her great militaristic program—and which now she has got to build back into her national edifice.

From this acid test the United States emerges with a fairly high grade. It does not assay one hundred per cent pure gold. It's too imperfect in spots for us to brag about without feeling uneasy. Nevertheless, lumping everything together, the principle which we're so laboriously working out has brought the citizens of this land farther than the citizens of any other land along that road toward the City Perfect in the Mountain Delectable toward which the soul of man has so persistently hankered through the ages.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the details of the present industrial unrest in America, but rather to picture the unrest of Europe; to show how certain valid causes for the discontent which exists on the Continent do not exist in America; and how, in addition, the old oppressive forms of government fixed the lives and the thoughts of the people into a bitter mold of hatred against the law.

This tradition tyranny is particularly true of the Russians. The itch, the urge for revolution is in their very finger tips. Their emotions stray in that direction instinctively because they have strayed in that same direction for ages, until now it is become the one big open thoroughfare of their minds. All other roads lead into it. They can't keep off it. It is an obsession, a disease. They are so wedded to the thought of action obtained by violence that they scoff at the idea of action obtained any other way. Anybody who stands up for the present democratic form of government is a bourgeois, a Bourbon. Anybody who wants to smash things is a revolutionist—a glorious martyr!

Now all of us desire action, forward progress, freedom. That is the goal of all the peoples of the earth. The Bolshevists and radical reds have no exclusive copyright on that desire. It's in the methods of obtaining the goal where the difference occurs.

In other words, if you want to open a bottle there are two modes of attack. One mode is to smash the bottle. The other is to employ a corkscrew. Of course it is presumed you know how to use a corkscrew. And it is presumed also that your corkscrew is a decent, respectable instrument—none of that *ersatz* stuff such as I met with over in a castle in Germany, where four cheap tin imitations, which bent like hairpins, failed to get into a bottle of sour Rhine wine, and eventually we were compelled to call in the butler, a nice old thing who waited on Her Sacred Imperial Highness, first cousin to the Kaiser; and he produced a corkscrew with which he was wont to extract the corks for Mrs. Hohenzollern—and when we looked, behold, that corkscrew was patented in the U. S. A.! As a method, corkscrew extraction is not nearly so dramatic and picturesque as smashing the bottle, but it is more modern, and it conserves the liquid inside.

Corkscrew Government

Now the United States is a corkscrew type of government, and its people are a corkscrew type of people. As a nation and as individuals we go after problems with a corkscrew, applying pressure in the region where it will do the most good, tugging, sweating, ofttimes cursing, with all hands standing round giving expert and inexpert advice, but somehow or other getting most of our obstinate corks pulled. Now the prosaic corkscrew in this metaphor is the law. And the hands gripping it are the hands of a self-ruling people. The hands could smash the bottle if they liked, but they have agreed on the use of the corkscrew.

And should it ever come to a showdown in this land between the two methods it would not be hard to guess on which side the great body of Americans would stand. Why, you poor, old, obsolete prophets of violence and despair, pathologic derelicts of a dead dynasty, where do you suppose you'd stand if America should take a straw ballot on the proposition as to which of the two methods she'd indorse? You'd be snowed under so far that it would take a hundred years to dig yourself out, digging union time at the rate of eight hours a day.

It is possible, after Russia has settled down and the chaos of the revolution is past, that the time may come when her citizens—all of her citizens and not just one class—will enjoy the benefits of education, of opportunity and of decent working conditions which prevail in America to-day. But her present generation will not see it. For it takes more than the wave of a bloody revolutionary hand to accomplish such results. It takes time; yes, and the friction of honestly opposed wills, and moderation, and brave compromise, and all the slow forces of evolution, to accomplish such a result. And to-day Russia is a one-class autocracy under a dictator, just as formerly she was a one-class autocracy under a czar.

Lenine the Autocrat

Upon this subject the report of Lincoln Steffens, whom the Peace Conference sent to investigate conditions in Russia, says:

"The soviet form of government which sprang up so spontaneously all over Russia is established. It is not a paper thing; not an invention. Never planned, it has not yet been written into the forms of law. It is full of faults and difficulties; clumsy, and, in its final development, it is not democratic. The present Russian Government is the most autocratic government I have ever seen. Lenine, the head of the soviet government, is farther removed from the people than the czar was, or than any actual ruler of Europe is. . . .

"The people in a shop or an industry are a soviet. These little informal soviets elect a local soviet, which elects delegates to the government—state—soviet. The government soviets together elect delegates to the All-Russian Soviet, which elects commissaries, who correspond to our Cabinet. And these commissaries finally elect Lenine. He is thus five or six times removed from the people. To form an idea of his stability, independence and power, think of the process that would have to be gone through with by the people to remove him and elect a successor. A majority of all the soviets in all Russia would have to be changed in personnel or opinion, recalled, or brought somehow to recognize and represent the altered will of the people."

In comparison with the absolute imperial power wielded by Lenine the former czar was a simple democrat! Nor are all classes of people represented in these soviets—only the peasants. And only the poorer, more illiterate peasants at that. In connection with this Mr. Steffens says:

"The poorer peasants and soldiers at the village inn were the first soviets in the country; and in the beginning, two years ago, these lower-class delegates used to explain to me that 'the rich peasants' and

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DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

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'the rich people' had their own meetings and meeting places. The popular intention then was not to exclude the upper classes from the government but only from the soviets, which were not then one and the same thing."

But in the course of the revolution these soviets of the poorer peasants became the sole instrument of government, and everybody outside of them—the richer peasants, the bourgeoisie as well as the aristocrats; in short, everybody who had climbed up a few rungs on the ladder of prosperity—was simply pinched out of any representation whatsoever. They had no say. Those who did attempt to register their say were wiped out by the red terror.

That is the type of autocracy which exists in Russia to-day. That is the type of autocracy which the Bolshevists, the I. W. W.'s, the revolutionaries and a few parlor lunatics are trying to foist upon America. Honestly, is that kind of stuff good enough for us? Did our boys—and our girls too—go over to Europe by the millions to fight against autocracy only to come back and find that same bloody old marauder stalking round at home; stalking round in sheep's clothing, slinking among the sheep—yes, we're a lot of us sheep and mutton heads too—and saying: Let's have a soviet here in America! Oh, the fine soviet in Russia! Oh, the grand and noble soviet in Russia! Let's pull down this miserable bourgeois Government made by George Washington—a damned aristocrat; and Benjamin Franklin—a social climber; and Abraham Lincoln—an ambitious predatory lawyer. Let's have a little red terror! Let's have a soviet America!"

Not much, my pathological friend. I'm sorry for you. You're what a dark, crooked and dangerous government has made you; you're what hunger and cold and disease and false imprisonment through the ages have made you—a nut. But you can't steer our ship; you're not big enough, free enough, sane enough. And you've got to stop rocking the boat.

What has all of this to do with our present labor troubles to-day? This: Our labor difficulties may be divided into two distinct types or brands. The one is the straight clash between employers and employees; the inability to find a common meeting ground; the obstinate reluctance—on both sides—to yield certain principles to arbitration. The second kind of discord, far more sinister and profound, is that fomented inside the ranks of labor by Bolshevists, reds and I. W. W.'s, who don't want labor and capital to agree; don't want accord; don't want better wages or better hours; who hate equally capital and the Federation of Labor, because both equally stand as obstructions in the path to their goal; and that goal is a row, a wreck, the red terror, revolution—soviet America. These radicals with their imported doctrines are trying to disrupt the Federation of Labor—which, whatever its defects, is a native American product and has done much to lift the standards of life for our workingmen—by joining its ranks and trying to scuttle it from the inside.

Thus we have outlaw strikes, engineered by the I. W. W.'s. Thus we have honest labor leaders advising the unions to abide by their contracts and the results of arbitration, and we see them howled down by the passionate revolutionary crowd, who would like to bolt the entire body of American labor into their own vicious ranks. They are injecting into the situation foreign methods, foreign ideas. Their goal, should they achieve it, would wreck not only America, it would wreck the world. For the world in this after-war crisis is depending on America.

Now these wild fellows must be kicked out of American labor organizations, and the union members inside the organizations are the men who must kick them out. If they don't the time will come when the radicals will kick them out. Outlaws must be treated as outlaws by honest men or law itself will cease. Every obstinate irresponsible workman who refuses to vote to arbitrate his grievances; and every obstinate irresponsible employer who refuses to meet duly elected representatives of labor, or to arbitrate with them, declaring that he, the employer, is capable of running his own business without public interference, alleging that such public interference is an infringement of his inalienable rights as a citizen—so argued the slave owners before the war—that workingman and that employer are playing directly into the hands of this third group, antagonistic to both, which desires to wipe them both, and the entire Government, off the slate. Neither employer nor employee sees clearly this third lurking figure, which intends if it gets a chance to assassinate them both.

And this, I think, covers the ground pretty fairly why I prefer to live in America. It elucidates my Western friend's remark. Yes, we are crude, we are vulgar, we are new. But we have got hold of a principle, of a method of procedure, which we've tested out for a hundred years; a principle which benefits all classes; which amalgamates all the races that come to our shores, so that they are no longer Irish, nor Italian, nor Polish, nor German—but plain Americans. We have millionaires who were immigrants from Sweden, from Egypt, Japan, China, Greece, the isles of the sea. Yes, we are crude. But if Europe and Asia would do their share in disseminating ideas of freedom, decency, sanitation and education among their masses America wouldn't have such a darned big whale of a job on her hands. She'd have more time to be picturesque! As it is, she has to re-educate them, reshape them from the ground up.

How did our troops—made up of every race under the sun—stack up with the troops of Europe? How did they compare in physical stature, health, cleanliness, education, independence of mind, resourcefulness in tight corners—as well as in their ideas concerning womanhood? What did our men think of the German working-women who toil like beasts of burden? This is not a contention that the American at bottom is one whit better than the European; but it is a contention that living under the American form of government, with the advantages it confers on its people, tends to give its citizens a bigger, saner, cleaner outlook upon life. And that is why we must not turn back the pages of history and accept doctrines, ideas, principles which belong to another age, another country, another blood.

The world situation is too critical, Europe is too sick for us not to stop, take mental stock of our attitudes as individuals, as workers, and determine which of these two methods we intend to indorse. Even after we've kicked out our foreign firebrands there's still the other half of the problem to solve. And that other half of the problem in itself is so grave that it is going to require all the intelligence, moderation and sense of responsibility that America can muster. If we fail, through obstinacy or selfishness or incapacity, with that lurking figure in the background—then we deserve to fail.

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY

(Continued from Page 17)

He might have been a wild woman out of the Nibelungenlied or one of the fatal enchantresses of the Icelandic sagas.

Freya hurled herself into the Fairmoor party like a devastating flame. She danced—as all grand opera singers do—with a vast and threatening gesture. But though she had no sense of rhythm she dearly loved exercise, which established compensation. The Fairmoor men, married or single, seemed to rush into her sublime embrace like chips into a whirlpool, while the Fairmoor women withdrew to the side lines, to sneak and gibber venomously.

"She looks and acts," said Valeria Vincent, "like a passionate cook."

This remark trickled among the jealous wives and maidens of Fairmoor and brought them some comfort.

Anthony, of course, was on the crest of his wave of popularity among the men. He was besieged for introductions to the conquering Scandinavian and he distributed these favors with an impartial hand. But he maintained the rights of the possessor firmly also. When a victim had languished in the embrace of the operatic pythoness a little too long he would step out on the dancing floor with the air of a master and take Freya on her shoulder. Then with a glad cry of surrender she would release her partner and encircle Fairmoor's Galahad. Persis sulked, of course, when she wasn't dancing with her aviator and contributed her share of sharp feminine epigrams to the theme of the evening. She did not tell Anthony, however, what she thought of Freya. She didn't get an opportunity.

Mrs. Vincent, however, decided to exercise her franchise of impertinence.

"Where did you discover that beautiful master, Tony?" she asked after she had made him dance with her. "Did you engage her at an employment bureau? What does it all mean?"

"She was sent to me by heaven to comfort my blasted life," he told her.

"How did you meet her?"

"That's a secret."

"You don't mean to say you like her?"

"Why not? She appreciates me at my true worth."

"You're showing some speed, Tony."

"Watch my smoke!"

IV

A MONTH later Anthony's immaculate thirty years in Evanston had been completely forgotten and he was firmly established as the town rake. Freya had come and gone with the closing of the Ravinia season, but there had been others, each of them regarded as a flagrant advertisement that Anthony was scattering roses riotously. He had dropped all of his old friends and developed a habit of turning up at Fairmoor with flamboyant ladies in tow. He did nothing actionable under the club's laws for decent behavior. His companions were of the kind that could be introduced to Fairmoor's bravest and best without question, but they were all of the kind that caused talk.

There was, for instance, the married woman from Chicago, ten years older than himself, whom he brought out often for afternoons of golf. She was known to be riding hard for a divorce, without being particular in her choice of a corespondent, and she had a dangerous husband. She and Anthony played without caddies and always brazenly left the course at the third hole to stroll over into the adjoining forest reserve.

"Of course there are plenty of picnickers in the reserve," said Valeria Vincent when she heard of this idyllic custom, "but it's disgusting of Tony just the same. She's almost old enough to be his mother—and that little toad of a husband of hers is capable of anything. When he files his bill he will probably name every man in sight, and Tony can certainly be distinguished by the naked eye."

Then there was the second stage vampire with whom Anthony replaced Freya Svendson at one of the dances—Jeannette Adair by name. She played the Babylonian Woman in Belshazzar's Feast, a spectacle of ancient debaucheries woven about a scriptural story. The costume she wore in Belshazzar's Feast was notorious for being the season's most ingenious arrangement of nudity and beads. Jeannette was a professional vampire drafted from motion pictures into the theater and she worked at her art on and off the stage as vehemently as if she were pumping up an automobile tire. She did not cause so much havoc at Fairmoor as the triumphant Freya, whose physical endowment she could not equal, but she managed to send most of the married couples home quarreling and she was regarded as proof that Anthony's degradation knew no bounds.

V

ONE day Persis Meade humbly sought out Valeria Vincent for advice about Anthony. She still had her dapper knight of the air for steady companionship, but she was beginning to miss Anthony, now that he was lost in the wilderness.

"Do you think he would reform if I married him?" she asked wistfully of Valeria's superior wisdom.

"It's terrible, the way he's acting! I do want to help him. I feel responsible for him somehow."

"There's your aviator, remember! Aren't you responsible for him too?" Valeria wanted to know, with a touch of irony.

"I suppose so, but perhaps Bobby doesn't need me as much as Tony."

There was a ripple of laughter from Valeria.

"Apparently Tony doesn't need you at all, my dear—or any of us. He seems to be getting on famously without us, anyway. Why didn't you think of all this when Tony asked—when you had a chance?"

"I didn't believe he would go away and end everything and become a fiend," said Persis sadly.

"Then you really miss him?"

"I miss our talks and things. Tony was a great pal."

"But aviators are fascinating, aren't they? Well, I'm sure I don't know what you can do about it now—unless you want to propose to him. Could you go that far in your missionary zeal?"

"Well—tell him I want to see him, will you? He never comes near me now."

"Of course I will," Valeria promised. But she was not certain when she would fulfill that promise—whether it would be to-morrow, or next week, or next year.

VI

ABOUT this time Anthony ostentatiously moved out of the comfortable room in the College Club, where he had lived for years, and into an apartment, to the furnishing of which he devoted himself with great publicity. He interviewed all his friends about rugs and curtains and period bedroom sets and kitchenette utensils. Vans laden with household goods of luxurious appearance arrived at his new abode almost daily for a while. This was going to be a suspiciously ornate bachelor's establishment, it seemed.

At his housewarming, which was stag, his guests prowled about the flat and asked impertinent questions.

"Where's your collection of Japanese prints?" one of them demanded eagerly.

"You boys are too young to see them," Anthony said sternly.

"Why so many rooms for one lone bachelor?" another asked.

Anthony explained that he hoped to give a party now and then.

"That guest chamber looks very feminine to me," observed a cynic.

"I have an old maid aunt who lives in the country and is a great gadder. She might drop in on me, you know."

The guests went away agreeing among themselves that Anthony was a desperate character. They were confident that within six months the law would step in and abolish him.

"He can't get away with any of that stuff in this town," was their verdict.

So they toddled back to their celibate quarters in the College Club, each pretending to grieve over the moral collapse of their old friend.

Anthony lived there like a hermit—under amateur espionage—for several weeks, taking his breakfasts and dinners at the club as usual. Then he stopped coming in for meals. The spies failed to report any new clews, but his brother bachelors began to wonder at his absence from their table.

The explanation came from his own lips to some of Fairmoor's best gossips, male and female, in the aftermath of a bridge party. He was quite artless about it.

"I have a housekeeper now and take most of my meals at home," he said. "It's a kind of experiment in practical philanthropy. She's a little Italian girl about seventeen years old. Rather pretty too. An artist friend of mine told me about her. She came to his studio to get work as a model and fainted after she had posed for ten minutes. He discovered that she was half dead from hunger. Sounds like a play, doesn't it? She had run away from home—brutal Black-Hand stepfather and all that sort of thing. She couldn't get work at the shops because she didn't speak English well enough. Well, my artist friend kept her there in the studio for a day or two, but he didn't really need her as a model, and his wife got jealous, so he asked me if I couldn't do something for the poor child. So I've taken her in. I practice my Italian on her, and she's a genius at cooking spaghetti. Her name is Angelina Rosa Benedetti."

If he had made such an announcement before the enormities of his débâcle had been committed Anthony would have been asked without delay a score of enthusiastic

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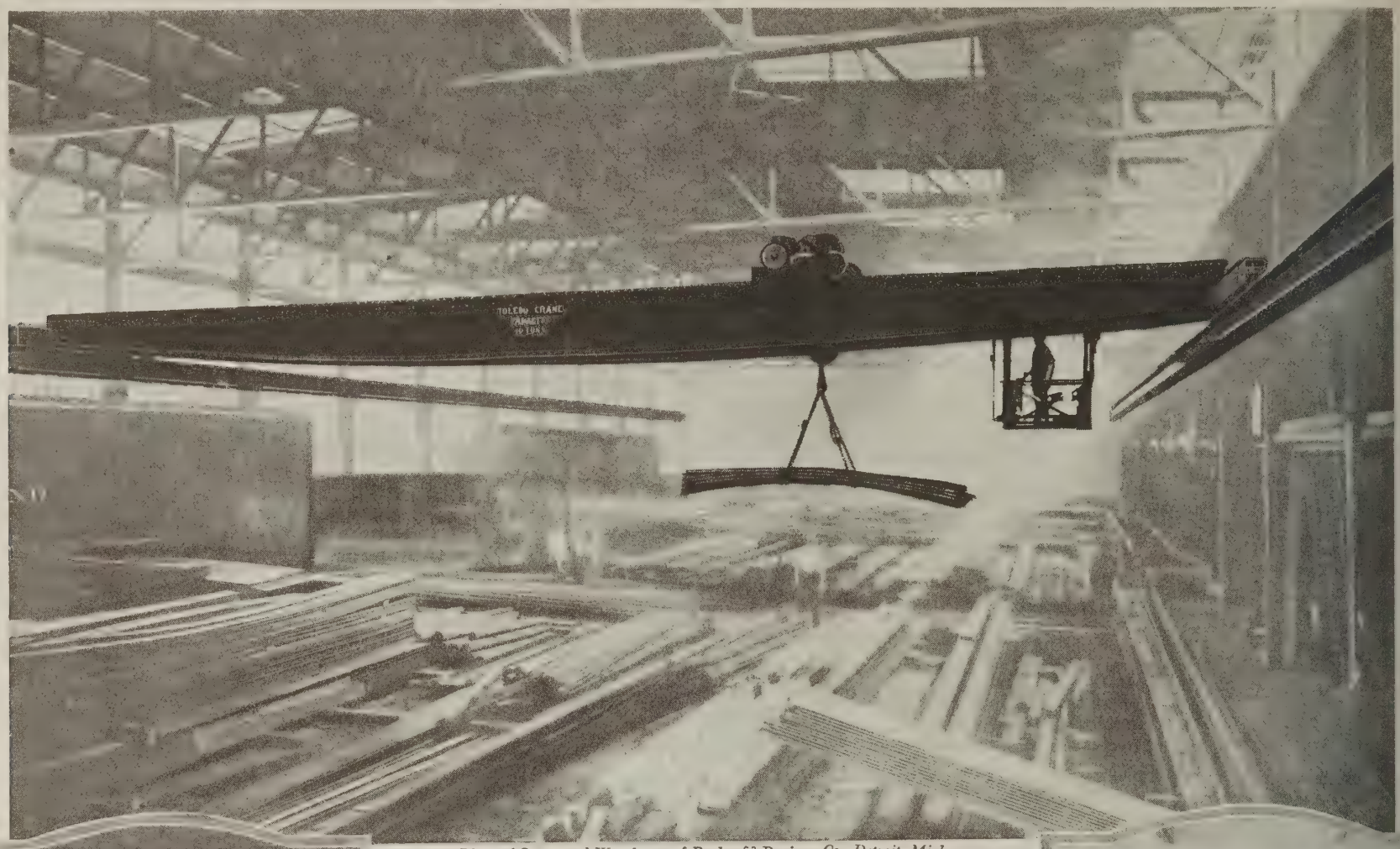

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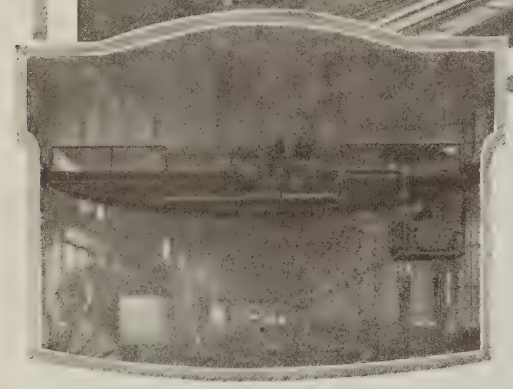

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(Concluded from Page 127)

questions about his protégée. There would have been exclamations of feminine curiosity, a thrill of interest over the romantic situation, praise for his humanitarianism and offers of collaboration in the charitable enterprise. But for the Anthony believed to be capable of any turpitude there was in answer to his story nothing but a chilling silence. The bridge party stared at him blankly and with bated breath. It was interested indeed—much more deeply and poignantly interested than it would have been if Anthony had been his former self—but it did not care to express its interest in his presence.

At last Felicia—of Anthony's sentimental past—now the mother of stalwart twins, said frigidly: "That must be very convenient for you, Tony."

Then the bridge party broke up and drifted away from Anthony, the philanthropist, as if he had confessed to leprosy.

VII

"IT'S true," this same Felicia was telling Valeria and Persis excitedly. "I have seen her. I walked past Tony's apartment on the other side of the street and looked up at the living-room windows. She was there peering out from behind the curtains. Of course I couldn't stand there staring, so I can't say exactly what she is like, but she seemed very young and small and pale. Rather a refined face, I should say."

Persis blushed and said she didn't believe it. Valeria's brightness of demeanor seemed to pass under a winter cloud.

"I've talked it over with father," Felicia continued, "and he says we should investigate the matter carefully." Felicia's father was a clergyman. "So he telephoned Tony and asked if he couldn't call. He was very tactful. He said he would like to talk with the unhappy girl and offer her spiritual aid and comfort. But Tony told him she was a queer little thing who didn't talk much and wouldn't see visitors. 'She just wants to be alone,' the wretch said. 'She has had a sad life and isn't very well.' Can't you do something about it, Persis?"

Persis declared that she didn't want to see the creature.

"Of course Tony must marry her," Felicia declared with authority.

"Don't be so dictatorial, Felicia dear!" snapped Valeria. "I shall grant Tony the right of doing whatever he thinks best. He's a pretty good sort, no matter what has happened. If you or Persis or I had married him when he was a poor, forlorn, proposing idiot this would never have happened. So let her who is without sin among us cast the first slur. Do you think he must marry her, Persis?"

"Oh, I don't care what he does!"

With which Persis darted upstairs and didn't come down again until she was sure her nose wasn't red.

VIII

ANTHONY was preparing to regale himself at dinner in his abode of sin. "Angelina Rosa," he was saying with a flourish of his cocktail glass, "I drink to your beautiful though somewhat beady eyes."

The telephone bell rang.

"Tony? This is Valeria. You've done it this time! The Pharisees are coming to chastise you with rods!"

"Why so excited, Valeria? Please don't talk so fast—and try to be a little more intelligible."

"It's about that girl you are keeping in your flat. The Law and Order League has swung into action. The landlord is going to cancel your lease. A search warrant is going to be sworn out. If they find her there you will be arrested. The trustees of the Presbyterian church have canceled their contract with you for the new building. You're going to be expelled from Fairmoor and the College Club. You will probably be tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail."

"Say, where do you get that stuff?"

"From Felicia mostly, and it sounds as if much of it were true. Her father is president of the Law and Order League, you know."

"This is dreadful, Valeria! What do you advise me to do?"

"Get that girl out of there as soon as possible. To-night! Now! Don't let them catch you!"

"She's a pretty sick child, Valeria. She needs a woman's care. Will you help me?"

"Certainly I will! What can I do?"

"Well, my car is laid up for repairs ——"

"Mine's out in front now. I'll drive right over."

"Good girl! Ring the bell three times—two long and one short—and then come up quietly. We will be ready to start."

Valeria arrived, hot, breathless and pale with excitement. Anthony greeted her quizzically and led her into the living room. Valeria looked round wildly.

"Where is she?"

"Packing up. We'll have to wait a while. There's no great hurry, I think. I haven't heard the baying of the bloodhounds yet."

"Oh, Tony, how could you!"

Valeria sank into a chair in a wilted kind of way. He took her hand affectionately.

"I've been telling myself I am to blame," she said. "You remember that night at Fairmoor last summer when I told you all those nasty things about yourself?"

"About being too pure?"

Anthony grinned shamelessly.

She nodded.

"So you got mad and went in for a life of crime. You've gone the limit too. You weren't content with stage vampires and married flirts. You had to let this sort of thing happen. I'm awfully sorry, Tony. You're a nice boy in spite of everything, but you have gone quite crazy. Do you forgive me?"

"Don't be absurd, Valeria!"

"You have ruined your career, you know. You've lost that new church job, though they say you submitted a perfectly brilliant set of plans. And you won't get any others—not round here."

"Let them go to Hades with their church!" declared Anthony firmly. "There is no joy in that kind of architecture anyway. I'm tired of ecclesiastical ornament and hagiology and imitation Gothic. What I want to build is houses—houses for people to live in, Valeria—jolly houses where jolly married couples can honeymoon and be happy and have a lot of kids. Houses in the new American Anthony Osgood style, if you please. And I'm building them, Valeria. I'm swamped with jobs. The husbands will hardly speak to me, but the wives insist that I am the man for them. It's queer, but married women seem to dote upon an immoral architect—or at least upon his immoral architecture."

"So the life of crime pays?"

"It has its compensations. Come on now, I'll introduce you to Angelina Rosa. She's a queer little thing."

He took her out into the dining room and showed her Angelina, who was sitting at the table in a chair opposite his place.

She was, indeed, a queer little thing, who didn't say a word. She did not flinch at the penetrating and hostile stare which Valeria directed at her, for she had begun life in a shop window and was accustomed to the criticism of her own sex. She neither blushed nor turned pale nor lowered her eyes in shame. She did not rise to her feet to meet Valeria, for she was not built that way. Her adolescence would never be kindled by any wooing. Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt was no more passionless than she.

She was, in short, nothing but a dressmaker's dummy, misses' size!

IX

AFTER Valeria had recovered her composure and decided not to quarrel with Anthony for his abominable hoax she discovered that he was not laughing as a man who had just come to the successful climax of an elaborate practical joke should laugh. In fact, he had become rather serious.

"You thought I was in bad and you came to help me out," he said. "You're a good friend, Valeria. You always have been. They don't make them any better than you."

He came up to her and took her gently by the shoulders.

"I missed one chance for you ten years ago. Give me another."

"Go away, Tony," she said gayly. "Angelina Rosa is of no value as a chaperon. Are you proposing to me?"

"I certainly am! You ought to marry again. Shall we try it?"

"You don't mean to pretend you're in love with me, Tony?"

"Having been told by you once that I was a poor, silly Early-Victorian idealist, I shall not answer. That's something for you to find out. The question is: Will you marry me?"

She hesitated.

"You're not really serious?"

"I was never more in earnest in my life."

"What about Persis?"

Before he could reply the telephone bell began to ring, and Valeria remarked that a vampire was probably on the wire. He went to answer the call and she came close to him as he made the preliminary responses.

Suddenly he put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned toward her:

"This is Persis now."

"Good heavens! What does she want?"

"She says she wants to see me. Wants to know if you hadn't told me about it. What is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Just a moment, Persis, please," he murmured into the telephone. Then to Valeria: "Well?"

"Here is your chance, Tony. Opportunity is knocking at the front door and the back. The foolish virgin is throwing herself at your head while you are proposing to the merry widow. Which one of us do you really want, my lord? Remember, she will last longer. I am ready to be sacrificed."

"Valeria," he whispered, "come closer—and kiss me."

He uncovered the telephone. Valeria's bright blue eyes took on a wicked radiance. He pressed the receiver to her ear—and she did as she was bid.

It was the old-fashioned kind of a kiss, properly called a buss. Its audibility was far-reaching.

"What did she say?" Anthony asked when they had finished laughing.

"What could she say? An indignant 'Oh,' and she was gone."

Then Anthony returned the compliment. The first kiss had been for exhibition purposes only, but the second was intended to be enjoyed in private. And it was. Valeria, recalling words she had spoken half in jest, decided that there was a thrill to Tony after all.

X

HE HAD just begun his dinner—cooked by himself—before Valeria had given the alarm, and she hadn't had hers, so they agreed to jump into her motor and drive out to Fairmoor to make it a real party. As they started to leave the flat, however, she turned upon him in challenge:

"Before I accept you and announce our engagement, Tony, will you kindly try to explain away Freya Svendson and Jeannette Adair?"

"I am so pure," ironized Anthony, "that only vampires know how to appreciate me."

"And that married woman of the forest reserve?"

"She was studying botany."

"I see that I will never be able to believe a word you say. And your collection of Japanese prints?"

He smiled inscrutably.

"It is evident," he answered, "that we are going to have a lot to talk about as we walk with the even step of great companionship down the vale of our declining years. It looks like a success, doesn't it, Val?"

She was not so sure, but she was hopeful.

When they reached the motor car he said he had forgotten something and would have to go back to the flat for a moment. He emerged struggling with an enormous bundle.

"What have you got there, Tony?"

"My late lamented. We will take Angelina Rosa out to Fairmoor with us and show her to the crowd."

Valeria gazed upon him with eyes of wonder.

"Belovedest," she exclaimed, "I always knew you were a genius!"

But as they drove away she wished she could be as certain of the other episodes in Anthony's life of crime as she was of the queer little thing known as Angelina Rosa.

"Apparently Tony Doesn't Need You at All, My Dear—or Any of Us. He Seems to be Getting on Famously Without Us"

CURTAIN!

(Continued from Page 10)

'Dick," she said after a moment's harsh
lness, "don't make me choose. It—it's
—it hurts too much. I couldn't—I
ıply can't. If you make me give up the
ge you make me tear out my heart. You
uldn't ask that."
'It's a question of which means more.
ı merely asking what any normal man
the right to ask of the woman he mar-
—first place."
'But you'll have that."
'No, you won't be free to give it to me."
'It's queer"—her voice came shakily.
ve dreamed of love as every girl does.
t I never dreamed it would mean this—
s sacrifice."
'It won't mean sacrifice to you. I'll
your life, Nancy. I'll make you forget
re ever was any other bond. Sweet-
rt, don't you believe I will?"
She swayed toward him—then just as
ckly pulled back.
'Haven't I the right to ask it?" he
ed.
'Dick!"
'Haven't I?"
'I don't know—I don't know!"
'Consider my side."
'I only know it's everything you're de-
nding—everything!"
'I'm giving everything in exchange."
She closed her eyes with a very different
ression from that of a few moments
ore. Then it had been to let him fill her
ion; now it was to shut him out.
Vaguely it came to her that he couldn't
lize the enormity of the thing he was
ing. Vaguely she repeated aloud: "No,
ouldn't! I couldn't! If I mean to you
at you say you won't ask it!"
He lifted her face so that the eyes opened
meet his. Even through the shadows he
ld read their anguish.
'It's because you mean what you do
an that I can't let you go on."
Her hands closed tight on each other and
turned to fasten her gaze on the waken-
streets.
'No, Dick—there's no use. I couldn't."
'Does what I offer mean so little that
ı can thrust it out and not even stop to
sider?"
'If I stop to consider ——"
'You'll do what I ask," he put in quickly.
h, I thought so! Nancy, can't you see?
e woman in you is greater than the
ress. You won't always be young and
rshiped by your public, but love ——"
'Will love last always?" And as his
ns went out to answer: "No, no! Don't
to influence me—don't, please! I must
nk it over alone—it's my whole life, just
erything!"
His arms dropped. They did not again
ch out to her. He said good night with
e usual handclasp and left her at the door
the apartment house, haunting white,
dark eyes strained toward the first
ker of sun as it came haltingly out of
e east.
A month later she sent for him. In all
at time he gave her no word, not even
e message of a flower. He waited cleverly
silence—a silence that made the battle
e fought all the more difficult. And in
e end she sent for him, so completely had
absorbed her will. Not once during
ose weeks of struggle did her mind hark
ck to the fragment of conversation at the
pper party. Because she could care with
e intensity of the big woman and because
e was in love, she did not realize that in
nding for him she bowed before the god
e had scorned—Submission.
And so the curtain fell on Act I of Nancy
adshaw's drama of living.

II

OUT Long Island way on the North Shore, where Newport goes to stretch
er tired limbs after a busy season, there's
house set like a long ivory couch on a
reen carpet that spreads straight to the
ound. The place is called Restawhile, and
aving some twenty rooms, not to speak of
ervant quarters, is known modestly as a
ottage.
Here Dick Cunningham brought his
ride following their honeymoon trip
ırough the Orient. Here they spent the
reater part of each year, for with its ken-
els and stables Nancy loved it next to the
ouse of the fir trees, which would always
e her castle of romance. Besides, it was
ot too near Broadway, not near enough
r whisperings of the Rialto to tug at the heart or fill the eyes. Or if the dull ache of longing too deep for tears did come it was a place to hide them from a curious public.

The announcement of Nancy's marriage and retirement from the stage had come as a shock to the social world and a bomb to the theatrical. Broadway buzzed, Fifth Avenue bristled and poor Jerry Coghlan almost went crazy.

But as the calcium of the society column replaced her beloved footlights the star of the theater became a star of the social realm, and another nine days' wonder passed into the land of memory.

The column aforementioned told of her dinners and dances, of her trips to Florida, her visits to Newport. It listed her with her husband among inveterate first-nighters and usually added: "The one-time Nancy Bradshaw, whose romantic marriage robbed the stage of one of its most promising young actresses."

Eventually it announced with clarion blast the arrival of Dick Junior, and later of Nancy the Second, quite as if a chubby Dick and Nancy Cunningham were more important than the same weight John and Mary Smith.

A fairy tale come true even the most caustic observer would have remarked had he known the history of the beautiful woman seated on the stone-paved veranda of Restawhile one April afternoon five years after the curtain descended on Act I.

She had on a short white skirt, green sweater and white sport shoes, and strands of hair had been tossed across her eyes by a romp on the lawn with young Dicky. He sat at her feet now, pink legs outstretched, and mobilized between them a regiment of wooden soldiers.

Ted Thorne and her former manager had driven out to read Thorne's latest drama, written with Lilla Grant in mind. She was Coghlan's new find and her hybrid little face, with its eyes from the Orient and nose from Erin's Isle, had decorated many a magazine cover and woodcut during the past winter of her success. It might also have been seen at the Ritz lunching daily with varied and various conquests. She had acquired an air and no longer spoke of her profession as "the show business." Her gowns were the talk of fashion editors, her hats the despair of imitators. She was as colorful as a Bakst drawing and as decorative.

The woman in white skirt and sweater that matched the lawn sat listening at one side of the tea table, while Coghlan at her right measured three fingers of Scotch against two of soda, and the playwright's voice sounded vibrant against the sweet spring stillness. It was a tense, elemental story, based on a suggestion Nancy had given him, with Hawaii—land of love—as a setting. Finally he closed the script and looked across at her.

"What do you think of it?"

"The best thing you've done, Ted," she announced instantly.

"Of course it's only in the rough. But I wanted your opinion. Am I like that fellow who knows all about the Himalayas because he never got there?"

"Just like him—an authority," she retorted.

"But straight—how does it strike you?"

"I love it! You've never written anything with greater emotional possibilities."

"How do you like Lilla for the lead?"

"Just the type! And good from a box-office standpoint too—she's made such a hit this season."

"Some kid!" put in Jerry, tinkling the ice pleasantly against his glass. "Always said she'd make her mark. And take it from me, Jerry Coghlan knows what he's talking about."

Nancy smiled.

"You couldn't find anyone better to play a Hawaiian."

"Oh, yes, we could!" came from Thorne.

"Who?"

"You!"

She laughed—and in her laughter the men detected nothing but mirth.

"Don't you ever have a hankering for the old game, Nancy?" Coghlan asked. "Don't the theater ever get in your blood?"

She bent and lifted young Dick suddenly to her knees.

"Here's my theater," was her answer.

The playwright's gaze traveled over the two gold heads to the father's eyes that smiled from the baby face into his mother's. Fat arms wound round her neck and she sank her lips in the fluffy curls.

"You've got a part that suits you to perfection," he said in a low voice.

"Say, there ain't any part Nancy couldn't play! Always said she had class, and take it from me ——"

"It's good to know you haven't forgotten us," Thorne interrupted, still in that low tone. "Whenever things get balled up I say to myself: 'Here goes for a run out to Restawhile.' Nancy'll help me straighten them out!'"

"It's good to know you feel that way. You see"—she held Dicky closer—"I can give the viewpoint of the audience now."

That night she told her husband of the play. They had dined at the Courtleigh Bishop place, some five miles distant, and during the drive home Nancy had been unusually quiet. She walked up the wide staircase, head bent, her long velvet cloak pulled close round her as if for protection against the country chill of April. But as he followed into her boudoir with its amber lights and drapes of cornflower blue she dropped into a chair, let the wrap slip from her shoulders and leaned forward, speaking rapidly:

"Tell me something of your doings to-day, Dick. You haven't yet."

He recounted the day's activities—certain complications that had risen in his Western interests—for Cunningham, in spite of wealth or perhaps because of it, was not a waster. She listened eagerly to every word.

"And by the way," he added, much as an afterthought, "I lunched with a former friend of yours, Lilla Grant. Met her as I was going into the Ritz. She was alone—so was I. So we joined forces."

She leaned back with a deep sigh.

"I'm glad you told me that."

His reply held a note of surprise.

"Why?"

"Because Mary Bishop made it a point to inform me to-night that she'd seen you there. 'Dicky still has a penchant for the theatrical profession,' she said; 'I saw him lunching to-day with a stage beauty.' Of course it amused me, but I just had a feeling that I'd like to hear about it from you."

"It was of no importance. I might not have thought of mentioning it."

"No. Still—I suppose I'm silly and feminine, but if you hadn't I think it would have hurt."

"Do I demand to know every time Thorne comes out here?"

"You don't have to, Dick."

Her eyes were still intent on him.

"I've lunched with Lilla Grant other days and haven't thought of mentioning it."

"I know that too."

His eyebrows shot up.

"How?"

"Other women."

He laughed.

"How they do love each other, don't they?"

She laughed with him.

"It's all right now. You've told me. I just didn't want to think you'd deceive me."

"But, my dear girl, an omission like that is not deliberate deceit."

"Omission," came softly, "is often twin sister to commission."

His lips went tight.

"Does that mean you'd ever let anything as cheap as suspicion of me enter your mind?"

She got up, brushing her mouth across the hard line of his. "If I love you as much as I do it's reasonable to suppose other women might."

And that was when she gave him the story of Thorne's play—more to change the subject than anything else—with eyes shining and slim jeweled hands sending sparks into the room's golden shadows. He listened, watching her, the light on her face, the blaze of enthusiasm under the thick lashes.

"It's a splendid part for Lilla," she ended. "She'll be fascinating in it, don't you think?"

"Great!" And after a moment: "Nancy, does seeing so much of Thorne and old Jerry ever tempt you to go back on the stage?"

She went close to him as if his bigness were a shelter.

"It's a temptation I'd never acknowledge, dear heart—not even to myself."

"But you haven't answered me."

"I did that when I made my choice—when I married you. I couldn't be disloyal to that. Besides"—and all the woman of her went into the words—"you and the two little yous fill my life. I've no time for any other devotion."

He looked down at the head, reddened under the amber lights, at the graceful line of throat and shoulder, at the proud lips that were his, and his arms swept up and round her.

Drama moves swiftly. No pause for explanation, once the wheels are set going, no rambling into far corners for side lights as in the novel, but a tornadolike gathering of incident that hurls itself without notice into crashing storm. Life crowded into a few short hours, just as a few short hours so often crowd life into one crashing crisis. Without warning, or at least without warning heeded, one answers the doorbell or opens a telegram or takes up a telephone receiver, and behold, the face blanches, the heart stops beating, to beat again with hammer stroke too horrible to bear!

It happened that Thorne's roadster drew up under the porte-cochère one May day, and removing dusty goggles he announced that he had come to talk about a scene that stumped him.

"I've traveled to Mecca to consult the oracle."

Nancy shook hands enthusiastically. Dick had been away for several days. Her favorite mount, Lord Chesterfield, had been taken to town by the head groom for treatment under a famous vet, and endless dinners had bored her to a state of loneliness known only to those whose lives have hummed with activity. Her husband would not be back until to-morrow, and to put in a few hours with Ted in the atmosphere of the theater was a welcome diversion.

When they had discussed pros and cons and the kick in the big scene, when the playwright in hushed voice had told Dicky the usual pirate tale and the three had lunched together under the trees, Nancy jumped up.

"Ted, will you run me into town this afternoon? I want to have a look at Lord Chesterfield. He went lame last week, you know."

Thorne beamed.

"Bully! It's a whale of a day. Why not stay in? We can dine and I'll run you out early."

But she refused. The kiddies were put to bed at six-thirty and she wanted to be back before then.

"I'll take the train back. Don't bother about that."

She came downstairs presently buttoned into a gray topcoat. From under a tight little turban the sunset hair waved, held in by a gray veil.

Thorne got into duster and cap and they tore out of the grounds, along roads of glass, at a pace that left both breathless. Nancy felt the sluggishness of the past few days lashed out of her blood by the wind. It flew happily to her cheeks, tingled to her finger tips, sent the laughter into her lips as the man beside her gave the latest bits of Broadway gossip, the latest funny story from a region teeming with them. She stored them up for Dick, picturing his enjoyment when on his return next day she should give them with all her embellishment of mimicry.

The first pungent scent of summer, clover and sweet grass and occasional great mounds of hay rose from the meadows as they sped past. The vault above was intensely turquoise and without a cloud. It would be a heavenly night with a young silver moon etched against the sky and all things filmed by its light. She wished Dick were going to be home. They could have taken a tearing ride like this with all the countryside to themselves.

The breezes became sultry. City smoke crept in. The car jerked over cobbles, dodging barelegged youngsters and wedging at last into the clatter of Queensboro Bridge. Nancy's nose crinkled. She had come to hate the city with its odors and noises and strained faces and heavy air—all the elements that had passed unnoticed when she was part of it and a struggler. Except for a few months of winter, she came in as little as possible.

From the cluttered East Side they went through the district whose boarded doors

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and windows like the blank eyes of the blind proclaimed it fashionable, then the dust-covered green of the park and out at the street in the Sixties where down the block three windows blinked coquettishly.

Nancy descended, held out a hand.

"Good luck, Ted. And let's hear it when you've got it ready."

His alert gaze was bright with satisfaction.

"You've set me on the right track. Going home to whip it into shape now."

She waved as he drove off, and rang the bell beside the big door. It swung back slowly, heavily, and the head groom stood in the opening. She caught the look of surprise that swept over his face, passing as quickly after the manner of well-trained servants who are supposed to have no emotions.

"How is Lord Chesterfield?" she inquired, stepping out of the sunlight.

"He's not been so fine to-day, madam. I think there's pain in the left forefoot."

"I want to have a look at him."

"Yes, madam."

He closed the door, led the way to the run. But Nancy started toward the stairs. He turned.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?"

"No, that's all right, Jarvis. I'll just leave my coat and come down."

"I can take it." He stepped forward hastily and with rather a note of apology. "The painters are up there, madam. The rain of two days ago made a leak in the roof and I had to have them in. The place is in something of a mess."

But Nancy was already halfway up the stairs.

"It doesn't matter."

She disappeared, dropped her coat on the divan in the gray room and looked ceilingward. No sign of repairs there. Probably the leak was at the front of the house. Turning into the hall, she noticed that Jarvis had followed her.

"Pardon me, madam, will you be coming down to see Lord Chesterfield now?"

"Just a minute."

She threw open the double oak doors at the end. And her breath stopped, as she did, on the threshold.

A stream of sunshine flecked with motes came through the far window and centered on the couch. Lounging there in a position of uttermost comfort was Dick and at his feet, hatless and cross-legged like some willing slave of the harem, Lilla Grant. A look of flame was in his noncommittal eyes, and in her heavy ones languor. The ripe red lips were raised. From her fingers a cigarette dangled as he leaned close and struck a match. All too evident though that those lips were lifted not for the cigarette.

Nancy's hand went to her throat. That was all. Went to her throat and clung there.

The two started at the sound of another's presence. The match paused midair. Cunningham looked up. He straightened, sat for an instant without moving, then got to his feet.

The provocation faded from Lilla's lips. A moment before she had had the unmistakable air of being perfectly at home. Now as she followed the man's sharp glance she stiffened. Uneasily she too rose, and as neither of the others spoke, gave a nervous little laugh.

"Why, Nancy, this is a coincidence! We've been expecting Ted Thorne for tea, and only half an hour ago tried to reach you on the phone to get you in too."

Nancy made no attempt to refute the glib lie. She just stood gazing at her husband as if her eyes were touching him. Then she turned away.

"I think—I won't wait," she managed to say, and went out, closing the door.

Just the other side she stopped, eyes closed, hands pressed tight to her lips, and waited for courage to go forward. Part way down the stairs she saw the groom looking up. Fright grayed his thin cheeks.

"I'll see Lord Chesterfield now," she told him, and followed to the run.

With gaze straining through the train window an hour later at meadow and woodland she did not see, she was carried back to Restawhile, to the babies waiting for her.

The moon rose, virgin crescent as she had pictured it, paling the trees outside her room and the lawn beneath, filming across her face whiter than its own.

At last her door opened and a man entered. He closed it quietly, switched on the lights and saw her sitting hunched in a chair, staring with eyes bewildered as if they could not realize the thing they had revealed. He spoke her name, once, twice. She did not even glance at him.

"Nancy, answer me!"

She turned slowly.

"I ask you not to jump at conclusions. Nancy ——"

"Yes?"

"Why didn't you wait?"

"Wait?" Her gaze locked with his incredulously. "You think I could have waited?"

"I understand," he put in hastily. "That's why I made no attempt to detain you. The situation was awkward."

She laughed. It might have been a cry from the soul.

"Awkward, nothing more," he hurried on. "I admit, it looked damning. I, myself, would have judged as you did. But I give you my word ——"

She swept it aside.

"Jarvis tried to keep me from going up. That alone proves ——"

"Jarvis is a servant with the point of view of his class."

She uttered the thought that had been spinning round in her brain.

"He would scarcely have tried to protect you if that had been her first visit."

"Why not? He concluded because a woman happened to be there with me—alone—bah," he broke off, "that end of it's not worth considering! What you think is all that concerns me. And what you think is only too evident."

"What I think—what I think!"

Her hands clasped and unclasped incessantly. Her voice came strangled. He had been pacing up and down. Now he pulled a chair close to hers.

"But you're wrong, dear. It's circumstantial evidence and worth as much. I came back to-day unexpectedly, looked in at the uptown office before going home and found a message from Lilla asking me to see her this afternoon without fail. I called her hotel and arranged to meet her at the stable. Jarvis had notified me that Lord Chesterfield was seedy and it occurred to me that by having her come there I'd save time."

"You—you"—the words came haltingly as if difficult to speak—"you didn't seem in haste when—I saw you."

"Come now—be sporting, dear." He tried to make a laugh cut the tension. "You know my interest in the theater."

"Yes—I know."

"Well, Lilla's consulted me any number of times about one thing or another. And she has a Bohemian way of establishing palship that you don't understand."

"Don't I?"

"No. I wouldn't want you to. But the fact remains that Lilla on the floor with a cigarette in her mouth means no more than another woman at the tea table."

She made no reply.

"Of course she lied when she said we were expecting Thorne," he pursued. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes. He was out here to-day and motored me in. But I'd have known anyway."

"Can't understand why it's so much easier for women to lie than to tell the truth."

"Perhaps—men teach them it's easier."

There was a breath without words.

"For instance," she went on monotonously, and her eyes dropped to the hands clenched against her knees, "you're going to tell me I've no right to misjudge either you or Lilla."

"Why, my dearest"—Cunningham lifted her lowered face, looked long into it—"there's nothing mysterious in the whole affair. Kane offered to star her in a new production if she'd get him the backing and she wants me to put up the money. That's the long and short of it. I had every intention of consulting you."

She drew away, looking at him, straight and direct. Her lips opened, but closed without speech. She had been on the point of asking how it happened that he had arrived in town a day ahead of time without letting her know, why he had failed to telephone. But she could not bring herself to question him. And he gave little time.

Lifting both her hands, he unlocked them, drew them to his breast and met her eyes unwavering.

"Lilla and I are nothing more than good pals, like—like you and Thorne. I want you to believe that."

"It's impossible, Dick—after what I saw to-day."

"Why? Have you ever before had cause to doubt me?"

"No."

She hesitated a bit before admitting it.

"Then why seize on the first occasion?"

"Seize on it? Seize on it?" She gave another low breathless laugh. "That—that's funny! Seize on my own misery—seize on the shattering of all I hold dear!"

"You're nervous and hysterical now and things look monstrous, but I know you too well to think this mood can last."

His hands crept toward her shoulders. All through the interview there had been no conflict on his part, no man-woman antagonism, just an assumption of honest effort to convince her. And now he adroitly resorted to the means by which he had won her, a man's most convincing way of setting himself right, the lover's. He drew her, resisting, out of the chair, enfolded her in his arms and bending his lips, whispered: "No other woman could mean anything while I have you. Don't you know that?"

A moment passed, longer than any she had ever lived through, and then so low that he could scarcely hear: "I'm going to believe you, Dick—because I want to believe you," she said.

Neither of them ever referred to it again. As if by mutual agreement the matter was sealed. Whatever scar the experience had left so far as Nancy was concerned, her lips were closed as the lips of the dead. She had determined to forget, and forget it she must.

When eventually she heard through Thorne that along the Rialto it was whispered Lilla actually was considering an offer from Kane she felt immensely relieved. Dick had told her the truth then about that end of it. Why was the rest not true as well?

And as if to assure her, his devotion duplicated that of their honeymoon. Her happiness seemed the thought paramount, her peace of mind his topmost concern.

So it continued until business called him West, the tangle that for some time had been knotting his California interests. The letters he sent when they were not of her and the children, spoke of his boredom after affairs of the day were done with, of the humidity and discomfort of the rainy season, and emphasized his eagerness to return. They came from various coast cities—San Francisco, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles.

"It's possible you may not hear from me these next few weeks," a final communication told her. "I find it necessary to go to New Mexico to look into a railroad-building proposition and for a time may be located miles from any post office. But know that I'm safe and thinking of you, my dearest, and expect me back sometime in September."

Nancy packed up when it arrived and left to visit the Bishops at Newport. It was mid-July and the season at its height. Stopping overnight in town she lunched with friends at the Knickerbocker and there ran into Coghlan on his way to the café, that daily trysting place of managers.

He greeted her enthusiastically as he always did, with a touch of pride in the fact that she would leave a group of society lights to stop and ask theatrical news of the hour.

"Say, what d'you think of Lilla?" He chortled in the midst of pouring out plans for the coming season. "Gone to Hawaii to get atmosphere before she signs up for that lead! Atmosphere! Can you beat it? Paying her own expenses too. Told her she was crazy, but nothing to it—had to go. Developing too much temperament for her own good, that kid!"

Nancy had not yet brought herself to the point of hearing Lilla's name without wincing, but she managed a smile and asked: "When does she return?"

"Next month some time. Told her rehearsals begin the fifteenth whether she's on the job or not, so you can bank on it, she'll be here."

His appraising yet impersonal glance ran the length of Nancy's perfectly gowned figure, from the navy straw hat shading her eyes to the narrow brown pumps and slim silk-cased ankles.

"All to the good, Nancy," he sighed regretfully. "All to the good! Just home and mother stuff too. And by golly, five years ago I guyed myself into thinking I was gonna turn you out the greatest actress in America!"

She wondered vaguely as she sped toward the worldly paradise whose gates had swung wide to her whether old Jerry was right. Would she have become a great actress, or just the darling of a few fickle years? That girl with her wild dark eyes and swirl of golden hair, would the public she had loved have wept and laughed with her to-day? She wondered and smiled reminiscently, a smile with a tear, like some bitter-sweet memory of the dead.

At the station she was met by her host, known chiefly as Mary Bishop's husband, and in a supremely groomed car was driven through supremely groomed streets, beautiful and ultra as the leaders who dwelt there. Courty Bishop sat back beside her, caressed his waxed mustache and regaled her with choice bits of news, just as Coghlan had regaled her the day before. After all, she told herself, there wasn't much difference in the two worlds. Appraisingly but with a look not quite so impersonal as that of her former manager the tired eyes turned to scan her beauty while his facile tongue rambled on.

"I say—you top 'em all, Nancy. What a risk that boy, Dick, takes—leaving you alone so long!"

"Not so much of a risk," she laughed, mentally placing her husband next to the little man.

"But what the deuce takes him such a distance this time of year?"

"Oh, railroad stuff."

"Bore—the tropics in midsummer!"

"Tropics?"

"Well, that's what I'd call the Hawaiian Islands. One of my men, McIntyre, met him on the way out. Wrote that if Cunningham didn't kick at going guessed he couldn't. But why in hades ——"

The woman beside him heard no more. Hawaii! Like some giant machinery against her ears his words became a whir. She smiled mechanically, as so many women have done, while the world stood still.

Fate had lifted the prompter's hand and slowly the curtain descended on Act II of Nancy Bradshaw's life drama.

III

THE hum of arrival in that great hive, the Grand Central, kept up an incessant drone. Scurrying figures swarmed from the gates to disappear into the night. Red caps raced back and forth, elbowing one another in the rush for spoils. City husbands reached out eagerly from roped-off lines to country wives and sunburned youngsters. Embraces and laughter and inarticulate efforts to tell everything in one moment kept the air abuzz, and life, centralized in one small area of space, was at its busiest.

Into the hubbub from the seven-forty-five Santa Fe Limited swung a man in tweed suit, the porter at his side laden with the trappings of a long trip. His big shoulders pushed through the throng into the lighted terminal and he looked round. Rapidly his glance traveled from face to face, then back along the congested line and once again its length. A look of annoyance that brought brows together followed the swift scrutiny and he made for the telephone booths. Impatiently he gave the operator a number, concentrating his gaze on her while she made the Long Island connection. When some three minutes later he emerged from the booth the look of annoyance had changed to anger.

With characteristic stride of authority he moved across the crowded stone floor, bounded up the steps and waited, peering at his watch in the outer gloom, as taxis unloaded their burdens and took on others. When his turn came he sprang in, gave the address of a small, select hotel off Fifth Avenue and all the way there sat staring fixedly out at the lighted shops, his lips a thin, angry line.

The line had not disappeared as he stepped from the elevator to the door of a suite and imperatively rang the bell. It was opened by a girl in nursemaid's cap, who gave a start, half of wonder, half awe, when she saw who it was. He pushed past with the same look he had cast about at the station, then turned abruptly, sending at her a volley of rapid-fire questions.

Madam was not there, she answered. Yes, the children were, but Mrs. Cunningham had gone to the theater. No, she did not believe any telegram had been received from him. Madam, she was sure, had not expected him to-night. They had been in town since the beginning of the week. No, madam was not with anyone. Madam had gone out alone. The Coghlan Theater, she thought.

Her curious gaze followed him as he went down the hall to the elevator. Then softly she shut the door.

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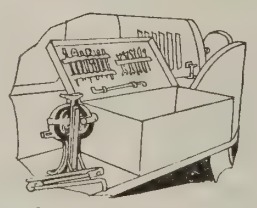

Jack with handle folded goes into any tool-box.

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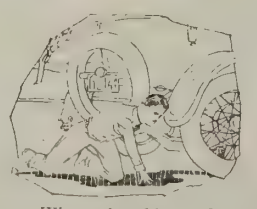

Who prefers this way?

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anufacturers also of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for motor trucks, railway and industrial uses.

It was nine o'clock when, after a hurried bite of dinner, he descended at the Coghlan and strolled into the darkened theater, the last of a fashionably late audience. The place was packed and he leaned leisurely against the rear balustrade to wait for the curtain before trying to locate his wife. Across the footlights palm trees swayed, recalling the land of secrets he had left behind. Something about the sensuous atmosphere so realistically reproduced made him turn away. Then his eyes took in the woman who held the center of the stage. Her voice, low and rich, rolled toward him. Her eyes, burning black, turned in his direction. He gripped the rail, bent over it.

Nancy! In spite of the dark wig and olive-tinted skin, there was no mistake. Nancy—on the stage of the Coghlan Theater! The sudden sharp crackle of a program broke the stillness.

"Nancy Bradshaw in Broken Wings."

There it was—Nancy Bradshaw—staring at him from the sheet he had not troubled to read.

Nancy! Mrs. Richard Cunningham!

He made the lobby like a bull gone mad. Generations of training, years of the will to control, were as if they had never been. He was the outraged male, bent on destroying the thing that had defied him.

Outside he found Coghlan, who, from the box-office, had glimpsed him sauntering in and evidently anticipated just what had happened. Jerry's good-natured face with its row of chins was hard as an iron mask as he blocked Cunningham's onrush.

"Hello there!" he said genially, reaching out a hand.

Cunningham's fists clenched white.

"I've got to see my wife."

"Well, can't see her from anywhere but in there until after the performance. Nobody goes back stage—strict orders." Then smiling broadly: "Made a hell of a hit; you ought to be damn proud of her."

"I'm going to see her now!"

Jerry grinned serenely.

"Don't blame you. Should have been here Monday for the opening—sensation, old man! Always said that in five years she'd be the greatest actress in the country. And take it from me ——"

From within a swelling volume of applause told the fall of the curtain.

Cunningham made a lunge to pass the figure that blocked him.

"Careful, careful, old boy!" came firmly from the manager. "Hold tight there! They'll be coming out—take it easy!"

The other man's face was set.

"I've told you ——"

"And I tell you! This is my theater! Anybody who causes any disturbance gets out!"

A prominent clubman sighted Cunningham at this juncture and hurried across the lobby. From that moment Nancy's husband was forced to assume an easy pride calculated to disarm gossip, forced to become the center of a throng bent upon congratulating him on his wife's success.

During the ten minutes of intermission he bore it with a smile chiseled on his handsome face, then left the theater as the lights went low. Back to the hotel he tramped, turned and retraced his steps like some madman muttering to himself. Then up and down the dark alley of the stage entrance, watching for signs that the final curtain had fallen, unable to consider the sane and sensible alternative of waiting for his wife in the privacy of her own rooms.

When at last they stood face to face under the brilliant lights of her dressing room it was evident Coghlan had warned her.

She was alone. In the little room where they had met five years ago they met once more. And to-night as that night a flame like a living thing darted between them. Then it had been white and warming. Now it filled the place, a devastating fury. But in the face of it she stood calm. It would have taken an observer less self-absorbed to note that her hand trembled as it grasped a chair back, that her breath came quickly. In silence they measured each other. In silence she waited, her eyes never leaving him. At last he spoke, and his voice was hard as that of a judge pronouncing extreme penalty: "Well, have you anything to say for yourself?"

She shook her head, and not defiance but sadness was in the look she sent him.

"Nothing I want to say."

"You realize, of course, that I'm going to put a stop to this business here and now."

Again that look—half regret, half sorrow.

"You can no longer put a stop to anything I do."

In his unreasoning wrath the actual sense of her words missed him.

"I don't care what contracts you've made—to-night finishes them."

"Suppose we try to talk this over quietly"—she sank into the chair before her dressing table—"if it must be discussed."

"Must be discussed? I come back after three months, ring my home, find my wife has moved into town without a word to me ——"

"You forget—you had overlooked giving me your address."

"—— and come up against the fact," he rushed on, "that she's taken advantage of my absence to put over—what's your explanation of this damned outrage anyhow?" he broke off hotly.

Her eyes, tense and brilliant, held his. He gave a short laugh.

"I assume you and Coghlan have concocted one."

"Coghlan has no idea of my reason for doing it. He merely knows that in July I sent word to him I would take this part if Lilla Grant refused it. He didn't wait to find out, though a cable came a week later saying Kane was going to star her."

"And you thought I'd let you get away with it! After five years of living with me you thought I'd stand for anything like this!"

"It doesn't matter whether you stand for it or not."

He had been pacing up and down, hands thrust into his pockets, ready to plunge through the walls. Now suddenly he veered about, stood rooted.

"I mean it!" Softly she answered his amazement. "I'm back on the stage because I realize how little my leaving it meant to you."

He went close to her then, threat in every line of his big frame.

"You're my wife—the mother of my children."

"Yes, that's all."

"All?"

"I bore your name, I bore your children. I gave up the stage to do both. And in giving it up I sacrificed your love."

Her back was turned, but out of the shadows of her triple mirror gazed a face white with pity of him, with suffering for the thing that through him both had lost.

"Sacrificed my love?" he began, as a man feels his way along paths he is not sure of. "What in heaven's name gave you the idea?"

"Please," she stopped him with a swift gesture, "please—don't speak of it! I can't bear it!"

"Look here, Nancy," he said somewhat more calmly, "this is nonsense—silly woman stuff. I'm not saying you didn't think you had some rational excuse for doing this thing. But it's out of the question. It simply can't continue—that's all! I made that clear when I married you. Boredom or restlessness or the sort of unreasoning mood that gets hold of women probably drove you to it. But we can remedy that."

"You drove me to it," she answered quietly.

"I?"

"Yes."

"What's got over you?" he came back sharply. "You talk like a mad woman."

"No, I'm quite sane."

"Then ——"

"I see quite clearly—too clearly. Oh, I've had plenty of time to go over it—to face the truth! I thought when I married you that you loved the woman in me. Now I know it was the actress. You loved me, Dick, for the thing I gave up because I loved you—the glamour of the stage. Popularity, the fact that I was conspicuous, made me desirable, and when I sacrificed all that I became the same to you as thousands of women you'd known, women you were tired of. You cut me off completely from my old life except as a spectator—then sought in that old life the thrill and interest I could no longer give you."

She paused. Her hand went to her throat as it had that day in the house of the fir trees.

"All these five years when I've longed for a glimpse of it—just a glimpse—to become part of it again if only for a little while I've felt guilty, almost as if I'd been untrue to you. I've thrust the thought aside as something unworthy. I've let you fill my life. Well," she paused, "now I've gone back to it. I've gone back to the thing that made you love me. And I've gone—to stay."

(Concluded on Page 137)

(Concluded from Page 134)

Defiance at last leaped at him. It tore from her as they stood measuring each other, like a panther from some rustling jungle. It gripped his throat.

"Woman excuses—that's what you're giving me," he brought out at last. "Without rime or reason to back them. Woman excuses! Well, they won't answer! I'm still waiting for a straight, rational explanation. Suppose you let me have it—now."

She stood up.

"All right, I will. I didn't want to, but since you demand it you shall have it. I've given you my reason, my motive. I've told you what sent me back to the stage. But the thing that brought me to my senses, that made me realize the truth, can be summed up in just three words: Hawaii—Lilla Grant."

She spoke as if merely voicing them were tearing open a wound unhealed, spoke them so that they came like a breath.

And hearing, he straightened, stood silent, too stunned to think of an answer. The noise of slamming doors and scurrying feet beat instead against the stillness, all the echoing movements that strike bare walls when the play is done.

"It was rather funny," she continued, and gave a smile, "that I should have believed you the first time. But I told myself that my eyes had seen was impossible; that if I had given up the thing that was life to me, for you, surely you wouldn't go back to it for the fascination of grease paint and footlights—surely you couldn't seek in another woman the thing you had denied to me.

"That's why I accepted your half truths eagerly. Because I wanted to—and one does so many foolish things when one wants to. That's why it was so much harder when I did find out."

"Nancy ——" he began.

"Please, please don't try to explain this away!" came breathlessly. "It can't be right. It's done! And I'd like to go on being friends, because, you see—I did love you."

"Then ——" he seized instantly on the note in her voice.

"No! Never!"

They were just two words, low as a conscience whisper, but they closed the gates of what had been, with the grim certainty of fate. His steel-colored eyes, habitually so sure of themselves, groped vaguely for the full import. His fists gripped against an enemy unknown. And only the woman whose gaze locked with his knew that that enemy was himself.

He looked down at the blond head around which the lights of the theater glimmered once more; those lights he had torn away to make her entirely his.

"You mean that?" he brought out at last.

"Yes."

"Finally?"

"It can't be otherwise—now."

He turned swiftly on his heel and went the length of the room, then back to where she stood. He pulled up sharp and his lips snapped together.

"All right. But you leave one item out of the reckoning. As long as you bear my name you respect it. And if you persist in this—I'll divorce you!"

"The name is yours, Dick. I am Nancy Bradshaw again."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Only what I said. You can have it back any time you want. I'll make no move to stop you. You can have everything you've ever given me—everything. The one thing I had a right to keep you've taken away, so what else matters?"

She walked slowly over to where her clothes hung behind a cretonne curtain, took down a black hat and pulled it over her shining hair. She stood there, shoulders drooping, head bent.

Outside, the soft shuffle of the old watchman's feet told he was going the rounds. Good nights had been tossed from one to another of the departing company and that heavy quiet of night in a darkened theater rolled back stage. The world of make-believe had vanished. Only the shell remained.

Cunningham leaned a bit heavily against the door. For the first time life had thwarted, left him impotent, and a new sensation when unpleasant is difficult to handle. The woman he had loved and desired, the woman who had stirred him, who had been his, came toward him now as to a stranger.

"I'm afraid I must go," she said.

He roused himself to a final stand.

"You realize," came hoarsely, "that I'll fight this—fight it to a finish? You realize too that the children will come to me?"

Pain for what had been and what might have been; memories, all that had made these moments a requiem, vanished from her voice. She went close to him. Like his own, her body went taut, her hands tense, her head high. Primitive, even as himself, she met him, ready for combat.

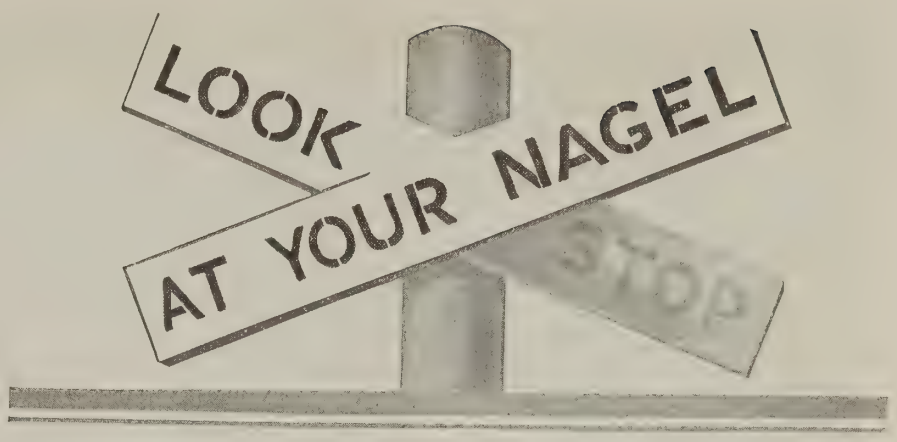
Suddenly something in her answering gaze, in the black of her eyes that flamed up like two live things, made clear the writing on the wall.

"I don't think you'll try to do that. I shan't attempt to keep them from you of course. But they're mine, you know, and I haven't forfeited the right to them."

Without another word she stood waiting for him to step aside. He hesitated, made as if to speak, then turned abruptly and the slam of the door resounded like thunder.

One by one she turned off the lights. Out across the familiar boards she went to the center of the stage, set for to-morrow. Face lifted to the darkness, she stood where had come to her the struggle eternal—success, conflict, love, renunciation.

And so the curtain descended on Act III of Nancy Bradshaw's life drama.



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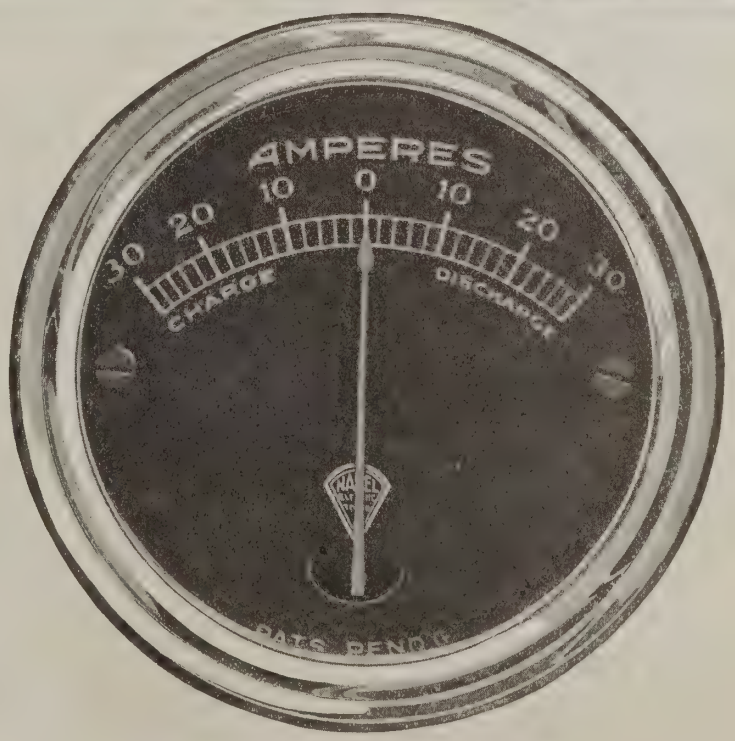

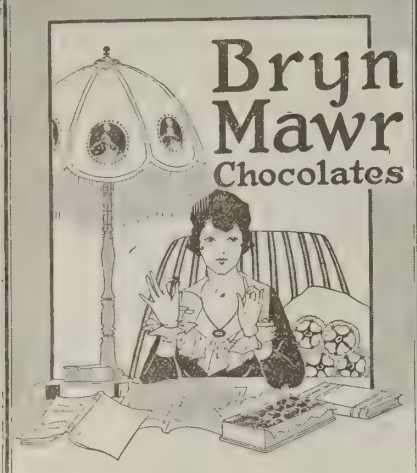

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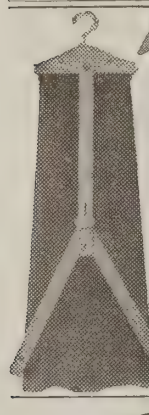

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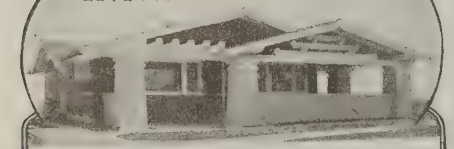

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ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

(Continued from Page 7)

who take pleasure in trying to steer people away from their shops.

It is the duty of every touring motorist to kick as effectively as he can about every garage where he has dishonest or uncivil treatment. There is in Washington, D. C., an organization of local motorists which begs members to report, with proofs, all complaints against garages, gas stations or dealers in automobile supplies, and it investigates—and acts.

And it is the duty of every garage man who prides himself on being independent and "not takin' nothin' off nobody" to wonder if just possibly he isn't simply an offensive specimen of what he would call a roughneck.

In a California town, where all of us were meek to the one garage man, I finally exploded and asked him if he—a boy of twenty—realized that he talked to his customers as though they were panhandlers. Then I took my car away from there and drove it five miles off for some rather expensive overhauling.

The boy hunted me up and wailed that he didn't know he had been rude; that he couldn't possibly have been rude. When I repeated what other owners had recently said about him he came near to crying. I saw then how unconscious is most gruffness. But I also saw that if large numbers of autohoboes would lose their fear of seeming priggish and roar every time they were mistreated there would be a quick change in motor manners.

Until the millennium when the boors are wakened to their own rudeness and become little sunbeams—and that may take several months—I recommend to ex-service men who want to keep in military training that they go touring and carry a machine gun. They will need it for only about one garage man in forty, but for the fortieth—unless he hears the warning and actually attaches it to himself instead of to the mechanic across the street—the machine gun will be handy and appropriate.

It was not discourtesy but a comedy of irritations—the collision and the delay between Wheeling and Columbus. I was heading from New York to the Mississippi with a youngster, a college senior, as my guest. Hoping to make Columbus for the night, we kept on through the darkness over a narrow but excellent cement road. Jack was driving. Being young, he still believed that a motor car is like an aëroplane—you can go as fast as you want to wherever you want, and if another car unexpectedly shows up just in front you can depress the elevating plane and skim over it. My own experience indicates that this aviation theory of motoring is an error.

Etiquette in Accidents

Jack kept to the center of the narrow road. Ahead of us was a rise of ground and the glow behind it indicated the headlights of an approaching car. I took it for granted that he saw the glow and was going to take to the right to avoid being dazzled. Taking things for granted keeps the morgue filled.

But as it was my car I did interfere with the pilot to the extent of suggesting, "Better stay over—you're three feet from the edge."

I was just saying it when everything happened at once. There was a blam, a sound of glass breaking, not much of a jar, then silence so deep that we could not help noticing the crickets in the deep Ohio cornfield by the road. Incidentally we noticed that we seemed to have smashed into another vehicle. I had wondered what my sensations would be in a thumping accident and now I knew. They were an interesting nothing at all. My only improving and moral reflection was: "Confound it, now I'll be delayed again—maybe for a whole day."

I climbed out and not till then did I have the dramatic satisfaction of beginning to be scared. I realized that there had been damages; that the other car was a flivver; that we had torn away one of its fenders and part of a running board, crushed a light, twisted the front axle and turned a wheel into splinters of wood and rubber. What they had done to us I could not see—their lights were out.

From the flivver erupted four furious gentlemen, all colored. They closed on me and shrieked: "You got to pay for our car. It was your fault. We was way over on our side of the road. We wasn't running but twelve miles an hour. It was your fault. You got to pay for ——"

"Sure, I'll pay for it," I protested as often as I had the chance.

I didn't know then how suspiciously I was acting. I have since learned the etiquette and good form of accident. Even if you run into a parked car with its lights on it is the correct thing to clamor that a dog startled you; that at great self-sacrifice you saved the lives of two prattling babes whose immediate disappearance and subsequent absence you simply can't understand; that the other man's tail light prevented your brakes from taking hold; and that, anyway, he was parked on the wrong side of the street and had since moved over. By and by, after a good noisy time has been had by all and both of you have chanted the anthem, "You'll pay for my car," in chorus and lawyers have been ardently spoken of, you settle for two-thirds of the damages and go on scowling and feeling happy.

But I was so amenable that they were sure I was lying.

"You better ante right up. We was way over on our side."

"All right! All right! I'll pay!"

"Yas, you bet you will! Mose, you better go telephone for our lawyer, less'n he gets away 'thout paying."

Of course I was heroic and all that, and very haughty, and awed them with a glittering eye, only it was so dark that they didn't see the eye. The four of them didn't weigh more than seven hundred and twenty pounds together. They meant, I gathered, that they desired me to pay for their car.

Nationalizing the Smashup

I separated the leader from his oratory, led him to my car and demanded: "Will you tell me how I'm going to get away?"

In the light of an electric torch I showed him that my car had lost a wheel, bent the front axle and crumpled a fender.

"Yassuh, I guess that's right. But you got to pay for the whole thing," he said quite pleasantly.

By now, at night, on a country road half a mile from any farmhouse and a mile from the nearest settlement, a crowd of twenty had assembled and they stood in an admiring circle, ever so grateful to me for having gone out for rustic uplift and provided all this wholesome amusement.

There was one of the crowd whom I shall always remember as original. He did not say "What did you do? Hit the Lizzie?" He said, "Hit the tin Liz, eh?" He saw right away how it was, so I got hold of him and asked about telephones and garages. I sent Jack to telephone to both the flivver garage and the agency for my brand of car in a town—oh, call it Sodom.

There was a dance at a farmhouse down the road and the dancers came to giggle at my show. They averaged seventeen in age and hysterical in delight. They had never seen anything funnier than my twisted axle. I turned upon them like a tigress—my car and the flivver being the imperiled cubs. I thought that I was being impressive as I explained that this was not vaudeville but an unfortunate and strictly private accident.

As the months go by I become more certain that I must have been even funnier than the wreck. I remember the delighted applause when I finished being lofty and the dancers tumbled into their cars.

Now arrived noisily and very competently the driver of the jitney plying between the near-by settlement and Sodom. He took charge at once. He was the first spectator to understand without explanations that somebody might easily have run into somebody else round here recently. The four colored gentlemen broke into a Gregorian chant again and laughingly admitted that they had been on their side of the road and this fellow pays for our car.

The jitney driver stormed: "Sure, he'll pay! I'll drive you to town and he'll have the flivver agent bring your car in tomorrow. Heh? Certainly I know him. He's good for it. Shut up or I'll testify you hit him!"

Oh, blessed golden liar! He had never seen me before. He drove my beloved wreckmates away, the crowd gloomily gave up hope that there would be a fight or another wreck and I was left in sweet peace. By repeatedly looking at my car with the electric torch, but suddenly leaping at it with the light and catching it unawares, I was at last convinced that there was no doubt about it—the axle was bent and I would not be going on to Columbus that night.

Jack returned to say that the Sodom agent for my car was already on his way. Then the real work began. I had to assure Jack that his running into the flivver didn't matter at all, when the one thing I really knew was that I wanted to bite him. I have never had a chance to be so noble and forgiving. And Jack stood it. He didn't tell me to go to the devil—that is, not for some time.

In an hour a scurry of lights, a ye-a-ow of a horn, the shrieking of brakes announced the coming of my garage man from Sodom. He was a large-mustached, brisk person. He leaped out, followed by his dark, dour little assistant. Not even speaking to me, he got busy, jacking up my car, taking off the battered wheel.

"This is fine!" I exulted. "Here is a real repair man. Look at him! Why, we'll get new parts from Columbus and be on our way by to-morrow noon."

That was on Tuesday evening.

Yes, certainly. To-morrow morning the garage man would phone in to Columbus for a new wheel and fender. He'd take the axle to a blacksmith to be straightened. He'd have me out of this by to-morrow evening, sure pop. S'long! Good luck!

They were gone with a snort from the exhaust. Night was tranquil about the scenes of the battle of Jutland and I was unbothered—except by figuring up how much all this was going to cost. Sometimes I made it a hundred dollars, but mostly—till I got sleepy—I could keep it down to sixty.

I slept in the back of my car, while poor silent Jack crept off to a straw stack. I wish to record for all autohoboes that the back seat of a touring car is a perfectly good place for a six-footer to sleep, provided he merely has his legs amputated at the knees.

At two or six in the morning I was wakened by the light of a car pouring into my protesting eyes. It was a truck and the driver had come to anchor while he looked over the free exhibit. When he had completely examined both cars he came to me and sprayed the light of his torch on me in my vest-pocket bed with my knees snugly fitted beside my ears. He glowered and said as though he was daring me to deny it: "There's been a smash-up."

"The deuce there has!" I marveled.

A D. S. C. for the Mechanic

At nine the flivver wrecking crew arrived and by noon they had our opponent somewhat better than new. I watched the miracle of repairing. You know how it goes. Nothing ever fits. The mechanic spends all his time taking off whatever he has just put on, shaking his head and sighing: "No, that doesn't seem to do the trick. Guess I'll try ——" Yet somehow he gets out the car.

They took the flivver away after charging me fifty-six dollars for parts and time. It was my first installment on the payment for the pleasure of having almost been lynched. At noon my own garage man came back with my axle straightened and a temporarily borrowed wheel. He was my big brother, guardian, boss, favorite author and candidate for president. I beamed on him in boyish faith and chirruped: "Well, we going to get on our way to-night? What did Columbus say? Have they shipped the parts? Ought to be here this afternoon."

Oh, Columbus? Oh, Columbus didn't have any parts! But, rats, that didn't matter! He had telephoned to Cincinnati for the parts. He'd have me on the road by to-morrow noon—oh, absolutely!

This was Wednesday noon.

It was good to deal with a man who got things done like that. I stood about cherubically while he and his silent little mechanic put back the axle and screwed on the wheel they had borrowed. The assistant didn't give me any words of cheer and confidence. He didn't have time. He had to do the work, for it proved that though my tutelary garage man was a marvel of optimism, financial organization, salesmanship and fine flushed oratory he did have

(Continued on Page 141)

(Continued from Page 138)

one fault—he didn't know a thing about motor cars. He whispered to his assistant to ask what to do next, then did it publicly and with a flourish, and the hearts of all beholders were made glad and sang together at the spectacle of efficiency and power.

He towed the disabled car and ourselves into Sodom. Jack and I were hungry. We had had two sandwiches during the day. Our father, guide and friend dusted his hands, yearned upon us and said invitingly: "Well, I'm going home and see if mother can't shake up something to eat. You boys like a little supper?"

Oh, this was the king of hosts! We chorused "Sure," and looked upon him filially and were ready to follow him.

"Well, you'll find a pretty good restaurant across the street. See you later, boys."

And it was a pretty good restaurant. It was a sawed-off lunch counter at the front of a pool parlor. The menu consisted of fried eggs, boiled eggs, ham sandwiches, Hamburger sandwiches, coffee; and the ham sandwiches tasted like the boiled eggs, the coffee like the Hamburgers and the salt and pepper like nothing whatever. During my six meals the menu was changed only once. That was when they were out of ham sandwiches.

We dined modestly, then took the train into Columbus and had something to eat.

Next morning—Thursday—we were wise. The garage man had said he'd have the car out by noon, but we knew—oh, we knew! We were convinced that he would not have it ready till midafternoon. We spent the morning in avoiding the roving Hamburger sandwich, and scientists may be interested to know that we found the movies to be the safest refuge from this insidious and pandemic pest. We returned to Sodom at four. We burst into the garage tingling with hope and found the car—it was there, all nice and safe, and merely lacked a wheel, a fender and a few hours' adjustment of the steering gear. Our lord, the garage man, hailed us.

"Well, boys, seems like the parts ain't showed up yet. Expect 'em on every train. 'Fact is, I found Cincinnati was out, too, so I phoned to Detroit."

That was Thursday afternoon.

The parts arrived Monday morning.

Jack had to go on. I faced Sodom alone.

During the years that followed, while golden summer succeeded to spring and vice versa, and our heroine developed from the little girl we once knew into a broad-browed and strikingly handsome young woman, I spent Thursday to Monday in meeting trains, peering into express cars, not getting the parts and going back to explore the town. It was a work of supererogation. A two-month-old kitten could have seen enough of Sodom in one hour. The population was four hundred and the only points of interest for a Seeing Sodom Car—which would have been a wheelbarrow—were the brickyard, the new bungalow with cement Corinthian columns and an Aztec door, and the theological debate in front of the drug store.

Pool as a Side Dish

The debaters were the town agnostic and the druggist, who was the Sunday-school superintendent but wanted it known that he was a good sport and shook a wicked cue in the pool parlor. The discussion had now continued for ten years and had resulted in the following conclusions:

"Now hold your horses! Keep your shirt on! Look here! What you say may be true. I'm willing to admit there's a lot of people that's prejudiced in their views and maybe they don't always live up to their theories, but trouble is with you fellows you don't never stop and consider the effect on other folks. 'Sall right for you and me to think what we like, but let me tell you right here, they ain't everybody can think for themselves, like you and me."

I have never seen this so clearly put—though just now I cannot remember whether it was the superintendent or the town agnostic who said it.

Whenever I became too hungry to sit in—or on—the press box and report the conference I went to eat another fried egg and watch the pool players. But I have never yet learned how many strikes the batter gets in pool or why it is that the pitcher always stands back and rubs the small end of his bat with a piece of cuttlefish.

The rest of the time I prowled through the garage.

There is something about watching a mechanician work which paralyzes time. At first you are brisk; you will learn something; you will study the repair man's system of tracing ignition trouble. But as he never does anything but look under the cowl and grunt "Where the deuce is the fuses in this car?" you fail to get more than half an hour killed. Then you explore. In all garages, in all states, you look over, and one by one you disapprove of the doctor's coupé, the barber's sporty four-passenger roadster, the grocer's delivery wagon, the real-estate man's ancient but powerful six for which he wouldn't take fifteen hundred dollars—unless somebody offered it—and you end up by pensively kicking the car which was horribly smashed six years ago come Shrove Tuesday and which the shop foreman has for six years intended to rebuild as soon as he gets time.

You stroll along the workbench and get your fingers dirty. You inspect a new kind of wrench and lay it down with dignity, because the cynical garage man is looking at you and you think he thinks you are going to steal it. He does. And how do we know but what ——

You haughtily leave him and go into the office and read the library, which consists of one newspaper two days old, one tire company's house organ, a red-bound gold-emblazoned catalogue of motor accessories, and one copy of a magazine devoted to mechanical novelties—diagrams of the monorail that is going to revolutionize transportation and of the device for catching submarines in a vacuum cleaner. After half an hour with all these masterpieces of fiction it is surprising with what appetite you can eat a Hamburger sandwich.

These were the dissipations of my stay in Sodom. My real business was meeting Number 7, Number 623 and Number 41 at the station to see if the parts for my car were aboard—running beside the express car, peering in at all large bundles that might contain a wheel and a fender, seeing the express agent hand down to the depot agent nothing but a dog collar and two large Manila envelopes and watching the train dustily puff away.

Sodom's Social Barriers

I have indicated that motoring is a corrective of self-opinion. The stay in Sodom was. Though the restaurant proprietor unbent so far as to inform me that his "old woman had a fierce grouch this morning," though the religious conference looked only mildly bored when I joined it, yet a realization of my supreme unimportance to Sodom crept into my bones. I walked the streets demurely and hoped that some dog, some honored local dog, would wag its tail at me.

I had been several years past thirty when I arrived in Sodom, but after three days of being called "Bub" and "My boy" and "Billy" I was demoted to a timorous and unworldly eighteen. My ambition was to be socially recognized and invited to a regular meal at the garage man's house. That ambition is, to date, unsatisfied. It must be thrilling to move in exalted social sets and hear the repartee and chit chat and beaux arts and quod ests and everything, and eat apple sauce and creamed chipped beef instead of Hamburger sandwiches.

On Monday morning, when I had reached sixteen years of age, the parts arrived, were attached and the white road lay open before me; and never again in all my touring could I possibly have the slightest trouble.

I tried out the car. It steered rather hard. The youthful mechanic said patronizingly: "Oh, that'll loosen up in just a coupla miles."

Never did an ancient eager for news of his future more greedily assist a back-street clairvoyant to deceive him than I assisted this mechanical faith healer.

I paid eighty-eight dollars for the parts and the labor. The royal garage man thundered farewell and I told him that he had been my rescuer, my preserver, my controller of destiny. I gayly boomed on toward Columbus.

The car could be steered only by bracing my feet, getting a grip on the wheel and yanking it. I made a hundred and forty miles before I sagged into bed, but next morning my hands were raw. And ten miles from Lima—constantly, unconsciously, a driver makes tiny corrective movements of the wheel to keep the car in the road. But so stiff was the steering that this time before I could correct the course I discovered

You Can Prevent This

THOUSANDS of accidents like this occur every year. Some mean only a bent fender, while others result more seriously. It is next to impossible to avoid rear-end collisions unless a definite means is used to signal traffic behind.

When at the wheel you are always doubtful what the driver ahead will do. The man behind is wondering about you. For self-protection you must leave no doubt in his mind. Arm signals at best are misunderstood; they are impossible in closed cars.

Let him know definitely, positively, and without chance of misunderstanding, day or night, by using the

KOBZY SAFETY SIGNAL

There is no mistaking a Kobzy. The signal arms are housed on the rear left fender. At the touch of a lever, in easy reach on your steering post, the STOP, RIGHT or LEFT signal arm snaps up in clear view of the driver behind. He cannot fail to see and heed it. These signal arms are red, lighted at night, and are visible from both front and rear. A pilot light on the control box shows whether a signal is on or off. You cannot forget to drop a signal.

Practical—Reliable Easy to Operate

The Kobzy Signal has been tested thousands of times, under severe conditions, on all makes of cars and has never failed to operate properly. It is covered by our guarantee, officially recommended by the State of California and endorsed by leading motor clubs. "Ted" Henderson, Official Pathfinder for the Chicago Motor Club, uses it constantly, and says he cannot recommend it too highly. He has used it "thousands of times in weather that would make an ordinary signal quit." Could we say more? Write for illustrated booklet.

One accident prevented will more than pay the cost of the Kobzy. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Dealers: Write us for full information and names of distributors in your state.

State Agents Wanted We have state agents in Alabama, Arizona, California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Western Canada.

Some choice territory still open. Write or wire us for full particulars.

The Kobzy Safety Signal operates on your battery or on your generator when under way. The upkeep is negligible. Can easily be operated in winter with gloves on. Weather conditions do not affect it.

Chicago Die & Specialty Company
327 So. La Salle St., Dept. 12, Chicago, Illinois

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY — YEARS — OF — PROGRESS

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup has a flavor peculiarly and distinctively its own, a flavor that gives to every food a new zest—an inviting, appetizing, delicious taste. It is made in model kitchens of spotless cleanliness, from red ripe tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best. Heinz Ketchup is a constant proof of Heinz quality.

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

Some of the
57
Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Mince Meat

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

that the car wasn't on the road at all but amazingly and incredibly down in a ditch and flourishingly heading for a barbed-wire fence. I stopped in time, but I sat in the ditch and wondered whether the steering gear would loosen up before I got killed. It seemed improbable. But I'd be hanged if I'd waste any more time on another repair man. Never again! No, sir!

So in Lima I went to another repair man.

I had been convinced that whatever in life might be fallible, the one Rock of Ages was the integrity of the ruddy-voiced garage man of Sodom and his mechanic. In the Lima machine shop I found that the axle—oh, yes, the Sodom blacksmith had straightened it all right, only he hadn't straightened it so that the two halves were anything alike.

The restraightening took one more day and seventeen more dollars. In all, including expenses while waiting, it cost me one hundred and seventy-six dollars to discover that accidents were not thrilling and that I had no great message or mission for the community of Sodom.

But I did get to Minneapolis with only four more stops to have garage men rerepair things that had been repaired at Sodom.

I have met a few major generals, peers and senators; a few famous surgeons and capitalists and aviators and explorers; but I have never met so lordly and soul-satisfying a presence as that paternal garage man of Sodom, nor anyone who so ably convinced me that large parts of the universe may still go on after I shall have passed. He looked upon me redly and was bored and told me to run along and play—and I went. The jokes that had got me a hand at the club fell smashed before his desk, and the theories of government which I had been thinking of letting the President have never got farther with the garage man than a timorous "Say, cap'n, did you ever stop and think ——"

He may have turned out incompetent repairs, but as a corrector of destinies he is recommended to all my fellow autohoboes.

The joys of the road, the zest of travel intensified because you yourself are guide and you wait neither for train nor tide—that exhilaration so far outweighs discomforts that once you have made a long motor trip through new lands the first dry road of every coming spring will coax you out to Northern forest, Western prairies, Southern mountains or Eastern streets. It is not at all because they are so memorable as the long, hazy days of perfect driving but because there is in them more of freakish amusement that I recall more mishaps than bright days.

You may be prepared for unfamiliar beauty—but you must be prepared for trouble; not only for breakdowns and tedious waits, but also for bad roads—sand, mud, ruts, bridges out and the way blocked by a traction engine, ten miles of road so repaired by heaping dirt in the center that you crawl along with one wheel three feet lower than the other. You must be ready for heat, dust, rain that will seep in through side curtains, weariness so profound that it will be too much trouble to lace up the top eyelet of your boots in the morning, and that most sensational of all calamities—arguments with your passenger.

Pronged Forks of Infelicity

These arguments will make you regard the other casualties as mere frolicsome incidents. They are the most damaging thing that can occur—because they will reveal to you that the masculine logic and lucidity of which you have always been so proud have been merely blustering and quick exits.

Your passenger is probably your wife and she has much to endure. In normal times she is comfortably rid of you while you are at the office or out playing golf; but on tour she has twenty-four hours a day in which to discover how inexact are your opinions.

The man back there in the last town has told you to take the left-hand turn at the fork and you naturally have taken the right. Your passenger objects.

"He said to go to the left."

"Nonsense! He said right."

You illustrate with an abrupt, virile gesture. Enough of this needless chatter.

"Oh, please! You almost knocked my hat off."

"Well, I didn't knock it off, and anyway—why did you wear that hat? Blow off in the first high wind."

"Would you mind noticing that meanwhile we are on the wrong road and getting farther and farther away from the fork?"

"Now—see—here! We're heading southwestward, aren't we? There's the sun. Well then, this is correct!"

"But the map shows a jog. We ought to go north."

"Oh, those maps are crazy! They just guess at them. I suppose if you wanted to go to San Antonio you'd start for Montreal!"

"No, I'd stop and ask some directions."

"Oh—these fellows don't know anything about the road."

"My dear, can you explain to me the reason why no man ever likes to ask directions? I suppose it would be a reflection on his masculine omniscience!"

"All right! All right! I'll stop and ask! Then I hope you'll be satisfied that I'm right!"

Silence. Presently from passenger: "Why didn't you ask one of those two men?"

"I only noticed one man. We haven't been by but one—and he didn't look like any intellectual giant."

"Slow down. There's a team in that barnyard."

"Good heavens, I was just slowing down! What did you think I was doing? Say, uh, hey! Say, is this the right road for Bottleville?"

The farmer looks sorry for you and regrets: "No, I'm afraid you took the wrong turn back at the fork."

"Yuh, I kind of thought maybe this was wrong. Much 'bliged."

Eschew a Motorwise Wife

The road is narrow and you back and fill seven times before you turn, and once because you are an infallible male and you'll be hanged if you'll ask her to look back and see how much room you have—and why doesn't she think of doing it without being asked, anyway?—you drop into the ditch and have to crawl out on low. Then you return to the fork.

All this time the passenger hasn't said a word. She hasn't needed to. Every bird on the barbed-wire fence, every frog in the slew, even the humming telegraph wire, has been twanging "I tollllllld you soooooo." If you are a man without wisdom you wail: "Well, go on, say it!" But if you are of the blessed you grin at her and congratulate her on her new hat.

Before being taken on a motor tour wives who themselves drive should be anæsthetized and all knowledge of motors removed. For if they know anything about the game it is so hard to explain to them why when you are trying to pass a car on the hill and suddenly see another car bearing down you first step on the accelerator instead of the brake, then retard the spark, yank the gear lever into neutral, grindingly try to get it into reverse or low or anything that is handy, sound the horn, step on the gas again, finally get into second—and then kill the motor. So dangerous a thing is a little knowledge that in such cases women have been known to doubt your having perfect reasons for all those clever maneuvers.

Motoring is the real test of marriage. After a week of it you either stop and get a divorce, or else—free from telephone calls and neighbors and dressing for dinner, slipping past fields blue with flax and ringing with meadow larks in the fresh morning—you discover again the girl you used to know.

Even without searching for them, you are certain to find odd, unbelievable places on any long trip.

I remember Southern ferries where you help the ferryman to pole your way across the yellow stream; Western fords where you splash through a torrent and instantly shoot up a mountain rise; Tennessee cabins as aboriginal as in the days of Dan'l Boone; St. Ignatius, that Alpine town with unmistakably Italian convent and mission tower, which nevertheless is in Montana; old Rockbridge Alum Springs, where once the flower of Virginia and the Carolinas rode and danced and made love; young Mennonites in Pennsylvania with silky chin whiskers, grotesque under their pink cheeks; a Shaker settlement of vast barns in a valley between Albany and Pittsfield; a road between Bemidji and Duluth through pines impressive as columns of an Egyptian temple, broken only by infrequent clearings where Indians looked up from cultivating corn to hold up a stolid arm in greeting; cowpunchers riding range in Oregon—in

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chaps even to-day; the climb up out of Pittsburgh like crawling up the side of a smoking caldron.

The other day, when we were thinking of nothing but Chicago ahead, we drove into Zion City and discovered that the followers of the forgotten Dowie are very much existent. Zion City remains pure. Not liquor alone, but oysters, pork, profanity, doctors and all forms of tobacco are still forbidden. But when I saw that they had a garage I could not believe that the anti-swearing ordinance applied to it. Automobiles are descended from mules and should be so addressed. I asked one of the repair men about it. Was he of the faith? Oh, yes, he had been cured of a toothache by the faith. Well, then, as driver to driver, was it true that there was no cussing in the garage?

It was! He'd worked there a year and he hadn't heard a single cuss word. Not one!

I marveled, and while I marveled he drove a car between two others with half an inch to spare on either side. He did not swear. All he remarked to his car was: "You dinged Siwash," "You blinking son of trouble" and "There, by fiddle, I'll show you, lam blast you!"

It was so improving to get away from the vulgar worldly atmosphere of profanity. I had passed Zion City a dozen times on the train, but if I had not been motoring I should never yet have chanced to stop here and get improved like that.

But odder than any religious colony was the river in the road.

We started south and east of Minneapolis after the Minnesota River had been flooding. Our normal way followed the river. As we approached it we saw a large sign, "Road Under Water." So naturally we kept on. It had the same effect as the no-smoking sign in a garage, which invariably causes all beholders, including the man who put it up, to reach for the cigarettes.

A quarter of a mile on we discovered three cars stopped and the occupants inspecting a stream across the road, where the flood had cut through gravel to mud. Huh! I wasn't one to be scared by a little water. Besides, there were wheel marks on the opposite side of the cut, showing that someone had crossed. Oh, I knew, I knew! I informed the awed populace: "I'll try it if you'll wait and pull me out if I get stuck."

Oh, yes, indeed they would. They would pray by me till Der Tag. Long live our leader brave!

I drove cheerfully into the gash in the road, splashed through with water above the running board—and stopped. Now I knew what had made those wheel marks on the farther side. Other goats had also spent the springtide hours in trying to get out while their wheels spun round and round and made inviting marks in the soft mud of the farther bank.

A Modern Arabian Fadeaway

I looked back. Two of the cars that had been going to help me out were already headed due north and keeping going. But the driver of the third was loyal—and probably foolish.

Trying to remain dignified, I peeled off my shoes and socks and rolled up my trousers. And let me right here inform the world of science that, judging by photographs taken of the scene, it is not possible for a tall lank male to look dignified when his trousers are bunchily rolled up over his prominent knees. I got out and I got wet. I hitched a steel towing wire to the back axle and handed it to the man ashore and the car tried to pull me out backward.

It didn't.

We both had a smoke and assured each other that "trouble is, don't get any traction in the mud—better put some stones and brush behind the wheels."

The stones were heavy, but they were first-class marksmen. Every time they dropped they got us in the eye with a spurt of mud. At last we straightened up, rubbed our backs as the unfortunate sufferer does in the advertisements of the rheumatism cure, glanced proudly at our engineering and tried again and—oh, I told him he might as well go on and leave me. He did—with speed. And my car remained in a river, entirely surrounded by landscape and water.

My passenger crawled out on the back fender, leaped ashore and walked to the nearest farmhouse, with the suggestion that they could make all of a couple of dollars by hauling us out. I sat in the car and felt like an outdoor person and a hero—which is the chief reason why indoor typewriter-pounding people, such as writers and shipping clerks and the President, like to go motoring.

It was the passenger who had the trouble. When she came brightly up to the farmhouse and made her generous offer they almost set the dog on her. They told her that we were the twenty-seventh pair of idiots who during three days had been too wise to heed signs and had with some difficulty managed to get themselves mired. Three days ago they had spent an afternoon in getting out one big car. They had received five dollars for it—and the rain had come and they had lost one hundred dollars' worth of hay.

It was sometime in the evening when two members of a road gang took three minutes to haul us out and briefly accepted five dollars. By driving rapidly we were able a little later in the evening to be—at midnight—exactly as far ahead as we had been at noon—when we had started. But it was worth it. If you wish to be free from conventions and tradition and flattery, sit in a car apparently intended for dry-land transportation, look out at the muddy traces of a flood and contemplate your lack of wisdom. There is no need of going to a Himalayan mountain or of consorting with yogis in yellow shirts to attain meditation and the silences and a good tan.

The Fallacy of Good Roads

More weighty than garage man, more significant to the autohobo than scenery, are the roads.

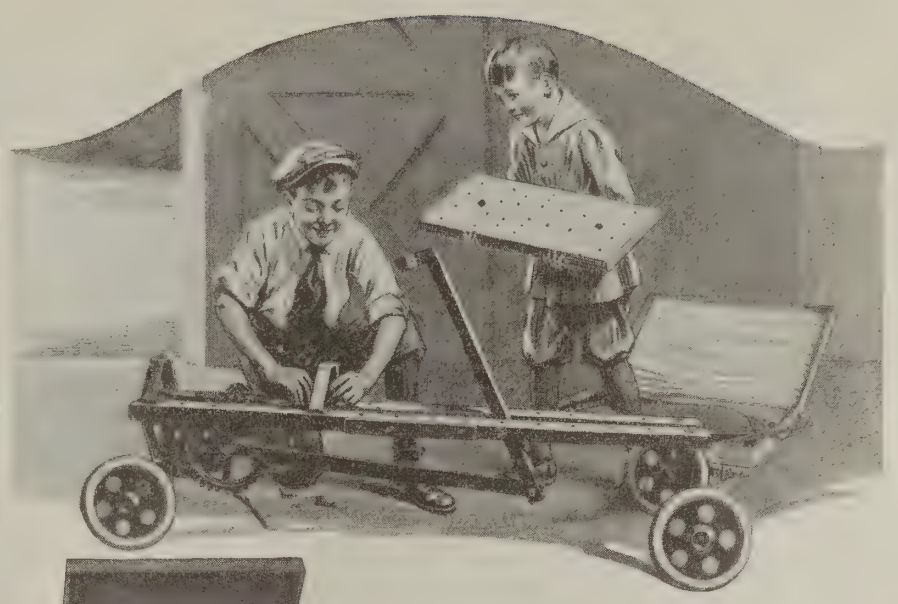
So much has been said about the good-roads movement that most people vaguely feel that the country is now a network of perfect highways, and because of that belief they are bored by further propaganda and infuriated by further taxes. The farmers—the very people who in their isolation are most aided by good roads—many of them still believe that a highway-bond proposal is "a graft for the sole benefit of city joy-riders." The quotation is neither imaginary nor ancient. It appeared in 1919 in a Middle Western farm paper. The paper did not explain whether there was also an objection to vegetables, grain and cream going joy-riding into town.

The movement hasn't yet even begun and will not be under way till there is a grid of hard-surfaced and perfectly maintained pikes not more than twenty miles apart all over the country. While manufacturers are doing their intense best to produce perfect tires, batteries, transmission, body comfort, and the rest, their efforts are almost annihilated by the bad roads of the country. Not till every taxpayer admits that if his own roads are bad he cannot expect boulevards in the next county will the manufacturers have a chance to show what cars can be.

I have never found an interstate highway, not even the most famous of them, which did not have sections which would have been a disgrace to the Balkan States in A. D. 1600.

I have never driven in a state that did not have its share of bad roads—possibly excepting Rhode Island and Connecticut. Even California, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, despite their fame for highways and the example they set the rest of the country, have their vile stretches. And as to the rest of them, even on their through, interstate, main highways ——

In the state of Washington I have found deep ruts covered with a foot of sifted dust, so that they looked smooth as a beach—and invited the driver to break springs. In Montana and Idaho there were short, sharp ascents, heartbreaking to climb and dangerous to descend; and there were pitches equally uncomfortable and even rougher in Wisconsin on the highroad between La Crosse and Madison. I have found mud in Minnesota, Iowa and North Dakota; mud and temper-jarring miles on miles of bumpy old decayed macadam in Ohio and Illinois and Indiana. In Kentucky there were—on an important pike—cobbles as rough as a medieval street; and in Northern Tennessee was a mountain climb as steep and twisty as anything in the Rockies, with a road coating of sharp flints guaranteed to take five hundred miles' wear out of a casing in one mile. I have been mired down in Virginia mud. I have been jarred to pieces on famous interurban highways in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and



Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

The crackerjack $10 set (in Canada $15) which builds a fine coaster, glider, racer, wagon, geared speedster and many other things. Other sets $6 and $15 (Canada $9 and $22.50).

Famous Gilbert Erector No. 4 Set

The finest of steel construction toys. Builds bridges, skyscrapers, elevators that run—hundreds of models like real structural steel. Contains powerful little electric motor to run models and toys. Price $6 (in Canada $9). Other sets $1.50 to $25 (Canada $2.25 to $37.50).

Gilbert Chemistry Outfits

Practical Chemistry outfits and fine Manual of Chemistry, with which a boy can learn to make ink, soap, ammonia, construct a wet cell, do electric and chemical magic. Teaches elementary chemistry. Sets $2.50 to $10 (In Canada $3.75 to $15).

Gilbert Electrical Sets

Outfits with which a boy can make his own electric motor, install electric bells and lights, electroplate spoons, knives, forks, etc. Sets from $2.50 to $10 (Canada $3.75 to $15).

Gilbert Wireless Outfits

Real radio outfits of the most approved type which receive wireless messages up to 1000 miles and send them 3 to 5 miles, with authoritative book on wireless. Prices $5 to $65 (Canada $7.50 to $97.50).

"The Boy is Father to the Man"

A boy is a man in miniature. He wants to learn and even in his play he likes to do things the way men do them. You can help him greatly by giving him the kind of toys that instruct and educate him while he is having real fun.

Gilbert toys do this. They develop his constructive side. With the wonderful Outdoor Wheel Toy illustrated above, any boy who can use a screw driver and a wrench can make strong, speedy gliders, racers, coasters, wagons, trucks, wheelbarrows, etc., that will stand the hardest usage. The $10 set ($15 in Canada) will delight any boy. It contains gears and pinions and extra parts to build a geared power speedster. There are fine sets at $6 and $15 ($9 and $22.50 in Canada).

With Erector—the famous indoor toy like real structural steel—the boy can build bridges, skyscrapers, elevators that run and hundreds of other models—just as real workmen build them. Most Erector sets have a small electric motor to make things run.

Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys

to foster the constructive and creative spirit in boys I organized the Gilbert Engineering Institute for boys, which awards the degrees of Gilbert Engineer, Gilbert Expert Engineer, and Gilbert Master Engineer, together with gold lapel buttons and watches to those who do the most original work with constructive toys.

Big Prize Contest

I have recently started another big toy contest, free to boys and girls under 18, with a real Buckboard Automobile or Shetland pony as first prize, and a hundred other fine prizes. I'll send all the details about the contest, together with a free copy of my interesting boys' magazine and my new catalog to any one who writes. Gilbert Toys are for sale by all good toy dealers.

Alfred C. Gilbert Pres.

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GILBERT TOYS

"Look, Fellows, See What My Dad Gave Me"

Fathers of sons about to shave: You know what the daily shave means in every man's life; in his social hours, at business, and to his personal comfort.

If you could question the millions of shavers with Smoother Faces, they would advise, "Get *your* boy a Gem." The Gem gives Smoother Faces because of the Gem blade, frame and Universal Angle.

Through patented Gem processes, the Gem Damaskeene Blade—keen as Damascus steel—acquires a shaving edge unique both in keenness and durability.

The Gem Frame helps give Smoother Faces because it holds the blade at the Universal Angle—the precise angle for an easy comfortable shave.

The Gem will give *you* a Smoother Face whether you've a light beard or a heavy one. You fathers who have never experienced a Gem shave, get a Gem Razor today. And if you've a big little son who's ready for his first shave, get two Gems—one for him.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

What is the proper stroke in shaving? Why should you rub in the lather? Should the water be hot, lukewarm or cold? You'll find the answer to such shaving questions in "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Ask your dealer for a copy.

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and 7 Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem sets, particularly appropriate as holiday gifts for new shavers and old shavers alike, are obtainable up to $10.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

Oregon. In Nebraska there were hill roads almost unclimbable except during two dry months of summer; and in Georgia and all its neighbor states I have seen trunk highways that were trails of brush and wet red dirt.

If local taxpayers in every state will admit that, though they personally have learned to dodge the big rock two miles out and the sink hole a mile beyond, strangers will not necessarily find those features amusing, then perhaps we may some day begin to have a system of highways. We have the best motor cars in the world, and some of the worst. Oh, let's be patriotic!

Besides, come to think of it, while the state next to yours has bad roads, yours never has—and you can prove it.

Once in a story, though I hymned the lakes and glorious fields and friendly hills of a certain state, I did depict a character as stuck in the mud. I shortly realized that it would have been more popular to have written scandal about the pastors of the state and to have assassinated the governor. The state was at the time discussing a huge bond issue for—oh, surely not for improving the roads, because it was immediately proved to me that all the roads in the state were already perfect. Indignant persons wrote to the misguided editor who had taken the story. One of the best newspapers of the state officially announced in an editorial that though possibly I hadn't meant to lie yet certainly I had been grievously misinformed by evil persons. It's notorious, anyway, that all fiction writers stay at home in bobbed-haired literary colonies and get a mysterious substance called local color from persons who actually have traveled.

Now I had supposed that I knew the roads of that state. I had driven them from end to end, side to side; I had driven them—or tried to—in every month out of the twelve. Three weeks before the newspaper had proved that it was impossible to be mired on any of the main highways of the state I had been mired on a main highway of the state and had had to drive on low or intermediate for fifty straight miles.

From all of which we learn the moral that there are no bad roads in any state in the Union—not if you name the state. But until certain states which we will not under any conditions name—there are about forty of them—make their roads five hundred per cent better than they are now, neither cheap transportation of food nor long-distance touring will even begin. But there is coming a day when an average not-wealthy tourist will in a month's vacation see Boston and New Orleans, the Grand Cañon and San Francisco and the brown sea sands. And in that day we shall be more eager Americans, more understanding of our far-sundered neighbors.

Boost Highways Legislation

Already we have Federal aid for state roads; Congress is considering the Townsend Bill to create national highways linking all the large cities of the country; authorized road repairs delayed by the war have been resumed. But there is still something for the plain citizen to do. He can encourage his congressman to favor constant increase of Federal construction; his state assemblyman to vote for state extension of the Federal system; and particularly he can work for state and county bond issues. And he can join automobile associations and clubs—the most active and effective of forces advocating good-roads legislation.

But properly marked and made roads may deprive you of asking directions, which is the soundest topic of touring conversation!

You stop at the corner of Third and Oak streets in front of the signboard advertising plug tobacco. You get out the map and demand of your wife: "Don't you think this road by way of Thompson's Forge looks kind of roundabout?" Of course she doesn't know anything more about it than you do, but it's comforting to have someone agree with you. While you are driving west on Main Street you explain why you don't stop and ask directions and then you stop and ask directions of the ancient old man leaning on the rural mail box under the big cottonwood tree.

"What's the best way to Midgeton?"

"Midgeton, eh? Going to Midgeton? Where ye come from?"

"Just driven in from Pearlapolis. What's the best ——"

"Pearlapolis, eh? Well, ye come quite a ways. Now I'll tell ye. If I was going to Midgeton I wouldn't take the county road. I'd take the road that turns left at Pem Bemis'. Know where Pem's place is?"

"No, I've never been through here before."

"I see. Well, ye keep right on west here a ways, about three-four miles—no, I guess maybe it's six miles, say seven—and ye come to the schoolhouse—but mind ye, don't turn off at the first schoolhouse—now wait, this'll make it clearer. Know where the New Baden Creamery is?"

You Can't Miss It, Eh!

"No, I've never been through here before."

"Well, ye bear to the left and when ye come to the second schoolhouse on the left—not the one on the right—no, that's wrong; it's the one on the right—you turn to the right—no, I'm kind of balled up—ye turn to the left and go northeast about two hundred rods, maybe five hundred, and turn to the right and keep straight on into Midgeton. Ye can't miss it."

"Thank you."

You drive on out of his sight and stop and complainingly demand of the passenger: "Which was the first turn—to the right or the left?"

"Yes!"

No matter what the guide says he will unquestionably wind up with "You can't miss it."

I wish people wouldn't do that. I'll bet I can miss any road ever laid out. Once I missed the Lincoln Highway at noon on a clear day. Once I spent from nine P. M. to seven A. M. in driving from New York to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles—if you go straight. It was night and foggy. We had aboard a man from Newark and he kept assuring us that with him as pilot we couldn't miss it, Newark having the strategic position of being near to all American cities except possibly Honolulu and New York.

We stopped happily in a populous street to ask if this was Elizabeth and found that it was Bayonne. Later we saw in the distance, beyond rivers and mounds of mist, a large city which was, I think, either Toronto or Ciudad Porfirio Diaz—we never knew, because when we tried to stalk it through the fog we lost it and have never been able to find it since.

Nineteen times that nebulous night we asked directions of people by the road, and every time the kind-hearted adviser wound up with "You can't miss it."

But it was rather sporting. Except for that gift of missing the way which every spirited autohobo possesses, we should never have been sitting in a smoke-clotted lunch room in a dark Jersey city when the night shift came out of the factories, nor have found that romance of light and shadow which in long-distance motoring—you can't miss it!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Lewis. The next will appear in an early issue.

THUMB MINUS BARLOW

(Continued from Page 34)

sake take yourself out of that door clean away from here! If I was near what I'm goin' to be in a few months I wouldn't ask you to make yourself scarce. You'd go without askin'. Yes, and you better go before Hilga gets here and sees this paper I've signed."

As Barlow scratched down his signature with a slobbery pen he spoke again and with a steady voice, though angry color smoldered up into his pallid cheeks:

"There you are! That all?"

"I," said Dawson, speaking with equal quietness, "will give you my check—not the company's—but my own personal check for ten dollars."

"No, you won't! Here's your paper, here's your pen. Take 'em and clear out! I want to be shut of you. No, mebbe you better leave this paper. I'll have Hilga sign it and send it in. Nasty business. I won't want to tell her, but I've got it to do."

Dawson did not relinquish the paper. He made out a duplicate for the other claimant to sign. Then he said, "Her signature on this will be satisfactory. If you will also sign it, then I'll destroy this one—the waiver you've signed individually."

He was cool. Barlow admired the coolness, for if one is to be a hard-boiled egg let him be the hardest kind of a boiled egg.

"I'll sign," the stockman observed. "And mebbe you got some more you want me to sign. Need aplenty. Amusement. Something to do. Help me pass the time, now that I got no pet animal."

The agent seemed not to notice the sarcasm.

"That," he suavely answered, "will do nicely, thank you—if you will both sign it and send it in."

He contributed a stamped envelope with the address of the legal department printed on it. Then as Dawson got to his feet he even had the impudence to offer the parting formality of a handshake. The stockman ceremoniously rubbed his palm upon his trouser leg, murmuring to the gaunt paw as he did so, "Come clean, come good and clean, 'cause I want to see how foul you're goin' to be after shakin' hands with this filthy buzzard."

Into the eyes of Dawson had come a certain imploring look that might have been there in boyhood, when school children would not have him for a playmate. But his voice was steady, "I said ten, but I'll make it twenty."

He moistened his lips. Barlow did not speak. He did nothing but glower in offended silence.

"I wish you would," Dawson added with the same beseeching tone as before—"I wish you could accept my check. Will you?"

He took off the cap of his pen and reached into his coat pocket.

Succinctly Barlow said from between clenched teeth, "We're done, you and me. Get out!"

Dawson left with head bowed and his hat in his hand. From across a deep-green meadow of alfalfa deliciously sprayed with its mist of lilac-colored bloom a meadow lark fitfully called. But he did not hear the lark. In the cool depth of the sky the first star—the evening star—had begun to quiver. But he did not see the star.

He walked fast. Along the hard narrow path he went off down to the gate, then took a short turn back toward the house, and going and coming, paced there anxiously, as if a driving energy were soon to send him running somewhere.

To have offered his personal check for twenty dollars—heavens, what had come over him! He was ashamed of that impulse. It was the flaw in his professional career. It humiliated Fifty-Dollar Dawson. Still the company would not have known. His claim-agent reputation would have suffered no blight.

While in this perturbed mood of estrangement with himself the brief vibrant call of the lark reached his ears. He listened, thinking of that time so long ago—that time after five years of deafness in his boyhood when he ran screaming with joy to his mother:

"I can hear! A bird sang! I heard him! I can hear!"

That it had been but a common sparrow fretfully chirping did not matter. He could hear! He had been delivered from the ghastly silence of a soundless world!

And now, this day, another kind of hearing had almost come to him. He somehow began to crave the good opinion of people—especially of that man—especially of such a woman as that man had described. In a world full of greed and self-interest and meanness there were two people who ——

Bah! He had better be on his way. Twenty dollars for a dead cat—what nonsense!

Yet he did not take himself off. He went on hurrying fantastically back and forth along the path as if this might help him somehow to get away from his self-disgust and compassion and shame.

When some laboring person in brown overalls presently came out from the house he could scarcely bring himself to answer the brusque greeting given him.

"Har, now," said the stranger, and petulantly fluttered a document in front of him. "Yo' get him to sign one like dis har. An' dis one you want him an' me to sign. Hey, do yo' or not?"

"That, of course—oh, yes, that!" Dawson conceded, and passed a hand over his eyes.

Who was this person? Hilga? But he did not want to see her—not yet.

What was the matter with her that she should stand in front of him and be shaking a paper at him?

"Hey war a goot cat," an incisive voice asserted.

The man cleared his throat.

"Your friend," he began, and faltered—"owes his life to you. Fast getting back his strength. And that's good, that's good—that's mighty good! The kindness of him! Polite even to a cat. The decency, the fineness, the stout heart of him! Wanted me to talk with you—as a man of the world, I suppose. Thought I might help to make you see the situation as he sees it. Calls himself a piece of a man. But good Lord, more real manhood in him than in the best—the very best men I know anything about!"

Dawson was failing to make himself understood. It was not merely that he talked too fast for Hilga Nelson to comprehend, but that she was thinking of only one thing—the document which she supposed good-natured Barlow had been tricked into signing.

And why did this man smile? She thought it a jeering smile like that she had seen on the faces of clerks and stenographers in the legal department of the traction company.

While Dawson smiled a quick tearing sound slit the silence. The written instrument—the waiver the two claimants were supposed to sign—she had torn in two. She doubled the parts and tore them again. As she did so a bleak light burned in her blue eyes.

Why didn't this fellow try to stop her? She wanted him to try.

The tearing action was repeated until the page had been reduced to tiny scraps, some of them falling away in zigzags to the ground. The rest she gripped firmly, drew back her arm and let fly. A tempest flurry of flakes pelted him in his smiling face.

Dawson stared at her in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" he asked, brushing the litter out of his shirt collar.

A solid fist with knuckles showing gray began to move back and forth in front of his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Yo' gimme dose paper!" she demanded. "Dose paper what he signed!"

It was indiscreet of him—very—to smile again, yet the belated rousing of his faculties from soul searching to the menace of impending violence could only evoke in him a crazy desire to laugh.

"If we," he began with a look queerly humorous, "if we go a little farther away from the house, then our friend ——"

"Dose paper—gimme!" Hilga insisted.

Dawson began stepping back and as he did so he warned quietly, "Better not disturb him. A little farther and we can talk."

Barlow in the house already knew what was going on. Strength had been his to reach the doorway, and there he clung, calling to Hilga and beckoning with his broomstick cane.

She gave no heed. Her pale lips moved while she said, "Better as yo' take off dose spectacle. It," she added, "it ain't for girls to do dis, but he can't. And Nels, my brudder, he bane not har. Take 'em off—Ay don't want to. My heart hurts me. Off wid 'em!"

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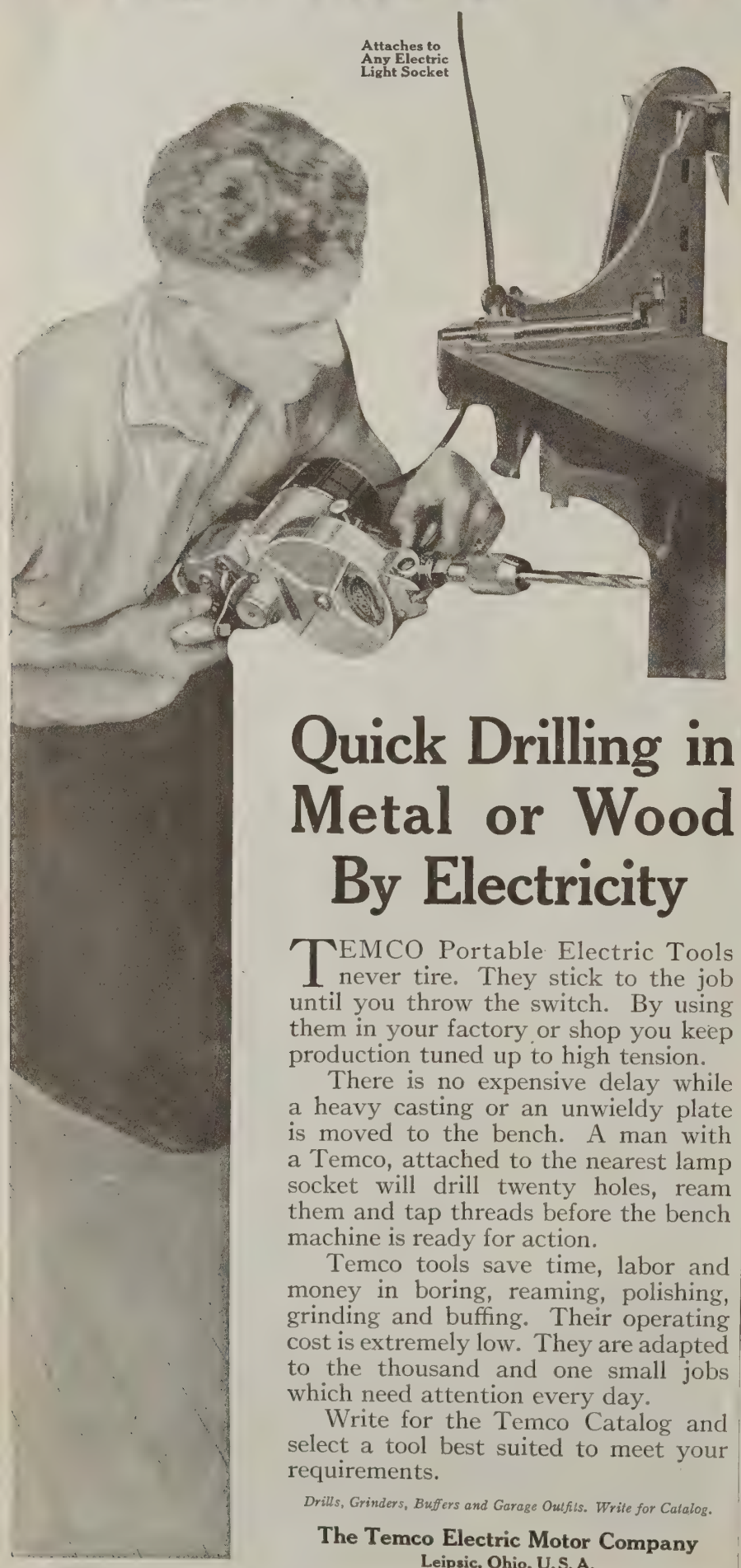

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"Hilga!" an imploring voice called from the doorway. "Hilga!"

Dawson said, "One moment, please. Let me tell you ——"

Too late. His glasses were snatched off and flung aside. A blow fell. Something heavy striking below his right ear made him stagger.

"Hullo," he thought, "it's begun! And it hurts her heart."

He heard the rapid impact of fisticuffs, but seemed to feel no physical pain. A warm liquid tide with a salty taste began flowing down over his mouth. His elbows went up, his arms instinctively shielding his head, and he heard sobs mingled with hard names.

"Cheat! Scoundrel! Yust wait! Ay learn you somet'ing!"

Finally when he had been bowled over by a blow under the chin he fell upon his back and lay still with eyes shut, waiting. When he opened them again he saw nothing but the evening sky, high up, wonderfully deep and pricked by a few stars. They appeared to flow and move about, those flecks of light, exactly like midges or motes of dust blown upon. Tuning forks seemed to be ringing in his ears and he grew very light, beginning to soar away without effort into a region where there was neither sound nor feeling.

In the house meanwhile Hilga had an enamel pitcher from the washstand thrust at her.

"Take this water," Barlow commanded. "Take it and go look after that man."

"No!"

"Then me—I will."

She restrained him. She set him down forcibly in his armchair with pillows behind his back.

He shook a finger at her. He flung out a storm of reproaches. Never until this moment had she heard rough words spoken to her by this man. Now he railed and railed, angrily smiting his palm on the arm of the chair.

"Is this any nice way for a lady to act? No, ma'am! Not by no means, it ain't. You must think I don't know when it's time to fight. Well, I do. What's more, when I get into a mix I don't never holler for no girls or nobody to help. You got no shame, Hilga Nelson. You're no lady. If only you'd stick to your rule and climb into a dress soon as you get home, then this kind o' rough-house business wouldn't never happen. Don't know what's got into you. And stubborn? I never seen no stubborner person, no day. And that feller—not at all a bad feller. Me and him couldn't agree. That's all there was about it."

Hilga said, "Meester Barlow, better yo' skal be quiet now."

"No lady!" he avowed. "That's what you ain't! My fault though—most all my fault. Do you know, Hilga Nelson, what he wanted to do? He wanted to peel out twenty dollars from his own pocket—that's what!"

"Meester T'um Barlow, don't yo' tale no lies! Dat feller, hey fool you. Hey bane a cheater. Hey gotta get learnt somet'ing."

"But you don't have to learn anything. Not you! Sure not! A heap wise woman. You know it all!" raged the stockman with devastating scorn. But he added quietly and very earnestly, "Listen, girl! I'll put it up to you just like it was. He wouldn't have the company pay more than two bones. Pride, I guess—professional pride in his job. Must keep down all claims. Yes, ma'am. Chop down every claim to bed rock. That's what he's for. That's jest why he's a claim agent. But as a man he's constructed different. He himself, not the company—he personally wanted to pay. None o' the company's business if he paid. But he didn't kill the cat. The company killed the cat. So, thinks I, to hell with his money! Don't want charity—want justice. He could go jump in the river with his twenty-dollar check. I wouldn't have it, wouldn't look at the color of it—not me!"

The girl drew the back of her hand over her forehead and over her eyes.

"Hey," she stammered, "hey offer twenty dollar?"

"That's it."

"Out of his own pocket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"His own twenty dollar?"

"Gee whiz, yes! Can't you get that into your head?"

"His own money! But that can't be so," she disputed.

Barlow began to struggle. He grumbled and sputtered while he strove to pull himself out of the chair.

"Dirty mess—what a thing to do! Thought you was a lady. Le' me be, can't you?"

Next moment came a series of brisk little raspy sounds—the rubbing together of coarse denim. Hilga Nelson in her overalls was running and splashing water from the enamel pitcher as she ran.

All this while Dawson had not moved, and when he did reëmerge from the land of oblivion he vaguely perceived that the dewy nightfall had come. He could scent a moist smell rising from the grass and he grew aware of some one bending over him and gently bathing his face. Now and again as he wondered who this could be a warm drop spatted down upon chin and cheek and forehead.

"Hilga?" he whispered to the person kneeling beside him. "That you?" His hand touched the bowed head, with hair all disheveled. "Crying? But you mustn't though. Good Lord, no! I got just about what was coming to me. Eh," he added with a combined gasp and groan and a chuckle, "I've had it handed to me! Hard on you, Hilga—and some hard on me."

He actually laughed a little, but the girl went on crying, and he mumbled something about "Gaining strength—no cripple—never has been—never could be if it comes to manhood."

"Forgive," the girl abjectly whispered. "If you could, please. For Ay no understan'. Ay bane so dumb. Meester Barlow hey tale me about dose twenty-dollar scheck. Hey say yo' would give money out of your own pocket. But he got mad on you. He wouldn't take dose money."

Still kneeling and inclining forward, Hilga smote her hands over her face while tears glistened out between her fingers and flashed as they fell.

"Ay bane no nice voman," she mourned.

Dawson sat up at once, but toilfully on account of his bruised stiffness; and having got hold of her hand, he began talking to her gently out of a full heart. One thing, he told her, she could do for him.

"Yes, one thing," he entreated. "Let me come to the wedding."

"Wedding?" the girl articulated with a gulp. "Yo' tank he can forgive me?"

Dawson was sure it would be all right.

"No," she miserably dissented, "hey no forgive. Not never. Ay no listen to him. Ay bane awful stubborn voman. Hey vonce tank me nice girl. Ay bane not nice no more. An' for him Ay lak to be nicest voman in all dis worl'!"

Tremulously an anxious voice from the house quivered into the moist hush of evening, "Hilga! Hilga, dear! How is he?"

Dawson answered for himself, "All right—sure I am!"

Then he said to the girl, with her cold passive hand clasped firmly between both of his:

"There will be a wedding! He will get back his vigor of body, won't he? Don't the doctors say so? Well then—a wedding! And I would like to come to it, for I want to see you in a dress—a white dress. And—and a ribbon in your hair."

WANTED: TIGHTWADS

(Continued from Page 11)

borrow corresponding sums of money at interest running at four and a quarter per cent and four and a half per cent, and this notwithstanding that any appropriation made for this purpose will be charged back to the banks and cost not one penny to the Government of the United States. Bonds, notes and gold with the custody of which the Treasury is charged are inadequately protected. There is an insufficient force to care for them. The force we have is underpaid.

"I have spoken of the need of an executive budget covering all appropriations asked for by the executive departments. But let us be honest with ourselves and honest with the American people. A budget which does not cover the initiation or increase of appropriations by Congress will be a semblance of the real thing. I note that not a little has been said about the constitutional prerogatives of Congress, but I know of no clause in our Constitution that will prevent the Congress exercising self-control. The Houses of Congress can, by amendment of their own rules, surround with proper safeguards the initiation and the increase of appropriations by Congress.

"To-day the credit of the United States is imperiled by projects initiated and supported on the floor of Congress with a view to capturing the so-called soldier vote. I do not believe that that magnificent body of strong, brave, lusty young men who went out to France, or were ready to go, want to see the people of the United States exploited in order that each of them may receive a donation. I do not believe these fine young men, if they realized what it is that is proposed in their behalf, would accept a gift made at the expense of their fathers and mothers and sisters and the children that are to come after them in order to give them a holiday. While, of course, you cannot commit to terms of money the value of the service rendered by the Army of America, I call your attention to the facts that the actual pay of our soldiers was doubled at the outset of the war, that our soldiers have been paid with liberality never dreamed of in the history of this or any other country, and that the projects now advocated so lavishly and with so little regard for the welfare of the American people are not limited to those heroic men who suffered injury or death at the hands of the enemy, not even to those who actually saw the Front, not even to those who were sent to France. These projects extend to every one of some four and one-half million men, mostly young men, who were included in the military and naval forces of the United States, even to those of their number who sought and obtained employment of a character which would relieve them of being exposed to personal risk."

A Disheartening Task

"It has been the disheartening task of the Treasury to examine scores and scores of bills drawn and presented with a view to benefiting a section of the country or a portion of its citizenship at the expense of the whole. Many of these bills were apparently devised to avoid the appearance of an appropriation by requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds, notes or certificates of indebtedness to meet the expenditure involved, and all of these bills were such as would not be reached by a purely executive budget.

"I have said that the finances of the United States are in excellent condition. I have said in substance that I do not anticipate a deficit in the current fiscal year in excess of one billion dollars and that that deficit is covered by deferred installments of the Victory Loan, payable within the fiscal year. I have said that there need be no more Liberty Loans. But I say to you in all solemnity that if a prompt and immediate halt is not called to this great peril there must be another Liberty Loan, and you gentlemen will have to go out to the people of the United States and call upon them to subscribe for bonds the proceeds of which are to be given away to the well and strong young men who you and I and the American people know went out in a spirit of unselfishness, not one of self-seeking, to fight for their country. You may ask the old men and the widows, the school children, the rich and the poor, who responded to the call of their country to the number of twenty million during the period of the war, to respond again to this call for a donation. I hope I shall never shrink from the performance of any public duty, yet I do not covet the task of making such an appeal, and I shall not willingly be a party to offering this affront to the generous, heroic, unselfish Army and Navy of America that saved the freedom of the world.

"I have spoken of the initiation of appropriations in Congress. Let me speak also of the increase of appropriations. As you all know, and as I know after seventeen years in Congress and not more than half as many months in the Treasury, the processes employed in framing and passing public buildings and rivers and harbors bills lead to a great waste of the money of the people. The continuance of the United States Government's activities where they are not needed, whether those activities be army posts or subtreasuries or hospitals, would have scant consideration in a real business budget submitted by a finance minister, duly empowered by law, and managed through Congress by a single committee under rules of limitation imposed by the Congress on itself. In my belief you cannot make a real budget unless you face these facts and deal with them. The Congress of the United States, in attempting this great reform in the interest of economy and efficiency, will fail and fail utterly if, while imposing the necessary firm control over the expenditures of the executive departments, it fails to exercise the sublime quality of self-control."

Santa Claus Money

Back in 1912, when Mr. Taft was President, and when the gross expenditures of the Government were about one-quarter of what they are now, he became exercised and concerned about the higgledy-piggledy, unscientific, disorderly, grab-bag methods by which your money was expended for public purposes. He said then what is equally true now, that the activities of the national Government "are almost as varied as those of the entire business world. The operations of the Government affect the interest of every person living within the jurisdiction of the United States. Its organization embraces stations and centers of work located in every city and in many local subdivisions of the country. Its gross expenditures amount to nearly one billion dollars annually. Including the personnel of the military and naval establishments, more than four hundred thousand persons are required to do the work imposed by law upon the executive branch of the Government.

"This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. Never have the foundations been laid for a thorough consideration of the relations of all its parts. No comprehensive effort has been made to list its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing. Never has a complete description been given of the agencies through which these activities are performed. At no time has the attempt been made to study all of these activities and agencies with a view to the assignment of each activity to the agency best fitted for its performance, to the avoidance of duplication of plant and work, to the integration of all administrative agencies of the Government, so far as may be practicable, into a unified organization for the most effective and economical dispatch of public business."

This extraordinary and indefensible situation, which exists to-day as fully and completely as it did when Mr. Taft portrayed it seven years ago, came about quite naturally and simply through our tolerance and slackness. For years and years the Government lived and grew and extended its activities on Santa Claus money. Its income came as easily as money in a letter. For years and years the national income was greater than the expenses. Every year there was a surplus. The Government was precisely in the position of the Rockefellers and the Carnegies and the Rothschilds. Its problem was not how to get money enough to live on but how to spend its income. It naturally got in the way of throwing some of it to the birds. It lived like a remittance man. You may remember that back in the time of the first Cleveland Administration one of the problems of public discussion

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Pour ½ Cup
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Stir It in Boiling Water
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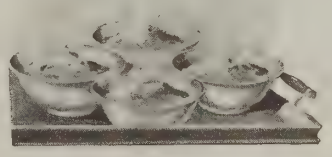

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Then these cooked oats are evaporated. That's the secret of their freshness. Dry oats keep.

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This high-heat cooking gives a new, exquisite flavor. So you have a quick oat dish, super-cooked oats, a delightful flavor and economy as well.

And That Means This:

Quick breakfasts, oats that easily digest, a flavor that children will enjoy, and oat food every morning—the food of foods.

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Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by the Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

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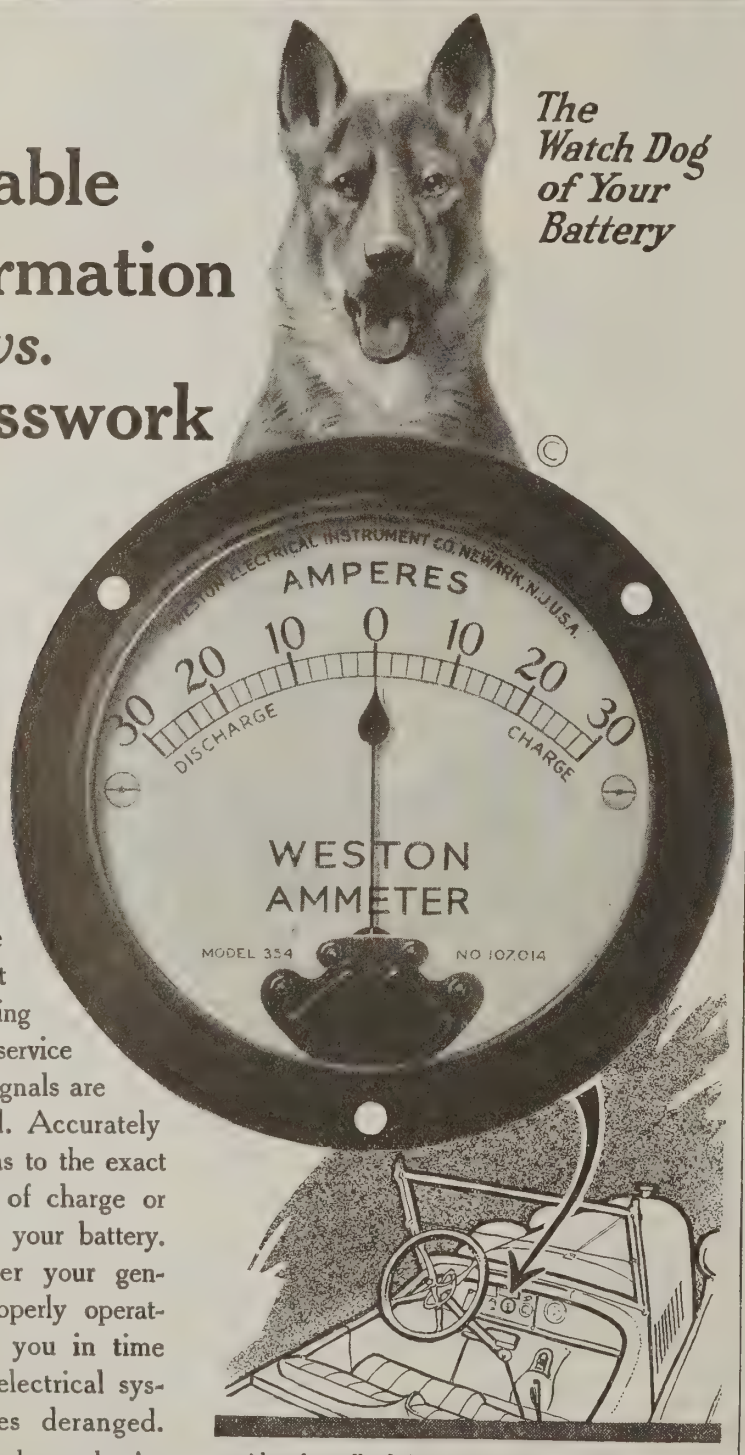

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was: "What shall be done with the surplus?" Then there was a change of administration and Corporal Tanner was made Commissioner of Pensions. The whole country was amused and had a hearty laugh when he announced his policy: "God help the surplus!" Them was the halcyon days! Take a quick look at the actual figures, for it is your money I am talking about:

For every fiscal year from 1866 to 1893, inclusive, there was a surplus of receipts over expenditures. During this period of twenty-eight years the surplus of receipts over expenditures totaled $1,920,205,013.41. For the fiscal years 1894 to 1899, inclusive, the expenditures exceeded the receipts in the aggregate of $283,022,991.14. For the fiscal years 1900 to 1904, inclusive, the surplus of receipts over expenditures aggregated $310,319,165.04. For 1905 the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $18,753,335. For the fiscal years 1908 and 1909 the expenditures again exceeded the receipts by $78,776,622.30. For the years 1910 to 1914, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures by $149,024,404.27. For 1915 the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $33,488,931.53. For 1916 the receipts exceeded the expenditures by $55,171,553.59, and for 1917 there was a deficit of $29,724,864.73.

From 1866 to 1917, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures for each year with the exception of 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1905, 1908, 1909, 1915 and 1917. The total amount by which the expenditures exceeded the receipts for these eleven years just named is $443,766,744.70. For the fifty-two fiscal years, 1866 to 1917, inclusive, the receipts exceeded the expenditures in forty-one years, the total of such excess for that period being $2,591,453,184.16.

For the fiscal years 1866 to 1910 the revenues were raised through an indirect system of taxation. Beginning with the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the receipts from direct methods of taxation have steadily grown each fiscal year, as will be seen by the following table:

1910 Corporation tax	$20,951,780.97
1911 Corporation tax	33,516,976.59
1912 Corporation tax	28,583,303.73
1913 Corporation tax	35,006,299.84
1914 Corporation excise tax	10,671,077.22
1914 Corporation income tax	32,456,662.67
1914 Individual income tax	28,253,534.85
1915 Emergency revenue	52,069,126.29
1915 Corporation income tax	39,155,596.77
1915 Individual income tax	41,046,162.09
1916 Emergency revenue	84,278,302.13
1916 Corporation income tax	56,993,657.98
1916 Individual income tax	67,943,594.63
1917 Emergency revenue	95,297,553.88
1917 Corporation income tax	179,572,887.86
1917 Individual income tax	180,108,340.10
1918 Income and excess-profits tax	2,838,999,894.28
1919 Income and excess-profits tax	2,596,008,702.70

The number of corporations making income-tax returns showing taxable income aggregated 52,498 in the calendar year 1909, and that number increased to 232,079 for the calendar year 1917. The number of individuals making personal income-tax returns aggregated 357,598 for the calendar year 1913, and that number increased to 3,472,890 for the calendar year 1917.

Congress Taking Notice

For the fiscal year 1909 the total ordinary receipts aggregated $603,589,489.84, of which $300,711,933.95 came from customs duties, $246,212,643.59 came from internal revenue, and the balance was received from the sale of public lands and other miscellaneous items; whereas, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, the total receipts from customs amounted to $184,457,867.39, while the internal revenue, including income taxes and corporation and excess-profits taxes, amounted to $3,839,950,612.05.

So you see that until 1910 the money you paid toward the support of the Government was slipped away from you so easily that you hardly knew anything about it. You did not know that you were paying taxes to the national Government. Indirect taxation is the most seductive form of raising public revenue. You never came in contact with the Federal Government except when you bought a postage stamp. But now you know it every time you buy a drink at a soda fountain or a bottle of medicine or send a telegram or make a long-distance telephone call or perform any one of a score of other normal activities of daily life. Something must be put in the kitty for the Government. Its annual rake-off runs into the billions. You pay it and the Government spends it. You are the boss of the Government. The Government is just a certain number of average human beings who have been selected by you, your delegated agents or representatives to run the business. They occupy precisely the same relation to you as do the servants in your house or the clerks in your shop or office. They can stand the present situation just as long as you can. Spending somebody else's money is one of the pleasantest, most agreeable and wholly satisfying occupations that this vale of tears offers to the well-known human race.

But all that part of the party is about over now. The oysters have been eaten and put in the bill. They must be paid for. It is perfectly clear that in the future by far the greater part of the revenue required for conducting the public business must come from direct taxes. It is also clear that the ordinary expenses for running the Government will in future probably exceed four billion dollars a year. That is a lot of money to take out of your pockets and mine. Hadn't we better see what is done with it and whether we can save any of it? Congress, which is very farsighted, and able, when its own skin is concerned, to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw at a very great distance, is beginning to take notice.

The Senate's Budget Plans

The House of Representatives passed, toward the end of October, a bill providing for a national budget. Personally I do not think very much of it; but then, I am not a competent authority on budgets. Men who are competent authorities and who have given the problem of budget making years of study think that a great advance has been made toward securing an orderly system to control income and outgo and to prevent duplication of work, extravagance and waste. Their opinion should be given due weight, but I am still doubtful about the genuine desire of Congress and the departments to reform their methods. The budget plan the House has agreed upon and adopted seems to me only a hesitating and tentative step forward and I do not believe that much good will come of it if it is finally adopted unless there is strong public pressure behind it.

In certain quarters in the Senate I find an equal skepticism. The Senate, as this is written, has not yet considered the House plan. I asked a casual senator what he thought they would probably do with the House bill.

"I hope," said he fervently, "that we will kick the stuffing out of it. It is just a piece of camouflage."

It appears that the Senate has budget proposals of its own, which it will offer to substitute for the bill that has just passed the House. The budget plan that has just met the approval of the House had its beginnings on the last day of last July, when the House authorized Speaker Gillett to appoint a Select Committee on the Budget of twelve members. Representative James W. Good, of Iowa, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, was made chairman of the select committee. This committee, after hearings, declared that the basic defects in the existing system of spending your money to carry on the Government are these:

Expenditures are not considered in connection with revenues; Congress does not require of the President any carefully thought-out financial and work program representing what provision in his opinion should be made for meeting the financial needs of the Government; the estimates of expenditure needs now submitted to Congress represent only the desires of the individual departments, establishments and bureaus; and these requests have been subjected to no superior revision with a view to bringing them into harmony with each other, to eliminating duplication of organization or activities, or of making them, as a whole, conform to the needs of the nation as represented by the condition of the Treasury and prospective revenues.

Under the law it is the practice for the head of each executive department to designate the chief of each bureau under his control to estimate the expenditure needs of his bureau. When all the estimates of the bureau chiefs in a given department are sent to the head of that department he in turn submits his estimates to the Secretary of the Treasury. The various bureau

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chiefs act independently of each other. Bureaus of executive departments doing similar work are thus stimulated in a rivalry and, so far as the estimates go, very little effort has been made to coördinate the activities of the several departments and bureaus, and in practice this method has resulted in extravagance, inefficiency and duplication of service.

Then the committee went on to say that the "waste and extravagance resulting from the operation of this plan must be apparent to anyone who has made a study of it. Practically everyone familiar with its workings agrees that its failure lies in the fact that no one is made responsible for the extravagance. The estimates are a patchwork and not a structure. As a result, a great deal of the time of the committees of Congress is taken up in exploding the visionary schemes of bureau chiefs for which no administration would be willing to stand responsible.

"The committee, following the unanimous opinion of all the witnesses who appeared before it, is convinced that these defects in the existing system for handling the financial affairs of the Government can only be adequately met by Congress making definite provision for the establishment of what is known as a budget system.

"If increased economy and efficiency in the expenditure of funds is to be secured, it is thus imperative that the evils should be attacked at their source. The only way by which this can be done is by placing definite responsibility upon some officer of the Government to receive the requests for funds as originally formulated by bureau and departmental chiefs and subjecting them to that scrutiny, revision and correlation that have been described. In the national Government there can be no question but that the officer upon whom should be placed this responsibility is the President of the United States. He is the only officer who is superior to the heads of departments and independent establishments. He is the only officer of the administrative branch who is interested in the Government as a whole rather than in one particular part. He is the only administrative officer who is elected by the people and thus can be held politically responsible for his actions. Furthermore, as head of the Administration it is to him that Congress and the people should look for a clear and definite statement of what provision in his opinion should be made for the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government. The requirement that the President shall prepare and submit to Congress annually upon its convening in regular session a budget will thus definitely locate upon him responsibility for the formulation and recommendation of a financial and work program for the year to ensue."

Provisions of the Budget Bill

Now there can be found at Washington and about the capitol plenty of habitual and experienced observers of the Government as it is conducted who will say of this proposal that Congress is passing the buck to the President. If there is any reason for thinking they may be right it is because of one pertinent act of omission. The bill as it passed the House creates in the office of the President a Bureau of the Budget, with a director at ten thousand dollars a year and an assistant director at seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. These are to be appointed by the President. It also provides that the several executive departments shall submit their estimates for appropriations to the President, instead of to the Secretary of the Treasury, as now required by law. Then it is provided that the budget transmitted to Congress by the President shall contain a balanced statement of the expenditures and revenues of the Government for the preceding fiscal year and all the resources and liabilities of the Treasury at the close of the year, together with his estimates of the revenues and expenditures of the Government for the current year and all the resources and liabilities of the Treasury at the close of the year, and also his estimates of the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government for the ensuing fiscal year, and how in his opinion these needs shall be met.

The contents, order, form and arrangement of the estimates are provided for, and then it is stipulated that no estimate or request for appropriation shall be submitted to Congress by any officer except the President unless at the request of either branch of Congress or a committee of the House or Senate. The bill creates an independent establishment known as the Accounting Department, to which are transferred all the powers and duties now imposed by law upon the Comptroller of the Treasury and the six auditors. This new establishment will be headed by a comptroller general and an assistant comptroller general, who will hold office during good behavior and may be removed by a concurrent resolution of Congress. Their duties would be to furnish information to Congress about expenditures, and to criticize extravagance, duplication and inefficiency in the executive departments.

In reporting the bill the committee that framed it characterized it as "evolutionary" rather than "revolutionary" and "as not intended as the last word in budgetary legislation, but intended to correct weaknesses that are clearly discernible and that should be corrected at once."

The omission on the part of the House was this: When this budget bill was presented to the House it was accompanied by a resolution proposing changes in the rules of the House which would have made it much easier to keep down the appropriations. It would have prevented the Senate from tacking on items to appropriation bills and it would have put the control of appropriations in the House in the hands of one committee, instead of eight, as at present. The House has not yet considered this resolution and probably will not until next year. Since Congress has adjourned the budget bill which passed the House cannot be considered by the Senate for some weeks.

Allowing for Cuts

As a matter of fact we shall never have a budget worthy of the name or that will accomplish its purpose until you, the people in the country, whose money is being expended, make a drive for it, and a determined drive. The present situation and condition and way of doing business are altogether too comfortable both for Congress and the executive departments for them really to go to work and bring about a drastic change. They have grown up in this way of doing business. They find it easy, pleasant and agreeable to have plenty of money to spend. It is very much more enjoyable than economy and accountability.

All the while this budget proposal has been under consideration the whole aim of Congress has been, both at the hearings and during the discussion of the bill, to prove that the extravagance and waste in expenditures were all in the departments and not attributable to Congress. Scores of times it was put in the record that every year the sums of money asked for by the departments had been greater than the appropriations granted. Congress always cuts down the estimates.

Of course the perfectly notorious fact is that the departments, knowing their estimates will be cut, pad them and ask for a great deal more money than they need or hope to get, so as to allow plentifully for the trimming process. It is a perfectly familiar piece of bunk that everyone knows about. Virtually every year one or another of the departments tries to put something over on Congress, and more often than not succeeds. At the same time there is the familiar spectacle of Congress adding to appropriation bills items of expenditure which the departments have not asked for and in some cases do not want or are not prepared to carry out. The Department of Agriculture in the past years has been peculiarly favored in this respect. Old Secretary Wilson, who was the head of that department for sixteen years, more than once told me how his appropriation bill was helped by an overfriendly Congress with money for him to do work which he was not prepared to do or which in the opinion of his experts was useless or a duplication of work being done elsewhere.

This has been going on a long time. Back in 1887 the Senate appointed a committee of its own members to inquire into and examine the methods of business and work in the executive departments and generally to tell the Senate the cause of the delays in transacting the public business. This was in response to public criticism. The criticisms and complaints were found to be justified. For example, it was found that thirty-nine clerks in the Treasury Department were engaged, more or less, in copying with pen and ink the letter-press copies of letters in the record book. Cases of employees furnishing proxies to perform their

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Plate I

Plate II

The Oxide Test

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work at reduced compensation were found in three executive departments. In the General Land Office two hundred and seventy-six thousand, six hundred and seventy individual cases were pending and undisposed of, and fourteen thousand unanswered letters. There were forty-seven thousand claims of soldiers, their widows and orphans pending for adjustment before the auditor.

An engineer officer's request for the employment of two pilots, one at one hundred and twenty-five dollars and one at one hundred and fifty dollars, in its course from the officer through the War Department, its return to that officer, and its return by him again to the War Department, was handled by officers and clerks seventy-six times, and including messenger service, ninety-four times.

That was in 1887. Now let members of Congress and officers of departments tell you some of the things that happened this year and last year. Congress blames the extravagance and waste on the executive departments and tells these tales out of school to support its charges. Let us call Mr. Good, of Iowa, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee:

"Last year, when the Book of Estimates came to Congress, especially with regard to the estimates for the legislative, executive and judicial bill, they carried the estimates for salaries under existing law. In violation of that plain provision of the statute, Secretary McAdoo sent to Congress a letter under date of December 2, 1918, covering ninety-two pages, in which he submitted estimates for all the departments of the Government with regard to salaried positions, increasing the salaries in many cases as much as fifty or seventy-five per cent, and increasing them in violation of the statute, and there is not a word in that letter of transmittal as to the necessity for it or why it was not transmitted in the regular estimates. Therefore, the subcommittee on the legislative, executive and judicial bill had before it two estimates from the Secretary of the Treasury, one in the regular annual Book of Estimates and the other in House Document Number 1365, yet nobody ever criticized that method in presenting a plan that nobody could be expected to work anything out of. Every one of those increases in an appropriation bill would be subject to a point of order on the floor of the House, because it was a change in existing law.

"With that kind of violation of law how are you going to have an intelligent and economical and efficient financial plan? After all, whether our laws are good or bad, they ought to be enforced, and they ought at least to be obeyed by those who are engaged in the administration of the law."

Estimates That Clashed

Mr. Temple, of Pennsylvania, makes this contribution: "There is another incident which I would not have told two years ago, while the war was going on, but it can be told now without any harm. In the estimates that came from the War Department, without going into details, there were duplications of estimates for machine guns—estimated for by the Signal Corps to equip flying machines before they established a separate air service, and estimates by the Ordnance Department for the same items, and when the estimates came before the Committee on Military Affairs the committee picked out duplications for more millions of dollars than I care to mention even two years afterward. If the thing had been known at the time it would have affected the morale of the American people, which is as important as the morale of the Army, but the duplications were picked up and the information about them was simply suppressed.

"Both came from the War Department. They had passed through the hands of the bureau chiefs, through the hands of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, and nobody had ever picked them up until they came to the Committee on Military Affairs."

Now Mr. Good again, with an amazing tale of how estimates for appropriations were made up in the War Department while the war was on:

"When the last fortification bill came before the House the estimates were made before the Armistice was signed. As I recall, the estimates were something like five billions of dollars. After the signing of the Armistice the reduced estimates sent to Congress called for about six hundred million dollars. They were revised before the committee to about ninety-three million dollars and the fortification act carried about eleven million dollars. Now in the hearings it was discovered that while some of the officers of the War Department were requesting that there should be an appropriation—if I recall correctly now; it has been some time—of about twenty-five millions of dollars for railway gun carriages for guns of large caliber, it happened that one of the officers of the War Department who came before us explained to the committee that a railway gun carriage for a gun of large caliber—I think he said more than a six-inch gun—would in all probability not be an efficient arrangement for a coast-defense carriage, because it was necessary under those conditions to have rapidity of fire with accuracy of fire, and that it was altogether a different thing for a coast-defense gun to be firing at a ship several miles at sea than it would be for a gun to be firing at a land defense, because in the one case, if it did not strike the vessel it was a complete loss, whereas in the other, if it did not strike the munitions plant it was aimed at, if it struck the terminal facilities or some other factory it was at the same time doing damage.

"Now it was at once apparent to the committee that it was to pass on a function that was primarily the function of the board of review in the War Department, and that here Congress had put up to it a scientific problem—highly scientific—to determine whether or not we should appropriate twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of mounting fourteen-inch guns when, as a matter of fact, when explained by one of the officers, in all probability such guns, large guns, could not be effectively used when mounted on railway carriages for that kind of project. The committee eliminated, and rightly so, that estimate. There was a problem passed upon by the House committee that had apparently never been considered at all by the men who made the estimate."

The Crocheting Department

One of the things that troubles Congress now, and one of the complaints it has against the departments, is that though war activities have come to an end the departments refuse to reduce their clerical staffs. The number of government clerks in Washington is about one hundred thousand at the present time. Not more than two thousand have been dismissed since the Armistice. I quote Mr. Good again, who as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee is concerned with such matters:

"We are troubled right now to know what to do about a lump sum that was granted the War Department of four million dollars for additional employees here in Washington. Every member of Congress who has investigated the matter at all knows that down here in the Munitions Building there are a great many men and women who are not doing much of anything at all. The women are crocheting. There is no attempt made to separate these men and women from the service. We are met in such cases with the difficulty of getting the officials to discharge employees who are paid out of lump-sum appropriations. There is no effort at all to do it, and the whole burden then comes upon Congress. The Army has been demobilized, and yet we have to-day as many employees in Washington—or practically as many—as we had before the Armistice was signed.

"I think perhaps there are two thousand less out of over one hundred thousand employees here."

The members of the appropriating committees of Congress complain that the heads of the departments do not know enough about their organization and the work of their subordinates. Mr. Good testifies:

"Ten years ago, when I first became a member of the Committee on Appropriations, nearly every cabinet official appeared before the committee with regard to his estimates. That custom has fallen into disuse, not because of the attitude of the committee or the desire of the committee, because the committee always communicates with the secretary of the department whose estimates are under consideration, and he can come if he desires or send such experts or such of the officials under him as he may desire to speak for the appropriations. The thing that amazed me in the consideration of these estimates was the

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fact that for a number of years when the cabinet officers did come before the committee they knew very little about the estimates. The ignorance displayed by some cabinet officers was surprising to the members of the committees before whom they have appeared with regard to the details of the estimates and with regard to the questions of policy. There are, without mentioning them, two members of the President's cabinet at the present time who do know the details of their estimates. But if we should amend the law so as to permit them to come upon the floor of the House I think it would have one beneficial effect, and only one, and that would be to explode some of the false standing that certain public officials have in the public mind."

Now let us look at the other side and take the testimony of cabinet officers.

Mr. H. L. Stimson was Secretary of War in Mr. Taft's cabinet and was called to testify at the budget hearings.

MR. STIMSON: I cannot conceive, if we had had an executive budget prepared by the Executive throughout our national history, of our Army being quartered as I found it, in forty-eight separate posts, at an expense to the Treasury which was not only unnecessary but was terrifically subversive of army efficiency, of about six million dollars a year. I cannot conceive, if the budget had been submitted by the Executive, of our having a number of navy yards that would not dock our battleships. I cannot conceive of the chairman of a committee on naval affairs—I can name him, but will not—when he was asked, "Is it not a fact that the navy yard in your district will not accommodate our latest battleships?" answering, "That is true, and that is the reason I have always been in favor of small ships."

Now I mean if the budget had been prepared by the Executive I do not think you would have had quite that tendency to improve our great waterways, not according to the lines of true commerce of the country, but according to the lines of "How much money are you going to spend in each district?" I mean that was a thing that came to me constantly. Almost the last paper that I drew as Secretary of War was a memorandum based on a report of the chief of engineers that we did not have a single waterway that was built in the same way in which we would have built a trunk-line railway, for instance, with a view to the general commerce of the country rather than to the individual needs of a given district. I know I am treading on dangerous ground, but ——

A Reason for Silly Appropriations

MR. GOOD: We have appropriated about nine hundred million dollars for waterways. So far as I have been able to find out we have never appropriated a dollar that was not approved by the Board of Engineers and the Secretary of War and estimated for by the engineers.

MR. STIMSON: I will tell you why. I know why. That was one of my troubles. When I was Secretary of War I found this situation, and I found that the reports of the chief of engineers which came to me were not "Is this an improvement which should be made in view of our particular funds this year—our particular budget this year—and in view of all the improvements in the United States taken at the same time?" but simply and solely "Is this an improvement of a waterway which should be made?" And the chief of engineers said he was directed by Congress to report in that way, and this was the way he was going to interpret that, not in comparison with other projects, but simply whether in the millennium it would be a good thing for the country to have that waterway improved. When I said "That does not suit me at all. You come in here with a lot of propositions which you have approved, and you want me to approve, to improve the navigation of such and such a river and such and such a creek and such and such a harbor. I want to know how does that compare with the situation of the country as a whole?" he said, "I have not anything to do with that. I cannot have anything to do with it. Congress will not listen to me on that. They reserve the judgment to do that themselves." And when I came to look up the provision of law under which he did it he was right and I could not change it.

MR. GARNER: Now, Mister Secretary, how is the President going to remedy that situation?

MR. STIMSON: I hope you will give him power to express his views.

MR. GARNER: He has that power now.

MR. STIMSON: Then I am pretty sure that a President that operates will express himself on that.

MR. GARNER: You illustrated that by speaking of the forty-eight military posts throughout the country in which the Army was dispersed. That was the policy recommended by the War Department.

MR. STIMSON: I do not know about that.

MR. GARNER: Where did Congress appropriate for any post that was not in the estimates of the War Department?

MR. STIMSON: Will you listen to me on that?

MR. GARNER: Yes.

MR. STIMSON: I found these forty-eight posts, and just about that time another party came into power in the House of Representatives that was rather anxious to find any sources of unnecessary expenses which had been incurred by some twelve years of preceding Republican administration, and one of the first things they did —— First, I, in my annual report, called attention to the fact that our Army was scattered in posts at a great cost to its efficiency and to its economy, and that it was a false and vicious system.

The Sport of Politics

The House of Representatives at once passed a House resolution quoting my language and asking the Secretary of War to specify which posts had been located in an unduly extravagant way and in any unnecessary place; and then, having done that in a fit of virtue, a large number of individual congressmen came running round to me and said: "Of course, Mister Secretary, you are not going to answer that? They are just trying to play politics with you." But I said: "I am." And I made a report which is on the files of Congress, pointing out which posts, in my opinion, and in the opinion of the General Staff, were unnecessary at that time, what they had cost—and that hit a great many gentlemen in my own party, who did not have much use for that particular secretary for some time; but it did not produce any change in the policy of Congress. I succeeded by executive action in abolishing, I think, four or five posts, before I went out; but I could only abolish posts when Congress would give me the power to put troops somewhere else, and that was not forthcoming.

I succeeded in shutting up all the posts I could, and it did not amount to more than four out of forty-eight, because I had nowhere else to put the troops. That system had grown up through a long course of years. You know every district clamors for a post in the same way that it clamors for a post office, and that is reflected in everybody who has power to get the necessary money to do it. I do not throw any stones at any particular people, but you will find that so. Every time I went round the country to inspect posts, every time I stopped in the city I would be waited upon by delegations who wanted to prove to me how exceptionally good a place that would be to establish a post; and Congress is under that pressure all the time, and you will find appropriations here to establish a post here and there, now and then. The chance only comes once in a long while, but when it does come they take advantage of it.

MR. MADDEN: Whenever you get a new chairman of the military committee?

MR. STIMSON: Yes; whenever you get a new chairman of a military committee, whether a Democrat or a Republican, it goes that way.

MR. TINKHAM: Most of those posts have been established by legislation?

MR. STIMSON: All of them.

MR. TINKHAM: So that responsibility comes back to Congress?

MR. STIMSON: It may be that the Executive has not always stood up against it, but I found that one of my predecessors had protested to Congress, in Massachusetts, that to expend one hundred thousand dollars, I think it was, on Fort Whipple would be to compel him to spend that amount of money against his official judgment, and in spite of his recommendation and over his protest the item was forced through, and he had to spend the money.

And now this illuminating colloquy between Mr. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Good, chairman of

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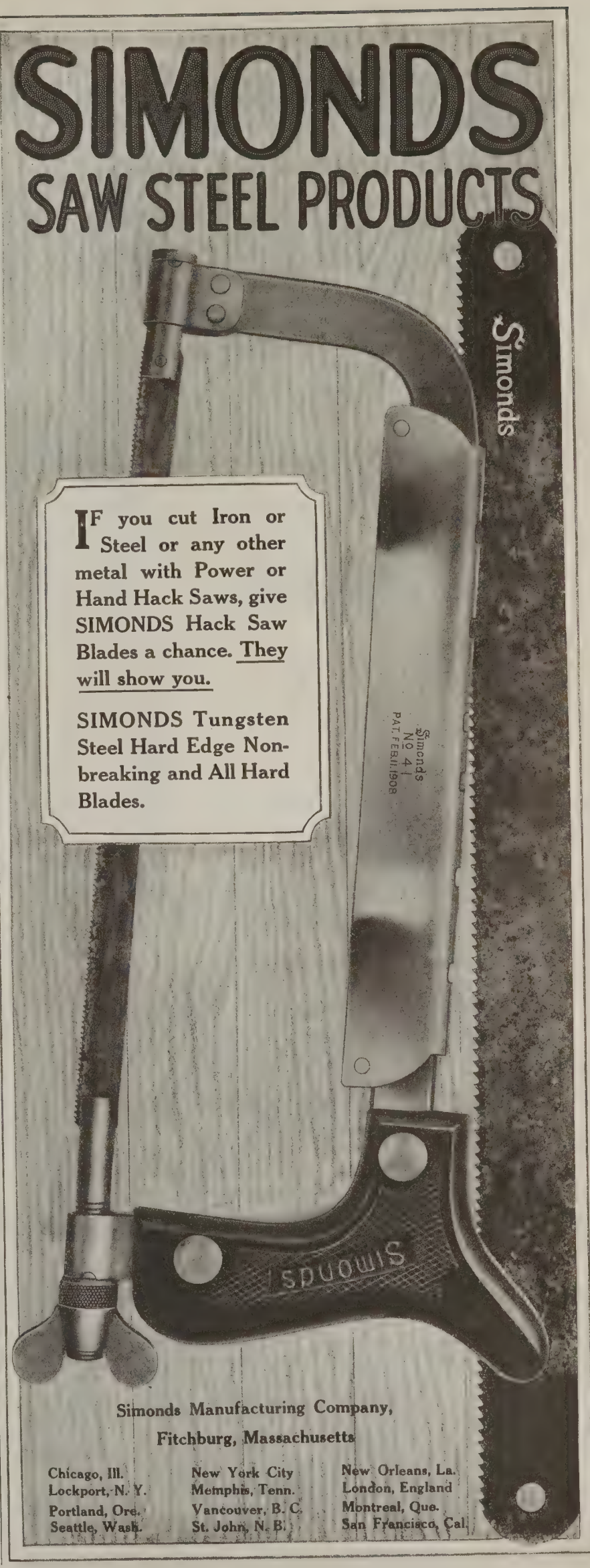

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3277

the Appropriations Committee. Mr. Good is asking questions and Mr. Roosevelt is answering them:

"Do you ever permit the inclusion in a Navy Department estimate of an estimate for some work that is really not needed for military or naval purposes in order to secure the support of some member of the Naval Affairs Committee or of Congress for the rest of the bill?"

"No; I would not put it that way."

"What way would you put it?"

"I would say, rather, occasionally, when the hearings before Congress are on and it is evident that a certain individual or certain individuals can be won over by our assenting to the inclusion of certain new items, that sometimes that assent is forthcoming."

"You do not mean to leave the impression with us here that you gave your assent for useless or extravagant expenditures of money out of which no public good would ensue?"

"No; I would not put it as strong as that, but we sometimes give assent to items that we do not consider nearly as necessary as other items."

These are only details, of course, but in the long run of year-after-year appropriations they consume millions of dollars, millions of your dollars, taken from you in taxation, which you might just as well have to spend for yourself or to save. There are whole bureaus and divisions of governmental activities that might be abolished altogether without any loss of efficiency and with great saving of money. Take the revenue-cutter service, for example. Its abolishment has been recommended, after careful examination and inquiry into its functions and activities and its usefulness. No heed has been paid to the recommendation. When Mr. Taft was President he appointed a commission on economy and efficiency to make an examination of the executive departments and their activities. Among other things this commission examined the duties being performed by the revenue-cutter service and decided that it was performing no useful function that was not being performed or could not be performed by some other existing branch of the Government. The maintenance of the revenue-cutter service in 1911, when the report was made, was costing the public two and a half million dollars annually. The economy commission reported that its abolition as a separately organized branch would result in a net saving to the Government of at least one million dollars annually and that this economy would be effected not at the expense of efficiency but, on the contrary, all the duties now being performed by the service could be equally if not more efficiently performed by other services.

Twenty-one Reasons

The revenue-cutter service was called upon to declare what reasons, if any, it could adduce to justify its continued existence. It gives these twenty-one reasons:

Protection of the customs revenue.
Coöperation with the Navy.
Enforcement of laws pertaining to the quarantine.
Suppression of the slave trade.
Enforcement of the neutrality laws.
Protection of merchant vessels from piratical attacks and suppression of piracy.
Protection of the timber reserves of the United States against depredations.
Assistance of vessels in distress.
Prevention of the violation of immigration laws as provided in Section 2163, Revised Statutes.
Protection of seal fisheries and seal-otter hunting grounds in Alaska.
Suppression of illegal traffic in firearms, ammunition and spirits in Alaska.
Coöperation with the life-saving service.
Enforcement of certain laws relating to fisheries.
Enforcement of certain laws relating to the anchorage of vessels.
Regulating and policing regattas and marine parades.
Protection of game in Alaska.
Destruction of derelicts at sea.
Enforcement of laws regarding motor boats.
Enforcement of the navigation and other laws governing merchant vessels.
Protection of wrecked property.
Establishment and maintenance of a refuge station at or near Point Barrow, Alaska.

The economy commission decided that many of these duties were now nonexistent and that the others could be performed by the Navy. The net result of the investigation was that the revenue-cutter service was consolidated with the life-saving service and is now known as the coast guard. It is still prepared, if called upon, to suppress the slave trade, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect game in Alaska and prevent depredations on timber reserves.

A Chance to Save Millions

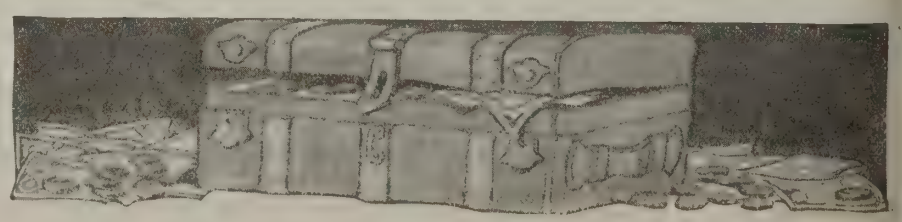
What is lacking, both in Congress and in the spending executive departments, is that intangible but highly valuable factor in connection with the expenditures of public money known to political scientists as "the treasury conscience." The treasury conscience in London, at Whitehall, where the budget is framed, counts for much more than many Englishmen ever realize, but, as Edward Porritt has pointed out, it is not a transplantable institution. It has not invariably gone in the train of British institutions when they have been transplanted overseas. Public opinion in England supports the treasury conscience. It is a factor that counts for economy and efficiency. It has admittedly helped in weeding out corruption—individual corruption and the corruption of constituencies through pork-barrel appropriations. And the existence of these two beneficent forces—the treasury conscience and public opinion that demands what the treasury conscience stands for—is the only factor that will prevent waste and extravagance, no matter how rigid and comprehensive a system of framing expenditures is devised.

I iterate and reiterate—it all comes back to you, the providers of the money that is wasted. In the whole political history of this country I do not think you will find that any congressman has ever been defeated for securing wasteful and unnecessary appropriations for his own district. On the other hand, many congressmen have been defeated because they did not secure bigger slices out of the pork barrel for their own constituencies. Just so long as you applaud and reëlect congressmen for bringing home loot from the Treasury to you, just so long will you find men eager and willing to go to Congress and join in raids on the Treasury.

Bear in mind that whenever you get an unnecessary public building or an unnecessary waterway or an unnecessary army post or navy yard or whatever in your district, fifteen or twenty or thirty more other districts get the same thing. You pay not only for what you get but for what the other fellow gets. Every time a raid is made on the Treasury it is your money that is taken away; every dollar and penny of it is money that you earned and paid in taxes. So long as you encourage Congress and government officials to spend your money they will not disappoint you.

But things have come to a pass when you have got to stop, whether you want to or not. Your expenditures are running away ahead of what you can make. That account has got to be balanced. You might as well serve notice on Congress right now that extravagance and waste have got to be stopped. Congress has gone halfway now on a tentative budget plan. It will not go the whole way until you show that you are really in earnest.

Cut a billion dollars off the high cost of government and you put a billion dollars in your pockets. Try it.



BRAWN VERSUS BRAIN

(Continued from Page 21)

to drive any large numbers of men out of professional and clerical work or to make the slightest impression on their great numbers. To-day the market for clerical workers is clogged, and possibly this is true of professional workers. There may be too many lawyers and doctors. At least that is an opinion which we often hear expressed, though the facts are not easy to get at.

There is no doubt, however, that many persons would be more useful running plows, tractors and factory machines than they are in medicine, the ministry, law, teaching, business and various artistic and journalistic occupations. But to estimate the number is of course only the silliest and flimsiest kind of guesswork. The fact remains that we see no evidence whatever of a stampede out of the professions and salaried positions into cotton mills, steel foundries and to the farms.

Yet the big wages are there ready for those who are willing and strong. There are steel workers who are paid more than most university presidents, coal miners who make more than any except the highest-paid professors.

But though I have been fairly well acquainted for some years past with large numbers of faculty members of two of the best-known universities in the country I have never yet heard of a single case in either of these institutions of a professor or instructor giving up his position permanently to become a manual worker. One professor has used his vacation picking fruit at high day wages, and another goes fishing for the money there is in it—not the fun—off the Grand Banks.

But obviously the pay of manual workers is not going to be brought down much by any infusion of mental workers. Professors are not fitted to make steel or in the long run to pick berries. They have been trained for other work, and most of them are too old to change if they want to. Men cannot pass freely from one occupation to another; nor is it desirable that they should, for they have different mental equipments and abilities.

When professors decide they can no longer live on their meager salaries, do they go after the big wages of certain classes of manual work? Not at all. They go into banks, trust companies and great industrial establishments. Professors of engineering, chemistry and economics are entering the business world in large numbers at far larger salaries than they can obtain in the teaching profession. They go where their education and mental equipment are needed. They are not becoming wage earners, nor should they.

The Brain Worker's Advantages

Many teachers of course are not fitted to go into business any more than into manual work. They have been left behind in the race for wages, but they are still ahead in many other respects. The scrubwoman may receive more pay than the young woman who teaches school, but the latter still enjoys a higher social esteem, more prestige and dignity.

"I receive almost exactly the same pay as a locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad," said a college professor. "To be a locomotive engineer is to attain one of the most prized and important positions in the whole world of skilled manual labor. He is an aristocrat of wage earners. Yet I have it all over him. I wouldn't change places with him for anything. They say that we professors, and other members of the salaried class as well, such as clerks and public employees, have to maintain a social position which the wage earners, including even the locomotive engineer, do not have to keep up, and that it costs money to maintain this position.

"Yes, we do have to maintain higher social standards, but look what we get for it. I pay $11 a week for my board and the engineer pays $8 a week perhaps, but I get vastly better board, in pleasanter surroundings and to me more congenial. My life is infinitely more agreeable than his, and yet we are paid exactly the same money wages."

There are men who would not give up intellectual or artistic work for any possible consideration in the way of money. A man is paid in terms of time and space as well as money. A professor has an immense freedom of movement, a sense of liberty and often a wide margin of time which are utterly lacking in the wage-earning occupations and often lacking among hard-working business men. To certain natures these assets are the greatest in the world. To measure a man's happiness by the size of his income leaves out all questions of his interest in his work and the relative advantages and disadvantages of the occupation. It is a commonplace, a truism that man does not live by bread alone, and that money is not the only thing in life.

"I would not work in a machine shop for $1,000,000 a year," said a writer of national reputation a few years ago. And after having visited factories in the city where this writer lives I know of at least one person of lesser reputation who would not be attracted to certain types of forge work at less than $1,000,000 a year.

Of course not all the drudgery is confined to factory work. The life of the professor, author and scientific workers such as civil engineers, physicians and the like is not one long joyride. No doubt those who are comparatively uneducated suffer less from manual work than would professors and professional men in general.

High Pay for Unpleasant Work

But payment for work has to be measured by its disagreeableness as well as by the money wages paid. The ever-rising, ever-mounting remuneration for manual work is serious enough without exaggerating it by failing to take into account the offsets. For one thing there is the difference between wages and salary. Brawn is usually paid wages and brain is in almost all cases paid a salary.

Salary implies something reasonably permanent; wages do not. The wages of a painter, bricklayer or mason may seem very large alongside those of the school-teacher, public employee and many a clerical worker. But the great multitude of these salaried workers have fairly permanent positions. They have security of tenure. They are paid by the month; even by the year. In public employment they are often protected for life by the civil service and, after their period of usefulness is over, by pensions.

Building-trades workers, in the past at least, have been employed very irregularly. No one pays them anything when they are not working, even though the fault may not be theirs.

No one gives them pensions when they are old. Before we compare the pay of seasonal workers with that of teachers, professors and public employees we must know exactly how regular or irregular is the period of employment.

The house painter may be getting $6 to $8 a day now and the teacher and public employee only $3 to $4. But we do not know the net result financially until we know how regularly the house painter has been employed in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Even as compared with the supposedly prosperous business man the salaried worker is not always so badly off as he tries to make out. A college professor who always goes away to the mountains or seashore for at least part of his long summer vacation was passing through a very hot city one summer and discovered, much to his astonishment, that a successful business man of his acquaintance whom he had always regarded as prosperous was staying in town with his family. The professor had just time to dine with the family and expressed his surprise that they were in town.

"But you know that business has been poor," said the wife.

Small as the professor's salary seemed to him it was certain and regular, in good season and bad, through periods of prosperity and panics. It was something that could always be counted upon.

Millions of people are probably unfitted by temperament and inclination to take on the risks of unemployment that are so characteristic of both independent business men and many of the manual-labor wage-earning groups. Clerical work, public employment, teaching—all these offer to these millions a certainty, even though a small one. They surely cannot expect the element of certainty which their natures crave without some financial sacrifice.

Then, too, many of the best-paid wage-earning employments are far more wearing physically than the salaried occupations. Shipyard riveters, structural-iron workers, even bricklayers of advanced age are the rarest of creatures. But public employees, clerks and teachers can often keep on far past the prime of life. Men do not last in the hard manual occupations, but they keep right on in the white-collared employments. Riveters in shipyards are considered old at thirty. And even where it is thought desirable to retire salaried workers before they become really old the chances of their being pensioned are far greater than among manual laborers.

But perhaps the greatest advantage of all which the brain worker and many a salaried employee has over the manual worker is the fact that he is able in the first place to choose what he wishes to do. Men go into teaching and other professions because they think they will like the work. A seventeen-year-old boy does not go as a hand into a shoe factory or a cotton mill because he likes the work. He gets a job because his parents can no longer support him. He goes into the mill because he knows of nothing else to do and has neither the education nor intelligence to find anything else.

In spite of the undoubted opportunities for promotion which are afforded to many skilled mechanics, the fact remains that the great majority of manual workers are in a poorer position as regards promotion than the majority of brain and salaried workers. A young college graduate of husky physique could probably earn vastly more to begin with as a window cleaner than he could as a runner in the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. But every schoolchild knows which position Mister College Graduate will accept and in which one he will get ahead the faster.

It is an open question perhaps whether the more or less fixed salaried positions of a clerical nature, such as those in the government service generally, offer much more chance of promotion than manual, wage-earning work.

I doubt if the average post-office clerk is any more likely to get ahead in the world than the average carpenter.

The Limit of Plain Living

But even in the salaried occupations which do not require much education, such as the police, fire and post-office services, there is not only a regularity and certainty of work but a rather intangible and indefinable but none the less real social status which even the mechanic at $6 to $8 a day does not enjoy.

Make no mistake about it—the man who works with his brain or who has a fixed clerical position still enjoys a few advantages over his overall-wearing brother, despite the higher pay of the latter.

But the fact remains that professors, school-teachers, clerks, policemen, firemen and public employees in general are not paid enough. Their low pay has become a national disgrace and in several cases a national menace. A person may be entirely happy in his work and fairly burst with prestige and social esteem, but he must have some of this world's goods or life becomes impossible. Professors may believe in high thinking and plain living, but there is a point beyond which the living becomes unendurably plain.

When a man becomes a teacher he does not look forward to the accumulation of a fortune. His dominant motives are the love of teaching and devotion to the aims of scholarship. He must, however, have a material basis to realize his ideals. He must have enough to live upon decently and efficiently. The professional and salaried groups are woefully underpaid; whether relatively to scrubwomen, window cleaners and the like is not the main point, but they are absolutely underpaid for the important work they do.

But before saying anything more about the teacher and professor it may not be out of place to remark that a continual boost in wages for manual work is not going to hasten the millennium. The most conscientious effort has been made in this article to show the drawbacks and disadvantages of manual labor. All must admit that there are many joys not known to the average factory worker. But rapidly mounting wages will not give him what he lacks. Interest in one's work and superior mental qualities do not arrive the moment

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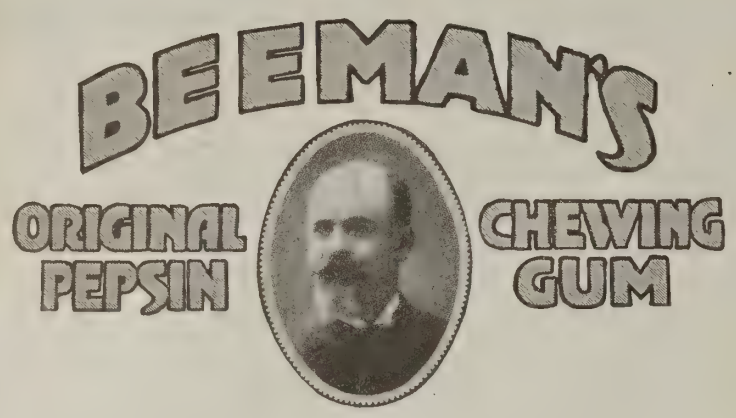

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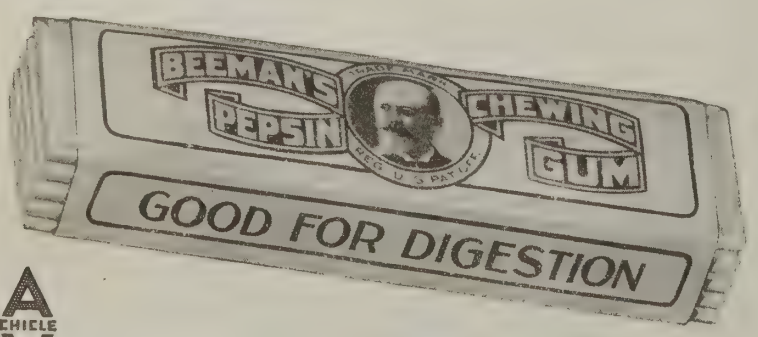
The use of my original pepsin chewing gum ten minutes after each meal helps to supply the moisture which was not provided at meal time, and hence tends to improve the digestion of those who eat too hurriedly at meals.

D. C. Beeman



CHICLE

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that wages are raised from two to six dollars a day.

Rapid and sudden boosts in wages since the beginning of the war seem to have caused a great increase not so much in actual enjoyment as in mere loafing time. There is a low type of manual worker, best represented perhaps by the Mexican peon and many Southern negroes, who will work only long enough to satisfy their immediate needs.

"Why should I work, boss? I have a quarter."

The contractor in Mexico who imports jams from Scotland to develop expensive tastes among the peons, and the employers of certain classes of labor who look with favor upon gambling houses and saloons, not because they approve of vice but through the necessity of developing an incentive to work, have no light or easy problem to deal with.

To speak plainly there is no doubt that wages have outstripped education among large groups of manual workers. Wages to a great extent have outstripped knowledge and ability of how to use them to good advantage. We have testimony from every part of the country that about the highest ideal which many manual workers have in the use of their new-found wealth is to buy a dozen silk shirts.

Indeed the point has about been reached where further advances in wages cannot be regarded as good in any way for society as a whole. The same is true of hours of work in many occupations. There is a point beyond which the shortening of hours means only idleness and unhappiness. The real problem is not one of hours or wages but of making work interesting to the manual laborer. It is not so much a question of giving him a share in the profits as it is of finding a way of enlisting his mental eagerness, of rousing such zest as marks the labors of the professional man.

A well-known educator who had charge of the A. E. F. University has declared in a recent speech that it may be necessary to have all carpenters and plumbers go to college in order to make them see the bearings and implications of their work. He says that manual workers must be made just as scholarly as mental workers and given the same play of mind.

This may be an exaggerative statement, but it is only another expression of the conviction which industrial experts are coming to agree upon more and more, that merely raising wages and reducing hours gets us nowhere unless the worker can be induced to feel a real concern in his work.

Professors in Business

It is the brain worker and the clerk whose pay needs adjustment at the present time. Most of them already are interested in their work. Few of them complain of long hours. But in the upward rush of labor for larger money rewards the salaried man has been left stranded, high and dry, with a stationary payment, depreciated to perhaps half its former value.

The importance of the university and college teacher has increased markedly in recent years. Not only did he demonstrate his usefulness in many ways during the war but business men are depending upon the colleges and universities increasingly not only for the scientific research to develop their business but for young men with specialized education to train up in the business.

Nearly all the technical men who make modern industry possible are university graduates, and in ever-increasing numbers the executives themselves are drawn from the ranks of these higher educational institutions. Yet the men who teach and train both the technicians and executives are not paid enough to live on decently.

Of course the older teachers will get along somehow, but young men will not go into teaching with its meager pay. Thirty years ago the choice of occupations open to college graduates was limited, and many of them naturally went into teaching. But now they can easily go into business and earn two or three times as much as they can by teaching other young men to go into business. It has been estimated by an authority that the faculty of one university alone could make $200,000 to $400,000 a year more by leaving in a body and going into business.

Probably no college teachers are so well paid as those in economic subjects. Yet in one of the best-known universities five out of nine men teaching these subjects have been lost in the last few years to business pursuits. But the number of undergraduate students taking these subjects has increased by fifty per cent in even less time. The country of course has been scoured to find new teachers, but a full staff simply cannot be gotten together.

Most significant of all is the fact that of the thousand students who are taking these subjects practically all intend to go into business. There are, it is true, five or six graduate students who are pursuing advanced courses, but this is only half the former number, and of these only two intend to follow teaching as a profession. Formerly there were perhaps a dozen graduate students, all of whom intended to teach. Now of the six graduate students four will go into business in all probability.

Thus while the demand for teaching increases by leaps and bounds the number of men who are preparing to teach decreases with as great rapidity.

"The salaries paid professors seem small compared with the general wealth of the country and the cost of living. Under these conditions it may seem surprising that so many able men are to be found on the teaching staffs of not a few colleges as well as universities. The reason is to be found partly in the fondness for science and learning which has lately shown itself in America, and which makes men of intellectual tastes prefer a life of letters with poverty to success in business or at the bar."

Underpaid Public Servants

This was written about thirty years ago by Lord Bryce, who came from England to write us up in his book, The American Commonwealth. But there has been very little if any increase in salaries in those thirty years. Meanwhile the dollar has been cut pretty much in half. In one university the heads of departments have had their salaries raised only $250 in forty years. But this country is not alone in being slow about raising the pay of its professors. In France they are said to receive the same salaries that were paid fifty years ago.

Nor is the position of the public school-teacher much better. Owing to the pauper-like salaries paid to them there is a normal annual shortage of thirty to fifty thousand in the supply. The wages of school-teachers are those of children.

Librarians and most clergymen also are paid the merest pittance. In both England and this country a few clergymen have actually suggested forming unions. Since the Armistice thousands of army and navy officers have resigned solely because of the poor pay, and the papers are filled with the news of police strikes and other signs of unrest among government and municipal employees due to low pay.

The salaries of these public employees have remained stationary practically for years while the cost of living has gone up. In other words jobs which were once considered good, formerly the envy of the wage earner, are no longer good, for the wage earner is now earning far more.

Curiously enough, public employees are the last ones who should be underpaid. From a purely selfish, soulless and temporary point of view it may actually profit a private employer to sweat and underpay his help, to speed up, to use casual labor for a spurt of work or on a seasonal job without giving the worker any assurance of regular employment or a regular wage. It may pay him to fire his help when orders fall off.

But it can never profit the state to underpay and sweat its own workers, for they are the guardians and protectors of the whole people. They protect physical property, make and enforce laws, maintain systems of money, measures and standards, carry on sanitary and sewage-disposal work, operate the post office and in general carry on the labors most necessary to the entire community. It is a paradox to underpay these workers.

The present financial ascendancy of brawn over brain, relatively speaking, came about naturally enough. In Europe many millions of manual laborers were killed off or maimed by the war, the total deaths being close to eight millions. In this country we have had no immigration for five years though we depended largely upon our annual importation of immigrants to do the manual drudgery of the country. That is the chief reason probably why scrubwomen, window cleaners, and the like,

(Continued on Page 169)

(Continued from Page 166)

have moved up so radically in the financial scale.

Naturally the war had most effect upon manual labor, because from the ranks of these workers were drawn most of the fighting men. That is so not only because they are strong and fitted to do the work of fighting, but even more because they constitute the bulk of the population and would have to be drawn upon in any case.

But this is by no means the first time in the world's history that a sudden gap in the supply of labor has resulted in a great upsweep in wages. From the fall of 1348 to the spring of 1350 a great pestilence swept England from the southwest to the northeast. This disease, the bubonic plague, was new to Europe, having come along the trade routes from the Far East. During the year almost exactly one-half the population died of this black death instead of the normal death rate from all causes at that time of one-twentieth.

Many changes followed the plague, but the greatest was in the rural labor supply. The great majority of workers had been serfs, or villeins, bound to the lord of the manor, or vill. But there had always been a few free laborers—a blacksmith here and there, a chance weaver, and even in rare cases agricultural laborers who had been set free by their lords. At harvest season the lords had usually employed these free laborers to help out the slaves. But the plague so reduced the number of both free and slave laborers that the few free workers asked for larger wages.

The lords were shocked at such demands and induced Parliament and the King to forbid laborers asking for more than the "customary" wage which had prevailed during the five years before the plague. For an entire century an attempt was made to enforce these laws; they were amended no less than thirteen times to make them more effective.

Laborers who asked for more than the "customary" wage were thrown into jail. But wages rose despite all laws and remained high for two hundred years. Nothing could stop them from going up. Moreover, the break up of slavery in England dates from that period.

But high wages for manual work are not due entirely to scarcity. They are one result of the world-wide inflation of prices or money and circulating credit. At such a time as this when prices are inflated, business incomes, or profits, adjust themselves quickly, and wages unassisted would follow more slowly. But many large and essential groups of wage earners have long been organized in unions, whereas the professional and salaried groups have never been organized. The business man, the employer, as his profits begin to shoot up with the coming of inflation, very naturally raises the pay of those of his employees first of all who are in a position to bargain with him. These are the wage earners who have their unions, instead of the bookkeepers, clerks and technical men who have no unions.

The Case of the Clerk

With business active and profits large the employer is eager to go ahead at top speed and make all he can. He is able to pay wages which in former times would have been impossible. The manufacturer would rather pay the shop worker $100 a week than have his mills shut down. But his clerks cannot shut down his mills and so he keeps on paying them $25 a week.

Of course the immediate necessity in the war was to produce goods. In the long run goods cannot be produced without teachers, professors, artists, musicians, technicians, bookkeepers and hundreds of other workers of the intellectual and so-called middle classes. But if you have to put up an entire city in a few weeks you are far more concerned about masons and bricklayers than you are about college professors and musicians or even about architects and bookkeepers. You cannot build your hurry-order wartime city, it is true, without architects and bookkeepers, but you need only two or three of them, whereas you must have about twenty thousand skilled and common laborers.

If the job is interesting enough, if there is difficulty attached to it and chance for glory, promotion, reputation and valuable new connections, there will always be a few architects and other technical workers who will welcome the opportunity even if the pay is not much larger than they have been accustomed to.

It is true that brains are needed, but muscle is needed in vastly greater quantities and for the most part much more immediately. With such urgent building and manufacturing enterprises as the war set in motion, incalculably greater than ever known before, the need of the skilled mechanic was paramount. Increasing the pay of brain workers seemed a small and unimportant item. It was simply lost in the shuffle alongside the life-and-death necessity of getting enough carpenters, bricklayers and machinists to stay on the job.

Even if there had been no unions manual labor would have benefited greatly from the war. But there were unions, fully aware that the hour of destiny had struck for them. With their members urgently needed by the Government and private employers alike and with immigration suddenly stopped for years to come, they were in a position to strike for almost anything they wanted. After centuries of being the under dog the moment had arrived for labor to cash in, and it is a pretty natural human instinct to cash in when one has the chance.

So the Government either had to conscript labor, which would have been a rather dangerous experiment while the war was on, aside from any question of the rights and wrongs of such a policy, or else make a truce with the labor leaders. So the truce was made and the Government through its War Labor Board recognized formally many of the principles which organized labor had long contended for in vain, and also ordered great numbers of advances in wages, which, as already stated, employers were quite able to pay because of abnormal profits.

The Professors' Evil Plight

Meanwhile the great multitudes of ministers, professors, teachers and other public employees were working for institutions which are not run for profits. Universities, colleges, churches, municipalities and governments had less rather than more money to pay out in salaries.

These workers are paid out of a definite, more or less fixed fund. They are really endowed, like widows with an inheritance. There is nothing fluid about their position. In the case of privately endowed universities it is the interest on a capital fund which pays the professor. He is not paid out of product, like a machinist in an engine factory. The machinist's wages may not jump up quite so soon as the product in the mill, but at least he tries to follow as close behind as possible, and if he has a strong union the distance is short indeed. For the employer can afford to make the adjustment out of the increased product.

But even an air-tight professors' union could not push salaries very fast because they come out of an endowment fund, out of accumulated capital rather than current product. Besides, this accumulated capital is worth only about half its former value because of money and credit inflation.

Moreover, these salaries move up and down slowly even if the institutions paying them have ample means, because they are established by tradition, custom and law rather than by immediate bargaining. Besides, it had never in the past been considered decent or seemly for professional and clerical workers to form unions and strike.

The salaries of most of these workers come out of the pockets either of taxpayers or philanthropists, both of which classes were hard enough hit by the war in other directions. Naturally a manufacturer is more willing to raise the wages of his own workmen while his profits are leaping skyward than he is to have his taxes boosted to pay for public employees whose functions he but dimly understands.

The professors, teachers and ministers were especially hard hit because the church and the school have never been institutions which the public has been really willing to pay for. Historically education was a function of charity, of ecclesiastic benevolence. Thus people are accustomed to feel that education and religion should be free or nearly so. Besides, we have always wanted our moral leaders to be above the suspicion of sordid motives.

It might seem as if the manual worker would soon begin to lose his respect for the brain worker. How can an ash man on the campus of a university have any feeling of deference for the instructor who receives the same pay, or less?

Whatever may be the theories of socialism and syndicalism or whatever excesses may have marked the early reign of Bolshevism in central and eastern Europe, there is no evidence in this country among responsible labor men and their leaders that the functions performed by brain workers have come into any actual contempt. The only contempt which the manual worker has for the clerk and teacher is for their spinelessness in not organizing labor unions of their own.

An English physician recently attended a boiler maker who was on strike for shorter hours. The physician had been working at top speed and still had vivid memories of the influenza epidemic when not only the English but the rapidly disembarking American troops were dying like flies.

"You make me tired with your eight-hour day," said the physician. "I have been working twenty hours a day, and it wasn't very long ago that I worked twenty-four hours a day."

"Why don't you form a union if you work that long?" asked the boiler maker.

"What would you do if we struck?" asked the physician.

This was a poser for the boiler maker. He scratched his head and pondered for a long time before he answered: "Why don't you join with the boiler makers? Whenever you have a grievance you can keep right on working, but we will strike for you."

In some of the remarks of labor leaders and in their union organs is occasionally found a natural note of gloating satisfaction over their great advances in pay as compared with the brain workers. One such trade-union organ in defending the big pay of painters, bricklayers and masons said perhaps the war proved that brain work was not so important as people had supposed, and that "the skilled worker produces what is really needed rather than those persons who dream of castles in Spain."

But the same paper went right on to say that it was sorry for the college professors and added that the chief cause of their low salaries is the failure of the salaried workers to join unions. For the most part the labor attitude is that manual labor is getting only its just due and that brain work is not getting its just due because of its failure to organize. Indeed there is far more sympathy among manual workers for the underpaid teacher and clerk than there is contempt.

When Utopia Comes

"Some years ago the shop workers made far more fun of the white-collared clerk than they do now," said an experienced employment manager and industrial engineer. "Also the office force had more contempt for the shop workers than they do now. I remember when the cashier in a factory, to take only one case, always resented an increase in the wages of the help. He is far more likely now to feel that they are entitled to what they can get and to direct his resentment against the proprietor for not taking him into partnership. He is no longer satisfied with mere generalities about his interests and those of the owners being the same. He wants to be shown in the form of a share in the profits."

The professional and salaried workers will not remain underpaid much longer. Already provisions are being made for teachers, firemen and policemen. The taxpayers will simply have to meet the bill.

Universities and colleges are engaged at the present moment in raising $140,000,000 for new endowments, largely to increase professors' salaries. The great church denominations seek even more. The evil is recognized and is being corrected as rapidly as possible.

In the long run brains will not work unless the rewards are reasonably ample. When Utopia comes college presidents and business managers may agree voluntarily to work for one-tenth the janitor's salary.

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but not until then. The Russian Bolshevists started out with the idea that all men should receive the same wage, and the janitors' assistants in the universities and hospitals actually demanded not only the same wage as the greatest professors and surgeons but an equal vote in electing the chancellor of the university.

But it is reported that experts, such as industrial engineers and the like, are now receiving salaries or fees running up to $50,000 from the Russian Government, because it was found that they simply would not function if paid the common uniform wage.

Ultimately the man with a superior brain is bound to win. He may temporarily be trampled in the mire, but society cannot get along without him for long. For after all it is really not so much brawn which does the drudgery of the world as machinery and tools. The wage earner must have tools. He is dependent upon them. He really has far more to lose in an ultimate sense than the brain worker in any general destruction or stoppage of production such as took place in Russia. For the brain worker needs but few tools. He is called upon to restore order out of chaos, and the manual worker must wait until the brain worker has made a beginning.

In the long run and in the main, brain must be paid more than brawn. Do not union labor leaders receive higher wages than the stenographers and assistants in their offices? Indeed it is stated on good authority that the present tendency among American labor unions is to increase the salaries paid to the leaders. It is reported that one of the most important unions recently considered raising the salary of its president to as high as $10,000 a year.

Brains are certainly scarcer than brawn, and until mankind entirely does away with the motive of profit and pecuniary self-interest owners of the scarcer quality will insist upon a somewhat greater reward than the mere pleasure of exercising themselves. But perhaps it will be necessary first for almost every class of workers, whether with brain or brawn, to organize into labor unions or at least into protective associations before anything like a complete adjustment is made. Professional workers may have to forget their dignity and gentility in order to get full justice.

The Suffering Buffer Class

Much has been said, especially in England, about the pitiable condition of the middle classes, or intermediates, ground between the opposing interests of capital and labor. It is true that the consuming public is badly hit by the power of labor and capital, but to talk of a middle class is to discuss a vague and futile thing, for no one knows just what the middle class consists of. An actual attempt has been made to form a middle-class union in England, but thus far the results seem to be merely amusing. At an organizing convention it was seriously proposed that the younger daughters of the nobility should join because they are quite poor. Labor unions of course have no reason for existence unless their members perform a well-defined economic function, such as bricklayers, dentists, coal miners, architects, physicians, superintendents, managers, cooks and the like, to withhold which exerts serious pressure upon the community. Unless there is a definite function performed the union has no weapon at hand, for it cannot bring economic pressure to bear in the form of a strike. Naturally the younger daughters of the nobility cannot exert any effective economic pressure through striking.

The Essence of Unionism

Just how far the organization of those who can exert pressure will go is impossible to say. The exceptional worker, such as Caruso or Charlie Chaplin, will never need to join a union. Where work is individual and personal in the highest degree the union is simply impossible. Indeed most professional men are so wrapped up with their special hopes and dreams that any effort to advance the interests of all the members of their profession will stir up but little interest among them.

The essence of unionism is advancing the line uniformly. Many of the salaried and professional occupations are too individual to make an advance of the line a really important object. Doctors differ far too much to pay them all a standard wage.

But however far the organizing process goes it is reasonable to suppose that brawn will keep at least a part of the relative advantage gained during the war. John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest of the early economists, was discouraging enough to say that the wage earner would probably never get his fair share of the benefits of invention and discovery. But it looks now as if he were getting his fair share, and in some cases perhaps more.

Of course if immigration should be resumed and hard times should come, the more exaggerated wage scales will be cut into seriously. But wage-earning labor has one great advantage—it was the first to form aggressive unions. As long as only minorities of the people belong to unions they are able to push their interests more or less at the expense of the less aggressive, passive, unorganized majority. When everyone joins a union just who will there be left to exploit?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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SOME NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL READJUSTMENT—By Herbert Hoover

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HAT some readjustment of our industrial and economic relations is necessary needs no argument, the world is seething with problem. If any evidence re needed the coal strike, in stoppage of critical produc- n and the ultimate suffering t will follow, is sufficient. reover, the attempt to solve at human and economic blems by governmental use he courts instead of seeking ution from the legislatures indeed further evidence of d for careful thinking.

The problems are difficult ugh in themselves. They great tangled skeins that do lend themselves to the dis- ving influence of any simple nula. They cannot be ap- ached in the single aspect the relations of the worker the employer, for they in- ve intricate problems of ial economics in the stimula- n of effort and intelligence, elimination of waste, the ter distribution of wealth, control of speculation, avagance, checks to domi- ion of groups, and the pro- ssive development of ernment to keep pace with economic ingenuity of our zens.

The Melting Pot

E ARE doubly afflicted, not only by the problems mselves but by the injection them of phrase makers and mers of everything outside mon sense. The world is me with attempts to im- e new philosophies upon al and economic life. These philosophic ideas are all of ropean origin. They are the ition of intellectual dilet- i—the parlor operators of past fifty years. They rise m cogitation over the worst social systems of Europe, whose prime basis is a division f he population into rigid classes, the lower ones steeped in centuries of misery and x oitation from which there is but little escape, regardless of abilities. Thus, in parts f urope these theories feed on righteous discontent, are fertilized by injustice, and hr practical application is murder, flame, loss of production and subsequent starva- i. These disintegrating forces have to a minor degree penetrated our national soil, n in our soil they find their major adherents among the ignorant immigrants, who ne not yet heard of our institutions or will not in one generation understand them nway. Our vaunted melting pot requires the flux of a generation in our common schools.

The United States has been for one hundred and fifty years steadily developing a al philosophy of its own. This philosophy has stood this period of test in the fire f ommon sense; it is in substance that there should be an equality of opportunity— n qual chance—to every citizen. This view—that every individual should within his if ime not be handicapped in securing that particular niche in the community to which his abilities and character entitle him—is itself the negation of class. Human beings are not equal in these qualities, but a society that is based upon a constant readjustment of the relative influence and rewards of individuals in the community, upon the basis of ability and character, is a moving, virile mass—it is not a stratification of classes. Its stimulus is competition.

National Welfare

IT IS the essence of democracy that progress of the mass must rise from progress of the individual. It is the only road to a higher civilization. Its conception of the state is of one that, representative of all the citizens, will in the region of economic activities limit itself in the main to the prevention of economic domination of the few over the many. It is true that our Government in these latter particulars sometimes lags behind the fertile economic inventiveness and greed of some of our citizens, and it requires constant progress in legislation and enforcement to keep pace with them. On the whole, however, it has moved surely in its corrective influence, and our institutions have demonstrated themselves capable of meeting their tasks.

This dominant idea of establishing and preserving an equality of opportunity has during these one hundred and fifty years carried us on a far different road of social and political ideals from that in Europe. We have no frozen class distinctions. We have developed a far better distribution of necessities, comforts and wealth than any other place in the world. We have a willingness to abide by the will of the majority, a sense of neighborly obligation and a higher sense of justice, of self-sacrifice and of public conscience; and out of these we have certainty of ultimate solutions. For all I know, it may be necessary to have revolutions in some places in Europe in order to bring about these things, but it does not follow that such philosophies have any place with us. Our plan does not enable us to take our neighbor's home overnight, but it does enable us to build one of our own.

I am one of the adherents of this American philosophy from a conviction that only along this line lie the moral and physical welfare of this nation and its usefulness in regenerating the rest of the world. Adherence to this idea, however, requires some militancy against imported social diseases that tend to infect it; and, of more importance, it requires a jealous care that with our advancing economic development the state should also advance in its safeguards against domination—that is, in the preservation of our fundamental ideal of equality and opportunity. Latterly, with the growth of large units of industry, the loss of the old mutual responsibilities of employed and

ployer, the import of many ill-digested foreigners, and enerally out of contact with Europe, we have given class terms to purely economic meanings, with much superficiality. The assumption of class distinctions between labor, capital and the public is a foolish creation of false class consciousness and is building for us the very same kind of foundations upon which Europe rocks to-day. All panaceas of Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism, Capitalism or any other "isms" are based on the hypothesis that class division necessarily exists in the United States, and thence they launch into logical deductions after the acceptance of this false premise.

When all is said and done, labor, whether with hand or mind, is the only excuse for membership in the community. Capital is nothing but the savings of the nation, represented by tools of production and service, whether it be land, factories, homes, railways or schools; its managers are laborers themselves and must be sifted out by competition in accord with their intelligence, skill and character. Capital is not money, for money is nothing but the token by which we barter goods and services. There is no quarrel with capital itself; the quarrel is over the distribution of its ownership and the profits that rise from it.

If we are to consider industrial problems it is not enough to have an understanding or an acceptance of a social philosophy and a social ideal. We must also have an understanding of the economic factors that make for progress and the safeguards of such a philosophy. Nor can economic forces be divorced from social forces, for the human animal is human, and the "economic man" of the old economists has not yet been discovered.

Some Basic Propositions

THERE are a few propositions of mixed social and economic character bearing upon present problems that, though many of them are as old as our country, are yet pertinent to these times and useful to reiterate when the attraction of economic novelties tends to divert us from the foundations of experience. I believe these propositions may be summarized as follows: That the object of all national economic policy must be to maintain and improve the standard of living of the whole population. Upon this enhanced standard only can the higher opportunities of life be built. Living entails not only necessaries but also luxuries, in the sense of greater comforts of life.

That the standard of living is the direct quotient of the amount of commodities and services that are available among the total population. Therefore the standard cannot be maintained or improved unless there is a maintenance and increase in the production of commodities and services up to the maximum need of the entire number. There is no equality of opportunity to the consumer with deficient production. The maximum production cannot be maintained unless there is combined and coördinated action in effort, intelligence and skill of all elements in production, whether workers, tools or manager; unless there is an elimination of waste, whether it be due to the support of nonproducers, oversized armies and navies, to extravagance, strikes, lockouts or lack of skill in either labor or administrators; unless every member of the community works up to his maximum abilities and ceases to agitate for a reduction in effort below his real capacity, for there is no equality of opportunity if some are to work six hours and others twelve hours; unless the physical, moral and intellectual welfare of the producer is properly safeguarded as to hours, conditions of labor, opportunities of education, and so forth.

That the human animal labors under the major impulse of securing for himself a direct share in consumption of commodities and services, either to-day or in savings for old age and protection of his dependents after death. His minor impulse is the joy of craftsmanship and a spirit of service to the community. Socialism will be possible when in the dim future the latter becomes the dominant impulse—and then it won't be necessary.

That the development and selection of abilities and character for leadership, direction and invention in industry cannot be obtained by the benevolent state—or the politician. The infinite variety of hand and brain can find its maximum development, equality of opportunity and position only through the fire of competition.

That capital is constituted solely of the savings of the community, dead or alive, above its daily consumption, and these savings are represented in the main by the tools for production and service, together with the stock of consumable goods on hand. Production cannot be increased without an increase in capital, and an increase in capital depends upon our rate of savings. The major impulse to savings is their future earning power—their yield of interest. Without this stimulus the tools of production and service will not be maintained or increased. Increase and improvement in many of our tools of production enta large risks in possible loss of savings or delay in returr from labor. The major impulse to such activities mus be the hope of unusual returns. In the dream state w should provide an exact proportion of the total productio to each member, corresponding to his effort, economie ability, character and risk. We should divide the ownershi of the accumulated tools of production and their annu accretion by the same rule. No such ideal will ever b attained short of the millennium—but we can provic safeguards that will constantly re-create the offer of a equality of opportunity to possess them with the revolu tion of time.

National Consciousness and Public Opinion

SOME members of the community may temporarily g more than their deserts. This illegitimate division of th surplus is the real quarrel of the community. The surplu itself is not an unlimited amount. It is so small a propo tion of our production that it is entirely possible to stif the increase of capital by overpayment of wages; or t stifle labor by too great profits to capital; either extrem will ultimately curtail production or savings—and brir misery upon the whole of us. Balances can be maintaine which will correct the distribution of this surplus.

Outside of European "isms," all of which transgre these primary principles, a number of definite polici have been put forward these past few years for the furth improvement of our industrial relations. Such polici must stand not only the test of their bearings upon th equality of opportunity and the economic principles th safeguard it but also must stand practical application this complex social organism of ours. These policies do n all depend upon governmental action for their consur mation. A large part of our national accomplishme comes through provision for the expression of the nation conscience in expressed public opinion—a corrective times more potent than a policeman, and always mo constructive. In reviewing a few of these policies belo I am not here advocating them but attempting to analy their bearing upon the principles for which I contend. Th possibility and degree of their application must be thrash out by debate of the whole people and ofttimes by tent tive experiment.

(Continued on Page 145)

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COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BEFORE long two bank accounts will beat as one," Trudy said to Mary Faithful. "Tra-la-la-la-la," humming the Wedding March while the office force of the O'Valley Leather Company listened with expressions ranging from grins to frowns.

"Sh-h-h! Mr. O'Valley has just opened his door." As she was private secretary and general guardian to Steve O'Valley, president of the concern, Miss Faithful's word usually had a decisive effect.

But Trudy was irrepressible. Besides boarding at the Faithful home and thus enjoying a certain intimacy with Mary, she was one of those young persons who hold a position merely as a means to an end—the sort who dress to impress everyone, from the president of the concern if he is in the matrimonial or romantic market to the elevator boy if said elevator boy happens to have a bank account capable of taking one to all the musical shows and to supper afterward. Having been by turns a milliner's apprentice, assistant in a beauty parlor and cashier in a business men's restaurant, Truletta Burrows had acquired a certain chicness enabling her to twist a remnant of chiffon or straw into a creation and wear it in impressive contrast with her baby-blue eyes and Titian-red hair. In the majority of cases where a girl has neither family nor finances she must seek a business situation in order to win a husband. Trudy went after her game in no hesitating manner.

She had no intention of becoming one of the multitude of commercial nuns who inhabit the United States of America this day—quiet women with quick eyes, a trifle cold or pensive if analyzed, severely combed hair, trim tailor suits and mannish blouses with dazzling neckties as their bit of vanity—the type that often shoulders half the responsibility of the firm. Whether achieving a private office and a nervous stenographer who is disappointed at having a lady boss is to be preferred to a house-and-garden career is a question for debate.

Neither did Trudy propose to shrivel into a timid slavelike type of person kept on the pay roll from pity or by reason of the fact that initiating a novice would be troublesome. Such a one was Miss Nellie Lunk, who sat in a corner of the hall making out requisition slips and taking care of unwelcome visitors—a pathetic figure with faded eyes and scraggly hair, always keeping a posy on her old-style desk and crocheting whenever there was a lull in work. Thirty years in business was Miss Lunk's record, twenty-five in Mark Constantine's office and five in the employ of Mr. O'Valley, that lovable piratical Irishman who achieved his success by being a brilliant opportunist and who, it would seem, ran a shoestring into a fortune by a wink of his blue eyes.

Trudy knew that Miss Lunk lived alone—the third story back where she cooked most of her meals, while a forlorn canary cheeped a welcome. She possessed a little talking machine with sentimental records, and on Sundays she went to a cafeteria for a good hearty meal unless cousins asked her to their establishment. Some day Miss Lunk would find herself in a home with other no longer useful old people and here she would stay with her few keepsakes, of which the world knew nothing and cared less, the cousins dropping in at intervals to impress upon her how care-free and fortunate she was!

In conclusion Trudy had decided not to accept the third choice of the modern business woman, which, she decided, was Mary Faithful's fate—to give your heart to a man who never had thought of you and never would think of you as other than a reliable and agreeable machine; as someone—should Florida and a certain Gorgeous Girl named Beatrice Constantine beckon—who would say:

"Yes, Mr. O'Valley, I understand what to do. I arranged the New Haven sale this morning. You were at the jewelry store to see about Miss Constantine's ring. So I long-distanced Martin & Newman and put it through. If the ring is sent in your absence I know what you have ordered and can return it if it does not comply with instructions—platinum set with diamonds, three large stones of a carat each and the twenty smaller stones surrounding them. And a king's-blue velvet case with her initials in platinum. And you want me to discharge Dundee and divide up his work. Yes, I gave the janitor the gold piece for finding your pet cane. I'll wire you every day."

And after Steve O'Valley had swung jauntily out of the office, secure in his secretary's ability to meet any crisis, to have to sit alone in the almost garish office and eat her heart out because she was not going to Florida too—Trudy's imagination pictured there a someone petulant, spoiled and altogether irresistible in the laciest of white frocks and a leghorn hat with pink streamers, at whose feet Steve O'Valley offered some surprise gift worth months of Mary Faithful's salary while he said: "I ran away from work to play with you, Gorgeous Girl! See how you demoralize me? Even your father frowned when I said I was coming. How are you, darling? I don't give a hang if I make poor Miss Faithful run the shop for a year—as long as you want me to play with you."

Having the advantage of studying Mary Faithful's position both from the business and family aspects Trudy had long ago decided that she was not going to be like her. In no way did she envy Mary's position.

He Offered Her His Hand in Marriage in Short Order

Since her dreamer of a father had died and left dependent upon her a four-year-old son and a wife whose chief concern in life was to have the smartest-looking window curtains in the neighborhood, Mary went to work at thirteen aided by a remnant of an education. Possessions spelled happiness to Mrs. Faithful, poetical dreams had been Mr. Faithful's chief concern, and as an unexpected consequence their first child had been endowed with common sense.

With Mary at the wheel there had been just enough to get along with, so they stayed on in the old-fashioned house while Mrs. Faithful bewailed Mary's having to work for a living and not be a lady, as she could have been if her father had had any judgment.

Mrs. Faithful had become quite happy in her martyrdom as she was still able to maintain the starched window curtains. After a conventional period of mourning she began to relive the past, her husband's mistakes, her own girlhood and offers of marriage—such incidents as these sufficed to keep her from enjoying the present, while Mary rose from errand girl to grocery clerk, with night school as a recreation, from grocery clerk to filing clerk, assistant bookkeeper, bookkeeper, stenographer and finally private secretary to Steve O'Valley, one of the war-fortune kings. And she had given her heart to him in the same loyal way she had always given her services.

At home Trudy noted that Mary worked round the house because she liked the change from office routine, deaf to the complaining maternal voice reciting past glories in which Mary had no part. If the parlor furniture with its tidies and a Rogers group in the front window sometimes got on her nerves she forced herself to laugh over it and say, "It's mother's house, and all she has." She concerned herself far more with Luke, an active, fair-to-middling American boy somewhat inclined to be spoiled. Mary had taken Luke into the office after school hours to keep a weather eye on him and make him contribute a stipend to the expenses.

"If a man won't work he should not eat," she informed him as she proportioned his wage.

Recalling Mary's position at home—though Trudy rejoiced in her own front room and the comforts of the household—she shrugged her shoulders in disapproval. Certainly she could never endure the same lot in life. For if one man will not love you why waste time bewailing the fact? Find another. Mary could have had other suitors. Mr. Tompkins, the city salesman, and young Elias, of Elias & Son, had both made brave attempts to plead their cause, only to be treated in the same firm manner that Luke was treated when he hinted of making off to sea.

"She'll spend her life loving Steve O'Valley and slaving for him," Trudy had confided to her dozen intimate friends, who never repeated anything told them. "And he will spend his life being trampled on by Beatrice Constantine and after they are married she will be meaner than ever to him. But he will love her all the more. Honest, business men make the grandest husbands! College professors are lots harder to get along with—but business men are as cross as two sticks in their offices and at home they're so sweet it would melt pig iron."

The first plank in Trudy's platform was to marry a business man as nearly like Steve O'Valley as possible. The second was—whether or not she had a stunning home with brick fireplaces—never to spend her days hanging round them. Her most envied friend lived in New York, and her life was just one roof garden after another. She had everything heart could desire—Oriental rugs, a grandfather's clock, a mechanical piano, bird-of-paradise sprays for her hat, a sealskin ulster and plenty of alimony. And in case said business man proved unsatisfactory Trudy had resolved to exchange him for unlimited legal support at the earliest possible opportunity.

But she would not trespass upon Mary's platform, which consisted of loving Steve O'Valley yet knowing of his love for the Gorgeous Girl, as Mark Constantine had named his daughter.

And of course Mary must have realized that though she might earn three thousand a year as private secretary she would eternally lock her desk at six o'clock and trudge home to her mother and the starched window curtains, watch Luke fall in love and scorn her advice, wash her hemstitched ruffles and black her boots and keep her secret as she grew older and plainer of face!

Trudy often tried to decide just how handsome and how plain Mary was; it was a matter for argument because the expression of Mary Faithful's eyes largely determined her charm. She was a sober young person with thick braids of brown hair and surprising niceties of dress, sensible shoes, a frill of real lace on her serge dress, no hint of perfume, no attempt at dressing business décolleté as the rest of the staff not only attempted but unfortunately achieved. She had honest gray eyes, the prophecy of true greatness in her face with its flexible mouth and prominent cheek bones, the sort of woman who would be the mother of great men, tall and angular in build and walking with an athletic stride offset by a feminine cry-baby chin and the usual mediocre allotment of freckles on the usual mediocre nose! Mary Faithful was not pretty; she was a "good-looking thing," Trudy would usually conclude, glancing in a near-by mirror to approve of the way her fluff of pink tulle harmonized with her pink camisole under the tissue-paper bodice.

Indulging in one of these reveries Trudy suddenly realized that she had not added the checks on her desk. She went to work disdainfully, first feeling of her skirt and waist at the back, slipping a caramel in her mouth and making eyes at a clerk who passed her desk.

Mary came out of her office and stopped before Trudy accusingly. "I've been waiting for these," she said.

"It's so grand out to-day—look at that sunshine! May's the hardest month of the year to work; you just can't help planning your summer clothes."

"Miss Constantine is coming to call for Mr. O'Valley and I want his O. K. on those before he gets away."

"Listen, don't you think the diamonds he is buying her are vulgar? A bunch of electric bulbs is what I call it, I certainly would not permit ——"

Mary's pencil tapped authoritatively on the desk, then she signed an order someone brought her.

"Are they going to be married at high noon in church?"

"Yes—June the first."

"Lucky girl! She's older than me; everyone says so. It's only her money and clothes that has built her up. I don't think she's so much. Her nose is as flat as a pancake and she rouges something fierce. I saw them at the theater and I certainly was ——"

Mary took the checks out of Trudy's hand and walked away. Undecided as to her course of action Trudy hummed a few bars of Moving Man, Don't Take My Baby Grand and then followed Mary into her office.

Mary added up the checks without glancing at her caller. Then she said sharply, "I cannot pay out someone else's money for work that is not done."

"Don't get a grouch on; it will spread through the whole plant. When you're cross everybody's cross."

"Then do your work—for it isn't much." She could not help adding, "You think I can smooth over everything just because you board with me."

Trudy giggled. "It's the wedding in the air, and spring, and those diamonds! She never works, she never does anything but spend the money we make for her. All she has is a good time, and what's the use of living if you don't have a good time? I'll have it if I have to steal it. Oh, you needn't look so horrified. Steve O'Valley almost stole his fortune just because he had to be a rich man before Constantine would let him marry his daughter. Anyway, I'd rather have a good time for a few years and then die than to live to be a hundred and never have an honest-to-goodness party. Wouldn't you?"

"You're foolish to-day. If you only wouldn't wear such low-cut waists and talk to the men! Mr. O'Valley has noticed it."

"I can get another job and another boarding house," Trudy began defiantly.

"You wouldn't last out at either. You need this sort of place and our sort of house, you ridiculous little thing. Besides, you have Gaylord at your beck and call"—Trudy blushed—"and you seem to manage to have a pretty good time when all is said and done. I do feel responsible for you because at twenty-three you are more scatterbrained than ——"

"Finish it—than you were at thirteen! Well, what of it? I'm out for a good time and you are always talking about the right time, I suppose. I'll take your lecture without weeping and promise to reform. But don't be surprised at anything I may do regarding tra-la-la-la-la." She burst into the Wedding March again and vanished, Mary shaking her head as she prepared to sign off some letters.

Steve O'Valley opened the door connecting their offices, displaying a face as happy as a schoolboy's on a Christmas holiday. "Miss Constantine is downstairs, I'm going to escort her up," he announced, shutting the door as abruptly as he had opened it.

Presently there came into Steve's office someone who was saying in a light gay voice, "Perfectly awful old place, Steven's—as bad as papa's. I hate business offices; make my head ache. It was Red Cross to-day, and after that I had to rush to cooking school ——"

Steve answered in rapt fashion: "I'll have to talk to Miss Faithful for half a jiffy and then I'm free for the rest of the day ——" opening the door of Mary's office and beckoning to her.

Coming into his office Mary nodded pleasantly at the Gorgeous Girl, who nodded pleasantly in return and settled herself in an easy-chair while Steve rehearsed the things to be attended to the following day since he was not to be at the office. "I'm getting Miss Faithful ready to run the shop single-handed," he explained, telling Mary details which she already knew better than he but to which she listened patiently, her twilight eyes glancing now at Beatrice and back again at Steve.

She Was Glad to be in the Deserted Office Replete With His Belongings and Breathing of His Personality

Outside the hum of commerce played the proper accompaniment to Steve O'Valley's orders and Mary's thoughts and Beatrice's actions—a jangling yet accurate rhythm of typewriters and adding machines and office chatter, pencil sharpeners, windows being opened, shades adjusted, waste-baskets dragged into position, boys demanding their telegrams or delivering the same, phone bells ringing, voices asking for Mr. O'Valley and being told that he was not in, other voices asking for Miss Faithful and being told she was not at liberty just now—would they be seated? Trudy's giggle rose above the hum at odd intervals, elevators crept up and down, and outside the spring air escorted the odor of hides and tallow and what not, grease and machine oil and general junk from across the courtyard; trucks rumbled on the cobblestones while workingmen laughed and quarreled—a confusing symphony of the business world. While Steve hurriedly gave his orders Mary Faithful in almost the panoramic fashion of the drowning swiftly recalled the incidents of Steve's life and of the Gorgeous Girl's and her own as well, forcing herself mechanically to say yes and no in answer to his questions and to make an occasional notation.

The panorama rather bewildered her; it was like being asked to describe a blizzard while still in it, whereas one should be sitting in a warm cheery room looking impersonally at the storm swirl.

First of all she thought of Steve O'Valley's Irish grandfather, by like name, who spent his life in Virginia City trying to find a claim equal to the Comstock lode, dying penniless but with a prospector's optimism that had he been permitted to live *mañana* surely would have seen the turning of the tide. Old O'Valley's only son and his son's wife survived him until their ability to borrow was at an end and work would have been their only alternative. So they left a small, black-haired, blue-eyed young man named Stephen O'Valley to battle single-handed with the world and bring honor to his name.

The first twelve years of the battle were spent in an orphanage in the Grass Valley, the next four as a chore boy on a ranch, after which the young man decided with naïve determination that in order to obtain anything at all worth while he must be fully prepared to pay its price, and that he desired above all else to become a rich man—a truly rich man, and marry a fairy-princess sort of person. And as far as education was concerned he felt that if he was not quite so brushed up on his A B C's as he was on minding his P's and Q's the result would not be half bad. Unconsciously his attitude toward the world was a composite of the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, the cynical wisdom of Omar Khayyam, and plain and not to be duplicated Yankee pep.

As Steve planned it he was to leave his mark on the world and not endure the world's mark upon himself. This straight-limbed and altogether too handsome youngster—his grandmother had been a Basque—possessed the same quality of the fortune hunter as his grandfather, only he did not propose to do his prospecting in the mines of Nevada. Following the general tactics of a Stone Age man—a belief in muscle and great initiative—Steve found himself at twenty-four in the city of Hanover and in the employ of Mark Constantine, a hide-and-leather magnate who was said to be like all hard-boiled eggs—impossible to beat. After Steve advanced to the top notch of his ability he discovered that the only reason he was not considered as a junior member of the firm was because he could not buy an interest. At this same time Beatrice Constantine had become interested in him.

To her mind Steve was different in other ways than merely being handsome and possessed of physical strength. And she considered that if he had a fortune he would be far more wonderful than any of the young gentlemen of her set who wondered which would be the lucky chap to lead Constantine's Gorgeous Girl to the marriage-license bureau.

In the seventeen-year-old patronizing fashion of a Gorgeous Girl she permitted Steve to see that she was interested, and Steve with the romance of his Basque grandmother and the audacity of his Irish grandfather immediately thought of what a strange and wonderful thing it would be if he could by hook or by crook become a rich man all in the twinkling of an eye, and marry this superior elegant little person.

The Gorgeous Girl had never known anything but the most gorgeous side of life. Her father, self-made from a boyhood as poor as Steve's, carved his way to the top without delay or remorse for anyone he may have halted or harmed in so doing. He had wisely married a working girl whom he loved in undemonstrative fashion, and when at the turning point of his career she bore him a daughter and then died he erected an expensive monument to her memory and took his oath that their daughter should be the most gorgeous girl in Hanover

hat her life should be spent in having as good a time
r father's fortune allowed.
then invited his widowed sister to live with him and
charge of his child.
ter this interlude he returned to his business grimmer
ce and harsher of heart, and the world was none the
regarding his grief for the plain-faced woman in the
chyard. As his fortune multiplied almost ironically
ould often take time to think of his wife Hannah, who
so tired of pots and pans and making dollars squeal
at he might succeed and who was now at rest with
mposing marble column to call
ition to the fact.
the Gorgeous Girl, as Hanover
d her, half in ridicule and half
nvy, developed into a gorgeous
ng woman, as might be expected,
her father to pay her bills and
Aunt Belle to toddle meekly after

Aunt Belle, once married
a carpenter who had con-
ently died, never ceased to
ice in her good fortune.
was never really quite used
he luxury that had come
er instead of to the woman
ne churchyard. She reveled
Beatrice's clothes, her own
orate costumes, ordered
servants about, went to
rida and the Bermudas
never the Gorgeous Girl saw
rolled about the country in
ousines and secretly admired
hideous mansion Constan-
had built—an ornate over-
ring brick affair with curlicue
mmings and a tower with a
dful of minor turrets. It
furnished according to the
ates of a New York decora-
though Constantine added
eral large pieces of village
or after the decorator had
nounced his work as ended.
Hannah had always planned
a red-velvet cozy corner and
nstantine didn't give a dozen
nns if they were out of date—
ed-velvet cozy corner was
ng to be installed in the blue
wing-room. A Swiss music
was another thing Hannah
l hankered after—spoken of
t before she died—so the
iss music box was given a
ce of honor beside the resi-
ice pipe organ, and likewise
ne draperies with plush tas-
. The decorator, having his
ck, did not attempt to argue, since
clientèle were not apt to stop off
Hanover and discover the crime.
Aunt Belle saw that Beatrice had
governess, a dancing teacher, more
rty frocks than any other little girl in
nover, and later on a French maid
l other accessories necessary to being
orgeous Girl. In reality a parasitical
ile snob, hopelessly self-indulged,
ough originally kindhearted and rather clever; and
uerly useless, but unconscious of the fact. She was sent
ta finishing school, after which she thought it would be
re fun to go abroad to another finishing school and
dy music and art, traveling summers instead of having
normal début. Most of her chums were doing this and
she went with them. The red-velvet cozy corner and
e music box and so on disappeared immediately upon
first return visit. Likewise Beatrice succeeded finally
issuading Aunt Belle from wearing her jewelry while
veling, though that outspoken lady never could refrain
m vivid descriptions of it to her fellow passengers.

After the European sojourn the Gorgeous Girl went in
Hanover society and proved herself a valuable asset.
She was nearly twenty-four, almost as slight of figure as a
old, as dainty as Watteau's most delicate imaginings,
th tiny nondescript features, lovely sunshine hair and
dove-colored eyes with pale-gold lashes. Meantime the
estion of a husband for this lovely young person was be-
re the household. She had had a dozen offers of marriage,
t accepted none of them because she had plenty of time
d loads of money and she wanted to make the best of
r unencumbered youth as long as possible. Besides, it
s now considered great fun to go in for charities; she
s ever so busy serving on committees, she never had a
ment for herself, and it would take months to plan a
busseau and a wedding and decide about her house. Most
portant of all was the fact that when she was about to
go to the French finishing school she had told Steve O'Valley that if he did not come to her farewell party she would be quite hurt. She felt he did not appreciate the honor in having been asked.

Steve, who would have lain down and let her walk over him roughshod, said simply, "But I'm poor. I'm not in a position to meet your friends."

"Then be rich—and I'll ask you again," she challenged.

"If I were a rich man—would you let me try?"

"See if I wouldn't." And she disappeared before he realized she had practically said yes.

"Of Course Steve's a Wonderful Old Dear—I Wish I Had Asked Him for the Moon. I Do Believe He'd Have Gotten an Option on It"

Characteristically Steve lost no time. He went to her father the day after she had sailed, having sent her a veritable washtub of flowers for bon voyage—and had said briefly: "I have loved your daughter ever since I first saw her. I'm as poor as you were once, but if I see my way to making a fortune and can give her everything she ought to have, will you oppose my efforts to make her marry me?"

The daring of the thing pleased Constantine to the point of saying, "Do you want a loan, O'Valley? I think you'll make good. Then it's up to my daughter; she knows whom she wants to marry better than I do. You're a decent sort—her mother would have liked you."

"I don't want a loan just yet. I want to make her marry me because I have made my own money and can take care of my own wife. I'm just asking you not to interfere if I do win out. I've saved a little—I'm going to take a plunge in stocks and draw out before it's too late. Then I'm going into business if I can; but I'll have to try my luck gambling before I do. When I hang out my shingle I may ask you to help—a little. Self-made men of to-day are made on paper—not by splitting logs or teaching school in the backwoods in order to buy a dictionary and law books—we haven't the time for that. So I'll take my chances and you'll hear from me later."

While Beatrice was skimming through school and taking walking trips through Norway punctuated by fleeting visits home, remaining as childish and unconcerned as to vital things as her mother had been at fourteen, Steve left the Constantine factory and took the plunge.

Good luck favored him and for five golden years he continued to rise in the financial world, causing his rivals to say: "A fool's luck first; then the war made him—the government contracts, you know. He's only succeeded because of luck and the fact of it's being the psychological moment. Worked in the ordnance game—didn't see active service, money just kept rolling in. Well, who wants a war fortune? Some folks in 1861 bought government mules for limousine prices and sold them for the same. Besides, it's only so he can marry the Gorgeous Girl. I guess he'll find out it was cheap at half the price!"

While talk ran riot Steve's fortune multiplied with almost sinister speed. He learned that flattery and ridicule were the best weapons known to man. And while the Gorgeous Girl flew home at the first war cloud to bury herself in serious war activities Steve climbed the upward path and never once glanced backward lest he grow dizzy.

At thirty-two, in the year 1919, he was able to say to Mark Constantine, in the fashion of a fairy-story hero: "I still love your daughter, sir, and I've made my fortune. We want to be married. Your blessing, please." And to himself: "I'll show the worst side of me to the world so wolves won't come and steal my precious gold that I had to have in order to win her; and I'll show my best side to the woman I love, and that's fair enough!"

With surprising accuracy Mary Faithful's keen mind, aided by a tender heart, had pieced this mosaic of business and love together, and as she finished the panorama she glanced at the Gorgeous Girl in her mink dolman and bright red straw hat, the useless knitting bag on her arm and Steve's engagement ring blazing away on her finger, and she sighed unconsciously.

"Don't tell Miss Faithful any more," Beatrice protested. "I'm sure she knows about everything, and it's late—I'm tired."

"All right, lady fair. That's all, Miss Faithful. Good night." Steve dismissed her abruptly.

As Mary left the room he was saying tenderly, "What did you do at cooking school?"

And the Gorgeous Girl was answering, "We made pistachio fondant; and next week it will be Scotch broth. It takes an hour to assemble the vegetables, and I dread it. Only half the class were there; the rest were at Miss Harper's classical-dancing lesson. That's fun too. I think I'll take it up next year. I was just thinking how glad I am papa built the big apartment house five years ago; it's so much nicer to begin housekeeping there instead of a big place of one's own. It's such work to have a house on your hands. Are you ready?"

"Hold on. Don't I deserve a single kiss? . . . Thank you, Mrs. O'Valley." Then the door closed.

Mary Faithful picked up her notations. She tried to comfort herself with the thought that no one should ever have reason to guess her secret. If all honest men steal umbrellas and kisses, so do all honest women fib as to the size of their shoes and the person they love best of all the world!

II

SUNDAY was a much dreaded day in Mary's calendar, partly because she surrendered herself to the maternal monologue of how dreadful it was to have a daughter in business and not a lady in a home of her own, and partly because she missed the office routine and the magical stimulation of Steve's presence. Besides, Trudy was a thorn in Mary's flesh and on Sundays the thorn had a chance to assert herself in particularly unendurable fashion.

(Continued on Page 72)

THE CHRISTMAS DRIFTER

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MR. JAKE MILLER, mate of the Gilmore, slung a pair of keen old eyes over the tow of barges which were being boosted round Driftwood Bend toward St. Louis through the crunching drift ice that lay on the Mississip'. "Too dang cold f'r snow," he observed. The corrugations of his seventy-year-old spine were the momentary residence of a crescendo shiver. "Too dang cold f'r snow, an' a red evenin' sky. To-morrow 'll be th' fust snappy Christmas since '81."

He expelled a denatured slug of fine cut from where it had been parked beside an arc of porcelain molars and retired to his stateroom in search of a shot of bottled cheer. From the port half of a pair of rubber boots lying under his bed he fished a bottle of inflammable whisky.

"Whuf! That liquor sure blazes its own trail!"

He replenished the fine cut, munching rapidly for a moment like a red-whiskered old rabbit absorbing a cabbage leaf. When the flavor had accomplished its appropriate reaction he made his way below to the main deck and walked aft to where his ancient accomplice in life, Mr. Sam Connor, sat reading in the warm draft which swept out from the starboard door of the engine room.

Mr. Connor, engineer of the Gilmore, was at the moment completely submerged in a word puzzle originally assembled by Mr. Immanuel Kant. He looked up as his friend approached.

"Git out of this here draft, you ol' fool, before you ketches pneumonia! What you readin' now?"

The engineer held up the book for the mate's inspection.

"All I sees is red letters. What does she mean? What's that other one layin' there?"

The engineer picked up a book which was wedged in the chair beside him.

"The name of this here book by Charles Darwin is Th' Origin of Speeches."

"What is she—a language book?"

"No, it's a book on humans. It explains how once you was a 'rang-utan's relation." The engineer squinted upward at the mate. "By gad, I sees where it's right! You looks a good deal like a ol' baboon's nephew to me."

"Th' bird is crazy!"

"He don't mean you is a baboon's nephew now—he means you was once."

The mate looked out across the little areas of drifting ice which dotted the surface of the river.

"Sam, we don't know as much as baboons or we wouldn't be here. Here you is, goin' on seventy-three, an' me seventy—both of us freezin' to death an' pretty near played out. If we was baboons we'd be swingin' round in some warm country without nothin' to do but loaf an' eat coconuts."

"I don't like coconuts. Loafin' never amounted to nuthin' with me, n'r you neither; you'd be crazy if you wasn't workin'. Work's all we knows."

"Mebbe. I'd like to try it an' find out. You better lay off of them heavy books. Fust thing you know you'll get that egg of yours all scrambled up, foolin' at science an' such. Then you'll have a steady loafin' job."

The engineer grunted his reply and dived deeply into the interior department of Mr. Kant's tomb.

The mate wandered for'd and made his way to the bow of the barge which formed the head end of the tow. Presently from this point his voice roared back through the frosty air:

"Highpocket, run a steam line up to th' cripple an' break out a siphon!"

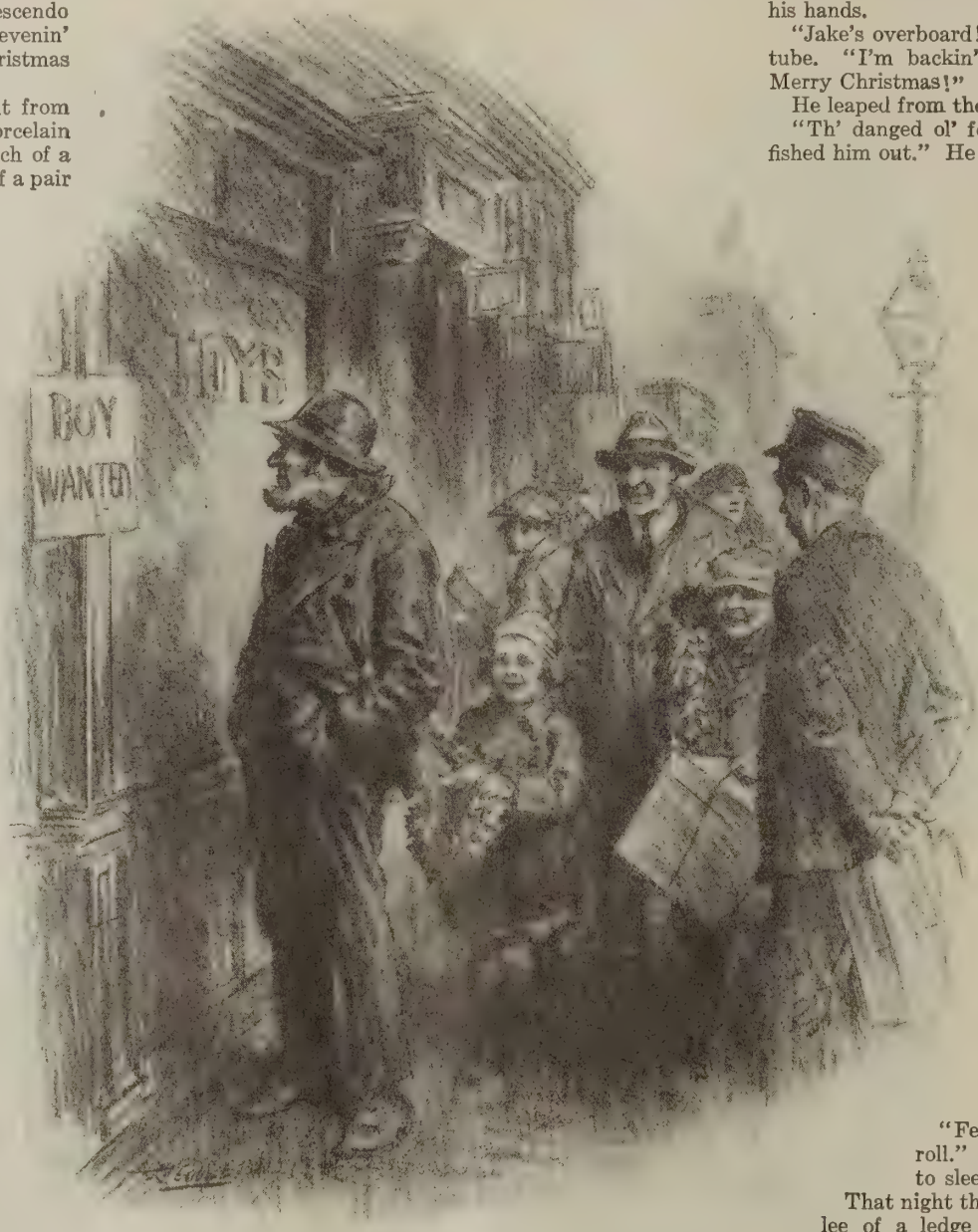
He looked down an open hatch.

"She's made eight inches of water in th' last hour—th' son of a gun'll be draggin' th' bottom pretty soon," he mumbled. "Calkin 'em with old sisal instead of oakum—no wonder they won't stay tight."

He looked about him at the lines which bound the tow of barges together. He kicked one near his feet to test its tension.

"You're cold now, durn you," he said to the breast line, "but you'll be sweatin' grease when the ice begins to lay a'gin us at th' head of th' crossin'."

He looked up to where the surface of the river melted into the horizon.



"Anythin' a Boy Can Do, I Can Do"

"Driftwood Bend." His eyes fixed on a point at the upstream tip of the gray crescent of Driftwood Bend. "'Bout there's where th' Lily Dale sunk with all th' whisky in th' world Centennial year. Wish I had a barrel of that stuff now. Dang, it's cold!"

Then in the mottled gray of the middle distance his eyes fixed upon a drifting skiff merged in the monotone of ice and water. He regarded it intently for a moment as it approached. He glanced back toward the pilot house.

"Better clear that there skiff," he called to the pilot. "Else we'll have a bull gang out boltin' two or three bucket plank on th' wheel," he added to himself.

The water-logged skiff, now a hundred feet away, was riding low. The mate suddenly brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Crazy or dreamin'!" he exclaimed. "Seein' things!"

From a bundle of rags in the bow of the skiff a little arm thrust upward. "A passenger, by criminy!" He walked quickly to the side of the barge. "She'll never ride the bow wave an' when she goes over ——"

The sentence was never finished. He ran forward quickly to where the white water combed from the bulge of the barge. Near the open hatch he tripped heavily on a capstan bar and fell to the deck. Then on his hands and knees he scrambled to the side. With the lift of the skiff on the surge of water that leaped from under the swell of the barge the mate went overboard.

"The reality of the cosmos is expressed in definite terms derived from the data of human experience."

Mr. Connor, seated in the engine-room door, closed his book.

"Th' hell it is!" he muttered. "I need some coffee. He got to his feet and was about to wander for' in search of his midafternoon coffee when he saw th mate go overboard from the bow of the upstream barg

He jumped back into the engine room and in instant the wheel of the throttle valve was whirling und his hands.

"Jake's overboard!" he yelled to the pilot through t tube. "I'm backin' strong! I'm over th' deep sid Merry Christmas!"

He leaped from the low guards of the steamboat.

"Th' danged ol' fool! This'll be th' fourth time I' fished him out." He swam strongly toward a point whe the mate and a bundle of rags a a cake of ice had suddenly su merged. He was conscious of t shriek of the falls swinging fro the davits as a skiff was lower away from the boiler deck of t Gilmore.

"Gosh, this water's cold!"

Presently after ages of effort t mate's red head lay clenched the crook of the engineer's left ar Floating awash and clutched in t mate's left hand was the bundle rags which had flopped from t capsized skiff. The enginee breathing heavily, was sudden aware of a faint crying deep with the soggy bundle, and thus the tr were hauled aboard the skiff whi had raced across the water fro the Gilmore.

Five minutes later the engine rolled tightly in warm blanke opened his eyes in his own stat room.

"How's that red-headed dan fool?" he whispered.

Cap'n Dan, seated beside t bed, looked down at him.

"He's full of liquor an' goi strong. They's a pair of 'em."

"A pair of what?"

"Jake went overboard after baby."

The engineer closed his eyes.

"A Christmas drifter! Boy girl?"

"A yearlin' boy—alive a kickin'."

The old man smiled faintly.

"Feed him heavy an' sign him on th' p roll." He turned upon his side. "I'm go to sleep f'r a hour or two."

That night the Gilmore lay beside the bank in t lee of a ledge of sandstone whose upstream fa fended the drifting ice from the boat's hull. Her sh lines ran to a pair of cottonwoods whose twinkli leaves carried the frost of Christmas Eve. From the lea ing barge came the gargle of a siphon punctuated by t staccato exhaust of a dynamo engine. In the cabin ligl gleamed upon a nondescript crew gathered about the dini table. On the table lay the Christmas Drifter.

In the galley Fat Pat Kelly, the cook, turned venomous upon a waiter who stood near the range.

"Six eggs," he exploded, "an every wan av thim rea to cackle! Shake th' mope free of y'r feet an' round r up six more out of th' captain's crate!"

The waiter started for the door of the galley.

"Wan minute! Wan minute! If these has beaks 'em—if these is historical rattlers—I'll burn yez to cinder wid th' rouster's curse."

The cook stuck his head into the cabin.

"Th' Drifter's grub 'll be ready f'r 'um in wan second

"Warm his milk for him!" somebody called back.

"Ham an' eggs he gets! What would he be doin' w milk, comin' aboard f'm th' ice of th' river? Ham a eggs an' mebbe a pound av tinderloin steak."

The cook made his way to the pantry, where on t meat block the sailor man had stretched a pair of blue ov alls. The overalls were nailed to the chopping blo The sailor man with heavy cord was engaged in the co struction of a pair of diminutive pants. With a sail nee he ran down the final seam. He cut off the thread wi a cleaver which lay near by. Traced in the area of bl canvas the stitches of a smaller model showed wh against the blue. The sailor picked up the cleaver a began chopping along the seam close to the stitch Presently the Drifter's overalls broke free from the selva of their perimeter.

They'll not fit him," the sailor man grunted to a deck
d who was looking on, "but they'll last him a trip
wo."

With copper rivets it's a cinch," the deck hand replied.
Vait till I fetch some."

Copper rivets were retrieved from a locker in the engine
m and presently the overalls were complete. The sailor
n carried them into the cabin and shouldered through
group standing about the Drifter.

'Put these on th' little son of a gun an' leave him ram-
," he said.

'How come you forgot his underwear?" a fireman
ed.

The group was suddenly agitated over the question of
derwear for the Drifter, but finally after a volunteer had
ced a set of heavy red-wool flannels at the sailor man's
posal that problem was solved.

'I'll chop th' legs off 'em an' make a bellyband in 'em
reef th' legs with linen twine to where they'll fit th'
le squirrel."

The crimson fabric was stretched upon the chopping
ck and in a little while the sailor man returned with this
est product of his talent. He picked up the Drifter and
rted to dress him. The engineer stepped forward.

"That boy belongs to me! I'll do th' fes-
nin' of him! Stand back!"

"How come he yours?" the mate inter-
sed. "I seed him first. We might as
ll settle this now. That boy's mine!"

In a little while the mingled arguments
mate and engineer were drowned in the
rtisan clamor of the entire
oup. The Drifter meanwhile
e his nutritious thumb and en-
yed the noise. Presently Cap'n
an's voice cut calmly through
e tumult:

"It's just as Sam says—you'd
th been done up by now if he
adn't got you, but at the same
me Jake's got a claim f'r seein'
m first. Cut th' cards f'r him.
's the only way to settle it. Is
at agreeable to both of you?
ou don't want no fights to-night.
's Christmas Eve."

"Cuttin' th' cards ain't agree-
le to me," Sam said. "I don't
ind gamblin' f'r money, but th'
rifter's mine an' I ain't takin'
o chances."

"He's just as much mine," the
gineer objected. "Both of 'em
mine."

Cap'n Dan essayed a final at-
mpt at pacification.

"Leave it go at that. You can be
qual pardners in him until next Christ-
as. Whichever one of you can best
ake care of him by then ought to
ave him."

"I'll sign that," Jake agreed.
Write it out."

Presently after much effort at com-
osition Sam handed a document over
o Jake.

"Put y'r mark here."

"What does she say? You know
arn well I can't read," the mate ob-
ected. The engineer read it aloud:

"One year from date me or you
ets the Drifter. It depends on how
rosperous the best man is. To wit-
ess, we sign our names, so help you
God!"

"That's fair enough," the mate
greed.

He made his mark where the en-
gineer had written his name for him.

"Instead of fightin' about who owns
im it might be a good scheme to rig
p a little Christmas f'r this sailor,"
practical-minded pilot suggested.

Cap'n Dan nodded his head.

"He's right! Eight o'clock now.
Couple of you deck hands go ashore
n' get a Christmas tree an' stand her
p in the cabin over by the stove."

"Who's goin' to be Santa Claus?"
omebody asked.

Fat Pat Kelly entered the cabin
nder a second cargo of steak and
otatoes and other light delicacies he
ad prepared for the Drifter.

"The only natural shredded-coconut
whiskers owned on board this craft
s Kelly's. His whiskers elect him
Santa Claus."

"What does Santa Claus do?" the cook asked.

"Wears th' clothes an' hands out th' presents."

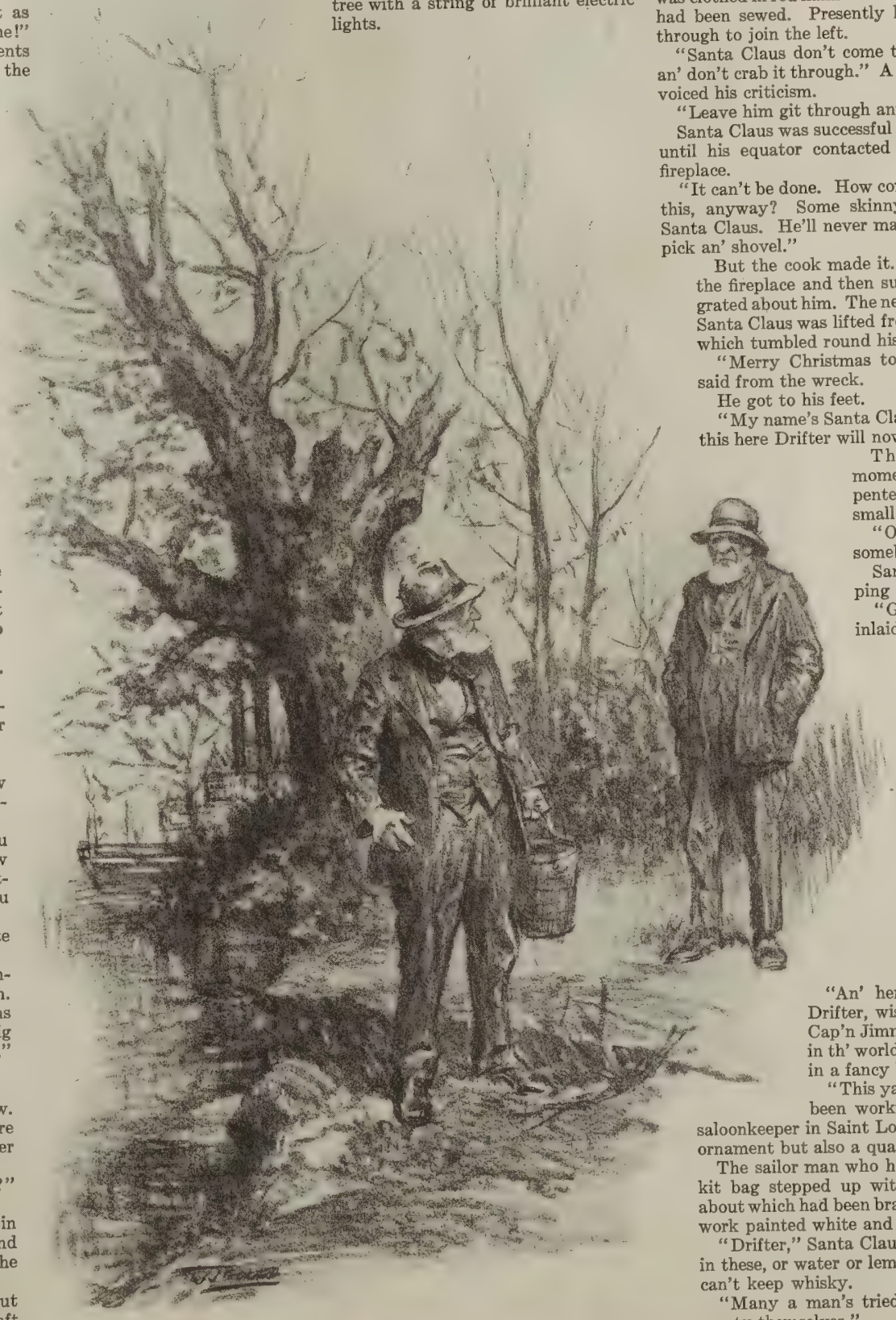
"You've got until nine o'clock to perduce," Cap'n Dan announced. "At nine o'clock the orgies takes place. Scatter an' do your worst."

For a while the cabin of the Gilmore was a scene of mysterious activities. An immense Christmas tree was brought aboard before the two deck hands discovered that it was too large to drag through the cabin doors. They retrieved a second tree whose topmost branches scraped the paint work from the ceiling of the cabin.

The cook meanwhile had retired to the galley, where in a bath of perspiration he busied himself in fabricating a complicated structure of red-and-blue icing surmounting six layers of comparatively soggy cake.

"No Santa Claus ever come aboard a boat before, anyhow," the engineer said. "Go below an' bring me a million of them fire brick an' mix me up a couple tons of mortar."

Against the door of his own stateroom the engineer presently constructed a fireplace and a chimney reaching to the transom of the door. He borrowed some red ink from the clerk and poured it into a saucer in which he bathed a pair of electric globes. A wire led to the fireplace and presently behind rising tissue-paper flames the red globes shed their semblance of firelight. He draped the tree with a string of brilliant electric lights.



"How Come You Walkin' Round th' Middle of December an' No Overcoat On?" the Mate Yelled in Greeting

The Drifter, reposing placidly on the center of the great dining table, regarded the activities about him with wide-eyed wonderment. At nine o'clock Cap'n Dan's voice roared down the length of the cabin:

"Rally round! We're goin' to launch these here festivities right now."

The crew of the Gilmore assembled about the Drifter's table.

"Hang onto Fat Pat Santy, you!" the pilot suddenly exclaimed. "Hold him until you hear them reindeer bells!"

The pilot left the cabin and made his way to the pilot house from which led the signal wires. Presently from the engine room there rose a din of gongs and jingles in which the regular beat of the reindeer's hoofs could be plainly heard.

"Lug him aft where he can hear them bells a minute!" Cap'n Dan ordered.

The mate picked up the Drifter and carried him to a point above the engine room.

"Drifter, them's Christmas bells—you like them bells?"

The Christmas Drifter smiled in reply. The mate carried his protégé back to the cabin.

"All set," he said. "Give her th' gong!"

All eyes were turned toward the fireplace through which appeared Fat Pat Kelly's left leg. You would not have known that it was Fat Pat Kelly's left leg, however, for it was clothed in red flannel to which scattered tufts of cotton had been sewed. Presently his right leg came scraping through to join the left.

"Santa Claus don't come through feet first. Back up an' don't crab it through." A technical-minded deck hand voiced his criticism.

"Leave him git through any way he can."

Santa Claus was successful in emerging from his retreat until his equator contacted with the perimeter of the fireplace.

"It can't be done. How come Fat Pat to be choosed for this, anyway? Some skinny guy ought to have been Santa Claus. He'll never make it without dynamite or a pick an' shovel."

But the cook made it. He heaved heavily against the fireplace and then suddenly the fireplace disintegrated about him. The new moist mortar gave way and Santa Claus was lifted from the débris of the chimney which tumbled round his fat and padded form.

"Merry Christmas to ye, Drifter an' gents!" he said from the wreck.

He got to his feet.

"My name's Santa Claus. Th' givin' of presents to this here Drifter will now take place."

The group hesitated for a moment, but finally the ship's carpenter stepped forward carrying a small package in his hand.

"Open 'em up! Show th' goods!" somebody objected.

Santa Claus removed the wrapping from the package.

"Gents," he said, "I has here a inlaid cribbage board made by th' carpenter which he gives to th' Drifter, wishing him a Merry Christmas."

The next gift was handed to the cook.

"An' here," he continued, "is a handy thing f'r a lad to have."

"I bought her in New Orleans," the donor mumbled, "an' th' Drifter better have it, because I'd get arrested f'r carryin' it in Saint Louis."

The gift in question was a wicked-looking sheath knife with a ten-inch blade.

The pilot came forward with his gift.

"An' here is somethin' worth while, Drifter, wishin' you a Merry Christmas. Cap'n Jimmy Irving, one of th' best pilots in th' world, gives you this pair of pistols in a fancy box."

"This yarn tidy which Highpocket has been workin' on he figured to sell to a saloonkeeper in Saint Louis, so it represents not only a ornament but also a quart of whisky."

The sailor man who had dived to the bottom of his kit bag stepped up with a pair of whisky decanters about which had been braided yards of cord and knotted work painted white and blue and red.

"Drifter," Santa Claus said, "you can keep perfume in these, or water or lemon an' vanilla extract, but you can't keep whisky.

"Many a man's tried it, but them bottles always empty themselves."

(Continued on Page 86)

THE MAN FROM HELL

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IF YOU'D care to read ——" said the family lawyer in a persuasive, genial and unconvincing manner. And he held out a bright bunch of the most expensive weeklies, which—at his wit's end—he had provided for the curiously horrible journey.

Lord Radenham started violently. His eyelids rolled up and he looked into the suave eyes of the lawyer. As quickly he glanced away again. His face, the color of putty and yet hardened and beaten by weather, sagged; he lost his breath. The reluctance, the almost terror of being spoken to suddenly or spoken to at all clutched him. Without a word, with the hand unoccupied in holding the ragged bundle of letters he carried with him, he grasped at the bunch of magazines. His touch on them was extraordinarily insensitive.

The lawyer went to ground behind his newspaper. The express rushed on through a bright bare winter scene laid in shining snow.

Lord Radenham sat without moving. His eyes glanced furtively at the newspaper which hid his *vis-à-vis*. He watched this newspaper with a quiet but muddled cunning. He did not want to read the magazines; he did not want anything save to crawl on his stomach under the seat and lie there hidden from the stupendous fears about him. But the lawyer was an authoritative fellow, not that he didn't speak kindly and coaxingly, rather—rather like—whom? The chaplain! Yes!

All the same, the lawyer had meant Radenham to read the magazines. He might be lurking behind the paper, ready to dart it down at a suspected moment. Lord Radenham watched the paper. It did not even rustle ever so faintly. Slowly, inch by inch then he lowered the bundle of magazines till he had laid them stealthily on the seat beside him. His brow under his new and hard hat was corrugated with a vast and vague anxiety about nothing at all. The lawyer made no sign of awareness.

Again Lord Radenham sat without moving, holding the indescribably ragged bundle of letters.

The train slowed; perceptibly it was pulling up. Then they had reached Horton Junction, the one stopping place in the long swift run.

"Ah!" said the lawyer, lowering his paper and looking from behind it blandly. Then he added swiftly: "No one will get in. The carriage is reserved. The guard will see to it." And he said to himself, "It's shocking! Is this what we beat a man into? Still, justice! Justice!

"A beautiful day for you to come home, Lord Radenham."

Radenham sat quite still. His eyes, two bleak bits of granite, swept and drained of emotions, fixed themselves blankly on the lawyer. After a moment the protecting wall of the newspaper was again between them.

The lawyer was not reading. Even for him it had been a terrible day. But he did not lower the paper till again the train drew up in the station of the big provincial town.

Buttoning his coat, pulling up his muffler, sighing with dire relief, he said: "Well, here we are! Here we are! No small baggage—no ——"

Radenham had, of course, nothing but the clothes he stood up in.

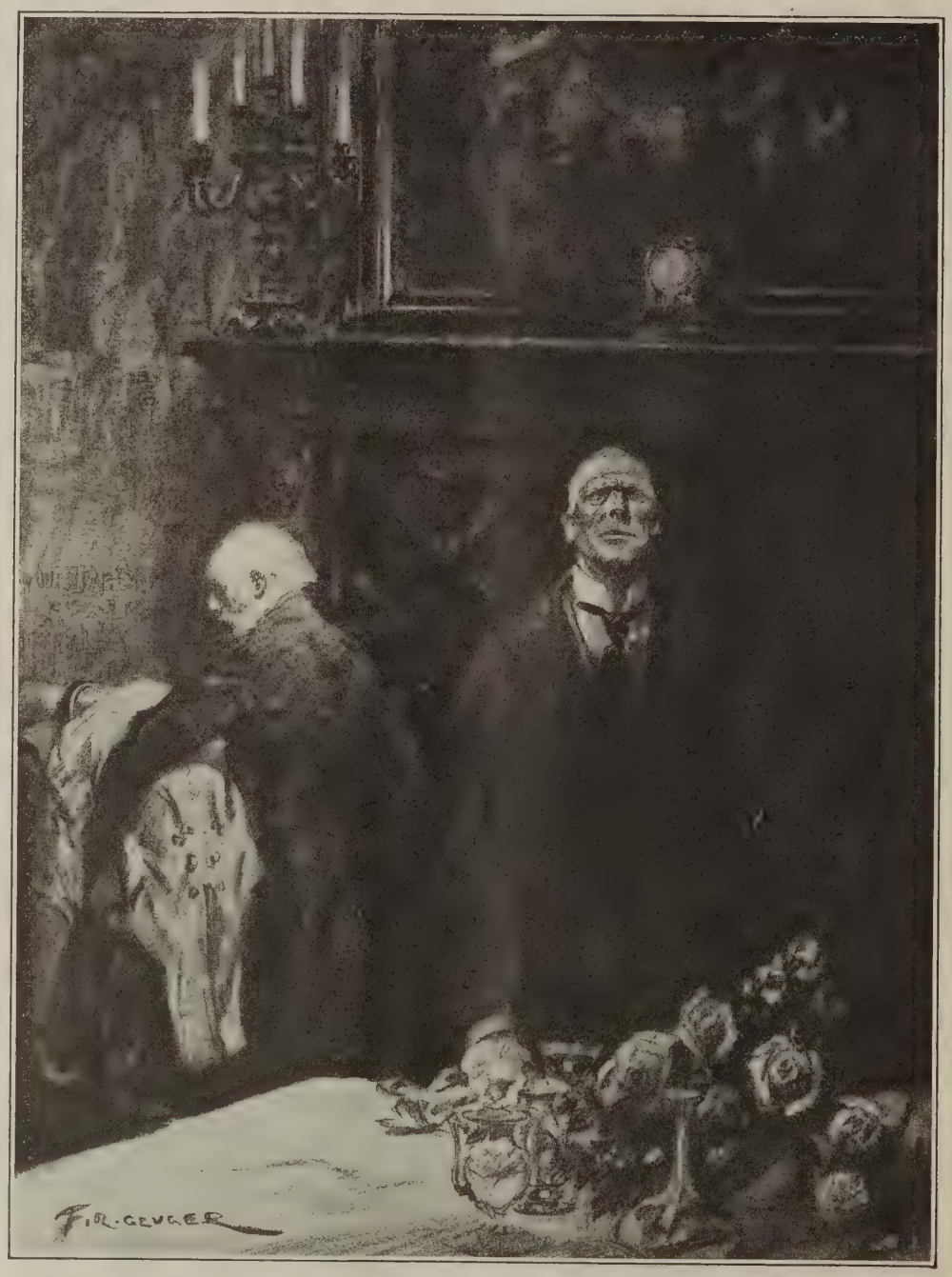
"Well," said the lawyer—— "Ah, here's William! Good day, William. The weather's very seasonable. Brought the car or the horses?"

"Car, sir," said the liveried servant who had met them at the door of the carriage.

"No luggage! No luggage, William," the lawyer added hastily. "We'll find the car out in the station yard, Lord Radenham. This way."

He tried to bustle Radenham along with a great air of cheer.

"Congestion of Christmas traffic," he said, indicating the crowded platform as they went. "Always this congestion. Still, Christmas is a time when —— This way, Lord Radenham."



Lifting His Subordinate to His Feet the Butler Half Dragged Him Away

The servant followed them with a slight and hard smile of contempt on his face, his eye cocked curiously at Radenham's back and their traveling rugs slung over his arm. At the barrier the lawyer gave up both tickets.

Among the many equipages in the yard without the Radenham car was noticeable—a luxurious limousine painted a deep green to match the liveries. It was upholstered in a pale-buff Bedford cord, its fittings within were all of silver and it was entirely beautiful.

The servant who carried their rugs came up neatly behind them and opened the door. He stood holding it open, with an immobile face. The chauffeur from his seat just slued his eyes round till they reached Lord Radenham standing, heavy, on the wide pavement. Radenham's face sagged a very little; he was full of fear and looked unutterably stupid. He stood there in his new clothes, which did not fit. The servants and the lawyer looked at him. He was rather like a lump of putty that they might have to hoist into the beautiful car. After a perceptible pause the lawyer took the situation in hand.

"After you, Lord Radenham," he said with a genial glance, indicating the open door.

Radenham jerked and, moving forward like an automaton, entered the car. The lawyer followed him closely. The servant, leaning in, spread the rugs over their knees and a fur rug on top of those. With hardly a sound the car moved out of the yard into a busy street.

The lawyer looked dubiously and inquisitively at th bundle of letters in Radenham's hand. He cleared h throat.

"Very congested," he remarked conversationally.

Then he looked and saw th Radenham had clutched up tw great handfuls of the fur rug ar was holding them tightly.

The lawyer thought: "Of cours He's never been in a car befor This is all a very sad thing."

He had a human wish that h was out of it and at home with h wife, talking to his jolly son ju home from school for the holiday However, there was imminent bus ness to mention to the new Lor Radenham before he might tak his leave. Besides, in his positio of family adviser, a position of tru as it were, he felt he ought to se the man into his house.

They drove along country roa rimed with sparkling frost betwee hedges topped with snow. Rade ham did not move or speak. H was not thinking. The irresistib way in which the car bore the along beat him.

The great house came in sigh over the crest of a hill—Radenha Towers. Radenham's eyes, the tw bleak slits of granite, saw it an knew. Something in him cowere

"The old place looks well," th lawyer remarked conversationall

Between the two gates—th lodgekeeper's children peeking an peering curiously—up the driv through the hall, past more curiou faces of servants; then behind door; and Radenham was alone i a comparatively small bookline room with the lawyer and still clin ing to his only portable property the letters. There were shade reading lamps and a large fire, t which the lawyer walked at once.

"A fire is good after a cold drive, he remarked conversationally.

He observed Radenham, who he had walked straight through th hall without waiting to shed ove coats. Now the lawyer slowly peele off his own, laid it on a chair an put his gloves and muffler meticu lously on top of that; he pulled a his little gray mustache.

"Let me help you off with you coat, Lord Radenham," he remarke conversationally.

When he helped off with the coa he knew that the man was trembling

"Very sad thing," he thought. "Still ——"

He moved an armchair an inch or so by way of indicat ing that Radenham should sit down. Then: "With you permission, Lord Radenham, I'll ring the bell. Tea woul be a good scheme, perhaps."

After a silence of three or four seconds he rang the bell.

"There are just two or three little matters which—er—press; and I must bring them to your attention this after noon, Lord Radenham, regretful as I am to—er—troubl you so soon."

A footman appeared, a tall, very young and weedy man He flickered a glance at Radenham sitting erect in the arm chair and addressed the lawyer standing on the hearth.

"Tea now, sir?"

"Tea."

After the closing of the door, a dead silence.

A coal fell from the grate. Radenham jerked violently The bundle of letters dropped and he fumbled after them The lawyer bent and busied himself with arranging th lump of coal again on the fire. As he straightened up again he took a privy glance at the man in the chair. He saw a bead of sweat roll down his putty-colored face and drop upon his knee.

"I am a great man for tea," said the lawyer conversationally. A silence.

The door opened and the servant brought a tray laden with old china and old silver. For two minutes he was pottering about behind the armchair, setting the things upon the table—two long, long, long minutes!

Radenham made a movement and wiped his face. He id not wipe it with the silk handkerchief which someone ad stuck in his breast pocket, but with the back of his and.

His hand, ungloved now and raised under the light of the earest lamp, was dreadful.

The lawyer suddenly took a silver dish from the servant. "That's all."

The footman left the room with another look at Radnham.

The lawyer bent and put the muffin dish himself on the ittle trivet before the fire.

"With your permission, Lord Radenham. I'm a regular ld woman at tea making."

The lawyer poured out tea. He put a cup on the thick rm of the easy chair and a tiny plate beside it. He handed read and butter and muffins and held them until Radenam helped himself to something.

The lawyer drew a chair up to the table, turned his back n Radenham and drank his own tea. He had a very mall, very fogged and dim ideal—and it was right.

"And now, Lord Radenham," said the lawyer, "after hat refreshing cup of tea perhaps I may put before you he two or three matters which are imminently necessary. Shall we smoke?"

"Smoke?" said Radenham in a queerly unmodulated voice, which startled the other profoundly.

It was Radenham's first word to him.

The lawyer got up, found the cigarette box and handed it, open.

Radenham peered in.

"Of course," thought the lawyer, "he's never formed the cigarette habit. Fifteen years! Really brings home to one what a very sad thing ——"

"You'd rather have a cigar or your pipe, Lord Radenham?"

"My pipe?" said Radenham hesitatingly. "My pipe?" he said.

And suddenly his eyes were drenched in tears.

Quite naturally, unashamed, as one who has wept daily and wept nightly, he raised his dreadful hand and wiped the tears away. He sighed very heavily. His lip drooped.

"Of course! Of course," the lawyer thought, really very shocked, "they take their pipes away. He hasn't a pipe. Lighted matches couldn't possibly—still——"

With a suave air he replaced the cigarette box and found cigars. He pressed one on Radenham, cut it for him, held the light, took one himself.

"And now," he began again.

Settling himself into the opposite chair, he went on: "During our conversation in the governor's room this morning I really had time to tell you very little, except just the fact that you had stepped, through the almost simultaneous deaths of Lord Radenham and his heir—his nephew and your cousin, the Hon. Brian Cleve—into a—er—really vast inheritance and—er—accruing vast responsibilities. Lord Radenham died yesterday without knowing that two hours before Mr. Cleve had met his death in a motoring accident.

"I was, of course, aware that—er—you became a free man this morning; and I considered it my duty to the family to meet you immediately with the news and to bring you such—er—details of personal comfort as I could, on the spur of the moment."

The lawyer's glance fleeted over Radenham's ready-made clothes. The entirely one-sided conversation in the governor's room at the prison was fresh in his mind. It had impressed him quite horribly—that talk in which only he and the governor participated, Radenham mute as a slug—as patient, as stupid.

"You are, of course, unaware," he went on, "of the—er—philanthropic activities of the late earl. Some twelve years ago he founded a home run on the most modern and sympathetic lines for the incorrigible sons of criminal parents; that is to say, boys of criminal tendencies and of criminal parentage are received, taught, trained, made to play games and so on—a very noble work.

"This home was not endowed by the late earl. He paid its expenses monthly by personal checks. Indeed all his interest in it was most kindly and quite personal. Really it is to be hoped that in the interests of the community—in fact we may say of the country at large, for the home accommodates five hundred boys—you will see fit to continue this public-spirited work.

"My immediate point is that—er—the check for the extra Christmas expenses for the home, as well as for the ordinary expenses, is actually due at this moment and I hope you will—er—at any rate authorize me ——"

The lawyer paused to look inquiringly at Lord Radenham sitting erect in the easy chair. He wished the man would relax, lie back, look comfortable and human. Through the slight blue haze of the cigar smoke he met Radenham's bleak and unanswering eyes. The lawyer considered the ash on his cigar. "The boys usually have a fine Christmas dinner, with games and oranges and presents and—er—nigger troupes and so on," said he, his head a little on one side and smiling robustly.

Lord Radenham continued to look at him. Slowly his forehead corrugated until he appeared actually to be thinking. Seizing on this sign of intelligence, the lawyer continued:

"There are one or two—er—institutions of sport, pleasure, or charity—er—such as the local football club, the Christmas entertainments, the—er—annual gifts to the workhouse—all dealt with by the late earl on a munificent scale. These I have been asked to mention to you so soon after your arrival owing to the exigencies of the—er—season. Christmas is upon us. However, if you would care for me just to inform your agent and trades people, these smaller matters can be attended to without your personal trouble. There remains a more delicate and serious problem—the problem of Mrs. Cleve, your late cousin's widow. A sad position!"

The lawyer mellowed into a delicate sympathy.

"Owing to various catastrophes," said he, "the personal income of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve—derived from certain family sources—had been depleted to a mere nothing. They were, however, naturally in receipt of a most generous allowance from the late earl. Under the melancholy circumstances I should be most glad to be enabled to go to Mrs. Cleve and tell her at once that you see fit to continue a—er—suitable allowance. She is living near you at the Dower House. There are, of course, no children, as you may know."

Still sitting upright, Radenham looked at the lawyer. His forehead corrugated in a painful effort at lucid thought.

"Dazed," said the lawyer to himself. "Can't concentrate. I dare say you have—er—been in receipt of a certain amount of family news?"

"No," said Lord Radenham.

The lawyer glanced at the bundle of letters.

"A limited amount of correspondence, I understand, is permitted," he suggested feelingly.

"Yes," said Lord Radenham.

The lawyer looked at the bundle of letters.

"These ——" said Lord Radenham. Then he halted, groping about in his mind. "I cannot find words very easily," he said. But after a vague struggle he went on: "After a while—there was a letter once a month. The governor—of course he opens it," he said meekly.

The lawyer did not reply.

"An anonymous letter once a month," said Lord Radenham, "from a—from a prisoner's help society. The writer said so. Not much in the letters, but then—they came from outside, you understand."

"I understand," the lawyer replied hurriedly.

(Continued on Page 122)

"If Someone Had Loved Me One Minute in All Those Fifteen Years I Would Save These Five Hundred"

Allied Penetration in Germany

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTO. FROM PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Major General Dickman's 3d Army Flagship Moored Before Headquarters on the Rhine at Coblenz

WHEN you step out of the main railway station in Cologne, the headquarters of the British Army on the Rhine, you are confronted by a signboard bearing this inscription: "Commercial travelers can obtain commercial information from the Military Governor's Bureau at 41–45 Am Hof, First Floor." Go to the bureau and you find it buzzing with British salesmen after German trade.

Journey along the Rhine to Mainz, which flies the flag of the commanding general of the French Army of Occupation, and you discover a highly organized economic section attached to the military forces, which supplies useful and profitable data to the salesmen who arrive each week.

Stop at Coblenz, where the Stars and Stripes float so proudly over the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and the commercial scout is a rarity. The few American business men who trickle in from Paris are obliged to proceed Berlinward by way of Cologne, where rigid passport regulations require them to disclose all their plans.

As I watched the scramble for German business I could not help thinking of a certain June back in the early years of the war when I saw the famous economic conference in Paris. It was a distinguished gathering of Allied statesmen who talked eloquently about a subject concerning which they had little practical knowledge or experience. They projected after-the-war trade in terms of nations and pledged themselves to present a united front. They ordained tariff discriminations, boycotts—indeed every weapon that can be hurled at a commercial foe. Impressive and high-sounding resolutions were adopted. "Self-sufficiency" was the keynote; "No trade with Germany," the slogan. Leagues sprang up in England and France to perpetuate this battle cry framed for peace.

There were two serious flaws in that whole Paris procedure. One was that most of the participants in those memorable proceedings were not business men. The other was that despite the resolutions countries do not do business together. Individuals make trade possible. The sum of their transactions is the total trade of a nation. In the last analysis propinquity and the pocketbook are the uncompromising dictators of economic relations.

The Problem

THE Paris economic conference dealt with a magnificent theory. The needs and the acute self-interest of these present crowded hours are harsh realities. That is why the British and the French manufacturer and merchandiser—in time their American colleague must follow in their wake—are working to get their hooks into Teutonic business.

The problem just now is not so much what Germany can sell as what she can buy. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways. If some of the anxiety and concern expressed about the German recovery in the shape of a flood of German-made goods were concentrated on giving her a dose of her own medicine we should be much farther advanced on the road to reconstruction. England and France recognize this fact, but apparently America is suffering from economic shortsightedness.

What, then, is the status of the Allied penetration in Germany?

In the answer lies a revelation of what must at first glance strike the average reader as a cold and sordid performance. Yet speaking dispassionately the resumption of commercial relations with Germany is an essential step in world stabilization, and if anything ever needed stabilizing it is this strike-mad, disorganized, unsettled world of ours.

Any analysis of the Teutonic capacity to buy leads to the institution upon which much of the commercial integrity of Europe depends. I mean, of course, the German strong box. On the ability of the beaten and discredited Fatherland to fulfill her obligations hang hope and fear. No query is more potent than the one embodied in the words, "Can Germany pay?" Her solvency spells an economic security not confined to her own domain.

Perhaps the best way to appraise the Allied trade offensive in Germany is to take it up in terms of occupied areas. The old adage was "The Constitution follows the flag." Today, certainly so far as the business situation in Germany is concerned, the sample case trails in the wake of the conquering banner.

If you had watched the mighty industrial evolution in England during the war you would not be surprised at the swiftness with which her trade outposts were set up the moment the Armistice was signed. If the British nation realized one thing above all others during these last years of travail and eruption it was her one-time dependence upon Germany for many things. Thirty-five years ago England was one of the workshops of the world. Her steel, her textiles, her cutlery led all the rest. She became prosperous, and like many individuals who become successful she grew careless.

England's Lost Manufactures

SHE manifested this carelessness in the ease with which she permitted the assimilative German to take root in her midst. Consumed with ambition, shrinking from no service however menial, and determined to have the proverbial place in the spotlight, the German himself made an unobtrusive cog in the British production machine. He served his apprenticeship in British mills; took away with him the secrets of British art, craft and science, which included among other things the nucleus of the world's dye industry. At home the German had cheap labor and the will to work. He began to make "British" goods, and they looked so much like the real thing that they were accepted everywhere as such.

This not only put a considerable dent in British trade but it deepened the sloth that now began to fall upon the whole British output. It became cheaper and easier for the Englishman to have his goods made in Germany than in England. Moreover, this state of mind sterilized ambition. When it came to a question of competition in the international markets the sport-loving Briton, whose Friday-to-Tuesday week-end holiday was far more important than a business trip to Hamburg or Lyons, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let the Germans go in."

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Cologne From Across the River

hen the war broke England sat up and took some
e of her position in such essentials as dyestuffs, lenses,
al instruments and magnetos. She woke with a bang,
her eyes have been wide open ever since. Like the
who has been badly duped she said to herself, "Never
n!" To-day the whole empire is bound with bonds of
d and a common sacrifice whose heroism is written
Gallipoli to the Somme. Imperial self-sufficiency is
the full brother to imperial preference.
ngland turned to the business battles of peace with a
on her shoulder, determined to carry the fight straight
the heart of the enemy country. She looks upon Ger-
trade as a business proposition, and she argues that
e does not grab it someone else will. Now you can
erstand why there is a British chamber of commerce
ologne, and why you can find a circular, in German,
ertising Sheffield steel in nearly every industrial town
ermany.
ngland entered upon reconstruction better equipped
any of her rivals. Trade knowledge is power and
dripped with this knowledge. Let me emphasize here
t I frequently predicted in THE SATURDAY EVENING
T during the war—that Britain would emerge from the
flict reborn industrially—a whole new
e in the international-business game.
h is her position to-day.
you want a convincing and really
oric evidence of Britain's change with
rd to the once despised thing called
de I have only to say that British com-
cial travelers and other representatives
usiness houses are now permitted to have
sage abroad on every British warship
ring the country. This epoch-making
, which would make some departed Sea
ds turn in their graves, is not only—to
te a British cabinet minister—"a move
que in the history of the empire" but
hows that the mother country is deter-
ed to build up her commerce.

The Economic Section

HE moment the British armies camped
on the Rhine an economic section under
direct control of the military governor
established. Its chiefs and all their subor-
ates wear khaki. They are the so-called
porary officers, who correspond to the
rve officers in the American Army in that
y are all men, many beyond military age,
unselfishly and patriotically left their
ks, laboratories or schoolrooms to do their
re in winning the war. Their task only
an anew with the end of hostilities, be-
se it was just as important for England to
the bloodless struggle for trade as it was
come out victorious in the sanguinary
flicts of the battlefield.
his economic section has a tremendous
nificance in that it shows that England is
ing the government and busi-
s. One reason why the
rman empire that was
rched so triumph-
ntly to its conquest
the universe of
de was that the
perial govern-
nt stood
uarely be-
hd its busi-
ss men.
Instead of im-
pting them,
a was the
vorite na-
tional sport
in America for
ars, it en-
couraged and
subsidized them
in every way.
his is a form of
paternalism both
progressive and
profitable.
The functions of the
nomic section of the
itish Army have been
tofold: One was to
ake an appraisal of
Germany's resources,
ural and developed,
their relation to any further military effort; the other
as to aid the British manufacturer and his salesman.
he first operation was a part of the army program and
d practically ceased by the time the Versailles conference

F. W. King, Acting President, American Association of Commerce and Trade

broke up. The second, however, is a going concern and getting stronger every day. It is with its activities that we are concerned. How do they work? Let us take the concrete example of an English commercial traveler who arrives in Cologne seeking German orders. At the station he receives a yellow slip on which is printed a map showing the location of the leading hotel—the military governor's bureau of commerce and information, as it is called—and the mercantile inquiry office, which is conducted by the Cologne town administration.

The British Army always does its job thoroughly, as you will now see in the arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the visiting salesmen. In the suite of rooms in the Dom Hotel, dear to Cologne sojourners of other days, is the military governor's reception officer, who assigns our friend to billet and rations. Every British commercial traveler must register, and then becomes for the time being a civilian part of the army.

The bureau of commerce and information is not far away. Even if the visiting trade emissary has no sense of direction he has many

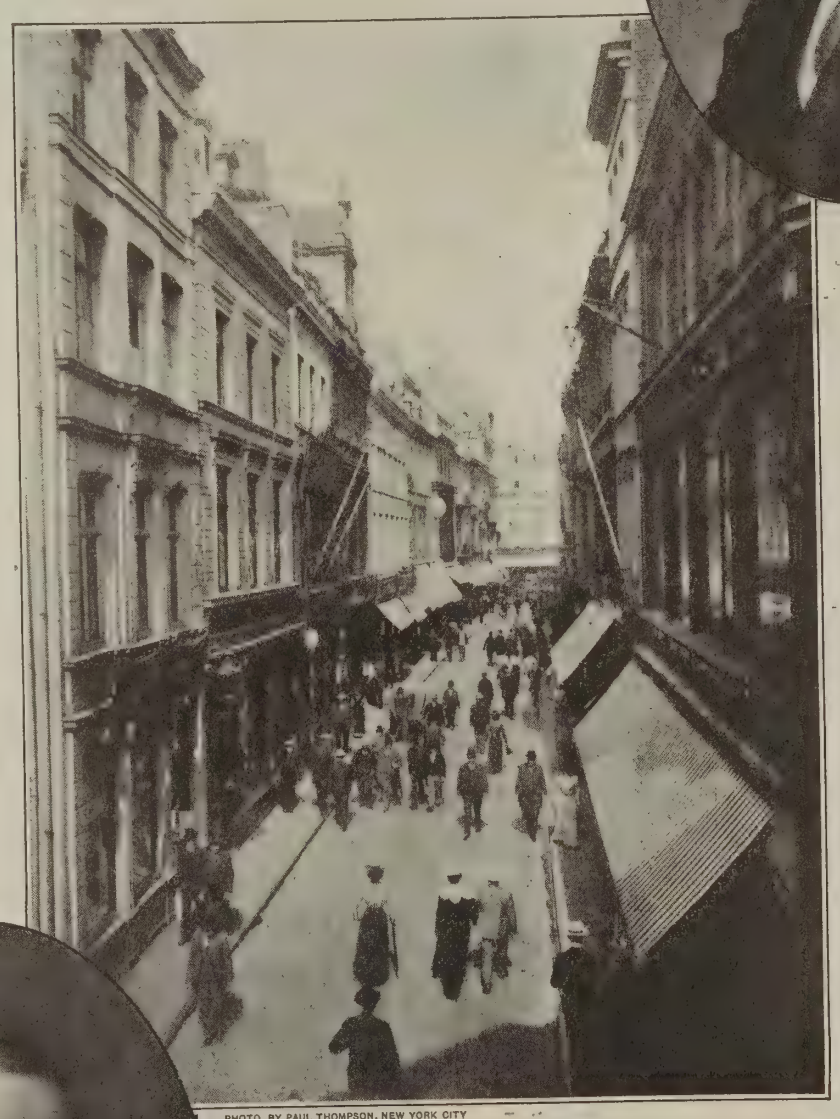
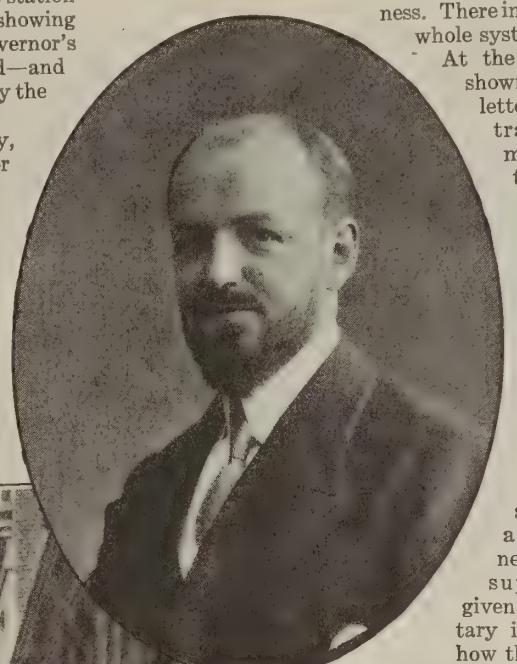


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hohestrasse, Cologne

willing guides, for the reason that Cologne is policed by British Tommies. Arriving at the bureau he finds himself in a two-story brick building, one of many commandeered by the army. Half the lower floor is given up to a large reception room and outer offices, where all possible data about German needs are assembled. Rooms are assigned to the French, Belgian and American governments, but they have small part in the trade play. To use the army phrase, it is a British show. It is assumed that the visitor has something definite to sell or wants to buy. In either case he is required to fill out a blank on which he writes his name, his Cologne address, his firm name, his requirements. There is also a space for firms recommended. If he is a leather manufacturer he is at once given the names of all German leather concerns needing the material. If on the other hand he is in the market for leather he is handed a list of firms, local and otherwise, who can supply his wants.

"How are the names of these German firms secured?" you may ask. The answer is easy. Shortly after they opened up shop in Cologne the British announced through the newspapers—in all occupied areas the press is under a strict military supervision—that all German concerns could file a statement of their needs as well as their resources in merchandise or material with the bureau. Those letters are all on file. In five minutes the British traveler can depart with the names of half a dozen or more firms with whom he could do business. There in a nutshell is the whole system.



Arthur E. Dunning, Secretary, American Association of Commerce and Trade in Berlin

At the bureau I was shown hundreds of letters from German tradesmen and manufacturers that were part of the office records. One German wrote: "I am greatly in need of furniture for my office. Can you put me in touch with a reliable British house?" The next day a British furniture salesman arrived, and this man's need was at once supplied. I have given a very elementary illustration as to how the scheme works.

The result is an almost constant stream of British salesmen flowing in and out of the bureau of commerce and information. They not only supply merchants and manufacturers in Cologne but throughout the whole British area, which is considerable.

The bureau of commerce and information represents only one aid to British business in Germany. Over in the Hohestrasse, the Broadway of Cologne, you will find a well-equipped British chamber of commerce in Germany, as it is officially called. It is affiliated with the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom.

England's Trade Experts

THIS organization does two specific things: The first is to secure every possible German order for British concerns; the second is to expedite the movement of merchandise in and out of Germany.

In the personnel of the chamber you get a hint of just how England proposes to run her foreign trade henceforth. Practically every member of the staff lived or worked in Germany before the war. One of the secretaries with whom I conversed was caught at Düsseldorf in August, 1914, and interned at Ruhleben for the entire duration of hostilities. Men of this type know the German game backward and will prove to be invaluable business getters.

In this same connection it is worth mentioning that hereafter England will employ no more German consuls. One reason why British as well as American foreign trade suffered before the war was that the governments permitted Germans to act as consular or trade agents. Their first interest was for their own nationality. They were part and parcel of the whole world-wide German penetration scheme. Eliminate them and you remove a serious obstacle to overseas expansion.

Closely allied with the British chamber of commerce in Germany will be the clearing house for Anglo-German trade, which was in process of organization when I visited Cologne. The idea was first suggested by the delegations from the Department of Overseas Trade of the Board of Trade, the Federation of British Industries and the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, who visited the occupied area last summer to investigate the trade outlook.

The clearing house is the natural result of the abnormal conditions that prevail in Germany. The high cost of production in the United Kingdom and the low value of the mark create a situation which offers a very tempting opportunity to other nations to snatch from Great Britain part of her export trade by purchasing cheap German-made goods and sending them to foreign markets in which British merchandise is not available. Hence the argument is made that it is better for British trade to use German

(Continued on Page 106)

RED FOAM

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANE

Noah Latimer Stumbled Over Something Across the Walk. He Lighted a Match and Stooped Over

THE little hill town was so quiet that one could hear the wind rustling the leaves of the cottonwood trees in front of the Travelers' Inn four blocks up Main Street. And Arnold Driscoll as he came from the post office and went down the walk with a bunch of letters in his left hand seemed a part of the stillness—a tall, straight man with brown hair, and grave eyes with a touch of violet in them. In the two blocks he passed within speaking distance of five men, and only one of them nodded to him. But Driscoll was unaware of any slight; he was even unaware that he was the most unpopular man in town.

In the drug store across the street Noah Latimer and the druggist played checkers while three loafers watched the game. "There goes Final Doom, "remarked Noah, glancing across the street at the same time that he jumped three of his opponent's men.

"Who do you mean?" asked the druggist.

"Driscoll," said Noah, reaching for a black checker to crown a newly made king. "He always reminds me of the Day of Doom. He ain't got no more expression than an Egyptian mummy—nor feeling neither."

"Did he ever look at you?" asked one of the bystanders, who worked—occasionally—at the Driscoll quarries.

But Noah failed to reply. The druggist had got him into a corner, and his mind was fully occupied. In a moment, however, after extricating himself by sacrificing two men for one, he remarked: "This here Driscoll has to work so hard it has soured him on the world. They say he goes down to the quarries nearly every morning and stays a whole half hour; then he is downtown to his office about an hour in the afternoon. No man can put in a whole hour and a half every day of hard labor, sittin' on a chair with only one cushion in it, without feelin' the strain."

The rest laughed, all but the bystander, who remembered one of those half-hour visits down to the quarry.

Noah straightened up and yawned. He had beaten the druggist after all.

"Guess I'll quit. Want to go down to the garage and see the stage come in. They are lookin' for Andy Freeman in to-day. There is a man for you! If there ever was a prince Andy is one. Makes as much money as the next one, but there ain't nothing stuck up about Andy. Did you hear that one that Andy told about the widow and the man with a one-eyed mule?"

Buckeye Bridge looked out south on a winding little river whose banks were lined with trees; and north of the town the wooded Ozark hills rose in a semicircle. On Saturdays in the busy season, during court week, spring and fall, or in the heat of a presidential election, the little town took on some movement and color. But most of the time it sat in brooding stillness—waiting. In the spring it waited for planting to be over; in the summer it waited for the rush of harvest to pass; and in fall it waited for the farmers to do their winter trading. But all the year it waited from week to week for the coming of Andy Freeman.

Freeman was the traveling representative of the Norman Farm Machinery Company. He made Buckeye Bridge twice a month during the winter, and every week during the farming season. He was a big blond man with light curly hair, large blue eyes, and a complexion as pink as a baby's. He was a hearty eater and a great laugher, and if ever an outsider owned a town Andy Freeman owned Buckeye Bridge. Andy was just getting out of the stage when Noah Latimer arrived at the garage.

"Hello there, you cockeyed beer-guzzling pie eater," Freeman hailed roughly, and Noah grinned on the bystanders with vast pride at this familiarity.

"Say"—Andy turned from instructing the driver where to leave his heaviest grips, and put one arm over Noah's shoulder and the other over the garage man's—"have you fellows heard the story about ——"

Almost magically the circle of listeners was filled, and four or five heads were stuck over their shoulders so as not to miss a word.

There was a slapping of backs and loud guffaws, Andy's the loudest of all, as the story ended, and Freeman broke loose from the circle and started up the street. In three blocks he shook hands five times, struck three other men resounding whacks on the shoulder, and called and waved to half a dozen on the other side of the street.

That evening at the Travelers' Inn while Andy was waiting a second order of pork chops the landlady left the dining room to attend a ringing telephone in the hall.

"Mr. Freeman"—she stuck her head in at the door—"you are wanted on the phone. It's"—she grinned banteringly—"some female."

"Oh, go on." He pushed her into the dining room in playfulness and shut the door.

"Hello, sister." He had instantly recognized the voice; it was Johnny Murphy, the sweet little Christian wife of the owner of the pool hall.

"Auction off a cake at the church social to-morrow night? Sure I will. Is it your cake? I'll bet it's sweet all right, all right. Bid it in myself. Hadn't I better drop round to the church for a little while right after supper and find out what I'm to do? . . . All right, I'll meet you there in half an hour."

"Nowwasn'titawoman?" bantered the lackadaisical landlady with a smirk when he returned to his fresh pork chops.

"No," said Andy with vast self-depreciation; "no woman would be talking to me. It was Jimmy Todd wanting a plow. Jimmy has got a female voice, you know." Andy's wink brought a roar of merriment from the whole table.

But, nevertheless, when Andy left the hotel thirty minutes later and walked through the dusk to the brick church on the corner two blocks west he wore a new white tie and had a freshly scented handkerchief sticking from his side coat pocket.

II

DRISCOLL remained in his office until nearly five. Usually, as Noah Latimer had said, he spent only about an hour during the afternoon at his desk. But to-day there was an unusual amount of ma to attend to.

"That is all." He had finished dictating a reply to t last letter on his desk, risen and reached for his hat.

His stenographer, a young man he had brought wi him from beyond the physical and mental confines Buckeye Bridge, looked up from his notebook and ask amusedly: "Going to the church to-night, Mr. Driscoll?

"No." Driscoll's expression was indifferent, but b eyes met the young man's and inquired the reason for t question.

"Church social, you know," informed the young ma "Be a lot of fun. Andy Freeman is to auction off a cak and they say he is as good as a side show."

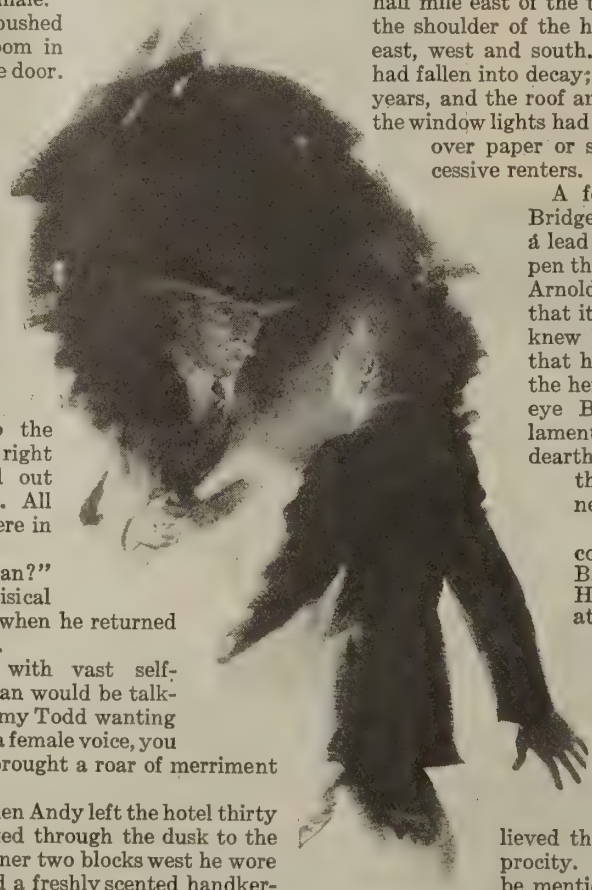
Driscoll put on his hat and went out of the door gravel without any comment. He took the road that turned ea from Main Street and led up the shoulder of the hill to t old Banning place. Banning, a Southern planter who h pioneered in the Ozarks, had owned three hundred acr up and down the river, and had built a big two-story fran house with a wide veranda and tall pillars on the road half mile east of the town. It was set high enough up the shoulder of the hill to command a magnificent vie east, west and south. After Banning's death the hou had fallen into decay; it had not been painted for twen years, and the roof and pillars were rotting, and many the window lights had been broken and covered by paste over paper or stuffed with wads of cloth by su cessive renters.

A few months before, while Buckey Bridge still waited for a railroad, a factor a lead mine, an oil well—anything to ha pen that would bring an industrial boom- Arnold Driscoll had come, but so quiet that it was a month before the town eve knew his name. Then it became know that he had bought the Banning place the heirs; and a few weeks later the Buck eye Bridge Sentinel, which was alway lamenting under double headings th dearth of enterprise in our fair city, ha this paragraph in the column of loc news:

It is rumored that Mr. Arnold Dri coll, who recently purchased the ol Banning place, will remodel the hous He also plans to open a stone quarr at the bluff north of Spring River.

The fact of the matter is tha when this appeared the house wa almost remodeled, and fifty me were working at the stone quarry But Driscoll had not subscribe for anything in Buckeye Bridge not even the Sentinel, and th editor of that worthy sheet be lieved that news is purely a matter of reci procity. In justice to Mr. Driscoll it shoul be mentioned that he also had failed to as Buckeye Bridge for any sort of subscriptio to his own enterprises.

As Driscoll climbed the hill to his house h was the only figure on the road. There wa only one house between the fringe of town an the Banning place, a fairly new six-roo



"Mob!" Gasped Matt. "They're Forming a Mob. Don't You Hear Them?"

ungalow which some ill-advised tourist had built quite ear the big house on the hill—built for the view and bandoned a few months later for more solid reasons. It as still unoccupied.

Driscoll seemed wrapped in a deeper stillness than sual as he entered the front door of his big old house and limbed the stairs.

The lower part of the house he had left almost untouched; ut on the second floor he had remodeled a large south oom, making the two outer walls toward the view mostly lass, the two inner ones mostly bookshelves. There were oft rugs on the floor, two big leather chairs, an old ma- ogany table and a fireplace. Opening from this large oom were a sleeping chamber and a sunny breakfast room. Driscoll lived alone in the big house, save for Aunt Clarissa, negro mammy seventy years old, who cooked and kept ouse for him. This situation had been gravely discussed y a number of worthy women in Buckeye Bridge, and it as the consensus of opinion that it was not seemly. Sev- ral of these worthy censors had spoken to Aunt Clarissa bout it—spoken plainly. It really was not right for any oman, no matter what her age, to live alone in a house ith a man. But Aunt Clarissa had merely cackled and eclared that she never had paid no 'tention to white olks' foolishness, nd she was too ld to begin now.

It was a warm October evening nd Driscoll sat eaning back in a ig chair in front f his open south indows. The sun till touched the ide fringe of rees along the iver below, and hrew into a revel f color a million utumn leaves. carcely without tirring he atched the dusk ather along the iver and the ght vanish from he hills beyond. he bell in the rick church be- an ringing musi- ally out over the tillness of the alley and hills. he fixed tensity n his face relaxed, e smiled a slow ry smile, got up, hanged his coat, ut on his hat nd went out.

III

A COUNTRY town is a veird mixture of redulity and dis- rust, of sympa- hy for physical ickness and ruelty for men- al suffering; of atriotism and tax dodging, of model citizens and charac- er assassins; of religion and obscenity.

Buckeye Bridge boasted four churches; but the brick church with the belfry two blocks west of the Travelers' nn was so eminently in the lead that it looked on the straggling others as religious pariahs who meant well but ad not got inside the gate.

The social was at the brick church with the belfry, and he main room was almost filled by eight o'clock, for word ad passed swiftly that Andy Freeman was to pull off omething.

There were two men in the audience whom no one in Buckeye Bridge had ever seen in a church before: Arnold Driscoll, sitting in the extreme back seat at the right of the door, and Matt Murphy, in the extreme back seat at the left of the door. That Arnold Driscoll, a man of seemingly steady habits, should stay in the town for months and not once go to church was one large element of his unpopu- arity. It could mean only one of two things: either he was an infidel or was cherishing some deep, dark, secret sin. As for Murphy, it could be explained. There was a perpetual war on between the church and Matt's pool hall, which was counted the one last stand of evil and idleness in the town. That Matt was an open enemy of the church made the active devotion of Johnny, his wife, all the more conspicu- ous. She was a thin little thing with black eyes and a piquant face, and her activity in the cause together with the lost state of her husband made much sympathy for her.

There was a short program of music and recitation, which the audience sloughed off as soon as possible. The main business of the evening was to get to Andy Freeman and the cake, and the refreshments that were to follow.

The Ladies' Aid had held a cake-baking contest and the first prize had gone to Johnny Murphy. Her cake was to be auctioned off first, to set a standard of prices for the rest.

When Andy Freeman rose, big, blond and smiling, there was an outburst of applause. The brick church being so preëminently in the lead could allow itself a little latitude in the way of worldly expression.

Andy ran his fingers through his light curly hair, and stood slowly batting his lashes; tears, real tears, showed in the corners of his eyes, and his voice was low pitched and husky.

"Friends, you don't know how it moves a rough-neck sinner like me to be shown such friendliness by you good people. A traveling man's life is a hard life; and I've done lots of things I'm ashamed of, but thank God I've never lost respect for good Christian people. It's people like you that keep the world from going to the devil.

During the speech Matt Murphy, at the left of the door, had listened closely, laughed occasionally. During the sale of the cake he leaned forward, sort of humped over, and looked down at his shoes under the seat.

Arnold Driscoll, across the aisle at the right of the door, had sat through it all gravely attentive, but with no trace of amusement or other emotion on his face. Yet his peculiar violet eyes never left Andy Freeman.

When the last cake was sold and the proceeds announced—one hundred and forty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents, an unheard-of amount for a Ladies' Aid social—there was wild clapping of hands. The clapping continued until Andy leaned on the pulpit and lifted a large, fleshly soft, right hand for silence.

"My friends"—there was emotion in his tone again—"now we've all had our laugh and our good time, but let's don't forget where we are. This is the house of God.

"And let me thank you one and all for your most friendly greetings to me. I have an announcement for you, which I hope will give you as much pleasure as it does me.

"I spoke to you of that dear little woman at home"—someone in the back of the church noticed Arnold Driscoll stir for the first time, and lean forward and lay a long white hand on the back of the seat in front—"well, I'm going to bring her to Buckeye Bridge to live. I've picked this town as our home just because there are so many of you good people here; it's the sort of a place any man wants to have his family in."

There was very enthusiastic applause as he paused a moment.

"I've leased," went on Andy, "that purty little bungalow up on the road east of town; and when we move in I hope all you ladies will call on the missis."

Matt Murphy had lifted his head, and looked relieved. But Arnold Driscoll rose and slipped out so quietly that he was scarcely noticed.

The Sheriff Shook His Head Regretfully. "Looks Bad, Driscoll. I'll Have to Take You Both"

"And thank the Lord for good women. Us men are all sinners—ain't that right, boys?" He winked at the back rows, and the men laughed appreciatively, proud of the accusation. "But when we go wrong there's always some dear little woman to lead us back to the straight and narrow.

"That's what makes a traveling man's life so hard—being away from home so much—and there ain't no place like home. It's what makes our country the greatest and grandest nation on earth—the homes. And no matter where I go nor how many wrong things I do, I always know there is a dear little woman waiting at home to greet me with a smile and a 'God bless you, Andy!' I tell you she's a peach, that little woman is, and no man is going to go far astray with a wife like her.

"But now we got to sell these cakes. That reminds me of the story ——"

Then Andy became very amusing. He kept the crowd in an uproar of mirth. He knew all the stories in all the drummers' joke books, and even at times told some too new for publication.

He had a merry time auctioning off Johnny's cake. He made a speech about the fairy hands that had made it; he openly winked at Johnny, and passed some familiar badinage with her as to what she had put in the cake.

And he sold it for seventeen and a half dollars!

IV

THERE were people in Buckeye Bridge who liked Arnold Driscoll. His stenographer liked him, and so did the foreman of the quarries. The sheriff had a good word for him, and the banker declared he was all right. But his staunchest supporter was Tom Shannon, the town's leading lawyer and the county attorney; and Tom was the best judge of human nature—even that sort that gets on juries—in the county.

Yet, as Noah Latimer explained to the druggist while he deliberated between a center rush and a flank attack on the checkerboard, there was a reason. Of course old Dodson would like the devil if he kept a deposit in his bank with three 0's tied to its tail; and the sheriff's son was timekeeper at the quarry; and Final Doom had given Shannon a lot of work first and last, making out papers and seeing to titles and the like. Of course Shannon was a purty good judge of men, but he wasn't at all particular. Tom was right fond of several men that he'd sent to the pen for hoss stealin'.

But regardless of whether the town liked Arnold Driscoll or not, he grew more and more into their consciousness. Almost daily more men were added to the fifty already at work in the quarry. Practically every man who applied was given a job, and at wages that astonished him into dreams of flivvers and fancy shotguns. Moreover, a constantly growing stream of motor trucks and six-mule teams, with machinery from the railroad eighteen miles away, passing through the main street of Buckeye Bridge on the way to

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THAT VILLAIN HER FATHER

By LEONARD MERRICK

PHOTO. BY ABBE, NEW YORK CITY

"Girls Quite Young Marry Men Much Older Than You"

HENRI VAUQUELIN was a widower with one daughter, to whom he had denied nothing from the time she used to whimper for his watch and drop it on the floor. So after she left the convent, where she had been educated, and told him how much she was missing her friend Georgette he said gayly, "*Mais, ma petite,* invite mademoiselle—whatever her name may be—to come to Paris and stay with us for a month."

His gayety was a trifle forced, however. Though he was happy to give his daughter a companion, he was pained to learn that his own companionship hadn't been enough.

"For I have done all I could," he mused. "The fact is that though I feel fairly young, I am not. That's what's the trouble. To a girl of twenty-one a father of forty-five is an ancient for the chimney corner. I must see about finding her a husband—I shall have a talk to Madame Duvivier about her son the first time I am in the neighborhood."

And after Blanche had flung her arms round his neck and darted forth to send the invitation to her friend he surveyed his reflection in a glass and noted that his mustache was grayer than he had thought.

When the indispensable Georgette arrived in a costume that became her admirably and sat at dinner in a dress that became her more admirably still, replying to him with composure and point, he was surprised at the girls' attraction for each other—and his surprise did not diminish as the days passed. Though not actually more than two or three years older than Blanche, Mademoiselle Paumelle was in tone much older. Blanche was an ingénue; Georgette was a woman—except in moments when she romped like a schoolgirl, all spontaneity and high spirits.

"She is a queer compound, your chum," he remarked when she had been with them for a fortnight. "Alternately thirty and thirteen!"

"You don't like her, papa?"

"Oh, yes, she is well enough, and not bad looking. I am relieved she did not turn out to be ugly—that would have depressed me. But it is a trifle confusing to be uncertain whether I am about to be addressed by a woman of the world or a madcap from a nursery."

"She used always to be a madcap till she lost her mother—you see, she is not very happy with her stepfather. It is that that has changed her so dreadfully."

"I find nothing dreadful about her," said Vauquelin a shade sharply. "On the contrary, it—I suppose some people might find it rather fascinating. I merely observe that she is different from any other girl that I have met. What's the matter with her stepfather?"

"She tells me he never stops talking."

"His topics must be pretty catholic. This *jeune fille* from the country appears to know more of politics, finance, society and sport than I who have lived in Paris forty-five years."

"How you do exaggerate, papa!" rippled Blanche reprovingly.

"At any rate, I do not exaggerate the years," deplored Vauquelin. "Well, if she is not happy at home, why not ask her to stay with us for two months? She is not in my way, you know."

But Mademoiselle Paumelle declared that it would be impossible for her to prolong her visit. Blanche reported this to him with wistful lips, and he said: "I'll see if I can persuade her—I will speak to her about it in the morning when you go to take your music lesson."

On the morrow—"Blanche tells me that she is greatly disappointed," he began. "She will miss you terribly when you leave us, mademoiselle. I wish you would think over your objection."

"It is infinitely kind of you, Monsieur Vauquelin. I fear that a month is the very most I can manage."

"Even to do us a service?"

"Ah, a service!" She smiled. "You will find plenty of people ready to do you such services."

"Not plenty of Mademoiselles Paumelle. I am in earnest. It is *triste* here for Blanche alone with me. I have done my best for her. I am not consciously selfish—I have sat at home when I wanted to go out and gone out when I wanted to stop at home. I have taken her to the Français and pretended to enjoy myself, though I could have wept with dullness, and the question of her clothes has absorbed me more than the affairs of France. But I am old. All my tenderness for her cannot alter that."

"You do not seem old," said Mademoiselle Paumelle.

"Don't I?" said Vauquelin, regarding her gratefully. "Look how gray my mustache is getting. And yet, do you know, when we're all laughing together I feel as young as ever I was."

"Your manner is young. The face alters ages before the manner."

"I am forty-f—er—over forty and Blanche is twenty-one. What will you? I must get her married soon. It is my paramount desire. I rather fancy that Duvivier and she may not dislike each other—the gentleman you saw the other evening."

"She was doing her hair from seven o'clock to eight and he sighed when he handed her the lemonade."

"Your observation is invaluable. I must have a chat with his mother soon. It would be an excellent match. In the meantime she stands in need of the companionship and counsel of a young lady like you—she needs it most urgently. If your stepfather can spare you ——"

"Ah, my stepfather could spare me forever," she put in. "There are others to listen to him."

"And if you are not bored here ——"

"Bored! I am having the time of my life."

"*Eh bien.* Remain for two months, I beg. Be merciful to us. I need your advice myself. There is a matter that is harassing me. I cannot determine whether her new jumper tunic should be beaded, silk broidered or fringed."

"If it is telling on your health ——" Her eyes laughed into his.

"You yield?"

"I weakly wobble."

"There is further the consuming question of a simple evening dress—what it should be made of."

"I succumb. Tulle would be all right, or Georgette."

"It shall be Georgette—we shall not lose you so utterly when you go."

"Oh, you are—priceless!" she pealed.

Vauquelin reflected: "She has three sterling qualities, this girl—she is pretty, she is nice and she looks at me as if I were a young man."

During the next six weeks Vauquelin developed a zest for the Français that was astonishing. And not for the Français only, or for the Opera Comique and concerts and cinemas. Blanche had never applauded her papa so ardently. He would be seized with captivating whims for expeditions and picnics and moonlight runs in the car. His frolicsomeness passed belief.

Not till the six weeks were over and Madamoiselle Paumelle had departed bearing Blanche with her did his spirits fall. And then there would have been no buyers. The middle-aged gentleman was plunged into melancholy, the worse to bear from the fact that he was conscious of being comic—trying to throw dust in his own eyes.

"It is frightful how I miss Blanche," he would soliloquize at the elegiac dinner table.

But the eyes were fixed sentimentally on the place that had been Georgette's. And as the date approached for Blanche to return and his heart sank before the necessity for resuming his capers, "It is clear," he told himself, "that the affection I entertained for that Georgette Paumelle was almost parental."

The fatherliness of his feelings for her, however, did not avert increased regrets at the graying mustache and he abandoned his shaving mirror, because it magnified the lines about his nose and mouth.

Blanche on his knee again had plenty to tell. She described the stepfather as a "trial," and his maiden sisters as "cats." She had enjoyed herself because Georgette and she had been together all day, but it must be hideous there for Georgette alone.

"She isn't going to stick it much longer. She is miserable with them."

"How distressing that is!" said Vauquelin. "To whom does she go?"

"Well, she has money of her own, you know—she can live where she likes."

"*Mais—comment donc?* She cannot live by herself—a *jeune fille, bien elevée!* What an idea! Her people would never sanction it."

"I think they would be rather glad to get rid of her," said Blanche, choosing a chocolate with deliberation.

"But—but it is monstrous! To live like a Bohemian, she! It is unheard-of, terrible. Is she out of her mind? Listen, *ma chérie,* if her plight upsets you so violently she can make her home with us."

"Ah, papa!" cried Blanche in ecstasy. "It is the very thing I thought of, but I was afraid it was too much to ask you."

"Now when did I ever refuse you anything?"

"But such an enormous favor!"

"Not at all, not at all. I shall adapt myself to the arrangement well enough."

"But, papa, it might get on your nerves in time."

"Not at all, not at all. There is my study for me to retire to—I shall not see more of her than I want to."

"You promise that?"

"I can swear it."

"Oh, it will be adorable! I only wonder if I am being selfish to let you do it."

"I insist," said Vauquelin with a noble gesture. "Say we entreat her to agree, that we shall be wounded if she declines. Say our flat is her home for as long as she will honor us—the longer the better. I will write a few lines to her too. Be tranquil, my sweet child; I do not sacrifice myself. Is it not my highest joy to indulge you?"

After many letters had been indited to her Mademoiselle Paumelle was prevailed upon to come; and after many remonstrances had been made to her she ceased to speak of going. But for the fact that her gifts to the girl were expensive it was as if she were a member of the family. Blanche was relieved to note that her papa was not driven to the seclusion of his study often—and never did he withdraw to it when Blanche was absent to take her music lesson. As he had predicted, Vauquelin adapted himself to the arrangement plastically. He approved it so much, especially the tête-à-tête during the music lessons, that when six months had flashed by he resented an incident which reminded him that it couldn't be permanent. A Monsieur Brigard, an old comrade, arrived to propose that Blanche should espouse Brigard's boy."

"My friend, I have other views for my daughter," replied Vauquelin firmly.

But the arrival dejected him, in the knowledge that when Blanche should marry Georgette would have to go.

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Dollar-a-Year Men on Politics

By ARTHUR BULLARD

DECORATION BY WILSON KARCHER

"WHAT! You decided to run for Congress?" The loud jeer drew my attention to the group before the club replace. "Yes." The reply came from a man named Thornton. "And so did a lot of us—at first. But running for Congress is playing the game according to the rules—and it's the rules we must change. We all learned that from our experience in Washington. We must change the rules of the game if we want an efficient Government."

Thornton had a right to use the word "efficient." I dropped my newspaper and drew into the circle to listen. Most of us had been doing some kind of war work, several were still in uniform, all were in the uneasy frame of mind so common these days, finding it difficult to catch again our pre-war stride.

Thornton was a typical dollar-a-year man. He had never been the director of a corporation. He had worked for big business as a technical expert and his very special skill had brought high retainers. I had never heard him discuss politics. I doubt if he had voted a dozen times in his life. But a strange wind had blown in the spring of 1917. It had torn most of us from our moorings. It had blown him down to Washington.

All the War Department could suggest for him was a uniform, some months in a training camp and eventual shoulder insignia. But at last he had found his own kind in the Council of National Defense and they had set him to work without the formality of changing his clothes. For the last few months grateful governments—our own included—had been pinning ribbons on him.

"Yes," he went on, "a good many of us decided that we'd run for Congress after the war. Bill shared that ambition." Bill, a successful mining engineer, nodded a sheepish assent.

"How about it, Atchinson? Didn't you, also, have that idea for a while?" But Atchinson was a corporation lawyer and waved his hand vaguely, refusing to commit himself. "Anyhow," Thornton went on, "that was the first reaction of most of us to what we saw in Washington.

"You see, we dollar-a-year men—as a class—had never paid any attention to politics. Most of us were experts in some line. Every profession was represented, all kinds of engineers, consulting advertisers, patent lawyers, college professors, crack salesmen—salaried men, high salaried, but we were the kind who earn our pay. There wasn't anything about politics in our technical journals. We'd never had any reason to think much about government. Of course if we stopped to think we knew there was some relation between business and politics, but the directors, the men higher up, attended to that."

Marvels of Inefficiency

"THEN the war suddenly made us pay attention. What we saw—when we looked—gave us a jolt. I remember a French expert I met. He said that he and his kind were up against the same thing at home and he had the right phrase for it. He said, 'The war has made me a citizen. I'd forgotten what republic means.' And he told me the Latin words, which I'd forgotten too—*res publica*, the public affairs. 'We French scientists,' he said, 'had neglected the public affairs. We had become alienated from our government, aliens in our own home. But the war has shown us our responsibilities. It has made us citizens again.'

"That's what happened to a lot of us down in Washington. We'd always been rather proud of being American citizens, but we'd never done anything to deserve the title. We'd let our citizenship lapse.

"We're all afraid of being called idealists—there's such a lot of flubdub about it. But I guess most of you have gone through the same thing. First, I discovered—what I'd never thought about before—that I liked this old country of ours, was proud of its successes, hurt by its failures, wanting it to be fine and clean and important—something a lot better than just being rich—and that I was willing to drop my regular job and work to make it so. And then I was surprised to find how many other fellows I knew and had never suspected of such feelings felt just as I did.

"We talked over what that Frenchman had said. Of course it isn't only in wartimes that a citizen should do his part. Because we—and a lot like us—had been altogether wrapped up in our private jobs, we'd neglected the public affairs and—believe me—they were in a bad way. I'd never dreamed that such crude inefficiency and waste as we found in the Government was possible. It was simply incredible."

"Come, come," the club optimist broke in, "that's too strong. Remember 'Ninety-eight and the scandals of that little war. Things have improved immensely."

"Sure, they have!" Thornton agreed. "We ran this war better than the row with Spain, because to a large extent we took it out of the hands of the regular Government and did the important things by emergency bodies of business men. I am not criticizing the conduct of this war, but the crazy, slipshod, old governmental methods which preceded the war—and threaten to follow. It's the normal peacetime, regular political organization that I'm gunning for.

"Here's a witness for my case." He beckoned to a newcomer. "I need your testimony, Cross. Tell these gentlemen the story of your arsenal."

But Cross thought he was being made sport of and wandered off dejectedly to where the barroom used to be.

"It's a typical story," Thornton said, "but Cross won't tell it. He's afraid people will think he's lying. He's a specialist on arranging the layout of machinery. When the war came along he got patriotic like the rest of us. They made him buy a suit of khaki and asked him to buck up one of their regular plants. He won't tell the real figures of how he pushed up the output. But it was dizzying. It was a wonderful achievement for him to double the output, triple it, multiply it by ten, but it proves the terrible inefficiency of the way it was run before he came along."

Cross wandered back from the deserted shrine and joined the group.

"It sounds like such a fairy story that Cross won't tell it—is a little ashamed of it—afraid it will ruin his professional reputation. The next corporation that hires him might expect him to duplicate the miracle."

"There wasn't any fairy business about it," Cross said modestly. "They had a good plant, the men in charge were good fellows, doing their best—they just somehow lacked the sense of organization and drive. A little advice from a practical man, used to big factories, started them right and things began to hum. A dozen other fellows could have done just what I did—a good many of them did just as well and better on other jobs."

"That's just my point," Thornton said triumphantly. "A lot of us are in the same embarrassing position. We jumped into government service during the war and found that the regular peacetime organization had been so hopelessly inefficient that when we installed ordinary business methods the results looked like magic. There's nothing left for us but suicide. Our next job is sure to be a failure. There's no hope of living up to reputations we made. We can't find such chances in private industry. That arsenal job was a cinch for Cross, but generally he had to work like a slave to increase a factory's output five per cent. Our ordinary industrial enterprises would bankrupt at once if they tolerated the kind of inefficiency which is normal in government work."

"Let me put in some testimony," Atchinson said.

"I was amazed at the way public funds were handled. Not graft, but the waste of inefficient methods. Large balances were held practically idle in government depositories, in private banks, in safes—held up in the routine of the bureaus—earning little or no interest. I have several instances in mind, but they might be explained away as in some way exceptional; and as I understand Mr. Thornton's argument he is interested in the unexceptional and normal. Well, there is a constant, steady loss to the Government—small in detail, but tremendous in the gross—which could be prevented by the simple speeding up in the handling of mail and money. Letters come in containing cash or checks, they are routed from desk to desk and much interest-earning time is lost before they are deposited. Much of this loss is caused by specific regulations which, whatever their good intent, entail delay. But more I think is due to the lack of any effort to develop speed. Routine means that a check for two dollars and a check for two millions take the same length of time to go a given distance.

"It was noticeable to me how in our organization the employees we had taken over from the Government were surprised at the way we handled money, the care we took to see that it did not get halted along the route. It seemed a brand new idea to them."

"How far would business men get with such methods?" Thornton demanded. "Cross and I and the other dollar-a-year men were used to working for corporations which were successful just because they took care of such details, just because they opened their letters quickly and rushed the money to the bank.

"These things have nothing to do with the conduct of the war. It's the peacetime phase of the Government I'm talking about. That job of Cross'—a lot of government money tied up in a plant, yielding way below the normal output of ordinary industry. The department employees—not taking an interest in the job, glad to move slowly, not hurrying unless there is a law that makes them hurry."

More Noise Than Power

"IT'S an amazing jumble, this governing machine of ours. Hardly any of the cogs fit, some are worn flat by friction and just buzz noisily. None of the power we put into it gets full use. The overhead charges and operating expenses are appalling. Men like me had not paid much attention to government, but in a subconscious way we had thought of it as a giant corporation, a hundred million shareholders, a congressional board of directors to determine policy and the executive offices located in Washington. When we found that in spite of its tremendous resources the company was passing its dividends every year, the natural thing to do seemed to be to get some good men on the board of directors, men used to corporation affairs, men who could reorganize the concern on a business basis—do the trick for the whole Government that friend Cross was doing on his job and the rest of us in other corners.

"It looked simple. Run for Congress and bring the business of government up to the corporation standard."

"Couldn't you find a better standard?" The interruption came from an inventor who had suffered at the hands of big business. "The political struggle of the last generation has been to free the Government from corporation control. The less politics copies such methods the better for honest men."

There was a murmur of approval from several of the circle.

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HOT METAL

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE Stanley Kirk Furnace Company owned and operated four blast furnaces at Ferro Junction. Ferro Junction was situated a little less than ten miles south of Steelburg. In size it was a place of no great importance, but its shipping facilities, both rail and water, were excellent, and an enormous volume of freight flowed through its narrow confines every year. Besides the four blast furnaces, extensive railroad yards and shops were located there, and a number of warehouses. Connecting the Junction with Steelburg was a single-track stub line infrequently used, and then for freight hauling only.

As an iron-producing center Ferro Junction was older than Steelburg, for while Steelburg was yet a little farmers' town, long before it had given up its bucolic name of Groveland, dropped its countrified habits and turned its attention to things in iron and steel, there were two charcoal furnaces in operation at the Junction, drawing their fuel from the surrounding forests, working the near-by hills for their lean ore, finding their limestone in shallow quarries close at hand. But the forests were quickly burned up, the deposits of lean ore exhausted and then the charcoal furnaces disappeared. In their places rose up two huge furnaces—or so they were considered then—with capacities each of one hundred and fifty tons of iron a day, burning coke for fuel and smelting the new rich red ore that was flowing down from the Superior regions. But these two furnaces were in no great while outclassed and were replaced by larger furnaces and these in their turn by still larger—stacks of five hundred tons' capacity.

Old Kent Masterson had built and operated the two charcoal furnaces at Ferro Junction and they had made him wealthy. Kent Masterson, Jr., had built and operated the first two coke-burning stacks. Dunwood Masterson had built and in a half-hearted way for a while operated the second couple of these furnaces. But Stanley Kirk had erected the four great modern stacks that stood at Ferro Junction, casting their two thousand tons of iron every twenty-four hours, when Steelburg Mills began worrying about hot metal for its Open Hearth. And Stanley Kirk owned and operated them.

A Dead Tree That Stood Not Far From Them Burst Into Flames and by its Light He Gazed at Her and Recognized Her

Stanley Kirk owned and operated the Ferro Junction group of furnaces because Dunwood Masterson had not taken kindly to the profession of his grandfather, old Kent Masterson, had shown no interest in the great business he had inherited from his father, had not cared to continue in that business. Shortly after coming into possession of his estate he had made Stanley Kirk, his furnace superintendent, a partner in his business, giving him such unheard-of opportunities that within a few years Stanley Kirk was able to buy out his former employer.

This was what Dunwood Masterson wished—he did not like business, and anyway he had money enough—he was several times a millionaire. So he turned over his holdings to Stanley Kirk, left the Junction, where the Mastersons had always lived, and moved to the great city of which Steelburg is a corporate part and there entered politics. In a few years he was elected representative to Congress from one of the big city's districts and he gave his constituents such satisfaction that they continued to return him term after term. Then he stood for the United States Senate and was elected, and he was serving the fourth year of his first term when Steelburg Mills began worrying about hot metal for its Open Hearth. And there was talk of Dunwood Masterson's being a possible dark-horse candidate for his party in the next presidential campaign.

When Steelburg Mills built fourteen new Open-Hearth furnaces and installed two five-hundred-ton mixers to handle the hot metal that was to be used in the new furnaces somebody had blundered—Steelburg Mills could not find hot metal enough to keep the new plant running full.

"Somebody," as a shipping clerk remarked to Denny Costigan, a foundry foreman, as he sat down on the foreman's desk to discuss the recent closing down of half the new plant for want of iron, "somebody must have had poppy-seed salad for breakfast, dinner and supper when that new Open Hearth was being planned and built."

Denny Costigan sighed and drew a paper package from his pocket. "There it is before you ask for it," he said, tossing the package upon the table.

"What d'ye know about it, Denny?" chortled the shipping clerk as he started to explore the interior of the package with his fingers. "It's a great old member of the vegetable kingdom, isn't it? I hear there's a movement under way among the smokers of the world to build a monument to Sir Walter Raleigh. Me—I'm saving up my dimes to donate to a fund to erect a memorial to the knightly gent who discovered the weed was good for mastication.

"But as I said before, Denny, what d'ye know about it? Here's seven of the new furnaces idle because they haven't got iron. Who fell down? Was it Chief Engineer Rattlebones? Was it Manning? Was it Goodlow? If dinky dubs like you and me, Denny, made the bulls the big guys make it'd be tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—for us. But as the old, old saying has it—'The king can do no wrong.' Isn't it so?

"Here they go and build a great big Open Hearth, expecting to use hot metal in it, but they don't increase their blast-furnace capacity, supposing they had blast furnaces enough. Which they have while all those blast furnaces are running full, but when some of them have to be blown out and shut down for relining—and that will happen, Denny—then—presto! And also—zip! Where's your hot metal then? Right now there's Katy, Susie and Emma with their insides ripped out, with no chance of their being able to make iron for two or three months. And I heard that Lucy, Dolly and Mary have got hot spots on their sides—high up too. What d'ye know about it?

"Most of the hot metal they're making now is going to the Bessemers, which is the logical place to send it, of course. They could let the Open Hearths have it and melt chill pig for the Bessemers in the cupolas, but that would be as idiosyncratic as shaving a mule to get hair to make a horse blanket for him to keep him from getting nipped by the frost when the north wind doth blow. What d'ye know about that?

"No, Denny, a fellow can't bat and bang round an old dump like this as long as you and I have without finding out a few things that are going on, eh? But meditate on it, Denny, meditate on it! Seven furnaces shut down and the furnace men up in the air simply because somebody added up two and two and got five! I hear the Old Man is negotiating with the Kirk Furnace people down at Ferro Junction for hot metal. Kirk thought he had made a contract with old Teller, when Teller was the Old Man here, to shoot hot pig up here over the stub, and he went ahead and had the ladles built to haul it here in. But old Tellerinsky double-crossed him somehow, wiggled out of the contract, and instead of buying iron from Kirk he built Susie, Dolly and Lucy, leaving Kirk with those ladles on his hands. They're big devils, Denny—regular wallopers—hold sixty tons!

"You'll see them slipping in here some of these days soon, Denny, with the red stuff slopping over their tops, and then the Open Hearth will go full again. By golly-Ned, I wouldn't want to ride on that hot-metal train if it gets to running! The stub from the Junction up is a pretty shaky piece of track, so McNutt tells me.

"Friend Denny, isn't that Lord Calla's physiology protruding through yon doorway of the foundry? It is! What d'ye know about that? Bid me a hasty farewell, Denny—I'm leaving via the kitchen entrance! What d'ye know about it?"

omebody at Steelburg Mills had blundered and with ?e blast furnaces blown out in a bunch there was a rtage of hot metal. But Stanley Kirk had hot metal to He had the ladles built and ready in which it could be nsported from Ferro Junction to Steelburg Mills and elburg Mills quit worrying and gave him a contract to ver to the mills not less than one thousand tons of ic iron daily. And the contract was not to terminate in brief period—Stanley Kirk had seen to that.

'he furnace owner was jubilant—he had been trying to ain such a contract, trying to sell hot metal to Steel- g Mills for years. He told United States Senator sterson about his good luck one night at their club in city and let him read his contract.

I congratulate you, Stan," said the senator. "That tract will smooth out a lot of your worries. Sold in the ing ladle! Cheap selling, Stan, cheap selling! You'll recover the loss Teller caused you. I really must run to Steelburg Mills some day and look about the place. ven't been inside the plant for twelve or fifteen years— be more. I used to go to the gates and make noonday resses to the workmen in my campaign for Congress, I couldn't find time to get inside. They continue to w of course?"

Grow? Rather! But I can't see how they can build e blast furnaces until Vinegar Gully has been vacated filled in. They are pinched for room in that direction."

From what I've heard of that place it would be a very l thing if it were wiped out. Why don't they buy it?"

They can't. Cockshot and Conway, who run those two rious saloons, The Bucket of Blood and The Morgue, hey are called—each one of them is a Klondike, I have d—own every foot of the Gully now with the excep- of a small parcel held by a young man named Gay, works in the mills. Teller allowed those two ruffians teal a march on him."

The Mills will have to pay their price then. I don't pose you ever see Nan Sorrel, do you, Stan?"

I've seen her once or twice in the past year when she iped out of the asylum and came wandering down to Junction."

Poor old thing! I wonder if she's properly taken care p there. I send a sum of money to the superintendent he institution every year for her, but I doubt if she efits much from it. She's as flighty as ever, I pose?"

"Oh, yes, from what I hear. And crazy for whisky too. One of my men has told me that she always goes to the old house when she comes to the Junction, rambles through it as though searching for something she has lost, then goes to those foreigners' saloons and begs and buys enough liquor to make her drunk, then back to the stone house, where she stays until they come for her. Why don't you have that old pile pulled down?"

"What's the use? I never see it. I'll deed it to you if you'll accept it."

"No, thanks; I don't want it."

The senator sat musing for several moments.

"I may have that place leveled, Stan. I'll run down to the Junction some of these days," he said. "Well, I must be going. Good night, Stan."

Kirk drew the contract from his pocket, read it through again and chuckled. "It's a good one," he muttered.

The huge rusty ladles that had been standing idle for years at Kirk's furnaces were now rolling into the yards of Steelburg Mills. By day and by night they came. Filled to the slopping brim with the red molten metal, they trembled on their heavy trucks over the shaky bridges and culverts of the stub road connecting Ferro Junction and Steelburg Mills, bounced and bumped over the rough uneven tracks, and entering the mill yards, where there were many cross-overs and frogs and switch points, the red metal washed over the ladles' rims in fiery waves to rain down along the tracks in showers of tiny metallic spherules or fall into little pools and gullies of water and explode with sharp staccatic reports like the cracking of high-power rifles. Creeping slowly through the yards, they went winding in and out among the long black buildings on their way to the two five-hundred-ton mixers at the farther end of the Open Hearth and, because they were quadruple the size of any other ladles yet seen in the yards, men paused in their work to look at them as they rolled along the tracks; and because of their immensities, because of something threatening about their huge bulks, men avoided passing near them, making wide detours when they would meet them. But in time they became accustomed to them and did not care, and on frosty mornings they liked to stand close to them and lay numbed fingers against the warm sides of the big vessels as they slipped slowly past.

A shipping clerk detouring three of the monsters one morning soon after they had started running met Yard-master McNutt, whom he promptly hailed.

"What d'ye know about it, Mack, if one of those wallopers should tip over down there on that bank above the billet mill—say, just as it got opposite the roll train? The laddy bucks below would get one lovely soaking, wouldn't they? They'd be washed up so thoroughly that their wives wouldn't have to nag them about Saturday night baths for the next fifty years. What d'ye know about it?"

"They won't tip—they can't tip," said McNutt.

"Mack, anything can tip. I knew a haystack to tip once down near my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, Mack. What d'ye know about that? A twenty-five-by-twenty-five-foot haystack standing in the middle of a flat ten-acre field! Skunks, moles, gophers, foxes, ground-hogs and mice undermined one side and it tipped. It simply lost its equilibrium. Anything will tip that loses its equilibrium. That's why men tip—lack of equilibrium. I never tip more than a dime, but some suckers tip as high as four bits. I possess a very stable equilibrium. What d'ye know—what's the big rush to get away, Mack?"

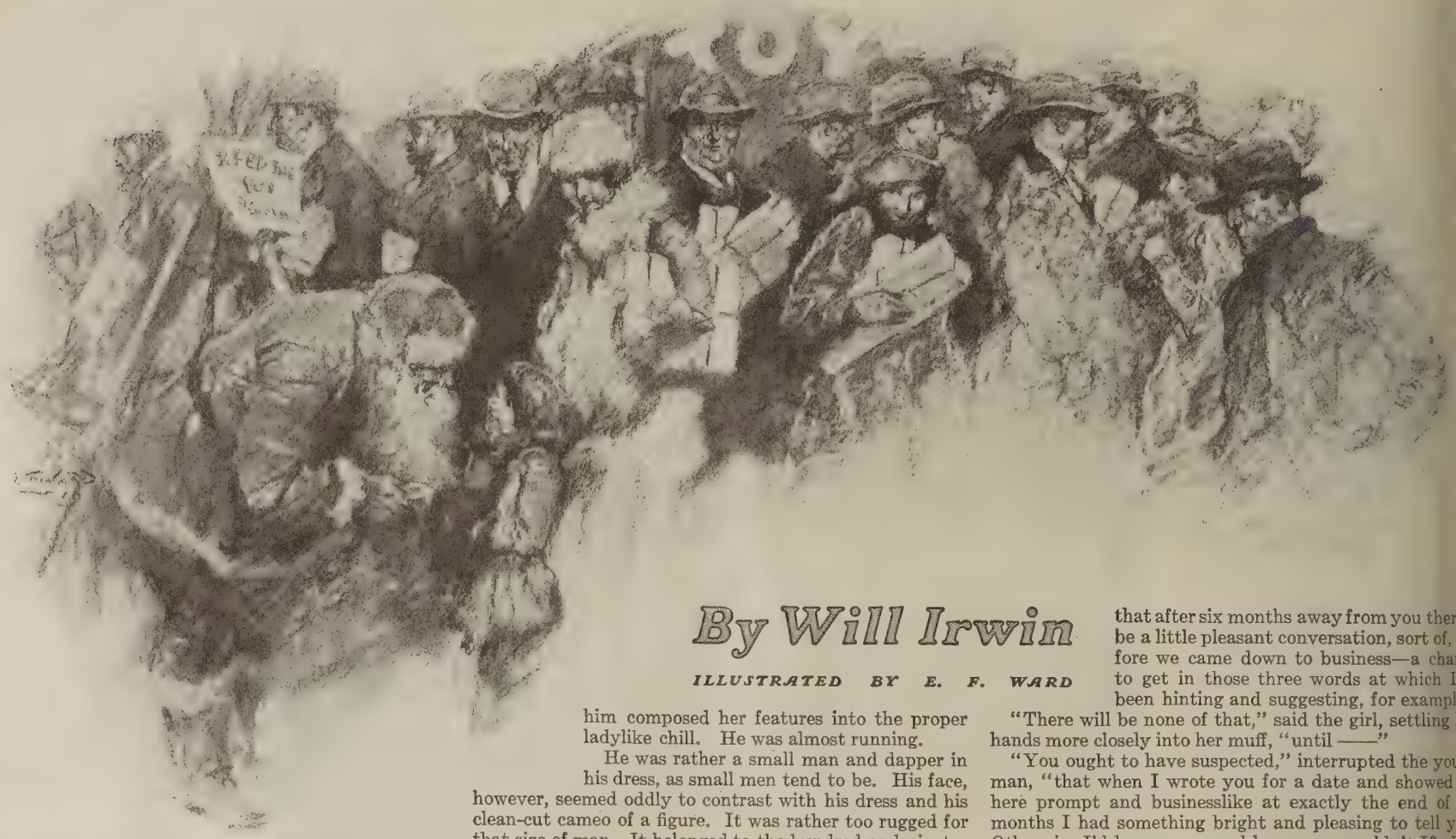
Standing on the elevated floor of the Open Hearth, Wally Gay would watch the huge ladles slipping into place far below the mixers, able from his vantage point to look down upon the quivering surfaces of the red pools in the glowing bowls. Then he would see black ropes of steel dropping down out of the dirty dusks that obscured the lofty reaches of the high mixer building, dropping down silently, dropping down until they touched the trunnions of the vessel over which they descended, when the mighty bowl of molten metal would move upward—floating upward, it always seemed to him, watching—slowly, steadily, silently upward, until its rim reached the level of the top of the greater vessel. Then as the black hulk of the mixer rolled over to give its mouth to the ladle he would watch Gargantuan lips meet Gargantuan lips and listen to the gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of the mixer drinking the sixty tons of red liquid. And he would laugh sometimes at the fantastic pictures he allowed himself to see in the deep, candent depths of the drained vessel as it floated down and down and down to its place on the tracks.

But always as he stood there on the elevated floor, watching the discharging of the hot metal, there would come over him that old feeling of awe and wonder that had gripped him when, a little boy, he had stolen into the mills to hide himself behind some column or wall and there

(Continued on Page 115)

Shuddering, He Was Turning Away When She Spoke, Not So Much to Him as to Herself: "I Can't Find It! I Can't Find It! It's Lost!"

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS



"Then Came the Day Before Christmas. There Wasn't Much Use of Hunting a Job That Day—Nobody Was in His Office"

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

JUST above the Sherman statue at the Park entrance a girl walked rapidly and yet aimlessly—two or three blocks north, and then turning, two or three blocks back again. Through the golden haze of that pleasant late-winter Sunday afternoon other girls were walking by thousands—some appropriately beside a man, some in chattering groups of two or three and a few like this one alone. You had only to glance at her to realize that her loneliness did not at all suit the eternal fitness of things, since this wanderer of the beaten ways was all softness and chic and unadulterated girl. Her long-lashed violet eyes smoldered in meditation or lit with anticipation under a weft of sun-blond hair which ran across her forehead like a golden river. Her chin was adorably round, though after you had looked twice you realized that it was backed by the bony structure of a real jaw. From beneath an inexpensive fur coat—almost the least expensive to be had on the market—peeped and tripped a pair of little feet cheaply but correctly shod, which assumed toward each other an alluring angle when she stood, and tripped with a childish lilt when she walked.

From the loosened collar of that coat appeared a knot of pink tulle which nestled against her face as a fleck of spray colored with dawn might have adorned the cheek of Venus when the ocean gave her birth. Her hat seemed to blend with her hair in a soft frame. The wrist of the hand which held her muff, and her free hand, were gloved in white kid, which any woman would have seen had been cleansed again and again; but it had been cleansed—and that is the point. In short she might have posed for the spirit of New York as you see it any evening in the homeward rush of Nassau Street, any noon among the graves of Trinity—chicness at eighteen dollars per, individuality built from goods turned out all alike by the million yards or pairs or dozens.

Now she was walking southward, her eyes, as is proper for a lady, looking straight ahead. Yet as is the magical way of woman, while seeming to maintain their impersonal gaze they were searching the vistas far and near. She hesitated momentarily in her walk, then shot more rapidly ahead. In the same instant her eyes lit, sparkled. A flush came and went on her cheek and settled down to burn with a steady glow. A young man—one particular young man among a thousand others—had come into view, dodging rapidly through the crowds. He had seen her now. He waved his arm and increased his pace. At that sign of recognition she stopped, and as she awaited him composed her features into the proper ladylike chill. He was almost running.

He was rather a small man and dapper in his dress, as small men tend to be. His face, however, seemed oddly to contrast with his dress and his clean-cut cameo of a figure. It was rather too rugged for that size of man. It belonged to the hundred-and-ninety-pound variety. His nose ran from his brows as clean as a gunstock, then as it approached its tip it widened out. He had an irregular mouth, which when he smiled—as he was smiling now—opened over stubby fighting teeth. From beneath the front brim of his derby hat appeared a wisp of dark-red hair. His eyes were brown, ingenuous, and they were finished off at the corner with multitudinous fine wrinkles—too many for his age. They seemed to be the mark of desert suns. Though his complexion had a city pallor it gave a sense, somehow, of having been tanned once long ago.

Now he was but a scant ten yards away and lost to her view momentarily behind a family party with a baby carriage. At this point she indulged the luxury of a momentary smile, a lightening of her eyes. But as he came into full near view she drew again across her features the expression of a perfect lady on guard.

"Nellie!" he said, and held out his hand. That was all. But his tone and expression comprised all the love sonnets ever penned, all the love songs ever sung. She let her hand linger for just the proper moment, then drew it somewhat hastily away. Automatically they turned northward, walking side by side. She on her part said nothing. It was he who, as though embarrassed, first broke the silence between them.

"It's funny," he said, "but I had all sorts of things to talk about and I can't get them out. I guess," he added, "I could put it in about three words—yes, sure. In just three words."

"Don't say them—here," she replied hastily.

"That means, as I survey the situation," said he, "that I'm allowed to say them in the proper place at the proper time."

"You've got to say something else first," she put in decisively. That pink mouth of hers pursed like a rose that has determined to be a bud again and one could see that her chin was not backed by a jaw for nothing.

The expression of the young man took a marvelous change. From the instant when he perceived her walking down the path it had been smiling, soft. Now a veil came across his features, a kind of poker expression into which you might have peered forever and read nothing, either of pleasure or displeasure, joy or pain.

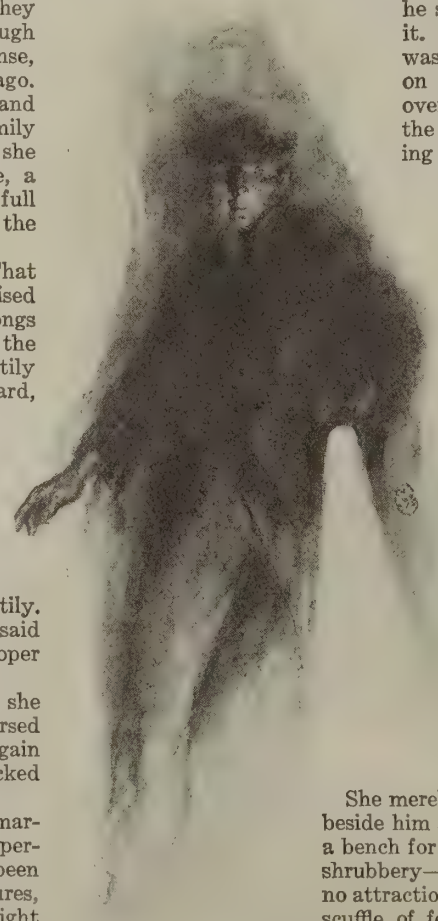
"Well," he said—and his voice, as inscrutable as his countenance, took on a soft purr—"I'd figured that after six months away from you there be a little pleasant conversation, sort of, b fore we came down to business—a chan to get in those three words at which I' been hinting and suggesting, for example

"There will be none of that," said the girl, settling h hands more closely into her muff, "until ——"

"You ought to have suspected," interrupted the you man, "that when I wrote you for a date and showed here prompt and businesslike at exactly the end of months I had something bright and pleasing to tell yo Otherwise I'd have vamoosed long ago, wouldn't I? B here I am, with a regular honest job so respectable hurts."

For the first time the girl glanced at his face, which l its poker expression as his eyes met hers and broke m mentarily into a smile.

"What is the job?" she asked.



"I Flash the Electric Torch a Little and Read the Labels"

"Well, I haven't had it long he said, "but there's a future it. Until Christmas and past was up against it. Then I we on as extra man in the movi over on Tenth Avenue and befo the month was out I got an ope ing in their New York busine office—assistant treasur they call me. You s they trust me with mone Those movie people a careless cusses."

"And what did you before Christmas?" s asked.

They had reached nc a point just south of t Central Park Mena erie, where a side pa turned up the hill to thicket.

He glanced alo that path; his pok expression had aga drawn the curta over his soul.

"Up there," h said, "is a bench th doesn't seem to patronized, probab because it's too cold you're dressed war enough, are you?"

She merely nodded at this, and dodg beside him across the speedway. It w a bench for two on a narrow path who shrubbery—now winter-stripped—offer no attractions to the general public. Th scuffle of feet, the whir of motors, th babble of innumerable conversatio came through the branches dimly, as fro a great distance. None passed up th path except now and then a group

oys hill-climbing. Yet when they had seated themselves
ıe still clung to the point.
"Dan Murray, what did you do before Christmas?"
ıe asked, her violet eyes burning steadily on his face.
"There you go," he replied, "peerin' and peekin' into my
ast again." His poker expression had given way to his smile.
"You know the terms of our agreement," she said with
l the severity of a schoolmistress.
"How's the world been using you?" he evaded, sliding
is arm along the bench. "Still drawing the old eighteen
er, pounding the keys for the Kidder Clothing Company?"
"Only it's twenty-two a week now," she replied, drop-
ng her guard for the instant. "They've raised me twice
nce I saw you." She checked herself here. "Dan Mur-
y, you're trying to dodge the point," she added.
"The point being?" inquired Dan Murray with a
ank assumption of innocence.
"What you did before Christmas," said she—"whether
ou've kept your promise."
"I'm a business man now," he answered, "and in busi-
ss we're strict—goshawful strict—about agreements and
rms. That's where it dif-
rs from my old line. I
ied to do 'em offhand, but
business we do 'em by
icking to the agreement.
ıst what was it I promised,
ıyway?"
"Dan Murray, if you've
rgotten ——"
"Well, the night I con-
ssed everything to you—
ree card monte, that train
bbing turn up in Colo-
do, that little whirl with
e yeggs and just why I
me to New York; the
nole thing—you said I
as to go clean for six
onths. You said I wasn't
see you or write to you
phone you, so's you'd
sure I could do it—on
y own. I was to get a
b and prove I could sup-
ort myself—and you—
raight. If I could come
you with an honest job
the end of six months—
ıich the same is to-day—
ıu'd ——"
"I'd consider."
"You'd consider," he
id, smiling down at her
th his brown eyes, the
ker expression all gone.
t's been lonely, too, the
st six months, with no-
dy to talk to nights ex-
pt your photograph.
nely—and once or twice
little hungry. But I'm
thered about that con-
act and agreement.
ems to me you said, 'You
ıustn't make a single
ooked dollar.'
"Wasn't that the way
ıu put it?"
"I think it was—just
at."
"All right then," replied
an. "I was worried con-
derable—walking up
re—about that. I
ven't made a single
ooked dollar or cent or red peso, providing you call
te money you make in New York business straight."
"Dan!"
A soft wave had flooded her violet eyes and her nearer
nd had crept out of her muff. Shamelessly and in full
esence of a knot of boys climbing he took it. An instant
s; then he could feel her hand stiffen in his grasp, with-
aw. The light died out of her face.
"If that's all true," she exploded, "why are you asking
e those questions about the agreement? Dan, will you
ways keep something back from me?"
His poker expression had again veiled soul and emotion.
"The agreement was troubling me," he said. "Suppose
old you I did just one little job ——"
Her eyes went momentarily wide with horror and then
stened in a moisture which was to a burst of tears as a
ower to a thunderstorm. For a moment she bit her lip.
en her chin tilted upward again and her eyes flashed.
"Once a crook, always a crook!" she cried. "That's
at Lola Riley said the first time I let you take me to
nch. 'He's come to New York on some crooked game,'
e says. 'I don't know what it is, but it's not on the level,'
she says. 'Take it from me, for your own good look out for them,' she says. 'They'll swear they've reformed, but I notice they never do.'" By now she had risen with the surge of her emotion. "I've wasted six months—six months out of my life—waiting."

He did not rise; he sat, arm still along the back of the bench, looking up at her with his inscrutable countenance.

"I wouldn't go just yet," he said, "even allowing you don't like the way I've carried out the agreement. You might be troubled with curiosity, which would make you feel a heap worse. In your place I'd sit down and listen. You'll feel better, however it turns out. I haven't made a dollar out of graft, burglary or theft. That's straight. But—well, I might as well get it out first as last—since I saw you last I've committed bank robbery right here in New York."

Completely overcome by emotion, Nellie sat down with a haste almost ungrateful and fixed a horror-stricken gaze on his face. "Bank robbery," he repeated. "Yes, and train robbery also. Let me see! What else? Oh, yes, horse stealing. All in one job."

I Sat Up With Her for Two Nights—I'd Found Mrs. Mike Falling Asleep Beside Her Crib

"This is no time, Dan Murray, to kid me!" exclaimed the girl. Between words she was stabbing at her lower lip with a tooth shaped like a grain of pop corn, colored like new milk.

"Never more serious in my life," said Dan, still speaking in a voice that purred softly, still wearing his poker expression. "And it occurred to me on the way up here that seeing's I've told you everything I'd better tell you about this, even if it did come outside of the terms of that agreement."

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the girl between her pursed lips. "Well, I should say so! Are the police after you again?"

Anxiety for a moment tinged an expression compounded of horror, grief and disappointment.

"No," he said, "the police will never work on that job. As for the old ones—I guess the statute of limitations has run on most of 'em. Otherwise I wouldn't 'a' dared show my face in the movies.

"When you sent me up for six months I was already living in the Newton Arms, wasn't I? Yes, sure I was! I don't remember I ever told you much about the Newton Arms. I was too busy discussing other matters—selling myself to you, for example. It's one of those awful big cheap places that make you feel so lonesome when you first come to New York. There's nearly a whole block of it. The southeast part, where I boarded with Miss Sprague, had seven floors, four flats to a floor, and there were five other parts, all just like it. They have looking-glasses stuck all over the front halls and phony pillars made out of castile soap and headcheese. Miss Sprague kept a boarding house—kind of. Anyhow, she took table boarders and let out her extra rooms.

"I had a room there about as big as a sizable wagon bed. You see, when I came on from San Francisco with Butch Hayden, bringing that new device to double-cross a brace faro box and clean out the New York gambling houses, we stopped first at the Hotel Hamblen, where we lived swell. The touch-off hadn't come and we were getting kind of short when I met you and threw Butch Hayden down. He never knew why I did it. He thinks I'd found some better piece of graft—thinks so yet, I guess. I just took the hundred and fifty shiners I had left and moved to the cheapest boarding house I could stand. It was cheap all right. You see, I wanted to keep away from the Tenderloin and find a job.

"I'd been on the dodge before, but dodging other grafters was a new experience. So long as I saw the bunch I was bound to be tempted. Every time I showed myself round the Hotel Hamblen or the Marmaduke they used to rise right up out of the ground with propositions. Some of 'em were awful good too. Soccy Stearns had a neat variation on the wire-tapping game. He offered me a slice the minute he lamped me. He cleaned up too—got away with twenty-two thousand, I hear, and no holler whatever from the sucker. My slice would have been seven or eight thousand. That happened the very week when I came through to you and you gave me a six months' suspended sentence. And after that it wasn't easy at all.

"It's pretty hard for a man to change his line of business. After I settled down at the Newton Arms I got a job canvassing for the Daily Mercury. That was a straight proposition, which is why I didn't make good. If it had been a gold brick or green goods or fake rubber stock I could have sold it like a dream, but a clean proposition is another thing yet. After three days I'd been bitten by one dog, thrown out by a saddle-colored elevator man, ordered away twice by the cop on the beat—and sold one subscription netting me fifty-two and a half cents. The lady took it off me because she was sorry for me, I guess. I went back to that corncrib where I slept, thought it over and hunted for another job. I had a lot of time on my hands all right!

"It was pretty goshawful lonesome. That old maid who kept the place was a cold proposition. The other boarders were a couple of hall-room boys with purple socks and a professor who was some kind of an anarchist or other—and three girls. I can't tell you much about the girls. I haven't seen but one girl when I looked at her since a morning last spring in the offices of the Kidder Clothing Company, Broadway, New York, or any girl at all since September sixteenth last."

At this—though he maintained his poker expression—he shot her a quick glance. The compliment had not melted her. She sat like a statue, her hands clasped tightly in her muff, her eyes—moist yet hard—fixed on vacancy.

"The willie boys I didn't associate with on account of my self-respect. The prof talked college-bred stuff all the time. I've been in New York ten months now and I'm

(Continued on Page 138)

ROUND OUR TOWN

By Emerson Hough

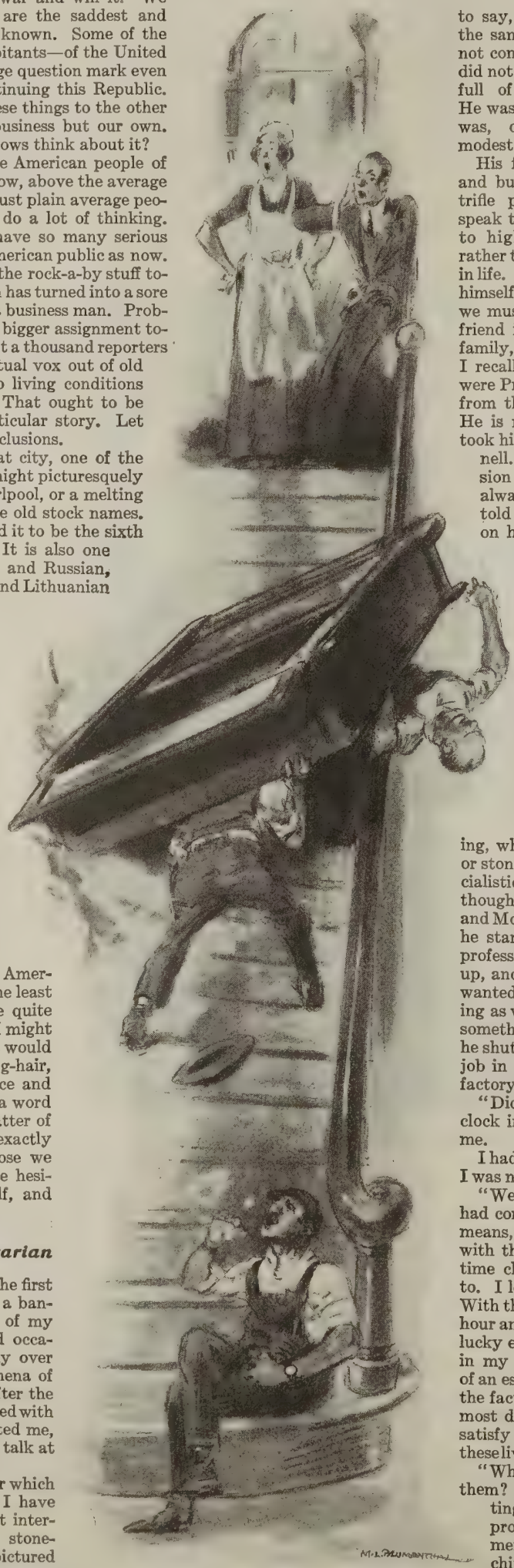
ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE people of America are beginning to realize that it is not enough to dwell under the freest institutions of the world, that it is not enough to leave politics to the other fellow, that it is not enough even to fight a great war and win it. We are in trouble. The times are the saddest and most anxious we have ever known. Some of the citizens—or rather the inhabitants—of the United States are trying to put a large question mark even after the proposition of continuing this Republic. It is not enough to leave these things to the other fellow—they are nobody's business but our own. But what do all the other fellows think about it?

It is plain to-day that the American people of all ranks and classes—high, low, above the average and below the average and just plain average people—have at last begun to do a lot of thinking. Publishers say that never have so many serious books been bought by the American public as now. This country does not need the rock-a-by stuff to-day. The tired business man has turned into a sore business man and an anxious business man. Probably no editor could make a bigger assignment to-day than one which would put a thousand reporters at the task of getting the actual vox out of old Mister Populus in regard to living conditions in this country right now. That ought to be prelude enough for this particular story. Let everybody else draw the conclusions.

I chance to live in a great city, one of the greatest in the world. You might picturesquely call it a maelstrom, or a whirlpool, or a melting pot if you liked—any of those old stock names. Its mayor proudly proclaimed it to be the sixth German city of the world. It is also one of the largest Scandinavian, and Russian, and Italian, and Rumanian, and Lithuanian and Galician cities of the world. Leaning an ear out of your own personal window you could get about all the vox populi you would care for, and a good deal of it would have to be translated. Yet this is a part of America, and one of the trouble seats of America. A good place for a reporter? One of the best. Turned loose there as reporter I resolved that I would not hunt for facts which pleased me, but would take facts as they came.

It was by mere chance that I ran across the man with whom I talked first in search of answer to the general question, What is the matter with America? He does not believe in the least as I do. If I wanted to be quite bright and snappy about it I might call him a parlor socialist. It would be very easy to call him a long-hair, easy to take out all the force and interest of his story by just a word or so here or there. As a matter of fact none of these names exactly applies to this man. Suppose we give him the classification he hesitatingly selected for himself, and call him a humanitarian.



"We Want Our Men to Study How to Move Furniture Into a House"

A Talk With a Humanitarian

I MET this gentleman for the first time about a week ago at a banquet attended by members of my own profession, where I had occasion to speak rather bitterly over some of the modern phenomena of our glorious civilization. After the meeting this gentleman differed with me so gently that he interested me, and I asked him for a longer talk at a later time.

We met at a luncheon hour which was one of the pleasantest I have ever known, one of the most interesting. We sat in a great stone-sided hall, lighted with pictured windows—one of the most stately interiors on this continent. That is to say, we were members of the same club. My man did not come out of any ghetto, I did not find him in any garret full of long-haired radicals. He was better dressed than I was, quiet, moderate and modest in every way.

His forehead, a trifle high and bulbous, his blue eyes a trifle prominent, might bespeak the individual disposed to high-flown imagination rather than to practical details in life. I presume he would call himself visionary. To be fair, we must understand that my friend is of an old American family, dating back to 1730, as I recall the year. His people were Presbyterians. He came from the state of New York. He is middle-aged now. He took his college degree at Cornell. He took up the profession of architecture. He always loved music, so he told me, and grew proficient on his favorite instrument.

"Piano, perhaps?" I asked of him.

"No, pipe organ," he said.

He had practiced architecture for some time successfully when he came to the conclusion that he was short of something in a complete outfitting for his career. He designed structures for building, but he was not acquainted with the men who did the building, who put board to board or stone to stone. With no socialistic theories in his mind—though he had read Ruskin and Morris and many others—he started West to learn his profession from the ground up, and from the inside. He wanted to learn about producing as well as about designing something to be produced. So he shut up his office and got a job in a sash, door and blind factory in this city.

"Did you ever pull a time clock in your life?" he asked me.

I had to shake my head, but I was not proud of it.

"Well, I did," said he. "I had come of a family of some means, but now I was at work with the men who pulled the time clock because they had to. I learned how they lived. With them I worked hour after hour and day after day. I was lucky enough to be advanced in my work, which was that of an estimator. Before I quit the factory my wages were almost doubled. That did not satisfy me. I was thinking of these lives I had seen round me.

"What was wrong with them? This—they were getting standardized. Every process of their employment was making machines out of them. Their human lives were getting away from them. What was their hope horizon? Where did they get off? What was there ahead for them? What was their chance to be individuals and not standardized labor units? Well, I saw them organized into unions. So far from blaming them, I couldn't see how they could do anything else, in the conditions of life which they had to meet."

I suggested to him that apparently that meant still further standardization, since a labor union insists that one man is as good as every other man, and wipes out competition between individuals in fixing wage scales.

"Very well," said he in his gentle way; "but that is not standardization as I mean it. Upon the contrary, their unions, as I look at it, gave them their only opportunity to rise above standardization and eventually to be individuals. I'll try to explain. The great trouble is that so many men don't really get under the skin of any question which involves their interests with those of any other man. Now I don't suppose I am any holier than thou, nor such a very wise man. But two things chance to make me able to see in part the other fellow's side of this case: One of these things is that I worked side by side with these men; another is that once I had a great personal affliction. I did not allow the one to coarsen me nor the other to embitter me. Indeed, I think they both broadened me. I began to see that there is somebody else in the world besides myself. Since then I have been trying to be gentler and fairer in my point of view.

"Understand, I was not doing anything at the instigation of anyone else. I had not got my socialism from anybody's printed page, though I liked Morris—yes, of course I did. But these two turning points in my life left me with a new viewpoint, one not common in the business world. I thought I would see if I could not do something, now and again, for the other fellow.

"When I left my factory I did not go back to architecture. I took on a place as interior decorator for one of the big furniture houses in this city. My clientage is among the wealthy. Socially I meet all the time persons of culture, men who have made big business successes. Our business is among those who have made money and who are spending money. But all the time I cannot help remembering the standardized man.

"A friend and I went up north along the lake shore and took over a nice little bungalow for our home. We got a housemaid to run it for us. I have spent a great deal of money in decorating interiors, but I don't know that I ever had so much pleasure in any designing as I did in fixing up the interior of that little house of our own.

"You see, we were working people, as we figured it. We tried to make this a good laboring man's home. We could visualize that man coming home from his day's work. We tried to make the inside a sort of welcome to the man coming home. We made it rather a gay little house, rather warm, rather cheerful in its scheme. And one thing we did try to do—we tried to dissuade any workman who might see our house from going on in his old standardized way of building and fitting out his own home.

"Usually the workman goes to a department-store man, an installment-plan house, for his own ideas alike as to taste and utility in the furnishing of his own home. The result always has been simply more standardization. Told by someone else what he ought to think and do, and not having much horizon of his own, the taste results shown in the furnishings of the average laboring man's home are a cheap imitation of some rich man's home. That's the kind of taste the department store hands out to him, because very likely the department-store man himself is envying some rich man also, and also imitating him to some extent, perhaps a more expensive extent, in his own home.

"Well, Morris or no Morris, that was what we wanted to wipe out if we could. We never have lived more happily than we have in our own little workingman's house, which we fixed up according to our own workingmen's ideas. Not in imitation, you see; nothing standardized, you see. The touch of the individual as far as possible—the separation from the day's drudgery of this one spot which ought to be one of brightness and content."

"Well, I reckon that was all right," said I, "if you were entirely sincere, and were not unconsciously posing or fadding about it. Sincerity is good always."

"Yes, we were sincere," he replied; "and beyond that we wanted to wipe out some of the bitterness between the laborers and employers. I wanted to get these two folk together."

"You may—in a thousand years," I ventured.

"Perhaps," he answered gently. "It may take a thousand years. Everything has to start. This was just our idea of a little start."

"That means that you believe in collective bargaining, as the euphemism goes—that you are for the labor union?"

"Certainly," said he. "Why not? We furniture manufacturers have our manufacturers and dealers' association, which is just as much a union as that of any class of labor. As to our employees, our house is unionized. I must say we have never had much of the trouble of which I hear so much everywhere. I wish you would come down and talk to some of our people sometime—interview, for instance, the president of the teamsters and chauffeurs' union, with whom we have so much to do. This man came to me not long ago, not with any threat or with any warning of a strike. He said, 'I have just got to have more money for my men. Look here, we can't get along this way.'

"It is true he was figuring on the American standard of living, but he had the average expense of the average teamster figured out, and he showed the figures. There wasn't much argument about it. The men couldn't save anything, they couldn't be happy. I saw we were standardizing them all we could.

"Well, we didn't argue the matter at all. We raised the wages just as he asked. But in return for that I asked him to do something more for us. I told him to raise the quality of the labor he was giving us. He agreed that he would talk to his men and try to get them to put more individual effort into their work. We want them to study how to move furniture into a house, where to put it, how to address the people who live in that house, how to be respectful and manly, and not insolent and low. We didn't want to standardize those men or have them standardize themselves. We are trying to get people together. This getting together with the employing classes is the only chance to individualize the man who belongs to a labor union."

As to the nationalities of the men who work for his house, he said that the union leaders were nearly all American—Anglo-Saxons, as the phrase goes—some Irish. The rank and file were largely Germans, with some men from Southeastern Europe. He admitted the fallacy of the German labor-group idea, insisting always that there ought to be more individualism, whereas in Germany the hope for it apparently was lost and the overlord idea accepted almost apathetically.

I told him I thought he had not worked out any immediate emergency scheme for to-day and now. He laughed as he thought of something.

"The housemaid out in our workingmen's bungalow is of foreign descent," said he, "and she is a red-hot socialist, believing in all the rights of man, and of woman also. The lady who does our laundry is of like tendencies and like extraction. The other day when I went home I found our maid a little bit tired and very much excited. She told me that our washlady had demanded that her wages be raised to five dollars a day, and that rather than submit to what she called extortion she had decided to do the washing herself."

I told him that I thought his housemaid was a better industrial economist than he was himself.

"And how about the big law," I asked of him, "the law of the survival of the fittest? It does not teach standardization. That is the one basic doctrine of the individual. How can we really get round that or away from it by collective bargaining?"

"Well," said he, "there is the Christian religion. That's something. For myself, I don't go to church very much. Perhaps you don't. There is a great deal of good religion outside of churches. You see"—and he smiled once more—"there is a sort of religion about the brotherhood of man. We all know it."

I could not get from him any answer about the steel strike or the coal strike which I thought would help us other people in our own actual living conditions. That he had been interesting and informing, and often illuminating, no one could deny. I asked him if he called himself a socialist, whether he believed in direct action—euphemism for bombs and sabotage.

"Usually the Workman Goes to a Department-Store Man for His Ideas in the Furnishing of His Own Home"

"Surely not!" said he. "Of course not! But I presume you could call me a socialist, though I don't like that word to-day. I don't know that I have any great theories to advance. I don't know that I am a very wise man. I have simply told you how it was that I came to see a little of the other fellow's side of this great argument. I'm not a ghetto product, I'm no foreigner—my people were good Americans, well-to-do Americans. I'm intelligent, I presume, and I have succeeded, I presume, selling my own labor in the market. I'm not standardized. I just don't want all these other fellows standardized. There is such a lot of splendid human material among them if once we can get them educated and individualized. I don't think it makes much difference what you call me—but I believe I'd rather have you call me a humanitarian. That's about as near as I can come to making any answer to these big questions of to-day."

What the Doctor Thought

THIS week I had in a neighboring doctor for a trifling ailment. After we had both agreed that he could do just about as much as anyone else for a cold we began to talk of something else.

"What's the matter with America, doctor?" I asked him. "How are you getting along these days with our glorious civilization? What do you think of using force upon the downtrod coal miner and all that sort of thing?"

He flung up a hand.

"I'm thinking of learning a trade myself," said he. "If it isn't too late I'm going to study for a carpenter or a bricklayer or something. Why be a professional man, when that is the unhappiest rank in life to-day? Here is my white collar—look at it. It is the real badge of servitude in America to-day.

"Everyone who works for me has raised his wages twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five per cent. We doctors can't raise our professional prices. One of my confrères tried that the other day on a rich patient, and he wouldn't stand a raise of fifty cents a treatment. In our profession we are between the upper and nether millstones. We can't unionize, can't standardize our services. My housemaid and my washwoman can ask for more money and get away with it, but what would you do if I should double my prices for working on that cold you have? You'd get some other doctor—and I couldn't put out any pickets to keep that doctor from coming into your door.

"This is a great life if you don't weaken. I'm a pretty busy professional man, as it chances, but I'll tell you what I think: If I can just break even, and not accumulate any dead horses to pay for until after this crazy day of the world is over, I'll think I am one of the lucky ones. As for the laboring people that I meet, I wish that I never had to see one of them again. They are arrogant, insolent, unscrupulous. They don't keep their contracts, but they expect us to keep ours. That's my idea of the laboring population of this little old town to-day, if you ask me. Downtrod? Bosh! It's doctors who are downtrod!

"Listen here," he went on. "Not far from here a big building is going up and I have been passing there every day more or less regularly. I noticed quite a line of cars standing out in front, and sometimes I noticed that after working hours the cars would not be there. One day I asked the foreman on the job whose cars they were. 'Oh, they belong to the fellies,' he said. 'Carpenters and masons—lots of them comes to work in their own cars.'

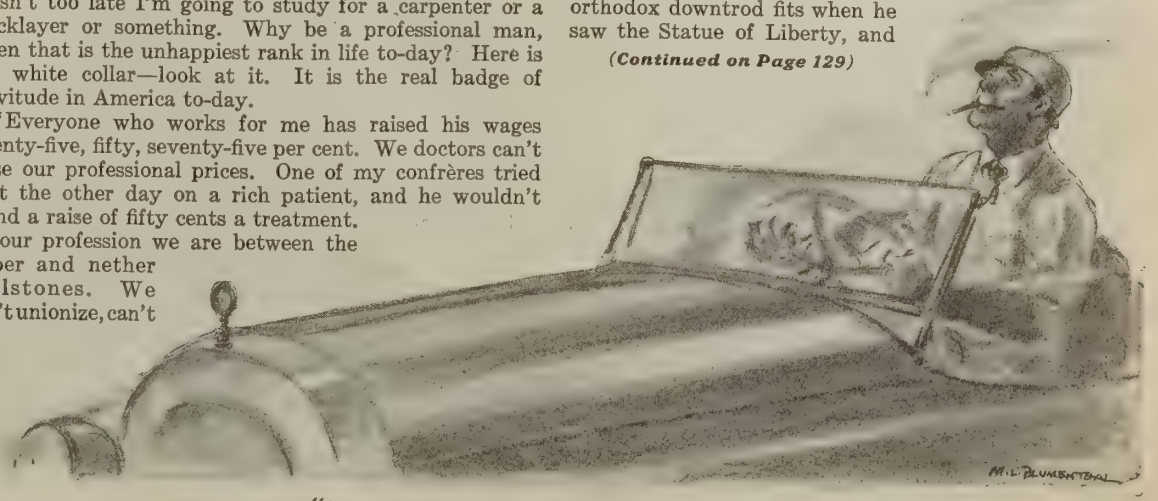
"I've heard that among the South Water Street teamsters, who work in the produce markets, there are about as many cars owned by the drivers as by the employers. If they were working for doctors the employers wouldn't have so many cars as the workmen. No, if you ask me who is downtrod to-day, I'll say it is the medical man. As for me, I'm disgusted. Sympathy? Not on your life! I'm going to have a little sympathy for myself from this time on."

The Cobbler and His Car

THIS notion of the motor car of the oppressed laboring man gave me an idea of a little further investigation, which by chance took shape without my going outside my own household. There is a little cobbler in our neighborhood, a few blocks away, a Rumanian, I think, who looks French, who speaks our language fairly, and is a pleasant hard-working man. Of late I had noticed that he had raised his cobbling prices since he first moved into our neighborhood a few years ago. When you go into his little dark shop, about as big as a hatbox, you may now expect to be set back twice as much for a pair of half soles or a rubber patch or a straightened heel. But always the little man smiles and looks pleasant.

Seeing his evidently impoverished condition madam often has given his children nickels, even dimes or quarters for all I know. Our housemaid, who passes there sometimes, and who also likes children, sometimes has given them candy or coppers or something better. Our household always has had something of sympathy for those who are plumb downtrod and oppressed, and we figured out that this little man had come to this glorious republic of ours, had fallen down on the deck of the ship and thrown the orthodox downtrod fits when he saw the Statue of Liberty, and

(Continued on Page 129)



"Lots of Them Comes to Work in Their Own Cars"

Adventures in Automobumming

Want a Lift?—By Sinclair Lewis

A Southern Ferry in the Mountains of Tennessee

A GLOBE trotter whom I know, a discouragingly prosperous person with an estate and a wrist watch and things like that, was driving me through Illinois. We were muddy and not too well manicured. We had left the car and were walking into town for an inner tube. A plump young man with tortoise-shell glasses, an expensive roadster and an expensive girl stopped us to ask road directions, and being obliging persons we got out a series of maps which looked like the filing cases in the kick-and-inquiry department of a mail-order house.

Yet as we went on we weren't boiling over with the fellowship of the road whereby all honest autohoboes become Pollyandrews.

For the girl had watched us, first with obvious fear that we would ask for a lift, then with that silken, cynical amusement which in novels is attributed to vampires but in real life fits no one but cafeteria cashiers. She had been so entertained by the thought of one who lived on Lake Shore Drive mingling with the poor and humble along the road. I am sure that as they drove away she said to her unfortunate husband, "Fancy! How quaint!"

We were. The globe-trotter informed me that I had a blob of mud on the end of my nose, which is no nose to be needlessly featured that way. Even so, the cynical lady was a historic example of how not to enjoy motor touring. For though scenery is all right in its place—which is never on the ends of noses, by the way—and though a handy liar can make more out of speed stories and miles per gallon than out of hints about his profits in oil, yet the liveliest pleasure of automobumming is picking up stray people and learning how curiously like millionaires and famous sculptors they are.

And when a fellow driver in an object like a startled Scotch terrier wants to stop on the road and gossip with you he is honoring you. Probably he has just hiked from Moose Jaw to Tia Juana.

The most engaging people I ever encountered in touring were three who came all in a row through Oregon and California. We had for that trip a flivver with the tonneau filled with baggage covered by an army blanket, which made a lumpy platform on which had roosted harvest hands and Chinks and district teachers.

The Long Road to the Poorhouse

AHEAD on an Oregon mountain road we saw a thick-shouldered old man with long white hair painfully worming down the pike. His big flat feet scuffled through the dust, scarcely lifting; his steps could not have been more than three inches in length.

We stopped.

"Want a lift?"

He peered up with red-netted eyes, bewildered. Dirt was permanently embedded in his bristly gashed wrinkles. His hand shook. He wore an overcoat frayed in uncouth embroidery at the skirts. He carried a bundle in a red bandanna handkerchief and his staff was the steel rod of an old umbrella with a tarnished silveroid handle.

"What say?" he trembled.

"Want a lift?"

Timidly, "Oh! T'anks!"

We had to help him up on the running board, to a seat on the kit in the tonneau. His bundle and his stick with the proud silver handle we tossed in front. He shrieked, "Oh, my cane! My clothes! Vot you done wit' em'?" He kept it up, terrified as a child, till we put them within reach of his hand.

"Where you bound for?" I asked over my shoulder as we went on.

"I'm going *bei* the poorhouse."

"Good Lord—uh—where's that?"

"In Blankburg, forty miles from here."

"And ou were going to walk it?"

"*Ja*, sure. Vy not?"

"How many miles can you walk in a day?"

"Four. But yesterday I valk six! Yes, sir! And I'm eighty-seven years olt!"

This was just before the arrival of the word "cootie" had made it customary to discuss certain features of the gay, jocund, gypsying hobo, but I knew what my wife was thinking. And it was a nice, heavy, infestable blanket on which the old man was sitting. The more we reflected upon him the more we wished that somebody else had picked him up. But you do not drop a man who is taking ten days to walk to the poorhouse.

He was German, it seemed. He admitted that he "didn't talk English very gute." But then he had been in America only seventy-one years. For forty years he had been a California sheep herder. He had seen the world though—oh, sure.

"Vunce," he confided, "I vos valking in California and a fellow give me a ride and vot you t'ink? He vos a millionaire! Vy, dot fellow, he had a vatch chain as big arount as my little finger!"

I shrank in my seat; I tried to look modest behind the flivver steering wheel, which is awfully small to look modest behind. My own watch chain was as thin as a string. But some day I'm going to have a chain as big round as his thumb and I'm going to hang nine lodge emblems on it, so that people will know that I'm fashionable and wealthy—and I'm going back to Oregon and take that old man out riding again.

On Main Street

After his boast he looked us all over and said compassionately, "Dis ain't a very big auto, eh? Vell, dot's all right for folks like us. Vere you vork? You look a lot like a bartender I know. He used to vork on the section gang at Cocolalla, Idaho."

We slid through cañons, between tree-furred cliffs, and like a true tenderfoot I hopefully tried to impress the old man. I sped up. I did what seemed to me very neat things in the way of coasting. But that ancient sheep herder, rocking in a bored way on the back porch of the flivver, occasionally almost sliding off into the river below the road, yawned and dozed and wakened only to fumble and see if his bundle and his fine stick were safe.

One Garage for Every Forty Persons

WE CLIMBED; we slid down a mountain; the brakes promptly burned out; and through the dusk—the driver playing low and reverse as though they were organ pedals—we went careening down an exclamatory hill and popped unexpectedly into a town which the Lord created on Blue Monday. All we could see of it was a garage. But that to the autohobo is all there is to see. The garage is his railroad station, laundry, state capitol, ostrich farm, convention building and art gallery.

The garage man was still in his shop. He was sixty, his mustache was sandy and uncertain of direction—in fact, on the wrong road entirely. He spat between syllables.

Could he put in a brake band?

We-ul, his mechanic had just quit him, but guessed he could—seen 't done 'nough times. Have the Liz ready for us by eight in the morning.

I decided that at least he knew more about it than I did. I was wrong. I knew more than he did. I knew nothing.

He said that there was a good hotel—for a town of the size. And what was the size? Oh, about forty! We started for it on foot.

The sheep herder trailed after us and wailed, "Vot you do?"

"We're going to stay at the hotel."

"You say you take me *bei* the poorhouse!"

"We will to-morrow. To-night you can stay at the hotel."

"But—please, mister—I ain't—I only got five cents."

"That's all right. I'll pay for it."

"Me stay at a hotel? My, dot's fine! But it cost a lot—maybe more as two bits."

"That's all right."

"Please, mister—please, could you gif me the money and I pay? I don't vant they should t'ink I vos a bum. Or please, could you maybe say I was your uncle? Dot's it. You tell 'em I'm your uncle."

The garage man was too trusting. It was not a good hotel for a town with as large a population as forty. We

ve shown by the proprietress to a
m which, aside from lacking sheets,
lows, blankets, soap, towels and
er—either running or firm—was fully
nished. The landlady wore men's shoes
l she had a harelip. We pointed out
her that we'd love to have this and
t added to the room. She looked
ut vaguely and admitted in slow
onishment that the hired girl must
e forgotten something.
Could she attend to it? Oh, ye-es,
t-thought so; she'd have to see
ut it. This evening? Why, she'd try
-she sure would.
nto the room bounced the real man-
r of the hotel, the landlady's
ghter, a sharp-nosed child of fifteen
h more brains than the landlady and
garage man put together. In fact,
had practically normal mentality.
snapped: "You hustle down and
sh getting supper, ma, and then make
a bed here. Say, you"—to us—
ur friend is wandering round holler-
. I give him a nice two-bit room, but
won't stay in it. You better tend
im."
The poor old sheepman, it proved,
ld not see by lamplight. In his room
had fumbled about and found that his bundle and his
-silver-headed stick were missing; and these, after
enty-five years of drudgery, were all he had. Down in
filthy lower corridor we discovered him inching his
along with his fingers against the wall and crying in
darkness, "My clothes! Dey took my clothes!"
We restored his baggage, which had been left in the
ce. He held it to his breast, stroked his stick—the rod
n umbrella! He would not leave them again. He took
m in to supper and guarded them in his lap.
-upper was an acrobatic exhibition. There was one long
le, mostly occupied by men in shirt sleeves, who
ped over and flapped their elbows and chawed and
l nothing. The food consisted of coffee—curse the man
o invented adulterants for good tasty cowpeas—with
a-caked bread, beef stew, and flapjacks made of fresh
lary paste. We went away from supper rather speedily.
re there, we inquired, ever any movies? Well, the
dlady cheered us, there had been a missionary lecture
h colored slides only about three months ago.

What's a Nut or Two in the Magneto!

HE new brake band was not quite ready at eight next morning, but at ten the garage man glowingly announced that the car was "all O. K." Our sheep herder had appeared. We were cowards and poltroons—I had never till then known what a poltroon was, but I saw that as it. We paid the garage man two dollars to drive the herder to the poorhouse when he should rise and we hastily prepared to sneak out of town.

As I started the flivver—all the machine guns of the Western Front went off at once just beneath my feet.

The Fellowship of the Road—Hauling Out a Car That Has Skidded Into a Ditch

That, the garage man insisted, was all right. Maybe he had dropped a nut into the magneto while putting in the band.

Yes, maybe he had dropped in a nut—and maybe he had dropped in four or five nuts, and maybe he had dropped in his pliers, his jack, the forge and one or two crowbars. In fact, if he ever misses anything from his garage I'll give him the address of the man to whom I sold the flivver in San Francisco—after the magneto had gone bankrupt.

We nervously ventured on all day, fondly hating to leave each safe garage that we passed—and sometimes being so overwhelmed by our love for them that we didn't pass, but stopped and let the garage man tell us that he would like to perform a laparotomy on the magneto. We took the magnificent road over the Siskiyous into California and came down into the sunset. The next afternoon in a gully between two viciously steep hills, fourteen miles or so from any garage, we stopped for keeps. I poked round with the large screw driver, the small screw driver and the wrench I had stolen from my brother. I tightened the spark plugs and looked wise and told my wife what the trouble was. But at the same time I should have liked to know what the trouble was.

The car was blocking the narrow way. Up behind it rattled an astounding vehicle—a flivver with a delivery body filled with trunks and cooking pots and a big roll of canvas. Its occupants were an unshaven man in greasy overalls and a plump comfortable wife in a raincoat.

Ah, here was a workman, maybe a garage man! Here was that beautiful fellowship of the road and come-comrade-vagabonds-let-us-roam-the-jolly-old-world-together stuff. Here were those humble sterling virtues that renew one's faith. He wasn't a gentleman autohobo; in fact, he looked as though he knew something. I shot a few palpitant smiles in his direction and waited his assistance.

He hurtled out, ran to me, clamored, "What the hell you stopping up the way for?"

In much dignity, not very well concealing the fact that I wished to hit him with the rear axle, I stated, "I should be very glad to get out of your way if you care to help me push the car off the road. So sorry that a little thing like a complete breakdown has delayed your important mission." You know—haughty and reproving.

"Grrrrrr! You amateur sagebrush tourists give me a big fat pain. Don't know enough to get your Liz out of the garage."

"Say, you can go plumb ——"

"Grrrrrr! Get out of the way!"

He pushed me aside, steadily cursing; he looked at the transmission cover and asked a few impertinent questions and wailed that he should once more have been afflicted by one of these goats that infest the road and spoil driving for a real guy; he held up his hands in agony and informed heaven that he'd be danged if he'd be fool enough to help anybody again or even give 'em any information; and then he told me that my "fool mag. was shorted," and he worked on the car for one hour and a quarter and made the repairs, and when I tried to pay him at the end he viewed me with great distaste and roared:

"Go on! If you paid me what it was worth you wouldn't have enough money left to get to Frisco. Get out of here! Don't go on blocking up the road! Drive on, will yuh?"

"S-say, I'm—I'm awfully obliged—w-wish you'd let me pay you, but—I'll drive off the road and you go on ahead."

"Naw! Gwan ahead! Man like you hadn't ought to be let out on the highway. Not one of these damn amateurs that know anything. Stopping up the road! Gwan ahead—you'll probably bust down again in ten miles and if I'm not behind you most anything will happen to you—and ought to!"

Furiously he returned to his car and his wife said placidly, "My, how you do curse and swear!"

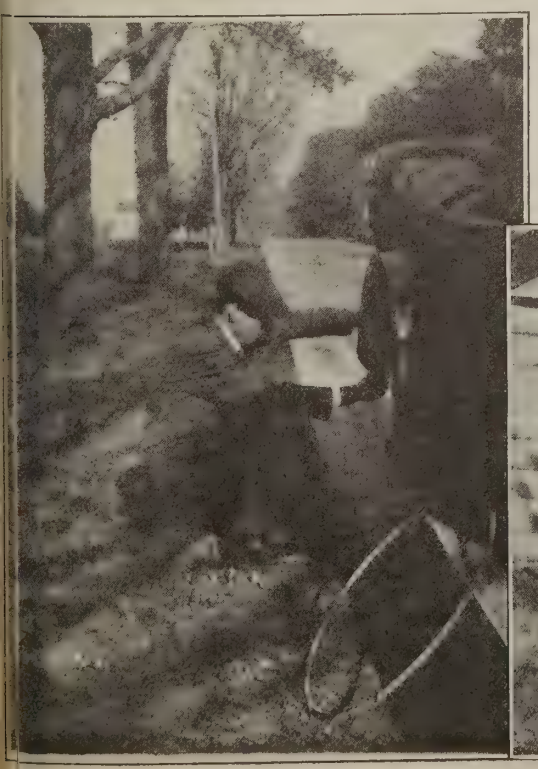
Twice more that day he rescued us. Each time he refused to go on ahead.

Meeting Messrs. Ig and Nition

AT NIGHTFALL there was only one mountain between us and a sizable town at which we planned to spend the night. We climbed blissfully, we reached a plateau—and we halted with abruptness. The magneto was tired and desired to go by-by. There was no chance of our friend's coming—he had said that he would stop and make camp before dusk. It was a rocky, scraggly, uninhabited stretch of mountain. There was no garage, no telephone for miles.

Another flivver hopped into sight, but the two men in it knew less about ignition than I did—they knew less about it than any other person in the world except the garage man who had salted my magneto with hardware. They did, however, help me to get my car off the single-track road. It was a job. One side of the road was a well-ventilated nothing-at-all, with an excessively airy drop to bowlders two hundred feet below. We had to push the car down to a slight widening, checking it all the way with stones under the wheels, get it off the road and let it rest with the back against a pine tree on the edge of the cañon.

(Continued on Page 66)

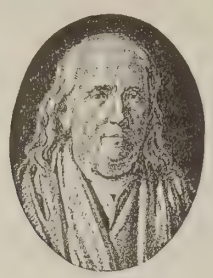


Changing a Tire

In the Northern Pines—a Log Lodge of To-day

Help From a Passer-by

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27, 1919

Give Us Air!

THE trouble with the politics of this country is that it is too political, and the trouble with the politicians is that they are pettifoggers. Moreover, of all the essential industries—and it is of the most essential—politics is the only one that has not kept step with progress.

There have been new policies, but no new politics. The mechanics of politics, on which the success or failure of any policy depends, has not changed since the days of Zach Chandler; nor have the mechanicians. There hasn't been a new political idea since 1896, when Mark Hanna synchronized his Gold Parade all over the country on the Saturday before election. The Progressive business in 1912 was merely a variant of the mugwump revolt against Blaine in 1884. And so on.

As a people we are intensively occupied with our own affairs and incredibly unconcerned with our governmental affairs. Occasionally we emit a few wild whoops about what is going on, run round in circles until the necessity of sleuthing a few more nickels for ourselves intrudes or the hideous possibility that some neighbor may sleuth a nickel or two that would have been ours if we had attended to business and let public and hence political affairs go hang; and proceed to let them go hang. Meantime, the politicians remain calmly, and archaically, on the job, and the results are generally as predicted in the dispatches.

So long as we have government we shall have politics. Indeed, considering Russia, when there is no government there is twice as much politics. It is the sad fate of the human being to be entirely surrounded by politics, and though any individual may, if he chooses, ignore politics there never will come a time in his life when politics will ignore him. All of us, from our earliest sentience to our ultimate senility, are subject to it and subjects of it. There is no way to change this. If we kick out one set of politicians we merely kick in another set, and do nothing at all to politics *per se*. Politics is our inheritance and our yoke, and has been since the first convention of cave men met to divide the meat among the chaps with the biggest pull, and will be until the men in the back room figure out how much there will be in it for them if they allow some favorite son to be first up at the sounding of the final trump.

Politics is inescapable. Therefore politicians are inevitable, because the one breeds the other; because the presence of the medium predicates the practice of it by the mediums; and because the people have no time to attend to it, being concerned in such important affairs as hiving enough money to get a touring car to replace the flivver, and other and similar paramount undertakings. Consequently, with such humility as the circumstances demand—which is considerable humility, because the way Brother Laocoön and family allowed themselves to be tangled up with the serpents is a mere fox trot compared with the way we have allowed the politicians to entangle us—with humility but with fervor the politicians of America are herewith addressed:

Gentlemen: Though it may have escaped your attention, there has recently been fought in this world a large, not to say imposing, war; and that war continued for the space of four years, resulting not only in a considerable dislocation of conditions that existed prior thereto but seemingly demanding, after its close, the institution of methods, policies and practices to meet and cope with the new conditions that have ensued. It is not too much to say that the political situation that at present exists in this country is as foreign to and far removed from the political situation that existed prior to July 28, 1914, as the situation that existed in April, 1861, before our Civil War; as new and novel and momentous as if we were just constituted a nation, and demanding political treatment in harmony with unaccustomed requirements.

New problems press; new alignments exist. Old adjustments are destroyed; old policies do not fit. The structure of our Government is no longer a three-story-and-basement affair, but a Woolworth Building, and then some. Our method of transportation is not by stagecoach and is by aëroplane. Instead of being national we are now international. Instead of being isolated and doing business on our own side street we are now established at the world's busiest corner. Everything has changed—everybody is in step with the times—everything and everybody but you.

We find you in Washington, at the state capitals, everywhere across this country, playing and planning your politics as you or your predecessors played and planned them in 1872, in 1884, in 1896. We find you actuated by the same impulses, governed by the same set and rigid rules, devoted to the same precedents and traditions. We find you fatuously trying to measure the three-thousand-mile political requirements of this country with the same foot rule that was used in 1840. The results of the war have made no impression on you. The changes in circumstance, condition—even in civilization itself—have passed over you. You sit and dodder and plan and execute according to formulas as archaic as if they were for the political direction of the Aztecs rather than for the political direction of a people who have gone forward a hundred years in the past five.

Is it not possible, gentlemen, that the circumstances, the conditions, the position and the possibilities and predication of this country should get a more intelligent, more advanced, more commensurate political consideration than the invariable consideration you give it—the consideration as a party and partisan question? Are we not now at a place where some heed, some small heed should be paid to our political problems on the basis of Americanism and the needs of America rather than on the needs of party; and based on something wider, broader and more in consonance with the present day than the effort to get a partisan advantage and retain a partisan control?

Is there not some way that a governmental policy can be considered save as the effect the adoption of it or the defeat of it will have on some class or racial vote—on the labor vote, the foreign vote or any other class or supposedly united vote? Will you never learn that no class, no sect, no section of the American people votes as a unit? Cannot you get a little vision—just a little—and see that what this country of ours needs now, and must have, is a political direction that does not comprehend a partisan advantage for one set of men or another, nor an appeal for votes from one class or another class, but does comprehend an advantage for the whole of America and the entire American people? Is there not some politician who has a mind of sufficient intelligence to assimilate this? Has America no man big enough to play politics for the whole people rather than for party advantage and power first, and thereby induced personal advantage and power second?

We are smothered under party politics, under cla politics, under small, piffling, personal, partisan politi tied up to parties that have no valid excuse for bei parties, because all they stand for is of the past, not of t present or of the future. We are suffocated by piddlin old-time, archaic politics that has no comprehensio either in projection or execution, of the wants and d mands of this country. We are stifled with the odors o decayed partisanship, with the effluvia of a senescent par system, with the stench of a little puny politics that se nothing, knows nothing, feels nothing, and wants nothi but party advantage and consequent advantage for par sans, instead of realizing, even dimly, the needs of t American people as a people and the needs of Ameri as America. Give us air! GIVE US AIR! GIVE US AI

Marks—American and German

EVEN investors of short memory can recall the advi of the Wall Street wiseacres and financial medici men who urged their followers to buy fifty-two-cent Ru sian rubles when they were selling for thirty cents, in t hope of reaping a handsome profit when the end of the w should restore Russian exchange to its old-time leve This advice was widely acted upon, and millions of ha sound American dollars were put into soft and slippe Russian rubles. Most of them are there yet.

At no time since the counsel of these monetary medici men was given and taken has Russia been able to boast single flourishing, uncurtailed industry except that printing paper money. The natural result is that if o desires a quotation on rubles one scarcely knows wheth to turn to the ragman or the money changer, for it mainly the high cost of paper that gives perceptib value to the output of the big-edition printing house Lenine & Trotzky.

The theory upon which the speculators in Russi exchange acted at the time was entirely logical—con tioned by the proviso that nothing upset the apple ca But something did upset the apple cart and splinter it match sticks.

These facts are common knowledge to every reader daily financial pages; yet the country still harbors perso who firmly believe that no more apple carts can be ov turned. Every week letters come to us from correspon ents who have had wit enough to save anywhere from fi to twenty-five thousand dollars, asking if we do not thi they would do well to put their money—the dearest mon in the world—into German marks. They plainly wish to encourage them to do so. Sweets to the sweet, mar to the mark!

Liberty Bonds are too good for these inquirers; or e not good enough. First mortgages on home real estate a not safe enough for them; or perhaps not exciting enoug They wish to be assured that German marks—selling, this writing, for about the price of a morning newspaper are dirt-cheap and can, in the not very distant future, cashed in at twenty-three cents apiece.

Perhaps they can be. No man can prove the contra Yet to such inquirers we are moved to say: If your desi to gamble is irresistible, why not have the fun of ga bling? Why not, for example, put your savings on roulette table, where you can reckon the chances again you with far more accuracy than you can possibly foreca the hazard of German marks? Or if roulette has an ov chancy sound, why not investigate the game called fa which is said to give a chance to player as well as banker? Or if action, swift, furious and decisive, is wh you crave, is there no dusky youth at hand to induct y into the mysteries of the galloping bones and their use in sport sometimes known as African golf?

Any one of these cloth-field sports affords ample oppo tunities for losing any reasonable sum of money with co clusiveness and dispatch; and they all offer the obvio advantage of allowing the player to keep his eye on h money every moment from the instant it leaves his pock until the instant it has ceased to be his.

Taken by and large, speculation in foreign exchange by no means the most alluring or amusing of our we known games of chance.

FORTUNE'S DARLING

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IX

HE way back to the kampong was longer than Towers and La Flèche had - thought; or Argo, muddled with sleep, nt wrong; for sunrise caught them on the ltop overlooking a milky sea, ht fog of which the frozen waves d only begun to melt, to sink, rise, wn apart smokily in hollows where k tree tops floated like wreckage. e men climbed down through a l rolling mist. Its breath revived m; yet they made so little speed—ir feet aching, knees giving way—t by the time they slid past Leda's se to level ground the day al-dy burned clear.

Her house was open, silent. At the t of her ladder three men lay doz-, pillowed on luggage; not jungle village, but coast folk, seaport dies in gay attire though be-ggled. They woke and sat up, wling with distrust.

Dan hailed them.

'Are you Ibrahim's men?"

'Yes, tuan." The three strangers k courage at sight of him and na. "We are."

'Where's your lady? I'm her fath-s friend, acting for her father."

All three jumped up, bowed and ked at once.

'In Nata Kasuma's house. Tuan, have suffered. I tell you, the y fears nothing, beast or man, or th rolled into one. God is great to ng you here at this time. We have fered."

Dan held up his hand for silence.

'Speak, you." He chose the eldest d calmest. "We cannot hear three gues."

They came to order. A look of re- crossed their tired brown faces.

'Sir, your lady," said the spokes-n, not without dignity, "is too ve. I say this, and no one ever led me a coward. But she"—the n's eyes lighted with a kind of e—"if her soul tells her the world wrong she will take the world by e throat. We have followed her ere we would not go ourselves. e could not help it. She is like t. Now she has gone to Nata suma's house, alone—it was her er—to get justice. Tuan, is there w in the burning pit? This town s no justice, no magistrate of yours rajah of ours. What can help? hat resource? None, sir; nothing. priest, no mosque, no law; noth-g; but fear of a great fat devil!"

The speaker lowered his voice and wned over his shoulder, as though e sunlit bush were full of eaves-ppers.

"Our lady is in his house now. asoning with him!" Ibrahim's n smiled bitterly. "Reason? Go g to a *must* elephant when the ase runs out of his temple!"

Dan nodded.

"Take care of this Argo," he d, turning away. "Feed him and him sleep. I go to the lady."

They Were Indeed Taking Hours for That Simple Thing Called a Good-by

There was no time for weariness; and indeed as Towers nt along the village path he felt buoyed by a new force, rt of the body. This poor child, taking in her simplicity a evil world by its throat, should have another pair of nds to help. He went exulting; and when a sound of otsteps made him glance behind he saw without surprise, e confirmation of his thought, Runa and Amra Khan flowing close with faces that shone. They said nothing, t Runa came jauntily and hummed an old song:

This hand and this life I will venture so free.
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

The path lay empty before them, part sunshine, part l and rustling bamboo shadow. On their right hand the ll impended, a lofty green bank out of which peeped re and there straw-colored houses, the burnished rail of a ladder, or high in air a few gay specks of women, their heads crowned with glistening water jars, who moved and were hidden among slant leafy ways. Morning peace brooded over all; the crag of branches under blue sky without a cloud lay steeping in light, deadly quiet.

Dan with his friends turned in toward Nata Kasuma's house. It lay under the trees, a front of basketwork with door and windows overlooking a bare yard, unfenced, the ground worn smooth. In one corner a watchman's platform, built of earth, upheld on crooked pillars its thatch roof. Here, like a gray mummy case hung by its neck, dangled a hollow log, beneath which two old men, beaters of the alarm, lay dozing and chewing. "*Tabik, tuan,*" droned one of these. The other did not care to be polite.

Dan passed them and went softly to the door of their headman's house. The sill being shoulder high he and Runa, and Amra Khan behind them, looked in level with the floor. What they saw was quiet if not commonplace. A large, cool, dusky room, walled and carpeted with neat matting, contained two persons. In the center of the floor Nata Kasuma sat cross-legged; he wore a splendid heliotrope silk jacket embroidered with golden cart wheels, but wore it flung open, so that his brown paunch hung bulging in folds. Like a bronze figure, some Chinese lumpish god of prosperity, he remained there inert, fixed as by weight. Two or three paces away, all in white from toe to helmet, stood Leda.

Neither of them saw the watching heads by the threshold. Nata Kasuma looked down intently at a gold spittoon. It caught the glimmer of outdoor light; so did many broad-bladed weapons hanging round the room—short swords of the Mentok pattern.

Neither man nor girl moved, yet their stillness had nothing in common—his, ugly as death; hers, living expectation, momentary pause, quick as a swallow's turn in flight. She had made some gesture and now waited.

Dan saw her clearly. How could he have forgotten her loveliness? He must have forgotten; it overcame him like something new even in the rush of memory. Her face, clear light brown in color, oval in shape; the firm though delicate features, lips curving without weakness, dark eyes glowing large under fine arched brows; her way of carrying the head, not proudly but as if she were tall—these and the clean line of her young shoulders he saw now all afresh, at the same time that he remembered. So, in torchlight, standing by a new grave, he had acknowledged her power.

She spoke.

"Sir, you are the lord of all men here. To whom should I come, if not to you?"

Her voice was low, calm and strangely moving. Dan felt Runa's hand grasp him by the arm.

Nata Kasuma stared heavily at the gold spittoon.

"I tell you, lady," he grumbled, "this is not an old established kampong. No. Must I say again—it's a rubbish heap, without order, thrown together last year or so, where every kind of thief, outlaw, runaway dog crawls in to lie down and hide? That's all they are. You say I rule them. Maybe I do. But if you had a dozen fathers and they'd sent you to claim a hundred bags of stolen goods —— What was it again, you said? Silver? Why, you can't suppose the man who took them would come telling me? I never ask the scoundrels what they've done to want refuge here."

The words rang plausible enough, but he who spoke them did not once look up. Leda stepped backward and folded her hands. A trifling change in posture, it might have seemed like submission. But Dan, who knew his ward and saw her great eyes kindling, was not deceived.

"You mistake me, sir," she replied very gently. "I had but one father. Those who killed him dwell in your village and enjoy his goods, looted from his house. It is no chance beggar woman speaking, but Parimban's daughter, come before you for justice. I ask that. Of you, sir. Think well, for I have powerful friends."

Towers never admired her so much as now, hearing this magnificent fib. The lump of flesh remained sulky.

"I am a private person, not a sultan." Nata Kasuma rolled up at her one brief malignant glance. "Do you expect me to search their hiding holes? On your word? I dare not try."

Her lips curled in a smile. It was faint, quickly past; but no man could meet it and hold up his head.

"Ah," said Leda, as though to an empty room, "was this a cock of the game or a duck with spurs on?"

The insult pierced home. With a grunt Nata Kasuma bounded to his feet, shaking the house. His huge flat face writhed at her, all its evil bursting through, as flame writhes and bursts from the darkness of smoke.

At the same moment Dan and Runa were up the ladder, into the room; while Amra Khan, scorner of stairs, vaulted lightly beside them.

Towers had often wondered how he should greet her at last. In that place their greeting was simple.

"You have come."

The sudden radiance of her look said all the rest. She took his hand and stood there with him, facing her enemy. It was Runa who spoke next.

"Sir, I should advise you," he began in his silkiest tones, "not to be rude to this lady. What she told you is quite true. She has very powerful friends."

His cool fastidious air, the little formal bow that he made to Leda in removing his helmet, the good humor with which he tossed his words casually aside—took effect. He reduced this encounter almost to the proportion of a morning call.

"Oh! Ah, you, gentlemen?" Nata Kasuma pulled in his horns. The gnashing fury which had come to surface went under again and left him blank. "I—I misunderstood. The lady ——" He worked his features round toward a grin. "I was angry, yes; angry to think how little power I have to help her; that was all."

Runa inclined his head sidelong. "Of course. It is vexing," he drawled. "Your sentiment does you honor."

The chief drew his gold-wrought heliotrope jacket about him, fumbled with buttons, then spread his hands, inviting all to sit down, and squatted himself on the floor again.

"You have not eaten?" he inquired. "Let me provide a bite of breakfast."

The others remained standing. Runa at length and with much flattery declined.

"We have urgent business," he said, "to consider with this lady at her house. Later, if you wish, we may return and take up her affairs with you, her father's affair. Calmly, you know, in all friendship; for matters of state need calm handling."

La Flèche uttered this, and more, like a plenipotentiary with empires at his back. Nata Kasuma, cringing, broadly affable but uneasy, replied in kind. The palaver was going well, when Dan found that Leda had withdrawn her hand from his and crept forward.

"Later, then, as you say," agreed the master of the house. "And all friendship. Cold council is better than hot."

His turban, a masterpiece in dull blue and burnt gold, had slipped awry; or so he fancied, for while talking he pecked and patted it continually into better shape, as a woman fiddles at her hair. He was doing this with his left hand, on which there shone a ring.

"It is!" cried Leda, pointing. "I thought so all the time!"

Her words cut through and destroyed the nonsense these men were playing. "My father's! You killed him. You!"

Dan saw the hand stop, arrested on the turban. He saw the ring. Too small for such fatness it stuck midway on Nata Kasuma's little finger, between knuckles; a gold band with a flat oval green gem, incised. Long ago he had seen this ring worn by his friend Parimban.

"My father's signet! Liar and murderer!"

The fellow shut both fists together, drove them into his lap, and burrowed them under his sarong. It was too late. Falsehood had met the truth. He squinted upward once, no more; then sat like a stone image, thinking.

Runa gave his friend a glance.

"Get her out of here," it counseled.

"I'll attend to him afterward," said Dan sternly. "Come, my dear. Come home with me first."

He did not expect Leda to obey or even listen. She turned and came with him like a child, half dazed, that has found its own in a crowd.

Outdoors, glare and heat surrounded them. As they went down the slope of baked earth in the compound she confided herself to his arm so passively, half walking, half being carried, that Dan became frightened. She was very pale. Her eyelids drooped, shut, and opened again with exceeding languor. A child indeed, he thought, a tired child at the end of her strength. Her lips moved, the ghost of a smile playing on them. Dan bent down and caught what she was trying to say.

"You are too good for this girl. I did hope ——"

With that she sighed, and leaned on him, content.

Towers looked behind. Inside the room Nata Kasuma's black shadow had not changed, but sat huddled as before a grim bulk on the matting. Runa followed them deliberately, with a swagger in his gait, like one who would avoid the suspicion of haste. At his side loomed Amra Khan, whispering, buzzing with questions.

"What was the ring, sahib? Where did that misbegotten bullfrog steal it?"

"Hush! Her father's ring," explained Runa. "He killed her father."

Dan heard his retainer swear some quaint northern oath.

"And would have speared her also, this one!" said Amra Khan. "Ha! The frog would eat dragon flies. He pampers himself. We shall see."

They went slowly by the watchmen's platform and gained the path without. No sooner were they among trees, hidden from sight of the compound, than Runa came darting alongside.

"To the lady's house quickly as we can go," he said in Hindustani. "Anything may happen now. Make haste."

"She's worn out," Dan answered. "Wait."

He swung Leda up in his arms and ran with her. She clasped him round the neck, her cheek on his shoulder. With so light and precious a burden he could have run for miles.

Thus racing down the green bamboo aisle they came to her house, under which Argo and Ibrahim's men lay asleep.

"Here, Amra Khan, lend me a hand up," called Towers. He turned at the foot of the ladder. "Why—he's gone!"

Amra Khan was not there. He had deserted them, chosen this, of all times, to fail.

"Let me," said Runa. "Do you mind, old son?"

As they went up with her a hollow booming broke out and resounded along the precipice of trees. It swelled, filled the air, throbbing like a drum pounded by giants. Nata Kasuma's watchmen were beating the alarm.

x

THEY left her in her room for the moment, telling her to rest. This advice, when all outdoors reverberated the warning of the hollow log, seemed a pathetic irony. She did not mark it or question them; but having surrendered once for all reached out her slender brown hands weakly and smiled. Her forlorn contrition went to their hearts.

(Continued on Page 30)

"I Told Him: 'All I Want is the Ring, My Lady's.' But He Rushed. The Fool Fought Well Too; Strong, and Quick, and Bouncing on His Feet"

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(Continued from Page 28)

"Do not hate your little fool," mourned Leda. "She did only try coming to you. The way it was so rough. She did not know."

They laughed, to comfort and deceive her.

"That's all right," Dan replied. "You rest."

Down her ladder again they went to business. Underneath the house Ibrahim's three dandies, half awake, sat wondering at the noise in the air; but now Argo raised his mop head, listened, and quickly enlightened them:

"The drum! The drum! He is calling his men. Those pigs! More trouble. Always more."

His flat face, haggard and bruised, glowered with the exasperation of a man who finds his good sleep ruined.

"You may go if you like," Dan told him. "We'd better pay this chap off now, Runa, while we can."

"Well said, old one. So long as we live, discharge debts, eh?" La Flèche opened his tunic, unbuttoned his belt purse and took out Tante's parting gift, Madame Merey's knitted pouch. "Here." He thrust some gold pieces into Argo's hand. "Enough to make you for life. Trot along, *mon coco*, we are quits. You'd best flop over to the winning side or disappear."

"Yes," agreed Towers; "while the going's good."

Argo stared, first at wealth shining in his palm, next at the givers. Whether surprised or distracted by a choice of evils he could not speak. At last his gloomy eyes quickened and grew keen.

"Masters," declared Argo, "I keep with you. Give me back my spear?"

Runa nodded.

"It's up in the house," he answered. "Wait until we need it."

He turned and linking arms with Dan moved a few paces away, as though to talk in privacy. They did not say much, these friends: from one a gruff bit of regret: "Sorry I lugged you into this mess"; from the other something flippant. The rest they understood. To take to the woods again and lie hidden was their course of safety, but a course they might not follow. Leda could go no farther now. They were to stay with her. It was very simple.

"Have a smoke?" offered Runa.

"Good idea," said Dan.

They waited therefore in silence. The woodland light and shadow played above, beneath, dazzles of green, sparks of sun, black traceries, mingling like a hide-and-seek of life that was to go on forever without care. It made each man's face look strange, feeble and nightworn as a lamp left burning by day.

The drumming of the hollow log slackened, grew fitful, and with a few last thumps ended. Towers could hear once more the cool-sounding rustle of bamboo pass uphill. It seemed to magnify the heat.

Surely, he thought, now was the time for whatever they were expecting.

The thing that came was a pair of long legs marching easily under the boughs on the path.

"Oh, him!" said Towers. "He's back again."

"I thought so," declared Runa.

The long legs were those of Amra Khan, who rounded the point of trees and came deliberately on.

"There will be a crowd here soon." Amra Khan saluted his masters, and joining them calmly made his report like a good servant: "The frog is cold."

Round his waist he wore a new sash; or rather, tied sashwise, a length of quiet-colored *slendang*, the Malay neck scarf. Poked through this jauntily hung a Mentok short sword, bare, its blade a willow leaf of gray steel.

"What?"

Amra Khan tugged at his left hand, unscrewing something off one finger.

"Her own, sahib. Your lady's."

He held out Parimban's ring, the gold band with the green gem.

"How did you get this?" Dan cried.

"I walked in and asked him for it," said Amra Khan. "The frog puffed out his throat at me and bubbled. We could not know each other's words, so I took his fat hand very pleasantly and touched the ring and smiled at him, and said: 'That belongs to my mem-sahib. Give it here. It has made her sick.' He knew what I was saying then. But instead he jumped and ran to the wall and got down this chopper." Amra Khan patted the short sword. "I said: '*Panu*, be quiet. The old goat should not play with the wolf.' He only clashed his mouth, the madman; it dripped words, wet, *ghammar-ghammar* like a churn. I told him:

"'Sit down. All I want is the ring, my lady's.' But he rushed. The fool fought well too; strong and quick and bouncing on his feet. Yes, he fought very well indeed. The crowd was pushing round the house by that time, and they all said so. Their faces told me; I did not understand what their tongues were shouting."

Runa and Dan exchanged looks of slow conjecture.

"What then?" they asked, for Amra Khan stopped like one who had no more to say. "What of Nata Kasuma?"

The northerner's dark eyes, neither sad nor cruel, answered them clearly.

"He lived as many days as he was born to," stated Amra Khan. "It happens thus. We are not told why. Here, sir. Will you not take your lady's ring?"

Dan took it and for a moment stood revolving it with his fingers, intent, as though studying the workmanship. What he felt was not this metal band, but rather the chain, unseen, unbreakable, of which it formed a link and by which the past draws the future into being.

"You're right. It happens thus," he said. "And we don't know why." He nodded gravely at his follower. "The lady will thank you for this keepsake."

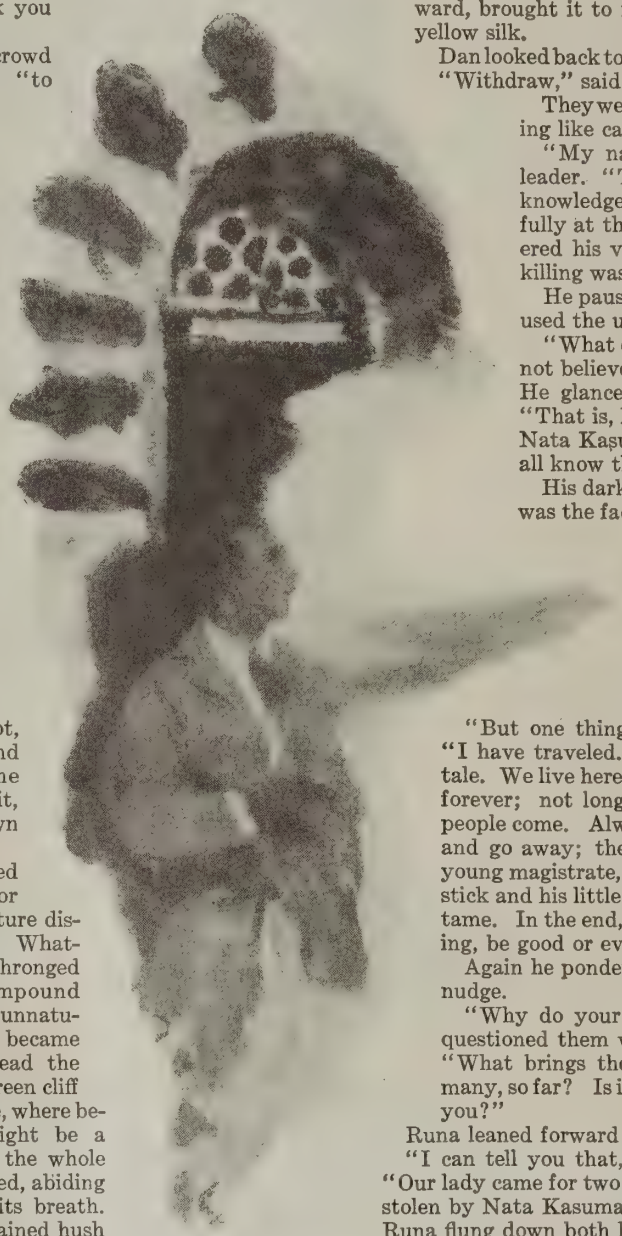
"What was the crowd doing," asked Runa, "to let you come away?"

Amra Khan's eyes twinkled.

"Standing clear," he replied. "They made a street as wide as if I were four men abreast, with elephants coming. The ring was on my finger. I held it aloft in the sun, for authority. A man sprang up by the drum log and began preaching or praying to them; a sad man, lanky and black, like the ridgepole of a burned house. He made them listen, though, this ridgepole. And so I came away."

Indeed his narrative left no more to be added. Like it or not, this thing was done; and now, as before, the friends could only wait, ready for some unknown consequent.

The waiting seemed long. Neither sound nor glimpse of living creature disturbed its monotony. Whatever those people who thronged the dead man's compound meant to do they kept unnaturally still. Morning became noon; straight overhead the sun blazed down the green cliff of branches; and there, where behind every frond might be a watcher and listener, the whole steep village lay masked, abiding an outcome, holding its breath. A false calm, a constrained hush had spread through the forest, as through a hedge full of birds when a hawk soars.



When Runa Had Gone From Sight Towers Remained Still Watching. He Was Somewhat Dazed

Runa was the first to hear warning of a change. "They've started." He sighed and became at once more cheerful. "They're on the way. Good."

Dan gave ear, and presently caught a hint of movement in the distance. It drew near, the soft tread of many bare feet approaching slowly.

Round the tree headland where the path bent came an orderly, bright-colored procession of men, led by a tall fellow who carried on his shoulders a long brown-scabbarded sword. He looked back and murmured some command, at which his followers, without haste or confusion, ranged themselves opposite the front of Leda's house, halted, and sat down in rows beyond the path, like an audience preparing to enjoy themselves. The tall man advanced alone.

"The new boss," muttered Runa. "*Magnæ spes altera Romæ*. Not a bad face."

"Glum as a deacon," said Dan.

The stranger stopped two paces away and eyed them. An austere man in turban and skirt of somber hue, he looked so dark and bony that they knew him for Amra Khan's orator, the burned ridgepole.

"I salute you, sirs," he declared in tones like a bass viol.

They returned his greeting. He studied them

"I speak for this kampong," he continued. "You have slain Nata Kasuma. Is it your pleasure to exchange words with me?"

Dan and Runa conferred in a glance, then made proper show of doubt; as if, indeed, their pleasure were called into question, nothing more. They could not tell what lay behind the civility of this dark one.

"The lady is asleep in her house," replied Runa. "We have no comfort to offer you, sir; no roof but the sky or floor but the ground."

The stranger waved their apology aside.

"The ground is a good seat, when shared with men of honor." He turned and made a beckoning sign. Up from among his followers hopped a little graybeard, who came trotting obediently to take his sword. "The ground will do very well."

He waited until Dan and Runa sat down; then he squatted facing them. At his back the little old servant crouched, and holding the sword reverently, hilt upward, brought it to rest on a shoulder cloth of crocus yellow silk.

Dan looked back to dismiss Amra Khan and the others.

"Withdraw," said he.

They went and sat under the house, glowering like cats.

"My name is Tasmid," began the dark leader. "There is talk that the lady has great knowledge in witchcraft." He glanced doubtfully at the open door above them and lowered his voice to a rumble. "Also that this killing was done for a magic ring."

He paused. His hearers did not speak, but used the unanswerable argument, silence.

"What do I know about magic rings? I do not believe in them. Fool's talk, nonsense." He glanced up the ladder again, frowning. "That is, I do not believe much. It is true, Nata Kasuma got his luck from devils. We all know that. But such things ——"

His dark, saturnine face grew wrinkled. It was the face of a man sore perplexed.

"Let him see it, Danny," advised Runa.

Towers held out the signet.

"That is windward writing," Tasmid grumbled. "I am no priest, to judge it good or evil."

He sat brooding after Dan had put the ring up again.

"But one thing I do know," he declared sourly. "I have traveled. North, south, all round it is one tale. We live here alone with our trees, but not alone forever; not long. Always in the same order your people come. Always. First, two or three, like you, and go away; then, soldiers, and go away; then a young magistrate, who remains, with his little rattan stick and his little yapping dog. And then life grows tame. In the end, who can tell if this, like your writing, be good or evil?"

Again he pondered. La Flèche gave Dan a secret nudge.

"Why do your people begin coming?" Tasmid questioned them with his dark, slow, burning eyes. "What brings the first two or three, many miles, many, so far? Is it in truth a magic? What brought you?"

Runa leaned forward and spoke.

"I can tell you that, Tuan Tasmid. Plain," said he. "Our lady came for two bags of silver, her father's money, stolen by Nata Kasuma. We come to see her get them." Runa flung down both hands open, like a player showing his cards. "Give the lady her own, and we leave you in peace."

This audacious offer took Dan's breath away.

"Why should I?" Tasmid inquired without change of tone or aspect. "What need?"

Runa, smiling, returned a soft answer:

"Because it is right. Because your fat frog is cold, his luck broken, his ring passed into our hands. Because you, who now govern here, are a man full of bile, foresight, ambition. You know what will come to pass." The youngster cooed like a dove, but his eyes were harder than a serpent's. "Because when the boy magistrate walks into this kampong with the little stick and the little dog—you are clever, they do always come at last—why, he may fetch in his pocket letters that will make you rajah, create you lord of woods and rivers! Because we shall have told him beforehand, we, the first comers: Tasmid is a reasonable man. And because our lady's friends, the forest folk, children of a princess in the old time, have felt the power of our lady's magic and will spread the greatness of your name for miles round."

This eloquence left the reasonable man, to all outward appearance, quite cold. "H'm!" he grunted. "If they don't kill me in the meantime."

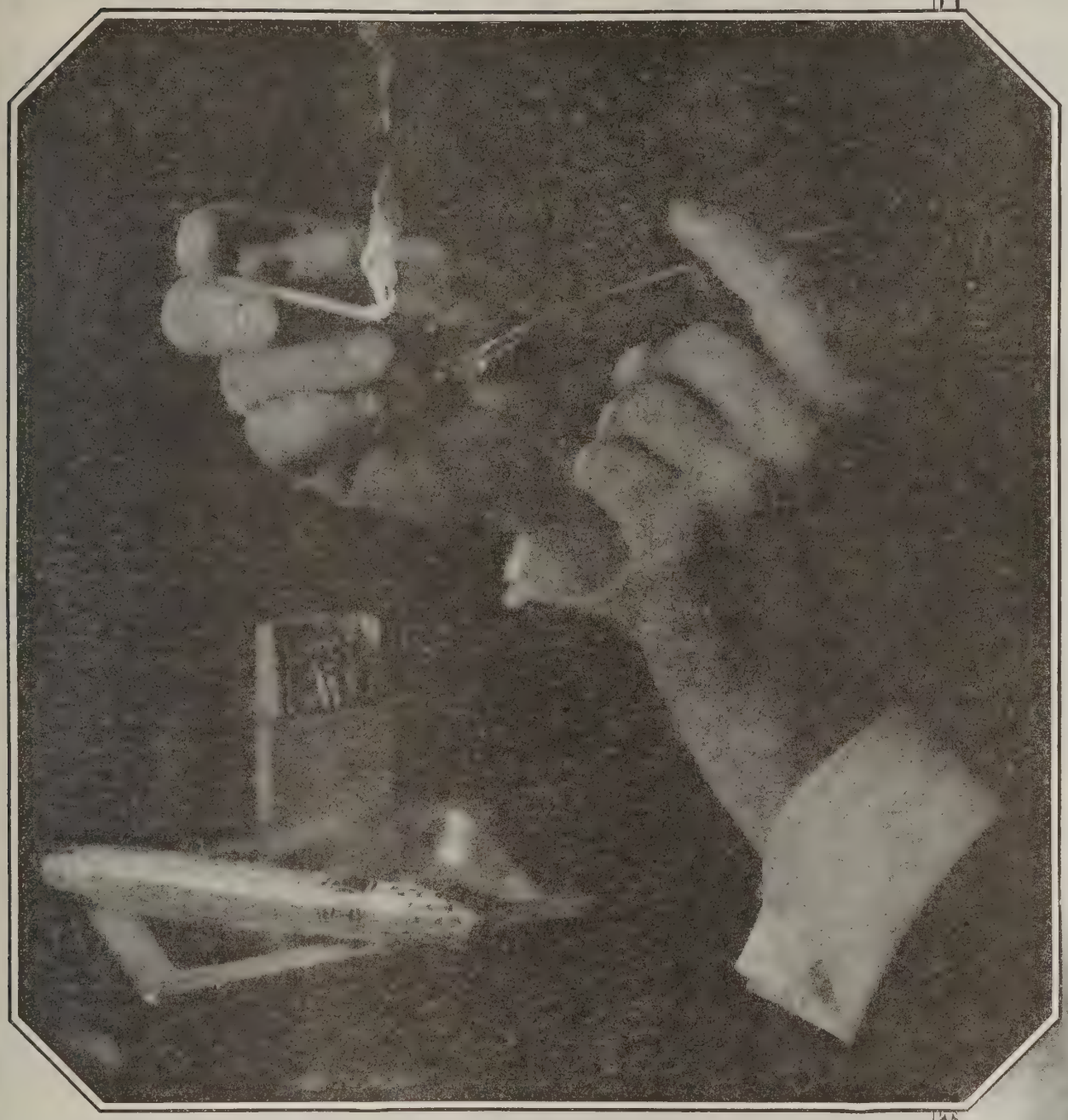
But he swung on his haunches, to throw back a different word. The gray sword bearer heard it, rose and, balancing on his right shoulder the hilt of ceremony, marched down to the path, where a murmur and a ripple went through the audience.

Argo scrambled from under the house.

"All is well now, lords!" he cried, and ran by to join his fellows.

The new chief indulged in a grin.

(Continued on Page 62)



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LITTLE BOBBIE,
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8c—2 for 15c

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(Foil-wrapped)
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AMID the general unrest it's comforting to turn for solace to a Robt. Burns cigar. For here, at least, is one outstanding instance of high character that does not change.

The makers of mild Robt. Burns determined long ago that nothing in the world should compromise his quality.

The mellowed *full Havana filler* which distinguished Robt. Burns in pre-war days, wins friends for him today. The same fine hand-workmanship is his—the same vigilant care in curing.

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GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc.

Robt. Burns Cigar

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Shoes from the Sea

THE prices of shoes, like the cost of some of our other necessities, have been climbing steadily to the higher and rarer altitudes. If you ask the shoeman he will inform you that the boost is due more to a scarcity of leather than to increased operating charges. It is difficult to deny this statement, for the very good reason that we have always imported considerably more than half of the hides and skins that are used to make our shoes, and these imports, which fell off so seriously in 1918, have never returned to normal.

As a nation we are the greatest shoe producers in the world, and we not only supply our own needs in the way of the finished article but we send our footwear to all parts of the globe. Faced with two conditions—a lack of leather and an increased demand—how can we meet the situation with a minimum of expense and inconvenience to our own citizens?

One of the principal answers is substitutes, and one of the chief substitutes is leather made from fishskin. The United States Bureau of Standards is now conducting an investigation of the structure of this new leather from the sea, and the hope is expressed by the authorities that some quick method will be discovered whereby it will be possible to distinguish fish leather from animal leather.

The fact that the two leathers are so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart is good news for the fellows who are worried over the present cost of shoes. The Bureau of Fisheries tells us that the skins of sharks and porpoises hold forth the greatest promise.

Heretofore the skins of fish were a by-product of the fish-oil refineries; now we see the launching of an industry that has for its primary purpose the recovery of the skins. Stations have been established at points in close proximity to the Gulf Stream, and preliminary operations have shown a large catch of sharks with a sprinkling of porpoises. The fish are caught with heavy nets, some of them twenty-five hundred feet in length. The nets are placed at right angles to the coast line so as to catch the fish running parallel to the shore.

Experiments have shown further that the stomachs of the shark and the whale, and the intestines of the porpoise, can be worked into leathers that are strong and soft, and closely resemble kid. The porpoise skins can be divided into three splits, one of them being sufficiently thick and strong for the production of heavy shoes.

As to the possibilities for leather that lie in the ocean, it might be stated that practice has shown how it is possible to catch as many as five thousand large fish in one day, due to the crowded life in the warm waters of our southern seas. The hide of a single shark or the skin of a porpoise will produce twelve to forty square feet of leather, depending upon the size of the fish, and the tanned skin of a devilfish will often cover an area of fifty to one hundred square feet.

This new industry of producing leather from the hides of our aquatic animals is fortunate in that the business does not have to depend upon a single product. The reduction plants can secure valuable oils, some of which are of such high grade that they are the particular lubricants best adapted for the delicate mechanism of finely made watches. A large shark will often yield as much as one hundred gallons of oil, while the blood of these fish forms the basis for a waterproof glue that is much in demand in the manufacture of wooden propellers for aëroplanes.

The tests of fish leather, such as have been made, show this product to have splendid wearing qualities. The supply of aquatic animals is practically unlimited, and there appears to be no danger of losing great numbers through drought or disease. We are looking for ways out of the high-cost-of-living dilemma. The more thought that is given the matter the more it appears that the route via the ocean is one highway of much promise.

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

The Rabbits of Australia are the Chief Source of Fur for Men's Hats

Keeping the Car From Freezing

MOST everyone who owns and operates an automobile during the winter months is confronted with the problem of securing a suitable antifreezing solution for the cooling water used in the radiator. Many different concoctions have been prepared and are being sold to consumers, who frequently pay too little attention to the ingredients used in the manufacture of these preparations and the effect of the same upon the automobile parts.

A number of mixtures contain a solution of calcium chloride; others are made up of water, alcohol and glycerin, while a few people have been known to use straight solutions of kerosene and similar oils.

Claims that calcium-chloride compounds are not injurious should be carefully investigated. Careful tests have proved that such mixtures do corrode the soldered joints of the radiator much more quickly than plain water, and also rapidly corrode any aluminum that is used in pumps, headers and manifolds. Furthermore, calcium-chloride solutions in cooling may deposit crystals in the radiator and thus retard proper circulation. That these mixtures, however, do prevent freezing is true without doubt, and they cannot be criticized on that score.

Kerosene might be used effectively were it not for its great inflammability and its high boiling point, for it has a lower freezing point than water. But it is dangerous, and in addition exhibits a solvent action on all rubber parts. Glycerin likewise affects rubber and is now very expensive. When used in conjunction with alcohol, however, it does reduce the rate of evaporation of the latter.

Even with alcohol there is some need for care. If wood alcohol is used the purchaser should be sure that the liquid does not contain any free acid, such as acetic acid, for this is injurious to the metal parts. Wood alcohol has a lower freezing point than denatured alcohol, but it costs more and is more volatile. The alcohol solutions are no more corrosive than water alone, and they generally give satisfactory service except that the alcohol soon boils out and must be replaced frequently. This low boiling point is the reason why glycerin is sometimes substituted for part of the alcohol.

As to the amount of alcohol to use, the answer depends on the severity of the cold that the mixture is to withstand. A solution that is ninety per cent water and ten per cent denatured alcohol will not freeze solid until subjected to a temperature of about twenty-two or twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. A twenty per cent alcohol solution is safe in a temperature as low as fourteen degrees, while a thirty per cent solution will not freeze until the thermometer has gone below zero.

Anyone interested in antifreezing mixtures would do well to get in touch with the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, which bureau has made a careful study of the subject.

Hats and Hatters

THE human mind is a wonderful machine when it comes to improving and perfecting ideas, but the fact remains that in the business of discovering basic principles the world's two greatest inventors are Messrs. Accident and Luck. It was one of these two elusive elves that accompanied the devout priest, Saint Clement, many years ago, when this worthy person started forth on one of his errands of mercy. The mission on which the priest was engaged turned into a weary journey and the holy man became tired and footsore. To go on was impossible, so he stripped the sandals from his blistered feet and sought rest by the roadside.

Soon he was disturbed by the bleating of lambs, and looking over a near-by hedge beheld a fox that had just seized one of the helpless young sheep. With characteristic pity he cleared the hedge just in time to destroy the fox and rescue the lamb. The grateful creature crouched at his feet and expressed its gratitude in dumb but eloquent glances.

While fondling the lamb Saint Clement observed loose wool, which he gathered and examined. It was fine in texture, and he was struck by the sudden inspiration that here was relief for his lacerated feet. Binding the yielding wool upon his wounds he was able to resume his pilgrimage. Upon reaching his destination the priest removed the sandals from his feet, discovering instead of fine soft wool a piece of unfinished cloth, seemingly so firm and thick that he could not pull it apart. The matted material he called felt.

It is because of this discovery that Saint Clement is known as the patron saint of the hatters throughout the world. This accidental knowledge that, when under pressure and without weaving, wool, fur or hair will interlock and form a compact fabric is the basic principle that underlies the men's-hat industry. No wonder the twenty-third of November—Saint Clement's Day—is a red-letter holiday for the hat manufacturers of many countries.

But there is a second chapter to a hat story that takes us to the other side of the earth. Just about the time our Civil War was starting here in the United States an Australian newspaper printed the following paragraph:

"An attempt is being made on a large scale to introduce the wild rabbit on the estates of William Holt at Cookes River, about five miles out of Sydney. This is one of those enterprises which enrich a country and enhance its attractions. There is no reason why we should not possess round us all that is choice and beautiful in the living creation."

History has shown that it would have been cheaper for Australia to have purchased the first pair of rabbits for $40,000,000 and either deported or slain them. At first they overran only the state of Victoria, but as time passed the animals pushed north and are now in all of the continental states. Great wire nettings were put up, but the rabbits got through. One of these fences was 3000 miles long and cost $200 per mile, but as a barrier it was unavailing. These rabbits are prolific producers, breeding five times a year with an average litter of five. In three months

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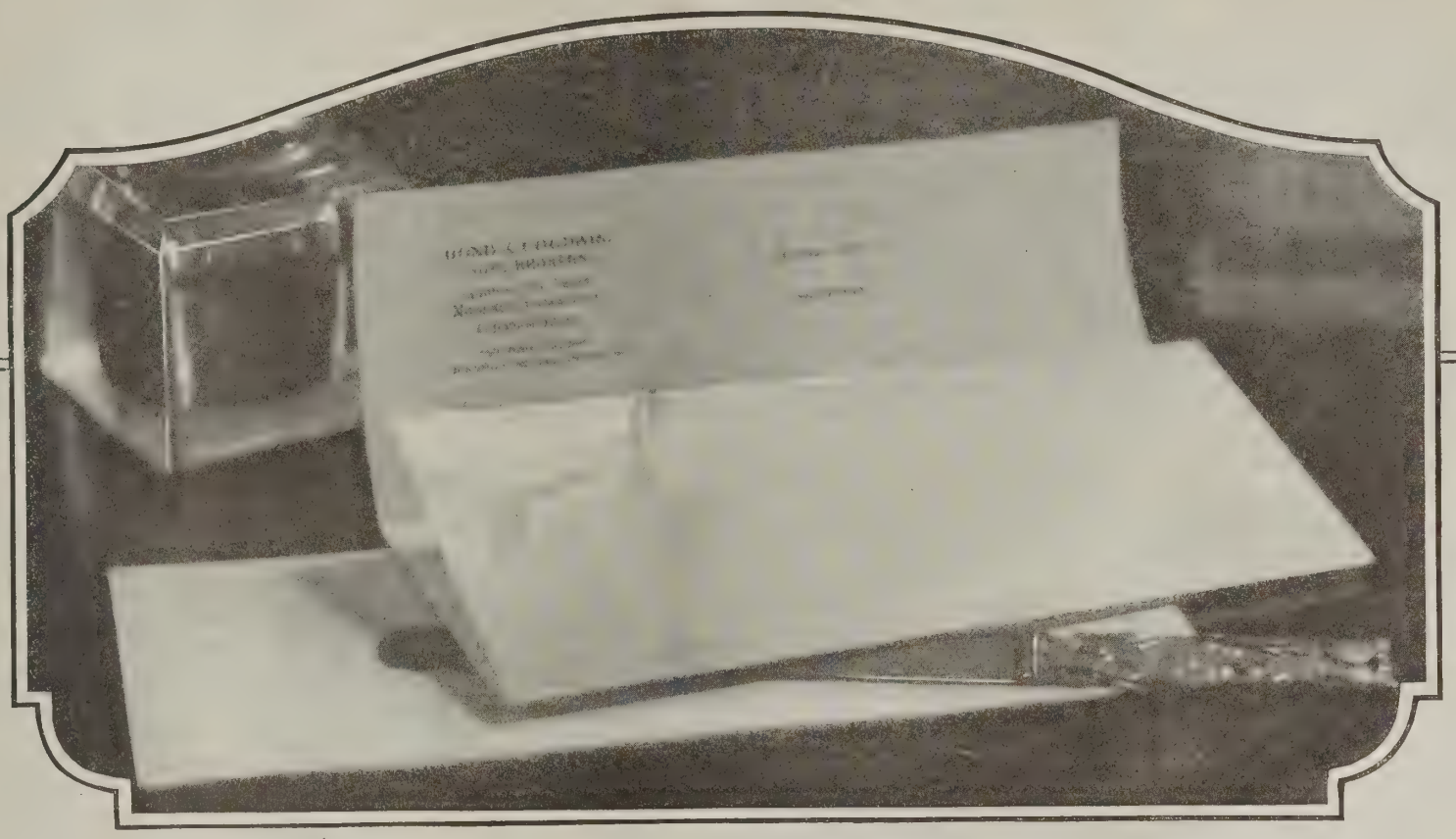

Things that people like:

"The Crisp, Inviting Texture of Good Paper"

Among the inanimate things Rupert Brooke loved, he named, "Firm sands . . . grainy wood . . . the crust of friendly bread . . ." And he might well have added "The crisp, inviting texture of good paper." There are few people who do not react favorably to a fresh, snappy bond paper—the sight of it—the feel of it.

Systems Bond is the paper with the bank-note feel. Tough as rag fibres and genuine loft-seasoning can make it, the sheet comes forth from its envelope alert and "crackly". Its knife-like creases spring open—its very quality implies it bears a message that is extra-personal.

Yet Systems Bond is not a paper of extravagant cost, for the Eastern Manufacturing Company owns not only paper mills, but its own pulp mills and timberlands.

Systems Bond is available nationally. Consult your printer about it—give him an order for letterheads on it. Also, ask him to obtain for you a copy of our free book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," of value to every paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest Marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue **New York**

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 32)

the young are breeding again, so that in no time a pair of rabbits will produce a fairly populous community of the pest.

Every district in Australia where the animals are at all numerous has its rabbit inspector, whose duty it is to see that the law is carried out by every landowner. They eat voraciously and absolutely destroy many succulent grasses which provide excellent cattle feed. One large private estate in New South Wales has just spent more than $240,000 in an effort to eradicate the rabbits. An investigator estimates that the rabbit fences erected by private persons total 76,700 miles in length and cost $23,000,000.

In the majority of districts poisoning gives the best destructive results, jam or apples or carrots mixed with strychnine being in great favor. Pollard and phosphorus are also used. These baits are laid along near the burrows or in trails made by a machine. Fumigation is likewise employed, as are also poisoning dams and tanks. Countless millions of useful native birds are unfortunately thus poisoned, and in a way this accounts for the plagues of grasshoppers, caterpillars, sheep-maggot flies and so on which occur periodically.

Trapping the rabbits for the value of the skins goes on all the year and accounts for millions. The only objection to trapping is that these hunters leave their camps as soon as the rabbits show signs of a decrease, therefore many landowners do not hold trappers in much favor. In the old days cases have been known of trappers taking rabbits to other parts of the country that were not infested. This was probably a good investment in a few years from their point of view. The trappers make from $10 to $35 a week, and men, women and children are employed at it. Recently the work has proved so profitable that many farmers and stock owners have experienced difficulty in procuring sufficient labor to do ordinary farm work.

After being killed the rabbits are skinned and the carcasses are sent to freezing works, where they are graded, packed and sold as food. The skins are bound into large bundles, which are sent to dealers who sort the pelts according to quality, and then press them into bales weighing 400 to 500 pounds. These graded bales are shipped to all parts of the world, where the skins are used to make glue, while the down that lies next to the skin—not the hair—is used to make the felt for men's hats.

Strange as it may appear, the fur of the American rabbit is not so satisfactory for use in felt hats. The Scotch-rabbit fur is good and the French is even better, but there is not enough of these grades. The Australian climate seems to produce a satisfactory fur, and since the country is rabbit-infested, this source of supply controls the world's markets.

Our fine velours hats are made from the French fur and are manufactured mostly in Austria, where the art has attained to a high state of perfection. Silk hats are made from hatter's plush and are manufactured in France. None are produced in this country. All of the trimmings that go into men's hats likewise come from other countries, so it is evident that here again is an industry where the United States is wholly dependent on other nations for the raw materials. Even in the case of our straw hats we are obliged to depend on China, Japan, Italy and Switzerland for the proper materials. No attempt seems to have been made to use American straw. Again the finger of blame is pointed to that much-maligned thing, our American climate.

The art of making felt hats is what might be termed an ancient process. It is a craft that has survived from the old guilds. The hairs are pulled out of the pelts by hand and then the skins are treated with mercury to make the down, or fibers, active. The hat makers are subjected to the hazard of mercury poisoning and strenuous efforts are being made to reduce this danger to a minimum. The chief remedy so far has rested in providing adequate ventilation, but even to-day some of the hat workers are compelled to lay off for several weeks after having worked steadily at their trade for two or three years. In this way they endeavor to get the mercury out of their systems.

In making felt hats the fabric is given stiffness by the addition of shellac. The soft hats do not contain so much of this latter material, but the derbies of course are subjected to a more profuse treatment. The two useful elements in the manufacture of hats are heat and water. These same elements are the two things that will most quickly destroy a felt hat. Water alone will not do it and heat is not very destructive without water. The one way to see how the two elements act together is to take a hat that has been out in the rain and place it on a warm radiator to dry. The hat makers tell me that a wet hat should never be dried before a fire if the owner is desirous that the hat shall keep its shape.

In the matter of prices the hat business has been affected in a rather unusual way. Several million American ladies have suddenly developed a mania for furs, and as a consequence of the mad scramble that has ensued the fur dealers have found that their supplies of the usual skins are wholly inadequate to meet the abnormal demands of this era of profligate spending. Something had to be done, so the fur people sought for new sources of supply. Rabbit skins were plentiful and quite cheap in price. Heretofore only a few of the highest-grade skins had been dyed and used in women's wear. There were millions of the more common grades available. This thought was followed by prompt action and to-day many women are wearing furs and coats made from the carefully disguised pelts of that innocent little animal, the Australian rabbit.

All of which would not be so interesting were it not for the fact that this situation has a direct bearing on the price of the hats that are to be worn by mere man. To be explicit, this new market created by the urgent demands of the ladies has not only brought about a rabbit-fur shortage but has sent the prices of bunny pelts to record figures. The price of cut fur used in hat manufacture has advanced three dollars a pound during the last two months. Since three pounds are required to make a dozen hats it is evident that the raw fur for a dozen of men's felt hats has gone up nine dollars. This seventy-five cents per hat will amount to a dollar by the time the hat reaches the retailer. All trimmings have advanced in like proportion and wages are seventy-five per cent higher than in prewar days. A leading authority tells me that men's hats which sold at $1.50 three years ago cannot be made to-day to sell under five dollars. He says that the real advance in hat prices will only begin to hit us next spring.

Such evil predictions, however, no longer inflame or excite us. We have become accustomed to the skyward tendency of all costs. Perhaps we shall be bold enough to eliminate the third requisite in our hats, which is style, and stick to the two other essentials—service and appearance. Hats seldom wear out. In the matter of service they are pretty much on a par with leather belts, which the individual does not have to replace more than once in two or three years. As one manufacturer says, "Only that precious element of style keeps the hat out of the leather-belt class." However, if present forecasts materialize there may be a lot of us who will find it advisable to go about with a 1919 model covering the chief reservoir of our 1920 hopes.

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Hauling Rabbits to Market in Australia

Business Follows Service

ELECTRIC-RAILWAY companies continue to be wrecked on the rocks. An investment of $6,000,000,000 is being sacrificed on the altar of public ignorance and indifference. It is estimated that of 44,000 miles of electric street and interurban lines now being operated in the United States more than 6000 miles are in the hands of receivers. The securities of one hundred companies have depreciated in value more than $275,000,000 in five years. Recent hearings before a Federal commission indicated that there was a falling off of about seventy-five per cent in the net income of our electric railways last year as compared with 1917.

Two of the causes of this serious situation are: First, an enormous rise in wages, amounting to as much as 100 per cent in certain cases; and, second, the rapid progress of the motor car as a rival of the trolley car. Already there is one passenger automobile here in this country for every twenty people. Likewise it is true that there are sixty automobiles in the United States for every street car. All railway materials cost more, taxes are higher and there has been a substantial rise in interest rates. One engineer estimates that the earnings of the average street railway in the United States to-day are forty cents per car mile, or $3.36 per car hour, the speed being eight and four-tenths miles per hour. Trainmen's wages average fifty-five cents per hour. The operating ratio is seventy-five per cent and four dollars is invested for each dollar's worth of business done.

Why has this superessential industry been dumped into a veritable slough of despond? Two dozen years ago the average citizen would have considered that he had been let in on a bonanza if he could land a few of his dollars in a street-railway investment. A lot of folks who are in a position to know say that the whole industry started wrong immediately after the first motor was installed in the first street car and the faithful horse was led out to graze in a neighboring pasture. The managements of most of the systems right from the beginning made little or no provision for depreciation or replacements and held to the idea that careful attention to current repairs was sufficient.

"How can you expect low operating costs," say these authorities, "when the average street railway in American cities consists of a collection of junk that ought to be in a museum of antiquities?"

Let us not waste time, however, in berating the railways for past mistakes. The need of the moment is for constructive criticism. Some of the present street-railway officials are exhibiting a degree of efficiency second to none that is being exercised in any of our other great industries. These men are up against a crisis that is unparalleled and unprecedented in the nation's industrial life. The road ahead will be less rocky if the public will smother their prejudice and view the problem more as a personal affair. What is needed is straight thinking and a more kindly coöperation.

As to remedies, perhaps the most radical emanates from without the industry and has been proposed in one important Massachusetts city. The sponsor for the scheme is a rich business man who has held high public positions.

(Continued on Page 36)

IT isn't its long life, alone, that makes people think the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

They are influenced just as much by the car's consistent economy as they are by the years of continuous good service.

Economy in *The Comfort Car* isn't an indefinite quantity, but a positive saving which registers itself every day in every month.

By saving, we mean not only gasoline saving, but tire saving, and that *still greater* saving which results from marked infrequency of repair.

(Continued from Page 34)

He is reported to have said: "The transportation problem of large cities is a social question rather than a business enterprise. Street cars should be looked upon as moving sidewalks and should be free to all that use them. I would have them dependent for their maintenance upon the public purse just as the streets are. There is no material difference between the operation of a municipal transportation service and a municipal water supply.

"The popular gospel of to-day is made up of arguments designed to persuade the factory workers of the nation to locate their homes in the suburbs where houses sell or rent at moderate prices and where children can play in the open air and sunshine. Now we jump in and spoil the whole idea by boosting car fares to such heights that our working classes are being driven back to the congested tenements. If the municipalities took over the street cars great economies would result. Most of the overhead would be eliminated. There would be no auditing department, no employees for checking register readings or money and transfers turned in and no excessive charges for a large executive staff and for an array of high-priced legal talent.

"The total cost of operating the lines would be covered by increased taxes. The wealthy manufacturer who uses his motor car instead of the trolley would benefit through the savings that would result to his workmen. The employee who now must pay $100 additional street-car fare for himself and his family each year is compelled to get the money from increased wages paid by the employer. Furthermore, the industrial corporation has to pay these same increases in wages to other employees who live near the plant and do not ride to their work. The man who owns no property and pays no taxes would have to bear his share through the added assessment on property reflected in the rent he would pay. Legislation to provide for this plan would be no more illogical than legislation to provide for free textbooks in the schools. It required seven years to get this latter act through the Massachusetts Legislature. Anyone now who would oppose free books for our public-school pupils would be viewed as a freak. School taxes are not an expense but an investment; taxes for free transportation in our cities would be the same and the money so expended would be returned to the citizens with interest."

I have recited the chief details of the foregoing plan because the scheme is somewhat unusual and possesses the merit of having been proposed to the Massachusetts Legislature by responsible public men, who with the aid of experts have carried on an expensive and extended investigation of the problem. Let no one hope, however, that such an idea will meet with the unqualified indorsement of our electric-railway companies, for these latter concerns have several remedies of their own mixing.

In Canada in a Middle-West city the superintendent of the local street railway not only introduced the now celebrated one-man cars but decided that transportation was something that could be sold just like shoes or books or potatoes. He arranged the front door of the cars so that people could easily enter and leave at the same time. Then he closed the rear platform and made it into a smoking compartment.

Next he worked out and installed an improved system of lighting and ventilation and then went after a volume business.

Various kinds of tickets were prepared. Workmen's tickets were sold at eight for twenty-five cents, books of twenty-five tickets for $1, regular tickets six for a quarter and children's tickets at ten for a quarter. The company persuaded cigar stores, drug stores and other establishments to sell tickets and in each case advanced a fifty-dollar supply. Car operators of course also acted as salesmen and tickets were purchased by nearly everyone.

An examination showed that eighty per cent of the people rode on tickets and this saved much time in loading and unloading the cars.

But this superintendent went a step further. He fitted all cars with deep-toned air whistles for use in signaling cars at intersecting lines. This saved not only time and accidents but did away with the disappointment of passengers, who heretofore had frequently missed connections at transfer points. Following this the management established the use of colored disks to indicate the car routes. Transfers were made of paper of the same color as the route signs. This practice rendered it easy for the car operators to reject wrong transfers. Midday travel was encouraged by issuing half-rate tickets and the result was that women shoppers used the cars for marketing at a time that did not add to the congestion of the early and late rush hours. The one-man car plan has eliminated the arguments that so frequently occurred between motormen and conductors, is saving the company more than $120,000 a year in platform expense and is giving a service so cheap and so efficient that a profit is being made because of the record volume of business being done.

Of all of our great American street-railway companies none appears to be more progressive than the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The officers of this concern adopted the idea that increased revenue and decreased operating expense would result from the establishment of confidence between the employees and the management and between the company and the public. The transit people set out to convince the citizens of Philadelphia that the street railways are their property and that whatever burden is placed upon the railway by any group of citizens is a burden placed upon the whole people of the city.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY JOURNAL

In Newark, N. J., Numerous Signs Indicate the Different Fares to the Various Zones

However, the Philadelphia company has gained numerous advantages from economies in operation as well as from the better relations existing between the company, the employees and the public. Material savings have resulted from the adoption of better equipment, the skip-stop system, energy-saving campaigns and in conducting careful traffic checks. Chiefly by reducing the number of stops and through the introduction of the automatic near-side and center-exit doors the speed of travel has been largely increased. In 1910 the average speed for the whole system was 8.08 miles per hour; in 1918 this had been increased to 9.06. As a result the passenger receipts per car hour have been increased from $2.19 in 1910 to $3.48 in 1918. Likewise the passenger receipts per car mile were increased from 27.2 cents in 1910 to 38.4 cents in 1918.

Application of the skip-stop plan, according to C. J. Joyce, has reduced the number of stops in the city by more than 1700 out of a total of nearly 6000. He explained that it was difficult to estimate the total saving resulting from this plan, but it was definitely known that a saving of $100 000 in pay roll had been realized due to the conservation the time of the operating crews, and a saving of $300,00 per annum in electrical energy. By comparison of the pe car-mile cost of operation for a calendar month before th skip-stop was installed with the same cost for a like perio after the installation the company's engineers estimate a saving of 1.07 cents per car mile, or a total saving $1,318,000 per annum. They further estimated an ult mate saving of approximately $100,000 per annum add tional as the result of releasing equipment from service.

The safety campaign that the Philadelphia railway ha conducted during the last eight years has reduced th accident cost to 3.47 per cent of the gross earnings. Th reduction equals a decrease of 752 in car accidents an represents a saving of $5,292,054. It becomes even mor interesting when viewed in the light of the fact that i Philadelphia during practically the same period there ha been an increase of 1980 in street accidents. The tractio company has also reduced its fire-insurance premium fro fifty cents to twenty-five cents by providing adequat and effective inspection.

The street-railway scheme that ap pears to be of greatest popular interes at the moment is the plan of organiz ing a community transportation serv ice on a zone system. Some peopl maintain that zone fares disturb prop erty values and housing conditions These authorities point to Glasgo and other foreign cities where th railway service has been develope along zone-fare principles and sho that rents are less for houses on th outskirts than elsewhere. However the eyes of all traction officials ar now directed to the street-railway line being operated by the Public Servic Railway of New Jersey. This big com pany put its zone system into practic September 14, 1919. Various plan have been tried in the face of stron opposition on the part of the ridin public. At the time of this writing th situation with reference to the Ne Jersey street railways is unsettled an unsatisfactory, to say the least. S far no one has been able to devise speedy and accurate plan for collectin the zone fares. The whole matter ha become a political issue and the com pany is asking for a return to th former system of a straight seven-cen fare with an extra cent for transfers

In Milwaukee the Electric Rail way and Light Company adopted zone system that was founded on really scientific basis. This city ha earned the title of pioneer of the zone fare plan in this country, havin adopted the present scheme in 1914 As to the results obtained in Mil waukee, it is worth noting that th revenue passengers per car mile hav increased from 4.62 in 1914 to 6.20 i 1918. This represents a total increas of thirty-four per cent. The corre sponding increase in total revenue pas sengers is forty-nine per cent. In any attempt to draw conclusions from th street-railway experience of Milwau kee, however, it should be borne in mind that the zone system as applied affects the suburban traveler and not the shorter-haul city rider. The Mil waukee authorities deny the truth of the argument that the zone system produces congestion in the central portion of a city. Their answer is that the lower rents and property values in the suburbs to which the total fare was increased more than offset the higher fares. The matter of fare collection in Milwaukee has not proved to be such a difficult task as appears to be the case in New Jersey. One of the most important advantages of the Milwaukee zone system has been its flexibility as compared with the rigid flat-rate system.

Another traction official connected with a large company in Michigan is now advocating the application of the commutation principle to electric-railway fares so as to lessen the rate as the rides per month or per year increase. Under this plan the regular cash fare would be ten cents, but anyone would be privileged to pay six dollars for an annual card entitling him to ride for five cents per ride as often as he desired. The fare card would be sold at six dollars during January, $5.50 during February, five dollars during March, and so on. Monthly pass cards would be sold at fifty cents each. These passes permitting the traveler to ride for five cents would be nontransferable. Anyone using the street

(Concluded on Page 142)

There are no more 9 o'clock towns

MOTION pictures have changed all that. The nine o'clock towns that were, are now part of the big world outside.

They are all on the Paramount Artcraft circuit, and they are all centres of metropolitan animation during the hours that used to yawn.

What! Go to bed when all the world's on show down yonder in the theatre? Fine chance!

Paramount Artcraft flings wide the windows of your imagination, sets a stream of exciting events thrilling through your evening.

No more nine o'clock towns, and no more nine o'clock *people!*

For nine o'clock is more than a right angle on the clock.

It's Paramount Artcraft time.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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Billie Burke *in* "Wanted—A Husband"
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Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Male and Female"
"Everywoman" With All Star Cast
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Counterfeit"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Turning the Tables"
D. W. Griffith Production "Scarlet Days"
Wm. S. Hart *in* "Sand"
Houdini *in* "The Grim Game"
Vivian Martin *in* "His Official Fiancée"
Wallace Reid *in* "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Victory"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"
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Bryant Washburn *in* "It Pays to Advertise"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love" A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Cinema Murder" A Cosmopolitan Production

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THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH

By Barker Shelton

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

ONE hour and forty-six minutes after William Stone had said he had some vague memory of a decision handed down by the Supreme Court of the State of New York eight or ten years ago, or maybe even prior to that, which would be the very precedent he wanted in the defense of a certain manufacturing company against the libels of a former employee, Steve Gilder laid the notes of that decision—case of Corbin vs. The Orcutt Cordage Company, 1897—on William Stone's desk.

To state that the head of the firm of Stone & Macullar was immensely pleased is putting it mildly. He looked at Steve's notes, neatly typewritten as Steve's notes always were, the long-winded phraseology boiled down to a clear concise statement. Then he looked at his watch; after which he beamed at Steve over those ancient steel-rimmed eyeglasses that always perched slightly askew on William Stone's nose.

"The very thing! Exactly what I wanted. Good work, Gilder," he complimented the younger man.

He had expected Steve to browse about the firm's library the better part of the week before he uncovered that precedent, if indeed he discovered it at all. He had even begun formulating a series of questions, their unimportance cleverly disguised, for Dave Nugent, who was handling the case in court, to spring on certain minor witnesses, that matters might be dragged out until Steve ran down that all-important precedent or found out that the said precedent was not worth a hurrah in this case.

Steve did not seem to consider his most recent performance anything so very extraordinary. He accepted the praise of the head of the firm modestly, a little wearily. The summons to dig out that precedent had come to him as soon as he reached the office that morning. It had given him no chance to look over his personal mail. And Steve was eager to get after one piece of that mail—a long envelope from Belden's Auction Rooms. It contained a list of the books of the Farwell collection, which Belden was selling, or beginning to sell, that very day at one o'clock.

There was more mail for Steve, a young flood of it. But Steve didn't care at all for the rest of it. He knew what each other envelope held quite as well as he knew what the envelope from Belden's Auction Rooms did. It wasn't at all pleasant to contemplate what those other envelopes held.

"A splendid piece of work," Stone was repeating, tapping Steve's notes with a pudgy forefinger that had made many a witness weak in the knees and many a jury sit up and take notice when he shook it at them. "We shall remember this."

"Thank you!" said Steve, turning toward the door and fingering that unopened envelope from Belden's in his inner coat pocket.

William Stone, short, heavy, filling his office chair from arm to arm, round moonface still abeam, watched Steve's exit. A quiet young man, this Steve Gilder. A likable young man. Enough of those elusive qualities about him grouped under the general term of personality to carry him a long way in the world, if Steve would only pull himself together and apply himself. That Steve could apply himself when he chose to do so was evidenced by the way he had just dug out this precedent. Nor was this the first instance of the kind. Anything out of the archives of that musty but splendidly equipped library of Stone & Macullar's, any precedent like this one, any reference, any obscure point of law was where Steve shone.

Some uncanny sixth sense, it seemed, led him straight to it while another man would be figuring out the best way to get after it.

Fat, capable, kindly eyed old William Stone rubbed his shiny bald head and set his teetering eyeglasses at a more respectable angle on his nose. He picked up the boiled-down decision of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in the case of Corbin vs. The Orcutt Cordage Company, 1897, intending to insert it at the most telling point in the outline of Nugent's summing-up address to the jury. But before he did this he sighed, gave that shining dome another amateur massage and fussed with his eyeglasses again.

He found himself wishing Steve Gilder were a little more dependable at times; that he would cease that trick of his of telephoning the office every little while that he would not be in for the day; that he would not appear next morning after such messages with such a pasty and lackluster face, such bloodshot eyes, such too-evident manner of holding himself together by sheer will.

He Was Very Much Interested in Them—Until the Unwarranted Hour of Half Past Eleven, When He Took His Apologetic Departure

Steve of course was young. He was very much alive, for all that quiet exterior of his. Boys would be boys. Good for 'em, too—up to a certain point. If they didn't carry it too far. Stone wondered if he hadn't better have a word or two with Steve. He decided, after a moment of due thought on the matter, in the negative. Most men resented intrusion into their private lives. Butting in with this smug, fatherly-advice business generally did more harm than letting them alone. Still, Steve had such latent ability in him; and he did look mighty limp and all gone some of these mornings! Stone irritably pulled toward him the outline of the summing-up address for Nugent. This at least was his own business, and it might be well to attend to it. He was not in the habit of mixing unduly in another man's.

From the private office of the head of the firm Steve Gilder went to his own desk; little old worn, ink-spattered desk just outside the door of the library; as if Steve were guardian angel of all those rows and rows of dull-looking, smelly volumes in the room beyond; which same, indeed, he had come to be—through no design or intention of his own, he reflected when he came to think it over. He had come to Stone & Macullar's fully aware that he an Opportunity with a large capital letter, at He had meant to make the most of it. This w far as he had got and as far as he would get unless h stirred himself suddenly and effectively. The reason S did not look with favor upon his present status in office was largely due to the pecuniary returns he g his services. Wholly inadequate for his needs. Wholl The work itself was all right. He asked for no better. Give him the chance to ferret something o books and he was happy. But the pay for it; there the fly—no, it was an eagle for size—in the ointment

Nothing would proclaim its inadequacies better the bulk of those letters on his desk. They would b tirely unhappy missives. They would make him uncomfortable. All of them, save only the one from den's Auction Rooms. The pursuit of happiness bein heritage of all mankind besides being granted in the stitution, Steve opened the envelope from Belden's.

In a general way he knew of the many treasur the Robert Farwell collection. But certain sp volumes, described more or less at length, made promptly sit up and take notice. He pored them, glowed over them, decided t down to Belden's and see them for self; told himself this would be altog too risky a course; and concluded to the risk. He had a very h hour of it with that list from den's. At the end of the hou forced himself to face another pleasing heritage of race. He opened the letters, one after anc

Just what he they'd be! Only a worse! Some of his itors were getting nervous. Nervous particularly men ne about such matter these in his letters, di setting things. Stev some figuring. The of these affairs, the pressing of them, h down on paper. He covered he needed hundred and fifty d at once. It was a disc ing discovery, bec Steve and four dred and fifty dollars not on speaking terms at th ment, and there was no sym of any immediate patching their differences.

Steve drew curlicues on the bac the envelopes and did some thinking. thinking went round in vicious circle simmered down, whichever way he st it, to his one bet, his drowning man's s

Steve lifted his eyes to his forlorn hop sat at a desk diagonally across the room his own. It audited the accounts of Sto Macullar, kept their books, made out the b and collected them too, you bet—made sign the pay roll without blotting it, and g ingly, glaringly, sniffingly, as if you nev the world were worth the money you were getting, ha you your Saturday envelope. It was sixty-three; it terior would have shamed a glacier; it seemed ut without human emotions; and its name was Eben Bur

Blood from the proverbial turnip was an A B C tri legerdemain compared with separating one jot or which was not justly and indisputably yours from Burnett. But Steve Gilder got up from his own walked across the room, and sat down by the desk o human adding machine. He made it known he had for an advance of four hundred and fifty dollars. Eben Burnett was horrified, full of a just man's w and colder and thinner and more inhuman than ever

But Steve Gilder summoned to his aid all those ple qualities of his grouped under the general head of pe ality. He flashed them with all his might and main frozen old Eben. He sat there smiling, refusing t alarmed, ashamed or even perturbed. He held len converse with Eben Burnett, who would have fain hel converse lengthy or otherwise with him.

Twenty minutes later a miracle happened. Eben nett listened quietly to Steve's story. He even see

(Continued on Page 40)

The evidence of Republic value is *undeniable.* No business man needs to go beyond the bare fact that 60,000 Republics are *establishing records everywhere*—for *performance,* for *ruggedness,* for *economy.* With more users of its product than of any other make, the Republic Company has become, in six years, the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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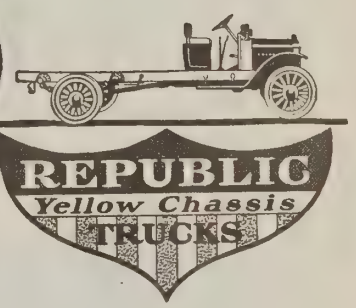


National Truck Shows

New York, 8th Coast Artillery Armory, January 3 to 10

Chicago, International Amphitheatre, January 24 to 31

(Continued from Page 38)

distantly interested in it. Ten minutes more and the stars must have reeled in their courses. Eben got up. He went to the safe. He opened the cash compartment. He counted out some bills and tucked them into his pocket. He came back to Steve Gilder.

"Just this once, mind you. Never again. Just this one time. Not out of the firm's money; but from my own account. You may pay me back fifteen dollars each week. I'll deduct it out of your envelope. On my own account, you understand. But only this one time."

Steve under the desk edge counted four hundred and fifty dollars in crisp new bills. He wrung the old man's hand and Eben grinned; sourly, with disapproval of Steve; still, it was undoubtedly a grin. He decided to buy old Eben a box of cigars—which humanly he forgot to do.

Macullar being in doubt about certain points of the Illinois inheritance-tax laws Steve was happy until lunch time. He left the office with the most pressing of those duns in his pocket and the wherewithal to give them surcease from further trouble to himself nestling beside them.

He decided to have one look at those treasures at Belden's first. So Steve Gilder crossed the threshold of Belden's Auction Rooms — with four hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket.

Smell of old leather; old tapestries; old rugs. So to Room D, at the rear of the place, where the sale of the pieces of the Farwell collection was already on. A high room; a dim room for all its cornice lights going full blast. Comfortable Windsor chairs with half a hundred people in them. Before the chairs a slightly raised platform on which Pierce Bullard, the best price getter of Belden's staff, was speaking in his crisp, slightly Gaelic accents.

"You have examined this Whitehall Bible, ladies and gentlemen. You have found it an original. One of the 1612 edition. One of the first of the King James versions published. I need not point out ——"

The description of the Whitehall Bible had held Steve Gilder spellbound for a greater part of that morning hour at his desk when he had pored over Belden's list.

He stepped forward.

"Pardon me! Might I look at it a moment? I couldn't get here before."

Pierce Bullard handed him the heavy tome. Steve sank into the nearest seat. He turned the pages. He did not even know Bullard was off on his perfectly enunciated harangue again.

"Seventy-five dollars, I hear. Seventy-five dollars for an original Whitehall! For the beloved memory of Whitehall, good people ——"

"Eighty!"

Steve handed back to Bullard the huge volume. His mind was juggling figures in bewildering fashion. There was a hundred dollars on that list of his that could be put over for a month or two by stretching a point.

"Eighty-five!" said Steve.

"One hundred!"

The man who offered it looked like a dealer. Steve knew the breed. Yes, surely that was a dealer.

"One hundred and twenty-five!"

That was from a girl close to the wall. Pretty girl! Nice profile; firm little chin! Quaint little way of starting to lift her hand when she bid and then pulling it back before she spoke.

"One hundred and fifty!" Steve bid.

The Girl Set Down Some Figures on a Slip of Paper. She Seemed Disappointed, Dejected

Both the dealer and the girl by the wall turned to look at him; Steve in turn had a better look at them. The dealer had close-set eyes under shaggy brows. The brows were wrinkled in a manner that bespoke determination to grab off that Whitehall if it could be done at any reasonable figure; and plainly the limit of reasonable figures had not yet been approached. As for the girl, that firm chin became firmer yet. The way she set her small mouth made creases at the corners that were not at all unbecoming; which was a good test of her beauty; for it has to be a wonderful beauty indeed that can surmount the handicap of creases at the corners of the mouth.

The girl raised Steve's bid another twenty-five dollars and the dealer came back with fifteen on top of that.

Well, well, at least half on that list of duns could be stood off, come to think it over. Steve made it an even two hundred.

But the sacrifice of half his creditors was unavailing. Girl and dealer fought it out in tens and twenties with an occasional larger hoist from one or the other by way of discouraging a too persistent opponent.

Steve shamelessly threw the whole bunch of his nervous creditors overboard. A Whitehall—and such a perfectly preserved specimen as this—didn't come into the market every day in the week. Let those uneasy gentlemen with their open hints of unpleasant results to himself unless he promptly came across wait! Let them do their worst to him! Let them turn loose whatever annoying policies they might choose to adopt! He was going after that Whitehall to the limit of Eben Burnett's advance to him. His only fear now was that the four hundred and fifty wouldn't be sufficient to see him through. He became a factor in the bidding again with a fifteen-dollar hoist over the dealer's latest offer.

At three hundred and fifty the dealer dropped out. Steve and the girl kept on. They were getting anxious, both of them. There was an air of tension in the room. Pierce Bullard, quiet, calm, persuasive when he did speak, egged them on. They came to four hundred. The girl made the bid.

The thing was narrowing down to the finish — of Steve's available funds, at least. No use being conservative now! He made it four hundred and thirty.

The girl set down some figures on a slip of paper. She ran them over, tapping them with the point of a little flat silver pencil. Bullard turned to her hopefully. She shook her head slowly. She seemed disappointed, dejected.

Steve Gilder left Room D. He made his way toward the street. The smells of old leather, old tapestries, old rugs again assailed his nostrils. He had twenty dollars of old Eben Burnett's advance to him; a handful of chicken-feed change; those disquieting duns still in his coat pocket; but the Whitehall Bible from the Farwell collection was beneath his arm.

He phoned to the office the message that had so many disturbing precedents; the sort of message that had made William Stone so uneasy that very morning when he was thinking about it. He said he would be away from the office until the next morning. For what were duns, his job, anything in the world compared to that specimen of Whitehall's work beneath his left arm?

The apartment house where Steve Gilder had his lodgings was an old one. Tiles of black and white marble, set diagonally, alternated on the hall floors. The elevator was operated by well-worn metal grips on a wire cable. Its starts and stops brought forth the same tired, patient complaints that are prerogatives of rheumatic old gentlemen.

But his two rooms were very comfortable old rooms; the larger of them had a wide fireplace. Like a beast of prey that had pounced upon and captured a particularly luscious quarry and was bringing it back to its lair, Steve with his latest treasure came into the larger of those two rooms. One look about its walls and you knew why Steve Gilder was hounded by creditors; why the remnant of the Gilder family fortune which had come with him to New York was now no more.

Books were everywhere; overrunning the shelves Steve had had built for them; piled in corners; stacked under the solid-looking library table. Specimens of the earliest printers' craft, all of them. The room of a man who loved them; knew them; communed with them; passed up his creditors for them with never a second thought as to the ethics of such a course.

It being late autumn Steve hustled wood from a locker in the next room and rustled up a cheerful blaze in the fireplace. When it was roaring to his liking he stretched full length on the floor before the hearth. Needless to say the Whitehall Bible was there too. Until such time as he started, red-eyed, limp-looking, for the office next morning he would forget hunger, sleep, everything save the joys of looking over his newest treasure. The telephone receiver was lifted from its hook; his lights were all going, that even the coming of darkness might not bother him with a moment's interruption. Steve was off on one of those orgies of his which troubled William Stone because William Stone quite naturally supposed them to be something wholly different.

When Andrew Macullar had set Steve looking up certain points of the inheritance-tax laws of Illinois he was convinced the last heir to the much-involved estate of a scandalously wealthy old party who had most thoughtlessly died intestate had been located. Yet another distant claimant had cropped up in Kansas. Wherefore the inheritance-tax laws of the sovereign state of Kansas became quite as important to Andrew Macullar as the similar statutes of the sovereign state of Illinois. He sent for Steve Gilder again. He learned that Steve was among the missing; that he had sent in a message to the effect that he would be so missing until the following morning.

Andrew Macullar was all the things William Stone was not. He had bushy iron-gray hair; he was thin; he was irritably sharp of speech; he did not wear glasses; he had none of William's calm poise; he was always in a hurry. Time to Macullar was something sacred. Anyone who wasted it was a criminal.

The fact that someone slower than cold molasses in comparison to Steve would have to look up the Kansas inheritance-tax statutes did not improve his short temper. The thought that Steve, whether he wanted him personally at the moment or not, should be playing truant in this high-handed fashion every time he took it into his head to do so made Andy Macullar madder yet. He bounced out of his chair. He charged out of the room. He slammed the door behind him. He burst upon William Stone, fatly overfilling the chair before his own desk. He slammed William's door, too.

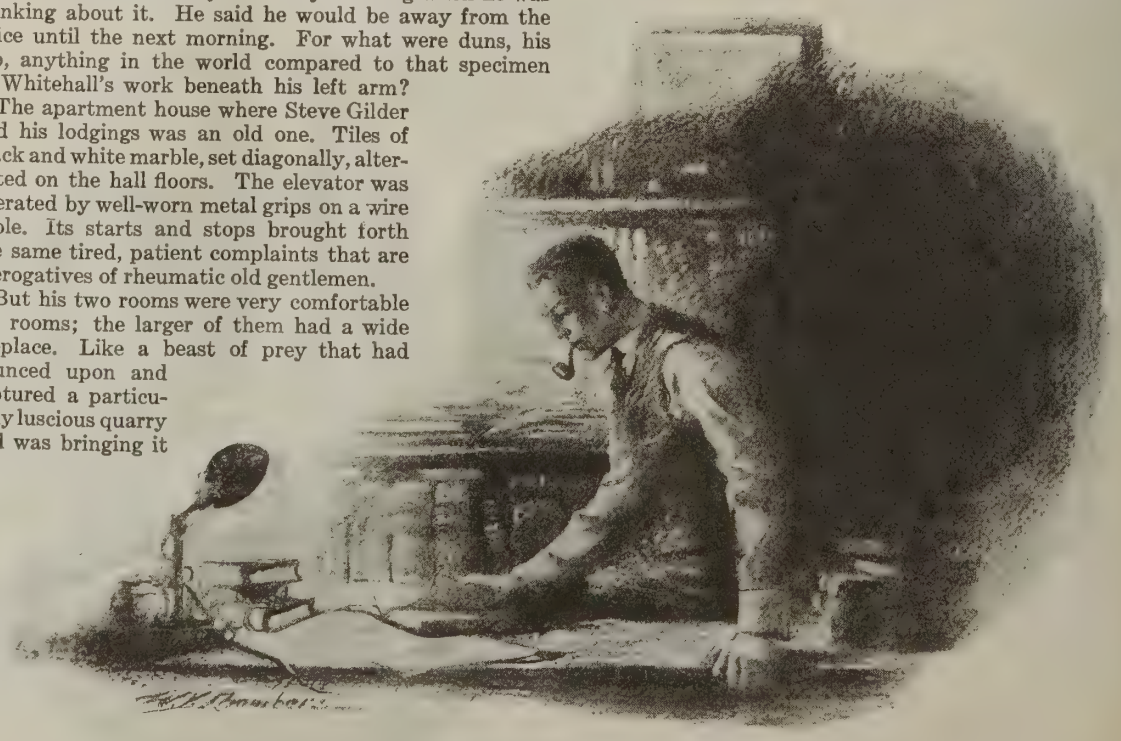
"William, we've got a regular damn ghost round this office," Macullar lamented.

William Stone looked mildly over the rims of his angled eyeglasses. "Who?" Stone inquired.

"This man Gilder."

"Capable young fellow, Mac. Very capable young fellow. Dug me out a Supreme Court decision this morning

(Continued on Page 43)



The Only Headway He Could Make Seemed to Consist of Taking Books Off Those Shelves and Putting Them Back Again

(Continued from Page 40)

that would have taken me a month to find, if I ever found it at all."

"That's all right. But what in time is the good of capability if it's never here when you want it? We pay for it. Who runs this office? Do we—or does he?"

"Away again, Mac?"

"Phoned in he'll be here in the morning."

William looked a trifle troubled.

"Well, well! That's too bad. Too bad. Little high-handed, I'll admit, Mac."

"Young fool! I never did have any use for the rum hounds."

"Easy, Mac!"

"Haven't you found that out yet? Are you blind?"

"I have fairly good eyes."

"You've seen him come in here mornings, then; eyes like burnt holes in a blanket; all shot to pieces."

"I have. The young have ways of their own, Mac. Not always wise ways. It takes them time to find themselves."

"Time he pulled himself together. I'm getting sick of it. Snarled up in money affairs too."

William Stone sat up.

"Sure of that?"

"Three different parties in to see me yesterday trying to attach his pay."

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"Not yet. Haven't found time. I was intending to do so this afternoon."

"H'm, yes. I see. How much did these delinquencies of his foot up, so far as you learned?"

"Round five hundred. Probably a lot more of them."

"Quite possibly," said William, now apparently much disturbed.

"William, we are a conservative firm. I think I may say we are not without a certain dignity and standing. We can't afford to have employees of Gilder's type."

"A very capable young man, none the less."

"You've said that before."

"Lots of latent ability."

"And altogether too much latent devilment."

"What would you suggest, Mac?"

"Fire him!" snapped Macullar.

Stone took off his eyeglasses. The bald head got the attention it usually received when William Stone was settling some knotty problem.

"Let's wait a little."

"For his latent ability to come out?"

"Exactly."

"I don't like that type. They get worse."

"The boy's got personality; magnetism. In time, properly coached, he'd pull the heartstrings out of any jury."

"Maybe he's pulled your heartstrings somewhat, William," Macullar suggested.

"Maybe he has," William admitted freely. "But quite without any effort in that direction on his part," he added.

"You're strong for keeping him, then?"

"Little longer, Mac."

Macullar made a gesture of disapproval and helplessness.

"Got the stuff in him."

Macullar too ostentatiously looked at his watch.

"By this time quite probably he has," he sneered.

William ignored the heavy pleasantry.

"He'll settle down, I think."

"Don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, he will. Quite sure of it, Mac."

Macullar saw his partner was smiling as a man smiles who has the advantage of superior information.

"Come across with the inside information. What makes you think that?"

"I believe he is about to be married."

Macullar digested this bit of news.

"Marriage very often makes a man of that stamp, Mac. Responsibility is what they need. Steadies 'em. Gives 'em balance. It will him. Don't you think so yourself?"

"It might," Macullar admitted as if he did not want to admit it.

"Good man. Full of possibilities. So we'll put up with him and see how this marriage business affects him, won't we?"

"If you say so."

"And let him know we have heard about it; and hand him what we usually give our young people who get married. Only, give it to him now—at once. Wouldn't that be best, perhaps, Mac?"

"Possibly," Macullar said with evident mental reservations. "Possibly. Do as you see fit about that, William, of course."

Daylight coming stronger each moment through the windows of Steve's rooms began to dim the lights. The sun lifting itself above the tops of neighboring and much more modern apartment houses touched a corner of the Whitehall Bible. A few sofa pillows easing a stiffened joint of the man before the hearth was the only change in the status of things in those rooms since three o'clock of the previous afternoon.

That pale sunlight crept down the eleventh chapter of Joshua, which Steve was reading at the moment—the chapter with the word "chariots" misspelled in the fourth verse, as everyone familiar with Whitehall's work knows it should be thus misspelled in his earlier imprints of the Holy Writ.

Steve glanced at the clock; got up; put the Whitehall under the library table. He made himself presentable; went out; drank three cups of very strong and very black coffee at a lunch room; and reached the office at quarter of nine. There was mail on his desk—all of it, he knew at a glance, of the variety he was loath to open. So he did not open it. He piled it on a corner of his blotter. Someone touched his shoulder. He looked up to find Eben Burnett there beside his desk.

"Did I or did I not let you have an advance of four hundred and fifty dollars yesterday?" Eben inquired.

"You surely did let me have it."

"To pay certain pressing debts of yours, I believe?"

"Yes. That was the idea."

"Well, pay 'em. Pay 'em almighty quick. Don't put it off."

Eben Burnett, who prided himself on minding his own business and letting other men mind theirs, was trying to be helpful. He was breaking all his rules of life to offer a piece of advice. He was doing it badly, and he was plainly ashamed of himself and disgusted with himself for doing it. But he was doing it for Steve Gilder none the less.

"Stone & Macullar don't stand for any of these attachment sharks round this office," Eben went on. "They pay fair salaries, very good salaries. They expect their employees to live inside those salaries. No reason why they shouldn't live inside 'em either; well inside 'em. Reflects on the firm to have attachments on salaries. Undignified. Bad business."

Steve nodded, but he did not realize what a wholly dispirited nod it was. Eben Burnett, however, did.

"Three different parties were trying to put liens on your pay only day before yesterday," the glacier rumbled on. "You're hanging on here just about by the skin of your teeth. Macullar don't like you. He'd fire you in a minute but for Stone. Stone's a patient man; but don't bank too much on his patience. When he makes up his mind all the holy angels working together wouldn't change him. So pay those bills to-day."

Steve, absorbed in disquieting thought, did not even nod this time. He sat with his chin on his palm, his shoulders drooped. His eyes were on the pile of letters on the corner of his blotter.

Eben, his disagreeable and rule-breaking task over, turned away, headed for his own desk, and, halfway there, swung about and came shuffling back.

"And, say, stick round here a little closer during office hours, Gilder. Macullar was raving like a madman because you weren't here yesterday afternoon when he wanted you. Went into Stone's room and gave him an earful about you. Lord only knows what he said. Stone's a long-suffering sort of man, but there are limits to all things."

Eben, about to say yet more, was cut short by the young woman who took William Stone's letters each morning.

"Mr. Stone would like to see you at once, Mr. Gilder," she announced.

For the first time in his life Steve Gilder dreaded the thought of facing William Stone. The way old Eben, turning toward his own desk again, shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly but ever so expressively did not make Steve a whit more comfortable. He had the presentiment something was about to drop.

Specifically, his connection with Stone & Macullar, and the golden opportunity such a connection had seemed to offer when he first came here.

He opened Stone's door. William Stone bade him a cheerful, an affable, a beaming good morning. But that meant nothing. William Stone would be smooth and affable on the scaffold.

"Sit down, Gilder."

Steve sat down as if he were afraid the chair was hot or that there was a lurking bent pin in it or that it might let him down.

"I've been hearing news about you."

Steve braced himself.

"Personal sort of news."

Steve, perched rigidly in his chair, was a somewhat more than passable imitation of a man with his back against a wall wondering why the firing squad didn't let drive and have it over with.

"Pleasing news to us, Gilder."

Steve nearly fell out of the chair.

He made a sound in his throat. It might or might not have been a surprised "Huh?" William Stone smiled more benignly.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to know you are taking this step," Stone went on. "We always like to see our young men marry. We believe marriage brings them responsibilities that steady them; brings a poise, a scope, if you understand me. Congratulations, with all my heart, Gilder; and I'm glad it is to be so soon."

Steve gurgled something deep down in his throat again. He said articulately, or

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ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

Thirty Million Dollars

Its Ten Months' Sales Record Reveals Motordom's Appreciation of the Light Weight Quality Car

Paid For Essex Cars

Thirty million dollars has been paid for Essex cars by users in the past ten months. It is a genuine endorsement of the new type car. It shows how great has been the call for light weight, combined with durability, performance and comfort.

No mere sales organization could have distributed 20,000 cars in so short a time. It was the car and what users said for it that made this sales record possible.

Sales Multiplied With Every Car Delivered

Remember how little we ourselves have praised the Essex. Our advertising has been limited to invitations to test the Essex and to calling attention to what owners say of it. But wherever an Essex has gone there it has won new friends.

Each time an Essex is delivered in a new locality sales from that section jump to proportions limited only by the number of prospective buyers.

Just think how mighty must be the Essex appeal that it should have won as it has. In every section of the land and in every country Essex has become so familiar that one needs to be reminded that it first made its appearance only a few months ago.

The Essex has won its position because it fills a want that can be supplied nowhere else. It has met no competition. No rival challenges its leadership. There is no car like it. Every Essex owner is its champion. Everyone who has ever ridden in an Essex speaks of its magic spell.

All Because of Its New Type

Consider the type in vogue before Essex came. Light weight cars fell short in performance and endurance. Low cost and economy of operation are their chief appeal.

Durable cars capable of meeting all performance requirements cost too much for the average pocket.

The line was clearly marked. A wide price difference separated the one type from the other.

Then the Essex came with its light weight, low cost and with durability and surprising performance. It made friends and they added their praise.

Now The Skeptics Are Won

Men who never accept new cars are now won by the Essex. They are the type who demand reliability above all else. Months ago you might have heard them express some doubt about the Essex holding up. Some may have thought its motor too powerful. Others felt such a light car would not be practical in hard service.

But no one voices such doubts now. In almost every community you will find Essex cars that have been driven more than 20,000 miles each. They scarcely know the repair shop. And their owners will tell you the Essex requires hardly any attention to keep it in fine running order.

Weigh These Facts For Yourself

Doesn't the Essex fill your wants for a light car? Doesn't it perform as well as most large and costlier cars? Where can you match its appearance? Is there anything about the Essex that falls short of your desires in any essential particular? It is easy to drive, comfortable to ride in and can be relied upon for any service.

You have the endorsement of thousands of owners. They have backed their faith to the extent of $30,000,000. Every week the average sales of Essex cars approach a million dollars.

The circle of owners is ever widening.

Does not this give Essex first place in your thoughts?

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more or less so, at length: "Why, Mr. Stone—why, see here ——"

The head of the firm stooped to open a drawer in his desk. He straightened up, fingering a little packet of bills.

"And when one of our young men does marry we feel the usual present we give him is more in the nature of a good investment. It has always proved to be such anyway."

The packet of yellowbacks was extended toward Steve. Five of them. Crisp; new; rustling a delightful suggestion of surcease from the importunings of worried creditors. A draft from a slightly raised window—or was it that pudgy forefinger of William Stone's?—riffled them. The top bill was a century; so were the four others beneath it.

The explanation on the end of Steve's tongue, that he had just about as much intention of being married as he had of occupying the imperial throne of Siam, died unspoken. Five hundred dollars at this particular stage of the game meant saving his face, his job, and, more important than either of these, several of those specimens of the early printers' craft which otherwise must be fed to the sacrificial altar. Steve Gilder found himself folding those five one-hundred-dollar bills, while he mumbled halting and embarrassed thanks to William Stone.

By seven o'clock that night Steve knew there would be no immediate onslaught of the creditors who had been hounding him. He had bought this respite with the five hundred dollars of the firm's wedding present to him. And he had sold his soul in doing it; to whom he did not know as yet.

Before the fire in the larger of his two rooms he grew pretty panicky about it. He ran over the list of possibilities among the painfully few girls of his acquaintance. His panic mounted. Nice girls; sweet girls; wholly presentable girls—all of them. But imagine any one of them caring for his queer old books or understanding his own overweening affection for them! And this marriage to which he found himself committed was to be soon! He distinctly recalled William Stone's emphasis—his pleased, delighted emphasis—on that "soon" part of it!

The week following was the most unhappy period in Steve Gilder's life. He suffered a round of congratulations from every member of the office force. They were like the stings of so many hornets. He forced himself, with what self-castigation Steve alone knew, to doll up and call on one of the girls on that meager list of girl acquaintances. He took another one to a show. Results in both cases were even worse than he had pictured. He could see himself the entirely conventional and accepted married man; his bookshelves dusty and neglected; his golden evenings with his treasures wrecked on the reefs of domesticity.

That one week was enough for Steve. He pulled up short and thought out the best course.

William Stone was not without a sense of humor. Moreover, he was eminently approachable. In the pinch you could throw yourself upon the mercy of such a court as old William Stone and expect kindliness, justice and understanding.

The one thing to do was to sacrifice five hundred dollars' worth of his specimens from his overfilled shelves; take that five hundred to Stone; hand it over to him; make a clean breast of the whole miserable business; and watch William frown at the beginning of such a recital and grin at the end of it.

The Whitehall Bible must go. Being so largely mixed up in the responsibility for his present predicament, it was the logical candidate for sacrifice. It cost Steve a mighty sorry hour to come to this decision. But he finally managed to make up his mind to this course. He could commission Belden to get rid of it for him. And thinking of Belden he remembered the little lady who had bid against him the day of the sale of the Farwell books. All her eagerness, all her disappointment when she shook her head after he had topped her four-hundred-dollar bid came back to him. That was the sort of person he could most desire the Whitehall to go to if he must needs part with it himself; someone who would appreciate it; honor it; cherish it; hang on to it through sickness and through health till death did them part.

She had offered four hundred for it. Perhaps she was ready to offer the same amount now. The other hundred he must have to make up the wedding money he must return to Stone could be raised readily enough by the sacrifice of some of his other volumes; just which ones he would decide later.

He went to Belden's. He got hold of Pierce Bullard, at work in a back room, appraising a bunch of prayer rugs.

"Say, Pierce, the day you foisted that Whitehall Bible off on me there was a little lady bidding against me," said Steve. "Pretty girl. Over by the wall. Remember her?"

"What's this? Romance?" Bullard asked with a grin.

"Not by a darn sight! Business. Who was she?"

"Let's find out," said Bullard. "Sold her three stray leaves supposed to be Caxton, but doubtful. That was after you left. We'll find out who bought that stuff."

Bullard ambled to the office. Steve trailed along with him. A card in the drawer of a filing cabinet yielded up the clew.

"Here we are," said Bullard, pulling it out. "Miss Agatha Macullar." He appended the lady's address.

"Lord!" said Steve. "Andy Macullar's daughter!"

"Don't know the gentleman," said Bullard lightly.

"You're lucky," said Steve.

Steve Gilder, carrying a most excellent specimen of the early presswork of one Richard Whitehall, mounted the steps of Andrew Macullar's house. He learned from the maid who opened the door for him that Miss Agatha Macullar was within at the moment. Since his own name would mean nothing to Miss Macullar, Steve suggested that he be announced merely as the gentleman who had bought the Whitehall Bible at Belden's last week.

Agatha Macullar came downstairs. He had underestimated her beauty. The lights of that dim room at Belden's had not been able to do her full justice. But now the lights in Andrew Macullar's hallway did their best for her. All Steve's plans for this interview went glimmering. In that first moment he knew he would never haggle prices with a girl like that. He knew he would never tell her he had come to sell her the volume beneath his arm. He knew, in fact, he was going to quit cold. But his presence there needed explanation. The explanation that came to him was much in the nature of an inspiration.

"It occurred to me," said he somewhat stiffly, "that you might care to examine this Whitehall. I noticed you were greatly disappointed that day at Belden's when I outbid you for it. So I have brought it to you to look over at your leisure."

"What a very gracious and kindly thing to do!" she said, her eyes lighting. "I hardly think I should have been as thoughtful if I had been fortunate enough to get it."

They looked over the volume together. They talked early printers. She forgot to ask Steve's name. She wondered if he wouldn't be interested in some of the books in her own collection. He was very much interested in them—until the unwarranted hour of half past eleven, when he took his apologetic departure. It was raining; nasty, drizzling, cold, late-autumn weather. To Steve it was a night of the gods themselves. For he was to call on Agatha Macullar the very next evening. And Andrew Macullar was starting on a Western trip in the morning. He would be gone at least three weeks.

Back in his rooms again Steve began rummaging his shelves. If he did not intend to sell the Whitehall—he had given Agatha Macullar to understand she was to keep it as long as she liked—he must get together enough volumes to bring him in five hundred dollars. He must do so at once. The longer he delayed returning his wedding present to Stone the less would be William Stone's sense of humor in the matter.

He started at it immediately. But he couldn't seem to decide. The minute he laid aside a volume for sacrifice, that minute he was sure it was a work he wanted to show to Agatha Macullar. The only headway he could make seemed to consist of taking books off those shelves and putting them back again.

He went to the Macullars' house the next evening; the evening after that; every evening. He began to picture Agatha among his own books; looking them over with him; hunting up new treasures in old book stores and auction rooms.

He had the grace at this juncture to call a halt on his visions. He faced things as they were. He was quite unsparing of himself. His assets were a few old books. His chances with Stone & Macullar he had let slide away from him. He had been content to drift into a rut as custodian of the firm's library; the digger-out of elusive information therein. He seemed elected to stick in that rut for the rest of his days. Besides which, Andrew Macullar cordially detested him. The whole situation was impossible, unfair to the girl. He had better keep away from her, or tell her the truth, or do both. There was little doubt in his mind that he would blend with the outer darkness once he had told her.

He went to Agatha and started valiantly enough with his story, but fell down somewhat because when the tragedy he had staged reached its climax she laughed. She wouldn't accept it as tragedy. This was bad enough. But the way she touched his arm, and told him things probably weren't half so bad as he seemed to think, was worse.

In William Stone's private office Macullar glared at his partner. He had banged the door behind him when he came in. He seemed agitated.

"Why didn't you tell me it was Agatha this Steve Gilder was going to marry?" Macullar demanded.

"Didn't know it, Mac, really."

"You've been so confoundedly strong for him all along I wouldn't put even this matchmaking past you."

William looked somewhat hurt.

"Perhaps I am responsible in a way," he confessed.

"I thought so."

"But not in the definite way you think."

Macullar merely grunted.

"You see, Mac, when I told you he was thinking of being married I hadn't the least idea who the lady was. Neither had he, I am sure. In fact, I hardly think he had any idea of marriage then. Here was a young man with all sorts of splendid possibilities ——"

"According to your ideas."

"Mac, I'll stake my last cent that time proves I'm right. Here, as I was saying, was a chap with qualities to take him a long way; but a trifle irresponsible. Needed something to steady him down. Marriage is nearly always the solution for such difficulties with men of his type. You can't tell a man to go and get married, Mac. They resent that sort of thing."

Macullar stared at his partner.

"Hadn't he told you he was going to be married when you handed out that wedding present to him?"

"I'm afraid I hadn't been given a hint from any quarter of any such intention on his part," William Stone chuckled.

"You figured it out that money would look good to him just then, and that he'd take it, pay his debts with it, and then, perforce, having accepted the firm's wedding present to him, marry?"

"I hoped for something of the sort, Mac; to steady him down; make him find himself, you know. Agatha was about the farthest possibility I had in mind. I didn't even realize he knew her."

"He didn't until recently. The thing began when they were both on the trail of some old book. By the way, that's the trouble with him, William. I will take back some of the things I've said about him. Old books; early printers' work; he's a bug about such stuff. That's Agatha's pet vice, or crime, or whatever you chose to call it, too."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Stone, brightening up perceptibly. "A harmless hobby like that never hurt anyone."

"Harmless! It's a darned expensive hobby. I'd ought to know after what I've paid out in that way for that girl of mine!"

"I'm sorry, Mac, you feel this way about him. Personally I should be mighty proud of him as a son-in-law. You'll be, too, some day. I feel certain of that. I take it the affair was on the spur of the moment. They didn't consult you?"

"Sent me a wire after the ceremony was over. At a parsonage in some little town in Connecticut, I believe. That was Agatha's doings. He was all for letting me in on the business. But he'd told her too much about himself. Agatha wasn't taking any chances with me. She never does."

"Well, the thing is done, Mac. I suppose you'd like to know your daughter's husband had an adequate income?"

"She's a little fool. But I wouldn't want her too unhappy."

"I don't think she will be."

"How much of an increase in salary do you suggest for him, William?"

William Stone beamed upon his partner.

"Let's make it a good one. Let's give him the chance to go up the line and come into the firm in due time."

"You seem pretty well satisfied with yourself and your bright little idea of getting him married, William."

"Of course, if it had been anyone besides Agatha ——"

But somehow William did not look as if he were as sorry as he should be that it was Agatha.

"Two of them chasing their old books together! I'm afraid it will have to be quite a boost."

"Go as far as you like, Mac. Whatever it is, I'll bet he proves to us it was a good investment for us both."

CLASS!

By GRACE LOVELL BRYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

AGAINST the sepia background of her third-floor front room Pansy Imogene, swathed in a Copenhagen-blue kimono, added three lumps to her orange pekoe and absent-mindedly removed the remaining cracker from the top of a road-worn trunk. Her friend, seated in the other chair in simple costume of beaded green Georgette and elegant geranium toque, sipped from a near-china cup and inspected her arched eyebrows in a mirror. 'Twas the hour—when Broadway lags and dramatic agents are torpid.

"Ain't it funny"—Pansy Imogene gazed dreamily at the toe of her pomponed slipper—"how that old wheeze, 'All is not gold that sparkles,' is just as true as when it was pulled by Henry the Eighth in the early nineties?"

"I've always been too busy rehearsing to read those classics," replied her friend, Gwendolyn Clarice Montmort on the programs, languidly adjusting an invisible hairpin in her blond hair; "but when I recall the bracelets the manager give us girls with the Gambols of Paris for doing forty-seven weeks for him of one-night stands, and two bits was all you could get on the whole lot if you hocked 'em for iron—I agree with Henry!"

"I wasn't thinking of managers," returned Pansy Imogene soothingly; "I never do when I can help it. I was speaking of Rowena Jones."

"His Next Words Was That Next Morning He's Going to Take Her to Meet His Mother"

Gwendolyn Clarice sat up. "Rowena?" she sniffed with spirit. "Don't tell me that girl's been handed anything—copping Vincent Armour, the richest man in the country, for a husband, and her only a cigar-counter girl at the Giltmore, and me in a front row for six seasons and never ——"

"In the films," continued Pansy Imogene, staring musingly at a crayon portrait of somebody's grandfather that hung solemnly over her bed, "they wind up with Duke and Factory Girl in fond embrace to register coming bliss—but how true it is the real clinch comes after the ceremony!"

Her friend rested slim hands firmly on her hips. "No man shall ever raise his hand to me," she announced with conviction, "wealthy or otherwise."

"I wasn't referring to assault and battery," explained Pansy Imogene exasperatedly. "Vincent's beautiful to Rowena. Romeo was one of his ancestors! But when, all dolled up in a dull-green trifle costing some four hundred bucks and awful becoming to her red hair, which was sheltered from common view by a gorgeous chapeau of bronze paradise, she was took home after the honeymoon—well, as Napoleon wired into Paris after he'd won the battle of Rubicon: She came, was seen, and it looked like she was conquered!"

"Rowena should worry," sighed Gwendolyn Clarice enviously; "having a guy like him to send her telegrams."

"Like who?"

"Napoleon."

Pansy Imogene reached for the teapot. "Take some more tea, Jennie Dorgan," she commanded, filling her friend's cup, "and do the thing for which you're best fitted—Action without Words. Listen!

"Vincent and his bride went to Palm Beach immediately after the wedding, which to Rowena, who'd never been farther than Hoboken in her life, would have seemed like a trip to the Grand Cañon of Arizona had she been looking out the window instead of the other way. I believe I mentioned there was no further need of paging Romeo with a 'Where art thou?' for Vincent, Junior, was him. When you got a pipe at Rowena 'twas explained. Little and blue-eyed with one of those tip-tilted noses we hear of fluently from the poets, and a kind of sweetness about her whole make-up that wasn't put on and made you think when you was with her that maybe the old world wasn't going to the dogs as fast as you'd begun to fear it was. And about Vincent she was as far gone in true affection as was poor Juliet, of whom she'd heard as hanging over the eaves wasting valuable time in talking about the moon; though what she didn't know till long after was that poor Jule had been born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

"Well! When their private car lands at Grand Central Station and they gets into a gorgeous limousine with orchids in it and starts up Fifth to Madison to a modest-looking mansion resembling an elegant yet refined jail with modern improvements, where they are immediately met by a flock of guys in uniform that you couldn't hear when they walked, and a maid or two in the exact violet creation she had so often imaged in dreams behind the counter of the Giltmore—all was bliss. And though a poor girl born, and foreign to anything but hanging on straps in the Interborough, Rowena gets out the car as nonchalant as though she'd never washed a dish, and nods gracious to the servants like a queen entering a conquered city who means to be nice and kind to the inhabitants. Family retainers was no novelty; the Giltmore had 'em as thick as peas.

"Then after being introduced to the servants Vincent takes her in a electric elevator to her apartments, which had old-rose-silk walls and ivory furniture with a gold dressing table covered with lace and silver and mirrors—and sitting in a corner was a black-eyed little girl who at sight of Rowena jumps up and clasps her hands joyfully and bursts out: *'Oh, Madame est charmante!'* which, not knowing whether she's being sworn at or admired, is no way to address an unsuspecting party accompanied by no weapon of any kind.

"But Vincent says that here is her new maid—and 'twas the final straw, a maid being what she had longed for all her days, that and a chaise-longue. And too full for utterance, Rowena smiles friendly at Celeste, who, jabbering what was took to be favorable, takes off her mistress' hat and coat and winds her in a glorious gold negligée, brand new.

"And then it was Rowena lamps enough silks and chiffons and furs strung round the room to costume next season's shows, while Vincent, looking like Santa Claus' favorite son, dismisses Celeste and brings out the family jewels from the safe where they'd been awaiting his bride—necklaces and rings and pendants, and the collection of emeralds, which was the pet jewel of the Armours and had been handed down ever since Vincent Armour I come out of Holland and navigated round up somewhere near the Bronx but moved down later when he found out how that place was going to turn out.

"Then kneeling beside her Vincent puts a tiara in her hair like he was adjusting a halo for one of the angels, and tells her, in accents that has all the enthusiasm of Edwin Booth when Edwin was in his prime, he loves her; while Rowena, sitting in blissful rapture on a chaise-longue which she never recognized till long afterward, forgets all about the darn jewels and everything but him, when, of course, they has to be put on again. And she thinks with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving, what more can a woman want? Nothing. She had all.

"And yet—as the erring son remarked when they let him be and killed the fatted calf—was there a catch in it somewhere? *(Continued on Page 49)*

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"His next words was that next morning he's going to take her to meet his mother."

Pansy Imogene hunched her shoulders and stared out into Forty-fifth Street. Her friend shifted the graceful lines of her slim figure carefully, while she looked with great thoughtfulness at the dark head of Pansy Imogene.

"That mother-in-law's going to turn out to be a heavy," announced Gwendolyn Clarice emphatically. "I can feel it. The whole thing begins like the case of a friend of mine who married a plumber which was far beneath her; and when she took him home to her ma, who was terrible refined and kept a swell dressmaking shop on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn—say, the air was blue!"

"From the way I planted the discord in the opening scene," resumed Pansy Imogene, "you felt something was going to happen; like when a amateur starts whistling in the dressing room or comes to a first rehearsal wearing peacock feathers, which tells anybody that if the show ever leaves town trouble will ensue on tour. And when Vincent mentions his ma Rowena gets that same queer feeling in her stomach, though she'd eaten nothing she could think of to cause it.

"And she gets no better when she recollects, while Vincent is admiring her Titian hair, what her ma said about class. 'Class,' she says, 'is the stage brace over which many a person trips in trying to cross over'—though not in exactly those words, her ma knowing nothing about a stage except at the time the Ladies' Aid gave a cantata in Lenox Avenue Hall and she was Empress Josephine and served refreshments.

"It was not, however, until Rowena, while taking her bath before dinner, which she would never have done at such a peculiar time had not Celeste drawn the water and fully expected it, remembers also that her ma said, 'Act like a perfect lady and to thine own self be true'; and her spirits partially revive. 'You are judged,' says her ma, 'not by false externals that moths can break through and steal, but by noble thoughts and purity of soul, which are sensed and loved by the beholder,' says she, 'to whom even rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.'

"There being no difficulty about that, however, as she possessed all but the rags, Rowena gets up the following morning to don a Alice blue that Vincent says adoringly brings out her eyes, and a hat that would captivate a New York policeman, and gets in the auto to meet her mother-in-law with her loving husband prepared to *sic semper tyrannis*, meaning deal accordingly with tyrants.

"At her mother-in-law's house, which is an aristocratic-looking red stone with vines over it and spires sticking loftily into the sky over an iron fence that said 'Abandon all hope of entering here,' a butler, the fattest she had yet seen, opens the door and bows low to Vincent while gazing at her out of his walled-in eyes with respectful and searching curiosity, being as he already knew the complete history of the wedding to every detail and had not as yet made up his mind. And the two sit down to wait in a gorgeous Oriental kind of room, where Rowena begins to feel exactly like Nero musta when he tuned up his fiddle for the bout with Rome.

"The next minute they hear a silky rustle on the other side of some black curtains draped carelessly from a doorway that was opposite, and Vincent jumps up with a little exclamation. Reclining lazily against a pile of cushions, like she owned the place, is a tall girl with shiny black hair and a picture hat of red velvet turned up on the side nearest them to enable Rowena to view a face that had all the dames she had seen at the Giltmore beat to a frazzle.

"'Eleanor Travers,' says Vincent in a pleased tone, and Rowena sees he's gazing at the tall girl with a fond expression. 'Excuse me, dear,' he says as he starts through the curtains.

"'Go ahead,' says Rowena sinkingly, gazing at that girl, whose big slanting eyes, Rowena notes, has a kind of I've-seen-everything expression as she raises them. Rowena also sees the light that comes into them when they look at Vincent, who has rushed in and grabbed her hand. Then the light changed into a kind of challenge mixed with her lazy smile that made Rowena quiver. And the two stand talking confidential, like old, old friends.

"Eleanor Travers—of the famous Travers family. And how beautiful she was. Rowena had read about her in the papers. But what was she to him?

"Well, I don't know whether Rowena was ever jealous before, never having gone with anybody but George Jennings, a shipping clerk who used to call regular and though honest had a good-sized squint and was thus no fit subject to get jealous over even if he had given her any cause, which poor George was careful not to do. And all at once the well-known lines by the poet comes to her mind: 'Marriage is some lottery.'

"'I want to present you to my wife,' she hears Vincent saying proudly, and at his words Eleanor gives a tinkly laugh like ice falling into a glass pitcher. The next minute they come through the doorway, and the tall girl stands looking down at Rowena with her arm slipped through Vincent's as though she owned him. Rowena gets up slowly, wondering if Alice blue is a good color after all for red hair and wishing she'd worn the small hat instead of the bigger one on which Celeste had insisted. She felt so little.

"'This is Eleanor Travers, dear,' Vincent says; 'a very old friend.'

"'Don't emphasize the adjective, Vincent dear,' says the tall girl with another wintry laugh. 'How do you do?' she says to Rowena, smiling oh so cordially.

"'I am so charmed,' replied Rowena with an air that was as nonchalant and classy as Eleanor's own, being she'd watched the best people across the counter of the Giltmore Hotel. Thank goodness she don't trip over nothing as they sit down, though there's an ugly-looking Chinese something lying in wait by her right elbow. And Eleanor remarks that she does hope she enjoyed Palm Beach, and Rowena says oh, yes, as though said spot was no novelty and she'd spent all her winters there since the age of two. And the tall girl looks at her out of her slanting eyes exactly like the other women of the cast size up the leading woman. And then both smiled so warmly at each other that though it was a regular summer day out, though December, and a fire was burning in the grate, the mean temperature of the room must have fallen some four thousand feet. But why the reason, thinks Rowena?

"Vincent, being a man and all unconscious that birds weren't caroling in the trees, says: 'Now that you and Eleanor are going to be great friends you'll help her receive

"'Excuse Me, Dear,' He Says as He Starts Through the Curtains. 'Go Ahead,' Says Rowena Sinkingly"

day after to-morrow, won't you? We're giving a dinner, but it will be quite formal, and I thought ——'

"'I'll be delighted, Vincent, dear,' answers Eleanor sweetly; her eyes appeared to blaze. Then she went on, still very sweetly: 'But—who will come?'

"There is a tense silence.

"At that moment the fat butler says at their elbow: 'Madame will be down immediately.'

"'I'll be running along,' Eleanor says gayly. 'I'll phone Mrs. Armour to-morrow, Ferguson. She'll understand. So glad to have seen you,' she chirps to Rowena, then turns to Vincent. 'Drop in and see me any time, Vincent, dear,' she almost whispers. And with that she's off, followed by the fat butler to usher her to the door.

"Rowena draws her sables close about her shoulders. Vincent is looking after Eleanor with a puzzled expression on his face, as though something did seem wrong but he can't quite make out what it was.

"'Did you—care for that girl?' asks Rowena, her throat hurting. That seemed all that mattered.

"'No,' answers Vincent, looking astonished at the question. 'Oh, of course—the two families wanted us to—but—that's all over now! She's a—friend.'

"'Oh,' says Rowena, staring at a yellow vase.

"They hear a step and turn round. Vincent's ma comes in.

"Did you ever wonder how Lady Macbeth would have looked after she got white-haired and took enbonpoint but still ambitious to run the family and finish off the day with a tasty murder if such would further the cause of the Macbeth family *et al.*, though don't make a racket doing it and keep on your nightgown, for the night is cold? That ain't a line from a Broadway show—it's Shakspere. Well, Vincent's ma could have played her without a rehearsal, as she stood looking at Vincent, dragging a lorgnette with a gold chain against her lavender gown. Rowena saw that her eyes were brown, like Vincent's, only they were hard and piercing, and terribly alive. What Rowena didn't see then was that Vincent's ma ran everything in New York but Grant's Tomb and Tammany.

"Vincent goes forward hurriedly yet manly and kisses her, though he did it with no encouragement; then turns with a lift of his young chin that was remarkably like his mother's and says kinda nervous yet determined withal: 'Mother, I have brought my wife!'

"Have you ever noticed the electricity in the air just before a storm, and sat and shivered, waiting for it to break and relieve the atmosphere? Rowena put out her hand, though her fingers musta been frozen to the bone, and waited for something to be done with it; to be took, as Vincent had fondly promised, into the grand dame's arms and told she's gained a daughter. Well, Vincent's ma turned to Rowena and ——

"Three minutes later by the clock Vincent and his wife was getting into their automobile. Don't ask me what happened or what was said that took so little time, but it must have been enough. And though I ain't acquainted with how Lot's wife felt when she found out her name was Salt, I expect it was foolish. Rowena had Lot's wife beat forty ways; and though Vincent held her hand tight all the way and didn't say anything except a few swear words under his breath to relieve them both, I don't doubt there was quite some heated dialogue going on within his mental sphere. His face was white.

"When they got home, however, he spoke. All right, he said. If his ma wanted to act up, his wife shall be received without her, he said. He had a position as well as his ma, even if he was a Junior. I guess it had never occurred to him that things would turn out like they had, him going on the slogan: The king can do no wrong. And it probably would have made no difference. But they should see, he goes on with a renewal of cussing that was entirely foreign to the poor boy's nature. Everything would be all right.

"With a shiver that was like a fever Rowena ran up to her bedroom to be alone, where, thank goodness, Celeste was out. Then she stood in that room filled with luxury and stared at the silk-lined boudoir where hung the gorgeous clothes she had found so much joy in a little while before; at the panel in the wall which covered the jewels he had given her; at all the gold and silver and fine things—and felt like they was only apples in the Dead Sea you read about.

And she looks up at a painting of a puffy woman with cow eyes that hung over the dressing table and musta been a old master it was so ugly, and whispers to it: 'They're going to try and take him from me—his mother, and the one she wanted him to marry! They're beginning—right now.' But the painting never spoke. 'They shan't!' says Rowena. But she felt cold and sick.

"Well, they have dinner that night all by themselves, Rowena in a décolleté gown without being embarrassed, and trying to be as happy as a lark to deceive Vincent and not succeeding worth a darn, especially with their butler, by the name of Perkins, standing all through the meal as though fearful she might swallow a fish bone and need assistance. And the next morning came—the newspapers.

"'Armour Marriage Reported Mésalliance—Family Rejects Armour Bride,' and so on, though how and where was any reporter sitting in her mother-in-law's house to grab such news was a mystery.

And of course Rowena reads them all, and so did her family. For a whole week after, her pa, though he was scared to call on her any more as the first day he did so he slipped on the polished floor and hadn't been the same since, telephones her regular he'd like to kill the plutocrats—he being much more cheerful in his mind and doing fine with his drug store that had looked as though it was going to smash and would have save for the timely introduction of capital presented him immediately after the wedding by his loving son-in-law. Her ma was furious. As for blue-blooded ancestors, says she, didn't Rowena's great-great-grandfather fight in the last Indian War under Harrison, and sit round the camp fire to smoke the pipe of peace with Tecumseh and one of the viands consisting of eggs which, though to the Indian's taste, was nearly as old as he would have been to-day, which eggs when they thought no one was looking the white men threw behind them into the grass where didn't the papooses seize them and nearly break up the party? Well!

"Vincent says: 'I'll fight them!' So the next night being Monday he takes Rowena in the pearls and ermine coat to the Armour box, which is the second one from the front as everyone knows, and there she sits, the cynosure of everybody's eyes who'd enjoyed the newspapers—longing for her little room in the Bronx she'd had before the wedding that though cheap had been untroubled by any grief except what hit her when the alarm clock went off promptly at six on cold winter mornings.

"After a long while the curtain falls, and she sees a party in the next box bowing gayly to Vincent.

"'Who are they?' asks Rowena.

"'The Gotrox girls and their mother, with the Annisons. And there are the Mulberry Finches, in the fourth box. Excuse me, dear, I'll go speak to them.' And off he goes. When he comes back she sees the same expression on his face as he'd had during the eventful scene with his mother.

"'Didn't they mention—me?' asks Rowena drowningly.

"Vincent shakes his head, and then he breaks out with something forceful under his breath.

"Then he stops and sits miserably staring at the curtain that was rising on a bunch of rocks. And for the first time, like a chill on her heart, comes the knowledge of how much the friendship and approval of his world means to him. In her own circle, if that was what you could call it, if the Smiths dusted their carpets down onto your clothes or Mrs. O'Flaherty stopped speaking because you'd made remarks about her daughter's voice coming up the air shaft at any time and especially twelve P. M., it didn't matter because there was always the Brooks and the Hicks across the street or the Henningses out in Jersey. But here—Brooks and Hicks and Henningses were no substitutes; not when you'd been brought up like that. And Vincent had.

"And the chill deepened when Vincent's secretary sends out invitations for a ball to a list that was the Bluebook, and the invitations came back from the women with regrets. Women are like sheep, she knew that already. Also, they were following her mother-in-law. The men—but men don't count, alone.

"As the days went on the telephone rang, oh a thousand times—for Vincent; inviting him, pleading oh so sweetly and cordially, Rowena knew, for his society; but they said nothing of Rowena. And Vincent would not accept without her. His jaw set. The poor boy had done his best, but it was no use.

"One day Eleanor Travers' cool but penetrating voice came over the wire, and Rowena heard her say: 'Vincent, dear, why try aping the Bolsheviki? You and I know you can't introduce equality in those who are not equal! Won't you be a good boy—and come to tea?' Vincent had hung up. But how long could this go on? And why? What had she done?

"She knew. She had been born a Jones.

"As Rowena and Vincent sat having a quiet, oh so quiet, tea from a teacart that she had always pictured as being the essence of fashion and was now nothing but an empty husk, so to speak—the doorbell rang! It created a commotion. Vincent jumped up excitedly and started out into the lower hall, and Rowena forgetting all thought of elegance peeked through the curtains, wondering who on earth it could be, for her ma never chose that door, preferring the side one that was much more convenient. And her pa never came in the daytime.

"Perkins the butler had in tow Charles Vaughn Allenton! The plot was thickening. Charles Vaughn Allenton was—but wait.

"'Well, Vin, my boy,' came Charles Vaughn's hearty but correct accents as he grabbed Vincent's hand, 'how are you, and how's the fair bride?'

"'All right, uncle,' answers Vincent, kinda bristly.

"'Just heard of your marriage, my boy,' goes on Charles, 'and came down from the lodge expressly to meet your wife. Understand she's not in our set, eh? Well, your mother is my own sister—but I tell you in these democratic days—Gad, the war has done with barriers! Elizabeth has always been too dictatorial in her leadership of New York society,' he goes on, patting Vincent on the back. 'Gad, it's monarchy, that's what; no one else has had a show. So here's where my wife takes a hand! Now—is my fair niece-in-law at home?'

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(Concluded from Page 50)

ing which conversation they was grad-
y drawing near the living room where
vena stood. The next minute Charles
ghn glides lordly into the room, with
opportunity to put his sentiments to
test.

Well, it was almost funny, if you'd been
mood to see it that way—the expres-
on Charles' face. He almost forgets to
, which with him was like leaving off
most important part of his attire while
g for a walk. For Charles Vaughn had
le a desperate play for Rowena when, as
gar-counter girl at the Giltmore, though
ling with the best families, she was
n enough to think he had serious
ntions until proved otherwise. And
n she'd married Vincent.

In a few choice but pithy words
rles Vaughn forgets all about democ-
y and delivers himself of so near the
e lines as Vincent's mother had done
t you'd think they'd studied from the
e part. I guess a leopard can't change
spots.

Well, it began to look like one of those
ws that no matter how good it looks nor
much you advertise or spend on it it
ply won't draw business at the box
e; and you might as well call it off and
t struggling.

Then, as they say in the films: One
r Passes.

Vincent had long since started to his
s, for no man can exist with only the
ety of his wife, no matter how crazy he
bout her. What else could he do? A
n must have friends. Rowena knew, too,
t he was seeing his mother again, and of
rse it was natural that he should; but
knew also that when he went to her
se he found—Eleanor Travers. And
vena stayed home.

Everything was tranquil with the
ily; her ma sent their washing out, and
ugh she could not stand Perkins, accus-
him of being a hidden kleptomaniac
n the way he had of grabbing things the
ant a body stepped over the Armour
tico, she constantly insisted in the bosom
he Bronx, that right would triumph,
ugh sometimes it took time. Sooner or
r, Class or no Class, said her ma with
launted cheerfulness, merit is recognized.
de from that Tom and Johnny and
lie were doing fine, and her pa called
ular twice a week with peppermints.
rest of the time Rowena sat on the
ise-longue that once seemed so beauti-
staring at priceless furniture and old
sters, at the ivory carpet and silk walls
er boudoir with its heaps of clothes that
never wore; and then she was not
he, for with her, day after day, was the
of how long it would be before Vincent,
wing now farther and farther away
n her, went back for good, as a man
s sooner or later, to his own people, his
n gods. The choice would come.

Then one night he calls her up from
wntown and asks her to come to a first
ht at the Empire, and though feeling
le like it she puts on a beautiful orchid
wn that had just come from Paris and
ht have been calico, and the emeralds
a new chinchilla coat, and starts for the
tric elevator to go downstairs.

Like a fire alarm—the front door bell
gs! It hadn't happened since Charles
ghn Allenton made his memorable call!

Vincent—she thinks maddeningly—
mething has happened to him! And then
re was no time to think further, for
este, who had been doing a slanderous
forceful résumé of Vincent's family's
ions with the spirit that would have
h the war for her country had we not
ne in hastily and assisted, runs to the
er hall to Rowena, and they both stand
ening while the fat butler, Perkins,
ns the door and a little stubby
n with carroty hair and a green suit and
on pushes his way inside past the
rified Perkins, who ain't used to being
hed by better people than him, dashes
the stairs, sees Rowena, who's been
y expecting him to throw the bomb—
says with satisfaction over his shoulder
Perkins: 'There's Mrs. Vincent Armour
I'll eat my shirt!'—which offer held a
st common sound to Perkins.

Rowena looks at him in bewilderment,
she's never seen him before and can't
member whether he was a porter or
mething at the Giltmore, never really
ving met them all there. She asks him
at he wants, and with a wink of one of
funny-looking eyes that seem partially
dressed owing to his eyelashes being red
and not visible, he says he has something very important to see her about. Nobody having expressed any desire like that since she was married, she's stunned; then not having basked in riches long enough to have acquired that icy exterior toward one of the lower classes, she dismisses Perkins and Celeste, who hates like thunder to go, and the stubby man sails into her sitting room and immediately lights down on a swell tapestried chair as though he owned the place.

"Again Rowena asks him what he wants. He sits patting his green tie, in which there was an elegant red horseshoe, looking at her as though he were sizing her up.

"'I don't blame him,' he says earnestly, 'only I'd 'a' thought you'd be older. But money does it, eh?' Then he gives her a second wink and a chuckle. 'You got my letter?'

"'What letter?' asks Rowena, bewildered.

"'Why, the one that told you I was coming,' he answers, leaning back like the lord of the manor. 'I'm onto the whole story of you and your husband.'

"Rowena sits down, feeling more than ever what was now her constant sensation, that of Pompeii after Vesuvius had done its work. Everybody knew—their story was no secret! But the man was going on.

"'Well, I guess they won't be no more trouble, though,' he was saying, 'now that your hubby's croaked.'

"Rowena jumps up, trembling like the celebrated leaf. 'Dead?' she gasps. 'Oh, my ——'

"'Sure,' returns the man, looking surprised. 'I just come from his funeral!'

"Rowena sits down again, kinda mad. 'Mr. Armour ——' she began haughtily.

"'Oh, I ain't talking about Armour.' Here he winks again. 'I mean—your other!'

"'My—other?' repeats Rowena, wondering if he's escaped from some asylum. 'What other?'

"His red face goes kinda purple at that, and he breaks out: 'What other? Mickey McClellan—that's who! Don't you suppose I know you married McClellan before you married Armour—and that there was no divorce?'

"Rowena sits speechless.

"Then like a flash it comes over her with all the crash of a sickening thud—her mother-in-law! She had sent him!

"They were trying to frame her—to manufacture the evidence that would free Vincent from her by law. It had come at last. Oh, that cruel woman!

"Out of the daze of her brain she found herself whispering, 'Who are you?'

"'I was Mickey's pal.' Then as she sits staring at him uncomprehending he bursts out angrily: 'Say, what's the idee? Think I'm whistling through my derby? He's sent me with the dope.'

"'What dope?'

"'The dope he told you in the letter!' Then he says slowly, staring at her: 'So that's it. Purty cautious!' Then he sits forward angrily and hisses, 'Well, I can prove who I am! Want to hear me talk?'

"Rowena clenches her hands and —— Did you ever get into a swift current and try to battle with it till your strength and nerve was getting low? Did you ever feel your hold on your audience in your big scene slipping till in spite of all you could do you knew the dramatic climax you were working for would end only in a laugh? Well, neither have I, for tripping the light fantastic is slightly different from the legit—but the similarity is similar. And it comes to Rowena that she might just as well give up—they'd beaten her already. What was the use of struggling any longer?

"And then the blood of her ancestor who stood up against an Indian and give those eggs to the Indian's child rather than prevent by one iota the happiness of a young life burned in her veins; and she looks this tool full in his pasty face with an expression of contempt that says: 'Fight—and I'll fight'; and whispers: 'Prove it!'

"'All right,' returns the carroty man airily, 'Iwill. You meets Mickey at the Giltmore, don't you?'

"Rowena nods.

"'Mickey's staying there for a few days. He's named Carlos Sebastian, which being dark complected and having a Spanish mother he most always worked under, for being a foreigner it was easier to get away with con, and you falls for him right off the reel. Ignoring his usual custom, which was get the dough and beat it, I guess he falls in love, which mars his judgment, for he buys a license and the deed is done good and proper, and off you go to the country on a honeymoon.

"'After a week his hand is called; a plain clothes shows up and gathers Mickey in for embezzlement in Los Angeles and Cincinnati and four other counts on forging checks which was chalked against him on a Chicago blotter, and you finds he's nothing but a common East Side crook and due for seven years where the air is close, unless you helps him out. You throw a fit instead, and turn from him forever. He threatens suicide. You say go ahead. He beats it outa the room—you hear a shot and think he's done it. Then as fast as a choo-choo'll make it you beat it out of the little burg for New York—a widow by a narrow escape and darn glad of it.

"'But Mickey ain't dead, and he comes out sorer than a pup at you for turning him down. Who should he pipe one day in the big town coming out the Metropolitan from a matinée but wifie whom he'd loved and lost, and he finds out by following you that you're married again to this rich guy. It's his chance. He writes you the glad news that he ain't dead but longing to see you—and believe me, from then on you spill. And Mickey accepts the long green.

"'I used to know him in Louisville. Well, the day Mickey gets sick he meets me on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth all dolled out like the lilies of the field, and bragging that work's a stranger to him way into a ripe old age. And that night he's down as flat as a teetotaler's stomach. When he sees he's going remorse sets in, and he tells me the whole business of not treating you right in the first place and hounding you and how he's to blame for the whole thing, and he asks me to take the evidence he's been holding over you and ask you to forgive him. I writes a letter telling you I'm coming, and would have been here Thursday if he hadn't taken longer to fade out than the doc expected. And now you see me—and here I am. That's me!'

"Well, you can imagine after all that, Rowena's mind is upside down for all the world as though it was practicing the shimmie, which though done in the best circles where everything oughta be perfectly refined, was no dance to pull at a time like that.

"She sits looking at the carroty-headed tool, as unable to make it all out as I was the time a show gave me half pay for rehearsals when we'd only been at it eleven weeks. And she kept getting worse when she found herself knowing he was speaking the truth! Then drowningly she remembers—the third degree! Startled she jumps up, and then remembers ——

"Evidence. He said he had it. What evidence? Commandingly she holds out her hand.

"The man seems to understand what she's after, for all at once his little eyes goes shut like he was turning over something in his mind. Then reaching into his coat pocket cautiously he brings out a folded paper in a yellow-looking envelope.

"'That's a nibble,' he says cunningly, handing her the envelope. 'The rest of it I got put away in a safe downtown. That stuff's valuable.'

"Rowena sits down again, takes a paper out of the envelope—and reads."

"What was in it?" asked Gwendolyn Clarice excitedly from under her geranium toque.

"Enough," returned Pansy Imogene cryptically. "So remember what I told you in the opening paragraph—action and no words.

"Well! Whatever was in the letter," went on Pansy Imogene, "made Rowena, like the party who sampled the breakfast food and liked the fruity flavor, ask for more. And with that the carroty-man's face suddenly screws itself into a mass of ugly and calculating wrinkles, improving his appearance not one whit, and he begins to smile.

"'With pleasure,' he says, leaning over kinda hoarse; 'you can have the whole business—for a hundred thou'! That's me!'

"Rowena gasps. 'But—Mickey—he sent you—to give ——' she falters.

"'Aw, listen!' snaps the man with a gesture of his fat hand. 'I ain't feeling no remorse on your account. *I* ain't done nothing, so I expects my rake-off for delivery. Why, the marriage certificate is worth twice that kale. And if you don't want it,' he goes on, rising angrily and lordly, 'I guess the ——' And he starts, determined, for the door.

"'I'll give it to you,' says Rowena, grabbing him firmly by the arm. 'I will give you the money as soon as I can get it from the bank.'

"'To-morrow morning,' answers the man crisply. 'I'm in a hurry. I'll meet you wherever you say. But remember—cash!' He sits down again.

"'Of course,' murmurs Rowena. 'Oh, let me think!' She gets up to do it, good and hard. The room is still as death save for the tumultuous breathing of Celeste, who's listening behind the curtains with both feet plainly showing under the velvet. And Rowena puts her toe under the mantel of the fireplace right on the burglar alarm.

"Then she turns to carroty-head, who's been watching her like a hawk.

"'Well, ain't you made up your mind?' he asks kinda nervously, moistening his lips.

"'I have,' says Rowena. 'I will meet you at the corner of —— Oh!' She gives a sharp cry and stares down at her feet. The man does likewise. Quicker than lightning Rowena grabs a cloisonne vase that she never did care for, and brings it like a thousand bricks right down on the man's head. Over he tumbles as neat as a pin, while Rowena, kneeling beside him, reaches inside his coat pocket for the package of papers which she thought would be there, and they certainly was, for she brings them out with a little cry.

"At the same moment Celeste, unable to keep out any longer owing to her having heard every word, runs in to Rowena, who grabs her in her arms.

"Every woman ought to have the privilege of hysterics, which, how unfortunately, is going out of fashion for those who are perfect ladies except in revivals of old plays, so Rowena give a good imitation of Cleopatra when the news came that her husband had just won the World's Series in 96 B. C.; while Celeste, holding the smelling salts that had never been used since purchased, forced her young mistress to take a whiff, which Rowena was willing, being that assaulting perfect strangers as an indoor sport was something she had not as yet got used to. In a few minutes they hear voices, and up comes two skinny men looking like detectives, which was what they were, chaperoned by Perkins, wondering was there something occurring. Rowena points with a haughty gesture to Mickey's pal still dead to the world against the back of an expensive chair.

"After examining him hastily the two dicks laugh as one to whom this is mere child's play and hustle the horrid burglar out the door, only pausing to wink at Celeste, being men before detectives, and her looking attractive enough anyway with two red spots burning in her excitable cheeks and her eyes wide as saucers. Rowena they don't dare but glance at, such is the awe of millions; but she need never fear from anything while guardians like they is on the job. Good-by, ma'am. And Rowena sits down, feeling tired all of a sudden, with the evidence she was so crazy for in her lap. Opening the package of papers she reads them all.

"And then after a long while she raises her Titian head, which later created a sensation when—but wait a minute—and looks up at the old master's painting of the peasant woman that had been her silent company these weary months and whispers, 'What shall I do?' And all at once a light seems shining in the woman's face—a light that answered her.

"Slowly the look in her own face that had somehow disfigured it, dies out, and into—something beautiful.

"'Celeste,' she calls, 'get on your hat.' Then she goes to her desk, puts the package into a large envelope, seals it and hands it to Celeste. 'Deliver that—to Mrs. Vincent Armour, Senior.'"

"For the love of Mike!" cried Gwendolyn Clarice. "That old dame! And Rowena?" She paused, aghast.

"Even a Jones can be a thoroughbred," said Pansy Imogene.

"But, my Gawd!" breathed Gwendolyn Clarice, "she never even let her know?"

Pansy Imogene looked with some pity on her friend. "Gwendolyn Clarice, for one of artistic temperament, no matter where it's located, you have but small imagination." She rose lazily. "They say there ain't two chummier women in society to-day than Rowena and Vincent's mother; and happy ——" Her friend's lips parted. "My goodness," exclaimed Pansy Imogene impatiently, "didn't I tell you she sent 'em by Celeste?"

RED FOAM

(Continued from Page 15)

the quarry, made the town more and more aware of Arnold Driscoll.

In November the quarry had become a busy place. Two hundred men were at work; and when the wind was right the clink of hammers, the pounding of machinery and the creak of cranes came faintly up the river to Buckeye Bridge.

A large building had been erected, big engines installed, and five saws put to work. Sawing stone was a novel idea to Buckeye Bridge, and only those who watched it in operation could understand how a straight band of steel without any edge or teeth could cut rock—merely by grinding sand under the blade.

But it was over the matter of transportation that the town's keenest mental interest—curiosity—was roused. Even in old Banning's day there had been a stone quarry at the foot of the bluff by the river. It was not marble, but a high grade of hard limestone that took a polish and had a beauty of grain almost equal to marble. Everybody knew it was fine building material, for it had been used locally—the courthouse was built of it; and the bank building trimmed with it. But eighteen miles from a railroad! It simply could not be marketed, that was all!

And if Driscoll had any way to do it—which they did not believe—they would like darned well to know just exactly what it was.

But one day when the machinery was nearly all in place and a great many large square blocks of stone were already cut from the quarry, Driscoll, during his brief morning visit to the works, called two men to him and handed them a map of the river.

"Take a boat," he directed briefly, "and float down to Shoalville, where the railroad crosses. Measure every strip of the river where the water is less than eighteen inches deep, and mark it on this map."

For miles at a stretch Spring River would be fairly wide and deep; then a swift shallow shoal, sometimes with only a foot or even six inches of water.

The two men came back and reported that out of thirty miles of river there were not quite three miles of shoals, and that the bed of the river at those places was hard sand or rock.

Driscoll studied the report for perhaps three minutes, then called one of his foremen, who had been an old boat builder. For perhaps twenty minutes Driscoll made sketches with his pencil, gave directions and answered questions.

The construction that followed stirred Buckeye Bridge's most active curiosity.

Ten narrow barges were built, eight feet wide and twenty-four feet long. At their sides, only a few feet apart, were fastened very strong solid wooden wheels, six inches wide and so placed they extended only six inches below the bottom of the barge. These ten were fastened together by chains. At their head was a long, wide, very flat-bottomed boat carrying a powerful gasoline engine, which ran four small propellers so placed that they required little depth of water.

But the crowning curiosity was that at each side of this boat were broad tractor wheels, lifted clear off the water, but which by a single turn of a lever could be lowered so they held the boat up two feet from the bottom; and by a simple shift of gear the power of the engine could be shifted from the propellers to these wheels.

The thing was a towboat on water and a tractor on shoals—or even on land.

When tried out—and a big part of Buckeye Bridge witnessed the tryout—each of the ten barges carried four tons of cut and dressed stone. The boat pulled them downstream at six miles an hour, and when it came to a shoal down went the tractor wheels, and the engine snaked the long string of barges across on their own wheels without a hitch.

The thing could make the down trip in eight to ten hours, and return with the empty barges in twelve to fifteen. It required only four men to run it, and a few dollars' worth of distillate would make a round trip, delivering forty tons of dressed stone a day to the railroad at Shoalville.

All this physical activity thrust Arnold Driscoll very positively into the consciousness of Buckeye Bridge. And as a man grows on a people's attention inevitably their like or dislike for him must grow. For Arnold Driscoll it was dislike. They had not liked him at first, and certainly he had done nothing since to change their feelings. In truth, almost everything he did seemed to them an insult, at least a slur. His reticence, his self-sufficiency in doing things—were offensive. He was not rightfully a business man at all, but an idler, a mooner, who put other men to doing his work. Why, when that contraption itself was tried out, and the river was lined for a mile with curious spectators to see if it wouldn't work, Driscoll himself was not even present. It was as though he said, "That's merely a little trifle, a slight detail in the day's work; I could make a dozen in an hour."

Noah Latimer voiced the feeling of the crowd when he grumbled: "Old Final Doom seems to think he's so mighty much, the rest of us are mere bugs. Now if Andy Freeman was pulling off this thing he'd have a barbecue and the whole county would be here with a celebration that would shake these old hills; and us fellows would carry him round on our shoulders. Andy's a human bein'."

And when, the transportation solved, it was evident the stone quarries were going to make a fortune, people began to recall with pity the poor Banning heirs. Just to think, poor old Aunt Lucy, and the Hadley grandchildren, and Zip Banning—all robbed of their fortune by a scheming, heartless outsider!

"Driscoll paid them ten thousand," snapped Tom Shannon, "when they had been trying to sell for five."

But the people only shook their heads and sighed, and said it was a shame though to take advantage of people's ignorance as to what a thing was worth.

The evening after the caterpillar barge had made its successful trip Arnold Driscoll sat in the south room before an open fire. It was late in November, and a nipping cold wind had come out of the northwest. But he was not looking at the fire; his hands were locked behind his head and his face was turned toward the big west window.

He felt a deep sense of relief that th stone mills were in operation and the trans portation was solved. He had not gon down to the river yesterday to see th barge tried out, because there were a lot o people down there. He knew and wa faintly amused at what they would sa about it. He also knew it would work. H was glad it had worked, but it was, after al merely a detail. Directly as the red gre fainter in the west and the distant limbs o bare trees stood out against the sky he for got the stone quarries entirely.

Then sharply he jumped, as though live nerve somewhere was touched by red-hot needle, sat up straight and turne squarely facing the window, and looke down at the bungalow just west of hi house.

A thin blue wisp of smoke was comin from the flue.

V

ONE of our persistent delusions is that few prominent citizens mold the senti ment of a community; they most cer tainly do not. Nine times out of ten Bu Hicks, who runs the livery stable and wh did a term for shooting Bill George, ca swing more votes than Professor Lanson, th superintendent of schools, or Hiram Wicks the president of the First State Bank. An voting is most certainly a matter of senti ment. Foam is the most visible thing on stream; and people usually base thei sentiments and their actions on high visi bility. Of course by and by everybody wh has fallen into the creek and got wet learn there is water under the foam; but tha is a slow individual process of education which may make for personal conviction but does not sway public sentiment.

"This quarry is going to be a big thin for the town," remarked the banker t Tom Shannon when the lawyer had finishe examining some contracts for Driscoll' company.

"It is now," said the attorney.

"Odd fellow, Driscoll," remarked th banker, "but a mighty fine man to d business with. Never in the world woul have picked him for this sort of job."

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SALISBURY AXLES

Our huge plant at Jamestown, New York, covers more than twelve acres of floor space and is recognized as one of the most completely equipped factories in the nation. Here we devote ourselves exclusively to the production of Motor Car Axles that must measure up to an unfaltering standard of excellence.

Salisbury Quality is now a traditional phrase because ours is the oldest Axle plant in the Motor Car Industry. All of our energies, all of our equipment and all of our resources are dedicated to the single task of protecting and developing the reputation that our product has honestly won.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

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"I don't know about that," said Shannon, squinting his eyes speculatively. "He doesn't burn up the road hotfooting it round, but I never have seen a fellow who gets to the point of every subject easier and quicker—nor who leaves it sooner when it is done."

"What do you make of him personally?" asked the banker.

"He strikes me," replied Shannon, "as a man who has lost something—something big; and that all these business matters, important as they are, are merely side issues. He does them with wonderful ability, but drops them as soon as possible, so as to get back to hunting for what he has lost—or a substitute. Personally I like Arnold Driscoll better than any man I ever met before."

But that neither made nor represented the sentiment of Buckeye Bridge. As Noah Latimer said, Tom Shannon had liked horse thieves. And that same afternoon, as Noah lounged against the counter at the drug store and scratched his inventive faculties to discover some way to overcome the druggist's handicap of two kings against one, he remarked: "Andy Freeman brought his woman with him this trip. They are movin' in to-day; into that sunburst bungalow up the road just this side of Final Doom's."

In a moment Noah chuckled, partly because he had traded one king for two, but largely at what he was about to divulge.

"They stayed all night at the inn last night. Jake Podd was in the room next to 'em, and you know the partitions up there are about as silent as a rawhide on a snare drum. Jake heard 'em talkin'." Noah stopped to laugh admiringly. "Andy shore laid the law down to her. Seems as though she was kickin' on comin' to this here one-man town. Really got to gulpin' and swallowin' over it. But Andy shore told her where to get off; said the town was good enough for her, really just the sort of a place she needed, and that he didn't want to hear no back-firin' nor snivelin' about it either.

"You bet your life," finished Noah admiringly, "there ain't no female can lead Andy Freeman round by the nose. He's as big-hearted as the next one; but he ain't the sort of a feller that a female woman can bullyrag into bein' no doormat."

Three prominent ladies from the brick church were the first to call at the sunburst bungalow. All three of the ladies were good women, worthy women—but curious. They were good jelly makers, and skillful suggesters. They tried to observe the golden rule; and did observe those who did not. They believed in the Bible, but not in other women. They all liked Andy Freeman; one of them because he had a dimple in his pink chin, and one because he had patted her hand and called her "sister girlie," and the other because he had talked so beautifully that night at the church about his wife.

A woman was wonderfully blessed to have such a husband. And they all wanted to see if that woman was really worthy of him.

Mrs. Freeman was slightly startled or surprised when she opened the door. At least her large brown eyes opened in a startled way and a faint tinge of color came to her cheeks. It was the unmistakable air of one interrupted. Perhaps she had not got the house straightened up—or possibly she had been crying. There were shadows about the eyes that might mean that.

She was a slender little thing, with a real girlish body, though she must have been twenty-nine at least, and had soft brown hair, bobbed short, hanging loose, so that it came just to the nape of her neck. Her mouth was elfish, and her face mobile and expressive.

The furnishings of the house were a queer mixture—even the most inartistic of the three callers saw that much, and the doors being open they saw most of it.

There was one room which opened off the living room, a sort of library or den, that seemed to the ladies rather bare; but there were brass candlesticks on the mantel, and three real paintings, and a mahogany desk, a straight slender chair and an oriental rug. The bookcases were full of books, too, and leaning in a corner was a violin case. The rest of the house was furnished in the cheapest sort of stuff—ugly oak chairs, and cottony rugs with red poppies in them, and a monstrous buffet that looked like the purchase of soap wrappers, and a red plush sofa.

"She's a sweet little thing," remarked one of the callers as they went out of the gate.

"Isn't she!" exclaimed another. "I wonder why she bobs her hair?"

"She was wonderfully pleased that we came, don't you think?" remarked the third.

"Yes," assented the first, "but I don't think she was expecting us. Did you notice how she hesitated a moment at the door? I thought once she was not going to ask us in."

"I guess she felt embarrassed, not being dressed up," suggested the second.

"Or maybe she had somebody in the back room helping put up the pictures or something. I thought I heard somebody working round back there."

"You don't suppose she will stay there alone, with her husband away most of the time, do you?" remarked the first.

"I'm sure I wouldn't," replied the third. "I'd be afraid of nights—and then it is so easy for talk to start."

"She must have some fine clothes," observed the second. "Mr. Freeman gets a big salary, they say; and one thing is sure, she hasn't spent much of it on furniture."

Though Mrs. Freeman did not return any of the calls she was very friendly and hospitable to all who came; and yet she seemed uneasy, half frightened in their presence, as if she did not think as they thought, and was fearful of saying or doing something to give offense.

"I wonder," said one forthputting sister to another as they went away after a call, "why she got so red in the face when I asked her if she would lead the Wednesday prayer meeting? Lands, she needn't have been so flustered. Even if she ain't powerful in prayer we know how to make allowances.

"And didn't her husband say she was a great church worker?"

Andy Freeman must have been sent on a long trip into some other territory, for it was five weeks after he moved into the bungalow before he returned to Buckeye Bridge. By that time the women of the little town had pretty generally talked it out and decided that Mrs. Freeman was a sweet little thing, but odd; very neat, but probably a poor cook; might be a good Christian, but if so was hiding her light under a bushel; and she wasn't the sort of wife to make a man happy—and she ought not to live alone!

Then Andy Freeman returned and announced a party. Word was sent broadcast there was to be a housewarming on the hill that night—everybody, big, little, old and young, was invited.

VI

THERE was one woman with whom from the first Mrs. Freeman had shown no restraint—and that was Aunt Clarissa, the black mammy who kept house for Driscoll. The very next morning after Driscoll had first seen that blue wisp of smoke in the neighboring bungalow, Aunt Clarissa, unbeknownst to her master—everything that went on about the place outside those three rooms of his was unbeknownst to him—took a plate of hot biscuits covered with a napkin and knocked at the back door.

Mrs. Freeman had given one look into the humorous eyes of the bent, wrinkled old darky, and then had broken into the warmest of exclamations: "Bless your heart, you dear old aunty!" It was a sweet, crisp, autumn morning, the sun already beginning to warm, and Mrs. Freeman, with her bobbed hair flying elfishly about her neck and face, brought a pot of jam and a plate of butter and sat down on the back step, with the old darky sitting at her feet, and then and there ate those biscuits, insisting from time to time on Aunt Clarissa's trying the jam.

After that there was never a day passed that the old mammy was not at the back door carrying something. Mrs. Freeman scolded, protested, feigned anger—but the old mammy merely grinned. "Lord, honey chile, you don't cook enough to keep a hummin' bird a-hummin'. You's too forgetful to feed yourself—and you's got to eat, honey."

And she did eat with relish and talked the while most amusingly and whimsically to the old darky. But Aunt Clarissa returning to her own kitchen grumbled a different tune: "Laws a'massea, if Ise specifyin' I'd say that pore little thing ain't got nothin' to cook, and she shorely ain't got nothin' to cook with."

When Andy Freeman came home at five o'clock and announced there was to be a party that night and that he had invited everybody in town Mrs. Freeman in her panic had slid out the back door and run for Aunt Clarissa. Twenty minutes later the old darky was making a balky wood stove smoke and sputter vehemently.

And on one of her many trips back to the big house Andy Freeman, strolling about the yard with his hands in his trousers pockets, his hat tipped back, examining his possessions, noticed her and called, "Say, you old black crow, tell your boss we are going to have a party to-night and want him to come over."

Arnold Driscoll was sitting before his fire, an open book face down across his knee, looking out down the road toward the west. He had noticed an unusual stir at the bungalow and had seen the large blond man walking approvingly about the place. During the past five weeks he had become aware that Aunt Clarissa was making frequent and regular trips to the bungalow; also he had noticed with a concealed smile that the old darky was asking him for supplies the house had never needed before. But he had asked no questions. One thing he had noticed particularly—not once had Mrs. Freeman ever come to the big house on an errand; not once until to-night. And Driscoll was much surprised when the old negro climbed pantingly up the stairs and burst out with: "Mr. Driscoll, they's gwine to have a pahty over to Mis' Freeman's, and he ax you to come."

The people came, nearly a hundred of them, and Andy Freeman was everywhere, jollying and ragging, and stirring them up to have a good time. Aunt Clarissa had turned out five cakes in three hours; and Andy had got five gallons of ice cream.

But somehow the party was not a success. The merriment was like a balky engine that had to be primed and then stopped as soon as the priming ran out. Andy would tell a story and rag the company into hilarity; and then the laughter would begin to die over in one corner, and the stillness spread to another; and directly they would all be sitting holding their hands in their laps or leaning over and talking in a whisper.

Nobody knew what was the matter. Mrs. Freeman was certainly doing her best to be hospitable—but she did it in a very different way. And many of the guests somehow sensed that she was miserable. Besides, Arnold Driscoll was there. He smiled slowly a few times, but never laughed; and somehow the guests who watched him fancied he was not smiling at what the rest were.

For the most part he looked very grave, with a perplexed, even pained, wrinkle between his eyes.

Andy perceived the party was not going well. He redoubled his boisterous laugh-provoking tricks. But Aunt Clarissa alone heard him say, out in the kitchen as his wife bent over the freezer dishing cream: "Hell, can't you do anything? Don't be a death's-head."

Arnold Driscoll and Tom Shannon sat before the fire in the small room when refreshments were brought them.

Tom lifting his eyes to the mantel remarked, "Never saw anything furnished better than this room."

Driscoll smiled and said, "Nor worse than the other rooms."

"No," agreed the lawyer. "Imagine these were presents."

"Must have been," nodded Driscoll.

The refreshments finished, Andy got up in the middle of the floor. The merriment had again run low, and it was evident most of the guests were wondering how soon they dared start home. Fun having failed, Andy took another turn.

"Friends, this is our housewarming. It's in honor of the home. You know the best thing in the world is to have a happy home."

He went to the door into the kitchen, where his wife stood with an embarrassed, anxious look in her eyes, caught her by the hand, and led her to the middle of the floor. Patting her hand he turned to the roomful of people.

"I want to tell you good people that this little woman is the best little wife in the world, and if you are half as happy as I am—I can't wish anything better for you. Now, men, I want us one and all to show our womenfolks that we haven't forgotten how to treat them. I want every man here when I give the sign to grab his wife and kiss her like he used to before he was married."

Mrs. Freeman's face was burning fiercely, and she was trying to slip her hand from his; but he seized her and gave her a resounding smack on her lips. Some of the other men followed Andy's lead; and there was a brief moment of struggle and laughter.

Then looking through the opening into the adjoining room Freeman caught Arnold Driscoll's violet eyes steadily, intently upon the tableau.

"Here, Driscoll," Andy called, waving a big white hand, "you haven't any wife of your own; come kiss mine."

The room grew instantly still. There was a sort of chill in the air, an embarrassed, ominous sort of stillness.

But Driscoll spoke in an easy, even tone: "Thanks, Freeman, but what is not mine cannot be given to me."

VII

TUESDAY evening, the fourteenth of January, Arnold Driscoll had returned home earlier than usual. It was a stormy day. There had been a rain the night before, which had turned into a blizzard. A few inches of snow had fallen, and now as Driscoll looked out of his window the swirling northwest wind was striping the frozen mud in the road. The shutters rattled, the timbers of the big old house creaked and bits of snow beat against the panes.

It was a day to make one glad of a fire. Driscoll had dead logs roaring and snapping in the fireplace, and the light from it ran into the gathering dusk of the room and touched in one corner the solid black case of a piano, which had arrived only the day before. He got up and walked across the room, and still standing reached down and ran the fingers of his right hand over the middle keys. There was music even in that casual touch. But he turned from it and went to the west window and stood looking down at the bungalow. There was no light in the windows yet, and there was no smoke from the flue. There had been none that morning; nor at noon when he started to the office; nor again as he returned. It worried him. But Freeman had been home over Sunday, and possibly she had gone away with him Monday.

In the three months they had lived there Driscoll had not met Mrs. Freeman face to face; had not spoken to her. Even on the night of the party she had been busy in the kitchen when he arrived. Andy had done the honors; and Driscoll was not introduced to his hostess.

Earlier in the fall he saw her often out round the place. He fancied somehow she rather dreaded to be in the house. She pulled weeds from round the chrysanthemums and mended the back gate. Two or three times she bruised her thumb, and put it in her mouth, then waved it in the air to cool it. She was always bareheaded, and whether working or walking or merely standing gazing over the stretch of hills there was an elfish restlessness in all her movements. Only once had their eyes met. She happened to be in the front yard cutting some chrysanthemums as he was passing, and as she rose, flushed, her eyes lifted directly to his. She was startled for a moment, so the flush left her face. He gravely lifted his hat and passed on. And not once during these three months had he heard the violin which he had seen in the library the night of the party.

Driscoll had crossed the room to the piano, sat down and played a dozen bars, got up and went back to the west window. Queer there should be no fire on a day like this. But there was a light now in the kitchen; and in a moment he saw her, with a cape thrown over her shoulders, dodge from the back door and run across lots toward his house, her hair blowing in the fierce wind.

Well, she was not sick anyway. He returned to the leather chair and sat facing the fire. There were three new books on the table at his elbow, but he was not ready to read. He sat very still as though listening intently. The wind howled and rattled outside, then hushed for a moment. Driscoll was scarcely conscious that he was listening—sounds from below came faintly if at all, and rarely concerned him. Then he lifted his head straight, his eyes toward the door, his nostrils dilated, an ache in his left side. Steps, light running footsteps, were coming up the stairs.

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They stopped near the top, and the old negro's voice called from below: "Yes, honey, right up thar. The doah is jes' ahead of you. Dah telephone is on Massy Arnold's table."

The door opened, and the girl—she was only a girl now—stopped, her eyes opened wide and her lips parted. The firelight fell on her, and Arnold saw she was shivering with cold as well as fright.

"I beg your pardon"—the tone was low, gaspingly swift—"but I didn't know you had returned yet. I merely wanted to use your telephone a moment, but it doesn't matter."

Already she had turned in the door.

"Come right in and use it by all means." He was standing, his head bent with an instinctively gracious gesture. "It is here." He touched the instrument on the table with his left hand.

"Go on, honey," Aunt Clarissa had labored halfway up the stairs. "And don't you be feered of Massy Arnold. He won't bite you, chile. And lawsa massa, you sholey ought to have some wood, weather like dis here."

The young woman flushed deep crimson at that, and her eyes avoided Driscoll's.

"I merely wanted to see if I could get Mr. Smith to bring me up a little wood. This blizzard has made it go so fast."

"Are you out of wood?" There was something matter of fact, but significant, in Driscoll's tone. "It is a bad time for that. Let me attend to it. Sit down by the fire."

Automatically she obeyed his gesture and slipped into the big leather chair in front of the blazing logs. Again she shivered, as one does with a deep chill when he faces the warmth.

Driscoll took the phone, and called, not Smith, but one of his own men.

"Jim," he said in a surprisingly friendly tone, "hook up a team and get a load of dry wood up to Freeman's place to-night; by six o'clock sure."

Then turning to the girl in the chair he said, "I'll go down and carry over an armful of wood and get your fire going. Stay here until I come back."

In a little while she was warm; and she got up and moved about the room with a sort of timid curiosity. She stood before a picture that showed mellow in the dimness of the firelight. She went to the piano, slipped down on the bench, and played a dozen bars in a soft minor. She went to the west window and leaning her elbow on the window ledge stood looking out on the storm, and down at her house, where already smoke was rising from the chimney.

The fire in her stove going, Arnold Driscoll lingered until the room should be warmed before he returned. As he waited he went to the east window and looked up, and saw her there perfectly outlined in his own window looking down toward him.

And Noah Latimer, riding by, also looked up toward that west window, and saw her outlined against the light of the fire.

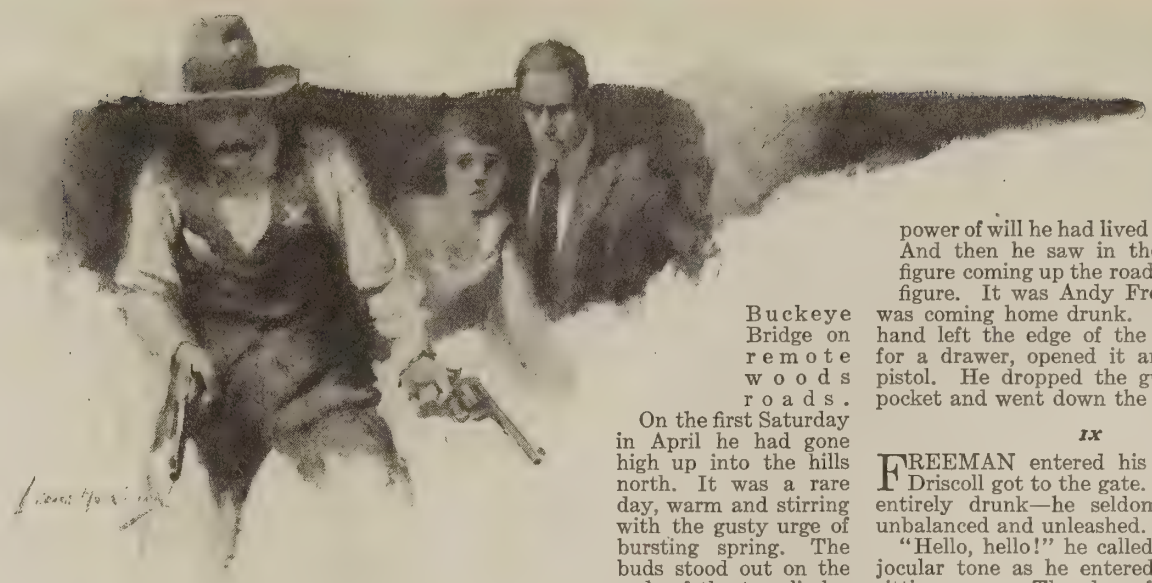
VIII

A LARGE part of the human family has a penchant for correcting mistakes, and duty never calls so loudly and insistently to them as when they see someone mistakenly happy. It is such a pity for a person to be enjoying himself, when if he only knew the truth he would be heartbroken.

Buckeye Bridge felt sorry for Andy Freeman. It was too bad that he should go on in his happy-hearted way, thinking things were all right, when they were not. Yet none of them quite dared to tell him, and they felt guilty for neglecting their duty. Poor Andy, big generous-hearted Andy, who would divide his last dollar with a stray dog.

"Just what stray dog," snapped Tom Shannon one day, "has Freeman divided his last dollar with?"

Andy's panegyrist could not exactly point out any one stray dog that had been blessed by half of Andy's last dollar, but it was perfectly sure Andy would do such a thing. As the town was ostensibly dry, Shannon, the county attorney, was not of course present at some of Andy's most liberal moments.



"Stand Back! I'll Kill the First Man That Touches Me or My Prisoners!"

It was at one of these secret sessions in a back room upstairs over the drug store one Saturday night early in the spring that Noah Latimer felt most like a dog for not telling Andy what he knew—and therefore what the whole town knew. After the first few weeks it was common knowledge that Driscoll was sending Freeman's wife things by that old negro woman, almost every day; to put it baldly, that he was practically paying her grocery bill. It was remembered that Mrs. Freeman usually seemed embarrassed about something when callers came; and that she did not return calls. She was not interested in the sewing circle or the affairs of the women of Buckeye Bridge—therefore she must be interested in something secret.

And then there was that load of wood Driscoll bought. They knew about that of course. But these were merely feathers in the wind, showing the way it blew, but not positively convicting like that crowning proof—Noah Latimer himself had seen her up in Driscoll's rooms at night!

"Have another one, boys."

Andy uncorked a quart bottle. It was Saturday night and there were seven or eight of them up in the back room. All had had two or three, and Andy had had four.

At ten o'clock Andy had had six and was in a mellow mood. After another and a more racy story than he had told all evening Andy leaned back and grew instantly serious. Tears showed in the corners of his eyes.

"That's all right, boys, we have a good time. We guzzle booze and play poker and tell dirty stories, lowdown whelps that we are. But just the same, we are all purty decent at heart. We all love our homes and cherish that pure little woman who stands in the door with a lighted lamp waiting for us to come home."

The other men avoided each other's eyes. It was sentiment like this—penitent-sinner sort of mellow sentiment—that so endeared Andy to Buckeye Bridge. Noah Latimer coughed and looked away. He felt so much like a dog for not telling Andy that he could not face him. Poor Andy!

The work at the stone quarries had gone steadily on through the winter, expanding week by week. Three hundred men were working now, most of them natives who had come in from the neighboring hills for more profitable jobs than picking rock or burning brush on hillside farms; and only the banker knew how profitable the output was.

But Driscoll seemed to pay less and less attention to the works. Often there were whole days when he did not show up at the quarries at all; and other days when he left the office and all the correspondence entirely to his secretary.

Still as remote, detached and quiet as ever, Driscoll yet seemed to be possessed by some vast restlessness. He no longer spent hours upon hours in his room reading rare books or playing strange melodies on the piano. As spring came on he had taken more and more to walking. Never hurriedly or excitedly; just walking. Sometimes he was on the valley road beside the river, sometimes over the hills. He had been seen seven or eight miles away from Buckeye Bridge on remote woods roads.

On the first Saturday in April he had gone high up into the hills north. It was a rare day, warm and stirring with the gusty urge of bursting spring. The buds stood out on the ends of the tree limbs, the May apple lifted little green umbrellas over dark rich patches of earth mold; lamb's-tongue was in blossom, and butterflies circled and sailed before him.

He stayed out until after the sun had gone down. Freeman was at home to-day, and he did not stay round home much when Andy was in sight. It was dusk when Driscoll came up the road toward his house. The south wind, still warm, brought the smell of green wheat and sprouting grass; and from the river came the musical crooning of a myriad of frogs. As he approached the Freeman bungalow there came slipping through the dusk a quivering vibrant note of a violin. She was playing. The first time since she had come. The windows and doors were open. There was no light; he knew Andy Freeman was not home.

Driscoll paused at the gate. One bright silver star burned in the pale fringe of violet in the west. The violin broke into a rhapsody—but through it and under it was the call of a heart that cried in the night. How long he stood he did not know—time was lost. But when it ended that one bright star was tangled in the treetops on the western hills.

He stood for a moment after the music ceased, looking into the dark splotch of the open window as though trying to see the spirit of the player. There came sharply from within one quick dry sob—and then stillness again. Driscoll's hands clutched the top rail of the gate until they must have left fingerprints on the wood. He turned away, shaking as though from some inner shock, and went slowly up to his house.

When he got to his own room he was cold, cold all over except a burning of the eyes, and a hot smothered feeling in his left side. He put out his hands to steady himself; his fingers clutched the edges of the table and he stood there, stooped, holding to that bit of wood, as though fighting against some vast swirling current that was about to sweep him off his feet.

At ten o'clock he was standing by the west window looking down at the house below. Six years ago next month he first heard that violin. He knew music and loved it; and instantly knew the girl, playing merely for her friends, had a marvelous winged spirit. When he was introduced to her their eyes met for a score of heartbeats, and both had smiled radiantly. She was, he thought, the happiest girl he had ever seen. They rode in the woods the next day; they read together and played together the second; the third they were on the river. To him those three days blotted out all other days. He loved her when their eyes first met; loved her that last day as they floated on the river, until it seemed that all the emotions of a thousand ancestors had come together in him for this one terrific exalted passion. He had longed to touch her, to kiss her, to hold her—but he had not. He had spoken no word of love. He was not timid, but reticent, and it was too soon. He feared to frighten her, to drive her away; and dared not risk it yet. He decided that night to go away for two weeks, and then come back and woo her again, and again, until he could speak with assurance.

At the end of the two weeks—two eternities—he came back. And she was married and gone! Married to a man named Freeman.

To-night as he looked down into the starry dusk at the light now burning in her window he wondered by what superhuman power of will he had lived these six years. And then he saw in the dim night a figure coming up the road, a big lurching figure. It was Andy Freeman, and he was coming home drunk. Driscoll's right hand left the edge of the table, reached for a drawer, opened it and took out a pistol. He dropped the gun in his coat pocket and went down the stairs.

IX

FREEMAN entered his house just as Driscoll got to the gate. Andy was not entirely drunk—he seldom was—merely unbalanced and unleashed.

"Hello, hello!" he called in a sinisterly jocular tone as he entered the darkened sitting room. The door from her room opened, and she stood in the doorway, a lighted lamp in her hand. Driscoll saw her plainly through the window—slender, fragile, with large frightened eyes. It was not the first time that he had felt she was afraid of Freeman.

Driscoll did not want to hear what Freeman said, but he could not go on. He stood there in the dark, his left hand on the gate; his right unconsciously sought his side coat pocket.

Andy plumped heavily into a rocking-chair and looked up at the girl still holding the lamp.

"Lookin' purty washed out, old woman. Be losin' all your good looks before long. Grievin' about your husband bein' away so much, are you?"

He laughed then, the ominous, irresponsible laugh of the half-drunken man who is beginning to be ugly.

"Come sit on my knee, girlie." He patted his fat leg with a big hand. "Always room for one more."

She set the lamp on a table and slipped down on a straight chair, her face very troubled, her hands locked in her lap.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Andy. "Come on and don't be all night about it. Needn't be so high and mighty. There's 'nough women want to sit on Andy's knee to elect a President." He laughed appreciatively at that.

"How's old Skinflint Gotrocks on the hill?" Andy laughed drunkenly again. "You know he ain't set 'em up to a single man since he's been here. Ain't he generous though?"

Driscoll felt a loathing. He wanted to leave, but there was something sinister in Freeman's tone; something sinister in the night—the wind—the stillness.

"Andy"—her face was white and quivering—"I want you to take me away from here."

"What?" He sobered with anger. "Not by a damn sight. Look here, woman"—he leaned forward and shook a big finger at her—"I know you. Molly told me all about them three days you and that damn Driscoll were together just before we were married. Molly's a trump. She said you plumb went out of your head, and she had to tell you that he was a married man before you came to your senses. Then when you thought there was no chance to get him you jumped in and married me.

"And all this time you've been so high and mighty, Andy was not good enough for you; his funny stories, and the furniture and the clothes he bought for you, and his friends don't suit you a little bit. Oh, I ain't no fool, even if I am easy. And all that time you've been thinkin' about that damn fish that plays the piano and reads books—and drinks water. Thinkin' how lovely it would have been if you'd only married him!

"Well, I decided I'd feed you up on him! That's why I moved here; where you could see him every day."

"Andy!" The tone was a mingling of hurt and incredulity. "You didn't do that on purpose!"

He laughed sardonically. "I surely did. Oh, Andy ain't no fool; he knows women from the ground up. Says I, 'If she wants to eat her heart out over that bloodless devil I'll let her eat it out where he can see it.' And here you stay, understand!"

"But, Andy," the tone pleaded, "that was cruelly unnecessary. You know I have

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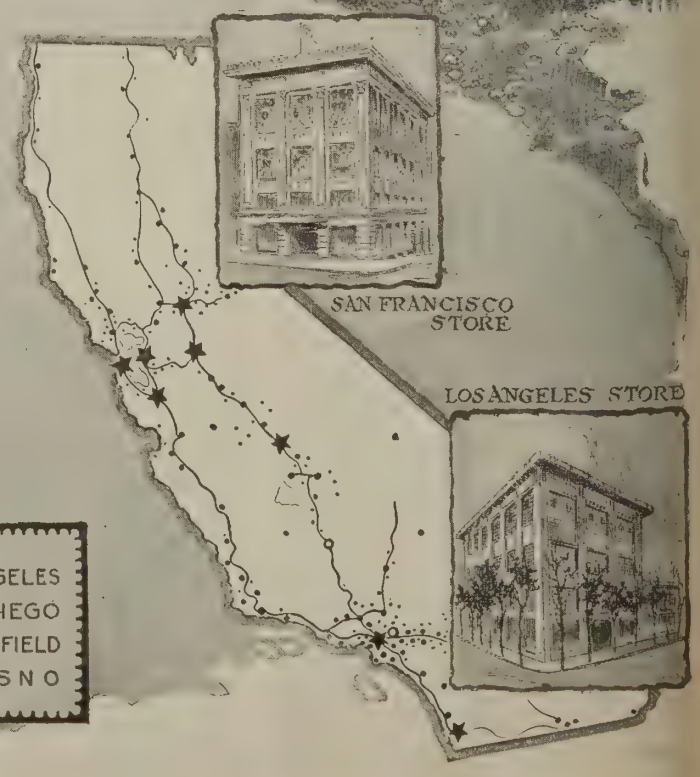

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done my best, and that as long as I live with you I'll be true to you."

"True to me?" he almost screamed. "Well, I should say you will! No damn female can make a cuckoo of me; and if I ever hear of you so much as looking at Driscoll, by God, I'll hammer your brains out!"

Her head dropped forward, she covered her face with her hands, her shoulders rose and fell in a gasping sob.

He had risen in his anger and started across the room.

"Hell! Ain't this a nice home to come back to. Now stop that sniveling or I'll stop it for you."

And taking another step, he reached over and struck her a blow on the temple; and the sound of it cut into Driscoll at the gate like an edged knife. Swiftly he swung back the gate and walked straight for the open door.

X

NOAH LATIMER and three or four others lingered after Freeman left, to talk it over. Noah felt more and more like a dog for not telling Andy. And after someone had dug up another round of drinks, Noah swore that he would tell Andy himself, if the rest would back him up. The rest weavingly swore they would back him up. Noah took another drink, and proposed they do it now.

"If we hurry," suggested Noah, "we'sh catch him 'fore he gets home." Then wagging his head he repeated bitterly, "Home! Shink of a man like Andy calling that home. Like's not, while pore Andy was down here bein' a good fellow, that—that home breaker was up there with her."

They all started, and were not so drunk but they made very good time. Once they came in sight of Andy—or thought they did. But he vanished. They pushed on as fast as their rather wobbly legs could carry them, Noah in the lead, until they reached the foot of the sharp climb which led up to Freeman's house, and stopped to discuss methods of procedure. A ringing shot cut sharply across the stillness of the night.

For a moment the four men stood huddled in the road, dumb with shivers creeping over them.

"He's killed him," said one ominously.

Three of them ran straight up the hill; the fourth had taken panic and turned back to town.

The windows and doors were still open; the light burned in the sitting room. The three, sobered by the shock and the run, stopped at the gate.

They saw Arnold Driscoll standing in the middle of the room, and the young woman clinging to his arm.

Noah Latimer was no coward; something had gone wrong with his friend. He kicked the gate open without stopping to unlatch it, and started for the door. He stumbled over something across the walk—and jumped back. It was a man. He lighted a match and stooped over. There was a red splotch on the left side. The man was already dead.

"My God," exclaimed Noah, "he's killed Andy!"

It is almost incredible the swiftness with which the word of a tragedy will spread. Buckeye Bridge lay asleep, wrapped in darkness and silence. Only here and there the faint glimmer of a light where someone was ill or where a late returner struck a light for a moment before going to bed. It was so still the chorus of the frogs that sang in the creek drifted into open bedroom windows.

Then a light flashed in a front window, and then another. It looked almost as though this sleeping little town was a circle of footlights for the hills and at a touch of some finger behind the scene the lights flashed on one after another.

There were men in the street in a few minutes—two, three, a half dozen gathering at a corner, to drift downtown. The quarry settlement on the fringe nearest the river was one of the earliest to awake.

The sheriff got the news quickly. He ran out to his garage, cranked his little car, and sped chuggingly down the street and swept up the hill. He saw as he passed that already the streets were dotted with men, knotted in black groups here and there; and more were coming—more men than one believed could live in Buckeye Bridge. Women, too, were awake—standing in doorways or porches or going out to the gate or to cross fences to discuss the terrible tragedy with neighbors.

Already there was the hum of cars, and the sheriff saw two ahead of him, and heard others coming. He crowded the little machine up the hill at forty miles an hour. A dozen men were in the yard already, standing round the dead man. Others he saw posted at intervals round the house. They had it surrounded. No one had gone inside. They were waiting for the sheriff and the coroner.

The sheriff already had Noah Latimer's story of how the murder happened. He passed directly into the house. Mrs. Freeman sat in a chair, clutching her hands, controlling herself with a mighty effort. Driscoll stood beside her, his countenance grave, but his eyes steady and his movements as deliberate as ever.

"Have you a gun, Driscoll?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes." He took the revolver from his side coat pocket and handed it to the officer.

The sheriff broke it and looked at the cartridges. One of them had been fired. He shook his head regretfully.

"Looks bad, Driscoll. I'll have to take you both."

"There is no reason why you should take her," Driscoll said, looking the sheriff in the eyes.

Mrs. Freeman was on her feet. "You must not arrest him," she said with quick vehemence. "He ——"

The sheriff stopped her peremptorily. "No use of that. Come on." He took out a pair of handcuffs. Driscoll held out his right arm and as the sheriff clipped the handcuff over it the girl—she looked like a large-eyed frightened girl—put out her left wrist for the other side.

"Oh, well, that is as good as any. I'm not afraid of your trying any funny business on me, Driscoll."

Handcuffed together he led the man and woman out of the house, past the dead body of Andy Freeman. The crowd—fifty or more were there now—parted in angry silence as they passed through and the sheriff put the two in the back seat of his little machine.

Almost instantly other men got into their machines, and a hundred yards down the road one of them passed the sheriff at a high rate of speed; directly another and another.

The sheriff's eyes narrowed on the road. His right hand felt for his holster and loosened both guns.

He turned his head and spoke in an even but warning tone. "I don't like that—those machines passing me."

Driscoll understood, but said nothing. The sheriff turned up the street as though to go to the jail, but instead of stopping put his foot on the accelerator, and the little car shot forward at fifty miles an hour. He turned to the left and sped off to the northwest.

Looking back again he said, "There may be nothing in it—but I'm going to take you to Springfield."

"Thanks," said Driscoll, unmoved.

It was still a beautiful night, and as the little car swept along the woods road Driscoll looked out at the soft spring stars that winked through the bare limbs of the tree. The smell of early spring was on the night air. The world was so quiet, so at rest, that crime and danger and trouble seemed a mere distorted dream.

"Did Molly Freeman tell you I was a married man?" Driscoll asked in a low tone. Their shoulders were touching.

"Yes," replied the young woman; and in a moment added: "You had gone away and said nothing, and I guess I must have gone out of my mind. My people wanted me to marry Andy Freeman. I had conditionally promised—I was so desperate. Oh, well—I just married him."

The little car sped along, and the sweet spring night blew upon their hot faces. And then as the sheriff swung round a sharp bend in the road he suddenly honked his horn and applied the brakes. A hundred feet ahead was a half circle of headlights—three machines completely blocking the road.

The sheriff ran up slower and honked violently. But the cars never moved; not a sound from within.

"Get out of the road! I'm an officer of the law," called the sheriff angrily.

Then the lights went out and the three cars stood there, black and ominously still. A voice menacingly determined spoke from the middle car:

"Sheriff, you are not going to take your prisoners to Springfield. You are going to take them back to Buckeye Bridge to face their crime where it was committed. We have you both covered. Turn round and drive back."

XI

A MOB is a curious thing. Once in a thousand times it may spring from a deep-seated, rational determination to expedite a slothful and evasive justice, but nearly always it starts from the surface. It is a flare of that animal destructiveness which is often so close to the surface that, the moment fear of penalty is lifted, it may kill and pillage on a mere brutish whim. When there was no law many a man slew another over a mashed thumb or an ugly word; and without law many a man would so kill again.

A mob is a ferocious coward, blind and cruel. Though it professes to mete out justice it is impossible for it to be just. How can a hundred angry men whose dark animalism is merely covered by a thin sheet of foam intelligence judge a man whose soul walks in Gethsemane?

If a community's anger or negligence offers immunity to this surface lawlessness a puff of wind, a sudden cry, a shot in the night—anything may suddenly turn that foam red; and the mob is roaring down the street.

As the sheriff, led by one car and closely followed by two others, swung down Main Street with his returned prisoners the walks were black with people, quiet and orderly. But there were ugly elements in it: roughnecks from the hills, river rats, town loafers, all ahunger for more tragedy.

The sheriff knew that crowd, knew it was ugly; and as he followed the lead car his eye was sharp for a possible chance to dash past.

Suddenly someone on the sidewalk sang out, "There they are, damn 'em! Get a rope."

The cry got a response. Twenty men leaped into the street at once. The lid was off, the foam was red. A hundred men who had never cared for law or virtue before were suddenly blood avengers crying for death.

The sheriff shut his jaw grimly and took a chance. He shot by the lead car on a curve that put him on two wheels, and tried to dodge the pursuers. But other cars were heading him off on every road and the mob was already in full cry up the street. It would be impossible to get to the jail. There was nothing for it but make a stand and fight. The first shelter offered was the schoolhouse.

"Out, quick!" he ordered his prisoners. "We'll get in here if we can. I'll do my best for you."

But they could not get in. They did not have time. Up the twenty stone steps to the outside vestibule they ran. The sheriff thrust Driscoll and his companion behind him and drew both guns.

"We'll make a stand here."

Already the schoolhouse was being circled by cars, and a hundred yards down the street the mob came: silent black figures scuttling across lots and over fences, into the schoolhouse yard.

The sheriff standing on the top step with two guns grimly leveled ahead of him sobered the earlier arrivals, who backed off waiting for numbers.

The stream pressed in, gathering and gathering into that black swirl, pushing a little closer and closer, swearing a little louder and waving stones and clubs and guns menacingly.

As yet there was no leader to start the rush. But the sheriff clinched his jaw and kept his guns moving. He knew directly some leader would spring forth with a yell, and it would all be over.

And yet, even at that, the night was so still that the song of the frogs came up from the creek on the south wind.

"Sheriff"—Driscoll spoke from behind the officer—"release Mrs. Freeman. Turn me over to them, and escape with her. She is guilty of nothing."

"We'll try it," said the sheriff. "Damn it, they must not hang a woman! Reach your left hand into my side coat pocket—don't let them see you—get the key and unlock the handcuffs.

"I'll trust you not to escape," he added grimly.

"Thanks, sheriff." Driscoll's free hand had found the key.

"Let me do it," said the young woman eagerly. "I've got my right hand." She took the key from him.

"Oh," she gasped as the mob surged forward, "I've dropped it!"

Tom Shannon lived at the north edge of town and was one of the last to hear of the tragedy. The banker had telephoned him at quarter to midnight. But Tom had dressed and armed himself with amazing rapidity, and started downtown running. He could hear the voices and see the movements of the gathering mob in the streets. And suddenly in front of him he saw a man bent low running toward him.

"Hello!"

He halted the runner, who brought up with a gasp. Even in the starlight Shannon saw him shrinking and shivering as though with a great fright.

"Is that you, Mr. Shannon?" It was Matt Murphy. "I was going to you."

The attorney turned his big pocket flashlight on Murphy's blanched and blinking face.

"What is the matter, Matt?"

"Mob!" gasped Matt. "They're forming a mob. Don't you hear them?"

A few minutes later, when Matt had told Shannon all he wanted to know, the attorney said, "Go on up to my house, Matt. Here is the key. Let yourself in, and stay until I come."

The mob was growing uglier at every surge. A moment more and a dozen men would spring out at once. The sheriff swung his guns in a circle.

"Stand back! I'll kill the first man that touches me or my prisoners!" The mob lulled a moment, sullen and defiant. But those at the back were pushing forward. And a brick whizzed over the heads of the crowd and barely missed the sheriff.

"Rush him!" the howl went up again. "He won't shoot. Get 'em, damn 'em! Hang 'em!" Ominously the black mass surged forward.

Out of the edge at the left a large man sprang.

"It's Shannon, sheriff," he called in a low tone as he leaped onto the step at the side of the officer.

The attorney lifted both hands and with a sharp clear call ordered: "Stop!"

The mob eddied just a moment. Someone called out, "It's Shannon. Get down, damn you! No time for speech."

But once more Shannon's voice cut into the mob:

"I've got the murderer's confession! Don't you want to hear it before you hang him?"

"Read it!" yelled someone who wanted to know for sure he was helping to kill the right man.

Shannon held an open paper in his left hand. He turned his big pocket flashlight on it. But for an instant before he read he swung that light over the mob before him.

"All right," he said, "I'll read it. Also, I've identified every leader in this mob. Don't forget that."

The mob was sullenly, uneasily still. They thought they had been tricked. But Shannon began reading in a clear stinging tone:

"I followed Andy Freeman home tonight, intending all the way to kill him. But I lost my nerve. I hid at the side of the yard when he went into the house. There was another man came up to the gate and stopped. Andy got to abusing his wife, and struck her. The other man went in and ordered Andy to leave and never to return to Buckeye Bridge. Andy was scared and started to go. When he was halfway to the gate I got him.

"I threw the gun I killed him with into the weeds. I killed Andy Freeman because I found out he was living with my wife in Kansas City, when I thought she was only up there visiting. MATT MURPHY."

For a moment the mob was silent, then stirred with a guilty uneasiness and began to disintegrate, spreading apart like a hill of ants. In five minutes the last man was gone, leaving only Shannon, the sheriff and Driscoll and the young woman.

Shannon ran a handkerchief over his forehead.

"Phew! That was a close call, Driscoll. I come nearer believing in Providence than I ever did before. It was almost a miracle that I met Matt Murphy just when I did. He thought the mob was after him, and confessed on my promise of protection."

"Here," said the sheriff, coming to himself. "Let's get these handcuffs off. Where is that key?"

"She dropped it," said Driscoll. "It must be round our feet somewhere."

The sheriff laughed. "No, she did not drop it. She threw it away. I saw her."

FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 30)

"They had their bellyful of Nata Kasuma, every one. My turn will arrive next."

He stood up, a gaunt severe figure.

"But come, gentlemen, you shall have whatever is right. Tomorrow, when rested, we may talk better. Between now and dark there's time to build you a house."

Dan shook his head.

"Not here, thank you, sir. We'll sleep out. Don't build now, if you please, for the noise might wake our lady."

From among the squatting audience messengers had sprung up to dart away, racing, calling; and now suddenly all the hill behind its trees buzzed and murmured and came to life with voices of women and children, like a place freed from enchantment.

Runa cocked his head to listen.

"*La Belle au Bois Dormant,*" said he. "Do you think she can be still asleep, *Monsieur le Prince?*"

XI

THEIR homeward journey began three days later, before dawn. Lantern and torchlight reddened the edge of a mysterious water, which grew dark while their flotilla of boats drifted away. The torches lined the shore, straight flames and crooked reflection; then—trees intervening to blot them, and the friendly shadows who held them—went as though blown out. Nothing remained but the lantern, ringed with a halo of mist; lapping sounds from boat after boat; the curve of a wet gunwale shining and the trickle of paddles.

This way home was longer than the way by land; but time or distance counted for little now. After so many hot days on foot the travelers could rest, lie motionless, and feel water carry them through cool meanders in the dark. They had won.

"Think," said Runa. "Our old Tasmid is plodding home up the valley with his torches, wondering if I'll keep my word to help him be Tasmid the Great. He kept his. I'll try my best with those in power. It can be done."

Dan answered lazily: "A good feller, Tasmid."

"*Pukkah,*" agreed La Flèche. "Not gay, but good, like your poet's horse. Good all through. He will remember us. We brought him the great day of his career. *Eh, le gaffeur!* Orator, politician, but good. At the end he came to like us. It is a droll world. I wish your girl could like me, Danny, for your sake."

"She does!" cried Dan.

"No," sighed Runa. "She does not, not a bit, a poor tiny crumb. Abate your voice, my child; here comes her sampan thing fairly bumping us behind."

"She does."

"Not so. But no matter. I am going to sleep till day."

Their boat led the others, bearing at its prow the mist-fringed lantern. Dan could see his friend curl down between thwarts like a ghostly white dog, and after some turning and grumbling fall asleep in comfort. He himself sat wakeful. An hour or more passed, quiet, slow as the stream; a rift in the darkness now and again yawned streakily overhead, a patch of sky with fading stars, that trailed into a blur and shut; the night air stirred, grew pale; but Dan watching these changes wondered if the day were to be so welcome after all. His friend's words or perhaps the chill of morning troubled him. They had won; they had sought and found; yet here already in their success he was warned of some vague flaw.

The sun dispersed all vapors and presentiments.

"Ah, but it is heavenlike!" said Leda at breakfast. "We are made new in the eye of day!"

Her boat, gunwale to gunwale with Dan's, was like all the others, a slim brown dugout of graceful lines; but her own figure sitting there made it look clumsy in comparison. Or so Dan thought, watching her while with old Mother Dewi's help she brewed their tea over a small spirit flame. Behind them floated Sadik the boy and Amra Khan, silent but amicable, sharing food; upstream, farther astern, came drifting Ibrahim's three gay menservants; and farther yet, the boats of the bearers in long procession. The brown water still as glass gave every man's turban or rag of finery its counterpart below, in softer color. They brightened this woodland river like some canoeing festival. Hidden behind trees the sun filled the upper air with a serene glow which came down here as morning twilight. For Dan the center of all this, from which all radiated, was a girl in plain white clothes and white helmet.

She handed them their tea carefully across the gunwales.

"I did learn to make it from those holy women," she said; and to Runa added prettily: "In one of your tongues I can say *'Cha banao.'* Is it not rightly spoken?" And turning to Dan: "In the house of dead men's children we did have one little girl, somewhere from Calcutta side. For pity I did talk to her; also for learning her tongue, because it would be one of yours, where you were, away so far. And one of your tongues, his dear friend." She glanced again rather shyly at Runa, who bowed over his cup. "But afterward that little girl became a nastly girl. Very nastly, whispering dirt in corners. Then I did say out loud my father's saying: 'If a Bengali is a man, what is a devil?' That was wicked, but ——"

A smothered guffaw from Amra Khan astern told that the proverb had reached willing ears and tickled them.

"Yes, I am wicked. And we did fight. That old mem-sahib's house was too good for me. Poor lady, she did grieve; then I grieve worse." Leda spoke, as always, from the heart. A shade of sorrow darkened her young face. "No. They all did know how wicked. The very little babies there, calling me Lidah Pahit, proud Windward Peacock, and Fireball. The good mem-sahib commanding, she did say, and say, and say: 'Love one another.' How do it? We cannot. It was silly. No, I am not a religious. That kind."

Dan passed his cup for more tea.

"I should say not," he agreed. "You are a minx."

Leda's face cleared and shone upon him, pleased but puzzled.

"A mink?" she cried. "What is that, a mink?"

"Oh, something quick and pretty, that swims fast."

She laughed happily.

"Then it is a true name. I was swimming very quick, the first time I did see you come. Your gray eyes were so big and solemn, they did frighten me to swim away and hide. I did not love you then. You remember it?"

Her father's friend took refuge in a sandwich. Truly Dan remembered well the afternoon, long ago, when before Parimban's houseboat a slim golden mermaid in a wet skirt had risen out of burning sunset water and run away.

"Oh, yes."

He looked under his brows at Runa, but that young gentleman, with the air of one who has detached himself politely, sat eating breakfast.

Many such meals, many such talks they had together while their slow voyage continued. Through golden hours chosen at their pleasure—cool mornings, late afternoons—they went paddling downstream like an endless picnic, to which the costumes of boatmen and servants gave always an antique, fairy, carnival brightness. The river stealing under jungle branches entered a deep chasm between cliffs all green and silvery, furred with wet moss. Here, down stupendous narrow walls, gouts of water leaped, shining like crystal from the rim of the sky, to fall twisting and widening in snowy lace work, then vanish and rain on the bowlders alongshore. Roots of a greenwood hidden above came dangling in a snarl, glazed like frozen ropes. And high up, where the sun gilded any jut of rock, lizards longer than a man's forearm hung basking, head down, aslant.

In this gorge one day at noon Leda and her friends were having tiffin. They sat well shaded on a beach of round pebbles, and whenever their own talk ceased for a moment, heard innumerable tiny waterfalls chuckling in the moss like forest imps underground at play.

"What do those men?" said Leda, pointing upward. "They will fall to smash."

At a breakneck height across the river three or four bearers clung and sidled along the topmost precipice.

"Hunting lizards," Dan explained. "For their chow."

She made a lovely grimace.

"That is foul food. How nastly!"

"They like 'em," said Dan.

Runa also put in a tolerant word.

"Some men eat pickled bats," he murmured. "They were good food in Babylon. They are still eaten elsewhere."

"Have you?" cried Leda.

"Yes," Runa acknowledged from out a meditation. "I did, once."

She turned on him a face of horror.

"Why?"

"I had to," he replied. "Things happen so. At odd times."

"But how? But where?"

The story, how and where Runa had eaten pickled bats, was long, exceeding strange, and full of that charm which belongs to nothing but truth clearly remembered. The youngster telling it laid old magic on his hearers. He could not have known this or thought of them until near the close, when looking up from his dish he saw Leda's great eyes fixed upon him, her lips parted in wonder. The tale ended lamely.

"You see, Dan," said Runa, "it was not much. Those things are custom, *voilà tout.*"

Soon afterward he rose and lighting a cigarette strolled away down shore to watch the lizard hunters on their crag in the sun.

Leda frowned after him.

"He did see great things in his life. Why is he unpleased with me?"

"He's not," declared Towers. "He likes you very well—told me so. Runa's the best on earth. Why, he thinks you don't like him!"

Her frown became a smile by quick degrees, which Dan found it dangerous to study so close.

"He is your friend," said Leda. "I would love him for that. You had better send this girl away. She makes your dear friend too angry."

Dan thought best to change the subject and play guardian.

"One thing, Leda, I must scold you for," he began. "Was it right to run off and never send word to your kind mem-sahib commanding. You gave her bad days and nights."

Parimban's daughter banished that problem with her finger tips, as though driving away a butterfly.

"If I did write she would catch me. The dear old lady, I will go see her, we shall cry, she forgive me. To forgive, that is her trade. But your friend, what have I done to hurt him?"

Some days later, when the two men were bathing in a pot hole among bowlders, Dan ventured this question; or another like it. They had come dripping from cool brown depths and now lay in a concave slope of moss. Both were naked, but Dan had begun to dress by clapping on his helmet, for the sun poured into the gorge like white fire, and even through this nook of theirs cast burning sparks over the greenery.

"Look here, boy. You won't hurt any feelings. Tell me: what have you got against her? Are you bored?"

"Against? What?" drawled Runa. Then he sat up. "Her?" He reached over, lifted Dan's helmet, and pinched the scalp underneath very shrewdly. "I must feel your bumps! Where is the organ of comprehension?"

Crying thus he tweaked Dan's hair again, and lay down on the moss.

"Her eyes have the color of this river," he said. "The same dark, same light. The brown pool, the hot sun. Old imbecile, your girl is all right. Let us have no more talk of this, never so long as we live. It is folly."

Thenceforward they passed down river in great content. A series of rapids kept them busy; white waves tumbling, brown aprons of water spreading smooth and dangerously quick, false channels nipping and dodging sidewise among the bottom rocks of the gorge. They had much work to unload, carry, reload, fish out and bale capsized boats. It was hard work—jolly, wet, noisy, hot, full of shouting—until at last they swirled from under the hills out on a broad reach that loitered once more.

Sunrise revealed to them a lake, pearl gray, shining like mirage without borders in a mist, where they heard voices. The western shore unrolled a carpet of verdure, a little plain or rough lawn; trees upon its background, houses newly made of green bamboo splint and thatch, an open pavilion crowning a knoll, and in front of all these, pitched near the bank, a large white tent. There were men moving here. Day crept across the lake, rose pink and saffron.

"Peace be with you!" hailed the boatmen.

"And with you also," replied those on land.

Out of the tent came walking a little man who stopped, and with head aloft as though to sniff the morning peered down at the boats. He wore very trim shooting garb and a double *terai* felt hat.

"Oh, it is my dear naughty miser!" Leda clapped her hands. "How nice he do look!"

Blinking against the sun and holding his chin up this little man had a supercilious air. It was old Ibrahim, of Pulo Penang, the horse dealer.

"Hallo!" said he. "Well rowed. I need not go any farther after you."

Looking beneath heavy lids he smiled, or gave his face a twitch of humor. Leda, who ran to him and buzzed round him like an affectionate humming bird, he put aside with one hand.

"What fortune, boys?" he asked.

Runa pointed to a canvas bag which three men were lifting out of a boat. They staggered with it in the mud and water, for it was heavy.

"One-half, that's all," answered Runa. "Other half Tasmid the Great couldn't find. Or didn't. We're lucky at that."

The old horse dealer dragged his eyes half open.

"Come have *chota hazri.*" He made a stiff-jointed, benevolent hook of the arm toward Leda. "You know, it's quite safe layin' money on that Parimban strain. Your father always got his own back. Sometimes a bit over, my dear. Come break your little fast in my marquee."

So saying Ibrahim led them toward the pavilion on the knoll. A roof of leaves propped on stilts with rough benches in place of walls, it overlooked the lawn and the wide water, now a sheet of cool primrose light turning by streaks and ripples into azure.

"Not much in the way of food, my lass," complained Ibrahim. "Bring on, rascals, bring on!"

What they sat down to, when the stream of his cooks, waiters, scullions and camp followers had done with bringing on, was a wild Corinthian profusion—curries of little red fish and of ducks' eggs, claret, ale, guava jelly, coffee, black gin bottles, plantains, cheese, boiled chicken, mangoes, tea.

"Breakfast?" said Dan. "It's a caucus race. Who wins the thimble?"

As they were helping one another to choose, higgledy-piggledy, talking and laughing, Runa suddenly began to fidget. He looked under the table, then behind him, then round the pavilion, outdoors. At last he rose and remained staring, ghastly pale, as if ready to faint.

"Agh! A cat!" cried Runa. "There's a cat somewhere!"

Old Ibrahim chuckled.

"Yes. Over in my trap." The horse dealer pointed to where, beyond his tent, stood a box or crate of heavy brown timber. "We found some Javanese masterless men traveling through here, and yesterday helped 'em trap a tiger. Goin' to bait him to-night, hold a *rampok,* they are. That's why I camped and waited, instead of comin' on up mofussil after you. There'll be sport. You're in time for the fair."

Runa stood and rung his hands.

"Pardon," he groaned with a wretched smile. "Your pet is too strong."

He turned abruptly and rushed off toward the boats. Parimban's daughter sat wondering. Her eyes became hard and scornful.

"Is your friend," she asked quietly—"is your friend like that?"

Dan grew angry.

"Girl, better change the tone of your question," he blurted. "No man's perfect. Even some ladies ——" Then having begun to snub her he repented. "I mean to say, Runa has a hatred of cats. Born with it. Can feel 'em in a dark room. Got it from his mother before him, that's all."

Towers broke off and returned to his breakfast. For a week he had labored explaining this pair one to other. It did no

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good, he thought, and only made a man grumpy. These two, being his nearest and dearest, therefore as things go in the world could never agree. He was tired of playing interpreter.

The day proved hot at Ibrahim's camp, and dull and long. Runa spent it in a boat, fishing out on the lake. He did not come ashore for tiffin or for dinner.

With starlight the tiger baiting began. A mob of torches gathered near the pavilion, their oily reddish flare tossing and trailing sidewise, then streaming upright as they formed a wide circle on the grass. Dan, Leda and old Ibrahim stood together on one of the pavilion benches and had a clear view down into this circle. Two ranks of men, pressing close, held a double ring of spear blades pointing inward. The eager young faces, the jaunty soft-colored turbans were those of masterless men, foreign highlanders. Their talk ceased. Their eyes became fixed on a brown box of logs, the trap, which stood just within the spear hedge.

"Let go!" commanded someone, and the front of the box dropped flat.

Something moved obscurely inside. A long pause followed. Then a man whooped and flung his torch into the mouth of the trap.

At once, hurriedly and meanly, there slunk out a long striped beast. He cowered, hugged the ground, and swung his head low from side to side, like a sick thing in a cage.

"I do not like this! I do not like this at all!" said Leda. She had put both arms round Dan, and was trembling. "It is not fair."

The bristle of steel points grew thicker as the ring began to close.

"I don't call this sport," said Dan.

A voice from the darkness confirmed him.

"*Bas, mardâlo!*" It was Amra Khan's. "Kill and have done!"

Ibrahim, a shadow on the bench, appeared to be looking down in his mild purblind fashion.

"A lot of your men and mine takin' part," he observed. "They like it. Can't say I do. Tame tiddlin', except for Tuan Machan the cat."

While he spoke a white shape flew past below, running as if late for the game. A shout rose.

The ring bent inward slightly and broke, driven apart by this late comer.

It was Runa, bareheaded, wild-eyed. He had burst through, snatched a spear, and now made straight for the painted brute in the center.

What came next, blow or spring, came too fast for the eye to see; in a tumult of blades and fire something met confusedly; then Runa flew endlong into the air like a pole vaulter, and dropped lightly to his feet. A wallowing mass on the ground behind him was hidden by the rush of the crowd.

"Clean!" roared Amra Khan above pandemonium. "Clean, sahib!"

A moment afterward, leaning on a torch bearer's arm, Runa came slowly toward the pavilion. Dark faces clustered round and marveled. His own face appeared whiter than his tunic.

"The cure for these emotions," he said, "is to master them. Where are my quarters again? I'm for bed."

He passed on, swaying as he walked.

Leda stood still on the bench and listened to the buzz of men's voices like one who heard a legend.

"You could not have done that?"

Towers knew the question was put to him, though she looked elsewhere.

"No, my dear," he admitted. "You are right."

She turned quickly, her eyes brimming with a light which Dan had never seen in them before.

"No," said Parimban's daughter. "You could not have done that."

Her father's friend began to understand.

XII

IN HIS hotel at the slumbering seaport Dan was to understand more fully. One night as he walked the tiled veranda before his room and looked into a courtyard of shrubs and gaudy flowers the understanding went with him, up and down, step for step, a torment not to be shaken off. This room, this veranda, had once been Leda's, when on such a night as this, long ago—or was it so long?—he had tried to play the man, fair and square. On these very tiles the girl had flung herself down, clasping his knees, begging—with words that moved him intolerably then, and even now in memory were a pang and distress—to be taken with him wherever he should go.

"Gorry," said Dan, "it's the same thing all over again!"

There in the courtyard loomed a grotesque bush clipped by some Chinese gardener to the outline of dragon or phœnix.

"I kicked a couple of Willy Wasters through that bush," he thought, "for hanging round to bother you, my dear. Yes, dear's the word; it was then, it is now."

No sense in blinking the fact; she was always very dear to him, this child. He saw to-night how Leda, her doings, her sayings, her droll faults, her clear golden beauty beyond compare in his judgment of women, had wound through his life and taken hold like roots to bind or break.

He halted in the veranda.

"Right here," said Dan. "You hunkered down right here and prayed me to take you along. Lord knows I almost."

Instead, for answer, he had put her into the house of dead men's children, a refuge that would not long serve. He had known it would not serve, known all the time.

"Sugar and spice and gunpowder, that's what your little girl is made of." So, Dan recalled, a pudgy wise old missionary woman had spoken to him aboard ship. Sugar and spice and gunpowder—this windward lady was no stuff to keep in an orphanage. But how else could a man do, having such a child on his hands alone, with her father killed? Once he had asked Runa that question. Now he asked himself another:

"You've brought her back here. What next? Give the whole matter the slip again? That can't be. What's to do?"

Take her for keeps and carry her home, was the direct answer; but Dan knew his home and knew Parimban's girl to be a flower that would not live transplanted. Also there was now young Mr. Runa la Flèche, of Chandernagor.

"This do beat merry hell," sighed Daniel Towers.

Above the drooping leaves now dark in the courtyard shone stars, and underneath in gaps a firefly twinkle of ricksha lanterns played along the bund. It was Orient night, the same thing over again, peaceful, without change.

Dan somehow could not endure it. He went into his room, lighted a pair of candles and sat down.

"What else can ail that boy Runa," he thought, "to dodge me all the time?"

They had lived so much together, he and La Flèche, that their living apart seemed a thing incredible. Yet so it had befallen. Here at the port they took each his own way; and Runa held aloof, staying in a moldered club to which no one came, where there was nothing to consider but a billiard table in rags and a bulletin board full of sea captains' visiting cards, three years old and dusty. For a man like Runa to mope in a place like that—why, what else could it mean?

Yes, decidedly there was Mr. La Flèche. It was a frightful mess.

These with other disjointed facts and memories whirled through Dan's head as he sat by the candles, alone, wretched, unable to connect his thoughts. Before him lay a book. He turned its pages without seeing them. It was the copy of Robinson Crusoe that Captain Cole, Old King Cole of the Mayam-Ma, had given him on parting: a battered copy, dog's-eared, broken-backed, smudged with marginal notes in pencil. By chance one of these notes caught Dan's eye for an instant:

"Here's the entire game," Captain Cole had written, and marked two lines with a star.

Dan read them:

"'. . . and that I might well think there was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself,' quoth Robinson Crusoe."

The words reached his eye indeed, but not his mind. Dan shoved the book away and rose to undress for bed. Lying wakeful in a hot darkness where geckos hiccuped he heard Amra Khan stretch himself down by the doorway; and afterward lay more wakeful, tortured by night thoughts which resolved themselves into one form. Was Amra Khan right? Had this girl's beauty come, as he said it would, to divide friends and destroy old kindness?

Dan walked abroad early next morning. He made at once for the moldy club by the water. Nothing stirred inside this poor *kutcha* house but the sunrise, a network of green-gold reflections rippling round the walls, and in one corner a Chinaman philosophically wiping glasses.

"Tuan la Flèche?" Dan asked. "He wake up now?"

The Chinaman jerked his chin toward the windows and the sea.

"Allo gone, seh. Abis-finish. He go catchee Calcutta side, mebbe Heung-Keung side. He go too-day, moh-ning tem, seh."

"Why, that's nonsense!" cried Dan. "You pay my look-see."

The lone steward put away glass and cloth, came scuffing across to the bulletin board and pointed like a weary lecturer:

"You look-see all plopah, name-card hab-got," he chanted. "Allo same one piecee chin-chin you come-back, seh."

This Chinaman spoke truth.

Among the old stained cards poked cornerwise in their lattice of worn tape was a new card, Runa's inscribed to president and so forth, P. P. C.

Dan looked on it with a kind of horror, while the China boy returned to his glass wiping.

Runa, then, had gone. And here stuck all the good-by he left for anyone.

Outside, beyond the trees that sheltered the bund, far out where pale water covering a silted roadstead deepened into blue, there crawled a dark little steamship, like a toy. She headed northwesterly, departing toward India.

"Well," thought Dan, "that's all. Plenty."

He thanked the steward, passed out into the morning glare, and walked back to his hotel like a man in a bad dream. There could be only one explanation: His night thoughts came true, Amra Khan was wise in this world, all friendship brittle. He did not believe it, of course, for he knew his friend; yet none the less it had happened, and made belief or disbelief alike without profit.

Avoiding that wing of the hotel where Leda stayed with old Mother Dewi, avoiding his own room likewise, Dan took in a covered alley of green leaves the dismalest promenade a man might have. It was cooler here, with pleasant light of flowers and sun at either end of the shady tunnel. He saw nothing of it whatever until a voice from behind woke him:

"Oh, Danny!"

He turned. Runa came hurrying into the alley.

"Thought you were gone," said Dan.

"Not yet." La Flèche looked strange and spoke like one who would give a message and be gone quickly. "Not till this afternoon. I've booked, and come to say good-by, old boy, luck and all. Give my salaams to Leda, won't you? Sorry not to see her again."

Dan caught him by the forearm.

"Why not?"

With a shrug and an effort Runa laughed.

"I think you know why not," said he. "*A la bonne heure*, I go. Words are no good at some time."

His dark eyes were honest and lively.

"Let's talk plain," Dan growled. "Now or never. What takes you away?"

Runa would have drawn clear, but Dan, hard as an old Roman, held on to his wrist.

"Out with it. The truth!"

"Nothing, then. Nothing takes me, Danny. Like the Queen of Navarre's wounded doe, I would change the ground, thinking so to change the hurt I carry with me, eh? Is that enough? Let me go, please. It is the truth. Monsieur Towers, if you please, let go. You would presume on our ——"

Runa's face burned like a furnace when the door swings open. He seemed ready to strike.

Dan released him and stepped backward.

"If you're the man I take you for, son," he declared, "you don't leave the country without telling her good-by yourself."

"Indeed? It is then," cried Runa furiously, "a lesson in manners!"

"Keep your hair on," said Dan. "Leave me and my manners out of it. I haven't any. But what you know in your heart is, you're doing wrong, this running away—wrong to yourself, maybe to her, for life."

A sudden change in Runa's face, a warning look, made him break off to turn and glance behind. There under the leaves with them stood Leda.

"What is this?" she asked. "What are you doing?"

"Don't look so frightened, kid," said Towers. "Runa thinks I'm a bad father to you. So I am. Here, you! Say your good-bys for yourself. Bow your own salaams."

He brushed her aside almost roughly and fled out of the tunnel, through the garden and the courtyard, to his room.

It was a long time that he sat by his table, thinking. The sea captain's broken old book lay before him, open, where he had left it overnight; and now the marked pasage spoke to him with meaning, as if by divination. "There was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself." Dan repeated the words, and laughed. Good iron for a man's blood, those; Robinson Crusoe was right, and so was Old King Cole—a pair of solitaries, proclaiming the truth.

"That's what was frightful," thought Dan. "Myself, all the time, when it's this pair of youngsters who count. Whoof!"

He stood up and stretched mightily, relieved from a crushing load.

"They're taking their time about it." He grinned and looked at his watch. "Good sign."

They were indeed taking hours for that simple thing called a good-by. Morning was well on toward noon before Dan heard a voice calling him from the garden and saw Runa skipping up through the veranda.

"Danny."

His friend paused by the doorway and came slowly in. Runa looked very young, very much exalted, with eyes brilliant and strange, as if he were about to laugh or cry. He did neither, but approached and held out one hand—his left hand, palm downward. On it shone Parimban's ring.

Dan gave him his own left hand. For a while they said nothing.

"It couldn't be better," said Dan.

"Oh, but she is a wonder!"

"I know it. The right mate. I know. It's what will last. Your children will know it, my dear old boy, when you and I are under the grass. Our horse jockey talked about strains. But it's really something greater, I guess."

They were both smiling.

"I was afraid of you," said Runa quaintly. "Yes, indeed. I'm not often taken so." He held Dan by the shoulders at arm's length. "You are the only man I ever was afraid of."

"I'm very frightful," Dan agreed.

They understood each other well, but Runa would never understand that little joke.

"She's the wonder of the world," cried Runa.

"I know, I know." Dan quoted a native saying: "Teach grandmama twelve times one and a half are eight."

"Yes, but she is ——"

Dan roared with laughter.

"Don't stay here telling me, when I know all about it! Go tell her, you tomfool. Girls like to hear those yarns—while the fit's on."

He pushed Runa out of the room, through the veranda, down the steps. Halfway across the courtyard he called after him.

"Oh, Runa!"

His friend stopped and looked back.

"That thing under one end of you, that's the ground. No, no! Down there, the feet end, not the bonnet. Kindly replace the clouds."

Leaning in the doorway of her old room Dan watched him go his errand past the bright flowers.

XIII

WHEN Runa had gone from sight Towers remained still watching. He was, for the time, somewhat dazed.

"Feel kind o' queer," he thought. "Kind o' like the little old friend Hury Seke—blear-eyed, lost-doggy, heaven-is-my-home-ish. Well? Move."

He moved, to do various things in quick order. First entering his room he hunted out his ditty bag, spilled its contents on the table, and from among needles, thread, buttons, a sailor's palm, beeswax and safety pins, chose a little round object twisted in paper like a child's torpedo. This he carefully pocketed. Then taking stick and helmet he went down through the garden, steered a private course roundabout, called at the bar for a long, cold, strong drink, hailed a ricksha, hopped in and lighted his pipe.

"*Lakas, pasar*," he commanded. "*Tukang mass*."

Action brought comfort; soon under a hole in the wall bargaining with a half-naked Chinese goldsmith Dan was himself again; or at any rate busy.

His bargain appeared later, by night, when he gave a dinner to the happy ones. They sat outdoors, their table spread in a

well-hidden bower of shrubs. Leda wore her old finery, a robe of salmon-colored silk over a bodice of kingfisher feathers that glanced rainbow hues in the candlelight. Seeing her thus Dan hardly found courage to lay any offering before her.

"A keepsake, my children."

It was an arrow of silver and gold, cunningly worked, and set with a blob of a pearl that looked as big as a cape gooseberry. Dan did not like the thing, which seemed very different from what he wanted to give; but as Leda took it he saw the tears stand in her eyes.

"Old H. H. of Mayaganj's pearl?" said Runa. "You shouldn't."

"*Bas-bas,*" replied Dan. "Let father have his fling."

They were good guests. They made Dan believe that this curio of his found favor with them; and they talked, so that the dinner was merry, the evening flew.

"It is almost noon of the night," said Leda at last. "Why do go all good things?"

When they had parted company Dan, being wakeful again, stayed outdoors and wandered in the garden. Here by and by came Runa, barefoot, to link arms and walk with him up and down the alley of leaves. They had much to say, many plans to form; but they said little.

"Tante will be glad."

It did not always follow, thought Dan; yet as he knew both Madame Merey and Leda he could consent.

"Yes. Nothing better."

Again they went back and forth, silent, in the darkness.

"I am not worthy of her," declared Runa.

"Bosh! We'll risk that part."

"No. How should any greatness like this come to me, Dan? *Les mains m'en tombent.* I will tell you a thing."

Runa told it. The thing was called Parimban's daughter; and when he had talked himself inside out in her praise he forgot his unworthiness and went back to bed singing:

Ce sont là des cœurs que je vends.
Combien les vends-tu, le marchand?

It was nearly morning but still dark. Runa's voice trailed away diminishing in the garden:

Aux jeunes gens le paradis,
Et pour les vieux, je les bénis,
Et ne vous zeste, ziste, zeste,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

Dan hearkened to the good advice. It ended. He went on walking his alley. Time passed in this employment. As he turned one of many turns a shadow moved alongside and overtopped him.

"You do not sleep?" said the voice of Amra Khan.

"No. Not yet."

"Fighting to-morrow? You fight the handsome sahib? It has gone wrong?"

Dan took pains to answer clearly. Master and man held a long talk.

"So, not in the least, you see," was Dan's conclusion. "Everything's right. Everybody happy."

His tall companion heaved a sigh.

"You are lucky, brother. Your friend, true; your woman—she is a lady of high spirit, like those in the old days. Mine were false, both; my woman, my friend, destroying—all false. You are lucky, fortune's darling, to whom these things come true."

They wheeled together, and so kept on.

"Where next, brother?" said Amra Khan.

"Home, probably," Dan replied. "Time to go."

"Let me go there also."

One of the hardest pieces of work Dan ever transacted was to refuse this shadowy kinsman, and explain why. Amra Khan, whether or not he understood, made no complaint.

"It is well. Give me letters then," said he, "and I try up country, the wet green woods. Perhaps to rule there some day, like Tasmid, the burnt ridgepole. Men go on with life, eh, brother? We do what we can. But you are fortune's darling."

They stood under the boughs together in a long black tube, the end of which now filled with an opaque blur. Light spreading downward coaxed into this blur gradually a hint of form, then of space; then dim silver-gray leaves which hung motionless, frosted, while distance crept among them brightening their edges. It was the instant when color is born again. The silvery sharpness parted, grew uncertain, swam in light green layers, rags of banana, then dark-green palm and mango, then red hibiscus, then dots of marigold.

"Never caught her in the act this way," thought Dan. "And my two asleep missing it."

Behind some hill the sun must have risen, for tawny light stained the air, like obscurity before rain.

Dan laughed.

"She comes good!" he said. "I'm a greenhorn. You're right, Amra Khan. Let's go on with her."

(THE END)

ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

(Continued from Page 25)

While we were working, the two strangers tugging as hard as though this were their own wreck, a big car with eight cylinders and much upholstery passed by. The driver looked bored, but the woman beside him was more than bored; her contemptuous stare showed resentment at having to witness three greasy men working over a cheap automobile. That was three years ago and the woman took less than three seconds in passing, but I have not forgotten her glance or ceased to be sorry for her. I have no doubt that she is doing well socially. They probably let her in at some of the dances at the Sacramento Country Club or the San José Golf Association. But it must hurt her so to have to go on living among common people.

When the car was safe my wife and I prepared to camp—and interestedly discovered that we hadn't much of anything with which to camp. We had intended to stay at hotels; we had let the larder dwindle to a can of corned-beef hash, a few spoonfuls of coffee and a glass of raspberry jam.

I shall always be doubtful about faith healing. Maybe it can cause a man with acute peritonitis to run seven miles and eat a fried pork chop, but it failed with us. We sat up on a mountain and told each other that there would be a lot of landscape if it weren't dark and that raspberry jam certainly did take the place of both sugar and cream in coffee. The jam resisted our faith cure. It continued to make the coffee taste like the shaving cream when you get it on the brush instead of tooth paste.

We poured out the coffee and spoke well of corned-beef hash washed down with pure, wholesome cold water.

That mountain side was covered with sharp flints and we were too tired to pitch our tent, but we made beds with the pneumatic mattress for the passenger and the two seat cushions for myself. They were comfortable, and after an hour of exhilarating worry as to whether we should ever get off that mountain before I grew a beard and a taste for moonshining, I was dropping asleep—when I thought of bears.

It was my first mountain camp. Hadn't I read things about bears here? Of course all Americans are heroic. Look at the A. E. F. I wasn't afraid of a grizzly—two grizzlies. But I didn't want to hurt them. Wasn't there something about the Government protecting these brothers of the wild? How thoughtless and inconsiderate of me it would be to go to Leavenworth for kicking a seven-foot grizzly on his tender nose. I solemnly wavered through the darkness to the car and brought back my single-barreled shotgun. It was a gun capable of stopping the charge of the largest and most ferocious tadpole. My wife inquired what I intended to do with it. I did not explain. In three years now I have never yet thought up a really good, conclusive, masculine answer.

There was a fog in the morning, and we looked at the remains of corned-beef hash and coffee au gratin and wished the bears had got us. The car—there is something impressively permanent and absolute about a broken-down car. It sits there with its foolish back up against a pine tree and it hasn't yielded and fixed itself even yet.

We humped up in the Arcadian nook and waited for passers-by. Down the road was a clatter, a rattle—then two revolver shots. It was the surly man who had repaired my magneto. He was waving his pistol. He came up grinning, with "I had a hunch you poor hams would be stuck again. Had any breakfast?"

"No!"

"We thought we'd wait for ours till we caught up with you. Ma, shake up a little breakfast, can you?"

While he worked over the magneto, his plump, placid wife prepared bacon and eggs and real coffee with condensed milk and real sugar; and she chuckled at us and told us we looked like a couple of plush sofas that had been left out in the rain.

All day we trailed on ahead of them, descending from the mountains, plodding through the glaring Sacramento Valley, with the Sierra Nevadas on one side and the Coast Range a filminess on the other. At night we watched them make camp in a town park, where a dozen other friendly cars were noisy with laughter and banjos.

Philosophers of the Highway

The man constructed a comfortable and weather-tight house in six minutes by opening the folded ridgepole, thrusting two uprights into standards fore and aft, pitching a canvas tent over the whole car and spreading the good thick mattress on the floor. His wife insisted on giving us dinner. We wanted them to dine with us at the hotel, but they refused.

"Nope, I'm not shaved. Fact, I think I'll harvest the crop right now."

When he had finished I realized that he was a handsome man. His thin face and high forehead and hooked nose had the edged fineness of William Gillette—or Sherlock Holmes.

He told his story, and I found that here of all the world were two people who had solved the problem of happiness. Though they were under fifty they had done their work.

They had brought up children, who were married and independent. They had saved enough money for a stake in old age. Now they were seeing the world. He was an expert angle-iron smith. Sometimes he worked in the naval shops at Bremerton and Mare Island; sometimes in motor service stations anywhere from Yreka to Denver. His wages were seven to ten dollars a day and he saved more than half. Whenever he became restless, said his wife, "Pa comes home and grins at me and he says, 'Ma, let's throw the skillet in the Lizzie and go some place,' and we start next morning and hike round for three months."

With a special carburetor they used distillate for fuel at half the cost of gasoline. They always camped out and the blacksmith did his own repairing. They could travel a thousand miles on twenty dollars, and when they stayed for a month in a mountain pass and the smith went hunting the month cost them two dollars for salt pork and coffee and sugar. They had the wanderlust and they satisfied it. They had beaten the game of civilization. They were supreme philosophers and people in high-powered cars passed them by, unseeing.

Of course his employers must have resented his leaving on a day's notice, but before he began his roving he had had thirty or more years of steady and expert toiling; he had by even the strictest philosophy of industry earned the right to be irregular. And all up and down the coast there must be some thousand or two motorists who bless the fact that now and then he stops, curses them, tells them that he cannot abide the sight of their ignorance and then saves their lives.

Not that they bless to any advantage of course. He told me that out of the hundreds whom he had helped and who had fervently asked for his permanent address not one had ever written to him, not one of those over whose cars he had worked for hours had ever sent him so much as a post card.

The last we saw of the blacksmith and his wife was under a bridge ten miles from Sacramento. As we rattled upon the bridge there was a horrible scream, a revolver shot. We pulled up with a jar, and there in the dusk was the blacksmith. He had bought a steak and his wife and he were waiting for us. They had waited two hours.

I have found that this southern hospitality does exist; I have had a broker show me what his favorite New York hotel can do; but I never have found, and never from Port Saïd to Copenhagen shall I find, a gayer graciousness than that of the blacksmith whom we met along the road.

Guide-book information about the route is just a little deader than free silver and hieroglyphs. The one way to taste and feel the country is to coax wayfarers to have a lift and ask them questions.

Once I even received some philological information which I shall be proud to let the American Etymological Association have if they will give me a degree. A harvester whom we picked up in the gray lava folds of Moses Coulee in Washington explained the name.

"They call this here place a coulee because it's cooler in summer—why, I thought everybody knew that!"

The most picturesque and most doubtful person to transport is the long-distance automobile-lift hobo. He is a new species of vagrant. He wears reasonably good clothes, he speaks admirable English, he is well shaved and clean-handed and he makes a business of permitting autohoboes to enjoy feeling charitable. He hikes merrily along the way until a motorist picks him up and instead of forty miles of St. Vitus dance on a freight-car brake beam in a typhoon of dust and cinders he delicately indulges in a hundred-mile spin. He becomes particular about his stable and he will sniffily refuse to ride in a humble, useful vehicle which resembles a recently batted cockroach. He prefers a limousine and if he goes far enough in his profession he is particular about the upholstery and his host's cigars. He is refreshing and a proof that the meek may inherit the earth, but the gally ones are the executors of the estate.

If the automobile-lift bum is lucky he meets a man driving alone. Driving alone for long distances is the most desolate of sports. Your thoughts go round and round in tedious circles; you mumble, "Let's see—now let me see. Ought to have 'em look at that spring. Squeaking—yump. Ought to—ought to do that. Must remember that." And at night you are outside of the world, shut off by darkness from all friendliness forever. You drive on, dour, dumb, cramped, hypnotized by the sliding road.

The solitary is glad to tote the agreeable hobo and even to buy his meals. Why not? The tramp sings excellently for his supper; he is better company than most respectable cits; a traveling companion is not to be chosen for his soundness in judging clothes-pin timber. At the same time, if an automobile-lift bum tells you about that charming couple from New York who have recently taken him two thousand miles and put him up at the best hotels you needn't believe him. He is not giving you information. He is giving you an invitation to enter the charity contest. I am sending my secretary and the office detective to trail that generous couple. I have heard about them from seven different hoboes now. The last time was from the Irish poet whom we picked up in Tennessee.

The Unridden Guest

He was a bright-eyed, quick-glancing, sleek-haired young man, and we were cheerful in our hail. He was in the tonneau before we had reached the "f"in lift. He needed no coaxing to enter into diverting conversation. He leaned forward with his hands on the back of the front seat and I could feel his superior smile boring the back of my neck.

"How far you going?" I asked. "Clear into Bristol?"

"Oh, yes, I go to Bristol. How far you going?"

"Why, uh, why ——" I had the hunch that it was risky to tell him. We were tacitly struggling. He wanted to tie me up with a contract. He thrust hard.

"Going clear through?"

"Why—why, yes, in a way. How far you going?"

"To Washington, D. C."

"Oh!" I meant "Ouch."

He was a nice young man, but I felt that he would help us out too much in our conversation. I was wishing that I could courteously unlift the lift. He was offering, "I'll be glad to stick by you as far as you want. I've tramped all the way from New

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leans—except where I got rides. Most lks like to have me along. I'm a pretty od driver and mechanic. I'm always glad help people out. I met one couple from w York. They were awfully nice peo—rich too. They took me three hundred les. They were nice people."

I wanted to be nice people, too, but——

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Going as far as Washington?"

"Why, kind of a different way."

"Where to?"

He was so authoritative this time that eebly admitted, "To Philadelphia."

"Oh, well, I suppose I could go to Washgton that way."

I peeped back. He was examining me th scorn. His talents had been wasted me.

"Most people don't appreciate motor uring," he announced.

"No?"

"No—they—do—not! They haven't got ysavvy—any—any romance. They can't themselves go and be vagrants. They e so wrapped up in their fool business res—what do you do for a living?"

"I am the treasurer of the Lilywhite oodle Company," I asserted. I am sorry have to record that the vagrant had no ubble in believing me. He groaned: "Oh, werd! Well, I suppose—personally, all know about the habits of noodles is that ey aren't becoming to whiskers." He ghed quite a little at his original humor. Now me, I'm a poet!"

"Really?"

"Sure am! And I've had some stories blished."

"It must be great to be an author. here were they published?"

"I had one in a Houston newspaper and hers—you know—different places."

"Just how can a fellow sit down and ite all this stuff?" I marveled.

Spies on Point Thisanthat

"It's perfectly easy—if you have the mperament. Now you, I suppose you e things in terms of noodles! Not that blame you. I don't suppose you can help When you see a mountain you probably ink of a pile of dough, and I suppose a etty girl must mean another sale of acaroni! But a poet—well, I wander und ——"

"In my car!" I grumbled to myself.

"—— and have wonderful thoughts and ake notes. Here's a note I made to-day. 'he sky is like a sapphire.' Can you get at? Think of it—like a jewel! Let me ll you, I always feel a fellow ought to ss on some of his gift. When you're on a ip like this, why can't you forget your rn business and let Nature inspire you? course I wouldn't want to intrude, but do believe I could teach you and your od lady to forget the factory and the bies and all that rot. If you cared to ve me, I'd be willing to go as far as iladelphia and show you how a writer oks at things."

He liked the idea. Breathing warmly on our necks, the rapidly less beloved gabond instructed us:

"Do you see that hill over there? It's e feathers of an Orient bird."

It did resemble feathers. It was like a -year-old boa after the baby had played oo-choo cars with it. But I could not ncentrate upon it. I was afraid that I as going to be instructed for the next five ys, clear into Philadelphia.

"Another thing: I don't believe you ep the carbon cleaned out of your car. m kind of an expert on motors. I'll be ad to help you ——"

My wife turned half round. She looked the poet with feminine inappreciation. e said in a high clear voice: "I am so rry, but we can take you only to Bristol. ow if you don't mind—if you will pardon —we were discussing a new recipe for our odles."

I hope the poet never tries to manucture noodles by the recipe which we orked out. As I remember it, I suggested aking the wrappers out of turnip skins. hefs have since assured me that comparavely few noodles have wrappers. It makes e overhead so large.

When we dropped the poet in Bristol he ndescended: "You folks have been very nd. I hope you won't mind my writing story about you. I always get types at e first glance. There's something so droll the thought of a noodle manufacturer d his good wife getting out into the open and risking the peril and madness of beauty! Good-by."

He must have been a poet, too, the man whom we overhauled in the Montana sagebrush twenty miles from anywhere. At our invitation he shook his head.

"Nope, I guess I'll just peg along."

"But it looks like a long hike."

"I suppose so. But if you were to take me five hundred miles I wouldn't be any nearer to where I'm going. I'm not going anywheres. I'm just going."

My friend the war correspondent was also refused the favor of giving a lift. Driving through New Hampshire he stopped pityingly when he saw a woman beginning the climb of a mile-long upgrade. The correspondent is considerably under forty and the woman was considerably over sixty, sallow and squirrel-toothed and spinsterine.

He raised his hat and begged: "May I give you a ride, madam?"

She glared. She snapped: "No, sir, you can't! I don't do that sort of thing!"

It was the correspondent and I who were driving through Massachusetts in 1918 and saw a uniformed Y. M. C. A. man having difficulties with his car. We asked if we could help. He strolled up to us and chirped, "Motoring? So am I. Great sport."

"Doing Y work near here?" asked the correspondent.

"I'm not really with the Y. That's my disguise. I'm a secret-service man," he gloated.

"That must be very interesting."

"Oh, it is." He delightedly put his foot up on the running board, rested his arm on his knee and launched out:

"We suspect there's some German spies on the coast and my organization chose me to run them down. Last night I almost caught one."

"No! Go on! Really?"

"I did! His name is Blankenfritz and he's got a place out on Point Thisanthat. There's an abandoned lighthouse on it and he's mounted a big searchlight and I figured out that he was signaling submarines. I hung round there all last night, but he kept mum. But he can't escape me. And I'm watching for another fellow who's disguised as a peddler. Doesn't know anybody is on his trail, so don't speak about it. Well, I guess I'll get back to work. Just pumping up a tire. Good ——"

"Wait! Wait! Are you a regular member of the secret service—do you belong to the M. I. D., or what?"

"Naw. Those fellows are too tied up with red tape. Maybe I'll accept a commission in the M. I. D. to help 'em out, but I represent a private league of prominent citizens. Well, so long."

It's awful to think of the risks a spy runs, with bloodhounds like that on his trail all the time.

My wife and I were in the Northern Minnesota pines when we found the lost dreamer. On a one-way trail through the gray trunks we drove into a clearing and discovered an abandoned lumbering town. Here fifteen years ago a hulking slab-fed sawmill had shot flame through its screened chimney; and the forty stores and saloons of Main Street were jammed with roaring lumberjacks, Maine Yank and Nova Scotian, Swede and Finn and pea-soup Canuck, in fur caps and clumping corks and checkerboard shirts and mackinaws of orange and blue and russet. Now there was only the sound of desertion and the tapping needles of yellowed Norway pines round an enormous pile of bleached sawdust, a tiny shack of a planing mill and one lone gaunt store building with the sign "Board'g House."

I hustled up to the boarding house—but the hustle seemed foolish in that stilled ruin. I had been sure I wanted water for the radiator, but did it matter—did anything matter? I yawned up to the door. I would probably find a grouchy old hermit or no one at all. No matter.

Through the screenless screen door peered a man with white fine hair, thin white mustache, pink soft cheeks, anxious eyes that had once seen many things, eyes of a man who might have been a diplomat and a wanderer to strange ports.

"May I go round to your pump and get a little water for the car?"

"Ye-es."

When I reached the pump he was already filling a lard pail for me. He hesitated; then: "I noticed there was a lady in your car. Wouldn't she like a little hot tea, maybe?"

"Oh, no, we don't want to bother——" Then I understood. He was disappointed. He was lonely and wanted to talk. "Sure, we would like some. We were going to lunch on some sandwiches."

"Won't you bring them in?"

We did. He spread newspapers on a long oilcloth-covered table in what had been the front room of the store and was now a living room choked with bare benches and a paunchy stove and lined with blurred half tones from Sunday papers. He hastened to make mugs of tea, with condensed milk.

"It's pretty quiet here," we suggested.

"Yes, it is. There's just three men left here, working in the shingle mill, using up some old bolts. I keep house for them. I"— he looked at us timidly—"I haven't always been a cookee. I used to be a printer. I could set more ems an hour than any other man in the chapel."

"You were? I'm a newspaper man."

In his excitement the whites showed round the faded-blue irises of his gentle eyes.

He choked: "This is the first time in more than five years that I've met anybody that knew what I was talking about! I've been—I tried to start a little store on a reservation, but it failed; and I was bull cook in a lumber camp and—I guess I'm too old to do much and I'll always have to stick here now. The boys here—they're nice fellows, but they're Polacks and don't talk English much and they go to sleep pretty early and I guess they don't care much about print shops. My fingers are all thumbs from the rheumatism and I can't stick type any more. I wish—oh, well, the owner treats me fine."

I assured him that I could still find at least the "e" box in the lower case and keep out of the way of type lice, and the old man fluttered with agitation. He asked of the new ways in publishing. Had I ever seen the office of a New York paper? Had I really seen Irvin Cobb and Will Irwin and Frederick Palmer and Sam Blythe and James Hopper?

His beautiful old head lifted; his diffident hope that we would like him turned into the easy friendliness of the man who has once been popular; we could see him, with the greasy kitchen apron gone, wearing the green eye shade that was the sign of his craft, setting the story of a war, a flood, a big fight, or secretly correcting the tenses of a cub who was "a regular fellow, but weak on grammar."

And where had he worked, what had he done?—we hinted.

Oh, nothing much. Just stuck type. Well, there had been times—with the help of faith and a cross-eyed mule he had lugged a Washington hand press and a hatful of type up a mountain ridge and started the first newspaper in a town otherwise composed of prospectors, salt pork and booze. He had elected a congressman and chased a would-be horsewhipper seven blocks. Later he had lived through a Michigan forest fire, and—only one day late in going to press—had brought the paper out on butcher's paper.

Waylaying a Ranchman

It was time for us to get on if we were to make the Iron Range. He tried to hold us; he cunningly tried to lead us into politics and religion; he showed us his little treasures, his Indian curios and the wonderful jackknife his grandnephew had sent him. But we were due at the house of a friend.

As we started the car he begged, "Wait a moment!"

He ran into the house and came back with one lone, tattered magazine, beseeching, "Maybe your lady would like to read this to-night."

I had seen the magazine among his traps. This old man, the lover of books, had brought us in farewell his whole library—the only thing in the world he had to read.

Once it was we who served tea, and we served it to a ranchman in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. Cow-puncher movies rarely show Hard Boiled Harry drinking tea and eating lady fingers on a butte, but can do.

As we drove out of Medora, where Roosevelt went to town in his ranching days, I spotted a long-mustached man, his wise old eyes puckered with wind and dust, his boots stitched into a leather rose garden, loping out on his pony.

"How can we pick him up?" I speculated. "Let's waylay him. Let's be having tea when he comes along. If he thinks we're Anglomaniacs and wants to shoot us we'll tell him we're English."

We got out a box of extremely dry lady fingers, which we carried because they do stand transportation — and because lady fingers are so much like blotting paper in taste and use that they remind a writer of home. We boiled water on a solid-alcohol stovelet.

When the old ranchman came along and glanced at us, on a rock above the road, we hailed, "Hungry? Light and set!"

That was dialect. It may have been Western dialect or Southern dialect or Jewish dialect, or maybe it wasn't any special kind, but just dialect.

He rode straight up the face of the rock, and in delight at having these particularly tender tenderfeet to impress, the pony reared and came down safely between the tea and the dainty, vanilla-flavored blotters.

"There was an English lord that used to have tea every afternoon back in the hills. He was the one that stole my store pants and married the Sioux squaw," the ranchman said mildly.

"Did that prejudice you permanently? Won't you have some tea to make up for the pants?" begged my wife.

"Lady, my old dad, down in Missoura, he taught me that this unpardonable sin that the elder used to preach about was refusing vittles when you're offered 'em."

He told us of old-time mule skinners and bad men who to this day live back in the folds and gullies of the Bad Lands; of the Marquis De Mores, who founded Medora, dreaming of a grand duchy for himself, and in the early '80's in this land of rattlers and buttes and unquenchably burning lignite and handy six-guns erected a château.

The War Correspondent at the Wheel—in the Back, to Startle Traffic Cops, the Baby's Chair

After tea we drove on for two miles. Then on a slope the car went gently to sleep. Probably it desired to dream of marquises. Or the fact that we were down to one gallon of gas may have had something to do with it.

Our friend, the rancher, came in sight again. He shook his head, worried.

"This is the last steep climb before you get out on the prairie. If I can get you up it you'll be all right. If I can't I'll take you over to my shack for the night."

He insisted on hitching the car to his little pony and trying to tow us. Not a budge. He sat miserable.

A flivver larruped into sight. The rancher swung off his hat and gravely addressed the driver:

"Could you lend these folks some gasoline? They're friends of mine and—I don't know what's the matter with me. They've been awful good to me and here I've gone and laid down on them."

We got the gasoline.

I don't know, but I'm afraid there is a moral somewhere in the tale, and a hint about what the motorist discovers regarding human nature, once he gets away from traffic cops and famous boulevards. It's pretty hard for an autohobo to go on being clever and cynical about people along the way.

Excuse Our Dust

As diverting as the people whom you pass are the intermittent—but sometimes not sufficiently intermittent—cars that are following the same trail; the car that is twice as big as yours, but that you triumphantly pass; and the confounded little squeaker that you ought to have left on the back track, but that persists in being just behind you.

There was an ancient and inescapable Lizzie which followed us from Wilmington to Baltimore the other day. It had no right to make more than ten miles an hour. But every time I stopped to look at a sign it went past me and the driver waved his hand in what he regarded as friendliness. Now no sensible driver cares who goes past him. Let 'em go if they want to. Decent autohoboes take time to look at the country. They plug on at a slow, reasonable rate. But—well, he shouldn't have waved his hand so insultingly. So I spent most of the trip in trying to show the poor idiot what a real car could do.

We lost him in Baltimore. Of course we did not gloat, but it was a satisfaction to know that he had learned his place. We didn't even look back to see if he continued lost—not more than twenty or thirty times between Baltimore and Washington, we didn't.

We serenely sailed into Washington, monarchs of the road. We stopped to look at a street sign. It was then that the road cootie skittered past us. He waved lovingly, and we followed him into the city—till he lost us.

I am glad that you, who drive sensibly, never do anything like that. I agree with you. What possible difference can it make if some duffer persists in thinking that you aren't the best amateur driver in America? In cases like that you show a proud humility as he goes by. And when you do step on her and almost shoot off the curve it isn't because you are irritated or jealous. It's just as you tell your alarmed and protesting wife:

"Rats! I'm not trying to get ahead of the poor nut. I merely want to see if the new piston rings are developing the power they ought to, considering—there, now I guess he'll stay back where he belongs! Let him eat my dust for a change!"

Some place in Idaho there is a man who if he knew where I was would come East and have a private mob and riot. He was one of these people seen intermittently on the same trail.

Our cars were parked side by side in a corral in Yellowstone Park, and in the evening when we were tuning up for the next day's drive he borrowed my hand pump. It is pleasant to lend things—it makes you understand what a high-minded, generous, beautiful character you are. In the bliss of that superiority I borrowed his electric hand torch—and immediately short-circuited it. The man said it didn't matter. He almost looked as though it didn't matter.

Next morning we were still friendly as we got out our cars. We admitted that we were great drivers and that our cars were the only decent ones in the corral. I borrowed his hammer to swat a spring clip—and the hammer came off. So did his smile. He took the hammer away from me and said, "I'll fix it myself."

There is no gratitude in the world. Here I'd gone and lent an invaluable pump to this person and he'd already forgotten all about it.

I skipped out on the road and just in front of a twenty-per-cent grade my ignition quit.

My friend came up, scowled, and said patiently, "Oh, I suppose I'll have to haul you up."

He did—twice. He also broke his towrope. I thought he left me without any extreme amount of sadness. I don't believe he was brought up pious. Sometimes I don't believe he cared much if we never did meet again.

When I had finally crawled out of the park, with two cylinders and a sandwich missing, I hurried into the first garage. It was dark inside. I could barely see a car that was ahead of me. I yanked at the emergency brake, but I stopped with my front fenders nosing the tail of the other car. Out of it leaped a man who seemed displeased.

He bellowed, "You poor hunk of cheese, can't you see where you're going? Look at what you done to my fenders!"

It was my friend of the hand torch, the hammer, the hauls and the broken towrope. He saw who I was, but even so he didn't take that back—about the hunk of cheese. He groaned. He looked to heaven for comfort, but apparently didn't find any.

He wailed, "And I deliberately went and spoke to it first last night!"

He crawled back into his seat, mute. I didn't ask him what he meant. There are people with whom there's no use arguing.

I got into Livingston and stored my car late at night. Behind me was another car. The night attendant shouted at its driver, "Nope, no room, Billy. This fellow gets the last inch of space."

"What'll I do?" lamented the outcast.

"How do I know? Go try the other garages, I suppose."

The discouraged driver peered from behind the windshield and saw me—saw who it was had the last inch.

I wish to conceal who he was. But I will say that he studied me a little and muttered, "And if I'd stayed home the worst I'd have met would have been the jailer or the hangman."

He didn't look at me again. He sheltered his eyes and drove away.

The autohobo in a town of which he has never heard, which he casually finds on his route, makes friends who endure for years. Once in a pine forest we discovered a doctor and his wife, both of them under thirty, who had created a sanitarium with trained nurses and a modern equipment, and they lent us the hardest thing to get on a tour—a real bath! Once among the buttes we brazenly picked up the commanding officer of an army post and his wife and an old-timer who had guided General Miles, and went rattlesnake hunting with them and—to their delight and our carefully concealed anxiety—even found the snakes. And once in a Kentucky hill town we met Judge Priest, the real Judge Priest or his cousin, and in the basement court room at nine in the evening, with rows of chocolate faces banked at the windows, we heard him pass judgment on a darky who had gone wooing with a razor.

Caravansary Redivivus

They were and they remain our neighbors. To the real motor fanatic the only requirement for neighbors is that they live not more than ten miles from a passable road. The fact that they are also a thousand miles from his home is only incidental. The autohobo, a little weary of one street and one drug store and one movie theater, enlarges his neighborhood till the people he loves and daily remembers, are scattered from Spokane to Jacksonville; and the street he lives on is all of three thousand miles long—and ends at the Inn of Romance.

In the days of Harun-al-Rashid and the lure of Bagdad, the caravansary with its host of camels and its golden bales, its strangers black and white and brown in fez or turban or morion, was the hive of romance, the birthplace of thrilling tales; and still to-day at a Broadway theater we see enacted stories first devised by a fire of dung in the Syrian hills. The caravan has come again in the procession of motors with licenses from Massachusetts and Kansas, Florida and Utah, which all summer long fills the roads from coast to coast; and the caravansary is found again in dingy village inns.

Tellers of tales by the firelight we found in a little Montana town, and we forgot all the bad hotels and hard drives we had ever encountered. The proprietor had for years managed a factory in New York, but he h always wanted the West and the huntin At fifty-five he had bought this villa hostelry. The usual barren office he h replaced by a livable room with a big fir place; the usual hash he had apotheosize into flaky meat pies; and—only trave ing men and autohoboes know what th means—he actually had running water the bedrooms!

There was mud to the east and we after an unseasonable rain. All day lo the veteran transcontinental drivers ha been slogging on at eight miles an hou getting oozily stuck every time they turne out to let a car pass. The oasis of the tir hotel was filled with twenty motorists fro ten states. At supper a Michigan profess sat beside a Portland banker who proudl asserted, "There's still good Oregon air i my tires."

Like all wanderers since Ulysses, we s by the fire and forgot the mud and tol lies. We boasted how fast we could trav and how few blow-outs we had and how w invariably "put it all over these fresh tra fic cops."

A few days ago, in office or shop or study each of us had been reasonably prosaic an standardized and modern and dull. W had turned into soldiers of fortune gathere at a tavern of the Low Countries in th days of Marco Polo, courteously believin the good stout lies, marveling at tales f far countries where there were giants wit seven heads and all the maidens were ros and ivory. It was that fellowship whic seemed to vanish forever when trains cam in and passengers, unwillingly crowded i the long, narrow, swaying room, sat silen and suspicious till the journey's end o talked only of safe, vague, heavy things i pompous banalities. Not merely to Mon tana had the autohoboes driven, but t chivalry rediscovered—for Sir Philip Sidne sat with Baron Munchausen in front o the fire.

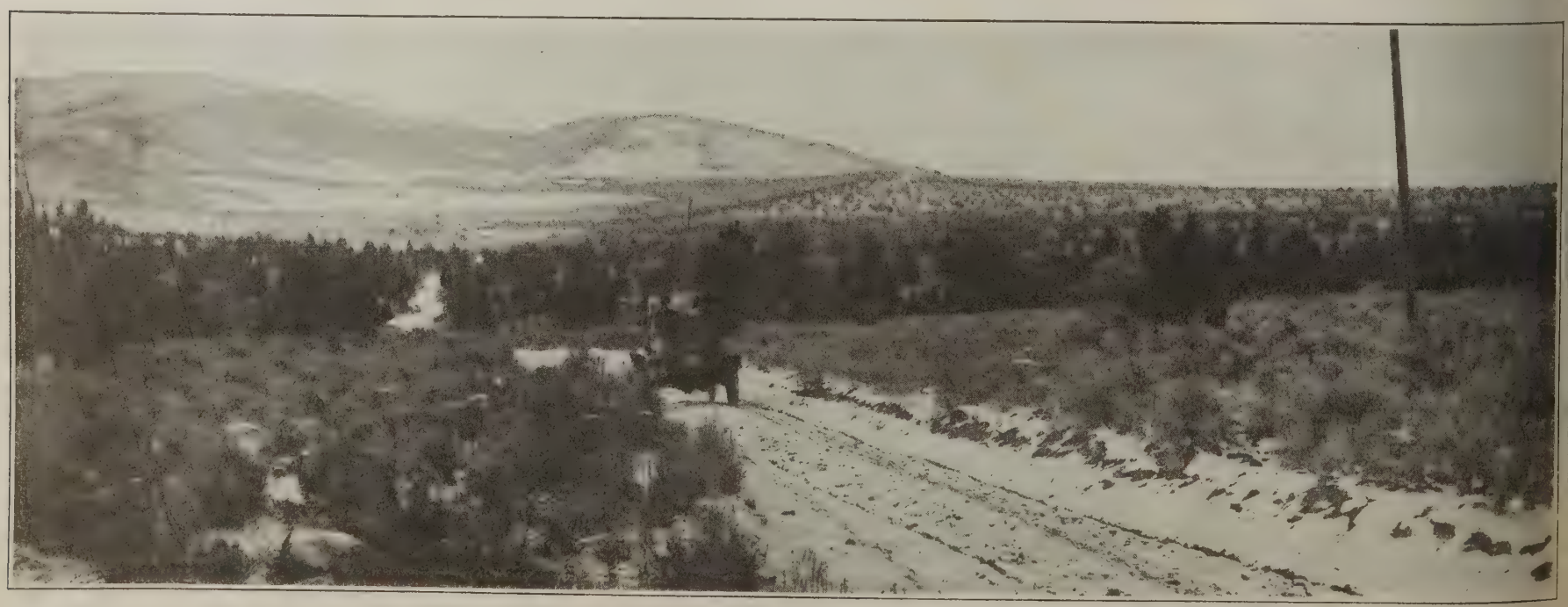
The fellowship of the road is not a senti mental fancy, but a reality. Only onc have I found a thoroughly surly fello motorist, one who refused a favor withou reason. To make up for him there hav been hundreds ——

In back-country Virginia, in a wallow o yellow mud, my steering rod came un screwed. A truck splashed up with tw youngsters in overalls. I asked them t help me. They climbed out silently. An they worked with me for half an hour i the mud.

I cleared my throat in that foolish, inde terminate way males have when they are o unfamiliar ground and begged, "Now I want to pay you fellows ——"

One of them looked at me, shook his head and stolidly plodded back to the truck. The other demanded, "Pay? Fo what? I reckon you'd have done the same thing for us. If drivers didn't help each other there wouldn't be much hope for the world. Seems like a fellow gets kind of shook out of himself when he gets out on the road. So long!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Lewis. The last will appear in an early issue.



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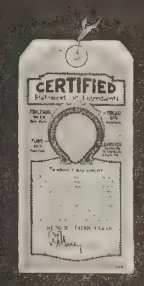

Do you know any other tire that gives you a

Certified Statement of Ingredients?

Pure Para Rubber is the only true gauge of tire quality. It is to tires exactly what pure wool is to clothing. *More rubber means more miles.*

Auburn Certified Tires are real *Para Rubber tires.* Each tire is sold with the following sworn statement attached. It is the first time any tire maker has proved the quality of his product by openly stating the percentage of pure Para Rubber used.

Certified Statement of Ingredients

Friction 94.3% pure Para Rubber, (this is the rubber in and between the plies of fabric or cord), balance sulphur and necessary materials to cure and toughen. No shoddy, cheap rubber or rubber substitutes.

Carcass Fabric tires have one more ply than standard construction calls for in each size. Cord tires are full multi-ply construction, each cord hawser twisted.

Tread 81% pure Para Rubber combined only with expensive Oxide of Zinc to toughen. The purest rubber tread possible to make. No shoddy, cheap rubber, or rubber substitutes.

Tubes 96% pure Para Rubber, in which we use extra tough, wild Brazilian Para in place of the usual "all plantation." Balance sulphur to cure, nothing else.

Ask your local dealer to show you an Auburn Certified Tire. Note the handsome "quality" look—the pure rubber "feel." These are indications of the "built-in" quality which makes Auburn Certified Tires worth while. Unless you know the Auburn Dealer, write us.

The Double Fabric Tire Company
Auburn Indiana

(4)

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

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For instance—the Sunday morning following the Gorgeous Girl's visit to Steve's office Trudy unwillingly dragged herself downstairs at half past ten in a faded bescrolled kimono over careless lingerie, her hair bundled under a partially soiled boudoir cap and her feet flopping along in tattered silk slippers.

"Oh, dear, it's Sunday again," she began. "Goodness me, Mary, I'd hate to be as good as you are—always up and smiling! Why don't you have a permanent smile put on your face? It would be lots easier."

At which joke Luke giggled, and Mrs. Faithful, ensconced in a large rocker behind the starched curtains so that nothing passing in the street could escape her eagle, melancholy eye, nodded approval and added: "I should think Mary would lie abed the one morning she could. But no, she gets Luke up no matter what the weather is, and flies round like a house afire. When I was in my father's house I never had to lift a finger. Trudy, I wish you could have seen my bedroom. I had a mahogany four-poster bed with white draperies, and a dresser to match the bed, and my father bought me a silver toilet set when he was in Lexington, Kentucky, one time. He used to go there to sell horses. I remember one time I went with him and if I do say so I was much admired.

"I rode horseback those days and I had a dappled-gray pony named Pet, and everyone said it was just like looking at a picture to see me go prancing by. Of course I never thought about it. I wore a black-velvet riding habit with a long train and a black-velvet hat with a white plume just floating behind, and I had white gauntlets too.

"Mary, Trudy wants her coffee. Hot cakes? Oh, pshaw, they won't hurt you a mite. I was raised on 'em. I guess I'll have another plateful, Mary, while you're frying 'em. I'm so comfortable I hate to get up. . . . You poor little girls having to go out and hustle all week long and not half appreciated! Never mind, some Prince Charming will come and carry you off sometime." Whereat she waddled to the table to wait for the hot cakes to arrive.

Mrs. Faithful had pepper-and-salt-colored hair and small dark eyes that snapped like an angry bird's, and a huge double chin. Her nondescript shape resolved itself into a high, peaked lap over which, when not eating hot cakes, her stubby hands seemed eternally clasped.

"Mary takes after her pa, poor child," she had told Trudy confidentially. "Lean and lank as a clothes pole! And those gray eyes that look you straight through. I wish she didn't think so much of the office and would get a nice young man. I'd like to know what it is in those books she finds so fascinating. Can you tell me? I tried to read Omar Canine myself but it was too much for me."

"I'm no highbrow," Trudy had laughed. "Mary is; and a fine girl, besides," she had added resentfully.

With all Trudy's shallow nature and shrewd selfishness she was as fond of Mary as she was capable of being fond of anyone. Besides, it was more comfortable to be a member of the Faithful household for nine dollars a week and be allowed hot cakes and sirup à la kimono on Sunday morning; to have Gaylord Vondeplosshe, her friend, frequent the parlor at will; to use the telephone and laundry and to occupy the best room in the house than to have to tuck into a room similar to Miss Lunk's—and she was truly grateful to Mary for having taken her in. She felt that Mrs. Faithful underestimated her man of the family.

Mary at the present time earned forty dollars a week. Out of this she supported her family and saved a little. At regular intervals she tried persuading her mother to leave the old-fashioned house and move into a modern apartment, which would give her the opportunity of dispensing with Trudy as a boarder. But her mother liked Trudy, with her airs and graces, her beaux, her startling frocks. Trudy was company; Mary was not. She was the breadwinner and a wonderful daughter, as Mrs. Faithful always said when callers mentioned her. But the mother had never been friends with her children nor with their father. So Mary had grown up accustomed to work and loneliness; and, most important of all, accustomed to considering everyone else first and herself last. It was Mary who saw beneath the boisterousness of Luke's boy nature and espied the good therein, trying to develop it as best she could. Aside from Luke and her business she found amusement in her dream life of loving Steve O'Valley and vicariously sharing his joys and sorrows, safeguarding his interests.

She had told herself four years ago: "You clumsy, thin business woman—the idea of halfway dreaming that such a man as Steve would ever love you! Of course he's intended for the Gorgeous Girl; the very law of opposites makes him care for her—pretty, useless doll. So take your joy in being his business partner, because the Gorgeous Girl can never share the partnership any more than you could share his name; and there's a heap of comfort in being of some use."

After which self-inflicted homily Mary had set to work and followed her own advice. She had discovered very shortly that there were many things to enjoy and be thankful for.

As soon as she was able Mary had refurnished her father's study and taken it for her own. Here she made out household bills, lectured Luke, planned work, sewed and read. It was a shabby cheery room with a faded old carpet, an open fireplace, some easy-chairs and a black-walnut secretary over which her father had dreamed his dreams. On the walls were old-fashioned engravings such as Cherry Ripe and The Call to Arms, which Mrs. Faithful refused to part with—no one, herself included, ever knowing just why.

Mary also took herself to task in the little study in as impersonal a manner as a true father confessor. "You are twenty-six and growing set in your ways," she would mentally accuse—"always wanting a certain table at the café and a certain waitress. Old Maid! Must have your little French book to read away at as you munch your rolls and refuse to be sociable. Hermitess! And always buy chocolates and a London News on Saturday night. Getting so you fuss if you have square-topped hairpins instead of round, and letting milliners sell you any sort of hats because you are too busy to prink! Going to art galleries and concerts alone—and quite satisfied to do so. Now, please, Mary, try not to be so queer and horrid!" Followed a one-sided debate as to whether or not these were normal symptoms of maturity, and if she were mistress of a house would she not entertain equally set notions regarding brands of soap and so on?

"Office notions are not so nice as the frilly cry-on-a-shoulder-when-the-biscuits-burn notions," she would end dolefully. "Fancy my tall self weeping on the superintendent's shoulder because a cablegram has gone astray! Making women over into commercial nuns is a problem—some of us take it easily and don't try to fight back, some of us fight and end defeated and bitter, and some of us don't play the game but just our own hand—like Trudy. And what's the square game for a commercial nun? That is what I'd like to know."

She would then find herself dreaming of two distinct forks in the road, both of which might be possible for her but only one of which was probable. Each fork led to a feminine rainbow ending.

The more probable fork would resolve itself, a few years hence, into a trim suburban bungalow with a neat roadster to whisk her into business and whisk her away from it. The frilly cry-on-a-shoulder-when-the-biscuits-burn part of Mary would have long ago vanished, leaving the business woman quite serene and satisfied. She would find her happiness in mere things—in owning her home; in facing old age single-handed and knowing it would not bring the gray wolf; in helping Luke through college while her mother was in a comfy orthodox heaven with plenty of plates of hot cakes and dozens of starched window curtains; in rejoicing at some new possession for her living room, at her immaculate business costumes, new books, tickets for the opera season; in vacationing wherever she wished, sometimes with other commercial nuns and sometimes alone; in having that selfish, tempting freedom of time and lack of personal demands which permit a woman to be always well groomed and physically rested, and to take refuge in a sanitarium whenever business worries pressed too hard. To sum it up—it meant to sit on the curbstone—a nice, steam-heated, artistically furnished curbstone, to be sure—and have to watch the procession pass by.

The other fork in the road led to a shadowy rainbow, since Mary knew so little concerning it. It comprised the exacting, unselfish rôle of having baby fingers tagging at her skirts and shutting her away from easy routines and lack of responsibility; of having a house to suit her family first and herself last; of growing old and tired with the young things growing up and away from her, and the strong-shouldered man demanding to be mothered, after the fashion of all really strong-shouldered and successful men—requiring more of her patience and love than all the young things combined; of subordinating her personality, perhaps her ideas, and most certainly her surface interests. To be that almost mystical relation, a wife; which includes far more than having Mrs. Stephen O'Valley—just for example—on a calling card.

To her lot would fall the task of always being there to welcome the strong man with tender joy when he had succeeded or to comfort him with equal tenderness when he had failed, and at all times spurring him to live up to the ideal his wife had set for him. To stay aloof from his work inasmuch as it would annoy him, yet to be adviser emeritus, whether the matter involved hiring a new sweeper-out or moving the whole plant to the end of the world. Someone who ministered to the needs of the strong man's very soul in unsuspected, often unconscious and unthanked fashion; such a trifle as a rose-shaded lamp for tired eyes, a funny bundle of domestic happenings told cleverly to offset the jarring problems of commerce, a song played by sympathetic fingers, a little poem tucked in the blotter of the strong man's desk, an artful praising of the strong man's self!

Mary realized this latter fork was not probable—nor was she unhappy because of it. She sometimes retired to her study to vow eternal wrath upon Trudy Burrows for having attached herself to the household; or to pray that her mother be enlightened to the extent of moving; but beyond an occasional "mad on," as Luke said, Mary viewed life from the angle of the doughnut and not that of the hole.

"I wish someone else would try frying these greasy things," she said, coming in with another plateful.

"Why don't you slip on a kimono instead of a starched house dress, Mary? Whoever is spick-and-span on Sunday morning?"

"Don't get Mary to lecturing," Mrs. Faithful warned between bites. "She'll make us all go to church if we're not careful. Are you going out with Gay to-day, Trudy?"

"Yes. And I'm awfully mad at him too. It's fierce the way he gambles."

"Don't be too harsh; it's a mistake to nag too much—beforehand. He's a lovely young man and I wish Luke could have one of those green paddock coats. I always like a gentleman's coat with a sealskin collar, don't you?"

"If it's paid for." Trudy's eyes darkened. "Just because Gay comes of a wonderful family he thinks he has the keys to the city."

"He's a lovely young man," Mrs. Faithful reiterated. "Oh, what did Beatrice Constantine wear when she came down to the office?"

"Clothes." Mary was deep in the Sunday paper art section.

"She looked like a Christmas tree on fire," Luke supplemented. "Lovely butter-colored hair she has!"

"That will do. She is very nice but different from our sort." Mary glanced up from her paper.

Trudy bridled. "She's no different; she has money. My things have as much style. Gaylord knows her intimately, and he says she is a wretched dancer and pouts if things don't please her. The best tailors and modistes in the country make her things. Who wouldn't look well? If I had one-tenth of her income I'd be a more Gorgeous Girl than she is—and don't I wish I had it! Oh, boy! Why, that girl has her maid, the most wonderful jewelry you ever saw, two automobiles of her own and a saddle horse, and her father owns the best apartment house in town, and Beatrice is going to have the best apartment in it when she marries Steve. And you can just bet she knew she was going to marry him a long time ago—because she knew he'd rob the Bank of England to get a fortune. She's flirted with everyone from an English nobleman to the Prince of Siam, and now she's marrying the handsomest, brightest, most devoted cave man in the world." Trudy glanced at Mary. "Yet she doesn't really care for him; she just wants to be married before she is considered passée." Trudy was very proud of her occasional French. "She'll be twenty-six her next birthday!"

"Dear me, girls take their time these days; I was eighteen the day Mr. Faithful led me to the altar."

"When are you going to get married?" Luke asked Trudy with malice aforethought.

"Oh, I'll give Mary a chance. She doesn't want to dance in the pig trough."

Mary laid down the paper. "I wish you people would finish eating. Luke, are you going fishing with me out at the old mill? Then you better get the walks swept. We'll be home in time for dinner, mother. I'll leave the things as near ready as I can. How about you, Trudy?"

"Gay wants me to go to the Boulevard Café—they dance on Sundays just the same as weekdays—and then we'll do a movie afterward. I suppose Steve and his Beatrice are now reveling in the Constantine conservatory, with Steve walking on all fours to prove his devotion. Why is it some girls have everything? Look at me—no one cares if I live or die. First I had a stepmother, and then I tried living with a great-aunt, and then I went to work. Here I am still working, and a lot of thanks I get for it. I'd like to see the Gorgeous Girl have to work—well, I would!"

Mary came by with some dishes. Whereupon Trudy settled herself in an easy-chair and ran through the supplement sections, discussing the latest New York scandal with Mrs. Faithful. The next thing on Trudy's Sunday program was washing out "just a few little things, Mary dear; and have you a bit of soap I could borrow and may I use the electric iron for half a jiffy?"

Presently there were hung on the line some dabs of chiffon and lace, and Trudy taking advantage of her softened cuticle sat down and did her nails, Mrs. Faithful admiring the high polish she achieved and reading Advice to the Anxious aloud for general edification.

After ironing the few little things Trudy shampooed her hair with scented soap and by the time its reddish loveliness was dry it was high noon and she repaired to her bedroom to mend and write letters. At one o'clock, in the process of dressing, she rapped at Mary's door and asked to borrow a quarter.

"I'm terribly poor this week and if I should have a quarrel with Gay I want to have enough car fare to come home alone—you know how we scrap," she explained.

About two o'clock there emerged from the front bedroom an excellent imitation of the Gorgeous Girl. Trudy had not exaggerated when she boasted of her own style. Though patronizing credit houses exclusively and possessing not a single woolen garment nor a penny of savings, she tripped down the stairs in answer to Luke's summons, a fearful, wonderful little person in a gown of fog-colored chiffon with a violet sash and a great many trimmings of blue-crystal beads. She boasted of a large black hat which seemed a combination of a Spanish scarf and a South Sea pirate's pet headgear, since it had red-coral earrings hanging at either side of it. Over her shoulders was a luxurious feline pelt masquerading comfortably under the title of spotted fox. White-kid boots, white-kid gloves, a silver vanity case and a red-satin rose at her waist completed the costume.

Standing in the offing about to decamp with Mary, Luke gave a low whistle to tip her off to look out the window and not miss it. Mrs. Faithful was peeking from behind the starched window curtains as there glided before her eyes the most elegant young woman and impressive young man ever earning fifteen dollars and no dollars a week respectively.

"How do they do it?" Mary sighed. "Come, Luke, let's get on the trail of something green and real."

A few moments later there hurried along the same pathway a tall young woman in an old tailored suit which impressed one with the wearer's plainness. Instead of a silver vanity case she was laden with a basket of newspapers, string and a garden trowel, indicating that fern roots would be the vogue shortly. Shouldering fishing tackle Luke turned his freckled face toward Mary as

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they began a conversation, and his perpetual grin was momentarily replaced by an expression of respect. At least his sister was not like the average woman, who depends solely on her clothes to make her interesting.

Meantime Trudy and Gaylord Vondeplosshe were beginning their Sunday outing by walking to the corner in silence—the usual preliminary to a dispute. Gaylord was quite Trudy's equal as to clothes, not only in style but in forgetfulness to pay for them. Still, he was not unusual after one fully comprehended the type, for they flourish like mushrooms. His had been a rich and powerful family—only-the-father-drank-you-see variety—the sort taking the fastest and most expensive steamer to Europe and bringing shame upon the name of American traveler after arriving. Gaylord had been the adored and only son, and his adored and older sister had managed to marry fairly well before the crash came and debts surrounded the entire Vondeplosshe estate.

He was small and frail, a trifle bow-legged to be exact, with pale and perpetually weeping eyes, a crooked little nose with an incipient mustache doing its best to hide a thick upper lip. His forehead sloped back like a cat's, and his scanty, sandy hair was brushed into a shining pompadour while white eyelashes gave an uncanny expression to his face. Abortive lumps of flesh stuck on at careless intervals sufficed for ears, and his scrawny neck with its absurdly correct collar and wild necktie seemed like an old, old man's when he dresses for his golden-wedding anniversary. Everything about Gaylord seemed old, exhausted, quite ineffectual. His mother had never tired boasting that Gaylord had had mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, St. Vitus dance, double pneumonia and typhoid, had broken three ribs, his left arm, his right leg and his nose—all before reaching the age of sixteen. And yet she raised him!

Coupled with this and the fact of his father's failure people were lenient to him. "He's Vondeplosshe's boy," they said; so they gave him a position or a loan or a letter of introduction, and thought at the same time what a splendid thing it was Vondeplosshe was out of it instead of having to stand by and see his son make a complete foozle.

For some time Gaylord had been scampering up and down the gantlet of sympathy, and as long as he could borrow more money in Hanover than he could possibly earn he refused to go to work.

Originally he would have been almost as rich as the Gorgeous Girl herself, but as it was he was as poor as Trudy Burrows, only Trudy was a nobody, her family being a dark and uncertain quantity in the wilds of Michigan.

Whereas Gaylord was a Vondeplosshe and he could—and did—saunter past a red-brick mansion and remark pensively: "I was born in the room over the large bay window; the one next to it was my nursery—a dear old spot. Rather tough, old dear, to have to stand outside!" Or: "Father was a charter member of the club, so they carry me along without dues. Decent of them, isn't it? Father was a prince among men, robbed right and left, y'know—always the way when a gentleman tries to be in business. Some say it was Constantine himself who did the worst of it. Of course never repeat it, will you? It takes a man with Steve O'Valley's coarseness to forge ahead."

His wobbly, rickety little body always wore the most startling of costumes. A green paddock coat well padded, a yellow walking stick in the thin fingers, a rakish hat, patent-leather boots, striped suits, silk shirts with handkerchiefs to match, a gold cigarette case and a watch chain like a woman's were a few of Gaylord's daily requisites. He lived at a club called The Hunters of Arcadia, where he paid an occasional stipend and gambled regularly, sometimes winning. He also promoted things in half dishonest, half idiotic fashion, undertaking to bring on opera singers for a concert, sometimes realizing a decent sum and sometimes going behind only to be rescued by an old family friend.

Gaylord was always keen on dinner invitations. And because he was a son of Vondeplosshe the same family friends endured his conceited twaddle and his knock-kneed wicked little self, and sighed with relief when he went away. It would be so much easier to send these dethroned sons of rich men a supply of groceries and an order for coal!

Besides these lines of activity Gaylord wrote society items for the paper, and as he knew everyone and everything about them he was worth a stipend to the editor. He was considered a divine dancer by the buds, and counted as a cutey by widows. But his standing among creditors was: If he offered a check for the entire amount or a dollar on account, pass up the check!

Steve had destroyed several I O U's with Gaylord's name attached, for the sole reason that Gay had been a playmate of Beatrice's and she rather favored him.

"He is so convenient," she had defended. "You can always call him up at the last minute if someone has disappointed for cards or dinner, and he is never busy. He can shop with you as well as a woman, lunch with you, dance with you—and he does know the proper way to handle small silver. Besides, he loves Monster." Monster was Bea's pound-and-a-half spaniel, which barked her wonder at the silken beauty of Beatrice's boudoir.

So Gaylord traveled his own peculiar gait, with his married sister occasionally sending him checks; as busy as a kitten with a ball of yarn in making everyone tolerate though loathing him. When he visited Steve's office in the first flush of Steve's success, to ask the thousandth favor from him, and spied Trudy Burrows in all her lemon-kid-booted, pink-chiffon-waisted, red-haired loveliness—as virile and bewitching as anyone Gaylord's pale little mind could picture—he proved himself a "true democrat," as he boasted at the club, and offered her his hand in marriage in short order.

Having just despaired of winning a money-eyed bride, Gaylord chose Truletta, reasoning that if she were a little nobody it would give him the whiphand over her, since she would feel that to marry a Vondeplosshe was no small triumph. Besides, a chic red-haired wife who knew how to make the most of nothing and to smile, showing thirty-two pearly teeth as cleverly as any dental ad, would not be a bad asset among his men friends. Had the Vondeplosshe fortunes remained intact and Gay met Trudy he would still have pressed his attentions upon her, though they might not have taken the form of an offer of marriage. Trudy's virile, magnetic personality would have commanded this weakling's attention and admiration at any time and in any circumstances—which is the way of things.

Very wisely Trudy kept the engagement somewhat of a secret. She estimated that by being seen with Gay she might meet a not impoverished and real man; and Gay—who still hoped for an heiress to fall madly in love with him—was willing to let the matter be a mere understanding. So this oversubscribed flirt and this underendowed young gentleman had been waiting for nearly two years for something to live on in order to be married or else two new affinities in order that they might part amicably.

They did not speak until they were in the café, where it looked well for Gaylord to be attentive and Trudy gracious.

Under the mask of a smile Trudy began, "I'm cross. You were gambling again—yes, you were! Never mind how I know. I know! . . . I'll have macaroni, ripe olives and a cream puff."

"The same," Gay said mournfully; adding: "Well, deary, I have to live!"

"Why not work? I do. You sponge along and waste everyone's time. I'm not getting any younger and it's pretty rough to be in an office with horrid people ordering you round—to have to hear all about Beatrice Constantine and her wonderful wedding. I'm as good as she is—yet I'll not be asked, and you will be."

"Of course I'll be. I'm her oldest playmate," he said proudly.

Trudy's temper jumped the stockade. "So, you paste jewel, you'll go mincing into church and see her married and dance with everyone afterward; and I'll sit in the office licking postage stamps while you kiss the bride! I'm better looking than she is; and if you are good enough to go to that wedding so am I!"

"Why, Trudy," he began in a bewildered fashion, "don't make a scene."

"No use making a scene in a fifty-cent café," she told him bitterly, "but I'm plenty good-looking enough to have a real man buy me a real dinner with a taxi and wine and violets as extras. Don't think you are doing me a big favor by being engaged to me."

"Oh, you're a great little girl," he said nervously; "and it's all going to come out right. It does rile me to think of your working for Steve. Never mind, my ship will come in and then we'll show them all."

"I'm twenty-three and you're twenty-six, and my eyes ache when I work steadily. I'll have to wear glasses in another year—but I'll wash clothes before I'll do it!"

"When it gets that bad we'll be married," he said seriously.

The humor passed over Trudy's head. "Married on what?" She was her prettiest when angry and she stirred in Gaylord's one-cylinder brain a resolve to play fairy-godfather husband and somehow deliver a fortune at her feet.

"I can't live at your club," she continued; "and your sister is jealous of her husband and wouldn't want me round. We couldn't live with the Faithfuls; Mary's a nice girl but I can't go their quiet ways. I only stay because it's cheap. I owe over two hundred dollars right now."

Gaylord was sympathetic. "I owe more than that," he admitted; "but I'm going to have some concerts and there'll be good horse races soon—sure things, you know. You'll see, little girl. What would you say if I showed you a real bank account?"

"I wouldn't waste time talking. I'd marry you." Her good humor was returning. "Honest, Gay, do you think you might draw down some kale?"

Like all her kind she had an absurd trust in anyone who was paying her attention. With a different type of man Trudy would have been beaten, courageously had the gentleman arrested, and then interfered when the judge was directing him to the penitentiary.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way. When we are married and you meet my friends you'll have to brush up on a lot of things."

"I guess I'll manage to be understood," she retorted; "and when we are married maybe you can get my job so as to support your wife!"

The orchestra began playing a new rag, and Trudy and Gay left their chairs to be the first on the floor. They were prouder of their dancing than of each other.

After several dances they became optimistic over the future and finished their dinner with the understanding that at the first possible moment they would be married and Trudy was to be a hard-working little bride causing her husband's men friends to be nice to the Vondeplosshes, while her husband would persuade the Gorgeous Girl to be nice to his wife.

They decided too that Mary Faithful was clever and good—but queer.

That Steve O'Valley would discover that a self-made man could not marry an heiress and make a go of it as well as a man of an aristocratic family could marry an adorable red-haired young lady and elevate her to his position.

That Trudy was far more beautiful than Beatrice Constantine, and as one lived only once in this world—why not always strive for a good time?

Whereat they had a farewell dance and moved on to the moving-picture world, where they held hands and stared vapidly at the films, repairing to a cafeteria on a side street for a lunch, and then to the Faithful parlor. Mary had gone to church, Luke had boy friends in to discuss a summer camp, and his mother snored mildly on the dining-room sofa.

They took possession of the front parlor, and the enlarged crayons of the Faithful ancestors bore witness that for more than two hours these young people giggled over the comic supplement, debated as to the private life of the movie stars, tried new dance steps, and then planned how to get everything for nothing and, having done so, not to share their spoils.

"A perfectly lovely time!" Trudy said glibly as she kissed Gay good night.

"Perfectly lovely!" he echoed politely. "Don't work too hard to-morrow, Babseley, will you? And do nothing rash until you see me."

"Call me up to-morrow at eight, Bubseley," she giggled. The pet names were of Gay's choice.

So Bubseley tottered down the walk while Babseley turned out the lights and retired to her room with a bag of candy and a paprika-brand of novel. At midnight she tossed it aside and prepared to go to sleep.

"And I'll have to go to work to-morrow," she sighed, planning her next silk dress as she did up the titian hair in curlers.

III

WHEN the world was considerably younger it dressed children in imitation of its adults—those awful headdresses and heavy stays, long skirts to trip up tender little feet and jeweled collars to make tiny necks ache. Now that the world "is growing evil and the time is waxing late" the grown-ups have turned the tables and they dress like the children—witness thereof to be found in the costume of Aunt Belle Todd, Mark Constantine's sister, who had shared her brother's fortunes ever since his wife had been presented with the marble monument.

Like all women who have ceased having birthdays Aunt Belle had not ceased struggling. She still had hopes of a financier who would carry her off in a storm of warmed-over romance to a castle in Kansas. Her first husband was Thomas Todd, the carpenter, chiefly distinguished for falling off a three-story building on which he was working and never harming a hair of his head; also for singing first bass in the village quartet. Aunt Belle had slightly recolored her past since she had lived with her brother. The account of Mr. Todd's singing in the quartet was made to resemble a brilliant début in grand opera which was abandoned because of Aunt Belle's dislike of stage life and temptations, while his rolling off the three-story building was never alluded to except when Mark Constantine wished to tease.

She was a short plump person with permanently jet-black hair and twinkling eyes. Prepared to forgo all else save elegance, she had brought up her gorgeous niece with the idea that it was never possible to have too much luxury. Seated in the Gorgeous Girl's dressing room she now presented excellent proof that the world was growing very old indeed—for her plump self was squeezed into a short purple affair made like a pinafore, her high-heeled bronze slippers causing her to totter like a mandarin's wife; and strings of coral beads and a gold lorgnette rose and fell with rhythmic motion as she sighed very properly over her niece's marriage.

"It will never be the same, darling," she was saying, glancing in a mirror to see if the light showed the rouge boundaries too clearly—"never quite the same. You'll understand when your daughter marries—for you have been just as dear as one."

Beatrice, who was busy inspecting some newly arrived lingerie, did not glance up as she answered, "Don't be silly. You know it's a relief. You can sit back and rest from now on—until I'm divorced," she added with a smile.

"How can you even say such a thing?"

Beatrice tossed the filmy creamy silk somethings or other away and delivered herself of her mind: "Alice Twill was divorced before she married this specimen; so was Coralie Minter; and Harold Atwater; and both the Deralto girls were divorced, and their mother too. Jill Briggs is considering it, and I'm sure I don't blame her. Everyone seems to think a divorce quite the proper caper when things grow dull. You may as well have all the fun you can. Steve wants me to have everything I fancy, and I'm sure he'd never deny me a divorce."

"You are marrying a splendid self-made young man who adores you and who is making money every day in the week. No girl is to be more envied—you have had a wonderful ten years of being a 'Gorgeous Girl,' as your dear papa calls it, and at twenty-six you are to become the bride of a wonderful man—neither too early nor too late an age. I cannot really grieve—when I realize how happy you are going to be, and yet ——"

"Don't work so hard, aunty," Bea said easily. "Of course Steve's a wonderful old dear and all that—I wish I had asked him for the moon. I do believe he'd have gotten an option on it." She laughed and reached over to a bonbon dish to rummage for a favorite flavor. She selected a fat deadly looking affair, only to bite into it and discover her mistake. She tossed it on the floor so that Monster could creep out of her silk-lined basket and devour the remains.

"If you call natural feelings of a mother and an aunt 'working hard' I am at a loss ——" her aunt began with attempted indignation.

"Oh, I don't call anything anything; I'm dead and almost buried." She looked at her small self in the pier glass. "Think of all I have to go through with before it is over and we are on our way west. Here it is half past twelve and I've not eaten breakfast really. I'm so tired of presents and bored with clothes that I cannot acknowledge another thing or decide anything. I think weddings are a frightful ordeal. Did you know the women on my war-relief

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BETTER PAPER BETTER PRINTING

(Continued from Page 77)

committee presented me with a silver jewel box? Lovely of them, wasn't it? But I deserve it—after slaving all last winter. My bronchitis was just because I sold tags for them during that rainy weather."

"No, I haven't seen it. But I am glad you decided on a church wedding—there is such a difference between a wedding and just a marriage."

Beatrice shoved the box of lingerie away. "Those are all wrong, so back they go; and I can't help it if that woman does need money; I told her I wanted a full inch-and-a-half beading and she has put this crochet edge all round everywhere. I shan't accept a single piece!"

Whereupon she sat down at her dressing table and rang for her maid. Madame Pompadour herself had no lovelier boudoir than Beatrice's. It was replete with rose-colored taffeta curtains, padded sky-blue silk walls with garlands of appliquéd flowers. Lace frills covered every possible object; the ivory furniture was emphasized by smart rose upholstery, and the dressing table itself fairly dazzled one by the array of gold-topped bottles and gold-backed brushes.

Johanna, the maid, began brushing the sunshiny hair, the Gorgeous Girl stamping her feet as snarls asserted themselves.

"Two more days before the wedding," she complained. "There's the Twill luncheon to-day and a bridge and tea at Marion Kavanaugh's—I hate her too. She gave me the most atrocious Chinese idol. I'm going to tell her I have no proper place for it, that it deserves to be alone in a room in order to have it properly appreciated." She laughed at herself. "So I'll leave it for papa. The apartment won't hold but just so much—it's a tiny affair." She laughed again, the apartment having only eleven rooms and a profusion of iron grille work at all the windows. "But it's a wonderful way to start—in an apartment—it is such a good excuse for not dragging in all the terrible wedding presents. I can leave everything I like with papa because he never minds anything as long as he has his old slippers and plenty of mince pie. After a year or so I'm going to have a wonderful house copied after one I saw in Italy. By then they will all have forgotten what they gave me and I can furnish it so we won't have to go about wearing blinders. . . . The blue dress, Jody, that's right."

"And what is it to-night?" her aunt asked meekly.

"The Farmsworth dinner; and to-morrow another luncheon and the garden party at the club. Then the dinner here, rehearsal; and Wednesday, thank heaven, it will be all ended!"

Johanna helped fasten the king's-blue satin with seed-pearl trimmings and place a trig black hat atilt on the yellow hair.

"The ermine scarf, please."

The Gorgeous Girl was slipping matronly looking rings on her fingers and adding an extra dab of powder. She took another chocolate, hugged Monster, gave orders about sending back the lingerie, remarked that she must send her photograph to the society editor for the next day's edition and she thought the one taken in her Red Cross outfit would be the sweetest; and then kissing the tip of her aunt's right ear she sailed downstairs and into the closed car to be whirled to Alice Twill's house, a duplicate of the Gorgeous Girl's. There she was enthusiastically embraced and there followed a mutual admiration as to gowns, make-ups and jewelry, and a mutual sympathy as to being desperately tired and busy.

"My dear, I haven't had time to breathe—it's perfectly awful! I'll have to drop out of things next winter. Steve will never allow me to be so overburdened. I can't sleep unless I take a powder and I can't have any enthusiasm in the morning unless I have oodles of black coffee. Of course one has had to do serious work—thank heavens the war is over!—but you can't give up all the good times. . . . What a lovely center piece! And those cunning little gilt suit-cases for favors! A really truly gold veil pin in each one? You love! Oh, let's have a cocktail before anyone comes in. It does pick me up wonderfully. . . . Thanks. . . . Yes, I had breakfast in bed—some coffee and gluten crackers was all, and aunty had to stay in my room half the morning trying to be pensive about my wedding! No, Markham didn't make my traveling suit half as well as he did Peggy Brewster's. I shall never go near him again. . . . And did you hear that Jill found her diamond pendant in her cold-cream jar, so it wasn't a burglar at all!

"Yes, Gaylord Vondeplosshe is going to be an usher. . . . Well, what else could I do at the last moment? Wasn't it absurd for a grown man like Fred Jennings to go have the mumps? Gay knows everyone and I'm sure he is quite harmless. . . . Oh, Steve is well and terribly busy, you know. He is giving me the most wonderful present. Papa hasn't given me his yet and I'm dying to know what it is, he always gives me such wonderful things too. . . . There's the bell. I do hope it isn't Lois Taylor, because she always wants people to sign petitions and appear in court. It is Lois Taylor! Why didn't you leave word to have all petitions checked with wraps?" Giggles. "Good heavens, what a fright of a hat! Well, are you ready to go down?"

Five hours later Beatrice was being dressed for the evening's frolic, dipping into the bon-bon box for a stray maple cream and complaining of her headache. At this juncture her father tiptoed clumsily into her room and laid a white-velvet jewel case on her dressing table, standing back to watch her open it.

"You dear——" she began in stereotyped high-pitched tones as she pressed the spring. "You duck!" she added a trifle more enthusiastically, viewing the bowknot of gems in the form of a pin—a design of diamonds four inches wide with a center stone of pigeon's-blood ruby. "You couldn't have pleased me more"—trying it against her dressing gown. "See, Jody, isn't this wonderful? I must kiss you." She rustled over to her father and brushed her lips across his cheek, rustling back again to tell Jody she must try the neck coil again—it was entirely too loose.

"I guess Steve can't go any better than that," her father said, balancing himself on his toes and, in so doing, rumpling the rug.

He was a tall, heavily built man with harsh features and gray hair, the numerous signs of a self-made man who is satisfied with his own achievements. He had often told his sister: "Bea can be the lady of the family. I'm willing to sit back and pay for it. It'd never do for me to start buying antiques or quoting poetry. I can wear a dress suit without disgracing Bea, and make an after-dinner speech if they let me talk about the stockyards. But when it comes to musicals and monocles I ask to be counted out. I had to work too hard the first half of my life to be able to play the last half of it. I wasn't born in cold storage and baptized with cracked ice the way these rich men's sons are—I've shown this city that a farmer's boy can own the best in the layout and have his girl be the most gorgeous of the crew—barring none!"

"This is a joy," Beatrice was saying rapidly, her small face wrinkled with displeasure.

She wished her father would go away because she wanted to think of a hundred details of the next forty-eight hours and her nerves were giving warning that their limit of endurance was near at hand. This big awkward man who was so harsh a taskmaster to the world and so abject a slave to her own useless little self annoyed her. He offended in an even deeper sense—he did not interest her. Things which did not interest her were met with grave displeasure. Religion did not interest her; neither did Steve O'Valley's business; her head ached whenever he ventured to explain it. She had never had to listen to anything to which she did not wish to listen; the only rule imposed upon her was that of becoming the most gorgeous girl in Hanover, and this rule she had obeyed.

"Tired?" he asked timidly.

"Dead. It's terrible, papa. I don't know how I'll stay bucked up. I want to burst out crying every time a bell rings or anyone speaks to me. . . . Oh, Jody, your fingers are all thumbs! Please try it again."

"It looks nice," her father ventured, indicating the puff of gold hair.

Beatrice did not answer; she sighed and had Johanna proceed.

"The Harkin detectives will watch the presents," her father ventured again. "There are some more packages downstairs."

"I'm tired of presents; I want to be through unwrapping crystal vases and

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BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORPN ALLENTOWN, PA.

(Continued from Page 79)

gold-lined fruit dishes and silly book ends and having to write notes of thanks when I hate the gifts. My mind seems quivering little wires that won't let me have a moment's rest." She took another piece of candy.

"When I married your mother," her father remarked softly, evidently forgetting Johanna's presence, "we walked to a minister's house in Gardenville, about five miles south of here. Your mother was working for a farmer's wife and she didn't say she was going to be married. She was afraid they might try talking her out of it—you know how women do." He looked round the elegant little room. "I was getting ten dollars a week—that seemed big money in those days. I rented two rooms in the rear cottage of a house on Ontario Street—it's torn down now. And I bought some secondhand stuff to furnish it."

He paced up and down; he had a habit of so doing since he was always whisked about in his motor car and he feared growing stiff if he did not exercise.

"But your mother liked the rooms—and the things. I remember I bought a combination chair and stepladder for a dollar and it didn't work." He gave a chuckle. "It stayed in a sort of betwixt and between position, about one-third stepladder and about two-thirds chair, and that worried me a lot. A dollar meant a good deal then. But your mother knew what to do with it; she used it for kindling wood and said we'd charge it up to experience. Yes, sir, we walked to the minister's—she wore a blueprint dress with a little pink sprig in it, and a sort of bonnet." His hand made an awkward descriptive gesture.

"The minister was mighty nice—he took us into the garden and let your mother pick a bunch of roses and then he hitched up his horse and buggy and drove us back to the farmer's house. The farmer's wife cried a little when we told her; she liked your mother. She gave us a crock of butter and some jam. While your mother packed her little trunk—it wasn't any bigger than one of your hatboxes—I went out and stood at the gate. I kept thinking, 'By jingo, I'm a married man! Mr. and Mrs. Mark Constantine.' And I felt sort of afraid—and almost ashamed. It frightened me because I knew it was two to feed instead of one, and I wondered if I'd done wrong to take Hannah away from the farmer's wife when I was getting only ten dollars a week.

"Well, when she came out of the door she looked as pretty as you'll look in all your stuff, and she came right up to me and said, game as a pebble, 'Mark, we're man and wife and we'll never be sorry, will we? And when you're rich and I'm old we will stay just as loving!' I didn't feel sorry or frightened any more—not once. Not until you came and they told me she had gone on. Then I felt mighty sorry—and frightened. She looked so tired when I saw her then—so tired."

He paused, staring at his sunken gardens as seen from Beatrice's windows. Some men lazily raked new-cut grass and a peacock preened itself by the sundial. The glass conservatory showed signs of activity. The florists were at work for the coming event. Then he looked at his daughter, who waited with polite restraint until his reverie was ended.

"I've given you all she would have had," he said, as if in debate with himself this was the last rebuttal against possible criticism.

Beatrice glided over beside him; she looked out of the window too, and then at her father. Something quite like tears was in his harsh eyes.

"Daddy," she began with a quick indrawing of her breath, "do you think she'd have wanted me to have all—all this?"

"Why wouldn't she?" he answered, taking her arm. He had always treated her with a formality amounting almost to awe.

"I don't know—only I sometimes do almost think—would you suspect it? When I go to the office and watch those queerly dressed women bending over desks and earning a few dollars a week and having to live on it—and when I see how they manage to smile in spite of it—and how I waste and spend—and shed a great many tears—well, I wonder if it is quite safe to start as Steve and I are starting!" Then she threw her arms round him. "Steve won't believe that I've been serious, will he? Now, daddy dear, please go 'way and let me dress, for I'm 'way late."

She kissed him almost patronizingly and he tiptoed out of her room, rather glad to get into his own domain—the majestic library with its partially arranged wedding gifts.

"We're doing ourselves proud," he remarked to his sister, who had been rearranging them.

"What I told Beatrice this morning. Only she is all nerves. She can't enjoy anything—it will be a relief to me, Mark, as well as a loss, when it is over."

Her brother viewed her with a quizzical expression. Like the rest of the world his sister never fooled him. But like all supermen there was one human being in whom all his trust was centered, and who very often thus brought about his defeat. In his case, as with Steve O'Valley, it chanced to be Beatrice.

Regarding her both men—merciless with their associates and dubbed as fish-blooded coroners by their enemies—were like gullible children following a lovely and willful Pied Piperess. But Mark's sister with her vanities and fibs irritated and amused him by turns. Perhaps he resented her sharing this material triumph, instead of the tired-faced woman in the churchyard.

"Do you remember the time you did the beadwork for the head carpenter's wife and when she paid you for it you spent the dollar for liquid rouge? Todd was so mad he wouldn't speak for a week," he chuckled unkindly.

"Don't say such things! Think how it would embarrass Bea. Of course I don't remember. Neither do you."

"Oh, don't I? What's the harm recalling old times? I remember when you tried to make Todd a winter overcoat and he said it looked most as good as a deep-sea diver's outfit. My Hannah nearly died a-laughing."

Fortunately Steve appeared, flourishing Beatrice's corsage by way of a greeting.

"Aha, the conquerer comes. My dear lad, your ladylove has just ousted me from her room, she'll be down presently. Belle, Steve and I are going into the den to smoke."

"I'm trying to look as amiable as possible, but I wish fuss and feathers were not the mode." Steve smiled his sweetest at Aunt Belle and then took Constantine's arm. "The cave-man style of clubbing one's chosen into unconsciousness and strolling at leisure through the jungle with her wasn't half bad. By the way, I did sell the Allandale man to-day, and the razor-factory stock is going to boom instead of flattening out—I'm sure of it."

He lit a cigarette and threw himself into an easy-chair. Constantine selected a cigar and trimmed its end, watching Steve as he did so.

"You've come on about as well as they ever do," he remarked unexpectedly. "None of these rich young dogs could have matched you. Seen the presents?"

"Scads of 'em. Awful stuff. I don't know what half of it is for. Bea is going to hand you most of it. The apartment is to be a thing of beauty and she won't hear of taking the offerings along."

"How is the shop?"

"Splendid—Mary Faithful will manage it quite as well as I do. I shall hear from her daily, you'll stroll over that way, and I can manage to keep my left little finger on the wheel."

"Mary's a good sort," Constantine mused. "Sorry I ever let her go over to your shebang. What's her family like?"

"Don't know. Never thought about 'em. Her kid brother works round the place after school. Guess Mary's the man of the family."

"How much do you pay her?"

"Forty a week."

"Cheap enough. A man would draw down seventy and demand an assistant. I never had any luck with women secretaries—they all wanted to marry me," he admitted grimly.

"Mary's not that sort. Business is her life. If she were a man I'd have a rival. I'm going to give her fifty a week from now on; she's giving up her vacation to stay on the job."

"Don't spoil her."

"No danger. I've promised Beatrice to really learn to play bridge," he changed the subject.

"Accept my sympathy ——" Constantine began, and then Beatrice in a lovely, Bohemian rainbow dinner gown came stealing in to stand before them and complain of her headache and admire her corsage and let Steve wrap her in her cape and half carry her to the limousine.

"I shan't see you a moment until we're married," he began mournfully. "I've been most awfully neglected. But as you are going to be all mine I can't complain. You're prettier than ever, Bea. . . . Love me? . . . . . Lots? . . . . . Whole lots? You don't say it the way I want you to," laughing at his own nonsense.

"I'll scream it and a crowd can gather to bear witness." She dimpled prettily and nibbled at a rose leaf. "It's all like a fairy tale—everyone says so, and lots of the girls would like to be marrying you on Wednesday."

"Tell them I belong to the Gorgeous Girl until six men are walking quietly beside me and assisting me to a permanent resting place. Even then I'll belong to her," he added.

"Your nose is so handsome," she said, wistfully recalling her own.

"Talking of noses! Bea, sometimes it's terrible to realize that my ambitions have become true. To dream and work without ceasing and without much caring what you do until your dream merges into reality—it makes even a six-footer as hysterical as a schoolgirl."

"You're intense," she said soberly. "Jill says you'd make a wonderful actor."

Steve looked annoyed. "Those scatter-brained time wasters—don't listen to them. Let's find our real selves—you and I; be worth while. Now that I've made my fortune I want to spend it in a right fashion—I want to be interested in things, not just dollars and cents. Help me, dearest. You know about such things; you've never had the ugliness of poverty bruise the very soul of you."

"You mean having a good time—and parties ——" she began.

"No; books, music; studying human conditions. I want to study the slow healing of industrial wounds and determine the best treatment for them. I have made the real me go 'way, 'way off somewhere for a long time until I won my pile of gold that helped me capture the girl I loved. Now it is done the real me wants to come back and stay."

"Oh, I see," she said vaguely. "Of course there are tiny things to brush up on—greeting people, and you mustn't be so in earnest at dinner parties and contradict and thump your fist. It isn't good form."

"When whippersnappers like Gaylord Vondeplosshe ——"

"Sh-h-h! Gay's a dear. He is accepted everywhere."

"We're nearly there, tough luck! One kiss, please; no one can see. Say you care, then everything else must true up."

The wedding took place at high noon in church, with the bishop and two curates to officiate. There was a vested choir singing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden; a thousand dollars' worth of flowers; six bridesmaids in pastel frocks and picture hats, shepherdess' staffs and baskets of lilies of the valley; a matron of honor, flower girls, ushers; a best man, a papa, an aunty in black satin with a large section of an ostrich farm for her hat—and a bridegroom.

After the wedding came the breakfast at the Constantine house. Though certain guests murmured that it was a trifle too ultra like the house itself, which was half a medieval castle and half the makings of a village fire department, it was generally considered a success. Nothing was left undone. The bride left the church amid the ringing of chimes; her health was drunk, and then she slipped up to the rose-taffeta adorned boudoir to exchange her ivory satin for a trim suit of emerald green. Everyone wished on the platinum circlet of diamonds and there was the conventional throwing of the bouquet, the rush through the back of the grounds to the hired taxi, the screams of disappointment at the escape—and Mr. and Mrs. O'Valley were en route on their honeymoon.

The office forces of the O'Valley and Constantine companies had been excused so as to be present at the ceremony. But Mary Faithful and Trudy Burrows had not availed themselves of the opportunity. Womanly rebellion and heartache suddenly blotted out Mary's emotionless scheme of action. Besides, there was a valid excuse of waiting to catch an important long-distance call. With Trudy it was mere envy causing her to say over and over, "See Gay, the ragged little beggar, walk up the aisle with one of those rich girls and never glance at me—just because he's a Vondeplosshe! And me have to sit beside Nellie Lunk, who'll cry when the organ plays and wear that ridiculous bathtub of a hat? Never! I won't go unless I can walk up the aisle with Gay. Wait until I see him to-night; I'll make it very pleasant."

Life seemed rather empty for Trudy as she sat in the deserted offices pretending to add figures and trying to hum gayly. Even the box of wedding cake laid on her desk—it was laid on everyone's desk—brought forth no smile or intention of dreaming over it. Was she to spend her days earning fifteen dollars a week in this feudal baron's employ? Tears marred the intensive cultivation on her rouged cheeks as she looked out the window to see the office force being brought back from the church in trucks.

"Like cattle—peasants—all because of money. A war profiteer, that's what he was. And she isn't anything at all except that she has her father's money." She glanced toward Mary's closed door. "Poor Mary," she thought; "she cares! I don't—that makes it easier. Well, he could have done worse than to take Mary," tossing her head as she tried to create the impression of indifference now the employees were coming back to their desks.

For there was a forked road for Trudy as well as for Mary Faithful. Women are no longer compelled to accept the one unending pathway of domesticity. Trudy's forked road resolved itself into either marriage with Gay as a stepping-stone to marriage with someone else or a smart shop with society women and actresses as patrons, being able to live at a hotel and do as she wished, inventing a neat little past of escaping from a Turkish harem.

Hearing the scuffle of feet Mary opened the door and forced herself to ask about the wedding. Presently the excitement died down and the round of mechanical drudgery took its place. An hour later someone knocked at an inner door which led to steep side stairs connecting with a side street entrance. Wondering who it was Mary opened it, to find Steve, very flushed and handsome, a flower in his buttonhole yet no hint of rice about him.

"Sh-h-h! Not a word out loud! I want to escape. Mrs. O'Valley is waiting round the corner in a cab. I forgot the long-distance call—the one we expected yesterday."

"It came while everyone was at the church. I stayed here in case it did. They will pay your price, so I closed the deal."

"Hurrah for Mary Faithful! But I wish you could have been there. It was like a picture. I never saw her look so lovely. Well, that's settled. Wire me at Chicago. I think that's everything. Oh, you're to have fifty a week from now on. What man isn't generous on his wedding day? Good-by, Miss Head of Affairs."

For a long time Mary sat watching the hands of her desk clock slowly proceed round the dial. Someone knocked at the door and she said to come in but her voice sounded faint and far away.

Fifty dollars a week—generous on his wedding day! She ought to be very glad; it meant she could save more and have an occasional treat for Luke. It was good to think women had forked roads these days. How terrible if she were left in the shelter of a home to mourn unchecked. Besides, she was guarding his business; that was a great comfort. The Gorgeous Girl was sharing him with Mary Faithful—would always share him. That was a comfort too.

After the errand boy left, Mary tried to write a letter but she found herself going into the washroom off Steve's office and without warning weakly burying her face in an old working coat he had left behind. She had just made a great many dollars for him which he would spend on the Gorgeous Girl; she would make many more during the long summer while she stayed at the post and was Miss Head of Affairs. She had laid her woman's hopes on the altar of commerce because of Steve O'Valley, and he rewarded her with a ten-dollar-a-week raise since a man was always generous on his wedding day.

Yet there was a distinct satisfaction in the heartache and the responsibility, even in the irony of the ten-dollar-a-week advance. Life might be hard—but it was not empty! She was glad to be in the deserted office replete with his belongings and breathing of his personality. She was glad to be an acknowledged Miss Head of Affairs.

"You'd miss even a heartache if it were all you had," she whispered to herself from within the folds of Steve's office coat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Un-retouched photograph showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires still in service, after nearly a year, for The Wadley Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

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GOODYEAR

Pneumatics Protect Loads for This Produce Company

"PNEUMATICS offer all-around advantages over solid tires in our hauling—save trucks, loads and improve working spirit of drivers. They require 1½ less gallons of gasoline on a 90-mile run. Solid-tired trucks sway over the road but trucks on pneumatics run straight. Goodyear Cords are giving excellent service."—P. P. Triller, Purchasing Agent, The Wadley Company, Produce Wholesalers, Indianapolis, Indiana

Twenty-five motor trucks distribute poultry, eggs and butter for The Wadley Company throughout central Indiana.

During the past year Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires have demonstrated their ability to reduce time and costs in comparison with solid tires in this service.

A 90-mile trip has been made repeatedly on the pneumatics in 3 less hours with 1½ less gallons of gasoline than when covered by a solid-tired truck.

Due to the jarring and shifting action of trucks on solid tires delicate produce has been damaged frequently, whereas the pneumatics prevent such loss.

Mud has stalled the solid-tired trucks, but the gripping Goodyear Cords have proved dependable under all adverse road conditions by reason of their firm traction.

An official describes the present mechanical condition of a Goodyear-Cord-equipped truck as being far better than could be expected on solid tires after a similar long term of hard work.

The photograph at the left affords additional and important evidence by showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires still on duty after nearly a year of continuous hauling.

So this narrative confirms the many other records of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires that have saved trucks, loads, fuel, time and labor.

It indicates the force of Goodyear pioneering work in developing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, Goodyear Truck Tire Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials and in cooperating with others developing proper engine pumps, pressure gauges and vulcanizing equipment.

Information concerning pneumatic equipment for motor trucks and its results can be obtained from local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations or by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

SAVE TRUCKS · LOADS · ROADS
Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

THE CHRISTMAS DRIFTER

(Continued from Page 9)

"He won't need 'em, anyhow," the engineer interposed. "Th' Drifter ain't goin' to be a drinkin' man. He's goin' to be a engineer."

"How come he goin' to be a engineer?" the mate objected. "We're goin' to make him a mate. Hand him them bottles—he can drink all he wants."

For a moment the argument rose strenuously. Then Cap'n Dan broke in.

"Shut up, you ol' wildcats!" he said. "This is Christmas. You're supposed to be friendly."

The mate and the engineer looked at each other for a moment.

"Leave him be a mate," said the engineer. "It suits me."

"We'll make him a engineer," the mate conceded.

"Shut up, before I crown you both!" Cap'n Dan spoke quickly. "This is a time for peace an' good will. Fat Pat Kelly has done noble bein' Santa Claus, an' I know th' Drifter will remember this night as long as he lives."

Eyes turned toward the child upon the table. The Drifter was asleep.

On the day after Christmas the Drifter was attached for rations in St. Louis at the domicile of an uptown widow after having been transported there in the arms of his two jealous guardians.

"I lugs him th' next block—hand him over."

"There ain't no next block. That's th' house four doors f'm here."

And at the house four doors from there the Drifter was turned over to the administrative authority of a fat old woman who claimed she'd treat him as one of her own.

"Treat him better'n that if possible," Mr. Connor admonished. "These runts of yours don't look like they'd grade more'n nubbins when they git growed—an' th' Drifter's got to be a whale."

The two old men retraced their steps in silence to the boat.

"He ain't headed into no mate's job," the engineer finally said, "nor yet no engineer's. He grows up eddicated. All th' schoolin' from A, B, C to th' best rubber-tired-spectacle learnin' in this country is his. That's somethin' I almost got—and lost."

"What'll she cost?" the mate asked.

The engineer looked at him.

"Meanin' we're too old to figger that fur ahead?"

"You're goin' on seventy-three, Sammy—I'm more'n seventy. Not much chance of us hangin' on long enough to pilot th' Drifter through his schoolin'."

The two old men fell silent until they reached the landing where the Gilmore was moored. They walked above and into the cabin of the boat.

"Come in here an' let's have a talk."

The engineer led the way into his stateroom. He flopped full length on his bed. The mate sat down on a locker at the foot of the bed.

"Jake, I got seven hundred dollars saved up an' I'm good for thirty a month as long as I stay here. Thirty-two mebbe if I cut out tobacco an' ——"

"You cuts out no tobacco, Sammy," the mate interrupted. "Th' Drifter needs us. You ain't goin' to risk your health an' stren'th by gittin' righteous sudden an' sayin' adoo to what little whisky an' tobacco you absorbs. Th' shock might run you aground at your age. Me—I drinks heavy an' eats tobacco day an' night. I'll do th' cuttin' down on them things. I'll do th' quittin'. I quits both—now!"

The mate reached into his hip pocket and fished out a thin leather tobacco pouch.

"Here!" he said to the engineer.

He threw the pouch on the top of the engineer's locker. He got up and walked from the room. He returned presently with the bottle which he had fished from the rubber boot under his bed. He set the bottle down heavily. Beside it he deposited two unopened packages of fine-cut tobacco.

"I'm done!" he repeated. "That's six to eight dollars a month saved f'r th' Drifter. An' now I'm goin' to cut adrift."

"You're what?"

The engineer sat up in astonishment.

"I'm quit th' river," the mate answered. "Fifty years is enough. An' in Saint Louis I'll play a big chance. They'll be no more worry, or else no more me."

The engineer reached out for his blackened pipe, which lay on a little shelf at the head of his bed. He bit the end of the stem off. He laid the pipe back on the shelf and lighted a match. The match burned unnoticed to the trembling old fingers which held it.

"Hell, Jakie, that'll leave me plumb alone!"

"Cheer up! F'r a little while each of us'll be alone, but purty soon I'll land enough f'r th' three of us. I got a scheme."

"You'll have a chancet to see th' Drifter in Saint Louis whilst I'm down river. An' that's more than ——" The engineer was silent for a little while. "I guess it's best, Jake," he finally said. "I'll stick! All I know is steam an' I'm too old f'r a city job. I'll stick an' mebbe I kin perduce cash with some side line—them knit tidies or somethin'."

"Sammy, with your book learnin' you kin easy write a thick book. If I knowed what you does about engines I'd invent some machinery or somethin'. Anyway, it's only temporary. My luck never backslid none in a pinch." The mate looked long at the bright light above him. "'Cept-in'—Linnie an' th' baby. That was hard luck enough to last me f'r life." He breathed heavily. "Enough to last me forever an' ever." He got to his feet. "I'm goin' to pack up now."

That night the mate said good-by to the Mississip'. At midnight the Gilmore was under way, headed downstream.

At morning, when the watchman came to call him, the engineer lay still awake.

"I know it's six o'clock," he replied petulantly to the watchman's summons. He lighted the pipe with the broken mouthpiece before he got to his feet. For a moment he smoked in silence and then, "Dang it," he said, "I wish you was here, Jake! It don't mean nuthin' without you—nuthin' means nuthin' 'less you're where I kin hear you cuss once in a while."

At the same hour in St. Louis the mate was thinking of the Drifter and thinking hard so as to keep his feet from catching the train that would presently overtake the Gilmore down river.

"You knows damn well, Sammy," he said aloud to the empty room—"you knows damn well that only this varmint of a baby, Drifter, could hold me here—an' you downstream."

For the first few days of the downstream trip the engineer's mind plunged round in the jungles of poverty, seeking a way out that would insure financial independence for the Drifter. He repeatedly recalled the mate's remark, "You can write a thick book," and presently the thick book began to assume the elements of reality. The thickest book in his possession was the Origin of Species, a work to which he had not subscribed the tribute of belief.

"I figger Jake was right. Th' bird is crazy. It's just the other way round, near as I can see. It stands to reason th' first human bein's on earth was men—reg'lar animals. Th' more I see of this gang round here th' more I figger how easy it would be f'r animals to descend off 'em. Look at that lantern-jawed cinder eye of a fireman. If he had kids th' chances is a million to one they'd be bulldogs. Look at that little gopher of a waiter. A thousand years f'm now his family'll be canary birds. It shows up naturalest on 'em when they gits scared. Mebbe I could write a book about that. Mebbe she'd sell heavy. Most folks is interested in where they're headin' f'r."

After a while his planning suffered a normal transition and work on How Animals Happened was started.

"They look nacheral when they're scared," he repeated to himself. "An' nuthin' scares 'em like somebody shootin' at 'em."

On the theory that fear would be the only true source of his comparative data he began work on an outfit which would enable him to get his evidence together in tangible form. In an open space on the lower deck between the coal bunkers and the engine room he partitioned off an experimental laboratory. Above a chair against a bulkhead he fixed a heavy plate of sheet iron. Opposite it on a substantial table was mounted a cheap camera. He worked for days on the construction of a gun which would use gasoline for its explosive. The barrel of this gun he drilled out carefully from a bar of steel. To this he attached a water jacket and an explosion chamber, a carburetor and a reciprocating shuttle. To the shuttle from a hopper there was fed an endless supply of lead bullets.

The day of the initial experiment came and in the laboratory there assembled a miscellaneous group of deck hands, oilers, firemen and engineers.

"How fast'll she shoot?" one of them asked.

"God only knows! There's a thousand bullets in this hopper. We'll touch her off an' time her."

"Your bullets is apt to fly back."

"No, they won't. They'll drop square down from that iron plate. Lead ain't got no bounce molecules in it like steel."

Nevertheless, the crew stood well back as Mr. Connor made ready to throw the switch of the spark coil that would produce the first explosions in his gasoline gun.

"Let her go!" somebody yelled.

Mr. Connor closed the electric circuit and hell broke loose. It endured for ten seconds, at the end of which time the observers were scattered from the bow of the boat to various points on the upper deck. Mr. Connor stuck faithfully by his gun. One by one the crew drifted back to view the remains.

"If all you want is to scare a man to death she sure is a roarin' success!"

Under the sheet-iron plate a little heap of flattened lead bullets was all that remained of the hopper full.

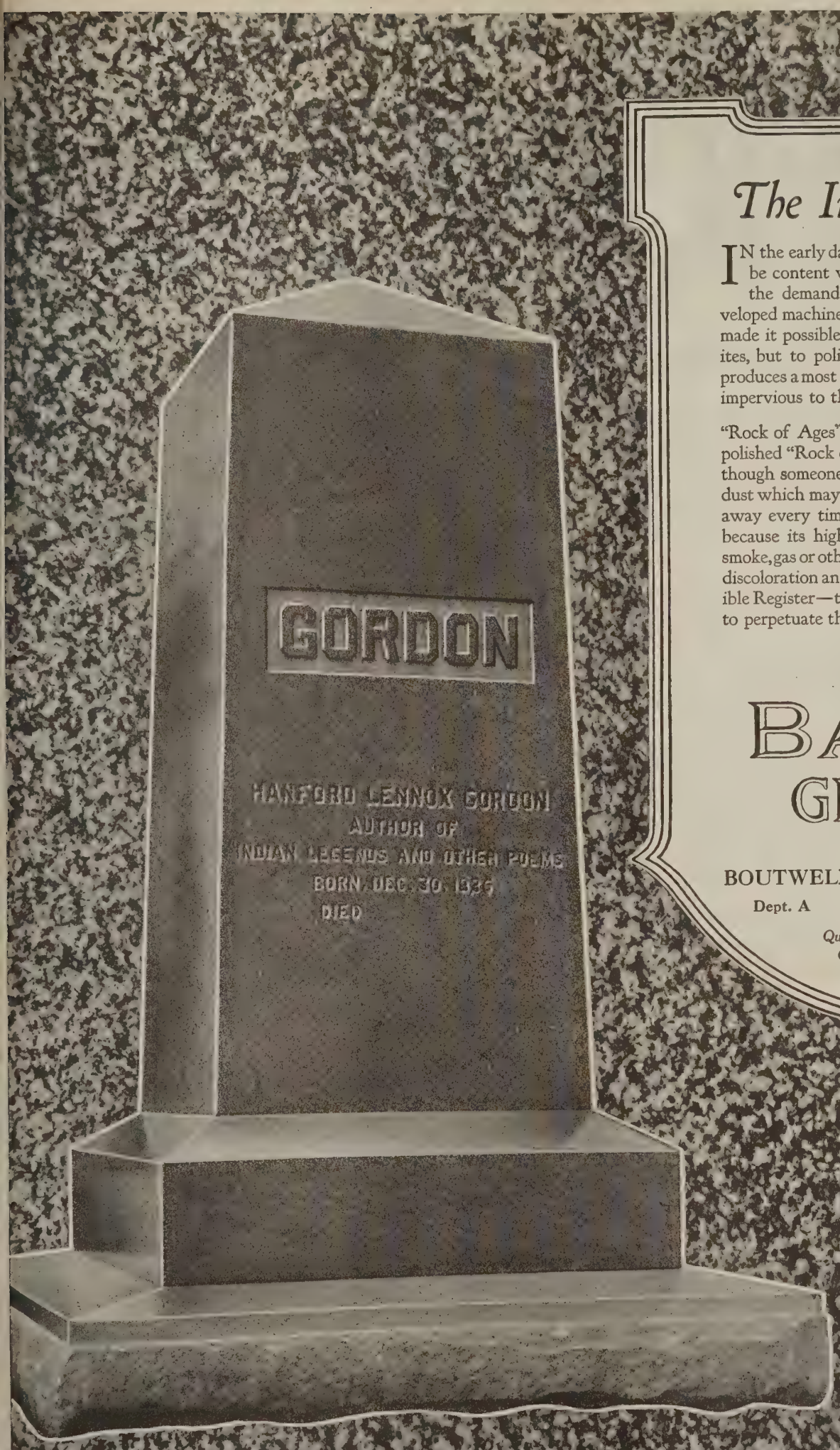
"Ten seconds, a thousand shots! Boys, she fires a hundred shots a second an' she's safe as a church. I want volunteers to set in that chair while this shebang goes off so I can get some fear pictures of 'em with their faces all twisted up while the noise is goin' good."

One of the firemen was first to volunteer. He was presently joined by all of the crew who were present.

Mr. Connor obtained a supply of buckshot at the next town down the river and on

(Continued on Page 90)

"An' Here," the Cook Continued, "is a Handy Thing f'r a Lad to Have"



Erected in Rosedale Cemetery
Los Angeles Cal. by Senator Hanford Lennox Gordon

The Indelible Register

IN the early days of memorial art, man was forced to be content with the use of the softer stones; but the demand for an everlasting material has developed machinery and methods which have not only made it possible to quarry and shape the harder granites, but to polish the surface in such a way that it produces a most beautiful effect and makes it practically impervious to the ravages of time and the elements.

"Rock of Ages" is a hard, enduring granite. An all-polished "Rock of Ages" memorial will always look as though someone cared for it, for any slight amount of dust which may find lodgment on its surface is washed away every time it rains. Its beauty is permanent, because its highly polished surface will not absorb smoke, gas or other atmospheric elements, which lead to discoloration and disintegration. It is indeed the Indelible Register—the finest, most lasting tribute—worthy to perpetuate the famous names of our century.

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BARRE
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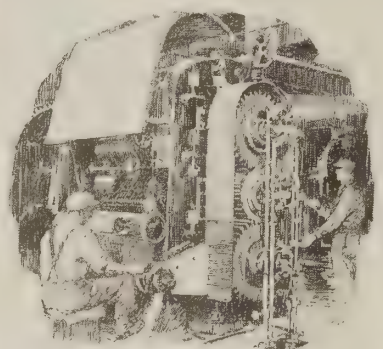
Quarries at Barre, Vermont. The Granite Center of the World

ROCK OF AGES
TRADE MARK

Building Most Miles Per Dollar

SINGAPORE HEADQUARTERS IN CHARTERED BANK CHAMBERS—Firestone saves car owners $1,000,000 a year buying rubber at source of supply.



THOUSANDS of FIRESTONE WORKERS ARE STOCKHOLDERS in the Company. They have a financial interest in every Firestone customer.

FIRESTONE CLUBHOUSE —Firestone advantages attract and hold the best men.

FIRESTONE has built tires since the beginning of automobiles and trucks.

Firestone built carriage tires before that.

Firestone has built millions and millions of tires of all types.

Firestone has built acres and acres of factories, mills and branch houses all over the world.

Most important of all to the tire-using public, Firestone has built an organization of such brains, such energy, and such determination to do the better thing and do it first, that leadership has followed as a natural result.

It is this character of man power that has put Firestone on a pedestal of quality in tires while keeping the prices down.

And the greatest things that Firestone men have done have been accomplished this year.

The New Firestone cord tire is one of these things. It jacks up tire making and tire service far beyond the ordinary standards. It is built to the largest standard established by the industry.

The Firestone Cord Tire with extra heavy non-skid tread—built to the largest size established by the industry.

The greater size means much more mileage — more rubber and cord.

And it is built by the top-sergeants of tire makers.

The new extra heavy non-skid tread looks the part of its greater mileage. And has sure, true traction, yet no suction hollows to waste power or slow up speed.

Today these big cords are being made more efficiently than ever, and Firestone men hope soon to catch up closer to the demand for them

Because the parent factory, Plant No. 1, is being relieved of manufacturing the 3½-inch tires, the size used by over half the car owners of the world, and is concentrating on large tires, cords and truck tires.

The new 3½-inch Firestone is another thing done for car owners this year. Back of this special molded tire are years of planning and millions of investment.

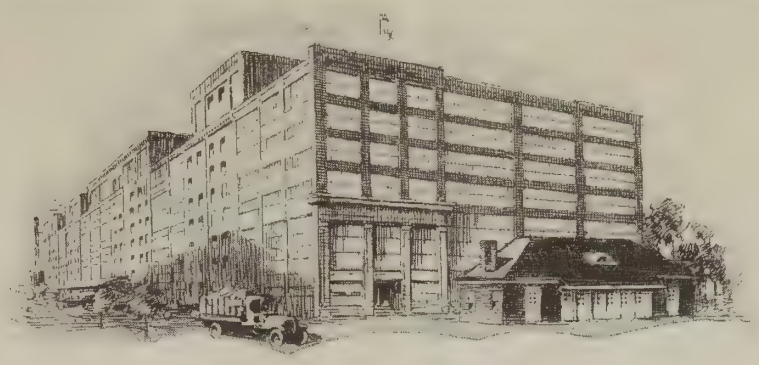
To make this tire and put the extra mileage into it at so low a cost—

Firestone Giant Solid. Firestone Giant Cord and Demountable Rim. There is a Firestone Truck Tire for every road, load and condition of service.

FABRIC MILL—To insure the best without having to add a premium to price of tires and to get uniform quality and supply, Firestone invested in this mill.

SHIP BY TRUCK SYMBOL—Designed by Firestone and contributed to the furtherance of motor truck transportation.

PLANT No. 1—Capacity 20,000 tires a day—concentrated on large tires, cords and truck tires.

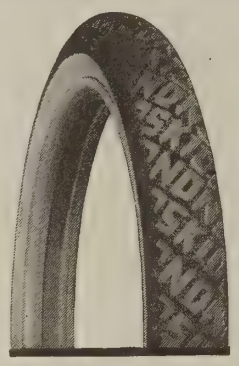


PLANT No. 2—Devoted exclusively to 3½-inch tires—capacity 16,000 a day. Builds the most nearly perfect 3½-inch tire possible.

Firestone built a special factory, Plant No. 2 — designed special machinery—invested in a special fabric mill—set apart a special organization.

This is specialization in its truest sense.

In this factory every method, every machine, every man is concentrating on one job—3½-inch tires and tubes. The capacity is 16,000 tires per day.



3½-INCH Special Molded Firestone Non-Skid Tire. Firestone Plant No. 2 makes this size exclusively. 6,000 miles adjustment basis.

It is only logical to bank on every user of 3½-inch tires wanting these Firestones if Firestone continues as far in advance as at present. And the swift progress the Firestone organization is making right now is the talk of the trade.

Important truck tire improvements have been made by Firestone men this year, also.

Firestone, having built the first truck tire, acquired a lead which has grown more pronounced every year.

Firestone made the Giant Pneumatic practical by the creation of the demountable rim.

Firestone furnished wheel manufacturers designs to make changes easy.

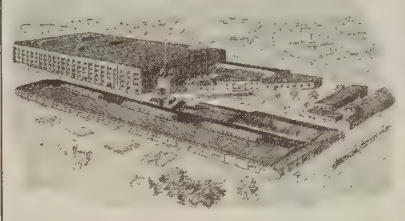
Firestone designed for truck manufacturers a device that manipulates the Giant spare tire without handling.

And Firestone, through the "Ship by Truck" movement, and similar activities, has brought everybody to realize what motor transportation means toward business expansion.

These are just a few of the high spots in this year's work of the Firestone men. Thousands of them own stock in the company—common stock. Thousands of them own their homes. Firestone Park is one of the most sensible, attractive home communities that any big organization can point to.

The Firestone Bank, Firestone Clubhouse, Firestone Insurance Fund—all mean mileage to you at lower cost; because Firestone people put more into their work; because they get more out of life.

Get your share of the saving Firestone offers. Have your dealer put Firestones on every wheel.



THE FIRESTONE RIM PLANT—Exclusively for Firestone Rims. Vast, but inadequate. Ground is broken for a plant double this capacity.

FIRESTONE PARK—Firestone men own their homes. They put more into their work and get more out of it.

FIRESTONE PARK BANK—For convenience of employees. There is also a Free Insurance Fund.

Firestone

(Continued from Page 86)

the following day the actual experiments began. Day by day the data and photographs accumulated in his stateroom.

"Fat Pat Kelly," the notes read in the cook's instance. "His nose walks all over his face. Probably Brazilian anteaters descended from th' Kellys. Also hoot owls. His ears flaps like the Mexican burro. He roars like a lion.

"Summary: Th' Kelly family probably has descendants consisting of hoot owls, African lions, Brazilian anteaters an' Mexican burros."

With the advent of summer Mr. Connor's industry had resulted in six or eight cubic feet of assorted knowledge. A waiter, bringing him his evening coffee, expressed his admiration for the importance of the great scientific work on which the engineer was engaged. The engineer waved his hand grandly toward the accumulated reports of his experiments.

"Compared to all the knowledge what is," he said, "that stuff there don't amount to a grain of sand. A million years f'm now she'll be dust. She's worthless junk—insignificant—a two spot in th' deck of science."

The waiter set Mr. Connor's coffee on the locker at the foot of his bed.

"I thought she amounted to somethin'," he said.

Next day during Mr. Connor's absence the waiter entered the stateroom to clean it up and make the bed.

"This here damn junk," he said, looking at the folios of notes, "might as well go overboard."

He was about to clean out the stateroom when the accumulated manuscript of How Animals Happened was saved by the announcement from the galley that any son of a gun who wanted a piece of hot apple pie would have to burn a foot gettin' there.

Mr. Connor's work had come within a segment of pastry of reaching its final resting place.

On a day in October a colonel in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington worked for seventeen consecutive minutes and got up from his desk believing that he had discharged his obligation to his Government for the ensuing month.

"What I need is a trip outdoors somewhere," he said. "I might get Jimmy and one of the Universal Arms gang and somebody else and take a little run round the country."

He reached for the telephone.

"This is Colonel Sluggard speaking. Get me George Rimfire of the Universal Arms Company of New York." He hung up. "We can jump over to Chicago and slide down an hit the Mississip' and get Jim's motor boat and plug on down to New Orleans."

After a little while the telephone at his desk summoned him.

"George, this is Sluggard speaking. What say to a little foursome—St. Louis, New Orleans and all way points? I've got to inspect the river plant and make a report on feasible fortifications along the Mississip'. Never can tell when the Japs will take Chicago or St. Louis. Thought you might want to go along."

Mr. Rimfire accepted the invitation and expressed his appreciation in extravagant terms.

"Right—meet me Thursday! The trip will take us about a month."

That night orders issued from the adjutant general's office directing Colonel Sluggard to inspect all floating property of the War Department on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans.

In St. Louis Mr. Jake Miller, ex-mate of the Gilmore, was enjoying several varieties of assorted bad luck. In the back room of Monahan's saloon he had started a poker tournament with a crumpled twenty-dollar bill at four o'clock one afternoon and had awakened in an adjoining room twelve hours later flat broke.

"How come I this way?" he questioned. "All I've been drinkin' is soda pop an' that stuff——"

"She carried the kick," the saloonkeeper observed. "I got a job for you if you want it."

Jake looked at him.

"I want it."

"Down the river," Monahan began, "at the north tip of Driftwood Bend they tell me that durin' Centennial year a cargo——"

"I know all about what you're goin' to say," the ex-mate interrupted. "The Lily Dale sunk there with a thousand barrels of whisky. I know within a hundred feet of where she sunk."

"D'you know that a barrel of it was found last month—river cuttin' th' bank away?"

"Can't be th' same one. Th' Lily Dale sunk in thirty foot of water. They ain't no bank there."

The saloonkeeper looked at him out of the corners of his eyes.

"S'pose I stake you—how much will it take to cover th' expenses of a prospectin' trip?"

The mate made an audible approximation of the probable expense.

"Me an' another man an' a derrick barge an' a diver workin' a month might make a haul. Chances are we'd have to rig a little dredge an' dig round some before we struck pay dirt. She's a big gamble. Might cost anywhere f'm a thousand dollars to ten thousand."

"Suppose I put up th' money," the saloonkeeper questioned—"you an' I goin' equal shares?"

"You an' me an' my two pardners," Jake amended.

"Who are they?" the saloonkeeper asked.

"Fellow by th' name of Drifter an' Sam Connor, engineer of th' Gilmore. Share an' share alike."

"Can they put up their part of the money?"

Jake hesitated.

"Never thought of that—Sam can, I guess."

The saloonkeeper studied for a moment.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll back you f'r three thousand dollars. You put in your time an' your two pardners come in on equal shares on anything over three thousand dollars' worth that we find. When can you start?"

"Right now."

On the following day the whisky-mining expedition, with Mr. Jake Miller in command, headed downstream toward Driftwood Bend in a little shanty boat. In the cabin of the shanty boat Jake, seated across the table from his helper, was deep in the composition of a letter.

"Tell Sam to send me all th' money he's got—that this here deal is probably a sure thing. Wish I knew how to write. That reminds me"—he fished round in his pocket and produced a crumpled letter. "What does this here letter mean?"

His associate read it.

"It says, 'Gents: For the Drifter's board and keep during November I inclose bill which please pay at once. He's getting along fine.'"

"I know what it is. How much money does she want?"

His associate stated the amount.

"I guess she kin wait a little while. We'll have a hundred times that much as quick as this whisky mine begins to pay."

In the gray of the morning mists which hung across the Mississip' a figure shambled from a levee saloon down river and made for the gangplank of the Gilmore, which was lying at the Cairo levee.

Enjoying his first night's liberty in many days, young Jimmy Davis, the waiter, had absorbed three or four times as much liquor as he could conveniently carry away. Now conscience-stricken at overstaying his leave, he sneaked back to the boat. In his narrow chest beat a frenzy of resolve to overcome by furious industry whatever censure might be at the moment headed his way.

He began a whirlwind house-cleaning campaign down the long line of staterooms which opened from the main cabin of the Gilmore. Reaching Mr. Sam Connor's room, his first act was to pick up several armloads of closely written manuscript which lay in one corner of the room. A moment later the fruits of the engineer's months of scientific industry had suffered its finish in the muddy Mississip'. He was arranging Mr. Connor's accumulation of old shoes when the engineer entered his stateroom. The scientist's eyes swept instinctively toward the space which had been occupied by several cubic feet of his accumulated data.

"Hell, Jimmy," he began, "what did you do with them bundles of writin'?"

The waiter sensed the great error of his life. He realized that instant confession was all that would save him.

"She's overboard! You said she was trash and worthless compared with science!"

The engineer was silent for a minute and then through tense lips he smiled faintly.

"Get out o' here!" he said slowly. "I'm tired."

The waiter left the stateroom. He closed the door very gently from the outside.

For a little while Mr. Connor lay inert on his bed. Then he got up and sought the captain of the boat.

"I'm feeling all flabbergasted inside again. Think I'll lay off an' go up to Saint Louis for a week, or until th' doctor gets through with me. If I don't come back," his voice trailed to a whisper, "sling my junk ashore, cap'n, th' next time th' Gilmore comes upstream."

The engineer went ashore and bought a ticket to St. Louis.

"I got to see him—I got to see ol' Jake an' th' Drifter. To-morr's Saturday an' he ought to be in town f'm that whisky mine."

He settled down in his seat on the train.

"I'm done," he said. "All things is dust."

A realization of the integrity of the universe and a chew of fine-cut tobacco was about all that the old man had with him that night to cheer him up.

"But to-morrow I'll see my pards," he muttered.

Presently his old head drooped and he was asleep.

Colonel Sluggard and George Rimfire, general manager of the Universal Arms Company, together with two other guests, got sick of motor-boat menus three seconds after the colonel announced that the boat in the distance with the white upper works was a government steamer.

"She might be the Gilmore," the colonel said, "and if I remember Fat Pat Kelly's cookin' we won't regret having hailed her." He smiled. "Duty demands that I inspect all floating craft according to my orders."

Mr. Rimfire reached round into a locker against the wall and produced a bottle, a siphon and some glasses.

"Here's to Fat Pat Kelly and lunch on board the Gilmore! My stummik heard you an' thinks it's Christmas."

On board the Gilmore the colonel and his party strolled about the decks while Fat Pat Kelly perspired with responsibility. In Mr. Sam Connor's abandoned laboratory the party lingered for several minutes.

"Ingenious, this," the general manager of the Universal Arms Company replied to the colonel's criticism of the engineer's gasoline gun.

He wrote a few words in a notebook which he deposited in the buttoned pocket on the inside of his vest.

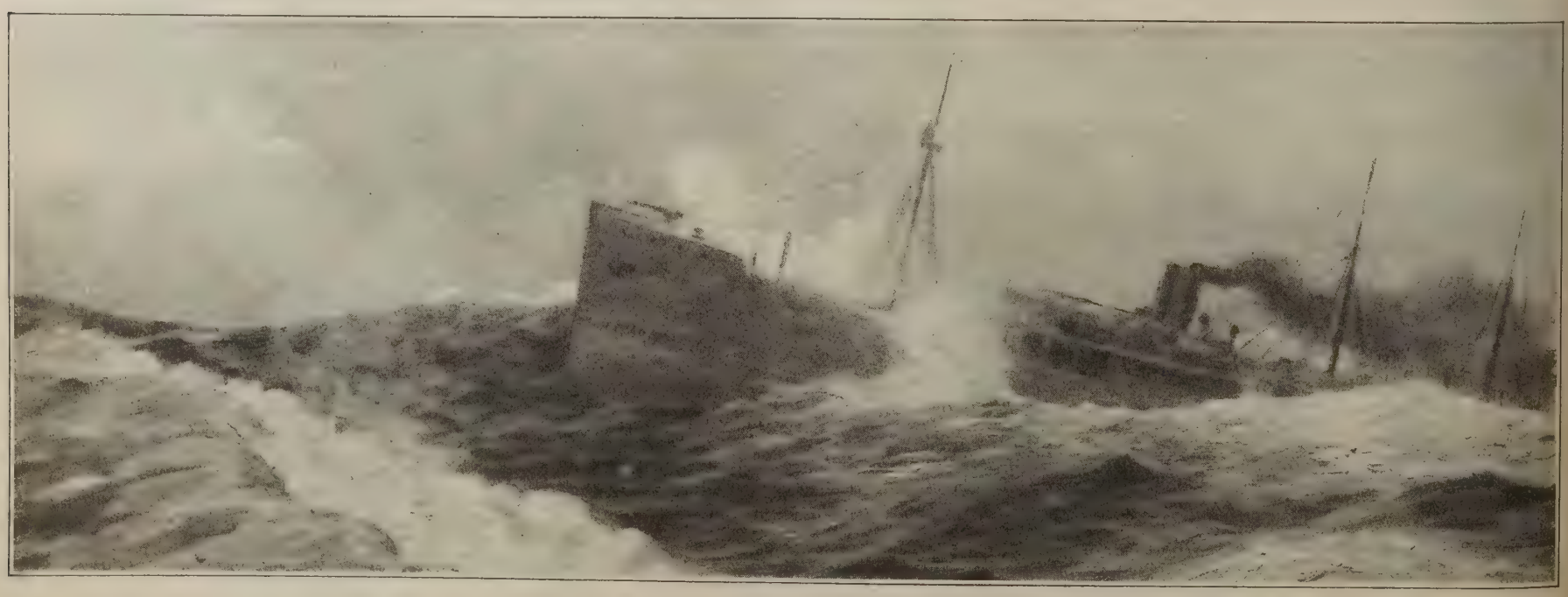
"I wish you'd get that rig for me," he said to Colonel Sluggard as they were leaving—"that gasoline gun. It has a principle or two that interests me."

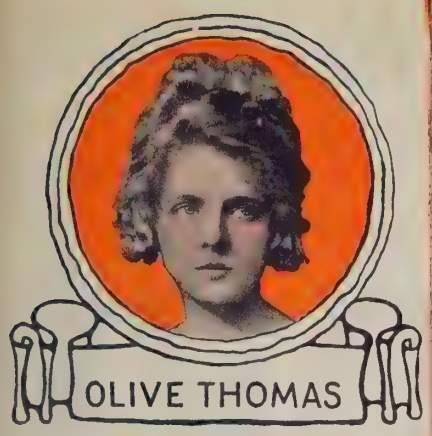
"Easiest thing in the world," the colonel replied. "I've got all the authority of the War Department back of me. You can have this steamboat if you want it."

He dispatched a deck hand, who presently returned carrying the gasoline gun. That night from a point farther down the river the assembled mechanism was shipped by express to the vice president in charge of the experimental laboratory of the Universal Arms Company.

Mr. Sam Connor discovered upon his arrival in St. Louis that his crony was working downstream at the whisky mine at Driftwood Bend. He played with the Drifter for a day or two and paid the bill which that young person had incurred, after which he determined to visit the scene of operations at the whisky mine in search of his friend Jake. On the following

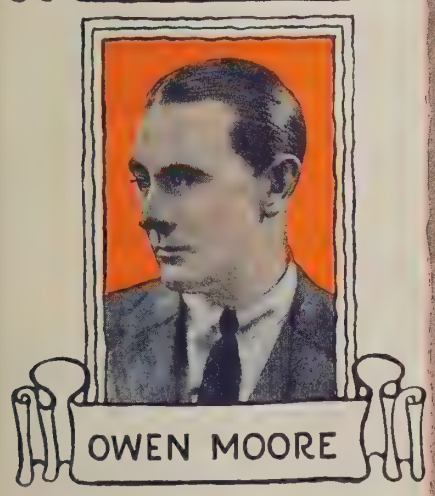
(Concluded on Page 96)




OLIVE THOMAS

EUGENE O'BRIEN

ELSIE JANIS


OWEN MOORE

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

THESE are *your* stars—not ours.

They are stars because their talent won your favor.

No one can successfully force stars upon you. We simply listen to the voice of public demand, and give you your own favorites.

And so SELZNICK PICTURES have opened the door of opportunity for many a youthful genius.

They say SELZNICK stars become famous over night. This is true only because the SELZNICK organization is close to the public, quick to recognize its wishes, and thorough in carrying them out.

By discovering your favorites and placing them in worthy productions we arrive at the secret which makes SELZNICK PICTURES create happy hours.

Lewis J. Selznick

AT THEATRES WHERE QUALITY RULES

Herbert Lewis J. Selznick WEE

"Herbert Kaufman is one of the great thought-moulders of our time—indeed I think he is the greatest."

Sir Arthur Pearson
England's great publisher and philanthropist

I am undertaking a momentous service to the American theatre and to American journalism.

I am bringing America's highest-paid and widest-read author to the screen.

I am bringing to the motion picture theatre the largest audience commanded by any living personality.

Herbert Kaufman is the one writer of our generation who has everything essential to success on the screen.

He puts an epic in a couplet. He dramatizes Opportunity. He writes prose-poems like "The Dreamers" and "The Man Who Sneered at Santa Claus"—and little things like these!—

"Take a risk or take the count."

"Some men would get in oftener if they'd get out sooner."

"Christmas gifts don't count if they aren't brought down the chimney."

"Most roosters wear their crows too long and their spurs too short."

"Herbert Kaufman entered the Great War when Belgium did—and he has been in it ever since. He dedicated his pen to the service of Democracy. No man has fought harder or longer for the cause of human right."

Frederick L. Collins
Publisher of McClure's Magazine

SHOWN AT THEATRES

Presents

Kaufman's KLY

He can cram Plato and Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mark Twain and Santa Claus and the Russian Soviet and Mary Donovan's love affair into a few reels of fast-moving, interest-attracting, attention-holding motion picture entertainment!

And that's the kind of thing he *will* do as only he can do it—in Herbert Kaufman's Weekly.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly will appear in every motion picture theatre that is fortunate enough to secure a Herbert Kaufman franchise.

To the millions of Herbert Kaufman admirers who will want to see Herbert Kaufman's Weekly—I say "Ask your theatre manager, and ask him now!"

To the thousands of exhibitors who will want to show Herbert Kaufman's Weekly—I say "See the nearest Select exchange man to-day—or wire."

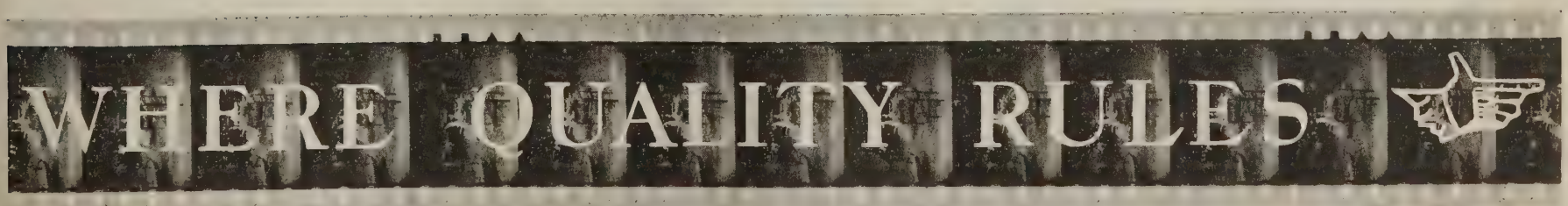
"Mr. Herbert Kaufman has been an assistant to Secretary Lane in this work [Americanization] for the last year, giving up his own business and serving the Government without price. Mr. Kaufman is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of America."

Senator Kenyon
Chairman
Committee on Education & Labor
On the floor of the Senate,
October 27, 1919

"The country should rejoice that a man of such exceptional talents and pre-eminent sympathy with all good things, as Mr. Herbert Kaufman, has undertaken to give his views through the moving picture medium."

Franklin K. Lane
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.
November 11, 1919

Jesse L. Lasky



Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Shown At Theatres

SAN FRANCISCO CALL
"Kaufman's editorials have made him famous wherever men of our speech hire or are hired. They seem to me of the finest, strongest, most helpful deliverances that have been penned 'since spoken word man's spirit stirred beyond his belly's need.'"

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT
"Sympathy with mankind in all its lowest and highest manifestations is the keynote of Mr. Kaufman's writings. He sees into the heart of the man to whom he writes. He is keen and clear eyed."

AUSTRALASIAN NATION
"He will be the pathfinder for an army of conquerors."

DULUTH HERALD
"He writes with a sword."

OTTAWA CITIZEN, CANADA
"His dynamic word has revealed the greatness of human power. * * * He has seen the sins and injustice of life and has realized the power inherent in man to conquer environment, both individually now and socially ultimately."

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS
"The spirit of America is in his pages."

CATHOLIC HERALD, LONDON
"His message is very much to the point, straight from the shoulder, epigrammatic and brilliant. * * *"

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE
"As an editorial writer of international influence, Herbert Kaufman is perhaps the greatest individual force in shaping the world thought currents of today."

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page, published simultaneously by a nation-wide chain of newspapers, including the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the New York American, the Washington Star, the Boston Herald, the Indianapolis News and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, has reached the largest audience in America.

And now—he brings this vast audience to the motion picture theatre.

"It may be doubted," says the Chicago Tribune, "if any man before him ever had so many readers in his own time."

The millions who have followed Herbert Kaufman during the past decade, subscribing to magazines and weeklies for his writings—searching through the great Sunday newspapers for his scathing indictments of social and national wrongs and his messages of inspiration and encouragement—will now find concentrated in their local theatre the full range of his unique genius.

Presented by

Where Quality Rules

Kaufman's KLY

The New Orleans Item says: "He is a man of marvelous versatility. He has been the associate and adviser of the men who captain American industry. His wide acquaintance among men of thought and accomplishment in the new and old worlds gives him a first hand knowledge of many problems that the ordinary man has not the opportunity to master."

You will find on the screen Herbert Kaufman's dynamic word-pictures living, moving and proving their statements by their irrefutable evidence of the motion picture camera.

You will find in your favorite theatre the big new thing in motion pictures—Herbert Kaufman's Weekly.

You will find "a heart as big as the world behind his pictures."

See that you see them.

See that your theatre runs them.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

"He thinks new thoughts. He sees from a new and different angle. He is not like anyone else. More than any writer I know Herbert Kaufman seems to me to have the faculty of getting under the skin of humanity."

PITTSBURG PRESS

"Herbert Kaufman, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, is known throughout both Europe and America as one of the most brilliant of living writers. He is a notable figure among the dollar-a-year men who have placed their talents and energies at the disposal of the Government."

DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS

"He writes in a spirit of splendid Optimism, very stimulating to the reader nauseated by the wretched pessimism of many of our modern philosophers."

WASHINGTON STAR

"A heart that appears to be about as big as the world is behind these pictures. And, in the making of them, there is a gift for getting this bigness out in terms of human sympathy and good cheer, a power that seizes one and either convinces him or convicts him."

BINGHAMTON PRESS

"There is the love of mankind in all of them—that is why Mr. Kaufman writes, and that is what makes his writings popular; also, it is that which makes him one of the great influences in the world."

LONDON STANDARD

"A master of epigram, a cunning weaver of words, playing with their color and rhythm, glowing, militant, courageous, energetic and red-blooded by turns, this hater of humbug, cant, idlers and cowards has leapt to the forefront in a very few years."

PORTLAND OREGONIAN

"A new King Solomon, with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson in his makeup."

LONDON ACADEMY

"As a figure, a personality, he has no living rival."

Lewis J. Selznick

729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 90)

day the pair met on the river bank near the spot where the Lily Dale had sunk.

"How come you walkin' round th' middle of December an' no overcoat on?" the mate yelled in greeting.

"Same to you, you ol' fool!"

"I'm workin'. I don't need none."

"How long you been here?"

"We've been pluggin' away f'r two months now."

"Any luck?"

The whisky miner looked long at his partner.

"Not a damn bit—an' they ain't goin' to be none. I found some of her timbers, but th' current's got th' whole thing downstream years ago."

The engineer said nothing for a little while. Finally he spoke.

"Tell that Friday of yours to round up this junk. Have it towed back to Saint Louis. You an' me starts back now."

"That's a good scheme," the mate agreed, "only ——"

"Only what?"

"How much money you got?"

The engineer looked at him.

"I've got about two dollars."

"I ain't got nuthin'."

"Well, Jake, you an' me walks to Saint Louis."

The mate returned from the shanty boat, which lay in the eddy above Driftwood Bend. He carried a bundle under one arm and on his back a roll of three blankets.

"Let's go," he said.

The two old-timers started for St. Louis.

"Christmas's only ten days away. We'll make it easy in five days. That'll give us five days to rustle some Christmas f'r th' Drifter."

Five days before Christmas the Drifter was requisitioned from the uncertain care to which he had been subjected. On the strength of an elaborate verbal report disclosing his complete failure Jake borrowed two dollars from a saloonkeeper, and an hour later the trio was established in a room on which the rent was to be paid somewhere round Christmas Day.

"You an' th' Drifter sleep in that there bed," Sam directed. "I'll make me a pallet on th' floor over here an' we'll be all set f'r th' winter campaign."

"Providin' we round up a job," the mate amended. "How long would it take you to write that book of yours again, Sammy?"

"She's done! They ain't goin' to be no book. What we needs is jobs."

They consigned the Drifter to the temporary care of the mistress of the rooming house.

"Sling an eye over him once in a while. Me an' my pardner is goin' out lookin' f'r work."

That night at nine o'clock Jake displayed a one-dollar bill as the result of his day's industry.

"I got me a easy job in a restaurant, where it's warm. All I does is wash dishes as fast as th' waiters brings 'em in."

"I can't show no money yet," Sam replied, "but I got me a job too. I'm assistant janitor in the downtown branch of th' lib'ary. All I does is lug books round ten hours a day. I guess we'll get along all right."

On the following night the mate stood swearing over the gas plate on which they cooked their meals.

"I never knowed rice would swell up so much," he complained after all the available kettles were filled with half-boiled rice. "Lug this 'ere over to that Drifter an' feed him. Mockin'-bird food is th' best thing in th' world f'r that boy. Egg chopped up with potato. Fetch me that bottle of milk. Th' lady said to give it to him warm."

He emptied one of the rice-filled kettles onto a newspaper and set the milk on the gas plate to warm.

"I got bad news f'r you, Sam," he said.

"They ain't no more bad news," the engineer replied. "Spring it."

"I was luggin' about four million plates an' saucers to th' pantry to-day in th' rest'rant when my hind leg slipped an' th' next thing I knowed I didn't have no job. I owe th' lizard four dollars f'r busted dishes yet, accordin' to him."

The engineer received the announcement without comment. Finally he spoke.

"You ain't got no edge on me. I'm as free f'm my job as a orphan jack rabbit. Th' lady boss of th' lib'ary told me I read books too much an' that I needn't come back."

The pair were silent for a little while.

"Well, they's lots more jobs," Jake finally concluded. "You 'n' me can do dang nigh anythin'."

The Drifter noted no change in his own rations, but the two old men lived until the day before Christmas on a straight rice diet.

"I bet I walked a thousand miles this mornin', Jake," the engineer reported. "They don't seem to be no work no place."

Jake at the sink was doing a small and select jag of washing. He rigged a clothesline across one corner of the room from which was presently suspended an assortment of the Drifter's clothes.

"Luck'll turn, Sammy—you never can tell. I'm goin' to feed this Drifter up now."

He poured the Drifter's milk into a pan and turned on the gas. He held a match to the burner until the match burned down.

"I guess that dang meter's run out ag'in." He searched through his pockets. "I ain't got no quarter for that gas meter neither. How much you got, Sam?" he asked.

The engineer looked up.

"Me? I got a nickel."

The mate turned and looked at the Drifter.

"Here's where you learns to drink cold milk."

He tried the burner with another match without result. He turned off the valve.

"You feed that Drifter, Sammy. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Where you goin'?" the engineer asked.

"Right now I'm goin' down th' street a little ways. Next week I'm goin' deckin' down th' river."

The mate put on his overcoat and walked from the room. The noon whistles were blowing as he reached the custom house. He lingered for a little while on the post-office steps, half expecting to see some acquaintance of his river days. He walked into the post office.

"Might be some more of them official letters for Sammy or somethin'," he said half aloud.

At the general-delivery window he asked for Mr. Connor's mail. The clerk handed him two long envelopes.

"Some more o' that civil-service stuff. More trouble breakin' loose f'm th' Guv'ment than it is to get a job."

He put the letters in his pocket and walked out of the post office.

He entered the Panama Loan Office with his overcoat tightly buttoned round him. Emerging therefrom five minutes later he was not wearing the overcoat. He rapidly retraced his steps toward the room in which Sam and the Drifter waited for him.

"I never seed so many people in my life on th' street," he mused. "It sure is crimpy Christmas weather."

A sign in the window of Feingelt's Toy Emporium attracted his attention. "Boy Wanted," he read.

"Anythin' a boy can do, I can do." He shouldered his way through the crowd into the store.

"Who hires these here boys?" he said to one of the clerks.

The clerk directed him to a sleek-looking nonentity who in turn pointed out the business office in one corner of the store.

"See Mr. Feingelt himself."

Ordinarily the old man's application would have received no attention whatever, but on this day of commercial stress Mr. Feingelt welcomed him.

"At one o'clock come back and you go to work. Two dollars the wages is for this afternoon and evening. We close at nine o'clock to-night—mebbe."

"Two dollars—that'll be Christmas f'r th' Drifter."

The mate hurried back to the room where his partners waited for him.

"I got a job!" he announced. He drew his clenched hand from the side pocket of his coat. "An' here's a dollar."

The engineer looked at him.

"Jakie, what've you done with y'r overcoat?"

"Never mind about th' overcoat," the mate answered. "I've got me a job in a toy store, workin' till nine o'clock to-night."

He suddenly remembered the two letters and began pawing through his coat, half afraid that he had left them in the overcoat at the Panama Loan Office. Relieved at finding them, he tossed them on the bed.

"Here's a couple of them dang civil-service things f'r you. To-night we eats hearty. I'm goin' to work."

The mate walked hastily from the room and headed toward his new job. For a little while the engineer looked at the silver dollar which lay in his hand. Then he addressed the Drifter.

"I guess you gets all the mockin'-bird food you want to-day, Drifter," he said. "Leave it to that red-headed ol' devil of a mate. I guess mebbe now you can have y'r milk warmed f'r you."

He walked downstairs to get the dollar changed so that he might feed a quarter to the hungry gas meter. He returned, and presently the Drifter was working overtime on his midday meal.

"Eat hearty, Drifter, you've got to grow up six foot high."

After the child had eaten, the engineer lay down on the bed.

"I'm tired. I think I'll take me a nap."

The two letters on the bed attracted his attention. He opened the first one.

"Another one of them dang Form 41," he said. "'Color, age, sex, previous condition of servitude. Married or single. Sign here.' T'hell with you!"

He threw the enclosed documents on the floor and opened the second letter. Halfway through it his old head bobbed forward. He laid the letter carefully under the pillow and got upon his feet. He walked over to the sink and washed his face with great deliberation. He walked over to the Drifter.

"Hit me in th' head, Drifter."

The Drifter smiled at him.

The engineer returned to the sink and held his head under the cold water which ran from the faucet.

"Drunk or dreamin'."

He dried his face slowly on a brunette towel and retrieved the letter from its resting place under the pillow. He read it again and then folded it up carefully and placed it in the inside compartment of his flabby pocketbook.

"Stick here, Drifter," he said. "I'll be back before long, pardner." His voice was unsteady. "Use y'r eyes, Drifter, whilst I'm gone. You might not see this place again after I get back."

At nine o'clock that night the mate left Feingelt's Toy Emporium. Under his arm he carried a small package. He made his way to the room in which the trio lived. The room was dark when he opened the door.

"How come you doused th' glim, Sammy?" he called into the darkness. "It's Christmas Eve. Let's light up."

He struck a match and held it to the gas jet. He placed the package upon the rickety bureau which stood against the wall. He looked about the room. It was empty. For a moment the absence of his two companions unsteadied him. He sat down.

"Walkin' him round, mebbe. Pretty dang cold f'r a walk."

And then in the hallway he heard the step of the engineer. A moment later the pair met.

"Where's th' Drifter?" the mate began. "Where th' hell ——"

"Keep y'r eyes open an' walk six blocks with me," Sam said.

"Where we goin'?"

"Never mind where we're goin'. Come on with me. I been lookin' f'r you in all th' dang toy stores in town."

The mate picked the package from the bureau and the two old men walked into the night. At Fourth Street they turned south and presently they stood at the entrance of the Planters Hotel.

"Come on in here," the engineer said. "It's Christmas Eve. We're goin' to hoist one drink."

"Let's find th' Drifter first."

"Never mind th' Drifter. Come in here, you ol' fool, an' don't ask no questions."

Together they walked into the great hotel.

"Th' bar's this way, Sammy," the mate interposed as the engineer started toward the elevators.

"Follow my wake," the engineer dictated.

Presently on the third floor they stood before the elaborate panels of an unnumbered door. The engineer opened it.

"Go in, Jakie," he said. "You're home now. This here's what they calls th' royal suite." His voice was unsteady. "Th' Drifter's inside—where all th' rest of th' kings lives when they lands here."

The Drifter at that moment was providing entertainment for two negro servants and a maid.

"This here saddle-colored nigger's yours, Jake," the engineer said. "That triflin' wildcat's mine. That there white lady's th' Drifter's nurse. They's a cook an' a waiter hangin' round here some place. Come on with me until I show you y'r stateroom."

He led the way to a parlor which opened from the great reception room. The mate, silent, followed slowly after him.

"Sammy, round up that drink before I falls over."

The engineer walked to a table which sat against the wall of the room. On it were decanters and an array of crystal glasses. He lifted one of the decanters.

"This here stuff's older'n th' cargo of th' Lily Dale that sunk at Driftwood Bend."

The mate sat down. The package which he had been carrying under his arm fell unnoticed to the floor.

"Drunk or dreamin', Sammy? What's this here mean?"

One of the negro servants entered.

"Professuh at de do' fo' Marse Jake," he announced.

The mate looked up in surprise.

"Tell him to heave in here next week sometime," the engineer ordered. He turned to the mate. "I got a college professor hired for you, Jake, at twenty dollars a hour to teach you how to write y'r name."

He reached into his pocket and produced a check book, which he handed to the mate.

"Whenever you wants money all you has to do is write how much in this book an' sign y'r name."

"Drunk or dreamin'?" the mate repeated. "What'n hell's this, Sammy?"

A man appeared at the door.

"Dinner is served, gentlemen," he announced.

"Never mind what she means, Jakie. Let's eat."

Accumulating the Drifter en route, the pair walked across the great reception hall and entered the dining room. After the three were seated at the dinner table the engineer reached into his pocket and produced a letter.

"Makin' it short, Jakie, this here letter says: 'Six hundred thousand automatic rifles f'r th' British Gov'ment'—an' you an' me draws two dollars royalty on each one of 'em."

Across the table the mate looked at the Drifter and batted his eyes.

"That's more'n I can figger. How much is she?"

"They was a ten per cent check in that letter an' if we work at this Christmas business a month there'll still be more'n a hundred thousand dollars left out of the first check. They're payin' us f'r th' guts of that gasoline gun I rigged up on th' Gilmore."

The mate sat silent, looking down at his plate.

"Go ahead an' eat," the engineer finally said. "What's pesterin' you? Does you miss th' rice?"

The mate looked up at him.

"I left th' gaslight burnin' back in th' room, Sammy, an' I've been thinkin' about it."

The Drifter's nurse entered carrying a small steamboat and a gaily painted locomotive.

"From the package which you dropped, sir," she said to the mate.

He took the toys and handed them to the Drifter.

"At Feingelt's I rounded these here up. It's Christmas Eve an' I figgered th' Drifter would need toys more'n we'd need grub."

The Drifter banged the engine down on the table and broke his plate into a dozen pieces.

"Reg'lar young hell raiser already."

The old men looked at each other.

"It's his bedtime now, Sammy," the mate said.

The nurse took the child away and after a little while where kings and presidents had snored the Drifter smiled and fell asleep.

At midnight one of the negro servants confidentially informed Mr. Sam Connor that his bath was ready.

"Leave us alone!" that gentleman ordered. "Git away f'm me before I kills you! Me an' my pardner had a bath a year ago to-day—when we fished th' Drifter out of th' Mississip'."

A moment later the bells of the city rang forth their promise of the day.

"Christmas!"

The engineer looked toward his companion, who was sogged down in a great leather chair.

"Not bein' a drinkin' man, Jakie, this is the last one I hoists to-night. To you an' th' Drifter—Merry Christmas!"

FOR THIS BOY!

WE want a name for this lovable boy—a good name—because hereafter he is going to smile out at innumerable folks from innumerable places. It is our hope that he will become an intimate friend of millions of Americans, so familiar to them that whenever they see him and his infectious smile they will feel like saying: "Hello there, I know you." We are sending him out into the world to represent LEE and to stand for the *best in work clothing*. Therefore, we want a bright, happy, easily remembered name that will exactly fit his engaging personality and help make him the national figure we intend him to be.

$500 In Prizes

So we ask you to help us. We have decided to offer three prizes—$250 first; $150 second; $100 third, all in cash—for the best suggestions. All names must be in before February 15th and the announcement of the winner will be made as soon thereafter as the judges can make a decision. In the event two or more persons submit a winning name the full amount of the prize, $250, $150 or $100, as the case may be, will be awarded to all persons submitting that name.

UNION-ALLS—A Trade-Marked Name

Most people know already that LEE stands for the *highest quality in work clothing*. Since our national advertising began a great many million have learned by experience that LEE UNION-ALLS have established a new standard in the manufacture of work clothing and that the one and only suit of UNION-ALLS is manufactured exclusively by LEE. However, many people are still being deceived by representations that other one-piece garments are UNION-ALLS. We insist that the unfair advantage thus taken of our advertising and the reputation of our garment must be stopped. UNION-ALLS is a trade-marked name which is owned by this company alone. No one-piece work suit can be UNION-ALLS unless it is a LEE. To be sure you are getting the genuine suit see that the full name, LEE UNION-ALLS, is embossed on the buttons and printed on the neck label.

Remember the *best* in work clothing is the *most economical*. When you see the name LEE on a work garment, you may know instinctively it is the *best* both in quality of material and care in workmanship. Always insist on a LEE.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.

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Lee Union-Alls
Not genuine UNION-ALLS unless this design is embossed on the buttons. Look for it. Remember there is only one suit of UNION-ALLS, the LEE

Send all suggestions to THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.,
Kansas City, Missouri *Contest Department A*

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN ON POLITICS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Let me rush to the defense, not of those who retain me, but of Thornton's proposition," Atchinson said. "Every undertaking, individual or collective—especially government—has two distinct sides: Determination of policy and execution of policy. There has been much agitation against the corporations, but the criticism has been directed against their policy—not against the efficiency of their organization. They are charged with adopting policies hurtful to the general public—the non-stockholders. Much of this criticism is deserved. I know something about that from my own practice. But there is another side to corporation work—administrative and executive. Men like Thornton haven't had to determine policies, they have carried them out. Whether you think the policies of the corporations have been generally good or bad, you must admit that the standard of efficient operation which they have developed is immensely higher than that of the Government—the point, I think, of Thornton's argument."

"Yes, thanks," Thornton took up his discourse. "We have a democratic system that puts control of policy in the hands of the electorate. The man who wants to improve the Government has two fields of activity. One is to improve the policy by educating the electorate. The other—the one I'm interested in—is to improve the organization so that after the vote is cast its decision can be smoothly carried out. I'm not a political philosopher. I don't know what the voters want or what they ought to want, but I know that we haven't any adequate machinery to find out and that if we knew it would not matter much. There is no doubt in my mind that the shareholders—in England and France and Italy as much as here—wanted to win this war. But our governments were so ineffectually organized that we came unpleasantly near losing.

"The Germans weren't so foolish as some people pretend. They had studied our peacetime governments and knew that their own machine was more efficient. Their theory was all right. They ought to have won, except for one thing—they did not figure on civilian brains. What defeated the Germans was that in the democratic countries thousands of men from industrial life jumped in and pulled the soldiers and politicians through. The real turning point of the war was when Lloyd George tore open the War Office in London and created the Ministry of Munitions with civilian brains—put the war on a business basis."

Pros and Cons of Competition

"We've been fighting to make the world safe for democracy—well, let's make our democracy modern, efficient, businesslike. Because our Government is freer than the Germans' is no excuse for antiquated methods, bungling, muddling administration. Be as democratic as possible in working out a policy for the nation and then let's insist that the governmental machine be tuned up to the very highest degree of efficient organization that our American brains can devise. And above all—just because some of the corporations have a black eye—don't ignore the lessons which are taught by industry.

"There's a constant struggle for existence in business, competition, fierce, ruthless, uncontrolled—altogether too much of it. Progressive business is eliminating competition where it is wasteful. But competition has kept our corporation practice on its toes. A company that is poorly organized, that is inefficient, goes under. Some people have tried forms which were too radical and have blown up, some have been too conservative and have dried up. Our business organization keeps changing, evolving under this pressure.

"Change, evolution, growth is the only form of life. Nobody outside of politics believes in the status quo. There hasn't been any competition at Washington forcing the Government to evolve and grow, to adapt itself rapidly to new conditions. There has been some change of course, but no pressing necessity to keep in step with the times. In general things have stayed still, untouched, uninspired by the amazing progress we have made in the real world.

"There is infinite variety in the organization of our other collective enterprises—charities, country clubs, stock companies. A comparative study of them all would show certain things which are fundamental to all success. Cost accounting has proved its worth and is becoming universal. In industry there must be close intercourse between the executive office and the policy-forming board of directors. Above all, a successful corporation must have coördination, clear-cut division of labor, definite responsibility.

"These are a few concrete lessons which men have learned in the ordinary work of the world. The Government has heeded none of them. No budget, a most cumbersome and confusing system of bookkeeping—in this America is far behind most European governments. No coördination—the President is hardly on speaking terms with Congress. No sharp division of function, no fixed responsibility."

Perverting a Good Idea

"If I may interrupt once more," Atchinson said, "I'd like to call your attention to another matter. One of the most exasperating things which men from business life encounter in Washington is the civil-service system. Like much else in the Government, it is a good idea gone wrong. A generation ago the spoils system was the rule. Every public servant was thrown out when a new party came in. It could not have been much worse. The reformers proposed a merit system. In the end they won, but how did their ideas work out? Appointment on the basis of competitive examinations, permanent tenure of office, promotion by rote, the seniority rule. Certainly it is better than the spoils system, but there is another standard of comparison. Private business is also interested in personnel problems—getting the right man for each place. Active corporations are doing a great deal to develop their personnels, giving careful study to the problem of recruiting and training. Business men have learned that it pays to have quick promotion to reward merit and a quicker way of getting rid of the unfit. There is all the difference between fat dividends and bankruptcy in the personnel system adopted. But the mere suggestion that a big corporation should accept the civil service regulations to meet this problem is laughable. We know it wouldn't work."

"You are my star witness," Thornton said. "We all know that an organization which does not offer quick promotion to a good man is dead. Wander round the government departments in Washington and see if you would like to have a son of yours enter the civil service. The good jobs on top don't go to the men who have worked up in the service by their own ability. Promotion depends on the death rate of those above you, not on merit. The seniority rule takes all the snap and go out of the job.

"The minute war is declared the Army drops the seniority rule. That Frenchman I told you about said that the biggest one thing Joffre did for victory was the way he cleaned out the peacetime accumulation of deadwood in their army. In the weeks between the outbreak of war and the Battle of the Marne the average age of generals commanding French army corps went down ten years.

"The seniority rule is tolerable in an army during peace, but they drop it automatically when they go into action. The other departments are supposed to be on active service all the time. Why smother the good men in the Bureau of Mines, in the Land Office, in the Department of Agriculture, by a rule which won't work in an active army, which would ruin any industrial enterprise?

"The idea of civil-service reform is good—we must have a merit system. But the people who worked out the regulations wouldn't take lessons from private business—where men have to solve the problem or go broke.

"As I said, our first reaction to these conditions was to get good men into Congress. A lot of us were ready to lay aside our regular jobs and do it ourselves—throw out the old board of directors and get a good one. Yes, dozens of men like us decided to go on being citizens after the peace was signed. You'd be surprised at all the men I could name—big men—who talked of running for Congress at first. It did not look like a hard job to smooth out these maladjustments, to get the machine tuned up and running efficiently—improve the layout of the whole plant as Cross was doing on his job. But when we got better acquainted with Washington we changed our minds. Sooner or later we got past the executive offices and had to go up to Capitol Hill. What we found up there wasn't like any board of directors we had ever worked for. We saw there was no chance for us in Congress—the way it is run now. The trouble isn't in the men who are elected, but in the way the machine is organized.

"I had quite a lot to do with Congress. The bill which started us going had a flaw in it—more than one. And by the way, Atchinson, did you ever notice how many congressional bills do have flaws? What would happen to you, as a corporation lawyer, if you didn't know how to draw up a document that would hold water? You'd starve. But in Congress nobody gets excited over a little flaw—no matter how much it costs the good people. The bill on which our organization was founded told us just what Congress wanted us to do, but in several important details it did not give us the authority to do it. We did not want Congress to change its mind or reverse its policy. In that case, they might have been right and we wrong. No. All we wanted was the necessary amendments to allow us to go ahead and do what they had explicitly told us to do. It looked simple.

"But it wasn't. We were in the blackest days of the war, when every delay meant more graves in France. But unless you've been up against it you can't realize what a cumbersome, effort-wasting machine Congress is. There wasn't any opposition to the amendments we proposed, but getting them through was the most wearisome and sickening experience I have ever had.

"The thing interested me and I looked up an old college friend who was in Congress. We'd been pretty close in the old days and he talked frankly, almost cynically, about how he had been taken captive. He had no illusions left about the noble game of politics. He had come to Washington full of ideals—the kind of thing the folks back home expected of him. And the first thing he had learned was that a congressman doesn't begin to count till he's been reëlected half a dozen times.

"'No sensible constituency,' he said, 'will go on reëlecting a man unless he delivers some goods and the only way for a youngster to get a smell of the goods is to play the game.'

"He had wasted ten years in Congress already. If he could get elected again he would be in line for an important committee post."

Too Much Hand Washing

"Do you suppose that the most capable financiers in Congress are on the Finance Committee—or real farmers drafting bills on Agriculture—men who know about ships on the Naval Committee? No! The seniority rule prevents that. It is just as pernicious in Congress as in the civil service. Ability to get yourself reëlected is the only merit test on Capitol Hill.

"When we began to realize—my friends and I—what the chances were against our drawing committees where we could do real work if we did get ourselves elected we gave up the idea of running for Congress. Life's too short. There's nothing in Congress for anyone but the professional politician, who thinks that getting himself reëlected is the chief end of man. The really capable men in this country—the kind who inevitably work up in regular life—throw themselves away if they go to Congress. Real live men won't stand for the seniority rule."

"Certainly, we must work out a real merit system for Congress," Atchinson said. "That is a first step. But we will have to go much farther than any mere change in congressional rules. The whole idea of the Government is out of touch with the times. The system was worked out on the eighteenth-century theory of checks and balances, which grew from fear of tyrants—the idea that the best government was the one that governed least. And so for every way of doing a thing they invented seventeen ways of not doing it. There are too many little wash basins round Washington where anyone can wash his hands of all responsibility."

"Remember the paragraph about prohibition in the President's message from Paris to the new Congress," Thornton asked—"trying to pass the buck to the Republicans? And do you remember how quick they were to pass it back? It would be good farce on the stage. It would bankrupt business. It's the ordinary practice of politics.

"You've all heard stories of departmental jealousies down at Washington. In times of peace they mean waste and inefficiency. During the war they were tragic—worse than any scandals. There isn't any undue amount of friendship in business. Everyone wants to be chief, no one loves the man who stands in his way. We'd all like to see sudden death overtake some of our business associates. But outside of politics—in the real world—a man is a dead one if he gets the name of an intriguer, if he's willing to double-cross the concern just to put his rival in bad. But that's the way to succeed in Washington."

More Checks Than Balances

"You can't find in any successful corporation," Atchinson took up the indictment, "a counterpart to the position of a cabinet member. His job is ill defined. He's always in jurisdiction disputes with his colleagues. Other departments overlap with his on every side. His relation to Congress is grotesque. Any senator can introduce a bill that would destroy his work and he cannot go to the Senate to oppose it—at best, he may have a chance to put his case before a committee.

"His relation to his subordinates is just as grotesque. He cannot discharge them—they are protected by civil service—and so has no real control over them. The politics among the permanent employees is a constant trouble. The jealousies within the departments are even worse than those between them. The secretary can give orders, but he cannot enforce them—there are too many pigeonholes. I know of one case from my own experience where there was a direct order from the President, approved and initialed by the secretary, but the department employees disapproved. They sabotaged, and after two weeks' fruitless struggle to overcome this internal friction it was decided to change the plan. In another case a project approved by a secretary was defeated by the permanent employees of his department which should have put it through and it was transferred to another department, where it succeeded. A great many people dislike Daniels, but he is to be congratulated on the way he broke up the cliques in the Navy. Most of the cabinet are nearly helpless in the hands of the permanent organizations.

"Or take the position of the President. Wilson has talked more to Congress than his predecessors, but no corporation could do business if its executive was so cut off from the policy-forming body. The constitutional theory of three coördinate and independent branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judiciary—has broken down. Whether you're pleased with the process or not, whether or not you like our recent Presidents, it is evident that the executive has encroached on the functions of the legislative body. Congress doesn't determine policy any more. At best it is little more than a rubber stamp—at worst a stone wall of obstruction. If it will not authorize the President to do what he wants to he appeals to the people and either gets his way or the machine is stalled. Congress cannot force him to carry out a policy he doesn't like. The balances have disappeared—if they ever existed—but the checks remain."

"The fight over the Food Administration was typical," Thornton said. "The President wanted Hoover. Congress didn't. There was instinctive common sense in their opposition—it was self-defense. Turning a man like Hoover loose in Washington was like Mark Twain's story of the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. The old-line politicians signed their death warrants when they were forced to give in and let us outsiders take their jobs. It was a sharp conflict over a matter of important policy. The executive was stronger and overrode the legislative branch. Congress couldn't determine policy.

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"If we want ordinary efficiency in our overnment we must redefine all these re-tions. Now we have an obscure, sticky, ›ider web—a lot of semi-independent and ›alous organs without coördination and ›o clear-cut responsibilities. It's no won-›r the machine doesn't work well. It would › a miracle if it did.

"We've had several generations of busi-ess experience—since the Constitution as adopted—when everyone except the oliticians was learning things about how › run big organizations. And the impor-ant thing is that during the war we had a ance to demonstrate that business meth-ds can be applied to the problems of gov-rnment. Before the war my argument ould have been purely theoretical—busi-ess methods tested out in the competitive ruggle of industry ought to be better than ld-fashioned unprogressive political meth-ds. But it isn't a theory any more—we've roved that they were better."

The Punctured Balloon

"There had always been a big bluff about tatecraft being mystic and very different rom the jobs regular fellows had to handle. Vell, the war punctured that balloon—let ut the hot air. The government machine as so inadequate that we, rank outsiders, ere asked to help. We had to tackle these ysterious problems of statecraft and ound that they weren't any different from ur ordinary day's work. The War Trade oard—regular fellows we'd done business ith for years—took hold of problems a lot ore difficult than peacetime tariff and olved them in a quick, efficient, business-ke way. The Food Administration cut ircles round the Departments of Agricul-ure and Commerce—showed them tricks hey had never dreamed of. Men from rivate factories showed ordnance officers nd naval architects how to turn out big uns in quantity and fabricate ships. We ho weren't supposed to understand taught hem how their jobs should be done—beat hem at their own game. It wasn't a differ-nce of brains or of patriotism; it was a ifference of system, of epochs—the twen-ieth century against the eighteenth. And he important thing is that it was a public emonstration. All the world could see it.

"At last we have a standard with which o compare the government machine. A ood many thousand American citizens—hareholders in the concern—had the hance to see the two systems side by side t work on the same problems—eighteenth-entury political methods and modern usiness enterprise. No one could be so lense as to miss the contrast.

"Take the Food Administration—and here are other examples just as good. Food was needed to win the war. Nobody eriously thought of giving the job to the Department of Agriculture. A full-sized American—a man of business training—was needed. I doubt if Hoover knew a dozen senators by sight. But he knew how corporations plan and carry through big work and had a sense of organization.

"He didn't need any marble palace for his job. They put up a stucco shack where men could take off their coats and go to it. The minute you entered the door you knew it was a live-wire concern. You did not waste hours trying to locate a man with authority and responsibility to deal with your business. You found your man easily, he knew his job, he wasn't afraid to commit himself. He didn't consult precedent to discover a way not to do it. There weren't any waste motions—things went ahead with snap and precision. Of course it was a tremendous—an impressive—success.

"Then Mister American Citizen tries to do business with one of the old departments—or worse still, with Congress. He got all tired out and exasperated telling his troubles to a lot of two-thousand-dollar clerks who weren't interested and couldn't decide anything if they were. The man with authority was always 'in conference.' It didn't do much good to make appointments—they were seldom kept. The only thing to do was to locate your man and then sit on his doorstep and waylay him. Mister American Citizen couldn't help seeing the contrast and he's been thinking about it ever since.

"Everybody is talking about reconstruction these days. Our antique political system is coming in for its share. The Government—the kind of men who run it, the way they run it—has lost prestige. The old bluff is called. From the standpoint of corporation practice, or compared with the way the ordinary citizen runs his Masonic lodge or his trade union, the present system—with its fool seniority rules and its tangled responsibilities—is impossible.

"Have you noticed what's happening to the church? You would naturally expect churchmen to be set in their ways—conservative. But they've watched the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. during the war and they've learned the lesson. A clergyman—who didn't wear a clerical collar—came into my office the other day and talked for half an hour about this interchurch world movement. He interested me. And he wouldn't be satisfied with a check. He wanted me to work for them, said they were looking for my kind of brains and experience. They wanted to put the church on an efficient, business basis.

"Well, the Government must wake up and get on board the twentieth century too. If they don't start it themselves, we who call ourselves citizens must keep on the job till we force them to. We must make Congress attractive to the best men in the country."

Quick Methods Needed

"But as Atchinson says, putting Congress on a working basis is only a beginning. The executive must be in closer touch with the legislative body. Occasional presidential messages are not enough. The head of every department should have a congressional secretary in constant attendance on Capitol Hill. If the Capitol and the White House can't agree there ought to be some quick way to let the nation decide. The people—the shareholders—should have the machinery either to force Congress to support the president or to fire him. It is ridiculous to let the responsibility tumble into the ditch between them. All possibility of a deadlock—like the row between the Senate and the President on the Peace Treaty—should be eliminated. The appeal to the electorate should be regulated and organized. There is no way now for them to decide—and it's their country. There is no machinery by which they can stop the wrangle. It's absurd."

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" a white-haired gentleman broke in as Thornton's voice fell. "How this reminds me of my youth! How often I have heard such talk before! Your civil-service reform—which you now want to tear up—I was enthusiastic about that myself once upon a time. I've seen so many hopeful young people start out to set the River of Corruption on fire. But the boating is still good on that stream.

"Reformers—like all Gaul—are divided into three parts. One crowd is going to bring in the millennium by getting good men elected. Another crowd is going to pass some good laws. The third are going to change human nature.

"The first crowd get themselves elected—they either drop out in discouragement or cease to be good. The second get their laws on the statute books and the ones with kick in them—the real reforms—are declared unconstitutional. The third crowd are the only ones with the right idea—they fail."

Thornton smiled with a large indulgence at this pessimism.

"I'm not talking about the millennium. All I'm interested in is evolution and progress. I'm not proposing any perfection. I never saw anything yet that couldn't be bettered. My standard of comparison is modern corporation practice, and nobody pretends that's perfect. Out of the hurly-burly struggle for existence in industry we have learned some definite lessons in effective organization. All I ask is that the Government shall not lag too far behind the procession. The only ideal in corporation practice is growth—constant adaptation to new circumstances. In the regular life of the community every organization which isn't changing, experimenting, evolving—all the time on the lookout for the better form—is dead. It's only in politics that we encounter this pre-Darwinian idea of immutability."

Heresy as a Job

"Our projects don't require any change in human nature. We want alterations made according to human specifications—not away from them. You'd have to change human nature with a vengeance to make our present political machine—all muffled up in the grave clothes of two centuries ago—do the work of this generation. The old-line politicians, the stand-patters, are the impractical visionaries.

"We're not proposing untried reforms. We've seen them work. A lot of people have seen them in operation. This is the new and decisive element in the situation. Down in Washington during the war a lot of ordinary business men—not angels or miracle workers, just the regular product of our industrial life—were put to work on the business of government, were given the chance to demonstrate their methods. You know how we made things hum. We don't claim to have been any more patriotic than the others. We had business training, a sense of modern organization. If we hadn't been good at these things we would never have succeeded at our own professions. The fatal comparison—the deadly parallel—was made; on one side order, large powers, quick smooth action, precise responsibilities—results; on the other side routine instead of order—and the war wasn't a routine job—red tape and debate instead of action.

"What was needed was the environment of competitive struggle round Capitol Hill. We put it there. Without intending to, by just doing our jobs in the regular way, we made the comparison.

"I'm not interested in one political party as against another or in the choice of candidates. I don't think the mass of the people are—the way they used to be. The old slogans and burning issues are dead. Everybody's bored by the old political wrangle. We've got to make a new issue—a conflict, a struggle for existence, between two systems, two epochs, two ways of doing things."

"What's the answer?" one of the younger men asked—"a new party?"

Thornton made a broad gesture of impatience.

"That would be playing the game according to the old rules. That would be orthodox—and our job's heresy. We don't want a new hierarchy—ward heelers, district leaders, a national committee. That was Roosevelt's game—the professional politician trying to reform politics. To start that again would be a futile waste of time. No! We must force them to accept new rules.

"How are we going to do it? I can only tell you my idea—apply to politics the tried-and-tested methods of successful business. There's no axiom of business more generally accepted than 'It pays to advertise.' I believe in publicity. The first step in company reorganizations is to educate the shareholders. First of all, we'll have to sell this idea to the public. There are a dozen ways to go at it—perhaps a newspaper, perhaps ordinary press-agent methods in the regular press, pamphlets, lectures—the Chautauqua circuit. But the idea will sell itself. All that's necessary is to state the issue clearly—the old political methods versus modern efficiency. I tell you, the people are sick of the old game.

"Don't get the idea," he went on, "that I'm speaking for an organization. There isn't any. I'm just unloading my personal opinions. But if there are no organizations yet pushing these ideas, there is a tendency that way—just waiting for leadership. When it does organize—as I hope it will, as I am sure it will—it will surprise everyone by its strength. It will smash the old political machines to pieces—scrap them. And we'll put in a new plant. I'll throw up my job once more and go to it if I see a chance to help, and I know a lot of dollar-a-year men who think just the same and will be just as quick to drop every private interest and try to modernize the organization of government—put a little efficiency into the conduct of public affairs.

"All over the country there are people who never were really citizens before the war. They were too busy with their own jobs to worry about the *res publica*. Then one day the bugles blew and they stepped up to enlist. Most of them went into uniform, but those who had to stay at home did their work as state food administrators, district fuel controllers, on draft boards, for the Council of National Defense, as Red Cross organizers, four-minute men, Liberty Loan boosters, canteen workers—housewives trying to persuade the good man that he liked corn meal just as much as white flour."

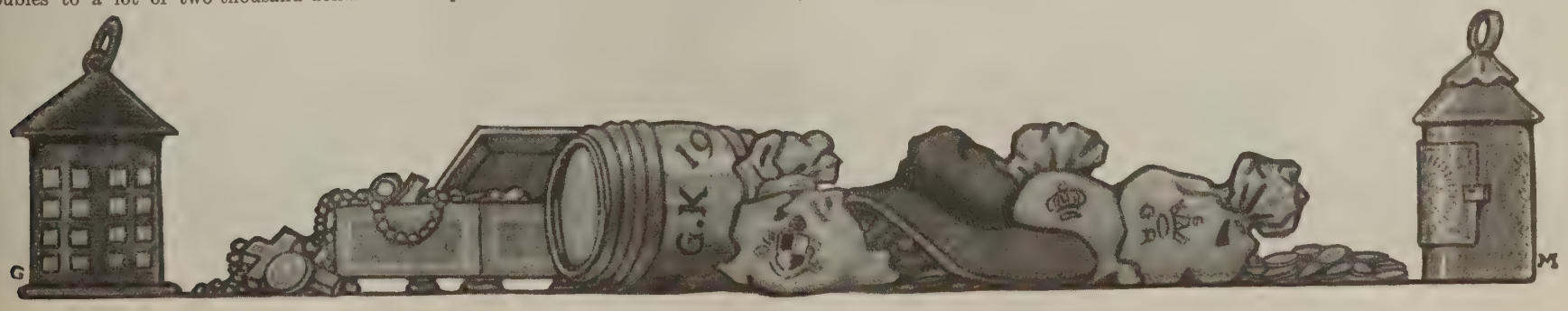
Dividends for All

"Men and women by the million have been giving their services to the nation. They've become citizens—and like the feeling. More or less clearly they have seen that it won't do to trust public affairs to the regular politicians—they weren't getting good service from them. They realize the inefficiency of the old political machine. They've compared it unfavorably with the way they do things in private life. They've seen business men doing public work—without any front, in a way they are used to and can understand—a whole lot better than the politicians ever did. A good many of them have been doing it themselves."

Someone looked at the clock and found it was dinnertime.

"It's like snatching pennies from a child," Thornton said cheerfully as he got up. "Talk about the blind leading the blind! There aren't a dozen of the old-line politicians who have their eyes open to what has happened to the country. Their old monopoly of statesmanship is broken, their prestige is gone. Next Fourth of July the man who is asked to read the Declaration of Independence on the village green won't be a senator or governor—anybody who draws a salary for serving his country—but some boy who left a leg or an arm in France. The man who is listened to in discussions of government will be one of the fellows who threw up his job or let his business go to pot and jumped in to pull the country through when the politicians fell down on the job.

"That's where they're blind, up on Capitol Hill. They think all these returned soldiers, all these dollar-a-year men, all these millions of people who were turned into citizens by the war, are going to return to their private jobs and let the politicians run the public affairs the way they used to. I don't know a single one of my friends who did their share—in khaki or in their regular clothes—who feels that way about it. No! We're going to stick to our citizenship. We're going to reorganize this country so that every shareholder will get his dividends."



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UNITED

ALLIED PENETRATION IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 13)

goods for the purpose of filling orders abroad than to lose neutral markets altogether.

It is proposed to employ the clearing house as a sort of exchange. England will buy German goods both for home consumption and for export, but with the understanding that every pound sterling employed must in turn be spent by Germany for British-made goods. Thus England gets two advantages while the German gets only one.

Long before the clearing-house idea developed, however, England was buying goods in Germany. At Cologne I picked up a copy of the memorandum issued by the British Customs concerning the marking of foreign merchandise imported into Great Britain for home use. The significant feature of these instructions is that German-made goods, for example, need not necessarily be marked "Made in Germany."

Section One reads as follows:

"Foreign goods imported into the United Kingdom which do not bear any marks whatever, either on the goods themselves or on the packages or wrappers containing them, are not required to bear any qualifying statement or indication, such as 'Made abroad,' 'Made in Japan,'" and so on.

Thus under this provision German-manufactured merchandise can go into England without bearing the one-time brand "Made in Germany." Of course Germany loses what might be called her national advertising because of the absence of any indication of origin. On the other hand Germany just now is not concerned with advertising her name. It is not a strong selling point.

Her main object is to plant goods wherever they can be planted.

What is England buying and selling in Germany? The imports and exports during my stay at Cologne will illustrate. England was sending Germany cotton, fibers, hemp, hides, rubber, woolen cloth, rice, cinnamon, tapioca, ginger, nutmeg, pepper, toilet and household soap, wearing apparel, paint, candles, starch, carpets, woolen traveling rugs and cotton lace. From Germany she was receiving furs, china and earthenware, sundry articles of metal manufacture, bristles and wood pulp.

This list of German imports covers only a small fraction of the German needs. German shelves and German warehouses are bare, and for some time to come the country will be obliged to buy almost every necessity. Beggars are not generally choosers and she will undoubtedly be glad to accept anything that comes her way.

British Capital Wanted

When I was in Germany more than ten million dollars' worth of British goods were congesting the docks at Cologne because of the inability of the Germans to pay for them with the mark at its present low value. Between the time these goods were ordered and the date of their arrival in Germany the mark had dropped thirty per cent. This mark problem, however, will be dealt with later on in the article.

The Germans are seeking British capital, as the following advertisement that I cut from the English newspaper published at Cologne will show:

English capitalist wanted to take over a first-class German patent. Value £100,000, installable to the British Army. The price is negligible having regard to the great importance of the article. Every facility for thorough examination and investigation.

Many things combine to strengthen the British strategic position in Germany. For one thing Cologne is the richest and most prosperous city on the Rhine. It has every advantage, because the transportation facilities, both for rail and water, are admirable.

Still another important asset just now lies in the customs arrangement. Foreign goods entering Germany through the occupied area are taxed by the present depreciated paper standard. All goods that come through unoccupied, neutral or free gateways are taxed according to the old gold standard, which is much higher. In other words a pound of coffee that comes through Cologne would cost the consumer, based on the tariff that was assessed, one-third the price of a pound of coffee that came through Hamburg and was assessed there. The value of this procedure is self-evident.

Turn to the French area of occupation and an entirely different process of penetration is revealed. The French economic section is making a survey of German needs as well as anticipating the inroads that French manufacturers and merchants must make upon German goods. France still leans, for example, on German dyes.

Regardless of the bitter hatred that exists between France and Germany these two nations must do business with each other. Throughout the French area I found manufacturers and merchandisers from many points in France making a study of the situation and getting ready for the economic relationship which will come the moment peace is finally ratified.

France has learned many things from the war. None is more important than the necessity for having a buffer state between Germany and herself. The proposed Rhineland republic would meet this requirement. Since there is likely to be much discussion of this project it may be well to make some explanation of it.

The Rhineland Republic

Clearly to understand it you must know first of all that the one-time Kingdom of Prussia was composed of various provinces. The richest and most important among them is the Rhine Province. For years prior to the war it paid a large proportion of the taxes within the Kingdom of Prussia but had little or no voice in the administration of local affairs. Practically all its administrative officers were Prussians, and this meant that they were bullies and browbeaters. Long before the doom note of the German Empire was first sounded in 1914 the people of the Rhineland felt a desire for independence. But Berlin was all-powerful and they had to submit. With Berlin—and this means the Prussian—shorn of power, this desire has become a strong and organized demand. The Separatist Party, which worked and hoped in the dark, has now come out in the open.

The moment that autocracy tumbled in Germany the Rhineland Separatists got to work. The movement has assumed great strength within the province. The Rhinelanders desire a republic of their own, which would be a part of the German federation but independent of Prussian rule.

Under the leadership of a Doctor Dorten, of Wiesbaden, the Separatists proclaimed the Rhineland republic last June. They are now striving to obtain a plebiscite to determine their self-government. Dorten claims that ninety-five per cent of the voting population of three millions would vote for separation if an election were held.

Bitter opposition to this separation plan has sprung up all over Germany, and as a result a two-year ban has been written into the new German Constitution, forbidding any portion of the German Commonwealth to undertake a movement for independence during the next two years.

A Rhineland republic under more or less French inspiration would give France her much-needed political rampart against German aggression.

Of course the Germans are up in arms over this enterprise. Talk to a German about it and he foams at the mouth. He denounces it as a conspiracy to make the Rhine republic a part of France and alleges that the Separatists are, to quote a characteristic opinion, "using illegal methods in the attempt to ruin the great constitutional document which alone provides the possibility for the reconstruction of Germany."

A rather amusing German comment on the separation scheme which I took from a proclamation issued by the Social Democrats against the Dorten movement is as follows: "The truth of the situation is that the Rhenish republic would at once fall prey to the economic and political influences of the Entente, and the broad masses would be threatened with the loss of their Kultur. Likewise impediments would be placed in the path of their further progress."

My own impression is that the Rhenish people have had about all the Prussian Kultur they want.

Belgian trading with the Germans is well under way. King Albert's little country has two considerable advantages over the British: One is proximity; the other lies in the all-important detail of a consistent and continuous output. Though the other European nations are rent with discord and industrial strife Belgium has gone to work, with a result that her exports are growing and her prosperity is increasing. Belgium is shipping iron, textiles and food products into Germany in considerable quantities.

Before August, 1914, Italy was perhaps the best, or I should say worst, example of German economic penetration. Germany had Italy literally sewed up tight. She owned ninety per cent of her corporate institutions, and the Banca Commerciale Italiana, which was German owned and German operated, was the motor that drove the Italian business machine.

The German banks in Milan and Turin were only mildly molested during the war. Practically no German industrial enterprises suffered seizure or sale. I was told in Frankfort that on the day after the Armistice was signed Italy and Germany were dealing with each other through Switzerland. A new commercial agreement between the two nations was in process of construction when I left Germany last September.

Italy has joined the procession of Allied penetrators in Germany. The first outpost has just been established in Munich in the shape of a large industrial bureau which bears the name of Italia. It will be the rallying point for Italian commercial interests seeking to expand their connections in Germany.

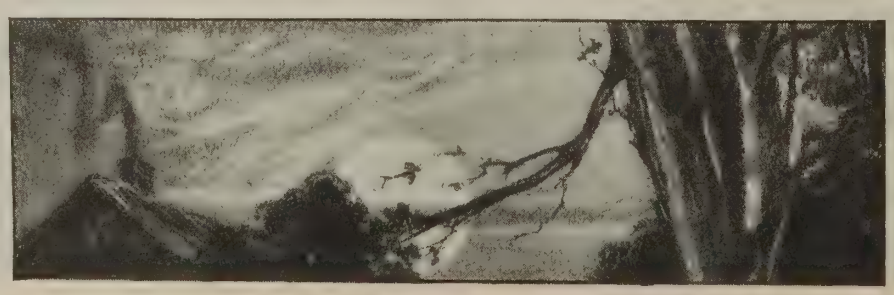
Summarize all this British, French, Belgian and Italian economic activity in Germany and you come to the somewhat satisfying conclusion that after all there is such a thing as just retribution and that Germany in the years to come will herself feel the prod and price of a system she ruthlessly employed for so many years. There will be this difference, however—that Allied penetration in Germany will lack the venom of the German brand.

Captain Mason's Work

We now arrive at the American signboard in Germany. If you think you are going to find the same enterprise and activity that animate the French and the British you are very much mistaken. Whether on the Rhine or elsewhere the American commercial salesman is almost a rarity. Though the demand for American goods exceeds that for any others in Germany very little is being offered, and less is sold.

I can give no more striking illustration of this than to recount my experience at the bureau of commerce and information at Cologne. Thanks to the courtesy of the British military authorities the United States was given an office at the Bureau. When I visited it the official in charge told me that he had been visited by exactly fourteen American salesmen during the entire period of his stay, and that so far as he knew not one of them had obtained an order. I saw the cards of these American emissaries and they represented lines that ranged from canned goods to leather.

Yet wherever I went in Germany the invariable question hurled at me by German business men was, "When can we get American goods?" Though the German realizes that but for us the Kaiser might have succeeded he seeks to curry favor with everyone who comes from the United States, and will pay almost any price for Yankee commodities.



When I reached Berlin in September I found, to my great astonishment, that the only accredited American official in the German capital was a young reserve infantry officer, Capt. Frank Mason, who was discharging the functions of ambassador, first aid and refuge for all visiting fellow countrymen in trouble, and in short acting as a real Pooh-Bah. He had been left behind in the exodus of American officers who had gone to Berlin last spring, and with a fine sense of public duty he assumed the many responsibilities that should have devolved upon a whole mission.

I cite this incident to emphasize two important facts: The first is our failure to have adequate military and economic representation in Berlin; the other is to point out another evidence of the way America is conspicuously absent from inter-Allied activities in Europe. We did a tremendous job in the war and yet wherever you go to-day, whether to a post of prominence or an occasion of importance, the American is usually absent. I have not gone into the causes. I am merely stating the facts.

When I was leaving France in October I learned that a United States trade commissioner at Coblenz was among the possibilities. If he should be named he will find that even in our own area both the British and the French have got ahead of him.

American Agencies

Many of us seem to forget the immense amount of commerce that formerly existed between the United States and Germany. She was our second-best customer. In 1913 we sold Germany $351,930,541 worth of goods. The biggest item was raw cotton, which amounted to $168,202,528. Next in volume was copper, which we exported in the sum of $47,419,150. Lard was represented by an item of $19,862,405; wheat by $13,000,000. Among other things, we sent Germany agricultural implements, meats, automobiles, cotton seed, furs, office aids, lubricating and illuminating oil, timber, flour, fertilizers and boots and shoes.

In 1913 Germany sold us $184,211,352 worth of merchandise of all sorts. Thus the balance of trade was ours. The biggest items were coal-tar colors and dyes; toys; lace and embroidery goods; earthen, stone and china ware; wood pulp, and art novelties. We can, of course, do more readily without these articles than Germany can dispense with her imports from us. But we cannot sell without buying.

Regardless of what our Government may do in the matter we still have two definite agencies in Berlin at the service of the American business man who seeks to enter upon new or to renew old relationship with Germany. One is the American Association for Commerce and Trade, organized and conducted by Americans; the other is the German-American Commercial Union, founded by the late Herr Ballin, who was head of the Hamburg-American Line, which is in the main endowed and promoted by Germans. Both organizations continued their existence throughout the war.

The American Association for Commerce and Trade not only maintained its offices in the Equitable Building but Frederick W. King, the acting president, and Arthur E. Dunning, the secretary, remained in Berlin during the great struggle. They employed the facilities of the chamber for the succor of interned Americans and other nationals, and for the compilation of a complete register of all Americans then in Germany.

I asked Mr. Dunning to make a statement concerning Germany's principal needs. He said: "The first Americans who came to Germany to do business after the signing of the Armistice had and those who come now have the sole idea of selling on the basis of cash against documents in New York. Here is where they strike the weakest spot in the present German economic situation, namely—credit; without which the German cannot buy, and until it is established the American exporter will find it extremely difficult to sell, if at all possible.

"Though here and there cases are known to the association where German buyers have succeeded in securing American credit the question to-day still remains unsolved

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in its broad sense. The matter of granting credit is so gigantic and involves such enormous sums that the unorganized efforts of a few individual banks and commercial houses are not felt. To finance the immediate requirements of approximately sixty millions of people in food and clothing and raw material for their factories will require concerted action of American heavyweight financiers."

When I asked Mr. Dunning what concrete steps could be taken to develop the German-American trade he replied: "Four factors enter into this matter. Summed up they are: First, the raising of a huge loan in America; second, the willingness of American exporters to sell to Germany, accepting marks in payment and allowing the amounts to remain in Germany until a more favorable rate of exchange is established; third, the sending of a financial and industrial mission to study German conditions at first hand; fourth, the shipping of American raw material to Germany and having it refined in German factories, the raw material and refined goods to remain the property of the American shipper. The goods could be sold partly in Germany or near-Eastern countries or wherever stipulated by the American owner."

These suggestions reflect the desire of practically every German business man with whom I talked. They constitute what might be called the German creed in the present acute economic crisis in the country.

"What are the concrete commercial opportunities for American capital in Germany?" I next asked Mr. Dunning.

"Since the war," he responded, "there is a great desire on the part of Germans to sell all kinds of real estate. The association has already received a large number of offers, including private dwellings, business houses and factories. Considering the value of one hundred dollars in marks—namely, over three thousand marks—as compared to the prewar value—four hundred and twenty marks—it is clearly evident what the possessor of dollars could do in Germany.

"For the American investor the questions rise: Is Germany safe for American investments? and, What is the taxation to be? Germany can be made safe for American investments. The first step in this direction is the appointment of a financial commission. Discountable securities are available. As to taxation, the peace treaty protects Americans against a rate of taxation higher than is imposed upon the Germans themselves. Taxes are high in all countries, and for the investor it is only a question of the proper percentage of turnover.

"The American manufacturers and exporters are also interested in the near-Eastern countries. There are opportunities for purchasing factories in Germany at advantageous prices—in view of the low value of the mark. With American raw material and German labor new commercial territories could be opened."

Germany's Dumping Activities

I also asked the German-American Commercial Union to express an opinion on the situation with reference to America, and the following was sent to me officially by the secretary in response to my request, and I reproduce it in full:

"In due course of time Germany will import anything and everything. For the present, however, due mostly to her decreased purchasing power, Germany is forced to curtail her purchases in foreign countries. The cause of this lies in the lack of foreign long-term credits and, especially at the present time, in the depreciated value of the mark.

"Germany will have to buy her foreign imports not solely with money but with labor. So long as the laboring man is not getting a fair return for the earned money that he spends on his daily necessities, as long as the high cost of living in Germany and, for that matter, in entire Europe does not come to a speedy end, the political unrest and the unrest of labor will not stop. There is only one way to bring this unhealthy situation to an end—provide the worker with work.

"A great deal has been written on the matter of German exports. The standing argument on the part of uninformed people has always been the dumping of German goods on foreign markets. We ask you to name us only one single German product that has been dumped. We do not know of any such product, nor does anybody else. As a matter of fact Germany has not practiced any more dumping than the United States has, or any other country. Germany was able before the war to export at low prices certain staple products which were gladly bought in foreign countries because these goods were good sellers and brought profit to the retailer. This can be said of American or the products of any other country—they all have certain wares to export in which they excel in price and character.

"The situation has changed, however. Germany has ceased to be the manufacturer of low-priced staple goods. The cost of labor has enormously increased and bids fair to remain so. If Germany wants to retain a part of her foreign trade it can be only in the export of quality products. It is obvious therefore that Germany is not any more the formidable and monopolizing competitor that she has been painted by the economic writers before and during the war.

"A main point should not be forgotten when it comes to the delivery of raw materials for Germany: Germany has been swept bare of all her materials and the products essential to daily life. Clothing and house furnishings are sadly wanted. There is not enough to go round. I believe therefore that it will take several years before the domestic demand of Germany is filled."

I present this statement for several reasons, mainly because it is a naïve expression of what the German thinks about his dumping activities.

Wanted—Foreign Capital

I made a special investigation of all the American industries in Germany. Without exception they had more orders than they could fill. Their only trouble was a lack of new stocks, and the managers chafed at the failure of the Government at home to expedite cargoes of goods. They have been forced to every conceivable kind of makeshift to keep the pot boiling. The country, for example, has been scoured for old typewriters and cash registers for renovation. The salesman who formerly got commissions for selling new machines now gets them for finding old ones that can be remodeled.

Prices indicate the demand for American products. In 1914 a new American cash register sold for two thousand marks. Today a remade second-hand one brings ten to twelve thousand marks. A new American typewriter that brought five hundred marks before the war is now in demand at prices ranging from two to four thousand marks.

Though Germany needs our goods acutely she will impose an import license on all our products the moment peace is ratified. Moreover, German competitors are already up in arms over what they feel will be inevitable invasion by our output, and will seek to combat these licenses. On one hand they yell for our help and on the other they are getting ready to put the knife into us.

Still another matter with reference to American prewar business in Germany remains to be cleared up. I refer to our patents, trade-marks and copyrights that were in vogue there, and they were considerable.

Americans are more concerned than any other belligerents with the readjustment of industrial property rights abroad. Whereas we grant patents for an unrestricted term of seventeen years without requirement of taxes or invalidating conditions of any kind after the issue of the patent, Germany and practically all European countries not only levy annual taxes on patents but require continuous exploitation. Failure to meet these requirements is usually penalized by complete forfeiture of the rights. During the war Americans could not fulfill these conditions, even in Allied countries. The result was that practically all American patents in Germany automatically became invalidated for nonpayment of taxes and failure to manufacture. At the same time the validity of German and Allied patents in the United States was not affected because of the absence of the conditions that surrounded patents abroad.

The treaty of peace, however, restores our trade rights. It validates American patents, commercial marks and copyrights. Americans who were prevented by the war either from patenting or registering their trade-marks in Germany or from exploiting them, as is required by law, may do so now.

Not only does the peace treaty protect all these American rights abroad but it reserves to each of the Allied and Associated Powers the right to impose, with the conclusion of peace, conditions or restrictions on the employment of German-owned industrial property in Allied countries in all cases where the national defense or public interest may require. This stipulation is the direct result of Germany's flagrant abuse of her patents in foreign countries for many years. She used her dye and chemical formulas, for example, as a subtle political asset and also as a weapon for the restraint of trade.

Henceforth her hands are tied in this all-important matter. It is just one more obstacle to her swift recovery.

Throughout this and the preceding articles of this series has run the refrain of German credit abroad. By common consent, regardless of sentiment or sympathy, it seems to be the one logical means of putting Germany to work, preventing further economic dislocation throughout all Europe and guaranteeing the payment of the much-needed indemnities.

The question naturally rises, How is this credit to be managed? If Germany were an ordinary business institution and made an application to a bank for a loan she would be met with the query: "What have you to offer?" To get the money she would be forced to produce collateral of some kind or show a proved earning power extending over a considerable period. This is true of a solvent enterprise.

But Germany to-day is to all intents and purposes a bankrupt concern, and if the Allies are going to get anything out of her they must help her to make money. This is precisely what the creditors of any bankrupt business with earning power and equity would do. All this leads to an examination of the whole German financial situation, which is no easy task.

On account of the low price of the mark, cash transactions are practically impossible, as I have repeatedly pointed out. Thus it becomes a question of how long the German credits are to be and what security can be offered. One thing is certain—despite the pressing needs of the country Germany will insist upon long-term obligations. This is based on the argument that her chief security to-day is her industrial plant and the trained hands that operate it. She is willing to give a mortgage on this plant in the shape of a lien on the manufactured output in case she gets the raw material. Her proposal is to expend the proceeds of loans for the purchase of raw materials. More than this, she declares, cannot be offered.

In addition I found a strong sentiment throughout industrial Germany for a participation of foreign capital. Before the war it was almost impossible to break into one of these copper-riveted German industries. "German industry for the Germans," was the maxim. To-day, in the face of overwhelming defeat and a far-reaching economic disorganization, the German manufacturer is begging for foreign coöperation. Many producers are willing to offer third or fourth interests in their factories in exchange for either credit or the equivalent in raw materials.

All the Traffic Will Bear

With any foreign credits America will be wise to profit by a lesson that some of our bankers learned to their cost during the war. Stated in a sentence it is this: Every dollar of credit issued must mean a dollar spent in America. There is a definite reason for this provision. Not very long ago a certain large American financial institution gave one of the new self-determined little nations a credit of five million dollars. The loan was partly animated by sentiment. The little nation immediately expended practically the whole credit in England. Subsequently she was able to get a loan in England and spent all the proceeds there.

This matter of credit naturally involves an examination of the German financial balance sheet. No nation ever emerged from war with such a staggering debt. For many generations to come the sins of the Prussian military masters will be felt in the Teutonic pocketbook. Just as the war itself was projected on an unprecedented scale, so do you find the money aftermath equally stupendous. On April 1, 1920, Germany's debt will aggregate the colossal sum of 212,812,000,000 marks.

The new German budget passed late last October reaches the staggering sum of 8,000,000,000 marks. Of this sum 875,000,000 marks will be needed to pay war pensions, disablement allowances and other expenses of the old imperial army; 750,000,000 marks will be required to pay for imported food; and 4,250,000,000 marks must be raised in the coming year for carrying out the peace terms, including payment for the armies of occupation and the housing and feeding of the various inter-Allied commissions.

This immense sum does not include any consideration of indemnity. It will be news to many people that the exact indemnity that Germany will be obliged to pay has not been finally fixed. The Reparation Commission, which will be an inter-Allied body, is charged with the task of determining the limit of the burden to be imposed upon Germany, a burden which may not exceed her maximum power of taxation if national bankruptcy is to be avoided. Thus the power to make or break Germany rests with this all-important body.

Just how much Germany will be able to pay may be gathered from the fact that the German taxes for 1920 are expected to yield nine billion marks. If the budget is eight billion marks this would leave a surplus of one billion marks for reparation.

German taxation will be something wellnigh overwhelming. The proposed income tax will absorb sixty per cent of the large incomes. In addition there will be a drastic excess-profits tax and likewise a progressive tax up to sixty-five per cent on all new capital employed. On top of all this Germany will impose what is called a capital levy. This means a direct tax on accumulated wealth. If a man has a million marks, for example, he will be obliged to give one-third of it to his fatherland as a present. This is one reason why there has been such a huge smuggling of actual money and securities out of Germany during the past year. Still another whack at wealth is the confiscation of all increases in fortunes during the war above three hundred thousand marks.

The Overhead on Folly

So difficult will be the problem of raising money that the government's next loan—it is proposed to raise five billion marks—will be a lottery loan. It will create ten new millionaires yearly for the next eighty years. Every person who buys a bond will have a chance at drawings held twice a year, at each of which there will be twenty-five hundred prizes with a total prize money of twenty-five million marks. There are five maximum prizes of one million marks each. England, by the way, proposes to adopt this same scheme with her next national loan.

To return to the indemnity item for a moment, M. Klotz, the French Minister of Finance, declared in a speech delivered in October that Germany would be able to make the last payment of an indemnity of three hundred and seventy-five billion marks within thirty-six years. He added that France would do everything in her power to aid the German production for the simple reason that continuous German production will mean a prompt and unfailing payment of the overhead charge on Prussian folly.

This is as good a place as any to interject a word about the decline and fall of the mark. No one need be told why the mark, which was worth about twenty-three cents before the war, is below three cents on the day this article is written. It is an "easy mark" for everybody but the Germans! The circulation of paper money in Germany exceeds that of any other country that went to war; it approximates forty-five billions of marks. The mark will begin to recover only when Germany has imported enough raw materials to set her factories going and to make a stab at something like her old export business.

Though the abnormally low value of the mark was an excellent thing for men like myself who went to Germany and got enormous rates of exchange for American money, fundamentally it works hardship to general business. It is just as bad as the top-heavy trade balance in our favor. Both these procedures impede the natural and logical flow of commerce.

So much for the debit side of the new German ledger. Turn to the credit page and you find that Germany has one asset denied the Allies—practically her whole war debt is owed at home. Thus she can manipulate it at will. She will not repudiate it because it would mean an immense

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Cord Tires 8000 Miles

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The Quality Of Your Tire Service

TIRE service cannot be figured in miles merely. Motorists want quality as well as quantity of service—freedom from worry, bother, delays, the same confidence in their tires that they have in their motor.

This is exactly the kind of service a McGraw Tire yields. Its mileage is not only high; it is ASSURED, as far as humanly possible. There is a definite reason for it.

The casing is remarkably free from structural defects which arise in curing and make mileage uncertain. The DUPLEX METHOD OF CURING prevents them.

What the Duplex Method *Is* and *Does*

This is a McGraw process of vulcanization which prevents fabric buckles and mold pinches—the worst menace to tire life. It consists in deferring compression of the tire in the vulcanizing molds until the rubber becomes heated and plastic. Then, when hydraulic pressure is applied to vulcanize the tire, the rubber "flow" is not stiff enough to pull the fabric out of place. The fabric layers "set" smooth and even. No creases can form. Pinches and buckles are avoided. The tire is a perfect structure.

In the McGraw, all the mileage inherent in highest grade material is ACTUALLY DELIVERED

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CLEVELAND, OHIO
Factories: EAST PALESTINE, OHIO
Makers of Fabric and Cord Pneumatics, Standard and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes

Fabric Tires 6000 Miles

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oss that would fall entirely on German houlders.

National economists have fixed a valuation of immobile German property at something more than four hundred billion marks, nd this stands practically untouched. Another asset is the gold in the Reichsbank, vhich amounted to 1,109,000,000 marks on August 1, 1919. Still another item not to e despised in this appraisal is the cessation f the tremendous old-time budget for the rmy and the navy. Behind all this, and it s worth repeating again, are an unscathed ndustrial machine and a highly trained opulation that, if given the means to vork, will get the Bolshevism and all the ther poison out of its system.

No matter from what angle you view it, German finance bristles with problems and difficulties. The storm center of it all is Mathias Erzberger, vice president of the epublic and Minister of Finance. He is o-day the most execrated and discussed man in Germany and, with the exception f Gustave Noske, her strongest public igure. About him beats a perennial storm.

Erzberger's Troubles

So to Erzberger I went one day last September. The inaccessibility that hemmed him in was reminiscent of the barrier about Lloyd George back in those dark war days vhen the little Welshman was the prop of empire. Like Lloyd George he was performing many tasks, but chief among them vas the supreme responsibility of finding he money to meet the colossal German var bill.

His office is in the Finance Ministry, a loomy gray building that stands in the Wilhelmsplatz. The American Embassy, vhere Mr. Gerard held forth, is less than a tone's throw distant, while down the street tands that one-time holy of holies, the German Foreign Office.

My appointment was for nine-thirty in he morning. I made my way up a wide ed-carpeted stairway, and after giving the watchdog outside the ministerial door an American army cigarette—the most acceptable gift that you can offer in Germany ust now—I at once was received by a young secretary, who conducted me into Erzberger's presence.

I found myself in a long, stately, high-ceiled room. At a flat-topped desk in the center and facing the door sat a stocky, thick-necked, red-cheeked man whose eyes shone behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He looked like the stolid burghers one used to meet at the German watering places, usually surrounded by large and noisy families. Such was my first sight of Erzberger. Despite his persistent political somersaulting he gives a distinct impression of having staying power.

As I watched his solid bulk settle back into the chair after he rose to greet me there flashed across my memory a picture which I had lately seen in France and which has a proud place in the battle abbey of the great war. It showed an epic scene, not only in the drama of that event but in all history. It was the salon of Marshal Foch's private car on a memorable November morning. On one side stood the French generalissimo, with arms folded—the personification of grim and masterly dignity. Facing him was a stocky spectacled German, come to sign the death warrant of German imperialism and Teutonic world power—the Armistice. That German was Mathias Erzberger. His very association with that occasion, humiliating though it was, invested him with a peculiar and dramatic interest.

Erzberger speaks some French but no English. Our whole conversation—or I should say his monologue—was entirely in German. He had evidently prepared himself for this meeting, for he at once launched into an animated statement of Germany's troubles and anxieties. He said:

"Defeat and everything that goes with defeat would be bad enough for Germany to bear in this troubled hour, but added to this misfortune is the fact that we do not know where we are. We have not been told how much indemnity we are required to pay to the conquerors, and, until we know, the whole economic situation is unsettled. Once we find out what our definite obligations are, Germany will get to work and, despite the terrible handicaps on all sides, will find her way to recovery.

"The German is naturally thrifty and industrious, and though his mind has been preyed upon by dangerous influences he is coming to his senses and will find his salvation and the larger salvation of his country in a close application.

"The German economic recovery, however, is being impeded by enemies within and without her borders. English and French banks, for example, are making special inducements to get German money which should be employed in paying our debts and helping to rebuild the nation. The lure they hold out is that if deposited in these foreign banks it will escape the heavy taxation that unfortunately we must impose. Such a procedure gives the average German workman a feeling that German taxes are unjust and unfair. The German Government needs all the good will and support that it can have from every one of its citizens.

"Then too we are imposed upon by the customs arrangement, which enables goods to come through the occupied area under a tariff based on the depreciated paper standard, while the imports through gateways like Hamburg and Bremen must pay according to the old gold standards.

"Another and even more serious trouble is the persistent smuggling of luxuries into Germany, when our acute need is for such necessities as food and clothes. One reason for the discontent in Germany is the constant sight of the smuggled goods, which inflames the people who have empty stomachs and threadbare clothes."

"How do you feel about a possible invasion of American capital?" I asked the minister.

"Nothing could be more welcome than American money," was the reply. "We look to America to help us out of our difficulties. American capital is needed to revive our industry, and American money generally could be employed to useful and profitable advantage in German investment."

"How about taxes on this foreign money?" was my next question.

"We will make our investments attractive in every way for Americans," came from the minister. "I will guarantee that the only tax on the capital of nonresidents will be an income tax not to exceed thirty per cent."

What Erzberger said expressed the official government point of view. I wanted to get the impressions of a practical banker, so I talked with Hermann Waller, managing partner and real head of the Berlin Disconto Gesellschaft, the largest of all the German banks, whose deposits aggregate something more than four billion five hundred million marks. To get such an opinion before the war I would have sought out Von Gwinner or Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank. They were the financial war horses of the old Pan-German group and held the keys to the coffers that paid the way of German penetration the world over. Now they are both out of commission and newer and younger men are at the money helm. Waller is a type.

Commenting on the general German financial situation he said:

"The working conditions in Germany are improving slowly. If we can get raw materials and keep our workmen busy I believe that the Bolshevism which menaces not only Germany but all Europe can be not only discounted but eliminated. If Germany is once turned over to the forces of unrest they will soon have all Europe in their grip."

The Antidote for Unrest

"What Germany needs more than anything else is a long-term foreign loan of not less than several billions of dollars. Small loans and commercial credits for a short time are not of much avail, for the reason that during the next few years we shall not be able to export sufficiently to cover these loans at maturity. One must consider that the goods manufactured out of the raw material that we need so sorely must be used first to fill the urgent wants of Germany. The surplus may be exported, but it will in no way stand in relation to the large quantities of dyestuffs, chemicals, potash, toys and porcelains that we formerly sold to the rest of the world.

"If our urgent requirements can be secured through a long-term foreign loan it will be possible to avoid the many dangers rising out of the closing down of thousands of factories and driving our workingmen into the arms of radicalism. Likewise it will improve the price of the mark. Remember the only large asset that Germany has to-day is her labor. Stifle this and we are lost. If Germany is allowed to go to work I am convinced that she can discharge all her obligations."

Now for a word in retrospect. What was said at the beginning of this series may be emphasized here. Germany in transition is a molten mass, to be shaped by the strongest hand. Her salvation lies in work—the unfailing antidote for all unrest.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with conditions in Germany. The next and last will be a character study of Gustave Noske, Minister of Defense.

HOT METAL

(Continued from Page 19)

watch the driving engines and the whirring rolls and the laboring cranes and motors; the old awe that had remained with him through all the years he had labored in and about the mills, delving into the mysteries of steel, learning the significance of steel, sensing the greatness of steel. And always the old feeling of awe found expression in the old words of awe that had leaped to his lips a thousand times—"Oh, but it's great! Big work! Big work!"

Kirk's iron was good iron—for a while. Then it began to cause trouble. Wally, watching the laboratory reports on tests taken from the ladles at the mixers, noticed that the sulphur content of the iron was steadily climbing upward. It went up one point, two points, three points. Then, one day, he saw a seventy-ton heat of steel piled out in the stockyard in ingots. The next day the ingots came into the Open Hearth and were charged as scrap.

"Sulphur too high," explained the superintendent of the ingot mill, who had rejected the heat. "No orders for any steel with sulphur that high."

Wally made a list of the sulphur determinations on Kirk's iron for the past two weeks. He carried this to the meeting of the superintendents at the lunch table. For he now had a place at this table, sitting there with Ackerman, who had worked him for years as a roustabout and had named him "everybody's goat"; with Jaster, who had kept him slaving in a hot and wet underground tunnel beneath the ingot rolls; with Chief Clerk Calla, who had refused to give him a trial job in the accounting department because he did not consider him sufficiently cultured and refined—with these he sat, and with others who had once sneered at him and laughed at him and imposed upon him, and when Manning was not present—for Manning was his immediate superior—his voice carried as much weight as any of theirs.

To-day he spoke about the high-sulphur iron coming in from Ferro Junction, read the list of sulphur determinations he had compiled. Goodlow listened carefully.

"I've had my eye on that sulphur too," he said. "I have phoned Kirk about it and I've written to him about it. Kirk has a good contract with us, but he can't unload that kind of junk on us indefinitely. If we didn't need his iron right now I'd give him a jolt. Keep that memorandum, Wally, and to-morrow morning I will go down to the Junction and line him up. I want to go down anyway—I've never been there. I'd like for you to go with me, Wally—you've been watching this iron pretty closely and you know how it has been coming from the first. We'll run down on the hot-metal train. Tell McNutt to have it held for us at the Transfer."

Seated on a bench which stood on a flat car coupled to the last of the three ladles in the train Goodlow and Wally traveled to Ferro Junction the following morning. As the four tall furnace stacks came in sight Goodlow remarked to his companion: "There they are." And he then went on: "The Mastersons, I understand from what I've heard, were really great iron people—that is, old Kent Masterson and Kent Masterson, Jr. Dunwood Masterson was never interested in the industry; he was more the student than the business man."

"I never knew anything about them," returned Wally. "I've heard the name spoken about the mills—that is all."

"You've been to the Junction of course?"

"Oh, two or three times when I was a youngster beating through the country with a gang of other young Indians like myself. I don't remember anything about it."

"I'm going to put a flea into Kirk's ear about that high-sulphur iron. There was another bad heat last night, wasn't there?"

"Yes, Number Ten came too high to pass."

"Well, here we are. That's the office building yonder, I suppose."

They entered the brick building that stood in front of the row of furnaces. Goodlow walked to the end of a hallway and looked into a room the door of which stood open. Stanley Kirk was at his desk talking to a white-mustached gentleman sitting near him. He heard Goodlow's step and turned and saw him.

"Hello, Goodlow!" he cried, rising and advancing to meet his caller. "Glad to see you down here. Are you acquainted with Senator Masterson, Mr. Goodlow? Let me introduce you. Senator, Mr. Goodlow of Steelburg Mills. You have heard me speak of him."

The two men shook hands. Then Goodlow turned and introduced Wally to Masterson. Kirk and Wally had met before, and they shook hands.

"Goodlow, I know what you're here for," said Kirk as the four sat down. "It's about that high-sulphur iron you've been getting for a few days."

"You've guessed it, Kirk," returned Goodlow. "Senator," and he looked at Masterson, "you may find my language somewhat sulphurous before this interview with my friend Kirk here is over."

Masterson smiled, but made no remark. He had been staring at Wally from the moment he had shaken hands with him and he continued to stare at him now, staring with such fixedness that Wally grew uneasy beneath his gaze.

"Senator Masterson will have no occasion to be disturbed by your language, Goodlow," laughed Kirk, "for I am going to explain things satisfactorily to you in about two minutes. We were puzzled where that sulphur was coming from, but now we have found out where we were picking it up and we have dropped a certain pile of ore. We cleared the furnaces of it all last night. Here—look how we're going now."

Goodlow took the slip of paper Kirk handed him and studied it for some moments.

"That's all right if you keep it like that. But don't forget there's a sulphur clause in that contract."

"Tut, tut, Goodlow!" interrupted Kirk. "What's a pinch of sulphur between friends? Send me your bill for the trouble we've caused you."

Goodlow laughed and the conversation between him and Kirk quickly drifted into other channels. Wally, who had been growing more and more uneasy under Masterson's stare, excused himself and left the office. The door had hardly closed behind him when Masterson turned to Goodlow.

"Mr. Goodlow, who is that young man?" he asked, and there was a note in his voice that caused Kirk to look sharply at him.

"Wally Gay—Wellington Gay. He is assistant superintendent of our Open-Hearth department. He is ——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Masterson, "but who is he? Is he a Steelburger? Where does he come from?"

"I can't answer that question, Mr. Masterson. I don't know who he is, nor does the young man himself know. He came to Steelburg Mills in a car of pig iron, a baby a few days old. He grew up about the mills, forged ahead ——"

"Tell me the entire story, will you, please," said Masterson, again interrupting, and as Goodlow proceeded to relate the history of Wally Gay, as he knew it, the senator sat very quiet, and Kirk watching him knew that the story he was listening to was impressing him in some strange manner.

"Why, Goodlow, we have another Dud Dudley in young Gay," said Kirk as Goodlow finished.

Goodlow smiled.

"I hadn't thought of that, Kirk. There is something of a similarity in their histories, isn't there? Old Dud Dudley, the pioneer ironmaster of England, was a wonderful character. I wonder he has not been exploited more by the writers of his country."

He and Kirk were soon again deep in conversation, but Masterson did not join in it; he showed no interest in the themes discussed—he sat staring at the floor at his feet.

Outside the office building Wally had walked over to the furnaces. He looked in at the engine room for a few minutes, watching the mighty blowing engines performing their herculean tasks. He talked with a foreman and had him point out to him where the break-out had occurred a year before, and stood with him where the four men had stood who were engulfed in the fiery flood that burst out upon them. He wandered about beneath the big bins where the laborers were making up the charges and he watched the skips rushing up and down the steep inclines and heard the rattling of rock and ore on the bells and hoppers at the furnace tops. And always in his ears wherever he went was the shrieking and the whining and the sobbing of the tortured air in the mains, being pressed and squeezed and forced through the tuyères.

He liked the splendid din that was all about him and he reveled in the thought of the bigness of the work he was seeing done. And when one of the furnaces slipped and with the roar of a volcano belched out its smokes and gases and hell-colored flames he laughed and ran with the furnace men to a place of shelter and there watched the downpour of chunks of ore and rocks of limestone and bits of glowing coke that the avalanche of fire in the depths of the big stack had hurled out. And a little later when he had gone to watch the cast at one of the furnaces and a drop of the fiery fluid splashed at the runner's mouth, shot over the space that lay between him and the ladle, struck his hand and stuck there, burning in an instant through the skin and into the flesh beneath, he laughed again, brushed away the red crumb of iron and licked the seared spot with his tongue.

He left the furnaces, climbed a steep hill and came to a roadway along which he walked a few hundred yards. He was now thinking of those two or three marauding expeditions he had made to Ferro Junction with his band of Vinegar Gully hoodlums years before, when he was a boy. He looked about him for landmarks, but could see none he could recall—yes, there was the big stone house on the hill behind the tall maples; he remembered that. He remembered, too, that a huge chestnut tree had stood in the yard close to the house, from which he and his gang had clubbed the chestnuts until a man came and chased them away. He wondered if the old tree stood there yet. He would walk up and see.

He climbed the weed-grown terraces leading up to the old house and entered the yard through a tangle of briers and bushes. Yes, there was the tree. And it was loaded with chestnuts. They would be ripe soon, he told himself. He looked at the house. It was falling into ruin—windows and doors were gone, the roof was tumbling in and the chimneys were half down. He recalled that the place was shut up when he was there after the chestnuts and he remembered that he and one of his gang had pried open a window, crawled inside and wandered through its big high-ceilinged rooms, upstairs and down.

He advanced to one of the ruined doorways and stood looking in. It was very dismal in there. Pale-green grasses and weeds grew up through a soggy, moldy floor; leaves had drifted in and were piled up in little rotting heaps in the corners; the walls were mildewed and the plastering had fallen away—naught but ruin, decay, desolation wherever he looked.

Suddenly he started back, for a figure was advancing toward him across the big room into which he was gazing, the figure of an old woman. He could hear her feet striking through the pale-green grasses and weeds as she came. Gray disheveled hair hung about a gray cadaverous face and the hollows out of which her beady eyes stared seemed to him to be as deep and black as the empty eye sockets of a skull. He noticed there was slaver on her lips and that she was hiccuping, and the fumbling of her white bony fingers at the throat of the gray dress she wore made him think of fumbling fingers of hands long dead. Shuddering, he was turning away when she spoke, not so much to him as to herself:

"I can't find it! I can't find it! It's lost!"

Then his nearness seemed to rouse her and the wail turned to a whine.

"Give an old woman a piece of money to buy her a bit of drink!" she begged.

He continued to move away, but she followed him out through the doorway and into the yard and her whining and importuning became louder and more insistent. He thrust his hand into his pocket; his fingers touched a silver dollar; he drew it

(Continued on Page 117)

"What D'ye Know About That, Nosey-Nose?" Demanded the Shipping Clerk. "Man, You're Shaking Like a Pepper Box! Cold? Got Chills?"

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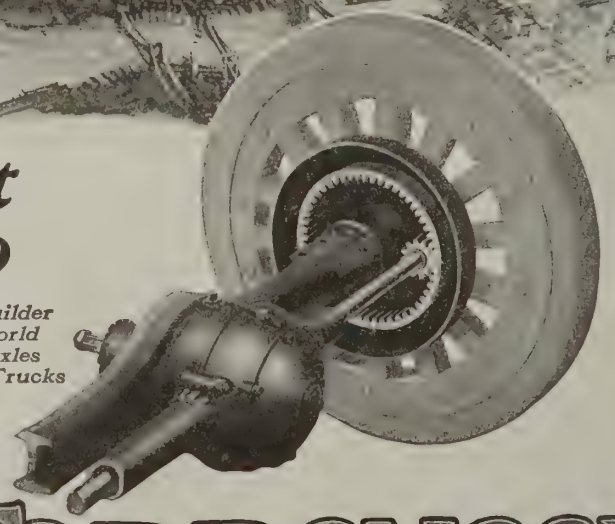

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

(Continued from Page 115)

out and gave it to her, then turned and fled—through the cluttered yard, down the weed-grown terraces and into the roadway along which he hurried toward the furnaces and office building.

Below the house and below the road at the foot of the second hill, where the railway tracks ran, a man stood and watched Wally coming away from the old house. His black hair that bushed in profusion about the edges of the gray cap he wore was remarkably curly.

An enormous nose and a chin conspicuous because of its almost entire absence gave to him features that were grotesque, ludicrous, made more so by his continuous squinting and blinking.

For some time he had been watching Wally. He had seen him going up the terraces and into the yard; he had seen him approach the old house and peer in at the ruined doorway and he had watched him steadily while he was in the presence of the old woman. Now as Wally hurried away toward the brick office building he followed, moving along the railroad tracks that paralleled the roadway. When he saw the object of his observation join Kirk and Masterson and Goodlow in front of the office, where the three men were standing talking, he stopped.

"Going up fast!" he muttered. "Hobnobbing with United States senators! It's a case! It's a good case! It would be riper later on, but I'll not wait. I'll touch him now and I'll touch him hard. He'll stand it. I ought to be getting into a bigger field. Nothing smaller than New York!"

He turned back, crossed the tracks and sat down behind an ore bin near one of the furnaces.

Masterson and Kirk were bidding Goodlow and Wally good-by.

"I shall probably see you at the mills in a short time, Mr. Gay," said Masterson as he shook hands. "I am coming to look the plant over. I haven't been there for a good many years. I am going to count on having you to show me through that new Open Hearth."

"I'll be glad to see you there," returned Wally, uncomfortable again under the gaze of the elder man.

There were four ladles of hot metal ahead of the flat car on which Goodlow and Wally sat as they traveled back to Steelburg.

"Wally, I should say that you have made quite an impression on Senator Masterson," said Goodlow, smiling as he spoke.

"I wish he wouldn't stare at me as if I were some strange animal broken out of a circus," growled Wally.

Goodlow laughed.

"Did he stare? Many people would consider themselves highly honored to have a United States senator stare at them."

"I don't!"

"You're a queer one, Wally." And Goodlow chuckled as he looked at the young man beside him. "Well, I don't think we'll have any more trouble with Kirk about high-sulphur iron," he went on. "Kirk is all right, but just keep an eye on the stuff. If the sulphur climbs up again I'll let you go down and jog his memory. And don't forget to mention that high-sulphur clause. He's afraid of that."

The train of ladles and the heavy engine drawing them rumbled along over the uneven tracks, winding in and out among the low hills through which the road ran. Once at a particularly rough spot a little wave of red slipped over the rim of one of the ladles.

"Something's got to be done about this road," said Goodlow, speaking more to himself than to Wally. "There'll be a spill out here some of these days. Rather rough traveling, isn't it, conductor?" he called to the conductor of the train, who was standing at the rear of the flat car.

"Rough ain't no name for it!" declared the conductor, coming forward. "This here road may be all right for haulin' baled hay or plug hats over, but for splashy freight like ours—nix! It makes a feller feel kind of squeamish, I want to tell you, sir, to be bounced and jounced round as we are, with all that red stuff right under his snoot. I've told McNutt that I'm goin' to quit my job this comin' Saturday if he don't take me off this run, and I'm goin' to. I ain't got no life insurance and my wife couldn't make a livin' if I was to get bumped off sudden."

"Something must be done," repeated Goodlow. "I'll see if I can start anything. I doubt, though, if I can."

The following day Wally stood beneath the mixers watching the hot metal come in. The black ropes of steel dropped down from out the dirty dusks above and one of the huge ladles floated upward. The mixer's vast hulk rolled over and the rim of the ladle touched the mixer's mouth.

A man came up the iron stairway, crossed the platform and stood behind Wally. It was the man with the enormous nose, the superrecessive chin, the gooseberry eyes and the curly hair.

The ladle began to tip. Wally was watching it, his head thrown back, his eyes directed upward.

"Say, fellow!"

He looked back. He could not recall ever having seen the individual before him.

"I want fi—three thousand dollars out of you by midnight to-night!"

Wally stared. Then he grinned.

"What are you—a nut?" he asked.

"No, I'm not a nut!" returned the man, and there was a threat in his voice. "I say I want three thousand out of you and I mean it!"

Wally's grin broadened.

"How did you get out?" he asked. "Better run back to the big brick house on the hill and tell them to lock you up again. You might get hurt round this place."

He turned his eyes back to the ladle high above him. It was tipping more and more and he could hear the molten metal gurgling into the mouth of the mixer.

"I told you once before I could find out something about your family! And I have—a lot!"

Wally did not take his eyes from the tipping ladle; he did not move, but with the speaking of the words behind him his muscles had tensed and the hot waves of anger, the old anger he had known so many times, were pouring over him, choking him, suffocating him.

"I must hold myself here!" was the thought that shot through his brain.

He remembered the man now—the scene at the mortar bed passed before his vision. It was a bad place for him to give way to his rage—here on the platform over the bowls of hot metal. The ladle had drained itself and was now dropping down.

"I say I found out something—a lot—everything!"

The voice was louder now, more confident. It seemed to Wally that an hour had gone by since the voice had spoken before, yet he knew that less than a minute had slipped away.

The ladle was dropping down and down. Now he could look into its fiery depths, but he saw no fantastic shapes therein as he sometimes did—he saw nothing but the red walls of the vessel—red, but not so red as the red anger that boiled within him. This thing that stood there behind him—if he could take it by the scruff of the neck, carry it to the edge of the platform, dangle it over that hole of fire, hold it there until it squirmed and whined and drew up its legs as he remembered seeing a tiny puppy do which he once had taken by the scruff of the neck! His muscles felt as if they would snap. He must—he would ——

"I saw you talking to your mother yesterday at the old house!"

He gasped, a shiver ran over him and his knotted muscles went flaccid flesh. His hands trembled out and grasped the iron railing that edged the iron platform and he drew himself to it, twisted himself about with his back against it, facing the man. And horror looked out of his eyes. The man saw it and sneered.

"Well, you're coming across or I'm going to talk!"

The voice was still louder and the threat in it was now positive.

A minute—or was it ten, or was it sixty?—and Wally's body began to stiffen. His grasp on the iron railing loosened, he took a step forward, and another, very slowly. The man retreated, stepping back. Wally followed, placing each foot carefully and quietly upon the iron floor, moving as one might move sneaking up on an unsuspecting enemy to pounce upon him.

"Well, what are you going ——"

The question was not completed, for Wally had lunged forward and seized the man, forced his arms down against his sides and thrust him back into the deep channel of a huge steel column.

"What am I going to do?" he burst out. "What am I going to do? Make you prove what you have said to me or tear out your dirty heart and stamp on it! I'll make you prove your words or I'll squeeze your ugly soul out through your lying lips! You ——"

All the profanities, all the hideous and obscene words and foul and disgusting expressions he had heard and learned and used when he was growing up in Vinegar Gully, and which he had long been trying to eradicate from his sometimes too tenacious memory, came tumbling from his quivering lips.

"I can prove it!" whimpered the now white-faced man in his grasp. "I can prove it!"

"Then you'll prove it! Bring me the proof! Bring the proof to me, and when you have brought the proof, then talk! Talk! Tell everybody! Tell all Steelburg what you have discovered and I will not deny it! But if you ever repeat, if you ever whisper what you have said to me here before you bring me that proof, I'll hunt you down, I'll follow you to the edge of hell, but I'll get you! And when I get you I'll break you, I'll rip you, I'll tear you to rags! Get out of here! Quick!"

"I'll bring the proof!" And the man started toward the iron stairway, down which he ran. Wally followed and stood at the top of the stairs watching him descend.

Near the bottom the man turned and looked up. "I'll bring the proof!" he called with a sneer on his lips. And then—"Oh, I'm not afraid!"

But he was afraid—he was frightened as he had never before been frightened. Every fiber of his soul shivered with fear, every nerve of his body was shrinking; he trembled as one with ague chills, and a shipping clerk meeting him as he came out of the mixer building looked at him in astonishment.

"What d'ye know about that, Nosey-nose?" demanded the shipping clerk. "Man, you're shaking like a pepper box! Cold? Got chills? What d'ye know about it, with all this hot metal standing round here modifying the atmosphere? And what in Sam Hill are you doing in here? Is that a car clerk's book I see in your pocket? You don't mean to say you're working at Kirk's furnaces! Sneaked in here on the hot-metal train, eh? Well, if Roundsman Robbie, our efficient intramural bluecoat, finds you in here without a permit he'll land you on your ear in the gutter outside the gate. Gone to work again! Well, what d'ye know about that? And I thought you were a full-feathered detective by this time. How is the detecting biz nowadays, anyhow? Hey, don't tear yourself away!"

The shipping clerk gazed after the hurrying form of the man he had addressed as Nosey-nose.

"What d'ye know about that?" he asked himself. "Here's a theme ripe for discussion. I must pluck it. I'll peep in on my old college chum, McNutt."

"What d'ye know about it, Mack?" he asked of Yardmaster McNutt a few minutes later as he stood before the yardmaster's desk. "You haven't got that old plug of spit-quick lying about your desk, have you, that I broke my gold tooth on two or three or four or five years ago? Well, well, well? How the time flies!"

He drew a chair to the side of the yardmaster's, elevated his feet to the level of that official's pedal extremities and sighed.

"Well, Mack, *ad astra puella*, as the old Romans used to say. A little Latin that I sopped up in Honeyburg High School, meaning 'Let us live in the present moment,' Mack. What d'ye know about it? I was just chatting with that former chinless sidekicker of yours, Sir Squint-lamps, as some of the boys called him, old Nosey-nose in other words, him whom you affectionately addressed as Jannie in your happier moments, as Janus in your unhappier—Janus Damrosch, the sleuth of Steelburg. He is now occupied in the capacity of clerk for Kirk's furnaces and he sneaked in here on the hot-metal train. What d'ye know about that? Wouldn't I like to see Roundsman Robbie fall foul of his trail? Say yes, Mack, and you'll have it right. He was coming out of the mixer building when I met him, shaking like a late leaf in autumn. I noticed Wally Gay standing up on the platform just a few minutes before as I passed that way."

McNutt opened his eyes and looked at the speaker for a few moments in silence. Then he lowered his feet and straightened up in his chair.

"Say, Bob, I'll tell you something."

He glanced at the door opening into his clerk's office and spoke in a low voice for several minutes.

"Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't! What d'ye know about that?" exclaimed the shipping clerk when the yardmaster had finished. "Cut the page out, eh? Now, what do you suppose he was up to? And you remember I told you how old Major Fronk found him snooping about in Wally's room at the Falls House? Oh, that was a long while ago! I always said, Mack, it was too bad you didn't keep a memo of that car. It might have been possible ——"

"Funny thing," broke in McNutt. "Some time ago I ran across a foreign car down here in the yard—off a Western road. I don't know when I'd seen a car from that road in these yards. I glanced at the initials as I went by it and then I stopped and looked at them again, for there was something familiar about them. All at once it popped into my head that those were the initials of that car I put the blue pencil cross before in the car clerk's record—P. G. M. Of course it wasn't the same car—that car went to the scrap pile many a year ago. But those were the initials on Wally's car—P. G. M."

"Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't! What d'ye know about that?" And the shipping clerk fanned himself with his hat. "But I guess Wally can take care of himself all right. He's pulling big stuff at the Open Hearth, isn't he? Manning doesn't get out very often now—I hear he's pretty well run down. They tell me Wally is making more steel, better steel and cheaper steel than was ever made here before. What d'ye know about it?

"Well, I must be trotting along. Scads of work ahead of me. What d'ye know about it, Mack? It's plug, plug, plugity-plug all the time in this old dump. No chance a-tall to take a little taper now and then—you're always going down for the third time in work. I hear they're slicking up the old joint for visitors—big guys. One of them is a United States senator. What d'ye know about that?

"I've often thought, Mack, that the fellow who has the job showing sightseers through this plant ought to find a chance every now and then to snatch off something pretty good. There's a lot of mighty big people who come out here to gawk. Suppose now, for example, you had the job of steerer, Mack, and you were showing this United States senator through the place and you saw him walking straight into one of those puddles of worn-out oil and roll-train slush that lie about on the standings, so charmed with the mechanical scenery on every side of him that he wouldn't be watching where he was going. You'd touch him on the arm and say politely, 'Just a hair to the left, senator, to avoid the pool of goo.' And when he saw what his patent leathers had missed he'd give you a grateful glance then and there and maybe a second or third class post office later on.

"Or suppose again that you were guiding this august guy through the dump and you spied a bulldozer dangling from a crane chain flying straight at him. You'd take him by the elbow and whisper, 'Kindly deflect your course, senator, to prevent the bulldozer caving in your coco.' Shouldn't that be good for at least a consulship? I'll bet if I had the job of steering the rubbernecks through Steelburg Mills I'd have my light out from under the bushel in no time. Well, Mack, it's me back to the manila papers at once. What d'ye know about it?"

Wally lived through a never-ending agony of suspense and dread, waiting the coming of the man he had encountered beneath the mixers, bringing with him the proof that the hideous, repulsive, loathsome creature he had seen in the old ruins at Ferro Junction was his mother. He expected him; something told him he would return; something whispered to him a thousand times a day, "He'll come! He'll be here!" And through the long nights when he would lie awake staring up at the black ceiling, seeing in the darkness before him that cadaverous face, the stringy gray hair, the sunken eyes in hollows that were as deep as the empty eye sockets of a skull, the slavering lips, the fumbling fingers at the bony throat—something was whispering to him all the while, "He'll come! He'll be here!"

He was nerving and steeling himself for the blow when it should fall. His decision was made—he would not buy off the man. If the proof were positive he would attempt no denial. Let the fellow make known his ugly discovery—he would not deny it!

He had written and told Amy Creeth what confronted him. Not for an instant had he hesitated to do this, and he found strength and comfort in the words she had written and repeated in the letter she sent

back to him: "Everything will work out for the best, my dear—everything. And it will make no difference with me."

One Sunday he traveled down to Ferro Junction and of a foreman at Kirk's furnaces made inquiry concerning the man he was awaiting. The foreman told him he had not seen Damrosch for some time—he had heard he had quit his job there. Asked about the old woman at the ruined house on the hill, the foreman said he knew nothing except what he had been told by some of the men—that she had once lived there and that she now belonged at the asylum in Steelburg. Wally talked with a number of other workmen, but could obtain no definite information regarding her. He went to Ferro Junction again. At the shanty of an old watchman at a railroad crossing he stopped and asked about the woman. The old man laughed.

"Oh, that's Nan Sorrel," he said. "She's a bug from the Steelburg bug house. She manages to get away from them two or three times a year and comes wanderin' down here and gets drunk at them furriners' saloons and goes up to the old Masterson house and rummages about it. I don't see why they don't keep closer watch on her at the asylum. She'll get killed down here some day, though I reckon there'd be nobody would cry if she did. Old Nan hasn't got nobody to care for her. She's always looking for somethin' up there at the old house, and she comes down here to me sometimes, whinin' out, 'I can't find it! I can't find it!'

"I've knowed Nan Sorrel all her life—knowed her when she was a little girl and Kent Masterson brought her here from the poorhouse to work about the stone house up there. She looks old, but she ain't so old as she looks—not near so old as I am. She never was plumb right upstairs, I reckon, but Kent sent her to school and treated her well and she made a mighty good servant. Kent, he died, and she worked for Dunwood's mother, and then the old lady died and she stayed on at the old house with the two or three other servants they had.

"Then Dunwood, he goes away East to school and then he comes back and then he goes away again, this time to travel in Europe or sommers, and while he was gone that time he got married. But he didn't have his wife with him when he come back. That was funny, but nobody here ever knowed why. If I'm rememberin' right, it was about that time that Nan Sorrel got to gettin' real bad in the head.

"It must've been the better part of a year after Dunwood got back when his wife come. He didn't know she was comin', I guess, for he wasn't at home. Nan Sorrel was in the big house that night alone—the other servants had gone away visitin'. The woman come to the city and got a cab to fetch her out to the Junction. The cabman was drunk and got lost up here along the canal and drove in the canal or somethin' and the woman was nearly dead when she finally got to the house, so we heard. And she was dead all right when Dunwood got home the next day. And Nan was crazy as a loon.

"I always thought Nan was stuck on Dunwood when they was growin' up. They was about the same age, but Nan was the oldest. But Dunwood was always a proud, high-headed chap. He got that from his mother, whose name was Dunwood. If I'm not forgettin', Kent brought her here from the South."

The old watchman looked toward the great stone house that now showed bleak and ugly behind the leafless maples.

"Yes, sir, that there was once the swellest place in all this part of the country. Old Kent Masterson built it and Kent, Junior, improved and added to it. But Dunwood never seemed to care for it. He never stayed there a day after his wife come back that time, and it's just gone plumb to rack and ruin.

"But I wish them asylum people'd keep old Nan locked up. She gives me the creeps. She looks like the very old scratch!"

Wally left the old man and returned to Steelburg. He had learned all he could hope to learn. There was nothing further he could do—he would wait the coming of the man.

Masterson came to the mills with a number of his friends. All his interest seemed to be centered in the Open Hearth, and while Goodlow was showing the other visitors through the various departments he sat with Wally in his office talking with him, or walking with his hand on the young man's arm along the floor in front of the long row of furnaces. The senator's dignified bearing, his finely modulated voice and the ease with which he conversed fascinated Wally, but he was not happy in the man's presence—he knew Masterson's eyes were fixed on him almost constantly.

As they stood behind one of the furnaces, whither they had walked to watch the tap, an overhead crane carrying a long runner out of the glowing ends of which dripped molten steel and slag passed over them. Suddenly a chain hook snapped and the runner, now held by but one lug, dropped down and swung about, while the slag and steel that lay in the trough of the runner poured out and splashed on the floor near the two men.

"Get back!" shouted Wally.

Masterson turned to flee, stumbled forward, and trying to save himself from falling, set his foot upon a pile of splasher handles and tapping bars. His foot shot between two of the heavy bars and jammed.

In the same instant, it seemed—so quickly did he act—Wally had seized a short piece of iron that lay on the floor near by, thrust it between the bars and forced them apart. Masterson jerked out his foot and they sprang away—and as they did so the spinning runner discharged a mass of molten steel and slag upon the spot where they had stood.

Masterson walked across the floor and sat down on a workman's bench. He was bareheaded, his clothes were soiled and he breathed heavily, but he laughed as he looked up at Wally.

"For an old blast-furnace man that was a pretty awkward caper I cut there," he said. "You saved me from serious injury. I wonder, now, just where my hat is."

"The last I saw of it it was sailing over into the pit," laughed Wally. "I'll see what happened to it."

He went back to the platform, looked over the railing and returned.

"It's gone—it fell squarely on a bowl of new slag."

"Well, I declare! Will I have to go home bareheaded? I wouldn't like to do that."

"Oh, I can let you have a hat. Come up to the office."

They went to Wally's office, where he brought out his street hat. Masterson tried it on.

"A fit!" he cried. "I'm surprised indeed, for I have the largest head of any man I ever met." He peeped into a mirror that hung on the wall. "And a very becoming hat it is too!"

He was in high good humor when he started to leave, wearing Wally's hat, about which he had had much to say because of its fitting him as it did. At the top of the stairs he turned to shake hands.

"I want you to come to see me, both at my office in the city and at my home. May I expect you sometime—and that very soon?"

Wally thanked him, but gave him no definite answer, offering for excuse that he was busy with night study with one of the professors at the Polytechnic.

Masterson returned the hat the following day with a note of thanks and in the fortnight that followed he wrote twice, repeating the invitation he had made in the mills. But Wally did not go to see him, finding the same excuse he had before offered. Then the senator went to Washington.

The winter neared its close and the man Wally awaited had not come.

The winter neared its close and the roadbed and tracks of the stub line connecting Ferro Junction and Steelburg had not been repaired.

The winter neared its close and the huge ladles of hot metal continued to roll through the mill yards, winding in and out among the black buildings, little waves of red slopping over the rims where the crossovers and frogs were many. And the mixers continued to give their mouths to the tipping ladles and to drink the red liquid, then to pour it out into smaller ladles that carried it and poured it into the furnaces. And the red iron in the furnaces became white steel, and the white steel in the molds became red ingots, and the red ingots became white blooms, to be rolled and squeezed and pressed into bars and billets and rails and channels and girders. And the mills continued to rumble and roar and the furnaces and converters to flame and flare and ever a pillar of fire hovered over Steelburg by night, a cloud of smoke by day. But the man Wally Gay awaited did not come.

Every minute of every hour of every day and every night of that winter that was nearing its close he had been awaiting him. He was awaiting him now. Something was telling him all the while that he was coming—he heard the old whispering, "He's coming! He'll be here!"

Was there a knock at his door in the dead of night? "Here he is," he would tell himself. Did someone touch him on the arm in the street? "He has come," he would mutter before he turned his head. Did someone come and stand before him as he sat in hotel or bank or waiting room? He would shudder before he raised his eyes.

Old Major Fronk now had more time and still more time to read his bound volumes of old magazines, to play old tunes on his old violin, to breathe anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who had made of Steelburg the hideous hole of a place it was, for Wally Gay, the pupil, had outgrown Major Fronk, the master. The thick volumes in which Wally now read were beyond the major's comprehension—he refused to look at them any more. He no longer had a pupil whom he could teach.

"By gad, Wally," he burst out one night, "I wish you weren't so damn smart! Blast me, if I don't wish you were again the Vinegar Gully dub you were when I took you in hand! I'm a has-been! I'm done! I might as well go out and crawl beneath the sod!"

Wally closed the heavy volume he was reading and tossed it aside.

"Get out that old fiddle, major, and let's have a concert!" he laughed. "Tear off all our favorite old tunes and then we'll spend a delightful hour or two cussing out the bohunks. Then I'll read you your favorite chapter from Rabelais."

The major went to bed that night smiling and happy, and Wally sat up two hours past his usual bedtime hour to cover the reading assigned to him by Prof. Roy Elroy, of the Polytechnic.

Throughout the winter Stanley Kirk had sent none but good iron to Steelburg Mills. Then in early March, Wally, watching the mixer tests, noticed that the sulphur content was increasing. A little it climbed, a little more and a little more. He waited a few days to see if the figures would not change for the better, but when they moved on steadily upward and were approaching the danger point he spoke to Goodlow.

"All right, you may go down and talk with Kirk about it," said Goodlow. "Just let him know that we are on the job up here and that we keep our eyes open. Take a copy of the contract with you and if he feels inclined to argue the question show him that sulphur clause. You might casually refer to the surplus stock of pig we are accumulating here, and you could mention, too, in an offhand way that we are talking of two new blast furnaces. And say, Wally, don't you think you should make the trip to the Junction and back in a machine? There hasn't been a thing done to that piece of track."

"Oh, no, I'll go on the hot-metal train. I'd rather go that way—the wagon road must be in horrible shape after these rains we've been having." And Wally left Goodlow's office.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when he started for the Junction. The day was bleak and dismal and a cold wind blew out of the north. As he stood on the flat car that trailed the three empty ladles he could see how the heavy rains of the past several days had washed and cut into the hillsides along which the tracks ran. A heavy snow had fallen the night before and lay in piles and patches over the soggy earth, slowly melting and adding to the floods that choked the creeks and brooks and runs to overflowing. The wagon road, he noticed, when it ran close to the railroad tracks, was gorged and gullied and deep in slush and mud. He was glad he had not chosen to travel that route.

Kirk greeted him with a laugh as he entered the furnace owner's office.

"Hello, Gay! High-sulphur iron again, eh? Sit down, sit down and let me tell you all about it!"

Wally took the chair that was pushed forward to him.

"I've been away for two weeks. That accounts for the high sulphur. Been East—Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Washington. I saw Senator Masterson at Washington. He was asking about you. Now this iron, Mr. Gay—don't you people at Steelburg get to worrying about my iron. I know exactly what you want and I know what you don't want. After I left my superintendent began using from our pile of Ajax ore. That's where the sulphur comes from. Our stock has been running a trifle low and I told him he could dip into the Ajax pile, but I didn't intend he should dip so deep as he did. I'll soon have things back in shape again."

"What are you making now?" asked Wally. "May I see your sheets?"

Kirk handed him a number of slips of paper. Wally studied them for a few moments.

"We'll take the next drag—the one you are now making up—but you needn't send us any more until things have cleared up completely. We're in very good shape up there now to take care of ourselves, so we won't be inconvenienced if we have to cut off from you."

Kirk looked disturbed.

"All right, all right," he said, concealing his annoyance in a little laugh. "I'll send everything to the pig machine until the iron is running clear again. But I'm sure you can look for metal sometime tomorrow afternoon. Did I mention that I saw Masterson while I was away? Masterson is interested in you, Gay. If you should care to drop the steel business I believe he would ——"

"No; steel is my line," interrupted Wally.

"But if he should make you an exceptionally attractive offer? You know, Gay, there is talk—strong talk—that the senator may be called on ——"

"No, I wouldn't be interested," broke in Wally again. "I'm going to stay in Steelburg—that is, if they'll let me."

Kirk stared at him in silence for several moments. Then he smiled.

"Well, if they won't, just let me know and I'll give you a job that will keep you from starving."

"Thanks," returned Wally with a laugh, and he rose from his chair. "I want to go out and look over your new unloading machinery which I hear you have recently installed."

"I'll go with you. But really, Gay, if I were you I'd run down to Washington sometime and see the senator. I know he wants to see you there."

"I may go some of these days—when I find time."

It was dusk when the train of four ladles of metal started for Steelburg. Kirk, standing by the track side, waved his hand at Wally as the ladles passed from sight about a curve in the road.

"I see it now," he muttered. "Strange I didn't notice it before! Masterson is right. But it's a mystery. If—but pshaw! It couldn't be!"

Wally was alone on the flat car, the conductor and his brakeman having climbed into the engine cab, ignoring the rules that made it imperative that one of them should travel at the rear of the train.

It had grown colder and had started to freeze and the wind was keen and piercing. The gray clouds drifted low and the glare from the red metal in the huge vessels lighted them up, bringing them closer to earth, it seemed, and revealed them rolling and tumbling in fantastic shapes. There was the sound of running water along the tracks, for all the gorges and gullies and ditches were full, and down in the wagon road that now and then paralleled the railroad little rivers ran in little gorges where the wheel tracks had been.

Wally drew his ulster closer about him and walked up and down the flat car, now and then catching hold of the hand rail as the car lurched over some particularly rough piece of track.

Half the distance to Steelburg had been covered and he noticed that here the wagon road was following the base of the little hill the railway was rounding. It lay there below him—but a little way below him—and he could look down upon it and see the little gorges cut out where the wheel tracks had run. And as he looked he saw a figure moving along in the rapidly gathering gloom—a woman traveling in the direction the train traveled. He wondered that a woman should walk in such a place and in such weather. As he watched her she raised her head and looked at him, but he could not distinguish her features in the dusk.

She was old and gaunt and her appearance was ghastly, deathlike. Strings of gray hair were blown by the wind about her gray withered face and there was slaver on her lips and she hiccuped. Bony fingers blue with cold fumbled at her skinny

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neck. The skirt of the gray dress she wore was sodden and draggled and the wind pushed it against her lean legs and held it there. Her feet went deep into the icy slush and mire as she set them wearily down, and her shoes had broken and fallen away and her stockings burst until patches of flesh showed through, washed strangely white by the dirty water in which she walked. And as she went she was moaning and mumbling, "I can't find it! I can't find it!"

A sudden lurch of the train caused Wally to glance ahead. He saw a wave of red roll over the rim of the first ladle, a wave from the second ladle, from the third and from the fourth. Then came a mighty crash and a crunching and breaking of timbers and he beheld a flaming torrent of red pouring down the hillside. Two of the ladles had gone over together; a third quickly followed and the fourth wavered and hung balanced on the broken bridge girders.

A multitude of deafening explosions followed as the molten metal ran into the puddle holes and trickled into the thousand little water-soaked depressions, and there rose an overwhelming sound, thunderous roaring and stridulous whining and hissing as the streams of fire cut through the streams of water. White fogs of steam and queer-colored clouds of smoke came suddenly into existence to mingle and float away in the weird, unearthly glare that spread from the spilled iron.

Wally had leaped from the car to the ground at the side of the tracks. As he jumped his eyes had gone down to the roadway where he had seen the woman walking. She was gone—she had passed behind a clump of bushes by the roadside and the clump of bushes, he saw, stood in the path of the descending torrent. He could see a dozen red rivulets racing down through the leafless bushes that covered the hillside, sputtering and blazing, and then the bushes burst into flames.

Just for a moment he had watched it all. Then he sprang forward to run down the little hill to the road, intending to detour the flame-swept area. A dozen steps he had taken when he stumbled, pitched forward, and his head struck against a bowlder hidden from his sight by a cloud of drifting smoke.

How long he lay there where he had fallen he did not know, but he was aware that it was only for a little while. When he opened his eyes a tiny stream of fire was sputtering and hissing past him very close to his face. He put his hand to his head and felt warm blood trickling from a great gash cut in his scalp by the rock. He climbed to his feet and stumbled on, came to the bottom of the hill, to the yellow road, stepped across a brook of fire and across another and saw her lying close to the clump of bushes behind which she had passed from his sight—they were burning now—with the red metal all about her, with the flow of one little river of it dammed by her body.

She lay with her face in the yellow clay as though she hid her eyes, and her garments were ablaze. As he came closer to her she threw out her arms, put down her hands and tried to raise herself, and he thought she had heard him coming. He gathered her up and ran, and so frail and slight was her body that it was, it seemed to him, quite without weight.

He felt the pain of fire on his hands and on his face as the flames from her burning garments licked about him, and once he cried out as—unseeing—he placed his foot in a red puddle hole. Then he laid her down on a bank at the edge of the road and beat and tore at the flames that were all about her; jerked off his ulster and wrapped it tightly about her and rolled and tumbled her over the ground until he knew the last spark of the fire was smothered out.

A dead tree that stood not far from them burst into flames and by its light he gazed at her and recognized her. She looked up at him and she was very quiet and she spoke quietly.

"I remember now," she said. "I remember everything. I put it in a car and there was iron in the car and I shut the door. There were letters on the car and numbers and I wrote them down in a book because I was afraid. The letters were a P and a G and an M. I remember them. And the numbers were a six and a seven, a six and a seven ——"

Her voice was growing weaker and she was hesitating.

"A six and a seven, a six—I wrote them down in a book—and I put the book behind—behind ——"

She ceased speaking and struggled for a moment trying to free her hands from the folds of the heavy ulster that wrapped her about. Then she lay very still and he knew she had died. But not for a long while did he go away from her. Behind him a stream of red metal whined and howled as it cut and guttered into the icy waters of the swollen creek. The dead tree flamed up brighter and brighter, then fell with a spark-scattering crash. And the fourth ladle that had hung balanced on the burning timbers of the broken bridge rolled over and poured another red torrent down the hillside.

He climbed up to the tracks, went along them to the edge of the bridgeless stream and shouted across to the men of the train crew who stood about the derailed locomotive that was making the hills echo and reëcho with the incessant screeching of its shrill whistle.

". . . The metal was all about her, some of it washing against her, and as I came close to her she raised herself, put out her hands and they dipped into the awful stuff. She was crying when I picked her up and carried her away, but she did not cry after I had laid her down at the roadside; after I had beaten out and smothered out the flames. I see it all again and I am sick at heart and sad. . . ."

With bandages about his face and head, with one hand in a sling and the other partially bandaged, with a crutch standing by his table, Wally was writing a letter to Amy Creeth ten days after the wrecking of the hot-metal train:

". . . And so by that fact I am convinced, positively convinced, that she was my mother. For the letters she repeated to me were the initials of the car I came to Steelburg in and the numbers she spoke—six and seven, six and seven—were the only two figures in that car's numbers. You remember that I told you the car was P. G. M. 67677. Joe Gay wrote it down in his Bible and I have never forgotten it—I couldn't forget it any more than I could forget my own name. And do you know, I looked in the old Bible to-day and that page on which Joe wrote is missing! I suppose it was lost out while I was moving up here from Vinegar Gully. But it makes no difference . . .

". . . of that I have no doubt, none at all. For she said, 'I put it in the car and there was iron in the car and I shut the door . . .'

". . . I had her decently buried in the little cemetery at Ferro Junction. The asylum superintendent offered no objections. He asked a few questions, but I evaded them. . . .

". . . I know you will approve of my refusing Manning's position. It took all the courage I possessed to say no to Goodlow, for it is a big job. When I told him I was going East with Professor Elroy for a year, or maybe more, of special work—hard driving work we expect to make of it—in a New York institution, he shook me warmly by the hand, told me I was doing the wise thing, wished me success and said there would always be a place for me at Steelburg Mills. . . .

". . . I have decided to go through Washington and see him. He is so persistent with his invitations. I cannot understand why he is so interested in me. I liked him, he fascinates me, but I wish he wouldn't gawk at me so much. And do you know, he has written me recently offering me what I suppose would be considered a very attractive position? I haven't given it a thought, nor will I. I like Steelburg. . . .

". . . I think we should live in Steelburg. Of course it isn't a nice place or a beautiful place, but I know I belong here. And deep within me, Amy, there is a feeling that some day I shall be able to do something for Steelburg, to help to clean it up, to make it a more decent place. . . .

". . . would have written this letter last evening, but that chatty shipping clerk I have so often spoken to you about in my letters came in on me and nearly talked my arm off. I couldn't get a word in edgewise. If I ever get the chance I'm going to give him a job that will be nothing but talk—he'll have to talk all the time to hold it. . . ."

As Wally hobbled down to the post office to mail his letter a man sitting in Grover Grundt's barber shop with his feet on the laundry shelf and with a generous slice of Grover Grundt's natural leaf in his cheek saw him pass the window.

"What d'ye know about that, Grover?" he asked the barber. "There goes Wally Gay all bandaged up from the burns he got in the hot-metal spill. I had a nice conversation with him last night up at the Falls House. Grover, he's a mastodon. It lifts you up, it inspires you, it makes you want to build thee more stately mansions for thy soul, Grover, to talk to a man like him. It's men like Wally Gay, Grover, that keep me from being a socialist. I look at Wally Gay and then I go to the mirror and take a slant at yours truly. I cogitate on what Wally Gay has accomplished at Steelburg Mills and then I cogitate on what yours truly has accomplished there in a like length of time, and I say to myself, 'Nix on that socialism stuff!' And I keep right on voting the Democratic or Republican ticket—whichever puts up the best man.

"Well, Grover, as I reflected before, what d'ye know about it? Here's Wally ripe and ready to step into Manning's shoes as Manning steps out of them. Does he step? He does not step. Instead he throws up everything he's got and trots off to school, or so I've heard it rumored—of course I don't know. Goodlow's clerk told Hoppy Stapp and Hoppy told Skinny Thudd and Skinny told me. But that's Wally—long sighted. You and I are not that kind. You and I see the pullet's egg of to-day and we grab it: Wally sees the goose egg of to-morrow and he waits for it. You and I, Grover, if we'd done for a United States senator what Wally did for Senator Masterson would by this time be in Washington hopping bells in the Senate or guarding the United States Treasury. For just as sure as your name is Grover Grundt the senator must have offered something to Wally for saving him from getting fried when that runner nearly came down on him. Gabe Dinky heard him inviting Wally to come out and see him. What d'ye know about that?

"I can't deny, Grover, that it makes me feel a trifle chesty to know that I am responsible for Wally Gay's getting where he is. You see, Grover, I discovered him. I was the first to tumble to the fact that Wally was a mathematical monstrosity. From that day to this he has steadily clumb. I tried to get Calla Lily to let him have a shot at rustling the manila papers in the shipping department, but Calla Lily said he was too coarse and unrefined. What d'ye know about that? Wouldn't it give you a pain in the eyewinker? Now he makes Calla Lily look like a paper collar that's been turned twice.

"Yes, sir; when I think of Calla Lily and that lemon-beaned Ackerman and that sap-headed Jaster, who made a mule, a goat and a Percheron horse out of Wally for so long, sitting at the lunch table every day and listening to the line of conversation that must pass between Goodlow and Wally and Rattlebones Mackenzy, I feel so joyful I could sing.

"Funny, isn't it, that nothing ever came out about who Wally is? Never a word. Nobody ever claiming him, nobody ever saying he's his or he's hers. Not a peep, yeep or cheep from anybody. Nobody knows and nobody tries to guess.

"Say, what d'ye know about it? My head itches! I believe I'll take a shampoo. Fan the suds, Grover, fan the suds! I want to get to bed early to-night—got a barge of work to get rid of to-morrow and I want to make a good stiff start before the sun gets hot."

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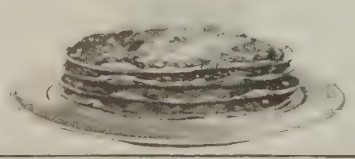

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Puffed Rice Pancake Flour is self-raising. Simply add water or milk. We promise you the finest pancakes you ever tasted.

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THE MAN FROM HELL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Besides," said Lord Radenham, trying to clear up a vague sort of point, "besides, they are my property, you understand. I kept them all. They are my property."

"I understand," said the lawyer hurriedly, getting up.

For a moment he looked down at the rich man sitting upright in the easy-chair with his fifteen years of accumulated precious property in his gnarled fist. A dim thought began to come, but evaded him.

It would have formed, had it formed, like this: "Not all his thousands of acres, his houses and his cars will ever mean so much to him."

"I must go home," he said; "my son, jolly youngster, is back from school today."

"Have you a son?" said Lord Radenham.

"A splendid lad!"

"How old are you?" said Lord Radenham, peering up at him.

"Thirty-nine."

"How old am I?" said Lord Radenham.

"Well, really—I think—about the same age."

Radenham nodded.

The lawyer waited a moment or two. And he was hesitating whether to draw on his right-hand glove or—but he was a great stickler, really a great stickler for justice and the proprieties, and the man was a felon, client or no client. A felon, neither more nor less. He drew on the glove.

"Well," said he, taking up his stick. After a pause for some response he added: "You'll think over these questions, Lord Radenham? And if convenient to yourself I will call again in two or three days, trusting to find you have decided them according to the usual generous precedent."

He buttoned his overcoat. His face looked rosily over the collar.

"Good day," he said.

He went to the door.

"There is nothing else that I can do for you, Lord Radenham?" he asked, pausing there. "You want nothing more?"

After waiting for some response he went out. The question reached Radenham presently—it penetrated—and he turned and looked at the door whence the lawyer had departed.

"Yes," he replied. "Yes! Yes! Yes! I want a friend!"

He saw that the door was shut. He looked one by one at the four walls of the book-lined room. About him was his accustomed silence.

He waited to see what would happen to him. Nothing happened to him. He looked about again cautiously. His brain grew clearer and was able to sort out one or two special points on which to focus. He stretched out a hand and touched the table.

"This is a nice strong table," he said daringly.

Light seemed to filter toward him through a curtain. Points of it entered his brain and lit up the chaos there.

Brian Cleve's widow?

It was a proper thing—the lawyer had said so—that he should comfortably endow Brian's widow. The circumstances were very sad.

"Brian," he said rather loudly. "Brian!"

Two very young men stood in the window of a room overlooking a London park.

"Brian," said one, "you're such a deuced lucky chap, but my luck's always out. If you'll lend me a fiver, I swear ——"

"I'm not going to lend you a fiver. I never lend money."

Later two very young men met again in the room overlooking the London park.

"Brian, for God's sake! I'm in a tremendous mess! My God, Brian, if you'll do this—if you'll do that—I've been a blamed fool and rascal, but I didn't know what I was doing! But the consequences are tremendous—tremendous! I've come to you, the only possibility. You might save me if you—I must get away!"

"Fall out of your own damned messes! You can fall into 'em all right. Never lend money."

The time was passing with sweating and pleading. Then all at once ——

Too late! Too late! Too late!

Lord Radenham sat upright in the easy-chair, his hands gripped round his property. His cigar was smoked out, his forehead corrugated till it was all deep seams.

Brian's widow must be comfortably provided for. The circumstances were most sad.

And sports? Entertainments? Charities—so that the world over which he was now immediate god might enjoy itself at Christmas?

Christmas!

Fifteen Christmases!

Eh?

His brain was now nearly all lighted up and burning. There were words in it: "Ten little nigger boys—nine little nigger boys sitting on a gate—one fell off, then there were eight. Seven little nigger boys—six—five little nigger boys ——"

Stop!

Five—he had the clue!

Five hundred little boys! Five hundred bodies to be held from the punishment!

Five hundred souls to be saved!

A voice—either the lawyer's or the chaplain's—"Love them that hate you; do good to them that persecute you—mum—mum—mum ——"

He listened to it, as it cried to the hungry, "Give!" Its stereotyped call ceased and the accustomed silence fell.

Lord Radenham sat upright, crying.

"I am not Christ," he said with drooping lip, "to kiss the cross—to kiss the cross!"

Somewhere in the great house a gong clanged. Shivers ran over him from head to foot. He sat apprehensive, waiting to see what would happen to him, but nothing happened.

Time passed—half an hour. The gong clanged again.

The silence rolled on and on and on—nothing happened.

Then at last the door opened. The tall, young and weedy footman stood superciliously on the threshold.

"Dinner is served, my lord."

Radenham's face sagged. His hands clenched into knotty balls. Dinner!

"Or do you wish it kept back, my lord?" suggested the young footman with a glance at Radenham's clothes.

Dinner! His eyes dried—tears cleared away. His mouth and tongue dried. He felt the cold creep under his hair. Without reply he rose up. The footman stood covertly staring, holding the door. Lord Radenham knew he was to pass out before the servant. He hesitated; his feet felt clogged and then he lifted his eyes and looked at the insolent servant and looked away again and passed out dumbly. A door across the great wide hall was open and light streamed from it. Thither he went blindly and found himself in the dining room.

It was a long, long room with a long, long table down the middle. One end of this table was laid for one person, with the most beautiful old glass, old silver and hothouse flowers. Behind the carved chair which this person was to occupy an old man stood, cold as ice, precise, impeccable—the Radenham butler of forty years' service.

So slow were Lord Radenham's movements that the butler lifted his eyes to look at him. Obeying the cold beckoning of that obsequious glance, Radenham made toward him. The whole room and the three of them were enveloped in a sea of dreadful light. The pitiless servants watched.

Lord Radenham seated himself. He placed the bundle of letters on his knees and waited. He fixed his eyes on the tablecloth. The sweat started under his cropped hair. They served him.

"Sherry, my lord?" murmured the butler, pouring it.

Radenham took up the glass and emptied it like a thimbleful.

He sat before his plate of soup, not daring—he suffered. The pitiless servants watched him.

After three or four minutes the butler signed to the footman, and the young man advanced and removed the soup. They gave him something else—sole Mornay. Under their eyes he gulped it. But oh, to get away and hide! To eat alone—by himself—like a dog with a bone!

The butler stood by him, saying something. He took two handfuls of the tablecloth into his fists and sat with bowed head, not answering.

"I have opened a bottle of the '98, my lord," the butler was saying. "It was rather a special wine with the late earl."

As Radenham remained mute, with lowly head, the servant, compressing his lips a little, poured the wine.

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Oh, the light! And the vigilant eyes!

They were doing something together at the sideboard again. He couldn't see what, for it was behind him. Then the footman brought another hot plate and handed the entrée.

The butler left the room.

Radenham lifted his eyes a little till they rested on the entrée dish at his elbow. He did not know what it was. It was an entrée born after his time—during the last fifteen years. After the pause had lasted half a minute the footman took the matter into his own hands and served him.

Radenham stared at the mystery on his plate. And the fifteen-year habit upon him, he took up a spoon with which to eat. He was eating in a great silence when a tiny sound entered it—a sound behind him.

The sound was a snigger—faint, quickly repressed.

Something broke in the man from hell. From head to foot the blood ran up and down—from head to foot he burned. He knew release. And without being cognizant of his movements he knew he was upon his feet. He saw in the sea of light close to his own the white and terrified face of the tall weedy young man. He had a throat in his hands. He shook to and fro a bleating human being as if it were a slender reed, an old and outraged voice saying, "Oh, heaven! Oh, help!"

Into the sea of light there swam a respectable gray head.

The young footman gave out choking cries. He seemed all limp—fluid.

"Let him go, my lord!" cried the old and outraged voice.

Lord Radenham flung the servant from him with such force that he went spinning round till his hands touched the carpet before he recovered himself and stood upright. As soon as he stood upright Radenham smashed him to the floor again.

"Oh, my God!" cried the butler, and half lifting his subordinate to his feet he half dragged him away.

Lord Radenham stood alone in the high room. He was all heady, like a man drunk—and he was drunk. A ferocity truly delicious invested his every vein and nerve; it informed the dull, dull grayness of his brain. For two full minutes he stood there listening—waiting to see what would happen to him. Nothing happened to him. Nothing could happen to him.

He was a man full of riches and crowned with freedom.

He stretched out his right hand, balled the fist and looked at it.

"This has power!" he said aloud.

He felt the floor with his feet as if he were sounding it. He had a world under his feet.

"Power!" he said in an exultant voice. "I will use it!" He went to the table, poured himself wine and sat down, his fists spread before him. Blank hours passed away. All was silence.

It was twelve o'clock—one o'clock—and an overpowering desire for sleep seized and mastered him. It was beautiful! He lay down on the hearth rug before the still-smoldering logs and slept without a care, without a dream.

He awoke at eight to a servantless house. They all had their legacies in their pockets and they had gone.

Lord Radenham went through his house. The water in the bathrooms was still hot; the larders were stored with food. He found all he needed—little enough. The fires were all out, but he could breakfast well on the remnants of last night's dinner, which still strewed the table.

He looked out at a hard bitter day. His ferocity was there in him, congealed like the day, and it craved a gratification. He could not help thinking this morning specifically and malignantly of that noble work—that home for five hundred little pariahs. He wished very much the enjoyment of painting on his mind the picture of the havoc before he actually wrought it. He went to the book-lined room of last night and found various clews to the whereabouts of the home. It would be about six miles away to the north, near the town—easily accessible to its benefactor.

He put on the coat and hat, still lying where he had left them the evening before, and set out. Sparse snowflakes whirled about him as he tramped across country. Pressing against him in an inner pocket under the overcoat was the bundle of letters, so that he could not forget them. But they meant less—infinitely less.

As he struck across field paths in the face of the snow he looked round him.

"All this is mine," he thought.

From remembrance of the country he steered right and presently he met an old plowman, who told him the way. In the early afternoon he was ringing the visitors' bell of a great building in the middle of fine grounds. An empty pavilion away to the right spoke of cricket; the gleam of water and a boathouse to the left suggested the summer-time rowing and bathing; he could see the goal posts on the football ground. He could not help smiling. Within the next week anyway, all this—smash!

"I am Lord Radenham," he said to the maid. He saw the sudden scared prying look on her pink face. "I want to see the superintendent," he said.

He was taken to the wing which housed the superintendent and his family.

He brought blight with him. He saw it in the withered way they looked at him, as if the oil in their wells of humanity here ran dry.

"I thought I would like to be shown round," he said.

The superintendent began a bland chattering. Boys all in the gymnasiums; Christmas Day to-day; he had carried on with the usual arrangements, instructions not being forthcoming; hoped this was right. Might he wish Lord Radenham the compliments of the season? Then they opened the door of the first gymnasium. A laughing, shouting, leaping mob in sweaters and shorts. "Boys!" shouted the superintendent, making a megaphone of his hands. "Silence! Here is Lord Radenham to see you!"

And they all stopped dead in their tracks; they stopped on vaulting horses and parallel bars and rings and looked at him avidly.

Lord Radenham did not salute them—he did not speak. He only stared back. Every type of face there registered itself upon his brain. He thought: "All of you, with your bad blood in you, I will loose upon the world which has hurt me."

The superintendent closed the door.

"You would like to see the whole place?"

"I will see the whole place," said Lord Radenham with a cloudy quietude that curdled the superintendent's veins. And he saw the whole fine place.

At four he went away.

It was now dusk over the fields and footpaths and snow was steadily falling, but he sensed his homeward way. He talked a good deal, becoming more fluent. Memories rushed back upon him; memories of long gray days, snow falling; memories of great brazen days, sun-burning; memories of nights sunken in black sleep; memories of nights wistful with weeping; memories of nights poignant with prayer. How often he had prayed and God had not answered! There had never been an answer!

But now he stood here upon his own world under the open sky and he met God face to face.

They met as equals.

They were two Gods.

He spoke to the other.

"God," he said, "if someone had loved me one minute in all those fifteen years I would save these five hundred. God, if but for a sixtieth of one minute you had held my hand in the dark I would save these five hundred. God, if even one man or woman had sent me—me, myself—one thought in those years I would save these five hundred. But, God, no one has loved me."

The Divine Enemy had received his ultimatum. Radenham walked on. The dark and lonely pile of his house towered over him.

He opened the front door and a beam of light fell out.

He stepped athwart it with eyes strained wide. And then he saw that on the hearth at the far end of the hall, where this morning only dead ashes had lain, fragrant logs smoldered.

Vacantly surprised but still unmoved, Lord Radenham took off his hat, coat and muffler, laid them down, stepped toward the door of the friendliest room he had yet seen in his house—the small library—and opened it.

All his movements as yet were stealthy to noiselessness. He crept in. The lamps were lit, the fire was burning, a cloth was laid and in the hearth covered dishes were set.

Lord Radenham's face sagged—his granite eyes clouded and filmed. He drew a heavy breath and sighed deeply.

"What is this?" he said doubtfully. "What is this?"

Looking from the dishes on the hearth to the things on the table, he saw beside the one cover that was laid a parcel tied round with pink string and beside it an envelope.

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Looking up wanderingly from these about the room he saw that every picture was wreathed in holly.

He stretched out a hand for the parcel. On it was written, "With Christmas wishes." Inside it was a leather case. Inside that the sort of pipe a woman gives a man.

After he had looked at the pipe for a long full minute Radenham opened the envelope. In that was a hand-painted card and the same writer had written on it, "I want you to have a happy Christmas."

Radenham trembled. Trembling like a reed in a wind, he sat down. Minute after minute passed over him; and while he sat there, there came back to him very softly his challenge to heaven; and filling his ears, heaven's challenge now replied.

He had something at the back of his brain that could not get out. He struggled to reach it. A bulge at his side hit the table. He looked down. It was the letters.

Terrified to test the immense thought which had come to him, he dragged them out and looked at the faded writing on the topmost. Then he looked from that to the writing on the Christmas card while his heart thumped and stopped—thumped and stopped.

The door opened and a little woman with a gardening pinafore over a widow's dress crept in like a mouse. She carried on a tray coffee heating over a little spirit lamp; all the apparatus.

"Oh!" she said softly and distractedly.

Lord Radenham looked at her. His tongue and the roof of his mouth would not part. He shook all over. It was the first close sight and speech of a woman for fifteen years, and it was devastating.

She said: "I did not hear you come in. I meant to have gone."

He stared.

She said: "Of course I heard—the village knew—about the servants."

He could not reply.

She said: "I'm very fond of Christmas myself and I thought ——" She paused for help, but still he could not reply.

She said: "I'm Lucy, you know. I was B-B-Brian's wife."

She looked at Lord Radenham in his dumbness.

She said: "Will you take this tray for me, please?"

She smiled.

Radenham took the tray and put it on the table.

She said: "You have been out—your boots are wet. Is your coat wet?"

She put her hand on his sleeve and a shudder ran over him.

He sat down in the armchair by the fire and averted his face.

And there fell between them a revealing silence.

Presently, after she had glanced over the arrangements she would have left him but that her eye fell on the bundle of letters. And she said, "Oh, my letters!"

Lord Radenham looked up at her and down again. His tongue moved. He found a thick voice.

"Why did you write to me?" he whispered.

"Because I thought about you so much," she whispered back.

"You thought about me?" said Radenham.

She regarded him very gently and curiously. Her personality was so soft, so quiet, that somehow there was no sudden surprise in it, and yet it had wrought upon and changed the whole face of the earth.

"You thought about me?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It was the loneliness I thought of. I'd always heard ——"

He kept looking at the wreaths of holly.

She murmured: "You don't remember me at all, of course?"

He lifted his eyes and looked at her. She was a small woman who had once been pretty in a soft way. She had disappointed her husband and had no children. She was a woman whom people kindly and privately thought of as a failure. But to Radenham she was the rose of beauty—she was the Eastern Star.

"A long time ago," he began with corrugated brow.

"Nearly sixteen years ago," said Lucy. "We danced together. I think that was the only time. And then afterward—I mean, after you—I mean, afterward—I married Brian. Of course Brian—if I had written to you over my own signature he—I mean of course he did not know, and I told you I was a prisoner's-aid person. It was safer to be quite impersonal, because Brian—but I could not help thinking of you."

Lord Radenham sighed. And he leaned a little toward her and she moved a little nearer till she was standing by the arm of his chair and his head rested against her waist. She was just so high.

He felt for her hand and held it like a child.

"Stay with me just a little while," he said.

"I think I shall stay and eat my Christmas dinner with you," she replied. She had been afraid of the petty tyrannies of her husband, but she was not at all afraid of the dreadful man whose hand she held protectively. He thought he could have stayed there thus forever—but: "It is a good dinner," she said.

"You had better open the champagne, please. I am very hungry. Please look after me very nicely."

Then there came to him on the fluttering wings of the woman's voice the dearest attribute which he could save from the past—authority—the authority of a man caring for a woman's welfare.

"Sit down," he said, rising; and she sat down, folded her hands and watched him while clumsily he opened the champagne. She was the quietest thing.

"Then afterward you'll help me arrange about all—all the Christmas presents I must give?" said Radenham. "Because, Lucy—do I call you 'Lucy'?—Lucy, I have to give the world a very great deal. God and I—we—it is understood between us ——"

ROUND OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 23)

had undertaken to instill the love of democracy and industry into the hearts of his offspring. We wanted to see him get a start—not that I personally believe in this Americanization thing for sour apples, but because sometimes I am sort of soft-hearted in spite of the best I can do.

Very well. I was telling madam what the doctor said about the oppressed laboring man and his car and she remarked casually, "Why, that's nothing. Washwomen will be coming to their work in their own cars pretty soon. Everybody's got one now. You know our little shoemaker down below there—the one that's always so pleasant and nice? He's got a car now. He drives it himself. His wife was in it the other day, and all his children—or I should think all of them."

"Well, I know what I think," said our housemaid, who was in on this conversation and who is herself thrifty. "I'm not going to give those kids any more candy! What I think is, better people would buy Liberty Bonds and not cars."

The said maid has more than a thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds laid away, and I always encourage her to save her money. It is comforting to think that the faithful retainer is going to be heeled and will be able to come forward at the right time when the mortgage on the old home is foreclosed. That can't be far off, at the present prices of liver and bacon. Anyhow, in our household we also are thinking of having a little sympathy for ourselves.

The Oppressed Washwoman

A DOWNTROD washwoman has been committing the drudgery of our family washing for some years—the said family having in it all of two or three individuals, with all the starched work done in a laundry. This oppressed individual was born abroad and has done her melting-pot convulsions in front of the Statue of Liberty with all the rest. There is a union person who goes round among the laundresses and teaches them how oppressed they are and how they ought to rebel, how they should take arms against a sea of suds and, by opposing, end them.

We didn't mind that very much so long as the lady asked only two dollars and a half for her services. When it came to three we grinned and bore it. When it came to three-fifty we bore that also, including the ten cents car fare—which brought the hard-wrung pittance up to three dollars and sixty cents a day. Of course that included breakfast and luncheon provided by the family cook. We could not break even on this home-laundry proposition at five dollars a day to save our lives. I thought I would interview the housemaid with the Liberty Bonds. I met her when she came in to talk with her missus.

"What do you think!" demanded the maid. "Katy is wanting more! 'Why,' I said to her, 'don't you know you are getting as much as five dollars a day now, and only you wash a couple handkerchiefs maybe?' Why, even she wants fifteen cents car fare, one each way, when the new fare is only seven cents; and she could walk for all we know. That other cent she's careful to put down in her own pocket when fourteen cents is all it costs. Is it right?"

It did not take the real boss of the house long to pass upon this last phase of the brotherhood of man.

"You tell Katy if she ever says anything more about any more raise in wages that I'll not pay it. We'll go without washing first."

So having encountered what seemed to me a little good sense in my own household I went downtown to talk it over with a lawyer.

What a Lawyer Said

"HAS the Government any right to compel a man to stay at his work?" I asked this lawyer in the course of discussion on the coal strike and the injunction of the miners by the Government of the United States.

"Of course the Government has that right," said the lawyer with no hesitation. "There always lies the right under certain conditions to what in law is called the injunction. If a man is digging my well and I find a flow of water is endangering my property or that of anyone else I can get out an injunction forbidding him to quit his work. There are many cases at law under which the injunction can be made to stick. There is no such thing as personal freedom in any relation in the world. No man can be personally independent in any capacity in the world. It is against public interest and public policy to try to run a government without the authority of injunction.

"It is as necessary that a man shall continue necessary things as it is that he should have a right to cease his labors when they are not necessary to the public good. We surrender individual liberty when we undertake the social compact. The more civilized we become the more we get into the lock step.

"The Government can conscript a man, can draft him for military service, and send him out on the firing line to be killed at much less wages than these miners will receive while still staying at home and working in as much comfort as they ever had. There is a law of eminent domain, under which in certain circumstances the Government can take away my property whether I like it or not. There are certain emergencies when the Government can take away my personal liberty whether I like it or not—just as it can demand my life itself for the safety of the country in times of great emergency. The Government can force me to join a posse comitatus to aid a sheriff in making the arrest of a dangerous man whether I like it or not.

"The only trouble has been that we were governed so lightly we have not felt that we were under any government at all. The war and the great influx of uneducated foreigners have made some people think that they have no responsibilities and that they can run this country to suit themselves, and that the Government cannot stop them. As a matter of fact the Government has many rights not yet fully enforced. Deportation is one."

"That is to say," I ventured, "that in your belief this Government will have to show its teeth?"

"That's precisely what I do mean," said he; "and I mean it not only as a citizen but as a lawyer. We have been having entirely too much foolishness in this country for quite a while."

What the Druggist Thought

IN OUR neighborhood there are drug stores scattered about, some of which before the war had foreign signs over them, though to-day most of them call themselves American Apotheke or something like that. I strolled into the shop of one druggist who never has had any "apotheke" over his door, being himself English, and asked him the price of postage stamps. He was alone at the time and the merest glance would have shown him to be in the condition known as hot under the collar. I asked him what was the matter with America; whereupon he blew up entirely.

"Is there anything that isn't the matter with America?" he replied. "Believe me, there is plenty the matter with America! I can't get anything done—nobody can get anything done in America to-day."

"Perhaps meaning," I remarked, "that the apothecarial masses are not struggling down freely to the scenes of their impoverishing toil these days?"

"Toil!" he exclaimed. "Work—to-day? Not in the least! Every man who draws wages or salary has quit work and gone joy-riding. They spend Saturday dressed up, smoking and talking over things with the other downtrods. Nobody works any more. Everybody has to learn to get along without work—all you have to do is raise your own wages. Just ask for more money and give less work for it—that's the secret of success that our young men are employing to-day. Just pass the buck and ask more wages, and in return give less and less to an employer. I'll tell it to the world that I am pretty near through. I'm sore, that's all!

"Now that's what's the matter with America, and that's all that is the matter with it. Our people are not working and won't go to work. They think they have discovered the way to fortune without labor. I can't find anyone willing to knuckle down to hard application. This whole city and this whole country are just milling round topsy-turvy, side-stepping everything that looks like getting down to a real job.

"What's going to be the end of this? Why, I'll tell you what is going to be the end—bankruptcy, that's all. There is plain failure in business ahead for this country if things don't change before long. Why shouldn't there be a panic? Why shouldn't there be a business breakdown?

"What's the remedy for this state of affairs? I've just told you—work, that's all. We're playing, rag-chewing and talking—and not working. We're on the little old road that leads to bankruptcy."

What a Savings Bank Man Said

A WORD or so in the druggist's talk disposed me to look further. He had mentioned panic. I thought I would find some man who possibly could talk about general industrial conditions. I looked up the vice president of a savings bank, who also long has been connected with a company formerly dealing in raw resources. His business schooling has been thorough. He has had but few vacations in the years that I have known him. Careful to decide, reasonable always, level-headed and full of common sense, he is known among his associates as a man with whom it is desirable to take counsel. You would be safe in leaving word with your widow to take counsel from such a man, rather than with any lawyer of your acquaintance, rather than with any bank president you know. Such is the value of horse sense in the world. This gentleman long has studied the phenomena of big business in America. I asked him what he thought about a panic on the stock market.

"As to any actual break in the markets amounting to a panic," he replied, "I don't precisely believe that to be very likely. We may have an uneasy market, an up-and-down market, but I don't myself look for the bottom to drop out.

"I'll tell you one of the principal reasons why—the rich men of the country who largely control the stock market can't afford a panic. Why? Because they would run against the income tax.

"Suppose we take a certain stock which now is selling round three hundred. Three years ago it was selling at twenty-five. A good many rich men got in round the ground floor. Very well. Suppose you and I got in at twenty-five and we got one or two stock dividends, almost share for share. Things began to roll up. Dividends were good. The country was full of cash, and as our profits were known to be enormous and as our dividends were very good the general public began to get in, buying on the rise, as it quite often does. We have seen our stock go up to par, two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and now to three hundred, we'll say; we're inside of the facts. Our books have to show all these data as to the original cost. We've got a tremendous profit—but Uncle Sam has his eye on those profits whenever they get to be actual profits actually taken.

"Now suppose I am a very rich man, so that my income is more than a hundred thousand dollars—so that I get far into the tax. Now I'd like to sell out and clean up on that stock, but if I did sell out I could clean up only half of what I got. You see why—because I'm so rich already, half of that profit goes to Uncle Sam. The further I sold down the more profit I'd make—but the more profit I made the more I'd have to give up to Uncle Sam.

"That's the way rich men figure it. They're patriots of course, but—well, they don't take their profits. When they don't take their profits the prices don't break with any slump. The market rocks along with no absolute break. The little fellow is disposed to follow the example of the big fellow, who, as he thinks, ought to know his own business. The big fellows sit tight and try to be happy with their dividends and not their velvet.

"The best way is to do the sum in actual figures. Suppose I have an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, from all other sources, but that on top of that I own one hundred shares of General Oil or United Motors. I have carried it along into the boom market until I have a book profit of one hundred and fifty points—many stocks show more than that to-day. That means I have a profit of fifteen thousand dollars.

"In the old time, before the war, I'd sell now and take my profits, and buy the stock back after it had broken low enough. But the eagle-eyed revenue collector watches my books if I do sell, and knows that I now have made an income of one hundred and fifteen thousand a year. I have to pay a normal tax of six per cent and surtax of fifty-two per cent, so now out of my fifteen thousand dollars I have got to pay the Government sixty per cent. Suppose I sell that stock, intending to buy it in again lower down. Suppose it does break as far as ninety points—and that is some break—and that I sell it and buy it in at that point. I'm no better off than if I had held onto my stock and the potential profit of one hundred and fifty points.

"If I follow the break below ninety points what am I doing to all the rest of my stocks when other people are scared about the way things are dropping? I'm simply forced to pay more money to Uncle Sam if they don't go down more than ninety points too, so that on buying in I can make something for myself as well as Uncle Sam. I've got reasons for wanting to see the market stay stiff, haven't I?

"Well, there are a good many more millionaires in the country and in the market now than there used to be. Supposing they are all about equally patriotic, you can guess about how much they want to give up to Uncle Sam of their profits, on a fifty or sixty per cent basis. Every millionaire sitting tight with profits of more than a hundred thousand a year is an argument for sitting tight as much longer as he can. He loves his country. He knows the war debt has got to be paid. But he doesn't like that six per cent normal plus that fifty per cent surtax for the kitty of Uncle Sam.

"There are much bigger things in America than the stock market, and beyond any question of disturbance of the stock market there are a good many broader and more basic reasons to convince us that there is going to be a high market for everything and high prices for everything for some time to come. I can't see any change possible for eighteen months or two years at least. I can't see how any governmental action can drop prices very much just now. The whole country is in a position of speeding up, to make up for lost time. It is easy to see how that has made everybody hasty and everybody careless about money. Let us figure it out a little.

"At the time of the Armistice we were short of housing for our people and for our manufacturing. For five years we had held off, with very little building. Our stocks of manufactured goods had run low. Outside of the profiteers who had got rich so quick, everybody had been cautious about branching out. It took a little time for us to realize how far behind we had got with housing and with goods.

"Our factories and exporters soon sold out their stocks, at prices higher and higher. Merchants and makers began to take in more and more money. All their working people saw all this fresh money coming in, and they began to get a little buoyant themselves, began to think that they ought to have a cut-in too. The manufacturers, eager to turn out goods, allowed advances in wages. They began to ask as long hours as they could get from their working people, so they could increase their product in order to meet the astonishingly increased demand for goods. So labor again asked more.

"Without any reference whatever to labor-union conditions, simply on a valid supply-and-demand basis, prices began to go up in labor and everything else. As a matter of fact wages went above the union scale. The employer to-day who pays only the union scale cannot get the men. The bricklayers' scale is a dollar an hour, but they get a dollar and a quarter an hour right along all over this city. The carpenters struck for a dollar an hour also—but to-day they get more than that in practice. Unskilled labor used to be very happy with seventy cents an hour. To-day it takes down its little dollar an hour. It is true builders and manufacturers cannot afford to pay these wages; but they cannot afford not to pay them.

"All these things tend to hold the high levels stiff, including high levels in the stock market. Of course this is an abnormal condition; but we are covering five

Dubbelbilt Features: 1. "Cravenette" finish. 2. Retains shape. 3. Front won't break. 4. Seams won't rip. 5. Double-thickness elbow. 6. Collar hugs neck. 7. Rip-proof pockets. 8. Buttons won't come off. 9. Guaranteed fabrics. 10 Pockets double-sewn

Dubbelbilt Features: 11. Repair kit. 12. Resists water. 13. Sanitary lining. 14. Double seat. 15. Double-thickness knee. 16. Seams won't rip. 17. Double-sewn pockets. 18. Buttons riveted on. 19. "Governor Fasteners" adjust knee straps. 20. Knee-rub protection

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We put *style* into them, too—vigorous, boyish style. Look for the clothier in your town who displays Dubbelbilt Clothes. Ask him to show you this Boys' Mackinaw, price $14.75, similar to picture shown below.

Examine the cloth. It's "Walcloth", our famous all-wool suiting. It comes also in browns, grays, greens, olives and mixed shades.

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New York City

years' work in one year. In a year and a half or a couple of years, after we have caught up with that normal deficit rising out of half work and half demand for five years, prices gradually will tend to become more normal, in my belief.

"The family housing problem alone runs very wide as a cause of high prices. The demand for goods also called for larger shops and factories. That meant speeding up. If a man is making one hundred per cent profit on an order he wants to get the goods out. It is cheaper to pay the dollar an hour than it is to stop the plant or to stop building the plant.

"Of course we white-collar people, professional and salaried men, are ground between the two millstones. I don't see how we can help ourselves for quite a while yet.

"The tide will begin to turn when some of these foreign manufacturers, whose old markets we are trying to fill ahead of them, begin to get their stuff as well as ours out into the world. Just now we are looking outside our own country, and in some lines we are almost ignoring the American demand—rubber goods, for instance. We are feverishly eager to get ahead not only of Germany but of England, from South America to Sweden—all over the world.

"Very good; we keep this thing up until the water begins to stop whirling round in the whirlpool and to find its own level once more. The world demand begins to reach its balance once more. Other countries begin to turn out their goods. The profits of our manufacturer begin to lessen. After a while he finds he is just trading dollars. He goes to his laboring force and says: 'Boys, I can't keep it up. We'll have to reduce the wages or I'll have to close the place.' Then, just as the manufacturer groaned and took his medicine, labor will have to groan and take its medicine in its turn. It is the wisest laboring man who can look a little bit ahead, the same as it is the wisest business man who does so.

"No, labor has not reached any millennium. No miracle has been done, and no problem has been solved. The boot straps are still boot straps and not wings, and we're still on the same side of the fence. Labor is having a temporary heyday and that is all. Not all the world united can keep up these times and these high prices indefinitely. If there really were revolution, if there really were distribution of all the property in the world, as many of our red radicals would like, still there would be no millennium; and still no miracle would have been wrought.

"As to any unrest in American labor circles, as you hear it mentioned, there isn't any unrest. Our working people are not oppressed, none of them is hungry, they are all eating. They all want more money—that's all; but I don't call that unrest. As to high prices in labor, I can't say that I am not in sympathy with the laboring man to the extent in which his prices have only kept abreast of the natural law of supply and demand. He sells his labor in the market the best he can, the same as all the rest of us do. So long as he keeps his feet on the ground, and so long as he can reason about these things, and so long as he will look ahead for a couple of years and realize that by that time all the world will know that no millennium has been reached and no miracle has been done, then there is hope for the laboring man in America—such hope as no other country in the world offers to him. For the surly laborer or the visionary laborer or the radical laborer this country has no use and it will not long tolerate him. The country has got to go on, and it will go on."

I asked my friend what he thought about the injunction forbidding the coal miners to strike, and he paused a bit. "I always believed in making a thing stick," he said. "I don't like to start anything that I can't finish. If the Government does not make that injunction stick by some means—by any means—then the Government will invite yet more disrespect. This country is full of trouble makers. Then we should have bad times, very bad times. But I think the miners are mostly jockeying for position in these early days of the coal strike. Certainly it is no time for any man to be bigoted or bumptious on any of these problems to-day.

"The outlook? Not too good, to be sure. But if you think of what the world has been through we ought to be willing to allow the world a couple of years more to catch its breath and settle down again. Now here's something which will show you that the biggest men in this country are thinking of nothing but precisely such problems as these."

He took up from his desk the folder of a firm offering the five and a half per cent notes and bonds of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"I wish someone would tell me," he went on, "just how much it is going to take to finance Europe, and where she is going to get it. All our leading bankers and our economic journals and our finance experts are taking a shot at that guess, but I notice that they differ in their estimates from two billion dollars to seven billion dollars. I am curious to know—I am curious to know!

"Of course all of us have hoped and believed that some way would be found to finance our own American manufacturers so that they can make and ship abroad what the world has got to have now. The closer we get to that day of assured financing the closer we are to the day of normal conditions. Our prospectus here says that the advantages gained by the world war can be retained for this country only by the extension of credits on our part to maintain our foreign markets. It is a case of making hay all at once, now that the sun is shining suddenly so bright. It is haytime for the laboring men also. For a time the laboring man's prosperity, so called—he figures that it is prosperity—will continue. Of course sometime it will decrease very rapidly. I don't think that time is due quite yet."

Interviewing the Janitor

IN OUR building there is a janitor whom we will call Poli, a man of Hungarian birth whom thirteen years of American life has taught very little English, but whose perennial good will and readiness to work have very much endeared him to most of us for whom he has fetched ice and washed windows. Poli has said little, but sawed wood. The idea of a vacation never occurred to him for thirteen years, but when he sprang it he did so in very convincing fashion. He told the boss that he and his wife—who does the laundry work for most of those persons janited by Poli—had now accumulated a lot with a house on it, the said house being paid for and the upper story of it rented to a good paying tenant. Poli and Mina could, therefore, take a vacation with something of good conscience. In other words, he quit.

But the vacation habit was one that did not sit well with him. After a time he came back, and as another man had his old job he himself took a job running one of the elevators. Between flights up and down I held some converse with Poli the other day. It will be necessary for me to translate him, for at times it was hard for me quite to understand him, and I am not sure that he always understood me.

Poli was about thirty years old when he came to this country. His mother was a Hungarian, his father a German who had moved to Hungary, where Poli was born in a little village. When he came to America he went into a saddlery shop at eight dollars a week. He had to join a union or he could not have gotten a job. He paid his dues for a couple of years and got a raise of just one dollar a week. Then he swore off permanently on unions and on saddlery and became a janitor at thirty dollars a month. After a while he was promoted to a larger building owned by the same employer. It is located on the north side of Chicago, where very few Americans are found, and where Poli had very little need to speak the English language. Of course he speaks good German.

My janitor man told me after he started in at his new profession at thirty dollars a month he got no more for seven years. Of late he has had a raise or two, but the top of his salary was fifty-five dollars a month. Of course his window washing and an occasional tip somewhat increased his revenue. Though Poli never learned to speak very classic English he became American enough to raise his price for washing a set of windows to three dollars a throw; and many a time he picked up a quarter or half dollar for some odd job. Meantime his wife, a comely Hungarian woman, also was raising her price in the laundry art, until of late she has been receiving three dollars, her breakfast and luncheon, and her fifteen cents' car fare, for a day over the washboard, be the washing large or small.

Poli explained to me that the combined income of himself and wife, when they had their rent free, kept them going pretty

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well. To-day his wife is making more than he is—eighteen dollars to twenty-two dollars a week. Poli loves to see her work. Also he himself loves to work. It was work, and nothing but work, which gave these two thrifty folk their vacation in their own home. It cost them more than thirty-five hundred dollars, and to-day is worth probably more than five thousand.

I asked Poli if he was a citizen of this country and he told me that he had not yet taken out his second papers but was just going to do so.

"I've got a house now," he said. "I take my papers now."

"Do you like this country, Poli?" I asked him.

"Sure I like him," he said. "I going to stay here."

"Suppose you had stayed in Hungary, Poli," I asked next, "would you by now have had a house of your own?"

He smiled and shrugged after his own fashion. "Not much!" he said. "Chust live, no more."

"Then you ought to like this country."

"Sure I like him. I got house."

Then I asked him a question which I often feel like putting to every foreigner who comes here. I wanted to find out whether he felt grateful to America for what it had done for him. I wanted to find out whether there was any real patriotism in his soul for this country. I don't believe that he ever really understood me at all. In the Blackfoot language there is no phrase for good-by. In the French language there is no word for home. I am not sure, from my own limited acquaintance, that in the Hungarian language there is any equivalent for gratitude to a country. There may be, but if so I couldn't get it out of Poli. That he was glad that he had come here and that it was to his interest to stay here—all that was perfectly plain. But apparently he thought the books were balanced at that point, and was not indulging in any sentiment about it. In short I think that Poli's philosophy comes near to jumping with that of the old Roman cynic who said, "*Ubi bene, ibi patria*"—Where a fellow is getting his, that's his country.

"Now look here, Poli," I said to him, "you're a good man, and you've never made any trouble, and you've always worked and saved your money, and you've got a nice home here which you never could have had in Hungary—and yet you don't seem to think that you owe this country anything beyond that."

"But I vork," he answered mildly; "me and my vife—ve vork always hard."

I gave up that part of it. I asked him whether he was going to join the discontented laboring people and see if he couldn't boost his prices. He shook his head.

"I try the labor union two year and get one dollar more," he said. "No good. Beside"—and here was where the touch of Nature made the whole world kin—"vat's the use? Me and my vife ve get thirty, forty, fifty dollar, but ve not buy any house quicker. Once I get bottle milk five cent, loaf bread five cent. To-day I get bottle milk fifteen cent, loaf bread ten cent. You get hungry and you eat, ride along. Vat's the use?

"Vell, anyway," concluded Poli with his sunny smile and philosophical shrug, "I stay in America, I got house."

A Merchant Talks

A WELL-TO-DO and quiet-minded merchant of some fifty summers, who has made a good living for his family in one of the crack residence quarters of the town, had his morning paper in his hand when I spoke to him and asked him what was the news.

"On the whole, bad news," he replied. "Look here at the election returns of yesterday."

I wondered what he meant, for the results of the city election looked good to most of our better people. All the city improvement bonds had been carried, which gave promise for a day when Chicago might even yet cease to be a village and become a city.

"Don't the bonds suit you?" I asked of him.

"Sure they do," he replied. "That isn't what I was thinking about—I was thinking of the light vote that was polled. This was one of the most important elections we ever had in this city, but you might think that nobody registered and nobody voted. Not over a third of our full vote was polled—yet these were all things which concerned directly the comfort and welfare of everybody. If Chicago is a better city it won't be by the vote of the people but by the grace of God.

"And that's what's wrong with the country too," he continued. "There's where you can find some of the troubles. This is a republic still by the grace of God."

A Business Man Talks Damp

I ASKED a retired business man, a friend of mine, what he thought made the people of the country so uneasy to-day, why they were milling round and not settling down.

"You don't know?" he answered. "Well, I'll tell you where a good deal of it comes from—it's physical nervousness. Everyone has been keyed up on account of the war, but there's another reason. Did you ever have a chance to watch a man who has been cut off from his beer or his liquor when he has been used to it more or less? He's nervous, irritable, cross.

"Now here are a lot of laboring people of all classes who have been more or less used to a drink or two when they wanted it. They had certain habits of an evening or while on their way home—I am not pretending to say that they were good habits. Now they are cut off from that, the routine of their lives is somewhat upset—we won't pretend to say that it was a good routine. They get physically irritable and quarrelsome. They can't take a drink and forget their troubles for a little while and think they're happy when they are not—so they take a talk instead, and come out believing that they are very unhappy. In the past they had work and little more. Now they've got work and little else.

"I want to tell you you have got to figure now not only on a new world and a new country but a new set of people and a new set of personal habits. This is not the same population we had six months ago. Some things work out on paper which don't do so well in practice. I am not saying that prohibition is not a good thing, the best thing for the largest numbers, but what I am saying is that we have taken the clock apart and haven't yet been able to get all the wheels back in again. You were saying that someone told you this was a republic by the grace of God? Well, that's about it. It's hard to kill a man and it's hard to kill a country, but either of them can be shot to pieces aplenty."

A Trade Journalist Has His Doubts

I KNOW the editor of a certain trade paper, who always has been an optimist to the extent of believing that the labor unions could do no wrong. Between ourselves to-day, and in the back room, where none of the labor unions could hear him, he admitted that once in a while, like everyone else, he was guilty of a little bunk.

"Oh, you've got to admit to-day," said he, "that the labor unions are losing some of the sympathy they once had, because they are allowing themselves to be run by the radical element, who want destruction and not construction—at a time when all the world is crying out for construction after an absolute orgy of destruction. I can't go along with some of my worthy constituency on some of these things.

"We have a government by the people, but the trouble with America is that some of the people are not citizens at all. Often the radical labor-unionite is a worse tyrant than any capitalist. He not only wants something he never earned but wants it on a false basis. He doesn't want to get something for himself that he has earned, but he wants to take away something from some other man who has got it one way or another. He wants to lay the world in ashes, so that he can take his time forking round in the ashes and trying to see if he can find something for himself. These men are not leaders of labor—they are rag pickers on the avenues of progress.

"We have got a lot of people in America as citizens or as transients who are not as good as Fiji Islanders, because they won't work and they want to burn the house so that they can pick over the ashes. They are in the minority, but they make more noise and more trouble than any majority. Because they have got away with it for a while they're getting worse. Not that I believe they will get away with it right along.

"Sure, a minority can make trouble, and plenty of it. A company of mutinous soldiers can make trouble for the entire regiment. It can turn its back on the common enemy and leave the fighting men. Its members can stay in the trenches, not obeying the order to go over the top, and can let their comrades do the fighting and take the objective of the regiment.

"When labor unions in times like these—when the whole country is ordered to go over the top—can hang back out of the fight at the expense of the lives and comfort of all the rest of the world they are turning their backs to the enemy in as cowardly a way as if they were in uniform and had refused the order to go forward. Cut out all the rubbish about the rights of man—and the truth is that it is within the power of labor unions to show themselves as much mutineers, cowards and quitters as though they wore the uniform and had refused to fight.

"Oh, yes—that goes for the profiteers too. They also are in the minority. If we are going to have a country it's got to be one where the real thinking majority will rule, where the fighting men and loyal men and square men control things; and not the cowards and skulkers, who only make a minority.

"Across the sea England is watching us very eagerly, and so is all Europe. They say that America is at the most dangerous crisis of all her existence. In times like these there is only one way to win. We need more courage and loyalty, less selfishness and cowardice—that's what we need. If the laboring men of this country allow themselves to be classified in that kind of minority—as obstructionists and quitters—they are doing as much as they can to kill their cause forever. When they wipe out the rule of an intelligent majority they only invite again, sometime, somewhere, that same old rule of sheer brute force against which they claim to be fighting."

A Chat With a Harness Maker

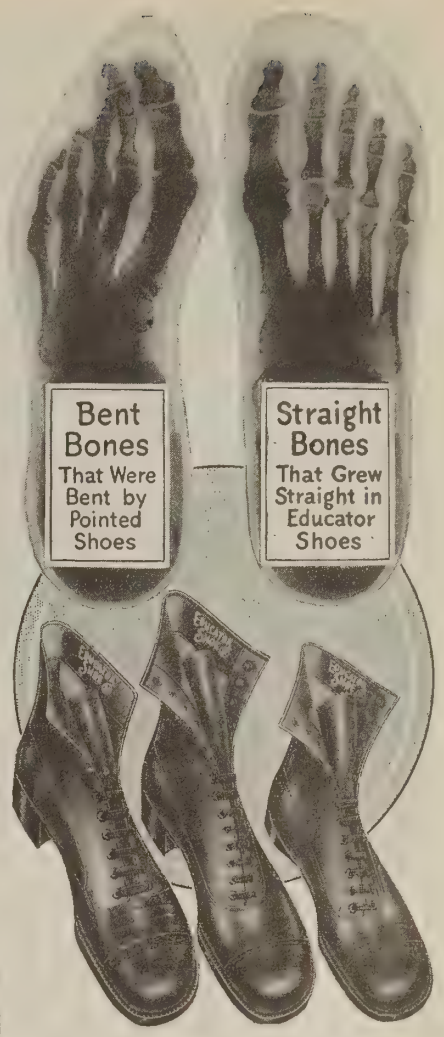
LAST week I took to a harness maker a couple of hand bags that I wished fixed up. When I called for them I found a German workman in charge of the place. I myself am not in any fraction German, but American on both sides of my family for nine generations; but though I have no special use for the German language to-day I studied it many years ago in college, learning to say "*Prosit*" and "*Zwei dunkel*" as well as the next man. Indeed I have so far mastered the accent that this bird thought I was *angeboren*, as we say in Chicago; wherefore he spoke to me only in German.

Any man who says that a German does not stay German as long as he can, and in all the instances where he thinks he can, simply does not know the race; so he and I held our conversation in the *schoenste lengevitch*. He did most of the talking, and most of the understanding. When he got going strong—though he spoke really very good North German—I only got him once in a while on the high places.

I did not tell my new friend what I really wanted but casually asked him after a while how he liked this country and this city; how long he had been here, and whence he came. He told me he had come from Cleveland some years ago and had started up in business in Chicago when he had only "neun hundred dollar eingesteckt"; that is to say, when his savings amounted to only nine hundred dollars. About in there he got to traveling too fast for me, so I leaned against the bench and I looked intelligent, and once in a while when he stopped for breath I just dropped some comment like "*Ja wohl*" or "*Gewiss*" or "*Das versteht sich*"; though you can search me as to what he was saying most of the time. He may have been implicating me in some political plot for all I know. But every once in a while I got him, because he kept coming round to his favorite phrase, *einstecken*.

If you will consult your own German glossary you will find that this word means about the same as "in-sticking"—suggesting the idea of pushing something down into a sack, a sock, a kick, a poke, a purse or a stocking. Translated it means, in American speech, to soak, to salt down, to lay by, to freeze down or to place to the candy. I inferred that my German friend had put considerable of this world's goods to the candy since he came to America. He told me he had several children; I did not grasp just how many.

"Well," after a while I said to him with reproach in my voice, all in the *schoenste*



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A new grade, made from blended nuts with every skin, every germ removed.

lengevitch, "I don't see how you, a good German like myself, can stay in America now that this war is over."

He cut loose again. There may have been a bomb plot for all I know, but I don't think so. I rather suspect there was a lot of philosophy, which I was sorry to miss. I know he said that except for his children he would of course go back to Germany. To this I said "*Gewiss*," and nodded gravely.

"Why not?" said he. "In many ways there is more liberty in Germany than there is in America." *Es giebt viel mehr Freiheit bei Deutschland als bei America.* I think he meant more especially in regard to prohibition, but not that alone. He told me something of the German business and social life, of which I already knew; of the tranquil evening with the glass of beer and some music—all gone now. Then I asked him something of Germany after the war, asked whether he got any news.

"I had a letter from my sister in Germany just the other day," he said. "She says that conditions are hard, that they don't have so much to eat as they would like even yet. But she says that the German Army does not feel it ever has been beaten, and that the German people do not feel that it ever has been beaten."

I gathered also that Woodrow Wilson need not now hope ever to be elected president of the German republic, because he had in a manner of speaking thrown Germany down. I inferred also that Germany did not passionately love England these days.

I asked him whether Germany could fight again inside of ten years. He shrugged and said she would be too poor.

"Oh, well, in thirty years ——"

He shrugged again. I thought once in a while I heard again the word "*einstecken.*"

I did not ask this man whether or not he belonged to any labor union, did not ask him what he thought of the high cost of living. In fact I was studying him, certainly not altogether with love for his people, yet I hope not with unfairness to himself. He had done a very good job of work on the hand bags and his prices were not unreasonable, as those things go to-day. He had come to this country without a great deal of money, had started in business in a moderate way, had paid his debts and reared his family. I did not ask him whether he felt any gratitude toward America for what it had done for him. That hardly seemed necessary after hearing him say that if it were not for his children and their prospects here he would go back to Germany.

But he afforded me a not unprofitable half hour. Ought it to be wholly unprofitable to the reader hereof?

Interview With an Author

AT THE outset of this little study I promised that everybody but the writer should draw the conclusions. There is, however, perhaps no objection to my interviewing an author. Suppose we do that with a question and answer or so.

Q. From your observations among the mixed citizenry of a metropolis what seems to you to be the main purpose of the employing class?

A. *Einstecken.*

Q. What, in your belief, is the main purpose of the labor unions and the laboring man in general?

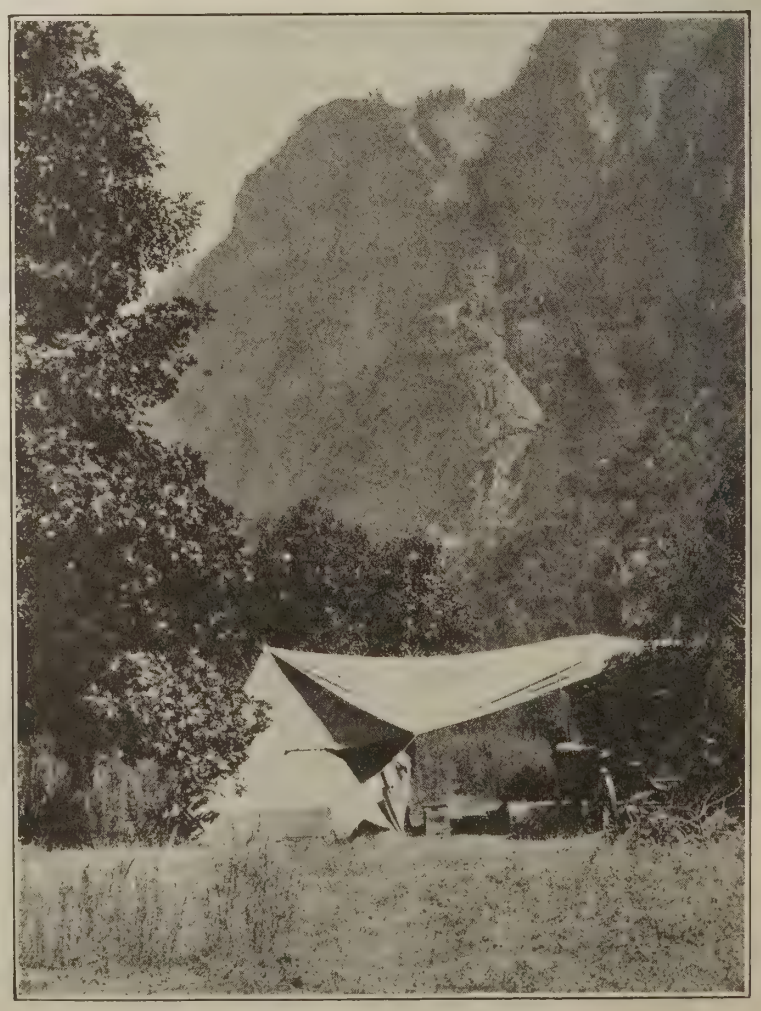
A. *Einstecken.*

Q. What, in your belief, is the future remedy for the people in America, including the white-collar classes?

A. *Einstecken.*

Indeed, speaking as among authors, of all those whom I have interviewed thus far I find only two informants who have suggested a real remedy for the pinch of the times. One of these was not the humanitarian, but the housemaid of the humanitarian, who refused to be bluffed further by the washerwoman. The other was not my highly intellectual self, but the lady of my own household who also declared herself as having a limit beyond which she would not go.

Personal work and personal saving, with courage to call any insolent attempt at profiteering on either side, from any source, and a calm confidence that before so very long times will again be normal in America—these seem to be the only remedies of any actual and immediate use so far discoverable in our village. Is it not about the same in your own?



THAT VILLAIN HER FATHER

(Concluded from Page 16)

And in their next hour alone together the guest asked him what the worry was.

"Nothing. I am a little—we must all think of the future, our children's future. A father has responsibilities."

"*A propos de*—what? Am I inquisitive?"

"Do I not confide everything to you? Some pest has made matrimonial overtures about his son. Preposterous!"

"The young man's position is not good enough?"

"Ah, his position is first-rate. I say nothing against his position."

"It is his character that displeases you?"

"No, as for that, he is steady and not unamiable."

"But what do you complain of?"

Vauquelin waved his hand vaguely.

"The proposal does not accord with my ideas. I have different intentions for her."

"Ah, yes, that Monsieur Duvivier! I thought perhaps that affair had faded out."

"By no means," affirmed Vauquelin, clutching at the excuse. "Precisely I wish her to marry Monsieur Duvivier. And that is a sound and laudable reason why I should resent being badgered by Brigard. I find such intrusions on my routine very offensive. Duvivier's mother and I are going to have a little talk together some time or other."

"But ——"

"What?"

"You decided to have a little talk with her nine or ten months ago."

"I must avoid precipitance. In such matters a father cannot act with too much caution."

"Blanche is a darling, but there are other girls in Paris. If you desire the match be careful you don't let him slip."

"Have no misgiving," said Vauquelin irritably. "I am quite content. Madame Duvivier will receive a visit from me—when Blanche is older, and we shall see what we shall see."

The captivating Georgette looked thoughtful. The more so after a chat with Blanche had drawn forth the nervous confession that she thought Monsieur Duvivier very nice.

And then when the volatile father had banished the menace of the future from his mind and was again basking in the sunshine of the present, what should happen but that Madame Duvivier inconsiderately broached the matter to him instead of waiting for him to approach her!

"Dear lady, my daughter is too young," replied Vauquelin promptly.

"How too young?" demurred Madame Duvivier. "She is one and twenty. I was but nineteen when I married!"

"Yes," said Vauquelin, "but my sainted mother did not marry till she was thirty-two and she always impressed upon me that it was the best age."

"Thirty-two?" cried Madame Duvivier shrilly. "Do you ask me to adjourn our conference for eleven years?"

"My honored friend, I do not make it a hard and fast condition," stammered the unhappy man, struggling for coherence. "It is possible there may be something to be said against it. But your gratifying proposal is so sudden—I had not contemplated the alliance—I need time to balance my parental duties against my reverence for my mother's views."

Now, Georgette, who could put two and two together as accurately as the Minister of Finance, had not failed to remark that the interview took place privately in the study and she noted that her host avoided her own eyes when Blanche inquired why Madame Duvivier had called at such a funny time. Moreover, feelers during the next music lesson found him evasive. In the days that followed, when Blanche developed a tendency to sigh plaintively and turned against chocolates, it grew clear to Georgette that this father must be shown the error of his ways.

"May I say that I hope the conversation with Madame Duvivier contented you?" she ventured.

"*Hein?*" said Vauquelin, starting.

"That the engagement will soon be announced."

"*Mon Dieu*, is it not extraordinary how people seek to rob me of my child?" he moaned.

"Does that mean that nothing is arranged yet?"

"Why not leave well alone? Are we not all comfortable as we are? I have made no definite reply to Madame Duvivier. I cannot be bustled. Have you ever thought that when I part from Blanche I shall be left here by myself?"

"Yes. It has even occurred to me that you too have thought of it."

"Naturally. It is not strange that I should tremble at such a prospect. To be solitary is a sad thing."

"It is for your own sake then, not hers, that you delay?"

"For the first time I find you lacking!" he broke out. "You do not seem to comprehend the workings of a father's heart."

"I have never had one."

"Don't split straws! When I lose her I shall be alone. You do not require to be a father to know that."

"You could always go to see her."

"*Flûte!*"

"And your grandchildren—respectful grandchildren that clustered at your knee."

"I will not anticipate grandchildren—I am not a hundred!" exclaimed Vauquelin angrily. "I repeat that the present conditions are entirely to my taste and I desire to prolong them."

"It is also possible you might remarry."

"At my age? Who would have me? Some ripe and ruddled widow."

"Girls quite young marry men much older than you."

"But not for love. Tell me, what would you put me down at—without flattery?"

"I should call you in the prime of life."

"The friendly phrase for senile! Depend upon it, people said that to Methuselah. Supposing—a man is never too old to make a fool of himself, you know—supposing, for the sake of argument, I felt a tenderness, a devotion for a girl scarcely older than Blanche, a devotion which I strove to think Platonic even while I wept under her window and which revived in me unsought the emotions—all the sentiment, the throes, the absurdities—of the youth that had gone from me before I knew how divine it was. Would it—could it—is it imaginable that she might not laugh?"

"She would not laugh if she were worth it all."

"To marry me for love—a girl? To see me romantic without thinking me ridiculous—to melt to my tears, not shrink from the crow's-feet round my eyes? I wonder!"

"If you choose wisely you will not wonder."

"In love who chooses? Fate decides. What would you call wisely? She should be—how old?"

"Old enough to know her mind. Young enough to attract you."

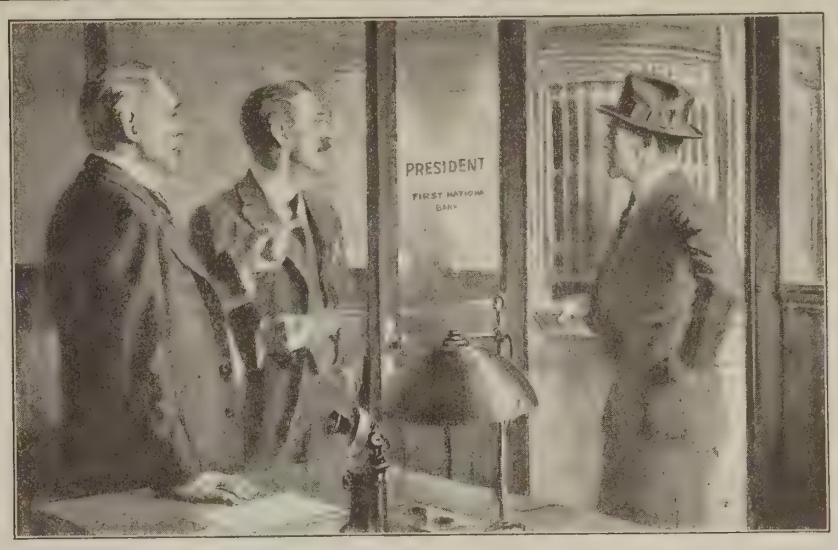
"For the rest?"

"She should have means, that you might never fear it had been yours that won her. She should have affection for your child, that she might know no jealousy of yours. She should take interest in your child's future, that if you were willful she might guide you. To revert to Madame Duvivier, I counsel you to write to-day that you consent."

Vauquelin stood gazing at her incredulously.

"Georgette! Georgette," he panted, "do you know you have given me your own portrait?"

"With my love," she told him, smiling.



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"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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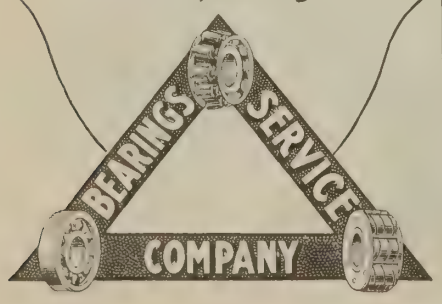

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from Page 21)

old and range-broke, but I was green enough those days to wonder why nobody ever knew the neighbors. There we were, cooped up—a hundred and sixty-eight flats of us, six buildings, seven floors, four to a floor. We might 'a' died, any of us, and the neighbors right across the hall wouldn't 'a' took notice of the funeral. I wonder how New York women ever have anything to gossip about?

"At first I used to try to talk to the neighbors in the elevator and every time I drew the glassy stare. Of course I found out about 'em. I was a grafter—and grafters always do. Just across the partition, third floor rear, east, was a little white man named Kendal. Something to do with the silk trade. Always looked worried and his wife similar. Even the two little girls seemed like they'd swallowed something that didn't agree with them. I tried to lighten up the lives of those two kids once in the hallway by the elevator and their mother came along and snatched 'em away.

"Fourth floor rear, west, was one of those drawing artists—name Bowles. His wife dressed in wall paper and their little boy was a sweet thing with a Dutch haircut—so refined I was afraid I'd taint him. The Smithsons—he worked for a bank and wore a white rim on the top of his vest—lived in the other flat on that floor. They hadn't any children. One day in the elevator I told him it was pleasant weather. He said he guessed so, and stared a hole in the lattice all the way up to our floor. The Perkinses, second floor rear, east, had four kids running from so high to so high. The oldest was a girl. We got acquainted one day at the front door, and the next time I spoke to her she said her mother told her not to talk to strange men. Anybody 'd thought they had my number in the Newton Arms. For human companionship and social intercourse I was down to talking with old ladies on benches in the park—and the movies—and the wad was slipping away.

"I'd have died, I guess, or gone back to the graft if it hadn't been for Mike and his kids. Mike's one of the janitors—fourth assistant to the main squeeze or something—at the Newton Arms. He's a Bohemian. That's some kind of Dago. His oldest kid is named Mannie—age six—and little Bertha's four. Mike's none of your fancy janitors that you read about in the funny papers—the kind with a touring car and sparklers. Mike would stack up as just a poor ignorant boob, I guess, but he's a pretty good fellow. His wife doesn't savvy English very much. Nights after he'd banked the furnaces I used to go down and talk with him. Once or twice I had supper with him too. That was before I found that Mike couldn't afford to feed anybody a supper. After that I'd drop in sometimes during the evening with a paper shell of beer I'd bought at the corner and Mike and I would empty schooners and punch the bag over things in general.

"I found Mike didn't understand his game at all, and even at that he was pretty badly whipsawed. A janitor's graft is tips. That's all right in a little apartment house where you are the only janitor and see the tenants right along, but not in a regular township like the Newton Arms. The windows were washed by a corps of professional window washers, who stood round looking wishful when the job was done until they got theirs. When anything went wrong with the furnace or the electric lights the tenants rang for the head janitor. He came up and saw what was wanted, then he turned the job over to some of the poor fishes like Mike, who worked under him, and returned to say that everything was all right—and collected.

"Of course if Mike had had any brains he could have broken through—sort of attracted the attention of the tenants and hung round letting them understand how much he was doing for 'em, stoking fires down in the basement. I tried to make him see that, but he just didn't know how. The management of the Newton Arms gives those assistant janitors a place to live in the basement and just about enough pay to buy a steak once a week. They're expected to clean up on their tips. What Mike cleaned up after the head janitor and the window washers and the elevator men had got theirs wouldn't have soiled and sullied a ten-cent piece. 'I get me another job next spring,' says Mike to me, 'but this place is warm for winter.'

"I got awful thick with the two kids. I used to take them out to the park and play with them almost every afternoon when I'd finished my daily task of finding that the help-wanted ads were phony. That boy Mannie is a little star. I've seen him tumble over on his face and get right up and laugh, when I knew he was hurt. I whittled him a wooden pistol out of a stick and taught him to get the drop. You'd ought to see him hold up his little thumb and finger—like that—and click his tongue and say, 'Bing! You're dead!' Funniest thing you ever did see.

"And Bertha was always cuddling up to me with her arms round my neck and asking me to tell her stories. She didn't do very well last winter. After Thanksgiving she was right sick—doctor figured it was a touch of pneumonia. I sat up with her for two nights—I'd found Mrs. Mike falling asleep beside her crib, waking every little while to cry and jabber in Dago. I asked Mike what was the matter, and he said she was worryin' part of the time for fear Bertha would die and the rest for fear they couldn't pay the doctor.

"After Bertha got better I made her a rag doll out of a black muffler, which I could spare, and a handkerchief that had seen better days and two shoe buttons and some ink. When she could get outdoors and I carried her up to the park she used to be hugging me with one arm and the doll with the other. I don't know how a couple of squareheads like Mike and his wife ever had such a cunning pair of kids. Bertha was pretty peaked for a long time. She'd got sick in the beginning because she wasn't dressed warm enough. I came through for a thick coat and a pair of mittens, and that didn't do my roll any good either.

"Well, Christmas was coming. Everybody, especially the women, out shopping—wreaths showing up in the windows, exhibitions of those fancy toys in the department stores. And one day, walking with Mannie and Bertha in the park, I was reckless and foolish enough to indulge in talk and conversation about Santa Claus. It appeared that in the Dago country where Mike comes from it's the Christ child who brings the Christmas presents. But prying and investigating into the juvenile mind I discovered that Mannie and Bertha hadn't ever heard about the straight American Santa Claus. I described him, carelessly dwelling and enlarging on the number and variety of toys he brought to good children. They went plumb loco over the idea, and I couldn't pry 'em off the subject.

"Mannie had got stuck on an air gun that he'd seen once in the hands of one of the Perkins brats and had developed leanings toward a toy automobile that you work with your feet. Bertha wanted a whole family of dolls and a kitchen outfit.

"Seeing as Bertha had begun to take an interest in something, which I figured was the state of mind she needed if she was going to get well, I was sucker and boob enough to take 'em to Wanacooper's for the Christmas exhibition of toys. It was awful the way their ideas about Santa Claus grew and expanded. By the time we were through Mannie had boneyed a whole toy railroad with electrical connections and Bertha wanted a big doll's house with lace curtains on the windows. Worst of it was they believed in Santa Claus and were dead sure he'd bring 'em just what they wanted.

"All my time in the boxes and the three-card-monte game it had been my business—in a manner of speaking—to make grown-up suckers believe in Santa Claus. I'd delivered the same variety of spiel—kind of instinctive—to that pair of kids and I'd done my job too goshawful well. I tried to hedge on 'em; sort o' inserted hints that Santa Claus might not come through to the extent they expected. When I got Bertha to the point where she sort o' entertained that idea she bust out crying, and I had to go right back and assure her that our American Santa Claus always did the right thing by good little girls—and she was a good little girl.

"That night I bought a paper shell of beer for Mike by way of loosening him up on the question of Christmas presents. He didn't have any ideas on the subject except that Mrs. Mike attended to that. I got Mrs. Mike into the discussion and found that she had done her Christmas shopping early. She showed me what she'd bought—a pair of warm stockings for Bertha and a wool muffler for Mannie. Stockings and mufflers! Between that and what I'd worked those kids up to expect, the contrast looked wide and far-reaching. Christmas was only five days away now. I sat up that night in the wagon bed I had for a room and figured that it was myself I'd buncoed. I had to come through and make good to those kids. I was down to eighty-three dollars and a gold-plated watch. Best I could figure it, my talk to prove there is a Santa Claus was going to cost me something like forty dollars net.

"Next day crossing the park I bumped into Cal Watkins. I guess I've told you about Cal Watkins. He used to be my steerer, working at three card monte in Pullman trains west of Omaha. When we've renewed friendship and acquaintance Cal represents to me that he needs seventy-five dollars until next morning—needs it the worst way. 'Not from me,' says I. 'In case the news hasn't reached you, I've gone straight. I'm not staking any green-goods game, neither am I sharing and participating in wire-tapping maneuvers.'

"'Where have you been hiding yourself?' says Cal entirely too prompt. 'Didn't you know I'd gone straight too? I've been working at a regular job on the docks until last week, when they laid me off. Now my wife's sick and I've got to buy a lot of fancy medicine and move her to the hospital. Those New York hospitals want cash in advance. My pay and a bonus are coming to me as soon as the office down on the docks opens to-morrow morning. It amounts to eighty-five dollars in all. I can give you back the money by ten o'clock.'

"Well, I came through, explaining to Cal that I'd like to lend it to him until he got ready to pay but that it would clean me out if I did. I made an appointment to meet him at eleven next morning in Schulz's Bar on Columbus Avenue. Minute he turned his back and made his get-away I began to get leery, and I wasn't a heap surprised that he didn't show up at Schulz's. When one o'clock came and he was still overdue I went down and stood by the bar entrance of the Hamblen waiting for some grafter I knew to come out. The first was Eddie Jordan. He was running a mining-stock swindle at the time and he knew Cal well.

"'I'm looking for Cal Watkins,' says I. 'Want to let him in on a little business proposition,' says I.

"'You're too late. He fell down on a game last week and bumped against the fly cops. He lit out for the West last night—Cincinnati, I expect,' says Eddie.

"I hold onto myself and ask kind of offhand, 'Did he take his wife along? I might talk over my proposition with her.'

"'Oh,' says Eddie, 'he didn't bring his wife this time. She's back on the farm in Missouri, I expect.'

"I've heard people talk about honor among thieves. There ain't any, and when a grafter gets on the wrong end of a crooked proposition he makes a country parson look like a wise guy.

"I went up on Broadway and pawned my watch. Best I could get was eight dollars. With the tail end of my roll that made fifteen dollars and something. My board with Miss Sprague was sixteen dollars a week, cash in advance, and the week was up next day."

Dan Murray stopped a moment in his narrative as though to fortify himself for what was to come, and he stole a glance at the girl. At least she was looking not upon the winter landscape and the park crowd but upon him. Nevertheless her eyes, now dry, had not softened, and the deep thrust of her wrists into her muff showed that her hands were still clasped.

"You can figure for yourself my fix," he went on. "But maybe you haven't figured it all. I guess I was trying too much. Anywhere along the line I could have got a job at common labor—hustling boxes in a department store basement or washing windows or scrubbing out saloons. But when I saw you after six months I was going to ask you—you know what. And I didn't want you to be Mrs. Window Washer or Mrs. Street-car Motorman. I wanted to go straight and get the kind of job you'd be proud of—something with a future. But when I figured it all out that night in the

(Continued on Page 141)

(Continued from Page 138)

wagon bed I was afraid I'd have to hedge on half the program for a while. I decided I'd give the game just one week's more trial. I'd move into the cheapest room I could get and eat seldom until the fifteen dollars was spent. Then I'd go to the old employment office and shovel snow on the street, or anything until I got another start. Which I did next morning—moved myself and trunk to a six-dollar room on Eighth Avenue. It made the wagon bed look like the royal suite, that room.

"Somehow"—Dan digressed again as though hesitating to come to the point, and the poker expression which he had maintained throughout his narrative softened into a sentimental droop about the mouth—"you were the one thing I was sure of. I had you figured right, and I never let go. You might fall in love with some other fellow maybe, but I was dead certain even then that you'd hold him off for those six months until you'd seen me. If I hadn't believed that I'd have gone down to the Hotel Hamblen and asked in on the first open piece of graft. But you get awful depressed when you're hungry—and I was some hungry in the next week. A thing came into my mind that I'd never thought of before. I was afraid you'd die. Funny notion, wasn't it? But you don't know how it bothered me.

"For two or three days I forgot all about those kids of Mike's. Then came the day before Christmas. There wasn't much use of hunting a job that day—nobody was in his office. The people on the streets all looked lively and cheerful and busy—except me. Even the bums down at the Bowery Home were going to have a Christmas tree. As I've been telling you, I was a little too hungry, and when you get that way the human bean starts up queer wheels. I'd promised I wouldn't try to see you, but that afternoon I came mighty near standing by the door of your flat just to watch you come in. Along in the afternoon I couldn't stand it any more. I went up to the Newton Arms to see those kids. They were all I had—that I dared to see.

"I'd forgotten about my mix-up with Santa Claus until I rang at the front basement door and Mannie and Bertha came running out to meet me, all excited. Bertha talks awful queer and funny—you just have to laugh to hear her. She's learned English, but her baby talk is mixed up with that Dago language she gets from her mother. She's so het up at first that she can't do anything but jabber in Dago, but when she shifts gears to straight American she is conversing about 'Tanty C'aus'—that's the way she pronounces it—and the big doll she's going to find beside her bed when she wakes up in the morning; and what she's going to find is a pair of stockings.

"Mannie is more cagy in expressing his wants and desires. But he shows what he's expecting by asking a million questions about Santa Claus. Wants to know if he wears a plug hat and how he can get down that chimney if he's so fat and how he goes through the furnace door without burning himself when the fire's a-going. And I have to explain that Santa Claus can shrink and expand himself just as he wants and that he's got a patent magic fire extinguisher that he squirts all over himself and his pack before he starts out from the North Pole. You can just see that those kids can't wait until morning to wake up and find that I've made good with Santa Claus. And after paying rent in advance on Eighth Avenue and getting my washing out of soak and eating now and then, I'm down to three-seventy-five. What I can spare from that sum and amount won't make a dent in what Mannie and Bertha expect.

"We're standing there and I'm drawing the pipe freely on Santa Claus, not knowing exactly what to do, when a striped delivery wagon draws up and the West Indian elevator man comes out and helps unload a young department store of Christmas goods pasted all over with red Christmas stickers. Just then along comes a taxi and emits that Mrs. Perkins, who lives on the second floor rear, east. She's loaded with bundles—has to make three trips before she gets them all out. You can see by the size and shape that they're Christmas presents again—the head of a rocking horse is sticking out from the most prominent.

"I saw there was going to be a swell Christmas in the Newton Arms—everywhere but in the basement. And the reason there wasn't any Christmas in the basement was because none of those folks ever gave Mike any tips—which is the legitimate graft of a janitor.

"I got loose from Mannie and Bertha after a while and went and sat in the park. I was hungry, and when you get hungry you're awful depressed. I guess I'd been missing excitement too. This gay New York had been a dull place to me for quite some time. Thing I can't understand, though, was why I lost my grip on what you'd want me to do. I sort of conned myself, I guess, into thinking you wouldn't mind. Anyhow—I did it."

He stopped here and looked at her again. Still she gazed on him, and still those violet eyes, smoldering behind the long dark lashes, were noncommittal. But he stopped so long that at last she spoke as one who must to break an oppressive silence.

"Go on," she said simply.

"Well, I had the lay of the place long before. Grafters always do. It was easy, as outside jobs run. You didn't have to do any business with locks. The window latches were no good. The double fire escape ran all the way up the back of the house, and nights it was in black shadow. They kept a watchman, but I had his number. About midnight, when he was sure the head janitor would be in bed, he used to retire to the furnace room clear on the opposite corner from the tier of apartments where Mike lived and sleep until about four. The place was soft and ripe.

"Once, before I learned that the confidence game paid better and wasn't so risky, I did second-story work for a while—but I've told you that. I spent the early part of the night working with the file blade of my knife on a broken piece of spring I'd pulled off from that bed of mine in Eighth Avenue. It made a first-rate jimmy for a window latch.

"I robbed Mike first—got his electric torch and a gunny sack. Then I went through the back apartments on Mike's corner of the house. I began with the Perkinses, remembering the little girl who mustn't talk to strange men. There are four Perkins kids—two boys and two girls. Their presents were all stacked up round a big Christmas tree in the parlor—regular young emporium. I flash the electric torch a little and read the labels. Hattie—I expect she's the exclusive young lady—has drawn four dolls, running from a great big wax baby that opens and shuts her eyes to a little-boy doll.

"'All right, Hattie,' says I, 'I won't deprive you of your big wax baby, because you may have been expecting it. But you'll never miss the second best and it will look like a million dollars to Bertha.'

"Willie and Harry, the two boys, have each got an air rifle. But they've drawn a lot besides—rocking horses and drums and mechanical toys and little watches and things. I figure that Willie won't have his Christmas spoiled if his air gun is missing. To even things up I touch Harry for a six-inch clockwork automobile. It ain't the automobile you work with your feet, the kind that Mannie specially wants, but it will do fine for a substitute. Jane—the second oldest girl, I guess—has got a whole big doll's house. If I swipe that I take pretty near all Jane's Christmas, and besides it's too big. But she's got a lot of doll's dishes and kitchen things separate in pasteboard boxes. I touch her for one doll's tea set and add a box of candy to the pile in my sack and let it go at that.

"I call next on Little Lord Fauntleroy Bowles. He's got lots of presents—but they're mostly this highbrow, high art stuff. Howsomever, there's a little wooden horse that I figure will entertain Mannie, and an iron bank to teach the child to save his money and keep it away from janitors. I take 'em, committing bank robbery and horse stealing the same operation.

"Out of the next flat—they're new tenants and I don't know their name, but they've got a raft of kids—I appropriate a tin sword and a horn and a little man who boxes when you wind him up and a toy train of cars for Mannie's Christmas, and two little dolls that Bertha can play are twins. I throw in a couple of these fancy stockings of candy—they were hung all over the Christmas tree—and about decide I'll let it go at that. But on running over the loot in my mind I figure that I haven't been fair to Bertha—Mannie's got twice as many presents. So I take one last whirl at the Kendals and their two serious-minded brats—both girls.

"I find a lot of those stuffed animals, including a Teddy bear, which I know

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Bertha will just love to death, so I take it. Then there's a whole doll's chamber set. I figure for a while and decide to leave it—looked to me like the star present for one or the other of the little Kendal girls, and maybe if I took it her Christmas would be spoiled. So I swiped a picture book and a set of building blocks instead.

"I was making my get-away down the front hall when I said to myself that I was a little too particular for a burglar. Even if the Kendal kid did miss the chamber set her father could buy her another, which was more than Mike could do for Bertha. Besides, I fancied that chamber set—cutest little thing you ever did see. I started to go back for it, when I touched a loose board. It squeaked like a scared hen—I heard somebody turn over in bed and speak right out loud in the room to my right. I dropped flat on the floor and waited. Whoever woke up went to sleep again, but I dassent take any more chances with loose boards, so I left the chamber set. Anyhow, I had enough.

"Mike's children slept together in a cubby-hole back of the furnace. I broke in on Mike again, put Bertha's loot on her side of the bed and Mannie's on his. Then I wished a merry Christmas to all and to all a good night just like Santa Claus in the piece we used to speak at school."

And now he faced her.

"That's all," he concluded, "no comeback. I was considerably worried for a while—more worried than I ever was after I'd done a job for myself. I guess it was because I wasn't feeding very regular just then—and then you look at things differently when you've gone straight. I figured that when this burglary got reported the cops would hunt for the boarder who moved away from Mrs. Sprague's a week before the crime. I wasn't hard to find. I'd left my address so as to get my mail.

"But after three days I hadn't seen anybody with police feet snooping round my joint or shadowing me on the street, and I felt better. Then I got that movie job—extra at five a day—and drew my first day's pay on the dot. After I'd fed myself a real beefsteak I couldn't help calling on Mike. The children had gone to bed, but Mike was full to the cork with gratitude for the kind person who'd brought all the Christmas presents. He laid it to a social-settlement lady who'd called on 'em the week before. He couldn't figure exactly how she got into the house, but Mike took it on trust that she had. Mike was always ready to believe in fairies. I strung him along to find if the burglary had been reported. Mike hadn't heard of any burglary. I figured quite a while before I realized that the Perkinses and the Bowleses and the Kendals hadn't missed the stuff or, if they had, thought they'd mislaid it. That's New York.

"Anywhere else in these United States Mrs. Perkins would have taken an hour to say Merry Christmas to Mrs. Bowles and how did her children like those presents and she'd have remarked that a doll and an air rifle were missing from her tree somehow and she couldn't understand it, because she was sure she unwrapped that doll; and Mrs. Bowles would have said wasn't it funny she herself missed a toy horse and an iron bank, and they'd both have matched notes with Mrs. Kendal and everybody would have rung for a cop. Anywhere else they'd have found the janitor's kids playing with the loot and Mike would have got the third degree. But Mrs. Perkins didn't know Mrs. Bowles any more than if she'd lived in Brooklyn, and nobody had ever heard of Mike. There's no such thing in New York as neighbors."

He ran down again, stopped. But now Nellie's right hand was out of her muff. It dropped like a snowflake on a stone, into Dan's expectant hand. This time it remained.

The marriage-license bureau of New York does not keep open on Sundays. Moreover, in New York State the law enforces a certain hiatus between the license and the ceremony. However, in that remote historic period before the Great War, New Jersey was a better friend to Cupid. There, be it week day or Sunday, you had only to bring along the girl, the fee and an honorable intention—and walk out married. So Magistrate Rainer of Jersey City was not surprised that Sunday evening when upon returning from church he found a dapper, red-headed young man and a girl with a marvelous pair of violet eyes awaiting him on his piazza. While in his study he made out the necessary papers the elect of Cupid sat in the parlor—holding hands of course—and cooed softly between snatches of audible conversation. Though his waist measured now three inches more than his chest, though his hairs were scant and few, Magistrate Rainer retained beneath his judicial exterior the romantic heart. Those young lovers who came to his Gretna Green for sanction were to him a matter of secret but thrilling interest. So, as always, he delayed over the papers to hear the audible conversation amidst the cooing. And among other sentences which mightily stirred his curiosity he caught this in the voice of the girl:

"Dan dear, oh, *why* didn't you get that chamber set for poor little Bertha?"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

cars more than ten times a month would be benefited by purchasing a card. The method of collecting the fares would be to have the passenger deposit his own fare in the coin box, the conductor merely seeing to it that every passenger not having a card shall deposit a dime.

In Boston the municipal authorities and the traction officials devoted months to experimenting with different rates of fare on the city railway lines. With a five-cent fare the railway company showed a loss of $700,000 in one month. With a seven-cent fare the loss was $2,400,000 in four months. An eight-cent fare showed a loss of $900,000 in four months, while a nine-cent fare enabled the company to split about even on its operation. The investigation indicated that the Boston lines could not operate with profit on less than a ten-cent fare. This experience is one example of a case where expenses have mounted skyward and no fare possible of collection seems to be sufficient to meet the added cost of production.

The street-railway industry appears to be one business where the men in charge have been too prone to rely on increased fares and have neglected other means of increasing the net. It is encouraging, therefore, to note a change in this mistaken attitude of street-railway officials. If there is to be a permanent solution of the present trouble it will likely come through the exercise of greater engineering skill. What appears to be needed in many cases is a greater volume of traffic, which must result from more satisfactory service. Higher schedule speeds effected with safety will often prove more beneficial than a small increase in the fare that is asked. Business follows service and service means giving the public what they want when they want it.

SOME NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL READJUSTMENT

(Continued from Page 4)

TRADE-UNIONS. The organization of workers to better the conditions of labor is undoubtedly a safeguard of equality of opportunity and in accord with basic principles. The essence of combination of workers is collective bargaining, and the recognition of the right to combine cannot be separated from the right to bargain collectively. Nor can the principle be accepted whole-heartedly without the recognition of the right of combinations to call men experienced in the problems of labor and skilled in negotiation to assist in such bargaining. But every form of combination, whether it be of mechanics, farmers, professional men or managers of capital, can be used for domination of the community. It must be obvious that when such combination is used to dictate social and political measures to the community it is violating the foundations of rule by the majority through representative institutions. When it is used to limit effort in individual workers, to paralyze the right of others to work, to produce suffering over other sections of the community—it is at once a violation of community rights and a negation of equality of opportunity.

The line between right and wrong is difficult to draw, and the national common sense is the instrument that will ultimately determine it. To enable this to function it has been proposed that when the trade-union membership of industries the continuous operation of which is vital to national life—such as coal, transportation, and so forth—becomes so large as to endanger the community interest by strikes or lockouts, then contentions should be settled by compulsory arbitration without strikes or lockouts; or, alternatively, they should be delayed by law until some independent body can determine the rights and wrongs and give public opinion the opportunity to exert pressure. It also proposed that unions should be held liable in damages for the failure to fulfill contracts once entered upon.

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS. The combination of capital for larger unit production and distribution is in itself economically sound up to some point of expansion. It is not, however, sufficiently recognized that overgrowth of such units leads them to bureaucratic administration and eventually renders them less efficient than smaller units. From a social point of view the moment they begin to dominate the community, either in wages or prices or production, or to prevent the growth of competition, they are in flagrant violation of the primary principle of equality of opportunity. As in labor combinations, the line where danger to the community begins is difficult to draw. Among other remedies it has been proposed to extend our antitrust legislation so as to place the profits, prices and wages of such concerns under government control the moment their outputs or service passes a certain percentage of national or local production in their particular commodity or their proportion of service.

No better example exists of the power of our institutions than the Sherman Anti-trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Commission. For instance, the halt called to the proclivities of the Standard Oil is often referred to in contempt of its results. But since that weakness was treated there have grown a dozen new competitive oil concerns of first magnitude, affording a vast field of initiative to men who had no equality of opportunity and could not have developed one under this old domination. Moreover, the public opinion that now makes such proclivities impossible is also securing the distribution of those fortunes.

NATIONALIZATION OF INDUSTRY. Nationalization fails on the issues on which all Socialism fails—that is, the destruction of the impulses which create efficiency either in employee or employer, and in the impulse to initiative which is necessary for improvement and extension. No scheme based on political appointment has yet developed the ability to replace competition in its selection of ability and character in management, and no government under the pressure of local political influences can properly conduct the risks of initiating extension and improvement. No student of government bureaucracies fails to find that in them the only safeguard against graft and favoritism is promotion by seniority. Thus, as the prime interest of the employee is never to jeopardize this certainty of promotion by risk in initiative, so there is an extinction of opportunity for extra ability and character that deadens the efficiency of the whole. Every attempt at nationalization yet, including our own, has resulted in decreased production or inefficiency, and the world has no margins for decrease if it would maintain its populations.

It does not follow, however, from private ownership, that such enterprises should be allowed to dominate the community; they must be held in control by the Government to see that they serve the community and do not violate the fundamental principles of equality.

PLANS FOR BETTER DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. The price we must pay for the invaluable principle that stimulation of the initiative, ability and character of the individual requires free play in compensation is that some persons will gain much more than their service to the community warrants. The atrocity of such accumulations out of the misery of a nation at war is unbearable. Moreover, the laws of the country already recognize that unrestricted bequest prevents an equality of opportunity. Often enough inherited economic power is misused. The line between the amounts needed to stimulate initiative and ability and the amounts of flagrant excess for services given is as hard to draw as the line in control of combinations. The amount of such illegitimate accumulations is often overestimated, for a rough approximation of the income-tax returns would indicate that the total income of millionaires would upon general division amount to less than thirty-five dollars per capita over the whole community. Nevertheless, there can be no equality of opportunity if the ownership of the tools of production and service is to become frozen to a narrow group of holders.

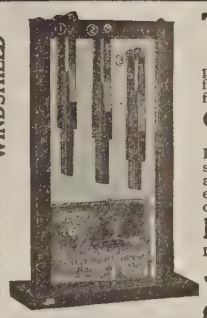
The present inheritance, income and excess-profits taxes tend to a better distribution of wealth. It has been proposed to extend these taxes in larger fortunes beyond their mere purposes of revenue, to accomplish better distribution and better equality of opportunity, thereby recovering to the community extravagant gains.

The inheritance tax is theoretically a direct transfer of capital to income in the hands of the state, and thus might be criticized as stifling the increase of capital. Practically this would be answered if the state applied such receipts to the extinction of national debt or to reproductive expenditure in the improvement of the national properties in rivers, lands, and so on. Such a curative of unfair distribution of wealth is no violation of the economic or social principles stated above.

The use of increase in income taxes to secure a better distribution of wealth breaks itself down at a certain point because it discourages initiative and effort more than does the use of inheritance taxes for such purpose. Beyond a certain point in care of dependents the human animal is chiefly interested in comfort in this life.

The use of excess-profits tax for this purpose or even for revenue—except as a war-emergency measure coupled with controlled prices—breaks down not only from the discouragement to initiative, but worse, because it stimulates rank waste and is in the main passed on to the consumer and contributes to the high cost of living.

COÖPERATION IN PRODUCTION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR. The increase in size of industrial units has resulted in such a degree of specialization and consequent repetition and in such remoteness of contact between the head managers and the employees as in a large degree to destroy the joy of craftsmanship and the mutual responsibility between employers and employed that exist in smaller units. The reconstitution of the coöperation in production and in craftsmanship has been attempted through various devices. Some of these are shop representation of the workers, thus stimulating their interest and giving a voice and coöperation in administration; by sharing profits; and with greater success by giving a participation in savings from decreased costs of production and increase in quality. All such plans must vary with different industries and localities, for



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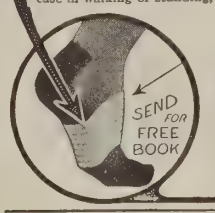

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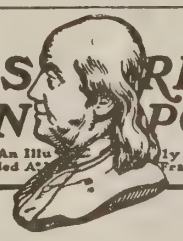

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there is no solving formula, but they are obviously directly in line with the right principle above mentioned so long as they are founded upon maintenance of the standard wage and no attempt is made—as has resulted in the hands of unscrupulous employers from piecework—to lower wages by scaling down from the most skilled instead of up from the least skilled.

If union labor would adopt the definite gospel of maximum effort and skill of each individual worker and the sharing of its results with the employer, then the largest part of the friction in obtaining its other objectives—conditions of labor, proper hours, remuneration, and so forth—would disappear. It is possible for it to recreate the whole spirit of craftsmanship by cooperation to attain greater efficiency—and to make greater gains for itself than any hitherto made.

CONTROL OF SPECULATION AND PROFITEERING. Certain speculative undertakings are necessary. For instance, our food is produced within a few weeks and somebody must carry the risk in distribution during the entire year. The initiation of practically any tool of production or service is a speculation. On the other hand, the individual who injects himself into the normal flow of commodities between the legitimate distinct stages of distribution is poaching on the community and returning no service for the toll he takes. Likewise, and equally injurious, is the individual who manufactures blue-sky paper or who dips into the stock market for a rise in price of stocks; his toll also comes from the community without return of service, and violates most of the safeguards to equality of opportunity. Where to draw the line between these extremes of rightful and vicious speculation is also difficult enough.

It has been proposed that a more vivid limelight on all promotions and on all dealings in stocks and commodity futures would temper the ambitions of persons to be beneficiaries from speculations. It is also proposed that a better control of interest rates would in a great measure prevent the diversion of capital to these purposes from its proper field of production and distribution. In any event, until our Government abandons its method of war finance by way of gigantic inflation of credit and consequent stimulus to speculation there will be little relief from profiteering and its bitter interpolation into the cost of living.

The elimination of these unnecessary dips into the cost of distribution of commodities can be ameliorated by combinations of consumers into coöperative distribution, more especially successful among staffs of large industries.

There are numerous other projects for betterment of industrial and economic relations before the community, many of which receive direct support from the principle of equality of opportunity and its economic safeguards. For instance, the spread of national employment agencies in the affording of greater mobility to labor and decreasing unemployment would increase production. The use of children in labor, with its attendant racial damage and loss of education, is a most flagrant violation of equality of opportunity.

The present economic ills have a supplementary characteristic: They are town phenomena as distinguished from the country phenomena; they are problems of large mining, manufacture, transportation and distribution, as distinguished from agricultural problems. The farmer possesses a direct interest in his production; in consequence he continues to produce at his maximum while the other sections do not. If the other sections of the community cease to produce to their maximum abilities or to take an undue toll for their services, then the farmer will be paying undue amounts for his supplies—he will be carrying an undue portion of the load of maintaining the standard of living. By the wide distribution of land ownership the farmers have grown to be the most stable and intelligent mass in this community, and the guardianship of their interest becomes the first line of economic defense. It is worth reëmphasis in any study of other types of production that the farmer's activity and character are maintained because of his direct interest in his product.

It will be observed that many of these projects and problems have the same general characteristic—that is, the difficulty of finding the line between a basic position of right and their development into the flagrant violation of right. That law or public opinion must regulate the flagrant out of existence is obvious. Where the flagrant begins can be determined only by common sense—and by experience. As we develop the solution of any given problem we usually progressively decapitate lesser flagrancies. In any event, democracy succeeds better and is more true to itself in these matters through regulation of economic forces than through attempts to manage them by entering into business itself.

The organization and processes of production and distribution are of centuries of development. This economic organism has come to have an extreme delicacy in its adjustments, in its response to stimulus to effort, to abilities and character of its members. The population of the United States keeps ready pace with our output. We cannot stand a reduction of ten per cent in our total production without the invasion of privation into our firesides. Therefore sudden disturbance is disaster. Yet the damming back the steady march of social evolution through neglect or obstruction is the sure road to sudden disturbance.

Author's Note—Since this article went to press Mr. Hoover has been made a member of the Industrial Council.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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APPROVED BY THE UNDERWRITERS IMPROVED BY THE MAKERS-ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN PURCHAS -ING PUBLIC

The renewable fuse has come into its own.

The fight for greater efficiency and economy in electric power and lighting circuits has been won.

The universal saving of 80% in annual fuse maintenance costs, the big safety features, the protective value, *proved* by

FIRST: Our tests on ECONOMY renewable FUSES years ago in our laboratories;

SECOND: Thousands of industrial plants all over the country in their light and power circuits;

THIRD: The U. S. Government on battleships, in fortifications, in Navy Yards, and in all other war activities;

have now been accepted and ECONOMY renewable FUSES are approved by the UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, established and maintained by the NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

To electrical circuits of all kinds, ECONOMY FUSES mean

The 80% actual money saving demonstrated in hundreds of installations;

Reduced fire hazards due to accurate rating and performance, added to the highest quality of construction;

Greater protection to lives, property, and electrically driven machinery.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES were the pioneers. The money spent by the Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co. made possible this great advancement in electrical saving and safety. The service performed by ECONOMY renewable FUSES was the service that won the endorsement of electrical men everywhere.

THE IMPROVED ECONOMY renewable FUSE

Study the renewable link feature. See the two narrow bridges of metal holding the "DROP OUT" feature in place. In operation on short circuits, these two bridges fuse. The entire fuse metal does not volatilize, only the two narrow bridges. This very greatly decreases the danger factor due to the tremendous pressure generated when an entire strip of fusible metal is instantly converted into gases. Only the fuse metal is destroyed; the fuse itself is ready for years of service. See the new winged washer which makes it simple and easy for anyone to replace the Drop Out Renewal Link in a few minutes.

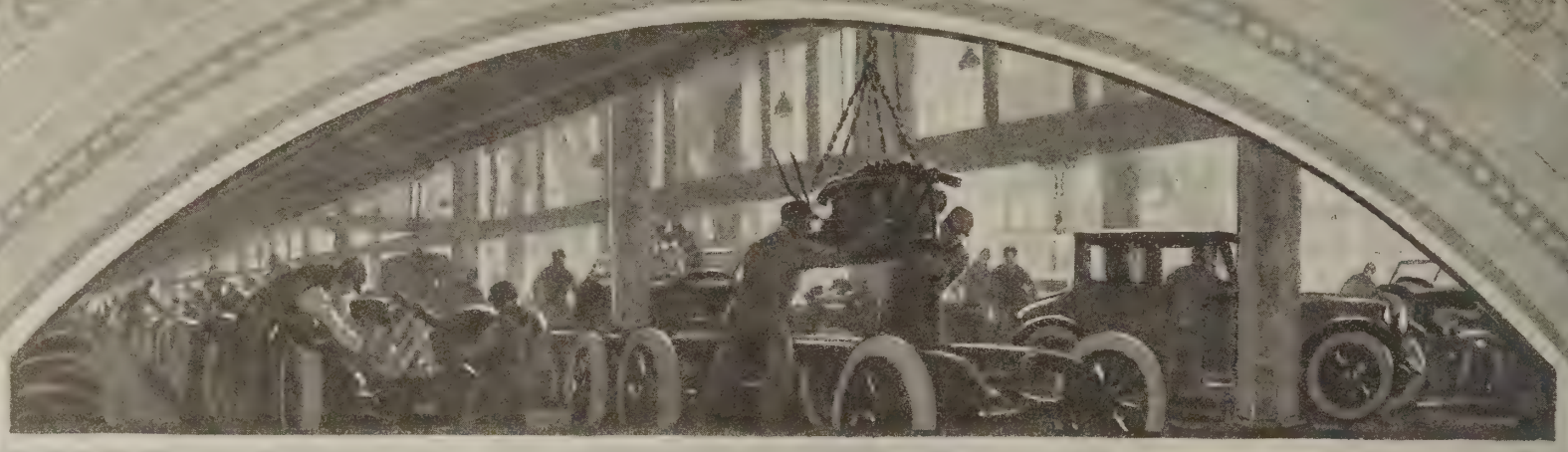
Sold by all electrical jobbers and dealers

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.

Kinzie and Orleans St. **CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.

ECONOMY FUSES ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA AT MONTREAL



PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

During the past year there has been an overwhelming demand for PAIGE cars and, despite our best efforts, more than thirty-two thousand orders remain unfilled.

This means thirty-two thousand disappointed individuals who have paid us the compliment of selecting our car in preference to all others. It is a national indorsement almost without precedent, and we can find no words to express our mingled appreciation and regret.

Such universal demand for a manufactured product is of course a healthy token. It affirms that the PAIGE has been accepted actually and literally as a preferred investment among motor cars. It is prima facie evidence that the PAIGE trade-mark is accepted as a symbol of confidence and respect.

The least that we can do, therefore, is to publicly thank this small army of people for the splendid compliment that they have paid us. We regard their good will and interest as a priceless asset and sincerely trust that they may be numbered among our owners in the coming year.

For many months now we have been engaged with a great program of expansion and January 1st will find us prepared to manufacture and market a doubled production of motor cars and trucks.

What has been accomplished along the lines of engineering development will be told in the January 3rd issue of this publication. We earnestly recommend that announcement to every man who owns or who contemplates owning a motor car.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Mich.*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars

FISK

RED-TOP TIRES

A HANDSOME tire and a big one. An extra ply of fabric, making a stronger side wall; an extra layer of rubber, making a thicker tread—a big air chamber means easier riding.

The Red-Top gives increased comfort and mileage in excess of other fabric tires, and the price is less than on Fisk Cords.

The Ideal of The Fisk Rubber Company is to be "the best concern in the world to work for and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next Time—Buy FISK
From Your Dealer

Coast to Coast
with "the best plugs
in the world"

TELEPHONE VANDERBILT 352

11 EAST 38TH STREET
NEW YORK

October 14, 1919.

The Splitdorf Electrical Company,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Electrical Company on the wonderful performance of their Mica plug, used in our "Blue Bird" De Havilland Liberty aeroplane during the recent Trans-Continental flight from San Francisco to New York.

I desire to congratulate the Splitdorf

Prior to the start of this race, we put in twenty-four of these plugs; flew from Presidio Field to Camp Lewis (a distance of fifteen hundred miles) and back; spent five hours testing motor on the field and then flew cross country through hail, snow, fog and freezing atmosphere without cleaning, changing or even looking at these plugs.

I have been Trouble Mechanic at Rockwell Field and in charge of mechanics at Presidio Field in aviation work for two years and a half, in the course of which time I have used plugs of every kind, and I wish to say that your Splitdorf Plugs are the best in the world, standing up under the most trying conditions. I am firmly convinced that it is the most reliable and most efficient spark plug made today.

Yours respectfully,

Sgt. 1st Cl. [illegible]
Mechanic for Pilot #61.
(The first to land at Hazelhurst Field from San Francisco.)
TOTAL FLYING TIME --- 24-1/2 Hours.)

The plug with the Green Jacket

For a set of spark plugs such a grueling ordeal is equal to five years of constant service in an automobile, truck, tractor, motorcycle or motorboat.

And spark plugs in any other gasoline engine would never be subjected to nearly the same combustion pressure as is developed in an airplane engine.

All Splitdorf Plugs — the Plug with the Green Jacket — have India Ruby mica cores for insulation, making the Splitdorf Plug leakproof and breakproof at all times.

And the importance of mica insulation as used in Splitdorf Spark Plugs is emphasized by Colonel H. H. Arnold, recognized as one of the greatest authorities on aviation in the Army, who, according to the N. Y. *Times*, issue of October 23rd, says, in discussing the Liberty engine:

"The development of a new mica spark plug in the place of those formerly made with porcelain cannot be over-estimated."

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, SUMTER and DIXIE Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Impulse Starters

Martin V. Kelley Co.

Theme Advertising

What It Means to Big Business

ADVERTISING is the great power plant, the unused energy, behind every business. Advertising, publicity, propaganda, make nations. Governments in time of stress use the greatest weapon at their command—publicity.

A great many of our largest industrial achievements have been made possible only through advertising.

Experience is the most valuable asset in national advertising. The diversified experience of The Martin V. Kelley Company embraces the national advertising of many of America's best known products.

The products listed below are advertised through The Martin V. Kelley Company

Overland Motor Cars
Toledo Scales
Champion Spark Plugs
Fisk Tires
Lexington Motor Cars
Garford Motor Trucks
Federal Tires
Electric Auto-Lite Systems
Cole Motor Cars
Willys Light Farm Lighting Plants
Connecticut Electric Coils
F. N. L. Lubricating Oils
Kreolite Wood Blocks
Libbey Cut Glass
Milburn Electric Cars
Willys-Knight Motor Cars
Nagel Ammeters
Tillotson Carburetors
Temco Portable Electric Tools
Universal Milking Machines
Standard Auto Parts
Woolson Golden Sun Coffee
Militor Motor Trucks
Supreme Motors
Monel Metal Golf Heads
Willys Corporation Products

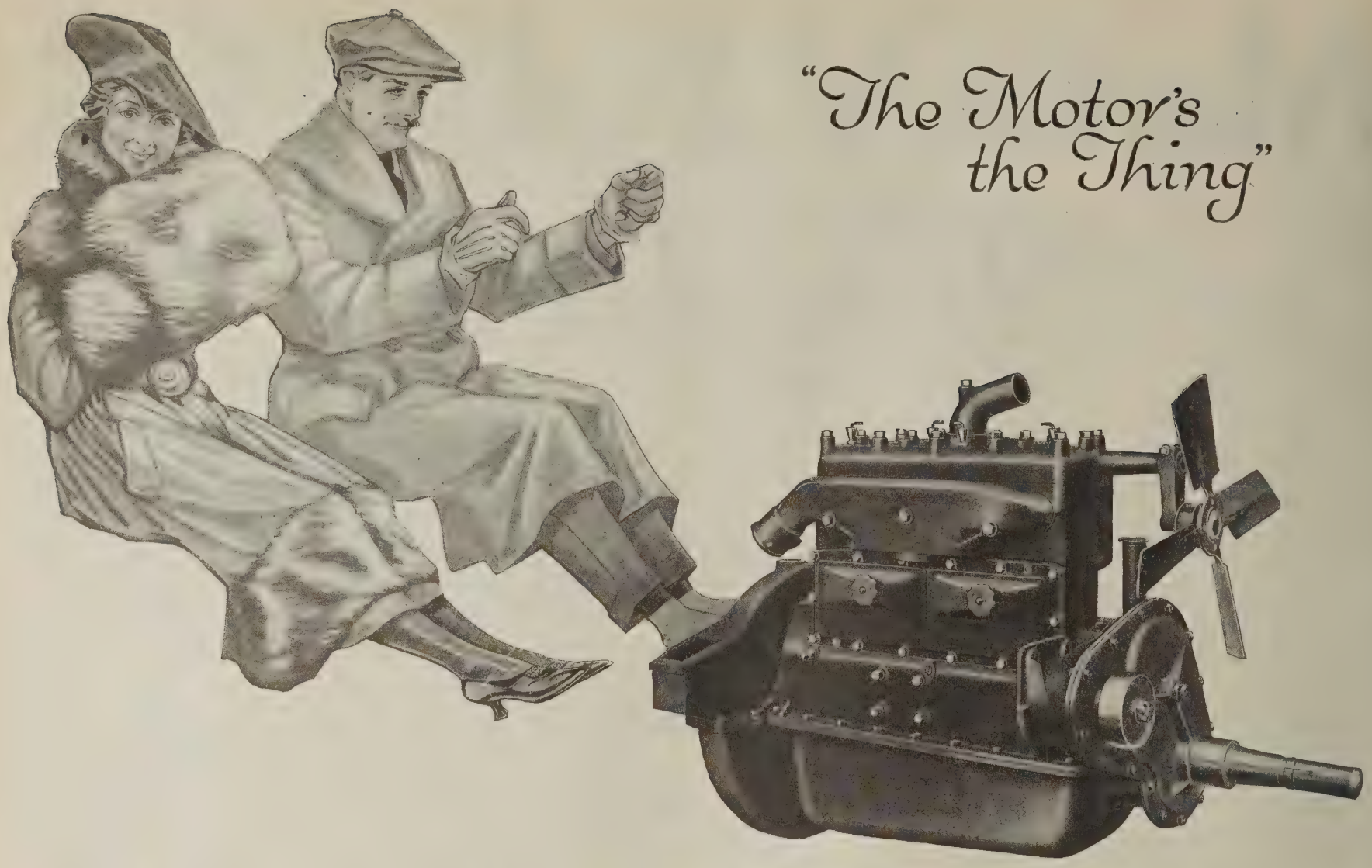
Martin V. Kelley
R. S. Cummings
P. P. Willis
B. A. Stump
P. R. Bromfield

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN ADVERTISING

New York - Toledo

19 West 44th Street

Second National Bank Bldg.



"The Motor's the Thing"

Herschell-Spillman Motors

NO car is a good car without a good motor. While it is possible to build a poor car around a good motor, to do so is not sound policy. Therefore a good motor argues a good car.

Since nineteen hundred, HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN have been building good motors — we and the users of them say the best motors — thereby putting the heart in many good cars.

See that the car you buy has the motor with the Clover Leaf name plate. It is more than an indication that you get a good car — it is positive assurance that you get unequalled motor performance.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

Four
3½" x 5"

Six
3¼" x 5"

H S MOTORS

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Borden's Evaporated Milk

"The milk that cuts the cost of cooking"

FOR CUSTARDS
—and every other use

Borden's Evaporated Milk makes rich creamy custards and smooth delicious ice creams—improves all cooking where recipes call for milk.

Borden's Evaporated Milk is an all-year staple in the kitchen—serviceable wherever milk is required. Just pure milk evaporated—convenient—economical—instantly available.

Send for free Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Established 1857

Borden Building New York

miller

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

In Texas Oil Fields

Millers Resist Rubber's Greatest Enemy

OIL will destroy tires faster than any other agent. No tires are immune. Yet, it is in the fields of the great Southwest that Millers are giving tire buyers another proof of their uniform mileage.

On heavy trucks, loaded with huge oil tanks and cumbersome equipment, pounding day after day over oil-saturated areas, Millers have successfully battled against rubber's greatest enemy—oil.

Under these tire-destroying conditions, as everywhere, Millers, tire after tire, are giving uniform long distance mileage. And it is for this reason that on the trucks owned by many of the largest oil operators one finds Miller Tires.

Millers are standard equipment on many of the leading makes of cars. Be sure your new car is equipped with these famous *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires. Specify them.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform Geared-to-the-Road Tires. Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires. Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals

TO DEALERS: A few territories left to be awarded soon. Write us.

As Good as Gold

is a good recommendation for gold. As good as O-Cedar is O-Cedar's best recommendation.

This or that Cedar oil is not the genuine O-Cedar Polish. Makeshift names are likely to be makeshift products—and substitutes and imitations sail under false colors.

To avoid disappointment, make sure you get the genuine O-Cedar Polish. Ask for it by its full name.

To insure satisfaction, make sure you get O-Cedar Polish.

25c to $3.00 Sizes. ***At All Dealers'.***

O-Cedar Polish

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago-Toronto-London

FLORENCE

OIL HEATERS

HERE is the Florence Oil Heater that will keep any room in your home cozily warm at small cost this winter.

A more harmoniously designed heater never was made. Here is a heater that may truly be called a thing of beauty.

The graceful fire-bowl, finished in durable aluminum bronze, gives more heat because it has extra radiating surface. A gallon of oil will last about twelve hours. Indicator tells at a glance the supply of kerosene.

Sturdy? Yes, this Florence Heater is made extra strong. Beauty has been added to strength.

Any Florence dealer will gladly show you how scientific construction has made possible this Florence Oil Heater of harmonious beauty.

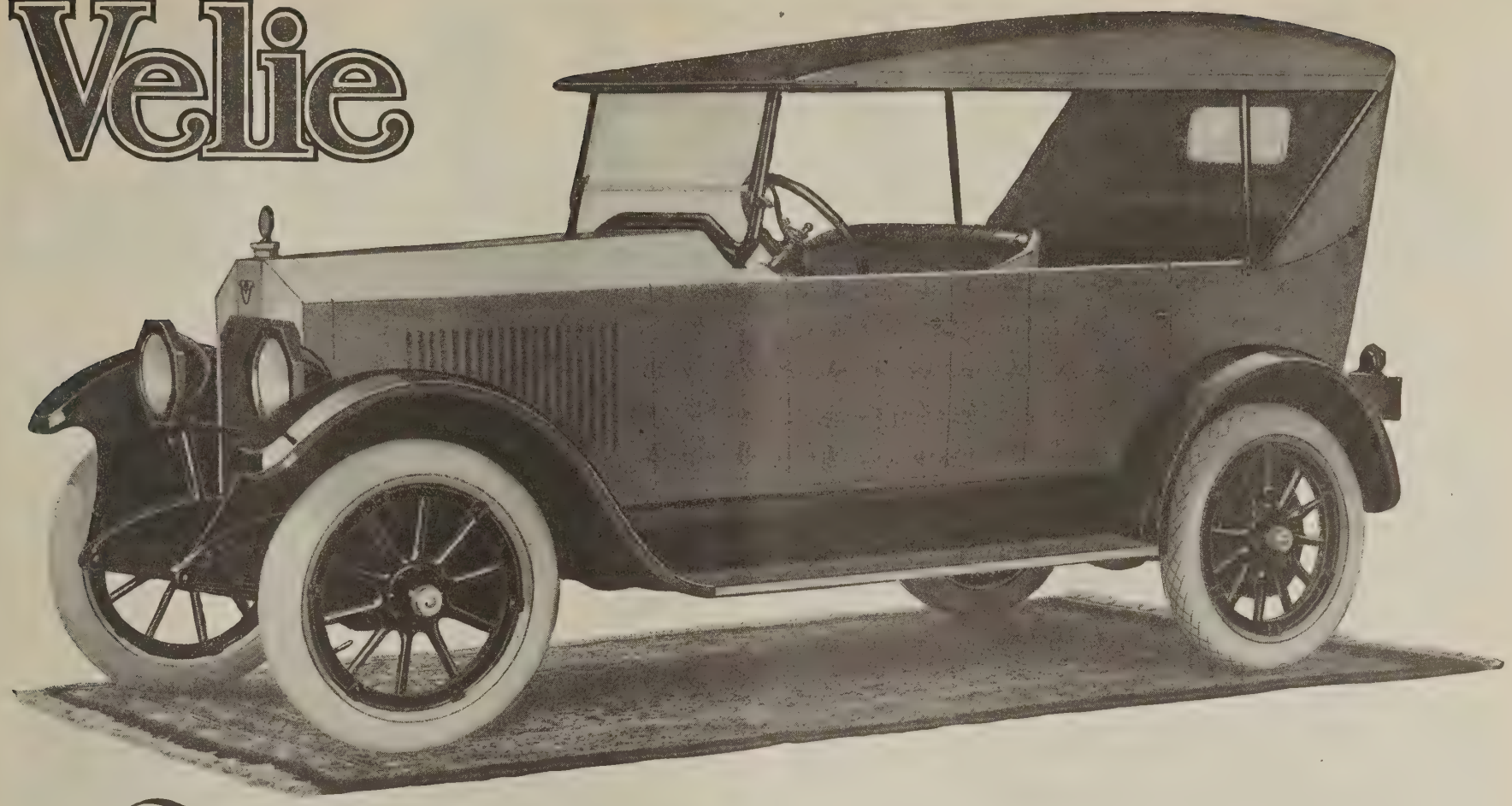
Made in three beautiful finishes including turquoise blue enamel. Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
333 School Street Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Oil Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters.

Heat plus beauty

Velie



The Authoritative Style at the Shows

VELIE cars, as the first authoritative example of the new style, will be a center of attraction at New York and Chicago as well as all other Automobile Shows.

Never in our history has a new creation stirred such widespread and intense enthusiasm. Here is the authoritative example of the modern style tendency—The Pattern Car for 1920.

In open and closed models alike, the beautiful combination of symmetrical, mirror-like planes satisfies the finest sense of car character. Velie cars have an indefinable note of snap and elegance, with a distinction that thrills the motorist grown tired of the ordinary.

Velie closed bodies are marvels of luxury in their cushioning of mohair velvet. Noiseless windows lower easily by automatic controls. The temperature may be regulated to please. Here also you find more room, more conveniences, more comforts. New ideas everywhere.

You will be interested in the new Velie Six motor with its internally heated vaporizer, burning low-grade fuel, and giving many more miles per gallon. A four-bearing motor running smoothly and solidly at all speeds, with power to spare for any occasion.

See these cars—forerunners of the new style—at your nearest Velie dealer's, or at the Shows.

Illustrated catalog with full details will be sent you for the asking.

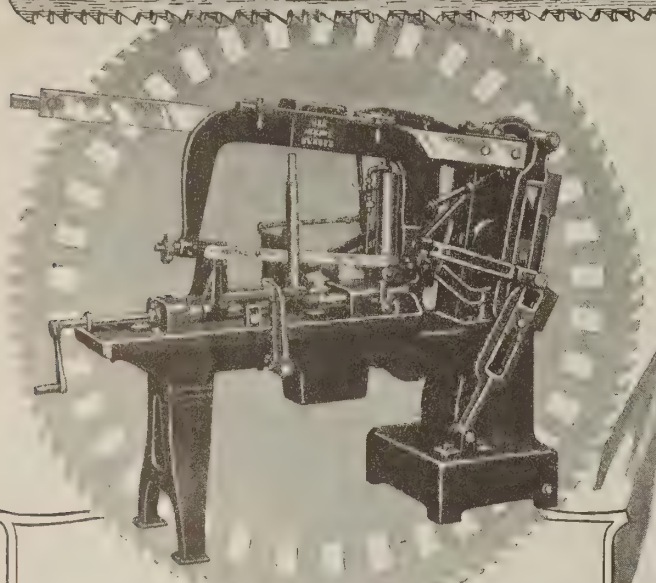
Extra!!—First Public Exhibition of a Smaller Velie Six—Extra!!

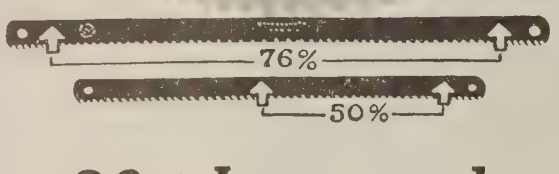
Everyone will be interested in this first word of another new Velie Six. The Model 34. It is here in all of its glory and may be seen for the first time at the coming Shows. Smaller in size—lower in price—of foremost quality—it is a fit companion to the larger models. Literature now ready. Look for the Velie display on the main floor at both New York and Chicago.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, 15 Velie Place, MOLINE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

ATKINS

AAA NON-BREAKABLE HACK SAW BLADES





26% Increased Efficiency

The Atkins KWIK-KUT Metal Cutting Machine, shown above, is another indication of the improvements to saws and machinery in which Atkins stands foremost.

Other metal cutting machines utilize about 50% of the blade in cutting metal. The Atkins KWIK-KUT uses over 76%—note the blade diagrams above.

No matter what kind of saws or saw machinery you need—for metal or wood cutting—it will pay you to know the savings in time and labor—the increased efficiency—the longer life and greater value of Atkins products.

Ask for any of these booklets:

"KWIK-KUT Metal Cutting Machines"
"Atkins Metal Saws"
"Hack Saw Blades"
"Atkins Hack Saw Chart"
"Atkins Cross Cut Saws"
"Silver Steel Drag Saws"
"Atkins Mill Saws"
"Atkins Braces"
"Atkins Machine Knives"
"Atkins Plastering Trowels"
"The Story of Silver Steel"
"Saw Sense"
"The Saw on the Farm"

ATKINS ALWAYS AHEAD — AAA — TRADE MARK — E.C. ATKINS & CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

If you wish, merely check the booklets you want and write your name and address on this page margin before mailing.

for any metal cutting—

ATKINS "AAA" and "Non-Breakable" Hack Saw Blades, Atkins Hack Saw Frames, *(note the pistol-grip frame above)* Atkins KWIK-KUT and Metal Band Saw Machines and Atkins Circular Metal Cutting Saws cover every need for metal cutting.

They represent the highest development of equipment for saving time, material and money in any metal cutting operation, just as Atkins Band, Circular, Cross-Cut and Hand Saws set the standards for wood cutting.

Among leading dealers and users in every line the Atkins name stands for such developments as "Silver Steel", which means maximum service—"segment grinding", which insures faster and easier cutting—"non-breakable hack saw blades", eliminating breakage—and other improvements which make an Atkins Saw better for any purpose.

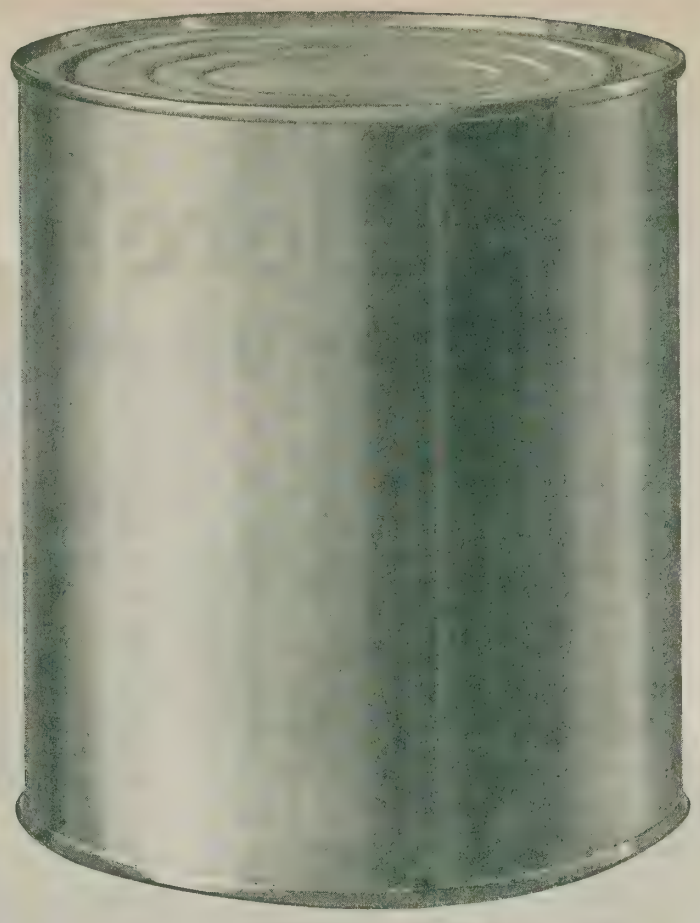
It will pay you to look for ATKINS—the name back of Saw value.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc. Est. 1857 **Indianapolis, U.S.A.**

Makers of Silver Steel Saws and Tools; Automobile Clutch Discs; Meat Slicer, Belt-Splitting, Cigarette and Tobacco Knives; Cabinet Scrapers and Specialties.

Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont., Machine Knife Factory, Lancaster, N.Y.

Factory Branches in **Atlanta, Chicago, Memphis, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York City, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, B. C., Sydney, N. S. W., and Paris, France.**



You wouldn't buy canned foods without a label—

—and yet, what difference does it really make, unless you know exactly what the label stands for?

To be safe you must buy canned foods on the reputation of their makers.

Sixty years of experience, coupled with the ideal to can only the finest fruits and vegetables grown, have established a quality reputation for DEL MONTE Products that makes them the sure choice of particular people in every part of the civilized globe.

Let the red DEL MONTE shield be *your* guide to uniform goodness and satisfaction in canned foods. It is an unfailing guarantee of supreme quality and finest flavor in more than a hundred delicious varieties—canned fruits, vegetables, dried fruits and food specialties.

"DEL MONTE RECIPES OF FLAVOR"—a 64-page book, with over 500 simple and economical recipes and suggestions for using canned foods, will help you serve better meals. Send for a free copy.

Address Department E
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

There's a Del Monte variety for every need—an appeal that always tempts

Here's to MEN!

At Hydraulic and Everywhere

THEY COME—watch them!

They come to work—streaming into the mill at the appointed hour.

They come to work—honest men to do an honest day's labor—square men playing the game by a standard higher than any that could be set for them—the standard that is their own.

They come to work—this modern Army of the Republic, the Republic of Industrial America. They wear no chevrons nor gold lace. They march to no music but the crash of machines and the throbbing of their own consciousness of work well done. They work in dirt and sweat.

¶

BUT THEY WORK—Ah! how they work!

All day they work, and every day—looking their job in the eye—meeting it squarely—scorning its difficulties—fearless of responsibility—intolerant of anything less than their best results.

And do they not love their ease, these men—"*even as you and I*"?

Do they not have sudden waves of rebellion against life sweeping through their souls—"*even as you and I*"?

Do they not come to their day's work with the crowding memory of personal trouble—of sick wife or child, of financial care, of frustrated plan, of a "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick"—"*even as you and I*"?

Aye! so they do, but watch them come! Physically weary, perhaps, with a night's watching by a sickbed—they come with squared shoulders and smiling faces—cheerful, resolute—with their troubles decently hidden from even friendly eyes.

Strong men playing a man's game—giving place to no trouble they will acknowledge Master, submitting proudly to but one great force—*the force of their own sense of obligation to* play the game *square*.

Their creed, their color, their nationality—what do they matter! Today each is the Square American, standing fast among other men as good as he, his feet planted on the solid rock of recognized character and self-respect.

¶

LET ANY DRONE among such men beware. There are too many Square Jobs for them to tolerate the loafer, the crook or the trouble-maker in a job that belongs to an honest worker.

For do these men not hold that precious magic in the hollow of their hand—the magic of united, honest, popular opinion—a mighty force which encourages the Square Man and dismays the crook—a mighty force which by right of its invested brain or muscle says to the world:

> "*Law and force, rule and regulation, advice and precept all have their influence, but the Square Principles of Square Men finally rule action and results.*"

Hydraulic pays this tribute to Square Men because it is deserved. They are to be found at Hydraulic. We believe that they are to be found everywhere. Place is given for such a tribute in this series of articles, because we believe that building an organization, through attracting and developing such men, is one of the most vital steps in creating right industrial relationships. Profit sharing plans, mutual benefit associations, co-operative stores, and all welfare ideas (as we have found them working out at Hydraulic) help create the right spirit. But still more, these things reflect a spirit already largely established which makes their acceptance assured and their effect far-reaching.

This is the thirteenth of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent upon request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*

HYDRAULIC

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

All You Need Know About *Spark Plugs*

We believe that AC Spark Plugs are by all odds the best spark plugs made and we believe you believe so.

For their sales grow steadily day after day, month after month, year after year.

The truth about spark plug merit is established in the scales of cold fact.

Empty claims make no plug gas proof. A scrap of paper cannot better porous porcelain.

We point once more to the manufacturers below. All these well known makers of passenger cars, trucks and tractors are AC users and endorsers.

They chose AC's because their chief engineers after searching tests found AC's best suited to their needs.

What greater proof can you ask that AC Spark Plugs are the spark plugs *you* should use in your car?

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs especially designed for every make and style of motor.

Always insist that your dealer give you AC Plugs when you ask for them.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These manufacturers use AC Spark Plugs for factory equipment

Acason Trucks
Acme Trucks
Advance-Rumely Tractors
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks
American-La France
American Trucks
Anderson
Apex Trucks
Apperson
Appleton Tractors
Arco Trucks
Auburn
Avery Tractors
Bates Steel Mule Tractors
Beck-Hawkeye Trucks
Bessemer Trucks
Betz Trucks
Braddon
Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel (Formerly Smith)
Brockway Trucks
Buffalo Motors
Bugatti
Buick
Bullock Creeping-Grip Tractors
Cadillac
J. I. Case T. M. Co.
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Chicago Trucks
Clark Tractors
Cleveland
Cole
Commerce Trucks
Commonwealth
Conestoga Trucks
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Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco-Light
Denby Trucks (Canada)
Diamond T Trucks
Diehl Trucks
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Duesenberg Motors
Eagle Tractors
Elmira
Essex
Fairmont Railway Motors
Federal Trucks
Frontmobile
F-W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
Genco Light
Glide
G. B. S. Motors
G. M. C. Trucks
Gramm-Bernstein Trucks
Gray Dort
Hackett
Hahn Trucks
Hall Trucks
Harvey Trucks
Hatfield
Haynes
Herschell-Spillman
Hispano-Suiza
Holt Tractors
Howell Tractors
Hudson
Hupmobile
Hurlburt Trucks
Independent Trucks
Jordan
Jumbo Trucks
Kalamazoo Trucks
Kent Concrete Mixers
Keystone Trucks
KisselKar
Kleiber Trucks
Klemm Trucks
Knox Tractors
Koehler Trucks
K-Z Trucks
La Crosse Tractors
Lalley-Light
Liberty
Liberty Aircraft Motors
Locomobile
Maccar Trucks
Maibohm
Marmon
Master Trucks
Maxim Fire Trucks
Maytag
McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Meteor
Midland Trucks
Midwest Engines
Minneapolis Motors
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Moreland Trucks
Napoleon Trucks
Nash
National
Nelson
Nelson Tractors
Nelson & Le Moon Trucks
Netco Trucks
Noble Trucks
Northway
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Owens Light & Power Plants
Packard
Paige
Pan
Pan-American
Parker Trucks
Paterson
Patriot Trucks
Peerless
Perfect Power Sprayers
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pioneer Tractors
Premier
Ranger Trucks
Red Wing Thorobred Motors
Reo
Re Vere
Riker Trucks
Roberts Motors
Robinson Fire Trucks
Rock Falls
Rowe Trucks
Rutenber Motors
Samson Tractors
Sandow Trucks
Sanford Trucks
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Scripps Motors
Seagrave Fire Trucks
Seneca
Signal Trucks
Singer
Standard "8"
Standard Trucks
Stearns-Knight
Stearns Tractors
Sterling Engines
Sterling Motors
Sterling Trucks
Stewart Trucks
Straubel Engines
Sullivan Trucks
Super Trucks
Swartz Lighting Plants
S-S-E-Co.
Tiffen Trucks
Titan Trucks
Tower Trucks
Trego Motors
Universal Trucks
United Trucks
Van Blerck Motor
Veerac Motors
Vim Trucks
Ward La France Trucks
Westcott
White
Whitney Tractor
Wilcox Trux
Wisconsin Motor
Wolverine Tractor

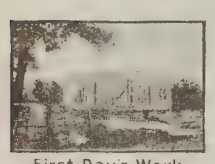
U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Patent No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

How to Reduce Prese

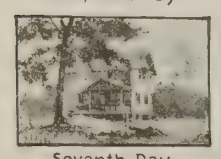
$100 MINUS LABOR WASTE $70

Save the Waste

$100 MINUS LUMBER WASTE $82


First Day's Work

Noon, Third Day


Seventh Day

Twentieth Day

Save the Waste and Reduce the Cost. The Aladdin System Scientifically Prepares the Materials and Conserves the Labor. You Can Save 18% on the Cost of the Lumber and 30% on the Cost of the Labor.

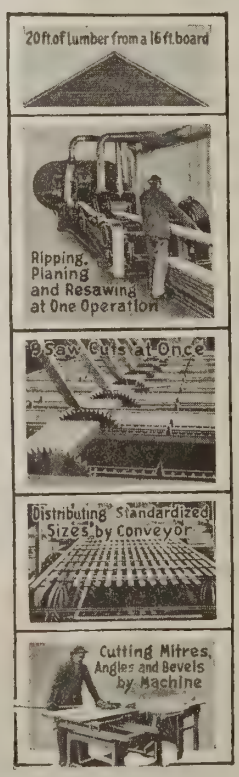
Certified records of thousands of Aladdin Homebuilders in every state prove these statements. You can prove these statements for yourself, for there is an Aladdin Home near you wherever you live.

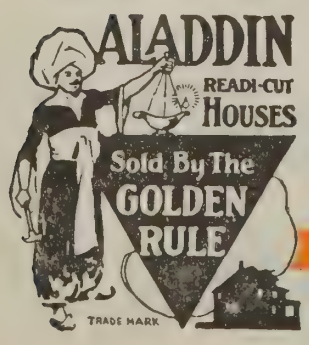
The pictures at the right tell the story of scientific preparation and handling of materials and the pictures at the left the efficient conservation and direction of the labor.

Fourteen years success of the Aladdin System of construction have firmly established its many advantages.

The Lumber that's Wasted Costs Just as Much as the Lumber that's Used.

The only possible way to reduce present high prices of lumber and labor is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin System prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 2%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%. One man will do in six days, with Aladdin Materials, what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin's System. The book, "Aladdin Homes," sent free to prospective builders, explains this completely and thoroughly.





National H

Se

Greatest Distributing S Fourteen Years Experience

Shipments of Aladdin Readi-cut Homes will no United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific—f Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped dire North Carolina and Oregon. Wherever you live Alad

Aladdin's National Homebuilding Service means every part of the United States. Three days to a w

Complete Sales and Business offices are maintain mail reaching our offices. Practically all mail will

Michigan

General Offices and Mills of the Aladdin Company, Northern Division, are located at Bay City, Michigan. Complete houses are manufactured and shipped from this point for North Central and North Eastern territory. All mail from adjacent territory should be sent to this office for quickest attention.

Mississippi

Offices and Mills of the Aladdin Company, Southern Division, are located at Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Complete houses are manufactured and shipped from this point for the South. All mail from adjacent territory should be sent to this office for quickest possible attention.

Off Comp locat Comp tured for th from South office tentio

The Ala Branche

t Homebuilding Costs!

mebuilding vice

m of Lumber in the World Preparation Behind this Event

de from the four greatest timber producing sections in the ada to the Gulf—Aladdin can serve you wherever you live. he Aladdin Company's own Mills in Michigan, Mississippi, es come to you in a straight line from the nearest timber region. outes, quicker delivery and lower freight rates for builders in aved in shipments reaching destination.

nection with each mill. Fully 24 hours time is saved in your ved at our offices 24 hours after it is sent.

on

of the Aladdin n Division, are and, Oregon. are manufac- rom this point ates. All mail es (North and sent to this possible at-

North Carolina

Offices and Mills of the Aladdin Company, Eastern Division, are located at Wilmington, North Carolina. Complete houses are manufactured and shipped from this point for the Eastern and Central States. All mail from adjacent territory should be sent to this office for quickest possible attention.

Canada

Offices and Mills of the Aladdin Company, Canadian Division, are located at Toronto, Ontario. Complete houses are manufactured and shipped from three mills for Canadian territory. All mail from Canadian points should be sent to the Canadian Aladdin Co., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto, Ont., for quickest possible attention.

Aladdin Readi-cut Homes

Beautiful Aladdin Homes shown in the Aladdin 100 Page Book have a charm for everyone desiring a home. Bungalows of 4 rooms to 10 and 12 rooms, in shingled walls, heavy siding or stucco, are well represented in this book. Dwellings of one and two stories, Colonial types and cottages to suit the desires of every builder. Many illustrations in actual colors. Exterior and Interior illustrations made direct from actual photographs of each Aladdin Home as it is now built and occupied in many parts of the country portray the most popular designs of home of today. There is an important message for every homebuilder in this book. It points the way to a better home at reduced costs. It helps you to avoid present high building prices. Send for a copy today. Be sure and ask for Book No. 53.

Dollar-a-Knot Guarantee

Aladdin's Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty Proof of High Quality. Knotless lumber, the purest and clearest that ever came out of the forest, is the kind that Aladdin Houses are made of. This is evidenced by our famous Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty which has now been in effect for over four years. Better quality lumber does not grow. The highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, millwork, etc., are all included with every Aladdin House. The same grade, the best, is furnished for the small as for the large houses.

20 ft. of Lumber from 16-ft. Board

The Aladdin System of Homebuilding has been practicing for 14 years the principle the world has only learned during the war—the elimination of waste of lumber and labor. The Aladdin Book explains this system thoroughly, shows how 20 feet of lumber is cut from a 16 ft. board. The great Aladdin Organization, composed of experts in every branch of homebuilding, stands ready to help you build your home at a saving. Put this group of experts to work on your problem. Send for the interesting book "Aladdin Homes."

Aladdin Readi-Cut Houses Include All Material Cut-to-Fit Complete

The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages, profusely illustrated in colors, leading home designs are represented to you. Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box-car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes" No. 53.

ddin Co.

General Offices
Bay City, Mich.

The Aladdin Co., Hattiesburg, Mississippi
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Write to the Offices Nearest You

The Aladdin Co. Send me the book, "Aladdin Homes" No. 53.

Name
Street
City
State

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

The part played by Scientific Lubrication in the Nation's Agriculture

ONLY one half of America's total farm area is improved and bearing ps. Our average yield of wheat per e is 14 bushels. By intensive farming rmany grows 28 per acre, England 32. We can double the area of our culti- ed land and quadruple our agricul- al production.

How?

The farmer turns to his tractor, his otor-truck and his automobile to hasten ger yield and lessen waste.

His tractor plows a better seed bed. works in torrid weather ich horses cannot stand. harvests. It does numer- s odd jobs. It fills silos, pumps, it threshes.

His motor truck hastens the farmer's crops to market. Waste is eliminated. The incentive is given to plant for bigger yield.

The farmer's automobile has wiped out the comparative isolation of his life. The neighbor two miles away may now be reached in a few minutes.

* * *

SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION is playing its part on the farm.

It is significant that great numbers of farmers use nothing but Gargoyle Mobiloils for their automotive equipment. Almost every tractor manufacturer uses only Gargoyle Mobiloils in state and national demonstrations. The farmer's day of larger yield is just ahead. The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of service

Correct AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for *all* cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (6-38)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (6-39B) (Teetor-H)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	A	A	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-40)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....
" (6-30)	A	A	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (F. A.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Cole	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal	Arc	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. S-X)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Federal (special)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" " (Model 12)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Hudson	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	....	....
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
King	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" Commercial	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Model 48)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl.)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Lippard Stewart	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. M)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" "(Mod. MW)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Madison	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (22-70)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	A	Arc.
" (Mod. M4)	....	....	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. S)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Moon	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 671)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Quad)	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-36)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6-38-39)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (6-40)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (¾ ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Simplex Crane	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Sixteen Valve)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
White (3 ton)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

3/4 ton

The Widest Selling Range
Greatest Selling Points
Closest Factory Co-operation

Every butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, dry goods merchant or farmer—anyone who has to deliver anything anywhere and deliver swiftly and surely is a live prospect for the new 3/4-ton Bethlehem Dependable Delivery.

Here's what you have to sell: A three-quarter-ton Bethlehem Motor Truck of the very highest quality, from radiator to tail light, whose standard specifications include these proven elements: 1. Electric Starting. 2. Electric Lighting. 3. Especially designed Bethlehem Motor Bosch Magneto Equipped. 4. Bronze backed motor bearings. 5. Spicer Drive Shaft. 6. Bevel Gear Rear Axle. 7. Ross Steering Gear. 8. Chrome Vanadium Steel Springs. 9. Semi-flexible Frame. 10. Meyers Magazine Oiling System. 11. Cord Pneumatic Tires 35x4 1/2 front and 35x5 rear.

This is the all seasons Bethlehem and some business man in your town is going to see its business possibilities now and add his name to the big Bethlehem Line and dominate the motor truck selling field.

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F.O.B. ALLENTOWN

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORPORATION
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Are *You* the Man?

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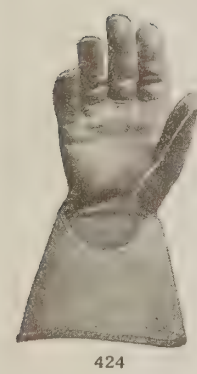


424

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Grinnell Work Gloves are made to help the worker

WHAT the Grinnell Glove quality standard means is remarkably shown in Grinnell work gloves. They are made for *work;* when wearing them you hardly realize that you have gloves on, they are so easy and comfortable. Instead of "getting in your way," they *help* you.

Trim, neat, correct; well-fitting, wonderful in their continued resistance to wear, we firmly believe Grinnell work gloves are the biggest value you can buy and will give you the greatest and longest satisfaction.

The Grinnell trademark is a guarantee of quality—the honor mark of good gloves. See that it is on the gloves you buy. Styles shown here are only part of the 900 styles of Grinnell Gloves—for men, women, boys and girls—for dress, work and play—every one made to the exacting Grinnell quality standard.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. COMPANY
(Established 1856)
25 Broad Street Grinnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

Grinnell TRADE MARK

Glove Book Free

The 1920 Grinnell Glove Booklet, showing styles for men, women and children, mailed to you on request. Select the Grinnell Gloves you want; if your dealer hasn't them, he will gladly order a pair for your inspection.

Copyright, 1919, by
Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company

Hotpoint

For over fourteen years this sturdy Hotpoint Electric Iron has set the standard—always first in improvements—always eagerly sought. *More than 4,000,000 have been bought.*

Although we have made more than 750,000 irons this year, we regret that some of our 17,232 dealers have at times been unable to secure them promptly. But our factory capacity is being greatly increased for 1920.

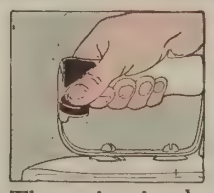
Give a Hotpoint Gift Certificate

Should your dealer not be able to deliver a Hotpoint Iron the day you want it, ask him for a "Certificate" entitling you to an iron as soon as received from the factory.

These certificates are handsomely printed and very "gifty" in appearance. Any woman will much prefer a Hotpoint Certificate instead of some substitute iron which does not have all the Hotpoint advantages. Better wait a few days than be sorry.

Why the Hotpoint is the Standard

It has plenty of heat for heavy work but is economical. It is beautiful and it balances—no effort to tip it on to the attached stand.



The latest improvement is this rest which makes it easy to guide the iron into pleats and tucks—it rests the wrist. No other iron has it.

The point is always hot—the handle is always cool—the cord is protected against breakage.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

CHICAGO

New York Ontario, California Atlanta

Edison

News Notes

The Army aviator flying in high altitudes where extreme cold is found, is now kept warm in his electrically heated aviator's suit supplied the Government by the Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.

Every submarine built in this country in recent years is equipped with an Electric Submarine Range which is ingeniously built in sections small enough to pass thru a 30" manhole.

Every large apartment house built in the last few years in Seattle has been completely equipped with Electric Ranges. The same is true in large measure of several other important cities in various parts of the country.

Of all foreign countries, Norway most nearly approaches the United States in the use of electric household appliances.

In addition to the Hotpoint line this company manufactures the Edison line of appliances, also the General Electric Type and Hughes ranges.

We are the largest manufacturers of household electric appliances in the world.

WE WANT A NAME

Lee Union Alls

Not genuine UNION-ALLS unless this design is embossed on the buttons. Look for it. Remember there is only one suit of UNION-ALLS, the LEE

"Just Like Dad's"

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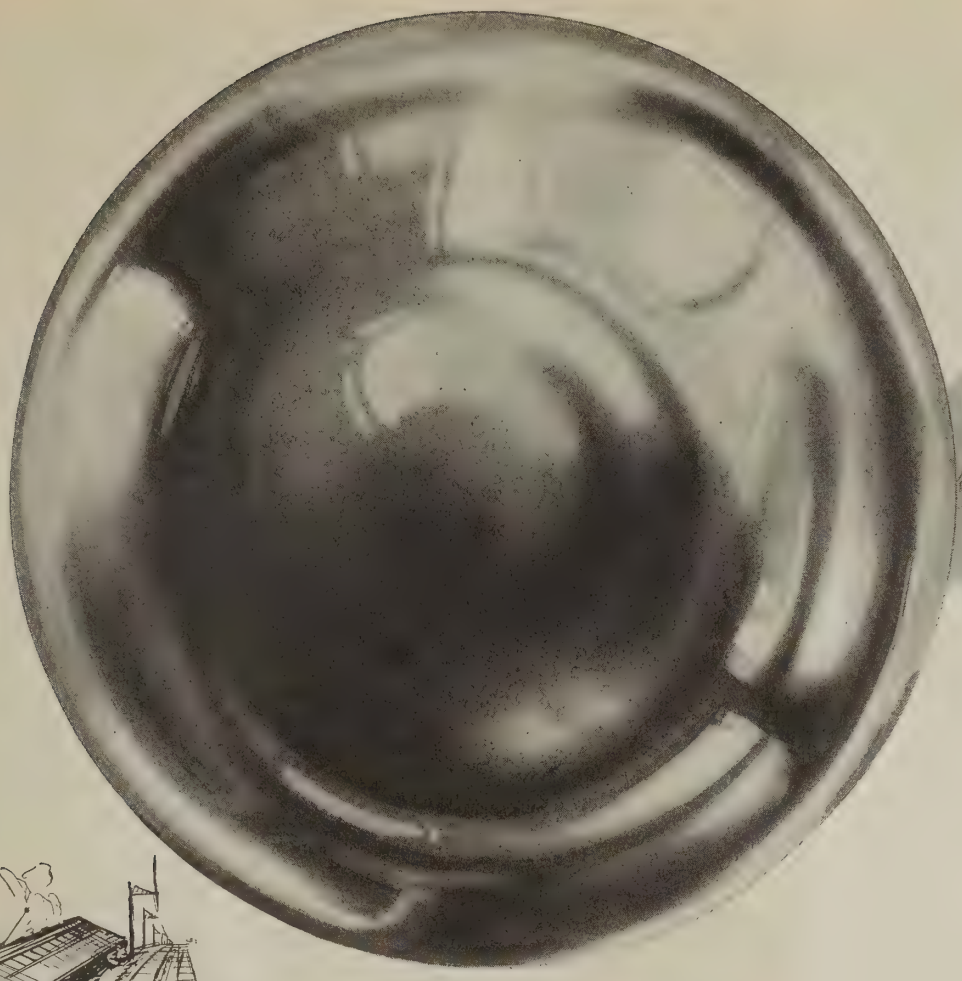
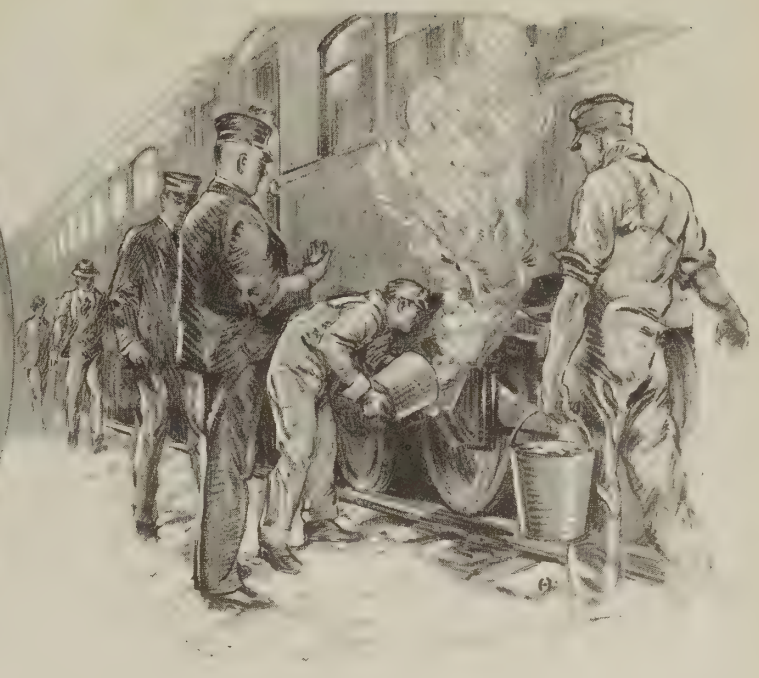
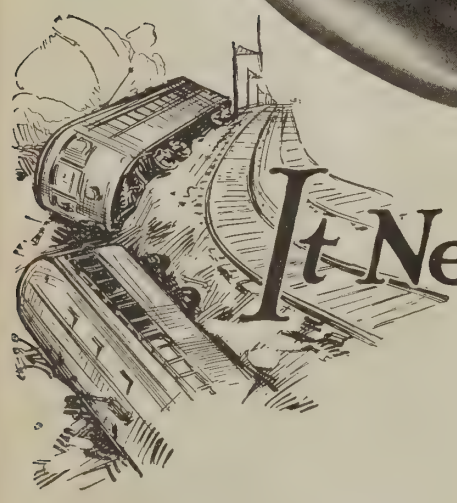
The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls.
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.







It Never Could Happen With Ball Bearings

Hot box! A half hour's delay—time aplenty to be thankful that death and destruction did not follow in the wake of this failure of bearings.

It never could happen with modern ball bearings, for—while they hold the revolving parts of machinery with bedrock rigidity, they let them turn as free and frictionless as the air; yes, even if overlooked for a while, they continue their uninterrupted service with unfailing safety.

The Fafnir Bearing Co.
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co.
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Manufacturing Co.

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

MORE motorists are realizing every day that what they have been considering car care is really car drudgery. This conviction is being forcibly brought home by the daily sight of Franklin owners' freedom from common motoring troubles.

At business or at home, no car anxiety distracts the attention of the Franklin owner from what he is doing. No disconcerting thought of a radiator repair bill to pay as the result of the car's being frozen into uselessness at the curb or in the garage; no worries about draining and refilling, anti-freeze mixtures, or hard starting. The Franklin is direct air cooled, and has no water to boil or freeze.

Neither is the Franklin owner a slave to the customary heavy tire investment. Light weight and flexibility free him from tire troubles and expenses, as they free the car from the destructive pound which causes them. Nor is every red gasoline sign a disquieting reminder that his tank may need refilling. Just how great Franklin economy is, the records of its owners show:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

And never at any time of the year is he tied down to good roads and short distances. Resiliency and absence of heavy, rigid weight make the Franklin Sedan comfortable to ride in, and easy and safe to handle under all conditions. It therefore takes roads as they come and can go farther in a day than the average open car.

Freed from the *necessity* of thinking about his car, then, it is not surprising that when the Franklin owner *does* think of it, he experiences always a sense of keen satisfaction and personal pride.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

After a 13,000 Mile Trans-continental Tour:

"Car behaved beautifully all the way. No engine trouble whatever. Spark plugs were not even cleaned and no carbon removed from cylinders. The valves were untouched. Two whole days we were not once out of low gear."

give your motor this power

WINTER'S mud and snow means hard pulling—puts your power to the test—and increases the demands on your motor.

Nine years have proved that the LEAK-PROOF principle of piston ring construction increases motor power, saves fuel and decreases carbon.

Your repair man has the proper sized McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings for your motor or can get them promptly from his jobber's complete stock. Why not give your motor this *time-tested power* now?

Write Dep't B for the free booklet which explains all about piston rings, "To Have and To Hold Power."

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York Chicago Pittsburgh San Francisco Seattle Kansas City St. Paul Atlanta Dallas

Canadian Factory: W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 120 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

In some motors where the flow of oil is excessive, McQuay-Norris Supercyl rings should be installed in top groove of each piston to correct this condition, with McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings in lower grooves to insure complete compression with its consequent power.

Copyright 1919 by McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.

"that Good Old Licorice Flavor!"

ADAMS

Black Jack

GUM

Good for the throat

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum

Adams Black Jack
Adams Chiclets
Adams Pepsin
Adams Spearmint

CHICLE

Adams California Fruit
Adams Yucatan
Adams Sen Sen
Adams Clove

Uniformity

In huge mills and factories, interested workmen are blending with painstaking care the ingredients that insure the excellent quality of *Certain-teed.*

Perfected formulæ and machinery, possible only in institutions of this size, assure no variation from the determined standard of excellence.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere

Certain-teed

PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

You have, no doubt, noticed that a great many of the "demonstrating cars" used by the better motor car dealers are equipped with wire wheels.

The reason is very plain, simple and easy to understand.

Cars equipped with Hayes Wire Wheels have so much better style that they actually do sell more readily.

Owners of the higher priced cars first preferred wire wheels.

Now that preference has extended to owners of *all* types and makes; and Hayes Wire Wheels are specified on a big majority of the better cars as standard wire wheel equipment.

Any motor car dealer who uses wire wheels on his "demonstrators" will tell you that, in addition to style, Hayes Wire Wheels give greater riding ease; give greater gasoline and tire mileage; and are easier to handle than demountable rims.

Because these things are so, motor car manufacturers and dealers themselves are predicting the universal use of wire wheels.

Your own motor car dealer, or the Hayes sales and service station in your locality, will replace your present wheels with Hayes Wire Wheels in your favorite color.

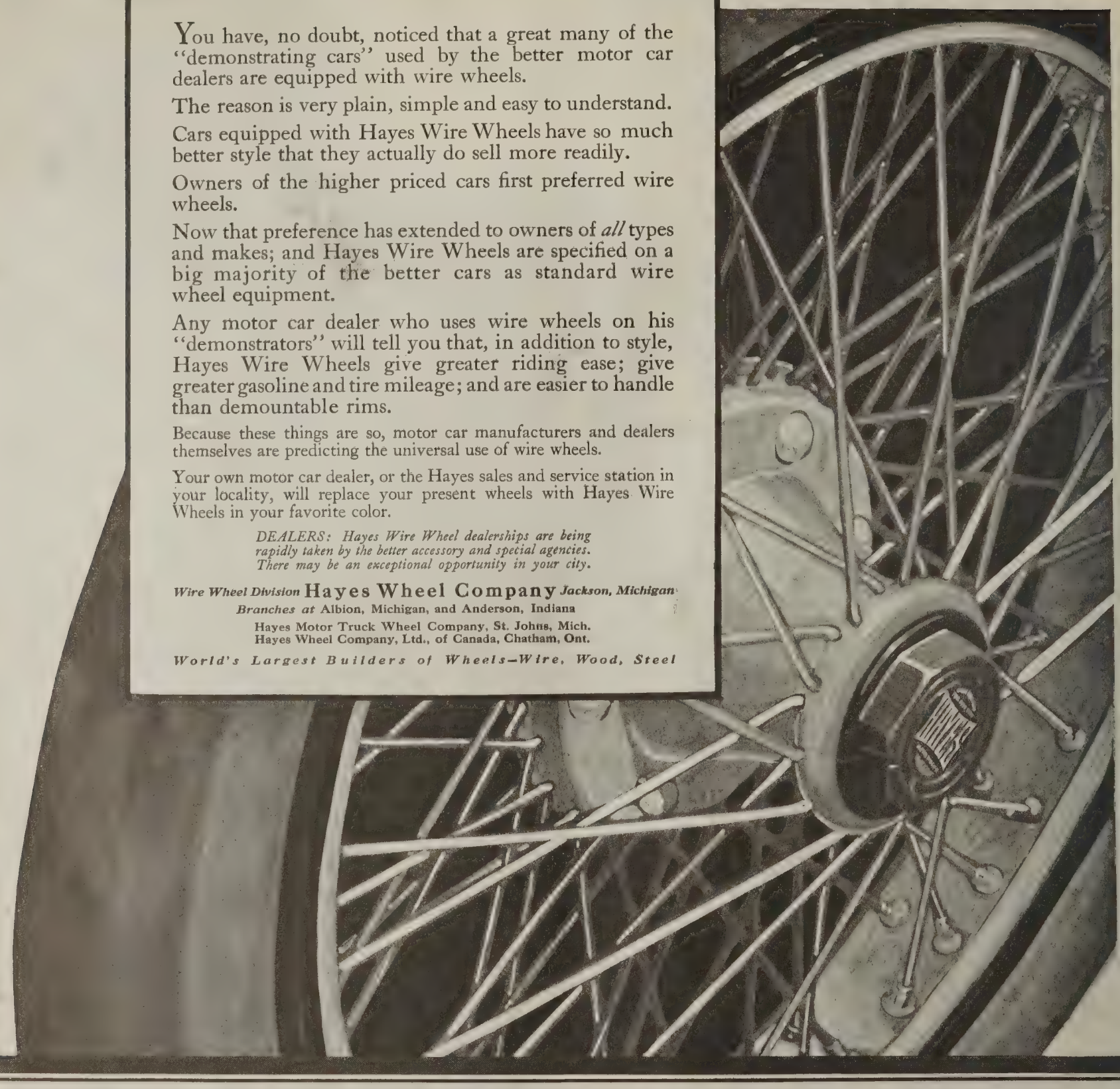
DEALERS: Hayes Wire Wheel dealerships are being rapidly taken by the better accessory and special agencies. There may be an exceptional opportunity in your city.

Wire Wheel Division **Hayes Wheel Company** *Jackson, Michigan*

Branches at Albion, Michigan, and Anderson, Indiana

Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Company, St. Johns, Mich.
Hayes Wheel Company, Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel



HAYES *Wire Wheels*

Licensed Manufacturers
HAYES
Wire Wheels

And the wheels?

You must adjust more or less frequently your carburetor, magneto, valves, clutch and brakes. You must tinker with the engine, steering-gear and fan belt. You must remember to turn down grease cups, fill oil reservoirs, pack differential, universals and bearings.

But the WOOD Wheels—do you ever give them any attention?

They never need it—and so they never get it.

During the life of the car or truck other parts may wear out, but WOOD Wheels continue day after day to perform the duty for which they were designed.

That is another reason why WOOD Wheels have been used for years and will continue to be used on the world's best cars.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

105 West Monroe Street Chicago, Ill.

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

First On Her List

The selection of soap for the toilet or bath is a matter of importance if the skin is to be kept clean and healthy. That is why the discriminating woman places RESINOL SOAP first on her shopping list.

Most any soap will remove dust or dirt, but Resinol Soap does more—it refreshes and stimulates while it cleanses, getting right at the root of the complexion trouble. Yet it contains no harsh drying alkali or artificial coloring, and can be used with confidence on the most delicate skin. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Its generous lather helps to overcome roughness, redness, clogged pores, blotches and other skin defects, because it contains the well-known soothing, healing Resinol properties.

For baby's bath Resinol Soap cannot be excelled, as it tends to prevent chafing and to keep the delicate skin healthy.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK is usually the favorite with men who have tried it once.
Resinol products sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers.

"Gee, this Hot Steero Tastes Good!"

The small boy likes the rich, meaty flavor of Hot Steero. It gives a relish to his lunch. He likes it when he comes romping in from play in the afternoon. He likes to begin a meal with it—so does all the family—because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor and because these wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste.

And it's so easy to prepare. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have a delightful bouillon, delicate enough for the invalid and strong enough for the athlete. Steero Cubes added to soups, meat jellies, gravies, and made-over dishes give a new relish.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price, 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William Street, New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

The CONTINENTAL MOTORS · AMERICA'S STANDARD · Powerful as the Nation Red Seal Motor

A PRINCIPLE OF TRUCK PERFORMANCE

It's *continuous performance* that earns the profits on your truck or fleet of trucks.

The truck on the job is the earning truck. The truck in the repair shop loses more than the cost of repairs—it loses time. Lost time is lost earnings.

* * * * * * *

Upon the motor—more than upon anything else—depends the character of service your truck will give.

If you can depend upon the motor you can, in most cases, depend upon the truck.

Motor dependability widens the user's profit margin.

* * * * * * *

When you buy a truck—or automobile—look *first* to the motor. What is *its record?* Has *it* proved itself? Has *it* withstood the one true test of a good motor—the test of TIME?

* * * * * * *

Apply this test—and your choice will be the Red Seal Continental Motor.

The Red Seal Continental has stood the test of time, and service—during more than fifteen years. It represents nothing untried, nothing experimental. Rather, it represents the coördinated thought of the foremost motor engineers for more than a generation.

It is a *proved certainty*. It is America's Standard.

* * * * * * *

Today more than 165 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks, by equipping their output with the Red Seal Continental Motor, vouch for its integrity.

Upwards of 16,000 dealers base their business prosperity, their business future upon Continental-motored cars.

Hundreds of thousands of satisfied owners are living testimonials that the judgment of these manufacturers and dealers is *right*.

* * * * * * *

When you buy an automobile or truck, choose a motor that TIME has proved—and identify it by the Continental Red Seal.

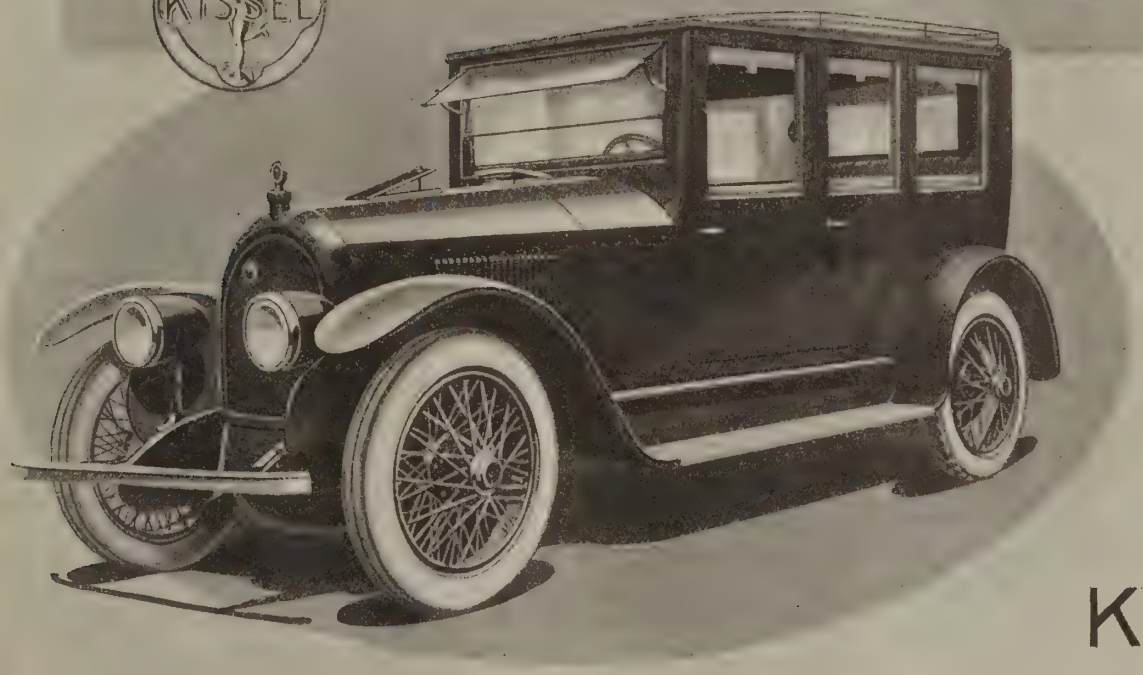
CONTINENTAL MOTOR CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan. **Factories:** Muskegon-Detroit.

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors

The Six Passenger Sedan



The Four Passenger Urban-Sedan

The Aristocrats of All Motordom

KISSEL Custom-Built Six

IN keeping with Kissel Tradition of unrestricted originality, the new Custom-built Sedans are exclusive developments of mechanical engineering and body craftsmanship.

Designed and constructed at the Kissel factories—mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis and propelled by the new Kissel custom-built motor.

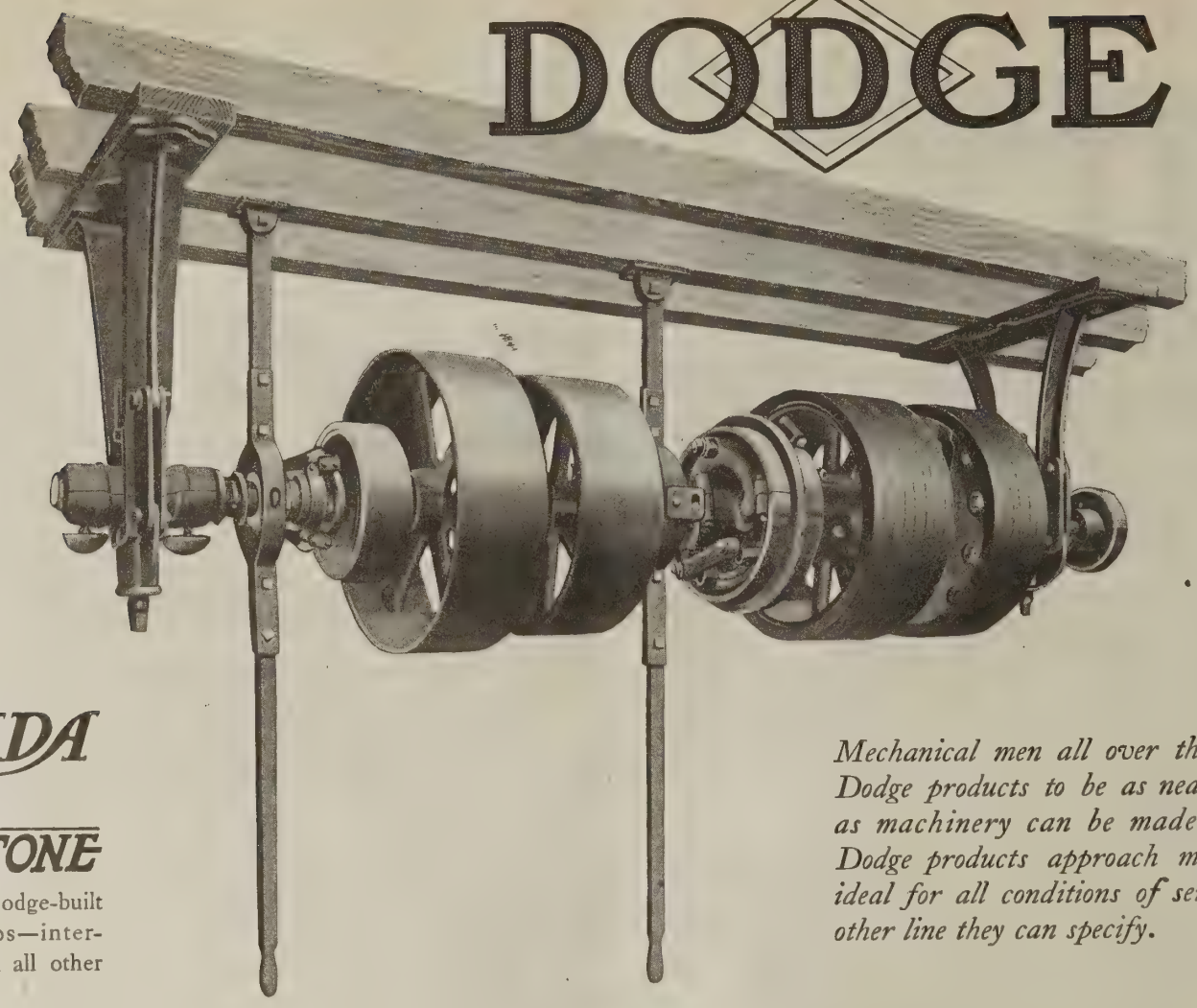
Brochure *"The Aristocrats of Motordom"* on request.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

First Presentation—New York Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace—January 3rd to 10th, 1920.

Chicago Automobile Show, Coliseum—January 24th to 31st, 1920.

DODGE



ODEIDA
and
KEYSTONE
products are Dodge-built in Dodge shops—interchangeable with all other Dodge products.

Mechanical men all over the world know Dodge products to be as near trouble-proof as machinery can be made. They know Dodge products approach more nearly the ideal for all conditions of service than any other line they can specify.

Dodge should be your shop-standard for power transmitting machinery

First: The Dodge line is the only line that contains everything for the mechanical transmission of power in which hangers, bearings, pulleys, couplings, collars and clutches are built with a distinct relation to each other and to the service they will render in your plant.

Solely because of this absolute standardization of units, a Dodge installation goes together right and stays right permanently.

Second: Dodge, Oneida and Keystone products are distributed from stock by over 500 mill supply dealers who furnish what you want when you want it on the immediate delivery basis.

Continuous operation of departments or entire plants are assured by this supply system of complete district warehouse stocks.

Third: We much prefer to receive all orders for Dodge, Oneida and Keystone products through regularly authorized dealers.

Dodge, Oneida and Keystone products are sold on a guaranteed price basis—you pay no excessive freight or express charges—delivery is made from stock, by motor truck, the same day you phone the order.

These three points are of vital importance to the man upon whom the continuous operation of any factory depends. When he makes Dodge his shop standard and specifies Dodge products for replacement or for new equipment, he insures the operation of his plant on a full time basis of production at the lowest shop-cost commensurate with good workmanship in the product built.

District Warehouses
Chicago
New York
Philadelphia
Boston
Cincinnati
Pittsburgh

The new Dodge catalog is ready. Shall we send your copy? Are you reading the Dodge Idea? Some important industrial articles are appearing monthly. Tell us to put your name on the mailing list.

Dodge Sales & Engineering Company

Distributor of the products of Dodge Mfg. Co., and Dodge Steel Pulley Corp.

General offices: Mishawaka, Indiana. **Works: Mishawaka, and Oneida, N.Y.**

District Warehouses
Dallas, St. Louis
Minneapolis
Atlanta
Newark
Providence
Seattle

Now Try Baby Lima Beans

Note How Delicious—
And How They *Cut Meat Costs in Half*

All menus and recipes compiled and tested by the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago—recognized authorities on foods.

LOOK at your bills and see what you spend for meat each month. Then see what you'd save by cutting those bills in half. This is worth while figuring, for if you buy as most families do, meat is your largest food expense.

The solution of those bills—the way to save one-half to two-thirds of them—is to serve attractive dishes that take meat's place.

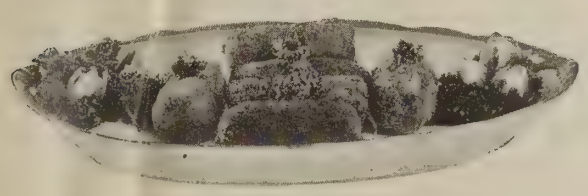
Baby Limas Do It

Hundreds of thousands of women wanted these suggestions. So we had the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago, compile twelve menus and recipes specifically to maintain the nutrition but eliminate half the cost of meat.

Note the menus and recipes printed on this page. We will send you nine others free on request.

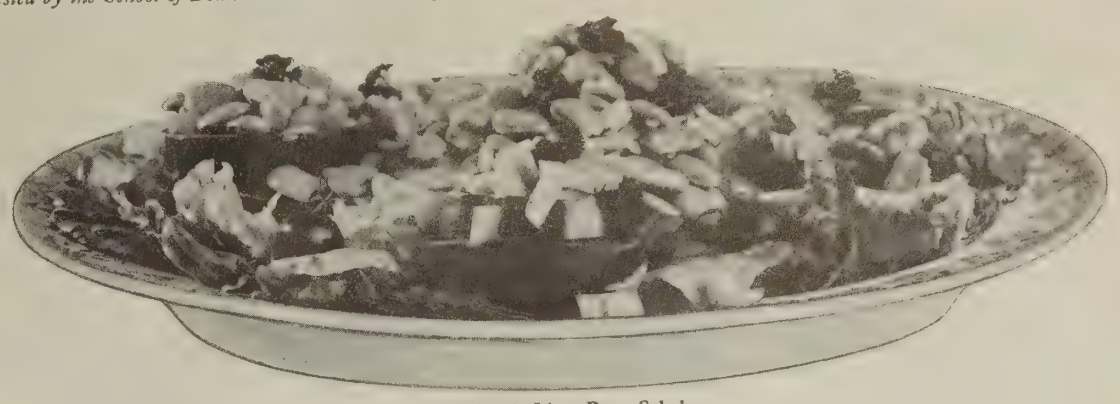
These meatless meals include attractive dishes made with *baby lima beans*—succulent, tender little limas which are rich in protein.

Protein is the main food element in meat. But the same protein in these baby lima beans costs but one-third to one-half as much as it costs in meat.



Lima Bean Croquettes
See menus and recipes in right hand column

The other foods of the menus furnish the needed fat, mineral salts and starch, so these menus form perfectly balanced meals.



California Lima Bean Salad
See menus and recipes in right hand column

New, Delicious Flavors

Until you have tried baby lima beans, you cannot appreciate their dainty, nut-like flavors. Try them in these meatless meals and your whole family will be delighted.

You can serve one meatless meal like these daily seven days a week, because they are so attractive.

And that is important. Because it is only by serving low-cost foods *frequently* that you can make the *worth-while savings*.

Lima Beans en Casserole
See menus and recipes in right hand column

Try them now. See menus in the right hand column. Then send coupon for nine more.

Let this trial introduce—if you don't already know them—these delicious *baby lima beans*.

Meatless Menu No. 5

The California lima bean salad is the main dish of this luncheon; rich in protein with mineral salts supplied by the fresh vegetables used in combination. The rice in the soup furnishes the additional starch required and the necessary fat is supplied by the dessert.

Rice Soup
California Lima Bean Salad
Chocolate Blanc Mange

Recipe for California Lima Bean Salad

2 cups cooked baby lima beans
1 cup diced celery
2 green peppers
2 or 3 large ripe tomatoes
Onion or chives
Seasonings
French dressing

Mix baby lima beans and celery; add seasonings and onion or chives and marinate with French dressing. Arrange slices of tomato on bed of lettuce, place a ring of pepper on each slice and fill ring with baby lima bean mixture.

Meatless Menu No. 4

This lima bean dish is an excellent meat substitute: Spinach is rich in mineral salts, especially iron. The fruit salad and wafers supply starch, balance the meal and take the place of a dessert.

Lima Bean Croquettes
Spinach
Fruit Salad—Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup baby lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ cup rolled, dried bread crumbs
3 tbsp. milk
½ tsp. salt
Pepper
1 tsp. sage
Onion juice
1 egg

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings, and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes; dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serves about 5.

Meatless Menu No. 7

Lima Beans en Casserole
Buttered Asparagus on Toast
Tapioca Cream

Recipe for Lima Beans en Casserole

2 cups dried baby lima beans
Cold water to cover
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
Milk
Butter

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add hot water using just enough to cover beans. Simmer until beans are tender and water is absorbed. Put into casserole, add seasoning, dot with butter, add milk to partially cover beans and bake in a moderate oven. Serves about 5.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE LIMA BEANS

LARGE LIMAS ***BABY LIMAS***

Ask your dealer for California SEASIDE Lima Beans—either the large or the baby size. They are the "protein" beans that take the place of meat. Don't confuse with "wax" or "butter" beans. Genuine California Limas—SEASIDES—are thin-skinned, more tender (easier to cook) and have a sweeter, nut-like flavor. These two sizes of lima beans are in a food-class of their own.

They are grown in California, near the sea. The choice beans from the finest crops. Either size is equally good in all recipes that call for "lima beans."

You will always buy SEASIDE—genuine California *limas*—and use more of these meat-replacing dishes when you know how good they are.

California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. E, Oxnard, California

A Cooperative, Non-Profit Organization of Growers.

MAIL THIS COUPON

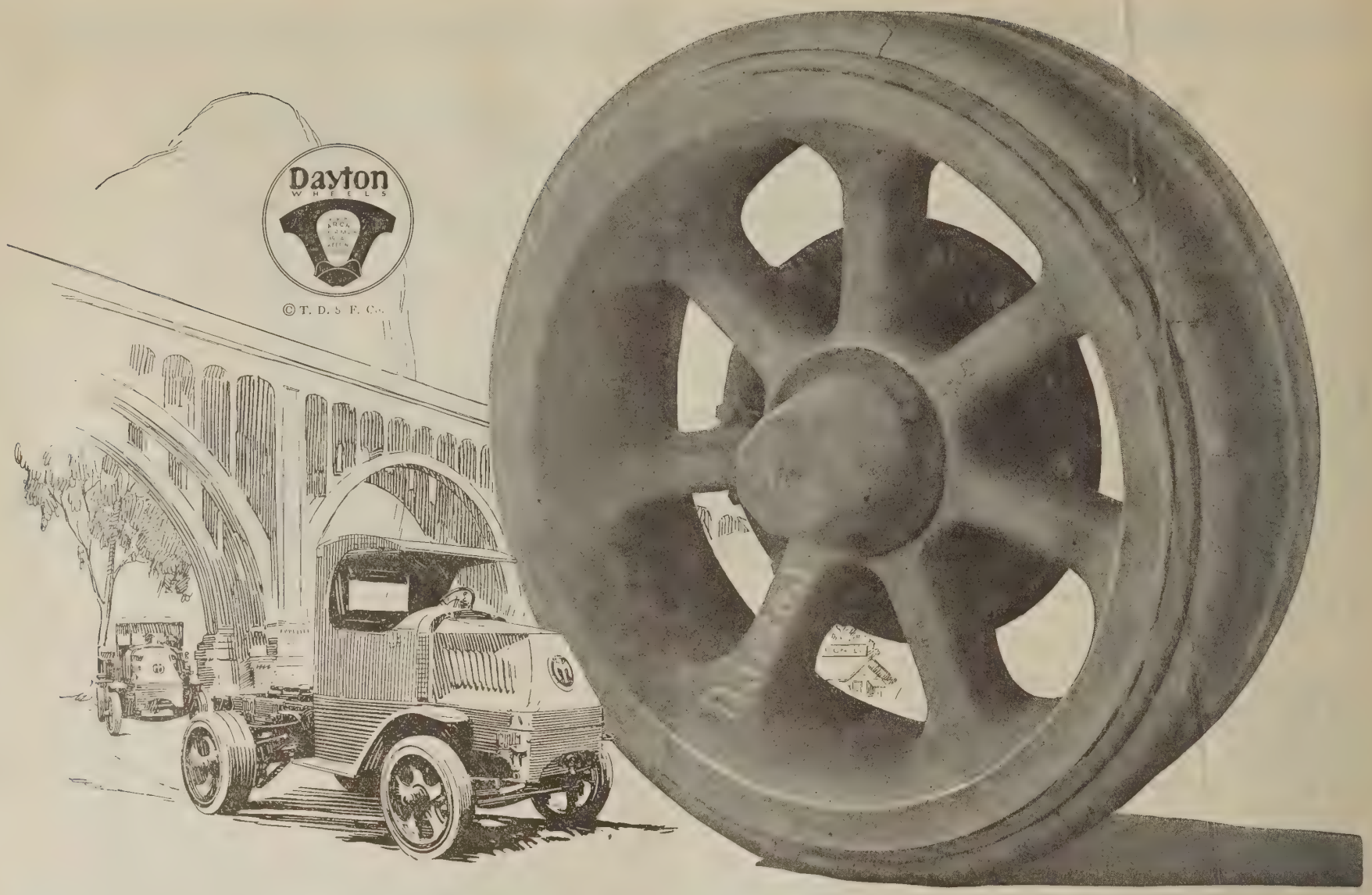
California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. E, Oxnard, Cal.

Send me the 12 balanced meatless menus and recipes for lima bean dishes.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Another Proof of Dayton Steel Wheel Merit

On the Mack—Where "Performance Counts"

THE high standing of Mack trucks, made by the International Motor Company, is everywhere admitted by men who know motor trucks. The International Motor Company—with which *performance counts* more than all else—is using Dayton Steel Wheels on its heavy duty trucks.

Could we submit any more convincing evidence of the superiority of Dayton Steel Wheels than their adoption by this and other leading manufacturers?

It is additional proof that Dayton Steel Wheels have established themselves as the truck wheel standard.

As an owner and buyer of motor trucks this is a fact that should interest you. If you have had trucks laid up and repair bills to pay because of defective wheels, you should be doubly interested.

For these successes by Dayton Steel Wheels are a sign by which you can find the way to truck wheel satisfaction.

Lightness that saves fuel, strength that defies wear, true roundness that adds mileage to tires, spokes that are always tight, hollow construction that radiates heat away from tires, resilience that helps to keep axles and motor safe from damage—these are some of the qualities, that have already secured the adoption of Dayton Steel Wheels by a number of the country's foremost truck makers.

In buying trucks henceforth do not be content with looking merely at the motor, axles and bearings. Ask about wheels also—and make certain they are Dayton Steel Wheels. Specify them for your trucks—and insist that your specifications be complied with.

There are many other reasons why it will be to your profit to have Dayton Steel Wheels on your trucks. Our folder gives them. Write for it.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago
Los Angeles

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels

PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

Special "AMERICAN" giant locomotive crane built for the United States Government — in service at Balboa, Panama.

"and I will move the world"

Two thousand years ago Archimedes wrote the slogan for "AMERICAN" Hoisting Machinery—

"Give me where I may stand and I will move the world."

Moving the world has been our job since 1882, figuratively and actually.

Whether lifting and traveling with a 50-ton load at an 87-foot radius — as in this instance at Balboa, Panama—or on the thousands of smaller, less spectacular but just as important jobs, "AMERICAN" hoisting machinery is delivering one standard of service—highest efficiency and dependability.

An "AMERICAN" representative can reach you in twenty-four hours, no matter where you are.

American Hoist & Derrick Co.
Saint Paul Minnesota

Builders of "AMERICAN"

Hoisting Engines
Electric Hoists
Derricks
Locomotive Cranes
Railroad Ditchers
Logging Equipment
Sugar Cane Handling Machinery
Marine Deck Machinery and Tackle
The Genuine "CROSBY" Wire Rope Clip

AMERICAN

AMERICAN HOIST & DERRICK CO.

AMERICAN

Sheldon Axle

for Motor Trucks

Do You Know the Strength of Locomotive Axle Construction?

Here's a heavily loaded motor truck climbing a sharp grade on a road with a side slope of six per cent. That truck's axle is taking punishment—weight, traction, side strain—every burden is thrown on it.

A Sheldon Worm Gear Axle can stand this test of service indefinitely with practically no replacement or upkeep charges, because of the principle of Sheldon Construction.

It is the same principle of construction that is used in Locomotive and Freight Car Axles, which carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

The wheels and the "live," load-carrying, revolving axle, are fixed as a single unit and the bearings are widely placed, giving long leverage and wheel rigidity against every type of side pressure, sharp turns, skidding, car tracks, and curb-blows.

Sheldon Worm Gear Axles are for "long-lived," busy trucks. Their construction principle is right. Every truck buyer should know Sheldon Axle worth, because the axle is the most important factor in motor-truck construction. There's a truck with Sheldon Axles for every purpose, and of every size from ½-ton to 5-ton capacity.

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Write for the booklet on Sheldon Axle Superiorities

SHELDON AXLE & SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Your Dealer is one of 60,000 who swears by MONKEY GRIP

"The World's Best Tire Patch"

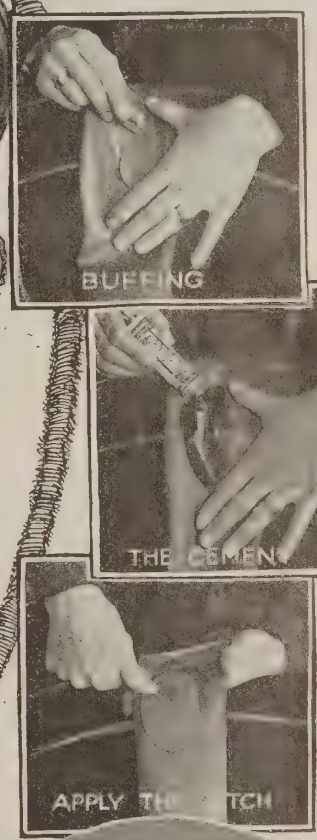
3 Simple Operations

In 3 Minutes Fixes Punctures and Blowouts

FIRST—Use the sanded buffer to thoroughly roughen surface around puncture or blowout.

SECOND—Apply cement from lead tube, over buffed area; distribute evenly and allow to dry.

THIRD—Cut patch from sheet of pure rubber patching material, large enough to cover puncture or blowout comfortably; press on firmly with thumb. Then insert tube; pump it up and go on your way rejoicing.



First Aid and Permanent Repair To Millions of Tubes Annually

The world waited long for Monkey Grip. It was an instantaneous success from the day it was discovered. Its unique and peculiar quality, which countless imitators have failed to duplicate, has made it the Universally used tire patch in a few short years. Today you can buy it at country cross roads store as well as the uptown garage or filling station. Millions of cans are sold annually by more than 60,000 retail dealers.

Dependable! Guaranteed!

Easy, quick, sure and cheap. Apply it cold—tools or experience unnecessary. It fuses with and into the tube; the heat and friction of the road vulcanize it perfectly. It positively WILL NOT creep, loosen or leak in summer or winter. Never deteriorates in its tight container. Absolutely dependable whenever and wherever your tube needs repairs. Money back if it fails.

If perchance your dealer can't supply you send $1 direct for 100-puncture-package.

THE MOCO COMPANY of AMERICA, Inc.
Moco Bldgs. Oklahoma City, Okla. Mt. Vernon, Ill. Augusta, Ga.

—All pure rubber (no fabric) stretches with the tube—will never creep or loosen

—Fixes leaky hot water bottles, rubber gloves, tubing—anything rubber

—For sale at Garages, Filling Stations, and Accessory Stores

—100-puncture-Package $1—Larger size $1.75; Cycle Size 60c; slightly higher in foreign countries.

MOCO MONKEY GRIP

No business too large or too small—Rand visible control shows the facts at a glance.

"Whenever we consider the introduction of a new record we think first of accessibility and visibility. That makes us think of RAND."
(Signed) J. K. Mason, Aud'r.
Harrison Radiator Co.

Perfect Control—through *visible* records—makes Management Easier

A SINGLE glance—and through the RAND Visible System of record keeping—all the recorded facts jump to attention before your eyes. *Absolute visibility*—the feature which makes the RAND System a partner in the success of so many big firms—brings the responsible man into direct command of the situation immediately. The minutes saved in this way are soon translated into dollars in an up-to-date organization. For instance—

In the Credit Department—RAND speeds up service to the waiting customer, saves you time and clerical cost, and saves loss from memory authorizations.

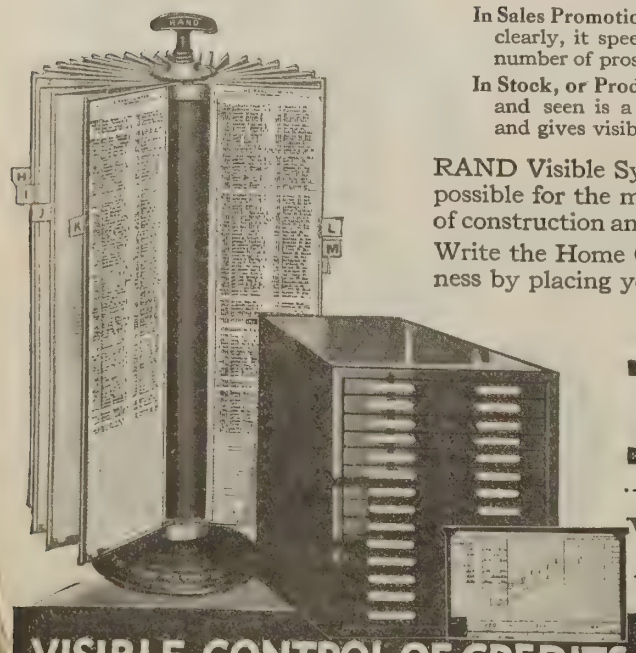
In Personnel Records—RAND gives an instant grasp of your labor problem, often eliminating a vital labor crisis.

In Sales Promotion Work—RAND puts all facts so readily, groups prospects so clearly, it speeds your follow up and gets more business from any given number of prospects.

In Stock, or Production Management—the ease with which records are made and seen is a certain guard against over-stocking, material shortages, and gives visible control of routing and jobs in work.

RAND Visible Systems make perfect control of all phases of the work possible for the man higher up. In weight of material used, in solidity of construction and practicality of each device RAND equipment excels. Write the Home Office to show you how RAND can help your business by placing your card-records at your finger-tips.

RAND will visualize your present Card Records



RAND

VISIBLE BUSINESS-CONTROL

Among the users of RAND Systems of Visible Control are:

United Drug Co.
Champion Ignition Co.
Buffalo Trust Co.
Washburn-Crosby Co.
Ingersoll-Rand Co.
Hart Schaffner & Marx
International Harvester Co.

Most of these concerns started using RAND in a small way and added to the equipment as it proved itself.

On request we will gladly send any of the following booklets, which may solve *your* particular problem:

Cost Control
Stock Control
Personnel Control
Sales Control
Credit Control
Purchase Control

Write for the booklets you want, *today*.

THE RAND COMPANY
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North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Branch Offices: New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Syracuse, Providence, Washington, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Adanta, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Baltimore, St. Louis, Dallas, Minneapolis, Portland and Denver.

VISIBLE CONTROL OF CREDITS · PRODUCTION · PERSONNEL · STOCK · SALES PROMOTION ·

ESPECIALLY answers the needs of delicate skins. The pure oriental oils, combined with an active element, thoroughly cleanse the pores and leave the skin soft and smooth.

Goblin lathers freely in hard or cold water. It quickly and safely removes the most stubborn stains, grime and dirt from the skin. Wholesome and invigorating for general toilet and bath use.

You will like Goblin for its refreshing cleanliness and the healthful effect on your skin. Give it a trial.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

New January Numbers of Columbia Records

"Freckles"—Nora Bayes' Bad Boy Song

Now we have Nora Bayes' bad boy with whom she went to school. He pulled the curls of the little girls, and fractured every rule. "Freckles" was just as bad a boy as Nora Bayes is funny. On the same record Nora sings "Everybody Calls Me Honey."

A-2816—85c

"Tell Me"—A Love Song Sung by Al Jolson!

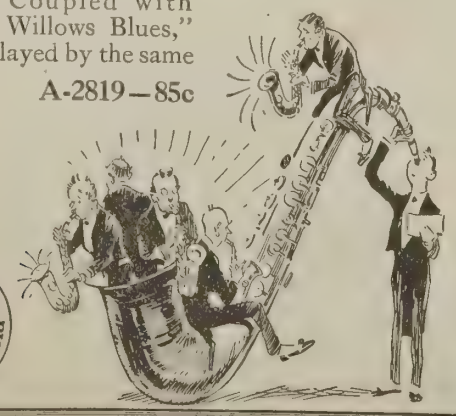
At last Al Jolson has fallen in love! And it puzzles him a lot! He wants to be told why his nights are lonesome and his days blue without his sweetheart. Coupled with "Wonderful Pal," the first record of George Meader, the new Columbia tenor.

A-2821—85c

Columbia Sextette Saxophones "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary"

And oh, what a waltz it is—played by the Columbia Saxophone Sextette with an incidental chorus by George Meader! Coupled with "Weeping Willows Blues," a fox-trot played by the same Sextette.

A-2819—85c



Here's a World of Wonderful Music

Hackett and Stracciari in a marvelous aria. Ponselle in a duet with Maurel. A Stracciari solo. Barrientos. Josef Hofmann. Toscha Seidel. The Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra. The Italian Grenadiers' Band. Al Jolson. Nora Bayes. Van and Schenck. All these exclusive Columbia artists and organizations appear on this great January list of new records:

Santa Lucia Riccardo Stracciari	**78100**—10-in. Single Disc	**$1.00**
Mignon—Polonaise Maria Barrientos	**49598**—12-in. Single Disc	**$1.50**
Absent **When You Come Home**	Louis Graveure Louis Graveure	**A-2804** 10-in. **$1.00**
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me Oscar Seagle and Columbia Stellar Quartette **Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?** Oscar Seagle		**A-2808** 10-in. **$1.00**
Steal Away to Jesus Fisk University Male Quartette **Little David Play on Your Harp** Fisk University Male Quartette		**A-2803** 10-in. **85c**
Adeste Fideles (Oh, Come All Ye Faithful) Paulist Choristers of Chicago **Nearer My God To Thee** Paulist Choristers of Chicago		**A-2807** 10-in. **85c**
Prelude in C Sharp Minor Josef Hofmann **Valse Gracile. (2) Birds at Dawn** Josef Hofmann		**A-6125** 12-in. **$1.50**
Wine, Women and Song—Waltz Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra **The Skaters**—Waltz Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra		**A-6124** 12-in. **$1.50**
Royal March of Italy Italian Grenadiers' Band **Viva La Francia**—March Italian Grenadiers' Band		**A-2805** 10-in. **85c**
Ida and Dot Polka Buono and Chiafferelli. Cornet Duet **Four Little Blackberries**—Schottische George Hamilton Green. Xylophone Solo		**A-2806** 10-in. **85c**
A Moorish Lady—Fox-trot Francesca De Romeu Orchestra **If I Should Die on the Highway**—Fox-trot Francesca De Romeu Orchestra		**E-5186** 12-in. **$1.25**
Open Up the Golden Gates to Dixieland Van and Schenck **Granny** Adele Rowland, Comedienne		**A-2820** 10-in. **85c**
Lullaby Time **Out of a Clear Sky**	Harrison and James Henry Burr	**A-2822** 10-in. **85c**
You'd Be Surprised **Just Leave It To Me**	Irving Kaufman Irving and Jack Kaufman	**A-2815** 10-in. **85c**
When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget Peerless Quartette **I Love You Just the Same, Sweet Adeline** Peerless Quartette		**A-2810** 10-in. **85c**
Casey Jones **Steamboat Bill**	Irving and Jack Kaufman Irving Kaufman	**A-2809** 10-in. **85c**
Down By the Meadow Brook—Waltz Columbia Orchestra, Chas. A. Prince, Director **Enid**—Waltz Columbia Orchestra		**A-2802** 10-in. **85c**
Only—Fox-trot Prince's Dance Orchestra **Chinese Lullaby** From "East is West"— Fox-trot—Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra Jos. Knecht, Director		**A-2817** 10-in. **85c**
I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None O' This Jelly Roll Fox-trot Introducing: Just Leave It To Me. Sweatman's Original Jazz Band **Hello, Hello**—One-step Sweatman's Original Jazz Band		**A-2818** 10-in. **85c**
The Hand That Rocks My Cradle Rules My Heart—Medley Fox-trot Prince's Dance Orchestra **Whoa, January**—Medley One-step Prince's Dance Orchestra		**A-6126** 12-in. **$1.25**

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Every Columbia Dealer Has It

Columbia Records are made in all languages

New Columbia Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of Every Month at all Columbia Dealers

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York

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Hackett and Stracciari in Verdi Masterpiece

Hackett's great tenor blends to perfection with Stracciari's noble baritone in their first duet for Columbia Records, "Solenne in quest 'ora" from *La Forza del Destino*. It's one of the finest numbers in the opera, sung by two of the foremost artists on the operatic stage.

49666—$2.00

Ponselle in Duet with Maurel Sings "Whispering Hope"

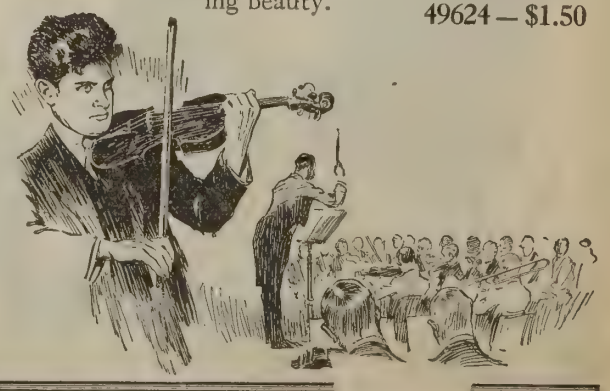
The pure voice of Ponselle, leading dramatic soprano of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, makes with Maurel's appealing alto a perfect vocal combination. Together these two artists make this simple ballad of the comfort and cheer of awakened hope a flawless musical gem.

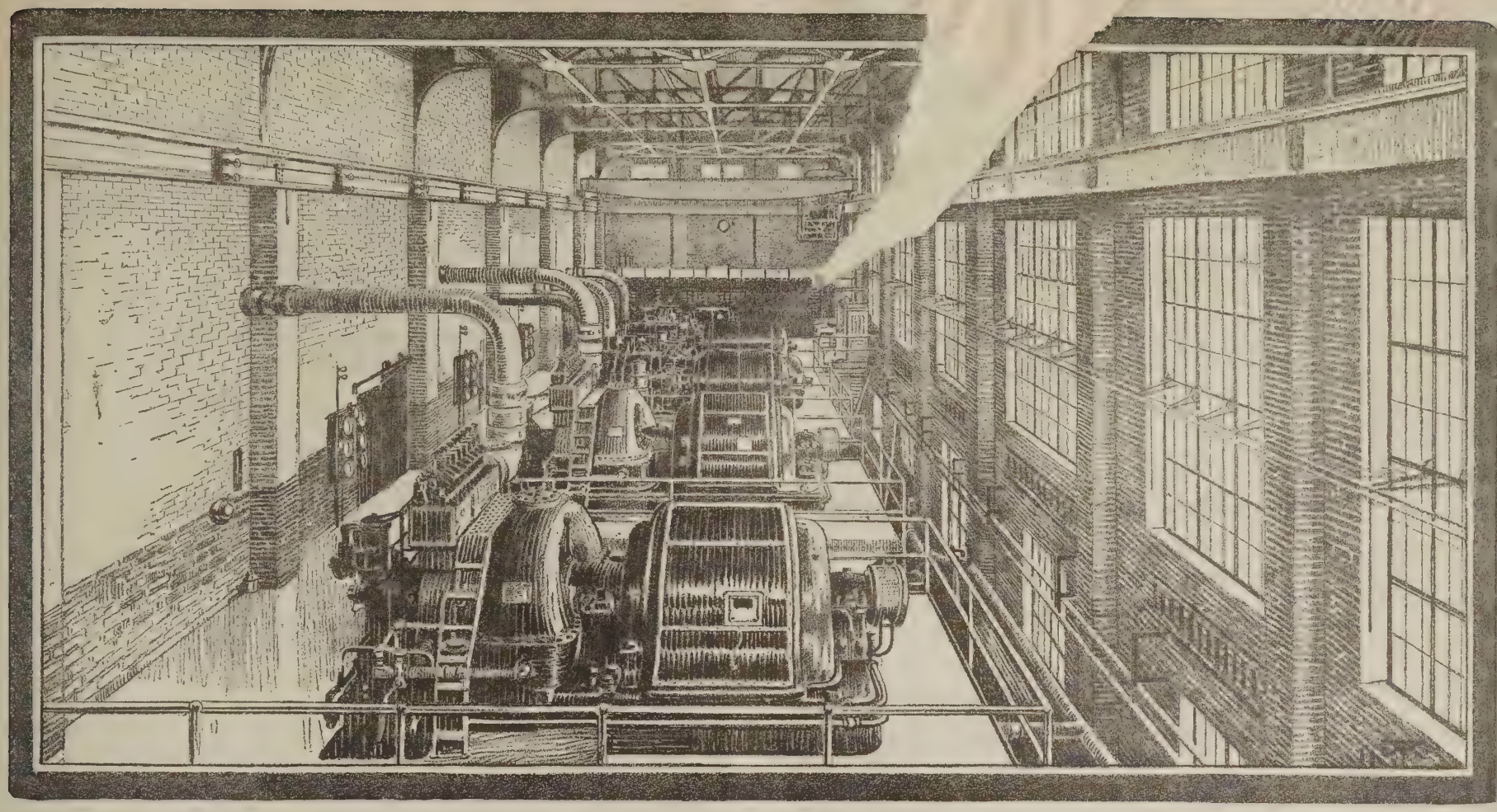
78325—$1.50

Toscha Seidel Triumphs in "Andante Cantabile"

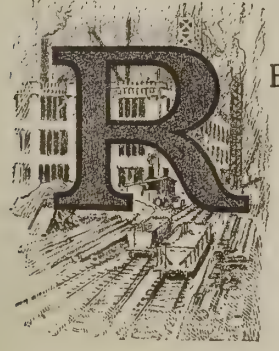
Toscha Seidel's rendering of Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile," its airy passages alternating with its deep-toned haunting melody, makes it a thing of lingering beauty.

49624—$1.50





A Power Station on Quick Order



REMINGTON UMC Plant at Bridgeport was unable to purchase power to fill its war orders.

We were ordered to purchase and install a complete equipment for a new station of 4750 kilowatts capacity. One generator carried commercial load in 90 days, and two more generators were ready for load in 110 days. An extension of 8000 Kw. was authorized, and the two units were ready for load in 123 and 144 days, respectively.

We illustrate the turbine room showing the five machines installed and in operation. The client wrote:

"It is only what we confidently expected, but the work has gone so rapidly and smoothly that we have intended writing you our hearty congratulations some time since."

Thus our service to this Company repeated our experience that satisfaction is best assured if we work *with you* rather than *for you,* and if we begin when your plans for new construction and equipment are first taking shape.

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What the small packers say about meat competition

During a recent hearing, a number of the smaller packers were asked for their opinions of competition in the meat industry.

The following quotations we believe are typical of the feeling throughout the entire meat packing industry:

Michael Ryan, President of the Cincinnati Abattoir Company, said: "I have been a competitor of the large packers for the last 40 years, and I have never found a disposition on their part to crush competition . . . . They have concealed nothing nor attempted any unfair practices."

T. Davis Hill, Vice-President Corkran, Hill & Company, Incorporated, Baltimore, asserted that: "The big packers cannot control the market for the reason that there are too many outside packers . . . . Some days the small packers make the market for the big packers. We have no fear of the big packers' competition . . . . The large packers have never tried to undersell us or drive us out of business."

G. H. Nuckolls, President of the Nuckolls Packing Company, Pueblo, Colorado, said: "So far as profits go, my company has made a larger percentage on its turn-over than any of the so-called Big Five."

J. C. Dold, President of the Jacob Dold Packing Company, Buffalo, New York, testified: "I recall no instances where we were ever hampered by any packer in the control of any stock or in the purchase of our supplies at competitive market prices."

John J. Felin, President John J. Felin Company, Packers, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I have known all the packers for years and have never seen any unfair dealings on their part. I know of no methods that have been adopted by any of them that were unjust, unfair and monopolistic."

There is probably no business in America more keenly competitive than the packing industry, and none that serves the public on a smaller margin of profit.

Swift & Company's profits during the first eight months of our present fiscal year have averaged two-fifths of a cent on each pound of meat and all other products sold.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders

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